

#5X10 - Chinga

THE TRUTH IS OUT THERE

SCENE 1 (Car with Maine license plate # 384M 95 . MELISSA TURNER walks to the passenger side of the car and opens the door for her young daughter POLLY who is holding a large doll.)

MELISSA: Okay, sweetheart. We're just going in for a few things. We won't be long, okay. Polly? Mommy needs some groceries, okay?

(POLLY does not respond. MELISSA unbuckles the seatbelt and helps her out. As they enter the grocery store, an older woman, JANE FROELICH glares at them. MELISSA ignores her. POLLY looks back at her.)

(Inside the store, MELISSA wheels the cart quickly and nervously down the aisle. POLLY sits in the child seat of the cart with her doll. People watch them suspiciously. They pass by the butcher's counter. DAVE, the butcher watches them pass.)

POLLY: I don't like this store, Mommy.

MELISSA: We're only going to be a minute.

POLLY: I want to go home.

(The doll's eyes open.)

DOLL: (high-pitched creepy voice) Let's have fun.

(As they pass the refrigerated section, MELISSA sees an image of DAVE in the glass. He has a knife through his right eye.)

DAVE'S IMAGE: Help, Melissa.

(MELISSA quickly wheels the cart to the front of the store. The cart has a bad wheel.)

MELISSA: (picking up POLLY) We're going home, Polly. Please, don't do this to Mommy.

(Nearby, there is the sound of breaking glass as a woman drops her basket and begins clawing at her eyes. MELISSA runs out of the store with POLLY as everyone in the store begins clawing at their eyes. DAVE comes out of the back of the store and sees what is happening. He suddenly claws at his eyes, then runs back to his phone and dials 911.)

DAVE: It's Dave, down at the Super Saver. Send whoever you got on duty.

(Dave sees a fuzzy reflection of the doll in the metal door of a meat locker.)

DOLL'S IMAGE: I want to play.

(DAVE pulls out a knife as if to attack the doll, but then aims the knife at his own eye. He is struggling against himself, but the knife moves closer to his right eye. The camera cuts away just as we hear him scream. Doll is still reflected on locker, watching.)

Opening Credits

SCENE 2 (A convertible drives down a street in the small Maine harbor town. SCULLY pulls the convertible into a gas station, gets out and begins filling the tank <litres, not gallons>. She is wearing a Maine tourist T-shirt <The Way Life Should Be> and jeans and very cool shades. She hears her cell phone ringing. She gets the keys out of the ignition, opens the trunk of the car and pulls out her phone.)

SCULLY: (on phone) Scully.

(MULDER is in the office rocking on the back of a chair, obviously very bored.) MULDER: (on phone) Hey, Scully, it's me.

SCULLY: (on phone, voice) Mulder, I thought we had an agreement. We were both going to take the weekend off.

MULDER: (on phone) Right, right. I know. But I - I just received some information about - about a case. A classic X-files --- classic. I wanted to share it with you.

SCULLY: (on phone) Mulder, I'm on vacation. The weather is clear. I'm looking forward to hitting the road and breathing in some of this fine New England air.

MULDER: (on phone) You didn't rent a convertible, did you?

SCULLY: (on phone) Why?

MULDER: (on phone) Are you aware of the statistics of decapitation?

SCULLY: (on phone) Mulder, I'm hanging up. I'm turning off my cell phone. I'm back in the office on Monday.

MULDER: (on phone) You shouldn't talk and drive at the same time. Are you aware of the statistics ....? Hello?

(SCULLY has hung up. She drives the car into the grocery store lot, almost hitting MELISSA'S car as MELISSA speeds away. SCULLY looks slightly disgusted. Then she sees an OLD MAN staggering out of the store with bloody eyes. She gets out of the car.)

SCULLY: Sir ... Sir, what happened?

OLD MAN: (disoriented) I .. I think we need a doctor.

(SCULLY walks into store. People are moaning and crying and have horribly scratched eyes)

STORE MANAGER: (in pain) Who are you?

SCULLY: I'm .. my name is Scully. I'm an FBI agent. What happened to you?

STORE MANAGER: I don't know. But Dave, the butcher .. I think he's dead.

(SCULLY goes to the back and looks at DAVE'S body, knife sticking out of his eye socket.)

SCENE 3 (X-Files office. Mulder is eating sunflower seeds and watching television. Lots of groaning and moaning from a male and a female voice. Empty video cassette box on MULDER'S desk reads "Alien Probe." Phone rings.)

MULDER: (on phone) Mulder.

SCULLY: (on phone, voice) Mulder, it's me.

MULDER: (on phone) I thought you said you were on vacation.

SCULLY: (on phone, voice) I am. I'm up in Maine.

MULDER: (on phone) I thought you said you didn't want to be disturbed. You wanted to get out of your head for a few days.

SCULLY: (on phone, voice) I don't ... I mean, I do. I .... (moaning from TV is loud) What are you watching, Mulder?

MULDER: (on phone) It's the World's Deadliest Swarms. (Fumbles with remote to stop the tape.) Um .. you said you were going to be unreachable. What's going on?

SCULLY: (on phone) I, uh ... I'm at a market here. I'm just trying to give the local PD a handle here.

MULDER: (on phone, voice) A handle on what?

(SCULLY is in store office watching security tape footage of people clawing at their eyes.)

SCULLY: (on phone) Well, I'm not quite sure how to describe it, Mulder. I didn't witness it myself but there seems to be some kind of an outbreak of people acting in a violent, involuntary way.

MULDER: (on phone) Towards who?

(MULDER switches off TV, which now shows man being attacked by bugs. Remember, tape has already been stopped.)

SCULLY: (on phone, voice) Toward themselves.

MULDER: (on phone) Themselves?

SCULLY: (on phone) Yeah. Beating at their faces, clawing at their eyes. One man is dead.

MULDER: (on phone, voice) Dead? How?

SCULLY: (on phone) Self-inflicted, it appears.

MULDER: (on phone) Huh ... it sounds to me like that's witchcraft or maybe some sorcery that you're looking for there.

(Local PD Captain, JACK BONSAINT watches SCULLY strangely throughout conversation with MULDER.)

SCULLY: (on phone) No, I don't think it's witchcraft, Mulder, or sorcery. I've had a look around and I don't see any evidence that warrants that kind of suspicion.

MULDER: (on phone) Maybe you don't know what you're looking for.

SCULLY: (on phone) Like evidence of conjury or the black arts or shamanism, divination, Wicca or any kind of pagan or neo-Pagan practice. Charms, cards ....

(MULDER is listening, spellbound.)

SCULLY: (on phone) ... familiars, bloodstones, or hex signs or any of the ritual tableaux associated with the occult, Santeria, Voudoun, Macumba, or any high or low magic?

MULDER: (on phone) Scully ...

SCULLY: (on phone) Yes?

MULDER: (on phone) Marry me.

SCULLY: (on phone) I was hoping for something a little more helpful.

MULDER: (on phone) Well, you know, short of looking for a lady wearing a pointy hat riding a broomstick, I think you pretty much got it covered there.

SCULLY: (on phone) Thanks anyway. (hangs up, looks at tape again) (to OFFICER BUDDY RIGGS) Who's that woman right there?

BUDDY: Melissa Turner.

SCULLY: She's the only one I've seen who looks unaffected.

BUDDY: What's your point?

SCULLY: You might want to talk to her.

(SCULLY leaves the store office. Captain JACK BONSAINT follows her.)

BONSAINT: (smiling, very friendly) Ms. Scully ... you staying in town?

SCULLY: Yes. I'm on vacation. Why?

BONSAINT: Well, what you said back there about Melissa Turner kind of put a spin on this whole

business here today.

SCULLY: How's that?

BONSAINT: Well, Melissa's caused some stir. People here say she's a witch.

SCULLY: Well, that's not the first time for that accusation in these parts.

BONSAINT: Ayuh.

SCULLY: Look, to be honest with you, Captain Bonsaint, um, I'm not much of a believer in witchcraft.

BONSAINT: Well, you know, I'm not either. I used to just think it's 'cause Melissa was pretty and single. Threatening, you know?

SCULLY: But now you're not convinced?

BONSAINT: Well, you know, I appreciate the trouble you went to, and I sure do hope there's a reasonable explanation like you said – just this one thing going to make it hard to persuade folks to your thinking.

SCULLY: What one thing is that?

BONSAINT: Who she's been carrying on with.

SCULLY: Who she's been carrying on with?



BONSAINT: Ayuh. With Dave, the butcher.

SCENE 4 (Back in store office, OFFICER BUDDY RIGGS calls MELISSA.)

MELISSA: (on phone) Hello?

(At MELISSA'S house, the HOKEY POKEY song is playing on POLLY'S record player. POLLY, holding her doll, watches MELISSA.)

BUDDY: (on phone) Hey. It's Buddy.

MELISSA: Oh, hi.

BUDDY: (on phone) Are you okay, Melissa?

MELISSA: (on phone) I'm fine. Why do you ask?

POLLY: Who's that, Mommy?

BUDDY: (on phone) I know you were here, Melissa. Down at the Super Saver.

MELISSA: (on phone) I don't know what you're talking about, Buddy.

POLLY: Hang up. Mommy.

BUDDY: (on phone) Melissa, turn the music down. There's some talk that you're involved in what happened here today.

MELISSA: (on phone, going downstairs and outside) I'm not involved in anything.

BUDDY: (on phone) I know that. Would you listen to me? I'm not saying that you are.

MELISSA: (on phone) What are you saying?

POLLY: (from inside) Mommy!

BUDDY: (on phone) I want to help you, but you've got to keep it a secret or we're both going to be answering questions. Now, I've got something to tell you.

MELISSA: (on phone) What?

BUDDY: (on phone) Something bad.

MELISSA: (on phone) What is it, Buddy?

BUDDY: (on phone) Dave's dead.

MELISSA: (on phone) Oh, my God!

BUDDY: (on phone) I've got to see you right away, Melissa.

MELISSA: (on phone) I can't.

BUDDY: (on phone) You need a friend more than ever.

(Upstairs, POLLY sits with the doll, listening to the Hokey Pokey. Doll's eyes open.)

DOLL: Let's have fun.

MELISSA: (on phone) You can't come here, Buddy.

BUDDY: (on phone) Why? Tell me why?

MELISSA: (on phone) I can't explain it to you now.

BUDDY: (on phone) I'm coming over there, Melissa. You shouldn't be alone.

(Behind MELISSA outside, we see the shadow of the doll on a sheet hanging to dry on a clothesline. Its eyes blink.)

(Commercial 1.)

SCENE 5 MELISSA TURNER RESIDENCE 2:08 PM

(BONSAINT and SCULLY drive up in a patrol car and get out. BONSAINT knocks on front door. No answer. SCULLY looks in a window.)

SCULLY: Back door's wide open.

(They go around to back.)

BONSAINT: Melissa! (to SCULLY) Sheets are still wet.

(SCULLY enters house, goes up to POLLY'S room and looks at windows which are nailed shut.)

SCULLY: Chief? Take a look at this.

BONSAINT: What the devil's this for?

SCULLY: It looks like she was afraid of something.

BONSAINT: Whatever it is, she's run off in a hurry. Laundry's out. Door's unlocked. Beats me.

SCULLY: You know her?

BONSAINT: Melissy Turner?

SCULLY: Mm-hmm.

BONSAINT: About as local as you can get. Born and raised here. Married a fisherman. Widowed last year after a boating accident. Don't know if the little girl, Polly ever really understood. Toys in the attic.

SCULLY: The daughter's autistic?

BONSAINT: That's what they say. There was the incident last year over at the daycare center? Proprietor slapped Polly across the face.

SCULLY: Slapped her? What for?

BONSAINT: Well, she said Polly threw a tantrum so fierce there was nothing else she could do. Next thing she knew, she's on the ground. Little girl knocked her silly.

SCULLY: The little girl did?

BONSAINT: Well, that's her story. Polly never touched her, far as I could figure. Oh, it was a real drama, though. The lady who ran the school lost her license. People calling the kid all manner of names saying Melissa's a witch. Polly never went back to school a day since.

SCULLY: This ah, this affair that the mother was having with the butcher ...?

BONSAINT: Dave. Oh, I might have given you the wrong impression. That wasn't really an affair. Although Dave did make quite a fool of himself and his wife.

SCULLY: So, it was unrequited.

BONSAINT: You could say that.

SCULLY: To the extent that she'd have to nail her windows shut?

BONSAINT: Oh, he wasn't that big a fool. You know, maybe she wasn't afraid of something getting in. Maybe she's afraid of something getting out.

SCULLY: Like what?

BONSAINT: Just a thought.

SCENE 6 (Fast food restaurant. OFFICER BUDDY RIGGS sets a chocolate sundae in front of POLLY who is holding her doll.)

BUDDY: What do you think of that, huh?

(POLLY does not answer. She eats the cherry, then begins eating the sundae. OFFICER BRIGGS pats her on the head and goes to sit with MELISSA. They talk quietly.)

BUDDY: Why don't you leave town?

MELISSA: I've got nowhere to go, Buddy. I live on a shoestring as it is.

BUDDY: Listen to me. I've got some money put away.

MELISSA: Buddy, I can't!

BUDDY: I've had my eye on you, Melissa, for more years than I care to remember. You know, I missed my chance the first time around. I've been waiting in the wings. Now, I'm sorry about things, truly I am, but you need somebody who can provide.

MELISSA: Don't, Buddy, please!

BUDDY: "Don't" because you don't want to, or just because you're too proud?

MELISSA: You don't understand!

(They watch POLLY take her sundae up to the counter.)

BUDDY: What don't I understand?

MELISSA: What happened in the Super Saver, what happened to Dave ... I couldn't stop it.

BUDDY: What do you mean?

MELISSA: I've seen things.

(POLLY has gone up to the counter.)

POLLY: I want more cherries.

(WAITRESS with really long ponytail answers her.)

WAITRESS: What's that, sweetie?

POLLY: (not sweet) I want more cherries!

(MELISSA and OFFICER BRIGGS still talking at table.)

MELISSA: I saw Dave dead. Before he was dead. I saw him in frozen foods all cut and bloody and it's not the first time. My husband ... I saw him in a window dead before it happened. You know, with a hook?

(At counter)

POLLY: I want more cherries, now!

WAITRESS: You'll have to go ask your Mommy for some more money, hon. I just can't give them away.

WAITER: Window order.

(Doll's eyes open.)

DOLL: Let's have fun.

POLLY: Mommy, I want more cherries.

MELISSA: We got to go now, Polly.

OFFICER BRIGGS: (holding up a key) Take this, Melissa. It's a place we use for hunting up near Schoodic Lake ...

POLLY: Mommy!

OFFICER BRIGGS: ...or else there's going to be trouble. More than you need.



POLLY: Mommy! Mommy!

(WAITRESS' long hair gets caught in the milkshake mixing machine. She begins screaming as blood appears at her hairline. OFFICER BRIGGS rushes to help her. MELISSA and POLLY run out the door.)

SCENE 7 (JANE FROELICH'S house. JANE looks through door window.)

JANE: Is that you, Jack?

BONSAINT: Uh, yeah, it's me, Jane. Come in?

JANE: (opens door, hostile) Who've you got with you?

SCULLY: Miss Froelich, my name's Dana Scully. I'm with the FBI. I just happen to be here on vacation, and uh ...

JANE: So?

SCULLY: So, I just am helping out the chief here.

JANE: You talked to her?

SCULLY: Who?

JANE: Oh, please. Melissa Turner. That whore's a witch sure as I'm standing here. She's descended from the Hawthornes in Salem and the Englishes, too. She comes from a cursed lineage and now she's passing it on to the whelp. God save that little girl if somebody don't do something. Lord knows I tried.

BONSAINT: Jane, if we could just come in for a few minutes and talk.

JANE: I found out last year how much good talking to you does, Jack Bonsaint. I explained everything and the city closed me down anyway. Our great-great-grandfathers knew how to treat witches. They would have driven the demon out of that little girl and given that slattern of a mother just what she's got coming! (slams door)

SCULLY: New England hospitality. Heard about it my whole life. Finally got a chance to experience it for myself.

(JANE watches them walk to the car.)

BONSAINT: Well, you see what I'm up against here, public sentiment and all.

SCULLY: This family tree of Melissa Turner's...

BONSAINT: Ayuh..

SCULLY: It's all talk, isn't it?

BONSAINT: Oh, I never really asked. Why?

SCULLY: Well, I think you need to bring her in to straighten this out.

BONSAINT: Under what pretext?

SCULLY: That she might know something.

BONSAINT: About what?

SCULLY: Well, about what I'm sure is a perfectly reasonable explanation for all of this.

BONSAINT: Ayuh.

SCULLY: Well, I wish I could help you out. You know, I'm just ... on vacation.

(They get in car. SCULLY watches JANE standing in the window, watching them.)

SCENE 8 SHOODIC LAKE RANGER'S STATION 11:06 PM (MELISSA drives up to the ranger's station. POLLY is asleep beside her. RANGER comes out to greet them.)

MELISSA: Hi.

RANGER: Where are you headed this time of night?

MELISSA: We were invited up to a place near the lake.

RANGER: Uh-huh.

MELISSA: A friend gave us the key.

RANGER: You got gear? Food and water?

MELISSA: We'll be all right.

RANGER: I just want to make sure of that, ma'am. Winter's in full force up there. Power's iffy. Just you and the little one?

MELISSA: For now.

POLLY: I want to go home, Mommy.

MELISSA: We're going to go camping, Polly.

POLLY: I want my bed! I want my records!

(Doll's eyes open.)

DOLL: Let's have fun.

RANGER: I'll just take your license number, then.

(RANGER walks around back. MELISSA looks at rear window and sees reflection of JANE FROELICH, throat slit.)

JANE'S IMAGE: Help me .....

(MELISSA accelerates quickly, forcing RANGER to jump out of the way, then she speeds back the way she came.)

SCENE 9 (JANE FROELICH'S house. Hokey Pokey is playing. JANE is dressed in bathrobe. She turns on light and starts down hall toward sound of the music.)

JANE: Hello?

(She enters living room.)

JANE: Who's there? Is there anyone there?

(Light switch doesn't work. 45s are spread around the floor next to an old record player. JANE raises plastic covering the record player and lifts needle off the record. Music stops. Shadow moves behind JANE.)

DOLL'S VOICE: I want to play.

(JANE drops needle and music starts again. JANE'S hand begins to shake. She bends down and picks up a broken record that she just stepped on. Hokey Pokey begins skipping - "That's what it's all about" over and over. JANE holds broken record in front of her.)

JANE: I'm not afraid of you.

(She tries to resist, but brings the broken record to her neck. Camera pans away just before she cuts herself. We hear her gurgle in pain. Hokey Pokey stops skipping and finishes the song.)

(Commercial 2.)

SCENE 10 (SCULLY'S hotel room. Classical music. SCULLY is in a bubble bath, very relaxed. Hotel phone rings. SCULLY opens one eye, sighs, then reaches a bubbly leg out of the tub to slam the bathroom door. Camera pans across room showing used room service tray and CD boom box playing the classical music. SCULLY comes out of the bathroom wearing a black velour lounging outfit and a towel around her head. She turns down the CD player. Beside the phone is a copy of Affirmations for Women Who Do Too Much. The message light on the phone is blinking. SCULLY sighs, probably thinking "Mulder," and ignores the flashing light. She goes to the window and flings open the curtain obviously expecting sunshine and escapism.. Outside, CAPTAIN JACK BONSAINT gets out of his patrol car and smiles and waves at her. SCULLY smiles tightly, then heads for the door with a resigned expression.)

SCENE 11 (Coroners wheel JANE'S body out of her house. BONSAINT and SCULLY drive up and enter the house.)

BONSAINT: Looks like she died by her own hand. A big slice under the chin opened up the artery.

SCULLY: With what?

BONSAINT: Buddy, show her the thing.

(A cell phone begins ringing.)

(OFFICER BUDDY RIGGS shows her a bloody broken record in an evidence bag.)

BONSAINT: (on phone) Jack Bonsaint.... Ayuh. ... Who? ... Oh, okay. Put him through. (to SCULLY) It's for you.

(SCULLY is surprised.)

SCULLY: (on phone) Hello?

MULDER: (on phone, voice) Hey, morning, sunshine.

(There is a repetitive banging sound from MULDER'S end. He speaks loudly to compensate.)

SCULLY: (on phone) Mulder?

MULDER: (on phone, voice) Yeah. I was a little worried about you. I was wondering if you needed my help up there.

SCULLY: (on phone) Needed your help on what?

MULDER: (on phone, voice) I left you a message at the motel. You didn't get it?

SCULLY: (on phone) I was up and out this morning. Mulder?

MULDER: (on phone, voice) Yeah?

SCULLY: (on phone) What's that noise? Where are you?

MULDER: (on phone) I'm at home. They're doing construction right out the window. Hold on a second. (to imaginary construction workers) Hey fellas! Can you just keep it down for a second, maybe? (He bounces his basketball twice more and tosses it away from him. It crashes into some piece of furniture. MULDER pauses then picks up phone again.) Thank you. (to SCULLY) Yeah, hey. I was - I was thinking about this case. You know, maybe it's not witchcraft after all. Maybe there's a scientific explanation.

SCULLY: (on phone) A scientific explanation? MULDER: (on phone) Yeah, a medical cause. Something called chorea.

SCULLY: (on phone) Dancing sickness.

MULDER: (on phone) Yeah, St. Vitus's dance.

(MULDER opens his refrigerator. It contains absolutely nothing besides a jug of orange juice.)

MULDER: (on phone) It affect groups of people causing unexplained outbursts of uncontrollable jerks and spasms.

(MULDER takes a swig of the juice straight from the bottle. )

SCULLY: (on phone) Yeah, and hasn't been diagnosed since the Middle Ages.

(MULDER makes a face at the taste of the juice and looks at the date on the bottle. OCT. 97)

MULDER: (on phone) Oh. (Spits juice back into bottle.) You're obviously not a fan of American Bandstand, Scully.

SCULLY: (on phone) Mulder?

MULDER: (on phone) Yeah?

SCULLY: (on phone) Thanks for the help. (Hangs up.)



MULDER: (on phone) Hello?

BONSAINT: That your partner?

SCULLY: Yep.

BONSAINT: I'm sorry for eavesdropping but has he maybe got some insight on this?

SCULLY: (definitive) No.

BONSAINT: I see.

(OFFICER RIGGS plays the record that was on the player - Hokey Pokey. Privately, RIGGS seems to remember it was playing in the background when he last spoke on the phone to MELISSA. He turns it off.)

SCULLY: You know, Chief Bonsaint – Jack – can I call you Jack? I've been thinking that maybe ... maybe we need to explore other possibilities.

BONSAINT: I'm not sure I understand.

SCULLY: Well, maybe we need to keep our minds open to ... extreme possibilities.

BONSAINT: Okay, but aren't you on vacation?

(SCULLY sort of nods, then looks away.)

SCENE 12 (Turner house. Hokey Pokey is playing. Polly is napping with the doll. As song ends, MELISSA enters and begins to take doll away from POLLY. Doll's eyes open.)

DOLL: Let's have fun.

(MELISSA backs away in horror. Record player starts over on its own. MELISSA goes back down stairs to kitchen and begins crying. She looks up and sees reflection of OFFICER BUDDY RIGGS in her kitchen window holding his bloody nightstick.)

BUDDY'S IMAGE: Melissa ... help me.

MELISSA: No!

SCENE 13 (Restaurant. SCULLY and BONSAINT at a table. Waitress places a very large lobster in front of them. BONSAINT sighs with pleasure.)

SCULLY: Oh, my god! That looks like something out of Jules Verne. We're supposed to eat that?

BONSAINT: (ripping off a piece) A little late for anything else. You said you had some other directions you were looking at?

SCULLY: I've been thinking about Melissa Turner. Now, you said that her husband died in a boating accident?

BONSAINT: (eating lobster with much cracking) Ayuh.

SCULLY: Well, was there anything strange about that? About the way that it happened?

BONSAINT: Well... it was never quite explained to anyone's satisfaction, actually.

SCULLY: How's that?

BONSAINT: (rips off more lobster) How the man got a grappling hook poked clean through his skull.

SCULLY: Was Melissa ever questioned about that?

BONSAINT: Melissa? No. I don't see how she'd be involved. The boat he died on is right over there if you're at all wondering.

(They look out window and see the OLD MAN on a small fishing boat, named "Working Girl".)

SCULLY: I saw that man at the market.

(Outside, OLD MAN throws a bucket of water over the side of the boat.)

SCENE 14 (Turner house. POLLY, holding her doll, puts a record on her record player.)

POLLY: I want popcorn, Mommy.

(MELISSA looks in the room as POLLY starts her record player. Hokey Pokey.)

MELISSA: Okay.

(MELISSA turns and is started to see OFFICER BUDDY RIGGS.)

BUDDY: What are you doing here?

MELISSA: Buddy!

BUDDY: How come you're back in town?

MELISSA: You've got to get out of here, Buddy.

BUDDY: You know, I called the rangers. They said you tried to kill a man. You almost ran him over. You came back to kill her, too, didn't you?

MELISSA: I didn't try to kill anybody.

BUDDY: Jane Froelich.

MELISSA: It isn't me, Buddy.

BUDDY: Well, we're going to see about that. You're coming in with me. You and your little brat.

(POLLY turns the doll to face BUDDY. Doll's eyes open.)

DOLL: I want to play.

SCENE 15 (Night. On the boat, SCULLY and BONSAINT interviewing the OLD MAN. OLD MAN still has scratches around his eyes.)

OLD MAN: What happened? You ask that question around here, you get as many stories as ... as fishermen.

SCULLY: You were on board the night that he died. What do you think?

OLD MAN: I told my story to the Chief.

SCULLY: People's stories change.

OLD MAN: Folks blame the widow.

SCULLY: Who do you blame?

OLD MAN: He was wild for her.

CUT TO: (Flashback, before the father died. As OLD MAN tells the story, FATHER pulls up a trap and finds the doll.)

OLD MAN: (voiceover) He worked very hard to build that little house for her and when that daughter came, you'd need a mop to wipe that smile off his face. We'd set out to sea on the girl's last birthday. He was counting the hours before he'd be home again.

FATHER: Hey, look what Davy Jones sent my little Polly. Catch of the day.

OLD MAN: Ayuh.

CUT TO: (Present.)

OLD MAN: Three days later, he was dead.

SCULLY: And you know what killed him.

OLD MAN: The eyes play tricks at night, water up against the hull making noises.

CUT TO: (Night FATHER died. FATHER is alone on deck.)

OLD MAN: (voiceover) Sometimes you hear things.

DOLL'S VOICE: Let's have fun.

FATHER: What the hell was that?

(FATHER picks up a long curved grappling hook. He opens cabin door, waking the OLD MAN.)

OLD MAN: What is it?

(FATHER doesn't answer, just goes back outside. OLD MAN hears the voice.)

DOLL'S VOICE: I want to play.

(OLD MAN gets up and goes outside. He sees the FATHER with the hook through his head.)

OLD MAN: Oh, my God.

CUT TO: (Present.)

OLD MAN: Like I said, the eyes play tricks.

SCULLY: But you saw something in that grocery store. That little girl and her dolly.

OLD MAN: Moment I saw them, I knew.

SCENE 16 (SCULLY and BONSAINT are getting back in the car. SCULLY'S phone rings.)

SCULLY: (on phone) Scully.

MULDER: (on phone) Hey. I thought you weren't answering your cell phone.

(MULDER, tie undone, is sitting at a desk <SCULLY'S?!> which has an upside down map of Kentucky behind it. He is playing with the phone cord. Still bored.)

SCULLY: (on phone) Then why'd you call?

MULDER: (on phone) I, uh, I had a new thought about this case you're on. There's a viral infection that's spread by simple touch ...

SCULLY: (on phone) Mulder, are there any references in occult literature to objects that have the power to direct human behavior?

(BONSAINT gives SCULLY an odd look.)

MULDER: (on phone) What types of objects?

SCULLY: (on phone) Um, like a doll, for instance.

MULDER: (on phone) You mean like Chuckie?

SCULLY: (on phone) Yeah, kind of like that. (MULDER gets up and crosses to his desk)

MULDER: (on phone) Yeah, the talking doll myth is well established in literature, especially in New England. The-the fetish or Jujus is believed to pass on magical powers onto its possessor. Some of the early witches were condemned for little more than proclaiming that these objects existed. The supposed witch having premonitory visions and things .... Why do you ask?

SCULLY: (on phone) I was just curious.

MULDER: (on phone) You didn't find a talking doll, did you, Scully?

SCULLY: (on phone) No, no. Of course not.

MULDER: (on phone) I would suggest that you check the back of the doll for a - a plastic ring with a



string on it.

(SCULLY shakes her head and hangs up.)

MULDER: (on phone) That would be my first .... Hello?

SCULLY: Let's go talk to Melissa Turner.

SCENE 17 (Turner house. Sound of metal scraping.)

POLLY: (in her room, yelling) Where's my popcorn?!

(MELISSA is in the kitchen making popcorn on the stove. She is very upset.)

MELISSA: It's coming, Polly.

(Camera shows that OFFICER BUDDY RIGGS is dead. In his hand is his bloody nightstick.)

POLLY: Where's my popcorn?!

MELISSA: (crying) It's coming.

(Commercial 3.)

SCENE 18 (POLLY is in bed sleeping with the doll. MELISSA looks in the room, then goes to a cabinet and gets a hammer and a handful of nails. Later, MELISSA is frantically hammering nails into all the door frames and windows.)

POLLY: (calling from upstairs) Mommy ... I can't sleep.

MELISSA: You go back to bed, Polly. It's way past your bedtime.

POLLY: No more pounding.

MELISSA: Go back to bed, sweetheart.

(Doll's eyes pop open.)

DOLL: Let's have fun.

(MELISSA sees her own image in the window, a hammer stuck in her bloody forehead.)

MELISSA'S IMAGE: Help me ...

MELISSA: Everything's going to be all right, Sweetie. Just go back to bed.

(Outside, BONSAINT and SCULLY drive up. They see a car parked close by.)

BONSAINT: That's Buddy's car.

(Inside, MELISSA closes the door to POLLY'S bedroom. She puts the hammer back in the cabinet and padlocks it. Then she goes to the kitchen and tips a portable heater over, spilling kerosene on the floor next to the dead body of BUDDY RIGGS. She gets a box of matches then hears BONSAINT and SCULLY outside knocking.)

BONSAINT: Melissa!

(SCULLY looks in a window.)

BONSAINT: You see anything?

SCULLY: Unh-uh.

BONSAINT: (knocking) Melissa.

(Inside, Melissa tries to strike a match. She is shaking. Finally, the third match lights)

BONSAINT: (outside) Melissa!

POLLY: (watching MELISSA, frightened) Mommy?!

(Doll's eyes open. Match goes out.)

DOLL: Don't play with matches.

MELISSA: (crying, and trying to strike another match) You go back to bed, Polly!

(MELISSA strikes more matches. They each get blown out.)

BONSAINT: (outside knocking) Melissa?!

MELISSA: Go on now.

(Outside, SCULLY sees the nails holding the door closed. As BONSAINT continues to knock on the door, SCULLY looks in the window again and sees MELISSA striking matches. SCULLY begins knocking on the window.)

SCULLY: Melissa? Melissa? Bonsaint!

(MELISSA gives up on the matches and begins trying to open drawers. They snap back closed.)

DOLL: Don't play with knives.

POLLY: Mommy!

SCULLY: (outside) She's got the door nailed shut. She's trying to kill herself.

(BONSAINT begins breaking down the door. SCULLY keeps knocking on the window.)

SCULLY: Melissa! Melissa!

POLLY: Mommy! Mommy, no more pounding!

(Hardware cabinet bursts open on its own.)

DOLL: Let's play with the hammer.

(SCULLY and BONSAINT take turns hitting the door.)

SCULLY: Melissa!

(Door finally crashes open. BONSAINT and SCULLY enter. MELISSA is holding the hammer in front of her face.)

MELISSA: Get away from me!

SCULLY: Put it down, Melissa.

DOLL: I don't like you anymore.

(MELISSA hits herself on the forehead with the hammer.)

SCULLY: (kneels next to POLLY.) Give me the doll, Polly.

DOLL: I want to play.

(POLLY shakes her head and holds onto the doll. MELISSA hits herself again. Her head is now bloody.)

SCULLY: Polly, give me the doll.

DOLL: I want to play.

(MELISSA hits herself again. POLLY watches in horror. SCULLY takes the doll which keeps repeating "I want to play." She takes it down to the kitchen and stuffs the doll into the microwave and turns it on. Doll catches fire. Must be one of those oxygenated microwaves. POLLY walks over to MELISSA who is bloody and crying. SCULLY and BONSAINT watch the doll burn.)

SCENE 19 (X-Files office. Mulder finishes sharpening a pencil in an electric sharpener, and delicately blows the dust off the tip. He places it on the desk and carefully lines it up with about 20 more sharpened pencils. Door opens and SCULLY enters.)

MULDER: Oh, hey, Scully. How you doing? (Laces his fingers together smoothly to hide the row of pencils.) How are you feeling? Rested?

SCULLY: I feel fine.

(SCULLY is focused on the I Want to Believe Poster behind MULDER.)

MULDER: What?

SCULLY: That poster ... Where'd you get it?

MULDER: Oh, I got it down on "M" Street at some head shop about five years ago.

SCULLY: Hmm.

MULDER: Why?

SCULLY: No. I just ... wanted to send one to somebody.

MULDER: You do?

SCULLY: Mm-hmm.

MULDER: Who?

(As SCULLY passes him, MULDER opens his desk drawer and coughs to cover the sound of the pencils being pushed into the drawer and the drawer being closed.)

MULDER: Who?

SCULLY: Oh, just ... some guy. (pause) Jack. "M" Street?

MULDER: Yeah. Hey, does this have something to do with that case you were working on?

SCULLY: What case? Uh, yeah. Yes it does.

MULDER: Did you solve it?

SCULLY: Me? No. No. I was, uh, I was on vacation. Just ... getting out of my own head for a few days. What about you? Did you, uh, did you get anything done while I was gone?

MULDER: Oh, God. It's amazing what I can accomplish without incessant meddling or questioning into everything I do. It's just ...

(MULDER is interrupted by a pencil dropping down on him. He looks up and another falls on him. SCULLY slowly raises her eyes to the ceiling. About thirty pencils are stuck into the ceiling tiles above MULDER'S desk.)

MULDER: (embarrassed, but charming) There's ... got to be an explanation.

SCULLY: Oh, I don't know. I think some things are better left unexplained.

(Another pencil falls and hits MULDER on the top of the head. He looks innocently at SCULLY. She looks at him with exasperation.)

SCENE 20 (Night. Fishing boat in Maine. Fisherman pulls a lobster out of a trap.)

FISHERMAN: Ah.

(He pulls the burned doll out of the trap. Doll's eyes open.)

DOLL: I want to play.

The End US Airdate: February 8, 1998

writers: Stephen King and Chris Carter director: Kim Manners

STARRING: David Duchovny as Special Agent Fox Mulder

Gillian Anderson as Special Agent Dana Scully



Guest Cast: Susannah Hoffman as Melissa Turner

Jenny Lynn Hutcheson as Polly Turner

Carolyn Tweedle as Jane Froelich

Gordon Tipple as Assistant Manager

Harrison R. Coe as Dave the Butcher

Larry Musser as Jack Bonsaint

William MacDonald as Buddy Riggs

Dean Wray as Rich Turner