

THE X FILES:
"CLOSED DOORS"

Written by

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Based on 'THE X FILES', created by Chris Carter

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON, DC. 21 NOVEMBER 1993.

In the yellow glow of street lamps and headlights, a 37 year-old woman, short, slender, dark hair and eyes - LANA - uses today's newspaper to cover her hair from the rain.

She dodges PEOPLE on the street, weaving in and out of the pedestrian traffic until she reaches a doorway, protected from the LASHING rain. She tucks the newspaper under her arm, and feels through her handbag for keys.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is in darkness, save for the light of a BUBBLING fish tank.

A RATTLE at the door, and a CLINK, it swings open. Lana steps in, flicks on the light, hangs her coat on a stand and tosses her bag onto a small dining table.

Leaning against the wall, she slips out of her heeled shoes, bends down and massages her feet.

LANA

Thank God for that.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steam curls out of the bathtub, rolls and sticks against the small open window, clouding it.

Lana, in a silk dressing gown, pours bubble bath into the water.

The phone RINGS from an other room.

Lana SIGHS, turns off the water, heads for the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lana, barefoot, pads across the varnished wood floor to the RINGING phone near the fish tank. Tetra and pygmy puffer fish swim inside, a treasure chest opens with bubbles and closes.

LANA

Hello? Oh hi, Mom. No, work was fine. I'm okay honestly. How's dad?

Behind Lana, the light from the hallway outside shines through the frame of the door, and underneath, a shadow shuffles and stops outside the door.

LANA (CONT'D)
Mom, can I, uh, call you back
later? I just drew a bath. Okay.
Love to Daddy.

Lana puts the phone down, and turns toward the bathroom. She passes the front door, and someone BANGS on it. Lana SCREAMS, clutches her chest, breathes heavily. BANGS again.

LANA (CONT'D)
Hello?

Lana goes to the spy hole, stands on her tip toes and looks through. She can only see the hallway beyond, no one there. Lana steps away and walks toward the bathroom.

The BANGS come again, more frenzied.

LANA (CONT'D)
I'm calling the Police!

The banging stops. QUIET. Nothing moves, but Lana's heaving chest.

She goes to the door, leans against it and listens. Nothing. She undoes the security chain, it CLATTERS against the wood frame, and she pulls open the door.

A tall man - DAVID - stands there. Lana SCREAMS, and so does he.

LANA (CONT'D)
Oh my God, David! You scared the
crap out of me ...

DAVID
I just came to check on you. I
heard banging.

LANA
Same. Just somebody playing a
prank, or wrong door I guess.

DAVID
But you're okay?

Lana notices David's eyes are all over her body in her revealing dressing gown.

LANA
I'm okay. Thanks.

Lana goes to close the door.

LANA (CONT'D)
Goodnight, David.

Lana peaks through the spy hole, and sees David still there, watching from his own apartment door across the hallway.

She locks the door, it CLICKS into place; she turns away, the security chain still swinging against the wood.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lana is lying in the bath. The water is creamy-looking, and steaming hot.

At the door way, dirty brown boots. They tread carefully toward the bathtub. The bathroom door closes.

BLACK.

SCREAMS from inside the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door is ajar.

The fish tank BUBBLES away, the chest SNAPS shut.

INT. X FILES OFFICE - DAY

TITLE CARD: FBI HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON DC. 22 NOVEMBER 1993.

SPECIAL AGENT FOX MULDER - tall, young, handsome, dressed in an uninspiring suit, flicks through crime scene photographs on a projector screen. Leant against his desk, he stops at a photograph of a security chain, unfastened from the door frame.

SPECIAL AGENT DANA SCULLY - short, young, shoulder-length auburn hair, wears a burgundy pant suit, walks through the door carrying a large bag on her shoulder.

SCULLY
I read over those files, Mulder.

Mulder flicks through the slides.

MULDER

And?

SCULLY

You were right. I did think they were akin to egregiously investigated tabloid tattle.

Mulder winces.

MULDER

Ouch, Scully, some of those files have my name on.

Scully shrugs.

SCULLY

Yes, I saw. [Beat.] What're you looking at?

MULDER

These photographs were dropped on my desk this morning. A, uh, Washington Met detective left them for me.

Scully puts her bag down on Mulder's desk and perches next to him.

SCULLY

Oh?

MULDER

I'm meeting him this morning. We, sorry, we. Are meeting him this morning.

Scully strides toward the projector as Mulder CLICKS through: A photograph of the bathroom, an arm protruding from the bathtub. A close up of Lana's face, discoloured, her neck bruised and torn.

SCULLY

Looks like she was asphyxiated. The bruising pattern suggests fingers, a powerful grip. Who is she?

MULDER

A Miss Lana Montolio. Thirty-seven, originally from sunny California.

SCULLY
Suspects?

MULDER
None.

SCULLY
Evidence?

MULDER
Nope.

SCULLY
Forensics?

MULDER
Not yet.

SCULLY
Motive? Means of entry?

MULDER
A-hah! Million dollar question,
Scully. That is, according to
Detective Crawford.

Mulder turns off the projector, grabs his suit jacket from
the back of his office chair.

SCULLY
Where's the X File here, Mulder?

MULDER
The doors and windows were locked
from the inside. There is no
apparent way in, no forced entry,
nothing.

Mulder marches out of the office door, Scully follows,
throwing her bag onto her shoulder.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Scully tries to keep Mulder's pace toward the elevator.

SCULLY
So what are you thinking?

MULDER
That we've seen this before. A
murder victim found in a locked
room.

SCULLY

Mulder, Eugene Tooms is locked away
in an institution somewhere.

MULDER

I know. I already checked.

The elevator PINGS, and the doors slide open.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

TITLE CARD: COURTYARD APARTMENTS, GEORGETOWN, WASHINGTON DC.
10:13 AM.

Mulder and Scully head down the corridor, it's filled with
UNIFORMED OFFICERS, a cordon across the door to Apartment 28.

Across the hallway, DAVID talks with NOTE-TAKING OFFICER.
David chews his nails, fidgets. Scully sees this.

Mulder flashes his ID badge to CORDON OFFICER, and ducks
under the cordon, followed by Scully.

A short, portly man, 57 years old - DETECTIVE CRAWFORD -
approaches Mulder, hand outstretched.

CRAWFORD

Agent Mulder? Detective Crawford.

Mulder shakes his hand.

MULDER

This is my partner.

Crawford smiles, takes hold of Scully's hand.

CRAWFORD

Hello, Miss.

SCULLY

Special Agent Dana Scully.

Mulder walks straight toward the bathroom. Crawford follows,
Scully stays in the living room.

Scully approaches the fish tank, and notices on the wall
beyond it is a large map. Pins are in it - coloured red and
blue. It's a map of the Nevada desert.

On the ground next to a book shelf, filled with law books, is
an old, dusty rucksack and a pair of walking boots, caked in
thick, reddish mud.

Scully turns around, sees POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER.

SCULLY (CONT'D)
Excuse me, you got gloves?

Police Photographer pulls some out of a box on a desk next to a PC.

Scully SNAPS on the gloves, bends down and searches through the rucksack. It's filled with clothes. Scully SNIFFS at them, and slides them back into the pack.

SCULLY (CONT'D)
Could you please have someone take samples of that mud?

POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER
Not really my remit, ma'am. But I'll pass on the message.

Scully smiles at the photographer.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Mulder is leaning over the bathtub, which is now empty, but a ring of blood sticks to the enamel.

CRAWFORD
Hard to believe isn't it?

MULDER
What's that?

Mulder looks around the bathroom. In cupboards, under the sink.

CRAWFORD
You step into a room like this, and you see all of the violence on this planet in one single place. All of Mankind's brutality displayed right here. In the bathroom of an innocent woman.

MULDER
From what I can see, this was a frenzied attack.

CRAWFORD
I guessed.

MULDER

Planned. He took his time with her. He wanted it to last. To hurt.

CRAWFORD

He?

MULDER

Statistically, they're usually a male.

CRAWFORD

What did I tell you, huh? Mankind!

Scully enters, noticing flakes of mud on the ground. A yellow card with 3 on it stands next to it.

SCULLY

Find anything?

MULDER

Nothing out of the ordinary.

CRAWFORD

So what're you guys thinking? Pretty weird, huh? I mean, that's why I came to you guys.

Scully shoots a glance at Mulder.

SCULLY

Weird how?

CRAWFORD

Well, Miss, a woman found murdered in a locked apartment. No way in, no way out. How the hell did they, pardon me - he, do it?

MULDER

That's the question to be answered here, Detective.

CRAWFORD

You've still not answered *my* question, Agent Mulder. About what you're thinking. You know, I heard you've looked into some freaky stuff, aliens. All that.

SCULLY

I think it's far more plausible,
Detective Crawford, that somebody
used a key. A partner, an ex, a
family member.

CRAWFORD

That was my first thought, until
this.

Crawford moves out of the way of the door, showing it broken.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)

First responders on the scene had
to break in to the bathroom. It
was locked. From the inside.

The lock has been shot off, the wood splintered, a massive
hole where the lock once was.

SCULLY

And that...

Scully points up at the small open bathroom window.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

... how would you explain that,
Detective?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: CONNOR RESIDENCE. LIVERPOOL, SYRACUSE, ONONDAGA
COUNTY, NEW YORK. 23 NOVEMBER, 1993.

A tall, skinny man, whose head looks too big for his body,
drags clothes from their hangers and stuffs them into a
duffle bag on his bed. STEVEN CONNOR - 36 years old.

At his bedroom door, an equally tall brunette - TERESA CONNOR
- 37 years old, wipes tears from her face.

STEVEN

Don't just stand there crying,
Teresa. I can't deal with this
right now.

TERESA

Why are you even going?

STEVEN

Because she's dead!

TERESA
But I'm here!

STEVEN
I'm not having this conversation
right now, Teresa. I'm really not.

Steven zips up his bag, CLAPS the wardrobe doors shut.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Look, the kids are at your mom's,
you can come with me. Either pack
a bag, or get out of my way. I'm
leaving in an hour.

Steven walks out of the bedroom, Teresa SOBS.

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Steven bounds across the landing, passing an open office door. Inside, stuck to the wall, a map of the Nevada desert, stuck with red and blue pins - in an identical pattern to the one in Lana's residence.

INT. X FILES OFFICE - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: FBI HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, DC. 21:45.

Scully sits on a chair in front of the projector screen, looks at a slide of the map on Lana's wall. Mulder is behind her, perched on the edge of his desk.

SCULLY
This map, Mulder.

MULDER
[Nods.] It's more than just places
visited. The points. It's almost
like ... She was circling
something.

SCULLY
Looking for something. But what?

MULDER
Or who.

Scully turns around.

SCULLY
You think she's looking for
someone?

MULDER

I'm waiting on travel records. But it looks like she's been going to Nevada for quite some time. To this specific area.

SCULLY

But there's nothing here. Just desert.

MULDER

Maybe that's the point.

Scully stands, picks a case file out of her bag. She hands it to Mulder.

MULDER (CONT'D)

What's this?

SCULLY

It's the results from a sample of mud found on the underside of Lana's walking boots. Rich in lithium and other minerals found in-

MULDER

Nevada.

Scully nods.

SCULLY

There was a rucksack, too. Filled with freshly washed clothes. She was going on another trip soon, I think.

MULDER

You know, Nevada was used as experimentation ground zero for bomb testing by the government in the '50s.

SCULLY

Operation Buster-Jangle. I remember my father telling me about it. The Department of Defense worked with Los Alamos National Laboratories.

MULDER

The US Army was involved in testing maneuvers after a nuclear strike. Why would a lawyer be looking at old test sites?

SCULLY
There's more, Mulder.

MULDER
What is it?

From the case file, Scully hands Mulder a photograph of evidence point 3.

SCULLY
This is Lana's bathroom floor.
There were flakes of mud there.
The footprint here is measured to
be a ten and a half.

MULDER
That's a pretty average size,
Scully.

SCULLY
The mud, it contains the same
properties as of that found on
Lana's own boots.

MULDER
Nevada mud.

SCULLY
What's so important about that
desert, Mulder?

Mulder looks back at the slide of Lana's map.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: AGENT MULDER'S APARTMENT. WASHINGTON, DC. 24
NOVEMBER, 1993. 02:30.

The TV has turned to static, HISSES and FIZZES. A t-shirt strewn over the coffee table. Mulder is asleep on the sofa, a blanket covering him. He looks uncomfortable. His feet stick over the edge.

A landline phone RINGS. Mulder roles over, climbs off the couch, pulls on his t-shirt and stumbles to his tattered and messy computer desk near the window.

MULDER
Hello?

Mulder looks at a digital clock on the desk - flashes 02:31.

MULDER (CONT'D)
Crawford? Do you know what ti-

Mulder goes silent.

MULDER (CONT'D)
We'll be there.

Mulder puts down the phone.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: METROPOLITAN POLICE HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, DC.
03:12.

Mulder and Scully march down a quiet corridor, their
footsteps ECHO.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Mulder and Scully enter the room. Crawford is sat on one
side of the table, a steaming cup of coffee in front of him.
He stands to approach the agents. Steven is opposite him.

CRAWFORD
Agent Mulder. Miss Scully. I'm
sorry to call you out so late.

MULDER
It's fine Detective, what've you
got?

CRAWFORD
This is Steven Connor. He drove
down from Syracuse after hearing
about the death of Lana Montolio.

Scully pushes past Crawford, sits down in his seat.

SCULLY
You knew Ms Montolio?

Mulder walks over, stands next to Scully. Crawford hangs
back, watches.

STEVEN
We grew up together, back in
Bellflower. We attended St. John
Bosco High together.

SCULLY
When did you last see her?

STEVEN

I've not seen her for about a year and a half.

SCULLY

So you kept in touch after high school?

STEVEN

Yeah. We all did.

SCULLY

All?

STEVEN

There were five of us. We all hung out 'til the summer before college.

SCULLY

You all went your separate ways?

STEVEN

We did. But that's not why we didn't keep in touch.

Steven wipes tears off his face.

SCULLY

Take your time.

Mulder leans on the table.

MULDER

What happened in Nevada, Steven?

Steven looks up at Mulder, eyes wild and red.

STEVEN

How do you know about Nevada?

SCULLY

Lana had a map at her home. There were various points plotted all over the Nevada desert. Near locations used for nuclear bomb testing. Do you know that area?

STEVEN

We just wanted to see what it was like. None of us had ever seen anything like it before. Craters, bunkers, desert. Nothing living there. It was quiet. Peaceful, kind of.

MULDER
What happened?

STEVEN
It was an accident. We all wanted
some adventure. Something to look
back on and remember. We had no
idea.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

TITLE CARD: NEVADA DESERT, NEVADA. JULY 23, 1974. 12:56.

A rusting VW camper RUMBLES to a stop, kicking up dust. Out of the driver's seat YOUNG STEVEN climbs, and from the other side, YOUNG TERESA. The side panel GRINDS open. YOUNG LANA, YOUNG LEE, and YOUNG PETER, who wears a blue jacket - all 17/18 years old, step out.

All around, a flat plane of desert, and the mountainous regions beyond.

Steven grabs hold of Teresa, bends her backwards and kisses her.

STEVEN
Set up camp here?

TERESA
Good a spot as any. Can we explore
a little?

STEVEN
Anything, baby.

The two kiss.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The five friends are walking across low mountains, exploring. In the distance, the sun glints off the VW camper.

They climb a rise, and on the crest, they see a half-buried bunker.

PETER
Oh wow! It must be from the nuclear
testing. You think?

STEVEN
The what?

LANA
We gonna have a look?

Lana and Peter head for the bunker.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Steven CRIES. Scully looks up at Mulder.

STEVEN
Peter wanted to stay at the bunker that night. He wouldn't come back with us. We left him there, went back to the camper. The next afternoon, he still hadn't come back. We couldn't find the bunker again.

CRAWFORD
Was there an investigation?

Steven nods.

STEVEN
Yeah. Police couldn't find the bunker, either. It was like the desert swallowed it. Locked it away.

MULDER
Do you know of anyone who would want to murder Lana Montolio?

STEVEN
No. I don't. She was lovely. The loveliest person I know from back then. Knew.

SCULLY
We'll find her killer, Steven.

MULDER
Scully...

Mulder gestures for Scully to follow him outside.

They walk past Crawford.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mulder and Scully come out of the interrogation room.

MULDER
Something isn't adding up here.

SCULLY
What are you thinking? Nevada has
something to do with Lana's death?

MULDER
This goes beyond the guilt of
losing a friend in the desert.
There's more to this.

SCULLY
Uncharacteristically, Mulder, I'm
with you.

MULDER
Be still my heart.

SCULLY
He knows more than he's saying.

Scully looks beyond Mulder, through the window of the
interrogation room door, at Steven, crying at the table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: CONNOR RESIDENCE. LIVERPOOL, SYRACUSE, ONONDAGA
COUNTY, NEW YORK. 22:13.

Teresa sits on the sofa, music PLAYS. She holds a large
glass of red wine. The empty bottle sits on the coffee table
in front of her.

She swigs down the rest of the glass, and leaves it next to
the bottle, goes to leave the room.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Teresa climbs the stairs. A KNOCK at the door. She SIGHS,
turns back and unlocks the door. She drags it open, but no
one is there. It's windy out - and the branches of the tree
in the yard RATTLE. Across the street, the woods shake in
the wind. But no one is there.

TERESA
Hello?

Teresa steps out onto the porch, looks around. Nothing. She
goes back into the hallway. Locks the door.

She begins mounting the stairs again, and as she reaches the top step, the front door CLICKS open, and the wind blows it ajar, WHISTLES through the house.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Teresa sits down on the bed. From the dressing table, next to the phone - a photograph of FIVE YOUNG 20 SOMETHINGS. One is her, another is Steven, and another is Lana. The other two are men.

She puts the photograph back, and goes to the bedroom door. As she gets there, an imposing FIGURE stands, shrouded with shadows, wearing a hooded top. Teresa jumps out of her skin, collects herself as the Figure is unmoving.

TERESA
Steven, is that you?

FIGURE
No.

Figure runs toward Teresa. She SLAMS the bedroom door shut, and tries to lock it as the Figure attempts to force it open. Finally, it locks, and she steps away from the door, reaches for the phone on the bedside table. As she grabs it, the bedroom door lock opens, Figure BURSTS through.

Figure lunges at Teresa, cuts off her SCREAM as he puts his hands around her neck.

He punches her, throws her to the ground, kicks her stomach and chest. Then sits atop her, hands around her neck. She GAGS and MOANS.

Teresa looks up into Figure's face, beyond the shadows of the hooded top, she sees the blue eyes. Her face changes - she recognises him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: CONNOR RESIDENCE, LIVERPOOL, SYRACUSE, ONONDAGA COUNTY, NEW YORK. 25 NOVEMBER. 18:03.

The street is cordoned off by the Syracuse Police Department, as POLICE OFFICERS patrol the edge of the cordon. Neighbours watch from their porches and their driveways.

A car pulls up to the curb outside of the cordon. Mulder and Scully climb out of the front. Steven jumps out of the back seat, and runs forward through the cordon, past SYRACUSE COP.

Mulder runs after him, flashes his badge. Scully slowly approaches the cordon, shows her badge to SYRACUSE COP.

SCULLY
Special Agent Dana Scully, FBI.
What happened here?

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

An unconsolable woman, PATRICIA THOMPSON (PAT) - 59, a plain-looking woman, is with other SPD OFFICERS and DETECTIVE MUNROE - a short woman, natural blonde hair, big bright blue eyes, late 30s.

Steven bounds up the steps of the porch.

STEVEN
Pat?

PAT
I came over last night to be with her. She sounded so sad after you left.

Pat SOBS.

MUNROE
Are you Mr Connor, the husband?

Mulder approaches, followed closely by Scully. Mulder shows Munroe his badge. She flashes him a wide smile. Scully rolls her eyes, purses her lips.

STEVEN
Is she ... ?

MUNROE
I'm sorry, Mr Connor.

Pat moves in to Steven, hugs him. They both CRY, lean on the porch railing.

MULDER
Scully, we should have a look around.

MUNROE
I'll take you up.

Munroe opens the front door for Mulder, allows him to enter, but follows him closely before Scully gets a chance to enter.

INT. BEDROOM ROOM - NIGHT

Munroe leads Mulder and Scully into the bedroom. It's a mess - broken lamps and picture frames. The bed is in disarray, and on the floor near a broken window, Teresa lays on the ground. There is blood on the broken window, its frame, and on the wall and carpet.

SCULLY
My God Mulder ...

MUNROE
Victim's mother found her late last night after the phone was continuously off the hook. She was worried about her.

MULDER
This person knew her. He wanted to watch her suffer. He wanted to make her suffer.

MUNROE
You mean the mess?

MULDER
This is rage.

Scully bends down, SLAPS on a pair of latex gloves, and moves some of the rubble.

Finds a photograph of Lana, Steven, and Teresa with two other young men - Young Peter and Young Lee.

SCULLY
Mulder ...

Scully stands, holds the photograph for Mulder to look at.

SCULLY (CONT'D)
It's Lana and Steven.

MULDER
And that's Teresa Connor.

Mulder looks across to the pale, still body of Teresa Connor.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

WHISPER WOODS MOTEL, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK. 25 NOVEMBER.
23:19.

Mulder sits up on the edge of his bed, holding the motel phone. Steam rolls out of the bathroom door, from which the shower LASHES against the bath tub.

MULDER
No, thank you detective, that's
all.

Mulder goes toward the door, pulls it open.

INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mulder knocks on Room 36. The door opens, Scully stands there with a face mask on.

MULDER
Woah. You know, I found an X File
that started like this once.

SCULLY
It's late, Mulder.

MULDER
Never too late for skin care,
apparently.

Scully opens her door wider, allows Mulder to come in. She closes the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Scully sits on the edge of her bed, while Mulder takes the chair from the dressing table, spins it around to face Scully.

Scully moisturises her hands and arms.

MULDER
I just got off the phone with a
Detective from Nevada.

SCULLY
And?

MULDER
The story Steven told us last night
matches the story he told police
back in 1974. This Detective
remembers interviewing him about
Peter's disappearance.

SCULLY

That's not exactly surprising,
Mulder.

MULDER

It doesn't, however, match the
story told about the same
disappearance by one of Steven and
Lana's friends - Lee Ackerman.

Scully stops moisturising.

SCULLY

That's surprising. So what
happened?

MULDER

Nothing. The police had no
evidence to go off, and everyone
else corroborated Steven Connor's
version of events.

SCULLY

What happened out there, Mulder?

MULDER

How about a trip to California?

Scully looks completely displeased by this suggestion.

EXT. STREET - DAY

TITLE CARD: ACKERMAN RESIDENCE, BELLFLOWER, CALIFORNIA. 26
NOVEMBER, 1993. 15:36.

Mulder and Scully climb out of their rental car, and amble up
the path toward a large house.

As they approach the porch, the door opens. LEE ACKERMAN -
36 years old, tall and athletic, opens the door.

LEE

Agents Mulder and Scully?

Scully shows her badge.

MULDER

Lee Ackerman?

LEE

I think you'd better come inside.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kettle BUBBLES and boils. Mulder and Scully sit at a breakfast bar, and Lee stands by the kettle near the sink.

LEE

I can make you coffee if you'd prefer.

SCULLY

Green tea is fine.

LEE

I just like the infusions. Coffee always has me so wired.

MULDER

We want to talk to you about the disappearance of Peter Goldberg.

LEE

I thought you might.

Lee pours hot water into three cups.

LEE (CONT'D)

I told everything I know to the police back then in '74.

Lee brings over the tea, sits down opposite Mulder and Scully.

SCULLY

I read your statement from 1974, Mr Ackerman. We still would like to talk about it.

LEE

Okay ...

SCULLY

The police decided not to pursue an investigation based on your statement. Why do you think that was?

LEE

I think only they can answer that. [Beat.] But, I believe, it was because the others' stories matched.

MULDER

Why didn't yours?

LEE
Because I told the truth.

SCULLY
Mr Ackerman, what happened out there?

LEE
It's him isn't it? He's the one doing this. The one who killed Lana. And Teresa.

SCULLY
Who? Peter Goldberg? He's missing. Police in Nevada believe him to be dead.

LEE
Was missing.

SCULLY
What do you mean?

Lee looks out of the window, at a bird flying in and out of his garden.

MULDER
You're afraid he found his way out of the desert, aren't you? Out of that bunker.

Lee looks directly at Mulder.

LEE
At first I hoped he would find his way out. That he'd be okay. But as the years went by ...

Lee looks down into his cup of tea. Then looks up, takes a sip, wipes a tear from his face.

SCULLY
What, Mr Ackerman?

LEE
I began to worry. If, after all that time, he did some how get out ... Would he think we just gave up on him. Would he be angry. Upset.

MULDER
Or kill.

LEE

Wouldn't you want your revenge?

SCULLY

For what, Mr Ackerman? What is it you need to tell us about that trip to the desert?

Lee takes a deep breath, lets it go with a SIGH.

LEE

Peter didn't want to stay in that bunker. He had no choice. Steven locked him in there for a joke. Steven always gave Peter a hard time. Lived with his grandmother, mom and dad were never around. I saw her the other day. His grandmother. Looked right through me. [Beat.] I have never heard screaming like that before. He wanted out. And Steven - we all - just walked away.

SCULLY

Did you even try to find him?

LEE

Lana and Teresa were crying all night, went off on their own to find him and let him out. They came back after midday, said they couldn't find the bunker.

MULDER

Then what happened?

LEE

We looked for that bunker all over those hills for twenty-four hours. We couldn't find anything. Finally, we sat down at camp, and Steven started concocting his story, and we were all supposed to go along with it.

SCULLY

But you didn't? Not when you got back to the police?

LEE

No. What I was supposed to say wasn't the truth. I told the police everything I knew.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

But it made no difference. They searched for weeks, and nothing.

MULDER

Did you meet with any of your friends after that?

LEE

I heard from Teresa a few times. Lana and I kept in touch. We went out there when we could. Looking for the bunker.

SCULLY

Out in the desert?

LEE

Yeah.

Lee leaves the room, returns seconds later with a large map stuck onto a cork board. The map is annotated with small notes and coloured pins show important points.

LEE (CONT'D)

See, we kept looking. Steven came with us sometimes, but I tended not to go when he was there. We never really got along anyway, even worse when I told the police the truth.

LEE stands, goes toward the window and looks out into his backyard - a swing set and a slide.

LEE (CONT'D)

I've got kids now. A wife. I'm a different person. [Beat.] Do you think Peter Goldberg is out there?

Scully looks at Mulder, arches her eyebrow. Mulder looks back at Lee, says nothing.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mulder and Scully walk down the path of Lee Ackerman's home, toward their rental car.

SCULLY

You have that look in your eyes, Mulder.

MULDER

What look?

SCULLY
The 'there's more to this' look.

MULDER
That's a look?

SCULLY
It is for you.

MULDER
You don't think there's more to
this, Scully?

Mulder opens the driver-side door, and Scully stops before
opening the passenger door.

SCULLY
I think it's extremely likely we're
looking for Peter Goldberg. I
don't really see what the X File is
here. Other than an unexplained
means of entry at one of the crime
scenes.

MULDER
And that's why they put the 'x' in
unexplained. Look, stay with me on
this.

SCULLY
Go ahead...

MULDER
What if ... what if Peter Goldberg
figured out a way to unlock the
bunker.

SCULLY
I think that goes without saying.
There may have been tools in the
bunker, or something he could have
used as leverage against the door,
and there's that look again,
Mulder. What?

MULDER
With his mind.

SCULLY
Mulder, I don't even know what to
say. You're talking telekinesis.

MULDER
Why not?

SCULLY

Because there is no scientific basis for the phenomenon. It's unfounded. Mulder, if the human brain could somehow muster enough energy to move objects using just its will, the sheer power of that energy would more than likely scramble the brain. Mulder, I think we're looking for an everyday, run-of-the-mill killer.

MULDER

There's nothing run-of-the-mill about this case, Scully. There's absolutely no evidence. Of any kind. No finger prints, no hair, no clothing fibre. The only thing we know the killer has touched is the victims, and even there-
[Beat.] Couple that with the nuclear testing out there and -

SCULLY

Mulder! There've been murders without evidence before, and there will be again. We can't go running to paranormal phenomenon, to telekinesis and nuclear fallout, each time we can't find a more logical explanation.

MULDER

Then you find me a logical explanation.

Mulder climbs into the car.

SCULLY

Where are we going?

Scully climbs in.

MULDER

Goldberg's grandmother still lives here in Bellflower.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

TITLE CARD: GOLDBERG RESIDENCE. 16:15.

Mulder rings the doorbell, it CHIMES. Scully reaches into her handbag to find her badge.

An elderly woman comes to the door - IVY GOLDBERG, 85, short, round, white-haired - a walking stick in hand, she hobbles.

IVY
Yes? Can I help you?

Scully shows Ivy her badge.

SCULLY
We're agents Scully and Mulder,
we're with the Federal Bureau of
Investigation.

Ivy immediately pushes open the screen door.

IVY
You'd best come in.

Ivy turns away, Mulder and Scully follow her.

INT. GOLDBERG LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ivy sits in front of an open fire. Mulder and Scully sit opposite her, in tatty arm chairs.

IVY
You've come about Peter.

SCULLY
You don't seem surprised.

IVY
Nothing surprises me any more. No,
I knew you'd probably come to
Bellflower after the death of those
two women. Peter's high school
friends.

Ivy lights a cigarette.

MULDER
When did you last see Peter?

IVY
The day he went to the desert with
his friends. I didn't want him to
go, but his mother, when she was
around, was determined it would be
good for him.

SCULLY

Where's his mother now?

IVY

I don't know. Could be titty-dancing in Las Vegas, could be a school teacher in London. We don't speak, haven't done since he disappeared.

MULDER

Why's that?

IVY

I blamed her for letting him go.

SCULLY

Do you mind if I use your bathroom, Mrs Goldberg?

IVY

Right at the top of the stairs.

Scully smiles, stands, and heads for the stairs.

INT. LANDING - DAY

Scully climbs the stairs, sees the open bathroom door directly ahead of her. She ignores it, walks past and into the next open room - a bedroom. It's pink and floral, quaintly decorated. The next room is a boy's room - she walks in.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Scully enters the room - typically teenage boy. Posters of his favourite bands and movies, some scantily-clad 'models'. On the dressing table, a framed photograph - the same one as in Teresa's and Lana's - of all of them as teenagers.

She sees the wardrobe, closed with a mirrored door. Scully goes over, pulls open the wardrobe door, bends down to several pairs of shoes at the bottom. She picks one up - size 10.5.

INT. LANDING - DAY

Scully comes back onto the landing and approaches the last door, which has several padlocks, keeping it closed. Scully moves closer to get a better look.

IVY (O.S.)
Bathroom's behind you.

Scully starts, spins around on her heels, finds Ivy stood near her bedroom door.

IVY (CONT'D)
You walked right past it.

SCULLY
Thank you.

Scully heads for the bathroom.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mulder is driving. Scully is writing out some notes on a laptop.

SCULLY
I'm telling you there's something in there, Mulder. I believe she's hiding something.

MULDER
Careful, Scully, believing in things you can't see or have no evidence of ... they'll think I've Charles Manson'd you.

Scully looks at him with a smile.

SCULLY
And if they believe that, they'll probably believe in aliens.

MULDER
Ouch.

SCULLY
I'm just gonna check in with Detective Munro. I want to make sure Steven Connor is okay.

MULDER
Good idea.

Scully flicks through her notes.

Mulder takes his mobile from the breast pocket of his suit jacket, hands it to Scully.

MULDER (CONT'D)
She gave me her home number back in
Syracuse.

SCULLY
Of course she did.

Scully looks through the phone, finds the number, presses
'CALL'.

SCULLY (CONT'D)
No answer.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is unlit, there are only shadows and quiet,
except for -

A phone RINGS out. A CLICK.

MUNROE (O.S.)
This is Angie. I'm not around, so
please leave a message after the
beep.

BEEP.

SCULLY (O.S.)
Hello, Detective Munroe. This is
Agent Dana Scully. I'm calling to
check on the stake-out we requested
on the Connor residence? I think
Agent Mulder has your cell number,
too, so I'll try that.

CLICK. Line goes dead.

On the ground, in the shadows, Detective Munroe lays. Her
eyes are wide, blood-shot, her nose bloody, her neck bruised.
Her gun just out of reach of her right hand. Her living room
door closes, locks.

INT. X FILES OFFICE - DAY

TITLE CARD: FBI HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, D.C. 27 NOVEMBER.
12:50.

Mulder sits at his desk on the phone as Scully enters with a
bag of food from MARTIN'S DELI. She puts the bag on the
desk, and waits.

MULDER
Thank you, Detective.

Mulder puts down the phone.

SCULLY
Detective Munroe?

MULDER
Detective Munroe is dead. Found
murdered this morning. No known
means of entry, no murder weapon.

Mulder stands, slips into his suit jacket.

MULDER (CONT'D)
We should check on Steven Connor.

SCULLY
I already checked this morning,
Mulder. He's fine. Officers still
have eyes on his residence.

MULDER
We need the same over at Lee
Ackerman's in Bellflower.

Mulder begins leaving the room. He stops at the door as
Scully speaks.

SCULLY
Well call the field office, see if
they can spare some agents. But I
think, the killer, Peter, is going
to want to finish his business out
here before he heads anywhere else.

Scully grabs the bag and follows him.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: ONONDAGA LAKE, LIVERPOOL, SYRACUSE, ONONDAGA
COUNTY, NEW YORK. 27 NOVEMBER, 1993. 17:30.

The sun sinks below the trees on the far side of the lake.
Steven walks, the lake SPLASHES against the shore. He wipes
away tears from his face.

He turns with the path and into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Steven walks on, down the path. Behind him, a shadowy figure, THE Figure steps onto the path, and follows on quickly.

Steven turns and sees the Figure behind him, quickens his pace. The Figure walks quicker now, too.

Steven breaks out into a run, PANTING heavily as he approaches the edge of the woods.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

At the edge of the woods, Steven stumbles out from the pathway, trips and lands on his knees, cutting them quite badly.

From the woods behind him, OFFICER LISA JANE - a young, early 20s woman - runs out. She bends down to help Steven to his feet.

STEVEN

That was you? That was you in there?

JANE

You're not supposed to go off alone, sir. We're here to look after you.

STEVEN

I needed some air.

JANE

And I need you to stay safe. Come on, back inside the house please sir.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Steven closes the front door. Looks down at his knees, winces and HISSES as he touches them.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steven turns on the shower, feels the water get to the correct temperature. Steam curls out from the cubicle.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jane is in her patrol car. Her partner, a young early 20s male - OFFICER DENTON - SNORES next to her. Jane keeps one eye on the house.

The lock on her door suddenly SNAPS down. She tries the handle, but it won't budge. She pulls up the button again, tries the handle, it opens.

DENTON
What're you doing?

JANE
It's your turn for a perimeter
check, Denton.

DENTON
Christ, already?

Denton climbs out of the car, SLAMS the door, MUMBLES to himself as he walks away around the back of the Connor house.

Jane picks up a magazine from the backseat and flicks through it.

The locks on the car go crazy - FLIPPING up and SLAMMING down. Officer Jane panics, drops the magazine, and tries to pull on the door handle.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steven climbs out of the shower, dries his hair and upper-torso.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The deadlock on the front door GRINDS as it turns, and it SQUEAKS open.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steven slips on some pyjama bottoms and a t-shirt, brushes his teeth at the sink.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Denton walks around onto the porch, finds the door open. He reaches for his radio.

DENTON (WHISPERS)
Officer Jane. Assistance required.

Just FUZZ and STATIC returned.

DENTON (WHISPERS) (CONT'D)
Officer Jane! Lisa!

No response.

DENTON (CONT'D)
Damnit!

Denton peers inside the house, can only see shadows.

He looks back down to the street, can see the bonnet of the patrol car. He looks back into the house, bites his lip. Runs down the path to the street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Officer Denton comes onto the street, rounding a shrub. The patrol car passenger door is wide open, and Officer Jane is absent.

OFFICER DENTON
Jane!

Denton runs to the car, leans in the passenger side and grabs a hold of the radio, as he does -

The car door SLAMS into his body, once, twice, thrice, whatever four is, until finally, Denton's body SLAPS against the floor, bloody and still.

The Figure stands there, shrouded in shadow, blood drips onto his black boots.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jane, gun poised in front of her, torch on top of it, walks steadily through the open back door into the kitchen. With her free hand, she talks into her radio.

JANE (WHISPERS)
Denton, do you read? Come in.

FUZZ and STATIC. No reply.

JANE (CONT'D)
This is Officer Jane requesting
back up. Please come in.

Nothing.

Jane walks through the kitchen, into the dining room, and then into the hallway. The front door is wide open. The rest of the house is silent.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Mulder is driving (as per usual). Scully is in the passenger seat, half asleep. The phone RINGS. She sits up and answers it.

SCULLY

Scully.

Scully looks over at Mulder, panicked.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

We're almost there. Five minutes away.

Scully hangs up.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

That was Syracuse PD. They've been unable to get radio contact with the officers stationed outside Steven Connor's residence. They're sending a patrol car.

Mulder slams his foot down, the engine REVS.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

A BANG behind her. Jane looks back, sees that the back door is now closed.

JANE

Just the wind. It's just the wind, Lisa.

She steadies herself, her torch light showing her nervousness as it bounces. She puts one foot on the stairs.

STEVEN (O.S.)

Hello?

JANE

Mr Connor, it's Officer Jane. Are you okay?

STEVEN (O.S.)
What's going on? Is something
wrong?

JANE
Everything is ... absolutely fine,
Mr Connor. Can you come down the
stairs for me?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A car SCREECHES to a stop in front of the patrol car.

Mulder jumps out and rushes straight for the house and the
open front door.

Scully steps out of the passenger side, and sees the bloody
body of Officer Denton on the ground. She rushes to his
side, drops to her knees, and takes out her mobile phone.

SCULLY
This is Special Agent Dana Scully
with the Federal Bureau of
Investigation. I need an ambulance
and police back-up to 131 Wood
View, Liverpool.

Scully reaches down, feels for a pulse.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mulder runs into the hallway, as Jane is halfway up the
stairs. She spins round, aims her gun straight at Mulder.

MULDER
Federal Agent! I'm reaching for my
badge!

Mulder reaches in.

JANE
Slowly!

Mulder moves slower, then pulls out his badge and shows it to
Jane.

JANE (CONT'D)
Agent Mulder, I don't want to scare
you, but I think there's someone in
the house.

The front door SLAMS, the lock CLICKS into place.

Mulder spins to face the door. There's no one there. He tries to open the door. POUNDS on it.

MULDER

Scully!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Scully hears Mulder's SHOUTS. She stands and runs up to the door. Tries to open it from the outside.

SCULLY

Mulder, I can't open it. Back-up
is on the way.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mulder climbs the stairs, Jane is ahead of him. Stood on the landing, looking over a railing to the stairs is Steven.

STEVEN

What's going on? Is he here?

Jane reaches Steven on the landing. Mulder reaches the middle of the stairs.

The Figure lunges out of nowhere. Jane SCREAMS as he grabs her, pushes her into the landing rail. She CRASHES through it, THUDS into the stairs in front of Mulder.

Steven runs, heads for his bedroom.

Jane's gun FIRES.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

Scully hears the GUNFIRE. She POUNDS on the door.

SCULLY

Mulder! MULDER! Damnit!

In the distance, SIRENS. Scully takes out her gun, aims it at the lock, turns away as she FIRES.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Steven locks himself in his bedroom, pushes furniture up against the door, and makes sure the lock is definitely fastened.

It begins turning, Steven puts his hand on it, struggles to keep it still.

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Mulder climbs onto the landing, gun drawn. Scully comes up behind him. They see Figure walk toward the closed door of Steven's bedroom.

MULDER

Stop! Federal Agents, we're armed.

The Figure keeps walking.

SCULLY

Peter Goldberg. Stop right there.

Figure stops, turns his head and looks over his shoulder.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lock slips through Steven's hands, and turns completely. The door begins to open, forcing the furniture back. The door THUNDERS open, burying Steven in piles of splintered wood.

Figure steps into the room, grabs hold of Steven.

Mulder barges in. Scully comes closer, but the door SLAMS in her face.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Mulder!

MULDER

Put your hands up! If you don't stop what you're doing, I will shoot.

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

POLICE OFFICERS throw themselves against the locked front door.

Beyond, on the street, PARAMEDICS cover Denton with a white sheet.

From inside, GUNFIRE. ONE SHOT. TWO. SILENCE.

The officers double their efforts, and soon the door SPLINTERS on its hinges, and opens.

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Armed Officers bound across the landing, guns and torches aimed at Scully. She sticks her gun into her waistband and shows them her badge, shields her eyes from the bright torchlight.

ARMED COP
We got Feds!

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mulder is stood over the Figure, as he helps Steven to his feet, his face and neck are cut, bleeding.

Mulder leans down to take a closer look at Figure as -
Officers burst into the room.

ARMED COP
Put down the weapon and step away.

MULDER
I'm a Federal Agent.

ARMED COP
Put down the weapon, this is your
final warning.

Mulder drops his weapon, hands in the air, and turns to face the officers. Armed Cop leans down, picks up Mulder's weapon.

ARMED COP (CONT'D)
Walk towards me very slowly. Both
of you.

Mulder walks, followed by Stephen. Scully moves to both of them.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mulder leans on the bonnet of their rental car. Scully is at the foot of the drive, speaking to Steven.

STEVEN
Those eyes, Agent Scully. It was
him. It was Peter.

SCULLY
Do you think you could give a full
description?

STEVEN
It was dark.

SCULLY
Is that a no?

Steven shakes his head.

SCULLY (CONT'D)
We'll be in touch.

Scully walks away, approaches Mulder. Armed Cop comes across from a patrol car, a gun in his hand. He offers it to Mulder.

ARMED COP
Sorry about that. Can't be too careful, you know?

MULDER
Where did you learn to deal with hostile situations, Officer?

ARMED COP
Excuse me?

MULDER
You came in too hard. Too fast. I had it under control.

ARMED COP
You had nothing under control, Agent Mulder. From what I saw, your suspect was going to murder Mr Connor.

Mulder lunges at Armed Cop. Scully gets in the way, pushes Mulder away to the passenger side of the car. Armed Cop grins at him before leaving.

SCULLY
Just calm down, Mulder.

MULDER
Arrogant son of a bitch.

Scully SIGHS.

SCULLY
There was blood in the bedroom.
But Peter's gone.

MULDER
Damnit, Scully! We almost had him.

SCULLY

You fired two shots into him,
Mulder. He won't get far without
medical attention. He'll surface.

MULDER

Last time he vanished, he didn't
surface for almost twenty years.

SCULLY

We still don't know for sure that
was him. I mean, Steven is pretty
sure. But-

MULDER

But he's gone.

INT. X FILES OFFICE - DAY

TITLE CARD: FBI HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON, DC. 29 NOVEMBER,
1993. 10:00.

Scully stands at the printer, as a document HUMS out of the
machine, page by page. Mulder enters the office.

MULDER

Were you early, Scully?

SCULLY

I was. And you weren't. Mulder,
you missed the meeting with
Blevins.

Mulder waves her off, complete disinterest. He takes a seat
behind the desk.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

He's 'extremely disheartened by the
lack of scientific investigative
methods in this case, and by the
complete lack of resolution for the
victims and their families'.

MULDER

We have a resolution, Scully, just
not one the Bureau wants to hear.
[Beat.] What's that?

SCULLY

It's my official report.

MULDER

For Blevins?

Scully takes the report, places it in a brown case file, and slides it onto Mulder's desk.

SCULLY
For the X Files.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ivy sits in her arm chair in front of her open fire, drags hard on a cigarette, stumps it out on the arm of her chair. Rain LASHES against the windows, and there's a RUMBLE of thunder.

Footsteps behind her, the hooded Figure.

IVY
So you came back, then.

Ivy lights up another cigarette, blows the smoke, it curls around her face.

IVY (CONT'D)
I read in the paper. You didn't finish what you started.

Figure approaches the chair closely. Stands right behind it. His gloved hands grip the back of it, SQUEAK as they rub the material, gripping it tightly.

IVY (CONT'D)
Wounded and fled, it said. You always were a disappointment.

She blows out her cigarette smoke.

IVY (CONT'D)
Even to your father.

Figure pulls a plastic bag over Ivy's head, holds it there. Ivy struggles for breath, until finally she gives up.

INT. LANDING - NIGHT

The last bedroom is wide open. The padlocks lay on the landing floor. Inside, a dark room with no lighting. The walls are bare, and there's a mattress on the floor. On the mattress, Figure sits, staring down at something in front of him.

Rain comes in from the open window, wets the mattress and the floor. Figure seems unfazed by it.

Figure's voice sounds high and strange, croaky, agonised.

We draw in closer, hang over the shoulder of Figure, a photograph is on the mattress in front of him. In it is Young Peter and an older pretty WOMAN - 30 something, long ginger hair and bright blue eyes.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

TITLE CARD: NEVADA DESERT, NEVADA. 30 NOVEMBER, 1993.
11:21.

Lee walks over the crest of a hill, and below him, he can see a half-hidden bunker, caked in twenty years of dust and dirt. He takes a swig of water, and places the bottle back in his back pack.

He walks down to the bunker.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Lee enters the bunker, flicks on his torch, crouches down as he stumbles over a small lump of sand. Inside, the food cans and water bottles are open and all over the floor. In the corner of the bunker, a skeleton. Lee goes closer, recognises the blue jacket.

LEE

Peter?

Lee takes out his mobile phone, searches for a phone number.

LEE (CONT'D)

Agent Mulder? It's Lee Ackerman.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Mulder has hold of his phone. Scully is stood next to him.

MULDER

Lee?

LEE (O.S. - CRACKLED)

It's ... body ...

SCULLY

Lee Ackerman?

Mulder nods.

LEE (O.S. - CRACKLED)
... not Peter. Peter ... here ...
body.

MULDER
I can't hear you. You're breaking
up.

BLEEPS down the phone. The line goes dead.

Mulder tries to redial.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
The number you are trying to call
is not in range.

MULDER
Damn it!

Mulder looks down at Scully.

MULDER (CONT'D)
He was trying to tell me something.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

The door SLAMS behind him, Lee GASPS, runs for the door.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

POUNDING and SHOUTING from inside the bunker.