

**X-FILES: NORJAK**

(c) 2025

FADE IN:

**EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD - NIGHT**

Dark. Deserted. FOGGY. Then -- an FBI TAHOE sweeps past.

**INT. FBI TAHOE - NIGHT**

**AGENT DANA SCULLY** drives. Next to her reading a thick FBI CODED FOLDER -- **MULDER**, with a half a day's stubble, the look suits him and he knows it.

MULDER

What do you think, Scully?

SCULLY

Mulder it's absurd.

(then)

You want us to investigate some wacko claiming he's Dan Cooper?

MULDER

Well... yeah, Cooper's story has become part of American folklore, inspiring numerous theories, books, movies, and even a dedicated fan base.

(chuckles)

Elaborate as Shakespeare.

Mulder digs through a bag of supplies, retrieves one of the sandwiches. Snaps open the plastic and takes a half.

MULDER

You think there's no x-file here?

(chewing)

Mmm. Egg salad. Thanks.

SCULLY

I see nothing that would suggest that this is anything other than the case here.

MULDER

For the sake of argument, perhaps he fell into a spatial vortex and whisked off to another dimension, assuming there's US currency in said dimension he lived a full and healthy life?

Scully stares at Mulder, shaking her head:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY

Or the alternative. He was a no pull. Cooper jumped, immediately the force of the wind chill knocked the money bag loose, he got disoriented. He starts tumbling, losing sense of where he was -- tumbling fast, around, up, backwards violently. He's having a sense of impending doom.

(beat)

Feel free to jump in anytime --

MULDER

Why? You're doing just fine.

SCULLY

It's pitch black, with three layers of cloud cover. He can't see any lights, all of this is happening fast. Once he hit that last cloud cover he blacks out but doesn't go completely unconscious.

MULDER

Based on what?

SCULLY

Based on my opinion as a medical doctor. The lack of oxygen his brain needs to keep up, plus the dehydration from smoking that many cigarettes and drinking.

(reminiscing)

According to Mucklow he spilled his bourbon and refused refreshments -- made him more prone to blackout.

Mulder looks at her curiously. Scully explains--

SCULLY

While all this is happening he's seconds from disaster. The free fall happened so fast and he was out of control before he even comes to fully to remember where he was, let alone to pull the damn cord, boom! Cooper "*became one with the earth.*" Left for scavengers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY

Given this territory -- more than likely, a bear hauled him deep into the forest to eat his flesh, and then rodents, as they always do to get minerals, gnawed his bones into dust.

(her pager beeps)

None of the pilots of the pursuit planes witnessed the jump, why?

MULDER

Hmmm.

SCULLY

I'm not sure what drew your attention to this case, Mulder, but I think it's quite clear what's going on here.

MULDER

What?

SCULLY

This is a hoax.

Mulder forces a tight smile.

MULDER

Whether he was prompted by CIA, possibly to alert airports about security problems, or by financial gain -- Roy Ash, then CEO of a floundering electronics corporation Litton Industries claims he's D.B. Cooper.

(beat)

I talked to the man. Ran him. He was an Army Air Corps veteran from WW2.

Mulder has to break the silence. With a query, of course--

MULDER

Scully, something's telling me-- this guy's the real "McCoy." He buys a plane ticket underneath the name Dan Cooper. He highjacks the plane with a fake bomb.

SCULLY

You haven't told me anything more than I already know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MULDER

He tossed the bag of money over the mountains of Washington as a decoy to the Bureau. Unfortunately the bag hit the river. What are odds of that?

SCULLY

Your not suggesting this man remained on board? --

MULDER

Until they were over Nevada. He had help, Scully. Dr. Raya Montenegro. Sounds familiar? She's in the x-files.

SCULLY

Part of MKULTRA? She specialized in "*honey trappings.*"

MULDER

Shortly after, the new airport scanners used electronic components from Litton industries.  
(tosses the file)

It was never about the measly \$200,000 -- because Litton made millions on the new contracts.

Mulder clearly feels like he's fallen down the rabbit hole. Scully studies him. Then:

SCULLY

Officially, the case remains open, but the Bureau have always considered it to be a "recovery" of his remains and perhaps some of the ransom. And I suspect that's what we're going to find.

MULDER

Look -- Scully -- we're being followed.

A DARK SEDAN comes around a curve behind them, HEADLIGHTS FLOOD the Tahoe. Our hero's squint, the car gets closer.

Then suddenly pulls out around them, way too close on the left. Scully swerves, hits the brake's. Mulder and Scully thrown forward and then back.

Both take a deep breath then gets out to look.

**EXT. FBI TAHOE - CONTINUOUS**

They are at the edge of a cliff. *Was someone trying to run them off the road?*

SCULLY

Dammit, Mulder! What is going on?!

MULDER

Beats me. Let's go, c'mon.

**EXT./INT. FOREST/FBI TAHOE - NIGHT**

Spooky. HEADLIGHTS strobe between tree trunks. The Tahoe bounces madly down a barely-existent dirt road.

SCULLY

We may be too late, Mulder.  
We probably are.

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

A rough-hewn ISOLATED CABIN. Dark, ominous. Lit only by the full moon. The door is ajar.

Mulder and Scully -- weapons and MAGLITES in hand, exchange a look, enter the shadowy cabin.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

A nude elderly MAN on the floor, caked in an luminous powder, pushing himself into a corner. Mulder and Scully step gingerly toward him.

MULDER

Mr. Ash... my name is Fox Mulder.  
I'm with the FBI. This is Agent  
Scully. We spoke on the phone.

The man, a little off-kilter, turns on the sink - his eyes narrow, filling with instant paranoia...

EDERLY MAN

Shhh! They're everywhere! You're  
part of it. THEY CAN HEAR YOU!

MULDER

If you're waiting for my usual  
theory as to what's going on here,  
Scully... I have none.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY

I do.

Mulder is happy to hear it.

SCULLY

Do not fight him on his delusion,  
go with it. Telling an acutely  
psychotic patient that he's crazy  
will get your ear torn off.

(then)

Who's everywhere? Who are they?

He sloshes water on his face. And, *WHOOSH!* His body  
ERUPTS into a human fireball! He HOWLS and flails.

Scully and Mulder stare in gathering horror.

**EXT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Smoke fills the cabin. Mulder and Scully cough.

SCULLY

Mulder... what we saw was not  
spontaneous combustion.

MULDER

Then what could explain water  
staring a fire?

SCULLY

My best guess, an Aluminum iodine  
powder mix, just add H<sub>2</sub>O.

Scully flashes a friendly, seductive smile.

SCULLY

You sure know how to show a girl  
an interesting time.

Mulder offers just the smallest of smiles.

SCULLY

They got to him. It's no good,  
Mulder. I'm sorry.

MULDER

I'll go on as long as the truth is  
out there.

FADE OUT.