

X-Files Irresistable (2X13)

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N.B. This version is a variation of the filmed episode, it came from the original script, which is not always completely the same as the filmed version. This is a typed copy of the The X-Files episode - “Irresistable” (2x13) script, written by Chris Carter. Copyright 1995 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation, All Rights Reserved. I’ve included here all the original dialogues, but cut short some of the descriptions. Also, all typos, are mine. What can I say? I’m human! - Roni

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SCENE 1 Janelli-heller Funeral Home

A teenage girl stands at a pulpit, delivering a difficult eulogy.

Young Woman: . . . I think we all feel an empty place not just in our hearts but in our lives. Everybody loved Jennifer, not just because she was a special person . . . but because she was the kind of friend who was always there for you. We’ll all miss you, Jennifer. We’ll miss your smile . . . we’ll miss your laugh and your sense of humor. We’ll miss the time we could have spent together. We’ll keep those memories close to our hearts until we meet again in God’s kingdom.

Mourners filing past the coffin.

Move to Donnie Pfaster, an employee of the funeral home, standing near a door to the side of the pulpit. His eyes betray a fire of fascination. This look evaporates when Jackson Toews, his supervisor, enters near Donnie.

Toews: (quietly) The family has requested a graveside service now. I’ve rescheduled the burial to tomorrow afternoon. We’ll keep the body overnight.

The mourners have left by now. Donnie’s approaching the coffin, looking at the girl.

Donnie: (sincerely) Such a beautiful girl.

Donnie strokes the girl’s hair lovingly, then closes the lid.

Cut to:

The funeral hall, at night. Jackson Toews enters a dark room, looking for something. He hears noise, turns, staring into the darkness.

Toews: Hello?

The room is still. A sound of a coffin being closed.

Toews: (he's really spooked now) who's there?

A shadowy form is drifting through the coffins.

Toews: I said, who's there?

The form is a silhouette of a gargoyle-like, demonic creature. Toews turns in terror, finds the light switch, flips it on. He's turning to see:

Toews: (surprised) Donnie? What the hell are you doing here this late?

Donnie: Working.

Toews: (noticing a pair of scissor in Donnie's hand) Working? at this hour? (noticing a trail of blonde hair clippings scattered on the concrete) What the hell were you doing? (opening the coffin, to find the dead girl's hair has been cut off) Get out of here, you freak! Get out of here, and don't come back!

Donnie turns and walks away, a demonic smile on his face.

SCENE 2

Graveyard

Mulder, Scully and special agent Moe Bocks are walking towards a gravesite.

Bocks: . . . I got the call from Minneapolis PD, saying they wanted the FBI to come out and have a look. Anything slightly freakazoid, that's the drill: call Moe Bocks. As if I'm tight with all the nut cases in town. So I shoot on down here to see what's-the-what and I'll be damned if I'm not knocked on my butt by what they show me. Twenty two years, I've never seen anything like it. I get one look at the corpse and I'm on the phone to my pal Andi Schnider down at the Mutual UFO Network. You know Andi?

Mulder: No.

Bocks: Well, he knows you.

Mulder: Why'd you call Mufon?

Bocks: I wanted to see if there'd been much UFO activity in the area.

Mulder: You think this grave was unearthed by aliens, Agent Bocks?

Bocks: It has all the telltale markings, don't you think? I mean, according to the literature.

Mulder: The literature?

Bocks: Y'know. The way the hair and nails have been cut away. Sort of like they do in cattle mutilations.

Scully is clearly disturbed by the sight of the body.

Mulder: I hate to disappoint you, Agent Bocks, but this doesn't look like the work of aliens to me.

Bocks: (disappointed) No? How can you be sure?

Mulder: I've seen this kind of thing before. When I was with the Violent Crime Section. Whoever dug this up probably used a backhoe. If you took casts of the ground in the area, you'd probably lift some clean new tracks off the garage around here somewhere.

Bocks: You think?

Mulder: He may work here, but it's not likely. Though he's probably worked at a cemetery or a mortuary at one time or another. Probably been busted before, but you're not going to find any record of it. Not real good for business when these stories get around.

Bocks: (to be sure) You're saying some human's been doing this?

Mulder: If you want to call him that.

Bocks: (embarrassed) Well, don't I feel like a dumb butt.

Scully ventures one last look into the grave, the image giving her a cold shudder. Mulder & Scully move back to their car, Bocks stays behind.

Mulder: You okay, Scully?

Scully: Yeah . . . I've read about cases of desecrating the dead, but this is the first time I've seen one.

Mulder: Nothing can prepare you for it. It's almost impossible to imagine.

Scully: Why do they do it?

Mulder: Some people collect salt and pepper shakers. The fetishist collects dead things. Hair, fingernails . . . no one quite knows why. though I've never quite understood salt and pepper shakers myself.

Scully: (looks curiously at Mulder) Sometimes you surprise me, Mulder.

Mulder: Why?

(opens car door for Scully, then goes around the car to get in)

Scully: How that didn't shock you back there.

Mulder: I've prepared myself for it before we left Washington.

Scully: (gives him a look, they are in the car now) You knew it wasn't UFO related from the start?

Mulder: I had suspected as much.

Scully: Mulder, we flew three hours to get here. Our plane doesn't leave until tomorrow night. If you suspected, why —

Mulder: (pulls two tickets from his pocket) Vikings versus Redskins, in the Metrodome. Forty yard line, Scully. You and me.

SCENE 3**Ficicello Family Frozen Foods**

Marilyn sits behind a desk, interviewing Donnie Pfaster.

Marilyn: Have you lived in the Twin Cities area long, Mr. Pfaster?

Donnie: I grew up here. I was away for a few years.

Marilyn: What kind of work were you in before?

Donnie: Cosmetology. Hair and makeup.

Marilyn: Oh, that's interesting.

Donnie: If you don't mind my saying, that's a lovely color lipstick you're wearing. Is that Indian Summer?

Marilyn: (flattered) Yes. Yes, it is. You're applying for a job as a deliveryman -

Donnie: To put myself through school. I've gone back to school.

Marilyn: (smiles, writing this down) What are you studying?

Donnie: Comperative religions.

Marilyn: Oh. Are you religious yourself?

Donnie: Yes. Very.

Marilyn: (smiles, leaning forward) I'm probably not supposed to say this, but Mr. Ficicello feels very strongly about religious backgrounds. He prides himself on the honesty of his employees.

Donnie: Can you put that on the application?

Marilyn: I'll attach a little note. (winks)

Donnie: Thank you.

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SCENE 4

Agent Bocks is sitting in his office, watching the Vikings vs. Redskins game. Scully & Mulder enter. Bocks turns the TV sound down.

Bocks: I was glad I could catch you before you left.

(Mulder stares longingly at the mute screen)

Bocks: (hands to Scully a file folder) We found more bodies dug up.

Scully: Did you get your forensics report on this one?

Bocks: (nodding) Somebody was down there in the grave alright. Cut the hair with a pair of pinking shears. Gotta wonder about this guy.

Mulder: How many bodies does this make?

Bocks: Three in the last two days.

Mulder: What else can you tell me about the analysis of the corpses?

Bocks: The hair was cut from the heads of two of the bodies. From the third one, the fingernails were pulled out with what looks like a pair of needlenose pliers.

(Scully looking at photos in the file, and sees herself as one of the victims! A wave of nausea comes over her. She lays the file on the desk and leaves the room. Mulder noting this)

Mulder: Alright, I want you to draft an eyes-only memo to everyone in this office, and to all law enforcement agencies in the metropolitan area.

Bocks: Saying what?

Mulder: That the Twin Cities have an escalating fetishist on their hands.

Bocks: A what?

Mulder: An escalating fetishist. Security should be tightened around the city cemeteries. Mortuaries, funeral homes and hospitals should be notified. There should be warning of a possible stalker in the area.

Bocks: (hesitating) This isn't New-York, Agent Mulder. People still leave their doors unlocked here. This is going to scare them.

Mulder: You can leave out the more gruesome aspects in your press release.

Bocks: Why do you want to alarm folks anyway? I mean, if this guy only preys on dead people . . .

Mulder: His compulsion is growing. He may resort to homicide to procure his corpses. Once he gets a taste of a warm body, he's probably going to want more.

Bocks: (shaking his head) Maybe I've been isolated up here in the great white north too long.

Mulder: How's that?

Bocks: People wondered why it took them so long to catch that kid in Milwaukee. Thought someone would have noticed he was killing those young boys. Truth is, no one ever believed it could happen.

Mulder: If you catch this guy before he kills, maybe they can go right on believing that.

Bocks: I'm afraid we don't have the manpower or expertise to move on this with any speed. Going to be hard to round anybody up on a Saturday. Could be Monday or Tuesday before we get our ducks in a row. Outside of the office, Scully sits alone, with a disturbed look on her face. She's startled when Mulder leans out the door, but she's not looking at him.

Mulder: I'm going to cancel our flight. We've got some work to do here.

(Scully stares forward, still not looking at him)

Mulder: Scully?

Scully: I'll be right with you.

(Mulder ducks back, while Scully remains there, shaken).

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SCENE 5**Agent Bocks' Office**

On a computer screen, there's information regarding all sorts of murderers and maniacs, accompanied by photos of them.

Scully's Voice Over: A complete model or psychological profile of the death fetishist does not exist. Extrapolating from material on file at the FBI's Behavioral Science Unit, the compulsion is the result of a complex misplacement of values and a deviation from cultural norms and societal mores — often accompanied by extreme alienation from normal social interaction and traditional avenues for interaction with others. He is more likely to be white, male and of average to above average intelligence. Cases of fetishists with IQs over 150 have been documented. The progression of the pathology can be traced from the fantasy stage to the eventual acting out of fetishistic impulses, including opportunistic homicide. Agent Mulder believes strongly that the suspect in this case is escalating toward this action. It is my opinion from reading these case files that death fetishism may play a stronger role than suspected in cases of serial murder. That once he begins to murder, it is the killing that draws attention away from a deeper motive. A motive which most people, including law enforcement professionals, dare not imagine. It is somehow easier to believe, as Agent Bocks does, in aliens and UFOs, than in the kind of cold blooded inhuman monster who could prey on the living to scavenge from the dead.

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SCENE 6

Donnie Pfaster. Cruising in his car, down a street lined with working girls. He stops near 2 hookers, one of them (Satin) bends down, leaning on the car.

Satin: Hi.

Donnie: Hi.

Satin: Are you looking for a date?

Donnie: Yes.

Satin: Do you want to pull around the corner over there.

Donnie: I'm interested in a couple of hours.

Satin: (smiling) Where do you have in mind?

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SCENE 7**Donnie's Apartment**

Donnie and Satin enter. Normal apartment.

Satin: (hugging herself) Don't you have any heat in here? It's freezing.

Donnie: The forced air unit is broken. I'd like to run you a bath. (heads towards the bathroom)

Donnie's bathroom. Little bottles with shampoos and soaps neatly placed on the side of the tub. The water is running, Donnie's adding bubble bath into the water. Satin enters.

Donnie: Is your hair treated?

Satin: What?

Donnie: Do you need a shampoo for chemically treated hair?

Satin: You want me to shampoo my hair?

Donnie: I'm happy to pay extra, if that's something out of the ordinary.

Satin: (looks at him, then reaches down to take off her high-heeled shoes. Her fingernails are long and painted bright red) Nobody's ever asked me.

Phone rings from another part of the house.

Donnie: (starts to walk out of the bathroom) Excuse me.

Donnie's bedroom, he's answering the phone.

Donnie: Hello.

Marilyn: Is this Mr. Pfaster?

Donnie: Yes.

Marilyn: Hi, this is Marilyn at Ficcello Frozen Foods. Sorry to bother you so late, but I'm calling to say you've been hired, Mr. Pfaster. We'd like you to start right away.

Satin: (coming down the hallway) Hey, what's going on here? The water's ice cold. (entering the bedroom, with only a towel wrapped around her. Her expression changes to one of terror) Oh God . . .

Donnie's bedroom is full of funeral sprays, most of them are wilting. He looks calmly at Satin.

Marilyn: (on the phone) Mr. Pfaster . . . ?

Donnie: Yes. That's wonderful news. Thank you so much.

(hangs up the phone, looking at Satin, as she backs away into the hallway)

Satin: Don't you come near me! Get away from me!

Donnie's getting up, moving towards her.

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SCENE 8

An alley. Night. Police cars are all around, there's a body covered with blue satin sheets.

Bocks: We're still waiting for someone to ID the body. (approaching with Mulder & Scully) Judging from this area, I'd say she was probably a working girl.

The prostitute, that was standing with Satin when Donnie picked her up, is approaching, seeing the body, becoming hysterical.

Prostitute: Oh my God! Oh my God! Who did this to her? Who did this?

(she's being pulled away)

Mulder: Was it him?

Bocks: It looks like it. Knife wound the length of her torso. All her hair was cut off. He took her fingernails. But this time, he took some fingers, too. Do you want to see the body?

(Mulder starts moving towards the body, Scully doesn't follow. He looks back at her)

Scully: I need a minute.

SCENE 9**Nice Neighbourhood; Daytime**

Donnie Pfaster, with his delivery man uniform walks out of a delivery vehicle, with a frozen food container. He walks up to one of the houses, and knocks the door. A woman answers.

Donnie: Hi. I'm your new delivery man.

Ellen: Oh, hi. Come in.

They both enter the kitchen. Donnie starts placing the food in the freezer, while Ellen is spooning out cookie batter onto metal cookie sheets.

Ellen: Did they give you Skip's old route?

Donnie: Yes, ma'am. I think so. I just started with the company.

Ellen: Skip had been delivering to us for so long, we almost took it for granted he'd always be around. Since before the kids were born.

Lisa, Ellen's daughter enters the kitchen.

Ellen: Lisa, this is . . .

Donnie: Donnie. Donnie Pfaster.

Lisa: Oh, hi. (to her Mom): I'm going to Steve's, Mom.

Ellen: Okay. You have a good time.

Lisa: (to Donnie) Bye.

Donnie: Bye. (stares at her leaving)

Ellen: (to Donnie, after Lisa leaves) We have three daughters.

Donnie: Oh. (smiles politely, as he closes the freezer door) Pardon me, but can I use your washroom to wash my hands?

Ellen: Oh, sure. There's a washroom down off the service porch.

Bathroom

Donnie, thoroughly washing his hands. He dries them, and looks down at a waste-basket. He reaches down, picks it up, and puts his hand inside. He retrieves a hairball, looks at it lovingly, and brings it to his face to feel its texture. He, then, puts it in his pocket, and puts the waste-basket back down. He turns around to exit, and when he opens the door, he finds himself face to face with Ellen.

Ellen: I just wanted to tell you, if we're ever not home, we always leave the back door open here.

Donnie: Oh, Okay. I'll remember that.

SCENE 10**County Morgue**

A group of men (doctors and medical examiners). they stand around the body of the satin sheet covered dead hooker on the autopsy table. Scully walks in, to perform the autopsy, all men silently make room for her.

Scully's Voice Over: Death is a recorded event. For reasons natural or unnatural, when a body ceases to function, the cause of the effect can be clearly reconstructed. A body has a story to tell.

She pulls the satin sheet back, and turns on the microphone above the autopsy table.

Scully: The time is eleven fourteen a.m., Monday, November 14th. The deceased is a female in her twenties . . . (her voice fades)

Scully's Voice Over: If the victim was strangled, an examination of the veins in the eyes will reveal this. If the victim was shot, entry wounds and gunpowder residue can be used to reconstruct the events leading to death and help to establish a possible motive. Body temperature, preferably the temperature of the spleen, is an accurate indicator of the time of death. As are rigor, livor and levels of sodium in the blood. If the body was moved, sand, small rocks, vegetable debris, even pollen can be removed and analysed to determine the location of the original crime scene and place the position of the body at the time of death. Extracutaneous stains and residues can indicate the use of poison or toxins. Hair and fibres, slivers of glass, plastic, even insect casings can serve to recreate the circumstances under which death occurred.

Scully is now seated at Agent Bocks' computer, the heard words are written on the screen by her.

Scully's Voice Over: It may be an irony only understood by those of us who conduct these examinations, who use these pieces to rebuild a narrative, that death, like life itself, is a drama with a beginning, middle and end.

It is my opinion, having conducted this examination, that the victim died a wrongful death for the express purpose of extracting her hair and fingernails.

We keep hearing Scully's voice over, but now we see Mulder reading a document from Scully's computer.

Scully's Voice Over: The time of death cannot be accurately determined due to what I believe must have been immersion in a cold environment, most likely water. Death came as a result of blood loss and trauma from a deep knife wound which severed the plimmonary artery. Of the evidence examined, no one piece or combination gives a clear picture of the killer, other than the motive implied by the bizarre nature if the crime. For the record, it is also my opinion that, outside of child homicide, which may be more tragic and heinous, this is one of the most angry and dehumanizing murders imaginable.

Mulder looks up from the page, he's now in a lineup observation room. He stands with Agent Bocks, and the 2nd prostitute.

Bocks: (to prostitute) Look at each man carefully.

Prostitute: (shakes her head) He was ordinary. He didn't look like no freak.

Bocks: Do you remember what kind of car he was driving? What color it was?

Prostitute: I think it was white.

Bocks: Okay, you can go. Just leave a number and address where you can be reached.

Prostitute: Are you gonna catch this guy?

Bocks: (unconvincing) We'll catch him.

Mulder: Might be a nice week to take that paid vacation the boss owes you.

Prostitute: Yeah. Right. (leaves the room)

Bocks: (to Mulder) If this guy looks regular-like, and if he doesn't have a record, he's gonna be near impossible to find.

Mulder: Until he kills again. Or until we can determine what's driving him.

Bocks: I read your profile. Sounds like a guy who can't make it with women. Which would explain the hooker.

Mulder: The hooker was just convenient. This guy's not after sex. He's after trophies. His victim was a young attractive woman. The corpses he dug up were those of young women. Yet there's no evidence of any sexual activity. What fuels his need? What is important about the hair and fingernails to him? It's as if it's not enough that they're dead. He has to defile them. There's a deeper psychosis at work here. And anger toward women, possibly his mother.

Bocks: I'd say she'd be pretty fried at him, too.

Mulder: The next thing to do is call all the psychiatric facilities. See if they have any record of patients with similar pathologies. This kind of killer isn't made over night. He's been fuelling this fetish for years.

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SCENE 11

A Classroom; Night

Teacher: . . . the necessity of the story, the myth or the legend in a culture is almost universal. We think of myths as things that entertain or instruct, but their deeper purpose is often to explain, or make fanciful, wishes, desires or behavior that society would otherwise deem unacceptable. Myths often disguise thoughts that are simply too terrible to think about, but because they are conveyed in a wrapping of untruth — the story — these thoughts become harmless fiction.

Donnie is seated in the back of the classroom. He stares at a pretty short-haired blonde coed in the front row. She touches her neck, her fingernails are filed, long and colored. The teacher continues.

Teacher: Take for example stories that we recite for children, such as Snow white or Alice in Wonderland. The subtextual themes where the Queen orders "off with her head", or the prince awakens Sleeping Beauty with a kiss, are what Freud would describe as death/wish imagining.

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SCENE 12

Parking Lot

The pretty coed is walking to her car, and opens the door. Donnie appears on the other side of the car and surprises her.

Donnie: Excuse me. I'm in your mythology class.

Coed: Oh.

Donnie: My name's Donnie. I sit a couple rows over. Maybe you've seen me.

Coed: I-I don't know. I —

Donnie: I know. You sit up front. I just . . . (moving to her side of the car) I was going to my car, and I saw you, and . . . did he ask us to read chapters ten and eleven, or eleven and twelve?

Coed: Oh, I think it was . . . (reaches into her bag, to check in her notebook) It was chapters ten and eleven.

Donnie: Oh, thanks.

Coed: (puts the notebook back in her bag, in the meantime, Donnie's got closer to her, and has her penned in the tight V made by the open door) I have to go now. (tries to pull the car door from Donnie's grasp, and fails)

Donnie: Don't go.

Coed: (angrily) Let go of the door!

(Donnie takes a step closer, and she knees him in the groin, followed by a punch, which sends him to the floor)

Coed: (screaming) HELP!!! SOMEBODY!!!

SCENE 13

County Morgue

The body is lying on the autopsy table, covered with a satin sheet. Agent Scully walks in, wearing her autopsy uniform, and moves to the body. She removes the sheet from the body, and with a horror expression on her face, she sees . . .

Herself! lying on the autopsy table.

From the dead Scully's point of view, we see the demonic figure from the beginning, where the examining Scully stood before. Phone begins ringing.

Motel Room

Scully's bolting upright in bed, waking from a nightmare.

She answers the ringing phone.

Scully: Hello.

Mulder: Scully, it's me. They've arrested somebody they think may be our guy.

Scully: (still under shock) I'll get dressed.

SCENE 14

Jail Block; Night

Scully, Mulder and Bocks walk down the jail corridor, heading towards a cell.

Bocks: He's got a history of assault. A 911 call came in from a security officer who saw it happen.

She hurt him really bad.

They arrive the cell, look inside. The man inside is not Donnie. He has a knife wound across his cheek and nose.

Mulder: Who cut him?

Bocks: A working girl. They're all carrying knives since what happened. They enter the cell. Behind them, in another cell, Donnie is standing, his face pokes out of the bars. He's staring at Scully with the same look we've seen before. After a while, the agents leave the other man's cell, and move a few steps from the bars.

Mulder: He's not our guy.

Bocks: I thought we had him.

They start leaving, as Donnie keeps staring at Scully.

She turns around, feeling his look. She looks at him, then turns away, shaken. They all reach the door.

Scully: Mulder, can I have a minute with you?

Mulder: Yeah.

(Scully looks at Bocks, she wants to talk to Mulder alone)

Bocks: (gets the message) I'll be out front. (exits)

Scully: I think I might better drive this investigation if I focused on the evidence.

Mulder: What are you suggesting?

Scully: That I take the body back to Washington. I'd like to run it through the fingerprint lab there. You know those guys, they can pull a print —

Mulder: If you're having trouble with this case, Scully, I want you to tell me.

Scully: I'm not having trouble, Mulder.

Mulder: I'd understand, Scully. This isn't exactly easy to stomach.

Scully: I'm fine with it. Really. I just think we're a long way from catching this guy. If we could get a print, we'd have something to go on. Right now we're at a standstill.

Mulder: (knowing she's hiding something) I think it's a good idea. (puts his hand on her shoulder) I just don't want you to think you have to hide anything from me, Scully. I've seen agents with twenty years in the field fall apart on cases like this.

Scully: (quietly) I'm fine, Mulder. I can handle it.

(gently, she pulls away from his touch, and they both leave)

Donnie: (to the guy in the cell next to him, whom the agents were talking to) Hey, what's your name?

Suspect: You talking to me?

Donnie: Yeah. Were those FBI agents?

Suspect: Yeah.

Donnie: What were they asking you?

Suspect: They thought I was some freak who's been digging up corpses. Man, I'm in enough trouble already.

Donnie: What were their names?

Suspect: Who?

Donnie: The younger agents.

Suspect: Um. I don't remember his name, but she was Scully, like that baseball announcer.

A jailor approaches, and opens Donnie's cell.

Jailor: Let's go. Mr. Pfaster.

Donnie: Go where?

Jailor: Lady's dropped the charges against you. They're letting you out soon as you talk to psychiatric social worker.

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SCENE 15

FBI Headquarters; Fingerprint Analysis Lab

Examiner: (studying a piece of satin through magnification eyeglasses) At first glance, there's not much to work with. Satin doesn't hold a print real well. There could be a latent somewhere in these blood stains, but I suspect the killer used gloves.

Scully: The body was shipped on my flight. I should be here within the hour.

Examiner: We'll take a look. How long are you in town, Agent Scully?

Scully: I've got a flight back to Minneapolis booked for tonight. But I might cancel.

Examiner: I've put all other work aside.
(Scully nods and exits)

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SCENE 16

FBI Headquarters

Scully is walking down a hallway. She reaches a door marked:

"EMPLOYEE ASSISTANCE PROGRAM, K. KOSSEFF L.C.S.W."

Scully looks around to see no one's looking, then enters. Scully's seated across Karen Kosseff, struggling with her emotions.

Scully: You think you find a way to deal with these things. In med school, you develop a clinical detachment to death. In your FBI training, you are confronted with cases, the most terrible and violent cases. You think you can look into the face of pure evil. And then you find yourself paralysed by it.

Kosseff: Are you aware you've been talking about yourself in the second person?

Scully: No. Was I?

Kosseff: Do you know why?

Scully: Probably as another way of trying to detach myself from it.

Kosseff: You're a strong person. You've probably always felt you can handle any problem yourself. But you feel vulnerable now. Do you know why that is?

Scully: No.

Kosseff: Is it your partner? Is there a problem with trust -

Scully: (firmly) No. I trust him as much as anyone. I'd trust him with my life.

Kosseff: Can you talk to him about the way you're feeling?

Scully: No. (pauses) I know it sounds crazy, but I don't want him to know how much this is bothering me. I don't want him to think he has to protect me.

Kosseff: I know you lost your father last year. And I read in your file that you were very ill recently. That your life was threatened. Exposures like these can leave you extremely vulnerable.

Scully: (tears well up in her eyes, but she's not crying) I know these things. I'm conscious of them. I know the world is full of predators, just as it has always been. And I know it's my job to protect people from them. And I've counted on that fact to give me faith in my ability to do what I do . . .

I want that faith back . . . I need it back.

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SCENE 17

FBI Headquarters; Fingerprints Analysis Lab

Scully enters.

Examiner: There you are. I've been looking for you.

Scully: I had a meeting.

Examiner: I've got good news.

Scully: What did you find?

Examiner: Well, as I suspected, there was nothing on the sheets. But we got something nice off the body. At first it didn't look like it. Noth-

ing on the torso, the face, the arms, the hands. The guy cut her fingers off though, right? But not all of them. On her right hand, he left a thumb. (hands Scully a print of the fingerprint) I pulled this off the nail polish. There must have been a struggle before he killed her. Before he put the gloves on.

Scully: (excited) I've got to call Agent Mulder. (goes to the phone)

Examiner: Oh. Somebody called for you.

Scully: Who?

Examiner: He said he was an Agent working out of Minneapolis. I told him you were out, but had a flight booked back tonight.

Scully: (with a look of concern, as she dials) Was it Agent Mulder?

Examiner: I didn't recognize the print.

Scully: Did you tell him about the print?

Examiner: I haven't found it yet.

Mulder: (on the phone) Mulder.

Scully: Hi, it's me. We got a print.

Mulder: (to Bocks) Scully got a print.

Bocks: Fantastic!

Scully: (on the phone) I'm going to modem it out to you right away to see if you can run a match.

Mulder: Are you staying on there, Scully?

Scully: No. I'm coming back tonight.

Mulder: Look, Scully. I know this is a pretty horrific case -

Scully: I'm okay with it, Mulder. You can use my help.

Mulder: Always!

Scully: (smiles faintly, then) Mulder? You or Agent Bocks didn't call here looking for me earlier, did you?

Mulder: (to Bocks) Did you call for Agent Scully?

(Bocks shakes his head)

Mulder: No.

Scully: (curious) Okay, I'll see you when I get there. (hangs up)

SCENE 18

Donnie Pfaster's Apartment

The door is broken down by uniformed officers. The bedroom, just as before, flowers all over. No sheets on the bed. From out of the zippered end of one pillow, protrudes a stuffing of long human hair. Mulder and Bocks enter the apartment, Mulder walks into the kitchen as Bocks is talking on his walkie-talkie.

Bocks: The suspect does not appear to be at home. Let's put out an APB on Donald Addie Pfaster, age twenty eight —

One of the officers opens the freezer, showing something to Mulder.

Mulder: (showing it to Bocks) Take a look.

Bocks: Holy mother of God.

It's a box of frozen food, that contains brussel sprouts, and also some fingers, and a long fingernail, painted bright red.

SCENE 19

Airport; Night

Scully exits. She goes to a car rental company.

She exits the rental company, and approaches her rented car.

From another car nearby, a man is watching her. It's Donnie Pfaster.

Scully's in her car, driving. Behind her, a pair of bright headlights looms up behind her. The lights grow brighter and nearer, and Scully is taken totally by surprise, as her car is rammed from behind. She gets hold of the wheel, trying to correct the forced swerve, but her car is being rammed again.

SCENE 20

Agent Bocks' Office; Night

Mulder: (worriedly checking his watch) She should have been here.

Bocks: She was on the flight. And it arrived three hours ago.

An FBI Agent: (entering) We found Agent Scully's car.

SCENE 21

A Road

Scully's dented car lies on the side of the road. A team of FBI officers are around. Also Bocks and Mulder. There's a white scratch on the car. Mulder looks inside, the airbag is out, and torn.

SCENE 22

Donnie is in a dark house. He's going down a corridor, entering a bathroom. The bathtub is filling, we can guess the temperature of the water.

There are little bottles of shampoos etc. on the side of the tub.
 Donnie is again, walking in a corridor, entering a bedroom. He opens the closet door. Inside we see Scully, huddled in the corner. Her hands and feet are tied, her mouth gagged. Her face is bruised, her eyes are closed. She opens her eyes, and sees . . .
 The demonic figure from her dream. Donnie's closing the door.

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SCENE 23

Bocks' Office

Bocks: (on cellular phone) Nothing registered to Donald Pfaster? Right . . . right. Got it. (hangs up) (to Mulder) The paint is called Ivory Bone. It's a two-step enamel used by three makers of late model mid-sized car. They estimate there may be about sixty thousand cars that fit this description in the metropolitan area.

Mulder: (on his own cellular phone) Nothing? No one saw her leave the rental agency . . . ? There was no attendant in the area . . . ? (presses the 'end' button in frustration) (to Bocks) People videotape police beatings on dark streets. They see Elvis in three cities across America every day. But no one saw a pretty woman being run off the road in her rental car.

Bocks: He could have taken her anywhere. How're we going to find her?

Mulder: We've got to go back to the beginning. As nasty as it seems, we've got to get into this guy's head. How he thinks. Where would he go?

Bocks: (shrugging) Anywhere but his mother's right?

Mulder: What do you mean?

Bocks: Being that he's so pissed off at her. From what your profile says.

Mulder: (interested) Where does his mother live?

Bocks: I don't know.

Mulder: Let's find out.

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SCENE 24

Donnie in that dark house, moving towards the closet and opens it. Scully is in there, very frightened.

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SCENE 25

Bocks' Office

Mulder and Bocks look at a computer screen.

Bocks: The mother lives in Boca Raton, Florida. Correction. She used to live there. She died a year ago.

Mulder: (disappointed) did she have a car registered to her?

Bocks: (checking) A late model white sedan.

Mulder: (realizing) He inherited the car. Boca Raton could have been a winter house. Was there a residence here in Minneapolis?

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SCENE 26

Bedroom

Inside the closet.

Donnie's near Scully, he's inspecting her findernails. He uses a sharp knife to cut the rope that binds her feet.

Scully: (her mouth still gagged) Get the hell away from me!! (to her terror, she sees Donnie's face, transforming, and becoming different men's faces. Those are the men she saw before, in the computer files she checked. The figures then changes to that demonic creature again, then back to Donnie)

Donnie: Don't be afraid.

Donnie takes Scully, hands still tied, mouth still gagged. He leads her to the bathroom, where the tub is filled with water and bubbles. Donnie walks around her in the bathroom, to check the shampoos.

Donnie: Would you say your hair is normal or dry? (he turns around, as Scully backs out towards the door) Now where are you going?

Donnie moves towards Scully, grabs her, but she pushes him hard straight into the freezing water in the bathtub. Scully then rushes out of the bathroom. Donnie pulls himself, wet, from the tub, and starts chasing her. He walks out of the bathroom, and looks around. Scully has disappeared. He's moving around the house, looking for her. Scully reaches the front door. It's locked. She runs for a place to hide.

Donnie: There's no way out, girly girl. (enters a bedroom, and retrieves a gun from the dresser) I know this house, girly girl. There's nowhere to hide.

He then hears a noise from one of the rooms, and rushes in that direction. He moves towards a closed door and opens it. Scully jumps for-

ward, her gag removed, with a spray bottle in her tied hands. She sprays him in the eyes, and runs off, while he's stumbling backwards. Scully runs towards the staircase, Donnie after her. He catches her at the top of the stairs, and they both tumble down the staircase. As they hit the floor, Donnie's gun slips out of his grasp. Scully starts crawling for the gun, Donnie sees her, and leaps on top of her. As she's pointing the gun at him, she, again, sees the demon from her dream, which shocks her, and allows Donnie to snap the gun from her hands. At that moment, the door bursts open, Mulder, Bock and a few officers rush in.

Mulder: (gun brandished) FEDERAL AGENTS! HANDS IN THE AIR!

Donnie slowly puts his hands in the air, and the other men take him forcefully.

Mulder kneels down to Scully. She's dazed, as she's trying to get up.

Mulder: (loudly) Let's get the paramedics out here!

Scully: I'm okay.

Mulder: Just stay there, Scully.

Scully: (she insists on getting up, Mulder helps her) I'm fine. Just help me get my wrists undone (as Mulder starts untying her) How did you find me?

Mulder: His Mother used to own the house, willed it to the sisters. I played a hunch. A patrolman spotted the car out front.

Her wrists untied, Scully rubs them. She doesn't want to meet Mulder's eyes. She's looking over at Donnie, who's being bound on the floor.

Mulder: Why don't you sit down until someone can take a look at you.

Scully: (quietly) Mulder, I'm fine.

Mulder looks at her, and tips up her chin. She, then, meets his gaze, and that's all it takes. Her eyes well up, and she begins crying. Mulder's holding her now, though she keeps her arms crossed in front of herself. She, then, allows herself to hold him, to fully let her emotions out.

Scully continues to cry in Mulder's arms, while he holds her tight and strong.

Photos of Donnie as a child, and his family, are fading one into the other, as we hear Mulder.

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SCENE 27

Mulder's Voice Over: The conquest of fear lies in the moment of its acceptance. And understanding what scares us most is that which is most familiar, most common place. That boy next door, Donnie Pfaster,

the unremarkable younger brother of four older sisters, extraordinary only in his ordinariness, could grow up to be the devil in a buttoned-down shirt. It's been said that the fear of the unknown is an irrational response to the excesses of the imagination. But our fear of the everyday, of the lurking stranger, and the sound of foot-falls on the stairs. The fear of violent death and the primitive impulse to survive, are as frightening as any x-file, as real as the acceptance that it could happen to you.

[THE END]