

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

PROLOGUE:

INT. NEW YORK COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

An MC is on stage; the mood of the audience is good. Even SCULLY and MULDER, seated up front, seem to be enjoying themselves.

MC

...he's traveled far and wide to  
be here with us tonight -- from  
Stonehenge to Stony Hendersons just  
down the street. And folks, don't  
visit Stony, he waters his drinks.  
Please welcome, the New Age Comic!

The New Age Comic (JESSE JACOBS) makes his way from the audience to the stage, passing Mulder who looks a little dubious. Jacobs takes the stage with a cocky assurance that's either a mask or a shield.

JACOBS

Thank you, thank you... I'm not  
really the "New Age" comic, I just  
channel him while he's on tour.  
Actually, he was abducted by aliens,  
and couldn't get out of their  
management contract.

Scully, sensing Mulder's growing restlessness, tries to stifle a laugh.

JACOBS

How many abductees does it take  
to screw in a light bulb?...  
(cueing audience)  
Come on...

AUDIENCE

How many?

JACOBS

Three: two to screw it in, and  
one to breed with the aliens while  
the other two are distracted.

LAUGHTER, except for Mulder, who's bearing it nobly.

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The audience's laughter, meanwhile, keeps getting bigger.

JACOBS

You know what I hate about alien abductions? Not the physical fear, not the painful and bizarre medical experiments, not the lingering scars and lasting shame... no, I hate it that they never call you again in the morning. This girl I know, for example, she's been abducted four maybe five times. Then

(snaps fingers)

like that they stopped. They even told her. "We have finished with you now, thank you, you must go." The kind of thing I used to say before I became enlightened.

(fake cough)

Anyway, this chick actually misses them. Kind of like the Stockholm Syndrome where you identify with your captors -- which is why she now wears clown-white makeup and snacks on insects. Anyway, she misses them and wants to see them again, so I told her, "Place an ad in the personals. Something like: 'Fertile earth woman in search of one who is small, powerful, dominant, and likes to love 'em and leave 'em.'" Come to think of it, screw the ad -- any bar in Queens will do!"

Mulder has had it. He calmly walks away from the table and towards the back exit. Jacobs takes it personally.

JACOBS

That's right, pal, if you can't stand the heat get the hell out of the toxic waste dump!

Mulder keeps moving, and exits the door.

JACOBS

Hey, Pal! Hey, Pal! Follow my bliss, pal!!!

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Scully stands up and quickly follows.

JACOBS

Let him go! Abduct him if he  
can't take a joke!

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

SCULLY catches up to MULDER who is getting in his car.

SCULLY

That's kind of rude, don't you  
think?

MULDER

Yeah, but I'll forgive him.

SCULLY

(smiles in spite of her pique)  
It's only your first night off assign-  
ment. Is there any chance of enjoying  
your remaining time in the Big Apple  
during our layover?

MULDER

I don't know. Are there any good  
restaurants here, or does everyone  
have bad taste?

SCULLY

(not smiling)  
I guess you'll have to find out  
by yourself.

INT. CAR ON HIGHWAY - NIGHT

JACOBS is driving a beat-up sedan, his WIFE seated beside him.

JACOBS

...murdered 'em, I tell you.  
Letterman, here we come! Check  
your purse for bail money, baby,  
we're on the road, now!

His Wife smiles sleepily, leans her head on his shoulder.

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EXT. HIGHWAY

The car begins to round a curve when its engine -- and battery -- dies.

INT. CAR

JACOBS

What the...!

He struggles with the ignition, but no luck. His Wife has fallen asleep on his shoulder. Jacobs carefully leans her back on the seat. As he begins to exit, a BLINDING WHITE LIGHT shines into the car. Jacobs is stunned by it.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Seemingly hypnotized, JACOBS gets out of the car and walks directly toward the light -- off the road and across a FIELD.

As he walks further into the field the light seems to circle around, and shine from down the road. The sound of an oncoming TRUCK is heard as it approaches the blind corner.

INT. CAR

Jacobs' WIFE is still sleeping soundly. The truck sound is growing louder. The light from down the road becomes the truck's headlights as it rounds the corner and--

INT. CAB OF TRUCK

The DRIVER slams on his brakes, screaming, when a BLINDING WHITE LIGHT illuminates the entire cab, as the Driver vanishes -- literally.

A HUGE METAL-SCRAPING CRASH!!!

TITLE SEQUENCE

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ACT ONE:

EXT. HIGHWAY CRASH SCENE - DAY

The HIGHWAY WRECKAGE CREW have been working for hours, but are only now removing the WIFE's body from the wreckage. MULDER and SCULLY arrive in a rented car, exit, and walk to the crushed sedan. As they witness the removal of the body, Detective MATTHEWS approaches them.

MATTHEWS

(his way of greeting:)

Not much left to see. One stalled  
car, one Mack truck, one body.

Scully examines the body. It is not a pretty sight, but something about it puzzles Scully.

Mulder and Scully then survey the area.

SCULLY

Are there any remains of the truck  
driver?

Matthews shakes his head "no", and leads them to the truck.

MATTHEWS

Take a look. We did a fifty yard  
perimeter sweep. No body, no blood,  
not even a footprint.

MULDER

I suppose no witnesses, either.

MATTHEWS

Now you've been fully briefed, Agent.  
Excuse me, I've got to make sure all  
of Mrs. Jacobs makes it in the bag.

Matthews turns to leave when Scully stops him.

SCULLY

Did you say Mrs. Jacobs?

MATTHEWS

That's right.

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He gestures for a PATROLMAN who brings over an evidence bag. Matthews removes a photo ID from a woman's purse inside.

MATTHEWS (Cont'd)  
Mrs. Ruth Jacobs, 160 West End Avenue.  
Relatives not reachable, yet.

SCULLY  
(reaches for purse)  
Let me see...  
(she finds a photograph)

MULDER  
Something?

SCULLY  
Jesse Jacobs --  
(shows him photo of Jesse)  
that comic from last night. This  
was his wife. And from the look  
of her injuries, she was crushed by  
the dash, not the steering wheel.

MULDER  
Which means the driver was either  
thrown from the car...  
(looks to Matthews who shakes  
head 'No')  
Or--

SCULLY  
We've got another missing motorist.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

SCULLY and MULDER are standing in front of LOU (the Manager) and his desk, surrounded by personalized photos of comics young and old. He scratches at his hand -- either a nervous tick or a rash.

LOU  
He was a funny comic, but a terrible  
driver. And let me tell you one  
thing, he was devoted to that shicksa  
wife of his.

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MULDER

When was the last time you saw or  
heard from him?

LOU

Last night. He closed the place.  
Had a talk with a booker from  
Letterman, took his cut and split.

SCULLY

Was his wife with him?

LOU

Yeah. Told me they were driving  
to her folk's place in Ithaca.  
Poor Ruthy. Let me tell you one  
thing, he may like the ladies, but  
he would never have deserted Ruth.

MULDER

(hands him a card)

Please let us know if he should  
call or show up.

LOU

You and the Post's advertising  
director.

Scully and Mulder exit.

INT. COMEDY CLUB - BAR - SAME TIME

Agents SCULLY and MULDER walk pass the bar when a scuffle  
breaks out up front. Two uniformed NYC COPS and Detective  
MATTHEWS are trying to subdue an enraged JACOBS.

JACOBS

What is this, Nazi Germany?! Go  
back to storm-trooping school, you  
Nazi scum!!!

MATTHEWS

...you have the right to an attorney.  
If you can not afford an attorney--

MULDER

What's going on?

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MATTHEWS

I'm reading the suspect his rights,  
and I can do it a lot faster without  
your help.

MULDER

What's the charge?

MATTHEWS

Who are you, his lawyer?

MULDER

I'm with the Bureau, Detective.  
And we can work a lot faster with  
your help.

MATTHEWS

Well, it looks like you can take  
in some sight-seeing today, Agent.  
We've got suspect prime, numero uno,  
right here. And I'm taking the  
collar.

Matthews starts to haul off Jacobs, with a little  
help from NY finest.

JACOBS

You cretin! Let me go!

MULDER

We'll want to question him.

MATTHEWS

At the station, Agent.

Matthews turns back to his men who drag out Jacobs, who  
pleads now to Scully.

JACOBS

Help me! Make them stop!!

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COMEDY CLUB - DAY

MULDER and SCULLY exit the Club and enter their car.

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INT. CAR

MULDER  
Matthews is too volatile not to be  
hiding something.

SCULLY  
And Jacobs is too shaken to have  
planned a murder and walked all  
the way back to Manhattan.

They exchange looks.

MULDER  
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

SCULLY  
Matthews is acting like a jealous  
husband?

MULDER  
Or maybe he just didn't like his  
act.

Scully laughs.

MULDER  
We've got two disappearances, with  
all the classics of alien abduction.  
One sudden reappearance, who's also  
a suspect in the murder of his wife,  
and who's now presently in custody  
of someone I'll bet isn't too keen  
on the paranormal defense.

SCULLY  
He's not the only one, Mulder.

INT. NYC POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Detective MATTHEWS is squaring off with MULDER.

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MATTHEWS

This is how I see it: The comic's getting noticed, starts playing around with the broads, wants to dump the wife, so he dopes her and leaves her sacked out in the middle of the road. There's opportunity, motive, and evidence.

MULDER

There's no evidence of foul play, and you haven't even addressed the truck driver's disappearance.

MATTHEWS

Jacobs walked into my stake-out, we nabbed him, that's all I need to know. I've heard about you -- Spooky. Your weirdo theories don't play well in my precinct, and they won't play very well in the press, either.

MULDER

I don't like to throw my weight around, but you're now off the case. And if you even go near a reporter you're off the force.

Enraged, Matthews throws his ashtray at the wall.

MATTHEWS

You slimy, stupid weasel-- !

MULDER

What is it, Mathews? You got something personal against Jacobs? Did your wife see him and --

At the mention of his wife, Matthews loses it, and lunges at Mulder. Fortunately, two COPS outside the door hear the ruckus and enter, pulling the two apart. SCULLY now makes her entrance, looking like she's witnessing a Pro-wrestling match.

SCULLY

Mulder, what happened?

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Mulder has been bloodied, but not badly. Scully glares at Matthews.

MATTHEWS

Don't look at me, Agent Scully.  
You two are on your own now.

He exits in a rush. Scully helps Mulder get up.

MULDER

You finished the toxicology?

SCULLY

Yes. No signs of barbiturates,  
no prescription drugs. Mrs. Jacobs  
probably had less than two glasses  
of wine. Have you spoken with  
Jacobs yet?

MULDER

No, we were waiting for you, but  
Matthews got a little impatient.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NYC PRECINCT - DAY

JACOBS is still agitated, but now more frightened than angry.

JACOBS

I'm telling you I don't remember  
what happened. One minute I'm  
driving, the next I'm chewing road  
weed.

MULDER

Did you discover any cuts or scars  
on yourself?

JACOBS

You can't hold me here, you know.  
(to Scully)  
The charges have been dropped,  
haven't they?

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SCULLY

No charges have been filed, yet,  
but--

MULDER

If you will submit to a simple  
physical, I guarantee you things  
will go a lot easier.

Jacobs looks at Scully for advice. She nods her head.  
Resigned, Jacobs pulls down his shirt collar -- and reveals  
a triangular-shaped scar on his neck.

JACOBS

At first I thought this was some  
kind of elaborate practical joke --  
something Bill and Joe cooked up --  
the Letterman booking, the scar --  
but when they told me about Ruth...

He is about to cry, but fights back.

SCULLY

It's okay, Jesse --

JACOBS

It's not okay. Ruth dying is  
seriously not okay! My missing  
time is seriously not okay!

MULDER

There are some very qualified  
therapists in the city who can  
help you.

JACOBS

The joke is over, now! It's over!!  
I'm not seeing a shrink. The stage  
is my shrink.

SCULLY

We're just trying to help.

JACOBS

Bring Ruthy back. Then you'd help.

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EXT. FOOD VENDOR STANDS - FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

MULDER purchases a hot dog, SCULLY a falafal. They walk towards the Bureau's office building.

SCULLY

Jacobs is suffering from exhaustion, but there are no other scars or scratches on him.

MULDER

At least he's alive and on the planet.

SCULLY

He probably just got scared and ran out of his car at the last minute.

MULDER

The trucking dispatcher said the driver left behind a diary. Apparently, he had previous contacts. And they all happened on that same stretch of road.

SCULLY

Driving at night can get very monotonous, very fast, Mulder. The road's been known to hypnotize truck drivers before. It's part of the job.

MULDER

Not last night.

SCULLY

How can you be sure?

MULDER

Because last night was his night off. The dispatcher said he rented the truck for himself.

SCULLY

What was he doing?

MULDER

Broadcasting.

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INT. FBI - NY OFFICE - DAY

SCULLY and MULDER enter the office. Mulder picks up a Federal Express package from the desk.

MULDER

The driver's name was Fred Reed,  
but his handle was "Watcher".

He begins opening the package.

MULDER (Cont'd)

He'd ride back and forth on 17,  
talking on the CB, telling his  
stories to anyone who'd listen.

SCULLY

Did many people listen?

Mulder takes out an audiocassette from the package.

MULDER

Yes. And most of them don't own  
CBs. Langly sent me this tape copy  
of one of Watcher's talks. It was  
picked up by a local radio/TV tower,  
somehow, and transmitted on FM, AM  
and UHF.

SCULLY

Any ideas how?

MULDER

I'm thinking electromagnetic enhance-  
ment, possibly combined with a tracking  
implant. That would also explain the  
recurring abductions. Scully, I want  
Jacobs to undergo hypnotic regression.

SCULLY

No, Mulder...

MULDER

He might be able to remember what  
happened.

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SCULLY

With his active imagination it won't  
prove anything.

As if starting a demonstration, Mulder puts the audiocassette in a tape player and presses "Play". WATCHER'S VOICE emerges crackly:

WATCHER'S VOICE

...This is Watcher, good buddies,  
with an eye on the road and an eye  
on the sky... Remember to stash  
your trash, you mother truckers,  
and don't be transporting any of  
those toxins. Wouldn't want a  
spill to hurt Mama Earth...

An OTHERWORLDLY VOICE breaks into Watcher's speech. It is barely audible until Mulder cranks up the volume:

OW VOICE

...methylethylketone...trichlor-  
ethylene... all toxic chemicals  
are polluting... earth... your  
mother mourns...

Watcher's Voice now breaks in as the Otherworldly Voice fades out:

WATCHER'S VOICE

...So, clean up your act. And  
don't diss us contactees. You  
never know when it could happen  
to you...

Static interrupts the tape as does an OFFICER who rushes in. Mulder presses "Pause".

OFFICER

There's a call for Scully. It's  
Jacobs.

SCULLY

Can he hold on a second?

OFFICER

That might be a problem...

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CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING LEDGE - WEST END AVE. - DAY

JACOBS is on the ledge, clinging with one hand to the building, clutching a cell phone with the other. One glance down reveals a 15-story drop.

JACOBS  
(on cell phone)  
Dana... Dana?!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - DAY

On the dashboard spins a flashing red light. MULDER drives as SCULLY speaks on a cell phone.

SCULLY  
Jesse, stay on the phone. We're  
on the way.

MULDER  
It must be your maternal instinct  
that attracts him.

Scully reproaches him with a sour look.

EXT. BUILDING LEDGE - WEST END AVE. - DAY

JACOBS  
Dana... I can't get away from it...  
Dana, make it stop...!

Petrified, Jacobs turns to look behind him:

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT - SAME TIME

We move inside, past the small table covered with half-opened Chinese food containers. Stationed right beside the only door to the apartment is the TV. On it, through the static, are IMAGES of environmental catastrophes: oil spills, firestorms, earthquakes, toxic explosions... Superimposed on these images, almost subliminally, is one word: "A W A K E".

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ACT TWO:

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT - DAY

The door bursts open, MULDER and SCULLY rush in.  
Scully moves over to the window.

SCULLY  
Jesse... Jesse... ?!

Mulder sees the TV and approaches it cautiously.

EXT. BUILDING LEDGE - WEST END AVE. - SAME TIME

JACOBS is still clutching the side of the building.  
SCULLY leans out of the window, extends her hand.

SCULLY  
It's okay, Jesse. Just grab my  
hand...

JACOBS  
Is it off? Turn it off!!!

SCULLY  
Grab my hand, Jesse. It's okay.

JACOBS turns to look inside the apartment -- and sees the  
TV still on, the images repeating even more rapidly.

JACOBS  
No...!!

He loses his balance, and almost slips off the ledge.

SCULLY  
Hold on!  
(turns to Mulder)  
Shut it off, Mulder!

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT - SAME TIME

MULDER doesn't want to turn it off. He is so close to the  
TV his hair is standing on end.

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SCULLY

Mulder!!

Mulder tries changing the channel, but it is on all the stations. Reluctantly he pushes the power button -- but the TV remains on. He reaches behind the set and yanks the power cord. Sparks fly, but the TV still stays on.

JACOBS (off)

Dana!!!

Mulder throws a blanket from the couch over the TV. The set bursts into flames, the blanket starts to catch fire. MULDER removes his jacket and starts putting out the flames with it.

EXT. BUILDING LEDGE

JACOBS slips, but SCULLY grabs his arm in time. He is now hanging fifteen flights by her strength alone. She struggles to pull him inside -- and almost falls out the window -- when Mulder assists her just in time. They both pull Jacobs inside.

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT

MULDER and SCULLY seat a shaken JACOBS on the couch. While Scully comforts him, Mulder attends to the smoldering TV, making sure the fire is completely out. Jacobs contemplates the damage.

JACOBS

Hey Mulder, you want to buy a used TV?

Mulder is not amused.

SCULLY

How long were you out there, Jesse?

JACOBS

(points to TV)

Since that thing started talking to me. I don't know... in the middle of Oprah. Sometime after four.

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Mulder shakes out the soot from his jacket, turns to Jacobs.

MULDER  
Can you sit still for one minute?

JACOBS  
(suspicious)  
You're not leaving me here, are you?

MULDER  
We'll be right outside the door.

Mulder gestures to Scully who follows him into the hall.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE JACOBS' APT. - DAY

MULDER  
I'm going to that TV station to check out their transmission frequencies. In the meanwhile I'd like you to give Jacobs a CAT SCAN. See if you can register an implant and then remove it.

SCULLY  
You're not serious, Mulder.

MULDER  
Something is happening to Jacobs to make him a receptor of unknown transmissions. Him and the truck driver. The implant may hold the key.

SCULLY  
Those signals could originate from any of the dozens of towers, microwaves, or satellites bombarding this area. You don't need an implant to receive them, Mulder. Just a defective TV.

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MULDER

Whatever it is, we can't leave  
Jacobs alone again. Keep him  
under observation, then get out  
to the Earth Mothers in Downsville.

SCULLY

The Earth Mothers?

MULDER

They're an environmental group the  
truck driver was associated with.  
(hands her papers)  
Here's their background. I'll  
take the rental car --  
(a touch of a smile)  
it's got a CB.

He exits briskly. Just as he disappears down the hall,  
MATTHEWS appears from the other end, and, like a stalker,  
follows Scully unnoticed back inside the apartment.

INT. JACOBS' APARTMENT

SCULLY sits next to JACOBS on the couch. He has become  
softer and, in an odd way, compassionate.

JACOBS

I'm sorry to put you through this.  
I really am. I just didn't know  
who to call, what to do--

Scully pats his hand. Jacobs reaches out and hugs her,  
burying his sobs in her chest.

SCULLY

Shhh...shhh...

MATTHEWS makes his appearance known with a flash from his  
camera.

MATTHEWS

Doing a little baby-sitting, Agent  
Scully?

Scully turns with a start.

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SCULLY

Detective Matthews... I thought you  
were off the case.

Matthews roams the apartment, possessing things with his  
eyes: the TV, the table, Jacobs and Scully.

MATTHEWS

Just keeping an eye on the impar-  
tiality of our Federal Compatriots.  
That's why I'm letting your supervisor  
-- Skinner, isn't it? -- in on your  
little love tryst.

Scully is indignant.

MATTHEWS (Cont'd)

I hear he's a photography buff.  
(smiles)  
It's getting cold in D.C., Scully.  
Bring a sweater.

He exits, chuckling.

EXT. RADIO/TV TOWER - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

INT. RADIO/TV CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

MULDER stands behind two technicians: CARL, who jots notes  
on a clipboard as he watches the meters on several dozen  
audio and videotape machines; and TONY, who solders wires  
on a nearby bench.

CARL

The station is fully automated.  
They only bring us in if something  
breaks down or blows up.

TONY

Or screws up.

MULDER

Like that broadcast from today?

TONY

Fried six boards. Never seen so  
much smoke.

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CARL

We still don't know what it was.  
Management was crawling all over  
this place half-an-hour ago.

MULDER

Are you capable of receiving  
satellite transmissions?

CARL

Of course. But nothing comes in  
unless it's routed through the  
Switch.

MULDER

Would you please show me the  
Switch?

Carl leads him over to an electronic routing machine.

CARL

We can take in a signal from any  
satellite or cable feed in the  
northern hemisphere. But you  
gotta punch the right buttons,  
first.

MULDER

Are these fiber optic or dish?

CARL

Both. We've got some dedicated  
underground lines and a small  
dish up on the roof.

TONY

All they ever play here are Lassie  
re-runs. The rest is radio talk  
shows -- booring!

CARL

The video band is only UHF. There's  
some talk about compressing 500  
interactive channels through them,  
but this company is so cheap, that'll  
never happen.

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MULDER

I'd like to see the fiber optic lines  
and the dish, if you don't mind.

CARL

Come along, then.

INT. RADIO/TV BASEMENT - NIGHT

MULDER follows CARL through the snaking cables that run along the basement walls and floor. They stop when they reach the back wall.

CARL

End of the line. From here on it's  
Baby Bell's property.

Mulder notices a black-green substance seeping through the floor. He bends down and, with a piece of cardboard torn from his notepad, scrapes some up.

CARL

What the hell is that stuff?

MULDER

I don't know -- yet.

From his pocket Mulder takes a small tin and empties out its contents: sunflower seeds. He places the mysterious substance inside when the lights suddenly flicker on and off.

CARL

Damn it! Not again!

A RUMBLE shakes the ground, buffeting Carl and Mulder against the walls. Debris falls from the ceiling. Another rumble sends them to the ground. More debris falls as they shamle back upstairs.

INT. RADIO/TV CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

TONY is at the control panels, frantically pushing buttons. With the lights still flickering, MULDER and CARL enter. On the monitors they see the images of global destruction that appeared on Jacobs' TV -- and again with the word:

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"A W A K E".

MULDER  
Can you cut the fiber lines?

CARL  
Yes, but--

MULDER  
Do it!

CARL rushes to a power switch and pulls the handle -- but the images still flash on the monitors.

MULDER  
The satellite dish. Turn it off!

CARL  
I can't.

TONY  
It gets dedicated power from a generator on the roof.

Mulder grabs Tony by the shoulder and they scramble out, leaving behind a spooked Carl.

EXT. RADIO/TV STATION - ROOF - NIGHT

The roof is illuminated by a single source of light -- the satellite dish -- that is glowing like a beacon.

MULDER and TONY make their way to it, when a beam of light shoots out from it, hitting them with the force of a gale storm. Tony has been knocked unconscious, but Mulder struggles to regain his blurry vision.

In a sequence that is not a POV, not Virtual Reality, but more like a flash-forward, Mulder is enfolded in the images of cataclysmic destruction; and finds himself fighting firestorms... running from earth-quakes... drowning in toxic waste. The gloom and chaos threatens to destroy him, when a celestial light, high above the inferno, guides him towards salvation: his eight-year old sister, SAMANTHA, with a beatific smile, and one word both embedded in and glowing from her: "L O V E".

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

HIGH ANGLE: Mulder lying still on the roof, the satellite's glow starts to fade, and above it all, the massive hull of saucer-shaped space craft.

ACT THREE:

INT. BACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

SCULLY drives with a determined but worried look as they speed out of the Lincoln Tunnel and onto the highway.

SCULLY

As long as I'm being investigated,  
I might as well go for a full  
suspension.

In the passenger seat, JACOBS lends a sympathetic ear, but it is obvious that he is caught up in the chase.

JACOBS

Jeanine is Matthew's wife. We had  
a little fling. She hired me to  
do a benefit in the Catskills for  
this environmental group. I don't  
usually play the Borsch Belt, but  
it's for a good cause.

SCULLY

The Earth Mothers.

JACOBS

Yeah. They want to stop the transport  
of toxins through the State, but they  
got a little weird on me. I guess  
they didn't like my alien jokes...

He abruptly turns sullen; the oncoming headlights play across his face rhythmically. Not wanting to nurse him while she drives, Scully redirects his attention.

SCULLY

Did Mrs. Matthews ever tell you  
about any "midnight runs"?

JACOBS

(drifting)

Huh?

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

SCULLY  
Truckers secretly moving toxins  
across the State?

Jacobs appears hypnotized by the headlights.

JACOBS  
Wha...?

SCULLY  
Jacobs!

Jacobs eyes turn distant; there is fear, but also wonder behind his gaze.

JACOBS  
That light --

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. FIELD BY HIGHWAY - NIGHT

An intense white light shines on JACOBS, who appears sedated as he floats above the field, higher and higher, until he is shrouded by the light...

INT. ALIEN SPACE CRAFT - "CORRIDOR"

JACOBS is being led by two small BEINGS through the craft when he awakens from his languor; and starts to panic. Flailing his arms wildly he lashes out at the Beings who disperse...

INT. ALIEN SPACE CRAFT - "EXAMINATION ROOM"

JACOBS is overcome by another broad white beam of light; his face contorts in fear, until he sees, emanating from the light source, the contours of a WOMAN'S FACE. It is ethereal and loving, and it envelops Jacobs who eventually succumbs to the rapture...

CUT TO:

INT. BACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

JACOBS wakes up, galvanized.

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

JACOBS

...that blinding white light --  
It wasn't the high-beam from an  
alien space craft... I was suffused  
with a transcendental light of  
eternal peace and unconditional  
love, unlike anything I ever felt  
before... And you know what, Scully,  
it scares the crap out of me, 'cause  
I can't get back on that stage and  
make a single joke to save my soul.  
Ha! Now that's funny!

EXT. DOWNSVILLE CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

SCULLY drives the car into the lot behind this grey cement building and parks. She and JACOBS walk towards a small red service door.

SCULLY

Now Jacobs, let me do the talking.  
And please don't say anything about  
the last few days.

JACOBS

Don't worry. Like I really want to  
be tagged and branded with the rest  
of these true believers. And why'd  
you stop calling me Jesse? Hasn't  
our time together meant anything to  
you?

Scully is about to issue another warning when the red service door swings open and out hops an ebullient checker-suited middle-aged man -- TRIP FALCON.

FALCON

Jesse! What a pleasant surprise!

JACOBS

Hello, Trip. How's the traveling  
maid service?

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

FALCON

Super, super.  
(suddenly serious)  
I'm terribly sorry about Ruth.

Jacobs only nods. Falcon turns to Scully.

SCULLY

Mr. Falcon, I'm Federal Agent Dana  
Scully.

Falcon shakes her hand, although it wasn't offered.

FALCON

Welcome aboard, Agent Scully! Come  
on in and meet the Mothers.

As Scully opens her mouth to speak Falcon is already sprinting back to the red door. Jacobs gives Scully a "What can you do?" look, and they both follow him.

INT. OFFICE - DOWNSVILLE CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

FALCON enters and looks over a selection of posters with a twenty-something ASSISTANT. The slogans read: "RECYCLE OR DIE", "DON'T SPILL ON ME", and "YOUR MOTHER MOURNS." SCULLY precedes JACOBS into the room.

SCULLY

I don't want to keep you too long,  
Mr. Falcon, but I'd like to ask  
you a few questions.

FALCON

Sure, sure.

He waves away his Assistant, and gives his attention to Scully, who in turn, signals Jacobs away with one precise eyebrow movement.

JACOBS

Excuse me, I think I hear my mother  
calling.

He exits.

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

SCULLY

(to Falcon)

You have a lot of truckers in your organization.

FALCON

Oh, we're pretty diverse. Some hard-working people trying to get the good message out.

SCULLY

Like the Watcher?

Falcon starts scratching at a red rash on his neck, Scully takes notice.

FALCON

Yes. Fred was a special person -- As you may know, "Others" thought so, too.

SCULLY

Were you aware of his prior conviction for trespassing?

Falcon shrugs his shoulders.

SCULLY

Or his indictment for destruction of private property?

Again, only a shrug from Falcon.

SCULLY

(pulls a flyer out of her purse)

These were posted at truck stops along Route 17. They mention the Earth Mothers.

The flyer reads: "Dump on 'em!" over a map of hand-drawn "targets". Falcon registers a quick concern.

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

SCULLY (Cont'd)

This flyer is urging truckers to dump toxins at the residencies of corporate CEOs, and other--

FALCON

Outrageous! Horrible! But you have to understand, Agent Scully, we can't possibly control anyone who would do something like this.

SCULLY

And you certainly wouldn't encourage it.

FALCON

Certainly not.

INT. MEETING HALL - DOWNSVILLE CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

JACOBS standing on a table in front of a GROUP of about twenty VOLUNTEERS.

JACOBS

... you know, I never before felt the need to believe. But things change, we grow up. I'm growing up so fast, my mind needs a teething ring...

Very little reaction from his audience, save for a couple of weak, polite smiles. SCULLY and FALCON now enter the hall.

JACOBS

(breaks out in flop sweat)

...when your consciousness expands your priorities change. You start seeing the vast interconnected web of life of which we are all a part. The aliens have taught me this.

(gives up, gets off the table)

They love us, have compassion for us, and are trying to save us...

(to himself)

Too bad they can't save my act.

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

The Volunteers disperse like mourners at a wake.  
Jacobs shuffles morosely to Scully.

JACOBS

They're re-writing my material,  
Dana. They want me to perform  
their message during Letterman.  
The problem is, it ain't funny.

From the back of the hall there is a commotion. The Volunteers have formed an excited, swarming circle around a visitor -- it is WATCHER, the prodigal truck driver. The crowd is so intent on his visit, that no one, except for Scully and Jacobs, notices the next visitor -- a slightly frayed, but resolved, MULDER. Scully meets him, they move to a corner, and speak confidentially.

SCULLY

Mulder, what happened?

MULDER

Watcher was discovered lying in a field not half a mile from the TV station. But while I was at the station, there was another message transmission -- and this one had my name on it.

SCULLY

Mulder...?

MULDER

We shut down the station when it started, but like Jacobs TV and Watcher, I was being channeled by an unremitting extraterrestrial signal. That's when I had my alien encounter.

Scully takes this in for a beat.

SCULLY

How many watts does that station generate?

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

MULDER

More than fifty thousand. Why?

SCULLY

Massive electromagnetic fields can stimulate the temporal lobe, causing hallucinatory activity in the hippocampus and amygdala. These waking dreams often resemble close encounter scenarios, Mulder. Like yours.

MULDER

We can debate it later, Scully. Right now it doesn't matter. I'll need your analysis on something more earthly.

He turns, signals to Watcher who disengages himself from the Volunteers, and leads the truck driver and Scully out of the hall.

INT. TRUCK DRIVER'S CAB - NIGHT

WATCHER, MULDER and SCULLY are seated in the cab. Scully is examining the black-green substance Mulder retrieved from the TV station.

SCULLY

(concerned)

How long have you been carrying this?

MULDER

What is it, Scully?

Scully looks at Mulder's hands. He is scratching at them.

CLOSE ON his hands -- a red rash.

Scully opens a plastic bottle, dabs a wad of cotton with it, and begins disinfecting Mulder's rash.

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

SCULLY

Trichloroethylene. A highly toxic solvent. Keep the swab on.

(realization)

Your rash -- Falcon has the same one. And that manager at the comedy club.

WATCHER

Kent Chemical ships that stuff on midnight runs. The word was there's a hunk of change available for dumping it at the Downsville TV station.

SCULLY

Why would someone want to dump it there?

Watcher shrugs.

MULDER

(to Watcher)

Who do truckers contact for these midnight runs?

WATCHER

Well, they wouldn't talk to me, but I kinda know where to find 'em.

MULDER

Far from here?

WATCHER

About two miles down the road there's a storage facility behind Kent Chemical. That's the contact point.

MULDER

Thanks. Now go back to your family.

Mulder and Scully exit the cab as Watcher starts the engine.

WATCHER

You be careful.

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

EXT. DOWNSVILLE CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

MULDER and SCULLY rush across the parking lot.

INT. MEETING HALL - DOWNSVILLE CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

SCULLY and MULDER run into the now-empty hall, then into Falcon's office.

INT. OFFICE - DOWNSVILLE CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

The solitary ASSISTANT turns when they enter.

ASSISTANT

If you're looking for Trip, you  
just missed him.

SCULLY

Where's Jacobs?

ASSISTANT

(shrugs)

I don't think anyone noticed him.

INT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

They are driving fast and furious, without siren or flashing light.

EXT. ROAD BEHIND STORAGE AREA - KENT CHEMICAL - NIGHT

The sedan's headlights are shut off as it enters this unpaved secluded road.

INT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

A tense moment as MULDER and SCULLY quietly observe the facility ahead. Behind them, from the back seat, a hand slowly raises up and onto Scully's shoulder. She turns with a start. Mulder pulls his gun -- straight into the face of JACOBS.

SCULLY

Jacobs-- !

JACOBS

Don't shoot!

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

MULDER

What are you doing there?!

Jacobs presses his hand on his heart, like it's about to burst from his chest.

JACOBS

Jeez-- I got tired of waiting for you, Scully. I just fell asleep. What do you think I was doing, counting road signs?

Mulder raises his hand to silence Jacobs as the sound of a truck approaches.

EXT. STORAGE AREA - KENT CHEMICAL - NIGHT

A truck backs into the area. A MAN with a flannel cap opens the wire gate, as the TRUCKER gets out from his cab and meets him. Together they begin hauling a large metal drum into the back of the truck.

INT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

MULDER and SCULLY, their guns already drawn, start to exit the car.

MULDER

(to Jacobs)

Get back down, and stay down!

As JACOBS lowers himself onto the back seat again a GUNSHOT rings out. Mulder and Scully duck behind the open car doors.

EXT. STORAGE AREA - KENT CHEMICAL - NIGHT

Hearing the shot, the MAN and the TRUCKER hastily finish loading the drum onto the truck.

EXT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

Another GUN SHOT -- MULDER and SCULLY turn around -- many more SHOTS, and the rear window of the car shatters into pieces.

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

INT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

The glass cascades all over JACOBS who attempts to cover himself. MULDER and SCULLY get back inside. As Mulder starts the engine, bright lights shine behind them.

EXT. ROAD BEHIND STORAGE AREA - KENT CHEMICAL - NIGHT

An unmarked car, its headlights on and its license plates blacked out, advances.

EXT. STORAGE AREA - KENT CHEMICAL - NIGHT

The trucker has started the engine and is pulling away from the gate.

INT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

Behind them more SHOTS are fired from the advancing car. MULDER guns the engine and they take off after the truck. JACOBS tries to raise his head.

JACOBS

What the --?!

SCULLY

Keep down!

He ducks back down as SCULLY returns fire through the open rear window.

EXT. ROAD BEHIND STORAGE AREA - KENT CHEMICAL - NIGHT

The truck tears up dust as it pulls onto the highway. The black FBI sedan follows, picking up speed, still being pursued by the advancing car.

INT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

SHOTS are lobbed -- MULDER swerves the car.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The FBI sedan fishtails onto the highway. The advancing car follows closely, then spins out of control as it misses the turn -- and crashes through the guard rail and plummets into a ditch.

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

INT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

Reaction from SCULLY and MULDER as they see the car's occupants -

INT. CAR - NIGHT

FALCON and LOU - both knocked unconscious.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The FBI sedan still pursues the truck and speeds up trying to pass. The truck beers against them, scraping the front grill.

INT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

MULDER struggles to keep the car from being pushed off the road.

POV OF REAR OF TRUCK

The impact causes the rear doors to swing open - the steel drum totters dangerously close.

INT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

SCULLY  
Mulder, watch out!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The truck makes a tight turn, and the drum falls out. The sedan swerves.

INT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

The drum hits the windshield.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The drum bounces off the car and onto the highway.

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

INT. BLACK FBI SEDAN - NIGHT

MULDER slams on the brakes.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The drum bursts open, and a black-green substance flows out - over the road and under the sedan. MULDER and SCULLY rush out of the car, pulling JACOBS with them - seconds later the substance ignites and bursts into flames, enshrouding the car in the conflagration - in the background is a tall transmitting tower. Scully, Mulder and Jacobs watch as the fire light flickers on their faces.

MULDER (VO)

The threat of global ecological destruction is evoking a new consciousness that may yet help our species survive. Behind this consciousness could be a helping intelligence, broadcasting its message like an evolutionary smoke alarm. This collective intelligence, this Mind at Large, I believe, is capable of interacting with matter.

What we have witnessed on our radios and TVs might be a prime time warning sent through our new collective unconscious - the electronic media.

EPILOGUE:

INT. TV STUDIO AUDIENCE - NIGHT

SCULLY and MULDER are seated in the audience of the Letterman Show. As they laugh and smile, we hear Scully's report:

SCULLY (VO)

...Because the owners of the TV station had refused to sell to Kent Chenical, a plan was devised to dump toxic waste on its property. The purpose was to lower its value, buy the station cheap, then convert its UHF band for interactive TV.

Trip Falcon had eluded capture, but his business associate,

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

Lou Hochberg, was indicted for criminal conduct - his debts to his landlord, Kent Management (a division of Kent Chemical) remain unpaid...

INT. ON STAGE

JACOBS is performing his monologue:

JACOBS

...we've been left on this planet, unattended, for thousands of years. That's like letting Kent Chemical build a wildlife preserve. We're like bullies in a schoolyard, beating up the weaker kids. When our ET friends return, they'll say: "Okay, you - go stand in the corner of that toxic waste dump and breed by yourself."

'Cause extinction is just another word for nothing left to pollute! I say, let our ET friends help. It's better than trusting the Government. For years the FBI, CIA, National Security Agency, and the Air Force have been there at every UFO crash. And they don't admit a thing!

Now I believe in our outer space visitors. After all, if the government denies something, it has to be true!

CUT TO AUDIENCE: laughter and applause. SCULLY and MULDER also applaud, with a few bandages on their hands.

INT. BACKSTAGE - GREEN ROOM

SCULLY and MULDER visit with JACOBS.

JACOBS

I was worried they would overpower me and make me their spokesman, make me preach their message.

MULDER

How do you know they didn't?

**THE NEW AGE COMIC**  
**X-Files Teleplay by Joe Tripician**

JACOBS

There's something I'm still  
curious about, Mulder.

MULDER

Yeah?

JACOBS

(serious)

Why are they breeding with us? Who  
would want our genes?

MULDER

Maybe they need some human traits  
to survive. And what can be more  
human than humor?

(a small smile)

It's practically the same word.

JACOBS

Mulder -- Can I ask you for just one favor?

Mulder nods.

JACOBS

Don't quit your day job.

THE END.