

THE X FILES

"BLOOD"

Teleplay by

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Story by

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7/22/94

THE X-FILES

"BLOOD"

CAST

FOX MULDER  
DANA SCULLY

BYERS  
LANGLY  
FROHIKE

ED FUNSCH  
HARRY MCNALLY  
GARY TABER  
JIM SPENCER  
MOTHER  
SECURITY GUARD  
BONNIE MCROBERTS  
MECHANIC  
LARRY WINTER  
CLERK  
MRS. ADAMS  
BUS DRIVER

7/22/94

THE X-FILES

"BLOOD"

SETS

EXTERIORS

OFFICE BUILDING  
BANK  
AUTO REPAIR SHOP  
SUBURBAN HOME  
SUBURBAN STREET  
HILLSIDE BLUFF  
ROAD  
ORCHARD  
FUNSCH'S HOUSE  
BUS STOP  
FRANKLIN COMMUNITY HOSPITAL  
FRANKLIN COLLEGE CAMPUS  
STREET  
CLOCK TOWER

INTERIORS

MAIL ROOM  
ELEVATOR  
LOBBY  
VENANGO COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE  
SCULLY'S OFFICE  
AUTO REPAIR GARAGE  
MCROBERTS' KITCHEN  
FBI FORENSIC LAB  
DEPARTMENT STORE  
LONE GUNMAN OFFICE  
HOSPITAL ROOM  
FUNSCH'S HOUSE  
CLOCK TOWER STAIRWELL  
CLOCK TOWER TOP

TEASER

1 INT. MAIL ROOM - DAY

1

A machine... is operating by command. Rapid. Metered. Repetitive. An envelope WHISKS into a mail sorter, a window highlighting the zip code: "14414." Human hands tap a numeric keyboard, inputting the postal code.

A small red digital display reflects the entered data: "14414."

In a heartbeat, the "14414" letter zips off to be immediately replaced by another envelope: "02828." The fingers punch in the code. The display lights up: "02828." The process continues. A legend appears: "POSTAL CENTER, FRANKLIN, PENNSYLVANIA."

THE OPERATOR

is a man in his early 50's. Paunch. Grey hair. He has a kind but worn face. His eyes reflect a sad resignation that his life is ordinary. ED FUNSCH (Funch) sits among a dozen blue and grey uniformed mail workers doing his job... as he is told.

An envelope jams in the mail sorter. As Ed reaches out to free the letter, he jerks his hand back. He looks nervously at his finger.

CLOSE - ED'S FOREFINGER

A paper cut. A touch of blood.

ED

quickly becomes ashen, short of breath. He holds his finger tight. He appears as if he's about to faint. As CAMERA CREEPS IN...

HARRY (O.S.)

Ed... hey... you okay?

CAMERA makes a DIZZY ADJUSTMENT to REVEAL Ed's supervisor, HARRY MCNALLY, also in his 50's. Harry stands over Ed as the worker holds his cut finger.

ED

(softly)

There's blood.

HARRY

It's just a paper cut.

Ed puts his finger to his mouth, calming himself. Harry takes a tough sigh, then sets a friendly hand on Ed's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

HARRY

Ed, I... I need to talk to you.

Ed looks up to Harry, who averts his eyes. The supervisor guides the employee away from the other workers toward a water cooler. Harry pours a cup of water for Ed as they talk.

HARRY

Look, um... this is never easy...  
and... everyone down here sure  
likes you a lot, Funchie...  
and... I know it's tough 'cause  
you're new to the area... but...  
Ed... I'm sorry... I gotta let  
you go.

Ed is shocked and hurt but does not protest. He nods, understanding.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Your work is first rate and, like  
I say, you're a good guy... but,  
you know the story... cutbacks  
and seniority and you're low man  
on the pole. Ya know?

Ed nods, considers.

ED

Could I work part time?

Harry sighs, pained, because the answer is "no." Harry removes a small envelope from his shirt pocket.

HARRY

The guys took up a collection for  
ya. It's a hundred bucks.

Ed eyes the envelope, humiliated. Harry stuffs it in Ed's pocket.

HARRY

Why don't you stay on 'til the  
end of the week.

Harry sympathetically pats Ed on the back and moves off. Ed stands alone, for a moment. The CLATTER of the collective machinery is mockingly THUNDEROUS as Ed returns to his mail sorter.

As if nothing has occurred, Ed sits and begins once again recording the zip codes. Envelopes shoot into the machine. Tapping the keyboard, his eyes quickly alternate focus between the envelopes and the digital display.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

DIGITAL DISPLAY

13207... 13090... 08619...

ED

shoulders slumped... unwanted... he CLICKS the keyboard. His eyes flash to the display.

CLOSE - DIGITAL DISPLAY

33515... 93021... KILL... 49548...

ED

stops. Startled. He blinks, clearing his vision, then continues his work.

CLOSER - DIGITAL DISPLAY

21227... 10977... 15214... KILL 'EM... 44310...

ED

is visibly upset, shaken. He maintains composure as his hand absently covers his mouth, horrified. He checks the other workers.

ED'S POV - FELLOW EMPLOYEES

continue working. Oblivious to anything unusual.

ED

reluctantly, dreadfully, returns his eyes to the digital display.

EXTREMELY CLOSE - DIGITAL DISPLAY

KILL 'EM ALL.

ED

Terrified. Appalled... yet... he cannot look away. O.S., the MACHINERY CONTINUES... obeying commands.

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

2 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY - CLOSE - DIGITAL DISPLAY

2

An exaggerated BING startles as a direction arrow and floor indicator lights up. The lift is going down, starting at the tenth floor. The display changes "10... 9..."

ELEVATOR

CAMERA IS MOVING across the people in the cramped and claustrophobic elevator. All are in business attire practicing proper elevator etiquette. Stoic, looking only at the floor or up to the digital-display floor-indicator. A legend appears: "COMMERCIAL TRUST BUILDING, FRANKLIN, PENNSYLVANIA."

CAMERA WEAVES to the back corner REVEALING a business man, MR. TABER, 40's. He is perspiring; nervous. It seems he is trying to back out of the elevator but there is nowhere to go.

CAMERA INCHES IN VERY CLOSE as his breaths become quicker and quicker. He closes his eyes, but it is no use. He wipes his forehead, swallows. He loosens his tie.

Finally, he stretches his neck upward, tilting his head back to get some air. Taber freezes...

TABER'S POV - ELEVATOR DIGITAL DISPLAY

"NO AIR."

TABER

His phobic reaction intensifies. His eyes are locked upon...

TABER'S POV - ELEVATOR DIGITAL DISPLAY

"CAN'T BREATHE."

TABER

GASPS for air.

ELEVATOR

The cramped passengers tense. A few turn and look back at the obviously uncomfortable man.

TABER

in a cold sweat. He trembles, eyes glazed, homicidal.

TABER'S POV - DIGITAL DISPLAY

"KILL 'EM ALL."

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

TABER

SCREAMS. As he violently strikes out...

CUT TO:

3 INT. LOBBY - DAY

3

A yellow police ribbon, "CRIME SCENE: DO NOT CROSS," stretches across FRAME. Behind it, OUT OF FOCUS in the b.g., two bodies lie dead on the floor. Although covered with a tarp, pools of blood outline the victims.

A deputy ENTERS FRAME with an expression of respect bordering on awe. He lifts the crime scene banner for two men, backs to CAMERA, who duck beneath the yellow ribbon and proceed toward a body, half in and half out of the elevator.

One of the men wears a sheriff's uniform. He is Venango County Sheriff Commander JIM SPENCER. The other man wears a suit.

The other police officers and coroner personnel subtly step away from the suited man, back still to CAMERA, as if making room for a celebrity in their midst. The two men stop as they reach one of the victims at the elevator.

VICTIM

FOX MULDER kneels INTO FRAME examining the body. He is engrossed in the crime scene as he pulls on latex gloves.

COMMANDER SPENCER - LOW ANGLE

40's, mustache, professional and quite upset at the circumstances in which his town is immersed.

SPENCER

I realize the F.B.I.'s Behavioral Science Unit normally profiles murder suspects still at large and it must be odd being asked to profile our suspects, all of whom are dead.

Mulder takes in the scene from his own perspective.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

But in all honesty, Agent Mulder, whatever's going on is way over our heads.

Mulder is not being aloof, just intense, as he moves to the other victims. Spencer hopes to assist, and impress, with the details of the investigation. Mulder searches the scene.

(CONTINUED)



3 CONTINUED:

3

SPENCER

The suspect's body is out on the sidewalk. We're holding the security guard who shot him. Witnesses that were in the elevator are down at the hospital. You can talk to them whenever you're ready.

Mulder nods as he moves into the elevator. Spencer follows.

4 INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

4

Mulder studies the railing around the elevator at waist level, the call buttons and ultimately the ceiling.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

We tried our best to preserve the area for you. We've thoroughly photographed the scene...

Mulder looks up...

MULDER'S POV - THE DIGITAL DISPLAY

is smashed.

SPENCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We sketched the area, but haven't dusted for prints... yet...

RETURN

Mulder gestures to the bashed in digital display.

MULDER

Did this damage occur during the incident?

Spencer looks up. His reaction reflects his embarrassment at not having noticed.

SPENCER

I'll find out.

Mulder nods.

MULDER

May I see the suspect?

5 INT. LOBBY - DAY

5

Mulder and Spencer exit the elevator, proceeding through the lobby toward the front entrance.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SPENCER

Things like this aren't suppose to happen here.

MULDER

A forty-two-year-old real estate agent murders four strangers with his own hands, that's not supposed to happen anywhere.

SPENCER

Since colonial times, there's only been three murders in this area. In the last six months, seven people have killed twenty-two. Per capita, that's higher than the combined homicide rate of Detroit, D.C., and Los Angeles.

Spencer stops Mulder, emphasizing this point.

SPENCER

This town is not any of those places. In Franklin, you won't ever have to pull off the road to make way for a celebrity driving with a gun to his head.

Mulder eyes the sheriff, nods. Mulder exits the building. Spencer follows.

6 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

6

Crime scene activity is in progress outside the ten story building. This is the town's skyscraper.

Spencer directs Mulder toward another covered body in a pool of blood along the sidewalk. Officers keep ONLOOKERS away.

MULDER

In each incident, the suspect was killed?

SPENCER

Suicide by cop.

Mulder looks for clarification.

SPENCER

Each incident occurred in a public place. The suspect went crazy and would not desist when  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

SPENCER (Cont'd)  
ordered. The officers used  
deadly force in order to save  
lives.

MULDER  
Were autopsies conducted on the  
suspects for substance abuse?

SPENCER  
Agent Mulder, this town is made  
up, mainly, of apple and cherry  
growers. These folks don't  
drink, much. They certainly  
don't do drugs. People here have  
never known the stress of living  
in a city.

Mulder approaches the suspect, Gary Taber, dead on the  
sidewalk. Mulder lifts the tarp and examines the body.  
Spencer kneels alongside Mulder. The sheriff is frustrated and  
scared.

SPENCER  
I played softball with this guy  
over Labor day. He was one of  
those nice guys, can't really  
play and doesn't bitch about  
being stuck in right field...

MULDER  
What's wrong with right field?

Mulder continues his visual inspection of the body, looking at  
the dead suspect's hand.

MULDER'S POV - TABER'S HAND

The fingers and palm are covered with dried blood. The rigor  
mortis stiff hand is turned over. Under the nails on the index  
finger is a greenish/yellow residue.

SPENCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
... always the first one to shake  
hands at the end of a game.

MULDER & SPENCER

Mulder is deeply curious about the residue.

MULDER  
You have to have an arm to play  
right field.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

Mulder removes a plastic evidence bag from his suit pocket as well as a couple rubber bands.

SPENCER  
Bought a round of beers  
afterwards even though he didn't  
drink. .

Mulder places the bag over Taber's hand and wraps the rubber band around the wrist.

MULDER  
I played right field.

He looks to Spencer, who hasn't been listening to Mulder all this time. Mulder gestures to Taber's fingers.

MULDER  
Have this analyzed by the  
Bureau's lab.

Spencer, however, is so shaken by the events, he cannot take his eyes off the suspect.

SPENCER  
What the hell could bring anyone  
to do this?

As Mulder looks back to the hand.

MULDER'S POV - TABER'S HAND

macabre and ghostly in the plastic evidence bag. The green residue contrasting against the brownish dried blood.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. BANK - DAY - CLOSE - AUTOMATIC TELLER MACHINE

7

A hand ENTERS FRAME, inserting an ATM card into the appropriate slot. The machine gobbles the card.

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND to REVEAL Ed Funsch waiting for the usual commands from the small ATM monitor. O.S., an electronic BEEP!

ATM MONITOR

"WELCOME TO HOMETOWN TRUST. PLEASE ENTER PIN."

ED

does so.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

MONITOR

"DEPOSIT?" "WITHDRAWAL?" or "ACCOUNT BALANCE?"

ED

punches the "Deposit" button, waits... then, behind him, from the people waiting in line...

MOTHER (O.S.)  
You're bleeding!

Ed pales as CAMERA PUSHES IN, reacting phobically.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
Tilt your head back.

Ed reluctantly looks behind him.

ED'S POV - PEOPLE IN ATM LINE

A MOTHER applies a tissue to her daughter's bleeding nose.

MOTHER  
I told you to leave it alone.

ED'S POV - TISSUE

Spotted with blood, the mother's hand dabs with a SLOWED, DISTORTED movement.

ED

must turn away. He looks back to the machine, perspiring.

ATM MONITOR

words are flashing, like a pounding heart - "SECURITY GUARD."

ED

tenses. Puzzled... scared. He turns his head.

ED'S POV - SECURITY GUARD

stands watch outside the bank.

ED

returns to the ATM machine.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

ATM MONITOR

"TAKE HIS GUN."

ED

slowly looks back to the security guard.

ED'S POV - CLOSE - SECURITY GUARD'S HOLSTER

A gun... is holstered.

ED

slams his eyes shut. His condition intensifies as he fights the messages, his emotions. He looks to the machine.

ATM MONITOR

"KILL 'EM ALL."

ED

begins to hyperventilate. He punches the "Cancel" button, then POUNDS the machine! Again!

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)  
HEY! HEY!

Ed turns, his eyes fiery, a bit wild.

ED'S POV - THE SECURITY GUARD

Gestures to Ed.

SECURITY GUARD  
What the hell's wrong with you?

ED

turns, overwhelmed, he moves off leaving his money and his ATM card. CAMERA LEADS as Ed runs away from the machine. His BREATHS are deep, GASPING. Ed hurriedly runs OUT OF FRAME.

WIDER

The people in line watch him, concerned and a bit scared. The Security Guard curiously takes Ed's envelope, the one presented to him at work, then looks back to the machine.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

ATM MONITOR

"WOULD YOU LIKE ANOTHER TRANSACTION? YES? NO?"

CUT TO:

8 INT. VENANGO COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

8

CLOSE - CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHS

Bodies lie on the floor of the office building lobby in black and white 8X10 photos. They are tacked to a large bulletin board. CAMERA CREEPS EERILY over them... it is dark. A single lamp illuminates the office.

MULDER (V.O.)

Perpetrators of mass murders are divided into two classifications, the spree killer and the serial.

MULDER

is intense and troubled. Stumped. CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING around him as he studies the photos.

MULDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The sudden violent outburst in a public locale and the suspect's disregard for anonymity or survival define the Franklin incidents as spree killings.

CAMERA MOVES OFF Mulder, into the blackness...

9 INT. SCULLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

9

Without realizing WE HAVE CUT, CAMERA finds and follows a phone line as it moves out of the darkness and into Scully's Power Book. She reads off of the small screen, yellowish light reflecting in her glasses.

MULDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The confounding element of these profiles is that, given their backgrounds, the perpetrators would be, statistically, more likely the victims of violent crimes, rather than the originators.

10 INT. VENANGO COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

10

CLOSE - PHOTOS OF THE PERPETRATORS

CAMERA MOVES over portraits and snapshots of seven people, including Gary Taber. These people appear All-American.

MULDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The killers were all middle income, responsible people. None with a history of violence.

CAMERA REVEALS the shocking black and white crime scene photos. Close-ups of the dead perpetrators. It is an unsettling contrast to the previous Kodak moment photos.

CAMERA DRIFTS to Mulder as, O.S., a slight RUMBLE can be HEARD but not defined. It is machine-like... staccato... distant...

MULDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Relatives and friends reported only minor displays of dysfunctional behavior, sleep disorders, headaches, eating difficulties. And witnesses did report the last suspect displayed a claustrophobic reaction...

Mulder pauses, listening curiously to the SOUND... as it FADES into the distance...

11 INT. SCULLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CLOSE - LAPTOP MONITOR

11

The words fill the screen as CAMERA MOVES ACROSS them...

MULDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'm convinced an outside factor is responsible... but I must concede frustration to a determination of the cause.

SCULLY

leans back, concerned, seldom registering "defeat."

12 INT. VENANGO COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

12

CLOSE - F.B.I. REPORT

CAMERA GLIDES over the cover sheet of the chemical report and photo of Taber's hand in the plastic bag.

(CONTINUED)



12 CONTINUED:

12

MULDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A residue discovered on the  
fingers of the most recent  
perpetrator was analyzed and  
reported to be an undefined but  
nontoxic organic chemical found  
on plants, perhaps remaining from  
gardening.

13 INT. SCULLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

13

CAMERA MOVES as Scully continues to read.

MULDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
There have been reported abductee  
paranoia in U.F.O. mass  
abduction cases...

Scully sighs. Under her breath...

SCULLY  
I was wondering when you'd get to  
that.

She continues to read.

MULDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I find no evidence of this to be  
the case.

14 INT. VENANGO COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

14

Mulder picks up a smashed pager inside an evidence envelope.

MULDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The single connecting trace  
evidence to the killings is the  
destruction of an electronic  
device at the crime scene.

Mulder sets down the bag and picks up crime scene photos of the  
electronic devices.

MULDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A pager... a fax machine... a  
game boy... the elevator digital  
floor-indicator.

He sets the photos down. It's late. He's tired. Frustrated.  
He types into his laptop.

15 INT. SCULLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

15

She reads the words as they are modemed to her. CAMERA ARCS around her...

MULDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
In all honesty, Scully... I've never had a more difficult time developing a profile.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 EXT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT - CLOSE - HIGH HEEL SHOES

16

CLICK against the pavement in the dim light spilling out from a greasy auto repair shop.

MULDER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
There is no way to know who will be a killer... or who will be killed.

The heels reach the entrance to the garage. They pause. It is dark and quiet, except for the TINK, TINK, of tools at work.

THE WOMAN

is MRS. BONNIE McROBERTS, early 30's. An attractive career woman, she is dressed tastefully in a dress suit.

CAMERA PUSHES IN... CREEPING... as she looks about the garage from the open doorway. Bonnie is nervous. It's late. It's dark. She is alone.

BONNIE  
Hello...

Inside the garage, her Volvo is being worked on, the hood opened away from her at the opposite end of the garage.

BONNIE'S POV - GARAGE

The only light is a mechanic's hood lamp, glowing behind and through the seams of the opened hood. A figure moves in the light, but doesn't respond.

MRS. McROBERTS

is growing increasingly nervous... phobic.

BONNIE  
Hello...

She remains outside the garage. Bonnie tenses as...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

IN THE GARAGE

A form peaks out from behind the raised hood. This is the MECHANIC. He remains in a weird backlight, silhouetted, so his features cannot be discerned and yet... clad in dark overalls and bandana... he feels creepy.

MECHANIC  
(matter of fact)  
You're late.

Bonnie doesn't move from her spot. She's nervous.

BONNIE  
I'm sorry. I called earlier. A  
deadline came up at work that I  
couldn't get out of...

Why is she telling this guy?

BONNIE (CONT'D)  
If it's ready, I'll just pay you  
and be out of here.

The dark figure remains across the room. Her tension builds.

MECHANIC  
How'd you manage to break that  
anyhow?

BONNIE  
Oh... it's a long story. Did you  
fix it?

Pause.

MECHANIC  
It's fixed.

She breathes a subtle sigh of relief.

BONNIE  
What do I owe you?

MECHANIC  
Well... I'll tell ya... in fixing  
that I found some other  
problems... serious problems,  
Mrs. McRoberts.

She freezes, her time with the dark stranger isn't over.

MECHANIC  
Come back here, I'll show ya...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Bonnie as she reacts fearfully.

BONNIE

I'm sorry, my husband's waiting  
for me. I have to go.

MECHANIC

(matter of fact)

Okay... but you're not goin' far  
unless this gets fixed. C'mere.

He dips back behind the hood.

With no choice, McRoberts starts into the garage as if heading into a dark cave. The shadows cast by the Mechanic's lamp are macabre and surreal. Her heels CLICKING against the oil filmed floor, Mrs. McRoberts finally reaches the front of her Volvo. A tool apron hangs over the side of the car. She looks around the hood.

THE MECHANIC

is bent over "into" the engine. He leans back and turns his face toward Bonnie and into the light REVEALING a truly scary, slimy man. His eyes take a walk over her.

MRS. MCROBERTS

Hates it. Averts her eyes.

WIDER

Without a word of explanation, the Mechanic moves off. The engine STARTS, causing Bonnie to flinch. The Mechanic returns.

He has hooked the car up to an engine analyzer. A monitor indicates various levels within the automobile's engine. The Mechanic points to the monitor.

MECHANIC

This is a diagnostic test of your engine. You're suppose to have an output of 168 horses at sixty-two hundred RPMs, you're nowhere near that.

He turns away from the monitor, his back blocking it from view.

MECHANIC

Come over here... next to me...  
take a look at this.

As the Mechanic leans over into the engine, the monitor is REVEALED... "LIAR."

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

BONNIE

freezes. Frightened.

MECHANIC (O.S.)  
The ignition firing order is out  
of whack...

The Mechanic's RAMBLINGS FADE as all her senses are upon...

THE MONITOR

"HE'S A LIAR."

MCRBERTS

CAMERA PUSHES IN on her fear...

MONITOR

"HE'LL RAPE YOU."

MCRBERTS

Her forehead perspires. She trembles slightly.

MONITOR

"HE'LL KILL YOU."

MCRBERTS

CAMERA PUSHES IN VERY CLOSE as...

MONITOR

"KILL HIM FIRST."

MCRBERTS

Her breaths are quick and deep...

THE MECHANIC

under the hood, reaches behind to her, non-threatening.

MECHANIC  
If you don't believe me, look  
here...

CLOSE - MCRBERTS' ARM

As the greasy Mechanic touches her...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (4)

16

MCROBERTS

her eyes flare, homicidal... she SCREAMS!

THE MECHANIC

turns, shocked.

MCROBERTS

quickly grabs a wrench from the tool apron. She raises it!

WIDER

From the garage entrance, looking in, the light seeping through the seams of the raised hood FLASHES with a SICKENING THUMP.

THE MECHANIC

jerks back, dazed, hitting the work light hanging from the ceiling. It swings wildly, causing...

MRS. MCROBERTS'

shadows to rock back and forth. She raises the socket wrench.

THE MECHANIC

Slowed by pain, manages to turn and kick at his attacker.

MCROBERTS

CRASHES into the workbench, dropping the wrench to the floor.

WIDER

The Mechanic grabs a tool and charges McRoberts who turns to the workbench for a weapon. She finds...

AN OIL CAN SPOUT

with a hard sharp triangular end.

WIDER

The Mechanic rears back to strike. Bonnie steps aside and with an underswing, drives the pointed spout into the Mechanic's chest. His eyes grow wide with horror and pain. As he falls to the floor...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (5)

16

CLOSE - GARAGE FLOOR

The black high heels are speckled with blood, CAMERA MOVES OVER the body, the oil spout remains in the Mechanic, a trickle of blood runs out of the spout. The blood mixes with the oil on the floor. CAMERA MOVES ALONG this mixture until finding the base of the diagnostic machine stand. CAMERA RISES TO REVEAL the monitor, "ANALYSIS COMPLETE... NEXT."

As the engine continues to fire...

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

17 INT. GARAGE - DAY

17

A FLASH from a CU-5 Polaroid camera WHITES OUT the FRAME.

MULDER

As the flash recedes, a latex gloved hand holds the developed black and white Polaroid. Mulder examines the photo of the Mechanic's dead body on the floor.

Mulder considers, concerned, stumped. He places a sunflower seed in his teeth and CRACKS the husk. He moves about the area. The Volvo is gone.

Crime scene personnel take measurements, dust for fingerprints and collect blood samples. Mulder picks up the blood stained wrench, now in a plastic evidence bag.

He moves to the diagnostic engine monitor. It still reads "ANALYSIS COMPLETE... NEXT." Mulder appears puzzled that it has not been smashed. A thought occurs to him and he moves to a clipboard with several work orders clipped on. He begins to flip through them.

INSERT - WORK ORDER/INVOICE

His finger finds the "PARTS REPLACED" column - "Oil Filter." The invoice is flipped quickly to the next order. "PARTS REPLACED - Air Filter, Belts, Fuel Filter." It's flipped to the next invoice "PARTS REPLACED - Oil Filter, Air Filter."

WIDER

Mulder keeps searching. He is approached by Sheriff Spencer and another man in a suit and tie, County Supervisor LARRY WINTER, 40's. Winter is sincerely concerned but low key. He doesn't appear anxious or covering.

WINTER

Agent Mulder, I'm Larry Winter,  
the County Supervisor.

Winter sticks his hand out for a handshake. Mulder pauses, then shakes his hand, latex glove and all.

MULDER

Pardon my rubber.

WINTER

Do you know yet... can you  
tell... is this murder more of  
the same?

SPENCER

They don't seem to be connected.

(CONTINUED)



17 CONTINUED:

17

Mulder eyes them, never assuming anything. He returns to flipping through the invoice orders.

WINTER

Should I be... relieved... or more scared? I mean, is this the start of "copy cat" killers?

SPENCER

It's not a copy of the other homicides. This wasn't committed in a public area. The suspect fled, covering his tracks...

Mulder continues to search the work orders. He stops.

MULDER'S POV - INVOICE

"PARTS REPLACED" - "Digital Dashboard Clock/Mileage Readout." Part #1499WX541. "SERVICE" - "Replace smashed readout in dashboard."

SPENCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The killer appears not to have had a premeditated weapon.

WIDER

Mulder turns to them, cutting off the sheriff.

MULDER

They are connected.

The two men react, puzzled and shocked.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY - FRONT DOOR

18

The front door opens REVEALING Mrs. McRoberts. She displays no indications of guilt or nervousness. Bonnie wears a business suit, ready for work. Her expression reads "yes?"

REVERSE

Mulder and Spencer are at the door. Mulder displays his I.D.

MULDER

Mrs. Bonnie McRoberts?

BONNIE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MULDER

This is Sheriff Spencer. I'm  
Special Agent Fox Mulder, Federal  
Bureau of Investigation. May we  
come in?

BONNIE

I'm late for work.

MULDER

You can blame me.

He steps inside, followed by Spencer. McRoberts closes the  
door. She heads toward the kitchen.

19 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

19

Spencer looks about the house. Mulder eyes McRoberts as she  
moves to the microwave.

MULDER

Been having some car trouble?

Mulder produces the Mechanic's invoice.

BONNIE

That's my husband's department.

MULDER

May I speak with him?

BONNIE

He just took the car to  
Pittsburgh for a business  
meeting. Is it okay if I make my  
breakfast?

MULDER

It's the day's most important  
meal.

She places some English muffins in the microwave. As she  
punches in the "Defrost" setting, in a position unseen by  
Mulder or Spencer, CAMERA MOVES IN quickly to the digital  
display. It reads, "HE KNOWS."

BONNIE

freezes, maintaining her composure.

MULDER

He looks at the work order, as if for the first time.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

MULDER

This invoice was signed by you.  
Did you pick up the car last  
night?

BONNIE

The microwave BEEPS, indicating the muffins are done. As she  
opens the door, her eyes look to the digital readout.

BONNIE'S POV - MICROWAVE DIGITAL DISPLAY

"KILL 'EM BOTH."

BONNIE

stares blankly into the digital readout.

BONNIE

Yes.

MULDER

notes Bonnie's odd gaze and moves toward her.

WIDER

McRoberts takes the English muffins and moves away. Mulder  
looks at the microwave.

MULDER'S POV - MICROWAVE DIGITAL READOUT

A clock reading 7:35 A.M.

RETURN

McRoberts moves to the counter, her back to Mulder and Spencer  
as she places the muffins on a plate. Mulder is positioned  
behind her across the room.

MULDER

Mrs. McRoberts, can you describe  
how the dashboard readout became  
damaged?

Mulder steps closer to McRoberts.

SPENCER

In the adjacent dining room, doesn't follow Mulder's line of  
questioning.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

BONNIE

appears to be absently spreading jam on the muffins. Mulder approaches behind her.

CAMERA MOVES DOWN to the drawer as Bonnie grasps the handle to a large serrated carving knife. She keeps her hand in the drawer, out of sight.

MULDER

Mrs. McRoberts?

She looks off, out the window, blank and sad... pathetic and torn... as if realizing she's not in control of herself. Yet, inside, she struggles to call out for help.

BONNIE

I did it. I broke it...

Mulder moves closer.

MULDER

Why? Did you see something in the readout?

Bonnie closes her eyes, pained. She begins to cry. Mulder is close, over her shoulder.

MULDER

I can help. Tell me what you saw.

She can't answer. He raises his hand, moving closer...

MULDER

Mrs. McRoberts...?

BONNIE'S SHOULDER

Mulder gently places his hand upon her.

BONNIE

SCREAMS! Turns! With a quick SLASH, she strikes at Mulder. His forearm tries to block her hand, but the blade cuts across his suit. He rears back, blood on his hands.

SPENCER - IN THE OTHER ROOM

reacts, stunned, he starts toward the kitchen.

SPENCER

STOP!!

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

LOW ANGLE

In a flash, horrifyingly fast, she leaps on Mulder, knocking him to the floor. Her knees pin his arms.

Eyes wide, she cocks the blade up across her chest, about to slash it across Mulder's throat.

SPENCER

draws his gun, scared...

MULDER

tries to throw her off him. From the corner of his eye, he sees Spencer...

MULDER

NO!!!

BONNIE - LOW ANGLE

The arm begins to swing down...

SPENCER

FIRES. The SHOT has an EXAGGERATED ECHO...

CUT TO:

20 INT. FORENSIC LAB - F.B.I. ACADEMY DAY - A WHITE SHEET

20

Fills the FRAME, a ghostly human form lies beneath the linen. It is pulled down, REVEALING the lifeless body of Bonnie McRoberts.

CAMERA ADJUSTS, REVEALING Scully in a lab apron and goggles. She adjusts an overhead microphone, then turns...

A TABLE

covered with tools for autopsy. Glinting. Sharp. Surreal. Scully and the subject are out of focus behind the table as Scully reaches for a scalpel. She returns to the subject and makes the initial incision.

SCULLY (V.O.)

Several anomalies were detected during post mortem analysis. Levels of adrenalin are known to be high in cases of violent death, twice as much as in victims of natural death. This

(more)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

SCULLY (Cont'd)  
subject's levels were two hundred  
times normal.

21 INT. SCULLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

21

She types her report into her laptop, working beneath a lone  
lamp. CAMERA CREEPS AROUND her...

SCULLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The adrenal gland displayed  
extensive adrenal hemorrhage,  
yet, not from disease, but  
rather... wear. Other  
physiological evidence present  
indicated episodes of intense  
phobia.

22 INT. VENANGO COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

22

CLOSE - LAPTOP MONITOR

As the words pass by on the monitor...

SCULLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Analysis of the vitreous humor,  
extracted from the eyeball...

MULDER

CAMERA MOVES as he reads Scully's report. His sleeves are  
rolled up, REVEALING a large gauze bandage over his wound.

SCULLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
... indicated the presence of  
high concentration of an  
undetermined chemical compound.

Mulder looks to the earlier lab report.

SCULLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This compound, at its base, is  
similar to the substance analyzed  
earlier on a perpetrator's  
finger.

Mulder looks back to the computer.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

SCULLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Although further qualitative  
analysis must be performed, it is  
my opinion that this chemical,  
when reacting with adrenalin and  
other compounds secreted during  
phobic episodes, creates a  
substance similar to, but not  
exactly, lysergic acid  
diethylamide - LSD.

As Mulder considers...

CUT TO:

23 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

23

Ed Funsch walks through a small K-Mart like department store.  
He is wound tighter than before. Pale. Beads of sweat form on  
his forehead. He wears a cheap, pathetic suit and tie. Ed  
looks lost. He approaches a counter marked "CREDIT OFFICE." A  
CLERK is behind the counter.

ED  
Pardon me, I'd like to apply for  
a job.

CLERK  
Sorry. They're not accepting  
applications at this time.

The clerk moves off. Ed wipes the sweat on his forehead. He  
turns away. Nearby is a table with a banner "FRANKLIN  
COMMUNITY BLOOD DRIVE." It is manned by a friendly pair of  
volunteers, MRS. ADAMS and MRS. WYATT, both in their 50's.

MRS. ADAMS  
Sir, may we ask you to sign up  
for the blood drive?

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Ed as he looks to them...

ED'S POV - MRS. ADAMS

holding out a pen, beneath her, in big red letters, "BLOOD."

WIDER

Ed moves away. Amped. Eyes glazed. He breathes deep as if  
about to cry. CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he moves through the  
store, until he passes a bank of televisions for sale. There  
should be as many as possible, but at least twelve, stacked  
four across on shelves.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

They play different images, sports, soaps, cartoons. Ed continues on his way, until... suddenly... in unison, the monitors FLASH a bright white. Intense, like a lightbulb blowing out.

Ed's attention turns toward the dark screens. Then, with CAMERA OVER his shoulder... the televisions flash images, rhythmically, like a slide show, all in sync. Between the images, which last a half second each, is a blast of intense static. For example... an uzi is aimed out of a car window... static... Reginald Denny is beaten in the intersection... static... Jeffrey Dahmer... static... racist Skinheads scream... static... a sniper takes aim atop a building... static... a white Ford Bronco rides along the freeway... static... they begin to repeat.

ED

The images flash across his face...

MONITOR

Static... Jeffrey Dahmer... static... racist Skinheads scream... static... a sniper takes aim atop a building...

ED - WIDE ANGLE

He stands before the wall of televisions, back to CAMERA, an overwhelmed silhouette, as the images of mass media violence flip past... The Ford Bronco... static... the uzi out the window... static...

ED

The light reflecting across his expression suddenly goes dark. He looks to one monitor.

ED'S POV - MONITOR

It reads "BEHIND YOU."

ED

turns around.

ED'S POV - DEPARTMENT STORE

Across the aisle and down... the hunting rifles. Racks and racks, under glass.

ED

turns back to the monitors.

(CONTINUED)



23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

BANK OF MONITORS

"DO IT!"

ED

slowly heads away from the monitors. As he CLEARS FRAME, they return to images of sports, soaps and cartoons.

WIDER

Ed proceeds down the aisle toward the guns... as he is told.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

24

Mulder is jogging along a suburban street. Down the street, a passenger truck with a camper shell on the back approaches.

It stops. The PASSENGER scoops something from a bucket and throws the small black contents out the window. The truck drives along.

Mulder stops to take note of the strange sight.

MULDER'S POV - TRUCK, AS IT PASSES

On the side is a city emblem, "FRANKLIN, PENN."

MULDER

hustles over to the area to check out what was heaved out the window. He bends down for a closer look and finds...

FLIES

hundreds of them, all over the ground. Alive.

MULDER

As he picks up a fly for a closer inspection...

CUT TO:

25 INT. LONE GUNMAN OFFICE - DAY - EXTREMELY CLOSE - FLY

25

The insect is turned, examined...

THE LONE GUNMAN

BYERS, LANGLY, and FROHIKE are crammed IN FRAME, looking through a rectangular magnifying glass.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

BYERS

In our April edition of "The Lone Gunman," we ran an article on the C.I.A.'s new CCDTH7321 fiber optic lens micro video camera.

Langly stands. He wears a Social Distortion T-shirt.

LANGLY

Small enough to place on the back of a fly.

Mulder considers the possibilities.

MULDER

Imagine being one of those flies on the wall of the oval office.

The Gunmen eye one another, smirking proudly.

FROHIKE

Been there. Done that.

Frohike takes the fly and sits at his desk. Behind him is a collage of photos from dirty magazines.

BYERS

That is a Eurasian Cluster Fly. They infest vegetation, like apples or cherries and can commit a great deal of damage to crops.

LANGLY

This one has probably been irradiated to control propagation.

BYERS

Or agents of competing South American agricultural corporations, posing as Franklin City employees, are releasing fertile flies to destroy the crop.

Frohike has done further tests.

FROHIKE

Nope... this bug's been nuked.

Byers actually seems disappointed his theory has been shot down. Langly pats him on the back.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

LANGLY  
Good effort, though.

Mulder fishes out the initial F.B.I. lab reports.

MULDER  
Have you ever come across this  
chemical compound?

Langly and Byers eye each other, they know it.

LANGLY  
Obviously you didn't read our  
August edition of "T.L.G."

MULDER  
Sorry boys, it arrived the same  
day as my subscription of  
"Celebrity Skin."

BYERS  
Come over here.

Mulder moves toward Byers who steps up to a mountain of stacked  
video cassettes and begins searching for one. They are labeled  
"JFK," "RFK," "FDR," "NIXON VOL I & II," "JAYNE & LEON,"  
"WHITEWATER," "NANCY & TONYA," "OJ," "OCTOBER SURPRISE,"  
"BCCI," "CBS," "NBC," "ABC," and on and on...

As Byers is searching, Frohike returns to working on a pair of  
Litton M909 high performance night vision goggles as indicated  
by a nearby box. He looks up to Mulder.

FROHIKE  
So, Mulder, where's your little  
partner?

MULDER  
She wouldn't come. She's afraid  
of her love for you.

FROHIKE  
She's... tasty.

Pause.

MULDER  
Frohike, it's men like you that  
give perversion a bad name.

BYERS  
Here. Toxic pesticides.

Byers retrieves a tape labeled "DDT." He pops it in the VCR.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

BYERS

The chemical you have in the report is called Lysergic Dimethrin. It is an unreleased experimental synthetic botanical insecticide. It attempts to act as a natural pheromone.

LANGLY

LSDM is sprayed on the plant which invokes a fear response in the pest: "Get outta here. There's danger!" The insect reacts and leaves the plant.

MULDER

Why won't they release it? Is it possible that it affects humans in the same manner?

BYERS

Possible? Let me show you something...

Byers turns on the monitor.

TELEVISION

Actual black and white footage from the 1950's shows trucks cruising suburban Long Island, spraying thick clouds of DDT.

LANGLY (V.O.)

This is DDT. A chemical the government did release and determined to be safe.

Another clip highlights a worker spraying thick jets of chemicals on enthusiastic children in a swimming pool.

BYERS (O.S.)

They found out women exposed to it had higher rates of breast cancer. Took a decade of bureaucratic and industry heel dragging before it was banned.

RETURN

As they watch the bizarre images.

LANGLY

Different chemicals. Same stunts.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (4)

25

BYERS

They've just learned how not to  
be so obvious.

Mulder considers, recalls. He gestures to Frohike's night  
goggles.

MULDER

Can I borrow those?

FROHIKE

If you gimme Scully's phone  
number.

Mulder considers.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. HILLSIDE BLUFF - NIGHT

26

Mulder sits on the hood of his rented automobile. He places  
the night vision goggles to his eyes and looks out. It is dark  
and quiet.

MULDER'S POV - THE COUNTRYSIDE

Dark green and very grainy, orchards and small houses can be  
seen through the night goggles.

MULDER

puts them down. He looks about, frustrated. Then...  
distant... but approaching... is the muffled STACCATO RUMBLE  
he heard at night in the sheriff's office. It sounds like a  
helicopter with a silencer. Mulder listens. He puts the  
goggles to his eyes.

MULDER'S POV - THE COUNTRYSIDE

The same image he just saw, however, now a black form flies  
above the treetops. A faint cloud emanates from the form which  
rains upon the trees.

MULDER

puts the goggles down. He hustles into the car. As the engine  
STARTS...

CUT TO:

27 EXT. AN ORCHARD - NIGHT

27

It is quiet. The silence is broken by the arrival of Mulder's vehicle. He turns the lights out, then exits the car with the night goggles and a camera.

Mulder looks up, listens. The rumble cannot be heard. He pauses before venturing deeper into the orchard.

ANOTHER SECTION

Mulder runs up, listens. He looks to the sky. Nothing. He sighs, angry and frustrated. He begins to walk back to his car. Suddenly, the tree limbs begin to sway... blowing from an unseen source. Eerily, there is no sound to the wind, even as it builds in intensity.

Mulder stops. The area begins to RUMBLE.

LOW ANGLE

A black helicopter flies overhead, close to the treetops, releasing a dark cloud of chemicals which drop upon the trees and Mulder. The helicopter disappears.

MULDER

covers from the chemicals, but they are overpowering. The wind dies out and total silence returns. Mulder drops to his knees, gagging on the fumes. As he continues to choke, gasping for air...

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

28 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - CLOSE - A SYRINGE

28

of blood is filled and removed. The rubber hose is taken off.

WINTER (V.O.)  
Stealth helicopters?!  
Experimental pesticides  
responsible for violent  
behavior?!

WIDER

Mulder sits on a hospital bed with an angry expression. He holds a ball of cotton over the needle mark. He still has a gauze wrapping from Mrs. McRoberts' attack. Scully gestures for Mulder to open his shirt and places a stethoscope on his chest. In the b.g., the TV is on. The SOUND is OFF.

County Supervisor Winter is upset and pacing. Sheriff Spencer remains a puzzled neutral party. Mulder is hoarse, his lungs filled with insecticide.

MULDER  
I saw the chopper from two  
different locations!

Scully tries to silence Mulder in order to hear through the stethoscope, Mulder pushes her hand away.

MULDER (CONT'D)  
Look at my hair! Feel my skin!  
The insecticide is still on me.

WINTER  
Look, I've checked on you. I'm  
aware of your penchant for...  
"spooky"... evidence.

MULDER  
Don't start diverting blame.  
Don't try to turn yourself into  
a victim when others are dead.

Winter glares at Mulder.

WINTER  
Hold it just a second, here...

MULDER  
If you're responsible for the  
illegal spraying... then the  
sooner you take responsibility...  
the sooner people will stop  
dying! The killers all resided  
near heavily sprayed areas!

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Mulder's intensity and more importantly, sincerity is powerful.

WINTER

You don't live here, Mulder. I live here. I have my heart in this town. I have three children. I'm not going to dump poison on them!

MULDER

If it's so safe... why was it done in secret?

WINTER

I don't know what crusade you're...

Spencer eyes Winter.

SPENCER

Answer the question. Are we spraying?

Pause...

WINTER

This county's heartbeat is pumped by money generated from its crops.

He eyes them, to drive home the point.

WINTER (CONT'D)

The irradiated flies were not effective. The delays to get approval to spray would have caused millions in crop damage. Look at the Hell they raised in California over Malathion. Meanwhile, people's lives are being ruined by a damn bug.

SPENCER

"Ruined?" Twenty-three people are dead.

WINTER

There is no proof whatsoever that spray is causing violent behavior. It was proven to me to be safe.

MULDER

By who? Who proved it to you?

(CONTINUED)



28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

WINTER

I will not take responsibility  
for anything that is not  
demonstrated to be doing harm.

Winter eyes them, relaying his anger, and walks out. There is  
a long, silent, tense pause. Scully steps forward.

SCULLY

He's right.

Mulder and Spencer look to Scully.

SCULLY

Sorry, Mulder, I wish I could say  
I flew three hundred miles in the  
middle of the night to perform  
tests that determined you were  
about to become the next Charles  
Manson... but... I find little  
physiological evidence that  
suggests LSDM has toxically  
effected you. Even after massive  
ingestion.

MULDER

Scully, your own autopsy reported  
the killer had chemical  
anomalies.

SCULLY

Yes, but you are proof that it  
wasn't from exposure to LSDM.

Spencer moves to Scully who shows him the chart.

Mulder sits on the bed, thinking. O.S., a subtle flash of  
light reflects on his face. Distracted, he looks up to...

MULDER'S POV - TELEVISION (THE SOUND IS MUTED)

"DO IT!"

MULDER

appears puzzled, yet affected. He gazes up at the TV.

MULDER'S POV - TELEVISION

The graphics are larger "DO IT NOW!"

MULDER

is rattled by this... concerned... until.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3)

28

MULDER'S POV - TELEVISION

The graphics WIPE, REVEALING a girl in an aerobics outfit with a "DO IT!" on her spandex top. She flashes a smile as her workout ends. She poses as graphics flash upon the screen "Membership starts at only \$15.95 per month. DO IT NOW!"

MULDER

He examines the emotions that were sparked in him. He considers, his expression reflects that he's formed a hypothesis.

MULDER

Electronic devices were destroyed by every perpetrator. What if they were the catalyst of the chemical reaction?

Spencer seems a little lost but hangs onto their discussion.

SCULLY

If this insecticide changed structure it was an organic reaction within the body, how can an external "electronic device" change the body chemistry?

MULDER

Fear.

Spencer and Scully don't follow.

MULDER

A.C.T.H. and norepinephrine levels surge in the body during phobic episodes. Taber was claustrophobic. McRoberts' husband stated his wife had a fear of rape. To phobics, the body's reactions turn the insecticide into a hallucinogen. It would explain why not everyone in the area has become homicidal.

SCULLY

Mulder, everyone has a degree of phobia. I recall you have a fear of fire, and yet, you remain virtually unaffected.

MULDER

Electronic signals provoke the violence.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (4)

28

Spencer reacts, a bit unsure of this theory.

MULDER

Every electronic device that was destroyed had some sort of readout. Those people saw something in them.

SCULLY

Eight people cannot independently have the same hallucinations.

MULDER

Exactly. The perpetrators were told what to do with their violent emotions. The messages were purposely transmitted to them.

SCULLY

(softly)

Mulder... by who?

Unable to answer, Mulder hesitates. In this pause, Spencer eyes them, then moves across the room and exits. It appears they've lost an ally. Scully and Mulder eye one another, acknowledging this fact.

SCULLY

(RE: Spencer)

He's probably one of those people who believe Elvis is dead.

MULDER

Fear. It's the oldest tool of power, Scully. They've developed a controlled manner of turning our own fear on one another.

SCULLY

Mulder...

MULDER

If you're distracted by fear... afraid of those around you... it keeps you from looking up...

SCULLY

But Mulder... who is up there?

Mulder cannot answer. The room is silent, until the door opens. Spencer has returned. The agents look to him.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (5)

28

SPENCER

I've had a... talk... with Mister Winter. I've... persuaded... him to a compromise.

Mulder and Scully listen, interested.

SPENCER

He's agreed to stop the spraying immediately and to blood testing, extensively, of people exposed to the spray area.

MULDER

But...

SPENCER

But... the official explanation for the testing cannot have any link to the side effects of LSDM.

Mulder looks to Scully. On their mutual expressions of outraged resignation...

CUT TO:

29 INT. ED FUNSCH'S HOUSE - DAY - CLOSE - PORTABLE TELEVISION

29

The monitor fills the FRAME as if the following message was on our TV's.

A graphic displays "FREE CHOLESTEROL TESTING. At your door, or, report to Franklin Community General. 1505 N. Franklin."

PROGRAM DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Franklin and Venango Counties are participating in an important nationwide study on Cholesterol...

CAMERA MOVES away from the small television, across a modest suburban home.

PROGRAM DIRECTOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Volunteers will be coming to your door or you may report at your convenience to Franklin Community General...

CAMERA HOLDS on Ed, slightly trembling as he eyes the television.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

PROGRAM DIRECTOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The procedure is simple and  
painless. Just a little prick...

TELEVISION

A needle sticks the fingertip. A tiny dot of blood appears.

PROGRAM DIRECTOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
... on the fingertip and your  
participation is complete... and  
appreciated.

ED

Turns away, freaked. His breaths are quick, scared. CAMERA  
PULLS BACK to REVEAL a small case on his kitchen table. In the  
case is a detachable rifle with a box of shells. Other items -  
envelopes, checkbook, calculator are also on the table. He  
stares at the rifle, pained. O.S, the doorbell RINGS. Ed  
turns into a CLOSE UP. He moves off.

WIDER

Ed proceeds to the front window and peeks out the curtain.

ED'S POV - OUT THE FRONT WINDOW

A lab coated VOLUNTEER holds a small cholesterol test kit. She  
wears latex gloves.

ED

closes the curtain. Eyes spinning. Horrified. He moves back  
toward the kitchen. The doorbell RINGS! Ed considers. He  
looks to the small television.

ED'S TV

"BLOOD."

ED

swipes at the portable. It SMASHES to the ground.

30 EXT. ED'S HOUSE - DAY

30

The Volunteer hears the CRASH. She RINGS the doorbell.

31 INT. ED'S HOUSE - DAY

31

Ed closes his eyes and covers his ears from the RINGING. The  
RINGS sound intermittent, like Morse code, "-.- .. .-... -.-.."  
He pulls his hand away. Ed slams the rifle case shut, causing

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

the calculator to fall off the table. As he picks it up, his eyes fill with dread...

INSERT - CALCULATOR

"TAKE THEIRS."

RETURN

The doorbell RINGS, Ed SMASHES the cheap calculator into the table. Again. SMASH.

Ed turns to catch his breath. His watch BEEPS. He looks at his wrist.

INSERT - WATCH (FULL FRAME)

The watch has an analogue face with a digital inset, which FLASHES, reading "KILL"... "KILL"... "KILL."

32 INT. VENANGO COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

32

The office Mulder has been using is now a command post. Maps are on the bulletin boards indicating areas of the county that have been sprayed, as well as areas that have been checked.

Mulder and Scully compare the map against reports on a clipboard. Spencer is on the phone, writing down names on a piece of paper. He hangs up and moves to the two agents.

SPENCER

Last area just reported in. Okay, these are the sectors that have tested negative. This is a list of all people that for one reason or another, have not been checked out. There's about twenty-five.

He hands the list to Mulder and Scully.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. ED'S HOUSE - DAY - CLOSE - PAPER

33

A typewritten list of twenty-five names. Thirteen have been lined out. The next person is Edward Funsch.

WIDER

Scully and Mulder are at the door. As she proceeds to ring the doorbell, the doorbell plate falls out. It has been smashed.

Mulder moves in for a closer look. He pulls at the plate which comes out of the wall. The wires have been yanked out.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

MULDER  
(RE: doorbell)  
Frustrated Jehovah's Witness?

SCULLY  
The door's unlocked.

34 INT. ED'S HOUSE - DAY - CLOSE - DOORKNOB

34

CAMERA PULLS BACK as the doorknob turns and the door opens. Scully and Mulder enter cautiously. Their expressions reflect their shock as they look around the house.

SLOWLY WE REVEAL what startled the agents. The house is a shambles. The inner wires and guts of every electronic appliance, television, radio, are thrown about the house.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO PULL BACK as Mulder and Scully move further into the room. Mulder draws his weapon, keeping it tense, at his side. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he moves to the kitchen area, equally filled with torn wires and machine parts.

Mulder moves to the rifle case on the table. He CLICKS the latch and opens the case. It is empty.

On Mulder's realization...

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

35 INT. ED'S HOUSE - DAY

35

Tense. Urgent. Franklin county law enforcement personnel are buzzing about. Game faces. Scully proceeds into the house, carrying a file. She hands it to Mulder.

MULDER

Edward Funsch. Fifty-two. No diploma. No vehicle or driver's license. Navy radio man. Wife died ten years ago. No kids. Just been laid off.

Mulder considers, looking at a photo of the man.

MULDER

Medical history?

SCULLY

Nothing. He hasn't been to a doctor in decades.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Mulder as he looks up. Mulder moves to the analogue watch WE'VE SEEN on Ed's wrist, now in an evidence bag on the kitchen table.

MULDER

When was the blood tester here?

Spencer checks a file. Mulder looks at the broken watch.

INSERT - WATCH

Smashed. Time frozen at 10:25.

SPENCER (O.S.)

About ten-thirty this morning.

MULDER

His head snaps up, eyes intense.

MULDER

I know what he's afraid of. And I know where he's going.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. BUS STOP - DAY - BUS DESTINATION INDICATOR

36

"FRANKLIN COMMUNITY GENERAL HOSPITAL." CAMERA CRANES DOWN from the bus destination indicator to the PASSENGERS getting on the bus. They all climb on, no sign of Ed. Beat. The doors close with a HISS.

(CONTINUED)



36 CONTINUED:

36

Suddenly, Ed runs up to the bus carrying a gym bag. He BANGS on the doors, hustling along with the bus. The vehicle stops. The doors open. Ed climbs aboard.

37 INT. BUS - DAY

37

Ed pays his fare and moves to a seat. He sits, out of breath. CAMERA PUSHES IN on his shocked expression...

ED'S POV - DASHBOARD

Near the driver is a digital display, much like cab drivers have, which record destination and communications with dispatchers. It flashes... "THEY'RE WAITING."

ED

Startled, confused. The bus doors MISS closed.

ED'S POV - DASHBOARD

"GET OFF!"

WIDER

Ed stands, flustered, he moves to the doors as the BUS DRIVER checks his side mirror, pulling away.

ED

Pardon me.

The Driver doesn't even turn around.

DRIVER

Wait for the next stop.

ED

Please, I'm on the wrong bus...

DRIVER

Wait for the next stop.

Ed erupts, SCREAMING with homicidal intensity. He appears shockingly violent.

ED

OPEN THE DOOR! OPEN THE DAMN DOOR!

CUT TO:

38 EXT. FRANKLIN COMMUNITY HOSPITAL - DAY - BUS STOP

38

Mulder and Scully pace anxiously outside the hospital at the bus stop. A half dozen DEPUTIES comb the area, including Spencer. Behind them, over the entrance of the hospital hangs a banner announcing "The Franklin Community Blood Drive."

From the radio attached to Spencer's belt...

DEPUTY (V.O.)  
C-one, this is X-ray four,  
negative on the North-South line.

SPENCER  
Copy, that.  
(to Mulder)  
If he's on it, it's this line.

A bus approaches.

MULDER  
Here it comes.

SCULLY  
Get the uniforms out of sight.

She and Mulder draw their weapons, kept hidden, held at their sides. The Deputies move back into cover, out of eye sight of the bus. Scully and Mulder act as passengers waiting for the bus as it pulls up, HISSING to a stop.

Mulder checks Spencer's position.

SPENCER  
behind nearby cover, he gestures "ready" to Mulder.

THE BUS  
Passengers file off. Scully and Mulder subtly examine them.

No Ed.

Mulder moves up into the steps of the bus. He produces a small photograph of Ed and shows the bus driver.

MULDER  
Seen him?

DRIVER  
Yeah. I picked him up, drove  
four feet and then he went  
apewire.

SCULLY  
Where did you let him out?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

DRIVER  
Tenth and Franklin.

Mulder steps out of the bus as the doors close. The bus pulls off.

SCULLY  
We'll have to wait him out.

MULDER  
I don't think he's waiting.

This doesn't sit with Mulder. He looks off as he considers.

MULDER'S POV - BANNER

"12th and Franklin."

MULDER

CAMERA CREEPS IN as Mulder suspects Ed's destination.

MULDER'S POV - BANNER

"BLOOD DRIVE."

MULDER

CAMERA IS IN TIGHT as his expression reflects realization.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. FRANKLIN COLLEGE - DAY - BANNER - "FRANKLIN BLOOD DRIVE"

39

CAMERA CRANES DOWN from the banner to REVEAL a blood mobile. ATTENDANTS help people fill out forms in line. There are balloons attached nearby in an attempt to make this festive.

The blood mobile is parked in the courtyard of a college campus. At least fifty people are gathered in the area as this is the campus hangout. A small Diamond-Vision type marquee displays "UPCOMING CAMPUS EVENTS." These events scroll by on the Diamond-Vision.

CAMERA CONTINUES to MOVE until Ed's face appears in a CLOSE UP. His eyes are red. A creepy mixture of pity and violent intent. He is perspiring ice cold sweat.

His gaze is chilling as he takes in the area. He pauses.

ED'S POV - DIAMOND-VISION

"UP."

(CONTINUED)

- 39 CONTINUED: 39  
ED  
upon command, he looks up toward...  
ED'S POV - CLOCK TOWER  
A large clock tower overlooks the courtyard.  
CUT TO:
- 40 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - DAY 40  
Spencer drives as Mulder rides shotgun. The siren lights flash. As Spencer PUNCHES it...  
CUT TO:
- 41 INT. TOWER STAIRWELL - DAY 41  
Winding up the tower, Ed methodically climbs the stairs. Compelled. Out of breath. He carries the gym bag, slumped.
- 42 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - DAY 42  
Mulder takes out his cellular phone, punches in a number as the car speeds along.  
MULDER  
(into phone)  
Scully... anything?
- 43 EXT. FRANKLIN COMMUNITY HOSPITAL - DAY 43  
All is quiet around Scully. She responds into her phone.  
SCULLY  
Nothing.
- 44 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - DAY 44  
Mulder hangs up. He looks over to the Sheriff.  
MULDER  
Go.  
Spencer's intensity increases as he can't go any faster.
- 45 EXT. STREET - DAY 45  
The Sheriff's car BLOWS PAST FRAME.
- 46 EXT. CLOCK TOWER - DAY 46  
Students, teachers, and blood donors are unaware.

47 INT. CLOCK TOWER TOP - DAY

47

The top of the tower consists of long vertical open windows. It is a beautiful view of the peaceful campus.

O.S., STEPS approach.

Ed appears, drenched with sweat. He is crying. He drops to his knees and SOBS. He unzips the gym bag and dumps the contents.

FLOOR

Hundreds of rounds of mean 7.62mm full metal jacket cartridges rain onto the floor.

48 EXT. FRANKLIN COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

48

The SIRENS BLARE as the patrol car SCREECHES up to the campus.

MULDER

is out of the car, intense, his eyes darting about. Searching. Panicked. He moves off, OUT OF FRAME.

49 INT. CLOCK TOWER - DAY - CLOSE - RIFLE CHAMBER

49

A round is SNAPPED into the chamber.

THE BOLT

is COCKED.

ED

trembling with fear. Eyes full of dread. He raises the rifle.

50 EXT. FRANKLIN CAMPUS - DAY

50

Mulder moves close to the blood mobile. He scans ninety degrees to the left while Spencer scans ninety degrees to the right.

A SHOT RINGS out, ECHOES.

The bullet SHATTERS a window on the blood mobile.

Mulder and Spencer cover, knowing it is a gun shot. The other people in the area look about, shocked and confused.

Another SHOT. It rips through a sign up table at the blood mobile. Wood SPLINTERS.

Spencer moves out, gesturing everybody back.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

SPENCER  
RUN! RUN! TAKE COVER!

Mulder searches frantically for the origin of the sniper.

MULDER'S POV - TOWER

a tuft of smoke dissipates from the tower.

WIDER

Mulder breaks for the tower as the others SCREAM, scrambling for cover. Chaos.

A bullet TEARS into the dirt.

51 INT. CLOCK TOWER - DAY

51

Ed cries as he ejects a spent cartridge.

CARTRIDGE

it TINKS against the floor.

52 EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

52

Mulder sprints for the tower, using any tree or building available for cover. A SHOT is FIRED!

53 INT. CLOCK TOWER - DAY

53

Ed ejects another cartridge. He COCKS the bolt, aims.

54 INT. CLOCK TOWER STAIRWELL - DAY

54

Mulder is at the base of the stairwell. He looks up at the Herculean climb ahead of him. From above, GUNFIRE. Mulder starts off.

55 INT. CLOCK TOWER - DAY - CLOSE - CARTRIDGE

55

falls atop a growing pile of spent ammunition.

56 EXT. BLOOD MOBILE - DAY

56

Spencer is on his microphone behind cover.

SPENCER  
All units... forthwith...  
Franklin College. Shot fired.  
Send emergency vehicles.

57 INT. CLOCK TOWER - DAY 57  
Ed SOBS as he cocks the bolt.

58 INT. CLOCK TOWER STAIRWELL - DAY 58  
Mulder digs deep as he climbs the steps two at a time. He slips and falls on his forearms, where his bandage lies beneath his suit. The agent is right up and running up the stairs.

59 INT. CLOCK TOWER - DAY - CLOSE - SPENT CARTRIDGES 59  
O.S., a SHOT is FIRED. A cartridge falls. O.S., ANOTHER SHOT. A cartridge falls.

60 INT. CLOCK TOWER STAIRWELL - DAY 60  
Mulder rounds a curve in the stairwell, he spots Ed on the top floor. His back is to Mulder. His rifle aimed out the vertical window.

MULDER

readies his gun... readies himself.

ED

raises his rifle as he ejects a cartridge. In the beat he takes to reach for another round...

MULDER

breaks for the top floor, weapon aimed at Ed. Mulder SCREAMS.

MULDER  
PUT IT DOWN! PUT IT DOWN!

ED

freezes, the rifle cocked, the barrel is aimed upwards. He slowly turns to Mulder, eyes red from crying. A sad, pathetic man, fully aware of the horror he is committing. Very softly...

ED  
Don't kill me.

MULDER

legs spread for stability, gun raised, heart pounding.

MULDER  
Then put it down, Ed...

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

WIDER

Ed begins to cry.

ED  
I can't... they won't let me.

MULDER  
I know they won't, Ed. I know  
they won't let you.

ED  
Then... you... you make me put it  
down.

Mulder considers. He eyes Ed and with total sincerity, though quite aware of the twisted logic.

MULDER  
If you don't put it down... and  
I have to shoot you, Ed... or you  
shoot me... there's going to be  
blood everywhere...

Ed reacts, shocked. And then... he cracks an odd relieved smile. He nods, understanding. Ed's hands tremble as he holds out the rifle to Mulder.

Mulder cautiously steps forward, reaching for the gun.

ED

extends the rifle.

MULDER

reaches for it.

CLOSER - ED

extending the rifle... his eyes turn, horrified.

ED'S POV - MULDER'S SLEEVE

As Mulder reaches for the rifle, his sleeve pulls back, REVEALING the gauze bandage from his knife injury. It is covered with deep red blood.

ED

Panics. SCREAMS. He swings at Mulder with the rifle butt, bashing the agent's hand. Mulder's gun drops.

Mulder charges the older man.

(CONTINUED)



60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

WIDER

Ed and Mulder struggle for the rifle. Ed kicks at Mulder who battles through the pain. They struggle until Mulder manages to spin Ed hard against the wall. Ed slides to the floor. The rifle is released in the struggle by both men. It rattles down the stairs.

MULDER & ED

The agent places the suspect on the floor, hands behind his back. Ed SOBS as Mulder CLICKS the handcuffs on the man's hands. Mulder carefully guides the man's head to the floor, keeping a hand on Ed's back.

STAIRWELL

The gun tumbles down the stairwell and into the darkness...

DISSOLVE TO:

61 EXT. FRANKLIN COLLEGE - BLOOD MOBILE - DAY

61

Ed, strapped to a folding wheeled stretcher, is loaded into an ambulance. Mulder watches as PARAMEDICS close the doors. They head into the ambulance and drive away. Mulder is left standing alone, near the blood mobile. Spencer approaches him.

SPENCER

Agent Scully will examine him at the hospital. You can call her there.

Mulder nods, absently.

MULDER

I'll want unrestricted access to him for questioning.

SPENCER

Mulder... you know more about what happened to him than he does.

Mulder believes this is probably, sadly, true. He looks to Spencer, who moves off, respectful.

Mulder moves near the blood mobile and slumps into a folding chair. He removes his cellular phone and dials. He puts the phone to his ear. An odd, eerie, beeping tone causes him to look at the dial face.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

INSERT - CELLULAR PHONE

In the digital display window of the phone... "ALL DONE."

MULDER

CAMERA PUSHES IN as he stares at this message in shock.

INSERT - CELLULAR PHONE

"BYE BYE." The message disappears.

MULDER

Stunned, pissed, and helpless... he can only look at the phone in the palm of his hand. O.S.; the RINGING of the number he dialed. CAMERA PULLS BACK AS...

SCULLY (V.O.)

(over phone)

Scully... hello... Mulder is that you? Mulder, where are you?

CAMERA SETTLES, HOLDING on Mulder as his eyes are locked on the phone, sitting beneath a banner, one word of which hangs over his head, "BLOOD."

FADE OUT:

THE END