

THE X-FILES

"Teso dos Bichos"

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Episode #3X18  
Story No. 4504  
January 29, 1996 (White)  
February 5, 1996 (Blue-Full)

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February 7, 1996

"Teso dos Bichos"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

TESO DOS BICHOS EXCAVATION  
/BASE CAMP  
/MAIN TENT

ECUADOREAN HIGHLANDS  
HALL OF INDIGENOUS PEOPLES  
/PARKING LOT  
/WOODS NEAR VOLVO  
BILAC RESIDENCE

INTERIORS:

TESO DOS BICHOS EXCAVATION  
/MAIN TENT  
HALL OF INDIGENOUS PEOPLES  
/BASEMENT WORKROOM  
/GRADUATE STUDENT OFFICE  
/BASEMENT HALLWAY  
/WOMEN'S ROOM  
BILAC RESIDENCE  
/CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BILAC RESIDENCE  
/LIVING ROOM  
/FOYER  
DR. LEWTON'S VOLVO  
MORGUE  
VETERINARY HOSPITAL  
STEAM TUNNEL  
/BEHIND GREEN DOOR

(X)

February 7, 1996

"Teso dos Bichos"

CAST

Agent Fox Mulder  
Agent Dana Scully  
Alonso Bilac  
Carl Roosevelt  
Shaman (Non-English Speaking)

Mr. Decker  
Dr. Lewton  
Mona Wustner  
Dr. Winters  
Young Officer (non-speaking)

## TESO DOS BICHOS

### 1 EXT. TESO DOS BICHOS EXCAVATION - DAY

1

An archaeological dig set in the no-man's-land between the mountains and the jungle (Note: if possible, a snow-capped mountain in background would be spectacular).

A DIGGING CREW of local Indians works the site, dressed in the traditional woolen garments of their tribe.

A LEGEND identifies: TESO DOS BICHOS EXCAVATION, ECUADOREAN HIGHLANDS, S.A.

#### NEW ANGLE

CAMERA TRACKS with an INDIAN DIGGER as he rushes over the barren landscape, leading ALONSO BILAC (30s) a rugged dark-haired Brazilian-born man with piercing brown eyes and the ragged haircut of a field anthropologist. Bilac follows the Indian Digger to the

#### BURIAL MOUND EXCAVATION

a 10-foot-deep gash dug away from the side of a large dirt MOUND. Visible half-out of the excavation wall are several BURIAL URNS, ancient clay pottery large enough to hold a crouching body. The DIGGING CREW obscures our view of the Indian Digger's goal; the crowd parts as Bilac approaches.

#### ANGLE ON - BILAC

as he steps through the crowd. He stops suddenly, staring at CAMERA, an ominous look on his face.

#### BILAC'S POV - THE AMARU URN

a large BURIAL URN still embedded in the wall. More elaborate than the other urns, it is covered with ornate DESIGNS in red and white paint, soiled but still vivid after a thousand years in the ground. The urn is cracked; a triangular gash in its side reveals solidified soil inside. Peeking out of the soil, we see ~~the~~ toothy grin and spindly bones of a crouching SKELETON.

#### RESUME BILAC

who looks anxious, like he's unearthed something best left buried. He turns to find the DIGGING CREW staring at him with nervous trepidation. The moment is broken by:

#### ROOSEVELT'S VOICE

What is it?

Bilac turns to find DR. CARL ROOSEVELT (60s), leader of the expedition and one of the grand-old-men of American archaeology, who has just stepped up behind him.

(CONTINUED)

4A EXT. BASE CAMP - NIGHT

4A

A circle of TENTS in the moonlight, the large canvas MAIN TENT glows from the light of a lamp inside.

5 INT. MAIN TENT - ROOSEVELT

5

sits at a CAMP DESK, next to a Coleman LAMP. A MINI-SYSTEM sits nearby, playing the Allegretto from Beethoven's Piano Sonata No. 17 in D Minor, Op. 31, No. 2.

As Roosevelt makes careful notes in his field NOTEBOOK, we hear, rising in the distant background, the slow rhythmic CHANT of Indian voices, accompanied by the CHATTER of gourd rattles.

Roosevelt looks up, noting the chant with a thoughtful look; then he reaches over and TURNS UP Beethoven.

CUT TO:

5A EXT. ECUADOREAN HIGHLANDS - SANDY CLEARING - NIGHT

5A

where a ring of INDIANS -- members of the Digging Crew -- sit cross-legged around a blazing fire. We see the CHANT is coming from three INDIAN MUSICIANS, who sit outside the circle, playing and chanting the haunting music.

ANGLE ON - AN OLD SHAMAN

sitting at the head of the circle, an ancient-looking tribal elder. He is dressed in his ceremonial garb, his face painted with red SNAKE DESIGNS. The firelight plays off his eyes as he produces a ceremonial wooden SPOON, dipping it into a

CEREMONIAL BOWL

that sits in the midst of the fire, a thick mixture of YELLOWISH LIQUID boiling and bubbling inside.

RESUME OLD SHAMAN

as he takes a sip from the spoon, then passes it to the next man in line. CAMERA FOLLOWS the spoon's progress, as each man takes a sip. As the third Indian takes a sip, he hands the spoon to

BILAC

who looks nervous, a bit out of place among the Indians. Bilac hesitates as the spoon is offered, as if unsure whether to partake. Then he brings the spoon to his mouth, carefully taking a drink.

(CONTINUED)

5A CONTINUED:

5A

Bilac grimaces at the taste of the vile liquid, swallowing hard. He shuts his eyes in pain, his chin falling to his chest.

CLOSE ON - BILAC

as he slowly raises his head, opening his eyes. He BLINKS repeatedly, as if there is something odd about his vision.

BILAC'S POV - THROUGH SHAMAN EYES

like a cross between night-vision-green and the-way-things-looked-that-time-you-took-mushrooms, the night world is suddenly brighter, the colors tinted, the perspective fluid.

Bilac's gaze makes its way around the circle, peering at the faces of the Indians, who are looking at him with curious fascination.

The CHANT seems to rise in tempo and volume as our eyes come to rest on the Old Shaman, who smiles a toothy grin as if to say, I know what you are seeing. On this weird vision:

CUT TO:

6  
thru 7  
OMITTED

6  
thru 7

8 EXT. MAIN TENT - SHAMAN POV

8

that same eerie night-vision, gliding along at a low angle. As we approach the Main Tent, we see the SHADOW OF ROOSEVELT on the canvas side. We hear BEETHOVEN clearly from inside.

CAMERA MOVES around to the front of the tent, finding the open flap where light pours out. Without hesitating, we RUSH TOWARD THE OPENING:

8A INT. MAIN TENT - NORMAL POV - ROOSEVELT

8A

turns, looking with a look of terror to the OFF-CAMERA intruder. As he rises in his chair:

9 EXT. OUTSIDE MAIN TENT - NORMAL POV - ANGLE ON TENT WALL

9

where we see the SHADOW of Roosevelt rising, and across the tent another SHADOW (jaguar-like in form) LEAPING AT ROOSEVELT, smashing into him. The camp desk is upturned, sending the COLEMAN LAMP flying and Beethoven stopping with a CRASH. We hear the CHANT continuing LOUDLY over.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

CLOSE ON TENT WALL

flat and dimly lit, until Roosevelt's FACE appears in bas relief for an instant as if he were thrown hard against the canvas.

We hear the noise of TEARING FLESH, we see a splash of DARK BLOOD on the inside of the tent, then Roosevelt's face and hands appear in relief again, sliding down the tent wall, screaming through the canvas as he is torn to shreds. Off this image, we GO TO MAIN TITLES.

ACT ONE

10 INT. HALL OF INDIGENOUS PEOPLES - NIGHT - CLOSE ON PAINTED FACE 10

of an Indian, staring at us from the shadowy darkness with cold unblinking eyes. He looks like the shaman in the teaser, ceremonial red snakes painted on his expressionless face. As we hear the echoing CLICK of heels approaching, a FLASHLIGHT BEAM passes over the face, illuminating it for a brief moment.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL

the face belongs to a MANNEQUIN, dressed as an Amazon Indian shaman, part of a DIORAMA replete with fake Amazon jungle foliage.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MR. DECKER (60s)

the night watchman and bearer of the flashlight, sauntering up the hall. A LEGEND identifies: HALL OF INDIGENOUS PEOPLES, MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, BOSTON, MA. THREE WEEKS LATER.

Closed for the night, the museum is dark, lifeless. Various DISPLAYS of Indian artifacts are visible in the shadows. As Mr. Decker passes the diorama, CAMERA HOLDS on the stoic painted face.

CUT TO:

11 INT. BASEMENT WORKROOM - ANGLE ON WORKTABLE 11

where a desk lamp -- the only light in the room -- shines down on several ancient human BONES lying on a felt mat. Various cataloging paraphernalia, brushes, paint, etc., sits nearby -- someone has obviously been working here. As we hear the sounds of KEYS JINGLING,

ANGLE ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE MR. DECKER

entering through the door in the background.

MR. DECKER

Mr. Horning, you still here?

Mr. Decker crosses to the desk, flashlight in hand, glancing about the apparently empty room. He pauses at the table, glancing at the bones. Then he shines his flashlight about the dark room.

MR. DECKER

Mr. Horning?

As he takes a step further into the room, he suddenly SLIPS in something liquid, nearly losing his balance.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED:

11

MR. DECKER

The hell...?

He shines the flashlight down at his feet, where we see:

MR. DECKER'S POV - THE FLOOR

is slick with thick red BLOOD, a gash in the puddle where his foot slipped.

MR. DECKER

grimaces in horror, shining his light up at:

RESUME POV - THE SHELVES

which dominate the back two-thirds of the room, a series of tall storage shelves, each holding numerous storage BOXES. Up one AISLE, we see a chaos of overturned boxes, broken pottery shards, spilled artifacts, and the unmistakable stain of SPLATTERED BLOOD.

MR. DECKER

reacts in horror. As he turns, rushing out of the room, CAMERA HOLDS on:

THE AMARU URN

sitting on the worktable like a large centerpiece, the skull staring at us with hollow eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 EXT. HALL OF INDIGENOUS PEOPLES - DAY

12

Two CRUISERS and an N.D. SEDAN are parked before the staunch Georgian facade. A group of ONLOOKERS continues to gather before the police cordon.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

13 INT. ~~BASMENT~~ WORKROOM - DAY - MULDER

(X)

13

crouched down low to examine a long smear of blood on the linoleum floor.

(X)  
(X)

DR. LEWTON (O.S.)

(X)

Tim Decker - one of our security guards - called me when he discovered the blood.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

CAMERA TILTS UP with Mulder... FINDING Scully mid-interview with DR. JERROLD LEWTON - late 30's, a tight-lipped academic - and the Museum's Curator. In b.g., Forensic Workers continue their meticulous examination of the scene.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

(X)

In your statement to the police,  
you expressed the possibility  
that this might be an act of  
political terrorism.

DR. LEWTON

(X)

(definitive)

I think Craig Horning was  
targeted by someone who objected  
to the project he was working on.

Scully consults the open file she is holding.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

(reading)

"The survey and excavation of the  
highland burial grounds of the  
Secona Indians."

Off Lewton's surprise, Scully looks up.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

It's from a letter that was sent  
to the State Department on behalf  
of the Secona -- demanding the  
return of a certain artifact.

Dr. Lewton sighs with troubled recognition, gesturing toward an adjacent worktable.

(X)  
(X)

ANGLE ADJUSTS TO REVEAL THE AMARU URN

(X)

sitting on the table behind them, the skull grinning her vacant grin.

(X)  
(X)

DR. LEWTON

(X)

The Amaru Urn. It was among the  
hundreds of antiquities we  
rescued last month.

SCULLY

(X)

"Rescued?"

DR. LEWTON

(X)

When Petroecuador announced plans  
to build a pipeline through the  
burial grounds, Carl Roosevelt  
and I organized the dig.

(CONTINUED)

13. CONTINUED: (2)

13

SCULLY

As I understand it, Roosevelt  
then disappeared under  
circumstances similar to the ones  
we're seeing here. Blood was  
found... but his body was never  
recovered.

(X)

Dr. Lewton nods in somber confirmation.

(X)

DR. LEWTON

The Ecuadorean Government claimed  
he was carried off in some kind  
of wild animal attack.

(X)

SCULLY

But that's not what you believe?

(X)

DR. LEWTON

(shakes his head)

Not after last night.

(X)

SCULLY

Have you received any death  
threats in regards to the urn?  
Has anyone claimed responsibility  
for either incident?

(X)

DR. LEWTON

No.

(X)

MULDER

Unless you consider the curse.

(X)

Scully shoots Mulder a look. It is the first time he has  
spoken.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

The curse?

Mulder regards Dr. Lewton as he continues:

(X)

MULDER

The Secona believe great evil  
will befall anyone who disturbs  
the remains of the Woman-Shaman.

DR. LEWTON

An unfortunate myth that gained  
some currency among the Secona  
when Dr. Roosevelt disappeared.

(X)

MULDER

What about you, Dr. Lewton? What  
do you believe?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

DR. LEWTON

(X)

The same thing any rational person would - that someone is exploiting this myth to promote fear.

SCULLY

(X)

A scare tactic to pressure you into returning the bones.

DR. LEWTON

(X)

Which I have absolutely no intention of doing.

Just then, something O.S. draws Dr. Lewton's attention:

(X)

DR. LEWTON

(X)

Will you excuse me?

The Agents watch as Dr. Lewton moves off.

(X)

ANGLE ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE MONA WUSTNER

(X)

late 20's, an attractive graduate student researcher, standing near the door. Dr. Lewton puts a gentle hand on her shoulder, as if trying to shelter her from the violence that occurred in this room.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

RESUME MULDER & SCULLY

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Mulder, you're not suggesting Horning was murdered by the Mummy's Curse...

MULDER

(X)

I don't know. But without a body, I'm not even sure he was murdered.

Mulder moves off, leaving Scully frustrated in his wake.

(X)

ANOTHER ANGLE

(X)

Mona raises her hand to her mouth, fighting tears - as Mulder and Scully approach.

(X)

(X)

DR. LEWTON

(X)

Mona, these people are with the FBI.

SCULLY

(X)

(to Mona)

Do you work here at the museum?

But before Mona can even answer:

(X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4)

13

DR. LEWTON  
(protective)  
Mona is a doctoral candidate at  
Boston University. She was  
assisting on the project.

(X)

SCULLY  
We'd like to ask you some  
questions... alone, if that's  
alright.

(X)

Dr. Lewton picks up on Scully's dismissal, and now regards Mona  
with genuine concern.

(X)

(X)

DR. LEWTON  
Are you okay?

(X)

MONA  
Yes.  
(off his lingering  
concern)  
I'm fine.

(X)

She nods her reassurance - albeit unconvincingly.

(X)

DR. LEWTON  
I'll be in my office.

(X)

With a look to the Agents, Dr. Lewton moves off.

(X)

SCULLY  
In what capacity have you been  
assisting on the project?

(X)

MONA  
I've been helping Craig sort and  
catalog the Amaru remains.

(X)

SCULLY  
Are you aware of any arguments or  
fights Horning had with anyone  
recently?

(X)

MONA  
Craig? I don't think Craig's  
ever fought with anyone in his  
life.

(X)

SCULLY  
Then you have no idea who might  
have wanted to harm him?

(X)

Mona shakes her head.

(X)

MONA  
No.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (5)

13

MULDER

Are you aware that a letter of protest was sent to the State Department concerning the Amaru Urn?

(X)

Mona tenses at the mention of this.

(X)

MULDER

It was written by a man named Alonso Bilac.

(X)

MONA

I know.

(X)

Scully hands her a copy of the letter from the file.

(X)

MONA

He served as Dr. Roosevelt's liaison with the Secona Indians.

(X)

MULDER

Then he's affiliated with the project?

(X)

MONA

He was... until he resigned.

(X)

MULDER

Why did he resign?

(X)

MONA

In protest. He feels the Secona have the right to determine the fate of their ancestral remains.

(X)

The Agents exchange a look.

MULDER

Do you know where we can find Dr. Bilac now?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (6)

13

Off Mona's reluctant look, we:

(X)

CUT TO:

14 EXT. BILAC RESIDENCE - BOSTON - DAY - ANGLE ON DOOR

14

as Mulder KNOCKS. After a long beat, the door opens and Bilac's face appears. He looks pallid, frazzled, as if he's been up all night.

SCULLY  
Dr. Bilac?

(X)

BILAC  
Yes.

(X)

SCULLY  
(showing ID)  
I'm Special Agent Scully, this is  
Agent Mulder. We're with the  
FBI.

(X)

Scully waits for his reaction, but Bilac continues to regard them inscrutably.

(X)

SCULLY  
We're investigating the  
disappearance of Craig Horning.

(X)

BILAC  
Yes?

(X)

SCULLY  
We'd like to ask you a few  
questions.

(X)

Bilac looks from Mulder to Scully, considering them for a long beat. Finally, he steps back.

(X)

BILAC  
Come in, then.

Bilac  the door open as the Agents enter.

(X)

15 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

15

Bilac leads the agents into the cluttered room of a man who cares more about his research than his decorating. Papers and notebooks abound, half-unpacked suitcases lie open, B&W PHOTOS of the excavation are pinned to the wall.

As Scully proceeds to question Bilac, Mulder wanders, drawn to the photos. Bilac seems disturbed by their presence.

(CONTINUED)

15. CONTINUED:

15

SCULLY

I understand you're an expert on  
the Secona Indians.

(CONTINUED)



15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

BILAC

I spent the last six months  
living with them. Learning from  
them.

SCULLY

Apparently, they've learned from  
you, too.

(off Bilac's look)

You've been aiding them in their  
dispute with the museum.

BILAC

(mild sarcasm)

Teaching them the joys of  
American bureaucracy.

ANGLE ON MULDER

as he peruses PHOTOS of Secona village life, with one prominent  
photo of Bilac and the Indians around a fire.

SCULLY

Dr. Lewton believes the Amaru Urn  
may have something to do with  
Craig Horning's disappearance  
last night.

BILAC

You keep saying 'disappearance'  
as if you expect to see Craig  
alive again.

SCULLY

Why, don't you?

Bilac answers her with a look that says -- no.

SCULLY

You think you know what happened  
to him?

BILAC

You don't really want to know  
what I think.

MULDER

Why, because you're afraid we  
won't believe you?

Mulder turns from photos, facing Bilac. The two men regard one  
another squarely, warily.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

BILAC  
You really want to know?  
(off Scully's look)  
It's the curse.

(X)

The Agents exchange a look, then:

(X)

BILAC  
What happened to Craig Horning  
will continue to happen to  
others... until the bones are  
returned to their rightful place.

(X)

SCULLY  
So this is about the Amaru Urn.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (4)

15

BILAC  
Of course.

(X)

SCULLY  
As was the letter of protest you  
helped the Secona send to the  
State Department.

(X)

Bilac considers Scully for a beat.

BILAC  
If you think I did this, then  
you're a fool.

(X)

SCULLY  
Can you account for your  
whereabouts last night?

BILAC  
I was here. Alone.

Off Scully's skeptical look:

BILAC  
I'm sorry to say you are wasting  
your time. This is a spirit  
you're dealing with. The spirit  
of the Amaru. You can't put her  
in handcuffs.

Scully looks to Mulder - her expression show she appreciates  
the irony of this situation.

BILAC  
I know how I sound. But the  
truth remains. I saw things in  
that jungle that I do not pretend  
to comprehend. But I know what  
I saw - and I know it is real.

As Mulder considers this judgment, we:

CUT TO:

16 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BILAC APARTMENT - NIGHT

(X)

16

The door closes behind Mulder and Scully. CAMERA PRECEDES THEM  
as they walk down the gloomy corridor, talking in hushed tones. (X)

SCULLY  
There's something wrong with that  
man, Mulder, and it's not jungle  
fever.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

MULDER

He looks as if he hasn't slept in days.

SCULLY

Maybe his conscience is weighing on him. He knows more than he is telling.

(X)

MULDER

You don't buy that he truly believes in this curse?

(X)

SCULLY

I don't know, maybe he does. I just think it's interesting that Dr. Bilac and the curse share the same goal.

(X)

Scully notices Mulder's skeptical look.

(X)

SCULLY

But you're not buying him as a suspect?

(X)

Mulder shakes his head.

(X)

MULDER

Just because the man espouses the mystical doesn't make him guilty.

(X)

SCULLY

It doesn't make him innocent either.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

As Mulder and Scully head down the stairwell:

(X)

CUT TO:

17 INT. MUSEUM - GRADUATE STUDENT OFFICE - NIGHT - ANGLE ON MONA

17

The tiny cluttered office allotted to the research assistants, Mona sits on the desk, talking on the phone, blocking our view of the door behind. She is obviously in the middle of a difficult conversation.

MONA

(X)

I didn't send them over, they  
asked about you...

As she listens earnestly for a beat, CAMERA GLIDES along the desk, revealing DR. LEWTON standing in the open doorway behind her. His expression is wary - he knows who she's talking to.

(X)

(X)

MONA

(X)

...I'm worried about you...let me  
come over...why not...?

Dr. Lewton respectfully pushes on the door slightly, letting its CREAK announce his presence. Mona SPINS in her seat, spying Lewton, suddenly appearing nervous.

MONA

(X)

I gotta go, I'll call you later.

She hangs up the phone, turning to face Dr. Lewton.

DR. LEWTON

(X)

I thought you'd already left.

MONA

(X)

I really need to...keep working  
right now.

For an instant, it looks like Mona is going to cry again.

(X)

DR. LEWTON

(X)

I understand. I just, would feel  
better if you weren't alone here.

MONA

(X)

I'll be okay, the guard knows I'm  
here.

DR. LEWTON

(X)

(nods)

This is important work you're  
doing, Mona. This is Dr.  
Roosevelt's legacy. Craig's too.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

Mona nods, solemn. Dr. Lewton turns to leave, then hesitates, turning back to Mona.

DR. LEWTON

(X)

Mona. Let me give you a little  
free advice. You've got a bright  
future here...

(his eyes fall on the  
phone)

...be careful where you plant  
your flag.

Mona's look says she knows what he means and is unsure whether  
to be incensed or grateful.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

Mona holds her tongue as Dr. Lewton exits. As she sits down, perusing a pile of papers before her, we hear the echoing FOOTSTEPS of Dr. Lewton fade as he leaves the museum. Now it's quiet.

ANGLE ON MONA

focused on her work. Behind her, we see the upper-half of a closed DOOR which presumably leads to another office. The door suddenly begins to move, slowly at first, Mona oblivious that SOMETHING IS COMING THROUGH THE DOOR.

As the door opens wider, we can see clearly into the next room -- it appears something invisible is pushing the door open. As the door suddenly CREAKS, Mona raises her head, a look of fear in her eyes.

REVERSE - MONA

spins, her expression of fear melting to one of relief.

MONA

Sugar...

MONA'S POV

reveals SUGAR, Mona's dog pushing the door open. Sugar slinks over to her master, putting her paws up on the table, seeking attention.

MONA

Down.

Mona SNAPS her fingers -- Sugar dutifully obeys, curling up in a ball at Mona's feet. As Mona returns to her work, we:

CUT TO:

18 EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT - DR. LEWTON

18

makes his way across the now empty lot, briefcase under one arm, ~~carrying~~ his head, heading for his VOLVO parked near the trees. ~~As~~ he unlocks the door, slipping behind the wheel, we go:

(X)

19 INT. DR. LEWTON'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

19

Dr. Lewton fumbles with his keys in the dark, then manages to find the ignition. As he tries the starter, and the Volvo begins to turn over, we hear a strange GRINDING SOUND. Dr. Lewton quickly switches off the engine as it begins to stall. He peers through his windshield, knitting his brow.

(X)

(X)

(X)

20 EXT. PARKING LOT - DR. LEWTON'S VOLVO - CONTINUOUS

20

Dr. Lewton climbs out, taking off his coat and pushing up his sleeves. He grabs his PENLIGHT from his coat pocket and crosses to the front, popping the HOOD.

ANGLE ON ENGINE

as Dr. Lewton shines the penlight around, looking for the source of the noise.

LOW ANGLE ON FENDER

as Dr. Lewton goes down on his knees, shining his penlight under the car.

DR. LEWTON'S POV

beneath his engine. Some dark LIQUID is dripping onto the asphalt from a spot deep under the engine block.

DR. LEWTON

knits his brow again, harrumphing. He squats down, angling his body so he can slide under the fender. CAMERA FOLLOWS as Dr. Lewton inches beneath the engine block, far enough to shine his penlight up into the bowels of the car.

He reaches up into the engine with one hand, bringing his finger up to the penlight, examining the red liquid -- it's blood. Suddenly, we see:

SHAMAN POV

that creepy night-vision, peering at the Volvo from the nearby trees, Dr. Lewton's LEGS clearly visible, protruding from beneath the engine block. As we begin to PLUMMET TOWARD Lewton's exposed legs, we go to:

NORMAL POV - LEWTON

under the car, suddenly JERKS in pain, his head SLAMMING up against the engine block -- something has grabbed his exposed legs.

CAMERA HOLDS

on the cramped space between the engine and the asphalt as Dr. Lewton JERKS again, then WRITHES in pain, SCREAMING, trying desperately to pull himself further under the car to escape whatever is SHREDDING HIS LEGS.

WIDER - FROM ACROSS PARKING LOT

Dr. Lewton's Volvo rocks slightly from his thrashing underneath. As one final SCREAM echoes into the night, we:

END ACT ONE



ACT TWO

21 EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT - DAY

21

The Volvo is now the center of a crime scene. Yellow tape cordons off an area of the parking lot. As in the previous crime scene, the victim's body is conspicuously absent. Various FORENSIC TECHS pore over the car.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

ANGLE ON YOUNG BPD OFFICER

(X)

reaching down deep into the engine with one hand, a grim expression on his face.

CLOSE ON - YOUNG OFFICER'S HAND

emerging from within the engine, holding a pair of long FORCEPS. In the teeth of the forceps, we see a RAT TAIL, a tuft of bloody grey fur on one end.

(X)  
(X)

RESUME YOUNG OFFICER

(X)

who reacts to his distasteful discover, showing it to:

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

who is standing alongside the car, reacting to the site. As Scully heads toward the woods:

(X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

22 EXT. WOODS NEAR VOLVO - DAY

22

Mulder is part of a line of BOSTON PD OFFICERS slowly making their way through the trees, searching for evidence.

Mulder climbs under a low branch, keeping his eyes open to all possibilities. He pauses, gazing ahead. Suddenly, we are seeing through:

SHAMAN'S POV - ANGLE ON MULDER

as seen through the thick leaves. Mulder is approaching CAMERA, looking at something above frame. Our hearing is acute -- we can hear Mulder's BREATHING, the CRUNCH of twigs beneath his feet, the TICKING of his watch -- the focus of a hunter on its prey.

Mulder steps up very close -- we could reach out and touch him through the foliage. Just as he is about to take another step, Mulder stops, turning at the sound of CRASHING through the nearby brush. Our SHAMAN POV begins to back away from Mulder, as we return to:

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

NORMAL POV - SCULLY

emerges from the brush, catching up with Mulder.

SCULLY

They've finished searching the museum grounds. Still no sign of the body. Any luck out here?

MULDER

(shakes his head)

The rain last night didn't help.

SCULLY

We figured out what was wrong with Dr. Lewton's car. It was a rat.

(X)

MULDER

A rat?

(X)

SCULLY

Apparently, the museum has always had a rat problem. One of them decided to get warm by climbing onto the engine block.

(X)

Mulder's grimace says he gets the idea. Scully joins Mulder's continuing survey of the woods as they talk.

SCULLY

The Coroner estimates the time of death sometime between 9:30 and midnight last night.

(X)

Mulder crouches down, looking for a footprint -- or anything -- on a bare stretch of ground beneath a large TREE.

MULDER

Just like the two previous killings.

(X)

Scully stops as she notices the DROPLET on Mulder's face.

MULDER

I think it's going to rain again.

Scully reaches up, wiping the drop from his cheek.

SCULLY

I don't think so, Mulder.

SCULLY'S POV

as she takes a good look at the DARK RED FLUID on the end of her finger

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

SCULLY

looks to Mulder who is already looking upwards, squinting in disgust. CAMERA FOLLOWS Scully's gaze to:

ANGLE ON TREE BRANCH ABOVE

where we see HUMAN ENTRAILS draped over a branch like so much sausage.

SCULLY

looks up in sad disgust. Off Mulder looking like he's going to be sick, we:

CUT TO:

23 INT. MORGUE - DAY - CLOSE ON TRAY

23

holding a length of INTESTINE under a bright light.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

standing over an examination table, peering into the tray. We see Mulder behind, watching over her shoulder.

SCULLY

It's human, all right. Small intestine. Looks like about four feet of jejunum and another foot of ileum. I can tell he had corn chowder for lunch, and sunflower seeds as an afternoon snack...

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

A man of taste...

SCULLY

...however, I found no evidence of a murder weapon. No knife or blade marks.

(X)

MULDER

Then how was it removed?

(X)

SCULLY

I don't know. There are signs of predation.

(X)

MULDER

(surprised)

It was eaten?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

SCULLY  
Perhaps by a small animal of some  
kind, or...

(X)

MULDER  
Or what?

(X)

SCULLY  
I did a little research on the  
Secona Indians, Mulder. They  
were one of the most  
anthropophagic tribes in South  
America.

(X)

Mulder gives her a skeptical look.

MULDER  
You think Dr. Lewton was  
cannibalized?

(X)

SCULLY  
The tribe considered it the  
ultimate form of revenge.

(X)

MULDER  
You're not suggesting Dr. Bilac  
had him for dinner?

(X)

SCULLY  
Mulder, you saw the state he was  
in. If he actually believes their  
mythology, he could be psychotic  
enough to take it to this  
extreme.

(X)

Mulder gives her a look that says he just doesn't buy it.

(X)

SCULLY  
It might explain why the bodies  
are missing.

(X)

Off Mulder's skeptical look, we:

(X)

CUT TO:

24 EXT. BILAC RESIDENCE - NIGHT

24

Mona steps up to the door, knocking furtively, then opening the  
door a crack. The house appears dark inside.

MONA  
Lonnie...?

Mona gets no answer, so she pushes the door open further,  
letting herself in.

25 INT. FOYER - MONA (X) 25  
slowly closes the door behind her. As she is left in relative (X)  
darkness, Mona's nervous expression visible in FLICKERING LIGHT (X)  
coming from the living room door. (X)

26 INT. LIVING ROOM - ANGLE ON DOORWAY 26  
as Mona appears, peering in, cautious, the flickering light (X)  
playing off her face. (X)  
MONA (X)  
Lonnie, are you here?

MONA'S POV  
of the living room lit by a fire in the hearth. Shadows dance  
off the walls.  
MONA  
takes a cautious step into the living room, heading for the (X)  
fireplace. As she comes around the sofa and chair, the (X)  
FIREPLACE is slowly revealed, where we see, on a MAT before the (X)  
hearth, several Secona CEREMONIAL BOWLS. (X)

RESUME MONA  
as she approaches the mat, curious yet cautious. She kneels, (X)  
picking up a small Yaje Pot. (X)

MONA'S POV - YAJE POT (X)  
containing a YELLOWISH FLUID that looks like the stuff brewed (X)  
by the Old Shaman. As Mona replaces the pot, we notice a (X)  
WOODEN SPOON nearby. Suddenly, we go to: (X)

SHAMAN POV - ANGLE BEHIND MONA (X)  
coming around the sofa, the room flickers brightly from the (X)  
combination of night-vision and firelight. CAMERA GLIDES (X)  
toward Mona, who is kneeling over the ceremonial bowls, unaware (X)  
that we are stalking her. (X)

NORMAL POV - LOW ANGLE ON MONA (X)  
still considering the ceremonial bowls, a look of confusion and (X)  
concern on her face. (X)  
Suddenly, we see TWO SHINY EYES appearing behind Mona's (X)  
kneeling form, glowing from the shadowy darkness. The eyes (X)  
move closer, revealing BILAC'S FACE, the firelight glinting off (X)  
his dilated pupils.  
Mona rises. As she turns, she spies Bilac and jumps, startled. (X)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

MONA

Lonnie! You scared me!

Bilac looks at her with angry eyes -- he doesn't want her to see him like this.

(X)

BILAC

What are you doing here?

(X)

MONA

I was worried about you, are you all right?

He takes a step toward her; Mona instinctively takes a step back.

(X)

MONA

What's the matter? You're scaring me!

(X)

Suddenly his eyelids FLUTTER as whatever he took is starting to kick in.

(X)

MONA

notes the look in his eyes; she peers down at the ceremonial bowls then back up at Bilac, realizing:

MONA

You drank it, didn't you? Do you realize how dangerous that is?? It could kill you!

BILAC

I had to...

(X)

He suddenly drops to his knees before the fire. He picks up a small BOWL, dipping his thumb into a RED MIXTURE inside.

(X)

(X)

BILAC

I've seen her. The Amaru. I had to do something...

(X)

As he **speaks**, he begins to paint SNAKE-LIKE LINES on his face with the red mixture -- first down one temple, then down the other.

(X)

(X)

MONA

What do you mean? What about the bones? What are you talking about??

(X)

BILAC

The blood has to stop...

(X)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

Bilac begins to SHAKE, his body vibrating as the hallucinogenic phase of his trip begins. He slowly turns his head, looking up at Mona, speaking in a harsh whisper, as if part of him were already lost in the spirit world. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

BILAC (X)  
You better go.

MONA (X)

slowly backs away, growing terror on her face. (X)

BILAC (X)

turns his face to the fire. As he closes his eyes, rocking slightly, seeing the infinite, we: (X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

26A EXT. BILAC RESIDENCE - NIGHT - AN N.D. SEDAN (X) 26A

pulls to a stop, Mulder and Scully emerging, keeping their eyes open as they approach the dark house. (X)  
(X)

MULDER (X)  
Looks dark.

SCULLY (X)  
Mona said he had all the lights off...

ANGLE ON DOOR (X)

wide open. Mulder and Scully appear, approaching cautiously as they notice the open door. Mulder steps up, knocking once, then calling out. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

MULDER (X)  
Dr. Bilac?

Mulder looks to Scully, then draws his gun and steps inside. (X)

26B INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (X) 26B

Mulder appears first, brandishing his gun in the fading firelight. Scully follows, both quickly surveying the room. (X)  
(X)

MULDER (X)  
I'll check the rest of the house.

Scully hits the LIGHTS, bathing the room in light. (X)

She steps through the room, checking about. She stops at the fireplace, bending over to pick up (X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

26B CONTINUED:

26B

THE YAJE POT

(X)

now empty, which she holds in her hand, examining closely. On Scully considering the intricate vessel, we:

(X)

(X)

27 INT. BILAC RESIDENCE - NIGHT (LATER) - ANGLE ON NOTEBOOK

(X) 27

Bilac's field notes, page upon page of frantic scrawl, the scribbles of a genius -- or a drug addict.

CAMERA ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE MULDER

perusing the open notebook with patient curiosity, sitting on Bilac's sofa. Next to him, a pile of similar NOTEBOOKS.

(X)

(X)

Mulder looks up as Scully enters frame, making her way from the front of the house. She is dialing her cell phone as she speaks to Mulder.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

No answer at her apartment. I'm trying the office...

Scully holds the phone to her ear, listening to it ring. Mulder's eyes are on the notebook before him.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Listen to this, Scully...

(reading)

"I've seen the Amaru. Coming out of the jungle, with the eyes of a scorpion, the claws of a jaguar. She tears at my flesh, tears me to pieces, then holds my head in her hands and eats out my eyes."

Scully grimaces at the description.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Sounds like he was on quite a trip.

Mulder flips back a few pages in the notebook, finding an entry.

(X)

(CONTINUED)



27 CONTINUED:

27

MULDER

It's in his journal. A ceremonial hallucinogen called Yaje...

(X)

(reading)

... "The Vine of the Soul". The Indians gave him their special recipe. Seems it's the cornerstone of their religion. They claim it can do everything from curing warts to raising the dead.

Scully hangs up her cell phone in frustration -- she obviously didn't get through.

(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

I don't think he was using it for either, Mulder.

(X)

MULDER

You think he's a drug addict.

(X)

SCULLY

I think he started taking this stuff while living with the tribe and now he's hooked. At best it's merely feeding his madness, at worst, this is what puts him in a psychotic frenzy.

(X)

MULDER

I don't think so, Scully...  
(indicates notebook)  
...these aren't the ravings of a killer, they're the appeals of an acolyte. He's praying to the Amaru, the Woman-Shaman, beseeching her, begging her to stop the killing.

(X)

SCULLY

I don't need to tell you, Mulder, but that would fit very nicely into the profile of a serial murderer.

(X)

MULDER

We haven't got a bit of forensic evidence, we don't even have a body.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

SCULLY

(X)

We've gone on less than that,  
Mulder. I think we should put  
out an A.P.B. on Dr. Bilac.  
Mona was terrified when I talked  
to her. She was afraid he might  
hurt her.

Mulder can't argue with that. On his look of concern, we:

(X)

CUT TO:

28 OMITTED

28

29 INT. BASEMENT WORKROOM - NIGHT - FOOT BONE

(X) 29

in Mona's hands as she patiently paints an ID number on it.

ANGLE ON MONA

working methodically at the table. The room is quiet. We see (X)  
that the Amaru bones have been mostly removed from the urn, (X)  
which still sits on the table, half-filled with dirt. The (X)  
bones are carefully arranged on the table, in an odd pattern  
mimicking the fetal position the bones held in the urn. (X)

ANGLE UNDER TABLE

where Sugar lies dutifully at Mona's feet. Suddenly, Sugar  
SITS UP, staring with rapt dog-attention at the hallway visible  
through the open work room door.

MONA

notices her dog's concern.

MONA

What is it, Sugar?

Mona soon knows what it is, as we hear a CLATTER from up the  
hall. Mona rises, listening as the CLATTER continues, now a  
continuous rattle.

30 INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

30

Mona makes her way up the hall, the CLATTER growing louder as  
she approaches a closed DOOR marked "WOMEN".

Sugar WHINES nervously as Mona steps up to the door.

MONA

Stay, Sugar.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Sugar obeys as Mona disappears inside.

31 INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

31

A large dank room that was once a boiler room, the walls are lined with a dozen stalls, the back cluttered with various boilers and heating units, a typical industrial basement bathroom.

The CLATTER appears to be coming from the stalls; Mona slowly makes her way through the room, stepping up to an open stall.

MONA'S POV

into the stall, where we see the source of the noise -- the closed LID on the toilet is VIBRATING wildly as if there were something inside trying to get out.

MONA

hesitates, a bit nervous at this sight. Behind her, we can see two other OPEN STALLS, their toilet seats rattling as well. Mona steps up to the toilet for a closer look.

LOW ANGLE ON TOILET

as Mona enters the frame, peering at the rattling toilet lid.

ANGLE OVER MONA

as she leans over the toilet, momentarily blocking our view. Mona reaches down, slowly lifting the lid. Mona suddenly SCREAMS, recoiling OUT OF FRAME to reveal the toilet bowl is full of wet RATS trying desperately to get out.

LOW ANGLE ON TOILET

as Mona backs away in horror, several damp RATS slipping over the edge of the bowl, scurrying across the floor.

ANGLE ON MONA

who turns to find a dozen other RATS emerging from stalls between her and the door. On her next SCREAM, we:

CUT TO:

32 INT. BASEMENT WORKROOM - NIGHT

32

Mulder and Scully enter, followed by Mr. Decker. The room is empty, but it's obvious that someone was here -- Mona's work is still spread out on the table.

(X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

MR. DECKER

I checked her in two hours ago.

As Scully gives Mulder an ominous look, we:

CUT TO:

33 INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT - SCULLY

33

heads toward CAMERA, her eyes darting about, looking for any sign of life. Behind her, we see Mulder heading the other way, Mr. Decker between. Suddenly, something catches Scully's eye. We see:

SCULLY'S POV - WOMEN'S ROOM

where a stream of red-tinted WATER leaks from underneath the door.

SCULLY

calls back as she draws her gun.

SCULLY

Mulder...

Mulder joins her, waving Mr. Decker back. Scully indicates the bloody water on the ground, Mulder nods.

Scully takes position next to the door, they share a glance, then Mulder pushes his way into:

34 INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

34

Mulder brandishes his gun, checking the four corners of the room in rapid succession. Then he pauses to survey the room, Scully stepping up behind him.

MULDER'S POV

reveals the bathroom walls splattered with some amount of BLOOD, the floor wet with water streaked with red, a few shredded pieces of CLOTHING. In the background, we hear the DRIP DRIP of a broken faucet.

As Mulder is about to holster his gun, he stops as we hear a WHIMPER echoing from the far end of the room.

Mulder draws his pistol again, heading toward the sound of the whimper, then a deep guttural SOB. (X)  
(X)

MULDER

steps carefully along the stalls, approaching the noise.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

MULDER'S POV

as we pass the last stall, revealing BILAC on his knees on the damp floor, head in his hands, weeping with deep shudders. (X)  
(X)

MULDER

holsters his gun again, Scully following suit, their expressions grim. (X)  
(X)

BILAC

ignores them both, lamenting his loss. On Bilac's look of sad horror, we: (X)  
(X)

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

35 INT. GRADUATE STUDENT OFFICE - NIGHT - CLOSE ON PHOTO (X) 35

of Mona Wustner at a recent office party; she's smiling, playful, alive.

CAMERA PULLS BACK

to reveal the photo is pinned to a BULLETIN BOARD, accompanied by numerous PHOTOS of other grad students, as well as POSTCARDS from faraway places.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BILAC

sits nearby, wrapped in a blanket, shivering slightly. He (X)  
stares at the photo, looking dazed, numb. Scully sits (X)  
opposite, Mulder stands in the background, watching warily. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Where is Mona's body? (X)

BILAC (X)  
I don't know.

SCULLY (X)  
What did you do with her?

BILAC (X)  
I told you...

SCULLY (X)  
You said you came to the museum  
looking for her.

BILAC (X)  
She wasn't here. There was only  
blood.

Bilac finally turns from the photo, meeting Scully's gaze with (X)  
an accusatory stare. (X)

BILAC (X)  
I told you the killings wouldn't  
stop. You didn't listen to me.

SCULLY (X)  
Why did you come to the museum?

BILAC (X)  
I came to warn her! But I came  
too late.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

SCULLY

She didn't believe, did she?  
Neither did Dr. Roosevelt.  
Neither did Craig Horning or Dr.  
Lewton. So you killed her just  
like you killed them.

(X)

BILAC

I didn't do it...!

(X)

Mulder slips out. Scully acknowledges his leaving with a  
glance, then returns her gaze to Bilac.

(X)

(X)

BILAC

It's the curse. You have to  
believe me.

(X)

SCULLY

Dr. Bilac, you know there are no  
curses, there are no  
spirits...there is only you.

(X)

Bilac slowly meets Scully's eyes with a look of resolve. On  
Scully's growing aggravation, we:

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

36 INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

(X) 36

Mulder stands near the door, perusing the still-wet crime  
scene. We see several FORENSIC TECHS dusting for prints in the  
background.

MULDER

crosses to the corner of the room where he grabs an old MOP  
HANDLE (sans mop), walking carefully toward the stalls to avoid  
slipping on the wet floor.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Mulder steps into a stall, wielding the handle like a sword.

SCULLY

enters from behind, crossing to Mulder, a look of frustration  
on her face.

SCULLY

I put a guard on Bilac. So far,  
he's sticking to his story.

(X)

Mulder uses the handle to FLIP UP the toilet LID, peering down  
into the bowl.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

MULDER  
We haven't found any evidence yet  
to contradict it.

(X)

Scully watches as Mulder moves to the next stall, where he  
FLIPS THE LID again.

SCULLY  
I don't think we can hold him  
very long...

(X)

Mulder leaves this toilet, heading for the next stall.

SCULLY  
...short of a confession, I...  
(seen enough)  
...Mulder, what are you doing?

(X)

MULDER  
There's a lot of water on the  
floor.

Mulder steps into the next stall, FLIPPING again.

SCULLY  
I wondered about that myself.

MULDER  
Maybe one of the toilets  
overflowed.

SCULLY  
(glancing about)  
It looks like all of them did.

Mulder crosses to the next stall, flipping the lid.

MULDER  
Take a look at this, Scully.

Scully **steps** into the stall next to Mulder, peering down.

SCULLY'S POV - TOILET BOWL

where three DEAD RATS float.

(X)

SCULLY

looks to Mulder.

(X)

MULDER  
Rats, again.

(X)

Before Scully can respond:

(X)

(CONTINUED)



36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

MR. DECKER'S VOICE  
Agent Mulder!

Mulder and Scully turn to see:

MR. DECKER

entering the room, crossing toward them with a heavy heart. He looks quite despondent, obviously bearing bad news.

MR. DECKER (X)  
The police found a body, outside.

SCULLY (X)  
Mona Wustner?

MR. DECKER (X)  
No. It's Sugar. Her dog.

As Scully gives Mulder a curious look, we: (X)

CUT TO:

37 INT. VETERINARY HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

37

Mulder and Scully sit together like two concerned parents, listening to DR. JOHN WINTERS, a kindly-looking veterinarian who is still wearing his scrubs. He reads from a clipboard as he crosses the room, sitting down beside them.

DR. WINTERS (X)  
...male, Ducktroller. Age, two  
to three years. Weight, 45  
pounds.

MULDER (X)  
Have you determined the cause of  
death?

DR. WINTERS  
It looks like warfarin poisoning.

SCULLY  
Warfarin? Isn't that rat poison?

DR. WINTERS  
Yup.

SCULLY (X)  
Someone poisoned the dog?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

DR. WINTERS

Nope. When I dissected the dog's stomach, I found an undigested fragment of intestine, which appears to be feline.

(X)

SCULLY

The dog ate a cat?

(X)

DR. WINTERS

(nods)

I also found what appears to be bits of rat fur. I think the rat ate the poison.

(X)

SCULLY

Then the cat ate the rat.

(X)

DR. WINTERS

(nods)

Then the dog ate the cat.

(X)

MULDER

But I don't know why she swallowed the fly.

Dr. Winters gives Mulder a look, then exits the waiting room.

(X)

MULDER

More rats, Scully.

SCULLY

You think the rats are significant?

(X)

MULDER

There were rats in Dr. Lewton's engine and rats in the bathroom where Mona Wustner was killed. And now here...

(X)

SCULLY

Yes, but what possible connection could they have to the murders?

(X)

MULDER

Bear with me for a second. The Secona shaman believe that through the Yaje ceremony they can transmigrate their spirits into the bodies of animals.

(X)

SCULLY

A possessed rat, Mulder?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

MULDER

(X)

Or maybe something bigger.  
Something that frightened Mona's  
dog. Something that drove the  
rats to hide in Dr. Lewton's  
engine.

SCULLY

(X)

Something that sent the rats  
diving into the toilet?

MULDER

(X)

What if they weren't climbing in,  
Scully? What if they were  
climbing out? So spooked by  
something they tried to escape up  
the sewer pipe?

SCULLY

(X)

Spooked by what, Mulder?

Mulder's look says he doesn't know -- but his curiosity is  
piqued. We:

CUT TO:

37A INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT - CLOSE ON - POT SHARD

(X) 37A

a broken piece of pottery, not ancient, something that once  
held a potted plant on somebody's desk. CAMERA FOLLOWS a trail  
of shards, until

(X)

CAMERA FINDS - YOUNG BPD OFFICER

(X)

lying unconscious on the floor, pot shards and dirt around him  
as if the potted plant had been shattered over his head.  
CAMERA ANGLES UP, revealing

(X)

(X)

(X)

BILAC

standing over him, panting, having just coldcocked the Young  
Officer. We see the open door to the Graduate Student Office  
next to him. We see the look of a hungry animal in his eyes.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Bilac takes one more look at his victim, then he turns,  
hurrying up the hall.

(X)

(X)

38 INT. BASEMENT WORKROOM - NIGHT

(X) 38

The room is dark, except for several overhead emergency lights,  
one of which illuminates the Amaru bones, now spread out on the  
worktable, the skull sitting upright, its mandible beside it.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

BILAC

enters, crossing to the bones, still panting from his attack on the Young Officer. (X)  
(X)

He hesitates at the end of the table, considering the bones spread out before him. Then, with a look of resolve on his face, he crosses to a side-table, grabbing (X)  
(X)  
(X)

A SHIPPING BOX (X)

carrying it to the worktable. Bilac carefully picks up the skull, holding it gingerly in his hands. He regards it for a moment, then slowly places it into the box. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

Bilac then hurries with his work, grabbing a femur, a tibia and a fibula. Suddenly, we see: (X)

SHAMAN'S POV

that pseudo-night-vision, looking at Bilac from behind and above his head. As Bilac places another bone in the box, he hesitates, sensing something behind him. He slowly turns to LOOK AT CAMERA. A wave of relief passes over his face.

BILAC

How'd you get in here?

Bilac returns his attention to the bones, as we watch, poised above him.

As Bilac places another bone in the box, WE SUDDENLY LEAP AT HIS HEAD. At the moment of impact, we:

CUT TO:

38A INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT - CAMERA FOLLOWS

(X) 38A

Mulder and Scully as they rush up the hall toward

MR. DECKER

who leans over the Young Officer, now semi-conscious, sitting up with his back against the wall. Scully crosses to the Young Officer, taking a quick look at him.

MULDER

(X)

(to Decker)

What happened?

MR. DECKER

(X)

It was Dr. Bilac. He knocked him out.

Scully rises from the Young Officer, who smiles, groggy.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

38A CONTINUED:

38A

MULDER  
(to Scully)  
Come on.

(X)

As Mulder and Scully turn, heading up the hall, we:

(X)

CUT TO:

39  
thru OMITTED  
41

39  
thru  
41

42 INT. BASEMENT WORKROOM - NIGHT

(X) 42

Mulder steps into the room, gun drawn, Scully following. As Scully switches on the lights, Mulder crosses to the worktable where he spies the SHIPPING BOX.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER  
Looks like he was here.

(X)

SCULLY  
I don't think he was alone.

(X)

Mulder looks to Scully, following her gaze to

(X)

MULDER'S POV - FRESH BLOOD

(X)

on the floor, between the shelving area and the worktable.

(X)

MULDER

(X)

crosses to the blood, following its trail toward the far wall.

(X)

RESUME POV - THE BLOODY TRAIL

(X)

seen in discreet glimpses, a red smear heading up the last aisle of shelves, along the far wall of the room.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

steps up beside Mulder as they come to a stop. She points to a spot at her feet, confused.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY  
The trail ends here...

(X)

Mulder heads to the far corner of the room, where we see various STORAGE BOXES and OLD MACHINERY piled against the back wall, including a rusty DEHUMIDIFIER, which sits on foot-tall legs.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Mulder drops to one knee, leaning over and peering under the dehumidifier for a moment, then looking up, as

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

MR. DECKER

appears, coming up behind Scully.

(X)

MR. DECKER  
You find him yet?

(X)

MULDER  
You're just in time. Give me a  
hand.

(X)

Mulder rises, taking one side of the dehumidifier. Mr. Decker  
gets the idea, crossing over and taking the other side. With  
some effort they manage to DRAG the heavy machine away from the  
wall. Scully steps up, peering down at

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY'S POV

(X)

of an open VENT, about a foot square, set at the base of the  
wall.

(X)

MULDER

(X)

turns to Mr. Decker.

(X)

MULDER  
That vent, where does it go?

MR. DECKER  
The old steam tunnels, probably.

(X)

MULDER  
Steam tunnels?

MR. DECKER  
They haven't been used in a  
hundred years. They run  
underneath the museum. There  
must be miles of them down there.

Mulder drops to his knees, then down on his side, reaching deep  
down into the vent, which appears to curve downward. Suddenly,  
we go to:

(X)

(X)

SHAMAN POV - INSIDE THE VENT

(X)

looking upwards, MULDER'S HAND appears, groping close, coming  
to rest on a bright patch of RED LIQUID on the inside of the  
vent shaft.

(X)

(X)

NORMAL POV - MULDER

(X)

as his eyes light up with the joy of discovery at the same time  
his mouth frowns with disgust. He pulls out his arm, rising to  
show Scully:

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

ANGLE ON MULDER'S FINGERS

(X)

covered with gooey, coagulating BLOOD.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

takes a close look at the substance.

(X)

MULDER

(X)

I think he might be down there,  
Scully. I think they all might  
be down there.

On Scully, realizing the import of this statement:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

43 EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT - ANGLE ON MANHOLE COVER

43

an old iron triangle reading "BOSTON -- 1880" in the glare of a flashlight beam. Mulder enters frame, kneeling down on one knee. He wields a TIRE IRON, using it to pry up the manhole cover.

WIDER

reveals Scully standing next to Mulder amidst the empty parking lot. Mulder pulls up the manhole cover, which is hinged on one side, lifting it up like a toilet seat lid.

Scully shines her flashlight down into the hole in the ground.

ANGLE DOWN MANHOLE

where the light from Scully's flashlight reflects off a rusty LADDER descending into the darkness. We see the ladder is thick with COBWEBS.

MULDER

looks up at Scully, grinning.

MULDER

Ladies first?

Scully gives him a skeptical look. Mulder begins to climb down the ladder, brushing aside cobwebs as he goes. As Scully follows, we:

CUT TO:

44 INT. STEAM TUNNEL - NIGHT

44

Mulder steps off the ladder into the dim tunnel, lit only by the ambient light streaming down from the manhole above.

As Scully steps gingerly down the ladder, she switches on her flashlight, sending the beam up and down the dark tunnel.

SCULLY'S POV

of the empty, dusty tunnel, a hundred years of neglect showing on its walls, its dry floor littered with fallen brick, rusty metal, refuse. CAMERA FOLLOWS as she shines her flashlight beam first one way, then the other.

MULDER

reaches into his pocket, producing a set of FLARES, which are wrapped together like dynamite. Mulder strikes a FLARE bathing the immediate area in bright ORANGE LIGHT.

(CONTINUED)



44 CONTINUED:

44

Mulder tosses the flare across the tunnel to mark the spot where the ladder is. Then he surveys the tunnel, looking one way, then the other.

SCULLY

Which way?

Mulder points to the right with his flashlight.

MULDER

The museum should be that way...

Scully follows Mulder as they head up the tunnel, approaching the dim darkness ahead where the orange flare light fades. As they fade out of view, we:

CUT TO:

45 INT. TUNNEL - FURTHER ALONG - ANOTHER FLARE

45

illuminates Mulder as he strikes the cap and tosses it. The flare skitters up the tunnel, sending Mulder and Scully's shadows dancing along the now-orange walls.

The agents make their way slowly up the tunnel, toward the darkness ahead. The tunnel is quiet except for the fading HISS of the flare, and the slow CRUSH of their heels on the tunnel floor.

46 INT. TUNNEL - AROUND CORNER - CONTINUOUS

46

The tunnel grows darker as Mulder and Scully get further and further from the last flare.

As Mulder pulls out another flare, unwrapping the cap, ready to strike, we hear a CLANG from behind. Scully spins, shining her flashlight back up the tunnel to see,

A RAT

scurrying over an old TIN CAN, the source of the clang.

SCULLY

looks a bit relieved.

SCULLY

One of your rats.

Mulder lights the FLARE, tossing it ahead to illuminate their path. As they continue cautiously ahead, we:

CUT TO:

47 INT. TUNNEL - CROSSROADS - MULDER AND SCULLY

47

stop at the perpendicular crossing of another tunnel. As Mulder looks to the right, Scully checks out the other direction with her flashlight. CAMERA FOLLOWS her gaze to:

A LARGE GREEN DOOR

in the beam of light, encrusted with a hundred years of rust and grime.

SCULLY

approaches the door, checking it out with her flashlight. We see Mulder in the background, heading the opposite way up the dark corridor, peering into every nook and cranny.

ANGLE ON GREEN DOOR

as Scully tries the rusty handle. It CREAKS and unlocks, the door GROANING as she pushes it open. Scully shines her light in, revealing:

SCULLY'S POV

behind the green door, a small empty dank room - what may have once been a coal cellar. Near the ceiling at the far end, we see a VENT like the one in the Basement Workroom, glowing with dim light from somewhere above.

SCULLY

considers this, as we go to:

48 INT. TUNNEL - DARK CORNER - MULDER

48

points his flashlight ahead, making his way through the darkness. He suddenly stops, his eyes revealing that he's found something. Something that makes his expression become one of grim sadness.

MULDER'S POV - A TENNIS SHOE

splattered with blood, like someone ate the foot out of it.

CAMERA FOLLOWS

the flashlight beam as it WHIPS up into the darkness, revealing the half-eaten HEAD OF DR. LEWTON, staring at us with hollow sockets where his eyes used to be.

MULDER

cringes at the sight.

MULDER  
Scully...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

ANOTHER ANGLE

reveals the head is part of a pile of BODY PARTS in various stages of ingestion. We only get brief glimpses of this carnage in the moving beam of Mulder's flashlight.

SCULLY'S VOICE

What is it, Mulder?

MULDER

I think I found Dr. Lewton. It looks like Craig Horning and Mona Wustner, too.

Scully appears, stepping up behind Mulder, a look of sad disgust on her face as she shines her flashlight into the dark corner.

ANGLE ON SCULLY

as she kneels down to examine the body parts, taking a close look at something meaty and red visible at the bottom of frame.

SCULLY

Definite postmortem predation. Also, there are signs of tearing, what may be claw marks...

She rises to face Mulder, with continued horror:

SCULLY

They were torn to shreds, then eaten, Mulder.

Before Mulder can register his disgust, we hear a sharp metallic PING from the darkness nearby. Mulder and Scully both turn, swinging their flashlights up the dark tunnel. CAMERA FOLLOWS their gaze to:

AN ORANGE CAT

an ordinary house cat, who scurries away from the bright light, disturbing more pieces of scrap metal as it goes.

SCULLY

shakes her head, a little spooked.

SCULLY

It's just a cat.

MULDER

Wait a second, Scully.

Mulder leads Scully to the spot where the cat turned and bolted. He illuminates the tunnel floor with his flashlight.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

MULDER

Take a look at this.

Scully peers down to see:

SCULLY'S POV

of the dusty tunnel floor, BLOODY PAW PRINTS from the Orange Cat, leading off into the darkness.

SCULLY

looks to Mulder, unsure of what Mulder is making of this.

MULDER

Come on, Scully, let's see what  
else the cat dragged in.

Mulder heads up the tunnel in pursuit of the Orange Cat.  
Scully draws her gun, following, looking a bit wary.

CUT TO:

49 INT. TUNNEL - AROUND THE BEND - MULDER

49

hurries along, scanning the dark tunnel with his flashlight.  
Scully follows, a few steps behind.

SCULLY

You're not suggesting that cat  
killed these people...?

Mulder stops a few paces ahead of Scully, peering down at a  
large IRON GRATING in the tunnel floor.

Mulder shines his flashlight down through the grating, staring  
at something that makes his heart stop.

MULDER

Not that cat, Scully... these  
cats.

Scully steps up beside Mulder, peering down through the  
grating. We see:

SCULLY'S POV (SPFX)

down through the grating, of what appears to be a cavernous  
tunnel below, where the beam from Mulder's flashlight lands on  
three or four CATS milling about. In the ambient light from  
the flashlight, we see a HUNDRED CAT EYES reflecting in the  
dark, peering up at Mulder and Scully.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

SCULLY

straightens up, looking to Mulder.

SCULLY  
That's a lot of cats.

They share a look. Scully steps slowly back from the grating, as we suddenly see:

SHAMAN POV - SCULLY

from a ledge behind her head, as she steps back toward us in bright night-vision. We hear her voice in that hollow-metallic timbre:

SCULLY  
Mulder...let's get out of here...

As Scully takes one more step back, just within reach, we go to:

NORMAL POV - ANGLE ON SCULLY

as a CAT LEAPS from a ledge above, landing on Scully's shoulder. Scully falls, the cat BITING AND CLAWING at her face with wild fury.

MULDER

rushes over, BATTING the cat off Scully with a swipe of his flashlight. Mulder turns his head to see:

MULDER'S POV

a hissing cat, its teeth bared, LUNGING toward him.

MULDER

wields his flashlight again, sending the cat packing. The cat disappears into the darkness as Mulder shines his light on Scully, who looks ragged, several scratches visible on her face.

MULDER  
You all right?

SCULLY  
Yeah, I'm okay...

Mulder helps Scully to her feet; they FREEZE for a second as WE HEAR an echoing CAT HOWL from the dark tunnel behind, a low RUMBLE from approaching cat feet.

MULDER  
They're coming.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

Mulder and Scully turn, hurrying up the tunnel.

CUT TO:

50 INT. TUNNEL - DARK CORNER - CONTINUOUS

50

Mulder and Scully race past the lair of body parts, checking over their shoulders for approaching felines. As Mulder is about to turn up the perpendicular tunnel:

SCULLY

In here!

Scully heads for the green door, Mulder following.

ANGLE ON GREEN DOOR

as Scully appears, yanking it open. Mulder appears behind.

SCULLY

There's a way out in here...

Mulder follows Scully into:

51 INT. BEHIND GREEN DOOR - MULDER

51

hesitates, peering out into the dark tunnel, where we hear the soft RUMBLE approaching, an occasional HOWL echoing through the tunnel. Mulder quickly SHUTS the door.

SCULLY

crosses to the vent, situated about six feet up the wall. She peers up inside.

SCULLY'S POV - THE VENT

angles upward toward the surface, but something is blocking most of the light.

SCULLY

Something's in the way...

MULDER

grabs an old CRATE, dragging it to a spot beneath the vent. He hands the flashlight to Scully, climbing up and peering into the vent.

MULDER'S POV - THE VENT

where a shadowy FORM blocks the way.

(CONTINUED).

51 CONTINUED:

51

ANGLE ON MULDER

as he reaches up into the shaft with one arm.

MULDER'S POV

as he grabs hold of the shadowy form. As he pulls, the form begins to move, sliding into the light to reveal the bloody DEAD FACE OF BILAC, BARRELING TOWARD CAMERA

MULDER

falls back off the crate as the rag-doll BODY of Bilac falls on top of him. Scully helps Mulder up from underneath the dead load, then she shines the flashlight down on the body.

SCULLY

It's Bilac...

Suddenly, they hear a SCRATCH at the green door. Then another. Then a loud cacophony of SCRATCHING.

MULDER

Come on, Scully...

Scully climbs up on the crate; with Mulder giving her a leg up she manages to crawl into the vent. Mulder turns as we hear a THUMP on the door. Then more, rising to a collective THUNDER.

ANGLE ON GREEN DOOR

as the HINGES begin to loosen from the pressure of a hundred cats flinging themselves at the door.

MULDER

jumps into the vent, behind Scully, the crate falling aside as he goes.

52 INT. BASEMENT WORKROOM - NIGHT (DAWN) - CONTINUOUS

52

Dim light from the skylight reveals the sun is rising as Scully crawls out of the floor vent where we saw Bilac dragged down. Still on her knees, she reaches down and gives Mulder a hand.

Once Mulder is out they take stock of each other with a quick look; Scully looks a shambles, face scratched, hair messy, clothes soiled. Mulder looks much the same.

Suddenly, we hear a CAT'S MEOW echoing up from below. Mulder and Scully give each other a look, then rise, rushing to a metal CREDENZA nearby, which they hurriedly PUSH to cover the vent.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

On Mulder and Scully sharing a look of relief, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT - DAY

53

Various MORGUE VEHICLES surround the manhole cover where Mulder and Scully descended the night before. Police tape cordons off an area, FORENSIC TECHS are surveying the scene; we see two ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICERS emerging from the manhole.

MULDER

crosses the crime scene, heading for the museum entrance. He slows as Scully appears, looking a little worse for wear, a couple of band-aids on her face.

SCULLY

All the body parts have been recovered, Mulder. We were able to identify all three victims.

MULDER

What about the cats?

SCULLY

There's no sign of them, but cats are nocturnal hunters. They may not return until nightfall. Animal Control is going to try and trap them tonight.

Mulder gives her an ominous look.

MULDER

The killing won't stop, Scully.

Scully looks concerned as Mulder explains.

MULDER

An animal, maybe a jaguar, killed Dr. Roosevelt in Ecuador. Then it was cats here in Boston. If they catch the cats, it will just find something else. Who knows what it will be next.

Scully digests this, the logic clear, the conclusion terrifying. Mulder turns, heading for the museum.

SCULLY

What are you going to do?

(CONTINUED)



53 CONTINUED:

53

MULDER  
Try and appease her. I only hope  
she appreciates it.

Mulder heads inside. On Scully's quizzical look, we:

CUT TO:

54 INT. BASEMENT WORKROOM - DAY

54

Mulder slips under the police tape, entering the empty workroom. The table is as Bilac left it last night, debris from the urn, the shipping box.

Mulder crosses to the table, surveying the debris. Then, with resolve, he picks up the shipping box, and begins gathering the remaining bones.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT - DAY

55

Mulder emerges from the museum, the SHIPPING BOX under his arm. As he heads for his n.d. sedan, he pauses for a step at the sight of:

A CAT

calmly licking its paws nearby, completely ignoring Mulder.

MULDER

heads for his car with new resolve, placing the box on the passenger seat and climbing in behind the wheel. As he drives off, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

56 EXT. TESO DOS BICHOS EXCAVATION - DAY - CLOSE ON OLD SHAMAN

56

his face worn, tired, his expression stoic.

WIDER

reveals he is watching two young DIGGERS as they dig a small PIT in the ground.

CAMERA ADJUSTS TO REVEAL

two other SHAMAN crouched nearby, carefully removing the bones from the SHIPPING BOX and placing them inside a shiny new BURIAL URN. On this ancient yet modern image, we FADE OUT.

THE END