

X-Files

"Ship-Trap"

by  
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Based on characters created  
by Chris Carter

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NOTE: THIS EPISODE TAKES PLACE IN A UNIVERSE WHERE THE SECOND X-FILES MOVIE NEVER HAPPENED. MULDER AND SCULLY HAVE NEVER GOTTEN ROMANTIC AND NEVER HAD A CHILD TOGETHER. SCULLY WAS RE-ASSIGNED AND MULDER REMAINED ON THE FRINGES, THEIR PATHS CROSSING ONLY OCCASIONALLY IN INSTANCES WHERE THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE TO TRUST.

FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE ISLAND OF KAUAI AT SUNSET

A LEGEND appears: ISLAND OF KAUAI, HAWAII

Sweeping, jagged, multi-colored vistas set against the backdrop of a turquoise, crystal ocean. The island is breath-taking, virtually untouched by man.

As night falls, we drift away from the island several miles and find another, smaller island. Not as green, not as breath-taking, but even more untouched. This is NI'IHAU, Kauai's ugly stepsister.

EXT. ISLAND OF NI'IHAU - DUSK

LEGEND: ISLAND OF NI'IHAU, 17.5 MILES OFF THE COAST OF KAUAI

A patrol boat skids to a stop in the surf. A YOUNG GUARD (skinny, 20s) armed with a military issue assault rifle hops out into the knee-deep water to drag the boat onto the white sand. Once on the sand, an older NAVY OFFICER joins the young guard on the beach. This is CHIEF PETTY OFFICER JACK PATE (50s, fat, security guard type).

YOUNG GUARD

Will this take long, sir?

PATE

It'll be fast. The SAT reading was wonky from the storm, so the Admiral just wants us to make sure the payload made it out here.

YOUNG GUARD

This place gives me the creeps. I've heard all kinds of crazy stories.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATE

I don't care. Go locate the payload and I'll wait with the boat.

YOUNG GUARD

Wait, so I have to go into the jungle by myself?

PATE

You see a missile on the beach here, genius?

Pate sits down in the sand facing the sunset and takes a flask out of his pocket. The young guard swallows hard, then heads into the jungle.

EXT. NI'IHAU JUNGLE - NIGHTFALL

The young guard clicks on the LED flashlight fastened to the picatinny rail of his rifle. The blue-ish glow provides crucial light but also makes everything that much more eerie. Beads of sweat run down the guard's face as he traverses the muddy terrain.

Finally, he sees a crater. Cautiously approaching, he peers inside and finds a large missile fragment with a black viscous substance puddling beneath it.

Relieved he found the payload, the young guard turns to head back and RUNS HEADLONG INTO A MAN. The LED flashlight is pointed downward so that the mysterious jungle-dweller is bathed in shadow, only partially revealing the revolting disfigurement of his face, which is smeared with the viscous black ooze.

The young guard is frozen, face to face with this monster. Before the young guard can move, the monster LEAPS INTO THE CANOPY OF TREES ABOVE, vanishing.

CUT TO:

EXT. NI'IHAU BEACH - NIGHT

Pate lays on the beach, nipping at his flask, gazing out at the dark ocean, when the young guard comes sprinting from the treeline, screaming.

YOUNG GUARD

Sir! Something's out there! I saw someone, like a monster!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATE

Whoa, calm down. There are all kinds of animals out here. You probably saw a wild goat or something.

The young guard jumps into the boat, while Pate remains splayed out on the sand.

YOUNG GUARD

Sir, it was definitely not a goat! It was a man, or at least part man.

PATE

Well, did you at least find the missile?

YOUNG GUARD

Yeah, the missile's there, but there's this black goo coming out of it and I think the monster man was eating the black goo!

Pate chuckles and takes a drink, emptying his flask.

PATE

As long as the missile's here, I'm sure your monster friend won't mind if we just head back to the base without saying goodbye.

Pate stands and begins dusting himself off.

*CRACK!*

YOUNG GUARD

(heard the noise)  
Sir, please, let's go.

PATE

Ooh, you hear that noise? I wonder if it's your buddy the monster man.

Pate walks toward the treeline, really enjoying this.

PATE (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Mr. Monster? My young colleague here is pissing his pants, will you come out and give him a big hug so he can sleep tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Pate thinks this is hilarious. The young guard cranks the engine on the boat.

YOUNG GUARD

It's not funny, sir. I *did* see something and I suggest you get on this boat right now.

Pate's too tipsy to sense the danger and is now clumsily dancing in the sand and singing "THE MONSTER MASH."

In the darkness of the trees behind him, Pate notices a burst of flames that stops him in his tracks. The flames begin to grow, casting a bright orange light.

ANGLE ON: The young guard's face, illuminated by the fiery blaze, shifts to an expression of pure awe as his eyes tilt upward indicating SOMETHING MASSIVE HAS RISEN UP ABOVE THE TREELINE. Before he can react, he's bowled over and onto the floor of the boat.

The flames disappear and it's dark again. The young guard stands, clicking on his LED. He simultaneously realizes he is covered in blood and the thing that knocked him over is PART OF PATE'S CORPSE WHICH HAS BEEN TORN IN HALF, VERTICALLY.

In a frenzy, the young guard jumps up to the controls, slams the boat in reverse, and with a bit of difficulty navigating the shallow water, guns the engine away from the island.

Once a safe distance away, he kills the engine. Blood caked to his face, he looks to the back of the boat, where Jack Pate's bisected body lies. A single eyeball, frozen in horror, staring back at him.

The young guard gathers himself, re-starts the boat's motor, and begins his trip back to the base. Giving one final glance over his shoulder back at Ni'ihau, he sees two HUGE, GHASTLY, FLAMING EYES HOVERING ABOVE THE TREELINE.

END TEASER

ROLL THAT AMAZING OPENING CREDITS SEQUENCE WITH THAT LEGENDARY MARK SNOW THEME SONG

*"Do do do do....bing bing bing...do do do do....bing bing bing...THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE"*

SO COOL. AND WE'RE BACK...

EXT. BARKING SANDS MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

LEGEND: PACIFIC MISSILE RANGE FACILITY, BARKING SANDS  
NAVAL BASE, KAUAI

An entire compound with office buildings, housing  
facilities, various military vehicles.

INT. BARKING SANDS MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

A large bullpen type area. Officers are heading home for  
the night. A cocky sailor, PHIL, stops by one of the  
desks.

PHIL

We'll figure out the rest of this  
stuff later, I need a drink. You  
coming?

PETTY OFFICER LINDA KIMBALL shakes him off. This is her  
desk. She's 25 and belongs on a Naval recruitment  
poster.

LINDA

Not a chance, Phil. I make it a  
point to avoid guys who pattern  
their lives after Tom Cruise  
characters. Or Tom Cruise  
himself, for that matter.

PHIL

Ouch. You've lost that lovin'  
feelin,' Kimball.

She laughs as he exits. She's the last one in the  
office, as usual. She's tidying up her work space and  
finds a file she doesn't recognize.

She looks around, confused.

CUT TO:

INT. BARKING SANDS ELEVATOR - MINUTES LATER

Linda is on an elevator with the unrecognized file in  
hand. Watching the floor numbers go up, she adjusts her  
collar then checks her hair in the mirrored elevator  
wall.

The doors ding open and she takes a deep breath before  
stepping out.

INT. OFFICER'S LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Linda walks out into what is normally a bustling hive of activity, but tonight it's quiet and everyone's left the office.

LINDA

(sotto)

All the grown-ups are gone.

She peeks into an office and finds the light and computer still on. Weird.

She freezes as she notices voices coming from a nearby boardroom. She approaches the door and, unable to resist her curiosity, presses her ear against it.

INT. OFFICER'S BOARDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ADMIRAL DAVID BRYANT is the man in charge of the base. He's 65, scrawny, and bookish. Not a traditional military type at all, he's more like Steve Rogers BEFORE the Captain America serum.

Around him sit a few advisors, all male and well-decorated.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Dicky, what kind of time-frame are we dealing with here? Weeks? Months?

"Dicky" is LIEUTENANT RICHARD VAN EXEL, one of Admiral Bryant's old boot camp buddies. He looks more like the type to be in charge of this operation but lacks the ambition of his diminutive friend.

LT. VAN EXEL

I'm thinking probably days. The situation has escalated since the last round of evaluations. Last night's casualty makes 68 dead in 4 years.

An old CAPTAIN at the table drops his pen in shock.

CAPTAIN

68?! We can't possibly continue to keep this quiet. A few casualties is to be expected, but we've lost control of these natives and this entire situation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see Linda listening at the door, incredulous.

She opens the file for the first time and quickly thumbs through a series of photographs. Hawaiian villagers with monstrously disfigured faces, children with hulking musculature, a man with six arms...

ADMIRAL BRYANT

One of our newer transfers witnessed the incident last night and fled the base. He is believed to be at large here on Kauai. I think it's safe to agree with Lieutenant Van Exel and Captain Gibson that things have, indeed, escalated.

LT. VAN EXEL

(sincere and  
desperate)

"Escalated" might not even be a strong enough word. They're developing more rapidly and in ways we never could've calculated. My professional opinion is that we need to shut this whole--

MAN (O.C.)

--what we need to do is put our "opinions" aside and focus on the objective, Lieutenant.

Van Exel is cut off mid-sentence. The eyes of the officers look to the far end of the table, to a participant WHOSE FACE WE NEVER SEE. We hear the flick of a lighter.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Oh, Sir, uh...you can't smoke in this facility.

The Man ignores him and, as the officers stare in disbelief, takes a long drag off his cigarette. He continues to speak, eerily calm.

MAN (O.S.)

I'm afraid you'll just have to find a way to contain this situation and press on with the weapons testing as per your instructions.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Linda glances down from the file and notices smoke creeping out from the crack between the bottom of the door and the floor.

MAN (O.S.)

No amount of civilian or military casualties is to deter your objective. Is that understood?

They begrudgingly nod, except Van Exel.

LT. VAN EXEL

Sir, with all due respect, we have an incendiary situation on our hands. These test subjects, should they escape containment, could reach the mainland in 48 hours and easily kill everyone and everything in their path.

Linda's eyes go wide.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

You heard the man, Lieutenant. We proceed according to orders.

Lt. Van Exel can't believe what he's hearing and Admiral Bryant seems equally perturbed.

ADMIRAL BRYANT (CONT'D)

That'll be all today, gentlemen.

Linda hears them gathering their things to leave and scrambles behind a nearby desk to hide.

As the officers exit the boardroom, the suspicious Man pulls Bryant aside a few feet from where Linda is hiding. Peeking from under the desk she can only see them from the waist down as she eavesdrops. WE ONLY SEE THEM FROM THE WAIST DOWN AS WELL.

The Man holds a cigarette at his side as he addresses the Admiral.

MAN

Admiral, I'm expecting you to handle this. If Van Exel and his cohorts are not supportive we can have them...excised from the equation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADMIRAL BRYANT

No, that's not necessary. Look, I will follow orders. I think I've done more than enough to prove that I'm dedicated to seeing this through.

MAN

I want the missing guard found and silenced immediately, no amount of force is too excessive.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Of course. I'll see to it personally.

MAN

Excellent. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a chopper to catch.

He goes to leave, then turns back.

MAN

Oh, and Admiral?

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Sir?

MAN

If this is successful, a very small group of people will ascend to a level of power never before seen on this planet. Execute according to protocol and there will be seat for you at that table.

Bryant nods.

MAN (CONT'D)

Failure to execute will result in quite a problem. I hope to avoid having to elaborate further on that problem's solution.

The Man drops his cigarette and walks away leaving Bryant to digest the threat.

ANGLE ON: the smoldering cigarette butt.

RACK FOCUS to Linda in her hiding spot, a nervous wreck.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIHUE AIRPORT OUTDOOR BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

LEGEND: LIHUE AIRPORT, 3 DAYS LATER

Tourists wearing leis and huge smiles mill about the tiny area as we land on AGENT DANA SCULLY (if you don't know what she looks like, Google her). She's standing impatiently at the carousel and sweating profusely.

The last bag on the conveyor belt is grabbed by a tiny Asian man who smiles at Scully before wheeling it away. The empty carousel stops, leaving Scully frustrated, bagless, and not at all dressed for island life. A cartoonish, Road Runner-like horn honking gets her attention.

She looks to the curb near baggage claim and spots AGENT FOX MULDER (a better-looking, younger version of the dude from Californication) sitting atop a hot pink mo-ped.

Mulder is wearing cut-off shorts and a brightly colored Hawaiian shirt. He's barefoot and has a pretty serious vacation beard. Scully approaches him.

MULDER

Aloha. It's actually a positive thing they lost your bag because this baby doesn't have a trunk.

Scully skeptically takes in her former partner and his uncharacteristic mode of transportation.

MULDER (CONT'D)

Don't judge me, Scully. Everyone on the island rides these. But not everyone can make it look this good.

SCULLY

In all my wildest dreams,  
Mulder...

She gestures at his new look.

MULDER

What can I say? The island life turned out to be kind of my thing.

SCULLY

How long have you been here?

MULDER

Hmm...it's July, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY

August 28th.

MULDER

I'm kidding. I've been here about a week. You're not going to believe what's happening, I'm so glad you're here. You look great, by the way.

SCULLY

Which reminds me, I'm gonna need some clothes. Something more understated than your Rodney Dangerfield look.

Scully climbs onto the back of Mulder's moped.

MULDER

I get no respect.

And with that, the dynamic duo is off.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUKE'S BAREFOOT BAR - DAY

Mulder and Scully sit at a beachfront restaurant munching on fish tacos and looking over paperwork. Scully sips water as Mulder polishes off a neon, tropical cocktail.

MULDER

This guard described what happened to his partner as having been ripped in half. Vertically.

SCULLY

And you think this guard is reliable?

MULDER

He found *me*, there's no reason for him to make it up. There are definitely covert weapons tests being conducted from the Barking Sands Naval base. Not to mention the noticeable lack of information on the island of Ni'ihau, which is 17 miles off the coast.

SCULLY

I'm not familiar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The WAITRESS drops another tropical drink for Mulder.

WAITRESS

Here's another Kahala Sunset for you, Fox.

MULDER

Thanks, Rita.

Scully can't help but crack a smile at how Mulder has adapted so quickly. Mulder doesn't notice and thrusts a map in front of her.

MULDER

Look at this, Scully. Ni'ihau is in Kauai's rain shadow, so because of it's climate and less-than-appealing landscape it was never considered for tourism. It's privately owned, but since Barking Sands was built in the 50s, the government has always had some stake in the island though no civilians are allowed there. Wouldn't you say that's suspicious?

SCULLY

(reading)

It says here that "Ni'ihau prohibited any visitors other than the approximately 125 indigenous people who live on the island with no modern amenities."

MULDER

The locals never leave the island. They have no cell phone service, internet, television, nothing. The agricultural landscape of the island would mean they're virtually unable to grow any crops.

SCULLY

So what are they eating out there?

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND OF NIHAU - SUNSET

A gorgeous Hawaiian sunset paints the sky. We PAN DOWN to find a MISSILE CASING lodged in a crater on a hillside. A SMALL BOY, maybe 10 years old, is hunched over it. He hears a noise behind him and whirls around, revealing a jarringly disfigured face with black liquid dripping out the sides of BOTH OF HIS MOUTHS.

A SMALL GIRL stands behind him, also disfigured but much taller than the boy. Close to 7 feet tall, but clearly a young girl. She PICKS UP AND HURLS THE YOUNG BOY LIKE A BASEBALL, sending him soaring through the air and into the ocean a few hundred feet away. She then PICKS UP THE MISSILE CASING AND SWALLOWS IT WHOLE.

CUT TO:

EXT. OHANA MOTEL - DUSK

LEGEND: OHANA MOTEL, WAIMEA, KAUAI

Mulder and Scully pull up to the old fashioned motor inn. They cautiously approach a door and knock. Scully is pouring sweat.

MULDER

Is that pantsuit wool-lined,  
Scully? You look like you just  
climbed off a treadmill.

SCULLY

Give me a break, it's scorching  
out here. First thing tomorrow  
I'm getting some new clothes.

The young guard from earlier answers the door. He's jittery and looks terrible.

MULDER

Agent Dana Scully, meet Ray  
Shackleford, the guard who  
contacted me.

RAY

C'mon, get inside. Anybody follow  
you guys here?

MULDER

Ray, relax. We're federal agents,  
we're better at this than you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POV SHOT: someone watching as Mulder and Scully go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. RAY SHACKLEFORD'S MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Ray, having mellowed out a little, is in the midst of catching Scully up on things.

RAY

I got here in the spring. Supposedly came in to replace someone who'd been discharged, but I asked around and everyone said the guy'd just dropped off the face of the earth. I heard stories and stuff about Ni'ihau and the missiles, but any time I asked questions I was basically told to keep my trap shut or else.

SCULLY

What do you think they're hiding?

Ray looks to Mulder who nods for him to continue.

RAY

Mutants. Weaponized genetically altered beings. The government has been experimenting with them out here for years. When I saw that thing tear Pate in half--

MULDER

(to Scully)  
--Jack Pate, the officer who was killed.

RAY

He probably got what he deserved, but when that happened, I knew I was in over my head so I ran. I found some information online about Agent Mulder, so I contacted him. Figured it was worth a shot.

SCULLY

(not buying it)  
Mutants. Genetically altered beings. I'm assuming they possess special powers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

Actually, yeah.

MULDER

It started as chemical weapons testing. Barking Sands was launching toxin-filled capsules onto Ni'ihau.

RAY

If the toxins happened to kill the locals, who cares, right? But the capsules didn't kill them, it made them into...like, superheroes, basically.

Scully chuckles.

MULDER

Scully, these kinds of chemical weapons testing scenarios are being carried out at nearly every remote military base in the world right now. The fact that Ni'ihau is shrouded in secrecy and virtually forbidden makes it a prime candidate for any covert military operation, particularly ones that could result in civilian casualties.

SCULLY

So Ray, what brought you and Jack Pate out to Ni'ihau that night?

RAY

Some bogus nonsense about a satellite reading. There was a lot of whispering going on around the base about guys getting sent out there as mutant bait. Like, to sharpen their killing skills.

Scully removes two aspirin from her purse and swallows them.

RAY (CONT'D)

(to Mulder)

I told you she wouldn't believe us.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

MULDER

She always does this. She'll come around.

SCULLY

The more pressing issue is probably your disappearance, Ray. You must know they're looking for you, especially if any of your conspiracy theory is true.

RAY

I already know I'm a dead man. That's why I'm willing to do whatever it takes to stop this from getting worse. They're planning to use them as assassins or something. If what I saw out there were to reach a populated area?

Off Ray, disturbed by the possibility.

EXT. OHANA MOTEL - NIGHT

Mulder and Scully walk out to the moped.

SCULLY

He seems sincere, I'll give you that, but all this seems a little too "SyFy Channel" for me. Testing chemical weapons on indigenous island people right under the noses of the vacationing public? An island of mutants the government can't contain?

MULDER

I never said this wasn't weird, Scully. Ray had a commanding officer he insists will help us, a Lieutenant named Van Exel. If we can get to him, we can potentially leverage some answers and figure this thing out.

SCULLY

Even then, Mulder, what's your plan? Let's say we confirm that what Ray is hypothesizing is accurate. Then what? Kill them?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY (CONT'D)

Try to assimilate these  
"superheroes" back into the  
general population?

Mulder pauses.

MULDER

I don't know, I haven't thought  
that far ahead. Maybe the  
Avengers are hiring.

Scully furrows her brow and hops on the moped behind  
Mulder.

SCULLY

First thing tomorrow I'm renting a  
car.

MULDER

(scoffs)  
Tourist.

INT. RAY SHACKLEFORD'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray is looking out through the vertical blinds as Mulder  
and Scully pull away.

Unnoticed, A FIGURE APPEARS BEHIND HIM. From the  
silhouette we can see it has SIX HUGE, BRAWNY ARMS.

Ray senses someone behind him and turns around.

EXT. OHANA MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The motel parking lot is completely silent. The serenity  
is interrupted when RAY IS THROWN THROUGH HIS MOTEL ROOM  
WINDOW LIKE A RAG DOLL.

His lifeless body skips across the pavement like a stone  
across a pond, finally stopping 30 yards from his window.

END ACT ONE

EXT. BARKING SANDS MAIN OFFICE - DAY

LEGEND: BARKING SANDS NAVAL BASE MAIN OFFICE, 9:30am

A black town car pulls up in front of the office building  
as Scully gets out of the driver's side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mulder soon pulls up on his moped, wearing a different Hawaiian shirt.

SCULLY

I can't believe you insist on driving that ridiculous thing rather than just riding with me.

MULDER

(shrugs)

I paid up front. Also, your road trip music leaves something to be desired.

SCULLY

Based on your apparel, I'm assuming you'd prefer Jimmy Buffet?

As Scully walks past him, Mulder reaches out and removes the tag still hanging from her new blouse.

MULDER

Speaking of apparel, I like your new duds. Very federal.

INT. BARKING SANDS MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Once inside, Mulder approaches an officer at a reception desk and flashes his badge.

MULDER

I'm Agent Mulder, this is Agent Scully. We're looking for Lieutenant Richard Van Exel?

ANGLE ON: Linda at her desk clocking Mulder and Scully.

INT. BARKING SANDS ELEVATOR - MINUTES LATER

Mulder and Scully stand in the elevator. Mulder nervously pushes the "close door" button over and over.

SCULLY

Mulder, I think one push will suffice.

MULDER

This is a military base, Scully. You don't want to be trapped in close quarters with these people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the doors are closing, a hand shoots between them forcing them to reopen. Linda gets on the elevator, holding the file from earlier.

MULDER

(re: Linda)

Then again, being trapped with some of them might not be so bad.

Scully smacks his arm as the doors finally close. Just as the elevator starts moving, Linda pulls the "stop" knob. Mulder and Scully both DRAW THEIR GUNS.

LINDA

Please, I'm not dangerous. I need to talk to you. You're FBI, right?

SCULLY

Tell us who you are and we'll put the guns away.

LINDA

I'm Petty Officer Linda Kimball. I have information about illegal activity happening on this base and I don't know who else to give it to.

Mulder and Scully holster their pistols.

MULDER

What's in the file?

LINDA

We don't have much time before someone notices the elevator stopped. I overheard the Admiral of the base, Admiral Bryant, discussing the operation with another man. A spook, maybe one of your guys, I don't know.

Mulder registers this.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I know I sound crazy, but someone needs to know what's happening here before more people die and I don't have anyone I can trust.

MULDER

I know the feeling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY

Where did you get this?

LINDA

I found it on my desk. Look, if you want to talk more, meet me at Bar Acuda in Hanalei tonight at 8. I'm sorry, I have to go.

She pushes the "stop" knob, re-engaging the elevator, and the doors open. She nonchalantly gets off.

MULDER

(flipping through the file)

Scully, this could be worse than we thought.

They exchange a solemn look.

INT. LT. VAN EXEL'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Mulder and Scully sit alone, waiting in the empty office as a secretary enters and hands Mulder a coconut water.

MULDER

(to the secretary)

Mahalo.

Scully rolls her eyes.

Van Exel enters, seeming out of sorts, and plops down at his desk.

VAN EXEL

Agents, it's a weird day, is it alright with you if we cut to the chase?

MULDER

Sure thing, Lieutenant. We're here investigating some allegations of i--

A FEMALE OFFICER pokes her head in, interrupting Mulder.

FEMALE OFFICER

Sir, they found Shackelford. He's dead.

Mulder and Scully are dumbfounded at the news.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VAN EXEL  
(to female officer)  
I heard. Thank you, I'll be right  
there.

She leaves and Van Exel stands.

VAN EXEL  
I'm sorry, Agent Mulder. Agent  
Scully. Like I said, it's a bit  
of a weird one today.

Mulder decides to toss up a Hail Mary and stands.

MULDER  
Lieutenant, I've been working with  
Ray Shackelford since he's been on  
the run. He contacted me and told  
me what's happening here, he's why  
we came to you. He trusted you.

Van Exel slowly sits back down, the weight of the  
situation bearing down on him.

VAN EXEL  
Ray was a good kid. I was  
stationed at Fort Campbell with  
his daddy.  
(realizing)  
That's a phone call I'm not  
looking forward to making.

MULDER  
Lieutenant, you have an  
opportunity to provide a silver  
lining here. I think we both know  
why he's dead and you have the  
power to keep his death from being  
in vain.

Van Exel hesitates.

SCULLY  
Sir, do you know a Petty Officer  
stationed here by the name of  
Linda Kimball?

VAN EXEL  
Kimball? Doesn't really ring a  
bell. Why?

MULDER  
Nevermind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mulder shoots Scully a look, not ready to give up his source just yet.

ADMIRAL BRYANT (O.S.)  
Dicky, are you in there?

Admiral Bryant bursts into Van Exel's office.

ADMIRAL BRYANT  
I'm sorry, Lieutenant. Didn't realize you had company.

He reaches out and shakes with Mulder and Scully.

MULDER  
I'm Agent Mulder, this is Agent Scully. We were just leaving.

ADMIRAL BRYANT  
I'm Admiral David Bryant. You two are FBI?

SCULLY  
That's right. Just following up after the death of Ray Shackelford.

ADMIRAL BRYANT  
Wow, you got here fast. Yes, sad situation. He was found dead in his hotel room. Drugs everywhere. Had apparently had a fight with some locals. Kauai County PD has already made an arrest. Shackelford was on the lam. He was involved in the death of one of his superiors here on the base.

MULDER  
Jack Pate, right?

Admiral Bryant is clearly suspicious as to how the agents know so much.

ADMIRAL BRYANT  
That's right, Agent Mulder.

MULDER  
What's your take on that? Is it possible he was torn in half by a mutant superhero?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

An uncomfortable beat as Bryant glances at Van Exel, unsure of how much the agents know. Also, Mulder is smiling, which is unnerving to the Admiral who's accustomed to being the smarmiest person in any given room.

ADMIRAL BRYANT (CONT'D)

I'm not sure who sent you down here, but we're investigating according to protocol. Now if you'll excuse us, Lieutenant Van Exel and I have quite a bit of red tape to deal with.

SCULLY

Of course, Admiral. We apologize for dropping in.

Bryant leaves. Van Exel goes to follow, but waits until Bryant is out of earshot.

VAN EXEL

(whispering to the agents)

I'm disgusted by what's happening here. Bryant has gone completely off the reservation. I'd like to help you, but I can't promise anything.

He hands Mulder his card.

VAN EXEL (CONT'D)

My cell phone number is on the back. Call me tonight, we'll set up a rendezvous.

ADMIRAL BRYANT (O.S.)

Lieutenant, let's go!

Van Exel sighs and leaves Mulder and Scully alone in his office.

MULDER

Sorry, Scully. I couldn't resist. That guy is such a little weasel.

SCULLY

What exactly is happening on Ni'ihau is still hazy at best, but there is clearly something going on here.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

SCULLY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about Ray, Mulder.

He nods. As they start to leave, Mulder stops.

MULDER

Linda Kimball mentioned something about what she thought looked like a federal agent here meeting with Admiral Bryant.

SCULLY

(dry)

What a surprise you find that interesting.

MULDER

I'm telling you, Scully, what's happening here is way beyond some experiments gone haywire. We've got to get over to Ray's motel, see what we can find.

CUT TO:

INT. BARKING SANDS MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Linda is back at her desk, nervously glancing around the bullpen area. She sees Admiral Bryant and Lieutenant Van Exel walk out.

A moment later, Mulder and Scully walk through the bullpen area toward the exit. Mulder gives Linda a subtle nod. Linda's male co-worker from earlier, Phil, notices from his neighboring desk.

PHIL

Who's the goofball in the Tommy Bahama shirt?

LINDA

I'm not really sure, but I hope he knows what he's doing.

They watch, confused, through the office's front windows as Mulder gets on his hot pink moped and speeds off.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMIRAL BRYANT'S CAR - DAY

Admiral Bryant and Lieutenant Van Exel ride in the back of a town car driven by a GUARD. Van Exel is looking pensive as Bryant sizes him up.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

You alright, Dicky?

VAN EXEL

(snaps out of it)

Yeah, fine. The mission is top priority, it's just tough to stomach the necessary sacrifices sometimes.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

It's a shame we had to take Shackelford out like that. I'd much rather have turned him loose on the island as an exercise for the subjects. Sending someone to kill him seems so...inelegant.

Bryant's cell phone rings. We don't hear who's on the other end just yet.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

(into phone)

Go for Bryant.

Van Exel goes back to gazing out the window at the Kauai countryside.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

(getting fidgety)

I understand your concern, but is that really the only--

(looks to Van Exel)

Yes, sir. I'll take care of it.

Admiral Bryant, looking conflicted, puts his phone away.

VAN EXEL

Dave?

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Sorry, just bureaucratic nonsense. Everything's fine. We'll be there in a minute, just remember what we discussed. The whole scene has been staged, it'll be a breeze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VAN EXEL

I hate lying to cops.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Don't think of it that way. Think of it as preserving the work we're doing here. We're going to change everything, Dick. Don't lose sight of that.

They arrive at the motel where Ray was killed. Cop cars swarm the parking lot.

Off Van Exel, unsure.

CUT TO:

EXT. OHANA MOTEL - DAY

Uniformed officers mill about. Shackleford's body is covered by a sheet on the asphalt in the middle of the parking lot. Admiral Bryant and Lieutenant Van Exel are wrapping things up at the scene.

BRYANT

No press gets anywhere near this, you understand me?

Bryant turns to CHIEF HAKU (60s, a portly, affable native).

CHIEF HAKU

You got it, Admiral.

BRYANT

Thanks, Chief. Much appreciated, as always.

As they shake hands with local authorities and start to get into their car, Scully pulls up in her town car.

CHIEF HAKU

Who's this?

Mulder cruises into the parking lot on his moped, hot on Scully's heels. As Mulder passes Bryant, he throws up a "hang loose" and honks the moped's puny horn.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

What is *he* doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF HAKU

Does he work at the motel?

ADMIRAL BRYANT (CONT'D)

No, they're both feds, but I checked and they're not here officially. Get rid of them.

With that, Bryant ducks into the car with Van Exel and they drive off just as Mulder and Scully approach.

MULDER

I'm Agent Mulder, this is--

CHIEF HAKU

I know who you are, Agent Mulder. Unless you're here on an official investigation I'm going to have to ask you to leave. This is an active crime scene. Poor guy was discharged and got hooked on crystal meth. Happens more often than you'd think.

One of the uniformed cops, OFFICER PERALTA (30s, native), approaches Chief Haku.

PERALTA

Chief, I got Captain Uso on the line, says it's urgent. Something about the budget report.

CHIEF HAKU

Crap, I need to take this.

(to Mulder)

Get out of here, Mulder. Go to the beach, take a paddle boarding lesson or something. Excuse me, Agents.

Chief Haku and Officer Peralta walk toward one of the police cruisers. Peralta looks back and winks at Mulder. As soon as they're out of earshot Mulder jogs over to Shackelford's body, Scully in tow.

SCULLY

I saw that wink, Mulder. You have local police helping you? This is illegal, if the bureau--

Before Scully can finish, Mulder has lifted the sheet off Shackelford. His shirt has been torn open and there is a gory wound in the middle of his chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MULDER

That look normal to you, Scully?

Scully, fascinated, leans down to get a closer look.

SCULLY

His entire sternum seems to have been vaporized. There's no bone structure left here at all, it's totally concave.

MULDER

How could that happen?

Scully shakes her head, struggling to explain.

SCULLY

Maybe if a steel beam were shot out of a cannon directly into his solar plexus?

Mulder places the sheet back over Shackelford's mangled corpse.

MULDER

Sounds like you're reaching.

CHIEF HAKU (O.S.)

Mulder! What did I just tell you?!

Chief Haku is storming toward Mulder, not happy.

MULDER

Let's scam, the natives are getting restless.

Mulder stands as Chief Haku takes him by the elbow.

MULDER (CONT'D)

Easy, Chief, I was just checking the thread count on this sheet. Very nice. Hey, how much do paddle board lessons cost?

As Chief Haku escorts them away, Mulder glances on the ground beside Shackelford's body and sees a freshly extinguished cigarette butt.

Off his bemused expression.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANAIEI COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Mulder and Scully sit at an outdoor table with the contents of Linda's file spread out. In front of Mulder sits a bowl of sunflower seeds.

SCULLY

If the Cancer Man is actually involved in this, what interest could he possibly have in a remote island of mutant Hawaiians?

MULDER

Regardless, these documents prove the US government's complicity in these tests, as well as the fact that people have been killed and those deaths have been covered up.

Scully leans back in her chair rubbing her temples.

MULDER (CONT'D)

What's the matter, Scully?

SCULLY

I'm tired and jet-lagged and...

MULDER

Annoyed?

SCULLY

Kind of, yes! You dragged me all the way out here on another supernatural snipe hunt that ends up putting me in a position to make myself at odds with my government. Who, by the way, is also my employer. What do you think happens to us if we report this, Mulder?

MULDER

(excited)  
We get medals?

SCULLY

Posthumously, perhaps.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULDER

Look, I haven't been completely honest with you about why I'm here.

SCULLY

(eyes narrowing)

What do you mean?

MULDER

Ray Shackelford contacted me a few days ago, that part's true. But I was already here, I already knew about Ni'ihau. It's been a known hub of extraterrestrial activity for over a hundred years.

SCULLY

Mulder--

MULDER (CONT'D)

In the 50s when Barking Sands was built, because of that activity, it was designed as a sort of "sister facility" to the Roswell base to attempt to understand and, eventually, learn to operate alien aircraft.

Scully's face falls.

MULDER (CONT'D)

Over time, it was determined that the downed aircraft were not restorable, so experimenting began to weaponize alien DNA. Experiments attempting to--

SCULLY

--experiments attempting to fuse alien DNA with human DNA. We already know this.

MULDER

The Cancer Man, the Syndicate, it all leads here; to Ni'ihau.

SCULLY

Mulder, the beard is doing your credibility no favors. You sound like a raving madman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MULDER

In Hawaiian lore, it was believed that the vengeful volcano goddess Pele resided on Ni'ihau. It's been theorized that Pele was, in fact, not a goddess at all, but an extraterrestrial being protecting her species. It's all connected, Scully, that's why I've been here for three months.

SCULLY

You said one week!

MULDER

I know, I'm sorry, but if I told you the truth before now you would've thought I'd really gone off the deep end and then you wouldn't have come. Don't you want to be there when we cross the finish line?

SCULLY

Mulder, according to this file, hundreds of people have died here in the last 65 years. All of humankind is in danger if what's living on that island is what you believe it to be. How can you be so near-sighted as to view this as merely some kind of finish line in your ridiculous crusade to figure out what happened to your sister?

MULDER

It's not just about that. It's about accountability. It's about justice. It's about the truth. After all these years, you *must* know we're on the right side of this. It's good guys versus bad guys, Scully.

Scully stands.

SCULLY

The truth isn't some animal to be hunted, Mulder. It's more substantial than that, more dangerous.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

SCULLY (CONT'D)

You had better develop a serious respect for that danger or you're going to end up like Ray Shackelford. I'm going back to the hotel. I'll be back at 8 to meet Linda. Call Van Exel and see if he'll meet us there.

Scully leaves Mulder at the table, wondering if he's gone off the rails.

After a beat, Mulder pulls out his phone and Van Exel's business card.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMIRAL BRYANT'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Bryant and Van Exel ride in silence after having fulfilled their obligations with the local police.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Strange those feds came to town right as things are starting to heat up.

VAN EXEL

Yeah, that is a strange coincidence.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

A strange coincidence, indeed. What did you tell them, Dicky?

VAN EXEL

Are you serious? I didn't tell them anything, Dave. You're being paranoid.

Bryant shrugs.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Maybe you're right. We're close to the end, I'm probably just jittery about the last few rounds of testing.

(to driving guard)

Driver, can we stop at the next gas station?

Van Exel looks at him quizzically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADMIRAL BRYANT

(smiles)

Gotta piss like a Russian  
racehorse.

Van Exel's phone rings. It's a number he doesn't recognize (Mulder's). He hits "ignore," but Bryant eyeballs him suspiciously.

EXT. REMOTE GAS STATION - A MINUTE LATER

The car pulls into the empty parking lot. A small convenience store adjacent to a cluster of pumps. They're a ways off the beaten path here.

INT. ADMIRAL BRYANT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Bryant starts to get out, looks to Van Exel.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

You don't need to go?

VAN EXEL

(shrugs)

Might as well, I guess.

EXT. REMOTE GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

They get out of the car and make their way toward the men's room door which is around the side of the convenience store.

They approach and there is a men's and women's door. Bryant peeks into the men's room.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Only one toilet. Hop in the  
women's, nobody's here.

VAN EXEL

C'mon, Dave, really?

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Yes, really. Unless you wanna  
have a sword fight.

Van Exel laughs at his old buddy and cautiously enters the women's room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VAN EXEL  
Knock, knock...anybody in here?

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S GAS STATION BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Van Exel zips up and moves to the sink and begins washing his hands, looking up into the mirror for that all-too-sad appraisal of how old he's looking these days. He fiddles with his eyebrows for a beat.

The door to the bathroom suddenly blows open. Van Exel steps out to see what happened.

VAN EXEL  
Dave? You there?

Muffled, from within the men's room, we hear Bryant respond.

ADMIRAL BRYANT (O.C.)  
Out in a second.

Van Exel shrugs it off and heads back into the women's restroom to dry his hands.

Standing in front of the hand dryer, Van Exel doesn't see that a few feet to his right the stall door is creeping open, ever so slowly, revealing ADMIRAL BRYANT. His eye sockets are BLACK HOLLOWES and his mouth has been replaced by a HIDEOUS, OOZING MAW.

As Admiral Bryant slowly advances on the oblivious Van Exel, his body begins to expand, fanning out like wings. At the last instant, Van Exel's face contorts in horror as he's enveloped by Bryant's inhuman protuberance.

EXT. REMOTE GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The driving guard stands beside the military sedan as Van Exel's bone-chilling scream is quickly silenced.

ANGLE ON: the driving guard has a disfigured face.

END ACT TWO

EXT. ISLAND OF NI'HAU - DUSK

POV of the dense tree cover, the ceiling of the jungle, the daylight fading and the moonlight gently breaking through.

Lieutenant Van Exel groggily opens his eyes, disoriented and alone in the dirt. He surveys the area, searching for anything familiar. He notices a large machete on the ground beside him.

How on earth did he end up out here? Suddenly he remembers what he saw in the gas station lavatory and a chill runs down his spine. He knows where he is and he knows what's about to happen.

Squinting to see through the darkness, he holds the machete in front of him, circling 360 degrees. As he does, he feels a presence in the trees above him. Eyes on him. Shadows darting from limb to limb.

Before they have a chance to pounce, Van Exel is on the run. He's not in great shape, but he's seen enough battle to know that when something's chasing you, you don't stop.

He glances over his shoulder, expecting to see his assailants, but sees nothing. However, because he was looking backward, he RUNS DIRECTLY INTO A TREE.

The wind knocked out of him and blood trickling down his face, Van Exel gathers himself to attempt to stand. Before he can, a POWERFUL BARE FOOT COMES CRASHING DOWN ONTO HIS WINDPIPE, crushing it.

Suffocating and flopping around like a fish on land, Van Exel can only watch as the islanders he helped create descend on him.

A duck waddles by, business as usual, as the pugnacious swarm tears him to shreds. We notice the RED BLINKING LIGHT OF A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA fastened to a nearby tree.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR ACUDA - NIGHT

Mulder paces outside on his cell phone.

INT. BAR ACUDA - CONTINUOUS

Scully and Linda Kimball sit a table in the dimly lit restaurant.

LINDA

Like I told Agent Mulder; I hope I don't sound like a crazy paranoid weirdo, but I've been looking over my shoulder ever since that file ended up on my desk.

SCULLY

And you really can't think of anyone who might have put it there?

LINDA

I've only been here a couple months. All I know is, in that time I've noticed an unusually high turnover in employees for a Naval base. I, myself, was brought in to replace someone that disappeared under questionable circumstances.

SCULLY

And who brought you in, do you know?

Before Linda can answer, Mulder approaches the table.

MULDER

That was Peralta, my guy from Kauai PD. What they believe to be partial remains from Lieutenant Van Exel just washed up on Polihale beach.

Linda goes white as a sheet. Mulder clocks her.

MULDER (CONT'D)

You knew him.

Linda is emotional, but realizes the stakes have just gone up. A fact that's not lost on Mulder or Scully, either.

LINDA

Lieutenant Van Exel brought me here from Pensacola.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA (CONT'D)

He was very good about checking on me, making sure I was comfortable. I was a little creeped out at first, but he was like a sweet old grandpa.

MULDER

When Scully asked him about you he played dumb.

SCULLY

Probably protecting you.

MULDER

Plausible deniability. He was protecting himself, Scully. He was probably hand-picking young officers he hoped would do the right thing.

(to Linda)

He *wanted* you to figure this out. He's the one who slipped you the file.

LINDA

How would *I* figure it out, figure what out?

Mulder looks to Scully, his eyes begging for permission to give Linda the whole story. Scully nods.

MULDER

Linda, Barking Sands is a military installation whose primary objective is testing alien genetic technology for weaponization purposes. That's what happened to the natives in those photographs. They've been exposed to alien DNA that was disseminated throughout Ni'ihau by missile.

Linda is obviously shaken by Mulder's news.

SCULLY

(to Linda)

I'm sorry about Van Exel.

MULDER

We've got to get out to that beach.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MULDER (CONT'D)

Peralta was first on the scene,  
he's holding off on calling it in  
until we get there. Scully,  
you're driving.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLIHALE BEACH - NIGHT

LEGEND: POLIHALE STATE PARK, 10:08pm

Even in total darkness, the remoteness of the long white beach butting up to the towering NaPali cliffs seems foreboding. Large dunes separate the beach itself from the nearby treeline.

Mulder, Scully, and Linda descend the side of the dune to find Mulder's inside man with the Kauai PD, Officer Peralta.

PERALTA

Agent Mulder, thanks for coming.

MULDER

Thanks for the assist at the motel earlier. This is my partner, Dana Scully. And this is Petty Officer Linda Kimball.

PERALTA

Nice to meet you both. Mulder, you're going to want to see this. Not sure if it's appropriate for the ladies.

Scully rolls her eyes.

MULDER

I think they can handle it.

PERALTA

If you thought Shackelford looked bad, hold on to your flip-flops.

He leads them closer to the water, where they look down at what remains of Lt. Van Exel, which isn't much. His clothes mostly shredded, he's more or less a skeleton with some tissue and muscle fiber clinging to bone. A couple of his ribs have been snapped off and stabbed into his eye sockets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

Ugh, I think I'm going to throw up.

Scully momentarily puts a comforting arm around her.

PERALTA (CONT'D)

Looks like maybe sharks got to him, but who knows?

Scully pulls on some latex gloves and, kneeling down, examines the body.

SCULLY

This kind of decay is remarkable. How long ago did you find him?

PERALTA

A buddy of mine was jogging out here, called me directly about an hour ago. His wallet was intact, so I was able to get a positive ID. Crazy, too, because I saw him alive a couple hours ago at the motel, just before you guys got there.

MULDER

We caught a glimpse of him as he was leaving.

LINDA

Why was he at the motel?

PERALTA

He and Admiral Bryant were just giving a statement, answering some questions, basic stuff.

LINDA

He was with Bryant when you saw him last?

PERALTA

Yeah, why? Bryant's not a suspect, is he?

Linda and Mulder exchange looks.

SCULLY

Mulder, this man looks like he's been dead for weeks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY (CONT'D)

It simply doesn't seem possible  
that another human being could do  
this.

MULDER

We may not be dealing with a human  
being, Scully.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLIHALE BEACH - NIGHT

At the top of the dunes is the gravel road where Scully's  
car is parked, as well as Peralta's police cruiser. The  
four of them assess the situation at hand.

LINDA

The smoking man explicitly  
threatened Bryant that they would  
kill Van Exel if he stood in their  
way. They must have figured out  
that Van Exel gave me the file.

MULDER

It's definitely possible. Either  
way, Bryant is definitely  
involved, so it only makes sense  
to start with him.

PERALTA

He might be tough to get to.

SCULLY

He's right, Mulder. I'm positive  
by now the security at Barking  
Sands knows we're not here  
officially and have been given our  
information. There's no way  
they'll even let us onto the base.

MULDER

Maybe not *us*.

Mulder and Scully both look to Linda. A beat.

LINDA

Alright. I'll do it.

MULDER

Excellent, we'll come with you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY

Take my car. I'll go with Peralta and see what I can gather from an autopsy on Van Exel.

PERALTA

Fine with me. Coroner should be here within the hour.

MULDER

Can you guys give us a second?

Linda and Peralta nod as Mulder pulls Scully aside.

MULDER

You sure you want to go with Van Exel? If we can link Bryant to this, it's an official investigation. I want to get out to that island and potentially get answers to all these questions.

SCULLY

See? This is what I was talking about earlier. I think you need to curb your expectations, Mulder. Best case scenario; we contain this. I think you would be naive to assume that by discovering the truth, all the corruption that surrounds it falls away and the good guys win.

MULDER

Scully, I'm not laboring under the illusion that once we learn the truth, everyone comes out from their hiding places, yells "surprise," and we all share an ice cream cake. I understand the scope of this, probably better than anyone. But the truth is contagious. Admit it; you and plenty of other people now believe things to be true that you would've never even considered before you met me. I'm like that AIDS monkey but with truth.

SCULLY

It's not a great example, but you've been right about everything so far.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY (CONT'D)

Maybe this is really, actually where it all coalesces. I mean, I'm questioning the validity of science altogether at this point.

MULDER

Wow, really? I've never heard you cop to that.

SCULLY

Well, we've seen some *really* surreal things. As much as I try to be logical...

MULDER

I have to be honest, this feels like a big win for me, Scully.

Scully can only shake her head as she walks over to where Peralta is waiting by his police cruiser.

MULDER

I'll call you when we have something.

Mulder gets into Scully's car. Linda's behind the wheel.

LINDA

What if Scully's right about the base's security looking for you? I can't just pull up to the gate with you sitting here.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARKING SANDS MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

Linda pulls up to the security gate in Scully's car. The guard, LEONARD (retired seaman, would be a Wal-Mart greeter if not for this job) pokes his head out of the booth.

LEONARD

Hey, Linda. New car?

LINDA

Oh, uh...no, it's a rental. Mine's in the shop.

Linda notices pictures of Mulder and Scully on Leonard's computer monitor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEONARD

These cars are fantastic. My son-in-law has a Buick LaCrosse, which is a similar model. Or is his a Buick Riviera?

Leonard seems lost in thought, trying to remember. Linda's anxiety is approaching it's zenith.

LINDA

Either way, they sure are nice. Very roomy.

LEONARD

LaCrosse sounds right, but I can't remember. Oh well! Have a good night, darlin'!

The gate starts to open. Linda's in the clear. She starts to pull forward.

LEONARD (O.S)

Wait! Hold on!

Linda freezes, slamming on her brakes. Leonard walks out of the booth and slowly approaches Linda's window.

LEONARD

Would you mind unlocking the doors for me?

She begrudgingly does. Leonard opens the back driver's side door and, sticking his whole upper body inside, takes a good look around.

A long, tense beat. Linda's knuckles are white, gripping the wheel as she tries to remain calm.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

You know what? It WAS a Riviera. His interior is a little bit different.

(winking)

Less nice than this. See you tomorrow, Linda!

He slams the door shut and heads back to his booth as Linda, awash with relief, drives onto the base.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Wait, Linda! One more thing!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Linda can't believe it and, frustrated, slams on the breaks a third time. Leonard approaches.

LEONARD

Sorry, hon, I have to check the trunk. Part of the job, you know? They're watching, so I have to do it for everyone.

He points to a familiar looking security camera on a telephone pole.

LINDA

Is that really necessary? Leonard, you know me.

Leonard weighs it, but she's not worth losing his job over.

LEONARD

I'm afraid so. Sorry to bug you. I'll be quick.

Linda painstakingly pops the trunk and braces for the worst. Leonard will see Mulder and this entire mission is blown.

After a quick beat, Leonard is back.

LEONARD

Okay, doll, thanks for being patient. See you tomorrow!

Leonard trots back to the booth and raises the gate arm as a thunderstruck Linda pulls onto the base.

EXT. BARKING SANDS MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Linda pulls into a parking spot in the back of the empty lot. She hurried around and pops the trunk.

ANGLE ON: the trunk is indeed empty.

Linda is flummoxed when she hears...

MULDER (O.C.)

He seems nice.

Mulder scoots out from under the car on his back like a mechanic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINDA

How did you...?

MULDER

I was hanging on to the  
undercarriage.

Linda stares blankly.

MULDER (CONT'D)

What? Haven't you seen Raiders of  
the Lost Ark?

LINDA

I thought I was going to have a  
heart attack when he stopped me.

MULDER

Old guys just love Buicks. It's  
an X-file in and of itself.

Mulder dusts himself off.

LINDA

Okay, how do you want to do this?

MULDER

I think we start in his office.  
We find anything incriminating  
there, any proof at all, then this  
becomes an official bureau  
investigation.

LINDA

Meaning you don't have to keep  
sneaking around.

MULDER

Exactly. And as fun as this is,  
it's much easier that way.

CUT TO:

INT. KAUAI COUNTY CORONER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Scully wears a surgical mask collecting samples from Van  
Exel's body, which is basically just a heap on the steel  
table.

Peralta walks in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERALTA

You have everything you need,  
Scully?

SCULLY

Yes, I think so. Is there a  
forensics lab I can get these to  
at this hour?

Scully is distracted, labeling a series of tissue  
samples.

PERALTA

At this hour our best bet is the  
lab on Oahu. Are you finding  
anything useful?

Peralta looks into a microscope, prompting Scully to  
shoot out of her chair.

SCULLY

Do NOT look at that!

Peralta puts his hands up.

PERALTA

Sorry. Just curious.

Scully relaxes a bit.

SCULLY

No, I'm sorry. Look, these  
samples contain specific strains  
of bacteria I've only seen one  
other time. Years ago. The  
technician who worked with me on  
identifying them was killed  
because of what she saw. I don't  
want you to bite off more than you  
can chew, so to speak.

PERALTA

My wife always says I have a big  
mouth. Scully, I'm already in  
this far. Besides, being a cop  
this close to Barking Sands, you  
hear things.

Scully thinks a moment and pulls out her phone.

CUT TO:

INT. BARKING SANDS MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mulder and Linda are walking through the darkened bullpen area on their way up to Admiral Bryant's office. Mulder's phone rings and he answers.

MULDER  
(into phone)  
Scully, what's up?

Split screen.

SCULLY  
Mulder, I'm here in the coroner's office with Peralta. The samples from Van Exel show definitively extra-terrestrial bacteria. It's just like what we found in Wisconsin 20 years ago.

Mulder stops in his tracks. Linda mouths "what?," but Mulder waves her off. She continues forward without him.

MULDER  
Scully that's great. Bag 'em and tag 'em, get them over to a lab.

SCULLY  
That's the problem, the nearest open lab is on Oahu.

MULDER  
Ok, just sit tight. We're about to search Bryant's office, so stay tuned.

SCULLY  
Make sure to keep an eye on Linda, Mul--

Linda screams. Everyone heard it.

MULDER  
Scully, I gotta go.

Exit split screen back to Scully and Peralta in the coroner's office.

SCULLY  
Mulder? Mulder?! Someone else is there.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PERALTA

Bryant.

SCULLY

Will he kill them?

Peralta hesitates.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

If you know something, you have to tell me or Mulder will die!

PERALTA

It's just a rumor, but a handful of people I trust say it's true. Apparently, Bryant loves to toy with people. He takes prisoners out onto Ni'ihau and...

Peralta can't believe he's about to say it.

SCULLY

What?

PERALTA

He lets the locals hunt them for sport.

Off Scully, devastated.

CUT TO:

INT. BARKING SANDS MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Mulder maneuvers down the hallway, approaching the door to Bryant's office with his gun drawn.

MULDER

Admiral Bryant?! This the FBI.

Mulder reaches out his free hand and slowly turns the doorknob.

INT. ADMIRAL BRYANT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mulder swings the door open to find Admiral Bryant standing behind Linda, looking totally normal.

MULDER

Let her go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bryant says nothing, but touching Linda's cheek, renders her instantly unconscious. Mulder charges at Bryant, but stops in his tracks, unsteady.

Bryant smiles. Mulder glances up to the air vent overhead, which is pumping in a green gas. Woozy, Mulder falls to his knees.

MULDER  
(slurring)  
Aw, man. Gas is...so...obvious.

Mulder falls onto his face and blacks out.

END ACT THREE

INT. NI'HAU GOVERNMENT BASE - NIGHT

Mulder groggily returns to consciousness. He's bound to a steel beam in a distinctly "government base-looking" holding area. Linda is still unconscious beside him and strapped to the same beam.

In front of them is the GIANT GIRL from earlier. Mulder is alarmed at first, but notices the giant is, in fact, a child.

Giant Girl is looking at Mulder the way a young girl might look at a movie star.

MULDER  
Hello.

The Giant Girl smiles. Linda starts to come around.

MULDER (CONT'D)  
I'm Fox, what's your name?

The girl says nothing. Linda tries to move, realizing her arms are tied behind her around the beam.

LINDA  
(to Giant Girl)  
Could you untie us?

The Giant Girl shakes her head "no," then holds her index finger to her lips, the international sign for "Shhhh."

MULDER  
(whispering)  
Please. You have to help me.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULDER (CONT'D)

He will kill us, he is very dangerous. Please, you have to--

A door opens and Bryant enters. Giant Girl leans down and Bryant holds a hand to her cheek, gently stroking it as she purrs.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Kimball, when I approved your transfer, Dicky said you'd be easy. No problems, no questions. You'd work hard and keep your head down, he said.

Bryant's expression darkens and, looking directly at Linda, he goes from stroking Giant Girl's cheek to delivering a devastating punch to her jaw. She looks like a dog who has just been scolded, slinking into the corner.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

And you, Agent Mulder, are hands down the most annoying, self-righteous, stubborn, irresponsible law enforcement agent I've ever encountered.

He walks over and slugs Mulder, just as he had Giant Girl. Mulder spits out a mouthful of blood.

MULDER

Hey, I am NOT annoying!

Bryant stands before them. With his audience bound and bleeding, he's truly in his element.

ADMIRAL BRYANT (CONT'D)

Have either of you ever read or seen "The Most Dangerous Game?" It was a book first, then a movie. Ring a bell?

Mulder nods, but Linda shakes her head.

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Kimball, the long and short of it is there's this guy who's a big game hunter. He falls off a boat and ends up stranded on this island.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRYANT (CONT'D)

Turns out, a Cossack aristocrat lives on the island and, when shipwrecked sailors wash ashore there, he gives them limited supplies, then turns them loose on the island for him to hunt. Hunting animals can only be so challenging after a while, it's only natural to want to "up the ante," as it were. After all, "man is the most dangerous animal to kill." The Zodiac killer said that.

MULDER

You can kill us, Bryant, but there will be more. The truth won't be stymied, it won't be muted. There will be more like me. Better, probably.

Bryant feigns being afraid.

BRYANT

Oh no, the FBI is coming after me?

He leans down and whispers to them.

BRYANT

I work for the FBI.

Mulder, nauseous at the breadth of this sedition, can only fume while Linda's eyes well up.

LINDA

Enough with the games, Bryant. If you're going to kill us, just do it.

BRYANT

Yeah, I guess you're right. Sorry for dragging it out, but I really enjoy this part of the job.

Bryant brushes Linda's hair out of her face, then signals someone. A guard unties both of them and hands each a machete.

As Bryant turns to leave the room, the wall behind them begins to raise like a garage door. Nothing but darkness and jungle outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Giant Girl opens the door back into the base for Bryant as he turns to Mulder and Linda.

BRYANT

You have a 15 minute head start, then it's open season. Sorry if it seems insensitive, but it's important we keep our investments sharp. You understand.

He exits. Giant Girl looks back to a teary-eyed, confused Linda and then to Mulder before also leaving, slamming the door behind her.

MULDER

Okay, let's take a second to figure this out.

A thick, green smoke begins to fill the small holding area. Mulder pulls his shirt up over his mouth and nose.

MULDER (CONT'D)

Seriously, gas again?!

They're forced out into the jungle. Looking back, they see (as we do for the first time also) the base built into the hillside on Ni'ihau. Mulder starts to look for another way in, but it's pointless.

Mulder looks at Linda, her fear is palpable. He tilts his head up to the sky. It's dawn.

CUT TO:

INT. NI'IIHAU GOVERNMENT BASE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bryant, surrounded by monitors and naval personnel, picks up a red phone.

BRYANT

Mulder is here. Along with Van Exel's girl from the base. Get to your satellite feed, you've waited a long time for this.

CUT TO:

INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We see the Smoking Man, standing in front of Mulder's "I Want To Believe" poster, talking on a cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SMOKING MAN

I'll be sure not to miss it. Good work, Admiral. See this through and you become untouchable.

He hangs up and we PULL BACK to reveal Mulder's office has been ransacked. Several low-level FBI employees are carrying out boxes of Mulder's files. Smoking Man takes a long drag before following them out.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND OF NI'HAU - EARLY MORNING

Through the trees as the sun begins to beat down, we find Mulder running with Linda right on his heels. Mulder's training and instincts are calling the shots as he gracefully dodges trees, leaping fallen limbs, keenly aware of his surroundings.

POV: something in the trees is watching and following them from above.

Mulder zigs and zags, effortlessly traversing the rugged terrain as his onlookers glide through the trees overhead. Mulder suddenly stops on a dime in a crouched position, his machete ready as his eyes search the canopy above.

Nothing. Stillness.

Linda arrives, crouching next to him.

LINDA

They're in the trees, aren't they?

MULDER

Yeah, if we want to have any chance of surviving, we need to lure them out into the open. Do you know the topography on this island?

LINDA

I've seen maps. I'm not entirely sure where we are, but I think Pueo Point is up here. It's the highest point on the island and there's a big clearing there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mulder hears another sound from above. It's unclear what it is, but it's enough for him to realize: THERE ARE MANY.

MULDER

We need to keep moving. Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. NI'IHAU GOVERNMENT BASE CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Admiral Bryant is eating a sandwich and watching a satellite feed of Linda being hunted. A couple Navy underlings at switchboards sit nearby.

UNDERLING 1

Sir, she's approaching Pueo Point.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Excellent. Trapped like a rat in a maze. Let's see how the test subjects handle it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND OF NI'IHAU - MORNING

Mulder and Linda are filthy, sweaty, and still running for their lives. Linda is a few steps behind Mulder. Mid-stride, she steps in a crude, rusty booby trap which clamps shut on her leg.

She yelps and falls into the mud, clutching her shin. Mulder stops and doubles back for her. He slides down into the mud and helps pry the contraption open enough for Linda to get her leg out, but it's in bad shape.

MULDER

You have to try to run, okay?

LINDA

(through gritted  
teeth)

Okay. Okay.

MULDER

You got it? Come on, let's go.

Mulder helps her to her feet. She looks up and terror registers in her eyes. Mulder follows her gaze to the trees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: a dozen or so creatures above and behind them, bearing down on them. We don't get a clear look, some look more human and some more traditionally alien, but they all move with incredible ease and strength.

A humanoid creature with jagged bone claws swings down and takes a chunk out of Mulder's shoulder. He swipes at it with his machete, but comes up empty as it joins the others overhead.

MULDER (CONT'D)

We have to move now!

Mulder helps Linda limp/run as the horde approaches.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Smoking Man is intently watching the same satellite feed in his office, eager to see his genetically altered minions do his bidding and finish Mulder off, once and for all.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND OF NI'IHAU - CONTINUOUS

Mulder and Linda come hobbling out from the treeline into the clearing. The sky is darkening like a serious storm is imminent. We can see that the clearing ends at a cliff and they're moving directly toward it.

Mulder stops, peering over the edge.

POV: a straight drop 1200 feet onto the rocky shore below, waves crashing amidst the brewing storm.

Mulder turns back to face the treeline where slowly emerges a proverbial who's who of freaks including Giant Girl and (as pictured in the file) the child with hulking musculature and the six-armed man. They're all in loincloths, looking like angry savages as they close in.

Mulder, out of options, tries to reason.

MULDER

Please, we are not one of them. I do NOT want to hurt you, please don't make me hurt you.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The islanders do not relent. Mulder, bracing for battle, takes Linda's machete in one hand, his own in the other.

LINDA

Let me try, help me up.

Mulder leans down and lets Linda take his arm as he pulls her up to stand on her good leg.

LINDA

We're prisoners here just like you are. We don't want to harm you, we want to help you. We can help you, please let us help you.

The angry mob is looking back and forth to each other, confused. Linda has tears streaming down her face.

LINDA

(softly)

Please, just...don't hurt us.  
Don't hurt us.

Linda crouches down beside Mulder and puts her hands over her face, resigned to the brutal death that surely awaits them.

After a moment, a hand gently strokes Linda's hair as, startled, she glances up to find the hulking child petting her like a dog. A huge, toothy smile crawls across his disfigured face as the rain begins to fall.

Mulder stands there, floored, as the other islanders come over to stroke Linda's hair. All the islanders are making the same purring-type noise in unison as they pet Linda. Some begin petting Mulder as well.

From the treeline comes the sound of clapping. Soon Bryant appears, accompanied by two ARMED GUARDS, applauding the adorable moment.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

Wow. I'm equal parts impressed and disappointed. On the one hand, you two survived a full hour. But Kimball using your girly crying powers to neutralize the enemy? Below the belt. Clever, but tacky.

He gestures to the armed guards who proceed to go around to each of the islanders and SMASH THEM IN THE FACE WITH THE BUTT OF THEIR AR-15.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mulder gets a gun butt in the mouth too, for good measure, putting him on his back in the mud beside Linda, her leg worsening.

Bryant is furious at the islanders.

ADMIRAL BRYANT  
How dare you disobey your god?!  
When I say to kill, YOU KILL!

Mulder makes eye contact with the Hulking Child, blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils. An older woman with tentacle-like limbs lays helplessly in the grass, her ruptured eyeball dangling from it's optic nerve.

Bryant is behaving like a spoiled, petulant child.

ADMIRAL BRYANT  
I am your maker! I will be obeyed  
or you will be destroyed!  
(to the guards)  
Kill one of them, make an example.

One of the guards grabs the Hulking Child and forces him onto his knees into an execution position. Mulder starts to move toward him, but...

*POP!*

Hulking Child collapses at the feet of the armed guard, dark green blood pouring from the bullet's exit wound. Linda screams, but everyone's attention is firmly on Bryant.

It's pouring rain, the low clouds forming a frighteningly dark sky. Bryant tilts back his head, morphing into the vile, macabre subhuman. Black sludge oozes from his mouth. Bryant's ribs snap, his body fanning out as it did before he killed Van Exel.

The islanders are noticeably more scared, as are the guards.

BRYANT  
(voice gravelly and  
deep)  
Now, my children...TEAR THEM  
APART!

The newly motivated islanders begin to walk toward Mulder and Linda. Obviously torn, but more afraid of Bryant than allegiant to anyone else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Just as the death mob is upon them, a sound from behind, beyond the cliff's edge, causes Mulder and Linda to turn around to see A CHOPPER RISE INTO VIEW, HOVERING JUST BEYOND THE PRECIPICE.

Peralta's flying it. The door on the chopper slides open and Scully's there with her pistol aimed. Two quick headshots and the armed guards are down. Peralta comes on the chopper's PA system.

PERALTA (FILTERED)

Bryant, let them go!

MULDER

(shouting)

Great entrance, Scully!

Subhuman Bryant's black eyes begin to glow green. Bryant raises one hand in Linda's direction and she begins LEVITATING TOWARD HIM. She's clawing at the grass and mud, trying to stop the tractor beam. Mulder grabs her hands, but it's too strong. In seconds, Bryant's hand is around Linda's throat.

Bryant is begging to swallow up and cocoon Linda as he did to Van Exel.

SCULLY

(yelling to Peralta)

Get me closer to the edge!

PERALTA

Are you out of your mind?!

SCULLY

Do it!

Peralta steers the chopper to within about 6 feet of the rocky bluff. Scully removes her heels and moves to the opposite side of the open door to get a bit of a running start.

SCULLY

(looking at the jump)

Okay, that looks really far.

She steels herself, then GOES FOR IT.

Scully runs, then LEAPS FROM THE MOVING CHOPPER. Soaring, fully outstretched, she FALLS A FOOT SHORT OF THE CLIFF. Just as she feels herself start to freefall, two powerful hands latch onto her arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Dangling over the crashing waves, Scully looks up to see Giant Girl, heels dug into the dirt and leaned over the drop, securely holding on to her wrists.

Giant Girl quickly pulls Scully up and places her on her feet. Bryant is struggling to cocoon Linda thanks to several islanders who attempting to pull him off her. It's super strength versus super strength. It almost seems like they might be wearing him down, but even while holding Linda hostage Bryant is too powerful.

We see Peralta peel off and set the chopper down on the other side of the clearing as Scully points her gun at Bryant.

SCULLY

Bryant, let her go!

Bryant lashes out, sending all the islanders reeling simultaneously. He lets go of Linda and she drops to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

(gravelly voice)

You've seen what I'm capable of, Agent Scully. Do you really think a gun will stop me?

MULDER (O.C.)

Two might.

Mulder has the AR-15 from the downed guard, covering Scully's six. Peralta runs up grabbing the second guard's gun.

MULDER

You're part alien but you're not invincible. If we all pump rounds into you, you drop just like anyone else.

Bryant is utterly surrounded.

ADMIRAL BRYANT

(gravelly voice)

This is too important! You can't even begin to comprehend the ramifications of my work! You don't think this continues without me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ADMIRAL BRYANT (CONT'D)

This project has been ongoing for  
over 60 years, it's bigger than  
me, it's bigger than all of us!  
No one can stop it! No one can st-

-

BRYANT'S HEAD IS BITTEN CLEAN OFF HIS TORSO. Blood spews from his severed jugular like the fountain at the Bellagio as his limp body crumples into the mud.

Standing over him, blood slobbering from it's blood-caked estuary, is a FLAMING LEVIATHAN.

The creature is 30 feet tall and vaguely humanoid, although rather than skin, it has an exoskeleton comprised entirely of fire and ember. The eyes of the creature meet Mulder's and we recognize it from the teaser as the creature that killed Jack Pate.

Mulder and Scully help Linda to her feet. She looks up just in time to catch a glimpse of the monster as it retreats into the jungle. Giant Girl walks up to them grinning from ear to ear.

GIANT GIRL

(looking to the tree  
line)

Mommy.

Mulder and Scully share a look as a hint of flame flashes in Giant Girl's eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - DAY

LEGEND: FBI Headquarters, Washington, DC

INT. FBI OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Scully is in the midst of a debriefing.

SCULLY

...the Hawaiians believed that, in a time of desperation when the lives of the natives were in jeopardy, Goddess Pele would rise up and protect them, violently if necessary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see who's sitting at the desk across from her,  
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WALTER SKINNER.

SKINNER

Right, Agent Scully. Let me just write that here in the report, "Admiral Bryant's head was bitten off by an ancient Hawaiian goddess."

SCULLY

It happened, Skinner. The Cancer Man was there, we saw this...creature, the whole report is true.

Skinner stews on this for a moment.

SKINNER

Look, it's irrelevant now. By the time anybody got to the island everything was gone. No sign of any base on Ni'ihau, nothing.

SCULLY

How is that possible?

SKINNER

I think you know the answer to that question, Scully. I'm not happy about it, either. Mulder, you're awfully quiet. Anything you care to add?

Skinner swivels in his chair to look at his computer monitor; a Skype feed to Mulder's hotel room in Kauai. All he sees is an empty chair with a half-full neon tropical drink.

SKINNER

Mulder?!!

Skinner fumes as he stares at Mulder's vacant chair. Finally, the Smoking Man leans into frame.

SMOKING MAN

If you can't handle him,  
Skinner... I will.

Smoking Man turns the webcam to show us Mulder, unconscious on the floor of his cabana. A couple federal goons have guns to his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The webcam swings back around to the Smoking Man who clicks off the Skype feed.

Skinner removes his glasses and massages his temples.

SKINNER

Go get him.

Off Scully's look.

END OF SHOW