
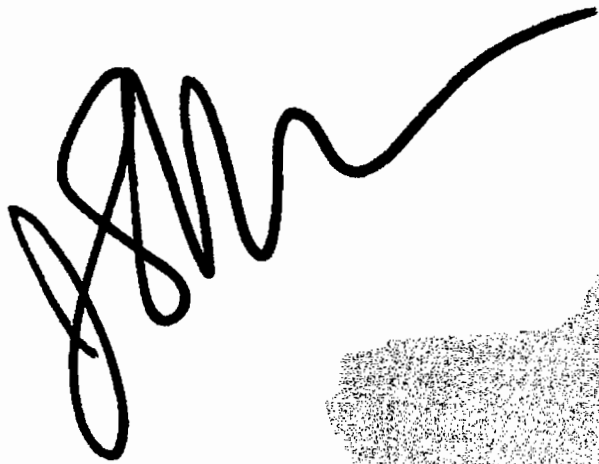


T H E  F I L M S



"S.R. 819"

Episode 10 (#6X10)



THE X-FILES

"S.R. 819"

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Episode #6ABX10
Story No. E00249

Prod. Draft		October 29, 1998
Blue Rev.	pgs.1-36;cast,set	November 2, 1998
Pink Rev.	Full script	November 3, 1998
Green Rev.	pgs.1-21;set	November 6, 1998
Yellow Rev.	pgs.20A-36;cast,set	November 6, 1998
Goldenrod Rev.	pgs.1,14,26-28,33,36-63A;set	November 8, 1998
Salmon Rev.	pgs.1,2,5,5A,6-7,10A,12,13,18-19,26, 29,32,32A,43,44,44A,45,45A,46,48, 50/51,52,52A,53,54,55,55A,56;set,cast	November 9, 1998
2 nd Blue Rev.	pgs.32A,33,33A,34,56,56A,57-58,	November 11, 1998
2 nd Pink Rev.	pgs.1,1A,3,20A,21,21A,22-23,38,39, 39A,46,47	November 15, 1998
2 nd Green Rev.	pgs.61,62,62A,63/63A	November 16, 1998
2 nd Yellow Rev.	pgs.40,40A,41,41A,42	December 14, 1998

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"S.R. 819"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully

Intern
Dr. Cabrera
A.D. Skinner
Trainer
Nurse
Dr. Plant
Kenneth Orgel
Senator Matheson
Young Surgeon
Old Surgeon
Skinner's Secretary
Bearded Man/Alex Krycek
Forensic Tech
Uniformed Cop
O.R. Nurse

*

Non-Speaking:
Silk-Shirt Man
Gunman
Boxer
Driver (Spanish speaking)

*

Omitted:
Arturo Esparza

"S.R. 819"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

FBI HEADQUARTERS (STOCK)
ORGEL HOUSE
URBAN STREET
ROAD
ABANDONED POWER PLANT
EXT. UPSCALE HOUSE - CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND *

INTERIORS

D.C. GENERAL
 /EMERGENCY ROOM
 /TRAUMA BAY
 /ICU
 /WAITING AREA
 /STAIRWELL
 /PARKING GARAGE
 /UPPER-LEVEL
32ND STREET GYM
ST. KATHERINE'S HOSPITAL *
 /EXAMINATION ROOM
FBI HEADQUARTERS
 /BULLPEN
 /HALLWAY
 /OUTER OFFICE
 /SKINNER'S OFFICE
 /SECURITY OFFICE *
 /PARKING GARAGE
ORGEL HOUSE -
 /VARIOUS ROOMS
UPSCALE HOUSE - CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND
MED-LAB
DOWNTOWN PARKING GARAGE
MERCEDES SEDAN
D.C. IMPOUND GARAGE
ABANDONED POWER PLANT
 /BACK ROOM
SKINNER'S SEDAN

SET LIST (cont'd.)

OMITTED:

EXT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS (STOCK)
EXT. RURAL HOUSE
EXT. ST. ELIZABETH'S PARKING LOT
EXT. BACK ALLEY
EXT. I-95
EXT. RURAL ROAD
EXT. 32nd ST. GYM

INT. CONGRESSIONAL RESEARCH SERVICE
 /HALLWAY
 /READING ROOM
INT. RURAL HOUSE
 /UPSTAIRS HALLWAY
 /BACK ROOM
INT. CROWN VICTORIA
INT. ORGEL HOUSE /BATHROOM
INT. 32ND ST. GYM - LOCKER ROOM
INT. ST. ELIZABETH'S
 /HALLWAY
 /O.R.
 /WAITING AREA
 /PARKING GARAGE
 /ICU ROOM 14
INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS
 /LOBBY

*

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 LOW ANGLE - WHITE TENNIS SHOES

1

Rush along a dingy linoleum floor. We hear the BUZZ of a busy HOSPITAL in background...

... as we ARM UP to reveal the concerned face of a youngish INTERN. He carries a patient CHART and a CLIPBOARD as he makes his way through the chaos of an urban E.R. A LEGEND identifies:

INT. D.C. GENERAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The Intern cuts through the parade of gunshot victims, uniformed cops, overdoses and EMTs -- typical Saturday night traffic. Seeing something o.s., that speeds his gait:

INTERN

Dr. Cabrera!!

REVERSE ON DR. KATRINA CABRERA

Coming through automatic glass ENTRY DOORS. Hearing her voice.

DR. CABRERA

Where is he?

As she moves to join the Intern, who locks step with her back in the direction from which he came.

INTERN

Down in Trauma -- they said
you'd know what's wrong with
him --

He hands Cabrera the chart he's holding. She doesn't look at it.

DR. CABRERA

Who transferred him from ICU?

INTERN

I did. He was scheduled for...
(checks clipboard)
... therapeutic plasmapheresis.
They were prepping him when he
went into shock.

(X)
(X)

DR. CABRERA

What are his vitals?

(X)
(X)

INTERN

Not good. His pulse is 40,
blood pressure 50 over palp.
His GCS is six...

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

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

This is clearly bad news to Cabrera. Or more likely (X)
confirmation of something she's feared. (X)

DR. CABRERA
Get on the phone to the FBI.
There's an Agent Scully who
should be notified.

INTERN
The FBI?

DR. CABRERA
This man is an FBI agent.

She hands the chart back to the Intern.

INTERN
What's wrong with him?

DR. CABRERA
What's wrong with him is he's
going to die.

This stops the Intern in his tracks. As Cabrera forges ahead,
PAST CAMERA. HOLDING ON THE INTERN for a beat, then:

CUT TO:

2 INT. TRAUMA BAY - CONTINUOUS - DR. CABRERA

2

Crosses toward us. There are TWO NURSES in the room, the looks on their faces telling us they are at a loss, and horrified by what they are witnessing.

ANGLE ON THE PATIENT - A.D. SKINNER

(X)

Lies on a gurney, a sheet pulled up over his chest. His arm is strapped to an I.V. A heart monitor BEEPS irregularly in b.g. Now we can see what it is that has the Nurses horrified:

(X)

(X)

(X)

Distended VEINS, knotty and thick as pencils crisscross his exposed arms. They are a web of angry purple and red, trailing off to jaundiced yellow-green. Some THROB visibly.

DR. CABRERA

regains her composure. She leans over Skinner.

(X)

DR. CABRERA

Can you hear me?

(beat)

Mr. Skinner?

NEW ANGLE ON SKINNER

(X)

His face, too, suffering from the bulging network of veins and capillaries. Painful just to behold. Skinner's lips mouthing something, which Dr. Cabrera leans down closer to hear.

DR. CABRERA

I'm not understanding...

As the Intern pushes through the door, Dr. Cabrera continues with Skinner.

CLOSER ON SKINNER, CABRERA

As Skinner's lips mouth something else we cannot hear.

DR. CABRERA

Can you speak up?

She lifts up from Skinner's face, backing off now.

INTERN

What did he say?

DR. CABRERA

A name --

But the name will remain unknown as an ALARM from the heart monitor SOUNDS. It's rhythmic BEEPING now sustained FLATLINE.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

INTERN
He's coding on us.

The Intern goes for the CRASH CART, grabs the paddles -- the defibrillator WHINES as it charges up.

INTERN
Dr. Cabrera! Clear!! (X)

But Dr. Cabrera just stands watching. With all-knowing futility.

INTERN
Dr. Cabrera!!

DR. CABRERA
Let him go.

Off Skinner's face, straining toward death, we GO TO MAIN TITLES.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 BLACKNESS

3

We can still hear the steady FLATLINE from the Trauma Bay, now MUFFLED in b.g. As we begin to resolve detail -- a mottled brown RING edging frame -- we hear:

SKINNER (V.O.)

Every minute of every day, we
choose...

WE SEE we're rising up from MACRO-CLOSE on a PUPIL, pulling back to find a BROWNISH IRIS... then a LIFELESS EYE...

SKINNER (V.O.)

Who we are. Who we forgive. Who
we defend and protect.

(X)
(X)

WE CONTINUE TO RISE... to find the vacant, horrific face of Skinner, lying in the hospital bed from the Teaser. We are:

INT. TRAUMA BAY - RISING OVER BED

The Intern, Nurse and Dr. Cabrera step back from Skinner's body. The Intern holds the paddles in futility, his MUFFLED VOICE calling the time of death. The effect is unreal, dreamlike.

SKINNER (V.O.)

To choose a side, or to walk the
line. To play the middle. To
straddle the fence between what
is and what should be.

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

As WE RISE steadily toward the ceiling, like a soul leaving its mortal shell:

SKINNER (V.O.)

This was the course I chose.
Trying to find the delicate
balance of interests that can
never exist. Choosing by not
choosing, defending a center
which cannot hold.

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

(beat)

So death chose for me.

As the Nurse slowly PULLS THE SHEET over Skinner's dead face...

SMASH CUT TO:

4 CLOSE - A BOXER'S FACE

4

In sparring head-gear, suddenly SMACKED with a hard right cross. He wobbles back and his opponent moves in for the kill. They clear out of frame, and we see we are in:

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

INT. 32ND STREET GYM - NIGHT

The aging gym is crowded with would-be BOXERS and their TRAINERS. Some work the bags, others lift weights -- all with their eyes on the MGM Grand. A LEGEND tells us this is "24 HOURS EARLIER" than Skinner's demise.

AT ANOTHER RING

Skinner wears sparring gear and gets his boxing gloves laced up by a muscular old TRAINER. He's about to go into the ring.

TRAINER

Go easy on this guy, Slugger --
I need him to lock up for me
tonight.

Skinner nods, slips in his mouthpiece. He looks at:

A BOXER

A big, gruisin' sonofagun who bats his gloves together as he makes his way to the ring. There are a few BYSTANDERS here... including a BEARDED MAN with long hair a hooded sweatshirt who BRUSHES past the Boxer. It's a completely innocuous, forgettable detail: The bearded man fits right in with everyone else, and we pay no special attention to him.

SKINNER

Climbs up into the ring, as does his opponent. (X)

TRAINER

Alright. Let's rumble!

SHORT TIME CUT TO: (X)

A5 CLOSE - BOXING GLOVES (X)A5

Tap together, the traditional start of a bout. (X)

ANOTHER ANGLE (X)

Skinner and the Boxer bob and weave around each other, then get down to it. Skinner's got a good combo going -- left-jab, left-jab, right. He's a good boxer, fast and smart. (X)

TRAINER

Don't telegraph that left,
Dre -- Stevie Wonder'd see that
left coming.

(CONTINUED)

A5 CONTINUED:

A5

Skinner's clearly got the upper hand. He punishes the bigger man handily, driving him back into his corner.

TRAINER

You're fighting the FBI now,
Dre! Fight smart! J. Edgar's
gonna kick your ass!

(CONTINUED)

A5 CONTINUED: (2)

A5(2)

Back against the ropes with nowhere to go, the Boxer gets Skinner in the clinch. The man's gloves press against Skinner's bare back. Skinner tries to break off.

CLOSE - SKINNER'S FACE

He blinks as if he suddenly feels a bit light-headed. He sees:

SKINNER'S POV - THE RING

Everything suddenly looks a bit SQUEEZED and unreal. Sounds are HOLLOW and SOFT.

SKINNER

Shakes it off. He breaks from the clinch and throws another combination. This one's slower, though. The Boxer ducks and surprises Skinner with a LEFT TO THE GUT... then a RIGHT to the face, which SNAPS his head around.

SKINNER'S POV

WHIP PANS to ringside, where below us, the bystanders watch. We see -- for an instant -- the Bearded Man again. We hardly notice him, however, as we WHIP BACK to:

THE BOXER

Who grins, surprised he got that shot in. Skinner clears his head and moves in again, swings a solid punch or two. Then...

SKINNER'S POV - THE BOXER

Goes all SQUEEZED and distant again. The man winds back a right.

SKINNER

Gets nailed in the head. He goes down hard -- we go down with him as he hits the canvas. We orbit over his face, his eyes closed. He opens them, stares groggily up at the ceiling.

HIS POV - THE TRAINER

Sticks his head sideways into frame, staring down at us.

TRAINER

Hey, Slugger? Slugger..?

5 OMITTED

5

6 CLOSE - SKINNER

6

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

Stares up from a lying position -- at first, we don't realize we're in a different location now. The Trainer's voice CROSS-FADES with a new voice, a female one. Skinner blinks up at:

HIS POV - A NURSE

Stands with her head sideways into frame, staring down at us.

NURSE

... Skinner? Mr. Skinner?

We are:

INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT - SKINNER

Lies on an exam table, wearing his boxing tee-shirt and sweats. (X)
The Nurse smiles down at him.

NURSE

Hi. You gonna stick with us now?

Skinner isn't up to speed on what's going on, but nods anyway.
He looks to a Telechron wall clock, which says it's 9:29.

NURSE

Do you remember what happened?

SKINNER

Boxing. I must've gotten tagged.

NURSE

Yes, you did. At least you
didn't get your ear bit off.
That's something, right?

(heads for the door)

Doctor Plant'll be with you in
a minute.

She exits, smiling back at him. He's alone in this little room now. He puts a hand to his temple, works his jaw from side to side. He's less groggy now, feeling better. Now we hear the muffled RING of a PHONE.

Skinner looks around, not sure where it's coming from. He sees his suit coat lying in a corner, draped over his gym bag. He gets up stiffly and picks up his coat, retrieving his RINGING cell phone. He answers it.

SKINNER

Yeah. Skinner.

There's a beat of DEAD AIR.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

SKINNER

Hello?

Finally, we hear an answer. From someone that sounds strangely DIGITIZED. A computer-generated MALE VOICE, its cadence unemotional, inhuman.

MALE VOICE

Walter. Skinner.

SKINNER

Yes? Who is this?

MALE VOICE

Have. You. Heard. The. News?
(beat)
It's. In. You.

Skinner knits his brow, wondering if he heard right.

SKINNER

What is this?

MALE VOICE

You. Have. Twenty-four.
Hours. To. Go.

SKINNER

What is this? What do you want? -- (X)

A7 OMITTED
AND
B7

A7(X)
AND(X)
B7(X)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

MALE VOICE

You. Are. Already. Dead.

The connection CLICKS OFF. Skinner is trying to make sense of this, when DR. PLANT (50s) enters, carrying a patient CHART. (X)
(X)

DR. PLANT

Mr. Skinner -- didn't expect to see you up and around. You must be feeling better. (X)
(X)

Skinner puts down his phone. Staring vacantly at Plant, until: (X)

DR. PLANT

Can you take a seat on the table for me, please? I'm Dr. Plant. (X)
(X)

Skinner nods, taking that seat. Dr. Plant leans close, shines a penlight in each of Skinner's eyes, checking his pupil response. (X)

DR. PLANT

I was here with you earlier, you probably don't remember. (X)
(X)

SKINNER

No. (X)

DR. PLANT

Good news is your dilation is back to normal... plus, you've still got both your ears. (X)
(X)

The doctor grins at his own joke. Preoccupied, Skinner doesn't.

SKINNER

Yeah, I heard that one.

DR. PLANT

I'm going to release you, though I suggest you rethink the boxing. You're not 20 anymore. (X)
(X)

SKINNER

(a thoughtful beat) There's nothing wrong with me? (X)
(X)

DR. PLANT

You got your bell rung. (X)
Otherwise I think you're fine. (X)
You may want to ice that bruise. (X)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3) 6

Doctor Plant lifts the front of Skinner's undershirt. (X)

DR. PLANT
Right here. (X)

Skinner sees... a BRUISE on the edge of his abdominals, about where the Boxer clipped him in the gut. It's fist-sized, a brown contusion mottled with a web of faint, white-ish VEINS.

Skinner stares at it, surprised... in context, a little troubled.

SKINNER
How did that happen? (X)

DR. PLANT
You must've taken a hard one to (X)
the ribs. But nothing's broken. (X)
No internal bleeding. (X)
(smile)
Like I said, you'll live. (X)

Skinner studies the bruise, too deep in thought to appreciate the doctor's unwittingly ironic bedside humor. Off him: (X)

CUT TO:

7 OMITTED 7
AND AND
8 8

9 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT (STOCK) 9

The sparsely-lit building and deserted Pennsylvania Avenue illustrate the late hour. A LEGEND tells us it's "10:12 PM."

A10 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BULLPEN - NIGHT (X)A10

No one is in the bullpen, all desk lamps are off, except for (X)
one: the desk occupied by Agent Mulder. Who looks up only when: (X)

MULDER'S POV THROUGH THE BULLPEN WINDOWS (X)

Where Skinner appears, moving slowly down the corridor to his (X)
outer office. In civvies, carrying a gym bag. Slightly hunched. (X)

CUT TO:

B10 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

B10

Mulder comes out of the bullpen, moving toward Skinner's office, finding it dark.

C10 CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM INSIDE, WHERE HE HEARS:

C10

SKINNER

What is it, Agent Mulder?

Mulder turns, surprised to see:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SKINNER

Sitting in the dark on his outer office sofa.

MULDER

I was just going to poke my head in and say hey.

SKINNER

(painfully as he lies down on the sofa)

Hey.

MULDER

Sleeping one off?

SKINNER

I'm... having a little trouble with my vision. It's nothing. I didn't think I should drive.

MULDER

You okay, sir?

(X)

Off Skinner's non-response,

CUT TO:

10 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

10

The elevator DINGS and opens, revealing DANA SCULLY. Dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt -- something thrown on in a hurry -- she steps out and heads up the dark corridor. Dim pools from the standby lights mark her way. LEGEND: 11:39 PM.

11 INT. OUTER OFFICE - ANGLE ON DOOR

11

As Scully appears:

(X)

MULDER

(X)

He's going to tell you he's fine.

(X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER, SKINNER

(X)

Mulder leans against the Secretary's desk, Skinner still lying on the sofa. There's a conspiratorial air in their manner.

(X)

SKINNER

(X)

That's because there's nothing wrong with me.

(X)

(X)

Scully steps in, wondering what's going on.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Not that I could see if there was. Why're you in the dark?

(X)

(X)

Mulder flips on the secretary's desk lamp, points it at Skinner. (X)

MULDER

(X)

He's got trouble with his eyes.
An ugly bruise on his ribcage.

(X)

(X)

Scully moves to Skinner, kneeling to lift his shirt.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

What'd you do?

(X)

SKINNER

(X)

It's nothing.

(X)

Scully lifts his shirt, reacting to:

(X)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

THE BRUISE

Which looks worse. Larger than before, the veins look like a protruding web -- strangely regular in pattern. Scully touches it gingerly. Skinner reacts: apparently, it's grown tender now.

SCULLY

Says who?

SKINNER

Says the doctor who discharged me from the hospital.

MULDER

That was a second opinion. The first one came unsolicited.

(to Scully)

A phone call at the hospital. A scrambled voice told Skinner he had 24 hours to live.

Scully looks to Skinner, disturbed to hear it. Skinner shakes his head, not about to buy into this drama.

SKINNER

It's somebody yanking my chain. I got a clean bill of health.

Skinner tries to get back into a sitting position, but Scully keeps him down where he is, sees the gravity in her eyes. She begins a cursory examination of Skinner, taking his temp with the back of a hand, checking his pupils, taking his pulse...

SCULLY

Within the last 48 hours, did you eat or drink anything that tasted metallic or otherwise odd?

SKINNER

Oh, come on -- you think I was poisoned?

(X)

(X)

Scully is still holding his right wrist, taking his pulse.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

SCULLY

Did your doctor take blood?

She pulls up his shirt sleeve, finding the crook of his right elbow... revealing a small BAND-AID.

SKINNER

I checked out.

Scully lets go of his wrist.

SCULLY

If you were poisoned, it could've been overlooked.

SKINNER

If I was, why call and tell me in the hospital?

(X)

MULDER

To scare you. To see what you'd do, who you'd turn to.

SKINNER

You think this is about YOU?

MULDER

Or about the X-files.

SKINNER

Mulder, you're paranoid. You're not even on the X-files --

SCULLY

But you are. You still supervise them.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

Skinner won't answer, refusing to be swept up by wild theories. Wincing as he pulls himself up into a sitting position.

MULDER

What happened today? Anything out of the ordinary --

SKINNER

I'm not going to play this game.

SCULLY

It could've been the slightest touch, a handshake...

(X)

MULDER

This morning. You woke up...

SKINNER

I woke up.

MULDER

Alone?

SKINNER

Yes. Alone.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

MULDER

How'd you get to the office?

SKINNER

Like I always do, I drove my car.

SCULLY

Then what? (X)

SKINNER

Then, nothing. I had a few meetings, I went to the gym, to the hospital and now I'm here --

MULDER

Slow down -- go step by step. How did you get from the parking garage to your office?

SKINNER

I took the elevator.

MULDER

Then what?

WE CREEP IN on SKINNER, efforting to scan his memory. (X)

SKINNER

I walked up the hall. I passed the same dozen people I pass every morning.

INTERCUT WITH:

SCROLLING MEMORIES - LIKE A CONTINUOUS WHIP PAN, ENDING ON: (X)

12 MEMORY HIT - INT. FBI HALLWAY - DAY (THIS MORNING)

12

TIME SLOWED NOW AS Skinner exits the elevator. WE LEAD Skinner (X)
as he walks up the busy hall. (NOTE: memory hits are MOS, with
only specific EFFECTS added.) SCROLLING AGAIN, UNTIL we come to: (X)

A13 INT. SKINNER'S OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

(X) A13

TIME SLOWS AGAIN, Skinner and his secretary in his outer office. (X)

SKINNER

I went to my office. I said
good morning to my secretary.

(X)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

A13 CONTINUED:

A13

SKINNER (cont'd)
She said good morning to me.

CUT BACK TO:

13 OMITTED

(X) 13

(CONTINUED)

A13 CONTINUED: (2)

A13

SKINNER
I returned calls. Some paper work. Spent the day in my office. (X)
(X)

MULDER
Think. There's something -- (X)

SKINNER
(suddenly) (X)
On the elevator. A man. (X)

MULDER
Who?

SCROLLING MEMORIES AGAIN, UNTIL: (X)

14 OMITTED
AND
15

14
AND
15

16 MEMORY HIT - INT. FBI HALLWAY - ELEVATOR - PRELAP "DING" 16

Skinner steps out as before... IN SLOWED TIME, only now a LITTLE (X)
MAN (40s) in a blue suit is waiting for him in the hall. As: (X)

TIME SCROLLS AGAIN, but only briefly, until: (X)

TIME SLOWS AGAIN and we are PUSHING IN on the face of the little (X)
man, who wears a VISITOR'S PASS on his lapel, seeking out: (X)

SCROLLING AGAIN, until: (X)

SKINNER (X)

Reacting to the man accosting him, the man's hand raising up. (X)
All in SLOWED TIME. As we: (X)

CUT BACK TO:

SKINNER
He stopped me. To ask the time. (X)

MULDER
Did he touch you?

SKINNER
He grabbed my arm. (X)

A QUICK SCROLL, then we: (X)

CUT BACK TO:

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

THE LITTLE MAN

GRABBING SKINNER'S ARM, in SLOWED TIME. SCROLLING TO Skinner's (X)
reaction. Then to the man's face. Before we: (X)

CUT BACK TO:

SKINNER

My right wrist.

He turns his wrist over, looks at it. Scully examines it. (X)

SCULLY

It wouldn't necessarily leave a (X)
mark -- some poisons are
absorbed right into the skin. (X)

Skinner looks to Mulder. (X)

MULDER

What time was it? (X)

CUT TO:

17 OMITTED

17

18 CLOSE - MONITOR - B&W SURVEILLANCE VIDEO

18

A high angle on the METAL DETECTOR in the FBI LOBBY. It scrolls
by, frame-by-frame. Timecode along the bottom shows "09:11:08."
The seconds increase as the frames roll by.

MULDER (O.S.)

There you are.

Mulder's finger appears, indicating a grainy FIGURE stepping
through the detector, soon recognizable as A.D. Skinner. WE ARM
around to reveal:

19 INT. FBI SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

(X) 19

Mulder, Skinner and Scully stand behind the GUARD DESK beside the lobby metal detector. A seated SECURITY GUARD runs the surveillance tape for them.

(X)

SKINNER

There. That's him.

SCULLY

(to Guard)

Back it up.

All eyes are on the rewinding footage... until:

SCULLY

It can't be.

HER POV - THE SCREEN

Where the Little Man appears, frame-stepping backward to the metal detector.

SCULLY

That's Kenneth Orgel.

(off blank looks)

Advisor to a Senate Subcommittee
on Ethics in New Technology.

SKINNER

He's a scientist?

SCULLY

A physicist. Very well-known,
as physicists go.

Mulder considers this, reaching for the sign-in log that sits before them at the guard station.

MULDER

He's signed in here as a visitor
to the office of Assistant
Director Walter Skinner.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

They study the book. This intrigues Skinner, and Scully as well.

SCULLY

Why was he coming to see you?

SKINNER

I'd like to ask him myself.

Now Scully looks troubled.

SCULLY

Sir... if this man did poison you, you should be off your feet, under a doctor's care.

SKINNER

If this man poisoned me, I'm going to put a gun in his ear and find out why, and how he's going to get me well.

Skinner heads off. Mulder shares a concerned look with Scully.

SCULLY

What hospital was he at?

MULDER

St. Katherine's.

(X)

And Mulder's off after Skinner. Scully heading in the opposite direction. As we:

CUT TO:

20 EXT. ORGEL HOUSE - NIGHT - FRONT DOOR

20

A FIST POUNDING ON IT. ADJUSTING TO Skinner.

WIDE ON SCENE

Mulder standing with Skinner on the front steps. Waiting. After a beat, LIGHTS go on.

RESUME PORCH, SKINNER, MULDER

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

The front door unlatches and opens. Dr. Orgel, the man from the surveillance tape, opens the door, but not very wide. (X)
(X)

ORGEL

Yes?

SKINNER

Dr. Orgel? Kenneth Orgel? (X)

ORGEL

Yes. (X)

Skinner flips his badge wallet for the man to see. (X)

SKINNER

Do you know who I am? (X)

ORGEL

(cautiously) (X)

No. (X)

SKINNER

My name is Walter Skinner. I'm (X)

an assistant director at the FBI. (X)

Orgel just stares, in a kind of odd way. Shaking his head. (X)

MULDER

Dr. Orgel, you visited the FBI this morning. You came to see (X)

Mr. Skinner -- (X)

ORGEL

No. You must be mistaken. I'm (X)

sorry, you'll have to come back (X)

another time. (X)

Again, the scientist seems off. As he closes the door on them, (X)

and the porch light goes off. Skinner and Mulder stand looking (X)

at each other a moment, Mulder's mind at work -- (X)

MULDER

Go around the back. (X)

SKINNER

What? (X)

Mulder is reaching for his weapon now. Pointing the way to (X)

Skinner, who now gets the idea. And complies. Moving off the (X)

front porch, bringing his own gun out. As: (X)

MULDER (X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

Knocks on the front door again. After a moment, without the porch light coming on, the door opens again.

ORGEL

Please, you're bothering me --

Mulder pays him no heed, puts a hard hand on the door and forces it in, where it's stopped short of its arc with a THUD and then A GUNSHOT which rips through the wood near Mulder's head. Someone, as Mulder suspected, had been standing behind the door.

The gunshot sends Mulder backwards for cover as the PORCH LIGHT (X)
explodes above from the impact of the bullet. As sparks shower (X)
down on Mulder: (X)

CUT TO:

21 OMITTED

(X) 21

A22 EXT. ORGEL HOUSE - NIGHT - BACKPORCH

A22

Where Skinner reacts to the gunshots. Bringing out his own (X)
weapon... stepping up to KICK IN: (X)

B22 INT. ORGEL HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE BACK DOOR

(X) B22

Which SLAMS OPEN, Skinner stepping in and drawing his gun on: (X)

HIS POV - DR. ORGEL (X)

Is pushed into view by a gun-toting MAN -- a dark-haired, olive- (X)
complexioned man in gaudy silk shirt and black jacket. (X)

RESUME - SKINNER (X)

SKINNER

(X)

Federal Agent! (X)

No sooner does Skinner get a bead on this Silk-Shirted Man, when (X)
HE'S HIT WITH A PUNISHING PISTOL WHIP, which sends him (X)
immediately to his knees.

LOW ANGLE - SKINNER (X)

Hits the ground hard. His attacker stepping over him, then the (X)
other man dragging Orgel out the door past Skinner. As Skinner (X)
rolls over in sharp pain, trying to regain himself. Seeing: (X)

C22 SKINNER'S POV OUT THE BACK DOOR C22

IN AND OUT OF FOCUS on his assailant, a dark-haired GUNMAN, and the Silk-Shirted Man forcing Dr. Orgel down the walk and through the gate into the alley. (X)
(X)
(X)

RESUME SKINNER

Fighting to get up off the deck, trying to pull himself up with whatever handhold he can find. He's a sick man. As Mulder appears from the darkness of the house, hesitating: (X)
(X)

SKINNER

Go!--

Mulder hurries past.

D22 EXT. ORGEL HOUSE - ALLEY - MULDER D22

Bursts from the back gate, rushing after: (X)

MULDER'S POV - THE SILK-SHIRTED MAN (X)

Races for a waiting TOWNCAR up the alley. Where the Gunman is muscling Orgel into the back seat. (X)
(X)

ANOTHER ANGLE - MULDER (X)

Gaining on the running man... and TAKING HIM DOWN before he can reach the waiting car. The two men going down in a tangle as the Towncar GUNS it, the tires breaking traction, then grabbing as the car lurches away. (X)
(X)
(X)

ANGLE OVER TOWNCAR to Mulder, atop the sprawled Silk-Shirted Man. Watching powerlessly as the Towncar careens down the alley and hits the street. With Dr. Orgel in it. Off this: (X)
(X)
(X)

E22 EXT. ORGEL HOUSE - NIGHT - BACKPORCH E22

Skinner is getting his bearings, sitting up, his back to the door jamb. He pulls at his collar, revealing to us... a BRANCHING OF THROBBING BLUE AND RED VEINS that has formed from his neckline, wrapping up his jawline toward his ear. Skinner touches his neck, grimacing. Now seeing: (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

HIS POV - MULDER (X)

Enters through the back gate, leading the Silk-Shirted Man at gunpoint. (X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

E22 CONTINUED:

E22

OFF SKINNER, disturbed by what's happening to him and desperate (X)
to know how this gunman is connected to it: (X)

22 OMITTED
AND
23

22
AND
23

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

24 EXT./INT. ORGEL HOUSE - NIGHT

24

Skinner works to get up from where we left him: in the darkened rear doorway of Kenneth Orgel's house. Bringing himself up weakly to his feet as:

ANGLE OVER SKINNER TO MULDER

Gun in one hand, the other pushing the Silk-Shirted Man back toward the house. As DISTANT SIRENS can suddenly be heard. (X)
(X)

CLOSER ON THIS

The Silk-Shirted Man says something only intelligible to our Arabic-speaking viewers. Something that will make them chuckle at his acceptably defiant attitude. (X)

MULDER

So's your old man -- (X)

Mulder pushing the man forward to Skinner, who is putting away his weapon, reaching for the Silk-Shirted Man's body, and patting him down impersonally for an ID. To which the Silk-Shirted Man has another boldly impudent thing to say in Arabic.

Skinner locks eyes with the Silk-Shirted Man as he finds his papers -- the man gives Skinner another piece of his mind, through his teeth, in Arabic. (X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

(to Silk-Shirted Man) (X)
Hey -- give it a rest --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

SKINNER
(reading his passport) (X)
Let him go, Agent Mulder. (X)

MULDER
What?! (X)

Skinner presses the passport against the man's chest. On it we (X)
can now see the gold lettering reads: TUNISIA. (X)

SKINNER
He's got diplomatic papers. You (X)
can go -- it's our mistake -- (X)

Skinner reaches past the man, pushes Mulder away. Mulder shaking (X)
his head, not understanding. Skinner wincing at his own pain. (X)

SKINNER
Let him go. (X)

And the man takes his passport, moving quickly out the back (X)
walk. Hitting the alley and never looking back. Mulder looks to (X)
Skinner, still confused by this turn. Until: (X)

SKINNER
(still in pain) (X)
Get in the house. The police are (X)
going to be here any moment and (X)
I don't have time to stick (X)
around and answer any questions. (X)

Skinner skirts past Mulder now, heading out the walk in the same (X)
direction that the Silk-Shirted Gunman just left. (X)

SKINNER
His name is Alexander Lazreg. L- (X)
A-Z-R-E-G. He's cultural attaché (X)
to the Tunisian Mission here in (X)
D.C. See what else you can find. (X)

MULDER
You should get to a hospital -- (X)

SKINNER
I'm trying to stay out of one. (X)

And Skinner slips away, leaving Mulder on the back steps. Where, (X)
after a moment, he steps inside and pulls the door shut. (X)

CUT TO: (X)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

A25 OMITTED
AND
B25

A25
AND
B25

25 OMITTED

25

26 INT. ST. KATHERINE'S - HALLWAY - NIGHT

(X) 26

Dr. Plant and Scully appear around the corner, making their way toward us up the hall.

DR. PLANT
Skinner. The boxer... FBI --

SCULLY
-- You released him from your care earlier this evening --

Dr. Plant leads the way into:

A27 INT. MED-LAB - DR. PLANT AND SCULLY

A27

Step into the dark room. Dr. Plant clicks on the overhead lights, which flicker to reveal the cluttered lab.

DR. PLANT
Is he not alright?

SCULLY
That's why I'm here. He may've been poisoned.

DR. PLANT
You're kidding? By who?

SCULLY
I don't know. I'm not even sure what I'm looking for.

(CONTINUED)

A27 CONTINUED:

A27

Dr. Plant steps to a COUNTER, where he picks up a CLIPBOARD. He (X)
runs a finger down the list. (X)

DR. PLANT
Well, you're lucky.

SCULLY
For what?

DR. PLANT
He's on a government HMO. No (X)
one's even bothered to handle (X)
his samples yet... (X)

Scully moves around to a SPECIMEN CABINET. We see it is (X)
labelled: OUTGOING. She opens it. (X)

SCULLY
Are they in here?

DR. PLANT
I'm not supposed to let you have
those. Not without a written
release from the patient.

SCULLY
We may not have time --

Scully rifles through the SPECIMENS, finds she's looking for --
a small RACK containing TWO VIALS OF BLOOD. Turning to Plant.

SCULLY
-- and he may not either.

DR. PLANT
He had absolutely no symptoms --

(CONTINUED)

A27 CONTINUED: (2)

A27(

Scully is no longer paying attention to the doctor. Her attention is on the VIALS. Noticing something about them -- which causes her to lift the rack up to eye level. RACKING TO THE VIALS, then BACK TO SCULLY:

SCULLY

Were these processed at all?

DR. PLANT

I'm not sure, but I doubt they've even been touched.

CLOSE ON VIALS -- SCULLY'S POV

Both contain a layer of darker MATTER settled on the bottom. Like metal filings, or BLACK SILT. Off this:

CUT TO:

27 ANGLE ON - FRAMED PHOTO

27

Of Kenneth Orgel in suit and tie, shaking hands with CARL SAGAN. The photo sits on a desk among other knickknacks -- WE PAN off the photo, ADJUSTING to see...

MULDER

at a small desk in the corner of the room. Pulling out the drawers, rifling through them, then dumping out the contents on the floor. Opening the next drawer, which contains hanging files. Mulder pulls them out and spreads them across the desk.

UNIFORMED COP'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'm not real sure you should be doing that...

As CAMERA ADJUST to include THE UNIFORMED D.C. COP. Standing amid a completely upturned room. Bookshelves, file cabinets, other chests of drawers, pulled open or apart, their contents in piles on the floor.

MULDER

This is a crime scene, what would you rather I be doing?

UNIFORMED COP

It's just I'm concerned for Dr. Orgel's personal property. And for the preservation of the crime scene.

Mulder gets up from the desk, looks at the cop.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

MULDER

I'd be alot more worried about
the preservation of Dr. Orgel.

Mulder moves past him, moving to leave the room, when something catches his eye. Causing him to backpedal. Finding:

ANGLE ON FLOOR

Where Mulder stoops to look at a color PROOF SHEET. The kind you get now instead of having your whole roll of prints processed. It's lying on the floor amidst the upturned personal property.

CLOSER ON MULDER as he studies the proof, picking it up. (X)
Holding up to the light. Rising now, so as to get closer to the (X)
light.

MULDER'S POV - PROOF SHEET PHOTO (X)

On which we can identify Dr. Orgel with another man. A snapshot taken of what looks like some kind of official ceremony. The men holding some kind of document up between them and their smiles.

RESUME MULDER

MULDER

Hello, Senator...

Off Mulder's thrill of discovery, we:

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2) 27

A28 OMITTED A28(X)

28 OMITTED 28

29 CLOSE - AN OSCILLOSCOPE-TYPE READOUT 29

Fills frame. The green line that runs along the bottom begins to show tiny peaks and valleys. We are:

30 INT. MED-LAB - NIGHT - SCULLY AND DR. PLANT 30

Stand before a LIQUID CHROMATOGRAPHY SYSTEM, a boxy table-top machine that HUMS quietly as it processes a sample. Dr. Plant points to the READOUT -- we see the peaks are getting steeper.

DR. PLANT (X)
It's carbon... pure carbon. How (X)
in the world would it get into (X)
his bloodstream? (X)

SCULLY (X)
How is it working as a poison? (X)

DR. PLANT (X)
By all rights, it shouldn't be. (X)

Plant shrugs, mystified. Scully rubs her eyes, forcing herself (X)
to think clearly at this early hour. Taking a PETRI DISH from (X)
the table before them and carrying it to a computerized IMAGING (X)
SYSTEM nearby. She places the dish beneath the lens housing. (X)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Dr. Plant sits in behind the console, Scully moving up behind (X)
him for a clear view of the MONITOR. As Plant types keystrokes. (X)

THEIR POV - THE MONITOR (X)

The contents of WHOLE BLOOD -- RBCs, WBCs, platelets -- and (X)
specks of the BLACK SAND, like tiny rocks in the red fluid. (X)
Scully's finger comes in, pointing at the tiny specks. (X)

SCULLY (O.S.) (X)
Look at them... they're just (X)
rattling around in solution. (X)

DR. PLANT (O.S.) (X)
It's just bizarre. (X)

And suddenly the number of black specks DOUBLES. As if by magic. (X)

RESUME SCULLY AND PLANT (X)

DR. PLANT (X)
Did you see that? (X)

SCULLY
Did you touch something? (X)

DR. PLANT (X)
(pulls his hands off (X)
the keyboard) (X)
No. I didn't. (X)

SCULLY
It just multiplied. There, it (X)
just did it again -- (X)

RESUME SCREEN (X)

Where we see... DOUBLE the amount of double the amount of specks. (X)

RESUME DR. PLANT (X)

Putting his hands back to the keyboard, typing commands. (X)

DR. PLANT (X)
Zooming in. (X)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

CLOSE - THE SCREEN

Wipes with each increment, showing us more, larger and larger views of the specks. We begin to see some VIBRATION -- some of the grains are moving ever-so-slightly... when suddenly the number of grains DOUBLES AGAIN, filling the screen.

RESUME - SCULLY AND DR. PLANT

DR. PLANT
What the hell are they?

Scully is shaking her head, fixed on the screen. No idea.

CUT TO:

31 OMITTED

31

AA32 EXT. UPSCALE HOUSE - CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND - NIGHT

(X)AA3

An N.D. SEDAN pulls into the long driveway. Parking near a MERCEDES sedan. As Mulder climbs out of his car, making for the entrance:

(X)
(X)
(X)

CUT TO:

(X)

A32 INT. UPSCALE HOUSE - CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND - NIGHT

A32

WIDE ON THE FOYER where A MANSERVANT admits Agent Mulder in the capacious front doors. A LEGEND reveals our city and state, and also the time: 2:35 AM.

Mulder waiting by the doors, as the Manservant moves off, up a grand staircase. Disappearing from view.

CLOSE MULDER

Checking his watch. Looking up when:

SENATOR MATHESON (O.S.)
I don't have to tell you how late it is, do I Agent Mulder...

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SENATOR MATHESON

In a bathrobe, coming down the same grand staircase.

SENATOR MATHESON
But I suspect that wasn't even a consideration of yours...

(CONTINUED)

A32 CONTINUED:

A32

It's obvious the Senator doesn't appreciate the imposition, but that he's just respectful enough not to have sent Mulder away.

MULDER

Actually time is my only consideration, Senator.

As Matheson approaches, Mulder hands him the proof sheet.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

A32 CONTINUED: (2)

A32

MULDER

This was taken three days ago. (X)
It's of you and Dr. Kenneth (X)
Orgel. Holding a Senate
Resolution -- S.R. 819, I think
it's called. What is that?

Matheson lowers the proof sheet, leveling Mulder with a look. (X)

SENATOR MATHESON

A funding bill -- what is this (X)
about? (X)

MULDER

A friend of mine is going to die (X)
because of S.R. 819 -- I don't
know why, I don't even know how.
But I'm betting you do.

SENATOR MATHESON

What are you talking about?

MULDER

I don't really know yet -- I've
just got pieces -- a Tunisian
diplomat, Dr. Orgel and this
health bill -- S.R. 819 -- they
all lead to some kind of plot to
kill an assistant director at
the FBI. Does that make sense?

Matheson's dismissive look tells us it doesn't. (X)

SENATOR MATHESON

The bill you refer to will (X)
provide money and supplies to (X)
the World Health Organization. (X)
Medical technology for hundreds (X)
of thousands of people in Third (X)
World countries. (X)

Mulder considers this incongruity for an instant. Matheson (X)
interrupts him before he can speak. (X)

SENATOR MATHESON

-- I've aided you in the past
with information, Fox. And
advice. Which right now is to
leave here at once, and never
again suggest to anyone my
involvement in any such dark
intrigue. Am I understood?

(CONTINUED)

A32 CONTINUED: (3)

A32

MULDER

This man is dying. He may have
only hours to live --

SENATOR MATHESON

My intention is to save lives,
Fox. But I can't save his.

(coldly)

Good night, Fox. Drive safely.

(CONTINUED)

A32 CONTINUED: (4)

A32

He hands the proof sheet back to Mulder, then opens the door for (X) him. Mulder stares at the Senator -- considering the man's clenched expression, then he slips out the door. Off Matheson:

CUT TO:

32 CLOSE - TICKET DISPENSER

32

Its timer reading "4:52 AM". A LEGEND tells us we are at: "EMBASSY ROW GARAGE, WASHINGTON D.C." As the timer CLICKS to 4:53, HEADLIGHTS wash over the dispenser, CAMERA PANNING TO Skinner, driving the n.d. sedan he and Mulder took to Orgel's.

Skinner takes a ticket and the gate arm goes up. As he pulls past us, heading into the multi-level facility, we:

CUT TO:

A33 CLOSE ON A DIPLOMATIC LICENSE PLATE

A33

On the front of a TOWNCAR that has been backed into a parking space, on one of the upper levels. It's engine sounding the TINK, TINK, TINK of a car just recently shut off. We are: (X)

INT. DOWNTOWN PARKING GARAGE - GATED ENTRANCE - NIGHT

As Skinner's n.d. sedan pulls around onto this level. Skinner pulling slowly past the rows of cars, spotting the Towncar and stopping in the driving lane, perpendicular to it.

CUT TO:

B33 INT. SEDAN - SKINNER

B33

Looking at the Towncar. Noting the diplomatic plates. Then in (X) the mirror at:

SKINNER'S POV IN MIRROR

The ropy veins have continued to branch on the side of his neck. This image going IN AND OUT OF FOCUS, as Skinner looks at himself directly in the mirror now. Where we see the face of a man in physical distress. When:

GUNSHOTS RING OUT AND THE WINDSHIELD OF SKINNER'S CAR BLOWS.

CAMERA RACKING TO the Silk-Shirt Man, seen through the blown windshield, gun high, near the door to a stairwell.

CUT TO:

C33 INT. DOWNTOWN PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(X)C33

ANGLE OVER THE SILK-SHIRT MAN as he creeps toward Skinner's car. (X)
We see the blown windshield, but we don't see Skinner as the man (X)
steps cautiously forward. Gun still held high. Creeping up on (X)
the car, where we expect to find Skinner lying dead on the front (X)
seat, when SKINNER POPS UP AND FIRES -- (X)

BLAM BLAM BLAM (X)

Sending the Silk-Shirt Man to the deck, where he scrambles for (X)
cover between the rows of cars. Skinner getting out of the sedan (X)
now, in bleary-eyed pursuit. (X)

ANGLE ON SKINNER (X)

As he staggers to the spot where the Silk-Shirt Man slithered (X)
to -- only to find that he's not there. Skinner's gun high now, (X)
listening with intense concentration as he moves into the space (X)
between these cars. (X)

(CONTINUED)

C33 CONTINUED:

C33

HIS POV - THROUGH CAR WINDOWS

WHIP PANNING FROM CAR TO CAR, from space to space. No Silk-Shirt. (X)

WIDER ON SKINNER -- SOMEONE'S POV (X)

As Skinner sidesteps through the spaces between the parked cars, (X)

CAMERA LANDING ON SILK-SHIRT MAN, in f.g. Pressed up against a (X)

concrete buttress or pillar. Waiting for Skinner to pass, so (X)

that he'll have a clear shot at his back. (X)

NEW ANGLE ON SCENE (X)

As the Silk-Shirt Man does just that. Slipping out of his hiding (X)

place and raising his gun at Skinner in the b.g. Skinner (X)

completely unaware that he is in this man's sights. When: (X)

TIRES SCREECH O.S. Headlights hitting the Silk-Shirt Man, (X)

causing him to turn in surprise. To see: (X)

(CONTINUED)

C33 CONTINUED: (2)

C33

HIS POV - A DARK SEDAN

A Crown Victoria driven by the BEARDED MAN, whose face is obscured in the shadow of the fast approaching car, but who doesn't let off the gas as he barrels ahead, bearing down on:

THE SILK-SHIRTED MAN

TRAVELING POV, as he turns in anticipation of being hit head on.

ANGLE OVER SKINNER

To the Silk-Shirt Man as he takes the hit, and GOES DOWN. As the Dark Sedan does not stop, careens around a curve, parallel to Skinner. Tires SQUEALING. (X)

SKINNER'S POV

IN AND OUT OF FOCUS on the Bearded Man as he passes by at speed. Moving to the ramp that leads down to a lower level, out of the garage.

RESUME SKINNER

Trying to get a look at this man. Trying to make sense of what just happened. And of his life, which with the ropy VEINS climbing up his neck, seems ever more mysterious and out of control. As he COLLAPSES against a parked car, setting its ALARM OFF. Helpless against what's ravaging his system. As we: (X)

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

33 OMITTED

33

FADE IN:

A34 MICRO-POV - BLOOD SAMPLE

A34

So clouded with CARBON SPECKS that the view is mostly black, not red. A PIPETTE appears, giant in the scope. It drips WHOLE BLOOD into the sample, a drop that looks like a gallon. We are:

INT. MED-LAB - MORNING - SCULLY

Lifts her eyes from the stereoscopic microscope, returning the pipette to a specimen tube. LEGEND: 6:14 AM. Scully's tired, drawn. She's been up 24 hours and is feeling it. (X)

SCULLY

(X)

Dr. Plant...!

(X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE PLANT

(X)

Coming through the door into the room, summoned.

(X)

DR. PLANT

(X)

What? What is it?

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

I think I found it... what the carbon is doing --

(X)

(X)

She lets him take a look. He peers into the microscope.

SCULLY

It's not just reproducing itself -- it has behavior. It's creating something -- a matrix -- stimulated by blood flow -- in response to movement.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MICRO-POV - BLOOD SAMPLE

(X)

We see the carbon specks are GATHERING TOGETHER, like iron filings to a magnet. As they fill in the remaining reddish spaces, our POV going BLACK:

(X)

(X)

(X)

RESUME SCENE

(X)

Dr. Plant lifts up from the scope.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

A34 CONTINUED:

A34

SCULLY

It's building valves. Or dams.
In the vascular system.

DR. PLANT

It's building a heart attack.

On the realization, the door BURSTS OPEN. An O.R. NURSE enters.

O.R. NURSE

Dr. Plant? You're doing blood
work on a Walter Skinner?

DR. PLANT

Yes.

O.R. NURSE

I just heard on the radio
there's a Walter Skinner who's
been picked up by paramedics in
a parking garage downtown --

SCULLY

Where're they taking him --

O.R. NURSE

D.C. General.

And Scully is rushing out, past the woman. Plant a few steps
behind her. On the move.

CUT TO:

B34 INT. D.C. GENERAL HOSPITAL - O.R.

B34

A YOUNG SURGEON PUSHES THROUGH the doors, joining the SURGICAL (X)
TEAM, who, along with the ORDERLIES work with skill and (X)
practiced movements to get Skinner prepped as quickly as (X)
possible. We see that the branching of veins has gotten worse (X)
on his neck. Skinner's eyes are vacant, unfocused, but he is (X)
conscious. As the: (X)

INSTRUMENT TRAY (X)

Is rolled toward the patient, the shiny sharp surgical (X)
instruments glinting under the lights. As Skinner's arm is (X)
DRAPED... now we see that the branching has continued in the (X)
other direction, DOWN HIS ARM. The entire side on which this
branching has occurred starting to BLACKEN.

RUBBER-GLOVED HANDS (X)

(CONTINUED)

B34 CONTINUED:

B34

Swab the arm and shoulder down with Betadine. Someone, (X)
somewhere in the room, is calling out Skinner's VITALS.

YOUNG SURGEON

Holy... you see this?! We've got
some kind of extreme vascular event
here -- Dr. Cabrera --

CAMERA FINDS DOCTOR KATRINA CABRERA, the woman from the Teaser,
moving around from the x-ray light box across the room, making (X)
a quick decisive appraisal of what she sees.

YOUNG SURGEON

How's this man even alive?

DR. CABRERA

We'll take the right arm first. (X)
Mark it just above the bicep -- (X)
(to anesthesiologist) (X)
Let's get him under, NOW. (X)

The anesthesiologist slides a mask over Skinner's face... as a (X)
nurse marks his arm for incision... (X)

SCULLY

Bangs through the O.R. doors -- reacting to Skinner, to the
exaggerated progression of his condition.

YOUNG SURGEON

Hey -- hey -- you -- OUT!

SCULLY

I know this man.

YOUNG SURGEON

I don't care. This is a sterile
operating room --

Now Dr. Plant follows through the doors.

DR. CABRERA

Get these people out!

SCULLY

His name is Walter Skinner.
We've been investigating his
illness. What are you doing?

DR. CABRERA

If he's going to live, he's
going to have to lose his arm --

(CONTINUED)

B34 CONTINUED: (2)

B34

SCULLY
It's not going to save him --
it's his blood --

(CONTINUED)

B34 CONTINUED: (3)

B34

DR. CABRERA
Who the hell is this woman?!

DR. PLANT
She's a doctor.

SCULLY
You're not going to solve
anything unless you get a scope
into this man -- anything else
isn't going to work --

Scully talks with a force and authority that leaves no doubt she knows what she's talking about.

SCULLY
You want to save this man?! Then
listen to what I'm saying -- !!

Off the Surgical Team, standing over Skinner, reacting to Hurricane Scully, we:

CUT TO:

34 OMITTED

34

A35 ANGLE ON HOSPITAL HALLWAY CEILING

(X) A35

The light fixtures pass through frame as we move quickly along. (X)
WE ARM DOWN to reveal... (X)

... Skinner lying in a gurney, being wheeled up the hospital (X)
corridor by two orderlies. He looks much as he did in the O.R., (X)
his face darkened by thick veins. Skinner drifts in and out of (X)
consciousness, his eyes finding: (X)

SCULLY (X)

Following alongside. Looking down with a gentle smile. Skinner (X)
blinks, delirious, hardly recognizing her. Trying to rise. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Lie back. We're moving you to (X)
another room... (X)

The gurney is pulled to a stop near an elevator door. Skinner (X)
looks up at Scully, a desperate man. He grabs her arm. (X)

SKINNER (X)
Who did this to me? (X)

(CONTINUED)

A35 CONTINUED:

A35

SCULLY

Mulder's trying to find that out (X)
right now. Just lie back, sir. (X)
We'll take good care of you. (X)

Skinner's eyes drift to the ceiling -- he's seeing something in (X)
his mind's eye: (X)

SCROLLING MEMORY HITS (X)

A PUNCH in the ring sends Skinner reeling... Orgel TOUCHES (X)
Skinner's arm in the hallway... the Silk-Shirt Man TOPPLES over (X)
the hood of the Dark Sedan... (X)

RESUME SKINNER (X)

Frustrated by his own memories and their lack of answers. (X)

SKINNER

I can't remember... I can't (X)
remember... (X)

Scully has no response. Saved by the DING of the arriving (X)
elevator. The orderlies wheel Skinner into the elevator, Scully (X)
following. As the doors close: (X)

CUT TO: (X)

B35 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING (STOCK) (X) B35

To establish. (X)

C35 INT. OUTER OFFICE - MORNING - SKINNER'S SECRETARY (X) C35

Enters, arriving for the day. She carries a handful of OFFICE (X)
MAIL. Pausing as we hear a THUMP from the inner office. (X)

The Secretary puts the stack of mail on her desk and cautiously (X)
moves to the half-open door of the inner office. (X)

SECRETARY

Sir? Is that you? (X)

She eases open the door, peeks into: (X)

35 OMITTED (X) 35

A36 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (X)A36

The room looks like a cyclone hit it... but also, it looks like no one's here. Until -- (X)

-- Mulder kneels up into view from behind Skinner's desk. He's not hiding, just searching the place top to bottom. He doesn't even look at the Secretary. He gets up and yanks the desk sideways to look underneath it. Stuff falls off the top. (X)

SECRETARY

Agent Mulder? (X)

MULDER

Do you have a key to this drawer? (X)

SECRETARY

What are you doing?! -- (X)

He yanks at a locked drawer on Skinner's desk. It doesn't open. (X)

MULDER

A.D. Skinner's in the hospital. Somebody poisoned him. (X)

SECRETARY

Poisoned him? Why? (X)

MULDER

For doing his job. (X)

SECRETARY

I don't understand... (X)

MULDER

-- I'm looking for anything here that refers to a Senate Resolution: S.R. 819. (off her frozen stare) You wanna help me save his life, you'll get this drawer open. (X)

SECRETARY

I don't have the key. (X)

Frustrated, Mulder strides by her, heading for the outer office. (X)

MULDER

You got a letter opener? (X)

B36 INT. OUTER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - MULDER (X)B36

Crosses to the woman's desk and searches it. The Secretary steps out behind him, her expression concerned. (X)

(CONTINUED)

B36 CONTINUED:

B36

SECRETARY

Is he going to be alright? (X)

Mulder doesn't answer. In fact, he's stopped looking for the letter opener. Instead, he's staring down at: (X)
(X)

HIS POV - ATOP THE DESK (X)

Lies the mail the Secretary just brought in. One corner of a large envelope says this parcel is from the United States Senate. (X)
(X)

Mulder grabs the envelope, tears it open. Off him, reading: (X)

CUT TO:

C36 INT. D.C. GENERAL - ICU - MORNING

C36

A LEGEND reads: 8:14 AM. Mulder pushes through the door from the hallway outside, finding:

REVERSE - SCULLY

Inside one of the ICU rooms, in dirty surgical scrubs. She is conferring with the O.R. Nurse. Skinner lies unconscious in the bed behind them. Now, Scully steps out to meet Mulder.

MULDER

What's his condition?

SCULLY

Stable, but not good, Mulder. He's got extreme vascular trauma and distension. His blood has become a weapon against his body.

MULDER

Can you fight it?

SCULLY

We don't know what it is. The best we can do is keep lasering the arteries open. But it's only a matter of time before we're going to lose. It builds walls in his vessels faster than we can tear them down. We don't have the technology to combat it.

Mulder studies Scully, reading in her face the pessimism she won't completely express.

MULDER

Maybe we do.

Scully reacts to his tone, to the FOLDED LETTER Mulder's holding out to her. As she takes it, opens it, we see official Senate letterhead, addressed to Skinner. And something along the lines of "RE: FBI CHECK TO BE CARRIED OUT ON SENATE RESOLUTION 819."

SCULLY

What is this?

(CONTINUED)

C36 CONTINUED:

C36

MULDER

It was in Skinner's desk. He was doing a security check on a Senate bill. For violation of trade laws, export of sensitive technology.

SCULLY

It's a routine procedure. The FBI does dozens of these a year.

MULDER

This bill is going to vote in the Senate. All it was waiting on was Skinner's review. And an analysis from Dr. Kenneth Orgel.

SCULLY

(dubious)

And you think Dr. Orgel poisoned Skinner to cover up his analysis?

MULDER

Orgel didn't poison anybody. Orgel was at the FBI to tell Skinner what he knew. That there was a gross violation of export law. Involving new technology.

Scully considers this for a beat -- in light of what she's seen. (X)

SCULLY

Technology -- (X)

MULDER

You know what it is? (X)

SCULLY

I think I might. (X)

(CONTINUED)

C36 CONTINUED: (2)

C36

Before Mulder can ask what it might be, they hear the faint RING (X) of a cell phone. They look to each other. Mulder pulls his own phone -- it's not his ringing. The O.R. Nurse now pokes her head out of the ICU room, holding the ringing cell phone.

O.R. NURSE

You want to get this? It was in his pants pocket. Mr. Skinner --

Mulder taking it, punching the send button. Listening to: the eerie, computer-generated MALE VOICE.

MALE VOICE

Might. As. Well. Give. Up.

SCULLY

(reacting to Mulder)

Who is it?

MULDER

It's a computer-synth voice.

MALE VOICE

You. Can't. Stop. It.

MULDER

Somebody who knows he's here.

He hands her the phone. HOLDING ON SCULLY as Mulder moves out.

MALE VOICE

Your. Time...

HARD CUT TO:

36 OMITTED

36

A37 INT. WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

A37

CLOSE ON A HAND, USING A STYLUS. Writing WORDS on the glowing screen of a PALM PC -- Your Time Is Almost Up -- CAMERA ADJUSTING OFF THIS, TO FIND MULDER, coming around a corner down the hall.

MULDER'S POV

A long-haired, BEARDED MAN works the Palm PC.

(X)

MULDER

(X)

Hurries toward the man. Getting closer... until:

(X)

(CONTINUED)

A37 CONTINUED:

A37

RESUME POV - THE BEARDED MAN

(X)

Senses Mulder's approach. He quickly pockets his little Palm PC, and BOLTS toward the exit door.

(X)

RESUME MULDER

Breaking into a run. Going after him.

(X)

MULDER

Right there. Federal Agent.

(X)

Mulder bursting into:

(X)

AB37 INT. STAIRWELL - MULDER

AB37

Slams through the door, barrelling down the stairs. We can hear the hurried THUD-THUD of the Bearded Man's footsteps below.

CUT TO:

B37 INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - MORNING - WIDE

B37

Mulder comes tearing out the steel door. Pulling his weapon.

CLOSE ON MULDER

He slows, looking down the rows of cars as he moves.

MULDER'S MOVING POV

Lots of cars, but no people -- no BEARDED MAN.

RESUME MULDER

Dropping down to the deck. Looking:

HIS SIDEWAYS POV - UNDER A ROW OF PARKED CARS

Nothing. Except something he hears. And we hear it, too.

RESUME MULDER

Popping back to his feet... to the sound of AN ENGINE TURNING OVER. Mulder looks over to see:

HIS POV - A CROWN VICTORIA

SQUEALS out of a parking space some distance away. The Bearded Man is just visible behind the wheel as the car zooms for the exit ramp.

RESUME MULDER

Not giving up. As he races back for the steel door:

CUT TO:

AC37 INT. STAIRWELL - MULDER

(X)AC37

Slams back through the door, now heading upstairs, two steps at a time.

(X)
(X)

C37 INT. HOSPITAL PARKING GARAGE - UPPER LEVEL - MULDER

C37

Bursts through another steel door, HUFFING out onto the upper level. He races around a corner to find:

THE EXIT GATE

Where three n.d. AUTOS idle in a row at the card-key exit. The three DRIVERS standing outside of their cars, shocked at the sight of:

(CONTINUED)

C37 CONTINUED:

C37

THE CROWN VIC

Which apparently tried to cut ahead of the exit line by driving through the entrance -- through now-broken gate arm -- and into an ONCOMING CAR. The two cars are a tangled together, the Crown Vic's driver's door hanging open. The oncoming car's DRIVER stands beside the wreck, SCREAMING in angry SPANISH.

MULDER

Approaches, cautious.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

C37 CONTINUED: (2)

C37

Scanning the area for the Bearded Man... who has disappeared on foot. Off Mulder, knowing that if he didn't catch his man, at least he caught his car:

CUT TO:

37 ANGLE - CAR PHONE

37

As a man's hand lifts the phone from the hands-off mount. Bringing it to his face. It is Senator Matheson.

SENATOR MATHESON

Yes.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - DRIVING - DAY

Senator Matheson drives through an n.d. landscape. A MAN'S VOICE issues through the phone. The voice talks low, and there's a bit of static, so we don't recognize who this is.

BEARDED MAN'S VOICE

The bill is in danger, Senator.
A new threat has emerged.

SENATOR MATHESON

You shouldn't have called me.

(X)

BEARDED MAN'S VOICE

Blood will be on your hands.

(X)

SENATOR MATHESON

(a beat of silence)
I don't buy your hollow threats.

(X)

(X)

INTERCUT WITH:

38 OMITTED 38

A39 EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY - A PAYPHONE A39

Is mounted on a street corner or the side of a building (we stay pretty TIGHT, so this could be just about anywhere). We TILT UP to reveal... the Bearded Man talking on the phone. His back is to us slightly as he keeps an eye on the street -- we never get a good look at his face. (X)

BEARDED MAN (X)
Dr. Orgel does. You can ask him.

SENATOR MATHESON'S VOICE (X)
What have you done with him? (X)

RESUME SENATOR MATHESON

The phone to his ear. Clenched. Sweating.

BEARDED MAN'S VOICE
I can tell you where he is...

B39 EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS - THE MERCEDES B39

Speeds past, leaving us behind.

CUT TO:

39 OMITTED 39
THRU THR
41 41

42 INT. D.C. PD IMPOUND GARAGE - DAY - LOW ANGLE TRACKING 42

With Mulder as he crosses the echoey garage. He is being led by a FORENSIC TECH in a lab coat.

FORENSIC TECH
The car is leased, part of a fleet service that serves the diplomatic counsel corps...

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

They come upon the Bearded Man's Crown Victoria. It's parked on a big white catch tarp. Another FORENSIC TECH preps samples on a nearby steel table. The car doors are wide open, the hood up. The paint is dusty from fingerprinting.

MULDER

What kind of forensic evidence
were you able to lift?

The Tech points out the dented body of the car.

(X)

FORENSIC TECH

Not much outside -- not
surprising considering the
condition of the vehicle.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(crosses to a table)

Inside, found a couple of hairs.

(X)

He picks up an evidence bag, hands it to Mulder. When Mulder holds it to the light, we can make out a couple of long HAIRS.

FORENSIC TECH

Human. From an expensive wig.

Mulder looks to the man, then back to the hair.

MULDER

Don't hate me 'cause I'm
beautiful. What else?

FORENSIC TECH

We scraped out the tire treads.
Got something odd.

From the table he picks up a small VIAL, hands it to Mulder. We see it contains... a sample of brownish SOIL.

FORENSIC TECH

It's full of polychlorinated
biphenyls -- PCBs. Over 500
parts-per-million. The kind of
levels they used to see in the
1970's. Before the EPA got
fangs.

MULDER

From where?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

FORENSIC TECH

(shrugs)

The PCBs are saturated evenly in
the clay. Demo site maybe. Or
an old power plant.

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

CUT TO:

43 LOW ANGLE - MUDDY ROAD

43

As TIRES splash through frame. WE WIDEN to see:

EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY - THE MERCEDES SEDAN

(X)

Pulls to a stop before an abandoned plant. It's a big, desolate
complex -- lots of privacy. Senator Matheson emerges from the
car, glancing over a shoulder before he heads to a door.

CUT TO:

44 INT. POWER PLANT - MATHESON

(X) 44

Moves cautiously through the dusty building, all dark shadows
and rays of light through the high windows. He approaches a
steel door. He hesitates, then eases it open, stepping into:

(X)

45 INT. BACK ROOM - MATHESON

45

Enters to see a sight that disturbs him:

(X)

KENNETH ORGEL

(X)

Spread-eagle on an industrial table, his limbs and forehead held
down by tight leather straps. A lone high-intensity LIGHT hangs
above his face -- the rest of the room is in shadows.

(X)

MATHESON

(X)

Moving over to him, cautiously. His eyes searching the shadows,
expecting anything now. Feeling extremely exposed, vulnerable.

(X)

(X)

CLOSER ANGLE - ORGEL

Beaded sweat on his face. Frightened, and frightening. Splayed
like a lab test monkey. VEINY BRUISES, much like Skinner's,
cover his arms, hands, face. He squints into the searing light.

(X)

(X)

(X)

ORGEL

Who's there? Is someone there?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Matheson steps forward. Orgel's eyes find him, through a tortured haze.

ORGEL
Please. Let me go. I need water.

SENATOR MATHESON
Who did this to you?

Matheson begins to LOOSEN the leather straps on his arms. (X)

ORGEL
Hurry, please. It's killing me. (X)

Orgel gasps, desperate for relief. We go: (X)

HIGH ANGLE - FROM ABOVE

Someone's POV from a high balcony over the torture table.

SENATOR MATHESON
They believe you've exposed them to the FBI. To Walter Skinner.

ORGEL
I told the FBI nothing. Please. I promise not to expose anyone.

RESUME - ORGEL

As a JOLTING SPASM grips him, the ropy VEINS PULSE AND BULGE from under his skin surface. MOVING BENEATH HIS FLESH. As Orgel SCREAMS -- Matheson backpedals in horror. (X)

HIGH ANGLE - FROM ABOVE

As Senator Matheson backs away. CAMERA ADJUSTS TO A PAIR OF HANDS, working the stylus on the now-familiar Palm PC. On which a set of rising BAR GRAPHS are lit up. As the stylus touches each section of RECTANGLES, they rise thermometer-like. Now, we see it's the BEARDED MAN who holds the glowing green device. (X) (X)

CLOSE - ORGEL

Trembling with RISING PAIN. His involuntary SCREAM taking us to:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

46 INT. D.C. GENERAL - ICU ROOM 14 - DAY - CLOSE ON WALL CLOCK 46

Its LCD reading "5:29 PM."

REVERSE - SKINNER

Stares up at the clock. He looks worse, his face sweaty, the patchwork of dark veins under his skin more prominent. He slowly turns his head at the sound of...

SCULLY

Entering the room. Crossing to Skinner's bedside.

SKINNER

Four hours to touchdown.

Skinner gives her a pained smile. Scully holds her emotions.

SCULLY

Sir, there is something I'd like (X)
to try -- a treatment called (X)
therapeutic plasmapheresis. It (X)
requires the filtering of all (X)
the blood in your body. It's a (X)
radical procedure -- there is a (X)
danger of going into shock -- (X)

SKINNER

I'm in your hands. (X)

Scully nods. They share a silent beat. Then: (X)

SKINNER

I think I owe you an apology, (X)
Scully. You and Agent Mulder. (X)

SCULLY

Sir --? (X)

Skinner struggles to express himself to Scully, with an (X)
intensity that makes her uncomfortable. (X)

SKINNER

I've been lying here, thinking. (X)
Your quest. It should have been (X)
mine. (X)

SCULLY

What do you mean? (X)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

SKINNER

If I die now, I die in vain.
Nothing to show for myself. For
my life.

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

SCULLY

That's not true --

(X)
(X)

SKINNER

-- it is. I can see now how I
played it safe. How I wouldn't
take sides -- wouldn't let you
and Mulder pull me in.

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

SCULLY

Sir, you've been our ally, more
times than I can say.

(X)
(X)
(X)

SKINNER

Not the ally I could have been.

(X)
(X)

Scully is touched by this. She puts a hand on his arm. Holding (X)
it there, comforting him. He looks up at her, then down to the (X)
hand on his wrist -- the touch bringing on: (X)

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

INTERCUT WITH:

A47 MEMORY HIT - CLOSE - SKINNER'S ARM

(X) A47

Being touched by Dr. Orgel's gloved hand in SLOWED TIME. CAMERA (X)
 ARMS UP to Orgel's face. This is the same memory we saw (X)
 before -- only now Orgel is gazing at something off-screen. The (X)
 CAMERA PANS to... the BEARDED MAN passing in an intersecting (X)
 hall, a VISITOR'S PASS pinned to his sweatshirt. (X)

RESUME - SKINNER (PRESENT TIME)

(X)

His eyes searching, intrigued by this memory. We see:

(X)

MEMORY HITS OF YESTERDAY

(X)

In the same SCROLLING STYLE. SCROLLING until we go to SLOWED (X)
 TIME, as SKINNER steps out of the elevator. Then SCROLLING
 AGAIN, until in SLOWED TIME the BOXER (Skinner's opponent) takes
 a punch. Then SCROLLING to SKINNER. In:

47 OMITTED

47

A48 MEMORY HIT - INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINATION ROOM (LAST NIGHT) A48

In SLOWED TIME, Skinner turns in his hospital bed. SCROLLING to A NURSE coming in the room, leaving the door open behind her. She is mouthing words we cannot hear. When, through the door behind her... we see the BEARDED MAN pass in the hallway outside.

B48 RESUME - SKINNER (PRESENT TIME) B48

Breathes faster, gripped by this memory.

SKINNER
-- I remember now. (X)

SCULLY (X)
What? (X)

SCROLLING AGAIN NOW, to:

C48 MEMORY HIT - IN THE BOXING RING - SKINNER C48

SLOWED TIME. Taking a glancing RIGHT which SNAPS his head to one side... WE WHIP PAN to ringside, then SLOW to see the BEARDED MAN watching the fight. He was there, too. SCROLLING AGAIN, to:

48 OMITTED (X) 48

A49 RESUME - SKINNER (PRESENT TIME) A49

Struggling with his memory. Reaching for Scully's hand.

SKINNER
I can't see his face. He has a beard -- (X)
(X)

SCULLY (X)
Who? (X)

SKINNER
He was at the gym, the hospital. (X)
He was at the FBI, when Orgel (X)
approached. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Someone was following you -- (X)

SKINNER
The tape. He's on the surveillance tape. (X)

(CONTINUED)

A49 CONTINUED:

A49

Scully pulls away from him, exiting the room in a hurry. As we:

CUT TO:

49 OMITTED
AND
50

49
AND
50

51 EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY - ANGLE UP ACCESS ROAD 51

As Mulder's sedan approaches up the dirt road. The auto slows as WE ADJUST to see... Matheson's MERCEDES still parked before the imposing facade. We recognize the Senator's car by its FEDERAL PLATES.

MULDER

Recognizes it, too. He climbs out of his sedan, making cautiously for the building.

CUT TO:

52 OMITTED 52
AND AND
53 53

54 INT. POWER PLANT - ANGLE ON THE RUSTY DOOR 54

Which swings open with a CREAK. Mulder steps in, brandishing his sidearm.

ANOTHER ANGLE - HIGH AND WIDE

Shows us the cathedral-like room is empty. Huge shafts of sunlight beam down from the tall windows that line one wall.

Mulder crosses the immense floor... slowing as he hears a sound from behind a nearby door -- a METALLIC SCREECH. He makes for:

AA55 INT. BACK ROOM - MULDER AA55

Enters, gun drawn. He scans the dark room, seeing something that makes him slowly drop his aim. (X)

HIS POV - A MAN (X)

Sits on the edge of the torture table, his back to us. (X)

MULDER

Is wound-tight, a coiled spring. He approaches the man slowly. (X)

MAN'S VOICE (X)

You must be surprised to find me (X)

here -- (X)

The man turns to reveal... it's Senator Matheson. (X)

(CONTINUED)

- AA55 CONTINUED:

AA55

SENATOR MATHESON (X)
 I'm sure I'm not the man you're (X)
 looking for. (X)

MULDER (X)
 Where is he? (X)
 (beat) (X)
 Where's Orgel?! (X)

SENATOR MATHESON
 Orgel is dead -- (X)

Mulder is close to the Senator now -- close enough to GRAB him (X)
 by the collar. (X)

MULDER (X)
 I don't believe you! You lied (X)
 to me this morning -- you're (X)
 lying to me now! (X)

SENATOR MATHESON (X)
 Let this go, Fox -- (X)

MULDER (X)
 Where's Orgel?! I need to know (X)
 what he knows. My friend is (X)
 going to die -- (X)

SENATOR MATHESON (X)
 I tell you, they killed him. (X)
 What Orgel knows died with him. (X)

Mulder shoves him back against the table with disgust. (X)

MULDER (X)
 Then tell me what you know, (X)
 Senator. This is about S.R. (X)
 819, isn't it? What the hell (X)
 did they put in Skinner?! (X)

Mulder's voice echoes through the room. (X)

SENATOR MATHESON
 I'm sure you already have an (X)
 idea, Fox. (X)

Mulder does -- he begins to put the pieces together. (X)

MULDER
 It's the same technology S.R. (X)
 819 will export -- (X)

(CONTINUED)

AA55 CONTINUED: (2)

AA55

SENATOR MATHESON (X)
Technology the world believes (X)
purely theoretical. (X)

MULDER (X)
Nanotechnology. Microscopic, (X)
atom-sized machines -- (X)
(beat) (X)
Machines can be stopped. (X)

SENATOR MATHESON (X)
These can't. Your friend is (X)
already dead. (X)

MULDER (X)
I don't believe it. (X)

Matheson looks up with a cold stare. Mulder glares back, then (X)
turns, heading for the door. (X)

SENATOR MATHESON
If you pursue this, Fox, they (X)
will kill you. (X)

MULDER (X)
Not before I expose you and your (X)
role in this -- (X)

The Senator rises, shouting after him. (X)

SENATOR MATHESON
My role? I am a victim here, do (X)
you understand that? I'm (X)
fighting for my life -- (X)

Mulder turns back as he reaches the door -- (X)

MULDER (X)
I will stop this... (X)

SENATOR MATHESON
It's too late, Fox. (X)

As Mulder SLAMS out the door... PRELAP the steady tone of a (X)
FLATLINE.

CUT TO:

A 55 OMITTED
55 OMITTED
THRU
58

(X)
55
THR
58

59 CLOSE - HEART MONITOR

59

Shows the flat red LINE.

DR. CABRERA (O.S.)
We lost him.

WIDER reveals we are back in:

INT. TRAUMA BAY - NIGHT - THE NURSE

Pulls the sheet slowly over Skinner's face.

INTERN
Call time of death...

He looks over his shoulder... WE RACK to see a WALL CLOCK in b.g.

INTERN
... 9:31 PM.

As the Nurse crosses to the chart, we go:

SOMEONE'S POV - THROUGH OBSERVATION WINDOW

Skinner's sheet-covered body, the Nurse recording time of death in his chart. WE ANGLE DOWN to find...

... the PALM PC in a gloved hand. The screen shows a BAR GRAPH similar to the one we saw with Orgel. The stylus appears -- this time it drags along the graph in DESCENDING ORDER...

RESUME - TRAUMA BAY

The Nurse SPINS as Skinner suddenly GASPS from beneath the sheet. His lifeless-body MOVING AGAIN. We hear the BEEP BEEP of the heart monitor kicking in with a steady pulse.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

INTERN

My god...

Dr. Cabrera grabs the sheet, pulling it off Skinner's face. Eyes wide open, he's breathing again. The doctors jump into action, trying to stabilize the patient.

CLOSE - SKINNER

Drifts in and out of consciousness, until his eyes land on... THE BEARDED MAN outside the observation window, gazing in at him.

Off SKINNER, a hint of fear behind the anger in his eyes:

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

60 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY - ANGLE ON MULDER AND SCULLY

60

Seated in the guest chairs. WE MOVE IN on them as Scully speaks to someone o.s. A LEGEND tells us this is "THREE WEEKS LATER."

SCULLY

I've spoken to your doctors -- (X)
your prognosis is excellent. (X)
Whatever infected you appears (X)
now to be dormant. Your (X)
recovery's being hailed as a (X)
miracle... (X)

Scully waits for a response -- and gets none. Noting this with (X)
a look to Mulder. (X)

MULDER

The man who poisoned you was in (X)
fact at the FBI that morning. (X)
Scully pulled these off the (X)
security tapes. (X)

SCULLY

He signed in under an alias, (X)
"Val Arntzen." (X)

As Mulder hands several 8x10 GLOSSIES across the desk to someone (X)
o.s., we see: (X)

CLOSE - VIDEO GRAB (X)

A grainy photo held in a man's hands, showing the Bearded Man (X)
entering the guard gate. The photo slides from view, revealing (X)
another beneath -- a step-frame forward from the previous shot. (X)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

MULDER (O.S.) (X)
I was hoping these might jog (X)
your memory. Could help us (X)
identify this man. (X)

REVERSE - SKINNER (X)

Seated behind his desk, perusing the photos. He appears on the (X)
mend, yet we can still see vestiges of his brush with death. (X)
After a beat, he looks up to Mulder and Scully. (X)

SKINNER (X)
No, I'm sorry. (X)

Skinner sets the photos on his desk. His manner seems somewhat (X)
cold -- but that could be attributed to his recent illness. (X)

MULDER (X)
S.R. 819 was withdrawn by (X)
committee late last night -- (X)
without explanation. (X)

Skinner indicates the Bearded Man in the photos. (X)

SKINNER (X)
Good. So this man failed. (X)

MULDER (X)
If that was his true motive -- (X)

Skinner looks at Mulder evenly, waiting for him to elaborate. (X)

MULDER (X)
If this man poisoned you to keep (X)
you from investigating S.R. 819, (X)
why call you to tell you that? (X)
(beat) (X)
He was working for the (X)
government that was to receive (X)
this technology -- he drove one (X)
of their cars -- yet he killed (X)
one of his own to save you. (X)

SKINNER (X)
You still think this was about (X)
you. About the X-Files. (X)

MULDER (X)
Yes and I have an idea who might (X)
be behind this. If you can give (X)
us the authority to continue (X)
this investigation -- (X)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

SKINNER	(X)
(stern)	(X)
I have neither the authority nor	(X)
the will to allow your continued	(X)
inquiry into this matter --	(X)

Mulder and Scully are taken aback by his manner.	(X)
--	-----

SKINNER	(X)
You will perform your duties as	(X)
directed by A.D. Kersh. And	(X)
only A.D. Kersh.	(X)

SCULLY	(X)
Sir --	(X)

SKINNER	
This matter is closed, Agents.	(X)
Am I clear?	(X)

Mulder and Scully consider this slap in the face. Off this	(X)
troubling directive:	(X)

CUT TO:	(X)
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61 EX. FBI PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT - SKINNER	(X) 61
---	--------

Emerges from an exit door. His expression is unreadable -- he looks like a man devoid of emotion. He steps up to his sedan, opening the door and slipping behind the wheel.

62 INT. SEDAN - SKINNER

62

Settles in and starts the car. Then he senses something. He (X)
checks his rear-view mirror to find... the Bearded Man seated in (X)
the back seat, HIS FACE IN SHADOW. He wears the same hooded
sweatshirt we saw before, with the hood up. (X)

Skinner doesn't seem startled by this man's appearance. (X)

SKINNER (X)
I've been expecting you to show (X)
up. (X)

BEARDED MAN (X)
You understand I can push the (X)
button at anytime -- (X)

SKINNER (X)
(bitter anger) (X)
What do you want from me, (X)
Krycek? What's this about? (X)

The Bearded Man leans forward, into the light. Now we see who
has been pulling the strings -- and will continue to pull the
strings. For the Bearded Man's beard and wig are gone...
revealing it's ALEX KRYCEK. Skinner's old enemy.

KRYCEK
You'll see.

Skinner glares at Krycek. Krycek returns the gaze evenly --
he's got Skinner under his thumb and intends to keep him there.

Skinner knows this... dropping his head as he accepts his fate.
He GUNS the engine. As the sedan WIPES FRAME... FADE OUT.

THE END