

*Pilot*



SCULLY: Agent Mulder?

MULDER: Oh, really? Dana Scully Senior Thesis. I did.

SCULLY: Needle punctures, maybe.

MULDER: How's your chemistry?

SCULLY: It's organic.

MULDER: Conventional wisdom. Mmm. Well...

SCULLY: I don't know. Exposure. It's mammalian. You're serious?

MULDER: I'm not crazy, Scully. Stephen Spielberg.

SCULLY: Pass. No...

MULDER: What's his name, er...



SCULLY: Damn it, Mulder, cut the crap.

MULDER: The truth?

SCULLY: By who?

MULDER: By what. Nothing scientific, you mean. I don't know.

SCULLY: You ok, Mulder?

MULDER: Yeah, I'm just, er...

SCULLY: We lost what?

MULDER: Nine minutes.

SCULLY: Come on.

MULDER: Gone!

SCULLY: No, what a minute.

MULDER: Not in this zipcode. Hi. Come on in.



SCULLY: What are they? Mulder, what are they?

MULDER: Mosquito bites.

SCULLY: Are you sure?

MULDER: Yeah.

SCULLY: Yes.



MULDER: You're shaking. Take your time.

SCULLY: You never found her.

MULDER: Tore the family apart.

SCULLY: What did you do? By accident? What? The girl in the wheelchair?

MULDER: Lets go, lets go.





SCULLY: What? There goes my computer.

MULDER: Damn it!

SCULLY: I don't know, I...

MULDER: They're both empty. The detective's son. Yes.

SCULLY: Mulder, take a look at this.

MULDER: Scully...

SCULLY: It's crazy!

MULDER: You're sure?

SCULLY: You said it yourself. You're right.



MULDER: Scully. Scully!

SCULLY: Mulder, what happened?

MULDER: It was incredible.

SCULLY: Hello?

MULDER: Scully? We need to talk, Scully.

SCULLY: Y, yes.