

X-Files

Fire (1X11)

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SCENE 1

Bosham, England; 70 Miles Southwest of London

(A man goes out of his house, holding hands with his young wife as gardeners shuffle around)

Man: Hmm, yes.

(He kisses her.)

Love you.

(He walks down the walkway with his cane, looking at the various gardeners.)

Hello.

Gardener: Good morning, sir.

Man: Good morning.

(He goes over to a man, Cecil L'Ively, trimming the flower bushes.)

Good morning, Cecil.

L'Ively: Top of the morning to you

(The man walks to his car. The chauffeur opens the door and the man turns and waves goodbye. Cecil watches intently.)

Eh, thank you. Goodbye, darling.

Woman: Goodbye, Charles. When can I expect you?

Man: Before supper.

(He looks at his arm. It is on fire. The woman gasps as he begins spinning around, screaming. The men start running towards him, all except Cecil. The man is completely engulfed in flames now, and he spins around before falling, screaming horrifically. The men scream various commands to each other as they run over to try to put out the fire. Cecil watches the fire dance, a smile on his face.)

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SCENE 2**Washington, D.C.**

(Mulder and Scully walk to their car. Mulder is carrying a stack of books.)

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

Mulder: Well, that's one of the luxuries of hunting down aliens and genetic mutants. You rarely get to press charges.

(He puts the books on the top of the car and reaches into his pocket to take out the keys. Scully laughs and opens the door.)

Scully: It's open.

Mulder: What?

Scully: It's unlocked.

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

Scully: Must be an X-File.

(She gets in the car. He smiles, takes the books and gets in the car.)
What's that?

(Mulder looks to see a cassette sitting on the dashboard.)

Mulder: I told you I locked the door.

(He takes the tape out of its case and looks at it.)

Scully: What do you think it is?

Mulder: Ten-to-one, you can't dance to it.

(He puts the tape in and it plays. A woman with a British accent speaks.)

Woman: Greetings, Agent Mulder. Six months ago, British Minister of Parliament Reggie Ellicott received an audio cassette much like the one you are listening to now.

(Mulder recognizes the voice and starts looking around.)

Unfortunately for Mr. Ellicott, when he popped the tape into the car stereo, he armed a device, which, when he tried to exit the car, created an explosion that was heard five miles away. The Scotland Yard Forensic Team could only identify the poor bastard by his dental records. If only he hadn't reached for the door handle and triggered the detonator. But then how was he to know he was sitting on enough plastique explosive to lift the car forty feet in the air and deposit the engine block on top of a three-story building?

(The door opens and Scully gasps. A woman, Phoebe Green, looks in. She was the woman on the tape.)

Green: Aren't we looking rather ghostly?

Mulder: (to Scully) It's an old friend.

(He gets out of the car.)

Green: Aren't you going to thank me?

Mulder: For what?

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

Mulder: I'll try to remember that.

Green: Oh, come on, don't tell me you left your sense of humor in Oxford ten years ago.

Mulder: No, actually. It's one of the few things you didn't drive a stake through.

(Scully gets out of the car and looks at them. Green kisses Mulder. Scully seems uncomfortable with that.)

Green: You know, some mistakes are quite worth making twice.

Mulder: Dana Scully, this is Phoebe Green, terror of Scotland Yard.

Green: Hello.

Scully: Hello.

Green (whispering): She hates me.

Mulder: What brings you to the colonies?

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SCENE 3**X-Files Office; FBI Headquarters**

(Mulder is sitting down and looking at pictures of severely charred men. Phoebe is sitting across from him, Scully is standing.)

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

Mulder: Your car bomber?

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

Mulder: The Irish Republican Army?

Green: Our suspect likes to send love letters to his victims' wives.

(She stands up.)

Sent one to the wife of some Malcolm Marsden a month ago. Three days later, he narrowly escaped a fire in his garage. Burned to the ground. So they're renting a place out on Cape Cod. Bringing the family over to the states for an extended holiday or until we can catch the dirty bugger.

Mulder: You think he's that determined?

Green: Judging by his success, he seems to take a certain delight in his work.

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

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

Mulder: I'll run it by our arson specialist.

Green: Splendid. I'll call London, let them know.

(Mulder nods. Green walks over to the chair, takes her coat and bag, and opens the door. She turns back and looks at Scully.)

Oh, goodbye.

(Scully waves goodbye. Phoebe leaves.)

Scully: Three-pipe problem?

Mulder: That's, uh, from Sherlock Holmes. It's a private joke.

Scully: How private?

Mulder: Um . . . we knew each other in school in England. She was brilliant and, uh, I got in over my head and, uh, paid the price.

Scully: Mulder, you just keep unfolding like a flower.

(She gets up, as does he. He puts on his coat.)

Mulder: That was over ten years ago, Scully.

Scully: Yeah, I noticed how you couldn't drop everything fast enough in order to help her out.

Mulder: Oh, I was merely extending her a professional courtesy.

Scully: Oh, is that what you were extending?

Mulder: Look, I'm going to run this by the arson guys and then she's on her own.

Scully: Something tells me you're not going to get rid of her that easily. (He opens the door and looks at her, then walks out.)

SCENE 4

Arson Lab; FBI Headquarters

(Mulder is sitting in the back. Phoebe is holding a remote control. On the slide viewscreen, there is a picture of fire. Agent Beatty, the arson specialist, stands in front of it.)

Beatty: Beautiful.

(The slide changes to more flames.)

Beatty: Oh, just beautiful. Look at that. Salmon red flames. This is fourteen-hundred, fifteen-hundred degrees. This is a work of art.

(Slide changes to a burnt body.)

Beatty: Was there any kind incendiary device used?

Green: Yes, actually. The victim's body.

Beatty: Spontaneous combustion?

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

(The slides go off.)

Beatty: Well, that's peculiar. People don't normally just catch on fire.

(Scully takes a peek in. The specialist starts around the desk to Phoebe.)

Beatty: I mean, we burn, but we don't conduct all that well. There's usually some kind of extraneous fuel involved like candle wax, gasoline, something flammable and incendiary that adheres to the skin.

Green: Like an accelerant.

Beatty: Like an accelerant, yes.

Green: But we found no trace of anything, save for a dusting of magnesium at two of the sites.

Beatty: That's aliphatic pyrolysis. It's a residue remaining after an exothermic reaction.

Green: But there's no evidence of the source, no pour patterns or ignition devices.

Beatty: There have been some arson fires in Seattle lately and, uh, Pennsylvania that burn so hot that the firemen can't put them out. 7,000 degrees. I mean, hosing that down just makes it worse.

Mulder: How's that?

Beatty: Uh, the, uh, reaction is so intense that it splits the water into hydrogen and oxygen. Just adds fuel to the fire.

Green: What were they using?

Beatty: We don't know for sure. Could be rocket fuel. That stuff burns so hot and clean, there's never any trace left. You see, it's very difficult to prove arson. It's driving the insurance companies nuts.

(He and Phoebe laugh.)

Beatty: Well, that's about the only explanation that I can give you.

(Mulder stands.)

Mulder: But there have been cases of pyrokinetics, people who can control and conduct fire.

Beatty: Well, I've seen fire bend around corners, seen it bounce like a rubber ball. Fire's got a certain genius, you know? A certain demon poetry. It's like it's got a mind of it's own. But I've never seen one that can defy the laws of physics, not when you figure it out. You've, uh . . . (He looks at Phoebe.)

Beatty: You've got quite a case for yourself here, Mulder. I almost wish I could be in your shoes.

(Mulder and Green look at each other.)

SCENE 5

Cape Cod, Massachusetts

(Cecil L'Ively is dressed as a handyman, painting the walls with argotopoline, a kind of rocket fuel. He looks through the window and sees a town car drive up, followed by a rental truck. The door opens and a dog runs out, followed by two boys, Jimmie and Michael.)

Jimmie: Hey, Jackson . . . boy, that's a nice house.

Lady Marsden: Oh, what a pleasant surprise.

L'Ively: Welcome to America, Sir Malcolm.

(Sir Malcolm Marsden gets out of the car and goes to the other three. They talk to each other, but we can't understand it. L'Ively pulls out a cigarette and puts it in his mouth. It lights by itself. He takes a few puffs. Some men walk in with boxes, led by Sir and Lady Marsden.)

Mover: Where would you like these boxes?

Lady Marsden: Right there.

Malcolm Marsden: Over there, please, thank you.

Lady Marsden: And over there, as well. But the second one I want upstairs.

Malcolm Marsden: Gentlemen, the second set of boxes will go directly upstairs.

Lady Marsden: All right?

Malcolm Marsden: Thank you very much.

(L'Ively starts down the stairs, carrying paint cans. He stops at the couple, who are standing on the stairs.)

L'Ively: (with American accent) Hello there.

Lady Marsden: Hello.

L'Ively: I'm Bob the caretaker. We've been exchanging letters?

Malcolm Marsden: Oh, good heavens, yes of course, Bob. How are you?

(They shake hands.)

L'Ively: Pleased to meet you.

(He shakes hands with her as well.)

Lady Marsden: Hi.

L'Ively: Hi. Just trying to spruce the place up for you.

Lady Marsden: Well, it's delightful. The photos don't do it justice.

L'Ively: Anything I can do for you, anything at all, you just holler.

Malcolm Marsden: Thank you, Bob.

Lady Marsden: Thanks.

Malcolm Marsden: Thank you very much.

(L'Ively walks down the stairs past them as they start up.)

Seems like a rather nice fellow, don't you think?

Lady Marsden: Very.

(They walk up the stairs and see a painting. It is of Lady Marsden.)

Malcolm Marsden: My God, darling. That painting rather looks like you. What do you think?

Lady Marsden: Oh, I don't know.

(Outside, the boys are playing soccer. Cecil walks out and looks at them.)

Jimmie: I've never been good at this.

(Cecil smiles and hears the dog whimpering. He looks over at the dog, who is digging up something a little ways into the woods. He walks up and kicks the dog away. The dog starts barking at him.)

L'Ively: Bloody little cur, I'll skin you alive.

(The dog whimpers and backs away. Cecil and the dog look at the ground. A hand is sticking out.)

See? I'm the caretaker now.

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SCENE 6

X-Files Office; FBI Headquarters

(Mulder walks in and sees Scully sitting at the desk, reading a file.)

Scully: So, Sherlock, is the game afoot?

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

(He closes the door. She takes off her glasses.)

Scully: What do you mean?

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

(He pulls a file out of the file cabinet and walks over to her.)

Scully: Put me through what?

Mulder: Phoebe's little mindgame.

Scully: What are you talking about?

Mulder: There's something else I haven't told you about myself, Scully. (He sighs, kneels down and starts digging through the bottom drawer of another file cabinet.)

I hate fire. Hate it. Scared to death of it.

(He sighs again.)

When I was a kid, my best friend's house burned down. Had to spend the night in the rubble to keep away looters. For years, I had nightmares about being trapped in a burning building.

(He pulls out a file and stands up.)

Scully: Wait, and Phoebe knows about this?

Mulder: This is classic Phoebe Green. Mindgame player extraordinaire. Ten years it's taken me to forget about this woman, and she shows up in my life with a case like this.

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

Mulder: Phoebe is fire.

Scully: Mulder? Are you sure you don't want me to help you out on this one?

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

(He walks out.)

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SCENE 7**Cape Cod, Massachusetts**

(Lady Marsden lights the stove and fills the tea kettle with water. Outside, Cecil watches her through the window, breathing heavily. She takes two cups out and then goes to get the sugar. Cecil hears a coughing and looks over. He looks back at the window briefly, smiles, then walks back around the house to the garage, where the chauffeur is standing. The chauffeur is smoking and coughing harshly.)

L'Ively: (with American accent) Hello. You're the Marsden's driver?

Driver: Who's that?

(They walk towards each other.)

L'Ively: Bob. Caretaker.

(He smiles.)

Driver: Oh.

L'Ively: Bum a smoke?

Driver: Yeah, sure.

(He hands "Bob" a cigarette, who promptly puts it behind his ear.)

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

Driver: Yeah. (coughs) Some cough medicine if it's not a problem.

L'Ively: Syrup or, uh . . . lozenges?

Driver: Syrup would be good.

(L'Ively smiles and starts walking.)

Can I give you some money?

(L'Ively makes a "forget-about-it" motion.)

I appreciate that.

(He coughs some more and throws the cigarette down.)

SCENE 8**Hennesey's Bar; Cape Cod, Massachusetts**

(L'Ively pulls up a seat at the bar, putting a paper bag down, presumably with cough syrup in it. People can be heard murmuring, talking and laughing in the background. Cecil nods to the barkeep.)

L'Ively: Beer?

(The barkeep nods. The woman two seats down looks at him, then moves into the seat next to him, beer in hand.)

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

(L'Ively looks at the paper bag.)

L'Ively: Well, I guess they'll just have to make an exception, won't they? (She laughs.)

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

(She takes out a cig and a lighter. L'Ively holds the hand with the lighter.)

L'Ively: Allow me.

Woman: And a gentleman to boot.

(He holds up a finger and moves it to the left of her. Her eyes follow it. He smirks and the tip of his finger lights.)

Oh my God. Now that is a trick.

(She laughs and turns around.)

Hey guys, take a look at this!

(She turns back around and Cecil's whole arm is on fire.)

L'Ively: Care for a light?

(She gets up. He slams his fist down onto the bar, and all the spilt alcohol catches on fire. People start screaming and running out as he watches the fire dance on his arm.)

SCENE 9**Boston Mercy Hospital**

(Mulder and Phoebe walk into the waiting room.)

Mulder: I pulled this report off the wire last night. Eyewitnesses are saying that a customer in the bar caught fire but they're still looking for a body.

Green: Any indication an accelerant was used?

(He goes to the desk and signs a clipboard.)

Mulder: The bar's across the street from the fire station. It burned to the ground before they had a chance to even respond. The fire marshall said it burned so hot, it turned the concrete foundation into sponge cake. This was a woman who was in the bar.

(He knocks on a door labeled 28E. They open the door and walk in. The woman from the bar is lying on the bed.)

Hello?

Woman: Hello.

Mulder: Miss Kotchek?

Woman: Yes?

Mulder: I'm Special Agent Mulder from the FBI. This is Inspector Green. (He closes the door and sits down next to her. Phoebe walks around to the other side.)

Green: Can you tell us what happened in the bar last night?

Woman: There was this guy. I'd had a few drinks, so . . . he sat next to me and he did this thing. It was like a magic trick where he lit his finger on fire.

(Green looks at Mulder, who takes notes.)

Next thing, I turned around and he was up in flames.

Green: Can you describe him?

Woman: Good looking, I think. Brownish hair.

Mulder: Long hair, short hair?

Woman: I've already given the police the information.

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

Woman: I said I had a few drinks . . .

Mulder: Can I get your full name and address?

Woman: See . . .

(He looks at her.)

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

Mulder: That's no problem. You can come down to the field office and work with somebody there. I'll give you a minute to think about it, okay?

(She nods. She sighs as Mulder and Green walk out.)

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

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

(He writes on his pad. She looks down at the desk.)

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

(He looks at her.)

Mulder: I'm sorry, that was a cheap shot. I don't want to dredge up the past. Let's just stick to the case.

Green: Let's.

(She takes the pad from him and walks away a little. He walks over to her.)

Mulder: Look, Phoebe, I . . .

Green: Unless I'm mistaken, ten years seems like sufficient time to have forgiven, if not forgotten, a few youthful indiscretions.

Mulder: I'm cursed with a photographic memory.

Green: And don't you tell me that you've forgotten a certain youthful indiscretion. Atop Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's tombstone on a misty night in Windlesham.

(She smiles.)

Mulder: Like I said, just stick to the case.

Green: Well, it occurred to me that we're going to a lot of trouble to find a description of a man who, in all likelihood, as been burnt to a crisp.

Mulder: I would agree with you but they haven't found a body yet.

(He walks back into her room, followed by Green.)

So can we count on you?

Woman: Yeah, okay.

(Green hands Mulder a paper.)

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

(The agents look at each other.)

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SCENE 10

Cape Cod, Massachusetts

(The driver walks out of the bathroom, coughing and hacking. L'Ively, who is folding the sheets, looks at him, smiling.)

L'Ively: Having a rough time, eh?

Driver: Yeah . . .

(He walks out. L'Ively looks at the open bottle of Pembroke's cough syrup sitting on the dresser.)

L'Ively: Maybe it's the cough syrup.

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SCENE 11

FBI Headquarters; Washington, D.C.

(Scully sits at her desk, taking notes. She opens up a folder and looks at some pictures of some burnt bodies. She starts typing up her profile on her laptop. We hear her as a voice-over as she does.)

Scully: After reviewing the files of the Scotland Yard arson murders, two points remain unexplained. One is the use of an untraceable accelerant. The other involves the victims. Since they all burned in the presence of family members in safe surroundings, this indicates unusually intimate access to the victims by the arsonist.

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SCENE 12

Cape Cod, Massachusetts

(“Bob” coats the swing with argotypoline as Jimmie and Michael run around the yard, laughing. Scully still speaks over the scene.)

Scully: The arsonist is most likely a male, less than twenty-five years of age. He will often act out of impulse, satisfying sexual urges or insecurities with destructive behavior, which compensates for his social inadequacies or maladjustment.

(L'Ively looks at the boys.)

L'Ively: You boys want to see a magic trick?

Jimmie: Okay!

(They run over to him.)

L'Ively: What's your names?

Michael: Michael and Jimmie.

L'Ively: Doesn't he talk?

Michael: Yes!

(The boys laugh, as well as L'Ively.)

What kind of a magic trick?

L'Ively: Maybe I'd better not.

Jimmie: Show us!

L'Ively: Nah, you might tell your mom and dad.

Michael: We won't tell.

L'Ively: Really? Promise?

Jimmie: We promise.

L'Ively: Hope to die? Stick a needle in your eye?

(The boys laugh.)

Okay, boys. You've taken a solemn oath of trust that can't be broken.

Except under penalty . . . of death.

(The boys laugh a little more. L'Ively takes out a cigarette.)

Watch . . .

(He holds it up, then sticks it in the other hand, which is a fist.

Is it in there?

Jimmie: No!

(The boys laugh. L'Ively blows into his fist and opens it. The cigarette is gone.)

L'Ively: Ah, you're too smart for me.

(He smiles.)

Michael: Where did it go?

L'Ively: Where did it go . . . where do you think it went, Jimmie?

Jimmie: I don't know.

L'Ively: Ah . . . I think I remember.

(He makes a fake surprised expression as he reaches over to his right ear with both hands.)

Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . . ha!

(He "pulls it out" of his ear. The cigarette is lit, and looks like it has been for a while. He puts it in his mouth and takes a puff.)

Ta-da!

(The boys laugh in amazement.)

Michael: Do it again!

L'Ively: You want me to do it again?

Michael: Yes!

L'Ively: Okay, we'll do it again.

(He takes it out of his mouth and exhales smoke.)

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SCENE 13

Arson Lab; FBI Headquarters

(Agent Beatty is sitting at his desk, circling parts of a picture on his desk. Scully knocks on his open door.)

Scully: Agent Beatty?

(He looks up.)

Beatty: Yes?

Scully: I'm Special Agent Dana Scully. Can I . . . steal a minute of your time?

Beatty: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, sure. Come in, sit down, come here. I'm just working on this Mafia torch job here.

(Scully walks over as Beatty takes off his glasses.)

Scully: I'm . . . working with Agent Mulder.

Beatty: Oh, yeah, wild case. So, what can I do for you?

Scully: You mentioned that the arsonist might be using some kind of rocket fuel as an accelerant.

Beatty: Yeah, well, that's just speculation. It still doesn't explain how he sets bodies on fire.

Scully: What if he got some of this fuel into some . . . hand cream or, uh . . .

Beatty: Well, you've got to understand. Even the smallest amounts of this stuff can produce temperatures over 5,000 degrees. But I suppose it's not impossible. Extremely diluted. But you'd still have to find a way to ignite it.

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SCENE 14

Cape Cod, Massachusetts

(L'Ively now has three cigarettes in his mouth. The middle one lights suddenly. The boys laugh and clap.)

Jimmie: Wow! Isn't that a great trick?

L'Ively: Now sit down.

(They sit down in front of him. He takes them out of his mouth.)

So . . . you guys ever smoked a cigarette?

Michael: No, they're bad for you.

L'Ively: Would you like to take a puff, Michael?

Michael: No.

L'Ively: Make a man out of you.

Michael: I don't want to.

L'Ively: Why don't you hold one for me?

(He holds out his hands. In front of Michael's face is two cigarettes, one between his index and middle, the other between his middle and ring fingers.)

How about you, Jimmie?

(He moves his hand in front of Jimmie's face.)

Huh, little man?

(He holds up the other cigarette. They stare at each other, L'Ively smiling. Jimmie goes to take the cigarette when his mother appears at the top of the hill.)

Lady Marsden: Jimmie! Michael!

(They run to her. L'Ively puts his cigarettes away.)

Hello. Hi, Bob.

(She waves. He stands.)

There you are. We've had a bit of bad news.

(She starts walking towards him, a child under each arm.)

Our driver has taken ill and we're due at a party in Boston this evening. Is there any chance that we can impose upon you to drive the family into town? We'd be more than happy to pay you for your time and certainly to put you out for the night.

(L'Ively shakes his head, smiling.)

L'Ively: I'd be very happy to do it as a favor.

Lady Marsden: Well, good. Thank you. All right then, boys, let's go, Daddy's got lunch all ready.

(As they walk away, Cecil's face becomes grim. Scully's voice comes over as he watches Lady Marsden walk away.)

Scully: The arsonist is usually unmarried and prone to excessive fantasies about women or men who are inaccessible to him. Often, the setting of fires results from his cowardice and inability to develop a natural relationship.

SCENE 15

FBI Headquarters

(Cut to Scully, typing at her laptop.)

Scully: His crimes are often very clever and elaborately planned. The suspicious nature of the fire last night strongly suggests the arsonist has

followed Lord Marsden to the United States. A check of all recent immigrations in the northeastern area is underway. It has become not a matter of if, but when he will strike.

(A man walks in behind her and hands her a paper.)

Man: Here's that immigration data you wanted.

Scully: Thank you.

Man: You're welcome.

(He leaves.)

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SCENE 16

Cape Cod, Massachusetts

(Mulder and Green walk down a street, carrying umbrellas. It is raining.)

Mulder: Remember those reports I told you about, about people who could control and conduct fire, pyrokinetic?

Green: Faintly . . .

Mulder: I think this guy just sent us a message that he's far more exotic.

Green: I'd say so, I mean, he can set himself afire.

(Mulder laughs.)

What?

Mulder: I'm just not used to someone so quick to agree with me.

Green: Oh.

Mulder: What kind of protection does the family have?

Green: The driver's a very capable bodyguard.

Mulder: Well, he should look into getting a few additional men and limit public exposure.

(They reach their car.)

Green: Oh, they've got a party being held in their honor tonight in Boston. They're going to have to cancel.

Mulder: Unless you wanted to set a trap.

Green: I had thought of that. But we must be careful and discreet. The party's at 8:00 at the Venerable Plaza. I'll be traveling with the family so why don't you go on ahead and have a look around?

(Mulder nods and unlocks the door.)

Oh, and I've taken a room at the hotel for the night.

(He looks at her and sighs. She smirks and gets in the car as he folds up his umbrella.)

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SCENE 17**Venerable Plaza Hotel; 5:16 p.m.**

(A bellhop leads Mulder into his room, putting his bag down on the floor and his key on the dresser.)

Mulder: Thanks.

(He takes out a roll of bills and hands one to the bellhop. The bellhop nods.)

All right, thank you.

(The bellhop leaves. Mulder looks around the huge room, then puts his suitcase down on the bed. He sits down.)

Mulder: Mulder.

(Cut to Scully's office. She's sitting at her desk, her computer on.)

Scully: It's Scully, where are you?

(Cut to hotel. Mulder stands.)

Mulder: I'm in Boston.

Scully: There's something I need to show you.

(Cut back to her office.)

I'm going to come up there.

(Cut to hotel.)

Mulder: What have you got?

Scully: I might have some information . . .

(Cut to her office.)

. . . on the identity of your arson suspect.

(Cut to the hotel. Mulder sighs and sits down on the bed. Cut to her office.)

You there, Mulder?

(Cut to the hotel.)

Mulder: Yeah, yeah . . .

(Cut to her office.)

Scully: Can I meet you somewhere?

(Back to the hotel.)

Mulder: No, it's just that I'm, I'm kind of anticipating having my hands full.

(Cut to Scully, who looks dismayed.)

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SCENE 18**6:47 p.m.**

(A limousine pulls up and a bellhop opens the door. The Marsdens get out. He then opens the front door and Phoebe gets out.)

Michael: Jimmie, we're here!

Bellhop: Good evening.

Green: Thank you.

(The Marsdens talk together intelligibly.)

Bellhop: Excuse me, sir.

Malcolm Marsden: Hello.

(The bellhop closes both doors as Green and the Marsdens scurry off. L'Ively, decked out in a tuxedo, gets out of the driver's side, watches them go, and sighs. Inside, Mulder leans up against a wall, drinking some champagne, as people walk by talking. He looks on as the Marsdens walk up the stairs, followed by Phoebe. He watches her walk by. Later, Mulder stands by himself in an empty room with a buffet table. The crowd can still be heard. He looks at his watch as Phoebe walks in. She walks over to him.)

Green: Enjoying yourself?

Mulder: Good food, great conversation. I'm having the time of my life. (Phoebe laughs.)

Green: I wondered if you'd think it's safe enough to indulge ourselves in a dance.

Mulder: It doesn't look like your arsonist is going to make an appearance.

Green: That doesn't mean there won't be any fires to start.

(They start slow dancing.)

I've thought about you often.

(Scully walks down the hall and sees Mulder and Green dancing. She stops, rolls her eyes a little, and sighs. She looks at her watch, then turns to see L'Ively standing there, smiling. She tries to look away and sees Mulder and Green kissing. She tries to look away from that and sees that L'Ively is gone. She looks around for him and hears a beeping. She turns to see a control panel with a list of the floors and lights next to them, as well as two columns of lights to the right that are for smoke and fire, respectively. The light beeps next the 14th floor, as well as the two lights for smoke and fire for that floor. She runs over to Mulder and Phoebe.)

Scully: There's a fire upstairs.

Mulder: What?

Scully: On the fourteenth floor.

Green: That's where the children are.

(She runs off with Scully as Mulder runs down the hall that Scully came from. Upstairs, the fire dances its way down the hallway. Mulder runs up the stairs as Scully runs past the crowd.)

Scully: We've got a fire on the fourteenth floor!

(A bellhop runs off and the crowd murmurs. Lady and Sir Marsden run out and watch her run off. Mulder reaches the door to the fourteenth floor, out of breath. He puts his hand on the door and closes his eyes, trying to control his fear. He takes a deep breath and opens the door. The hallway is covered with smoke and Mulder keeps close to the floor, coughing.)

Michael: Help, help!

(The fire erupts out of the hallway and Mulder stands a little, then drops to his knees, not moving anymore. He coughs and starts to crawl back the other way. He coughs and wheezes, slumping against the wall as firemen start up the stairs. A man runs by carrying Michael and Jimmie. Two firemen stop at Mulder, who is nearly out.)

Fireman #1: Here we go, got one out. Come on, buddy, come on. Come on, here we go . . .

(They lift him to his feet and support him.)

And we go up!

Fireman #2: You got him?

Fireman #1: Yup, here we go . . .

(The first fireman puts Mulder's arm around him and helps him off. Downstairs, L'Ively comes out of the elevator with Michael and Jimmie as people watch on in awe.)

L'Ively: Here we are.

(Lady and Sir Marsden run to their children. Everybody speaks at once, some patting L'Ively on the back.)

Lady Marsden: You saved their lives.

(Scully looks back to see the fireman coming out, Mulder being helped by one, wearing an oxygen mask. Scully goes over to him as he slumps down to the floor. She looks back and sees Phoebe shake L'Ively's hand.)

Green: Marvelous. Good job. Thank you.

(Scully puts her hand on Mulder's head, but he moves it off, coughing into the mask. Later, Mulder lies in bed with his shirt off, Scully sitting on the bed. Mulder continues coughing and Scully hands him a glass of water, which he drinks.)

Scully: You were really out.

Mulder: Where's Phoebe?

Scully: She's down the hall.

(Mulder sighs.)

Mulder: How about the kids?

Scully: Okay, the doctor checked them out.

(Mulder gets up, wearing only black boxers, picks up his robe and starts towards the bathroom.)

What happened to you up there?

Mulder: I panicked. I couldn't move, Scully.

Scully: It could've happened to anyone.

Mulder: Yeah, but it happened to me. I hared out. Plain and simple. (He goes into the bathroom as Phoebe walks in behind Scully.)

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

Green: I checked him out prior to the Marsdens' arrival.

(Scully stands and looks at her as she closes the door.)

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

Scully: Who was watching the kids tonight?

Green: He was.

Scully: Are you sure? I could have sworn I saw him down in the hallway about the same time that the fire broke out.

(Mulder walks out of the bathroom wearing a robe.)

Green: He couldn't have. Anyway, the man we're looking for is English.

Mulder: Hey.

(They look at him. He closes his robe.)

Green: I came to see if you were okay.

Mulder: How are the kids?

Green: They're fine. Everybody's anxious to get back.

Mulder: To the cape?

Green: Only to pack. They've, uh, made travel arrangements to return to England the day after tomorrow.

Mulder: And you?

Green: I'll be leaving in a few days.

(Mulder nods.)

Look, I'll give you a ring back at the Bureau before I leave.

Mulder: Right.

(Phoebe walks to the door and looks at Scully.)

Green: Goodbye.

(She leaves. Mulder goes to sit down on the couch.)

Scully: You all right?

(He sits and puts his feet up on the table.)

Mulder: Yeah.

Scully: You at all interested in what I came up here to show you?

Mulder: Yeah.

(She sits down across from him and unlocks her briefcase.)

Scully: Well, I did a little checking of my own. I didn't know a whole lot about arson or arsonists so I took the opportunity . . . for my own edification, of course.

(He smiles. She pulls a paper out of her briefcase and gives it to Mulder.)

I ran a profile of possible incendiary fuels and accelerants that could have been used in the crimes.

(The list says “Representative Liquid Propellant Fuels” at the top and lists a number of fuels, their densities and heat of concentration. The fuels are: Argotypoline, Ammonia (Liquid), Ballium, Beryllium, Boron, Carbon (qr), Decarbonate and a few others.)

I also took the liberty of running a search through Interpol of all the gardeners, manservants and domestic help that were hired by the murder victims at the time of their death.

(She hands him that list.)

Mulder: And?

Scully: And these people probably don’t even tie their own shoes. There were over two-hundred names. And not a duplicate. Except one. A “Cecil L’Ively.” He worked as a gardener for two of the victims.

Mulder: What did you find on him?

Scully: Nothing.

Mulder: So he’s clean.

Scully: Apparently, he was question by Scotland Yard and they released him but I dug a little further. Cecil L’Ively is a documented citizen of Great Britain, paid his taxes, never been on the dole, a model citizen until he died in 1971 in a London tenement fire.

(He looks at her strangely.)

I know, that’s what I thought. So, I checked a little further. Cecil L’Ively, spelled “L apostrophe,” came up again. In fact, it came up twice. First, on a list of death certificates listed among a group of children who died in ritual sacrifice by a satanic cult in 1963 in the Toddingham Woods outside Bath, England.

Mulder: Where else did you find him?

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

(Mulder looks around, stands and takes off his robe.)

Mulder: Call the local field office in Boston of the F.B.I. and get them to fax to you the composite that the witness did of the man who burned down the bar and then get them to fax it to every local law enforcement agency in the area.

(He picks up his suit.)

Scully: What are you going to do?

Mulder: I’m going to try and catch Phoebe, this guy could be waiting for them in Cape Cod.

(He runs into the bathroom. Later, Scully is on the phone. She looks at her watch.)

Scully: Yes, this is Special Agent Scully. I’ve been waiting on hold for you guys to fax me a composite of an arson suspect. Right. Hang on a second.

(A whirring starts.)

It’s coming through. Thanks.

(She looks down at the fax machine and a composite comes out of Cecil L’Ively.)

Oh my God. It’s the driver.

(Scully takes out her phone and, looking at the picture, dials Mulder’s number.)

Cellular Phone Message: We’re sorry. The cellular customer you are trying to reach is out of the area.

(She hangs up and stares at L’Ively’s picture.)

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SCENE 19

Cape Cod, Massachusetts

(L’Ively watches from his window, smoking, as Mulder pulls up. Mulder runs in the front door and finds he has interrupted an embrace between Green and Marsden on the stairs. They pull away from each other, and Marsden clears his throat.)

Malcolm Marsden: Excuse me.

(He walks up the stairs. Phoebe walks tentatively to Mulder.)

Mulder: His name is Cecil L’Ively.

Green: Who?

Mulder: Your arsonist. Where’s the rest of the family?

Green: They went outside for a walk.

Mulder: Well, go find them. We’ve got to get them packed and get them out of here.

(She looks at him, then walks away. Outside, she brings the children and Lady Marsden back to the house. The children whine and complain.)

Green: Come on, we have to hurry . . . let’s go. Come on, this way.

(Cecil watches them run into the house, all murmuring. He smiles and walks up the stairs past Lady Marsden’s portrait. Later, a knock on the door. Mulder opens it and Scully walks in.)

Scully: It’s the driver.

Mulder: I know. He disappeared.

Scully: What’s the matter?

Mulder: Nothing, um . . . I found this out in the garage.

(He hands her the can of argotypoline.)

It's been very hard on the family.

(Phoebe and Sir and Lady Marsden run down the stairs.)

Green: Did you get the composite?

Scully: Yes.

Lady Marsden: I don't believe it, I can't believe it. He's worked for us for over ten years.

Malcolm Marsden: Well, obviously there's been some type of mistake. (Scully hands him the rendition of L'Ively.)

Oh . . .

Lady Marsden: Oh my God!

Malcolm Marsden: This isn't the driver, it's the caretaker!

Lady Marsden: And he's upstairs with the children!

(Mulder looks up the stairs. Sitting on a dresser is the bottle of Pembroke's cough syrup. Scully walks past the room.)

Scully: Michael?

(Mulder walks in.)

Mulder: Michael? Jimmie?

(He looks at the cough syrup as Scully walks in. He opens the bathroom door and they see a charred husk of the driver, kneeling over the toilet as if he was vomiting when he died.)

It looks like we found the missing driver.

(Phoebe calls from down the hall.)

Green: Mulder! In here, quickly!

(They run in and see the other three looking at the drapes, which has caught fire.)

Lady Marsden: What's going on?

Green: They just went up all by themselves.

(Mulder looks around for something when the painting hanging over the bed behind him erupts in flames.)

Malcolm Marsden: My God!

(Mulder takes a sheet and tries in vain to put out the fires. The bed then starts burning. Phoebe and Lady Marsden scream a little.)

Malcolm Marsden: Oh my God . . .

Mulder: Everybody out!

Malcolm Marsden: Let's go, get out . . .

(They run out, Mulder closing the door behind him. Malcolm grabs his wife's hand.)

Mulder: I think he rigged the whole house.

Lady Marsden: Oh God . . .

(She runs into her husband's arms. Mulder smells the sheet he's carrying.)

Mulder: It's fuel.

(Mulder drops it as it catches fire.)

Lady Marsden: What?

Green: Oh my God . . .

Malcolm Marsden: Go, go . . .

(They start running down the hall.)

Scully: Quick, come on . . .

(They run down the stairs, coughing.)

Mulder: Scully, see if you can find a fire extinguisher. Everybody else, outside.

(Scully walks off to get one.)

Lady Marsden: But what about the children?

(They hear a banging on a door and the dog barking.)

Mulder: I'll take care of the children. Go!

(The Marsdens walk out. Phoebe grabs Mulder's arm.)

Green: Are you going to be okay, Mulder?

Mulder: Oh yeah. I'll be fine. There's no place I'd rather be.

(He takes out his gun and runs up the stairs. Phoebe leaves the house. He looks around down the hallway then walks slowly, the only sound his footsteps. He passes a few doors and hears some noise in one. The dog barks inside the room. He tries the doorknob, but it is locked.)

Mulder: Michael? Jimmie?

Michael: Help . . .

(The children can be heard coughing. Mulder hits the door with his shoulder a few times. Behind him, at the end of the hallway, appears L'Ively.)

L'Ively: Time to call 911.

(Mulder spins around and points his gun at him in one fluid motion.)

Mulder: Don't move!

(L'Ively raises his hands and snaps his fingers with the left one. The hallway literally explodes in flames, the paintings catching fire one by one down the hall. The fire rises to the ceiling as Mulder stares in awe. Mulder jumps backwards to the ground as the paintings where he was standing burst into flames as well. As the flames cover the ceiling, L'Ively turns and starts down the stairs only to see Scully standing at the bottom, pointing her gun.)

Scully: Freeze! Federal agent.

L'Ively: You won't shoot me.

(He starts walking towards her.)

Scully: Stay right where you are.

(L'Ively jumps down a stair.)

L'Ively: See? Cause you don't know the spark from that round won't blow this whole house to kingdom come.

(L'Ively slowly walks. Scully squeezes the trigger. L'Ively smiles as Scully backs away slowly. His face suddenly turns serious. Green turns the corner from the other room and splashes the accelerant in his face. L'Ively staggers back.)

Green: Back off the gun! It's the accelerant!

L'Ively: No!

(L'Ively staggers and spins out the door. Mulder stares at the fire while the boys scream. He takes a deep breath and starts moving slowly, staying very low to the ground, hands on the walls. He lets out a slight scream in pain and winces, pulling back his hand when he touches a hot part of the wall. He rams his elbow into the door twice, knocking it open the second time. L'Ively staggers out onto the lawn, trying to shake the feeling of the accelerant away. Mulder runs out the door carrying Michael and Jimmie.)

Lady Marsden: Oh Michael! Jimmie!

Malcolm Marsden: Michael! Jimmie! Thank God, thank God!

(The boys run into their parents' arms. L'Ively stops and turns back to the house. He laughs insanely as he bursts into flame.)

L'Ively: You can't kill me!

(Scully slowly lowers her gun as they all watch him spin around, laughing.)

L'Ively: You can't fight fire with fire!

(He finally stops laughing as he falls to the ground, his body burning.)

SCENE 20

X-Files Office; FBI Headquarters

(Mulder sits at his desk, wearing glasses, thinking.)

Scully: (with English accent) Care to take me to lunch?

(Mulder looks back to see Scully at the door, smiling.)

Scare you?

Mulder: You have no idea.

Scully: Where is Phoebe?

(She sits down on the desk.)

Mulder: I don't know.

Scully: You don't know? She didn't call?

Mulder: No. She did messenger this to me last night though.

(He holds up a tape.)

Scully: Did you play it?

Mulder: No.

(He looks at it.)

Scully: Why not? Aren't you curious what's on it?

Mulder: Ten-to-one, you can't dance to it.

(He gets up.)

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SCENE 21

Boston Mercy Hospital

(Scully does a voice-over of her report as a nurse walks into an enclosed room.)

Scully: X-File number 11214893. Addendum to the file opened by Special Agent Mulder. The arson suspect Cecil L'Ively was admitted to Boston Mercy Hospital with fifth and sixth-degree burns over his entire body. Military burn specialists have been brought in to study the case which they're calling "extraordinary."

(Cut to Scully typing on her laptop.)

Not only for the fact that the suspect survived, but for the rapid regeneration of his facial cell tissue. Full recovery is anticipated in as little as a month.

(Cut back to the hospital. A man unlocks a door for the nurse.)

L'Ively is being held in a high-security medical facility . . .

Guard: There you go.

Nurse: Thank you.

(She walks in.)

Scully: . . . confined to a hyperbaric chamber until he can be tried on murder charges in the death of a Massachusetts caretaker. His body temperature remains at a steady 109 degrees.

(The nurse bends down and adjusts a control on the hyperbaric chamber.)

House technicians have removed everything flammable from his room due to several fires which have broken out in the vicinity. According to Agent Mulder, further incarceration remains a problem for federal penal authorities.

(The nurse walks around the chamber and looks into the glass casing in the front. L'Ively is laying there, his head visible. His face is charred almost completely black. He has no hair.)

Nurse: Can I get you anything, sir?

(L'Ively's eyes pop open. He looks around, then turns and looks at her.)

L'Ively: I'm just dying for a cigarette.

(He licks his lips a little, staring at the nurse.)

[THE END]