

THE POST-MODERN PROMETHEUS

Written by

Chris Carter

Directed by

Chris Carter

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CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder

Agent Dana Scully

Izzy Berkowitz

Shaineh Berkowitz

Booger

Izzy's Other Friend (non-speaking)

Mutato

Old Man

Dr. Pollidori

Nerdy Student

Elizabeth Pollidori

Waitress

J.J.

Huge Man

Postal Worker
Diligent Newspaper Girl

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

RURAL INDIANA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET
BERKOWITZ HOUSE
INDIANA FARMLAND
DECIDUOUS WOODS
 /DEEPER IN THE WOODS
 /BOTTOM OF SWALE
DR. POLLIDORI'S HOUSE
J.J.'s COUNTRY DINER
OLD MAN'S FARM HOUSE
POST OFFICE

INTERIORS

BERKOWITZ HOUSE
 /HALL
 /LIVING ROOM
 /KITCHEN
 /IZZY'S ROOM
UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA
 /LAB
 /DR. POLLIDORI'S OFFICE
DR. POLLIDORI'S HOUSE
 /BEDROOM
 /MAIN FLOOR
 /STAIRS
 /BACK DOOR
 /KITCHEN
J.J.'s COUNTRY DINER
OLD MAN'S FARM HOUSE
 /CELLAR
 /KITCHEN
BARN ON OLD MAN'S FARM
MEMPHIS CLUB
JERRY SPRINGER STAGE SET

FADE IN:

A COMIC BOOK COVER.

A color illustration of THE GREAT MUTATO. A cartoon monster, caught in a flashlight beam. A hand flips open the cover to a page of black and white cels. PUSHING INTO a drawing of a horror movie sky over the treetops of a rural neighborhood. The bubble reads: "Somewhere in the city a monster lurked ... " DISSOLVING TO:

A HORROR MOVIE SKY (SPFX). CRANING DOWN THROUGH THE TREES.

EXT. RURAL INDIANA NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

CRANING DOWN through the trees to a street lined with old homes, under the SOUND of a car engine that won't turn over.
Finding:

AN OLD NASH METROPOLITAN

Parked in front of a forlorn house. There are two VERY LARGE BOYS looking under the hood. One being IZZY BERKOWITZ.

IZZY
You're flooding it, Booger!

A 3RD BOY (BOOGER) is behind the wheel, working the ignition.

The car labors but won't start. Until it comes to life in an EXPLOSION OF SMOKE, engulfing the boys under the hood.

ANGLE ON HOUSE

Where Izzy's mom, SHAINEH BERKOWITZ, is coming out the front door. In response to the billowing cloud.

SHAINEH
For god sake, Izzy ...

ANGLE ON CAR

The boys are dropping the hood, piling into the small two-door sedan, which is so cramped it barely accommodates their girth.
Booger is still gunning the engine for fear it'll quit.

SHAINEH
You gotta be kidding.

Izzy, her son, now sits in the passenger seat.

IZZY
What?!

SHAINEH
Don't what me, Izzy. Or you ain't going to no Comic Book Convention.

IZZY
I'm eighteen. I go where I want.

SHAINEH
Yeah, but where are you gonna live when you come back?

IZZY
Oh, mom. We gotta get going.

Shaineh shakes her head. She loves this big lunk.

SHAINEH
You drive careful, Booger. He's the only son I've got.

BOOGER
Okay, Mrs. B.

Booger steps on the gas, the little car putting down the street. Shaineh watching it go, more than a little wistful.

CUT TO:

INT. BERKOWITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

MOONLIGHT illuminates a picture of a smiling IZZY at the county fair, holding a blue ribbon next to A LARGE SOW. CAMERA PANNING off to reveal the living room, its decor tattered and old. But this is a home, no doubt. Recognizable as such even in the dark.

CAMERA CREEPING DOWN THE HALL

Toward the sound of a TV, what sounds like a talk show. CREEPING TOWARD the partially cracked door where we find Shaineh sitting up in bed in her nightgown, illuminated by the tube's blue glow.

CLOSE ON TV

It's the Jerry Springer show, with Jerry interviewing a woman HOLDING A VERY HAIRY BABY. (NOTE: Dialogue to come.)

CLOSE ON SHAINEH

Entranced by the interview.

CUT TO:

INT. BERKOWITZ HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room we were in. Where we now see A PIECE OF STRIPED CANVAS UNFURL SUDDENLY OVER THE SIDE WINDOW, blotting out the moonlight.

CAMERA PANNING to see this same action on a window on the joining wall, also blotting out the moonlight.

CUT BACK TO:

SHAINEH

Transfixed by the Jerry Springer show. Not noticing that A SHEET OF CANVAS drops over the window just behind her.

SHAINEH
(wondrous at TV)
I don't believe this ...

CUT TO:

EXT. BERKOWITZ HOUSE - NIGHT

ANGLE FROM THE ROOF PEAK, where A SECTION OF STRIPED CANVAS

rolls out from an unseen source, drops over the edge of the roof.

NEW ANGLE

The same action, the roll unspooling and dropping off the roof.

WIDE ON HOUSE

Covered in canvas. What we all know as termite tenting.

CUT TO:

INT. BERKOWITZ HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dark, empty. Only the dim glow from the television set down the hall, where a DARK FIGURE suddenly cuts across the light.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON THE BURNER FROM A GAS STOVE

It lights, the circle of blue flames coming to life. A frying pan comes down atop the burner. CAMERA RISING, WIDENING SLIGHTLY as a DEFORMED HAND drops a WHITE CAKE into the skillet, the heat triggering a chemical reaction, creating A GASEOUS WHITE CLOUD.

As MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY: The opening strains of Cher's cover of "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore."

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BERKOWITZ HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room has begun filling with the white gas, the song continuing over this. PUSHING TOWARD THE HALL, toward:

SHAI NEH

Watching the TV, rapt. When the sound of the music grabs her attention. She's confused for a moment, listening. Then she turns down the TV, using the remote.

SHAI NEH

Hello ... ?

CAMERA CONTINUES PUSHING DOWN THE HALL

PUSHING THROUGH THE GASSY ATMOSPHERE as the MUSIC BUILDS.

CUT BACK TO:

SHAI NEH

SHAI NEH

Who's there ... ?!

Frightened now, as she sees:

ANGLE ON DOOR

The gas has begun to seep in around the slightly ajar door.

PUSHING IN ON SHAI NEH

Her fear growing as the music continues to build.

PUSHING IN ON DOOR

As it begins to creak open, and out of the gassy darkness A HORRIBLY DISFIGURED FACE appears. A Frankenstein face, only more hideous and frightening. The music full volume now. Off:

SHAI NEH'S GASPING HORROR

We go to MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

EXT. INDIANA FARMLAND - DAY

Fields of crops stretch in all directions, the same HORROR MOVIE SKY (SPFX) heavy on the horizon. As a RENTAL SEDAN appears in the distance of the two-lane highway. Over this:

SCULLY'S VOICE

Dear Special Agent Mulder ... I am writing to you for help.

INT. RENTAL SEDAN - DAY

Mulder is at the wheel, Scully his passenger. She reads a letter.

SCULLY

Several years ago I had an experience I could not explain. I was lying in my bed when I felt a presence in the room. Though I was awake, I felt that something had taken control over my body. I don't remember much else, but I woke up three days later pregnant with my son, Izzy.

Scully turns to Mulder, looking at him. Just a look.

SCULLY

That was 18 years ago, but now it happened again. I was in bed and could swear I heard Cher singing. The one who was married to Sonny. Then the room got all smoky and I saw some kinda monster. He had a really gross face with big lumps all over his head. I was too scared to scream. Then I got all groggy and conked out for 3 days. Guess what happened when I woke up?

Scully turns to Mulder, continuing her incredulity.

SCULLY

I got your name off the TV. Some lady on the Jerry Springer show who had a werewolf baby said you came to her house. Well, I got her story beat by a mile, so maybe you'll want to come see me, too. Sincerely, Shaineh Berkowitz.

She looks up at Mulder.

MULDER

You think it's too soon to get my own 1-900 number?

EXT. BERKOWITZ HOUSE - DAY

The agents' rental car comes to a stop in front of the house we last saw covered in termite tents (though it isn't now.) Prelap:

SHAINEH (V.O.)

... so did you actually see that werewolf baby ... ?

CUT TO:

INT. BERKOWITZ HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

SHAINEH pours soda into glasses from a 64 ounce plastic bottle.

SHAINEH

... or was that just a story?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER, SCULLY

Seated on the drab furniture, as Shaineh continues to pour.

MULDER

It was born with a condition known as hypertrichosis lanuginosa -- a rare hereditary condition most commonly seen in certain South American families.

SHAINEH

Uh huh ...

(beat)

But it was all hairy and stuff?

SCULLY

(interrupting now, as the disbeliever)

Mrs. Berkowitz, you said you had a son yourself --

SHAINEH

(pointing to photo)

Izzy. That's him there.

SCULLY

And Izzy was the product of your union with some kind of intruder?

SHAINEH

I don't know about no union, but I sure woke up in a condition.

SCULLY

Did you report it to the police?

SHAINEH

Course I did.

SCULLY

Was there an investigation?

SHAINEH

Not really. Nobody here ever locks their doors. And it took me a month or two to figure it out. I mean, that I was pregnant.

SCULLY

And now you're pregnant again?

SHAINEH

Uh huh. But as I told Agent Mulder on the phone, that's what takes the cake.

MULDER

Mrs. Berkowitz had a tubal ligation two years ago.

Scully looks from Mulder back to Shaineh.

SHAINEH

You can't plant a seed in a barren field.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON FRYING PAN

SHAINEH

They were cooking something on the range. Took me two days of scrubbing to clean the skillet.

INT. BERKOWITZ HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

She hands Mulder the skillet. Scully watches Shaineh as she moves to the fridge. While Mulder studies the pan.

SHAINEH

I don't know how many of them there were -- I only saw the one -- but they ate almost a whole damn jar of peanut butter.

She pulls out a jar with the sides scraped clean. Scully shoots a quick, judgmental glance at Mulder. Which Shaineh sees.

SCULLY

You said you were gone three days. But no one missed you ...

SHAINEH

I know what you're thinking.

SCULLY

Do you drink, Mrs. Berkowitz?

SHAINEH

No, but I'm not so sure my intruders -- as you call 'em didn't have a few.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A NARROW HARDWOOD SIDEBOARD TABLE

There are circular glass tumbler stains in the wood.

SHAINEH

Somebody set a tumbler here and didn't use no coaster.

INT. BERKOWITZ HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Mulder runs his fingers over the stain. The two agents and Shaineh stand in the familiar hallway.

SHAINEH

It's a family heirloom, too.

SCULLY

There's no chance your son might have put that here?

SHAINEH

Izzy's got more brains than that. Not much more, but he values his life.

Scully's attention turns to an open door next to her.

INT. IZZY'S ROOM - DAY

Where we see Scully and Shaineh staring into a bedroom which looks like a bomb hit it.

SHAINEH

That pig sty there's his room.

RESUME HALLWAY

Scully steps into the bedroom, leaving Mulder alone with Shaineh.

SHAINEH

You know what this thing is, don't you Agent Mulder?

MULDER

Why do you say that?

SHAINEH

Cause you're all quiet and stuff. And you know something you're not saying. About alien abductions. They said on Jerry Springer you're like an expert.

MULDER

I don't think this has anything to do with aliens. To be honest, I don't even know if I believe there's such a thing anymore.

SHAINEH

(surprised)

Oh come on ... Really?

CUT TO:

INT. IZZY'S ROOM - DAY

Scully is looking around the room when something under a stack of dirty clothing catches her attention. She reaches down to pick up a comic book, the cover of which is unseen by us.

RESUME HALLWAY

As Scully re-enters, holding the comic book.

SCULLY

Mrs. Berkowitz, you gave a description of the intruder. You said he had a gross face and lumps all over his head.

SHAINEH

And two mouths. I don't know if I mentioned that.

Scully turns the comic book around so Shaineh can see it.

SCULLY

Funny. It sounds just like this.

SHAINEH

(reacts, then:)

That? That's The Great Mutato.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE COMIC BOOK

On the cover a large illustrated caricature of the creature we saw in the Teaser, done in comic book style.

SHAINEH

That's a comic book character my kid Izzy created.

As she says this, everyone turns when the screen door bangs.

THEIR POV

Izzy has entered the house, looking a little guilty somehow.

IZZY
What's going on?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER, SCULLY, SHAINEH

Coming into the foyer, Mulder studying the comic book.

SHAINEH
These are agents Mulder and Scully from the FBI.

IZZY
The Federal Bureau of Investigation?

SCULLY
We're wondering how the suspect in your mother's case looks exactly like this --

Mulder hands the comic book to the sheepish Izzy.

MULDER
The Great Mutato.

IZZY
(grasping)
Because I ... I've seen him, too.

SCULLY
(dubious)
You've seen The Great Mutato?

IZZY
A lot of people around here have.

SCULLY
(suspicion rising)
But it crossed neither of your minds that what you say you saw that night fits perfectly with this character your son created?

SHAINEH
(genuine)
Yeah, but ... that don't mean it didn't happen.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A SAWED OFF TREE STUMP - NIGHT

Where a brown paper bag is set down, hands pulling out sandwiches that are wrapped in wax paper. We are:

EXT. DECIDUOUS WOODS - NIGHT

Izzy is setting the sandwiches down on the stump.

SCULLY
Peanut butter sandwiches?

IZZY

Don't ask me why, but it works.

He wads up the wrapping and moves off. Mulder and Scully look on.

THEIR POV

Izzy is moving back to where the Nash Metropolitan is parked in the distance. Where Booger and his two buddies are waiting.

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY

Walking toward the boys.

SCULLY

Why are you humoring them?

MULDER

I'm not humoring them. This is a very serious crime.

SCULLY

So is perjury. And calling out FBI agents under false pretenses.

MULDER

For the purpose of what?

SCULLY

It's not obvious?

NEW ANGLE

Izzy is ahead of the agents, moving into tight f.g. where we see him pull A TAPE RECORDER out of his big shirt pocket and click it on. As he PASSES CAMERA, we go to:

ANGLE ON CARS

Where the boys are parked, where the agents' car is parked, too.

SCULLY

What we're seeing is an example of a culture for whom daytime talk shows and tabloid headlines have become a reality against which they measure their lives. A culture so obsessed with the media and the chance for selfdramatization, that they'll do anything to gain a spotlight.

MULDER

I'm alarmed you'd reduce these folk into a cultural stereotype, Scully. Not everyone's dream is to be on the Jerry Springer show.

SCULLY

I'm not saying that monsters don't exist. Whether depicted in cartoon, fairy tale, myth or legend -- they often represent something quite serious and real.

MULDER

The we-only-make-monsters-of-ourselves argument ...

Mulder boosting himself up, so that he's sitting on the hood.

SCULLY

The denial of an unthinkable evil or a misplacement of shared fears. Anxieties taking the form of a hideous creature for whom the most horrific human instincts can be ascribed. What we can't otherwise bear to imagine ourselves capable of can be blamed on the ogre, the hunchback, the lowly half-breed.

As Scully speaks, Izzy has broken away from his group of buddies. Moving to a place where he's within earshot, though he's playing it cool. Both Mulder and Scully notice this.

SCULLY

But common sense alone says these legends and unverified rumors are ridiculous.

MULDER

But nonetheless unverified. And therefore true in the sense they're believed to be true.

SCULLY

(a wearied beat)

So the bait is set. What exactly are we going to see here tonight?

MULDER

Shhhh ...

A kind of BEASTLY, MELODIC MOANING starts. Distant, indistinct.

SCULLY

What's that?

Mulder slides off the hood of the car, listening. As are the boys, and now Scully. Izzy stepping into f.g. Listening ... then:

IZZY

It's The Great Mutato.

THEIR POV

A DARK FIGURE has come out of the woods, moving to the stump where the sandwiches were placed. Just a silhouette.

RESUME GROUP

Hesitating, then setting out at a run. Mulder leading the way.

RESUME DARK FIGURE

Seeing that he's been spotted, he runs.

ANGLE BACK ON GROUP -- FROM DARK FIGURE'S POSITION AT TREE STUMP

As they, too, break into a run. Giving chase, running TO CAMERA. CAMERA COMING TO MEET THEM as Mulder, too, runs past. LANDING ON SCULLY who stops at the tree stump, looking at:

ANGLE UP OVER TREE STUMP

Where Scully lifts a peanut butter sandwich into frame. It has two distinct bites out of it, one on one side, one on the other. As she stares at this, IZZY and THE BOYS go hoofing past.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEPER IN THE WOODS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING WITH THE DARK FIGURE until he darts out of frame. CAMERA PANNING BACK NOW to find Mulder running ahead of the rest of the pursuing party. Moving like O.J. in the airport.

MORE TRACKING WITH THE DARK FIGURE

MORE TRACKING WITH MULDER AND THE BOYS

FOLLOWING ANGLE

DARK FIGURE

Moving toward a swale where it drops down over the soft edge and disappears into the little valley.

After a moment, Mulder enters frame from BEHIND CAMERA. Running balls out. Disappearing down into the swale himself now.

After a moment, Izzy and The Boys enter frame, being passed by Scully. As she, too, heads down into the swale. MATCHING TO:

EXT. WOODS - BOTTOM OF SWALE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Scully comes running over the edge of the swale, trying to keep her footing on the leaf-covered slope. MOVING TOWARD CAMERA now, as we ADJUST OVER to find Mulder in f.g., huffing and out of breath. As Scully joins him now. She, too, winded from the run.

SCULLY

Where did it go?

MULDER

I don't know. I lost it.

After several more beats, THE BOYS come tromping down the slope behind them. Staggering up to them. When:

MULDER

There. Up there.

He's pointing. Scully following with her eyes, up to:

THEIR POV

On the opposing ridge of the swale stands THE DARK FIGURE. Looming above them like a phantom in silhouette.

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY

Mulder carefully unsnaps the holster strap over his weapon, while Scully works to get a flashlight out of her jacket. Removing it now and clicking it on. Pointing it up at:

THEIR POV

As the flashlight beam finds the face of AN OLD MAN, with A HUGE PIG on a leash. Staring down at them, squinting into the light.

OLD MAN

Turn that damn thing off.

And the man starts down the opposing slope toward them.

RESUME MULDER, SCULLY AND THE BOYS

As the old man approaches them, Scully turning beam away.

OLD MAN
Yer on my property.

Mulder and Scully trade quick glances with each other, and with the boys. As Mulder pulls his ID, flashes it at the Old Man.

MULDER
We're with the FBI.

OLD MAN
They're not.

IZZY
(trying to explain)
We were ...
(too winded)
We were ...

SCULLY
(feeling ridiculous)
... we were chasing what they told us was a monster.

OLD MAN
A monster?! What did I tell you boys?! There ain't no monster.

MULDER
You know these kids?

OLD MAN
Oh, yeah. I know em. Ever since that newspaper story on my son, that's all I hear.

MULDER
What newspaper story?

OLD MAN
I'll show you the monster you're looking for.

Off Izzy and the boys' sheepish faces:

CUT TO:

A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

The paper is the UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA NEWS PRESS. The boldish headline reads: PROFESSOR CREATES OWN MONSTERS. Beneath this is the happy, smiling face of DR. FRANCIS POLLIDORI.

The newspaper is pulled down out of frame now, revealing the real Dr. Pollidori. Who is not happy, or smiling. He is sitting at a lab table, turning uncomfortably to look at the agents.

DR. POLLIDORI
Who sent you here?

INT. UNIVERSITY LAB - NIGHT

Mulder and Scully stand behind Dr. Pollidori, a trim, very precise, cold and overly self-important man of 55. In a lab coat.

MULDER

Your father --

DR. POLLIDORI

My father is a simpleton farmer. He understands nothing of my scientific achievements.

SCULLY

What achievements are those?

DR. POLLIDORI

What makes you think YOU'LL understand them any better?

SCULLY

I'm a scientist, for one.

Pollidori rises, looking down his nose, before he moves off. Necessitating that the agents follow him to hear:

DR. POLLIDORI

Then you well know that once a generation -- maybe once in a lifetime -- a truth is uncovered which thrusts mankind into a shocking new consciousness, turning accepted notions of our very existence on their head. Consider relativity, the double helix -- and then the homeotic hox gene, for which I will no doubt have my place among the Columbuses of science as a visionary leader of men.

A NERDY POST-DOCTORAL STUDENT appears, coming through a door. The student holds in his hand a round pad with FRUITFLIES on it.

NERDY STUDENT

What do you want me to do with these, Dr. Pollidori?
(suddenly they all flyaway)
Never mind.

MULDER

What is a homeotic hox gene?

DR. POLLIDORI

She's a scientist -- ask her!

SCULLY

I believe a hox gene has to do with growth and development --

DR. POLLIDORI

I don't have time for this! I leave tonight for the University of Ingolstadt to deliver an international address.

SCULLY

Unless you want your scientific achievements to end up as a footnote on the Jerry Springer show, maybe you should make time.

DR. POLLIDORI

(an angry beat, then a bit too curious)
The Jerry Springer show?

CUT TO:

A TELEVISION SCREEN

Where a lonely fly pupae sits against a black background. It is morphing, changing shape, in a time lapse display of growth.

DR. POLLIDORI (O.S.)

Witness the morphogenesis of drosophila -- the fruitfly.

INT. DR. POLLIDORI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Mulder and Scully stand with the pompous prof in his neatnik office. Pollidori can't resist an opportunity to regale.

DR. POLLIDORI

What you are seeing has been going on for millennia; since the Cambrian period five hundred and eighty million short years ago, when drosophila was born. Notice the elegant symmetry with which the pupae grows into a series of beautiful segments.

CLOSE ON DR. POLLIDORI

Turning to a chalkboard, picking up a piece of chalk. Drawing the same simple, segmented pupae.

DR. POLLIDORI

What we have found -- what I have found -- is that these segments represent a linear model for the genetic makeup of our friend the fly.

Over the simple, segmented pupae he has drawn a straight line, with arrows above each pupae segment, pointing down at them.

DR. POLLIDORI

Each gene responsible for the development of its corresponding segment - mouth, legs, body. Anterior and posterior. Which, through my genius, I can alter into a creation all my own.

Dr. Pollidori turns back to the monitor, on which is now a grotesque blow up of a fruit fly head.

DR. POLLIDORI

Behold Proboscopectia.

MULDER

(looks closer, amazed)

This fly has legs ...

SCULLY

...growing out of its mouth.

MULDER

(disturbed)

Why would you do that?

DR. POLLIDORI

Because I can.

(beat)

By changing the genetic mechanism which controls development; by making a mouth gene think it's a leg gene.

Mulder looks to Scully, back to Pollidori.

MULDER

Could this be done in humans?

DR. POLLIDORI

It would go against every scientific convention.

MULDER

But it could be done.

DR. POLLIDORI

Well ... theoretically.

Pollidori smiles inscrutably, as a flash of LIGHTNING flashes and rumbles outside. Off Mulder's reaction to this, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY LAB - NIGHT - HIGH ANGLE

Pollidori is walking briskly to his car -- a Jaguar convertible. CAMERA ADJUSTING to find Mulder and Scully, standing on the top landing of a set of ext. stairs, watching the professor leave.

MULDER

Goodnight, Dr. Frankenstein ...

SCULLY

Despite what you may think, this kind of designer mutation is virtually impossible in humans.

MULDER

That's not what I just heard.

SCULLY

Mulder, even if they could, no scientist would dare perform experiments like these on humans.

MULDER

Then why do them at all?

SCULLY

To unlock the mysteries of genetics. To understand how it is, though we share the same genes, we develop arms and not antennae. How we become humans instead of flies. Or monsters.

MULDER

But given the power, what man could resist the temptation? To create life in his own image.

SCULLY

We have that ability, Mulder. It's called procreation. And first thing in the morning, I want to verify the pregnancy of Shaineh Berkowitz.

ANGLE ON PARKING LOT

As Pollidori pulls away, CAMERA ADJUSTS, finding the Old Man in a pickup truck. Sitting in the dark. Watching. As we:

CUT TO:

EXT. PROFESSOR POLLIDORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The convertible Jag is parked out front of a very nice farm house which sits by itself on a stretch of country road.

CUT TO:

INT. PROFESSOR POLLIDORI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A PACKED SUITCASE being closed and fastened. WIDENING to REVEAL ELIZABETH, the professor's sweet wife (early 40s.)

ELIZABETH
When are you coming home again?

The Professor pokes his head out of the bathroom, where he is tying a new tie over a new shirt. Hair wet from the shower.

DR. POLLIDORI
What?

ELIZABETH
We were going to have that talk.

DR. POLLIDORI
(exiting, harried)
Soon. Soon. We'll have it soon.

ELIZABETH
That's what you always say.

DR. POLLIDORI
You know how I feel about children, Elizabeth. They're ... mewling little monsters.

ELIZABETH
But I want children.

DR. POLLIDORI
What happened to our dream? About getting out of this place; about leaving this hick town ... ?

ELIZABETH
I think that's your dream.

DR. POLLIDORI
(barely restrained)
What do you want, Elizabeth? A baby?! Or a Nobel Prize?!
(beat, then he pecks her on the cheek)
Bye, dear. Back on Thursday.

And he whisks out of the room, leaving her sad and alone. Hearing the front door slam, she moves to the window. Looking down on:

HER POV

As the Jag pulls away, roaring down the street into the night.

RESUME ELIZABETH - NEW ANGLE

She reaches over, turns out the light. The moonlight illuminating the tears which, as she turns to us, we see streaming down her face. She falls onto the bed, sobbing now.

AS CAMERA DRIFTS OVER TO THE WINDOW, where a STRIPED SHEET OF CANVAS FALLS OVER IT. And off this image:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. J.J.'s COUNTRY DINER - MORNING

Mulder and Scully's rental sedan pulls up out front, the agents exiting. Mulder moves to the entrance while Scully goes to the newspaper stand. LEGEND over: DOWNTOWN BLOOMINGTON 7:30 AM.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY DINER - MORNING

Mulder enters, moving through the crowded restaurant to one of the last two seats at the counter. Noticing, as he goes, that everybody seems to be staring at him.

NEW ANGLE ON MULDER

As he takes his seat, swiveling slightly to see:

HIS POV

Indeed, everyone IS staring at him. And smiling. Which is strange. But made even stranger by the fact that everyone looks right out of a Fellini movie, or a touring sideshow.

CUT BACK TO:

SCULLY

Plunking her quarter into the newspaper honor box, removing a paper whose headline (which we can't see) alarms her. Turning to head into the diner. Almost tripping over:

A DACHSHUND

Walking alone. Its rear legs supported by a two-wheel cart.

BARKING at something. CAMERA PANS UP to find A HOT DOG VENDOR on a three-wheeled bike. Pedalling after his pooch.

RESUME SCULLY

Reacting to this strange sight.

RESUME MULDER

His attention turned from the strange clientele by:

WAITRESS (O.S.)
Hot plates. Hot hot hot ...

Mulder turns as CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal an equally odd waitress. Arms laden with several plates of food.

WAITRESS
Biscuits flapjacks fritters grits. Eggs boiled scrambled fried and poached.
We got some monster grapefruits on the way, bigger'n your head almost.

MULDER
I just want some coffee.

WAITRESS
On the house. Compliments of J.J.

She gestures over her shoulder to the smiling, TOOTHLESS COOK.

J.J.
That's with two J.s

Mulder wonders about this, when he looks next to him, notices:

A SKINNY, DILIGENT GIRL WITH HORN-RIMMED GLASSES

She's writing down in a notebook everything on Mulder's plate. When she notices Mulder noticing, she gets up and hurries off.

MULDER

is further wondering about this when the Waitress LEANS IN.

WAITRESS
Is it true Jerry Springer's coming to town?

Her answer is the bell on the front door. They both turn to see:

SCULLY

enters. Makes a bee-line for Mulder, slapping the newspaper down.

SCULLY
We've been had.

THE HEADLINE READS: FBI HUNTS HOMETOWN MONSTER! The subhead:

Agent Admits Stories "Believed to be True."

SCULLY
Let me save you the trouble of reading the story. It's got everything you
and I talked about last night. Word for word.

Off Mulder's surprised reaction to this, PRELAP:

SHAINEH'S VOICE
IZZY BERKOWITZ!

CUT TO:

INT. BERKOWITZ HOUSE - DAY

Shaineh stands in the living room with Mulder and Scully.

SHAINEH
GET YOUR BUTT FRONT AND CENTER!

From where they're standing they can see Izzy's bedroom door open, his head poke out. He's wearing a ballcap, backwards.

IZZY
What'd I do wrong?

SHAINEH
All I can say is the answer to that question better be nothin'.

SCULLY
We have reason to believe you or one of your friends recorded our conversation last night and gave it to a newspaper reporter.

IZZY
Me?

SCULLY
To promote this comic book monster you've created.

MULDER
Do you own a tape recorder, Izzy?

IZZY
Uh ...

SHAINEH
CHRISTMAS, 1993!!

Izzy's out of his room, tape recorder in hand. Handing it over to Mulder, who hits the rewind button. Hits the play button now.

SCULLY'S VOICE
(from the recorder)
Monsters most certainly exist ...

Shaineh reaches out and whacks the ballcap off Izzy's head.

SHAINEH
That's for starters.

Scully and Mulder trade a look, as Mulder rewinds further. Hitting the play button again. As something new comes out: a fuzzy recording of Cher's "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore."

SHAINEH
Hey! Hey! That's it!
(off the agents' confused looks)
That's the song that was playing when I got knocked up!

Then, over the sound of the Cher song, comes a crude vocal. As if someone -- something -- with a terrible speech impediment and a tin ear has added a vocal over the song.

SCULLY
Who the hell is that?

MULDER
That's the same voice we heard out in the woods last night.

IZZY
That's him! The Great Mutato!

They continue listening to the godawful voice. Could it be?

MATCH SONG CUT TO:

INT. PROFESSOR POLLIDORI'S HOUSE - DAY

The atmosphere is filled with the gaseous white cloud; the same atmosphere we saw earlier in Shaineh Berkowitz's house. The Cher song is loud and present now, as CAMERA SEARCHES THE HOUSE.

FINDING the creature we've now had described as MUTATO, framed in a doorway, silhouetted against one of the canvas covered windows -- PERFORMING -- belting out the song, body and soul.

Then disappearing from the doorway as the music segues from the chorus to the refrain.

NEW ANGLE IN HOUSE

As refrain continues. CAMERA FINDING MUTATO AGAIN in the gaseous atmosphere, moving up the stairs. Still belting it out.

The details of his face and head, body and limbs, obscured enough by the cloud that we still have no real idea what it looks like. Continuing up the stairs through the chorus. Then:

Mutato disappears into the bedroom doorway at the top of the stairs. CAMERA DRIFTING UPSTAIRS as the music goes to refrain again. DRIFTING up into the bedroom where, in the gassy atmosphere we see not Mutato, but:

Elizabeth Pollidori, the professor's wife, lying in bed under the white sheets. She is unconscious, with her knees up. Oblivious to what is going on in her house.

As the song fades to an end, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. BERKOWITZ HOUSE - DAY

The agents exit the front door, Mulder holding the tape cassette in his hand. Scully holds a file. As they walk to their car:

SCULLY

Where are we going now?

MULDER

(excited, re: tape)

To messenger this to the Bureau. I want Special Audio to filter the tracks and separate the voice out. Then we're going back to see the professor.

SCULLY

This is just a dopey stunt.

MULDER

Something recorded its voice on this tape, Scully.

SCULLY

And you think Dr. Pollidori has something to do with it?

MULDER

When Victor Frankenstein asks himself, "Whence did the principle of life proceed?" and then as the gratifying summit of his toils creates a hideous phantasm of a man, he prefigures the post-modern prometheus, the genetic engineer. Whose power to re-animate matter -- genes -- into life -- us -- is only as limited as his imagination.

SCULLY

Mulder, I'm alarmed you would reduce this man into a literary stereotype.
A mad scientist.

MULDER

Who else'd go to such trouble to impregnate Shaineh Berkowitz?

Mulder gets into the car. After a wearied beat, so does Scully.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIANA FARMLAND - DAY

Mulder and Scully's car zooms past. Prelap:

SCULLY'S VOICE

I have to admit, Mulder ...

INT. RENTAL SEDAN - DAY

Mulder drives, Scully scans the medical file.

SCULLY

...everything looks in order. Mrs. Berkowitz had an abnormal Pap smear in
1993, resulting in a tubal ligation. Two months ago she had two pregnancy
tests, both with positive results.

Suddenly Mulder puts on the brakes, brings the car to a sudden stop in the middle of the road. Causing Scully confusion.

SCULLY

What are you doing?

ANGLE FROM REAR SEAT

Mulder puts the car in reverse; his arm over Scully's seat now as his eyes go out the back window.

MULDER

(as he backs up)

Mrs. Berkowitz said in her letter that when she saw her intruder, her room
had begun to fill with a gaseous cloud. And that nobody knew she was
missing for the three days that ;lapsed.

SCULLY

Yeah ... so?

Mulder is bringing the car to a stop now.

MATCHING ACTION TO:

EXT. PROFESSOR POLLIDORI'S HOUSE - DAY

As the agent's car comes to a stop in front of the TERMITE TENTED house of Dr. Pollidori and wife.

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY IN CAR

Scully turning to Mulder, understanding now.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROFESSOR POLLIDORI'S HOUSE - DAY

Mulder and Scully exit the car, moving cautiously toward the house. Reacting to MUSIC that can be heard coming from inside the house, under the tent. And though MUFFLED, it is distinctly recognizable as "Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves."

MULDER

Cher.

Mulder and Scully remove their weapons, moving around opposite sides of the house now.

CUT TO:

INT. PROFESSOR POLLIDORI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Through the gaseous atmosphere we see ... Mulder appear through a window. Pulling himself quietly and cautiously in the house, his gun at the ready.

NEW ANGLE

Where CAMERA FINDS SCULLY entering a back door, MOVING TOWARD CAMERA through the mist. (Through this, MUSIC CONTINUES.)

SCULLY PASSES CAMERA. CAMERA FOLLOWING NOW as she moves into the house. Moving into the living room, gun drawn. Climbing the stairs now, moving toward the source of the music.

INT. PROFESSOR POLLIDORI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Scully appears in the doorway, doing a takedown squat at the door. Then slowly rising, gun thrust forward. Upon seeing:

ELIZABETH POLLIDORI

Lying in bed, still under the sheets, knees bent. But there is SOMETHING ELSE ... someone down on hands and knees beside the bed, hiding their head. Unidentifiable in the clouded air.

ANGLE BACK ON SCULLY

Reacting to this. Recoiling slightly, then:

SCULLY

GET UP! COME ON! MOVE!

Scully edging closer.

MOVING POV OF KNEELING FIGURE

Still unidentified, until it raises its head. REVEALING MULDER. His face RED. Coughing in silent gags. He looks up helplessly at:

SCULLY

Who reacts to him ... kneeling to help him -- but then she starts coughing, too. Trying to get air into her lungs.

NEW LOW ANGLE

Now they're both on their knees, coughing and gagging. Mulder the first to go down, falling into unconsciousness. Followed by Scully, who collapses on top of him.

Off their last coughing gasps, A PAIR OF BOOTS step into frame. CAMERA SLOWLY RISING to REVEAL the OLD MAN. Professor Pollidori's father. Wearing a gas mask. Off this:

FADE TO BLACK

FADING IN ON:

MULDER AND SCULLY - LOW ANGLE

On the floor where we left them. It is semi-dark, as it was when we left them, too. Until SUNLIGHT WASHES OVER THEM, and they start to stir. Looking up as A NEW PAIR OF FEET step into frame.

CAMERA RISING TO FIND the feet belong to Dr. Pollidori. His face a mask of restrained rage. As, on the windows b.g., more of the canvas is pulled away. And UNIFORMED COPS are entering the room.

DR. POLLIDORI
What are you doing in my house?

Off the Agents' groggy reactions, PRELAP A WOMAN'S SOBBING.

CUT TO:

ELIZABETH POLLIDORI

A blanket around her shoulders, seated in a kitchen chair.

ELIZABETH
He had this awful face -- with these hideous tumors -- and ... and not one mouth, but two!

ANGLE ON DR. POLLIDORI

He stands with the Uniformed Cops, as his wife sobs some more.

DR. POLLIDORI
Oh my god ...

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER AND SCULLY

At the kitchen table, disheveled, dazed. Drinking black coffee. Scully staring at a morning newspaper.

INSERT NEWSPAPER

The headline reads: FBI AGENTS WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN. The subhead reads: After Hearty Breakfast in J.J. 's Diner, Lawmen Disappear.

RETURN

MULDER
Is there something you'd like to tell us, Dr. Pollidori?

DR. POLLIDORI
Are you accusing that I know something I'm not saying?

MULDER
I'm accusing that your wife may have been impregnated.

Elizabeth suddenly perks up, with a hopeful gasp.

DR. POLLIDORI
Impregnated?! By whom?!

MULDER
Oh, I think you know.

SCULLY
With all due respect, sir, this may be all part of a hoax ...

DR. POLLIDORI
A hoax?!

SCULLY
A shameless publicity stunt.

During this the Diligent Girl in the Horn-Rimmed Glasses has appeared in the kitchen doorway, with her trusty notebook.

Scully notices her. While Mulder has gotten up and moved to the gas stove. Where he lifts the frying pan, studies it. Then:

MULDER
Scully ...

DR. POLLIDORI
What? What is that?

MULDER
Other victims' had their frying pans ... violated.

Pollidori comes over, takes the frying pan from Mulder. Wiping his finger across the CAKED WHITE RESIDUE lying in the bottom.

MULDER
Do you know what this is?

DR. POLLIDORI
(studying it closely)
No. No, I don't.

He gives us a vague (or not so vague) sense he's lying. As Mulder notices something else. Lifting AN EMPTY JAR OF PEANUT BUTTER from a trash container. Holding it up.

MULDER
I think we have our smoking gun.

Off Scully's dim impression of this:

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A VCR

Its glowing digital readout telling us that it is in PLAY mode. We hear dialogue coming from a TV. CAMERA RISING to the TV, on which we see a scene from the movie "Mask," in which Rocky, who has the Lion Man disease, is meeting the parents of his blind girlfriend for the first time. Crushed by their ill-disguised horror at the sight of his visage.

This plays for a moment, until THE SOUND of a door opening DRAWS CAMERA to a set of wooden stairs where dim light from the open door frames the figure of THE OLD MAN. And we realize we are:

INT. CELLAR - LATE DAY

The Old Man is coming down the steps, carrying a plate into the dark room. Moving TOWARD CAMERA with a sweet smile on his face.

OLD MAN
Brought you your favorite.

He sets the plate carrying a PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH down on a little wooden table.

OLD MAN
You finish your movie. But don't stay up too late. Okay, son?

The Old Man turns and goes back up the stairs as he came. CAMERA DRIFTING DOWN to see a pair of familiar DEFORMED HANDS reach down to the peanut butter sandwich. The fingers half-size with knotty nails growing out of the short, stubby ends.

NEW ANGLE ON PERSON THE OLD MAN WAS JUST ADDRESSING

CAMERA PANNING UP, finding the Creature, its eyes watery and human. It has TWO FACES, joined in a deformity.

Both hideous, but the right side is FLY-LIKE. Lit only by the glow of the TV.

RESUME TV - CREATURE'S POV

Where Rocky, the boy in the movie, is telling his mother, played by Cher, that his blind girlfriend is in love with him.

CHER (ON TV)
... of course she is, honey. What's not to love?

And Cher hugs her son Rocky with loving tenderness.

CLOSE ON CREATURE'S EYES

As a tear forms. And off this brief image, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD MAN'S FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The Old Man steps up onto the porch. Behind him in the b.g. dimly lit by moonlight is A BIG, OLD BARN. He stands looking out over the barn for a wistful moment, then enters the house.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD MAN'S FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Old Man sits at the table, looking at an old picture album. Lit by a single overhead light. Moved by the album's contents. Turning the pages slowly, a tear coming to his eye. When THE SOUND of the front door opening draws his attention to:

PROFESSOR POLLIDORI

Standing in the doorway, staring with restrained anger.

DR. POLLIDORI
Tell me it's not true! You didn't ... you wouldn't ...

His father only stares at him, in loathsome defiance.

DR. POLLIDORI
Why?

OLD MAN
Because I can.

Pollidori rushes the old man now, hands grabbing for his throat. The resultant collision propelling the Old Man backwards onto the table, his head hitting the hanging light and sending it swinging from the force.

CAMERA PANNING TO THE KITCHEN WALL where the swinging light illuminates the shadows of the younger man strangling his father.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. COUNTRY DINER - MORNING

The Agents' rental sedan pulls up out front. This time only Mulder exits. Moving to the newspaper honor box, where he plunks his quarter in, removes a paper. He doesn't get a chance to look at the headline, though, when he's given a slight start by:

ANGLE ON THE BARKING DACHSHUND

The one with the trailered hind legs. Zipping past Mulder. CAMERA TILTING UP TO MULDER as he reacts to this. Then sees:

THE HOT DOG VENDOR

Peddaling after the dog. But this time we NOTICE his face that looks REMARKABLY like the DACHSHUND'S. Smiling at:

MULDER

Wondering about this, then turning, moving toward diner.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY DINER - MORNING - LOWISH ANGLE UP

As Mulder enters in the b.g. Moving up the center aisle, heading for his place at the counter. Moving past the same odd folk that he'd spied here yesterday. Except then they were smiling, and now they're not. Mulder registering this, when:

A BOOT JUTS OUT into his path, attempting to trip him. Which Mulder handily steps over.

ANGLE ON MULDER

Looking down at the HUGE MAN whose foot it is.

HUGE MAN
Excuse me.

MULDER
Not a problem.

Mulder wondering about this when A WAD OF OATMEAL smacks the back of his neck. Hanging there, as Mulder turns. Seeing:

MORE DINERS STARING AT HIM

A GOOFY-LOOKING FELLOW drops his spoon with a clatter.

RESUME MULDER

Wondering about this. Moving to the counter now. Taking a napkin from the table service and wiping his neck. Seeing:

MULDER'S POV OF J.J. (THE COOK)

Visible through the kitchen window -- SPITTING onto a plate of food. He glances up sidelong at Mulder. Handing the plate through the window to the Waitress, who comes down to Mulder. Putting the plate down in front of him.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER

Looking at the plate, which contains one lonely fried egg.

MULDER

What's this?

WAITRESS

Compliments of J.J. Coffee?

Mulder doesn't get a chance to answer before she reaches out with the pot she's holding in her other hand and pours some on Mulder's lap. Causing Mulder to jump up in shock.

MULDER

Hey, that's not a place you want to burn a guy.

The Waitress walks away before Mulder can get an explanation. Looking back down at his coffee stained suit now, and catching a glance of the newspaper that he laid on the counter, which hasn't bother to look at yet.

MULDER'S POV OF HEADLINE

FBI AGENTS SAY MONSTER A HOAX. And the subhead: "Shameless Play For Publicity."

MULDER

is reacting to this when something else turns his attention now:

POV OUT WINDOW

PEOPLE ARE RUNNING fast past the window. All in the same direction. It starts as a few, then the numbers increase.

RESUME MULDER

Wondering about this.

RESUME POV

As the numbers increase even more. Then the diner clientele, who have been watching this, too, start to get up and exit.

RESUME MULDER

Really wondering about this now.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY DINER - MORNING

Mulder exits out onto the street behind the other clientele, all of whom are heading toward A GATHERED MOB.

Mulder wonders about this, then moves toward it, too.

CUT TO:

EXT. POST OFFICE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Just down the street from the diner. A MOB has encircled the entrance, listening to a big, bald-headed postal worker.

POSTAL WORKER
You want to see your monster?!!

The crowd yells, "YEAH!! SHOW HIM TO US!! WHERE IS HE?!"

POSTAL WORKER
Here's your monster!

And the Postal Worker steps back into the post office and pulls out a heavy-set body wearing A RUBBER MUTATO MASK. The crowd reacts, first in shock, then in horror, then in realization.

POSTAL WORKER
And his name is Izzy Berkowitz!!

The Postal Worker pulls the rubber mask off Izzy, who looks frightened and guilty and completely misunderstood. As the crowd calls for his head - his real head. Angrily SHOUTING him down as the scary-looking Postal Worker keeps a hold of his scruff.

ANGLE ON MULDER

Watching this, wondering. When Shaineh Berkowitz shoves past him, pushing her way forcefully through the crowd.

SHAINEH
Get your filthy hands off him!!
(pushing ahead)
Let him go!!

Shaineh has reached the center of the mob, faced off with the Postal Worker. He holds up a box containing more masks.

POSTAL WORKER
I intercepted a package

SHAINEH
How would you like your face to intercept my fist, coconut head!?

VOICE FROM CROWD
Your kid's the monster!!

NEW ANGLE ON SHAINEH

She turns on the mob, fire in her eyes.

SHAINEH
THAT'S MY SON YER TALKING ABOUT!

This has silenced the crowd. They stare at Shaineh, a little frightened by the force of her invective. Then, though the venom is there, Shaineh turns back to Izzy.

ANGLE ON MULDER

Wondering. On the edge of the crowd. When Scully approaches.

SCULLY

Mulder --

She looks at the coffee spot on his pants. Wondering. Then:

MULDER

You may be right, Scully.

SCULLY

That these people can be reduced to cultural stereotypes?

MULDER

They unmasked the monster.

Mulder gestures toward Izzy and Shaineh and the Postal Worker, who is showing people a box with several Mutato masks in it.

SCULLY

Mulder, I've got something that says otherwise. Hard evidence.

MULDER

Of what?

SCULLY

The residue in the frying pan is an agricultural product, used to anesthetize herds of animals.

MULDER

Used by who?

SCULLY

Farmers. Who have to register with the FDA to even have it in their possession.

MULDER

Is someone registered locally?

Off Scully's nod, we:

CLOSE ON OLD MAN POLLIDORI'S DEAD FACE

Sunlight streams through the kitchen window. When a SHADOW cuts across his body, then a pair of legs enter frame, shuffling into view. Then we hear A LOW AND MOURNFUL MOAN. We are:

INT. OLD MAN'S FARM HOUSE -. KITCHEN - DAY

WIDE on the creature, standing in silhouette, backlit by the sun. His features still cast in deep shadows. He bends to lift his father, letting out a DEEPER, MOURNFUL MOAN.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN ON OLD MAN'S FARM - DAY

ANGLE OUT FROM THE DARK RECESSES of the hayloft. Looking out and down, toward the house -- where the Creature is coming down the steps, carrying the Old Man like Frankenstein carried his bride.

Carrying the dead man at a slow, sad pace. As he comes closer, we can hear his LOW, MOURNFUL SOBBING. Moving from our line of sight before we can get a really good look at his features.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A BIG SOW. The one we saw with the Old Man back in Act One. He is staring from his pen, watching something intently. Under the sound of a spade biting into earth. And more LOW SOBS.

CAMERA DRIFTING to find Mutato, digging a shallow grave in the deepest shadows of the barn. Only the sunlight which filters through the slats illuminating him. The Old Man's body lies near.

ANGLE ON A COW

Also in its pen, staring intently at the gravedigging. Chewing its cud, its sad cow eyes sympathetic somehow.

CAMERA PANNING to a HORSE. Also watching sympathetically. PANNING OVER AND DOWN to a ROOSTER, strutting officiously in its pen. Put out, somehow, by the tragedy.

There are also a GOAT, a SHEEP and LITTLE PIGGIES. All watching:

ANGLE ON MUTATO

As he finishes digging the shallow grave, pulling the body of the Old Man into it.

WIDE ON SCENE

As Mutato starts to shovel the dirt back into the hole. His MOURNFUL SOBS becoming louder, almost animal-like now. As the menagerie looks on.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN ON OLD MAN'S FARM - DAY

SAME HIGH ANGLE as when we saw Mutato carry the old man's body from the house. Now~ though, we see the agents' rental car come into frame. The car coming to a stop. Mulder and Scully exiting.

NEW HIGH ANGLE ON MULDER AND SCULLY

Looking down from the hayloft, as the agents enter the barn.

MOVING WITH THE AGENTS

Scully moving to f.g., drawn by a tarp covering something. Removing the tarp, she finds A STACK OF STRIPED CANVAS.

SCULLY

Mulder ...

CAMERA ADJUSTS to find Mulder. He's found a BOX containing WHITE CAKES. The same as we've seen used to make the gaseous clouds. He holds one up for Scully's benefit.

LOW ANGLE ON CRUDE GRAVESITE

As Mulder kneels to get a closer look at the newly turned earth.

MULDER

We may be too late, Scully.
(she kneels into frame now, too)
We probably are.

They both react to a CREAKING OF WOOD above them. Reaching instinctively for their guns. Rising to their feet, realizing somebody's above them in the hayloft.

RESUME ANGLE DOWN FROM HAYLOFT

Mulder and Scully are visible through the wood slat flooring.

MULDER
Who's there? Show yourself.

There is no response. Until:

GIRL'S VOICE
Please don't shoot.

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY

SCULLY
If you're armed, lay down your weapon and come out slowly --

As she says this, a head pokes out and they see the frightened face of the diligent newspaper girl, holding her notebook.

NEWSPAPER GIRL
Oh please don't kill me.

MULDER
Who are you?

NEWSPAPER GIRL
I'm with the newspaper.

Mulder and Scully both cock their guns now.

NEWSPAPER GIRL
The Old Man was murdered.

SCULLY
Murdered by who?

Off the newspaper girl's frightened expression, we:

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A PHOTO OF MUTATO

CAMERA PULLING BACK to reveal the photo is in a scrap book, and that it's actually a photo of a young, SMALLER Mutato, sitting on a pony. Next to him the Old Man smiles proudly. We are:

INT. OLD MAN'S FARM HOUSE - LATE DAY

REVERSE ON MULDER AND SCULLY

Looking at the book, amazed.

MULDER
It's alive!

RESUME SCRAPBOOK

There are more old photos of Young Mutato. On a tractor, waving to the photographer.

Holding a fish on a stringer, with a pole in his other hand.

With a baseball hat on his head, posed like a major leaguer. (All of these taken by what could only be a proud parent.)

RESUME MULDER, SCULLY, NEWSPAPER GIRL

NEWSPAPER GIRL

I've seen it.

MULDER

Where?

NEWSPAPER GIRL

In the barn, burying the Old Man.

SCULLY

Who led you out here?

NEWSPAPER GIRL

I ... can't reveal my sources.

Then, suddenly their attentions are diverted by A SOUND. VOICES.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD MAN'S FARM - LATE DAY/NIGHT

Scully, Mulder and the girl step out onto the porch to see:

THEIR POV

Coming up the road, moving toward them is AN ANGRY MOB, holding torches, lanterns, flashlights. Led by Dr. Pollidori.

REVERSE ON MULDER, SCULLY, NEWSPAPER GIRL

CAMERA PUSHING IN ON THEIR FACES. As they realize that mob justice is on its way. Off this:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. OLD MAN'S FARM - LATE DAY/NIGHT

The mob continues up the road. Moving to the house, as the agents move off the porch to head them off.

NEW ANGLE ON ROAD BETWEEN HOUSE AND BARN

As Pollidori and the mob enter frame right, Mulder and Scully enter frame left. The Newspaper Girl cowering behind.

MULDER

Whatever you have in mind, I'll have to ask you to stop there.

DR. POLLIDORI

We've come for the murderer!

SCULLY
What makes you think he's here?

DR. POLLIDORI
I've seen him with my own eyes. He's not a man -- he's a monster!

This brings the mob to LIFE.

DR. POLLIDORI
The fiend must be found -- and then let justice take its course.

The mob shouts its APPROVAL.

DR. POLLIDORI
Search every crevice, every ravine. Get him alive if you can -- but get him!

And the mob pushes past the agents, heading for the barn. The Newspaper Girl following, notebook in hand.

ANGLE ON MULDER AND SCULLY

Watching helplessly.

SCULLY
You may be right, Mulder.

MULDER
That this man can be reduced to a literary stereotype?

SCULLY
There's only one way Pollidori could've seen the monster. If he were out here himself.

MULDER
Silencing the Old Man.

INT. BARN ON OLD MAN'S FARM

The mob is searching every crevice, their torches and lanterns flashing dangerously past us. They are upstairs in the hayloft, and down near the animal pens. Their rough voices calling out.

THE NEWSPAPER GIRL

Stands in the middle of the melee, taking fast and furious notes.

ANGLE ON ANIMALS

As the legs of the searchers run back and forth, the torches lighting their frightened faces.

CUT BACK TO:

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY

ANGLE OVER TO THE BARN. Scully turns, sees something.

SCULLY
Mulder --
(as he turns)

THEIR POV

The hinged doors to a ext. cellar entrance are partially pushed open. The glint of TWO EYES staring out at them. But upon being seen, the cellar door drops back into place.

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY

Checking to make sure the crowd doesn't notice them, as they move to the cellar doors. Lifting them.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

MOONLIGHT floods in as the cellar doors open. Before the silhouettes of Mulder and Scully appear.

Coming down the same stairs the Old Man came down to bring Mutato his PBJ sandwich.

The room is completely dark, save for the light which filters in from some HIGH WINDOWS that represent ground level.

NEW ANGLE ON THE AGENTS

As they slip down into the room, drawing their weapons. And their flashlights. Scanning the room.

SCULLY

We're federal agents and we're armed. Come out.

MULDER

Scully -- look --

THEIR POV

The flashlight beams illuminating CHER POSTERS; all the movies she's done and any available cover art from her records.

RESUME AGENTS

Reacting a little to this. Then reacting with a start to MOVEMENT IN THE ROOM.

ANGLE ON MUTATO

He dashes from a hiding place, visible for a moment in the beams of their flashlights. Before he disappears behind some furniture.

MULDER AND SCULLY

Ease forward now, guns ready. Flashlights extended. Finding:

ANGLE DOWN ON MUTATO

Cowering in a corner. Looking up with frightened eyes at:

MULDER AND SCULLY

Surprised by the sight of this grotesque face, but whose eyes are as sympathetic as those of an injured animal.

SCULLY

Oh my god ...

They both lower their weapons.

MULDER
You'll have to come out of there.

SCULLY
We're not going to hurt you.

But Mutato continues to cower fearfully.

SCULLY
Do you think he understands?

MULDER
I hope not.

SCULLY
He's frightened, Mulder.

MULDER
We've got to get him out of here, or they'll kill him.

Off Scully's nodding agreement:

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN ON OLD MAN'S FARM - NIGHT

THE HUGE MAN (from the diner) bursts out the front, yelling:

HUGE MAN
THE BARN'S ON FIRE!!

The mob comes flooding out behind him, in a panic. CAMERA PANS UP to the hayloft, where FLAMES have begun to lick the old wood.

NEW WIDER ANGLE

As the flames grow bigger and brighter, engulfing the barn.

ANGLE ON BARN DOORS

Where the mob continues to spill out, followed by THE BARN ANIMALS NOW. The sow, the cow, the horse, the goats ... and etc.

RESUME WIDER ANGLE

As the barn is consumed now, setting the night sky aglow. Which we realize is actually a POV, as we REVERSE ANGLE ON:

MULDER AND SCULLY

Coming up out of the cellar, the light from the barnfire playing off their faces. Keeping watchful eyes on the mob as they step out onto the ground, REVEALING MUTATO cowering behind them.

RESUME ANGLE BACK ON MOB

Gathered around outside the burning barn. CAMERA FINDING THE NEWSPAPER GIRL standing with them. Except she's not looking at the barn -- she's looking at:

NEWSPAPER GIRL

There it is!!!

Drawing the looks of the mob, toward:

RESUME MULDER AND SCULLY

Only a few feet from the cellar doors when they see they've been seen. They stand frozen in their tracks for a moment, Mutato between them, when they realize their only hope is to head back down into the cellar.

Which they do -- hurrying the frightened creature before them as they disappear back inside. The doors shutting behind them.

RESUME MOB

Realizing what's happening. As, en masse, they break into a run.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mulder and Scully are standing with Mutato, weapons drawn and ready ... when they REACT TO:

THE GROUND LEVEL WINDOWS above are SMASHED IN. Feet kicking in the glass, sending it showering in to the cellar. The FIRELIGHT from the barn bleeding into the darkness.

ANGLE ON MUTATO

As he flees back into the corner where Mulder and Scully found him, disappearing from sight.

RESUME GROUND LEVEL WINDOWS

As they continue to be kicked in. Angry, frightening kicks.

MULDER AND SCULLY

In the center of the room, spinning in reaction to the violence. Their attentions, drawn simultaneously by the sound of the CELLAR DOORS being thrown open.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON THEM, as they raise their weapons at:

MATCHING THIS PUSH ON CELLAR ENTRANCE

Where Dr. Pollidori is the first man down the stairs, followed by a stream of his angry, fellow mobsters. Some of whom carry lanterns that send the dark basement into an eerie glow (coupled with the firelight from above.)

DR. POLLIDORI

Let him go.

Mulder and Scully hold their ground, guns extended.

DR. POLLIDORI

Or we burn him out.

As the mob continues to fill the room, SHINEH pushes her way through the crowd, along with IZZY. And BOOGER, and Izzy's OTHER FRIEND. The NEWSPAPER GIRL. And Dr. Pollidori's wife, ELIZABETH. All pushing through to the front of the crowd.

SHINEH

Where is he? Show the world your horrid, lumpy face!

Suddenly the mob REACTS, in audible horror.

ANGLE ON MULDER AND SCULLY

Turning to see that, behind them, MUTATO has risen his head up. Continuing his innocent, fearful stare.

RESUME MOB

Their horror turning to a stunned silence. Except for:

ELIZABETH
That's him!

SHAINEH
Uck.

DR. POLLIDORI
This repulsive physiognomy is the vilest perversion of science.

MULDER
(accusatory)
Created by whom?

DR. POLLIDORI
A pale student of my most hallowed arts. Whose life was taken by that which he gave life. By his own horrible creation. By this murderous monstrosity you see before you.

SHAINEH
Who's he talking about?

DR. POLLIDORI
My father.

The mob reacts in AUDIBLE HORROR. Then are silenced by:

A MEEK, HOARSE VOICE (O.S.)
No.

ANGLE ON MULDER AND SCULLY

Reacting, too, to the voice which has summoned behind them.

RESUME MOB

Not quite believing what they heard.

SHAINEH
He can talk!

DR. POLLIDORI
Your ears deceive you.

He lunges forward, but finds himself looking down the barrel of:

MULDER'S GUN

Raised up to stop him.

DR. POLLIDORI

It's a trick!

While Scully moves around to Mutato, helping him up from his hiding place. Leading him over to the little table where we saw him eat his sandwich before. Sitting him down in the chair at this table. He looks weak, feeble. Frightened.

MUTATO

I'm sorry. My voice is damaged by the gaseous chemicals.

He speaks in a soft, precise manner reminiscent of The Elephant Man. He is shy, but resolved in the face of the angry mob.

MUTATO

I have never spoken in public, so please forgive me. But I would like to explain myself.

SLOWLY PANNING THE MOB

Amazed by what they see, by what they hear. This hideous creature with two mouths, two noses, expressing himself in a manner quite unlike his appearance.

RESUME MUTATO

His watery eyes blinking with a sad innocence.

MUTATO

Despite my appearance, which you see is quite horrible to the human senses, I have never acted to harm another soul.

ANGLE OVER CROWD TO DR. POLLIDORI

As he turns to admonish them.

DR. POLLIDORI

These are fiendish lies!

MULDER

Quiet!

The crowd quiets again and Mutato gathers strength, courage.

MUTATO

Twenty five years ago, my father, having only one son a spiteful, hateful man of science, incapable of the deeper sentiments -- came to realize this son had been conducting secret experiments. Of which I was the most unfortunate product.

The mob GASPS.

MUTATO

(gathering himself)

A kind, simple man, he rescued me and loved me in spite of my deformities. But as time passed, I grew restless for friends of my own. Because I could not go to school or play sports or even show my face outside this farm, my father set out to learn his son's science, so before he died he might create for me a mate.

CAMERA PANS THE FACES OF IZZY, HIS FRIENDS, THE NEWSPAPER GIRL (furiously scribbling notes.) FINDING Shaineh, looking nervous.

SHAINEH

Uh oh ...

CLOSE ANGLE ON MUTATO'S HAND

as it brushes a FLY from the crust of an old sandwich. PANNING UP TO MUTATO, who gathers himself, his strength. Continuing.

MUTATO

Alas, my father was a simple man, his heart close to the soil he worked,
the animals he tended.

ANGLE ON MULDER AND SCULLY

Listening to this, beginning to comprehend. Looking up at:

ANGLE ON HIGH WINDOW

Where A HORSE is looking in through the broken glass, staring at:

BOOGER

With his goofy expression ... and his long, horse mane of hair.

RESUME MUTATO

MUTATO

... the experiments he attempted too advanced, the science too complex
for his understanding ...

ANGLE ON ANOTHER WINDOW

Where a BILLY GOAT is looking in, at:

IZZY'S OTHER FRIEND

Who looks exactly like a billy goat, come to think of it.

RESUME MUTATO

MUTATO

... the results of his experiments unsatisfactory ...

ANGLE ON ANOTHER WINDOW

A clucking CHICKEN stares down at:

NEWSPAPER GIRL

Her her head bouncing back and forth like a banty rooster as she scans the scene, scribbling notes furiously.

MULDER AND SCULLY

reacting to all of this. Looking to one another. Then to:

SHAINEH

SHAINEH'S VOICE

I still ... you mean, Izzy ...

(confused)

But who's the father?

ANGLE ON ANOTHER WINDOW

Where the BIG SOW is snuffling about.

RESUME SHAINEH

Still waiting for an answer from:

MUTATO

Suffice to say, the experiments failed. And my father is dead.

Mutato says this as tears well in his eyes.

ANGLE ON MOB

Affected by the tragedy of it all, tears welling for them, too.

MUTATO

Wipes an eye with a deformed hand. Then looks at Pollidori, pointing his stubby finger at him.

MUTATO

I intended to reason. This passion is detrimental to me, for you do not reflect that you are the cause of its excess.

ANGLE ON DR. POLLIDORI

MULDER AND SCULLY

MULDER

That's exactly what the monster said to Dr. Frankenstein!

CAMERA PANNING ACROSS THE MOB'S FACES

Seeing that Mutato's sorrow has turned to a restrained anger.

RESUME MUTATO

MUTATO

At length I have wandered the woods and stolen into your houses consumed by a burning passion which you alone now can gratify. I am alone and miserable, but one as deformed and horrible as myself would not deny herself to me. If this being you can create, then I will take blame as a murderer.

ANGLE ON POLLIDORI

All eyes are on him. Guilt overcoming him.

DR. POLLIDORI

I ... don't know how to recreate you. You ... you were a mistake.

CAMERA PANS CROWD AGAIN

Finding Shaineh.

SHAINEH

Then what's this bun in the oven?

CAMERA PANS TO Elizabeth Pollidori who rubs her tummy nervously.

RESUME MUTATO

MUTATO

(lowers his head)

What we did was wrong. But in our trespasses we gave you a loving son.
And in your homes I went places I could only imagine. With your books
and records and home media centers, I learned of the world. And of a
mother's love I'll never know.

(becoming tearful)

Cher loved that boy so much.

RESUME MOB

Some are crying, all are moved.

IZZY

Hey - he's no monster!

NEW ANGLE ON MULDER AND SCULLY

As Mutato turns to them, holding his hands up to be cuffed.

MUTATO

Arrest me then. As you will.

Off Mulder and Scully's sad reactions to this:

CUT TO:

FLASHING GUMBALL LIGHTBARS - NIGHT

Whirl atop squad cars. THE MOB has gathered outside, looking at:

DR. POLLIDORI

Sitting in the back of a squad car as it pulls away. REVEALING Mulder and Scully's car behind it, where MUTATO sits in the back.

REVERSE ON MOB

staring sadly at him.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD MAN'S FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mulder sits at the kitchen table by himself, looking at the old photo album. Looking up with a troubled sadness at:

SCULLY

entering the front door, the screen door banging. She looks at Mulder with the same troubled sadness. Comes over to him.

SCULLY

We should go, Mulder. The ... prisoner's in the car.

MULDER

This is all wrong. This isn't how the story is supposed to end.

SCULLY

What do you mean?

MULDER

Dr. Frankenstein pays for his evil ambitions, but the monster is supposed to escape, to search for his bride.

SCULLY

Mulder ... there's not going to be any bride. Not in this story.

MULDER

(an idea!)

What time is it, Scully?

Off her curiosity:

CUT TO:

INT. BARN ON OLD MAN'S FARM - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE THROUGH SMOLDERING WINDOW. In the glow of the whirling cop lights, Mulder and Scully's car pulls away from the mob. Heading out in a hurry.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INDIANA FARMLAND - DAY

THE HORROR MOVIE SKY (SPFX) hangs heavy on the horizon. The road that Mulder and Scully came in on stretches off to this horizon, empty of cars ... until Mulder and Scully's sedan breaks the bottom of frame, heading out of town.

A few beats later Booger's Nash Metropolitan breaks frame. Followed by a line of cars.

As MUSIC BEGINS. The opening piano melody of Cher's cover of "Walking in Memphis."

NEW ANGLE ON ROAD

As Mulder and Scully's car flashes past. Followed shortly by the Nash and the following caravan. The MUSIC CONTINUES.

DISSOLVING TO:

EXT. INDIANA FARMLAND - NIGHT

THE CARAVAN continues through the countryside. As lyrics begin:

CHER

Put on my blue suede shoes and I boarded the plane ...

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL SEDAN - NIGHT (POOR MAN'S PROCESS)

Mulder is at the wheel, Scully shotgun. Staring at the road ahead with fixed anticipation. Mutato is seated behind them, doing the same. The lights of the trailing caravan behind.

SHOT OF MUTATO'S FEET

His BLUE SUEDE SHOES tapping time to the music.

CHER
Touched down in the land of the delta blues in the middle of the pouring
rain ...

CAMERA TILTING UP to find his deformed hand, his fingers gently tapping time, too. As Cher continues ...

CHER
W.C. Handy, won't you look down over me. Yeah I got a first class ticket,
but I'm a blue as a girl can be ...

PROFILE ON MUTATO

Mouthing the words, quietly.

CHER
I'm walking in Memphis. I'm walking with my feet ten feet off of Beale.
Walking in Memphis, do I really feel the way I feel ...

CUT TO:

CHER

Herself. Singing.

CHER
Saw the ghost of Elvis on Union Avenue. Followed him up to the gates of
Graceland, watched him walk right through. Now security did not see him,
they just hovered around his tomb. There's a pretty lil' thing waiting for
the King down in the Jungle Room.

CUT ON TOM TOMS TO:

MUTATO

Pounding his fists into the air to the drums. Surrounded by everyone from the town. Mulder and Scully to his right and left.

WE ARE:

INT. MEMPHIS CLUB - NIGHT

Cher is performing on stage, dressed in a beautiful gown. Smiling down on her biggest fan.

CHER
I'm walking in Memphis. I'm walking with my feet ten feet off of Beale.
Walking in Memphis, do I really feel the way I feel ... ?
(to the chorus)

ANGLE ON CROWD

On their feet for the chorus. Singing along. Mutato out front.

MUTATO AND CROWD
Walking in Memphis. Whoa oh oh ... Walking in Memphis ...

MUSIC CONTINUES as we CUT TO:

INT. JERRY SPRINGER STAGE SET

Where Elizabeth Pollidori and Shaineh Berkowitz sit onstage rocking two BABY MUTATOES. Jerry standing beside them.

JERRY SPRINGER
Is it hard to love these babies?

SHAINEH
What's not to love?!

CUT BACK TO:

CHER AND MUTATO

She comes down into the audience to get Mutato. Taking his hand, pulling him onstage. Leaving Mulder and Scully standing next to each other. And as they reach out to hold each other's hand, we:

FADE OUT:

THE END