

T H E **X** F I L E S <sup>TM</sup>



"FIRE"  
Episode #1X11



THE X-FILES

"Fire"

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Episode #1X11  
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FIRE

1 EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE - PRESENT DAY

(X) 1

A LEGEND: Bosham, England. 70 miles Southwest of London..

A split rail tudor that reeks of gentility. If this weren't present day we might imagine a horse drawn Victorian carriage wheeling up. Instead, A CLASSIC BENTLEY is pulling up the drive.

NEW ANGLE ON HOUSE

as a GRAY-HAIRED MAN with a regal air (60s) exits the front door. His YOUNG, PRETTY WIFE follows him out to the edge of the steps where he kisses her goodbye, with the dotting affection an elderly man has for a woman thirty years his younger. Carrying an umbrella, he looks up to check the weather before walking down the steps toward his waiting car.

NEW ANGLE ON HOUSE

As the Gray-haired Man moves down the walk, feeling on top of the world. His DRIVER exits the Bentley, moving around to the rear passenger door as the Gray-haired Man approaches, passing en route THREE GARDENERS who are busy planting colorful bed flowers from small flatbed dollies.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN  
(with English accent)  
Hello. Good morning. Hello.

A DARK-EYED YOUNG GARDENER is the last person he passes as he exits frame.

YOUNG GARDENER  
Top of the morning to you, sir.

This young man watching with a furtive interest. CAMERA PUSHING IN until only his dark, haunting eyes fill frame.

NEW ANGLE ON WAITING CAR

as the Gray-haired Man comes around to enter. His Driver holding the door for him.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN  
Thank you, Roger.

Before entering the car, however, the aristocrat stops, waves to his wife who still stands waiting on the steps.

GRAY-HAIRED MAN  
Goodbye, darling.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

When, suddenly, the Gray-haired Man's waving arm BURSTS INTO FLAMES. Startled, he tries to shake the fire off. But they only grow, crawling down his arm to his body. He staggers away from the car now, YELLING IN PAIN. Stumbling backwards onto the lawn.

Before anyone can come to his rescue, his entire body is up in flames. He waves his arms wildly. The gardeners and the Driver encircle him but are powerless to put him out. Even when he falls to the ground.

ANGLE ON YOUNG WIFE

as she runs toward her flaming husband. The FLAMES leaping up into frame in the f.g. Running past the DARK-EYED YOUNG GARDENER, the only person who has not reacted or jumped to the rescue. Quite the contrary.

As the CAMERA PUSHES IN THROUGH the leaping flames we see the Dark-Eyed Gardener is SMILING. An evil, devilish grin. As we:

GO TO MAIN TITLES

2 OMITTED

2

ACT ONE

3 EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY - (STOCK) 3

To establish, with legend.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY (X) 4

Mulder and Scully each have armloads of files and books as they make their way through the rows of cars.

SCULLY

I forgot what it was like to spend a day in court.

MULDER

Yeah. That's one of the luxuries in hunting down aliens and genetic mutants. Rarely do you get to press charges.

Scully has to laugh.

ANGLE ON SEDAN

as Mulder puts his stack of material atop the car, fishes for his keys and Scully moves around to the passenger door.

SCULLY

It's open, Mulder.

MULDER

What?

SCULLY

It's unlocked.

As she swings the door open to illustrate.

MULDER

That's weird. I'm sure I locked it.

SCULLY

(ironically)  
Maybe it's an X file.

As she gives him a look before ducking inside. He shakes his head, sure he locked the car. Before taking his stuff off the car roof, ducking inside, too.

5 INT. FBI SEDAN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

5

As Mulder slides in Scully is pointing to something on the dash near the steering wheel.

SCULLY  
What's that?

Mulder sees:

AN AUDIO CASSETTE

propped on its side between the dash and the windshield. It is the clear plastic type. Nothing is written on the label. Mulder's hand reaches in, pulls it away.

RESUME MULDER, SCULLY

as Mulder holds it up gingerly with two fingers, rattling it gently. He and Scully trade looks, both Agents instinctively scanning the parking lot outside. Before:

MULDER  
(his turn at ironic)  
I told you I locked the door.

SCULLY  
What do you think it is?

MULDER  
(shrugs)  
Ten to one you can't dance to it.

Mulder turns the key to accessory setting, pops the tape in. After a moment a WOMAN'S VOICE sounds. She is BRITISH.

WOMAN'S VOICE (TAPE)  
Greetings, Agent Mulder. Six months ago British Minister of Parliament Reggie Ellicott received an audio cassette much like the one you are listening to now. Unfortunately for Minister Ellicott, when he popped the tape into the car stereo he armed a device which, when he tried to exit the car, created an explosion which was heard five miles away. The Scotland Yard forensic team could only identify the poor bastard by his dental records. Pity his bereaved family, paying their respects to a jar of dirty old teeth.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

If only he hadn't reached for the door handle and triggered the detonator.

Mulder and Scully, both rigid as two-by-fours, shoot nervous looks down to their respective door handles.

WOMAN'S VOICE (TAPE, CONT'D)

But then, how was he to know he was sitting on enough plastique explosive to lift the car forty feet in the air and deposit the engine block on top of a three story building?

As, SUDDENLY, a WOMAN'S TORSO appears outside of the car. The body of someone who YANKS the car door open. Causing Mulder and Scully to UTTER SIMULTANEOUS, GUTTURAL SCREAMS.

The woman bends her head down into the car, smiling as:

WOMAN

Aren't we looking rather ghostly?

Mulder shakes his head with dim recognition, the woman, a very attractive brunette with intelligent, mischievous eyes. Her name is PHOEBE GREENE. Mulder, still catching his breath, turns to Scully who is still holding hers.

MULDER

An old friend.

6 EXT. - COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

(X)

6

As Mulder exits, Phoebe impudently holding the door for him.

PHOEBE

Aren't you going to thank me?

MULDER

For?

PHOEBE

(what else?)

Saving your life. One tends to not make the same mistake twice.

MULDER

(coolly)

I'll try to remember that.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

PHOEBE

Don't tell me you left your sense  
of humor at Oxford ten years ago.

MULDER

It's one of the few things you  
didn't put a stake through.

Mulder finally smiles. Phoebe gives him a kiss on the lips  
that she seems to savor more than he. He breaks.

PHOEBE

Some mistakes are quite worth  
making twice.

She smiles slyly. He doesn't give her the benefit of returning  
the gesture. Mulder looks over to Scully, who has exited and  
has just been witness to the kiss. She is still in something  
of a minor state of shock.

MULDER

Dana Scully, Phoebe Greene. The  
terror of Scotland Yard.

PHOEBE

(curtly)  
Oh, hello.

Phoebe disregards Scully beyond this, turning back to Mulder.

ANGLE ON SCULLY

SCULLY

(sotto, mocking)  
Oh, hello.

RESUME MULDER, PHOEBE

There is a certain nervous discomfort for Mulder in Phoebe's  
presence.

MULDER

What brings you across the pond?

PHOEBE

Murder, mayhem, intrigue. The  
lively arts.

MULDER

Domestic or imported?

(CONTINUED)



6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

PHOEBE  
Particularly British, this one.

SMASH CUT TO:

6A INT. AGENT MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

6A

CLOSE ON FORENSIC b&W PHOTOGRAPH OF A BLACKENED CORPSE.  
Glimpsed for only a moment before the hand holding it pulls it  
out of frame, revealing Phoebe Greene.

PHOEBE  
Some clever bloke has been giving  
the aristocracy a good scare.  
Killed off a ranking member of  
Parliament or three for good  
measure. Set Windsor Castle  
ablaze in 1992.

(X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE Mulder holding the photograph. Scully leans  
against Mulder's desk. But as far as Phoebe's concerned she's  
not even in the room.

MULDER  
Your car bomber?

PHOEBE  
No. This one likes to burn his  
victims alive. Can't figure how  
he does it, either. Not a crumb  
of evidence left at the crime  
scene. The last one died in his  
front garden, his poor young wife  
watching helplessly as he went up  
in smoke.

Phoebe gives a quick little smile. Mulder squirms a bit, for  
some reason that is not yet apparent.

MULDER  
The Irish Republican Army?

PHOEBE  
(shrugs, maybe)  
Our suspect likes to send love  
letters to the victims' wives.  
Sent one to Malcolm Marsden's  
wife last month. Three days  
later Sir Marsden narrowly  
escaped a fire in his garage.  
Burned to the ground.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6A CONTINUED:

6A

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

So they've rented a place out on Cape Cod, bringing the family to the States for an extended holiday. Or until we catch the dirty bugger.

MULDER

You must think he's determined.

PHOEBE

Judging by his success.

Mulder eyes Phoebe suspiciously.

MULDER

So what brings you on this detour to Washington D.C., Inspector?

PHOEBE

I figured my friend Mulder couldn't resist a three pipe problem.

Phoebe smiles impudently. Mulder eyes the photograph again. Looking up to regard Phoebe as one might regard a clever foe.

MULDER

I'll see if I can't get our arson specialist to have a look.

PHOEBE

Splendid.

Phoebe smiles slyly. She's hooked him, which is exactly what she came to do.

MULDER

Just give me a minute.

PHOEBE

Right.

Phoebe starts to exit, then stops. Almost forgetting:

PHOEBE

(crisply to Scully)  
Oh. Goodbye.

Scully manufactures a tight little smile, a stiff wave of her hand. Phoebe exits and Scully eyes Mulder with a who-is-that-and-where-does-she-get-off look.

(CONTINUED)

6A CONTINUED: (2)

6A

SCULLY  
A three pipe problem?

MULDER  
It's from Sherlock Holmes. A  
private joke.

SCULLY  
How private?

Mulder takes a beat -- to confess or not to confess.

MULDER  
We knew each other at school in  
England. She was brilliant. I  
got in over my head and paid the  
price.

SCULLY  
(smiles)  
You just keep unfolding like a  
flower, Mulder.

MULDER  
It was over ten years ago.

SCULLY  
Yeah. I noticed how you couldn't  
drop everything fast enough to  
help her out.

MULDER  
I'm extending her a professional  
courtesy.

SCULLY  
Is that what you're extending?

MULDER  
(frowns)  
I'll run her by our arson guys,  
then she's on her own.

SCULLY  
I don't think you'll be getting  
rid of her that easily.

Off their exchanged looks, we:

CUT TO:

7 EXT. CAPE COD HOME - DAY

7

With legend to indicate. A lovely clapboard house with a big lawn extending all the way to the blue Atlantic.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CAPE COD HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

(X)

8

A PAINTER in white coveralls stands with his back to us, painting the wall with careful strokes. CAMERA DRIFTS IN.

CLOSE ON PAINT CANS

as the Painter dips his brush in the can of paint. Then into a can of clear liquid which we assume to be paint thinner. On a half-torn off label we see the letters: YPOLINE.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO DRIFT

as the Painter reacts to a noise. The SOUND OF CARS PULLING INTO THE DRIVEWAY. CAMERA DRIFTS with him over to the window, becoming:

PAINTER'S POV

from the second story window. A TOWN CAR, followed by a SMALL MOVING VAN, pulling into the drive. TWO YOUNG BOYS exit, along with a HANDSOME FATHER (40s) and a BEAUTIFUL MOTHER (30s). And a frisky little JACK RUSSELL TERRIER. Their conversation with the TOWN CAR DRIVER tells us they are the English Family that Phoebe described. The Young Boys are spirited and rambunctious.

CAMERA ADJUSTS TO REVEAL

the painter standing in the window. He has a Van Dyke goatee, a thin smile on his face. He pulls a cigarette from a pack in his pocket and puts it to his lips, keeping a watchful eye on the family below. Then:

The cigarette dangling from his lips SUDDENLY LIGHTS ITSELF. A small flame like a match strike ignites at the tip of the cigarette. AS CAMERA DRIFTS AROUND to the man's face, pushing in on a pair of DARK EYES that we've seen before. The gardener's eyes from the Teaser. As we:

CUT TO:

9 EXT. FBI BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C. - NEXT DAY

9

With legend, to establish.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

"FIRE"

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11/14/93 (BLUE)

11.

9 CONTINUED:

FLAMES, BRIGHT AND ORANGE - A MAN'S VOICE under --

MAN'S VOICE  
Beautiful. Just beautiful.

We are in:

10 INT. FBI BUILDING - ARSON SPECIALIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Mulder and Phoebe are with SPECIAL AGENT MELVIN BEATTY (50s). Beatty is a short, enthusiastic man. Currently he is flashing slides up on a screen from a slide projector. His mood is ebullient.

BEATTY  
Fourteen hundred, fifteen hundred degrees. Salmon red flames... this is a work of art.

SHOT - A new slide appears. The charred remains of a building interior.

BEATTY  
Was there an incendiary device used?

PHOEBE  
Yes, actually. The victim's body.

BEATTY  
(his eyes light up)  
Spontaneous combustion?

PHOEBE  
He was murdered. However, we've turned up no evidence that tells us how the body caught fire.

BEATTY  
Peculiar. People don't normally just catch on fire. We burn, but as a rule we don't conduct all that well. There is usually some kind of extraneous fuel involved. Candle wax, gasoline - something flammable or incendiary that adheres to the skin --

As Scully quietly enters the room; stands in the doorway listening. Unbeknownst to Mulder or Phoebe.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

PHOEBE  
-- like an accelerant.

BEATTY  
(delighted)  
Like an accelerant.

PHOEBE  
But we've found no trace of  
anything. Save for a dusting of  
magnesium at two of the sites.

BEATTY  
Aliphatic pyrolysis. Residue  
from an exothermic reaction.

PHOEBE  
But there's no evidence of its  
source. No pour pattern or  
ignition devices.

Beatty rubs his chin. Phoebe has him stumped.

BEATTY  
There've been some arson fires in  
Seattle. Pennsylvania. Burn so  
hot that firemen can't put them  
out. Seven thousand degrees.  
Hosing them down only makes  
things worse.

MULDER  
How's that?

BEATTY  
Reaction's so intense it splits  
the water into hydrogen and  
oxygen. It's like adding fuel to  
the fire.

PHOEBE  
What are they using?

BEATTY  
We don't know for sure. It could  
be rocket fuel. There's never a  
trace left. Burns so hot and  
clean you can't even prove it's  
arson. It's driving the  
insurance companies nuts.  
(shrugs)  
'Bout the only explanation I can  
give you.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

He looks to Mulder.

MULDER

There've been reports of  
pyrokinetics. People who can  
conduct and control fire --

BEATTY

(smiling at the notion,  
but dismissing it)  
I've seen fire bend around  
corners, bounce like a rubber  
ball. Fire has a certain genius -  
a demon poetry - sometimes it's  
almost like it has a mind of its  
own. But I've never seen one yet  
that defied the laws of physics,  
once you figured it out.  
(turns to Mulder)  
Got yourself a hell of a case  
here, Agent Mulder. Sort of wish  
I was in your shoes.

With a wink and a nod toward Phoebe. Phoebe smiles at Beatty,  
then at Mulder. But Mulder does not return the gesture.

As Scully slips out the door, unnoticed, we:

CUT TO:

11 INT. CAPE COD HOUSE - DAY

11

The MOVING MEN carry boxes, following Sir Malcolm and Lady  
Marsden as they ascend the stairs, surprised by the  
Painter/Gardener/Caretaker whom they meet coming down. He  
carries two one-gallon paint buckets. Out the window we see a  
long grassy yard which stretches down to the woody shoreline.

PAINTER (BOB)  
(with an American  
accent now)

Howdy.

(X)

They react with a start.

BOB  
I'm Bob. Your caretaker. We've  
been exchanging letters...?

SIR MALCOLM  
Oh. Good heavens. Of course.

(CONTINUED)

"FIRE"

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11/15/93

(pink)

13A.

11 CONTINUED:

11

He steps to offer a handshake. Bob puts the paint cans down, wipes his hand on his coveralls before completing the gesture.

(CONTINUED)



11 CONTINUED:

11

BOB  
Trying to spruce the place up for  
you.

LADY MARSDEN  
It's quite lovely. The photos  
don't do it justice.

(X)

BOB  
Beautiful time of year. Anyway,  
you need anything, you just  
holler.

(X)

SIR MALCOLM  
(as Bob heads off)  
Seems like a nice fellow, don't  
you think?

LADY MARSDEN  
Very.

(X)

SIR MALCOLM  
Did you notice the painting here,  
dear. It looks quite like you.

An OIL PAINTING hanging in the stairway does indeed look like  
Lady Marsden. As the couple admires it, we:

(X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

12 EXT. CAPE COD HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

12

Bob exits the house onto the huge back lawn where the TWO YOUNG  
BOYS are playing and romping down near the water. Bob stops  
and watches them a minute before his attention is turned to:

THE JACK RUSSELL TERRIER

digging at a mound of dirt in an otherwise grassy section over  
near a white picket fence. When SUDDENLY A BOOT COMES INTO  
FRAME, knocking the dog away. CAMERA TILTS UP TO BOB.  
Standing with his paint buckets in his hand. A cold, bloodless  
expression.

BOB  
(at the dog, with an  
English accent)  
Bloody little cur. I'll skin you  
alive.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

ON THE DOG

staring up at Bob with a fearful expression. Before retreating with his tail between his legs. As we:

CUT TO:

13 INT. AGENT MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY

13

Agent Scully sitting at Mulder's desk. She wears reading glasses, seemingly concentrated on the work in front of her, when Agent Mulder appears silently in the doorway behind her.

SCULLY

(not turning around)

So, Sherlock... is the game afoot?

MULDER

I'm afraid so. But you're off the hook on this one, Scully.

(X)

Scully swivels in her chair, regards Mulder.

(X)

SCULLY

What do you mean?

(X)

MULDER

I mean, I'm not going to put you through this.

(X)

SCULLY

Put me through what?

(X)

MULDER

Phoebe's little mindgame.

(X)

SCULLY

What are you talking about?

(X)

MULDER

There's something else you don't know about me, Scully. I hate fire. Hate it. I'm scared to death of it. My best friend's house burned down when I was a kid. Had nightmares for years about being trapped in a burning building.

(X)

SCULLY

Wait. And Phoebe knows this?

(CONTINUED)

"FIRE"

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11/15/93 (pink)

15A.

13 CONTINUED:

-13

MULDER

Oh, yeah. This is classic Phoebe  
Greene. The mindgame player  
elite. Ten years it's taken to  
try and forget about her. And  
then she shows up with a case  
like this.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

SCULLY

She shows up knowing the power she has over you and then makes you walk through fire, is that it?

MULDER

Phoebe is fire.

SCULLY

You sure you don't want me to help you out?

MULDER

Sooner or later a man's got to face his demons, Scully.

She nods. Watching Mulder's uncharacteristic nervous distraction. As he grabs his coat, moves to leave.

SCULLY

A word of advice: When you do, try and keep both feet on the floor.

(X)

MULDER

(mock effrontery)  
You know me, Scully. I'm a monk.

And Mulder is out the door. Off Scully's thoughtful expression, we:

(X)

CUT TO:

14 INT. CAPE COD HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

14

CLOSE ON gas range burner igniting. CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal Lady Marsden as she puts a kettle on the stove.

15 EXT. CAPE COD HOUSE - NIGHT

15

POV THROUGH A WINDOW of Lady Marsden as she moves about the kitchen. Various shots of her face, her hands. A PAN DOWN her slim attractive figure. Somebody is admiring this woman in an intense and sexual way.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal: Bob the Caretaker. Standing in the bushes, peeping through the window. When he reacts to a noise.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

He quickly moves from the house, circling around to the driveway where --

BOB'S POV

A DARK FIGURE STANDS. It's a large man with his back to us, the red tip of his lit cigarette glowing in the darkness. He COUGHS LOUDLY.

BOB

Hello.

The Man turns, startled. As CAMERA TRACKS WITH BOB over to his position. We may recognize the man as the driver of the Marsden's Town Car. Doing double duty here as a bodyguard. (X) (X) (X)

DRIVER

Who's that?

BOB

Bob. The caretaker.

DRIVER

Oh.

BOB

Bum a smoke?

DRIVER

Sure.

The Driver holds out the pack to Bob and Bob helps himself.

BOB

I'm going into town. Can I get you anything?

DRIVER

Yes. Some cough medicine. If it's no problem.

BOB

(waving off any inconvenience)

Syrup or lozenges?

DRIVER

Uh... syrup would be good. Can I give you some money?

(but Bob's already on the move)

Really appreciate it.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

As Bob disappears into the darkness, we:

CUT TO:

A HAND coming down onto a bar. In it is a SMALL BROWN PAPER BAG with the shape and outline of a can inside. We are:

16 INT. PROVINCETOWN PUB - NIGHT - LATER

16

The hand and the bag belong to Bob the Caretaker. He has seated himself on the bar stool of this dark but crowded establishment. Seated next to him is a WOMAN who regards Bob and his brown bag with the seasick look of someone who's had one too many cocktails.

WOMAN

They don't let you bring your own around here.

BOB

(with an English accent  
now)

Well, they'll just have to make an exception, won't they?

(X)

WOMAN

Oh. Oh, you're... English. God, I just love that accent.

As she says this the Woman is pulling a cigarette from a pack she has on the bar. She reaches for her lighter but Bob's hand shoots out and takes her hand.

BOB

Allow me.

WOMAN

And a gentleman to boot.

Bob smiles, holds up his index finger in front of the woman. She regards it with confused wooziness for a moment, until BOB'S FINGER IGNITES. A CANDLE-LIKE FLAME sprouting from the tip of his finger. Bob smiles. The same bloodless smile we've now seen several times.

WOMAN

(excited)

Oh my god. Now that is a trick.

(turning to yell at a  
friend)

Lise! Take a look at this.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

The Woman turns back, putting her cigarette to her lips. But when she does - BOB'S WHOLE ARM AND PART OF HIS UPPER TORSO IS ON FIRE. And Bob still has the same smile on his face.

BOB

Care for a light.

The Woman stumbles back off her bar stool now. As every head in the room starts to turn, the bar filling with the din of excited patrons. THE CROWD PANICKING WHEN:

Bob then puts his hand to the brown paper bag he's set on the bar, tipping over the contents of whatever's inside. AS A RIVER OF FIRE streams down the bar - a stampede for the door starts. As we:

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

17 OMITTED

17

17A EXT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - DAY (STOCK)

(X)

17A

To establish. With legend over.

MULDER (V.O.)

I pulled the report off the wire last night.

17B INT. BOSTON HOSPITAL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

(X)

17B

With legend, to establish. Moving with Mulder and Phoebe down the hall. Mulder is glancing inside a file folder.

MULDER

Eyewitnesses are saying that a customer in the bar caught fire, but they're still looking for a body.

PHOEBE

Any indication if an accelerant was used?

MULDER

(nodding)

The bar was right across the street from the fire station. Burned to the ground before they could even respond. Fire Marshall said it was so hot it turned the cement foundation into sponge cake.

(stopping at a door, checking the name)

This is a woman who was in the bar.

Mulder knocks, pushes the door open.

MULDER

Hello...?

17C INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

(X)

17C

Mulder and Phoebe enter. The Woman, who we last saw teetering on her bar stool trying to get her cigarette lit, lies in a hospital bed with both hands bandaged.

(CONTINUED)



17C CONTINUED:

17C

MULDER

Hi, Miss Kotchik? I'm Special Agent Mulder of the FBI. This is Inspector Greene.

The woman manages a smile.

PHOEBE

Can you tell us what happened in the bar last night.

WOMAN

There was this guy. I'd had a few drinks so... he sat down next to me and he did this thing. It was like a magic trick where he lit his finger on fire. Next thing I turn around and he's up in flames.

PHOEBE

Can you describe him?

WOMAN

Good looking, I think. Brownish hair.

(X)

MULDER

Short hair? Long hair?

WOMAN

Medium, I think. Kinda -- I've already given the police the information --

PHOEBE

Did he have facial hair?

WOMAN

Um... maybe. No. I don't think so.

MULDER

Do you think you could work with a composite artist and come up with a sketch for us?

WOMAN

Like I said, I had a few drinks.

MULDER

(removing a small pad,  
a pen)

Can I get your name and address --

(CONTINUED)

17C CONTINUED: (2)

17C

WOMAN

-- See, I live with someone. He thinks I was at school last night.

MULDER

No problem. You can come down to the field office and work with somebody there.

The woman is hesitant. Mulder nods.

MULDER

We'll give you some time.

He motions to Phoebe. They exit the room.

17D INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

(X)

17D

Mulder and Phoebe exit back into the hallway.

PHOEBE

Deftly done, Agent Mulder. Casually disregard her indiscretion. A polite but firm manner until she accedes to cooperate.

MULDER

It's a technique I refined in my relationship with you.

PHOEBE

Ah. Yes, well... I see you haven't lost your sense of humor after all.

MULDER

Sorry. That was a cheap shot. I'm not here to dredge up the past. Let's just stick to the case.

PHOEBE

(coolly)

Let's.

Phoebe turns away from Mulder, studying the file folder now. There's a moment of confused sexual tension. Phoebe's sudden swing eliciting some old need in him to have her affection.

(CONTINUED)

17D CONTINUED:

17D

MULDER  
(moving to Phoebe)  
Look...

PHOEBE  
Maybe I'm mistaken, but ten years  
seems sufficient time to have  
forgiven, if not forgotten a few  
youthful indiscretions.

MULDER  
I'm blessed with a good memory.

PHOEBE  
Then don't tell me you've  
forgotten a certain youthful  
indiscretion atop Arthur Conan  
Doyle's tombstone on a misty  
night in Windlesham.

(X)  
(X)

She gives Mulder a thin, devilish smile. Completely aware of  
the power she has over him.

MULDER  
Like I said, let's stick to the  
case.

PHOEBE  
Yes, the case. It occurred to me  
we're going to a lot of trouble  
to get a description of a man who  
in all likelihood has been burned  
to a crisp.

MULDER  
I'd agree with you. Except they  
haven't found a body.

As Mulder pushes the door open, going back into:

CUT TO:

17E INT. HOSPITAL ROOM (RESUME)

17E

Mulder and Phoebe reenter.

MULDER  
So... can we count on you?

(CONTINUED)

17E CONTINUED:

17E

WOMAN

Yeah. Okay.

(Mulder removes his pad  
and pen again)

I don't know if it matters, but  
I remembered something else about  
the guy who caught fire: He had  
an English accent.

Off Mulder and Phoebe's reaction to this, we:

CUT TO:

18 EXT. FBI BUILDING, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

18

With legend, to establish.

19 INT. AGENT MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY

19

Agent Scully is working at Mulder's desk when something  
distracts her. It's A SCOTLAND YARD CASE FILE.

She pushes her own work aside, reaches for the file and opens  
it, studying its contents. As we:

CUT TO:

20 INT. ARSON SPECIALIST'S (MEL BEATTY) OFFICE - DAY

20

Beatty is studying slides on a light table when he looks up,  
diverted by:

SCULLY (O.S.)

Knock knock.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

standing in the doorway of the office. She steps inside,  
offering a handshake to Beatty.

SCULLY

Agent Beatty? Special Agent  
Scully. Can I steal a minute of  
your time?

BEATTY

(nods, ushers her in)  
Come in. I was just going over a  
little mafia torch job.  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

BEATTY (CONT'D)

Mob guy finds his wife cheating so he burns her boyfriend's apartment building. Thirty people see him do it but nobody'll testify. The boyfriend collects a million dollars of insurance. Runs off with the mob guy's wife to Tahiti. I'll tell you -- that's what makes this country great.

Beatty loves the story, beaming as he tells it.

SCULLY

(smiles)

I'm working with Agent Mulder --

BEATTY

Right. Wild case. What do you want to know?

SCULLY

You mentioned the arsonist might be using rocket fuel as an accelerant.

(X)

BEATTY

Just speculation. Still doesn't explain how he could be lighting bodies on fire.

(X)

SCULLY

What if, say, he got this fuel into some hand cream or --

BEATTY

(amused)

Understand, the smallest amounts can produce temperatures upwards of five thousand degrees. But I suppose it's not impossible. Extremely diluted. But he'd still need a way to ignite it.

(X)

Scully nods, thinking.

(X)

SCULLY

Say I was starting these fires. Give me a profile of the kind of person I'd be.

(CONTINUED)

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/15/93 (pink)

25A.

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

BEATTY

Well, it'd be less of a profile  
than a surrealist painting.

As Scully takes a seat, preparing to hear what Beatty has to  
say, we:

CUT TO:

21 EXT. CAPE COD HOUSE - DAY

21

LONG SHOT of the house, which sits stark and white against the  
muted colors of autumn.

CLOSE ON BOB kneeling next to a long white picket fence that  
separates the property line down to the water. He is painting  
it with white paint. Dipping his brush into a small PINT-SIZED  
CAN of clear liquid between each stroke.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

-21

BOB  
(American accent)  
You boys wanna see a magic trick?

CAMERA ADJUSTS to include The Marsden Boys standing behind Bob. (X)

OLDEST BOY (X)  
Okay.

BOB (X)  
What're your names?

MICHAEL  
Michael. And Jimmie.

Bob turns, puts down his paint brush, regards the boys with his dark, dead eyes. (X)

BOB  
Doesn't he talk?

MICHAEL  
Yes.

He elbows his brother in the side. Both boys giggle. Bob laughs with them.

MICHAEL  
What kind of magic trick?

BOB  
Maybe I'd better not.

JIMMIE  
Show us.

BOB  
No. You might tell your mom and dad.

MICHAEL  
We won't tell.

BOB  
Really? You promise?

JIMMIE  
Promise.

BOB  
Hope to die, stick a needle in your eye?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

The boys giggle again. Bob smiles, but it is not the smile of a kindly caretaker. It's an evil smile. As he takes out a pack of cigarettes, a book of matches.

BOB

Okay, now. I'm trusting you boys. Man to man here. You've taken the solemn oath of trust that can't be broken. Except under penalty of death.

Bob says this with a kind of menacing playfulness as he takes a cigarette from the pack. The boys laugh, enthralled with what they take to be Bob's showmanship.

Bob holds a single cigarette in his palm, holds it out to the boys. Then he closes his fingers around the cigarette and turns his hand over, as if he's now holding it in his fist. A clown's smile on his face.

BOB

Think it's in there?

JIMMIE

No.

BOB

Oh, you're too smart for me.

Bob opens his fist and the cigarette is indeed gone. The boys giggle with nervous delight.

MICHAEL

Where did it go?

BOB

Where did it go? Where did it go? Now that's a good question. Where do you think it went, Jimmie?

JIMMIE

I don't know.

BOB

You don't know. Well... now, let's see if I can remember where I put it. HMMMM.

Bob scratches his head, pretending to think. When suddenly he looks up at the boys with a clowny, startled look of panic.

BOB

I just remembered.

(CONTINUED)



21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

Bob reaches to his ear, pulling a cigarette out from behind it. A LIT CIGARETTE, which he puts to his lips, takes a satisfied puff. Michael and Jimmie can't believe their eyes, clapping and laughing at the wonderful trick.

MICHAEL

Do it again.

BOB

You want to see it again?

MICHAEL AND JIMMIE

Yes. Do it again... (etc etc)

Bob smiles his wonderfully evil smile, as we:

CUT TO:

21A EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY - LATER

(X) 21A

Mulder and Phoebe walk with a sense of purpose, urgency now.

MULDER

Whoever your killer is I think he just sent you a message. How did you get this case? Was it assigned to you?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

PHOEBE

Why? What are you thinking?

(X)

MULDER

Remember I mentioned reports of people who can control or conduct fire - Pyrokinetics?

(X)

PHOEBE

Yes.

(X)

MULDER

I don't think this is the IRA, Phoebe. I think this guy is far more exotic.

(X)

PHOEBE

I should say so. If he can light himself afire --

(X)

(sensing Mulder's stare)

What?

(CONTINUED)

21A CONTINUED:

21A

MULDER

Nothing. I'm just not used to someone so quick to agree with me on these things. What kind of protection does the family have?

(X)

PHOEBE

A very capable bodyguard.

(X)

MULDER

You might want to arrange for some additional men. And try and limit their public exposure.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

21A CONTINUED:

21A

PHOEBE

They've got a party being held in their honor in Boston tonight. They'll have to cancel.

As they arrive at their car, parked curbside, Mulder takes a beat, thinking.

MULDER

Unless you wanted to set a trap.

PHOEBE

I don't want to put them at any risk.

(considering)

If they knew... it won't do us any good to alarm them. Alright. But we must be careful. And discreet.

(checks her watch)

The party is at eight at the Venable Plaza. I'll be traveling with the family. You go on ahead and have a look around. I've taken a room at the hotel for the night.

(X)  
(X)

It hangs there. An invitation? What else could it be? Mulder stares out the front window, conflicted by his own desires.

CUT TO:

22 thru 23 OMITTED

22 thru 23

24 EXT. CAPE COD HOUSE - DAY

24

CLOSE ON BOB. Three lit cigarettes in his mouth now. He puffs on them clownishly, causing the boys to laugh at his antics.

BOB

You're killing me, Jimmy. I'm gonna have smoke coming out my ears.

(taking the smokes from his mouth)

You boys ever smoked a cigarette?

MICHAEL

No. They're bad for you.

BOB

They are? Then how come you're making me smoke three at a time? Huh?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

JIMMIE  
Cause you're a man.

BOB  
I see. Cause I'm a man. Oh, now  
it makes sense. You wanna try a  
puff, Michael?

MICHAEL  
No.

BOB  
Make a man out of you.

Bob's won their trust and affection but Michael now seems  
reluctant and afraid. He holds out a cigarette to Michael. (X)

BOB (X)  
Why don't you hold one for me.

Michael pulls his arms back, shakes his head no.

BOB (X)  
Jimmie? What about you, little  
man? Huh?

Jimmie thinks about it, starts to reach out for the cigarette  
when:

LADY MARSDEN'S VOICE (X)  
Michael! Jimmie!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE

Lady Marsden is heading toward them from the house, moving  
across the expansive lawn. Bob quickly ditches the cigarettes  
as the boys' mother approaches. (X)

LADY MARSDEN (X)  
There you are.

The boys try to hide their guilt, but it becomes immediately  
apparent that Lady Marsden is not so concerned with them as  
with another matter. Something that involves Bob. (X)

LADY MARSDEN (X)  
We've had a bit of bad news. Our  
driver has become ill and we're  
due at a party in Boston this  
evening. Is there any chance we  
can impose upon you to drive the  
family into town this evening?  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

LADY MARSDEN (Cont'd)  
We'd be more than happy to pay  
you for your time and put you up  
for the night.

(X)

BOB  
I'd be happy to do it as a favor.

LADY MARSDEN  
Oh, thank you.  
(to her sons)  
Come now, Daddy has lunch all  
ready. Look at you, Jimmie.  
You're absolutely filthy... (etc.  
etc.)

(X)

She leads the boys away. They turn back to smile at Bob,  
keepers of their little secret. Bob smiles back. CAMERA  
PUSHING IN on his dark, dead eyes.

BOB'S POV

watching Lady Marsden. Fixing on her as she shepherds the boys  
back up to the house. Her sheer cotton print dress blowing  
gently, draping her body so as to reveal its lean, sexy  
outline. Over:

(X)

SCULLY (V.O)  
The arsonist will often act out  
of impulse, satisfying sexual  
urges or insecurities with  
destructive behavior which  
compensates for his social  
inadequacies or maladjustments.

DISSOLVE TO:

25 INT. FBI LIBRARY - DAY - LATER

25

Where Scully sits at a computer, typing.

SCULLY'S V.O. (CONT'D)  
He is usually male, less than 25  
years of age, reared in a  
distressing or pathological  
environment. Often his father is  
absent from the home and he is  
raised by a domineering mother.  
If he is older he is usually  
unmarried and prone to obsessive  
fantasies about women or men who  
are inaccessible to him.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

SCULLY'S V.O. (CONT'D)

Often the setting of fires results from his cowardice and inability to develop a natural relationship. Though he may be academically retarded with below average intelligence, his crimes are often very clever and elaborately planned. In some cases, the arsonist will refer to the buildings or objects that he burns as the "bride" or the "girlfriend." The setting of the fire he calls "the wedding."

Scully stops typing when A CLERK brings a note in, hands it to Scully.

SCULLY

Thank you.

INSERT HANDWRITTEN NOTE - It reads: Agent Scully, this is the chemical name of the suspected rocket fuel being used in High Temperature Arson fires. ARGOTYPOLINE. Happy hunting, Special Agent Beatty.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CAPE COD HOUSE - DAY - SHORT TIME LATER

(X)

26

CLOSE ON FACE of the Bodyguard, very green around the gills as he exits a bathroom off a bedroom. Standing there, removing the bedding from the bed, is Bob the Caretaker.

BOB

(American accent)

Having a rough time, huh?

The Bodyguard can only manage a queazy nod as he moves to exit and THE CAMERA WHIP PANS to a BOTTLE OF COUGH SYRUP sitting on a dresser. Then WHIP PANS AGAIN to Bob, holding an armload of sheets and blankets. That same devilish smile on his face.

CUT TO:

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/16/93 (Green)

33.

26A  
thru  
29

OMITTED

26A  
thru  
29

29A INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING - SHORT TIME LATER

(X) 29A

Mulder enters, after tipping the BELLBOY at the door. The room is well-appointed, the most prominent feature a romantic four-poster bed stacked with lacy pillows.

Mulder takes a deep anticipatory breath as he lays the garment bag on the bed. When HIS CELLULAR PHONE RINGS. He slips it from his coat pocket.

MULDER

Mulder.

SCULLY (FILTER)

It's Scully. Where are you?

MULDER

Boston.

SCULLY (FILTER)

I've got something to show you.  
I'm coming up there.

MULDER

What do you have?

SCULLY (FILTER)

I might have some information on  
the identity of your arson  
suspect.

Mulder hesitates. He hadn't figured Scully's appearance into his night's activities.

CUT TO:

30 INT. FBI LIBRARY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

(X) 30

Scully on the phone.

SCULLY

Are you there, Mulder?

(CONTINUED)

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/16/93

(Green)

34.

30 CONTINUED:

30

MULDER (FILTER)  
Yeah. Uh...

SCULLY  
Can I meet you somewhere?

MULDER (FILTER)  
Yeah. But I'm anticipating sorta  
having my hands full up here.

Off Scully's curious reaction to this, we:

CUT TO:

31  
thru OMITTED  
34

31  
thru  
34



35 EXT. VENABLE PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

35

A TOWN CAR PULLS UP. As the Valet moves to assist, Phoebe exits the passenger door. Lord, Lady and children exit the rear. After a moment, Bob the Caretaker exits the driver's side. A thin, malevolent smile on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. VENABLE PLAZA HOTEL - LARGE HALL - NIGHT - LATER

36

MEN IN TUXEDOS, WOMEN IN EVENING DRESSES are filing into a room which looks to be filled with a crowd of similarly dressed folk. A SMALL COMBO plays somewhere inside the room, the happy music wafting out. AS CAMERA FINDS MULDER, in tuxedo, standing at the edge of the crowd, surveying the scene like one of the President's secret service men. As he scans the crowd he finds:

MULDER'S POV - The Marsdens (sans children) coming into the hallway. A few steps behind them is Phoebe, dressed in a beautiful dress. As elegant as Lady Marsden might be, Phoebe is without a doubt the most attractive woman in attendance. Her eyes find:

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MULDER

looking at her. If he had any willpower or indecision about Phoebe, the evening is now a fait accompli. She looks irresistible. She passes Mulder, making quick eye contact. APPLAUSE GOES UP as the Marsdens enter the room. As Phoebe disappears inside with them, Mulder checks his watch.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

INSERT WATCH - It is 7:35. DISSOLVING TO:

(X)

LEAPING FLAMES through which we RACK FOCUS on Mulder's face.

RESUME MULDER - LATER

standing outside the room, looking in, watching apprehensively as A CHEF prepares cherries jubilee. The occasional guest moves in and out past Mulder who watches intently until the flames die. He checks his watch again.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

INSERT WATCH - It reads 9:30.

(X)

Mulder paces nervously to the middle of the large empty hallway. Startled after a moment by:

(X)

PHOEBE'S VOICE  
Enjoying yourself?

Mulder turns. Phoebe is approaching him.

(X)

MULDER  
Good food, witty conversation --  
I'm having the time of my life.

The band starts to play again. A slow, romantic tune - These Foolish Things Remind Me of You.

PHOEBE  
I wondered if you think it's safe  
to indulge ourselves in a dance?

(X)

Mulder looks around the room, before:

MULDER  
Doesn't look like your arsonist  
is going to make an appearance.

(X)

PHOEBE  
That doesn't mean there won't be  
any fires to put out.

(X)

Phoebe smiles, takes Mulder's hand. As they begin to dance, slowly. The only ones in the large hall.

(X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

.36

MULDER  
Elegant couple, the Marsdens.

(X)

PHOEBE  
Lovely children. Frightening  
that anyone might wish them harm.  
(beat, as she studies  
Mulder)  
Ten years, Mulder. You've barely  
changed. I'm surprised somebody  
hasn't scooped you up.

(X)

MULDER  
How do you know they haven't?

(X)

PHOEBE  
Really, darling. You  
underestimate my investigative  
skills. Do you think I'd have  
gone to all the trouble if you  
were?

(X)

MULDER  
Yes.

(X)

Phoebe smiles, lays her head on Mulder's chest.

(X)

PHOEBE  
I've thought about you often.  
Have you thought about me?

(X)

Mulder takes a deep breath.

MULDER  
Nah.

(X)

Mulder can feel Phoebe smiling. She knows he's lying.

ANGLE ON

(X)

Sir Malcolm Marsden appearing at the doorway of the dining  
room. Reacting with some surprise at the sight of Phoebe and  
Mulder dancing. Before slipping back inside. AS CAMERA WHIP  
PANS to:

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

coming down the wide adjacent hallway, catching sight of:

SCULLY'S POV

(X)

down the long hall where Mulder and Phoebe are framed, dancing  
close and intimate.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

RESUME SCULLY

(X)

as she stops, sighs impatiently, turns and begins to pace.  
Catching sight of someone herself: BOB THE CARETAKER standing  
in suit and tie just down the hall. Staring at her.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Scully stares at him for a moment, then turns away, pacing in  
the opposite direction. When she turns back:

(X)

(X)

BOB IS GONE. Almost as if by magic.

(X)

RESUME MULDER AND PHOEBE, DANCING

(X)

PHOEBE

What are you thinking?

(X)

MULDER

How incredible that it took 350  
years for someone to solve  
Fermat's last theorem.

(X)

Phoebe takes her head off Mulder's chest, smiles impetuously.

(X)

PHOEBE

Same thing I was thinking.

(X)

And they kiss. Softly, tentatively at first. Before the flood  
gates open.

(X)

RESUME SCULLY

(X)

pacing in the hall when she notices:

(X)

INSERT - Hotel security status grid - a series of small lights  
that warn of: 1. Smoke 2. Fire 3. Sprinklers.

CAMERA PUSHES IN QUICKLY on the status lights for the 14th  
Floor - the ones indicating SMOKE and FIRE are BLINKING RED.

SMASH CUT TO:

MULDER AND PHOEBE in a post-kiss embrace, startled by the  
sudden appearance of Scully.

(X)

SCULLY

There's a fire upstairs!

Mulder, not expecting Scully to begin with, takes a moment to  
register what she's just blurted out.

(X)

MULDER

What?!

(CONTINUED)

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/14/93 (BLUE)

38.

36 CONTINUED: (4) 36

SCULLY  
On the 14th floor!

PHOEBE  
That's where the children are.

(X)

On this realization, we:

(X)

CUT TO:

37 OMITTED 37

38 INT. VENABLE HOTEL STAIRWAY - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 38

Mulder bursts through a door. He charges upstairs.

39 INT. VENABLE HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (X) 39

Scully runs down the hall, accosting a BELLBOY.

SCULLY  
You've got a fire on the 14th  
floor.

Behind her Phoebe and the Marsdens appear, moving quickly,  
trailing a wake of alarmed PARTYGOERS. (X)

RESUME MULDER

climbing the stairs at a sprint as he reaches the door marked  
14th floor. He stops, completely winded. He touches the door,  
checking for heat. Then he pulls the door open and is met by  
a cloud of HEAVY BLACK SMOKE. And then FIRE ALARMS start to  
sound.

40 INT. 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 40

CAMERA FOLLOWS Mulder as he feels his way along the wall, the  
smoke so thick he can't see a foot in front of him. And then  
he stops, paralyzed. He drops to his knees, coughing - trying  
to find the courage to go further - but he can't. He begins  
crawling back in the direction of the stairwell, gasping for  
air. As:

CLOSE ON MULDER squinting through the smoke, inching his way on  
the floor, crawling hands and knees when A PAIR OF FEET APPEAR  
NEXT TO HIM - someone running past him down the hall.

CUT TO:

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/14/93 (BLUE)

39.

41 INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

41

A charge of FIREMEN climbing the stairs.

CUT TO:

42 INT. ELEVATOR DOORS OFF HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

42

As they open and Bob the Caretaker exits, one Marsden boy under each arm. The crowd of Partygoers reacts, rushing to the sight. Including Lord and Lady Marsden, who drop to their knees, taking the dazed, coughing children in their arms. (X)

And suddenly Bob the Caretaker is being given a hero's welcome. Partygoers are patting him on the back, congratulating him. Including - Phoebe, who appears from the crowd to hear Lady Marsden say: (X)

LADY MARSDEN (X)  
You saved their lives.

CUT TO:

43 INT. 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

43

Mulder is still on his hands and knees when TWO FIREMEN wearing gas masks appear out of the smoke. They pick Mulder up, carrying him to safety. To:

44 INT. ELEVATOR DOORS OFF HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

44

The doors open and Mulder is carried out by two Firemen. His body is nearly limp. He wears an oxygen mask hooked to a small portable tank. Scully quickly moves to him - and she's the only one who seems to notice. The rest of the crowd in the lobby focused on the boys and on Bob the Caretaker. Including Phoebe. As we:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

45 INT. VENABLE HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

(X)

45

CLOSE ON MULDER, shirtless, under the covers of the romantic four-poster bed with the lacy pillows. A woman's hand enters frame, gently caressing his forehead. Mulder opens his eyes, groggily. He coughs a little, trying to focus on:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

Slowly coming into focus. Not the woman he was expecting to end up in this bed with.

SCULLY

You were really out.

MULDER

Where's Phoebe?

SCULLY

She's down the hall.

MULDER

What about the kids --

SCULLY

They're okay. The doctor checked them out.

Mulder coughs some more. He pulls the covers away, rolls out of bed, wearing only his jockey underwear, heading into the bathroom.

SCULLY

What happened to you up there?

Before he shuts the door.

MULDER

(with self-reproach)

I panicked, Scully. I couldn't move.

SCULLY

It could have happened to anybody.

He opens the door again.

MULDER

Except it happened to me. I haired out, Scully. Plain and simple.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

Closing the door again.

SCULLY

What do you know about this guy  
that saved the kids? The driver?

PHOEBE (O.S.)

I had him checked prior to the  
Marsden's arrival.

Phoebe has entered the room. There's an immediate vibe of  
tension between the two women.

PHOEBE

He's lived on the property for  
eight years. No record. His  
references checked out. They're  
lucky he was here tonight.

SCULLY

Who was watching the kids  
tonight?

PHOEBE

He was.

SCULLY

Are you sure? I thought I saw  
him downstairs in the hallway at  
about the same time the fire  
broke out.

PHOEBE

You couldn't have. Anyway the  
man we're looking for is English.

(X)

Mulder opens the bathroom door, wearing a hotel bathrobe now.  
Not expecting to see Phoebe.

MULDER

Hey.

PHOEBE

I came to check on you.

MULDER

(nodding)

How're the boys?

PHOEBE

Fine. Everybody's anxious to get  
home.

MULDER

To the Cape?

(CONTINUED)



45 CONTINUED: (2)

. 45

PHOEBE

Only to pack. They've made travel arrangements back to England for day after tomorrow.

Mulder nods. Feeling as if he's failed Phoebe. Failed himself. And she senses it. Rubbing it in, if only with a look.

MULDER

What about you?

PHOEBE

I'll be here a few more days. I'll ring you back at the Bureau before I leave.

Phoebe turns to Scully with a curt gesture.

PHOEBE

So long.

Scully smiles just as curtly, says nothing. And Phoebe exits. Scully turns to Mulder who has now sat back on the bed, hanging his head.

SCULLY

You okay?

MULDER

Yeah, yeah.

SCULLY

You interested at all in what I came all the way up here to show you?

Mulder had momentarily forgotten why Scully's even there. She goes to her leather satchel, pulls a sheaf of papers. Moves over to him and sits next to him on the bed.

SCULLY

I did some checking on my own. Didn't know a whole lot about arson or arsonists so I thought I'd take the opportunity.

Mulder looks at her. A thin smile appears. Scully pretends to ignore it.

SCULLY

For my own edification, of course.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

MULDER

Right.

SCULLY

I did a profile, came up with some possible incendiary fuels and accelerants that could have been used in the crimes.

INSERT - Mulder flips through the typed papers, stopping at a page with a short listing of rocket fuels. FEATURING the name at the top of the list: ARGOTYPOLINE.

SCULLY

Then I took the liberty of running a search through Interpol of the gardeners, manservants and domestic help employed by the murder victims at the time of their deaths.

MULDER

And?

SCULLY

And, let me tell you, in my next life.... These people probably don't even tie their own shoes. Over two hundred names. Not a duplicate - except for one: Cecil Lively. Worked as a gardener for two of the victims.

Mulder shoots her a look, impressed.

MULDER

What did you get on him?

SCULLY

Nothing.

MULDER

He was clean?

SCULLY

Apparently. He was questioned by Scotland Yard and released. But I dug a little deeper. Cecil Lively is a documented citizen of Great Britain. He paid his taxes, never been on the dole. A model citizen. Until he died in 1971.

(X)

(more)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (4)

45

SCULLY (CONT'D)

In a fire in a London tenement.

(off Mulder's look)

I know. That's what I thought. So I continued checking and the name Cecil L'ively, spelled with an L apostrophe, popped up again. Actually, it came up twice. First on a list of death certificates. Listed among a group of children who died in ritual sacrifice by a satanic cult in 1963 in the Tottingham Woods outside Bath, England.

MULDER

(surprised)

Where else did it show up?

SCULLY

You're going to love this. On a list of recent visas issued by the British government. Cecil Lively's passport was stamped by U.S. immigration officials two weeks ago at the port of entry in Boston.

It takes only a beat for Mulder to hop off the bed, throw his robe off and starts getting dressed. Right in front of Scully.

MULDER

Go downstairs and call the FBI field office in Boston. Get them to fax you the composite the witness did of the man who burned down the bar. Get them to fax it to every local law enforcement office in the area.

SCULLY

Where are you going?

MULDER

To try and catch Phoebe. This guy could be waiting for them back in Cape Cod.

(X)

And Mulder runs out barefoot, carrying his shoes and socks. Scully grabs her satchel and follows him.

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/19/93 (Gold)

45.

45A EXT. VENABLE PLAZA - AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS (X) 45A

Where Bob stands holding the car door for Lady Marsden,  
stepping in to join the children and her husband. (X)  
(X)

LADY MARSDEN

Thank you. You've been such a  
help. (X)

BOB

Not at all. (X)

Bob closes the door for her, CAMERA DRIFING IN CLOSE on his  
thin, lying smile. FOLLOWING him as he gets in the car and  
pulls from the curb. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

46  
thru OMITTED  
52

46  
thru  
52

53 EXT. CAPE COD HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON - LATER 53

The Jack Russell Terrier is hard at work on the plot of dirt  
that Bob the Caretaker had kicked him away from in Act One.  
Digging like he's going to China. As CAMERA PUSHES IN slowly  
on little Jack Russell a HUMAN HAND is revealed at the bottom  
of the hole he's dug. About two feet down. As we:

CUT TO:

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/15/93

(pink)

46.

54 OMITTED

54

55 INT. CAPE COD HOUSE - MSTR BDRM - LATE AFTERNOON (BUILT SET) (X) 55

Bob is carefully tucking the clean sheets on the large bed. Doing neat hospital corners.

CLOSE ON THE BIG BEDSPREAD billowing out of frame, floating gently down on the bed.

Bob straightens the bedspread, makes some adjustments, then tucks it up neatly under the pillows at the head of the bed. Satisfied, he moves to exit. But not before straightening AN OIL PAINTING that hangs on the wall.

CAMERA HOLDS ON OIL PAINTING as Bob exits frame. It is a portrait of a woman that quite resembles Lady Marsden.

CUT TO:

55A INT. CAPE COD HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON - LATER (X) 55A

Mulder pushes in the front door of the house, which is partly ajar.

MULDER

Hello...

Looking o.s., reacting with a start at what he sees:

MULDER'S POV

on the landing, Phoebe and Sir Marsden separating from a romantic embrace. Unmistakably romantic by the embarrassed, furtive way in which they react. Caught in the act. Sir Marsden hurries upstairs while Phoebe comes downstairs towards Mulder. Covering with a blithe air.

MULDER

(brusquely)

His name's Cecil Lively.

PHOEBE

Who?

MULDER

Your arsonist. Where's the rest of the family?

PHOEBE

They've gone on a walk.

(CONTINUED)

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/15/93 (pink)

46A.

55A CONTINUED:

55A

MULDER

Go find them. We've got to get  
them packed and out of here.

Phoebe takes a beat, but decides better on offering any  
explanations. She moves off. Off Mulder's pinched expression,  
we:

CUT TO:

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/16/93

(Green)

47.

55B  
thru  
55C

OMITTED

55B  
thru  
55C

55D INT. PAYPHONE BOOTH - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

55D

TIGHT ON SCULLY, standing with the phone to her ear.

(CONTINUED)

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/16/93 (Green)

48.

55D CONTINUED:

55D

RECORDED VOICE

The cellular customer you are  
trying to reach is out of the  
service area Please try --

(X)

Scully hangs up the phone in frustration. Pulls a badly  
transmitted fax copy of a police artist's COMPOSITE SKETCH into  
frame. As bad as it is, there's no mistaking the man in the  
picture is Bob the Caretaker.

CUT TO:

55E INT. CAPE COD HOUSE - STAIRWAY LANDING - LAST LIGHT

55E

Where we can see, through the window, Lady Marsden, the  
Marsden boys and Phoebe coming past the picket fence out in the  
backyard, hurrying up to the house. As CAMERA ADJUSTS, FOCUSES  
on Bob, aka Cecil Lively, on the stair landing, watching the  
family's movement. Before he moves quickly upstairs.

SMASH CUT TO:

55F OMITTED

55F



55G INT. CAPE COD HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

(X) 55G

CLOSE ON SCULLY'S FACE as the front door swings open and reveals her. The urgency shows in her face, her manner.

SCULLY  
It's the driver.

MULDER  
They know. He's disappeared.

Scully senses Mulder's clipped tone.

SCULLY  
What's the matter?

MULDER  
Nothing. I just found this out  
in the garage.

Mulder holds up a pint-sized metal can, the same can we've established earlier. Scully takes it from him, reads:

INSERT - The label on the side reads: ARGOTYPOLINE.

Before she can respond, Phoebe, Sir and Lady Marsden are coming downstairs, approaching. The Marsdens look quite distraught.

MULDER  
It's come as quite a blow to the  
family.

PHOEBE  
Did you get the composite?

SCULLY  
Yes.

Scully reaches in her satchel, removes the faxed composite sketch, hands it to Sir Malcolm who looks at it curiously.

LADY MARSDEN  
I don't believe it. I can't  
believe it. He's worked for us  
for almost ten years.

SIR MALCOLM  
There's been a mistake.

Now Lady Marsden sees it, too. Reacting.

LADY MARSDEN  
Oh my god...

(CONTINUED)

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/15/93

(pink)

49A.

55G CONTINUED:

55G

SIR MALCOLM

This isn't our driver! This is  
the caretaker!

LADY MARSDEN

He's upstairs with the children!

As we:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

55H INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

55H

Agent Mulder is the first one in the door. The room is empty. Scully is steps behind him.

MULDER  
Michael! Jimmie!

No answer. Mulder moves quickly to a closed door, tries the knob. It is locked. He gives it a hard shoulder and the door gives way. Revealing:

ANGLE FROM BEDROOM INTO BATHROOM

The original Driver, last seen looking green around the gills, kneels with his hands still wrapped around the toilet bowl, in the universal barfing posture. Only now his body is rigid and black and crispy looking. The clothes seared right into his skin.

ON MULDER, SCULLY

reacting with horror to this. Then reacting to:

PHOEBE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Up here!

CUT TO:

56  
thru OMITTED  
62

56  
thru  
62

63 INT. CAPE COD HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM (BUILT SET) - NIGHT

63

Sir Marsden stands with Phoebe, Lady Marsden. The window curtains are AFLAME.

PHOEBE  
They just went up! All by  
themselves!

(CONTINUED)

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/16/93 (Green)

51.

63 CONTINUED:

63

MULDER

Move back!

Mulder is looking for something to put it out with when an OIL PAINTING ON THE WALL catches fire, flames springing from its center.

He grabs a towel from a laundry basket, batting at the flames.  
As:

LADY MARSDEN

standing near the bed now - as the master bed itself catches fire. Scully pulls her back from the spontaneous conflagration.

MULDER

Everybody out of here!

And the group runs from the burning room, into:

63A  
thru OMITTED  
69

63  
thru  
69

70 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (BUILT SET) - NIGHT

70

exiting into the wide hall, its walls lined with framed paintings.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

- 70

MULDER

I think he's got the house rigged.

Mulder puts the singed towel he's still holding to his nose, smells it.

MULDER

Fuel.  
(realizing)  
The whole place could go.

As the towel itself catches fire. Mulder drops it, stomps it out.

SCULLY

We've got to get out of here.

As they do, running from the hall, CAMERA STOPS, HOLDS on a single door. A closet door, in the middle of the hall.

CUT TO:

71 INT. CAPE COD HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

71

Mulder, Scully, Phoebe and the Marsdens hurry downstairs. Mulder moves to the front window, removing his weapon.

MULDER

(to Scully)  
See if you can find a fire extinguisher. Everybody else outside.

Scully heads off.

LADY MARSDEN

What about the children?!

Suddenly everyone reacts to:

BOB (O.S.)

(to the tune of the wedding march)

Da da da dum... Da da da dum...

The sound is coming from upstairs. A haunting voice that seems to echo through the walls.

PHOEBE

He's upstairs.

MULDER

(re: the Marsdens)  
Go on outside!

(X)

Turning back up, his heart pounding, listening to:

(X)

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/19/93 (Gold)

52A.

71A INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(X)

71A

Bob stands in the burning bedroom, singing the wedding march.  
A crazed smile on his face.

CUT BACK TO:

(X)

71 RESUME CAPE COD HOUSE LIVING ROOM CONTINUOUS ACTION

71

BOB (O.S.)  
(continuing the tune)  
Da dum da de dum da da dittle um  
dum dum.

CLOSE ON MULDER

the fear in his eyes, even though he has his gun drawn. He moves to the base of the stairs. Phoebe moves up next to him.

PHOEBE  
Are you okay, Mulder?

MULDER  
(swallowing hard)  
Oh, yeah. No place I'd rather be.

As he starts up the stairs.

72  
thru OMITTED  
78

72  
thru  
78

79 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY (BUILT SET) - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

79

Mulder appears at the end of the hallway, gun at the ready. He moves slowly down the hall which is LINED WITH OIL PAINTINGS. Stopping when he hears MUFFLED BARKING.

Mulder moves more rapidly down the hall now, moving to the closet door established earlier. He turns the nob. It's locked.

MULDER  
Michael! Jimmy! Are you in there?

More MUFFLED DOG BARKING. Somebody's inside. Then he reacts to:

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

BOB  
(English accent)  
Time to call 911.

ANGLE ON END OF HALL

Where Bob stands.

MULDER

turns to fires on him - when EVERY PICTURE ON THE WALL BURSTS INTO FLAMES, two by two, travelling towards Mulder. Knocking him backwards onto the floor.

ANGLE ON BOB

through the flames, smiling.

ON MULDER

through the flames. Petrified with fear, huddled on the floor.

RESUME BOB

at the end of the hall. Turning and walking casually off.

80 OMIT

80

81 INT. CAPE COD HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(X)

81

As Bob comes down the stairs he's stopped in his tracks by Scully's.

SCULLY  
Freeze! Federal agent!

Bob freezes but he doesn't seem the least bit alarmed.

BOB  
You won't shoot me.

SCULLY  
Stay right where you are!

But Bob keeps coming down the steps. Slowly. One step at a time. Testing her resolve.

BOB  
See.

CLOSE ON SCULLY'S TRIGGER FINGER, squeezing tighter and tighter.

(CONTINUED)



81 CONTINUED:

81

BOB

Because you don't know the spark from that round won't blow this whole house to kingdom come.

Bob takes another step down. Scully doesn't fire. Now she takes a step backwards. Allowing Bob to take the last step from the stairs to the ground floor. And when he does -

ANGLE ON PHOEBE

Standing behind the wall adjoining the stairs. She throws the contents of the pint can of accelerant on Bob. The splash of liquid taking him completely by surprise. The smile on his face slowly turns to horror.

BOB

No. No no no.

Bob stumbles now. Scully keeps her gun trained on him. He seems dazed and weakened.

BOB

This is not right.

Bob stumbles to the front door which is ajar, holding onto the walls as he goes.

CUT TO:

82 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(X)

82

Agent Mulder lies on the floor, fighting against his own paralyzing fear. Then, slowly, he gets to his feet, finds his gun. Walking defiantly through the smoke and flames. To the closet door.

(X)  
(X)

He aims side angle at the lock, as we CUT ON THE SOUND OF THE GUNSHOT.

(X)

83 EXT. CAPE COD HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

(X)

83

Scully still has her gun trained on Bob as he stumbles out into the front yard. Almost like a drunk. The Marsdens huddle together on the porch, with Phoebe.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

BOB

You - you ruined my wedding night.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

ANGLE ON MULDER AND THE BOYS

gasping for air as they exit the house. The boys still with torn sheet gags around their necks, their hands. Just in time to see:

ANGLE ON BOB

as he goes up in flames. Screaming like a banshee.

ANGLE ON SCULLY

her disbelief.

ANGLE ON MARSDENS, MULDER, PHOEBE

their disbelief. TILTING DOWN to the little Jack Russell, happily wagging its tail.

Over the sound of APPROACHING SIRENS, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

84 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT - LATER

(X)

84

CAMERA TRACKS BEHIND A NURSE who walks down a hallway.

MULDER'S V.O.

Cecil Lively was admitted to Boston Mercy hospital with fifth and sixth degree burns over his entire body. Naval burn specialists have been brought in to study the case, which they're calling extraordinary. Not only for the fact that he survived, but by the rapid regeneration of the victim's basal cell tissue. Full recovery is anticipated in as little as a month.

The Nurse stops. A MAN in ND guard clothes, unlocks a door marked: SPECIAL QUARANTINE. HIGH SECURITY. The Nurse enters. CAMERA FOLLOWS as she enters an ante room, peers into a small slotted window in another door before entering.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

. 84

MULDER (CONT'D)

Until then Lively is being held in a high security medical facility, confined to a hyperbaric chamber until he can be tried on murder charges in the death of a Massachusetts caretaker. His body temperature remains at a steady 111 degrees. Health technicians have removed anything flammable from his room due to several fires which have broken out in the vicinity. Further incarceration remains a problem for Federal Penal authorities.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

As the nurse enters the room where a hyperbaric chamber sits by itself in the center. The nurse walks over to the chamber where Lively's burned face can be viewed. He smiles up at her.

LIVELY

I'm just dying for a cigarette.

FADE TO BLACK:

85 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

(X)

85

Mulder is in his chair, reading a report when he reacts to:

WOMAN'S VOICE

(English accent)

Care to take me to lunch.

Mulder wheels, reacting to:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

a mischievous smile on her face.

SCULLY

Scare you?

MULDER

You have no idea.

SCULLY

What happened to Phoebe?

MULDER

I don't know.

SCULLY

You don't know? You mean she never called?

(X)

MULDER

Nope. But I got this messengered to me last night.

(X)

Mulder holds up a CLEAR AUDIO CASSETTE.

(X)

SCULLY

Did you play it?

(X)

MULDER

Nope.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

"FIRE"

#1X11

11/15/93 (pink)

57A.

85 CONTINUED:

85

SCULLY  
Why? Aren't you curious what's  
on it?

(X)

Mulder rises, puts his jacket on. Moving to the door.

MULDER  
(veiled hurt)  
Ten to one you can't dance to it.

(X)

Scully gives him a look, reflecting the bittersweet irony.

(X)

SCULLY  
Well, never let it be said you  
wouldn't walk through fire for a  
woman, Mulder.

MULDER  
(smiles)  
And never let it be said I  
wouldn't do it for you again,  
Scully.

She smiles. They exit. And we:

FADE OUT

THE END