

X-Files

Ice (1X07)

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SCENE 1

Arctic Ice Core Project; Icy Cape, Alaska; 250 Miles North Of The Arctic Circle

(A large installation is ravaged by a harsh snowstorm. The temperature is forty below, and the time is 8:29. A dog pulls his head out of a barrel, whimpers and starts walking. As he walks, we see the room is a mess and there is a dead man on the floor. He continues whimpering and turns a corner, walking under a hand of another dead man. A rugged looking man, John Richter, knocks over a box, gun in hand, shot in the leg. He has two wounds across his chest, one on each pec, and they are bleeding heavily. His breathing is heavy as he stops and looks around. Richter walks over to a console and flips a few switches, turning machines on. He turns on a video camera and a light and sits down.)

Richter: We're not . . . who . . . we are. We're not . . . who we are. It goes no further than this. It stops right here . . . right now.

(Suddenly, a man comes up from behind up, puts his arm around Richter's neck and pulls him off his chair. The two men grunt as Richter slams the man into the wall behind him. The man is obviously insane, his eyes gleaming as he rams Richter into a sheet of metal on the far wall. Richter spins around and knocks him into a cabinet. He grabs the man's wrist and slams it twice into the upper corner of the cabinet, forcing him to release the gun he was holding. He pushes his face away but the man punches him in the gut. Richter grabs him by the throat, slams him into the cabinet, then shoves him through a glass pane. Richter punches him, stands up, limps back towards the console and takes his gun off of the counter. He aims it at the man, who walks back in, gun aimed directly at Richter. They walk towards each other until the nozzles are only about an inch or two away from the other's face. There is a pause as they measure each other up. Richter slowly lowers his gun.

The insane man, perplexed, does the same. Richter slowly brings the gun up to his own head. The insane man follows course. Outside the bunker, we hear two shots ring out.)

SCENE 2

FBI Headquarters

(On a TV, static comes up followed by a short screen patch. A video comes on of five men around a beer keg. A few of them are holding beers. One of the men is Richter; another is the insane man.)

Richter: Team Captain John Richter here. It's been a couple of frustrating months but after a great deal of stick-with-it-ness, we're very proud to report that as of a half-hour ago, we surpassed the previous record for drilling down into an ice sheet.

Man: All right!

(The man high fives and shake hands. The tape is paused. We zoom out to see that Mulder is showing Scully the tape. He is sitting in front of the monitor as she is standing behind his desk, looking at a file.)

Mulder: This team of scientists made up the Arctic Ice Core Project. They were sent to Alaska by the government's Advanced Research Project Agency nearly a year ago to drill into the arctic ice.

(He stands and tears a paper from a printer as she sits down.)

The samples they removed contained trapped gases, dust, chemicals . . . evidence that could reveal the structure of the earth's climate back to the dawn of man. Their work was a success, nearly completed. No reports or indications of problems of any kind until only a week later, this next

transmission was received.

(He presses a button on the remote control. On the monitor, a blue screen comes up with the following:

"AICP
ARCTIC
ICE CORE
PROJECT
TRANSMISSION RECEIVED:
NOVEMBER 5, 1993
8:30 A.M. AST"

Richter is sitting at the chair, as before. We are looking from the camera's POV and he is much closer. We can only see the left side of his face.)

Richter: We're not . . . who . . . we are. We're not . . . who we are. It goes no further than this. It stops . . . right here . . . right now.

(Scully watches, wide-eyed. The man rushes and pulls him off as the transmission breaks into static.)

Scully: What happened up there?

(He presses another button on the remote and kneels down next to her.)

Mulder: So far nobody's been able to reach to reach the compound because of bad weather. Obviously, they either think we're either brilliant or expendable because we've pulled the assignment.

Scully: Is it severe isolation distress?

Mulder: These were top geophysicists. They were trained and screened for this project in every way imaginable, including psychological makeup. We leave for Nome today.

(He stands and goes to a map. She follows. He traces his finger from Nome to the Icy Cape.)

We'll meet with three scientists familiar with the ice core project then head north up to the Icy Cape. The National Weather Service reports a three-day window to get in and out before the next arctic storm. Bring your mittens.

(He walks out behind her.)

SCENE 3

Doolittle Airfield; Nome, Alaska

(Men load a plane full of cargo as a man, Prof. Danny Murphy, sits and listens to his walkman in the back near the hangar door, sitting on a crate.)

Radio Announcer: Fouts looks over the Raiders' defense . . . here's the snap. Raiders blitz! Fouts dumps it across the middle to Winslow! He's at the 15! The 10! Touchdown San Diego!

(The man stands and laughs giddily.)

Murphy: Touchdown! Fouts . . . is . . . God!

(He spins around and stops, having noticed Mulder and Scully walking towards him. He pulls out the earphones and turns back to them.)

Sorry. My team scored.

Scully: There's no football on Wednesday.

(Mulder puts down his bag.)

Mulder: Fouts retired in '87, didn't he?

Murphy: No, this is just some of my all-time favorite plays on tape. You two F.B.I.?

Mulder: Agent Mulder and Agent Scully, you?

(Mulder points to himself, then to Scully, then shakes the man's hand.)

Murphy: Danny Murphy, professor of geology at U. C. San Diego.

Mulder: San Diego? You get much of a chance to study ice down there?

Murphy: Just what's around the keg.

(Mulder laughs. A man, Hodge, and a woman, DaSilva, walk towards them. The man is pushing some equipment on a roller.)

Scully: Dr. DaSilva, Dr. Hodge?

Hodge: Yeah, sorry we're late.

(Hodge shakes hands with Mulder, then Scully, then Murphy. DaSilva does the same.)

Scully: Hi, Agent Mulder, Agent Scully . . .

Mulder: Mulder, nice to meet you.

Hodge: How're you doing, Mister Mulder?

Mulder: Hi.

Hodge: Can I see some identification?

Mulder: What for?

Hodge: I just want to make sure we are who we say we are.

(They all take out their ID. Hodge shows his to Murphy, DaSilva shows hers to the agents.)

That's me.

Murphy: That's you. (showing ID to him) It's me.

Hodge: It's you.

Mulder: (Showing it to Hodge) It's me!

Hodge: Thanks a lot. Appreciate it.

Mulder: (looking at DaSilva's ID) It's you.

Hodge: Well, now that we know who we are, anybody care to take a guess as to why we're going?

Murphy: Well, two federal agents, a geologist, a medical doctor and a toxicologist. That should give us some idea what they're thinking.

Scully: I assume you all took a look at the tape.

(DaSilva and Hodge look at each other.)

Mulder: Something wrong?

Dasilva: Come on, you're F.B.I. You have to know more than we do.

(Loud music blares from a jeep that pulls up. A man named Bear gets out of the car and goes around to the back.)

Bear: You folks the ones going up to Icy Cape?

Mulder: Yeah.

Bear: Then I'm the one flying you. My name's Bear. The plane's across the way, provisions are loaded. Grab your gear.

(He takes a bag out and starts walking.)

Hodge: Oh, could we see some credentials?

(Bear stops, laughs and walks back over to Hodge.)

Bear: Credentials. The only credentials that I have is that I'm the only pilot willing to fly you up there. You don't like those credentials . . . walk.

(Bear continues walking. Murphy and Mulder laugh to themselves as they collect their gear. We see the plane flying past mountains.)

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SCENE 4

Arctic Ice Core Project; Icy Cape, Alaska

(Mulder prys open the door and the rest follow in, all carrying flashlights and wearing parkas. They look down to see Richter and the insane man lying on the ground, dead, guns near them.)

Mulder: Bear? See if you can get the power started.

Bear: Anything to get out of here.

(He walks towards the back.)

Scully: Where do we start?

Hodge: Body bags are on the plane.

Mulder: Before we touch anything, we have to thoroughly document the site.

(They start off towards the back. Scully takes out her camera.)

Scully: Flashing.

(She takes a picture. Mulder opens up a cabinet that says "Ice Cores 3,175–3,260. Inside there are piles of ice inside containers. The ice is melting. Murphy walks up behind him.)

Mulder: That's what they were drilling for. Quarter of a million years melting away in a couple of days.

Murphy: I want to preserve some samples.

(He reaches in and takes a container. We hear the camera going off in the bathroom. DaSilva opens up a door and is startled to hear a bang and some rumbling. Mulder walks up to her.)

Mulder: It's the generator.

Dasilva: Oh.

(They walk in. The lights turn on and a growling is heard. DaSilva turns around and sees the dog.)

Agent Mulder! Look out!

(The dog jumps on Mulder, attacking him. Bear, Murphy and Hodge all run in. Mulder struggles to his feet but is knocked down again. Bear runs over and grabs the dog as Scully runs in.)

Bear: Hold on.

(The dog knocks Bear down and bites his hand, breaking the skin. Mulder takes a coat and wraps it around the dog's head as Hodge gets a needle.)

Hodge: Hold it down!

(Hodge runs over and injects the dog with the needle. The dog whim-

pers as Bear applies pressure to the wound. Murphy, Mulder and DaSilva put the dog up on the table.)

Scully: You okay?

Mulder: Yeah, he didn't break the skin. Bear, you okay?

Bear: He got me.

Hodge: Take that jacket off.

Bear: Just give me the stuff, I'll do it myself.

Dasilva: Is it rabies?

(Hodge goes over to the dog. Scully looks at the dog's paw.)

Hodge: I don't see any indication of glodal spasm or tetany. If it is rabies, it's certainly not a strain I'm familiar with.

(He lifts the paw up to reveal black spots on the sweat nodes.)

Scully: Look at this. Black nodules. Swollen lymph nodes.

Dasilva: Symptoms of the bubonic plague.

Hodge: I'll do a blood test, we'll take it from that.

(Hodge walks away. Scully moves away some hair to reveal a place on the skin that had been irritated, hair torn off.)

Scully: This dog has got a skin irritation on it's neck.

Murphy: It looks like it's been scratching off it's own hair.

(A bump moves down across the part under the skin.)

Scully: Look at this, look at this!

(Hodge runs over to look. The bump recedes back away from view.)

Murphy: What the hell was that?

(They all look at each other. In the bathroom, Bear finishes taping up the wound. He keels over in pain, holding his stomach and sits down on the toilet. He takes off his shirt and looks in the mirror. Under his arm are the same black nodules as the dog had. Scully stands up, writing on her notes. She walks towards Mulder.)

Scully: From the autopsies, it's clear that these men killed each other. There are contusions around the throat areas of three men, evidence of strangulation.

(Mulder nods. Bear starts listening.)

Richter and Campbell killed themselves. I also found tissue damage due to fever.

Bear: Did any of them have the black spots that the dog had?

Scully: No. None of them had the black nodules.

Bear: So, uh, those spots didn't have anything to do with those guys killing each other, right?

(Hodge walks in.)

Hodge: I wouldn't rule it out. I just reexamined the dog. The nodules are gone.

Mulder: What could that mean?

Hodge: Well, it could mean that the spots are a symptom of some disease at an early stage.

(Hodge, Mulder and Scully walk over to the lab. Bear starts dragging the bodies, now in bodybags, out. DaSilva walks over to the counter and picks up one of the guns, which is in an evidence bag. She moves it on top of a few other bags and picks up a clipboard. Mulder picks up a few clipboards around another table until he finds a folder. Written on the folder is "We are not who we are" three times, and then it is written twice in big letters.)

Mulder: Danny?

(He walks over to Murphy, who is looking at a paper, pen in mouth and listening to his tape player.)

Danny.

(He waves his hand in front of Murphy's face, who is startled. He takes out his earphones.)

Murphy: Sorry. The play-off game against Miami, '82. Helps to get my mind off stuff.

Mulder: My interpretation of satellite remote sensing photos is a little rusty.

(He shows Murphy an overhead picture of a vast arctic landscape.)

Murphy: Alright, this is the Icy Cape area. It approximates the depth of the ice sheet to be about 3,000 meters thick.

(Mulder shows him another folder.)

Mulder: I also found this data and if I'm reading it correctly, the team actually found the ice sheet to be twice that depth.

Murphy: That's very good. The numbers indicate the topography to be concave. Looks like they were drilling inside a meteor crater.

(Hodge and Scully are sitting at a desk, microscope in front of them.)

Hodge: No, you're wrong. That's impossible.

Scully: I analyzed two samples.

(Mulder walks over.)

Mulder: What'd you find?

Scully: There seems to be a presence of ammonium hydroxide in Richter's blood sample.

(DaSilva walks in and over.)

Hodge: It's not possible. Ammonia would vaporize at human body temperature.

Dasilva: I checked all the air filtration systems. I found no evidence of any such toxins.

(Murphy stands.)

Murphy: I have.

(They all look back at him.)

In the ice. And that's not all there is.

(He motions for Mulder to come back to his desk as he takes off his coat. Bear walks in and stands at the doorway.)

I found a high ratio of ammonia to water in the ice core. The earth's atmosphere could never have produced such high levels, not even a quarter of a million years ago. Look in the scope.

(Scully walks over as Mulder looks into the scope.)

Mulder: Unless a foreign object was introduced into that environment.

Murphy: Tell me that's not a foreign object.

(A small, skeletal shaped worm moves around inside the sample.)

Mulder: Holy . . . Scully.

(He motions to Scully, who looks in the scope. Bear walks to the desk.)

Scully: That same thing is in Richter's blood.

(She walks over to her microscope.)

What if that single-celled organism is the larval stage of a larger animal?

(Hodge looks up from his microscope and walks over.)

Hodge: That's kind of a leap, don't you think?

(Mulder looks into the scope.)

Scully: The evidence is there.

Murphy: Maybe the organism in the ice core somehow got into the men.

Dasilva: Come on, nothing can survive in sub-zero temperatures for a quarter of a million years.

Mulder: Unless that's how it lives.

(Bear walks over.)

Bear: Look-it, I don't see why you're squabbling over some bug. You said it yourself, Scully, your autopsy found those men killed each other. That's it. Now I say, let's just get the hell out of here.

Hodge: I agree. We can have the bodies sent to a facility where they can make a definitive diagnosis in the event that something was missed, Agent Scully.

Mulder: If those bodies are infected with an unknown organism, we can't take them back. We can't go back without proper quarantine procedures. We can't risk bringing back the next plague.

Bear: Let's say you're right, they came down with something. We haven't and I ain't waiting around until we do.

(Bear starts out, but turns back when he hears Hodge.)

Hodge: I think it's safe to go back. There's no reason why we'd be infected. We've taken all the necessary biological safeguards.

Dasilva: The dog did bite Bear.

Bear: It jumped Mulder too!

(Bear comes back and tries to get in Mulder's face, but DaSilva gets between them.)

Mulder: It didn't break the skin -

Scully: Hey, look, there's only one way to proceed. A good doctor eliminates every possibility. We must determine if any of us is infected.

(There is an uncomfortable pause.)

Hodge: Alright, parasitic diagnostic procedure requires that each of us provide a blood and a stool sample.

Bear: A stool sample?

Murphy: Well, this kind of travel always makes that kind of tough . . . for me.

(Scully puts some jars down on the counter.)

Mulder: Okay, anyone got the morning sports section handy?

(Bear picks up a jar.)

Bear: I ain't dropping my cargo for no one.

(He throws the jar into the far wall. It shatters and DaSilva lets out a little yelp.)

What I'm doing is getting my gear, getting my plane and flying the hell out of here.

(He starts out.)

Mulder: You can't go, the dog bit you.

(Bear turns around and gets in his face.)

Bear: I got hired to fly you up here and fly you back. No one said this might be part of the deal. So the deal is over.

(Bear walks out.)

Scully: We can't let him leave without him being checked.

Dasilva: Who's going to stop him?

Mulder: We have to. We can't risk infecting the population.

Dasilva: He gets on that plane, I'm gonna be on it with him.

Scully: Well, we don't have time to argue about it.

Mulder: Take a vote. Whoever believes we should confine Bear until he agrees to an examination?

(Mulder, Scully and Murphy raise their hands.)

All right.

(Mulder takes out his gun as Bear walks in carrying two bags.)

Bear, we just want to check you out. If we don't find any trace of the parasite or the virus, we'll all go.

(They all look at Bear. He pauses, looks at Mulder's gun, and walks over to the desk.)

Bear: All right, give me the damn jar.

(He picks up the jar. Mulder starts to put the gun away as Bear breaks the jar over his head. Mulder screams a bit. Bear starts to run but Scully tackles him. Mulder runs over to help hold him down as the rest watch.)

Mulder: Murphy, get a rope!

Murphy: Right.

(Murphy goes off to get a rope. Bear grunts repeatedly and heavily as Mulder picks him up and slams his head down on the counter, shoving off the glasses and papers with his head. Murphy runs back and gives him the rope.)

Here!

(Mulder starts to tie him up as Bear starts spasming. DaSilva notices the little bump in his neck, moving around.)

DaSilva: Oh my God . . . oh!

Hodge: Get my bag!

Scully: What are you gonna do?

(Murphy holds Bear's head down as DaSilva comes back with the bag.)

Hodge: Scalpel, I'm cutting it out.

Mulder: We don't know enough about it!

Hodge: It's killing him!

(Bear starts spasming harder.)

Scully, help me hold the skin.

(Mulder looks closer as Scully puts on gloves and holds the skin apart.

DaSilva places tools on the desk.)

Hold still, Bear!

(Bear screams as the scalpel goes in.)

Forceps!

(DaSilva hands him the forceps.)

Hold still, Bear, just another second. You're gonna be okay.

(Mulder looks on, disgusted, as Hodge starts to pull the worm out of his neck. Hodge pulls at the worm, which has attached itself to some muscle. Bear moans as the worm is ripped off. Mulder runs to the next counter. The worm starts spurting black drops on Bear's neck. DaSilva coughs as Mulder comes back with a jar, which Hodge puts the worm in. Mulder closes the lid and hands it to Murphy. He walks over to the radio and turns it on.)

Mulder: This is the A.I.C.P. Investigative Team calling Doolittle Airfield, come in.

Radio: D.A.F. responding.

Mulder: This is Agent Mulder, we have a serious biological hazard. Request air pick-up and quarantine procedures, over.

(Static.)

Come in, Doolittle Airfield.

Radio: We copy, Agent Mulder. This area is under a heavy storm and no aircraft can get out for the next day. Maybe the military base in Kotzebue can set up a quarantine. Advise immediate evacuation, the arctic storm is bearing in your direction, over.

Mulder: We were told we would have three clear days of weather, over.

Radio: Welcome to the top of the world, Agent Mulder. Over.

(Mulder walks back over to them.)

Mulder: Is Bear in any condition to fly? We don't get out in an hour, we don't get out for days.

(Scully and Hodge look at each other. They are wiping the blood of their hands. Scully looks back at Mulder.)

Scully: He's dead.

(Mulder walks over to Bear, still slumped over the table. Blood is on the table as well as the jar with the worm inside it. Later, the jar is now filled with ammonia and the worm swims around inside.)

Hodge: Well, it's similar to a tapeworm in that it has a scolex with suckers and hooks.

Murphy: So then it's familiar? Something you can deal with?

(The jar is inside a freezer. Hodge closes the freezer door as Murphy and DaSilva stand behind him.)

DaSilva: What?

Hodge: No. Very different from any organism, at least that I know of. (Hodge walks over to Mulder, who's sitting at a desk.)

Mulder: Have you figured out how it's transmitted yet?

Hodge: Exchange of fluids, touch, air, all of the above? I don't know.

(Scully walks in holding another jar.)

Scully: All of the other dead bodies had the creature. This is the only one that's still alive.

(They all walk over to the counter.)

Mulder: Were they all in the spine?

Scully: No. It appears that they were in the hypothalamus gland deep in the brain.

(She sets the jar down and fills it with ammonia.)

Murphy: Hypothalamus . . . what was that again?

Scully: It's a gland that secretes hormones although I don't know why a parasite would want to attach to it.

(She puts the jar into the freezer and takes off her coat. She walks over to the counter as Hodge starts walking to the freezer.)

Hodge: Hypothalamus releases acetylcholine, which produces violent, aggressive behavior. That might be a connection. Everybody that's been infected certainly seems to act aggressively. Maybe the worm feeds on the acetylcholine which floods our capacity to control violent behavior.

Scully: Well, a parasite shouldn't want to kill it's host.

Hodge: It doesn't kill you until it's extracted. Then it releases a poison.

Mulder: You're saying it's possible that the worm makes you want to kill other people, which is maybe what happened to the first team.

DaSilva: Or what could happen to us.

Hodge: Well, it's just a theory. We don't have any definite proof.

Murphy: Except five dead men.

Scully: If the worm makes people violently aggressive then why did Richter and Campbell kill themselves?

Mulder: Maybe they did it to save us.

(Mulder walks off. There is an uncomfortable pause. As the storm ravages the base, Scully checks the bodys. She zips up the bodybag as Mulder walks in.)

Scully: I'm just, uh . . . double-checking. Making sure I didn't miss anything.

Mulder: Just some sleep, huh?

Scully: Sleep. I'm so tired I can't sleep.

Mulder: We're all wired and hypersensitive, it'll be good to get a fresh start in the morning.

Scully: Mulder, I don't want to waste a second trying to find a way to kill this thing.

(She starts out.)

Mulder: I don't know if we should kill it.

(She turns back, shocked.)

This area of the ice sheet was formed over a meteor crater. The worm lived in ammonia. It survived sub-zero temperatures. Theorists in alternative life-designs believe in ammonia-supported life systems on planets with freezing temperatures.

Scully: No.

Mulder: The meteor that crashed here a quarter of a million years ago may have carried that type of life to earth.

Scully: Mulder, that pilot developed surface symptoms within a few minutes. Within a few hours, that parasite had total control. What would happen if this got into the population? A city the size of New York could be infected within a few days.

Mulder: Exactly. But what do we know about it? This organism might be lying dormant in another crater.

Scully: Mulder, if we don't kill it now, we run the risk of becoming Richter and Campbell with guns to our heads.

Mulder: But if we do kill it now, we may never know how to stop it or anything like it in the future.

(In the laboratory, Murphy puts on his earphones and works. Hodge and DaSilva stand around listening to Scully and Mulder, who can be heard yelling mostly illegibly in the background.)

Scully: Future? Mulder, how can you talk about the future when right now, there's . . . (trails off illegibly) . . . or anyone has the right to?

Mulder: Do we have the right to destroy an organism which can provide . . . (trails off)

DaSilva: Tell me it's hot in here.

Hodge: Don't worry, you don't have a fever. The heating system's malfunctioning. Outside, it's forty below and in here we're sweltering.

DaSilva: Can you hear what they're arguing about?

(Hodge sits down as DaSilva takes off her coat.)

Hodge: They're probably discussing their little government secrets.

DaSilva: You think they knew it was up here before we arrived?

Hodge: I'm sure of it.

Scully: . . . about them posing a biological hazard!

Hodge: You know, Bear's infected blood did get on Scully.

DaSilva: It also got on you.

(They get up and walk towards the back. Mulder and Scully charge into another room.)

Mulder: How do you know it can't be contained?

Scully: It can! By extermination, we should take those bodies, worms and all, outside and incinerate them!

(Hodge, Murphy and DaSilva walk in.)

Hodge: Something going on we should know about? Agent Scully, you all right?

Scully: Yes, I'm fine. It's nothing.

Hodge: You seem a little bit stressed out.

(Scully nods until she understands what Hodge is insinuating.)

Scully: What the hell are you trying to say?

(She goes to get in Hodge's face when Mulder gets between them.)

Mulder: Let's all just settle down, it's been a long hard day. We're all tired and scared. Let's not all turn on one another.

Hodge: At least not without a good reason.

Mulder: Maybe we should all get some sleep.

Hodge: You kidding? You think any of us could sleep right now? Guys, let's face it, we've got to check for spots. Any person or persons who has them should be confined. Are we agreed on that?

DaSilva: Are you going to do the exams?

Scully: No. We do them in front of each other. No secrets.

(Mulder, Murphy and Hodge all start to undress in a room.)

Mulder: Before anyone passes judgement, may I remind you we are in the Arctic.

(Scully checks out DaSilva, who has her arms raised as Scully checks for spots. We can only see DaSilva's back, though it is apparent that she is naked. Scully lowers her arm, holds her hand and smiles. They both sigh in relief. All five start off to their rooms, carrying flashlights down the hall.)

Hodge: Sleep tight, don't let the bedbugs bite.

(He goes into his room.)

DaSilva: Yeah, good night.

(Murphy and DaSilva go into their rooms. All three doors slam shut at once.)

Mulder and Scully enter the go to their doors.)

Scully: Good night, Mulder.

Mulder: Good night, Scully.

Scully: At least everyone's okay.

Mulder: Don't forget, the spots on the dog went away.

(Mulder closes his door. Scully goes into her room, turns on the light, and sets her bags and flashlight down on the bed. She goes over and turns on the wall lamp. She looks at a picture of the arctic team. She thinks for a moment, then moves the dresser in front of the door. She sits down next to it against the wall and curls up. Murphy listens to the radio, eyeing the door intently.)

Radio Announcer: . . . at the three yard line with fourth and goal and only fifteen seconds left in the game. Fouts goes over the ball, he snaps! He goes right . . .

(Hodge is making notes that say the following:

"MULDER — ATTACKED BY DOG

SCULLY — EXPOSED TO INFECTED BLOOD

MURPHY — EXPOSED TO LIQUIFIED ICE CORE"

He eyes the door. DaSilva rolls over in bed, almost crying. Mulder puts his gun down on the dresser and looks at the door. Later, with the lights out, Mulder wakes with a startle. He immediately checks his gun. He looks for his shoes and hears a door close. He puts on his shoes and shirt, takes his gun and flashlight and sees that Murphy's door is open. Looking in, he sees no one. The walkman is on the bed. He goes into the lab, walking around. He is startled by the dog, which growls at him. He spins around, gun aimed, until he realizes it's the dog. He goes over to the desk, then looks at the freezer. Blood drips out under the door and onto the floor. He opens the door and Murphy falls out onto him, neck slit wide open and covered with blood. Scully, DaSilva and Hodge walk in.)

Scully: Mulder, what are you doing?

Mulder: Murphy's dead.

Hodge: You killed him.

Mulder: I found him like this. I heard one of the doors close, I came out to check it out. It's one of you.

Hodge: He's lying.

DaSilva: You could have done it and not even known.

Scully: No, he said he didn't do it.

Mulder: I don't have any of the symptoms.

Scully: You checked him yourself, Hodge.

Hodge: Yeah, six hours ago.

Mulder: It was one of you!

(Mulder starts towards Hodge but Scully gets between them.)

Scully: Stop it! Just stop it, shut up!

(Hodge and Mulder glare at each other.)

Mulder, just put the gun down and let Hodge give you a blood test.

Mulder: What, so he can doctor the results? I'm not gonna let him stick a needle in me! He could be infected!

Hodge: He has to be confined now!

Scully: Then just turn around and let us take a look at your neck!

Mulder: I'm not turning my back on anyone! As far as I'm concerned, you're all infected!

(Mulder walks back slowly, waving his gun around. Hodge inches over to the counter.)

DaSilva: Hodge is right, we oughta lock him up!

(Hodge grabs a crowbar and lurches a bit. Mulder points his gun at Hodge to stop him. Scully points her gun at Mulder.)

Scully: Mulder!

Mulder: Scully, get that gun off me!

Scully: Mulder, you have to understand!

(Mulder points his gun at Scully.)

Mulder: Put it down!

Scully: You put it down first!

Mulder: Scully! For God sakes, it's me!

Scully: Mulder . . . you may not be who you are.

(Mulder comes to his senses and lowers the gun. We see Mulder stepping into a dark storage room. He turns on the light as Scully stands in the doorway. He faces her.)

Mulder: In here, I'll be safer than you.

(Scully slides the door shut and bolts it. She leans against the door, thinking about what she has done. She starts off, looks back at the bolt, then walks off. Walking into the lab, she sees DaSilva asleep at the desk. Gun in hand, she walks over quietly and moves the back of her shirt down, trying to get a look at her neck. Hodge comes in and grabs her hand. DaSilva wakes up with a short scream.)

Hodge: What were you doing?

Scully: You know what I was doing.

Hodge: You know, I can't help thinking, Agent Scully, that you're the only one with a gun. If you get infected, we don't stand a chance, do we?

(Scully looks at them, takes out the clip, takes out her other gun, takes out that clip, and places the guns on the counter.

Okay.

(She goes to the main door and throws the clips away.)

DaSilva: Was there something there?

Hodge: You're okay, Nancy. We're all okay. Now is not the time for the three of us to break down and turn on each other.

Scully: There's four of us.

Hodge: Mulder isn't one of us anymore.

Scully: If Mulder is infected, it's not his fault! We can't turn our backs on him now, he needs us to help him!

DaSilva: She's right. Who knows what prolonged exposure to the parasite could do to him? It could damage him to the point of permanent psychosis.

(Scully starts off but Hodge grabs her arm.)

Hodge: But if he is infected, he doesn't go back! I won't risk the possibilities!

(She goes over to the radio and turns it on.)

Scully: This is A.I.C.P. calling Doolittle Airfield, please come in. (Static.)

This is the Arctic Ice Core Project sending a general distress call, please respond!

(Static. Hodge and DaSilva looks through microscopes. Hodge is looking at the larvae.)

Hodge: Nanc, you wanna put a drop of the uninfected blood on the slide of the blood drawn from the pilot?

DaSilva: Run that by me again.

Hodge: Put the uninfected blood on the infected blood.

(She gets up and takes the slide over to a tube rack full of vials. Hodge looks over her shoulder. DaSilva puts another drop of blood on the slide. Hodge looks at it and smacks her on the butt with the clipboard. Scully walks in.)

No, damn it! What did I just get through telling you? You just infected already infected blood, now we have to start all over again.

DaSilva: I made a mistake, you don't have to yell at me.

Hodge: Wasted hours of work . . . (trails off)

(Hodge starts off, DaSilva follows.)

DaSilva: Well okay, well then maybe you could just do it by yourself! Damn it!

God, I'm not your assistant!

Hodge: Oh, get out of here . . .

DaSilva: All you do is just . . . (trails off)

(Scully looks through microscope and sees that the larvae are attacking each other viciously. Suddenly, they both go limp and die. Hodge walks back in.)

Scully: Hodge.

Hodge: What?

Scully: Come take a look at this. The larvae from two different worms killed each other.

(Hodge looks in the microscope. Scully goes over to the freezer and moves one of the jars from the bottom shelf right next to the other one. The worms try to get at each other through the glass. DaSilva and Hodge come over and look.)

An individual worm will not tolerate another invading it's host. It does to the invader what it did to humans. It makes them kill.

Hodge: It doesn't make sense for a species to kill it's own, it needs another to procreate.

DaSilva: Worms are hermaphroditic. It can reproduce itself.

Scully: Look at the evidence in the microscope. This thing does not like company.

Hodge: So what are you saying? The way to kill it is to introduce another worm into the already infected body?

(Scully nods. A short while later, Hodge injects a painkiller into the dog's ear to numb it. Scully, holding the worm with forceps, puts the worm down on the dog's ear. The worm crawls inside and the dog starts whimpering soon after. They put it back in it's cage. The dog's paws start shaking until the dog grows quieter. It lays down on it's belly and whimpers a bit more. Hodge opens the door and takes the dog's heart-beat with a stethoscope.)

Sounds okay.

(Scully puts a bowl full of dog food on the ground and the dog comes over and starts eating. Scully pets it as DaSilva stands off to the side. Hodge comes in.)

It passed the worms in it's stool. They're dead.

(Scully unbolts the door to Mulder's makeshift cell. Hodge stands against the door.)

Scully: I want to talk to him first. Try to make this voluntary.

DaSilva: What?

Hodge: You can't go in alone.

Scully: If anything happens, you come inside. I can't do this to him until I'm sure.

(The door slides open and Mulder gets to his feet quickly, flinching.)

Mulder: It's just you?

Scully: Yes.

(The door slams shut. Scully turns on the light.)

Mulder: It's one of them.

Scully: No one's been killed since you've been in here.

Mulder: So?

Scully: We found a way to kill it. Two worms in one host will kill each other.

Mulder: You give me one worm, you'll infect me.

Scully: (whispering) If that's true, then why didn't you let us inspect you?

Mulder: (whispering) I would have but you pulled a gun on me. Now I don't trust them. I wanted to trust you.

Scully: (whispering) Okay. But now they're not here.

(Mulder turns around. Scully pulls down the back of his shirt and inspects his neck. No bump. Scully turns to leave but Mulder grabs her. She gasps in shock. She starts to turn her head but he gently pushes her back to facing forward. He pulls down the back of her shirt and inspects her. No bump as well. Outside, DaSilva puts the jar down on a small table with forceps.)

Dasilva: This is the last one. She's not going to let us give it to him.

Hodge: Well, she'll have to if he's infected.

Dasilva: He'll convince her somehow.

(The door slides open and Mulder and Scully walk out.)

Scully: I just examined him. He's . . . uninfected.

Mulder: So is she.

Scully: Which means that it must be one of you.

Hodge: All right. Go over to the main building. I'd like to check him myself. Then he can examine both of us. Wanna lead the way?

(Mulder walks forward slowly. Hodge and DaSilva start behind him then look at each other. Hodge grabs Mulder and slams him into a few boxes. DaSilva grabs Scully, throws her into the room and bolts the door. Mulder grunts and screams as Hodge bends his arm back in a hammerlock and puts on a chokehold with the other arm. DaSilva takes out the needle and preps it but it knocked down when Mulder pushes Hodge back into her. Mulder then runs Hodge back into the loading doors, but Hodge stays hooked on. He wrestles Mulder to the floor as Scully picks up a large drill bit on the floor and starts trying to break open the door. Mulder groans as banging can be heard.)

Get the worm!

Mulder: Bastards! No!

(DaSilva gets the worm with the forceps and dangles it above Mulder's ear. She holds his head down by the hair.)

Ah! Stop . . . no!

(Hodge looks at DaSilva and notices a bump moving around on the back of her neck.

Hodge: Oh my God!

(He pushes her down across the room. Mulder rolls to his feet as Hodge backs away from DaSilva. She slowly gets to her feet.)

Mulder! It's her!

(DaSilva makes a break for the door, slamming Mulder into the boxes again. Mulder gets up and he and Hodge run to the door where Scully is.)

Mulder: Scully!

(He opens the door.)

It's DaSilva!

(She drops the drill bit and they run after her. Hodge picks the worm up off the floor with the forceps. DaSilva runs into the lab, screaming hysterically. She opens a door and throws some jars out, then knocks over any lab equipment near her. Mulder runs in as DaSilva takes the gun in the evidence bag out of the drawer. She takes the gun out and Mulder tackles her as she fires at him. Scully runs in and they hold her down. Hodge walks in slowly.)

Scully: Hodge! Now!

(Mulder holds up her head so Hodge can put the worm in.)

Mulder! After this, there won't be any left!

Mulder: Do it!

Dasilva: Nooooo! No! No!

(Mulder lays her head back down and Hodge assumably puts the worm in. DaSilva's screams change to choking and coughing as she starts spasming on the floor. She moans repeatedly.)

Scully: It's all right. It's all over. It all stops right here. Right now.

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SCENE 5

Doolittle Airfield; Nome, Alaska

(DaSilva is in a containment suit and being wheeled into an ambulance by two men. They roll past Mulder, Scully and Hodge. Hodge closes the door and the ambulance drives off with her inside.)

Hodge: She's being put in quarantine along with the dog. We'll keep her there until we're sure she won't infect the rest of the population. Meanwhile, our tests came back normal so we've been released. Plane ready. Take you as far from the ice as you want to go.

Mulder: I'm going back to the site. This time, I'm going fully prepared with proper equipment. There's still a lot of research to be done on it's

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genetic structure, on it's origin . . .

Hodge: Wait, Mulder. Don't you know?

Mulder: Know what?

(Hodge looks at Mulder and Scully in a sort of disbelief.)

Hodge: 45 minutes after they evacuated us, they torched the place.
There's nothing left.

Scully: Who did that?

Hodge: The military, centers for disease control . . . you oughta know.
They're your people.

(He walks away.)

Mulder: It's still there, Scully. 200,000 years down in the ice.

Scully: Leave it there.

(She picks up her bag and starts off. Mulder looks into the distance. She
looks back at him. He picks up his bag and they walk off.)

[THE END]