

# **The X-Files**

## **"You Can't Go Home"**

Spec Script by

Scott C. Carr and Jeremy Carr

**Scott C. Carr**  
[scott@brotherscarr.com](mailto:scott@brotherscarr.com)

**Jeremy Carr**  
[jeremy@brotherscarr.com](mailto:jeremy@brotherscarr.com)

[www.brotherscarr.com](http://www.brotherscarr.com)

**PROLOGUE**

FADE IN:

**EXT. L.A. HIGHWAY. DAY**

A hot, sweaty day on a busy Los Angeles Highway. Rush Hour.

Traffic is completely stopped, horns are honking, some frustrated people are even out of their vehicles, yelling.

SUPER-IMPOSE SUBTITLE: Highway 101, Los Angeles, April 8,  
9:15 AM

The cause of the traffic jam is a HERD OF CATTLE which is standing in the middle of the highway. The animals are out of place and appear as confused as the late-for-work drivers.

**INT. A HOUSEHOLD IN GERMANY. NIGHT**

A typical lower class German household: Very rustic, very ethnic.

A plump family of four is seated around a table eating dinner. They are speaking loudly in German, and eating heartily.

SUPER-IMPOSE SUBTITLE: Stuttgart, Germany, April 15,  
7:32 PM

The GERMAN MOTHER suddenly stops eating and talking, her spoon held inches from her mouth.

Abruptly music begins to play loudly: American 1940's Swing-Jazz. The cause of the music is-

An old-fashioned AMERICAN RADIO (circa 1940's), which has mysteriously appeared in the center of the table.

The confused GERMAN FAMILY just stares at it.

**EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL REFLECTING POOL. DAY**

A sunny day in Washington D.C.

Families are picnicking near The Reflecting Pool, in the Mall between The Washington Monument and The Lincoln

Memorial. The sky is clear and blue. Vendors are outside selling hot-dogs, T-shirts, and peanuts to the tourists.

SUPER-IMPOSE SUBTITLE: Washington D.C., April 27, 12:38 PM

CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE POOL, which is quiet and still. Over to where:

A FAMILY has set up a blanket and a picnic lunch not far from the pool. DAD is preparing the grill, while MOM lays out the blanket.

Their son TOMMY, eight years old, is laughing and playing.

Suddenly he stops and points at something offscreen-

TOMMY

Mommy- Mommy- I want to go swimming!

DAD

(Flipping a burger)  
Lunch is almost ready. Why don't you help your mother set up?

TOMMY

But I want to go swimming in the pool!

MOM

Oh sweetie, you're not allowed to swim in there.

TOMMY

(Pointing)  
But that man is-

MOM looks to where TOMMY is pointing and frowns disapprovingly.

CAMERA PANS BACK TO THE POOL TO REVEAL:

A MAN in his early thirties is standing in the exact center of the REFLECTING POOL-

He stands motionless, arms outstretched, and staring up at the sky. Tears are streaming down his face, his eyes are blinking as he squints into the Sun.

He begins to mumble, quietly at first, but louder and louder until he is yelling at the top of his lungs-

MAN IN THE POOL  
I'm home... I'm home... I'M HOME!

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARK. DAY**

HAND-CUFFS are being slammed onto the MAN'S WRISTS.

The MAN is being arrested by THREE DISGRUNTLED COPS. All are soaking wet from the waist down.

A crowd has gathered to watch as the MAN is bent over the hood of the squad car.

COP #1  
Looks like fishing season started  
early this year.

COP #2  
He's kind of small. Maybe we oughta  
throw him back.

MAN FROM THE POOL  
I'm home...

COP #3  
You ain't goin' home for a while,  
pal.

**INT. POLICE STATION. DAY**

The MAN FROM THE POOL is now seated. His arms are behind his back, hand-cuffed to a chair.

A BORED DESK COP is attempting to question him, but the MAN is unresponsive.

DESK COP  
What's your name?

No response.

DESK COP  
Look Buddy, you're only making it  
harder on yourself.

The MAN FROM THE POOL still does not respond.

DESK COP

Well, like they say at McDonald's-  
Have it your way.

The DESK COP walks into another room where we can see the  
MAN FROM THE POOL through a window.

A CLERK is busy attempting to dry several articles of PAPER  
with a small hand-held HAIR DRYER.

DESK COP

That guy's wallet dry yet?

CLERK

Almost. Can't you get him to talk?

DESK COP

Nope.

CLERK

We could do it the old fashioned  
way.

They laugh.

DESK COP

I heard that. Seriously though,  
does he have a license?

CLERK

He does, but it's expired.

DESK COP

Nothing surprising about that.

The CLERK holds up the MAN'S I.D.

The face in the black and white PHOTO is identical to the  
MAN FROM THE POOL.

CLERK

Wait a minute- This thing expired  
almost fifty years ago.

DESK COP

That's him, all right. That's our  
man.

(Reading)

Benjamin Hildburghausen.

CLERK

Yeah, but according to this, he  
should be almost eighty years old.

They look confusedly from the I.D. CARD to BENJAMIN  
HILDBURGHAUSEN.

HILDBURGHAUSEN looks back through the window at them, an  
expression of genuine wonder on his face-

HILDBURGHAUSEN

I'm home.

ROLL OPENING CREDITS.

**INT. SCULLY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

SCULLY is in bed watching TV, nearly asleep-

On the screen is CASABLANCA-

She struggles to keep her eyes open, but she is too tired.  
Her eyes close-

A telephone rings loudly, waking her-

She reaches for the telephone on her night table.

SCULLY

Hello?

But the phone continues to ring. She hangs up, and after a  
moment's search answers her cell phone.

SCULLY

Scully-

(Pauses)

Mulder, do you know what time it  
is?

(Pauses)

All right, if you're sure it can't  
wait until morning.

SCULLY sighs and hangs up. She starts to get out of bed, but  
settles back to watch the end of Casablanca.

**INT. MULDER'S OFFICE. NIGHT**

MULDER is seated behind his desk, looking through several opened files. It's late, after midnight, but MULDER is wide awake.

SCULLY enters wearing fuzzy slippers and pajamas under her black trenchcoat. She is holding a freshly pressed suit on a hangar over her shoulder. She is still half asleep.

MULDER

What the hell took you so long?

SCULLY

Mulder, on the phone you told me that 700 people mysteriously disappeared, but I listened to the news on the way over here- I didn't hear anything about it. Do you suspect some sort of a cover-up?

MULDER

Yeah, Scully. A cover up that's been going on for over fifty years. A cover up that started in 1947, when the town of-

SCULLY

1947? Mulder, this isn't about Roswell, is it?

MULDER

No, Scully. Roswell was just a cover for the real UFO crash at Aztec. Anyway, this isn't about that. In 1947 there was a mass disappearance of an entire town in-

SCULLY

Wait a minute- wait a minute- This happened fifty years ago? Mulder, this happened *fifty years ago*, and you couldn't wait until tomorrow morning to tell me?

MULDER

Scully, have you ever heard of Baum River Falls?

SCULLY  
No. What is that, like- Minnesota?

MULDER  
Exactly Minnesota.

SCULLY holds up her SUIT for MULDER to see.

SCULLY  
(Sighing)  
Mulder, do I need to put this on,  
or what?

MULDER  
In 1947 an entire town- The entire  
town of Baum River Falls vanished.  
Without a trace.

SCULLY  
Without a trace?

MULDER  
Without a trace until today, that  
is. Benjamin Hildburghausen, one of  
the original missing 700 club,  
showed up swimming in the middle of  
The Reflecting Pool this morning.

SCULLY  
Well there you go, Mulder. Maybe he  
can shed some light on where he's  
been for the past fifty years. Is  
he cognizant?

MULDER  
Well, he should be. He's only  
thirty years old. He hasn't aged a  
day since his disappearance.

SCULLY  
Mulder, I'm going home now.

MULDER  
Scully, there's something I need to  
show you, but first I think you  
need to hear this out.

SCULLY

(Groggy)

Mulder, I don't know what happened in 1947, or who this Hildberg-Hilhaus- guy is. But I do know that he's not who you think he is. Or who he says he is. Maybe he even thinks he is, who you say he is. Or was. But he's not.

MULDER

When police apprehended him they found two forms of identification. Both with expiration dates in 1952.

SCULLY

Mulder, that doesn't prove anything.

MULDER

He was carrying three single dollar bills, two fives, three quarters, four dimes, a nickel, and a penny. All dated *before* 1945. He also happened to be wearing a vintage suit, circa 1946.

SCULLY

Fourteen dollars and twenty one cents... Maybe he's a coin collector... Maybe he found the money in his mother's attic... Along with the identification... And the suit. The man apparently likes to pretend that he's someone he's not. Someone from 1947.

MULDER

Why would he do that, Scully?

SCULLY

How should I know, Mulder? Maybe he's seen too many Humphrey Bogart films. You still don't have any hard evidence.

MULDER triumphantly holds up two large sheets of finger prints. He's saved his best trick for last.

SCULLY sighs and sits down.

SCULLY

All right, Mulder. Tell me a bedtime story.

MULDER

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away-.

SCULLY

I'm serious, Mulder. I don't know how much longer I can stay awake.

MULDER

Okay, okay. This one starts back in 1947, with the disappearance of Heather Ann Meyers-

SCULLY

In Baum River Falls?

MULDER

She disappeared from Baum River. But the story actually begins in New York City...

**EXT. NEW YORK CITY. 1947-DAY**

Note: The 1947 scenes are not actually flash-backs, but rather, are SCULLY'S perception of the story that MULDER is telling her. These scenes should be shot in BLACK AND WHITE. The dialogue is quick, smart, and from the hip, reminiscent of *His Girl Friday*.

Establishing shot of the bustling metropolis.

MULDER (V.O.)

...in the office of Detective Lambowski, Private Dick.

**INT. DETECTIVE LAMBOWSKI'S OFFICE. 1947-DAY**

This is a typical film noir office: Heavy in shadow, venetian blinds on the windows, a ceiling fan lazily turning overhead, and frosted glass on the door with the inscription: DETECTIVE LAMBOWSKI, P.I.

LAMBOWSKI sits with her back to the room, staring through the window behind her desk, looking out over the city.

There is a KNOCK at the door, followed by the timid male voice of her SECRETARY, OFF-SCREEN-

SECRETARY (O.C.)

Um... Excuse me, Detective? I hate to bother you, but um-

DETECTIVE LAMBOWSKI turns around, REVEALING THAT SCULLY has imagined herself in the role of DETECTIVE LAMBOWSKI. She is wearing a vintage suit and a fedora, a cigarette hangs loosely from her lip.

And what's more, SCULLY has cast ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SKINNER as her SECRETARY.

LAMBOWSKI

What is it, Pearle?

SECRETARY

I made your coffee just the way you like it. And I've pulled those files that you needed.

LAMBOWSKI

Thanks, Pearle.

SECRETARY

Oh, and there's a man here to see you.

LAMBOWSKI

Does he have an appointment?

SECRETARY (O.C.)

No.

LAMBOWSKI

Then tell him to come back when he's got one. You know the rules.

CUT TO:

**INT. MULDER'S OFFICE. PRESENT-NIGHT**

MULDER holds up a black and white PHOTOGRAPH of a STRIKINGLY HANDSOME MAN.

MULDER

This is Philip Meyers, the man who  
went to see Detective Lambowski  
that morning-

SCULLY wakes up and grabs the PHOTO from MULDER'S hand.

SCULLY

Let me see that.

She looks at the PHOTO, obviously impressed by the man's  
good looks.

SCULLY

Hello.

CUT TO:

**INT. DETECTIVE LAMBOWSKI'S OFFICE. 1947-DAY**

LAMBOWSKI

On second thought Pearle, show him  
in.

The SECRETARY leaves.

PHILIP MEYERS enters. He is every bit as good looking as  
his picture.

MEYERS

Detective Lambowski? Philip Meyers,  
of the Minnesota Meyers. Your  
reputation precedes you. And that's  
why I need your help.

LAMBOWSKI

Mr. Meyers, I'm pleased to make  
your acquaintance, have a seat. How  
do you take your coffee?

MEYERS

Blacker than space and stronger  
than dirt.

LAMBOWSKI presses the button of the intercom on her desk.

LAMBOWSKI

Pearle, I think we're ready for  
that Joe. Two cups.

(To Meyers)

Now Mr. Meyers, what exactly is the problem?

MEYERS

A woman. Disappeared without a trace.

LAMBOWSKI

Yeah? What's it to you?

MEYERS

Well, she happens to be my wife.

LAMBOWSKI

You're married?

MEYERS

That's correct.

LAMBOWSKI

Oh. That's too bad. About her disappearing, I mean.

MEYERS

Sure.

LAMBOWSKI

So where do I come in?

MEYERS

A couple of girls have disappeared already, and my wife's the latest. The FBI's involved, but they've got their tails between their legs and they're chasing them in circles. I came all the way to New York City, because I heard that you're the best. That's why I need you to come with me to Baum River Falls-

LAMBOWSKI

Baum River Falls?! Why, that's my home town! That's my alma mater! That's where I'm from!

MEYERS

Well that clinches it.

LAMBOWSKI

Got a brother, still lives there.  
Reporter for the Baum River  
Gazette. Haven't seen him in a  
dog's age.

MEYERS

So what do you say?

LAMBOWSKI

I say we get to work.

MEYERS

Detective Lambowski, let's go home.

**INT. MULDER'S OFFICE. PRESENT-NIGHT**

MULDER is now standing, with his coat halfway on, a bundle of PAPERS and FILES under his arm.

SCULLY is slumped in her chair, and doesn't look as though she wants to move.

MULDER

And so Philip Meyers employed  
Detective Lambowski and the two  
headed home to Baum River Falls.  
Come on Scully, grab your coat.

SCULLY

Mulder, I'm not going to Minnesota  
with you now.

MULDER

I'm not taking you to Minnesota,  
I'm taking you to my apartment.

SCULLY

Are you trying to get me to go home  
with you? Mulder, I'm really tired.

MULDER

There's something I need to show  
you.

SCULLY

Now? At your apartment? In the  
middle of the night?

MULDER

Come on Scully, this is where it gets interesting.

**EXT. BAUM RIVER FALLS. 1947-DAY**

A tiny, rustic town in Northern Minnesota: Very quaint, very rural. The kind of town where everyone knows everyone else's name.

A SIGNPOST reads:

"WELCOME TO BAUM RIVER FALLS, HOME TO 700!"

**INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY**

The "WELCOME HOME HOTEL" is Baum River's only inn, and is guaranteed to always have a vacancy, and a fresh pot of coffee on the burner.

MEYERS is accompanying LAMBOWSKI as she registers a room for the evening.

LAMBOWSKI

I need a room for the night, may stay longer. How're the sheets?

INN KEEPER

Firm and fresh as a daisy.

LAMBOWSKI

How's the water?

INN KEEPER

Crystal clear, and hot as you'll have it.

LAMBOWSKI

How's the view?

INN KEEPER

Best view in Baum River Falls.

LAMBOWSKI

I'll take it. Mind if I use your phone?

INN KEEPER

Phone's over there. Just sign here.

LAMBOWSKI pats the pockets of her suit, looking for a pen. The INN KEEPER hands her one-

She signs the guestbook, and walks over to the phone.

An old fashioned crank phone. LAMBOWSKI holds the cup to her ear, and leans over to speak into it, while turning the hand dial-

LAMBOWSKI

Operator? Patch me through to Mitch Lambowski, The Baum river Gazette.

(Pauses)

What do you mean he's not there? He's out on a story? No one's seen him in days? Must be a big one.

(Pauses)

That you, Mabel? Yeah, it's been a long time. I'm fine. Been making a name for myself in New York City. What did you hear?

(Pauses)

Well, that's right, it never does sleep. It's the city that never sleeps. I came home to get some rest. What's that?

(Pauses)

No I haven't seen anyone yet, just got here.

(Pauses)

Well, that is peculiar. Damn peculiar. No, I've never heard of anything like that, not even in the Big Apple.

LAMBOWSKI hangs up the phone and walks back over to where MEYERS is smoking a cigarette.

MEYERS

What's the scoop?

LAMBOWSKI

My brother. No one's seen him. But here's the rub. Mabel tells me that Old Man McGraff's misplaced a few of his cattle.

MEYERS

Misplaced?

LAMBOWSKI  
More'n a few, in fact.

MEYERS  
So?

LAMBOWSKI  
So, I've got a hunch. Come on,  
Meyers, Let's get to work.

MEYERS  
You go ahead, I'll catch up. I've  
got some other business that needs  
my attention.

LAMBOWSKI  
All right then, I'll be in touch.

They leave the hotel.

The INN KEEPER looks around, slightly confused.

INN KEEPER  
Damn city folk stole my pen.

**EXT. McGRAFF RANCH. 1947-DAY**

LAMBOWSKI pulls up in a VINTAGE CAR, and parks behind a shiny BLACK SEDAN, in front of a field that is FULL OF CATTLE.

Not far away is a RANCH HOUSE. LAMBOWSKI gets out of the CAR and slams the door.

She stops to look at a MAN who is standing in the center of the field, surrounded by CATTLE. He is tall and dressed in a black suit. He is wearing dark sunglasses.

OLD MAN McGRAFF comes walking up behind her. DAVIN McGRAFF is a cattle rancher: All denim and flannel, he looks like a retired cowboy.

LAMBOWSKI  
Who's the straight and narrow?

She nods towards the MAN in the field.

McGRAFF

He's a G-Man. F- B- I-. Goes by the name of Darlington. Agent Darlington. *Special Agent Darlington*, if you can believe that.

LAMBOWSKI

Oh yeah? What's so special about him?

In the field, AGENT DARLINGTON is getting knocked around and muddled by the cows.

On closer inspection, we can see that SCULLY has cast AGENT FOX MULDER in the role of AGENT DWIGHT DARLINGTON.

McGRAFF

Haven't figured that out, myself. But he seems harmless enough.

LAMBOWSKI

How you doin', old man?

McGRAFF

Can't complain. How's life in the Big Town?

LAMBOWSKI

Not bad. Heard you lost some cattle.

McGRAFF

Oh well, you know. Maybe just a few. Strange, but it happens.

LAMBOWSKI

Heard a few girls gone missing, too.

McGRAFF

Strange. But it happens. Got some beans a brewin', if ya care to come inside for a spell.

**INT. RANCH HOUSE. 1947-DAY**

McGRAFF walks in through the front door. LAMBOWSKI follows.

McGRAFF

Make yourself at home while I fetch  
the coffee.

LAMBOWSKI hangs her COAT and HAT on the RACK just inside  
the door. Above the HAT RACK is a small hand-painted SIGN  
that reads: "Home is where you hang your hat".

While McGRAFF gets the coffee, LAMBOWSKI looks at several  
of his framed paintings of cows.

McGRAFF enters with two steaming cups. LAMBOWSKI nods  
towards the cow paintings-

LAMBOWSKI

You've gotten much better.

McGRAFF

Oh. Thanks. It's just a hobby,  
don't ya know. My guess is you're  
in town on account of them girls  
that's missing?

LAMBOWSKI

Well, you didn't hear it from me.  
But my guess is we're not going to  
find those girls. At least not in  
one piece. My guess is that we've  
got a bona fide maniac in town. A  
killer.

Suddenly a loud voice declares-

DARLINGTON (O.C)

A killer?!

AGENT DARLINGTON is now standing in the opened doorway.

DARLINGTON

That's the most ridiculous thing  
I've ever heard in my life. A  
maniac? Where's the evidence? There  
were no signs of a struggle. No  
blood samples. No eye-witnesses.  
Hell, we don't even have a crime  
scene. Five women murdered, and not  
one clue? Impossible!

LAMBOWSKI is caught off guard.

Not sure how to retort, she instead takes out a smoke from her cigarette case and puts it in her mouth. She fumbles through her pockets, but cannot seem to find a match.

LAMBOWSKI

Well, what does the F.B.I think is going on?

DARLINGTON pulls a butane lighter from his coat and lights her cigarette.

DARLINGTON

I'll tell you what *I* think is going on.

LAMBOWSKI

I'm all ears.

DARLINGTON

We know that *five* girls have vanished, seemingly without a trace. We also know that Mr. McGraff has lost *six* cows this past week. Those numbers follow numerically. I think that what we're dealing with is not a *killer*, but a *collector*. Numbers *one* through *four* were probably items that were too small for anyone to miss, certainly too insignificant to warrant an official investigation. But the key to catching this collector, is if we can somehow determine what number *seven* is going to be. If we can somehow find a way to predict that,

DARLINGTON (CONT'D)

then maybe, just maybe, we'll have a shot at finding our-

DARLINGTON suddenly stops in mid-sentence, and looks out the window.

DARLINGTON

Somebody stole my car!

McGRAFF

Looks like cows and girls ain't the only things gone missing around here.

CUT TO:

INT. LAMBOWSKI'S CAR. 1947-DAY

LAMBOWSKI is driving, DARLINGTON is now in the passenger seat.

LAMBOWSKI

A collector? In Baum River Falls? This is a small town Agent Darlington. Where do you think your collector would hide seven cars, six cows, five girls, four whatever-

DARLINGTON

-Three French hens, two turtle doves, and a partridge in a pear tree? I don't know. I was hoping that someone more familiar with the area might be able to answer that question.

LAMBOWSKI

In that case, maybe I can help you. I grew up in this town.

DARLINGTON

All right then, where?

LAMBOWSKI

Nowhere, that's where. Agent Darlington, in this town you couldn't lose a bet without someone finding it. Why, you couldn't even-  
(she stops in mid sentence)  
Well, that's strange.

LAMBOWSKI pauses and looks at herself in the rearview mirror.

DARLINGTON

What is it?

LAMBOWSKI

What happened to my hat? I love that hat. Me and that hat have been through thick and thin together. I've had that hat forever.

DARLINGTON

Did you leave it at McGraff's?

LAMBOWSKI jerks the wheel hard, turning the car around.

**INT. MULDER'S CAR. PRESENT-NIGHT**

MULDER is driving-

SCULLY is slouched in the passenger seat-

MULDER

So up until this point, the FBI still had no solid leads, nothing to go on. They believed that they were dealing with a single person, some sort of a collector. At the time, it made sense, but-

SCULLY

Mulder, I'm really tired. Is this story going somewhere?

MULDER

As soon as we get home, I'll put on some coffee. Try to stay with me till then.

SCULLY

I'll try...

MULDER

Coffee, Scully. Think about the coffee.

CUT TO:

**INT. "THE EXCELLENT DINER". 1947-DAY**

TWO CUPS OF COFFEE are being placed on a counter.

The "EXCELLENT DINER" is your typical New Jersey style sardine-can restaurant: Lots of shiny tin and Formica.

DARLINGTON and LAMBOWSKI are seated on STOOLS at the counter-

LAMBOWSKI

I don't understand it. How do you lose a hat?

DARLINGTON

Maybe you didn't-

LAMBOWSKI

Sure I did. I distinctly remember hanging it on the hook by the door. We turned that place upside down. Inside out. It just doesn't add up.

DARLINGTON

A lot of things don't seem to add up.

LAMBOWSKI

Such as?

DARLINGTON

Well, you sure picked a strange time to come home for a visit.

LAMBOWSKI

I'm here on business.

DARLINGTON

And what business would that be?

LAMBOWSKI

The snoop business. I'm a private eye.

DARLINGTON

Hm. So which one are you looking for?

LAMBOWSKI pauses, sizing him up before answering.

LAMBOWSKI

Meyers. Heather Ann.

DARLINGTON

Have you got any leads?

LAMBOWSKI

If I did, I wouldn't give them to you. But I don't. I'm as clueless as the FBI.

DARLINGTON

Someone must really want her back bad.

LAMBOWSKI

Who?

DARLINGTON

Heather Ann Meyers.

LAMBOWSKI

How do you figure?

DARLINGTON

I mean to seek you out specifically. Must've cost a pretty penny. You being a private New York dick, and all.

LAMBOWSKI

What are you getting at, Darlington?

DARLINGTON

All I'm saying is that whoever hired you must really miss her.

LAMBOWSKI

Yeah. Well, he ought to. He's her husband. Came all the way to New York City to bring me back to Baum River.

DARLINGTON

Well, you know what they say-

LAMBOWSKI

What's that?

DARLINGTON

Home is where the heart is.

LAMBOWSKI signals the WAITRESS, who comes over with a POT OF COFFEE and refills their cups.

PHILIP MEYERS enters the DINER. His handsome good looks attract the attention of several dreamy-eyed SCHOOLGIRLS drinking egg creams in a booth.

He walks over to LAMBOWSKI.

LAMBOWSKI

Speak of the Devil.

MEYERS

Hello Detective, sorry to interrupt.

LAMBOWSKI

Not at all.

(introducing them)

Mr. Meyers, Agent Darlington.

Darlington, Meyers.

MEYERS

A pleasure.

DARLINGTON

Right.

LAMBOWSKI

What brings you here?

MEYERS

Well, I'm afraid I've received a bit of distressing news. Have you heard from your brother yet?

LAMBOWSKI

My brother?

MEYERS

Yes. It seems that *your* brother was the last person to see *my* wife.

LAMBOWSKI

How do you figure?

MEYERS

Well, seems he was doing a story on her blueberry pies from the Baum River Blue Ribbon Bake Sale. She won first place, and he was going

to write an article about it for  
the Gazette.

LAMBOWSKI

You don't say.

MEYERS

I'm no detective, Detective. But  
maybe your brother can help us find  
my dear, sweet Heather Ann.

LAMBOWSKI

Hm. Well, thanks for the tip, I'll  
look into it. Care to join us for a  
cup?

MEYERS

I'd love to. But I'm afraid I've  
got some urgent business that  
demands my immediate attention.

(Nodding to DARLINGTON)

Agent.

(Kissing LAMBOWSKI'S hand)

Detective.

MEYERS exits.

DARLINGTON

Well, isn't he the big fish in the  
small pond.

LAMBOWSKI

Well, believe it or not Agent  
Darlington, it is possible to find  
a sophisticated, debonair, cultured  
gentleman- Even in a small town  
like Baum River Falls.

The WAITRESS walks over with a fresh POT OF COFFEE.

WAITRESS

(To DARLINGTON)

I have to apologize for the slow  
service today, our bus-boy took the  
day off and didn't even tell  
anybody. Would you like some more  
coffee?

DARLINGTON

Yes, thank you.

WAITRESS

(To LAMBOWSKI)

And how about you, sir?

LAMBOWSKI turns and gives DARLINGTON a quizzical look.

CUT TO:

**INT. MULDER'S CAR. PRESENT-NIGHT**

SCULLY is giving MULDER the same quizzical look.

MULDER

And so, ten cups of coffee later-

SCULLY

Wait a minute- Wait a minute- Are you saying- Are you telling me that Detective Lambowski was a *guy*!?

MULDER is confused. He begins flipping through a file, while trying to drive.

MULDER

Umm, Pat Lambowski- I assumed that he was a *guy*.

SCULLY

(Resignedly)

Huh. All right. Fine. Whatever.

CUT TO:

**INT. MEN'S ROOM. 1947-DAY**

LAMBOWSKI and DARLINGTON are standing side by side at adjoining urinals.

LAMBOWSKI glances around nervously.

DARLINGTON

Thing is, we've got no motive. With no motive, you've got no killer. Those women are out there somewhere, Detective. And if they're out there, then we can find them. *Someone* in this town has got to know *something*. And if I have to question every single one of them,

I will. Nothing disappears without  
a trace-

He flushes.

**EXT. "WELCOME HOME HOTEL". 1947-DAY**

LAMBOWSKI parks out front.

She and DARLINGTON enter.

**INT. "WELCOME HOME HOTEL". 1947-DAY**

The INNKEEPER looks up as they enter the lobby-

INNKEEPER

(To DARLINGTON)

There is a message for you, sir.

(To LAMBOWSKI)

Oh- And you too, sir.

The INNKEEPER places two SLIPS OF PAPER on the counter of  
the front desk.

DARLINGTON and LAMBOWSKI each take one and read it.

DARLINGTON

(Reading aloud)

Pat, meet me at the printing press.

-Mitch.

(To LAMBOWSKI)

Um, I think this one is yours.

LAMBOWSKI

Yeah.

DARLINGTON

*Mitch* Lambowski?

LAMBOWSKI

My brother.

They exchange papers, DARLINGTON reads his.

LAMBOWSKI nods towards DARLINGTON'S SLIP-

LAMBOWSKI

Space aliens?

DARLINGTON

A lead's a lead. Well, thanks for the ride. I'll catch up with you later.

LAMBOWSKI

Yeah. Back to work.

LAMBOWSKI exits.

DARLINGTON turns to the INNKEEPER-

DARLINGTON

Is there a bus that goes to-  
(Reading from his slip)  
13 Hill Avenue?

**EXT. HILL AVENUE. 1947-DAY**

DARLINGTON is on foot, trudging slowly up a steep hill, peering at the numbers on the few homes scattered about the heavily wooded road.

**EXT. THE WISCONSIN'S HOUSE. 1947-DAY**

DARLINGTON is standing in front of the WISCONSIN'S HOME, slightly out of breath.

He admires the many strange objects that decorate the front lawn: SMALL PLASTER GNOMES, BIRD FOUNTAINS, a MINIATURE WINDMILL, PINK FLAMINGOS, etc.

MR. WISCONSIN is raking the lawn, while MRS. WISCONSIN is inside the house, setting a pie out on the window sill. They are an older, retired couple.

DARLINGTON casually approaches MR. WISCONSIN-

DARLINGTON

Mr. Wisconsin?

MR. WISCONSIN

That's right.

MRS. WISCONSIN calls out from the window-

MRS. WISCONSIN

But we're from Minnesota!

DARLINGTON

I got your note, and I'd like to ask you a few questions.

MR. WISCONSIN

You'll have to talk to Mrs. Wisconsin about that-  
 (Yelling)  
 Maggie, he wants to hear about the flying saucers!

MRS. WISCONSIN

The what?! The ghosts?

DARLINGTON'S expression seems to say, "What am I doing here?"

**INT. THE WISCONSIN'S KITCHEN. 1947-DAY**

MRS. WISCONSIN places a piping hot APPLE PIE on the table, where DARLINGTON and MR. WISCONSIN are now seated.

MRS. WISCONSIN

Our name's Wisconsin, but we're from Minnesota. How do you like your coffee?

DARLINGTON

Cream and sugar is fine.

MRS. WISCONSIN

Okey-dokey.

DARLINGTON

Mrs. Wisconsin, in your note you indicated that you may have seen something that may be relevant to the case I'm working on-

MRS WISCONSIN

I've seen a lot of crazy things in this town, Mr. Darlington. One time, I'll swear I heard footsteps up there in the attic. Earl was outside raking, so I know it wasn't him-

MR. WISCONSIN

Wasn't me. I was raking.

DARLINGTON

(Slowly)

Mrs. Wisconsin, do you even know what sort of a case we're working on?

MRS. WISCONSIN

Oh, sure. I've seen all those government types snooping around town. They stole our welcome mat, don't you know? Right off the front porch-

DARLINGTON

Okay. Is there anything else you can tell me? Have you seen anything unusual? Anything out of the ordinary?

MR. WISCONSIN

(Excitedly)

Tell him about the flying saucers!

DARLINGTON

What about the flying saucers?

MRS. WISCONSIN

Oh, boy. Yeah. One time-

MR. WISCONSIN

Tell him about the one that landed in the back yard that day while I was over at the market.

(To DARLINGTON)

They took her for a ride, you know.

MRS. WISCONSIN

Well, it landed right there in the back-

DARLINGTON

I'd love to hear all about it, but right now I'm on company time. Better just stick to the facts, for now.

MRS. WISCONSIN

(Knowingly)

I understand. You've probably got your hands full, don't you Mr. Darlington? Don't need me talking your ear off, no sir-

DARLINGTON

Right. Just one more question, Mrs. Wisconsin. You've lived in Baum River a long time?

MRS. WISCONSIN

Our whole life.

DARLINGTON

So, you must know almost everyone in this town?

MRS. WISCONSIN

Of course. Our name might be Wisconsin, but we're from Minnesota.

DARLINGTON

Have you seen any suspicious types? Anyone you didn't recognize? Any strangers?

MRS. WISCONSIN

Nope. Just you army men. But at least you seem friendly enough.

DARLINGTON

All right. Well thanks for your-

MRS. WISCONSIN

Oh. And those two from New York.

DARLINGTON pauses. Something is not right.

DARLINGTON

Two from New York?

MRS. WISCONSIN

You know. The one that looks like a detective. And that handsome fellow.

DARLINGTON

Handsome fellow? I thought Philip Meyers lived in this town.

MRS. WISCONSIN  
Never seen him before in my life.

DARLINGTON  
Well, what about his wife? You must  
have known her- Heather Ann Meyers-

MRS. WISCONSIN  
Heather Ann? Married? That ugly  
duckling? No one would marry her!  
She was the ugliest girl in town!

MR. WISCONSIN gives DARLINGTON a knowing look, and nods his  
head.

DARLINGTON STANDS UP abruptly. He's beginning to put two  
and two together.

DARLINGTON  
But that would mean- If what you're  
saying is true, then-

DARLINGTON attempts to sit back down, but his CHAIR has  
DISAPPEARED!

He falls down hard, and rolls over backwards-

He springs back up, hardly even noticing the fall, as he  
realizes that he's on to something important-

DARLINGTON  
I've got to warn Lambowski!

DARLINGTON pulls a CELLULAR PHONE from his pocket and  
begins dialing.

CUT TO:

**INT. MULDER'S CAR. PRESENT-NIGHT**

MULDER  
Of course, if they'd had cell  
phones back then, things might have  
turned out differently.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE WISCONSIN'S KITCHEN. 1947-DAY**

WE SEE DARLINGTON FALL AGAIN. Only this time, he springs up and says:

DARLINGTON  
I've got to warn Lambowski!

DARLINGTON stands motionless, looking around, unsure of what to do.

The WISCONSINS don't even flinch.

DARLINGTON  
Where's the nearest phone?

**INT. BAUM RIVER GAZETTE PRINTING PRESS. 1947-DAY**

The PRINTING PRESS is located inside of a huge, dark WAREHOUSE. Heavy MACHINERY is running.

LAMBOWSKI carefully makes her way through the darkness, searching for her brother-

LAMBOWSKI  
Mitch? You in here, Mitch?

MITCH LAMBOWSKI steps out of the shadows.

He is dressed like a 1940's news reporter: pencil behind his ear, sleeves rolled up. He looks scared and acts paranoid, giving the impression that he hasn't slept in days.

LAMBOWSKI  
Mitch! Good to see ya, it's been a dog's age. You look like hell.

MITCH  
What are you doing here?

LAMBOWSKI  
I got your note-

MITCH  
I mean what are you doing back in Baum River Falls?

LAMBOWSKI  
I'm here on business. But I also came to see you.

MITCH

We've got to get out of here!  
 Something's gone wrong in this  
 town! Terribly wrong. They'll kill  
 us both-

MITCH pulls a GUN from his pocket.

CROSS CUT:

**EXT. MAIN STREET, BAUM RIVER FALLS. 1947-DAY**

DARLINGTON is running through town desperately searching for a telephone.

He barely notices the strangeness taking place all around him:

A WOMAN stands on a street corner holding a LETTER in mid-air. Where there should be a mailbox, there is only a large pile of loose MAIL sitting on the ground-

An OLD WOMAN, MABEL, shuffles barefoot down the sidewalk. An OLDER GENTLEMAN stops and points at her feet.

OLD MAN

Mabel, what happened to your shoes?

At an INTERSECTION of MAIN STREET two cars have a near collision. With jerking motions and screeching brakes, neither is quite sure who has the right of way. The TRAFFIC LIGHT has disappeared.

DARLINGTON spots the EXCELLENT DINER, and goes inside.

CROSS CUT:

**INT. PRINTING PRESS. 1947-DAY (CONT'D)**

LAMBOWSKI

Mitch, put that thing away before you hurt yourself. What are you doing with a gun anyway?

MITCH

I'm not safe. They're after me.

LAMBOWSKI

Who's after you? Mitch, listen to me. You need to calm down. Get a grip on yourself.

LAMBOWSKI takes MITCH'S hands and steadies them.

She lowers his arms and he places the GUN back in his pocket.

LAMBOWSKI

Now from the beginning, Mitch. What are you talking about?

MITCH

I'm talking about a cover up. Military's in town. G-Men everywhere, don't you get it? Don't you see? Things are disappearing-

LAMBOWSKI

I know. That's why I'm here. I'm looking for one of those missing girls-

MITCH

No! Not just girls! Everything's disappearing- And now they're trying to make the truth disappear!

CROSS CUT:

**INT. EXCELLENT DINER. 1947-DAY (CONT'D)**

DARLINGTON is using a TELEPHONE at the back of the diner.

He cranks the handle and waits for the operator.

DARLINGTON

Operator?! This is an emergency! Patch me through to-

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I'm sorry, sir. This is a party line. I'm afraid you are going to have to wait until the line clears.

DARLINGTON

You don't understand, I-

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I understand perfectly, sir. But you will still have to wait.

DARLINGTON impatiently taps his foot while he waits. He looks around the diner.

The stools that he and Lambowski sat on earlier are gone. The confused patrons are now standing awkwardly at the counter.

A PATRON yells at the WAITRESS-

PATRON

What do you mean you don't have any more coffee?! How can you run out of coffee?

A FAT MAN is sitting alone at a table holding his CHECK and frowning-

FAT MAN

What'd you give me a check for? I haven't even gotten my food yet!

DARLINGTON is still waiting for his line.

CROSS CUT:

**INT. PRINTING PRESS. 1947-DAY (CONT'D)**

LAMBOWSKI

Mitch, I don't know what kind of trouble you've gotten into, but in order for me to help you, I need to know exactly what's going on here.

MITCH

It was a story, Pat. A big one. At the time, I had no idea just how big. Before the disappearances, before the FBI showed up, I was visited by a man. A man with an important story to tell. And he wanted *me* to tell it.

LAMBOWSKI

Go on.

MITCH

See, it all started with the arrival of Benjamin Hildburghausen-

MEYERS (O.C)

And it ends right here.

MEYERS steps out of the shadows, GUN at hip, smoke in hand. He points his GUN at MITCH.

MEYERS

(To LAMBOWSKI)

Thanks for bringing him to me.

LAMBOWSKI

What's going on here? Meyers, put that thing away-

MEYERS

I'm afraid not.

LAMBOWSKI

What's gotten into you? What are you doing here?

MEYERS

Eavesdropping. I wasn't sure before, but now I know that your brother's ready to sing, and it's my job to shut him up.

LAMBOWSKI

What's Mitch got to do with this? Who's this Hildburghausen fellow?

MEYERS

Seems our boy Hildburghausen couldn't keep quiet. Instead he went running to your brother. Biggest story of the year, he said. Well, he's not talking anymore, and in another second, neither will your brother. And for that matter, neither will you.

MITCH reaches for his gun-

But it too has DISAPPEARED-

MEYERS

Bad break, old boy. But it looks like I've got this round-

Meyers is about to shoot-

A voice shouts from OFF-SCREEN-

DARLINGTON (O.C.)  
Freeze! F.B.I.!

Two SHOTS ring out.

MITCH and MEYERS drop to the floor, both dead.

CUT TO:

**INT. MULDER'S CAR. PRESENT-NIGHT**

SCULLY  
Wait-a-minute, wait-a-minute, stop  
the press- What happened?

MULDER  
Don't you get it, Scully? It was a  
double-cross.

SCULLY  
But-, but-, but-, Meyers- You're  
saying that Meyers was a *bad guy*?

MULDER  
Well, he did kill Mitch Lambowski.

SCULLY  
But why would Meyers do such a  
thing?

MULDER  
His name wasn't really Meyers, and  
he was never really married to  
Heather Ann. He was no sweetheart,  
Scully.

SCULLY  
Who was he then?

MULDER  
My guess is that he was a  
government operative. And that he  
was in charge of covering up  
whatever the government did in Baum  
River Falls in 1947.

SCULLY

Okay, Mulder. I know you're dying to tell me. What do you think happened in Baum River Falls in 1947?

MULDER

I did some research on Benjamin Hildburghausen. He worked for the Department of Naval Information. Can you guess where he was stationed in 1943?

SCULLY

Baum River Falls?

MULDER

Nope. You're not gonna believe this. I couldn't believe it.

MULDER takes a black and white PHOTOGRAPH from a folder and hands it to SCULLY.

It is a picture of a young Benjamin Hildburghausen standing on the deck of the U.S.S. Eldridge, a fully manned Navy Destroyer.

MULDER

He was stationed at the Philadelphia Navy Yards-

No response.

MULDER

Aboard the U.S.S. Eldridge-

SCULLY yawns.

MULDER

Scully, I'm talking about the Philadelphia Experiment!

SCULLY

I never saw that movie, Mulder.

MULDER

You didn't miss much. But, the actual event that *inspired* the movie occurred in 1943. The Navy was experimenting with ways to make their ships invisible to radar. One such experiment was on the U.S.S. Eldridge. While it failed to make the ship invisible to radar, as they had hoped, it *did* cause it to disappear for almost fifteen minutes. During that interval, it was sighted in a field in Norfolk, Virginia, before eventually reappearing in Philly. To this day, the event has not been explained, or even acknowledged, by the U.S. government.

SCULLY

Maybe that's because it never happened?

MULDER

Some theorists believe that this technology may have even been extraterrestrial, originating from a crash similar to the one at Roswell-

SCULLY

I thought you said that Roswell was just a cover for-

MULDER

Anyway, it doesn't matter where it originated. What does matter is that I think that they were testing this technology again in 1947, in Baum River Falls. I think that Hildburghausen was aware of the potential danger of these experiments, and was trying to warn the public.

SCULLY

And that's why he went to Mitch Lambowski.

MULDER

Right. He knew how unpredictable, how unstable, these disappearances and re-appearances could be. He knew that he had to get his story out as quick as possible. Before it was too late.

SCULLY

So what happened to Baum River Falls?

**INT. LAMBOWSKI'S CAR. 1947-DAY**

LAMBOWSKI is driving and DARLINGTON is in the passenger seat, holding on for dear life-

She speeds through the town, racing to escape as things visibly disappear all around them-

HOUSES disappear, TELPHONE POLES disappear, CARS disappear, PEOPLE disappear-

A FIRE HYDRANT disappears and water spouts up into the air-

A STORE FRONT with a SIGN that reads "EVERYTHING MUST GO" disappears-

THE EXCELLENT DINER disappears-

As they drive out of town the last thing to disappear is the large SIGN which reads:

"WELCOME TO BAUM RIVER FALLS, HOME TO 700!"

Behind the sign we can see the large EMPTY EXPANSE that once was Baum River Falls.

**EXT. AIRPORT. 1947-NIGHT**

LAMBOWSKI'S CAR is parked next to the dirt RUNWAY.

LAMBOWSKI and DARLINGTON are standing next to it. A SMALL AIRPLANE can be seen in the background.

DARLINGTON begins walking towards the PLANE, but he stops, realizing that LAMBOWSKI is not with him-

She is leaning against the CAR, looking sadly at the AIRPLANE-

LAMBOWSKI

I'm not going.

DARLINGTON

What do you mean?

LAMBOWSKI

Don't you understand? I can't leave. This is my home.

DARLINGTON

Don't be ridiculous. New York is your home.

The setting suddenly bears a close resemblance to the famous last scene of CASABLANCA!

LAMBOWSKI

No, no. I thought it was, but it's not. My home is here. In Baum River Falls.

DARLINGTON

Now you've got to listen to me! Do you have any idea what you'd have to look forward to if you stayed here? Nine chances out of ten we'd both wind up disappearing.

LAMBOWSKI

You're only saying this to make me go.

DARLINGTON

I'm saying it because it's true. Inside of us, we both know you belong in New York City. You're part of it- it's the thing that keeps you going. If that plane leaves the ground and you're not on it, you'll regret it. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but

DARLINGTON (CONT'D)  
soon. And for the rest of your  
life.

LAMBOWSKI  
What about us?

DARLINGTON  
We'll always have Baum River. It  
doesn't take much to see that the  
problems of two little people don't  
amount to a hill of beans in this  
crazy world. Some day you'll  
understand that.  
Here's looking at you, kid.

CUT TO:

**INT. MULDER'S CAR. PRESENT-NIGHT**

MULDER is snapping his fingers in front of SCULLY'S closed eyes.

MULDER  
Whoa, whoa- Scully- You still with  
me? C'mon, wake up.

SCULLY  
I'm sorry, Mulder. I must have  
dozed off there, for a second.

MULDER  
Stay with me. We're almost home.

**EXT. AIRPORT. 1947-NIGHT**

LAMBOWSKI'S CAR is parked next to the dirt runway.

LAMBOWSKI and DARLINGTON are standing next to it. A SMALL AIRPLANE can be seen in the background.

Unlike SCULLY'S DREAM, there is no longer any resemblance to CASABLANCA.

LAMBOWSKI  
I'm not going.

DARLINGTON  
What do you mean?

LAMBOWSKI

Don't you understand? I can't  
leave- This is my home.

DARLINGTON

Don't be ridiculous. New York is  
your home.

LAMBOWSKI

No, no. I thought it was, but it's  
not. My home is here. In Baum River  
Falls.

DARLINGTON

Now you listen to me, Lambowski.  
This case is closed-

LAMBOWSKI

Closed?! How can you say that?

DARLINGTON

The entire town is gone, Lambowski!  
There's nothing left!

LAMBOWSKI

What's left is for us to find the  
truth. It's out there, somewhere,  
Darlington! And if we don't look  
for it, who will?

DARLINGTON

No. What's left is for us to get on  
that plane.

LAMBOWSKI

I can't do that.

DARLINGTON

I wish you would.

DARLINGTON turns and begins walking towards the PLANE.

LAMBOWSKI

This case is far from over and you  
know it! But if you're scared of  
the truth, then I don't want you  
here anyway. Go home, Agent  
Darlington.

DARLINGTON continues walking towards the PLANE.

**EXT. MULDER'S APARTMENT. PRESENT-NIGHT**

MULDER'S CAR pulls up in front of his APARTMENT BUILDING. He and SCULLY get out.

SCULLY

You still haven't told me what ever became of Baum River Falls.

MULDER

That's just it, Scully. There is no Baum River Falls. Not anymore. It's gone. You won't find it on any map, that's for sure. It's as if the entire town and everything in it slipped out of our reality and into some indefinite, enigmatic place. Before you showed up tonight, I was looking through several older X-Files, and I found some very interesting reports-

At a Lakers game in 1983, a school bus full of kids appeared at mid-court and idled there for thirty-eight seconds, before disappearing again.

In 1992, One hundred and seventy six love-starved swingers on the deck the luxury singles cruise liner, *Lady Luck* watched for almost two hours as an old fashioned, wooden church slowly sank into the ocean.

SCULLY

That must have put a damper on their cruise.

MULDER

In 1995 a vintage 1940's Bentley fell through the roof of a suburban home in Mansfield, Iowa, scaring the hell out of the Moseley family as they were sitting down to Christmas dinner. What I'm saying is that the X-Files are replete with reports of out of place objects appearing and then just as mysteriously disappearing again.

And I wouldn't be surprised if some, if not most, of these objects could be traced back to Baum River Falls. That's why we've got to talk to Benjamin Hildburghausen as soon as possible.

SCULLY

In your apartment?

MULDER nods.

**INT. HALLWAY. PRESENT-NIGHT**

MULDER and SCULLY walk hurriedly down the HALLWAY towards MULDER'S APARTMENT.

MULDER

He's the only one who can put all of the pieces together and fill in the missing spaces of this puzzle.

MULDER takes his KEYS out of his pocket and fumbles them into the LOCK of his APARTMENT DOOR.

MULDER

(Mumbling)

Home again, home again, jiggy-jig...

MULDER flings open the DOOR.

**INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT. PRESENT-NIGHT**

MULDER'S APARTMENT is in it's usual state of disarray.

Two COFFEE CUPS sit side by side on a SMALL TABLE in front of the COUCH.

Otherwise, the APARTMENT is empty.

MULDER

Benjamin? Mr. Hildburghausen?  
Dammit! He was here, Scully.

SCULLY

Benjamin Hildber- Hilhausen was?

MULDER throws the FOLDERS he brought from his office against the COFFEE TABLE. The two COFFEE CUPS tumble and PAPERS go flying everywhere.

SCULLY

Good night, Mulder. I'm going home.

MULDER stands in the center of the room, frustrated.

SCULLY leaves, closing the door behind her.

**INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT. PRESENT-NIGHT**

SCULLY is comfortably snuggled in her BED, asleep. A BLANKET is pulled up to her chin. Next to the bed, a TELEPHONE sits on a small END TABLE.

After a moment, the TELEPHONE begins to ring.

SCULLY does not wake up. The TELEPHONE rings five times, and then the ANSWERING MACHINE picks up-

SCULLY (V.O.)

This is Dana Scully. Please leave a message when you hear the tone.

On the other end of the phone is AGENT DARLINGTON. His voice is scratchy, as if he is calling from a great distance.

DARLINGTON

Lambowski? Darlington here. I've been thinking, and well, I think I've got a new lead on that Hildburghausen fellow- Hello? Lambowski? You there?

FADE OUT

ROLL END CREDITS.