

THE X-FILES

"Untitled"

Written by
Vince Gilligan

Directed by
Kim Manners

Episode #5ABX19
Story No. 4956
March 26, 1998 (White)
March 30, 1998 (Blue-Full)

Copyright 1998 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation
All Rights Reserved
This script is the sole property of Twentieth Century Fox
Film Corporation and may not be photocopied, reproduced, or
sold.

March 30, 1998

"Untitled"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Assistant Director Skinner
Gary Lambert
Supervisor
Nancy Aaronson
Mrs. Loach
Greg Pincus
Field Agent
Swat Teamer (TV Cameraman)
Swat Commander
Newscaster.
Assistant
Ms. Starns
Nurse
Male Telemarketer

(X)

(X)

Mark Backus (non-speaking)

(X)

March 30, 1998

"Untitled"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

VINYLRIGHT BUILDING
FBI HEADQUARTERS (STOCK)
APARTMENT COMPLEX

(X)

RESIDENTIAL STREET W/STARN'S HOUSE
/SIDE OF HOUSE

INTERIORS

VINYLRIGHT

/BULLPEN
/GARY'S CUBICLE
/MANAGER'S OFFICE
/LUNCHROOM

MRS. LOACH'S KITCHEN

SKINNER'S OFFICE
/FBI HALLWAY

MULDER'S OFFICE
FBI CHICAGO FIELD OFFICE
GARY'S APARTMENT

(X)

/BEDROOM

(X)

/LIVING ROOM

(X)

LATE MODEL SEDAN

QUANTICO MORGUE

STARN'S HOUSE

/LIVING ROOM

(X)

/FRONT HALLWAY

(X)

/BACKROOM

(X)

HOSPITAL

/MULDER'S ROOM

/NIGHT DESK

DIFFERENT TELEMARTETING COMPANY

TEASER

1 INT. VINYLRIGHT - BULLPEN - DAY

1

We're in a BIRD'S EYE, looking straight down on neatly-ordered OFFICE CUBICLES. We DRIFT lazily over row upon row of them, each cubicle containing a phone, a computer and a TELEMARKETER. Male, female, black, white... they all go about their jobs, evocative of larvae within the cells of a honeycomb.

We hear the CLATTER of keyboards... the murmur of dozens of phone conversations. LEGEND OVER: OAK BROOK, ILLINOIS. The cubicles go on forever. Until... we gradually SINK DOWN on one in particular. Onto the balding head of one male telemarketer:

GARY (TELEMARKETER)

Hello. May I speak to Mr.
Zachary... Llosa?

CUSTOMER (FILTERED V.O.)

Yo-sa, not Lo-sa. Speaking.

GARY

Hello, Mr. Llosa, I'm calling on
behalf of the VinylRight
Corporation, which would like to
put a crisp one hundred dollar
bill into your hand by five
o'clock tomorrow evening.

NEW ANGLE - A COMPUTER MONITOR

Scrolls out, line by line, the SCRIPT of this conversation:
"PUT A CRISP ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL INTO YOUR HAND BY FIVE
O'CLOCK THIS EVENING [BRIEF PAUSE FOR CLIENT RESPONSE]."

CUSTOMER (FILTERED V.O.)

Uh, yeah, listen, I'm not really
interested at this time...

The SCRIPT CONTINUES as we ADJUST OFF the monitor, revealing the face of GARY LAMBERT. He's late-thirties, ordinary as Wonder Bread. He speaks into a headset mike, reading off his computer.

GARY

Yes, one hundred dollars. All
for allowing us the privilege of
introducing you to VinylRight
siding -- the thousand-year
siding that never needs painting
or maintenance --

CUSTOMER (FILTERED V.O.)

I'm not really interested.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

GARY

-- Manufactured in America from space-age polymers. It beautifies while it protects while it adds to resale value.

CUSTOMER (FILTERED V.O.)

I'm not interested. I have to go now. I have to go. Sorry.

GARY

May a salesperson call upon you at your soonest convenience?

DIAL TONE. Gary blinks and waits while the autodialer goes to work. The screen reads: "DIALING...LOACH, EDITH R."

Suddenly, the sounds of telemarketers working subside... and we hear a faint CHIT-CHIT-CHIT. Gary looks nervous. He presses a key to stop the autodialer. He eases up taller in his chair. (X) (X) (X)

NEW ANGLE - RAKING ACROSS THE CUBICLES

Gary peeks up Kilroy-style over the top of the low cubicle wall.

GARY'S POV - THE BULLPEN

A huge room. A sea of cubicles -- absolutely as many as we can possibly afford, and then some. We see the tops of TELEMARKETERS' heads, and maybe two or three SUPERVISORS coming and going in the aisles.

We glance left and right, but we don't know what we're looking for. Nothing appears out of the ordinary.

GARY

Keeps a wary eye out, though. A sudden VOICE startles him.

SUPERVISOR (O.S.)

Yo, Gary! --

Gary whips around to see:

A SUPERVISOR

A guy younger than he -- peers down into Gary's cubicle. Gary hits his autodial and tries to look diligent. The Supervisor heads off up the aisle, talking as he goes:

SUPERVISOR

Dial and smile, Gary. If you're not smiling, they can hear it.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

Once the man is gone, Gary's neighbor -- NANCY -- pops her head up into view. She works the cubicle next door, is cute and vital. She whispers to Gary in a funny, suave-guy voice:

NANCY
If you're not smiling, they can
hear it.
(refers to Supervisor)
Jerk.

She gives Gary a real smile, then touches a hand to her headset.

NANCY
Hello, Mr...
(checks her screen)
Valenzuela, I'm calling on
behalf of the VinylRight
Corporation, which would...

She sinks back down out of frame into her cubicle, continuing the sales pitch we've heard before. Meanwhile, the number Gary dialed is RINGING. Gary uses this opportunity to take another furtive peek around the room.

INTERCUT WITH: (X)

1A INT. MRS. LOACH'S KITCHEN - DAY - A WALL PHONE

1A (X)

RINGS. A hand picks it up -- we ADJUST to include grandmotherly MRS. LOACH, who stands holding the receiver to her ear. (X)
(X)

MRS. LOACH (X)
Hello?

GARY
(still peering around)
Mrs. Edith Loach?

MRS. LOACH (X)
Yes, that's me.

GARY
Hello, Mrs. Loach. I'm calling
on behalf of the VinylRight
Corporation, which would like to
put a crisp one hundred dollar
bill into your hand by five
o'clock tomorrow evening.

MRS. LOACH (X)
You want to give me one hundred
dollars? Why?

(CONTINUED)

1A CONTINUED:

1A

Again, growing out of the sound of KEYBOARDS CLICKING, we hear (X)
a rising CHIT-CHIT-CHIT. We CREEP IN on Gary... (X)

HIS POV - THE BULLPEN

FLASH -- something BLACK moves through frame in the distance.
We only catch a glimpse before it's gone between partitions. (X)

CLOSER - GARY

Stares unblinking, eyes wide -- he's sighted what he was looking
for. He's clearly frightened.

MRS. LOACH (X)
Hello? Did I win something?

Gary quietly drones out his spiel, talking on autopilot.

GARY
Yes, one hundred dollars. All
for allowing us the privilege of
introducing you to VinylRight
siding -- the thousand-year
siding that never needs painting
or maintenance. Manufactured in
America from...

There's that CHIT-CHIT-CHIT sound again -- almost sort of half
locust, half rattlesnake rattle. Eagle-eyed Gary sees:

HIS LONG-LENS POV - THE BULLPEN

The BLACK FIGURE -- whatever it is -- appears from behind the (X)
partition. Is it a man? We're not sure. It moves lithely
(maybe in slight SLOW MOTION), getting closer. Then it's gone
again, having passed behind another framing device. (X)

MRS. LOACH (X)
Hello?

GARY

He's breathing faster now. His voice has gotten quieter still.

GARY
... Manufactured in America from
space-age polymers. It
beautifies while it protects
while it... while it...

(CONTINUED)

1A CONTINUED: (2)

1A

HIS LONG-LENS POV - THE BULLPEN

A weird silhouette sweeps toward us, backlit by a wall of translucent glass blocks. Two Supervisors stand talking in the aisle, slightly out of focus in f.g. -- behind them, the FIGURE strides closer. (X)
(X)
(X)

We don't see much -- but what we see scares us. Burning red eyes... black, chitinous skin... a glimpse of a hellish face. (X)
The Supervisors bullshitting in f.g. should be able to see this frightful creature, but apparently, they don't. It glides right past them, heading our way.

GARY

Shrinks down in his seat, cowering in his tiny cubicle. Sheer panic sets in.

MRS. LOACH (X)
Hello? Hello..?

GARY
(fierce whisper)
Mrs. Loach? Listen very carefully -- it's here. It's come for us.

Mrs. Loach is confused by what she's hearing. (X)

GARY (X)
It's come to take us all!

Click -- DIAL TONE. Off Mrs. Loach, wondering what the hell just happened... (X)
(X)

FADE OUT. (X)

2 OMITTED

2 (X)

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - MORNING - SKINNER

3

Works at his desk. His intercom BEEPS.

SECRETARY (FILTERED V.O.)
Sir, Agents Mulder and Scully
are here.

SKINNER
Send them in.

He looks up as MULDER and SCULLY enter.

SCULLY
Sir.

SKINNER
Agents. Have a seat.
(they settle in)
I need you to go to Chicago as
soon as possible... to perform
a threat assessment.

SCULLY
A threat assessment for who?

SKINNER
A company, not a person.
VinylRight -- they make siding.
Their telemarketing hub in
Oakbrook was the focus of an
anonymous, audio-taped...
manifesto. One which threatened
violence.

Mulder just stares blankly -- he's waiting to hear something
that sounds the least bit intriguing. He shrugs.

MULDER
Yeah?

SKINNER
Apparently, several years back
the company had an incident in
another office -- a disgruntled
employee with a gun. At this
point, they feel they can't be
too careful.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

MULDER

Can't the field office in
Chicago handle this?

SKINNER

I would prefer that you did.

MULDER

We're just starting a case.

SKINNER

Crop circles in Nebraska. I'm
guessing it can keep.

(off Mulder's look)

This manifesto speaks of a
monster stalking employees. I
believe your insight into such
claims will be helpful here. It
should make for a more accurate
assessment of the threat, if
any, posed by this person.

After a beat, Mulder nods slowly -- faintly suspicious, not to
mention annoyed.

MULDER

Monsters. I guess I'm your boy.

Scully looks to Mulder. Off the two agents:

CUT TO:

4 INT. FBI HALLWAY - MORNING

4

Mulder and Scully round out of Skinner's outer office into the
hallway -- we TRACK ahead of them as they walk.

SCULLY

What was that about?

MULDER

No kidding.

SCULLY

I mean your reaction.

Mulder slows, turns to her.

MULDER

To the fact I've been given yet
another jerk-off assignment?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

SCULLY

"I?" I heard we. Nor do I
assume it's a waste of our time.

MULDER

It is. Or, have I just finally
reached that magic point in my
career where every time someone
sees Bigfoot, or the Virgin Mary
on a tortilla, I get trotted out
of my basement warren and asked
to reveal my special "insight"
on the matter?

She stares at him. He shakes his head, muttering to himself.

MULDER

I must have done something to
piss somebody off.

SCULLY

Wow. I'm really sorry you don't
get to delve into those crop
circles.

MULDER

Yeah, but you do.

(off her look)

There's no point in both of us
going to Chicago, Scully -- not
for this. I'll take care of it
myself.

He walks off. Scully takes a couple of steps after him.

SCULLY

Mulder...

MULDER

Hey, I'm Monster Boy, right?

Off Scully, staring after him bemusedly:

CUT TO:

5 EXT. VINYLRIGHT BUILDING - DAY

5

A SIGN on the building tells us where we are. The place is
single-story, big and modern (a large expanse of it has no
windows -- important later). We're in a suburban office park.

We PRELAP a man's voice:

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

PINCUS (V.O.)
This was forwarded to us by a
local radio station...

CUT TO:

6 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY - A MINI-STEREO

6

One of those portable little Aiwa or Sony deals. A hand slides
an unmarked CASSETTE into the deck.

WIDER

GREG PINCUS, the 40-ish office manager, shuts the deck. He
turns to Mulder, who sits nearby.

PINCUS
Whoever sent it wanted them to
play it over and over again,
twenty-four hours a day.

(smile)
They elected not to.

(X)

He presses "play." Soon, a VOICE fills the room -- the voice of
Gary Lambert, but indistinguishable due to a slight MODULATION.

GARY (FILTERED V.O.)
Attention, people of Illinois --
this is a warning of the utmost
urgency. At VinylRight, 4447
Wabash Terrace in Oakbrook,
there is a monster. An evil one
that preys on the people there.
But none of them see it, because
it hides in the light.

Mulder reacts to this last turn of phrase. Suddenly, he's a bit
more interested in what the eerie voice has to say.

(X)

GARY (FILTERED V.O.)
I see it -- I know where to
look. I can't be the only one.
We all must hunt it down and
kill it. We must. Because if
we don't... it will take us all.

(beat)
Please, open your eyes. This is
not a joke -- this is a true
statement. God save us and
protect us all.

Pincus hits "stop," then looks to Mulder. Shrugs.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

MULDER

Do you recognize the voice?

Pincus shakes his head.

PINCUS

We've got 112 employees. And
anyway, I'm hoping this isn't
one of our people... though I
don't know who else it would be.

(X)

Mulder nods.

MULDER

Your company had a violent
incident in its recent history?

PINCUS

We have a plant in Kansas City.
Back in '94, one of the
warehouse guys came in with a
gun, threatened everybody. That
was over a woman, I think.

Mulder considers for a beat.

MULDER

May I borrow the tape?

PINCUS

Keep it.

(X)

(retrieving it)

So, I know our home office has
to call you guys for insurance
reasons, but this is probably
just a crank, right? Some guy
playing a joke?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

It won't hurt to err on the side
of caution, Mr. Pincus. Can you
hire security for the building?

PINCUS

If you think we need to. I'm
also conducting my own internal
investigation. Interviewing
employees, seeing if they're
happy...

(X)

(X)

Mulder nods, opens the door.

7 INT. VINYLRIGHT - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

7

Steps out into the big room, turning back to Pincus behind him.

MULDER

Just use your best judgement.
I'll be in touch.

Pincus smiles weakly and disappears back into his office.
Mulder pulls his cell phone from his jacket and dials, wandering a little further into the huge room. We ADJUST AROUND to take in the sea of telemarketer cubicles behind him.

SCULLY (FILTERED V.O.)

Scully.

MULDER

It's me. I need you to check on something.

INTERCUT WITH:

8 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - SCULLY

8

Sits at Mulder's desk, a file with several photos of CROP CIRCLES spread before her. She's talking on the desk phone.

SCULLY

What's that?

MULDER

A phrase. "Hiding in the light." It's on the tape I'm looking into.

SCULLY

On the case that's a total waste of time?

Mulder lets that one slide.

MULDER

Yeah, anyway -- "hiding in the light," or "to hide in the light." Some form of that. Does that sound familiar? I think it's in an old case file I've got there somewhere.

(X)

SCULLY

Which one? There's hundreds.

(X)

Mulder shrugs, unsure.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

MULDER
Couldn't tell you. I appreciate
it, Scully.

He CLICKS off. Scully hangs up. She rises with a sigh and moves to the file cabinet, hoping this is important.

Mulder pockets his phone. He pauses for a moment, gazing out at all the telemarketers in their cubicles. Thinking.

NEW ANGLE - SOMEONE'S POV

We see Mulder in the distance, standing and looking our way -- but not at us directly. Mulder turns and heads for the exit.

GARY LAMBERT

Sits in his cubicle with his headset on, eyeing Mulder. Or is he? Because now we see:

RESUME - GARY'S POV

We don't pan with Mulder. We're still surveilling the spot he left -- a frame that includes Pincus' OFFICE DOOR.

GARY

Keeps his eyes peeled. When, from the INTERCOM overhead:

PINCUS (FILTERED V.O.)
Nancy Aaronson, come to my
office, please.

Gary's eyes widen. He turns to Nancy, who casually stands up into view behind the cubicle wall next to him.

She takes off her headset. Noticing Gary staring at her, she shoots him a grin.

NANCY
Uh, oh -- now I did it.

She heads up the aisle past Gary, who exits his cubicle and takes a couple of steps after her.

GARY
Nancy --

NANCY
Yeah?
(off his silence)
What, Gary?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

Gary is breathing faster now -- he can't get the words out. He manages a shake of his head.

GARY

D-Don't.

NANCY

Don't what?

(then; good-natured)

Gary, I love you, buddy, but you're really, really weird.

She turns and heads toward the office. Gary just stands there.

GARY'S LONG-LENS POV - NANCY

Takes the long walk toward the office door, which opens before she gets there. A smiling Mr. Pincus stands waiting for her.

CLOSER - GARY

Stares, frozen. He sees:

RESUME - HIS POV

We just catch a glimpse of it -- but it's no longer Mr. Pincus standing just inside the door. It's the MONSTER we saw in the TEASER. In slight slow motion, Nancy smiles and enters past the Monster. She doesn't seem to notice it at all.

The door slowly SHUTS. A beat later... a faint, shrill SCREAM.

GARY

Snaps out of it. Horrified, he starts to move. He heads up the aisle -- telemarketers on either side of him go about their business, unaware.

HIS MOVING POV - THE AISLE

The office door grows closer, closer -- when suddenly, the familiar Supervisor rounds a cubicle into view. (X)

GARY

Practically plows right into the man. The Supervisor is annoyed (X) to see Gary out of his cubicle.

SUPERVISOR

Dial and smile, Gary -- get back to it.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

Gary hesitates, not knowing what to do. Pain shows on his face, (X)
though he's struggling not to lose control. Finally, he skulks (X)
back the way he came. Tears are beginning to shine in his eyes. (X)

IN HIS CUBICLE

Gary plops down in his chair, wiping frantically at his tears
and trying to hold it together. He breathes deeply and squeezes
shut his eyes. After a beat, the INTERCOM sounds overhead.

PINCUS (FILTERED V.O.)

Mark Backus, come to my office,
please.

Gary opens his eyes, cranes his neck to see. His eyes widen on:

HIS POV - NANCY

Pads toward us. Only, she's not quite Nancy anymore. As she
gets closer, we can see she's... different. Her face is pale
white, with tiny blue capillaries visible beneath the skin. Her
hair is lank, her eyes cataracted and dead (they never blink).

She's an emotionless corpse, moving up the aisle at a measured
pace... passing an indifferent man who must be MARK BACKUS, on
his way to the same fate.

GARY

Just stares in horror, a huge brick in his throat. His eyes
never leave Nancy as she rounds his cubicle, stepping back
inside her own. When she speaks, her voice is sere, monotone.

NANCY

See? Nothing to it.

She slowly slips her headset back on over her ears.

NEW ANGLE - OBJECTIVE VIEW

Now we're outside Gary's head, and Nancy looks EXACTLY THE SAME
as she always has. She adjusts her headset mike.

NANCY

He just wants to say "Hi" to
everybody. He's going
alphabetically.

Gary doesn't say anything, but his eyes seem to tell us he's
come to some kind of decision. He stands up, exits his cubicle.

NANCY

Gary?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (4)

8

Gary heads up the aisle in the other direction -- away from Pincus' office. The Supervisor notices, calls out to him.

SUPERVISOR

Hey, Gary. Gary Lambert!

Gary doesn't look back... just walks faster. We TRACK with him until he passes us, exiting frame. Off this:

CUT TO:

9. INT. FBI CHICAGO FIELD OFFICE - DAY - A TAPE DECK

9 (X)

Plays the mystery CASSETTE. A LEGEND tells us where we are. We hear a snatch of Gary's familiar, taped warning. (X)

GARY (FILTERED V.O.)

... is a monster. An evil one that preys on the people there. But none of them see it, because it hides in the light. I see it -- I know where to look. I can't be the only one.

As this plays, we ADJUST TO INCLUDE Mulder, listening intently. (X)
He's seated in a workroom, taking notes on a legal pad. (X)

CLOSE - THE LEGAL PAD

(X)

Has a lot scribbled on it, and a lot scratched out. We see him finish writing "Formality of phrasing: desire for authority -- to be taken seriously." (X)
(X)
(X)

INTERCUT WITH: (X)

9A INT. GARY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

9A (X)

Onto the bed is flung a camouflaged RIFLE CASE. Hands unsnap the latches. As the case is swung open, we TILT UP to Gary's face, staring coldly at its contents. (X)
(X)
(X)

Mulder hits "stop." Rewinds the tape, starts it again. (X)

GARY (FILTERED V.O.)

... none of them see it, because it hides in the light. I see it -- I know where to look.

Mulder finishes writing "Exactness of performance indicates delib. mind... tape likely recorded many times till 'perfect.'" (X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

9A CONTINUED:

9A

We PAN a long row of RIFLE ROUNDS which stand on their tails, (X)
perfectly lined up along the edge of a dresser. Gary's hands (X)
pick them up one by one and load them into a banana magazine. (X)

Now, Mulder writes: "Paranoia. Exclusion." (X)

The loaded magazine is CLICKED into the well of an AK-47 RIFLE. (X)

Mulder's cell phone RINGS. He answers it.

MULDER

Mulder.

INTERCUT WITH:

10 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - SCULLY

10

Stands over the desk, which supports a stack of CRIME REPORTS. (X)
She's perusing one in particular.

SCULLY

"Hiding in the light." That was
a phrase spoken by one Jerrold
Resnick to a Lakeland, Florida
police investigator on August
9th, 1992.

MULDER

Tell me more.

SCULLY

Mr. Resnick was a deacon in his
local church. Apparently, he
was concerned there was an evil
presence among his fellow
parishioners -- and that he
alone was aware of this fact. (X)

Mulder can't help but be intrigued by the similarities.

MULDER

He tried to warn them?

SCULLY

Not as such. He showed up for
mass one Sunday with four (X)
handguns. He began wounding (X)
people, saying "the afflicted
ones wouldn't bleed."

(beat)

He committed suicide in his cell
a week later.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Mulder tries to make sense of this -- but not for too long. He (X)
stands up, gathering his stuff. (X)

MULDER

Scully, at the risk of hearing
you say "I told you so," I think
it's time you came out here.

SCULLY

I told you so.

CLICK -- she hangs up. Mulder heads for the door. (X)

CUT TO:

11 INT. VINYLRIGHT - BULLPEN - DAY

11

We DRIFT HIGH-ANGLE DOWN in a shot reminiscent of the one which
opened the story. This time, though, the cubicles are all EMPTY.

We hear distant FOOTSTEPS, coming closer. Way in the b.g., (X)
Mulder enters the bullpen. He slows to a stop.

CLOSER - MULDER (X)

Looks around, surprised. He moves among the deserted cubicles. (X)
Soon, he sees: (X)

HIS POV - DOWN NEAR THE FLOOR (X)

A woman's head peeks out from behind a cubicle wall. It's (X)
Nancy, on hands and knees, hiding -- looking terrified. She (X)
motions frantically to Mulder... mouthing "get down!" (X)

MULDER (X)

Before he has time to react, a FIGURE reveals itself behind him. (X)

GARY

Who are you? (X)

Mulder knows not to make any sudden moves. We RACK TO Gary, who (X)
peers out at him from behind a nearby column. He sights his (X)
short-barreled AK-47, ready to fire.

Off Mulder, slowly raising his hands: (X)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12 EXT. VINYLRIGHT BUILDING - DAY - AN N.D. SEDAN

12

Speeds into view, threading itself among a half-dozen parked cop cars. It pulls up beside a SWAT van. Scully jumps out.

The street is closed off -- it's a bustle of police activity. (X)
A couple of TV NEWS CREWS are here, being held deep in the b.g.
Scully holds her ID high, calling out to the flurry of UNIFORMS
and SWAT TEAMERS who come and go around her.

SCULLY

Who's the Agent-In-Charge? (X)

SWAT TEAMER

Agent Rice -- the tall guy. (X)

She hustles in the direction he's pointing: toward a FIELD (X)
AGENT who's consulting with a SWAT COMMANDER -- the two men (X)
study building blueprints laid across a car hood. (X)

SCULLY

I'm Scully, Agent Mulder's
partner. What can you tell me?

FIELD AGENT

Not much. TV news got the call.
A man's voice told them they
were needed to broadcast a
"stunning revelation." Since
then, we keep ringing the
phones, but nobody answers. (X)

Scully doesn't like the sound of this.

SCULLY

Who's inside?

FIELD AGENT

We can't be sure of the total. (X)
It happened during lunch hour, (X)
so it could've been worse -- the (X)
lot's only got eighteen cars. (X)
(beat) (X)
One of them is a rental (X)
registered to Agent Mulder. (X)

SWAT COMMANDER

We're about to try his cell (X)
phone. (X)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SCULLY

No. Not until we have a clear
idea of the situation.

(X)

The two men's expressions say they don't agree.

(X)

SWAT COMMANDER

There's a small lunchroom in the
building -- we think our guy's
got everyone barricaded there.
He couldn't have picked a better
spot: one door, no windows...

(pointedly)

We're not gonna get a clear idea
of the situation unless someone
in there talks to us.

SCULLY

A phone call at this point may
compromise Mulder. Sir, we need
to find another way.

(X)

(X)

(X)

The Field Agent considers this. Off them, studying the building:

(X)

CUT TO:

13 INT. VINYLRIGHT - LUNCHROOM - THE DOOR

13

Has a HUMAN BARRICADE -- three scared telemarketers who sit
pressed against it, their wrists zip-cuffed to the panic bar.

(X)

(X)

We PICK UP Gary, rifle in hand, moving among the rest of the
hostages, all kneeling on the floor with their fingers laced
behind their heads -- all told, there's about sixteen of them.
Gary yells over the muted CRYING and WHIMPERING, agitated by it.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

GARY

Everybody stop crying! Just
shut up!

(X)

Things get quieter. Gary BRINGS US to where Greg Pincus is
seated. Pincus hunkers against a wall, purposely removed from
the others. There's a rifle butt-sized BRUISE on his temple.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Mulder is here, as well. He's kneeling quietly near Nancy and
Mark Backus, his hands behind his head. Gary stands over
Mulder, pointing everyone's attention to Mr. Pincus.

(X)

(X)

(X)

GARY

Everybody needs to be scared of
him! He's the one that's out to
get you! I'm protecting you!

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

NANCY
(frightened)
Gary, what are you talking about?

GARY
SHUT UP! I'm not addressing
you! I am addressing the actual
people over here! Okay?!
(pointing to others)
I am not talking to you, or you,
or you, or you!

Gary points to Backus and three others. Nancy flinches and lowers her head as Gary bellows at them. Mulder looks from her to Gary, appraising the man. He takes a chance and speaks up.

MULDER
Why should we be scared of Mr.
Pincus?
(Gary turns on him)
Gary? I really want to hear
what you have to say.

GARY
(quietly suspicious)
Who are you, anyway?

MULDER
My name is Mulder.

GARY
You said that already. What are
you doing here?

(X)

Mulder glances at Pincus, who remains inert.

MULDER
Applying for a job.

Gary snorts. He can't help but smile crookedly at this as he wipes the sweat from his forehead.

GARY
Oh man, did you come to the
wrong place.

MULDER
I get that. Why should we be
scared of Mr. Pincus, Gary?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

GARY

Because he's a monster -- only (X)
you can't see that, because he's (X)
clouded all your minds. But he (X)
means to take us all, one by (X)
one... harvest our souls. Make
us into his zombies. Robots
made out of meat.

PINCUS

God almighty...

Pincus shakes his head to himself, disturbed. Gary glares at
him. While Mulder has the chance, he lowers one hand... (X)

CLOSE - MULDER'S SUIT JACKET

... And undoes the BUTTON. Now his jacket is open. (X)

RESUME

Mulder slips his hand back behind his head before Gary notices. (X)

MULDER

Gary? I'd like to believe
you're protecting us. But I'm
scared of that rifle. I think
it makes it difficult for all of
us actual people to concentrate
on what you're saying.

Gary's eyes narrow on Mulder.

GARY

Why are you talking to me like
I'm three years old?
(off Mulder's silence)
Don't act like you understand (X)
what I'm talking about. Because
you don't. But you will.

Gary turns away.

POP CLOSE - MULDER'S SUIT JACKET

Mulder sneaks down his hand and inches his jacket open. From (X)
this angle, we catch a tiny glimpse of his holstered SIG.

GARY

Again turns Mulder's way, backing Mulder's hand off. Gary seems
to be listening to something overhead.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

MULDER

Gary...

GARY

Shhh. Everybody hold their
breath.

The room gets very quiet. A beat. Out of the silence, we hear
a faint... a very faint... DRILLING SOUND.

GARY

Oh, you sons of bitches.

Without taking his eyes off the ceiling, Gary reaches down and
grabs Nancy by the elbow. He pulls her to her feet, holds her
as a human shield. Wielding the AK with one hand...

(X)

NANCY

What? What are you --

MULDER

Gary --

CLOSE - MULDER

(X)

Flinches as BUP-BUP-BUP-BUP-BUP! -- we hear a LOUD machine gun
burst from offscreen. Hostages SCREAM. Off Mulder, wide-eyed:

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

14 EXT. VINYLRIGHT BUILDING - DAY - SCULLY

14

Sucks in her breath, hearing the faint TAT-TAT-TAT of rifle
fire. She sees:

HER POV - UP ON THE ROOF

Two bdu'd SWAT COPS come tear-assing into view. They both throw
themselves over the edge of the roof, dangling by their arms.
They let themselves drop the ten or twelve feet to the ground.

SCULLY

Turns to the others. The Swat Commander yells into his radio. (X)

SWAT COMMANDER

Everybody hold your fire!
What's going on?

SWAT COP (FILTERED V.O.)

He made us -- he's shooting
through the roof.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

SECOND SWAT COP (FILTERED V.O.)
Sounds like an AK.

FIELD AGENT
(to Scully)
We gotta find out what the hell's going on in there. I'm calling your partner. (X)
(X)

Scully shakes her head, adamant.

SCULLY
If it was safe to do so, Mulder would have called us already.

FIELD AGENT
Agent Scully, we don't have a lot of options here. (X)

Off Scully, knowing this is the wrong way to go: (X)

CUT TO:

15 INT. VINYLRIGHT - LUNCHROOM - GARY

15

Lets off one more BURST into the ceiling, then stops. He stares up at it through his eyebrows, his rifle smoking in his hand. Hostages WHIMPER -- but otherwise, things grow quiet again. (X)
(X)
(X)

Nancy trembles, held tight by Gary. He loosens his grip, and she sinks back to the floor. Gary's eyes remain on the ceiling.

MULDER

Watches Gary closely -- now's his chance. He lowers his hand, sneaks into his jacket. He eases a hand toward his gun when... (X)
(X)

... RING! Everyone is startled. Gary whirls around, leveling his rifle at Mulder. RING! Mulder stares up at the man.

MULDER
Just my phone, Gary. Let me get it for you.

GARY
Hands behind your head --

Mulder slowly complies. Gary steps in, keeping the rifle trained. With his free hand, he opens Mulder's jacket.

His eyes narrow on Mulder's pistol. As the cell phone keeps RINGING, Gary takes the gun, holster and all, then...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

WHAP! -- kicks Mulder in the head. Mulder sprawls like a sack of potatoes. As Gary glares down at him, suddenly:

Mark Backus YELLS and bolts toward Gary. Instinctively, Gary swivels the AK and lets it RIP.

Backus gets CLOTHESLINED -- he's dead before he hits the ground. Everyone SCREAMS. Dazed and horrified, Mulder focuses on the face of the dead man, just inches away from his own.

Gary looks every bit as shocked as the hostages, many of whom are SOBBING now. He swallows his emotions and turns back to Mulder, rummages in his jacket. He comes out with his ID.

GARY
FBI. You happy now? You wanna
mess with me some more?

Mulder just stares up at him coldly, his lip swollen and bleeding. Throughout all of this, Mulder's cell has continued to RING. Gary feels inside the jacket and pulls it out. He clicks it on and holds it to his ear, silent for a beat.

INTERCUT WITH:

16 EXT. VINYLRIGHT BUILDING - DAY

16

The Field Agent holds his cell phone to his ear, forcing a calm. Scully is alarmed. She and the Swat Commander stand by, waiting.

FIELD AGENT
Hello. Hello, is somebody on
the line?
(silence)
We heard gunfire -- is everyone
all right?

(X)

GARY
I just shot a zombie. Everybody
thinks I killed him, but I
didn't.

FIELD AGENT
Who am I speaking to?

GARY
The guy who's gonna start
killing actual people if you
don't put me on the damn TV.

CLICK. Gary hangs up. The worried Field Agent does, too.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

FIELD AGENT
I think he just shot a hostage.

SCULLY
Who?

The man shakes his head.

FIELD AGENT
He's still asking for his
fifteen minutes of fame.

SCULLY
Give it to him. (X)

The two men look to one another. Off Scully's determined look: (X)

CUT TO:

17 INT. VINYLRIGHT - LUNCHROOM - THE BODY

17

Of Mark Backus gets dragged by its arms by two choked-up male hostages. The body paints a ziggy red line on the tile floor as it goes.

The men's feet shuffle through dozens of spent brass casings, making them CLINK. Gary directs them to the far end of the room. (X)

GARY
Get it out of sight.

We ADJUST TO INCLUDE Mulder, who is kneeling upright on the floor again. Mulder's gun is now holstered on Gary's belt. (X)

Mulder stares down at the blood on the floor, clearly disturbed by it. Gary notices this, and addresses him.

GARY
You wanna know why it jumped at
me like that?

Mulder struggles to control his anger -- to stay calm. (X)

MULDER
He's not an "it." That was a
"he," Gary. You just murdered
a man. (X)

(to the room)
What was his name?

The familiar Supervisor briefly comes out of his daze.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

SUPERVISOR

Mark Backus.

GARY

Wrong. It stopped being Mark Backus when he --
(points to Pincus)
-- turned it into a zombie. Then he instructed it, by means of mental telepathy, to attack me. And so I shot it. I had no choice. But it doesn't matter, because it was already dead.

Hostages glance at one another nervously. Gary moves among them, wanting desperately to convince them.

(X)
(X)

GARY

He wants us all like that: insects, not people. Mindless drones. He wants to take away who we are... to control us. So we'll be his eyes and ears, and spy on each other, and help him do his dirty work.

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

PINCUS

Gary..?

All eyes turn to Mr. Pincus, who hasn't spoken for quite a while. He holds a hand to the wound on his head.

(X)

PINCUS

If I'm the monster, what do you need these people for? W-Why can't you just let them all go?

(X)
(X)

Mulder looks from one man to the other, ready to intercede. But Gary just stares at his boss, feeling the overwhelming support in the room for this man.

GARY

Just wait till I put you on TV. Then they'll see what you are.

(X)
(X)

On a nearby table, Mulder's cell phone is RINGING again.

MULDER

Gary. Answer the phone.

Gary stares at him a moment, then does so. Into the phone:

(X)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

GARY
Dial and smile.
(beat)
Finally. Let's do it.

CUT TO:

18 INT. VINYLRIGHT - LUNCHROOM - LATER - A PORTABLE TV

18

Gets CLICKED on. It warms up on an image of a female NEWSCASTER reporting live from outside the building.

NEWSCASTER
... Hoping to get a first look
inside the hostage situation
going on here in the Oak Brook
Corporate Park. We should be
switching momentarily to an
actual, live feed from the...

The Newscaster continues, but her voice FADES as we MOVE OFF the television. We ADJUST TO a TV CAMERAMAN (recognizable as the Swat Teamer) hoisting a wireless Betacam rig onto his shoulder. (X)

TV CAMERAMAN
Where do you want me?

MULDER

Stands with the rifle pressed to his spine. Gary peeks around from behind him, using Mulder as a human shield.

GARY
Back off some.
(to the hostages)
All you people, put your butts
against the door. Hurry it up. (X)
(to Pincus) (X)
You -- stay where you are.

While Gary isn't looking, Mulder and the Cameraman lock eyes -- exchange a silent but meaningful look. (X) (X)

CUT TO:

19 EXT. VINYLRIGHT BUILDING - DAY - A VIDEO MONITOR

19

Shows the live image seen through the Betacam. On it, we see hostages piling up against the locked lunchroom door. In f.g. are Mulder and Gary -- Gary plays straight to the camera.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

GARY (ON TV)
See who's getting hurt if you
bust down this door?

SCULLY

Stares at Mulder on the screen, gravely concerned, but relieved he's alive. Alongside her, the Field Agent and Swat Commander watch closely. We're by a TV uplink truck -- twenty feet away, the female Newscaster continues her live report. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Is he getting this? (X)

FIELD AGENT (X)
(listens to an earset) (X)
Yeah -- closed-circuit's (X)
bouncing it right back into the (X)
building. He thinks he's gonna (X)
be a star... (X)

SWAT COMMANDER (X)
(into his radio) (X)
All right... show us the room. (X)

THE VIDEO MONITOR

We start a jerky 360, showing the entire lunchroom.

GARY (O.S.)
What are you doing? --

TV CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
My battery cable is twisted.
Hang on...

The rest of the lunchroom is deserted -- notably, the far wall. The Field Agent jabs his finger at the screen.

FIELD AGENT
There. Right there -- exterior (X)
wall's clear.

SWAT COMMANDER
(into radio)
Entry team -- into position. (X)

SCULLY

Turns upon hearing a deep, diesel RUMBLE. She sees:

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

DOWN THE STREET

A huge, black ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER appears. Affixed to the front is a battering ram -- an LAPD crackhouse special. The APC comes thundering our way like the Wrath of God.

Scully prays for the best, looking from it back to: (X)

THE VIDEO MONITOR

On which we see Gary let go of Mulder, pushing him out of frame.

GARY (ON TV)

Lie down on the floor. Do it. (X)

(then; into camera) (X)

All right -- put me on. (X)

THE FIELD AGENT (X)

Looks to a VIDEO TECHNICIAN in the nearby truck. The man nods, (X)
then whispers something into his headset.

CUT TO:

20 INT. VINYLRIGHT - LUNCHROOM

20

The Cameraman clicks on the Betacam's LIGHT, making Gary squint. (X)
Nearby, Mulder lies on the floor, looking up. On the portable (X)
TV, the FEED SWITCHES from the Newscaster to Gary. Gary clears (X)
his throat, staring right into the TV camera. (X)

GARY

People of America: a monster
walks among you.

(sotto; to Cameraman)

Go. Pan over.

CLOSE - THE PORTABLE TV

Pans to show a beaten-down Mr. Pincus squatting by himself on
the floor, nursing his injured head. He rises to his feet. (X)

GARY

Stares at Pincus... calmly raises his rifle. (X)

GARY

Now I'll show it to you. (X)

Mulder jumps to his feet -- runs between Gary and Mr. Pincus. (X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MULDER (X)
Gary! No! -- (X)

GARY (X)
Get out of the way! (X)

MULDER (X)
Don't do this, Gary! (X)

All the overhead lights FLICKER and GO DEAD -- the building's power has been cut. Gary knows he's out of time. (X)

GARY (X)
GET OUT OF THE WAY! -- (X)

MULDER (X)
DON'T DO THIS! (X)

Gary takes aim, ready to blow Pincus and Mulder away. The blood roars in Mulder's ears -- he knows he's about to die. (X)

But Gary hesitates. His eyes widen, looking past Mulder. Fear shows in his face. He yells to everyone listening. (X)

GARY (X)
There, look at it... LOOK AT IT! (X)

Everything goes a little SLOW-MOTION. Sounds fade, and a CHIT-CHIT-CHIT rises. Mulder glances over his shoulder. He sees... (X)

HIS POV - THE MONSTER (X)

Waits in the gloomy light where Pincus was just a moment before. (X)

MULDER (X)

Can't believe his eyes. He looks to Gary, then back again as... (X)

HIS POV - MR. PINCUS (X)

Is once again standing against the wall, fearing for his life. (X)

GARY (X)

Smiles in the midst of this, his expression one of crazy triumph. (X)

GARY (X)
See? -- (X)

We hear a faint RUMBLE growing outside. He turns to look as: (X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

BOOOOM!! -- behind him, the nose of the APC comes PLOWING (X)
THROUGH the exterior wall of the building. Chunks of masonry (X)
fly, and sunlight streams in.

Hostages SCREAM and scatter. Gary wheels his AK around just as
several red LASER DOTS find his chest.

Several SWAT COPS crouch in and around the hole in the wall,
taking aim with their silenced MP-5s. THUP, THUP, THUP!

MULDER

Gets a fine spray of blood across his cheek. Out of focus in
f.g., Gary rag dolls out of frame, his rifle clattering to the
floor. Mulder slowly lowers his hands, shaken to the bone. (X)

The swat team comes running in to secure the room. They're
joined by their teammate, the Cameraman, who checks out Gary. (X)
The hostages are still in a panic -- the room is all YELLS and (X)
blurred f.g. MOVEMENT. Not a single one of them is paying the (X)
least attention to Mr. Pincus, however. (X)

Mulder does. In the midst of this, he turns to look at the man. (X)

MR. PINCUS

Still stands where we left him, his back against the wall. He (X)
stares down at Gary, blank-faced. Now, he looks up at Mulder. (X)

MULDER

Finally turns away from the man, not sure what he saw... or what (X)
to think. He looks to Gary -- notices the man is still alive
and staring up at him.

Mulder squats next to the Cameraman, locking eyes with Gary.
Gary manages a smile, faint and serene. He can barely speak. (X)

GARY

See? Told you so. (X)

Mission accomplished. Off Mulder, looking rattled... (X)

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

21 INT. VINYLRIGHT - LUNCHROOM - EVENING - MR. PINCUS 21 (X)

Sits at a table, having his bruise dressed by a PARAMEDIC who (X)
talks to him supportively. We're in someone's POV, watching (X)
this. Specifically: (X)

MULDER

Stands watching the man. A PARAMEDIC comes to check on Mulder's (X)
bruises as well, but after putting up with a few seconds of (X)
attention from the woman, he distractedly waves her off. (X)

MULDER

I'm fine.

Mulder looks to...

TWO GURNEYS

Wheeled past him by AMBULANCE WORKERS. Both carry zipped-up (X)
body bags. Following them on their way out the door, we PICK UP (X)
Scully, who finishes talking with the Field Agent. (X)

A thin haze of dust and smoke still hangs in the air as various (X)
UNIFORMS, FEDS and EMTs clean up and lock down. Scully joins (X)
Mulder, approaching him gently. Her concern is apparent. (X)

SCULLY

You look exhausted.

(touches his arm)

Agent Rice has the situation in

hand. Let's get you out of here.

Mulder doesn't seem to be listening. Scully follows his gaze, (X)
seeing Pincus. She notes Mulder's troubled look. (X)

SCULLY

Mulder..?

But Mulder is already off, crossing the room to Pincus. On (X)
Scully, watching him a moment, then following: (X)

ANGLE - PINCUS

Looks up at Mulder's approach. He seems shaken, drained. The (X)
Paramedic is still working on his bandage. (X)

PINCUS

You hear about this kind of (X)
thing more and more every day. (X)
(more) (X)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

PINCUS (cont'd)

But still, you never...

(he trails off)

I wish we had had your advice
about security guards a day
earlier.

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

MULDER

It might have made things worse.
He was determined.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Pincus nods. His expression is one of earnest gratitude.

(X)

PINCUS

I can't begin to thank you. I
owe you my life -- all of us do.

(X)
(X)

Mulder makes no response to that. Instead:

(X)

MULDER

Do you have any idea why he
fixated on you the way he did?

(X)
(X)

PINCUS

No. None at all. I feel like
I barely knew the man.

(shrug)

I mean, I try to be a good guy
to work for.

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

Mulder stares at the man -- not hostile, just studying him.

(X)

MULDER

You told me about an incident
with another employee at a plant
in Kansas City in 1994.

(X)

PINCUS

Yes.

MULDER

Did you work at that plant at
the time?

(X)

PINCUS

I wasn't there when it happened,
but yeah. I didn't mention that?

(X)
(X)

Mulder shakes his head. A beat.

(X)

MULDER

What about Lakeland, Florida.
Did you ever live there?

(X)
(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

PINCUS

Uh... I've been there. I've got
relatives there.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Pincus shrugs, wondering why he asked. Scully looks to Mulder,
recognizing the reference... wondering what he's going for here.

(X)
(X)

PINCUS

Was there... anything else?

(X)

Mulder just stares. Scully finally gets uncomfortable enough to
intercede.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY

You can go, Mr. Pincus. Thank
you very much for your patience.

(X)

Pincus nods, then gets up to leave. Once he's out of earshot,
Scully turns to Mulder.

(X)

SCULLY

What's going on?

(X)

He shakes his head, not certain himself... not sure yet how to
put it into words.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

I don't know.

(X)

Mulder moves off, leaving Scully looking after him, worried.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (STOCK) - MORNING

22 (X)

With a LEGEND to establish.

23 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING - A FILE CABINET DRAWER

23 (X)

Is pulled out, several folders piled horizontally on top of the
files within. We DRIFT AWAY from the drawer, following a trail
of loose file folders littering Mulder's desk, coming upon:

MULDER

Who kneels on the floor in front of his desk, staring down at a
huge map of the U.S. On it, six cities are highlighted in red
marker, with red lines connecting them (Oak Brook and Lakeland
among them). Scattered on the floor are a bunch more case files.

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

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Mulder refers to one file in particular, then leans over the map (X)
to mark yet another city. He drops the marker, quickly trading (X)
it for a ballpoint pen, with which he scribbles tiny notes on (X)
the map -- date, time, etc. He concentrates intensely. (X)

Behind him, the door opens. Scully enters, surprised to see him (X)
here. Mulder speaks without looking at her. (X)

MULDER (X)
I think I'm onto something. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Mulder, why are you here? (X)
Aren't you taking the day off? (X)

He scribbles another note, finally glances up. (X)

MULDER (X)
Close the door. (X)

She does so, walks toward him, glancing around the messy office. (X)
She notices he's unshaven, with circles under his eyes. (X)

MULDER
There was a reason the phrase
"hiding in the light" sounded
familiar to me, Scully. I found (X)
the same phrase, or variations (X)
of it, in 5 other X-files so far. (X)
(indicates them) (X)
"Hiding in plain view," "Hiding (X)
in the open," "Lurking in the (X)
open." All describe some (X)
manifestation of evil -- one (X)
which goes unnoticed by all but (X)
the claimant in each case. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Mulder, have you slept? (X)

Mulder ignores the question, pointing to the marked cities. (X)

MULDER
Seven cities in all, in cases (X)
dating back ten years. Four of (X)
these cities have a VinylRight (X)
office within fifty miles of (X)
them. Greg Pincus has worked (X)
for VinylRight for guess what? (X)
Ten years. (X)

Scully studies Mulder, quietly alarmed by his behavior. (X)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

SCULLY (X)
What is it exactly you think you (X)
have here? (X)

He hesitates, knowing how this will sound. (X)

MULDER (X)
What if Gary Lambert was right? (X)

SCULLY (X)
That Greg Pincus is a monster. (X)
(off his nod) (X)
You can't be serious, Mulder. (X)

MULDER (X)
Just... just bear with me for a (X)
minute. What if such a creature (X)
existed -- one which could (X)
camouflage itself so perfectly? (X)
Aren't there antecedents for it (X)
throughout nature? Throughout (X)
the insect world? Mantids, for (X)
instance. Aren't there certain (X)
predators thought to be able to (X)
hypnotize or otherwise cloud the (X)
minds of their victims? (X)

SCULLY (X)
Mulder... (X)

MULDER (X)
Only, Gary Lambert was able to (X)
see through it somehow -- as (X)
were these others. He said he (X)
knew where to look. (X)

SCULLY (X)
He was disturbed, Mulder. (X)

MULDER (X)
Yeah -- but why? Did he see it (X)
because he was disturbed, or was (X)
he disturbed because he could (X)
see it? (X)

SCULLY (X)
(more forceful) (X)
He was mentally ill. This (X)
"monster" was a sick fantasy, a (X)
product of his dementia... (X)

MULDER (X)
I saw it, too. (X)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

It hangs there for a moment. Scully tries to cover her concerned reaction, but Mulder knows her too well.

MULDER

So I'm sick, too? Delusional?

(X)

She shakes her head, not backpedaling, but explaining.

SCULLY

Mulder, you need sleep. And maybe you need to talk to someone. It's understandable -- you've been through a terrible ordeal. One that would've taken a toll on anyone.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

(shaking his head)

I saw it, Scully. I'm sure of that now.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

I don't want to contradict you. But this kind of thing is not unheard of. In fact, it's fairly common. When people are in close association, under tense conditions, the delusions of one can be taken on by the other.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

"Folie a deux." It's not that, Scully -- it's not Helsinki Syndrome, either. What I saw was real. And there may be a way to prove it.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

How?

MULDER

Lambert pointed out certain individuals he said had been victimized by Pincus. That had been turned into zombies, as he called them. The man he killed -- Backus -- was one. If you autopsy the body --

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder, no.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (4)

23

Mulder stares at her, taken aback by her flat refusal.

MULDER

If you think this is all in my head, Scully, then prove me wrong.

SCULLY

No, Mulder, I won't. I won't serve the delusions of Gary Lambert -- a madman -- by giving credence to them.

MULDER

Just look at the body. That's all I'm asking.

SCULLY

I'm sorry. No.

(X)

Mulder sets his jaw, seeing she won't budge.

MULDER

Then I'll prove it without you.

(X)

He grabs his jacket, pushes past her toward the door.

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder...

(X)

(X)

He's gone. Off Scully:

(X)

CUT TO:

(X)

24 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

24

A block of composite townhouses. Bland, identical units. A
LEGEND tells us: GARY LAMBERT RESIDENCE, OAK BROOK, ILLINOIS.

(X)

(X)

An n.d. sedan is parked at the curb. From a distance, we watch
Mulder and the Field Agent mount the stairs. It feels like
we're in someone's POV... but if we are, we don't reveal whose.

(X)

(X)

(X)

25 INT. GARY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

25 (X)

It's dimly lit, modest. We hear the sound of KEYS working, then
the front door opens. Agent Rice and Mulder enter.

(X)

FIELD AGENT

So, what are we looking for?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

MULDER
(looking around) (X)
I'm hoping I'll know it when I (X)
see it.

The man looks curiously at Mulder, lets him take the lead. They (X)
move through the living room -- nothing seems to stand out. (X)

FIELD AGENT (X)
I almost bought the exact same (X)
sofa. (X)

MULDER (X)
Huh. (X)

FIELD AGENT
Weird. Just goes to show -- you (X)
can't ever tell if one of your (X)
neighbors is gonna turn out to
be a time bomb.

Mulder glances at the man, then heads into an adjoining room. (X)

25A INT. GARY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 25A(X)

Mulder steps into the room, slowing upon noticing: (X)

A HUGE MAP OF THE U.S. (X)

Tacked to the wall. Push-pins and red yarn outline a pattern of (X)
seven familiar cities: the EXACT SAME PATTERN Mulder mapped out (X)
in his office. Each city is marked with a DATE. (X)

MULDER (X)

Studies it intently, realizing he's definitely onto something -- (X)
that this supports it. Agent Rice steps up behind him. (X)

FIELD AGENT
What's this about?

MULDER
I think Lambert was tracking his (X)
boss's movements over the years. (X)

FIELD AGENT
Stalking him. (X)

MULDER
(shakes his head) (X)
Gathering evidence. Proof. (X)

(CONTINUED)

25A CONTINUED:

25A

The man looks to him, not sure what this means. Mulder moves (X)
about the bedroom, continuing his search. As he does, he (X)
catches sight of something. He looks out the window, seeing: (X)

HIS POV - DOWN BELOW ON THE STREET (X)

A FIGURE stands watch on the far sidewalk, standing stock-still. (X)
It's a woman, staring up at us. Is it Nancy Aaronson? It's (X)
hard to tell from here. (X)

MULDER

Registers recognition, and now something else:

HIS LONG-LENS POV - NANCY AARONSON (X)

It is her -- but she isn't as we last saw her. Rather, she (X)
appears as she did to Gary Lambert: Dead. Her cataracted, (X)
unblinking eyes stare up at Mulder out of pale white flesh. (X)

CLOSE - MULDER

His blood runs cold. He bolts to the door. As he exits frame, (X)
we hold on Rice, wondering at his sudden run.

FIELD AGENT
What is it?

As Rice starts to follow, we go:

26 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS - MULDER 26 (X)

Rockets out the door and down the steps. He looks around the (X)
sidewalk -- it's empty. No sign of Nancy. The Field Agent (X)
appears, a little winded.

MULDER
Did you see where she went?

FIELD AGENT
Who? You mind telling me what's
going on?

Mulder's attention is drawn to the SOUND of a distant CAR ENGINE (X)
turning over. He whips around, seeing: (X)

NEAR THE END OF THE STREET

A late-model sedan eases out of its parallel parking space. (X)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

MULDER

Takes off on foot after it -- but it's a lost cause, and he soon gives up. He stares after the car, still amazed by what he saw. (X)

Behind him, the Field Agent is really starting to wonder about Mulder's mental health. Off Mulder, we go: (X)

27 INT. LATE MODEL SEDAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

27 (X)

Nancy is in the passenger seat, looking over her shoulder out the rear window. When she turns around forward... we see she looks completely NORMAL. (X)

She rides in silence, no identifiable expression on her face. We now INCLUDE... MR. PINCUS, who drives. He stares at the road ahead, his expression equally affectless. Over this, we hear: (X)

SCULLY (V.O.)

Sir? You wanted to see me?

CUT TO:

28 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY

28

Scully is in the doorway. Skinner stands by his sitting area, perusing a report (just to mix things up from scene #3). (X)

SKINNER

Come in.

(she closes the door)

I was hoping you could give me some insight into Agent Mulder's recent behavior.

SCULLY

Sir?

SKINNER

Why is he back in Illinois? I thought that case was closed.

Scully does her best to put a good spin on it.

SCULLY

Agent Mulder believes there may be a connection between the incident in Oak Brook and several other cases.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

SKINNER

But you elected not to join him.

Scully hesitates. Before she can answer, he continues.

SKINNER

The Chicago field office has been in contact with him. They describe his behavior as... erratic.

(beat)

Is there something you want to tell me, Scully?

She thinks about it, then looks him straight in the eye.

SCULLY

To the best of my knowledge, Agent Mulder is currently at work on a legitimate investigation. And I will join him in Illinois immediately.

SKINNER

Don't you have an autopsy to do first?

(off her confusion)

This body Mulder sent to Quantico -- Mark Backus, the shooting victim. You're scheduled to do an examination.

Scully didn't know about this, though she tries to cover.

SCULLY

Yes. I'll get right on it.

SKINNER

(quiet heat)

Please do. And the second you've posted your findings for Mulder's "legitimate investigation," get the body back to that man's family.

Scully nods to her boss, her jaw set. She exits. We hold on Skinner, looking after her.

CUT TO:

29 OMITTED

29 (X)

30 INT. QUANTICO MORGUE - DAY - MARK BACKUS 30 (X)

Lies on a steel exam table, his lifeless features washed out by the bright worklights overhead. LEGEND OVER: FBI FORENSIC PATHOLOGY LAB, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA. (X)

SCULLY (O.S.) (X)
Let's start with photographs. (X)

We ADJUST TO Scully and an ASSISTANT standing over the table. (X)
Both wear scrubs. The Assistant makes adjustments to a rig that marries a 35mm camera on an overhead track to a video tap. (X)

Scully doesn't really want to be here. She amends her thought. (X)

SCULLY (X)
In fact, let's just do photos. (X)
External exam only. (X)

ASSISTANT (X)
: This guy came a long way just to get his picture taken.

SCULLY (X)
Knock yourself out. (X)

The Assistant adjusts an overhead microphone. While he begins the exam, Scully pulls off her gloves and fetches her cell phone from a nearby table. She dials, holds it to her ear. (X)

ASSISTANT (X)
Case number 98-6522, Mark Backus. 36-year-old Caucasian male. There are three one cm gunshot entry wounds on the left anterior chest wall with some burn stippling present. (X)

While he says this he works the camera on its track -- taking a head-to-toe series of photos. The camera FLASHES and WHIRS. (X)
Meanwhile, Scully isn't having much luck with her phone call. (X)
She mutters to herself, annoyed. (X)

SCULLY (X)
C'mon, Mulder... (X)

ASSISTANT (X)
Judging from the corpse's resolved rigor and fixed lividity, as well as its decompositional bloating, I would place time of death between 48 and 72 hours ago.

Scully reacts to that, giving up on her phone call. (X)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

SCULLY

No. This man died late (X)
yesterday afternoon. (X)

ASSISTANT (X)

Are you sure?

SCULLY

(patience straining) (X)
Absolutely. (X)

ASSISTANT (X)

Then how do you figure? (X)

He indicates the body. Scully really, truly looks at it for the (X)
first time... and her expression slowly changes. On her: (X)

ASSISTANT (O.S.) (X)

Sure looks to me like he's been (X)
dead longer than that. (X)

Scully's protracted stare tells us she would tend to agree. (X)

CUT TO:

31 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

31

A modest, two-story house on a suburban street of similiar (or (X)
identical, if at all possible) houses. We ARM DOWN to find a (X)
familiar, late-model sedan. It pulls to a stop at the curb. (X)

Mr. Pincus gets out, alone. He heads up the walk to the house, (X)
but hesitates before climbing the steps. He thinks about it, (X)
then moves around the side of the house. As he does so... (X)

NEW ANGLE - FROM FOUR DOORS DOWN (X)

We watch the distant Pincus disappear around the house. We (X)
REVEAL Mulder rolling to a stop in f.g., headlights off, alone (X)
in a rented car. He climbs out, quietly making his way on foot. (X)

THE MAILBOX (X)

Of the house in question says "STARNS." Mulder pauses to read (X)
it, then pads up the driveway. (X)

THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE (X)

Mulder cautiously rounds the corner into view. Inside the (X)
house, a TV faintly PLAYS. Mulder looks all around for Pincus, (X)
but sees him nowhere. High above him: (X)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MULDER'S POV - A SECOND-STORY WINDOW (X)

Is open, its curtains gently waving in the faint breeze. (X)

MULDER

Dismisses that, moves to a nearby first-floor window. It's a (X)
fairly high one, the bottom of which cuts him about shoulder- (X)
level. Blue TV LIGHT pulses on the window frame. He sees: (X)

MULDER'S POV - INSIDE THE HOUSE

A WOMAN (someone we recognize from the hostage situation as an (X)
EMPLOYEE) sits on the couch, her eyes fixed on the TV. Our view (X)
of her is obstructed -- but a SHADOW falls over her from behind. (X)

MULDER

Inches sideways to get a better look -- (X)

HIS SLIDING POV - THE WOMAN (X)

Her eyes don't waver from her TV, yet she's not really watching. (X)
Now we reveal that, standing behind her, is the MONSTER. She's (X)
tranced, oblivious to it. It bends down toward her. Its (X)
horrible, insect-like mouth expands and opens, aiming for the (X)
back of her head... (X)

MULDER

FREAKS. Offscreen, the woman begins to SCREAM. Mulder grabs (X)
for his pistol, uses it to SHATTER the glass. (X)

THE MONSTER

Lifts its head. It locks eyes with Mulder, then BOLTS. (X)

MULDER

Drops his aim -- sprints around the house, heading for the front. (X)

32 INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

32 (X)

KICKS IN the front door and enters. He moves through, sweeping (X)
his pistol left and right, his heart pounding. He sees: (X)

HIS POV - THE WOMAN (X)

Still sits before her TV, alive and unaware -- no longer (X)
screaming. No sign of the Monster. (X)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

LOW ANGLE - UP AT MULDER (X)

His pistol still raised, taking in this sight. When, above and behind him comes... the MONSTER, crawling into frame UPSIDE-DOWN ON THE CEILING. (X) (X) (X)

It moves silently, close enough to drop on Mulder, though he doesn't know it's there. It keeps scuttling across the ceiling into a far room, disappearing from our view. (X) (X) (X)

REVERSE - MULDER (X)

We're on the back of his head. A CREAK whips him around our way, practically smacking us with his gun. We PULL with him as he hurries toward the sound. He passes us, exiting frame. (X) (X) (X)

33 INT. HOUSE - BACK ROOM - A WINDOW 33 (X)

Stands OPEN, curtains fluttering. Mulder runs to it, jams his gun out the window, aiming left and right. He peers out into the darkness. (X) (X) (X)

HIS POV - GROUND FLOOR, OUT INTO THE YARD (X)

There's nothing -- no one in sight. (X)

33A EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 33A(X)

We're smack up against the house, in a BIRD'S EYE straight down on Mulder's head sticking vulnerably out the window. An o.s. SCRATCHING SOUND makes him twist his head up around our way. What he sees makes his eyes go wide. (X) (X) (X) (X)

HIS POV - UP THE SHEER SIDE OF THE HOUSE (X)

Scrambles the Monster, defying gravity. Before Mulder can even think to draw a bead on it, it's onto the roof and GONE. (X) (X)

MULDER

Slowly lowers his aim. He keeps staring long after it's gone, astonished by the sight. Defeated. Off him... (X) (X)

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

34 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON THE WOMAN

34

who was attacked in her home. She is in the midst of relating that frightening incident as we SLOWLY TRACK around her.

WOMAN

There was this... face. I don't know long he'd been there... watching me. It was horrible.

She shudders at the thought. We REVEAL Assistant Director Skinner seated nearby, listening. Next to him is Greg Pincus, also listening to the woman's account, shifting in his seat.

SKINNER

Please continue, Ms. Starns.

She nods, gathers her courage.

WOMAN

The next thing I knew, he was inside my house... coming at me.
(to Skinner)
He's a menace --

Now the Woman looks to her right... less fear and more anger in her voice now as CAMERA swings onto Mulder who sits there, looking annoyed.

WOMAN

And he owes me for the window.

Now it's clear it's Mulder she's been talking about.

SKINNER

We'll take care of that, Ma'am.

WOMAN

He has no business carrying a gun, if you ask me. Breaking into people's homes --

Pincus stands, signalling the Woman to do likewise.

PINCUS

That's all, Gretchen. You can go, now.

She looks to Pincus, smiles. It's clear she really likes this guy. Pincus opens the door for her.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

WOMAN

Yes, Mister Pincus.

The Woman exits, but not before tossing Mulder one last dirty look for good measure. Pincus closes the door behind her, remains standing there. Skinner looks to Mulder.

SKINNER

Well, Agent Mulder?

MULDER

That's not how it happened, sir.

(off Pincus)

He was there --

Skinner glances at Pincus, who looks embarrassed for Mulder.

PINCUS

I can assure you, I've never been to Ms. Starns home. And as for last evening, I was here working, trying to put things back in order after Wednesday's ordeal. You can verify this with several of my employees who were here with me.

SKINNER.

That won't be necessary.

MULDER

The ones you've infected -- they'll say anything you want, won't they?

SKINNER

That's enough, Agent Mulder --

A tense beat of silence. Pincus sighs, tries to end this elegantly by addressing the only other sane man in the room.

PINCUS

I'm well aware of the stress Agent Mulder has been under. But I still consider him a hero. We all do. Which is why I wanted to handle this privately.

SKINNER

And we appreciate that.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

PINCUS

For my part, I'm happy to let
this entire matter drop. And
I'm confident I can persuade Ms.
Starns to do the same -- that
is, if Agent Mulder will...

Skinner looks to Mulder. Mulder fidgets, knows the answer his
boss would like to hear, but he is Mulder --

MULDER

You're a monster.

SKINNER

Agent Mulder...

MULDER

You're feeding on these people,
sucking away their humanity.
Gary Lambert knew it. Now, so
do I.

SKINNER

Agent Mulder!

Pincus looks truly saddened.

PINCUS

Is there nothing I can do or say
that would convince you
otherwise, Agent Mulder?

Skinner has his eyes on Mulder; his look says "watch it."
Mulder meets Skinner's gaze as he answers Pincus.

MULDER

No.

PINCUS

I'm sorry to hear that --

Mulder glances from Skinner up to...

PINCUS

has taken on his MONSTER FORM. That horrible mouth is opening
again, the sticky substance dripping thick... he's leaning down
toward the back of Skinner's neck, as...

MULDER

reacts with horror and speed -- now his gun is out... he's
springing forward... right toward Skinner...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

34

MULDER

NO!

SKINNER

is oblivious to anything going on behind him. All he sees is his agent coming at him, gun drawn. All Skinner's years of training and combat experience instantly click in. He tackles Mulder, violently and definitively taking him to the floor, securing him in a headlock. And ON IMPACT --

CUT TO:

35 INT. TELEMARKETER BULLPEN - DAY - THE OFFICE DOOR

35

BANGS open, revealing Mulder coming up into FRAME strapped to a flat gurney/dolly (think "Silence Of The Lambs.") His eyes are wide and he's struggling against his bonds as two WHITE SMOCKED ATTENDANTS wheel him into the outer office.

A concerned Skinner follows behind, briefly parting ways with a pitying Pincus.

SKINNER

I apologize --

Pincus just nods somberly. So sad to see a good man loose his marbles. Now we're moving with --

MULDER

as he is wheeled through the office bullpen, past cubicles and crisscrossing telemarketers who scurry to make way for the loony. Mulder's expression becomes still more horrified --

MULDER'S POV

moving through zombies, zombies, zombies -- blank, dead eyes staring out at him through veiny, translucent flesh. A Telemarketing Office Of The Damned.

MULDER

his eyes wide with horror as he is pushed OUT OF FRAME... and now WE SEE... Pincus standing at his office door, watching, expressionless.

CUT TO:

36 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

36

The door to the dimly lit room is opened by A NURSE (not Nurse Nancy or Ratched, just a hard working, plain woman.) She admits Scully. Scully silently thanks the woman, then enters, pulling the door shut behind her. Scully steps over to a bed, where...

MULDER

is strapped into the bed with nylon restraints. He won't be hurting himself or anyone else. Mulder, humiliated, just stares at the ceiling. Scully gently pulls a chair up to his bedside.

SCULLY

Mulder -- ?

Another beat before he answers, then --

MULDER

Get me out of here, Scully.

It's clear she hates seeing him like this, but is as strapped as he is.

SCULLY

You know I can't do that. I don't have the authority.

(then)

Mulder, you attacked Assistant Director Skinner -- you drew your gun on him.

MULDER

It wasn't like that. I was protecting him. Or thought I was. Pincus tricked me.

SCULLY

He tricked you --

MULDER

He was going for the back of Skinner's neck. Like he did with the woman -- that's how he feeds.

She winces at that; it all sounds so crazy, frankly. And coming from a man strapped to bed doesn't lend it any more credence.

SCULLY

Mulder --

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MULDER

I know what he is, Scully. I'm a threat to him. Just like Gary Lambert was.

SCULLY

Mulder, Greg Pincus just wants this all to go away. He's not even going to press charges.

MULDER

He doesn't want the scrutiny.

SCULLY

Mulder...

MULDER

Did you look at Backus' body?

(X)

She sighs, knowing he'll be disappointed.

SCULLY

What do you want me to say, Mulder? He died of a gunshot wound. You were there.

(X)

Mulder shakes his head, adamant.

MULDER

No, Scully, you've got look deeper than that. You're just seeing what you expect to see... that's how he does it.

SCULLY

Does what?

MULDER

Hides in the light. Using our expectations, our perceptions. But he can be found. You just have to be willing to look. To see --

Scully looks at her partner, so helpless. She wants to help, to please him, but she doesn't understand.

SCULLY

Mulder... I don't know how.

Mulder looks at her, makes her connect with him.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

MULDER

You do, Scully -- you've gone down this road with me so many times before. But now... you have to go for the both of us.

(then)

Please --

Off Scully, finding it hard to refuse him --

37 INT. QUANTICO MORGUE - NIGHT - AN OVERHEAD LIGHT

37

goes on, blinding us for an instant. Backus' body is revealed (X)
under the examine light. Scully is there with the Assistant we (X)
saw before. He's obviously not too happy to be here at this
hour.

ASSISTANT

(X)

Yep. Still dead.

Scully, unamused, studies Backus' corpse.

(X)

ASSISTANT

(X)

You wanna tell me again why we're here in the middle of the night? What is it we're looking for?

Scully is wondering that herself. Now she cocks her head as something occurs to her --

SCULLY

Let's turn him over.

The M.E. just looks at Scully, feeling that this woman doesn't have a clear agenda.

ASSISTANT

(X)

Turn him over...

Scully is already doing it herself.

SCULLY

You want to give me a hand?

The M.E. sighs, helps her turn the heavy body face down. Scully scrutinizes the back of the neck. She takes a magnifying glass from a tray table --

ANGLE THROUGH MAGNIFYING GLASS

WE SEE some distinctive bruising at the hairline.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

SCULLY

grabs an electric razor from the tray table. We're on her face as she shaves the back of the cadaver's neck, the razor BUZZING. She clicks it off, reaches again for the magnifying glass.

CADAVER'S NECK - MAGNIFIED

now, very clear in the shaved portion, just at the base of the brain, three distinctive PUNCTURE MARKS, forming a triangle.

SCULLY

reacts to that. Remembers what Mulder said to her. Now she's pulling off her latex gloves, is on the move.

ASSISTANT

(X)

We done?

SCULLY

I need you to run a toxicology.

ASSISTANT

(X)

Now?

SCULLY

Yes.

ASSISTANT

(X)

(calling after her)

What am I screening for?

SCULLY

Everything --

And she's out the door.

38 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON A NEEDLE

38

It spits some fluid as the syringe is squeezed.

THE NURSE

holds the syringe up to the light. Mulder watches from his bed, not happy about this at all --

MULDER

I'm telling you, I don't want that.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

NURSE

It's just a mild sedative to
help you sleep.

Mulder winces as she dabs his forearm with a cotton swab,
injects the needle. Done.

NURSE

There, see? Nothing to it.

She moves away, clicking off the light as she slips out the
door, closing it behind her.

WIDE

on the room, looking down on Mulder, strapped to that bed. Blue
light from the venation blinds casts the room in eerie shadows.

PUSH IN

on Mulder, helpless, strapped in. Ready for the ride. He eyes
the room. He's trying not to nod off, but it's a battle.

MULDER'S POV

of the shifting shadows on the ceiling. Now a large shadow
seems to move... just subtly...

MULDER

is awake, peering up at the ceiling... probably seeing things...

MULDER'S POV

of the shadow as it UNCOILS, taking a shape. Now the movement
isn't so subtle... it SCURRIES several inches, SCRATCHING on the
ceiling. It stops abruptly... then SCURRIES again.

MULDER

pulls wildly on his restraints -- SCREAMS. The LIGHTS GO ON.

THE NURSE

is at the door, looking at him.

MULDER

breathing heavily, looks back to the ceiling -- nothing there.

NURSE

You need to relax.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

MULDER
You relax! Take these off!

NURSE
I'm not authorized --

MULDER
TAKE THEM OFF!

She glances down to his left wrist... the restraint has come a bit loose. Mulder just glares at the woman. He means business. She finally steps forward, reaches down to the restraint.

Mulder relaxes just a bit. She's going to free him... not. She tugs the loose restraint tight again. Mulder looks to the woman, his eyes wide.

MULDER
Hey -- !

NURSE
It's just for the one night.

In one movement she clicks off the lights and exits. Mulder looks back to the ceiling. We HEAR the SCURRYING SOUND again. Mulder starts thrashing again instantly --

MULDER
LET ME OUT OF HERE!

BOOM! The door opens, the LIGHTS go on. The Nurse crosses in a matronly gait back over to his bedside, not willing to put up with a minute more of this. She's got something in her hand --

NURSE
We can't have this noise, Agent Mulder. We've other patients.

-- it's a bit-gag. She deftly loops it around the back of Mulder's head, shoves the bit in. She's done this before. Mulder tries to scream through it, but it does its job. The Nurse simply turns and leaves. Lights out. Door shut...

PUSHING IN ON MULDER

his breathing quickening... his eyes wide, staring...

MULDER'S POV

A LARGE SHADOW... it uncoils... now it's the shape of a MAN. A man who is crawling across the ceiling, toward the wall which connects with the bed's headboard... Now the thing is inching down the wall directly at us, at Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

MULDER

his SCREAMS muffled to a pointless degree, as --

39 INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT DESK - NIGHT - SCULLY

39

appears, coming around a corner. She approaches the Nurse.

SCULLY

I need to see Fox Mulder.

NURSE

He's sleeping.

Scully flashes her badge.

SCULLY

I have reason to believe his
life may be in danger.

NURSE

I'm sorry. This is a security
wing. You'll have to come back
at visiting hours.

Scully looks down the hall, toward a particular room door,
presumably Mulder's -- she's thinking about it.

NURSE (O.S.)

Miss --

Scully looks back to the Nurse... and reacts --

SCULLY'S POV

of the Nurse. Now WE SEE her in her true zombie form -- that
translucent flesh, showing all the veins --

SCULLY

suddenly has her gun up --

40 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - THE DOOR

40

is thrown violently open with a BANG. Scully is there, peering
in, backlit from the light in the hall.

MULDER

thrashes as the CREATURE on the wall is upon him, lifting up
Mulder's head to get better access to the back of his neck.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

SCULLY

raises her gun -- and FIRES, the MUZZLE FLASH lighting up the room.

THE CREATURE

is hit. It spindles to the floor. Scully, hardly believing her eyes, takes a step toward it -- fires again. But it's up impossibly fast... then it turns and CRASHES out the window.

Scully, still stunned, turns to Mulder. He's looking at her with gratefully relieved eyes. And off this weird tableau --

CUT TO:

41 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY

41

Skinner is at his desk, eyes on a report. Mulder and Scully sit before him, both looking cool, but for different reasons.

SKINNER

...and what about Greg Pincus?

SCULLY

Both he and the night nurse have yet to be located. We've issued alerts to all medical facilities. It's possible Pincus may turn up at one.

SKINNER

And this toxin you found in the dead man's body?

SCULLY

We're still attempting to type it, but it seems to be some kind of necrotizing agent. We think Greg Pincus may have been injecting this substance into his followers to make them more pliable to his will.

SKINNER

Followers?

Scully avoids Mulder's look as she continues.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

SCULLY

Yes, sir. My best guess is that we were dealing a cult of some kind, hidden in the corporate structure of VinylRight.

Skinner considers that; seems reasonable enough. Mulder shifts in his seat.

SKINNER

Have you questioned the other employees?

MULDER

The ones we could find --

Skinner looks to Mulder. Scully looks at her shoes.

MULDER

(ironic)

46 of them are also missing.

Mulder looks to Scully.

MULDER

Maybe they escaped on a comet.

And as Scully refuses to return Mulder's look, and Skinner looks curiously between his two agents --

CUT TO:

42 INT. FBI HALLWAY - DAY

42

Mulder and Scully wait in silence for the elevator. DING. It arrives. The doors open. It's empty. They both step in. Mulder hits the down button. They wait for the doors to close.

MULDER

You know what you saw, Scully.

She doesn't respond, just punches the down button again.

MULDER

You're being willfully blind.

Just silence from her. She's already had this conversation and it's a closed subject for her. DING. And the doors close on them. Now the SOUND of PHONES RINGING as we --

CUT TO:

43 INT. A DIFFERENT TELEMARKETING COMPANY - DAY

43

CAMERA TRACKS through TELEMARKETERS on their phones, lots of cross conversation. We find a PARTICULAR MALE TELEMARKETER. He seems nervous, but does his pitch --

MALE TELEMARKETER
...and with your generous
support of public television
you'll be doing your part to
keep many fine, quality programs
on the air...

A SHADOWY FORM passes behind the man. Once it is well gone, the man trails off, glancing in the direction of the form went. Now he whispers into his phone:

MALE TELEMARKETER
Help me. They're monsters...

MALE TELEMARKETER'S POV

of an office door as it is closed by... PINCUS in MONSTER FORM.

MALE TELEMARKETER
All of them. Monsters....

And as the door shuts with a gentle CLICK --

FADE OUT:

THE END