

THE X FILES

"Squeeze"

Written by

Glen Morgan and James Wong

Episode #1X02	
July 13, 1993	
July 21, 1993	Blue
July 26, 1993	Pink
July 27, 1993	Green
July 30, 1993	Yellow

#1X02

7/26/93

THE X-FILES

"SQUEEZE"

CAST

FOX MULDER
DANA SCULLY

GEORGE USHER
TOM COLTON
AGENT FULLER
EXAMINER
EUGENE TOOMS
DETECTIVE JOHNSON
MR. LEE
FRANK BRIGGS
KENNEDY
AGENT KRAMER

(X)

THE X-FILES

"SQUEEZE"

SETS

EXTERIORS

BALTIMORE
SKYLINE
DOWNTOWN
CALVERT STREET
HIGH SECURITY OFFICE BUILDING
PATIO RESTAURANT
WERNER'S HOUSE
/ROOFTOP
APARTMENT BUILDING
66 EXETER STREET APARTMENT
POLICE STATION PARKING
SCULLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING
HIGHWAY

INTERIORS

USHER'S OFFICE BUILDING
/UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT
/RECEPTION AREA
/SUITE
MULDER'S OFFICE
SCULLY'S APARTMENT
/PARKING GARAGE
/BEDROOM-BATHROOM (X)
F.B.I. CONFERENCE ROOM
INTERROGATION ROOM
/ADJACENT ROOM
BALTIMORE POLICE PRECINCT
/HALLWAY
/OFFICE
WERNER'S HOUSE
/CHIMNEY
/KITCHEN
EUGENE'S APARTMENT BUILDING 66 EXETER
/HALLWAY
/APARTMENT 103
/COAL CELLAR (X)
REST HOME
PSYCH WARD (X)
/CELL
/CORRIDOR

"THE X-FILES"

TEASER

1 EXT. BALTIMORE, MARYLAND - DUSK - (LEGEND APPEARS) 1

A blood red sun cowers behind a raven city skyline.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. DOWNTOWN - DUSK 2

Closer. A sense of vertigo as CAMERA peeks over the edge of a high rise and down upon a chaotic intersection. CAMERA DESCENDS...

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. CALVERT STREET - DUSK 3

Rush hour. CAMERA BEGINS at traffic signal level as cars tear through the intersection. It's the end of a working day. Horns BLARE as CAMERA SINKS slowly, creeping toward the pedestrians moving along the sidewalk.

CAMERA continues to descend past the people down to curb level, seemingly aimless, yet GATHERING SPEED. Until finally, at a rain gutter, WE STOP.

Then...from the vile blackness of the storm drain appear two scarlet eyes framed by the darkness. They are human, yet monstrous. Searching. Hungry...

THE EYES POV - FROM THE GUTTER

The rush hour continues - LOUD, frenzied and oblivious to the predator below.

The P.O.V. appears normal until the eyes zero in on a target. Then the image subtly changes, seeming to slow as the colors of the background become muted. On the SOUNDTRACK, the HORNS of the cars disappear. The DIN of the people FADE. AMBIENCE vanishes, until the only SOUND remaining is the charged HEARTBEAT of the predator and the FOOTSTEPS of the victim, a middle-aged business man, GEORGE USHER. He exits a bar and moves to his Oldsmobile. His image is the only thing on screen that remains sharp and saturated with color. As he fumbles with his keys and gets into his car...

CUT TO:

4 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DUSK 4

A high security gate protects the underground parking lot entrance. The Oldsmobile pulls up. Mr. Usher inserts a security card. The gate opens.

5 OMITTED 5

6 INT. OFFICE RECEPTION AREA - CLOSE - SECURITY MONITOR 6

A high, WIDE ANGLE black and white video from a security camera in an elevator. Mr. Usher stands in the elevator, alone.

PULL BACK from the monitor, which sits on a vacant receptionist's desk, and HOLD on the elevator doors. BING! The doors open. The businessman walks out and down the hall. The doors close.

Beat. Another... then, BING!

The doors open again. However, the cabin of the elevator is gone, only the cables in the open shaft can be seen. The steel cables tremble as, O.S., they are being used for climbing.

7 INT. OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT 7

Empty secretarial cubicles sit outside the suite of executive offices. Everyone has gone home. A lone bank of lights dimly illuminate the scene. The businessman enters and moves toward his office.

8 INT. USHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 8

The lights CLICK on as Usher enters his office. He loosens his tie, picks up the phone and dials. Usher waits, getting an answering machine. He picks up a little snow globe souvenir from his desk and shakes it before leaving a message.

USHER

Hello, honey, it's about eight thirty and... um... I'll be here awhile. The presentation didn't go so well. Call me. Love you. Bye.

He hangs up, sighs. Mr. Usher picks up his Baltimore Colts coffee mug and starts toward the outer office. (X)

9 INT. OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT

9

CAMERA MOVES with Usher as he walks past closed office doors toward the coffee pot at the other end of the suite. Suddenly, a door opens, startling Mr. Usher.

From the other office, a large trash can on wheels appears, pushed by a small Greek janitor, YANI (YAH-NEE), whose demeanor suggests he's a recent immigrant with little language skills. Mr. Usher catches his breath, laughs. (X)

USHER
Geez, Yani, you scared the hell outta me. (X)

Yani, not quite following, smiles and nods. (X)

USHER
(deliberate)
Um... I'm going to be working late. You don't have to do my office. Okay?

YANI
(in Greek)
Yes, sir. Yes, sir, I understand. Good night. (X)

Yani smiles and nods. He waves and moves off. (X)

USHER
Goodnight.

WE FOLLOW as Usher moves to the coffee maker and pours himself a cup of sludge. In the b.g., WE SEE the janitor exit the office suite.

Usher dumps in a pack of sugar, then tastes his concoction, he grimaces, and walks back toward his office. As Usher approaches his opened door, the lights inside turn off.

USHER
No... Yani, you misunderstood me. I'm staying. You don't have to do my office... (X)

CAMERA HOLDS in the outer suite as Usher enters his office, reaching for the lights. Suddenly, the door SLAMS with an unearthly force.

From behind the door, O.S., a SCREAM. A CRASH. The door handle jerks as Usher tries to escape. The door buckles and cracks as something is thrown against it with inhuman force. Another pitiful SCREAM... then silence. Hold for a chilling moment.

10 INT. USHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CLOSE - CARPET

10

The room is blanketed by the cold ambient light outside. A dark fluid spots the carpet, dripping from above. Another drop hits the carpet. CAMERA RISES to find the coffee dribbling from the smashed Colts coffee mug.

(X)

CAMERA drifts about the still room. WE catch a glimpse, a frightening suggestion of the murdered businessman.

CAMERA now RISES, climbing up the office wall to the air vent. With a BANG, the grid is pulled back into place from inside the air duct.

A beat as WE MOVE in CLOSE to one of the screws which holds the vent in place. Then, worked from inside, the screw begins to turn. Screwing the cover back into the wall... slowly... victoriously...

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

11 EXT. PATIO RESTAURANT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

11

Lunchtime. A beautiful day. The restaurant is on the upscale side. Umbrellas. Flowers.

A legend appears on screen - "WASHINGTON, D.C."

A TABLE

DANA SCULLY sits across from fellow F.B.I. agent TOM COLTON, intelligent, handsome and assured. They are the same age. As peers, they are equal.

COLTON

Guess who I ran into from our class at Quantico? Marty Neil.

The name brings a derisive chuckle.

SCULLY

"J. Edgar Junior?"

COLTON

Just got bumped up. Foreign Counter Intelligence. New York City Bureau. Supervisory Special Agent.

SCULLY

"Supervisory?" Two years out of the academy? How did he land that?

COLTON

Lucked into the World Trade Center bombing.

Scully is touched with envy, then sincerely shakes it off.

SCULLY

Well, good for Marty.

COLTON

C'mon, Dana, the guy's a loser. Look where he is now. It's where we should be.

SCULLY

Brad Wilson told me the psychological profile you wrote on the Washington Crossing killer led them right to the suspect. Word is you're on the Violent Crime Section's fast track.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Colton shrugs with false humility.

COLTON

And how've you been doin'? Had any close encounters of the third kind?

He chuckles as she bristles.

SCULLY

Is that what everybody thinks I do?

(X)

COLTON

(yes)

No. No. Of course not. But you do work with "Spooky Mulder."

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder's ideas may be a bit "out there," but... he's a great agent.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Colton takes a bite of his lunch. Sighs.

COLTON

If anything, I've got a case that's "out there."

Colton's tone becomes troubled. Scully tunes in to this.

COLTON (CONT'D)

Baltimore P.D. calls. Wants our help on a serial killer profile. Three murders. Began six weeks ago. Victims vary in age, gender and race. No known connections to each other.

SCULLY

I take it there's a pattern?

(X)

COLTON

Point of entry. Actually, the lack of one.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

SCULLY

What do you mean?

COLTON

One victim. A college girl, killed in her 10' by 12' cinder block dorm room. She was found with the windows locked and the door chained from the inside.

Scully listens intently.

COLTON

The last incident, two days ago. High security office building. Nothing on the security monitors. A janitor spoke to the victim minutes before the murder. Didn't hear or see a thing out of the ordinary.

(X)
(X)
(X)

SCULLY

Suicides?

Colton shakes his head, carefully removes a photo from his briefcase, which WE DON'T SEE.

COLTON

Each victim had their liver ripped out.

Colton locks eyes to emphasize.

COLTON (CONT'D)

No cutting tool was used.

SCULLY

He used his bare hands?!

(X)

COLTON

I know it sounds impossible, but I'll be damned if I can explain how else he did it.

(X)

SCULLY

This sounds like an X-file.

(X)

COLTON

Let's not get carried away. I'm going to solve these murders, but what I'd like you to do is go over the case histories. Come down to the crime scene.

(X)
(X)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

"Squeeze"

1X02

7/26/93

(pink) 7A.

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

COLTON (Cont'd)
It's only a half hour from your
house.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

COLTON (Cont'd)
Maybe because of the cases you've
been stuck with lately, you can
get a fresh read.

SCULLY
You want me to ask Mulder?

COLTON
Okay, look. If he wants to come
and do you a favor, great. But
make sure he knows this is my
case.

(X)

Scully looks at the photo once again.

COLTON (CONT'D)
Dana, if I can break a case like
this one... I'll be getting the
bump up the ladder. And you...

She looks up. Colton looks away as he delivers his blunt
message.

COLTON (CONT'D)
They'll no longer be calling you
"Mrs. Spooky."

He's hit a nerve. As Scully stares into the photo of the crime
scene...

CUT TO:

12 INT. USHER'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - MULDER'S FORENSIC KIT (X)

12

It opens to REVEAL a pile of clear plastic bags labeled
"evidence" sitting amongst other investigative tools -
fingerprint powder, razors, tweezers. A latex-covered hand
ENTERS FRAME and removes a bag.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

WIDER

MULDER looks over the crime scene. He opens the evidence bag and reaches into his pocket to produce a sunflower seed. He places it between his teeth. CRACK! Mulder nibbles at the seed and discards the husk into the evidence bag. He repeats this procedure during the scene.

In the room, a POLICE OFFICER stands guard. Scully is taking notes on her observations. Mulder casually moves next to Scully as they take in the evidence.

MULDER

So... why didn't they ask me?

SCULLY

This blood stain pattern seems to indicate the victim was alive during liver extraction. Notice the teardrop shape as well as the amount of blood.

Mulder eyes Scully, waiting for her to address his question. Finally, she can't take the heat...

SCULLY

They're friends of mine from the academy. I'm sure they just felt more comfortable talking to me.

Mulder already knows the answer he's after. He's just testing Scully.

MULDER

Why would I make them so uncomfortable?

(X)
(X)

SCULLY

It's probably because of your... reputation.

MULDER

(a wry smile)

"Reputation," I have a "Reputation?"

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder... Look, Colton plays by the book, and you don't. They feel your methods, your theories are...

(X)
(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

MULDER
(cuts her off)
"Spooky?"

Mulder smiles, amused.

(X)

MULDER
What about you? You think I'm...
"spooky?"

(X)

Scully pauses. In that beat, Colton arrives.

(X)

COLTON
Dana, sorry I'm late.

SCULLY
We just got here.

They shake hands, Colton looks to Mulder, with a bemused smile.

SCULLY
This is Fox Mulder. Tom Colton.

They exchange uncomfortable handshakes. Colton's tone has an edge of condescension.

COLTON
So, Mulder, whatta ya think?
This look like the work of Little
Green Men?

Colton smiles. Scully looks to Mulder sympathetically, Mulder cocks his head as if he doesn't follow.

MULDER
Grey.

COLTON
What?

MULDER
Grey. You said "green men." A
Reticulian's skin tone is grey.
They're notorious for their
extraction of terrestrial human
livers, due to iron depletion in
the Reticulum galaxy.

Scully suppresses a smile.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

COLTON

You can't be serious.

MULDER

Do you know how much liver and onions go for on Reticulum?

Mulder eyes Colton, then moves off. The agent looks to Scully. She reacts as if "you stepped right into it."

MULDER

As Scully and Colton confer in the b.g., Mulder has a look around. Still cracking seeds, he checks sharp corners on the desk for fibers, moves to the picture window checking for points of entry, and makes his way along the floorboards searching for trace evidence.

Beneath the ventilation grid, he stops. Mulder gently presses the carpet with an index finger, finding tiny metal filings.

He brings them up for closer inspection before looking up to the grid. His expression suddenly turns interested. He moves to his briefcase.

Colton looks at him, then to Scully, "what's he up to?"

Mulder grabs some fingerprint powder, fingerprint tape and a brush. He rolls the brush handle rapidly between his hands to clean the bristles. Mulder pulls up a chair, stands on it and begins to lightly powder the area about the vent grid.

Colton and Scully look on in disbelief. Colton turns to Scully.

COLTON

That's a one foot square vent.
Even if a "Reticulian" could
crawl through, it was screwed in
place.

MULDER

CAMERA is high, up with Mulder. PUSH IN as Mulder strokes the brush in the direction following the contour lines. A print emerges. It is elongated and thin. It has qualities of a fingerprint, but certainly not human.

REVERSE - MULDER

Tenses. His interest is piqued. He's seen this before.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4)

12

FINGERPRINT

A slight CREEP IN on the oblique print reaching for the grill.

CUT TO:

13 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - LIGHTBOX

13

Six photographic slides of an elongated fingerprint sit upon the lightbox. One slide is from Usher's office, with a portion of the ventilation grill in FRAME. Three slides are grouped together, while the remaining two are paired. Mulder points to each group as appropriate.

MULDER (O.S.)

This is the print I took yesterday from the office. These others are from an X-file.

WIDER

Mulder and Scully are lit from below by the lightbox. The slides eerily reflect in Mulder's glasses.

MULDER (CONT'D)

Ten murders. Baltimore area. Undetermined points of entry. Each victim had their liver removed. These prints were discovered at five of the ten crime scenes.

SCULLY

Ten murders? Colton never mentioned...

(X)
(X)

MULDER

(cuts her off)

Most likely he's unaware of them. These three prints were lifted five years before he was even born and these two were taken five years... probably before his mother was even born.

(X)

Scully eyes him, incredulous.

SCULLY

You're saying these prints were taken from Nineteen Sixty-Three and Nineteen... Thirty-Three?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MULDER

And of course, fingerprinting was just coming into its own in 1903, but there was a murder involving an extracted liver.

SCULLY

(dryly)

Of course.

MULDER

Five murders, every thirty years. That means he's got two more to go this year.

Scully moves off with disbelief, considering...

SCULLY

It would have to be a copycat.

(X)

MULDER

(a mock lecture)

What did we learn on our first day at the academy, Scully? Every fingerprint is unique. These are a perfect match.

(X)

SCULLY

Are you suggesting I go before the Violent Crime Section and present a profile declaring these murders were done by... Aliens?

MULDER

(dry)

Of course not. I find no evidence of Alien involvement.

SCULLY

What then? This is the work of a hundred year old serial killer capable of overpowering a healthy 6'2" businessman.

MULDER

(beat; having fun)

And he should stick out in a crowd with ten inch fingers.

Scully doesn't find it the least bit funny.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

SCULLY
Mulder, if this is some
vindictive joke...

He moves to her, quite serious.

MULDER
The X-files are the investigation
of unsolved cases involving
unexplained phenomenon. This
should be our case. And I'm
quite serious.

(X)
(X)

Scully pauses.

SCULLY
Okay... look, the bottom line;
this is Colton's case.

(X)

Mulder picks up the X-file.

MULDER
The X-File dates back to 1903.
We had it first.

(X)

She moves to him, gently, trying to find the right words.

SCULLY
Mulder, they don't want you
involved. They don't want to
hear your theories. That's why
Blevins has you hidden away down
here.

He eyes her.

MULDER
You're down here too.

She slumps into a chair. He moves to her.

MULDER (CONT'D)
Why don't we agree to this...
they have their investigation.
And we have ours.
(pause)
"And never the twain shall meet."
Agreed?

As Scully looks to him, neither confirming nor denying...

CUT TO:

14 INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - COMPUTER SCREEN

14

The words appear on the PC screen as Scully writes a profile of the killer. (X)

SCULLY (V.O.)

After a careful review of the violent and powerful nature of these murders...

WIDER

Scully works at her desk. Research papers and evidence is piled high. CAMERA MOVES eerily about her.

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

... I believe the killer to be a male, twenty-five to thirty-five years of age with above average intelligence.

CLOSE - CRIME SCENE PHOTOS

CAMERA MOVES OVER the harshly lit, high contrast photos of the crime scenes. WE never see blood and WE CUT to the next photo before REVEALING the gory images of the victims.

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

His manner of entry has so far been undetectable, this may be due to his superior knowledge of the inner structure of buildings and duct works...

CLOSE - BLUEPRINTS

CAMERA studies blueprints and structural texts.

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

... or that he in fact hides in plain sight, posing as delivery or maintenance workers. Witnesses tend to overlook such personnel, their uniform rendering them invisible to casual observers.

SCULLY

pauses to pick up a slide of the elongated fingerprint. She seems to question her own motives for a moment, then puts the slide away and returns to her computer.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

SCULLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The extraction of the liver is the most significant detail of these crimes. The liver possesses regenerative qualities. It cleanses the blood.

15 INT. F.B.I. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

15

Scully's VOICE OVER has been a presentation not to Mulder, but to the Behavioral Science Unit, including a quite impressed Colton.

SCULLY (CONT'D)
The taking of this "trophy" is the transferring act for the killer to "cleanse" himself of his own impurities. I think he's acting under the classic form of obsessive-compulsive behavior.

(X)

The agents look to one another, agreed.

SCULLY (CONT'D)
Since the victims are unrelated, and we cannot predict who will be next, we must utilize the fact that serial killers will not always succeed in finding a victim. When this occurs, the serial killer may return in frustration to the sight of a previous murder, attempting to recapture the emotional high. Our best course of action is to target those sites.

AGENT FULLER, head of the Violent Crimes Section, takes in her report. He looks to his crew.

FULLER
Good job, Agent Scully.
(to others)
If there are no objections, I'd like to begin our stakeouts of the murder sites tonight. We're looking for a male, twenty-five to thirty-five, possibly wearing a uniform; gas company, U.P.S., whatever.

Fuller turns to Scully.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

FULLER (CONT'D)

I know you're assigned to another area, Scully, but if you don't mind some overtime, you're welcome to come aboard with us on this. That is if you don't mind working in an area that's a bit more down to Earth.

(X)

The other agents laugh a bit. She doesn't want to, but Scully forces a smile in order to remain a part of the group.

16 EXT. BALTIMORE SKYLINE - DUSK

16

As darkness falls... A legend appears. "BALTIMORE, MARYLAND. THREE DAYS LATER."

17 EXT. HIGH SECURITY BUILDING - GARAGE ENTRANCE - DUSK

17

Re-establishing. An automobile exits.

(X)

18 INT. PARKING GARAGE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

18

PUSH IN on a car, parked against the wall in the dark. Scully is inside, wearing a small headset.

(X)

RADIO (V.O.)

(filtered)

Position ten, station check.

SCULLY

(whispers)

Position ten, I copy.

The silence is deafening as Scully, slouched in the seat, surveys the area. As CAMERA MOVES IN on her, she hears a SOUND. It is a faint CRACK. She tenses, listening with her eyes. Again, CRACK.

Scully gets out of the car and draws her pistol. She takes the flashlight, aims it. Again, CRACK. She turns a corner. Guiding the beam, she spots something on the garage floor. She looks closer.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY'S POV - GARAGE FLOOR

Sunflower seed husks. O.S., a CRACK. A husk drops to the floor. Scully tilts up the beam to REVEAL Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

He sarcastically raises his hands...

MULDER

You wouldn't shoot an unarmed man, would ya?.

WIDER

Scully catches her breath, holsters her weapon. He approaches the car.

SCULLY

(heavy whisper)

Mulder, what the hell are you doing?

MULDER

He's not coming back here. His thrill is derived from the challenge of a seemingly impossible entry. He's already beaten this place. If you had read the X-file on the case, you'd come to the same conclusion.

SCULLY

You're jeopardizing my stakeout.

She turns away. He holds out his hand, an offer.

MULDER

Seeds?

She steams.

(X)

MULDER

You're wasting your time.

He walks off into the darkness. Scully heads off to her car.

TIME CUT:

19 INT. GARAGE - CIRCULATION MOTORS - NIGHT

19

Mulder walks in the shadows of the garage, amid the HUM of air circulation pumps and WHINE of the electrical system. O.S. he hears, a METAL CLANG. Mulder pauses.

He moves deeper into the darkness and proceeds toward the SOUND. Again, a METAL CLANG. Mulder takes cover behind a support pillar and looks around the corner.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

MULDER'S POV - MOTORS

caged by a chain-linked fence, the large sheet metal encased motors and blades of the air circulation system. From the system, air circulation ducts branch upward into the building. A metal panel to the motor encasement is out of place.

MULDER

moves in for a closer look. As he nears, he sees the chain linked gate is open. Suddenly, the ventilation duct appears to breath as it flexes from the inside. Something is scaling the duct from it's interior. CAMERA PUSHES IN on Mulder as he realizes. He takes off, CLEARS FRAME.

SCULLY

Still sitting in the car, Mulder appears down the aisle gesturing for her to come. She hesitates. Mulder, giving up silence for expediency, yells...

MULDER

Scully, call for back up and get over here!

SCULLY

(into radio)

Position ten, request back up!

(X)

She hustles out of the car.

20 INT. GARAGE - CIRCULATION MOTORS - NIGHT

20

Mulder gestures to the ducts as Scully arrives, producing her firearm.

MULDER

In there!

SCULLY

FEDERAL AGENT! I'M ARMED! DON'T MOVE!

The undulating metal stops. Tension...

SCULLY

Get down... slowly.

Pause. The duct begins to CREAK as the climber inside moves downward. Scully and Mulder tenses as the suspect climbs down. The duct flexes and pulsates until it finally stops. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Scully and Mulder's eyes turn toward the open panel of the motors.

SCULLY

Alright, now get out!

Four agents hustle up, including Colton. They train their weapons upon the opening. In the darkness of the opening, a figure can be seen, crouching, crawling, it pauses before the light. Then, he appears.

It is a MAN, 30, with a boyish face, scared to death. He wears a blue Animal Control uniform, fitting Scully's profile exactly. He raises his hands.

COLTON

Take him.

The officers move in, placing the suspect face down, cuffing him.

AGENT KRAMER

You are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent.

Anything you say can and will be held against you in the court of law...

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Colton turns to Scully, making certain Mulder hears.

COLTON

Good job, Dana.

He moves off. She doesn't feel like celebrating, not in front of Mulder who seems stunned to be wrong. He looks to her.

MULDER

You were right.

ON Scully as Mulder moves off...

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

21 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - CLOSE - POLYGRAPH MACHINE

21

The inking system flows through the stylus as graph paper moves below. The questions are asked in a monotone, adding to the tension.

EXAMINER (O.S.)
Is your full name Eugene Victor
Tooms?

EUGENE (O.S.)
Yes.

The EXAMINER marks the paper.

CLOSE - BLOOD PRESSURE CUFF

Attached to the right arm, the gauge stands at 65mm Hg of pressure.

EXAMINER (O.S.)
Are you a resident of the state
of Maryland?

EUGENE (O.S.)
Yes.

CLOSE - TWO ELECTRODES

One is attached to the forefinger, the other attached to the ring finger. A wire leads to the electrodermal response unit on the polygraph.

EXAMINER (O.S.)
Are you employed by the Baltimore
Municipal Animal Control?

EUGENE (O.S.)
Yes.

CLOSE - KYMOGRAPH

The paper flows past the motor. The Examiner marks a 7/+ next to the response.

EXAMINER (O.S.)
Is it your intent to lie to me
about anything here today?

EUGENE V. TOOMS

The suspect apprehended in the garage. He appears to be a very boyish thirty, short hair, and big warm eyes.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Hooked up to the polygraph, he's terrified, as if caught up in a bad dream he doesn't understand. Eugene looks like he wouldn't hurt a fly. He is wearing an orange jumpsuit of the Baltimore jail.

EUGENE

No.

The room is a neutral gray with nothing to distract the suspect. The Examiner and polygraph machine sit at a right angle to Eugene. Across the room is a large two way mirror.

22 INT. ADJACENT ROOM - DAY

22

Mulder and Scully watch from this unlit room. Colton and Fuller are there also, as is a uniformed REPRESENTATIVE of the Baltimore Police. Tooms and the Examiner are piped in over a speaker system. They can be seen through the mirror in the interrogation room.

EXAMINER

Were you ever enrolled in college?

EUGENE

Yes.

EXAMINER

Were you ever enrolled in medical school?

EUGENE

No.

23 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

23

EXAMINER

Have you ever removed a liver from a human being?

EUGENE

No.

(X)

EXAMINER

Have you ever killed a living creature?

EUGENE

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

EXAMINER
Have you ever killed a human
being?

EUGENE
No.

EXAMINER
Have you ever been in George
Usher's office?

EUGENE
No.

EXAMINER
Did you kill George Usher?

EUGENE
No.

EXAMINER
Are you over one hundred years
old?

Eugene is caught off track, doesn't follow, but...

EUGENE
No.

24 INT. ADJACENT ROOM - DAY

24

As the agents look on, Colton turns to Fuller.

COLTON
That must be a control question.

MULDER
I had him ask it.

They all turn to Mulder, puzzled, to say the least. Scully
looks down as Mulder watches Eugene intently.

EXAMINER
Have you ever been to Powhattan
Mill?

EUGENE
Yes.

EXAMINER
In 1933?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

EUGENE
(beat)
No.

Colton, Fuller and the Cop look incredulously toward Mulder.

COLTON
You again?

Mulder nods, eyes locked on Tooms. The agents look to Scully who tries to remain neutral.

CLOSE - EUGENE TOOMS

EXAMINER (O.S.)
Are you afraid you might fail
this test?

Eugene is uncertain how to answer. The pressure is breaking him.

EUGENE
Well... yes, 'cause I didn't do
anything.

CLOSE - POLYGRAPH

As the stylus measures the response on the graph paper...

CUT TO:

25 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - EXAMINER - LATER

25

The Examiner leans back against his chair.

EXAMINER
He nailed it. "A" plus. As far
as I'm concerned, the subject did
not kill those people.

(X)

WIDER

The expressions on Scully and Colton reflect their disappointment. Mulder sits alone at the end of the table, reviewing the polygraph paper. Fuller enters, sighs.

FULLER
Maintenance people at the office
building confirmed a call to
Animal Control regarding a bad
smell.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

FULLER (Cont'd)

They found a dead cat in the ventilation ducts on the second floor.

COLTON

That ends that.

SCULLY

It doesn't explain what he was doing there in the middle of the night.

FULLER

So, he's one of the few civil servants we have with initiative. And we busted him for it.

SCULLY

He was crawling up the air duct by himself, without alerting security...

COLTON

Dana... he passed the test. His story checks out. It's not the guy. Doesn't mean your profile is incorrect.

MULDER

Scully's right. It is the guy.

All eyes turn to Mulder who looks up with total confidence. Fuller extends one last strand of patience.

FULLER

Whatta you got, Mulder?

MULDER

He lied on questions eleven and thirteen. The electrodermal and cardiographic responses nearly go off the chart.

FULLER

Is number eleven the hundred years old question? Let me tell ya, I had a reaction to that stupid question. And what the hell was that Powhattan Mill thing?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

MULDER

Two murders with matching M.O.'s occurred in Powhattan Mill in 1933. Just look at the chart.

(X)

EXAMINER

My interpretation of those reactions...

FULLER

I don't need you or that machine to tell me if Tooms was alive in '33!!

MULDER

He's the guy.

Fuller's had enough. As he storms out...

FULLER

I'm lettin' him go.

The door SLAMS! Silence.

Colton moves slowly toward the door with the intent of rubbing the defeat into Mulder's face. He opens the door. Scully stands nearby. The Examiner exits, then Colton, who pauses in the doorway.

COLTON

(to Scully)

You comin'?

SCULLY

Tom... I... I want to thank you for letting me put in some time with the V.C.S., but... I'm officially assigned to the X-files.

Colton's eyes move to Mulder who is looking over the charts.

COLTON

I'll see what I can do about that.

SCULLY

Tom, I can look out for myself, and I don't want to...

He cuts her off, speaking loud enough for Mulder to hear.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3)

25

COLTON

You said Mulder was "out there."
But that guy... he's insane.

He exits, the closing DOOR punctuates his statement. An awkward silence fills the room.

CUT TO:

26 INT. HALLWAY - BALTIMORE P.D. - DAY - CLOSE - VENDING MACHINE

26

A package of sunflower seeds stands suicidal on a ledge of the vending machine. The coil turns and the package falls.

WIDER

Mulder removes his snack from the bottom tray. Scully inserts some coins, then weighs her options, absently rolling her necklace between her thumb and forefinger.

(X)

MULDER

What?

SCULLY

Do I want the trail mix or the yogurt covered raisins?

MULDER

With the day you're having?

He pushes some buttons.

CLOSE - CANDY BAR

A chocolate monster loaded with comforting but unhealthy junk falls to the bin.

WIDER

Scully sighs, still playing with her necklace.

(X)

SCULLY

What makes you think I'm having a bad day?

(X)

He mimicks her motion with his thumb and forefinger.

(X)

MULDER

The worse the day gets, the faster the necklace twirls.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Caught, she releases her necklace. He produces the candy from (X)
the bin and hands it to her. They move along the precinct.
She stops, flustered.

SCULLY

Mulder, why'd you do that?

MULDER

(a hedge)

What, I've flipped for candy bars
before.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

SCULLY

You knew those guys would never believe you. Why'd you push it?

(X)

MULDER

Maybe I thought you caught the right guy...

Beat. Scully doesn't buy it. Mulder smiles.

MULDER

And maybe I run up against so many people who are hostile just because they can't open their minds to the... possibilities... that sometimes the need to mess with their heads outweighs the millstone of humiliation.

SCULLY

Maybe... but it seems like you were acting very territorial... I don't know, forget it...

She starts to walk off. He stops her.

MULDER

Of course I was. In our investigations, you may not agree with what I hope to find, but at least you respect the journey.

She's surprised by the confession and simply nods to indicate she understands.

MULDER (CONT'D)

But... I won't hold it against you if you want to keep working with them.

(X)

She shakes her head.

(X)

SCULLY

I know you must have something more than just the polygraph to back up this bizarre theory. I have to see what it is.

(X)

(X)

On Mulder's smile...

CUT TO:

27 INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY - COMPUTER MONITOR

27

A FULL FRAME image of Eugene Tooms' arrest report, including mug shots, vital information and fingerprints.

WIDER

Mulder and Scully sit at a borrowed computer in the precinct.

MULDER

These are Eugene Tooms' prints.

(X)

Mulder punches some buttons and the fingerprint section of the report enlarges, filling the screen on the monitor.

MULDER

This is the fingerprint they took from Usher's office. It matches the old ones from the X-files.

(X)

MONITOR

The normal prints are squeezed into one half of the screen as the elongated print appears on the other half. A mouse directed arrow singles out the set of current prints. It highlights the middle left finger. With a push of a button, all but the highlighted current fingerprint disappear, leaving the computer screen with the current normal print on the LEFT and the elongated print on the RIGHT.

PRECINCT

Scully looks to Mulder, shrugs.

MULDER

Obviously, no match. But... what if... somehow...

(X)

Mulder punches in some commands.

MONITOR

The computer stretches and elongates the normal print until it is in correct proportion to the abnormal elongated print. The two images now move toward CENTER of FRAME, OVERLAPPING, until matching perfectly.

PRECINCT

PUSH IN on Scully in stunned amazement. A simple question sticks in her throat...

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

SCULLY
... how... could it be?

Mulder studies the screen.

MULDER
The only thing I know for certain
is... they let him go.

CUT TO:

28 OMITTED

28

29 OMITTED

29

30 EXT. WERNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

30

A large and upscale suburban home. It is dark and quiet. A car pulls up into the driveway, the motion detection security light turns ON. MR. WERNER gets out of his car. After a moment, the surrounding area becomes highly contrasted. The SOUND FADES until only Mr. Werner's FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD. WE realize he has become Tooms' target.

He enters the house. The security light goes OFF.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

After a moment, a FEMALE JOGGER runs past. The motion causes the light to turn ON. The girl clears FRAME. Beat. Another. The light goes OUT. A cold autumn wind RUSTLES some leaves.

In the pale moonlight, WE see a jumpsuit clad figure move from the sidewalk to the driveway. He passes the motion security light, but it does not turn on. Eugene moves to the bushes along the house.

KILLER'S POV - WERNER'S HOME

Through the window - an alarm system.

CLOSE - EUGENE

His eyes fiery, he turns his head searching for a point of entry.

SIDE OF THE HOUSE

MOVING, the bushes seem to strobe as WE FOLLOW Eugene's path through them. Suddenly, he stops. Before him, stretching up the outside of the house, the bricks of the chimney.

CLOSE - BRICKS

As Eugene reaches up, grasping between bricks with the tips of his fingers. PULL BACK as he pulls up, climbing the outside of the house. Inhumanly determined. Moving higher.

31 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

31

The tops of the trees blow in the wind. Two hands appear followed by Eugene as he pulls himself upon the roof, landing with a slight THUD.

32 INT. WERNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

32

Werner is in the kitchen, reading his mail while nibbling a sandwich. He hears nothing. In the b.g., in his living room sits the fireplace.

33 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT - OVERHEAD ANGLE 33

Eugene looks down into the chimney opening. It is only a 1/2 foot by 1 foot opening. CAMERA CRANES DOWN to find Toom's entire being concentrated on the point of entry. Perspiration beads on his forehead. Tooms leans over the opening and inserts his hand deep into the chimney.

34 INT. CHIMNEY - NIGHT - LOOKING UP 34

Toom's fingers eerily stretch (FX) toward us. The tiny bones CRACK from the strain. They grip the blackened bricks.

35 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT 35

Toom's head and arms are in the chimney. He appears stuck at the shoulders until a sickening dull POP dislocates his shoulder from the socket. It slips into the opening. POP and the other shoulder follows. With inhuman strength and determination, he begins to further force himself down the chimney.

36 INT. WERNER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 36

Mr. Werner continues to read his mail. After a moment, a CLICK O.S. He turns...

FIREPLACE DOORS

The glass fireplace doors are slightly opened. Wind WHISTLES from outside as tiny flecks of ash are blown into the living room.

WIDER

Werner gets up from the table and moves to the fireplace. He starts to close the doors, then as an after thought, he throws a log on the hearth and lights the kindling below. A fire begins. He watches the tiny flames dance about until they suddenly die.

He opens the match box for another match. Empty. Werner stands. As he turns to find another match...

EUGENE

blackened, reddish eyes ablaze, dripping with sweat, ATTACKS. As they CLEAR FRAME...

CUT TO BLACK:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

37 INT. WERNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CLOSE - TAPE MEASURE

37

One end is held at the victim's foot. The steel tape is pulled out. Inches race past, finally stopping as they reach a wall.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)
Seventy eight inches from the
south wall.

The tape retracts, SNAPPING into its shell.

WIDER

DETECTIVE JOHNSON and a UNIFORMED OFFICER record the information as they stand over the victim - who is never fully seen. Colton ENTERS FRAME, stressed and frustrated.

COLTON
Let's run a check on liver
transplants in the next twenty-
four hours. Maybe this is black
market.

JOHNSON
Come on. It was ripped out of
there.

(X)
(X)

COLTON
(snaps back)
At this point, I'll give any
theory a shot.

He sees something O.S. that evokes an angry reaction.

COLTON (CONT'D)
Any sane theory.

Mulder and Scully pass the Guard and enter. Colton approaches and tries to stop them.

COLTON
I'm sorry, Dana, but I only want
qualified members of the
investigating team at the crime
scene.

MULDER
What's the matter, Colton? Are
you worried that I'm going to
solve your case?

(X)
(X)

Mulder starts toward the scene. Colton reaches out and grabs Mulder's arm - too hard. Mulder eyes him. Colton eyes back and remains in the path.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

SCULLY

Tom, we have authorized access to
this crime scene.

Neither Mulder nor Colton move. The following is difficult for
Scully...

SCULLY

A report of you obstructing
another officer's investigation
might stick out in your personnel
file.

(X)
(X)

Colton eyes flash to her, betrayed. He steps aside. Mulder
coolly enters the living room. Colton turns to Scully.

COLTON

Whose side are you on?

SCULLY

The victim's.

Colton eyes her hard, sighs.

Mulder observes the crime scene. The Detective and the Officer
begin another measurement.

CLOSE - TAPE MEASURE

From the tip of the victim's hand, the tape measure reels out,
coming to a stop at the fireplace. Above the hearth is an
elongated mark of ash, like the weird fingerprint found in the
previous murder scenes.

JOHNSON (O.S.)

Sixty five inches from the
fireplace.

MULDER

reacts to the ash mark. He moves to the hearth and kneels to
examine it. It isn't a clear print, but the resemblance to the
others are strong. Mulder notices another smudge of ash
leading up to the mantle. Mulder examines closer.

MANTLE

Covered with pictures and knick knacks, the mantle hasn't been
dusted for some time. There is a conspicuous clean ring where
some object once sat.

WIDER

Scully approaches Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

SCULLY
Colton said the victim is a
Thomas Werner, single...

MULDER
(cuts her off)
It's Tooms. He took something.

Mulder indicates the elongated mark and the "clean" spot.
Scully looks, her face hardens in determination.

38 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

38

A nice, modest apartment building.

39 INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

39

MR. LEE, a middle-aged black man, sifts through a large key
ring as Scully and Mulder follow down the hall. (X)

MR. LEE
I double check my tenants. You
must have the wrong place.

SCULLY
This is the address he listed on
the arrest report.

MR. LEE
Eugene is so quiet. I never have
trouble.

They stop at the door. Mulder and Scully remove their weapons
and move Mr. Lee out of the way. Mulder KNOCKS. Nothing.
Again. Nothing.

MULDER
Mister Tooms, open the door!
Federal agents.

Nothing. Mulder gestures for the keys. He unlocks the door.
It's dark inside. Scully covers as Mulder flips on the light
and enters.

40 INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

40

Empty. No one's ever lived here.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

MULDER

Well, Tooms'll have no trouble getting back his cleaning deposit.

SCULLY

This address is a cover.

She checks the vibrating pager on her belt. Scully notes the number.

SCULLY

Baltimore P.D. I told them to call if they hear anything about Tooms.

She produces her cellular phone and dials.

41 INT. BALTIMORE POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

41

Detective Johnson picks up the phone.

JOHNSON

Johnson... yeah, I got a report you might be interested in. We got a call from the Animal Shelter...

42 INT. EUGENE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

42

SCULLY

... uh huh... and the truck was abandoned? Tooms hasn't shown up at work.

(X)

Mulder knows the situation from her half of the conversation and nods as if he expected to hear this.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

Thank you, detective. Please let me know if anything new develops.

She hangs up. He turns to her.

MULDER

Four dead. One to go. Then our next chance to get him will be 2023. And you should be the director of the bureau by then.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

SCULLY
 (sarcastically)
 Any thoughts on how to find him
 in this century?

MULDER
 Just like any other missing
 person. Look to the past and it
 should lead us to the present.

CUT TO:

43 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - EXTREMELY CLOSE - MICROFILM (X) 43

On the screen, information streaks past at lightning speed. It stops with a CLACK on a type-written date "1903 CENSUS."

MULDER (O.S.)
 I think this is where it all
 began.

WIDER

Mulder and Scully sit before the machine, eyes searching. Scully has the X-file on the table near her. She points to the screen.

SCULLY
 There.

CLOSE - SCREEN

In dated print on the microfiche screen... EUGENE VICTOR
 TOOMS. DATE OF BIRTH - (unknown). 66 Exeter Street. #103. (X)
 Baltimore. OCCUPATION - Dog catcher.

WIDER

Mulder and Scully react. Something rings a bell.

MULDER
 Exeter Street... let me see the
 file on the first murder in 1903.

She grabs a slim file. He opens to a xeroxed police report of 1903.

CLOSE - REPORT

Victim's address: 66 Exeter Street #203. (X)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

MULDER & SCULLY

SCULLY

He killed the guy above him.

(X)

MULDER

Maybe the neighbor played the victrola too loud.

SCULLY

This must be Tooms' great grandfather.

MULDER

What about the prints?

(X)

SCULLY

Genetics might explain the pattern.

(X)

Mulder shrugs, nods, agrees and disagrees. She pushes.

SCULLY

It begins with one family member who raises the offspring with sociopathic attitudes and behavior who raises the next child...

Mulder gives her a blank look before...

MULDER

So, this is what, the anti-Waltons?

SCULLY

Well, what do you think?

MULDER

What we have to do is track Eugene Tooms. Go through the census. I'll plow through this centuries birth, death and marriage certificates.

(X)

They look at the screen and realizes the monumental task ahead.

MULDER

You wouldn't have any Dramamine? These things make me sea sick.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

SERIES OF SHOTS - POLICE STATION

(X)

--MICROFICHE SCREEN - data streaks past. --Mulder carries a handful of microfiche boxes and sits at a machine. --
MICROFICHE SCREEN - years fly by... 1910... 1911... 1912.. --
Scully pinches her eyes beneath her glasses as she continues. Finding nothing. -- MICROFICHE MACHINE - As another roll is threaded through the projector. --Mulder sits before the machine, tie loosened, sleeves rolled up. Scully sits next to him.

MULDER

Anything?

SCULLY

Nope. He dropped off the face of the Earth. You?

MULDER

Never was born. Never married. Never died.

SCULLY

At least in Baltimore County.

Mulder sighs.

SCULLY

I did find one thing, though.

Mulder eyes her.

SCULLY

It's the current address of the investigating officer of the Powhattan Mill murders in 1933.

CUT TO:

44 INT. REST HOME - DAY - CLOSE - FRANK BRIGGS

44

A wonderfully grizzled eighty-five year old face. His yellowed eyes emote a sad wisdom.

FRANK

I've been waitin' twenty-five years for you.

WIDER

A legend appears on screen: LYNNE ACRES RETIREMENT HOME. BALTIMORE.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Scully and Mulder stand before Briggs in the tiny room. He's in a wheelchair. The door is open and elderly people pass in the hallway. A CHEAP PENDULUM CLOCK hangs on the wall, TICKING... marking time.

SCULLY

Sir?

FRANK

I called it quits in 1968, after forty-five years as a cop, and those killings in Powhattan Mill... I was a sheriff then...

He drifts off, overwhelmed with emotion over the subject, sixty years later. The clock TICKS. He sighs deep. His tired eyes turn to them. Mulder and Scully appear concerned. Briggs gestures for them to sit close. He lowers his voice.

FRANK

I had seen my share of murders. Bloody ones. But I could always go home, pitch a few baseballs to my kid and never give it a second thought. You gotta be able to do that. You'd go crazy. Right?

(X)
(X)

Mulder and Scully nod.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But those murders in Powhattan Mill. When I walked into that room. My heart went cold. My hands... numbed. I could feel "it"... I pulled my gun 'cause I thought the guy was still in the room.

(X)
(X)

MULDER

Feel what, Frank?

Frank struggles to explain.

FRANK

When I first learned about the death camps in 1945, I was taken back to Powhattan Mill. When those cops in Mississippi turned loose the dogs on those colored people... I felt that room. When I see them Kurds or those Bosnians... that room is there!

(more)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

FRANK (Cont'd)
I tell ya, it was as if all the
horrible acts people are capable
of... somehow gave birth to some
human monster.

He looks away, feeling foolish, but he's held this in too long.

FRANK (CONT'D)
That's why I said I've been
waitin', because I knew it was
never gonna go away. I knew it
would outlive me.

(X)
(X)

Briggs wheels to the closet and gestures to a box tucked away
in the corner.

FRANK
Get this out.

Mulder removes the 3'x3' box.

FRANK
This is all the evidence I've
collected. Officially and
unofficially.

They open the box, looking through it.

SCULLY
Unofficially?

FRANK
I knew the five murders in '63
were by the same... person... as
in '33, but by then they had me
on a desk pushin' papers and
wouldn't let me near the case.

Scully produces a jar filled with formaldehyde and a piece of
liver.

SCULLY
A piece of the removed liver?

FRANK
(nods)
Left at the crime scene. You
know that's not the only trophy
he took. Family members reported
small personal effects missing in
each case.

Scully and Mulder eye one another, recalling Werner's mantle.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (3)

44

FRANK (CONT'D)
A hairbrush from the Walters' murder. A coffee mug from the Taylor murder.

MULDER
Have you ever heard the name Eugene Victor Tooms?

Frank stops cold.

FRANK
You know I have.

The old man rifles through the box, removing a file of photographs.

FRANK
When they wouldn't bring me aboard in '63... I did some of my own work. I took these surveillance pictures. This is Tooms.

He flops them on the bed. Mulder and Scully pick them up.

CLOSE - PHOTOGRAPHS

Black and white, contrasty, everything is old looking, except Eugene Tooms. He looks exactly as we've seen him today.

FRANK (O.S.)
'Course that's him thirty years ago.

RETURN

Scully takes the photos for a closer look. Mulder looks at another photo.

FRANK
That's the apartment where he lived. It was located at... uh...

MULDER
66 Exeter Street?

FRANK
That's it. Right there.

Mulder looks at the photograph.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (4)

44

PHOTOGRAPH

A four or five story apartment building, built at the turn of the century, but still in decent shape in 1963.

DISSOLVE TO:

45 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EXETER STREET - DAY

45

The same building is just a shell today. Boarded up and condemned. Scully and Mulder enter the foreground and look over the unpromising location. They start toward the building.

46 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

46

It may be day, but inside, the abandoned building reeks of gloom. Mulder and Scully walk carefully through the tenement halls, weapons readied, flashlight beams crisscrossing in the dusty darkness.

SCULLY

Here's 103.

They push open the door.

47 INT. APARTMENT 103 - DAY

47

Nothing. Empty. Mulder and Scully carefully enter.

MULDER

The old man is right. You can feel it.

Scully can also, though she wouldn't admit it. They move off into another room. The boards CREAK as they move along the peeling walls.

SCULLY

There's nothing here. Let's go.

Mulder peeks behind an old mattress and finds a door.

MULDER

Wait a minute. What's down here?

As he pulls open the door, Scully looks in the hole.

SCULLY

Let's find out.

(CONTINUED)

"Squeeze"

1X02

7/27/93

(green) 43A.

47 CONTINUED:

47

She starts down the ladder. The pendant from her necklace swings out from her chest. She continues down the ladder.

(X)

48 INT. LADDER - COAL CELLAR - DAY

(X) 48

Flashlight beams WIPE across FRAME as the two agents begin down the old stairs. It is pitch black. They remain silent. One backs the other as they check hidden areas in the basement.

Finally, Scully shakes her head. Nothing. Mulder however, bends down to a panel in the wall.

SCULLY

It's just an old coal cellar.

(X)

Mulder opens the panel.

(X)

MULDER'S POV - COAL CELLAR - THROUGH FLASHLIGHT BEAMS

The room is only five feet high, but long, at least twelve feet. It is dark and only what the flashlight beam hits can be seen. Something shiny reflects.

Mulder and Scully aim their lights at the object.

On a wooden crate sits a collection of personal effects. A coffee mug, a round music box, and Mr. Usher's snow globe amongst them.

49 INT. COAL CELLAR - DAY

49

Mulder and Scully enter, hunched over. This room is quite nightmarish. Pipes and tubing criss cross along the low ceiling. The walls perspire with condensation.

Mulder and Scully reach the objects. Mulder points to the music box.

MULDER

This is the shape on the mantle.

SCULLY

Briggs said he kept trophies.

Mulder has a look around.

MULDER

Does he live in here?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

In the corner sits a mound, made of greasy rags, newspapers and garbage. It stretches from ceiling to floor and wall to wall. A hole is centered. It appears to be a nest.

Mulder approaches. He shines the light inside. The interior is coated with an oozing substance. Mulder carefully reaches inside and touches the fluid with his finger. Scully examines the material.

SCULLY

Oh my God, Mulder... it smells like... I think it's bile.

MULDER

Is there any way I can quickly get it off my finger without betraying my cool exterior?

She shakes her head. He quickly flicks his fingers and wipes his hand on the floor.

SCULLY

No one could live in this.

MULDER

It's not where he lives. I think it's where he... hibernates.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Hibernates?

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Just listen to me... What if some genetic mutation could allow a man to awaken every thirty years? What if the five livers could provide sustenance for that period? What if Tooms is a twentieth century human monster?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully is still unwilling to accept this.

SCULLY

Mulder. In any case, he's not here now. But he's got to come back.

MULDER

We'll need a surveillance team.

(X)

SCULLY

It'll take some finagling.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

MULDER

I'll keep watch. You go downtown
and see what you can do.

(X)
(X)
(X)

She nods. He starts out, hunched over. She does likewise.
Suddenly, Scully stops. Groans. Mulder spins around.

SCULLY

I think I'm snagged on something.

She maneuvers and is released.

(CONTINUED)

"Squeeze"

1X02

7/26/93

(pink) 46.

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

SCULLY

Okay, I got it.

HOLD on the point of the ceiling where she was snagged. They quickly exit. O.S., the panel closes. A dim blue light coats the room. From a small hole amongst the piping in the ceiling, a hand appears, fist clenched. It slowly opens REVEALING Scully's necklace, dangling in the darkness.

CAMERA MOVES and TILTS UP to find in the maze of pipes, the blood red eyes of Eugene Tooms.

CUT TO BLACK:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

50 EXT. 66 EXETER STREET - DAY

50

Even in the daylight, this structure appears eerie. HOLD long enough to re-establish before CAMERA MOVES to REVEAL Mulder's car staked out across the street.

CAMERA PUSHES IN to Mulder slouched in the seat, wiping his finger with a napkin as if the thought of having touched the fluid remains unbearable.

(X)
(X)

THUD! A squeegee lands on the windshield. Mulder jumps. A HUSTLER, all smiles, begins to clean the windows.

MULDER

Get outta here!

The hustler continues. Mulder produces a dollar bill and holds it out the window. The hustler takes the money and runs.

Pause. The car door opens. Two F.B.I. agents get inside. One is KENNEDY, the other is KRAMER. Mulder checks his watch.

MULDER

About time.

KENNEDY

We wanted to wait 'til the windows were clean so we could see better.

KRAMER

Who're we lookin' for again?

Mulder holds up the arrest report and mug shot of Tooms.

MULDER

Eugene Tooms. Not armed, but consider him dangerous.

The two agents nod and settle in for the duration.

MULDER

If he doesn't show, Scully and I'll be back to relieve you in eight hours. Right here.

KENNEDY

You got it...
(to Kramer)
... Spooky.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

The two agents laugh. Mulder smiles, unruffled.

(X)

CUT TO:

51 INT. POLICE PRECINCT OFFICE - DUSK - CLOSE - BRIEFCASE

51

Slams shut. Scully checks her watch. She picks up her briefcase to leave, however, Tom Colton enters and shuts the door. He is pissed off. Colton tosses a piece of paper on her desk.

COLTON

We have to talk.

SCULLY

I have to meet Mulder.

COLTON

That's what we have to talk about. You're using two of my men to sit in front of a building that's been condemned for ten years?

SCULLY

It's not in any way interfering with your investigation.

(X)

COLTON

Dana, right up front, when we first had lunch, I really looked forward to working with you. You were a good agent. But now, after Mulder... I couldn't have you far enough away.

(X)

(X)

She glares at him, then starts out.

COLTON (CONT'D)

Don't bother goin' down there. I had the stakeout called off.

SCULLY

(furious)

You can't do that!

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

COLTON

You're right. I can't, but my regional ASAC can. Especially after I told him about the irresponsible waste of man hours.

She moves to the phone. He grabs it.

COLTON

No, let me. I'll call Mulder and tell him the news.

(X)

Colton begins to dial, now ignoring Scully's presence.

SCULLY

Is this what it takes to "climb the ladder?"

(X)

COLTON

All the way to the top.

SCULLY

Then I can't wait 'til you fall off and land on your ass.

She storms out. Colton pauses to look. Over the phone...

MULDER (V.O.)

(filtered)

This is Fox Mulder. I'm not here, please leave a message. BEEP.

COLTON

Mulder, this is Tom Colton. Your stakeout has been called off. Give me a buzz. I can't wait to tell you why.

As Colton hangs up, victorious.

52 OMITTED

52

53 EXT. 66 EXETER STREET - NIGHT (X) 53

The building looms over the empty street. After a moment, Mulder drives up to the designated spot. No one is there. Mulder stops. He checks his watch. He looks about, concerned.

MULDER

Scully.

Mulder gets out of his car. He hustles toward the building.

54 EXT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK 54

Scully pulls into her apartment complex, heading toward a covered parking garage.

55 OMITTED 55

56 INT. LADDER - NIGHT (X) 56

A flashlight beam blinds the FRAME. Mulder proceeds down the stairs into the basement. He draws his weapon.

COAL CELLAR PANEL

Mulder readies his gun. He opens the panel and shines the light inside.

MULDER'S POV - COAL CELLAR

Dangling on the "trophy" crate... Scully's necklace.

(CONTINUED)

"Squeeze"

1X02

7/26/93

(pink) 51.

56 CONTINUED:

56

MULDER

His blood turns icy.

CUT TO:

57 INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

(X) 57

Outside, it is dark. CAMERA CREEPS toward a bathroom window as Scully, on the cordless phone, CROSSES FRAME as she pours herself a glass of sparkling water. (X)

SCULLY

(into phone)

Mulder, I guess you went out since Colton "gave us the night off." I say we talk to Blevins, file a complaint against him. I'm furious. Call me when you get in. Bye.

Scully takes her glass of water and moves off. CAMERA continues to CREEP until it STOPS at the sill, bony fingers appear on the glass. (X)

58 INT. BEDROOM / BATHROOM - NIGHT

58

Scully walks into her open bathroom from the bedroom. She untucks her shirt, then reaches for the faucets.

CLOSE - DRAIN

As if Tooms were somehow inside, CAMERA pulls back dizzily as Scully turns on the water. CAMERA SETTLES as Scully CLEARS FRAME. HOLD on the toilet, lid down, for a teasing beat, as if Tooms could appear...

CUT TO:

59 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - DRIVE BY

59

Mulder's car ROARS past.

60 INT. MULDER'S CAR - NIGHT

60

Mulder's foot is through the floor. He's on his cellular, frustrated as the phone RINGS with no response.

MULDER

Damn it, answer!

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

He throws the phone down and barrels ahead.

60A EXT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 60A

There is a box on the wall with a phone company logo. The wires going into the box have been severed. (X) (X)

61 INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT (X) 61

PUSH IN as Scully opens the closet... and pulls out a robe. She slides the door closed. WE FOLLOW her as she returns to the bathroom. She moves a basket holding several small bottles of bubble bath and lotions. There are green, blue and red liquids. (X)

On the counter, she notes a couple drops of yellow fluid. She touches them, feels the texture, she sniffs the fluid on her fingers. She freezes in terror.

SCULLY
Oh, my God...

CAMERA RAPIDLY PULLS BACK, underlining how alone she is and all the possible hiding places in her apartment.

62 INT. MULDER'S CAR - NIGHT 62

His heart pounds as he races ahead.

63 INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 63

Scully looks out into her darkened apartment.

SCULLY'S POV - DRESSER

On it, her firearm.

RETURN

She cautiously moves back to the bedroom, toward the dresser. Her eyes search for any sign of movement. The short walk feels like a lifetime.

She nears the dresser. As she reaches for the gun, CAMERA DROPS to the floor, REVEALING a heating duct grill. With an ear splitting CRACK, it flies off. Scully falls to the floor as something grabs her legs out from under her.

(CONTINUED)

"Squeeze"

1X02

7/27/93

(green) 52A.

63 CONTINUED:

63

THE GUN

scatters across the floor, disappearing under the bed.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

WIDER

Tooms begins to pull Scully into the duct. She slides on her back, desperately trying to grip something. Her fingers seem to SCREAM as they pull across the hardwood floor.

Scully is tugged ACROSS FRAME. She desperately reaches out and grabs the leg of the dresser.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

64

Mulder's car SCREECHES up to the complex. He jumps out of his car, running along the apartments. He pauses, chest heaving. O.S., a FAINT SCREAM. He tries the door. It's locked solid.

65 INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

65

Scully, with a kick, wrestles free. She scurries on her back, away from the duct. Breathless, she pauses, and in that second...

From the duct, an arm rises. The shoulder severely dislocates from the joint. (FX) Tooms begins to pull himself from the duct. The image freezes Scully with shock.

66 INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

(X) 66

Mulder kicks in the door.

(X)

67 INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

67

Tooms leaps out of the duct and straddles Scully.

She punches and struggles, but he's too strong for one human. Blocking her punches, he zeroes in on her torso, the location of the liver.

BEDROOM DOORWAY

Mulder races toward the struggle, shocked by the image of Tooms about to rip into Scully. Mulder aims his weapon at the beast. Tooms' eyes dart about. Quickly searching for an escape.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

TOOMS' POV - BATHROOM

A small rectangular window is high on the tiled wall above the shower head.

WIDER

As Mulder takes position to fire, Tooms leaps off of Scully and with lizard-like quickness dashes to the bathroom wall. Scully is immediately up, moving after Tooms. Mulder races into the room.

Scully is between Mulder and Tooms, preventing a shot.

BATHROOM

Tooms shatters the glass in the 1'x2' window. He tries to climb out. Scully tackles him by the legs and struggles to prevent Tooms from escaping.

Mulder removes his handcuffs. As he moves in to cuff the man, Mulder sees...

WINDOW

Tooms' fingers stretch as he strains for a firm grasp of the window sill.

WIDER

Mulder shakes off the shock. He cuffs Tooms' left hand. As he goes for the right, Tooms swipes at Mulder and powerfully knocks him away. Mulder falls backward. Tooms turns.

TOOMS' POV - MULDER

On the ground, a target.

RETURN

Tooms knocks Scully back and leaps toward Mulder. Mulder, dazed and vulnerable, rolls as Tooms dives. The predator tries to strike again, however, he is quickly jerked back by his left arm.

SCULLY

SNAPS the other end of the handcuff around the base of the round faucet head.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

WIDER

Tooms is captured.

(X)

Mulder aims his automatic at Tooms.

Tooms' right hand is still free. He begins to settle, realizing he cannot escape. Not now.

MULDER

Are you alright?

She nods. Tooms looks deep into Scully's eyes. Covered in sweat, Tooms lowers his head and breathes deeply... quickly.

Mulder looks to Tooms.

MULDER

Well, he's not going to fill this year's quota.

As Tooms lies captured on the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

68 INT. REST HOME - DAY - CLOSE - A HEADLINE

68

"THE CONSEQUENCES OF ETHNIC CLEANSING" Positioned under the headline is a photo of war casualties.

FRANK BRIGGS

sits in his wheelchair, alone in his room. He turns over the front page, then pauses, frozen.

HEADLINES

Smaller type. "SUSPECT CAUGHT IN SERIAL KILLINGS" Next to it is Eugene Tooms' mug shot.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

FRANK BRIGGS

His wise eyes read, welling with tears. He subtly nods, content.

NEWSPAPER - ARTICLE AND PHOTO OF TOOMS

Suddenly, a long strip begins to tear out of the paper. We think it's still Frank Briggs, but actually, we've...

CUT TO:

69 INT. PSYCH WARD CELL - DAY

(X) 69

Tooms tears the paper. He runs the strip across his tongue then applies it to a growing mound of rags and newspapers in the corner. His new nest.

The barred cell is reinforced by strong chain link.

70 INT. PSYCH WARD CORRIDOR - DAY

(X) 70

Mulder appears troubled as he leans against the wall outside Tooms' cell. Scully approaches from down the hall.

SCULLY

All set. Everything's filed. Evidence has been tagged. We can turn the investigation over to the Baltimore Bureau.

Mulder keeps his eyes locked on Tooms.

SCULLY

Colton actually tried to worm in on the case, but his ASAC's caught on. He's been bumped off the Violent Crime Section and reassigned to the white collar crime division at the Sioux Falls Bureau.

Mulder shrugs, "he doesn't care." Scully studies her partner.

(CONTINUED)

"Squeeze"

1X02

7/26/93

(pink) 56A.

70 CONTINUED:

70

SCULLY

I've ordered some genetic tests.
The preliminary medical exam
revealed quite abnormal
development of the muscular and
skeletal systems as well as a
continually declining metabolic
rate. It dips way below the
levels registered in deep sleep.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2)

70

Mulder has heard her, but he's not listening. She notes his mood.

SCULLY

Did you hear what I said?

(X)

Tooms tears another strip of paper.

MULDER

I remember how sad I was when people began to feel the need to put bars on their windows.

Tooms applies it to his nest.

MULDER

I look at him and wonder... what's next?

Scully is not so strict a skeptic as to not weigh the question. She puts a hand on his shoulder, indicating it's time to go. They head down the hall. An OFFICER holding a tray of food passes them. FOLLOW the Officer as he moves to a six inch by one and a half foot food tray slot.

As the Officer grabs the outside handle...

CLOSE - EUGENE TOOMS

His head turns toward...

KILLER'S POV - FOOD SLOT

The slot opens. Clear white light floods through. The Officer and the cell become muted as the slot remains sharp. (FX)

EUGENE TOOMS

Stoic. Watching.

FOOD SLOT

The Officer places the food on the cell tray flushed with the slot. The panel CLOSES. The Officer walks away. Hold on the potential escape route, PUSHING IN...

EUGENE TOOMS

A slight smile develops as he eyes the slot. As he tears a piece of newspaper and runs it across his tongue...

FADE OUT:

THE END