

The X-Files  
Hungry  
7ABx01

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SCENE 1

COSTA MESA, CALIFORNIA

12:04 AM

(Outside the Lucky Boy fast food restaurant. Not a four star place. An older model car driven by HUNGRY GUY, mid-twenties surfer-dude, pulls up to the drive-thru speaker decorated with a REALLY scary looking plastic guy. (HUNGRY GUY turns down his radio.)

HUNGRY GUY: Hello? Hello! (the exterior lights are turned off) Hey! I'm sitting here, dude!

MALE VOICE: Sorry. We're closed.

HUNGRY GUY: Uh-uh. I was here before you turned off the light. Grandfather clause, man. I need a super patty, double with cheese...

MALE VOICE: The light was a mistake. We're closed. Sorry.

HUNGRY GUY: The light was on! How bad do you want this job? 'Cause I'll call the head office right now. Super patty. Double. With cheese. Supersize fries. Supersize Diet Sprite.

(No response. HUNGRY GUY honks the horn impatiently.)

MALE VOICE: Drive through, please.

(HUNGRY GUY revs the engine and pulls forward to the window. No one is visible inside the restaurant. He sits for about 10 seconds drumming his fingers to the heavy metal on the radio.)

HUNGRY GUY: What the hell is this? (yelling up to the closed window) Customer service, man. Stop spanking it and get my food.

(HUNGRY GUY hears loud chewing noises coming from inside the restaurant. HUNGRY GUY is a little concerned.)

HUNGRY GUY: Hey, in there. Guy?

(Sound of heavy breathing. HUNGRY GUY stands up in the seat of his car and leans in through the drive-thru window and looks around. Suddenly, he is jerked inside. We hear his screams and more slurping noises. One of the sandals jerked from his feet lands on the road as the car rolls out into the street, hits the curb on the opposite side and stops.)

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TITLES

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SCENE 2

THREE DAYS LATER

(Day. Outside the Lucky Boy an old small import car pulls up. ROB ROBERTS, young ordinary looking man, gets out. He is wearing a uniform. He puts on a paper hat and speaks to himself.)

ROB ROBERTS: You... are your own man and you control everything you do.

(He enters the busy restaurant's kitchen area.)

ROB ROBERTS: Hey, yo, Derwood.

(DERWOOD SPINKS, late twenties, is opening a box.)

DERWOOD SPINKS: Hey, Rob.

ROB ROBERTS: Hey, Mr. Rice.

(MR. RICE, the manager of the store is a pleasant looking man.)

MR. RICE: How's it going, Rob?

ROB ROBERTS: Have a good one, Lucy.

(LUCY, another worker, is on her way out.)

LUCY: You, too, Rob.

(ROB takes his place behind the register. Sound of a siren outside. MULDER and SCULLY enter.)

ROB ROBERTS: Welcome to Lucky Boy. May I take your order?

MULDER: Yeah, we'll have it our way.

(MULDER and SCULLY both show their badges. Very cool. I love this show.)

SCULLY: FBI. Special Agents Scully and Mulder. We'd like a word with your manager, please.

MR. RICE: Well, that's me. How can I help you?

SCULLY: Sir, would you do us a favor and gather your employees, please?

LUCY: Well, what's going on?

MULDER: We're investigating a murder. A car was found in a reservoir ten miles from here. A body was found in the trunk of that car.

MR. RICE: What does that have to do with us?

SCULLY: Well, this was also found in the car. (holds up a blood-splattered button) It's a badge that's only given to employees. Is that correct?

MR. RICE: Yeah, "free fer" Fridays -- it's our promotion where you buy one superpatty and get one free. But look -- there's four Lucky Boys in Costa Mesa alone and something like 30 in Orange County.

SCULLY: Thirty-two.

MULDER: Yeah, long day. So let's make this quick. Does everybody have their button?

ROB ROBERTS: We only wear them on Fridays. For "free fer" Fridays.

MULDER: Yeah, but does everybody have their button?

(All employees hold up their button. Except ROB ROBERTS. MULDER nods at him, ROB pulls it out of his uniform pocket. MULDER spots someone button-less in the back of the crowd.)

MULDER: Hey, uh, you... back there, what's your name?

DERWOOD SPINKS: Derwood Spinks.

MULDER: Derwood. Do you have your button, Derwood?

DERWOOD SPINKS: Uh, no, I must have left it at home on account of we're supposed to only wear them on Fridays.

(The other employees look at him suspiciously.)

DERWOOD SPINKS: Well, I sure as hell didn't leave it on no dead guy.

SCULLY: I don't believe that we said the victim was male.

MULDER: We're going to ask everybody to step outside right now while we take a quick look around the premises.

ROB ROBERTS: Who was the victim?

MULDER: His name was Donald Edward Pankow. Does that ring a bell?

ROB ROBERTS: No.

(MULDER stares at him.)

(The employees have gathered outside leaving MULDER and SCULLY alone in the restaurant. They all look at DERWOOD SPINKS.)

DERWOOD SPINKS: I'm going to get some cigarettes.

(He removes his paper hat and walks off.)

MR. RICE: I guess I'd better call the corporate headquarters and find out what they want us to do.

(RICE walks off and the other employees start to talk among themselves. ROB ROBERTS sneaks over to the restaurant's window and peeks in on MULDER and SCULLY inside.)

MULDER: Hey, Scully, check it out. You know how they say you never want to see the kitchen of any of your favorite restaurants?

SCULLY: Somehow, I don't think Lucky Boy would make that list.

MULDER: My point being that this is a hell of a lot cleaner than all the others. Don't you think?

(ROB ROBERTS goes over to the drive-thru window, reaches in and turns on the speaker, then goes to the outdoor speaker to listen to MULDER and SCULLY's conversation.)

SCULLY: I guess. So what are you saying, Mulder? This place has been scrubbed from top to bottom to cover up evidence?

MULDER: Maybe. Maybe I'm thinking this was the crime scene.

SCULLY: You're saying Mr. Pankow had his brain very neatly removed from his skull right here in this kitchen?

MULDER: It had to happen somewhere.

SCULLY: But next to the shake machine, Mulder? I think that we should be checking out employee lockers and not entertaining the idea that ad hoc surgery was performed here.

MULDER: I wouldn't exactly call it surgery. What if this man's brain was eaten?

(SCULLY gives him a look.)

MULDER: I-it's not sociologically unheard of. There are certain tribes in New Guinea that consider human brains a delicacy.

SCULLY: Yeah, but Mulder, we're in Orange County.

MULDER: Yeah, what's your point?

(Another look.)

MULDER: It's just that nothing about the way the body was dumped suggests a fetishistic killing. The brain wasn't removed intact. What if this man's brain was eaten right out of his skull?

SCULLY: (skeptically) Through an inch-and-a-half opening that looks like it was cut with a hole saw?

MULDER: Well, maybe it was cut. Maybe it was punched. What look like tool marks to you look to me like something more organic. Like it was made by a... a tongue or a proboscis.

SCULLY: The proboscis of what?

MULDER: I don't know.

(MULDER looks underneath a counter and sees a smear of red.)

MULDER: Oh. Hello. Look at this. Does that look like blood to you?

(SCULLY crouches down next to him.)

SCULLY: Yes, it looks like it.

(MULDER sees another goopy substance under the counter.)

MULDER: What is that? Next to it. Is that, uh... oh, my... ugh. Is that brain? Is that brain matter there?

SCULLY: No, I'd say that's ground beef.

MULDER: Ground beef.

SCULLY: Yeah.

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### SCENE 3

(ROB ROBERTS comes home to his apartment. It is very nice, clean, and well kept. He takes off his uniform, hangs it over a chair, and goes into the bathroom and removes a bloody shirt from where it has been soaking in the tub. It is obviously ruined. He releases the water and places the shirt in a plastic bag. There is knocking at the door. He sets the bag down on the floor next to the white carpet in the living room. ROB looks through the door's peephole and we see MULDER framed in the hole's circle.)

MULDER: Rob Roberts? (voice) It's Agent Mulder.

(He opens the door.)

MULDER: Hello, again. Sorry to bother you at home.

ROB ROBERTS: No. No bother.

MULDER: (walking in) Can I come in?

ROB ROBERTS: Yeah, sure.

MULDER: Great, great.

ROB ROBERTS: Uh, what... what can I do for you?

MULDER: You live here alone?

ROB ROBERTS: Yeah, it's just me.

MULDER: Uh-huh. Mom or girlfriend?

ROB ROBERTS: What?

MULDER: Come on, man, who cleans up after you?

ROB ROBERTS: Neither. It's just me I-I live here alone.

MULDER: Well, bravo. You know, they say single guys are just bears who own furniture, (smiles) but... I mean, my place... Oh, but here... you can smell the Pine-Sol.

ROB ROBERTS: Thanks. Can I, can I get you anything?

MULDER: Yeah, a cheeseburger and a large order of fries. (smiles) Heh. It's a bad joke. I'm sorry. (pulls out notebook) Um... Mr. Rice, your manager? He told me that, uh... you stayed late on Friday? Is that right?

ROB ROBERTS: Oh, yeah, sure. Friday. The freezer had died on us. I stayed after to throw out the meat that was going bad.

MULDER: Yeah, did you volunteer to close?

ROB ROBERTS: Yeah.

MULDER: Yeah, okay. You volunteered.

(ROB sees a trickle of bloody water seeping out of the bag toward the white carpet.)

MULDER: (making a note) Volunteered... um... the, uh... the 35 pounds of ground chuck that Mr. Rice told you to throw away. What did you do with that?

ROB ROBERTS: I threw it out.

MULDER: Where?

ROB ROBERTS: In the dumpster behind the restaurant.

MULDER: Hmm. That's weird. Because that's what I figured you did, so I checked the dumpster and it was empty, which is weird because it only gets cleaned out on Thursday and you would have thrown away the meat on Friday so you'd expect the meat to be there, right?

ROB ROBERTS: Mm-hmm.

MULDER: I don't see how that's relevant to this murder case anyway. Let me see if there's anything else I wanted to ask you.

(MULDER checks his notes as ROB looks at the blood from the bag.)

MULDER: Blood. (ROB whips his head back to MULDER) You're, you're bleeding. (points to ROB's bleeding lip.)

ROB ROBERTS: I-I bit my lip.

MULDER: Mmm. I think that just about wraps it up for me here.

(They walk towards the door, ROB holds it open for MULDER.)

ROB ROBERTS: Oh, hey. I, uh... I hope you catch the guy, huh?

MULDER: Yeah. No, I already got a pretty good idea who it is. Thanks.

(ROB nervously shuts the door behind MULDER. Outside, the garbage truck lifts up and empties a can. ROB runs out down the stairs and flings the bloody bag into the truck. He sees blood on his fingers, sucks it off hungrily, then sees a maroon car sitting by the curb. A man who looks just like David Duchovny, STEVE KIZIAK, Duchovny's double, is sitting behind the wheel. ROB looks at him. KIZIAK rolls down his car window.)

STEVE KIZIAK: What do you want?

ROB ROBERTS: Uh... Nothing.

STEVE KIZIAK: So take a hike.

(Back in his apartment, watching the maroon car, ROB hears the phone rings. He lets the machine pick up.)

WOMAN'S VOICE: Uh, hi. This is a message for Rob Roberts. My name is Dr. Mindy Rinehart and I'm a licensed mental health counselor with the Lucky Boy Corporation's employee assistance program. I'm talking to all of the employees at your restaurant about the recent unpleasantness that occurred there. Rob, I'd love for you to come down to my office at 11:00 a.m. tomorrow morning. As it is a requirement of your employer's insurance provider this meeting is mandatory. I'm in the Irvine Medical Park, Suite 308. Have a good evening.

(As the voice message records, ROB ROBERTS notices another bite on his lip, rolls his eyes and goes into his bathroom where he wipes the blood away with a piece of toilet paper. He then proceeds to remove his false teeth. Three small and VERY sharp teeth land in the sink. He doubles over as we hear his stomach growling. He looks at himself in the mirror. Next we see a videotape called "Get Motivated" being shoved into a VCR and Play being pushed. A MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER starts to talk on the tape as ROB rubs his stomach, walks over to a table and grabs a box of mint flavoured Slim-Chew Appetite Suppressant Gum. He eats a few and then empties the whole box into his mouth.)

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER: Self-discipline. Huh. That's the name of this game. That's the one thing that separates us from the animals-- provided you have it. But where do you get it? You can't go down to the local convenience store and buy self-discipline. You can't order it over the Internet. So... where does it come from? True story. I used to weigh 356 pounds.

(TV audience whistles. ROB walks over to the window, peeks through the blinds and sees STEVE KIZIAK sitting in his car smoking a cigarette. ROB then goes to sit down with the TV screen showing over his shoulder.)

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER: Do you believe that? Well, it's true. I lived to eat, ladies and gentlemen. My entire life revolved around eating because I was always hungry! My appetite was controlling me. Four-star restaurants, Denny's-- it didn't matter. And it didn't stop. It didn't stop till I took charge of my own life. It didn't stop until I put on the brakes and I said, "whoa..."

ROB ROBERTS AND MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER: "...Ricardo, you are your own man and you control everything that you do."

(Night. Outside, STEVE KIZIAK is still sitting and smoking in his car. He tosses a butt out the window as he sees ROB coming up to him.)

STEVE KIZIAK: (to himself) Oh, brother. (to ROB) What?

(ROB growls, hisses, rolls his head, his shark-teeth pop out and he lunges for the car window. Cut to black.)

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#### SCENE 4

(ROB's apartment. ROB is asleep on the couch. A foot is placed on his chest, waking him up.)

ROB ROBERTS: What?! ... Derwood... how did you get in here?

DERWOOD SPINKS: (He holds up some lock-picking tools) It's a little skill I picked up in Chi no. I did a nickel for attempted murder. You didn't know I was an ex-con? (ROB shakes his head.) Yeah, nobody at work did. Not until this FBI murder investigation whipped everybody up into a froth.

(DERWOOD removes his foot from ROB's chest and ROB sits up.)

ROB ROBERTS: Derwood, what can I do for you?

DERWOOD SPINKS: You know I got fired last night? Stupid little pissant job where they make you wear a paper hat-- and they fired me. Plus, as far as that, uh, redheaded FBI Agent's concerned I'm the prime suspect in this murder. But that's no skin off my nose seeing as you did it.

(He holds up and shakes a bottle of prescription drugs.)

DERWOOD SPINKS: Diet pills. Yours, right? See, I found them when I opened up on Saturday morning. I didn't give them back 'cause I figured, hey, free speed, right? But then there's this whole flap about a murder and I notice this.

(There is a spot of what looks like dried blood and a partial fingerprint on the cap of the bottle.)

DERWOOD SPINKS: That ain't ketchup, man.

ROB ROBERTS: (nervously) What-what do you want, Derwood?

DERWOOD SPINKS: I don't know. What do you got? (he starts to walk casually around the apartment) TV, VCR... Ah, it's all crappy off-brand stuff but you know, I'll take that and whatever money you got in the bank and you get this and I keep my mouth shut and, just maybe, you can blow town before the long arm of the law reaches out and grabs you by the gonads.

(Someone knocks at the door.)

DERWOOD SPINKS: Maybe not. (whispers to ROB before he opens the door) Cup 'em.

(DERWOOD opens the door for the landlady, SYLVIA JASSY. She is an older, slightly overweight woman.)

SYLVIA JASSY: Hi. Rob? I hate to bother you, but, uh... Last night in the front of the building there was a man in a parked car for hours. Did you happen to see him? It was a maroon car. He was pretty clean-cut, so I didn't call the police but he was still there when I went to bed.

ROB ROBERTS: Gee, Sylvia, I don't know what to tell you.

SYLVIA JASSY: He's gone now, but just, you know, keep your eyes out in case he comes back.

ROB ROBERTS: You got it.

SYLVIA JASSY: Thanks.

(She leaves and DERWOOD closes the door.)

DERWOOD SPINKS: So, I'll call you tonight and let you know where to drop off my new VCR. Oh, and don't try skipping town. (He shakes the bottle of pills and smiles.) You won't get too far.

(DERWOOD leaves. Soon after, ROB leaves and goes to his car. MULDER is parked behind him.)

MULDER: (casually, Columbo style) Hey, just the man I wanted to see. How are you this morning, Rob?

ROB ROBERTS: Fine.

MULDER: I'm glad I caught you. Oh, hey, I was just driving to your apartment and I saw Derwood Spinks not a block from here. He wasn't coming from your place by any chance, was he?

ROB ROBERTS: No, no. I haven't seen him.

MULDER: Good. I'd stay away from him. He's our prime suspect in the Pankow murder.

ROB ROBERTS: You think he did it?

MULDER: Me? No. No, I should say that's the opinion of the Costa Mesa police. (he winks.) And my partner.

ROB ROBERTS: So he's-he's not your guy.

MULDER: No, I think we're looking for somebody who has a compulsion to kill... Who truly can't help himself. Oh, quick question: the, uh... the meat that you threw in the dumpster.

ROB ROBERTS: What about it?

MULDER: The dumpster had a padlock.

ROB ROBERTS: Yeah.

MULDER: Who would have the key?

ROB ROBERTS: We do, and the trucking company does.

(MULDER nods and starts back to his car.)

ROB ROBERTS: Hey-hey, wait. What-what's your point?

MULDER: (enigmatically) I'm just tying up some loose ends.

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SCENE 5

IRVINE MEDICAL PARK

(DR. MINDY RINEHART's office. ROB enters hesitantly. She is a young pleasant blonde woman.)

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Good, you got my message, Rob, I appreciate you coming. This will be really informal. There you go. (She indicates a chair and ROB sits down.) I want to run through some things with you, but we don't stand on ceremony here so if there's anything that you want to talk about just go ahead and blurt it out okay, okay? It hasn't been a run-of-the-mill week so far, has it?

ROB ROBERTS: No.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: The police have been at the restaurant and the FBI. I'm sure this has been a very stressful time for you.

ROB ROBERTS: Pretty much.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: So we want to keep on top of any potential problems that these stresses might cause for you. So let's run through some standard questions together.

(ROB's stomach growls loudly.)

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Rob, have you been troubled recently by insomnia? (ROB shakes his head.) Bad dreams or nightmares?

(The stomach growling continues as ROB shakes his head again.)

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Have you felt emotionally numb? Do you ever see things that aren't there? Do you hear voices?

(ROB stares at her forehead in a trance, his heartbeat the only sound we can hear.)

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Tell me, Rob, do you feel ...

ROB ROBERTS: This... this murder... this murder that happened.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Yes?

ROB ROBERTS: What kind of a monster would do something like that?

DR. MINDY RINEHART: I don't believe in monsters. But I do believe in people and sometimes they do terrible things out of weakness or sickness or fear but I do truly believe that deep down inside even the worst of us wants to be good. Rob, is there anything that's troubling you that you'd like to talk about?

(He looks like he wants to answer. Her phone rings. Irritated, she goes to answer it.)

DR. MINDY RINEHART: I'm sorry. I thought I put that on voice mail. (on phone) Mindy Rinehart. Yes, Agent Mulder, what can I do for you? No, I'm afraid I can't do that. I'm sorry, but it would violate patient confidentiality.

ROB ROBERTS: I, uh...

(ROB gets up and is leaving the room.)

DR. MINDY RINEHART: (on phone) Excuse me, Agent. (to ROB) Rob?

ROB ROBERTS: Yeah. I have to go to work now.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Would you please call me later so that we could finish our talk?

(ROB leaves the room.)

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SCENE 6

(Lucky Boy restaurant. ROB is working the grill. He has several hamburger patties on the grill. At one point he glances at them and they all look like little human brains. He closes his eyes to clear the image. DERWOOD SPINKS enters the restaurant.)

MR. RICE: You shouldn't be here, Derwood. We would have mailed you your last check.

DERWOOD SPINKS: Just give me my money, Rice.

(MR. RICE leaves to get the check, DERWOOD SPINKS comes over to ROB.)

DERWOOD SPINKS: How you doing, killer? You better have some money for me, too, huh?

(MR. RICE hands DERWOOD SPINKS his check.)

MR. RICE: There. Now, please leave.

DERWOOD SPINKS: With pleasure, pal. (he opens it and looks at the amount.) Boy, I ought to just make happy hour. (he starts to leave.) Uh, since this is farewell, when nobody was looking I used to dip my boys in the cole slaw.

(The staff and the customer at the counter groan as he takes a bite of the cole slaw.)

DERWOOD SPINKS: Bon appetit.

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SCENE 7

DERWOOD SPINKS' RESIDENCE

(ROB is looking through DERWOOD's house. He finds a bottle of pills, but it is a prescription in DERWOOD's name. He throws it to the ground in disgust. He then hears the sound of a motorcycle outside. ROB hides. DERWOOD enters and looks around at the disarray. He slowly picks up his baseball bat.)

DERWOOD SPINKS: If somebody's still in here, you're in a world of hurt!

(DERWOOD steps on the bottle of pills.)

DERWOOD SPINKS: Rob... (he pulls ROB's pills out of his pocket and rattles the bottle.) You looking for these? Deal's off, buddy. Remember that guy you iced? Pankow? I just heard he didn't have a brain in his head. You're one sick little freak, man. You got a lot of problems. If I were the FBI, I'd want you real bad. Public enemy number one and all that. Lots of reward money. So I'm going to turn you in myself... lucky boy.

(In the closet, ROB is hiding. As DERWOOD speaks, ROB pulls off his ears and removes his teeth and contact lenses. DERWOOD opens the closet door, sees ROB as he really is, and ROB attacks him with a flash tongue to the skull, splattering his white face in blood.)

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SCENE 8

(DR. MINDY RINEHART's office. ROB ROBERTS knocks on her door. She smiles when she sees

i t' s hi m. )

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Rob.

ROB ROBERTS: Hi . You said we should finish talking.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Come in.

(He walks in and they sit.)

ROB ROBERTS: I think I need help.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Tell me why you think that.

ROB ROBERTS: I have compulsions to eat. I get hungry and I try to put it off for as long as I can but then, finally, I just... I get so hungry that I can't help myself, and...

DR. MINDY RINEHART: You binge then purge? You eat too much and then cause yourself to vomit?

ROB ROBERTS: No. I just eat.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: But this makes you feel bad?

ROB ROBERTS: I guess it makes me feel like I'm not a good person.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Rob, there are so many different kinds of eating disorders. Men and women from every walk of life suffer from them but if there's one thing that they all have in common it's low self-esteem. (ROB rolls his eyes as she gets up. She comes back with a hand-held mirror.) And it's a shame because low self-esteem can be like a fun-house mirror. It reflects back a warped and ugly image of ourselves. What do you think Cindy Crawford would look like in a fun-house mirror?

ROB ROBERTS: Weird? Ugly?

DR. MINDY RINEHART: And how would the most handsome man in the world look? How would, say, Peter Jennings look in a fun-house mirror?

ROB ROBERTS: Ugly.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: And how do you look in this mirror? Do you think that looks like a bad person? An unworthy person? I'll tell you what I see. I see a nice smile... I see soulful brown eyes... I see good. Now, Rob, I want you to keep looking into this mirror until you see the same things that I do.

(As she walks away, ROB fixes his hair as he looks in the mirror and his hand brushes against one of his fake ears causing it to fall off. He hastily sticks it back on before she can see.)

DR. MINDY RINEHART: There's a meeting that I'd like you to attend tonight. It's every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Now, you can talk to me anytime you want but these people are the best. They can really help you.

(She hands him a piece of paper which reads:

Overeaters Anonymous  
817 Fairview Rd.  
Costa Mesa

7PM  
M - W - F)

ROB ROBERTS: I have to go.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: You always hurry away.

ROB ROBERTS: (indicating the paper) I appreciate it. And I want you to understand that I really am trying to do right.

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SCENE 9

(As ROB enters his apartment building his stomach growls. He pops some pills in his mouth and swallows them as he begins walking up the stairs. SYLVIA JASSY is on her way down the stairs carrying a basket of laundry.)

SYLVIA JASSY: Hey, Rob, you didn't tell me you had a friend in the FBI.

ROB ROBERTS: What?

SYLVIA JASSY: He's upstairs. I told him all about that strange man in the maroon car and he said he'd look in to it.

(She walks down the rest of the stairs toward her apartment. ROB starts up the stairs and is stopped by the sight of MULDER at the top.)

MULDER: Afternoon, Rob.

(ROB turns to go back downstairs, but SCULLY is coming up. ROB is trapped.)

SCULLY: Sir, may we speak with you?

(MULDER, SCULLY, and ROB are now in ROB's apartment with ROB seated on the couch, SCULLY seated closest to him in a chair and MULDER perched on a table by the wall.)

SCULLY: Derwood Spinks has disappeared.

MULDER: His car is gone along with some personal belongings.

SCULLY: My partner saw Spinks in your neighborhood yesterday morning. At that time, you told Agent Mulder that you hadn't seen Mr. Spinks. Is that correct?

ROB ROBERTS: (He nods.) I don't even know him that well. If he was going to leave town he wouldn't come tell me about it.

MULDER: Who said he left town?

ROB ROBERTS: I don't know. Isn't that what you think happened?

MULDER: No, no, no. Personally, I think he's dead. I can't speak for my partner but I think that whatever it was that killed Donald Pankow also got to Mr. Derwood Spinks.

ROB ROBERTS: What do you mean, "whatever it was"?

MULDER: I'll let you in on a little secret. (He gets up from the edge of the table he was seated on and crouches by ROB.) We've been able to keep it pretty quiet up until now but Donald Pankow's brain was missing from his skull. My partner was able to find something that was previously undetected. It was the tip of what can only be described as a tiny shark's tooth embedded deep in the bone. I think we're looking for some kind of genetic freak-- a carnivorous predator as yet unidentified. A monster, if you will.

ROB ROBERTS: There's no such thing.

MULDER: Don't you believe it. This thing definitely qualifies. It has a biological imperative to eat. I think it even ate that ground chuck you threw away.

ROB ROBERTS: Yeah? Why?

MULDER: Because it can't kill with impunity and it knows it. It knows that the more it feeds on humans the closer it gets to getting caught but the hunger is always there. And it satisfies it any way it can.

(ROB laughs nervously.)

ROB ROBERTS: I'm sorry, but this is like good cop, insane cop.

(MULDER smiles.)

ROB ROBERTS: Why are you telling me all of this?

MULDER: I think you know why.

SCULLY: Thank you, Mr. Roberts. We'll contact you if we have any further questions.

MULDER: Watch out for that monster.

(As they leave, ROB looks at the info for the OA meeting that DR. MINDY RINEHART gave him.)

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SCENE 10

(ROB enters an Overeaters Anonymous meeting of about 30 people. A woman is speaking at a podium at the front of the room.)

WOMAN AT OA: Devil's food with the white sugar frosting. It is, like, deliver me from evil.

(Others laugh. She sees ROB.)

WOMAN AT OA: Come on in. Come on. (ROB nods and takes a seat.) So I baked three dozen of these for my daughter's school fund-raiser and at 3:00 in the morning the night before there they are-- all three dozen of them, lined up and calling to me. Well, you know, in the past, there'd have been a good chance I'd have gone through every single last one of them. But this night...

(ROB's stomach starts to growl and as he bends over to try and calm it, a hand touches his hand on his knee. He looks up to see his landlady, SYLVIA, seated next to him.)

SYLVIA: (quietly) Small world, huh?

WOMAN AT OA: ...I laid in bed thinking about these meetings...

SYLVIA: Is this your first time at a meeting?

ROB: Yeah.

WOMAN AT OA: ...I got one six-ounce plain yogurt and ate it.

(Applause.)

WOMAN AT OA: Thank you. Does anybody else have anything they want to share?

SYLVIA: (to ROB) Do you feel up to introducing yourself? Everybody's really nice.

WOMAN AT OA: Anyone?

SYLVIA: Don't be scared; it helped me.

(ROB goes up to the podium. Applause.)

ROB ROBERTS: Uh, hi. My name is Robert Roberts. People call me Rob.

ALL: Hi, Rob.

(ROB's speech gradually grows in passion and intensity.)

ROB ROBERTS: I have an eating disorder. I'm definitely a meat-eater, not a vegetarian. I've always had these cravings my whole life and just... just recently, the last month or so they've just become too powerful to resist.

SYLVIA: Tell us about it.

ROB ROBERTS: I guess it's the taste I respond to the most-- salty and juicy. (A woman in the audience nods and smiles, a man behind her nods, licks his lips and rubs his stomach.) Kind of buttery. The texture of it inside of your mouth... You know, your teeth just sink into it like this juicy cloud, and it tastes so good you don't... You don't even want to swallow it. You just want to work it around your taste buds until your eyes

roll right back into your head.

(He looks at the back of a man's bald head as he turns to talk to SYLVIA. The man's brain appears to throb in his head. ROB closes his eyes and swallows. Everyone is now staring at him.)

ROB ROBERTS: Anyway, it's a real problem.

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SCENE 11

(Later, ROB and SYLVIA are coming up the steps of their building. They are both laughing.)

ROB ROBERTS: Wait a minute. Your ex-husband did what?

SYLVIA: He said I was too fat to ride in his sports car-- that I'd just mess up the springs. So I sat on the hood and I bounced.

(They laugh.)

SYLVIA: And I didn't stop until the police showed up. They sided with me.

(They both laugh some more.)

ROB ROBERTS: Hey, thank you, Sylvia.

SYLVIA: Good night, Rob.

ROB ROBERTS: Good night, Sylvia.

(SYLVIA closes her door and ROB starts toward his apartment, but then his stomach growls. He struggles, then goes reluctantly back to SYLVIA's door and knocks and removes his teeth.)

SYLVIA: (Inside the apartment) I'll be right there.

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SCENE 12

(Next morning. Garbage truck arrives and picks up the garbage. SYLVIA's body falls into the truck as ROB watches. ROB, with a towel in his hand, picks up a baseball bat with D. SPINKS etched on it, goes out of his apartment, closes the door, then breaks in yelling and trashes the place.)

MAN: (voice) What the hell is going on?!

ROB ROBERTS: Oh, my God! Call the police!

WOMAN: (voice) Is everything okay?

(Later, MULDER and SCULLY are investigating the "crime scene." MULDER looks at the baseball bat.)

MULDER: Mr. Derwood Spinks. Alive and well. (ROB nods. MULDER walks over and sits next to ROB on the couch.) I'm confused, Rob. Was he helping you redecorate?

ROB ROBERTS: I lied to you before.

SCULLY: About what?

ROB ROBERTS: Derwood was... was coming from my place the morning you saw him. He said if I spoke to you, he'd kill me.

SCULLY: What didn't he want you to tell us?

ROB ROBERTS: Last Friday night he hung out while I was cleaning out the freezer. He told me to go home. He said he'd finish up. I didn't know why the hell he was being so nice to me, but... when I got home I realized I had the key to the dumpster. And when I drove back... I saw him cleaning up all this blood.

MULDER: You must have been very scared.

ROB ROBERTS: I was. But you know, I should have... told the truth from the start.

(MULDER shows ROB a picture of the guy who was in the maroon car who looks just like David Duchovny. The brochure says:

Steve Kiziak  
Private Investigator  
Surveillance Specialty)

MULDER: Do you recognize this guy?

ROB ROBERTS: No.

MULDER: He's a private eye. Sylvia Jassy's ex-husband hired him to spy on her. But now this Steve Kiziak has gone missing.

SCULLY: He was last seen parked outside your apartment. You didn't notice him?

ROB ROBERTS: No, I didn't notice anything.

MULDER: Well, maybe we should check with Sylvia again.

ROB ROBERTS: I don't think she's home.

MULDER: Well, we'll track her down. (He gets up to leave with SCULLY. As he closes the door behind him, he says ...) Don't worry, Rob, it won't be long now.

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### SCENE 13

(ROB's apartment. ROB is frantically packing. DR. MINDY RINEHART enters the apartment.)

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Oh, my God. Rob, what happened?

ROB ROBERTS: It's a long story. What do you want?

DR. MINDY RINEHART: I, uh, I was in the neighborhood and I thought I'd say hi.

ROB ROBERTS: Hi.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Rob, are you all right? Did you do this?

ROB ROBERTS: No. Derwood Spinks did this. You know, he's the one who... like I said, it's a long story.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Where are you going?

ROB ROBERTS: To a friend's house. I have to leave, actually. As in now.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Are you sure you're all right? You're not feeling...?

ROB ROBERTS: Yes, absolutely. I'm-I'm fine, you know?

DR. MINDY RINEHART: It's just that when you came to see me yesterday I sensed that there were things that you wanted to talk about but couldn't.

ROB ROBERTS: That was yesterday.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Well, can we talk about them now?

ROB ROBERTS: Look, let me stop you right there, okay? You don't have to worry about me anymore. As of... (looks at his watch) ... as of 10:38 a.m, I am no longer employed by the Lucky Boy Corporation. I quit.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Rob, I'm here as a friend.

ROB ROBERTS: Well, then consider me cured. I had a breakthrough last night.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Did you attend the OA. meeting?

ROB ROBERTS: Yeah.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: How did it go?

ROB ROBERTS: It was a complete and utter waste of my time.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: I'm sorry you felt that way.

ROB ROBERTS: So they're a bunch of fat people. So what? Maybe they've got what you would call a biological imperative to eat too much. Did you ever think of that? Did you? You know, maybe I've got a biological imperative, too. So why is that such a bad thing?! Like the world's going to end? That is biology. You can't fight biology. You can't.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Sounds like you're saying you're tired of feeling guilty.

ROB ROBERTS: Bingo. I am sick and tired of pretending that I'm something that I'm not.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: You killed that man, didn't you?

(ROB, on his way out, pauses and locks the door.)

ROB ROBERTS: What did you just say?

DR. MINDY RINEHART: That's why you feel so guilty, isn't it? Can you tell me why you did it?

ROB ROBERTS: Who have you been talking to?

DR. MINDY RINEHART: No one. I realized it after our last session.

ROB ROBERTS: You spoke to the FBI, didn't you?

DR. MINDY RINEHART: I haven't spoken to anyone and I won't without your permission but I am here to ask you to turn yourself in. I want you to get the help that you need.

(There is the sound of a siren blaring in distance. ROB rushes to the window and peers anxiously through the blinds.)

ROB ROBERTS: You don't know what the hell you're talking about.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Yes, I do, Rob.

ROB ROBERTS: No, you don't! You said... you don't believe in monsters, right? How about... now?

(ROB pulls off his wig. MINDY starts to back away from him.)

ROB ROBERTS: How about... now?

(He pulls off his fake ears and teeth.)

ROB ROBERTS: Do you believe in monsters?

(He hisses, bares his pointy teeth and grabs her by the throat. After a second, she touches his cheek with her hand.)

DR. MINDY RINEHART: You poor man. What you must go through.

(MULDER and SCULLY burst in the door.)

SCULLY: Oh, my God.

MULDER: Step away, Rob. Step away.

SCULLY: Dr. Rinehart, step away from him.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Don't hurt him.

MULDER: Rob, we tracked Sylvia down on the way to the landfill. You just can't stop yourself, can you? Get on the floor. Rob, get on the floor.

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Rob... Be that good person I know you mean to be.

(ROB turns and charges MULDER. MULDER fires two rounds into his chest. ROB falls, gasping. MINDY screams and rushes to him, kneeling over him.)

DR. MINDY RINEHART: Why?

ROB ROBERTS: I can't be something I'm not.

(Screen shows DR. RINEHART, MULDER and SCULLY leaning over looking at him. The scene wavers as ROB loses consciousness then it fades to black.)

THE END

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