

**THE X-FILES**

**"THE HOST"**

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THE X-FILES

"THE HOST"

CAST LIST

FOX MULDER  
DANA SCULLY

ASST. DIRECTOR SKINNER  
FLUKEMAN  
DETECTIVE NORMAN  
AGENT BRISENTINE  
1ST WORKMAN  
2ND WORKMAN  
DR. JO ZENZOLA  
FOREMAN  
CHARLIE  
DIANE JENSEN  
RUSSIAN ENGINEER  
DMITRI  
FEDERAL MARSHALL  
SANITATION TRUCK WORKER  
MR.X

THE X-FILES

"THE HOST"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

ATLANTIC OCEAN, OFF NEW JERSEY COAST (STOCK)  
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY CITY STREET #1  
WASHINGTON, D.C. PARK (STOCK)  
WASHINGTON, D.C. PARK BENCH  
NEWARK CITY STREET #2  
NEWARK COUNTY SEWAGE PROCESSING PLANT  
SEWAGE PROCESSING PLANT - SEDIMENTATION POND  
RURAL ROAD  
PICNIC AREA  
NEWARK CITY STREET #3

INTERIORS

CARGO FREIGHTER

/passageway  
/head  
/engine room  
/metal sewage container

SUPPLY CLOSET

/hallway

NEWARK SEWER #1  
HOOVER BUILDING

/hallway  
/Skinner's secretary's office  
/Skinner's office

QUANTICO

/pathology lab  
/Scully's office  
/hallway

NEWARK SEWER #2  
MEDICAL EXAMINATION ROOM  
MR X'S OFFICE  
WORKMAN'S BATHROOM  
SEWAGE PROCESSING PLANT

/main control room  
/pumphouse

MIDDLESEX COUNTY PSYCH HOSPITAL

/corridor/observation area  
/cell  
/garage

PANEL VAN  
OUTHOUSE  
SEWER #3

THE HOST

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN, OFF NEW JERSEY COAST - LATE DAY - (STOCK) 1  
Ominous, heavy clouds hang low over a distant seashore as A  
LARGE CARGO FREIGHTER steams into frame, heading toward port.  
As it passes we see the name on its transom is in CYRILLIC  
LETTERING, over the words VLADIVOSTOCK, RUSSIA. A legend  
appears on screen: ATLANTIC OCEAN, OFF THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY. (X)

2 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER PASSAGEWAY - LATE DAY 2  
The ship's engines drone in a dull staccato as A RUSSIAN  
CREWMAN moves down a narrow passageway toward a metal door.  
Reaching the door, he stops and looks down. CAMERA FOLLOWS his  
gaze to the floor below him which is several inches deep in  
brown water.

The Crewman grimaces at this, then opens the door. A wave of  
dark brown water floods over the transom, revealing the ship's  
head is ankle deep in more of the same. A fresh supply of  
brown effluent gurgles out of several toilets. Over the SOUND  
of INTERMITTANT BUZZING.

CUT TO:

3 INT. CARGO FREIGHTER ENGINE ROOM - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS 3  
The engines are loud and close down here. AN OLDER SHIP'S  
ENGINEER moves through the constricted maze of pipes, boilers,  
etc., answers THE BUZZING PHONE hanging on a bulkhead in a  
rusty metal box. SEVERAL OTHER CREWMEN move about the  
compartment. {THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE PLAYS IN RUSSIAN WITH  
ENGLISH SUBTITLES.}

ENGINEER  
Engine room....

He listens for a moment then hangs up the phone, calls out to  
one of the other Crewmen.

ENGINEER  
Dmitri! Hey! I've got a job for  
you.

DMITRI, a fresh-faced Russian, turns, regards the Engineer with  
apprehension. Somehow he knows what that job is.

CUT TO:

4 INT. ENGINE ROOM - LATE DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

Dmitri uses a pneumatic drill to spin the nuts off a 18x24 rectangular metal plate on the sewage processing system; a series of 8 foot square tanks. The Engineer stands behind him as he drills the last nut off. {AGAIN, THIS IS RUSSIAN WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES.}

4

ENGINEER

The system is backed up. The blockage must be removed before the tanks can be purged.

DMITRI

Why is this always my job?

ENGINEER

Because you are young. And because it is terrible, smelly work.

The Engineer laughs heartily, as do TWO OTHER MEN who are in the area. Dmitri frowns, then starts to pry the plate he has loosened from the side of the metal tank.

CUT TO:

5 INT. METAL SEWAGE TANK - CONTINUOUS

5

Darkness, until the 18x24 plate is pulled away. More BROWN WATER POURS OUT toward Dmitri, whose frowning face we now see framed in the lighted rectangular opening. Dmitri shines a flashlight into the container, revealing its caked and rusted walls; the putrid, soupy sewage that is filled to the brim of the opening.

Dmitri reaches in and grabs a hand hold, boosts and pulls himself into the tank to his waist. He shines the flashlight around the tank, grumbling in disgusted annoyance at the smell and the work. When - A WHITE/GRAY FORM BURSTS FROM THE SOUPY SEWAGE AND SEIZES DMITRI. Yanking his upper torso down into the muck and mire for a few long seconds.

Submerged, Dmitri struggles until he manages to fight his way back to the surface. Just long enough to take a big mouthful of air and to let out a PIERCING SCREAM. But only this long, as the WHITE/GRAY CREATURE bursts up and seizes him a second time, pulling his head and shoulders forcefully back into the brown muck.

6 INT. ENGINE ROOM - LATE DAY - CONTINUOUS

Alerted by Dmitri's scream, the Engineer and the other men scramble to the holding tank where the young man's left leg kicks the air. His right foot is wedged in the rung of a metal step.

But so forceful is the creature's pull on Dmitri that his foot pulls out. The Engineer catches Dmitri by his legs, and with the help of the other men is able to prevent him from being pulled completely into the container.

There are PANICKED SHOUTS in Russian as the men struggle frantically to pull Dmitri's body out of the small rectangular hole. But it is ultimately a losing battle as the creature displays a surge of strength that slams the men against the container and causes them to lose their grip on poor Dmitri. His legs disappear into the container and his body is pulled under in a fit of splashing.

7 INT. CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

As the Engineer and the other men's faces peer frightenedly into the darkness where Dmitri's feet kick and flail but finally disappear completely into the soupy brown liquid.

ENGINEER  
Flush the tanks! Flush the tanks!

The sound of a GIANT PUMP STARTING. The dark liquid bubbles and churns. CAMERA PANS OFF THE MENS' FACES to the swirling stew. What on God's earth could have taken him; what on God's earth could be living down there?

Go to MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8 INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

8

CLOSE ON MULDER, his tie undone, wearing headphones, listening indifferently to:

DRAKE (V.O.)

... Dave says he can set it up  
but the cost sounds a bit rich.

AUSTIN (V.O.)

... Dave's a stand-up guy. If  
he's putting it together you'd be  
a fool to pass it up.

DRAKE (V.O.)

... I hear you. I just -

AUSTIN (V.O.)

... you just what? You want to  
take a dip, you got to test the  
water. You just don't want to  
get wet.

DRAKE (V.O.)

No, man. Dippage is sacred.  
Dippage is sacred.

CLOSE ON A SUNFLOWER SEED

sitting on the edge of the table. Mulder's finger comes into frame, coiled against his thumb. Taking aim, he flicks the seed at a styrofoam coffee cup that lays on its side on the opposite end of the table. A game born of gnawing boredom. When -

THE DOOR

opens. TWO FIGURES stand silhouetted in the doorway.

1ST MAN (BRISENTINE)

Agent Mulder?

MULDER

squints into the light, removing his headphones.

MULDER

Yeah?

The two men move into the room.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

BRISENTINE  
You're being relieved of your  
current assignment.

Mulder reacts to this; to the 2nd Man who is now reaching for  
his headphones.

BRISENTINE  
Agent Bozoff will take over. You  
have a flight to catch in forty  
five minutes.

MULDER  
Where am I going?

BRISENTINE  
Murder case. Newark, New Jersey.

Mulder hands the headphones to the 2nd Man. Hands him the bag  
of sunflower seeds.

MULDER  
Treat yourself.

And he exits the closet, only too happy to be relieved.

9 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Brisentine strides briskly down the hallway, Mulder keeping up  
at his hurried pace, trying to get his tie retied. Brisentine  
removes an airline ticket, hands it to Mulder.

BRISENTINE  
You're flying out of National.  
Your contact in Newark is a  
Detective Norman.

MULDER  
How'd I draw the assignment?

BRISENTINE  
Assistant Director Skinner made  
the request.

MULDER  
Skinner requested me?

This comes as even further surprise to Mulder. As we:

CUT TO:



10 EXT. NEWARK, NEW JERSEY CITY STREET #1 - DAY - LATER 10

A LEGEND appears. A crime scene has been cordoned off. Local police cruisers are parked at sharp angles and OFFICERS mill about. An ND FBI sedan pulls up to the scene. Mulder exits the car, is directed by an officer toward a plain-clothes DETECTIVE (NORMAN).

MULDER  
Mulder, FBI.

NORMAN  
(nodding)  
My forensics team's just wrapping up. We've left the body where we found it.  
(calling o.s.)  
Kenny!  
(back to Agent)  
This is one case I'm happy to turn over to you guys.

An officer comes over carrying a pair of TALL YELLOW RUBBER BOOTS. Mulder does not understand at first the significance of the footwear.

MULDER  
What are these for?

NORMAN  
That's a nice pair of shoes you're wearing. You wouldn't want to ruin them.

CUT TO:

11 THE PAIR OF YELLOW RUBBER BOOTS 11

stepping down into several feet of thickish dark muck. CAMERA (X)  
ADJUSTS to reveal the boots are worn by Mulder. He is (X)  
following SEVERAL OTHER MEN, including Det. Norman, off a metal ladder, down off a catwalk.

DET. NORMAN  
Watch yourself.

MULDER  
(grumbling to himself)  
I wouldn't want to step in anything.

Mulder makes a face, reacting to the powerful smell biting his nose and and throat. We are:

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

INT. NEWARK SEWER #1 - DAY - CONTINUOUS

An eight foot tall, arched brick passage disappears off into the darkness. Left over from the turn of the century. Aside from the diffused shaft of light from the manhole above, the only other light is that from the men's high-powered flashlights.

THE MEN

tromp toward us, ten yards or so from the point of manhole light in the b.g., stopping to direct their lights to the muck where they are standing. They part so that Mulder can see what they have found.

AN ADULT BODY

is illuminated by the flashlights. Lying face down in the sewage, and from the look of the exposed skin and tattered clothing it appears to have been there some time.

ON THE MEN

studying the corpse, looking at Mulder who is still reacting to the stench as much as to the body.

DET. NORMAN

They tell me it cuts the smell if you breathe through your nose.

MULDER

Who found the body?

DET. NORMAN

A sanitation worker. Looks like it's been here awhile.

MULDER

Any ID?

DET. NORMAN

No. Not much to go on either. Front side of the body is pretty much eaten away. You want us to turn him over?

MULDER

No. I'll take your word on it.

Mulder turns unpleasantly, starts sloshing away back toward the manhole entrance without so much as a goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

DET. NORMAN  
(calling to him)  
Agent Mulder? What would you  
like us to do with the body?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3) 11

MULDER  
(calling back)  
Wrap it up and send it to the  
FBI. Care of Assistant Director  
Skinner.

Mulder climbs up onto the catwalk, making as quick an exit as possible. Leaving Det. Norman and the men in the f.g. wondering what to make of his parting words. (X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

12 INT. HALL OUTSIDE SKINNER'S OFFICE - FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY 12

CLOSE ON A DOOR marked ASSISTANT DIRECTOR WALTER SKINNER. Mulder enters frame, pushing the door open and entering:

13 INT. SKINNER'S SECRETARY'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 13

The office is empty. Mulder paces angrily for a moment until DIANE JENSEN, Skinner's secretary, exits Skinner's office. She's late 40s, protective of her boss, who WE CAN SEE standing in his office in the b.g. as she exits.

Mulder moves to her as she closes the door behind.

MULDER  
I need to speak to him.

JENSEN  
I'm sorry, Mr. Skinner is  
unavailable. If you'd like to  
have a seat.

Mulder does not budge an inch. Rather, he stands solidly between Ms. Jensen and her desk, effectively penning her.

MULDER  
Will you tell him I'm here  
please. And that I need to speak  
to him. Now.

Ms. Jensen regards Mulder with a cool air of contempt. A momentary standoff.

JENSEN  
Certainly.

She turns, keeping a watchful eye on Mulder should he try and rush past her or something. But he stands impatiently where he is as Ms. Jensen opens the door and leans inside.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

JENSEN

(sotto voce)

Excuse me, Mr. Skinner. I'm very  
sorry to interrupt, but Agent  
Mulder is demanding to see you...

(X)

(X)

Looking past her, Mulder can see Assistant Director Skinner standing in his office. Their stares meet momentarily and Skinner's expression turns dark as he listens to Ms. Jensen deliver Mulder's message to him in soft tones. After a beat, Skinner moves rigidly toward Mulder, stopping in the open doorway.

SKINNER

Is there a problem, Agent Mulder?

MULDER

Yeah, there is.

SKINNER

Then make an appointment -

Skinner starts back into his office, stopping on:

MULDER

It's kinda hard when you're up to  
your ass in raw sewage, being  
jerked around from one  
meaningless case to another.

SKINNER

Excuse me.

MULDER

What's my next punishment,  
scrubbing bathroom floors with a  
toothbrush?

SKINNER

You're out of line, Agent Mulder.

MULDER

So I gathered.

Skinner glowers at Mulder, his neck going red.

SKINNER

Come into my office, Agent  
Mulder. Please.

Mulder moves past a still steamed Ms. Jensen, enters Skinner's office.

14 INT. ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

14

Mulder stalks into the room with a righteous gait. Which quickly disappears when his eyes catch something o.s.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

A GROUP OF SENIOR FBI AGENTS, ASSISTANT DIRECTORS, ETC.

sit on chair and sofas. They are a stolid, no-nonsense group, all staring at Mulder. All having just heard his exchange with Skinner, who shuts the door with an ominous thud.

SKINNER

Agent Mulder, please inform the room why you regard your homicide case in New Jersey as "meaningless."

MULDER

(the air out of his sails)

It.... it looks to me like a simple drugland body dump. Not the kind of case we normally waste FBI time or manpower on.

SKINNER

Certainly, Agent Mulder, given your recent history here, you're not one to judge what is or is not a waste of the Bureau's time or manpower.

MULDER

Sir, my work on the X-files -

SKINNER

The X-files have been closed, Agent Mulder. You will carry out your new assignments and investigate them to the best of your ability. Is that not clear?

MULDER

Yeah.

SKINNER

I'll be anticipating your field reports on your current homicide case.

Mulder turns, exits. An angry if not chastened man.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. PARK - NIGHT (STOCK)

15 (

Looking across to the Jefferson Memorial, its lights shimmer and play off the tidal basin.

(X)

15A EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT -CONTINUOUS

15A

ANGLE ON MULDER

sitting on a bench, staring vacantly out across the river, into the night. After a few moments, a TRENCHCOATED FIGURE enters frame.

SCULLY

Is this seat taken?

MULDER

No, but I should warn you, I'm experiencing violent impulses.

SCULLY

Yeah, well, I'm armed, so I'll take my chances.

Mulder manages the smallest of smiles as Scully sits down.

SCULLY

I hear you really endeared yourself to Assistant Director Skinner today.

MULDER

Oh, yeah. He wants me to be Godfather to his children.  
(looks at her)  
What did you hear?

SCULLY

That you embarrassed him. And didn't exactly do yourself any favors with the Bureau directors.

Mulder nods, frowns, stares off into the night.

MULDER

Skinner was pushing me, so I pushed back.

SCULLY

Sounds like your timing was off.

MULDER

Yeah. Maybe.

He stares off into the night, the shadow of some dark mood playing across his face.

SCULLY

What?

(CONTINUED)



15A CONTINUED:

15A

MULDER

I don't know, Scully. I guess you reach a point where you can't smile through it when they ask you to bend over and grab your ankles.

SCULLY

It's not exactly like you've ever tried to fit into the program.

MULDER

Yeah. I've been thinking alot about that.

(this is hard)

I've been thinking about leaving.

Scully takes this like a ton of bricks.

SCULLY

The Bureau?

(beat)

Mulder... you're overreacting. The FBI needs you.

MULDER

For what? To slog through sewers and sit on wiretaps?

SCULLY

That's between you and Skinner.

MULDER

Not after today.

Scully measures Mulder's resolve.

SCULLY

What would you do?

MULDER

I don't know. Try to pursue my work in the paranormal somehow.

SCULLY

(clutching)

You could request a transfer to Quantico; come back to the Behavioral Science Unit.

MULDER

They don't want us working together, Scully.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

15A CONTINUED: (2)

15A

MULDER (Cont'd)  
And right now that's the only  
reason I can think of to stay.

Scully watches Mulder. She's seeing yet more dark shades in  
him than she thought existed.

SCULLY  
What about this case you're  
working on?

MULDER  
It's a zero.

Scully nods, her mind working on a plan.

(X)

SCULLY  
- Where's the body?

Mulder gives Scully a look. He knows she's trying to rally  
him, knowing he still hasn't made up his mind.

MULDER  
It's been transferred up to our  
forensic lab. I know what you're  
trying to do -

SCULLY  
- I can request to do the  
autopsy.

MULDER  
It's an exercise, Scully.  
Skinner's just rubbing my nose in  
this one. There's nothing there.

SCULLY  
There's a dead body isn't there?

Mulder half smiles. Appreciative of the notion and of Scully's  
concern.

SCULLY  
I just don't want you to make any  
rash decisions.

Off Mulder's darkness -

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

15A CONTINUED: (3)

15A

A BLACK BODY BAG

lying on a stainless steel gurney. Scully's latex-gloved hands enter frame, unzipping the bag's long zipper. A sound which echoes loudly in the, er, dead silence.

(CONTINUED)

15A CONTINUED: (4) 15A

Inside the bag we get a glimpse of a badly decomposed body, its face all but eaten away.

CLOSE ON SCULLY

reacting to the smell. So strong she has to turn away momentarily to regain her poise.

16 INT. FBI PATHOLOGY LAB - NIGHT - LATER 16

Scully is alone in the morgue, standing in the circle formed by a single overhead light. She wears scrub greens and a lab coat; a pair of goggles with her hair pulled back. CAMERA BEGINS TO SLOWLY CIRCLE as Scully steels herself against the acrid odor and begins her visual examination of the body, speaking her observations into a microphone mounted above the table.

SCULLY

Examination and autopsy of John Doe number 101356. Case number DP112148, Special Agent Fox Mulder field investigator. Body is an adult male with advanced tissue decomposition, weighing 164 pounds in extremis, sixty nine inches in length. Intact skin is mottled and discolored due to submergence in and exposure to highly bacterial environment. Cause and time of death unknown.

(X)  
(X)

As her fingers run over the cadaver's skin she notices what looks like a TATTOO on one of the forearms. But the body is so mottled and dirty that it looks like RANDOM MARKS .

(X)

SCULLY

Possible identifying mark on right forearm.

MATCH DISSOLVE:

CAMERA CIRCLING CLOSER as Scully continues her autopsy. The height and position of the CAMERA will focus on Scully and not on the dead body.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

Body cavities appear normal. Interior organs intact. Consistent in rate of decomposition.

(X)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

Scully takes a pair of clippers off a rolling tool cart.

SCULLY  
Removing the rib cage.

She begins to snip the individual ribs, which we hear but don't see. The sound should be a discomfoting crackle consistent with the actual action.

DISSOLVING TO: (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Condition of heart and lungs are good, no sign of thrombi, natural or degenerative diseases. Indicate victim was probably a young adult.

Scully reaches in (o.s.) examining the victim's liver. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Liver shows some nodular hardening consistent with incipient alcoholism. And...

TIGHT SHOT OF BODY CAVITY (SPFX)

MATCHING THE MOVES as Scully probes the area near the lower organs, the intestines. When SOMETHING WHITE AND SLIMEY slithers from a fold and disappears down into another.

SCULLY

recoils back.

SCULLY  
Oh my God.

She stands away from the body for a moment. CAMERA MOVING FASTER NOW as Scully herself half-circles the body, trying to get a look at whatever it was. Passing the rolling tool cart, Scully grabs a large set of steel tongs, a scalpel. CAMERA FOLLOWING HER as she regains her composure and steps back toward the body.

ON SCULLY

Tension and a certain uncharacteristic squeamishness play on her face as she probes the body cavity. The reflection of which plays on her goggles.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2) 16

TIGHT SHOT OF EXPOSED BODY CAVITY (SPFX)

Scully pokes at them gingerly with the steel tongs. Nothing scary is immediately evident - until A WHITE, FLAT WORM (known in biology as PLATYHELMINTHES or a FLUKE), slowly snakes out from between two organs. It finds a new fold and slithers into it. It looks about a foot long and flat like a ruler. Off - (X)

SCULLY'S ALARMED EXPRESSION

The grotesque creature's reflection dances in her goggles. Off this, we:

CUT TO:

17 EXT. NEWARK CITY STREET #2 - MORNING 17

LEGEND to establish. Commuters detour around a PSE&G truck, TWO WORKMEN who are setting up pylons, some nylon skirting around the manhole which is their worksite. (X)

18 INT. SEWER #2 - MORNING - CONTINUOUS 18

CLOSE ON MANHOLE as a LARGE TOOL CHEST is lowered down on a rope. CAMERA FOLLOWING as the 1ST WORKMAN (wearing tall rubber boots, waders), standing on the catwalk below, takes the chest and guides it to the ground.

1ST WORKMAN

Got it.

CAMERA PANS back up to 2ND WORKMAN as he enters the manhole, descending the metal rungs down to A WOODEN CATWALK below the sewer in the earlier scene had no catwalk. (X)  
(X)

ANGLE ON ARCHED SEWER VAULT

as the 1st Workman slogs along through the deep muck below deeper here than in the earlier scene. While the 2nd Workman shadows him on the catwalk above. (X)  
(X)

The 1st Workman comes to the end of the vault, a thick brick buttress wall. A 72 inch semi-circular passage into the next vault is fitted with a thick gauge metal screen. Which, as the 1st Workman sees, has a large hole in it.

1ST WORKMAN

Gonna need a big piece of thirty gauge and some baling wire.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

2ND WORKMAN  
I'll have to go back up top for  
the screen.

The 2nd Workman starts back along the catwalk. CAMERA HOLDS on the 1st Workman as he wrestles a large tree branch from the thick muck near the damaged screen. He hefts the big piece of wood up onto the catwalk when - ALL OF A SUDDEN - HE'S JERKED DOWN HARD INTO THE SEWAGE.

Pulled down into the muck by some unseen force that seems determined to take the Workman down with it. After a dunk into the dark soupy muck, the 1st Workman's head comes bobbing up. Just long enough to call:

1ST WORKMAN  
Hey! Help!

ON 2ND WORKMAN

as he comes running back toward his co-worker. Just in time to see him GET YANKED BACK DOWN UNDER.

The 2nd Workman grabs the coil of rope that was used to lower the tool case down. He gets ready to heave it to his co-worker but the man has not resurfaced.

ANGLE ON SEWAGE

A placid stream of thick brown muck until - THE 1ST WORKMAN'S HEAD BREAKS THE SURFACE, gasping for air. Struggling against the submarine force.

1ST WORKER  
Hey!

ANGLE ON CATWALK

The 2nd Workman has to retrace his steps a few yards on the catwalk, as his co-worker is now being dragged toward the opening in the screen, before he can throw the man the coil of rope.

But the man being attacked cannot get a handle on the coil before he is dragged under again.

ON 2ND WORKMAN

hauling the limp rope in frantically, his eyes searching the muck down below for any sign of his co-worker.

2ND WORKER  
Craig!? Craig!?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

ANGLE ON DAMAGED SCREEN

where, out of the muck, THE 1ST WORKMAN'S HAND REACHES UP, clasps on to the grating. A moment later, his head surfaces, sucking for air.

1ST WORKMAN  
(painfully)  
AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Whatever is attacking him, is trying to pull him through the opening, into the adjoining vault.

THE 2ND WORKMAN

throws the coil of rope again. CAMERA PANNING WITH IT to the struggling man, who this time is able to grab it and get a firm grip.

WIDER ON SEWER VAULT

2ND WORKMAN  
Hold on!

The 1st Workman's answer is a cry of excruciating pain.

CLOSE ON 1ST WORKMAN

The submarine force equal to the force of tension on the rope when, unexplainable and unexpectedly, the force ceases and the 1st Workman begins to be pulled to safety.

WIDER ON SEWER VAULT

as the 1st Workman is reeled in. The 2nd Workman is able to kneel down and pull his co-worker from the muck up onto the catwalk.

ANGLE ON CATWALK

as the injured man is hauled up to safety. He is gasping for air, writhing and moaning painfully. At first, the 2nd Worker doesn't see why, but when the man rolls over onto his stomach he sees why his co-worker is in pain.

THE 1ST WORKMAN'S RUBBER UNIFORM

has been ripped away on his back. Revealing a strange SEMI-CIRCULAR WOUND, bleeding profusely.

(CONTINUED)



18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

ON THE 2ND WORKER

as he reacts to the wound.

2ND WORKMAN

Oh my God...

(X)

Rising from his kneeling position to look down at the now still stream of sludge below him. Again, the question: What on God's earth could be living in there?

2ND WORKMAN

I'm gonna go get help.

(X)

(X)

The 2nd Workman takes off running down the catwalk. As he does, we:

(X)

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

19 CLOSE ON AN EYEBALL

19

Pulled open by latex-gloved fingers. A penlight is being shined into the contracting pupil.

CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal DR. JO ZENZOLA examining the 1st Workman. We are:

(X)

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Stark white walls, blown out by the hard sunlight beating down through the windows. A LEGEND appears: MIDDLESEX COUNTY HOSPITAL, SAYREVILLE, NEW JERSEY. The 1st Workman is sitting on a stainless steel examination table, wearing a hospital gown. He does not look happy.

DR. ZENZOLA

I'm going to give you a tetanus booster just as a precaution.

1ST WORKMAN

I'd be happy if you'd just give me something to get this taste outta my mouth.

The door to the room opens and Mulder appears. Zenzola turns. They acknowledge one another with a nod, then the doctor turns back and continues her examination.

DR. ZENZOLA

Let me take a look.

The 1st Workman opens his mouth wide and the doctor shines her light in there, too.

(X)

DR. ZENZOLA

Any trouble swallowing?

1ST WORKMAN

(mouth open)

Unh uh.

Zenzola clicks off her penlight. Reaches into the pocket of her lab coat, pulls out a stick of gum.

(X)

DR. ZENZOLA

It'll go away.

The patient frowns distastefully, takes the gum as Dr. Zenzola moves to Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

DR. ZENZOLA  
Agent Mulder?  
(Mulder nods)  
Newark P.D. referred me to you.  
I was surprised to hear the FBI  
was involved. Is there something  
here I should know?

MULDER  
I don't know. Maybe you can tell  
me.

Mulder checks his watch, the doctor reading clearly his  
impatience and distraction. It causes the doctor's attitude to  
turn from cordial to brusque.

DR. ZENZOLA  
Patient's a sanitation worker.  
He claims he was attacked by  
something down in the sewer this  
morning.

MULDER  
Attacked? By what?

DR. ZENZOLA  
We've been unable to determine.  
Initially, I thought it might be  
a bogus disability claim, but he  
appears to be telling the truth.

Mulder takes a beat to digest this. Follows Dr. Zenzola over  
to a cabinet where she starts to prepare a syringe.

(X)

MULDER  
What's his condition?

DR. ZENZOLA  
He's in satisfactory health.  
I've given him a heavy course of  
antibiotics and we're watching  
for hepatitis. He does have a  
strange wound on his back.

MULDER  
What kind of wound?

DR. ZENZOLA  
It could be some kind of  
bacterial infection, but frankly  
I can't say I've ever seen  
anything like it.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

Zenzola give Mulder a look that expresses the strangeness of it all. Mulder follows the doctor back over to the patient.

DR. ZENZOLA

This is Agent Mulder of the FBI.

MULDER

Any idea what attacked you?

1ST WORKMAN

Yeah, I've been thinking it might have been a python.

The Man winces as Dr. Zenzola plunges the syringe into his butt cheek.

MULDER

(mildly amused)

A python?

1ST WORKMAN

Or a boa constrictor. Somebody probably flushed their pet snake down the toilet. We found an alligator in the sewer a couple years ago.

(as the needle comes out)

Stronger than hell, I'll tell you that. Clamped onto me like a vice.

Mulder moves around behind the patient as Dr. Zenzola pulls the hospital gown aside and removes a square of gauze from over the wound.

Cleaned now, the details of the wound are clearly defined. It is oval shaped, about 3 1/2 inches in diameter, the outer edges raised in a continuous vivid red welt. Just inside the oval welt are FOUR SYMMETRICAL PUNCTURE WOUNDS. And in the center of these, A LARGER, DEEPER PUNCTURE.

Mulder trades a look with Dr. Zenzola.

DR. ZENZOLA

Almost looks like a bite.

A look of kindling interest comes over Mulder -- as his cellular phone suddenly CHIRPS. He removes it from his pocket, steps to the window.

MULDER

Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

SCULLY (V.O.)  
Mulder, it's me. I need to see  
you. I've got something here I  
think you should know about.

MULDER  
What?

SCULLY  
Some kind of parasite in your  
John Doe. I'm having it looked  
at. I should know more by the  
time you get down here.

MULDER  
I'm up in New Jersey. I'll be  
taking the shuttle down in about  
an hour.

Mulder ends his call as the patient says:

1ST WORKMAN  
When can I get out of here? I'd  
just like to go home.

And then Mulder's phone CHIRPS AGAIN. Mulder hits the send  
button, puts the phone to his ear.

MULDER  
Yeah.

CUT TO:

19A INT. MR. X'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

19A

CLOSE ON THE BACK OF A MAN'S HEAD

heavily backlit. He has a phone receiver to his ear, sitting  
in a leather executive's chair. We can hear him, but we cannot  
see his face. His name is MR. X.

MR. X  
Mr. Mulder.

MULDER (FILTER)  
Yes.

MR. X  
I think you should know... you  
have a friend at the FBI.

CUT BACK TO:

(CONTINUED)

19A CONTINUED:

19A

CLOSE ON MULDER

listening intently.

MULDER

Who is this?

But his only answer is a CLICK, followed by dead air. Mulder hangs up his phone again, searching his memory banks, trying to connect the voice to a name or a face. Lost in this distraction when Dr. Zenzola asks him:

DR. ZENZOLA

If you don't have any more questions, I'm going to release this man.

MULDER

(absently)

No. He can go.

Mulder tucks his phone slowly back into his pocket, wondering about the caller and the cryptic message.

CUT TO:

20 OMITTED

20 (

21 INT. SCULLY'S FORENSIC LAB OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

21

Scully sits at her desk making notes. A LEGEND APPEARS: FBI NATIONAL ACADEMY, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA. 10:13 PM. She looks up when Mulder enters.

(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

Close the door.

Mulder does, as Scully slides open a desk drawer, removes:

A CLEAR GLASS JAR

filled with liquid and containing A COILED WHITE/GRAY WORM, nearly a foot in length.

SCULLY

It's called turbellaria. More commonly a flatworm or a fluke.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Mulder sits down across from her, taking the jar.

MULDER  
This was living in the body?

SCULLY  
Yeah. It looks like it had  
attached itself to the bile duct  
and was feeding off the liver.

MULDER  
Lovely.

SCULLY  
Believe it or not, something like  
forty million people are infected  
worldwide.

MULDER  
This isn't where you tell me some  
terrible story about sushi, is  
it?

SCULLY  
Maybe you'd rather hear what you  
can catch from a nice rare steak.

(X)

Mulder eyes the jar, frowning.

MULDER  
So, what? The murder weapon was  
a top sirloin?

SCULLY  
Flukes are endemic in unsanitary  
conditions. It makes more sense  
the victim would have contracted  
it down inside the sewer.

MULDER  
Before or after he died?

SCULLY  
I don't know. According to my  
sources, it's unlikely a single  
parasite could have killed him;  
he was a young man. But the  
weird thing is: there's no other  
discernible cause of death.

Mulder takes a photo out of his jacket pocket, studies it  
without showing it to Scully.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

MULDER

How does the parasite attach  
itself?

SCULLY

It's got what's called a scolex.  
A sucker-like mouth with four  
hooking spikes -

Mulder is handing her the picture as she finishes.

MULDER

Something like this?

SCULLY

Where did you get this?

MULDER

A workman was attacked by  
something in a New Jersey sewer  
this morning.

SCULLY

(incredulous)

And you're asking me if this is  
from a fluke?

MULDER

Could it be?

SCULLY

(he can't be serious)

Mulder - The scolex is a tiny  
little organ. This is a huge  
bite mark.

MULDER

How big can these parasites get?

Scully shoots Mulder a look of absolute incredulity - the way  
she's done so many times before - but this time SHE CATCHES  
HERSELF - and has to laugh.

SCULLY

Almost felt like old times there  
for a second.

Mulder nods, laughs too. But the brightness of the moment  
quickly passes back under the cloud of reality.

SCULLY

These flatworms are what they  
call obligate endoparasites.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

SCULLY (Cont'd)  
They live inside the host,  
entering the body through the  
ingestion of eggs or larvae.  
They're not creatures who go  
around attacking people.

MULDER  
That's good. Because I didn't  
want to have to tell Skinner my  
murder suspect was a giant blood-  
sucking fluke.

Mulder rises, holding the jar containing the fluke. Scully  
doesn't know what else to offer.

SCULLY  
Sorry. I thought there might  
have been something there.

MULDER  
Yeah. Well, I'm sure this'll be  
interesting to the Newark  
Department of Sanitation at the  
very least.

(beat)  
Look, Scully... I don't know who  
you've shared our conversation  
the other night with, but I'd  
prefer if you didn't try and  
launch a campaign for me -

SCULLY  
Excuse me.

MULDER  
I don't know who you talked to -

SCULLY  
I didn't talk to anybody.

MULDER  
Well, somebody called me to tell  
me I had a friend in the FBI.

SCULLY  
Who called you?

MULDER  
He didn't say.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (4)

21

SCULLY  
Look, I don't know what to tell  
you. I wouldn't betray a  
confidence.

Mulder nods. This confusion only confounding his feelings. He  
turns to exit.

MULDER  
I'll see you.

Leaving Scully feeling even more confounded herself.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 THE BITE MARK

22 (X)

on the 1st Workman's back. Its inflamed red outline looking  
painful and swollen around the four symmetrical punctures and  
the larger one in the center. CAMERA PULLS BACK as the man  
rummages through his medicine cabinet. Pulling a tube of  
toothpaste out and closing the cabinet. Revealing in the  
mirror his sallow, dyspeptic expression. We are:

INT. WORKMAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

(X)

The man puts a dab of toothpaste on his toothbrush, starts  
brushing his teeth vigorously. After a moment he stops, puts  
another dab of paste on and continues to brush.

But even this won't get the taste out of his mouth, so he  
squeezes a mouthful of toothpaste into his mouth. This time he  
doesn't even bother to brush - just swishing it around in his  
mouth like mouthwash.

CLOSE ON WORKMAN

bending to spit the large mouthful of toothpaste into the sink.  
When he does, it comes out as a chalkly gob mixed with streaks  
of blood.

Seeing this, the Workman starts to gag slightly. Beads of  
perspiration begin to form on his brow. He appears to be  
getting sick.

CUT TO:

22A THE SHOWER

22A

where the man stands under a steaming hot stream of water,  
propping himself up with one arm against the wall. Standing  
like this for a few moments until his body starts to CONVULSE.

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

The severity of the spasms increase until BLOOD begins to stream out of the corners of his mouth. Until he's gagging with the dry heaves - until A WIDE, SPADE-HEADED FLUKE begins to slither out of his mouth.

ANGLE ON SHOWER FLOOR

where streams of blood spatter with the falling water - before A TWELVE INCH FLUKE drops into frame at the man's feet.

It wiggles slowly like a sedated fish, then moves to the drain where it slithers down and out of sight. As we:

CUT TO:

23 OMITTED

23

24 INT. NEWARK COUNTY SEWAGE PROCESSING PLANT -  
-MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

24

Legend over. Mulder is carrying the jar containing the fluke, moving with the PLANT FOREMAN.

FOREMAN

City runs on several different systems. Some new, some built around the turn of the century. Almost as old as Charlie here. Isn't that right, Charlie?

They pass an older PLANT ENGINEER (CHARLIE) on their way, heading the opposite direction.

CHARLIE

Oh, yes sir.

(X)

Charlie continues out a set of double doors leading to the main plant facility. Mulder and the Foreman stop at a large working schematic of the entire sewer system covering an entire wall. Through a large window behind them, FIVE GIANT TURBINE PUMPS can be seen in operation.

MULDER

What part of the system was I in?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

FOREMAN

That would be one of the oldest sections. Big eight foot tunnels.

MULDER

Looks more like a catacomb than a sewer line.

FOREMAN

Yep. All the new sections are concrete pipe, not much of it bigger than 24 inches.

He indicates all this up on the schematic.

MULDER

And all the sewage comes right through this plant?

FOREMAN

Five hundred and sixty thousand people a day call my office on the porcelain telephone.

MULDER

(re: the fluke)

You ever see one of these before?

FOREMAN

Looks like a big old worm.

MULDER

It's called a fluke. It came from the body they pulled out of the sewer.

FOREMAN

Wouldn't surprise me. No telling what's been breeding down there in the last hundred years.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. SEWAGE PROCESSING PLANT - SEDIMENTATION PONDS -  
-NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

25

A series of rectangular ponds set up on a raised platform, separated by a grid of concrete walkways. Steam rises eerily up from the septic waters as Charlie the Engineer moves slowly on one of his rounds. Stopping to light a cigarette. He takes a drag off his smoke, resting his arms down on one of the metal fences surrounding a pond. He exhales long and slow.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Another day, another dollar - until A LOUD SPLASHING O.S gives him a start.

CHARLIE

(X)

stands up straight, stock still. Then he starts moving slowly along one of the walkways, the steamy mist rising up all around him, as he searches for the source of the commotion.

Walking cautiously until MORE SPLASHING in a far pond causes him to stop again. He reverses direction now, zeroing in on the far pond.

FAR POND

LOW ANGLE on the still water as Charlie approaches in the distance. Then something breaks the surface, like a trout taking a fly. Ripples form outwardly, but whatever it is has sounded again.

CHARLIE

moves slowly around the pond, then stops and stares in amazement.

ANGLE ON POND

Just under the surface a LARGE WHITE/GRAY FORM glides slowly along like a cruising shark. But as it moves closer, we can see it is HUMANOID.

CHARLIE

stands frozen for a moment, then throws his cigarette and scrambles to a CONTROL PANEL mounted on a nearby concrete buttress. He flings it open, presses a BIG RED BUTTON. Followed by the sound of LARGE PUMP ENGINES STARTING.

Next to the control panel is a phone receiver. Charlie picks it up, glancing excitedly back toward the sedimentation pond.

CUT TO:

26 INT. SEWAGE PLANT CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT - THE FOREMAN

26

picks up a ringing phone. Mulder stands behind him.

FOREMAN

Ray here.... yeah, Charlie...  
slow down.... you've got  
something swimming in one of the  
ponds?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Off his surprise and Mulder's reaction to it:

CUT TO:

27 INT. PUMPHOUSE - SEWAGE PROCESSING PLANT - NIGHT

27

Charlie stands in front of a large turbine pump which whines with spinning energy. He's got his hands on a set of controls, nervously fingering the buttons when the Foreman and Mulder arrive.

CHARLIE  
(excitedly)  
I'm backflushing the system.  
It's in there.

MULDER  
What is it?

CHARLIE  
I don't know. It swam right past  
me. There it is!

He hits the buttons on the controls and the big turbine comes to a stop. The men move over to a large length of 24 inch pipe running from the pump, the middle of which is clear glass. The murky water from the system is visible through this, the suspended solids sinking slowly to the bottom.

CHARLIE  
It was just in there.  
(a beat)  
There! Look!

THE CLEAR SECTION OF PIPE (SPFX)

as a strange and improbably vision appears; the head, then the whole upper torso of what looks like a man with gray skin and a large set of grotesquely protruding lips. Made even more horrific by the magnifying quality of the thick glass.

Off Mulder and the other mens' reaction to this, we:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

A COMPUTER SCREEN

where a digital picture of a large fluke fills a portion of the screen, surrounded by text. We are:

28 INT. SCULLY'S LAB OFFICE - DAY

28

Scully sits at the computer terminal, using the mouse to browse through various pages of similar information and construct, each page with a different picture of a different kind of fluke. Occasionally she makes a note in longhand on a notepad lying on the desk.

ECU ON TEXT, OVER:

SCULLY V.O.

The turbellarian flatworms are free living carnivorous scavengers, usually less than three centimeters in length, found in fresh and seawater. They are hermaphroditic, with complex reproductive systems capable of internal fertilization. Many species require more than one host to complete the life cycle -

SCULLY

quits typing when a NOISE O.S. catches her attention.

ANGLE ON OFFICE DOOR

where what looks like a SECTION OF NEWSPAPER has been slid underneath. Scully's hand reaches down into frame, picks up the paper. Then she opens the door and looks out into:

28A INT. HALLWAY/SCULLY'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

28A

Scully's head pokes out, looking both ways down the corridor. But the corridor is empty.

ON THE SECTION OF NEWSPAPER

being unfolded. Scully sits behind her desk, turning the pages when she comes to a story that makes her stop.

(CONTINUED)

28A CONTINUED:

28A

A HEADLINE

0 "BIZARRE ACCIDENT ON RUSSIAN CARGO SHIP HAS OFFICIALS SUSPICIOUS"

SCULLY

lays the paper down on the desk, beginning to read the story with great interest.

ECU ON SUBHEAD

CAMERA PANNING across copy that reads: "CREWMEN CLAIM CREATURE ATTACKED SHIPMATE IN SEWAGE HOLDING TANK"

SCULLY

looking up from the newspaper, her mind working on new possibilities.

She rolls her chair back around to her computer, taking the mouse in her hand. She clicks it several times and waits. After a moment a new screen appears. A DIGITALLY SCANNED PHOTO OF THE CORPSE she autopsied, cropped at the waist and favoring the upper right quadrant of the torso. She clicks the mouse twice more and the picture crops tighter, so that the TATTOO on the corpse's forearm comes into sharp focus.

SCULLY

puts on her glasses, leaning in to study the image which we see reflected in her lenses. Her concentration interrupted when THE PHONE RINGS. Scully answers it.

SCULLY

Scully.

MULDER (FILTER)

Scully, it's me. You know that fluke you caught?

SCULLY

Yeah...?

MULDER

It must have been the runt of the litter.

(X)

SCULLY

What are you talking about?

HARD CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)



28A CONTINUED: (2) 28A

AN EMPTY HOLDING CELL

with a cot, a lavatory and a place where a toilet used to be.  
No one is in the room.

SCULLY O.S.  
I don't see it.

29 INT. CORRIDOR - MIDDLESEX COUNTY PSYCH HOSPITAL - DAY 29

Scully and Mulder stand in an empty corridor, at a door with a circular viewing window.

MULDER  
It's crawled up behind the pipes  
there, tucked in the far corner.

30 INT. EMPTY CELL - DAY - CONTINUOUS 30

CLOSE ON SCULLY'S FACE peering through the circular window.

SCULLY  
Oh my God.

ANGLE ON CORNER OF CELL

where, squeezed back behind a series of pipes running vertically up the wall, A GRAYISH HUMAN FORM remains perfectly still. Its skin is mottled and scarred and it appears to be smooth and hairless, coated with a shiny layer of clear slime, like a snail or a slug. Because its face is obscured by the pipes, the only way you can tell it is alive is by an unnatural pulsing in its neck, similar to a bullfrog in this respect.

30A INT.CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 30A

RESUME MULDER, SCULLY IN CORRIDOR

MULDER  
I don't know if you can see, but  
it has no sex organs. It's  
genderless.

SCULLY  
Platyhelminthes are often  
hermaphroditic. This is amazing,  
Mulder. Its vestigial features  
look parasitic but it seems to  
have primate physiology.  
(beat)  
Where the hell did it come from?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED:

30A

MULDER

(with due irony)

I don't know. But it looks like I'm going to have to tell Skinner that the suspect is a blood sucking worm after all.

(X)

Scully gives him a look, turning back to study the creature.

CLOSE ON CREATURE

as it shifts its head and its facial features comes momentarily into view. It has large distended lips which are chapped and scabbed. On the inner part of the lips are SMALL HOOK-LIKE PROTRUBERANCES. Its eyes have MILKY SECONDARY LIDS which cloud and obscure the eyeballs. When the creature moves it makes a sickening sticky/slimy noise, as if it were covered in vaseline.

RESUME MULDER, SCULLY IN CORRIDOR

SCULLY

Its mouth does look consistent with that bite mark on the workman's back.

(X)

MULDER

I don't think there's any doubt that whatever we're looking at did it. The only thing we're missing is the identity of the body found in the sewer.

(X)

SCULLY

He was a Russian. An engineer on a cargo freighter.

(opening her briefcase)

He had a tattoo, a series of marks on his forearm. I didn't make the connection until I detected it was the name Dmitri spelled in cyrillic lettering.

She hands Mulder a computer scanned photograph of the tattoo. He's more amazed than impressed by her work.

MULDER

How did you even make a connection at all?

She removes the section of newspaper now.

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED: (2)

30A

SCULLY

Somebody pushed that under my  
door.

(off his look)

I guess you really do have a  
friend at the FBI.

(CONTINUED)

30A CONTINUED: (3)

30A

Mulder turns dark again suddenly. Scully knows why.

SCULLY

When you go to see Skinner, to  
turn in your field report...

(a beat)

It's your decision, Mulder. But  
I hope you know I'd consider it  
more than a professional loss if  
you chose to leave.

(X)

Mulder nods, stares back into the circular viewing port to  
avoid Scully's eyes.

MULDER

Right.

CUT TO:

31 INT. ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SKINNER'S SECRETARY'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Mulder enters. Diane Jensen is sitting at her desk.

MULDER

I have an appointment this time.

Which earns only a cold look of non-response from Skinner's  
secretary. Until she picks up the phone.

MS. JENSEN

Special Agent Mulder has arrived.

CUT TO:

32 INT. ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SKINNER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

32

CLOSE ON ASSISTANT DIRECTOR SKINNER sitting at his desk, poring  
over Mulder's field report folder. Saying nothing, giving away  
no impression he may have of the work.

MULDER

sits across from him, his hands folded in his lap.

SKINNER

Everything looks in order.

Mulder takes a beat, shakes his head, stifling a laugh.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

SKINNER

Is something wrong, Agent Mulder?

MULDER

No, sir. I just... it was an unexpected response considering the nature of the case. And of the suspect.

SKINNER

The strangeness of the criminal and the crime are not lost on me. I had my reaction to them this morning in my conversation with the federal prosecutor's office about how to process the suspect. This meeting is to evaluate your work.

Mulder stiffens at the tone of Skinner's response.

MULDER

They aren't going to try and prosecute this case -

(X)

SKINNER

The Justice department has asked that the suspect be transferred to an institution for a full psychiatric evaluation.

MULDER

That's not a man, it's a monster. You can't put it in an institution.

SKINNER

What do you do with it, Agent Mulder? Put it in a zoo? "It" killed two people.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Two?

SKINNER

The sanitation worker who was attacked was found dead in his home as a result of his injuries.

Skinner calmly closes the field report as Mulder rises from his chair, measuring his words in his state of aggravation.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

MULDER

You know... you had a pair of agents who could handle a case like this. Agent Scully and I might have been able to save that man's life. But you shut us down -

SKINNER

- I know. This should have been an X-file.

A statement wholly unanticipated. It stops Agent Mulder.

SKINNER

We all take our orders from someone, Agent Mulder.

Mulder stands staring at Skinner who will not meet his eyes as he files the field report in a desk drawer.

SKINNER

That will be all.

Mulder nods, his perception of the political landscape in the bureau, possibly his future, changed in an instant. He turns and exits. Skinner watches him go with the same hard, unexpressive face that gives away nothing.

CUT TO:

33 INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CLOSE ON FACE

33

his grotesque lips, chapped and scabbed, protruding upward as he is wheeled from the holding cell on a restraining gurney being pushed by two FEDERAL MARSHALLS. The body covered by a sheet. The creature's breathing is thick and glottal. Its eyes alert under the milky secondary lids. As it is pushed down the corridor, to:

(X)

CUT TO:

34 INT. PSYCH HOSPITAL GARAGE - NIGHT

34

The gurney is loaded by the Marshalls into a large panel van with bench seating on opposing walls of the rear compartment. They secure the gurney wheels and close the double doors. One of the Marshalls pounds on the side of the van and the vehicle pulls away, exiting the garage.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. LONG RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 35

The Panel Van passes by on the dark stretch of road.

36 INT. PANEL VAN CAB - NIGHT 36

A FEDERAL MARSHALL drives the vehicle. Radio squawk and transmissions break the monotonous drone of the engine.

37 INT. REAR OF PANEL VAN - NIGHT 37

The streetlight reflection coming through the cab casts an eerie dim glow onto the creature strapped to the gurney. Slowly it starts to twist and strain at its bonds.

RESUME INT. PANEL VAN CAB

The Marshall glances back through the cab window behind him, looking through the metal grating into the rear of the vehicle. Doing a double take when he sees:

DRIVER'S POV THROUGH CAB WINDOW

the gurney is empty.

THE MARSHALL

grabs for the two-way radio mike, bringing the vehicle to a stop on the shoulder.

MARSHALL

(into mike)

This is vehicle forty niner forty  
requesting immediate backup and  
assistance.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT 38

Improbably, the van has come to a stop next to a lighted roadside sign advertising: LIVE BAIT - FISH LAKE BETTY - NATURE'S PLAYGROUND - CAMPSITES AVAILABLE YEAR ROUND. The Marshall exits the cab, moves cautiously to the rear of the van. One of the double doors has been popped and is slightly ajar.

He approaches it slowly, using the shotgun to push the door wide open. Revealing the empty gurney in an empty van.

The Marshall pokes his gun inside, ready to blast anything that moves. But there is nothing.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

He steps cautiously up onto the rear bumper, pointing his gun up and around the ceiling of the van, but again there is no sign of life.

Stepping carefully inside, the Marshall takes a hand off his weapon to inspect the straps that once held his prisoner. His fingers recoiling at the feel of the residual slime left on them. A slime that he tries to wipe off on his pants when -

THE MARSHALL

cries out in pain. CAMERA PANNING DOWN to his leg. The creature has somehow hidden himself up under the bench in the van and has now clamped on with both arms to the Marshall's leg. Clamped onto it like a pit bull with huge sucker lips. (X)  
NOTE: The creature's legs and lower body remain fixed under the (X)  
bench. The idea is that, like a snail or a slug, it has been (X)  
able to attach itself with the sticky, slimy, disgusting (X)  
substance it secretes. (X)

CUT TO:

39 EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

39

WIDE ON THE VAN as a SHOTGUN BLAST rings out, ILLUMINATES the van interior. Followed by a long, horrifying SCREAM OF PAIN from the Marshall. The sound of the scream rings out into the night. The only movement the flickering neon lights of the LIVE BAIT - CAMPGROUNDS AVAILABLE sign. CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY on the sign.

DISSOLVING TO:

40 EXT. PICNIC AREA NEAR RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

40

MATCHING THE MOVE. CAMERA CREEPING slowly past a picnic table as we hear THE SOUND OF MOVEMENT coming from the PORTABLE CHEMICAL TOILET on the edge of the campsite.

40A INT. OUTHOUSE/PICNIC AREA

40A

ANGLE INTO OUTHOUSE

As the Creature's body is slithers slowly down into the toilet hole. CAMERA PUSHING SLOWLY IN as the torso, and then legs and feet disappear. CONTINUING TO PUSH, and then TILTING DOWN into the chemical tank where THE CREATURE'S MILKY EYES stare back up at us. Happy to be home again.

END ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

THE PLEASANT DINGING OF A BELL, as we FADE IN:

41 EXT. PICNIC AREA NEAR RURAL ROAD - EARLY MORNING

41

A SEWAGE PUMPING TANKER TRUCK is backing up slowly to the portable toilet. It stops and its air brakes send out a loud whoosh. As a DRIVER hops down, putting on a big pair of rubber gloves.

ANGLE ON PORTABLE TOILET

The Driver drags a 12 inch accordion hose from the pump truck, jamming it down into the toilet. PRODUCTION NOTE: This is a cheat. Actual pumping trucks use a much smaller hose, but for our purposes we need the bigger one.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

He walks back to the truck and pulls a lever which starts the pump working. The hose starts to jerk in short peristaltic spasms as it sucks the raw sewage up into the tank. When, suddenly, THE PUMP STRAINS LOUDLY, something obstructing it down in the toilet tank.

The Driver moves to the portable toilet to see what the problem is. Leaning down to get a look into the tank while taking the hose in his hands and trying to shake loose whatever has stopped up the vacuum. Shaking the hose until THE PUMP STRAINS at a different pitch and, whatever the obstruction was, now begins to move slowly up the hose toward the tank truck.

The Driver watches, listens with considerable amazement as whatever is in the hose gets sucked up and into the tanker. After which the pumps ceases to strain and the remaining sewage begins to move freely through the hose.

(X)

The Driver shakes his head, goes back to work. As we:

CUT TO:

42 EXT. RURAL ROAD - EARLY MORNING

42

The Panel Van is now the center of attention. SEVERAL SQUAD CARS and FEDERAL MARSHALL VEHICLES are pulled up and down the shoulder around it. UNIFORMED and PLAINCLOTHES OFFICERS milling about.

ANGLE ON AGENT MULDER'S ND FBI SEDAN

pulling up to the scene, parking several cars down the road from the Panel Van. He exits the cars, starts toward the activity as:

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

THE SEWAGE TANKER TRUCK

is coming up the road, shifting up the gears as it moves along the highway. Passing Agent Mulder who takes casual notice, but his attention is quickly redirected to the police business up ahead.

ANGLE ON GROUP OF OFFICERS

as Mulder moves in, finding Detective Norman who he last left standing in a Newark sewer. A walkie talkie in the Detective's hand continues to beep and squawk under:

MULDER  
What have you got?

DET. NORMAN  
Well, we've got a dead Marshall  
and an escaped prisoner. Other  
than that we've got bupkis.

As he is saying this, the dead Marshall's body is being rolled into a body bag by TWO CORONER'S ASSISTANTS inside the van.

DET. NORMAN  
We've got a police line in a two  
mile radius.

(X)

MULDER  
I'd watch all the storm drains  
any access to the sewer system.  
It's going to try to get back  
underground.

DET. NORMAN  
What the hell is this thing,  
Agent Mulder?

(X)

Mulder avoids answering when his cell phone CHIRPS in his pocket. He removes it, answers it while walking several steps away from the scene.

(X)

MULDER  
Mulder.

CUT TO:

43 INT. MR. X'S OFFICE - DAY

43

The same anonymous caller, Mr. X, sits in his leather executive's chair, his face turned from view. Heavily backlit so that there is no personal detail we could seize on to describe him, save for his neatly trimmed hair.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MR. X  
Mr. Mulder, I'll make this brief.  
Success in your current  
assignment is imperative.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

MULDER (FILTER)  
Who am I talking to?

MR. X  
(angrily)  
Are you hearing me, Mr. Mulder!!?

CUT BACK TO:

43A EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

43A

standing with the phone to his ear, somewhat thrown by that response. He hesitates a beat before answering.

MULDER  
Yes. Why is it imperative?

MR. X  
Reinstatement of the X-files must  
be undeniable.

The caller hangs up. As: A TRANSMISSION BURST comes over the Detective's walkie talkie.

MALE VOICE (FILTER)  
K9 Unit six four, copy.

DETECTIVE  
Six four, copy.

Mulder is putting away his phone, distracted by his call, until:

MALE VOICE (FILTER)  
Yeah, we're at a campsite  
approximately quarter mile from  
your position. Dogs tracked a  
scent to a chemical toilet here.  
Thought he might be hiding  
inside, but it's empty.

Mulder is hearing this and realizing immediately what has happened. Moving quickly away from the detective into the middle of the road, looking in the direction that the tank truck took.

MULDER  
The tanker.

(CONTINUED)

43A CONTINUED:

43A

DETECTIVE  
(into walkie)  
Hold on, six four.  
(to Mulder)  
What?

MULDER  
What if he's on the tanker truck?

Mulder is suddenly hustling back to his car. The Detective watching him like he's some kind of nut.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. COUNTY SEWAGE TREATMENT PLANT - DAY

44

Mulder's car pulls up out front. He exits, hurries inside.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. TREATMENT PLANT - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

45

ON A PUMPER/TANKER TRUCK backing up to a hookup site. CAMERA PANS, FINDS Mulder standing with the plant FOREMAN atop the sedimentation tank platform, watching the truck below.

ON MULDER, FOREMAN

FOREMAN  
The company that owns the truck you're looking for doesn't keep detailed service records. They had five trucks out in that area this morning. Three of them have already deposited their loads.

MULDER  
So he could have already been here and gone.

FOREMAN  
If he hasn't he will be.

MULDER  
Every tanker dumps its load here?

FOREMAN  
It's a state law.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

ANGLE ON TANKER TRUCK DOWN BELOW

The DRIVER {a NEW, different driver} hooks a hose line up to the tanker, preparing to unload his liquid cargo.

RESUME MULDER, FOREMAN

MULDER  
Otherwise, everything is  
processed through this plant?

FOREMAN  
Yep.

MULDER  
Then what happens to it?

FOREMAN  
Empties through an outlet pipe  
five miles out to sea.

MULDER  
Could this thing escape through  
that outlet pipe?

FOREMAN  
Doubtful. The systems full of  
enough filters and screens that  
nothing much bigger'n your little  
finger's gonna get through. If  
it's here, it's going to be  
trapped here.

MULDER  
I guess all we can do is wait.

Mulder turns, staring out over:

THE SEDIMENTATION PONDS

The flat gray water laid out in a rectangular grid field where Mulder will now keep a vigil. Watching and waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

MULDER'S FEET

pacing along the concrete walkway, past the slow moving gray water.

MULDER.

stops, staring intently across the ponds, where:

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

THE FOREMAN AND SEVERAL ENGINEERS

are doing the same. Walking slowly through the maze of rectangles, eyes trained on the gray pools, watching for any sign of life or movement.

MULDER

checks his watch, begins to pace again, then stops to answer his RINGING CELLULAR.

MULDER

Mulder.

SCULLY

It's me. Where are you?

MULDER

I'm at the treatment plant. I was playing a hunch it might have gotten back into the system.

SCULLY

How?

MULDER

Forget it. It was stupid.

SCULLY

Well, you're not going to like what I have to tell you.

MULDER

What do you mean?

CUT TO:

46 INT. SCULLY'S LAB OFFICE - DAY

46

sits in front of her computer, a diagram of a fluke surrounded by text on her screen.

SCULLY

It didn't occur to me, but I think the fluke in the corpse - it was an incubating larva. The creature, or whatever it is, is transmitting eggs or larvae through its bite.

MULDER

You mean it's trying to reproduce?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

SCULLY  
It's looking for hosts. It  
attacks because the victim's  
body's provide generative  
nourishment.

(X)

(X)

CUT BACK TO :

MULDER

standing over a sedimentation pond.

SCULLY  
Mulder?

MULDER  
(his mind racing)  
Yeah.

SCULLY  
If it's able to find a new host -

MULDER  
- I know, Scully. It could  
multiply.

Mulder's attention is drawn suddenly by the O.S. SHOUTING of  
the plant Foreman.

ANGLE ON FOREMAN

hurrying towards Mulder as he is putting his cell phone away.  
Excited about the news he has to deliver.

FOREMAN  
Linesman spotting something down  
in a section of pipe.

MULDER  
Where?

CUT TO:



47 INT. SEWAGE PLANT CONTROL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS 47

CLOSE ON FOREMAN'S FINGER, pointing up at a section of the sewer system up on the wall schematic we saw earlier.

FOREMAN

Here.

CAMERA ADJUSTING TO REVEAL Mulder standing with the Foreman at the wall.

MULDER

That's near where we found the first body.

FOREMAN

Right. Except this is an old overflow system that dumps into the harbor during heavy rainfall.

MULDER

That must be where it got into the system.  
(realizing)  
It's working its way back out to sea.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. NEWARK CITY STREET #3 - DAY 48

Mulder's sedan skids up to a spot where SEVERAL SANITATION WORKERS stand near their work truck, aside an open manhole. Mulder exits, as does the Foreman.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON MULDER'S LEATHER SHOES

moving down the metal rungs into the arched sewer line. Dropping to the catwalk below, reacting once again to the HORRIBLE SMELL. Above him, the Foreman is moving down the ladder, dropping down beside him.

49 INT. ARCHED BRICK SEWER VAULT - DAY - CONTINUOUS 49

Water seeps from the old brick walls, the sound of this falling water hitting the river of liquid sewage lending a creepy rhythm to the already creepy atmosphere. Mulder and the Foreman move along the catwalk, looking down at:

(X

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

CLOSE ON THE DROPS OF WATER

dripping down onto the channel of dark gray liquid. There is no sign of life.

THE FOREMAN

is working his way to one end of the vault where a brick wall with a 24 inch rusty pipe leads off it. The pipe is about a foot higher than the water level; six feet from the catwalk, so that to reach it a person would have to pick his way along a small ledge.

FOREMAN

That's the overflow pipe. It leads to another vault like this one, then about three quarters of a mile to the sea.

MULDER

Let's see if we can get that gate closed.

ANGLE ON RUSTY GATE

A sliding guillotine-type gate that, if it were slid down, would cover the outflow pipe. It is operated by a rusty lever, connected with chain. A thin stream of water leaks out of it.

THE FOREMAN

nods, throws a leg over the catwalk and tries to find solid foot and hand holds.

MULDER

watches him, then paces back down the catwalk, eyes on the river of sewage.

CLOSE ON FOREMAN

picking his way along the ledge to the rusty gate. With some difficulty he is able to pull out the pin holding the lever in place. But the mechanism is so rusty that the gate remains in its open position.

The Foreman tries to force the lever but it's not budging.

FOREMAN

It's rusted in position. Let me see if I can get some leverage here.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

He changes his footing and position on the wall so that he can use his weight more effectively on the lever. While:

MULDER

continues to move slowly up the catwalk, surveying the oozy muck. Stopping to look up in annoyance at a dripping stream of water that has fallen on him. He reacts with disgust at the thought of the liquid's source.

CLOSE ON THE FOREMAN'S FEET

finding a better hold on the thin ledge when - he slips, falling backwards into the muck.

(X)

MULDER

turns on the SOUND. Running back up the catwalk.

ON THE FOREMAN

sputtering the way anyone would after falling headlong into such a foul element.

FOREMAN

Dammit.

(X)

Mulder is running toward him on the catwalk.

MULDER

Are you okay?

FOREMAN

Yeah, I'm - I lost my glasses -

(X)

Suddenly THE FOREMAN IS YANKED UNDER with tremendous force. Disappearing completely so that the surrounding water does not boil or swirl, but goes strangely calm.

MULDER

reacts, then removes his weapon, stalking back and forth on the catwalk, anticipating the Foreman's rise to the surface when THE SOUND OF SPLASHING AT THE OTHER END OF THE SEWER VAULT throws his attention. (X)

THE FOREMAN

has surfaced down at the other end of the vault, sputtering and gasping for air.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

Hey!

FOREMAN

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (4)

49

MULDER

races back down the catwalk again.

FOREMAN  
Get me outta here!

Mulder is climbing over the railing of the catwalk, reaching out to the man. Using his gun hand to hold onto the railing.

MULDER  
Give me your hand.

But THE FOREMAN IS YANKED BACK UNDER just out of reach of Mulder. Disappearing again underwater. Mulder losing his balance, HIS GUN FALLING INTO THE SEWAGE. But Mulder is able to hold on.

THE WATER

goes strangely calm again. No sign of a struggle; of the Foreman or the Creature.

MULDER

hanging by an arm off the catwalk, watching the water below - pissed that there seems to be nothing he can do. His gun is gone, he cannot even see the Foreman. He yells toward the manhole above.

MULDER  
We need some help down here!!  
Hey! Can you hear me!!?

Nothing. There is only one thing he can do. Mulder drops down into the sewage, feet first into the stinky stew, which rises up just below his chest. Mulder begins to walk slowly and cautiously along the channel. Turning suddenly when:

THE FOREMAN

pops up behind him, SUCKING FOR AIR. Then SCREAMING IN PAIN. Flailing his arms in the muck.

MULDER

starts to move towards him when he feels something pass by him (X)  
underwater. He stops, but the thing is gone. He continues on (X)  
to the Foreman as the man continues to CRY in pain. (X)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (5)

49

MULDER  
I'm going to get you out of here.  
You're going to be okay -

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

But Mulder doesn't get a chance to help him. Seeing -

(X)

THE OVERFLOW PIPE

where the Creature is crawling out of the sewage and up into the pipe. It's movements lizard like; like a Komodo dragon coming out of the sea.

MULDER

starts running through the chest-high sewage toward the overflow pipe. Running as fast as he can, which looks like slow motion.

(X)

CAMERA FOLLOWING

Mulder moving toward the Creature which is halfway up in the pipe now. When Mulder jumps up and grabs hold of:

THE RUSTY METAL LEVER

that operates the gate over the overflow pipe. He grabs it with both hands and it gives way. The heavy metal gate dropping down forcefully down:

CUT TO:

50 INT. OVERFLOW PIPE - CONTINUOUS - CLOSE ON CREATURE'S FACE

50

as it registers the pain and horror of having just been sliced in half.

REVERSE ANGLE

Heavily backlit, as the upper half of the Creature's torso slides down the overflow pipe and drops from view.

RESUME MULDER

dropping from the rusty lever, looking down at the Creature's legs which sink down underwater. Mulder leans heavily against the brick wall, catching his breath. The dragon has been slayed.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. PARK - NIGHT

51

The lights from the Jefferson Memorial play off the water of the tidal basin. CAMERA FINDS MULDER sitting by himself on a park bench when Scully appears, carrying a file folder. She approaches.

SCULLY  
Is this seat taken?

MULDER  
No. But I should warn you, I may reek a bit of the sewer.

SCULLY  
(smiling)  
I'll take my chances.

Scully takes a seat next to Mulder, happy to see his spirits have been buoyed.

SCULLY  
I thought you might be interested in the lab reports on the biology of the fluke larva.

(Mulder turns, with interest)  
Dissection and analysis indicate reproductive and physiological cross-traiting. Resulting in a sort of quasi-vertebrate human.

MULDER  
Human?

Scully nods uneasily. Not comfortable with even her own explanation.

SCULLY  
There were, of course, genetic mutations. Six extra chromosomes -

MULDER  
How does that happen?

SCULLY  
Radiation. Abnormal cell fusion... the suppression of natural genetic processes.  
(casting her gaze over the water)  
Nature didn't make that thing, Mulder. We did.

Mulder looks at her. Scully reaches into her file folder, selecting several photographs which she hands to Mulder.

MULDER  
I know these. They're from Chernobyl.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

INSERT PHOTOS - Pictures of a TWO-HEADED GOAT, A HORRIBLY DEFORMED CHILD, pictures that we must all have seen in Life Magazine stories over the past five years.

SCULLY

The creature came off a decommissioned Russian freighter used in the disposal of salvage material from the meltdown. Born in a primordial soup of radioactive sewage.

Mulder stares at the photos, wondering.

MULDER

They say three species disappear from the planet everyday. You wonder how many new ones are being created.

Scully nods, studying Mulder.

SCULLY

You talked to Skinner yesterday...

MULDER

Success in our work is imperative now, Scully. Reinstatement of the X-files must be undeniable.

A moment of complete surprise from Scully.

SCULLY

That came from Skinner?

MULDER

No. But we have a friend in the FBI.

Mulder gets up and walks off, leaving Scully watching and wondering. As we:

DISSOLVE TO:

52 INT. SEWER VAULT - NIGHT

52

CAMERA AT WATER LEVEL. The steady drip, drip, drip from the ceiling the only disturbance until - THE CREATURE'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS slowly float to the top. CAMERA MOVING IN on its face as its eyes suddenly pop open. It is alive. Off this image, we:

FADE OUT:

THE END