

The X-Files  
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SCENE 1

SAHAR INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT  
MUMBAI, INDIA

(Busy airport terminal. Lots of older model cabs entering and leaving. Creak. A very large man, MR. POTOCKI, gets out of a cab and enters the terminal. He is wearing a business suit and carrying a briefcase. Inside the terminal are several beggars holding their hands out hopefully. They call out to MR. POTOCKI as he makes his way to the ticket counter.)

BEGGARS: Pai se! Pai se!

(MR. POTOCKI ignores the beggars and slaps his passport down on the counter.)

CUSTOMS AGENT: Home to America, Mr. Potocki?

MR. POTOCKI: Not a moment too soon.

(MR. POTOCKI's voice conveys all the distaste that he feels for India and the culture. The CUSTOMS AGENT stamps the passport, and looks to the next person.)

CUSTOMS AGENT: Next in line. Passport, please.

(MR. POTOCKI begins walking down the concourse. He pauses and turns at the sound of a metallic creaking squeaky wheel sound following him. He looks down at a very small legless MAN on a tiny wheeled platform. The LEGLESS MAN looks up at him.)

MR. POTOCKI: Poor bastard.

(MR. POTOCKI continues on down the concourse. He turns again at the sound of the squeaking wheels. The LEGLESS MAN is still following him. The difference in their sizes is painfully obvious. MR. POTOCKI reaches in his pocket and pulls out some change. He drops it in the LEGLESS MAN's hand.)

MR. POTOCKI: Here's 50 paise. Buy yourself some WD-40.

(The LEGLESS MAN is not pleased. He stares at the other man with hatred. As MR. POTOCKI walks away, the LEGLESS MAN drops the change onto the ground.)

CIUT TO:

(MR. POTOCKI is sitting on the toilet reading a newspaper, the Bombay Observer. The creaking sound enters the bathroom. Under the door he sees the arms of the man on the wheeled platform.)

MR. POTOCKI: Oh, for crying out loud. Listen, fella, I already gave.

(The platform squeaks closer. Heavy drum music begins.)

MR. POTOCKI: Do you understand English?

(MR. POTOCKI stands and begins pulling up his pants. Suddenly, he falls screaming to the floor. He grasps desperately at the walls of the stall as he is pulled under the door toward the man on the platform.)  
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SCENE 2  
DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT  
WASHINGTON, DC  
(A plane lands at night.)

CUT TO:

(A room in a nice hotel. A BELLBOY opens the door. Room 815. MR POTOCKI enters without a word and stands in the middle of the room. The BELLBOY smiles cheerfully, hoping for his tip.)

BELLBOY: Long flight, huh? Bombay to D.C.?

(The BELLBOY moves the bags into the room.)

BELLBOY: You know, I always wondered do they serve, like, Indian food on the plane?

(MR. POTOCKI gives no response.)

BELLBOY: If there's anything else I can do for you, sir...

(Still no response. Disappointed, the BELLBOY leaves, spinning a squeaky wheel on the small platform that was part of the luggage that he carried in. He closes the door behind him. MR POTOCKI slowly sits on the bed breathing heavily. Blood seeps out of his leg through the cuff of his pants. Pan up so that we see that the bedspread where he is sitting is now soaked with blood. His eyes fill with blood. The heavy breathing continues, then stops.)

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SCENE 3  
HOTEL BELMONT  
WASHINGTON, DC  
9:46 AM

(MR. POTOCKI's hotel room, next day. Crime scene. DOGGETT comes over to SCULLY as she enters. She looks tired.)

DOGGETT: Things that land in your in-box, huh, Agent Scully?

SCULLY: Good morning. I'm sorry I'm late. I didn't get a chance to look at the case file. The traffic's terrible.

DOGGETT: Beltway's a nightmare. Takes longer to get crosstown than it does a plane ride from India, which is where our victim flew in from last night-- Bombay.

SCULLY: Who are we talking about?

(He shows her the passport.)

DOGGETT: Hugh Potocki. Importer/exporter from Minneapolis. Laid over in DC on his way home when all this blood drains from his body.

(Shot of bloody bedspread.)

SCULLY: Did the M.E. See it? The body?

DOGGETT: Yeah. Tox test ruled out hemorrhagic fever, Ebola, anything exotic. Something killed this man but it doesn't seem to be any foreign disease.

SCULLY: No sign of forced entry?

DOGGETT: No. No one was seen coming or going from this room. The maid found the body 20 minutes after a bellman left Mr. Potocki here. Whatever happened, happened fast.

SCULLY: So, basically what you're saying is that nobody knows anything.

DOGGETT: But then I guess that's why it's in your in-box.

(Pause as he circles her and sits and she, surprised, considers his words.)

DOGGETT: So, what do you think, Agent Scully? Haunted hotel room? Alien invaders? Sloppy vampires?

(She has no answer.)

DOGGETT: There is one small thing. The cops missed it their first time around.

(He pulls back the covers of the bed to reveal a small bloody handprint.)

SCULLY: (quietly) A child's print.

DOGGETT: Yeah. That's what it looks like.

DOGGETT: You know there was a ring of thieves when I was back in New York. They used kids for B&E jobs.

SCULLY: Mm...

DOGGETT: Squeezing in through cracked windows, that kind of thing. But this, this is beyond.

SCULLY: No. From what I see, Agent Doggett, from the way this man died... I doubt it was a kid who did this.

DOGGETT: Thanks. I'm not quite ready yet to lose all my faith in humanity.

SCULLY: But regardless, I'd say it's wise you keep an open mind.

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#### SCENE 4

FAIRMONT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL  
CHEVERLY, MARYLAND

(School administrators office. Outside we hear children playing. Inside, MRS. HOLT, 40's, is interviewing a MAN, MR. BURRARD, for a janitorial position. He doesn't speak at all, just maintains a small smile.)

MRS. HOLT: The better the economy gets the harder it is to fill these kinds of jobs. And the problem is that people look at it as just a paycheck. They don't realize that as maintenance engineer you are playing an important part in these kids' lives. And I can't tell you how wonderful it is to find someone as enthusiastic as you are, Mr. Burrard. And I understand you can start immediately?

(When the camera returns to him, we see that it is the LEGLESS MAN from the teaser. He nods. Very creepy. MRS. HOLT still sees him as MR. BURRARD.)

MRS. HOLT: That's wonderful.

(DOGGETT enters the morgue. SCULLY is autopsying the large body of MR. POTOCKI. The body is covered with a sheet. SCULLY is working near the lower middle of the body.)

DOGGETT: Big fella, isn't he?

SCULLY: Big is a relative term, Agent Doggett. It took three strong men to wheel him in here. He tipped the scale at 402 pounds.

DOGGETT: Uh, Hugh Potocki was a big man, big appetites. Loved big cars, big houses, big business. Divorced twice. He carried two alimonies, one with child support. Never missed a payment. In fact, he seems to have spoiled his wives and kids.

SCULLY: I'm missing the point.

DOGGETT: (grinning) It seems he loved big women, too. Considering the evidence and motives we can probably rule out his ex-wives as suspects.

SCULLY: Well, considering what I found here today I'd say I have to agree.

(VERY reluctantly, DOGGETT walks around the table to look at the body. Whatever he sees is not at all pleasant.)

SCULLY: Tissue damage. Massive trauma to the lower intestine and the rectal wall.

DOGGETT: Is that from something going in or coming out?

SCULLY: Well, unfortunately there's so much damage that it's hard to tell.

(DOGGETT winces. [So does Carrik's Husband.] SCULLY leads him over to the lighted photo viewing screen. She shows him images. They look more like xrays. Definitely not MRIs.)

SCULLY: I took MRIs, which reveal further shredding throughout the abdomen and, uh, into the stomach area.

DOGGETT: India's a major transit point for the Golden Triangle. This guy flew in and out of India half a dozen times over the past 18 months.

SCULLY: Are you suggesting that he's a mule? A courier of heroine or opiates? Drug dealer?

DOGGETT: Fills a latex balloon with heroine, swallows it. We've all seen this kind of thing before but what if somebody got to him en route, forcibly extracted the drugs, tearing it from his stomach?

SCULLY: Well, I'd say, uh, that's a good theory, Agent Doggett, not to mention a graphic one, but there would have been traces left of drugs in his system. Nor does it account for the blood loss that this man experienced.

DOGGETT: Then we're right back where we started. Nobody knows anything.

SCULLY: Not exactly. I ran a decay analysis to, uh, determine the time of death. Liver temperature, buildup of gases, extent of rigor-- routine stuff. It's not 100% accurate, but it gives us a range.

DOGGETT: What's the range?

SCULLY: 24 to 36 hours.

(DOGGETT thinks.)

DOGGETT: Well, that's just wrong.

SCULLY: Well, it would mean that, uh, Mr. Potocki here would have died before he left Bombay.

DOGGETT: No. It would mean that a dead man boarded a plane in India, changed planes in Paris, hailed a cab at Dulles, and then checked into a downtown hotel and tipped the bellman. In my experience, dead men don't tip, Agent Scully.

[CARRIK: Well, we didn't see Mr. Potocki tip. Is this a subtle reference to the possibly dead, nontipping Mulder, i.e. Bad Blood?]

SCULLY: I told you to keep an open mind.

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SCENE 5

(Sound of squeaking wheels as a 12-year-old boy, QUINTON, rides up to his school on a scooter. Three older boys are waiting for him. One of them, TREVOR, pushes him off of the scooter.)

TREVOR: Oh... Look what he just did to my scooter.

QUINTON: That's mine!

TREVOR: Yeah, right, you going to take it from me?

(A fight almost happens. A MAN, QUINTON'S FATHER approaches the boys and picks up the scooter.)

QUINTON'S FATHER: Hey! Leave him alone. What's going on here, Quinton?

(He turns to face TREVOR who is looking a little nervous.)

QUINTON'S FATHER: I know you. Your name's Trevor? You're in seventh grade, right? Don't you guys have anything better to do than pick on sixth graders?

TREVOR: Well, he ran into me.

QUINTON: That's a lie!

QUINTON'S FATHER: Enough. You want to be a bully? Find somebody your own age. I'll talk to your father if I have to. Come on, Quinton.

(QUINTON'S FATHER leads his son to the car. Mr. BURRARD, the new janitor, is working near the bicycle rack. He looks up as QUINTON loads his scooter into the back of the car. QUINTON gets into the car. We now see the LEGLESS MAN sitting on his platform in BURRARD'S place.)

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SCENE 6

FBI HEADQUARTERS

5:45 PM

DOGGETT: (on phone, loudly) Yes. Thank you. Sorry to wake you. Good-bye.

(He hangs up.)

SCULLY: Bad connection?

DOGGETT: Consulate in New Delhi. Three weeks ago an American businessman was found dead inside his hotel room. Take a look.

(He shows her several documents.)

DOGGETT: A Mr. Albert Brecht of Spokane. The reports have been hard to piece together. The medical records are in Hindi. Death certificate's in Farsi and the news accounts are in... I don't know—letters I've never seen before but I did get you a translation of Mr. Brecht's autopsy results.

(He pulls out another document.)

DOGGETT: Internal trauma. Tearing in the abdomen. You're the doctor-- it sounds like the same MO, doesn't it, Agent Scully?

SCULLY: Look at this. Albert Brecht's passport was a recent issue and it has his weight at 205 pounds whereas here, an Indian medical examiner has him listed at 238 pounds just two hours after his death.

DOGGETT: Well, if there's one thing people lie about, it's their weight.

SCULLY: Well, that's a pretty big lie. I mean, that's a 33 pound discrepancy.

DOGGETT: Well, he was a big man, that's for sure.

SCULLY: Yeah. As was our DC victim. All the better for accommodation.

(DOGGETT looks up suspiciously.)

DOGGETT: Accommodation?

SCULLY: (slowly) Well, something has to account for the weight gain, Agent Doggett. What if, whatever it is that killed these men entered and exited them of its own free will? I mean, something... small... with small hands... living... inside the victims as a... as a stowaway of sorts.

DOGGETT: You know I agree that having an open mind is important to crime solving, but... this theory of yours requires an openness that I'm... (he smiles and sits) ... I'm just not comfortable with.

SCULLY: I understand, Agent Doggett and I can't prove it... but I bet that if we had weighed Hugh Potocki when he first arrived here from Bombay that he would have been 33 pounds heavier than his corpse.

DOGGETT: It's a theory, Agent Scully, but to my mind and... pretty much the rest of me, it-it... doesn't work.

SCULLY: I appreciate your resistance but so far this evidence supports it.

DOGGETT: Except one thing... Even if there was something living inside of Hugh Potocki when he arrived here from Bombay... you said that Mr. Potocki was already dead.

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SCENE 7

CHEVERLY, MARYLAND

10:07 PM

(Nice suburban home. QUINTON wakes up in his dark bedroom. A creaking sound has awoken him. He looks around the room and sees the LEGLESS MAN on the squeaky-wheeled platform. Panicked, he calls for his father, softly at first, then rising in volume.)

QUINTON: Dad? Dad. Dad! Dad! Dad!!

(QUINTON'S FATHER enters the room.)

QUINTON'S FATHER: Quint, what is it?

QUINTON: There's a man in here.

QUINTON'S FATHER: What? What are you talking about?

(QUINTON'S FATHER goes to the window and makes sure that it is locked. There is no sign of the LEGLESS MAN.)

QUINTON: He was here, Dad. Right over there. He had no legs!

QUINTON'S FATHER: Quinton... Quinton, listen to me. The things that you imagine, the things that-that you dream... are not real. And what's not real can't hurt you.

QUINTON: But, Dad, it was real. It was.

QUINTON'S FATHER: Quint, there's nobody here.

(He kisses his son on the forehead.)

QUINTON'S FATHER: Try to get some sleep. Okay?

(QUINTON is still nervous as his father leaves the room and closes the door.)

(QUINTON'S FATHER goes downstairs where the TV is tuned to a news program.)

NEWSGUY 1: (on TV) There's no denying the world order has changed. The United States is

the sole Super Power-- in both a military sense and an economic one. With this comes responsibility.

(QUINTON'S FATHER goes to his chair to watch TV,)

NEWSGUYS: (on TV) No one's dismissing American responsibilities, here or abroad. But Third World debt relief, in my view would be a positive step toward solving Third World issues and Third World problems. Well, now it's my turn to disagree. Relieving that debt would allow these countries to find solutions without American intervention... I think you're being naive... There's no denying the world order has changed...

(The LEGLESS MAN sits watching QUINTON'S FATHER.)

(In his room, QUINTON hears his father scream in agony. QUINTON runs out of his room and looks down into the great room. His father is sitting in the chair.)

QUINTON: Dad?

(There is no response. QUINTON begins walking slowly down the stairs.)

QUINTON: Dad?

(Still no response. QUINTON gets close to his father. We see QUINTON'S FATHER's staring eyes fill with blood.)

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#### SCENE 8

(Same house, next day. DOGGETT comes down the stairs and sees SCULLY sitting at the dining room table with QUINTON and QUINTON'S MOTHER. QUINTON'S MOTHER has her arm around her son, and is crying softly. SCULLY looks up as DOGGETT enters and she joins him in the great room. The situation is very disturbing to him.)

(DOGGETT sighs, looking at QUINTON who is crying with his mother. They speak softly.)

DOGGETT: The first dead body I saw, I was 19 and a marine. This boy... criminy.

SCULLY: Yeah. That's not all he claims he saw.

DOGGETT: That's what the cops told me. That's why I thought we should come down here.

SCULLY: He said he called his dad in because there was something in his room. I asked him to describe it. He said that it was a munchkin. That it had no legs. And that it was keeping itself up with its arms.

(QUINTON and his mother leave the room.)

DOGGETT: Well, that's a pretty good trick considering what I just found upstairs. Palm prints in the boy's bedroom. They match the one's we found in Potocki's room. And that's the good news. It just doesn't serve your theory because this thing didn't get in here in anybody's body. It came in through the bedroom window.

SCULLY: How can you be sure?

DOGGETT: There was another print on the sill outside the locked window. And somebody must have closed it after this thing got in.

SCULLY: Right. Which is exactly what the boy said that his father did. But it's the father that I have a problem with here. I mean he had none of the massive hemorrhaging that we found in Mr. Potocki. In the coroner's initial report, he makes it sound like the guy died of a cerebral embolism. The one salient detail in the external exam were the eyes... in which only the blood vessels are broken.

(SCULLY pauses, realization dawning.)

SCULLY: Unless that's just the first stage.

(DOGGETT watches as she quickly leaves the house.)

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SCENE 9

(Morgue. SCULLY enters, breathing heavily. She pauses, then nervously approaches the body of QUINTON'S FATHER. She quickly pulls the sheet off of him. His belly is rounded and swollen, like that of a pregnant woman. She puts on scrubs and latex gloves and turns on the microphone. Her voice is tense.)

SCULLY: This is Special Agent Dana Scully. I am a medical doctor about to perform an unauthorized procedure on a body. The, uh ... the subject is a Caucasian male. Age, uh... I don't remember at this particular time. His height is about six feet. And his weight is... quite possibly subject to change.

(She picks up a scalpel from the medical cart next to her. We see that she has laid her gun down on the cart.)

SCULLY: I suppose distention could be due to decomposition gases... but that seems unlikely.

(She makes an incision, starting at the base of the belly and going up to the sternum. Something in the belly begins moving. Startled, SCULLY backs up and knocks the cart over. Everything crashes to the floor, including her gun. )

SCULLY: Oh.

(A small bloody hand reaches out of the belly. [This scene is way up there on the CarriK "Ewww Factor" chart.] It takes her several precious seconds to locate her gun behind a curtain. She turns and aims it at the autopsy table. The man's belly is open and bloody, like the victims of the black oil infections in the movie and the beginning of season six. Holding her gun ready, she begins searching the morgue. She sees a smeared trail of blood, bordered by small bloody handprints on the floor. Very tense music. The phone rings, but she ignores it. She follows the trail to a supply closet. She flings open the door and looks around, but sees nothing, and goes back into the main room to the phone. When the camera pans back into the closet, we see the LEGLESS MAN, now covered in blood and maybe other stuff, watching her.)

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SCENE 10

(Elementary school hallway. Children laughing in the background. MRS. HOLT is chastising the janitor, MR. BURRARD.)

MRS. HOLT: Reliability's one of the most important parts of your job. We were very worried when you didn't show up this morning.

(She walks away. MR. BURRARD goes into a closet and pulls out a squeaky wheeled mop bucket. TREVOR is walking down the hall, but pauses to watch as MR. BURRARD kneels down beside the bucket. His image slightly flickers. TREVOR watches, confused, for another moment. The bell rings. TREVOR then goes on to his class. Camera pans back to MR. BURRARD, but finds the LEGLESS MAN on his wheeled platform. He stares after TREVOR.)

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SCENE 11

(X-Files office. The TV monitor is playing a tape of an Indian man sticking a burning torch into his mouth. CHUCK BURKS is showing it to SCULLY and DOGGETT.)

(CLOSED CAPTIONING: CHUCK BURKS: They take religious devotion to an extreme.)

CHUCK BURKS: They're called Fakir-- ascetic masters bound to acts of self-torture to attain enlightenment.

(Another image of an Indian man who has done some really weird and painful-looking stretching and piercing of his face.)

CHUCK BURKS: We shot this video when I was traveling through India back in the late '70s... Oh, man, look at my hair back then.

(On the video, a YOUNG CHUCK BURKS with very long dark hair grins and flashes a peace sign at the camera as another Indian messes around with a very dangerous looking snake.)

SCULLY: Agent Mulder consulted with Dr. Burks on occasion and I have to admit that I've been skeptical of him in the past but he does have certain insights.

DOGGETT: Well, we could use some insights.

CHUCK BURKS: Uh, well, I-I'm embarrassed to admit but I-I'm not sure I know what the heck's going on here.

SCULLY: These ascetic masters... they have abilities?

CHUCK BURKS: Oh, absolutely. An-and abilities similar to those you told me about on the phone have been ascribed to what are know as Siddhi mystics. The Siddhi are a very mysterious and particularly powerful order of Fakirs. These Siddhi, they pass on their secret practices from father to son gaining occult powers with each generation.

DOGGETT: What kind of powers?

(DOGGETT is not impressed with CHUCK BURKS. SCULLY is listening intently.)

CHUCK BURKS: Powers of the mind. Powers that help them manipulate reality. Powers that allow them to become invisible or tiny as an atom.

DOGGETT: Well, I hope they're tiny. Where, whoever it is, is going.

(SCULLY gives DOGGETT a look, then turns back to CHUCK BURKS.)

SCULLY: Chuck... Could one of these Siddhi mystics make you believe that he vanished in a room when in fact, he's standing right in front of you?

CHUCK BURKS: Totally. Or disguise themselves appearing in front of you as, uh, well, virtually anyone.

DOGGETT: I'm sorry, Dr. Burks, you're a... you're a professor of what?

CHUCK BURKS: I run the Advanced Digital Imaging Lab at the University of Maryland. And, um, I dabble.

DOGGETT: You dabble. (to SCULLY, sarcastic) Well, this has been... insightful.

(DOGGETT leaves the room. CHUCK BURKS watches him go.)

CHUCK BURKS: Doesn't surprise me.

SCULLY: What?

CHUCK BURKS: It's hard to believe in something when you can't understand it.

(SCULLY nods slowly.)

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SCENE 12

(QUINTON's house. There is a knocking at the door. QUINTON answers it. It is TREVOR.)

QUINTON: Get out of here.

(QUINTON tries to close the door, but TREVOR stops him.)

TREVOR: No, just... let me talk to you.

QUINTON: Leave me alone.

TREVOR: No, I want to say I'm sorry.

QUINTON: No, you're not.

TREVOR: Look, I am. Would you just... listen.

(QUINTON listens.)

TREVOR: I'm... sorry about your Dad.

(QUINTON tries not to cry. TREVOR looks at the yard and the street behind him nervously.)

TREVOR: I, I think I know who did it.

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### SCENE 13

(Next day. X-Files office. SCULLY is at MULDER's desk taking notes and sifting through papers. The desk is as messy and disorganized as if MULDER was here himself. She looks tired. CHUCK BURKS enters.)

CHUCK BURKS: Agent Scully?

(SCULLY rises and greets him. Something is bothering her. She is vulnerable.)

SCULLY: Chuck. Thank you for, uh, coming down here again.

CHUCK BURKS: Not at all. Uh... I'm just a little curious. I mean, it's always Mulder who'd been doing all the calling and...

SCULLY: This, uh... this case, I-I-I-I'm just... I'm trying to see it the way that Mulder would and... please have a seat.

(They sit. She in MULDER's chair, he in "hers.")

CHUCK BURKS: Of course. So, what's seems to be the problem?

SCULLY: You described these, uh, Siddhi mystics as being religious men.

CHUCK BURKS: Extremely. They believe their powers derive directly from the divine.

SCULLY: So, presumably using those powers for murder would be in opposition of that?

CHUCK BURKS: Worse. It would violate the very foundation of ascetic life. It would endanger their eternal soul.

SCULLY: Which got me thinking that, uh... if these Siddhi hold so fast to their orthodoxy then what would cause them to break their faith?

CHUCK BURKS: I don't know.

SCULLY: Something human?

(CHUCK BURKS nods.)

SCULLY: Revenge?

CHUCK BURKS: Well, maybe, um.

(SCULLY sighs and hands him a Bombay Observer newspaper page. The headline reads "Vishu Disaster - 118 Die in Chemical Plant Disaster")

SCULLY: This is... an American chemical plant in a village in India called, uh, Vishu. It's just outside of Mumbai which is a better known to us as Bombay. About six months ago the plant inadvertently released a small cloud of methyl isocyanate gas. 118 of Vishu's mostly indigenous population were killed. But it wasn't very well reported over here. I spent all night cross-checking the, uh, victims of the disaster. And one... finally caught my attention.

(She indicates a smaller article detailing another victim on the Vishu Disaster.)

SCULLY: Now, I'd say, right here. It's an 11-year-old boy... whose father is described as being a holy man of the Chamar caste.

CHUCK BURKS: The beggar caste. Fakirs and mystics are... well, often of low birth.

SCULLY: Do you think that this boy's father could be a Siddhi mystic like you described?

CHUCK BURKS: He could be. But if he's out for revenge then why is he killing the people that he's killing?

(SCULLY doesn't know.)

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#### SCENE 14

(Suburban street. TREVOR is walking down the sidewalk. He hears the sound of a squeaky wheel behind him. He turns, but sees nothing. Nervously, he continues walking. He hears the sound again and turns, but again sees nothing. The squeaking gets louder and faster. TREVOR begins running. We see the LEGLESS MAN on the wheeled platform following him. TREVOR runs into his house, running into his mother.)

TREVOR'S MOTHER: Woo! What's the matter with you?

TREVOR: Nothing.

(TREVOR, as any self-respecting 13-year-old boy would do, collects himself and head off into the backyard.)

TREVOR'S MOTHER: Trevor? Where are you going? Dinner's on the table.

(She follows him outside, but doesn't see him.)

TREVOR'S MOTHER: Trevor. Trevor? Dinner.

(She walks around to the swimming pool and sees TREVOR lying motionless at the bottom.)

TREVOR'S MOTHER: Trevor!

(She dives into the water and swims down to her son. Still under water, she reaches out and grabs his shirt, turning him over. She recoils in horror. It is no longer her son, but the LEGLESS MAN who is staring predatorily at her.)

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#### SCENE 15

(Later that evening. The body bag is zipped closed, covering TREVOR'S MOTHER's dead, horrified, blood-filled stare. DOGGETT watches as the EMTs raise the gurney and wheel it to the ambulance. They pass TREVOR'S FATHER who is wet and wrapped in a blanket, still in shock. He has been talking to SCULLY.)

TREVOR'S FATHER: Excuse me.

(He turns and follows his wife's body to the ambulance. SCULLY goes to DOGGETT by the pool.)

SCULLY: She came out to call her son in for dinner. That's all we know.

DOGGETT: What are we doing here, Agent Scully 'cause I'm not sure.

SCULLY: What are we doing? A woman died of mysterious circumstances not three blocks away from a previous victim. External signs are a direct match. That woman's eyes.

DOGGETT: I saw her eyes. But dollars to donuts there wasn't anything that crawled up inside her. Now, I think we're reaching here and I don't know how to say it but maybe you're seeing things that you want to see.

SCULLY: Are you questioning my integrity?

DOGGETT: No, I'm questioning the whole damn case. From your so-called expert, to the evidence you've chosen to ignore, to the fact that your approach has got us no closer to seeing a pattern or a motive or even catching this killer than we were when we started.

SCULLY: I asked you to keep an open mind.

DOGGETT: Yeah, well, I try to keep an open mind but it tends to shut my eyes.

SCULLY: There is something here, Agent Doggett. And I'll admit that it's hard to accept. But there is a motive and there is a pattern and there is a reason and we will see it... but not working like this.

DOGGETT: Yeah, well... I hope somebody sees it.

(He starts to leave the pool area. SCULLY turns at the sound of TREVOR climbing over the wall into the yard. He looks at the lights of the ambulance and the unfamiliar people in confusion. SCULLY approaches him slowly.)

SCULLY: Trevor. Trevor, I'm Dana Scully...

TREVOR: What happened?

SCULLY: Your father's in the house. I'm going to take...

TREVOR: Where's my mom?

(DOGGETT has turned back and is watching them.)

SCULLY: (gently) Trevor.

(TREVOR breathes heavily, trying not to cry, realizing what must have happened.)

TREVOR: He was here. The-the little man. I-I saw him. He... he followed me.

(As TREVOR runs toward the house, DOGGETT and SCULLY look at each other.)

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#### SCENE 16

(Police station. MR. BURRARD is sitting motionless in an interrogation room with an observation window. DOGGETT, drinking a cup of coffee is watching him from the hall. CHUCK BURKS joins DOGGETT. He is excited.)

CHUCK BURKS: Agent Doggett? Where is he? Is that him?

DOGGETT: If you mean the janitor yeah, that's him, right in there.

(CHUCK BURKS begins setting up a video camera on a tripod.)

CHUCK BURKS: Agent Scully called and said that, uh, you had arrested what might be an honest to goodness Siddhi mystic.

DOGGETT: Well, Agent Scully jumped the gun on that one. The only thing extraordinary about this man is he doesn't speak... to anyone.

CHUCK BURKS: Well, where is Agent Scully?

DOGGETT: She left, after four hours of attempting to interrogate this guy. Unless he jumps up and does something mystical in the next ten minutes, we're releasing him.

(CHUCK BURKS finishes setting up the camera.)

DOGGETT: What are you doing?

CHUCK BURKS: The man sitting there may not be the man sitting there. No one may be there at all, in fact.

DOGGETT: Not in the next ten minutes, there ain't.

(CHUCK BURKS looks at the image on the camera.)

CHUCK BURKS: Oh, wow. Agent Doggett? Y-you got to take a look at this.

(DOGGETT joins him and looks at the image on the camera. It shows an empty chair where MR. BURRARD should be sitting. Image and reality do not match up. DOGGETT is skeptical.)

DOGGETT: Come on. It's a trick.

CHUCK BURKS: Yeah, but not of the camera.

(Pause as DOGGETT processes the information.)

DOGGETT: Wait, if... if he's not there...

CHUCK BURKS: He could be anywhere.

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SCENE 17

(TREVOR'S house. Night. SCULLY knocks at the door. TREVOR'S FATHER answers.)

TREVOR'S FATHER: Yeah.

SCULLY: Sir, I am so sorry to bother you again. I know this has been a terrible ordeal.

TREVOR'S FATHER: Yes... what is it you need?

SCULLY: I need to speak with your son, Trevor, again.

TREVOR'S FATHER: Is this about his mother?

SCULLY: Well, Trevor told me that he saw a man... It was just something that doesn't quite add up and I need to be certain.

(TREVOR'S FATHER nods sadly and goes to get TREVOR.)

SCULLY: Thank you.

(Her cell phone rings. She answers it.)

SCULLY: (on phone) Scully.

(DOGGETT is still at the police station with CHUCK BURKS.)

DOGGETT: (on phone) Think you ought to get back here, Agent Scully. There's something...

SCULLY: (on phone) What?

DOGGETT: (on phone) The janitor, he's here... but he's not. I can't... I can't explain it.

(TREVOR'S FATHER, upset, comes back to SCULLY.)

TREVOR'S FATHER: Trevor's not in his room.

SCULLY: I'm sorry, just hang on one second.

SCULLY: (on phone) Agent Doggett what do you mean he's not there?

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SCENE 18

(Elementary school. MRS. HOLT and a TEACHER are talking in an office. They hear a creaking sound out in the hall.)

TEACHER: Who's that?

MRS. HOLT: Hello?

(The creaking continues. They see MR. BURRARD and his mop bucket in the hallway.)

MRS. HOLT: Mr. Burrard... I thought you... Well, I-I didn't expect to see you back at work.

(MR. BURRARD continues down the hallway. MRS. HOLT hands the TEACHER SCULLY's FBI business card. Federal Building – Washington, DC 20013)

MRS. HOLT: This is the agent who picked him up before. Can you make this call?

(Out in the hall, QUINTON is watching MR. BURRARD. He whispers into a two-way radio.)

QUINTON: Here he comes.

(The LEGLESS MAN opens a supply closet door and wheels himself in. He reaches up for something on a shelf, then looks up quickly as TREVOR, who is sitting on the top shelf in the room, drops a gallon sized bottle of some chemical on the LEGLESS MAN's head. The chemical sizzles on the ground. TREVOR jumps down and stumbles.)

(Out in the hall, QUINTON speaks into his radio again.)

QUINTON: Trevor, are you there?

(He hears squeaking, then sees the LEGLESS MAN wheeling himself into the hall. QUINTON is terrified and runs. He makes his way down a staircase and enters a classroom. He goes to the windows, but cannot open any of them. He sees the doorknob begin to turn. Then, he sees TREVOR right outside one of the windows.)

TREVOR: Get out of there, let's go!

QUINTON: I can't, the windows are locked.

TREVOR: Break them, okay!? You...

(TREVOR pauses and looks behind QUINTON. QUINTON turns slowly toward the creaking sound. The LEGLESS MAN is in the room with him. Creaking, the LEGLESS MAN begins moving to him.)

TREVOR: I'll get help.

(QUINTON watches, terrified, as the LEGLESS MAN moves toward him. SCULLY and the TEACHER enter the room.)

SCULLY: Oh, thank god.

QUINTON: (desperate) Do something!

SCULLY: Quinton, what's the matter?

(SCULLY and MRS. HOLT see TREVOR in the room with QUINTON.)

QUINTON: It's him! It's the little man!

SCULLY: Who? Trevor?

MRS. HOLT: All right, now you boys, you just stop playing around.

(SCULLY, focused on the boys, pulls out her gun and aims it at TREVOR.)

SCULLY: Okay, don't move. Stay where you are.

MRS. HOLT: Wait, wait what are you doing?

(TREVOR, emotionless, keeps walking toward SCULLY.)

QUINTON: Stop him! Shoot him!

(SCULLY is breathing heavily and weakening.)

SCULLY: I can't.

(Outside, DOGGETT pulls up. There is the sound of gunshots.)

(DOGGETT runs into the classroom, gun drawn. MRS. HOLT and SCULLY are both staring at a figure on the floor.)

MRS. HOLT: Oh, my god.

DOGGETT: What is it, what happened? Agent Scully! Scully.

[CARRIK: First time he's called her Scully?]

(SCULLY, crying, leaves the room. DOGGETT looks down at the figure on the floor. It is the LEGLESS MAN, now dead. TREVOR runs into the doorway and looks at the LEGLESS MAN and at QUINTON who is also crying.)

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#### SCENE 19

(Later that evening. DOGGETT watches as police escort QUINTON and TREVOR into the back of a patrol car. DOGGETT goes to SCULLY who is standing by herself. She is upset.)

DOGGETT: You going to be okay, Agent Scully?

(She nods slightly.)

DOGGETT: I got a drift of what happened in there... to you. I mean, sort of.

(Long pause. Close up on SCULLY. She doesn't look at DOGGETT.)

SCULLY: (voice breaking) I shot a young boy.

DOGGETT: The good news is, you're wrong.

SCULLY: But it's what I saw. With my eyes, anyway. Do you know what it's like not to be able to trust your own eyes?

DOGGETT: Then why'd you shoot him?

(SCULLY searches her soul for a moment.)

SCULLY: Because it's what the boy saw. And in an instant I realized that it's what Mulder would have seen or understood.

(SCULLY begins to cry.)

SCULLY: Because that's just how he came at things... without judgment and without prejudice and with an open mind that I am just not capable of.

(Tears run down her face.)

DOGGETT: It's been a long night. Give yourself a break.

(SCULLY sighs.)

DOGGETT: This whole thing doesn't make any sense.

SCULLY: No... it did. In some way, it did.

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SCENE 20

SAHAR INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

MUMBAI, INDIA

TWO WEEKS LATER

(Back at the airport in India. A large, 200 lb + AMERICAN MAN is walking through the beggars on his way to his flight. The LEGLESS MAN is among the beggars. He looks up at the AMERICAN MAN.)

THE END

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