

## X-Files

### E.B.E. (1X16)

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#### SCENE 1

##### The Skies of Iraq; 37th Parallel; Present Day

(An Iraqi fighter pilot is flying when he spots a UFO. He looks down at his radar and sees that the UFO does not show up.)

**Iraqi Pilot:** (Translated from Arabic) Base, this is patrol six. Request I.D. on object 25 miles from my position bearing three-four-one.

##### Iraqi Base

(The UFO does not show up on Ground Control's radar either.)

**Iraqi Officer:** (Translated from Arabic) Negative on object. Are your bearings correct?

##### Fighter Plane

(The pilot hears a loud hum and looks around for the plane.)

**Iraqi Pilot:** (Translated from Arabic) It was there a second ago.

(There is a bright flash, he screams.)

##### Iraqi Base

(The radar now shows the plane and various other blips on the screen.)

**Iraqi Officer:** (Translated from Arabic) You're under attack! You're under attack!

##### Fighter Plane

(The pilot attaches his helmet. We can hear the officer screaming various Arabic words over the intercom. There is another bright flash, and the pilot grunts. The UFO whizzes by as the pilot locks on.)

**Iraqi Pilot:** (Translated from Arabic) I'm locked on!

(He fires a missile and a huge fireball erupts in the sky.)

(Translated from Arabic) I got him!

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**SCENE 2****Hakkari, Turkey; NATO Surveillance Station;  
Turkey/Iraq Border**

(Various military calls can be heard over the radio. There are officers sleeping. The lights grow a dimmer and a loud explosion is heard outside. The two men run over to the window and see the UFO exploding in the forest.)

**1st Officer:** Oh, man.

(The second officer pulls up a seat at the radio and picks up the headphones.)

**2nd Officer:** This is Southern Crescent to Red Crescent. We've got a downed plane at camp perimeter.

**Radio:** This is Red Crescent, that's a negative, we have nothing in the sky at this time.

(The second officer looks back out the window briefly.)

**2nd Officer:** Well, we've got something down here. Advise Medivac unit to be on stand-by, we're going to check it out.

**Radio:** Roger.

(The two officers get up and put their hats on. The 1st Officer takes a fire extinguisher. The 2nd takes a first aid-kit.)

**Radio:** Medivac One, Medivac One, this is Red Crescent, vector one reports downed aircraft in their area, over.

(Another UFO flies down and hovers over the crash site.)

**SCENE 3****12:20 a.m. Central Time; Route 100; Reagan,  
Tennessee**

(An unmarked truck drives down the road.)

**Man on C.B.:** Breaker, breaker, this is Big Flight, anybody out there with me, come back to me, over.

**Woman on C.B.:** I read you loud and clear, this is Betty Blue, come on . . .

(The truck driver turns on the radio.)

**Radio:** From Opryland, it's the Grand Old Opry on WSM Radio 650. Brought to you by Goody's Headache Powder. When the night's been too long and the party's been too hardy, Goody's Headache Powder will straighten you right out.

(The truck driver looks down at his shotgun in the passenger seat.)

And you have my word on that. Good evening . . .

(The radio grows very staticky and the channels rapidly change. The driver fiddles around with the controls, but to no avail. He turns it off.)

**C.B. Male Caller #1:** I saw it, it was cigar-shaped, red and green lights, fast as hell.

**C.B. Female Caller:** I seen three of them flying over Chester County.

**C.B. Male Caller #2:** Right, right, and six troopers were chasing them down 22! Whoa, I see one now! And he's over the watertower!

(The driver looks up at the C.B., then hears sirens. A police car races by his truck.)

**C.B. Female Caller:** I see him too! Red and green lights, just like you said!

(The C.B. grows garbled when suddenly everything in the truck shuts off. The truck skids along the road as the driver desperately tries to stop and steer the truck on the road. It finally stops, and the driver looks at the sky, takes his shotgun and flashlight, and gets out of the car. Another loud hum can be heard. He cocks his gun and walks around to the back. Looking up, he sees a UFO. The cargo doors behind him swing opening, revealing various brown boxes. He spins around and shines the flashlight. Some bushes near him start rustling, and he shoots his gun at the bushes three times.)

**SCENE 4****Route 100; Reagan, Tennessee**

(It is now morning. A person starts two stopwatches, leaving one on the truck. He pulls out a geiger counter and takes his backpack. We see it is Mulder. Scully picks up a shell off the ground and puts in an evidence bag. Mulder turns on the counter and starts walking around. The counter clicks.)

**Scully:** From the trucker's description, the shape he fired on could conceivably have been a mountain lion.

**Mulder:** Conceivably.

**Scully:** The National Weather Service last night reported atmospheric conditions in this area that were possibly conducive to lightning.

**Mulder:** Possibly.

(The clicking grows stronger. Scully takes a picture of another shell on the ground. The geiger counter goes off the charts at a leaf that was crushed by something.)

**Scully:** It is feasible that the truck was struck by lightning, creating the electrical failure.

**Mulder:** It's feasible.

(He opens an evidence bag and takes a sample of the leaf. Scully stands up.)

**Scully:** And you know, there's a marsh over there. The lights the driver saw may have been swamp gas.

**Mulder:** Swamp gas?

**Scully:** It's a natural phenomenon in which phosphine and methane rising from decaying organic matter ignite, creating globes of blue flame. (She crosses over to him.)

**Mulder:** Happens to me when I eat Dodger Dogs. How can a dozen witnesses including a squad of police vehicles in three counties become hysterical over swamp gas?

(He gets up and walks back to the car. Scully follows.)

I've investigated multiple sightings before: Chesapeake Bay, the Okoboji Lakes, Area 51 in Nevada. None had this much supporting evidence. Anecdotal data, exhumed residue, radiation levels five times the norm.

**Scully:** Mulder, none of that evidence is conclusive.

**Mulder:** The only question for me is, why was the truck driver singled out?

**Scully:** Isn't it more plausible that an exhausted truck driver became swept up in the hysteria and fired at hallucinations? I mean, after all, the road can play tricks on you.

**Mulder:** Yeah, it can play tricks on you. But not like this.

(Mulder stops both stopwatches. He places them down on the truck.)

I started these stopwatches at the same time.

(The one on the left, that he had taken with him, reads around 37 seconds. The one on the right, that he had left on the truck, reads about 28.)

## SCENE 5

### Police Station; Lexington, Tennessee

(The truck driver, named Ranheim, is sitting in an interrogation room with Mulder and Scully. The driver has rashes all over his face.)

**Ranheim:** I don't know why they're holding me. This "firing a weapon on a county road" charge is a lot of house manure. I'm a vet and I know how to handle a gun.

**Mulder:** Mr. Ranheim, I'd appreciate it if you could elaborate on the report you filed last night regarding your encounter.

(Ranheim rubs his eye and sighs. Pause.)

**Ranheim:** Like a saucer and green and orange lights.

**Mulder:** Last night, you said it was cigar-shaped and black.

**Ranheim:** I didn't ask for this to happen.

(coughs)

All I want to do is deliver my shipment of auto parts and forget . . .

(He coughs wildly. Mulder and Scully watch momentarily, then Scully pours him some water. She pushes it over to him.)

**Scully:** Pardon me for asking, but how long have you had that cough? (He pushes the water back.)

**Ranheim:** Why?

**Scully:** I'm just concerned, you said you were a veteran.

**Ranheim:** What's that got to do with this?

**Scully:** The cough, the fever, the rash. Those are all symptoms of Gulf War Syndrome.

**Ranheim:** I was never in the Gulf War.

**Mulder:** Ok. So, how long have you not been yourself?

(Pause.)

**Ranheim:** Since the thing last night.

(Mulder is about to ask another question when a man in a suit, Police Chief Rivers, walks in with an officer.)

**Rivers:** Mr. Ranheim, I'm Police Chief Rivers.

(He shakes Ranheim's hand.)

Please, forgive the misunderstanding. Your truck's squared away. You may go.

**Mulder:** I'd like to examine the truck.

**Rivers:** That won't be necessary.

(Ranheim gets up and leaves. Mulder starts to follow.)

**Mulder:** This man has had an alleged close encounter. The truck undoubtedly contains important trace evidence.

(Ranheim stops Mulder.)

Sir! If I may . . .

**Rivers:** You've gotten all you're going to get out of this county. We will no longer cooperate in your investigation.

**Scully:** Why?

**Rivers:** Just . . . go away.

(He leaves. Scully looks at Mulder and is about to say something.)

**Mulder:** Not . . . not here.

(They take their things, and Mulder holds the door for Scully as they leave. He closes the door behind him.)

**SCENE 6****Airport; Tennessee**

(A man prints out a rent-a-car slip for the agents and hands it to Scully, who starts filling it out. Behind them, a woman is shaking her pen, which is obviously not working. She is trying to fill out a form as well. Her son is standing next to her and her daughter is sitting on the desk.)

**Mulder:** It's obvious someone got to the police chief. Ranheim was hiding something.

**Scully:** Ranheim was sick.

**Mulder:** He only became sick last night.

(A woman walks up to Scully.)

**Woman:** Excuse me, can I use your pen?

**Scully:** Mm-hmm.

(She hands the pen to the woman.)

What are you suggesting, that Gulf War Syndrome is caused by UFOs?

**Mulder:** UFOs are frequently witnessed by soldiers during wartime.

(The woman hands the pen back.)

**Woman:** Thanks.

(The two agents start off towards the bus.)

**Scully:** Mulder, the only UFOs people are likely to see are secret military aircraft.

**Mulder:** What if that's what made the soldiers in Iraq sick? The exhaust or fuel from a classified aircraft or its weapon.

(They board the bus and sit down.)

**Scully:** Well, there is a base in Little Rock. You think that's what the Air Force was flying that night?

**Mulder:** They'd deny it, but it could possibly explain how Ranheim developed his symptoms.

**Scully:** Possibly.

(The bus starts moving.)

**Mulder:** I want to talk to some people when we get back to Washington.

**Scully:** Mulder, the military isn't going to talk about classified aircraft.

**Mulder:** No, these guys are like an extreme government watchdog group. They publish a magazine called "The Lone Gunman." Some of their information is first-rate; covert actions, classified weapons. Some of their ideas are downright spooky.

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**SCENE 7****The Lone Gunmen's Office; Washington, D.C.**

(Mulder and Scully are sitting in front of the window. A man named Langly, long hair, unshaven, Ramones t-shirt on, is walking around. Another man named Byers, clean-cut, moustache and beard, suit and tie, is standing in the corner. The third man, named Frohike, is small and toad-like, takes a picture of Scully.)

**Langly:** So, check it out, Mulder, today I had breakfast with the guy who shot John F. Kennedy.

**Mulder:** Is that so?

**Langly:** Old dude now, but yeah. Says he was dressed as a cop on the grassy knoll.

**Byers:** And, Mulder, listen to this. Vladimir Zhirinovsky, the leader of the Russian Social Democrats? He's being put into power by the most heinous and evil force of the 20th century.

**Mulder:** Barney?

(Scully smiles, Langly chuckles. Byers seems unamused.)

**Byers:** The C.I.A.

**Scully:** Hmm.

**Langly:** Is this your skeptical partner?

(Frohike takes another picture.)

**Frohike:** She's hot.

**Byers:** You don't believe that the C.I.A., threatened by a loss of power and funding because of the collapse of the cold war, wouldn't dream of having the old enemy back?

**Scully:** I think you give the government too much credit.

(The phone rings. Langly walks over and picks up the phone and turns on a tape recorder.)

I mean, the government can't control the deficit or manage crime . . .

**Langly:** (into phone) Lone Gunman.

**Scully:** . . . what makes you think they could plan and execute such an elaborate conspiracy?

**Frohike:** She is hot.

**Mulder:** Settle down, Frohike.

(Byers walks over to them.)

**Byers:** I'm not talking about the bunch of idiots up on the hill trying to bone the capital pages. We're talking about a dark network, a government within a government, controlling our every move.

**Scully:** How can they do that?

**Byers:** How? I'll show you how. You got a twenty dollar bill?

**Scully:** Hmmm . . . I'll check.

(She digs into her back pocket, looking at Mulder, who smiles back. She pulls out a twenty.)

Um-hmmm.

(She hands it to Byers and he goes over to the table. Mulder waves his hands like “I don’t know.”)

**Langly:** (still on phone) Uh-huh . . . yeah . . .

(Byers holds the bill in front of him and rips off its left side. Scully crosses over to him. Langly can still be heard intellegibly in the background.)

**Scully:** Hey!

(Mulder laughs. Scully looks back at him. Byers pulls out the magnetic anti-counterfeiting strip.)

**Byers:** That’s just one method. They use this magnetic strip to track you. Whenever you go through a metal detector at an airport, they know exactly how much you’re carrying.

**Mulder:** Hey, Byers, it is a federal crime to deface money.

(Scully crosses back to Mulder, holding the ripped bill. Langly hangs up.)

**Scully:** This strip is an anti-counterfeiting measure.

**Langly:** How come it’s on the inside? Other countries put that strip on the outside.

**Byers:** What are they hiding?

(Mulder waves his hands to get their attention.)

**Mulder:** O . . . o . . . ok, alright. What do you know about the Gulf War Syndrome?

**Langly:** Agent Orange of the 90’s.

**Byers:** Artillery shells coated with depleted uranium.

**Mulder:** Have you heard of any classified planes being flown during the Persian Gulf War?

**Byers:** Why would you need to expose a secret plane to an air force that runs to Iran whenever you take to the air?

**Mulder:** What about UFO activity during that period?

(Langly and even Byers laugh.)

**Langly:** Yeah, UFOs caused the Gulf War Syndrome, that’s a good one.

**Byers:** That’s why we like you, Mulder, your ideas are weirder than ours.

(Mulder laughs a bit. Scully nods her head slightly in agreement.)

## SCENE 8

### X-Files Office; F.B.I. Headquarters; Washington, D.C.

(Mulder is looking at the picture she took of the shell on the ground with a magnifying glass and another one of the road. Scully is writing.)

**Scully:** Those were the most paranoid people I have ever met. I don’t know how you could think that what they say is even remotely plausible.

**Mulder:** I think it’s remotely plausible that someone might think you’re hot.

(Scully looks at Mulder. She shakes her pen and smiles. It still doesn’t write, so she pulls out ink and unscrews her pen.)

**Scully:** Did you see the way they answered the telephone? They probably think that every call that they get is monitored and they’re followed wherever they go. It’s a form of self-delusion. It makes them think that what they’re doing is important enough that somebody would . . .

(She looks at her pen, which has various forms of circuitry in it.)

**Mulder:** What’s the matter?

(He looks back and crosses over to Scully, who is holding the pen with her hand on her desk. Mulder kneels down and pulls her hand closer, inspecting the pen. It contains a listening device.)

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## SCENE 9

### Mulder’s Apartment; Washington, D.C.

(Mulder walks over to his light, unscrews the lightbulb and puts in a blue one. He opens the blinds, turns off all the other lights and sits down. The blue glow can be seen from outside. Hours have seemingly passed, and Mulder is asleep on the couch. The phone rings and Mulder wakes up. He gets up, crosses to his desk and picks up the phone.)

**Mulder:** Hello?

(A click is heard.)

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## SCENE 10

### Lincoln Memorial; Washington, D.C.

(Mulder is sitting on a park bench, eating an apple. Deep Throat walks up behind him and sits down.)

**Deep Throat:** Pitchers and catchers report for spring training this week.

**Mulder:** Yeah. What are we doing here?

(Deep Throat chuckles.)

**Deep Throat:** Missed your calling, did you, Mr. Mulder? Ah, maybe this year we can catch a game at Camden Yards. Of course, we wouldn't be able to sit together.

**Mulder:** That's too bad. Something tells me you have the connections to get great seats.

**Deep Throat:** Any park in the country.

(A camera clicks. Deep Throat quickly turns away, facing Mulder, to avoid more pictures.)

**Mulder:** It's just a tourist.

**Deep Throat:** In our line, nothing is just what it seems.

**Mulder:** What am I onto? We go down to investigate a truck driver's encounter with a UFO and the next thing, we're discovering electronic surveillance equipment. Who's listening to us?

(Deep Throat looks at him, then turns away.)

Why won't you tell me?

(Deep Throat sighs, pulls an envelope out of his trenchcoat, hands it to Mulder and walks away.)

What am I onto?

(Deep Throat stops and turns a bit.)

**Deep Throat:** A dangerous path.

(He keeps walking.)

## SCENE 11

### X-Files Office; F.B.I. Headquarters; Washington, D.C.

(Mulder is reading a paper that reads this at the top:

SUBJECT: RESPONSE TO REQUEST FOR INF —

CONTACT AND OTHER RELATED I —

VIA: INTERCEPT IRAQI TRANSMISSION

TO: COMMANDING OFFICER, "MAJESTIC PROJECT,"

The folder it is in reads "TOP SECRET." We can hear the fight between the Iraqi pilot and the UFO in the background, we then switch to the same shots as before: the flash, the man screaming, the shot and the UFO explosion in the air. Scully walks in. She crosses over, hands some papers to Mulder, and sits down.)

**Scully:** The truck is bogus. And so's the truck driver, Ranheim. First I checked his manifest. It listed a truck carrying 180 cartons of auto parts weighing 3,100 pounds. Then I checked with three weigh stations along his route and they have it listed at 5,100 pounds. There's something in that truck, Mulder, and it's not auto parts. And of course, nobody ever

reported him. Furthermore, Ranheim lied about being in the Gulf War. His real name is Frank Druce — and I worked hard to get this one. He was Special Operations Black Beret in Mosul, northern Iraq. Also, he didn't get sick from the encounter the other night. He's been to the V.A. hospital for treatment three times this past year.

(Mulder shakes his head angrily.)

**Mulder:** We had it.

(He gets up.)

We had it and we let it go. Four days ago, an Iraqi pilot shot down an unidentified flying object. The wreckage, and possibly the occupants, were recovered by the army. Ranheim, the truck driver, would be the perfect escort for the wreckage and/or bodies out of Iraq and into a laboratory in the United States. That would explain why the truck weighs so much more than listed. The military has, in the past, transported dangerous materials and weapons across the country.

(He laughs. Scully looks perplexed.)

I'm beginning to sound like those guys at "The Lone Gunman," right?

**Scully:** Where did you obtain this information?

**Mulder:** Let's just say it's a source with a deep background.

(Pause. Mulder sits down next to her.)

**Scully:** I want to know all about him.

**Mulder:** All I know is that he's guided us away from harm.

**Scully:** How do you know that? We work for the Federal Bureau of Investigation and we're being bugged. What does that tell you?

**Mulder:** That tells me that not everything is as it appears to be.

**Scully:** Exactly. And for all we know, this "deep background" is the one responsible for the bug.

**Mulder:** He's never lied to me. I won't break that confidence. I trust him.

**Scully:** Mulder, you're the only one I trust.

**Mulder:** Then you're gonna have to trust me.

(Pause. Scully leans back in her chair.)

Did you find out where the truck is now?

**Scully:** Generally. It's heading west. Towards Colorado.

**Mulder:** Ok, we've got to try and intercept it and see what's on board. (He gets up.)

I'm gonna go get a few things, I'll meet you back at your place in an hour, okay?

(He takes his coat, then puts his hand on her shoulder. He walks out and she leans forward onto the desk.)

**SCENE 12****Mulder's Apartment; Washington, D.C.**

(Mulder unlocks his door and walks in. He tries the light switch, but it doesn't work.)

**Deep Throat:** I cut the main breaker.

(Mulder is about to pull his gun when he sees it is Deep Throat sitting in a chair. He sighs, closes the door and crosses over to him.)

**Mulder:** You risked exposure coming here.

(Deep Throat takes out another envelope.)

**Deep Throat:** What I have here is too important.

(He stands up, crosses over and hands Mulder the envelope.)

The photograph in that envelope was taken by an officer in Fort Benning, Georgia. 17 UFOs were spotted in one hour.

**Mulder:** Is that where the Iraqi wreckage is being held? Are UFOs monitoring the area?

**Deep Throat:** Nice place you have here.

(He turns and opens the door.)

**Mulder:** Wait, wait.

(Deep Throat stops in the doorway and looks back at Mulder.)

I, I just wanted to take this opportunity to thank you. You've helped my work so much and never asked for anything in return. I know you've put yourself at great risk to do so.

(Deep Throat looks a bit ashamed and leaves, closing the door behind him. Mulder crosses over to the table and picks up the envelope. Opening it, he finds the picture.)

**SCENE 13****Scully's Apartment; Washington, D.C.**

(The picture is of a policeman standing by a car with trees in the background. The UFO hovers above the trees next to the moon. The UFO is clearly visible in the windshield. Scully is looking at it with a magnifying glass.)

**Mulder:** This is the best photographic evidence I have ever seen. When I first saw the Gulf Breeze photos, I knew they were a hoax but this . . . this is the quality of evidence the government has amassed for decades at the highest classified levels. That business with the truck was just a decoy to keep anyone from looking closely away from Fort Benning where they are keeping the remains of the Iraqi UFO. We have to leave for Georgia immediately, Scully . . .

**Scully:** Mulder, this photograph is a fake.

**Mulder:** What?

**Scully:** Look.

(He kneels down and she shows him the policeman through the magnifying glass.)

This soldier's shadow is allegedly created by the lights from the UFO. But it falls in a direction contradictory to the craft's position.

**Mulder:** There can be an off-camera light source creating that shadow.

**Scully:** Now look closely at the color of the light reflected in the windshield. Now that reflection should be from the red lights in the UFO but it doesn't match the color of the ship's light.

**Mulder:** There's probably a degree of tint in the windshield or the gradation could be attributed to atmospheric conditions.

**Scully:** We should have it analyzed.

(Mulder stands.)

**Mulder:** Why don't you just admit it, Scully? You're determined not to believe him.

**Scully:** Well, maybe you're too determined to believe him.

(Mulder collects the pictures and takes his coat.)

**Mulder:** I am determined to follow a lead that may result in proof of the existence of extraterrestrial biological entities. I need to go.

(He starts off.)

**Scully:** Mulder, listen to me.

**Mulder:** No.

**Scully:** Please, will you just hear me?

(She stands. He stops and turns around.)

I have never met anyone so passionate and dedicated to a belief as you. It's so intense that sometimes it's blinding. But there are others who are watching you, who know what I know and whereas I can respect and admire your passion, they will use it against you. Mulder, the truth is out there but so are lies.

**Mulder:** Thank you.

(He turns and leaves.)

**SCENE 14****8:30 a.m. Eastern Time; F.B.I. Headquarters; Washington, D.C.**

(Scully opens the door to her office, puts down her coat and briefcase, takes her cup and goes to get coffee. She pours some, then some sugar and then she stirs it. She returns to the room and is shocked to see that the desk lamp is on and her briefcase is now laying down on the desk

instead of standing up. She turns to see Mulder walking towards her, photo in hand.)

**Mulder:** I had the photo analyzed by the bureau's computers. Initially, it appears to be legitimate. The film grain matches, the pattern and density, color levels, shading . . . then I noticed this.

(He sits down and shows her the moon in the picture. He then shows her the reflection.)

It's the moon, half full. I had the reflection in this window enlarged to 25. There's the moon again, a quarter full. Not to mention the fact that the window couldn't even catch the moon's reflection from that angle. You were right, Scully. It's a fake. He tried to deceive us. Now we're alone on this. There's no one we can trust. They went to a lot of trouble to put us on the wrong track. There's something here that no one's supposed to find.

## SCENE 15

### An Aquarium; Washington, D.C.

(Mulder is standing at the shark tank, watching them swim. Deep Throat comes over.)

**Deep Throat:** Why didn't you leave for Fort Benning?

**Mulder:** The photograph was a fake.

(No response.)

At least you're not insulting me further by feigning appaled surprise.

**Deep Throat:** On the contrary, I think a compliment is in order. That photo was performed by our very best.

**Mulder:** I thought you were my ally.

**Deep Throat:** Oh, I am.

**Mulder:** Yeah, imagine if Eisenhower told the rest of the Allies that D-Day would take place in Belgium.

**Deep Throat:** (angrier) Mr. Mulder, I place my life in great jeopardy every time we speak.

(Mulder looks away, calmer.)

I've been a participant in some of the most insidious lies and witness to deeds that no crazed man could imagine. I spent years watching you from my, uh, lofty position to know that you were the one I could trust.

**Mulder:** Then why did you lie to me?

**Deep Throat:** I needed to divert you. You and Scully are excellent investigators and your motives are just. However, there are still some secrets that should remain secret — some truths that people are just not ready to know.

**Mulder:** Who are you to decide that for me?

**Deep Throat:** The world's reaction to such knowledge would be far too dangerous.

**Mulder:** Dangerous. You mean in a sense of outrage like the reaction to the Kennedy assassinations or M.I.A.s or radiation experiments on terminal patients, Watergate, Iran-Contra, Roswell, the Tuskegee experiments, where will it end? Oh, I guess it won't end as long as . . . men like you decide what is truth. That transcript you gave me of the Iraqi pilot, that was the truth, wasn't it?

**Deep Throat:** Hmmmp. (in agreement.)

**Mulder:** Why'd you even bother to show it to me?

**Deep Throat:** Well, I knew that you were onto the truck so I knew that down the road I would have to steer you away. That I would have to lie to you. And a lie, Mr. Mulder, is most convincingly hidden between two truths.

(Mulder starts to walk away.)

Mulder.

(Mulder turns back.)

When a shark stops swimming, it will die. Don't stop swimming. I'm not responsible for the electronic surveillance but I do know they can still hear you.

(Deep Throat walks away. Mulder watches the sharks swim.)

## SCENE 16

### Mulder's Apartment; Washington, D.C.

(Mulder tears apart his apartment looking for the surveillance. He finally finds the bug by unscrewing the plug fixture in the wall. The doorbell rings.)

**Scully:** Mulder? Are you home?

(Mulder goes to the door and opens it.)

**Mulder:** Hey, Scully, glad you could drop by.

**Scully:** Mul . . .

(Mulder signals for her to be quiet and leads her into the room.)

**Mulder:** I been thinking about this whole situation, y'know? And I think you're right. I think we won this one, I think we should just move on.

(He points down at the fixture. Scully kneels down, looks at it and stands up. Mulder rights on some paper "We have to find the truck." Scully nods in agreement.)

**Scully:** I think this time you're right, Mulder.



**SCENE 17****Street; Washington, D.C.**

(Mulder and Scully drive down a busy street and pull over to the side. Another car keeps going and pulls over two cars ahead of them. Scully gets out of the passenger seat, as does a man from the other car. Mulder pulls out and drives down the street. The other car follows him. Scully starts to walk and looks back, seeing the man tail her. She signals for a taxi, gets in, and drives away.)

**Man:** Taxi!

(He signals for the next taxi, but the taxi doesn't stop.)

.....

**SCENE 18****9:16 a.m. Eastern Time; Dulles Airport; Washington, D.C.**

(Scully is standing on line, buying tickets. The woman hands her a ticket.)

**Woman:** Here you are, Ms. Scully, your round-trip ticket to Chicago. (She hands Scully her credit card, which Scully puts in her pocketbook along with the ticket.)

And your credit card, and the plane departs at Gate 35.

**Scully:** I'd also like a one-way ticket to Los Angeles with a stop at Las Vegas, and I'll be paying cash.

.....

**SCENE 19****Street; Washington, D.C.**

(Mulder is still being tailed by the man in the car. He comes to a red light and looks in his rearview mirror, seeing the car two cars behind him. The light turns green and Mulder jams on the accelerator, making a sharp left turn, causing traffic to swerve to avoid him. The other car cannot follow for the moment, but eventually gets through. Mulder heads for the airport.)

.....

**SCENE 20****11:30 a.m. Pacific Time; McCarran Airport; Las Vegas, Nevada**

(Scully is in the gift shop, looking at the small books. Mulder nonchalantly walks by, and neither acknowledge each other. Mulder heads for the magazine racks, and Scully follows. They both pick up magazines, pretending to read.)

**Mulder:** Called every weigh station and bureau office west of Colorado. Tied up an airphone for three hours. I don't speak Japanese, but I think some businessman told me to stick a piece of sushi where the sun don't shine.

**Scully:** My ear's numb from being on hold for so many hours.

**Mulder:** At least we can be sure they didn't trace our call. I couldn't find the truck. Did you have any luck?

**Scully:** Yep. It's heading northwest on I-90.

.....

**SCENE 21****6:30 p.m. Pacific Time; Junction of Highways 90 & 283; Washington State**

(The truck heads down I-90. Mulder and Scully are waiting in their rental car. Scully is looking through binoculars, and Mulder is eating sunflower seeds.)

**Mulder:** Y'know, think about it. This truck drove across America. People it passed on the road probably thought it was hauling auto parts or furniture. Y'know, livestock, whatever. Nobody would have suspected it was hauling a craft from another world.

**Scully:** Here we go.

(Scully lowers her binoculars as the truck passes by. Mulder starts the car and they turn onto the highway. Much later, they are still chasing the car. It is now dark outside. Mulder yawns.)

Mulder, we've been following this truck for hours. Maybe he knows we're following him, and he's taking an evasive route.

**Mulder:** Well, if that were the case . . .

(The radio turns on and starts flipping through channels rapidly. Hail starts hitting the car, there is a loud hum, and then a bright light. The car stops suddenly in front of the truck, which is now vacant and turned around. Mulder gets out of the car with his flashlight.)

**Mulder:** You all right?

**Scully:** Yeah.

**Mulder:** Come on.

(Scully gets out of the car.)

**Scully:** Ranheim? Ranheim?

(They go to the back of the truck. The doors are open. Climbing in, they start moving boxes. Mulder pushes through until he is faced with a bright red glow. Scully is close behind.)

**Mulder:** Scully?

(They are looking at what looks to be a life-support unit.)

**Scully:** Oh my God.

**Mulder:** It was an extraterrestrial biological entity . . . alive.

**Scully:** Where'd it go?

**Mulder:** I think we were just witness to a rescue mission.

(They look at the tubing and the platform where the alien was laying. Mulder start another stopwatch on the ground outside the truck then goes into and climbs out of the truck, having used his geiger counter. Scully is holding the flashlight. They start walking to the stopwatch.)

**Scully:** God, Mulder, I can't stop shaking. What we just saw — did it fit the profile?

**Mulder:** Are you asking me if it was real? Did we just have a close encounter?

(She nods yes. They stop. He bends down and picks up the stopwatch. He pulls out another stopwatch that had been going and stops them both.)

No, it was another hoax.

(He shows them to Scully. They both read 38. They start walking back to the car.)

**Scully:** But how could anyone generate such force?

**Mulder:** Whatever they used, we probably haven't heard of it. Sound weapons, stealth helicopters with an ultra-intensity light. It doesn't matter, there's no evidence that this was a UFO.

**Scully:** So they created this elaborate show just to deflect us again. I mean, wouldn't it have been easier just for them to —

**Mulder:** Just to kill us? Yeah, I wondered that myself. Maybe they're using me against myself like you said before. That I want to believe so badly that I'd just accept the obvious conclusions and walk away.

(They stop at the car.)

**Scully:** Now we have nothing to go on. No one to turn to.

**Mulder:** There's still one person in all this who hasn't lied to us. But it's not quite someone we can turn to.

. . . . .

## SCENE 22

### Hotel Room; Washington State

(Scully is writing at the desk. Mulder is on the phone with various maps in front of him.)

**Mulder:** (into phone) Leverling and Priest Rapids? East bank of the Columbia River? Did you send a field investigator? And you can substantiate the sighting? Ok, Nick, thanks a lot.

(He hangs up and crosses to Scully with a map.)

I've contacted several organizations that have hotlines for UFO reports. Center of UFO Studies in Chicago, MUFON, NICAP . . . none of them have ever reported a week of such activity. It began in Tennessee where Ranheim was encountered.

(He traces his finger down the line where the truck went, which is covered with red circles marking UFO sightings.)

**Scully:** The sightings are following the path of the truck.

**Mulder:** And after last night's hoax . . . look at this.

(He takes out another map and circles another spot.)

Seven sightings in Mattawa, Washington. That's 100 miles away.

**Scully:** Aliens?

**Mulder:** Looks like they want their colleague back.

. . . . .

## SCENE 23

### Mattawa, Washington State

(Mulder and Scully are driving in their car.)

**Scully:** We've driven full circle through Mattawa twice. There's nothing here.

(Mulder spots something and stops the car.)

**Mulder:** What's over there?

(About 20 people are gathered around a fire in the woods. Loud music is blasting. Mulder and Scully get out of the car and go to the center of the campsite. There is a sign that says "Welcome, Space Brothers." Many people are dressed like aliens as well.)

**Guy in Alien Suit:** We have been waiting! Welcome to our home! We are willing to go with you!

(Mulder waves to some people. They stop at a man dressed in all red carrying a beer.)

**Man:** Ahh-doo-nay-va-so barahghas. That's an intergalactic space greeting. That means, "hello, space brothers."

**Mulder:** Hello.

**Scully:** What's going on here?

**Man:** A UFO party.

**Mulder:** You've seen UFOs?

**Man:** The last two nights. They're drawn to our electric power. They hover over our power plant down there.

(He points to the power plant.)

**Guy in Alien Suit:** Everyone! They are here! Space brothers!

(Mulder and Scully look at the plant. Ranheim is being led through a gate by a cop.)

**Cop:** Alright. Back it up.

(Mulder and Scully are in the car. Mulder is looking through the binoculars.)

**Mulder:** This is it. There's Ranheim.

**Scully:** This place has got to have the highest level of security.

**Mulder:** Just the kind of challenge they're looking for.

**Scully:** Who?

(Mulder starts dialing the phone. At "The Lone Gunman" Office, Langly picks up.)

**Langly:** Lone Gunman.

**Mulder:** It's Mulder. Turn the tape recorder off.

(Langly pauses.)

**Langly:** Ok, it's off.

**Mulder:** Turn it off!

**Langly:** It's off already.

**Mulder:** How would you like to have, on your front page, the first substantiated photo of an extraterrestrial biological entity?

**Langly:** No way, an E.B.E.? What do we have to do?

**Mulder:** Just hack me some identification numbers.

.....

## SCENE 24

### Power Plant; Mattawa, Washington State

(We see a printer printing up two security passes that read:

SECURITY PASS

Northwest Facility

Mattawa, WA

P.I.N. NAME LEVEL

7593 Braidwood, Tom 5

5311 Steffoff, Val 5

AUTHORIZED FOR SECURITY ACCESS

LEVEL INDICATED ABOVE

**Mulder:** Braidwood and Steffoff.

(A man tears off a pass and comes out of the booth.)

**Man:** Personal identification number?

**Mulder:** 7-5-9-3.

**Scully:** 5-3-1-1.

**Man:** Open the trunk, please.

(Mulder pops the trunk as the man goes to the back of the car. He looks through the trunk and closes it.)

Park in Lot 4.

(He puts a sticker on the windshield.)

**Mulder:** Thanks.

(The gate opens and Mulder starts the car. As they start to go through, the man comes out of the booth again.)

**Man:** Hey, wait!

(Mulder and Scully look at each other. The man comes up the window with two clip-on passes.)

Display these at all times. Proceed.

(Mulder takes them and nods. The two walk through hallways where phones are ringing.)

**Mulder:** Langly said he couldn't get into Level 6, so that's where we . . .

(They spot a security guard in front of a door which states:

"LEVEL 6

CLEARANCE

AA ACCESS

ONLY"

They keep walking until they get to a pair of double doors. They stop.)

**Mulder:** We have to go back, we have to go through that door.

**Scully:** We're gonna look suspicious going back.

**Mulder:** Well, we'll have to find another access, then. Come on.

**Scully:** Mulder, they're not going to let us.

(They turn around to head back but are met by the security guard.)

**Security Guard:** You folks come with me, please?

**Mulder:** Yeah, we're lost, we're just looking for, we're trying to . . .

**Security Guard:** Just proceed down the hallway.

**Mulder:** Yeah, if you could help us . . .

**Scully:** Mulder, stop. We're agents with the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

(She reaches for her badge, he reaches for his gun.)

I'm reaching for my ID.

(He nods, she shows it.)

We're here conducting an investigation.

**Security Guard:** Proceed down the hallway, please.

(Scully sighs and they all walk down the hallway. The guard starts talking into his walkie-talkie.)

This is Level Two to Level Six. I have a male and a female who have identified themselves . . .

(Mulder runs to the Level Six door. The guard pulls out his gun but Scully blocks his line of fire.)

**Scully:** Mulder, no!

**Security Guard:** Hey, stop!

(The guard shoves Scully out of his way. Mulder opens the door and dashes down the stairs. Many other guards with assault rifles charge the hall.)

He took the stairs! Go, go, go!

(The guards rush down the stairs, And the guard takes scully away.

Mulder passes a sign that says:

NO ENTRY UNLESS:

1. Accompanied by a staff member of High Voltage Research.

Or

2. Written permission obtained from Security Level 6”

The security guards are close behind.)

**Security Guard #2:** C’mon guys!

(Mulder, about to go down a catwalk, tries to jump over a sign that says “DANGER: HIGH VOLTAGE” but misses and hurts his leg. He gets up and limps down the catwalk.)

Stay armed and loaded!

(Mulder enters a room with a humongous, futuristic machine in the middle, with a red glass pane on one of the walls.)

Hold it! I said hold it!

(He limps over, but before he can look inside, the guards surround him.)

Halt!

(The guards cock their guns and Mulder turns around. One grabs him by the wrist and takes Mulder’s gun. Mulder puts his hands up.)

**Deep Throat:** Let him go.

(Deep Throat walks in, carrying a gun.)

Let him go! You’ve done well. You’re dismissed.

(The guards walk out. Deep Throat takes Mulder’s gun back and gives it to, Mulder, who warily takes it.)

I know how badly, how . . . very badly you want to look through that window . . .

(Mulder tries to look, but Deep Throat gets in his way.)

But it would be pointless. It’s dead. After the Roswell incident in 1947, even at the brink of the Cold War, there was an ultrasecret conference attended by the United States, the Soviet Union, the People’s Republic of China, Britain, both Germanies, France and it was agreed that should any extraterrestrial biological entity survive a crash, the country that

held that being would be responsible for it’s extermination. I, uh . . . have the distinction of being one of three men to have exterminated such a creature.

(Mulder looks at him in awe, yet betrayed. Deep Throat walks around.)

I was with the C.I.A. in Vietnam. A UFO was sighted for five nights over Hanoi. The marines shot it down and brought it to us. Maybe . . .

it didn’t know what a gun was or perhaps they don’t show emotion but that . . . innocent and blank expression as I pulled the trigger has haunted me . . . until I found you. That’s why I come to you, Mr. Mulder, and

will continue to come to you to atone for what I’ve done. And maybe sometime, through you, the truth will be known.

(Mulder looks through the window. There is an empty cot. Deep Throat looks through as well. The doors to the outside open and Mulder and Deep Throat step outside.)

You’re awfully quiet, Mr. Mulder.

**Mulder:** I’m wondering which lie to believe.

(Deep Throat chuckles and walks off. The security guard shows Scully out, who crosses to Mulder. They watch Deep Throat walk off, shrouded in fog.)

[THE END]