

THE X-FILES

"X-COPS"

Written by
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Directed by
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Episode #7ABX12
Story No. E00739

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CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully

Deputy Keith Wetzel
Mexican Lady/Mrs. Guerrero
Sergeant Paula Guthrie
Tall Deputy
Redhead Deputy
Deputy Juan Molina/Spanish Speaking Deputy
Sketch Artist/Ricky
Steve
Edy
Chantara Gomez
Crackhead
Coroner's Assistant
Cameraman

SET LIST

EXT. ERIORS

WILLOW PARK STREET
SIDE STREET
HOUSE
 /BACK YARD
DESERTED STREET
LIQUOR STORE
STEVE AND EDY'S
PARKING LOT
DEAD END STREET
CRACK HOUSE
 /BACK YARD
LOS ANGELES COUNTY MORGUE

INTERIORS

LASD CRUISER
HOUSE
N.D. SEDAN
CRACK HOUSE
 /UPSTAIRS
 /UPSTAIRS BEDROOM
STEVE AND EDY'S
 /LIVING ROOM

TEASER

A NOTE TO THE READER: What follows, from beginning to end, is an episode of "The X-Files" which looks in every way, shape and form like an hour-long episode of the television show "Cops." It will be shot in its entirety on Betacam 600 video cameras in handheld, "gun-and-run" style. It will employ the "Cops" theme music and, in some fashion, the "Cops" main title sequence.

Furthermore, you may notice a bit of cursing in the dialog understand that all of the unacceptable words will be bleeped in post-production. Bad boys, bad boys...

1 EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY NIGHT

1

We frame the FULL MOON it hangs above a raggedy-ass palm tree in silhouette against the light-polluted sky. We ZOOM IN on the moon as a "Cops" LEGEND tells us this is WILLOW PARK, CALIFORNIA.

WETZEL (V.O.)

I don't know what it is about a
full moon...

2 EXT. WILLOW PARK STREET - NIGHT

2

We're not in Beverly Hills, to say the least. A Sheriff's cruiser rolls past, on patrol. LEGEND: LOS ANGELES COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT, CENTURY STATION.

WETZEL

...Something about it, people just
go off the wall.

3 INT. LASD CRUISER - NIGHT - DRIVING

3

We're front seat, riding alongside a barrel-chested rookie in his mid-twenties -- DEPUTY KEITH WETZEL. His name is displayed in LEGEND. He keeps his eyes on the road as he drives. Though he's addressing us, he seldom looks directly at camera (this is how it is with most of the people seen on "Cops").

WETZEL

I mean, these are some scary
neighborhoods to begin with. You
see some crazy stuff on this
job... I've seen a lot of
craziness. But when it's a full
moon, it's like, times ten.

(shrug)

I don't know. Maybe it's 'cause
of the tides or something.

We PAN OFF him, ZOOM to get a better view out his side of the windshield. We're rolling through a rough neighborhood: hourly motels, houses with bars on the windows.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED:

3

WETZEL

But irregardless, we're on the job. If folks breathe a little easier, knowing we're out here, uh... be a little less nervous, walking the streets at night? That's a good feeling. That's what makes it all worthwhile.

Young Wetzel stares ahead, drives. Off him, trying to think of something else to say...

TIME CUT TO:

4 INT. LASD CRUISER - LATER - DRIVING

4

We're moving slower now. We're looking straight out the windshield, creeping down a side street. LEGEND:6:48 PM. PROWLER CALL.

WETZEL

Got a report of someone in the neighborhood, lurking around and making noise...

We ADJUST to Wetzel, who reads the report off his MOBILE DATA TERMINAL as he drives. He squints at it, seeing something funny.

WETZEL

Actually, I take that back. We've got a report of a monster lurking around the neighborhood.
(smiles at camera)
Hey. Full moon.

Darkened, lower middle-class houses slide past. The Deputy CUTS OFF his HEADLIGHTS, peers left and right as he inches along.

WETZEL

Lotta drug activity in this district. We're probably looking at someone who's rattling doorknobs, looking to steal some money for -- quick fix. They're usually not the stealthiest of criminals... so maybe we'll get lucky. Sneak up on them.
(into radio)
212 David is 10-97 --

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED:

4

The Deputy pulls us up at the curb, chunks the transmission into park. He climbs out his driver's door while we get out on our side of the car. The car doors get closed quietly.

5 EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

5

Leaving the cruiser idling behind us, we follow the beefy Deputy to a house a few doors down the sidewalk. He holds his Mag-Lite to his shoulder as he walks, shining it down the side of the house. Nothing looks amiss. He speaks softly into his radio.

WETZEL

Dispatch, 212 David -- I don't see anything. Could you let the lady know I'm outside her house?

We hear a confirmation. Without a cut, we climb the steps.

6 EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

6

Wetzel shines his flashlight at the windows, the doorknob... then notices something. He stoops to look closer.

WETZEL

Huh. Lotta scratches...

We ZOOM IN on what he's looking at. He points out fresh, deep SCRATCHES in the wood -- five of them running in parallel for a foot or two below the doorknob. A couple of fresh WOOD SHAVINGS lie below on the porch floor.

WETZEL

Big dog, maybe. Maybe that's what she saw...

Looking a little less sure now, the Deputy raps on the door.

WETZEL

Sheriff's Department --

The front door cracks open. An older MEXICAN LADY peers out underneath the chain. She's very frightened, speaks in SPANISH. No subtitles -- those of us who don't speak it are out of luck.

MEXICAN LADY

(in Spanish)

The Claw Monster is out there!
He's trying to get in my house!
You have to shoot him! Don't let
him get into my house!

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED:

6

The Anglo Deputy does his best, not really following her. They speak over top of one another (overlapping dialog being another hallmark of "Cops").

WETZEL

Whoa, whoa... usted calmate, por favor. No monstruo. No monstruo -- usted calmate.

There's no calming this lady down -- she's in a panic. She points around the side of the house, still carrying on about the Claw Monster. She slams the door in his face, latches it.

WETZEL

Man. Scared of something.

The Deputy considers, then descends the steps. He moves around to the far side of the house where the lady indicated. As he is checking things out with his flashlight...

BAM! BUMP, BUMP! Strange noises from aroundback freeze US. Wetzel's ahead of us, with a view around the house that we don't have. He draws his gun, adrenalized.

WETZEL

YOU THERE! DON'T MOVE!
SHERIFF'S DEPUTY!

We hear TRASH CANS get knocked over. Wetzel jumps an ornamental fence and takes off around the house in hot pursuit.

We the CAMERA are slower and clumsier. By the time we get over the low fence and hump it after the Deputy, he's out of sight as is whoever he's chasing. Without a cut, we round into:

7 EXT. HOUSE BACK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

7

We slow, PANNING the yard -- there's no one around. The Deputy isn't in sight. We move toward an outbuilding, a garage or shed. All through this, we can hear the winded, unseen "Cops" cameraman BREATHING HARD.

It's even darker back here than it was out front. We quickly approach the outbuilding, streaked with inky shadows -- we don't want to miss any exciting police action we can put on the Fox network. But just as we get close...

... OUT POPS WETZEL from around the corner, startling us. He's charging right at us, TERROR in his eyes.

WETZEL

RUN! MOVE IT, MOVE IT! --

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

7

The big Deputy is shoving at us, practically knocking us over. We don't catch the slightest glimpse of whatever it is that's scaring this man, but we don't need to be told twice -- we turn tail and RUN FULL OUT.

What follows isn't pretty from a cameraman's perspective. We see flashes of house, night sky, grass... even the SOUND RECORDIST, who's running for his life right alongside us. We hear the Deputy right behind us, pushing us along and YELLING:

WETZEL
BACK TO THE CAR! TO THE CAR!
RUN, GODDAMMIT, RUN!! --

He's BREATHING like a steam engine. We also hear the sounds of SOMETHING BIG giving chase. We hear HEAVY FOOTFALLS, the bang of TRASHCANS flying. We run right through the ornamental fence and down the sidewalk, beelining toward the patrol car.

8 INT. LASD CRUISER -- CONTINUOUS

8

We pile into the back while the Deputy jams into the driver's seat. He slams.-her into reverse, works to K-turn us around. He simultaneously fumbles the mike to his mouth.

WETZEL
212 DAVID IS 999! I NEED
BACKUP, 3200 BLOCK OF PRINCE! --

Wham -- he backs it into the curb as he tries to make the turn. We're looking all around out the windows, trying to see what we're under attack from. There's nothing visible. But now -- SMASH! -- the side windows SPIDERWEB. They stay intact, but make it that much harder to see out.

BAM! -- we get jarred from the side like a car just bumped us. Wetzel jams it into drive and floors the accelerator, only we're not going anywhere. The engine ROARS.

Now we start moving -- sideways. Vertical! Though we still can't see a damn thing out there in the darkness, something is LIFTING the side of the car. We go sliding across the back seat.

WETZEL
Oh, shit. 999! 999! --

We TUMBLE SIDEWAYS -- then UPSIDE-DOWN. The contents of the car go raining upward. With a tumultuous CRASH, the cruiser ROLLS onto its ROOF. Off of which:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

9 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

9

We're trying to climb out the door of the upside-down cruiser, and it's a real mess -- our CAMERAMAN is tangled up with the Sound Recordist, whose dazed expression asks "what just happerxed?" In b.g., a half-dozen more CRUISERS are blasting our way, their lights and sirens going.

We manage to get out, as does a stunned Deputy Wetzel. He glances around the neighborhood, breathing hard -- clearly worried whatever it was that attacked will return. He bleeds from a cut over his eyebrow and seems to favor a hurt wrist.

The arriving DEPUTIES are on red alert -- a brother officer is in trouble. From the nearest car runs a capable female SERGEANT in her mid-thirties. She's astounded by our upside-down vehicle. LEGEND: SERGEANT PAULA GUTHRIE. She looks right at us, checks everyone out. The scene plays fast, energetic.

SGT. GUTHRIE
Everybody alright?
(off Wetzel's nod)
Jesus, Keith -- what was this?

WETZEL
I was responding to a 921 at
that house right there, prowler
call, and uh...

Other Deputies are gathering around the flipped car like it's the monolith from "2001." The Sergeant points at it.

SGT. GUTHRIE
You flipped it?

WETZEL
Hell no, I didn't flip it! it
was parked! It was, I was...
(how to answer?)
We were attacked.

Wetzel touches his forehead, sees the blood. He dabs at it with his fingertips. The Sergeant turns to the other Deputies.

SGT. GUTHRIE
Fan out and search --

WETZEL
You should double everybody up.

The Sergeant takes his advice, turns back to the others.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

SGT. GUTHRIE
Everybody, double up. Someone
get an ambulance down here, and
check on that airship --

Everyone breaks off, jogs in different directions. A TALL DEPUTY
gets on his radio, calls the dispatcher.

SGT. GUTHRIE
What, we looking for gangbangers?
(off his silence)
Keith?

Wetzel glances our way -- looks at the o.s. camera crew for
their take on what they saw. They didn't see anything.

WETZEL
Yeah. I guess, uh...
(half-hearted)
Yeah. Gangbangers.

SGT. GUTHRIE
How many?

WETZEL
I-I didn't get a good look.

Guthrie studies him closely. She looks to the crew, as well.

Her RADIO squawks -- we hear an officer call over it.

REDHEAD DEPUTY (FILTERED V.O.)
417 one block north! Two
suspects on foot! --

TALL DEPUTY
OVER HERE!

Guthrie and Wetzel turn and run, falling in with the Tall Deputy
and the others -- we give chase, huffing and puffing along
behind them. We bang along without a cut, runhing up an alley
and sprinting through people's back yards.

Throughout this, we see few rubbernecks -- maybe none at
all... This isn't the kind of neighborhood where people come out
of their houses when they hear cops and sirens.

We can make out some commotion up ahead in a weed-filled lot. A
bunch of dancing Mag-Lite BEAMS are converging there.

CONTINUED

SGT. GUTHRIE
(into her radio)
Somebody bring a unit around!
We're coming up on the back side
of Holly Street, 3000 block!

We I re closer now -- close enough to see Deputies drawing down on two familiar FIGURES who stand with their backs to us silhouetted in the many flash-light beams. One is male, the other female. Even before we come around in front of them, we may have figured out they are...

MULDER and SCULLY. Their hands are raised. In the midst of all this panting and shouting, they try to calm things down.

REDHEAD DEPUTY
HANDS ON YOUR HEAD! ON
YOUR HEAD!

MULDER
(complying)
We're federal agents --

TALL DEPUTY
LACE YOUR FINGERS ON YOUR
HEADS!

SCULLY
(complying)
FBI... FBI... FBI...

A Sheriff's HELICOPTER ROARS overhead, orbiting in a circle and blasting us with its spotlight. The shadows it casts grow and shrink with every orbit, reminding us of time-lapse photography.

MULDER
We're FBI. ID's in my inside
jacket pocket.

SCULLY
We're out here on a case.

Covered by the others, the Sergeant steps over and finds Mulder's badge wallet, nods. The Deputies relax somewhat. Everyone has to speak up over the ROAR of the helicopter.

SGT. GUTHRIE
What case?

Mulder and Scully pick up their pistols from where they were forced to drop them, put them back in their holsters.

MULDER
Same one you're on.

About now, both Mulder and Scully realize they're being videotaped. They look askance at us -- at the video camera that's hovering in front of them, not giving them any privacy. LEGENDS come up for both of them, one at a time: SPECIAL AGENT FOX MULDER. SPECIAL AGENT DANA SCULLY.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

SGT. GUTHRIE
So, who are we looking for?

MULDER
Not "who." What.

Sergeant Guthrie doesn't know what to make of this, but Wetzel looks uncomfortable. We PAN back to Mulder and Scully glancing again at us, the camera. It's very clear Scully hates its presence.

She turns aside, speaks under her breath to Mulder.

SCULLY
(re: camera)
What the hell is this about..?

Mulder gives her a covert little shrug. Off the two agents:

CUT TO:

10 EXT. HOUSE - MINUTES LATER - THE FRONT DOOR

10

Is half open -- we can make out the scared Mexican Lady talking with some Deputies inside, but we're outside on the front porch. The five odd, parallel SCRATCHES stand out against the wood.

Mulder hunkers down into frame, runs a hand over the scratches. He looks up at Scully -- we PULL BACK a little to include her.

(Throughout this scene, Scully makes it obvious from her body language that she doesn't want to be filmed. She keeps her back to camera whenever possible -- Mulder, on the other hand, shows no particular aversion to the camera's presence.)

MULDER
Ciaw marks. Something tried to
get in.

Scully shrugs -- maybe. Mulder moves past us, down the porch steps to where Wetzel is having the cut on his forehead treated by an EMT. An-ambulance is here now. The Sheriff's helicopter is still orbiting overhead, searching the neighborhood in b.g. (it flies off out of sight at some point during this scene).

MULDER
Deputy, can you describe for us
what you saw?

WETZEL
I didn't really, uh... you know.
It was dark.

CONTINUED

MULDER

You had to have seen something,
in order to run from it.

(off Wetzel's look)

Tell us about the call you were
responding to -- a monster
prowling the neighborhood.

Wetzel looks to his Sergeant, who drifts over.

SGT. GUTHRIE

We've been to this house before.
The lady has a history of
medication, you know what I mean?

MULDER

Maybe, except she's not the only
one seeing monsters This area's
had a half-dozen such reports in
the last sixty days. Were you
aware of that?

(she wasn't)

Furthermore, they only occur on
nights with a full moon... which
tells me something.

SGT. GUTHRIE

What?

Mulder turns to Wetzel, lays his cards on the table.

MULDER

What you saw was large -- seven
to eight feet tall when it stood
up on two legs. It was covered
with-fur and had glowing red
eyes. Sharp claws -- sharp
enough-to gouge, the wood of
that front door.

Wetzel says nothing. We look to Scully for her reaction -- she
turns her face away from us.

SGT. GUTHRIE

You're not serious..?

MULDER

(notices something)

And dare I forget teeth.

Mulder takes hold of the rookie Deputy's wrist, making the man
wince. He holds it up to where we can ZOOM IN to see...

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

There is what looks to be a BITE MARK on the man's wrist. It doesn't look too deep or serious, but the pattern is LARGE. It would seem that whatever it was, it had a big mouth.

MULDER

It bit you, didn't it?
(Wetzel is silent)
You were going to hide this from
the EMTs?

Forgetting the camera briefly, Scully steps forward to check out the man's wound. The Sergeant looks at it, too.

SGT. GUTHRIE

Where'd you get this, Keith?

WETZEL

I-I don't know. I didn't see
anything like he's talking about.

SGT. GUTHRIE

(to Mulder)

Big teeth, eight feet tall --
what the hell are you describing?

MULDER

A werewolf.

SGT. GUTHRIE

Excuse me?

MULDER

That's what I believe we're
looking for.

During this, in b.g., ten or twelve Deputies have managed to heave Wetzel's patrol car up onto its side. Now they push it over upright. It bounces on its tires. Mulder thumbs at it.

MULDER

It's what did that. It also
attacked one Hyman Escalara
twenty-nine days ago, during the
last full moon. He died in
Compton General Hospital -- but
not before giving a detailed
description of the creature that
attacked him.

(beat)

My partner and I are here to catch it.

We PAN again to Scully, who puts a hand to her face.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

MULDER

(to Wetzel)

Unfortunately, though, you've been bitten.

(checks it again)

The skin's broken. Werewolf lore pretty much universally holds that a person bitten by such a creature becomes a creature himself.

Young Wetzel looks freaked. Mulder is sympathetic.

MULDER

I'm sorry... but you need to be isolated and kept under guard.

SGT. GUTHRIE

(a long beat)

With all due respect, Agent -- what the fuck are you talking about?

MULDER

I'm talking about preventing this man from becoming a danger to himself and others.

SGT. GUTHRIE

Could I see your badge again?

SCULLY

Agent Mulder? Agent Mulder.
(gets his attention)
A word, please?

Scully takes Mulder aside, walks him a few paces away -- puts their backs to the camera. We ease after them, eavesdrop on their conversation, She keeps her voice low, talks fast.

MULDER

What? What is it?

SCULLY

What is it? Have you noticed we're on television?

MULDER

I don't think it's live television, Scully... she just said "fuck."

CONTINUED

SCULLY

Mulder, there's a camera here!
It's recording --

We come around in front of them, trying to get a better shot
Scully instantly turns Mulder away, walks off a little further.

SCULLY

-- it's recording every word you
say. You understand?
(off his nod)
I need to make sure you're aware
of that.

MULDER

Of course I'm aware of that.

SCULLY

My point being, we're
investigating a case --

MULDER

(nod)
-- And this presents a golden
opportunity. I feel we're very close
here. The possibility of capturing
concrete proof of the paranormal, of
werewolves? Proof that would be
witnessed by a national, even
international audience? Scully, that
kind of validation is just too good
to pass up.

We sneak around in front of them once again -- once again,
Scully steers Mulder away from us.

SCULLY

Look, you wanna talk to me about
werewolves? Knock yourself out
-- I may not agree with you, but
at least I'm not going to hold
it against you.
(indicates the camera)
But this, Mulder -- this could
damage your career.

MULDER

It's a risk worth taking.

SCULLY

Except that you're making me
take it, too.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED: (5)

10

We finally manage to sneak around wide on Mulder and Scully she's preoccupied enough at the moment not to turn away.

MULDER

Do me a favor, then -- escort
Deputy Wetzell there to the
hospital and keep a close eye on
him.

(off her look)

Please? Just in case I'm right?

Scully gives in to this one request, gives him a reluctant. nod.
She pulls her cell phone from her pocket.

SCULLY

First, I'm calling Skinner. I'm
sure he'll have something to say
about this.

Mulder shrugs and exits frame, headed back toward the Mexican
Lady's house. We hold on Scully, dialing her phone. She lifts it
to her ear, then notices us moving in on her.

SCULLY

Guys, give it a rest.

We don't. Scully puts her free hand over the camera lens,
blotting out the frame. Off this:

CUT TO:

11 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

11

We're inside this modest, fixed-income home. It's neatly kept,
with a definite Catholic bent to the decor. In fact, we start on
a "Magic Motion" picture hanging on the wall -- one of those
religious prints from the sixties that "moves" when you angle
it.

We ANGLE to and fro, watching Jesus ascend from the cross.
Hearing frantic Spanish being spoken o.s., we DRIFT to find...

...The Mexican Lady being interviewed by a SPANISH-SPEAKING
DEPUTY (LEGEND: DEPUTY JUAN MOLINA) As before, no subtitles.

MEXICAN LADY

(in Spanish)

Please believe me -- it was the
Claw Monster! I saw him through
my kitchen window!

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED:

11

SPANISH-SPEAKING DEPUTY
(in Spanish)

And he scratched outside your
house and tried to get in.

She nods vigorously. We move around to find Mulder and Sergeant Guthrie listening to this. A young SKETCH ARTIST is here now, too -- he's a timid, fragile-looking art student who wears a borrowed tactical vest over his USC sweatshirt.

The Deputy translates for Mulder and the Sergeant.

SPANISH-SPEAKING DEPUTY

She says uh... I guess she's
calling it a "Claw Monster" was
trying to break into the house
and get her. It was big and...
had claws, pretty much.

MULDER

Tell her we need her to describe
it in detail for the sketch
artist.

(to the Sketch Artist)

Go ahead and work with her.

SKETCH ARTIST

(tentative)

"Claw Monster?"

SGT. GUTHRIE

Just do it, Ricky.

The Sketch Artist moves off into b.g. with the Mexican Lady and her translator, goes to work drawing. Mulder takes one more look at the scratches on the open front door.

MULDER

Five claw marks. Just as the
human hand has five fingers.
It's about the same spread, too.

He matches his fingers to them. The Sergeant listens, dubious.

SGT. GUTHRIE

Agent, you seriously believe
we're looking for..?

MULDER

This.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

From his jacket, Mulder pulls a copy of a POLICE SKETCH. He shows it to Guthrie, and to us. We ZOOM IN -- it's a classic WEREWOLF with snarling teeth, glowing eyes and sharp claws.

MULDER This is what Hyman Escalara described before succumbing to his wounds. Ten to one it's also what Mrs. Guerrero there is describing.

In b.g., for those of us with extremely sharp hearing, the Mexican Lady, Mrs. Guerrero, is actually saying "black hat" in Spanish and pointing to her head. Mulder doesn't notice.

MULDER It's not that surprising, really. Stories of werewolves and shapeshifting abound in every culture, and throughout recorded history. Primitive man portrayed it in cave paintings. The Romans wrote of it, as did the Chinese. In North America, the Navajo had "skin-walkers," holy men who would don the pelts of animals and thus be imbued with their strength.

SGT. GUTHRIE

Uh huh. So, what would this werewolf be doing in Willow Park?

Mulder thinks about it, shrugs.

MULDER

The full moon shines everywhere.
Why not Willow Park?

Off the Sergeant, who can't really argue with that:

TIME CUT TO:

12 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

12

The Sketch Artist puts the finishing touches on his drawing. Doing his best to hold back a smirk, the Deputy calls to Mulder.

SPANISH-SPEAKING DEPUTY

Sir? We got your suspect.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED:

12

Mulder and the Sergeant step over. Mrs. Guerrero dabs at her tearful eyes with a Kleenex and nods at the drawing, as if to say "that's him -- that's the guy."

The Sketch Artist hesitates a moment, then turns his pad around to reveal...

It's a drawing of FREDDY KRUEGER from "A Nightmare on Elm Street." He's instantly recognizable from his scarred face, striped shirt and black hat. Also, the long steel blades attached to his fingers are a solid tip-off. Mrs. Guerrero crosses herself, points to them.

MEXICAN LADY
(in Spanish)
Claw monster.

SPANISH-SPEAKING DEPUTY
Claw monster. Boy, you know,
they kill him in every movie but
he just keeps coming back.

Mulder studies the drawing, checks it against his previous one of the werewolf. He considers.

MULDER
This is strange.

SGT. GUTHRIE
Uh huh. Gracias, Mrs. Guerrero.
(heads out)
We're looking for gangbangers.

The Sergeant exits, feeling like she's already wasted enough time. The Sketch Artist hands Mulder the drawing.

SKETCH ARTIST
You don't think it's some guy
dressed up like Freddy Krueger,
do you?

Mulder shakes his head, preoccupied. The timid young man wonders at Mrs. Guerrero, who clearly saw something.

SKETCH ARTIST
Can somebody maybe walk me to my
car..? I parked up the street
and, uh... it was kinda dark?.

The Spanish-Speaking Deputy reluctantly escorts him. On the way out, the kid indicates the tac vest he's wearing.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

SKETCH ARTIST
Can I return this later?

Left alone with Mrs. Guerrero, Mulder looks to her. She points again to Freddy Krueger.

MEXICAN LADY
You catch?

Off Mulder and her:

CUT TO:

13 EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT - LATER

13

As several Deputies watch, a big tow truck winches Wetzel's damaged cruiser up onto its flatbed. We PAN to...

An n.d. sedan pulling up in front of Mrs. Guerrero's house. Scully climbs out. She sets her jaw and tries to ignore us -- the camera -- as she walks past. We follow her up the sidewalk. Up ahead is Mulder, who intercepts her.

MULDER
How's the Deputy?

Scully thumbs back over her shoulder -- we COME AROUND her to see a new patrol car pull up and Wetzel climb out. His wrist is lightly bandaged. He glances at us self-consciously, moves off to check in with his fellow Deputies.

MULDER
You let him get released?

Scully nods.

SCULLY
Those weren't teeth marks on his wrist, Mulder. They turned out to be insect bites.
(off his surprise)
They're individual stings or welts of some sort. Together, they just look like they form a larger pattern...
(gently)
Especially when we want them to.

He listens thoughtfully. Feeling she may have just embarrassed Mulder on national TV, Scully looks directly at us and states:

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED:

13

SCULLY

Although it was a perfectly.
understandable conclusion -- one
I'm sure anyone would have made.

Mulder appreciates her defending him. He also notices that she
no longer flees the camera, but reluctantly puts up with it.

MULDER

So, what'd Skinner say?

SCULLY

(quietly pissed)

The FBI has nothing to hide, and
neither do we.

Mulder shrugs, nods.

MULDER

Well, if it makes you feel any
better, I'm no longer convinced
we're looking for a werewolf.

SCULLY

Oh. Alright... good.

MULDER

It's... something else. Some
other kind of creature. I'm just
not sure what.

This isn't what Scully wants to hear. In b.g. now, there's a
crackle of RADIO CALLS. Deputies fall in, run to their cars.

MULDER

What's going on?

REDHEAD DEPUTY

(running past)

Six blocks from here. Could be
what we're looking for --

Mulder and Scully look to one another, run for their rental car.
We FOLLOW, start to climb into the back seat -- Scully stops us.

SCULLY

No. Ride with someone else.

Off them peeling away from the curb, leaving us behind:

CUT TO:

14 EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT

14

We jog up behind an old Colt Vista, abandoned with its driver's door open. It's on a desolate block of empty lots and closed-up stores. We REVEAL the Sergeant and Molina, the Spanish-Speaking Deputy, already here as other Deputies arrive. Molina shines his flashlight over the car, concerned.

SPANISH-SPEAKING DEPUTY

Oh man... Sergeant? This is Ricky's car.

MULDER (O.S.)

Ricky who?

We REVEAL Mulder and Scully., also here and checking out the other side of the car. The Sergeant is concerned now, too.

SGT. GUTHRIE

Ricky our sketch artist.

We ZOOM IN on the Colt's rear bumper -- CLOSE ON a USC art school bumper sticker.

SCULLY

Right rear tire's flat. Must be why he pulled over.

We come around, ZOOM IN on the flat tire, then up to Mulder and Scully. They glance at their scary surroundings.

MULDER

So, where's Ricky?

Over the radio crackles a grim VOICE.

TALL DEPUTY (FILTERED V.O.)

Sergeant -- we're around the corner. We got something.

Guthrie looks to Mulder and Scully -- that didn't sound good. Everyone heads toward the nearest street corner, quickly breaking into a jog. We follow. Without a cut, we round to...

15 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

15

We round the front of a closed liquor store. Up ahead, under an off-the-hook payphone, we see a half-dozen Deputies converged. A couple of them hunker over a BODY. The Red-Headed Deputy calls on his radio for an ambulance.

SCULLY

Guys, I'm a doctor -- let me through.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

The Deputies part. Under their flashlight beams, Scully and Mulder kneel by... the SKETCH ARTIST, who lies on the pavement, curled up into a corner of the building. We can't tell if he's dead or alive. We see a spattering of BLOOD on his neck.

The kid still wears his borrowed tac vest. As Scully leans over him to check his carotid-pulse, we ZOOM IN on the front of his vest. We see...

...FIVE PARALLEL SLASHES in the bullet-resistant fabric. it's the kind of swiping wound that -- dare we say it? -- Freddy Krueger might inflict with his knife gloves.

MULDER

Scully...

Scully's fingers touch the vest. As they do, red BLOOD OOZES up through the slashes, standing out against the white Kevlar.

We TILT off this to Mulder and Scully, who look to one another, their expressions grave. Off the flashing "Cops" LOGO --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY - NIGHT 16

Another establishing shot. -- we TILT UP from urban blight to the FULL MOON hanging fat and yellow in the sky. Over this:

WETZEL (V.O.)
When a fellow officer goes down
in the line of duty...

17 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS 17

We're on the flashing lights of a parked ambulance. Its rear doors are open and Ricky the Sketch Artist, clinging to life, is carefully loaded into the back by two EMTs. Deputies stand by, helping however they can. Wetzel continues to talk o.s.

WETZEL (O.S.)
...Or even when it's not a
fellow officer, when it's just
someone who works part-time with
the Department in a support,
uh... artistic capacity, like
Ricky there...

We ZOOM OUT to include a somber-eyed, preoccupied young Wetzel, quietly continuing his thought.

WETZEL
You know, we all feel it. But
that's when you've gotta cowboy
up and give 150 percent. Catch
the bad guys.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - MINUTES LATER 18

We get a close shot of the bloody, slashed TAC VEST. It lies under the payphone where the EMTs pulled it off Ricky. Maybe some other EMT refuse is here, as well -- used gauze and such. Above it, the payphone receiver still dangles off the hook.

SCULLY The last call from this phone was to the auto club. Ricky Koehler was requesting roadside assistance for his flat tire. He asked that they hurry... said he didn't feel safe.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED:

18

ZOOM OUT to find Scully tucking away her cell. Mulder stares down at the vest. He pulls out the sketch of FREDDY KRUEGER.

SCULLY

What's that?

MULDER

Our suspect, apparently. Wound patterns match with these, wouldn't you say?

Mulder points out Freddy's knife-gloves in the drawing. Scully stares at it askance, doesn't know whether he's kidding or not.

She notices something. She stoops down to take a closer look. We ZOOM IN on... a bubblegum pink PRESS-ON NAIL that lies on the pavement. She points to it, pulls on a latex glove.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Somebody lost a nail.

MULDER (O.S.)

Nice color.

Scully picks it up with gloved fingers, turns it over. On the underside is a dab of drying BLOOD. We ZOOM extra tight on it.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Check out this color. Blood red.

ZOOM OUT to Mulder's interested reaction. He addresses a Deputy:

MULDER

Who called 911 on this?

CUT TO:

19 EXT. STEVE & EDY'S - NIGHT - LATER

19

We're looking at the liquor store -- and the crime scene -- from a distance now. We're across the street from it, standing on someone's front porch. We hear an o.s. KNOCK.

SGT. GUTHRIE (O.S.)

Steve and Edy? It's Sergeant Paula --

We PAN to find the Sergeant as she gives another KNOCK. Mulder and Scully stand with her. Mulder gives her a look.

MULDER

The Steve and Edy?

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED:

19

SGT. GUTHRIE

They're good folks. They usually call us when there's trouble in the neighborhood.

The front door of this run-down house opens and STEVE appears, followed by EDY. They're two men in their mid-fifties who've been together so long, they're starting to look like one another.

Edy wears what is either a do rag or a Gloria Swanson-style turban -- we're not sure which. "She" peeks out at our camera.

EDY

Oh my god, look at this.

SGT. GUTHRIE

How you two doing this evening? Can you tell us what happened out here?

EDY

Not with me looking like this! Uh-uh. You should know better than that, Sergeant Paula!

Edy talks fast, comes on like Aretha Franklin. She disappears back inside Steve glances after her.

STEVE

Like she gone run from a camera.
(points across street)
Uh, lookit... we heard all this screaming? We peeked out the window, this little white boy was having a conniption. He was all rolled up over there by the telephone. I figure he didn't belong in this neighborhood, so I called you.

SCULLY

You didn't see his attacker?

Steve looks confused by the question. He turns to Edy, who reappears in the doorway -- having prettied herself up in some way that will likely be lost on the layman.

EDY

I'm ready for my close-up.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

STEVE

Ain't nobody care about your.
scabby ass! This is police
business!

(to Scully)

I didn't see any uh, whatcha say
"attacker." He was all just
kinda rolled up yellin'.

Steve illustrates -- mimes someone who is holding their hands up
in a defensive posture. Scully glances to Mulder, who looks
confused as well. He pulls out his suspect sketches -- the
WEREWOLF and FREDDY KRUEGER -- and shows them one at a time.

MULDER

You didn't see anything that
looked like this..? Or this..?

Steve and Edy look from the drawings to Mulder, make a face.

STEVE

Uh ... excuse me?

Mulder nods, tucks them away. Edy folds her arms, hugs herself.

EDY

That's gonna give me nightmares.

SCULLY

How about anyone else? Did you
see anyone at all?

(they shake their
heads)

How about a woman?

Scully holds up an evidence bag containing the BUBBLEGUM PINK
PRESS-ON NAIL. Edy peers close at it and frowns.

EDY

Uh-hh huh. Chantara. I know
that skanky-ass color...

SGT. GUTHRIE

Chantarals a streetwalker?

STEVE

(pointing)

She works the corner. She on the
pipe, so we don't associate, you
know what I'm saying?

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

MULDER

Sounds like we need to talk to
Ms. Chantara.

EDY

Well, I wish you would!

Mulder and Scully nod their thanks to Steve and Edy, turn to
leave. We start to go, but Edy follows, playing for the camera.

EDY

Hey. Hey! When do I get my own
TV show?

(singing)

If I-III didn't care...

STEVE

Oh, she showing off now --

CUT TO:

20 INT. N.D. SEDAN - NIGHT - DRIVING

20

We're in the back seat. Mulder drives, and Scully rides shotgun.
LEGEND: 9:26 PM. We're cruising the mean streets. The two agents
keep their eyes peeled, looking for someone.

Mulder glances back our way, addressing camera.

MULDER

So apparently, we're on the
lookout for someone whose hair
matches her fingernails.

We ZOOM IN on a black and white fax of CHANTARA that Mulder
holds. It's a mug shot from her last arrest -- only WE CAN'T SEE
IT, because it's been DIGITALLY BLURRED in post-production.

MULDER

Bubblegum pink. That'd be a good
look for you, Scully.

Scully doesn't respond. She's still not happy having the camera
present. Silence for a beat or two.

MULDER

I'd have to say... at this point
in a case, I usually feel a bit
more secure in my understanding
of what it is we're actually
investigating.

(more)

CONTINUED

MULDER (cont'd)

(beat)

We've heard so many conflicting eyewitness accounts now that it's hard to ascertain what it is we're dealing with here.

Mulder scans left and right, drums his fingers absently.

MULDER

However, the crimes we're investigating are paranormal. I mean, uh... I can still say that with absolute, uh... conviction.

Mulder nods as if he's trying to convince himself.

MULDER

And besides, these cases are always notoriously hard to quantify on any kind of a rigorous scientific level. As Agent Scully can tell you.

SCULLY

Oh-hh, yeah.

MULDER

Which, when you think about it, is a kind of validation in itself.

(off Scully's silence)

Anyway, that's our job. That's why they pay us the big bucks.

Mulder looks to Scully, wanting her to say something. She stirs, glimpsing something out her side window.

SCULLY

Bubblegum pink --

Mulder sees it. too, though we don't (this is the way it is on "Cops" all the time -- the police catch a glimpse of something way before the camera does).

Mulder cuts the wheel hard to the right, SQUEALS around the nearest corner. This is as fast and exciting a bit of actor action as we can safely get away with. We do a big U-turn through an empty parking lot. Up ahead, visible through the windshield stands a lone WOMAN pinned in our headlights.

We-pull up as she turns and BOLTS. We jump out of the car.

21 EXT. PARKING LOT -CONTINUOUS

21

Without a cut, we're humping it after Mulder and Scully as they give chase on foot.

SCULLY
FBI! FBI, STOP RUNNING!

The woman doesn't get very far before she slows and stops, turns to face us. We gather from her BUBBLEGUM PINK WIG. "that this is Chantara, though we never actually see her face -- it is DIGITALLY BLURRED (like we often see on "Cops" with people who refuse to Pign a consent form).

MULDER
Chantara Gomez?

CHANTARA
What do you want?!

Her obscured face notwithstanding, we can clearly tell the woman is frightened. Scully notices something.

SCULLY
Let me see your hand, please.

Scully takes hold of Chantara's hand for a closer look. We ZOOM IN as Scully holds it up for us to see. There are FOUR PINK PRESS-ONS surrounding one real, chewed-down FINGERNAIL.

Scully turns it over -- the four remaining press-on nails show traces of DRIED BLOOD underneath.

CHANTARA
I ain't do nothing!

SCULLY Earlier this evening, a man was attacked and badly slashed. You realize this places you at the crime scene.

MULDER
-- The corner of Belmont and Fisher. Isn't that your usual spot, Chantara?

CHANTARA
I didn't cut that guy! I heard screaming and I hid. After it was over, I went to t-try and help him! I ran away when I heard the sirens ...

She begins to cry. Mulder studies her closely.

CONTINUED

MULDER

I believe you.
(beat)
You witnessed the whole thing,
didn't you? You saw what
happened.

SCULLY

Tell us, Chantara.

CHANTARA

I-I can't! I...

Mulder touches a hand to her shoulder, speaks supportively.

MULDER

If you're scared we won't
believe what you have to tell
us, don't be. Whatever you think
you saw tonight... whatever it
was, no matter how strange and
terrifying... no matter how
bizarre... I promise you, it
won't surprise me. Okay?

CHANTARA

(sniffs; a beat)
You'll protect me from Chuco?

MULDER

Who's Chuco?

CHANTARA

Mi novio. He's the one who cut
that man up.

Mulder stares at her, surprised.

MULDER

I'm sorry ... what?

SCULLY

"Mi novio." Her boyfriend.

MULDER

Yeah, yeah -- I got that.

CHANTARA

He's crazy! I been hiding from
him for a week! He said held
twist my neck like a chicken if
I didn't give him more money!

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

MULDER

Chuco.

CHANTARA

(nod)

Chuco Muftoz. The cops all know
who he is.

Scully looks to Mulder, who is suddenly wishing he weren't on
camera. Off the-two agents:

CUT TO:

22 EXT. DEAD END STREET - NIGHT

22

We start on a car trunk opening and a BATTERING RAM being lifted
out. We're on the move, passing Deputies who are getting ready
for a building entry -- we see one pulling on protective gloves,
another grabbing a transparent shield. There's a tension in the
air. No roof lights or sirens. No one speaks much above a
whisper. LEGEND: 11:08 PM. ARREST WARRANT SERVICE.

REDHEAD DEPUTY

(loads his shotgun)

This is one of my favorite parts
of the job -- knocking down
crack houses.

WETZEL

I heard that.

We follow Wetzel through this staging area to find...

Scully and Sergeant Guthrie standing by the open back door of
the Sergeant's Tahoe. Seated inside is Chantara, as always with
her face BLURRED. She's upset.

CHANTARA

I don't understand! I told you
what you wanna know -- why can't
I go now?! Why can't I go home?!

SGT. GUTHRIE

(talking over her)

Chantara... Chantara?

CHANTARA

You know what Chuco looks like!
You don't need me! He cut that
guy! --

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

22

SGT. GUTHRIE

First of all, Chantara -- you're not out of the woods yet as far as possible accessory charges. Okay? So the sooner we find him and sort this out, the sooner I hope we can let you go. Alright?

CHANTARA

He's gonna kill me.

SCULLY

No one's going to kill you, Chantara.

CHANTARA

He's gonna twist my neck like a chicken! That's what he told me!

SGT. GUTHRIE

Chantara, look around. You see all the Deputies here? You see? No one's gonna get you.

(Chantara is crying)

What's more, Deputy Wetzel here is gonna keep an eye on you while we go in and put the cuffs on Chuco. Alright? No one's gonna get you.

None of this seems to be helping. Chantara is crying harder now -- acting more terrified, not less. Scully moves off. We FOLLOW after her. Without a cut, she brings us to...

...Mulder, who stands by the hood of their rental sedan. Two TACTICAL VESTS lie atop it. Mulder takes off his suit jacket, tosses it in the car.

SCULLY

Chuco Muftoz -- the man himself. Distinguishing feature is a lightning bolt tattoo on the back of his head.

Mulder glances at a MUG SHEET Scully holds -- we ZOOM IN on a mean looking Mexican GANGBANGER with a shaved head. ZOOM OUT as Mulder gives it a nod and shrugs into his body armor.

MULDER

I don't think he's who we're looking for.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

SCULLY
What do you mean?

Mulder hands her her own tac vest, which she puts on.

MULDER
I don't care how bad this guy's
rep is, Scully -- didn't flip
over a squad car.

SCULLY
Not by himself, anyway. I'm sure
he's got friends.

MULDER
(shakes his head)
No. There's something else going
on here.

Scully adjusts her vest, studies Mulder for a moment.

SERGEANT GUTHRIE

Comes striding past, accompanied by a half-dozen or so familiar
Deputies. They're in stealth mode -- no helicopter overhead to
tip off the bad guys.

SGT. GUTHRIE
Let's hit it --

Mulder and Scully draw their Sigs and fall in with the group. We
FOLLOW as everyone leaves the staging area and heads down an
easement that leads to houses the next block over.

Everyone breaks into a jog now -- we move faster the farther we
go. Without a cut, we silently rally in front of...

23 EXT. CRACK HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

23

This is a dumpy little house or duplex with boarded-up windows
and trash in the yard. Everyone takes cover positions. We crouch
low behind Mulder and Scully, off to the side of the front door.
Over their shoulders, we ZOOM IN as...

One Deputy BASHES IN the front door with the BATTERING RAM. Two
others, take point, entering behind their transparent shield.
Other Deputies pour in behind them, textbook-perfect.

REDHEAD DEPUTY
SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT! --

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED:

23

TALL DEPUTY
SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES! ON THE
FLOOR! ON THE FLOOR!

Mulder and Scully follow the others in, us humping along right behind them. We plow through the front door into...

24 INT. CRACK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

24

It's DARK in here, scary dark -- the automatic iris on our camcorder takes a moment to adjust. Even after it does, we're not seeing much beyond what appears in the cops' jiggling flashlight beams.

All through this scene we hear the YELLS of the Deputies ahead of us as they clear the building. As we move room to room through this nightmarish, refuse-strewn place, now we begin to see BODIES slumped on the floors. Four of them, five, six...

These people aren't dead, however. Not exactly. They're CRACKHEADS, slouched against walls and enjoying their favorite pastime. One or two try and take off running, but most are slow to respond as the Deputies pat them down and flex-cuff them.

(Rather than attempt to script what will hopefully be an overlapping flurry of police commands and out-of-it responses, I leave it in the capable hands of our director and technical advisors to make this scene as real and gritty as possible.)

While all this goes on, Mulder and Scully move through this disturbing scene, shining their flashlights in the face of every Crackhead they pass -- looking for Chuco Muftoz among them.

SCULLY
Chuco Muftoz! --

MULDER
We're looking for-Chuco! Who
here's seen him? You?

CRACKHEAD
Man, fuck you, motherfucker!

The guy squints at the camera, tries to SPIT at us. We duck past him, look in one room -- nothing here except an upside-down sofa and a dirty diaper. We check what used to be the kitchen -- we see a woman with irises like gimlets getting her wrists flex-cuffed behind her. She stares at us blankly.

SGT. GUTHRIE (O.S.)
Agents? --

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED:

24

Mulder and Scully turn and double back past us. We follow them back through the tumult of busts going on.

SGT. GUTHRIE (O.S.)
Agents, come here

We follow them into a room we haven't been in before, one tucked away in a far corner of the house. We come upon Guthrie standing over a BODY -- a real DEAD BODY this time.

It's the body of a man, curled on his side on the floor like he's sleeping. His face is DIGITALLY BLURRED OUT, which is probably a blessing. The blur doesn't completely conceal the dried VOMIT spewed on the floor near his mouth.

SGT. GUTHRIE
Check out the tattoo.

Mulder and Scully hunker in front of us to take a closer look. They partially obstruct our view and we have to jockey around behind them for a glimpse... but we manage to ZOOM IN and catch the LIGHTNING BOLT on the back of the corpse's shaved head.

SCULLY
Chuco Muftoz.

SGT. GUTHRIE
It looks like he OD'd.

We TILT UP off the corpse, come around on Mulder and Scully.

MULDER
Yeah. Only, how long ago?

He looks to Scully, who gets his point. She studies the corpse.

SCULLY
Two days. Maybe a week.
(beat)
He couldn't have attacked Ricky Koehler.

Mulder nods. But now, off them...

A faint POP-POP-POP-POP. Distant, but unmistakable.

SGT. GUTHRIE
Shots fired --

Mulder, Scully and the Sergeant go tear-assing out of the room.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. DEAD END STREET - SECONDS LATER

25

We're huffing and puffing, running flat-out up the easement back toward the staging area. Mulder, Scully and several Deputies are running ahead of us. Up ahead --

WETZEL
IT'S HERE!

Our view of things is bouncing all over the place -- but we catch a glimpse of Deputy Wetzel taking aim with his pistol and FIRING into the. darkness. BLAM-BLAM-BLAM--BLAM!

He's FIRING up the empty street. We don't see what he shoots at. However, in the direction he's shooting, a STREET SIGN starts to WOBBLE like something big and invisible just slammed into it. A bit further away, another STREET SIGN WOBBLER.

WETZEL
IT'S GETTING AWAY!

SGT. GUTHRIE
HOLD YOUR FIRE!

Freaked-out Wetzel isn't listening, but -- CLICK-CLICK-CLICK -- he's out of bullets anyway. The Sergeant shoves down his arms. Mulder, Scully and the Deputies are looking around in every direction, guns drawn. Nobody sees anything.

SGT. GUTHRIE
What the hell is going on?!

WETZEL
It came back. I couldn't stop
it! I-I tried. I...

He trails off, staring helplessly at something o.s. Mulder follows his look. Afraid he knows what it means, Mulder breaks into a jog, running the dozen yards to...

The Sergeant's parked Tahoe -- the truck where we left Chantara. We catch up to Mulder as he stares in through the side window, stone-faced.

SCULLY
Mulder? What is it?

Scully sees for herself, as does the Sergeant and the other Deputies. Faces go ashen with shock.

SCULLY
Oh my god ...

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED:

25

We jockey for a look ourselves. Chantara is sitting upright in the back seat. The DIGITAL BLUR over her face can't disguise the fact that her head hangs at a frighteningly unnatural angle. Her neck is clearly BROKEN.

We find Mulder again as he turns to glance o.s. We PAN off him, back to Deputy Wetzels, standing alone where we left him. His pistol dangles at his side. He looks frightened, lost.

Off this wide shot of Wetzels, followed by the "Cops" LOGO:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

26 EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY - NIGHT 26

Another act-opener shot, ala "Cops." This one's high from a, helicopter, looking down on the city lights and the FULL MOON hanging low in the sky (maybe this is something we can get from Langley-Productions).

SGT. GUTHRIE (V.O.)
It just doesn't make sense.

27 EXT. DEAD END STREET - NIGHT 27

The doors to the Sergeant's Tahoe all stand open. Chantarals body still sits upright in the back seat, covered. by a SHEET like a child's Halloween ghost costume. In b.g., a county coroner's vehicle rolls toward us, waved on by Deputies.

SGT. GUTHRIE (O.S.)
Keith Wetzel may be a little green, but he's a solid deputy. He's a squared-away individual.

We ADJUST off the Tahoe to find Mulder and Scully standing with Guthrie. She speaks quietly, shakes her head to herself.

SGT. GUTHRIE
Nobody could've gotten past him like this... killed that woman.

Mulder says nothing, but agrees. A couple of Deputies approach, looking grim and subdued (everyone here does).

REDHEAD DEPUTY
There's no sign of what he was shooting at. This was all we found.

He holds out his palm. We ZOOM IN to see a FLATTENED BULLET.

TALL DEPUTY
Nine millimeter. It's our issue.

SCULLY
Where'd you find it?

REDHEAD DEPUTY
Just lying in the street. Doesn't look like a ricochet.

CONTINUED

MULDER
(considers)
Maybe Wetzel hit what he was
aiming at.

The others wonder at this statement. Mulder heads for Wetzel who we reveal in the deep b.g. leaning against the grille of a cruiser. His back is to us.

We follow, keeping a respectful distance initially... we'll creep closer behind them as their conversation progresses.

MULDER
Deputy, you ready to talk to me?

Wetzel is silent. Mulder takes a seat beside him, speaks gently.

MULDER
We're way past you claiming you
didn't see anything. You and I
both know you did.

WETZEL
(hesitant)
I only know what I thought I saw.

MULDER
Describe it.

WETZEL
(a beat)
The Wasp Man.

MULDER
The Wasp Man.

Scully drifts into frame, joins them. She's all ears.

WETZEL
It's ridiculous. It's just...
scary stories my older brother
told when I was a kid. A monster
with a head like a wasp. A big
mouth full of stingers instead
of teeth.

The Deputy stares close at the gauze taped to his injured wrist -- the wrist with the supposed "insect bites."

WETZEL
He used to say it'd come get me
in my sleep. Sting me to death.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

WETZEL (cont'd)

I mean, it's ridiculous -- it's just old stories I thought I'd forgotten.

MULDER

The Wasp Man attacked you both times? Here and earlier, in your patrol car?

WETZEL

I'm not saying that's what it was! Okay? --

(points back at us)

They didn't see it. It wasn't on the videotape. It can't be real!

Mulder glances our way, considers this.

MULDER

I think it can
(off his confusion)
Excuse us, Deputy.

Mulder walks Scully aside. We FOLLOW, a bit more in-their-face now, eager to hear what Mulder is theorizing. For their part, Mulder and even Scully are distracted enough by the case at hand that they hardly seem to notice us.

MULDER

Scully, we came on this case looking for a werewolf, right?

SCULLY

You did. That's correct.

MULDER

Hyman Escalara claimed a werewolf attacked him. The type of wounds he sustained seemed to bear that out.

(Scully nods)

Wetzel there sees a "Wasp Man," with stingers for teeth. it left a bite mark on him you say is irrefutably insect-like.

SCULLY

Mulder...

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

MULDER

(pressing on)

Another eyewitness claimed she saw Freddy Krueger. The five parallel slashes on her front door, the matching slash wounds on the sketch artist... that does clearly point to Freddy Krueger, right?

SCULLY

And Chantara Gomez claimed the sketch artist was attacked by her deceased boyfriend. Which tells me we're dealing with four unreliable witnesses.

Mulder shakes his head.

MULDER

Chantara was deathly afraid of her boyfriend. She didn't know he'd OD'd. She feared he would come get her, break her neck.

(beat)

It looks to me like that's precisely what happened.

SCULLY

You're saying Chuco Munoz came back from the dead?

MULDER

No. But I am saying she truly did see him -- just as the others saw their werewolf, their Wasp Man, all of it. All things they were afraid of.

(off her confusion)

Scully, what if we're dealing with one creature, one entity, which, when it attacks, appears to you as your worst nightmare?

Scully considers this. Mulder builds on it.

MULDER

Fear. Maybe that's what this thing feeds on.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED: (4)

27

SCULLY

For the sake of argument,
Mulder... how would you catch
something like that?

MULDER

By figuring out how it chooses
its prey.

(thinks about it)

It almost seems to travel like a
contagion. One person's fear
spreads to the next. There's a
definite chain of victims.

(counts them off)

Tonight it went from Mrs.
Guerrero to Deputy Wetzel and
the sketch artist... from the
sketch artist to Chantara
Gomez...

SCULLY

And from Chantara Gomez back to
Wetzel.

(realizes)

Except you're forgetting
someone.

MULDER

Who?

SCULLY

Steve and Edy. They were part of
that chain, as well.

(off his look)

Going by your theory, wouldn't
the be attacked?

Off Mulder, wondering this himself:

CUT TO:

28 INT. N.D. SEDAN - NIGHT - DRIVING

28

We're looking out the rear side window as Steve and Edy's
familiar house slides into view. We roll to a stop at the curb.

We PAN to Mulder and Scully in the front seat of the car as they
open their doors and climb out. We get out, too.

29 EXT. STEVE & EDY'S - CONTINUOUS

29

We're here alone with Mulder and Scully as they stare up at the house -- no Sheriff's Department people are present. Cognizant of the camera focused on him, Mulder takes it upon himself to do a bit of "Cops" style narration (without actually looking at us).

MULDER

So, we're back at the home of Steve and Edy. We need to check on them, as they seem to fit our victim profile.

SCULLY

(confused)

I'm sorry, are you talking to me?

Mulder thumbs back at us, the camera. Scully can't wait until this freaking camera crew goes away.

A muffled CRASH and a SCREAM turn their attention -- it's coming from Steve and Edy's. Oh, damn. Mulder and Scully draw their guns and race up the steps. Mulder checks the knob, rares back and KICKS the door in.

30 INT. STEVE & EDY'S - CONTINUOUS

30

We dash through this dark, maze-like house, sidestepping tall stacks of old newspapers and such -- Steve and Edy are a couple of pack rats, apparently. We hear a louder SCREAM. Edy.

We burst into the kitchen. Looking past Mulder and Scully, we find the refrigerator open, and a couple of jars of CONDIMENTS shattered against the wall and on the floor. Steve and Edy stand frozen, shocked to see us. Edy holds a jar of pickles over her head that she was just about to chuck at Steve.

STEVE

Now, what the hell is this? --

CUT TO:

31 INT. STEVE & EDY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

31

Steve sits on the sofa nursing his hand, which is BLEEDING slightly -- the result of his and Edy's food fight.

SCULLY (O.S.)

You alright?

STEVE

I'm alright...

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED:

31

EDY (O.S.)
Somebody ask if I'm alright!

We ZOOM OUT to include Edy, who sits on the other end of the sofa. She dabs her eyes with a Kleenex, tearing up.

EDY
I'm the victim! I'm the victim
here! He don't treat me right!
(to Steve)
You better appreciate me! I'll
walk out that door!

We PAN to Mulder and Scully, standing over the couple.

MULDER
We're not really here to talk
about your personal, uh...

EDY
He treats my Mama with
disrespect, he treats me with
disrespect --

STEVE
Aw, shut up. Damn broken record.

EDY
See?! You! You shut up!
(to Mulder)
He won't make love to me!

We PAN to Mulder, who stares at them utterly deadpan. Blinks.

MULDER
Uh...

SCULLY
(gently steps in)
Steve? Edy? We are here because
we're concerned your lives may
be in danger.

This quiets Edy. She and Steve look to one another.

STEVE
How's that?

SCULLY
You witnessed a violent attack
this evening, across the street.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

STEVE

So you say. All I saw was a rolled-up little white boy.

MULDER

Take our word for it. Because of your proximity to that attack, we believe you both may be targeted, as well.

EDY

Why? Because we called the police?

MULDER

No, not exactly. It's a little difficult to explain. But I think the key to this is to stay calm. Unemotional. Keep the heart rate down, keep the adrenalin low... Calm.

Steve looks askance at Mulder.

STEVE

Good luck.

(indicating Edy)

You know who you talking to, right?

Edy SMACKS him hard on the arm, then starts to cry again. Mulder looks to Scully, concerned.

MULDER

I'm thinking we should stay awhile.

Scully gives a nod. Off them:

CUT TO:

32 EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY - NIGHT

32

Another shot of the FULL MOON. Some wispy clouds scud across it.
LEGEND: 1:32 AM.

33 INT. STEVE & EDY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

33

We're not sure exactly how much later it is now -- maybe an hour. We're WIDE on the room. Steve and Edy remain where we left them on the sofa. Edy fidgets with her hands.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED:

33

Scully sits in a chair, staring off into space. Near her sits the SOUND RECORDIST. His Nagra hangs around his neck. He leans his head sleepily against his mike boom.

We stare at this motionless tableau for a beat or two. The silence is broken by an o.s. TOILET FLUSH, after which Mulder wanders into frame. Our view of the room goes a little WONKY -- we realize it's our cameraman putting the CAMCORDER back on his shoulder now that Mulder has returned from the bathroom.

Mulder peers out the window. Steve stirs.

STEVE

Mr. Mulder? Uh, lookit here...
I gotta go to bed.

Mulder checks his watch, wondering why the monster hasn't come.

MULDER

Edy, how are you feeling? Are
you still upset?

Edy stares up at Mulder, speaks in a small voice.

EDY

I'm scared.

MULDER

You're scared?

EDY

I'm scared he's gonna leave me.

Edy looks worriedly to Steve, who sighs. A beat. He grudgingly takes Edy's hand and holds it, makes her happy.

SCULLY

(to Mulder)

What if we move them to a hotel
for the night?

STEVE

We don't need no hotel. We lived
in this house seventeen years --
ain't nobody gonna chase us out.

MULDER

You're not afraid?

STEVE

I didn't say that. I said ain't
nobody gonna chase us out.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

Mulder looks to Edy, who nods in agreement. She rolls up her sleeve, shows us a huge, ancient SCAR on her forearm.

EDY

Police dog gimme that in Selma,
Alabama, 1964. All the shit we
lived through the last sixty
years? Nothing they can do to me
that ain't already been done.

Scully looks to Mulder. Neither feels like arguing with that.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. STEVE & EDY'S - NIGHT

34

We're on the porch with Mulder and Scully, descending the steps. Behind them, Steve examines his kicked-in front door.

STEVE

Excuse me, uh... y'all gonna pay
for this, right?

Mulder reluctantly turns around, goes back and settles up with Steve. We stay with Scully as she keeps going, heads for their rental car.

Pulling up to the curb now is a Sheriff's cruiser. Deputy Wetzel climbs out of it, as does a SECOND "COPS" CAMERA CREW a new CAMERAMAN and SOUND RECORDIST. They tape us, too.

Scully isn't happy to see them. She frowns back at us.

SCULLY

Oh, god. More of you.

Wetzel approaches, grim and earnest. What a night he's had.

WETZEL

We any closer to an arrest?

SCULLY

I'm afraid not.

(as Mulder joins them)

What's the plan, Mulder?

For one of the rare times in their history together, Mulder clearly doesn't have one. He shakes his head, downbeat.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED:

34

MULDER

We're only playing catch-up with this thing. It doesn't go where you'd expect.

(checks the sky)

And since these attacks only occur during the full moon, we've got what? Four or five hours until the moon sets and we're out of luck.

Scully thinks about it.

SCULLY

I want to examine Chantara Gomez. There may be something her autopsy can tell us.

Mulder nods.

MULDER

Make it fast.

(to Wetzel)

Whatever it is we're looking for, Deputy you're the only one who's seen it twice. I'm riding with you.

Mulder tosses Scully the rental car keys as he heads toward Wetzel's cruiser. Wetzel hurries after him, as does the SECOND CAMERA CREW. Everyone climbs in.

The cruiser swings a big U-turn and rockets off up the quiet street. Off Scully in f.g., watching it drive away:

CUT TO:

35 INT. LASD CRUISER - NIGHT - DRIVING

35

The Deputy drives. Mulder rides shotgun. After a beat:

WETZEL

Which way should we head?

MULDER

Your guess is as good as mine. Just look for your Wasp Man.

More silence. Wetzel glances to Mulder again.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

35

WETZEL

You really believe me? You really believe I saw what I thought I saw?

MULDER

Yeah. I believe you.

Wetzel studies Mulder, thinks about it.

WETZEL

Why?

MULDER

Why, what? Why do I believe you?

WETZEL

Yeah. What proof do you have that what I'm saying is true? It's not on the videotape.

MULDER

The camera doesn't always tell the whole story.

Wetzel considers that.

WETZEL

What about your partner? Does she believe me, too?

MULDER

(a beat; tactful)

I don't think she thinks you're lying.

WETZEL

But what -- that I'm crazy?

Mulder shrugs, preoccupied with keeping his eyes peeled out the windshield. The Deputy is depressed, not to mention worried.

WETZEL

I've been on the job eighteen months. It's all I ever wanted to do. Right out of the gate, if I get some rep that I'm crazy... you know how cops are. How's someone supposed to live that down?

MULDER

I don't know. Just do good work.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

WETZEL

It's a hard enough job already.
You wanna help people, but it's
like the Wild West out here.
People hate you. Every shift,
you're thinking, "There's
somebody out here who wants to
take me out. Am I gonna run into
them tonight?"

Mulder looks closely at the rookie for a moment, clearly struck
by what he just said. Whatever Mulder is thinking about it,
however, he keeps to himself.

WETZEL

You just can't have a fast-track
career in law enforcement if
everybody thinks you're nuts.

MULDER

(under his breath)
Tell me about it...

Wetzel looks to Mulder. Off the two of them, driving:

CUT TO:

36 EXT. CORONER'S FACILITY -- NIGHT

36

We ESTABLISH what is -- hopefully -- the real L.A. COUNTY
MORGUE, with a LEGEND to match.

37 INT. AUTOPSY BAY -- NIGHT

37

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS fill frame. LEGEND: 2:47 AM. AUTOPSY.
We TILT UP to a CORONER'S ASSISTANT who prepares the tray.
She's high-strung, nervous -- the female equivalent of Ricky the
Sketch Artist. She glances self-consciously at us, the camera.

The Assistant rolls the tray to an exam table, where we find
Scully pulling on gloves. On the table before her lies Chantara
Gomez, nude (for comfort, probably in a flesh-colored body
stocking). The DIGITAL BLURS over her face and body make this
morgue tableau seem all the more real.

Scully wastes no time -- moonlight is burning. She speaks into
the overhead mike of the morgue's recording system.

CONTINUED

SCULLY

Chantara Gomez, Hispanic female,
age 31. Apparent cause of death
is the fracture of...

(feels the neck)

The second and third cervical
vertebrae, resulting in the
severing of the spinal cord and
occlusion of the trachea.
Injuries consistent with choking
or throttling by a pair of
powerful hands.

Scully works in silence for a moment. Behind her, the Assistant
speaks up meekly.

CORONER'S ASSISTANT

People are saying her pimp
killed her from beyond the
grave.

(off Scully's look)

That's the story going around.
It's crazy, huh?

Scully looks vaguely annoyed as she picks up a 35mm camera.

SCULLY

Let's see if we can put that
story to rest.

FLASH... FLASH. Scully moves around the exam table, taking pre-
autopsy photographs of Chantara's body.

CORONER'S ASSISTANT

The other thing I heard was,
uh... something about contagion?
Like, with this body?

SCULLY

That's not accurate. We're
investigating a so-called "chain
of victims," but I seriously
doubt we're looking at any kind
of contagious pathology.

CORONER'S ASSISTANT

Because I mean... if we were, we
should be taking precautions,
right? If the body could be
contagious... we're not even
wearing masks.

Scully sets down her camera, tries to be patient.

CONTINUED

SCULLY

This was clearly a murder. This woman died from a broken neck not the Hanta virus.

CORONER'S ASSISTANT

(alarmed)

Who said anything about the Hanta virus?

SCULLY

Nobody. Figure of speech.

(into mike)

I'm starting with the Y-incision.

Scully goes to work with her scalpel. We keep the yucky stuff below frame -- and if any of it dips in, we DIGITALLY BLUR it out. The Assistant stays in b.g., eases closer.

CORONER'S ASSISTANT

It's just... the reason I ask is, why is it so urgent to autopsy a body at three in the morning? That kind of rush... it's just unheard of.

SCULLY

We're trying to catch a killer.

CORONER'S ASSISTANT

We've got murder victim s stacked three-deep in our freezer. Plus, you've got this camera crew recording everything. Why?

She points at us. Scully is rapidly losing patience -- she stares at us darkly.

SCULLY

Because the FBI has nothing to hide.

(to the woman)

look, there's no ulterior motive here. Are you going to help me with this, please?

CORONER'S ASSISTANT

Yeah. Of course.

Scully nods, goes back to work cutting the chest. The Assistant stands by her, looking unsure. A long beat or two, then...

CONTINUED

CORONER'S ASSISTANT

W-Why did you mention the Hanta virus?

Scully sighs heavily, slaps down her scalpel.

SCULLY

Look --

Immediately, the Coroner's Assistant SNEEZES hard. She SNEEZES again. She slowly draws her hand away from her mouth, reacts with dawning HORROR.

CORONER'S ASSISTANT

Oh my god... Oh god.

SCULLY

What?

The woman just stares at Scully, mute with fear. Then her eyes roll up in her head and she COLLAPSES right out of frame.

Scully is startled. She kneels out of frame to attend to the woman. We quickly round the exam table to get a look.

We ZOOM IN on the unconscious woman's face. Her eyes are rolled up and she's trembling as if she's having a SEIZURE. Her skin is MOTTLED now. She's BLEEDING from her NOSE, MOUTH and EARS.

Scully doesn't know what the hell to make of this. Trying to hold the woman still, she looks up at us wide-eyed.

SCULLY

Call 911. 911! --

Off this, then the "Cops" LOGO:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

38 EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTY -- NIGHT

38

One last act-opener shot. The FULL MOON hangs much lower now.
LEGEND: 4:41 AM.

SCULLY (V.O.)

It's not the Hanta virus.

39 INT. AUTOPSY BAY -- NIGHT

39

We start close on big SMEARS and DROPLETS of BLOOD which dry on the institutional tile floor -- this is the spot where we last saw the unfortunate Coroner's Assistant. FEET stand in b.g.

SCULLY (O.S.)

It looks for all the world like the Hanta virus, but I can promise you, it's not.

We TILT UP to Scully, who's freaked out, but trying to hide it. She stands here with Mulder and Sergeant Guthrie.

The Assistant's body has been taken away, as has Chantara Gomez's. A few shocked MORGUE WORKERS are visible in the hall outside, looking in.

SCULLY

She exhibited every symptom, though: the high fever, seizures, hemorrhaging. Only, they all developed in seconds. Hanta doesn't kill that fast -- no virus in the world does.

MULDER

You say you were talking about Hanta right before she died? Why?

SCULLY

Because she kept bringing it up! It's almost like the power of suggestion -- she said she was afraid of contagion, then all of a sudden...

Scully trails off. indicates the blood on the floor.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED:

39

MULDER

She was afraid.

(off Scully's nod)

Her fear killed her. By the worst means she could imagine.

Scully and the Sergeant both look at Mulder closely.

SGT. GUTHRIE

What do you mean by that?

MULDER

It's the same m.o. The same as the others -- it's what we've been looking for all night. This entity, this force... it vectored off of Chantara Gomez to attack this other woman.

SCULLY

Mulder, I was standing right here when it happened. I didn't see anything. They didn't see anything.

Scully indicates us, the camera.

MULDER

You weren't afraid, Scully.

SCULLY

The hell I wasn't! I didn't know what was going on! I still don't!

MULDER

(shakes his head)

You weren't afraid for your life. I think that's what it comes down to. Mortal fear. Everyone who was attacked tonight felt it intensely. This thing, whatever it is, is attracted by that.

SGT. GUTHRIE

Oh, for chrissake...

CONTINUED

MULDER

No, it makes perfect sense. Earlier, you asked me what this thing would be doing in Willow Park. Where else would it go but a high-crime neighborhood? A place where people live behind barred windows, too scared to go out at night?

SGT. GUTHRIE

It hunts people who are afraid for their lives.

Mulder nods. The dubious Sergeant looks to Scully, gauging her reaction to this. Scully thinks about it. Finally:

SCULLY

Where's Deputy Wetzel?

MULDER

Still on patrol.
(shrug)
We rode around for three hours. Didn't see anything.

SCULLY

Yeah, but you were with him. Backing him up.

Mulder gets her drift. Off his growing concern:

CUT TO:

40 INT. LASD CRUISER - NIGHT

40

We're looking out at the crack house we visited earlier in the evening. It's lit up in the bright, round beam of the cruiser's SPOTLIGHT. The place stands dark and silent, ominous as the house from "The Amityville Horror."

WETZEL (O.S.)

Like I said, I don't know what it is about a full moon...

We ZOOM OUT to include Wetzel, seated behind the wheel of his cruiser and aiming the spotlight at the house. We the camera are in the front seat, shooting past him.

WETZEL

Things definitely get strange.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED:

40

He faces forward, tries to find his courage. He works hard not to show any fear to the camera. We see it anyway.

WETZEL

Checked everywhere else tonight.
Let's check this place again.

Wetzel opens his door and climbs out, slides his baton into its belt loop. We get out our side of the vehicle.

41 EXT. CRACK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

41

We follow the Deputy up the overgrown walk to the busted front door. Wetzel hesitates a moment, then gives it a push with his Mag-Lite. It slowly CRE-EEAKS open.

Nothing but BLACKNESS inside. We enter.

42 INT. CRACK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

42

It's deserted now, silent... but even darker and creepier than it was when we saw it earlier. Wetzel stays a few steps ahead of us, shining his Mag-Lite left and right.

His Mag-Lite BROWNS OUT and DIES. He whacks it against his palm a couple of times, but no dice. All we have left to see by is the light atop the camcorder.

WETZEL

Ah, dammit...

Suddenly, BOOM!-BOOM!-BOOM! A sound like HEAVY FOOTSTEPS from upstairs. Wetzel stares at the ceiling, fumbles for his pistol.

WETZEL

Okay. We're gonna call for some
back-up now.

He's pushing us toward the exit. We don't need to be told twice -- we SPIN and head for the front door. But as we do...

...WHAM! It SLAMS CLOSED by itself!.

CAMERAMAN (O. S.)

Oh, shit --

We RUN to the door -- the CAMERAMANIS HAND comes into frame, yanking on the knob. It won't open.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED:

42

The camerawork gets extremely sloppy now, raw panic not being conducive to good framing. We catch short glimpses of things: our own feet, the frightened SOUND RECORDIST, the Deputy trying to muscle open the door.

BOOM!-BOOM!-BOOOM! Louder FOOTSTEPS. We WHIP-PAN left and right. Whatever it is that's coming for us, we don't see it. The o.s. Cameraman seems to, however.

CAMERAMAN

Oh, god. No. NO! --

Bam! -- something unseen JARS US. Our view of the place turns sideways, hits the floor HARD. Our Cameraman has dropped his camera. Off a burst of STATIC:

CUT TO:

43 INT. N.D. SEDAN - NIGHT - DRIVING

43

TIGHT on the driver's side MIRROR, where we see a couple of Sheriff's cars speeding along behind us. We ZOOM OUT to reveal we're riding in the lead car, sitting behind Mulder and Scully.

Mulder drives through this low-rent neighborhood as fast as we can safely manage.

SCULLY

There's his car --

Up ahead, we see Deputy Wetzel's cruiser, parked where he left it. We screech up to a stop behind it, jump out.

44 EXT. CRACK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

44

We TEAR-ASS after Mulder and Scully, bouncing wildly along behind them a-s they run to the front door. The door is shut tight. Mulder tries the knob -- it won't budge.

MULDER

WETZEL?

No answer. Scully calls to the arriving Sergeant and Deputies.

SCULLY

Bring the battering ram!

They hop to it. Mulder motions toward the side of the house.

MULDER

Scully, around back.

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED:

44

Mulder leads the way around the corner and down the side of the house, Scully right behind him -- we FOLLOW. The agents step quickly but lightly, try to peer into every window they pass.

Scully draws her pistol. Mulder glances back at her. Sotto:

MULDER

That's not gonna do you any good.

Scully considers, figures it won't hurt any, either -- she keeps her gun in-hand. We round to the back yard.

45 EXT. CRACK HOUSE BACK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

45

Mulder peeks in a rear window, then quietly tries the knob of the back door. It opens. He pushes it with a slow CRE-EEAAK.

Mulder glances at us. He clicks on his little flashlight, as does Scully. They enter. We hang back a little, then follow them inside.

46 INT. CRACK HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

46

We pass through the old kitchen, Mulder and Scully shining their flashlights around the place -- as before with the Deputy, we don't see anything other than what we light up ourselves.

BOOM! Mulder and Scully freeze, their expressions clearly saying "what the hell was that?" Another BOOM! Scully realizes, relaxes a little.

SCULLY

Battering ram --

BOOM! BOOM! Mulder looks to her.

MULDER

So why aren't they in yet?

Good question. Suddenly -- SLAM! Right behind us. We WHIP AROUND to see the back door, SHUT TIGHT behind us.

We find Mulder and Scully again. They glance at each other nervously.

SCULLY

Wind..?

MULDER

Yeah. Right.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED:

46

Scully sees something now -- stares at something offscreen.

SCULLY
Mulder..?

He follows her gaze, sees what she's looking at. He shines his flashlight, edges out of the kitchen. Scully follows.

We're right over their shoulders, creeping along close behind them. Up ahead, we see a closed closet door -- it is RATTLING slightly.

We CREEP IN on the knob. It's almost like it is TREMBLING. Mulder and Scully are right on top of it now. They look to one another for a long beat -- we hold the moment until the tension is practically killing us.

Scully raises her pistol by her head -- not taking aim, but nonetheless ready. Mulder holds his breath, slowly reaches his fingers for the knob. He takes hold of it gently, then tighter. The RATTLING ceases.

One ... two ... three! Mulder YANKS OPEN the closet. Instant SCREAMING scares the PISS out of us!

The CAMERAMAN and SOUND RECORDIST -- the ones who accompanied Wetzel -- are huddled together on the floor of the tiny closet SCARED out of their MINDS. The Sound Recordist JABS AT US with his microphone boom. The blimped mike bumps our lens.

Just as quickly, Scully SLAMS the closet SHUT. Silence. As she tries to catch her breath and get her heart rate back to normal, she glares past us at our own o.s. camera crew.

SCULLY
I hate you people.

Mulder raps on the closet door.

MULDER
Where's Deputy Wetzel? --

CAMERAMAN (MUFFLED O.S.)
We don't know! There's
something out there!

BOOM! BOOM! More pounding from the battering ram, heard at the back of the house now. Mulder calls through the closet door.

MULDER
Stay where you are.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

CAMERAMAN (MUFFLED O.S.)

Fuck, yeah!

We can hear the Sergeant now, yelling from outside as they try to get into the house -- they're having no luck with the battering ram, though they keep BANGING AWAY.

SGT. GUTHRIE (MUFFLED O. S.)

Agent Mulder?! Agent Scully?!

Mulder ignores this, keeps looking around the place.

He moves further into the house now, toward the front. He stops short. He's staring down at the floor.

MULDER

Scully --

She comes over to look. We ZOOM IN to see a thin trail of WET BLOOD, PAN with it as it leads up the stairs. Not good.

SCULLY

DEPUTY WETZEL?

Still no answer. Scully and Mulder cautiously mount the CREAKY steps. We tentatively follow. Without a cut...

47 INT. CRACK HOUSE UPSTAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

47

...They and we follow the trail of blood to where it ends underneath a closed bedroom door.

MULDER

Wetzel? --

We hear a weak VOICE from the other side of the door.

WETZEL (MUFFLED O.S.)

Help me...

Mulder twists the knob, pushes open the door -- just as quickly, it violently SLAMS SHUT again, shoving Mulder back into the hall.

We the camera BACK OFF from this scene like we're about to turn and run. Mulder sees this, points at us.

MULDER

You. Don't you move.

(through the door)

Wetzel! What's happening?

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED:

47

WETZEL (MUFFLED O.S.)
The Wasp Man! It's in here With
me! It's gonna kill me!

Mulder SLAMS his shoulder against the door once, twice. Uh-uh.

SCULLY
Don't panic, Deputy! We'll get
to you!

Mulder tries KICKING it in. He gives a shake of his head -- it
won't budge.

MULDER
Wetzel? Don't be afraid! That's
what it wants! You hear me?!

We hear BANGING from inside now. The closed door WHAMS like
something huge just hit it. Mulder yells over the din.

MULDER
It can't hurt you! You're a
goddam Sheriff's Deputy! And
you're on national TV! So cowboy
up! -

Scully glances to Mulder -- "what the hell does that mean?" He
gives a shrug, not sure himself.

SCULLY
Don't be afraid!

One last, smaller BANG, then SILENCE. Mulder and Scully listen
intently at the door. After a beat, Mulder tries the knob again.

The door CRE-EEAKS OPEN. Mulder and Scully rush inside. We wait
out here down the hallway from the door, afraid to follow. As
such, we can't see into the room.

After a beat of this, wondering what's happening...

SCULLY (O.S.)
He's alive, Mulder.

We scoot down the hall and into the bedroom. Without a cut...

48 INT. CRACK HOUSE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

48

... We're inside the room. We PAN it WIDE. There's nothing to
see in here -- just another nasty, empty room in what was
formerly a crack house.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED:

48

Wetzel lies in a corner, bleeding from his arm -- enough of a wound to leave the trail of blood, but not life-threatening.

He opens his eyes, stares up at Mulder and Scully. He's going into shock, but he'll live. Scully looks around the room, as surprised as we are to see no sign of a monster.

BOOM! -- from downstairs, we hear the front door get BATTERED IN by the Deputies outside. Scully yells to them.

SCULLY
UP HERE!

We hear the sound of a dozen feet pounding up the stairs, coming closer. Sergeant Guthrie and her Deputies enter the room, guns drawn. They look around the place.

SGT. GUTHRIE
What happened?

Scully looks to the woman, not ready to say. The Sergeant holsters her pistol and comes over to check on Wetzel.

Mulder realizes something. He rises, moves to a boarded-up window. He peers out through the slats.

MULDER
Sun just came up.

He states this as if it is meaningful. He looks to Scully. We PAN off him to the window... catch the faint ROSE-COLORED LIGHT seeping in through the tight slats. Off this:

CUT TO:

49 EXT. CRACK HOUSE - DAWN

49

The sun is rising in b.g. In f.g., in silhouette for a moment, is Wetzel. He's strapped to a gurney, being rolled slow and careful toward a waiting ambulance. He's in a neck brace, as they're taking no chances. His eyes are open, tracking impassively with us, the camera, as he gets rolled past.

SCULLY (O.S.)
So did the Deputy stop it,
whatever it was?

We PAN to find Mulder and Scully standing nearby, watching Wetzel go. The Sergeant and other Deputies are visible in b.g.

Mulder considers the question, stares at the ground.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED:

49

MULDER

Or, did it just go away until
the next full moon?

(beat)

I don't know. You gotta figure
there's enough fear in the
world. If it doesn't come back
in Willow Park... maybe
somewhere else.

Scully thinks about this for a moment. Gently:

SCULLY

You didn't get the proof you
wanted.

Mulder shrugs, looks right at us.

MULDER

Hey. Depends on how they edit it
together...

Scully looks right at us, too. One last time, we go to the
flashing "Cops" LOGO. In VOICEOVER:

SCULLY (V.O.)

This is going to be a hard one
to write up.

We CUT to our EXECUTIVE PRODUCER CREDIT as we hear the familiar
"132 and Bush, we've got them at gunpoint" V.O. that signals the
end of a "Cops" episode. As the "Bad Boys" instrumental theme
begins over our END CREDITS...

THE END