

X-Files

Little Green Men (2X01)

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SCENE 1

(The vast emptiness of space. Mulder speaks over the scenes.)

Mulder: We wanted . . . to believe. We wanted to call out.

(Two satellites fly by.)

On August 20th and September 5th, 1977, two spacecraft were launched from the Kennedy Space Flight Center, Florida. They were called Voyager.

(The shot flies back at incredible speeds past planets, moons and stars, until we are outside the Milky Way. The image moves down to the lower-right side of the screen. Bach's "Brandenburg Concerto Number Two" starts playing.)

Each one carries a message.

Kurt Waldheim on Message: I send greetings on behalf of the people of our planet. We step out of our solar system into the universe, seeking only peace . . .

(Waldheim continues talking. A diagram of an amino acid group, followed by a diagram of the human muscular system, a map of the world, a math chart and many charts of unborn babies.)

Mulder: A gold-plated record depicting images, music and sounds of our planet, arranged so that it may be understood if ever intercepted by a technologically mature extraterrestrial civilization.

(A woman starts talking in another language, possible Japanese, in the background and a picture of the earth comes up, stating the measurement of 12,756 kilometers.)

Boy on Message: Hello from the children of planet Earth.

(The picture turns into the real Earth, then zooms back from it.)

Mulder: Thirteen years after its launch, Voyager One passed the orbital plane of Neptune and essentially leaving our solar system. Within that time, there were no further messages sent. Nor are any planned.

(The shot moves down to a row of satellite dishes.)
We wanted to listen. On October 12th, 1992, NASA initiated the high-resolution microwave survey.

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SCENE 2

Arecibo Ionospheric Observatory; Arecibo, Puerto Rico

(An aerial shot of the extraordinary telescope. Mulder continues talking.)

Mulder: A decade long-search by radio telescope, scanning ten million frequencies for any transmission by extraterrestrial intelligence.

(The birds chirp and the monkeys howl outside of the observatory.)

Less than one year later, first-term Nevada Senator Richard Bryan successfully championed an amendment which terminated the project.

(The letters on the outside of the building read: "Arecibo Ionospheric Observatory; Arecibo, Puerto Rico; Control Room.")

I wanted to believe but the tools have been taken away.

(Inside, the machines are covered and off.)

The X-Files have been shut down. They closed our eyes. Our voices have been silenced . . . our ears now deaf to the realms of extreme possibilities.

(A machine turns on and starts beeping. Slowly, all the machines turn on. One indicates that it is receiving information. The printers begin pumping out papers. The reel player starts. Bach's "Brandenburg Concerto Number Two" starts playing. The voice is scratchy and rough.)

Kurt Waldheim on Message: I send greetings on behalf of the people of our planet. We step out of our solar system into the universe, seeking only peace and friendship . . . to teach . . .

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SCENE 3

Longstreet Motel; Washington, D.C.; Wiretap #5a21147

(Mulder sits at a desk with a tape recorder that is on. He is transcribing a conversation between two men. Mulder has poured out a bag of sunflower seeds on his desk and is eating them. The shells surround his chair on the floor.)

Man #1: Do you remember that one strip joint?

Man #2: Yeah. You treat yourself?

Man #1: Oh, man, let me tell you. You know that one, Tuesday?

Man #2: Wait, wait, you went on Tuesday?

Man #1: No, no. That's the stripper's name, Tuesday.

Man #2: Yeah, yeah, I know her.

Man #1: Well, anyway, she's onstage dancing to that Offspring song, "Come Out and Play."

Man #2: Nice touch.

Man #1: Very hot.

Man #2: So keep going.

Man #1: So I'm tipping her big. No ones, five spots. I'm laying them down on the rail, boom boom boom.

Man #2: Yeah, right.

Man #1: By the end of the song, I had like forty dollars laid out on the rail.

Man #2: It's not a long song, is it?

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SCENE 4

FBI Academy; Quantico, Virginia

(A dead man is laid out on a table under a sheet with only the top of the head exposed. A dotted line is across it. Scully stands over him, dressed in her doctor's garb. A class of students is off to the side taking notes.)

Scully: It is advantageous to begin an autopsy with removal of the cranium. The cranium is opened with a horizontal division an inch above the eyebrow ridges.

(She looks at the body. The students murmur a little.)

Female Student: Something wrong?

Scully: What this man imagined . . . his dreams, who he loved, saw, heard, remembered . . . what he feared . . . somehow it's . . . all locked inside this small mass of tissue and fluid.

Female Student: Are you okay, Agent Scully? You kind of sounded a . . . little spooky.

(Scully looks at her when she hears Mulder's nickname.)

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SCENE 5

FBI Headquarters; Washington, D.C.

(Mulder turns a corner and walks down a hallway filled with people talking. Scully turns another corner and sees him coming towards her. She smiles slightly and walks up to him.)

Scully: Good afternoon, Agent Mulder.

(Mulder keeps walking, turning the corner she came out of. She watches him walk away in dismay. Mulder walks to his desk and sees the picture of Samantha face down. He stands it up and takes of a note attached to it that covers her face. He stares at the picture.)

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SCENE 6

Watergate Hotel & Office Complex

(Scully paces back and forth in the parking lot. She hears a door opening and turns to see a man walking towards her. She starts towards him and sees that it is Mulder.)

Mulder: Four dollars for the first hour of parking is criminal. What you got better be worth at least forty-five minutes.

(She sighs in a little relief and smiles at him.)

Scully: You know, Mulder, from . . . from back there, you look like him.

Mulder: Him?

Scully: Deep Throat.

Mulder: He's dead, Scully. I attended his funeral at Arlington through eight-power binoculars from a thousand yards away. Now, the picture frame was turned down, you wanted to talk. What have you found?

Scully: I wanted to talk but I haven't found anything.

(A car starts and the headlights cast upon the duo. He moves closer to her.)

Mulder: It's dangerous for us just to have a little chat, Scully. We must assume we're being watched.

Scully: Mulder, I haven't seen any indication . . .

Mulder: No, no, of course not. These people are the best.

Scully: I've taken all of the necessary precautions. I have doubled back over my tracks to make sure that I haven't been followed and no one has ever followed me. The X-Files have been terminated, Mulder. We have been reassigned. I mean, what makes you think they care about us anymore anyway?

Mulder: So why have you bothered to come here covertly?

Scully: Because I realized that it was the only way that you would see me.

Mulder: So what do you want?

Scully: To know that you're all right. Mulder, you passed me today within a foot, but you were miles away.

Mulder: They've got me on electronic surveillance. White-bread cases, bank fraud, insurance fraud, health care swindles.

Scully: Mulder, I know that you feel . . . frustrated that without the bureau's resources, it's impossible for you to continue . . .

Mulder: No, it . . .

Scully: Well, what then? When the bureau first shut us down, you said that you would go on for as long as the truth was out there. But I no longer feel that from you.

(She stares at him, waiting for a response.)

Mulder: Have you ever been to San Diego?

Scully: Yeah.

Mulder: Did you check out the Palomar observatory?

Scully: No.

Mulder: From 1948 until recently, it was the largest telescope in the world. The idea and design came from a brilliant and wealthy astronomer named George Ellery Hale. Actually, the idea was presented to Hale one night. While he was playing billiards, an elf climbed in his window and told him to get money from the Rockefeller Foundation for a telescope.

Scully: And you're worried that all your life, you've been seeing elves? (He slumps down against the wall, kneeling.)

Mulder: In my case . . . little green men.

(She kneels down next to him.)

Scully: But, Mulder . . . during your time with the X-Files, you've seen so much.

Mulder: That's just the point. Seeing is not enough, I should have something to hold onto. Some solid evidence. I learned that from you.

(They look at each other in silence for a second.)

Scully: Your sister's abduction, you've held onto that.

(Mulder looks away.)

Mulder: I'm beginning to wonder if . . . if that ever even happened.

Scully: Mulder, even if George Hale only saw elves in his mind, the telescope still got built.

Don't give up. And next time . . .

(She sighs and stands up.)

We meet out in the open.

(She walks away. He stays there, his eyes closed. He opens them slowly and sighs, then looks at a sign that says "This parking reserved for the staff of the Watergate Hotel.")

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SCENE 7

**November 27, 1973; Chilmark, Massachusetts;
8:53 p.m.**

(The TV is on and a tape recorder is playing on it, with a picture of Nixon in the corner. A young Fox lays down across a Stratego board from Samantha, who is sitting. He moves a piece.)

Man: . . . she had erased a conversation between President Nixon and H.R. Haldeman while transcribing the subpoenaed tape. Woods testified that she had erased only about five minutes of the conversation but the tape contained an eighteen-minute gap. Under investigation . . .

Samantha Mulder: Scout.

Man: . . . from Senator Howard Baker, H.R. Haldeman reiterated the White House explanation that Rosemary Woods . . .

(Fox takes a piece and smiles.)

Samantha Mulder: Do we have to watch this, Fox?

Mulder: Leave it, I'm watching "The Magician" at nine.

Samantha Mulder: Mom and Dad said I could watch the movie, buttmunch.

Mulder: They're next door at the Galbrands and they said I'm in charge. (Samantha gets up and changes the channel to a western. Mulder sits up.)

Hey! Get out of my life!

(He changes it to a channel with static. She screams in his ear. He changes it back to the news and stands, towering over her.)

I'm watching "The Magician."

(He starts to walk when the power goes out.)

Now, look. The fuse is blown.

(A painting of Mulder and his dog starts moving against the wall.)

Samantha Mulder: Fox!

(They look around as the Stratego pieces shake along the board. On the fireplace mantel, pictures fall and knickknacks topple over. The plug in the wall socket explodes in sparks. They look towards the window, where weird red and blue lights flash through. Fox moves up to the window and looks through. The chandelier is shaking, and Fox looks at that. A weird glow starts emanating through the door. The doorknob slowly turns. The door opens and a bright light shines through. Fox's eyes open widely as he makes out a strange-looking silhouette that doesn't quite look human. Samantha screams and he turns. Samantha is suspended in the air.)

Mulder: Samantha! Samantha!

(She floats towards the window. He climbs on a chair and throws down a case, which breaks, exposing a gun. He looks at the figure in the door,

who raises a hand up invitingly. The white glow fills the room as Samantha moves out the window.)

Samantha . . . Samantha! No!

(Mulder is left kneeling on the floor, alone, the white glow all around him.)

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SCENE 8**Mulder's Apartment**

(Mulder wakes with a start. He gets up and closes the blinds on his window.

A man opens his door.)

Man: We're going to the hill.

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SCENE 9**Office Of Senator Richard Matheson**

("Brandenburg Concerto Number Two" plays as the man opens the door and walks in, followed by Mulder. Senator Matheson is by his stereo, facing the wall.)

Man: Senator Matheson!

(Matheson points to a chair. Mulder walks over to it and sits down as the man leaves.)

Richard Matheson: Do you know this, Fox?

Mulder: It's Bach. "Brandenburg Concerto Number Three."

(Matheson holds up two fingers like a peace sign.)

Richard Matheson: Two.

Mulder: Good thing it wasn't a Double Jeopardy question.

(Matheson turns around and looks at him.)

Richard Matheson: Do you know the significance of this piece?

Mulder: Well, uh . . . recalling music appreciation with Professor Ganz, Bach had a genius for polyphonic . . .

Richard Matheson: This is the first selection of music on the Voyager spacecraft. The first.

(Mulder nods.)

Four and a half billion years from now, when the sun exhausts its fuel and swells to engulf the earth, this expression will still be out there, traveling four and a half billion years. That is, if it's not intercepted first. Imagine, Fox. If another civilization out there were to hear this, they would think "what a wonderful place the earth must be."

(He walks over to his small bar.)

I would want this to be the first contact with another lifeform.

(He pours a drink.)

Mulder: I know I've let you down. You've supported me at great risk to your reputation. I realized when they shut us down, there was nothing you could do.

(Matheson sits at his desk across from Mulder.)

All I can say is, I think we were close. To what, I don't know.

(Matheson takes a sip and smiles. The song slowly ends.)

What?

(Matheson makes a halting motion. He takes a pen and paper and starts writing.)

Richard Matheson: Do you like Bach, Mulder?

Mulder: I live for Bach.

Richard Matheson: Then let's hear it again.

(He hands Mulder the paper which reads "They may be listening." He then walks over to the stereo and plays it very loudly. They walk away from the desk and talk quieter.)

I take it you're familiar with the high-resolution microwave survey?

Mulder: The search for extraterrestrial radio signals. They shut it down.

Richard Matheson: You have to get to the radio telescope at Arecibo, Puerto Rico. I'll try to delay them as long as I can but my guess is you'll have at least twenty-four hours. After that, I can no longer hold off the Blue Beret U.F.O. Retrieval Team. And they have been authorized to display terminal force.

Mulder: What am I looking for?

(Matheson hands him a computer print-out of something. He then walks around Mulder as he reads the paper and leans over to his ear.)

Richard Matheson: Contact.

SCENE 10

FBI Headquarters; Washington, D.C.

(Skinner sits at his desk. A tape recorder is playing.)

Skinner on Tape: When did you last see Agent Mulder?

Scully on Tape: Yesterday.

Skinner on Tape: Where?

Scully on Tape: In the bullpen hallway.

Skinner on Tape: Did you speak with him?

Scully on Tape: No. Is he in some kind of trouble?

Skinner on Tape: Agent Mulder failed to appear at his assignment this morning. His, uh . . . his whereabouts are unknown.

(The Cigarette-Smoking Man picks up his pack of cigarettes off the table.)

Scully on Tape: Sir, I'll volunteer my time to assist in any search.

Skinner on Tape: No, Agent Scully, the bureau can handle . . .

(The Cigarette-Smoking Man stops the tape.)

Skinner: She doesn't know where he is.

Cigarette-Smoking Man: How can you be so sure?

Skinner: Because if she knew, she wouldn't be so worried about him.

(The Cigarette-Smoking Man opens up the pack and sees that it's empty. He looks at Skinner.)

I don't smoke.

(The pack is crushed in the Cigarette-Smoking Man's hand.)

Cigarette-Smoking Man: She'll find him.

SCENE 11

Arecibo, Puerto Rico

(Mulder is riding in the back of a truck, sunglasses on, shirt drenched with sweat. The truck stops. He walks over to the driver, carrying his bag.)

Mulder: Gracias.

Man: De nada.

(He drives off. Mulder hikes up to a gate that says "National Astronomy & Ionosphere Center; Arecibo, Puerto Rico; No trespassing." He takes off his sunglasses and looks around. After trying the lock, he decides to hike around the gate. Later, Mulder makes his way through the jungle, climbing up hills until he sees the satellite sticking out over the canopy of the trees. He arrives at the control room and puts his bag down on a barrel. He takes out his tape recorder.)

Mulder: No trace evidence immediately apparent around the exterior of the control room which is locked with chains.

(He puts the tape recorder away and cuts the chains with a clipper he takes out of his backpack. He walks into the dark room, carrying a flashlight. Everything is still draped over with sheets. He flicks the light switch on and off, then talks into the recorder.)

The power has been turned off. Although, the control panel lights are still on. The room is about thirty by fifteen. I see no signs of any recent occupation. There's quite an odor of mildew in the air . . . the air is stale. If anyone's been here recently . . . I see no indications.

(He hears a machine whirring and turns around to see the tape recorder running.)

SCENE 12**Mulder's Apartment**

(Scully presses a button on Mulder's answering machine. It rewinds then plays.)

Woman: Mulder . . . you hounded me to have lunch with you today and then you don't show. You're a pig.

(There is a click and three beeps. She sits down and opens the drawer, rifling through the papers. Turning on the computer, a DOS directory screen comes up. Putting on her glasses, she clicks on the directory marked files. A prompt comes up that reads "Volume Protected; Enter Password." There is a text box underneath. She looks at it, thinks, and types in "spooky." The screen blinks "Access denied" three times over the words "Volume Protected" and it beeps three times. Thinking more, she types in "Samantha." Access denied. She stares at the screen and types another word. "Trustno1." The "ok" box turns black and the file that Senator Matheson gave Mulder comes up on screen. She reads some of it.)

Scully: "Galactic latitude?"

(She hears footsteps approaching and clicks on print. The printer starts up. She turns off the computer and stands. The paper drops out of the printer in time to avoid the two men walking in to see it.)

Morris: May I ask what you're doing here, Agent Scully?

Scully: Are you following me?

Morris: Agent Mulder's residence is under surveillance. Please explain why you're here.

Scully: I was told by the Assistant Director that Mulder was gone.

Morris: So?

Scully: So, whenever he's away, I feed his fish.

(They look at the fish tank. Scully smiles and walks to it as another man picks up the paper.)

Man: What the hell is this?

(He gives it to Morris.)

Morris: Looks like a self-test the computer does.

(He crumples it up and tosses it in the wastebasket. Scully watches him then pulls off the lid and spills out some of the food on the shelf.)

Scully: Damn.

Morris: Just dump it in the tank.

(Scully looks at him.)

Scully: That would be bad for the fish.

(She takes the paper out of the wastebasket, uncrumples it, and sweeps the food into the paper. She crumples the paper up and bends down to the wastebasket. While pretending to throw it away, she sticks it up her trenchcoat sleeve. She then leaves.)

SCENE 13**National Astronomy & Ionosphere Center; Arecibo, Puerto Rico**

(Mulder rewinds the tape on the recorder to the beginning. He then feeds the reel into the other and takes a drink of water. He turns on the flashlight and looks towards the door that reads "Lavatory." He walks over to it and opens the door. As he opens it, a man screams and throws a washbasin at him.)

Jorge Concepcion: No me lastime! No me lastime!

(**Translation:** Don't hurt me! Don't hurt me!)

Mulder: Who are you? Who are you? What are you doing here?

Jorge Concepcion: Por favor, no me lastime! Yo tengo mucho miedo!

(**Translation:** "Please, don't hurt me! I have a lot of fear!")

(The man whimpers in the corner. Mulder looks at him and walks towards him slowly.)

Mulder: That's all right, settle down. Settle down.

Jorge Concepcion: Tenemos que irnos aqui.

(**Translation:** "We have to leave now.")

Mulder: Hablo inglese? (**Translation:**> Mulder probably wants to say "Hablas ingles?" which means "You speak english?"

(The man shakes his head no.)

Mulder: Name? Nombre? Nombre? (**Translation:**> "Name? Name?"

Jorge Concepcion: Jorge . . . me llamo Jorge Concepcion. (**Translation:**> "Jorge . . . my name is Jorge Concepcion.")

Mulder: Jorge, why are you so afraid? What have you seen?

(He points to his eyes. Concepcion points up.)

Jorge Concepcion: Luces en el cielo. Rojo, azul, anaranjado. Pense que una avioneta habia entrado de los arboles. Pero cuando llegue . . . vi hombres . . . como animales . . . pero no hombres. Me agarraron y me pusieron aqui. Todavia estan en el bosque! (**Translation:** "Lights in the sky. Red, blue, orange. I thought it was an airplane that had to go through the trees. But when I got there . . . I saw men . . . like animals . . . but not men. They took me and put me here. They're still out in the woods!")

Mulder: Jorge, no comprende! Did you say men? Hombres?

(Concepcion grabs Mulder's pen and draws on the wall. Mulder looks at the picture in wonder. It is obviously of something not of this world.)

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SCENE 14**U.S. Naval Observatory; Washington, D.C.**

(Dr. Troisky is looking at the print-out. Scully sits across from him at the desk.)

Troisky: Looks like the “wow” signal.

Scully: The “wow” signal?

Troisky: Ohio State has a radio telescope that conducts electronic searches for extraterrestrial intelligence. In August 1977, my buddy, Jerry Ehman, found a transmission on the print-out like this. He was so excited, he wrote “wow” in the margins.

Scully: What was there?

(He takes off his glasses and stands.)

Troisky: A signal thirty times stronger than galactic background noise. It came through on the twenty-one centimeter frequency which no satellite transmitters are allowed to use.

(He sits down on the desk.)

Troisky: The signal was intermittent . . . like morse code. And more importantly, the signal seemed to turn itself on while in the telescope’s beam. The “Wow” signal is the best evidence of extraterrestrial intelligence. But this . . . this is better. Where did you get this?

Scully: Maybe you can tell me. Is that from Ohio State?

(He looks at it then stands, going back to his desk.)

Troisky: Can’t tell. There are a few nickel-and-dime S.E.T.I. projects around. U.C. Berkeley has one. The Planetary Society has one in Harvard and in Argentina.

(He sits.)

Troisky: NASA was working out of one in, uh . . . Goldstone in California and Arecibo in Puerto Rico.

(Scully sighs.)

SCENE 15**FBI Headquarters; Washington, D.C.**

(Scully has stacks and stacks of papers on her desk. She pulls another one off of a pile. The heading reads:

“AIRLINE PASSENGER MANIFEST
Washington DC — Buenos Aires, AR
WAS BUE
SCA # 397 7 JUL”

There is a list of people underneath. She flips to the next one. It reads:

“AIRLINE PASSENGER MANIFEST

ORG: Washington, DC

- Miami, Fla.

- San Juan, PR

WAS MAI SJU

SCA # 184 7 JUL

1. Alves, Paulette

2. Anglin, Donald

3. Bartle, Sylvia

4. Berreman, Xinh

5. Brice, Sarah

6. Brown, Kelly

7. Carstensen, Tere

8. Celio, Gail

9. Chen, Cliff

10. Dawson, Hayden

11. Dawson, Lori

12. Erickson, Harley

13. Ferguson, Garn

14. Giannini, Jodi

15. Gompf, Jan

16. Gonzalez, Pat

17. Gostin, Jeff

18. Grant, Charles

19. Grant, Betty

20. Hale, George

21. Harris, Andrew

22. Harris, Melissa

23. Hill, Linda Lee

24. Hill, Scott

25. Hofmann, Erika”

Her finger traces down the list, then goes back up to Hale.)

Scully: Mulder.

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SCENE 16**National Astronomy & Ionosphere Center;
Arecibo, Puerto Rico**

(All the machines are uncovered and on. Concepcion walks around looking at them while Mulder sits, looking at the print-out. He starts talking into his tape recorder. The rain pours hard outside.)

Mulder: The signal from 0630, Tuesday. The narrow band and exact matching of the antenna pattern indicates that it originated from beyond lunar distance. But the same message is trans . . .

(Jorge pushes a button and the machine beeps twice. Mulder spins around.)

No, Jorge! Don't touch that red button. No-ho on the rojo.

(Jorge nods slightly.)

Thanks.

(He turns back to the print-out as thunder cracks outside. He speaks into the recorder.)

The same message was transmitted four hours later on a wide band . . . which puts its point of origin very close . . . just miles away from . . .

(The reel player in the back flips on and Mulder stands. Concepcion has a look of fear on his face. The message is the Voyager transmission again. Bach plays in the back. The voice is very scratchy and rough.)

Kurt Waldheim on Machine: I send greetings on behalf of the people of our planet.

(The speaking continues in the background.)

Jorge Concepcion: Son ellos! Han regresaron! (**Translation:** "It's them! They've come back!")

Mulder: It's just a tape machine, Jorge!

(Concepcion grabs Mulder's arms.)

Jorge Concepcion: Vamanos! Vamanos inmediatamente, por favor! (**Translation:** "We go! We go immediately, please!")

Mulder: Where are we going to go? There's a storm outside.

(The message turns into a high-pitched ringing so bad that Mulder and Concepcion both cover their ears. Concepcion inches back towards the door as Mulder moves towards the machine.)

You can't be afraid, Jorge!

Kurt Waldheim on Machine: . . . and all it's inhabitant are but a small part of the . . .

(Mulder turns it off.)

You can't be afraid . . .

(He turns back to see the door swinging open. Running through the woods, he shines his flashlight all around.)

Jorge! Jorge! Jorge! Jorge!

(As he walks forward, something catches his eye. He spins to his left and sees Concepcion, dead, leaning back against the tree, arms raised and face scrunched. He looks purely terrified.)

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SCENE 17

Miami International Airport

(Scully folds up her newspaper. She is sitting.)

Woman on P.A. System: . . . please proceed immediately to Gate 16.

(She then repeats the message in Spanish. Scully takes out her compact and starts applying her make-up. In the mirror, she looks at the people

behind her, trying to see if she has someone tailing her. Seeing no one, she closes it up.)

Attention, please.

(The P.A. system cannot be heard legibly over the people talking behind her. She walks over to another part of the terminal. A couple watches her, then the man signals in her direction when she disappears from view. They pick up their things and start towards her direction. Scully walks back out and looks at them. They look away from her. Scully walks past them and they watch her. She goes to the payphones, puts a few pieces of change in, and dials a number. Cut to Mulder's apartment. Agent Morris' partner is sitting at Mulder's desk, pen and pad in hand. The answering machine picks up Scully's call.)

Mulder on Answering Machine: Hello. This is Fox Mulder, leave a message please.

(It beeps.)

Scully: C.A 519. 7:05. 9:50.

(The agent scrambles to write it down. Scully hangs up and looks at a hot dog stand. The owner of it folds down the glass cover to the front. In the reflection, Scully sees the two sitting down. The woman looks towards Scully. Scully sighs and makes another call.)

Message: At the tone, Eastern Daylight Time will be 5:47 and forty seconds.

(There is a tone. The two agents are still seated.)

Woman on P.A. System: Attention, passengers. Flight 1535 is now boarding at gate two.

(The agents stand up and look around. The woman looks towards the payphones and sees that Scully is gone. She walks over to the payphones, but Scully is nowhere to be found. She walks back over to the male agent.)

Male Agent: Relax, we know where she's going . . . St. Croix. Caribbean Air flight 519. It leaves at five after seven. Gate's in the other terminal.

(They walk away. On the upper level, watching them, leaning over the railing, is Scully. She walks over to the ticket booth for SouthCoast Airlines.)

Scully: I'd like a ticket on the 6:30 flight to San Juan.

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SCENE 18**National Astronomy & Ionosphere Center;
Arecibo, Puerto Rico**

(Jorge is laid out on a table. Mulder stands over him, then brings the tape recorder to his mouth. His breathing is heavy and ragged.)

Mulder: The day is . . . the time is 10:30. Although not a qualified pathologist, I will record my observations of the body in case at some future time, decomposition should obscure forensic evidence.

(He walks around to the side of the body and keeps walking slowly.)

The subject, perhaps victim . . . is hispanic male, undetermined age. There are no overt external injuries apparent. There are no indications of any lightning strikes. No singeing of the air or burns of any kind. There are no . . . there are no puncture wounds due to needles or probes commonly associated with cases of alien abduction.

(He stops on the other side.)

The subject was discovered in sitting position. Riger mortis having set in, a little less than half an hour had elapsed. The skin is strikingly affected by goose flesh. The body shows signs of intense cadaveric spasm. The expression reflects . . .

(He leans in and looks at Jorge's face.)

My God, Scully. It's as if he's been frightened to death.

(He stops the recorder. He then walks away from the body and presses record.)

Again, Scully, nothing but evidence . . . and again, no evidence at all. (He walks over to the print-outs.)

The print-outs received in the transmission indicate contact with another lifeform and yet I cannot see them. Even if I could see them, would they really be there? How do I know this isn't some classified military satellite? These transmissions are from the Voyager, for God's sake. Could extraterrestrials really have intercepted them? Or is this just some elaborate joke played on those who want to believe?

(He throws the print-out down in anger and walks around.)

I was sent here by one of those people. Deep Throat said "Trust no one." And that's hard, Scully . . . suspecting everyone, everything. It wears you down. You even begin to doubt what you know is the truth. (He sits down on the desk.)

Before, I could only trust myself. Now, I can only trust you . . . and they've taken you away from me. My life up to this point has been about the need to see her again. To see them. But what would I do if they really came?

(He looks over to Jorge. There is a rumbling and a rattling. He stops the tape recorder and puts it down, then walks over to beside Concepcion.

The noise is coming from all around him. The recorder moves on the table. Glass starts breaking, having fallen off from where they were. Red and blue lights start flashing and the high-pitched ringing from before begins. The lights are shining through the door window. The printer starts rattling off pages of information. The reel player starts. The voice is very elongated and deep.)

Player: Deep . . . Throat . . . said . . . "Trust . . . no . . . one . . ." Deep . . . Throat . . . said . . . "Trust . . . no . . . one . . ." Deep . . . Throat . . . said . . . "Trust . . . no . . . one . . ." Deep . . . Throat . . . said . . . "Trust . . . no . . . one . . ."

(Mulder rewinds his tape recorder and plays it.)

Mulder on Recorder: I was sent here by one of those people. Deep Throat said "Trust no one."

Player: Trust no one.

(The door flings open and wind gushes in.)

Mulder: No!

(He runs to the door and slams it shut, bolting it. He pushes a machine over and it falls, ripping the plug from the wall. Sparks fly everywhere. Mulder backs up and knocks down the table. He looks down at Concepcion's body. The ringing and the lights subside. The wind grows louder outside. He walks over to the door window and a bright light suddenly shines in his face. The lock unbolts and the machine flies out from in the front of the door. Mulder runs to his bag and takes out his gun. The doorknob slowly turns and the door opens. Mulder points his gun at the alien, but it does not fire, despite his trying. He takes his clip out, checks it, then puts it back in. He looks to the door and sees a familiar inhuman silhouette. The light engulfs the room. Later, Scully shines the flashlight in Mulder's face. His eyes slowly open. Scully sighs in relief.)

Scully: I was sure you were dead. Mulder? It's Scully. Dana Scully. Do you know where you are?

(He tries to sit up. She grabs his wrist and helps him to stand up.)

Mulder: They came, Scully . . . the ones that took her. They were here. (He puts his hands on her shoulders.)

Scully: Here?

(She puts her hand on his forehead.)

Or here?

(Mulder goes to the tape recorder.)

Mulder: On the tapes . . . the tape. Evidence. Proof.

(He runs to the massive pile of print-out on the floor.)

And the transmissions, it's all here.

Scully: Proof of what?

Mulder: Contact. And these print-outs . . . it's here. And the man . . . (He overturns a table to reveal Concepcion's body. Scully is shocked.) We'll have to examine the body. There'll be more proof.

(There is a rumbling. Mulder stands.)

Scully: Is that them?

Mulder: No, this isn't it.

(He runs out the door and looks through his binoculars. He sees an army van driving up to the site and runs back inside.)

It's the Blue Berets Crash Retrieval Team. They'll kill us. Help me with the body.

(He runs to Concepcion.)

Scully: We don't have time.

Mulder: Help me!

Scully: Mulder, we're never going to be able to get the body out of the country!

(The van makes its way up the hill. Mulder grabs the print-outs and starts rifling through them. Scully grabs his arm.)

Mulder, we have to go. Evidence is worthless if you're dead!

(Mulder throws down the paper, looks out the door, and takes the reel. They run out just as the truck reaches the site. They jump into their truck as the van pulls up behind them.)

Man: Let's go!

(The man pushes down the barrier in the back and men start running out. Mulder jams on the accelerator as the berets start firing with assault rifles. Scully ducks down as the berets make a formation and fire after them. The commander runs up when Mulder and Scully turn the corner out of the line of fire.)

Commander: Hold your fire!

(They stop firing.)

Get that truck to the bottom of the hill.

Man: Yes, sir.

Commander: Move, come on, soldiers, move!

(The troops run back into the van as Mulder and Scully speed through branches and foliage. The truck goes airborne as it speeds off a small hill in the road, crashing down a few feet later. As the army van races down the road, Mulder and Scully's vehicle suddenly jolts in a diagonal path as it races down a downward slope. It swerves out and onto a dirt road. Mulder jerks the wheel and they go flying over a log. Scully looks behind to see the van approaching.)

Scully: Mulder . . .

(Mulder makes a very sharp left down another short hill and swerves right onto another gravel path, then speeds away. The army van, unable

to follow, stops. The commander gets out of the passenger's side, takes off his sunglasses and watches them drive off.)

Commander: Damn it.

(He gets back in. Scully looks at Mulder, who looks focused, then down at the reel at her feet.)

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SCENE 19

Assistant Director Walter Skinner's Office; FBI Headquarters; Washington, D.C.

(The Cigarette-Smoking Man is standing, looking out the window and smoking. Skinner walks around his desk towards Mulder.)

Skinner: You left your offsite set-up. Another brick agent had to cover your ass. The entire surveillance, all the months of work on this case, gone.

(He walks away, then turns around.)

Just like you, gone. This has four-bagger all over it, Mulder. Censure, transfer, suspension, probation.

Mulder: I understand that leaving my assignment warrants disciplinary action and I'm willing to accept those measures.

Skinner: But?

Mulder: But I had enough on that surveillance to arrest those suspects. After three days, I could have nailed them on forty counts of bank fraud but you left me there. I'm surprised you even noticed I was gone, let alone wiretap my phone . . . an illegal procedure without a court order. (Skinner looks at the Cigarette-Smoking Man in shock. The Cigarette-Smoking Man stubs out his cigarette in his ashtray and walks over to Mulder.)

Cigarette-Smoking Man: Your time is over . . . and you leave with nothing.

Skinner: Get out.

(Mulder looks at Skinner, who is staring at the Cigarette-Smoking Man. The Cigarette-Smoking Man continues to stare at Mulder, thinking that Skinner is talking to Mulder.)

I said get the hell out.

(The Cigarette-Smoking Man looks at Skinner in shock, realizing that he was talking to him. Skinner continues to glare at him. He takes his hand out of his pocket, takes his cigarettes and lighter. He puts one in his mouth and lights it as the other two watch. He then walks out.)

Report back to your assignment.

(Skinner walks back to his desk.)

Mulder: A minute ago, I was a four-bagger. Do you want me to make the arrests?

Skinner: I think we need more to go on.

(He sits down.)

Continue the surveillance.

(Mulder walks out. The Cigarette-Smoking Man's cigarette still smokes in the ashtray.)

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SCENE 20

Longstreet Motel; Washington, D.C.;

Wiretap #5A21147

(Scully and Mulder sit at a table with the tape player. Mulder plays the reel that he got, but nothing comes out.)

Mulder: It should be right here.

(He rewinds it, then presses play. It runs shortly until the tape ends. Still nothing.)

The entire tape is blank.

(He takes it off.)

Scully: You know, an electrical surge in the outlet the storm may have degaussed everything, erasing the entire tape.

(He puts the tape down.)

You still have nothing.

Mulder: I may not have the X-Files, Scully, but I still have my work.

(He stands and adjusts the player.)

And I've still got you.

(She looks at him.)

And I still have myself.

(He sits down, puts his headphones on, and presses play.)

Man #2: Well, what's the difference between a lap dance and a table dance?

Man #1: A lap dance, they're all over you.

Man #2: A lap dance cost what? All right, all right. Tell me the best spot. Where?

(Scully puts her hand on his and goes to the door.)

Man #1: Paramount. But you got to spend money.

Man #2: I'm there.

Man #1: Wednesday.

(Scully looks back at Mulder, who looks up at her.)

Man #2: She dancing?

Man #1: No, we'll go Wednesday. That's amateur night.

(Scully walks out.)

Man #2: Amateur night. Nice touch.

Man #1: They're not really amateurs but there are some differences.

(Mulder puts the reel on the player.)

Man #2: Yeah, you sure?

Man #1: If you don't mind spending a little money. The girls are all over you.

(The men continue talking, but their voices are overshadowed by Mulder's rewinding of the Arecibo reel. After a few seconds, he presses play. Still nothing.)

[THE END]