

THE X-FILES

"Small Potatoes"

Written by  
Vince Gilligan

Directed by  
Cliff Bole

March 6, 1997

"Small Potatoes"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder  
Agent Dana Scully  
Assistant Director Skinner  
O.R. Nurse  
Duty Nurse (X)  
Amanda Nelligan (X)

Dr. Alton Pugh [OB]  
Second Nurse  
Eddie Van Blundht [Janitor]  
Health Department Doctor  
Angry Husband [Husband]  
Angry Wife [Wife]  
Second Husband  
Deputy  
Sheriff  
Neighbor  
Elderly Man (X)

Security Guard  
Langly (V.O. only)  
Frohike (V.O. only)

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SET LIST

EXTERIORS

MEDICAL OFFICE PARK  
VAN BLUNDHT HOUSE  
    /FRONT DOOR  
    /BACK YARD

(X)

(X)

NEIGHBOR'S YARD  
STREET

(X)

(X)

F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS (STOCK)

INTERIORS

TABLERS COMMUNITY HOSPITAL

    /CORRIDOR  
    /DELIVERY ROOM  
    /HOSPITAL ROOM  
    /CORRIDOR OUTSIDE NURSERY [OBSERVATION WINDOW]  
    /LOCKER ROOM  
    /BASEMENT  
    /UTILITY CRAWLSPACE

N.D. SEDAN -- MOVING

HEALTH DEPARTMENT LAB

MEDICAL OFFICE PARK

    /DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM

    /HALLWAY

    /EXAM ROOM

SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

    /INTERROGATION ROOM

(X)

    /BULLPEN

VAN BLUNDHT HOME

    /UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

    /ATTIC DOOR IN THE CEILING

ANGRY COUPLE'S HOME

    /LIVING ROOM

    /HALLWAY

(X)

    /BATHROOM

(X)

A.D. SKINNER'S OFFICE

F.B.I. BUILDING BASEMENT HALLWAY

MULDER'S OFFICE

MULDER'S APARTMENT

SCULLY'S APARTMENT

CUMBERLAND REFORMATORY

    /VISITATION ROOM

    /GUARD ROOM

TEASER

1 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - THE CEILING

1

rolls by at a steady pace, the fluorescents shining down at us. We're looking straight up -- we hear the squeak of casters, and shoes padding on tile. LEGEND OVER: TABLERS COMMUNITY HOSPITAL, MARTINSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA.

Upside-down into frame pops an O.R. NURSE wearing green scrubs and a surgical shower cap. She smiles down at us.

O.R. NURSE

How you doin', Hon? Just breathe deeply. Just like that -- there you go. You're doing great..

NEW ANGLE TO REVEAL

AMANDA -- a pretty woman in her early thirties -- who lies atop a rolling gurney. She's deep into labor, gritting her teeth in pain. In a strangled voice, convincing herself:

AMANDA

Doing great... Oh yeah...

The Nurse steers the gurney down the hall. A DUTY NURSE catches (X) up to them, writing on her clipboard as she walks.

DUTY NURSE

Ma'am, I need your full name and Social Security number. (X)

AMANDA

Amanda Nelligan... 545-02-0809. (X)

DUTY NURSE

And your insurance carrier? (X)

AMANDA

A-Atlantic Mutual...

DUTY NURSE

Great. Is there anyone you need us to contact? The father of the baby? (X)

AMANDA

(hesitates)

I'm not sure how you'd reach him.

DUTY NURSE

If you give me his name, I can try. (X)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

Amanda considers for a moment, speaks wistfully.

AMANDA

He's not from around here.

DUTY NURSE

Is he from out of state?

(X)

They reach the delivery room door. Amanda takes a sharp breath, her hands on her belly. Then, sincere and almost a whisper:

AMANDA

Another planet.

She winces in pain. The O.R. Nurse gives a wary look back at the Duty Nurse as she bumps the gurney through the doors into the delivery room. (X)

The Duty Nurse is left alone in the hallway, staring after them. Off her puzzled look... (X)

CUT TO:

2 INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY - LATER

2

Amanda lies on the delivery table, her face straining as she pushes. She grips the hand of the familiar Nurse, who pats her forehead with a damp cloth. We hear the soothing voice of the OB from the other end of the table.

OB (O.S.)

Okay... one more little push,  
Amanda. That's the way.

(chuckle)

I believe you're gonna set a  
speed record here.

We slowly move around the delivery table -- staying fairly tight so that we don't see much. We drift past a SECOND NURSE and end up on the middle-aged, male OB.

OB

Uh huh. There's a cute face!

(to nurse)

Bulb syringe.

The Second Nurse responds, handing him the rubber bulb. Working o.s., the OB clears the BABY'S airways. The OB smiles behind his surgical mask. (X)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

OB  
What a sweet face...

(X)

CLOSE ON AMANDA

who manages a happy smile through her pain.

(X)

OB (O.S.)  
This is like the Indy 500 here.  
Here comes the shoulder...  
(beat)  
Okay, Amanda -- great job. Just  
give me one more little push...

Amanda grits her teeth and pushes.

THE OB

works intently, supporting the o.s., crying Baby in his hands.

(X)

OB  
And... that'll do it!  
(seeing something)  
Uh...

His Nurse turns to him, offering two hemostats -- immediately  
GASPING in surprise and dropping them to the floor with a  
CLATTER. She reflexively puts a hand to her masked mouth.

SECOND NURSE

Oh god.

AMANDA

wide-eyed, tries to sit up and see -- the first Nurse gently  
keeps her down on the table.

AMANDA  
What? What is it?! --

Her Nurse gently shushes her -- though her own wide eyes are  
themselves rooted on the o.s. Baby.

OB (O.S.)  
It's okay... She's just fine.  
Perfectly healthy.

CLOSE ON THE OB'S FACE

while his hands work o.s., snipping and tying off the crying  
Baby's umbilical cord.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

AMANDA (O.S.)

What is it?! --

OB

Noo-oo problem. Everything is gonna be A-OK. You've got a healthy baby girl.

The OB finishes up. He turns his back on us, the still-unseen Baby cradled in his arms.

REVERSE ANGLE TIGHT ON

the OB and his Nurse closing quarters. The OB lifts the squalling Baby into frame so that we finally see her -- she's got a TAIL.

The tail is pink, thin and triangular. It's four inches long and tapers to a point. As we watch, it gives a little FLICK.

The tail aside, this crying newborn looks perfectly healthy. The OB stares at it wearily. Muttering under his breath:

OB

Good lord... not another one.

Off this doctor -- who is not freaked out, just exasperated:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 INT. N.D. SEDAN DRIVING - DAY - SCULLY'S LAP

3

gets a garish tabloid paper dropped into it -- on the cover, among stories of the Virgin Mary and Michael Jackson, is the banner "MONKEY BABIES INVADE SMALL TOWN!" with a cheesy cut-and-paste of an infant with a screeching monkey head. A caption reads "Did West Virginia Women Mate With Visitors From Space?"

MULDER (O.S.)

What do you think, Scully?

WIDER

on Scully gamely perusing the cover of the tabloid as Mulder drives. Out the window, forest and not much else rolls past.

SCULLY

You want us to investigate Michael Jackson?

MULDER

Well... yeah, eventually.

(smile)

Today, it's monkey babies.

Scully flips to the inside story and gives it about two seconds of her time. She shoots Mulder a sideward glance.

SCULLY

No, seriously.

MULDER

You're not intrigued by children born with vestigial tails?

SCULLY

Caudal appendages. Fetuses have them -- the coccyx enlarges to contain the spinal fluid, then shrinks as the child develops. But occasionally, it doesn't.

(shrug)

It's extremely rare, but it is known to happen,

MULDER

Yeah, but five times in three months? All within a city of less than 15,000 people? I'd say that's more than a statistical anomaly.

(CONTINUED)



3 CONTINUED:

3

SCULLY

So would I.

(off his surprise)

I think you're right, Mulder -- this is definitely something that merits investigation... only not by us. This sort of birth defect might be caused by ground water contamination, by a prescription drug interaction... any number of things. I'd say this is a case for the local health department.

MULDER

(shrug)

I called around. They're already investigating...

SCULLY

Yeah? So what else about this interests you?

(off his silence)

"Visitors From Space."

Scully holds up the tabloid cover, indicating the caption phrase. Mulder smiles faintly, busted.

MULDER

I called around. Apparently, the latest mother did make that claim... more or less.

SCULLY

"More or less?"

Mulder shrugs.

MULDER

Or, we could check out Michael Jackson. But I only got the car signed out till Monday.

Off Scully, folding the tabloid and settling in for the inevitable:

CUT TO:

4 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - AMANDA NELLIGAN

4

sits up in her adjustable bed. She fiddles with her patient wristband, looking slightly uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

AMANDA

The doctor said my baby is gonna be fine. She's really healthy, and once she gets a few months old, it's just a simple matter of, you know...

(mimes scissors)

Snip.

WIDER TO INCLUDE

Mulder, who sits close by -- and Scully, who stands back a ways.

MULDER

That's good to hear.

Amanda nods and smiles.

SCULLY

Were there any unusual complications during your pregnancy, Amanda? Did you undergo some form of fertility treatment?

The woman shakes her head no to both of these questions.

AMANDA

I wasn't even trying to get pregnant. It was sort of a...

(shrug)

I mean, I'm sort of a single mom now, I guess.

Mulder speaks delicately.

MULDER

I'd like to ask you about the baby's father.

Amanda shrugs half-heartedly. Mulder settles closer.

MULDER

You said when you were admitted that the father was "from another planet." What did you mean by that, exactly?

AMANDA

That's he's, you know... not from this planet.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

MULDER  
(a beat)  
Were you abducted?

AMANDA  
Huh? No. He just sorta came by  
my apartment, and... one thing  
led to another...

MULDER  
(confused)  
But the father is an alien.

AMANDA  
(more confused)  
No. I didn't say he was an  
alien -- I said he was from  
another planet.

Mulder shakes his head, not following. Amanda looks from him to  
Scully, wanting to be clear. In a quiet, earnest voice:

AMANDA  
His name is Luke Skywalker.  
He's what's known as a Jedi  
Knight.

Mulder's face sinks slightly. He doesn't bother turning  
around -- he doesn't want to give Scully the satisfaction.  
Behind him, her face is wonderfully deadpan.

SCULLY  
Did he have a light saber?

AMANDA  
He didn't bring it. But he did  
sing his song for me.

Scully gives a supportive nod, prompting her. Amanda hums the  
theme from "Star Wars." Scully hums along with her -- she looks  
to Mulder, meaning for him to join in. He doesn't.

SCULLY  
How many times have you seen  
"Star Wars," Amanda?

AMANDA  
Three hundred sixty-eight. I  
should break 400 by Memorial Day.

Mulder rises to his feet, nods farewell and shuffles out the  
door. Scully eyes him as he passes, her eyes twinkling. She  
gives a friendly smile to Amanda as she follows after Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

Amanda suddenly looks troubled. She hesitantly speaks up, stopping Scully.

AMANDA

These, uh... these four other babies around here that've been born with tails..?

(weak)

There's no way Luke would be the father, is there?

Scully seems to give this question far more consideration than we would expect. The gears are definitely turning in her head. Off her, we...

CUT TO:

5 AMANDA'S NEWBORN BABY

5

who lies on her stomach in a hospital cradle, sleeping peacefully. Her tail gives a little twitch. We pull back, revealing the hospital nursery and the four or five normal newborns around her. We reveal we are:

INT. HOSPITAL OBSTETRICS CORRIDOR - TWO MINUTES LATER

We're looking in at the nursery through a big window. Mulder stands before it, staring inside. A dozen GAWKERS around him also peer in at the Baby with the tail. Among them is a JANITOR we'll remember later... though we do not focus on him now.

Under his breath, Mulder hums a little of the "Star Wars" theme as he stares through the glass. He looks up to see Scully approaching, talking on her cell phone -- he moves away from the window, joining her as she hangs up.

MULDER

(friendly)

Alright... take your shot.  
But -- Luke Skywalker and his light saber aside -- I still think there's more going on here than meets the eye.

She jots an address on her pad, barely paying attention to him.

SCULLY

I think you're right, Mulder.

She moves off down the hallway. Mulder stands his ground, momentarily confused. Scully glances back at him.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

SCULLY

You coming?

Off Mulder, starting out of frame after her, we:

CUT TO:

6 INT. HEALTH DEPARTMENT LAB - DAY - A LIGHT TABLE

6

clicks on, lighting the frame bright white. Five CHROMOSOME CHARTS -- clear plastic sheets covered with evenly-spaced smudges -- get arranged, one by one, atop the large table.

Each chart is different, and each is tagged with the name of the child it identifies. Meanwhile, a LEGEND comes up, reading "EASTERN APPALACHIAN REGIONAL HEALTH DEPARTMENT."

H.D. DOCTOR (O.S.)

Here are the PCRs we ran for the five children...

WIDER ON ROOM

A female HEALTH DEPARTMENT DOCTOR finishes arranging the charts. Mulder and Scully join her in examining the array.

H.D. DOCTOR

We've put in calls to the parents -- we'll blood test all the husbands, hopefully by this afternoon. Just to double-check.

SCULLY

(eyes on the PCRs)

Good.

Mulder looks from one woman to the other, waiting to be let in on whatever it is they're talking about.

H.D. DOCTOR

They'll be none too happy.

(impressed by Scully)

I have to confess... this answer seemed so strangely obvious, I probably wouldn't even have checked for it.

Scully nods, understanding.

MULDER

What answer?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

Scully points to specific places in the gene code on every chart -- at these places, each smudge pattern is the same.

SCULLY

See here? These band trait matches... all identical? All showing a small loss of a part of chromosome number eight?

(off his nod)

Each of these five children, born to five different women... all share the same father.

MULDER

Yeah? --

SCULLY

I should have thought of it sooner. This kind of appendant birth defect is often passed on within a family.

MULDER

(realizing)

Meaning the father was born with a tail, as well.

SCULLY

(nod)

Though, most likely, he's since had it surgically removed.

MULDER

How would this happen?

Scully shrugs and smiles at the seeming obviousness of it.

SCULLY

The birds and the bees and the monkey babies, Mulder.

Mulder considers this, then reaches for a nearby file folder and pages through it. He finds what he's looking for.

MULDER

Or, maybe there was another method involved...

SCULLY

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

MULDER

All five of these women went to the same OB-GYN.

SCULLY

(nods; "so?")

The only one in town.

MULDER

And four of them -- the four married women, not including Amanda Nelligan -- are on record as receiving... "insemination therapy as a means of conception."

Scully looks from the page to Mulder, intrigued.

SCULLY

You're thinking their doctor is responsible for this?

Mulder shrugs -- he doesn't know, but it's worth checking out.

MULDER

So much for not putting all your eggs in one basket.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. MEDICAL OFFICE PARK - DAY

7

We're surrounded by modest office buildings, with the hospital in the near b.g. An n.d. sedan motors to a stop in front of the nearest office, which has a shingle for "Dr. Alton Pugh, OB-GYN."

We track ahead of Mulder and Scully as they walk toward the building. Behind them, another car pulls up fast, and a good-looking MARRIED COUPLE gets out. The ANGRY YOUNG HUSBAND AND WIFE tear ass up the walkway, muttering between themselves. (X)

ANGRY WIFE

I just think we should find the best lawyer we can, because I definitely plan to sue. That's all I'm saying, Fred -- (X)

ANGRY HUSBAND

Just let me do the talking, alright? I'll handle this -- (X)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

ANGRY WIFE

Just tell him we're going to sue.

(X)

(X)

The couple brushes past Mulder and Scully. The husband calls back to them.

(X)

ANGRY HUSBAND

You too, huh? --

Mulder and Scully glance at each other as they follow the angry couple into the building. Off them going inside, we PRELAP:

ANGRY HUSBAND (V.O.)

WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO?! --

CUT TO:



8 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY - DR. ALTON PUGH 8

the OB from the teaser -- holds up his hands, trying to calm everyone down. We hear angry voices demanding to know what's going on. A NURSE stands by him, nervous. (X)

DR. PUGH

I didn't do anything! Now, folks, we're gonna figure this thing out here -- I promise. Everybody just relax.

WIDER ON ROOM

to include THREE other MARRIED COUPLES, joined by the featured Angry Couple we met outside. All of these young men and women are notable for their good looks and pricey clothes... and right now, all of them are freaked out and PISSED.

ANGRY HUSBAND

Don't you tell me to relax!  
What the hell happened to my sperm?! --

SECOND HUSBAND

It's bad enough having a boy with a tail -- but then to find out he isn't even yours!

The husbands all nod in agreement. Mulder and Scully enter the waiting room. Momentary SILENCE as everyone turns to look at them, thinking they're yet another married couple. the SECOND HUSBAND turns back to the doctor.

SECOND HUSBAND

Alton! For god's sake! --

The Agents flip their badges, glancing warily around the room.

MULDER

I'm Agent Mulder, this is Agent Scully -- we're with the Federal Bureau of Investigation...

ANGRY HUSBAND

Great! Arrest this son of a bitch!

SCULLY

Please lower your voice, sir -- no one is getting arrested.

MULDER

We just want to find out what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

The Angry Husband points a finger at Dr. Pugh.

ANGRY HUSBAND

Alton didn't use my sperm!

MULDER

Hmmm.

DR. PUGH

I most certainly did! Each of you women was inseminated with your husband's own sperm -- and nobody else's. My nurse assisted on every procedure... she can vouch for that.

The Nurse nods. The group grumbles, hardly swayed by this.

SCULLY

Why was insemination necessary in these cases?

(off their looks)

I'm a medical doctor.

DR. PUGH

In all four cases, female fertility wasn't a problem. It was a sperm motility issue. The intrauterine process I used has about a forty percent chance of success -- I was surprised it seemed to work all four times.

(glancing around room)

Now, the only thing I can think of is... maybe it never worked at all.

The men and women all get really quiet. The angry, featured Wife gets a dangerous look in her eye.

ANGRY WIFE

What are you saying, Alton?

There's a faint CLANG from somewhere o.s. Mulder is the only one who pays attention to it. While this scene continues behind him, he drifts down a hallway toward the exam rooms.

ANGRY HUSBAND

Honey...

ANGRY WIFE

No, I wanna know what he means by that!

9 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

9

We track after Mulder as he glances between empty rooms. SOUNDS of hand tools grow louder as the argument fades behind us.

ANGRY WIFE (O.S.)

I haven't been with a man since  
1989! -- I mean, not counting  
you, honey...

(X)  
(X)

DR. PUGH (O.S.)

Look, I'm not accusing anyone of  
anything, I'm just saying...

(louder)

This latest patient of mine who  
just gave birth to a baby with  
a tail? She didn't even undergo  
insemination! So you folks are  
blaming the wrong baby doctor!

This continues, muted. Mulder sees something. He steps into:

10 INT. EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

The office park JANITOR is on his knees, peering underneath a leaky sink... tugging on the U-joint with his monkey wrench.

(X)

His back is to us. Sensing Mulder's presence, he casually glances over his shoulder, gives a nod.

JANITOR

Hey.

MULDER

Hey.

This is the gawker from the hospital nursery. Mulder recognizes him. The man returns to his work, kneeling way underneath the sink. As he does, his workpants slip a little to show his "plumber's moon" -- the top of the crack of his ass.

CLOSER - MULDER

notices something. He reacts with surprise, easing forward for a better view. We see he's peering at...

THE JANITOR'S ASS

which has a faint, roughly triangular SCAR. It's an old, old scar... and it's situated at the base of the spine.

NEW ANGLE WIDE

A little stunned by this, Mulder steps close to the sink.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

MULDER

Excuse me... Sir?  
(showing his badge)  
I'm a federal agent. I'd like  
to ask you some questions.

The Janitor gives a surprised look. He rises to his feet, glancing around.

JANITOR

Uh. Yeah... okay.

Then... ZOOM!! He's out the door. Mulder takes off after him.

11 INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

11

Scully is still patiently listening to everyone's stories.

ANGRY WIFE

And it's like, you know, you try  
so hard, then all of a sudden --

The Janitor streaks into view, but Mulder -- who is bigger and faster -- hits him from behind with a flying tackle. They both go sliding to a stop right in front of the startled group.

The Janitor struggles, face-down on the floor. Mulder stays on top of him while he fumbles for his handcuffs.

MULDER

Scully -- check it out.

Scully helps cuff the man -- and sees his scar. The others see it, too. Its meaning is not lost on them. There's a moment of shell-shocked SILENCE. Then, horrified MURMURS.

ANGRY WIFE

Omigod. That's him? He's the  
one?

ANGRY HUSBAND

(mumble)

That's what my kid'll look like?

We hear the cuffs CLICK. The Janitor sees the wide-eyed looks of revulsion, particularly among the women. Seeing these, he settles down, stops struggling. The fight goes out of him.

Off Scully, looking to Mulder:

CUT TO:

12 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - FIVE THIN FOLDERS

12

get spread like a big poker hand across a scarred tabletop. Stickers on each one read "PATERNITY TEST: Van Blundt, Edward H."

SCULLY (O.S.)  
Five out of five.

TILT UP TO INCLUDE

the Janitor, who sits at the table. His blue work shirt has a name patch stitched with "Eddie." A small pat of white gauze is taped to the crook of his elbow, where blood has been taken.

VAN BLUNDHT  
They spelled my name wrong.  
It's Van Blundht with a silent  
"H." B-L-U-N-D-H-T.

WIDER ON ROOM

to include Mulder and Scully standing before him.

MULDER  
We'll get right on that.

VAN BLUNDHT  
Lots of people spell it wrong.  
It's like Dutch or something.  
(off their silence)  
Can I go now?

SCULLY  
No sir, not yet. We'd like to  
clear up a few things.

MULDER  
Like... how'd you do it?

The man looks up at Mulder and frowns, faintly offended.

VAN BLUNDHT  
What do you mean, "How'd I do  
it?"

SCULLY  
You're the father of five  
children, Mr. Van Blundht. Is  
that not news to you?

He shrugs noncommittally.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SCULLY

Do you have any insight into how these five women came to be inseminated with your sperm?

Van Blundht makes a face.

VAN BLUNDHT

You make it sound so romantic.

MULDER

(stirs)

You're saying there was romance involved.

VAN BLUNDHT

(offended)

Why is that so hard to believe? Just because I was born with a tail, no woman would want me? Maybe I've got personality -- you ever think of that?

SCULLY

You had sex with these women? Why is it none of them have any recollection whatsoever of that happening?

He quiets down, thinking maybe he's talked too much already.

VAN BLUNDHT

Look -- I'm not saying anything one way or the other. I'm just saying, hypothetically... if some women wanted to have kids, and their husbands weren't... capable, and everybody was happy, and nobody got hurt...

(shrug)

Hypothetically... where's the crime?

Scully studies the man for a beat, considering. She motions with her head for Mulder to follow, then exits.

Mulder stands his ground, still staring at the Janitor.

MULDER

No, seriously -- how'd you do it?

Scully pops her head back in the door.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

SCULLY

Mulder --

Mulder turns and exits.

13 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

13 (X)

Mulder comes out of the room and locks the door behind him. He and Scully are in a fairly quiet, suburban sheriff's office. The occasional, night shift DEPUTY or SECRETARY passes in b.g.

MULDER

If you're waiting for my usual theory as to what's going on here, Scully... I don't have one.

SCULLY

I do.

Mulder is happy to hear it.

SCULLY

Speaking on behalf of all the women of the world, I seriously doubt this had anything to do with consensual sex.

(beat)

I think it involved some form of "Rohypnol rape."

MULDER

The tranquilizer. I thought about that...

(X)

SCULLY

It's been called the "Date Rape Drug." High doses are known to cause memory loss and a loosening of inhibitions. If Van Blundht was somehow able to slip the drug to these women, especially in conjunction with alcohol, they might very well not remember any... interlude they may have had with him.

We can tell by his face Mulder isn't completely sold on this.

MULDER

When and where would he have had the opportunity to do that?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

SCULLY

He identified those women through his janitorial job at the medical park. He could have followed them anywhere, to a club, a bar...

MULDER

Those women didn't look like they do a lot of solo drinking.  
(off her look)

But... I didn't say it's a bad theory.

(X)

SCULLY

I think it's enough to keep him in custody while we check it out.

Mulder nods. Off them starting away from us, leaving:

TIME CUT TO: (X)

14 INT. BULLPEN - HOURS LATER - AN ARREST REPORT

14 (X)

is on a computer screen. SUPER CLOSE on the line for Suspect Name as "Van Blundt, Edward H." gets hunted-and-pecked. (X)

WIDE ON

Eddie Van Blundht, who stares at the typing DEPUTY next to him -- both men are seated side-by-side at a desk in the empty bullpen. It's late at night in the small-town station, and Van Blundht is the only arrestee being processed. (X)

Van Blundht leans over a little farther to see the computer screen. The Deputy turns to him, annoyed. (X)

DEPUTY

What are you looking at?

(X)

(X)

VAN BLUNDHT

You spelled my name wrong. It's B-L-U-N-D-H-T. Silent "H."

The Deputy considers him for a moment, then sourly fixes it. (X)

DEPUTY

Address.

(X)

(CONTINUED)



14 CONTINUED:

14

Van Blundht seems lost in thought, just staring at the Deputy. (X)  
He keeps silently staring until the man speaks up in a low voice.

DEPUTY

I strongly suggest you stop  
eyeballing me and tell me your  
address.

But Van Blundht just keeps staring. It's not an eye-to-eye  
thing: rather, it's like he's scanning the man's whole face,  
memorizing it. Just when the Deputy has had enough, Van Blundht  
speaks up -- still with his eyes on the man.

VAN BLUNDHT

Seventeen Prospect Parkway,  
Martinsburg, 25401.

(X)

Disgusted with his weird prisoner, the Deputy finally turns his  
attention back to his computer.

(X)

CLOSER ON DEPUTY

as he hunts and pecks the address. We're very slowly moving in  
just on him... Van Blundht is no longer in the frame. Soon...

DEPUTY

(messing with him)  
Alright, Van Blund-HUT... what's  
your phone number?

(X)

(X)

(X)

The Deputy looks up o.s. -- and his EYES go WIDE.

NEW ANGLE WIDER

Van Blundht is no longer himself, but an exact copy of the  
DEPUTY -- except for his clothes. They stare at one another...  
one deadpan, one astonished.

(X)

DEPUTY

What the... hell?

The real, freaked-out Deputy eases backward in his rolling  
chair... but before he thinks to react, the fake one's hand  
closes around a desktop sculpture of a PIG IN A COP UNIFORM.  
POW!! -- he brings it down hard on the first man's head.

(X)

(X)

Off the fake Deputy, staring down at his unconscious double...

(X)

FAKE DEPUTY

The "H" is silent.

(X)

(X)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

15 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE BULLPEN - MORNING - THE BROKEN PIG 15

lies in pieces on the floor. Next to it lies a paramedic kit. (X)

WIDER

to reveal the injured Deputy braced on both sides by (X)  
PARAMEDICS -- being helped up out of a chair. The Deputy is (X)  
hurting. A big gauze dressing is on his forehead. He holds a (X)  
bag of ice to it.

Scully stands among a small crowd of DEPUTIES and OFFICE STAFF.  
She's listening to the befuddled SHERIFF.

SHERIFF

I coulda sworn Curtis clocked  
out hours ago. He said  
goodnight to me and everything.  
This morning, I find him shoved  
underneath his desk.

The Sheriff shakes his head, at a loss to explain it. Scully  
excuses herself and intercepts the injured Deputy before the  
Paramedics help him out the door. (X)

SCULLY

Deputy? Do you remember what  
happened to you?

Mulder enters the room, joining them as the confused Deputy sits (X)  
up painfully and struggles to clear away the cobwebs. (X)

DEPUTY

The guy coldcocked me... except  
he wasn't the guy. He was me.

He looks to them helplessly, not knowing what that means.

DEPUTY

My head hurts.

The Paramedics help him out the door. Mulder and Scully stay (X)  
behind, a little removed from everyone else in the room.

MULDER

I found Van Blundht's clothes in  
the locker room. He must have  
walked out of here wearing the  
deputy's spare uniform.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

SCULLY

(agrees)

After hitting him in the head.

Mulder nods.

MULDER

I've got a theory now. You  
wanna hear it?

SCULLY

Van Blundht somehow physically  
transformed into his captor. He  
then simply walked out the door,  
leaving no one the wiser.

Mulder is pleasantly taken aback.

MULDER

Scully! Should we start picking  
out china patterns or what?

Scully smiles faintly that she called it right -- they've been  
together too long.

SCULLY

Mulder, can't you ever go for  
the simple answer? With that  
blow to the head, the deputy  
might just as well have  
identified McGruff the Crime Dog  
as his attacker.

MULDER

What about what the Sheriff saw?

SCULLY

(shrug)

Two men roughly the same build,  
the same coloring... the  
addition of a uniform goes a  
long way toward explaining how  
someone could mistake one man  
for the other at three o'clock  
in the morning.

MULDER

Conversely, my theory goes a  
long way toward explaining how  
four women could mistake Van  
Blundht for their husbands...  
and how Amanda Nelligan could  
think he was Luke Skywalker.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

Scully just shakes her head, prompting Mulder to continue.

MULDER

Scully, you and I both have seen (X)  
something like this before. (X)

She knows who he's referring to -- Jeremiah Smith. Touche. (X)

SCULLY

I'm still uncertain how to  
explain that. But what are you  
saying -- Edward Van Blundht is  
an alien?

Mulder thinks about it, then gives a dubious shrug.

MULDER

Not unless they have trailer  
parks in space...

(beat)

This is something different.

Deep in thought, Mulder turns and exits the room -- leaving  
Scully to follow. Off her wary look:

CUT TO:

16 EXT. VAN BLUNDHT HOUSE - DAY

16

LEGEND OVER: SEVENTEEN PROSPECT PARKWAY. We're in an older,  
lower-middle class neighborhood. The n.d. sedan rolls up in  
front of a squat, funny little house.

Mulder and Scully get out and survey the house from the curb.  
They're in no hurry, since they don't expect anyone to be home.  
They have to SPEAK UP over the roar of an o.s. LEAFBLOWER.

MULDER

Just for the sake of argument,  
Scully -- if you could be  
anyone, who would you be?

SCULLY

Hopefully, myself.

MULDER

Boring. I'm just saying...  
wouldn't you be tempted to try  
on someone else's existence?  
Live another person's life for  
a day?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

SCULLY

Looking like a person isn't the same as actually being that person, Mulder.

MULDER

Maybe it is. Everyone around you would treat you like you were somebody else. What if it's other people's reactions to us that ultimately make us who we are?

Scully considers this thoughtfully. She starts up the walk, Mulder going with her. As they head to the house, Mulder casually glances toward the sound of the leafblower, seeing --

MULDER'S POV - THE YARD NEXT DOOR

-- A NEIGHBOR wearing a gasoline-powered, backpack blower. He stands still, intently marshaling dead leaves around his tiny front yard. As we pass, he glances up at us... then quickly looks away. He looks a little like Eddie Van Blundht.

RESUME - MULDER

keeps a suspicious eye on the Neighbor even as he follows Scully onto the porch of the house. Next to the front door, plastic letters crookedly spell out "VAN BLUNDHT." Scully moves to peer in a window, cupping her hands to her eyes.

SCULLY

Alright, then... Eleanor Roosevelt.

Mulder -- his eyes still on the neighbor -- makes a "yikes" face.

MULDER

Can't be a dead person.

SCULLY

Why the hell not? --

MULDER

Because.

The front door suddenly opens, surprising both of them. The letter "H" falls off of "VAN BLUNDHT," though nobody notices.

An ELDERLY MAN in a long, red bathrobe stands at the door. He frowns out at the two Agents.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

ELDERLY MAN

Why you sneaking around my porch?

Scully and Mulder both fumble for their badges, presenting them.

SCULLY

Sir, we're federal agents. Is this the home of Edward Van Blundht?

ELDERLY MAN

(nods)

That's me.

MULDER

I think we're looking for your son. Edward, Jr.

ELDERLY MAN

Eddie...

(resigned)

What's that moron done now?

Off Mulder and Scully, hesitating to say...

CUT TO:

17 INT. VAN BLUNDHT LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

17

We move through a clutter of bric-a-brac to land on Mulder, who peers out through the curtains of a front window. We hear the roar of the leafblower, fainter now that we're indoors. Mulder keeps a watchful eye on the Neighbor outside.

ELDERLY MAN (O.S.)

Five women? Oh, lord. And what else? --

WIDER TO INCLUDE

more of the room, as Scully stands talking to the old Man.

SCULLY

He attacked a sheriff's deputy during his escape from custody.

ELDERLY MAN

(concerned)

Hurt bad?

SCULLY

Fortunately not.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

The Man nods. Mulder turns from the window and glances around the room. He notices something. Meanwhile:

SCULLY (O.S.)

You have no idea where your son  
might be?

ELDERLY MAN (O.S.)

I wish I did. Sorry...

MULDER'S POV - AN OLD, MONOTONE POSTER

is framed on the wall. It reads "SEE Eddie the Monkey Man! --  
The Man with the Foot-Long TAIL! IMPRESSIONIST! MAGICIAN!"  
It's for April 4, 1947. It has a drawing of a smiling young  
dandy with a tail poking out the back of his tuxedo.

RESUME

Mulder studies the flyer, then turns to the Elderly Man.

MULDER

Sir..? That's you?

The old Man grins and nods as Scully checks out the flyer.

ELDERLY MAN

One and the same! You wanna see?

The Man hitches up underneath his bathrobe and starts to  
unbuckle his belt, but Scully quickly speaks up.

SCULLY

Uh, no -- no thank you.

He shrugs and refastens his trousers.

ELDERLY MAN

Yeah -- my son got his removed  
when he was a kid. He just kept  
bugging me about it until I  
finally let him. Here you go...

The Elderly Man digs an old magazine out from under a pile of  
stuff. He shows it to Mulder and Scully, who step closer to see.

CLOSE ON THE MAGAZINE COVER

It's a "Look" or "Life" -- something real we can get clearance  
on. It's from 1968, and shows an unhappy young BOY lying on his  
belly on a hospital bed, facing us. A team of learned SURGEONS  
surrounds him, one lifting up his tail for the camera. The  
caption reads: "The Tale Of A Tail."

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

## RESUME

The old Man hands it to Scully, who thumbs through the article.

ELDERLY MAN

I told him it was a mistake,  
cutting it off. I said, "Son--  
you ain't much to look at, you  
ain't no athlete... you sure as  
hell ain't no Einstein.

(beat)

"But at least you got that tail.  
Otherwise, you're just small  
potatoes."

(looks to them)

He didn't listen.

Mulder and Scully both stare at the Man, who looks a little sad. (X)

ELDERLY MAN

Anyway...

(X)

MULDER

Sir, did your son have any other  
unique... medical conditions?  
Aside from the tail.

ELDERLY MAN

Mr. Mulder -- that boy was born  
sickly. We used to have this  
thing in the South? Pellagra?

(nodding)

I think he had it.

Throughout this, Mulder is peering out once again at the  
leafblowing Neighbor next door. But something strikes him now,  
and he turns back to the old Man.

MULDER

I'm sorry -- how did you know my  
name is Mulder?

The old Man shrugs.

(X)

ELDERLY MAN

She told me it was.

SCULLY

Actually, I didn't.

(CONTINUED)



17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

Scully looks to Mulder. She puts down the magazine and turns to the Elderly Man... who stands his ground, staring at them both.

Silence for a beat. Then -- ZOOM!! The old Man TEARS ASS out of the living room toward the back of the house.

MULDER  
(on the run)  
It's him, Scully! --

Not believing this, Scully nonetheless bolts out the front door in the opposite direction -- heading for an intercept.

18 EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

18

Mulder comes booking down the steps into the yard. He sees:

MULDER'S POV - THE OLD MAN IN THE DISTANCE

who runs at surprising speed, his back to us. He vaults a six foot fence the next yard over, then is out of sight.

RESUME

Mulder jumps a short chain link fence, then hefts himself over the bigger, wooden one.

19 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S YARD - CONTINUOUS - MULDER

19 (X)

lands on the other side. We STEADICAM after him as he launches headlong into the underbrush, holding his hands up to deflect the twigs and branches. It's tough going. Way ahead, we catch a GLIMPSE of the old Man -- but then he's out of sight.

20 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS - A RED BATHROBE

20 (X)

lies in a heap at the edge of the street. Feet run up to it -- (X)  
we ADJUST TO Mulder, glancing down at the abandoned robe.  
Breathing fast, he looks out at:

MULDER'S POV - THE NEIGHBORHOOD (X)

It's sprinkled with PARENTS watching their KIDS play, WALKERS with their dogs, PEOPLE unloading groceries... (X)

CLOSER - MULDER

looks left to right, peering hard at:

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

MULDER'S POV - INDIVIDUAL MEN

(X)

We WHIP-PAN from one man to the next... they all look different. All are young. They all wear more or less the same nondescript pants we caught a glimpse of underneath the Elderly Man's robe.

NEW ANGLE WIDER

Mulder rolls his eyes, pissed off -- the trail's gone cold. Scully jogs into frame from another direction, joining him.

MULDER

Pretty damn spry for a man in his seventies...

She picks up the robe with two fingers, examines it.

SCULLY

Eddie Junior -- not Senior.

He nods. She shakes her head contrapuntally, not buying it.

MULDER

Whichever one he is, Scully -- wouldn't you say he's a man with a secret?

Scully looks to Mulder -- she can't argue with that. Off her:

CUT TO:

21 INT. VAN BLUNDHT LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

21

We drift through the empty room -- Mulder and Scully pass us on the left and right, splitting up. Mulder mounts the stairs.

MULDER

I'll take the second floor.

Scully nods. We follow her down a hallway where she stops before a closet door. She clicks on her flashlight and gingerly opens the door with a CREAK. Just old clothes -- she moves on.

22 INT. VAN BLUNDHT HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

22

Mulder has his flashlight out, as well. He shines it into a bathroom, checks out the contents of a closet. Nothing seems out of the ordinary. He moves underneath...

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

### AN ATTIC DOOR IN THE CEILING

The kind with the pull-down ladder. As he gives the rope a little tug...

...there's a CREAK, then a big BUMP above him. Up in the attic, something THUDS against the top side of the door, jarring it.

Mulder steps back. His flashlight beam now finds a thin stream of WHITE POWDER, which is LEAKING out of a seam in the attic door. It's piling up on the floor like hourglass sand.

MULDER

Scully..?

Mulder stoops to dab a finger in the white powder -- he slaps it off on his knee. Scully comes into view behind him.

MULDER

Quicklime.

Scrupulously avoiding the quicklime, Mulder grabs hold of the attic rope. Both agents get as far from the door as possible. Off Scully's nod -- "go" -- Mulder PULLS. The door opens.

Amidst a cloud of white powder, a BODY falls from the ceiling, hitting the floor with a house-shaking BOOOM!! Scaring the crap out of Mulder and Scully. They quickly recover, and their flashlight beams find...

### THE DEAD BODY

It's mummified, dry as shoe leather and caked with quicklime. It's curled in a fetal ball -- which nicely obscures the fact that it's naked. It has a foot-long TAIL. The face is easily recognized as being that of EDWARD VAN BLUNDHT, SR.

### MULDER AND SCULLY

stare at the body. Scully is amazed... Mulder, less so. After a moment of deadpan silence:

MULDER

Not so spry.

CUT TO:

23 INT. ANGRY COUPLE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY - A BABY'S BACK

23

is to us, being held in her mother's arms. The BABY has an X-shaped gauze bandage taped just above her butt -- it's the only reminder of her now-excised tail.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

We PULL BACK TO INCLUDE the familiar, Angry Wife (no longer angry) as she rocks her contented child. She hums "Rock-a-bye Baby." It's a nice tableau, in their upscale den, by the fire.

WHAM! The front door swings open behind the woman -- her familiar, Angry Husband rushes in and locks the door behind him. He's sweating. He shoots a nervous glance out the window.

WIFE  
(pleasantly surprised)  
Honey..? What are you doing  
home so early?

HUSBAND  
Uh...

At a loss for words, the Husband holds up a "wait" finger -- then darts through the living room toward the back of the house. He comes across as a man who desperately has to go to the bathroom... and in fact, that's where he's headed.

24 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

24

The Husband hurries into f.g., disappearing into the bathroom and shutting the door behind him. His Wife appears in b.g., carrying the Baby as she pads up the hall after her husband.

WIFE  
Honey...

25 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - CLOSE ON THE BATHROOM DOOR

25

as we hear a light knock from the other side. We slowly PULL BACK from the door, PANNING ACROSS the small room.

WIFE (O.S.)  
Fred... is everything okay?

We hear the Husband clear his throat once or twice o.s.

HUSBAND (O.S.)  
Everything's fine --

We then LAND ON... young EDDIE/VAN BLUNDHT standing at the sink, leaning heavily on it for support. He's completely exhausted. He's wearing the same clothes we just saw on the Husband -- obviously, a second ago he WAS the Husband.

WIFE (O.S.)  
What happened to the clothes you  
were wearing this morning?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Van Blundht checks himself out, rolls his eyes tiredly. He clears his throat again, then speaks up in the Husband's VOICE.

VAN BLUNDHT/HUSBAND  
I'll explain later. Just gimme  
a little privacy, okay?  
(searching his memory)  
Baboo?

WIFE (O.S.)  
(beat)  
Okay, Sugar Patootie...

We hear her footsteps pad away. Van Blundht closes his eyes and breathes a sigh of relief.

He checks himself out in the mirror... not seeming to like what he sees. He leans over the sink and splashes water on his face.

As he's drying his face with a towel, we hear a distant door opening, and a faint VOICE call through the house.

HUSBAND (O.S.)  
Baboo -- I'm home!

The towel lowers -- revealing Van Blundht's deadpan face.

VAN BLUNDHT  
Oh crap.

Off Van Blundht, frantically wondering what the hell to do now:

26 INT. ANGRY COUPLE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

26

Having put down the Baby, the Wife stands stock-still in the middle of the room, just staring at her Husband -- her REAL Husband. He's dressed in a suit, carries a briefcase... and wonders why his wife is staring at him like he's a ghost.

HUSBAND  
I'm home early. Why -- what?

His Wife looks from him to the bathroom. In a hushed voice...

WIFE /  
You were just here. Just a  
second ago -- you went in the  
bathroom.

HUSBAND  
What?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

She shakes her head, turns and heads out of frame. Her confused Husband follows.

27 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

27

The Wife pads cautiously up the hall toward the closed bathroom door in f.g. Her Husband follows, notices the LIGHT coming from underneath the door. He stops her, whispers:

HUSBAND

Someone's in the bathroom? --

The Wife just looks at him, at a loss to say. He steps in front of her and silently moves to the door.

Glancing back at her, the Husband gingerly reaches a hand toward the doorknob. Just as his hand is about to close around it...

The door OPENS. Standing in the threshold, wearing familiar Sans-a-Belt slacks and a yellow knit shirt, is AGENT FOX MULDER.

Off this reveal, as Mulder stands looking back and forth between the Husband and Wife...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

28 INT. HEALTH DEPARTMENT LAB - DAY - THE MUMMIFIED CORPSE 28 (X)

that fell from the attic now lies atop a dissection table. Scully stands at the head of the table wearing scrubs and a face shield -- she's busy with her STRYKER SAW uncorking the top of the skull. The electric saw RATTLES, and skull dust flies.

NEW ANGLE WIDER

Mulder enters. He watches for a second, then calls to her over the drone of the saw.

MULDER

So, what killed Eddie the Monkey Man? --

Scully shuts down the saw. She flips up her face shield, looking troubled.

SCULLY

It's difficult to say -- the quicklime burned the tissue even as it preserved it. So...  
(looking to him)  
What killed him is one of two things I haven't figured out yet.

MULDER

What's the other?

SCULLY

That would be... this.

Scully leads Mulder to a video microscope that's set up on a nearby counter. She clicks on the MONITOR. A microscopic image of MUSCLE CELLS blooms to life. Mulder looks to it, then her.

SCULLY

It's striated muscle tissue.

MULDER

What's unusual about it?

SCULLY

In and of itself, nothing.  
Where I found it, however...

MULDER

Where'd you find it?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

SCULLY

Everywhere. His entire body. As far as I can tell, this man has a thin stratum of voluntary muscle tissue underpinning the entire dermis layer of his skin.

Mulder nods, not sure what he's to make of that -- prompting Scully to elaborate.

SCULLY

That's not normal. I mean, my knowledge of anatomy tells me... that just doesn't happen. In other words, there are about 654 muscles in the human body? This man essentially has 655.

Mulder nods, thinking about that.

MULDER

Is that somehow related to his having a tail?

SCULLY

Possibly. It could be a linked gene birth defect.

MULDER

What function would this muscle have?

SCULLY

You got me, Mulder. Maybe none. It appears to be atrophied... although it may look that way as a result of the mummification.

Scully turns away to attend to something on the counter. The gears are turning in Mulder's head as he absently wiggles the corpse's stiff, dried-out tail.

MULDER

Could this be like father, like son?

SCULLY

What do you mean?

Crack! Mulder accidentally breaks off the dead man's tail. He tries to stick it back on before Scully notices.

(CONTINUED)



28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

MULDER

Could, uh... could Eddie, Jr. have been born with the same anomalous muscular structure as his dad here?

Mulder gives up trying to stick the tail back on. He puts it down and folds his arms just as Scully turns back to face him.

SCULLY

Maybe. What are you suggesting?

MULDER

That if this musculature underlies the entire skin, maybe it can be utilized to remold the skin's shape and texture...

(on a roll)

Maybe this explains how the man we're looking for could make himself appear to be his own father -- or anyone else, for that matter.

(X)

Scully smiles, dubious but charitable.

SCULLY

Mulder -- isn't it much more likely this man here simply has an identical twin?

Mulder shrugs agreeably and drifts toward the door.

MULDER

Check it out.

SCULLY

Where are you going?

MULDER

Something about Van Blundht's m.o. confuses me. His victims are four married women who wanted to be pregnant...

SCULLY

(picking up on it)

-- and a single woman who didn't.

Mulder nods, then heads out the door. Off Scully turning back to her autopsy table -- and noticing the corpse's missing tail:

CUT TO:

29 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - AMANDA NELLIGAN

29

sits nearly upright in her adjustable bed. She's cuddling her new Baby, the one we saw through the nursery window (we don't have to see the Baby's tail here -- she's swaddled in a blanket).

The Duty Nurse stands nearby. Both women look up upon hearing a light KNOCK at the door. (X)

AMANDA

Come in --

Mulder enters. To the very observant viewer, his suit looks a little different than we saw it in the last scene. It's a slightly different cut, a different shade of dark gray. It's a very subtle difference... most people won't notice it.

MULDER

Ms. Nelligan, hi -- I'm sorry to bother you...

AMANDA

Hi... It's no bother.

MULDER

I just had a few additional questions.

Amanda nods. The Duty Nurse gently takes the baby from her as Amanda coos and waves bye-bye. (X)

DUTY NURSE

Here we go, sweetie... we'll just come back later. (X)

The Duty Nurse exits. Mulder looks closely at the Baby girl as she's carried away -- he vaguely seems to not want her to leave. The door closes, leaving him alone with the woman. (X)

AMANDA

I thought they were letting me stay in the hospital so long because I have really, really great insurance...

(sheepish smile)

It turns out they're keeping me because they think I'm kind of crazy. They want to make sure I'm safe to be around my baby.

MULDER

(taking a seat)  
I'm sorry to hear that.

She shrugs amiably.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

AMANDA

Hey, free cable.

Mulder smiles and reaches into his jacket, retrieving a PHOTO. He holds it up for her to see: it's a cheesy, Sears-type portrait of Eddie Van Blundht, Jr.

MULDER

Do you recognize this man?

Amanda rolls her eyes disgustedly.

AMANDA

Ugh. Yes.  
(sigh)  
His name is Eddie.

MULDER

What can you tell me about him?

AMANDA

We dated all through high school. He was...  
(rolls her eyes again)  
Oh, brother.

MULDER

What?

AMANDA

He's just sort of a loser. He's one of those guys you look back on and go, "what was I thinking?"

MULDER

Um. What specifically made him a loser?

AMANDA

I... I don't know -- everything. He had about one million annoying personal habits. He had no sense of romance, no direction, no ambition... I mean, I hear he's a janitor or something now.

(remembering)

And he has some kind of weird family -- his dad was in the circus or something, I don't know. He never let me meet him.

Mulder considers all of this evenly. He clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

MULDER

Did he have any good qualities?

Amanda shrugs.

AMANDA

Well, sure -- I guess everybody has at least a few.

(thinks)

I don't know... we had some good times. He really loved "Star Wars," at least. We used to go see it every weekend. That was nice...

Mulder nods. Amanda gets a little dreamy-eyed.

AMANDA

But he was no Luke -- that's for sure.

There's a beat of thoughtful silence, then Mulder rises to his feet. Amanda suddenly gets curious.

AMANDA

Why are you asking about Eddie?

MULDER

Uh. It's official FBI business.

She's about to ask more, but Mulder reaches into his jacket and pulls out an only slightly-crumpled ROSE. He self-consciously offers it to her. Surprised, she takes it from his hand.

MULDER

Congratulations on your blessed event.

AMANDA

Thank you.

He manages a faint smile and exits the room, leaving her staring after him. Off this...

30 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

30

Mulder gently shuts the door behind him and stands still for a moment. The corridor is quiet -- few people are around.

Mulder looks like he's been kicked hard in the stomach. He's lost in thought... but when he looks up at the sound of a faint, o.s. VOICE, he snaps out of it -- quick.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

NEW ANGLE ON MULDER (MOTION CONTROL SPFX)

Another Mulder -- the REAL Mulder -- stands in b.g. at the far end of the hall. He's checking in at the duty station.

MULDER  
I'm here to see Amanda  
Nelligan --

The f.g. Mulder averts his face and quickly ducks across the hallway, out of sight. The real Mulder approaches up the corridor toward us, having just missed himself.

31 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

31

Amanda is reaching to put her rose in the water pitcher next to her bed when there's another RAP at the door.

AMANDA  
Come in --

The real Mulder enters. Before he can speak up, Amanda does.

AMANDA  
Seriously, though -- why do you  
want to know about Eddie?

Mulder is taken aback, suddenly finding himself in the middle of a conversation he wasn't privy to.

MULDER  
What about Eddie?

AMANDA  
Why were you just asking all  
those questions about him?

Mulder blinks, not following. Just then, his cell phone rings. He lets it go two rings before he excuses himself to answer it.

MULDER  
(into phone)  
Mulder --

INTERCUT WITH:

32 INT. ANGRY COUPLE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

32

The familiar, concerned Husband stands in the middle of the room talking on a cordless phone. His Wife is pressed up next to him, attempting to listen in on the conversation.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

HUSBAND

Agent Mulder, this is Fred  
Neiman... Sir, is it okay for  
us to use our bathroom?

On his end, Mulder just stares into space, deadpan.

MULDER

Excuse me?

HUSBAND

I was hoping we could get into  
our bathroom sometime this  
evening. You said the police  
were gonna come and dust it for  
fingerprints, but that was four  
hours ago.

It begins to dawn on Mulder what's really going on.

MULDER

Uh huh...

HUSBAND

We wanna help you catch this  
guy -- but I gotta say, I'm  
having a real hard time here.  
I mean, how exactly do you wind  
up chasing a suspect into my  
bathroom?!

The Wife whispers to her husband, who's getting worked up.

WIFE

Don't forget the suit --

HUSBAND

Yeah -- and-and what do you need  
with my charcoal suit?!

Mulder gets it.

MULDER

Mr. Neiman -- I'm sorry, I'm  
going to have to call you back.

Mulder clicks off and turns back to Amanda Nelligan.

MULDER

I was just here.  
(off her nod)  
Where did I go?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

Amanda squints up at him like "What?" Mulder gives up and hurries out of the room.

33 INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

33

Mulder scans the quiet corridor. He sees the Duty Nurse, who comes out of a nearby door marked "Employees Only." She looks surprised when she sees him -- she glances back at the door she just exited. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

MULDER

There was a man...

(thinking)

... He looked exactly like me.

Did you see where he went?

Confused, the woman nonetheless points a tentative thumb back at the door behind her. (X)  
(X)

DUTY NURSE

Down the hall. Men's locker room. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

Mulder nods thanks as he pushes through the employees door. Off the Duty Nurse's confused look after him: (X)  
(X)

CUT TO: (X)

34 INT. LOCKER ROOM

34 (X)

Mulder eases into the rambling, low-ceilinged room. It's got lots of alcoves and hiding places. Mulder moves silently -- as he approaches a row of lockers, we hear CLOTHES RUSTLING.

Mulder draws his pistol and keeps it at his side. He comes upon:

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE LOCKERS

A SECURITY GUARD stands in his boxers and unbuttoned uniform shirt -- he's hurriedly pulling on his trousers. He looks up with a start as Mulder surprises him.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey.

MULDER

Hey.

The Guard notices the gun at Mulder's side. Mulder sees the GUNBELT laid out on a locker bench between the Guard and him.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

The Guard suddenly REACHES for his gunbelt -- Mulder instantly draws down on him. The man freezes and holds up his hands.

MULDER  
Van Blundht.

SECURITY GUARD  
Who? --

Mulder gives a shake of his head, trying not to get confused.

(CONTINUED)



34 CONTINUED:

34

MULDER

If you're not him, I apologize  
in advance. Back away and sit  
on the bench.

SECURITY GUARD

W-What are you doing? --

MULDER

Quiet. Pull up your pants.

The stunned Guard complies. Mulder produces a pair of handcuffs  
and wastes no time cuffing his wrist to the bolted-down bench.

NEW ANGLE

to include the entrance to the shower room -- Dr. Pugh the OB  
wanders out of it, whistling. He's wearing nothing but Flip-  
Flops and a towel around his middle.

Mulder spins around and sees the man, who stops dead when he  
sees Mulder and the handcuffed guard. Mulder is not aiming his  
gun at the doctor -- but he is scrutinizing him very closely.

DR. PUGH

What?

SLOW PUSH IN ON MULDER

Off his suspicious stare...

CUT TO:

35 ONE MINUTE LATER - CLOSE ON HANDCUFFS

35

locking -- ZIP-CHIK! -- around a man's wrist.

WIDER

Dr. Pugh, still in his towel, sits cuffed to the bench alongside  
the Security Guard.

DR. PUGH

What? What did I do now? --

Mulder takes a quick glance around the rest of the locker room.

MULDER

You're the only ones here?

SECURITY GUARD

Y-Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Mulder doesn't take his word for it -- he searches high and low, inside lockers, atop lockers, etc.

MULDER

I apologize -- only one of you is the man I'm looking for. As soon as we run a blood test to find out who, I'll let the other one of you go.

(takes out his phone)

Just relax and sit tight --

The two handcuffed men glance to one another nervously. Mulder dials his cell as he rounds the bank of lockers for some privacy.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LOCKERS

Mulder puts the phone to his ear and holsters his pistol.

SCULLY (FILTER V.O.)

Scully --

MULDER

Scully, it's me. I'm at the hospital -- I think you should get down here.

SCULLY (FILTER V.O.)

I'm on my way.

Mulder clicks off. As he tucks his phone away, there's a faint CREAK... and one of the overhead fluorescents GOES DEAD.

Mulder scans the ceiling. He walks a few steps into this now-darkened part of the room, heading toward the dead fixture. He's now completely out of sight of the two handcuffed men.

The ceiling is a suspended type, only eight feet high. Mulder stretches on tiptoes and gingerly pushes up a section of tile.

NEW ANGLE - LOW

looking up past Mulder. It's pitch black in the space above the tile. Out of the blackness comes a soft VOICE.

VAN BLUNDHT (O.S.)

You're a damn good-looking man.

Mulder grabs for his pistol -- but quicker than that, EDDIE VAN BLUNDHT busts through the soft tile, head-first, STRAIGHT TOWARD US. Off this:

(X)

SLAM-CUT TO BLACK.

36 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY - SLIDING OFF A DARK WALL 36

We adjust out into the corridor to pick up Scully, who is powering toward us. She joins...

MULDER (O.S.) (X)  
Alright, alright... (X)

... Mulder, who stands holding an ice pack to the back of his head. Dr. Pugh and the Security Guard -- along with the Sheriff (X) and a DEPUTY -- stand before him. The Doctor and the Guard are (X) haranguing him, and he doesn't want to hear it.

SECURITY GUARD (X)  
I mean, you-you draw a gun on (X)  
me... you handcuff me -- with my (X)  
own handcuffs... I take issue (X)  
with that. I have a serious (X)  
problem with that. (X)

DR. PUGH  
I still don't understand... why  
do we look like criminals to you?

SECURITY GUARD  
Exactly! What the hell..?

SCULLY  
What's going on? --

Scully checks under Mulder's ice pack. He winces, but lets her as he simultaneously addresses the men.

MULDER  
Look, I said I'm sorry. (X)  
(to Sheriff)  
Are we done here? (X)

SHERIFF (X)  
Yeah, we got his description.  
(to the other men)  
C'mon guys, leave the man alone.

Mulder mumbles "Sorry" once more to the two angry men. They exit, glaring back at him. Once Scully and Mulder are alone:

SCULLY  
What the hell happened?

Mulder shakes his head disgustedly, not happy to talk about it. Already he's on the move. We DOLLY ahead of them as they walk.

MULDER  
Van Blundht surprised me. He  
hit me on the head and got away.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

SCULLY

Do you have a lead on him?

MULDER

No. But the local authorities are already on the warpath for him, for coldcocking one of their own. They'll find him eventually...

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

Scully looks to her partner, vaguely surprised.

SCULLY

And that's it for us.

Mulder shrugs tiredly. He shifts the icepack onto his neck.

MULDER

I know I dragged you here in the first place, but I'm starting to think this whole thing was a waste of our time.

SCULLY

You now think there's no X-File here?

Mulder blinks, seemingly unfamiliar with that term.

MULDER

No, I guess not.

(looking to her)

There's nothing here but "small potatoes," Scully.

Scully considers this... maybe a little surprised by Mulder's attitude, but buying it nonetheless. As they pass out of frame, we land on a door that says "BASEMENT -- EMPLOYEE ACCESS ONLY."

37 INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

37

We're creeping low through a dark, industrial basement. There's nobody in sight. We pass a huge, HISSING boiler and navigate through a thicket of pipes... on our way to a small ACCESS DOOR.

The door is steel, and padlocked. It looks like nobody's been back here in years. A crude sign reads "SEE JANITOR FOR KEYS."

There's a 6"x6" ventilation grid in the door. Suddenly --

-- MULDER'S FACE whips into frame, scaring us. Apparently, his o.s. hands are bound. He's just now regained consciousness.

MULDER

HEY! HELLO!! 'SOMEBODY!! --

Off this Mulder -- the REAL Mulder -- struggling to free himself... peering out through the small, wire mesh grid...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

38 INT. UTILITY CRAWLSPACE - NIGHT

38

What little light is here streams in through the ventilation window in the door. We pull back from it to include Mulder's face, straining to see out through the steel mesh.

MULDER

I'M DOWN HERE! LET ME OUT!! --

WIDER

This room isn't tall enough to stand up in. Mulder sits with his arms bound behind him. His ankles are tied, too. He kicks the door with both feet, but after a few promising seconds going WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! -- the boiler cranks up o.s. with a jet engine ROAR. No one will hear Mulder over it.

Frustrated, Mulder lies back on the floor. He turns his head to see, in f.g. -- A soda can with a straw in it, and a peanut butter sandwich lying unwrapped on a sheet of waxed paper.

He considers the food left for him, then sighs up at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (STOCK) - DAY

39

A stock shot of the Hoover Building, to establish. With LEGEND.

40 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY - A.D. SKINNER

40

sits behind his desk, paging through a slim report. He squints at something, then looks up o.s.

SKINNER

Which one of you wrote this?

WIDER

to include Scully and Mulder -- FAKE Mulder -- sitting across from him. Mulder stirs.

MULDER

I did, Sir.

SKINNER

You spelled "Federal Bureau of Investigation" wrong.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

Scully glances at Mulder, who shrugs.

MULDER

Typo...

SKINNER

Twice.

(off his shrug)

Agent Scully -- what about the body you found? Did you establish a cause of death?

SCULLY

Yes sir. The subject, Edward Van Blundht, Senior, died of natural causes. Specifically, advanced age and heart disease.

MULDER

We think the son hid his father in the attic so he could continue to collect the old man's Social Security checks.

SCULLY

(nod)

Most likely.

SKINNER

So, the son isn't a murderer.

MULDER

No sir, not at all.

SKINNER

But he is a rapist.

Mulder looks uncomfortable with that assessment. Scully nods.

SCULLY

I've entered him into the national sex offender database. The West Virginia State Police have his photo and description, and will coordinate with local authorities. With any luck, there should be an arrest soon.

MULDER

And... that about wraps it up.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

Skinner considers him, then closes the case file. Off this:

CUT TO:

41 INT. FBI BLDG. BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

41

Scully and Fake Mulder head down the hall toward Mulder's office. Scully is deep in thought, scanning her autopsy report. Mulder glances at her surreptitiously. They arrive at the door.

MULDER

So, what are you doing tonight,  
Scully? Any big plans?

She doesn't look up from her report as she answers. As they talk, Mulder fishes out his keys and attempts to unlock his office door -- not knowing which key to use.

SCULLY

Seeing as how it's Friday... I  
was hoping I could get a little  
work in on that monograph I'm  
writing for The Penology Review.

(reminding him)

"Diminished Acetylcholine  
Production in Recidivist  
Offenders."

Mulder nods, trying one key after another with no success.

MULDER

Sure.

SCULLY

Actually -- I might bag that,  
though.

MULDER

(hopeful)

Yeah?

SCULLY

Yeah. I have to say, Mulder --  
the anomalous musculature in the  
corpse we found/really has me  
intrigued. In fact, I want to  
go run some tissue samples  
through Quantico.

(stowing her papers)

I'll see you Monday?

(CONTINUED)



41 CONTINUED:

41

MULDER  
Monday morning...

Scully heads up the hallway out of frame. Mulder glances after her, looking faintly let-down. At that moment, he finally unlocks the office door. He steps inside.

42 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

42

The overhead lights stutter on, revealing the room in its entirety. Mulder stands his ground by the light switch for a beat, taking in his new office.

He picks up his nameplate from the desk and examines it. He gives it a buff, then positions it just so. He moves about the room, getting a feel for the place. He tugs on the locked file drawer, sits in the chair and gives it a slow spin...

He winds up facing the "I WANT TO BELIEVE" poster. He gets up from the chair and scrutinizes it... then notices the wall full of UFO and Bigfoot clippings next to it.

He skims through all this, his face gradually assuming an expression of someone who's smelling a weird, foreign cheese.

MULDER  
Good... night.  
(mutter)  
This is where my tax dollars go?

Tiring of the clippings, he looks around the office and sees nothing else of interest. He pulls out his wallet and finds his driver's license, peers at it. Under his breath:

MULDER  
Where do I live?

CLOSE - MULDER'S DRIVER'S LICENSE

gives his Alexandria, Virginia street address. Off this:

CUT TO:

43 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

43

We're wide on the apartment, looking into it. Fake Mulder walks past us into frame, moving into the center of the room. We stay fluid, following after him as he gives himself the grand tour.

MULDER  
Where the hell do I sleep..?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

He gives up looking for a bed and finds the answering machine. He presses "play." The machine rewinds... then LANGLEY'S VOICE is heard. Mulder continues to check the place out as this plays.

LANGLY (FILTER V.O.)  
Mulder... Langly. You gotta see this! An on-line associate of ours -- who will remain anonymous -- has figured out a way to digitize the Zapruder footage so he can extrapolate a bird's eye view of Dealey Plaza at the moment of the assassination! And you'll never believe where the third shot came from!

FROHIKE (FILTER V.O.)  
(in b.g.)  
Tell him about the cheese steaks.

LANGLY (FILTER V.O.)  
Oh yeah -- then Frohike, Byers and me are going out for cheese steaks. Are you down with that?  
(beat)  
Erase this once you hear it.

BEEP! Mulder shoots a glance toward the answering machine as he casually hunts through a desk drawer.

MULDER  
Geeks for friends...

Another message plays. It's a WOMAN with a wildly sexy voice. Mulder perks up considerably at first.

WOMAN (FILTER V.O.)  
Hello, Marty... it's Chantal. It's been so-ooo long since we've spoken, and I've been soo lonely without your sexy voice to keep me company.  
(soulful sigh)  
Marty... just for you, we've lowered our rates to forty cents a minute -- \$2.99 the first minute, all long distance rates apply. So, give me a call, Lover Man... I'll be waiting.

BEEP! Mulder looks a little crestfallen once he realizes she's a phone sex operator. That's it for the messages.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

Mulder moves to a full-length mirror (hopefully, one has been established somewhere in the apartment). He stands in front of it for a moment, checking himself out. Then -- he whips out his pistol, aiming at his mirror image.

MULDER

FBI! --

(beat)

You talking to me? I don't know  
who else you'd be talking to...  
you must be talking to me.

He lowers the pistol. He leans closer, taking stock in his new appearance, checking out his nose, his eyes. Convincing himself.

MULDER

You're a damn good-looking man.

Finally, he sighs and takes a seat in the nearest chair. He stares off into space, twirling his pistol on his finger... wondering what to do next. Off his bored, glum face:

CUT TO:

44 INT. SCULLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

44

Scully sits on the floor of her living room, working at her coffee table. Books and papers are everywhere. She pushes her glasses up her nose as she writes on a legal pad.

There's a faint RAP at the door. Scully gets up and looks through the peephole, then unlatches and opens the door.

Mulder stands awkwardly in the hallway. He smiles and waves hi.

SCULLY

Mulder -- what's up?

MULDER

Nothing. I just, uh...

(beat)

Is this a bad time?

Scully shakes her head and steps back for him to enter. He does, and we see now he has a bottle of wine in his other hand.

SCULLY

Who's that for?

MULDER

Uh. Us?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

She looks at him a little funny -- but with a smile on her face. She finally takes the bottle from him, checks the label and nods approvingly. She heads into the kitchen area to open it.

He drifts over to the coffee table, checks out her work.

MULDER

What are you working on?

SCULLY

(calling from kitchen)

More autopsy data. Everyone at the lab found Mr. Van Blundht pretty fascinating. We discovered an additional anomaly relating to the hair follicles of his scalp. I can't even begin to guess at the nature of it until we run it on the transmission electron microscope.

MULDER

(couldn't care less)

Interesting.

SCULLY

Yeah, it really is.

Scully comes back into the living room with the bottle and two glasses. She pours as she and Mulder take seats on the couch.

Mulder offers his glass to toast. They clink them together, then sip. Mulder looks off around the room, his mind wandering. Scully studies him again, her face quizzical.

SCULLY

Mulder, seriously... what's up?  
Is everything okay?

MULDER

Yeah. I just was kinda knocking around, and...

(beat; turns to her)

We don't really talk that much -- do we, Scully?

SCULLY

How do you mean? Really talk?  
(thinks about it)

I don't know... I guess not.

MULDER

So, what's stopping us?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

Scully stares at him for a beat, thoughtfully considering this.

THE WINE BOTTLE .

on the table in front of them is nearly full as we...

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

45 AN HOUR LATER - THE BOTTLE

45

is almost empty. Scully's hand reaches into frame to pick it up.

WIDER

Scully tops off their glasses, finishing the bottle. She's also finishing up a story. She gives a laugh, shakes her head.

SCULLY

So we're sitting on this picnic table at two in the morning, me in my pink, moire taffeta dress, and Marcus in his... whatever the hell that thing was... It had a kelly green cummerbund. Anyway, I just know Marcus is thinking, "It's now or never." And I'm thinking...

MULDER

(grin)

What are you thinking?

SCULLY

(sly smile)

I'm thinking... what is that siren I hear getting louder?

MULDER

No way.

(off her nod)

Who called the cops?

SCULLY

It was the fire department! My friend Sylvia and her idiot prom date --

(X)

MULDER

Berwood --

Scully nods vigorously as she takes a quick sip of wine.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

SCULLY

-- They had tried to start this campfire, and it went totally out of control, and all of us had to ride back on the -- the what-do-you-call-it... the pumper truck!

Mulder shakes his head and grins.

SCULLY

Marcus was the twelfth grade love of my life.

(X)

(quietly amazed)

(X)

I can't believe we're talking about this.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

(X)

I can't believe we never have before.

(X)

(X)

Mulder stares at her for a moment, half-smiling. She catches his eye and smiles back. They're both buzzed, but not drunk.

SCULLY

(X)

I really feel like I'm seeing a different side of you tonight.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

(X)

Is that good?

(X)

Scully nods thoughtfully.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

I like it.

(X)

He appreciates that. Silence for a beat.

(X)

MULDER

Do you ever wish things were different?

SCULLY

What do you mean?

MULDER

Back in high school: the person you intended to grow up to be. How far off did you wind up?

SCULLY

Career-wise... miles off-target.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

MULDER

Not even that, though. Do you ever wish you could go back and try again? Do you wish...

He trails off. Scully just stares at him, understanding.

SCULLY

Do you?

They stare at one another for a beat or two longer. Mulder very slowly leans in closer. Scully doesn't make any reciprocating moves whatsoever... but she doesn't move away, either.

It's crystal-clear: he's going to kiss her. And it looks like she might let him. The moment stretches, street noise dies away... time seems to slow down. But, right before it happens:

BOOOOMM!! -- the front door KICKS IN, the door jamb splintering. Mulder -- the REAL Mulder -- is in the doorway, READY to KILL.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

He strides into the room, breathing fast -- looking dirty and disheveled. No gun. Scully jumps up, nearly tripping over her coffee table... looking wide-eyed back at fake Mulder, then at the real Mulder.

FAKE MULDER (SPFX)

remains seated on the couch. He leans back resignedly. As we watch, he TRANSFORMS from Mulder back into Eddie Van Blundht. It's a subtle thing... a little different than our standard morph. Before we even know it, we're looking at Van Blundht's tired, regretful face staring up at Scully. The jig is up.

SCULLY

stares down at this man, astounded to the point of being gape-mouthed. Mulder steps into frame next to her, glaring down at him. Off this silent beat...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. PRISON VISITATION ROOM - DAY

46

LEGEND OVER: CUMBERLAND REFORMATORY... ONE MONTH LATER. We're TRACKING PAST empty chairs set face-to-face across from one another -- separated by Plexi windows that serve to keep inmates from their visitors. We arrive on the back of a seated inmate.

He's seated at a visiting station with no one before him. Through the Plexiglas we can see the visitor's entrance door -- it opens, and Mulder enters. He hesitates a moment, then takes a seat opposite the man.

INTERCUT WITH:

THE INMATE - VAN BLUNDHT

who sits before Mulder wearing an orange, prison-issue jumpsuit and a red baseball cap. The cap says "Superstar!!" in big yellow, 70's-era lettering. He stares listlessly out at Mulder.

VAN BLUNDHT

Thanks for coming.

Mulder stares evenly at the man -- we can tell he's still angry at him. Finally, he gives a nod toward the baseball cap.

MULDER

What's with the hat?

Van Blundht shrugs.

(CONTINUED)



46 CONTINUED:

46

VAN BLUNDHT

My court-appointed therapist makes me wear it. She says it's meant to bolster my self-esteem.

MULDER

Does it?

VAN BLUNDHT

Not really. The other inmates just beat me up and take it from me. Which would be okay, except that every week she brings me a new hat.

(X)

(X)

(beat)

Plus, they keep me on some kind of muscle relaxant so I can't make faces the way I used to. Did you tell them to do that?

Mulder just stares and doesn't answer. Van Blundht tries to see past him, peering around for somebody.

VAN BLUNDHT

Is Agent Scully here?

MULDER

(impatient)

What did you want to say to me, Eddie?

The inmate is silent for a moment. He shrugs again.

VAN BLUNDHT

I just think it's funny: I was born a loser, but you're one by choice.

MULDER

On what do you base that?

VAN BLUNDHT

Experience.

(beat)

You should live, a little. God knows I would... if I were you.

Mulder stares at the man. There's nothing more to say, so he pushes back his chair and gets up.

We end on Van Blundht, slowly pulling back from him as Mulder exits past us in f.g. We hear the door open o.s.

47 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

47 (X)

Mulder exits the visitation room, and a GUARD secures the door behind him. We reveal Scully waiting here. She stands before a black and white monitor that currently shows a high-angle view of Van Blundht getting up from his chair.

Scully obviously witnessed the whole thing. She's not looking very comfortable -- she probably hasn't for awhile now. She and Mulder catch each other's eye for a moment, then look away. They're both a little self-conscious and embarrassed.

Mulder signs out on a clipboard at the guard's station. This takes a second. They both head up the hallway toward the exit, neither one in any particular hurry. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

As they walk, Scully speaks up quietly without looking at her partner. (X)  
(X)

SCULLY

I don't imagine you need to be told this, Mulder... but you're not a loser. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Mulder silently appreciates the thought. They keep walking, neither one looking at the other. (X)  
(X)

MULDER

But I'm no Eddie Van Blundht, either. (X)  
(X)  
(glancing at her) (X)  
Am I? (X)

He says this quietly... not as a joke. Scully takes his meaning -- and though he doesn't say it to make her uncomfortable, it does so nonetheless.. She doesn't answer. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

They both pass a TRUSTEE who's mopping the floor. We don't focus on the convict, but we clearly see he's wearing a stolen "Superstar!!" hat. As Mulder and Scully pass out of frame... (X)  
(X)  
(X)

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END

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