

X-Files Blood (2X03)

The characters, plotlines, quotes, etc. included here are owned by Chris Carter and 1013 Productions, all rights reserved. The following transcript is in no way a substitute for the show "The X-Files" and is merely meant as a homage. This transcript is not authorized or endorsed by Chris Carter, 1013 Productions, or Fox Entertainment. It was painstakingly typed out by Vic Vega and made available for your personal enjoyment by me, DrWeesh from my website, The X-Files Scripts Archive (<http://www.insidethex.co.uk>), and turned into pdfs by just_jeepin.

.

SCENE 1

Postal Center; Franklin, Pennsylvania

(The machines are hard at work, and Ed Funsch is no different. A machine scrolls the envelopes by him, and he types up the zip code as they do. The read-out states the zip code he pressed. The read-out reads "33515," then "08619," then "21227."

"Candice Field
4033 W. 20th Ave.
Liverpool, NY
13090"

The read-out says "13090."

"Barry Backus
1561 Jefferson Ave.
Avon, NY
14414"

The read-out says "14414."

(The next envelope is about to come through when the previous one gets jammed in the feed. The machine beeps repeatedly. He goes to take out the paper jam and cuts himself. He watches the blood drip out of the cut. His supervisor walks over.)

Supervisor: Hey, Ed. You okay?

Edward Funsch: There's blood.

Supervisor: It's only a paper cut. Um, listen, Ed. I need to talk to you. (In the supervisor's office, the boss pours his employee a cup of water from the cooler. The cooler gurgles.)

There you go. Ed, uh . . . this is never easy. Ed, everybody down here sure likes you a lot, Funsch. And I know it's tough 'cause you're new to this area. Ed, I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to let you go. I mean, your work is first-rate, and like I said, you're a good guy. But you know the story. Cutbacks and seniority and . . . you're low man on the pole.

(Ed tries to salvage his dignity somewhat.)

Edward Funsch: Could I work part-time?

(The supervisor sighs, unhappy of what he is doing. He takes out an envelope.)

Supervisor: The guys took up a collection today. It's a hundred bucks. (He puts the envelope in Funsch's pocket.)

Look, why don't you stay on till the end of the week?

(The supervisor walks out. Funsch sips his water, unhappy as hell. Funsch walks back over to his seat and starts again, typing even faster.

"Graham Courts
2366 Wall Street
Greenville, RI
02828"

The read-out says "02828."

"Sherry Ross
1875 Bellevue #501
Syracuse, NY
13207"

The read-out says "13207."

"Jill Scott
1040 E. Broadway
Grand Rapids, MI
49548"

The read-out doesn't say "49548." There is a message on it.)

Message: Kill.

(Funsch stares at it, confused. It changes to "93021." He stares at it longer, unsure of what he saw. He goes back to typing.)

"Robin Hull
326 Simpson Street
Spring Valley, NY
10977"

The read-out says "10977."

"Jan Kobylka
2355 Mathers Ave.
Pittsburgh, PA
15214"

The read-out says "15214.")

Kill.

(Funsch is completely confused now. One second it reads "kill," the next it reads "15214." He looks around at his coworkers.)

Kill 'em.

(Funsch's eyes are wide.)

Kill 'em all.

.

SCENE 2

Civic Center, Franklin, Pennsylvania

(10:20 a.m. The elevator is crammed with various businessmen and women. One man has a nagging cough. Starting at eleven, the elevator goes down to seven when there is a ring and the door opens.)

Woman #1: Is there room in there for me?

Man: Oh, I think we can make some.

Woman #1: Thank you.

(The elevator dings again and the door closes. A man in the back, Taber, is very agitated by the enclosed space and the cramped area. A woman coughs on a man in front of her.)

Woman #2: Excuse me.

(She continues to cough, as does the man. Taber looks over at the time on the read-out. But it changes.)

Message: No air.

(Taber looks away, then back at it, unsure if he saw it correctly as the elevator starts to move again.)

Can't breathe.

(He squints.)

Kill 'em all.

(The message changes again as Taber grows more agitated.)

Kill 'em.

(Later, police tape surrounds the scene. The photographer walks over to a body outside of the elevator. A deputy lifts the tape for the local Sheriff, Spencer.)

Spencer: Hey, Ralph, how you doing?

Ralph: All right.

(Mulder, wearing rubber gloves, follows Spencer over to the body.)

Spencer: Thanks for coming on such short notice. I realize the F.B.I.'s Behavioral Science Unit normally profiles murder suspects that are still at large, and it must be odd being asked to profile our suspects, all of whom are dead.

(Mulder kneels over a body and pulls up the blue cover to look at it.)

I am relieved the Bureau answered our request and sent you.

(Mulder stands.)

Because in all honesty, Agent Mulder . . . whatever's going on here is way over our heads.

(Mulder walks around the body to Spencer.)

The suspect's body is out on the sidewalk.

(They look at each other. Spencer sighs.)

We're holding the security guard who shot him. The witnesses in the elevator are down at the hospital. You can talk to them whenever you're ready.

(Mulder walks past Spencer, brooding, still not saying a word.)
 I've asked all the businesses in the building to close for the day.
 (Mulder walks into the elevator, which has blood smeared on the walls.)
 We've done our best to preserve the area for you. We've thoroughly
 photographed the scene. The area has been sketched, but we haven't
 dusted for prints . . . yet. We wanted to wait for you before we collected
 further evidence.

(Mulder looks at the read-out, which is cracked.)

Mulder: Was this damaged during the incident?

(Spencer walks in and looks at it.)

Spencer: I'll find out.

Mulder: May I see the suspect?

(Spencer nods. The two walk out of the area, under the yellow tape
 lifted by Ralph.)

Spencer: Things like this aren't supposed to happen here.

Mulder: A forty-two year old real estate agent murders four strangers
 with his bare hands? That's not supposed to happen anywhere.

(They stop walking.)

Spencer: No. Since colonial times, there's only been three murders in
 this area. In the last six months, seven people have killed twenty-two.
 Per capita, that's higher than the combined homicide rate of Detroit,
 D.C. and Los Angeles. This town is not any of those places. In Franklin,
 you'll never have to pull off the road to make way for a celebrity driving
 with a gun to his head.

(They start walking to the body.)

Mulder: In each incident, the suspect was killed?

Spencer: Suicide by cop. Each incident occurred in a public place. The
 suspect went crazy and refused to desist when ordered. Officers used
 deadly force in order to save lives.

(They stop walking again.)

Mulder: Were autopsies conducted on the suspects for substance abuse?

Spencer: Agent Mulder, this town is mainly made up of apple and cherry
 growers. These folks don't drink much. They certainly don't do drugs.
 Coroner's tests were negative.

(They walk over to the body. Mulder kneels over and pulls up the blue
 cover, looking at it. He examines the fingers closely, as they are covered
 with blood. He notices a green substance on two of the fingertips.)

I played softball with this guy over Labor Day. He was one of those nice
 guys . . . couldn't play and didn't bitch about being stuck in right field.

Mulder: What's wrong with right field?

Spencer: Always the first one to shake hands at the end of the game.
 Didn't matter whether they won or lost.

Mulder: Got to have an arm to play right field.

Spencer: Bought a round of beers afterwards, even though he didn't
 drink.

Mulder: I played right field.

(He encloses the hand in a bag.)

Let's have this analyzed by the bureau's lab.

Spencer: What the hell could bring anyone to do this?

(Mulder stares at the hand.)

.

SCENE 3

Franklin, Pennsylvania

(At Commercial Trust's ATM, the machine asks Funsch to enter his
 PIN number. He does so. He hears a mother talking behind him to a
 little girl illegibly. He chooses his transaction, but before he can choose
 the account, he hears something.)

Mother: Baby, you're bleeding.

(He slowly turns around to see the mother tending to her daughter's
 nosebleed, wiping the blood away.)

Tilt your head back. I told you to leave it alone, okay? Now, don't touch
 it or it'll bleed again. Tilt your head back.

(Funsch cringes at the bloody tissue. He looks back at the machine.)

Message: Security guard.

(He slowly looks over at the security guard to his right.)

Take his gun.

(He looks over to the security guard's gun.)

Kill 'em all.

(He shrieks, fearing he is going insane, and starts to punch the key-
 board with both fists.)

Security Guard: Hey! Hey, what the hell's wrong with you?

(Funsch runs off. The guard takes his card and looks at the machine,
 which asks if he'd like another transaction.)

.

SCENE 4**Venango County Sheriff's Office**

(Mulder looks at photographs of the various homicide suspects. He talks over the scene.)

Mulder: Perpetrators of mass murders are divided into two classifications . . . the spree killer and the serial. The sudden violent outburst in a public locale and the suspect's disregard for anonymity or survival define the Franklin incidents as spree killings.

.

SCENE 5**FBI National Academy; Quantico, Virginia**

(Scully is reading the report on her computer, having it been transmitted to her.)

The confounding element of the profiles is that, given their backgrounds, the perpetrators would be, statistically, more likely the victims of violent crimes, rather than the originators.

(Cut to Venango County, where pictures of the killers are posted. But these are pictures of leisure and joy.)

The killers were all middle income, responsible people. None with a history of violence.

(The next set of pictures are the same people, only the photos of their bodies.)

Relatives and friends reported only minor displays of dysfunctional behavior. Sleep disorders, headaches, eating difficulties . . . but witnesses did report the last suspect displayed a claustrophobic reaction.

(Mulder hears a rumbling overhead and looks up. Cut to Scully.)

I'm convinced an outside factor is responsible, but I must concede frustration as to a determination of the cause.

(Cut to Mulder as he sits.)

A residue discovered on the fingers of the most recent perpetrator was analyzed and reported to be an undefined but nontoxic organic chemical found on plants . . .

(Cut to Scully.)

. . . perhaps remaining from gardening. There have been reported abductee paranoia in UFO mass abduction cases . . .

Scully: I was wondering when you'd get to that.

Mulder: I find no evidence of this to be the case.

(Scully seems stunned. Cut to Mulder.)

The single, connecting trace evidence to the killings is the destruction of an electronic device at the crime scene.

(Mulder looks at some pictures of the broken devices.)

A pager, a fax machine, a cellular phone, a gas pump digital display.

(He sits down at his laptop.)

In all honesty, Scully, I've never had a more difficult time developing a profile.

(Cut to Scully.)

There is no way to know who will be a killer . . . or who will be killed.

.

SCENE 6**Franklin; Pennsylvania**

(Mrs. McRoberts apprehensively walks towards the mechanic garage, where the mechanic can be heard whistling. There is a dim light coming, mostly shadowed by the hood. There is a clattering of tools.)

McRoberts: Hello?

(She stops far from the car. No answer, just the sound of the ratchet turning.)

Hello?

(The mechanic is still behind the hood.)

Mechanic: You're late.

McRoberts: I'm sorry. I called earlier. A deadline came up at work. If it's ready, I'll just pay you and . . . get out of here.

(The mechanic walks out from behind the hood.)

Mechanic: How did you manage to break that anyhow?

McRoberts: Oh, it's a long story. Did you fix it?

Mechanic: It's fixed.

McRoberts: What do I owe you?

Mechanic: I'll tell you. In fixing that, I found some other problems. Serious problems, Mrs. McRoberts. Come back here, I'll show you.

(A shot of fear runs across McRoberts' face as she looks up from her purse. She gasps.)

McRoberts: I'm sorry. My husband's waiting for me. I have to go.

Mechanic: Okay, but you ain't going to go very far unless you get this fixed. Come here.

(He walks behind the hood. She tenses up and follows. The mechanic continues to whistle. The mechanic stands and presses a button on a read-out. The engine starts up, frightening McRoberts.)

This is a diagnostic test of your engine. You're supposed to have an output of a hundred and sixty-eight horses at sixty-two hundred R.P.M.s. You're nowhere near that. Come over here. Next to me. I want you to take a look at this.

(She walks over as he bends down and looks under the hood.)

Well, first of all, you're leaking oil like crazy. Your throw rods are chattering, valves need adjustment.

(McRoberts looks over at the monitor where the read-out is.)

Message: Liar.

Mechanic: And over here, you've got a couple of engine mounts that should be replaced.

Message: He's a liar.

Mechanic: There's some arching off your coil wire . . . to tell you the truth, I think we should replace all the ignition wires.

Message: He'll rape you.

(The mechanic's voice drifts off as McRoberts is absolutely scared out of her wits, staring at the monitor.)

He'll kill you.

(She doesn't even blink.)

Kill him first.

Mechanic: If you don't believe me, take a look here.

(He puts his hand on her shoulder. She gasps, picks up the ratchet, and slams him over the head with it. She shrieks. He yells in pain and falls, his head hitting the light as he does. She reaches up to hit him again, but he kicks her leg out. He reaches up and grabs a hammer, but she grabs a nozzle for an oil can. As he readies to hit her, she turns to face him, the nozzle in front of him. He gasps, screams, eyes wide, then falls, the nozzle jammed into his stomach. She walks away. The monitor now reads "Analysis Complete, Next." Later, two red dots come together to form one on the mechanic, then a flash. The photographer moves away from the body and Mulder kneels down and inspects it. He stands up and picks up the murder weapon, which is in a bag. He looks over at the computer read-out, which still reads "Analysis Complete, Next." Looking at a clipboard that had been hung to the wall, Spencer and Larry Winter walk over to him. The sheet on the clipboard reads that an oil change was done.)

Larry Winter: Agent Mulder? Larry Winter, county supervisor.

(They shake hands. Mulder holds up his gloved hand.)

Mulder: Uh, pardon my rubber.

Larry Winter: Can you tell me if . . . this murder is more of the same?

Spencer: They don't seem to be connected.

Larry Winter: Well, should I be relieved or more scared? I mean, is this the start of copycat killers?

(Mulder flips through more of the clipboard.)

Spencer: No, Larry, it's not a copy of the other homicides. This wasn't committed in a public area. The suspect fled, covering his tracks.

(Mulder reads the next page, which says that the air filter was repaired, then the next, which reads that the digital dashboard had a problem.)

And the killer appears not to have had a premeditated weapon.

(Mulder scrolls over to see that the digital read-outs on the dashboard were all smashed and replaced.)

Mulder: They are connected.

.

SCENE 7

McRoberts' House

(Mrs. McRoberts opens the door to see Mulder and Spencer.)

Mulder: Mrs. McRoberts?

McRoberts: Yes?

Mulder: This is Sheriff Spencer, and I'm Agent Fox Mulder with the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

(He flashes her his badge.)

May we come in?

McRoberts: I'm late for work.

Mulder: You can blame me.

(Mulder and Spencer walk in.)

Been having some car trouble?

McRoberts: That's my husband's department.

Mulder: May I speak with him?

McRoberts: He just took the car to Pittsburgh for a business meeting.

(She opens the refrigerator and takes out a bag.)

Is it okay if I have my breakfast?

Mulder: It's the day's most important meal.

(She places the bag inside of the microwave and presses a few buttons. She looks at the read-out screen.)

Message: He knows.

(She gasps. Mulder takes out a paper.)

Mulder: Um . . . this invoice? It was, uh, signed by you. Did you pick up the car last night?

Message: Kill 'em both.

(She gasps and walks away from the microwave.)

McRoberts: Yes.

(Mulder walks over and looks at it. It reads "7:35 a.m." She places her food down on the counter.)

Mulder: Can you describe to me exactly how the dashboard read-out was damaged?

(She searches for a response that won't implicate her.)

Mrs. McRoberts?

McRoberts: I did it. I broke it.

Mulder: Why?

(She pulls open the drawer to reveal a set of butcher knives. Mulder does not notice.)

Mrs. McRoberts? Did you see something in the read-out? Mrs. McRoberts?

(She is almost crying, fingering the handle to one of the knives.)

I can help. Mrs. McRoberts?

(He places his hand on her shoulder. She shrieks and slashes his arm, knocking him down. She straddles his stomach and raises the knife to strike down.)

Spencer: Stop!

Mulder: No!

(Spencer shoots her.)

SCENE 8

FBI National Academy; Quantico, Virginia

(Scully pulls back the sheet to reveal the corpse of Mrs. McRoberts. She turns on the light and takes a scalpel. Her voice rings over the scene.)

Scully: Several anomalies were discovered in post-mortem analysis that were undetected in previous autopsies. Levels of adrenaline are known to be high in cases of violent death, twice as much as in victims of natural death. This subject's levels were two-hundred times normal.

(Later, she types her report up.)

The adrenal gland displayed extensive adrenal hemorrhage, yet not from disease, but rather from wear. Other physiological evidence present indicated intense phobia. Analysis of the vitreous humor extracted from the eyeball . . .

(Cut to Mulder, who picks up the file, a bandage wrapped around his wrist.)

. . . indicated the presence of high concentration of an undetermined chemical compound. This compound, at it's base, is similar to the substance analyzed earlier on a perpetrator's finger. Although further qualitative analysis must be performed, it is my opinion that this chemical, when reacting with adrenaline and other compounds secreted during phobic episodes, creates a substance to lysergic acid diethylamide . . . L.S.D.

SCENE 9

Shopping Mall; Franklin, Pennsylvania

(The shopping mall is busy today, and Funsch, decked out in his best suit, walks up to the customer service counter.)

Edward Funsch: Pardon me. I'd like to apply for a job.

Clerk: Sorry. They're not accepting applications at this time.

(She puts a sign down that says "We'll be back in one hour" and walks off. Funsch, disheartened, wipes some sweat from his forehead and walks down the aisle to the electronics section. He reads a sign that says "Franklin Community Blood Drive.")

Woman: Sir? May we ask you to sign up for the blood drive?

(She extends the clipboard and pen, holding it over the word "blood" on a banner taped to the front of the table.)

Sir? Are you all right?

(Funsch, exasperated, walks off quickly.)

Sir?

(Funsch walks over to a set of monitors playing a football game. Suddenly, the monitors go white, then turn to static. They flash to various sights: Charles Manson, an scene from the L.A. riots, the Rodney King beating, an exploding building, another riot scene, and the famous O.J. Simpson-Bronco chase. The scenes cycle repeatedly in front of Funsch, who grows increasingly agitated and confused. The middle monitor goes black.)

Message: Behind you.

(He slowly looks behind to see the gun section.)

Do it!

(Funsch slowly makes his way towards the counter in the gun rack as the televisions revert to playing "Bobby's World" and a football game.)

SCENE 10

Franklin, Pennsylvania

(Mulder is going for his morning jog when he sees a truck pull up to a house. A man seated on top takes a spade full of flies and throws them onto the lawn and gutter, then taps the side of the truck with it. Mulder watches as the truck drives off, then bends down and picks up one of the flies.)

SCENE 11**The Lone Gunmen's Office; Washington, D.C.**

(Frohike's face is enlarged by the giant magnifying glass as Byers and Langly look on.)

Frohike: Hmmm . . .

Byers: In our April edition of "The Lone Gunmen," we ran an article on the C.I.A.'s new CCDTH-twenty-one thirty-eight fiber-optic-lens micro-video camera.

Langly: Small enough to be placed on the back of a fly.

Mulder: Imagine being one of those flies on the wall of the Oval Office.

Frohike: Been there, done that.

(He smiles to his comrades as he takes the fly over to another desk. They follow.)

Byers: That is a Eurasian cluster fly. They infest vegetation like, uh, apples or cherries and can inflict a great deal of damage to crops.

Langly: This one's probably been irradiated to control propagation.

Byers: Or agents of competing South American agricultural corporations posing as Franklin city employees, are releasing fertile flies to destroy the crops.

(Frohike studies the fly, which is held by tweezers, then dunks it in a petrie dish full of liquid.)

Frohike: Nope. This bug's been nuked.

Mulder: It was a fine effort, though.

(He pats Byers on the back and picks up a folder.)

Have you ever come across this chemical compound?

(Langly points to the diagram of the chemical structure.)

Langly: L.S.D.M. Obviously, you haven't read our August edition of "T.L.G."

Mulder: Oh, I'm sorry, boys. It arrived the same day as my subscription to "Celebrity Skin."

(Langly laughs.)

Byers: Come over here.

(They walk over to a television. Byers shuffles through a number of videotapes. Frohike, meanwhile, is fooling around with his night-vision goggles.)

Frohike: So, Mulder, where's your little partner?

Mulder: She wouldn't come. She's afraid of her love for you.

Frohike: She's tasty.

Mulder: You know, Frohike, it's men like you that give perversion a bad name.

(Byers takes out a cassette.)

Byers: Here . . . toxic pesticides. The chemical you have in that report is called "lysergic dimethrin."

(He puts the videotape in the player. Langly sits.)

It's an unreleased experimental synthetic botanical insecticide. It attempts to act as a natural pheromone.

Langly: L.S.D.M. is sprayed on the plant, which invokes a fear response in the pest. You know, "get out of here, there's danger." The insect reacts and leaves the plant.

Mulder: Why won't they release it? Is it possible it affects humans in the same way?

Byers: Possible?

(Byers and Langly smile.)

Let me show you something.

(Byers presses play. On the screen, a chemical is being sprayed out of a truck onto people's lawns.)

Langly: This is actual newsreel footage taken in the 50's. They're spraying D.D.T . . . a chemical the government did release and determine to be safe.

Byers: Thirty years later . . .

(The spray goes over a crowd of women, all smiling, seated in rows.)

. . . they found out that women exposed to it had higher rates of breast cancer.

(Mulder sits. A man is spraying a number of joyful children in a pool.) They convinced local officials it was even safe to spray on children. It took a decade of bureaucratic and industry heel-dragging before it was banned.

Langly: Different chemicals, same stunts.

Byers: They just learned how not to be so obvious.

(Mulder stands.)

Mulder: Hey, Frohike, can I borrow those?

Frohike: If I can have Scully's phone number.

(He smirks.)

.

SCENE 12**Franklin, Pennsylvania**

(Mulder is sitting on a hill, looking out over a cropfield. He looks through his goggles and sees nothing. Hearing a helicopter's blades, he looks again, but sees nothing. A dog barks as he walks down the hill and drives closer to the field. Walking slowly, the only sound is the crickets and the persistent dog. The wind picks up and there is a muffled rumbling. Mulder looks up to see a helicopter fly over, coating everything with the spray. Mulder falls to the ground, coughing, rubbing his eyes.)

.

SCENE 13**Franklin Community Hospital; Franklin, Pennsylvania**

(Scully finishes taking Mulder's blood as Winter talks to Spencer.)

Larry Winter: Stealth helicopters? Experimental pesticides responsible for violent behavior?

Mulder: I saw the chopper from two different locations. Look at my skin, feel my hair. The insecticide is still on me.

Larry Winter: I checked up on you. You have a penchant for . . . "Spooky" evidence.

(Mulder looks over to Scully briefly.)

Mulder: Don't start with that tired crap. Don't start diverting blame.

Larry Winter: Hang on a second here . . .

Mulder: Look, if you're the one responsible for the illegal spraying, then the sooner you take responsibility, the sooner people will stop dying. The killers all resided near heavily sprayed areas.

Larry Winter: You don't live here, Mulder. I live here. I have my heart in this town. I have three children. I'm not going to dump poison on them.

Mulder: Yeah, well, if it's so safe, why was it done in secret?

Larry Winter: What kind of a crusade are you on?

Spencer: Answer the question. Are we spraying?

(Winter looks away from them, takes a few steps, then looks back.)

Larry Winter: This county lives on money generated from its crops. The irradiated flies were not effective. The delays to get approval to spray would have caused millions in crop damage. Look at the hell they raised in California over malathion. Meanwhile, people's lives were being ruined by a . . . a damn bug.

Spencer: Ruined? Twenty-three people are dead.

Larry Winter: There is no proof whatsoever of the spray caused violent behavior. It was proven to me to be safe.

Mulder: By who? Who proved it to you?

(Winter looks at them angrily, then walks out.)

Scully: I'm sorry, Mulder, he's right. I'd love to tell you that I flew three-hundred miles in the middle of the night to perform tests that prove that you're about to become the next Charles Manson . . . but I find little physiological evidence that L.S.D.M. has toxically affected you . . . even after massive ingestion.

Mulder: Scully, your own autopsy reported the killer had chemical anomalies.

Scully: Yes, but you are proof that it wasn't from exposure to L.S.D.M.

Spencer: May I see that chart, Agent Scully?

Scully: Sure.

(He walks over to Scully. Mulder looks up at the television.)

These are normal, right here . . .

(It says "do it." Mulder watches the screen. The screen says in progressively bigger letters, "Do it. Do it now." There are no messages, because the next shot is of a women doing step aerobics with a shirt that says "Do it.")

. . . subjected to successive L.S.D.M. sprays . . .

Mulder: Scully. Are you familiar with subliminal messages?

Scully: You mean like . . . sex and ice cubes in liquor in ice cube ads? That's paranoia.

Mulder: No, it's a fact that some department stores use subliminal messages in their ambient music to deter shoplifting. And the Russians have been using advanced electroencephelographic techniques to control behavior.

Scully: And how is this connected with the spraying?

Mulder: Electronic devices were destroyed by every perpetrator.

(Spencer looks at Mulder strangely.)

Scully: I'm still waiting.

Mulder: The insecticide L.S.D.M. is known to invoke a fear response in cluster flies. What if the chemical causes the same reaction in humans? All the perpetrators were phobic. Taber was claustrophobic. McRoberts' husband stated she had a paranoia about rape. The insecticide heightened their already existing phobia to an unbearable level. Then the electronic devices relayed messages that told them specifically what to do with their fear in order to alleviate it. The messages were relayed purposely.

Scully: By who?

(Mulder sighs. Spencer, who had been pretty caught up in it until now, walks out. Mulder walks over to the door and looks out, then walks back into the middle of the room.)

Mulder: Yeah, he's probably one of those people that thinks Elvis is dead.

Scully: Mulder, I was wrong. Exposure to the insecticide does induce paranoia.

Mulder: I think this area is being subjected to a controlled experiment.

Scully: Controlled by who? By the government? By a corporation? By Reticulans?

Mulder: They've done it before. D.D.T. in the 50's, Agent Orange, germ warfare on unsuspecting neighborhoods.

Scully: Yes, but why, Mulder? Why would they intentionally create a populace that destroys itself?

Mulder: Fear. It's the oldest tool of power. If you're distracted by fear of those around you, it keeps you from seeing the actions of those above. (Spencer walks in.)

Spencer: I just had a talk with Mister Winter. I have persuaded him to a compromise. He's agreed to stop the spraying immediately and to blood testing extensively the people exposed to the spray area.

Mulder: But?

Spencer: But . . . the official explanation of the testing cannot be linked to the side-effects of L.S.D.M. (Mulder sits.)

.....

SCENE 14
Edward Funsch's House

(Funsch is watching a commercial on the local blood drive. The screen reads "Free Cholesterol Testing.")

Woman on TV: Franklin and Fanengo counties are participating in an important nationwide study on cholesterol. Volunteers will be coming to your door, or you may report at your convenience to Franklin Community General. The procedure is very simple and painless. (On the television, the doctor pricks the patient's finger with the needle.) Just a little prick on the fingertip and your participation is complete. (They show a close-up of the drop of blood on the patient's finger. Funsch cringes.)

And appreciated. So remember, cholesterol screening can save your life. (Funsch looks back at the gun and the many bullets he purchased.)

So when those volunteers come to your door, answer readily, or you may report at your convenience to Franklin Community General. Thank you.

(The doorbell buzzes loudly, startling Funsch. He runs to his window and looks out to see one of the volunteers for the cholesterol screening. She presses the doorbell twice more. Funsch pulls the blinds shut as the volunteer buzzes again. Funsch looks down at the television.)

Message: Blood.

(Funsch grows more agitated as the letters grow larger on the screen. He yells and slams the television down onto the floor, face first, shattering the glass front. The nurse continues to press the doorbell rapidly, in almost a pattern. Funsch looks down at the gun, covering his ears from the annoying buzzing. He runs his fingers over the scope, then closes the case. A small calculator drops to the floor. He picks it up and reads the screen.)

Blood.

(He smashes it and stands. Looking out the window nervously, his watch goes off. He looks at it.)

Kill.

(The read-out blinks the message.)

.....

SCENE 15
Venango County Sheriff's Office

(Spencer is on the phone.)

Spencer: And your test results on the blood samples were double-checked? Are you sure? Uh-huh.

(He hangs up and walks over to the agents, who are standing by a map of the area.)

Last area just reported in. Okay, these are the sectors that have tested negative.

(He circles an area with his finger.)

This is a list of people who, for one reason or another, haven't checked out. There's about twenty-five.

.....

SCENE 16
Edward Funsch's House; Franklin, Pennsylvania

(The names "Faherty, Mary" and "Francis, Kenneth" have been crossed off. The next name is "Funsch, Edward.")

Mulder: Only seven more to go.

(Scully looks over at the doorbell, which has been ripped out of the wall. She picks up the buzzer.)

Scully: This is odd.

(Mulder looks at the frayed wire.)

Mulder: Frustrated Jehovah's witness?

(Scully opens the door.)

Scully: Door's unlocked.

(They draw their guns and walk inside. The room is in a complete mess. Scully looks down at the broken television, which is covering the floor. Mulder opens up the gun case. The gun is gone. Later, an officer walks out past Mulder and Spencer, who are standing in the doorway. Scully walks up to them and hands Mulder a folder.)

Scully: Here it is.

(Mulder slowly walks into the main room, which is swamped with officials. Mulder starts to read the file.)

Mulder: Edward Funsch, age fifty-two. No diploma, no vehicle or driver's license, navy radio man, wife died ten years ago. No kids. No known family, just been laid-off.

(A picture of Funsch is attached to the file.)

Medical history?

Scully: Nothing. I mean, he hasn't seen a doctor in decades.

Mulder: When was the blood tester here?

Spencer: About ten-thirty this morning.

Mulder: Ten-thirty?

(He picks up a small bag containing the crushed watch. The time reads ten-twenty-five.)

The blood test. I know what he's afraid of . . . and I know where he's going.

SCENE 17

Franklin, Pennsylvania

(The destination of the bus is Franklin Community General Hospital. A few people get off, then two more get on. The bus starts off as Funsch desperately runs after it.)

Edward Funsch: Hey, wait! Stop! Stop! Stop! Hey!

(The bus stops. Funsch runs up to the door and bangs on it.)

Bus Driver: All right, all right, hold on a second.

(Funsch bangs on the door harder. It opens and he boards.)

Edward Funsch: Funsch.

(He deposits some change into the machine and takes the first seat, laying the bag down on the next seats. He looks around, paranoid, then over to the electronic read-out. The letters change and he leans in.)

Message: They're waiting.

(Funsch leans in and looks at it. The next message appears.)

Get off.

(He clutches the bag tighter and walks up to the driver.)

Edward Funsch: Pardon me.

Bus Driver: Wait for the next stop.

Edward Funsch: Please! I'm on the wrong bus.

Bus Driver: Wait for the next stop.

(Funsch is completely gone now, screaming.)

Edward Funsch: Open the door! Open the door! God, open the door, damn it!

.

SCENE 18

Franklin Community Hospital; Franklin, Pennsylvania

(Spencer walks out of the building, motioning for another officer to head the other way.)

Man on Walkie-Talkie: Uh, C-one, this is X-ray-four. Negative on that North-South line.

Spencer: Copy that.

(He walks up to Mulder and Scully.)

If he's on it, it's going to be this line.

(They turn to see the bus pulling up.)

Mulder: Here it comes.

Scully: Get the uniforms out of sight.

(Spencer nods and starts off. Mulder and Scully duck behind a wall as the bus screeches to a halt, each clutching their guns. Spencer ducks behind a car. Passengers file off, then two get on. Mulder and Scully go up to the bus and Mulder bangs on the door, then flashes the driver his badge. The driver opens the door.)

Mulder: Have you seen this man?

(He hands the driver the picture of Funsch.)

Bus Driver: Yeah, I picked him off. Drove four feet, then he went apewire.

Mulder: Where'd you let him out?

Bus Driver: Near the college.

Scully: We'll have to wait him out.

(The bus drives off.)

Mulder: I don't think he's waiting.

(Mulder looks at a sign advertising the Franklin Blood Drive at Franklin Community College.)

.

SCENE 19**Franklin Community College**

(The blood drive is booming. People are walking by and signing up. Orange juice is ready on the table. Funsch looks around, then at an electronic sign which scrolls: "Blood drive Sat 11–5." He looks away, then back at it.)

Message: Up.

(Funsch looks over to a clock tower. Understanding, he heads for it. Mulder and Spencer race towards the college, followed by another car. Funsch slowly makes his way up the winding steps, carrying his weapons in the duffel bag. He stops, looks out the window, then continues. Mulder puts the cellular to his ear.)

Mulder: Scully, anything?

(Cut to Scully, who is still outside the college.)

Scully: Nothing.

(Cut back to Mulder, who closes the phone, annoyed. Funsch reaches the top of the stairs, wheezing, then looks around at the various windows. He puts his duffel bag down on the ground, wipes his forehead, then unzips it. Pulling out a box of two-hundred cartridge ammunition full metal jacket bullets, bullets spill onto the floor as he stands, trying to pull it out of the bag. Parts of the rifle fall as well. The police cars arrive at the scene and Mulder and Spencer get out. They start to check around as Funsch studies a bullet off the floor, then loads it. He raises the gun to the window and looks through the scope. Spencer and Mulder cannot see him. Funsch squeezes the trigger slowly. A gunshot rings out and the chest to the ambulance driver explodes after the bullet goes through the windshield. Women scream as people drop to the floor in terror.)

Spencer: Get down! Get down!

Mulder: Get down!

(The two try to work the crowd out of their frenzy.)

Get down! Get down!

(A container of orange juice explodes on the table as it is hit with another bullet, driving the crowd into an even more excited state. Spencer gets on the bullhorn.)

Spencer: Please remain calm! Stay away from the building!

(Mulder searches for the shooter and sees the rifle sticking out of the window in the clock tower. He races, ducking, to the police car, where more deputies are positioned. Funsch fires again, then reloads, smiling, licking his lips slightly. The bullet drops to the floor, then he loads another into its chamber. Taking aim, he pulls the trigger again. Mulder makes his way towards the building.)

Edward Funsch: I've seen that all and I've seen that and I don't want to see that again, baby.

(He sobs, then shrieks as he loads another bullet into the chamber, completely insane. He pulls the trigger. Spencer ducks behind the car and speaks into the walkie-talkie.)

Spencer: All units, forthwith, Franklin College. Shots fired. Send emergency vehicles.

(He looks up at the tower. Funsch gleefully fires another shot, then reloads quickly. Everything becomes a blur with Funsch, firing another shot and emotions flickering rapidly. He fires again and screams with joy. He runs his hands through his hair repeatedly. Mulder gets in the building and looks up. Hearing another shot, he races up the stairs. Bullets fall to Funsch's feet as he giggles like a madman, reloading and firing again. Mulder hears it and runs faster, clutching his gun tighter. Funsch searches for a bullet. Mulder trips and slices open the side of his wrist on a step, cringing in pain. Funsch fires again then shrieks girlishly, running his hand through his hair. Funsch loads, fires, and loads again. Mulder pops out of the stairwell, gun trained on Funsch.)

Mulder: Put it down!

(Funsch is shocked. Mulder slowly climbs up to the floor.)

Put it down!

Edward Funsch: Don't kill me.

Mulder: Then put it down, Ed.

Edward Funsch: I can't. They won't let me.

Mulder: I know they won't, Ed. I know they won't let you.

(Funsch nods sadly.)

Edward Funsch: Then . . . you make me put it down, then. You do it. (He grips the handle tighter. Mulder slowly walks towards him.)

Mulder: If you don't put it down, I'm going to have to shoot you. Or you're going to have to shoot me.

(Funsch smiles slightly.)

There's going to be blood . . . everywhere.

(Funsch starts to lower his weapon, realizing this. Mulder reaches out for the gun. Funsch sees the bloodstained cuff on Mulder's shirt and screams. He swings the butt of the gun at Mulder, but Mulder ducks. Funsch swings it a second time, but Mulder grabs the rifle and elbows Funsch. The rifle falls down the stairwell. Mulder takes Funsch's wrist and puts his arm behind his back in a hammerlock, then pushes him down onto the ground. Funsch gags slightly as Mulder handcuffs him.)

Edward Funsch: They'll kill me.

Mulder: It's all right.

(Paramedics wheel a strapped-down Funsch into the ambulance. Spencer walks over to Mulder.)

22 The X-Files Scripts

Spencer: Agent Scully will examine him at the hospital. You can call her there.

Mulder: I want unrestricted access to him for questioning.

Spencer: Mulder . . . you know more about what happened to him than he does.

(He walks away. The ambulance drives off, putting on the siren. Mulder sits down on the banister and starts to dial Scully's number on the cellular phone. He puts the phone to his ear, but hears a strange garbling. He looks down at the phone.)

Message: All done.

(Mulder stares at the screen.)

Bye-bye.

(Mulder cannot take his eyes off the screen as it changes to "555-3364" and starts to ring. Scully can be heard through the phone as Mulder stares at the phone.)

Scully: Scully. Hello? Mulder, is that you? Mulder, where are you? Mulder? Mulder, where are you?

(Mulder doesn't even blink.)

[THE END]