

THE X-FILES

"Hungry"

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"TRUST NO ONE"



Episode #7ABX01
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Blue Rev. - July 28, 1999

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully

Hungry Guy
Rob Roberts
Derwood Spinks
Mr. Rice (Manager)
Lucy
Steve Kiziak
Dr. Mindy Rinehart
Motivational Speaker
Sylvia Jassy
Woman at O.A.

(X)

(X)

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

"LUCKY BOY" FAST FOOD JOINT (X)
 /DRIVE-THRU WINDOW
ROB'S APARTMENT BUILDING
DERWOOD'S HOUSE
IRVINE MEDICAL PARK (STOCK)
JAYCEE HALL

INTERIORS

LTD
"LUCKY BOY" FAST FOOD JOINT (X)
 /COUNTER AREA
 /KITCHEN
ROB'S APARTMENT
 /BATHROOM
 /KITCHEN
PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE
DERWOOD'S HOUSE
APARTMENT BUILDING
 /LOBBY
 /HALLWAY
JAYCEE HALL

TEASER

1 EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - NIGHT - A LIGHTED SIGN STANDS atop the roof, advertising the place -- "Lucky Boy Burgers." Down below, we've got a view of an empty parking lot. It's surrounded by suburban sprawl, dark and quiet at this hour. LEGEND: COSTA MESA, CALIFORNIA. 12:04 AM.

A big 70's beater -- an LTD or somesuch, with windows the size of billboards -- comes motoring down the street. It turns into the restaurant lot and makes its way into the drive-through lane.

THE MENU BOARD

Is lighted, as is a prominent "OPEN" sign. The LTD slides toward us, pulling alongside the ordering speaker at the back of the restaurant. Behind the wheel sits a young HUNGRY GUY.

The Hungry Guy checks out the menu, silently moves his lips as he reads. He bobs his head to the MUSIC from his stereo while he waits for the familiar "Can I help you?" voice. He waits...

... And waits. Silence from the speaker. He turns down his stereo, leans out his open car window.

HUNGRY GUY

Hello...? Hel-lllloooo...?

With that, the "OPEN" sign clicks off, GOES DARK. The menu board clicks off, too. The Hungry Guy doesn't like that at all.

HUNGRY GUY

Hey!

(toots his horn)

Hey! I'm sitting here, dude!

No response. Hungry Guy LAYS ON THE HORN. Finally a MICROPHONE gets FUMBLed with. A VOICE crackles through the speaker.

The voice sounds distant, faint. Thick with white noise. It's male, but indistinctive -- not a voice we'd recognize later.

SPEAKER VOICE

Sorry. We're closed.

HUNGRY GUY

Uh-uh! I was here before you turned off the light!

Grandfather clause, man!

(off the silence)

Okay, I wanna SuperPatty Double with cheese uh, Super-size --

SPEAKER VOICE

-- The light was a mistake. We're closed. Sorry.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED:

The mike clicks off. Hungry Guy blinks. What is the deal with this \$4.85-an-hour shithead?

HUNGRY GUY

The light was on! How bad do you want this job? 'Cause I'll call the head office right now!

(X)

(a beat; louder)

SuperPatty Double with cheese!
Super-size fries! Super-size diet Sprite!

Again with the HORN. BEEP-BEEP-BEEEEEP! Now, out of the silence:

SPEAKER VOICE

Drive through, please.

That's more like it. Hungry Guy sets his jaw and squeezes down on the gas, sliding the big car past us.

2 INT. LTD - CONTINUOUS

We're over his shoulder as he drives us around the corner of the building and brings us to a stop at the order window. He drums his fingers on the wheel, stares up at the window.

HIS POV - THE ORDER WINDOW

Stands open above us, a bright rectangle set in the dark brick. From our driver's-eye view, we can't see much more than the ceiling inside. The place is eerily quiet. Though we hold here for a beat or two, no one ever comes into sight.

THE HUNGRY GUY

Waits. The seconds tick past. What little patience he has, he quickly loses. He mutters to himself.

HUNGRY GUY

What the hell is this..?

(loud)

Customer service, man! Stop spanking it and gimme my food!

(X)

A wet, meaty SPLAT gets our attention. Soon another, louder SPLAT. The Hungry Guy settles down, listening.

HIS POV - THE ORDER WINDOW

Remains empty. However, we can make out the faint sounds of someone BREATHING. It's SLOW and DEEP.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED:

THE HUNGRY GUY

Makes a face, grows a little nervous. He cranes his neck to see, not so bellicose now.

HUNGRY GUY

Hey in there... Guy...?

More BREATHING. He puts his hands on the order window, gingerly eases his upper body out of the car for a better look.

3 INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - CONTINUOUS

We see the Hungry Guy peek into view Kilroy-style over the order window's ledge. He cautiously rises into view, TIGHT in frame.

HIS POV - THE ORDER WINDOW

The place is deserted. The shake machine faintly HUMS, the overhead fluorescents faintly BUZZ. The BREATHING... STOPS.

As we ease... further into the window...

AAAHH!! -- Something horrible springs up RIGHT AT US like a jack-in-the-box. We catch the briefest glimpse of a MONSTER FACE -- putty white and hairless, with shark eyes and rows of needle-sharp TEETH which zoom at us until they fill the frame. (X)

ON THE GROUND - LOOKING STRAIGHT UP

Between the restaurant and the idling LTD, we see the Hungry Guy's body get pulled through the order window in two quick jerks. One of his flip-flops falls at us. Off his SCREAM --

4 EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - CONTINUOUS - WIDE

On the restaurant. The SCREAMS are much fainter from here, and quickly strangle off. The driverless LTD, still in gear, creeps away from the order window, heading for a curb. Off this tableau, we TILT UP to...

... The "Lucky Boy" sign. It glows against the night sky.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

5 EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY - THE ROOF SIGN

5

Stands against a blue sky. LEGEND: THREE DAYS LATER. We CRANE DOWN to the open-for-business and moderately busy Lucky Boy as...

... A Honda Civic (from back when they were clown cars) pulls in and parks. Out of it climbs ROB ROBERTS, dressed in his Lucky Boy uniform. Rob is in his 20s, slim and unassuming -- someone who wouldn't stand out in a crowd, or at least wouldn't mean to.

He POPS open his paper uniform hat, puts it on. He checks his reflection in his car window as he gives himself a pep-talk. (X)
(X)

ROB

You are your own man -- and you control everything you do.

Off of this determined statement -- whatever the heck it means:

CUT TO:

6 INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - BEHIND THE COUNTER

6

The "Office" door pushes open and Rob exits carrying a register tray. We STEADICAM with him as he weaves through the kitchen, exchanging a smile and a nod with the three or four other EMPLOYEES he passes. A big guy, DERWOOD, works the grill.

ROB

Yo, Derwood.

DERWOOD

Hey, Rob.

We linger briefly on Derwood, flipping burgers.

NEW ANGLE - ROB

Heads for the order counter, passing the 40ish MANAGER.

ROB

Hey, Mr. Rice.

MANAGER

How's it going, Rob?

Rob spells a FEMALE EMPLOYEE at one of the registers. She pulls out her tray and he replaces it with his as they change shifts.

ROB

Have a good one, Lucy.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

You too, Rob.

Rob counts his change, then shuts his register. He's ready for business, though now he notices something o.s. He stares out at...

ROB'S POV - THE FLASHING LIGHTS

Of a Costa Mesa police car visible through the plate glass -- it's pulling across the restaurant entrance, blocking access to the place. Our attention drifts from it to...

... MULDER and SCULLY entering the restaurant, followed by a couple of UNIFORMS. The agents approach, looking right at us.

ROB

Stands by his register, innocent curiosity on his face.

ROB

Welcome to Lucky Boy, may I take your order?

Mulder smiles as he and Scully reach for their IDs.

MULDER

Yeah... we'll have it our way.

SCULLY

FBI -- Special Agents Scully and Mulder. We'd like a word with the manager, please.

Rob looks to Mr. Rice, who steps over from the fry machine.

MANAGER

That's me. How can I help you?

SCULLY

Sir, would you be kind enough to gather your employees for us?

MANAGER

(sees something o.s.)

Whoa, hold on. You can't, uh.

Rob and the Manager are both looking at...

ROB'S POV - THE DINING AREA

The half-dozen or so CUSTOMERS here are being gently roused by the Officers. They take their food with them as they exit the restaurant. Off them, we come back to Mulder and Scully.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY

We do ask for your indulgence --
we don't want to inconvenience
you any more than is necessary.

ROB

And the Manager look to the back -- the rubbernecking employees
are pretty much gathered.

(X)

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

What's going on?

MULDER

We're investigating a murder.
A car was found in a reservoir
ten miles from here. A body was
found in the car's trunk.

MANAGER

What's that have to do with us?

SCULLY

This was in the trunk, as well.

Scully holds up an evidence zippie. Visible through the plastic
is a round BADGE with two cartoon BURGERS on it. The caption is
"FREE-FER FRIDAY!" The badge is smeared with DRIED BLOOD.

SCULLY

It's a badge only employees
would be given. Is that correct?

The Manager squints at it -- winces slightly, seeing the blood.

MANAGER

Yeah, "Free-fer Friday." It's
our promotion where you buy one
SuperPatty and get one free.

(shrug)

But look, there's four Lucky
Boys in Costa Mesa alone -- and
something like thirty in Orange
County.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Thirty-two.

MULDER

Long day. So let's make this
quick.

(to the employees)

Everybody got his or her button?

(X)

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (3)

The employees look at each other. No one is wearing their badge.

ROB

We only wear them on Fridays.
Free-fer Fridays.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

But you have them, right?

Again, everybody looks to one another. The Female Employee reaches in her pocket and pulls out her badge, holds it up. One by one, the other employees follow suit, showing theirs, as well.

We PAN down them to Rob. Now it's his turn, and he hesitates. (X)
Just as we're sure he'll be the only one here without a badge... (X)

... He slips a hand into his pocket and proves us wrong. He's got his. Mulder turns away from Rob, notices someone in back.

MULDER

You. What's your name?

Everyone's attention goes to big Derwood, who's been hoping to go unnoticed behind the others.

DERWOOD

Derwood Spinks.

MULDER

Do you have your button, Derwood?

Derwood pats himself down. He comes up empty, shrugs.

DERWOOD

I musta left it at home... on account of we're only supposed to wear 'em on Fridays.

(off the silence)

I sure as hell didn't leave it on no dead guy.

Derwood forces a smile. Scully glances at Mulder.

SCULLY

I don't think we ever said the victim was male.

Mulder shakes his head -- "no we didn't." Derwood's smile fades.

MULDER

We're going to ask everybody to step outside while we take a quick look around the premises.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED: (4)

ROB

Who was the victim?
(off their looks)
What was the person's name?

MULDER

Donald Edward Pankow. Does that
ring a bell?

(X)
(X)
(X)

Rob and the others shake their heads. Rob looks thoughtful.
Off Mulder staring at him, a flicker of interest in his eyes:

(X)
(X)

CUT TO:

(X)

7 EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - SECONDS LATER

(X) 7

The employees exit into the parking lot. Derwood soon notices
that they're all (except Rob) eyeing him uncomfortably.

(X)

DERWOOD

I'm going to get some cigarettes.

MANAGER

You're coming back, right?

DERWOOD

Yeah, man... I'm just going to
get some cigarettes!

Derwood stalks off. Rob glances after him disinterestedly --
his eyes are mainly on the restaurant.

MANAGER

Guess I'd better call the
corporate headquarters...

He heads for the payphone around the corner. The gaggle of
employees drift after him -- except for Rob, whom we stay with.
He's alone now. After a beat, he casually wanders the other way.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

Rob eases alongside the building. The drive-through window stands open. He lingers by it, tries to see inside.

He smoothly ducks flat against the wall when Mulder and Scully walk past in the kitchen.

MULDER

You know how they always say you never wanna see the kitchens of your favorite restaurants?

SCULLY

Somehow, I don't think "Lucky Boy" would make that list.

(X)
(X)

8 INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mulder glances out the window, seeing nothing of interest. He moves on, he and Scully perusing the grill area.

MULDER

My point being: this one seems a hell of a lot cleaner than the others did. Don't you think?

Scully tends to agree. Behind them -- Rob's HAND slips into view through the order window, soundlessly clicking on...

CLOSE - THE INTERCOM SPEAKER

Just inside the window. The button stays down.

9 EXT. FAST FOOD JOINT - CONTINUOUS

Rob slips his hand out of the window and quickly walks away -- we FOLLOW him as he rounds to the back of the building. Back here, where there's no one else in sight...

... Mulder and Scully's conversation can be faintly overheard through the staticky SPEAKER attached to the menu board.

SCULLY (V.O.)

-- Cover up evidence?

MULDER (V.O.)

Maybe. I'm wondering if maybe this was the crime scene.

Rob sits down with his back to the menu board, listening.

INTERCUT WITH:

10 INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mulder squats down, shining his flashlight underneath the stainless steel counters. Scully stares after him, dubious.

SCULLY

You're saying Mr. Pankow had his brain very neatly removed from his skull -- right here, in this kitchen?

(off Mulder's shrug)
And I thought the french fries were bad for you...

MULDER

It had to happen somewhere.

SCULLY

But next to a shake machine? I think we need to be checking employee lockers -- not entertaining the idea that ad hoc surgery was performed here.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

I wouldn't call it "surgery," exactly.

(off her look)
What if his brain was eaten?

(X)

Rob shows no visible reaction to this. He just listens intently.

MULDER

Sociologically, it's not unheard of. There are tribes in New Guinea which consider human brains a delicacy.

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

SCULLY

Mulder... we're in Orange County.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

And your point is...?

(X)

(beat)

Look -- there's nothing in the way the body was dumped which suggests a fetishistic killing. The brain wasn't removed intact. What if it was eaten right out of the man's head?

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

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

SCULLY

(more dubious still)

Through an inch-and-a-half
opening that looks like it was
cut with a hole saw.

(X)

MULDER

Maybe it was cut, or maybe it
was punched. What you think are
tool marks in the forehead
looked to me like something
organic. Maybe from some kind
of... tongue or proboscis.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

The proboscis of what?

(X)

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

We're on Rob at this moment. We're not sure what Mulder's answer is to this question, because he doesn't give a verbal one. Rob leans an ear to the speaker, strains to hear. Silence.

Inside, the moment has passed. Mulder shines his light under a different counter. He pauses on something, peering closer.

MULDER

Hel-lillo...

Scully leans in behind him to see. They're staring at:

(X)

CLOSE - IN THE FLASHLIGHT BEAM

(X)

A few flecks of BRICK RED stand out against the stainless steel. (X)

MULDER

Is that dried blood?

(X)

SCULLY

Yeah. It looks like it.

(X)

MULDER

So what is this next to it?

(X)

(X)

An inch or two over, there's another dab of dried blood that's glued a pea-sized lump of something NASTY to the steel. (X)

(X)

MULDER

Oh man -- is that brain? Is that brain matter?

(X)

Rob's face darkens. Silence for a moment, then:

SCULLY

No... I'd say that's ground beef.

(X)

This news doesn't seem to make Rob feel any better. Off him, we:

11 INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - DAY

(X) 11

The place is a modest studio, neat and clean, but not big on personality. Rob hurriedly enters. He peels off his uniform smock, leaves on the T-shirt underneath. He makes a beeline for:

(X)

(X)

12 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

12

Rob enters and clicks on the light. He kneels and reaches into the bathtub, which we TILT DOWN to discover...

CONTINUED

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(BLUE)

12 CONTINUED:

... Is full of PINK WATER. Rob's hands fish out a Lucky Boy smock identical to the one he just took off -- except that as he turns this one around, we see the front is stained with gouts of RED BLOOD. He's unhappy with the results of the soak.

Rob vigorously scrubs the stain with a nail brush, to no effect. Finally, he balls up the dripping smock and stuffs it in the sink, then pulls the plug on the tub. Off the pink water swirling NOISILY down the drain.

13 INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - THE WET, BALLED-UP SMOCK.

Gets jammed into a kitchen trash can. Rob's hands yank out the white plastic Hefty liner, knocking over the can.

WIDER - ROB

Picks up the can, fumbles with the drawstrings on the bag, cinching them tight. Just as he gets a handle on everything, KNOCK, KNOCK. Someone's at the front door. Rob freezes.

ON THE DECK - THE TRASH BAG

Drops into f.g. on the white Congoleum of the kitchenette. Rob pads away from it into b.g., cautiously approaching the front door. He silently leans an eye to the peephole.

ROB'S POV - THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE

In extreme FISHEYE, Mulder waits in the hallway.

CLOSE - ROB

Rapidly considers his options. Another KNOCK.

MULDER (O.S.)

Rob Roberts? It's Agent Fox

Mulder --

Keeping the panic at bay, Rob opens the door. Mulder is amiable.

MULDER

Mr. Roberts. Hello again.
Sorry to bother you at home.

ROB

It's no bother.

MULDER

Great. May I come in?

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED:

13

Rob steps aside. Mulder enters, glances around the place. (X)

ROB (X)
What can I uh...? (X)

MULDER (X)
You live here alone? (X)

ROB (X)
Yeah. Just me. (X)

Mulder looks around, nods appreciatively. He shoots Rob a smile. (X)

MULDER (X)
Mom or girlfriend? (X)
(off Rob's confusion) (X)
C'mon... which one cleans up (X)
after you? (X)

ROB (X)
Neither. I mean, I don't have (X)
either. Just me. (X)

MULDER (X)
Bravo. They say single guys are (X)
just bears who own furniture -- (X)
I mean, man, my place... But (X)
here, I can smell the Pine-Sol. (X)

Rob isn't sure where he's headed with this. He doesn't like it. (X)

ROB (X)
Thanks. Can I get you anything? (X)

MULDER (X)
Yeah... a cheeseburger and a (X)
large order of fries. (X)
(grin) (X)
Bad joke -- I'm fine. Rob, your (X)
manager Mr. Rice tells me you (X)
closed for him last Friday night? (X)

ROB (X)
Uh... yeah. Friday. (X)
(sees he wants more) (X)
The freezer died on us. I (X)
stayed after and threw out the (X)
meat that was going bad because (X)
the freezer had died. Then I (X)
cleaned out the freezer. (X)

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

MULDER

Did you volunteer to stay late?
(off Rob's nod)

Volunteered...

Mulder produces a notepad, writes in it. As he does, Rob shoots (X)
a glance at the kitchenette. He stifles his dismay upon seeing: (X)

ON THE DECK - THE TRASH BAG

Sits in f.g., just now oozing out bloody PINK WATER from a hole (X)
in the bottom. A puddle grows on the white Congoleum as Rob and (X)
Mulder stand in b.g., Rob staring our way

RESUME - ROB

Looks back to Mulder, his expression once more going Buster
Keaton-blank. Mulder glances up from his notes.

MULDER

So, the thirty-five pounds of
ground chuck Mr. Rice said had
to be thrown away? What did you
do with it?

ROB

I... threw it away.

MULDER

Where?

ROB

In the dumpster behind the
restaurant.

MULDER

Huh. Weird.

(X)

What does that mean? Rob waits on pins and needles while Mulder (X)
licks his thumb and shuffles through his notes. Finally: (X)

MULDER

I figured that's where you'd put
it -- only it's not in the
dumpster. And seeing as how the
dumpster only gets dumped on
Thursdays, and you put the
ground chuck in it on Friday...

(X)

Mulder trails off, shrugs. Rob thinks about it, not blinking.

ROB

Huh. Maybe we got bums.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED: (3)

MULDER

Yeah, probably. At any rate,
how could that be relevant to
our murder, right? Lemme see...
was there anything else...?

Mulder flips through his notepad. Afraid to turn his head and
tip Mulder off, Rob's eyes dart sideways to:

ROB'S POV - THE HEFTY BAG

Pink water continues to leak into a growing puddle on the floor.
Swirls of darker red lazily spiral within it.

IN CLOSE PROFILE - ROB

Glances our way, only one-half of his face visible to us from
this angle. As we CREEP IN on him...

MULDER (O.S.)

Blood.

Oh, shit. Rob stands motionless, his heart pounding.

MULDER (O.S.)

You're bleeding.

Mulder's finger points into frame. We ANGLE AROUND to the front
of Rob's face, revealing... a dab of BLOOD at the far corner of
his mouth. Rob touches it, realizes what Mulder is referring to.

ROB

I bit my lip.

MULDER

Nods amiably... but stares at Rob a moment longer than we think
is normal. He tucks away his notepad.

MULDER

I guess that does it for me.

Rob moves to the door, gracefully working it so Mulder's back is
turned to the leaking Hefty bag.

ROB

I hope you catch the guy.

MULDER

Oh, yeah -- I have a pretty good
idea who it is already.

Casual as hell, Mulder gives him a wave and exits.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED: (4)

Rob closes the door and steadies himself for a moment, squeezing shut his eyes. He opens them and dashes for the leaking Hefty bag. In short order, he grabs a fresh bag and jams the leaking one into it, then sponges the bloody water off the floor.

The ROAR of a TRUCK gets his attention. He goes to the window.

ROB'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW

We're on the second floor -- below, a GARBAGE TRUCK trundles up the quiet street. It stops in front of Rob's building.

ANGLE - ROB

Seeing this, he grabs the Hefty bag and hauls ass out the door.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - A HYDRAULIC ARM

Grabs a supercan and WHEEZES it high into the air, dumping it into the open top of the garbage truck.

REVERSE - ON THE APARTMENT BUILDING

Rob practically trips out of the lobby door, lugging the trash bag and sprinting toward us -- our view of him gets obscured by the supercan being set back down in f.g.

The garbage truck pulls away from us, motoring up the street. Just in time, Rob jogs alongside it, hefting the bag into the open top of the truck.

With the incriminating uniform smock on its way to the landfill, Rob relaxes a little. He dusts off his hands, noticing...

ROB'S POV - HIS FINGERTIPS

Are flecked with DRIED BLOOD from cleaning up the kitchen spill.

CLOSE - ROB

Takes a quick glance around, then... pops a fingertip in his mouth, sucking it clean. He clearly likes the taste.

He turns to head back to his building. As he does, he falters at the sight of:

ROB'S POV - AN N.D. SEDAN

Is parked at the curb thirty feet away. A man behind the wheel is staring out at us -- and we're pretty sure it's MULDER.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

CLOSE - ROB

Takes the finger from his mouth, his heart pounding. What did Mulder just see? What the hell should he do now?

With feet like cinderblocks, Rob takes one step, then another, then another -- walking toward the sedan. Peering into it.

ROB'S MOVING POV - THE N.D. SEDAN

Gets closer... and it becomes clearer that it is indeed Mulder in the driver's seat. His window powers down as we approach. He's about to speak.

CLOSE - ROB

Can barely hear anyway, for the pulse in his ears. Until:

STEVE (O.S.)

What do you want?

ROB'S POV - THE MAN

Isn't Mulder -- though he looks a good bit like him (close enough to be, say, his photo double). The man -- STEVE -- stares at us, awaiting an answer. He doesn't look friendly.

STEVE

What... do... you want?

ROB

Snaps out of it and shrugs.

ROB

N-Nothing.

STEVE

So take a hike.

With that, the man powers up his window and stares forward. He's not leaving. We TRACK ahead of Rob as he makes for his building, leaving this ominous man in b.g. Off Rob, unnerved:

CUT TO:

15 INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - DAY - CURTAINS

Part -- we're in a POV, staring down out Rob's window. As glimpsed through tree branches, Steve's car is still parked across the street. It's hard to tell for sure, but he seems to be WATCHING US. As we peer out at him, we hear a PHONE RING.

(X) 15

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

WIDER - ROB

Peeks out the window, tries not to be seen. In b.g., his PHONE RINGS again. The machine answers. No greeting -- just a BEEP.

MINDY (V.O.)

Uh hi, this is a message for Rob Roberts. My name is Dr. Mindy Rinehart, and I'm a licensed mental health counselor with the Lucky Boy Corporation's Employee Assistance Program.

(X)

Rob's attention is split between the window and the phone call. The spot at the corner of his lip begins to BLEED anew.

(X)

MINDY (V.O.)

I'm speaking with your fellow employees, hoping to act as a sounding board for your concerns in the wake of the recent unpleasantness that occurred at your restaurant.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Rob realizes this spiel is corporate bullshit. He notices his bleeding lip and heads to the bathroom.

(X)

(X)

16 INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - THE MIRROR

16

Reflects Rob's face as he steps into view. He checks out his bloody lip as the message continues to PLAY in b.g.

MINDY (V.O.)

Rob, I'd love for you to come down to my office at 11:00 AM tomorrow morning. I'm in the Irvine Medical Park, Suite 308.

(a beat)

As it is a requirement of your employer's insurance provider, this meeting is mandatory. Have a good evening.

BEEP. Rob tiredly rolls his eyes. He stares at his perfect teeth now. He takes firm hold of the upper row.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE - OVER HIS SHOULDER

We can't see what he's doing -- but we hear the sucking POP of something COMING LOOSE. Now we hear a CLINK of something tiny clattering in the sink. We PUSH IN CLOSER on the sink as...

... Tiny yellowed triangles fall and CLINK, skittering on the porcelain. Two, three, four triangles fall. They look like little SHARK'S TEETH, each with a touch of BLOOD at the root.

ANGLE ON - THE MIRROR

Rob's face rises up into view, looking normal. His mouth is closed, though. He stares at himself for a long moment.

Rob's stomach GROWLS. He touches his belly, looks down at it. He looks back up to the mirror. Off the rising FEAR in his eyes:

CUT TO:

17 INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - A VCR *Human TEEN*

17

Gets a videotape shoved into it.

CLOSE - A TV SCREEN

Hisses STATIC. An image springs up mid-tape: it's of an energetic, chiselled MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER holding forth in front of an audience. The man wears his mike Garth Brooks-style and fervently stalks around the stage. *ADULTS TO THE SIDE*

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER

-- Self-discipline. That's the name of this game. That's the one true thing that separates us from the animals... provided we have it.

(beat)

But where do we get it? We can't run down to the store and buy self-discipline. We can't order it over the Internet. So where does it come from?

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

CLOSE - A PACK OF GUM

(X)

Lies on a table. It's a Chicklet-style package of "SLIM-CHEW -- Appetite Suppressant Gum." A hand snatches it up and opens it. (X)

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

WIDER ON THE APARTMENT

The TV plays in b.g., the Motivational Speaker doing his thing. Into f.g. wanders Rob, popping a Slim-Chew in his mouth and going to town on it. One's not enough -- he pours in a mouthful, chewing and hugging his stomach.

(X)

(X)

(X)

He moves to the window. Moonlight glows on his face as he peers out it, not wanting to be seen.

(X)

(X)

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER

True story: I used to weigh three hundred and fifty-six pounds.

(X)

(the audience oohs)

Three fifty-six. You believe that? It's true. I lived to eat. That was my whole life -- eating. A four-star restaurant or a Denny's... didn't matter.

MAR 24/11 ALL BACK LEFT
PATHEU WASE

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (2)

ROB'S POV - OUT THE WINDOW

It's the same view of the street we saw earlier -- only now it's night, and the street is deserted. Steve's car is still here. A MATCH FLARES TO LIFE behind the steering wheel, giving us a glimpse of Steve as he lights a Morley. He's still watching us.

ROB

Backs off from the window, agitated -- who in hell is that guy? Is he a cop? Rob chews and hugs his stomach, which RUMBLES again. His lips begin to silently move. He's mumbling along in PERFECT SYNCH with the Motivational Speaker. (X)

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER

... And it didn't stop until I ~~BACK~~ ^{W/AM} took control of my life. It didn't stop until I put the ~~brakes~~ ^{brakes} on, and said...

(Rob speaks aloud)

"Ricardo, you are your own man -- and you control everything you do."

On the TV, Ricardo the Motivational Speaker pauses dramatically to take a sip of water.

Rob clicks off the TV. He steadies himself against it and shuts his eyes, feeling the glow of self-discipline.

His belly GROWLS, LOUDER. His self-discipline wanes. He moves to the window again. Off him, staring out and removing his gum: (X) (X)

18 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - STEVE

18

Sits in his car, blows cigarette smoke sideways out his open window. His eyes are on Rob's building. He pays attention as:

STEVE'S POV - ROB

Exits the building, walks at a fast clip towards us. He glances around for witnesses. Seeing none, his eyes go to us.

ROB'S MOVING POV - THE N.D. SEDAN

Grows bigger in frame as we approach it. Steve flicks away his cigarette, staring right at us. Annoyed. As we approach...

STEVE

What?

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED:

ROB

Stands over the window, staring down and saying nothing. His (X)
jaw opens -- revealing a mouth devoid of teeth. But only for a (X)
moment until... CHING! -- TWO ROWS of NEEDLE-SHARP TEETH thrust (X)
up and down into view, like in a shark's mouth.

Steve stares up at this, not sure at first what he's seeing. It (X)
takes a second for the fear to come. Too late to scream as -- (X)

-- Rob LUNGES at us, INHUMANLY FAST. We hear a muffled CRUNCH. (X)

CLOSE - THE WINDSHIELD (X)

A spray of BLOOD coats the inside surface. We mercifully PAN (X)
off it, frame Rob's apartment building instead. No witnesses, (X)
nobody in sight for miles. Just the furtive sounds of FEEDING. (X)

Off this... (X)

END OF ACT ONE

7/28/99

ACT TWO

19 INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - MORNING - ROB

Lies on his sofa with his back to us, snoring softly. He turns in his sleep, and now he's facing us. He's got normal human teeth again. He once more looks like a sheepish young man.

It's morning, and quiet. But as we CREEP BACK from Rob, we hear (X) faint noises of a SEARCH in progress. LEGS amble past, WIPING the frame -- someone's here in the apartment.

Rob continues to sleep, unaware... until a BOOT enters frame, pressing against his chest. Rob comes to with a start.

ROB

What! What?! --

Shit! It's the police! -- Rob protects his face, squinting against the morning light. He's confused to see instead:

ROB'S POV - DERWOOD

Whose boot this is. The big fry cook stares down at us, a cold smile on his face. He's dressed in his street clothes.

ROB

Is fully awake now. He lies still.

ROB

Derwood? How'd you get in here?

Derwood rolls a LOCKPICK between two fingers. Speaks quietly.

DERWOOD

Skill I picked up in Chino. I did a nickel for attempted murder. I said "'Attempted murder?' Hell, man -- 'assault.' If I attempted to murder the sumbitch, he'd be dead now."

(beat)

You didn't know I was an ex-con.

Rob shakes his head no.

DERWOOD

Nobody at work did. Not till this FBI murder investigation whipped everybody into a froth.

Derwood lets his foot off Rob's chest. Rob cautiously sits up.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED:

ROB

What can I do for you, Derwood?

DERWOOD

I got fired last night.

Derwood wanders the room. He's hurt, doesn't want to show it.

DERWOOD

Stupid, piss-ant job where they make you wear a paper hat -- and they fired me.

(as an afterthought)

Plus, as far as that little redhead agent is concerned, I'm the prime suspect in the murder.

This surprises Rob. He considers for a moment, gives a nod.

DERWOOD

But that's no skin off my nose... seeing as you did it.

Rob just stares at him, careful not to let his face react. Derwood pulls something from his pocket, holds it for Rob to see.

ROB'S POV - A PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE

For PHENTERMINE is made out in Rob's name. The indications read "As an appetite suppressant -- 1 capsule once daily."

DERWOOD (O.S.)

Diet pills. Yours, right?

ROB

Looks from them to Derwood, stone-faced.

DERWOOD

I found 'em when I opened on Saturday morning. I didn't give 'em back 'cause I figured -- "Hey, free speed." But then there's this whole flap about a murder, and I notice this.

ROB'S POV - THE PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE

Derwood turns the bottle, points a finger to... a partial THUMBPRINT of DRIED BLOOD on the white plastic cap.

(X)
(X)

DERWOOD (O.S.)

That ain't ketchup, man.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

Rob stares up at this incriminating evidence. Finally:

(X)

ROB

What do you want, Derwood?

DERWOOD

I dunno -- what do you got?
(looking around)

VCR... TV... it's all crappy
off-brand stuff.

He circles the room, poking atotchkes and peeking

DERWOOD

But I'll take it -- plus
whatever cash you got in the
bank. And you get this.

(holds up pill bottle)
And I keep my mouth shut. So
that... just maybe... you get to
blow town before the long arm of
the law reaches out and grabs
you by the gonads.

Off this, there's a LOUD KNOCK at the door, making Rob jump.

DERWOOD

Or, maybe not.

(moving to the door)

Cup 'em. Cup 'em, there.

He mimes a protective hand over his crotch. Rob fearfully rises
to his feet as Derwood answers the door, revealing...

... SYLVIA, a pear-shaped neighbor in her fifties. She smiles
nervously up at Derwood, then notices Rob.

SYLVIA

Hi. Rob? I hate to bother you,
but last night in front of the
building? There was a man who
sat in a parked car for hours.
Did you happen to see him?

Dammit -- Steve. Before Rob can figure out whether to lie...

SYLVIA

It was a maroon car. He looked
sort of clean-cut, so I never
did call the police. But he was
still there when I went to bed.

Rob weakly feigns interest.

(X)

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (3)

ROB

Huh. Gee, I don't know what to tell you, Sylvia.

SYLVIA

He's gone now. But you might keep an eye out in case he comes back. I'm not sure the brand of car, but --

ROB

-- Maroon. You got it.

Sylvia smiles appreciatively and disappears down the hall. Derwood stands in the open door, makes sure she's gone. Then:

DERWOOD

I'll call tonight -- tell you where to bring my new VCR. You try skipping town before then...
(rattles the pills)
You won't get far.

(X)

With that, he's out the door and gone. Rob stares after him, catatonic. A SCREECHING ALARM scares him out of his stupor.

His heart racing, he turns off his alarm clock. Rise and shine.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

20

Rob exits onto the sidewalk. He's pulled himself together in a hurry and his hair is still wet. He jogs to his Honda Civic.

MULDER (O.S.)

Just the man I wanted to see.

Rob freezes, busted. He turns to:

MULDER

Who is walking toward him.

MULDER

How are you this morning, Rob?

ROB

Uh, you know. Fine.

CONTINUED

8/04/99

20 CONTINUED:

MULDER

Hey, I'm glad I caught you. I was driving to your place just now and I passed Derwood Spinks not a block from here. Was he coming from your apartment?

(X)

Rob considers for the briefest of moments, then shakes his head.

ROB

Haven't seen him.

MULDER

Good. I'd stay away from him. He's our prime suspect in the Pankow murder.

ROB

You think he did it?

MULDER

Myself? Not really. I should say it's more the opinion of the Costa Mesa Police. And my partner. But either way, I wouldn't go party with him.

Rob gives a nod.

ROB

So, he's not your guy.

MULDER

I think the person we're looking for has a compulsion to kill. He truly can't help himself.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(beat)

Quick question: the meat, the thirty-five pounds of ground chuck you threw in the dumpster?

ROB

The meat. What about it?

MULDER

That dumpster has a padlock on it. Who would have the key?

ROB

We do. And the trucking company.

(X)

Mulder works through this in his mind, again staring at Rob for a beat longer than normal. He nods farewell and starts away.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED: (2)

ROB

Wait. What's your point?

MULDER

No point. I'm just tying up some loose ends.

ROB

And what, you couldn't have done that over the phone?

(X)

Mulder snaps his fingers and points, as if to say "dammit, you're right!" He smiles and heads to his rental car.

Off an unsettled Rob, climbing into his Civic...

CUT TO:

21 INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - MORNING

21

An INSPIRATIONAL PLAQUE sits on an end table -- it's a photo of footprints in the sand, and says "Even a journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step."

MINDY (O.S.)

I appreciate your coming, Rob.

We PAN off the plaque to frame a modest, contemporary office. The decor and colors are warm, soothing. LEGEND: IRVINE MEDICAL PARK. In b.g., Rob is ushered in by DR. MINDY RINEHART.

CLOSER - DR. RINEHART

Is in her early thirties, and attractive -- in large part because of her smile and the kindness in her eyes. She guides Rob to a couple of matching upholstered chairs. They both sit.

Rob's here against his will and his mind is on a hundred other things -- but he's basically polite.

MINDY

This will be really informal. I've got a few things to run through with you, but we don't stand on ceremony here -- if there's anything you want to talk about, you just blurt it right out. Okay?

(X)

(X)

Rob nods, fakes a smile.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED:

21

MINDY

Okay. It hasn't been a run-of-the-mill week so far, has it? You've had the police at your restaurant, the FBI. You've been hearing about a terrible crime that they say may or may not have been committed by a fellow Lucky Boy employee. I'm sure it's been a very stressful time for you.

(X)

ROB

Yeah. Pretty much.

MINDY

I'm sure it has. And so we want to keep on top of any potential problems these stresses may cause for you.

Rob, who's only half-listening, perks up upon hearing his STOMACH RUMBLE. It scares him, though he tries not to show it. He looks to the doctor, who didn't seem to have heard it.

(X)

She opens a file folder, clicks her pen and gets ready to write.

MINDY

So let's go through some very standard questions together. Rob, have you been troubled recently by insomnia? By bad dreams or nightmares?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Rob shakes his head at each question. His stomach RUMBLES again. (X)

MINDY

Lately, have you felt emotionally numb? Have you felt overwhelmed by everyday situations?

We CREEP IN on Rob. The SOUND in the office SUCKS AWAY until we're only hearing his BREATHING, slow and deep. We hear the occasional RUMBLE, like distant thunder, of his hungry belly.

Rob slowly leans forward in his seat, staring intently at:

ROB'S POV - MINDY

Who keeps on asking questions from her list (pocket dialog) and jotting down Rob's answers. We can't hear her words anymore -- we just see her pleasant face, her mouth moving in SLOW MOTION. (X)

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

We CREEP IN on the top of her head... as if we're trying to peer through to her BRAIN underneath.

ROB

Shuts his eyes. He snaps out of it by BLURTING OUT:

ROB

This murder. This murder that happened --

Mindy pauses in mid-sentence.

MINDY

Yes, Rob?

ROB

(a beat)

What kind of monster would do something like that?

Mindy leans back in her seat, thinks about it for a moment.

MINDY

None. There's no such thing.

(beat)

I don't believe in monsters. I only believe in people. And sometimes they do terrible things, out of weakness or sickness or fear. But I truly believe that deep down inside, even the very worst of us wants to be good.

She has Rob's undivided attention now. His stomach has stopped growling, too -- at least for the moment.

MINDY

Rob, is anything bothering you you'd like to talk about?

Rob does want to talk. This woman has touched a nerve in him. He hesitates, works up the courage to speak when...

... The phone RINGS, shattering the moment.

MINDY

I'm sorry -- I thought I had switched it to voice mail.

She moves to her desk and answers it.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED: (3)

MINDY

Mindy Rinehart --

(beat)

Yes, Agent Mulder, what can I do for you?

Rob is instantly on the alert. Mindy is silent for several moments, listening to Mulder talk. Now she looks up at Rob, seemingly reacting to something Mulder has said.

MINDY

No, I'm afraid I can't do that.

(turning her back)

I'm sorry. As far as I'm concerned, that would violate patient confidentiality.

(X)

Rob has heard enough. Silently panicking, he heads for the door. (X)

ROB

I have to, uh... I have to get to work now.

He taps his watch to show her. She's dismayed he's leaving.

MINDY

Excuse me, Agent.

(to Rob)

You have to go? Would you please call me later so we can finish our talk?

Rob hesitates, then ducks out the door. Off the doctor in b.g., staring after him with her hand over the mouthpiece:

CUT TO:

22 INT. FAST FOOD JOINT - DAY - BURGER PATTIES

22

Lie in neat rows atop the SIZZLING grill. They stand out neon pink against the greasy black steel.

CLOSE - ROB

Stands at the grill in his uniform and paper hat, holding his spatula -- motionless as a cigar store indian. He's staring down unblinking at the burger patties, which to him look like...

ROB'S POV - THE GRILL

... HUMAN BRAINS. They're all neatly lined up, sizzling in the wavy heat -- their twisty white corrugations rimmed in red blood.

CONTINUED

7/28/99

31 (X).

22 CONTINUED:

CLOSE - ROB

Chews his lip and shuts his eyes, trying to shut out the hunger.
His attention is diverted by:

MANAGER (O.S.)

You shouldn't be here, Derwood.

NEW ANGLE - IN THE KITCHEN

The grim-looking Manager rounds into view, heading for his office. Derwood strolls after him, dressed in street clothes.

MANAGER

We would've mailed you your last check.

DERWOOD

Just gimme my money, Rice.

Mr. Rice briefly disappears into his office, leaving Rob alone with Derwood. The big ex-con sneers down at Rob, speaks softly.

DERWOOD

Hey again, killer. You better have some money for me, too.

Rob averts his eyes to his grill. Mr. Rice returns from his office, pushes a check at the big man.

MANAGER

There. Now please leave.

DERWOOD

With pleasure.

(checks his watch)

I should just make happy hour.

Derwood sees he's got an audience of timid young employees. He can't resist. He slaps a hand atop a 2-gallon tub of cole slaw.

DERWOOD

Seeing as this is farewell?

When nobody was looking, I used to dip my boys in the cole slaw.
Bon appetit!

He saunters out the door, leaving behind a bunch of sickened teenagers in his wake. Mr. Rice follows, making sure he leaves.

Rob stares after Derwood... makes up his mind about something. He's got a moment of privacy here in the back. He scoots to the office, glancing over his shoulder before he disappears inside.

OFFICE
CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

INSIDE THE OFFICE

Rob rounds the Manager's desk, flips open the Rolodex atop it. He rifles through it, finds what he's looking for under "S."

ROB'S POV - A ROLODEX CARD

The handwritten entry says "Derwood Spinks," with an ADDRESS.

CLOSE - ROB

Pulls loose the card, memorizing it. Off his face, serious as a heart attack:

23 EXT. DERWOOD'S HOUSE - DAY

We're looking at a tiny bungalow that's seen better days -- but none of them since Derwood's lived here. We should also see a STREET NUMBER that matches the Rolodex address. (X)

Derwood's driveway is empty. We hear a faint CRASH from the house. (X)

24 INT. DERWOOD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - ROB

Is alone in the front room, hurriedly searching it. He's not wrecking the place -- he's just not taking the time to put things back where he found them. (X)

He checks in drawers, up atop credenzas and under seat cushions. He thinks he's got what he's looking for when he finds a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE. He grins triumphantly, reads the label. (X)

HIS POV - THE PRESCRIPTION

Is clearly not Rob's. It's made out to Derwood, for lithium. (X)

CLOSE - ROB

His grin falls. He tosses the bottle. And now his head swivels at the sound of a CAR pulling into the driveway. He listens for a moment, then slips out of frame. (X)

THE FRONT DOOR

Unlocks and opens -- Derwood enters. It only takes him a second to realize the place has been searched. He looks over to a far wall, where we notice for the first time... (X)

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED:

... A broken window, unlatched and raised. This is how Rob entered. Derwood moves cautiously, grabs his home security system -- a LOUISVILLE SLUGGER. His name is carved in it.

DERWOOD

if somebody's still here
they're in a world of hurt.

LOW ANGLE - ON THE DECK

The prescription bottle that Rob discarded lies on the floor in Derwood's path. His boot CRUNCHES it.

DERWOOD

Pauses, checks out what he just stepped on. He realizes who his intruder must be. And now he hears a faint CREAK of floorboards from somewhere in the house. He calls out:

DERWOOD

Rob? You looking for these?

He pulls out Rob's bottle of phentermine, slowly RATTLES it.

ROB'S POV - THROUGH A CRACKED DOOR

We catch just a sliver of Derwood in the distance, creeping through his house with the bat. We're peeking out at him through a cracked-open closet door.

DERWOOD

Deal's off, buddy.

IN THE CLOSET - ROB

Stands in darkness, only part of his face visible in the light bleeding through the door crack. His stomach RUMBLES.

DERWOOD (O.S.)

That guy you iced? Pankow? I
just heard dude didn't have any
brain in his head. Got cut out.

(beat)

You are one sick little freak.

Rob listens, not scared. If anything, he looks regretful. He puts a hand to his head, silently pulling off... his HAIR. It's a good toupee. He's completely bald underneath.

CLOSE - DERWOOD

The big man chokes up on his bat a little. He inches along, keeps his eyes peeled left and right. Ready to swing.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED: (2)

DERWOOD

You got some serious problems.

(beat)

If I were the FBI, I'd want you
bad. Public enemy number one --
reward money and everything.

From behind Derwood, we see the closet door in b.g. -- he's
inching toward it.

IN THE CLOSET - ROB

Reaches up, grasps his right earlobe like Carol Burnett and --
TINK... PULLS HIS EAR OFF. It's a silicone prosthesis. TINK...
he does the same with his left ear.

PROFILE - ROB

Still watching Derwood, he lifts a hand to his eye and spreads
it open wide. He removes a contact lens. Another RUMBLE.

ROB'S POV - DERWOOD

As seen through the narrow crack, Derwood stops in his tracks,
staring right at us. He must see us, because he smiles.

DERWOOD

So I'll turn you in myself.
Lucky Boy.

Holding the bat at the ready, Derwood reaches with his other
hand... and YANKS the door open wide.

What he sees inside the closet freezes him to the point that he
accidentally drops his bat. It CLATTERS noisily at his feet.

OVER DERWOOD'S SHOULDER - ROB

Eases out of the darkness. He's no longer really Rob -- he's ~~THE~~
the hairless, earless, shark-toothed and obsidian-eyed MONSTER
we glimpsed in the Teaser. His mouth opens and...

... A TONGUE rockets out -- a chitinous black LANCE of a tongue. (X)
As it hits Derwood's forehead with a bone-penetrating THWAK! --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

25 EXT. IRVINE MEDICAL PARK - MORNING (STOCK)

25

We establish the exterior of this suburban office park.

26 INT. PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - MORNING - MINDY ①

Is at her desk, sorting through paperwork and sipping coffee from a mug that says "Deal With It!" A faint RAPPING sounds at her closed office door -- it's so timid and mouse-like, she doesn't hear it. A beat, then more RAPPING, slightly louder.

MINDY

Come in... Hello?

No answer. Mindy rises and opens her door, revealing... Rob. He's in different clothes than last night, but he hasn't slept. He looks like hell -- but at least he looks human again.

MINDY

Rob?

ROB

You said we should finish talking, and uh...

He trails off and shrugs, doesn't look her in the eye. Mindy can see he's in some sort of dark morning of the soul.

MINDY

Come in.

She closes the door and ushers him to the upholstered chairs, where they seat themselves. She waits patiently for him to start. Her gently encouraging smile would get anyone talking.

ROB

I think I need help.

MINDY

Tell me why you think that.

ROB

(a beat)

I think I have what you call an eating disorder.

This surprises Mindy a little.

MINDY

Can you tell me a little about it? What form does it take?

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED:

26

ROB

I have... compulsions to eat.
I get hungry and I try to put it
off for as long as I can, but
then finally I get so hungry
that I can't help myself, and...

Rob trails off, looks out the window.

MINDY

You binge, then purge?
(delicately)
You eat too much, then cause
yourself to vomit?

ROB

No, I just eat.

Rob's a little confused by the question. Mindy's a little
confused that Rob looks like he weighs 145 soaking wet.

MINDY

But this makes you feel bad.
(off his nod)
Why do you think that is?

Rob has to leave out the biggest single detail of his eating
disorder, of course. He struggles to put it into vaguer terms.

ROB

I guess it makes me feel like
I'm not a good person. And like
you said, people want to be good.

MINDY

People do want to be good. And
some people are good even when
they think they aren't.

Rob doesn't understand. He watches as Mindy rises and goes to
a nearby bookcase.

MINDY

Rob, there are many different
kinds of eating disorders -- and
women and men from every walk of
life suffer from them. But if
there's one thing they all have
in common, it's low self-esteem.

From the bookcase, she takes down a large, ornate HAND MIRROR.
She crosses back to him, holding it to her chest.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

MINDY

And it's a shame, because low self-esteem can be like a funhouse mirror -- it reflects back a warped and ugly image of ourselves. How do you think Cindy Crawford would look in a funhouse mirror?

ROB

Weird.

(off her prompting)

Ugly.

MINDY

And how do you think the world's most handsome man would look? How would say, Peter Jennings look in a funhouse mirror?

ROB

Ugly.

MINDY

But how do you look in this mirror?

It's a normal mirror. Mindy hands it to him, positions it so he's holding it to reflect his own face. Rob is self-conscious.

MINDY

Is that person ugly? Do you think that looks like a bad person, an unworthy person?

Rob feels silly. He starts to put it down, but she stops him.

MINDY

I'll tell you what I see. I see a nice smile. I see soulful brown eyes. I see good.

(X)

(off his look to her)

Now I'd like you to keep looking into this mirror until you see the same things I do.

Touched by this, he does as he's told. She crosses to her desk, searching for something.

Rob stares into the mirror, gradually getting into this a little. He angles his head left and right, keeping his eyes on himself. He's smiling faintly now. As he runs a hand through his hair, he accidentally brushes his left ear, which...

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED: (3)

... FALLS OFF. Panicking, Rob grabs his ear off the floor and sticks it back on just as Mindy looks up from her desk.

MINDY

Tonight, there's a meeting I'd like you to attend.

(X)
(X)

Rob sits with his hand over his ear, acts casual. Mindy writes something down. She crosses to him, hands him a slip of paper.

MINDY

You and I can talk anytime you'd like... but these folks are the best. They can really help you.

ROB'S POV - THE SLIP

On it is written "Overeaters Anonymous," along with a local address, and the time -- 7:00 PM Monday, Wednesday, Friday.

(X)

ROB

Fortunately, his left ear seems to be sticking for the moment, and he can finally take away his hand. He rises to his feet.

ROB

I have to go.

MINDY

(said with a smile)

You're always hurrying away.

ROB

I, uh... I appreciate it.

(meek)

Please understand. I really am trying to do right.

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

He exits. As Mindy watches him go, something about his last statement leaves her thinking. Off her face:

(X)
(X)

CUT TO:

27 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY - ROB

27

Enters the building. As he does, his stomach GROWLS.

(X)

Concerned, he reaches in his pocket for the PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE he got back from Derwood (sans blood). He pops a phentermine, then trudges up the stairs.

(X)

CONTINUED

7/28/94

39 (X).

27 CONTINUED:

He passes Sylvia halfway up. She's coming down with a laundry basket. She ~~whispers excitedly to him~~. (X)
(X)

SYLVIA

Rob, you didn't tell me you had
a friend in the FBI!

ROB

Huh...?

SYLVIA

He's upstairs. And I just told
him all about the strange man in
the maroon car. He said he'd
look into it!

She grins and gives a thumbs-up, then continues down the stairs
and out of sight. Rob is on full alert. He gingerly climbs one
or two more steps until he can see the second floor. (X)
(X)

ROB'S POV - ON THE DECK

We're peering over the top of the landing, looking down the
upstairs hallway. At the far end of it, Mulder sits against the
sill of a big window, arms folded and waiting. He sees us. (X)
(X)

MULDER

Afternoon Rob.

ROB

Stands his ground on the stairs, frantically doing the math in
his head -- is it time to run? Before he comes up with an
answer, the lobby door opens down below. Scully appears at the
foot of the stairs. (X)
(X)

SCULLY

Sir, may we speak with you?

Off Rob, boxed in:

28 INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - DAY - MULDER

Slouches against a side table, staring at us. Into f.g. steps
Scully, taking a seat opposite us. She addresses us directly. (X)
(X)

SCULLY

Derwood Spinks has disappeared.

Mulder speaks up, also addressing us.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED:

28

MULDER

His car is gone, along with a few personal belongings.

SCULLY

My partner saw Spinks in your neighborhood yesterday morning. At that time, you told Agent Mulder you hadn't seen Mr. Spinks. Is that correct?

(X)

ROB

Is seated on his sofa, being asked these questions -- this is the first time in the scene that we actually see him. He nods.

ROB

I don't even know him that well. If he was gonna leave town, he wouldn't come tell me about it.

MULDER

Who said he left town?

A beat. Rob shrugs, looks from Mulder to Scully.

ROB

I don't know. Isn't that what you think happened?

MULDER

No. I can't speak for my partner -- but personally, I think the man is dead.

Rob shows no reaction. Mulder steps closer.

MULDER

I think whatever it was that killed Donald Pankow got to Mr. Derwood Spinks, as well.

ROB

(nervous smile)

What do you mean, "whatever it was?"

Mulder looks to Scully for her reaction. Scully remains poker-faced, having been down this road with him many times before.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

MULDER

I'll let you in on a secret. So far, we've managed to keep this quiet -- but Donald Pankow's brain was missing from his skull. And Agent Scully here found something previously overlooked: the tip of what could best be described as a tiny shark's tooth, imbedded deep in the bone.

(gauging his reaction)

I believe we're looking for some form of genetic freak. Some carnivorous predator, as yet unidentified -- a monster, if you will.

ROB

There's no such thing.

MULDER

Don't you believe it. This thing definitely qualifies. It has a biological imperative to eat. I think it even ate that ground chuck you threw away.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Rob makes a properly incredulous face.

ROB

Yeah? Why?

MULDER

Because it can't kill with impunity, and it knows it. It knows the more it feeds on humans, the closer it gets to being discovered. But the hunger is always there... so it satisfies it any way it can.

This hits close to home. Rob's stomach faintly RUMBLES. Rob prays the agents don't hear it. They don't seem to.

ROB

I'm sorry -- but this is like good cop, insane cop.

(to Mulder)

Why are you telling me all this?

MULDER

I think you know why.

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED: (3)

Rob looks to Scully, gives a confused shrug. Scully rises. 1.

SCULLY

Thank you, Mr. Roberts. We'll
contact you if we have any
further questions.

*DEADLY
BELIEVE -
BUT REMAINS
FOUR FREE*

She heads for the door. Mulder follows.

MULDER

Look out for that monster. (X)

They leave. Rob sits motionless, his thoughts racing. Once (X)
more, his stomach RUMBLES. What now? He fumbles in his pocket, (X)
pulls out a slip of paper. (X)

ROB'S POV - THE SLIP (X)

Is the one Mindy gave him. We see "Overeaters Anonymous." (X)

CLOSE - ROB (X)

He stares at it, ready to try anything. (X)

CUT TO: (X)

29 OMITTED

(X) 29

30 EXT. JAYCEE HALL - EVENING

We establish a plain-jane meeting hall. The sun sinks behind it

31 INT. JAYCEE HALL - EVENING - A DOOR

Stands chocked open. Into view in the doorway eases Rob, hesitating there. We can hear a meeting in progress.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Devil's food. Good ol' Betty
Crocker devil's food.

We hear a sympathetic YUM! from the audience. Rob peeks in at:

ROB'S POV - THE MEETING ROOM

It's arranged with about two dozen folding chairs, most of them occupied. O.A. MEMBERS -- some are large people, some not -- sit listening to a WOMAN who is taking her turn up front.

WOMAN

With white sugar frosting, and
a big cinnamon candy heart on
top of each one. It's like,
deliver me from evil.
(smiles our way)
Come on in.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

ROB

Is the man she's addressing. He bites the bullet, slips in and takes a seat in back while the Woman continues.

WOMAN

So, I'd baked three dozen of these for my daughter's school fund-raiser. And at three in the morning the night before, there they are -- all three dozen of 'em, lined up and calling to me. "Marjorie... eat us. Eat us!"

The audience chuckles. Rob fakes a smile. We stay on him as the Woman keeps talking (pocket dialog). Rob's stomach GROWLS. He hugs his belly tight and stares at the floor, trying to will the hunger away. It's not working. Meanwhile...

Someone enters and sits in the chair beside Rob. We don't see who it is until:

CLOSE - ROB'S HAND

Rests on his knee -- it gets covered by another HAND.

ROB

Startled, he turns to see... his neighbor SYLVIA seated beside him. She's surprised he's here. Her smile is bittersweet.

SYLVIA

(whispered)

Small world, huh?

He tries to act like everything's cool -- only it's clearly not. He looks like a junkie in withdrawal. Sylvia recognizes this, has sympathy for it.

SYLVIA

(whispered)

Is this your first time at a meeting?

He nods. Up front, the Woman speaker wraps up to APPLAUSE.

WOMAN

Thank you. Does anybody else have anything they want to share?

Members glance around, nobody speaking up. Sylvia leans closer to Rob, keeps her voice low.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED: (2)

SYLVIA

Do you feel up to introducing
yourself? Everybody's really
nice.

WOMAN

Anybody...? Who's next?

Rob is hesitant. Sylvia isn't pushy. She pats his hand.

SYLVIA

Think about it. It helped me.

A couple of Members overhear Sylvia's whispering. They look
Rob's way, smile supportively.

Finally, Rob can't think of a good reason not to. He nervously
rises to his feet. He rounds to the podium, replacing the
Woman. Sylvia claps for him, triggers a smattering of APPLAUSE.

Rob swallows hard, collects his thoughts. Then:

ROB

Hi, my name is Rob. And I have
an eating disorder.

EVERYBODY

HI, ROB! --

ROB

Heh. Uh... yeah, I like to eat.
It's all that's ever really on
my mind these days.

SYLVIA

(trying to be helpful)

Tell us about it.

(X)

Rob studies the ceiling for a beat, wonders how to do this.

(X)

ROB

I'm definitely a meat-eater.
Not a vegetarian, really. It's
weird, because I've never been
exactly what you'd call normal...

WOMAN

We like to avoid the word
"normal," Rob.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED: (3)

ROB

Right. I just mean I've always
felt sorta... different. Anyway.

(beat)

I've always had these cravings.
My whole life. Just lately, the
last month or so... they've
become too powerful to resist.

SYLVIA

What are they like?

Rob thinks about it. He begins to warm up.

ROB

It's like an itch. When you
finally scratch it -- oh man.
(smiles at the memory)
I guess it's the taste I respond
to the most. Salty and juicy
and kinda buttery, and warm on
your tongue -- warm and fresh
like it's going to melt right on
top of your tongue. The texture
of it inside your mouth. Your
teeth just sink right into it
like a juicy cloud. And it
tastes so good, you don't even
wanna swallow it -- you just
wanna work it around your
tastebuds until your eyes roll
back in your head.

The O.A. Members are dying -- groaning and shaking their heads,
all of them feeling sympathetic hunger pangs at this description.

WOMAN

Oh, god. Testify... (2)

Rob shares a smile with Sylvia. He's really getting into it,
feeling comfortable here. But also... hungry.

ROB'S POV - A LARGE BALD MAN (2A)

Sits in the row ahead of Sylvia. We focus on him as he turns
around to ask her something. We RAMP to slight SLOW MOTION as
we fixate on the back of his huge, shiny head.

CLOSE - ROB

RAMPS to SLOW MOTION as well, and the SOUND in the room SUCKS
AWAY. Time extends as Rob is tempted by...

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED: (4)

ROB'S POV - THE LARGE BALD MAN

As we stare, the back of his big, smooth, bald head TRANSFORMS. Textures gradually rise... up come the TWISTY CORRUGATIONS of the HUMAN BRAIN. It's as if his brain were growing inside his head -- pushing through and stretching his scalp from underneath.

CLOSE - ROB

Is a thirst-crazed man in the desert, seeing the mirage of an oasis. He shuts his eyes, and we SNAP BACK to reality.

THE AUDIENCE

Patiently waits for Rob to continue. The Bald Man faces forward in his chair, his appearance returned to normal.

ROB

Looks out at them. He clears his throat, finds his voice.

ROB

Anyway, it's a real problem.

Off Rob, forcing a smile:

32 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

We're looking down the stairs into the lobby. The front door opens and Rob and Sylvia enter, giggling like a couple of kids.

ROB

Your ex-husband did what?

SYLVIA

He said I was too fat to ride in his sports car -- that I'd mess up the springs. So I just sat on his hood and bounced. I only stopped when the police showed up... and they sided with me.

They climb the steps, Rob laughing for the first time we can remember. Sylvia shushes him -- the neighbors are asleep.

Rob sees Sylvia to her door, just up the hall from his own. He's like a new person. He's made a friend.

ROB

Thanks, Sylvia.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED:

32

SYLVIA

Just remember -- "God, grant me
the serenity to accept the
things I cannot change, courage
to change the things I can, and
wisdom to know the difference."

(smile)

That's the trick.

Rob takes this to heart. She unlocks her door, opens it.

SYLVIA

Goodnight, Rob.

He smiles and nods. She enters her apartment, locking the door
behind her. He turns and heads toward his own door in the b.g.

He doesn't make it more than ten feet before a faint GROWL slows
him to a stop. He stands with his back to us for a moment,
motionless. Another, louder GROWL.

Rob turns and walks slowly back toward us, a lost soul on
autopilot. He TAPS faintly on Sylvia's door.

SYLVIA (O.S.)

Forget something?

We hear her padding to the door and undoing the LATCH. As Rob
removes his human teeth and waits for the door to open --

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

33 LONG LENS - LOOKING DOWN

As glimpsed through tree branches that are soft-focus in f.g., a SUPERCAN sits on the curb. Its top sticks open a little. Oversized refuse pokes out, wrapped in green Hefty bags and tape.

Into frame hisses the garbage truck. The hydraulic arm grabs the supercan and hoists it high in the air. As it reaches the top of its arc, we catch a flash of a WOMAN'S LEGS tumbling into the truck, out of view.

We're watching this through the second-story window of:

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Rob stares down at this sight, his face an emotionless mask. It's been another night without sleep. We hear the garbage truck roar away, fading into the early morning quiet.

Rob holds a hand towel. Using it like a doorknob, he carefully grasps...

CLOSE - A LOUISVILLE SLUGGER

We've seen this one before. The name "D. Spinks" is gouged into the wood in crooked letters. Rob never touches the bat with his bare hand -- only with the towel.

ROB

Glances around his apartment. Limply dangling the bat at his side, he exits, shutting the door behind him. We HOLD on the door for a pregnant moment, hear it get LOCKED. Then...

BOOOM! The door BUSTS OPEN, scaring us. Having kicked it in, Rob enters like a wild man, like Mark McGwire on crank -- and proceeds to DESTROY the place. The whole time he's SCREAMING himself hoarse. BELLOWING with rage.

It's all over in about ten seconds. Rob stands in the middle of the wreckage, panting. From elsewhere in the building, we hear scared neighbors on the move.

NEIGHBOR'S VOICE

What the hell's going on?!

ROB

Oh, god -- CALL THE POLICE!

Off Rob, catching his breath... his face expressionless:

CUT TO:

34 INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - LATER - THE VCR

Is battered to pieces. A long ribbon of VHS tape sticks out from it, glittering on the floor. The toe of a shoe nudges it.

MULDER

Glances around the place, coolly appraising the damage.

MULDER
Derwood Spinks.

ROB

Sits on his sofa, looking shell-shocked. He's got a couple scratches, a bruise maybe. He manages a nod.

ROB
I was asleep. He knocked the door down. I think he would have killed me, except he heard my neighbors coming.

Rob nods toward the open door, where a couple of UNIFORMED OFFICERS talk to one or two looky-loo NEIGHBORS in the hallway.

Scully sidesteps them, entering the apartment and politely closing the door -- so that now it's just Scully, Mulder and Rob. She carries the Louisville Slugger in a latex-gloved hand.

SCULLY
This was behind the building.

She holds it up for Mulder to study.

MULDER
Wow, and it's got Derwood's name on it and everything.
(beat)
I'm confused, Rob -- was he helping you redecorate? What was all this?

Mulder indicates the damage. Rob stares at the floor, guilty.

ROB
He was trying to get me to talk.
(off their confusion)
I lied to you before.

SCULLY
About what?

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED:

34

ROB

Derwood was coming from my place the morning you saw him. He wanted money. He said if I talked to the police, he'd kill me. That's why he came back -- he knew you had been here. He wanted to know what I told you.

MULDER

Gee, I'm sorry we put you in harm's way.

SCULLY

What didn't he want us to know?

Rob speaks with difficulty, as if the memory is traumatic.

ROB

At the restaurant last Friday night, he hung around while I was cleaning out the freezer. He told me to go home -- said he'd finish up. I didn't know why the hell he was being so nice, but I said sure.

(beat)

I got home and realized I had the key to the dumpster. When I drove back... I saw him cleaning up all this blood.

Rob stares at the floor again, playing it perfectly. Mulder looks to Scully, who gives a little shrug of "it's plausible."

MULDER

I guess I owe you an apology, Rob. To tell you the truth, I thought you were guilty from practically the moment I laid eyes on you. But you've made me rethink my theory.

ROB

I was scared. I should have told the truth from the start.

MULDER

Yeah, we could have helped. I mean, we already knew about Spinks coming by.

(off Rob's look)

Your neighbor Sylvia told us.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

This surprises Rob. He keeps his reaction minimal.

MULDER

Speaking of Sylvia -- do you recognize this man?

AWAKE ROBERT
WANT TO HEAR

Mulder slips a brochure out of his jacket, holds it up for Rob to see. Rob is silently dismayed to find...

ROB'S POV - THE BROCHURE

Has a photo of STEVE, the mystery man in the maroon car -- a man whom Rob killed. The brochure advertises "STEVE KIZIAK, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR...Cheating Spouse Surveillance a Specialty!"

ROB

Plays it as frosty as he can -- though it's getting harder to. (X)

ROB

Nope.

MULDER

He's a private eye hired by Sylvia Jassy's ex-husband, who is apparently the jealous type. But now this Steve Kiziak has gone missing.

SCULLY

He was last seen parked in front of your building. You never noticed him?

Rob looks from Scully to Mulder, shakes his head.

MULDER

We should try Sylvia again.

ROB

I don't think she's home. (X)

(X)

MULDER

No? Where is she? (X)

(off Rob's shrug) (X)

Well... we'll track her down. (X)

UNIFORMS (X)
ROB SLIGHTLY (X)
IN ARMED (X)

Scully nods. Rob's pulse races -- the noose is tightening. (X)

Mulder follows Scully out, remembering to take Derwood's bat. (X)

35 OMITTED.

(X) 35

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED:

37

MINDY

I... was in the neighborhood,
and I wanted to say Hi.

ROB

Hi.

He immediately returns to his packing. She looks from him to
the front door, closes it to see the kicked-in latch.

MINDY

Rob, are you alright?

(off his nod)

Did you do this?

She asks gently, not accusingly. Rob is thrown by the question. (X)

ROB

No. Why would you think that?

Derwood. Derwood Spinks did
this! He's the one who...

(trails off)

Like I said, it's a long story.

MINDY

Where are you going?

ROB

Friend's house. The place is a
wreck, and the police gotta
like, dust it for prints or
something.

(beat)

I have to leave, act ally. As
in "now."

Mindy seems not to hear this. She drifts around the room. (X)

MINDY

Are you sure you're okay?
You're not feeling...?

ROB

Yes. Absolutely. I'm fine.

MINDY

No fear?

(he shakes his head)

How about anger?

He stares at her, losing all pretense of civility. (X)

CONTINUED

MINDY

It's just that when you came to see me yesterday, I sensed there were things you wanted to talk about, but couldn't.

ROB

That was yesterday.

MINDY

Can we talk about them now?

ROB

Look. Lemme stop you right there. You don't have to worry about me anymore. As of...

(checks his watch)

... 10:38, I am no longer employed by the Lucky Boy Corporation. I quit. So you no longer gotta shrink my head.

MINDY

Rob, I'm here as a friend.

He's growing more frustrated. The clock is ticking.

ROB

Then consider me cured. I had a breakthrough last night.

MINDY

Did you attend the O.A. meeting?

(off his nod)

How was it?

ROB

A complete waste of my time. Just me and a bunch of victims, sitting around on folding chairs and whining about our problems. Just me and a bunch of meat.

MINDY

I'm sorry you felt that way.

ROB

So they're a bunch of fat people! So what? Maybe they've got what you call a biological imperative to eat too much! Did you ever think of that?

(more)

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED: (3)

37

ROB (cont'd)

(beat)

Maybe I've got a biological imperative, too. So why is that a bad thing? Like the world's gonna end? That's biology! You can't fight biology! Why would you try?

Rob feels self-conscious now, zips up his duffel bag.

(X)

MINDY

It's sounds like you're saying you're tired of feeling guilty.

ROB

Bingo. I'm through with it! And I'm sick and tired of pretending I'm something I'm not!

(grabs his bag)

I'm outta here.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Through with this b.s., he heads out. Mindy is forced to put her cards on the table.

(X)

(X)

MINDY

You killed that man, didn't you?

(X)

(X)

Once again -- gently, not accusingly. Rob stops dead, never making it through the door. He quietly shuts it.

(X)

(X)

ROB

What'd you just say?

(X)

(X)

Mindy's not foolhardy -- she's alone in a room with a murderer and she knows it. But though she's nervous, she stays calm.

(X)

(X)

MINDY

Donald Pankow. That's why you feel so guilty, isn't it?

(off his stare)

Can you tell me why you did it?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

ROB

Who have you been talking to?

(X)

(X)

MINDY

Just you. I realized it after our last session.

(X)

(X)

(X)

ROB

Did you tell that guy Mulder? --

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED: (4)

37

MINDY

I haven't spoken with anyone.
I won't without your permission.
But I'm here to ask you to turn
yourself in.

(softer)

I want you to get the help you
need.

ROB

Nobody can help me.

MINDY

That's not true. If you want it
badly enough, you can change.

We hear the sound of faint SIRENS, growing LOUDER. Rob goes to
the window. Out it, he sees:

A38 ROB'S POV - ON THE STREET BELOW

Mulder's n.d. sedan speeds into view, a FLASHING cruiser in tow.
WHIP PAN to another cruiser coming from the opposite direction.

B38 ROB

Knows he's boned. Emotions flooding, he turns on Mindy.

ROB

You don't know what the hell
you're talking about.

MINDY

I do, Rob.

ROB

No, you don't! You said you
don't believe in monsters.
Right? Only people.

She nods. He pulls off his toupee. Mindy is surprised.

ROB

How about now?

She says nothing. He reaches up -- TINK. He pulls off an ear.
TINK. Off comes the other one.

ROB

How about now?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

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(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

B38 CONTINUED:

B38

He reaches for his false teeth.

CREEP IN ON - MINDY

Whose eyes widen with every horrifying new feature Rob unveils offscreen. She stands paralyzed. Finally:

ROB (O.S.)

Now do you believe in monsters?

CLOSE - ROB

Stands in the darkness, a few slashes of sunlight from the blinds cutting across the gloom. His true face stands revealed. He opens his mouth with a HISS -- his shark teeth extend.

Mindy stands her ground, adjusting to his appearance. Her fear ebbs. In its place is pity, spoken not much above a whisper.

MINDY

You poor man.

This isn't the reaction Rob expected. He hesitates.

MINDY

What you must go through.

Rob is thrown by this. Mindy gingerly reaches a hand to his face. Stunned, he allows it. Just as she touches him... (X)

BOOOM! The broken door kicks open. Mulder and Scully enter, guns drawn. Both stare wide-eyed at the monster before them. (X)

SCULLY

Oh my god...

MULDER

STEP AWAY! STEP AWAY FROM HER! (X)

SCULLY

Dr. Rinehart, step back!

MINDY

Don't hurt him!

Mulder inches toward Rob, his gun leveled.

MULDER

We found Sylvia, Rob. Tracked her down on her way to the landfill. You just can't stop yourself, can you?

(more)

(X)

(X)

(X)

B38 CONTINUED: (2)

B38

MULDER (cont'd)
(louder)
Get on the floor!

Rob doesn't. He looks to Mindy, who didn't know about Scully.

MULDER
ON THE FLOOR! NOW! --

MINDY
Rob..? Be that good person I
know you mean to be. Let us
help you.

Staring at her, knowing it's pointless to try, Rob comes to a decision. He turns back to face Mulder, and...

... RUNS AT HIM. He moves like a cheetah, superhumanly fast. But not fast enough. BLAM!BLAM! -- Mulder double-taps into him. (X) Mindy SCREAMS. Rob falls hard, skids to a stop on his belly.

MINDY
Oh god. No...

With Scully covering him, Mulder rolls Rob over onto his back. He flops over like a rag doll, his eyes staring up at them.

ROB'S POV - ON THE DECK

We're WIDE ANGLE, looking straight up at Mulder and Scully aiming their guns at us. Mindy's face hurries into frame upside down, hanging over us. Her eyes are tearing up.

MINDY
Why..?

CLOSE - ROB

His needle-sharp teeth sink out of sight. He manages a whisper. (X)

ROB
I can't be something I'm not.

A beat. For one last time, his stomach GROWLS.

ROB'S POV - ON THE DECK

We stare up at Mindy, and above her, Mulder and Scully. Off this tableau, the frame goes BLURRY. We IRIS OUT to BLACK. (X)

THE END