

THE X-FILES

"Unruhe"

Written by
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Directed by
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July 22, 1996

"Unruhe"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder	
Agent Dana Scully	
Boyfriend	
Mary Lefante	
Druggist	
Officer Trott	
Inspector Puett	
Female ER Doctor	
Orderly (non-speaking)	(X)
Technician (non-speaking)	
Alice Brandt	
Gerry Schnauz	
Ambulance Crewmen (non-speaking)	(X)
Photo Tech	
Officer Corning	
Iskendarian	
Paramedic (non-speaking)	(X)
Second Cop	
Forensic Techs (non-speaking)	
Local Cops (non-speaking)	

July 22, 1996

"Unruhe"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

DRUGSTORE
RAINY STREET
ALLEY
TREE-LINED HIGHWAY (X)
CORPORATE PARK
NEW BUILDING SITE (X)
DIRT ROAD
 /WOODS
TRAVERSE CITY POLICE STATION
PARKING LOT
CEMETERY
 /PARKING LOT

INTERIORS:

VW BEETLE
DRUGSTORE
FORD EXPLORER (X)
LEFANTE HOUSE
HOSPITAL HALLWAY
 /TOMOGRAPHY LAB
THE DARK PLACE (RV)
ACCOUNTING OFFICE
PHOTO RESOLVING LAB
TRAVERSE CITY POLICE STATION
 /INTERROGATION ROOM
 /BOOKING ROOM
NEW BUILDING (X)
ABANDONED DENTAL OFFICE

TEASER

1 EXT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

1

A wooden "sandwich" signboard sits on the sidewalk, pelted by rain. It advertises "3 Cent Copies--Fax Service--Passport Fotos While-U-Wait." A VW BEETLE pulls up beside it at the curb.

The Beetle's wiper blades beat furiously at the downpour. We're in a small, sleepy city, looking down a block of mom-and-pop storefronts on an exceptionally gray, gloomy day. LEGEND READS: TRAVERSE CITY, MICHIGAN.

2 INT. VW BEETLE

2

A pretty woman in her twenties, MARY, sits in the passenger seat. She shrugs out of her U.S. Postal Service employee jacket. She quickly touches up her lipstick and hair, referring to the rear-view mirror.

Next to her in the driver's seat, her SCRUFFY BOYFRIEND glances at his watch, then at their surroundings.

BOYFRIEND

It's just a damn passport photo.
It's not the cover of "Vogue."

MARY

There's no reason I have to look
like hell in it, is there?
Settle down.

BOYFRIEND

We're on a schedule here.

MARY

I know we're on a schedule here.

Neither Mary or her boyfriend speak very loud, nor do they look at each other when they talk. They're nervous, preoccupied.

The boyfriend fires up a cigarette and yanks the mirror so he can see out of it. Almost immediately he sees something in it that makes him sink down in his seat.

BOYFRIEND

Act natural.

Out Mary's window we see a POLICE CAR slide past, disappearing down the rainy street. Mary never looks at it. Once it's gone, she reaches for her door handle.

MARY

I'll be back in ten.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

BOYFRIEND

Make it five. I'll be around back.

Mary climbs out of the VW, popping an umbrella over her head.

MARY

Relax, Billy.

She shuts the door and heads into the drugstore.

CUT TO:

3 INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

3

A CAMERA LENS

fills the frame--we pull back to reveal a commercial-model Polaroid aimed right at us. The flash unit WHINES. A 60-ish DRUGGIST peers through the viewfinder, makes a final adjustment.

DRUGGIST

Smile, now...

CLOSE ON MARY

posed before a blue backdrop. She takes a final swipe at her hair and smiles. The FLASH momentarily WHITES OUT the frame.

WIDE TO INCLUDE

the geography: Mary is the only customer. She stands beside (X)
the counter, a roll-down screen backdropping her. The drugstore (X)
is mom-and-pop funky... a video game or two by the door, a self- (X)
service novelty photo booth in a front corner. (X)

The druggist strips the covered print out of the passport camera (X)
and plops it on the countertop.

DRUGGIST

Big trip you got planned?

MARY

(distracted)

Oh, you know... nothing special.
Just good to have a passport.

A chime DINGS as the o.s. door opens--someone enters the store. (X)
All we see is a glimpse of YELLOW RAIN SLICKER as the person
wipes past in the EXTREME FOREGROUND, ambling toward the back. (X)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Mary pays no attention. She's glancing out the plate glass, keeping an eye on the street. Suddenly a thought crosses her mind. She checks her pocket, then closes her eyes.

MARY

Great--I left my money in the car.

(sigh)

I'll be back.

DRUGGIST

(smile)

I'll be here.

DING--Mary exits the store, popping her umbrella open over her head. As we settle back on the druggist, bending to put away the camera, we notice...

...a flash of YELLOW SLICKER wipe frame again in the foreground. A second, o.s. DING. Whoever was briefly here just left. (X)

CUT TO:

4 EXT. RAINY STREET - DAY

4

Pissed at herself, Mary clicks down the sidewalk toward the corner. Raindrops spatter against her umbrella, making a lot of distracting noise. Her umbrella also keeps us from seeing what's in the background behind her.

We follow after Mary, gaining on her from BEHIND. As we SWOOP UP CLOSE to her...

...Mary flinches in pain. Someone in a calf-length hooded YELLOW SLICKER brushes past her from behind.

MARY

OW! Hey, you jerk!--

But the person in the slicker just keeps walking quickly, not looking back. We can tell nothing about them, not even their race or sex. Mary stands her ground, watching. Her hand creeps over her shoulder to her back, to a point where...

...a tiny pinprick of BLOOD stands out on her Postal shirt.

CLOSE ON MARY

Who blinks her eyes once, twice... suddenly not looking so good.

MARY

What...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

Mary sways briefly, then heads around the corner out of frame.

5 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Mary lurches straight through a mud puddle, stumbling toward the VW Beetle parked up ahead. As she approaches from the rear of the car, we can see her boyfriend in the driver's seat, smoke from his cigarette wafting out his open window.

MARY

Billy...

It's obvious that Mary has been drugged. Her umbrella drops out of her hand. She stumbles along on sheer willpower, pressing a hand over the tiny stab on her back.

MARY

Someone did something to me...
Billy..?

We ease around the front of the VW to reveal... Billy propped up DEAD. Blood has flowed from a wound in his left ear and mixed with the rain, turning his white shirt pink. His cigarette has burned to a nub and has set his scraggly mustache SMOLDERING.

MARY

Billy!--

Mary falters back, looks around wild-eyed... then runs. She doesn't get far--the drugs won't let her. She trips and falls hard, and once she's down she can't get up again.

She rolls onto her side, rain spattering her face. Through the gloom her dull eyes focus on:

MARY'S POV

an old black sedan rolling toward her (slanted sideways to us). It pulls to a stop. YELLOW SLICKER climbs out, towering over us. The hooded slicker gives the person a mysterious "Ghost of Christmas Future" effect--we see nothing of their face.

Yellow Slicker turns away and unlocks the sedan's trunk. OUR EYES CLOSE--we momentarily BLACK OUT.

6 THIRTY SECONDS LATER - CLOSE ON MARY

who lies on her back in the rain. Gloved hands press duct tape over her mouth. Mary's eyes open. She tries to scream.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

We hear the sound of a long zipper: a black BODY BAG zips shut, enveloping Mary. Off a last glimpse of her wide, terrified eyes before the bag entombs her, we:

CUT TO:

7 INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

7

The druggist still waits for Mary. He mutters to himself, keeping an eye on the front window.

DRUGGIST

You can come back and pay me...
anytime now... Shoot.

He glumly figures he's been skipped out on. He picks up the Polaroid he shot of Mary, peels off the fronting.

The man's eyes widen. He stares at the photos in his hand.

DRUGGIST

Oh my god...

THE POLAROID

Shows a close-up of Mary--but not in a pose remotely resembling the shot we saw him take of her. In these two identical photos, her expression is wild, screaming... TERRIFIED. Her face is blurred, almost melted-looking. BONY FINGERS pull at her hair.

Off these frightening images, we:

GO TO MAIN TITLES.

ACT ONE

8 INT. FORD EXPLORER (DRIVING) - DAY

(X) 8

LEGEND OVER: LONG LAKE ROAD, NORTHERN MICHIGAN. Endless pines (X)
whizz past the window. SCULLY rides shotgun, studying a case (X)
file that's spread across her lap. She stares at an 8x10 photo. (X)

THE PHOTO

is a single blowup of the disturbing Polaroid picture we saw at
the end of the teaser.

MULDER (O.S.)
Alright, Officer... I'll call
once we arrive.

(X)
(X)
(X)

NEW ANGLE WIDE

(X)

Scully is troubled by this image. Adjust to MULDER beside her, (X)
driving and finishing up on his cell phone. He puts it away. (X)

MULDER
Local police say still no
contact with Mary Louise Lefante
or her abductor.

(X)

SCULLY
There's been no demand for
ransom?

MULDER
No, unfortunately--and it's
going on three days.

They both know this doesn't bode well.

SCULLY
Any additional leads?

MULDER
(shakes his head)
And no hair or fiber evidence--
rain washed it all away.
Autopsy results came in on her
dead boyfriend, though.
(points at ear)
Puncture wound through the left
eardrum and into the brain...
possibly from a long needle or
awl.

(X)
(X)

Scully can't help but look uncomfortable at the thought.

:

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

SCULLY

I'm still not sure how you and
I figure into this investigation.

MULDER

Did you see the photo?

Scully holds up the 8x10, not sure what she's supposed to glean (X)
from it.

SCULLY

I assume it was taken by whoever
abducted her.

MULDER

It was taken by a sixty five
year-old druggist... minutes
BEFORE she was abducted.

Scully looks at him quizzically--he elaborates.

MULDER

It's a passport photo from a
local drugstore. The druggist
who took it was the last known
person to see Mary Lefante.

(taps it)

Only--he swears this is not the
photo he snapped. The one he
thought he was taking was
apparently ordinary in every
respect. He brought this to the
police when he heard the woman
was missing.

Scully glances at the photo again, confused by this story, but
shrugging it off.

SCULLY

Mulder--whoever took this was
obviously privy to the abduction
of this woman.

Mulder shrugs in a way that tells her he doesn't agree.

MULDER

Let's talk to the druggist.

CUT TO:

9 INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

9

ON THE COUNTERTOP

the familiar Polaroid camera is set down before us.

DRUGGIST (O.S.)
Damnedest thing. Here it is--
just like I left it. Locked up
tight.

WIDE TO INCLUDE

Mulder and Scully interviewing the druggist, who stands behind
the register counter.

SCULLY
That's where you keep it?
(off his nod)
May I see?

DRUGGIST
Please. Help yourself.

Scully steps around to join the man behind the counter. He
shuffles awkwardly to make room for her--this is the first time
we notice he has a POLIO BRACE on one leg. He doesn't get
around so good--Scully takes note of this.

Scully hunkers down to examine the shelf. Meanwhile, Mulder
wanders away, glancing down the empty aisles.

CLOSE ON THE SHELF

that Scully examines--packages of unopened Polaroid film are
stacked here. Scully's hand turns one over to reveal the
expiration date: 4/94.

RESUME WIDE

SCULLY
Your film is out of date...

DRUGGIST
(concerned)
Is that against the law?

SCULLY
Uh--no. I was just making an
observation.

DRUGGIST
I don't get much call for
passport photos. Copy shop at
the mall does 'em cheaper.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Scully nods, turns to eye...

AN OLD STEAM RADIATOR

mounted by the counter. It's separated from the film by only an (X)
inch of shelving. Scully pats a hand atop it--it's piping hot. (X)

RESUME WIDE (X)

A RINGING PHONE distracts the old druggist's attention. (X)

DRUGGIST

Excuse me one quick sec--

He limp-CLANKS off into the background to answer the phone,
turning to Scully and Mulder to add sincerely:

DRUGGIST

I sure hope you find that young
woman safe and sound.

Scully nods. The druggist recedes into the back. Mulder
rejoins Scully at the counter.

MULDER

So... which one of us gets to
use the stun gun on Bruno
Hauptmann back there?

SCULLY

Alright... he doesn't exactly
stand out as a suspect.

(thinks)

Let me see that photo again.

Mulder opens the case file, places the 8x10 on the counter.
Scully points out certain parts of it.

SCULLY

See this? How it looks smeary?
I'm thinking it's heat damage.
With the film stored beside this
hot radiator, the emulsion
probably melted.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

(doubtful)

You're saying that would make
her look like she posed
screaming for a passport photo?

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

SCULLY

(pressing on)

Plus, this film is two years out of date. The photographic chemistry could have changed. Dyes fade or bleed...

(beat)

Alright, Mulder... what's your theory?

MULDER

I'm not sure I have one yet.

Scully wonders if he's being cagey. She doesn't press it, for just then the door chime DINGS. A young, uniformed POLICE OFFICER enters the store. His name tag says "Trott."

OFFICER TROTT

Excuse me--are you the two FBI agents?

MULDER

Agents Mulder and Scully...

OFFICER TROTT

(sheepish)

We're sorry to have brought you all the way from Washington. We're afraid we might have wasted your time.

Mulder and Scully exchange a glance. Off this, we:

CUT TO:

10 INT. LEFANTE HOUSE - DAY

10

A PHOTO OF MARY HUGGING HER BOYFRIEND

is prominent in the entrance hall of this modest home. Adjust to include the open front door, and the LOCAL COPS visible in the front yard. Mulder and Scully duck past yellow cordon tape as they follow Trott into the house.

They pass plain-clothes FORENSIC TECHS snapping pictures, lifting prints... carrying cardboard "evidence" boxes out of the house. Mulder and Scully exchange a mild "what's up?" look.

IN THE DEN

Trott introduces Mulder and Scully to a middle-aged INSPECTOR who is clearly in charge.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

OFFICER TROTT
Agents Mulder and Scully, this
is Inspector Puett...

The man gives them a not-unfriendly nod. Trott moves off.

MULDER
"Inspector?"

PUETT
United States Postal Inspector.
My office is investigating a
mail theft case--one which we've
traced to your missing person,
Ms. Mary Louise Lefante.

SCULLY
(remembering)
She's a postal employee...

PUETT
She works as a sorter at the
Kurland Hills branch. Not
coincidentally, a number of
unsigned credit cards in transit
through that branch never made
it to their respective owners.

Puett directs them to an evidence bag on a nearby table: it's
filled with CREDIT CARDS. Mulder sifts them.

MULDER
Mary Lefante was intercepting
them.

PUETT
(nod)
And her recently-deceased
boyfriend was signing them. We
ran him: he's a three-time
loser into forgery, check fraud,
fencing, you name it.

Scully considers this, realizing something.

SCULLY
Mary Lefante's passport photo...
how quickly did she want to
leave town? Did she know about
your investigation?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

PUETT

Probably. Though we didn't
focus on her specifically until
this week, after she came up
missing.

Scully understands where this is going.

SCULLY

You think she might have faked
her own disappearance.

PUETT

Looks that way to me.

Mulder, meanwhile, has been cruising the room--checking out the
details of it. He turns back, dubious.

MULDER

Why would she stab her boyfriend
through the ear?

They have no answer. Mulder, good-naturedly:

(X)

MULDER

The magic was gone?

(X)

(X)

Puett smirks. They are distracted by a call from the kitchen.

(X)

TROTT (O.S.)

Inspector! Check this out--

Puett, Mulder and Scully exit to:

THE KITCHEN

where Trott and another local cop--CORNING--kneel by a heating
vent in the floor. The metal grate has been removed--they pull
out wads of rubber band-wrapped twenty dollar bills.

(X)

TROTT

Must be ten, twenty thousand
here...

(X)

MULDER

If she faked her disappearance,
why didn't she take this with
her?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

If she faked it and she's smart,
she WOULD leave some behind.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Mulder drifts to study the refrigerator--stuck to the door with (X)
funny magnets are, among other things, several POLAROIDs of Mary
and her boyfriend. Mulder turns to the local cops.

MULDER

Has anybody come across a camera?

(X)

Trott and the others shake their heads no. Mulder pulls on a
pair of exam gloves as he exits the kitchen. Scully glances at
the others, then follows him out.

IN THE BEDROOM

Mulder checks the dresser and the bookshelf. He opens the
closet and looks inside. Scully glances around the room.

SCULLY

Mulder, are you thinking this
woman somehow planted that photo
of herself at the drugstore?

MULDER

To what end? What would be the
point of doing that?

(finds something)

Here it is...

Mulder steps out of the closet holding a cheap Polaroid camera.
He turns it over in his hands, satisfied.

MULDER

Stand back, Scully. It's loaded.

(X)

Scully looks from the camera to Mulder, in the dark as to what
he's thinking. Mulder covers the lens with the palm of his
hand, then presses the shutter button.

SCULLY

What are you doing?

MULDER

In the sixties, a bellhop named
Ted Serios achieved a degree of
fame by taking pictures he
called "Thoughtographs." He
claimed he could concentrate on
an unexposed film negative,
thereby creating a photographic
representation of the image he
saw in his mind's eye.

(shrug)

He did landscapes, cathedrals,
the Queen of England...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (4)

10

As Mulder talks he continues snapping Polaroids with his hand over the lens. He lays them atop the dresser until he has four of them in a row. He puts down the camera and waits for the images to come up. Scully raises an eyebrow.

SCULLY
"Thoughtographs."

MULDER
Also referred to as
"Skotographs." The literature
on thought photography dates
practically back to Louis
Daguerre.

SCULLY
And that makes it legitimate? (X)

Mulder doesn't respond--he's staring at the Polaroids. He speaks without looking up.

MULDER
Scully...

She looks, SURPRISED by what she sees--faint, identical IMAGES are rising on each of the four Polaroids. At this point, it's too early to tell what they are. Mulder just stares. (X)

MULDER
I think he was here.

SCULLY
Who was here?
(leaning closer)
Oh my god...

THE FOUR POLAROIDS

finish developing, one by one, into four identical pictures of the missing woman, Mary Lefante. If we thought the other ones were disturbing, these are downright terrifying. In them, a howling Mary is being dragged down by... THINGS: indistinct, blurry demons with sharp fingers and burning red pinhole eyes.

These creatures swirl in a kind of satanic maypole around her--she seems to be reaching up to us for deliverance. And we realize this new picture is basically just a wider view of the close-up found at the drugstore.

RESUME WIDE

Scully stares at the Polaroids, thunderstruck... Mulder, only slightly less so.

..

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

SCULLY

WHO was here, Mulder?--

MULDER

Mary Lefante's abductor. I'm
starting to believe he stalked
her for some time. At the
drugstore, maybe at her work...
and here.

Mulder moves to the nearby window, nods out at the thick shrubs
and underbrush which obscure the police cars parked beyond.

MULDER

Right out here. With a view of
the bed. Close enough to affect
the film in this camera.

SCULLY

Psychic photography...

(shakes her head)

Mulder, someone must have
doctored these images and
planted them to be found. This
is some sort of a smokescreen.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Meant to conceal what?

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

I... I think an otherwise
straightforward murder and
disappearance.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Mulder isn't buying it--Scully's not totally convinced herself. (X)

MULDER

This isn't about mail theft--
that's incidental.

(on a roll)

Scully, just--what if? What if
someone had this ability?
Wouldn't it follow that such an
image would be a peek into that
person's mind?

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully doesn't really believe it, but she doesn't know what else
to say at this point. She looks again to the Polaroids.

SCULLY

You're saying this is someone's
darkest fantasy.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (6)

10

Mulder nods, grave.

(X)

MULDER

The fantasy of a killer.

(X)

CUT TO:

11 EXT. TREE-LINED HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

(X) 11

Cars zoom by on this fast two-laner. We're at the woods' edge (X)
when a HAND appears in f.g., awkwardly batting aside some (X)
undergrowth. A barefoot WOMAN in a filthy, plain nightgown (X)
lurches out of the woods away from us--we don't see her face. (X)

Without the slightest hesitation, the woman walks straight into (X)
traffic, causing an oncoming pickup to SWERVE to avoid her. (X)
Other cars screech on their brakes. Horns BLARE. (X)

We track after the woman, who doesn't react to any of this. She (X)
just keeps going, now moving along right up the center of the (X)
highway. We swing around front so we can finally see her face: (X)
she's MARY LEFANTE, and she's no longer the same. (X)

Mary stares straight ahead, completely unaware. Two rust-red
tear streams of dried BLOOD extend down her face from the
corners of her eyes. As we track along with her, we see a state
police cruiser pass... then make a quick U-turn and ease into a
prowl right behind her.

The cruiser boops its lights and siren. Mary keeps stumbling (X)
along in the southbound lane, not looking back.

CUT TO:

12 INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

12

Double doors swing open wide. A gurney with Mary on it is being (X)
wheeled by a female ER DOCTOR and an ORDERLY. Mulder and Scully (X)
walk alongside, getting briefed. We track throughout the scene. (X)

13 OMITTED

(X) 13

DOCTOR

She's completely non-responsive.
We did a preliminary tox screen
on her--found traces of morphine
and scopolamine.

SCULLY

Twilight Sleep.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

The doctor nods.

MULDER (X)
The dental anesthetic?

DOCTOR (X)
(X)
It's basically a painkiller (X)
cocktail. It's also given to (X)
women in labor. (X)

MULDER
Would it account for her
condition?

SCULLY (X)
No, it wouldn't.

The doctor agrees. Mulder addresses them both. (X)

MULDER (X)
What would? (X)

As they walk, Scully leans closer, looks into Mary's blank eyes. (X)

CLOSE ON MARY'S FACE (X)

Though the dried blood has been cleaned off, Scully notes DARK (X)
BRUISES in the corners of Mary's eyes. (X)

RESUME ON (X)

Scully, afraid she knows the answer to Mulder's question. (X)

SCULLY
(to doctor)
Give her a CT scan. (X)

CUT TO:

14 INT. TOMOGRAPHY LAB - LATER

14

Mary slides on a motorized pallet into the womb-like machine
until her upper body is out of sight.

A COMPUTER SCREEN

quickly scans, line by line, a front-on color view of a human
brain. It shows extensive damage to the inferior portion of the
frontal lobes, for those who can read such things.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

AT THE CONTROL STATION

Scully stares at the screen, her worst suspicions confirmed.
Mulder, the doctor and a TECHNICIAN are here, too.

SCULLY

God...

The doctor is equally affected by the image, shaking her head. (X)

MULDER

What does it show?

SCULLY

She's been given a transorbital
lobotomy... what used to be (X)
known as an "ice pick" lobotomy. (X)
(distracted) (X)
It involves inserting a (X)
leucotome through the eye (X)
sockets.

MULDER

(troubled)

So we're looking for a doctor?
Someone with training?

DOCTOR

Not judging by this. (X)

Scully is in agreement with the doctor.

SCULLY

Mulder, whoever did this to (X)
her... did it wrong. (X)

As Mulder considers this in silence, an amplified, disembodied (X)
WHISPER is heard.

MARY (FILTERED V.O.)

O-oon... Ooonn... (X)

It's coming from a lighted SPEAKER on the wall--it's the patient
intercom built into the CT scanner. Mulder moves to it, presses
the "talk" button.

MULDER

Mary?--

MARY (FILTERED V.O.)

Unruhe... Unruhe...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

This word is pronounced oon'-ruh, slightly rolling the r. (X)
Scully looks to Mulder, chilled. Mulder turns to the doctor. (X)

MULDER

Get her out.

She nods to the technician, who extends Mary's pallet out of the scanner--Mary is still slowly whispering to no one in particular. (X)

MARY

Unruhe... (X)

The doctor and technician head into the lab. As Mulder and Scully follow, Officer Trott enters with another LOCAL COP. (X)

TROTT

(aside)

We just got the call... There's been a second abduction. (X)

Off Mulder and Scully's deep concern, we:

CUT TO:

15 INT. THE DARK PLACE

15

Slowly out of the blackness we reveal a new woman, ALICE BRANDT. Alice's mouth is duct taped. Her arms and legs are similarly strapped to an old DENTIST'S CHAIR. She's been drugged. She squints against the bright DENTAL LAMP that glows over her head.

All around her is a black limbo. If we see anything at all, it's black velvet curtaining and foam egg crate SOUND DAMPENING PANELS that cover the walls, floor and ceiling. (X)

The dark shape of the KIDNAPPER resolves into view toward Alice. We never see his face--it's out of the light. He speaks in GERMAN, with NO SUBTITLES. His voice is soft, yet eerie.

KIDNAPPER (V.O.)

Hab keine Angst. Ich werde dir helfen...

The fog in Alice's brain is clearing... she cringes back, shaking her head that she doesn't understand. The kidnapper touches a hand to her face, making her cry harder.

KIDNAPPER (V.O.)

Ich werde deine Unruhe bald heilen... Deine Unruhe...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

The kidnapper raises his other hand into view: it contains a LEUCOTOME (basically, a fancy ice pick--though hopefully it can look a bit different than the Bounty Hunter's gimlet weapon in episode one.) Alice tries to yell underneath the duct tape. (X)

The man sets it down on an instrument table next to the dental chair--it also holds a syringe, antiseptic alcohol and cotton swabs. The man turns and disappears back into the blackness. (X)

Alice stares wide-eyed at the leucotome, her hard breathing popping the duct tape on her mouth in and out. The lamp over her head switches off. Off the sound of her BREATHING emanating out of the total DARKNESS: (X)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 EXT. CORPORATE PARK - NIGHT

16

A rental Ford Explorer speeds into a parking lot already jammed with idling police cars. Scully gets out of the Explorer and hurries under some CONSTRUCTION SCAFFOLDING on her way toward a lighted building in the distance. She carries a file folder.

Scully is passed by TWO AMBULANCE CREWMEN headed in the other direction--they're wheeling a covered body on a gurney. Scully slows her pace some, grimly watches it go. She rushes on.

17 INT. ACCOUNTING OFFICE

17

There is a buzz of activity here--FOUR or FIVE local uniformed and plainclothes COPS dusting for prints, etc. Mulder is at the center of it all, wearing his exam gloves and searching through desk drawers, file drawers, whatever's here. He continues this even as Scully enters, and will do so throughout the scene.

Mulder points at the tape outline of the murder victim--the dead man must have been found slumped upright on the floor in a corner. There's blood down the wall.

MULDER

Charles Selchik, certified
public accountant--dead of a
stab wound through the left ear.
The cleaning crew found the body.

SCULLY

What about the missing woman?

MULDER

His secretary... her name is
Alice Brandt, age thirty-two.
Her family confirms she was
working late tonight.

SCULLY

What's the connection between
her and the first victim?

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Apparently, none. But if the
m.o. remains the same...

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

--The clock is running.

Mulder gives a nod. They're both feeling the pressure.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MULDER

That "Unruhe" Mary Lefante was
repeating appears nineteen times
in the Michigan phone directory.
Three different spellings--I've
got the Detroit office running
them all, but not one's within
a hundred miles of here.

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

SCULLY

It might have meaning as a word.
I'm pretty certain "unruhe"
means "unrest."

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

(impressed)

I know, I looked it up. You
took German?

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

SCULLY

It helps in medical school.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

Ich bin ein Scully...

(considers)

"Unrest."

(X)
(X)
(X)

Mulder continues his search. Scully pulls a couple of 8x10
color photos from her folder and offers them to him.

(X)

SCULLY

I'm working on these crime scene
photos from the first abduction.
Specifically, we're checking
onlookers.

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

THE PHOTOS IN MULDER'S HANDS

show a sparse crowd of GAWKERS being held back by a line of
police tape. In the foreground, Mary's dead boyfriend lies
under a sheet next to his VW Beetle. The rain has stopped.

SCULLY (V.O.)

If we're lucky, we're dealing
with a criminal who gets a
vicarious thrill from returning
to the scene of the crime.

RESUME WIDE

Mulder gives the photos not much more than a cursory glance.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

MULDER

He's not here.

SCULLY

How do you know?

MULDER

It would have affected the
photos.(X)
(X)He hands them back. Before she can argue, Mulder turns to
address Officer Trott, who moves through frame nearby.(X)
(X)

MULDER

What'd you find?--

(X)
(X)

TROTT

This place is pretty lowball...
there's not a security camera in
the entire building.

MULDER

What about a camera of ANY kind?
One of those disposable ones,
maybe a roll of unshot film in
someone's desk..?

(X)

TROTT

(confused)

I didn't find any cameras
whatsoever. I mean, it's all
just accountant's offices, so I
don't know why you even would.

(X)

Mulder looks frustrated. Trott moves off, glancing back at him. (X)
Scully steps closer, watches Mulder rifle through the dead man's
desk. She speaks quietly, not for public consumption.

SCULLY

This is what we're looking for
now? More evidence of psychic
photography?(X)
(X)

MULDER

It might be the only evidence we
get, Scully. This person is
extremely good at what he does.
We've got no witnesses, no
latent prints... at least none
that are forthcoming.(X)
(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

SCULLY

I've got a Bureau forensics team
on their way up from Detroit.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

What's here for them to find?
However, with these psychic
images... I don't believe he
knows he has this ability.
Otherwise he wouldn't leave
behind these photos.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

But what's in these photos?
Provided we even find any more?

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Maybe everything we need to know
about this person... about what
he wants.

(X)

SCULLY

(cutting)

I know enough of what he wants,
Mulder--I say we concentrate on
who he IS, and what we can prove.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully glances out a nearby window. Her eyes fix on something
outside.

(X)

SCULLY

Wait a second.

Scully looks closely at the crime scene photos--then back out
the window. She heads for the door.

SCULLY

Mulder--come look at this.

Mulder follows her out to:

18 EXT. CORPORATE PARK

18

Scully sidesteps a couple of cops as she hurries down the
walkway toward a nearby building. Reaching the corner, she
stares up at SCAFFOLDING that signifies a major remodeling job
that's finishing up (and is closed for the night).

Mulder joins her as she clicks on a tiny flashlight and shines
it on one of the crime scene photos.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

SCULLY

Right here--

CLOSE ON THE PHOTO

which shows--tiny in the background, far down the alley--a bit of construction scaffolding with a COMPANY PLACARD on it. The company name is too tiny to read, but the logo is a distinctive BLAZE ORANGE BALL. Scully's finger taps it.

SCULLY (V.O.)

This...

RESUME WIDE

as Scully shines her flashlight beam up at the placard for the construction company that's here--we see an ORANGE BALL LOGO surrounding the name of the company: "Iskendarian."

SCULLY

That's this--the same company!
What if the kidnapper worked
construction at these different
sites? From these vantage
points, he could have picked
these two women.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

It's kind of a leap...

SCULLY

Right. Not like thought
photography...

(X)

(X)

Mulder takes this in stride, points again to the photo.

MULDER

I just mean that Mary Lefante
didn't work near this alley--she
just happened to be there.

(quiet)

But you need to check it out,
Scully.

(X)

SCULLY

Don't WE need to check it out?

MULDER

(hesitates)

I have to go to D.C. tonight.

SCULLY

Why?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

Mulder pulls one of the nightmare Polaroids of Mary Lefante from his pocket, holds it up for view.

MULDER

I need Special Photo to run
this. I need to be in the room
to tell them what to look for.

(off her reaction)

There's much more to this image--
what they'll help us glean from
it could make all the difference.

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder, the crime is here, not
in D.C. The victim is here.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Where? We don't have the
slightest idea at this point.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

This woman's time is running
out, Mulder--for you to leave on
what could well be a fool's
errand doesn't help her any. It
borders on irresponsible.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Mulder doesn't need to be told he's going out on a limb--he
already knows it. He speaks with quiet determination.

(X)

MULDER

This is all we have. If I fail
to fully investigate our single,
best piece of hard evidence...
then I'm not helping her any.

(X)

(quiet heat)

(X)

Only then can you say I'm
irresponsible.

(X)

Mulder heads for the lot, looks back at her--no hard feelings.

(X)

MULDER

I'll be in touch.

Off Scully, watching him for a beat, then returning to the
office building, we:

CUT TO:

19 INT. THE DARK PLACE

19

A HARD LIGHT clicks on, cutting a wedge through the blackness. Alice Brandt is revealed, still strapped to the dentist's chair with tape over her mouth.

Alice lifts her face into view--she's okay. She squints under the light from the dental lamp, forces her eyes to adjust.

The kidnapper stands before her. Again, we only see him from the shoulders down--no face. He holds up a new, plain nightgown. It's exactly like the one we saw on Mary Lefante: long and frumpy... not the least bit sexy.

(X)

(X)

KIDNAPPER (V.O.)

Das ist fur dich. Es ist was
sie trught.

(X)

(X)

Alice shakes her head vigorously--we can maybe hear her saying under the tape that she doesn't understand. But the kidnapper isn't listening. He holds the nightgown to her shoulders to gauge the fit. Alice pulls away hard. Her mouth rips loose.

ALICE

GET AWAY FROM ME! GET AWAY FROM
ME, YOU BASTARD! LET ME GO!--

He calmly tears off a fresh strip of duct tape. He presses it to her yelling mouth, holds it in place with his hand.

KIDNAPPER

Shhh. Bald... Sehr bald...

Alice quiets down, her eyes tearing as she glares hatefully at him. He turns and exits, leaving the nightgown draped across her lap. Off Alice, as we pull up and away, LOOKING DOWN on her in her tiny pool of light, we:

CUT TO:

20 A VIDEO MONITOR

20

which brings up the terrifying but blurry Polaroid image looking down on Mary Lefante. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are in:

INT. PHOTO RESOLVING LAB - EARLY MORNING

LEGEND OVER: FBI SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHY UNIT, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Mulder sits in a darkened room that could pass for a miniature Mission Control--lots of video screens and equipment. Next to Mulder, a PHOTO TECHNICIAN scribbles a computer STYLUS across a big WORKPAD as he stares at the screen.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MULDER

Can you get rid of the
blurriness surrounding her?

PHOTO TECH

Yeah. I just need to mark a
place where the blur comes to a
point, and... let the computer
do its business...

The tech draws the cursor around the blurred red eye of one of (X)
the demons in the picture--he outlines it, then rapidly scrolls
through several pull-down menus. Suddenly, the image contracts.

PHOTO TECH

Bingo. Lord, look at that...

The image twists like rubber, reforming into a much more
resolved picture. The demon faces are clearer now, with huge,
grinning mouths full of needle teeth. Mulder leans forward in
his seat, staring intently. The tech whistles softly.

PHOTO TECH

This is the best composite I
think I've ever seen.

MULDER

(alert)

Why do you say it's a composite?

PHOTO TECH

The perspective's kind of
snakey... it's not quite right.

(snort)

However they did it, it's
obviously not reality, right?

Mulder doesn't say anything--just stares at the screen, being
itched at by self-doubt. He notices something, leans closer.

THE VIDEO MONITOR

shows a lot of demon faces surrounding Mary Lefante, tormenting
her--but way in the background is a single, tiny FACE not quite
like the others. Mulder's fingertip points it out.

MULDER (V.O.)

Can you do something with this
one face?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

RESUME WIDE*

The tech nods, zips his stylus around the pad. On screen, the tiny face in the background BLOWS UP to fill the frame. It's such a crude image however, it's impossible to make out. (X)

PHOTO TECH

Wait a second. Let's try...

The tech taps some keys. Mulder stares closely at the screen, nodding in affirmation--at what, we don't see yet.

PHOTO TECH

Let me run a few passes--I think I can sweeten it more.

MULDER

Do that--and make me a hard copy.
(getting up)
Let's find out who this is.

THE VIDEO MONITOR

shows a stark image of a human face--a MAN'S FACE. Off it:

CUT TO:

21 INT. TRAVERSE CITY POLICE STATION - MORNING

21

With LEGEND. A fax chugs out a copy of the man's face, now with MORE DETAIL--he's in his sixties, balding. He has dead eyes.

WIDE ON SQUAD ROOM

to include Scully in the center of a flurry of voices--familiar local cops making phone calls, running down leads. Scully holds her own cell phone to her ear, talking on it as she strides to the fax machine and pulls out the picture.

SCULLY

Alright--I've got it.

She studies the face, vaguely troubled by it, as Mulder talks.

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)

I'm running it through the NCIC database--but so far, no match.

SCULLY

(calls out)
Officer Trott--

(X)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Scully hands the fax to Trott, who nods and looks it over. He heads for the mug shot books. As Scully and Mulder talk:

INTERCUT WITH:

22 INT. PHOTO RESOLVING LAB

22

where Mulder stands talking on his cell phone, holding his own copy of the picture. Behind him, the tech continues to work.

MULDER

I'm assuming this is not who we're looking for, but someone close to him. Maybe a relative.

SCULLY

Alright, Mulder. Anything else?

Mulder hesitates at her brisk tone.

(X)

MULDER

I'm working on it. How's it going there?

SCULLY

We're running the construction company employees--sixteen workers overlapped on both job sites. We're checking their records now... so far, nothing.

(softening)

We could use your help.

(X)

MULDER

I'll be back as soon as I can.

Officer Corning approaches Scully and stands by her waiting as she talks--he has news. She finishes up her call.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder, I gotta go. Good luck...

(X)

(X)

Scully clicks off. Mulder looks at his phone, turns it off.

23 INT. TRAVERSE CITY POLICE STATION

23

Scully stows her phone and turns to Corning, glances behind him. (X)

SCULLY

What about day laborers?

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

Corning tosses a thumb over his shoulder at a BIG MAN who's being interviewed by one of the local cops.

(X)
(X)

CORNING
Mr. Iskendarian there says his
company doesn't hire workers off
the books...

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

In the b.g., the big man--Iskendarian--speaks up nervously.

(X)

ISKENDARIAN
I don't want any trouble with
the IRS--

(X)
(X)
(X)

CORNING
(glancing briefly)
...But that his foremen might
hire a little cash-only day
labor without his knowledge.
He's got seven jobsites going
now, seven foremen...

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

SCULLY
Get six officers to canvass.
(to Iskendarian)
Which foreman is working at the
Midlothian Corporate Park?

(X)

From where he's seated across the room, Iskendarian speaks up.

(X)

ISKENDARIAN
That job's finished.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY
Find out where he is today.
(to Corning)
I'll take that one myself.

(X)
(X)
(X)

CUT TO:

24 INT. PHOTO RESOLVING LAB - DAY

24

Mulder and the photo tech hunker in front of the big video monitor. Mulder squints, trying to make out something.

MULDER
Go wider... A little wider.

The tech taps keys--the image goes wider. Mulder points.

MULDER
This shape here. What is it?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

PHOTO TECH

Is it a shadow?

The tech surrounds the area with his stylus, brings it into clearer resolution: We see it's the long shadow of a MAN, casting faintly over Mary and the demons in a manner that bears no resemblance to the way light normally works. (X)

PHOTO TECH

It is. Somebody's shadow...

Mulder nods, realizing. He speaks quietly, mostly to himself.

MULDER

It's the kidnapper's shadow. He stands over her... he means to pass judgement. He's God. (X)

The photo tech looks at Mulder, then back to the image. Mulder fixes on something else--taps a finger at the screen.

MULDER

Look at the legs. (X)
(confused) (X)
The legs are strange... (X)

THE VIDEO MONITOR

shows the area Mulder points at--indeed, the shadow's legs are strange... they're long and seem to come to thin points. (X)

CUT TO:

25 EXT. NEW BUILDING JOB SITE - DAY (X) 25

The rental Explorer motors to a stop in front of an apartment building under construction. It's in a quiet neighborhood of residential apartments. An orange sign advertises Iskendarian Construction Company. (X)

No one is in sight. Scully gets out of the truck and maneuvers past stacks of building supplies, then into the building. (X)

26 INT. NEW BUILDING (X) 26

We move through barren, high-ceilinged rooms of unpainted sheetrock and aluminum studs. The occasional halogen work light on a stand provides patches of hard light. No one's around. (X)

SCULLY

Excuse me... Hello?--

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

Scully's voice echoes slightly. She ends up on an unfinished balcony. She's brought up short by its lack of a railing--it's a long drop into the darkness of the lower floor. (X)

As she looks around for someone--anyone--she hears a faint metal CLICKING echoing from elsewhere in the building. (X)

SCULLY

Hello?--

The CLICKING is getting louder... coming closer. Scully turns to face the doorway she entered. In it, we see a MAN ON STILTS come clicking into view. (X)

The aluminum plasterer's stilts make the man about 7'6"--we can't see his face at first, as it extends above the door. But then he ducks under it and clicks onto the balcony. His clothes are specked with plaster. He has a friendly, boyish face. (X)

GERRY

Hi. Can I help you?

SCULLY

Hi--I hope so. Are you the foreman?

GERRY

Yes, ma'am--Gerry Schnauz.

Scully cranes her neck up at the man, shows him her badge.

SCULLY

I'm Special Agent Dana Scully. I need to ask you some questions about the day laborers you hire.

GERRY

(concerned)

Uh--is this like an IRS thing?

SCULLY

No, sir--not at all.

Gerry looks relieved. He gives a shrug. (X)

GERRY

My crew is on their lunch, if you need to talk to anybody... but everyone I got today is on the books, as far as I know. (X)

Scully's cell phone CHIRPS--she retrieves it from her pocket, holds up a polite finger to him. (X)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

SCULLY
Excuse me a moment...
(steps away)
Scully--

27 INT. PHOTO RESOLVING LAB

27

Mulder stands by the seated tech, talks into his cell phone. (X)
Behind him on the monitor, we see an even more-resolved view of (X)
the long, strange SHADOW LEGS. (X)

MULDER
Scully--I may have found out
something about the kidnapper.
Uh...

Mulder hesitates, knowing he doesn't have much. (X)

28 INT. NEW BUILDING

(X) 28

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
It's something about his legs... (X)
They seem to come to points... (X)
They seem unusually long. (X)

As he talks, Scully's expression doesn't change--but she listens intently. She slowly turns to take in Gerry's SHADOW--the long, long LEGS. She looks up at Gerry, who waits patiently.

MULDER (FILTERED V.O.)
Scully? Are you there?

Scully lets down the phone from her ear. She and Gerry stare at one another for a beat, not breathing. (X)

SCULLY
Unruhe.

Gerry blinks. He gives an almost imperceptible nod. We SEE:

GERRY'S POV

LOOKING DOWN on Scully--seeing her from the same vantage point he saw Mary Lefante (maybe in slight slow motion).

RESUME NORMAL

on Scully, already drawing her pistol.

SCULLY
STAND WHERE YOU ARE!--

(X)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

Gerry doesn't. He's backing away, turning to the GAP BETWEEN (X)
BALCONIES. It's a good eight feet, but it doesn't faze him--his (X)
desire to get away helps vault him across it. (X)

SCULLY
STOP OR I'LL FIRE!--

Gerry lands hard, slides on his belly through the far door and (X)
scrambles out of sight. Scully drops her aim--she won't shoot (X)
an unarmed man in the back. She eyes the crevasse, turns and (X)
bolts out the way she came.

29 OMITTED

(X) 29

ON THE FIRST FLOOR

(X)

Gerry sheds his stilts on the fly. He goes tumbling down a (X)
short flight of unfinished stairs, banging his leg. He speed- (X)
limps across the lobby, disappearing through a rear door. (X)

30 OMITTED

(X) 30

IN AN UNFINISHED HALLWAY

(X)

Gerry hops on his one good leg toward a rear exit, fumbling for (X)
his keys. Scully suddenly pops out of a stairwell before him, (X)
drawing down on him. She cocks back the hammer. (X)

SCULLY
FREEZE!--

They're both out of breath. Blood is already spotting through
the knee of Gerry's jeans. He reluctantly raises his hands.

Scully is on him, keeping the muzzle (discreetly) by his neck as (X)
she turns him around, leans him facing a wall. (X)

SCULLY
Lace your fingers behind your
head! DO IT!--

Gerry complies. Standing behind him, Scully quickly pats him
down. She pauses at a shirt pocket.

She reaches a hand into the pocket--winces and instantly yanks
it back. A pinprick of bright BLOOD spreads on her fingertip.

Gerry stands his ground, his face showing no emotion. Scully
carefully reaches back into the pocket, pulls out...

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

29

THE LEUCOTOME

(X)

Its thin steel shaft glints as her hand turns it over.

CLOSE ON SCULLY

looking from it to Gerry, the gorge rising in her throat...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

31 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

31

The room is bare--just a table and two chairs. Gerry, still in (X)
his plaster-spotted clothes, is seated. Scully stands over him. (X)
Mulder is here too, standing in b.g. at the far end of the room. (X)

GERRY

Who?--

(X)

SCULLY

Alice Brandt. The second woman (X)
you abducted--that's her name, (X)
Gerry. (X)

(quiet heat)

Where is Alice Brandt?

(X)

GERRY

I don't... I have NO earthly
idea what you're talking about--

SCULLY

Tell me where we can find her.

(X)

GERRY

I'm sorry. This is a case of
mistaken identity or something,
and you've arrested the wrong
person. I honestly... honestly
have no idea what you're talking
about.

SCULLY

Why did you run?--

GERRY

All of a sudden you're waving
this gun at me! I mean...

Gerry shakes his head. Scully reaches in her jacket pocket,
pulls out the leucotome zipped inside a clear evidence bag.

(X)

SCULLY

Explain this.

GERRY

We're running sheetrock today--
I use it to start holes in the
sheetrock so I can keyhole in
all the fixtures.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

SCULLY

No. You used this to kill the
two men, Gerry...

GERRY

What two men?--

SCULLY

You used this on Mary Lefante.

GERRY

WHO? A minute ago it was Alice
Brandt!--

(mumble)

I can't believe this. I can't
believe this is happening...

If Gerry IS the kidnapper, he is now speaking without any trace
of a German accent. He comes across as absolutely truthful,
absolutely innocent.

Scully isn't buying it for a minute. She glances back at (X)
Mulder, who has been perusing one of the two case files he's (X)
holding. He hands it to her, points at something on the page. (X)

MULDER

Take a look.

Scully reads in silence while Gerry fidgets in his seat. (X)

SCULLY

You didn't tell us you did time, (X)
Gerry.

Gerry suddenly looks more uncomfortable.

SCULLY

In 1980, you attacked your
father with an axe handle. You
beat him so severely, you put
him in a wheelchair for the
remainder of his life.

GERRY

(quiet)

I wasn't jailed, I was
institutionalized. I had a kind (X)
of chemical imbalance. (X)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

SCULLY

(reading)

Gerald Thomas Schnauz...
diagnosed and treated for a
paranoid schizophrenic disorder.
Six years in Melvoin Psychiatric
Hospital. Released 1986.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER

What have you been up to since
1986, Gerry?

(X)

GERRY

(pointed)

Taking care of my father.
Looking after him twenty-four
hours a day... making amends.
(beat)

He passed away in January.

MULDER

How did you feel about that?

(X)

Gerry looks like he might not have heard. He rubs at a spot on
the table with his thumb. Finally:

GERRY

Sad.

MULDER

It says there you have a sister.
Where's your sister, Gerry?

(X)
(X)

GERRY

She's passed.

MULDER

(nod)

She committed suicide in 1980.
That was a bad year. What else
happened that year?

(X)

Gerry snaps out of it, sneers at him.

(X)

GERRY

John Lennon got shot. Where the
hell are you going with this?
What are you, Sigmund Freud?
Cut the b.s...

Scully leans over the table, also tiring of these interchanges. (X)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (3)

SCULLY

Then let's get back to Alice
Brandt. WHERE IS SHE?--

GERRY

You seem very troubled...

Gerry stares at her with a hint of fascination. Scully finally
turns away in disgust. She tries not to show him her emotions. (X)

Mulder pulls out the chair opposite Gerry, sits. He opens his
second folder and removes a blow-up of the unidentified old man. (X)

MULDER

Gerry, who's this? Is this your
father? (X)

Gerry blinks, slowly leans forward to get a closer look.

GERRY

Whe... Where'd you get that?

MULDER

From you. You left it for me
like a fingerprint.

Mulder stares at him evenly. He opens the file folder again.
He holds out a blow-up of the Polaroid of Mary Lefante: this is
the most high-resolution we've ever seen it.

MULDER

Is this what you see when you
close your eyes?

The blood leaves Gerry's face in a rush. He stares with sick
fascination. He reaches out a hand to touch the picture--
gingerly, as if it will give him an electric shock.

Mulder leans closer... speaks low, conspiratorial.

MULDER

Is this what you see, Gerry?

Gerry's a different person now. He gives a tiny nod, swallows
the brick in his throat. Scully steps up behind Mulder,
listening completely.

MULDER

Gerry? Where can we find Alice
Brandt?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (4)

31

GERRY

She's safe from the Howlers...
She's alright now...

Scully looks at Mulder, concerned. Mulder leans closer.

MULDER

Tell us where she is.

Gerry finally wrenches his eyes free of the picture. He looks up at them both, gives a nod.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

32

A caravan of law enforcement vehicles flies along a dirt road through the woods, raising dust. The Explorer leads the pack-- it pulls off to the side, and the others follow suit behind it.

Mulder and Scully exit the truck, Scully not even stopping to shut her door. They head into the tree line, Mulder calling back to the dozen local cops and forensic techs to fan out.

33 EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

33

Scully moves fast, kicking through the leaves in front of her in case there's something underneath them. Mulder is visible behind her, also searching.

CORNING (O.S.)

OVER HERE!--

Scully and Mulder turn, alert. They go running toward...

A TINY CLEARING

where the other cops are starting to converge as well. Corning and the others stare at something on the ground--they silently part to let Scully and Mulder through.

Scully looks like she's been kicked in the stomach. She kneels down, revealing Alice Brandt curled at their feet, wearing a nightgown. We catch a glimpse of the dried blood in her eyes. (X)
Scully feels for a pulse, but there's none.

CLOSE ON SCULLY

(X)

as she stands back up again. Her expression says more than (X)
words could. She turns and walks away. (X)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

RESUME WIDE

(X)

Scully walks back toward the truck. Mulder stares down at Alice Brandt, then glances around the circle of cops. The mood is grim and depressed. After a beat, Mulder follows after Scully.

AT THE TRUCK

Mulder joins Scully, who is bottling up her emotions in a major way. Mulder stares at the ground as he ruminates.

MULDER

That word... "Unruhe"--unrest.
What if he thought he was curing
her somehow? Saving her from
damnation... from those things
in the picture, those "Howlers,"
he called them?

(X)

SCULLY

(distant)

What does it matter?

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

I'm thinking that photo wasn't
his fantasy, but his nightmare.

(X)

(X)

Scully finally speaks up. She's not angry at him, but at the situation. Her voice comes out bitter.

SCULLY

Mulder... It's over.

(X)

MULDER

(gentle)

I'm not his apologist, Scully.
I just want to understand.

SCULLY

I don't.

Scully climbs into the Explorer, stares straight ahead. Mulder watches her for a moment, then gets behind the wheel. Off this:

CUT TO:

34 INT. POLICE STATION BOOKING ROOM - DAY

34

OFFICER TROTT'S HAND

slides an empty plastic tray into frame atop a table.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

TROTT (O.S.)
Put it all in here: wallet,
jewelry, everything.

Gerry's hand enters frame, reluctantly depositing his wallet,
keys and such into the tray. We see that his other hand is
CUFFED to the table leg. The chain JINGLES.

TIME CUT TO:

35 TROTT'S HANDS

35

gripping Gerry's... inking the fingertips, then rolling them
onto the fingerprint file sheet.

TIME CUT TO:

36 GERRY'S FACE

36

staring blankly past us--he stands before a wall with feet and
inch markers, and holds a placard with "Traverse City Police"
and his booking number on it. He's posing for a mug shot.

TROTT (O.S.)
Eyes straight ahead.

WIDE ON ROOM

as Officer Trott, who stayed behind at the station, peers
through a digital CAMERA on a tripod. It FLASHES.

Gerry is watching him closely. Gerry's eyes focus on:

TROTT'S HOLSTER

with its breakaway strap fixed around his Glock pistol.

RESUME WIDE

on the empty room--just the two men, and no one else in sight.
Trott steps over to a color printer which spits out the finished
arrest sheet. He picks it up... and his face goes white.

TROTT
What the... hell?

THE MUG SHOT

shows not Gerry, but OFFICER TROTT: we see a speed-blurred
image of him recoiling from a gunshot to the forehead, a spray (X)
of BLOOD across the white wall behind him. (X)

;

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

RESUME WIDE

as Trott stares at his own death, transfixed. Five feet away, Gerry sees it too. He's surprised, as well--but he recovers faster. He BOLTS as far as the HANDCUFF will let him, reaches--

TROTT'S HOLSTER

yanking free the GLOCK. Lightning fast--

GERRY

brings it up to bear on Officer Trott. Pulls the trigger--

37 EXT. TRAVERSE CITY POLICE STATION

37

We hear a muffled GUNSHOT from inside. Then ANOTHER.

SLOW FADE OUT:

38 INT. POLICE STATION BOOKING ROOM - LATER

38

THE ARREST SHEET

(X)

is held in Mulder's hand--it's spattered with a few drops of drying blood. We see the horrible mug shot... and the real Trott, lying covered a few feet away.

(X)

(X)

(X)

WIDE ON

(X)

Mulder, adjusting to include the faces of the local cops behind him--Corning and the others. They are aghast, heartbroken.

(X)

(X)

Scully enters, staring numbly at the carnage and the mug shot.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Could this have been taken post-mortem?

(X)

(X)

MULDER

(X)

The wound's in the wrong place. He was shot in the throat, not the forehead.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully considers this, stunned. Mulder looks again to the photo. (X)

MULDER

(X)

This one's different. He wasn't trying to save this victim.

(X)

(X)

Scully puts her mind back on what she came in for.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

SCULLY

Mulder, we just got a report of
a strong-arm robbery... it's at
the drugstore where the first
victim disappeared.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Mulder looks to her--that's the one.

(X)

CUT TO:

39 INT. DRUGSTORE - DAY

39

The old druggist looks glazed. A PARAMEDIC dresses a cut on his
head. Mulder steps into the store, calling to the cops outside.

MULDER

He should be on foot--check the
neighborhood.

Cops scatter. The druggist speaks to no one in particular.

DRUGGIST

Just right out of the blue...
Pointed this gun at me, knocked
me on the head...

Scully appears from a back aisle, checking the place out.
Mulder glances around--sees open, EMPTY boxes of POLAROID FILM
scattered on the floor.

SCULLY

What did he take?

DRUGGIST

Cash, uh...

MULDER

Did he take your passport camera?

DRUGGIST

Yeah...

Mulder nods to himself, tapping a ripped, empty box with his
toe. Scully pops behind the counter and checks the prescription
area. Mulder glances around, noticing:

(X)

(X)

(X)

THE NOVELTY PHOTO BOOTH

(X)

parked away unobtrusively in a front corner of the store, behind
the video games. It advertises large-size prints and "Your
Choice of Backgrounds!"

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE PAST BOOTH

as Mulder steps over to it, looking it over and fishing a five dollar bill from his wallet. He feeds it into the machine. In the background, Scully exits from behind the counter.

SCULLY
He stole drugs--

DRUGGIST
(nod)
He made me open the safe in back. He took, uh... morphine...

SCULLY
Scopolamine hydrobromide?
(off his nod)
What about syringes?

DRUGGIST
Yeah--a box of insulin syringes.

Scully joins Mulder in the foreground, glancing briefly at the empty photo booth as the FLASH goes off inside it.

SCULLY
He's making more Twilight Sleep.

MULDER
He wants to continue his work.
(thinks)
Scully--we need to be looking for his next victim.

Scully agrees, realizing something.

SCULLY
That job site I arrested him at: what if he's already picked her out from there? There are apartments on all sides...

MULDER
You think you interrupted his stalking?

SCULLY
If I did, he'd be heading back there now, right?

Mulder doesn't nod--suddenly, he's not so sure. But Scully is already heading for the door.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY

Let's go--

Mulder stares at the booth, waiting for the photo to pop out.

MULDER

I'll be right there, Scully.

SCULLY

Mulder--

Scully gives up fast, not wanting to wait. She heads out the door with a familiar, electronic DING.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. PARKING LOT

Impatient and antsy, Scully exits past the AMBULANCE idling out front. She rounds the drugstore into the lot next door. She retrieves her phone, extends the antenna and dials as she heads for their Explorer.

She holds the phone to her ear, waiting for the other end to pick up--it quickly does, and she talks as she walks.

41 OMITTED
AND
42

SCULLY

Corning--send units to the 300 block of Belmont Avenue. I think he's heading there again.

Scully hangs up and tucks away her phone. She stands by the door of the truck and rifles through her keys.

43 INT. DRUGSTORE

The big 4"x5" photo drops out of its slot in the side of the booth. Mulder picks it up and views it--as he does, his face goes blank.

THE PHOTO

is a nightmarish view of demons, like before--only this time, it's SCULLY at the center of them.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

CLOSE ON MULDER

His blood runs cold. He sprints out of the store.

(X)

44 EXT. PARKING LOT

44

as Scully swings open the driver's door, we tilt down her pant legs to the pavement, revealing...

(X)

...a FIST with a SYRINGE, appearing from underneath the truck. The syringe jabs discreetly into SCULLY'S ANKLE. We go to:

(X)

(X)

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

STRAIGHT DOWN on the truck--Scully lets out a yell and hops back, fumbling out her gun. The drugs are already hitting her like a freight train... she collapses to the pavement.

Gerry rolls from under the truck, tosses a PAPER BAG of stolen goods inside. He stands over Scully--casting a long SHADOW.

(X)

(X)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Scully tries to point her gun at him, but it tumbles off her fingertip. Gerry kicks it away. Then he's on her, grabbing her up and pulling her into the open door of the Explorer.

(X)

ACROSS THE STREET

(X)

Mulder is running flat-out, his gun in his hand. A PANEL TRUCK wipes into frame, holding him up and obscuring him from view. Mulder sidesteps around the back of it. RACK TO FOREGROUND...

...where Gerry guns the Explorer and slams it into gear, catching a loud, smoky WHEEL on the pavement.

MULDER

SCULLY!--

(X)

NEW ANGLE

Mulder is a second too late--the truck ROARS over the curb away from him. He aims after it, but to no avail. He keeps running.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

runs up the middle of the street until his lungs will burst. It's too late--the truck is already gone. He slows to a stop in an intersection, panting hard. Off his frustration and despair:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

45 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

45

THE NIGHTMARE PHOTO OF SCULLY

fills the frame, held tight in Mulder's hands. In it, the blurry demons--the Howlers--whirl around Scully. One Howler is slightly less blurry, slightly more prominent than the others--its bony white HAND pulls at Scully's hair.

Mulder's fingertip slides to point out what we may have already noticed: This demon hand has SIX FINGERS, not five. It's subtle, but it's there.

MULDER (O.S.)

Six fingers...

WIDE ON ROOM

as Mulder pores over the photo--his state of mind from here on is one of tightly-bottled panic. Several cops man the phones behind him. ADJUST TO Corning holding his away from his ear:

CORNING

Sir--Agent Scully's Explorer just turned up: it's abandoned in a Park and Ride about twenty miles up U.S. 81.

MULDER

Any sightings?

CORNING

Just a report of an Audi stolen from the same lot.

MULDER

He's switching cars. He'll do that two or three more times.

(to 2nd cop)

What about his apartment?

A second cop hangs up and turns to Mulder.

SECOND COP

We got a unit at his boarding house--but he ain't coming back.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

MULDER

(to the room)

What else? Friends, relatives,
co-workers? Does he have a
summer home? Does he have a
winter home?--

CORNING

He doesn't seem to have much of
anything. We're running a
couple of phone numbers we found
in his wallet, but so far...

MULDER

Let me see his wallet--

Corning hands it to Mulder, who examines the ancient leather,
dumps out the cash, a rosary card, etc. He turns his attention
to a worn newspaper clipping that's inside.

CORNING

It's his father's obituary...

CLOSE ON THE CLIPPING

as Mulder unfolds it--it shows a funeral at a family plot in a
large cemetery. A casket is set to be interred among five
identical headstones. Among the modest crowd--a MARINE HONOR
GUARD ceremonially folds the American Flag. The caption reads,
in part: "INTERLOCHEN MAN RECEIVES HERO'S FUNERAL."

(X)

MULDER (O.S.)

"Recipient of the Bronze Star
for Valor during the Korean War.
Gerald Schnauz, Sr., D.D.S."

(X)

(X)

RESUME WIDE

Mulder stares at the clipping, thinking hard.

MULDER

Retired dentist...

(X)

CUT TO:

(X)

46 OMITTED

(X) 46

47 INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - DAY

We see a glowing rectangle of milk glass, and on it, in reversed letters: "Dr. Gerald T. Schnauz, D.D.S." We realize we are on the inside of an old fashioned office door. The dark silhouette of A MAN WITH A DRAWN GUN eases into view through the glass--the knob turns, and the door swings open.

Mulder steps into the threshold with his gun out ahead of him--then lowers it, seeing no danger. Several cops are behind him. Mulder shines his flashlight on the gouged jamb.

MULDER

Door's been jimmied--

Mulder and the men step inside. Mulder's flashlight beam finds an ancient, dusty placard on the wall for "Gentle, Painless, TWILITE SLEEP... Ask Your Dentist About It!" (X)
(X)
(X)

Mulder stares grimly at the placard. He moves on through the empty outer office to: (X)

THE DENTAL WORK AREA

Which has an old spit sink and the stool the dentist sat on--but NO LAMP or PATIENT'S CHAIR. The room is thick with dust, except for a CIRCLE in the floor where the chair used to be mounted.

Mulder hunkers to look at a WORK BOOT PRINT in the dust.

MULDER

He was here.

CORNING

Why would he take the chair?

Mulder shines his light on the circle in the floor, wondering himself.

CUT TO:

48 INT. THE DARK PLACE

The dental lamp clicks on... and we're looking down on Scully in a pool of light. She's strapped with duct tape to the patient's chair--the missing one. She's groggily coming awake.

SCULLY'S POV

comes into focus on: a new LEUCOTOME shining atop a steel tray. (X)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

RESUME ON

Scully, now conscious--she tests her restraints, looks up to see Gerry Schnauz standing back, watching her out of the gloom. (X)

Scully stares at him, masking her fear. She forces an edge of quiet authority into her voice.

SCULLY

Gerry. Turn me loose.

Gerry reaches for something behind him. He steps toward Scully, his one shot-off HANDCUFF bracelet jingling on his wrist.

GERRY

Shhh. Es ist alles in Ordnung...

SCULLY

It's OVER, Gerry. I want you to turn me loose right now.

GERRY

Ich werde dir helfen. Ich werde deine Unruhe heilen...

Gerry stands over her--the roll of duct tape is in his hands. He tears a strip. As he reaches to press it over her mouth, Scully BLURTS OUT haltingly:

SCULLY

AUFHOREN! Ich habe keine Unruhe! Keine Unruhe!--

Gerry stops. Scully, breathing fast, works to construct her next (sloppy) German sentence--this time, we see subtitles. (X)

SCULLY

(GERMAN; subtitled)

No Unrest--I DON'T needs saving.

Gerry stares at her. When he answers, he speaks in ENGLISH.

GERRY

Yes you do. Everyone does.
(gentle)
But especially you.

SCULLY

Why? Why me?--
(off his silence)
Do I remind you of somebody?
Are you thinking of your sister?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

Scully goes out on a limb--she's forcing herself to play (X)
Mulder's role, and it's hard... but she needs to get him talking. (X)

SCULLY

Why did your sister kill
herself, Gerry? Why did you
attack your father--both in the
same year?

(soft)

Is he to blame, somehow? What
did he do to her?

Gerry shakes his head. He speaks very matter-of-factly.

GERRY

He's not to blame. It's the
Howlers...

SCULLY

Tell me about the Howlers, then.

GERRY

They live inside your head.
They make you do things and say
things... that you don't mean.
All your good thoughts can't
wish them away. You need help.

Gerry puts a fingertip to the bridge of Scully's nose, making
her tense almost imperceptibly.

GERRY

You've got them--right inside
here. Don't you feel them?

SCULLY

I don't have them, Gerry.

GERRY

(pitying her)

See... they made you say that
just now, because they know I'm
going to kill them.

Gerry reaches for the leucotome atop the nearby tray table. (X)
Scully works to stay calm.

SCULLY

What if you're wrong? What if
there are no such things as
Howlers?

(more)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

48

SCULLY (cont'd)
(more intense)
What if your mind created them
to explain what happened to your
sister? To explain the things
she told you your father did?

GERRY
Great. Now they got YOU talking
like Sigmund Freud...

(X)
(X)

Gerry rolls his eyes... then LEANS IN CLOSE to Scully, SCREAMS
singsong into her FACE--making her flinch.

GERRY
I'm ONTO YOU!!--

Gerry pokes at her forehead, addressing the Howlers--Scully's
eyes tear. She fights to hold it together.

GERRY
I KNOW YOUR TRICKS!--
(then, to Scully)
Besides--I've SEEN them. I saw
them in the picture your partner
showed me. Pictures don't lie.
You saw them, too.

SCULLY
I don't know how to explain what
I saw in that picture... but
it's not what you think it is.
(swallow)
If there are such things as
Howlers, Gerry--they only live
inside YOUR head.

Gerry just stares at Scully for a pregnant beat--we're not at
all sure what he'll do. Then he puts down the leucotome and
turns to retrieve something from behind a black velvet curtain.

(X)

CLOSE ON SCULLY

who flexes her arm, straining to pull it free. Her fingers
reach hard toward the LEUCOTOME, now just a few inches away.

(X)

RESUME WIDE

Scully instantly stops as Gerry comes back with the old passport
CAMERA he took from the drugstore. Scully gives a nod.

SCULLY
Try it.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

Gerry considers, then turns to examine the camera in his hands.
Scully continues silently straining toward the leucotome... (X)

...But Gerry's no dummy. Barely glancing down at her furtive
efforts, he casually slides the tray out of her reach. (X)

CLOSE ON SCULLY

as the Polaroid's FLASH WHINES to full power. It STROBES,
reflecting in her fearful eyes as we:

CUT TO:

49 INT. ABANDONED OFFICE BUILDING - LATE DAY

(X) 49

Mulder exits the office into the graffiti-scuffed hallway. BLUE (X)
FLASHERS reflect through a far window. Local cops and FBI techs (X)
congregate around Mulder, looking to him for guidance on what to (X)
do next. At this moment, he has no idea. It's eating him up. (X)

Corning approaches, carrying the case file and looking grim. (X)

CORNING

We got the state police looking
as far south as Grand Rapids.
Still no sign... (X)

Mulder takes this in. He takes the file folder from Corning and (X)
lays it open atop a nearby radiator. Once more he studies the (X)
photo of Scully.

CORNING

Agent Mulder..? What do we do?

CLOSE ON MULDER

not listening... just concentrating on the photo, trying to
wring every last conceivable clue from it.

MULDER

It's in here... somewhere...

This sounds more like a frustrated wish than a statement of
fact. Corning drifts into frame out of focus behind him.

THE NIGHTMARE PHOTO

again displays for us the Howler grasping Scully's hair.
Mulder's fingertip points out the SIX WHITE FINGERS of its hand.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CLOSER ON MULDER

whose eyes narrow on the image. He speaks under his breath.

MULDER

Six fingers...

(shakes his head)

Why are there six..?

A thought suddenly hits him--he fumbles in his jacket, pulls out an evidence bag containing the newspaper clipping from Gerry's wallet. He yanks it loose, unfolds it flat. (X)

ATOP THE RADIATOR (X)

we again see the grainy black and white of Gerry's father's funeral--but this time, with Mulder pointing them out to us, we focus on the FIVE identical HEADSTONES. They are white granite. They're tall, rounded on top... vaguely finger-like.

MULDER (O.S.)

One, two, three, four, five...

Five headstones. The father makes six...

MULDER

stares at the clipping. He turns to Corning and the others.

MULDER

I think I know what's on his mind.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. CEMETERY - LATE DAY

50

SIX TALL, WHITE HEADSTONES

are lined close together, each with the family name "SCHNAUZ." As we PULL CLOSE TO a center stone with the name of Gerry's father on it, we see the SHADOWS of approaching men rise up the headstones' faces.

MULDER AND SEVERAL COPS

approach the family plot, Mulder in the lead. Mulder looks around, and we get a sense of the size of this memorial park--it's green and rolling, and goes on forever. We hear the sounds of SPRINKLERS, see them sending up mist in the background.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

MULDER

Fan out, low profile. Check the
tree line and outbuildings--

Corning and the other cops quickly head in different directions.
Mulder hesitates, thinking. He turns to scan:

A PARKING LOT

in the distance--vehicles big and small are in it, but nothing
immediately stands out to us.

MULDER

stares at it, then looks back at the family plot--sees they are
in a direct LINE OF SIGHT to one another.

He heads toward the parking lot, quickly breaking into a jog.

CUT TO:

51 INT. THE DARK PLACE

51

Gerry stares at a Polaroid print in his hand. We don't see it,
but it affects him deeply. He raises his other hand into view--
it holds more prints. He shuffles through them, most likely for
the umpteenth time. He shakes his head, troubled.

Gerry picks up the camera and presses the shutter, but it's out
of film. He lets it clatter to the floor, then turns to Scully.

GERRY

What does this mean?

Gerry shows her the Polaroids. They disturb her as well.

SCULLY

(gently)

It means you need help.

Gerry studies them again--we still haven't seen what's on them.

GERRY

I think what it means is, I
don't have much time left.

Gerry lays them atop the instrument tray. Without another word,
he grabs up the duct tape, moves on her.

SCULLY

Gerry, STOP!--

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

But Gerry covers her mouth with the tape, silencing her. Scully tries to pull her head away from him. Her arms yank against their duct tape restraints.

With one hand pressing the tape to her mouth, Gerry reaches to the nearby instrument table for:

THE LEUCOTOME

(X)

which he holds aloft, gleaming brightly in the foreground. Behind it, Scully's eyes go wide.

NEW ANGLE

as Gerry shushes her. Suddenly there's a gentle jiggle and CREAK--as of springs being compressed. This rivets their attention. Gerry freezes for a long beat, listening hard.

Gerry moves silently to a nearby wall. He pulls back the corner of a thick, foam sound dampening panel. A shaft of pale blue light beams onto his dark face--a PEEPHOLE is revealed.

SCULLY

rapidly tenses and relaxes the muscles in her right arm--the duct tape holding it grows more and more LOOSE. Behind her...

GERRY

cautiously lowers an eye to the bright peephole, his needle-sharp leucotome in his hand.

(X)

(X)

GERRY'S FISHEYE POV

shows a super wide view of green grass and white tombstones. And now it shows something else: Mulder appears into the extreme foreground at the very edge of frame. He seems to be trying to look in at us.

52 EXT. CEMETERY PARKING LOT

52

We start close on Mulder, ADJUSTING TO REVEAL he is standing on the doorstep of an older-model WINNEBAGO. He tries to peer into a shuttered window of the RV, which is parked inconspicuously among other vehicles in the cemetery lot. We realize now where Scully is hidden. (X)

Mulder doesn't know it yet. He steps down off the doorstep, gently jiggling the Winnebago on its springs. He moves around the front of the RV to look into the cab.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

THROUGH THE DRIVER'S WINDOW

Mulder squints into the unremarkable cab--black velvet curtaining extends behind the empty driver's seat, separating it from the deeper interior of the Winnebago.

MULDER

glances around inside. His eyes fix on something.

CLOSER THROUGH THE WINDOW

we see the key left in the ignition, though the engine is off and there is no one in sight. And, we see its KEYRING, gently dangling. We notice it's a big, white plastic MOLAR TOOTH.

53 INT. THE DARK PLACE (THE RV)

53

SCULLY

tenses her forearm till it shakes--and the tape STRETCHES. She yanks her arm loose from underneath, flips the instrument tray over with a loud CRASH. Gerry whirls around.

54 EXT. CEMETERY PARKING LOT

54

Mulder reacts to the sound--he draws his gun and bolts to the Winnebago's door.

55 INT. THE RV

55

There's a WHUMP! on the other side of the door, making Gerry back away from it. Outside, Mulder starts kicking.

MULDER (O.S.)

SCULLY!--

Gerry knows he's out of time. He moves to Scully, who yanks the tape off her mouth. She catches Gerry's wrist with her one free hand as the leucotome flashes toward her eye.

(X)

SCULLY

IN HERE!--

56 EXT. CEMETERY PARKING LOT

56

Mulder rares back and kicks like hell once, twice--the aluminum door stoves in, but stays locked. He nearly breaks his shoulder on it... but it's starting to give. Mulder yells up the hill.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

MULDER
CORNING! GET DOWN HERE!--

Way up in the distance, cops come running.

57 INT. THE RV

57

Scully can't hold Gerry off--he's too strong. The leucotome (X)
sinks inexorably toward her face. At the last possible second...

SCULLY
MULDER!--

The door BLASTS OPEN, flooding the dark interior with LIGHT. (X)
Mulder stands silhouetted, taking aim. Instantly--

BLAM!--he fires. Gerry tumbles to the floor. Mulder rushes in, (X)
maintains his aim--but Gerry isn't getting up.

Scully stares down at Gerry. She begins slowly tearing at her
remaining restraints. She's in low-grade shock. Mulder leans
down to help her.

MULDER
Scully? Are you alright?--

Scully nods. Visible through the open door behind them, Corning
and the other cops appear. Mulder turns to them.

MULDER
Get an ambulance.

Corning goes to it. We hear his police radio conversation in
the background. A siren BOOPS in the distance.

CLOSE ON SCULLY

who methodically rips herself loose. Her eyes don't waver off
Gerry's lifeless form. She rises to her feet.

SCULLY
It's just like he said, Mulder...

MULDER
What do you mean?

Scully cuts her eyes, directing his attention to the floor. (X)
Mulder hunkers down to look at:

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

THE HANDFUL OF DOUBLE-IMAGE PASSPORT POLAROIDS

(X)

lying scattered by Gerry's feet. They are all identical photos of GERRY, surrounded by BLACKNESS--in them, he lies at a grotesque angle, his dead eyes open and staring.

Mulder's hand picks up one of the Polaroids so we can get a better look at it. The body positioning between Gerry on the floor and in the photo is not the same--but it's eerily close.

RESUME WIDE

Disturbed, Mulder glances up at Scully. She speaks flatly.

SCULLY
Pictures don't lie.

Scully stares down at Gerry for another beat... then exits out into the overexposed parking lot. Leaving Mulder with the photo in his hand, deep in thought. Off this, we:

FADE OUT.

THE END