

THE X-FILES

"Sanguinarium"

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*Rep
ORIGINAL*

Episode # 4X06
Story No. 4624
Writer's Draft

"Sanguinarium"

PRINCIPLE CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Nurse Rebecca Waite
Dr. Jack Franklyn
Dr. Elizabeth Shannon
Dr. Eric Ilaqua
Dr. Harrison Lloyd

David Duchovny
Gillian Anderson
O-lan Jones
Richard Beymer
Arlene Mazerolle
Paul Raskin
John Juliani

TEASER

1 INT. GREENWOOD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - DAY - CLOSE ON

A BELLY BUTTON, nestled in the center of a soft belly like the hole in a nice fattening donut. Only there are gridlines, in red and black, diagramming the area.

PATIENT (O.S.)

Is it going to hurt?

As CAMERA ADJUSTS to REVEAL NURSE WAITE, 40s, beside the gurney on which THE LIPOSUCTION PATIENT lies: an attractive woman also in her 40s, trying to save time in a bottle.

NURSE WAITE

You won't feel a thing. There's not even any blood. Dr. Lloyd has done over a thousand lipo procedures. You're in good hands.

She pulls the Patient's hospital gown back over the gridlines. As an otherwise disinterested ORDERLY arrives to push her gurney through the quiet, discreet and immaculate hallway. Nurse Waite moving with them. Her tone is comforting but not smarmy.

NURSE WAITE

I'm going to give you a tranquilizer, and then right before the operation the doctor will give you an injection of saline and anesthetic. All you're going to worry about is buying a new wardrobe.

The Patient smiles nervously. As CAMERA SLOWS and the gurney continues on. As a LEGEND APPEARS: AESTHETIC SURGERY UNIT, GREENWOOD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

CUT TO:

2 INT. SCRUB ROOM - DAY

The door opens and Nurse Waite steps a foot inside.

NURSE WAITE

Your liposuction patient is prepped and waiting in room five.

DR. HARRISON LLOYD

is washing his hands in the sink. He is early 50s, handsome and distinguished, though we cannot see him well from this angle.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

He does not look up into the mirror where WE can see the Nurse's reflection.

DR. LLOYD

Fine. What else am I scheduled for?

NURSE WAITE

You've got a scalp reduction and and a blepharoplasty following.

DR. LLOYD

Are they prepped?

NURSE WAITE

No. Would you like --

DR. LLOYD

(harsh, brusque)

Get them ready, please. I'd like to move right along this morning.

NURSE WAITE

Yes, doctor.

Nurse Waite exits. As Dr. Lloyd continues to wash his hands, rather vigorously we realize, as CAMERA MOVES AROUND onto Dr. Lloyd's face. It is covered in beads of sweat, his eyes focused on his hands in the sink, where he continues to scrub.

CLOSE ON DR. LLOYD'S HANDS

He is using a small scrub brush on his fingernails, the intensity of the scrubbing causing blood from the nails to begin forming in the frothy soap.

LOW ANGLE UP ON DR. LLOYD

Who might look quite distinguished if it weren't for the faraway and disturbed look in his eyes, as he continues to scrub.

CUT TO:

3 THE SAME PAIR OF HANDS

In a pair of white latex gloves now. BLOOD still oozes from the fingertips, as CAMERA FOLLOWS one of the hands to a switch which begins A LOUD VACUUM MOTOR.

CAMERA DOING A SLOW WANDER up to Dr. Lloyd's face, which is now covered by a surgical mask. He stands in a pool of white light cast from the operating lamp above, everything else in the room

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

falling off into dimness. His eyes are still empty, blinking away the beads of sweat.

RESUME THE DOCTOR'S HANDS

As they ready the cannula probe, connecting it to the tube that connects to the vacuum pump. CAMERA DROPPING TO A LOW ANGLE past the covered stomach of the patient, TILTING UP to Dr. Lloyd as he uncovers the stomach now and, raising a shiny scalpel up into frame, makes a shaky incision to access the unwanted yellow rivers of fat. CAMERA WANDERING TO:

A BANK OF MONITORS

BEEPING with comforting regularity, CAMERA CONTINUING up to a GLASS CONTAINER that, as the vacuum STRAINS, begins to fill with globules of yellow human lipids.

RESUME DR. LLOYD

Focused and intense. Moving the cannula through its paces.

CUT TO:

4 A DOOR OPENING

Nurse Waite entering, checking her watch, as she moves into a similar operating bay. This one lit up, unlike the previous one. As she moves TOWARD US, CAMERA BOOMS DOWN to reveal in f.g. a body lying on a gurney. ADJUSTING SLOWLY toward the head of the gurney to REVEAL THE LIPOSUCTION PATIENT.

PATIENT

Is the doctor going to be much longer? I think my anesthesia's starting to wear off.

NURSE WAITE

I'm sorry. I don't know where...

Nurse Waite trails off, concerned. As we:

CUT BACK TO:

5 INT. DARKENED OPERATING BAY - DAY

LOW ANGLE PROFILE ON DR. LLOYD, perspiring even more heavily now as CAMERA BOOMS DOWN TO REVEAL IN F.G. a BALDING PATE, on which are diagram lines demarcating the area to be cut in a scalp reduction.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

NEW ANGLE ON DR. LLOYD

As OUR MUSICAL SCORE QUICKENS to match the doctor's movements, which are now short, strong downward thrusts. CAMERA RACKING TO the collection container, which is now filling with BLOOD over the several inches of thick yellow lipid material. From:

THE PAUNCHY HAIRY BELLY

of the MALE SCALP REDUCTION PATIENT. His stomach jiggling with the force of the thrusts from the cannula into the incision.

CUT TO:

6 INT. OPERATING BAY ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS - HIGH ANGLE

Where Nurse Waite exits a room marked with a big NUMBER 5 on it. Into a hallway/connector room, off of which lead five other doors, all of which have VIDEO MONITORS over them. It takes her a moment, but then she looks upward, JUST PAST CAMERA. Taking a few cautious steps over, disbelief beginning to dawn on her expression. As she looks at:

THE MONITOR over door number 3. Where, in black and white video, Dr. Lloyd seems to be assaulting the man on the gurney like a warrior from Braveheart. CAMERA ADJUSTING IN A QUICK TILT DOWN to catch Nurse Waite bursting into the door of room 3.

MATCH CUT TO:

7 INT. DARKENED OPERATING BAY - DAY

As Nurse Waite bursts in.

NURSE WAITE
Doctor Lloyd!!!

REVERSE ON DR. LLOYD

His white gown completely covered in blood now, as is the patient's gown and the gurney and the floor surrounding it. He holds the cannula in both hands, the vacuum motor continuing to whine. Looking at the Nurse with a kind of crazed innocence.

DR. LLOYD
I think this patient is finished.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

REVERSE ON NURSE WAITE

Horror in her eyes, stifling a gag response. But she can't stifle her SCREAM. Which takes us to MAIN TITLES.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

CLOSE ON - A BROCHURE

In tasteful script:

"Reconstructive Penile Augmentation"

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

MULDER reading the brochure. We are

8 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

8

Scully comes in, and Mulder quickly drops the pamphlet on a stack of similar glossy brochures on his desk. He rifles through his briefcase looking for a file, as Scully picks up the brochure.

SCULLY

So this is your hurry to get to Chicago.

Mulder pulls an 8x10 photograph from the found file and hands it to her.

INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH

It is the oddly-disfigured Scalp Reduction Patient from the teaser. His rib cage eerily stands out from his collapsed abdominal cavity.

SCULLY

studies the photo.

SCULLY

Appears to be a caucasian male in his mid-50's. Violent trauma to his abdominal cavity, but rib cage intact. Severe blood loss. Automobile accident?

MULDER

He was liposuctioned to death.

SCULLY

Liposuction?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

MULDER

Two days ago at Greenwood memorial Medical Center in Chicago. Apparently the good doctor vacuumed out more than lipids. Especially disturbing since this patient was scheduled for a scalp reduction.

He hands Scully a file folder, which she opens and scans.

MULDER

They had the peer review meeting yesterday.

SCULLY

(reading)

They ruled it accidental.

MULDER

I don't think this is an accident, Scully.

SCULLY

You think it's homicide?

MULDER

Not exactly.

Mulder picks up a large file, slightly yellowed. He pulls out several photographs and hands them to Scully.

MULDER

Ten years ago at St. Ignatius Hospital in Boston, five people died in eight days during routine cosmetic procedures. All the deaths were ruled accidental, settlements were made, the records were sealed and it all just went away.

SCULLY

But you don't think those were accidents either.

MULDER

I think the hospital was very anxious to quiet any disturbing rumors.

SCULLY

Of?

(CONTINUED)

MULDER

Each of the doctors described the feeling that someone else was controlling his actions. That he was powerless.

SCULLY

Are you suggesting some sort of paranormal possession?

MULDER

Or manipulation.

SCULLY

Mulder, there are certainly less exotic alternatives. In Brief Reactive Psychosis, for example, people in difficult high-stress situations have a sudden temporary psychotic episode.

MULDER

In all the doctors?

SCULLY

Brief Reactive Psychosis has been documented as "contagious" in extreme high-pressure environments.

(looking at both

photos - disturbed)

Frankly, to have caused reactions as severe as this, conditions must be horrific at Greenwood Memorial.

DR. SHANNON (O.S.)

Please forgive me for keeping you waiting.

CUT TO:

9 INT. GREENWOOD MEMORIAL - A.S.U. WAITING ROOM

Mulder and Scully stand in an elegantly furnished waiting area. Plush carpets muffle any indelicate noise. A mineral water bar stands in one corner. Luscious arrangements of fresh flowers abound.

DR. ELIZABETH SHANNON, ageless, a stunning blonde beauty who is a walking advertisement for her profession, graciously extends a manicured hand to Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

DR. SHANNON
(radiantly smiling)
I'm Dr. Elizabeth Shannon.

MULDER
I'm Special Agent Mulder. This
is Special Agent Scully.

DR. SHANNON
(shaking Scully's
hand)
A pleasure. Again, please
forgive the delay. Our Chief of
Staff, Dr. Franklyn, has been
caught in a meeting, so he's
asked me to keep you busy until
he can join us.

Dr. Shannon's excellent bedside manner is apparent. She oozes
charm and sincerity all over Mulder.

DR. SHANNON
Let me show you around.
(moving toward the
corridor)
Agent Scully, Dr. Franklyn
mentioned you're also an M.D.
That must come in quite handy in
your line of work.

SCULLY
(not charmed in the
least)
Yes.

DR. SHANNON
Well, where would you like to
start?

SCULLY
The morgue. I'd like to start
in the morgue.

CUT TO:

10 INT. MORGUE

10

The eviscerated body of the Liposuction Patient lies, covered,
on a steel table. Its unnatural outline a bizarre contrast to
the covered normal bodies lying nearby.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

A surgically-gloved Scully pulls back a piece of the sheet, revealing the grotesque emptiness where an abdomen should be. Dr. Shannon hovers uncomfortably in the background.

SCULLY

(examining the body)

It appears the victim has lost his kidney, gallbladder, pancreas, most of his stomach, and a fair amount of intestine.

Mulder looks closely and finds an unusual mark on the flesh above the rib cage.

MULDER

What's this?

CLOSE ON - THE MARK

A purplish bruise under the skin, vaguely "√" shaped.

WIDER

Scully leans in close for an examination.

SCULLY

It appears to be a hematoma. Probably caused by the rounded tip of the metal cannula.

Something about the mark strikes Mulder.

SCULLY (CONT'D.)

What is it, Mulder?

MULDER

It looks familiar.

As he struggles to dredge its significance from his memory,

CUT TO:

11 INT. A.S.U. CONSULTATION ROOM

The room where you decide you can't afford not to get that nip 'n tuck. Faux Louis XIV-period furniture. Large before and after framed photographs on the walls. A video camera focuses on one chair, which sits in front of an antique desk, with a state-of-the-art computer.

Dr. Shannon leads Mulder and Scully in.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

Mulder stares at the monitor, expressionless.

MULDER

(dead-pan)

Gee, maybe I wouldn't have to spend so many lonely nights with my VCR.

DR. SHANNON

(suddenly serious)

You may think what we do here is pure vanity or frivolous, but I've seen it have a profound impact on a person's life.

SCULLY

(cool)

I'm sure you have. Look what it did for that man in the morgue.

DR. SHANNON

Surely you, as a doctor, can't condemn all cosmetic surgery because of a mistake --

SCULLY

(a nerve struck)

All I know is that there was nothing wrong with that man when he entered this hospital, when a surgeon took a knife to him. Medicine around here doesn't seem to be about healing anymore.

DR. FRANKLYN (O.S.)

Well, that depends on exactly what you're trying to heal.

At the door is JACK FRANKLYN, 38, strikingly handsome, friendly yet authoritative.

DR. FRANKLYN

I like to think we heal self-esteem. Give people self-confidence, a whole new start. After all, everyone wants to be beautiful.

He joins Mulder and Scully and shakes their hands.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

DR. FRANKLYN

I'm Jack Franklyn, the Chief of Staff. You must be Agent Scully, and Agent Mulder. I'm sorry I'm late. Thanks for showing the agents around, Elizabeth.

DR. SHANNON

My pleasure, Jack.

Dr. Shannon smiles oh-so-warmly and leaves.

MULDER

Dr. Franklyn, I understand local law enforcement is not investigating this death.

DR. FRANKLYN

Agent Mulder, tens of thousands of people die in hospitals every year. Police are burdened enough without unnecessary involvement in medical cases. Our own Peer Review Board held an investigation, and Dr. Lloyd has agreed to take a leave of absence.

SCULLY

(incredulous)

And the family is satisfied with that?

DR. FRANKLYN

They believe, as we do, that this was a tragic accident. The hospital is making an appropriate restitutive settlement. Now, I know you're anxious to see Dr. Lloyd. He's waiting in my office, with his lawyer.

CUT TO:

12 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

They move quietly through the corridor.

12

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

DR. FRANKLYN

(confidential tones)

I must ask that during your investigation you keep a low profile. Privacy is an important issue to our patients -- and our top doctors.

MULDER

I understand.

DR. FRANKLYN

The Aesthetic Surgery Unit is one of a handful like it in the country. I'll be frank. It's a profit center for this hospital.

SCULLY

And you wouldn't want to jeopardize that profit.

DR. FRANKLYN

(patiently)

I'm just as anxious as you -- perhaps more so -- to put this incident behind us.

He opens an office door with his name on it.

CUT TO:

13 INT. JACK FRANKLYN'S OFFICE

13

An expansive, tasteful office befitting a Chief of Staff. Large mahogany desk, leafy plants, a decorative mirror on the wall.

Dr. Harrison Lloyd sits uncomfortably in a leather chair. Sleepless nights show in his eyes.

DR. FRANKLYN

Harrison, these are Agents Mulder and Scully.

All exchange sedated greetings. Jack's pager SOUNDS.

DR. FRANKLYN

(checking his pager)

I have another meeting, so if you'll excuse me.

And he's gone. Dr. Lloyd fidgets.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

There is a CLEARING OF THROAT from Dr. Lloyd's ATTORNEY.

ATTORNEY

For the record, I want to reiterate that I've advised my client against speaking to you.

SCULLY

(refusing to be chastened)

I've read a copy of your statement, Dr. Lloyd. I was wondering if you could elaborate.

DR. LLOYD

(miserable)

I'm sorry. I don't think I can. I don't know what happened. I told the board that.

SCULLY

Dr. Lloyd, how many procedures do you do a week?

DR. LLOYD

On average? Fifteen to eighteen.

MULDER

You mentioned that you felt like you weren't in control of your actions.

DR. LLOYD

Isn't that ridiculous? A routine procedure -- a safe procedure. I...

(disgusted at the memory)

I couldn't stop. I just couldn't stop. It was like I was possessed.

ATTORNEY

(abruptly rising)

I think you've gotten a clear picture of my client's story, and of his willingness to go along with your investigation.

MULDER

Yes. I believe we have.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

Off Mulder, deep in thought

CUT TO:

14 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Scully and Mulder walk.

SCULLY

I've seen nothing to contradict
Brief Reactive Psychosis. Their
workload is just too great. This
place is like a factory, Mulder.

Mulder has stopped walking because something has caught his eye.

CLOSE ON

A little gallery of colorful children's artwork on the wall.

MULDER'S HAND

Reaches up to one COLLAGE. It appears to be a finger-painted
series of shapes, with glued-on leaves and feathers. There is
a circle with a smaller circle inside of it and two lines
dissecting it, a five-pointed star, and a triangle with a circle
inside of it.

WIDER

Scully watches Mulder as he studies the collage.

SCULLY

Collecting art now?

MULDER

Look. A Pentagram. A Magic
Circle. The Triangle of Solomon.

SCULLY

If Solomon is a six-year-old, I
might agree with you.

MULDER

They're all sigils - symbols
used in Ritual Magic and
Witchcraft.

SCULLY

Witchcraft? They're a star, a
circle, and a triangle.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

SCULLY (cont'd)

There's magic going on here,
Mulder. Only it's being done
with silicone, collagen and a
well-placed scalpel.

Scully walks off as Mulder continues to concentrate on the
collage.

CUT TO:

15 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATE DAY

HIGH ANGLE OVER A CONFERENCE TABLE, on which is a pentagram,
inlaid in beautiful wood marquetry. CAMERA DESCENDS SLOWLY,
under:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

What we've got to do is keep
calm and do nothing out of the
ordinary. The appearance here of
any dissembling or impropriety...

CAMERA TILTING UP NOW, TO DR. MITCHELL KAPLAN, a not altogether
handsome man, but his tan and hair transplants give him
something of a manufactured youthful appearance. (NOTE*: All the
doctors in attendance here are attractive. One chair is
conspicuously empty.)

DR. KAPLAN

... is only going to deepen the
FBI's probe. On top of Dr.
Lloyd's insurance
investigation --

DR. ILAQUA

-- Dr. Lloyd has made us a
target! We must do SOMETHING.

DR. SHANNON

-- any change in workload or
scheduling is going to give the
appearance of covering guilt --
the last thing we need is to get
caught up in an expose.

DR. KAPLAN

-- they start looking into our
books again... it's bad enough
we have to answer why buttock
liposculptures cost four
thousand a pop.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

DR. ILAQUA

We look greedy. Therefore we look guilty.

DR. FRANKLYN

But we haven't done anything wrong, Dr. Ilaqua. Have we?

He stares at Dr. Ilaqua evenly. Off Dr. Ilaqua squirming under his gaze,

CUT TO:

16 INT. NURSES' STATION - MINUTES LATER

Mulder and Scully approach the desk.

SCULLY

Rebecca Waite?

NURSE WAITE

Yes?

Nurse Waite smiles up at them, but her eyes dart back to watch the monitors.

SCULLY

I'm Special Agent Scully, and this is Agent Mulder. You assisted Dr. Lloyd during the fatal procedure. Can you tell us what happened?

NURSE WAITE

No. No, I can't really. I wasn't in the O.R. at the time. And -- it's difficult for me. In my position.

MULDER

Had you seen him prior to that procedure?

NURSE WAITE

Just in the scrub room.

MULDER

Are you aware Dr. Lloyd is claiming he was possessed?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

NURSE WAITE
I guess it's cheaper than
malpractice insurance.

CUT TO:

17 INT. SCRUB ROOM - DAY - DR. SHANNON

enters the scrub room in her civvies, finding Dr. Ilaqua already there, scrubbing his hands at the same sink Dr. Lloyd had been using in the Teaser. MOVING WITH HER to an adjacent sink so she can talk to Dr. Ilaqua, who is turned away from her.

DR. SHANNON
Are you finished for the day?

DR. ILAQUA
Yes.

DR. SHANNON
I've got a laser peel, then I'm
out of here.
(sensing Ilaqua)
We're going to get through this,
Dr. Ilaqua. All we have to do is
keep our heads on straight.

ANGLE ON ROOM

Nurse Waite enters.

NURSE WAITE
Your patient is prepped, Dr.
Shannon. Is there anything you
need me to do?

DR. SHANNON
Yes. I'm going to need a clean
pair of scrubs from the laundry.
I forgot to pick some up.

NURSE WAITE
I'll get them now.

Nurse Waite moves to exit, taking BRIEF NOTE of Dr. Ilaqua at the sink. That he hasn't acknowledged her.

NURSE WAITE
Is there anything you need, Dr.
Ilaqua?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

DR. ILAQUA
(not turning)
No. Thank you.

ANGLE UP- ON DR. ILAQUA

Standing over the sink, much as Dr. Lloyd was in the Teaser. Beads of sweat on his brow, his eyes slightly sick, insane. His breathing heavy, shallow. Dr. Shannon nor Nurse Waite can see this.

Nurse Waite exits.

ANGLE ON DR. SHANNON

Drying her hands. When she hears the door shut. Turning to see that Dr. Ilaqua has exited the room, too. Without bothering to say anything. She reacts slightly to the strangeness of this, then forgets it, starts to unbutton her blouse.

CUT TO:

18 INT. OPERATING BAY ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

18

Far down the hallway we see Dr. Shannon approaching, now dressed in her surgical scrubs. She is being trailed by Nurse Waite who is busy jotting something on a clipboard.

As they approach, CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal the door to O.R. 2. Dr. Shannon reaches for the knob and turns it, but finds it locked.

DR. SHANNON
Am I prepped in another room?

NURSE WAITE
No. Your patient's in O.R. 2.

As she says this her eyes are moving up to the video monitor.

NURSE WAITE
Who's that?

Dr. Shannon looks up to the monitor now, too.

DR. SHANNON
That's Dr. Ilaqua. But he
said... he was done for the day.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

ON THE MONITOR

Dr. Ilaqua stands over the O.R. table with his back to camera, as if he is conducting a procedure that is hidden from view.

REVERSE - PUSHING IN ON THE TWO WOMEN'S FACES

DR. SHANNON

What's he doing with my patient?

CUT TO:

19 INT. O.R. 2 - DAY - CLOSE - DR. ILAQUA

19

Impassive, only his eyes betraying some deep terror. Perspiration beads his brow, soaking his mask. Faint wisps of smoke drift up before his face.

DR. ILAQUA'S GLOVED HAND

holds the laser scalpel. CAMERA FOLLOWS the emitted beam of bright red light down to the face of the PATIENT. The laser has created a neat hole in the woman's cheek. The surrounding flesh burns and smolders.

ANGLE ON FLOOR

The laser has bored clear through the woman's head, its beam slicing through the table, down to the floor. Blood drips into a scarlet pool that has gathered there.

RESUME DR. ILAQUA

In some kind of trance, not even flinching or acknowledging when the POUNDING ON THE DOOR STARTS, MUFFLED VOICES RAISED IN ALARM. As the smoke continues to curl up around his face.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

20 INT. MORGUE

2

In a pose eerily reminiscent of Dr. Ilaqua standing over the Laser Patient, Scully stands over the Laser Patient's body, probing the brain with a long stainless steel instrument. We can see the crown, which has been removed from the top of the skull, lying nearby.

Scully speaks into a microphone.

SCULLY

...the laser severed the middle frontal convolution and exited through the mid-occipital.

Jack Franklyn trudges in, his immaculate appearance belying his sense of exhausted frustration. Scully looks up and clicks off the recorder.

DR. FRANKLYN

(noticeably
distracted)

I've just come from an emergency meeting of the board. They're screaming like a pack of hyenas. I've ordered a reduction of procedures until we get to the bottom of this. That just made them scream louder about lost revenue. Have you found anything?

SCULLY

Nothing unexpected. The entry wound starts straight and then moves noticeably, as if the hand became unsteady. I've ordered a complete blood panel and toxicology screen on Dr. Ilaqua.

DR. FRANKLYN

Fine. Keep me posted.

He strides wearily toward the door, stops and turns.

DR. FRANKLYN

Agent Scully, do you really think a psychotic condition can account for both doctors' actions?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

SCULLY

Do you think it's something else, Dr. Franklyn?

Dr. Franklyn shakes his head; he has no answers. He heads to the door, barely missing Mulder as he enters. Dr. Franklyn simply nods a tired greeting and is gone.

MULDER

Dr. Ilaqua's story is a familiar one. Almost verbatim match to Dr. Lloyd's.

Scully nods and resumes her work.

SCULLY

I'm just dissecting the brain tissue near the entry wound.

She uses a small scalpel to cut into the tissue. She suddenly stops, something catching her attention.

SCULLY

Mulder, look at this. There's an odd dark marking in the tissue.

He picks a magnifying glass off the instrument table and leans in closer.

Mulder's POV

A "<" shaped burn in the brain tissue.

MULDER

Is that a burn pattern?

WIDER

Scully holds a measuring device over the area.

SCULLY

It's over 12 centimeters from the laser path. Maybe it's some sort of lesion.

MULDER

(realization dawning)
Scully...the hematoma on the first body.

He pulls a piece of paper from his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

CLOSE ON - PAPER

A printed copy of the hematoma.

WIDER

Scully takes the paper and looks at it.

SCULLY

It's not the same, Mulder.

MULDER

Where's the camera?

Scully hands Mulder the camera, and he focuses on the mark.

MULDER'S POV THROUGH CAMERA LENS

as the odd mark comes into focus

MATCH CUT TO:

STILL PHOTOGRAPH of this image

WIDER TO REVEAL we are

21 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Mulder sits at a computer work station. He is feeding the photograph into a SCANNER.

CLOSE ON - MONITOR

The photograph scans onto the screen.

MULDER

makes several more keystrokes. Studies the monitor.

MULDER'S POV - MONITOR

There are four photographs on the screen: the hematoma from the liposuction victim, the burn mark on the brain tissue, and two autopsy photos: one is a man's body from the side with a "N" shaped bruise on the "love handle" area, and the fourth photo we see only briefly: a close shot of a woman's torso with cuts in the flesh, one cut "X" shaped. The marks are slightly hazy and vague.

MULDER

turns to face Scully as she approaches.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

MULDER

Scully, look at this. I've computer enhanced the autopsy photos from Boston. I found two more marks.

SCULLY

What are you suggesting?

MULDER

I think the marks are Runes.

Scully looks at the monitor closely.

SCULLY

Runes?

MULDER

Ancient characters banned during the middle ages because of their close association with sorcery and ritual magic.

SCULLY

Mulder, I think maybe you're seeing what you want to see. Look, that one could be a butterfly. Or an ink blot.

At that moment, a LOCAL AGENT hands a piece of paper to Scully.

LOCAL AGENT

The hospital just faxed this over, Agent Scully.

Scully begins reading.

SCULLY

Dr. Ilaqua had barbiturates and belladonna alkaloids in his bloodstream.

MULDER

Belladonna?

SCULLY

Don't tell me.

MULDER

Called the hexing herb.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

2.

SCULLY

Combined with barbiturates, it's also found in several common medications used to treat stomach cramps.

(studying the fax)

And taken at these levels, it causes confusion, convulsions, hallucinations -- all of which would explain the doctors' feelings of loss of control.

MULDER

Dr. Ilaqua said he wasn't taking any medications. Could someone ingest it and not know it?

SCULLY

It could easily be diluted in a drink.

MULDER

Without being tasted?

SCULLY

Not if it was in something bitter, like coffee.

MULDER

But that would require access. It would have to be someone who is in the Aesthetic Surgery Unit on a regular basis.

SCULLY

So someone is sabotaging the A.S.U. by poisoning doctors.

MULDER

And killing patients. Why?

SCULLY

Anger? Retribution? I think if we examine the records of those who've had access we'll find the motive.

Off Mulder's uncertainty, we

CUT TO:

22 INT. A.S.U. WAITING ROOM - AFTERNOON

2

CLOSE ON

The face of A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN nodding.

WIDER

as Nurse Waite enters the room, where Dr. Shannon is seated with the woman.

DR. SHANNON

So do you have any more questions?

The woman shakes her head "no".

Dr. Shannon stands and hands her chart to Nurse Waite.

DR. SHANNON

Nurse Waite will take good care of you.

NURSE WAITE

Well, let's get you comfortable in your room. Then we'll get a little bit of blood.

CUT TO:

23 INT. OCCULT BOOK STORE - DAY

23

A creepy bookstore which stocks everything you never wanted to know about the occult, black magic, witchcraft, and various New Age-isms. Heavy velvet curtains cover the grimy windows. Crystals dangle from the ceiling reflecting and projecting speckles of light across the walls. The air is smoky with incense.

WE MOVE THROUGH THE STORE to a back corner, where Mulder sits at a small table, several books open in front of him. Also on the table is a COMPUTER PRINTOUT of the marks found on the bodies. Mulder is immersed in writing unintelligible words in his notebook.

The female CLERK appears. She is a misplaced picture of innocence - 19, blonde, bright eyes. She carries an ancient-looking large volume, which she plops down cheerfully.

CLERK

Hey, look what I found in back. Maybe this will help you.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

21

MULDER

Thanks. What is it?

Mulder flips open the dusty cover.

CLERK

I have no idea. It belongs to the owner. He's sort of a creepy old guy who collects all sorts of weird stuff. Anyway, we're not allowed to sell it, but I guess looking at it's okay, right?

Mulder nods. This is an interesting book.

CLERK

(moving a little closer)

So. Can I interest you in a tarot-card reading?

MULDER

(oblivious)

No thanks.

CLERK

(flirtatious)

Don't you want to know if a mysterious fair-haired woman is about to enter your life?

He looks up at her and smiles.

MULDER

I already have one fair-haired woman in my life. I don't think I'm up to another.

Slightly miffed, she wanders away.

Mulder continues thumbing through the pages, when his cell phone CHIRPS.

MULDER

Mulder.

SCULLY (O.S.)

It's me. Listen to this.

INTERCUT WITH:

24 INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

2

Scully on the phone, surrounded by personnel folders, holding an open file.

SCULLY

Nurse Rebecca Waite has filed two letters of complaint against the hospital administration claiming she was forced to give substandard patient care. There are four incidents of written reprimands from different doctors for insubordination, and she's been on probation for three months.

MULDER

Not the model employee, is she?

SCULLY

And, according to the work log, she was on duty when all three deaths occurred. Something she failed to mention. I think we'd better have another talk with her.

MULDER

(checking his watch)

Give me twenty minutes and I'll meet you at the hospital.

CUT TO:

25 INT. A.S.U. WAITING ROOM - DAY

25

Mulder is writing in his notebook when Scully enters. He stands and hands it to her.

SCULLY

What is it?

INSERT - NOTEBOOK PAGE

the Runic pattern 

MULDER

The Runes found on the bodies. They're forming a pattern.

SCULLY

What are you saying?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

MULDER

It's not about the doctors, Scully, the targets are the patients. Someone is performing a blood sacrifice.

SCULLY

(incredulous)

A blood sacrifice?

MULDER

The belief is that a blood sacrifice releases the life force of the victim, which is then absorbed by the sorcerer.

SCULLY

(apoplectic)

Do you hear yourself? Sorcerers and blood sacrifice.

(quieting)

Alright. If someone thinks they're doing this ritual, what's the point?

MULDER

It's obviously some sort of spell, but I don't know to what end yet. But, Scully, I do know the pattern's not done. There are missing Runes.

SCULLY

Are you saying more deaths?

MULDER

To complete the pattern and cast the spell, yes.

Before a stunned Scully can respond, the door opens and NURSE 1 enters.

NURSE 1

Sir, I checked for you and Nurse Waite is on duty. I think she's around the corner in the private rooms.

SCULLY

Thank you.

Mulder and Scully follow Nurse 1 out of the waiting room.

26 INT. A.S.U. CORRIDOR

2

Mulder and Scully walk down the corridor and turn the corner.

They enter a short, empty hallway with only a few elegant patient rooms.

They discreetly look into the first private room, seeing:

A PATIENT

asleep in bed, her face covered with bandages.

BACK TO MULDER AND SCULLY

as they proceed down the hall.

27 INT. A.S.U. CORRIDOR

27

A dark trickle of blood flows into the corridor from the room next door.

Mulder and Scully rush into the room.

28 INT. A.S.U. PATIENT ROOM 2

28

The television plays "How to Marry a Millionaire", its laughter incongruent to the blood-soaked bed and floor.

Nurse Waite, splattered with blood, stands over the body of The Woman. Eyes closed, Nurse Waite holds the woman's pale lifeless arms. The sounds of the television are drowned out by an increasing loud other-worldly LOW HUMMING, as Nurse Waite sways and hums, in a trance-like state.

CUT TO:

29 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

29

Nurse Waite at the table, still in her uniform. Scully at the table, Mulder standing in the corner. It's been a long evening.

SCULLY

Why'd you kill that patient,
Rebecca?

NURSE WAITE

(for the hundredth
time)

I didn't. Please, could I have
some water?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

Scully moves to the corner near Mulder, fills a cup from a pitcher.

MULDER

(sotto voce)

She's not the one, Scully. She's afraid.

SCULLY

Of course she's afraid. She got caught.

MULDER

And she's hiding something. It doesn't add up.

Mulder glances at Nurse Waite, fidgeting in her chair.

MULDER

The Triangle of Solomon.

NURSE WAITE

(shocked)

What?

MULDER

The picture in the hallway...you made that, didn't you?

NURSE WAITE

(suspicious)

So?

MULDER

(gently)

You made it as a charm, to protect people, didn't you? Because you knew.

NURSE WAITE

(inaudible, fighting tears)

Yes. I could feel something bad was going to happen.

MULDER

How long have you been practicing The Craft?

NURSE WAITE

A few years.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

2

She cries freely, relieved her secret's out, terrified of what's happening. Mulder hands her a tissue, as Scully pulls him away.

SCULLY

(sotto voce)

Mulder, I don't understand. She thinks she's a witch?

MULDER

She's a practitioner of Ritual Magic, an ancient religion based on controlling the elemental forces.

There's a knock at the door. Scully opens the door and speaks in whispers with someone unseen. Mulder returns to the table.

MULDER

What were you doing when we found you?

NURSE WAITE

(wiping her eyes)

The Rite of Passing. I...I couldn't save her. I've been trying...watching. But, it's strong and dark and...

MULDER

Do you know who's doing these things?

Nurse Waite just sadly shakes her head.

Scully returns to Mulder.

SCULLY

Her story checked out. She was in surgery until just before we arrived. There's no way she could have killed those women. But, Mulder, if not her, then who?

CUT TO:

30 INT. GREENWOOD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

30

Dr. Shannon, holding several charts, approaches Jack Franklyn's office door. She TAPS gently.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

DR. FRANKLYN (O.S.)

Come in.

CUT TO:

31 INT. JACK FRANKLYN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Shannon enters.

A desk lamp glows warmly. Dr. Franklyn is at his desk, head down, opening an envelope using a double-bladed steel knife with a black hilt.

DR. SHANNON

Here are the patient charts you asked for.

DR. FRANKLYN

(smiling warmly)

Thanks, Elizabeth. You didn't have to bring them tonight. It could have waited until morning.

DR. SHANNON

I was working late anyway...saw your light on.

She starts to exit, something about Jack catches her eye.

DR. SHANNON

Jack, did you get a hair cut?

DR. FRANKLYN

(amused)

No. Do I need one?

DR. SHANNON

No, no. You just looked different for a minute.

DR. FRANKLYN

Maybe it's the new tie.

DR. SHANNON

Maybe. Well, whatever it is, you look really great.

DR. FRANKLYN

(flattered)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

DR. SHANNON
Anyway, good night.

She exits.

PAN around Jack's desk as he starts happily humming to himself.

REVEAL

Jack is LEVITATING several inches above his chair.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

32 INT. F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE

3

Scully makes her way through the busy office to where Mulder sits, pouring over the Boston case file.

MULDER

(frustrated)

The killer's in here, Scully. I've ordered a cross-check of all employees here with the employees who worked at St. Ignatius at the time of the murders. That's got to turn up something.

SCULLY

Well, forensics found nothing -- no fingerprints at the scene, except for the victims' own. There were 47 pairs of discarded latex gloves -- none with blood matching the last victim. And no one saw anyone in the area who didn't belong.

MULDER

Without using a doctor. No belladonna.

SCULLY

Everyone on duty tested negative.

MULDER

Why risk doing it themselves?

SCULLY

Maybe we've made them nervous. They're in a hurry. Getting sloppy.

MULDER

(a light dawning)

That's it, Scully. Time.

He opens the Boston folder.

MULDER (CONT'D.)

The five Boston deaths all took place within eight days. The first death here was six days ago.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

He pulls a generic month-at-a-glance calender off the nearby wall, and writes an "X" in a square.

MULDER (CONT'D.)

Eight days.

He moves his pencil along to the eighth day from the "X".

CLOSE ON - THE CALENDER

the eighth day square has a small "New Moon" icon in the corner.

MULDER (CONT'D.)

The new moon. Eight days from
the waning moon to the new moon.
Eight days from death to life.

SCULLY

Mulder, if your theory is
correct, that means two more
patients will be killed within
the next forty-eight hours.

CUT TO:

33 INT. A.S.U. WAITING ROOM - DAY

An OVER-DRESSED WOMAN, late-40's, sits reading a fashion magazine. Her expensive trendy clothes, casual attitude, and a few noticeable body parts scream that this is not her first procedure.

Dr. Shannon enters. She is dulled, her usual vivacious energy and confidence are absent. She fights to hide her weariness.

DR. SHANNON

I didn't expect to see you again
so soon.

OVER-DRESSED WOMAN

(laughing)

I don't know what came over me!
I just became *obsessed* with
getting a face peel today.

Jack walks past them down the corridor.

DR. SHANNON

Can you wait one moment? I'll
be right back.

She quickly follows Jack.

34 INT. A.S.U. CORRIDOR

DR. SHANNON

Jack! Do you have a second.

Jack stops, smiles. He is the picture of calmness. He casually takes her arm and they continue walking.

DR. FRANKLYN

What is it?

DR. SHANNON

(confidential tones)

I heard they arrested Rebecca.

DR. FRANKLYN

They questioned and released her.

DR. SHANNON

Jack, what's going on?

They arrive at a small kitchenette alcove, where coffee brews and a small refrigerator offers chilled water and juices.

Jack pours a cup of coffee, turning his back momentarily to reach for sugar. He stirs the packet into the cup and hands it to Dr. Shannon.

DR. FRANKLYN

Elizabeth, you look exhausted.

Dr. Shannon takes the cup gratefully.

DR. SHANNON

I just haven't been sleeping. I guess no one has.

(suddenly afraid)

What's going to happen, Jack?

DR. FRANKLYN

Listen, I don't want to alarm anyone, but I've just received permission from the board to shut the A.S.U. pending the outcome of the investigation, effective first thing tomorrow.

DR. SHANNON

Should I cancel this afternoon's procedures?

DR. FRANKLYN

That's not necessary. But I would hold off on scheduling any more for right now.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

Jack plucks a stray hair off of her shoulder affectionately.

DR. FRANKLYN

(kindly)

Why don't you take this opportunity to get a couple days rest. Alright?

DR. SHANNON

Yes. I think I will.

Dr. Shannon nods and carries her coffee back down the hallway.

CLOSE ON - DR. SHANNON'S STRAND OF HAIR IN JACK'S HAND.

CUT TO:

35 INT. F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE

35

Pick up the Local Agent, moving quickly through the busy bullpen of desks, clutching a single sheet of white paper.

He weaves his way to Mulder and Scully.

LOCAL AGENT

(handing a page to Scully)

Here's the cross-check report of the Chicago and Boston employees.

SCULLY

(reading)

No matches by name or social security number.

MULDER

(to Local Agent)

Did you run a computer comparison of facial structure from the hospital I.D.s?

LOCAL AGENT

Special Photo back in D.C. can do that, but we're not equipped for it here, Agent Mulder.

SCULLY

(to Mulder)

If we modem back the images immediately we can have the results by tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MULDER

(frustrated)

That's too late.

(to Local Agent)

I want to see copies of both hospitals' photo I.D.s right away.

LOCAL AGENT

There must be over three thousand.

SCULLY

Mulder, there's no way we can manually cross check the two hospitals. It'll take a dozen agents all day.

MULDER

(deadly serious)

We don't have all day.

CUT TO:

36 INT. AN UNKNOWN PLACE

36

Dr. Franklyn stands in a right angle of mirrors in a darkened room. He is jacket-less, his tie loosened around his neck like a slack noose. An aseptically clean stainless steel ledge runs waist-high under the mirror in front of him. A lone light from above reflects back from the mirrors, illuminating his face without shadow, making him glow angelically. Behind him is only hazy dull silver.

Dr. Franklyn stares at his reflection -- Narcissus gazing into the pool. His hand moves out of sight, and reappears with a pyrex glass beaker half-filled with a light golden oil.

DR. FRANKLYN

(a hoarse whisper)

Sator arepo tenet opera rotas.

CLOSE ON

Dr. Franklyn's hands as he pours the oil into the palm of his right hand.

CUT TO:

E.C.U. ON A PAIR OF UNKNOWN WOMAN'S HANDS

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

THE SOUND OF WATER RUNNING DOWN A SINK. Just enough of the room is peripherally seen that we can tell we're in

37 INT. A.S.U. SCRUB ROOM

liquid soap is poured into the palm of the right hand.

38 INT. AN UNKNOWN PLACE

CLOSE ON

Dr. Franklyn ritually anoints his hands with oil.

39 INT. A.S.U. SCRUB ROOM

CLOSE ON

the unknown hands scrubbing with soap in exactly the same motion as Dr. Franklyn's hands.

40 INT. AN UNKNOWN PLACE

The golden oil drips from Jack's hands, pooling on the stainless steel ledge.

CLOSE ON

the stainless steel ledge -- the pool of golden oil turns into blood.

CUT TO:

41 INT. F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM

A large room, with one long imitation-woodgrain table. The florescent lights above give the room a washed-out dead appearance. Which is how everyone in the room is feeling.

Several AGENTS are seated around the table in front of stacks of 8x10 photographs. Styrofoam coffee cups and vending-machine junk food wrappers clutter the room.

Mulder and Scully study several promising photographs that have been taped to the blackboard at one end of the room.

The Local Agent wearily stands and carries his stacks to Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

LOCAL AGENT

There's no match in janitorial.
Do you want me to check these
against another department in
case someone changed jobs?

MULDER

Yes. We'll have to check every
photo against every other.

LOCAL AGENT

(not what he wanted
to hear)

Right.

And he moves quickly back to his place at the table.

SCULLY

(sotto voce)

What if we miss the match? A
person can change a lot in ten
years. Weight, facial hair,
scars, hair color.

Mulder doesn't seem to hear her. He is staring at one of the
pictures on the blackboard. He reaches up and pulls the photo
down.

CLOSE ON - THE PHOTOGRAPH

A white male, 60s. The face is an unpleasant one: old,
unattractively disproportionate features, rough blotchy skin,
thin coarse hair.

MULDER

This is one of the Boston
plastic surgeons, Clifford Cox.

SCULLY

Yes, but it doesn't match any of
the doctors here.

MULDER

(vaguely)

Doesn't it?

CUT TO:

42 INT. A.S.U. CONSULTATION ROOM

42

Nurse 1 enters leading Mulder and Scully. Mulder carries a
large envelope.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE 1
(uncomfortable)
Usually one of the doctors does
this.

MULDER
But you do know how to run the
program?

NURSE 1
Oh sure.

Nurse 1 moves turns on the computer and a small scanner.

NURSE 1
Is that the picture?

Mulder slides a photo out of the envelope -- it is the
unattractive Boston Plastic Surgeon. He hands the photo to
Nurse 1. She scans the photo and the image appears on the
computer screen. She sits in front of the computer, Mulder and
Scully behind her.

MULDER
Make the eyes farther apart and
the chin stronger.

Nurse 1 moves the mouse and strikes a few keys.

MULDER
Even out the skin tone -- make
it darker, more tan.

Nurse 1 does so.

MULDER
The hair should be fuller and
lighter. Change the eyes to
blue.

SCULLY
Mulder, where are you going with
all this?

MULDER
(to Nurse 1)
That's it. Now thin the nose
and square the chin.

Nurse 1 makes more key strikes.

MULDER
Now take 25 years off.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY

There are some things even the best plastic surgery can't do, Mulder.

ANGLE ON MULDER AND SCULLY

as Mulder leans in close

MULDER

He didn't do it with surgery, Scully.

NURSE 1 (O.S.)

Do you want me to print this?

MULDER

Please.

The HUM of the color laser printer as the altered photo slowly emerges. Mulder hands it to Scully.

CLOSE ON - THE ALTERED PHOTO

It is a perfect likeness of Jack Franklyn.

SCULLY

Mulder, what are you thinking? That Dr. Cox murdered those patients ten years ago, then became Dr. Franklyn?

MULDER

No, Scully. I think he murdered those patients so that he could become Dr. Franklyn. What if this man -- having reached the limits of medical miracles -- decided to stage a miracle of his own?

SCULLY

You're saying this man committed these murders to make himself beautiful?

Mulder gives her an intensely ironic look.

MULDER

Everyone wants to be beautiful, Scully.

CUT TO:

PLACE
GLASS BOWL OF GOLDEN OIL
lips the first two fingers of his right hand into

n uses his fingers to draw the Rune " " across his
in the mirror.
Eryona onera... DR. FRANKLYN

CUT TO:

UNKNOWN WOMAN'S RIGHT HAND

...or asym mozm messias soter.
... like a wide artist's -- to stir
chemicals in the stainless steel bowl.

stirring hand begins moving in the motion of the Rune "↑".

INT. AN UNKNOWN PLACE

Seen through the dripping oil Rune, the reflection of Jack's
face seems to glow. His expression near ecstasy.
E.C.U. UNKNOWN WOMAN'S RIGHT HAND
Suddenly stops stirring, freezing momentarily, still clutching
the brush.

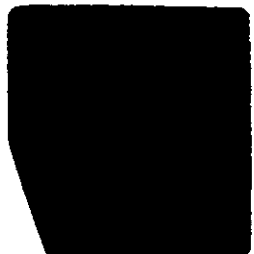
Darling, please let's get on
with it. I don't want my valium
to wear off before we're done.

REVEAL

45 INT. A.S.U. PROCEDURE ROOM

The Over-Dressed Woman is reclining in a chair like a dentist's.
Her body is covered by a plastic smock, her hair in a surgical
cap, her eyes covered by cotton pads.

(CONTINUED)



45 CONTINUED:

45

REVEAL

Dr. Shannon, her right hand still clutching the brush, steps toward the Over-Dressed Woman carrying the stainless steel bowl. She is sweating. Her eyes are fixed.

She wipes the brush once more through the chemical solution.

CLOSE ON - THE DRIPPING BRUSH

as it approaches the face of the Over-Dressed Woman.

A DROP

of the chemical solution drips onto the plastic smock

CLOSE ON - THE PLASTIC SMOCK

as the plastic melts with a small HISS.

WIDER

Dr. Shannon stands directly above the Over-Dressed Woman

She suddenly drops the brush, fighting for control, her eyes momentarily clearing, putting up more of a fight than the other doctors, struggling mightily to stop herself.

CLOSE ON - THE STAINLESS STEEL BOWL

as Dr. Shannon raises it above the face of the Over-Dressed Woman.

CLOSE ON - DR. SHANNON

fighting desperately to not do what she knows she will do.

THE BOWL

tips. The acid begins pouring over its brim.

CLOSE ON - THE OVER-DRESSED WOMAN'S SHOES

OVER-DRESSED WOMAN (O.S.)
[a blood curdling scream]

The feet in the expensive shoes tense -- kick out--and are suddenly limp. One shoe slowly slides off the foot and drops to the linoleum floor with a DULL THUD.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

46 INT. A.S.U. PROCEDURE ROOM

46

The FBI PHOTOGRAPHER is finishing, as the covered body of the Over-Dressed Woman is wheeled out. Two LOCAL FBI AGENTS take statements from A.S.U. personnel, while a FORENSICS TEAM carefully collects evidence.

MULDER

stands inconspicuously, watching

DR. SHANNON

standing quietly in front of a small sink, completely immersed in washing her hands. Her face is a blank, devoid of emotion or personality. The water from the faucet gushes over her hands, which she continues to scrub in the same motion over and over and over.

LOCAL AGENT 2 approaches Mulder.

LOCAL AGENT 2

Agent Mulder, we're almost done here. And the men in the white coats are on their way for the doctor.

(watching Dr.

Shannon -- spooked)

How long is she gonna do that?
She's giving me the creeps.

Local Agent 2 moves away, leaving Mulder alone, absorbed in the vision of the insane doctor.

Scully enters.

SCULLY

Jack Franklyn's not in his office or at his home and no one's seen him since 2:00.

MULDER

Were you able to locate Rebecca Waite?

SCULLY

Due to the A.S.U. closure, she was transferred to pediatrics at 2:30. This was the last patient she prepped.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

Scully follows Mulder's gaze to Dr. Shannon.

SCULLY
Is she still completely
unresponsive?

MULDER
Yes.

SCULLY
Apparently the trauma induced a
delirium with disturbed
psychomotor behavior.

MULDER
(sadly)
Apparently.

CLOSE ON - DR. SHANNON'S HANDS

still harshly scrubbing, now wrinkled and raw, cracked and
bleeding.

WIDER

The Local Agent rushes in clutching an envelope.

LOCAL AGENT
The judge just issued the search
warrant you wanted for
Franklyn's.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. JACK FRANKLYN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

47

A beautiful brick house on an idyllic tree-lined street. The
deep amber of the weathered bricks beckons invitingly on the
cold, wet day.

Obvious unmarked sedans mar the illusion of tranquility.

48 INT. JACK FRANKLYN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

48

The search is well underway in the elegantly furnished living
room, as we can assume it is throughout the house. LOCAL F.B.I.
AGENTS work diligently. Books have been pulled from their
mahogany shelves. A polished cherry desk has been emptied.
Leather couch cushions are strewn on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

FIND MULDER

in the spacious wet bar, smelling the contents of crystal decanters, searching through shelves of glassware. He opens the small refrigerator.

MULDER
(calling)
Scully!

Scully rushes to his side.

MULDER
Look at this.

CLOSE ON - THE CONTENTS OF THE REFRIGERATOR

three vials of blood are neatly stacked on the shelf.

WIDER

Mulder pulls one out. We can now clearly see it is only half-full. The tube carefully labeled with a typed hospital sticker.

SCULLY
(pulling another one
from the
refrigerator)
These are blood samples from
each of the victims.

Mulder stares at the label, transfixed. He quickly, excitedly, pulls another from the refrigerator.

MULDER
The date of birth.

SCULLY
(reading the vial in
her hand)
4-30-56.

MULDER
April 30th. That's Beltane.
July 31st -- Lammass.

SCULLY
What does it mean, Mulder?

MULDER
They're the greater Sabbats.
Holy Days.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

MULDER (cont'd)

That's how he's been choosing his victims. By their birthdates. And that's how he'll choose his final blood sacrifice.

CLERK (O.S.)

Not on those dates.

CUT TO:

49 INT. GREENWOOD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ADMISSIONS DESK

49

A CLERK checks a computer screen. Mulder and Scully wait anxiously.

MULDER

Are you certain?

CLERK

(patiently)

I'm sorry, Agent Mulder. There are simply no patients with those birthdates currently in the hospital.

MULDER

(agitated)

Check again.

The Clerk taps a few more key strokes.

CLERK

(less patiently)

The last patient with that d.o.b. checked out three weeks ago. Check again in an hour when I get today's ER admitting.

SCULLY

(to Mulder)

Maybe that's not the M.O. Maybe the birthdates were just coincidences.

MULDER

(to the Clerk)

Can you access personnel records? Try employees.

The Clerk taps several keys.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

SCULLY

(frustrated)

Mulder, employees were never targeted. We're wasting our time here.

The computer BEEPS, its search successful.

CLERK

Yea, there's one. R.N. Rebecca L. Waite.

CUT TO:

50 INT. GREENWOOD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - PEDIATRICS - PLAY ROOM

50

Nurse Waite sits at a low table with SEVERAL CHILDREN, some with broken bones, others showing signs of chemotherapy. She is fingerpainting with the children -- laughing, the nightmare of the A.S.U. faded by their smiles.

She reaches for a paint pot, and a twinge of pain crosses her face. The pain passes and she resumes painting.

A VISIBLE SPASM

contracts her abdomen. She fights to keep a smile on her face...not to alarm the playing children.

Nurse Waite rises to her feet with difficulty.

HER STOMACH VIOLENTLY CONTRACTS

She drops to her knees. The children are immediately afraid, knowing something is terribly wrong. CRIES from her little patients tear at Nurse Waite as she struggles to re-gain control of her body.

CLOSE ON - NURSE WAITE'S FACE

Sweating profusely. Pale. Another spasm rocks her body, and she starts to heave.

WIDER

Nurse Waite tries to crawl to the doorway, to get out of the children's sight. Another spasm grabs her, and she begins to heave violently. She opens her mouth and

PINS AND NEEDLES

vomit forth, mixed with bile and saliva, dropping onto the floor.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

A CHILD SCREAMS

as Nurse Waite collapses completely.

CUT TO:

51 INT. GREENWOOD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - PEDIATRICS - CORRIDOR

Mulder and Scully walk quickly through the brightly-painted hallway, and up to a PEDIATRICS NURSE.

SCULLY

Excuse me, we're looking for Nurse Rebecca Waite.

PEDIATRICS NURSE

(distressed)

You just missed her. They took her down to admitting.

MULDER

Admitting? Why?

PEDIATRICS NURSE

She became violently ill - and she was --

(quietly, so no one hears)

She was vomiting pins.

Scully looks at Mulder, incredulous, as they take off rushing back down the corridor.

MULDER

Allotriophagy.

SCULLY

What?

MULDER

A sign of bewitchment. Vomiting dangerous foreign objects.

(with a new sense of urgency)

He's already begun on Nurse Waite. She's another witch - the ultimate sacrifice.

CUT TO:

52 INT. OPERATING BAY - DAY

51

CAMERA STARTS HIGH AND WIDE behind Dr. Franklyn to reveal that he's standing in the center of a circle of light. Circumscribed within it is a PENTAGRAM, drawn in blood.

CAMERA ARMS AROUND, BOOMING CLOSER as he sets down the scalpel he's just used to carve a thin line around the perimeter of his face. CAMERA DISCOVERING his face, as he brings his fingers to his forehead. Using the incision below his hairline as an open seam, he begins peeling the away flesh. The skin separates from the muscle and sinew with a gristled, tearing sound, as we:

CUT TO:

53 INT. GREENWOOD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - ADMISSIONS DESK

53

Mulder and Scully race up to the counter, Mulder already holding his ID badge up to an ADMISSIONS CLERK.

MULDER

You just admitted a nurse -
Rebecca Waite.

ADMISSIONS CLERK

Just a few minutes ago. She's
in prep now for surgery.
Internal bleeding.

MULDER

Which operating room?

CUT TO:

54 INT. GREENWOOD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OPERATING ROOM

54

Mulder and Scully outside the operating room doors.

MULDER

(moving down the hall)
Scully, stop that doctor.

SCULLY

Where are you going?

MULDER

I'm going to find Franklyn.

And Mulder disappears, moving quickly down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

Nurse Waite, prepped, is wheeled toward the room, followed closely by the SURGEON (white man, 50s), ASSISTING SURGEON (woman, 30s), ANESTHESIOLOGIST (Asian-American), and TWO NURSES.

Scully approaches the Surgeon.

SCULLY

I'm sorry, Doctor, but I need to ask you -

SURGEON

Look, I don't know who you -

Scully has pulled out her badge.

SCULLY

Special Agent Scully, FBI. This is a potentially life-threatening situation, sir, and -

SURGEON

(sternly)

Agent, this woman is acute. If I don't -

SCULLY

(interrupting)

Sir, have you had any coffee in the last hour?

SURGEON

(the last thing he expected)

What? Well, yes.

SCULLY

(forcefully)

Then I have to insist your assisting surgeon perform this operation.

The Surgeon looks blankly at Scully.

CUT TO:

55 INT. A.S.U. CORRIDOR - SAME - ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN

55

Mulder emerges quickly, nearly colliding with a gurney where a patient lies in a hospital gown, his face bandaged from some kind of procedure.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

MOVING WITH MULDER through the A.S.U. corridor. Where only A SINGLE ORDERLY is, moving toward the gurney at the top of the hall. She reacts when Mulder draws his gun, but he is oblivious to her. Moving to:

56 INT A.S.U. ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

56

Mulder enters the vacant silence of the anteroom. Mulder looks up at the bank of monitors -- the emptiness of each room illuminated by a circle of light cast down from above. But something in ROOM 3 catches Mulder's eye.

THE MONITOR

Visible in the circle of light... is the pentagram.

57 INT. OPERATING BAY - CONTINUOUS

57

Mulder enters, slowing as he moves to the center of the room.

HIS POV - MOVING

Past the bloody scalpel on the floor.

RESUME MULDER

Reacting as he sees something else in the center of the pentagram. He kneels down to see:

FRANKLYN'S EVISCERATED FACE

Staring up at him from the cold glass of the mirror. A lifeless mask of flesh severed from its underlying tissue.

58 INT. E.R. SURGICAL BAY - DAY - LOW ANGLE - MULDER

58

bursts in, finding Scully standing with the ER staff. Surrounding Nurse Waite. The bloodied hands of the surgeon down by his side. Nurse Waite lies on the table, unconscious. Dead for all Mulder knows.

Mulder moves to Scully.

MULDER

What happened?

SCULLY

They saved her life.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Mulder looks at the surgery staff, all of whom look wracked, wrung out. It is an odd moment, an almost absurd moment of stillness.

Mulder is shaking his head.

MULDER

Then... he failed.

A cardiac ALARM sounds somewhere O.S. A beat, then there are PERSONNEL running through the corridor outside the bay.

CUT TO:

59 AN ADJACENT SURGICAL BAY

59

Mulder and Scully exit the bay they were in, moving to the doorway of this bay down the hall, where A COMMOTION rises from within as various E.R. personnel respond, entering the drawn partition.

THEIR POV

The shrill alarm continues under the urgent cross chatter of resuscitation efforts. Amid the chaos, an orderly restrains a SURGEON with a vacant look on his face, his surgical gown bloodied. Though he's not putting up much of a fight at the moment. The E.R. NURSE #2, her own scrubs bloody, tries explaining as she joins the rescue efforts:

E.R. NURSE #2

He just started cutting her.
It's like he went crazy.

E.R. DOC

We're losing her fast.

An ORDERLY glances sharply at Scully, then draws shut the curtain.

SCULLY AND MULDER

MULDER

What is this patient's birthdate?

Scully reaches for the chart hanging at the doorway.

SCULLY

October thirty-first. Halloween.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

5

MULDER

(grimly)

And Samhain. The final Witches'
Sabbat.

Both understand that they've been duped, and that Franklyn has claimed his fifth victim. And as the dull tone of an EMG flat-line INTONES LOUDLY...

FADE OUT.

60 FADE UP ON DARKNESS

60

CAMERA SLOWLY RISING as we hear:

WOMAN'S VOICE

I can't tell you how happy we
are that you've decided to join
us, Dr. Hartman.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO RISE, revealing the well-groomed back of a man's head. He is facing an attractive woman in her late 40s. The placard on her desk identifies her as "Dr. Sally Sanford, Chief of Staff." CAMERA SLOWLY ARMS AROUND, revealing that we are:

61 INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

61

The office decor and furniture suggest we are in a new hospital in a different city.

DR. HARTMAN

I like what I've seen so far.
But the truth is, I've always
been drawn to Los Angeles.

Dr. Sanford smiles with a hint of flirtation.

DR. SANFORD

With your credentials, I'm sure
you had plenty of options.

CAMERA DISCOVERS DR. HARTMAN

He is the man with the bandaged face -- the former Dr. Franklyn -- that Mulder passed in the A.S.U. Now, there is no evidence of injury. His face appears ten years younger, perhaps even better looking. He's a new man.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

DR. SANFORD

I've been reviewing your patient portfolio. Your work is among the most impressive I've ever seen.

Dr. Hartman smiles.

DR. HARTMAN

I like to say, whoever God didn't get around to creating in His own image... it's our job to recreate in ours.

And on Dr. Hartman's unnervingly perfect face, we:

FADE OUT.

THE END