

THE X-FILES

"Bad Blood"

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

January 20, 1998

"Bad Blood"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Assistant Director Skinner
Lucius Hartwell
Ronnie Strickland
Funeral Director
Coroner
Detective
Vampire

(X)

Dwight Funt (non-speaking)
Rance Bolognese (non-speaking)

January 12, 1998

"Untitled"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

FARMER'S FIELD
WOODS
COMMERCIAL JET (STOCK)
MOTEL
 /BUNGALOW
CEMETERY
RV PARK

INTERIORS

MULDER'S OFFICE
FBI PARKING DECK
VOLKSWAGEN CABRIOLET
FUNERAL PARLOR
 /SHOWROOM
 /STORAGE ROOM
 /EMBALMING ROOM
MOTEL BUNGALOW
POLICE CAR
FORENSIC MORGUE

(X)

SKINNER'S OFFICE
 /OUTER OFFICE
BIG RV

(X)

TEASER

1 EXT. FARMER'S FIELD - NIGHT - A YELLOW MOON

1

The fuller the better, hangs above the scraggly pinetops. We gradually TILT DOWN from the trees as a LEGEND comes up:
CHANEY, TEXAS. FEBRUARY 27.

(X)

We're down on the deck, looking out low and wide across a moonlit field. There's no one in sight -- we're way out in farm country. Suddenly, breaking the frigid peace and quiet...

... Someone vaults over us like a track hurdler, untied sneakers BLAPPING in the mud. Whoever this is, he's running for his life on stubby little legs, screaming like a motherfucker.

SCARED GUY

HELP!! --

He pants out steam engine puffs of freezer smoke. He glances over his shoulder back at us, promptly losing his footing and nose-diving into the tilled field. He gets right back up and keeps running toward the treeline as...

... A DARK FIGURE, tall and powerful, vaults over us, too. We CRANE UP to get a bird's eye view of this second man giving chase, running much faster than his prey. He's carrying something LONG and SHARP in his fist.

2 EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS - THE SCARED GUY

2

Sprints into the trees, zig-zagging and ducking under branches. As we bounce along just ahead of him, we can see he's a chubby, average-looking teenager. He's too winded to keep yelling.

His pursuer crashes through the dead leaves just ten yards behind. We catch a brief glimpse, but nothing substantial -- it's too dark to see the pursuer clearly.

NEW ANGLE - FOLLOWING BEHIND

We race after the scared kid, gaining on him. Terrified, he glances back at us once, twice...

NEW ANGLE - BENEATH AN ANCIENT OAK

WHUMP! -- the kid trips and plows head-first into the duff, sending dead leaves flying. The dark man is on him in a flash.

HANDHELD - CLOSE ON THE KID

Who fights for his life, trying to hoist the bigger man off of him. It's not working. He grabs the man's wrists, struggling to keep at bay --

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

A WOODEN STAKE

Long and needle-sharp. Its business end sinks inexorably toward the teenager. He manages a last, loud croak:

SCARED GUY

Help me! --

Then, BOOM! -- nails the dark man in the groin with his knee. Everything freezes momentarily as the man slowly folds forward a little, making a sound like all the air is leaking out of him. Just when it looks as if the tide may have turned...

... THWOK! The stake gets buried in the teenager's chest. A quick glimpse of BLOOD blooming -- the teenager HOWLS.

NEW ANGLE

From behind, we see the dark figure straddling the twitching fat kid, driving the stake deeper and deeper into his chest with the rhythmic pounding of a big ROCK found nearby (the dark man's back hides this unpleasantness from view).

We CREEP BACK from this scene, allowing it to go a bit wider. We're still on the dark man's back -- we still, in fact, have never caught so much as a glimpse of his face. His work done, he drops the rock and pants, exhausted.

We hear o.s. FEET running toward us through the leaves. Once they are upon us, we hear them slow to a stop. We hear a familiar VOICE call out from offscreen:

SCULLY'S VOICE

Mulder..?

The dark man turns to look over his shoulder past us. We now see he is indeed AGENT MULDER. He seems relieved at a job well done. (X)
(X)

REVERSE PAST MULDER

To reveal SCULLY. She eases toward him, looking from him to his handiwork. She's shocked, momentarily speechless. Still catching his breath, Mulder points her attention to:

CLOSE - THE TEENAGER'S FACE

The kid is clearly dead. His eyes are closed. Mulder's hand reaches into frame and presses on the chin, easing open the jaw. Now we see, for the first time... two long, sharp INCISORS. Classic VAMPIRE FANGS.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

SCULLY

Is taken aback, her shock turning to guarded intrigue. She glances at Mulder, who beams and nods.

MULDER
Huh? Huh?

Scully kneels beside him, yanking on an exam glove. She reaches a finger to:

CLOSE - THE KID'S MOUTH

She gingerly touches the closest pearly-white FANG. It looks real. She presses on it a little harder. Suddenly --

CLACK. The fangs plop down out of place, revealing a real -- and very normal -- set of teeth underneath. The fangs are a hell of a lot better than the ones sold at dime novelty stores, but they're FAKE nonetheless.

SCULLY

Holds them up for Mulder to see. Both agents are silently freaking out now. Off Mulder, staring blankly at the fake vampire teeth:

MULDER
Oops.

(X)

No kidding. Off this:

(X)

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

3 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING

3

LEGEND: FEBRUARY 28. Mulder slouches at his desk, a raft of (X)
paperwork spread around him. He stares at a blank report sheet, (X)
cradling his temples as if he's trying to hold his head together. (X)

He's had an exceedingly bad night. The sound of the o.s. DOOR
opening barely draws a glance from him.

NEW ANGLE - SCULLY

Enters, closing the door behind her. She's had a bad night, (X)
too. She sits across from Mulder, staring at him expectantly. (X)
He glances up at her through his eyebrows, then continues to
concentrate on his paperwork.

SCULLY

Mulder.

MULDER

Don't... even... start with me.

Scully leans back, folding her arms and waiting. Mulder (X)
scribbles something on a blank report sheet. Unhappy with it,
he balls it up and chucks it across the room to:

REVEAL - A TRASH CAN

Surrounded by balled-up pieces of paper. This shot misses, too.

RESUME

Mulder calmly rises, crosses the office... and kicks the crap (X)
out of the trash can -- WHAM, WHAM, WHAM!

Scully doesn't react. Mulder sighs and turns to her. (X)

MULDER

I know what I saw.

SCULLY

Skinner wants our report in one
hour. What are you going to
tell him?

MULDER

What do you mean, what am I
going to tell him? I'm going to
tell him what I saw.

(suspicious)

What are you going to tell him?

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

SCULLY

I'll... tell him what I saw.

(X)

MULDER

How is that different?

(off her silence)

Look, Scully, I'm the one who may wind up going to prison here -- are you going to back me up, or what?

Scully bristles at the question. She gets dangerously quiet.

SCULLY

First of all, if the family of Ronnie Strickland does indeed decide to sue the FBI for, uh... I think the figure was 446 million dollars? Then you and I both will most certainly be co-defendants. Second of all...

(tries to remember)

I don't even have a second of all. 446 million dollars, Mulder -- I'm in this as deep as you are. And I'm not the one who overreacted, who did the, the... with the thing...

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully mimes poking someone with a wooden stake.

(X)

MULDER

I did not overreact. Ronnie Strickland was a vampire.

(X)

SCULLY

Where's your proof?

(X)

MULDER

You're my proof -- you were there!

(X)

(X)

(off her shrug)

(X)

Oh, now you're scaring me. I want to hear exactly what you're gonna tell Skinner.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

What, you want us to get our story straight?

MULDER

I didn't say that. I just want to hear it the way you saw it.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

Scully considers.

SCULLY
I don't think it's a good idea.

MULDER
Prison, Scully. Your cellmate's
nickname will be "Large Marge."
She'll read a lot of Gertrude
Stein --

SCULLY
-- All right, all right..

MULDER
Start at the beginning.

SCULLY
The very beginning?

He nods like an idiot, desperately wanting her to get on with
it. She frowns at him, her patience strained.

SCULLY
Fine.
(beat)
Yesterday morning began just
like any other -- starting with
my arrival at work.

CUT TO:

4 INT. FBI PARKING DECK - MORNING (SCULLY'S FLASHBACK)

4

We're in an underground parking structure, one that's nearly
full. At the top of the ramp, a Volkswagen Cabriolet enters
underneath the electric gate arm and motors toward us.

It slows to a stop. Through the windshield, we can see its lone
occupant is Scully. She stares out straight ahead at something
offscreen, something which clearly displeases her.

SCULLY'S POV - TWO PARKING SPACES

Are side-by-side. One is painted, in big letters, "F. MULDER,"
and in it is parked a big, black, Kennedy-era Cadillac (in fact, (X)
the one driven by the Men In Black in "Jose Chung"). A bumper (X)
sticker says "Watch The Skies!"

Next to it is the only empty space around. It is painted, in
big letters, "EMPLOYEE." The Cadillac is carelessly overlapped (X)
into this already too-tight space.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

SCULLY (V.O.)
As usual, you got there first.

NEW ANGLE

Scully grimly eases her Volkswagen into the cramped "EMPLOYEE" space. It barely fits. She kills the engine.

Scully carefully opens her car door against the Cadillac. Her climbing out of her VW looks like something out of "Mr. Bean." (X)
After we've watched this process for a beat or two... (X)

5 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING (THE PRESENT)

5

Mulder stares at his partner, deadpan.

MULDER
You can skip ahead.

She stares right back at him, also deadpan.

SCULLY
Fine. After I parked, I met you in the office. You were characteristically... exuberant.

CUT TO:

6 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING (FLASHBACK) - AIRLINE TICKETS 6

Get SLAPPED onto the desk -- two of them, marked "D/FW."

MULDER (O.S.)
Hope you brought your cowboy boots, Scully --

WIDER

Scully picks up the tickets, perusing them. An energetic Mulder moves to a nearby SLIDE PROJECTOR and fusses with the slides, making sure they're all rightside-up in their carousel.

SCULLY
You want us to go to Dallas?

MULDER
Yee-hah. Actually, a little town about fifty miles south. Chaney, Texas -- population 361.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: .

6

MULDER (cont'd)

By all accounts, rustic and charming. But of late, ground zero for a series of mysterious, nocturnal exsanguinations.

SCULLY

Exsanguinations? Of whom?

Mulder clicks on the projector -- the beam shines right at us, washing out the frame.

ON THE SCREEN

The first slide comes up: it's of a DEAD COW, lying legs-up in a pasture.

MULDER (O.S.)

How's that grab you?

SCULLY

Stares at the screen, shrugs.

SCULLY

It's a --

MULDER

(nodding vigorously)

Exactly -- a dead cow. Or more specifically, a dead nine hundred pound Holstein -- its body completely drained of blood.

(clicks the projector)

As was this one --

(clicks the projector)

And this one --

INTERCUT WITH:

THE SCREEN

Which shows various cows, all dead. Mulder clicks through them ridiculously fast. His demeanor in this -- Scully's version of things -- is fast, period. Abrupt. He doesn't wait for questions. Easygoing Scully does her best to put up with him. (X)

MULDER

This one -- this one -- so on. Six in all. Roughly one a week, dating back six weeks.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

SCULLY

Is there any sign of --

MULDER

-- Two small puncture marks on the throat?

SCULLY

That's not what I was about to ask.

MULDER

Too bad. We got 'em! Check it out...

He advances the projector. The next slide shows a close-up of a cow's throat: two tiny PUNCTURES are indeed present.

Scully considers this evenly, not thrown by it in the least.

SCULLY

These may be syringe marks -- their placement meant to emulate fangs. Such a ritualistic bloodletting points toward cultists of some sort, in which case...

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Scully trails off, glancing at Mulder -- who's having a real hard time not snickering.

SCULLY

What?

MULDER

Oh, yeah -- satanic cultists. That's probably it.
(off her pissed look)
Scully... come on!

SCULLY

You're not going to tell me you think this is that Mexican goat-sucker thing?

Mulder is offended at the very thought.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

MULDER
El Chupacabra? Please -- they
have four fangs, not two.
(points to his own
teeth)
Besides, they suck goats. Hence
the name.

Scully just stares at him.

SCULLY
So instead, we're dealing with --

MULDER
Classic vampirism.

SCULLY
Of a bunch of cows.

MULDER
And one human. Last night: a
vacationer from New Jersey.

SCULLY
Why the hell didn't you mention
that from the start?

Oblivious, Mulder checks his watch.

MULDER
We gotta go --

He shuts off the projector, grabs his jacket, and hustles out
the door. He calls back over his shoulder.

MULDER
Lock the door.

He's gone. Scully does a slow burn, then follows him out of the
office, pulling the door behind her.

7 OMITTED

(X)

CUT TO:

8 EXT. A COMMERCIAL JET - DAY (STOCK)

8

We're high above the clouds, flying alongside some commercially-
unidentifiable 757 or such.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

SCULLY (NARRATION V.O.)
The flight to Texas was, for the
most part, uneventful...

A beat of silence. Now we hear Mulder and Scully aboard the jet.

MULDER (V.O.)
I'm telling you, Scully -- I
just saw something really weird
off the starboard wing.

SCULLY (V.O.)
Eat your peanuts, Mulder.

CUT TO:

9 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR SHOWROOM - DAY - CASKETS

9

Are open and arranged for display, five or six of them --
identified by their product names: "The Continental," "The
Ambassador Deluxe," "The Brahmin," etc. We DRIFT among them...
finding Scully and Mulder, who glance around the room.

Mulder exchanges a few words with a gaunt FUNERAL DIRECTOR. We
don't hear what they're saying -- instead, we listen to Scully's
VOICEOVER.

SCULLY (V.O.)
The town of Chaney is too small
to maintain a morgue facility.
As such, we made our way to the
Peaceful Slumbers Funeral Home
in order to examine the body of
one Mr. Dwight Funt, recently-
deceased.

Throughout this, we SLOWLY PUSH IN ON Scully. She turns,
hearing someone enter the parlor offscreen.

Scully stares past us at this o.s. presence, her expression
immediately perking up.

(X)

SCULLY'S POV - A PAIR OF COWBOY BOOTS

Amble toward us. We TILT UP from them, taking in faded blue
jeans and a long, black western-style duster.

SCULLY (V.O.)
It was there we were met by a
representative of local law
enforcement:

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

Further up shines a silver badge. Still further up is a handsome young face, honest and open -- with a killer smile.

SCULLY (V.O.)

Sheriff...

SHERIFF HARTWELL

-- Lucius Hartwell. You're the FBI agents?

RESUME

Scully nods up at the man.

SCULLY

Yes. I'm --

MULDER

-- Mulder and Scully. What do you say we go take a look at your victim?

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Yeah, by all means.

(points the way)

After you.

Mulder heads off, completely oblivious to everything but the case at hand. Annoyed at Mulder, Scully still can't help but return the friendly smile the Sheriff gives her as they exit through the back of the showroom.

CUT TO:

10 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR STORAGE ROOM - DAY - A SHEET

10

Gets pulled off, revealing the corpse of a chubby, sixty-ish MAN lying atop a table. He's clothed, wearing the rayon vacation shirt and Sans-a-belt slacks he apparently died in. We ADJUST to show Scully, the Sheriff and Mulder standing over the body.

MULDER

Nice threads.

SCULLY

No exam has been done?

SHERIFF HARTWELL

No, Ma'am -- he's exactly the way we found him in his motel room.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: .

10

SHERIFF HARTWELL (cont'd)

Once I heard you folks were interested, I figured we'd best leave him to the experts.

Scully appreciates the thought. Mulder pulls at the dead man's collar, giving us a better look at the twin PUNCTURES on the neck. They're the centerpiece of a purplish HICKEY which stands (X) out against the pale blue skin.

Scully pulls on an exam glove and checks this out. Mulder smiles wryly at her.

MULDER

Your satanic cultists have some sharp little teeth.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

What satanic cultists?

Scully frowns at Mulder. He shrugs, leaving her to explain it.

MULDER

Tell him your "theory."

Mulder does those obnoxious finger symbols which represent quotation marks. He's not being hateful -- just a pest.

SCULLY

My theory has evolved.
(turns to the Sheriff)
Basically, I think we're looking for someone who's seen one too many Bela Lugosi movies. They believe they're a vampire, and therefore...

SHERIFF HARTWELL

(nodding)

... They act like one. Yeah. Yeah... that makes a whole lot of sense.

(to Mulder)

I think she's right.

Mulder doesn't particularly want to hear this.

MULDER

What about the fang marks?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

SCULLY

Someone so obsessed might well file down their incisors. A moulage casting should help us make an identification.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Moulage casting. Good idea...

There's an interesting body language at work here. The young Sheriff is paying less and less attention to Mulder, and more and more to Scully. He seems fascinated by her.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Now, isn't there some disease that makes people think they're vampires?

For her part, Scully stays utterly professional.

(X)

SCULLY

There is a psychological fixation known as hematodipsia, in which the sufferer gains an erotic satisfaction from consuming human blood.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

(staring at her)

Erotic. Yeah...

SCULLY

There are genetic afflictions which cause extreme sensitivity to light, to garlic. Porphyria, xeroderma pigmentosum...

The man nods, staring a bit too long before thinking to speak.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Dana, you really know your stuff.

CUT TO:

11 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING (THE PRESENT) - MULDER

11

Makes a face like he's smelling weird cheese.

MULDER

"Dana?" He never even knew your first name!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Scully pauses her storytelling. Realizing Mulder is right, she looks a little self-conscious -- only for a second.

SCULLY

You gonna interrupt me, or what?

Mulder shuts up. Scully continues.

SCULLY

Anyway. That's when you had your big... breakthrough. Whatever.

CUT TO:

12 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR STORAGE ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) - MULDER 12

Stares o.s., making a face like he's smelling weird cheese.

SHERIFF HARTWELL (O.S.)

Agent Scully, you really know your stuff.

Mulder glances down at Dwight Funt's body when something dawns on him. His dyspeptic expression fades. He drifts to the far end of the table, scrutinizing the corpse's feet.

MULDER

Sheriff? You say this man is exactly as you found him?

WIDER TO INCLUDE

The Sheriff and Scully, who look to Mulder.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Yes, sir -- to the letter.

MULDER

Did you notice his shoes are untied?

Mulder says this in his best Hercule Poirot, AH-HA! voice. Scully and the Sheriff step over to see:

CLOSE - THE DEAD MAN'S SHOES

Are white Thom McAn boaters. Both laces are indeed UNTIED.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

RESUME

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Yeah... they sure are.

SCULLY

What's your point, Mulder?

Mulder is thinking deep thoughts, nodding cryptically to himself.

MULDER

This means something.

(snaps out of it)

Sheriff, does your town have a cemetery? A really old one, off the beaten path? The creepier, the better?

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Uh. Yeah.

MULDER

(heading for the door)

Take me out there. Now.

SCULLY

Mulder --

MULDER

Scully, we're gonna need a complete autopsy on this man -- the sooner, the better.

SCULLY

Wait. What am I even looking for?

MULDER

(very dramatic)

I don't know.

With that, Mulder pivots and exits the room, calling for the Sheriff to follow. The man looks to Scully, not sure what's up. She shrugs apologetically.

SCULLY

He does that.

He smiles at her wistfully, then exits. Left behind, Scully sighs and leans on the table. It's just her and dead Mr. Funt.

CUT TO:

13 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR EMBALMING ROOM - AFTERNOON SUN 13

Slants in through high, narrow windows. We're in a different room now, one with white tile, stainless steel counters, and a lot of gothic-looking EMBALMING EQUIPMENT. We ADJUST to find --

-- Scully wearing a heavy black rubber apron. She rolls a SQUEAKY tray of gothic STEEL INSTRUMENTS across to the body, which is now naked and draped to the armpits with a sheet.

Having gathered everything she needs, Scully clicks on her pocket tape recorder and sets it nearby.

SCULLY

Four fifty-four p.m.. Begin autopsy of white male, age 60, who is arguably having a worse time in Texas than I am.

(thinks about it)

Though not by much. I'll begin with the Y-incision.

(X)

Scully lifts a big, antique SCALPEL into view. CLINK! The blade falls out, landing on the floor. Scully stares at it.

TIME CUT TO:

14 CLOSE - A HANGING SCALE 14

Old-fashioned and squeaky, it gets loaded down with -- SPLURP! -- a HUMAN HEART. RACK TO Scully watching the scale's needle wobble back and forth.

SCULLY

Heart weighs 370 grams. Tissue appears healthy.

(X)

TIME CUT TO:

15 THE HANGING SCALE 15

Gets a HUMAN LIVER plopped into its pan. RACK TO Scully, more bored than before.

SCULLY

Liver, 1530 grams. Tissue appears healthy.

TIME CUT TO:

16 THE HANGING SCALE 16

Gets a good two yards of LARGE INTESTINE stuffed into it. RACK TO Scully, even more bored.

SCULLY
Large intestine, 890 grams. (X)
Yadda-yadda-yadda.

TIME CUT TO:

17 THE HIGH WINDOWS 17

Now show NIGHT outside. Scully remains at her autopsy table, shifting tiredly from one foot to the other as she pokes through some unidentifiable viscera.

SCULLY
Stomach contents show a last meal close to the time of death, consisting of... pizza, topped with... pepperoni, green peppers and mushrooms.
(getting hungry)
That sounds really good.

She stands up straight, unkinking her back. She's long overdue for a break.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT 18

We establish an old, bungalow-style motel. A rental car is here.

SCULLY (V.O.)
Having completed the autopsy, I checked into the Davey Crockett Motor Court.

LEGEND OVER: DAVEY CROCKETT MOTOR COURT.

MULDER (V.O.)
The name of it was actually the "Sam Houston Motor Lodge."

The LEGEND disappears, and a new one comes up: SAM HOUSTON MOTOR LODGE.

CUT TO:

19 INT. MOTEL BUNGALOW - NIGHT - A WOMAN'S FINGERS 19

Drop a QUARTER in a slot. A red light turns on.

WIDER - BIRD'S EYE ON

Scully, who lies down atop the motel bed, having just put the quarter in the "Magic Fingers" machine. The bed rattles to life, HUMMING like a DC-3. Still in her clothes, she kicks off her shoes and stares up at the ceiling, exhausted.

We hear the o.s. DOOR unlock and swing open. Scully manages to glance over at it without moving her head.

SCULLY
Chloral hydrate.

NEW ANGLE - MULDER

Stands in the doorway, looking about as tired as Scully. Plus, he's got DRIED MUD all over him -- on his suit and face.

MULDER
What?

SCULLY
(sitting up)
What the hell happened to you?

Mulder plops down on a rocker made with elk antlers or somesuch.

MULDER
I asked first.

SCULLY
That thing you didn't know you were looking for? Chloral hydrate -- more colorfully known as knockout drops. I found it in abundance when I sent off a tox screen on our murder victim.
(beat)
Seriously, what happened to you?

(X)

He shrugs it off.

MULDER
Who slipped him the Mickey?

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

SCULLY

My "theory?"

(finger quotations)

Your vampire. He found it necessary to dope poor Mr. Funt to the gills before he was able to withdraw his blood. Probably did the same to the cows.

MULDER

What kind of vampire would need to do that?

SCULLY

Exactly.

Mulder puzzles over this, confused by it. Then:

MULDER

Oh, we got a new dead tourist.
You need to do another autopsy.

(X)

SCULLY

Tonight? But I just put money
in the Magic Fingers.

(X)

MULDER

I won't let it go to waste.

(X)

Scully gets up to find her shoes. He takes her place on the bed. (X)

SCULLY

Mulder, this one's my room --
don't get mud everywhere.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

(X)

(X)

His eyes practically roll back in his head as he enjoys the
Magic Fingers. She gives him a dirty look and exits.

(X)

(X)

20 EXT. MOTEL BUNGALOW - NIGHT - SCULLY

20 .

Pulls the door shut a little too hard. Meanwhile, HEADLIGHTS
come up on her. Into f.g., a lighted PIZZA DELIVERY SIGN -- the
kind that sticks up out of a car window -- pulls into frame. A
car door opens, and a silhouetted figure climbs out into f.g.

PIZZA GUY

'Scuse me, Ma'am -- did you
order a pizza?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

Scully nods, too pissed now to even want it.

SCULLY

The guy inside'll pay for it.

She exits frame, marching to her car. The Pizza Guy glances over his shoulder, watching Scully leave. For the first time, we see his face: he's the TEENAGER Mulder staked in the Teaser.

Off him disappearing into the bungalow with his insulated bag...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

21 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR EMBALMING ROOM - NIGHT - A NEW CORPSE 21

Lies atop the steel table -- Another late middle-aged MAN, corpulent and W.C. Fields-ish. Like the last one, his flesh is pale and he has a single BITE MARK on his neck.

We TILT UP to Scully, who is tying her apron behind her. We hear her in VOICEOVER.

SCULLY (V.O.)

Forgoing both dinner and sleep,
I was soon back at the funeral
home examining one Mr. Rance
Bolognese from Naples, Florida.

(X)

Scully cracks her neck and clicks on her tape recorder.

TIME CUT TO:

22 CLOSE - THE HANGING SCALE 22

Gets a HUMAN HEART dumped in its pan, same as before. RACK TO Scully.

SCULLY

Heart --

TIME CUT TO:

23 THE HANGING SCALE 23

A HUMAN LIVER gets dumped in. RACK TO Scully.

SCULLY

Liver --

TIME CUT TO:

24 THE HANGING SCALE 24

LARGE INTESTINE gets dumped. RACK TO Scully.

SCULLY

Large intestine --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: .

24

Scully stares up at the dial, then shuffles out of frame, leaving the intestine swinging gently in the scale.

TIME CUT TO:

25 SCULLY'S FEET

25

STAMP against the floor, trying to regain some feeling. We ARM UP behind her (avoiding the jigsaw mess before her as much as possible) as she dictates aloud to her tape recorder.

SCULLY

As with the previous victim, it appears most likely this subject was incapacitated with chloral hydrate, then exsanguinated.

Across the room, Scully's phone RINGS. She moves to answer it, talking louder as she goes. We pull back, TRACKING ahead of her.

SCULLY

The drug was either ingested or injected -- I'm not sure which.
(answers phone)
Scully --

Through the phone, she hears BREATHING and some kind of faint VOCALIZATION. It's nothing -- and nobody -- we recognize.

SCULLY

Hello? Hello.

In fact, it's sounding more and more like an obscene phone call. She makes a face and clicks off, sets down the phone.

NEW ANGLE

Scully tiredly crosses back to the autopsy table.

SCULLY

Where was I? Stomach contents.
(goes to work)
Stomach contents include...

Her hands work offscreen, making gross SLURPY SOUNDS as she cuts into the stomach.

SCULLY

... Pizza.

(X)

We CREEP IN CLOSER on her face. It dawns on her what this means.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

SCULLY

The chloral hydrate is in the
pizza. The pizza guy...
(looks to phone)

Mulder.

She frantically tears off her apron --

SCULLY (V.O.)

I realized you needed my help.

She grabs her phone and runs out of the room.

CUT TO:

26 INT. MOTEL BUNGALOW - NIGHT - THE DOOR

26

Gets KICKED OPEN. Scully stands silhouetted in the doorway of
the darkened room, gun at the ready, looking cool. She sees:

SCULLY'S POV - THE MOTEL ROOM

Appears deserted. The empty "Magic Fingers" bed VIBRATES madly,
shaking an open box of half-eaten PIZZA which lies atop it. We
look left and right, making out in the darkness...

... A pair of LEGS on the floor, sticking out from behind the
vibrating bed. Someone is lying face-up on the floor.

SCULLY

Instantly lowers her gun and rushes forward.

SCULLY

Mulder!

SCULLY'S MOVING POV - THE LEGS

Don't budge. But suddenly -- from behind the bed -- ANOTHER
FIGURE SPRINGS UP into view. It's the Pizza Guy. He opens his
mouth and HISSES at us, and we see two large FANGS.

SCULLY

Raises her pistol and FIRES -- BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM! Muzzle
flashes STROBE the room. But then --

-- The Pizza Guy simply streaks by her in a dark blur, bowling
her hard to the floor. He's out the door and gone.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

NEW ANGLE - ON THE DECK

Scully regains her senses, rolls over and takes aim across the shag carpeting. She fires once out the open motel door -- BLAM!

CUT TO:

27 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING (THE PRESENT)

27

Mulder sits in silence, waiting. He realizes she's finished.

MULDER

That's it?

Scully gives a little shrug.

SCULLY

Luckily, I had gotten there in time -- though you were drugged, you were more or less unharmed.

CUT TO:

28 INT. MOTEL BUNGALOW - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

28

Scully kneels over Mulder, who is lying in his trousers and undershirt beside the bed. Scully gently slaps his face. (X)

SCULLY

Mulder -- you all right?!

Mulder tries to focus on her. He gives up, grinning goofily.

MULDER

Who's the private dick that's a sex machine to all the chicks?
SHAFT! You're damn right. (X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

He keeps singing to himself. Scully looks wary.

CUT TO:

29 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING (THE PRESENT)

29

Mulder is indignant.

MULDER

I did not!

Scully's expression indicates otherwise. (X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

SCULLY

Long story short: Though my first four shots obviously missed Ronnie Strickland entirely, with my fifth I managed to shoot out a tire on his car, forcing him to escape on foot. I left you behind and entered the woods in pursuit.

(beat)

I assumed you were incapacitated. Then I heard screaming. When I arrived in the clearing, I found you had caught up with him first, and had... overreacted. And, that his vampire teeth were fake.

(X)

MULDER

That's what you'll tell Skinner?

SCULLY

I'll argue that we caught a killer -- an utterly non-supernatural killer, but a killer nonetheless. And that your... zeal to catch him was augmented by the chloral hydrate you'd been given.

(X)

Mulder shakes his head, quietly astounded.

(X)

MULDER

You're afraid to tell the truth.

(X)

SCULLY

Excuse me?

(X)

MULDER

That's not the way it happened at all. What are you afraid of -- that if you tell it like it really happened, you'll look like a lunatic? Like me?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully just stares at him, clearly not on the same wavelength.

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder. Maybe you'd better tell me the way you think it happened.

(X)

(X)

(sarcastic smile)

Start at the beginning.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

MULDER

Oh, yeah. You're damn right.

(X)

(beat)

Yesterday morning began like any other. You arrived in the office characteristically... less than exuberant.

CUT TO:

30 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING (FLASHBACK) - A SLIDE

30

Gets held up to a desk lamp by a man's hand. It's of an upside-down COW. The hand turns it rightside-up.

MULDER (O.S.)

Hope you brought your cowboy boots, Scully --

WIDER

Scully holds two AIRLINE TICKETS in her hand, glancing at them with a dubious look on her face.

SCULLY

Why are we going to Dallas?

MULDER

Actually, there's a little town called Chaney just south of it. They've had some incidents down there I think you'll agree are pretty unusual.

SCULLY

Like what?

MULDER

I have some slides which may better illustrate. Here we go...

Mulder turns on the PROJECTOR, which throws its beam our way. He and Scully stare past us, studying the o.s. slide. In this version -- Mulder's version -- Mulder is good-natured, infinitely patient and accommodating: a real team player.

Scully is vaguely suspicious of absolutely everything he says. Right now, she crosses her arms and stares up at the slide.

SCULLY

It's a dead cow.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

Mulder clicks through more slides.

INTERCUT WITH:

THE SCREEN

Which shows the familiar images of dead cattle -- only this time, they click past at a reasonable speed.

MULDER

It's six dead cows. And here's the really interesting thing:

SCULLY

Why am I looking at six dead cows?

MULDER

Um. Well, because of the manner in which they died. All six were mysteriously exsanguinated.

Scully considers this, not exactly bowled over by it.

SCULLY

And..?

MULDER

Two little punctures right here, on their necks? All six of them.
(points to his neck)
Here -- I've got a slide of it.

He advances the projector to the close-up of the fang wounds. Scully shrugs -- "so what?"

Mulder clearly expected a different reaction. He keeps going.

MULDER

There's a human victim, as well. Last night -- a vacationer from New Jersey. Body drained of blood, two puncture wounds on the neck...

(treads carefully)

Now, I don't mean to jump to any hasty conclusions, but I think -- on the strength of this evidence -- that we may be looking at what can only be described as a series of vampire or vampire-like attacks.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

Scully makes a face of utter disbelief.

SCULLY

On what do you base that, Mulder?

MULDER

The... corpses drained of blood
and the fang marks on the throat.
(earnest)

But you know, as always, I'm
very eager to hear your opinion.

Scully snorts.

SCULLY

Well, it's obviously not a
vampire.

MULDER

Why not?

SCULLY

Because they don't exist.

Mulder nods thoughtfully.

MULDER

Okay... that's one opinion, and
I respect that. Nonetheless,
I'm thinking a murder has been
committed here, and we can help
bring a killer to justice -- in
whatever mortal or immortal form
he may happen to take.

Scully grudgingly acquiesces to this. She has another thought.

SCULLY

It's not that Mexican goat
sucker, either.

Mulder forces a pained smile and shuts off the projector.

MULDER (V.O.)

So, we flew to Texas...

31 OMITTED

(X)

CUT TO:

32 EXT. COMMERCIAL JET - DAY (STOCK) 32

Same shot as before: high above the clouds, alongside a 757. (X)

SCULLY (V.O.)

Ohmigod, Mulder -- out on the wing! Aliens! (X)
(X)

MULDER (V.O.)

Huh? (X)

Scully erupts into laughter, giggling to herself. (X)

MULDER (V.O.)

Oh, yeah... that just gets funnier with every flight. (X)
(X)
(X)

CUT TO:

33 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR SHOWROOM - DAY - CASKETS 33

Fill the frame as we PAN across them. Nearly a DOZEN makes and models are on display.

MULDER

Looks around the showroom, taking it all in.

MULDER (V.O.)

Upon arriving at the funeral home, I made an interesting observation -- one which you apparently didn't hear:

We WIDEN to include Scully, who stands nearby, disinterested. The Funeral Director is here, too. Mulder turns to him.

MULDER

That's a whole lot of caskets.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Largest in-stock selection in the state. (X)

Mulder nods, believing him.

MULDER

Why does a town with a population of 361 need that?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Repeat business!

The man stops chuckling when he sees Mulder doesn't get the joke.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Mortician humor. Excuse me.

He slinks out of the room. Mulder watches him go. Behind Mulder, Scully is looking off in the opposite direction -- she visibly perks up, exclaiming under her breath:

SCULLY
Oh... boy.

Mulder glances at her, then looks where she's looking. He sees:

MULDER'S POV - A SHERIFF'S BADGE

Is pinned to a black duster coat. We TILT UP to the handsome face of young Sheriff Hartwell, just as good-looking as before. (X)

But wait: this time when he opens his mouth to smile his killer smile... we see he has a rather goofy set of BUCK TEETH. (X)

SHERIFF HARTWELL
Ya'll must be the gummit people! (X)
I'm Lucius Hartwell.

As he swoops to extend his hand our way, Jim Nabors-style -- (X)

CUT TO:

34 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING (THE PRESENT) - SCULLY 34

Stares at Mulder, dubious.

SCULLY
He had big, buck teeth. (X)

MULDER
(shrug) (X)
A slight overbite. (X)

SCULLY
No, he didn't.

MULDER
Yes, he did.

SCULLY
And that's significant... how?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

MULDER

I'm just trying to be thorough.
(off her stare)
So then, we went to see the body.

CUT TO:

35 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR STORAGE ROOM - DAY - A SHEET

35

Gets removed -- underneath it lies dead Mr. Funt in his snappy vacation clothes. We ADJUST to show Mulder, the Sheriff and Scully staring down at the body. The Sheriff sighs.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

This sure as hell ain't gonna be
no boon to tourism -- I tell you
what.

Mulder just stares at the Sheriff's buck teeth, hypnotized by them. He sneaks a thumb to his own -- just checking. (X)
(X)

MULDER

No exam has been done?

SHERIFF HARTWELL

No, Sir -- this is exactly like
we found him in his motel room.

Scully, who isn't aware of the buck teeth, very clearly thinks the Sheriff is dreamy. (X)
(X)

SCULLY

No exam has been done?

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Uh... no, Ma'am. I figured we'd
best leave him to the experts.

She smiles at him. He smiles back, a little uncomfortable. Mulder rolls his eyes to himself and leans over the corpse, checking out the fang marks in its neck.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Now... this can't be what it
looks like. Right?

MULDER

It depends on what you think it
looks like.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: .

35

MULDER (cont'd)

Vampires have always been with us, Sheriff Hartwell: in ancient myths, in stories passed down from early man. Every culture has them -- from the Babylonian *ekimmu* and the Chinese *kuang-shi*, the Hebrew *motetz dam*, the *mormo* of ancient Greece and Rome... right up through the more familiar *nosferatu* of Transylvania.

Scully listens with her arms crossed. She turns to the Sheriff.

SCULLY

In short, Sheriff -- no. This can't be what it looks like.

(smug)

This is simply a case of some lunatic who's seen too many Bela Lugosi movies. He wishes to transfigure himself into a "creature of the night."

The Sheriff -- who apparently lost thirty IQ points between Scully's and Mulder's versions -- nods, ruminating on this.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Yeah... okay.

(to Mulder)

Uh. What she said? That's what I'm thinking.

MULDER

Still, it leaves us in something of a quandary. For there are as many different kinds of vampires as there are cultures which fear them. Some don't even subsist on blood -- the Bulgarian *ubour*, for instance, eats only manure.

SCULLY

Thank you.

MULDER

(pointedly)

To the Serbs, a prime indication of vampirism was red hair.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

MULDER (cont'd)
(off Scully's frown)
Some vampires are eternal --
others are thought to have a
lifespan of only forty days.
Sunlight kills certain vampires,
while still others can come and
go as they please, day or night.

SCULLY
Mulder -- if you do have a
point, feel free to come to it.

MULDER
My point is, we don't know
exactly what we're looking for.
What kind of vampire -- or, if
you prefer, what kind of vampire
this killer wishes to be.

Scully finally can't argue with this. Mulder goes back to
studying the dead body. He notices something... moves to the
far end of the table, growing excited.

MULDER
Hey, look at this. His shoes
are untied!

CUT TO:

36 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING (THE PRESENT) - SCULLY

36

Leans forward, her interest piqued despite herself.

SCULLY
Now, why is that so important?
That his shoes were untied?

MULDER
I'm getting to it.
(beat)
So -- while you stayed behind to
do the autopsy, the Sheriff
drove me to the town's cemetery.

(X)

CUT TO:

37 EXT. CEMETERY - SUNDOWN (FLASHBACK) 37

We're in a creepy old cemetery -- a western version of one. The (X)
more it reminds us of a Dracula movie, the better. It's not
particularly large, but it's definitely deserted. No houses or (X)
people are around for miles. Into frame walks:

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Who glances around at the weathered tombstones. (X)

SHERIFF HARTWELL
Agent Mulder? You mind me (X)
asking why we're out here? (X)

Mulder enters frame behind him. He walks slowly among the (X)
graves, scrutinizing the ground. The easygoing Sheriff tags (X)
behind -- we stick with them.

MULDER
Historically, cemeteries are a
haven for vampires. As are
catacombs, castles and swamps --
but unfortunately, you don't
have any of those.

SHERIFF HARTWELL
(shrug)
We used to have a swamp, only
the EPA made us take to calling
it a "wetlands."

MULDER
Yeah. So, I'm looking for signs
of vampiric activity.

SHERIFF HARTWELL
Which would be..?

MULDER
Finger-sized holes in the earth,
through which the creature exits
his grave in the form of a mist.

SHERIFF HARTWELL
Uh huh.
(he looks, too)
I'm not seeing holes. This
here's a snake hole, I think.

MULDER
There can be other signs.
Broken or shifted tombstones, an
absence of birds singing...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

SHERIFF HARTWELL

There you go -- I'm not hearing any birds!

(reconsiders)

'Course it's winter, and we ain't got no birds. Anything else?

Mulder thinks.

MULDER

A faint groaning from under the earth. The sound of manducation -- of the creature eating his own death shroud.

They both are silent for a beat or two, listening. They hear nothing but the faint WIND blowing across the neighboring fields.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Nope. No manducation.

Mulder nods and glances around, a little frustrated that the vampires aren't cooperating.

MULDER

Sheriff, I'm sure my methods must seem a little odd to you...

SHERIFF HARTWELL

(holds up his hands)

Hey. You work for the federal government -- that's all I need to know.

MULDER

... It's just that right now, my instincts tell me the killer will visit this place. That it may well hold some fascination, some siren call for him.

Throughout this, we hear the sound of a car approaching. A short HONK of a car horn turns the Sheriff and Mulder to see:

MULDER'S POV - AN AMC GREMLIN

Slows to a stop on the deserted road. A lighted PIZZA SIGN (X)
waggles above the window. Ronnie Strickland, the Pizza Guy, (X)
leans out of the driver's seat.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

PIZZA GUY
Howdy, Sheriff. (X)

RESUME

The Sheriff gives a wave.

SHERIFF HARTWELL
Hey, Ronnie. How's it going?

PIZZA GUY
Can't complain. (X)

SHERIFF HARTWELL (X)
Well, all right, then. (X)

Ronnie waves and drives off. The Sheriff waves again. (X)

Mulder pays little attention to this. He's still got vampires on his mind, wondering aloud. (X)

MULDER
Maybe after nightfall... but
he'll come. He'll come.

We ADJUST AROUND Mulder to take in the AMC Gremlin driving away behind him. Mulder doesn't pay it any mind. Off this: (X)
(X)

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

38 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - MULDER 38

Cracks open a SUNFLOWER and eats it. He's got a good-sized BAG of them. He glances around the moonlit tombstones as he chews.

MULDER (V.O.)
So, we staked out the cemetery.

CUT TO:

39 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING (THE PRESENT) - SCULLY 39

Is growing impatient.

SCULLY
Mulder -- shoelaces.

MULDER
(looks at his own)
Huh?

SCULLY
On the corpse. You were gonna tell me what was so meaningful about finding untied shoelaces.

MULDER
Right. I'm doing it.

Scully settles back, waiting to hear.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - MULDER 40

Carefully upends his bag of sunflower seeds, pouring them in a long, thin line as he backs out of the cemetery. He's leaving a trail toward the patrol car parked in b.g. behind him.

41 INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS - THE SHERIFF 41

Sits behind the wheel with a puzzled look on his face, watching Mulder do this. Finished, Mulder joins the Sheriff in the car. He still has half a bag left -- he offers it to the man.

MULDER
Sunflower seed?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

SHERIFF HARTWELL

No, thanks.
(uncomfortable)
You mind me asking..?

MULDER

Historically, certain types of seeds are thought to fascinate vampires. Chiefly oats and millet, but you make do with what you have. You remember before when I said we didn't know what kind of vampire we were dealing with?

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Yeah?

MULDER

Well... there is one obscure fact about vampires which, oddly enough, seems to be almost universal among the stories told by different cultures.

(off his interest)

It's that they're really, really obsessive-compulsive.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Huh.

MULDER

If you toss a handful of seeds at one, no matter what he's doing, he has to stop and pick them up. If he sees a knotted rope, he just has to untie it -- it's his nature. In fact, I'm guessing that's why our victim's shoelaces were untied.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Obsessive. Like "Rain Man."

MULDER

Yeah.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

That was a good movie.

Mulder nods and eats another seed. A couple spill out onto the dash -- the Sheriff picks them up and puts them in the ashtray. The police radio CRACKLES TO LIFE, drawing their attention.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

FEMALE DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Sheriff? You got your radio on?

SHERIFF HARTWELL
(picks up mike)
Yeah, Charlene -- what's up?

FEMALE DISPATCHER'S VOICE
I just got a call from the RV
park? They got something of a (X)
situation there, sounds like you (X)
might wanna have a look.

The Sheriff looks to Mulder, who gives an interested nod. The Sheriff hits his lightbar. The patrol car blasts out of frame. (X)

CUT TO: (X)

42 OMITTED

42 (X)

43 EXT. RV PARK - NIGHT

43

A SIGN says "ROLLING ACRES RV CAMP -- Overnights Welcome!"
We're high up, looking out over a rural lot filled with RVs and campers of various sizes and shapes. We CRANE DOWN to find...

... A small crowd of RV FOLK staring past us, moving their heads back and forth in unison like they're watching a tennis match. We hear a TRUCK ENGINE growling o.s. -- something BIG whips between us and the crowd, briefly wiping them from frame. After a few seconds, it whips past again.

THE SHERIFF'S CAR

Pulls into the lot. Mulder and the Sheriff climb out and walk up behind the crowd. They join them in staring o.s. at:

A WINNEBAGO

An old, short, stubby one -- is racing around backwards in a circle in the parking lot. The driver's seat is EMPTY.

RONNIE THE PIZZA GUY

Is here, watching along with the crowd. He notices the Sheriff and Mulder, who are paying no attention to him whatsoever.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

PIZZA GUY
Hey again, Sheriff...

SHERIFF HARTWELL
Hey again, Ronnie...

The Sheriff turns to Mulder, who studies the Winnebago.

SHERIFF HARTWELL
Whatcha think? Shoot out the
tires?

Mulder agrees. Both men check that their pistols are loaded and ready. The Sheriff addresses the crowd.

SHERIFF HARTWELL
Ya'll back way up.

Ronnie and the crowd comply. We TRACK ahead of Mulder and the Sheriff as they stride toward the Winnebago, determined looks on their faces. It's like they're headed for the OK Corral.

MULDER (V.O.) (X)
Anyway, skipping ahead... (X)

CUT TO: (X)

43A INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING (THE PRESENT) - SCULLY 43A(X)

Stirs, wondering at this. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Why skip ahead? What happened (X)
then? (X)
(off his reluctance) (X)
Mulder... you shot out the (X)
tires, and what then? (X)

Mulder doesn't really want to tell this part. He shrugs, pained. (X)

CUT TO: (X)

43B EXT. RV PARK - NIGHT - UP HIGH AND WIDE 43B(X)

We get the whole tableau: the RV circling wildly, and Mulder and the Sheriff entering into the eye of the storm, taking careful aim with their guns. They fire -- POP; POP, POP! -- but nothing seems to happen. The RV just keeps circling.

(CONTINUED)

43B CONTINUED:

43B

MULDER (V.O.)

Here's the thing -- shooting out the tires on a runaway RV is a lot harder than it looks. (X)

POP, POP, POP, POP, POP! -- still nothing. The Sheriff shrugs.

MULDER (V.O.)

I then tried a different approach.

TIME CUT TO:

44 MULDER

44

Clinging desperately to the front bumper of the Winnebago as it drags him around and around. The Sheriff runs after him, struggling to catch up. (X)

MULDER

AAAAAH!! -- (X)

NEW ANGLE - ON THE DECK

Mulder gets thrown off and goes sliding into a nearby PUDDLE. Behind him, the Winnebago keeps on going.

THE SHERIFF

Jogs over and helps him up. Mulder is filthy -- just like we saw him at the end of Act One. He stares hatefully at the RV. But just then, something happens which surprises them.

LOOKING PAST THEM - THE WINNEBAGO

SPUTTERS and runs out of gas. It rolls to a stop. Mulder and the Sheriff stand staring... then cautiously approach the RV. The crowd follows behind them at a respectful distance.

MULDER (V.O.)

Finally, we prevailed.

THE WINNEBAGO'S DOOR

Gets tugged on by Mulder. It opens -- and a pasty DEAD MAN TUMBLES OUT onto the pavement, startling everyone. This man is familiar to us as Scully's second autopsy subject.

The Sheriff squats to check out the TWO PUNCTURES in his neck.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Same as the last one.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: .

44

MULDER
(nod)
Right down to his shoes.

MULDER'S POV - THE MAN'S SHOES

Have had their LACES UNTIED.

MULDER (X)

Looks up from the shoes to the crowd of RV park onlookers: (X)
including -- but not featuring -- an innocent-looking Ronnie. (X)

MULDER (V.O.)
We interviewed everyone present. (X)
No one had seen anything. (X)

CUT TO:

45 OMITTED

46 OMITTED 46 (X)

47 INT. MOTEL BUNGALOW - NIGHT - MULDER 47

Slouches in the rocker with the antlers. He's still muddy, and (X)
listening unhappily to someone BERATE him o.s. as we PULL BACK. (X)

MULDER (V.O.)
Tired, frustrated and lacking a (X)
solid lead, I just wanted to get (X)
cleaned up. I had the Sheriff (X)
drop me at the motel. (X)
(beat) (X)
Which is where I ran into you. (X)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

We PULL BACK TO Scully, who sits on her vibrating bed, just ragging away on poor Mulder -- her voice a Magic Fingers TREMOLO. (X)

SCULLY

What do you mean, you have another victim you want me to autopsy -- and why do I have to go do it right this minute? Mulder, I have just spent hours on my feet doing an autopsy -- all for you. I do it all for you. I haven't eaten since six o'clock this morning, and all that was was one-half of a cream cheese bagel. And it wasn't even real cream cheese -- it was light cream cheese. And now you want me to run off and do yet another autopsy!

(notices the mud)

What the hell happened to you?

CLOSE - MULDER

Sits staring blankly into space. Scully WIPES through frame in close f.g., exiting the motel room.

MULDER (V.O.)

Finally, you left.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Don't you touch that bed.

(X)

She SLAMS the door, rattling the COWBOY PICTURE hanging on the wall behind Mulder's head. Mulder sighs and rises to his feet.

NEW ANGLE - LOW

He pulls off his muddy shirt, kicks off his shoes without untying them -- we get a good angle on the SHOES, particularly. He wanders into the bathroom, running the water and stepping out of his pants. He washes his face as o.s., we hear the sound of the front door OPENING.

Mulder comes out of the bathroom, toweling his face -- wearing his boxers and undershirt. He's surprised to see:

RONNIE STRICKLAND

Standing in the doorway, holding his insulated pizza carrier and looking uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

47

PIZZA GUY

Uh. Hey again. The lady
outside said you'd pay for this?

MULDER

She ordered a pizza from you?
(off the guy's shrug)
Yeah, all right... let me get my
wallet.

Mulder pads back into the bathroom, where he pulls on his pants.
We are OFF RONNIE COMPLETELY during this -- Mulder and we don't
see what he's doing, if anything.

PIZZA GUY (O.S.)

It's \$12.98.

Mulder comes back out with his wallet, handing a couple of bills
to Ronnie. Ronnie gives him the box and shuffles out the door.

PIZZA GUY

Okay, then. Enjoy.

Mulder closes the door behind him. He sniffs the box.

TIME CUT TO:

48 THE PIZZA BOX

48

Lies open atop the vibrating bed. Half of it is gone. Mulder's
hand reaches in and takes another big slice.

MULDER (V.O.)

So... I ate your dinner.

MULDER

Lies atop the covers, watching TV. The lights are low. The
Magic Fingers runs out, and the bed STOPS. Still chewing,
Mulder deposits another quarter, and the bed STARTS UP again.

All's right with the world. He's reaching for another napkin
when he notices something on the floor. His smile slowly fades.

MULDER (V.O.)

And that's when I saw it:

MULDER'S POV - HIS KICKED-OFF SHOES

Sit on the floor, neatly arranged -- their LACES UNTIED. This
is not the way Mulder left them.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

MULDER (V.O.)
But by then, it was too late.

RESUME - MULDER

Blinks, already feeling the effects of the chloral hydrate. He crawls across the bed to the dresser, finding his cell phone.

He thumbs the speed-dial... but then his legs go out. He slides down the dresser, winding up with his butt on the floor. He has the phone to his ear, however -- we hear a VOICE answer.

SCULLY (FILTERED V.O.)
Scully --

Mulder moves his lips to talk -- but can't.

SCULLY (FILTERED V.O.)
Hello? Hello.

He manages only to GRUNT unattractively. He notices:

MULDER'S POV - THE MOTEL WINDOW

A MAN'S OUTLINE can be seen peering in through the curtain.

MULDER

GRUNTS frantically into the phone.

SCULLY (FILTERED V.O.)
Creep.

CLICK--she hangs up. Mulder lets the phone drop, seeing:

MULDER'S POV - THE DOOR

Eases open. Ronnie Strickland enters, silhouetted. He gently shuts the door behind him and pads toward us into the dim light. He opens his mouth wide -- BIG FANGS appear. His eyes GLOW RED.

MULDER

Fights to reach his hand to the top of the dresser. With his last ounce of coordination, he feels around for:

HIS PISTOL

Which lies ready in its holster. No, wait -- Mulder's fingers touch it, then move on. He's really looking for... the BAG of SUNFLOWER SEEDS. He grabs it tight.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

WIDER

Mulder gives the bag a whip -- seeds fly everywhere, PLINKING off the walls. Ronnie halts his advance. He looks around at the seeds, then back at his victim. He's bummed.

PIZZA GUY

Aw, man... what'd you have to go do that for?

Reluctantly, he goes to work -- picking up the seeds one at a time and dropping them in a trash can. He works as fast as he can, but it's clear this will take a while.

PIZZA GUY

You're in big trouble.

BIRD'S EYE DOWN ON MULDER

Who can't fight the anesthetic any longer. He keels over onto his back, staring up past us with unfocused eyes. We CREEP DOWN toward him as his lids close and he drifts off to slumberland.

MULDER (V.O.)

Then I was out cold -- I don't know for how long. When I finally came to:

We're down CLOSE on Mulder's face. His eyes SNAP OPEN in fear.

MULDER'S POV - LOOKING UP FROM THE FLOOR

We SHOCK CUT to Ronnie looming over us, eyes glowing, about to sink his fangs in our neck. Just then -- BOOM! -- the sound of a door BANGING OPEN o.s. turns his attention.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Mulder!

Ronnie springs to his feet and HISSES at someone offscreen.

BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM! Four slugs nail him square in the chest, leaving neat, burnt holes -- but no blood. The bullets barely faze him. He GROWLS, then LEAPS...

... An incredible LEAP. Major, slow motion, Michael Jordan-style hang time. It's a short FLIGHT, really. The bed beside us blocks our view of where he lands and what happens next.

CUT TO:

49 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING (THE PRESENT) - SCULLY 49

Sits listening, patient but dubitable. (X)

SCULLY

So, you're saying I actually hit him four times. (X)

MULDER

Square in the chest. No effect.

SCULLY

And then he sort of flew at me like a flying squirrel.

Mulder nods -- then frowns.

MULDER

I don't think I'll use the phrase "flying squirrel" to Skinner, but yeah -- that's what happened.

CUT TO:

50 INT. MOTEL BUNGALOW - NIGHT - THE ROCKING CHAIR 50 (X)

Gets pushed over onto its side. A man's shoes stomp on the back rest, trying to break it.

MULDER (V.O.)

You checked on me, then left to pursue Ronnie Strickland into the woods. Once I recovered...

CRACK!--the chair finally breaks. Antlers go flying. Hands grab a sturdy wooden SPOKE and wrench it loose. Now we see -- (X)

-- Mulder grimly appraising his ad hoc VAMPIRE STAKE.

MULDER (V.O.)

... I knew what I had to do.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. FARMER'S FIELD - NIGHT 51

As we saw in the Teaser, we watch as Ronnie gets chased by the dark figure -- who now may be more clearly seen as Mulder.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

MULDER (V.O.)
I caught sight of him. Chased
him over hill and dale. And in
the end...

52 EXT. WOODS - THE STAKE

52

Rises into frame -- then SLAMS HOME o.s. We hear Ronnie's HOWL.

CUT TO:

53 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - MORNING (THE PRESENT)

53

Mulder and Scully sit facing one another across the desk.
Finally, Scully sighs, depressed. She speaks quietly.

SCULLY
Mulder... it's not just me. (X)
Nobody in their right mind will (X)
ever believe that story.

MULDER
They'll have to once they
examine Ronnie Strickland's body.

Scully doesn't believe that -- but she doesn't argue. Off the
two of them waiting in silence, both checking their watches...

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. FORENSIC MORGUE - MORNING

54

We're in a modern morgue facility -- lots of stainless steel.
LEGEND OVER: DALLAS-FORT WORTH REGIONAL PATHOLOGY LAB. A
CORONER enters, taking us to:

A table on which lies a SHEET-COVERED BODY. The sheet is oddly
PUP-TENTED near the middle. The Coroner adjusts his overhead
microphone, then begins dictating.

CORONER
Case number 00261-98, Ronald
LaVelle Strickland...

The Coroner pulls off the sheet, revealing a naked Ronnie, the
rocking chair spoke still embedded in his chest.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

CORONER

Probable cause of death...

(under his breath)

Gee, that's a tough one.

The Coroner grasps the spoke firmly in his gloved hands and pulls. It takes some effort. We're just on the stake for this -- we don't see it coming out of the chest -- but we hear gross NOISES. The Coroner finally pries it loose.

CLOSE ON A STEEL TRAY

Onto which the Coroner drops the bloody spoke with a CLANG! We stay on it, seeing the Coroner walk away to a counter in b.g.

AT THE COUNTER

The Coroner gathers his instruments: checks out his knives, his scalpels, his Stryker Saw. Over his shoulder we can see Ronnie lying on the table -- just an out-of-focus BLUR.

After a beat or two, the BLUR silently SITS UP. The Coroner doesn't notice.

NEW ANGLE - ON THE CORONER'S BACK

We CREEP toward the man, who is oblivious to our stealthy approach. We get closer, closer...

THE CORONER

Gradually senses something, lifts his head. He spins to see --

-- Ronnie face-to-face with him, his eyes GLOWING like coals. He opens his mouth wide and HISSES, revealing a mouthful of ordinary teeth.

Ronnie hesitates, running his tongue over his normal teeth. He falters only briefly -- ATTACKING his petrified victim and knocking them both out of frame. Off the Coroner's SCREAMS:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

55 INT. SKINNER'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

55

Mulder and Scully sit side-by-side in this austere lobby area. Neither one looks at the other. Neither quite knows what to do with their hands -- whether to prop them on their armrests, or cross them in their lap.

The room is unsettlingly quiet. Mulder and Scully stare at:

A SECRETARY

Who sits facing them behind her desk. Beside her is a closed door with the nameplate "WALTER SKINNER" on it.

The Secretary studies some paperwork. Feeling the agents' eyes upon her, she looks up at them coolly.

MULDER AND SCULLY

Both quickly look away. An uncomfortable beat passes, then Scully leans closer to Mulder. She feels the need to WHISPER.

SCULLY

Mulder..? Please just keep reminding him you were drugged.

Mulder WHISPERS back, rattled.

MULDER

Would you stop it?

SCULLY

It couldn't hurt.

They both settle back into their seats. A beat or two. The office door opens, making them both stand up quick. (X)
(X)

A.D. SKINNER pops his head out of his open office door. (X)

SKINNER

Scully. Mulder. (X)

MULDER

(meek) (X)
I was drugged. (X)

Skinner stares at him flatly -- finally deciding against responding to this. He addresses them both. (X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

SKINNER

I want you back in Texas. (X)
(off their surprise) (X)
Ronnie Strickland's body has (X)
disappeared from the morgue. (X)
Apparently in conjunction with (X)
this, a coroner was attacked -- (X)
bitten on the throat. (X)

Mulder and Scully look to one another, stunned. (X)

SKINNER

Daylight's burning, agents. (X)

Skinner disappears back into his office. Mulder and Scully turn (X)
and head for the exit -- not really clear on what just happened. (X)

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: (2)

55

56 OMITTED

(X)

57 EXT. COMMERCIAL JET - LATE DAY (STOCK)

57

Once again, we're alongside a plane as it wings toward Texas.

SCULLY (V.O.)
Mulder?

MULDER (V.O.)
Yeah?

SCULLY (V.O.)
Do you think Skinner was drugged?

CUT TO:

58 INT. FORENSIC MORGUE - LATE DAY - THE STAKE

58

Mulder pounded into Ronnie's chest still lies atop the tray where we last saw it. A hand picks it up.

WIDER

Mulder looks it over. He and Scully stand in the familiar autopsy bay, listening to a Dallas DETECTIVE.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

DETECTIVE

Aside from that little party favor, there's not much to see. The body was over here. There's where the attack happened.

(X)
(X)

He points to the empty table, then to the counter across from it. Like he said, there's nothing to see -- no blood.

SCULLY

Detective, if you don't mind, I'll want to autopsy the victim.

DETECTIVE

I don't mind, but he might.
(gives a holler)
Hey, Jimmy?

Scully and Mulder are surprised to see:

THE CORONER

Whom Ronnie attacked. He shuffles into the room, holding an ice pack to a big BANDAGE on his neck. (X)
(X)

MULDER

He's alive?

CORONER

(taken aback)
Well, yeah.

TIME CUT TO:

59 CLOSE ON THE BANDAGE

59

Which gets carefully peeled back. Underneath are little teeth-shaped BRUISES. The skin isn't even broken.

WIDER

The Detective stands by. The Coroner sits on a stool, allowing Mulder and Scully to peer at his hickey.

CORONER

He just knocked me down and started gnawing on my neck. Scared the bejeezus out of me. Eventually, I kinda pushed him off me, and he ran away.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

MULDER
Ronnie Strickland.

The Coroner nods.

SCULLY
But he was dead. He had a stake
through his heart.

CORONER
(absently)
Yeah, I noticed that too.

The Coroner is done talking. Scully looks to Mulder, who has something approaching an "I told you so" look on his face.

CUT TO:

60 OMITTED

61 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

61

Two FLASHLIGHT BEAMS sweep over us, momentarily whiting out the frame. Mulder and Scully head toward us, moving among the old tombstones. Maybe there's a bit of eerie GROUND FOG.

SCULLY
So, we should find Ronnie out
here because..?

MULDER
Because tradition states that a
vampire needs to sleep in his
native soil. (X)

Scully doesn't have a response to this. They look around,
checking tombstones. It's silent. No one's around for miles. (X)

Scully makes a pained face -- none of this is computing for her. (X)

SCULLY
But, Mulder -- he had fake
fangs. Why would a real vampire
need fake fangs? I mean, just
for the sake of argument.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

MULDER

Fangs are rarely mentioned in the folklore -- most real vampires aren't actually thought to have them. It's more an invention of Bram Stoker's.

(considers)

Maybe you were right before, Scully -- maybe this is a guy who watches too many Dracula movies. But he just happens to be a real vampire.

Again, they look around -- no sign of anything.

(X)

SCULLY

So where the hell is he, then?

MULDER

(thinks)

What about his family -- the ones who want to sue us for 446 million dollars?

SCULLY

It's an aunt and uncle. Their mail comes general delivery to the local post office.

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

No home address?

(X)

She shakes her head. He wonders at this. HEADLIGHTS appear, turning their attention. They squint at:

(X)

(X)

THE SHERIFF'S PATROL CAR

Which rolls to a stop beside them. Sheriff Hartwell gives them a wave from his open driver's side window.

(X)

SCULLY

Sheriff Hartwell --

Scully looks quickly to Mulder, a little self-conscious.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Evening, Agents. I heard ya'll were back in town. If I can be of any assistance...

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

We can see clearly: the Sheriff does NOT have buck teeth.
Scully slyly taps a finger to her own teeth -- a dig to Mulder (X)
that he was wrong. Mulder gives her a begrudging little shrug. (X)

MULDER

Uh yeah, Sheriff -- you can. (X)
You and Agent Scully can keep an
eye on things here while I go
check on something. (X)
(aside to Scully) (X)
Don't say I never did anything (X)
for you. (X)

SCULLY

Where are you going? (X)

MULDER

Where around here might you be (X)
living if your mail came general (X)
delivery? (X)

SHERIFF HARTWELL

(answering for her) (X)
The RV park. (X)

Mulder nods at the man -- bingo. He heads for the rental car. (X)
Scully watches him leave. She turns back to see the handsome (X)
Sheriff smiling at her from his car window.

TIME CUT TO:

61A INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS - A THERMOS

61A

Of steaming coffee gets poured into a COWBOY BOOT-SHAPED MUG.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Thanks.

SHERIFF HARTWELL (O.S.)

You're very welcome.

WIDER

Scully sips her coffee while the Sheriff pours himself some.
They sit beside one another in the patrol car. They both seem
self-conscious. This almost has the feel of a first date.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

So, what do you think about
vampires?

(CONTINUED)

61A CONTINUED: .

61A

SCULLY

Aside from the fact that I don't believe in them?

SHERIFF HARTWELL

Yeah... aside from that.

They both smile at one another. Scully sips her coffee.

SCULLY

Well... they're supposed to be extremely charming. Seductive.

(X)

(shrug)

(X)

Though I mean, even if they did really exist, who's to say they'd be like that? As Agent Mulder says, there's many different kinds of vampires.

The Sheriff nods agreeably. Scully takes another sip, blinking. Maybe we notice the Sheriff isn't drinking his own coffee.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

I have to apologize for Ronnie.

(X)

He makes us all look bad.

(X)

(sigh)

He's not who we are anymore. I mean, we pay taxes. We're good neighbors. He can't quite grasp the concept of "low-profile."

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully looks to him, confused by this. Right then, the chloral hydrate really hits her. The Sheriff gently takes the coffee mug from her hand before she spills it on herself. She sees:

SCULLY'S POV - THE SHERIFF

Gives us a regretful little smile. Already, our view of him is starting to dim and blur around the edges.

SHERIFF HARTWELL

But though he may be a moron, he's one of our own.

The Sheriff's eyes GLOW RED. Then, everything goes BLACK.

CUT TO:

62 EXT. RV PARK - NIGHT - THE BIG SIGN

62

With its "Overnights Welcome!" tag hangs in f.g. Down below us is parked Mulder's rental car. He shuts his door and walks off.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

MULDER (X)

Pads around the quiet lot. There are lights on in most of the campers, but no one is in sight. Mulder comes across... a rusty moose of a mid-70s RV. He notices something, bends to pick up: (X) (X) (X)

A PIZZA SPACER (X)

A white plastic tripod that keeps the pizza from getting stuck to the top of its box. Ideally, we saw one earlier in the show. (X) (X)

MULDER (X)

Twirls it in his fingers, recognizing it. The lights are off in the RV beside him. He tries to peer in through a window, but he can't see anything. He moves to the door and tests the knob -- it's unlocked. He cautiously enters. (X) (X) (X) (X)

63 INT. BIG RV - CONTINUOUS

63 (X)

It's dark in here. Mulder takes a few steps and promptly bumps into something BIG. We can't make out what it is, but Mulder can. He runs his hands over it.

MULDER

Uh oh. (X)

He clicks on his flashlight. In its beam, we see: (X)

A CASKET

Resting in the center of the RV -- pretty much dominating this otherwise mundane space. Mulder finds the LIGHT SWITCH.

Now we can see everything. Mulder stares down at the casket... uneasy, to say the least. He gingerly raises the CREAKY lid. (X) (X)

INSIDE THE CASKET

Lies Ronnie Strickland, his eyes closed, looking peaceful. He's wearing a Walkman headset. Mulder mumbles to himself. (X)

MULDER

Sleeping late.

Mulder very carefully begins to shut the lid. Just then -- startling us -- Ronnie's RED eyes SNAP OPEN. He grabs the lid to keep it from closing, GROWLING ferociously. (X)

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

MULDER

Throws himself on the lid, slamming it shut. He climbs atop it, (X)
trying to keep it down. (X)

BAM! BAM! BAM! Ronnie whales away on the lid. Mulder endeavors (X)
to maintain his composure as he gets bounced around. (X)

MULDER

Ronnie Strickland -- you're
under arrest. You have the
right to remain silent.
Anything you say can and will be
used against you in a court of
law. Okay? Stop it, Ronnie.

Mulder gives up. He grabs his cell phone and dials. He puts
the phone to his ear, glancing out an adjacent window. What he
sees makes his face go blank.

MULDER

Oh, damn.

MULDER'S POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

RV FOLK -- a DOZEN of them -- are exiting their campers,
congregating... very slowly walking our way. Their eyes GLOW.
It looks like a scene from "Night of the Living Dead."

MULDER

Stares at this sight, very well aware that he's up shit creek.
He hangs up, fumbles behind his back for his --

HANDCUFFS

Which he locks onto the casket's HANDLES. He does this in such
a way that the lid is chained shut. He slides off the casket,
which POPS OPEN an inch or two -- Ronnie is still HOWLING.

MULDER

Hurries through the RV, glancing around in a panic for something
in particular. He sees a pile of old PIZZA BOXES, rummages
through them.

CLOSE - A BOX OF PIZZA BREADSTICKS

Gets opened -- Mulder grabs two of the stale, foot-long STICKS.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. RV PARK - NIGHT 64

Mulder exits the RV, holding up the breadsticks like a crucifix, trying to keep the vampires at bay. They surround him, cutting him off from his car. (X)

ON MULDER - CIRCLING AROUND HIM

Mulder is freaking out. The vampires HISS and close in. No one has fangs -- just RED EYES. They stare at the breadsticks. (X)

VAMPIRE

You have got to be kidding. (X)

Then, as if on cue, they all RUSH FORWARD. (X)

BIRD'S EYE DOWN ON MULDER

From here, it looks like a mosh pit. Mulder struggles and yells, but is pulled down out of sight. He never has a chance.

We CRANE UP from this, taking in the RVs and the starry sky. (X)

DISSOLVE TO:

65 RENTAL CAR - MORNING 65

We PAN to find... A man's legs hanging lifelessly out of the open driver's window. Both SHOELACES are UNTIED.

Into this frame steps a figure in a familiar black cowboy DUSTER COAT. The figure stands silent for a beat.

SCULLY (O.S.)

Mulder?

The legs twitch, then get pulled out of sight back into the rental car. After a beat, Mulder's head appears in the window. He squints out at us, groggy and tousled -- and dirty all over again, like he was earlier in the story. (X)

MULDER

Scully? What happened?

SCULLY

Looks hung over, just like Mulder. She's wrapped in the Sheriff's duster. It's so long on her, it reaches to her toes. The silver BADGE is still pinned to the lapel.

SCULLY

I came to in the cemetery.
(regards her new coat)
That's all I know.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

Mulder opens the door and staggers to his feet. He glances around, finding his bearings. Once he realizes where he is, he looks surprised. (X)

MULDER'S POV - A BIG, EMPTY PARKING LOT

Is all around us, with empty utility hookups popping up at regular intervals. The big SIGN overhead tells us we're still in the Rolling Acres RV Park -- only every last RV is GONE.

WIDE SHOT

The agents are two small figures, surrounded by the Texas plains.

MULDER

They pulled up stakes.

Scully just looks at him, too tired to respond to the pun -- if indeed it was even meant as such. Mulder ties his shoes.

SKINNER (V.O.)

So, that's it?

CUT TO:

66 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY - SKINNER

66

Sits at his desk, having just listened to this entire story.

SKINNER

They simply disappeared without a trace. (X)

(off their nods) (X)

And that's exactly the way it happened -- from start to finish? (X)

MULDER AND SCULLY

Sit opposite him. It's a new day. They glance to one another, wondering who should answer. Finally, Scully speaks up. (X)

SCULLY

I can neither confirm nor deny Agent Mulder's version of events which occurred outside my presence. (X)

MULDER

Nor can I confirm nor deny Agent Scully's version of events. (X)

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: .

66

SCULLY (X)
And anyway, I was drugged. (X)

Mulder shifts in his seat and glances at her, then continues. (X)

MULDER (X)
But that is essentially... (X)
exactly the way it happened. (X)

SCULLY (X)
Essentially. (X)

Skinner stares hard at both of them. Off the two pensive (X)
agents, we CUT TO BLACK. BRING UP CREDITS...

MULDER (V.O.) (X)
Except for the part about the
buck teeth.

THE END (X)