



H E X F I L E S

"Humbug"

Episode 20 (#2X20)



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The X-Files

"Humbug"

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Episode 2X20  
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1 EXT. FULL MOON - NIGHT - (STOCK) 1

A horror movie moon, surrounded by dark ominous clouds.

2 EXT. BACKYARD POOL - NIGHT 2

TWO YOUNG BOYS (7 and 5) play in the shallow end of a swimming pool. The yard's perimeter is outlined by skeletal trees and macabre shadows. A LEGEND APPEARS: GIBSONTON, FLORIDA.

Creeping out from the darkness, clutching onto the trunk of a tree, appears a hand. It is in every way human, except the skin resembles alligator hide. Every inch of flesh is covered with reptilian scales.

THE BOYS

continue playing, oblivious....

FROM BEHIND BEAST

With the boys in the b.g., CAMERA FOLLOWS the Beast as it steps out from the shadows--revealing a scaly back--stalking towards the pool, before receding into the shadows.

THE BOYS

The Older Boy suddenly stops playing, and looks around, as if having heard or seen something. Pause...until the Younger Boy splashes the Older Boy. The two engage in a playful splashing fight.

THE BEAST'S LEGS

dash stealthily from the trees to the pool's edge.

THE BOYS

Continue splashing, unaware....

THE BEAST

Already submerged in the pool, the water level is below its scale-encircled eyes. It glides silently towards its prey.

BOYS

Still ignorant of their imminent deaths.

WIDE

With a monstrous ROAR, the Beast explodes out of the water, lunging at the boys. They SCREAM...then seamlessly segue into LAUGHTER.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

                                YOUNG BOY  
Oh, Daddy, cut it out!

                                OLDER BOY  
I knew it was you, Dad.

The Beast, whose Christian name is JERALD GLAZEBROOK, good-naturedly wrestles with the Older Boy, just like any non-reptilian-skinned father does with his beloved children.

                                GLAZEBROOK  
Quit picking on your brother. He loves you.

                                YOUNG BOY  
No I don't!

                                OLDER BOY  
I'm glad you're back home, Dad.

                                GLAZEBROOK  
Not as glad as I am.

                                OLDER BOY  
Did you see a lot of weird stuff this year?

                                GLAZEBROOK  
I'll have all winter to tell you about it, but right now your mother thinks you guys are getting ready for bed, and if she finds you still out here, she's going to kill me.

The boys WHINE as Glazebrook lifts them out of the pool. Grabbing towels, the kids run off towards the house. Watching them go, Glazebrook beams a proud fatherly smile.

FROM THE TREE SHADOWS

Now begins a reprise of the opening "attack". This time, however, it is Glazebrook in the pool, while in the darkened f.g., lurks an...unidentifiable...CREATURE. Seen mostly in silhouette, it quickly scampers out of sight.

GLAZEBROOK

reclines his head against the side of the pool, causing his feet to surface. His scales are from head-to-toe.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

THE POOL

A too-brief-to-be-recognizable glimpse of a Creature dipping below the surface of the water.

GLAZEBROOK

Floating peacefully, a small SPLASHING noise catches his attention. Listlessly lifting his head, he glances around.

GLAZEBROOK'S POV - CREATURE

The surface ripples of the water, and strong reflection coming from the underwater pool light, make it impossible to clearly delineate the Creature. About the size of a large infant, yet simian in appearance, its head is reddish and seemingly void of any human facial features. Its arms resemble that of a wingless pterodactyl. Whatever it may be, it is quickly moving in Glazebrook's direction.

RETURN

GLAZEBROOK

What the hell--?

Glazebrook begins backing away, but the Creature is suddenly upon him. Remaining submerged, the Creature SLAMS into Glazebrook's mid-section. Glazebrook CRIES OUT--half in shock, half in pain.

Splashing spasmodically, Glazebrook manages to break free. He tries climbing out of the pool, but the Creature is on him again-- RAMMING itself into Glazebrook's lower back.

A bloody red haze billows to the pool's surface. Glazebrook is in such pain he can't even scream. Struggling to hold on to the pool's edge, he slowly begins to submerge, dropping lower and lower, until eventually disappearing OUT OF FRAME, REVEALING in the b.g., in the driveway, a parked traveling van.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THE VAN, draped by a large banner, painted in classic side-show style, announcing the talents of "JERALD GLAZEBROOK-- THE ALLIGATOR MAN". Below this is a caricature of Glazebrook, encased in a large aquarium, breaking out of iron chains. Next to this, the following words: "Is he a Man? Is he an Animal? Or is he a MONSTER?!" CAMERA PUSHES IN on this final word, as O.s., Glazebrook's desperate SPLASHING and agonizing GROANS drown out.

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

## ACT ONE

3 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - CRIME SCENE PHOTO 3

A head shot of Glazebrook, lying dead on the ground.

SCULLY (O.S.)  
What...what happened to him?

MULDER (O.S.)  
Nothing...you can ascertain from  
this photograph.

WIDE

Mulder, behind his desk, consults an open folder containing a thin volume of material. Scully stares at the Alligator Man photo, so engrossed, she barely pays attention to Mulder.

MULDER (CONT'D)  
The victim suffered from  
ichthyosis, a congenital skin  
disease characterized by the  
shedding of the epidermis in the  
form of scales.

He hands her another photo, depicting Glazebrook by the side of the pool, in his own pool of blood. An oval wound, four inches in diameter, appearing as if the skin has imploded, appears on the lower back.

MULDER (CONT'D)  
This shows the entry wound of the  
undetermined weapon. Forcibly  
impaled into the victim, the  
object was removed once  
hemorrhaging began. No other  
injuries were inflicted upon the  
body. No internal organs were  
removed and/or cannabalized, nor  
were there any signs of sexual  
molestation.

Mulder produces an X-File, crammed fat with material. He hands Scully a non-stop procession of crime scene photos, depicting similarly mutilated bodies in various positions of death. Scully absently glances at each one before placing them on the desk top.

MULDER (CONT'D)  
Forty-eight identical attacks  
over the past thirty-two years.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

MULDER (Cont'd)

Occurring in almost every state in the continental U.S., the first in Oregon, the last five in Florida. The time separating each successive attack can be as little as a day, or as long as six years. The victims range from all different age groups, races, both male and female. Their only shared characteristic is the manner in which they were murdered. The mutilations appear so motiveless, one would suspect they are some form of ritual, yet it adheres to no known cult, and a lone serial killer would be expected to escalate the violence of his attacks over such an extended period of time.

Scully stares at the photos. Mulder pauses, awaiting her comments. As she only continues to look at the photos--

MULDER (CONT'D).

So what do you think, Scully?  
What are your initial thoughts?

Scully looks up at Mulder. After a pause, she reaches out, and brushes aside the voluminous pile of photos--a grotesque gallery of undignified death--until she finally uncovers the bottom photo: the initial head shot of the Alligator Man.

SCULLY

Mulder...imagine going through  
your whole life looking like  
this.

Mulder seems to consider it, for the first time. As he looks at the photo....

CUT TO:

4 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - PHOTO - GLAZEBROOK

4

As he was in life--smiling and looking happy.

WIDER

REVEALING the photo displayed, amongst flowers, on a closed coffin. The coffin rests on the cemetery grounds before two rows of folding chairs, filled with MOURNERS.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

In the front row sits a bald, burly, uniformed SHERIFF HAMILTON (early 60's), anxiously looking about, until he spots something o.s.

MULDER & SCULLY

leave their parked car, and proceed towards the funeral. Sheriff Hamilton marches up to them, extending his hand towards Mulder.

MULDER  
Sheriff Hamilton?

SHERIFF  
You're late. It's all right--as long as you're here. We can really use your expertise in this matter. How do you suggest we get started?

MULDER  
A visit to the crime scene might be helpful.

The Sheriff pauses, looks at Mulder a bit confused.

SHERIFF  
Reverend Keller?

MULDER  
(flashing badge)  
Special Agent Fox Mulder. This is Agent Dana Scully.

SHERIFF  
I'm...I'm terribly sorry.

The Sheriff re-shakes hands with Mulder, then shakes Scully's.

A REVEREND

wearing a black minister's shawl, appears at the podium beside the coffin.

REVEREND  
(reading)  
The Lord is my shepard; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures....

(CONTINUED)



4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

MULDER & SCULLY & SHERIFF

SHERIFF

Look, I appreciate the Bureau's help in this thing, and I know your time is valuable, but the deceased was a friend. Would it be all right if we got started after the service?

SCULLY

Of course.

The Sheriff hurriedly returns to his seat in the front. Mulder and Scully take seats near the back. They settle in for a rather long, boring affair.

THE REVEREND

Still reading from his bible, reaches the bottom of the page, and turns it--but does so by using his bare foot.

MULDER & SCULLY

React by not reacting.

THE REVEREND

It's now apparent that beneath his gown he is armless.

REVEREND

We are gathered here today to mourn the passing of Jerald Glazebrook, beloved husband, father, friend, and entertainer....

SCULLY

On the mention of the family, her eyes drift over to the bereaved widow.

SCULLY'S POV - WIDOW & BOYS

The widow wipes a tear from under her black veil, which is not long enough to cover her beard growing on her face.

SCULLY

Furrows her brow. Her eyes now roam over the rest of the mourners, the majority of whom appear quite normal, except:

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

SCULLY'S POV - FAT LADY

A woman of enormous girth appears to be sitting by her lonesome, until a skin-and-bones SKELETAL MAN leans out behind her, touching her hand tenderly.

SCULLY

Furrows her brow a bit more. Her eyes continue roaming.

SCULLY'S POV - CONJOINING TWINS

A normal looking man, Lanny, (50's) discreetly draws a drink from a flask, which he then slips into the coat pocket of his conjoining brother, whose headless, miniature body sprouts out from Lanny's stomach.

SCULLY

Turns behind her. She begins turning back around, but suddenly stops, turns back, and looks down.

SCULLY'S POV - ROW BEHIND HER

filled with SMALL PEOPLE. One looks up at her, and nods.

SCULLY

Smiles, returns the nod, turns back around. She looks over at Mulder.

MULDER

his own eyes are scanning the crowd. Mulder looks over at the mourner sitting beside him. PAN OVER TO INCLUDE this man, who is a GIANT--his head towering OUT OF FRAME. Mulder takes a moment to look up at the Giant's unseen face. PAN OFF GIANT, as Mulder turns forward. Pause, before Mulder resumes eyeing the crowd. Finally, his glance falls upon Scully, and he jerks back, as if startled by such an odd sight. Scully almost smirks.

WIDE

REVEREND

...And although Jerry was a world renowned escape artist, there is one strong box from which none of us can escape.

As if on cue, the coffin moves. Not much of a movement, but enough for the mourners to sit up and take notice.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (4)

4

The coffin moves more violently. The Mourners GASP and SHRIEK. The Sheriff marches over, putting his hands on the coffin. He motions to the PALL BEARERS, who hustle over. They move the coffin, REVEALING the ground beneath it, which is HEAVING.

Suddenly, emerging up through the earth, enters DR. BLOCKHEAD (early 30's). Naked, save for a pair of black leather pants, and looking as out-of-control as his hair, he holds in his hands a large railroad spike and hammer.

BLOCKHEAD

Not having known the deceased personally, I am in no position to perform a proper eulogy. I'm sure he was a real nice guy, etcetera, etcetera. But as an admirer of the man's work, I am in a position to perform an impromptu tribute in his honor. Namely, by ramming this spike right into my chest!

And without hesitation, he HAMMERS the spike into his chest. Several mourners SCREAM, as does Dr. Blockhead, who removes his hand from the spike, showing that it is partially imbedded into his chest.

MULDER & SCULLY

Scully is aghast, while Mulder's curiosity is piqued.

WIDE

Blood pours forth from Dr. Blockhead's chest.

BLOCKHEAD

Oh, I think I hit my left ventricle.

The Sheriff grabs him roughly.

SHERIFF

What the hell do you think you're doing, hippie?

BLOCKHEAD

Back off, fascist!

Dr. Blockhead pushes the Sheriff, who falls against the coffin. As the Pall Bearers rush to restrain Dr. Blockhead, the mourners race to the front for a better view of the melee.

The Agents remain seated in the back, by their lonesome.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (5)

4

MULDER  
I can't wait for the wake.

CUT TO:

5 INT. DINER - DAY

5

The Sheriff and the Agents sit at a booth in a diner, decorated to resemble a circus big top.

MULDER  
We weren't aware Jerald Glazebrook was a side-show performer. On the VICAP form, the victim's occupation was listed as 'artist'.

SHERIFF  
Jerry was an artist. The best escape artist since Houdini. He should've been headlining Vegas, but his skin condition kept him on the side-show circuit.

SCULLY  
I didn't even know side-shows were still in existence.

SHERIFF  
There's only about two or three left. It used to be a thriving business. Times change.

MULDER  
I got the impression Glazebrook was not the only side-show performer living here.

SHERIFF  
Well, like I said, the "Ten-In-One" has all but died out, so the few side-show folk still around are pretty much retired. 'Course most of our other citizens are employed in either circuses or traveling carnivals.

SCULLY  
Why is that?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SHERIFF

(shrugs)

People in Pittsburgh work in steel mills. People in Gibsonton work in circuses. The town was founded back in the Twenties when some of Barnum and Bailey's troupe started coming down here during the winter off-seasons. It just became the traditional place for side-show performers to take up residence. There's a little historical museum down the street, if you're that interested.

SCULLY

I'm interested in how it affects our case. A side-show performer would have traveled extensively throughout the country, and their isolation from everyday society--caused by their physical deformities--could perhaps create resentments so pathological that murder is the only release.

SHERIFF

Now hold on there a second. Around here we refer to them as "Very Special People", and that's what they are--the nicest bunch of people you'll ever meet. Some of them may look like monsters on the outside, but it's what's inside that counts, and inside they're as normal as anybody.

SCULLY

Up until their arrests, many serial killers are considered, by their friends and family, to be quite "normal". If you do regard these people as normal, Sheriff, then you must also accept the fact that they are capable of committing atrocities, just like any other so-called normal person.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

SHERIFF

I understand what you're saying. It's just been my experience that people have a harder time dealing with these people's deformities than they do themselves.

SCULLY

I didn't mean to sound insensitive. We're here to apprehend a brutal killer, Sheriff, whether he looks as odd as The Elephant Man, or as common as this waitress.

On cue, a WAITRESS--middle aged, but having retained a slightly haggard beauty--approaches the table.

WAITRESS

Hey, Sheriff. The usual?

SHERIFF

Sounds good, Sal.

The Waitress now turns to Scully, REVEALING that this order taker is a half-man/half-woman. The man side (half a mustache, hair cut short, etc.) now addresses Scully with a deeper voice and a suave, arched eyebrow.

WAITRESS

And for the lady?

SCULLY

(pause)  
Coffee. Please.

The Waitress turns to Mulder, favoring her feminine side.

WAITRESS

And what's your pleasure?

MULDER

(pointing at menu)  
What is this?

WAITRESS

A Barnum Burger? It's a beef patty, topped with baloney--

MULDER

Not the sandwich, the drawing.

(CONTINUED)

5. CONTINUED: (3)

5

MENU

The ornate sketching around the border of the menu features portraits of "famous" side-show freaks of the past. The bottom corner--where Mulder's finger points--displays an unknown animal. It's upper torso is vaguely human, with shriveled head, protruding teeth, and clawed hands. The lower half is distinctly the tail of a fish. (This is an actual sketch from P. T. Barnum's autobiography.)

WIDE

WAITRESS

Oh, we don't serve anything like that. That's just, part of the menu decoration.

MULDER

The design is copyrighted by "Hecat Helm". If that's a local artist, I'd like to talk to him.

Scully looks at the menu drawing, then up at Mulder. What in the world now?

SHERIFF

Sure, I can take you to see him, but I have to warn you--the guy's kind of a freak.

CUT TO:

6 INT. WORKSHOP BASEMENT - DAY - CLOSE - FREAK MONSTER HEAD

6

A tableau of terror: baboonish snout, protruding forked tongue, and one eyeball dangling from its socket. A paint brush enters, daubing the eyeball. PAN TO REVEAL the brush wielded by HEPCAT HELM, 50, an aging hippie/grease monkey, wearing a tye-dyed, sleeveless Rat Fink t-shirt.

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Hecat? Hecat?

Hecat stops painting, regarding the monster head uneasily, as if it were talking to him.

HEPCAT

Yes...my lord?

SHERIFF (O.S.)

Hecat!

As Hecat turns his head, he finds--

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

WIDE TO REVEAL

the Sheriff, with Mulder and Scully, standing in his workshop, a cross between auto garage and artist studio. Construction tools lie beside sculpting utensils; the walls are plastered with blueprints and cartoon monster sketches. Hepcat casts a paranoid glance at the Agents.

HEPCAT

Who are the rubes?

SHERIFF

These are FBI Agents Scully and Mulder. This is Hepcat Helm. He operates his own carnival fun house.

MULDER

Mr. Helm, I just want to ask you about this menu illustration you've drawn. I recognize most of the historical portraits you've drawn here--P.T. Barnum, General Tom Thumb, Zip the Pinhead--but what is this?

Mulder points to the unknown animal drawing. Hepcat stares at the drawing so intensely, he seems to go into an altered state of consciousness, only to suddenly return.

HEPCAT

The Feejee Mermaid.

SHERIFF

(scowling)

Is that what that thing is?

SCULLY

What's a Feejee Mermaid?

SHERIFF

It's a bit of humbug Barnum pulled in the last century.

HEPCAT

Barnum advertised it as a real live mermaid, but when customers went into his museum to see it, all they saw was a real dead monkey sown on to the tail of a fish.

MULDER

Monkey?

(CONTINUED)



6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

HEPCAT  
Mummified monkey.

SHERIFF  
It supposedly looked so bad, he had to exhibit it as a "genuine fake".

HEPCAT  
(conspiratorial)  
But that's the genius of Barnum-- you never know where the humbug ends and reality begins. He openly admitted the Feejee Mermaid was a fraud, but that only made more people want to come out and see it! So who's to say... maybe Barnum billed it as a hoax purely for box office reasons, when, in actuality--

MULDER  
--the Feejee Mermaid was an actuality.

Hepcat gestures a "God only knows" shrug. Mulder shares with him a silent moment of profound speculation, before turning to the Sheriff.

MULDER (CONT'D)  
Sheriff, we need to find a place to stay for the night.

SHERIFF  
There's lodgings right across the way, but what's this all about?

Mulder hands him a couple photos, displaying small, excessively curved, animal-like tracks.

MULDER  
These tracks have been reported at several of the past crime scenes. They've defied exact identification, but one expert speculated they might be simian in nature.

SHERIFF  
So?

Mulder opens his mouth to try to explain, but realizes the futility.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

MULDER  
Scully, you explain it to him.

SCULLY  
Sheriff, you recall what Barnum  
said about suckers?

Scully gestures towards Mulder. Half-heartedly, Mulder nods his thanks to his partner.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

7

A make-shift trailer park/motor lodge, featuring various housing facilities ranging from mobile homes to some not-so-mobile homes. A few Winnebagos and truck rigs, as well.

CUT TO:

8 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

8

Like any other motel registration office, only a bit more cramped. Behind the desk, shuffling some registration forms, is the manager, MR. NUTT (60's), a midget who speaks with the clipped condescension of the intellectually superior. On the desk, in a basket, lays Nutt's tiny DOG.

MULDER  
Tell me, have you done much  
circus work in your life?

NUTT  
And what makes you think I've  
ever spectated a circus, let  
alone be enslaved by one?

MULDER  
I'm sorry. I know many citizens  
here are former circus hands, and  
I just thought--

NUTT  
You thought because I am of small  
stature, the only career I could  
procure would be confined to the  
so-called Big Top. You took one  
quick look at me, and presumed to  
deduce my entire life.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

NUTT (Cont'd)

Never would it have occurred to you to consider the possibility that someone of my height could obtain a degree in hotel management!

(gestures to framed diploma)

That I could work in some of the finest hotels in this country-- and not as the uniformed page boy, who wanders the lobby saying, "Telephone call for Mr. So-and-so," but as the manager. No, surely, a diminutive person such as myself could not possibly be a respectable businessman, he must certainly be a...a...clown!

MULDER

I didn't mean any offense.

NUTT

Why should I be offended? After all, it is only human nature to make instantaneous judgements of others based solely on their physical appearances. I have done the same to you, for example. I have taken in your All-American features, your dour demeanor, your unimaginative necktie design, and I have concluded you work for the government. You are...an FBI agent. But do you see the tragedy here? I have mistakenly reduced you to a stereotype--a caricature--instead of regarding you as a specific, unique individual.

MULDER

(flashing badge)

But I am an FBI agent.

NUTT

(pause)

Register here, please.

While Mulder registers, Nutt shoots a glance at Scully.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

NUTT  
You are also an FBI agent? But  
you're a woman!

Before Scully can respond, Mulder hands her the pen. As she registers, Nutt rings a service BELL.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

9

Walking between the Agents, carrying their luggage, is LANNY, the siamese twin from the funeral scene. He stumbles along with a drunkard's gait.

MULDER  
Tell me, have you done much  
circus work in your life?

Scully shoots him a "Didn't you learn your lesson with the midget?" look.

LANNY  
I spent most of my life on the  
stage. I was a headliner!

SCULLY  
Did it not bother you to have  
people...stare at you?

LANNY  
Best job I ever had. All I had  
to do was stand there.  
Occasionally, I would crack a  
joke. "Ladies and Gentlemen,"  
I'd say, "I'd like you to meet my  
brother, Leonard...  
(gestures to twin)  
...please, excuse him--he's shy."  
Big laughs, I tell you, big  
laughs.

MULDER  
Why'd you give it up?

LANNY  
Mr. Nutt, the kindhearted manager  
here, convinced me that to make  
my living by publically  
displaying my deformity lacked  
dignity, and so now...I'm  
carrying other people's luggage.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Lanny stops, and hands the agents their keys.

LANNY  
These are your trailers.

Mulder takes their bags off of him.

LANNY  
Why, thank you, you are most considerate.

Shaking Mulder's hand, Lanny slips a dollar tip to him.

LANNY  
Good night, sleep tight, don't let the bedbugs bite. Not to imply we have bedbugs! I didn't mean that--I just meant not to, you know, let the....

MULDER  
--Feejee Mermaids bite.

LANNY  
Yes, the Feejee Mermaids! That is exactly what I....

Lanny's train of thought wanders off, wondering if that is what he meant. Wandering off himself, Lanny takes a pull from his flask.

SCULLY  
Mulder, what is all this Feejee Mermaid business?

MULDER  
Physical anomalies are not exclusive to the human species, Scully. The animal kingdom must have their share of side-show oddities.

SCULLY  
Mulder, I think this town's atmosphere has over-activated your imagination. Mermaids-- Feejee or otherwise-- don't exist. Murderers do. That's what we're here investigating.

MULDER  
I guess I'm just searching for an angle, Scully.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

SCULLY  
I think this time your angle is  
a bit distorted.

CUT TO:

10 INT. WORKSHOP BASEMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE - DISTORTED FACE

10

So elongated and twisted as to look inhuman. PAN OVER TO  
REVEAL HEPCAT, working on one of his fun house mirrors.

WIDE

Hepcat inspects his handiwork. Moving to his workbench, he  
grabs a plane, and goes back to the mirror, but CAMERA HOLDS ON  
WORKBENCH before PUSHING IN ON WINDOWS above the bench.  
Through the small, opened windows only the night's darkness is  
visible. Linger a bit.

HEPCAT

planing the wood frame. He moves out of the way, allowing the  
mirror to provide a distorted reflection of the bench, as well  
as...something...moving through the open window.

Hepcat returns, blocking the reflection. He sandpapers the  
frame. He moves away again. The workbench reflection  
reappears, but whatever was at the window is now...gone.

Hepcat returns, leaning back to appraise his handiwork.  
Scrutinizing it so closely, it takes him a while to notice the  
weird-shaped Creature, made weirder by the contorted  
reflection, appearing in the looking glass.

HEPCAT

What the--?

He turns, seeing what the mirror is mirroring.

HEPCAT

What the hell--?!

MIRROR

The distorted image shows the Creature pouncing upon Hepcat,  
who SCREAMS as he falls backwards, smashing his head into  
another mirror, which SHATTERS.

SHATTERED MIRROR

In the cracked glass, multiple images of various sizes show  
Hepcat writhing, SCREAMING, as the Creature attacks him.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

MENU

lying open on the ground, PUSH IN ON drawing of the Feejee Mermaid. As it becomes speckled with blood--

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

11 EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

11

A heavy fog limits visibility to a few feet. Mulder emerges through the mist, finishing his jog. Stopping, his breaths are heavy and rhythmic; each exhalation visible in the brisk air. Inhale-exhale. Inhale-exhale. Inhale-no, no exhale. Something catches Mulder's eye o.s., causing him to freeze in mid-breath.

MULDER'S POV - RIVER

Breaking the calm water, a dome-shaped object skims towards the river's edge. Surfacing, it REVEALS the bald pate of an apparent human being--THE CONUNDRUM--crawling out of the water, displaying a jigsaw puzzle design tattooed over his entire hairless body. Around his waist is a yogi-like loincloth, and clenched in his jaws--a wriggling fish.

MULDER

Keeps staring. No--he hasn't exhaled yet.

THE CONUNDRUM

Squatting on his haunches, ravenously devouring his fish.

MULDER

Still staring. Finally, almost unconsciously, he EXHALES.

WIDE

The Conundrum, deer-like, turns his head towards Mulder, then sprints off.

Reflexively, Mulder gives chase, but, already exhausted he quickly falls behind the Conundrum, who seems to evaporate within the foggy mist.

Stopping, breathing heavy again, Mulder looks around in complete bafflement.

MULDER

Coffee. I need...coffee.

CUT TO:

12 INT. SCULLY'S TRAILER - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

12

A RINGING ALARM CLOCK awakes Scully, lying in a bed no bigger than herself. Shutting off the alarm, she looks around with tired eyes.

(CONTINUED)



12 CONTINUED:

12

SCULLY'S POV - TRAILER

The cramped quarters would feel foreign no matter how long one stayed here. A window provides a view of the sky.

SCULLY

Recalling where she is, she SIGHS, closing her eyes. After a pause, she oh-so-lazily reopens her lids.

SCULLY'S POV - TRAILER

A BODY falls past the window.

SCULLY

Slowly, she closes her eyes again. Pause. Suddenly, they bolt back open. Leaping from bed, she hustles to the window.

13 EXT. OUTSIDE SCULLY'S TRAILER - DAY

13

A troop of ACROBATS practice their craft outside their trailer. One walks the tightrope of a clothes line, one juggles bowling pins, while a third bounces on a trampoline--rising and falling immediately in front of Scully's window.

SCULLY

A SIGH of relief, before rapid KNOCKING startles her again. She opens the door, finding a bedraggled and anxious Lanny.

LANNY

Excuse me, ma'am, but the Sheriff--  
he wants to see you.

As he says this, Scully's glance slips downward a bit.

SCULLY'S POV - LANNY'S BATHROBE

slightly open, allowing a naked glimpse of the area where the twin's neck connects to Lanny's mid-section.

LANNY

His own glance has slipped downward a bit.

LANNY'S POV - SCULLY'S BATHROBE

slightly open, revealing a hint of cleavage.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

SCULLY & LANNY

Each glances back up at the other's face, and both become embarrassed/perturbed that they've just been looked at/caught looking. Simultaneously, they both self-consciously re-tighten their bathrobes.

LANNY

There's been another murder.

CUT TO:

14 INT. WORKSHOP BASEMENT - DAY

14

The small service window is covered profusely with blood. PAN OFF window, following the trail of blood down the workbench, and over to Mulder and the Sheriff.

MULDER

Scully, there's some blood on the window we'll need to send to the lab.

Scully is kneeling, inspecting Hepcat's blood-covered body.

SCULLY

Mulder, why run a test on the victim's blood?

MULDER

Not this window. This window.

Mulder gestures from the bloody window to the identical one next to it. This second window is not covered with blood.

MULDER (CONT.D)

There's a blood smear on the outside of the glass. This appears to be the point of entry.

SCULLY

Why would there be blood before the attack?

Mulder eyes her, "Exactly". She nods.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

SHERIFF

Why didn't the attacker just come through the open door? For a person to crawl in and out of these windows, they'd have to be a contortionist, or just plain crazy. Or both.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. BLOCKHEAD'S TRAILER - DAY

15

An obviously crazy person, dangling upside down from a flag-pole, struggles to free himself from a strait jacket. Situated directly beneath this suspended psychotic is a large black pot, the kind cannibals use to cook missionaries. A small wood fire heats the pot's water.

MULDER & SCULLY

rounding the corner, heading towards their trailers.

MULDER

While they're performing the autopsy, I'm going over to--

The Agents stop in their tracks. Seeing the strait jacketed gentleman, they watch engrossed, as the man contorts the restraint over his head--revealing Dr. Blockhead. Tossing the jacket to the ground, he pulls a stopwatch from his pants, and inspects his time.

BLOCKHEAD

How many people do you know can get out of a strait jacket in under three minutes?

SCULLY

Fortunately, none.

Dr. Blockhead begins freeing his legs from the flag pole.

MULDER

We caught your act yesterday at the funeral. That was some trick with the railroad spike.

Dr. Blockhead lowers himself, and as his feet touch down on the rim of the pot, a SIZZLE sounds.

BLOCKHEAD

Dr. Blockhead does not perform "tricks".

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

SCULLY

The liquid coming out of your chest was the wrong color and consistency of human blood.

Offended, Dr. Blockhead leaps off the pot, and moves to a table, upon which lay an odd assortment of sharp implements. Selecting a hammer and a long nail, Dr. Blockhead sticks the nail up his left nostril, and--without any fanfare--hammers it into his nose.

BLOCKHEAD

I used to do this before audiences, and receive nothing but icy indifference. They thought it was an illusion...a stunt...a rear-screen special effect using high tech computers. Until one night--

Grabbing another nail, he shoves it up his right nostrils, and begins to hammer. But this time, he contorts his face in agony, GRUNTING PAINFULLY, as "blood" oozes freely from the nostril. Suddenly, he drops the pain posture.

BLOCKHEAD

The crowd screamed for more...well, they screamed anyways. You see, people refuse to believe something is real, unless it conforms to their pre-conceived, contrived, cookie-cutter concept of reality.

Utilizing a plier, Dr. Blockhead yanks the nail out of his right nostril. As he begins removing the left nostril nail, Mulder reaches for the plier. With a slight bow, Dr. Blockhead offers Mulder his nose. Mulder extracts the nail, which is now covered with traces of mucus and blood. After tapping it with the plier to prove it's solidity, Mulder nods, placing the nail back on the table.

SCULLY

If it's not a trick, how do you do it?

MULDER

There are cases of individuals whose nerve endings do not register pain.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

BLOCKHEAD

Oh, that I were one of those  
lucky few! No--I've had to train  
my body to...accept the pain.

Dr. Blockhead grabs a handful of hat pins--the bases shaped  
like tiny skulls--and begins jabbing them into various parts of  
his body. He does this throughout the following:

BLOCKHEAD

Beyond fretting about fat  
percentage or the size of certain  
parts, people take their bodies  
for granted. When shown the  
limits the human form can be  
taken to, people are so  
astounded, they get scared.  
So...I show them those limits.  
I've devoted my life to the art  
of body manipulation and pain  
endurance. Beginning in my  
hometown of Yemen, I've traveled  
the world, studying under yogis,  
fakirs, swamis, mastering every  
skin, muscle, and breath control  
technique know to man. Of  
course, most men know nothing of  
these techniques. For instance,  
did you know, through the  
protective Chinese practice of  
Tiea Bu Shan, you can train your  
testicles to draw up into your  
abdomen?

MULDER

I'm doing it as we speak.

SCULLY

So you came to Florida to study  
with Jerald Glazebrook?

BLOCKHEAD

The Alligator Man possessed  
certain escape techniques that  
I've yet to master. Alas, he  
made his final escape before I  
could benefit from his wisdom.

Suddenly, from the pot, The Conundrum pops his head out of the  
water, inhaling deeply. Scully steps back, startled. Maybe  
Mulder does too, a little.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

MULDER

I saw him down at the river this morning.

BLOCKHEAD

At the river?! Was he...eating? He knows between-show snacks ruin his appetite.

Dr. Blockhead casts an accusing scowl at The Conundrum, who sinks down in the water.

MULDER

I may be mistaken. Maybe it was a different bald-headed, jigsaw puzzle tattooed, naked guy I saw.

SCULLY

Is this...man...also a "body manipulator"?

BLOCKHEAD

In the classical sense, The Conundrum is a "geek".

MULDER

He eats live animals.

BLOCKHEAD

He eats anything. Live animals, dead animals, inanimate rocks, light bulbs, corkscrews, battery cables, cranberries--

SCULLY

Human flesh?

The Conundrum smiles, emitting a half deranged/half imbecilic LAUGH.

BLOCKHEAD

Only the Conundrum can answer that question, but the Conundrum does not answer questions--he merely poses them. When an audience partakes of The Conundrum's "Human Piranha" act, they are forced to ask themselves--

Dr. Blockhead grabs a candy dish full of razor blades, and--in the manner of a trainer feeding a seal--puts one into the mouth of The Conundrum, who chews with delectation.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

BLOCKHEAD

--Why?

(pause)

Usually, we tell our audience not to try this, but--since you're obviously Feds--go ahead. Treat yourself.

He mockingly offers the Agents the bowl of blades. In the manner of choosing a type of chocolate from an assortment, Scully takes one, popping it into her mouth. After chewing a bit--

SCULLY

Thanks.

She walks away. After sharing a flabbergasted look with Dr. Blockhead, Mulder heads off after her.

MULDER & SCULLY

Catching up to her, Mulder shoots her an explanation-seeking look. Scully waves her hand, pulling the razor blade out of thin air.

SCULLY

My uncle was an amateur magician. It's an old sleight of hand he taught me.

MULDER

Well, I'm going over to the lab, so they can test the blood from the window, with the blood on this nail.

Reaching behind Scully's ear, Mulder magically pulls out the nail that Dr. Blockhead hammered in his nose. Scully shoots Mulder the same look he shot her.

MULDER

Everybody's uncle is an amateur magician.

CUT TO:

16 INT. THE ODDITORIUM - DAY (LEGEND)

16

A musty museum resembling a quaint antique store. A BELL attached to the door tinkles as Scully enters. The sign above a collection box reads: "Freaks Free! Others Please Leave Donation". Scully stuffs in a couple bucks.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

## SERIES OF SHOTS - SIDE-SHOW FREAKS

Various black and white photos of actual "famous" freaks of the past: Prince Randian--"The Human Torso", Frank Lentini--"The Man with Three Legs", The Tocci Brothers--conjoined twins sharing one pair of legs, and finally Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins. This last photo is displayed on the front of a bio-promotional pamphlet entitled: "The Fascinating True Life Story of The Original Siamese Twins!"

## SCULLY

seen in the reflection of the display case window. Another reflection appears alongside Scully's. It belongs to the CURATOR. Dressed in black, possessing the demeanor of an elderly John Carradine, his face appears so deformed it looks unformed. All the features droop down and off the side of the face. (NOTE: the Curator's facial disfigurement is never seen from directly straight-on. It is ascertained only through reflections, shadows, his askewed body position, etc.)

## CURATOR

Welcome to my museum. May I put to rest any questions you may have conjured?

Scully looks at the curator's reflection, and of course remains stoic, but there's a sense that she must now--before turning to face the Curator--prepare himself to maintain her stoicism. Slowly, she turns. A polite smile.

## SCULLY

I was merely reading about the fascinating true life of Chang and Eng, and was wondering if their death was just as fascinating.

## CURATOR

Oh, very much so. On a cold January eve in 1874, Eng awoke to find his alcoholic brother had passed away in the course of the night. A few hours later, Eng himself departed from this world. Now, these facts themselves may be less than fascinating, but...imagine...imagine being Eng, and lying there--

The Curator places his hand, the fingers bulbous and severely arthritic, on Scully's shoulder--

(CONTINUED)



16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

CURATOR

--knowing that essentially half your body was now dead, that the rest must inevitably follow, and being able to do about it...absolutely nothing.

(removes hand)

At the autopsy, it was officially concluded that Chang died from a cerebral hemorrhage.

SCULLY

What was Eng's official cause of death?

CURATOR

Fright.

The Curator wanders off, but in the manner of someone expecting to be followed, which Scully does.

SCULLY

Do you have any information on blockhead or geek acts?

CURATOR

This is a historical collection on human curiosities. Blockheads are...skilled performers.

SCULLY

Like magicians?

CURATOR

Like sword-swallowers, who really do swallow swords. Geeks are neither skilled, nor curiosities, they are merely unseemly. Not even attaining the level of "gaffs".

SCULLY

Gaffs?

The Curator indicates a photo of apparent siamese twins, joined at the waist, sharing one pair of legs.

CURATOR

Observe closely the dissimilarity of the facial features. Conjoined twins are always identical. These gentlemen are phonies. Gaffs.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

Scully studies the photo. It's now obvious the "twins" are actually two guys, one with his legs wrapped around the other's waist, hidden under baggy pants.

SCULLY  
Sort of like the Feejee Mermaid?

The Curator responds only with a small CHUCKLE, and begins wandering off again.

CURATOR  
You are investigating the Alligator Man's murder, yes? I have something I believe you might find of some interest.

The Curator hands Scully a promo-pamphlet on "The Exotic Life of Jim-Jim, the Dog-Faced Boy". The cover displays a head shot of a boy whose face is completely covered with long, well-groomed hair.

SCULLY  
What connection does this have with the Glazebrook murder?

The Curator stops before a large door.

CURATOR  
I've recently come into possession of an authentic P.T. Barnum exhibit. I do not show this display to all my customers, only those with the intellectual curiosity to appreciate it. Barnum billed it as..."The Great Unknown".

Unbolting the door, the Curator gestures for Scully to proceed into the room, but as Scully starts to enter, the Curator grabs her arm.

CURATOR  
I must first ask of you two favors. Tell no soul what you witness in here.

SCULLY  
And the second favor?

CURATOR  
An additional donation of five dollars.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (4)

16

Pause. Scully hands the money to the Curator, who then steps out of view behind the door. As Scully steps into the room--

CUT TO:

17 INT. DEN OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN - DAY

17

--the door SLAMS shut behind him. The lock is BOLTED.

Scully finds herself in a cubicle of a room, with cracked concrete walls that look damp to the touch. One bare light bulb dangles above the only object in the room: an old-fashioned, wooden strong box. Air holes are drilled around the box, which is secured by chains and an unfastened lock.

Scully walks to the box, each STEP ECHOING more than it should. Squatting down, she removes the lock, and grabs the lid with both hands. Slowly, she lifts.

SCULLY'S POV - BOX

The chains RATTLE, while the lid CREEKS open. As light descends across the interior of the box, The Great Unknown is revealed unto Scully. The box is empty.

SCULLY

Before she can react, an EXIT sign BUZZES alight on one of the walls, revealing a well-concealed door beneath it. Scully looks towards the sign, then straight ahead. However someone looks after just being humbugged, that's how Scully looks.

CUT TO:

18 INT. SCULLY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

18

The Agents sit at the miniscule table, with Mulder checking the autopsy report.

MULDER

The blood on the window matched the blood on Dr. Blockhead's nail, but both were "O+". They've been sent for further analysis. I also ran a background check on Dr. Blockhead. His real name is Jeffrey Swaim, and he's not from Yemen, but Milwaukee. Needless to say, he does not hold a doctorate.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

SCULLY

Any criminal record?

MULDER

Nothing except for a few dozen traffic violations. With Sheriff Hamilton's help, I ran background checks on some of the old side-show performers here, but everyone was clean.

SCULLY

Well, I ended up running a background check myself, on a possible suspect.

MULDER

Who?

SCULLY

An orphan, discovered in the wild forests of Albania in 1933. Although physically adept at catching his own food, he could not speak a word, save for a few savage grunts.

Mulder's brow furrows. What the hell is she talking about?

SCULLY (CONT'D)

Brought to this country, he was exhibited behind a locked cage, necessitated by his feral ferocity, where he would devour raw meat before terrified onlookers. Taught by his best friend, Angie The Ox-Faced Lady, he learned to read and write, and eventually became the manager of his own small, struggling side-show, which quickly went under due to changing social attitudes towards freak shows. Moving to Gibsonton, he found work in law enforcement, and wound up as Sheriff, which he's been for the past four terms.

MULDER

You're telling me this is Sheriff Hamilton?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

SCULLY  
I'm telling you that before  
becoming Sheriff, James Hamilton  
was...Jim-Jim, The Dog-Faced Boy.

Scully hands him the promo-pamphlet of the hairy boy. Somewhat  
confused, yet intrigued, Mulder stares at the photo.

CLOSE - PHOTO OF JIM-JIM THE DOG-FACE BOY

CUT TO:

19 EXT. SHERIFF'S BACKYARD - NIGHT - CLOSE - SHERIFF

19

grimacing with exertion.

WIDE

In the center of the yard, Sheriff Hamilton burrows a hole.  
Tossing the shovel aside, he kneels to the ground, and  
ceremoniously stares up towards the heavens.

FULL MOON (STOCK)

The same horror movie moon from the teaser.

MULDER & SCULLY

Hidden behind foliage, looking up at the moon. After  
exchanging glances, they turn back towards the Sheriff.

SHERIFF - WIDE

Wielding a knife, he cuts an unidentifiable round object, and  
then rubs the object over his hands.

MULDER & SCULLY

Continue to watch this strange behavior, baffled.

SHERIFF

As he burries the remains of his mysterious object--

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

20 EXT. SHERIFF'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

20

As a lone light beams from the upstairs window of the Sheriff's house, the Agents remain staked out behind the foliage.

MULDER

Scully...hypertrichosis does not connote lycanthropy.

SCULLY

What are you implying?

MULDER

Our being here is discriminatory. Just because the man was once afflicted with excessive hairiness, we've no reason to suspect him of any aberrant behavior.

SCULLY

It's like assuming guilt based solely on skin color, isn't it?

Mulder nods, and Scully knows he is right. But before their shame can become too great, the light in the Sheriff's window turns off. The Agents look at each other, regard their moral positions for a second, and then march through the bushes-- straight towards the spot marked "X".

Kneeling down at the hole, the Agents silently brush away the recently dug up dirt. Uncovering the mysterious object, Mulder picks it up with his handkerchief. As he lifts it up for inspection, a light flashes on the Agents. Startled, they turn to find the Sheriff aiming a flashlight and a gun.

SHERIFF

May I ask what you are doing?

Mulder looks at the object in his hand, and sees now that it is...a sliced in half potato.

MULDER

Exhuming your potato.

SHERIFF

May I ask why?

A long, awkward pause. The Agents stand.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

SCULLY

Sheriff...it has been documented that many serial killers possess a fascination with police work, some even holding positions on their local force. Surveillance of investigation team members in a case such as this is often utilized as a precautionary measure.

Another awkward pause.

MULDER

We found out you used to be a dog-faced boy.

Mulder hands the pamphlet to the Sheriff, who studies it a bit, before CHUCKLING.

SHERIFF

Boy, look how skinny I was back then.

SCULLY

Then it is you?

SHERIFF

Oh, sure, I spent the first half of my life as Jim-Jim. Then one morning, I noticed a bald spot on the top of my head. I realized I wasn't only losing my hair, but also my career. I kept touring for a few more years, but eventually all the hair went. On my head, anyways. My body's still pretty hairy, which is why I never go to the beach.

SCULLY

That doesn't quite explain the potato.

SHERIFF

Well, that's a bit embarrassing. I...got some warts on my hand.

MULDER

That doesn't quite explain the potato.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

SHERIFF

(common knowledge)

To get rid of warts, you rub a sliced potato on your hands, and bury it under a full moon.

The Agents nod half-heartedly, as if somehow everything now made perfect sense. Dejectedly, Mulder drops the potato.

SHERIFF

The investigation's not going too well, is it?

SCULLY

It's proceeding along course.

MULDER

We're just... missing a few pieces of the puzzle.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT - CLOSE - JIGSAW PUZZLE PIECES

21

PULL BACK TO REVEAL it's the tattoo design on the nose of The Conundrum, who is prowling through the trailer park.

A DOG'S BARK freezes him in his tracks. Turning around, he sees Nutt's dog barking at him from a few yards away.

The Conundrum's tongue peeks out just enough to give the impression of licking his lips. The dog immediately stops barking, and takes off in the opposite direction. The Conundrum gives chase.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. MANAGER'S TRAILER - NIGHT

22

Racing towards the door, the Conundrum dives for the dog, but the pup passes safely through a cut-out doggie door. The larger door immediately opens, and there stands Nutt, as if expecting to find a tattooed-man lying prone on the ground before him.

Nutt simply stares unapprovingly at the Conundrum, who, bowing his head shamedly, unfastens a piece of paper-- attached by a Dr. Blockhead skull pin--from his loincloth, and hands the paper and pin to Nutt.

(CONTINUED)



22 CONTINUED:

22

The Manager glances at the paper before **SLAMMING** shut the door in The Conundrum's face.

CUT TO:

23 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

23

Regarding the piece of paper, he walks to an account ledger on his desk, while addressing his dog.

NUTT

Tell me, Commodore, why are the weirdo tenants the only ones that pay their rent checks in advance? It is so disheartening.

The dog begins **GROWLING** by the doggie door. Disgusted, Nutt walks to the door, calling out through it.

NUTT

I should warn you, you tattooed cretin, I have a licensed firearm, and am not afraid to use it--in fact, I've eagerly awaited the opportunity to do so!

The dog **BARKS** ferociously. Nutt regards the dog, then peeks through the door's peephole (at his eye level):

NUTT'S POV - THROUGH PEEPHOLE - OUTSIDE TRAILER

The peephole's **WIDE-ANGLE DISTORTION** is so obtuse it obscures the identity of whatever is standing outside the door. But...it...looks like the Creature.

NUTT

backs away from the peephole.

NUTT

What the hell--?

As he leans his eye in for another look, a small humanoid hand shoots through the doggie door, grabbing Nutt's foot! Nutt **SCREAMS** as he crashes to the floor, and his leg is yanked through the doggie door.

While his dog **BARKS** ineffectively, Nutt pushes off against the door, breaking free. Crawling across the floor, he looks back, terrified.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

NUTT'S POV - DOGGIE DOOR

Slowly, it begins to rise. Only a brief glimpse is seen of the Creature creeping through the flap before--

CUT TO:

24 EXT. MANAGER'S TRAILER - NIGHT 24

Nutt is heard SCREAMING as the Creature completes his entrance. The doggie door shutters to a close.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. SCULLY'S TRAILER - NIGHT - DOOR 25

A pair of bloody hands grab the doorknob. Visibly shaken, they manage to shove a key into the lock, and as the door is swung violently open--

CUT TO:

26 INT. SCULLY'S TRAILER - NIGHT 26

A beat in black before the lights turn on, illuminating Scully in bed, who jerks awake just in time to see the bloody hands lunging towards her. As Scully reaches for her gun on the bedstand, the hands grab her by the t-shirt. CAMERA MOVES TO REVEAL the bloody hands are those of the distraught (and drunk) Lanny.

LANNY

He's dead! He's dead!

CUT TO:

27 EXT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 27

Crouched, Scully stares in contemplation at the thin streaks of blood on the doggie door. From within, can be heard PEOPLE MOVING ABOUT, as well as--

SHERIFF (O.S)

Lanny says the door was locked, and all the windows are shut from inside. The only way in was the doggie door, and what could get through that, except a dog? Maybe a cat.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

Scully reaches out, almost touches the blood, then lifts the flap, REVEALING THE TRAILER'S INTERIOR. Seen FRAMED within the cut-out door, Mulder kneels over Nutt's body, with blood trailing towards the door. Also in view are the pant legs of the Sheriff and Lanny. Mulder looks up, towards the door.

MULDER

Scully, come here.

CUT TO:

28 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CLOSE - LANNY

28

staring down in a daze at Nutt's body.

LANNY

He was like a brother to me.

WIDE

Scully enters, approaching Mulder.

MULDER

I don't know if a contortionist  
can fit through the doggie door,  
but look--

Holding Nutt's arm gingerly, he moves it enough to reveal Dr. Blockhead's skull pin imbedded in the palm. Mulder and Scully exchange knowing looks, before a SMASH erupts O.S. Flinching, they turn to see Lanny drunkenly punching the walls. The Sheriff smothers him in a reverse bear hug, but Lanny keeps flailing about.

SHERIFF

Easy there, Lanny, you're gonna  
hurt yourself.

LANNY

So what?!

SHERIFF

So nothin', but you might hurt me  
in the process, so knock it off!

(to Agents)

He gets like this sometimes. I'm  
gonna have to toss him in the  
drunk tank.

MULDER

We'll bring Jeffrey Swaim into  
custody.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

As the Sheriff drags Leonard out, Mulder rises, and starts to leave, but notices Scully still staring at the body. The partners exchange looks.

MULDER  
What's the matter?

SCULLY  
For a while there, I was beginning to suspect this case involved something a bit more....

MULDER  
Freakish?

Scully half-shrugs, half-nods.

MULDER (CONT'D)  
I guess everyone has a tendency to sometimes overlook the obvious, Scully. Besides, you really shouldn't complain of banality when your main suspect is a human blockhead.

CUT TO:

29 INT. BLOCKHEAD'S TRAILER - NIGHT

29

A half-naked Dr. Blockhead sits on a bed of nails. His chest is pierced with several fishing hooks, tied with fishing line. As he pierces another hook through his chest, a KNOCK on the door sounds.

BLOCKHEAD  
(wincing, but friendly)  
It's open!

The Agents enter. Scully flashes her badge.

SCULLY  
Mr. Swaim, we're here to ask you a few....

The Agents both notice the fishing hooks at the same time. Dr. Blockhead notices their noticing.

BLOCKHEAD  
It's a variation on an American Indian Sun Dance ritual. I suspend myself by these hooks, and the pain becomes so unbearable, I..."leave" my body.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

He inserts another hook into his chest.

BLOCKHEAD (CONT'D)  
If people knew the true price of  
spirituality, there'd be more  
atheists.

SCULLY  
We're here to question you  
regarding several recent murders.

BLOCKHEAD  
I don't answer any questions,  
'til I talk to my lawyer!

MULDER  
Who's your lawyer?

BLOCKHEAD  
I represent myself.

SCULLY  
If you insist on being  
uncooperative, we'll have to take  
you into custody.

Scully grabs Dr. Blockhead by the arm, lifting him up off the  
bed of nails. She begins handcuffing him behind his back.

BLOCKHEAD  
What gives you fascists the right  
to do that?

SCULLY  
Did you forget we're "Feds"?

HANDCUFFS

Scully clamps them shut around the Blockhead's wrists.

WIDE

BLOCKHEAD  
No, did you forget I'm an escape  
artist?

HANDCUFFS

No longer on Dr. Blockhead's hands, but around Scully's. With  
a flick of the wrist, Dr. Blockhead clamps them shut.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

WIDE

Dr. Blockhead shoves Scully into Mulder, who bumps against the bed, losing his balance. Mulder begins falling face-forward towards the nails. At the last instant, he twists his body, crashing down on his side.

As Dr. Blockhead races out the trailer, the handcuffed Scully moves to her fallen partner.

SCULLY

Mulder!

Mulder lies motionless, his face frozen in a grimace. Slowly, he rises--literally sliding out of his jacket, which remains pinned to the nails.

SCULLY

Are you all right?

Mulder nods, plucking his jacket off the bed.

MULDER

It's more comfortable than a futon.

Scully extends her handcuffed hands.

SCULLY

Swain got away.

Mulder unlocks her cuffs. As the Agents start to head out, the Sheriff suddenly appears in the doorway, holding up high--like a proud fisherman-- the fishing lines that are attached to the hooks in Dr. Blockhead's chest.

SHERIFF

Hey--look what I caught!

CUT TO:

30 INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

30

A small cell in a small town jail. It is so dark, we can barely make out the solitary bunk or its occupant.

LANNY

The occupant. His pale face is drenched with sweat, as he continuously MUMBLES incoherently. Trying to move, he finds his movements restricted. Wobbily, he lifts his head, looking down at his arms.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

LANNY'S POV - RESTRAINING STRAPS

Slightly OUT OF FOCUS and almost as UNSTEADY as an NYPD BLUE HAND-HELD, the restraining straps are seen holding down Lanny's arms.

LANNY

Still staring at the straps, it takes him a while to figure out what they are. He's still not sure, as he drops his head back and drunkenly rolls it from side to side.

LANNY'S POV - CELL

An aimlessly roaming view of the cell, still OUT OF FOCUS and UNSTEADY. Though not emphasized, something can be glimpsed in the cell window--crawling between the bars.

LANNY

His head stops lolling about. His whimpering mumble ceases. Slowly, he looks up at the window, and consciously tries to focus his eyes.

LANNY  
What the hell--?

LANNY'S POV - CELL WINDOW

Though still FUZZY, the shot is sharp enough to definitely make out the Creature moving between the bars.

LANNY

LANNY  
No! NOOOO--!

As his "No" builds to a SCREAM--

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

31 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

31

The Sheriff shoves Dr. Blockhead into the room, then tosses him into a chair. The Agents follow in.

BLOCKHEAD

I'm warning you--this has all the makings of one of those mistaken identity/miscarriage of justice things that proves so popular on 60 Minutes.

Scully displays (in an evidence bag) his skull pin.

SCULLY

Does this belong to you?

BLOCKHEAD

The fifth amendment of our beloved Constitution, on which this great nation was founded, says that I don't--

A loud GROAN emits O.s.

BLOCKHEAD (CONT'D)

What was that?

Another GROAN.

SCULLY

What is that?

SHERIFF

It's Lanny in the drunk tank. He'll be all right once he sleeps it off.

MULDER

No. He's not going to sleep this off.

The others turn to Mulder who is looking into the cell. They move over to him, and peer in.

LANNY

lying on the bunk, the tell-tale wound--without blood--inflicted upon his stomach.

(CONTINUED)



31 CONTINUED:

31

OTHERS

SHERIFF

I just put him in there!

While the Sheriff fumbles for his keys, Dr. Blockhead shoves a pick into the lock, and opens the door. The group rushes in, surrounding the semi-conscious Lanny, while Scully inspects his wound.

MULDER

Lanny, did you see who did this to you?

With a Herculean effort, Lanny slowly nods. Struggling for a breath, he winces while pursing his lips, and sets forth to breathe the name of his attacker--

BLOCKHEAD

Well, it wasn't me! You guys had me in--

MULDER &amp; SHERIFF

Shut up!

Shaking his head wearily, Lanny closes his eyes. Suddenly, Scully forcefully grabs him.

SCULLY

Do you know where he is?

MULDER

Easy, Scully.

SHERIFF

You've got an injured man here!

SCULLY

I've got an accessory to a few dozen murders, and maybe another one tonight if we don't locate Leonard.

MULDER

Who's Leonard?

SCULLY

Lanny's brother.

And now it dawns on everyone else that Lanny is indeed without his appendage of a brother. The wound exists at the spot where Leonard is usually attached.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

MULDER

Scully...it's...it's not....

SCULLY

Mulder, the wounds identical to the other victims with one exception-- he's not bleeding.

SHERIFF

If you're trying to tell me his twin brother can crawl out of his body and then go gallivantin' around town, you're as drunk as he is!

SCULLY

You said yourself, Sheriff, it's what's inside that counts, and I think Lanny has an internal anomaly that allows his conjoining twin to disjoin.

MULDER

Scully, it's an appendage. How...how....

(And perhaps now would be a timely reminder that Lanny is not only a man near death, but also one far from sobriety):

LANNY

How...how could I turn him in, without turning myself in?

SCULLY

Why is he attacking others?

LANNY

I don't think he knows he is harming anyone. He's merely seeking...another brother, you see.

MULDER

Are you in pain?

LANNY

It hurts...not to be wanted. I don't know why he hates me so. I've taken care of him all our lives. Maybe that is the reason?

Lanny brings his flask up to his lips, but Scully holds back his arm.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

SCULLY

How long can he survive outside  
your body?

LANNY

Long enough to find out you can  
not change the way you were born.  
But he'll come back. He always  
comes back. I am his only  
brother.

Scully immediately begins inspecting the bars of the cell,  
while the others stay huddled over Lanny.

SHERIFF

I still can't figure out how  
anybody got in here.

SCULLY

Nobody got in--they got out.

MULDER

Sheriff, we need the paramedics.

The Sheriff hustles out of the cell.

Not finding anything at the cell bars, Scully spots the cell  
window. Climbing onto the end of the bunk frame, she reaches  
up and touches the window bars. Blood.

MULDER

Scully, you're the medical expert--  
if you say the twin can separate,  
I go with you, but...how mobile  
could such a thing be?

Scully lifts herself up, and looks out the window.

SCULLY'S POV - OUTSIDE JAIL CELL

Seen in the headlights of an car, which SCREECH to a stop and  
HONKS, the Creature quickly scoots across the street and into  
the dark distance.

CELL

Scully drops down from the window.

SCULLY

Too mobile.

Scully races out the cell, followed by Mulder. Lanny is left  
alone with Dr. Blockhead, who approaches cautiously.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (4)

31

BLOCKHEAD  
Your twin can really...  
(gestures outward)  
...and then...  
(gestures inward)

Lanny nods his head wearily. Dr. Blockhead shakes his head in disbelief.

BLOCKHEAD (CONT'D)  
What an act!

CUT TO:

32 EXT. FUN HOUSE - NIGHT

32

Sprinting, with their guns drawn, Mulder and Scully arrive at a cluster of truck rigs attached to each other at various angles. A ramp leads up to one of the open rigs, and from within this dark interior MOVEMENT is heard.

SCULLY  
I'll cover the back.

As she rushes around back, Mulder notices a circuit box attached to the rig. Flipping on the main switch, a dim red light illuminates the interior. Mulder ascends the ramp, and enters the rig.

CUT TO:

33 INT. FUN HOUSE - NIGHT

33

FIRST CORRIDOR

Cautiously walking down the thin wooden corridor, Mulder reaches the end of the hall, where it turns off into another corridor at a right angle. Bracing his back against the wall, Mulder spins out into the next hallway with his gun at the ready.

SECOND CORRIDOR

A brief glimpse of the Creature at the other end of the corridor, turning down the next hallway. Mulder rushes down, once again pausing before the turn to quickly execute the back-against-wall-spin-out-with-gun-pointed maneuver.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

THIRD CORRIDOR

Nothing down here, so Mulder quickly runs to the opposite end. He begins to execute the maneuver again, but as he spins and extends his arms--BAM--his gun slams right into a wall. The would-be Fourth Corridor turns out to be an immediate dead end.

Mulder looks around confused. He's wandered into some mindless maze.

CUT TO:

34 INT. FUN HOUSE - NIGHT - SCULLY

34

walking down another hallway. The opposite end is cast in complete darkness, and from somewhere within these depths, a GROWLING emerges.

Scully assumes the shooter's position, aiming into the darkness. The growling gets louder, and is joined by FAST APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

SCULLY  
Freeze! Federal Agent!

The growling is now a ROAR, the footsteps are POUNDINGS.

SCULLY  
Freeze!

She starts squeezing her trigger just as the charging figure comes into the light, REVEALING Hepcat's Monster Head (from Act One) stuck onto a skeleton body, dangling from an overhead wire. As the pre-recorded GROWL becomes a broad, fiendish LAUGH, Scully rolls her eyes.

SCULLY  
The fun house....

CUT TO:

MULDER

just as he spins into another dead-end. Now more frustrated than confused, he looks around, spotting something down the corridor.

MULDER'S POV - END OF CORRIDOR

Another brief glimpse of the Creature running past the end of the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

MULDER

sprints down the corridor, turns the corner, and--BAM--another dead end.

He bounces off the wall, backing up onto a chute. As Mulder slides out of frame--

CUT TO:

SCULLY

Crouched down at the end of a corridor, not sure which direction to go.

WIDE

With Scully in the b.g., the silhouetted Creature appears in the f.g. It's "head" turns towards Scully, and then charges towards her.

SCULLY

looking away from the Creature's direction, she can nevertheless hear something coming her way.

CREATURE'S POV - SCULLY

Low to the ground, moving quickly, straight at Scully.

SCULLY

nervously looking around, but still not at the Creature.

CREATURE'S POV - SCULLY

If Scully does not move in the next instant, the Creature will be upon her, but she remains in place. The Creature (CAMERA) charges, literally RAMMING INTO SCULLY, only to bounce BACK AWAY FROM HER. Scully shows no effect of this, except her image seems to quiver.

SCULLY

not quivering, she turns, aiming her gun, only to find herself aiming at--

MULTIPLE IMAGES OF SCULLY

reflected in the dozens of mirrors that are the only things in this ROOM OF MIRRORS.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

SCULLY

She begins proceeding cautiously through the maze. Naturally, she bumps into one of the mirrors, but as she does, a sudden movement is reflected in all the mirrors. Scully turns, aiming her gun.

SCULLY'S POV - MIRRORS

The Creature scurries across the floor--the mirrors creating the illusion that hundreds of Creatures are scurrying in hundreds of different directions.

SCULLY

She aims her gun--here, there, everywhere. Which is the real Creature and which way is it going? Desperately confused, almost to panic, she FIRES her gun.

MIRRORS

PLOP--the Creature falls to the floor, motionless.

SCULLY

Pause. Cautiously, she moves towards the fallen twin. Bending down, she reaches out to touch him. Her hand hits glass. Pause. Scully reaches out to the next nearest image of the Creature-- another reflection.

FOLLOW HER HAND as she slides it along the mirror panels, gliding over several reflections of the Creature. Her hand arrives at a mirrorless, empty, black space amongst the panels. Suddenly, a head lunges out from this darkness!

SCULLY

falls backwards, aiming her gun at the attacker.

WIDE TO REVEAL

the attacker is Mulder, sliding head first into the room. Rolling over, he quickly springs to his feet--ready for action. Seeing Scully, he relaxes his cat-like stance.

MULDER

I heard a shot fired.

SCULLY

I hit him. He's somewhere in this--

Scully looks about. The fallen Creature is no where to be seen.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

SCULLY  
Mulder, I think we'd better go  
outside, and catch this thing  
coming out.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. FUN HOUSE - NIGHT

35

Mulder and Scully escape out of the fun house, descending down a metal staircase, mechanically shaking back and forth. The instant they touch down on terra firma, Scully points O.S.

BUSHES

A small creature scampers into the bushes.

MULDER & SCULLY

They run over to the bush, guns at the ready. Their aim follows a RUSTLING noise that moves within the foliage. Suddenly, the rustling stops. A pause, as the Agents prepare themselves for anything.

Bursting out of the bush comes Nutt's dog, BARKING rabidly. The agents must refrain from still pulling their triggers.

SCULLY  
The manager's dog.

MULDER  
(light bulb)  
The trailer park--

CUT TO:

36 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

36

The Creature, silhouetted, scampers down the row of trailers. It stops abruptly, as a man, cast in shadows, steps out from his trailer. The Creature heads towards its next victim.

MULDER & SCULLY

running down the row of trailers, desperately seeking Leonard.

CREATURE'S NEXT VICTIM

Still in shadows, he steps into the light, coming from the trailer's interior, REVEALING he is The Conundrum. Hearing something, he looks around for its source.

(CONTINUED)



36 CONTINUED:

36

## CONUNDRUM'S POV - CREATURE

Lurching from the darkness, the Creature is finally seen in full view and light. Its head resembles the color and texture of an internal organ, with a faint hint of facial features. The eyes are black slits, the nose barely a bump, the mouth an exposed tracheal tube. In any case, it is seen for only a flash before it lunges at the Conundrum (CAMERA).

## CONUNDRUM

startled and terrified, he SCREAMS as the Creature clasps itself to his stomach. Falling back into the shadows, the two crash against the trailer.

## MULDER &amp; SCULLY

hearing the SCREAM, freeze. Looking for its source, they see--

## SHADOWED FIGURES

An upright man, whose arm is plastered against the trailer as if in agony, GROANS as a smaller figure oscillates at the man's mid-section.

## MULDER &amp; SCULLY

Race towards the figures. Aim their guns. About to fire, when--

## SHADOWED FIGURES

Turn towards the agents, and the light, revealing the man is the Giant (from the funeral scene) and the smaller figure is the Waitress (from the restaurant scene). The startled couple stare at the Agents.

## WAITRESS

Hey--we're consenting adults!

## MULDER &amp; SCULLY

lower their weapons, quickly taking off in search of the Creature. They continue down the row of trailers, until Mulder points O.s.

## CONUNDRUM

Lying motionless on the ground. The Agents race over. Scully bends down to inspect his wound, but...there is none. The Conundrum opens his eyes.

## SCULLY

Are you okay?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

The Conundrum nods sleepily. He no longer resembles a fallen victim as much as someone who has overstuffed themselves on Thanksgiving dinner.

MULDER

Have you seen a...a....

Mulder gestures to indicate a small entity, but quickly realizes it is pointless to expect a reply from The Conundrum.

The Agents quickly run off to continue their search. As they head off down the row of trailers, The Conundrum remains lying on the ground, gently rubbing his puffed-out tummy.

DISSOLVE TO:

37 EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

37

The Conundrum "dissolves out" of the shot, as Mulder and Scully are joined in their search by the Sheriff and a few DEPUTIES.

Scully stops, and looks around exasperated. The Sheriff, somewhat disgusted with the whole thing, comes up beside her.

SHERIFF

Now, you're sure it was the twin you saw running around here? I mean, maybe it was the Feejee Mermaid, and he's jumped into the river, and swum his way back to Fiji....

The Sheriff continues along, replaced by Mulder.

MULDER

Now you know how I feel.

Mulder continues on. Scully stews a bit before noticing Dr. Blockhead, who is packing his things into his VW Bug (crammed to the hilt, with the cannibal pot tied to the roof). The Conundrum sits somewhat lethargically in the passenger seat. Scully approaches them.

SCULLY

You're taking off?

BLOCKHEAD

You kidding--with that thing still on the loose?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

SCULLY

They've been searching for it all day. It has to be deceased by now.

BLOCKHEAD

Maybe he'll try to crawl back into his brother. You know-- force of habit.

SCULLY

His brother, Lanny, died last night. I already performed the autopsy on him this morning.

BLOCKHEAD

(shudders)

Autopsy? The very word makes me squeamish.

Scully, becoming lost in thought, talks aloud more to herself than to Dr. Blockhead.

SCULLY

His stomach wound was non-fatal. His death was the result of advanced cirrhosis of the liver.

BLOCKHEAD

So there's a moral after all-- "Lay off the booze!"

SCULLY

His body possessed some anatomical discrepancies...offshoots from the trachea and esophagus that appeared almost umbilical in nature. I've...I've never seen anything like it.

BLOCKHEAD

And you never will again.

Scully now regards Dr. Blockhead more closely.

BLOCKHEAD (CONT'D)

Modern science is wiping out any deviant strain of the human form.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

BLOCKHEAD (Cont'd)

In the 21st Century, genetic engineering will not only eradicate siamese twins and alligator-skinned people, but you'll be hard pressed to find a person with a slight overbite or not-so-high cheekbones. I have seen the future, and the future looks-- just like him!

Dr. Blockhead points O.s.

MULDER

Still looking for the twin, he stands--one hand on hip, unconsciously striking a glamour pose.

SCULLY &amp; BLOCKHEAD

BLOCKHEAD

(grimacing)

Imagine going through your whole life looking like that.

MULDER

Looks over at Scully and Dr. Blockhead, and heads their way.

SCULLY &amp; BLOCKHEAD

Dr. Blockhead opens the door of his car.

BLOCKHEAD

That's why it's up to self-made freaks like me and The Conundrum to go out and remind people.

SCULLY

Remind people of what?

BLOCKHEAD

Nature abhors normality. It can't go very long without creating a mutant, and do you know why?

SCULLY

No. Why?

BLOCKHEAD

I don't know either. It's a mystery. Maybe some mysteries were never meant to be solved.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

Dr. Blockhead gets into his car. Mulder arrives, and regards The Conundrum's countenance.

MULDER

What's the matter with your friend?

BLOCKHEAD

I don't know what his problem is. Maybe it's this Florida heat.

SCULLY

I hope it's nothing serious.

The geek turns to Mulder and Scully.

CONUNDRUM

Probably just something I ate.

Mulder and Scully's faces turn to stone, as the car shoots off like a rocket. The Agents turn, and watch as the Bug hits the open road. Scully turns back towards her partner, who can only shrug.

MULDER

What the hell.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END