

THE X-FILES

"Unusual Suspects"

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Episode # 5X01  
Story No. 4783  
August 4, 1997 (White)  
August 13, 1997 (Blue-Full)  
August 15, 1997 (Pink-Pages)

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August 15, 1997

"Unusual Suspects"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

INDUSTRIAL PARK  
WAREHOUSE  
STREET OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE  
NEWSPAPER OFFICE  
DOWNTOWN STREET OUTSIDE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

INTERIORS

WAREHOUSE  
/LOADING DOCK

BALTIMORE HOMICIDE UNIT (X)  
/POLICE LOCKUP  
/INTERROGATION ROOM  
/BOOKING DESK

CONVENTION HALL  
/CONVENTION FLOOR  
/MAIN ISLE  
/FCC BOOTH  
/FROHIKE ELECTRONICS CORPORATION BOOTH  
/LANGLY'S BOOTH  
/EXITS  
/SNACK BAR AREA  
/NARROW ALLEY BEHIND BOOTHS  
/V.R. EXHIBIT  
/ACCESS HALLWAY  
/SUPERCOMPUTER EXHIBIT  
/WOMEN'S RESTROOM

SMOKE-FILLED ROOM  
BYERS' HOTEL ROOM

August 15, 1997

"Unususal Suspects"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder  
Langly  
Frohike  
Byers  
Swat Lieutenant  
City Cop  
First Swat Cop  
Second Swat Cop  
Detective Munch  
Eric The Hacker Dude  
Susanne Modeski  
Ken Hawryliw  
First Suit  
Second Suit  
X  
Workman  
Booking Sergeant  
Officer (O/S)

(X)

TEASER

OVER BLACK

a white TITLE comes up full-frame, too big to miss:

"1989"

SMASH CUT TO:

1 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT - A BLACK PANEL TRUCK

1

speeds right past us, headlights glaring. It screeches to a stop, and we find ourselves staring at its back doors: "SWAT." They swing open and FIVE SWAT COPS pile out, wearing black BDUs, armed to the teeth. We follow after them as we...

PULL BACK WIDE TO INCLUDE

the whole scene: three cruisers are already here, idling in front of a low warehouse building. Several CITY COPS have taken cover behind their cars and face the warehouse with guns drawn. LEGEND OVER: "FELLS POINT INDUSTRIAL PARK, BALTIMORE, MD."

NEW ANGLE - TRACKING WITH

A SWAT LIEUTENANT, who runs hunkered down to the nearest City Cop. He keeps an eye on the darkened warehouse as he speaks.

SWAT LIEUTENANT

What do you know? -- "

CITY COP

We got reports of at least a dozen shots fired. Front door looks like it's been jimmed, but the alarm wasn't tripped...

SWAT LIEUTENANT

See anybody come out?

CITY COP

Not a soul -- whoever it is, they're still in there.

The Lieutenant nods, then turns to his men. Using hand signals, he sends a couple of them around either side of the building. The other three accompany him, moving stealthily to the front of the warehouse.

CUT TO:

2 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - STACKS OF CARDBOARD BOXES

2

rest on wooden forklift pallets -- they're stacked tall, like columns, and lit with hard shafts of light beaming down from the ceiling at regular intervals. We move smoothly among them, as if we were zigzagging through a maze.

As we move through, we pick up the Lieutenant and a few of his men. We follow the Lieutenant's back as he cautiously makes his way, his submachine gun-mounted flashlight illuminating our path.

FIRST SWAT COP (O.S.)

Lieutenant! Over here!

We follow after the Lieutenant as he ducks around the nearest stack. His flashlight beam finds ONE, then TWO big puddles of drying BLOOD on the concrete floor, about four feet apart. One of his men squats next to it, also shining a light. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

The men glance around, guarding each other's backs. (X)

SWAT LIEUTENANT

Stay low -- keep looking.

The men move off. We stay with the Lieutenant. Soon, we hear a faint GROAN -- the Lieutenant zeroes in on the sound. He silently creeps toward it, his weapon trained straight ahead.

He sees something -- his eyes narrow. He calls to the others.

SWAT LIEUTENANT

Davis -- Gonzalez -- (X)

Two team members come running. The Lieutenant doesn't take his eyes off what he's shining his flashlight at. We see:

LIEUTENANT'S POV - A MAN

lies in a dark corner or recess. He's naked and shivering, curled up into a tight, scared ball. His clothes lie scattered nearby. He doesn't appear to be wounded. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

He covers his head with his hands. He may be having a seizure. We DON'T catch any glimpse of his face whatsoever. (X)  
(X)

NEW ANGLE

The Lieutenant kneels to help the man, who yelps and cowers -- we still don't see him clearly.

SWAT LIEUTENANT

Take it easy, buddy. You hurt?

(no answer)

What happened here? Buddy?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

The naked man mumbles in a guttural voice, out of his head. His voice isn't recognizable, but we can make out what he's saying:

NAKED MAN

They're here... they're here...  
they're here...

SWAT LIEUTENANT

Who? Who's here?

The man just keeps chanting under his breath, over and over. The Lieutenant exchanges a glance with one of his men, who takes point. The other one sifts through the scattered clothes. (X)

NEW ANGLE WIDE

While the Lieutenant and the Second Cop stand over the man, the First Cop senses something. He moves cautiously into the foreground, heading in our direction.

SWAT LIEUTENANT

Talk to us. Who's here? (X)

The First Swat Cop eases forward the muzzle of his MP5 to poke at a big wooden pallet that's propped on its side. It gives a little, when suddenly... CRASH!

SWAT POV - A QUICK GLIMPSE OF THREE MEN

as they dart from their hiding place behind the fallen pallet -- we only see them as STREAKS through the flashlight beam.

FIRST SWAT COP

STOP! POLICE!! --

We're HANDHELD, following the three. They don't get far at all. The short one trips over something and sprawls flat. The other two stop dead, their backs to us. They raise their hands.

LANGLY

D-Don't shoot! --

FIRST SWAT COP

Turn around! Slowly!

The men comply. We're face-to-face with the LONE GUNMEN, albeit (X) eight years younger (see description at top of Act One). All three squint into the flashlight beam.

FROHIKE

We didn't do it!

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

FIRST SWAT COP

Do what? --

FROHIKE

W-Whatever...

SWAT LIEUTENANT

Face-down on the floor! Now!!

The three get down on their bellies, miserable. The swat team moves in, surrounding them. As the Gunmen get cuffed:

NAKED MAN (O.S.)

They're here... they're here...  
they're HERE...

The Gunmen lift their faces off the concrete to see:

THE NAKED MAN IN THE CORNER

We TRACK IN slow and low toward the man. His ranting is growing louder and louder. As we get right up on him...

NAKED MAN

THEY'RE HERE... THEY'RE HERE...  
THEY'RE HERE!! --

... he raises his head -- and we're face-to-face with a younger (X) FOX MULDER. He's pale, sweaty... and COMPLETELY OFF HIS NUT.

Off Mulder staring past us, banjo-eyed with FEAR, we:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 INT. POLICE LOCKUP - NIGHT - BYERS

3

is standing at the paint-chipped bars of a big, shitty drunk tank. A LEGEND READS: "HOMICIDE UNIT, BALTIMORE CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT. MAY, 1989."

Byers' hair and vested suit help to establish he's eight years younger. He looks troubled, deep in thought. He opens his hands and turns them palms-up to see...

BYERS' POV - HIS TEN FINGERTIPS

are stained black with fingerprinting INK.

WIDER TO REVEAL

Frohike and Langly are here, too -- sitting at opposite ends of a bench that runs the length of the back wall. Bummed out.

The 1989 Frohike wears light colors instead of the stealth blacks we're used to seeing. Langly has even longer hair than usual, with maybe a Rasta dread or two -- and a Bob Marley shirt.

Finally, Langly shifts in his seat and sighs.

LANGLY

We're screwed.

(heavy silence)

Thank you so much for getting me involved in this. Doohickey.

FROHIKE

Frohike. You hippie jerk.

LANGLY

Doohickey.

FROHIKE

(turning to him)

You know, with that long blonde hair, you'll be the first one in here that gets traded for cigarettes. I'm gonna be laughing my ass off.

(X)

LANGLY

Oh yeah?

(stands up)

You wanna Cha-Cha? You wanna take your shot? --

(CONTINUED)



3 CONTINUED:

3

FROHIKE  
(jumping to his feet)  
Anytime, any place.

BYERS  
Both of you relax!

This stops Langly and Frohike, who are squaring off. They both turn their anger on Byers.

LANGLY  
Shut up, Narc! --

FROHIKE  
It's your fault we're here! --

Touche. Byers sighs and looks glumly at his shoes. We hear a steel door open -- All three men look up o.s.

OFFICER (O.S.)  
You in the suit. You're first.

Byers unconsciously adjusts his lapels as the cell door CREAKS open for him. Off this:

CUT TO:

4 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MINUTES LATER - A NOTE PAD (X) 4

lies atop a stout table. We ADJUST TO Byers, who sits before it, his thoughts distant. A DOOR opens o.s. -- he looks up. (X)  
(X)

NEW ANGLE TO INCLUDE

a Baltimore detective -- MUNCH -- who enters and closes the door behind him. He sets down his casefile and coffee, takes a seat. (X)  
(X)

MUNCH (X)  
I'm Detective Munch, Baltimore (X)  
Homicide... (X)

BYERS (X)  
Did they find her? (X)

MUNCH (X)  
... And, a very good evening to (X)  
you. Sorry. No sign of your (X)  
mystery lady.

BYERS  
She is real. The FBI agent saw her.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

MUNCH

Yeah, well, unfortunately,  
Special Agent...

(refers to file)

... Mulder is currently being  
held in five-point restraints  
and jabbering like a monkey.  
He's not gonna be offering any  
sound corroboration, so to speak.

(X)

(sour)

The FBI's not talking, either.

Byers considers this, downhearted.

(X)

MUNCH

So, what I'm looking at is a  
warehouse break-in, but nothing  
stolen... a shoot-out, but no  
guns... lots of blood, but no  
bodies... and an FBI agent who  
likes to pull off all his  
clothes and talk about space  
aliens. Fill me in.

(clicks his ballpoint)

From the top. Start with your  
full name and birth date.

(X)

Byers nods and takes a breath.

BYERS

John Fitzgerald Byers --  
11/22/63.

MUNCH

Seriously?

(X)

(X)

BYERS

I was named after JFK -- before  
the assassination, my parents  
were going to call me "Bertram."

(X)

MUNCH

Lucky you. Occupation.

BYERS

I work for the government.

(distant)

For the moment...

MUNCH

What do you do for the  
government?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

BYERS

I'm a public affairs officer for  
the Federal Communications  
Commission. In that capacity,  
I was attending the computer and  
electronics show at the  
Baltimore Convention Center.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

We slowly PAN OFF Byers, and...

DISSOLVE TO:

5 INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

5

We're high and wide to establish a modern convention center.  
The floor is divided by rows of sales and exhibit booths, and is  
bustling with young TECHIE GEEKS. We hear Byers in VOICEOVER.

BYERS (V.O.)

It was where this whole thing  
started. Just this morning...

(X)

6 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - FCC BOOTH - MULTICOLORED BUTTONS

6

fill a Take One Free! bowl. The red, white and blue buttons all  
say "FCC" on them. We ADJUST TO INCLUDE Byers sitting behind  
them, manning a convention booth with a super-friendly smile on  
his face. A huge banner says "WE'RE YOUR FCC"

(X)

BYERS (V.O.)

(Barney Fife-ish)

We at the FCC enjoy forging  
positive ties with the American  
public. It's our way of saying  
"communication" is just another  
word for "sharing."

Byers smiles and waves at TWO grungy HACKER DUDES walking by.

BYERS

Hi, guys -- like a button?

ERIC THE HACKER DUDE

Up yours, Narc.

(X)  
(X)

Byers watches them go, slightly crestfallen.

BYERS (V.O.)

Of course, some people don't see  
it like that.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Everyone is avoiding this booth. With FCC business as slow as it is, Byers sits back in his chair and sighs. He looks around the hall. Suddenly, something catches his attention.

BYERS (V.O.)

At any rate, that was where I  
first saw her.

Byers sits up straight, then straighter as...

BYERS' POV - A STRIKING WOMAN

comes walking toward us -- maybe in ever-so-slight SLOW MOTION. She's 30ish, tall and purposeful. She's hard to miss in a crowd.

The Woman wears sunglasses indoors. She comes up and stands before us. She tips down her sunglasses to get a better view. We get a glimpse of her eyes -- there's a faint FEAR in them.

The Woman glances over her shoulder. She turns back to us and looks like she's about to say something -- but doesn't.

BYERS

stares at the Woman, blinking rapidly. He fumbles for the bowl.

BYERS

W-Would you like a button? ✓

NEW ANGLE

The Woman seems to decide against speaking. She glances around the hall, preoccupied... then moves off up the line of booths.

Byers watches her go. He considers for a moment.

BYERS (V.O.)

I'm still not sure why I did  
what I did next. It was so  
unlike me. There was just...  
something about her...

He turns to his fellow FCC employee KEN HAWRYLIW, who's been sitting at a computer at the back of the booth this whole time.

BYERS

Ken? I'm going to take, uh...  
a short break. Okay?

We see that Ken is engrossed in a primitive videogame he's playing on their 286 computer. He doesn't look up.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

KEN HAWRYLIW  
Whatever...

Byers ducks out through the curtain at the back of the booth.

CUT TO:

7 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - MAIN AISLE - BYERS' POV

7

is of the mystery Woman, following after her at a discreet distance as she wanders up the aisle of booths, seemingly looking for something -- or someone. She glances back our way.

BYERS

turns and feigns interest in a table full of clunky, late-eighties modems. He continues to keep a sideways eye on her.

THE WOMAN

slows to stand before a display of cable descramblers. As she looks around the hall, a VOICE speaks up, getting her attention.

FROHIKE (O.S.)  
Hello, pretty lady! --

Frohike steps into view -- this booth happens to be his.

FROHIKE  
Picture this: crystal clear television -- 33 channels' worth -- with no monthly cable bill.

WOMAN  
(distracted)  
Excuse me?

FROHIKE  
I know what you're thinking -- "Melvin, are you out of your mind? No cable bill?" But that's exactly what I'm saying. And I'm talking premium channels, too -- your HBO, your Showtime, your CineMax...  
(shows a tiny decoder)  
... all courtesy of this modestly-priced marvel designed and built by the Frohike Electronics Corporation.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

The Woman gives a nod, not really listening. Somebody is, though -- a DERISIVE LAUGH issues from next door.

LANGLY (O.S.)  
There's a name that inspires  
consumer confidence.

Frohike's face darkens -- he gives a short kick at the blue velour curtain which separates his booth from the one beside him.

FROHIKE  
Watch your mouth, punk.  
(smiles at Woman)  
Where were we..?

The curtain slides open -- Langly is on the other side manning his own booth, which sells an IDENTICAL LINE OF PRODUCTS.

LANGLY  
Lady, if you wanna watch  
"Matlock" with Andy Griffith all  
blue and squiggly, go right  
ahead and buy from this guy.  
But if you want quality bootleg  
cable... you talk to me.

BYERS

still stands a ways off, listening to this whole exchange.

FROHIKE (O.S.)  
If you want a converter that'll  
short out and burn your house  
down, definitely talk to this  
guy.

RESUME

Frohike and Langly get into it while the Woman scans the crowd.

LANGLY  
That was a one-time fluke! I  
heatsink every breadboard!

FROHIKE  
Oh yeah? And what about co-ax  
loss? Do you use the RG6/U or  
the 52-ohm RG-8?

LANGLY  
Trick question! The 9913!

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

FROHIKE  
(pissed)  
Big man.

LANGLY  
How do you benchtest for  
sensitivity? Twenty dB signal-  
to-noise, or 12dB SINAD?

The Woman walks away, leaving Frohike livid at Langly.

FROHIKE  
Both! You long-haired freak!

Byers eases into frame, following after the departed Woman.  
With his oversized "We're Your FCC!" button, he immediately gets  
the attention of both men. Langly fakes a loud SNEEZE.

LANGLY  
Ah-NARC! -- Ahhh-NARC!

Byers ignores them as he moves on out of frame. Frohike growls  
under his breath after him.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - NEAR THE EXITS - THE WOMAN

8

is at a loss, looking around for something she's just not  
seeing. She moves off, disappearing around a display booth. (X)

BYERS (X)

steps forward, not wanting her to get away. He follows her (X)  
around the corner of the booth. When -- (X)

NEW ANGLE WIDER

Boom! -- the Woman doubles back into frame -- and COLLIDES head- (X)  
on with Byers. Her purse dumps open on the floor. (X)

BYERS AND WOMAN (X)  
Oh, god -- sorry. (X)

They both reach for the purse, nearly cracking skulls. (X)  
Embarrassed, Byers helps her collect her belongings. She looks (X)  
up at him, appreciative. They work in silence for a moment.

Byers picks up a small photograph. He pauses to glance at it.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

THE PHOTO

is of a LITTLE GIRL, age 2 or 3 -- happy and adorable.

RESUME

Byers smiles shyly as he offers the photo to the Woman.

BYERS

She's very cute.

The Woman stares at the picture, her expression faraway.

WOMAN

Yes, she is.

She gently takes the photo from him and tucks it away in her purse. Then she's on her feet and heading for the exit.

WOMAN

Thank you.

BYERS

Wait --

The Woman pauses to look back at him. Byers is startled by his own forwardness -- but it's too late to stop now.

BYERS

I, uh...

(steps forward)

You just look like you could use some help.

The Woman stares at him. She gives a small but significant nod.

CUT TO:

9 INT. CONVENTION HALL - SNACK BAR AREA - MINUTES LATER

9

We're away from the bustle of the main floor. We follow Byers (X)  
as he carries two coffees. He passes a table of HACKERS who (X)  
grumble "Damn Narc" under their breaths and clear out. (X)

A little hurt, Byers continues on to a secluded table in the (X)  
back where the Woman waits. He hands her a coffee. (X)

(CONTINUED)



9 CONTINUED:

9

WOMAN

Thank you. (X)  
(he nods and sits) (X)  
So... My daughter turned three (X)  
years old last week. Last (X)  
Tuesday was her birthday... (X)

The photo of the little girl is on the table in front of the (X)  
Woman. She stares at it as she talks.

WOMAN

Her true name is Susanne  
Modeski... though by now, she's  
most likely been told she has a  
new name.

BYERS

Her father..? Took her from you?

WOMAN

(nod)  
My former boyfriend. He  
kidnapped her. It's... it's a  
long story. Basically... I got  
involved with a man who turned  
out to be a complete psychotic.

Byers eases forward in his seat.

BYERS

Yeah..?

WOMAN

We were together only a few (X)  
months. I fell for him because (X)  
he was dark and mysterious. But (X)  
then he just kept getting darker (X)  
and more mysterious. (X)

(beat)

I got pregnant, and he left. I  
was raising Susanne on my own  
when he suddenly came back and  
took her. Six months ago.

BYERS

That's terrible! What did the  
police do -- did you call them?

WOMAN

They were surprisingly unhelpful. (X)  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

WOMAN (cont'd)

Of course, I found out at that point that I couldn't even tell them his real name. He apparently has several aliases he goes under.

BYERS

That's unbelievable. What did you do then?

WOMAN

Then I went through private investigators -- three of them. I second-mortgaged my home to pay for them, but ultimately, they weren't much more helpful than the police.

She pauses to fix her coffee. With slightly shaky hands, she tears open a sugar packet and pours it in her cup.

WOMAN

But I got a couple of leads, at least. I was told he was in the Baltimore area, so here I am.

BYERS

Well, that's something.

WOMAN

It is and it isn't. He now knows I'm looking for him -- and believe me, he doesn't want that. The closer I get, the more dangerous he becomes.

BYERS

Are you worried he might harm your daughter?

(X)

WOMAN

Let's just say I want to find her -- not him. I want to get my daughter away from him and then just disappear.

(reaches in her purse)

This is the only other lead I've got.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

CLOSE ON - A CRUMPLED PIECE OF NOTE PAPER

she smooths flat on the tabletop -- "ARPANET/Whtcorps/" is handwritten on the torn sheet. (X)

WOMAN (O.S.)

This is why I'm here today.  
This has something to do with  
computers, right? The Internet?

RESUME

Byers looks it over and nods, interested.

BYERS

Actually, the Arpanet -- it's a government network created by the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency. You can access it through the Internet, though.

WOMAN

Somehow, this means something to my ex-boyfriend. I was hoping it might be a means of finding my daughter. (X)

BYERS

If you want, I can go online... try and find out for you.

WOMAN

(nodding)

Would you? That'd be... I'd really, really appreciate that. Thank you.

Byers smiles at her, and she smiles back. He shoots out his hand across the table to shake hers.

BYERS

By the way, my name's John.

WOMAN

(briefest hesitation)

Holly. Nice to meet you.

Byers smiles and taps at the empty sugar packet on the table. It says "HOLLY Table Sugar."

BYERS

"Holly" -- just like the sugar.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (4)

9

HOLLY  
Yeah. Just like the sugar.

BYERS  
That's funny...

Holly smiles at Byers for a beat, not blinking. She sips her coffee. Off this:

CUT TO:

10 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - FCC BOOTH - A COMPUTER MONITOR

10

shows the game we saw earlier -- it's something like "Dig Dug."

KEN HAWRYLIW

is still where we left him, engrossed in his videogame. Byers leads Holly through the back curtain into the booth.

BYERS  
Ken? Could you maybe go take a short break?

Ken looks up at Holly. He lets his game die and pushes back his chair.

KEN HAWRYLIW  
Whatever...

He exits the booth. Byers sits down in front of the computer and types a few rapid keystrokes. We hear the modem DIALING OUT over the speaker.

BYERS  
Okay. Let's see here...

The Internet connection comes up. As this is 1989, things look primitive -- no logos or animation. Byers types the address. While they wait, Holly keeps an eye on the convention crowd.

BYERS  
(faintly hopeful)  
So, your ex-boyfriend is into computers?

HOLLY  
I don't really know. I really knew very little about him. Except that he's psychotic.

Byers nods, worried. The computer BEEPS -- something comes up.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

CLOSE ON - THE COMPUTER SCREEN

A stark home page appears. It says "DEFENSE DATA NETWORK -- (X)  
PROJECT WHITECORPS -- LEVEL 8+ DOD EYES ONLY." Near the bottom (X)  
of the screen, "Passcode:" appears next to a blinking prompt.

RESUME

BYERS

Wow. Somehow this kicked us (X)  
onto the Defense Data Network. (X)  
(turns to Holly) (X)  
I'm sorry. I think this is the (X)  
end of the line.

HOLLY

Is... Is this something you  
could uh... what do you call it?  
Hack into?

BYERS

Hack into? No.  
(off her sad look)  
I mean, technically, yes, I  
probably could -- but this  
belongs to the Department of  
Defense. This is a secured  
site. I mean, I work for the  
FCC. That's the kind of thing  
we're trying to stop!

Holly considers this for a long beat, then reluctantly nods.

HOLLY

Thank you, John... I do  
appreciate your time.

She smiles at him, faint but sincere. She picks up her purse to  
go. Byers looks tortured. He just wants to do the right thing.

BYERS

Wait.  
(steels himself)  
Ugh. You didn't see this.

Byers types at lightning speed. He pauses, then types some  
more. He leans back in his chair, hating himself. After a  
second or two, "VALID ENTRY CODE" appears. He's in.

HOLLY

(impressed)  
What did you do?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

BYERS

It's a government system. I know a couple of "loginout" tricks with VMS Version Five, and uh...

(catches himself)

Never mind.

Holly smiles and nods. She sits down next to him.

HOLLY

Will they know you're doing this?

BYERS

God, no. I've covered my tracks.  
(turns to her)

What now?

HOLLY

Look up "Susanne Modeski."

He shrugs and types. Holly glances nervously over her shoulder.

BYERS

I'll try. But there's just no way of telling... uh...

(beat)

Wow.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

reads "Susanne Modeski.Whtcorps: DOWNLOADING" (something like that -- it should be based on real VMS protocol, if possible). Beneath this, two or three pages of computer GIBBERISH rapidly scroll into view. When they finally stop, they fill the screen.

RESUME

HOLLY

What is this?

BYERS

It's an encrypted file. Why would your three year-old have an encrypted file on a secret Defense Department database?

HOLLY

Can you decode it?

BYERS

I doubt it.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

HOLLY

Can you print it out for me?

Byers nods distractedly. He taps a few buttons, and a nearby printer starts churning out pages. Holly picks up each one as it comes out, studying it.

Holly glances around nervously, as she's been doing on and off for as long as we've known her. Suddenly, her EYES WIDEN at something out on the convention floor. She grabs all the pages.

HOLLY

Oh god. Hide --

BYERS

What?

Holly takes him by the elbow and hustles him through the curtain.

BEHIND THE BACK CURTAIN

there's a narrow alley formed by the dozens of booths. Holly pulls Byers into it. She speaks in a frantic whisper.

HOLLY

My ex-boyfriend is out there!

BYERS

The psychotic?

HOLLY

He must have tracked me here --  
he's looking for me. Dammit...

Holly peers through the narrow part in the curtains. Byers leans in close, jockeying for a glimpse of this man.

HOLLY

There he is...

Byers sees him. He doesn't recognize him -- he's just scared.

BYERS' POV - THROUGH THE CURTAIN

we see the edge of a man's shoulder -- a man wearing a suit. He's standing about twenty feet away, glancing around at the other convention-goers. We ease sideways to get a better look.

We're looking at... young Agent Mulder. He looks our way, almost seeing us -- but not quite. Off this:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - FROHIKE'S BOOTH - DAY - MULDER

11

is still looking around. He's not seeing what he's searching for. He walks past Frohike, throwing him into his spiel.

FROHIKE

You look like a gentleman who'd appreciate 33 channels of crystal clear television!

MULDER

No thanks, handsome.

FROHIKE

A man of distinction!  
(under his breath)  
You punk-ass...

Mulder has left frame -- Frohike gives him the evil eye. Next door, by the way, we see that Langly's booth is CLOSED. A sign on the front curtain says "Back In Two Hours."

Frohike opens the back curtain of his booth -- Holly ducks in.

FROHIKE

(confused)

Hey, baby -- run this whole thing by me again. Start with the psycho pretty boy.

Holly edges to the front of the booth, keeping an eye on Mulder. She pulls the front curtain closed -- now they have privacy.

FROHIKE

Oh, yeah.

HOLLY

(calling outside)

John?

A self-conscious Byers steps into the back of Frohike's booth.

FROHIKE

Oh, man! Why'd you have to bring the Narc?

BYERS

It was my idea to talk to you, actually. I know you're, uh... something of a hacker.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED:

11

FROHIKE  
(defensive)  
Says who?

BYERS  
I hear things. I happen to know  
you broke into the Maryland  
DMV -- changed your endorsement  
so you could handicap park.

Frohike shrinks back a little, busted.

FROHIKE  
I got tinnitus...

BYERS  
I'm not here to bust you --  
though I could.  
(takes out papers)  
What do you make of this?

Byers shows him the three pages of computer gibberish. Frohike  
glances through them. He addresses Holly, snubbing Byers. (X)

FROHIKE  
This is an encrypted file. (X)  
Where'd you get it? (X)

HOLLY (X)  
(sees Byers squirm) (X)  
Never mind. You think you could  
de-encrypt it?

FROHIKE  
Oh yeah, baby -- my Kung Fu is (X)  
the best. It might take awhile, (X)  
though. Depends on the (X)  
complexity of the algorithm.  
(moves closer to her) (X)  
I don't understand -- what's  
this have to do with that guy  
out there?

Holly and Byers glance at one another.

BYERS  
It's her ex-boyfriend -- he's  
kidnapped their daughter. (X)  
(indicates pages)  
The answer to where she is might  
be in here.

Frohike considers this for a moment... then makes a face. (X)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

FROHIKE

I don't understand... why don't you just go kick this guy's ass?

BYERS

What?

HOLLY

No, no -- I just want these pages decoded...

FROHIKE

That could take hours. I say cut to the chase! If that guy out there can tell us where your daughter is, we just need to go beat it out of him!

(X)

HOLLY

No. Bad idea. He's dangerous.

FROHIKE

Lady -- I'm dangerous.  
(to Byers)

Alright, so we just follow him. For all we know, he's got the girl here somewhere!

Frohike makes a persuasive argument. Byers turns to Holly, who is shaking her head.

BYERS

Holly, it makes sense.

HOLLY

(deadly serious)  
No. Stay away from him.

FROHIKE

(not listening)  
We'll stay back a ways. Just wait here for us.  
(taking Byers' arm)  
C'mon, FCC.

Though she tries to stop them, Frohike and Byers duck out -- Byers with one last hopeful look back at her.

Holly is left alone in the booth with the computer pages. She tucks them in her purse. She looks extremely worried.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - V.R. EXHIBIT - BYERS' POV

12

is of Mulder, whose back is to us. Mulder is fifty feet away by a string of booths, talking to a passing HACKER -- showing him something we can't see (a photo). (X)  
(X)

FROHIKE (O.S.)  
What's he doing?

BYERS (O.S.)  
Talking to some guy.

CLOSE - BYERS

keeps a wary eye on Mulder. ADJUST to reveal Frohike standing next to him, blinded by a bulky and primitive VIRTUAL REALITY VISOR he's wearing. He moves his head Stevie Wonder-like, seeing an invisible computer landscape.

The two are standing in a popular exhibit area where four or five of these units are displayed. Frohike lifts his visor to peer out at Mulder. Under his breath:

FROHIKE  
This dude doesn't look so tough.  
One quick Muay Thai heart punch,  
boom. Goodnight...  
(sees something)  
He's looking this way.

Frohike drops the visor over his eyes -- he and Byers look off in the opposite direction. After a moment, Byers glances back.

BYERS' POV - MULDER

is sort of looking our way, but not really. He turns and stares for a beat at a booth he's standing near: we see for the first time that it sells electronic alien detectors. "THEY'RE HERE!" it says in huge letters. Mulder heads off down an access hall.

RESUME

Byers taps Frohike's shoulder.

BYERS  
He's leaving --

Frohike strips off his V.R. visor and follows Byers out of frame.

13 INT. ACCESS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

13

Byers and Frohike cautiously enter this empty hall. It's narrow and dimly lit, and leads to a mechanical room. They turn a blind corner and see...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

... nothing -- just a short stretch of corridor that ends with a padlocked door.

FROHIKE  
(whisper)  
Where'd he go?

Behind them, Mulder steps out of a dark alcove into view.

MULDER  
What's up, fellas?

Byers and Frohike stiffen. They turn to face him. Mulder is eight years younger -- his suit and hair reflect that. (X)  
(X)

MULDER  
You looking for somebody?

BYERS  
Just the, uh... bathroom.

MULDER  
It's not down here.

Frohike stares at Mulder sullenly -- a little cowed, but not quivering. Mulder notices the button on Byers' lapel.

MULDER  
You're with the FCC?

BYERS  
Uh. Maybe.

FROHIKE  
What's it to you?

Mulder flips open his shiny new Bureau ID. He identifies himself with a bit more professional gusto than we're used to.

MULDER  
We share the same credit union.  
Special Agent Mulder -- Federal  
Bureau of Investigation.  
(off their surprise)  
Hopefully, you can help me out.  
Either of you seen this woman?

Mulder holds up a mugshot-like EMPLOYEE PHOTO of HOLLY (which gives absolutely no clue about where she works). Byers and Frohike do their best to keep poker faces. (X)  
(X)

FROHIKE  
Sorry...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

They look at each other and shrug, shake their heads to Mulder. A beat of silence. Byers tries to sound as natural as possible.

BYERS  
What did she do?

MULDER  
(friendly smile)  
What's it to you?

We hear a phone RING. Mulder reaches in his jacket.

MULDER  
Thank you, guys. Excuse me...

Mulder unholsters a four-pound Motorola -- a gray monstrosity of a cell phone. He steps away to answer it.

MULDER  
(into phone)  
Agent Mulder. Hey, Reggie --  
what's up?

Dismissed, Byers and Frohike take this opportunity to go. Mulder is left alone, plugging his opposite ear with a finger. He turns to keep a suspicious eye on them as they leave.

CUT TO:

14 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - MAIN AISLE - BYERS AND FROHIKE

14

move at a good pace -- we STEADICAM ahead of them. Frohike glances behind them and speaks low.

FROHIKE  
What the hell was that all about?

BYERS  
Her ex-boyfriend is with the FBI?

Frohike shrugs and shakes his head. They arrive back at his booth. Frohike pulls open the curtain -- but Holly isn't here.

FROHIKE  
Where'd she go?

They look around for her. We hear an o.s. DISTURBANCE, getting LOUDER. Byers moves to see what it is -- and his eyes go wide.

BYERS  
(to himself)  
Ken..?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

BYERS' POV - KEN HAWRYLIW

has his hands cuffed in front of him. He's struggling slightly, but the SIX BIG MILITARY POLICEMEN that surround him are an irresistible force, hustling him out of the building. (X)

KEN HAWRYLIW  
I don't understand! All I did  
was play "Dig Dug!"

As this entourage passes through frame, we FAVOR the last man: He carries the COMPUTER and MONITOR Byers was using earlier.

RESUME

We CREEP IN on Byers as he watches, horrified.

KEN HAWRYLIW (O.S.)  
I didn't hack into anybody's  
computer!  
(fading with distance)  
Seriously, guys -- I've got,  
like, circulatory problems!

BYERS  
W-Wait... It was me...

Byers takes a couple of steps after Ken -- but is stopped by a hand slapped on his shoulder from behind. It's Frohike.

FROHIKE  
What are you doing? --

BYERS  
(going into shock)  
It was me -- I hacked into their  
computer!

Frohike shoots a quick glance around, then yanks Byers over by his booth. He speaks low and serious.

FROHIKE  
So you wanna turn yourself in?  
Are you crazy? A hacker never  
turns himself in!

BYERS  
I'm not a hacker!! I-I mean...

Byers' head is swimming. Frohike takes hold of his lapel.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

FROHIKE

Listen -- we got FBI agents running around, military police... whatever the hell is going on here, it's big -- and your lady friend is somehow at the center of it all.

(X)

This last bit makes Byers focus.

BYERS

She needs my help.

(X)

(considers)

(X)

How can we learn what's going on?

(X)

Frohike thinks for a beat.

FROHIKE

The FBI is looking for her.  
Hack into the FBI mainframe.

(X)

(reluctantly)

I know a guy who can help us do it.

Byers looks sick. He can't believe his ears.

BYERS

You're talking about a premeditated crime against the United States Government!

FROHIKE

Hey -- your second one today.

He pulls the FCC button out of Byers' lapel and tosses it away. (X)

FROHIKE

Welcome to the dark side.

Off Byers, not knowing what else to do...

CUT TO:

15 INT. SMOKE-FILLED ROOM - LATER - THE BACK OF LANGLEY'S HEAD

15

is the center of our frame as Langly presides, Keyser Soze-like, over a table of PLAYERS. We can tell a high-stakes game is going on -- only we can't yet see what the game is.

LANGLY

Who's down for fifty? Fifty bucks... Anybody...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

We slowly TRACK AROUND him, bringing his face into view. He's cool and cocky. The other players (all very young guys) are decidedly less so -- we hear a few murmurs, but no one speaks up.

LANGLY

Aw, man... my diaper-wearing  
Granny'd bet fifty. Come on.  
(no answer; disgusted)  
There's no game here.

Langly pushes back from the table. Eric The Hacker Dude (from scene 6) speaks up.

ERIC THE HACKER DUDE

Alright. Fifty.

LANGLY

(pleased)

Mavra the Druid bets fifty!  
Cash only, Mavra -- I don't take  
no personal checks from "The  
Bank of Middle Earth."

(X)

(X)

Eric The Hacker Dude grudgingly antes up. We're meanwhile ADJUSTING to show all the "Dungeons and Dragons" paraphernalia on the table. Langly blows on a twenty-sided die and rolls it in his hands.

LANGLY

C'mon, natural twenty! Daddy  
needs a new Sword of Wounding!

(X)

NEW ANGLE

The door into this darkened room is open -- Frohike waits in the threshold, partially silhouetted. Langly looks over.

LANGLY

Doohickey! Can I take your  
money, too?

Byers appears in the doorway, as well. Langly bolts out of his seat and storms over to Frohike, his voice a fierce whisper.

LANGLY

What's the big idea bringing a  
Narc in here?! --

FROHIKE

Me and the Narc have a  
proposition for you.

Langly's eyes narrow. He looks from one man to the other.

(CONTINUED)



15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

LANGLY  
What proposition?

FROHIKE  
(low)  
The World's Coolest Hack.

Langly just stares at him, suspicious. In the background, Eric (X)  
the Hacker Dude calls to Langly. (X)

ERIC THE HACKER DUDE (X)  
Lord Manhammer? (X)

Langly glances over impatiently, then back to Frohike. (X)

LANGLY (X)  
Say it. Say it. (X)

Frohike swallows his pride -- this is extremely painful for him. (X)

FROHIKE  
(teeth gritted)  
Your Kung Fu is the best. (X)

Langly stares at him deadpan for another beat -- then smiles.

CUT TO:

16 INT. BYERS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - A DESK LAMP

16

gets yanked out of frame -- into its place is set a homebuilt,  
science fair-ish CONTRAPTION of circuit boards and wires.  
Langly's hand holds out its electric cord.

LANGLY (O.S.)  
Here. Make yourself useful.

WIDER

Byers takes it and crawls under the desk. He plugs it in, face-  
to-face with the contraption as it BEEPS and starts BLINKING.

BYERS  
What does this do?

FROHIKE  
Besides eventually overheat and  
burn the hotel down?

Langly shoots Frohike a dirty look. Frohike shrugs and connects  
a modem to the back of the hotel phone. Langly turns to Byers.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

LANGLY

It's a loop line shunt. Anyone who tries to trace us'll get bounced around by C&P's call-forwarding software.

(proudly)

My personal invention...

Byers stares at the blinking contraption, heartsick.

BYERS

Oh god. I'm gonna get fired...

I'm gonna go to jail...

(snort)

I deserve to go to jail.

LANGLY

(aside to Frohike)

You're sure this guy's okay.

Frohike simply holds out the palm of his hand -- written on it in ballpoint is an INTERNET ADDRESS and PASSWORD.

FROHIKE

The keys to the FCC mainframe -- courtesy of the Boy Scout here.

Langly nods, impressed. He plops down in front of a clunky laptop. He types the address, reading off of Frohike's hand.

FROHIKE

(to Byers)

We're gonna jump from the FCC computer to the one at the FBI. It's the digital equivalent of robbing a bank by going through the wall of the bakery next door.

BYERS

I really hate that analogy.

LANGLY

Yeah, well, regardless...

(scanning the files)

I'm not sure if it'll even happen. I'm not seeing any direct linkage between the two agencies.

Frohike remembers something, turns to Byers.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

FROHIKE

That FBI agent said you two  
shared the same credit union.

BYERS

(nods)

Federal Employee Credit Union...

Langly scrolls through a thick list of files -- he finds a  
mention of the credit union among them.

LANGLY

There it is. F.E.C.U.

Langly goes to work, typing at Mach 1. Different screens  
appear, then disappear, too fast to read. His concentration is  
intense. Frohike and Byers lean in closer, watching him go.

Very soon, a crude HOME PAGE comes up -- we're inside the  
Federal Employee Credit Union computer system.

LANGLY

Bingo. Now for a little social  
engineering...

Langly punches line 2 on the phone and dials. He switches on  
the SPEAKER (this is a pretty decent Sheraton-type hotel) and  
continues typing with the phone to his ear. After a beat:

OPERATOR (FILTERED V.O.)

Federal Bureau of Investigation.  
How may I direct your call?

LANGLY

Computer room, please.

We hear a CLICK as the line transfers. A MALE VOICE comes on.

SYSOP (FILTERED V.O.)

Mainframe --

LANGLY

Hi, this is Alphonse with the  
credit union... I'm requesting  
remote access to your system.

SYSOP (FILTERED V.O.)

Why are you requesting it?

LANGLY

Ahh, it's some screw-up in  
payroll.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

LANGLY (cont'd)  
We stopped receiving electronic  
drafts on some of your  
employees. You should be seeing  
me on your screen there...

There's a beat of silence. The three glance at one another.  
Then, "ACCESS GRANTED" pops up on the laptop's screen.

SYSOP (FILTERED V.O.)  
Hope you get it all straight.

LANGLY  
Will do -- thank you muchly.

Grinning, Langly gently hangs up. Frohike is impressed.  
Despite his mood, Byers is, too.

LANGLY  
I am The Man.

FROHIKE  
Look up the FBI agent -- see if  
he's for real. What'd he say  
his name was?

BYERS  
Mulder.

Byers types. After a beat or two:

CLOSE ON - THE LAPTOP SCREEN

shows a monochrome picture of young Mulder along with his  
personnel file.

LANGLY (O.S.)  
Is that your boy?

RESUME

Byers and Frohike nod. They lean closer to read the thick file.

FROHIKE  
Fox William Mulder, born  
10/13/61. Degree in psychology  
from Oxford University... top of  
his class at Quantico...  
commendations out the yin-yang...  
(scrolls down)  
Currently attached to the  
Violent Crimes Unit. Single.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (4)

16

FROHIKE (cont'd)  
Nothing in here about him being  
a psycho, or having a daughter.

Frohike and Langly both look to Byers and shrug.

BYERS  
Try looking under active cases.  
"Holly Modeski."

Langly types. After a moment of searching:

LANGLY  
Nada. No such casefile.

BYERS  
Try the daughter. Susanne  
Modeski.

Langly tries again. Soon...

THE LAPTOP SCREEN

scans down to reveal the photo of the Woman we know as HOLLY.  
Here she's identified as "Susanne Modeski." In bold letters it  
says, "Wanted on Suspicion of MURDER, SABOTAGE, INTERSTATE  
FLIGHT, TERRORIST ACTS AGAINST THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT."

RESUME

Byers squints at the screen like he doesn't really trust his  
eyes. He looks to Frohike and Langly, who are both amazed.

BYERS  
She's Susanne Modeski..?

FROHIKE  
(scrolls down)  
Employee at the Army Advanced  
Weapons Facility at Whitestone,  
New Mexico...

BYERS  
(realizing)  
Whitecorps...

LANGLY  
Oh, man... look at this. It  
says she blew up one of their  
labs. Killed four people --  
including an M.P. who tried to  
stop her at the gate.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (5)

16

FROHIKE

"Subject Modeski is considered unstable and delusional. Intellectually brilliant, yet prone to confabulation and fits of violent behavior."

LANGLY

"Psychotic and profoundly paranoid."

FROHIKE

"Armed and extremely dangerous. Do not approach. Call immediately for backup."

Wide-eyed, Frohike and Langly turn to Byers. Byers just stares at the screen, stunned. Then... we hear a faint, o.s. CLICK. The three guys turn to look at:

CLOSE ON - THE DOORKNOB

which CLICKS again -- someone is on the other side of it, picking it with quiet finesse. SNICK! -- it unlocks. The knob slowly turns...

THE BOYS

Silently back away. Langly stumbles out of his chair, nearly tripping over it. Offscreen, the hotel door eases open, casting a swath of bright hallway light across the three future Gunmen. The SHADOW of a WOMAN floats over them.

BYERS' POV - HOLLY

or rather, SUSANNE MODESKI -- steps into the hotel room. She shuts and locks the door behind her, then turns toward us.

Off Susanne, breathing fast and shallow... her eyes wide, but her expression blank:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

17 INT. BYERS' HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) - SUSANNE

17

steps away from the locked door. She walks cautiously into the room, her attention drawn by the computer setup.

SUSANNE

You've been reading about me.

The three men nervously look to one another as she scrolls through the FBI casefile. She snorts humorlessly.

SUSANNE

It's all just lies.

FROHIKE

Uh, yeah. That's exactly what we were thinking.

Langly nods, playing along. She doesn't believe them. She puts her purse down on the desk, then gently closes the laptop.

SUSANNE

They've made me be a liar, too.

(mainly to Byers)

My name is Susanne Modeski -- not Holly. I am -- I was -- an organic chemist for a top-secret division of the Advanced Weapons Facility. But I never blew up any lab, or killed anybody. All I did was try to quit.

(softer)

I don't have a job you can just... quit.

Byers warily considers this.

BYERS

What about your daughter?

SUSANNE

I don't have one. I'm sorry.

BYERS

The photo..?

(X)

(X)

SUSANNE

It came with my change purse. You wouldn't have believed the truth, obviously.

(X)

(X)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SUSANNE (cont'd)  
And I didn't want to involve you  
any more than I had to. But I  
desperately needed your help.

BYERS  
For what, exactly?

Susanne reaches in her purse, pulls out the ENCODED FILE.

SUSANNE  
To get this. I still need it  
deciphered. This has everything  
in it I need to expose the  
United States Government's plot  
against its own people.

BYERS  
The United States Government's..?

SUSANNE  
-- plot against its own people.  
One I unwittingly helped to  
forward by developing the  
ergotamine-histamine gas.

LANGLY  
The... ergotamine..?

SUSANNE  
(impatient)  
E-H, for short. It's an  
aerosolized gas -- in small  
doses, it causes anxiety and  
paranoia in its subject.

FROHIKE  
Paranoia. Gotcha...

Susanne sees their disbelief -- it only makes her more upset.

SUSANNE  
It's water-soluble and leaves no  
trace. Secret forces within the  
government plan to test this gas  
on the American people! Right  
here in Baltimore! I'm not  
making this up! --

The three guys glance furtively to one another, not sure what to  
do or say. Langly scratches at his nose.

(CONTINUED)



17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

SUSANNE

Nobody's safe! They want to control every aspect of our lives, from cradle to grave! They practically do already!

She remembers something, rushes to a bedside table and yanks open the drawer. Empty. She crawls across the bed to yank open the other one. She finds the Gideon Bible -- holds it up.

SUSANNE

Hotel Bible! Who do you think put this here? --

LANGLY

The... government?

Susanne nods, triumphant.

SUSANNE

One in every hotel room in America. It's a perfect vessel for electronic surveillance -- no one ever questions its presence.

Frohike makes a pained face -- he's heard enough.

FROHIKE

Now, I'm sorry. You're telling me the U.S. Government... the same government that delivers my mail a week late, if at all... the same government that gave us Amtrak --

LANGLY

-- not to mention the Susan B. Anthony dollar...

FROHIKE

(nodding)  
-- is behind some of the darkest, most far-reaching conspiracies on the planet?! That's just... crazy.

LANGLY

I mean, like...  
(indicates Byers)  
This guy works for the government!

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

Byers looks askance at him -- Langly shrugs. Susanne hurries back to the desk and picks up the pages of code.

SUSANNE

I'll prove it to you. Just help me decipher this.

She accidentally bumps her purse -- it falls over onto the floor. A small, silver PISTOL tumbles out. The boys' eyes widen.

Susanne quickly shoves the gun back in her purse. She looks up at the guys, slightly embarrassed -- then gets firm again.

SUSANNE

What do you say?

Off the three men, wondering whether they really have a choice...

CUT TO:

18 INT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT

18

We're on a balcony, looking down over the darkened booths of the computer convention -- it's closed for the night. A SECURITY GUARD walks the railing, keeping an eye on the floor below.

Once he passes out of frame, whistling to himself, we see... one, two, three FLASHLIGHTS click on down below.

19 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - SUPERCOMPUTER EXHIBIT - BYERS

19

keeps an eye on the balcony, looking out for more guards. He turns and aims his flashlight at --

FROHIKE

who sits before a glowing operator terminal. Frohike shades his eyes from the beam. He speaks in a WHISPER -- they all do.

FROHIKE

Get it off me!

(Byers turns it off)

Langly -- what's taking so long?

LANGLY AND SUSANNE

just now finish SCANNING the encoded pages into the computer.

LANGLY

Should be coming up now --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

WIDER ON SCENE

Surrounding them are three PROCESSING TOWERS -- hulking units that are the heart of this supercomputer. Susanne, Byers and Langly gather around Frohike as he types at the terminal.

FROHIKE

I haven't worked with one of these bad boys since Palo Alto!

BYERS

How do you plan on finding the algorithm?

FROHIKE

With this? Easy -- brute force. Hammer at it till it cracks.

They stare at the screen, seeing:

CLOSE ON - THE TERMINAL SCREEN

which shows the encoded gibberish -- only this time, a CURSOR races through it, over and over. As it does, highlighted LETTERS pop up one by one, "Wheel of Fortune"-style. A readable file is beginning to emerge.

FROHIKE (O.S.)

Thank god for supercomputers...

RESUME

Everyone leans in slightly to get a better look. Susanne reaches past Frohike to the keyboard and scrolls through the file. We see the white script reflected in everyone's glasses.

SUSANNE

Read it.

She's looking grimly at Byers. He hesitates, then begins to read aloud from the screen.

BYERS

"The surprise defection of Dr. Susanne Modeski is a blow to the program -- though not a fatal one. The timetable remains unchanged: the first EBO will occur in the area of the Baltimore-Washington corridor within one week's time."

(X)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

LANGLY

What's an EBO?

SUSANNE

Engineered Biological  
Operation -- toxic organic  
agents used on humans.

The guys look at each other. Byers keeps reading.

BYERS

"Security risks are being  
attenuated. Dr. Modeski's team  
has been processed, and  
plausible denial constructed."

SUSANNE

(her voice catching)

Which is another way of  
saying... my research associates  
have been murdered, and the  
blame placed on me.

(to Byers)

Do you see, now?

Byers doesn't know what to think. Susanne finds what she's been  
looking for. She taps at the screen.

SUSANNE

Wait -- here it is:

(reading aloud)

"E-H product is presently  
warehoused at 204 Fells Point  
Road, lot number A-9000,  
awaiting EBO." That's it!

She excitedly writes this down. As she does, Byers continues to  
scan the file. His eyes narrow on something -- he reads aloud.

BYERS

"Subject Modeski currently  
monitored around the clock.  
Covert electronics installed per  
Dr. Michael Kilbourne, 11/6/88."

We notice -- Susanne looks up, shocked to hear this.

BYERS

Who's Dr. Michael Kilbourne?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

SUSANNE

My dentist...

(thinks about it)

Excuse me.

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING SUSANNE

who moves into foreground, her expression suddenly numb. Behind her, the three men eye her warily. What they can't see is that she pauses by a bag of Frohike's electronic tools... and slips a pair of LINEMAN'S PLIERS into her hand. (X)

THE FUTURE LONE GUNMEN

watch her disappear into the nearby WOMEN'S ROOM. A beat or two.

BYERS

What do you think?

Frohike and Langly glance at each other, uncertain.

LANGLY

That thing about her dentist..?

The three look at each other, suddenly realizing. Byers moves cautiously toward the women's room. (X)

19A INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - TIGHT ON THE LINEMAN'S PLIERS

(X) 19A

dangling from Susanne's hand -- we're on her back as she stands at the sink. We follow the pliers as she slowly raises them level with her face... and we simultaneously ADJUST to see her staring at herself in the mirror. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

She opens her mouth and touches a particular molar with her finger. Staring blankly at her own reflection, she raises the pliers and levers them tightly around the tooth. Off this: (X)  
(X)  
(X)

19B INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

(X) 19B

Frohike and Langly hang back a little as Byers calls through the closed bathroom door. (X)  
(X)

BYERS

Dr. Modeski? S-Susanne..?

No answer. Byers eases open the door.

20 INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - BYERS

20

peeks his head into the brightly-lit room. He sees:

BYERS' POV - AT THE WASHROOM SINK

Susanne stands with her back to us, her head lowered. As we creep toward her, we reveal her face in the mirror: she's pressing a wad of clean, white PAPER TOWELS to her mouth.

As we watch, a fat bloom of BLOOD soaks through.

Susanne turns toward us, glassy-eyed: in her other hand is clutched the lineman's pliers... grasping the extracted MOLAR. (X)  
She swoons back against the white tile wall.

WIDER

Byers is freaking. He shoves open the bathroom door.

BYERS

Get in here! --

Frohike and Langly enter. They too are aghast at what they see. Byers carefully approaches Susanne, not sure how to help.

BYERS

Oh my god... what did you do?

She holds up the bloody molar for him to see. Her voice is muffled through the wad of paper towels.

SUSANNE

Look at it. Look at it! --

Something in her voice stops Byers... makes him look. Frohike and Byers sidle up behind him. They queasily lean in to see.

We're not tight enough on the molar to discern anything peculiar about it -- but it's clear from the boys' faces that they do see something. Off their squinting faces:

CUT TO:

21 INT. FROHIKE'S BOOTH - MINUTES LATER - BYERS' POV

21

We're looking through a big, table-mounted MAGNIFYING GLASS -- one ringed by a light. The bloody molar comes into frame, magnified huge. A bit of WIRE, from what looks like a miniature CIRCUIT BOARD, extends from the root of the tooth.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

FROHIKE (O.S.)  
(murmur)  
Am I seeing what I think I'm  
seeing..?

REVERSE - THROUGH THE MAGNIFIER

Byers, Frohike and Langly are magnified grotesquely, all three squeezed together to view this strange tooth. All are stunned.

WIDER

Byers turns to Susanne, who slouches in a nearby chair, holding a Ziplock bag of ice to her jaw. Without lifting her head, she looks up at him. They stare at each other for a beat.

BYERS  
What's the address of the  
warehouse?

(X)

Off Susanne, managing the faintest of smiles...

CUT TO:

22 EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT - AN ALARM PANEL

22

gets jimmed open under a flashlight beam. In five seconds flat, the alarm is expertly disabled by two sets of hands.

WIDER

We're at the door of the TEASER warehouse. Langly and Frohike finish up with the alarm and tuck away their tools, glancing around for witnesses. Susanne produces a pick from her purse and goes to work on the door lock -- surprising the boys.

SUSANNE  
(self-conscious)  
Physics. I'm a scientist.

(From here on, her jaw is faintly bruised and she talks carefully -- due to her tooth). Byers watches her as she works, fascinated by her as always.

23 EXT. DOWN THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

23

From this vantage point, Susanne and the boys are tiny in the distance. Into foreground, a late-eighties n.d. sedan pulls up and cuts its engine.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

The driver sits watching Susanne. He's in silhouette, the only person in the car. Off him, waiting:

24 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS - THE DOOR

24

CLICKS and opens -- Susanne and the guys enter and silently shut it behind them. Flashlights snap on. We STEADICAM ahead of them as they move among...

... the familiar, towering stacks of cardboard boxes. Everyone fans out, shining their lights at the LOT NUMBERS on the boxes.

BYERS  
A-8897... A-8991...

LANGLY (O.S.)  
Here it is --

Byers and Susanne head toward the sound of his voice.

A LOT NUMBER - "A-9000"

is lit by the beams of Langly's and Frohike's flashlights. We PULL BACK to include Byers and Susanne, who hustle into frame. All four of them stare up at this tower of boxes.

LANGLY  
A-9000, right?

The boxes are otherwise UNMARKED. Susanne wastes no time -- she digs her nails into the nearest one and pulls. Byers and the others help her, tearing at the cardboard.

CLOSE ON - THE HOLE IN THE BOX

which shows individually-packaged ASTHMA INHALERS -- dozens of them. Some tumble out of the box onto the floor.

RESUME

Byers picks one up and shines his light on it.

BYERS  
Asthma medicine...

SUSANNE  
This is how they're distributing  
the gas -- in asthma inhalers.  
This is their random test.  
(grabs up more)  
And now we've got the proof.

(CONTINUED)



24 CONTINUED:

24

She quickly packs as many inhalers as will fit into her purse.  
Just then:

MULDER (O.S.)  
Federal agent! Stay where you  
are --

They turn to see --

NEW ANGLE

Mulder reveals himself from behind some boxes. He approaches cautiously, his pistol in his hand -- but not pointed at them. His other hand displays his FBI badge.

MULDER  
Susanne Modeski, you're under  
arrest for the murders of four  
people at Whitestone Army Base.

Susanne pulls her purse tighter and slowly backs away.

BYERS  
She didn't do it!

FROHIKE  
She's innocent --

LANGLY  
Yeah! --

MULDER  
You men are under arrest, as  
well.  
(moving closer)  
Ma'am, stay where you are.

Susanne puts her hands up, but she doesn't stop backing away.  
It's clear to Mulder -- she's about to bolt.

BYERS  
Just listen! There's more going  
on here than meets the eye!

MULDER  
You three -- on the floor!

The boys reluctantly get down -- Mulder turns to Susanne. (X)

MULDER (X)  
You -- stop moving! I'm not  
gonna say it again!

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

Just then, FOOTSTEPS. Everyone shuts up and listens. They hear two sets of government-issue wingtips on concrete, walking briskly -- not attempting to hide their presence. Moving CLOSER.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

Byers looks over his shoulder and sees...

TWO GOVERNMENT SUITS

come walking up the aisle of boxes behind Susanne, blocking her exit. Now she backs away from these formidable-looking men.

FIRST SUIT

Dr. Modeski, please come with us.

WIDER

Mulder is confused. He pulls out his badge again.

MULDER

Federal agent! Identify yourselves! --

These two don't look at Mulder... they're neither interested in nor intimidated by him. One puts a hand on Susanne's arm.

SECOND SUIT

Ma'am, come with us.

Mulder swallows and levels his pistol in both hands, drawing down on the men -- we get that this is a first for him.

MULDER

Step over here and identify yourselves! Now!

The suits share the briefest glance with one another. Then -- FAST! -- they draw Glock 18s from shoulder holsters under their jackets. They step past Susanne and start BLASTING. (X)

Mulder ducks and cuts behind the boxes marked "Lot A-9000," using them for cover. Byers, Frohike and Langly -- already on the floor -- scatter like rabbits.

The two suits are side-by-side as they head toward Mulder -- walking slowly, FIRING full-auto. Emptying their magazines. (X)

BEHIND THE BOXES

Mulder squats low, scared out of his mind, but gauging for a chance to shoot back. Just above his head --

THE CARDBOARD

gets riddled with bullets. Asthma inhalers are still visible in the hole Susanne ripped in the cardboard. As the bullets rip through, inhalers BURST and splatter their contents.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

CLOSE - MULDER

gets rained on, overdosed. The FLUID has a quick effect: his eyes snap open wide with FEAR. He drops his gun and claws at his collar, struggling for breath.

REVERSE - LOW ANGLE

Mulder drops flat on his back into f.g., staring goggle-eyed up at the ceiling and popping the buttons off his shirt. He starts MUTTERING wildly. He's too incapacitated to notice...

... the two killers stepping into view above him. They quickly change out their empty magazines for fresh ones and drop the slides on their pistols. They're about to process Mulder when:

BLAM! BLAM!! -- both get dropped from behind. Mulder never even notices. He just keeps muttering to himself.

SUSANNE

lowers her smoking pistol, her hands trembling. She stares at the floor, horrified by her handiwork. She drops the gun and, grasping tightly her purseful of evidence, exits the building through the door she jimmied.

(X)  
(X)

BYERS

cautiously steps out from behind a nearby pallet. Langly and Frohike wander into view as well, joining him. All three stare dumbstruck at the two dead suits and the disrobing FBI agent.

BYERS

Susanne? --

The sound of a ROLLING DOOR gets their attention. They see:

BYERS' POV - A LOADING DOCK DOOR

rolls up with a clatter, revealing SIX additional GOVERNMENT MEN standing on the dock outside. They wear dark coveralls, chemical-resistant boots and gloves, and heavy-duty respirators and goggles. They're backlit by the loading dock's WORK LIGHTS.

One of the men takes a quick reading on a portable AIR ANALYZER. (X)  
It's safe -- he pulls down his mask. The others follow suit. (X)

BYERS, FROHIKE AND LONGLY

edge back, overwhelmed by this new presence. The shadows of these men rise over them.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (4)

24

THROUGH THE LOADING DOCK

a SEVENTH MAN appears, also silhouetted. He walks briskly and cuts a dapper figure -- clearly in charge. The six workmen part for him as he approaches.

CLOSER - THE SEVENTH MAN

eases into the light, and we finally see he's... Mr. X. X stares dispassionately down at the jabbering Mulder. Without looking up, he issues an order to his men:

X  
Sanitize it.

His men hustle through frame behind him as we CREEP IN on his face. Off X, turning his cold attention to the Lone Gunmen:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

25 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) - THE LOADING DOCK

25

stands open, waiting to receive a 40' TRUCK which backs into place, its reverse alarm BEEPING. The truck door is open, showing a FORKLIFT in the otherwise empty cargo box.

INTO A DARK CORNER OF THE WAREHOUSE

Mulder crawls into frame and covers his ears from the BEEPING. He's naked -- this is where and how we found him in the TEASER. He's staring fearfully at:

MULDER'S POV - THE WORKMEN

who now look like alien GRAYS. Sounds are strange, too -- the (X) reverse alarm chirps insect-like and menacing. This whole thing is a very scary acid trip, with STREAKS and SWIRLS.

BYERS (V.O.)

As overdosed as he was, god only knows what that FBI agent thought he was seeing...

RESUME MULDER

He squeezes shut his eyes and mutters to himself.

MULDER

They're here... they're here...

BYERS, FROHIKE AND LANGLEY

glance around fearfully, taking all of this in. They stumble out of the way of:

THE WORKMEN

who look normal again. They go about their jobs like an Indy pit crew -- fast and efficient. They split into teams. One team wraps the leaking boxes of Lot A-9000 in chemical-resistant tarping.

Two other teams meanwhile carry BODY BAGS from the truck and unroll them beside the two dead suits. X watches detachedly as the dead men are lifted up out of their pools of blood.

CLOSER ON - THE FIRST DEAD SUIT

as he's being zipped in his bag. He suddenly JOLTS AWAKE, startling the workmen -- and especially making Byers, Frohike and Langly JUMP.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

The man isn't as dead as everyone thought. He manages to speak.

FIRST SUIT

I'm alive...

The workmen glance at X, who clearly has little patience for this situation.

FIRST SUIT

I'm ali --

A workman ZIPS HIM UP in mid-sentence.

WIDER

They drag him and the other man into the waiting truck. Byers, Frohike and Langly are horrified.

BYERS

W-Who are you people?

The forklift's HEADLIGHTS snap on as it putters into the warehouse. X waves a sideways hand at the Lone Gunmen, shooin' them out of the way.

Byers, Frohike and Langly jump aside as the forklift rolls up and hoists pallet A-9000 into the air. It carries the whole thing off into the back of the waiting truck.

One workman gets down on hands and knees, scrubbing at the big spill of E-H LIQUID that's left behind. Another man picks up the ASTHMA INHALERS and SHELL CASINGS that litter the floor.

BYERS

What authority do you have to do this?

X bends to scoop up:

THE SILVER PISTOL

which Susanne dropped.

RESUME

He holds it in his leather-gloved hand, examining it.

BYERS

Who gives you the authority to do this? --

(X)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

LANGLY  
(under his breath)  
Shut up, Byers...

X walks past them, the gun hanging at his side. He moves to (X)  
where Mulder is cowering. A Workman steps up next to X with a (X)  
rolled-up BODY BAG under his arm. (X)

WORKMAN  
(referring to Mulder) (X)  
Bag him? (X)

X hunkers down to get a closer look. (X)

CLOSE ON - X (X)

who studies Mulder with guarded interest -- there's clearly some (X)  
connection already in place here. (X)

X  
(low) (X)  
He wasn't supposed to be here. (X)  
No one touches this man. (X)

BYERS (X)  
Sir? Excuse me. (X)

X blinks. He stands up out of frame. (X)

WIDER (X)

X walks over to the Lone Gunmen, who are still standing where he (X)  
left them. The Workman with the body bag joins X. For whatever (X)  
reason -- shock or frustration -- Byers doesn't back down. (X)

BYERS (X)  
Who do you work for? (X)

LANGLY (X)  
Byers..? (X)

BYERS (X)  
You people framed Susanne (X)  
Modeski. You plan to test that (X)  
chemical on an unwitting public. (X)  
Why? -- for what possible reason? (X)  
(louder) (X)  
Who gives you the authority? -- (X)

As Byers says all of this, a couple more workmen finish what (X)  
they're doing and wander over -- one at a time -- to stand (X)  
behind the Lone Gunmen. The Gunmen definitely notice. (X)

(CONTINUED)



25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

FROHIKE (X)  
(teeth gritted) (X)  
Byers -- shut up. (X)

BYERS (X)  
What agency do you work for? -- (X)

X  
(a beat) (X)  
You mean, do you and I share the  
same credit union?

This pulls Byers up by the short hairs. X turns to the Workman. (X)

X (X)  
No bags. (X)

The Workman nods, understanding what that means. He clamps a (X)  
hand on Byers' shoulder and pushes him swiftly to his knees -- (X)  
the two other workmen follow suit, driving Frohike and Langly (X)  
into kneeling positions. (X)

LANGLY (X)  
Oh, damn. Byers? (X)

The three instinctively hold up their hands as they kneel. The (X)  
workmen walk away, packing up and heading unhurriedly back to (X)  
the truck as X alone remains behind. (X)

FROHIKE (X)  
Whoa, whoa, guys-- Guys..? (X)  
(to X) (X)  
Sir..? (X)

X checks the magazine of Suzanne's pistol -- plenty of bullets. (X)  
He reinserts it. He steps around behind them, taking position (X)  
for three proper executions. Byers swallows hard. (X)

BYERS  
You won't get away with this. (X)

X stares at Byers -- showing a scintilla of interest in him. (X)

X (X)  
John F. Kennedy. (X)

BYERS (X)  
(confused) (X)  
W-What about John F. Kennedy? (X)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (4)

25

X (X)  
Thirty-fifth president, (X)  
assassinated 1963. You're named (X)  
after him. Mr. John Fitzgerald (X)  
Byers -- isn't that correct? (X)

The boys glance at one another, confused and a little spooked. (X)

BYERS (X)  
I'm sorry. What's your point? (X)

LANGLY (X)  
(off X's stare) (X)  
You're not saying... you (X)  
people... (X)

FROHIKE (X)  
Are you saying you people had (X)  
something to do with JFK? -- (X)

BYERS (X)  
With Dallas..? (X)

X gives a nonchalant little shrug. (X)

X (X)  
I heard it was a lone gunman. (X)

The boys are freaked out -- even more than before, if that's (X)  
possible. X raises the pistol and takes aim, CLICKS back the (X)  
hammer with his thumb. The boys tense up tight. (X)

LANGLY (X)  
Oh, damn. Ohhh... damn. (X)

There's no doubt -- X is about to pull the trigger. When: (X)

MULDER (O.S.) (X)  
NO! -- (X)

X swivels his head to focus on: (X)

X'S POV -- MULDER (X)

is still curled up in the corner where we left him. He's not (X)  
paying the slightest attention to us -- he's still completely (X)  
out of his head, looking off in another direction. To himself: (X)

MULDER (X)  
No. No, no, no, no, no... (X)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (5)

25

RESUME - X

(X)

keeps staring as Mulder's voice trails off. He's given pause by (X)  
this, as if he feels Mulder is somehow addressing him. As he (X)  
hesitates... we hear distant POLICE SIRENS, growing LOUDER. (X)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (6)

25

NEW ANGLE - WIDER

X decides. He lowers the hammer, then tucks the pistol in his (X)  
pocket. Unruffled, he steps past the Gunmen -- who are still in (X)  
a state of flinch. X walks off, leaving them behind. (X)

BYERS' POV - X

glances coolly back at Byers, then steps into the open truck (X)  
where his crew is waiting. The truck immediately pulls away (X)  
from the loading dock, growing smaller in the frame. Off this...

CUT TO:

26 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT) - BYERS

26

stares past us as if he's watching the truck drive off -- this  
shot is designed to BRIEFLY MISLEAD US into thinking we're still  
in the warehouse. After a moment:

BYERS

And that was the last we saw of  
them.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

BYERS (cont'd)  
Almost immediately, the police  
got there -- I don't know how  
they missed seeing the truck.  
We panicked and hid...  
(shrug; softer)  
You know the rest...

Byers awaits a response from:

DETECTIVE MUNCH

who stares at him deadpan, unblinking. He's just sat through  
this entire story.

WIDER

Byers shifts in his seat, waiting uncomfortably. He adds:

BYERS  
It's all true. You have my word.

Munch just keeps staring at Byers. (X)

MUNCH  
Help me out. Where's my tattoo  
that says "Moron?"  
(taps his forehead)  
Here, right? Yeah?

Byers shrugs like, "What?" Frowning sourly, Munch closes his (X)  
notepad. End of interview -- off that: (X)

CUT TO:

27 INT. POLICE LOCKUP - MORNING - BYERS

27

lies like a dead body on a wall bench in the drunk tank, his  
suit coat pulled over his head. The o.s. CRASH of steel doors  
and the YELLS of DRUNKS awaken him with a start. He tears the (X)  
jacket off his head. (X)

BYERS (X)  
What?! -- (X)

WIDER

Frohike and Langly have been similarly jolted awake. They groan. (X)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

                  LANGLY (X)  
                  (glancing around) (X)  
                  Oh, man... it's not just a bad (X)  
                  dream. I am in Hell. (X)  
                  (looks to Frohike) (X)  
                  And you're the Devil. (X)

Frohike scowls at him. All three sit up painfully. They're (X)  
silent for a beat or two, sinking into a gloomy funk. (X)

                  BYERS (X)  
                  You think Susanne got away? (X)  
                  (no answer) (X)  
                  Guys? (X)

                  LANGLY (X)  
                  Why worry about her? She (X)  
                  abandoned us, in case you didn't (X)  
                  notice. (X)

Byers looks to Frohike for his opinion. Frohike shrugs. (X)

                  FROHIKE (X)  
                  I mean, she is hot... But she (X)  
                  left us twisting in the wind. (X)

Byers just shakes his head, amazed at them both. (X)

                  BYERS (X)  
                  You talk like she's a prom date (X)  
                  that stood you up. (X)  
                  (quiet intensity) (X)  
                  You were there last night -- you (X)  
                  saw what's really going on. (X)  
                  This is more important than any (X)  
                  one of us. She knows that. (X)  
                  (softer) (X)  
                  I just hope she made it. (X)

Frohike and Langly glance at one another, slightly chastened. (X)  
As they mull things over in silence... (X)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

... FOOTSTEPS come down the hall toward them. Detective Munch comes into view, looking annoyed. He unlocks the cell door.

MUNCH

Agent Mulder came to and (X)  
verified your warehouse story --  
what little he seems to remember (X)  
of it.

(opens the door)

You're even clear on the break- (X)  
in. The owner of the warehouse (X)  
is the U.S. Government -- and no (X)  
one I talked to wants to press (X)  
charges.

The boys take this in, surprised. They step out of the cell.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

MUNCH

I don't know what the hell's  
going on here... but you three  
better not leave town.

Off Byers, Langly and Frohike...

CUT TO:

28 INT. PRECINCT BOOKING DESK - MORNING - A CLIPBOARD

28

gets slid toward us. A finger juts into the top of frame and  
taps at different places on a police form.

BOOKING SERGEANT (O.S.)

Sign here, here and here.

A hand comes into the bottom of frame to sign. The signature  
reads "Ringo Langly."

WIDER

Langly stands at a long table and signs where he's been told.  
Behind him are Frohike and Byers, further along in the release (X)  
process. Byers is tying his tie. Detective Munch stands nearby (X)  
with his arms crossed, dourly watching the boys like a hawk. (X)

The SERGEANT puts down a plastic tray of Langly's stuff.

BOOKING SERGEANT

One green nylon wallet  
containing thirty-eight dollars  
in cash. One...

(holds up a decoder)

... whatever the hell this is.

(X)

Langly is about to take the tiny descrambler, but Munch pockets (X)  
it without a word -- maybe he wants free cable. An OFFICER (X)  
steps up to the detective, drawing him aside. (X)

OFFICER

We got a stolen car turned up at  
the train station -- it's the  
one the FBI agent was driving.

(X)

Munch nods. He shoots one last look at the Lone Gunmen, then  
walks away with the Officer.

(CONTINUED)



28 CONTINUED:

28

BYERS

watches him leave. The gears are turning in his head. He pulls aside Frohike and Langly.

BYERS

Susanne must have taken Mulder's car last night. She left it at the train station. (X)

LANGLY

So? (X)

BYERS

(growing excited)  
Maybe we can catch up with her. (X)

FROHIKE

Where? She took a train. (X)

BYERS

(shakes his head)  
She's too smart for that. Don't you see? -- she just meant to throw them off. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

Frohike and Langly give it some thought. (X)

LANGLY

She said she wanted to go public. (X)

FROHIKE

(considers)  
The Baltimore Guardian is only a couple of blocks from the train station... (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

They look to Byers, who is definitely intrigued by this fact. (X)

CUT TO:

29 EXT. NEWSPAPER OFFICES - DAY - SHINY BRASS LETTERS

29

stand out against the polished granite of the building front: "THE GUARDIAN Newspaper Group." We ADJUST OFF of this to show the nearby lobby doors, through which...

... Susanne exits onto the busy downtown street. She's looking weary and beaten -- and still bruised from her tooth extraction. She slips her sunglasses on and checks over her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

She trudges up the sidewalk -- we TRACK ALONGSIDE her. A VOICE from behind turns her head.

BYERS (O.S.)  
Susanne! --

NEW ANGLE TO INCLUDE

Byers, Langly and Frohike dodging PEDESTRIANS as they tear-ass up the sidewalk after her. Byers catches up with her at the corner. Langly and Frohike are delayed, as they have to help up someone they've inadvertently knocked down.

SUSANNE  
John...

Byers and Susanne stare at one another, a subtle undercurrent of feeling passing between them. Frohike and Langly arrive. Susanne keeps an eye out as she talks.

SUSANNE  
They didn't believe my story.  
Not a word of it.  
(bitter smile)  
Who in their right mind would?

FROHIKE  
What are you going to do now?

Susanne thinks about it.

SUSANNE  
Try other newspapers... TV  
stations. Not give up. Keep  
trying to find people who'll  
listen. People like you.

She's talking to all three... but her look favors Byers. Fifteen feet away, a corner payphone begins to RING -- no one notices it at first.

SUSANNE  
I appreciate what you did for  
me -- all three of you. (X)

BYERS  
We still want to help.

Langly and Frohike softly agree. Susanne smiles, grateful. She (X) leans forward and kisses Byers on the lips. It's closed-mouthed (X) and chaste -- but it's enough to make Byers forget to breathe. (X)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

SUSANNE (X)  
You already have. (X)

She looks at the payphone as it continues to RING: it's as if (X)  
they all come to a realization about it at the same moment.

(CONTINUED)

LANGLY

Guys...

Byers and Susanne look at each other. She's fatalistically calm. (X)

SUSANNE

No matter how paranoid you are, (X)  
you're not paranoid enough. (X)

(walking off) (X)

Tell the truth. Reach as many (X)  
people as you can with it.

That's your weapon. (X)

WIDER - AROUND THE CORNER

Susanne walks away, never looking back. The phone still RINGS. (X)

Byers, Frohike and Langly stand on the corner, watching her go. (X)

BYERS' POV - SUSANNE

hurries away from us, breaking into a jog. Suddenly, out of a  
blind alley drives a black, '89 TOWN CAR -- blocking her path.

She doubles back, but immediately a second TOWN CAR pulls up  
with a SCREECH alongside her. Two or three big SUITS pile out  
and sweep her into this second car before she can even yell.

THE LONE GUNMEN

watch, horrified. They break into a run, Byers leading the way.  
They slow as...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4)

29

THE TOWN CARS

glide by in the opposite direction -- neither driver in any particular hurry. As the car with Susanne approaches, the rear window powers down a crack... and we see X inside.

We see X just from the eyes up, staring coldly as he goes by (maybe in slight slow-motion). And then, both cars are past us, driving away into the distance. Disappearing up the street.

THE LONE GUNMEN - FAVORING BYERS

It's hopeless -- she's gone. Off Byers staring after Susanne, helpless and lost, we...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY - TILT DOWN TO ESTABLISH

30

We're back where it all started. The convention is over, and the floor below is mostly deserted. Vendors pack up to leave.

31 INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - FCC BOOTH - MULTICOLORED BUTTONS

31

that say "FCC" in red, white and blue still fill a Take One Free! bowl. A finger listlessly rustles through them.

WIDER

Byers slides aside the bowl and slouches against the table, his thoughts a million miles away. Frohike and Byers sit nearby on folding chairs, staring at the trash-strewn floor.

FOOTSTEPS click toward them -- the boys look over their shoulders and are surprised to see Mulder walking toward them across the empty convention floor. They stand and turn to face him, slightly nervous.

NEW ANGLE

Mulder stands before the three, looking them over. Everyone is silent for a moment before Frohike speaks up cautiously.

FROHIKE  
You feeling better?

Mulder considers the question.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MULDER

Yeah. But I've got these...  
weird ideas in my head I can't  
seem to shake.

(X)

FROHIKE

What kind of ideas?

MULDER

(hesitates a beat)  
Weird ones.

The Lone Gunmen look to one another.

LANGLY

You gonna bust us?

MULDER

I don't know yet. I just  
checked with my ASAC, and he  
tells me Dr. Susanne Modeski is  
no longer wanted by the FBI.  
She's still missing, but the  
case is suddenly closed.

Langly and Frohike look to Byers sympathetically. He's clearly  
pained by this -- an observation which is not lost on Mulder.

MULDER

I want you three to tell me what  
the hell happened last night.  
From the top.

Byers looks up at him.

BYERS

You want the truth?

MULDER

Yeah -- I want the truth.

Byers chews his lip and nods.

BYERS

You might want to sit down.  
This'll take awhile.

We begin to slowly PULL BACK and CRANE UP. As we do, Mulder  
glances around and finds a folding chair. The Lone Gunmen take  
seats around him. A JANITOR pushes a broom nearby.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

BYERS

The truth is, none of us is (X)  
safe: secret elements within (X)  
the United States government  
seek to surveil us and control  
our lives. (X)

LANGLY

Tell him about the hotel Bibles.

BYERS

I'm getting to that. It all (X)  
started with Susanne Modeski...

Byers' voice fades with distance, and the MUSIC swells over this high tableau as we...

FADE OUT:

THE END