

X-Files

Born Again (1X21)

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SCENE 1

14th Precinct House, Buffalo, New York

(A car pulls up in front of the precinct house, and two detectives enter the building. One of them, Detective Rudy Barbala, greets Detective Sharon Lazard, who is at her desk.)

Detective Barbala: What ho.

Detective Lazard: What ho.

Detective Barbala: Hey, Lazard. Now why do the night guys get a piece like you when we're stuck with old eel breath?

Detective Lazard: It's fate, Detective, conspiring to keep us apart. All right, I'm outta here. (to Barbala) See ya. (to another co-worker) Tomorrow.

(She leaves the building and walks down the street. In an alley, she sees a little girl sitting alone near some trash bags. She enters the alley and walks toward the little girl.)

Detective Lazard: You all right? You lost?

(The little girl doesn't respond at first, then nods.)

(Lazard and Barbala are walking through the station house.)

Detective Lazard: Anyway, I got her in the holding room. She's not talking, she won't say a word . . . at least not to me.

Detective Barbala: (smiling) And you're asking me because you know how good I am with kids, right?

Detective Lazard: (also smiling) Yeah, a regular Mr. Greenjeans.

(They enter the holding room, where the little girl, Michelle Bishop, is sitting at a table facing the window.)

Detective Lazard: Hi. This is Detective Barbala. He's gonna help you find your parents.

Detective Barbala: Hi ya sweetheart. What's your name?

Michelle: Michelle.

Detective Lazard: Everything's gonna be all right. OK? Don't be scared now.

(Lazard leaves the room, closing the door behind her. Barbala moves around the table and sits facing Michelle, his back to the window.)

Detective Barbala: Michelle what? (she stares at him but doesn't respond at first) Well, you said your first name was Michelle, now what's your last name?

Michelle: Bishop.

Detective Barbala: (writing on his note pad) Bishop. Michelle Bishop. And where do you live, Michelle? Here in Buffalo?

(She stares at him again. Moments later, we see something crashing through the window. A loud crash is heard in the precinct house.)

Various in Precinct House: What was that? Did you hear that?

(Lazard runs back to the holding room and enters. She sees the broken window and approaches it.)

Man From Street Below: Somebody call an ambulance!

(She looks out the window and sees a body lying on the roof of a car below. She turns to look at the little girl, who stares back at her.)

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SCENE 2

(Outside the station house, news crews and police cars surround the scene. Inside, Lazard talks with Mulder and Scully.)

Mulder: How'd you hear about us?

Detective Lazard: My brother. My, uh, my brother's a cop. Baltimore. He told me about your work on the Tooms case, said you gotta good feel for things out of the ordinary. (Mulder and Scully exchange a brief glance) Look, the truth is Barbala never won any popularity contests here at the one-four, but he's, he's still a cop, you know. I guess that's why I can't just let this rest.

Scully: You said there was one witness, a little girl. What did she say happened?

Detective Lazard: She said there was another man in the room.

Scully: Well, it stands to reason that somebody . . .

Detective Lazard: I was right outside. I'm telling you, there was nobody else there except for Barbala and the kid.

(They start walking through the station house.)

Mulder: So you didn't get a description of who the kid saw?

Detective Lazard: I'm telling you, there was no one else. Listen. The department is treating this as a suicide, but I gotta tell you. I knew this guy. There's no way he did himself.

Scully: Was he depressed or under psychiatric care of any kind?

Detective Lazard: No. Only time he ever looked at himself was in the mirror. And he always liked what he saw.

(They've reached the holding room. Mulder walks toward the window.)

Mulder: Plus jumpers tend to open the window before they jump. Where's the kid now?

Detective Lazard: She was released about an hour ago. Her mother came to pick her up.

Scully: You don't really think the girl had anything to do with it, do you?

Detective Lazard: I don't know what to believe any more. You know, eight years I've been on this force, I've seen a lot of strange things. But I'm telling you . . . this kid . . . something's just not right about her.

(At the Bishop residence, Michelle is sitting next to Harry Linhart, an FBI technician. He is developing a sketch on a computer based on her description. Mulder stands behind them.)

Linhart: Did he have long hair or short hair?

Michelle: Short.

(Linhart hits a key, and the face on the computer fills in short hair.)

Mulder: Like that? (she nods) Was his hair dark like mine or lighter like yours?

Michelle: Like mine.

(Linhart types some more and the hair color lightens.)

Linhart: What about a beard or a moustache?

Michelle: Moustache.

(Mulder whispers something in Linhart's ear and he nods.)

Linhart: Like this? (a very long, pointed moustache appears on the screen; Michelle smiles) Or this?

(The moustache curls at the ends into a handlebar moustache. Michelle laughs. Suddenly the computer monitor flashes and the screen shows a man with a normal mustache.)

Linhart: Whoa! What happened? Weird. I didn't even hit a key. Must be a glitch in the new software.

Mulder: Michelle? Was his mustache like that? (she nods)

(Meanwhile, Scully and Mrs. Bishop are talking in the living room.)

Scully: Do you have any idea how your daughter might have gotten there? Buffalo's half an hour away by train and the station is a five minute car ride.

Mrs. Bishop: When I came home, Mrs. Dougherty was locked in the wine cellar. I called the police immediately.

Scully: And Mrs. Dougherty is?

Mrs. Bishop: Michelle's nanny. The latest, that is. She's already gone through four this year, and it's only April.

Scully: What seems to be the problem?

Mrs. Bishop: Michelle is the problem.

Scully: How do you mean?

Mrs. Bishop: As hard as it is for a mother to admit . . . Michelle is a disturbed child. Oh, I know this sounds terrible to say, but the truth is that sometimes she frightens me.

Scully: Frightens you how?

Mrs. Bishop: She's not like other girls, Agent Scully.

Scully: Tell me.

Mrs. Bishop: She just isn't. She doesn't have any friends. She hardly ever smiles. It breaks my heart that I can't comfort her. She says she sees things that I can't see. She hears people yelling in her head.

(They've stepped outside and are walking next to a covered swimming pool.)

Mrs. Bishop: Last summer we had to cover our pool. Jim was trying to teach her how to swim, but every time that Michelle would get close to the water, she would just start to scream — scream like you've never heard in all your life.

Scully: Your husband? Where is he now?

Mrs. Bishop: We're divorced.

(Mulder comes out of the house carrying the finished sketch.)

Mulder: Mrs. Bishop?

Mrs. Bishop: Um-hmm.

Mulder: (showing her the sketch) This is the man Michelle says she saw at the police station. Do you recognize him?

Mrs. Bishop: No, I'm sorry.

Mulder: She also mentioned a friend . . . someone named Sheila. Do you know who that is?

Mrs. Bishop: That would be Dr. Braun. She's the developmental psychologist over at Brylin Hospital. Michelle sees her twice a week.

(Mulder looks up to see Michelle looking at them from an upstairs window. She tosses something out and it flutters to the ground next to them. Mulder picks it up — blue paper folded in the shape of a bird.)

Mulder: Look at that? Looks like a hawk or a falcon.

Scully: It's beautiful.

Mrs. Bishop: It's called origami.

Mulder: Japanese paper folding. Where'd she learn how to do that?

Mrs. Bishop: I have no idea.

(Out front, Linhart has his computer equipment in the back of a car. He feeds the sketch into a fax machine as Mulder and Scully approach.)

Mulder: So Harry, you'll put that face into the system?

Linhart: As we speak.

Mulder: Can you give Scully a ride back into the city?

Scully: Wait a minute. We have an autopsy at 7.

Mulder: That's your department. I'm gonna go over to Brylin Hospital, see if I can have a little chat with Michelle's shrink.

(He starts away but stops and turns back to her.)

Mulder: Oh, oh, and check for burns or lesions on Barbala's body.

Scully: Why?

Mulder: Psychokinesis is usually associated with an electrical charge.

Scully: Are you saying Michelle possesses the ability to psychically project her own will?

Mulder: How else could a 60-pound kid throw a 200-pound detective out the window?

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SCENE 3

Brylin Psychiatric Hospital; Buffalo, New York

(Mulder talks to Dr. Sheila Braun in her office.)

Dr. Braun: (handing the sketch back to him) Nope. I don't recognize him. I have no idea who this man is.

Mulder: Could Michelle have fabricated him?

Dr. Braun: Quite possibly. As with many dissociative disorders, the intensity of the patient's emotions is often too much for one personality to process. So in defense, part of the personality splits itself off.

Mulder: As in schizophrenia?

Dr. Braun: I'm afraid Michelle's diagnosis is not quite that simple. You see, my primary challenge has been to discover the source of her extreme rage. In most cases, it's a traumatic event in the patient's past.

Mulder: And in Michelle's case?

Dr. Braun: (sighs and steps to a cabinet next to her desk) Occasionally, I would leave Michelle alone for part of our session — with this doll. (opens the cabinet, which has several identical dolls on a shelf) Each time a new doll, anatomically intact. (she hands one to Mulder) And each time, she dismembers and disfigures it in exactly the same way. (the doll is missing an arm and an eye) First I thought she was being abused, but after a number of sessions with her parents, I became convinced that there was something else behind Michelle's anxiety. Something much deeper, much more elusive.

Mulder: Any theories?

Dr. Braun: Frankly, no. I'm at a loss.

Mulder: Have you tried deep regression hypnosis?

Dr. Braun: I've found hypnosis an unreliable approach at best.

Mulder: OK. Well, in the meantime, how have you been treating Michelle?

Dr. Braun: Well, the thorazine has been quite effective in regulating her more bizarre behavior.

Mulder: I'm sure. Have you observed any unexplained phenomena in Michelle's presence?

Dr. Braun: Unexplained phenomena?

Mulder: Inordinate physical strength, psychic ability, telekinesis . . .

Dr. Braun: You're joking, of course.

(He shakes his head. She looks at her watch.)

Dr. Braun: I have a patient waiting, Agent Mulder. If you'll excuse me. (Scully is performing an autopsy on Barbala. A photographer works with her.)

Scully: Note postmortem examination is being conducted 11 hours and 45 minutes after subject was pronounced. (she sees a large red area on the body's lower chest) Note raised lesion approximately 7 centimeters below sternum. Deep necrosis inconsistent with cause of death as pronounced by Dr. Gilder, and suggests localized electrocution . . . but a further tissue analysis will be necessary.

(Lazard sticks her head through the door, looking none too eager to come any further into the room.)

Detective Lazard: Excuse me. Could I talk to you for a second?

Scully: I just started the autopsy.

Detective Lazard: Yeah. Um, I don't think he's going anywhere.

Scully: (to photographer) Will you, uh, take a couple for scale, please. Thank you. I'll be right back.

(She steps out to speak with Lazard, who hands her the sketch along with a photograph of a man.)

Detective Lazard: So what do you think?

Scully: Looks like a match.

Detective Lazard: Yeah. Name's Charlie Morris. Officer Charlie Morris. Used to work narcotics out at the two-seven.

Scully: Do you know him?

Detective Lazard: No. Before my time.

Scully: Where is he now? Has he been transferred?

Detective Lazard: You could say that. Agent Scully, this guy's been dead for nine years. Which means that little girl saw . . . a ghost.

SCENE 4

14th Precinct House; Buffalo, New York

(Scully enters with a case file and walks toward Mulder, who is looking at Charlie Morris' photograph.)

Scully: He was killed in Chinatown — gangland style, allegedly by the Triads, although no arrests were ever made. Now Mulder, if you're gonna tell me that you think Michelle Bishop saw a poltergeist . . .

Mulder: Hey, you're the one that found a lesion on Barbala's body. You said it could have been caused by an intense concentration of electro-thermal energy.

Scully: "Could have been" being the operative phrase. Now, I'm not going to know for sure until the lab results are in, and even then . . .

Mulder: Why is it still so hard for you to believe, even when all the evidence suggests extraordinary phenomena?

Scully: Because sometimes . . .

(She starts walking across the room. Mulder follows.)

Mulder: What?

Scully: . . . looking for extreme possibilities makes you blind to the probable explanation right in front of you.

(She has walked to a trophy case along the wall near the holding room. In it is a plaque with Charlie Morris' picture on it.)

Scully: This is the face that Michelle Bishop saw. She walked right by here and she saw the face of Charlie Morris . . . which means that there weren't any ghosts flying around the precinct.

Mulder: You have the police report describing Morris' death?

Scully: Yeah, I have what's been declassified. Why?

Mulder: Does it describe how he was murdered?

Scully: Yes, I told you. It was a signature hit.

Mulder: Give me the grisly details.

Scully: His arm was severed just below the shoulder, presumably by a chainsaw, and his right eye was gouged out.

(Mulder walks to his briefcase and pulls out the doll that Dr. Braun showed him.)

Mulder: This is what Michelle did to a dozen dolls in her shrink's office. Hell of a coincidence, wouldn't you say? Now before we discount anything, I think we should find out more about Charlie Morris. I got the address of his partner on the force. Hopefully, he can tell us something.

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SCENE 5**Fiore Residence; Kenmore, New York**

(Mulder and Scully drive up, then knock on the front door. A man answers.)

Mulder: Detective Fiore? We're with the FBI. Can we talk to you for a minute? Do you know this man?

(The man closes the door, unlatches the chain, and comes out onto the porch, closing the door behind him.)

Detective Fiore: You mind if we do this out here? Uh, I don't want to wake my wife.

Scully: Yeah, this won't take long.

Detective Fiore: Yeah, sure I know him. That's, uh, Charlie. Charlie Morris.

Mulder: You two were partners?

Detective Fiore: Yeah, we rode together his first nine months out of the academy.

Mulder: What can you tell us about the circumstances surrounding his death?

(Fiore looks back toward the house, then moves farther from the door, toward the end of the porch.)

Detective Fiore: That matter is still under investigation and so I can't comment on it.

Scully: Detective, we're under the direct authority of Captain Gershon at the 14th precinct.

Detective Fiore: 14th precinct? I never worked out of the one-four. What's all this about?

Mulder: Well, we believe that the death of Detective Rudy Barbala yesterday can be linked to the death of Officer Morris nine years ago.

Detective Fiore: Linked how? I thought this Barbala flipped his wig and jumped out of a window.

Scully: Did you know the detective?

Detective Fiore: By reputation. Look, what's all this got to do with Charlie?

Mulder: Well, that's what we need your help with. The police report said that Officer Morris was killed off-duty.

Detective Fiore: That's right. Best we can figure, it was some kind of payback.

Mulder: For what?

Detective Fiore: Well, around that time, the organized crime division was doing a major sweep in Chinatown.

Mulder: The Triads.

Detective Fiore: Yeah. Some very heavy busts went down against the Woo Shing Woo. A lot of smack never made it to the street. You can bet there were some pretty pissed off people playing Mah-Jongg that week.

Mulder: So you think that Charlie Morris was killed as a warning to back off?

Detective Fiore: I think they picked a cop — any cop — and they whacked him.

Mrs. Fiore: (stepping out the front door) Who is it, Tony?

Detective Fiore: Oh, it's nothing to worry about, honey. Just some people from the FBI asking about a case I'm working.

Scully: Sir, would you mind . . .

Detective Fiore: Hey, it's the weekend. You guys mind? You can get me at the squad, first thing Monday morning, OK?

Scully: Sure.

Detective Fiore: Good luck.

(He closes the door. Mulder and Scully walk down the steps and sidewalk toward their car.)

Mulder: Is it me or did we just get the brush-off?

Scully: Did you notice her hands?

Mulder: What?

Scully: He said she was sleeping, but her hands were dusted with baking flour.

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SCENE 6**Buffalo Mutual Life, Main Office; Buffalo, New York**

(Detective Fiore is pacing the floor, talking nervously with another man, Felder.)

Felder: Not a big deal, all right? Don't jerk yourself around Tony. You're acting like a little bug.

Detective Fiore: They were FBI.

Felder: So what?

Detective Fiore: They start sniffing around too much, they're gonna turn something up.

Felder: Relax. They're just people like us, going through the motions.

Detective Fiore: Oh, yeah? Then how are they connecting Charlie to Barbala?

Felder: And what do they know? Huh? Nothing.

Detective Fiore: Come on. We're going to Citibank right now.

Felder: For what?

Detective Fiore: The safety box.

Felder: And what should we do, Tony? Huh? Make a donation to the Little Sisters for the Poor?

Detective Fiore: Dump it somewhere.

Felder: Tony. There's only two of us left now. That's over a million each.

Detective Fiore: Take it all, I don't care! Do your dream on the beach in Costa Rica or wherever the hell it is you want to do it.

Felder: You think I like this? Selling disability insurance to morons? "Well sir, uh, excuse me, but what if you should break your neck on the shore on lose your leg in a car crash?" You listen to me, Tony. We agreed to wait ten years, and that is exactly what we're gonna do.

Detective Fiore: I listened to you once before and look what happened.

Felder: Nobody — not me, not Barbala — wanted to see Charlie wind up like that. We were just trying to scare a little sense into him. It was an accident. End of story. And you better pull yourself together, Tony. (That evening, Felder walks along a city street. An old woman comes out of an alley.)

Old Woman: Excuse me, sir.

(He ignores her. He gets onto a bus. Later, the bus comes to another stop and he gets off at the door at the rear of the bus. He throws his scarf over his shoulder. The end of the scarf mysteriously rises and extends back into the bus, wrapping itself around the railing. When the bus door closes, Felder feels the tug around his neck.)

Felder: Hey, what? Hey! Hey, open the door! Hey!

(The bus starts to pull away. Felder pounds the door and runs along with the bus.)

Felder: Hey, open the door! Hey! Open the door! Hey! Open the door! Open the door! Hey! Open the door!

(The driver hears him shouting and sees him in his side rearview mirror. He hits the break, but the accelerator mysteriously floors itself. The bus picks up speed and Felder is now running at full speed.)

Felder: Hey! Hey! Open the door! For God's sake! Help me!

(Felder can't keep up and falls, now being dragged by the bus. The driver still sees him and pumps the brake but the bus doesn't slow down and Felder screams. Finally the accelerator releases and the bus comes to a halt. The driver runs back to Felder. As he approaches, we see that Michelle Bishop is sitting on the bus just behind the door.)

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SCENE 7

(Mulder, Scully and Mrs. Bishop are in the precinct house.)

Mulder: A patrol unit picked her up a few blocks away from the bus stop.

Mrs. Bishop: (crying) What's going on?

Scully: We don't know. All we know is that your daughter has witnessed two deaths in the past two days.

Mrs. Bishop: She's only eight years old. She couldn't have possibly done anything.

Mulder: Mrs. Bishop, no one is accusing Michelle of anything.

Mrs. Bishop: She's just a little girl.

Scully: Is there anything that you haven't told us? Is there anything at all that you can think of that might shed some light on what happened tonight?

Mrs. Bishop: No.

Scully: Well, this police station has a designated room at the Sheraton. An officer will take you and Michelle over there.

Mrs. Bishop: Why is this happening to us. Why?

(Scully puts a hand on her shoulder. Detective Lazard approaches and motions Mulder aside.)

Mulder: I'm sorry, excuse me.

(They step a short distance away.)

Detective Lazard: Listen to this. You know that guy that bought it tonight — Leon Felder? Before he started peddling life insurance, he was a cop out of the one-four. Guess who his partner used to be? Rudy Barbala.

(Mulder and Scully are in a room at the precinct reviewing the case files. Mulder has written on a blackboard. Under "Precinct 27" he has Morris' and Fiore's names. Under "Precinct 14" are Felder's and Barbala's names.)

Scully: Four cops.

Mulder: Three of whom are now dead.

(He crosses through the names of Morris, Felder and Barbala and circles Fiore's.)

Scully: Their only connection being a drug bust in Chinatown almost nine years ago.

Mulder: And a little girl from Orchard Park.

(He looks at a photo of a half dozen officers surrounding a cache of money from a bust and points out individual officers.)

Mulder: Morris, Fiore, Barbala and Felder. What's wrong with this picture?

Scully: Well, for one thing Fiore said he only knew Barbala by reputation.

Mulder: Right. Why would he say that?

Scully: I don't know.

(Scully pages through the file, looking puzzled.)

Mulder: What?

Scully: There's a page gone from Morris' homicide file. Wonder where it could be?

Mulder: Is there a log sheet?

Scully: Should be. Yeah. (she reads from the log sheet on the file folder) Tony Fiore — checked out this afternoon.

(Scully and Mulder are back at Detective Fiore's residence. She knocks and Mrs. Fiore answers.)

Scully: Mrs. Fiore, we're sorry for the early hour, but is your husband home?

Mrs. Fiore: No, he's not. He never came home last night.

Mulder: May we come in?

(Mulder looks around in the living room. He sees a salt-water aquarium with a "diver" giving off bubbles at the bottom. He also sees a cabinet with a number of origami figures of animals. There is a painting of animals on the wall behind it.)

Mulder: Scully. Look familiar?

(Mrs. Fiore enters with coffee.)

Mrs. Fiore: He said he was working a double shift, but when I called the precinct, he wasn't scheduled. It's just not like him not to call.

Scully: Does your husband have any family or close friends in the area that he might go to if he were in trouble?

Mrs. Fiore: I've been on the phone all night. Is he in any trouble?

Scully: Mrs. Fiore, did your husband ever mention a detective by the name of Rudy Barbala or an ex-police officer named Leon Felder?

Mrs. Fiore: I don't think so.

Mulder: Someone you might have had dinner with once, a friend of Tony's from work? A name you can't remember, anything?

Mrs. Fiore: We don't normally socialize with other cops.

Mulder: Mrs. Fiore, I couldn't help noticing your origami collection. Did you do all these yourself?

Mrs. Fiore: Oh, no, not me. No, that was Charlie's hobby.

Mulder: Charlie?

Mrs. Fiore: My first husband. He was born in Japan, his father was stationed there.

Scully: Not Charlie Morris, Tony's ex-partner?

Mrs. Fiore: Yeah. (Mulder and Scully exchange a glance) I was waiting for him to come home too, nine years ago. Just like this. He was working on a whole set, you know, from the painting. The only animal he never got to was the giraffe — see, right there behind the zebra.

(Mulder and Scully leave the Fiore house and walk down the street.)

Mulder: Michelle is eight years old, that means that she was conceived at roughly the same time that Officer Morris was killed.

Scully: Do me a favor, Mulder. Let me say it. Reincarnation.

Mulder: Metempsychosis, transmigration, re embodiment, call it what you will.

Scully: All based on the coincidence that Michelle Bishop and Officer Morris both practice the obscure art of paper folding?

Mulder: Well, what about the composite drawing and the dolls and the fact that Michelle was witness to two deaths that can be tied to Charlie Morris?

Scully: So what, you think he's back like Peter Proud to avenge his murder?

Mulder: It's not so far-fetched, Scully. Reincarnation is a basic tenet of many major religions.

Scully: That still doesn't explain how an eight-year-old girl can kill two grown men.

Mulder: Well, individuals with strong past-life memories often exhibit enhanced psychic abilities — ESP, telekinesis.

Scully: So where does that leave us?

Mulder: One short step away from proving the pre-existence of the human soul.

(Michelle Bishop is being hypnotized by a Dr. Spitz. The session is being videotaped, and Dr. Braun is in the room with the two of them. Mulder, Scully and Mrs. Bishop are watching through a window from the next room.)

Dr. Spitz: On a count of five, tell me where you are now . . . one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five. Do you know where you are?

Michelle: Yes.

Dr. Spitz: Where? Tell me where you are.

Michelle: At home.

Dr. Spitz: What time of day is it?

Michelle: Night time.

Dr. Spitz: And how old are you?

Michelle: Twenty-four. (she suddenly becomes agitated) No! We can't! We can't do this! It's wrong!

Dr. Spitz: What's wrong? What can't you do? (she doesn't respond but breathes rapidly) It's all right, you can trust me.

Michelle: No! I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't!

(Dr. Braun has come out of the room and angrily confronts Mulder.)

Dr. Braun: This is dangerous and irresponsible!

Mulder: Dr. Spitz has conducted hundreds of these sessions and . . .

Dr. Braun: (to Mrs. Bishop) If you allow this to continue, you could push Michelle deeper into withdrawal, maybe permanently.

Mulder: Is it any more dangerous than pumping her full of thorazine?

Michelle: (from the other room) They're killing me! They're killing me! (Mrs. Bishop heads for her daughter.)

Mrs. Bishop: That's enough!

Michelle: No! No! No!

Mrs. Bishop: (hugging Michelle) It's OK. It's over. It's over. It's over.

(Later, Scully comes out of the office, finding Mulder in the hall.)

Scully: They just left.

Mulder: We almost had it, Scully. We were right there.

Scully: I know.

Mulder: We'll have to try it again.

Scully: Mrs. Bishop won't go for that, not in this lifetime anyway.

Mulder: Well, we have to change her mind.

Scully: How? And to what end? I mean, what exactly do you hope to discover by all this?

Mulder: The truth. What really happened to Charlie Morris nine years ago.

Scully: We'll find the truth when we find Fiore.

Mulder: If we find Fiore. And if he's still alive. Scully, you saw what happened in there.

Scully: What I saw was some traumatized little girl who for no apparent reason has some connection to Charlie Morris.

Mulder: All evidence suggests that Michelle Bishop IS Charlie Morris.

Scully: Mulder . . .

Mulder: Short of her growing a moustache, how much more apparent does it have to become for you to accept it?

Scully: OK. Let's just say that, by some small miracle, you manage to convince Michelle's mother, and the next hypno-regression provides you with everything you could possible hope for. No grand jury is gonna listen to that kind of testimony. We still will not have an actionable case.

(Both are annoyed. Scully walks away.)

(Mulder is writing in his case journal. The video of Michelle's hypnosis session is playing on a monitor.)

Mulder: (voice-over) The inconclusive results of Michelle's past life regression do not shake my basic belief in hypnosis as a tool for psycho-

logical healing. Whether or not it offers us definitive proof of previous lifetimes is another matter. However, in this particular case, all other explanations seem to be even more wanting.

(He glances up at the monitor.)

On Video: And how old are you? Twenty-four. No, we can't! We can't do this! It's wrong! What's wrong? What can't you do?

(Mulder has noticed a burst of static just as Michelle become agitated. He rewinds and looks again.)

On Video: And how old are you? Twenty-four. No we can't!

(He sees the static again, just before Michelle says "no we can't". He rewinds.)

On Video: Twenty-four.

(He advances the tape frame-by-frame, isolating the static-filled image.)

(At the Fiore residence, Mrs. Fiore is on the phone.)

Mrs. Fiore: (to phone) No, no, I, I, I want to be here. In case he shows up. Thanks again. I'll, uh, I'll call you the minute I hear anything. OK, yeah, OK, bye-bye.

(She hangs up, turns off the light and heads upstairs for the night. As she nears the top, she hears a knock on the door and hurries to it.)

Mrs. Fiore: Tony! (she opens the door) Tony? Tony?

(No one is there. She looks down and finds an origami figure of a giraffe on the porch.)

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SCENE 8

FBI Regional Headquarters; Buffalo, New York

(Linhart is working in front of a series of video monitors. Scully and Mulder are behind him.)

Linhart: I checked the windup profiles. They're up to speed.

Scully: Which means?

Linhart: Whatever this image is, was recorded in the room with that girl.

Scully: How is that possible?

Mulder: There was a documented case in the early seventies of a man from Porlock, Ohio, who could influence undeveloped film. He could create shapes on the negative from his mind.

Linhart: I don't know how much of this noise I can clean up. It depends on the strength of the latent image.

(Lazard enters.)

Detective Lazard: I tracked him down. He's retired in Palm Beach. You were right, Agent Scully. He backed up all his records on disk.

Scully: Pathologists are paranoid by nature.

Detective Lazard: Well, he faxed me the missing page from the autopsy report.

Scully: Great. (reads it) Apparently, Charlie Morris did not die as a result of his wounds. Says here there's a frothing of fluid in the respiratory tract. That indicates death by drowning.

Mulder: So you're saying he was drowned first and then mutilated to make it look like a signature execution?

Detective Lazard: Dr. Yamaguchi said on the phone that there were no signs of submersion such as goose skin or wrinkled flesh except for around the face and head.

Scully: Um-hmm. That's right. Suggesting that he was killed in either a bathtub or a toilet. Except . . .

Mulder: Except for what?

Scully: The marked bradycardia. That indicates a raised plasma sodium level. He was killed in sea water.

(A car screeches to a halt in front of the Fiore residence. Detective Fiore emerges carrying a tote bag. He runs into the house.)

Detective Fiore: Anita! Anita!

Mrs. Fiore: (rushing downstairs and hugging him) Tony! Tony! What's going on? Where've you been? I know something's going on.

Detective Fiore: I need you to listen to me right now. I need you to go upstairs and pack a bag.

Mrs. Fiore: Why? What kind of trouble are you in?

Detective Fiore: I think someone's trying to kill me.

Mrs. Fiore: Who?

Detective Fiore: I don't know.

Mrs. Fiore: Why would anybody want to kill you? Tell me what's going on.

Detective Fiore: (angrily) Will you please just do what I'm asking you? (calms down) Please, I'm your husband and I love you and I need you to trust me on this, OK?

(He goes upstairs. Through the window we can see Michelle Bishop on the front porch.)

(Linhart is still working on the image from the video.)

Linhart: Almost there. (Mulder and Scully walk toward him) What I've done is to map the frequencies of the interference. Coefficients for sine on this monitor, cosine on that one. Now using an algorithm program, I can remove the frequencies, like this. Presto! What the hell?

(The image clears up, showing a diver in a pressure suit with helmet.

Mulder recognizes it.)

Scully: Mulder, what is it?

Mulder: You said salt water, right?

Scully: Right. So?

Mulder: So Charlie Morris was drowned in his own tropical fish tank, and that's the last thing he saw before he died. We better hope Michelle Bishop is at home, tucked in bed.

(At the Fiore residence, Detective Fiore is packing some clothes, and we see that the tote bag is full of money. Mrs. Fiore enters the room and he quickly zips up the bag.)

Mrs. Fiore: Tony? Tony, somebody, somebody left this on our doorstep tonight. (shows him the origami giraffe) Do you know who? (he doesn't reply) Answer me, Tony!

(The lights go off. Fiore draws his gun.)

Detective Fiore: Right, you stay here and keep the door closed.

(He closes the door. The key in the lock mysteriously turns, locking the door.)

(He comes downstairs slowly, gun raised. As he steps across the living room, an electrical cord unplugs itself from the wall and quickly wraps around his legs, tripping him to the floor. He drops his gun onto the floor in front of him. Mrs. Fiore hears the commotion.)

Mrs. Fiore: (from upstairs) Tony, are you all right? Tony, answer me! (Fiore reaches for the gun, but it slides farther away from him, out of reach. He looks up and sees Michelle standing in front of him.)

(Mulder and Scully pull up in front. They hear a crash from inside the house and run up to the porch. Mulder tries the door but it slams and locks in his face. They hear Mrs. Fiore.)

Mrs. Fiore: (from upstairs) Tony! Tony, please! Who's there? What's happening?

(Mulder walks across the porch to the window but the shutters slam closed in his face.)

(Inside, Michelle looks around the room and glass shatters and other items go crashing to the floor.)

Scully: Mulder!

(Scully has called Mulder to the side of the house, where there is a door to the basement with a glass window. They shield their eyes, and Mulder breaks the glass with his elbow, reaches in and unlocks the door.)

(Back in the living room, Detective Fiore has gotten to his knees in front of Michelle.)

Detective Fiore: (emotionally) They said they were just gonna talk to you. Talk some sense into you. What was I supposed to do, huh? All you had to do was take the money, man! Why didn't you just take the money?

(Michelle looks aside, and a fireplace poker hurtles across the room, catching Fiore a glancing blow. He falls over and moans in pain. Several vases fly across the room and break across his head as well.)

(Mulder and Scully have climbed the stairs from the basement to the main floor.)

Mrs. Fiore: (from upstairs) What's going on, Tony? Let me out!

Mulder: (to Scully) Go check out upstairs. (she heads up the stairs)

Mrs. Fiore: (from upstairs) Please open the door! I'm scared! Tony!

(More objects are flying off cabinets in the living room as Mulder enters. He sees Michelle with Fiore on the floor.)

Mulder: Michelle! This won't make right what happened.

Mrs. Fiore: (from the upstairs bedroom) Please, I can't get out! Who's there? I can't get out!

(Scully unlocks the bedroom door, and they both then run down to the living room. Mrs. Fiore rushes to her husband and sees Michelle. She kneels on the floor behind him.)

Mrs. Fiore: Tony! Tony! Tony . . .

(Fiore starts to look back at her, then just looks downward at the floor.)

Detective Fiore: (to Mrs. Fiore) I'm sorry! I knew what they did to Charlie. I was a part of it and I never said anything. I couldn't.

Mrs. Fiore: No.

Detective Fiore: (now looking back at her) I just wanted to take care of you. Who else would have taken care of you?

(The room is filled with a bluish light and the aquarium shakes. Glass in the room shatters and plaster flies off.)

Detective Fiore: Oh, God. No. No more.

Mrs. Fiore: (to Michelle, pleadingly) Please, please don't hurt him any more.

(Michelle looks quickly at the aquarium, and its walls shatter, sending water to the floor. The lights come back on. Scully walks across and picks up Fiore's gun. The diver ornament from the aquarium is on the floor nearby.)

(Some time later, Mulder and Mrs. Bishop walk alongside her pool. Michelle is laughing and playing in the pool with a friend and an instructor. Mrs. Bishop smiles as she watches the scene, and Mulder has traces of a smile as well.)

Mulder: (voice-over) Closing entry, file number X-40271. Detective Anthony Fiore pleaded guilty yesterday in federal court to charges of first-degree murder after the fact, grand larceny and obstruction of justice. The deaths of Detective Rudy Barbala and former police officer Leon Felder are being ruled as accidental, although their complicity in the murder of Officer Charlie Morris has been definitively established.

No charges were brought against Michelle Bishop, who today took her first swimming lesson. She claims no memory of the preceding events and both her mother and Dr. Braun have denied my request for a second past-life regression. End of field journal, April 19, 1994.

Agents of record: Fox Mulder and Dana Scully.

Status: Unexplained.

[THE END]