

THE X-FILES

"Chinga"

Written by
Stephen King

Directed by
Kim Manners

Episode #5X10
Story No. 4877
December 1, 1997 (White)
December 3, 1997 (Blue-Pgs)
December 4, 1997 (Pink-Full)
December 8, 1997 (Green-Pgs)

FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY

December 8, 1997

"Chinga"

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder
Agent Dana Scully
Polly Turner
Melissa Turner
Jane Froelich
The Shopper
Assistant Manager
Old Man
Dave The Butcher
Jack Bonsaint
Buddy Riggs
Clerk
Customer
Ranger
Rich Turner

(X)

December 4, 1997

"Chinga"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

AMMAS BEACH SUPR SAVR
MAINE SEACOAST
TURNER HOUSE
 /BACKYARD
 /FRONTYARD
WEE ONE'S DAY CARE CENTER
MAINE INTRASTATE HIGHWAY
RANGER STATION
SEAFOOD SHANTY
FISHING BOAT (RICH TURNER)
SECOND FISHING BOAT (FINAL SCENE)

INTERIORS

AMERICAN SEDAN
AMMAS BEACH SUPR SAVR
 /BACK BUTCHER SECTION (X)
 /FROZEN FOOD AISLE
 /CHECKOUT AREA
 /MANAGER'S OFFICE
RENTAL CAR
MULDER'S OFFICE
TURNER HOUSE
 /POLLY'S ROOM
 /KITCHEN
 /HALLWAY
DAIRY QUEEN
WEE ONE'S DAY CARE CENTER
 /FRONT WINDOW
 /DARK HALLWAY
 /PLAYROOM
SCULLY'S MOTEL ROOM
MULDER'S APARTMENT
JACK BONSAINT'S CAR
SEAFOOD SHANTY
FISHING BOAT (OLD MAN)
FISHING BOAT WHEELHOUSE (RICH TURNER)

CHINGA

FADE IN:

1 CLOSE ON A FIVE YEAR-OLD GIRL (POLLY TURNER)

1

Seated in the passenger seat of a sensible American sedan. A beautiful child, Polly's curly hair and angelic face are the stuff of parents' dreams. But this little girl is odd somehow. Her face expressionless... almost vague. Her eyes cold marbles.

Polly sits passively, the seatbelt around her. She's holding tight on an arnel-haired dolly she calls CHINGA, who has those creepy eyes that open and close. Polly looks PAST CAMERA as the passenger door opens and her very pretty mother, MELISSA, reaches in for her. Speaking in reassuring tones.

MELISSA

We're just going in for a few things. We won't be long... okay, Polly?

Polly does not answer, watching her mother with her cold eyes.

MELISSA

Mommy needs some groceries. Just some milk and cereal. I'll let you choose which one. Okay?

Polly still doesn't answer, as Melissa gets her unbuckled and out of the car. Closing the door, taking Polly by the hand. (X)
Melissa is either very high strung or particularly nervous about something. As she guides Polly (and Chinga) off, passing: (X)

JANE FROELICH (50s)

(X)

pushing her cart past them. Jane is what someone of a particular generation might call a Margaret Hamilton-type. Though there are looks of recognition exchanged, Jane moves past without slowing. Casting a fearful, hateful look at Polly. As if she were afraid. (X)

CUT TO:

2 INT. AMMAS BEACH SUPR SAVR - DAY

2

The market is not crowded. The summer season is past and the locals have reclaimed their usual pace of life. A LEGEND appears, to establish: AMMAS BEACH, MAINE. 2:14 PM.

Melissa enters, with Polly now in the child-carrier seat of a cart. She continues in a hurried manner, passing another woman who recognizes her judgementally. A woman we'll call THE SHOPPER. Melissa wheeling past her, toward: (X)

THE MEAT/SEAFOOD SECTION

(X)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Melissa is on the move, trying to get past this section before... too late. DAVE THE BUTCHER pops out of the back, coming through the plastic-strip curtain that separates the counter from the cutting area in back. He wears METAL GLOVES, the kind used to shuck oysters, with a mess of oysters in hand. (X)

Dave makes eye contact with Melissa. There is some history here, judging by the look he gives. Evidenced, too, in:

MELISSA

She's giving Dave the sidelong treatment, hoping that Polly won't notice. But she does -- the little girl turning to see, her dolly clutched tight. And for the first time she speaks.

POLLY

(her eyes on Dave)
I don't like this store, Mommy.

MELISSA

We're only going to be a minute.

POLLY

I want to go home.

Melissa quickening, pushing Polly toward us, so that we can see CHINGA'S EYES SUDDENLY OPEN. For no reason at all.

NEW ANGLE ON MELISSA

Moving fast out of the Meat section. CAMERA HOLDS on Dave after she exits. As he dumps the oysters he's holding into a display tank (or on ice), then heads back through the plastic curtain.

FROZEN FOOD AISLE

We are looking INTO the glass cabinets which hold their sundry frozen product, as MELISSA'S CART ENTERS FRAME (filled with a few items now.) TRACKING with it, CAMERA KEYS ON POLLY AND CHINGA who are looking PAST CAMERA. CAMERA DRIFTING UP now to Melissa whose head is turreting from cabinet to cabinet -- when, suddenly, she's startled by something JUST PAST CAMERA:

MELISSA'S POV

Standing in the frozen food cabinet is DAVE THE BUTCHER, a knife (X) protruding from one eye, BLOOD coming from many face wounds around his eyes. A hint of condensation on the glass tells us he's still alive. He mouths the words: HELP ME. (This is a reflection, so the graphic quality of the image will be lessened by its diaphanousness. It will actually appear as if the living reflection is trapped inside the plane of the glass.)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

REVERSE ON MELISSA

Horrified by this, but not for reasons we might anticipate.
Melissa quickly exits frame. Lurching off in a big hurry.

ANGLE ON END OF AISLE

A beat, then Melissa wheels around, almost crashing into another
shopper. She is speaking to Polly now in hushed urgency.

MELISSA

We're going home, Polly. Please
don't do this to Mommy...

CLOSE ON POLLY

Staring straight ahead, clutching Chinga. (X)

ANGLE OVER A SHOPPER TO MELISSA AND POLLY (X)

In the f.g. we see THE SHOPPER has stopped her cart and is (X)
SLAPPING at her face, as if trying to swat something nasty off. (X)
Or trying to knock sense into herself. Her actions strange, even
funny at first, until she starts SCRATCHING at her eyes.

RACKING TO MELISSA -- the mounting horror revealed on her face.
And in her actions, as she stops her cart and grabs Polly from
her child seat. Lifting her up and out, then exiting frame. (X)

CAMERA RACKING BACK TO THE SHOPPER, who is SCRATCHING at her (X)
eyes so hard she has DRAWN BLOOD. Which has drawn the attention (X)
of THE ASSISTANT MANAGER. He is moving toward her, when he (X)
suddenly SLAPS HIMSELF HARD. Frighteningly hard. And then he
does it again.

ANGLE ON AISLE FRONTING THE CHECKOUT AREA

Where Melissa appears, carrying her daughter and her dolly.
Melissa's looking for the fastest way out, but she is further
horrified by:

THE CASHIERS, CUSTOMERS

Slapping at their faces, some beginning to claw at their eyes.

TRACKING MELISSA

Adrenalin pumping as she looks frantically for a way out, but
the checkout lines are all blocked with chains. Until she finds
one that isn't. Darting through this one, clutching Polly
tightly. With Polly clutching dolly.

NEW ANGLE ON MELISSA

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

Moving through the checkout stand, rushing for daylight, when something we can't see stops her in her tracks.

ANGLE OVER OLD MAN

Knelt down on the floor, scratching his eyes. He looks up at Melissa. She recognizes this man, which only adds to her terror.

ANGLE DOWN ON OLD MAN

His eyes scratched and swollen. He is still able to communicate a look -- of knowing. At Melissa, and:

POLLY AND CHINGA

The little girl and her dolly both regarding him with cold, uncaring eyes. PANNING OFF to Melissa who averts her gaze, darting past the old man and rushing toward the front exit.

ANGLE ON MEAT/SEAFOOD STATION

Where DAVE THE BUTCHER, alerted by the COMMOTION (and apparently (X) unaffected), pushes through the strips of heavy vertical plastic strips. Seeing:

THE ASSISTANT MANAGER

careening toward him, KNOCKING OVER A PRODUCT DISPLAY at the end of an aisle, as he gouges at his eyes. (Play other extras b.g.)

RESUME DAVE

Starting to scratch at his own eyes now, WITH HIS METAL GLOVES ON. But somehow finding the presence of mind to stumble back through the vertical plastic. Moving hastily to:

3 INT. BACK BUTCHER SECTION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

3

ANGLE THROUGH A HALF DOZEN hanging sides of beef, as Dave stumbles to the phone, his face bloodied. Dialing. Then:

DAVE

It's Dave down at the Supr Savr.
Send whoever you got on duty --

Dave trails off, his attention diverted by A REFLECTION IN A GLASS DOOR opposite, in the shape of a large Chinga doll. Its tousled hair immediately recognizable.

CLOSE ON DAVE'S HAND

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

It jabs down at the belt he's wearing, where SEVERAL SHARP KNIVES dangle. Grabbing a sharp oyster knife, as CAMERA TILTS QUICKLY UP to Dave's face. (X)

The VOICE on the other end of the line is barely audible, asking Dave to repeat himself. But Dave is now acutely aware that something is behind him. Then:

REVERSE ON DAVE

As he wheels around, FLASHING THE KNIFE at... something which causes his expression to change from fear to confusion. And then back to fear again, as:

Dave raises the knife up and -- TURNS IT TOWARD HIMSELF. The screen GOES BLACK, and all we hear is Dave's BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM. As we go to: (X)

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

4 EXT. MAINE SEACOAST - DAY

4

A picture postcard of Vancouver shoreline masquerading for Ammas beach, Maine. Gulls swoop and cry. A RENTAL CAR breaks frame, swooshes past. PRELAP HUMMEL'S PIANO CONCERTO IN B MINOR, as we:

CUT TO:

5 INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

5

Scully is at the wheel. She wears a t-shirt that reads: MAINE, THE WAY LIFE SHOULD BE. Her hair is pulled back, she wears minimal makeup and looks perfectly content. As if she were on vacation, which she is. The delicate and daintily dramatic music sweeping her along. As she turns into the parking lot of:

CUT TO:

6 EXT. AMMAS BEACH SUPR SAVR - DAY

6

Scully maneuvers to find a parking space near the storefront when MELISSA TURNER'S CAR BACKS OUT SUDDENLY, causing her to come to a quick stop. We can see Melissa fighting the wheel, putting the car in gear and accelerating away.

7 ~~RESUME~~ SCULLY BEHIND WHEEL

7

Watching this semi-curiously, the music cascading up and down the scales, when her attention is turned to THE OLD MAN exiting the store.

Scully reacts to the blood on his face, his hands. Putting the car quickly in park, opening her door. Stepping out.

SCULLY

Sir?

The Old Man turns, not recognizing Scully. Not answering her.

SCULLY

Sir -- what happened?

OLD MAN

(stoic)

I think we need a doctor.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Off Scully's reaction to this:

CUT TO:

8 INT. AMMAS BEACH SUPR SAVR - DAY

8

Scully enters, finding the aftermath of what we witnessed in the Teaser. Checkers and customers stand as if awaking from a daze. Some, like the Old Man, have blood on their hands. Others have scratched the area around their eyes raw.

SCULLY

is confused by what she sees, to say the least.

SCULLY
(to anyone)
What happened here?

But no one answers her, regarding her with suspicion reserved for strangers, even in this extreme situation.

SCULLY
Can someone direct me to a phone?

Still no one answers. Adding to Scully's dreamy confusion, as does the sight of:

~~THE SHOPPER~~

(X)

~~Stumbling~~ out of an aisle, bloody hands to her eyes.

SHOPPER
I can't see!

(X)

~~NEW ANGLE~~

~~Scully~~ is moving to Jane when the ASSISTANT MANAGER cuts across her ~~path~~. His eyes are bloodied, too.

ASSISTANT MANAGER
Who are you?

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

ASSISTANT MANAGER
I don't know -- but Dave -- I
think he's dead --

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

He's pointing toward the meat counter with his bloody hand.

CUT TO:

9 INT. BUTCHER SECTION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

9

Scully appears through the plastic strip curtain, reacting to:

LOW ANGLE OVER DAVE THE BUTCHER TO SCULLY (X)

Out of focus, in the f.g., we see Dave lying on the floor. THE KNIFE protrudes from Dave's eye, its blade wedged into the socket. Scully doesn't think this man is dead -- she knows it. And off her continued, alerted confusion, we: (X)

CUT TO:

10 AGENT MULDER -- CAMERA DOING A SLOW, LAZY ARC

10

around a TV monitor he's watching. Sitting behind his desk, slumped down in his chair, attention fixed intensely on some form of video entertainment -- from which low inscrutable MOANING emanates.

CAMERA CONTINUES ITS LAZY ARC as the PHONE RINGS. Mulder is stirred, but not shaken, as he reaches to answer it. Maintaining his slumped position, never taking his eyes off the TV.

MULDER

Mulder.

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER)

Mulder, it's me.

The MOANING continues, though we still haven't seen a picture. But given Mulder's well-known predilections, we expect the worst.

MULDER

I thought you were on vacation.

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER)

I am. I'm up in Maine. (X)

MULDER

I thought you didn't want to be disturbed, Scully. I thought you wanted to get out of your head for a few days. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER) (X)
I don't. I mean, I do. (X)
(then) (X)
What are you watching, Mulder? (X)

MULDER
Uh, The World's Deadliest
Swarms....
(turns TV off with
the remote control)
You said you'd be unreachable,
Scully.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER)
I am. I was. I'm at a payphone.

CUT TO:

11 INT. AMMAS BEACH SUPR SAVR - DAY

11

Scully's in the manager's office, phone to her ear. Through the glass window we can see PARAMEDICS tending to the wounded.

SCULLY
In a market here. I'm trying to
give the local PD a handle here.

MULDER (PHONE FILTER)
A handle on what?

NEW ANGLE ON SCULLY

To include POLICE CHIEF JACK BONSAINT, and his deputy, BUDDY RIGGS. Jack (40) has been at this long enough he's seen about everything twice. Buddy is younger, good-looking in a sly way.

They are both reviewing a surveillance monitor where the action in the Teaser is being played back on rotating pictures from four different cameras. Scully looking over their shoulders.

SCULLY
I'm not sure how to describe
it -- I didn't witness it
myself -- but there was an
outbreak of people acting in a
violent, involuntary way.

As she says this we are looking at the MONITOR where we see various angles of the action from the Teaser.

MULDER (PHONE FILTER)
Toward whom?

SCULLY
Themselves.

CUT BACK TO:

MULDER

CAMERA CONTINUES its lazy arc around him. In the b.g. we hear continued MOANING, heavy breathing. Mulder's head is cocked sideways now at whatever he's looking at. A look of wonder.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MULDER
Themselves?

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER)
Beating at their faces, clawing
at their eyes. One man is dead...

MULDER
Dead? How?

The MOANING o.s. has become FEVERED, HOT.

CUT BACK TO:

SCULLY

Riggs points to the monitor, where the entrance to the butchery
is visible on screen, captured by one of the security cameras.

RIGGS
Nobody in or out but Dave.

SCULLY
(into the phone)
Self-inflicted, it appears.

MULDER (PHONE FILTER)
Sounds like witchcraft, Scully.

CUT BACK TO:

MULDER

MULDER
Maybe some kind of sorcery.

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER)
I don't think it's witchcraft,
Mulder. Or sorcery.

MULDER
(amused)
Of course you don't, Scully. (X)

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER) (X)
I mean, I've had a look around, (X)
and I've seen nothing that (X)
warrants those suspicions. (X)

MULDER
Do you know what you're looking (X)
for? (X)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER)
You mean like evidence of
conjury or the black arts --

(X)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

SCULLY

Both Bonsaint and Riggs have turned away from the monitor,
casting a curious eye at Scully.

SCULLY

-- shamanism, divination, Wicca (X)
or any kind of Pagan or neo-
Pagan practice. Charms, cards, (X)
dolls, familiars, bloodstones,
unguents, sigils or hex signs.
Any kind of ritual tableau (X)
associated with the occult,
Voudoun, Santeria, Macumba or (X)
high or low magic --

MULDER (PHONE FILTER)

(cutting her off)

Scully --

SCULLY

Yes?

MULDER (PHONE FILTER)

Marry me.

Scully pauses, unamused.

SCULLY

I was hoping for something a
little more helpful.

MULDER (PHONE FILTER)

Maybe you should keep your eyes
peeled for a lady on a
broomstick wearing a pointy hat.

SCULLY

Thank you.

Scully hangs up. Riggs and Bonsaint are looking at Scully
curiously. When Scully sees something they don't.

SCULLY

That woman there -- who is she?

THE SURVEILLANCE MONITOR

Where MELISSA TURNER is rushing out with Polly in her arms.

BONSAINT

That's...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

RIGGS
... Melissa Turner.

SCULLY
She the only person I've seen
who looks unaffected.

RIGGS
What's your point?

SCULLY
I don't want to tell you fellas
how to do your job, but I think
you might want to talk to her.

And off their looks, we:

CUT TO:

12 EXT. AMMAS BEACH SUPR SAVR - DAY

12

Scully is moving back to her car when Bonsaint appears behind
her, coming out of the market.

BONSAINT
Ms. Scully...

Scully turns, sees Bonsaint approaching.

BONSAINT
You staying in town? (X)

SCULLY
Yes. I'm on vacation. Why? (X)

BONSAINT
(venturing) (X)
What you said back there, about
Melissa Turner. Well, it put
kind of a spin on this whole
business here today.

SCULLY
How's that?

BONSAINT
Melissa's caused some stir.
People here say she's a witch. (X)

Scully takes a beat, looking off. How best to deflect this.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SCULLY

Not the first time for that
accusation in these parts.

BONSAINT

Ayuh.

SCULLY

I have to be honest with you,
Captain Bonsaint. I'm not the
greatest believer in witchcraft.

BONSAINT

Well, y'know, I'm not either.
Used to think it was just cause
Melissa was pretty. And single.
Threatening, y'know...
(he trails off)

SCULLY

But now you're not convinced.

BONSAINT

Well, y'know, I appreciate the
trouble you went to. And I sure
do hope there's a reasonable
explanation, like you said, but
there's just this one thing
gonna make it hard to persuade
folks to your thinking.

SCULLY

What one thing is that?

BONSAINT

Who she's been carrying on with.

SCULLY

(not understanding)

Who she's been carrying on with?

BONSAINT

Ayuh. With Dave. The Butcher.

(X)

Off Scully's reaction to this:

CUT TO:

13 INT. AMMAS BEACH SUPR SAVR - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

13

Deputy Riggs is dialing the phone. It's ringing in his ear now, as he glides over to the door and nudges it closed for privacy.

RIGGS
Hey, it's Buddy.

CUT TO:

14 MELISSA TURNER

14

She stands in Polly's room, jumpy as when we left her. In the b.g. we hear the children's song, "Hokey Pokey" playing.

MELISSA
(trying to cover)
Oh, hi.

RIGGS (PHONE FILTER)
You okay, Melissa?

MELISSA
I'm fine. Why do you ask?

WIDER ON ROOM

Melissa is on a portable telephone, standing in the doorway. Polly is sitting in a little kid's chair holding Chinga (whose eyes are shut), with the little phonograph playing beside her.

POLLY
Who's that, Mommy?

Melissa doesn't answer her, trying to listen to Riggs.

RIGGS (PHONE FILTER)
I know you were here, Melissa.
Down at the Supr Savr.

MELISSA
I don't know what you're talking
about, Buddy.

CLOSE ON POLLY

CAMERA PUSHING IN ON HER as she reacts to the name.

POLLY
Hang up, Mommy.

CUT BACK TO:

15 BUDDY

15

RIGGS
You got recorded on video.

MELISSA (PHONE FILTER)
I just stopped in for a sec.

RIGGS
I'm calling on my own, so you
can be forewarned. Because
Bonsaint's probably going to be
coming over and... there's some
thought you're involved in what
happened down here today.

CUT BACK TO:

16 MELISSA

16

She's on the move now. CAMERA LEADING HER as she moves through
the house, into the kitchen, and out the back door.

POLLY (O.S.)
Mommy...

MELISSA
I'm not involved in anything.

RIGGS (PHONE FILTER)
I know that. Would you listen to
me?! I'm not saying you are.

CAMERA MOVING WITH HER, into:

17 EXT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

17

Melissa exits into her tiny back yard, where her laundry hangs
on the line, spanning one edge of the property to the other.

MELISSA
What are you saying then?

RIGGS (PHONE FILTER)
That I want to help you, but you
gotta keep it a secret or we're
both gonna be answering
questions. Now I got something
to tell you...

MELISSA
What?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

RIGGS (PHONE FILTER)
... something bad.

MELISSA
What is it, Buddy?!

RIGGS (PHONE FILTER)
Dave's dead.

Melissa stumbles a little, putting her hand to her mouth.

MELISSA
Oh my god.

RIGGS (PHONE FILTER)
I gotta see you. Right away.
Melissa?

MELISSA
I can't --

RIGGS (PHONE FILTER)
You need a friend. More'n ever.

SMASH CUT TO:

18 POLLY

18

Sitting with Chinga in her arms. As the doll's eyes suddenly OPEN. Rolling back to reveal the cold, glass marbles. As "Hokey Pokey" continues to play eerily on.

CUT BACK TO:

19 MELISSA

19

Still stunned by the news, hand to her mouth.

MELISSA
You can't come here, Buddy.

RIGGS (PHONE FILTER)
Why? Just tell me why.

MELISSA
I can't explain it to you now.

RIGGS (PHONE FILTER)
I'm coming over there, Melissa.
You shouldn't be alone.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

CAMERA PANNING OFF MELISSA, to see what she's not seeing. That behind her a shadow is cast on the sheets drying on the line. It's BIG CHINGA. And off this image, we:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

20 EXT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

20

A small house in a neighborhood of small houses. Bonsaint's car pulls to the curb. He and Scully exit. Moving up the front walk, as THUNDER RUMBLES, drawing their attention skyward.

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

Bonsaint knocks, but no one is answering. Scully looks in the front window.

SCULLY

Back door's wide open.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATE DAY

21

Scully and Bonsaint come around the house. The sheets and laundry are still out on the line, as ROLLING THUNDER rumbles again. (If it's raining during this, all the better.)

Scully and Bonsaint note this, as they enter the back door. To:

CUT TO:

22 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

22

ANGLE FROM INSIDE POLLY'S ROOM, through the door where Melissa stood earlier, talking on the phone to Riggs. And where Scully appears now, moving into the doorway. Entering the room.

NEW ANGLE ON SCULLY

Looking around the room, which is a typical little girl's room by all first impressions. Until she notices something.

SCULLY

Bonsaint...

He appears in the doorway now, moving to Scully. She's at the window, looking at:

THE BEDROOM WINDOWS

They've been NAILED SHUT. And not with a skilled hand. Sixteen penny nails have been driven clumsily through the mullions into the frames. CAMERA PANNING TO SCULLY, BONSAINT.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

BONSAINT

Now what the devil is this for?

SCULLY

It looks like she was afraid of something.

BONSAINT

Well, whatever it is, she's run off in a hurry. Laundry's out, phone's off the hook. Beats me.

SCULLY

You know much about her?

BONSAINT

Lissy Turner? Bout as local as you get -- born and raised here. Married a fisherman. Widowed last year, after a boating accident. Don't know if the little girl, Polly, really ever understood.

(off her look)

Toys in the attic.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

The daughter's autistic?

BONSAINT

That's what they say. Problem child. There was an incident last year over at the Wee One's Daycare Center. Proprietor slapped Polly across the face.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

You're not serious. For what?

BONSAINT

She said Polly threw a tantrum so fierce, it was the only thing to do. Says the next thing she knew she's on the ground. Little girl knocked her silly.

SCULLY

The little girl did?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

BONSAINT

Well that's her story, but Polly never touched her, far as I figured it. Oh, it was a real drama, though. 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.

(X)

Scully looks at the window again, wondering.

(X)

SCULLY

This affair the mother was having. With the butcher --

BONSAINT

Dave. Maybe I gave you the wrong impression. It wasn't exactly an affair, though Dave made quite a fool of himself. And his wife. Melissa always had a way of exciting mens'... interests.

SCULLY

So it was unrequited.

BONSAINT

You could say that.

SCULLY

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

Bonsaint makes a face, surprised by this tack.

BONSAINT

He wasn't that big a fool.

(off Scully's

judgmental look)

You know, maybe she wasn't afraid of something getting in. Maybe she's afraid of something getting out.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Like what?

(X)

(X)

Bonsaint shrugs in an exaggerated way. Putting Scully slightly on the defensive.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

BONSAINT

(X)

Just a thought.

(X)

And now he's got Scully wondering herself. Off Scully:

(X)

CUT TO:

23 INT. DAIRY QUEEN - LATE DAY

23

CLOSE ON POLLY as Buddy Riggs sets down the biggest ICE CREAM
SUNDAE they sell in front of her. Polly's eyes light up as she
plucks a cherry from it, holding Chinga in her other arm.

(X)

(X)

(X)

RIGGS

(X)

How do you like that? Huh?

(X)

Buddy's hoping for at least a smile, but Polly doesn't
acknowledge him. He nods at her anyway, before moving to:

(X)

(X)

ANGLE ON MELISSA

(X)

At the other end of the table, her head in her hands. Buddy sits
down across from her, talks to her in a whispered urgency.

(X)

(X)

RIGGS

Why don't you leave town?

MELISSA

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

RIGGS

I could take care of that.

MELISSA

I'm not ready --

RIGGS

Who's gonna take care of you?

MELISSA

Buddy?! What happened to Dave?
You want that to happen to you?!

She's said this just a little too loud. Turning now, for fear
that Polly's overheard. But Polly goes right on with her sundae,
seemingly oblivious to this dialogue.

RIGGS

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

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

MELISSA
Buddy, I can't --

RIGGS
I've had my eye on you Melissa
for more years than I care to
remember. I missed my chance the
first time around. I've been
waiting in the wings. I'm sorry
about things, truly I am. But
you need someone who can provide.

MELISSA
Don't, Buddy. Please...

RIGGS
Don't because you don't want to?
Or just because you're too proud?

(X)

MELISSA
You don't understand --

POLLY
(loud)
I want more cherries.

Melissa and Buddy turn, see that Polly has set Chinga on the
plastic bench, and with both hands has hefted the sundae. Moving
past them now, on to the counter. When she's out of earshot:

RIGGS
What don't I understand?

MELISSA
What happened in the Supr Savr
today. What happened to Dave...
I couldn't stop it.

RIGGS
What do you mean?

MELISSA
I've... seen things.

RIGGS
What?

MELISSA
I saw Dave dead. Before he was
dead. I saw him in frozen foods,
all cut and bloody.

Riggs stares at her like she's crazy.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

MELISSA

And it's not the first time.

ANGLE ON POLLY AT THE COUNTER

She's set her sundae on the counter. Waiting for help.

POLLY

I want more cherries.

ANGLE ON TEENAGE CLERK

Behind the counter, cleaning the chrome on one of the machines.
She glances over, sees the sundae, the top of Polly's head.

CLERK

What's that, Sweetie?

POLLY

I WANT more cherries.

CLERK

You're gonna have to ask your
mommy for some more money, hon.
I can't just give them away.

The Clerk goes back to cleaning. Polly staring up at her with
those cold, cold eyes.

RESUME MELISSA, BUDDY RIGGS

MELISSA

My husband. I saw him, in a
window. Dead before it happened.
(gestures subtly)
You know... with the hook.

(X)

RIGGS

You're just trying to scare me.

MELISSA

Buddy, I'm not. I am cursed.
Don't you see. Look what
happened to my husband, and now.

POLLY

Stands staring at the clerk. As ANOTHER CUSTOMER enters, moving
up behind Polly. Standing and reading the hanging menu.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

CUSTOMER

Let's see. I'd like a Snowstorm,
please. And a P-nut Bomber
Parfait.

The Clerk smiles and goes right to work, ignoring:

POLLY

CAMERA PUSHING SLOWLY IN ON HER. Her cold eyes, staring up at
the clerk. MATCHING THIS ACTION with:

CHINGA

Lying on the plastic bench. Suddenly CHINGA'S EYES OPEN, too.

THE CLERK

We're on the back of her head. She's at the machine that makes
the ice cream "Snowstorms." She's busy filling the customer's
order. CAMERA SLOWLY CIRCLING AROUND to her face. She's a gawky
girl of about sixteen with LONG SILKY HAIR pulled back in a pony
tail. Completely unsuspecting of what's about to happen to her.

CAMERA ARMING DOWN

Along the girl's pony tail, down her arm, to the large wax cup
she's holding under the spinning mixing arm of the machine.

RESUME POLLY

Staring up at the clerk, then turning around to her mother.

POLLY

Mommy, I want more cherries.

OVER MELISSA AND BUDDY TO POLLY

MELISSA

We're going to go now, Polly.

Melissa is getting up from her seat, grabbing for Chinga, whose (X)
EYES ARE STILL OPEN. Buddy's getting up with her. He's got his
hand in his pocket, fishing for something.

RIGGS

Take this, Melissa. It's to a
place we use for hunting. Up
near Schoodic Lake.

He hands her A KEY, folds her fingers around it. Polly watching
this in the b.g. CAMERA PUSHES IN TO HER, PAST MELISSA AND BUDDY
as she approaches them at the table.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (4)

23

POLLY

Mommy...

RIGGS

Or else there's going to be
trouble. More than you need.

POLLY

Mommy...

MELISSA

Yes, Polly...

She and Buddy turn, just as: THE CLERK STARTS SCREAMING, like
only a sixteen year-old girl can scream. As her pony tail gets
YANKED into the machinery. Her head yanked down with it.

CLOSE ON BUDDY RIGGS

Paralyzed for a moment, his eyes wide. Then he leaps into action.

CLOSE ANGLE ON CLERK

Her head is bouncing off the stainless steel face of the machine
with each revolution of the spinning arm. Hair has begun to fly.
The girl's eyes are rolling back in their sockets. CAMERA WHIP
PANNING TO BUDDY RIGGS, jumping the counter, past the HORRIFIED
CUSTOMER. PANNING HIM to the machine, where he quickly turns off
the power. So that all we hear is the young woman's painful
sobs, just below frame.

Buddy turns when AN ELECTRONIC DING sounds. Seeing:

BUDDY'S POV

The exit door settles. Melissa and Polly are gone. Off:

BUDDY RIGGS

Standing over the still bound girl, her scalp beginning to BLEED (X)
where it's been pulled away at her forehead. As we: (X)

CUT TO:

24 JANE FROELICH

24

The Margaret Hamilton-type we saw in the supermarket parking lot (X)
in the Teaser. She's peering through the sheers on the front (X)
door, squinting through her thickish glasses at people outside. (X)

JANE

Is that you, Jack?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

We are:

EXT. WEE ONE'S DAY CARE CENTER - EVENING

Scully and Bonsaint are at the front door.

BONSAINT

Ayuh. It's me, Jane. Come in?

Jane feels for the knob, opens the door. Not invitingly.

JANE

Who've you got with you?

SCULLY

Ms. Froelich, my name is Dana
Scully. I'm with the FBI. I
happened to be here on vacation.
I was down at the market earlier.

Jane eyes Scully.

(X)

JANE

So...?

SCULLY

I'm trying to give the Chief
here some help --

JANE

-- you talk to her?

SCULLY

Who?

JANE

Oh, please. Melissa Turner. That
whore's a witch as sure as I'm
standing here. She's descended
from the Hawthornes down 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.

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

BONSAINT

Jane, if we could just come in
for a few minutes and talk --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

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.

(to Scully)

Our great great grandfathers
knew how to treat witches. They
would have driven the demon
outta that little girl -- and
given that slattern of a mother
what she's got coming.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Without further adieu, she closes the door in their face.

SCULLY

(after a beat)

New England hospitality. Heard
about it my whole life, finally
got a chance to experience it
for myself.

41

25 INT. WEE ONE'S DAY CARE CENTER - EVENING

25

Jane is at the window, watching Scully and Bonsaint leave. Her
hands opening and closing, muttering to herself.

(X)

JANE

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

26 RESUME SCULLY, BONSAINT

26

As they get to his car at the curb.

BONSAINT

You see what I'm up against
here. Public sentiment and all.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

You said you know Melissa
Turner. How well?

(X)

(X)

(X)

BONSAINT

Why're you asking?

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

SCULLY
(carefully)
I think you need to locate her
and her little girl. To bring
her in and straighten this out.

BONSAINT
Under what pretext?

SCULLY
(cornered)
That she... might know something
she's not saying.

BONSAINT
Like what?

SCULLY
(more cornered)
Like a perfectly reasonable
explanation for all this.

Bonsaint nods, unconvinced. As is Scully. (X)

SCULLY (X)
I'm sorry I can't be more help. (X)
It's just... I'm on vacation. (X)

She gets in the car quickly, so as to prevent any further (X)
discussion. CAMERA HOLDING ON HER, seeing her frustration at not (X)
being able to solve this case. At where it's heading. At the (X)
fact that Mulder might be right. (X)

CUT TO:

27 EXT. MAINE INTRASTATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

27

A lonely car is coming at us, moving fast down a hallway of road
blazed out of a pine forest. As it swooshes past, we:

CUT TO:

28 EXT. RANGER STATION - NIGHT

28

Headlights paint the side of the small, rustic structure. We see
a RANGER inside, alerted by the approaching lights. He grabs a
clipboard, moves to the door. Opens it as the car breaks frame.

NEW ANGLE ON MELISSA

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

At the wheel, rolling down the window as the Ranger comes around. Past her, we see Polly buckled into the passenger seat. She has Chinga held tight, both have their eyes closed. Asleep, as it were.

MELISSA

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

RANGER

Where you headed this time a night?

MELISSA

I've been -- we were -- invited up to a place up near the lake.

RANGER

Uh huh.

MELISSA

A friend gave us the key.

RANGER

You got gear? Food and water?

MELISSA

We'll be alright.

RANGER

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

MELISSA

For now.

On saying this, CAMERA RACKS TO POLLY, whose eyes are now OPEN.

POLLY

I want to go home, Mommy.

MELISSA

We're going to go camping, honey.

POLLY

I want my bed. I want my records.

Melissa stares at Polly, the height of frustration, when CHINGA'S EYES OPEN. Unexpectedly. As if Chinga is looking at her.

REVERSE ON MELISSA

A chill running down her spine. Behind her the Ranger waits. Until:

RANGER

I'm just going to get your license number, then.

He exits frame. CAMERA HOLDING ON MELISSA, who's staring at:

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (3)

28

CLOSE ON CHINGA

Boring a hole through her with its cold glass eyes.

BACK TO MELISSA

For a moment, until her expression suddenly changes. She's sensing something, and that something is right behind her.

CAMERA WHIPPING TO THE REAR WINDOW OF THE CAR, where, reflected (X)
in the curved glass is -- JANE FROELICH. She stares straight at (X)
Melissa. Blood all down the front of her nightclothes. Mouthing (X)
the words: HELP ME.

REVERSE ON MELISSA

Turning to see this. It's happening... again.

ANGLE OVER RANGER

At the front of the car, taking down the plate number. When Melissa suddenly steps on the gas, spinning the rear tires. Causing the Ranger to reel backwards, as the car fishtails slightly before it gets traction and bursts forward, just before he scrambles to safety.

The Ranger's heart is still in his throat as he steps back into the road, watching her head off. Then suddenly there are BRAKE LIGHTS, and the car makes a squealing racket as Melissa throws it into a U-turn. Heading back toward the station.

REVERSE ON RANGER

Walking forward, waving his arms. But it's useless, as Melissa has the pedal to the floor. Causing him to jump out of the way a second time. She blasts past him, heading the way she came.

Off the Ranger, shaking his head in wonder, we PRELAP THE SOUND OF "HOKEY POKEY." As we:

CUT TO:

29 INT. WEE ONE'S DAY CARE CENTER - NIGHT

29

It's dark here now, where we last left Jane Froelich. She's long since turned in for the night. But "Hokey Pokey" is playing somewhere in this house. Echoing down a long dark hall.

After a moment, lights come on in the room. Then Jane Froelich breaks frame. She's dressed in pajamas, a bathrobe. Trying, with difficulty, to see where she's going.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

Following the sound of the music. Down a dark hallway. CAMERA FOLLOWING HER as she goes.

30 INT. WEE ONE'S DAY CARE CENTER - PLAYROOM - NIGHT

30

The room is dark, but this is where the music is playing. A light goes on in the hallway, partially illuminating the room. A moment before Jane appears in the doorway. Standing in silhouette, trying to figure out what's going on.

JANE

Who's there? Is anyone there?

But she gets no answer. Hokey Pokey continuing to play. Jane tries the light switch, but it doesn't work. After another moment of hesitation, she starts in.

LOW ANGLE ON FLOOR

Jane's feet tramp over several 45 records that are strewn about, (X) BREAKING them underfoot with a sharp, brittle crack.

CAMERA RISING TO JANE

And her reaction to this, as she continues to the small phonograph where the record playing the song is spinning. Jane bends down and turns the off/on switch, but the player won't turn off.

She reaches for the arm now, lifting it. But drops it with a start with A SHADOW crosses over her.

CLOSE ON JANE

Squinting. At something we can't see.

JANE

Jack? Jack Bonsaint? Is that you?

But she gets no answer. And, as the song has continued, it is now stuck in a groove. Skipping back to the phrase, "that's what it's all about... that's what it's all about... that's what it's all about..."

CAMERA ADJUSTING TO REVEAL:

BIG CHINGA'S REFLECTION on a piece of plastic covering some of the playroom furniture.

Jane now paralyzed with fear. PANNING DOWN to her shaking hands, as she stoops, trying to find something to protect herself with. Her hands finding... THE PIECES OF BROKEN RECORD.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

JANE
I'm not afraid of you.

Jane holds up the broken pieces of record toward the phantom figure. But finds herself looking at the piece with horror, as it moves toward her own face. Though she struggles against it.

CUTTING BACK TO:

31 INT. WEE ONE'S DAY CARE CENTER - NIGHT

(X) 31

In the entryway, where we hear a SCREAM, then a dull THUMP. Then the record jumps again, no longer stuck in a groove. So that "Hokey Pokey" continues merrily along: "You put your right foot in, you put your left foot out, and you do the Hokey Pokey and you shake it all around. That's what it's all about!"

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

32 INT. SCULLY'S MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

32

MORE CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS, a cello selection from Yo-Yo Ma. Scully is nowhere to be seen, though. Until she exits the bathroom, dressed casually, hair wet from the shower. A towel wrapped around it. Noticing:

THE PHONE

On the night table, next to a stack of novels. It has a BLINKING message light.

SCULLY

Takes the towel from her head, continues to dry her hair, thinking. Staring at the light. But she does not go to the phone. Choosing not to. Moving over to the window now, throwing open the curtains -- where she finds JACK BONSAINT standing.

He gives an embarrassed little wave. Before we:

CUT TO:

33 EXT. WEE ONE'S DAY CARE CENTER - MORNING

(X) 33

The Chief's car pulls up out front. There are BYSTANDERS milling around in front, all eyes turning to Bonsaint and Scully as they move toward the house.

CUT TO:

34 JANE FROELICH'S BODY

(X) 34

Being covered up by the CORONER'S MEN. Scully, Bonsaint step in. (X)

BONSAINT

(X)

Looks like she died by her own hand. Big slice under her chin opened up the artery. (X)

SCULLY

(X)

With what? (X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE BUDDY RIGGS

(X)

Standing in the room, not far from the body. Very much alive. (X)

BONSAINT

Buddy. Show her the thing. (X)

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Riggs moves to them, holding up the piece of broken record in an evidence bag. Scully takes it. As Bonsaint's cell phone CHIRPS. He answers, ad libs a conversation with another law officer.

SCULLY
Any sign of forced entry?
(Riggs shakes his head)
Prints? Anything?

Riggs shakes his head again. Scully doing a quick take on his conspicuous silence. As she moves over to the body, bends to lift the sheet.

LOW ANGLE UP ON SCULLY

As she studies the victim. As Bonsaint appears above her -- holds the phone out.

BONSAINT
For you.

She rises curiously. Taking the phone, and:

SCULLY
Hello...?

CUT TO:

35 INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

35

Mulder lies on his sofa covered with a blanket. He's just awakened and his hair is tousled.

MULDER
Good morning.

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER)
Mulder?

MULDER
I was worried about you, Scully.
Wondering if you were okay, or
needed my help up there.

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER)
What do you mean, if I'm okay?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MULDER

I left a message at your motel.
I didn't hear back from you.

CUT BACK TO:

SCULLY

SCULLY

Where are you, Mulder?

(X)

MULDER (PHONE FILTER)

I'm... at work. Thinking about
that case. That maybe it isn't
witchcraft at all. That maybe
there's a medical explanation.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(peevied)

You mean, something I overlooked?

MULDER

Something called chorea.

SCULLY

(rolling her eyes)

The dancing sickness.

CUT BACK TO:

MULDER

Right where we left him.

MULDER

Right. St. Vitus' dance. It
affects groups of people,
causing unexplained outbreaks of
uncontrolled jerks and spasms --

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER)

(cutting him off)

And hasn't been seen or
diagnosed since the Middle Ages.

MULDER

I was thinking it could also be
something in the water --

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER)

(impatient)

The water?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

MULDER (X)
Or maybe a food-borne pathogen (X)
causing some kind of psycho- (X)
toxic reaction -- (X)

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER) (X)
(cutting him off) (X)
Mulder -- (X)

MULDER
Yeah? (X)

SCULLY (PHONE FILTER) (X)
Thanks for the help. (X)

The next thing Mulder hears is a click, and then the line goes (X)
dead. Off his confused reaction, we: (X)

CUT BACK TO:

SCULLY (X)

She clicks off, handing the phone back to Bonsaint.

BONSAINT
That your partner?

SCULLY
Yes.

BONSAINT
Sorry to eavesdrop, but does he
maybe have some insight on this?

SCULLY (X)
(blunt, impatient)
No. (X)

BONSAINT
I see.

ANGLE ON RIGGS

He's poking around, half an ear cocked to hear what Bonsaint and (X)
Scully are saying, when he turns on the phonograph, and Hokey (X)
Pokey starts to play.

Scully and Bonsaint look over at him. Riggs looks away, turns (X)
the phonograph off. CAMERA DRIFTING IN on him now, as he's (X)
making a connection. (X)

ANGLE ON BONSAINT, SCULLY (X)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (3)

35

SCULLY
I was thinking Chief Bonsaint... (X)
Jack. Can I call you Jack? (X)
(he nods, surprised)
Maybe we're not exploring all
the possibilities here.

BONSAINT
I'm not sure what you mean.

SCULLY
Well maybe we should discuss
that. I'll bet you know a place.

Off his continued surprise:

CUT TO:

36 EXT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

36

Melissa's car is parked out front, pulled to the curb in a haphazard way. We can barely hear "Hokey Pokey" playing from out here. CAMERA DRIFTING IN.

CUT TO:

37 THE NAILED SHUT WINDOWS

37

The music is louder in here. CAMERA PANNING OFF to find POLLY, as her eyes get real sleepy and she drifts off into slumber. Chinga's tucked in next to her, asleep as well.

CAMERA PANNING TO FIND MELISSA

Standing in the doorway, waiting. For her chance. She takes a step in, cautiously. Moving toward the bed.

HER POV

Of sleeping Polly. And sleeping Chinga.

RESUME MELISSA

Tiptoeing, as the music play: "... I do hope that doggy's for sale. ARF ARF!" and then suddenly comes to an end. Sending the room into silence. And as Melissa takes her next step, the floor CREAKS. Causing:

ANGLE ON POLLY, CHINGA

As the dolly's eyes suddenly open. Staring at Melissa.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

RESUME MELISSA

Stopped in her tracks. Terrified. Then she back slowly away. Startled with THE MUSIC STARTS AGAIN. Causing her to back up more quickly now, as TEARS START TO ROLL DOWN HER CHEEKS.

CUT TO:

38 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

38

Melissa comes into the kitchen. The tears that began in Polly's bedroom have turned into deep sobs. Of fear, and helplessness. She is shaking this fear, bracing herself against the sink counter, when something suddenly shocks her of her misery.

MELISSA'S POV

Reflected in the kitchen window is BUDDY RIGGS. His image, that is. Because in this reflection, Buddy is beaten to a bloody pulp. His face swollen and split. He wears his uniform, his billy club in one hand, pressed to the glass. (The image here, again, is that he's INSIDE the glass, pressing against it. But he is not outside the glass. It's as if his reflection is trapped inside the pane, or plane of the glass.) (X)

He is mouthing the words, "HELP ME." Off:

MELISSA'S REACTION

CUT TO:

39 INT. SEAFOOD SHANTY -DAY

39

ANGLE OUT THE WINDOW, looking down on fishing boats lined up in their slips. A New England postcard. As a SERVER carrying a giant Maine lobster breaks frame, DRAWING CAMERA ALONG and bringing us to Scully and Bonsaint, at a table with a view of the water, and of the fishing boats. The Server setting the lobster down between them. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

SCULLY

My god... it looks like
something out of Jules Verne.
We're supposed to eat this?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

BONSAINT

Little late for anything else.

Scully smiles, as Bonsaint lifts his utensils and expertly removes the tail.

BONSAINT

You said you had some... other
directions you were looking at.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

I've been thinking about Melissa
Turner.... You said her husband
died in a boating accident.

(X)

(X)

BONSAINT

Ayuh. That's what's on record,
anyhow. Some folks wonder now.

SCULLY

Wonder whether she had anything
to do with it?

BONSAINT

It was never quite explained to
anyone's satisfaction how the
man got a grappling hook poked
clean through his skull.

Scully is reacting to this, her eyes going down to THE LOBSTER.
Bonsaint is doing the finish work, pulling the claws off the
body. Its dead little eyes staring up at Scully.

SCULLY

Including yours?

BONSAINT

I got my doubts. But I can't see
how Melissa'd be involved.

(looking off)

Boat he died on's right there.

Scully look, seeing:

HER POV THROUGH WINDOW -- A FISHING BOAT

Coming from below deck is a person she recognizes. THE OLD MAN
(from the Teaser.)

REVERSE ON SCULLY

The recognition dawning.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

SCULLY

I saw that man. At the market.

RESUME OLD MAN (CHEATING A CLOSER POV)

Looking up, seeing Scully and Bonsaint looking at him. The area near his eyes is scabbed, swollen. Off his look:

CUT TO:

41 CLOSE ON POLLY

41

She's sitting in front of her phonograph, putting her Hokey Pokey record on the turntable. Holding Chinga under one arm. Chinga's eyes are CLOSED. As Polly demands:

POLLY

I want popcorn, Mommy.

REVERSE TO INCLUDE MELISSA

Who appears in the doorway. Her eyes are red from crying, but she is hard at work trying to keep a smile on her face. Even though she's now terrified of her daughter, and the dolly.

MELISSA

What, sweetie?

POLLY

(not looking up)

I want popcorn.

MELISSA

Okay.

Polly sets the arm down on the spinning record and Hokey Pokey starts to play its now nerve-wracking little tune. Melissa keeps an eye on Polly as she backs out of the room.

42 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - LATE DAY

42

Melissa is backing out the door of Polly's bedroom. Turning to go into the kitchen -- taking a step and STIFLING A SCREAM -- finding herself face to face with:

BUDDY RIGGS

Standing in her hallway, a dim and chilling look in his eye.

RIGGS

What are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

MELISSA

Buddy --

RIGGS

How come you're back in town?

These aren't tendered as questions so much as accusations.

MELISSA

You gotta get outta here, Buddy.

He grabs her by the shoulders now, shakes her.

RIGGS

I called the ranger's. They said
you tried to kill a man. You
came back here to kill her, too,
didn't you?

MELISSA

I didn't try and kill anybody --

(X)

RIGGS

Jane Froelich.

(off Melissa's look
of confused panic)

I never wanted to believe that
it was true. What they said.

MELISSA

It's not me, Buddy --

RIGGS

Well, we're gonna find out about
that. You're coming in with me --

He lets her go, pushes past her.

MELISSA

Buddy --

Buddy steps into the doorway of Polly's room.

RIGGS

You and your little brat.

HIS POV OF POLLY

Sitting at her little chair, with Hokey Pokey playing. Holding
Chinga tight under one arm. The doll's eyes suddenly OPENING.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

OFF BUDDY

CUT TO:

43 CLOSE ON OLD MAN

43

He stands leaning against the wheel, the single cabin light half-illuminating his battered face.

OLD MAN

What happened? Ask that question around here, you get as many stories as fisherman.

We are:

INT. FISHING BOAT

The sun has set and the cabin fairly glows against the darkness. Scully and Bonsaint stand opposite the Old Man.

SCULLY

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

OLD MAN

I told my story to the chief.

SCULLY

People's stories change.

OLD MAN

(after a beat)

Folks blame the widow.

SCULLY

Who do you blame?

The Old Man smiles inscrutably, turns away.

OLD MAN

He was wild for her. Worked hard to buy her that little house. When the daughter came along you'd need a mop to wipe the smile off his face.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A thick fog hangs over the dark sea. The little boat bobs in the current, laden with lobster pots. As RICH TURNER reaches with a GRAPPLING HOOK for a float bobbing a few feet away. Pulling the rope its attached to on board, and then hand-over-hand hauling up its length until another lobster pot breaks the surface.

CLOSE ON RICH TURNER

He's strong, handsome (30s), with an open face. Lifting the lobster trap up onto the railing, where we can see it's got several lobsters inside, and something else. Something dark and shapeless, covered in silt and muck.

RICH TURNER

Hey! Look what Davey Jones sent
my little Polly...

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE OLD MAN

Coming out from the wheelhouse. Moving to Rich Turner as he reaches into the lobster trap, removing the Chinga dolly. Its eyes are closed, its hair and clothing matted with silt.

RICH TURNER

Catch of the day.

He's all smiles and excitement as he leaves the old man holding the trap, heading into the wheelhouse with the dolly. Off the Old Man's uncertain look, we:

CUT TO:

45 RESUME INT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT - SCULLY AND BONSAINT

45

listening to this tale. As the Old Man breaks frame, moving to flip a battery or pump switch (or some other business).

OLD MAN

Three days later he was dead.

SCULLY

(incredulously)

You think the doll had something
to do with it?

The Old Man moves back to his old position. Looking off.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

OLD MAN

Your eyes play tricks at night.
Water up against the hull making
noises. Sometimes you see things.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

46

Another foggy night. Rich Turner is pulling up a lobster pot, hauling it up onto the rail. Reacting with disappointment to the fact that it's empty, when SOMETHING MOVES BEHIND HIM. We see it out of focus in the b.g., but it is big and it moves quickly out of frame. (This could be no more than a shadow breaking across the light from the wheelhouse, or the worklight shining down from up overhead. But it should be unrecognizable and impressionistic. Scary.)

RICH TURNER

Spins around, the lobster trap falling from the rail onto the deck. Spooked.

RICH TURNER

What the hell was that?

He's frozen in place for a moment, before he grabs the GRAPPLING HOOK, moves to the wheelhouse. Swinging cautiously inside.

47 INT. FISHING BOAT WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

47

Rich Turner looks in on The Old Man taking a nap sitting up. He feels Turner's presence and opens his eyes. Blinking away sleep.

OLD MAN

What is it?

RICH TURNER

(spooked)

I don't know.

And he ducks back out. The Old Man sits where he is for a moment, getting his bearings when A SHADOW PASSES OVER HIM.

OLD MAN'S POV

The shadow of CHINGA cast on the wall opposite him. Unmistakable, but only for a moment. Then it's gone.

RESUME OLD MAN

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Reacting to this, his head turning quickly to the glass where the shadow was cast. But there's nothing to be seen. Spooked himself now, he gets up out of the chair. Exiting to:

48 EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

48

The Old Man steps out of the wheelhouse, nearly pissing himself when he looks and sees:

RICH TURNER

THE GRAPPLING HOOK through his skull, pinned to the wall of the wheelhouse.

CUT BACK TO:

49 THE OLD MAN (REAL TIME)

49

His face twisting at the memory.

OLD MAN

Like I said, your eyes play tricks. But...

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY AND BONSAINT

Watching the Old Man intently.

SCULLY

But you saw something. At the grocery store...

OLD MAN

When I saw that little girl with that dolly... I knew.

Only then does he turn to look at them. And off his lined face:

CUT TO:

50 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

50

We are in the hallway, at a neutral POV. Hokey Pokey is still playing. AS CAMERA MOVES DOWN THE HALL, past the open doorway of Polly's room we see her moving TOWARD CAMERA with Chinga under her arm.

POLLY

Where's my popcorn!?

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

CAMERA CONTINUING ON PAST HER, moving as urgently as that question, into the kitchen where Melissa stands at the stove. She turns TO CAMERA, with tears and real fear in her eyes as she shakes A JIFFY POP CONTAINER back and forth on the burner.

MELISSA

It's coming, Polly.

(quieter, a

frightened whisper)

It's coming...

CAMERA PANNING OFF HER to the floor where we see A NIGHTSTICK with blood spattered on it, dripping off it. CAMERA CONTINUING to REVEAL Buddy Riggs, holding this nightstick. Lying dead on the floor, only a few feet from Melissa.

Off this image:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

51 CLOSE ON POLLY TURNER - NIGHT

51

Asleep in her bed. Chinga's hugged to her side, eyes closed. Only light from the doorway illuminates the room. CAMERA PANNING OFF to the door the light is coming from, where we see Melissa move past. Taking a quick glance in, but not stopping.

52 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

52

FOLLOWING MELISSA to a closet, which she hastily but quietly opens and removes A HAMMER and a BOX OF NAILS. Fumbling with the nails as she pours a small pile into her open fist.

(NOTE: This closet should have a padlock on it, which is not locked when Melissa goes to it. The lock dangling unlocked.)

CUT TO:

53 THE HAMMER STRIKING A NAIL

53

Pounding it through the frame, into the jamb. Missing and bending the nailhead, but quickly putting another nail to wood and pounding away. Fighting off hysteria, but verging on frantic.

MELISSA TURNER -- VARIOUS HAND HELD SHOTS

Nailing the windows.

Nailing the front door.

Nailing the back door.

Moving through the house now, frantic to find an entrance or exit she hasn't nailed down, when she turns a corner and finds:

POLLY

With Chinga. Staring up at Melissa with dark, sleepy suspicion.

POLLY

I can't sleep.

MELISSA

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

POLLY

No more pounding.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

MELISSA

You go to bed sweetheart. No
more pounding.

Melissa is doing everything she can to sweet talk Polly. To
hasten her off to bed, when she sees:

CHINGA'S EYES OPEN

Staring at:

MELISSA - NEW ANGLE

Reacting to this with a shudder. Then reacting to:

MELISSA'S POV

Where she sees a reflection of herself in a near window. Except
she is BLOODIED from a hole in her skull. Put there by the
HAMMER which is buried in her head, claw first. (Again, this
image is a reflection, but it appears that Melissa is locked
inside the window pane, her bloody hands pressing against it.
Her breath visibly condensing on the glass.)

Melissa mouths the words: HELP ME.

REVERSE ON MELISSA

Staring at this image, until she turns slowly, fighting every
instinct to panic, and nudges Polly back toward her room.

MELISSA

No more pounding...

CUT TO:

54 EXT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

54

Chief Bonsaint's car pulls to the curb in a hurry, behind Buddy
Riggs' car. And Melissa's. (If there's a driveway, Melissa's car
should be preferably there.) They exit.

BONSAINT

That's Buddy's vehicle.

Moving to the house. Not knowing yet what is going on inside.

CUT BACK TO:

55 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

55

CAMERA FOLLOWING MELISSA HANDHELD, back to the closet where she got the hammer. She thrusts the hammer inside and slams the closet doors. Flipping the latch and clicking the padlock shut. Moving off quickly again, exiting frame.

56 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

56

CLOSE ON MELISSA, knocking over A STANDING KEROSENE HEATER, its fuel spilling out onto the floor. Traveling across the linoleum to the splayed legs of Buddy Riggs. Soaking up onto his pants.

ANGLE UP ON MELISSA

Holding a box of matches in her hand. Working to get them open, though her hands are shaking terribly. Then REACTING TO a KNOCK at the door.

MATCH CUT TO:

57 EXT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

57

Bonsaint and Scully are on the front porch, KNOCKING.

BONSAINT

Melissa.

There is no answer. Scully peering in the front window, as she did the first time she came here.

BONSAINT

See anything?

Scully shakes her head. Moving down off the porch, heading around the back of the house.

CUT BACK TO:

58 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

58

Melissa is not to be deterred. Getting the matchbox open, and trying with nervous desperation to light a match. She strikes once, twice -- but the match won't light. Dropping the match and trying with another one.

Striking once, twice -- AND THE MATCH IGNITES. Just as:

POLLY (O.S.)

Mommy...

ANGLE OVER LIT MATCH TO POLLY

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Standing in the doorway holding Chinga, whose EYES SUDDENLY OPEN. As the MATCH BLOWS OUT.

REVERSE ON MELISSA

Reacting to this. Trying to get another match out now.

MELISSA

You go back to bed, Polly.

She strikes the match. It lights. And then BLOWS right out.

MELISSA

(growing more
desperate)

Go on now.

She gets another match out. As:

59 EXT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

59

Scully comes around the rear corner of the house, moving to the back porch. She tries the door, but it won't open. Seeing now the ERRANT NAILS that poke through the wood. And realizing why the door won't open. Looking in the window now, seeing:

CUT TO:

60 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

60

OVER BUDDY RIGG'S BODY to Scully at the window. As she catches sight of this. Then of Melissa, a short distance apart, still trying to get a match lit.

SCULLY

Melissa!

Scully POUNDING on the window.

SCULLY

Bonsaint!

CUT BACK TO:

61 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

61

Melissa reacting to Scully's pounding. Throwing the matches down now and going to the kitchen drawer. Pulling it open, revealing SHARP KNIVES. As Polly looks on.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

POLLY
(frightened)
Mommy --

But when Melissa goes to reach for one of the knives, THE DRAWER SLAMS SHUT. Melissa pulling her hand out just in time.

CUT BACK TO:

62 EXT. MELISSA TURNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bonsaint jumps up onto the back porch with Scully.

SCULLY
She's trying to kill herself --
she's got the door nailed shut --

Bonsaint puts his shoulder to the door, bouncing off. Putting his foot to the door now, instead. Kicking hard.

MATCHING TO:

63 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Melissa is still trying to open kitchen drawers, but as she pulls them out, they SLAM right back closed. As Bonsaint continues to KICK the back door down. Blow after blow.

POLLY
Mommy -- no more pounding.

Polly has her hands over her ears, terrified with fear. The open-eyed Chinga still tucked under her arm.

CUT TO:

64 HALLWAY LEADING TO CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Where Melissa locked the hammer up. CAMERA PUSHING DOWN THE HALL where we HEAR -- and SEE -- more POUNDING. As the padlocked cabinet doors are being POUNDED from inside by some unseen force.

The doors STRAINING with each pulse of force, the padlock bouncing on its hasp, the screws holding being ripped from the wood with each new burst. Until THEY BLOW OPEN.

CUT BACK TO:

65 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

65

ANGLE ON Jack, Scully booting down the door. WHIPPING TO MELISSA as she tries one last drawer, futilely. Her eyes darting to the door where Scully and Jack are beating their way in. Then to:

POLLY

Mommy --

Polly is still standing in the doorway, but behind her, in the shadows, is BIG CHINGA, in silhouette.

POLLY

No more.

REVERSE ON MELISSA

Paralyzed in fear for a moment, then bolting for the hallway, as JACK BLOWS THE DOOR OUT OF ITS FRAME, sends it crashing in.

CUT TO:

66 HALLWAY LEADING TO CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

66

Melissa entering at the far end of the hall -- running TO CAMERA. To the closet where she reaches in, pulls out the hammer. Wheeling, raising it at:

POLLY

She appears at the end of the hall where Melissa just ran from, holding open-eyed Chinga. (Big Chinga is no longer visible.)

REVERSE ON MELISSA

MELISSA

STAY AWAY FROM ME!!!

She's lost it -- she's over the edge.

REVERSE OVER MELISSA TO SCULLY AND BONSAINT

Appearing behind Polly. Bonsaint's got his HANDGUN out, but Scully forces his arm down when he attempts to raise it.

SCULLY

Melissa -- PUT IT DOWN!

MELISSA

I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!!

CAMERA RACKING TO MELISSA. She's got the hammer raised up, when suddenly she strikes herself with the hammer -- INVOLUNTARILY.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

CLOSE REVERSE ON SCULLY, BONSAINT

Reacting to this. Bonsaint confused for a moment. The moment it takes for Scully to rush forward to Polly, who's a few steps in front of her. She grabs at Chinga, but Polly doesn't let go.

SCULLY

Give it to me, Polly.

Scully tugs at the doll, but Polly only clutches tighter.

MELISSA

Hits herself again with the claw of the hammer, drawing blood.

RESUME POLLY

Seeing this -- seeing her mommy -- and suddenly being overtaken by fear greater than her own willfulness. CAMERA PANNING UP TO SCULLY who still has ahold of Chinga. As Polly LETS THE DOLLY GO.

Scully pulling it up and away from her, then bolting back toward Bonsaint, exiting the hallway in a hurry.

MELISSA

Blood running from the gash in her forehead, WHAMS the hammer into her skull once again. As we:

SMASH CUT TO:

67 INT. MELISSA TURNER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

67

Scully dashes into the kitchen with Chinga. Heading for:

ANGLE ON MICROWAVE OVEN

As Scully pops open the door, shoving Chinga inside. Slamming the door, and quickly pushing buttons. CAMERA WHIPPING TO:

BONSAINT

moving into the room. Reacting to:

HIS POV OF SCULLY

As the doll ARCS, SPARKS and finally catches FIRE inside the oven. As we:

CUT BACK TO:

67 MELISSA

67

Hammer raised to strike herself again -- then suddenly dropping the tool. Blood running down her face.

REVERSE ON POLLY

Her hands to her face, in fear. And off this image, we:

CUT BACK TO:

68 SCULLY

68

Watching the dolly burn. As we:

FADE OUT

FADING IN ON:

69 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER

69

Mulder is sitting at his desk, driving a pencil into an electric (X)
pencil sharpener. Removing it and admiring its sharp, fine (X)
point. Laying it down next to A DOZEN OTHER SHARPENED PENCILS, (X)
when he reacts to the sound of someone at the door. Quickly (X)
lying the pencil he's holding down, as if caught in the act. (X)

MULDER

(X)

Hey -- howya doin'?

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

enters. She's dressed in her usual business attire, carrying her (X)
valise. She notices Mulder's furtiveness but doesn't make much (X)
note of it. Coming in and moving opposite him at the desk. (X)

MULDER

(X)

Howya feelin'? Rested?

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

I feel fine.

(X)

Scully is staring strangely at Mulder. Or so it appears.

(X)

MULDER

(X)

What?

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

That poster.

(X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MULDER AND HIS "I WANT TO BELIEVE" POSTER

(X)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

69

SCULLY (X)
Where'd you get it? (X)

MULDER (X)
Uh... some head shop down off M (X)
street. Five years ago. Why? (X)

Mulder's confused by Scully, her mood. (X)

SCULLY (X)
I wanted to send one to somebody. (X)

MULDER (X)
You do? (X)

Scully nods, moves toward her area without any more explanation. (X)
Mulder watches her, sliding the group of sharpened pencils (X)
arranged in front of him off his desk, into his pencil drawer. (X)
While Scully sets her valise down and moves back to him. (X)

MULDER (X)
Who? (X)

SCULLY (X)
Just a guy. Jack. M street, you (X)
said? (X)

Mulder's now further thrown, by Scully's cryptic response. (X)

MULDER (X)
Yeah. Is this anything to do (X)
with the case you called about? (X)

SCULLY (X)
Case? Oh, yes. (X)

MULDER (X)
Were you able to solve it? (X)

SCULLY (X)
Me? No. I was on vacation. Out (X)
of my own head for a few days. (X)
(beat) (X)
How bout you? Did you get a lot (X)
done without me around? (X)

MULDER (X)
Oh, yeah. It's amazing what I (X)
can accomplish without incessant (X)
questioning and meddling into (X)
everything I do -- (X)

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (2)

69

As he says this, A PENCIL falls from the sky. Literally. Falling (X)
down into frame and landing on Mulder's desk. And then a second (X)
one. Scully stares at this, then at Mulder, then looking up to: (X)

THE CEILING

(X)

Where about 50 pencils are stuck into the ceiling. CAMERA (X)
PANNING BACK DOWN TO MULDER. Reaching for one of the pencils. (X)

MULDER

(X)

There's got to be an explanation.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

I don't know. Somethings are
better left unexplained.

(X)

(X)

CUT TO:

70 EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

70

Where A NEW LOBSTERMAN pulls in a trap, in which we find a
burned Chinga dolly among the lobsters. The Lobsterman pulling (X)
it out, staring at it curiously. (X)

It is caked with mud and silt, and we may notice its hair and (X)
clothing are burned, scorched. And then, suddenly, its EYES OPEN. (X)

Off this:

(X)

THE END