

#6

THE X-FILES:

I WANT TO BELIEVE

March 18, 2008



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Written by

Chris Carter & Frank Spotnitz

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FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT
MARCH 18, 2008

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UNT. X-FILES SEQUEL

by

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1

1

The winter landscape holds onto the last cold light of day. Color fading. Barren trees only shapes and silhouettes now.

Then a sign of life: HEADLIGHTS appear, coming toward us.

JARRING CUT TO:

2

EXT. ANOTHER SNOWBOUND LANDSCAPE - DAY

2

SEARCHERS and DOGS THRASH through deep snow. Off a road where BLACK SUVs are parked. An organized manhunt is in progress.

CUT BACK TO:

3

EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

3

FOLLOWING THE CAR. BRAKE LIGHTS FLASHING now as it slows, entering a settlement of small houses set off the road.

4

INT. THE CAR

4

A WOMAN, late 20s, drives. Pretty but plain, wearing a hooded sweatshirt, no makeup. We note her hair is wet, but combed.

She turns into a driveway of a single-story wood-frame house.

5

INT. DETACHED SINGLE-CAR GARAGE - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

5

She pulls the car TO CAMERA. Not noticing A SHADOW passing behind her, illuminated ever-so-briefly in her brake lights.

CUT BACK TO:

6

EXT. ANOTHER SNOWBOUND LANDSCAPE - DAY

6

FOLLOWING the Searchers, in a wide line behind A LARGE MAN moving in front of them. They wear FBI jackets. He does not.

CAMERA FINDS ASAC DAKOTA WHITNEY, late 30s and formidable.

ASAC WHITNEY
(yelling to her men)
Give him room --

CUT BACK TO:

7

7

The Woman driver turns off the ignition. Doing so, we note A MEDICAL ID BRACELET on her wrist. She pops the driver's door.

8

INT. THE GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

8

The Woman exits her car, moving to exit the garage when -- SHE STOPS. Eyes moving to -- FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW!

On the Woman -- frozen. Fear pounding into her bloodstream.

CUT BACK TO:

9

EXT. ANOTHER SNOWBOUND LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

9

CAMERA FINDS THE MAN moving ahead of the Searchers. A large man with a middle-aged face. Eyes full of nervous intent.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

It's here --

He labors PAST CAMERA, followed by the Searchers:

CUT BACK TO:

10

INT. DETACHED SINGLE-CAR GARAGE - DUSK

10

POV OF THE FOOTPRINTS outside the garage WHEN A PAIR OF FEET STEP INTO THEM. CAMERA FAST TILTS to THE MAN STANDING THERE.

REVERSE ON WOMAN, armed now with a A JAGGED-EDGED GARDEN TOOL off the wall. Which she SWINGS with impressive force.

The man's hands go up, the tool slashing his wrist and face. He yells out in pain -- and this stops him. But in a flash --

-- there's ANOTHER MAN MOVING IN BEHIND HIM. A 2ND ATTACKER. A Rasputin-like man in his 30s, with long, dark greasy hair.

THE WOMAN drops the tool and runs -- to a door at the front of the garage. The 2nd Attacker racing her for the door now.

HOLD ON THE 1st MAN -- wrist and face cut with A DISTINCTIVE JAGGED PATTERN, matching the blade of the garden tool.

CUT BACK TO:

11

JOUS

11

The Middle-Aged Man turns abruptly now -- breaking into a run. ASAC WHITNEY and her FBI team sweep hard after him.

ASAC WHITNEY

Let him go -- let him go --

CUT BACK TO:

12

EXT. DETACHED SINGLE-CAR GARAGE - DUSK

12

The door is shoved against snow blocking it. The Woman slips out, from the grips of the 2nd Attacker, takes off running.

CUT BACK TO:

13

EXT. ANOTHER SNOWBOUND LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

13

The Middle-Aged Man is running in deep snow, moving with difficulty and labored breaths -- but with clear intent.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Here! Here!

CUT BACK TO:

14

THE WOMAN

14

Runs into the snowy woods. No easy victim, she's on the MOVE. As the 2nd Attacker slips from the garage and gives chase --

MATCH CUT TO:

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN RUNNING THROUGH THE SNOW, WILD-EYED --

MATCH CUT TO:

15

THE WOMAN AND HER PURSUER, AS THEY RUN RIGHT AT CAMERA -- AS HE CATCHES HER, PUSHES HER AND KNOCKS HER DOWN OUT OF FRAME -

MATCH CUT TO:

16

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN, FALLING DOWN INTO FRAME ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES. AS THE SEARCHERS AND ASAC WHITNEY FILL IN ABOVE HIM:

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Here! HERE!

h rising urgency.

THEIR POV OVER HIM AS HE DIGS AT THE SNOW

Finding something, the grim color of human flesh. ASAC Whitney drops next to him, digging now herself. Revealing... a bloody stump. Digging to find... it's A SEVERED ARM --

NOT A WOMAN'S ARM, BUT A MAN'S. A JAGGED CUT ON ITS WRIST.

IT'S THE ARM OF THE MAN WHO ATTACKED THE WOMAN IN THE GARAGE!

Off this mystery:

A DOCTOR'S VOICE (O.S.)
I've gone over the charts you sent --

CUT TO:

17 INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 17

LARGE VIDEO MONITOR -- ON IT IS A DOCTOR IN A WHITE COAT

THE ON-SCREEN DOCTOR
-- and consulted another pediatric
neurologist who works with me here.

DOLLY BEHIND DOCS IN WHITE COATS watching the On-Screen Doc.

THE ON-SCREEN DOCTOR
We're alarmed by two things --

CAMERA COMES TO REST ON THE BACK OF A RED-HAIRED WOMAN.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN
-- the deficiency in lipid metabolism and
the severely diminished enzyme output --

THE ON-SCREEN DOCTOR
Right. That's exactly right.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN
Both indicate lysosomal storage illness.

The woman nods -- but doesn't like her stealing her thunder. *

THE ON-SCREEN DOCTOR
You're the boy's primary physician, Dr. --

CAMERA PIVOTS ON THE RED-HAIRED WOMAN -- TO A FAMILIAR FACE:

SCULLY
-- Scully. Dana Scully.

and you tested his enzyme function?

SCULLY

I think you have all my results there --

The On-Screen Doctor glances down furtively at her paperwork, *
to which she obviously hasn't given enough time or attention. *

SCULLY

My fear is it's a type 2 degenerative
brain disease like Sandhoff Disease --

Scully has this info in a notebook which has A PICTURE OF A
SMILING KID taped inside. In kid's writing: *For Dr. Scully.*

SCULLY

-- that his enzymes aren't clearing
lipids from his brain, causing atrophy --

THE ON-SCREEN DOCTOR

-- if you suspect Sandhoff Disease, I'd
test the boy's levels of hexosaminidase --

SCULLY

I've done that. What I'm really looking
for, Doctor, is a course of treatment --

THE ON-SCREEN DOCTOR

-- there is no treatment for Sandhoff.

Not the answer Scully was hoping for. It shows on her face.

THE ON-SCREEN DOCTOR

But if there were I'm sure you'd tell me.

All eyes on Scully. Her colleagues seeing her deflation.
Particularly hospital administrator FATHER YBARRA. As we:

SHORT TIME CUT:

18 . INT. OUR LADY OF SORROWS HOSPITAL - DAY

18

Burdened by this news, Scully moves down a corridor, past A
COUPLE NUNS -- when something o.s. gives her pause:

MARGARET AND BLAIR FEARON, a young working-class couple.
Parents of the boy in a wheelchair they push toward Scully.

Scully puts on a hopeful face for them. And for CHRISTIAN,
a frail boy with the crooked countenance of brain illness.
The same boy we saw in the picture taped to Scully's notes.

...ing?

CHRISTIAN FEARON

Okay, Dr. Scully. How are you?

Effects of his illness make it a strain to express himself. But his smile is sunny, possibly even radiant, despite this.

SCULLY

Me? I'm doing just fine.

She looks up at his parents, their beseeching expressions. They look like refugees from the most personal of wars.

BLAIR FEARON

You got some outside opinions?

SCULLY

Yes. We're going to do more tests.

We see their hearts sink. The fragile moment interrupted by:

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Dana Scully.

Scully turns to AN UNSMILING MAN IN A SUIT behind her.

MAN

Dr. Scully, I'm looking for Fox Mulder.

Scully moves from the boy, his parents. The agent following.

SPECIAL AGENT DRUMMY

I'm Special Agent Drummy. With --

SCULLY

-- I can guess who you're with.

SPECIAL AGENT DRUMMY

The FBI needs urgently to speak with Fox Mulder. They're hoping you can help them.

He is business-like, brusque. Scully stops, turns to him now:

SCULLY

-- I don't work with Fox Mulder any longer. I don't work with the FBI --

SPECIAL AGENT DRUMMY

If there's any way you could contact him, it might save the life of an FBI agent.

*

ersonal concern:

CUT TO:

19 EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - LATE DAY 19

A sedan turns off where a gate blocks an un-maintained road. Scully exits the car, unlocks the gate. As she pulls it open:

20 INT. SEDAN - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS 20

Scully drives the snow-patched road to its desolate end -- where an unremarkable single-story house sits by itself.

CUT TO:

21 INT. UNREMARKABLE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 21

Scully enters, sets her valise down. The house is modest but homey. She moves quietly across the room to a hall door.

22 INT. ROOM - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS 22

Walls covered in photos, clipped items; UFOs, sundry strange phenomena. Clearly the work of an obsessive. Even the back of the door is covered. A door which Scully pushes quietly open

O.S. VOICE

What's up, Doc?

SCULLY

You've become awfully trusting, Mulder --

CAMERA FINDS A BEARDED FOX MULDER at his desk, clipping an item from a newspaper. Not turning to look at Scully.

SCULLY

-- for a man wanted by the FBI.

MULDER

Eyes in the back of my head, Scully.

Scully smirks, but Mulder does not turn to see her smirk.

MULDER

"Auf einer wellenlange," the Germans say. A precognitive state often confused with simple human intuition in which the brain perceives the deep logic of transitory existence unaided by the rational mind.

going on like this.

MULDER

Moments of clarity materializing as
conscious awareness of space and time
independent from all sensible reality.

Mulder finishes clipping and swivels to look at her. Finally.

MULDER

Materializing much as you just did.
Though if you'd actually "materialized,"
you'd be rapidly de-materializing now.

She lifts her arms mockingly. Obviously not de-materializing.

MULDER

But who believes that crap anymore.

Mulder rises now, to pin the clipping on the wall. It reads:
PRINCETON CLOSES ESP LAB AFTER 40 YEARS OF PARANORMAL STUDY.
Pinning it on a familiar dog-eared I WANT TO BELIEVE poster.

SCULLY

They do at the FBI, apparently.

He smirks mockingly. But now Scully has the straight face.

SCULLY

I had a visitor today. The FBI wants your
help, Mulder. To find a missing agent.

MULDER

Tell me you said go screw yourselves.
They'd rather see me dead and buried.

SCULLY

They say all is forgiven; and they'll
drop any charges against you if you'll
come in and help them solve this case.

MULDER

The FBI will forgive me?! They put me on
trial on bogus charges and tried to
discredit a decade of my work. They
should be asking me for my forgiveness.

SCULLY

I think they are, Mulder. Desperately.

MULDER

How could I possibly help these people?

There's someone who's come forward with promising evidence. A psychic, he claims.

MULDER

It's a trick, Scully. To smoke me out.

SCULLY

If the FBI really wanted to get you, I've no doubt they could. I think they've been happy just having you out of their hair.

MULDER

Good. I'm happy having them out of mine.

Mulder sits back down in his chair.

SCULLY

There's a young agent's life at stake.

Mulder shrugs, holds his hands up. Not my problem.

SCULLY

I know I don't have to say it, but this could easily have been you once. Or me.

Mulder scratches at his beard now, seemingly uncaring.

SCULLY

The truth is, Mulder, I worry about you. And the effects of long-term isolation --

MULDER

I'm fine, Scully. Happy as a clam here.

Scully nods, casting her eyes to the ceiling above Mulder's head. Where there are DOZENS OF PENCILS stuck in the ceiling

SCULLY

I'll let them know your answer.

And she turns and exits. HOLD ON MULDER in his chair, rocking in it. Thinking. Eyes going to the I Want To Believe poster.

CUT TO:

23

INT. UNREMARKABLE SINGLE-STORY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

23

Scully moves back through the house when a voice stops her:

MULDER (O.C.)

I'll go.

Standing in his doorway.

MULDER

Under one condition.

Scully smiles -- but in trepidation. PRELAP a helicopter:

CUT TO:

24 EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT 24

As an FBI chopper breaks frame beneath us. Carrying:

25 INT. CHOPPER - NIGHT 25

Mulder in the chopper. PAN TO SCULLY. His one condition. Bot looking somewhat apprehensive about the impending homecoming

The aircraft slows to descend over the triangular-shaped FBI Headquarters building in the heart of the D.C. downtown area

26 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS 26

The chopper lands and Mulder and Scully exit. Waiting for them is the brusque Agent Drummy, who offers no greetings.

MULDER

Thanks for the lift.

DRUMMY

Don't thank me. I didn't send it.

Mulder and Scully exchange looks, as Drummy leads them off:

CUT TO:

27 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT 27

The hour late, the building fairly empty. Mulder and Scully are a few steps behind Drummy's brisk pace. Dressed in civvies, they get suspicious glances from passing agents. *

DRUMMY *

Wait here.

Drummy opens a door, enters, closes it behind him. Leaving Mulder and Scully standing by themselves in the hallway. *

SH on one wall. *

Mulder looks at a picture of J. EDGAR HOOVER on another wall. *

Mulder and Scully look at each other. Then Drummy reappears. *

DRUMMY *

Come in.

28 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 28

A DOZEN AGENTS in a provisional command post. Sleeves rolled working phones, taking notes. They've been up for days.

Unsmiling as Mulder and Scully enter. No one moves to greet them. Except a woman hanging up a phone across the room.

ASAC DAKOTA WHITNEY (we met her directing the manhunt).

ASAC WHITNEY

Thanks for making this happen. I'm
Special Agent in Charge Whitney.

SCULLY

Dana Scully.

Whitney is genuine, direct. She turns to Mulder, hand out.

ASAC WHITNEY

Fox Mulder, I believe.

Mulder shakes her hand with natural suspicion.

ASAC WHITNEY

I know this is awkward, but welcome back.
My team and I appreciate your trust --

Whitney's direct manner is commanding, disarming. No wasted energy. She reaches for a file on a table even as she speaks

MULDER

Trust being what it is, what happens if I
can't help? Or your agent turns up dead?

ASAC WHITNEY

The past is the past. We know your work
on X-file cases here and believe you may
be the best chance Monica Bannan has now.

She hands Mulder the file; in it, an FBI photo of the woman attacked in her garage. Mulder studies the picture INTENTLY.

ASAC WHITNEY

Since Sunday evening. Almost 3 days.

SCULLY

I know you know this, but there's slim chance after 72 hours that she's alive.

ASAC WHITNEY

We have slim reason to believe she is, but so far we've got no evidence to the contrary. And the facts give us hope.

Handing Scully a file of photos of THE JAGGED-WOUND ARM.

ASAC WHITNEY

Soon after she goes missing we find that.

Mulder only now looks up from the agent's photo.

MULDER

Where?

ASAC WHITNEY

About 10 miles from Monica Bannan's home.

SCULLY

I don't understand. It's a man's arm --

MULDER

-- it's a match for evidence found at or near the crime scene -- blood or tissue.

Whitney shoots an affirming look at her team: See? He's good

ASAC WHITNEY

Blood found in Monica Bannan's garage. And on the tool that matches the wound.

SCULLY

This is what you're basing your hope on?!

ASAC WHITNEY

Her service weapon was locked in the trunk of her car -- but this could be evidence Monica Bannan fought back. She was most certainly trained and able to.

MULDER

What did forensics say about it?

Whitney shakes her head in the negative as she answers.

MULDER
I take it you were led to it --

ASAC WHITNEY
-- like a needle in a haystack.

MULDER
By someone claiming psychic powers.

ASAC WHITNEY
Joseph Patrick Crissman.

MULDER
And you think he's full of shit.

This elicits a smirk from Drummy, and from the other agents.

DRUMMY
What makes you say that?

MULDER
(smirking back)
Psychic.

DRUMMY
Father Joe --

SCULLY
-- Father? He's a priest?

DRUMMY
Catholic.

Scully's gold cross is suddenly more than a pretty necklace.

DRUMMY
He cold calls us 6 hours after Monica
Bannan's reported missing. Claiming a
vision of her. A psychic connection.

MULDER
And he tells you she's alive.

DRUMMY
That's right. *

MULDER
Have you found any other connection?

DRUMMY
To Monica Bannan? *

Drummy's discourtesy now makes sense. Mulder's a threat. *

ASAC WHITNEY

I need to know we're not wasting time.

Mulder nods, weighing the facts. The past and the politics.

MULDER

He's a religious man, clearly. Educated man. He took right action, said nothing to cast doubt on himself; has no material connection to the crime. You're wasting time, only it's mine and your agent's.

ASAC WHITNEY

There's a question of credibility --

MULDER

-- if you have no good reason to doubt the man, why doubt the man's visions?

DRUMMY

He didn't lead us to Monica Bannon. He gave us a guy's bloody arm in the snow.

MULDER

It's not an exact science. If it were me: I'd be on this guy round the clock. I'd be in bed with him. Kissing his holy ass.

This turns all faces sour again, looking to ASAC Whitney.

ASAC WHITNEY

Father Joe is a convicted pedophile.

Scully looks to Mulder. Neither of them had anticipated this.

MULDER

Maybe I'd stay out of bed with him.

CUT TO:

29

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME NIGHT - LATER

29

Two black Expeditions pull up sharply at an apartment complex lit more brightly than other buildings on the street. *

Doors open and agents get out, along with Mulder and Scully. They move with Whitney to the building. Followed by Drummy. *

ASAC WHITNEY
Dorms for habitual sex offenders.

SCULLY
Dorms?

ASAC WHITNEY
They manage the complex and police themselves. Father Joe lives here voluntarily, with his roommate.

Scully's distaste shows as they move into the stark complex.

MULDER
Just avoid the activities room.

PRELAP A KNOCKING ON A DOOR, preceding:

CUT TO:

30 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 30

Mulder and Scully with Whitney and Drummy. Standing at an apartment door, knocking. After a moment, the door opens and A SMALL, SLIGHT MAN (50s) answers, his eyes moving to Scully

SLIGHT MAN
Joe --

VOICE FROM OFF CAMERA
Tell them to come in.

31 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 31

The foursome enters a living area where a TV plays a rerun of the '70s hit The Jeffersons; its "Movin' On Up" theme song.

DRUMMY
Father Joe --

THROUGH A CRACKED DOOR we can see THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN we met leading the manhunt kneeling, saying rosaries. It's a weird moment for everyone. Particularly Scully, as Mulder notes.

Then the door opens and he appears, dressed in an old robe.

FATHER CRISSMAN
Excuse the mess --

*

, turns down the TV.

FATHER CRISSMAN *
I haven't been sleeping...

He brushes against Scully to tidy a messy pull-out sofa bed.

DRUMMY *
This's Fox Mulder --

FATHER CRISSMAN *
Okay --

DRUMMY
He'd like to ask some questions --

SCULLY
-- actually, I want to ask something.

All eyes to Scully, sensing her restrained indignation.

SCULLY
I just saw you praying. What were you
praying for? In there... sir?

Father Joe is not just large, he's imposing. He stares evenly
at Scully, eyes going to her necklace. Then, just as evenly:

FATHER CRISSMAN
For the salvation of my immortal soul.

SCULLY
Do you believe God hears your prayers?

FATHER CRISSMAN
Do you believe He hears yours?

SCULLY
I didn't bugger 37 altar boys.

No one was expecting this, particularly not ASAC Whitney. She
looks to Mulder, who is looking at Scully, somewhat amused.

MULDER
An interesting way to put it.

SCULLY
I have another word, if you'd like.

Father Crissman doesn't flinch. He sits down on the sofa bed, *
reaches for a pack of smokes, coughing a smoker's cough.

----- me. Or why
would He be sending me these visions? *

SCULLY
Maybe it's not God doing the sending.

FATHER CRISSMAN *

The first one came during communion.

Scully's hatred for him, and now his arrogance, is palpable.

MULDER
You call them visions. You see them?

FATHER CRISSMAN
In what you might call my mind's eye.

MULDER
What do you see?.

He lights a cigarette, inhales deeply. Takes his good time.

FATHER CRISSMAN
I see the poor girl being assaulted. I
see her fighting back. The bloody arm --

MULDER
Where do you see her --

FATHER CRISSMAN
I don't know. I hear dogs barking.

Looks exchanged. This is new. But it's suspiciously random.

ASAC WHITNEY
Where?

FATHER CRISSMAN
I can't tell.

MULDER
But you see her alive?

FATHER CRISSMAN *

No. But I... feel that she is.

MULDER
Can you show us how you do it?

Father Joe takes another drag off his cigarette, puts it down
and closes his eyes. Nothing very "psychic" about this act.

I DON'T KNOW I CAN DO IT RIGHT NOW.

Scully's look to Mulder says she's losing patience. Looking back to Father Joe, his eyes are open -- staring at HER.

FATHER CRISSMAN

Maybe I'd do better if she weren't here.

SCULLY

Maybe what you see is a way to try to make people forget what you really are.

Scully turns and exits the apartment. Off this:

CUT TO:

32 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER 32

Scully stands studying the FBI file photo of the severed arm Father Joe's ROOMMATE exits the apartment, moving past her.

She averts her eyes to avoid his stare, when a hand reaches into frame, touches her. She jumps, turns to find -- Mulder.

SCULLY

Jesus, Mulder --

MULDER

And so much for kissing his holy ass.

SCULLY

I'm sorry. I... I've been too long away from this business. Or not long enough.

MULDER

No, you were good in there, Scully.

Scully gives him a look. He can't be serious.

MULDER

All I had were questions. You went after him. You challenged him. Like old times.

SCULLY

Yeah, well he's a creep. And a liar. He knows who did this and they're supplying information. I mean, look where he lives.

Scully hands Mulder the file and photo she's been looking at.

-- and this arm they found -- it wasn't severed in any fight. It was chopped off. Cleanly, judging by this photo. Tell me how he leads them straight to it when he can't even muster a guess where the victim is? Two things they'll find in the next 24 hours: A dead agent and that this guy "Father" Joe's a big, fat fraud.

MULDER

You could be right, Scully.

In b.g., ASAC Whitney and Agent Drummy exit the apartment. And then -- a dressed Father Joe. Scully looks to Mulder.

MULDER

But what if you're wrong?

SCULLY

What are you doing?

MULDER

Taking him for a ride. So we can see just how psychic this Father Joe really is.

SCULLY

Yeah, well, it's been fun.

She starts off, as if repelled by the approaching Father Joe

MULDER

No one's gonna make you sit next to him.

SCULLY

Thanks, but I've already been taken for a ride. Anyway, he doesn't want me here.

Mulder moves with her as she heads to the parked Expeditions

MULDER

I want you here.

They get to the vehicles. Scully opens the car door.

SCULLY

This isn't my life anymore, Mulder. I'm done chasing after monsters in the dark. I think you've done all they asked here, too. Nothing says you've got to stay.

Mulder nods, looks at the approaching agents and Father Joe.

He turns back to Scully, who smirks slightly at the irony.

MULDER

And I could really use yours.

He hands her the files back. She takes them, reluctantly.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN 33

Where our story began. HEADLIGHTS appear, just as when we met Monica Bannan. Now they belong to a black Expedition. As we:

CUT TO:

34 FATHER JOE 34

Deep asleep in the back seat of the moving vehicle. We are:

35 INT. EXPEDITION - CONTINUOUS 35

Drummy drives. ASAC Whitney sits shotgun. Exchanging dubious looks with... Mulder, in the back seat next to Father Joe.

The Expedition hits a bump and the "psychic" startles awake.

FATHER CRISSMAN

Are we getting warm?

ASAC WHITNEY

You tell us.

He looks around to see where they are, still groggy.

FATHER CRISSMAN

I don't know I have a clue where we are.

MULDER

That's okay.

Impatient glances from the agents, as Mulder hands Father Joe the small picture of Monica Bannan he took from the FBI file.

MULDER

Everyone works differently.

MULDER

I'm the non-cop.

He looks at the photo of the agent, then back at Mulder.

FATHER CRISSMAN

I don't know this girl; I doubt we ever met. I don't have a clue the connection.

MULDER

There's always something, however small.

FATHER CRISSMAN

And what makes you the expert?

MULDER

I once investigated a series of cases for the FBI involving unexplained phenomena.

FATHER CRISSMAN

So you believe in these sort of things?

Mulder hesitates. Is the priest seeking an ally? Or a stooge?

MULDER

Let's just say, I want to believe.

DRUMMY

That his sister was abducted by aliens.

Mulder locks eyes with Drummy in the mirror. With contempt.

FATHER CRISSMAN

Is that true?

MULDER

It was a long time ago.

Touchy territory for Mulder. Father Joe studies his face.

FATHER CRISSMAN

She's dead, isn't she? Your sister.

Mulder studies Father Joe: lucky guess? Instead of answering, Mulder reaches, takes the agent's photo back from Father Joe.

ASAC WHITNEY

Turns, sees Mulder looking idly at the agent photo. Whitney shifts her look to Father Joe -- who's staring right at her.

Mulder looks up to see Father Joe's become suddenly intense. *

FATHER CRISSMAN *

This is where your agent was attacked.

He's right. Whitney's look to Mulder confirms it. Through the windshield we see LIGHTS from the small settlement of houses.

MULDER

I want him to see the crime scene.

Off ASAC Whitney's look to Agent Drummy, at the wheel:

36 EXT. SMALL SINGLE-STORY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

36

The Expedition turns off the road, PULLING TO CAMERA on the unplowed driveway. Pulling to a stop. The doors open and:

FATHER JOE

Exits the car with Mulder, Drummy and Whitney -- who starts for the detached garage. Everyone follows but Father Joe.

FATHER CRISSMAN

No. It's -- this isn't right...

He turrets his head, as if trying to find his bearings.

FATHER CRISSMAN

You brought me to the wrong house.

Father Joe starts up the driveway, as if being drawn. Mulder trades looks with Drummy and Whitney. The priest is right.

MULDER

Pulled that right outta his ass.

CUT TO:

37 EXT. DETACHED SINGLE-CAR GARAGE - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

37

ANGLE FROM INSIDE, where the agent's car is parked. Where CRIME-SCENE TAPE flutters beneath the raised garage door.

Father Joe appears, crossing the road, walking TOWARD CAMERA. Stopping in f.g. to stare intently into the open garage.

In the b.g., Mulder, Whitney and Drummy cross the road now. *

FATHER JOE

Looks at all the right things: the wall of tools, where she grabbed the piece she used on the 1st attacker; at the door at the top of the garage where she ran from the 2nd attacker.

He exits this door, and Agent Drummy moves to follow him. *

ASAC WHITNEY

There were news crews out here covering the scene; pictures of the neighborhood. He could've recognized it all from TV.

MULDER

But why?

ASAC WHITNEY

Why?

They move around the garage, where they can see Agent Drummy following Father Joe into the deep snow where the agent ran.

MULDER

Why do it? Go to such lengths and fabricate such an elaborate story?

ASAC WHITNEY

Expiation. Forgiveness of his sins. He's written dozens of letters to the Vatican pleading re-engagement with the church.

MULDER

Rather odd way to impress the Holy See.

ASAC WHITNEY

Voice of God speaking through a man? I think that's been a winner a few times --

MULDER

-- so you think he's guilty, too?

ASAC WHITNEY

We have to consider him a suspect.

MULDER

You've found no connection to the crime.

ASAC WHITNEY

Don't think my guys have stopped looking. And they think they're going to find one.

MULDER

But you don't. Or I wouldn't be here.

verly corralled her.

ASAC WHITNEY

I'm not the most popular girl at the FBI right now for calling you in, believe me.

MULDER

I wasn't Miss Popular at the FBI myself. *

ASAC WHITNEY

But you've dealt with psychics before: Luther Lee Boggs, Clyde Bruckman, Gerald Schnauz... I went through those cases, and that work was extremely impressive.

MULDER

Yeah, well, I'm only half the team.

Mulder means it. As they walk to where Drummy stands watchin Father Joe wandering in the snow a ways away.

ASAC WHITNEY

But it's your insights I need.

It's a loaded moment -- and however she means it, it lands. Mulder turns from her, out to Father Joe. Considering him.

MULDER

There's a specificity to his visions; the straightforward way he presents them. In my experience, most psychics are prone to dramatization, even if they're hot. Like they don't want it to seem too easy.

Mulder cuts himself off. Whitney and Drummy follow his look to the priest -- WHO'S DROPPED TO HIS KNEES IN THE SNOW.

The threesome breaks into a run now. Toward:

FATHER JOE

Kneeling in the snow. He's upset, they see, as they run up.

FATHER CRISSMAN

She ran -- she tried to escape -- there were two men -- but she couldn't -- he pushed her down -- here. Right here -- and they put her in -- in the back -- .

ASAC WHITNEY

Where --

... stuck with
something on it -- I don't know what...

ASAC WHITNEY
We need to find her --

FATHER CRISSMAN
She's in pain -- in great pain --

ASAC WHITNEY
Tell me where --

FATHER CRISSMAN
I don't know. I can't see --

ASAC WHITNEY
We have to help her --

FATHER CRISSMAN
I can't see -- I can't see --

He falls onto his hands and knees now. Sobbing. Dramatically
It all seems like an act. Drummy looks to Mulder dubiously.

DRUMMY
Cause he's pulling it out of his ass.

Drummy turns and marches off through the deep snow. Leaving:
Mulder and Whitney. Watching Father Joe, rapidly coming to
the same conclusion... when they see BLOOD DROPS on the snow

MULDER
Father --

The large man looks up at Mulder, who reacts to what he sees
Father Joe is CRYING TEARS OF BLOOD, running down his cheeks

ASAC WHITNEY

Locking eyes with Mulder, confirming that she sees what he
does. And in this look, we see her trust in Mulder growing.

CUT TO:

38 INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

38

CAMERA FINDS SCULLY, dressed in her doctor's coat. We follow
her down the corridor, into a room where she finds her young
patient in bed, staring out the window. Bent and frail.

---, ----- ly.

CHRISTIAN FEARON
I was thinking.

SCULLY
What were you thinking?

CHRISTIAN FEARON
How I'm going to get out of here.

That was unexpected. She forces a smile at his twisted pluck

SCULLY
I've been thinking the same thing.

CHRISTIAN FEARON
Can I get out of here soon?

Scully realizes it's not pluck, but fear.

SCULLY
Did something scare you?

CHRISTIAN FEARON
The way the man was looking at me.

SCULLY
What man?

Scully's moved to the foot of the bed to look for his medical chart, but all that's there is an empty file folder. Then:

SCULLY'S POV

FATHER YBARRA, the hospital administrator, out in the hall, staring in at her. Holding the charts she's looking for.

SCULLY

SCULLY
Don't you be afraid, Christian.

Strides out of the room to the waiting administrator.

SCULLY
I was just looking for those.

FATHER YBARRA
I wanted to go over them myself. And the results of the new tests you ordered.

Scully clenches at this; at the administrator's presumption.

it's the primary physician's.

FATHER YBARRA

It is in my purview to make sure all my physicians are making the best choices. For their patients and for the hospital.

SCULLY

May I see the test results, please.

He hands them to her. Then, with a parental tone:

FATHER YBARRA

We're here to heal the sick, not to prolong the ordeal of the dying. There are other, better facilities for the boy.

As much as Scully hates this idea, she cannot argue it.

SCULLY

I understand.

Scully turns, walks off. Father Ybarra looking after her.

SCULLY

Walks as fast as she can without drawing attention. She stop at a door that she has to open hurriedly with keys.

39 INT. HOSPITAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

39

Scully enters the dark, private space and sits down. Opening the charts to read them. And that's when the tears come.

Scully sets the charts down, opens drawers, looking for tissue. But she can't find any. Emotion becoming frustration

Reaching for her valise now, in hopes of finding tissue, she pulls out THE FBI FILES. Setting them down on the desk.

And finally she finds some tissue. Pulling it out hastily and wiping her eyes, blowing her nose. Getting a grip on herself.

Taking a breath of relief, she lets her eyes wander to the charts on the desk, which are now under THE FBI FILES.

ON SCULLY

Staring at the FBI FILES, then PICKING THEM UP.

CUT TO:

40

40

Clear water falling off into murkiness. Lit from above, there is new motion periodically, a source of disturbance from somewhere o.s. There is only muffled sound. WHERE ARE WE?

In the distance, new movement. Is that a swimmer? PANNING to f.g.: A WOMAN IN A ONE-PIECE SWIMSUIT, getting into the water from the edge of a pool. She dunks under now, starts to swim. The POV follows her a foot or two. Watching her. We are:

41

INT. NATATORIUM - DAY

41

An old indoor club. Old tile walls. Overhead spots light the pool but otherwise cast the place in semi-darkness. There are only a couple people using the pool now, but we key on:

THE WOMAN SWIMMER

As she does a comeback lap. CAMERA ARMING DOWN as she approaches, stopping to grab an old kick board at the pool's edge. As she does, we notice she wears A MEDICAL ID BRACELET

She kicks away now and heads for lap two, AS CAMERA FINDS A MAN hovering underwater in the next lane, watching the woman

CLOSE ON THE MAN'S BLOODSHOT EYES -- BREAKING THE SURFACE

Though his long, dark hair is wet, we recognize him as the 2nd Abductor. Watching the woman with an eerie intensity.

TIME CUT TO:

42

EXT. NATATORIUM - DAY

42

A wintry day. The facility snowbound, the parking lot bounded by deep banks, piled high from plowing. Only a couple cars are in the lot. CAMERA FINDS A WOMAN in a down jacket exiting the facility, moving to her car, an older Subaru hatchback.

CLOSER ON THE WOMAN

We recognize her as the swimmer inside. Pretty, late 30s.

As she puts her gym bag in, an OLD THREE-QUARTER TON PICK-UP with oversize-tires and a steel plow mounted on the front passes loudly behind her. It continues off down the road.

TIME CUT TO:

43

43

It's begun to snow, dampening the light. A car breaks frame, drives past us into the weather -- the Subaru hatchback.

44

INT. SUBARU - DAY - CONTINUOUS

44

Wipers bat away snow pelting the windshield, keeping time to Gwen Stefani's cover of "It's My Life," playing on the radio. The Woman sings along quietly, absently. Straining to see:

Up ahead a pair of tail lights. The old three-quarter ton pick-up plow truck is plowing the right shoulder ahead.

The Woman approaches the truck. As there's room to pass on the right, she maneuvers the Subaru into the oncoming lane and starts to do just that. Speeding up a little as she does

REVERSE ANGLE ON THE ONCOMING PLOW TRUCK

The Subaru maneuvers into view and starts to pass -- but as it gets abeam the plow truck -- the plow truck edges over.

45

INT. SUBARU - DAY

45

The Woman reacts, and before she knows it she has lost control of the car. She panics as she starts to go sideways then yells out as it slams into the side of the plow truck.

46

EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

46

The Subaru bounces off the plow truck, driven off the road, through a snow bank and into a drift. When the flying snow finally settles, we see it's buried up to the windows.

In the b.g., we see the plow truck's brake lights appear as it backs into view on the road where the accident occurred.

CUT TO:

47

INT. SUBARU - DAY

47

The woman is conscious but dazed. Her air bags have gone off. She's certainly in shock, breathing hard as she looks to:

The passenger side window, where she sees the Driver get out of the plow truck and start through the snow toward her.

As he approaches, he also sees that he is carrying something dark under his arm. Is it a folded tarp? He bends to see inside.

WOMAN

Hello -- I think I'm okay --

He keeps coming the last few steps toward her, then straightens and does something unexpected. And strange.

The Driver steps from the deep snow onto the hood of the Subaru, walking heavily across the hood right in front of the woman. It takes her -- and us -- by surprise. He steps off the other side of the car, only his torso visible now. And
LARGE CUT ON ONE HAND; HANDS WHICH ARE ALSO VERY BLISTERED.

He leans down -- the Rasputin-like face of the THE 2ND ATTACKER staring the woman straight in the eyes. Off this:

CUT TO:

SNOWY COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

WIDE ON THE SCENE. The plow truck parked f.g., the Subaru buried in the distance. Through the driving snow we can't see well, but we hear THE UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF BREAKING WINDOW GLASS. And then the woman's voice. Then her fighting SCREAMS.

We hold on this scene as THE SCREAMING STOPS. The falling snow dampens any other sound, save for the idling plow truck.

Still holding as an image starts to resolve itself through the falling snow. The Driver moving back toward his plow truck, dragging a black tarp heavily. As it contains a body.

CUT TO:

48 IN BLACKNESS. CAMERA ARMS UP AND FINDS SCULLY

49

Lying on her side in bed. Wide awake, staring JUST PAST CAMERA. We PUSH IN SLOWLY ON HER, seeing she's carried her emotional day to bed with her. Continuing to push, when:

Mulder rises into view, from where he lies next to her. We take a few beats, giving fans a moment to catch their breath.

MULDER

I can feel you thinking.

SCULLY

I'm sorry. I can't sleep.

A beat. As we realize, THEY LIVE TOGETHER IN THIS HOUSE!

-----, Mulder.
I've always been able to separate my
feelings. I don't know why I can't now...

Scully turns back over onto her side, thinking about this.

SCULLY
... when there's nothing more I can do.

MULDER
You go to sleep. Let me curse God awhile.

She smiles at his gentle irony. He kisses her on the cheek.

SCULLY
Thank you.

He kisses her again. Is there a hint of amorous intent?

SCULLY
Ow, scratchy beard.

Scully closes her eyes, oblivious to or resisting Mulder's intentions. He stares at her a few moments, then gives up. Lying down behind her, as before. As SCULLY'S EYES REOPEN.

SCULLY
Oh, there was something weird in the
toxicology report on that severed arm.

MULDER (O.C.)
What?

SCULLY
I looked at the FBI evidence reports
again. In the tissue, there were traces
of a drug commonly given to patients
being treated with radiation. And also
traces of a drug called acepromazine.

MULDER (O.C.)
Why's that weird?

SCULLY
Acepromazine's an animal tranquilizer.

Scully closes her eyes again. Then Mulder rises back up.

MULDER
Now I can't sleep.

He gets up. Out of bed. Exiting the room.

CUT TO:

49 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

49

Mulder enters, turns on the light. Moving to the wash basin, to splash water on his face. When he looks up, he sees Scully in the mirror behind him. Tying up a robe she's put on.

SCULLY

Mulder --

MULDER

Why's there animal tranquilizer in a tissue sample of a man's severed arm?

SCULLY

I can't even start to speculate --

MULDER

He said he heard barking dogs.

SCULLY

Who?

MULDER

Father Joe.

Mulder opens the medicine cabinet, grabs a razor and shaving cream. Closing it, he find Scully's surprised expression.

SCULLY

Mulder... what are you doing?

He ignores the question and starts to put on shaving cream.

MULDER

Is it a tranquilizer you'd give a dog?

SCULLY

He's a phoney, Mulder. He pulls these so-called visions out of thin air and now he's got you straining to connect them.

MULDER

When I see someone cry tears of blood in the snow at a crime scene they recognize without ever having visited, I've got to go out on a limb. You know what I mean?

MULDER
Some trick, huh? How do you fake that?

SCULLY
I don't know how to fake that, Mulder. I don't know that it's not indicative of a medical condition or the result of a life of depravity and dissolution. But I do know there are limits to which obsession can affect the outcome of the inevitable.

Mulder doesn't want to hear it. He starts to shave.

SCULLY
It's what you were just telling me.

MULDER
This isn't about obsession.

Scully takes an exhausted beat. Mulder stops shaving. Turns:

MULDER
This agent is alive, Scully.

SCULLY
I don't think she is, Mulder. And I don't think there's a thing we can do about it.

Mulder stares at her, unwilling to accept this.

MULDER
I think you're wrong.

Scully's too tired to fight. She turns, exits. Mulder turns, looks in the mirror at himself. Continues to shave his beard

CUT TO:

50 INT. MULDER AND SCULLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

50

Scully climbs back into bed, lying quietly for few moments --

WHEN HER CELL PHONE RINGS, BREAKING THE DARK SILENCE

She sits up, trying to determine where her phone is. Getting out of bed and finding it on top of a dresser or bureau.

SCULLY
Hello --

SCULLY
 Scully's heart skips a beat -- in fear for her young patient.

SCULLY
 Yes --

MAN'S VOICE
 I have Dakota Whitney calling for you.

INTERCUT WITH:

51 INT. EXPEDITION - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 51

Drummy drives. ASAC Whitney his passenger, on the phone now.

ASAC WHITNEY
 -- I'm sorry to call at this hour --
 I'm trying to reach Fox Mulder --

Mulder enters, wiping shaving cream off his now smooth face.

MULDER
Who is it?

SCULLY
 Has there been a break?

MULDER
Did they find her?!

ASAC WHITNEY
 We're pursuing another lead --

SCULLY
 -- from another source?

ASAC WHITNEY
 Same source. New news --

ADJUST TO REVEAL FATHER JOE in the rear. Out the window,
 lights from a following Expedition light a snowy landscape.

FATHER CRISSMAN
 Here -- turn here! *

Drummy does, turning at a marked intersection of country
 roads, while shooting a doubtful look at ASAC Whitney. *

FATHER CRISSMAN
 It's here -- it's here -- *

tney and Drummy. *

TIME CUT TO:

52 EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT 52

HEADLIGHTS WASH OVER SEVERAL BLACK EXPEDITIONS as Scully's sedan pulls up on a long, empty stretch of country road. *

The car stops, Scully exiting first. Bundled against the cold. Moving to her is Whitney -- not happy.

SCULLY

You found her -- ?!

She doesn't answer -- her eyes going to... Mulder. He's clean shaven now. ASAC Whitney is staring at him, trying to figure what's different. It's a girlish moment, not lost on Scully.

ASAC WHITNEY

No.

This lessens some of the tension; their fear of the worst. In the distance, NUMEROUS FLASHLIGHTS from the search party.

SCULLY

You said there was news.

ASAC WHITNEY

The news is our "psychic" has led us to the exact site where he led us before.

Mulder heads off anyway, followed shortly by the two women.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. NEW SNOWY LANDSCAPE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 53

Agents in FBI jackets pore over the landscape, flashlights trained on the snow as they kick through it methodically. Mulder approaching, followed by Scully, the ASAC. Seeing:

FATHER JOE

Unshaven, smoking a cigarette. Drummy stands next to him. *

FATHER CRISSMAN *

You're going to find it --

DRUMMY *

That's what you keep saying --

DRUMMY

You keep telling us she's alive!!

FATHER CRISSMAN

She is.

In Drummy's defense, Father Joe's act seems just that -- an act. Nothing particularly "psychic" about it. Or about him.

DRUMMY

We could do this all night.

Whitney considers this, looks to her men searching futilely.

DRUMMY

They're all running on empty.

ASAC WHITNEY

Call it. Let's pull the plug.

Drummy WHISTLES LOUDLY. Suddenly everyone is walking the same direction. FBI men following Drummy to the road and the SUVs ASAC Whitney looks apologetically to Mulder and Scully.

ASAC WHITNEY

I'm sorry for calling you out.

She turns and moves off, too. Mulder and Scully stand with Father Joe, who stares off into the dark, snowy distance.

MULDER

What do you see?

Father Joe shakes his head. Closes his eyes. Then:

FATHER CRISSMAN

I see a face -- I see eyes staring out.

MULDER

Who? Who is it?

FATHER CRISSMAN

It's unclear. Like through dirty glass.

Scully looks to Mulder. Her patience, too, is strained.

FATHER CRISSMAN

It's out there. I know it.

He opens his eyes now and starts to walk. As if he's picked up a scent. IN THE DIRECTION OF A DISTANT ROCK OUTCROPPING.

...through party glass?"

SCULLY

Mulder --

MULDER

What --

SCULLY

Stop.

But he doesn't, and she dogs him, tromping through the snow.

SCULLY

It's one in the morning --

MULDER

Feel free to give up like everybody else.

SCULLY

This is not my job anymore, Mulder --

MULDER

No. You're just my booking agent.

She puts a hand on Mulder's arm now, staring at him intently

SCULLY

You're right. This is my fault.

MULDER

What do you mean, "your fault" --

SCULLY

-- for getting you involved in this.

MULDER

It was the right thing to do --

SCULLY

-- yes. But not the right thing for you.

Mulder stares at her quizzically, trying to understand this.

MULDER

I believe this man, Scully --

SCULLY

You want to believe him, Mulder.

Mulder pulls his arm away from Scully's grasp.

THIS IS ABOUT AN FBI AGENT, MULDER.
This is about trying to save your sister.

MULDER
My sister's dead.

Mulder turns away, seeing Father Joe has stopped walking.

SCULLY
It hasn't stopped you looking for her.

Mulder won't look at Scully, continuing to watch Father Joe.

SCULLY
I've been through this too many years
with you. Believing you can save her. You
cannot save her -- not now and not ever.

Mulder turns to Scully now, resentful at her words.

SCULLY
I'm serious, Mulder. I won't do this
again; watch you punish yourself anymore,
for something you can't fix or change.

It's said with a finality; a line drawn in the snow. But
Mulder stares at Scully with a kind of familial contempt.
Knowing that what he says next can't be taken back. Ever.

MULDER
Then don't.

Mulder looks past Scully and WHISTLES LOUDLY into the night.

MULDER
Hold up -- !?

ASAC WHITNEY AND Drummy

Already a distance away. They stop and turn at Mulder's call

MULDER
I need your team back.

Whitney, Drummy and the Search Team stand in cold disbelief. *
All eyes on Whitney, waiting to see what she's going to do.

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY

Mulder starts walking after Father Joe, Scully following.

SCULLY
What are you doing?

SCULLY
Because I'm right.

MULDER
Talk about an obsession.

And for the first time we see a "married" couple bickering.

FATHER JOE

Is making a bee-line for the rock outcropping, which is actually a sheer granite face with a beautiful blue ice fall

He gets to the base of the ice fall and stops. Turning to look at Mulder and Scully trudging up behind him.

FATHER CRISSMAN
Here it is. This is it --

Father Joe drops to his knees and starts to dig. When Mulder gets to him, he drops too, digging through the deep snow.

Scully stands behind them, thinking it's crazy. Looking back to see ASAC Whitney marching back toward them with her team.

ON MULDER AND FATHER JOE

Digging -- but finding nothing. Thrashing through the snow as the FBI arrive back and start to crowd around them. Watching

MULDER
We need shovels here.

Mulder rises, bare hands freezing. He pulls Father Joe up now. To make way for the FBI team to start working. And they do, however reluctantly, feeding off the looks of their ASAC

THE FBI TEAM

Gets in and starts moving snow at the base of the ice fall, but they're finding more of what they already found: nothing.

Digging until they start to hit ICE and can dig no farther.

ASAC WHITNEY AND Drummy

*

React to this, looking to Mulder. Who's reacting to it, too.

DRUMMY
It's solid ice.

*

Mulder grabs Drummy's flashlight, shining it at the ice, moving among the shovelers, who are one by one giving up. *

MULDER

Is shining the flashlight through the snow, energized. Then:

MULDER

Here!

Everyone is stock still for a moment, then a rush to where Mulder is standing, pointing the light down in the snow.

HIGH ANGLE, CRANING DOWN ON THIS SCENE

Everyone crowds in to see. CRANING DOWN TO FIND what Mulder found: What his flashlight illuminates: A SEVERED HEAD OF A WOMAN. Eyes open, staring upward. As if through dirty glass.

(Though it may look like the agent, it's impossible to tell.

MULDER

You're going to need resources.

This to ASAC Whitney. Deflated. The same deflation she feels

ASAC WHITNEY

We need equipment. Concrete saws and a backhoe. I need forensics out here ASAP --

Men are rushing now. Hurrying back to the cars, the road.

SCULLY

Eyes on Mulder, who turns in dejection and heads back toward the road and the car, alone. Then something distracts her:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE FATHER JOE

STANDING RIGHT NEXT TO SCULLY, staring directly at her, unblinking. Strangely fixed on her -- giving her the CREEPS.

FATHER CRISSMAN *

Don't give up.

He keeps staring at her, without affect. And it so rattles Scully that she turns and walks off. In Mulder's direction.

Looking back to see the priest continuing to stare after her.

CUT TO:

54

54

Looking downhill at a narrow road, where a familiar Plow Truck appears. (We saw it run the woman's car off the road.)

The Plow Truck stops and the driver exits. A man we now recognize as the 2nd Abductor moves to the rear of the truck and pulls off a plastic bag containing something quite heavy. Again, we notice THE BLISTERED HANDS. One with the fresh cut.

In deep snow, he starts uphill, dragging the heavy bag.

CLOSE ANGLE ON THE HEAVY PLASTIC BAG

What's in there? We fear the worst, as CAMERA PANS TO THE 2ND ABDUCTOR trudging through the snow. Then stopping, on seeing

THE FBI SEARCH PARTY DOWN BELOW HIM. He's crested the hill, coming upon Mulder, Scully, et al from a different direction.

Seeing this, the man CURSES IN RUSSIAN, kicks at the snow. Spitting a gob of his rage into it to punctuate his anger.

And we see now he's not only frightening to look at, but he's filled with the same ugly malevolence expressed on his face.

Cursing again, he turns and heads back to his truck. Dragging the heavy plastic bag after him. With no one seeing him go.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. NEWER SNOWY LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

5

The Plow Truck passes us with a roar, hauling ass on a single-track road. WE PAN IT into darkness, watching it disappear.

SHORT TIME CUT:

56 THE PLOW TRUCK -- ANGLE THROUGH A CHAIN-LINK FENCE

5

DOLLYING THROUGH THE CHAIN LINK as the vehicle roars to a stop in f.g. The 2nd Abductor jumps out and hastily opens a locked gate. Over this we hear THE SOUND OF BARKING DOGS.

CUT TO:

57 THE BARKING DOGS CONTINUE AS CAMERA FINDS AN EYE STRAINING TO LOOK THROUGH A ROUND HOLE. THE EYE DISAPPEARS NOW, AND WE DOLLY TO FIND IT AGAIN, LOOKING THROUGH ANOTHER HOLE. WE ARE:

DOLLYING PAST METAL HOLDING CAGES, ALL THE SAME RUSTED METAL DESIGN: RECTANGULAR BOXES WITH BARRED WALLS. Inside the cages are as many excited, barking dogs. Pit Bulls.

DOLLYING TO A LARGER CAGE OF A DIFFERENT DESIGN: FRESH-MADE WOODEN WALLS WITH CIRCULAR HOLES. CONTAINING NOT A DOG, BUT A WOMAN. In a medical gown. The woman who we saw get run off the road by the Plow Truck. We will call her the 2nd Victim.

And it's her eye moving hole to hole, trying to see:

HUMAN FIGURES

Moving in an adjoining room that is separated by hanging plastic sheeting. Like you'd see in a walk-in meat locker.

2ND VICTIM

Let me out of here! Please!

But the people seem deaf to her cries.

2ND VICTIM

I just want to go home.

Her voice hoarse, her tone someone's who's been at this for awhile. And it looks like she may be at it some time longer.

2ND VICTIM

I'm cold. Please --

A GAUNT, ELDERLY MAN WITH A PROMINENT NOSE pushes through the plastic curtain, followed by A YOUNGER MAN. Both focused on the captive woman. The Gaunt Man says something in RUSSIAN.

2ND VICTIM

PLEASE LET ME OUT OF HERE -- !

A moment later, A YOUNGER WOMAN appears carrying A BLANKET. The Gaunt Man takes it and moves to the 2nd Victim's cage. He says something GENTLE to her IN RUSSIAN. To comfort her. As he feeds the blanket into her through a feed hole above her.

2ND VICTIM

Help me, please -- I don't want to die --

He says something else that we take to be re-assuring, but it's in Russian and it's lost on the 2nd Victim. And on us.

2ND VICTIM

Please --

nd disappears back through the plastic sheeting. The Younger Man and Woman move to start to unlock a mechanism outside the cage.

2ND VICTIM

I won't tell anyone -- just let me go --

A moment later they roll the cage out from the other cages.

2ND VICTIM

Please just let me go?! Please --

They are rolling her now, as THE WOMAN'S PROTESTS CONTINUE. Rolling her through the wall of plastic sheeting. As we:

CUT TO:

59 INT. THE WOODEN CAGE - CONTINUOUS

59

Inside with the woman, looking out. We see what she sees now a view limited to and by the small, circular holes.

Pushing through the plastic, she's rolled past lab equipment of some kind. Gauges and dials for measuring... but what?

Then the rolling stops. The woman works to change position in the cage. As something is happening. COMMOTION OF SOME SORT.

In the new space, SOMEONE IS YELLING. IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE AGAIN; IN ANGRY RUSSIAN. The woman maneuvers herself to see:

THE 2ND ABDUCTOR

In the room now, speaking to the Gaunt Man. As the younger couple move to listen. The 2nd Abductor is clearly upset at the kinder, gentler, elderly man. Berating him -- angrily.

The caged woman moves to get a better angle, through another of the circular holes -- when something catches her breath.

In f.g. -- only a few feet away -- lying on a gurney under a sheet, is A MAN, only his face visible -- THE 1ST ABDUCTOR. The jagged cut from the garden tool visible on his face, too.

His eyes staring at the woman in the wood box. It gives her a moment of hope, that there's someone else here. In a whisper:

2ND VICTIM

Please let me out -- I'll help you --

The man's eyes flutter at the sound of her voice. And then his lips move, as he tries to speak. But nothing comes out.

In the b.g. THE ARGUING IN RUSSIAN CONTINUES. As the caged woman continues begging the man, whose lips continue to move:

2ND VICTIM

Please --

But the man does not get up, and words don't come out -- no matter his efforts. And in his distress -- he begins to weep

Tears roll down his face onto the sheet. TEARS OF BLOOD.

Off the caged woman's horror -- and ours -- PRELAP:

FATHER YBARRA

-- I think we can resolve then, in good conscience and without objection --

CUT TO:

60 INT. OUR LADY OF SORROWS HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING
DOCS IN WHITE COATS, HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATORS sit at a large conference table. At the head of the table, Father Ybarra.

FATHER YBARRA

-- to relocate the patient to a facility suited for and humane to his condition --

He's interrupted by the appearance of SCULLY. Entering in her street clothes. She has come in a hurry and looks it. She takes a moment to compose herself, looking for an empty seat

SCULLY

I'm sorry.

Father Ybarra's look turns impatient as Scully finds a seat.

FATHER YBARRA

As you and I discussed, Dr. Scully, I was informing the staff and doctors of the hospital's decision on Christian Fearon --

SCULLY

-- what decision?

Father Ybarra's impatience hardens to petulance now.

FATHER YBARRA

To remove your patient to a hospice who will manage his palliative care --

IT ISN'T HIS SON. AND HE'S NOT YOURS --

SCULLY

And it's not a decision for hospital administration. It's his doctor's.

Scully rises, trying to contain her anger. And hide her fear.

SCULLY

If you want to challenge that you can take the matter to a higher authority.

Scully starts out of the room. Turned back by:

FATHER YBARRA

I've taken it up with the highest authority, Dr. Scully. As should you.

Scully is shaken by this, but she turns and exits. Resolute.

CUT TO:

61 A GIANT BLOCK OF ICE 61

Suspended from ceiling girders by block and tackle, held off the floor by thick chain. FORENSIC TECHS work painstakingly to remove SEVERED BODY PARTS which we can see encased inside

We are:

62 INT. FBI FORENSICS LAB - DAY 62

MORE TECHNICIANS at work stations, each with a separate body part already removed from the block. They are taking tissue samples, measurements, applying tags and even preparing limb for re-preservation in blue glycol alcohol. CAMERA FINDS:

MULDER

Cell phone to his ear. Letting it ring.

MULDER

Answer...

As it RINGS, Mulder pulls out the small FBI photo of Monica Bannan -- the missing agent -- and studies it. Placing it under A FORENSIC MAGNIFYING GLASS on a tech work station.

He notes THE MEDICAL ID BRACELET partly visible on her wrist.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

Scully. Working on her computer. She types in the words, STEM CELL THERAPY, HIGH LIGHTING THE MANY ENTRIES THAT COME UP. She hits a key and her PRINTER FIRES UP, begins printing --

-- as her cell phone RINGS. Scully tries to ignore it, but her eyes keep going to it. It's hard for her not to answer. As the PRINTER KEEPS SPITTING OUT INFORMATION, CASES, ETC.

Finally it quits ringing, and on Mulder's end it goes to her voice mail. He listens to the brief outgoing message, then:

MULDER

I keep leaving messages -- but here's what I want to tell you, Scully: That woman's head in the ice -- it's not the agent. Not Monica Bannan. We don't know who it is, or why it's there, but we've pulled 11 discrete human limbs from the ice and we're not even finished yet --

Scully looks from her work to the phone, and back. It gives us a sense she almost hears Mulder talking to her.

MULDER

-- every one a clean cut, too; a match to the previous amputation you noted. But here's the thing, Scully; what you need to know: They've found more traces of your animal tranquilizer: acepromazine.

Mulder spots ASAC Whitney entering the space. She makes eye contact with Mulder, as he continues on the phone:

MULDER

I don't know what the hell it means, but I'm hoping you can make sense of it.

Mulder hangs up. On Scully's side, her phone BEEPS and she looks down to see the VOICE MAIL ICON appear. As she does:

SCREEN WIPES FULL TO MULDER, as he moves to ASAC Whitney. She stands looking over the tedious work on the block of ice.

ASAC WHITNEY

Anything?

MULDER

I can't reach her. But it's going to make sense. This is a break. I'm feeling it.

... feeling
it. All I'm feeling is my head spinning.

Mulder disagrees, gestures to the block of ice.

MULDER

You're gonna solve a dozen murders here --
This is a serial case you've uncovered --

ASAC WHITNEY

But we're no closer to finding our agent.

She's right. And Mulder has to temper his excitement.

MULDER

We're going to find her. I know it.

ASAC WHITNEY

Well, she may have to stand in line.

Off Mulder's quizzical look:

CUT TO:

64 CLOSE ON FATHER JOE

64

FATHER CRISSMAN

I see a woman's face. Another woman.

65 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

65

Father Joe sits at the large table, surrounded by Whitney's team of agents. And Mulder, who stands over him. He looks sheepish, forced here to repeat himself to disbelievers.

FATHER CRISSMAN

She's being held. In a box, I think.

All eyes on Mulder, staring at Father Joe in silence. Then:

MULDER

Where?

Father Joe shakes his head in frustration. Causing a spasm of audible frustration from the agents. But Mulder ignores this.

MULDER

Is she with Monica Bannan?

Father Joe closes his eyes, as if straining for a vision. The Agents' attention resumes at this question, but not for long.

MULDER
Is it the same men who took her?

FATHER CRISSMAN
I think so. Yes, the same men.

MULDER
You see them? Or are you just telling
these people what they want to hear?

He sits, eyes closed for a few more moments -- then looks up

FATHER CRISSMAN
No.

MULDER
That's not what you see?

FATHER CRISSMAN
No. It's the same men.

Mulder drills Father Joe with a hard, penetrating stare. As if waiting to see if Father Joe will crack. But he doesn't.

MULDER
I need a car ready.

DRUMMY
To go where?

MULDER
I don't know yet.

DRUMMY
I don't believe this --

MULDER
That's been your problem from the start.

Mulder turns from Drummy to ASAC Whitney, with his request.

ASAC WHITNEY
I can get you a car --

MULDER
And a list of missing persons in the
greater area in the last 48 to 72 hours.

She looks at Mulder, deciding if this is crazy. Off this:

CUT TO:

We might recognize this as the road where the 2nd Victim was driven off by the Plow Truck and abducted. Right now there are POLICE CRUISERS on the road, their light bars whirling.

ANGLE ON THE 2ND ABDUCTEE'S CAR

It's buried under the new snow fall, barely visible. STATE TROOPERS are working with snow shovels to dig it out. From their progress, they've only been at it a short while.

On the b.g. road, where the police cruisers are parked, familiar EXPEDITIONS are pulling up. FBI AGENTS are exiting.

ASAC Whitney and Drummy head toward us. Behind them... Mulder, tramping in their footsteps on the newly beaten path

MOVING WITH MULDER

As he approaches the buried car, where Drummy and Whitney are conferring with Troopers. And who turn now to Mulder, their teeth fairly chattering from the wind and cold.

ASAC WHITNEY

Cheryl Cunningham, 34, didn't make it to work last night. No show at home, either.

Mulder moves past him/them to the car, where the Troopers step aside and give him room on the driver's side.

DRUMMY

No blood on the air bags. Passenger side window rolled down. Keys in the ignition.

Mulder continues looking around inside the car.

DRUMMY

Survivable crash with a seat belt. She shakes it off, climbs out and walks away.

Mulder ducks out of the car. Looks around, thinking.

DRUMMY

(then, more forcefully)

Dark. Snowing. She starts off, gets tired, takes a short cut, sits down and falls asleep. Happens all the time.

MULDER

Pretty hard right turn for such a long, straight stretch of country road.

They all consider the fact of the vehicle's trajectory. As:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE FATHER JOE

Trudging in their path, looking as miserable as they feel. As he gets to them, Mulder gestures him to the driver's side. He bends and gets into the car, sitting out of sight from us.

Mulder, Whitney, Drummy and the Troopers stand in the beating wind and snow, blowing warmth into their fists. Waiting. All eyes on the car. Waiting some more. Waiting... *

Has he fallen asleep in there, or what? Finally, there's movement. Father Joe hoists his large body out of the car.

FATHER CRISSMAN

I'm sorry.

Frozen silence, eyes on a shivering Father Joe.

FATHER CRISSMAN

I'm not getting anything.

He starts back toward the cars, the road.

DRUMMY

What a surprise.

Mulder doesn't say anything, though his mind is at work.

ASAC WHITNEY

Ideas? Thoughts? Impressions?

She's cold, tired. But Mulder has nothing to offer her. He looks down, stares at the snow. A few moments of this, then:

ASAC WHITNEY

I think we're finished with Father Joe.

ANGLE ON MULDER -- STILL STARING AT THE SNOW

Dejected it would appear -- or is he staring at something? He bends to Father Joe footprints in the snow. For something METALLIC buried in the snow beneath one of his footprints.

MULDER

bends back up into view. Holding a broken MEDICAL BRACELET.

MULDER

But not quite finished.

MULDER
It's a medical ID bracelet. I noticed
that your missing agent wore one, too.

DRUMMY
For what?

Mulder gives Drummy a withering look, as does Whitney.

ASAC WHITNEY
Get on the radio.

This to Drummy, who doesn't have a radio. He takes off
running to the road, past Father Joe, calling to his team.

ASAC WHITNEY
What are you thinking?

MULDER
Let's pop the trunk.

CUT TO:

67 WHITE. A MOMENT LATER, SHOVELS DIG DOWN AT US. THEN MULDER
STEPS IN, USES THE CAR KEYS TO POP THE TRUNK. OPENING IT --

NEW ANGLE ON THIS ACTION

Mulder and ASAC Whitney look down into a single-woman's
trunk. Whitney picks up a Home Depot-style SURVIVAL KIT.

ASAC WHITNEY
This isn't going to do her much good.

Mulder's got another bag, a gym bag. Pulling out the ONE-
PIECE BATHING SUIT we saw the woman in at the pool.

MULDER
Or this.

Inexplicably, Mulder puts it to his face. Off Whitney's look:

MULDER
Chlorine. Frozen stiff.

Mulder and Whitney trade looks. Mulder looks to a Trooper.

..... ?

CUT TO:

68 . INT. NATATORIUM - LATE DAY - SHORT TIME CUT

68

Through the front window we see the BLACK EXPEDITIONS pull to *
abrupt stops. Followed by POLICE CRUISERS.

Mulder, Whitney and Drummy exit ahead of the other Agents,
moving to the building. Entering through old double doors.

ASAC WHITNEY

Hi. We're hoping you can help us --

AN ELDERLY SOUTHERN GENT behind a check-in desk. Behind him
we see the old, poorly lit pool and the swimmers using it.

ELDERLY GENT

Would y'all like lockers?

It's clear from his response that he's working on autopilot.
Also, he sounds put upon every time he's asked a question.

ASAC WHITNEY

No. We're with the FBI..We'd like to show
you a photo, sir, if you don't mind --

ELDERLY GENT

Why would I mind?

Agent Drummy produces a photo of Monica Bannan for the man.

DRUMMY

Do you know this person?

ELDERLY GENT

Let me see.

He looks at the photo.

ELDERLY GENT

These young people look so much the same. .

ASAC WHITNEY

-- do you keep a sign-in register?

ELDERLY GENT

Sure, I keep one every day.

ASAC WHITNEY

Is there a chance we can see it.

He pushes the clipboard on the counter toward them.

ASAC WHITNEY
I'd like to look at yesterday's --

ELDERLY GENT
Oh, I threw yesterday's away.

Mulder sees where this is going -- nowhere. He turns without warning, heads toward a sign pointing toward a locker room.

ELDERLY GENT
Excuse me -- sir --

But Mulder's already pushing through the door.

ELDERLY GENT
Does he know that's the women's side?

CUT TO:

69 INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

69

It's as old and dilapidated as the rest of the facility. Mulder enters, but stops in the doorway momentarily.

MULDER
Anybody in here? Hello -- anybody...?

No answer. Mulder enters, looking for names on the lockers. Most of the names are old, faded or water-damaged. They could have been put there sometime the middle of the last century.

Mulder goes quickly from locker to locker. Crossing over to the next row of lockers now, where SOMETHING STOPS HIM COLD.

MULDER'S POV

AN OLD WOMAN sits on a bench. In her bathing suit. Getting ready to take it off. And, like Mulder, she's stopped cold by the sight of a man in here with her. Staring at him blankly.

Then... she SMILES. A slow, impish, sexy smile. As she starts to take off her bathing suit, Mulder backpedals and --

CUT BACK TO:

70

70

Mulder exits the locker, URGENTLY. And flustered, for Mulder.

MULDER

Do you have a bolt cutter?

ELDERLY GENT

So you folks aren't here for a swim.

CUT TO:

71

CHRISTIAN FEARON

71

Scully's young patient, frail as ever. More so with his SHAVED HEAD. He's conscious, wheeled on a gurney. We are:

72

INT. OUR LADY OF SORROWS HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY 72

Reading his medical charts. Moving now to her young patient.

SCULLY

You've got a whole bunch of people taking good care of you this morning, Christian.

Christian manages a smile. As the gurney's locked into place

SCULLY

I don't want you to be scared.

CHRISTIAN FEARON

You, either.

The Anesthesiologist steps in, going to work now. Scully goes to scrub up -- and we see in her face a determined resolve.

SCULLY TURNS FROM THE SCRUB SINK

To see her O.R. team working to secure Christian's shaved head in a frightful-looking stereotactic clamp device. As:

Scully's resolve suddenly wavers. Standing away from the operating table, all eyes go to her with the same impression.

OR NURSE

Dr. Scully --

SCULLY

We need to antiflex his head and I need a spinal tray with a 4-inch, 18-gauge needle. And some lidocaine in a syringe --

afraid anyone who
handed the syringe.

Which she administers to Christian's head at the temple --
O.S. So all we are watching is Scully's nervy composure, as:

SCULLY

Bur drill, 5 millimeter bit.

Which she's handed and -- AS SHE PLACES IT TO HIS TEMPLE:

ANGLE ON A 3D MONITOR

A 3D GRAPHIC OF THE NEEDLE IS SEEN ENTERING THE BOY'S SKULL,
sparing the audience's horror at the actual procedure.

Off this:

CUT TO:

73

SCULLY

74

Sitting by herself in the doctor's locker room. Still in her
scrubs, which are bloody now from the work she's finished.

She's writing notes in Christian Fearon's chart, which still
has the autographed photo of him staring up at Scully.

MULDER (O.C.)

And people think I went underground.

She looks up to see Mulder in the doorway. She smiles
reflexively, but remains sitting. He moves to sit with her.
The residual tension from the previous night's drama lingers

SCULLY

I'm sorry. I'm sure you've been worried,
Mulder. I needed to keep my focus here.

He takes in her dirty scrubs, and then he meets her eyes.

MULDER

It's the boy, isn't it? Scully --

She nods, and he sees the weight she's carrying.

MULDER

I thought there was nothing to do --.

SCULLY

-- I'm taking a big chance on something.
On a radical and painful new procedure --

in option.

SCULLY

It wasn't. Last night.

MULDER

What changed your mind?

She shakes her head, not looking at Mulder. She won't say.

MULDER

When will you know if it's working?

SCULLY

There's a series of these procedures. We won't know anything until they're done.

She looks at Mulder now, and he nods, but looks away from her. Wrestling with something of his own. Something big.

SCULLY

That's not what you came to talk about.

MULDER

No. There's another woman missing.

Scully wasn't expecting this. And Mulder knows it's a gamble

MULDER

But she's given us something to go on. She and the agent swam at the same pool. We found the agent had a locker there. We think they were stalked there. Each wore a medical bracelet, and both women had the same rare blood type: AB negative.

Mulder's baiting her, and she rises to the bait. Her mind working fast to put the pieces together. Her eyes light up.

SCULLY

Organs. Harvested for transplants.

Mulder is nodding. Knowing he's hooked her, he lets her run.

SCULLY

-- that's how they were targeted. Donors and recipients need matched types. Somebody using that pool knows that --

MULDER

Somebody filling orders -- black market.

they have access. recipients. hospitals --

MULDER
-- your world, Scully. Your knowledge of
it will save time. And time's our enemy --

SCULLY
You can start with the transporters --

MULDER
-- I need you on this with me --

We see Scully's excitement dim as Mulder makes his pitch.

MULDER
You asked for my help. I need yours --

She is shaking her head, knowing where this is going.

SCULLY
You gave them your help, Mulder. You
broke the case. Let the FBI pursue it --

MULDER
-- we're so close now, Scully --

SCULLY
-- and I'm asking you to let go of it.

She's serious. Dead serious. And it gives Mulder pause.

MULDER
It's not that simple, Scully --

SCULLY
No, it's not. It's complicated.

Mulder again reads Scully's heavy expression. The subtext?

MULDER
What is that supposed to mean?

SCULLY
Something I've known would happen,
Mulder. Something I've been afraid to
face; that I haven't had to until now.

MULDER
Just tell me what --

Mulder's impatience flares, and Scully digs in against it.

I'm a doctor. This isn't my life now --

MULDER

I know that --

SCULLY

I've made a choice in my life -- to be the doctor I trained to be, Mulder. To seek the truth with the living --

MULDER

-- I'm not asking you to give it up --

SCULLY

You don't understand, Mulder. I can't look into the darkness with you anymore. I can't bear what it does to you. Or me --

Mulder's impatience turns to defensiveness.

MULDER

I'm fine with it. I'm actually good --

SCULLY

-- and that's what scares me --

MULDER

Where else would you have me look?! If you want to find these women alive --

SCULLY

I'm asking you to look at yourself --

MULDER

Why? I'm not the one who's changed --

It started fast, and it's degraded faster. Scully blanches.

SCULLY

We're not FBI anymore -- we're two people who come home at night. To a home now. I don't want that darkness in my home --

MULDER

This is what I do, Scully -- it's what I did before you. It's everything I know --

SCULLY

-- write it down. Put it in a book.

MULDER

So what are you saying?! Give up?!

that question.

SCULLY

No, I can't tell you that.

Scully looks down at her lap. Mulder seems to ease slightly. Then Scully looks up, holds Mulder's eye with conviction.

SCULLY

But I can tell you I won't be coming home, Mulder. I'll be staying here.

It hits him in the stomach. Words he never expected from her.

SCULLY

I have my own battles to fight.

MULDER

Scully --

SCULLY

Please don't argue with me --

MULDER

-- please don't do this.

She stares at him long and hard. Angry. But more. Hurt.

SCULLY

I don't know what else to do.

They stare at one another. There's nothing else left to say. Neither is ready to give ground. Neither is ready to give up.

MULDER

Good luck, then.

SCULLY

You, too.

Mulder turns and exits now, not wanting Scully to see his emotion. Scully thankful he doesn't see her. And off this:

CUT TO:

A pair of latex-gloved hands cutting expertly into it. The classic Y incision. And quick as the Thanksgiving turkey, the hands are inside the stomach cavity, working on THE LIVER.

75

75

A HOSPITAL PATHOLOGIST severs the liver from the viscera and pulls it from the male cadaver's body. Holding it in her hands, she gently puts it into a waiting medical ice chest.

*
*

The chest is closed by another pair of latex-gloved hands...
CAMERA TIPS UP TO -- The 2nd Abductor. Dressed in street clothes. He hands the Pathologist a set of papers to sign.

The Pathologist signs the forms, moves off to the next body. A routine transaction from the look of it. The 2nd Abductor takes the medical ice chest and heads out. Exiting to:

76

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

76

The 2nd Abductor moves quickly, talking with no one. He's just another person going about his business. Moving to an elevator and pressing the button. As he waits, he sees:

HIS POV DOWN THE HALL

TWO POLICE OFFICERS AND A MAN IN A SUIT talk with A NURSE, as if asking directions. She points them in the direction of --

THE 2ND ABDUCTOR

Waiting for his elevator. Becoming suddenly nervous, as the Cops and the Suited Man head his way. Staring right at him.

DING -- His elevator arrives and the doors open. The 2nd Abductor steps onto the car as the Cops are 10 yards away.

He quickly hits a button on the panel, and a moment later the doors start to close. He's home free -- or so he thinks -- until A HAND REACHES IN AND STOPS THE DOORS FROM SHUTTING.

When the doors re-open, the Cops and the Suited Man are standing outside, staring straight at the 2nd Abductor.

SUITED MAN

Can we talk with you a minute?

2ND ABDUCTOR

I'm transporting a vital organ --

With his Russian accent. His anger only barely sub-surface. His dark eyes focused on the man with an imposing intensity.

SUITED MAN

That's what I'd like to talk about --

d --

1ST COP

Please, sir. Step off the elevator.

And the 2nd Abductor finally does, with hostile arrogance.

SUITED MAN

My name is Robert Koell. I'm with the
District Attorney's office in Richmond.
May I see your paperwork and license.

The 2nd Abductor hesitates, then puts the ice chest down and reaches for his wallet. He's looking off, as if he might run

2ND ABDUCTOR

I have a green card --

SUITED MAN

-- what are you transporting?

2ND ABDUCTOR

A human liver for transplantation.

SUITED MAN

Your paperwork and license please.

2ND ABDUCTOR

-- you are wasting my time!

As he finds his license in his wallet, hands it over. The AD gives it the once over, does the same with the paperwork.

SUITED MAN

And where are you delivering it?

2ND ABDUCTOR

Willow Memorial. They're expecting it.
There's a patient waiting for it --

SUITED MAN

You ever procured or delivered an organ
outside of normal or lawful channels --

2ND ABDUCTOR

No.

SUITED MAN

Ever been asked?

2ND ABDUCTOR

No.

you to an employee with this company. How would your employer answer the question?

2ND ABDUCTOR
-- he's sick. He has cancer.

SUITED MAN
That's not what I asked you --

2ND ABDUCTOR
-- am I under some kind of suspicion?

SUITED MAN
I'd like you to sit down over here, sir --
He's pointing to a bank of nearby chairs.

2ND ABDUCTOR
I don't want to sit down --

1ST COP
Have a seat, sir --

And he does, the ice chest on his lap. The ADA pulls his cell phone and dials. Off the 2nd Abductor's mounting anxiety, we

CUT TO:

77 INT. OUR LADY OF SORROWS HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY 77

A door opens, a sullen Scully exits in street clothes. Hair still wet from a shower. Finding herself face-to-face with:

MARGARET FEARON
Dr. Scully --

CHRISTIAN FEARON'S PARENTS

We met them earlier, when they were hopeful and supplicating.

BLAIR FEARON
We'd like to speak with you, if we may.
About our son. About Christian --

SCULLY
Have you been in to see him?

MARGARET FEARON
Yes, he was sleeping. But we've --

we've changed our minds about going forward with this new treatment.

There. It's out. Scully stands speechless for a moment.

SCULLY

You don't even know if it's working.

BLAIR FEARON

We think Christian's been through enough.

MARGARET FEARON

We know you have the best intentions, but we'd like to put our faith in God now.

SCULLY

I see.

MARGARET FEARON

It's nothing against you.

SCULLY

No.

MARGARET FEARON

If you were a mother you'd understand.

As if she weren't hit hard enough already. Scully fights off her emotion, however; fights to maintain her thin composure.

SCULLY

Have you spoken with Father Ybarra?

BLAIR FEARON

Yes. But the decision is ours.

Scully nods, fighting anger. But sensing the couple's doubt.

SCULLY

What if it did work? If we found we'd made the wrong choice by stopping?

This shakes the Fearons' already shaky resolve.

MARGARET FEARON

You're saying you can save my son?

SCULLY

I just don't want to give up now.

The Fearons study Scully, who tries to hide her own doubt.

S. Before we:

CUT TO:

THE 2ND VICTIM -- CHERYL CUNNINGHAM

The woman being held in the larger box. Lying motionless in the fetal position, the new blanket drawn up tight -- when A LOUD NOISE startles her awake. Her eyes light up in fear. At:

78

INT. KENNEL - NIGHT

78

The gaunt Elderly Man we met earlier lets dogs out of cages, just like the cage in which he's holding the woman captive.

Pit Bulls. He lets them out -- one by one -- pulling them by the collar to A DOGGIE DOOR low in the wall. Pushing them --

-- through the doggie door, where they disappear, used to this routine. He continues up the row of cages, as HIS FEMALE ASSISTANT follows behind, leading the dogs by their collars.

THE 2ND VICTIM

Watching the Gaunt Man move to her box and look in on her.

2ND VICTIM

Please -- I have a family. I have a mom and a dad, just like you. I want to see my family. I want to see my mom. Please -- I don't want to die. Please listen --

The Gaunt Man says something in Russian, his voice gentle.

2ND VICTIM

I don't understand you -- I can't --

The Gaunt Man speaks again now -- but in broken English.

THE GAUNT MAN

You want babies?

What? The woman stares in fearful non-comprehension. When he removes a bag of Sugar Babies from his pocket, drops them in to her. But she ignores them, imploring the gentle old man -- *

2ND VICTIM

I need to go home. I want to go home --

But the Gaunt Man turns and heads back through the plastic.

2ND VICTIM

Don't leave me -- don't leave me --

CUT TO:

79 AN APARTMENT DOOR

79

Father Joe, in his robe, opens it. Surprised.

FATHER CRISSMAN
A vision if I ever had one.

*

SCULLY

Standing opposite him, tentatively. Full of trepidation.

SCULLY
May I speak with you?

Father Joe takes a beat, further surprised by the question.

FATHER CRISSMAN
I'd like nothing better.

There is an awkward moment as Father Joe opens wide the door

FATHER CRISSMAN
Would you like to come in?

No. But Scully steps in anyway. The door closes behind her.

80 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

80

The sofa is still a makeshift bed, an ashtray full of butts on it. Smoke hangs in the air. Dim, gray, cold and stale.

Scully enters, as if passing through the very gates of hell.

FATHER CRISSMAN
Make yourself comfortable.

SCULLY
I won't be staying long.

Father Joe moves closely behind her on his way to the sofa.

FATHER CRISSMAN
You've come by yourself?

*

SCULLY
Yes.

en stare. As if
 gagging her nerve, or her ~~sanctity~~. -- maybe just to rattle
 her. Then he mutes the TV and takes a seat on the sofa bed.

FATHER CRISSMAN *

Sit. Please. I insist.

Scully looks around, but there is nowhere to sit but on the
 sofa bed with him. And, because she's come calling, she sits.

FATHER CRISSMAN *

. Now. You've come to ask me something.

Scully nods, but he can see she's reluctant.

FATHER CRISSMAN

We're alone. Free to speak in confidence.

If she weren't creeped out enough already....

SCULLY

You said something to me out there --

FATHER CRISSMAN

-- yes.

By design or not, he has Scully completely off balance.

SCULLY

-- yesterday. In the snow --

FATHER CRISSMAN

Yes. I said: Don't give up.

Scully nods. Sensing Father Joe's anticipated her purpose.

SCULLY

I need to know why you said it.

FATHER CRISSMAN

I haven't the faintest idea.

Scully stares at him.

FATHER CRISSMAN *

You were hoping for another answer.

She looks down, composing a rush of confused thoughts. Then:

SCULLY

Do you know anything about me?

FATHER CRISSMAN *

Other than you loathe me?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT I DO.

FATHER CRISSMAN

No. I see you're a woman of faith. But not in the same things as your husband --

SCULLY

-- he's not my husband.

It's said defensively and Father Joe picks up on it. He studies her face, eyes going to the cross on Scully's neck.

FATHER CRISSMAN

Do you care to tell me about yourself?

SCULLY

No.

FATHER CRISSMAN

Do you care to offer confession?

Scully looks at him with ill-disguised horror.

SCULLY

I don't think you're --

FATHER CRISSMAN

-- in any what? Position? To judge?

Scully's non-response is in the affirmative.

FATHER CRISSMAN

And haven't you judged me?

SCULLY

You deserve to be judged --

FATHER CRISSMAN

-- as a predator; a pederast; a vile abomination of God's earthly kingdom.

SCULLY

Yes.

FATHER CRISSMAN

Yet, I'm God's creation, just like you.

SCULLY

I don't think even God would claim you -- for the things you did to those boys.

Scully stands now, preparing to leave.

DO YOU KNOW WHY WE LIVE HERE. The men who
call this ugly box of monsters home?
Because we hate each other as we hate
ourselves. For our sickening appetites.

SCULLY
It doesn't make them any less sickening.

FATHER CRISSMAN
So where do these appetites come from?
These uncontrollable impulses of ours?

SCULLY
Not from God.

FATHER CRISSMAN
Not from me. I castrated myself at 26.

Scully moves for the door.

FATHER CRISSMAN
I didn't ask for these visions, either.

Scully gets to the door. But looks back on:

FATHER CRISSMAN
Proverbs 25:2 --

SCULLY
What?!

FATHER CRISSMAN
God's glory to conceal a thing, but the
honor of kings to search out a matter.

Scully stands at the door, temper rising.

SCULLY
Don't you quote scripture to me!

FATHER CRISSMAN
Why did you come here?

Scully won't answer him. But she won't leave, either.

FATHER CRISSMAN
What are you afraid of?

SCULLY
Don't give up. What was that for?!

He's shaking his head. Scully comes back at him, furious.

SCULLY
I don't believe you!

FATHER CRISSMAN
I'm telling you the truth --

SCULLY
They were your words!

FATHER CRISSMAN
I don't know why I said them --

SCULLY
You looked me straight in the face -- !

Scully is furious. Standing over the man with fire in her soul. Father Joe suddenly becomes emotional. Tears forming.

FATHER CRISSMAN
All I ever wanted was to serve Him -- all
I've ever wanted was to serve God --

He bows his head, closing his eyes. Whispering to himself.

SCULLY
Ask for His pity. But don't expect mine.

She start out again, but turns a second time now, when Father Joe starts to hyperventilate. And begins to shiver and shake.

SCULLY
You can stop the act anytime...

A doctor would recognize this as the signs of a seizure. But Scully doesn't move to help the man. The shaking continues.

SCULLY
Look at me.

Scully moves at Father Joe now, takes him by the shoulders. When she does, his head rag-dolls. She can see his eyes have rolled back, that he's swallowing his tongue. Off this:

CUT TO:

81 OLD HANDS UNLOCKING THE DOOR TO THE WOODEN BOX

81

Where the 2nd Victim, kneels inside. We are:

82

82

The Gaunt Man speaks to her in RUSSIAN -- saying something she can't understand. He opens the cage, puts a plate of warm food in. He shuts the door -- BUT DOES NOT LOCK IT -- as he -- *

-- turns abruptly, hearing LOUD VOICES SPEAKING RUSSIAN. COMMOTION from behind the plastic butcher's curtain, where --

-- a moment later, his ASSISTANTS push through the curtain, SPEAKING ANIMATEDLY. The Gaunt Man looking past them, at --

-- A BODY ON A GURNEY. The curtain crops it so we see only a portion of it. A WOMAN'S BODY, IN SEIZURE! LIKE FATHER JOE!

THE GAUNT OLD MAN rushes to attend the seizing woman, who --

-- we see WEARS A MEDICAL ID BRACELET -- as we know THE FBI AGENT WORE in the opening abduction scene. Which means that Father Joe must be right -- THE FBI AGENT IS STILL ALIVE!!!!

The plastic curtains sweep closed over this action. Leaving:

THE 2ND VICTIM ALONE AND UNATTENDED IN HER UNLOCKED BOX

The deafening sound of barking dogs fill the room as she seizes her opportunity. Pushing open the box's door. As we:

CUT TO:

83

BLACK

83

THE MUFFLED SOUND OF BARKING DOGS, THEN -- LIGHT BLASTS IN A US -- THROUGH THE DOGGIE DOOR -- WHERE THE ESCAPED 2ND VICTI CRAWLS THROUGH THE DOOR -- RIGHT AT CAMERA -- CRAWLING --

-- BACK INTO DARKNESS, AS THE DOGGIE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HER WHIMPERING IN FEAR, AND FROM ADRENALINE PUMPING THROUGH HER BODY -- DRAGGING HERSELF ON HER HANDS AND KNEES --

-- FOLLOWING HER DOWN THE CONFINED TUNNEL, TO THE DIM OUTLINE OF ANOTHER DOOR AT THE OPPOSITE END OF THE TUNNEL --

-- CRAWLING FASTER AND FASTER, AS SHE SENSES ESCAPE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SMALL DOOR AHEAD -- HITTING THE DOOR, AND --

CUT TO:

84

EXT. KENNEL - NIGHT

84

THE WOMAN'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS PUSH THROUGH A LOW DOGGIE DOOR, OUT INTO -- THE DARK NIGHT, COLD AND SNOWY --

IKE FREEDOM, when:

HER POV -- A DOG RUNS AT HER OUT OF THE SNOWY NIGHT -- LOW AND FAST -- A FRIGHTENING GROWLING, GROWING LOUDER -- AS WE:

CUT TO:

85 INT. DOGGIE TUNNEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 85

SHE PULLS BACK INTO THE TUNNEL IN A PANIC, THE DOGGIE DOOR SLAMS SHUT -- AND THEN -- WHAM! -- IT'S KNOCKED BACK OPEN --

BY A SNARLING PIT BULL -- BUT WHAT THE HELL?! IT'S... TWO MOUTHS BITING AT HER -- BITING AT CAMERA. BUT IT HAPPENS SO CLOSE, AND SO FAST, WE/SHE CAN'T TELL WHAT THE HELL IT IS --

-- OFF THE WOMAN'S SCREAMING HORROR --

CUT TO:

86 INT. EXPEDITION - NIGHT 86

MOVING POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD to AN AMBULANCE at the curb, LIGHT BARS WHIRLING. Approaching this scene. We are:

87 EXT. FATHER JOE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 87

The familiar black Expedition pulls to a stop. Mulder is 1st out. Followed shortly by ASAC Whitney, a few steps behind.

Moving toward the ambulance with haste and concern. Toward:

FATHER JOE, being hauled on a stretcher from the apartment complex. He wears an oxygen mask. PARAMEDICS are hauling life support alongside him. He looks to be in serious condition.

Scully is trailing the Paramedics to the ambulance. She meets eyes with Mulder. Neither of them expecting the other here.

MULDER

What happened?!

SCULLY

He had a seizure and collapsed.

Mulder's not quite comprehending, lockstep with Scully now. The tension between them finding a new outlet in all this.

MULDER

Who called you?!

NO ONE.

MULDER

Then what are you doing here?!

As ASAC Whitney intercepts them, Scully hesitates to say.

SCULLY

Looking into the empty darkness.

Mulder's still confused, but his attention turns to Father Joe. As the Paramedics begin to load him in the ambulance.

MULDER

We have to talk with Father Joe --

SCULLY

I don't think that's going to happen --

ASAC WHITNEY

-- we've got a suspect questioned about trafficking black-market human organs.

Whitney hands her a blown-up Xerox of A PHOTO I.D. The same photo I.D. the D.A. took the Russian -- The 2nd Abductor.

ASAC WHITNEY

We've got a fairly credible witness who says he swam at the pool with the women. I have agents moving to make an arrest.

SCULLY

Then what do you need with Father Joe?

MULDER

To show him the man's picture.

During this, a 2ND EXPEDITION ROARS UP. Drummy, who's hung back, moves to see what they want. But they want Whitney.

ASAC WHITNEY

Excuse me.

She hustles away. Mulder points to the I.D. Scully holds.

MULDER

It's the man in his visions, Scully.

SCULLY

Who?!

MULDER

The suspect. The man in the photo.

Now you're watching Scully come, Mulder.

Mulder stares at Scully -- this obstacle in his way now.

MULDER

Tell me what you're doing here again?!

She quietly hands the 2nd Abductor's photo back to him. As the 1st Expedition rolls up and stops. Drummy at the wheel. *

DRUMMY

Here's a vision for you --

Drummy hands Mulder a XEROX OF A PHOTO I.D. -- A 2ND PHOTO.

DRUMMY

Couple of my guys just had it.

MULDER'S POV OF THE NEW PHOTO. It's THE 1ST ABDUCTOR. Mulder now holds photos of the two men who attacked the FBI agent.

DRUMMY

That's our suspect's employer. An old friend of Father Joe's, we just learned.

Mulder's suddenly got a sinking feeling.

SCULLY

You mean, Father Joe knows a guy whose business is transporting body parts?!

DRUMMY

Yeah. He's known him for over 20 years.

MULDER

Known him how?

DRUMMY

He was one of his 37 altar boys. And 3 guesses who he's married to in the state of Massachusetts...? Our suspect.

Mulder stands in shocked disbelief. Looking to Whitney on:

ASAC WHITNEY

I have a warrant to search their offices.

Scully watches Mulder. Feeling for him, even though this vindicates her argument. But Mulder won't look at her. As:

Drummy pulls the Expedition sharply away. Mulder watches it -- * then steps in front of the 2nd Expedition and flags it down. *

He turns and looks at her.

SCULLY
It's over.

But he ignores her. Angrily. Getting in the 2nd Expedition and slamming the door shut. Scully watching it roar off, too. *

CUT TO:

88 EXT. DOWNTOWN RICHMOND -- NIGHT 88

The 2 Expeditions race up the snowy street, coming to abrupt stops in front of an older 3-story medical office building.

FBI Agents pile out. Drummy takes the lead up the steps.

Mulder exits his SUV, spots ASAC Whitney moving toward him.

ASAC WHITNEY
Why don't you hold up --

As she accosts him.

ASAC WHITNEY
-- and let these men do their jobs.

Mulder feeling the sting of those words. As we:

CUT TO:

89 INT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 89

FOLLOWING Drummy's team through the atrium to stairs. A PAIR OF AGENTS splits off to the elevator. All have weapons out.

STAY WITH Drummy as he leads agents up to the third floor. They check suite numbers, finding the direction they want. Moving again. No one speaks, all communication is silent.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 90

MULDER AND ASAC WHITNEY on the street near the Expeditions. *

... his. I
wanted to believe it as bad as anyone --

MULDER

I don't know about that --

Mulder's thoughts are elsewhere. His eyes on the building.

ASAC WHITNEY

It didn't break the way we expected, but
give yourself some credit: You broke it --

MULDER

-- look. I don't need the sweet talk.

ASAC WHITNEY

It's true. You led us here --

MULDER

Father Joe led us here -- with false
pretense. That's what you believe --

ASAC WHITNEY

I called you in because I thought you
could help me with this case. Because I
valued your belief in these phenomena.

MULDER

Yeah? And now what do you think?

Whitney stares at Mulder, considering her words carefully.

ASAC WHITNEY

I think this is a longer conversation.

Whitney, being the direct woman she is, say with the look in
her eye that her implied intentions are beyond professional.

As A FORD VAN drives down a side street. They both note it.
But it passes, quickly disappears from their line of sight.

OMNISCIENT ANGLE ON THE VAN

Turning into a parking garage adjacent to the medical
building. Small lettering reads: DONOR TRANSPORT SERVICES.

CUT TO:

91 INT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 91

DRUMMY AND HIS TEAM move quietly down a wide hallway. THE
ELEVATORS BELL SOUNDS and the rest of his team steps off. *

all now. Drummy
TRANSPORT SERVICES.

*

DRUMMY

This is Special Agent Drummy with the
FBI. We have a warrant to search these
offices. Anyone inside, I suggest you
identify yourself and unlock the door.

*

*

They wait. But as they wait Drummy motions for:

*

THE DOOR RAM

Whatever the state-of-the-art model is, one of the team is
carrying it. He's stepping up to the door now, next to:

DRUMMY

We are Federal Agents and we are armed --
open the door or we will open it for you.

They wait again, the Door Ram being positioned as they do.

CUT TO:

92 INT. MEDICAL OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT

92

The door busts in on the darkened space. FLASHLIGHT BEAMS
LEAD THE WAY IN -- UNDER THE LOUD VOICE OF DRUMMY SHOUTING:

DRUMMY

DOWN ON THE FLOOR -- DOWN ON THE FLOOR --
ANYBODY HERE I WANT DOWN ON THE FLOOR --

CUT TO:

93 INT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 93

The trailing members of Drummy's team fall in behind him,
clearing the hallway, as -- THE ELEVATOR BELL SOUNDS AGAIN.

However, no one hears the elevator over the commotion. Or
sees THEIR SUSPECT -- THE 2ND ABDUCTOR, THE RUSSIAN --
exiting the elevator, carrying AN ORGAN TRANSPORT ICE CHEST.

The 2nd Abductor moves to his office, but only a few steps
before he sees the door ajar, hears Drummy and the agents:

*

CUT TO:

94

NUOUS

94

The armed Agents wave flashlights around the dark interior. Onto banks of refrigerators and storage architecture, as --

-- in the b.g., the 2nd Abductor steps past the open doorway, venturing a quick look inside. No one noticing him. As we:

CUT TO:

95

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

95

The Russian sets down his transport chest in the hallway and keeps walking. Gaining speed as he goes. Heading out.

CUT TO:

96

EXT. MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

96

Mulder and Whitney still on the street near the Expeditions.

ASAC WHITNEY

We wouldn't be standing here without your efforts, I hope you appreciate that. We were at a standstill and you pushed us forward, no matter the direction we took.

MULDER

Yeah...

ASAC WHITNEY

I hope to still find our agent alive.

Mulder reacts now. To someone exiting the medical building. A man coming out the front door -- it's the 2nd Abductor.

The man's eyes go to Mulder, but he quickly averts them and starts down the steps. Mulder, who's never actually seen the man, continues staring at him. Causing Whitney to turn now:

ASAC WHITNEY

Who is it?

The 2nd Abductor takes one more look in their direction. And that's enough for Mulder. He starts toward him, SHOUTING --

MULDER

HEY!

The 2nd Abductor doesn't even turn back. He STARTS TO RUN. Mulder running after him. And a moment later, the ASAC, too.

CENE THROUGH SNOWY
E DOWNTOWN RICHMOND.

WE HAVE ALREADY SEEN THAT THE 2ND ABDUCTOR IS EXTREMELY .
PHYSICAL. WE SAW HIM CHASE DOWN THE AGENT IN THE SNOW. WE SAW
HIM DRAG THE 2ND VICTIM'S BODY FROM HER CAR TO HIS TRUCK. *

NOW WE SEE HIM ELUDE A DETERMINED MULDER -- AND ASAC WHITNEY.
IN A FOOT RACE THAT LEADS TO A HIGH-RISE UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

CHASING HIM UP SEVERAL STORIES, THEY REALIZE THAT THEY'VE
TRAPPED THE MAN IN THIS TOWER. THE ONLY WAY OUT IS DOWN.

MULDER IS UNARMED, BUT WHITNEY HAS HER SERVICE WEAPON.

WHITNEY DESCENDS SEVERAL FLOORS, WHEN SHE HEARS SOMETHING.
THE SOUND OF SOMEONE CLIMBING IN THE VACANT ELEVATOR SHAFT.

SHE CALLS TO MULDER AND TELLS HIM WHAT SHE'S HEARD.

MULDER MOVES TO THE VACANT ELEVATOR SHAFT AND LOOKS DOWN, BU
IT'S TOO DARK TO SEE ANYTHING. BUT HE, TOO, HEARS CLIMBING.

WHITNEY MOVES QUIETLY TO THE SHAFT TO LOOK. INSTINCTIVELY
PEERING UPWARD, WHERE THEY KNOW THE 2ND ABDUCTOR HAD CLIMBED

LOOKING UPWARD, THOUGH, SHE MAKES A FATAL MISTAKE. THE 2ND
ABDUCTOR IS CLUTCHED TIGHT TO THE WALL RIGHT NEXT TO HER.

CLOSE ENOUGH TO PUSH HER, AND SHE FALLS TO HER DEATH.

WITH MULDER WATCHING IT ALL HAPPEN. HELPLESS TO SAVE HER.

INTERCUT THIS ACTION WITH DRUMMY AND HIS AGENTS:

TEARING APART THE OFFICES AND THE STORAGE REFRIGERATORS...

AND FINDING NOTHING. UNTIL AN AGENT STEPS INTO THE HALLWAY
AND SEES THE TRANSPORT ICE CHEST THE 2ND ABDUCTOR LEFT THERE

DRUMMY IS CALLED. HE CAREFULLY OPENS THE ICE CHEST. FINDING
PLASTIC GARBAGE BAG INSIDE. WITH SOMETHING IN IT.

WE'VE SEEN THE GARBAGE BAG BEFORE, BEING CARRIED BY THE 2ND
ABDUCTOR NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE BODY PARTS WERE FOUND.

WE'VE ALREADY SEEN THE ICE CHEST IS USED TO TRANSPORT BODY
PARTS. SO WE'RE ALREADY AFRAID OF WHAT HE'S GOING TO FIND.

WHAT HE FINDS IS THE SEVERED HEAD OF THE MISSING FBI AGENT.

MEANWHILE --

AND DRIVES OFF.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON:

97 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

97

CAMERA FINDS SCULLY moving down a corridor, her thoughts burdened by recent events. Much as we found her at the beginning of our story. Looking up now, and reacting to:

MULDER

Standing at the end of the corridor. Waiting for her. He, too, burdened by the failures and losses he's experienced.

MULDER

I know you prefer I stay away.

She takes his hand, seeing that he's exhausted himself.

SCULLY

Mulder -- it's okay.

MULDER

I'm a little tired. And confused. How it could turn like this. How fast it turned. How we could lose her -- Dakota Whitney.

SCULLY

I know. I heard.

Mulder fights back feelings: Of failure. And more.

MULDER

I thought we were winning, Scully.

SCULLY

I know you did, Mulder.

Mulder takes a deep breath, looks off. Scully gives him a moment, still holding onto his hand. But taking her hand away, the reality of their lives returns in a harsh instant.

MULDER

I'm here to see Father Joe.

He shows Scully rolled-up papers in his hand. What we recognize as the Xerox copies of the suspects' photo I.D.s.

MULDER

To ask him about these men.

It's true. And Scully has to shake her head at the irony. That she had to pull Mulder into this kicking and screaming.

SCULLY

I think you need to know he's been diagnosed with a terminal illness. That he has advanced stage lung cancer. *

Mulder takes a moment to process this, but he's resolute.

MULDER

I just need to be sure.

Scully's in no place to deny Mulder, but she's resolute, too

SCULLY

That he's not just a creep but a liar?

She holds out her hand, asking for the Xeroxes.

SCULLY

Then let me ask him.

CUT TO:

98 FATHER JOE

98

Lying in bed, eyes closed. He looks frail, aged. As if his seizure squeezed years from him. Opening his eyes now, on:

SCULLY

Father Joe.

We are:

99 INT. HOSPITAL ONCOLOGY WARD - DAY

99

OTHER PATIENTS occupy the room. And, NURSES. Scully and Mulder are beside Father Joe's bed when he opens his eyes.

FATHER CRISSMAN *

Would you believe I was thinking of you?

He's looking pointedly at Mulder, who nods agreeably.

FATHER CRISSMAN *

I had a vision that might interest you. Of a man. Speaking a foreign language.

r dubious look.
s she's holding.

SCULLY
Would this be that man?

Father Joe's face lights up at the photo of the 2nd Abductor.

FATHER CRISSMAN
Yes. That's the man --

Knowing it's an act, Scully's dubiousness becomes irritation

FATHER CRISSMAN
How did you know?

SCULLY
We think he abducted the FBI agent, and
the 2nd woman you say you saw. Possibly
many more. And he was helped by this man:

Scully now shows Father Joe the photo of The 1st Abductor.
Father Joe looks at it long and hard, then shakes his head.

FATHER CRISSMAN
I don't know who that is.

Mulder sees Scully's impatience -- and vindication at this.

MULDER
Are you sure?

FATHER CRISSMAN
Yes. I'm fairly certain I don't know him.

Mulder stares at Father Joe, wishing it weren't true.

SCULLY
I'm fairly certain you do.

Father Joe stares at Scully now, but in bewilderment.

SCULLY
You've known him since he was a boy.

Father Joe looks at Scully now, then back to the photo.

FATHER CRISSMAN
Oh, no...

He takes the photo from Scully, staring at it in shock.

FATHER CRISSMAN
It can't be true. I don't believe this --

ling.

SCULLY

Neither does anyone else.

He looks up at Scully, fighting a different set of emotions. But she has no sympathy for his tears. No time for his lies.

FATHER CRISSMAN

He's my connection to the girl -- my visions were to save her from him --

Scully's patience exhausted, Father Joe looks to Mulder.

FATHER CRISSMAN

This is God's work -- this is God's work.

SCULLY

Let me ask you then, Father. One last question. About the girl you see. The FBI agent. Monica Bannan. Is she still alive?

Father Joe stares up at Scully, as if caught in a trap.

FATHER CRISSMAN

I feel her. Yes. She's still alive.

Scully looks to Mulder. What more evidence does he need. Mulder nods solemnly, and without a word, he exits the room.

CUT TO:

100 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - CONTINUOUS 100

Mulder is walking away when Scully exits after him.

SCULLY

Mulder --

He looks back -- but he does not stop. Not until --

SCULLY

Where are you going? Mulder --

She catches up to him, and finally he stops. Adamantly:

MULDER

That 2nd woman may still be alive, Scully. Everyone else has given up, but if she's alive, I'm going to find her.

Scully nods. She understands -- the deep psychology here.

ut I do.

Mulder nods, acknowledging the sad meaning behind her words.

SCULLY

It's why I fell in love with you.

MULDER

And it's why we can't be together.

Scully wants only to reach out to Mulder now, to profess her love and change her mind. But it's too late. Mulder turns from her and continues away. Leaving Scully bereft. As we:

CUT TO:

101 CLOSE ON THE 1ST ABDUCTOR

101

Who is a very sick man. His pallor gray, his breathing weak. He lies on a gurney, his body covered by a blanket.

We see him turn his eyes now, though. In reaction to VOICES. COMMOTION o.s. His weak look straining toward the commotion:

1ST ABDUCTOR'S POV

The 2nd Abductor has entered the facility, visible through the plastic curtain. He is UPSET, YELLING in Russian at the Gaunt Elderly Man. Both men coming through the curtain now.

Coming TOWARD CAMERA -- TOWARD THE 1ST ABDUCTOR. Reaching down and checking him, below frame. Examining his o.s. body.

A body we can now imagine is that of the female FBI agent's!

CUT TO:

102 EXT. SNOWY LANDSCAPE - DAY

102

We've been here before -- twice. It's where Father Joe led the FBI with his visions. Where twice they dug up body parts

But there is no one here now. Just cold, snowy and desolate -- until we notice something moving. A PERSON in the distance.

MULDER trudges by himself through the deep snow. Looking for... what? Even he doesn't know. Moving with him...

... to the spot where they dug up the body parts in the ice. Now demarcated by surveyor's stakes and crime-scene tape.

looking off at the
 HILLS IN THE DISTANCE.

ANGLE FROM THE HILLTOP DOWN TO MULDER. This POV isn't new to us. It was previously the 2nd Abductor's secret POV, when we saw him drag the bag of body parts here from his Plow Truck.

SHORT TIME CUT TO: MULDER. MOVING WITH HIM, as he starts up the hill. Climbing to where the 2nd Abductor stood earlier.

ANGLE DOWN ON NARROW ROAD where the 2nd Abductor parked his Plow Truck previously. No one here now, however. Until Mulder BREAKS FRAME, looking at what we're looking at. Thinking.

HARD CUT TO:

103 WE'RE DRIVING DOWN THIS NARROW ROAD NOW, LOOKING OUT THE 103
 FRONT WINDSHIELD OF A CAR. IT'S A ROUGH, SNOWY RIDE. FOR:

104 INT. SCULLY'S CAR - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER 104

Mulder at the wheel. Pushing the sedan past its capability on the rutted, unplowed road. Wipers batting away falling snow.

Continuing like this toward a clearing ahead. Mulder drives the sedan out of the woods onto a plowed and maintained road

WIDE ON THIS SCENE

We see Mulder hesitate, turning neither right nor left. Not knowing which direction to go -- or where he's going for the matter. Choosing a direction finally and driving off. As we:

CUT TO:

105 INT. SCULLY'S CAR - DAY 105

Snow is falling harder now. Mulder following the plowed road into a development. What looks like a small country town.

106 EXT. RURAL TOWN - DAY 106

Mulder slows as he enters the town. Buildings are old, low and mostly unlit. The worsening weather may be to blame, but there's no one on the street and only the occasional vehicle.

Mulder is just about through town when he suddenly slows.

107

107

He stops in the middle of the road, looking at something o.s.

MULDER'S POV

An old building with a broad facade, Large signage reads:
NUTTER'S FEED AND ANIMAL SUPPLY. A MAN is closing the doors.

CUT TO:

108

INT. FEED SUPPLY STORE - SHORT TIME CUT

108

Mulder is knocking on the front window. Until THE MAN
appears, moving to the front door and opening it for Mulder.

FEED STORE PROPRIETOR

I'm closed.

MULDER

I'm sorry to bother you --

The Proprietor looks past Mulder to Scully's parked car.

FEED STORE PROPRIETOR

Plan on driving that car in this weather,
you better get where you're going quick --

MULDER

I only need a moment of your time --

The Proprietor leaves the door open, allowing Mulder inside.
Mulder follows the man through aisles of animal supplies,
back to a counter with old feed scales and such equipment.

But the Proprietor quickly disappears behind the counter and
into an office or off-limits supply area out of Mulder's POV.

FEED STORE PROPRIETOR (O.S.)

What do you need?

MULDER

I'm wondering if you stock an animal
tranquilizer called acepromazine --

FEED STORE PROPRIETOR (O.S.)

Sure --

The Proprietor reappears now, a stack of paperwork in hand.

FEED STORE PROPRIETOR

If you got a prescription for it.

The Proprietor regards Mulder impatiently and suspiciously. Particularly now when Mulder reaches for his back pocket.

FEED STORE PROPRIETOR

Then I can't sell you any.

MULDER

I'm not here to buy it. I'm wondering if you've ever sold the drug to this man --

Mulder unfolds the Xerox copy of the photo of the 2nd Abductor. The Proprietor gets a look at it when THE PHONE RINGS INSISTENTLY in the back room. And disappears again.

FEED STORE PROPRIETOR (O.S.)

I'm never gonna get out of here --

Mulder stands waiting for the man to return when HEADLIGHTS WASH OVER THE FRONT WINDOW. The sound of a larger vehicle pulling up out front. Mulder drifts over for a look at:

MULDER'S POV -- THE PLOW TRUCK

Shut down out the open front door. A moment later, THE 2ND ABDUCTOR swings out of the cab, heading into the feed store.

THE PROPRIETOR

Reappears the supply room where he disappeared. He steps out to the counter, something of a confused look on his face --

FEED STORE PROPRIETOR

What happened to the guy?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE 2ND ABDUCTOR

Standing at the counter. Mulder, however, is nowhere around.

2ND ABDUCTOR

Who?

FEED STORE PROPRIETOR

Guy who was just standing here?

The 2nd Abductor shakes his head. No clue what he means.

CUT TO:

109

CUT

109

The 2nd Abductor exits, moving to the Plow Truck. Which sits all by itself -- SCULLY'S CAR is no longer parked out front.

The Plow Truck pulls away from the feed store. As it does:

CUT TO:

110

INT. SCULLY'S CAR - DAY

110

Mulder on a side street or someplace with visual vantage. As the Plow Truck drives by, Mulder creeps out to follow it.

CUT TO:

111

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

111

Scully walks, consumed by her gnawing longing. Looking up to see Father Ybarra cross her path in an intersecting corridor He gives her a quick, judgemental look and then he's gone --

-- just as TWO NUNS are coming toward Scully. They nod and smile at her as they pass. It has a dreamlike quality... which is not lost on Scully, it appears. Until she sees...

SCULLY'S POV DOWN THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Christian's room. Where she sees FATHER JOE, in his hospital gown, standing next to the boy's bed. Leaning down to him --

SCULLY

Starts to move -- breaking quickly into a run -- toward:

112

INT. CHRISTIAN FEARON'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

112

ANGLE ON FATHER JOE, leaning over the bed, looking down at the boy -- presumably -- the bed and the boy just below frame. Where FATHER JOE'S HAND IS REACHING DOWN, STROKING --

-- when Scully BURSTS IN! Eyes on fire -- murderously --

SCULLY

GET AWAY FROM HIM! GET AWAY --

As Scully lurches to pull Father Joe away from the boy -- CAMERA ADJUSTS TO SEE THAT FATHER JOE IS SIMPLY STROKING CHRISTIAN'S FOREHEAD. But Scully pulls him off anyway.

... ..e!

FATHER CRISSMAN

I was --

SCULLY

You piece of -- you sick bastard --

FATHER CRISSMAN

No -- no -- I was --

Scully's doesn't want to hear it. She could assault Father Joe, but a crowd starts to gather in the corridor. Then:

CHRISTIAN FEARON

It's okay, Dr. Scully --

His shaky voice puncturing the tension like an angel's. But Scully is still filled with silent rage. Father Joe stands in silence, too. Frightened by Scully's outburst. Then:

FATHER CRISSMAN

This boy is your patient --

It's not a statement, or a question, but an understanding. Scully stares at Father Joe, wondering what he means by this

SCULLY

Who told you that?!

FATHER CRISSMAN

No one --

SCULLY

-- then what are you doing in this room?!

FATHER CRISSMAN

I've been here --

SCULLY

-- you've never been here -- !

FATHER CRISSMAN

I've been here before --

What?! But he means it. It's as if it's dawning on him. But Scully is still too angry -- too mistrusting -- to see this.

FATHER CRISSMAN

-- and so have you.

SCULLY

What?!

1

happened. It's all happened before --

Scully's head is swimming. Catching her breath, speechless. Scully is staring at the man, when HOSPITAL SECURITY appears behind her. As they start into the room, Scully takes one more silent beat, turns and starts from the room. When --

FATHER CRISSMAN
You gave up. You gave up --

This turns Scully -- stops her cold. Staring at Father Joe.

FATHER CRISSMAN
You can't give up.

He's locked eyes with Scully. With a religious intensity. And it rattles Scully. Rocks her. And drives her out the door.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY HIGHWAY - LATE DAY 113

THE PLOW TRUCK appears on a plowed two-lane highway, the only vehicle on this stretch. The only vehicle in sight, until we see Scully's car -- headlights off -- a distance behind.

CUT TO:

114 INT. SCULLY'S CAR - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS 114

Out the windshield, over Mulder's shoulder, we see the Plow Truck's tail lights a good, safe distance up ahead of him.

As Mulder drives, he's reaching for his cell phone -- which he pulls out and opens. One eye on the road as he does. On --

CUT TO:

115 EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY HIGHWAY - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS 115

The Plow Truck comes at us, moving along with impressive speed for the road conditions and weather. Passing us, we --

-- PAN THE PLOW TRUCK to a tight-radius turn, where it makes the turn and disappears from our view. PANNING BACK, FINDING:

SCULLY'S CAR

too. Too fast on
 -----, ----- snow tires. As we:

CUT BACK TO:

116 INT. SCULLY'S CAR - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS 116

Mulder dials his cell phone -- as he negotiates the same tight-radius turn where we just saw The Plow Truck navigate.

Mulder is still dialing as he makes the turn -- AND PANICS!

THE PLOW TRUCK SITS DIRECTLY IN HIS PATH -- STOPPED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD ON THE END OF THE TIGHT-RADIUS TURN --

Mulder instinctively swerves and slams down on the brakes -- without chains or snow tires -- the sedan is quickly out of control. Sliding right for the Plow Truck -- and... WHAM!

Mulder slams sideways into the stationary Plow Truck --

MATCH CUT TO:

117 EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY HIGHWAY - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS 117

This same action from ANOTHER ANGLE -- the sedan hits the Plow Truck with tremendous force -- caroming off the Plow Truck and sliding into a snow bank on the roadside -- as we:

CUT TO:

MULDER

Taking the force of the impact, the AIR BAGS FINALLY BLOWING

Mulder sits dazed in his seat, fighting unconsciousness. As:

ANGLE OVER MULDER

Out the side window, where the Plow Truck moves toward him. The 2nd Abductor's face visible through the front windshield

A moment later, the Plow Truck SLAMS INTO THE SEDAN -- with less force than the previous impact. But more deliberate --

Mulder wakes at the force of the impact, which is GREAT.

CUT TO:

118

118

The Plow Truck's plow digs into the already destroyed right side of the sedan. Pushing it even deeper into the snow bank.

CUT TO:

119

INT. SCULLY'S CAR - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS

119

Mulder realizes what is happening -- and he starts to get out the driver's side door, but the force of the piling snow on his side won't let him get it open. So he tries the window -

-- and it starts to go down -- just as THE SNOW PILING AGAINST IT DROPS AWAY. And it drops away, because the little sedan is being pushed OFF THE ROAD AND OVER AN EMBANKMENT --

MATCH CUT TO:

120

EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY HIGHWAY - LATE DAY

120

We see just how steep an embankment from THIS ANGLE. As the Plow Truck pushes the sedan with clear and deliberate force

-- sending it off the edge, tumbling into a creek bed far below. A crash so violent, it's hopeless enough Mulder might survive this fall. More so that anyone would find him. As:

ANGLE UP TO THE PLOW TRUCK

Only its head lights visible. It backs up, disappearing.

CUT BACK TO:

121

SCULLY

121

Opens a door, steps in, shuts it behind her. Leaning against the door, still shaken by her Father Joe exchange. We are:

122

INT. SCULLY'S HOSPITAL OFFICE - LATE DAY

122

Scully finally gets hold of herself and moves to her desk, sitting down at her computer. She taps in a password, rubs her eyes one-handed, waiting for her screen to come alive.

She reaches for THE PRINTOUTS SHE MADE PREVIOUSLY. They're in a messy pile on her desk and she moves to straighten them. And in doing so, ONE PAPERCLIPPED FILE falls to the floor --

en she brings it
 ----- eat stack --
 something catches her eye. RUSSIAN STEM CELL THERAPY IN
 TRANSPLANT PROCEDURE. On it, a PICTURE OF A DOCTOR AND A DOG.

Scully stares at it, then leafs through the file. Coming to
 something that MAKES HER STOP. We see her expression change
 as she reads it. As she looks at ANOTHER DOG PHOTO. This one
 a dog's head surgically grafted onto the neck of a 2nd dog.

Scully stares at this photo -- in revulsion -- but then SHE'S
 OUT OF HER CHAIR IN A SHOT. Digging for her cell phone in th
 pocket of her scrubs. Dialing, as she bolts from her office.

CUT TO:

123 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS 123

Scully has her phone to her ear. We hear it ringing, and:

MULDER'S VOICE
 (on his outgoing message)
 I must be busy. Leave me a message --

SCULLY
 Shit --

Scully walks at high speed, in a state of high anxiety --

SCULLY
 Shit --

A robotic woman gives endless messaging instructions. Then:

SCULLY
 Mulder -- I need to talk to you. I need
 you to call me as soon as you get this,
 Mulder. The FBI Agent is alive -- !

CUT TO:

124 INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT 124

The provisional command post where Mulder and Scully were
 briefed on the case of the missing FBI agent. A hand full of
 AGENTS are still working that case. As a land line RINGS --

ANSWERING AGENT
 FBI. Special Agent Fossa speaking...

*

The Answering Agent listens, then holds the phone out for:

Agent Drummy breaks frame, takes the phone --

*

DRUMMY
This is Special Agent Drummy --

*

*

INTERCUT WITH SCULLY IN THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

SCULLY
Mulder's missing and I need your help --

We're on the move with Scully, HAND HELD WITH HER --

DRUMMY
Is this Dr. Scully?

SCULLY
(impatiently)
Yes -- it's Dr. Scully --

DRUMMY
Why don't you turn it down a notch or two
and tell me what exactly the problem is --

SCULLY
I can't reach Mulder --

DRUMMY
-- where is he?

SCULLY
If I knew that I wouldn't be calling!

DRUMMY
-- Dr. Scully, I'm going to suggest you
call the police. It's not an FBI matter.

SCULLY
-- he's out there working on your case!

Scully gets looks from HOSPITAL PERSONNEL as they pass her.

DRUMMY
He's done all the work we need from him --

*

SCULLY
You asked for him! You called him in --

DRUMMY
Well, that wasn't my call --

*

P!

DRUMMY
I'm sorry, but I can't help you --

SCULLY
-- then why don't you let me talk to
somebody with some balls there who can!

And he hangs up on her. Scully stands in frustrated futility in the middle of the hospital corridor -- having drawn even more attention from hospital staff with her last outburst --

But she's on the move again. Dialing as she goes, calling --

OPERATOR'S VOICE
Federal Bureau of Investigation --

CUT TO:

125 EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT 125

Scully's car is right where we left it -- upside down in the creek bed. CAMERA CREEPS IN ON IT SLOWLY -- and suddenly we detect MOVEMENT INSIDE. Though we can't see exactly what --

CUT TO:

126 INT. SCULLY'S CAR - NIGHT 126

Mulder is hanging upside down, held tight by his shoulder harness and seat belt. He is working to free himself. And... finally he does. Dropping awkwardly onto the car's ceiling.

But he's still trapped, as the car is half-buried in snow. However, because he rolled the driver's window down, Mulder is able to dig at the snow. And that's what he starts to do.

NEW ANGLE ON THE SEDAN IN THE CREEK BED -- HIGH LOOKING DOWN

The view from the highway. Then the sound of TIRES ON GRAVEL somewhere O.C. Then a bumper of A PICK-UP TRUCK breaks frame.

PAN TO THE TRUCK. THE FEED STORE OWNER sliding out. Surveying the hole in the snow bank. Formulating a narrative of its existence -- he's drawn to road's edge. Looking over. At:

... Scully's sedan below. He shakes his head in futility. Didn't he tell the guy about driving in these conditions!?

one. Dialing. Then:

FEED STORE PROPRIETOR

Jim? Yeah, this's Tom Gibbons. I'm out here on 154 looking at the bottom of a guy's car hoopy-do-dooed off the road --

CUT BACK TO:

127 MULDER

127

Digging his way out of the car. Clawing his way to freedom. Looking up, seeing the pick-up's lights on the road above.

MULDER

HEY!!

Mulder gets to his feet now, but it's a long way up to the road. He stands for a moment, catching his breath. Before:

MULDER

HEY!!!!

No answer. A moment later, the pick-up's headlights arc around, disappearing as the Feed Store Owner drives off.

Mulder stands considering what to do. Considering it's dark and he doesn't have a phone now. The only thing is to climb. And that's what he does. Picking his way up back to the road

CUT TO:

128 EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

128

The Plow Truck speeds toward us, then makes a sharp turn off road -- onto a intersecting, un-maintained single-lane road.

Where the Plow Truck must use its plow now to clear the way. Pushing plumes of snow off the road, piling it into the bank

FOLLOWING THE PLOW TRUCK

As it dredges toward us, creating its own path in the snowy woods. Coming at us, until IT STOPS SHARPLY. Then:

-- the Plow Truck's tires SPIN and the engine ROARS -- but it becomes quickly clear that the Plow Truck is stuck. The 2nd Abductor swings down from the cab to see what's gone wrong --

ANGLE ON THE 2ND ABDUCTOR

cracked and sheered
 Mulder off the road.

Realizing he's screwed, the 2nd Abductor curses LOUDLY in Russian. His voice echoing off into the wilderness. As we:

CUT TO:

129 EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT 129

Mulder climbs up and through the hole in the snow back where his car was pushed through. Cold, exhausted, face bloodied.

The highway is empty in both directions. Mulder catches his breath a moment and then starts off. Hoping a car will come.

TIME CUT TO:

130 EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT 130

It's snowing more heavily and the wind has stiffened. Mulder walks sideways against the weather, barely able to see:

MULDER'S POV

He's come to the un-maintained road, the spot where the Plow Truck veered off the highway and began plowing its own route

MULDER

Stops. The new snowfall has softened the freshly plowed road. It's not now clear this is even the Plow Truck's path, as the un-maintained road disappears off into the dark, snowy woods

Clearly suffering the effects of the cold, Mulder calculates a plausible narrative; deciding whether to stay on the safe highway or venture into darkness on the un-maintained road.

He chooses safety and starts away from us down the highway -- our heart sinking for him that he was so close. But he stops. Reconsidering. Before he starts back to take the dark road.

CUT TO:

131 INT. KENNEL - NIGHT 131

The 2nd Victim is dozing in her cage, when LIGHT HITS HER FACE and startles her awake. And some of the caged dogs, too.

2ND VICTIM'S POV

through the plastic
M. Coming for:

THE 2ND VICTIM

Who shrinks back in her cage as the couple opens it. Reaching in to grab her out. The 2nd Victim SCREAMS LOUDLY at them:

2ND VICTIM

No -- get away from me -- don't --

What she's reacting so strongly to we soon see: THE FEMALE ASSISTANT HOLDS A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE. READYING IT FOR HER.

2ND VICTIM

-- don't touch me -- don't touch me --

The Assistants speak Russian to one another as the Male Assistant pulls the shrieking 2nd Victim to the mouth of the cage. Where the female Assistant jabs her with the shot.

The 2nd Victim goes quickly silent. And limp. The Assistants working together to haul her toward the lit room. As we:

CUT BACK TO:

132

MULDER

132

Moving in the dark woods when he sees something ahead that makes him stop. But only for a moment -- as he breaks into a quickening run. His body suddenly pumping with adrenaline.

FOLLOWING MULDER TO THE PLOW TRUCK

Which sits about a football field ahead of him on the dark road. The Plow Truck is dark, too. Only a silhouette here.

ANGLE OVER THE PLOW TRUCK

Mulder gets to it and yanks the driver's door open, but the vehicle is empty. The 2nd Abductor isn't here. Or anywhere to be seen for that matter -- as Mulder very quickly determines

Going to the front of the vehicle, Mulder sees a trail of footsteps leading off into the fresh snow. His eyes follow them into the darkness, but he doesn't follow them himself.

Not before he goes back to the Plow Truck and rummages in the cab. Coming out with a bent tool we recognize as a TIRE IRON.

CUT TO:

133

133

Stands over the 1st Abductor, who lies on a gurney under the BRIGHT LIGHT of a surgeon's lamp. The 2nd Abductor's face is down close to the other man's and he is WHISPERING to him.

He is also CRYING as he speaks to the sick man, leaning in close to his face. We take it they are INTIMATES. The 2nd Abductor is whispering quietly that it's going to be okay.

2ND ABDUCTOR

(whispering urgently)

We are not going to let you die --

While the Male and Female Assistants roll the 2nd Victim (still in her soiled hospital gown) in on a gurney. Past the 1st and 2nd Abductors to where the Gaunt Elderly Man works -

-- he's in surgical scrubs, taking the temperature of the water in a large plastic tub which is filled with SLUSHY ICE

He gives stern orders to his Two Assistants before they transfer the 2nd Victim from her gurney into the murky slush. Her head slightly elevated from her body so she can breathe.

Even though sedated, she startles from the cold. But the Two Assistants force her down and immerse her in the slush. As:

The Gaunt Man moves to the 1st Abductor now. Forcing the 2nd Abductor to back off as he lifts the sheet covering the 1st Abductor to REVEAL FRANKENSTEIN SUTURES ON THE MAN'S NECK --

-- just above THE TOP OF A PAIR OF WOMEN'S BREASTS. The man's head is on the FBI agent's body.

And the body is DISCOLORED. As if the life is draining from it. The female body below the thick, dark sutures is dying.

We see this ever so briefly. Only long enough to understand what is going on. CAMERA PANNING OFF THIS IMAGE, to The Gaunt Man, who begins snipping these sutures below frame, as we:

CUT TO:

134

EXT. KENNEL - NIGHT

134

Surrounded by chain link fence, we now see the facility is simply 3 or 4 old mobile homes lined side-to-side, with perhaps some makeshift plywood structures tacked onto them.

A HUMMING GENERATOR powers dim, yellow exterior lights. The facility itself sits in a clearing. Remote from civilization.

distance. His
 ammeled snow. As we:

CUT BACK TO:

135 THE GAUNT MAN

135

His work reflected in a pair of thick surgeon's glasses, which magnify the man's blinking eyes -- and our horror at his work. In Russian, he asks his Female Assistant for tools.

She hands him tongs -- his glasses reflecting the instrument and the SUTURED AORTIC ARTERY The Gaunt Man is working on.

CAMERA PANNING TO The 2nd Abductor, leaning down to speak in the patient's ear again. Speaking with an urgent whisper --

2ND ABDUCTOR

-- you are going to live. You are going
 to have a fine, strong body again --

The sick man tries weakly to respond, but he's drowned out b the Gaunt Man scolding them in Russian. The 2nd Abductor backs off. Looking now to the strong body he's referring to:

THE 2ND VICTIM'S BODY, IMMersed IN THE TUB OF SLUSH

The Male Assistant cradles her head, painting a collar of yellow iodine on her neck where they will sever her head.

CUT TO:

136 EXT. KENNEL - NIGHT

136

Mulder's feet hit the snow on the inside of the surrounding fence. He moves toward the trailers in the center of the compound when he suddenly startles. Turning as he hears:

THE DARK SILHOUETTE OF A GROWLING DOG

Coming out of the darkness at him -- running low and fast -- charging at Mulder like some kind of menacing phantom --

Mulder bracing for the attack -- as the dog comes at him full speed, actually leaving the ground as he goes for Mulder's neck. In that instant it breaks into the light -- and we see:

NOT ONE, BUT TWO DOG HEADS SNAPPING AT US! Teeth gnashing AT CAMERA. But for an instant. A terrifying glimpse, before we:

CUT TO:

137

137

Magnified eyes focused intensely on work reflected in his glasses -- on the scalpel going to the 1st Abductor's neck.

THE SOUND OF THE DOG ATTACKING MULDER OUTSIDE SETS OFF A CHAIN REACTION OF BARKING DOGS INSIDE. A CACOPHONY which --

-- causes the Gaunt Man to startle. He SCREAMS OUT IN RUSSIAN. The Male and Female Assistant jump in to help him.

-- the HOWLING DOGS -- CURSING AT THE 2ND ABDUCTOR, WHO RUNS FROM THE ROOM NOW, DISAPPEARING THROUGH THE PLASTIC CURTAIN.

The Gaunt Man moves quickly to the 2nd Victim in the plastic tub. Her inert body only faintly visible in the murky slush. Except for the painted yellow ring of iodine at her neck --

Where the Gaunt Man TOUCHES HER NECK WITH A SCALPEL. As we:

CUT TO:

138

EXT. KENNEL - NIGHT

138

The 2nd Abductor slams out the door of a trailer, running into the cold air -- looking for the source of the commotion. But he hears nothing, seeing nothing -- until his eyes go to

Something lying out in the snow near the fence line -- what looks like MULDER'S JACKET! WE ARE FOLLOWING the 2nd Abductor now, as he starts moving toward it, gaining speed as he goes

FINDING MULDER'S JACKET in the snow. RIPPED OFF HIM. Not far from a bloody DOG, half-dead in the snow. One head still PANTING. A 2ND head is dead -- face down, away from us. Only now we understand what we've been seeing. A two-headed dog.

The 2nd Abductor follows a trail of blood and footsteps leading toward the trailers. Following them around a corner, where -- they suddenly disappear into a muddy footpath --

-- no sign of Mulder anywhere inside the compound. As we:

CUT TO:

139

A LARGE TOW TRUCK/CRANE

139

Winching Scully's car out of the creek bed, back up onto the highway where it had been pushed over by the Plow Truck. As:

CAMERA FINDS A BLACK EXPEDITION speeding towards us in b.g.

*

*

The Expedition pulls to a stop near the tow truck -- and also *
the POLICE CRUISER and UNIFORMED COP who are here, too.
Scully exits the passenger door. We follow her to the cop --

SCULLY

I'm Dana Scully -- that's my car --

UNIFORMED COP

-- right -- I spoke to some big wig at
the FBI -- called from Washington --

The Cop's eyes look past Scully at something --

SCULLY

Walter Skinner -- that's him.

ANGLE ON FBI ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WALTER SKINNER

Exiting the driver's side of the Expedition. He's Scully and
Mulder's old ally from the FBI (and the TV show). He starts
towards Scully, but she's already heading back to him.

SCULLY

They found this -- it's got blood on it.

It's Mulder's cell phone -- with dried/frozen blood on it.
And that fact has Scully very upset, Skinner can clearly see

SKINNER

Just calm down -- stop and think.

She's hyperventilating. Skinner takes her by the shoulders.

SKINNER

He's okay. He's got to be --

Scully nods, turns back to look at the wreck being pulled up

SKINNER

He climbed out of there somehow -- and if
he climbed out he probably climbed up --

SCULLY

But where did he go?

That's a question neither of them can answer. Off this:

CUT TO:

141

141

Wondering the same thing. WE FOLLOW HIM ON THE MUDDY PATH AROUND THE CONJOINED TRAILERS. Looking for who killed the dog. CAMERA DRIFTS OFF HIM now, down toward a familiar --

-- DOGGIE DOOR. The 2nd Abductor passing it by. As we:

CUT TO:

142

MULDER

142

In the dark, cramped tunnel where we saw the woman crawling toward freedom. Mulder now crawls the opposite direction -- bloody, cold and exhausted. Toward the other entrance. As we

CUT TO:

143

INT. KENNEL/OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

143

The 2 Assistants move the gurney with the 1st Abductor on it together with the gurney holding the woman in the ice tub --

-- as the Gaunt Man works intently to do something we cannot see, because his body, and the Assistants', block our view --

-- but our eyes are drawn away from them by A SHADOW which appears, back-lit behind the plastic curtain in the b.g. --

-- a moment later, Mulder pushes through the curtain -- bloodied, dirty and wielding the tire iron in his hand --

MULDER

Stop what you're doing and back away --

His voice cracks as he attempts to sound commanding. But he's commanding enough as he raises the tire iron in his bloody hand and steps toward the Gaunt Man and his 2 Assistants --

-- backing them away from the gurneys and the bodies on them. The Gaunt Man starts shouting loudly at Mulder in Russian --

MULDER

Shut up!

But the man won't. Continuing to shout as Mulder looks down to the 2 bodies now. His expression registering horror. At:

THE 1ST ABDUCTOR'S DISEMBODIED HEAD LIES SEPARATE AND DISCONNECTED FROM THE FEMALE BODY WE SAW IT ATTACHED TO --

HIS HEAD TO THE
ING THROUGH THEM ---
 HER BODY IS IN EFFECT KEEPING THE 1ST ABDUCTOR'S HEAD ALIVE!

Mulder looks up from this to the shouting Gaunt Man --

MULDER

SHUT UP! I SAID SHUT UP! Do you speak
 English. Do any of you speak English --

But he gets no response -- certainly not in English.

MULDER

I want her out of there -- I want those
 tubes out of her and her neck sewn up --

But they look at him as if they don't understand. And the
 Gaunt Man is still shouting. Mulder doesn't know what to do.

The Gaunt Man steps back toward his patients now -- as if
 maybe he understands Mulder raising the tire iron at him.

MULDER

Are you going to do what I said -- ?!

Mulder steps at the Gaunt Man, the Assistants moving away.
 The Gaunt Man speaks to Mulder in Russian, explaining
 something about his 2 patients that Mulder can't comprehend

MULDER

I can't understand you --

As he attempts to understand, he doesn't see A SHADOW appear
 behind him -- back-lit behind the opposite wall of plastic
 curtains Mulder appeared through -- and a moment later --

-- a pair of arms shoot through the wall of plastic and grab
 Mulder around the neck. It's the 2nd Abductor -- and he's
 choking Mulder. Subduing him as the Gaunt Man turns and --

-- grabs something from the surgical tool tray. He turns bac
 with A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE, WHICH HE JABS IN MULDER'S SHOULDER

As Mulder reacts to this -- the fight draining from him --

CUT TO:

144

SCULLY

144

Her expression pensive as she looks out the passenger window
 of the Expedition, watching the snowy wilderness pass by. *

Skinner drives, looking over to Scully in clenched concern.

Scully nods but she doesn't look at Skinner. Or answer him.

SKINNER

I know Mulder, he'd get to a phone first
and call. He wouldn't do anything crazy.

This finally rates a look from Scully. Mock incredulity.

SKINNER

Not overly crazy.

Scully turns back to the window -- something catches her eye

IT'S THE UN-MAINTAINED ROAD -- THE ONE THE PLOW TRUCK DROVE
OFF THE HIGHWAY ONTO -- THE ONE MULDER ALMOST PASSED BY --

Scully's eyes lock onto the road, but the new snowfall has
covered the recent plowing and erased all evidence of tracks

If Scully wondered for a moment, the moment quickly passes
and she looks away again, no way of knowing how close they
are. They drive down the road in silence for a way, when:

SCULLY

Stop, please -- stop here --

And he does. But we don't know what's caught her eye.

145 EXT. SNOWY COUNTRY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

145

Scully gets out of the vehicle. CAMERA TRACKS WITH HER TO A
LINE OF 20 MAILBOXES, country style. Skinner exits now, too.

SKINNER

What is it?

She goes down the row until she finds one that reads: 25 2.
Numbers separated by a space, just as they're written here.

Scully stares at the box a moment, hoping against all hope.

SCULLY

Proverbs. 25:2. I don't believe this.

She yanks it open. Pulling out pieces of mail, mostly junk.

SCULLY

God's glory to hide a thing -- the honor
of kings to search it out -- I've got it.

th a typed address.

SCULLY

Invoice for medical supplies, addressed
to Dr. Uroff-Koltoff. It's got to be him.

SKINNER

Who?

SCULLY

The man who did the Russian transplants.
He's got an address on Bellflower Road --

They both look around, up and down the highway.

SCULLY

Where's Bellflower Road?!

Skinner pulls out his Apple iPhone. Fingers it.

SKINNER

Maybe I can Google it --

Scully looks at him like he's nuts. Then:

SCULLY

Listen -- listen --

She steps away from the running vehicle, listening.

SKINNER

What?

SCULLY

Dogs.

Her face lights with hope. Skinner's not sure why. As we:

CUT TO:

146

MULDER

146

Lying drugged on the floor of the operating room. DOG BARKING
fills the air, intermixed with o.s. conversation in Russian.

The feet of the Gaunt Man and his 2 Assistants move around
him, even stepping over him. Continuing their work, when --

-- the 2nd Abductor BREAKS FRAME. He grabs Mulder under his
arm, drags him from under their feet. Out of frame -- as we:

CUT TO:

147

147

The 2nd Abductor bangs open one of the trailer doors, steps out and reaches into the open doorway for Mulder. Dragging Mulder out of the trailer and out onto the muddy pathway.

Hauling him out into the yard, Mulder's feet dragging in the snow. His limp body is heavy in the 2nd Abductor's hands. *

Mulder's eyes open, as he seems to fight for consciousness. But he is helpless against the drug. And against the man who is dragging him to a wooden shed in a corner of the compound

Dragging him around to the front of this shed where AN AXE LEANS AGAINST A CHOPPING BLOCK. Chopped wood is piled against the wall. But we notice something else on the muddy ground:

THE NOW HEADLESS FBI AGENT'S BODY -- Monica Bannan -- LYING FACE DOWN (IF SHE HAD A FACE!) NEAR THE CHOPPING BLOCK. When the 2nd Abductor drags Mulder now, dropping him next to her.

The 2nd Abductor has worked up a sweat and he stops to catch his breath. Before he re-positions the female body over the chopping block -- WHERE HE INTENDS TO CHOP IT TO PIECES!

He picks up the axe as CAMERA DRIFTS TO MULDER'S INERT BODY.

ANGLE UP ON THE 2ND ABDUCTOR -- RAISING THE AXE HIGH TO CHOP

CUT TO:

148

THE 1ST ABDUCTOR

148

Eyes staring into space. Is he dead? No -- he blinks. CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL he's still joined to the 2nd Victim via the blood-delivering tubes jutting from the incision in her neck

THE SAME NECK THE GAUNT MAN IS NOW PREPARING TO SEVER! As he lowers a scalpel down onto her iodine-painted neckline, we:

CUT BACK TO:

149

MULDER

149

Lying on the ground. Axe swinging through frame in the f.g. -- as The 2nd Abductor continues his grisly work on the other body. We see Mulder fighting to regain consciousness now, as:

THE 2ND ABDUCTOR

Stops and puts the axe down. We get a fleeting glimpse of the body parts he's sundered lying scattered over the ground --

Mulder's limp, heavy
 --- ready to sunder --
 -- and doing so -- he reaches for the axe to start the job.
 And, axe in hand, he positions it over Mulder's neck, when --

VOICE (O.C.)

Hey --

The 2nd Abductor turns TO CAMERA, startled by the voice --
 when WHAMMO -- HE TAKES A DIRECT HIT WITH A PIECE OF CHOPPED
 WOOD. Swung hard into his head by none other than Dr. Scully

The 2nd Abductor's legs buckle and he goes down in a quick
 heap. Next to Mulder, still lying on the chopping block --
 Scully drops into frame, taking Mulder's head in her hands -

SCULLY

Mulder --

His eyes open a little at her voice, but he's druggy. As we

CUT BACK TO:

150 INT. KENNEL/OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 150

The Gaunt Man is carefully cutting the skin on the 2nd
 Victim's neck in a clean circle, when -- THE DOGS START
 ANOTHER ROUND OF BARKING O.S. THEN -- SKINNER BUSTS IN!

Right through the plastic curtain, with his WEAPON RAISED --

SKINNER

Hands where I can see them -- NOW!

Skinner gets their attention immediately. And even if they
 don't understand -- and they don't -- the gun says it all.
 The Gaunt Man and his 2 Assistants back off from the gurneys

The Gaunt Man is saying something in Russian, but Skinner is
 not paying attention -- his eyes on the disembodied head --
AND THE WOMAN IN THE SLUSHY TUB, WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN SPARED.

SKINNER

Lord God...

When Scully parts the plastic curtain, seeing Skinner holding
 the threesome with the gun. Seeing the work they've done.
 Moving to the gurneys, as horrified as Skinner is. Then: .

fluids. I
want you to do it. I've got work here.

And she starts to scrub up with calm and nervy haste.

CUT TO:

151 EXT. KENNEL - NIGHT

151

Skinner bangs out of a trailer door, running across the compound to the wood shed. CAMERA FOLLOWING HIM as he finds Mulder lying semi-conscious on the ground. Propped on an arm

SKINNER

Mulder --

Skinner's taking off his jacket. Mulder looks up at him --

MULDER

(still druggy)

The girl -- inside -- she needs help --

SKINNER

Scully's with her -- she's in good hands.

He get his jacket on Mulder, who keeps staring at him.

MULDER

Skinner...?

Skinner has to smile, glad to see his old friend alive.

MULDER

I'm cold.

Skinner hugs Mulder now, holding him close. Off this image:

CUT TO:

152 A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE IN A BOLD, ENERGETIC TYPE FACE: 15
THE HEADLINE READS: **FBI ARRESTS MODERN-DAY DR. FRANKENSTEIN**

Beneath the headline is a photo of The Gaunt Man being
dragged out of the compound. Led by Agent Drummy. *

*

CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL WE'RE LOOKING AT A NEWSPAPER BEING
CLIPPED. WIDEN FARTHER TO REVEAL MULDER DOING THE CLIPPING.

SCULLY (O.C.)

Mulder...

but fresh. Finding
the top of our story

MULDER

What's up, Doc?

If there was a playfulness to this same riposte previously,
there's a carefulness now. Borne of the what they've endured.

We are:

153 INT. MULDER'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

153

Scully stands silently in this cluttered and obsessive space
looking at it with new eyes, it seems. She's come with news.

SCULLY

Father Joe is dead.

Mulder sits stunned for a moment. Scully nods that it's true

SCULLY

He was clearly a very sick man.

Mulder doesn't bother clipping the story any longer -- he
rips it the rest of the way. Getting out of his chair now.

MULDER

Did you read this story? The FBI is
claiming Father Joe was an accomplice.
Not a word about a psychic connection.

SCULLY

He's dead, Mulder. We'll never know.

MULDER

I know, Scully. I can prove it -- he died
of lung cancer, right? Same as the man
who Dr. Frankenstein gave a new body.

SCULLY

Mulder --

MULDER

And what time did you pull the tubes from
the woman's neck? What time did you cut
the blood supply to that man's head?

Scully stares at Mulder, realizing where he's going.

t me the
 death certificate and I'll show you. Then
 I'm going to take it and show the FBI.

SCULLY
 You really think they'll take your call?

Mulder stares at Scully, realizing she's probably right.

SCULLY
 Let it go, Mulder.

MULDER
 It's an injustice to the man's name.

SCULLY
 Considering his crimes against those
 young boys, who's really going to care?

MULDER
 I care. And I think you care, too.

Scully frowns at Mulder.

MULDER
 Father Joe is why that woman's alive.

SCULLY
 Mulder -- you're the reason that woman's
 alive. And I am, too. And Skinner -- no
 matter what you believe about Father Joe.

MULDER
 You said you believed him, too.

SCULLY
 I wanted to believe him. I did believe
 him. And then I acted on that belief --

MULDER
 Why won't you just tell me what he said?

SCULLY
 (grudgingly, but finally)
 He told me, Don't give up.

Mulder stares at Scully, realizing her dilemma now.

SCULLY
 And I didn't, and it saved your life. But
 I put that boy through hell and I've got
 another surgery scheduled this morning --
 because I believed God was telling me to.

her, too.

SCULLY
Through a pedophile priest, no less. A
man who violated God's most sacred trust.

As she says it, Scully can't believe her own stupidity.

MULDER
What if Father Joe was forgiven? What if
his prayers were answered after all --

Scully looks up, momentarily forgetting her self-anger.

MULDER
-- because he didn't give up...?

SCULLY
Right. Try and prove that one, Mulder.

Unconvinced that he -- or anyone -- could. And she's right.

SCULLY
Anyway, I'm due at the hospital.

CUT TO:

154 EXT. UNREMARKABLE SINGLE-STORY HOUSE - DAY

154

Scully exits the front door carrying her valise. Stepping of
the porch, into the deep snow. Walking to her rented sedan.

MULDER (O.S.)
Scully --

She turns before she gets in the car, looking back to:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER

Coming off the porch.

MULDER
Why would he say it? "Don't give up?" Why
would he say such a thing to you, Scully?

SCULLY
It was clearly about you, Mulder.

MULDER
He didn't say it to me. It was to you.

Scully shakes her head. She has no idea why that would be.

Why say the
opposite of what the devil would say?

This gives Scully pause. Because she hasn't thought of this.

MULDER

Maybe that's the answer; what God wants.
And not just about me or about the boy --

SCULLY

-- what do you mean --

MULDER

Don't Give Up.

Scully's heard this before. From Father Joe. And it HITS her Emotionally. But, predictably, her rational mind kicks in.

SCULLY

Please, Mulder. This is hard enough.

Mulder nods, then puts his arms around her. Holding her.

MULDER

If you have any doubt, Scully, don't do
it. Call off the surgery this morning --

She's agonizing, but she's listening. Looking up at Mulder.

MULDER

Then let's get out of here. As far away
from the darkness as you and I can get.

SCULLY

I don't think you can get away from the
darkness, Mulder. I think it finds you.

MULDER

I think you're right. But let it try.

Mulder kisses her now and Scully nods bravely. Then he lets
her go and she gets in the car. And he watches her drive off

CUT TO:

155 INT. OUR LADY OF SORROWS HOSPITAL - DAY

155

CAMERA FINDS SCULLY moving down a corridor, studying a
medical chart intently. When she looks up, she reacts to:

FATHER YBARRA

with the Fearons,
 , he has their rapt
 attention. They notice Scully now -- not with smiling faces.

SCULLY

Tenses, imagining what Father Ybarra is saying to the couple.
 She continues walking, not slowing as she passes them now.

SCULLY

Mr. and Mrs. Fearon. Father....

They nod, but nothing more. Watching her move to a doorway.

SCULLY

Excuse me....

And she enters the doorway, their eyes still on her.

156

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

156

Scully enters, IN HER OPERATING SCRUBS. The O.R. is buzzing
 with activity, NURSES readying the room and young Christian
 for surgery. Putting Christian's head in the traction device

Scully and Christian's eyes meet as she enters. It stops her
 in her track. As THE ANESTHESIOLOGIST works to ready him.

NEW ANGLE ON SCULLY

As she turns to the scrub sink, fear in her expression. We
 were here with her once before -- before the first surgery.
 Only now there are more cards on the table. More at stake.

Scully turns now to, the O.R. team ready and waiting for her
 She won't meet their eyes as she puts her latex gloves on and
 moves to the operating table now. Looking down at Christian.

HER POV OF CHRISTIAN

In the traction device. Frail and vulnerable. Innocent. His
 eyes, however, don't blink. They hold her look fearlessly.

ANGLE UP ON SCULLY

Staring down at the boy. Frozen in place. Transfixed. Long
 enough that the O.R. team exchange subtle glances. Then:

OR NURSE

Are you ready to begin, Dr. Scully?

CUT TO BLACK

THE END

157 THEN A DEDICATION IN WHITE LETTERS: IN MEMORY OF RANDY STORRE

SEVERAL MOMENTS OF SILENCE, THEN MUSIC STARTS. A LATIN RHYTHM. Actually, it's "Reggatta de Blanc" by The Police.

CUT BACK FROM BLACK AND WE ARE FLYING LOW OVER PALM TREES as CREDITS BEGIN TO ROLL -- THE FOLLOWING IS A CREDIT SEQUENCE.

The Latin rhythm builds as we are flying low over villages now. Buildings with palapa roofs -- everyone's idea of paradise. And we continue flying like this for some time --

-- long enough for everyone to wonder what's going on and where this is headed. And where it's headed is offshore --

-- as the helicopter shot takes us low over the blue ocean and out toward a clear straight horizon with nothing on it -

-- nothing, that is, until we pick out a dot in the distance We're heading straight for it now and we begin to make out the outline of a small boat cutting through the water --

-- as we near we see it's A ROW BOAT. On it are Scully and Mulder, Mulder rowing. They are tan and happy on a vast sea of blue. Mulder is wearing -- of course -- a red Speedo famous to every female fan of the TV show the world over.

The music builds to a perfect crescendo now, as we:

CUT TO BLACK