The X-files



By

BETH BAXTER

Books & Binding Publishers

FADE IN:

INT SCULLY'S HOUSE — NIGHT

[ACTION]

We have an over the shoulder view of SCULLY typing away at her computer.

SCULLY [V.O]

Something about the case they were just working on…

Close up shot of her face, she wears a concentrated expression. We see her eyes dart up at a notification in the corner of her screen. We zoom in on this notification on her screen. It's an email. SCULLY opens it, confused. The email grows to become full screen. We follow the letters as SCULLY reads them out.

SCULLY

(muttering…)

Scully, you do not know who I am, but I know who you are. If you ever want to see your partner Fox Mulder again, you have twenty four hours to find him.

We get a close up shot of SCULLY's eyes as she looks shocked and fearful. She needs to save MULDER's life. Suddenly, behind her, the phone rings. We see it in focus in the foreground, with SCULLY swiveling her chair around quickly to see what's the matter, out of focus in the background. Travelling shot of her getting up and walking towards the phone. She pauses for a moment before picking up.

SCULLY

Scully…

We hear MULDER's voice, hushed and whispered, as if he is trying to hide from someone…or something.

MULDER

Scully…it's me.

SCULLY

Mul-

MULDER

(quickly)

Don't talk, just listen. Check the email. There's a code. Find it.

SCULLY's eyes dart back and forth in anxiety. She pauses for a while, waiting, but the phone line dies. MULDER is gone. She charges back towards her computer, leaning over it and we watch her start to read the email again. With a sad beep from the computer, the email suddenly disappears. We see SCULLY's eyes dart back and forth again as she frantically grabs her mouse and moves it everywhere around the screen.

SCULLY

What?...

We get a close up shot of her mouse hovering over the 'new emails' tab on her computer as the number '1' turns into the number '0'. The email is gone. SCULLY scans her apartment suspiciously. We get a wide shot of her standing by her computer surrounded by nothing but furniture and empty space. She is alone. She goes to turn off her computer, noticing the semi-open tab of her report. We get a close up shot of her wincing to look at it. Something's different. As the report comes full screen, we notice that random letters of her writing are capitalized. SCULLY's eyes widen. We watch her grab a pen and quick shots between her concentrated face and her scribbling fingers show the spelling out of 'twenty three Millfield road'. SCULLY's eyes widen in immense fear as she jolts up from her chair, grabs her keys and heads out the door.

CUT TO:

EXT A LARGE HOUSE — NIGHT

[ACTION]

SCULLY's car pulls up to the driveway of a large house, 1950's style, lights out. She gets out and runs to the door, slightly ajar. Panicked, she scans the street and sees a black van parked mysteriously outside.

INT INSIDE THE HOUSE — NIGHT

We see a close up of her pulling her revolver from her trench coat pocket, following her arms as she raises it and advances into a spacious living room. Multiple scanning shots of random objects strewn across the living room including a photo frames on coffee tables and on the wall showing SCULLY and her parents, smiling. This is her parent's house. We see her walk into the kitchen. We see a focus foreground shot of a toaster, with something poking out of it, and SCULLY advancing towards it. She carefully picks it up and unfolds MULDER's FBI badge. Her face hardens. She sniffs the air, burning. Something poking out of the oven, she opens it, coughing, pulls it out. MULDER's jacket, practically on fire. She thwacks it on the kitchen counter. With a clump, something falls out onto the floor. SCULLY picks it up. A small black velvet box. She opens it. Inside, a glimmering silver diamond ring with gold strands embedded.

FLASHBACK

INT A BUSY BAR, LOW LIT — NIGHT

MULDER and SCULLY are at a bar, work attire, obviously drunk.

MULDER

How am I supposed to believe that the revolver wasn't in his hand the whole time, Scully? I mean you saw him drop it.

[a beat]

SCULLY

[half serious, half playful, smiling]

Mulder the case is closed now, let it go.

She touches his arm resting on the counter, a sign of comfort.

MULDER

[noticing, his eyes lingering]

[a beat]

Scully, what is your favorite rock? Do you have one?

SCULLY

[laughing]

Mulder, what kind of question is that?

MULDER

[smiling]

A genuine one. I never got to ask.

SCULLY looks at him expectantly as if waiting for a punchline. Then realizes he’s being serious. Obviously more sober than he is, she follows along.

SCULLY

My favorite rock. Well, let’s see. Diamonds are okay.

MULDER

Diamonds?! Jeez, Scully. I didn’t think you were one to have expensive taste.

SCULLY

No… I'm not… But my mother wears one on her finger all the time… from my father. It's beautiful.

SCULLY looks down at her left hand, gently massaging one of her fingers as if adjusting a ring. MULDER focuses on her. He won't say anything about SCULLY's father. He knows it's a touchy topic. SCULLY looks up at him, unsuspecting. Then she smiles.

SCULLY

Mulder, what's going on?

MULDER

What, am I not allowed to learn more about you? What's this?

SCULLY looks at him with even more playful suspicion.

SCULLY

You're Spooky, Mulder.

SCULLY gets up and signals to the bartender to pay for the drinks.

MULDER

(half offended)

Hey! Why'd you say that. Where are you going?

SCULLY

Home. Mulder, it's late. I'll pay.

She hands the bartender dollar notes.

SCULLY

Try and sober up. We leave for Dallas tomorrow at 7 sharp and I'll be at your door. Be awake. Get home safe, Mulder.

SCULLY looks at him warningly, but with a slight hint of unseriousness as she grabs her car keys and walks away. MULDER just watches her.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT SCULLY'S PARENT'S HOUSE — NIGHT

SCULLY, grasping the box, suddenly has a fleeting thought, wondering if her assumptions are logical or wishful thinking. She always got that mixed up when it came to MULDER. Nevertheless, she needed to find him. He had to be here. We follow her into the dining room, box in her trenchcoat pocket and revolver held in shooting position. She looks around cautiously, not wanting to call out MULDER's name until she knew someone was in the house. She steps in something. Something red and thick. Blood. She follows it, heart beating. It leads out of the dining room and through the hallway, snaking under the door to her parent's guest bedroom. She fears the worst.

SCULLY

MULDER?

No answer. But she hears something. Music. Coming from the guest bedroom. Is that…jazz? She can hardly believe it. A dead giveaway. What criminal would do such a thing? A stupid one at that. SCULLY edges towards the door. She smells burning again, but it's not the oven this time. A hint of sandalwood and…vanilla? SCULLY pauses outside the door, her heart racing, not from fear but from nerves. We get a close up shot of her shaking hand reaching for the door, revolver still pointed outwards. She's an FBI agent after all. Opening the door, she surveys her surroundings. The room is low lit, the only light

coming from randomly placed candles. The blood on the floor comes to an abrupt stop just after the doorway. No body. No MULDER. SCULLY lets out a sigh of relief. The jazz still playing, she glances towards the bed, revolver still in hand. MULDER. Standing in front of the bed. His jacket off. He is wearing that blue shirt that she likes.

FLASHBACK

INT A HOTEL ROOM — NIGHT

MULDER and SCULLY are sharing a hotel room, sleeping in separate beds across the room. They have just returned from solving an exhausting case. SCULLY is exhausted, half asleep. Naturally, MULDER lays awake on his back on the bed, still in work clothes, one hand behind his head. The lights are off and the only light in the room is from a street lamp, filtering through the curtains. MULDER reaches into his pocket and fiddles with a certain velvet black box, peering at it through the darkness.

MULDER

Hey Scully… if you were to be proposed to by your dream guy…any guy in the world

[a beat]

Where would you want it to happen?

Silence.

MULDER

Scully?

[a beat]

SCULLY

[murmuring through her bed covers]

Mhmm… the beach.

[a beat]

MULDER shifts onto his side and looks across to SCULLY on the other side of the room, her back facing him under the covers.

MULDER

But you *hate* sand.

A slight murmur from SCULLY, so quiet you could easily miss it.

MULDER

Imagine getting proposed to at a crime scene. Instead of a knife in the ribs you get a ring on your finger. Happy marriage. Wouldn't that be funny.

[a beat]

SCULLY

Mm…I think i'd…like that more.

[a beat]

MULDER

G'night Scully.

Silence. SCULLY fast asleep. She'll forget this conversation in the morning.

FADE TO:

INT SCULLY'S PARENT'S HOUSE — NIGHT

[ACTION]

MULDER

[holding up his hands in surrender]

Be careful there Scully. It's me.

SCULLY

[lowers the gun into her pocket]

Mulder, I-

[a beat]

We get a close up of her face. Her eyes sparkle in the candlelight with small tears. Her cheeks are bright red. She composes herself, puts on a brave face.

Turn that jazz off. It’s hideous.

MULDER

[dropping his arms and walking over to her]

Hideous? I thought it might…

[he looks around at the candles and the blood stained floor]

Set the mood.

SCULLY

[smiling slightly, tear falling down her face]

But you know I hate jazz.

MULDER

You’re cute when you’re angry.

SCULLY

[leaning into him]

Mulder.

[a beat]

I thought you were dead. I-

MULDER

Did I scare ya?

SCULLY pulls away from the hug and looks at up at him, grinning.

MULDER

I had you, big time.

They embrace again. SCULLY pulls away and turns around, advancing to the blood on the floor. She bends down and feels it between her fingers, sniffing it.

SCULLY

Fake blood! One of your strongest tricks. You had me fooled.

MULDER

I fooled special agent Dana Scully? With fake blood?

[a beat]

SCULLY

Why do this Mulder? Why scare me like this? In my own parent’s house.

MULDER

You don’t remember?

SCULLY looks at him, perplexed.

MULDER

Wouldn’t it be funny…at a crime scene?…

SCULLY

Mulder, it’s late. At least clean up? And call my mom? Tell her what a mess-

MULDER

[on one knee]

Dana Scully. Will you take the pleasure in marrying the strangest man you know. The spooky slacker who gets on your nerves and still believes in aliens, and who loves you, even more so than he believes there’s a UFO flying over us right now?

SCULLY stands staring, mouth open. The velvet box feeling heavy in her pocket long with very other bone in her body.

MULDER

I think you have my ring.

SCULLY pulls the box out of her pocket, still staring, awestruck. It was for her. MULDER gets up, walks over, takes the ring out, about to put it on her finger.

SCULLY

Mulder.

[a beat]

There’s nothing telling me to believe you *are* the alien. But yes. Yes.

He kisses her.

THE END