

THE X-FILES

"D.P.O."

Written by

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Directed by

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Episode #3X03

Story No. 4434

July 27, 1995 (White)

July 28, 1995 (Blue - Full)

August 1, 1995 (Pink - Full)

August 3, 1995 (Green - Full)

August 8, 1995 (Yellow - Pages)

August 11, 1995 (Goldenrod - Pages)

September 5, 1995 (Salmon - Pages)

August 3, 1995

"D.P.O."

CAST

Fox Mulder
Dana Scully
Jack Hammond
Darin Oswald
Bart "Zero" Liquori
Stan Buxton
Sheriff John Teller
Sharon Kiveat
Frank Kiveat
Darin Oswald's Mom
Traffic Cop
First Paramedic
Second Paramedic
Night Nurse

September 5, 1995

"D.P.O."

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

VIDEO ARCADE

CONVERTIBLE

LLOYD P. WHARTON COUNTY BUILDING

/AUTOPSY BAY

JOHNSTON COUNTY FORENSIC LAB

GARAGE

/OFFICE

RAMSHACKLE HOUSE

/DARIN'S ROOM

(X)

GARDENER'S TRUCK

CAR

JOHNSTON COUNTY JAIL

/CORRIDOR

/INTERROGATION ROOM

KIVEAT HOUSE

/LIVING ROOM

HOSPITAL

/ICU CORRIDOR

/FRANK'S ROOM

/STAIRWELL

PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

/CORRIDOR

/WHITE ROOM

AGENTS' SEDAN

EXTERIORS:

STRIP MALL

/VIDEO ARCADE

/PARKING LOT

CONVERTIBLE

LLOYD P. WHARTON COUNTY BUILDING

AIRSTREAM TRAILER

PASTURE

INTERSECTION

HILLTOP

ROAD

IDLING CAR

HOSPITAL

/ICU

/PARKING LOT

PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL (STOCK)

TEASER

1 EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

1

A BUZZING vapor lamp casts a circle of pale yellow light onto the lone convertible in the parking lot. A 1968 Olds 442. On its hood antenna, a cardboard PIZZA DELIVERY flag stands at half-mast.

Only one store is open at this late hour -- a video arcade -- from which muted sounds of virtual violence drift out into the night. A legend appears: CONNERVILLE, OKLAHOMA. 11:18 PM. (X)
(X)

2 INT. VIDEO ARCADE - NIGHT - CLOSE - VIDEO GAME

2

Sega's Virtua Fighter 2 rages on screen. This is the cutting edge of video game technology. Computer animated FIGURES fight to the death within a three-dimensional environment.

REVERSE - JACK HAMMOND (21)

Shoulder-length hair, t-shirt a size too small. He hammers the buttons with the same violent intensity that made him a star lineman on his high school football squad. But that was two years and thirty pounds ago. Now Jack delivers pizza. Amid the deafening white noise of this place, he is alone...

Until DARIN OSWALD (19) steps up behind him. A slight kid, wearing a black watchcap and a Vandals T-shirt. His voice is flat, his eyes dull -- but behind them, a violent spark has been kindled.

DARIN

Hey.
(off Jack's silence)
Hey, I was playing that.

But Jack continues to ignore the smaller kid.

DARIN

I just went to take a whiz. Now
I'm back.

Jack winces, as:

CLOSE - SCREEN

His character is obliterated by a lethal karate chop.

WIDER

Jack SLAMS the side of the machine, wheels around to Darin.

JACK

You got a problem?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

DARIN
It's my game. I was playing
here.

JACK
Were you, pinhead? Well now
you're not.

Jack digs in his pocket for two more quarters.

DARIN
Maybe you didn't hear me. I said
it's my game.

An overweight kid now joins them, wearing a coin changer on his
belt and a stupid smirk on his face. His name is BART 'ZERO'
LIQUORI.

ZERO
(to Jack)
It's his game, man. I'd step
away if I were you.

Jack shakes his head. He can't believe the audacity of these
two losers. Pocketing his quarters, he steps toward Darin.
Gets right in his face. Undaunted, Darin holds his ground.

JACK
You wanna play a game? Okay,
we'll play a game.

Jack grabs Darin, knotting his shirt collar in his big fists.

JACK
I go first.

Jack SLAMS Darin against the video game. Darin hits the ground
like a steer in a slaughterhouse, his cap knocked off his head.
Jack stands over him, then turns when:

HIS POV OF VIDEO ARCADE

Suddenly, the entire place falls DARK AND SILENT. All the
video games power down, their juice cut.

JACK

looks around, baffled by the sudden silence. And a little
freaked.

DARIN

ferrets around the ground for his cap. In the dim light, we
see that his hair is divided by a thick streak of mottled scar
tissue.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

WIDER

Zero shakes his head gravely.

ZERO

Man, you shouldn't've done that.

JACK

Why? What's he gonna do?

Darin fits the cap back on his head, then slowly lifts his face. A seam of blood wells from his cut lip. He regards Jack darkly. The eerie buzzing silence broken by:

CD JUKEBOX

It comes alive now. The only machine in the place. A song starts. Slow, almost funereal. "Ring The Bells" by the band James.

RESUME

Zero's eyes jump between Jack and Darin with expectation. Jack tries to marshal his bravado.

JACK

I'm not wasting my time.

DARIN

(calmly)

So is it my turn now?

He stalks past Darin, who watches him walk the long, dark aisle toward the exit. The song's tempo picks up, playing over...

3 EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT - CAMERA TRAILS JACK

3

as he exits the arcade, and strides faster than usual across the parking lot. The song fades behind him. He fishes out his keys, fumbles with them before finding the right one. He pulls open the driver door.

4 INT. CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

4

Jack slides in behind the wheel. Slams the door shut. Plugs the key into the ignition. The engine ROARS awake -- along with the CAR RADIO, which inexplicably picks up the song from the jukebox (tempo even faster now.) Jack tries to turn it off, lower the volume...

But the song continues, beyond his control, faster still. Jack casts a nervous glance toward the video arcade.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

HIS POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Darin appears behind the glass door, materializing from the shadowy interior. Staring straight at him.

JACK

Revs loudly. Throws the car into gear. Jams on the gas.

5 EXT. CONVERTIBLE - LOW ANGLE - WHEELS

5

spin against the asphalt, burning rubber. It SCREECHES OUT OF FRAME, as:

6 INT. CONVERTIBLE - MOVING

6

Jack steers toward the exit of the parking lot... when suddenly, the engine dies.

7 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - WIDE

7

The convertible rolls to a dead stop. In the sudden quiet, the song continues, its rising chords gaining urgency, as:

8 INT. CONVERTIBLE - NIGHT

8

Jack tries the ignition. Nothing but the CLICK CLICK of the alternator. He casts another nervous glance over his shoulder, toward:

HIS POV - DARIN

Still framed by the door, staring out.

RESUME JACK

He tries the ignition again. CLICK CLICK. Then:

HIS POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

The pizza delivery sign on his antenna suddenly IGNITES.

HIGH ANGLE - JACK

His body suddenly thrusts backward over the seat. His eyes go buggy, and his body convulses. His head jerks and twists violently, the song careening toward its wild climax, as:

ANGLE - DRIVER WINDOW

Jack's head SHATTERS the window, and:

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

CLOSE - JACK'S CHEST (SPFX)

His heart visibly THUMPS against his sternum, as if trying to escape. Ribs CRACK.

CAR SEAT

Jack slumps INTO FRAME. A choked grunt. Then a wisp of smoke curls out between his rigid lips. Hold. As the final chord of the song rings out over:

9 INT. VIDEO ARCADE - NIGHT

9

Darin walks down the long, dark aisle. Zero waits like an acolyte in front of Virtua Fighter 2. Solemnly, he chunks out a pair of quarters, offering them up to Darin. But Darin shakes his head, moving past Zero to the game.

DARIN

Feel a new record coming on, man.

Suddenly, inexplicably, the dead screen blinks back to life. And Darin takes control of his game once again, the blue light reflected in his impassive face. CAMERA PUSHING IN as a small, twisted smile appears. Off this image:

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

10 EXT. COUNTY BUILDING - DAY - (STOCK)

10

Old Glory whips in the stiff wind before this post-war building. A LEGEND appears: LLOYD P. WHARTON COUNTY BUILDING. CONNERVILLE, OKLAHOMA.

11 INT. AUTOPSY BAY - DAY - CLOSE ON JACK HAMMOND

11

in eternal repose upon the stainless steel slab. Scully peers into his ear through a lighted scope. She speaks to someone O.S. as she conducts her work.

SCULLY

Both eardrums are ruptured...

She tilts his head back to center. Her gloved fingers pry open an eyelid, revealing a milky film on the eyeball. Then, as she checks the other eye:

SCULLY

There are cataracts over both eyes. Probably heat induced...

CLOSE ON A DIGITAL SCALE

A HAND enters frame, lifts a plastic bag lying atop the scale, within which is a blackened, grapefruit-size mass. TILTING UP TO REVEAL MULDER.

MULDER

Probably? It looks like the kid's heart was cooked right in his chest.

WIDE ON AUTOPSY BAY

Scully looks up from her inspection in reaction to Mulder. Then trades a look with another man standing near her, STAN BUXTON, the County Coroner. He nods his head with slight bafflement.

BUXTON

I have to admit, I've never seen that kind of localized tissue damage...

Mulder nods, moves over and leans against a counter, watching Scully as she continues her work.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

SCULLY

There is extensive charring along the sternum, with concomitant rib fractures. Consistent with electrocution or exposure to high voltage direct current.

CLOSE ON SCULLY'S FINGERS

as they trace the area around the sternum and the previously made Y incision.

SCULLY

But I see no point of contact --

(X)

(X)

BUXTON

Best I can figure is the lightning struck the car, killed the kid on contact.

Scully acknowledges this with a look, a nod. Noticing another man entering the room. He is JOHN TELLER, Sheriff, mid-40s. He stands in the doorway, watching quietly.

SCULLY

Did you find contact wounds on any of the other five victims?

BUXTON

I'd have to look back at my notes. I mean, it's pretty clear to me what killed these kids.

MULDER

Lightning?

BUXTON

Well... yeah.

Mulder nods, though he clearly remains unconvinced.

SCULLY

Are you aware that something like sixty people die from lightning strikes across the country each year? And five of those happened right here in Connerville?

BUXTON

I know it's statistically improbable, but --

TELLER

(overlapping)

There were only four deaths. It's okay, Stan. You don't have to defend your work.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

Teller steps into the room. He is upright, nobody's fool. His (X)
impassive eyes betray a flicker of impatience.

TELLER

Would you give us a minute?

Buxton nods, relieved to be taken off the hotseat.

BUXTON

Yeah, sure. I'll be in my
office.

As he exits, Teller turns to Scully.

TELLER

My name is Teller. I'm with the
Johnston County Sheriff's Office.
I just got word there's some kind
of FBI investigation --

SCULLY

Yes. I'm Agent Scully --

TELLER

I know who you are. I'd like to
know what the hell you're doing
here.

Scully looks to Mulder, but he doesn't meet her look, wandering
over to look at the body himself.

SCULLY

The deaths here match other cases
of multiple fatalities attributed
to lightning -- with the same
inconclusive forensic evidence.

TELLER

Do you know anything about
lightning, Agent Scully?

SCULLY

I know a little.

TELLER

Did you know lightning kills
several people a year at home in
their showers or talking on the
phone? That people have seen it
dancing on the ground in balls?
But that scientists will tell
you, push come to shove, they
don't really know how lightning
works at all?

SCULLY

No, I didn't know that.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (5)

11

TELLER

I know, because I eat breakfast with those scientists every morning down at the local diner.

SCULLY

I don't understand.

TELLER

That's as clear as glass. Do you know what we manufacture here in Connerville? What one of our local commodities is?

(off her look)

We make lightning. At the Astadourian Lightning Observatory out on Route 4. A hundred ionized rods pointing at the sky, designed to stimulate lightning.

SCULLY

I didn't know that.

TELLER

Because you didn't do your homework, did you? You came out here doing work that's already been done.

SCULLY

Sir, with all due respect, these autopsies don't quite add up --

TELLER

Based on what?

SCULLY

Based on my opinion as a medical doctor.

TELLER

(nods)

Then based on your medical opinion, if you had to give one, what would you say this boy died of?

SCULLY

Well... since there's no other explanation, right now I'd have to concur with the coroner. That lightning was the most probable cause of death.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (6)

11

TELLER
(strongly)
And I won't have you or anyone
else suggesting otherwise to this
boy's family.

Teller catches Mulder's eye, then stalks out of the room.
Leaving Scully and Mulder alone. She looks at him, feeling
humiliated. And irritated at doing Mulder's bidding.

SCULLY
Feel free to jump in anytime...

MULDER
Why? You were doing just fine.

SCULLY
(part statement, part
question)
You have a theory about what's
going on here...?

Mulder shrugs cryptically.

(X)
(X)

MULDER
-- I just don't think it's
lightning.

Mulder moves blithely past Scully. And off her curiosity, we:

CUT TO:

11A INT. COUNTY BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY - MOVING

(X) 11A

with Mulder, as Scully catches up to him, taking off her lab
coat.

SCULLY
Mulder, wait --

Mulder glances at her, slowing, though he continues walking.
Scully keeps pace.

SCULLY
What are you expecting to find
here?

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED:

11A

MULDER
I don't know yet.

SCULLY
Can you please stop for a second?

He stops, faces her. Scully sighs, tries to find a tactful approach.

SCULLY
After what we've just been through... after all we've seen... I hope you're not thinking this has anything to do with government conspiracies or UFOs.

MULDER
None of the evidence so far indicates either of those possibilities.

SCULLY
Then what are you looking for?
(off Mulder's silence)
Mulder, just because the forensic profile isn't cut and dried doesn't mean it's not true.

MULDER
So Teller's explanation works for you...?

Put on the spot once again, this time by her partner, Scully sighs.

SCULLY
The only possible scientific conclusion is that lightning killed Jack Hammond.

MULDER
Then this local lightning is acting a lot more predictably than Teller realizes. It seems to have a definite preference for who it strikes.

SCULLY
What are you talking about?

MULDER
Look at the other victims --

Mulder hands her the case file, and as she begins scanning its contents:

(CONTINUED)

11A CONTINUED: (2)

11A

MULDER

They were all male, between the
ages of 17 and 21. Just like
Jack Hammond.

As Scully tries to process this improbable new information, to
reconcile it with her science...

MULDER

At least let's see where Hammond
was killed. Maybe we'll turn up
something we can both agree on.

After a grudging beat, Scully nods, relenting. As we:

CUT TO:

12 EXT. STRIP MALL - DAY

12

Mid-day shoppers cast curious glances toward Scully as she
peers into Jack Hammond's convertible. It is surrounded by
DayGlo traffic cones.

SCULLY

Police found Hammond in his car,
seventeen minutes past midnight.
The entire electrical system was
shorted out.

LOW ANGLE - ASPHALT

Mulder studies the SKID MARKS on the asphalt. He assesses the
short distance travelled by the car before it stopped.

SCULLY (O.S.)

All the circuitry and wiring
melted...

MULDER

Looks like he was trying to get
away in a big hurry.

Scully joins him as he straightens.

SCULLY

Get away from what?

But Mulder doesn't answer, instead scanning the half dozen
stores in the strip mall.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

MULDER
When was Jack Hammond's last
pizza delivery?

(X)

Scully sighs, grudgingly checks the report, uncertain where
Mulder is going with this.

SCULLY
Sometime between eleven and
eleven-thirty. Why?

(X)

(X)

MULDER
None of these stores are open
past eleven... except maybe that
one.

(X)

(X)

Mulder nods toward:

THEIR POV - THE VIDEO ARCADE

Sandwiched inconspicuously between the One Hour Photo Shop and
the Beef Bowl.

CUT TO:

13 INT. VIDEO ARCADE - DAY - ZERO

13

stands in the change kiosk, mouthing numbers as counts quarters
into a paper roll. He loses count when he glances up at: (X)

MULDER & SCULLY

standing before him. Mulder moves off to look around, as
Scully raises her voice over the din:

SCULLY
Excuse me. What's your name?

ZERO
Uh... Zero.

SCULLY
Zero. Can I talk to you for a
minute?

ZERO
What for?

SCULLY
(displays her ID)
I'm with the FBI.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Zero's face inches closer to the ID... until Scully slips it back into her pocket. Zero nods, thinking it's pretty cool, talking to this pretty FBI agent.

ZERO

All right.

MOVING WITH MULDER

As he takes in the scattering of zombified adolescents lost in virtual space.

RESUME SCULLY & ZERO

SCULLY

Were you working here last night?

ZERO

Sure. Every night.

Scully produces a photograph. Hands it to Zero.

SCULLY

Do you recognize this person?

INSERT PHOTO OF JACK HAMMOND

A high school prom shot. His long hair combed over the shoulders of his robin's egg tux.

RESUME

Zero glances at the picture, shakes his head.

ZERO

Nah. Never seen him.

He hands the photo back, but Scully doesn't accept it right away.

SCULLY

Take another look. He was in here between 11:00 and 11:30.

(X)

Zero pretends to study the photo more carefully.

SCULLY

He was killed in the parking lot. That was his car.

Zero follows her finger --

ZERO'S POV - CAMERA RACKS

through the glass doors, to the convertible in the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

RESUME

SCULLY

So if you were here, standing at
this counter... you must have
seen it happen.

Zero feels squeezed. He looks from the convertible outside to
the photo he's still holding. Then, nodding with exaggerated
remembrance:

ZERO

That was him?

ANGLE ON MULDER

walking the row of video games, stopping at Virtua Fighter 2.
Watching its violent combatants, curiously.

CAMERA ADJUSTING as Zero leads Scully to the video game where
Mulder stands. Scully noting Mulder's intense interest in the
game.

ZERO

Last I saw, dude fed a bunch of
quarters into this one. Then the
ambulance shows up.

SCULLY

Before the ambulance came, did
you notice anything... unusual
outside?

Zero thinks about it for a long moment, shakes his head.

ZERO

Hard to tell. Place gets pretty
loud and all. Kinda hard to hear
much of anything.

SCULLY

Was there anyone else here who
might have seen what happened?

ZERO

-- I can't, uh... I don't really
remember.

MULDER

He draws closer to the screen, curious.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

HIS POV - SCREEN

A column of initials under the heading, "TOP SCORERS," with corresponding dates and times. Occupying ranks 1 through 10 -- "D.P.O."

MULDER

MULDER

Scully -- look at this.

Mulder gestures for Scully to join him at the game. Zero shifts his weight nervously, wondering.

SCULLY

What?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4)

13

MULDER
The other victims... what were
their names?

Scully opens the file, reads:

SCULLY
Let's see... Corey Hufferd, Darin
Oswald, Burke Roberts, and Billy --

MULDER
(cuts her off)
Darin Oswald. Does he have a
middle name?

SCULLY
Darin Peter. Why?

Scully looks closer to see where Mulder is pointing.

ECU - VIDEO SCREEN

Mulder's finger directs her attention to the uniform set of
initials -- "D.P.O." The topmost one indicating "09-12-95.
11:41 PM." (X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER (O.S.)
Darin Peter Oswald.

MULDER & SCULLY

Curious, Mulder takes the file from Scully. Intrigued by what
he finds there.

MULDER
Of the five victims... he's the
only one who survived. And he
was here last night.

ZERO

fiddles with a roll of quarters, dropping them into his change
device, trying to be cool. But inside he's freaking.

CUT TO:

14 INT. GARAGE - DAY - WIDE SHOT

14

Empty, save for an n.d. sedan. Quiet, except for tinny,
unidentifiable music issuing from some unseen place.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

DARIN P. OSWALD

Music BLARES in his head, pumped through walkman earphones. A song by the band, Filter -- "Hey, Man. Nice Shot." Headbanger music, loud and angry. He lies on his back, working on the underbelly of the car. When something catches his eye, stopping him.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

HIS POV - WOMAN'S LEGS

Approaching. Just the tapered calves and ankles, in stockings and high heels.

DARIN

watches, struck dumb by this intensely erotic image. He watches for a long moment. Then, we SOUND CUT TO SILENCE, as:

SHARON KIVEAT

An exceptionally attractive high school teacher in her late-twenties calls out to the empty garage.

SHARON

Frank?

She approaches the car, her heels CLICKING on the cement floor.

SHARON

Honey, are you here?

DARIN'S POV

The MUSIC BLARES as he slides out from beneath the car, practically looking up her dress.

SHARON

She jumps, startled.

DARIN

Hey, Mrs. Kiveat...

SHARON

God, Darin, you scared me.

Darin hoists himself up off the sled, pulls off his headphones. He is painfully awkward in her presence.

DARIN

What?

SHARON

Where's Frank?

DARIN

He's out on a tow. Anything I can help you with?

She is creeped out by the way he's looking at her.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

SHARON
No. We were supposed to have
dinner.

(X)
(X)
(X)

DARIN
If you're hungry, I can get you
something. Would you like
something? Jelly donut?

SHARON
No, thank you.

DARIN
They're from yesterday, but
they're still good. I had one.

She tries to ignore him, turning her head. But Darin steps
closer.

DARIN
Uh... those things I said to you
yesterday? I...

But the thought is interrupted by the sound of an approaching
truck. Sharon looks up with relief toward:

A BIG TOW TRUCK

pulls into the garage. FRANK KIVEAT emerges from the cab,
yanks off his work gloves. He's an affable guy, handsome, a
good husband. Darin backs off...

(X)

FRANK
Sorry I'm late, hon. I had to
tow that poor pizza delivery
kid's car.

Sharon glances nervously past her husband, to Darin -- who
darkens as he watches Frank kiss Sharon on the cheek. Darren
starts away, when Frank's voice stops him:

(X)

FRANK
Hey, Darin.
(Darin turns)
I just got a call on the radio.
Some people are coming to see
you. They say they're with the
FBI.

Darin's dull expression betrays nothing.

15 INT. GARAGE OFFICE - DAY

15

Darin stands examining the photograph of Jack Hammond. He
studies it closely, genuinely interested.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

DARIN

This is the dude that died, huh?
Man, that's harsh.

WIDER

Darin hands the photo back to Scully. Mulder leans against the edge of the desk.

DARIN

So how'd it happen?

MULDER

They say he was struck by
lightning.

Darin smiles at Mulder.

DARIN

Yeah. That happens.

MULDER

It happened outside the video
arcade. Not a cloud in the sky
from what we can tell.

Darin stares blankly at Mulder.

MULDER

You were there last night,
weren't you? Broke your record,
too.

DARIN

Yeah...

MULDER

Then you must have seen
something.

After a beat, Darin shakes his head.

DARIN

Man, when I'm into my game... I'm
there. You know? You could have
a nuclear explosion, right? I
wouldn't even notice.

Scully shoots Mulder a weary look, as if, "Back to square one."

MULDER

Darin, can I ask you a question?
Do you consider yourself lucky?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

DARIN

Me?

(he laughs, genuinely
amused)
I don't think so.

MULDER

I'd say you're pretty lucky. All
those people who've been hit by
lightning... and you're the only
one who's still alive.

Darin considers this.

DARIN

Yeah. I never thought of it that
way. I guess maybe you're right.
Maybe I am lucky.

SCULLY

reacts, as:

SCULLY

Mulder --

She indicates Mulder's jacket pocket -- which is smoking.
Mulder gingerly removes his cell phone. Smoke wafts from the
tiny holes.

SCULLY

What is it?

MULDER

I don't know...

Mulder grimaces, dropping the phone, which CRACKS against the
floor.

CLOSE - PHONE

Smoke pours out now... and a bubbling battery substance oozes
from the cracked plastic casing.

RESUME

The Agents regard one another, perplexed.

MULDER

It got hot all of a sudden.

Darin stares at the fallen phone with dead eyes.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

DARIN

(X)

Bummer.

(then, to Mulder)

I'm gonna go now.

(X)

Mulder regards him carefully.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

MULDER
Sure. Thanks for your help.

DARIN
No problem.

The Agents watch Darin amble out of the office. And off
Mulder's rising curiosity, we:

CUT TO:

16 EXT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - NIGHT

16

It stands alone, isolated on the rolling pastureland. A stark
wind MOANS beneath the starry sky.

17 INT. HOUSE - CLOSE - TELEVISION

17

Jerry Springer, or some such exploitative talk show host, is
mercilessly coaxing a confession out of some hapless
Transvestite.

REVERSE - DARIN'S MOM

Hypnotized by the tube. She is obese. Her tremendous girth is
spread out on the couch, where she's been sitting since Good
Morning America. Her concentration is jolted by the O.S. sound
of STATIC.

CLOSE - TELEVISION

The channel jumps to MTV.

DARIN'S MOM

screws up her face, hollers over her shoulder:

DARIN'S MOM
Quit foolin' with the remote.

Even as she says this, she finds it wedged between the
cushions.

WIDER

Darin lowers the carton of chocolate milk from his mouth, wipes (X)
the brown mustache left on his upper lip. He scowls as his (X)
mother switches back to the talk show:

DARIN
Why do you want to watch that
anyway? They're all a bunch of
losers.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

DARIN'S MOM

At least they're on TV. I don't
see you on TV.

His only response is a resounding BELCH. Darin's Mom shakes
her head.

DARIN'S MOM

Manners don't cost, Darin.
They're free. What girl's ever
gonna want a belching fool like
you?

DARIN

Maybe you'd be surprised.

Darin's Mom grunts derisively, when there's a KNOCK at the
door. With a look, Darin makes the screen go STATIC, then
pounds out the door. As Darin's Mom desperately tries all the
buttons on the remote...

18 EXT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - NIGHT

18

Zero is drinking a beer when Darin descends the sagging stoop. (X)
Darin doesn't miss a step as he continues into the night.
MOVING WITH THEM as Zero struggles to keep pace.

ZERO

You won't believe it, man. You
won't believe who came by today --

DARIN

Let me guess: the FBI.

ZERO

(amazed)
How did you know?

DARIN

They came to the garage.

ZERO

They did? How'd they find you?

DARIN

You tell me.

Zero hears the accusation in Darin's voice.

DARIN

You must've said something.

Darin walks faster, leaving Zero in his wake. Defensive.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

ZERO

No, man. I didn't say squat.

Zero tosses his beer, lumbers after Darin --

ANGLE - CATTLE FENCE

Sleeping cows dot the landscape. Darin vaults the fence. A moment later, Zero appears, calling after him...

ZERO

Wait up!

Zero grunts as he clambers clumsily over the wooden fence.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Darin climbs a shallow hill. He stops at the summit. Darin cranes his ear, as if listening for something. Zero catches up, breathing heavily.

(X)

(X)

ZERO

Come on, man... you know I wouldn't do that to you.

DARIN

Be better if you were somewhere else right now. I'm in the mood for some barbeque.

(X)

(X)

ZERO

No, man. Not the cows again.

Darin's smile fills Zero with dread. And fear. The sleeping cows begin to low.

ZERO

C'mon. Don't do this. Not now.

But Darin is too far gone, tilting his face heavenward, as:

(X)

DARIN

Okay, I'm listening. I'm ready for you, so come on down...

Freaked, Zero takes off like someone running from an active grenade. He dodges cows, tripping back down the hill. The cows cry fearfully. Darin stretches his hands out, shouts to the heavens, where clouds are gathering fast:

(X)

(X)

DARIN

LET'S GO, MAN! I'M WAITING!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

ZERO

covers his head with his arms, squeezing his eyes shut, as:

EXTREME WIDE SHOT - DARIN

stretches his hands out, his voice echoing over the hills:

DARIN
COME ON! TALK TO ME!

(X)

(X)

Suddenly, a loud CRACK, and LIGHTNING RIPS down from the
roiling heavens and STRIKES Darin! Branches reaching out from
the main bolt, as:

(X)

(X)

ZERO

In the smoky, echoing aftermath, he opens his eyes. FOLLOW as
he runs back uphill. Finally reaching Darin, who lies flat on
his back. Zero approaches, tentatively...

ZERO
Dude?

After a suspended moment... Darin stirs. Zero helps him sit
up.

ZERO
You okay, man?

Darin smiles, dazed, beatific.

DARIN
Excellent.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

19 EXT. PASTURE - DAY - CLOSE - A COW

19

lies dead on its side. Under this, we hear the straining noise of a diesel engine. CAMERA FOLLOWS the cow as it rises into the air, hoisted by a winch. It WIPES FRAME, revealing Sheriff Teller talking on his cellular phone. Behind him is another dead cow. He glances over his shoulder, as: (X)

ANGLE TOWARD SEDAN

Pulls up to the scene. Mulder and Scully emerge, glancing at the carcass, then continuing TOWARD CAMERA.

TELLER

(into phone)

Have that faxed to my office.
Right away if you can. Thank
you, Dean, I appreciate it.

The Agents approach as Teller disconnects.

SCULLY

What happened here, Sheriff?

TELLER

Three dead cows. And how do you
think they died?

MULDER

(anticipating)

Lightning?

TELLER

That's right. I just got off
with Dean Greiner at the
Observatory. Which, by the way,
is a mile through those trees. (X)

He points toward a stand of trees.

(X)

SCULLY

Did they report lightning last
night?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

TELLER

(nodding)

They can detect every lightning
flash on the planet, did you know
that? Each one emits radio waves
at the exact same frequency --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

MULDER

The Schuman Resonance. Eight
cycles per second. You can pick
it up with any transistor radio.

Teller is impressed despite himself.

MULDER

See that, Sheriff? I did my
homework.

TELLER

Not much question lightning
killed these cows last night.
Just like it killed Jack Hammond
the night before last.

MULDER

That's the way it looks.

But Mulder's tone is still skeptical, neither confirming nor
denying. Which irks Teller no end.

TELLER

Let me show you something else...

Teller leads the Agents a few yards off, indicates something on
the ground with his foot.

CLOSE - GROUND

Teller's foot taps what appears to be a long, knobby tree root.
Only there are no trees.

RESUME

TELLER

Do you know what this is?

MULDER

Looks like a fulgarite.

Mulder kneels down to inspect the root-like protrusion more
closely.

MULDER

It only occurs with lightning.
When sandy soil fuses into glass
from the heat of a discharge.

Since Mulder's back is turned to him, Teller addresses Scully.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

TELLER

How much more proof do you need?
(off her look)
I'd say your business here is
finished.

Scully watches as Teller heads back to his car. She turns to (X)
Mulder, who is still hunkered down. He is digging out the
surrounding soil from the fulgarite with his fingers.

SCULLY

Mulder, I have to say... I think
he's right.

MULDER

That we're wasting our time
chasing lightning?

SCULLY

Look at the evidence. What else
could it be?

Mulder pulls up hard. With a glassy CRACK, he unearths the
subterranean fulgarite.

MULDER

I'm not sure yet. But this is
the first lightning strike I've
ever seen that left behind a
footprint.

Mulder shows her the fulgarite he's dug up. The uppermost
portion is strangely flat.

CLOSE - FULGARITE

There is a crescent-shaped indentation in its flattened
surface. Unmistakably, the heel of a shoe.

MULDER & SCULLY

Scully considers this new, seemingly impossible evidence. (X)

CUT TO:

20 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY - CLOSE - TRAFFIC SIGNAL

20

Suspended by crossed wires. The angle is such that we see: one
light is red, the perpendicular light green. A legend appears:
COUNTY ROAD A-17.

CLICK. The red light suddenly turns green... though the green
light remains unchanged. A beat later, an O.S. car horn
BLARES.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

INTERSECTION

The oncoming car SKIDS, barely misses the car that has entered the intersection. The DRIVER of the stopped car yells some choice epithets (AD LIB) from his window.

21 EXT. BILLBOARD - DAY - DARIN

21

sags, disappointed by the near miss.

DARIN

Damn.

He is perched on a faded billboard overlooking the intersection. Zero climbs the ladder, approaches him from behind... tentative and a little afraid. He is drinking a beer, carrying the remaining bottles in a brown paper bag.

ZERO

What's going on?

Darin doesn't even look at him.

DARIN

Nothing.

Zero hands Darin a beer, then sits down beside him. In the silence, Zero takes a long pull from his own beer.

ZERO

You know, I was thinking...

DARIN

First time for everything.

O.S., BRAKES SCREECH and HORNS BLARE, as:

THEIR POV - INTERSECTION

Another car swerves from an oncoming mail truck, missing it by inches.

DARIN & ZERO

Darin is pissed as the horns doppler past.

DARIN

Damn ABS brakes.

ZERO

Dude, I'm serious. I'm thinking we should go somewhere. Get outta this hole. Maybe check out Las Vegas. You could do some serious damage someplace like that.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

DARIN
I'm not going to Las Vegas. I'm
not going anywhere.
(then)
Not without Mrs. Kiveat.

Darin is earnest, almost wistful, about this. Zero shakes his head. He's heard this a thousand times before.

ZERO
What makes you think she'd go
anywhere with you? She failed
you, remember? She thinks you're
a retard.

DARIN
Forget school, man. I'm talking
about proving my love.

ZERO
How are you gonna do that?

But Darin hasn't given much thought to the details.

DARIN
I guess... I don't know. I could
let her know how I feel. How all
I ever think about is being with
her...

Darin loses himself in the fantasy.

ZERO
Wake up, Dude. There's another
slight problem. She's married to
your boss.

DARIN
-- Maybe I could fry him.

This is said without malice, with a disturbing, matter-of-factness.

ZERO
Dude, he's your boss.

DARIN
Not if he's dead he won't be.

ZERO
Are you high? With the FBI
hanging around?

Darin scowls, takes a quick pull from his longneck.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

ZERO
Just forget it, okay? You can't
compete with Frank. He's good
looking. Owns his own shop.
Plus, he fixes things, instead of
just busting stuff up. You think
she's going to give that up? A
woman like that wants someone
special.

Darin considers this, thinking.

DARIN
I'm special, man.

ZERO
(laughing)
Yeah. Right.

Darin shoots Zero a look, and Zero backs off. Then, a smile
forms on Darin's face. He's got an idea.

DARIN
I'm going to show her just how
special I am.

But Zero is too afraid to ask how he intends to do this, as
Darin turns back to the intersection.

CLOSE - TRAFFIC SIGNAL

The light is red. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to the idling car stopped
before the intersection. A YOUNG KID sits behind the wheel.
Probably just got his license.

22 EXT. ROAD - GARDENER'S TRUCK

22

speeds PAST FRAME, mowers and weed choppers clattering in back.

23 INT. GARDENER'S TRUCK - MOVING

23

The GARDENER steers with one hand. Carefree.

HIS POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Barrelling toward the intersection. Toward a green light.

24 EXT. IDLING CAR

24

The Kid waits patiently. CAMERA TILTS UP to the traffic
signal. The red light turns green.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

THE CAR

inches forward into the intersection.

DARIN & ZERO :

A long beat of anticipation... then a horn BLARES, and:

INTERSECTION

A bone crunching CRASH sends both vehicles spinning.

(X)

DARIN & ZERO

Darin nods, quite pleased. The sounds of twisted steel and shattered glass music to his ears.

DARIN

That was a good one.

Darin tosses his beer, then moves to climb down the billboard to view his handiwork more closely. Zero hastening to catch up, as we:

CUT TO:

25 INT. FORENSIC LAB - DAY - CLOSE - HEEL IMPRINT

25

Flecks of plaster are visible in the fulgarite. A legend appears: FORENSIC LAB. JOHNSTON COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Here we go...

WIDER

The fulgarite is on a countertop, beside a can of silicon spray, scraps of wire mesh, and a pair of needle nose pliers. Scully is examining the mold she's made.

SCULLY

Considering it's a partial imprint, I think there's a lot of information here.

MULDER

But can you make a little cherub that squirts water?

Mulder smirks. Scully doesn't.

SCULLY

The tread is from a standard military boot, men's, size eight and half.

MULDER

(impressed)

Size eight and a half? Pretty good, Scully.

SCULLY

It says it right here on the bottom.

She shows him where the shoe size was stamped into the sole. Now it's Scully's turn to smirk.

SCULLY

I may have something even better. When I was cleaning the imprint to take the mold...

Scully shows him a glass vial, containing a small fragment of the fulgarite.

(X)

SCULLY

I found trace amounts of a viscous substance. It was actually embedded in the fulgarite.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

INSERT - CONTAINER

A small greenish fragment, roughly the size of a ladybug.

(X)

WIDER

MULDER

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

SCULLY
I'd have to conduct a chemical
analysis to be sure... but it
looks like antifreeze.

MULDER
(who else?)
Darin Oswald.

Scully stares at Mulder. It's what she thinks, too. But the
thought is troubling her.

SCULLY
But why? And how?

MULDER
I don't know, Scully. But let's
go see if the shoe fits.

Off their realization, PRELAP the RADIO SQUAWK of an emergency
situation. Then:

CUT TO:

25A EXT. DARIN'S HOUSE - DAY (X) 25A

The Agents' sedan is parked before the rundown house.

25B INT. DARIN'S ROOM - DAY - CLOSE - DOOR (X) 25B

We hear a muffled woman's voice through the closed door, which
swings open now, revealing Darin's Mom.

DARIN'S MOM
Darin ain't worth much, I'm the
first to say it... but he'd never
hurt a soul.

Her own words sound unconvincing, even to her -- as she regards
Mulder and Scully.

DARIN'S MOM
What kind of trouble's he in
anyway?

MULDER
Mrs. Oswald... would you give us
a few minutes?

She nods, then steps back, letting the Agents move past her
into the room. Then she closes the door on her worried
expression... leaving Mulder and Scully to take in the room,
Darin's life story revealed to them in a moment.

(CONTINUED)

25B CONTINUED:

25B

THEIR POV

A frayed curtain billows over the filthy, cracked window that lets in the dusty light. Rock posters (Vandals, Stone Temple Pilots) vie for wall space with Auto Parts Calendars featuring scantily clad women.

RESUME

CAMERA FOLLOWS Scully across the littered room, to the small closet. She opens the door, finding the interior piled thick with dirty clothes, tools, oil-stained car manuals. As she begins ferreting through the debris...

MULDER

is kneeling beside the upright milk crate that serves as Darin's nightstand/bookshelf. Except the only books in here are magazines -- the kind that come three in a pack. And it is one of these that Mulder is scrutinizing, when:

SCULLY (O.S.)

Mulder, it looks like a match.

Mulder turns, as:

WIDER

Scully approaches, studying the well-worn military boot that she's found in the closet.

MULDER

Size eight-and-a-half?

SCULLY

(nods, then quickly
adds)

Which still doesn't prove he
killed Jack Hammond --

Mulder has no answer for Scully, who now notices the skin magazine in his hands.

SCULLY

(dryly)

I'm surprised you haven't already
read that issue.

MULDER

I have. Except mine didn't come
with this.

He pulls out a black and white photograph from deep between the pages.

(CONTINUED)

25B CONTINUED: (2)

25B

MULDER
I found it between Miss September
and Women of the Ivy League.

SCULLY
Who is she?

MULDER
I don't know.

Mulder studies it more closely, as:

CLOSE - PHOTO OF SHARON KIVEAT

The edges rough and uneven -- as if it's been hastily clipped.
Mulder turns it over, revealing the fragment of a headline on
the reverse: "GRAVENHURST EAGLES."

RESUME

MULDER
It looks like it was cut out of
a yearbook...

SCULLY
(realizing)
There's a yearbook in Darin's
closet.

Scully moves back to the closet, Mulder rising to follow.

AT THE CLOSET

Scully removes a 1995 GRAVENHURST HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK, as
Mulder steps up beside her. She thumbs through the yearbook,
stopping at one page, flipping it back and forth.

CLOSE - YEARBOOK PAGE

Under the heading, "ENGLISH DEPARTMENT," several columns of
smiling teachers. Except for one empty rectangle, beneath
which Scully's finger finds the caption: "Sharon Kiveat.
Reading Ed."

SCULLY (O.S.)
Her name is Sharon Kiveat.

RESUME

MULDER
The garage where Darin works is
called Kiveat Auto Body.

(CONTINUED)

25B CONTINUED: (3)

25B

As the Agents ponder this new connection, uncertain of its meaning, we:

CUT TO:

26 EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY -

(X) 26

A tow truck pulls INTO FRAME, highlighting the painted sign on the door: KIVEAT AUTO BODY. As the door opens, we: (X)
(X)

WIDEN

Frank Kiveat emerges from the cab, moves past emergency vehicles throwing red light over the twisted wreck. (X)
(X)

He approaches a TRAFFIC COP who is directing cars through the intersection. (X)

FRANK
What happened?

TRAFFIC COP
Some kid got centerpunched. Just got his license, too. He's pretty bad off.

FRANK
(means it)
That's rough.

Frank absently touches his left shoulder. He's perspiring. His voice low, choked.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

FRANK

You guys ready for me to clear
the road?

TRAFFIC COP

I'm just directing traffic.
You'd better check with the
Deputy.

The Traffic Cop notices Frank's ashen pallor.

TRAFFIC COP

Hey, pal... are you okay?

FRANK

Yeah...

Frank looks past the Traffic Cop, sees:

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

HIS POV - CROWD

At the front of the gathering group of rubberneckers -- Darin and Zero. Darin stares intently, concentrating.

FRANK & TRAFFIC COP

Frank opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out.

TRAFFIC COP
You don't look so good.

Suddenly, Frank's knees go out from under him. The Traffic Cop catches him, eases him to the ground.

TRAFFIC COP
Hey! Someone get the EMS guys!

PARAMEDICS

Lingering at the open mouth of their van, when they hear the Traffic Cop. They CLEAR FRAME, and:

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Paramedics move to the Traffic Cop, who is kneeling over Frank.

TRAFFIC COP
He just collapsed.

The First Paramedic feels Frank's neck for a pulse.

FIRST PARAMEDIC
Pulse is thready.

SECOND PARAMEDIC
I'll get the kit.

(X)

The Second Paramedic EXITS FRAME, as the First Paramedic tears open Frank's shirt. He slips on his stethoscope, moving the bell across Frank's chest. Doesn't like what he hears. He begins regular sternal compressions.

ANGLE - CROWD

Darin drifts away from the group, toward Frank and the EMS Workers.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (3)

26

ZERO

Where are you going, man? What
are you doing? Let's get out of
here.

But Darin doesn't answer. And off Zero's concern --

RESUME

The First Paramedic continues compressions, while the Second
Paramedic places two ECG leads onto Frank's chest. A steady
electronic tone sounds.

ECG MONITOR

Flatline. Some shallow, irregular cardiac activity.

WIDER

The First Paramedic stops compressing. He yanks the paddles
from the defibrillator. Positions them above Frank's chest.

FIRST PARAMEDIC

Give me 300 joules.

SECOND PARAMEDIC

It's already charged.

FIRST PARAMEDIC

No, it's not.

They both turn to check the digital gauge. The needle is flush
to the left.

FIRST PARAMEDIC

Something's not working here.

Get the backup...

(X)

(X)

(X)

The Second Paramedic moves off, as the First Paramedic checks
the defibrillator once again. In the subsequent confusion,
Darin appears on the other side of Frank. The surrounding
voices subside, the surrounding action slows...

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Leaving only the relentless tone of the ECG. And Darin... who
kneels beside Frank. Lays his hands on Frank's chest.

(X)

(X)

CLOSE - FRANK KIVEAT

Bluing. Dying. He looks up at Darin, eyes wide with fear, as:

CLOSE - DARIN

He leans closer to Frank, whispers:

DARIN

Don't worry, Mr. Kiveat. I've
seen how they do it on TV.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (5)

26

KA-CHUNK! Frank's chest heaves INTO FRAME. His back arches.
The explosive sound echoes over:

ECG MONITOR

The flatline SPIKES sharply. A rhythm starts.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (5)

26

THE FIRST PARAMEDIC

(X)

Responds to the steady electronic BEEP, as the Second Paramedic appears over him, toting the auxilliary defibrillator.

FIRST PARAMEDIC

We got a rhythm.

SECOND PARAMEDIC

How the hell -- ?

(X)

(X)

They both look at Darin, amazed.

(X)

DARIN

He beams proudly.

DARIN

Rescue 911.

And off this improbable image, we:

FADE OUT:

27
thru OMITTED
28

27
thru
28

END ACT TWO

29
thru OMITTED
30

29
thru
30

ACT THREE

31 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 31

Legend appears to establish: FELTON COMMUNITY HOSPITAL. (X)
FELTON, OKLAHOMA.

32 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - NURSES STATION - DAY 32

Mulder is reading a medical chart when he notices: (X)

HIS POV - SHARON KIVEAT (X)

Shakily pouring herself a cup of water -- which drops from her (X)
weak grip, splashes onto the floor. She is tired and spent, (X)
her eyes red from crying.

RESUME MULDER

He places the chart on the counter, then moves to Sharon.

MULDER (X)
Here, let me give you a hand with
that.

WIDER

Sharon Kiveat nods, grateful, as Mulder pulls another cup from
the dispenser, then fills it for her.

SHARON
Thank you.

Her hand quivers as she sips the water. (X)

MULDER
Mrs. Kiveat... my name is Fox
Mulder. I'm with the FBI.

She tenses. Suddenly nervous and uncomfortable.

MULDER
I know this is a hard time for
you... but I'd like to ask you
some questions.

SHARON
You came to my husband's garage
yesterday...

MULDER
That's right.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

For a moment, Sharon seems as if she's about to say something.
But then, just as suddenly, she withdraws.

SHARON

I'm sorry. I can't... I really
can't talk right now.

MULDER

Tell me about Darin Oswald.
(off her hesitation)
I understand he was at the scene
of the accident --

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

SHARON
(quickly)
Please. I need to see my
husband.

Sharon brushes past him, into the ICU. Mulder watches, noting her fear.

HIS POV - THROUGH WINDOW

Sharon moves to Frank's bedside. He is hooked up to all manner of monitoring equipment. CAMERA RACKS to Scully, reflected in the window glare.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mulder turns to meet Scully. She lowers her voice, intense.

SCULLY
I just talked to one of the EMS
workers. He was pretty rattled.

MULDER
Why?

Scully unfolds the piece of paper in her hand, angles it so that Mulder can see.

SCULLY
Frank Kiveat's electrocardiogram.

CLOSE - ELECTROCARDIOGRAM

Scully's finger indicates the sharp spike we saw on Kiveat's ECG monitor at the accident site.

SCULLY (O.S.)
See this spike here? It
indicates that some kind of
electrical intervention started
his heart.

RESUME

SCULLY
Except according to the EMS
worker, the defibrillator
wouldn't charge. The paddles
were dead.

MULDER
(re: cardiogram)
Then how did he explain this?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (3)

32

SCULLY

He didn't. All he saw was Darin
Oswald... touching Kiveat's
chest.

Scully falls silent, wondering. But this new information has
sparked a connection in Mulder's mind. As he crosses to the
Nurses Station...

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

I was just going over Oswald's
medical chart. There's something
I want you to look at.

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

Mulder hands Scully the chart. And as she scans its contents,
summarizing aloud:

(X)

SCULLY

He was admitted to the E.R. five
months ago, in cardiac arrest,
respiratory failure... class
three burns on his back and
scalp. Resuscitated after twenty-
one minutes...

(X)

(trails off, reacting)
This is odd. His blood tests
showed acute hypokalemia...

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (4)

32

MULDER

What's that?

SCULLY

A severe chemical imbalance
characterized by high sodium and
low potassium levels.

MULDER

Electrolytes, right...?

(off Scully's nod)

And what do electrolytes do?

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Among other things, they generate
the electrical impulses in our
bodies. Every time our heart
beats, or a neuron fires...

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully regards Mulder, wonders where he's headed with this.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (5)

32

MULDER

It's a leap, Scully... but what
if Oswald's electrolyte imbalance
is somehow enabling him to
generate electricity at levels
much higher than normal?

(X)
(X)

SCULLY

Mulder... the body doesn't work
like that.

MULDER

Unless his body is abnormally
conductive. If that heel print
we found is Oswald's... he
conducted millions of volts into
the ground, and then just walked
away.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY

So you think he's some kind of
lightning rod?

(X)
(X)

MULDER

I think he's lightning. And we
have to stop him before he
strikes again.

(X)

Scully looks from Mulder to the paper strip in her hands...

CLOSE - ELECTROCARDIOGRAM

The inky line... jagged as lightning.

CUT TO:

33 OMITTED

33

33			33
thru	OMITTED		thru
34			34
35	INT. AGENTS' SEDAN - DAY	(X)	35
	The Agents' sedan pulls up before the ramshackle house.		
	THEIR POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD	(X)	
	Darin is walking away from them, toward the pasture. He	(X)	
	glances back over his shoulder, but keeps walking, as:	(X)	
	RESUME	(X)	
	Mulder and Scully emerge from the sedan, as:	(X)	
	DARIN		
	Not running, just walking fast. His eyes straight ahead.	(X)	
	MULDER (O.S.)		
	Darin!		

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Darin doesn't look back. But he doesn't run away either.

MULDER & SCULLY

Narrowing the gap from twenty yards to fifteen...

DARIN

keeps walking, when Mulder stops him with a heavy hand on his shoulder. Darin twists violently away from him, spilling some foamy beer.

DARIN
: (flashing)
Don't touch me, man.

Mulder backs off. Careful. The kid is a live wire.

MULDER
Okay. All right.

DARIN
Don't touch me.

SCULLY
We just want to talk to you,
Darin. That's all. Ask you a
few more questions.

Darin eases a bit toward Scully. He looks between the agents, (X)
with an almost petulant defiance. (X)

DARIN
I didn't do anything.

CUT TO:

36 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

36

Darin sits in a chair. Scully stands across from him. Her tone is not aggressive, but even. A legend appears to establish: JOHNSTON COUNTY JAIL.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

DARIN (X)
How many times do I have to say (X)
it? I don't know how those (X)
people died. (X)

SCULLY
Why did you run when you saw us?

DARIN
I was taking a walk. That's not (X)
against the law, is it? (X)

Off Scully's silence, Darin cops an indignant attitude.

DARIN (X)
Anyway, you should be giving me (X)
a medal. I saved my boss' life.

SCULLY (X)
We're not so sure...

DARIN (X)
Why? Who told you that? Who've
you been talking to?

Scully holds Darin's challenging look. Knowing that she won't (X)
get anything more out of him, she moves past him toward the (X)
door. On Darin, following her with suspicious eyes -- (X)

37 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

37

Scully emerges from the room. Mulder has been waiting
anxiously in the corridor. As he ushers her out of earshot of
the DEPUTY standing guard:

MULDER (X)
What did he say? (X)

SCULLY (X)
Not much. Except that he's a
hero...

MULDER (X)
How did he tell you he revived
Kiveat?

SCULLY
CPR.

Mulder shoots Scully a dubious look. She shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

SCULLY
He claims he paid attention in
health class.

(X)
(X)

MULDER
Scully... Oswald didn't just
resuscitate Frank Kiveat. He set
the whole thing up.

(X)

SCULLY
How? By causing Kiveat's heart
attack?

MULDER
Look what he did to my phone.

SCULLY
So what... we're supposed to
charge him with assaulting a
cellular phone?

(X)

MULDER
We need to run a full set of lab
tests --

(X)

SCULLY
(cuts him off)
Look where we are, Mulder. We
don't have the capability or the
time to perform those tests.
(then)
Without a confession, we can only
keep him in custody for seventy-
two hours.

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

Mulder sighs, frustrated.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

MULDER
Then I only know one other person
who might be able to help us.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Off Scully's curiosity, PRELAP A RINGING DOORBELL, then:

CUT TO:

38 EXT. KIVEAT HOUSE - NIGHT

38

A modest home on a block of modest homes. Mulder and Scully stand before the door, which now opens -- revealing Sharon Kiveat. She pulls her jacket tight around her shoulders, her posture still deflective.

SHARON
Please. I can't do this now.
I'm just leaving for the hospital --

MULDER
Darin Oswald is in custody, Mrs.
Kiveat. We arrested him this
afternoon.

She stares at Mulder, praying that he's telling the truth.

MULDER
But we can't press criminal
charges without your help.

SCULLY
Is it okay if we come in?

On Sharon's waning resistance --

(X)

39 INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

39

Sharon lays her jacket on the back of a chair. Though relieved to be unburdening her secret, the memory remains painfully vivid.

SHARON
I teach remedial reading at the
high school. Darin was my
student.

SCULLY
How would you describe your
relationship with him?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

SHARON

I'm not blind... I knew he had a crush on me. But I felt sorry for him. He seemed to have more than his share of bad luck.

SCULLY

Did you get him the job at your husband's garage?

Sharon nods with irony and regret.

SHARON

Then, about six months ago, I started getting these phone calls. Someone would call, and then hang up.

SCULLY

How did you know it was Oswald?

SHARON

The way he looked at me at the garage...? Those phone calls gave me the same feeling. And I just knew.

SCULLY

But you never told your husband.

Sharon lowers her head, embarrassed. Mulder pushes her, gently...

MULDER

When did you suspect that Oswald was involved in more than just prank calls?

SHARON

He told me...

MULDER

He confessed to killing those people?

SHARON

No, but he told me he had powers. Dangerous powers.

Mulder leans forward, sensing that they are close to what they need.

MULDER

When was this?

SHARON

After that last boy was killed.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

MULDER
Jack Hammond...

SHARON
(she nods, then)
At first, I didn't believe him.
I thought he was just mouthing
off. Trying to impress me in
some sick way. But after what
happened today...

(X)

(X)

Her emotions rise quickly, brimming as tears.

(X)

MULDER
(not accusing)
Why didn't you tell anyone?

SHARON
Who would have believed me?

She looks from Mulder to Scully --

(X)

SHARON
And I was afraid... of what he
might do to me. What he'd do to
my husband.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY
You don't have to be afraid any
more. You and your husband are
safe. As long as we can count on
your testimony.

Sharon nods. Tight and painful... and relieved.

CUT TO:

40 INT. JOHNSTON COUNTY JAIL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

40

CAMERA PRECEDES Mulder and Scully as they move urgently down
the corridor. As they approach the Interrogation Room...

(X)

(X)

41 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

41

The Agents' abrupt entrance startles the Deputy, who is
throwing away an empty soda can. But there is no sign of
Darin.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

MULDER
Where's Oswald?

The Deputy doesn't answer for a beat. Then he looks past them, toward the door, as:

TELLER (O.S.)
I sent him home.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sheriff Teller enters, holding a file folder. He nods to the Deputy, who exits.

MULDER
You released him? When?

TELLER
(holds up file)
As soon as I read your arrest report.

MULDER
(to Scully, intense)
I'll call Sharon Kiveat.

Mulder rushes from the room. Teller reads the file, scowling dismissively:

TELLER (X)
"Suspicion of homicide by (X)
emission of direct electric
current?" You don't honestly
believe this?

SCULLY (X)
I believe Oswald is involved (X)
somehow in the deaths of those
four people. And I believe it
was irresponsible for you to let
him go.

TELLER (X)
Let me get this straight... (X)
You're saying this kid's throwing
lightning bolts?

SCULLY (X)
(still doubtful) (X)
In effect.

TELLER (X)
"In effect?" There's no (X)
scientific basis for that claim. (X)
It's speculation based on (X)
nothing. You have no hard (X)
evidence, no proof -- (X)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

SCULLY
(cuts him off)
You said so yourself, Sheriff:
even science can't explain how
lightning works.

Teller holds Scully's searing look, as Mulder pokes his head
back in the room:

(X)

MULDER
Sharon Kiveat's not home.

(X)

SCULLY
She's on her way to the hospital.

(X)

And the Agents are out of there. Leaving Teller chastened in
her wake -- worried that he's made the mistake of a lifetime.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. VIDEO ARCADE - NIGHT - CLOSE - DOOR

42

A harsh wind pounds the cold glass, whistles under the door.
The "CLOSED" sign is turned toward the outside.

42A INT. VIDEO ARCADE - CLOSE - MAIN POWER SWITCH

42A

The sounds of mechanized violence fill the room. Zero ENTERS FRAME. Throws the main switch. Everything powers down, casting the place in a pall of silence. Except for one isolated sound. A game. Zero glances up, curious. Then, as he moves off to investigate...

CAMERA PRECEDES ZERO

down the dark aisle, searching for the game. He stops, more than a little freaked when he discovers:

HIS POV - VIRTUA FIGHTER 2

Inexplicably, the only game that's on.

ZERO

His eyes dart around the arcade. Fearful.

ZERO

Dude?

He circles in place, searching...

HIS POV - PANNING

No sign of Darin or anyone else. Nothing. Except:

CD JUKEBOX

A song begins like an angry threat. "Hey, Man. Nice Shot."

ZERO

He laughs nervously. His voice is cracked, his mouth dry.

ZERO

C'mon, man. Where are you?

He CLEARS FRAME, as:

HIGH ANGLE

Zero moves down the long aisle to the front door. The song builds with violent intensity.

AT THE DOOR

Zero tries opening the door. He rattles it for a few seconds before realizing that it's locked. Desperate, he fumbles for his keys. His hands quiver as he tries to fit the key in the lock, shouting over the song:

ZERO

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I SAID I
DIDN'T TELL THEM!

(CONTINUED)

42A CONTINUED:

42A

He turns the key... CLICK. Then he barrels out the door, into the windy night.

43 EXT. VIDEO ARCADE - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE

43

Zero bolts out of the store, stumbles across the parking lot.

ZERO
I DIDN'T SAY NOTHING! I SWEAR!

MOVING WITH ZERO

The song chasing him now. Raging everywhere, as if carried on the wind itself. Zero's face twists with rising panic.

ZERO
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, MAN?
WE'RE BUDDIES!

CAMERA SLOWS AND PIVOTS

Watching as Zero gains a few yards... and a LIGHTNING BOLT screams down from somewhere above. It SLAMS into Zero's back, pitching him forward, hard.

CLOSE - GROUND

Quarters spill onto the asphalt. Bouncing. Spinning.

ZERO

His face pressed against the asphalt. Smoke drifts from his mouth.

CAMERA CRANES UP AND UP

Revealing Darin standing on the roof of the building. Angry clouds gathered above him... as the last angry chord of the song rings out, leaving just the WAILING wind. Darin's eyes are icy, merciless. The wind HOWLS all around him. The storm is nearing. As we:

(X)
(X)

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

44 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

44

A violent wind bows the trees. Legend appears: FELTON
COMMUNITY HOSPITAL. FELTON, OKLAHOMA.

(X)
(X)

45 INT. ICU CORRIDOR - CLOSE - ELEVATOR FLOOR INDICATOR

45

DINGS onto the fifth floor. CAMERA TILTS DOWN as the doors
whoosh open, admitting Mulder and Scully. They move past the
Nurse's Station, Mulder not breaking stride as he flashes his
ID to the startled NIGHT NURSE.

MULDER

Call security. Have them pair up
and check everyone entering the
hospital, other than emergency
personnel.

She nods without questioning. They continue past her --

OUTSIDE FRANK KIVEAT'S ROOM - THEIR POV

Sharon watches over her sleeping husband.

RESUME

A beat of mutual relief. Then Scully pushes into the room,
while Mulder keeps vigil in the corridor.

46 INT. FRANK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

46

Sharon turns at Scully's entrance.

SCULLY

Sharon...?

Sharon sees from Scully's expression, something is wrong. She
rises quickly, moving past Scully into:

THE CORRIDOR

SHARON

What is it?

SCULLY

We need you to come with us,
Sharon. Right away.

SHARON

Why? What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

MULDER

Darin Oswald. He was released
from custody.

Sharon flashes, angry and scared.

SHARON

But how? How could that happen?
You said we didn't have to worry,
that we were safe.

SCULLY

There's not much time. Come with
us and we'll explain everything --

SHARON

The doctor said my husband can't
be moved. I'm not leaving him
here.

MULDER

I'll stay with him. You go with
Agent Scully.

SHARON

No.

SCULLY

Sharon, please --

Their argument stops as the overhead fluorescents suddenly
flicker... then go out. Almost immediately, emergency lights (X)
kick on. Mulder draws his gun, his eyes adjusting to the
hellish light.

MULDER

He's here.

As if on cue, an O.S. DING draws their attention down the
corridor.

THEIR POV - ELEVATOR

The floor indicator DINGS again.

MULDER & SCULLY

Move urgently toward the elevator, Scully now drawing her own
weapon. They position themselves before the elevator doors,
as:

CLOSE - FLOOR INDICATOR

DINGS with each climbing floor. Two... Three... Four... (X)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

MULDER & SCULLY

They level their weapons. Tensing, as:

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

THE ELEVATOR DOORS

Slide open. Revealing Zero slumped against the back wall, his body twisted at an unnatural angle.

MULDER & SCULLY

Lower their guns. Scully precedes Mulder into the elevator, where she checks Zero's neck for a pulse.

SCULLY

He's dead.

Mulder pulls the "Stop" switch. The Night Nurse appears in the open mouth of the elevator, recoils at the sight of Zero.

NIGHT NURSE

Oh Lord --

The Agents join her in the corridor.

MULDER

How many access points are there onto this floor?

NIGHT NURSE

Other than the elevator... just the stairway.

MULDER

(to Scully)
Stay with them.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(concerned)
Mulder --

MULDER

I'm going after Oswald.

(X)

(X)

Mulder moves quickly down the corridor. And off Scully's concern --

(X)

CUT TO:

47 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT - CLOSE - DOOR

47

It opens... and Mulder slips into the stairwell, gun poised. He eases the door shut. Then listens. Hearing nothing, he starts down the stairs...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

ANOTHER ANGLE

In the dim red light, Mulder appears to be descending into the bowels of Hell. He is almost at the fourth floor landing... when he stops. Listens. He hears an echoing CREAK, and the faint sound of an ELECTRICAL HUM. CAMERA CREEPS IN as Mulder tightens his fingers around the grip of his weapon...

FOURTH FLOOR LANDING

Mulder wheels around the corner, gun levelled:

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

HIS POV - JUNCTION BOX

Its innards spark and sizzle, the steel cover dangling from a twisted hinge.

MULDER

Exhales the tight breath in his chest. Then, as Mulder CLEARS FRAME --

CUT TO:

48 INT. ICU CORRIDOR - NIGHT

48

Darin Oswald steps into a CLEAR FRAME. His eyes are fixed, determined. He looks both ways, then:

CAMERA PRECEDES DARIN

Down the empty corridor, past the abandoned Nurses Station. He moves with singular purpose...

OUTSIDE FRANK'S ROOM

Darin yanks open the door.

HIS POV

The room is empty. Even the bed is missing.

RESUME DARIN

Off his rising anger:

(X)

DARIN
Mrs. Kiveat??

(X)

SCULLY (O.S.)
Don't move, Darin.

(X)

He wheels around, and:

WIDER

(X)

Scully is in the doorway, her gun aimed at Darin's chest. Her voice pitched with tension.

(X)

DARIN
Where is she?

(X)

Darin starts threateningly toward Scully.

(X)

SCULLY
I said, don't move!

(X)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

But he advances toward the door, forcing Scully back into the corridor.

(X)
(X)

48A INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

48A

Darin reacts as he sees:

HIS POV

Sharon stands behind Scully.

(X)

RESUME

Darin moves toward her, pleading...

(X)

DARIN
Mrs. Kiveat --

(X)

Scully thumbs back the hammer on her gun, holds her ground.

SCULLY
Stop, Darin. I'm warning you.

(X)

Darin stops, though he looks past Scully -- fixing on Sharon.

(X)

DARIN
Come with me, Mrs. Kiveat.
Please. There's some things...
stuff I need to tell you.

Scully keeps her gun levelled.

(X)

SCULLY
Step back in the room --

(X)

DARIN
(ignores Scully, to
Sharon)
Are you coming with me?

(X)

But Sharon just stares at him fearfully.

SCULLY
She's not going anywhere.

(X)

Darin eyes Scully like a target.

DARIN
I can hurt you.

SCULLY
I can hurt you, too.

(X)

DARIN
I'm done fooling around --

(X)

(CONTINUED)

48A CONTINUED:

48A

SCULLY
I'm giving you three seconds --

SCULLY
One, two --

SHARON
Stop it!

(X)

Sharon steps in front of Scully:

(X)

SHARON
I'll go with you, okay? If
that's what you want... I'll go.
Just stop it.

(X)

SCULLY
Sharon --

Sharon glances back to Scully, who averts her gun.

SCULLY
(calm assurance)
We can work everything out right
here.

SHARON
(resolute)
No, we can't.

After a beat... she turns back to Darin, who nods, pleased.
Feeling his power.

(X)

DARIN
Alright, then. Alright...

Sharon follows Darin as he backs down the corridor, blocking
Scully's line of fire. And off her helpless frustration --

(X)

CUT TO:

48A CONTINUED: (3)

48A

CLOSE - HANDS

One clasping onto the other, tight, possessive. A twisted image of intimacy.

DARIN (O.S.)
You're the only one who was ever
nice to me...

And we are:

49 OMITTED

49

50 EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

50

Sharon walks stiffly beside Darin, as they hold hands down a wide aisle of cars parked head to head. He's finally near her, touching her, the culmination of an obsessive fantasy.

DARIN
Remember that first day in class?
You were wearing that green
dress... the one with the yellow
flowers. And when you stood in
front of the window, I could
pretty much see through it --

SHARON
Where are we going?

He stops, regards her dumbly. She is fairly trembling, trying to keep it together, as:

SHARON
Where are you taking me?

But this is the first he's really thought of it.

DARIN
I don't know... wherever you want
to go. I got money from the cash
machine. Plus, we can take any
car you feel like...

He lets go of her hand, gesturing broadly to the cars parked around them.

DARIN
Just pick one out. Accord.
Maxima...

He walks ahead a few paces, as the cars suddenly START, one after the next, their headlights FLASHING on.

DARIN
You like any of those?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

But Sharon remains impassive. Anxious to please her, he moves even further down the aisle.

DARIN

If you don't want to go
Japanese... how about a Taurus?

But even as the Taurus ROARS to life, Darin shakes his head with dissatisfaction.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (2)

50

DARIN
These all suck. Let's just boost
one now and trade it later for
something better --

Headlight beams suddenly sweep over them. Darin squints into
the brightness, as:

DARIN'S POV - ND CAR

Driving down the aisle, stopping in front of them. A backlit
silhouette emerges from the driver door, approaching...
distinguishing itself as Sheriff Teller. On the moment of
mutual recognition:

DARIN

He tries to stay cool.

DARIN
Take it easy now, Mrs. Kiveat.

As he glances back toward her, his face falls with betrayal and
disbelief:

DARIN
No...

HIS POV - SHARON

She's used this momentary distraction to take off in the
opposite direction. A hundred yard lead, as she runs toward
the grassy area at the far end of the aisle.

DARIN

He calls to her retreating silhouette:

(X)

DARIN
MRS. KIVEAT!

TELLER
Get over here.

Darin wheels back toward Teller, trapped.

TELLER
Come on over here.

Darin looks back and forth between Teller and Sharon -- then
breaks away to run after her.

TELLER
Hey!

Teller ducks back into his car to retrieve his flashlight, as: (X)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (3)

50

MOVING WITH SHARON

Running for her life, jumping off the grass and onto the rear section of the parking lot -- when she is suddenly grabbed, pulled among a cluster of dumpsters. She is about to scream, then sees that it is Mulder holding her. Hushing her.

LOW ANGLE - ARMY BOOTS

Squish as they step onto the grass, soaked from a recent watering. CAMERA TILTS UP to Darin, desperate, breathless as he rises up over the lip of the grassy area. (X)

DARIN
Mrs. Kiveat!?

He turns in place, searching the surrounding darkness.

HIS POV - PANNING

No sign of her.

RETURN

Darin cries from the depths of his soul, wounded:

DARIN
MRS. KIVEAT!? WHERE ARE YOU?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (4)

50

But the only answer comes from the trees, which rattle in the angry wind.

ANGLE TOWARD TELLER

Flashlight in one hand, gun in the other. He steps onto the sodden lawn toward Darin. But Darin is too lost in his own nightmare to notice.

DARIN
I SAID I'D TAKE CARE OF YOU,
DIDN'T I?!

MULDER & SHARON

Mulder steadies Sharon, peers around the dumpster.

HIS POV

Teller approaches Darin. His flashlight beam stretching across the grass.

DARIN
WHAT ELSE DID YOU WANT?!

MULDER

He draws his gun, runs OUT OF FRAME, leaving Sharon behind. Rattled but safe, as:

ON THE GRASS

Darin is crying, his world falling away. (X)

DARIN
I'D OF GIVEN YOU ANYTHING!
ANYTHING YOU WANTED!
(then)
MRS. KIVEAAAT!!

Darin is suddenly pinned by the beam of Teller's flashlight. (X)
He turns, staring down the light through his tears. (X)

TELLER (X)
Let's go.

DARIN (X)
Where is she?

TELLER (X)
Look, I don't know what kind of trouble you're up to, but I want some answers.

DARIN (X)
I WANT SOME ANSWERS! WHERE IS SHE??

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (6)

50

A HIGH VOLTAGE HUM rises from some unseen place, charging the air. The wind picks up unnaturally. Teller notices this.

: DARIN
COME ON! YOU'RE PISSING ME OFF!

(X)

MULDER

Runs around the perimeter of the grassy area, stopping as he takes aim at Darin.

MULDER
Teller, get out of there!

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (8)

50

TELLER

He looks from Mulder to Darin. CAMERA QUICKLY PUSHES IN on his face, as he realizes what is about to happen, as: (X)
(X)

MATCHING THE PUSH ON DARIN (X)

He cries from the depths of his soul: (X)

DARIN (X)
TELL ME WHERE SHE IS! (X)

A TREE EXPLODES!

Sap and bark vaporized in an instant! Sparks rain down from its limbs, leaves catch fire!

TELLER

His flashlight EXPLODES, as he is thrown OUT OF FRAME.

GROUND

Teller hits the wet ground with a sickening thud.

SHOOTING UP - DARIN (X)

His body surges with electricity, dark clouds gathering above him... then hurling down a BOLT OF LIGHTNING, as: (X)
(X)

WIDE SHOT (X)

The lightning CRACKS through the air, hitting Darin and the surrounding ground in several places. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! (X)
(X)

MULDER

He shields his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED: (9)

50

DARIN

He is thrown hard onto the sodden earth. And lies there, (X)
still. Everything around him also falls suddenly... eerily (X)
still.

MULDER

looks across the grassy area to:

SCULLY

She appears over the lip of the grassy area, her gun drawn.
She meets Mulder's look, then glances down at:

WIDE SHOT

Darin lies before the tree... which continues to burn. Black
smoke rises from its charred, leafless limbs, into the night
sky.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

51 OMITTED

51

51A EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY (STOCK)

51A

A sunny, cloudless day. Legend appears: OKLAHOMA STATE
PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL.

51B INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

51B

CAMERA LEADS Scully down a windowless subterranean corridor.
The grim fluorescence a stark contrast to the beautiful day
outside.

Scully approaches Mulder, who stands before a heavy door
marked: "DANGER. DO NOT ENTER WITHOUT SPECIAL AUTHORIZATION."
The tinny sound of music is barely audible through the thick
door, and continues over the following:

SCULLY
I just got off the phone with the
Coroner. He's ruling Teller's
death accidental.

(X)

MULDER
Lightning...?

(X)

Scully nods. Mulder shakes his head at the disturbing irony.

(X)

MULDER
The scientists at the
Observatory... what did they
have to say?

(X)

SCULLY
They also reported lightning last
night.
(then)
Mulder, I talked to the D.A. He
has no idea how to begin building
a case --

(X)

MULDER
What about the tests I asked for?

(X)

SCULLY
The results came in five minutes
ago.

(X)

MULDER
And...?

(X)

Off Mulder's expectant look, Scully exhales sharply.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

51B CONTINUED:

51B

SCULLY

(X)

Nothing unusual was detected,
Mulder. Electrolyte and blood
gas levels, brain wave activity.
Based on the science, on all the
data that's been gathered...

MULDER

(X)

(finishing)

Darin Oswald is a perfectly
healthy, perfectly normal kid.

Scully remains quiet.

(X)

MULDER

(X)

Do you believe that, Scully?

But Scully's continued silence suggests that she does not.

(X)

MULDER

(X)

Neither do I.

(CONTINUED)

51B CONTINUED: (2)

51B

Mulder turns toward the observation window. After a troubled beat... Scully follows his look, CAMERA PUSHING past them, as we SOUND CUT to the Vandals song, "N.I.M.B.Y."

52 INT. WHITE ROOM - CAMERA CONTINUES

52

Darin Oswald sits in a chair, staring straight at them over the back of a television set. The light from the screen flickers against his pale, impassive face. The blaring music drowns out the sound. As Darin lowers his watery, bloodshot eyes to the TV... and blinks:

CLOSE - TELEVISION

The channel switches from a weather report... to a Korean soap opera... to an infomercial... to a black screen which reads:

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
Chris Carter

Hold, then:

FADE OUT:

THE END