

The X-Files: "Chinga"

by

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FIRST DRAFT

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. THE MAINE SEACOAST (STOCK) DAY 1

Blue wavelets roll in on a white sand beach. Beachfront houses jut from the dunes above. Gulls SWOOP and CRY.

2 EXT. THE AMMAS BEACH SUPR SAVR (ESTABLISHING) DAY 2

The lot is scattered with cars--it's the height of the summer season, but a relatively slow time of day.

TITLE CARD: AMMAS BEACH, MAINE 2:14 P.M.

3 INT. THE SUPR SAVR, FROM MASTER SECURITY CAMERA DAY 3

The shot is BLACK AND WHITE VIDEO and features all seven or eight aisles, plus the meat counter running the length of the store at the back. FOUR DOZEN SHOPPERS wander here and there. At the bottom of the screen, a TIME-CODE is running: 2:14:09, with seconds clicking up from there.

AISLE THREE (FROM SECURITY CAMERA)

MELISSA TURNER is shopping the dairy case across from the frozen foods. She's thirty-five, pretty but stressed out. Sitting in the child-carrier of her cart is POLLY, five. Her face is expressionless...almost vague. In her lap she holds CHINGA, her doll. Beside her, stuffed in the corner of the carrier seat, is MELISSA'S purse. We see MELISSA and POLLY'S reflections in the glass doors of the frozen food cases behind them.

TIME-CODE CONTINUES TO RUN.

MARKET DOORS (FROM SECURITY CAMERA)

DANA SCULLY comes in. She's dressed in jeans and a tee-shirt (MAINE, THE WAY LIFE SHOULD BE, it reads). There's a purse over her shoulder. She looks relaxed and happy--on vacation. She looks around, grabs a hand-carry basket, and strolls out of the frame.

TIME-CODE COINTINUES TO RUN.

4 INT. AISLE THREE, WITH MELISSA AND POLLY 4

MELISSA is absorbed in choosing among the flavored yogurts. POLLY looks at her doll. CHINGA'S exact look is up to production, but she ought to have a distinctive dress, lots of blonde arnel hair, and those creepy-doll's eyes that open when you stand the doll up and close when you lay her down.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Now, although the doll is lying across the little girl's knees, CHINGA'S EYES OPEN. POLLY stares at her, hypnotized. MELISSA turns around, juggling her yogurts. She looks wary.

MELISSA

Polly? Is everything okay?

MOM sounds scared, but POLLY takes no notice. She's absorbed in CHINGA. MELISSA sees the doll's eyes are open, then is distracted by a SOUND: SKREEK...SKREEK...SKREEK. The SOUND of fingertips on WET, COLD GLASS. She looks past POLLY at:

5 THE FROZEN FOOD CASE, MELISSA'S POV

5

Standing in there is an ICE-WOMAN. She is about sixty, and hideous. Her cheeks are PURPLE, with frost clinging to DEEP BRUISES. Her LIPS ARE SWOLLEN. FROZEN BLOOD clings to her nostrils. One eye is SWELLED SHUT. The other stares BLINDLY.

One hand continues to scrape SLOWLY AND HORRIBLY at the inside of the glass. On this hand is a ring with a LARGE PURPLE STONE. The good eye is alive and aware. Her swollen lips mouth the words "Help me."

6 INT. RESUME AISLE THREE

6

We can no longer see the frozen foods, but we see MELISSA look back to her daughter, and in her face we see that she believes POLLY has something to do with what she's seen.

POLLY

Chinga won't take her nap.

MELISSA

That's all right, honey. We'll go home.
Chinga can take her nap there.

She starts moving fast. She's eager to get out of there. A SHOPPER has to skip to get out of the way of MELISSA'S cart. The shopper then goes to the frozen food, opens the door behind which we saw the ICE WOMAN, and starts stocking up on the frozen vegetables. There's nothing weird in there now.

THE FOOT OF AISLE THREE

Fighting panic, MELISSA looks to the right, where the sliced processed meats are. The wrapped packages move and slide; a blood-streaked hand wearing a ring with a LARGE PURPLE STONE crawls up from among them, like a premature-burial victim trying to escape a grave of meat.

MELISSA GASPS, then whirls around the end of the aisle. She almost runs SCULLY down with her cart.. Perhaps thanks to her

(CONTINUED)

training (or maybe plain old good luck), DANA is able to dodge away. MELISSA rolls past without a word of apology.

SCULLY

Well excuse you.

She turns to look, both irritated and amused. POLLY holds up CHINGA. SCULLY reacts with STARTLED SURPRISE. The doll's blue eyes glare. The Arnel hair is in a wild bush, as if CHINGA has spent a couple of hours relaxing in a cyclotron.

THE CHECKOUT AREA

MELISSA sees the lines at each one. She looks helpless, then makes a decision. She hauls POLLY out of the child seat.

MELISSA

We'll just go shopping another day, won't we?

POLLY is looking past her, and her usually empty face suddenly sharpens. She looks almost alarmed. MELISSA turns, knowing it's too late to get away.

Standing on the other side of the cash registers, LOOKING DAGGERS at MELISSA and POLLY, is JANE FROELICH. She's just come in. She's about sixty, with a stern, narrow face. She clutches an ugly black purse. The ring with the PURPLE STONE is clearly visible. She is the ICE WOMAN, minus the frost, the bruises, and the swellings.

CHINGA, CU

Glaring blue eyes.

RESUME CHECKOUT AREA

MELISSA

We'll go out another way, honey...

POLLY

Chinga doesn't like Miss Froelich.

JANE FROELICH suddenly SLAPS HERSELF. One of the CHECKOUT CLERKS SCREAMS. Another LAUGHS NERVOUSLY. JANE drops her purse, balls up her fist, and hits herself in the eye--the one that was swollen in the freezer-case.

CHECKOUT GIRL

Miss Froelich, what are you--

The CHECKOUT GIRL slaps herself across the face. FROELICH, meanwhile, is slapping herself like crazy, every now and then

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

varying the slaps by pinching her cheeks, honking her nose, or yanking her lower lip.

CHECKOUT CUSTOMER
(to CHECKOUT GIRL)
Norma? Are you all ri--

The CHECKOUT CUSTOMER has a box of cookies in her hand. Now she slams them into her own forehead, crushing them open. She stares at the broken box, amazed, then drops it and slaps herself twice across the face, hard.

7 INT. CHECKOUT AREA, SECURITY CAMERA POV 7

We see the SLAPPING EPIDEMIC begin to spread. People run toward the front of the market to help, then stop and begin whacking themselves. Only MELISSA and POLLY are unaffected.

8 INT. AISLE TWO, WITH SCULLY 8

She's looking at junk-food--Twinkies, Ho-Hos, Hostess Cupcakes--with great interest and longing when the UPROAR at the front of the store catches her attention. She puts down what she's holding and hurries in that direction.

CHECKOUT AREA

SCULLY stares, unbelieving. She doesn't notice POLLY, looking at her solemnly; she's staring at the slaphappy pandemonium. A WOMAN in line for Checkout 1 takes a can of sour cream out of her cart and slams it into her forehead. It splits open--smoosh! A BOY starts to turn somersaults. His SISTER crashes into a display of soda and demolishes it.

POLLY raises CHINGA. CHINGA'S blue eyes stare at SCULLY. SCULLY raises one of her hands, looks at it unbelievingly, and then SLAPS HERSELF WITH IT. BLOOD FLIES FROM HER NOSE. Her shoulder-bag slips off and hits the floor, hard.

SCULLY

What--?

She slaps herself again. POLLY and CHINGA stare at her. Beside them, MELISSA TURNER puts her face in her hands. As THE CAMERA MOVES IN TO CU on CHINGA'S STARING BLUE EYES:

MELISSA

Make her go to sleep, Polly...please make her go to sleep.

FADE OUT; MAIN TITLES FOLLOW.

ACT ONE

9 EXT. THE SUPR SAVR MARKET DAY 9

TITLE CARD: 2:19 P.M.

From out here everything looks normal, but we can hear FAINT DISQUIETING SOUNDS: FEMALE SCREAMS, MALE SHOUTS, CRIES OF PAIN, SHATTERING GLASS. All at once a WATERMELON comes sailing through the main window, breaking the glass and exploding PINK FRUIT all over the concrete outside. The BURGLAR ALARM begins to SHRIEK.

10 INT. SUPERMARKET VIGNETTES 10

Crazy, baby, dig these way-out cats. In one aisle, people appear to be DANCING. They TWIRL, LEAP, do SPLITS. Many are SCREAMING, and they all look terrified, but they can't stop.

In another aisle, an OLDER GENTLEMAN dressed in a three-piece suit picks up a twenty-pound bag of flour.

OLDER GENT

No, certainly not--

We see him trying to resist, but it does no good. He smashes the bag of flour into his face and is immediately enveloped in a WHITE CLOUD. A CLERK in a red apron strolls past him, whapping his face like one of the Three Stooges on speed.

In a third aisle, a WOMAN in a housedress and curlers does a series of AMAZING GYMNASTIC BACKFLIPS, and finishes by knocking over a pyramid of tuna cans. She sprawls among them, then picks one up and whaps herself in the eye with it.

11 INT. THE STORE FROM THE MASTER SECURITY CAMERA 11

We watch the TIME-CODE run up to 2:20:00 and then past it. Above the code, we see total pandemonium in black and white-- people slapping themselves, dancing, whopping themselves upside the head with groceries. It's wall-to-wall self-flagellation. Some people have collapsed in the aisles.

12 INT. THE CHECKOUT AREA, WITH SCULLY 12

Still slapping herself, still with that expression of DAZED UNBELIEF, SCULLY begins to back up. She runs into the OLDER

(CONTINUED)

GENT, who is wearing so much flour he looks like a ghost in an Abbott and Costello film.

OLDER GENT
I couldn't help myself!

He slaps his face, sending up a big puff of flour.

OLDER GENT
I still can't!

SCULLY slams the heel of her hand into her forehead like someone with the world's worst headache. All of this is funny, but if it's played straight, it should be scary, as well. These people are authentically out of control.

SCULLY
Neither can I!

MELISSA TURNER brushes past them, pulling POLLY by the hand. As they go past, POLLY looks up at SCULLY with her strange, fathomless gaze.

POLLY
I'm sorry your sister died.

Even in her current dazed state, it gets through to SCULLY, and she stares after POLLY, shocked.

MELISSA
Come on, Polly, we have to go home.

She pulls POLLY past a TEENAGE BOY and GIRL who are whirling madly in the aisle, as if in a jitterbug contest. As they go, SCULLY sees the doll sticking out from under POLLY'S arm.

Suddenly the DOLL'S EYES CLOSE.

The OLDER GENT raises his hand to whack his flour-caked face again, then stops. He looks at his hand as if he has never seen one before. Then he lowers it. He reaches into his coat, takes out a handkerchief, and offers it to SCULLY.

OLDER GENT
Miss? Your nose is bleeding.

SCULLY takes the handkerchief with a grateful look.

The GYMNAST HOUSEWIFE picks herself up out of the littered tuna cans, looking dazed. The DANCERS in the aisles slow down, then stop. Some of them sit down, panting. The TEENAGE

13 CONTINUED:

13

GIRL collapses into the arms of her bewildered boyfriend, sobbing. NORMA the CHECKOUT GIRL and the CHECKOUT CUSTOMER are comforting each other. Behind them, JANE FROELICH lies on her side, moving like a bug that's been stepped on but not quite killed.

In the meat section, a MAN who has been slapping himself with a steak drops it back into the case. Behind him, MELISSA TURNER hurries POLLY to the swing door leading into the meat-locker. MELISSA looks around, then pushes through it.

14 INT. THE MEAT-CUTTING AREA

14

It's cold, and we can see FROZEN VAPOR coming from MELISSA and POLLY'S MOUTHS as they cross the sawdust-scattered floor. A BUTCHER in bloodstained whites comes from behind a HANGING BEEF CARCASS. He has a white cap on his head and a cleaver in one hand. The name-tag pinned to his jacket reads DAVE.

DAVE THE BUTCHER

Hey, no customers back here.

CHINGA, CU

Beneath POLLY'S arm, it OPENS ONE BLUE EYE.

RESUME MEAT-CUTTING AREA

DAVE begins to raise his cleaver, turning the blade toward himself as he does. He's fighting it, but he's doing it.

MELISSA

Polly, no!

POLLY

Chinga, not Polly. Chinga bad.

15 INT. THE CHECKOUT AREA

15

The STORE MANAGER kneels over JANE FROELICH, who is bloody and moaning, semi-conscious. She is the most badly hurt of those in the store.

MANAGER

Someone call an ambulance!

16 INT. THE FRESH PRODUCE AREA

16

SCULLY is leaning into the spray that washes the lettuce, wetting her face and trying to get herself back together, when the MANAGER calls. She starts in that direction, dipping to pick up her dropped purse.

17 INT. THE CHECKOUT AREA

17

One of the BAG-BOYS kneels down beside FROELICH with a damp cloth. The MANAGER takes it and starts wiping her face. Behind them, the CHECKOUT GIRL is on the telephone. The BAG-BOY has a black eye and NORMA'S cheeks are FLAMING RED from all the slapping. Behind them, SHOPPERS wander about or talk in dazed little groups. They are like bomb-blast survivors.

SCULLY pushes through the checkout aisle, past the CHECKOUT CUSTOMER, who is dazedly picking cookie crumbs off the arms and bosom of her shirt.

SCULLY

Sir? I'm a doctor.

The MANAGER looks at her...at the BAG-BOY...at the semi-conscious WOMAN.

MANAGER

What happened here?

SCULLY

I make it a point to never advance a hypothesis until I've stopped bleeding.

SCULLY edges into the MANAGER'S position, takes FROELICH'S head on her lap and rummages in her purse for a penlite.

18 INT. A CONVEX MIRROR, CU

18

In it we see MELISSA and POLLY standing in front of the BUTCHER. DAVE has planted his cleaver in the top of his head, and blood is pouring down his cheeks. We hold on this for just an instant (don't want trouble with Standards and Practices), then SLAM to the actual people.

THE MEAT-CUTTING AREA

MELISSA drags her gaze from the mirror to DAVE himself. He hasn't actually put the cleaver in his head...at least not yet, but the things MELISSA sees have a nasty way of coming true. He holds the cleaver in front of him, the blade trembling, his muscles bunched in an all-out effort to hold it back. His eyes are bulging with terror. The fluorescents kick TINY BRIGHT GLEAMS off the cleaver's edge.

MELISSA reaches out and grabs his arms. She exerts all her strength and can't move them an inch. It's as if they are stone arms. SWEAT is rolling down DAVE'S face.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE
I can't...hold it...

POLLY, meanwhile, is staring off in another direction, at:

DEEPER IN THE MEAT-CUTTING AREA, POLLY'S POV

Some of the flourescents are out here, and others are stuttering intermittent light as they BUZZ like flies caught behind a storm window. Big cuts of meat hang from chains. Shadows JUMP and TREMBLE. And now something steps out.

It's CHINGA, and although she's the size of a normal woman, her hair is that same Arnel stuff. Her dress is identical to the doll's dress. Her eyes are open, but they are glass doll's eyes. Her skin is plastic. Her hands MOVE JERKILY TOGETHER and make a LIFTING MOTION.

RESUME POLLY, MELISSA, DAVE

In spite of all the effort MELISSA is exerting, DAVE begins again to lift the cleaver toward the top of his head.

MELISSA
Polly! Polly, stop! Polly, stop!

POLLY
Polly good girl. Chinga bad girl.

POLLY points deep into the meat-cutting area. MELISSA looks in that direction and sees the doll-woman standing there like a zombie.

MELISSA
Then make Chinga stop, Polly! Make her stop before--

DAVE lets out a GROAN OF EFFORT. The cleaver begins to rise again in spite of all his and MELISSA'S combined efforts to keep it down.

19 INT. THE CHECKOUT AREA

19

SCULLY has succeeded in wiping away the worst of the blood on JANE FROELICH'S face with the OLDER GENT'S hankie. In the distance, we hear the APPROACHING WHOOP of an ambulance siren.

The main door opens and two cops wearing Ammas Beach Police uniforms come in. The one in the lead is CHIEF JACK BONSAINT. Behind him, trotting with his pistol out, is a younger guy with a face that is both good-looking and rather sly. This is DEPUTY BUDDY RIGGS. SCULLY glances at them, then at the BAG-BOY, who appears with a bottle of clear liquid.

(CONTINUED)

BAG-BOY
(doubtful)
Is this what you wanted...?

SCULLY
(looks at the label)
Yes. Thank you.

20 INT. DAVE THE BUTCHER, CU

20

The trembling blade of the cleaver is now less than two inches from the area between his bulging, terrified eyes.

THE MEAT-CUTTING AREA, WITH MELISSA, POLLY, DAVE THE BUTCHER

MELISSA is hanging all her weight on DAVE'S locked arms, but it's POLLY she's looking at...and CHINGA. Her gaze alternates between the CHINGA in POLLY'S arms and the one in the shadows.

MELISSA
Polly, make her close her eyes! Make her go back to sleep. Please make her go back to sleep!

POLLY looks deep into the meat-cutting area instead of at the doll.

POLLY
Go to sleep, Chinga. It's nap-time.

The open eye of the doll in POLLY'S arms shuts.

DEEPER IN THE MEAT-CUTTING AREA, POLLY'S POV

The life-sized CHINGA'S eyes roll closed. Its hands stay where they are for a moment, then drop limply to its sides.

RESUME MELISSA, POLLY, AND DAVE

DAVE'S hands also drop to his sides. The cleaver flies out of them and clatters across the floor. He staggers backward into a hanging beef carcass, which probably keeps him from falling over. The sweat is freezing on his face, and his eyes are huge and stunned. POLLY has gone back to her former blank stare. She could be on Mars.

For a moment DAVE looks toward:

DEEPER IN THE MEAT-CUTTING AREA, DAVE'S POV

We catch just a shadowy glimpse of the life-sized CHINGA, her eyes closed, melting back into the shadows thrown by the bad flourescents and the hanging cuts of meat.

RESUME MELISSA, POLLY, AND DAVE

DAVE

Who in God's name was that?

MELISSA

No one.

DAVE

What happened, Mrs. Turner? What happened to me?

MELISSA

Nothing. We have to go out this way. We can't use the front. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

She's yanking POLLY through the hanging cuts of meat as she talks, white smoke puffing from her mouth with each nervous breath. There's a door back there with an EXIT sign over it.

MELISSA

Please, Dave...please...

But she's emotionally spent and can say no more. She pushes open the back door, letting it a DAZZLING BLAST OF SUMMER SUNSHINE, and pulls POLLY out after her.

21 INT. THE CHECKOUT AREA, WITH SCULLY, ETC.

21

The bottle contains vinegar, but the two cops, BONSAINT and RIGGS, can't see that. As SCULLY begins to unscrew the cap:

BONSAINT

Ma'am? Wonder if I could ask what you're doing?

SCULLY

(after a brief look around)

My job, Chief.

She runs the bottle back and forth under FROELICH'S nose. The reaction is immediate, with FROELICH coughing, waving her arms vaguely to get the bottle back out of smelling range, and finally opening one eye...the other is swelled shut.

RIGGS, the self-important type, steps past his boss. SCULLY takes another brief glance around.

SCULLY

And ask your colleague to holster his weapon. He's making me nervous.

BONSAINT

Put that away, Buddy! What's wrong with you?

BUDDY RIGGS puts the gun away, but not happily. Doesn't enjoy being shown up by a woman.

RIGGS

Who the hell are you, lady?

SCULLY sets the bottle of vinegar aside and reaches into her shoulder-bag. RIGGS tenses at once. BONSAINT puts a restraining hand on his arm--down, boy. SCULLY comes out with her ID and tosses it. RIGGS makes a half-assed effort to catch it and misses. He gives SCULLY another ugly look--this is hate at first sight, by God. BONSAINT bends to get the ID folder. As he does, RIGGS looks toward:

ABANDONED SHOPPING CART, RIGGS'S POV

It's MELISSA's. And her little clutch purse is still in it.

RESUME SCULLY, BONSAINT, MANAGER, OTHERS

As the scene plays, RIGGS breaks away, eases up one of the checkout aisles, and approaches the abandoned shopping cart.

SCULLY

(to JANE FROELICH)

How you doing?

FROELICH

Hurts...mouth...eye...

SCULLY

Your injuries don't appear serious, but we're not going to take any chances. There'll be an ambulance here shortly.

BONSAINT

Hang in there, Jane.

RIGGS, AT THE ABANDONED CART

He looks around, sees no one paying a bit of attention to him, and peeks into the clutch-bag.

MELISSA'S BAG, RIGGS'S POV

We see a typical litter of items. Lying on top of MELISSA'S wallet is her Supr Savr check-cashing card, complete with color photo.

(CONTINUED)

RESUME RIGGS

With another glance to make sure no one's watching, he zips the little bag closed and pushes it into his front pocket. Then, as he saunters back to the checkout and the cluster around FROELICH:

RIGGS

(to STORE MANAGER)

You let just anyone stroll up to a hurt customer and play Nancy Nurse? Sounds like a good way to get sued to me.

As RIGGS rejoins the Chief, BONSAINT hangs SCULLY'S ID in front of RIGGS'S eyes.

BONSAINT

Nancy Nurse is a doctor. With the FBI. Start working the crowd, Buddy. I want statements and more statements.

RIGGS

But--

BONSAINT

Now.

RIGGS sees further argument won't help. He's being exiled from the action. Pouting, he goes.

SCULLY

What's his problem?

BONSAINT

No problem. He's just a young man in a hurry. (Pause) And the Mayor's son.

SCULLY

You know this woman?

BONSAINT

Ayuh. Jane Froelich.

SCULLY

Ms. Froelich--Jane--I want you to go to the hospital for an X-ray and a few tests. Do you understand me?

FROELICH nods. The AMBULANCE arrives. SCULLY looks out at it.

22 EXT. PARKING LOT, SCULLY'S POV

22

The ambulance is in the f.g. Behind it, a beat-up old car heads the other way, toward the road. POLLY looks out the window. She's holding the doll. CHINGA'S eyes are closed.

23 INT. RESUME CHECKOUT AREA

23

There's quite a crowd around SCULLY now, but for a moment she continues to simply hold JANE FROELICH'S battered head in her lap and look out at the departing old car. It's the little girl, of course. The little girl who said she was sorry SCULLY'S sister died.

FROELICH

She tried to kill me.

The words are mushy, but both SCULLY and BONSAINT understand them. BONSAINT hunkers beside SCULLY. BUDDY RIGGS has moved over by the produce section. He's got his notebook out and the flour-covered OLDER GENT is waiting to be interviewed, but RIGGS is staring at the cluster of people around JANE FROELICH, still feeling cut out of the action.

Two PARAMEDICS hurry in, one rolling a fold-up stretcher, the other carrying a medical bag in one hand and the Heart-Start kit in the other.

BONSAINT

Who tried to kill you, Jane?

Her good eye moves from SCULLY to BONSAINT, then back to SCULLY again. She is deciding whether or not to answer the question. In the end, the answer is no. Perhaps because SCULLY is a stranger. An outsider.

FROELICH

(closing her eyes)

No one. I'm very confused.

RIGGS, taking it all in. Sucking it up, really.

SCULLY

(to paramedics)

We have an assault victim here--

FIRST PARA

You look sort of like an assault victim yourself, lady.

(CONTINUED)

SECOND PARA
(looking around)
She's not the only one.

SCULLY
This is the only one in bad shape.
(Pause) That we know of, anyway. I want
you to compress the cheeks and the eye,
stabilize the nose--

FIRST PARA
Splint?

SCULLY
Use your judgement, but run a line.
Lactated ringers. Get the X-ray order
from her doctor, if you can find him--

BONSAINT
That'll be Jim Sprouse. Lives just down
the street. I'll send someone to fetch
him.

SCULLY
(mild amazement)
You can just...do that?

BONSAINT
Yeah. It's a small town.
(to FROELICH)
Jim'll meet you at the hospital, Jane.

JANE nods weakly. The PARAS start unfolding the stretcher.
SCULLY takes another look at the Chief's name-tag. Then at
the Chief. He's already scoped her out pretty well, and likes
what he sees. SCULLY approves of him, as well.

SCULLY
This is my first vacation in three years,
Chief Bonsaint.

BONSAINT
It's Jack. And you're off to a hell of a
start, I'd say.

They watch the PARAS put FROELICH on the stretcher; the
SECOND PARA is already making with the compresses.

BONSAINT
What happened here? Do you have any idea
at all?

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

SCULLY

I might. But I need to talk to someone.

24 EXT. THE FBI BUILDING (STOCK) DAY

24

TITLE CARD: FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION WASHINGTON D.C.

25 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE

25

MULDER is sitting behind his desk, watching a video of Invasion of the Saucer Men, from 1957. He's got a yellow legal pad on his lap, and he appears to be taking notes.

The phone RINGS. MULDER pauses the film and picks it up.

MULDER

Mulder.

SCULLY (VOICE)

Mulder, it's me.

MULDER

(brightening at once)

Scully! How's vacation?

SCULLY (VOICE)

The vacation's hit--

SOUND: A SQUAWK OF INTERFERENCE. MULDER winces.

26 EXT. IN FRONT OF THE SUPR SAVR, WITH SCULLY

26

She's sitting on a bench in the shade, talking on her cell phone...or trying to. To her immediate right is the smashed watermelon, with twinkling shards of broken glass glittering in the pulp. Two more police cruisers have arrived; yellow evidence tape is being strung. Off to one side, BONSAINT and the MANAGER are talking; BONSAINT is taking notes. The ambulance with JANE FROELICH inside is just pulling out onto the highway--it's running FLASHERS but not the SIREN.

MULDER (VOICE)

Scully...? You there?

SCULLY takes the phone away from her ear and sees a crack in the casing. She hits it gently against the heel of her hand and then puts it to her ear again.

SCULLY

Mulder? Are you there?

(CONTINUED)

MULDER (VOICE)
Right here.

SCULLY
I dropped this thing. It's not working too well.

As she speaks, she reaches into her open purse, takes out a compact, and opens it. The mirror has shattered; the fragments are lying in the face-powder. With a grimace, she drops it into a nearby litter basket.

SCULLY
(continues)
My vacation's hit a little snag, Mulder. I've got something going here. When you read about it in the paper tomorrow, probably in the News of the Weird section, they'll call it mass hysteria-- people hitting themselves and running into things. I think it may be something else. It happened in a supermarket. Does that suggest anything to you?

27 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE

27

MULDER is wide-awake now, totally focused. He tosses his yellow legal pad away.

MULDER
The Dancing Sickness? Are you saying you observed an outbreak of a fourteenth century disease in a Maine supermarket?

28 EXT. RESUME SCULLY

28

SCULLY
No one poked their eyes out or cut their own throats--that we know about, anyway-- but they danced, all right. Only one hospitalization, at least so far.

MULDER (VOICE)
Were you involved in the phenomenon?

SCULLY rubs her hand under her nose, and looks at the smears of DRYING BLOOD on her fingers. She pauses as we see her getting ready to do something which makes her very uncomfortable: lying to her partner. Perhaps so she can lie to herself, at least for a little while longer.

(CONTINUED)

SCULLY

No. I'm a lousy dancer, anyway.

(rushing on)

There's supposed to be a pretty good lab twenty miles north, in Boothbay Harbor.

I'm going to have them run tests on the bread. Not the bagged loaves, but the stuff they make on the premises. I'm thinking about ergot. That's--

29 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE

29

MULDER

--an organic hallucinogenic. It grows on wheat. The French and German peasants ate the bread, they got high, they danced, they flagellated themselves.

30 EXT. RESUME SCULLY, IN FRONT OF THE MARKET

30

SCULLY

I love it when you talk dirty.

31 INT. RESUME MULDER

31

MULDER

There's another school of thought concerning the Dancing Sickness, Scully-- you know that.

SCULLY (VOICE)

I ought to go, Mulder.

MULDER

Scully, are you okay?

32 EXT. RESUME SCULLY

32

She's thinking about:

33 INT. THE MARKET, WITH POLLY (SLOW MOTION, FLASHBACK)

33

She's looking up into THE CAMERA. Looking up at SCULLY. Her mouth moves slowly, SOUNDLESSLY...but we can read her lips: "I'm sorry your sister died."

34 EXT. RESUME SCULLY

34

BONSAINT is walking toward her, flipping his notebook closed. He pauses as a BAG-BOY comes out with--what else?--a shopping bag. He hands it to BONSAINT, who peeks inside and continues toward SCULLY. All this is in the b.g. Our focus is SCULLY, who looks more troubled than ever.

(CONTINUED)

SCULLY
I'm okay.

BONSAINT
Agent Scully?

SCULLY
Hold on a second, Mulder.

She drops the phone away from her mouth a little and looks enquiringly at BONSAINT. BONSAINT holds out the bag.

35 INT. RESUME MULDER

35

BONSAINT
(faint voice)
I've got the security tapes...would you like to review them with me?

SCULLY
Yes, I would.
(louder)
Mulder, I have to go. We're going to look at America's Slaphappiest Home Videos.

MULDER
Do you want me to come up there? I could send one of my many minions over to G.W. to do the speech. I can catch a commuter flight and be there in three hours.

36 EXT. SCULLY AND BONSAINT

36

SCULLY
Not necessary, Mulder--but thanks.

MULDER (VOICE)
Can you send me copies of the store videos?

SCULLY
I'll try. Good luck with the speech.

37 INT. RESUME MULDER

37

MULDER
If you don't need help, Scully, why did you call?

38 EXT. SCULLY AND BONSAINT

38

BONSAINT looks at her curiously, but for the moment SCULLY doesn't even know he's there. She called MULDER because she does need help...but she's not ready to ask for it.

(CONTINUED)

SCULLY
I guess I just missed the sound of your
voice. I'll talk to you.

She breaks the connection before he can say anything else.
She looks ruefully at the crack running through her cell
phone and then drops it back into her purse.

BONSAINT
Partner?

SCULLY
(gets up)
Yes. Let's go, Chief.

39 EXT. A HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN DAY 39

It's small but cozy-looking. A WIND-CHIME made of SHELLS
CLATTERS SOFTLY above the porch glider. Parked in the
driveway is MELISSA'S little car.

40 INT. THE LIVING ROOM 40

POLLY lies asleep on the couch with her doll in the crook of
her arm. MELISSA comes into the room, sees her daughter
asleep, and crosses to her. Her expression is one of love
until she sees CHINGA. She bends toward it. The doll's eyes
are shut.

MELISSA
(very soft)
You hateful thing.

She reaches for it. POLLY stirs...and CHINGA'S EYES SLOWLY
OPEN. There is a SOUND--a CREAKING BOARD--and MELISSA whirls
around.

THE FRONT HALL, MELISSA'S POV

More BOARDS CREAK as something approaches. The shadow of a
woman rises on the wall out there--it's BIG CHINGA.

RESUME MELISSA

Her hand rises toward her face in spite of her efforts to
hold it back. The doll's eyes close, and MELISSA'S struggle
with her hand ends. She begins to CRY...quietly, so as not to
wake her daughter.

FADE OUT:

THIS ENDS ACT ONE

ACT TWO

41 INT. THE BAKERY AISLE OF THE SUPR SAVR DAY 41

RIGGS has just finished interviewing the TEENAGE BOY and GIRL who were jitterbugging in the aisle. He looks bored with the whole process.

RIGGS

Okay, Norm. Jan. Thanks. You can go.

NORM

Any idea what happened, Buddy?

RIGGS

We're working on it. Go on now, you two--
take a hike.

They start down the littered aisle, hand in hand. RIGGS strolls in the other direction like a man with nowhere to go and not much on his mind. He rubs ABSENTLY at the bulge the purse makes in his pocket. He looks at the bins of fresh-baked bread, which are now behind yellow evidence tape. At the end of the aisle, the door leading into the meat-cutting area pushes open, and DAVE THE BUTCHER comes out. He sees RIGGS and hurries toward him.

DAVE

Hey, Buddy.

RIGGS

What's up, Dave?

DAVE

Do you know the little Turner girl? The one that got Jane Froelich in all that trouble?

RIGGS'S hand returns to the lump in his pocket.

RIGGS

Sure. Something funny about her.
Autistic, I think. Toys in the attic.

DAVE

I don't know about that, but she and her mother were back in the cold-room and...I dunno. Something happened. Can I talk to you about it?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

RIGGS smiles and puts his arm around DAVE'S shoulders. Together they walk back toward the door.

RIGGS

Course you can.

42 EXT. THE AMMAS BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT (ESTABLISHING) 42

43 SECURITY CAMERA VIDEOTAPE 43

This is the master shot, showing all the aisles. The TIME-CODE runs across the bottom, now at about 2:16 P.M. Onscreen is SILENT CHAOS--people slapping themselves, girls cartwheeling, the WOMAN doing the backflips, the TEENAGE BOY and GIRL jitterbugging. We see SCULLY and the flour-covered OLDER GENT facing each other.

BONSAINT (VOICE)

Wait a minute...

44 INT. BONSAINT'S OFFICE, WITH BONSAINT AND SCULLY 44

He's got a VCR and TV set up on his desk. Now he stops the MASTER SHOT, ejects the tape, and puts in another one. This time we've got a CLOSER B&W SHOT of SCULLY and the OLDER GENT. They back into each other, turn, speak SOUNDLESSLY. OLDER GENT slaps his face, SCULLY slams the heel of her hand into her forehead. BONSAINT, amused in spite of himself, backs the tape up to watch that part again.

BONSAINT

Excedrin Headache Number Forty-One: I can't find any jumbo eggs.

SCULLY

Very funny.

(ejects the tape)

Which one shows the checkout area?

BONSAINT rummages in the shopping bag and brings out a tape marked AREA 3. He puts it into the VCR and hits PLAY.

BONSAINT

There you are again. Whoa! Close call!

On the screen, SCULLY leaps away from the speeding cart pushed by MELISSA TURNER. POLLY is in the cart's seat, looking at SCULLY. She holds up her doll, as if for SCULLY'S approval.

SCULLY

Freeze it! Do you know who that woman is?

(CONTINUED)

BONSAINT

Yeah.. Hold on a few seconds more.

On the screen, MELISSA pushes her cart toward the checkout lanes, observes the lines of waiting customers, and hauls POLLY out of the cart's child-seat. As she does this, JANE FROELICH enters. FROELICH sees MELISSA and POLLY; looks daggers at them. A moment later, MELISSA and POLLY see FROELICH. And a moment after that, JANE FROELICH slaps herself, looks amazed, then makes a fist and hits herself in the eye. At this point, BONSAINT freezes the image.

BONSAINT

There are a lot of people who'd pay for a copy of that. Jane Froelich isn't one of this town's favorite people. And that kid with the doll is the main reason why.

SCULLY

What happened?

BONSAINT

The girl's Polly Turner. That's her mother, Melissa. Lissy Turner's about as local as you can get--born and raised here. Her husband died three years ago in a boating accident. He was a fisherman. The daughter is autistic.

(he taps FROELICH'S image)

Jane here ran the Wee Ones Daycare Center until last year. There was a slapping incident. Guess who got slapped.

SCULLY

Froelich slapped an autistic child?

BONSAINT

And lost her licence for it. Jane Froelich has always had a temper. I think she quit teaching school over the same kind of thing, although it was pretty well hushed up. In little places like Ammas Beach, we like to wash our own dirty linen. But as far as slapping goes...

He starts the videotape rolling again. The people in the checkout lanes are slapping themselves, but FROELICH is really working herself over.

BONSAINT

...looks like the shoe's on the other foot now, don't you think?

SCULLY

What did Jane Froelich say about the charges?

BONSAINT

That she was railroaded. More daycare hysteria, like that sex-abuse case out in California where all the convictions were reversed.

SCULLY

Do you believe her?

BONSAINT

What I believe is that anyone who starts by hitting a child with mental problems and moves on to the other kids from there should be out of the daycare business for life. She's lucky not to be in jail.

SCULLY

I want to talk to her.

BONSAINT

About where she bought her last loaf of bread?

SCULLY

About Polly Turner.

BONSAINT

What about her?

SCULLY doesn't want to tell him what POLLY said about her sister; fortunately, she has another reason for talking to the girl. She rewinds the AREA 3 tape a little bit, then hits PLAY again. On the screen FROELICH slaps herself and punches herself. The CHECKOUT GIRL starts slapping herself; the CHECKOUT CUSTOMER slams the cookies into her forehead and slaps herself across the face. Other customers and checkout clerks are doing similar things. In the f.g., however, MELISSA and POLLY are just standing and watching.

SCULLY

They're the only ones who aren't working themselves over.

BONSAINT

(leans in for a closer look)
Well I'll be damned. You're right.

SCULLY

Let's find out if it means anything. Want to?

BONSAINT

Yeah, I do.

SCULLY

Can I get copies of these tapes sent to my partner in Washington?

BONSAINT

I'll arrange it. They won't get there until tomorrow, though--will that be all right?

SCULLY

That should be fine.

They head for the door.

45 EXT. THE OUTER OFFICE OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT

45

It's small and old-fashioned. One cop and two secretaries push paper. As SCULLY and BONSAINT cross toward the door:

BONSAINT

What do your friends call you, Agent Scully?

SCULLY

My friends just drop the agent part.

BONSAINT

Honest?

SCULLY

Honest.

BONSAINT

(to secretary)

Where's Buddy Riggs?

VICKY

Still down at the Supr Savr, as far as I know, Chief.

BONSAINT

Get him up here. I want him to type statements and draft a press release. I'll check it later. Tell him he's to use the word "altercation," not brawl. Got that?

(CONTINUED)

VICKY

Got it.

BONSAINT

Tell him to get up here now and start soonest.

During all this, he and SCULLY keep walking.

46 EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE POLICE STATION 46

As SCULLY and BONSAINT come out:

SCULLY

Riggs is a problem for you, isn't he?

BONSAINT

No. (Pause, and a sigh) A little bit. I give him another three months before he gets tired of playing cop and goes on to something else. Meanwhile, I keep him on a short leash. Sorry about the gun.

SCULLY

So was I.

They head for BONSAINT'S car, which is marked AMMAS BEACH POLICE CHIEF.

47 INT. THE FAR END OF THE MEAT CUTTING AREA, WITH RIGGS 47

DAVE the butcher stands near the place where he almost did a little brain-surgery on himself with a cleaver. He looks understandably nervous. RIGGS is hunkered down below the BUZZING FLOURESCENT, looking at the sawdust-powdered floor.

DAVE

Anything?

RIGGS traces the TRACK OF A WOMAN'S SHOE in the damp sawdust. Then he puts his hand on the lump of the clutch-bag in his pocket again.

RIGGS

Hard to say, Dave. Hard to say.

He stands up, ponders, then heads back to the market proper.

DAVE

So...aren't you going to take my statement?

RIGGS

(pushes past him and out the door)

Later. I've got to see someone right away. In the meantime, let's keep this between the two of us, okay? I doubt like hell if anyone else'd believe it, anyway.

48 INT. A LITTERED SUPERMARKET AISLE, WITH RIGGS

48

As he hurries toward the front, his WALKIE TALKIE CRACKLES. Impatient, he stops and snatches it out of its holster.

RIGGS

Yeah, go, this is Four.

SECRETARY (VOICE)

Chief wants you back here, Four. Bring your reports and be ready to do a little composition. By.

RIGGS

(touching the lump of the purse)

I've got a field interview to conduct, Base, can't Billy Leiter do it? By.

SECRETARY (VOICE)

Chief specifically asked for you, Four. And he said right away. By.

RIGGS looks more mulish and petulant than ever. For a moment he's close to rebelling, then he gives in to the inevitable.

RIGGS

Be there in five. Unit Four out.

He clicks off, reholsters the WALKIE, then looks around. No one to see him. He pulls out the clutch bag and runs a hand over its suede surface almost sensuously. Then he takes out the check-cashing card and looks at MELISSA'S pretty face.

RIGGS

You hang in there, honey. I'll talk to you later.

He replaces the card, stuffs the purse back into his pocket, and starts out.

49 EXT. AMMAS BEACH MAIN STREET DAY

49

There are a fair number of stores and saloons. In the b.g. we can see the beach and the ocean. The Police Chief's car passes us, headed inland.

50 INT. THE POLICE CAR, WITH BONSAINT AND SCULLY 50

VICKY
(on the radio)
Base to Unit One, come in?

BONSAINT
(on the mike)
This is Unit One, Vicky, by.

VICKY (VOICE)
Jane Froelich never checked into the hospital. They got her as far as the emergency entrance, and then she took a walk. By.

BONSAINT
Thank you, Base. Unit One out.

He racks the mike, checks the traffic, and U-turns.

SCULLY
How would she get home?

BONSAINT
Walked, I imagine. It's a small town. Besides, these days I doubt if anyone would stop to give her a ride.

51 EXT. JANE FROELICH'S HOUSE LATE AFTERNOON 51

It's a rather grim-looking Cape Cod near the ocean, and in need (not quite dire) of fresh paint and shingles. There's a lot of preschool gear in the yard--slides, swings, seesaws--but it looks rusty and neglected.

BONSAINT'S car pulls up in front of her picket fence and walk. BONSAINT and SCULLY get out. SCULLY turns toward the ROAR of the ocean, letting the seabreeze lift her hair.

BONSAINT
I never get tired of the sound.

SCULLY
You've always lived here?

BONSAINT
Yeah. Been on the cops since I was twenty-four. Jane Froelich's one of mine, like it or not. Come on.

They start up the walk to the FROELICH house.

52 EXT. THE PORCH OF THE FROELICH HOUSE DAY

52

BONSAINT rings the bell. He and SCULLY wait. SCULLY looks at the disused, creaky playground stuff. No one comes to the door. BONSAINT rings again. There's another moment of silence, then the SHUFFLE OF APPROACHING FEET. The door opens, but on the chain. Peering out is FROELICH. She looks like a heavyweight boxer who spent about twelve rounds on the short end. Her face has swelled badly.

FROELICH
(swollen lips, mushy mumble)
Yes?

BONSAINT
Jane, you should have stayed at the hospital. You--

FROELICH
(looking past him)
I saw you in the store. Who are you?

SCULLY takes out her ID and holds it up to the woman's good eye.

SCULLY
Dana Scully, Ms. Froelich, I'm with the FBI. I'm also a doctor. I examined you earlier, and I agree with Chief Bonsaint that--

FROELICH
She talked to you. What did she say?

SCULLY
Who, Ms. Froelich?

FROELICH
Oh please. She's not autistic, you know. There's no such thing as autism, it's all an invention of the radical humanists. She's from the devil. That's why I hit her. I wanted to slap the devil out of her, that's all. But I never slapped the others. They slapped themselves. Just like the people in the market today. That's the truth of it, never mind what the town liars may say. What did she tell you? More lies about me?

SCULLY
I don't recall.

(CONTINUED)

FROELICH
 (hideous puffy grin)
 Now who's the liar?

BONSAINT
 Jane, if we could come in for a few
 minutes and talk to you--

FROELICH
 I found out last year how much good
 talking to you does, Jack Bonsaint. I
 explained everything, and you closed me
 down, anyway.

(to SCULLY)
 Our great-grandfathers knew how to treat
 witches. They would have driven that
 little liar out of town...and her whore
 of a mother with her.

SCULLY
 Let us come in. We'll talk about it.

FROELICH closes the door in their faces.

SCULLY
 (after a beat)
 New England hospitality. Heard about it
 my whole life, finally got a chance to
 experience it for myself.

They start back for the car; CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM.

BONSAINT
 It'll get Buddy Riggs out of the office
 for a little while, anyway--if anyone can
 get her to go back to the hospital, Riggs
 is the guy. He's good with old ladies,
 God knows why.

SCULLY
 It's an ill wind that doesn't blow
 someone some good.

BONSAINT
 I never understood that one.

He grins at her. SCULLY grins back--the kind of grin she can
 only allow herself on vacation--and then gets into the car.

53 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF THE FROELICH HOUSE

53

JANE FROELICH is bent over, peering out the window as the
 Police Chief's car pulls away. The room is furnished with

(CONTINUED)

dusty furniture. On the walls are old pictures of happy children playing. FROELICH watches, frightened and grim, her hands opening and closing, all the time muttering to herself.

FROELICH

Liars...cozeners...cheaters...
(etc.)

She straightens up and heads across the room toward a door with a sign reading WEE ONES over it. Once this sign probably looked cheery, but now it's yellowing and sinister. All through this, JANE FROELICH never stops whispering.

54 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF THE TURNER HOUSE AFTERNOON 54

POLLY is still asleep on the couch. MELISSA comes in to check on her, looks at her with love, then leaves. WE MOVE IN ON CHINGA...and CHINGA'S eyes slowly ROLL OPEN.

55 EXT. THE TURNER BACK YARD AFTERNOON 55

MELISSA comes out with her wicker laundry basket. In the middle of the back yard, sheets SNAP and FLAP on a whirligig dryer. HUMMING, MELISSA approaches it. She pulls the pins holding the first sheet, and when she takes it down, JANE FROELICH is standing there. Sticking out of her face like GROTESQUE QUILLS are chunks of RED PLASTIC. She raises one hand and scrapes at the air with it, as she did in the freezer case...as if asking for help.

MELISSA

Oh God, Chinga! No. Please, no.

She turns and runs for the house.

FADE OUT:

THIS ENDS ACT TWO

ACT THREE

56 EXT. JANE FROELICH'S HOUSE (ESTABLISHING) 56

57 INT. THE WEE ONES DAYCARE CENTER 57

This was once probably the dining room of the FROELICH house, and it's just as it was before JANE FROELICH lost her licence. Little desks. Happy pictures. Sun-moon-and-stars mobiles. Growth charts on the walls. On the far side is a partitioned-off area marked WE HANG OUR COATS. All is shadowy, because FROELICH doesn't bother turning on the lights. Still MUTTERING, she crosses the room toward the teacher's desk, where there is a record-player and a stack of COLORFUL CHILDREN'S RECORDS--yellow, green, blue, and red.

FROELICH

Six and six and six is the number of the beast...thou shalt not suffer a witch to live...took my job...my only livelihood... and lies, all lies...I shall repay, saith the Lord God of Hosts...

She takes one of the records and puts it on the turntable. She puts down the needle, and some ridiculously happy vocalist starts singing "You put your left foot in."

FROELICH

(sings along)

"You pull your left foot out...you put your left foot in and then you shake it all--"

SOUND: A SHUFFLING THUMP FROM THE CLOAKROOM AREA.

FROELICH snatches the needle from the record, making an AMPLIFIED SCRATCHING SOUND.

FROELICH

Who's there?

Nothing. Only waiting, hungry shadows. FROELICH stares at the cloakroom with HUGE EYES.

FROELICH

Come on out, you might as well, I can hear you! (Pause) You're all liars! You're all liars and I'm not afraid of you! Come out and show your face!

There's a SHUFFLING SOUND as something comes slowly from the shadows of the cloakroom. It's BIG CHINGA. She stares at FROELICH. FROELICH stares back, her half-mad defiance

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

dissolving into terror. She gropes on the desk and picks up a record. A red record.

Across the room, BIG CHINGA brings one hand down sharply.

FROELICH

No...

But she can't help herself. She mimics BIG CHINGA'S gesture, and the record SHATTERS on the desk. She gropes amid the pieces and gets hold of two sharp ones.

58 INT. THE TURNER LIVING ROOM, WITH POLLY

58

MELISSA comes rushing in, terrified. Sees CHINGA'S eyes are open; also sees her daughter MOANING AND TWISTING in her sleep. MELISSA bends over her and starts SHAKING her.

MELISSA

Wake up, Polly, wake up! You've got to wake up!

POLLY won't. Frantic, MELISSA shuts the doll's eyes, but the moment her fingers leave CHINGA'S face, they roll open again.

MELISSA

(resumes shaking)

Wake up! You have to wake up and make Chinga go to sleep!

59 INT. THE WEE ONES DAYCARE

59

BIG CHINGA

The plastic woman raises her fists toward her eyes in a STABBING GESTURE.

JANE FROELICH

She is holding a SHARD OF RED PLASTIC in each fist. She doesn't want to do this, but she can't help it...she DRIVES HER HANDS UPWARD toward her eyes.

THE RECORD PLAYER

FROELICH SCREAMS and staggers. Her hip bumps the record player. The tone-arm flies halfway onto the disc, which begins to wind up from a draggy groan to the proper speed: You put your whole self in, you put your whole self out, you put your whole self in and then you shake it all about...

BLOOD begins to patter down on the record.

60 INT. THE AMMAS BEACH DINER LATE AFTERNOON

60

CU JUKEBOX:

The mechanical arm plucks a record from the rack, drops it on the turntable, and a GOLDEN OLDIE starts to play.

THE CAMERA DRAWS BACK and we see JACK BONSAINT turn from the juke and return to a booth with a window which looks out on the beach. SCULLY is sitting there, picking helplessly at a lobster.

BONSAINT

Let me do that.

He cuts up the center of the tail, twists the tail off, and pops out the meat.

SCULLY

You must have been a great date at the drive-in, back in high school.

BONSAINT

(noncommittal smile)

I know it's early to eat, but--

SCULLY

I was starved.

BONSAINT

We both were.

He begins cracking his own lobster. SCULLY'S PHONE BEEPS. She takes it out of her purse and hits the TALK button.

SCULLY

Hello?

MULDER

(faint--static and feedback)

Scully?...you...right?

SCULLY

Mulder, is that you?

She shakes the phone in frustration. A piece of plastic falls off and the phone GOES ENTIRELY DEAD.

SCULLY

Mulder? Mulder!

She looks at:

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

CELL PHONE INSERT

In the window where messages usually appear, it says ERROR.

RESUME SCULLY AND BONSAINT

SCULLY

(drops the phone back in her
purse)

Damn!

61 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE EVENING

61

He's tightened his tie, combed his hair, and put on his topcoat. He's got the phone to his ear. On the chair is his briefcase. On top of it is the yellow legal pad, covered with notes for his speech. He racks the phone receiver, then picks it up again and hits redial. After a moment:

PHONE VOICE

We are sorry, but the number you have
dialed is temporarily out of service.

MULDER drops the phone into its cradle, looks at his watch, then picks up the briefcase and yellow pad.

62 INT. FBI BULLPEN AREA EVENING

62

As MULDER CROSSES among the SOUND OF RINGING PHONES and the CLACK OF COMPUTER KEYBOARDS, an AGENT comes angling to meet him. He's got a manila envelope in one hand.

AGENT

Agent Mulder? The SAC from Portland,
Maine faxed this for you. He thinks it
was originally taken off a security
camera, but the source is a wire service.

MULDER takes the envelope and opens it.

INSERT OF FAXED NOTE

"If this is your partner, she's going to be in papers coast to coast tomorrow." The note is signed SAC VIRGIL LIGHT.

MULDER'S hands shuffle the note aside to reveal an 8"X10" glossy we will recognize at once: the flour-covered OLDER GENT is staring with wide eyes at SCULLY, who is slamming the heel of her hand into her forehead.

RESUME MULDER

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

He looks off into space, wondering what he should do next...if anything.

AGENT

Any reply?

MULDER

No. I guess not. I'm late. Excuse me.

He hurries off, bound for George Washington University.

63 EXT. THE FROELICH HOUSE SUNSET

63

A police cruiser pulls up by the picket fence. RIGGS gets out. He goes up the walk, pausing to look at the rusty playground equipment.

64 EXT. ON THE PORCH, WITH RIGGS

64

RIGGS

(after knocking)

Ms. Froelich? It's Buddy Riggs. Think I could come in and talk for a minute?

His tone is syrupy and ingratiating, but of course there is no response. He tries to look in the windows. No good. He tries the door but it's locked. He knocks harder.

RIGGS

It's about the Turners! Did they start all that at the supermarket? They did, didn't they? Miss Froelich...?

Nothing. RIGGS goes down the porch steps, and starts around the house.

65 EXT. SIDE OF THE HOUSE, WITH RIGGS

65

There's a cellar bulkhead here, and when RIGGS tries it, he finds it unlocked. He opens it and starts down the steps.

66 INT. THE AMMAS BEACH DINER, WITH SCULLY AND BONSAINT

66

They have eaten well. Lobster shells are scattered everywhere...plus french fries...cole slaw side-dishes...

BONSAINT

Dessert? The apple pie is great.

SCULLY

I'll never move again, let alone make it to the Turners' house.

(CONTINUED)

BONSAINT

What's the deal with them, Scully? I mean it's interesting that Lissy and her little girl were the only non-combatants, but so what?

SCULLY looks at him thoughtfully. Then, with some awkwardness and embarrassment:

SCULLY

It may have been the Dancing Sickness at the market today, but if it was, an organic hallucinogenic is only one possible cause. Another one has been advanced by...certain people.

BONSAINT

What are you talking about?

SCULLY

There's a school of thought that believes the Dancing Sickness that swept Europe between 1370 and 1372 was telepathically induced.

SCULLY is very uncomfortable with what she's saying--this is MULDER'S role--and BONSAINT'S "Are you joking?" look should belong to her. But she's seen a lot of odd things while working the X-files, and she pushes stubbornly on.

SCULLY

Past a certain point it could have been a self-generating phenomenon--like an echo, or a record stuck in a single groove.

67 INT. THE WEE ONES DAYCARE CENTER

67

REVOLVING KIDS' RECORD

It's the one FROELICH put on before committing suicide. The needle has got caught in a SPLASH OF BLOOD.

RECORD

"Moo-moo here...moo-moo here...moo-moo here...moo-moo h..."

A HAND--RIGGS'S--comes into the frame and removes the record from the groove.

RIGGS (VOICE)

My God.

RIGGS

He's horrified and swallows two or three times, trying to keep from blowing lunch. At last he gets control and yanks his WALKIE-TALKIE from his belt. Before he can use it, he sees something. He skirts around the desk. In the b.g. we see FROELICH'S sprawled legs and the remaining chunks of red record.

RIGGS stops by the cloakroom partition and hunkers. The floor is dirty, and in the dust is the TRACK OF A WOMAN'S SHOE, identical to the one he saw in the meat-locker. He looks from the track to the WALKIE-TALKIE, and a look of rudimentary craftiness comes over his face. He re-holsters the WALKIE without using it and stands up.

68 INT. POLICE CAR, FROELICH HOUSE IN B.G.

68

RIGGS hurries to it, gets in, starts the engine, and grabs the mike.

RIGGS

Base, this is Unit Four.

VICKY (VOICE)

Go ahead, Four. By.

RIGGS

No response to my knocking and hailing.
Doors are locked. I imagine Janey's taken something for her pain and gone to sleep.
I'm rolling. Unit Four clear.

He racks the mike before she can reply, then works the little clutch bag out of his uniform pants pocket. He looks at it, smiles grimly, and gets rolling.

69 INT. AMMAS BEACH DINER, WITH SCULLY AND BONSAINT

69

BONSAINT

You don't really believe any of this, do you, Scully? Carrie goes to the supermarket instead of the prom?

SCULLY

(defensive)

There are documented cases of psychokinesis on record, Jack. And I've seen things myself that defy...that seem to defy...any other explanation.

BONSAINT

Next you'll be telling me an alien spacecraft crashed in Roswell and we've got the bodies stored at Epcot Center.

SCULLY

West Virginia...

BONSAINT

What?

SCULLY

I said if it were up to me, I think I'd store them in West Virginia.

BONSAINT laughs. SCULLY'S more determined than ever.

SCULLY

If you allow the possibility, Jack, you can see the logic. The first victim is someone the Turner girl had reason to dislike. And the only ones who aren't affected in the uproar which follows are her and her mother.

A WAITRESS brings BONSAINT the check. SCULLY immediately dives into her purse.

BONSAINT

What do you think you're doing?

SCULLY

Paying my share.

BONSAINT

If we go dutch, I go back to Agent Scully.

(she looks at him doubtfully)

It's been a long time between dates, Scully. Indulge me.

SCULLY

All right.

BONSAINT

Now that that's settled, are you sure you don't want some apple pie?

SCULLY groans and BONSAINT laughs.

SCULLY

Let's go talk to the Turners.

70 EXT. THE TURNER HOUSE DUSK

70

Lights glow. The PORCH WIND-CHIME CLATTERS SOFTLY. A police car pulls up out front. RIGGS gets out. He's going to break the case single-handed and get his picture in the paper.

71 INT. ANGLE ON POLLY'S BEDROOM

71

It's a sweet, frilly little girl's room. POLLY is back to THE CAMERA, and to MELISSA, who is looking through the door with worried love. POLLY is moving little figures in and out of a doll house, HUMMING TUNELESSLY. Her face has resumed its former blankness. CHINGA is beside her. Although CHINGA is sitting up, her eyes are closed.

MELISSA comes into the room, squats beside POLLY, and strokes her hair. POLLY takes no notice of her. Goes on HUMMING.

MELISSA

Honey, what are we going to do about Chinga?

(no answer from POLLY)

What are we going to do when she's bad?

POLLY

(playing with her dolls)

Chinga bad. Polly good.

MELISSA

But honey...sometimes Polly makes Chinga be bad. Doesn't she?

POLLY

Chinga bad. Polly good. Chinga sleepin.

SOUND: DOORBELL

MELISSA gets up reluctantly.

MELISSA

I'll be back, honey--we have to talk about this. For now, just be a good girl and play quietly.

POLLY

Polly good. Play quiet. Not gonna wake up Chinga.

MELISSA gives her a final worried glance and goes out.

72 INT. MELISSA ON THE STAIRS 72
SOUND: DOORBELL AGAIN.

MELISSA
Coming, I'm coming!

She reaches the foot of the stairs, goes to the door, and pulls back a side-curtain to look out at:

73 EXT. RIGGS, ON THE PORCH, MELISSA'S POV 73
There's blood all over his face. It has come from the DARK RED BULLET-HOLE in the center of his forehead.

74 INT. RESUME MELISSA, AT THE DOOR 74
She pulls back with a gasp. RIGGS hammers on the door.

RIGGS
Mrs. Turner? Melissa? It's Buddy Riggs,
from the Sheriff's! We need to talk!

MELISSA knows what she's seen is an illusion, but still has to steel herself to first compose her face and then open the door. RIGGS is standing there, unwounded and smiling. Not a nice smile. In one hand he's got MELISSA'S little seude bag.

75 INT. POLLY'S BEDROOM 75
POLLY is back to us, HUMMING TUNELESSLY. She doesn't see CHINGA open her eyes.

76 INT. RESUME MELISSA AND RIGGS 76
MELISSA
This isn't a very good time for me,
Officer Riggs--

Even while she speaks, he's forcing his way into the room, smiling and aggressive.

RIGGS
You go on and call me Buddy, why don't
you? After all, we went to high school
together. Not that you ever looked at me
long enough to notice, I guess.
(shows her the bag)
Is this yours?

She reaches for it.

RIGGS

(holds it away from her)
 Sure. It's got your ID in it. You left it
 at the supermarket. In an awful hurry to
 get out, weren't you? Why was that?

He keeps walking in, and she keeps giving way before him. She
 looks over his shoulder, through the kitchen arch, and sees a
 SHADOW RISING ON THE WALL--the shadow of BIG CHINGA.

MELISSA

Officer Riggs...Buddy...You ought to go
 now. My daughter is asleep, and--

RIGGS

Who's that humming upstairs, then? Some
 friend of yours? Maybe the friend Dave
 Riley saw in the meat-locker at the
 market? Big blonde woman? Can't be Jane
 Froelich up there, because Jane's dead.

A BIG PLASTIC HAND slides out of the kitchen darkness and
 grips the doorjamb. MELISSA sees. BUDDY RIGGS doesn't.

77 INT. POLLY'S BEDROOM

77

POLLY continues HUMMING, but her head has fallen sideways on
 her neck. She's in a TRANCE. Beside her, LITTLE CHINGA'S eyes
 GLARE. She's getting that bushy-haired cyclotron look again.

78 INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WITH MELISSA AND RIGGS

78

MELISSA

GO! You have to go now! Quick!

RIGGS

Not before I talk to your--

SOUND: A FOOTSTEP.

RIGGS'S face fills with SHOCKED HORROR when he sees the life-
 sized doll in the kitchen doorway. He yanks his gun and
 points it at the apparition.

RIGGS

Freeze!

(to MELISSA)

What in God's name is it?

MELISSA

(knows it's too late)

I think...it's the ghost of my daughter.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

BIG CHINGA turns her plastic hand toward her own head, pointing like a kid making a pretend gun. RIGGS, fighting it all the way, points his service pistol at his forehead.

RIGGS

Make it stop!

MELISSA runs to the foot of the stairs and calls up.

MELISSA

Stop it, Polly! Stop it! Shut her eyes!

79 INT. POLLY'S BEDROOM

79

POLLY'S in a HUMMING DAZE. The doll has taken all of her life-force. It seems to VIBRATE with energy.

MELISSA (VOICE)

MAKE HER SHUT HER EYES AND GO TO SLEEP!

But nothing changes.

80 EXT. THE TURNER HOUSE LATE DUSK

80

The Police Chief's car pulls up behind RIGGS'S cruiser. BONSAINT and SCULLY climb out. BONSAINT looks at the car, frowning. He touches the hood.

BONSAINT

What's Riggs doing here?

MELISSA

(screams from inside)

NO!!

There's a PISTOL SHOT. SCULLY and BONSAINT exchange a shocked look, then rush for the house.

81 INT. THE TURNER LIVING ROOM; WITH MELISSA

81

There's a HAZE OF GUNSMOKE. RIGGS CRUMPLES, bleeding from a gunshot wound in the center of his forehead. MELISSA turns and pelts up the stairs. At the top, a PALLID DANA SCULLY steps out of the shadows to greet her. DANA'S face is stippled with bloody backsplash droplets. Her eyes are BLANK AND DEAD. She raises an arm and scratches a mute cry for help in the air, just as JANE FROELICH did, but there's no hand at the end of her wrist--only a BLOODY MANGLED STUMP.

FADE OUT:

THIS ENDS ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

82 EXT. THE TURNER HOUSE NIGHT

82

BONSAINT and SCULLY make the porch. BONSAINT has his gun out. None for SCULLY; she's on vacation and has nothing but a busted cell-phone. BONSAINT doesn't bother knocking. He just opens the door and charges in.

BONSAINT
Police! Police!

83 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF THE TURNER HOUSE

83

BONSAINT
Put down your weapons and raise your--

SCULLY
Jack.

She indicates RIGGS. The two of them look around for trouble and see none. The room is empty. MELISSA is no longer on the stairs. SCULLY attempts to find a pulse on RIGGS, but when she turns his head slightly, she sees it's a lost cause: he took one straight to the brain. But what is this, under his leg?

While BONSAINT stands beside her, gun upraised, she rocks his body just a little, and pulls out the seude clutch-bag.

BONSAINT
Is it suicide? It looks like suicide.

SCULLY
(looks in the bag)
He's still holding his pistol in one hand. And he appears to have died with Melissa Turner's purse in his possession.

She takes out the check-cashing card, gets up, and shows it to BONSAINT. While he looks at it and then in the purse, SCULLY walks to the center of the room.

SCULLY
Mrs. Turner, are you here?
(pause; no answer)
I think you are. My name is Dana Scully. I'm with the FBI, Mrs. Turner. Chief Bonsaint is here with me. We have no desire to hurt you. I want you and your daughter to come out where we can see you. We need to talk.

(CONTINUED)

There's no reply. BONSAINT sets the purse down and joins SCULLY.

BONSAINT

(calls)

Lissy? Come on out here, all right? If Buddy Riggs came here to harass you--

MELISSA

Stand back. Both of you.

They look up at:

84 THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS

84

MELISSA is standing there and holding POLLY'S hand. MELISSA looks frightened and determined. POLLY looks distant--back on Mars. CHINGA is curled in one arm, her eyes half-open, her hair bushed out and fluffy.

MELISSA

Unload your gun, Jack, and throw the shells away.

FOOT OF THE STAIRS, WITH SCULLY AND BONSAINT

BONSAINT

I can't do that, Lissy.

TOP OF THE STAIRS

MELISSA

A loaded gun isn't safe for you right now. Believe me, Jack.

BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

SCULLY

Do it.

BONSAINT

But--

SCULLY

Do it right now! Or do you really think your deputy was the suicidal type?

BONSAINT rolls the cylinder of his gun, drops the shells into his palm, then SCATTERS THEM across the room. He drops the gun itself between his feet. Why should he need it anyway, against an unarmed woman and a little girl?

(CONTINUED)

SCULLY

Mrs. Turner, is she channelling through the doll?

PARTWAY DOWN THE STAIRS

MELISSA has been descending, holding POLLY'S hand. Now she stops, looking at SCULLY with frank amazement.

MELISSA

How do you know that? How can you know that?

BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

SCULLY doesn't want to talk about how she knows. In fact, she wishes she didn't know. She wishes MULDER were here to know for her.

SCULLY

Make her give it up, Mrs. Turner. Make her put it down.

MELISSA joins them. POLLY looks up at SCULLY, fascinated.

MELISSA

She won't. Miss, you have to get out of here. Sometimes I see things when it has to do with Polly. I see things ahead. I saw Jane Froelich...and him.

(looks at RIGGS, then back to SCULLY)

Just before you came in, I saw you. You have to go before Big Chinga hurts you.

BONSAINT

Big Chinga? Who's Big Chinga?

MELISSA

My daughter was all right until that bitch hit her. Since then, people who make trouble for Polly--or for me--get hurt.

(she LAUGHS BITTERLY)

Who says autistic children can't learn? Who says that?

SCULLY

Except Polly's not the one who does it. Is she?

(bends toward POLLY)

Polly, is this Little Chinga? It is, isn't it? Could I hold her?'

(CONTINUED)

But when SCULLY makes as if to touch CHINGA, POLLY pulls her away. A table lamp falls over, something CRASHES in the kitchen, and MELISSA'S little bag tears itself out of BONSAINT'S hand, flies across the room, and hits the wall. BONSAINT looks, stunned, from the bag to POLLY...and then to the doll. He understands at least one thing: the doll is the key to what's happening.

SCULLY pulls back and holds her hands up for POLLY to see.

SCULLY

I won't touch her without your permission, Polly.

POLLY

Your sister got dead.

SCULLY

That's right. How do you know that?

POLLY

A bad man shot her and she went dead.

SCULLY

How do you know about my sister, Polly?

BONSAINT is working his way toward them on POLLY'S blind side. He's looking at the doll.

POLLY

They see you.

SCULLY

Who sees me?

POLLY

Them. You went in a white place and they put a thing in you. It was a special thing. Now they see you. Even dead people see you. They see all your thinks. And when they want you, they'll come for you.

POLLY touches the side of her neck to show where SCULLY'S incision was, and the doll drops a little bit. BONSAINT LUNGES FOR IT.

He's fast, but not quite fast enough. He gets a hand on CHINGA'S dress, and then POLLY jerks the doll away from him and turns on him. She's only SCARED and BEWILDERED, but CHINGA'S eyes BLAZE WITH FURY. Her hair is bushed out in a big electrical puff.

BONSAINT starts SLAPPING HIMSELF, then PUNCHING HIMSELF. He staggers backward across the room and into the wall, throwing roundhouse rights and lefts at his own face. Knocks over a lamp, knocks over a table. Goes BOUNCING AND ROLLING along the wall, and each time his face turns toward that wall, he SLAMS HIS HEAD into it.

Behind him, SCULLY starts slapping herself, as well.

SCULLY

Make her stop, Polly! Only you can do it!
Only you can make her stop!

SCULLY slaps herself again, ringingly. Then she does a sweeping about face and heads into the kitchen, moving in SNAPPING, STUMBLING JERKS, as if being pushed by an invisible guard behind her.

MELISSA

No, Polly, no! Make her stop it! Make her close her eyes and go back to sleep!

POLLY only stands there, face far off, on Mars. MELISSA reaches for the doll. Her hands fly up and clap against the sides of her head. She staggers backward.

BONSAINT hits himself square on the chin and collapses to the floor, dazed.

MELISSA

Please, Polly, please make her stop.
Don't let her hurt the lady.

There is no sign that POLLY even hears her.

85 INT. THE KITCHEN, WITH SCULLY

85

There are no lights and it's dim in here, but we can see SCULLY driven across the tile floor to the sink, and we can see BIG CHINGA, standing in a shadowy corner, looking at her. SCULLY sees, too.

SCULLY

You're not real. You're a hallucination.

BIG CHINGA sticks out her plastic arm.

At the sink, SCULLY sticks out her own arm. On the wall is an electric switch. She reaches for it, fighting as DAVE THE BUTCHER fought. She tries to pull back. Behind her, in the shadows, BIG CHINGA'S arm goes back a little, then forward. When BIG CHINGA extends "her" arm again, SCULLY reaches for the switch again. We must see how strong the psychic link

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

between them is. In spite of everything she can do, SCULLY'S fingers touch the switch.

86 INT. THE LIVING ROOM

86

MELISSA stands with her hands behind her head, like a felon waiting for the handcuffs. Her eyes are huge with fright and streaming with tears.

MELISSA

Please, Polly...please stop.

POLLY walks past her and through the kitchen arch. Her face is still blank.

87 INT. RESUME KITCHEN

87

SCULLY flicks the switch, and the GARBAGE DISPOSALL STARTS TO GRIND.

BIG CHINGA

The plastic doll lowers her hand and mimes thrusting it forward and downward.

POLLY, IN THE DOORWAY

She stares emptily across the room at SCULLY, but there's nothing empty in the doll's face. It glares, BLUE EYES SPITTING. Scary to think this is a manifestation of what's going on in POLLY'S subconscious.

SCULLY

In spite of everything she can do, her hand is moving toward the rubber diaphragm in the center of the sink. Beneath it, the DISPOSALL MOTOR HOWLS and the BLADES GNASH. SCULLY lowers her hand until her fingers are actually touching the rubber cuff.

MULDER (VOICE)

Scully.

She looks around, eyes wide.

POLLY AND MULDER

MULDER is standing behind POLLY, wearing his topcoat and holding his briefcase. He is looking toward SCULLY PLEASANTLY BUT STERNLY.

(CONTINUED)

MULDER
You have to block her, Scully.

SCULLY

Her fingertips are disappearing into the rubber diaphragm now. Another inch or two, and the whirling blades with start eating her alive.

SCULLY
I can't!

RESUME POLLY AND MULDER

MULDER
You can. Do it, Scully, you know how.

SCULLY

SCULLY
(closes her eyes)
He thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers; how many peppers were in the peck that Peter Piper picked? Betty Bitter bought some butter, but, says Betty, this butter's bitter. He thrusts his fists against the posts...

During this, she's gradually able to pull her hand back.

POLLY, IN THE ARCHWAY

MELISSA comes up behind her. MULDER isn't there; MULDER never was, of course. MELISSA has taken RIGGS'S gun, and holds it with the muzzle under her chin.

MELISSA
Polly. Look at me, Polly.

Slowly, POLLY turns.

SCULLY, BY THE SINK

With POLLY'S attention diverted to her mother, life is easier. Still, SCULLY continues to whisper tongue-twisters as she snaps off the disposall and then crosses toward the mother and daughter. As she goes, she looks into the shadowy corner where BIG CHINGA was. BIG CHINGA is gone.

(CONTINUED)

MELISSA
Choose, Polly. Me or her.

Behind MELISSA, BONSAINT walks slowly and dazedly toward the arch. He sees MELISSA with the gun, and seems about to reach for her. SCULLY shakes her head at him--perhaps this is the only way.

POLLY, meanwhile, reacts with confusion, then fear, then defiance. She hugs CHINGA to her.

MELISSA
All right, then, me. Because I won't live like this. I can't live like this.

She cocks the gun. POLLY'S defiance dissolves.

POLLY
No! Mama, no!

MELISSA
Then do it! You know how...and only you can!

POLLY wavers a moment more, then runs across the kitchen, opens the microwave oven, and flings LITTLE CHINGA in. She closes the door, pushes HIGH COOK, and then turns to her mother, weeping.

MELISSA

She tosses aside the gun, kneels, and holds out her arms to her daughter. POLLY runs to her, crying, and they embrace.

Still dazed, SCULLY walks to the microwave. BONSAINT joins her.

MICROWAVE, SCULLY AND BONSAINT'S POV

CHINGA bursts into flames. And as she begins to burn, her eyes ROLL CLOSED.

DISSOLVES TO:

88 EXT. THE TURNER HOUSE NIGHT

88

It's swarming with police vehicles, plus an ambulance. MELISSA comes out with her arm around POLLY'S shoulders. BONSAINT and SCULLY follow. BONSAINT has got his arm around SCULLY. Further down the driveway, a blanket-covered form--RIGGS--is being loaded into the back of the ambulance.

(CONTINUED)

MELISSA and POLLY are met by another couple of cops, who escort them to a police car. MOTHER and DAUGHTER get in back.

SCULLY and BONSAINT go down the porch steps and skirt various TECHS as they head for the Chief's car.

CHIEF'S CAR

They reach it. BONSAINT'S arm is still around SCULLY, and she's not objecting at all.

BONSAINT

They give their statements...Lissy does, anyway, I guess the little girl can't... and what does it come down to?

SCULLY

Deputy Riggs came to their house while of unsound mind and committed suicide there. Perhaps he was set off by what happened at the supermarket earlier in the day. And is that so far from the truth?

BONSAINT

And later? With the doll gone, will Polly--

SCULLY

Be quiet? Be good? Or find a new Chinga? I don't know. She may be all right. She'll probably be all right. But... you'll have to watch her, Jack.

She slips from the circle of his arm and goes around to the passenger side of the car.

BONSAINT

What was all that about your sister, Scully?

SCULLY turns back and looks at him.

SCULLY

Polly Turner is telepathic and psychokinetic. Her mother is a limited precognate.

BONSAINT

You really believe that?

SCULLY

(takes a beat to think)
Yes. I really believe that. At least tonight I do.

(opens the car door)

Come on, Jack. I want to make my statement and write a report for my own files. Then I want to go back to the hotel and pack. I think my vacation's over.

BONSAINT wishes SCULLY'S vacation was just beginning, because there could be something pretty good here, maybe. Still, he gets in behind the wheel and starts the engine.

TURNER HOUSE, WIDER

The Police Chief's car backs down the driveway and turns toward town.

89 EXT. AMMAS BEACH MAIN STREET NIGHT

89

BONSAINT'S car goes past THE CAMERA. Ahead, we can see the POLICE STATION sign jutting out over the sidewalk in cool blue neon.

90 INT. THE CHIEF'S CAR, WITH SCULLY AND BONSAINT

90

BONSAINT

You work out of Washington.

SCULLY

That's right.

BONSAINT

If I got down that way, do you think I could give you a call?

SCULLY

(smiles)

Absolutely. I'll give you my number.

She sees something.

BONSAINT

Maybe we could--

He sees she's stopped paying attention to him, and he looks where she's looking.

91 EXT. THE POLICE STATION NIGHT

91

A man in a topcoat is sitting on the bench outside. There's a briefcase between his knees. As the Chief's car glides into the spot in front of the station, MULDER stands up.

SCULLY is out of the car almost before it stops, and hurrying over to him, her face amazed and intense. Behind them, BONSAINT gets out and stands watching. Maybe he won't find any business to do in Washington, after all. Maybe there wouldn't be much point.

MULDER AND SCULLY

SCULLY

What are you doing here, Mulder? How did you get here?

MULDER

Hitched a ride from Andrews to Portsmouth Naval Air Station in an F-111. Those Navy kids drive fast. You okay, Scully?

SCULLY

Fine. Why did you come?

MULDER

(shrugs; smiles)

I thought you needed help. Call it woman's intuition.

SCULLY

What about your speech? Weren't you supposed to give a speech at George Washington University tonight?

They start up the steps to the police station.

MULDER

The world's not short of speeches, Scully. It'll get along without mine.

They reach the top of the steps and face each other. This is a classic lovers' shot, profiles like you'd see on a Valentine's heart, lit by one radiant overhead globe.

SCULLY

This is the second time I've seen you tonight, Mulder.

MULDER

Really? Want to tell me about it?

(CONTINUED)

SCULLY
It might hurt my credibility.

MULDER
(identical delivery)
Really? Want to tell me about it?

CAMERA MOVES IN ON SCULLY as she thinks.

SCULLY
I might. I believe I just might.

BLACK

SCULLY
(in the black, and with a
touch of REVERB, perhaps)
I believe--

THE END