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TEASER

OVER BLACK

The sound of DOGS BARKING -- not the casual barking of neighborhood dogs, but the intense, angry sound of a life or death situation. We do not FADE IN, but --

CUT TO:

INT. MC GINNIS RESEARCH LABORATORY - KENNEL - NIGHT

A score of DOGS make sheer pandemonium out of this small lab. Barking, pawing at their cages -- these are not happy dogs. What they are, however, is nearly identical: all of them Labrador Retrievers, all of them barely more than puppies.

A legend appears ONSCREEN: MCGINNIS RESEARCH LABORATORY, AUGUST 12, 1992.

A man in a lab coat ENTERS FRAME, and now we see the cause of the commotion. The man (DR. BREWINGTON, 30s) holds a 9MM pistol, which he now raises at the first of the Labradors.

The dog, seemingly recognizing the deadliness of the weapon, races vainly around its cage, desperately trying to get away from Brewington's aim.

BREWINGTON

Don't worry, boy. It'll all be over in a minute.

BAM! One shot from Brewington and the dog falls dead. The killing galvanizes the dogs, who renew their clamor, as Brewington moves down the line of cages. BAM! Another dog falls. BAM! Another.

Brewington stops at a cage labeled "Galileo," peers in at one of the few dogs that isn't barking. Galileo the Dog stares up at Brewington with sad, surprisingly understanding eyes.

BREWINGTON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

Galileo simply looks at the doctor stolidly, as Brewington squeezes the trigger and puts Galileo down.

As Brewington moves down the cages, the door to the lab opens, admitting the stridor of animal cries from the adjacent lab as DR. SHELLEY GODWIN, 50s, enters the kennel.

GODWIN

Hurry up, Billy. We gotta go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BREWINGTON
 (snapping)
 I'm going as fast as I can.

Godwin recognizes the bitterness in her colleague's voice as the remorse it is.

GODWIN
 Billy... this isn't what any of us
 wanted.

Brewington nods, he knows. Godwin puts her hand on his shoulder, trying to comfort him. Then, not unkindly --

GODWIN (CONT'D)
 Finish up.

As Brewington turns back to his work, Godwin moves to a file cabinet and retrieves a stack of files. BAM! Another gunshot; another dog stops barking.

Godwin fishes a lighter out of her pocket, lights a file... uses it to ignite another file... and another.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAB KENNEL - NIGHT

The lab burns in the middle of an open clearing. A dozen doctors -- Godwin and Brewington among them -- watch as their work goes up in flames.

Although this is their own handiwork, the sadness on each of their faces is evident.

GODWIN AND BREWINGTON

Hold their emotions in check. CAMERA HOLDS on them briefly, the orange light flickering on their faces, then PANS UP into the sky, the night oblivious the turmoil underneath.

For a moment we remain with the peaceful stars, then the CAMERA SLOWLY PANS BACK DOWN, and we are:

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Establishing a beautiful country cabin, a summer home right out of Gulf & Stream.

LEGEND: MILL CREEK, WEST VIRGINIA - PRESENT DAY.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Inside the cabin, Billy Brewington adds wood to the small fire burning in the fireplace. Brewington looks much like when we last saw him; the years have been good to him, as evidenced by the posh cabin.

Brewington tops off his glass of Glenlivet and moves to the open laptop on the dining room table. He sets his drink by the computer... when a quiet RAPPING comes from the door.

Brewington looks up, surprised... he's not expecting company.

BREWINGTON
(calling out)
Who is it?

Brewington rises, moves to the door, calling out louder --

BREWINGTON (CONT'D)
Who is it?

Silence for another moment... then again the quiet RAPPING. Brewington reaches the door, a bit spooked by this uninvited visitor. He picks up a hunting rifle from behind the door and tries once more --

BREWINGTON (CONT'D)
Who's there?

From the other side of the door, Brewington hears a WHISPER, scratchy and faint but clearly there. Rifle at his side, he nervously cracks open the door, leaving the chain latch thrown.

BREWINGTON'S POV - THROUGH THE CRACK IN THE DOOR

In the woods, he sees no sign of anyone or anything. Only the sound of crickets. Until --

A parched, faltering voice -- a voice we will come to know as CRONUS -- cuts through the silence with a broken word.

CRONUS
Brew... ing... ton...

BREWINGTON

Undoes the chain latch and opens the door to have a better look out into the woods.

BREWINGTON
Who's there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRONUS

Me...

Trying to pinpoint the source of the voice, Brewington steps out onto the porch. He squints in the darkness, can't see much. Finally, he sees something... and his eyes go WIDE.

He raises the rifle... too late. His shot goes wild as a dark BLUR flies PAST CAMERA, tackling Brewington back into --

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA FLOATS through the cabin, lazily taking in its quaint charm... as the spasmodic dancing of shadows hints at the violence o.s.

Brewington's SCREAM is cut off by a series of quick, brutal sounds: the wet, ripping gargle of his throat being torn open... the snapping of bones cracking... and finally the pulpy splat of his brutalized body falling to the ground.

CAMERA CONTINUES its lazy survey of the cabin... now finding blood on the walls and floor.

All is quiet.

Suddenly, A FLARE OF LIGHT... and flames erupt in the cabin. The same DARK BLUR we saw before once again FLIES PAST CAMERA.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Growing flames start engulfing the cabin -- an eerie reprise of the lab fire years earlier.

Once again, the CAMERA PANS UP towards the sky... and, as the fire reaches up, higher and higher...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

MULDER and SCULLY ride in a rental sedan, Mulder at the wheel. Scully looks through a file on her lap, skimming through reports and photographs pertaining to --

MULDER
Dr. William Brewington. Billy Brew
to his friends. MD-PhD,
endocrinologist-entrepreneur,
original recipe --

Scully flips to one last picture.

CLOSE - THE PICTURE

Which features Brewington's charred body in not-too-shocking black and white.

MULDER
-- and extra crispy.

RESUME

SCULLY
What happened to him?

MULDER
Mill Creek Fire Department
responded to an automated alarm
called in by Brewington's security
system. By the time they got
there, what you see is all that was
left of him.

SCULLY
(re: her file)
Site examiner lists the cause of
death as massive blood loss. He
didn't die in the fire?

MULDER
Apparently, his throat was slashed
before the fire started.

Scully looks up to Mulder, still trying to figure out their involvement --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY

So, he was murdered. The killer burnt the cabin to contaminate the scene and cover his tracks. It happens all the time -- what's your interest?

MULDER

The killer. Typically, a human being, right? Except, from all appearances, Brewington was killed in an animal attack.

SCULLY

(incredulous)

You don't think an animal started a fire to cover its tracks?

MULDER

In 1992, three teenagers hiking in the Fenwick Mountains outside Clarksburg just... disappeared. They were found five days later, ripped to pieces. Burnt in a funeral pyre.

SCULLY

Mulder, most animals are afraid of fire, they don't start them -- certainly not with any forethought or malice.

MULDER

That's the general consensus. But you know me and the general consensus.

SCULLY

Did you ever consider that those hikers might have been killed by a wild animal and burnt by a person -- by someone who just found the bodies?

MULDER

Someone carried three bloodied, mutilated bodies to a funeral pyre? As, what, part of the Keep Your Parks Clean project?

Scully reacts -- if he puts it that way...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MULDER (CONT'D)

The Clarksburg PD closed the case before I got there. Filed it as an animal attack. I kept it in the X-Files under "way too easy."

Off Scully, Shanghaied again --

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY - CLOSE ON A BLACKENED WALL

Where a V-shaped, funneling black smudge stands out on the cabin wall.

LEMCKE (O.S.)

This is where it started.

WIDER

Mulder and Scully walk with DETECTIVE MARA LEMCKE -- 30s, a smart, no-bull Southerner -- in the black mass of soot and cinders that was Brewington's cabin.

LEMCKE (CONT'D)

(indicates other V-shaped marks)

Here, here, and here. You can see at least three points of origin from the V-patterns.

Lemcke walks Mulder and Scully through the cabin, where a handful of ARSON TECHS work the scene, collecting samples.

LEMCKE (CONT'D)

Whoever started this fire wasn't too careful about how he did it.

SCULLY

But you don't think the arsonist was human.

Mulder moves to the cabin door -- where Brewington's rifle lies -- and examines the doorjamb.

LEMCKE

You should've seen what was left of him. His throat was ripped out, his chest was one big tear. No human being could've done that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY
(not confrontational)
Depends on how determined a human
being.

MULDER
Scully, check this out.

Mulder pulls a blackened bullet from the charred doorjamb. He holds it up for Scully and Lemcke to see. Already formulating a theory, Mulder poses the rhetorical question --

MULDER (CONT'D)
What surprises an armed man so
badly that he shoots his own door?

SCULLY
Off hand, I'd say someone trying to
kill him.

Mulder indicates the intact chain latch --

MULDER
You wouldn't open the door for
someone trying to kill you.

Mulder continues, piecing it together as he goes --

MULDER (CONT'D)
Brewington was a good two steps
outside the cabin when he fired.
Why would he come outside carrying
a gun -- unless he was looking for
something... something he heard...

SCULLY
And you think the Something came
out of the woods and killed him.

MULDER
Fast enough to get to him before he
could react.

Scully knows where Mulder is going, anticipates what's next --

SCULLY
Something not human.

MULDER
You know any humans faster than a
speeding bullet?

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

More TECHS work the outside of the scene, some of them now ushering ARSON DOGS into the cabin.

Mulder crouches on the fringe of the burn radius, examining what appears to be a pair of footprints in the muddy ground. Scully approaches --

SCULLY

Tire tracks in the driveway are all accounted for. They're either Brewington's or the fire engines.

Mulder indicates the footprints, which are little more than holes in the mud -- no details at all.

MULDER

He came through the woods, Scully. The fire hoses washed out the details, but these prints lead to and from the cabin.

SCULLY

(pointed)
They're big enough to be human.

MULDER

(intentionally missing the point)
That they are.

Mulder moves alongside the prints, following them deeper into the woods. Scully follows, also tracking the prints as she goes --

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Mulder and Scully still follow the prints, now a few hundred yards into the woods near a rough stone outcropping. Mulder stops near a print, bends down to examine it --

MULDER

This should be enough for a cast.

Scully moves to the stone face, paces along its base as Mulder marks his spot with an evidence flag. After a beat --

SCULLY

Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Scully motions to a cave-like indentation in the stone. Mulder moves closer, examines a rough patch of twigs and leaves at the mouth of the would-be cave.

MULDER
Looks like some sort of bedding.

SCULLY
Oh my God... Mulder...

Mulder sees Scully examining something in the nearby brush, trots over to her, looks down at --

A MUTILATED ANIMAL BODY

The brush discreetly covers the graphic details, but we see enough: a gruesomely butchered DEER lies on the ground, flies buzzing all around, its head a bloody tangle of tissue and fur.

MULDER AND SCULLY

Mulder looks to Scully --

MULDER
All of the sudden, I have an
incredible craving for Steak
Tartare.

Off Scully's revulsion --

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOPSY BAY - DAY

Scully drapes a sheet over the post-autopsy deer carcass. As she removes her gloves and gown, the NERDY CORONER -- who has been standing back observing -- moves up, making small talk.

He's trying hard to be charming and funny --

CORONER
So... what do y'all do in DC after
an exciting deer autopsy?

SCULLY
(affable enough)
That's usually about all the
excitement I can take.

CORONER
(hesitant)
Listen...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORONER (CONT'D)

there's this great happy hour down
at Charlie's --

(fast, going for it)

-- you wanna come? Someone little
as you can probably get tanked for,
like, five bucks.

He wants the words back as soon as he says them. Scully has
no idea how to respond. Thankfully, Mulder enters and
deflates the awkwardness. As he moves towards Scully --

MULDER

So... did you figure out what
killed Bambi?

The Coroner slinks out of the room...

SCULLY

Looks like nothing more than his
place in the food chain. The
costal musculature was torn by
sharp teeth -- I'd guess a mountain
lion or some other local predator.

MULDER

Anything unusual at all?

SCULLY

The initial trauma was to the head,
which is strange -- most predators
attack the neck or legs. This one
seems to have cracked the skull
first.

Mulder pauses for a moment, an idea starting to gel. Then --

MULDER

It's the same killer, Scully.
Violent enough for this kind of
brutality, but smart enough to
strike the head first and to start
a fire.

SCULLY

Mulder, Brewington's body was
almost completely incinerated...
for all we know his injuries could
have been inflicted with a kitchen
knife.

MULDER

Well, whoever used that knife left
some pretty unusual footprints.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mulder produces a manila envelope and slips a photograph out. He hands it to Scully.

THE PHOTOGRAPH

Shows a plaster cast of a footprint. The cast consists only of the front half of a foot, as if left by someone on tip-toes. It looks vaguely human, but with only four widely spread toes.

RESUME

SCULLY

Could be some sort of human genetic deformity... something along the lines of equinovarus.

MULDER

Looks a little like that hominid fossil at the Smithsonian.

Scully nods, it kind of does... until she realizes that Mulder is going somewhere with that last statement --

SCULLY

Mulder --

MULDER

What do you know about the Wistar Group, Scully?

SCULLY

Just that they're a bunch of bitter old scientists who refuse to accept Darwin's theories of evolution.

MULDER

Because they think the "missing links" we've found aren't the ancestors of human beings, but members of a different species altogether. Species that may still exist in remote locations.

SCULLY

Mulder, don't tell me you think we're looking for Lucy the australopithecus.

MULDER

I think what we're looking for is closer to australopithecus than to you or me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mulder continues, in full theory mode --

MULDER (CONT'D)

Brewington built his cabin two months ago on an isolated piece of land; what if he was encroaching on someone else's turf? Someone territorial, with reason for going medieval... or primeval... on him?

SCULLY

Mulder, we have a footprint contaminated by a dozen firefighters and a couple of minor oddities in an arson case. This isn't an X-File.

MULDER

Something killed Billy Brewington, Scully. Someone or something lured him outside, killed him and burnt down his cabin.

(beat, smart-ass)

So unless you're still fielding offers to get tanked... we still have a killer to catch.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN MANSION - NIGHT

A Taxi pulls up to the curb and ANNIE, a pretty 19-year old, steps out with a suitcase in each hand.

INT. SUBURBAN MANSION - NIGHT

Annie lets herself in, visibly glad to be home, sets her suitcases down by the door and calls out --

ANNIE

Daddy?

In the distance, we can hear a PIANO -- single notes playing slowly and clumsily, like a really bad player or a child trying to learn a first song. Annie hears them, knows where to find her dad.

Keys in hand, Annie moves into the house. As the stilted PIANO PLAYING continues, Annie moves past the stairs into --

A LARGE HALLWAY

The hallway leads towards the sound of the music, which is painfully bad, especially to Annie's ear --

ANNIE
 (joking, hands to her
 ears)
 Oh, God... just kill me already!

She turns a corner, stops short when she sees --

ANNIE'S POV - DOWN ANOTHER HALLWAY

This hallway leads into the study, which we can't see quite yet. Smashed picture frames lie on the hardwood floor. It's hard to tell in the dimness of the hallway, but it looks like some of them are tacky with blood.

The PIANO keeps plinking noisily.

ANNIE

Reacting to the sight of blood... scared now... not even noticing as her keychain slips from her hand and falls to the floor in a jangling CRASH.

The piano playing STOPS abruptly.

NEW ANGLE

ANNIE
 (scared)
 Daddy?

After a SILENT beat --

CRONUS (O.S.)
 Daddy...

Annie reacts to the hoarse voice, petrified. She takes a step back... when the sound of a CRASHING LAMP from the study plunges her into almost total darkness.

She stands there... blind and terrified... when a flickering orange light starts to play across her face. Then --

A smoke detector BLARES, making Annie jump out of her skin. The fright is doubled by the FIRE SPRINKLERS going off. Annie sees the flames starting to come from the study... sees the shadow of something moving inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before she can turn to run, the dark figure of Cronus appears in the doorway. Between the darkness of the hallway and the backlight of the fire, his features are impossible to see.

Annie turns to run -- and the blur that is Cronus comes shooting out of the study, headed straight for her.

Off Annie's SCREAM --

CUT TO:

AN AMBULANCE

Siren wailing, the ambulance pulls in behind a handful of squad cars already parked out in front of:

EXT. SUBURBAN MANSION - NIGHT

Mulder and Scully move up the walkway to the house as Detective Lemcke exits. She sees them, meets them halfway, cuts to the chase --

LEMCKE

Victim's name is Peter Van Wieren --
Doctor Peter Van Wieren. Same M.O.
as Brewington. Fire sprinklers put
out the fire before it got a chance
to get going.

SCULLY

Is the body intact?

LEMCKE

If you can call it that.

A pair of EMTs lift a stretcher out of the house and down the walkway. The agents sidle up to the stretcher, wanting a look at Van Wieren, but Lemcke corrects their assumption --

LEMCKE (CONT'D)

(re: the stretcher)

Van Wieren's daughter walked in
while the killer was still in the
house.

The EMTs pull the stretcher past the trio, and the agents get a look at Annie -- alive and unharmed on the stretcher, but still in shock from her ordeal.

LEMCKE (CONT'D)

He ran right past her... didn't
even bump her on his way out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULDER

Did she get a look at him?

LEMCKE

Not a good one, but yeah. Said he looked like a man... just not quite like a man.

Mulder and Scully exchange a look, which doesn't go unnoticed by Lemcke.

LEMCKE (CONT'D)

Sounds like our boy, right? Here's the kicker: she swears she heard him playing the piano.

CUT TO:

A BABY GRAND PIANO

A satin-finished Steinway sits in a corner, dull red smears staining the usually pristine black & white. A fingerprint brush ENTERS FRAME, dusting the bloody prints. We WIDEN to:

INT. SUBURBAN MANSION - STUDY - NIGHT

A team of crime scene TECHS works the room, the flash-and-whine of a SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER's camera occasionally cutting through the business-like silence.

Mulder, Scully and Lemcke enter. Lemcke moves straight to the TECH TEAM SUPERVISOR.

LEMCKE

Anything yet?

TEAM SUPERVISOR

The place is a mess... it'll be awhile before we can figure out what's what. We found this under the victim's fingernails --

The Supervisor holds up a Ziploc baggie containing a few strands of thick, blood-stained hairs.

TEAM SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

We're sending everything to the lab first thing.

LEMCKE

(re: the baggie)

Send that now. Tell them to pull an all-nighter if they have to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mulder steps in --

MULDER

We're gonna need a PCR test... and a YAC map if you've got the equipment.

TEAM SUPERVISOR

That might take a while.

LEMCKE

They should get started, then.

The Supervisor nods, moves off to pass on Lemcke's orders to another Tech.

As the Techs confer in the b.g., Mulder moves to a patch of blood on the floor. A footprint is discernible in the patch: four-toes, widely spread. Mulder looks to Scully --

MULDER

Looks like a match.

SCULLY

I thought our suspect's agenda was purely territorial.

Mulder hesitates, he hadn't thought of that. But he's not about to give up so easily --

MULDER

I'm missing something.

SCULLY

Mulder, we have two doctors killed with the same M.O. The strangeness of the print aside, evidence of a pattern killer supports the fact that we're dealing with a human being.

LEMCKE

With all due respect, Agent Scully... I think you're missing a pretty important piece of evidence.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBURBAN MANSION - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Van Wieren's library; we can still see the study through the door, but the signs of struggle are most evident here. The place is turned upside down, and there is blood everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lemcke lifts a sheet from a covered body, looks up at Mulder and Scully. Even hardened as they are, Mulder and Scully can't help but cringe at --

THE BODY

Black and blue and bloody, the body of Dr. Van Wieren has been shredded. The dozens of slashes on his skin are jagged and rough -- more like claw and teeth marks than knife wounds. Cracked ribs show through the skin.

RESUME

Mulder looks to Scully, not rubbing it in, just hoping she's on his side now --

MULDER

Still think this isn't an X-File?

Off Scully, suddenly not so sure --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Mulder paces outside a squat government building, waiting impatiently. LEGEND: MILL CREEK FORENSICS LABORATORY.

Scully pulls into the parking lot in the rental sedan, parks, and moves to Mulder, who eagerly meets her halfway. As they move to the lab entrance --

MULDER

Preliminary DNA tests are back --
I've been waiting for you, didn't
want to spoil the surprise.

SCULLY

I hate to admit it, Mulder, but I'm
starting to think your theory might
not be so far off.

MULDER

(unsurprised)
Really?

SCULLY

I just got back from Van Wieren's
autopsy. All the obvious signs
point to an animal attack, but
there's bruising on the neck and
torso that could only have been
made by opposable thumbs.

MULDER

Don't envy me, Scully. Being right
all the time can be an incredible
burden.

As they move into --

INT. FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Mulder and Scully confer with VOON, a whiz kid with all the
trappings therein: smart, but a little odd.

VOON

I gotta say, I was pretty pissed at
being dragged out of bed to work
for the feds... but this is like a
Ray Bradbury story or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULDER
Meaning what?

Voon slaps a PCR test (an X-ray-like film) on a lightbox, switches it on.

VOON
Meaning someone's been screwing
around with your subject's DNA.

Mulder pauses, thrown by this information. Scully moves up to read the PCR.

MULDER
We were working under the
assumption that we were dealing
with a genetic throwback -- a
missing link of sorts.

Voon assesses Mulder quickly, without hesitation --

VOON
You're kind of a kook, aren't you?

Before Mulder can react to that --

SCULLY
(re: the PCR)
Mulder, this is amazing. There's
chromosomal doubling in this
diploid set that could never exist
in nature.

MULDER
Can you tell what kind of organism
we're dealing with?

Without waiting for Scully, Voon jumps in --

VOON
The genetic makeup is close to
human, but there's a one-point-two
percent variance -- way too
organized to be a mutation or a
polymorphism.

Scully turns to Voon, fascinated --

SCULLY
Have you been able to map the
aberrant genes far enough to
determine expression?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VOON

Not yet. So far we only know that someone went to a lot of trouble to change our friend here on a genetic level.

MULDER

Change him into what?

VOON

Something... different than what he was born as -- smarter, better.

MULDER

How would they go about doing that?

Voon shakes his head, finally at a loss for something.

VOON

This kind of genetic engineering is delicate work... we're still years away from this kind of technology. Not to mention it's illegal.

(his phone rings)

Excuse me.

As Voon moves off to answer his phone, Mulder turns to Scully. In a quiet, almost conspiratorial tone --

MULDER

We've seen this before, Scully.

Scully assesses Mulder blankly. Then, with realization --

SCULLY

Eve.

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITING INSTITUTE - DAY

A windowless building looms large in the middle of an urban sprawl. LEGEND: WHITING INSTITUTE FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.

INT. WHITING INSTITUTE - DAY

Mulder and Scully empty out their pockets into a plastic container as a large guard by the name of JULIO looks on.

JULIO

Anything that could be used as a weapon. Anything at all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they continue to unload guns, pens, etc. into the container, Julio hands each of them a small pager-like device.

JULIO (CONT'D)
 (re: the device)
 Don't hesitate to use this if you need me. It's a panic button... I'd keep it handy if I were you.

As Julio moves to pat down Mulder --

JULIO (CONT'D)
 Just remember: no direct light, no sudden moves, and no physical contact.

Julio finishes patting down Mulder, moves to pat down Scully. As he completes his check --

JULIO (CONT'D)
 Agent Scully, I'm going to have to ask you to remove your shoes.

SCULLY
 My shoes?

Scully reacts, looks down at her shoes: high heels.

JULIO
 (an explanation)
 The more careful we get, the more creative she gets.

PRELAP the sound of a ringing buzzer, and --

CUT TO:

INT. EVE SIX'S CELL - DAY

The door opens to a dark padded cell. Julio steps in -- past newspaper clippings and snapshots on the walls -- to see EVE SIX, late 40s, an intelligent but psychotic glint in her eye.

JULIO
 You have some visitors, Eve. Behave yourself.

Mulder and Scully enter as Julio exits and leerily closes the door behind them. Eve, wrist restraints chained to her bedframe, addresses the agents with overt familiarity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE SIX

Well, now... agents Barbie and Ken... did you bring me any toys?

SCULLY

We need to ask you some questions. About the eugenics experiments you were involved in.

Eve sits on her bed, pats the mattress with a chained hand.

EVE SIX

(to Mulder)

Come sit.

MULDER

(hedging)

I'm okay, thanks.

Eve looks at Mulder, that wasn't a request --

EVE SIX

Come sit.

Mulder approaches carefully --

EVE SIX (CONT'D)

It's okay, I don't bite. Much.

Mulder sits on the bed and Eve gazes at him, enraptured. Mulder hides his discomfort, notes the clippings on the walls -- hundreds of them, some personal snapshots, mostly newspaper articles on scientific breakthroughs. Lots of men in lab coats standing near expensive equipment. Mulder addresses Eve calmly, quietly --

MULDER

I like your clippings. Some of these look pretty old...

Eve's composure cracks at Mulder's innocuous comment --

EVE SIX

(flaring, loud)

I don't want to talk about that! I thought you had questions.

Scully takes a step towards the two, disarming --

SCULLY

(calmly)

The chromosomal doubling in your genes...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY (CONT'D)

what happened to the doctors who
performed the gene therapy after
the government shut down
Litchfield?

Eve meets Scully's look, smiles wide, finding her words
infinitely amusing for some private reason --

EVE SIX

That's a question. Shut down...
(laughs, sing-song)
To everything there is a season...

JULIO (O.S.)

Everything okay?

Julio looks through the cell's observation window, sees
Mulder sitting next to Eve, quickly lets himself in.

JULIO (CONT'D)

(get up)
Agent Mulder...

EVE SIX

(storm brewing)
He's fine!

Mulder moves to stand, but Eve pulls him back down, casually
vicious and incredibly strong. Mulder's eyes dart about,
Eve's hand on his chest. No room for mistakes here...

Scully takes a step towards them, trying to intervene --

SCULLY

Eve, you don't want to do this --

EVE SIX

You shut up!

Eve clutches Mulder's neck, nails digging into his throat.
Scully sees a drop of blood, and that's all she needs. She
presses her PANIC BUTTON, which blares a loud ALARM.

Eve hears the alarm, looks to Scully with pure hatred --

EVE SIX (CONT'D)

("you fucking bitch!")
You...

Releasing Mulder, Eve lunges at Scully, is yanked back by her
wrist restraints after a few feet. As Mulder gasps for air --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TWO GUARDS burst into the cell and move to restrain Eve, who pounces on them, screaming as they try to get her back to bed.

EVE SIX (CONT'D)

Get away from me you sonofa --

Mulder ducks away from the melee and out of the cell, Scully following --

INT. OUTSIDE EVE SIX'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Eve's screams and the guards' struggles can still be heard. As a pair of nurses carrying loaded syringes run into the cell, Scully moves to check on Mulder --

SCULLY

You okay?

Mulder shakes her off, he's fine. He holds up --

A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO

Taken from the clippings and snapshots on Eve's wall. It features identical nine year old triplets and a 30-something doctor. On the back, a handwritten caption reads "DR. HARLAN PATRICK, EVES FOUR, FIVE AND SIX, 3/22/59."

RESUME

MULDER

You think Eve would mind if I borrowed her family portrait?

Julio emerges from the cell, shaken. Eve's screaming subsides, the sedatives taking hold. Julio turns to Mulder and Scully, more sad than upset.

JULIO

You two okay?

(off their nods --)

Sorry about all that. I know she's a person and all, but sometimes... I just wish they'd put the poor thing out of her misery.

Julio walks off, leaving Mulder and Scully to ponder his parting words.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

A handicap-rigged Winnebago sits amidst dozens of mobile homes, a battery-powered lift currently easing wheelchair-bound HARLAN PATRICK, 70s, down from the trailer.

Patrick's dog (KEPLER) waits patiently as his master descends. The dog looks up as Mulder and Scully approach.

SCULLY
Harlan Patrick?

PATRICK
That's me.

MULDER
(flashing badge)
We're with the FBI, we were hoping to ask you a few questions.

PATRICK
I can assure you I only use the marijuana for medicinal purposes.

SCULLY
We need to talk to you about the Litchfield project.

Patrick shrugs, has no idea what they're talking about --

PATRICK
Okay, talk to me about the Litchfield project.

SCULLY
You were one of the genetic engineers on the Litchfield team, is that right?

PATRICK
(half-laugh)
Genetic engineer? I think you've got me confused with someone else.

Mulder shows Patrick the clipping from Eve's wall --

MULDER
This is you, isn't it? Doctor
Harlan Patrick?

PATRICK
(looks at the picture)
Same name, different guy.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

My name's Harlan Patrick... but I'm
not a doctor. And I sure as hell
never had that much hair.

Patrick smiles at his little joke and wheels away, Kepler at
his side. Mulder looks after him, calls his bluff --

MULDER

We think someone might have started
the project up again.

Patrick stops, looks back at Mulder -- his expression
betraying his lie.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOG PARK - DAY

In the b.g., Kepler plays with other dogs in the park.

Patrick sits on a bench with Mulder and Scully, thumbing
through a file full of pictures. Patrick looks at the
pictures, can't believe the images.

MULDER

He's killed two people in the last
week.

SCULLY

We found a sample at the second
scene... it had the same
chromosomal doubling as the
Litchfield subjects.

Kepler trots up to Patrick, who pats him absent-mindedly,
lost in his guilty reverie.

PATRICK

The kids we created, they were...
horrible. Brilliant... but cruel
for some reason.

(long beat)

They swore it was over...

MULDER

Who swore it was over?

Patrick just stares blankly at the pictures, unable to take
his eyes off the monstrosity. Mulder leans in, quietly --

MULDER (CONT'D)

Dr. Patrick, all the Litchfield
data was destroyed in the 1950s.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULDER (CONT'D)

If you know who could've continued
the work, someone you worked with
on the --

Kepler BARKS at Mulder, interrupting... as if to cut off
anything else that might further disturb his master. After a
beat, Patrick continues, sober --

PATRICK

Everyone who worked on Litchfield
is dead. I was the youngest on the
team.

(re: his wheelchair)

Now look at me.

SCULLY

Sir, you know how this killer
thinks better than anyone...

(beat)

How do we stop him?

PATRICK

You don't. Not unless he wants you
to. If he's anything like the
monsters we created, he doesn't
care about anything... not even
himself... just killing. Over and
over again.

Off Mulder and Scully's rising dread --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MC GINNIS RESEARCH LABORATORY - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Our POV is BLACK & WHITE and blurry -- all WHIP PANS and JUMP
CUTS -- like a child overwhelmed by information overload.

As in the Teaser, the lab is a cacophony of noise: people
shouting, unseen animals barking and shrieking, fire and
smoke licking at the walls and ceiling.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

-A trembling hand raises a gun... hesitates... fires.

-A man in a lab coat unceremoniously shovels a dead dog into
a large industrial incinerator.

-Dr. Shelley Godwin (from the Teaser) crouches before us,
holding out her hand TOWARDS CAMERA --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-An unseen MAN carries a dog in a large travel case. The dog barks and paws at the case, wanting out.

-And, lastly, we see the McGinnis Lab from the outside. Burning. Doctors watching it go down in flames.

HARD CUT TO:

A PAIR OF EYES

As they snap open. Haunted by the dream images. Vaguely human. We WIDEN TO:

EXT. QUIET HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A two-lane country highway stretches as far as the eye can see, not a car or a street lamp in sight.

From an EXTREMELY DISTANT POV, we see Cronus emerge from the neighboring woods and tramp across the highway. Once again, no specific features are discernible -- only Cronus' shadowy figure trudging across the asphalt.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Do you have any idea who did this
to my dad?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Annie Van Wieren sits up in her hospital bed, eyes red from crying. Mulder and Scully sit by her bedside, interviewing her with kid gloves.

SCULLY

We're still working on it.

MULDER

Annie, we need to ask you... did you ever notice anything strange about your dad's work? Any strangers stopping by, calling late at night -- anything at all?

ANNIE

My dad was a veterinarian. The strangest it got was pet pigs.

SCULLY

Did he tend to keep long hours?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNIE

He worked from home... mostly to be close to me, actually. I think he was trying to make up to me for sending me to my grandfolks when I was a kid.

Mulder reacts to this, curious about this last part --

MULDER

He sent you to live with your grandparents?

ANNIE

(nods)

When I was nine, until I was about twelve. After my mom died, my dad just needed some time to get his head together.

Mulder looks to Scully, an unspoken thought sparking.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mulder and Scully walk down the hallway, Mulder rifling through a file. He finds the information he's looking for in the file, hands it to Scully --

MULDER

Van Wieren sent his daughter away in the summer of 89... about a month before Billy Brewington decided to pass on the Rhodes Scholarship he'd been trying to get for three years.

SCULLY

Why would Brewington apply for the program and turn it down? It doesn't make sense.

MULDER

Unless they were severing ties. Unless someone recruited them for a project... on the condition that they cut themselves off from the rest of their lives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY

Mulder, Brewington and Van Wieren's records show that they were both working in the private sector at that time -- in massively divergent fields.

MULDER

Jobs they took in October of '89 and quit in August of '92.

Scully checks the files, looks to Mulder -- that's right.

SCULLY

You think the jobs were a front? A government subsidy?

MULDER

To cover up a genetic experiment that was shut down in 1992 -- about the same time those three hikers were killed in the Fenwick Mountains.

SCULLY

With the exact M.O. as Brewington and Van Wieren.

MULDER

Quite the coincidence, don't you think?

Scully pauses, a missing piece of the puzzle bothering her.

SCULLY

If our killer was part of some genetic experiment... if he was born a killer... what happened after they shut down the project? Why did he wait all these years to kill again?

Mulder shrugs -- that missing piece is bothering him as well.

MULDER

Call Skinner, see if he can help connect the dots between Brewington and Van Wieren. If they were continuing the Litchfield project, there has to be some mention of them at the D.O.D.

Mulder moves off towards the exit --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY
Where are you going?

MULDER
See if I can get myself a pet pig.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN MANSION - NIGHT

Mulder trots up the steps of the mansion, past the yellow Police Line tape and into the house.

INT. SUBURBAN MANSION - VAN WIEREN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A quiet beat, then the office door bursts open as Mulder forces it. Mulder makes a beeline for the computer, boots up.

As he waits, Mulder looks through the drawers, finds nothing of interest. Still waiting, he thumbs through a stack of unopened mail on the desk... stops at a 9" x 12" envelope.

Mulder contemplates the envelope, tempted to open it... he picks up a letter opener... gives in to temptation...

He slides the contents of the envelope onto the desk: a compact disc and a PCR test like the one in the forensics lab. Mulder's phone RINGS; he answers.

MULDER
Mulder.

INTERCUT:

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - DAY

Scully sits in a private office, on her cell phone.

SCULLY
Mulder, it's me.

MULDER
Scully, I just found something very interesting in Van Wieren's mail.

SCULLY
You didn't open his mail, did you?

MULDER
Opening someone else's mail is a federal crime, Scully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Knowing Mulder, Scully considers calling him on the carpet... decides to let it slide.

SCULLY

What did you find?

MULDER

I think it's proof that the project that created our killer never ended. Not even in 1992, like we thought.

Throughout the above, Mulder slips the CD into Van Wieren's CD-ROM drive.

MULDER (CONT'D)

I'm not sure what I have yet, but I'd bet big money that someone's been keeping some sort of lab records on the killer. Any luck with Skinner?

The computer screen prompts Mulder for a password. He tries to circumvent the prompt, gets an "ACCESS DENIED" reply. He ejects the disc, slips it back in the envelope.

SCULLY

We couldn't get access to much, but Van Wieren's name turned up in some low priority records. He filed over a dozen animal requisitions between 1989 and 1992 -- Bonobo monkeys and Labrador retrievers.

MULDER

Makes sense. They probably performed tests on animals before moving on to the human subjects.

SCULLY

They never moved on to humans, Mulder. They never intended to.

MULDER

You lost me, Scully.

SCULLY

I went back to the sample from Van Wieren's house. I won't know for sure until we get a gene expression map... but I think the DNA belongs to a Bonobo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mulder falters, taken aback --

MULDER

How could we miss something like that?

SCULLY

Primate DNA is almost identical to human DNA. It's almost impossible to tell the difference without a detailed genome...

(emphatic beat)

Mulder, they weren't experimenting on humans. They were trying to make the animals human.

Off Mulder's realization...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Mulder and Scully enter the empty lecture hall, approach a WOMAN (DE JESUS) setting up a slide projector.

MULDER
Dr. Godwin?

De Jesus looks up from the projector, shakes her head.

DE JESUS
I'm Professor De Jesus... I'm
filling in this week. Can I help
you?

SCULLY
Do you know where we can find Dr.
Godwin?

DE JESUS
(hesitant, nervous)
I'm sorry... whoever pointed you to
her lecture should've told you...
Shelley's dead. She was taken from
us last Sunday.

Mulder reacts... they're too late. He produces his badge --

MULDER
We're with the FBI. We traced a
package back to Dr. Godwin. We're
trying to find her killer.

De Jesus does a double take, thrown by Mulder's words --

DE JESUS
Killer? I don't... Shelley died of
a heart attack. She died in her
sleep.

Now it's Mulder and Scully's turn to be thrown --

CUT TO:

INT. GODWIN HOME - DAY

RAYMOND, 30, walks Mulder and Scully through Godwin's home. He talks to Scully as they move through various rooms, Mulder moving ahead of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The house is sparsely decorated. With the exception of a grand piano in the living room, there are few furnishings.

RAYMOND

Three years as her teaching
associate, you figure she'd leave
me some cash, maybe even the house.
Nope... just more work.

Mulder moves straight for the piano, making a mental note.

SCULLY

(bright side)

I'm sure she made you her executor
because she trusted you.

RAYMOND

(yeah, right)

You didn't know Godwin. It's the
final insult: one more chore for
Ray.

Mulder finds a locked door, turns to Raymond --

MULDER

What's back here?

RAYMOND

Her home lab.
(mocking tone)
The "Sanctum Sanctorum." She
wouldn't even let me in there.
First place I looked when I
realized I had the key.

Raymond unlocks the door for Mulder, leads them into --

INT. GODWIN HOME - HOME LAB - CONTINUOUS

The small lab features some equipment -- microscope,
centrifuge, etc. -- and a large, broken animal cage.

RAYMOND

The place was a mess when I found
it. The window was broken, and
this cage was busted open on the
floor.

Mulder and Scully exchange a look -- the significance of the
broken cage and window isn't lost of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY

Do you know what kind of specimens
she kept?

RAYMOND

I don't even know what she'd want
with animals in the first place. I
mean, she was a biochemist.

Mulder opens a cabinet, sees hundreds of videotapes neatly
arranged inside.

MULDER

What are these?

RAYMOND

(again, mocking)

Ten years of work, neatly and
compulsively catalogued on video.
Godwin was incredibly anal... yet
another charming personality trait.

MULDER

You mind if I have a look?

RAYMOND

You can have them. The tapes she
leaves me. The Mercedes goes to
charity.

CUT TO:

EXT. GODWIN HOME - DAY

Mulder lays a map out on the hood of his car as Scully
finishes talking with Raymond in the b.g. She approaches
Mulder as Raymond drives away.

MULDER

He's moving east.

(re: the map)

He started here, at Godwin's...
then Brewington here... then Van
Wieren. Dr. Patrick was wrong
about his M.O. -- he's not killing
for the thrill of it.

Scully nods, she's already put that together --

SCULLY

He's killing the doctors that made
him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mulder takes a beat, looks up to Scully --

MULDER

I hate to say it, Scully... but I kind of sympathize.

(off her look)

Think about it. If someone spent years messing with your genes... making you into some monster version of yourself... into something like Eve... wouldn't you want revenge?

Scully takes in Mulder's point; it makes sense.

SCULLY

In all honesty, if I was anything like Eve... I think I'd just want to be put out of my misery.

Mulder also takes in her point -- can't disagree.

MULDER

We need to find who else was on Godwin's team.

Scully holds up a stack of CD jewel boxes retrieved from Godwin's lab --

SCULLY

Detective Lemcke's been trying to crack the disc from Van Wieren's house -- maybe we'll have more luck with these.

Mulder looks back towards the house, not looking forward to the task ahead --

SCULLY (CONT'D)

You're really going to sit through 200 videotapes?

MULDER

(resigned)

If there's any justice in the world, at least one of them will be porn.

CUT TO:

A TELEVISION SCREEN

Shelley Godwin speaks into the camera, standing in a corridor in the McGinnis Research Lab. The video-recorded date in the corner of the monitor reads: 12/05/89.

GODWIN (VIDEO PLAYBACK)
 After about a week's debate, today
 we finally agreed on how we're
 going to name the subjects.

We are in:

INT. GODWIN HOME - LATE DAY

Mulder sits in Godwin's living room, watching the screen -- he's already been at this for a while. He keeps a notepad on his lap, taking notes as he watches.

GODWIN (VIDEO PLAYBACK)
 Some team members thought naming
 them would humanize the animals too
 much. Which made me think: "all
 the more reason."

On the monitor, Godwin moves through the lab, the camcorder following her past cages filled with yelping, playful puppies.

GODWIN (VIDEO PLAYBACK) (CONT'D)
 Since the dogs thought processes
 seem to be more analytical, we
 decided to name them after the
 great scientists.
 (re: several cages)
 This little guy here is
 Copernicus... this one is Curie...
 Galileo...

CUT TO:

EXT. RUN-DOWN ALLEY - LATE DAY

The sun is setting on the city. Homeless men and women in the alley are starting to light fires and bundle up. Godwin's narration continues in voice-over --

GODWIN (V.O.)
 The primates presented a different
 challenge.

A hunched shape enters the far end of the alley, keeping to the shadows and avoiding contact with the homeless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GODWIN (V.O.)
 Although incredibly intelligent,
 their behavior patterns are
 dictated along societal lines.
 Even at four months old, they
 already seem to have an established
 hierarchy.

The shape moves slowly, carefully, trying not to attract
 attention.

GODWIN (V.O.)
 Because of the infighting we're
 already seeing in the highest
 echelons, we decided to name the
 primates after the Greek Titans.
 Hyperion... Prometheus... Cronus.

CUT TO:

INT. GODWIN HOME - NIGHT

Illuminated only by a desk lamp and the flicker of the
 television, Mulder fast-forwards through another tape, stops
 when he reaches the date 05/08/90.

On screen, Godwin's demeanor is downright morose --

GODWIN (VIDEO PLAYBACK)
 We had an incident with one of the
 dogs last night. Dr. Carey was
 working with Newton when he just...
 attacked her... he went straight
 for her face... he would've killed
 her if we hadn't been there. As it
 is, she still lost her right eye.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Still keeping to the shadows, Cronus moves through the
 parking lot of the convenience store, moving faster now under
 the cover of night.

GODWIN (V.O.)
 So we made an example of Newton.
 We put him down... in front of both
 the dogs and the primates... and
 disposed of the body in the
 incinerator. Today, the dogs have
 behaved perfectly -- just as we
 hoped.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

The primates weren't so easily chastised. They seem to have bonded with the dogs.

Cronus slips into the darkness of the run-down neighborhood.

CUT TO:

INT. GODWIN HOME - NIGHT

Mulder writes on the notepad as he watches yet another tape: 10/17/90. Godwin looks into the camera, beaming --

GODWIN (VIDEO PLAYBACK)

Dr. Leaven made an incredible breakthrough with one of the primates today. Come here, Brian!

A smiling, young DOCTOR LEAVEN joins Godwin in front of the camera. Mulder jots down the name "BRIAN LEAVEN." He picks up his cell phone, starts to dial --

GODWIN (VIDEO PLAYBACK) (CONT'D)

Although we'd barely hoped to achieve vocalization so early on --

-- and stops mid-dial. He pauses the tape, looking for something in the still-frame.

ON SCREEN

In the b.g., behind Godwin and Leaven, an 60-something man in a lab coat looks in one of the dog cages... he looks familiar.

Mulder advances the picture in slow motion... sure enough, after a few moments the old man turns towards the camera: it's Dr. Patrick, the old man from the trailer park.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Cronus stands outside the perimeter fence of the trailer park, taking in his final destination. As he eases his way over the fence --

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mulder drives like a man possessed, hits the speed dial on his cell phone --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY (FILTER)

Scully.

MULDER

Scully, it's me. I know where he's going.

INTERCUT:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Scully stands by Lemcke's desk as the detective's printer spits out a document --

SCULLY

We're on top of it, Mulder. We just found a list of team members on one of the discs; Godwin was working with them until right before she died. We're dispatching cruisers to the three team members still in the area.

In his car, Mulder's face registers obvious relief --

MULDER

Good. Did you call him and tell him we're on our way?

Scully picks up the print-out.

SCULLY

It's not a him, it's a her...

(reading)

Dr. Janet Worth... she lives about fifteen miles east of Van Wieren.

MULDER

Scully, Dr. Patrick's trailer park is only about ten miles east of Van Wieren's.

SCULLY

Dr. Patrick...? Mulder, we've been over our list a dozen times, it mentions the names of every doctor on Godwin's team. Patrick's not on it.

MULDER

He was on the video, Scully. I saw him. He was on the team.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY

Then why is there no mention of him
in any of the discs?

MULDER

I don't know, but we don't have
time to figure it out. Send backup
to the trailer park. I'll be there
in five minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - OUTSIDE PATRICK'S WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

A light is on inside the trailer. Kepler the dog is chained
outside, sleeping.

He wakes up when he hears a nearby rustling. He looks up...
stands... his ears fold back...

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mulder dials on his cell phone, tearing through the streets
in his rental sedan. The line rings... and rings... and
rings... until an answering machine picks up.

PATRICK (FILTER)

Hi, you've reached Hal Patrick.
Please leave a message at the tone.

Mulder reacts to the answering machine, worried -- are they
too late? The machine beeps --

MULDER

Dr. Patrick, this is Fox Mulder
with the FBI. If you get this
message, please lock your door and
do not open it until I get there.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S WINNEBAGO - NIGHT - THE ANSWERING MACHINE

The red "record" light blinks as Mulder continues to leave
his message --

MULDER (FILTER)

I don't mean to alarm you, sir...
but it's very important you do as I
say...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULDER (FILTER) (CONT'D)

just lock your door and stay
inside. I'll be there in a few
minutes.

CAMERA PULLS BACK from the answering machine, revealing Patrick sitting in his wheelchair, screening Mulder's call. He looks at --

THE DOOR

Unlocked.

PATRICK

Casually lights a cigarette. He knows what's coming, and he's not afraid.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT - POV THROUGH CRONUS' EYES

MOVING... as Cronus inches closer to the trailer. He sees Kepler sniffing the air, looking for the source of his unease.

MOVING still closer... as Kepler makes eye contact with Cronus. Holds the look. Wags his tail.

NEW ANGLE - CLOSE ON KEPLER

The dog licks his lips, excited...

After a beat, we again hear the faltering voice --

CRONUS

Kep... ler...

A coarse, simian hand ENTERS FRAME... and pets Kepler gently on the head. Kepler licks the hand, enjoying Cronus' touch.

CRONUS (CONT'D)

Good... boy... Kepler...

As Cronus continues petting Kepler --

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - GATE - NIGHT

Mulder's car pulls up before the closed trailer park gate. A security booth sits on the other side of the gate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULDER
(out his car window)
Hello?! Anybody there?

Mulder leans on the horn... nothing. He backs the car up, about to run through the gate, when a sleepy RENT-A-COP finally pops out of the booth.

RENT-A-COP
What the hell's your problem?!
It's two in the morning.

MULDER
(flashes badge)
Open the gate. Now.

Duly intimidated, the Rent-a-Cop double-times it to open the gate for Mulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATRICK'S WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Mulder parks his car outside the Winnebago, steps out quietly. The Winnebago is now dark.

As he steals his way towards the trailer, Mulder cocks his head... he can hear a voice coming from within. Mulder pulls out his gun, continues moving slowly towards the trailer.

Outside the Winnebago, Mulder notices Kepler's leash, still tied to a post, broken in two. The dog is nowhere to be seen.

Mulder reaches the trailer, and the voice inside goes quiet. The quiet is quickly broken by the sound of a struggle coming from within: breaking glass and a choked off scream.

Moving quickly now, Mulder flicks on his flashlight, turns the knob of the trailer door, braces himself --

Mulder yanks open the trailer door and, leading with his gun and flashlight, barrels into --

INT. PATRICK'S WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

-- the fracas abruptly cuts off as Mulder storms in, flashlight cutting through the dark, finding the aftermath of the struggle...

Mulder scans the place quickly, knowing that the killer is in here somewhere... his flashlight catches glimpses of broken glass, spilled water... but no sign of Cronus in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His flashlight finds the figure of Dr. Patrick in his wheelchair, bleeding from several deep gashes in his chest and face.

Mulder quietly approaches Patrick --

PATRICK

(faint)

Get out of here... this has nothing
to do with you...

Mulder bends down to him, casting nervously about --

MULDER

Where is he?

PATRICK

(finding strength)

GET OUT!

Mulder hears a noise behind him, whips around with his flashlight and gun aimed, but --

-- with a primal scream, an impossibly quick BLUR leaps out of the darkness and onto Mulder, striking fast and plunging him into --

BLACKNESS.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - GATE - NIGHT

A half dozen police cars screech to a halt before the gate, sirens wailing, cherry tops spinning.

Scully gets out of the passenger side of Lemcke's car as the Rent-A-Cop emerges from his booth, reacts to the activity --

RENT-A-COP
What the hell...

Scully badges him --

SCULLY
FBI.

Without hesitation, the Rent-A-Cop opens the gate.

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S WINNEBAGO - NIGHT - CLOSE ON MULDER

As he slowly recovers consciousness. He touches his hand to his temple... feels a crust of dried blood there. Trying to get his bearings, Mulder looks around --

MULDER'S POV

The spill of moonlight from the windows affords Mulder little vision in the dark trailer. (NOTE: all of the action in the trailer takes place in almost complete darkness. It's impossible to make out many details.)

Mulder spots Patrick, moves to him on his hands and knees --

RESUME

Patrick has stanchd some of his bleeding, but he's pale, fading...

MULDER
(quietly, noting his
injuries)
We have to get you to a hospital.

PATRICK
I'm not going anywhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MULDER

You've lost a lot of blood, you're probably bleeding internally. If we don't get you to a hospital --

PATRICK

Even if I wanted to... I don't think I have a choice.

Patrick indicates the back of the Winnebago... where Cronus lurks in the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Scully jumps out of Lemcke's car as it pulls alongside Mulder's parked sedan --

SCULLY

Mulder?!

She trots to the car. Lemcke falls into step a few feet behind Scully. The rest of the police cars park behind Lemcke in blockade formation.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

Mulder?

Scully looks in Mulder's car window, sees nothing in the car... looks up at Patrick's Winnebago.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

(re: the trailer)

He's inside.

LEMCKE

He should've been in and out of there by now.

Scully nods, knows something's wrong. Moving fast towards Lemcke's officers --

SCULLY

We're going to have to go in. Are your men trained in hostage protocol?

LEMCKE

(shakes her head)

That's usually when we call you guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY

We need to figure out what's going on in there, make sure nothing we do puts Mulder or Patrick in any more danger. We'll need whatever surveillance equipment we can get our hands on.

LEMCKE

We should have a unidirectional at the station.

Scully nods, that'll work. She and Lemcke move behind the barricade of cars, past the recently arrived PARAMEDICS --

SCULLY

Tell your men to have their vests ready in case we need to go in. I need that unidirectional -- now.

Lemcke nods, moves away, getting on it. Scully's phone RINGS, she picks up --

SCULLY (CONT'D)

Scully.
(silent beat)
Hello...?

CUT TO:

INT. PATRICK'S WINNEBAGO - SAME

Mulder quietly tucks his phone back into his jacket, his back to Cronus as he dabs Patrick's injuries with a handkerchief.

Cronus steps from the corner, still covered in shadows, inching towards the men --

CRONUS

Out...

Mulder turns, surprised to hear Cronus speaking.

CRONUS (CONT'D)

Out... now...

Cronus keeps coming. Mulder holds his ground.

MULDER

(re: Patrick)
If I leave, he'll die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRONUS

Yes...

Patrick touches Mulder's shoulder.

PATRICK

This is my responsibility. No reason for you to be here. I'm the one who made him.

MULDER

He was Dr. Godwin's responsibility, she was the one who --

PATRICK

I created the team. I hand-picked everyone on it. I gave them their marching orders.

Mulder falters, he wasn't expecting that. Cronus pauses, listening --

MULDER

Why? After Litchfield... why try again?

PATRICK

Because we were so close... if we could make the animals our equals... what we could do for people was... unimaginable...

CUT TO:

EXT. PATRICK'S WINNEBAGO - SAME

Scully stands apart from the activity, straining to hear Mulder and Patrick through her cell phone.

Scully looks up as Lemcke approaches --

LEMCKE

Unidirectional's en route; it'll be here in five minutes.

SCULLY

We don't have five minutes. Just tell the EMTs to stand by. And make sure your men are suited up.

Scully notices Lemcke's hesitation --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCULLY (CONT'D)
Is there a problem?

LEMCKE
Vests aren't standard issue around here. They're coming with the uni.

Off Scully's consternation --

PATRICK (V.O., FILTER)
We didn't have the technology in the fifties. We didn't know. This time was different...

INT. PATRICK'S WINNEBAGO - SAME

As before --

PATRICK
I knew the mistakes we'd made. I knew how not to make them again.

MULDER
(an accusation)
Then why did you?

PATRICK
They shouldn't have stopped us when they did.

MULDER
Three innocent teenagers were dead. Two other people have died because Godwin refused to erase your mistakes.

Cronus steps forward, bridging the last bit of distance between himself and Mulder and Patrick, looming over them --

CRONUS
Mistake...

Ignoring Mulder, Cronus leans into Patrick, his eyes inches away from his maker's.

Patrick holds Cronus' look, a father and his prodigal son, his tone soothing --

PATRICK
It's okay... it's not your fault... None of this is. It's mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mulder keeps a respectful distance as Patrick lifts a hand to stroke Cronus' head.

CRONUS

It... hurts...

PATRICK

I know. I know it does. Let me help.

CRONUS

No... cage...

PATRICK

No cage, I promise. We should've never kept you locked up. I told Shelley not to put you back in the cage.

Piqued by the mention of Godwin, Mulder cuts in, quietly --

MULDER

If you hand-picked the new team, why was Dr. Godwin leading them?

Patrick maintains eye contact with Cronus, who doesn't look up at Mulder's interruption.

PATRICK

Government put me out to pasture in 92. She took over then.

MULDER

Why did you lie to us --

Cronus cuts back in, abruptly, intensely --

CRONUS

No... more... alone...

PATRICK

No more alone. It'll be you, me and Kepler. I'll make you all better, just like him.

This last upsets Cronus, his brief calm starts to fray --

CRONUS

Shelley... tried... she... hurt...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATRICK

She didn't know what she was doing.
She was in over her head without
me. But Kepler... he's living
proof that I was right. That I
know better now.

CRONUS

(angry)

Don't... know... you... made...
me... hurt... your... fault...

PATRICK

That's right. I made you. And I
made mistakes. Let me correct
them.

The last semblance of humanity vanishes from Cronus, as --

CRONUS

NO!

Cronus is upon Patrick in a flash, his teeth and claws
digging into Patrick's shoulders, chest, stomach -- in an
instant there's blood everywhere.

Mulder jumps to Patrick's aid, but Cronus knocks him aside
and resumes his assault on Patrick... pulling the old man
from his chair and onto his back... before Mulder flies into
him again.

Cronus throws himself into Mulder's tackle, teeth bared. A
quick, dark flurry of violence... then a cracking of bones...
and Mulder falls like a rag doll.

EXT. PATRICK'S WINNEBAGO - SAME

As Scully's call is cut off --

SCULLY

(worried)

Mulder?! Mulder?!

-- she looks to the trailer, knows what's happening. She
runs to Lemcke --

SCULLY (CONT'D)

I need two volunteers.

INT. PATRICK'S WINNEBAGO - SAME

The trailer is dark and still. The calm after the storm. We can see in the darkness that Cronus has once again retreated into a corner.

Mulder, bloodied and battered, fights the pain of several broken bones and sits up... he crawls to Patrick.

Mulder keeps his eye on Cronus, who shows no signs of moving.

MULDER
Dr. Patrick?

As Mulder takes his pulse, Patrick's eyes flutter open. He's hanging on to life by a very thin thread. He focuses on Mulder, weakly --

PATRICK
I guess... if I have to go... this
is as good a way as any.

Mulder reaches for his cell phone, pulls it out... smashed. No help there.

Mulder throws an arm around Patrick, tries to drag him to the door... but a bolt of pain from his ribcage stops him short.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
It's okay.
(re: Cronus)
I'll go on... in him...

Mulder looks at Patrick, wants to say something, but this is not the place or time for reproach. Instead --

MULDER
Don't talk.

Mulder throws his jacket around Patrick, who is now shivering from loss of blood.

PATRICK
You think I'm a crazy old coot,
don't you Agent Mulder? No family,
no friends... even now, all I care
about is the work...

Mulder says nothing, allowing Patrick his final peace.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
(weak)
Let me tell you something...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

most people waste their lives...
marching around like good little
ants... I made it count... I took
what God gave me... I improved on
His design... I made mistakes...
but I did good... I'd do it
again... I...

Patrick trails off, consciousness fading...

Cronus approaches from the shadows, something in his hand...
moves to the two men lying bloodied on the trailer floor...
and places Mulder's gun in Patrick's hand.

CRONUS

End... it...

Patrick puts the gun down, pushes it away.

CRONUS (CONT'D)

No... more... alone...

Cronus picks up the gun, again places it in Patrick's hand.

CRONUS (CONT'D)

I... am... your... mistake...

Before Patrick can put the gun back down, Cronus lifts his
maker's hand... making Patrick hold the gun to Cronus' head.
All he has to do is pull the trigger.

CRONUS (CONT'D)

End... it...

But the gun falls out of Patrick's hand. Cronus lets his
hand drop: the old man is dead.

For a long, sad beat, Cronus just stands immobile... frozen
over the body of his maker... a short, jagged sound escapes
him: a sob.

Then Cronus looks up to Mulder. His lone witness. Mulder
holds his gaze, looking into human eyes.

Cronus extends the gun to Mulder. Mulder takes it.

CRONUS (CONT'D)

If... you... don't...

Cronus looks to the window, to the outside world --

MULDER

They will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cronus looks back to Mulder --

CRONUS

Please...

Mulder raises the gun... as CAMERA PUSHES IN on his conflicted expression... PUSHING IN... TIGHT...

A single shot RINGS OUT. A quiet beat ON MULDER, then --

BACK TO WIDE

Mulder lowers his weapon.

BAM! The trailer door flies open and Scully, Lemcke and a COP burst in, guns and flashlights leading. In a moment they scan the entire scene --

SCULLY

Mulder --

Scully rushes to her partner's side, notes his condition.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

You okay?

Mulder surveys the scene himself now, the light from the open door finally allowing him to see --

PATRICK'S WHEELCHAIR

-- lies toppled on its side, the seat shredded and splattered with blood.

DR. PATRICK

-- inches away from Mulder, Patrick lies dead, the dozens of injuries to his chest and head almost gaudy in the light.

And, lastly...

CRONUS

-- the trailer door discreetly blocks a clear view of his head, but the blood around him tells the story. Cronus finally rests in peace.

MULDER

-- looks up to Scully, wearily.

MULDER

I've been better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He pushes his gun away.

CUT TO:

EXT. PATRICK'S WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

A paramedic closes the back doors of an ambulance conveying a bodybag away. In the b.g., another bodybag is pulled out of Patrick's trailer.

Scully wraps up a conversation with Lemcke and moves over to Mulder, who sits in the back of an open ambulance, his ribs taped up and his head bandaged.

SCULLY

They're taking Dr. Patrick to county morgue for a post mortem.

MULDER

What about the other body?

Scully sits by Mulder, offers the slight silver lining --

SCULLY

Detective Lemcke agreed to let Animal Control handle it. They're taking the body to be incinerated.

(beat)

No more tests. It's over.

A pair of Animal Control workers pass by Mulder and Scully, who watch as the men carry the second bodybag from the trailer and slide it into the back of an Animal Control van.

MULDER

You were right, Scully.

Scully looks back to Mulder -- about what?

MULDER (CONT'D)

He just wanted to be put out of his misery.

The Animal Control workers slam the van doors shut. Off Mulder and Scully...

FADE OUT.

THE END