

X-Files Tooms (1X20)

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SCENE 1

Druid Hill Sanitarium; Baltimore, Maryland

(Barbed wire surrounds a tall reddish-building. Going down a hallway, we can hear screaming, moaning and indiscernible babbling. On various doors, we see name plates like "Walter L, Robbie" and "Schalin, Scott." Under each of the name plates is a small door through which food is passed through. We stop at a door where the name plate reads: "Tooms, Eugene Victor." A face appears through the small door, with evil yellowish eyes. He peers down the hallway then sticks his hand through the slot. He reaches up towards the latch, growling. As he sticks his arm further through, we hear a dull pop as his shoulder dislocates. He smiles and lets out a dull sigh. His breathing becomes slow and heavy, his hand and arm stretching out beyond normal human proportions. His fingers actually grow until they are almost at the lock. The main door in the hallway opens, flooding the dark hallway with light. A man, Dr. Aaron Monte, and a security guard walk down to Tooms' door. Monte knocks on the door.)

Aaron Monte: Eugene?

(He knocks again.)

Eugene, it's Dr. Monte.

(Hearing no answer, he signals to the security guard. The guard unlatches the door and Monte walks inside.)

Eugene, are you asleep?

(Tooms sits up on his bed.)

Eugene Tooms: No.

Aaron Monte: I was on my way out and wanted to stop by and see how you were feeling.

Eugene Tooms: Fine.

(Monte sits down.)

Aaron Monte: Good. You nervous about tomorrow? Don't be. I know you think they won't let you out so I snuck a peek at the reports of the doctors that will testify at your review tomorrow and they concur with my opinion that you're ready to be released from here . . .

Eugene Tooms: Hmm . . .

Aaron Monte: And rejoin the community. So . . .

(He stands.)

Why don't we get some sleep and relax and I'll see you tomorrow at the review, okay?

(He goes over and picks up his coat.)

Let's just keep our fingers crossed.

(He walks out and the security guard closes and latches the door. Tooms looks up from the floor, the same evil yellowish glow as before. Slowly, he crosses his fingers.)

SCENE 2

Assistant Director Walter Skinner's Office; FBI Headquarters; Washington, D.C.

(Skinner is sitting at his desk, Scully sitting at the opposite side. The Cigarette-Smoking Man is standing behind Skinner next to the window, smoking.)

Skinner: Agent Scully, we have reviewed your reports and frankly we are quite displeased. Irregular procedure, untenable evidence, anonymous witnesses, inconclusive findings aggravated by vague opinion.

Scully: But sir, the very nature of the X-Files cases often precludes orthodox investigation.

Skinner: Are you suggesting that the bureau adopt separate standards for you and Agent Mulder?

Scully: No, sir.

Skinner: Are you suggesting that Agent Mulder obstructs you from proper procedure?

Scully: No, sir. If anything, I'm suggesting that these cases be reviewed with . . . an open mind.

Skinner: Maybe your mind has become too open.

Scully: On X-Files cases investigated by Agent Mulder and myself to date, we have a conviction or case solution of seventy-five percent. That's well above the current bureau standard.

Skinner: And that is your only saving grace.

Scully: May I ask, sir, what more you require?

(Skinner looks away towards the Cigarette-Smoking Man, who looks out the window. Scully looks at the Cigarette-Smoking Man as well. Skinner looks back at Scully.)

Skinner: What I require is increased frequency of reports. Conventional investigation. In short, Agent Scully, it is your responsibility to see that these cases are by-the-book.

Scully: I understand, however . . . conventional investigation of these cases may decrease the rate of success.

(Scully watches as the Cigarette-Smoking Man puts out his cigarette. We hear a gavel pounding.)

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SCENE 3

Court Hearing of Eugene Victor Tooms; Baltimore, Maryland

Judge Kann: By order of the state of Maryland, the court shall review the psychological status of Eugene Victor Tooms. We'll begin with the court-appointed expert witnesses. The court calls Dr. Pamela Karetzky. (Eugene Tooms is sitting at a table with a female, obviously his attorney. A board of three judges are seated at a table at the front of the room. Dr. Karetzky gets up and we see Mulder is sitting behind her. He looks at his watch.)

Dr. Karetzky: I performed several diagnostic procedures on Mr. Tooms in order to determine any organic physiological dysfunction — an electroencephalogram, chromosomal analysis, a computerized axial tomograph. All of these were negative.

(Cut to an overlapping picture of another doctor sitting in the chair talking. He is reading off a paper.)

Dr. Collins: "Mr. Tooms had recently lost his job," Parenthesis: "Baltimore Animal Regulation" slash "Dog Catcher," close parenthesis. "Aggravated by a false arrest incident with the FBI, his assault on Agent Scully was," quote, "frustration directed at the wrong person," end quote. (Cut to another overlapping picture, this one of Dr. Aaron Monte in the same seat.)

Aaron Monte: I'm reading from a recent interview I did with Mr. Tooms at the Druid Hill Sanitarium. "Question: If you were released, what is the first thing you would do? Answer: I'd like my old job back. Question: Why? Answer: The animal shelter made me feel I was helping everyone, people and animals."

(Mulder leans back in his chair, disgusted. Monte taps his pen in time with the emphasized words.)

So you see, what is occurring here is that Mr. Tooms is learning to articulate his feelings and invest his emotional energy towards creative and constructive activity . . .

(Tooms looks at Dr. Monte with the yellowish eyes. From Tooms' point of view, the audio fades away and everything becomes black-and-white except for Monte. Monte looks back at Tooms, who looks down. The audio and visual status return to normal.)

. . . strategem neurotic build-up in himself.

(Tooms looks up, his eyes back to normal.)

It is my opinion that Mr. Tooms has had a very excellent response to the months of treatment and therapy and I would see no reason why he would be considered of any danger to himself or any member of society. (Mulder takes the stand. He is being sworn in.)

Woman: Do you swear that the testimony you are about to deliver is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

Mulder: I do.

(He is seated. The prosecution attorney stands up and walks towards Mulder.)

Prosecution Counsel Myers: Mr. Mulder, as an expert witness for the state of Maryland, can you list your qualifications?

Mulder: I'm a special agent with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, I worked for three years at the F.B.I.'s behavioral science unit profiling serial killers.

Defense Counsel Nelson: Your honor, I know where he's going this. May I remind the court that Mr. Tooms was placed in psychiatric care solely for the previous assault on Agent Scully. He has never been charged, nor has any evidence linked him to another crime.

Judge Kann: You may proceed . . . with caution.

(Mulder sees Scully walk in and take a seat in the back.)

Prosecution Counsel Myers: Agent Mulder, I understand that you've drawn upon your experience and developed a profile on Mr. Tooms.

Mulder: Yes, I have.

Prosecution Counsel Myers: Please.

(He motions for Mulder to show it. Mulder starts a slideshow. The first picture is of a woman, face down.)

Mulder: These murders span nearly a century. Nineteen homicides, five occurring every thirty years since 1903, all in the Baltimore area. In each case, the liver was extracted and presumably eaten.

(The slides cycle through, showing various people lying face down. The judges are disturbed by the pictures. The pictures change to knick-knacks with a tag marked "Evidence" next to them.)

A trophy was taken, many of which were found in the living quarters of Eugene Tooms at 66 Exeter Street. Records show that a Eugene Tooms has resided at that same address since 1903, the same year a man was murdered in that building.

(Scully looks down, knowing the testimony seems incredulous. The judge looks at Mulder warily.)

Besides the liver extraction, the most notable element connecting these cases is the undetermined point of entry. Many of the victims were found with their windows and doors locked from the inside.

(Various fingerprints are shown in the slides.)

These elongated fingerprints found at seven of the nineteen crime sites match Eugene Victor Tooms.

(Mulder motions to Tooms.)

Judge Kann: Agent Mulder! Look at his fingers. Look at him! 100 years old?

Mulder: I contend that perhaps through genetic mutation, Eugene Tooms is capable of contorting and elongating his body in order to gain access to victims so that he may extract the livers which provide him with sustenance for the hibernation period of 30 years. He needs one more liver to complete this cycle.

(Everybody finds this testimony incredulous, and slight murmuring can be heard from the back.)

Defense Counsel Nelson: Your honor . . .

Mulder: A preliminary examination done at the time of Tooms' arrest revealed abnormalities in his striated muscles and axial bones. His attorney blocked further study . . .

Prosecution Counsel Myers: Thank you, Agent Mulder!

Mulder: I must ask that you place the safety of . . .

Judge Kann: Counsel?

Mulder: . . . the people first and foremost . . .

Defense Counsel Nelson: No further questions, your honor.

Mulder: This is a rare and unusual human creature . . .

Judge Kann: Agent Mulder!

Mulder: . . . who should not be released, but should be retained for further study.

Judge Kann: You may step down!

Mulder: If you release Eugene Tooms, he will kill again. It's in his genetic make-up.

(The judge bangs her gavel. Cut to Mulder, sitting on a bench in the hallway outside the courtroom. Scully walks out and over to Mulder.) You think they would have taken me more seriously if I wore the grey suit?

(She sits down next to him.)

Scully: Mulder, your testimony, you sounded so . . .

Mulder: I don't care how it sounded as long as it was the truth.

(Scully sighs.)

And where were you? Your testimony was important.

Scully: I was called into a meeting by Assistant Director Skinner.

Mulder: What did he want?

Scully: Just wanted to reel me in.

(The door opens and Prosecution Council Myers walks out.)

Prosecution Counsel Myers: They're ready.

(Back in the courtroom, Tooms and Defense Counsel Nelson are standing. Mulder and Scully sit in the back of the room.)

Judge Kann: It is the opinion of this court that Eugene Victor Tooms shall on this day be released from Druid Hill Sanitarium.

(Tooms smiles. Mulder sighs a heavy breath.)

The court also attaches these conditions. One, that Mr. Tooms remain in counseling under the care of Dr. Aaron Monte; that he retain his job at the Baltimore Regulations Animal Shelter; and last, that he take residence in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Arlan Green . . .

(Mr. and Mrs. Green stand. Tooms looks back at them.)

. . . trained in a program to assist patients released from Druid Hill in their transition to society.

(They nod at him.)

Mr. Tooms?

(He looks back at her.)

Do you understand and accept these conditions?

Eugene Tooms: Yes, your honor.

(He nods.)

Judge Kann: Very well. You're free to go.

(She bangs her gavel again. Mulder and Scully walk out of the courtroom.)

Mulder: I'm not taking my eyes off him.

Scully: Mulder, wait . . .

Mulder: He needs to kill, he'll do it the first chance he can but he won't kill the old couple. He won't be that obvious. Tooms didn't remain a secret for a hundred years by not being careful. Think of him as an animal. He'll only kill out of necessity or self-defense. If he makes an attempt, I'll be there to stop him.

(They stop walking.)

Scully: Okay, well then I'll keep surveillance with you.

Mulder: No, I'll watch him. If he can't be tied to the most recent evidence, you'll have to go back to the earlier murders to prove it was him.

Scully: That was thirty or sixty years ago.

Mulder: There's no statute of limitation on murder.

Scully: Mulder, that's going to entail unorthodox methods of investigation.

Mulder: Look, Scully, if you're resistant because you don't believe, I'll respect that. But if you're resistant because of some bureaucratic pressure, they've not only reeled you in. They've already skinned you.

(Tooms walks out of the courtroom followed by Mr. and Mrs. Green. Tooms slows down a bit as he passes Mulder and Scully and smiles at them. They keep walking, turning the next corner.)

Arlan Green: I hope you'll be comfortable, Eugene. The room in the back is small, but I'm sure you'll be able to squeeze in.

Eugene Tooms: I'm sure.

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SCENE 4

Baltimore, Maryland

(Tooms steps out of his Baltimore Animal Regulation van, walks to the back, takes out a garbage bag, puts on rubber gloves, walks a little down the street, bends over and picks up a rat. He puts the rat in the bag and the bag in the van. He licks the glove where he had touched the rat. He slams the door shut and goes around to the front of the truck again. Before he gets in, he looks over at a woman buying a cappuccino at a stand. His breathing becomes heavy and the audio goes out. His eyes turn yellowish. As she starts walking down the street towards him, he starts walking towards her. Everything fades to black-and-white again except for the woman. He growls and his point of view is suddenly interrupted. He looks at the man in front of him and sees it is Agent Mulder. He snarls at him.)

Mulder: Excuse me.

(Tooms' eyes go back to normal.)

Could you help me find my dog?

(Tooms walks back to the car and opens the door.)

He's a Norwegian Elkhound. His name is Heinrich. I use him to hunt moose.

(Tooms gets in and drives away. Mulder watches him drive by.)

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SCENE 5**Lynne Acres Retirement Home;
Baltimore, Maryland**

(Detective Frank Briggs looks at a newspaper clipping with the headline “Suspect Caught in Serial Killings.” Under the title is a picture of Tooms. Briggs crumples up the paper and throws it down. He rubs his forehead and sighs. Scully is standing.)

Frank Briggs: If Tooms gets away now then the next time he takes a life, you’ll be nearly my age.

Scully: Detective Briggs, you’ve helped us so much before. Now we have to prove that Tooms was involved in the killings you investigated thirty years ago. You’ve lived with this case half your life.

(She walks towards him and sits down.)

There must be something. Maybe a connection between the victims. Now, I know that we’ve seen all the evidence, but is there anything, anything at all amongst the evidence that doesn’t fit?

Frank Briggs: There was something that never did sit quite right with me. All of the victims that I investigated in ’63 were found at the crime scene, liver extracted. All five.

Scully: As were the four most recent murders.

(Briggs wheels himself over to the bed with a box on it.)

Frank Briggs: When I was a sherrif during the Powhatan Mill killings of 1933, only four of the victims were found at the crime scene. However, there was a fifth person who was missing and never found.

(Scully walks over to him. He takes out a piece of liver in a jar marked “Evidence.”)

But this, this was discovered at the Ruxton Chemical Plant when it was under construction.

(He hands the jar to her. She sits down.)

But it doesn’t belong to the other victims.

Scully: That doesn’t prove that it belongs to a person murdered by Tooms.

Frank Briggs: I’m positive that Tooms hid this one victim because there was something about the body that could prove he was the killer.

Scully: And what makes you positive?

Frank Briggs: A hunch. A good old-fashioned hunch. You’ve got to trust your instincts.

Scully: And what does your instincts say about where Tooms buried the body?

Frank Briggs: In the cement where they poured the foundation of the chemical plant.

SCENE 6**Ruxton Chemical Plant; Baltimore, Maryland**

(A man with some sort of scanner moves the machine along the foundation as a read-out is being printed from the machine. The rock inside the foundation is shown on a screen. Scully and Briggs are behind a man who is watching the screen and making notes on the print-out.)

Scully: Ground-penetrating radar. It bounces signals off of objects or cavities.

Frank Briggs: Tells you where the body is.

Scully: Well, it signals if something inordinate is present. An experienced operator attempts to differentiate if the signal is a body or is stone or a hole in the ground.

Frank Briggs: Differentiate?

Scully: Mm-hmmm.

Frank Briggs: You mean he guesses?

Scully: Well, it’s an educated guess.

Frank Briggs: Mm-hmmm.

(Scully walks over to the man at the machine.)

Scully: How are we doing?

Operator: Well, it’s really hard to tell. There are some possibilities . . . very few places . . .

(The sound of the man’s voice trails off as Briggs wheels around some pipes and columns. He stops at a piece of the ground.)

Frank Briggs: It’s here. Here!

(He points at the ground as Scully and a few men run around the corner.)

Man: What is it?

Frank Briggs: It’s here. It’s right here!

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SCENE 7**Baltimore, Maryland**

(Tooms puts an unidentifiable roadkill of some sort into another garbage bag. As he stands up, a man in a blue trenchcoat walks by. Tooms turns to look at him. He gets in the back of the van and watches the man get in his car. His eyes turn yellow and the noises of the crowd fade away. Everything fades to black-and-white but the man. Tooms slams the door shut and watches him through the glass.)

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SCENE 8**Ruxton Chemical Plant; Baltimore, Maryland**

(A man with a jackhammer digs through the foundation at the part Briggs pointed out. Scully, Briggs, and various men watch. They all have protective earpieces and safety goggles. He stops and another man bends down with an air hose, blowing away the loose dirt.)

Air Hose Man: Agent Scully? Look at this.

(Scully takes off her earpieces and goes over to the spot. Scully bends down and pushes away the dirt with a brush. Briggs goes over as well. Looking closely, Scully sees that there are three bone fingers, one with a silver ring on it.)

SCENE 9**Baltimore, Maryland**

(The man in the blue trenchcoat pulls up in his car at a house. Tooms pulls up in his van, followed by Mulder in his car. Inside the house, the man, Frank Ranford, is in a sweatshirt looking at data charts on his computer. His wife, Christine, is standing next to him.)

Christine Ranford: Robotoddler's finally asleep. I'm going to go to bed.

Frank Ranford: Okay.

(She walks out of the room. Outside, we hear a dog barking. Mulder is sleeping, but a passing car wakes him up. He looks at his watch and gets out of the car. He goes to the Baltimore Animal Regulation van and shines his flashlight in the front seat. He goes to the back of the van, opens the door, and shines his flashlight in. He looks out and runs off to the house. Under the van, we see the manhole cover close. Inside the bathroom, Christine Ranford fixes her hair. She blows her nose and goes over to the toilet. Looking in, she sees the water is green and bubbling. Mulder skulks around outside. In the bathroom, Christine tries to unclog the toilet. The toilet flushes and the baby starts crying.)

Christine Ranford: I'm coming, honey. Mommy's right here. Shh, shh. (She goes out of the bathroom. The wire on the tool she was using starts being pulled down the toilet drain. Frank is still typing on his keyboard. Christine comes in wearing gloves.)

Screw it.

(She goes to pull out the wire but it is pulled back in. She yanks it again, pulling it out this time. She starts to walk out, but turns around, puts the lid down and latches the child-proof lock. We see Mulder searching outside and Frank writing something down. Tooms skulks around to

the side of the house. His fingers slide under the small hole between the window and the windowledge. He pulls open the window. As Frank continues typing, Tooms, covered with sludge, puts his foot through the iron bars on the window and steps on the desk. He struggles to pull himself through. He gets through, growls, and moves off towards his prey. Frank pulls a paper out of a desk drawer as yellow eyes watch him. The area around Frank grows black-and-white, and all we can hear is heavy breathing. Frank sits down at his computer. Mulder spots marks, hand prints, on the windowsill. He hurries off towards the house and knocks on the door. Christine calls to her husband.)

Would you go down and get that?

(Frank sighs and closes the door behind him. He goes down and moves the curtain away, looking through the door. Mulder is standing there, holding his badge.)

Mulder: F.B.I.

(Frank opens the door.)

I suspect an intruder in your house.

Frank Ranford: What?

(Mulder walks into the room, followed by Christine and Frank. Frank points at the open window.)

Someone opened my window.

(Mulder walks over to the window and shines his flashlight outside. He looks down at the windowsill and sees the same handprints as before, this time from the inside. He rushes out the front door and sees that the van has gone, the manhole that was under it releasing steam.)

SCENE 10**Smithsonian Institute; Forensic Anthropology Lab**

(Doctor Collins and Scully walk in and over to the block of cement containing the skeleton, which was apparently dug up.)

Dr. Plith: I suspect the year of death to be in the mid-1930's. The anterior surface of the right femur was green indicating a long-term exposure to copper. So we concentrated on the area and we found several pennies.

(They walk over to his desk, where he picks up a few pennies and shows them to Scully.)

1933, '31, 1933 . . .

Scully: Can you determine the cause of death? My instinct says that burial in cement is murder.

Dr. Plith: Ah, no. At the moment, I have found no definite proof of murder. There are gnawing marks near the ribs, however, I suspect that's the result of rodent activity prior to the body being set in cement. We'll need to see much more of the remains to determine cause of death. As you know, it's a slow but necessary process. Uh, I did try a little something. It's a little premature if we're going to go by-the-book.

Scully: Well, we'll keep it off the record.

Dr. Plith: Good, thank you.

(He walks over to a computer. Scully follows.)

The old man, Briggs, he gave me a photograph of the missing person in 1933 suspected of being a murder victim. I ran a computer-assisted photographic superimposition on what we have of the skull.

(He holds up a picture of a man with glasses.)

Now, this is not official . . . but that skeleton was that person.

(He holds up a picture, half of which is the skull, half of which is the man. The basic structures seem to match.)

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SCENE 11

Mulder's Car

(Mulder is looking at the picture. He is in the driver's seat, Scully's in the passenger seat.)

Mulder: It's not enough. It doesn't tie it to Tooms.

Scully: Well, it's a start.

(Mulder nods. Scully looks at the various take-out food trays.)

Mulder, it's getting a bit ripe in here, don't you think?

(Mulder reaches over into the glove compartment, pulls out an air freshener, and tears off the wrapper. He holds it up.)

Mulder: Pine-scented.

(He smells it, then puts it in front of Scully's nose.)

Scully: Ooh!

(He hangs it on the rear-view mirror. He sniffs the air.)

Mulder: Better?

(He exhales. Scully looks at him, a slight smile.)

Tooms hasn't come out of the house all day. I sat through a Phillies game, an Orioles game, and four hours of Ba-Ba-Booey. When it got dark, I took a walk around the block. Do you have that sandwich that I asked you to bring?

(Scully digs through a paper bag and pulls out a sandwich.)

Scully: It's liverwurst.

Mulder: Ha-ha.

(He opens up the wrapper.)

Scully: Mulder, you know that proper surveillance requires two pairs of agents, one pair relieving the other after twelve hours.

Mulder: Article 30, paragraph 8.7?

Scully: This isn't about doing it by the book. This is about you not having slept for three days. Mulder, you're going to get sloppy and you're going to get hurt. It's inevitable at this point.

Mulder: A request for other agents to stake-out Tooms would be denied. Then we have no grounds.

Scully: Well, then I'll stay here. You go home.

(Mulder sighs.)

Mulder: They're out to put an end to the X-Files, Scully. I don't know why, but any excuse will do. Now, I don't really care about my record, but you'd be in trouble just for sitting in this car and I'd hate to see you to carry an official reprimand in your file because of me.

(Scully sighs.)

Scully: Fox . . .

(Mulder laughs. Scully looks at him.)

Mulder: And I . . . I even made my parents call me Mulder. So . . . Mulder.

Scully: Mulder, I wouldn't put myself on the line for anybody but you. (They look at each other.)

Mulder: If there's an ice tea in that bag, could be love.

(She takes out the drink.)

Scully: Must be fate, Mulder. Root beer.

(Mulder kiddingly sighs.)

You're delirious. Go home and get some sleep.

(Mulder hands her the sandwich.)

Mulder: Here. Take my sandwich, I only had one bite. You're gonna want it later, believe me. And you'll call me if anything happens, immediately. I'll be here.

(She starts to get out of the car.)

Oh, and 11:30, station 790, Pete Rose Late Night Sports Talk Radio Show.

(He nods grinning. Scully, grinning in a half-doubting-his-sanity sort of way, gets out of the car and walks away. We hear a dog barking.)

Scully: Wouldn't miss it for the world.

(Mulder starts the car. We see the trunk latch shut before he drives away. Scully gets in the car and looks at the sandwich.)

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SCENE 12**Mulder's Apartment**

(Mulder is asleep on the couch. "The Fly" is on TV. In it, Jeff Goldblum walks out of his chamber with a black cloth over his head.)

Nurse on TV: It has worked, hasn't it? You'll be all right now. I know it worked!

(She pulls the black hood off Jeff Goldblum's head to reveal a fly's head. She screams as dramatic music plays. Mulder sleeps soundly through it all. A screw on the air vent loosens, squeaking.)

No! No! Nooo!!!!

(The screw falls to the floor. The next one starts turning and squeaking. Mulder wakes up and the screw stops turning. He goes back to sleep and the screw falls out. Tooms steps in and looks at Mulder, yellow eyes blazing. He puts his finger to his face and pushes in. Blood pours down his face. He drags the blood down his cheek with his finger. He groans.)

SCENE 13**Hospital; Baltimore, Maryland**

(Tooms is sitting on an examination table. Detective Talbot takes down notes as Doctor Richmond looks at him.)

Detective Talbot: Yeah, they found him out cold in the street.

Dr. Richmond: He's been beaten up pretty badly. Contusions, multiple lacerations. Shoulder's been pulled right out of joint. Let's get him prepped for some blood work and x-rays.

Male Nurse: Yes, doctor.

(She looks at his face. We see Tooms' face now, bloodied in various places. A shoeprint is on his face.)

Dr. Richmond: He's been kicked in the jaw and it may be fractured. Look, there's a partial shoeprint.

Detective Talbot: I want to get a photo of that, we might be able to find the shoe that matches it later.

Dr. Richmond: Do you know who did this to you?

(Tooms mouths some words. The doctor leans in and Tooms is barely audible, so much that he cannot be understood.)

We'll be right back, Mr. Tooms.

(She goes to the back room with Talbot.)

Says it's an F.B.I. agent named Mulder.

Detective Talbot: So would you say he's delusional or just schizophrenic?

Dr. Richmond: Well, it's just a cursory exam, but there's nothing to indicate that.

(Tooms snaps his shoulder back into place with a resounding pop. He smiles slightly.)

SCENE 14**Mulder's Apartment**

(Mulder is awakened by a knock on the door. He gets up and opens it. Talbot shows him his badge.)

Detective Talbot: Agent Mulder?

Mulder: Yeah.

(Talbot comes in followed by a police officer. Talbot motions for the officer to check out the back room where the couch is.)

What's going on?

(Mulder follows the officer and sees him kneel over and pick up a pair of Mulder's sneakers.)

What's this about?

Detective Talbot: Agent Mulder, get your things. You're in some trouble. (The officer and Talbot start out the door. Mulder starts to follow when he steps on something metallic, hearing a click. He bends down and picks up the screw from the air vent. He looks at the vent and sees it is missing a screw.)

SCENE 15**Assistant Director Skinner's Office;
FBI Headquarters; Washington, D.C.**

(Skinner walks from the door to his desk, around Mulder and Scully, both are seated. The Cigarette-Smoking Man is seated off to the side.)

Skinner: These are serious allegations, Agent Mulder, the evidence is incriminating.

Mulder: A good forensic scientist would know that there is not only a shoe print but also an impact point from inside the shoe. An indepth analysis of Tooms' injury would show that my foot was not inside the shoe at the time of impact.

Skinner: Mulder, are you suggesting that Tooms is framing you?

Mulder: Of course.

Skinner: If indeed you were engaged in an unauthorized round-the-clock surveillance of Tooms, how could he possibly gain access to your shoe without you seeing him?

(Mulder goes to speak, but Scully cuts him off.)

Scully: Sir? I was engaged in the unauthorized surveillance as well and Agent Mulder was orienting me on the situation at the time Tooms was admitted into the hospital. Agent Mulder could not have done it because he was with me.

Skinner: Agent Scully, you wouldn't be lying in me, would you?

Scully: Sir, I would expect you to place the same trust in me as I do in you.

Skinner: Agent Scully, may I have a word with Agent Mulder, please? (Scully looks at Mulder, sighs, and leaves. The Cigarette-Smoking Man lights a cigarette. Skinner gets up, takes off his glasses and walks around to Mulder.)

Fox, you are one of the finest, most unique agents in the nearly sixty-year history of this institution.

(He sits down where Scully was sitting.)

I mean, we were talking about you when you were in the academy. Now, most of us, including the director, feel that your talents are wasted on the X-Files but we respect that you're deeply invested in those areas. But if these areas are creating such stress as to not only cause you to act inappropriately but those agents close to you as well then may I advise you to step away . . . for a while. Clear your head, take an extended vacation.

Mulder: That's a good idea. Thanks for your concern.

(Skinner looks at the Cigarette-Smoking Man, who takes a drag. He gets up, sighs, goes back around his desk and puts on his glasses.)

Skinner: You're forbidden to go near Eugene Tooms.

(Mulder gets up and goes to the door.)

Mulder . . .

(Mulder stops. The Cigarette-Smoking Man crosses to Skinner.)

This was close. Any closer and a thousand friends at the capitol won't be able to help you.

SCENE 16

Smithsonian Institute; Forensic Anthropology Lab

(Mulder is looking at an x-ray of Tooms' dental x-rays.)

Scully: These are Eugene Tooms' dental x-rays obtained from the Druid Hill Sanitarium. Your sandwich the other night gave me an idea. Dr. Plith had mentioned that he found gnawing on the rib cage near the location of the liver.

(They walk over to the skeleton in cement.)

Further excavation revealed more pronounced bite marks, human teeth marks.

Mulder: Tooms will never voluntarily submit to a dental cast.

(Scully walks over to Dr. Plith, who is seated at the computer, and sits down. Mulder follows.)

Scully: This software can create an exact three-dimensional model of Tooms' mouth from the dental radiograph.

(A three-dimensional image appears of Tooms' mouth on the computer, followed by a 3-D image of the bitten rib.)

Dr. Plith: We've also mapped out the bite marks on the skeleton's rib . . . there.

(He points out the bite marks on the image. He presses a few buttons and the jaws appear above and below the bone. The areas around the bites and teeth blink green.)

They match.

SCENE 17

The Green House; Baltimore, Maryland

(Tooms is tearing up newspaper at his desk to make his nest when there is a knocking at the door. Arlan Green comes in followed by Dr. Monte.)

Arlan Green: Eugene, Doctor Monte.

Aaron Monte: Hi, Eugene. I just wanted to stop by and see how everything was going.

Arlan Green: Susan and I are going out for the evening. See you later. (He shakes Monte's hand.)

Aaron Monte: Thanks.

(Green leaves.)

Great place. Wonderful place. How are you feeling?

(Tooms' breathing becomes erratic. The color fades out of the room and Monte is no longer audible. Monte sits on the bed. Suddenly, it all goes back to normal.)

Why the newspaper strips, Eugene? Are you making some paper-mache?

Eugene Tooms: Yes.

Aaron Monte: That's terrific. Wonderful, I had no idea you were interested in art.

(Tooms stands.)

Eugene Tooms: I like art.

Aaron Monte: I do too and I'm very proud of you.

(Tooms goes to the door and his eyes turn yellow.)

You know, art can provide a window to your thoughts and your feelings . . . what are you doing, Eugene?

(Tooms closes the door.)

Eugene? Are you alright?
(We hear a short scream, a bang, and a long scream. Obviously, Monte is the one screaming. Mulder and Scully pull up to the house. They get out and Mulder knocks on the door. Mulder opens the door and they go inside. They go into Tooms' room. Mulder tries the light switch, but it does not work. He takes out his flashlight. We see a bloody hand laying across the top of a chair.)
Mulder: That makes five.
(He walks over to the desk and picks up a piece of bloody newspaper.)
He's building his nest. Thirty year hibernation.
Scully: Where would he go?
Mulder: Where he's gone for the last ninty years, 66 Exeter Street.
Scully: No, I already checked on that. They tore down that apartment building he lived in.
Mulder: What's there now?

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SCENE 18
66 Exeter Street; Baltimore

(A giant shopping mall with the words "City Square" is in place of the run-down apartment building. A security guard unlocks the door for Mulder and Scully.)
Mulder: Thanks.
(They walk through, both carrying flashlights.)
He's got to be here.
Scully: If he is drawn to this location for some reason, maybe this nest is in the approximate location of his previous nest.
(They stop.)
This is the area. There's a storage facility on the second floor.
(Mulder starts up the escalator but stops and turns around, shining the light at Scully.)
What?
(Mulder shines the light down at the door leading to under the escalator for utility purposes. They open up the door.)
There's only room for one.
(Scully starts to take off her trenchcoat, but Mulder stops her.)
Mulder: You can get the next mutant.
(Mulder takes off his coat and tie, unbuttons the top of his shirt, puts his gun in the holster and, flashlight in hand, climbs down into the crawlspace. He shines the flashlight down on the floor and sees some traces of bile. He takes out his gun and starts crawling through the

passage. He shakes off a grate and continues on his way. Down the passageway, we can barely make out the same kind of nest that he previously had: a yellowish paper construct.)
Scully: (off in distance) Mulder?
(Scully shines her flashlight down into the hole, trying to see Mulder. Mulder shuffles through left-over newspaper and comes right up to the nest. Mulder inspects the nest closer and sees a tiny hole with bile dripping off of it. Suddenly, a hand bursts through and grabs Mulder's shoulder. Mulder drops the gun as he starts to be pushed into the nest. He breaks free and Tooms tears through the rest of the hole, naked, covered in bile, yellow eyes, growling.)
(off in distance) Mulder!
(He charges at Mulder but is smashed in the face by the flashlight. A quick backhand with the flashlight sends Tooms down. Mulder shimmies down the vent, closely followed by Tooms. Mulder comes to the opening and Scully offers her hand to pull him up.)
Mulder! Mulder, here! Quick, grab my hand! Come on! Just a little . . .
(Before he can do so, Tooms, growling, grabs his ankle and pulls him back into the hole. Mulder struggles to not get pulled in. He kicks Tooms in the face and grabs Scully's hand. Scully pulls him up as Tooms struggles to get out. Mulder jumps forward and presses a button, turning the elevator on. Tooms screams and is dragged under. Blood rolls up on the stairs. Mulder and Scully watch as they recover from their ordeal.)

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SCENE 19
Assistant Director Skinner's Office; FBI Headquarters; Washington, D.C.

(Skinner looks at the file for Tooms. A picture and fingerprints are on a paper. He closes the file, which reads on the cover:
"FEDERAL BUREAU
OF
INVESTIGATION
BUREAU FILE NUMBER: X 129202
EUGENE VICTOR TOOMS — CLOSED")
Skinner: You read this report?
(The Cigarette-Smoking Man walks towards the window. Skinner looks at him.)
Do you believe them?
Cigarette-Smoking Man: Of course I do.

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SCENE 20

Baltimore, Maryland

(Mulder is looking at a caterpillar cocoon hanging off a branch. Scully walks up next to him.)

Scully: Okay, let's go.

Mulder: It's amazing how things change, isn't it?

(Scully looks at the cocoon.)

Scully: The caterpillar?

Mulder: No, a change for us. It's coming.

Scully: How do you know?

Mulder: A hunch.

(He walks away. Scully looks at the caterpillar, turns and follows.)

[THE END]