

X-Files Aubrey (2X12)

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SCENE 1

Police Headquarters; Aubrey, Missouri

(A busy police station office. Detective Joe Darnell and Lieutenant Brian Tillman enter, conversing.)

Darnell: There was blood everywhere. Whoever killed her is a real psycho.

Tillman: Murder weapon?

Darnell: Seven stores in town carry stroop razors.

Tillman: Have somebody check them out.

Darnell: Well, what about the press?

Tillman: (picking up a phone) Just the basics. No mention of this “sister” thing to anybody.

Darnell: Okay. (Walks away)

(Various background voices in the office talk urgently about the current investigation. Camera focuses on Detective B.J. Morrow, seated at a desk. She is looking intently at Tillman. He gets off the phone, looks at her briefly, then walks into his office. BJ continues to stare, appearing uneasy.)

(In Tillman’s office. We get a long look at a photograph of Tillman and a woman, presumably his wife. Camera pulls back to reveal Tillman seated at his desk drinking coffee in front of a laptop computer. BJ knocks on the door, opens it, and stands in the doorway.)

BJ: Brian, I need a minute.

Tillman: (somewhat irritated) I’m working on a homicide investigation. (waves her in) Come on.

BJ: (enters) You didn’t show last night.

Tillman: This what you want to talk about?

BJ: I made dinner.

Tillman: (sighs in exasperation) It’s not — (gets cut off by an phone intercom buzz, and snaps at the phone) What?

Intercom: Sorry . . . coroner's on one.

(BJ sits as Tillman picks up the phone.)

Tillman: Yeah, whattaya got, Reuben? (listens to the phone, ignoring BJ for the moment)

(BJ picks up a piece of paper and writes a note.)

Tillman: (still on phone) Uh-huh.

(BJ hands him the note. It reads "I'M PREGNANT." Tillman looks at it, then BJ. She looks at him with a somewhat embarrassed and guilty look on her face.)

Tillman: (on phone) Uh, hang on a second, will you, Reuben?

(Tillman puts the phone on hold, pauses a moment, and then rips a piece of paper from a notepad to write a note. BJ looks at him almost hopefully. He hands her the note.)

Tillman: This address, ten o'clock tonight.

BJ: (surprised) Where's this? (suspicion dawns on her face) A motel?

Tillman: It's a place we can talk.

(BJ looks disapprovingly at Tillman, but gets up and walks out of the office. Tillman crumples the "I'M PREGNANT" note and throws it out. He picks up the phone to resume his conversation, but puts it down and then holds his head in his hands in despair.)

(Later that night, at the Motel Black, BJ ascends the steps to room #6. She fumbles with her keys. As she tries to put the key in the lock, she misses and her vision blurs. She grimaces in pain, starts to hyperventilate, and looks around her in fright. Voices whisper unintelligibly. She sinks to the ground. Nearby, an engine roars into life and headlights flick on, illuminating her face in a white glare. She raises her hand to her eyes to shield them from the light, moaning softly. In grainy black-and-white footage we see the grille of an old (1940's?) truck. BJ is having a vision. In her vision, we are at the wheel of the truck, driving at night into an empty field. Reflected in the rearview mirror we see the face of a young man. The truck stops and the driver takes a large something from the truck bed, grunting with the effort. He walks with it slung over his shoulder through the field, then drops it onto the ground. It is a body. We see the driver digging a shallow grave with a shovel, backlit by the truck headlights. The scene flashes back and forth from the vision of the man digging to BJ digging in the dirt with her bare hands. She is moaning as she digs frantically. She uncovers a long bone (a femur?) and then a human skull. Her digging slows and then stops as she picks up something else from the dirt. She raises it into the light. It's a metal badge that reads: "Justice Department U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation." BJ raises her head, her mouth open in shock, and looks around her. She stands slowly, still turning around as if looking for help, but she is completely alone in the field.)

SCENE 2

FBI Headquarters; Washington, D.C.

(The X-Files office. Mulder is examining several sets of dental X-rays pinned up on a lightboard. Scully enters from the adjoining room and stands next to him.)

Scully: Any cavities?

Mulder: I brush after every meal. Would you say they match?

(Scully examines the X-rays.)

Scully: Well, there's a filling on the occlusal surface of the upper left bicuspid here and here (pointing at the X-rays) and he's congenitally missing a lower left bicuspid here and here . . . Yeah, I'd say they're definitely a match. Who do they belong to?

Mulder: Special Agent Sam Chaney.

Scully: That name sounds familiar.

Mulder: Chaney's a legend. (Picks up a file and hands it to Scully, who opens it and starts flipping through pages. We get a good look at a photo of Chaney.) Forty years before the Bureau started profiling violent criminals, Chaney and his partner Tim Ledbetter would work on their own time investigating what were then called "stranger killings" — what are now called serial murders. They disappeared while investigating three murders in Aubrey, Missouri in 1942. Chaney's body wasn't found until two days ago by local detective, B.J. Morrow . . . a woman.

Scully: What's your interest in this case?

Mulder: During their time, Chaney's and Ledbetter's ideas weren't very well received by their peers. Using psychology to solve a crime was something like, um . . .

Scully: Believing in the paranormal?

Mulder: Exactly. (pauses) There's another mystery.

Scully: Which is?

Mulder: Well, I'd like to know why this policewoman would suddenly drive her car into a field the size of Rhode Island and for no rhyme or reason dig up the bones of a man who's been missing for fifty years. I mean, unless there was a neon sign saying "Dig Here" —

Scully: I guess that's why we're going to Aubrey.

Mulder: (slyly) Yes, and also I've always been intrigued by women named B.J. (smiles at Scully)

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SCENE 3**Crime Scene; Aubrey, Missouri**

(Shot of a shovel digging in the dirt. Pull back to reveal the crime scene: an area of the field that is staked off. Mulder and Scully are talking to BJ; Tillman stands off to the side, overseeing the excavation.)

Scully: Detective Morrow, exactly how did you discover the remains?

BJ: (as if she's rehearsed this explanation) I witnessed a dog digging in the ground; I proceeded to investigate and found the gravesite.

Mulder: Well, the initial police report states that you couldn't explain your actions at the time.

BJ: (slightly flustered, but recovers) It was late . . . I was a bit shocked by my discovery . . . I'm afraid I didn't clearly articulate exactly what happened for my initial report.

Mulder: What were you doing in the woods at that hour?

BJ: My vehicle was experiencing engine failure.

Mulder: And you left your car . . . (looks around)

BJ: (pointing way across the field) Over there, sir.

(We see Tillman chewing on a piece of straw. He is looking away from the group but is paying close attention to what is being said.)

Mulder: Would you say that's uh . . . four or five hundred yards?

BJ: (looks back and forth at the distance) Yes, sir.

Mulder: So from that distance, you could see a dog digging in this field at night?

(Tillman turns around abruptly and walks over to the three.)

Tillman: She was taking a shortcut through the woods to reach a phone. The path led her through the field.

Mulder: Well, the report says she phoned in from the Motel Black just up the road there. That's not a very short cut.

Tillman: It seems like you're more interested in how the missing agent was found than in how he got here in the first place. You don't, uh, suspect her, do you?

Mulder: No, no, not at all. I would just like to ask Detective Morrow a few more questions.

BJ: All right.

Mulder: Have you ever, um, have you ever had any clairvoyant experiences? Premonitions, visions, precognitive dreams, things like that? (BJ is taken aback.)

Tillman: (scoffing) What the hell kind of question is that?

BJ: (incredulously) Dreams?

Mulder: Yeah.

Tillman: (condescendingly) Look, Agent Mulder, I don't mean to be rude, but we have a lot to do. If you have any further questions specifi-

cally pertaining to your investigation of this crime, please feel free to call. Come on, B.J.

(Tillman walks off. BJ follows absently. Scully and Mulder share a look.)

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SCENE 4**Coroner's Office; Examining Room C**

(An examination room. Close-up of a bone fragment through a magnifying glass. Pull back to reveal Scully examining bones laid out on a table.)

Scully: These bones are in good condition. But I think the field may have been tilled shortly after Chaney was buried; there are small cuts on the top three ribs. I don't think they were made by an animal.

Mulder: (Sitting on a tabletop perusing a small black leather journal) Listen to this, Scully. "One must wonder how these monsters are created." Chaney wrote this. "Did their home life mold them into creatures that must maim and kill, or are they demons from birth?"

Scully: Well, that's poetic but it doesn't help us much. What did he say about the 1942 homicides?

Mulder: (looking at a file) Well, the press called the murderer "The Slash Killer." His three victims were all young women aged twenty-five to thirty. (Flips through a series of gruesome black and white photographs.) He disabled them with a blow to the head.

(Scully picks up Chaney's skull, turns it to reveal a jagged hole in the back of the skull.)

Mulder: He would carve the word "Sister" on their chests and paint it on the wall with their blood.

<Scully picks up another bone, a rib, and looks at it thoughtfully.)

Mulder: The victims bled to death. The murderer was never found.

Scully: Mulder, these cuts on the ribs — they could have been made by a razor.

Mulder: Can you make out a word?

Scully: No, but we might be able to if we can find somebody in Aubrey who has a digital scanner.

(Somewhat later. Scully is seated at a computer eating a cookie. The screen reads, "FBI Image Analysis. Please Wait.")

Scully: I've scanned the images from the crime photo and the ribcage and loaded them to Quantico. It's gonna be a few more seconds before the hookup.

Mulder: I checked with the precinct mechanic. BJ's car was just tuned. She lied about experiencing engine failure. (Sits down next to Scully and helps himself to a cookie.)

Scully: Mulder, I don't think BJ was in the woods that night because of engine failure.

Mulder: (with mouthful of cookie) What are you talking about?

Scully: Well, the Motel Black would have been the perfect meeting place — away from town, away from his wife . . .

Mulder: What do you mean?

Scully: It's obvious BJ and Tillman are having an affair.

Mulder: How do you know?

Scully: A woman senses these things.

Mulder: (scoffs) Aw . . . pshaw.

(Computer beeps. Both turn to the screen, which displays two ribcages side-by-side.)

Scully: The image on the right is Chaney's ribcage. The one on the left was extrapolated from the crime photo of the Slash Killer's last victim. Now I need to enlarge the victim's ribcage in order to allow for gender difference. (Taps busily on keyboard.) And now, we can compare them. (Computer beeps and reads, "Attempt Match Image Compare No Match".)

Mulder: Could he have carved out another word on his ribcage?

(Scully types some more. The images of the ribcages zoom closer and the screen reads "Attempt Fuzzy Match".)

Scully: I'm searching for any matching pattern of cuts.

(BJ appears at the door.)

BJ: Agent Mulder? Have you made any progress in the investigation?

Mulder: Uh, we may have. It seems Agent Chaney might have been a victim of the killer he was trying to catch. We're trying to determine if the cuts on his ribcage spell out a word right now.

(BJ walks into the room, staring at the bones as if in a trance. She has a B&W vision of Chaney being dealt a blow to the head and then of a razor upraised and descending on Chaney's neck. She staggers.)

Mulder: You all right?

BJ: (recovering) I'm sorry. Something I . . . I'm not fee — . . . (swallows convulsively) Excuse me. (Turns and leaves the room abruptly.)
(Mulder and Scully look at each other.)

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SCENE 5

(In the women's restroom, BJ is rinsing her mouth at a sink. She's obviously just vomited. Scully enters and gets a paper towel, offers it to BJ.)

Scully: Feeling better?

BJ: I'm fine now. (Ignores Scully's outstretched paper towel, reaches across Scully to get her own paper towel and begins to dry her face.)

Scully: Things must be difficult for you now. I've had . . . feelings for people I've worked with. Interoffice relationships can be complicated . . . especially when he's married.

(BJ ignores Scully, throws out the paper towel.)

Scully: (with penetrating insight and feminine intuition) You're pregnant, aren't you?

(BJ is shocked, turns to face Scully, then turns away. She says nothing. Scully, sensing that her advances are not welcome, turns and begins to leave.)

BJ: Does it show?

Scully: No, not yet.

BJ: (somewhat relieved, begins to open up) Now I know why my mother only had one child. She told me about the nausea, but not about the nightmares.

Scully: (returning to BJ) Nightmares?

BJ: (nervously arranging her hair) It's always the same. I'm in a house, it feels familiar. There's a woman that's been hurt. There's a mirror . . . I see a man's reflection. I recognize his face, but I don't know it. What I remember most is the blood. There's a lot of blood.

Scully: Have you talked to anyone about these nightmares?

BJ: I'm sure it's something about the pregnancy. If anyone else knew I was pregnant . . . Brian would kill me if I told anyone.

Scully: What are you going to do?

BJ: I don't know.

(Scully leaves the restroom and returns to the examining room. She sits down at the computer next to Mulder.)

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SCENE 6

Scully: (with only a slight touch of "I told you so") Well, BJ's pregnant, and Tillman's the father.

(Mulder looks suitably surprised and impressed. However, both return to strictly business as BJ walks into the room.)

Mulder: Um, I've approximated the pattern of the cuts to match up with letters. There's a 93% chance that this is the letter R (pointing at the computer screen). If we lower the probability to 79%, we get the letters I, E, and R.

(As Scully and Mulder are engrossed by the computer screen, BJ turns around to the bones on the table and moves toward them, staring at them intently.)

Scully: Well, it could be a word, or it could just be random slashes.

Mulder: If we exhumed one of the Slash Killer's victims, we could do a CT scan to determine if the cuts were made by the same type of instrument.

Scully: Well, that means getting a court order. It could take a couple of days. Maybe we could find a relative who could speed up the process. (BJ, standing over the bones, moves her hand over the ribs as if writing a word. Her mouth moves as if she's saying the same word.)

BJ: (hoarsely) Brother.

Mulder: Excuse me?

BJ: I know what it says. On the ribcage. It spells "Brother." (She joins the agents at the computer.)

(Tillman enters the room unnoticed. Mulder types on the keyboard, the computer does some lightning fast computations, and displays "Match String Set. Brother At 68%")

Mulder: You're right.

Tillman: BJ?

(All turn to face Tillman.)

BJ: (almost guilty) Brian.

Tillman: What's going on here, BJ?

BJ: (defensive) Nothing.

Tillman: Really? Then where'd you get these? (Picks up the file of 1942 photos Mulder was looking at earlier. Angrily.) These are crime scene photos. They were sealed. No one had access to 'em.

Mulder: I think you're mistaken. Those were shot in 1942.

Tillman: (shaking the file at Mulder) These are evidence of a homicide that occurred three days ago.

Scully: No, those were from a case that Agent Ledbetter and Agent Chaney were investigating in 1942 before they disappeared.

(Tillman stares at the file in his hands.)

CASE No. D-147816 REF 44-9A

AUBREY POLICE DEPARTMENT

CRIMINAL PACKAGE REFERENCE RECORD

BRADSHAW, ANTONIA

EBERHARDT, KATHY

VAN CLEEF, LAURA

HOM, RAPE 1942

CASE No. D 147816

(Tillman flips through the photos, then looks up at the three.)

Tillman: Three days ago, a young woman was murdered and the word "Sister" was carved into her chest and painted on the wall. Only myself, the coroner, and one of my men knew about this.

(There is a brief but significant silence. Suddenly Darnell rushes into the room.)

Darnell: Excuse me, sir, we just got a call. There's been another one.

(Tillman, Mulder, Scully, and BJ enter the pool area of what is probably the local YMCA. The pool is empty. Various policemen and detectives are at the scene, inside the drained pool, taking pictures and gathering evidence. Prominent is the word "Sister" painted on the wall of the pool.)

Policeman: (to Tillman descends a ladder into the pool) Watch your step, sir.

Another Officer: (to Tillman as he approaches the victim) Victim's name is Verna Johnson.

(The four advance toward the victim, who is lying on the floor of the pool in the deep end. The sheet is drawn back, revealing the face of a young woman streaked with blood. "Sister" is carved on her chest.)

BJ: Oh my god. (Everyone stares at her.)

Scully: BJ?

BJ: (shaky) It's her. It's the woman in my dream.

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SCENE 7

Lincoln Park; Aubrey, Missouri

(A little blond girl is running through autumn leaves with a dog. She stumbles and falls.)

Girl: Ow!

(At the sound, BJ stands up and looks over, wanting to help. However, the girl's mother goes over to the girl quickly and comforts her. BJ slowly looks away and sits back down at a picnic table with Mulder and Scully)

Mother: (very faint in the distance) Honey dear, you're fine.

BJ: The mothering instinct. I've been feeling it a lot lately. I used to hate it when my mother hovered over me. I swore I'd never be like her. (The mother has helped the girl up onto her feet and they are walking away.)

Mulder: I think we all feel that way at one time or another.

BJ: My father was a cop. A good cop. That's all I ever wanted to be. He'd say what we're doing here is nonsense. That you can't solve a crime from a dream.

Mulder: Well, I've often felt that dreams are answers to questions we haven't yet figured out how to ask. (pause) You said you were in a familiar house?

BJ: (nodding) There's a woman that's been hurt . . . I look in a mirror and I see a man's reflection.

Mulder: What does he look like?

BJ: He's got a . . . rash on his face. And his eyes are . . . intense.

Mulder: Do you remember anything else?

BJ: There's this . . . strange picture on the wall behind him. It's a building like the Washington Monument, but different. And there's a . . . a big circular thing beside it.

Mulder: You think you could draw it?

BJ: Sure.

(Mulder hands her a pen and Scully gives her a pad of paper. BJ draws a tall isosceles triangle on the left and then a circle on the right, which slightly overlaps the base of the triangle. She shows the drawing to the agents.)

BJ: It looks something like this.

Scully: What do you think it is?

(BJ shrugs.)

Mulder: Could be the Tylon and the Perisphere. Have you ever been to New York City?

BJ: No, never.

Mulder: You can get pictures of these on postcards all over Times Square. These were the symbols of the 1939 World's Fair.

Scully: Do you know why they might have been in your dream?

BJ: No idea at all.

(Mulder looks again at BJ's drawing.)

SCENE 8

(Somewhere in the Aubrey police station. Screen shot of a folder cover that reads:)

CIMARRON COUNTY
CATALOGUE No. 4756
1942

(The folder is opened. BJ is looking through it, scanning old mug shots. Tillman approaches.)

Tillman: You're here kinda late. (sits down with a grunt) What are you lookin' for?

BJ: Just want to check on something. (continues flipping busily through the pages)

Tillman: (looks closer at what she's doing) I don't get it. That book's from the 1940s.

(BJ ignores him.)

Tillman: (looks around nervously) Can we talk? (pause) You know, I'm willin' to go with ya . . . for the appointment.

BJ: I'm not so sure it's what I wanna do.

Tillman: I thought we agreed that it was the best thing for both of us. (BJ keeps looking at photos until Tillman slams his hand down over the page. They stare at each other.)

BJ: I changed my mind.

Tillman: What do you mean you changed your mind? You can't just change your mind. This isn't your decision, it's our decision! BJ!

(BJ has continued looking at mug shots. She focuses on one, a man with a scarred — looking face, and breathes in sharply.)

BJ: It's him! Brian . . . I have to go. (stands up and walks away, leaving Tillman confused.)

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SCENE 9

Highway 377; Missouri / Nebraska Border

(We are driving down a rural highway.)

Scully: (v/o) This is the man BJ claims to have seen in her dream.

(Mug shot of the man BJ recognized.)

Scully: (v/o) Harry Cokely. He lives in Gainesville, Nebraska since his release from Macalester Penitentiary on December fifth, 1993.

(Mulder is driving; Scully is reading from a file.)

Scully: He was convicted in 1945 for rape and attempted murder. Cokely carved "Sister" on the chest of his victim, Linda Thibedeaux, before she was able to escape and get help from a neighbor.

(Shot of a portrait of an attractive young blond woman, 1940's style hair and dress.)

Mulder: And the police never made the connection to the 1942 homicides?

Scully: No.

Mulder: Well, I don't want to jump to any rash conclusions, but I'd say he's definitely our prime suspect.

Scully: But Mulder, the man we're talking about is 77 years old.

Mulder: George Foreman won the heavyweight crown at 45. Some people are late bloomers.

(Scully goes back to looking through the file.)

Mulder: Anyway, this still doesn't explain BJ's connection to all this.

Scully: What if it's cryptamnesia?

Mulder: You mean consciously forgotten information?

Scully: Yeah. BJ told us that her father was a policeman in the area. What if she heard him discussing the 1942 case when she was young? She might have even seen pictures of Cokely .

Mulder: Yeah, but that still doesn't explain why she would go into a field and unearth the grave of an FBI agent.

Scully: What if the recent murders triggered what was previously buried in her mind . . . some connection she'd unconsciously made that no one else had been able to make.

Mulder: You mean a hunch?

Scully: Yeah, something like that.

Mulder: Well, that's a pretty extreme hunch.

Scully: I seem to recall you having some pretty extreme hunches.

Mulder: (grinning) I never have.

(Scully smiles too.)

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SCENE 10

(Somewhat later, the agents are driving down a dirt road flanked by stark, winter-bare trees. They approach a decrepit two-story farmhouse and park the car. They knock on the door. Slow footsteps approach the door and open it.)

Mulder: Harry Cokely?

Cokely: Yeah?

(Cokely looks at the agents suspiciously. He is an old, acerbic-looking man with intense eyes and a blistered-looking face. An oxygen tube runs to his nose.)

Mulder: I'm Special Agent Mulder, this is Special Agent Scully. We're with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. May we come in?

(Grudgingly, Cokely turns and motions them in. As he walks away, we see that he is carting an oxygen tank. Scully shuts the door behind them. They enter the living room, which is where Cokely seems to do most of his living, such as it is. There is an unmade bed, an armchair, and the TV is on. The air is wreathed in shadow and in smoke as Cokely sits in the armchair and lights a cigarette, in spite of the fact that there is already one smoking in the ashtray. Mulder and Scully remain standing.)

Scully: Mr. Cokely, our records show that in 1942, you lived in Terrence, Nebraska, an hour's drive away from Aubrey, Missouri. During that time, three women were murdered in Aubrey. (Cokely is coughing hoarsely.) Their assailant had mutilated their bodies with a razor in the same manner that you slashed Mrs. Linda Thibedeaux's body in 1945.

Cokely: I don't remember much about that.

Scully: Well, I'm sure Mrs. Thibedeaux will never forget it.

(Cokely narrows his eyes at Scully, then looks away.)

Cokely: (slowly and deliberately, with a pronounced midwestern drawl) Doctors said I was sick back then. They gave me some pills. I served my time, and now I'm better.

Scully: What kind of pills?

Cokely: Red and white ones, little sister.

(Scully looks at him with thinly-veiled disgust. Mulder shows him a photo of Agent Chaney.)

Mulder: Do you recognize this man? His name's Chaney.

Cokely: No.

Mulder: He was an FBI agent who was also murdered in Aubrey in 1942. Can you tell me where you were about 8:35 PM two nights ago, Mr. Cokely?

Cokely: Sittin' right where I am now.

Mulder: Do you have a witness to testify to that?

Cokely: (turning mean) Are you blind? (gestures at the tank) I can't leave the house without this damn thing! I sit right here in front of that TV twenty-four hours a day. And on the night you're talkin' about, I was sittin' here watching a show about a lost dog. Then after that, it was a show about —

Scully: (interrupting him) That won't be necessary.

Cokely: Good. Now, are you about finished with me, little sister? (Takes a drag on the cigarette.)

Scully: For now. (if looks could kill . . .)

(Cokely continues to smoke and cough and Mulder and Scully leave the house.)

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SCENE 11

(BJ's bedroom at night. A strong wind is blowing the curtains around an open window. BJ is in bed, sleeping. Various wind and banging sounds as the shutters hit the house. Headlights pass by the window and they segue directly into BJ's B&W dream. Again we see the grille of the old truck. In real life, lightning illuminates BJ's face; in her dream the flash shines on an upheld straight razor that slashes down. Thunder crashes and BJ wakes up screaming. She grabs her gun and points it around the room, but there's no one there. The shutter bangs and BJ relaxes, putting a hand to her forehead. She feels something there and looks at her hand in the darkness. She turns on the bedside lamp and discovers that she's covered in blood . . . her face, her hands, her chest. There is blood on the lampshade, too. Moaning, she stumbles into the bathroom and turns on the light. She looks at herself in the mirror, grabs a towel from

the rack and wets it in the sink. As she cleans herself, bloody water washes down the drain. She dabs the blood from the chest and discovers to her horror that “Sister” is carved there. Not knowing what to do, she stumbles back in to the bedroom and closes the bathroom door. In the full-length mirror there she sees the reflection of young Cokely. She screams and whirls around but he’s not there. She screams again and falls to the floor, sobbing. She has another B&W vision. In this vision, a crowbar pries up a floorboard. A man, grunting, drags a body in a gunny sack and dumps it under the floor. Cut immediately to BJ, also ripping up floorboards with a crowbar. She’s in someone else’s house, in the cellar.)

Woman: (coming down the stairs with Tillman, Scully, and Mulder) She seemed to be in trouble but when I opened the door, she just barged in and . . . and came running down the stairs. So I called the police.

BJ: (moaning frantically and throwing floorboards aside) He’s here . . . he’s here!

Tillman: BJ, what happened? (holding BJ and noticing her blood-soaked shirt) Oh my god.

BJ: (still sobbing, whispers) He’s here . . .

Tillman: Oh my god. I’m taking her to the hospital. (Escorts her up the stairs.)

(Mulder kneels down and looks at what BJ has unearthed from the floor. He pulls up an old, dirt-covered gunny sack full of bones. He and Scully share a look.)

SCENE 12

Memorial Hospital; Aubrey, Missouri

(Hospital exterior, night. Then BJ’s room in the hospital. A nurse leaves the room as Scully and Mulder enter. Scully hands a paper bag of clothes to BJ, who is sitting up in bed.)

Scully: Thought you might need these.

BJ: (pulling an article of clothing from the bag and smiling) Thanks.

Scully: You hurt yourself.

(BJ looks down at her left hand, which is blistered. It looks like it was burnt in acid.)

Mulder: Can you tell us what happened, BJ?

BJ: (with certainty) Cokely. He was in the room.

Scully: Cokely attacked you?

BJ: Yes. (looking down at her chest) He must have done this while I was asleep.

Mulder: You’re sure it was him.

BJ: I know it was him. I saw his reflection in the mirror. He looked just like his picture.

Mulder: Like his mug shot?

BJ: (nodding) Yes.

Mulder: But that’s the picture of a young man.

BJ: But it was Cokely. I swear it was him.

Scully: Well, I’ll have Tillman pick him up. (Looks at Mulder with a “let’s humor her” look.)

SCENE 13

(An interrogation room in the Aubrey police station. Cokely and Tillman are seated at a table; Mulder and Scully are standing.)

Tillman: Where were you last night?

Cokely: (obviously disgusted with this business) Honolulu.

Tillman: You were in Aubrey, weren’t ya?

(Cokely has a coughing fit.)

Tillman: How’d ya get into Detective Morrow’s house?

Cokely: It’s all I can do to get to the bathroom, you damn fool!

Tillman: The victim has identified you, Mr. Cokely.

Cokely: I already paid for my crime.

Tillman: We’ll, I’m gonna see that you pay more.

Cokely: I never touched that woman!

(Mulder notices that Cokely’s left hand is blistered, similar to BJ’s.)

Cokely: And I’m not answering any more questions without a lawyer. (pause) Get me a lawyer.

SCENE 14

(In Mulder’s motel room. He’s eating sunflower seeds over a picture of young Cokely. Someone knocks at the door.)

Scully: (outside) Mulder?

Mulder: It’s open.

(Scully enters, carrying some papers.)

Scully: I have the preliminary results from the genetic testing from the blood found under Verna Johnson’s nails. They checked it against Cokely’s. The PGM subtype matches, the DQF and the D-1S are the same.

Mulder: Cokely’s blood?

Scully: The results strongly suggest that. Imagine the strength of this man's psychosis still driving him to murder after fifty years.

Mulder: But for some reason he let BJ live.

Scully: Well, she's not the first. Mrs. Thibedeaux also survived his attack back in 1945.

Mulder: I think it's time we paid a visit to Mrs. Thibedeaux.

(They gather up their things and leave the room.)

SCENE 15

Thibedeaux Residence; Edmond, Nebraska

(Exterior of a neat suburban ranch house. The agents pull up in an SUV. Cut to the same picture of Mrs. Thibedeaux as a young woman that we saw earlier in Cokely's file.)

Mrs. Thibedeaux: (v/o) That was taken three weeks before it happened. (Camera pan from picture to Mrs. Thibedeaux's face. She looks grandmotherly, but there is a prominent scar near her right eye. It looks like she was slashed there.)

Mrs. Thibedeaux: I haven't had a picture taken since.

(Mrs. Thibedeaux, Mulder, and Scully are standing in the foyer. A staircase leads up to a landing.)

Mulder: (indicating other pictures that line the wall of the stairs) Is this your husband?

Mrs. Thibedeaux: That's, uh, Martin. He was a good man. He passed last June. If it hadn't been for him I never would have survived.

Scully: I know this goes back a long way, Mrs. Thibedeaux, but can you tell us what happened the night Harry Cokely attacked you?

Mrs. Thibedeaux: (slowly, remembering) It happened up there, on the landing. I remember how the light from the window . . . bounced off the razor. It, it had an ivory handle. He, he kept saying, "Someone's gotta take the blame, little sister, and it isn't gonna be me." They tried to explain at the trial how his father used to beat him and how he was the only son in a family of five daughters, and how he was brutally punished for everything wrong that happened.

(Mulder is looking at more pictures on the wall. He focuses on one photo of Mrs. Thibedeaux and her husband posing in front of the Trylon and the Perisphere — the shapes from BJ's dream.)

Mrs. Thibedeaux: But if you ask me, that man was born evil.

Mulder: No children?

Mrs. Thibedeaux: (shaking her head) No. None.

Mulder: Mrs. Thibedeaux, our records show that you recuperated from your injuries within two months. But nine months later you checked back into the hospital.

Mrs. Thibedeaux: Well, I . . . I had complications.

Mulder: (stepping closer to her) What happened to the child? (pause) Cokely's child.

Mrs. Thibedeaux: (defensive) I gave the baby to an adoption agency. Baby! He'd be almost fifty now . . . (Goes to her portrait on the wall and pulls a scrap of paper from behind it. Gives the paper to Mulder.) This is the address of the adoption agency. If you do find him . . . no, never mind.

SCENE 16

(Mulder's motel room. Papers and sunflower seeds are scattered about.)

Scully: The bones BJ found under the house belong to Chaney's partner, Agent Ledbetter. Cokely rented the house in 1942. The detectives at the crime scene found an old straight razor under the house, they're trying to lift some prints. And Cokely's been released, but I think we have enough to nail him.

Mulder: (shaking his head) Something just doesn't track, Scully. The night she was attacked, BJ said she saw a younger man.

Scully: Yeah, but you know the state of mind she was in that night. She, she could have been mistaken.

Mulder: No, maybe she did see a younger man — young Cokely. Cokely's grandson.

Scully: Are you saying Cokely's grandson attacked BJ?

Mulder: It would make sense, Scully. Genetic traits often skip a generation. And that would explain the test results of the blood found under Verna Johnson's fingernails. PGM subtypes are similar among relatives. Did Danny call back with the adoption records yet? Did you get 'em?

Scully: (dialing a phone number) I don't think Mendel had serial killers in mind when he developed his theory on genetics.

Mulder: When I was a, a kid, I would have nightmares. I would wake up in the middle of the night, thinking I was the only person left in the world. Then I would hear this. (Crunches loudly on a sunflower seed.)

Scully: What?

Mulder: My dad would be in the study eating these.

Scully: (on the phone) Yeah, Danny Valladeo, it's Agent Scully. (to Mulder) What does that have to do with Cokely?

Mulder: Well, on a basic cellular level, we're the sum total of all our ancestors' biological matter. But what if more than biological traits get passed down from generation to generation? What if I like sunflower seeds because I'm genetically predisposed to liking them?

Scully: But children aren't born liking sunflower seeds. Environments shape them; behavior patterns are taught.

Mulder: There are countless stories of twins separated at birth who end up in the same occupation, marrying the same kind of people, each naming their child Waldo.

Scully: Waldo?

Mulder: Jung wrote about it when he talked about the collective unconscious. It's genetic memory, Scully.

Scully: (on phone) Yeah, Danny. (pause as she listens, then shock spreads across her face) Yeah, thanks, I'll tell him. (hangs up the phone) Danny tracked down Mrs. Thibedeaux's son. He was a policeman named Raymond Morrow.

Mulder: That's BJ's father.

Scully: BJ is Cokely's granddaughter.

Mulder: She's responsible for the murders.

Scully: Mulder . . .

Mulder: Get your coat. Let's go.

(Mulder grabs his coat and walks out. Scully follows.)

Scully: Wait, Mulder. Do you honestly think that BJ is capable of murder?

Mulder: No, but Cokely is, and that's who BJ has become.

Scully: That's outrageous!

Mulder: Scully, this is what I think. I think that Cokely's memories, his compulsions have been passed on genetically to his granddaughter BJ. That's what's driving her to kill.

Scully: So you're saying that BJ's nightmares are real? That, that she's out there killing these women and carving "Sister" on them?

Mulder: Yes.

Scully: Well then how do you explain the cuts on her own chest?

Mulder: I can't explain everything. Maybe she carved them on herself, or maybe it's some kind of weird stigmata. Whatever it is, BJ is not herself.

Scully: Where are we going?

Mulder: We have to warn Mrs. Thibedeaux. If BJ has, in the sense that I'm talking about, become Cokely, then she might be trying to finish what Cokely started.

SCENE 17

(Mrs. Thibedeaux's house. In the kitchen, Mrs. Thibedeaux, wearing an apron, closes the oven which she has just finished cleaning. She picks up a bucket and a bottle of ammonia and carries them into the adjoining utility room. Back in the kitchen, a gloved hand picks up the clothes iron, which was sitting on the ironing board. In the utility room, Mrs. Thibedeaux is folding the apron. She hears a sound and turns around to see BJ rushing to attack her with the iron. Mrs. Thibedeaux throws the ammonia in BJ's face. BJ claws at her face. Now her face is blistered like Cokely's. Mrs. Thibedeaux has escaped into another room, where she opens a drawer and pulls out a revolver. BJ approaches her, but stops a few feet away as Mrs. Thibedeaux aims the gun at BJ.)

Mrs. Thibedeaux: Stop it!

BJ: (in a hoarse, deeper voice) Somebody's gotta take the blame, little sister . . .

Mrs. Thibedeaux: (shaking the gun) No, no, no. You're not him! You can't be!

(BJ continues advancing slowly toward Mrs. Thibedeaux, who backs away slowly.)

BJ: . . . and it's not gonna be me.

(As Mrs. Thibedeaux backs up toward the stairs, BJ raises a straight razor in her right hand.)

Mrs. Thibedeaux: I'm not afraid to use this!

(They keep backing up the stairs, eyes locked. Mrs. Thibedeaux is on the landing where she was attacked 50 years ago.)

Mrs. Thibedeaux: You have his eyes! You're . . . him!

(As BJ passes the pictures on the wall, she sees the picture of Mrs. Thibedeaux and her husband at the World's Fair. She stares at it.)

BJ: No . . .

Mrs. Thibedeaux: You're my grandchild. (Lowers the hand holding the gun.)

(It takes a few seconds for this to sink in. Then BJ snarls and continues up the stairs, brandishing the razor.)

Mrs. Thibedeaux: (hysterically) Do you know what you're doing?!

BJ: Shut up!

(BJ reaches Mrs. Thibedeaux and rips open her shirt, revealing the scar of "Sister". BJ then opens her own shirt and looks at the "Sister" carved there. Mrs. Thibedeaux has dropped the gun.)

Mrs. Thibedeaux: He's done this to both of us.

(BJ looks for a moment as if she might give in and return to normal, but the Cokely urge gains control and she raises the razor again.)

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Mrs. Thibedeaux: No! You don't know what you're doing! He's the one to blame!

(Mrs. Thibedeaux falls to the floor, turning her head away from BJ. The razor glints in the light. As it begins to fall, we hear Mrs. Thibedeaux scream.)

(The agents' SUV screeches to a halt in front of Mrs. Thibedeaux's house. Mulder opens the door and walks in, looking around.)

Mulder: Mrs. Thibedeaux? Mrs. Thibedeaux!

(Scully comes in and sees her.)

Scully: Mulder. (She rushes up the stairs to the landing, where Mrs. Thibedeaux is slumped against the wall, holding a hand over her chest. She appears unhurt.) Mrs. Thibedeaux. What happened?

Mrs. Thibedeaux: She had a razor. She tried to kill me. But something stopped her.

Mulder: Where did she go?

Mrs. Thibedeaux: I don't know.

(Mulder goes down the stairs and picks up the phone, dials 911. Scully helps Mrs. Thibedeaux to her feet.)

Scully: Can you stand?

Mrs. Thibedeaux: Yes, I think so.

Scully: Let me help you up the steps.

Mrs. Thibedeaux: Thank you.

Mulder: (on the phone) This is Agent Mulder, I need an ambulance to 238 North 54th Street. I also need an APB on BJ Morrow. Yes, that's Detective Morrow. She should be considered armed and dangerous.

Scully: BJ's going after Tillman. The first murder occurred after BJ found out she was pregnant. She's looking for someone to blame. I think that's Tillman.

Mulder: (dialing another number) I don't think so, Scully. I think if she's gonna go after anyone, it'll be Cokely.

Scully: Why?

Mulder: She's probably figured out by now that Cokely's her grandfather. If she's looking for someone to blame, it'll be him. Cokely's not answering his phone. I'm going over there. (He hangs up and walks out of the house, leaving Scully to take care of Mrs. Thibedeaux.)

SCENE 18

Police Headquarters; Aubrey, Missouri

(Inside, Mrs. Thibedeaux is evidently giving a statement.)

Mrs. Thibedeaux: She had a razor.

(Tillman rushes into the room.)

Tillman: Agent Scully, I gotta talk to you.

Scully: I'm giving a statement.

Tillman: You've accused BJ of murder?!

Scully: Can we talk about this outside?

Tillman: No! Here! Now!

Scully: Have you seen Detective Morrow?

Tillman: No, I have not. But I don't care what you've accused her of, Detective Morrow could not hurt anybody!

Scully: (gesturing to Mrs. Thibedeaux) Detective Morrow broke into this woman's house and attacked her with a razor.

Tillman: Oh, come on! I do not believe that!

Mrs. Thibedeaux: (grimly) It's true. It happened.

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SCENE 19

(Cokely's living room. An old B&W movie is playing on the TV. I'm not a fan of classic movies, but I'm sure the actors are famous. They look familiar.)

Man on TV: Look, Hildie, I only acted like any husband who didn't want to see his home broken up.

Woman on TV: What home?

Man on TV: What home? Don't you remember the home I promised you?

(Cokely walks into the room and glances at the TV.)

Woman on TV: Sure I do, that was the one we were going to have right after the honeymoon. (laughs sarcastically) Yeah, honeymoon.

(Cokely sits down in his armchair.)

Man on TV: Well, was it my fault now that that coal mine was gonna have another cave-in? I intended to be with you on our honeymoon, Hildie, honest I did.

(TV sound fades. Cokely adjusts himself in his chair, grunting. He starts to put his oxygen tube around his head, but discovers that the tube has been cut. He hears a creak and the sound of a closing door. He looks up and around suspiciously and places the useless tube on the end table next to him. He picks up the remote control and switches off the TV. Leaning forward in the chair, he continues to scan his surroundings. In the other room, he spots the shadow of a figure. He gets to his feet, flicking open a straight razor in his right hand.)

Cokely: Who's there?

(Holding the straight razor by his side, he walks slowly into the other room. Outside, Mulder pulls up in his SUV and gets out.)

Mulder: (running toward the house) Cokely?

(Inside, Cokely is searching the house.)

Cokely: Who's there?

(Cokely turns the corner into a room and sees BJ in the shadows. BJ points the razor directly at him and starts advancing toward him.)

Cokely: No . . .

BJ: (in a deep hoarse voice, waving the razor) How does it feel to be on the other side of the razor, brother? (She slashes at him, but misses. He cringes backward.)

Cokely: Shut up!

(BJ slashes him again, this time slicing him in the chest. Outside, Mulder is running around a corner of the house, drawing his weapon. In the background, we see the old 1940's truck from BJ's dream. It is in mint condition.)

Cokely: (eyes wide with fright, cowering) No! No! Please . . . no!

BJ: (holding the bloody razor over him) You know the rules. This doesn't stop 'til you're dead. (She slashes again as Cokely screams.)

(Mulder has entered the house and is walking around with his weapon drawn and in a ready position.)

Mulder: Cokely! Cokely? (hears moaning, finds Cokely slumped on the floor, wheezing and bleeding. Behind him, he hears BJ charging at him with a roar. She knocks him right in the head with the oxygen tank. Ouch! Mulder falls on the floor, groaning. Quickly BJ stands over Mulder, straddling him and holding the razor over his head. Mulder tries feebly to slide away.)

Mulder: No, don't. BJ.

(In BJ's mind, Mulder has changed into Chaney. She leans down over him.)

Chaney with Mulder's voice: Don't. Don't! No!

(BJ slashes down with the razor, but stops just short of slashing Mulder's throat.)

BJ: (in a deep hoarse voice) This time you'll stay dead.

(Mulder winces at the blade against his neck.)

Scully: Freeze! (Audibly she cocks her weapon; she's got BJ covered.)

Tillman: (also aiming his gun at BJ) BJ, what are you doing?!

(BJ looks up at them, then down at Mulder.)

Scully: Let him go. Let him go, BJ.

BJ: (in the deep voice) I'm not BJ.

Mulder: Yes, you are.

(BJ slides the blade against Mulder's throat, drawing blood. Scully tenses her finger on the trigger. In the corner, Cokely wheezes, draws his last breath, and expires. Scully goes to him and checks his carotid pulse with left hand, still covering BJ with her gun in her right hand.)

Scully: He's dead.

(BJ seems to deflate at the news. She withdraws the blade from Mulder's neck and sits down next to him weakly, moaning quietly. Tillman walks over and helps her up.)

Tillman: Come on.

(Scully goes to Mulder and raises him up from the floor. Tillman has seated BJ in a chair and is touching her face and her arms reassuringly.)

Tillman: It's all right, BJ. It's gonna be all right. It's gonna be okay. (He looks at Scully in desperation.)

(Scully cradles Mulder's head protectively.)

(Scully is typing her report on the computer.)

Scully: (v/o) We are continuing with genetic testing on Detective Morrow. Evidence suggests the presence of a mutator gene that has activated previously dormant genes, but the results so far are inconclusive.

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SCENE 20

Shamrock Women's Prison; Psychiatric Ward, High Security

(We are advancing along a long, grim prison corridor. Scully's voice-over continues.)

Scully: (v/o) Detective Morrow has not demonstrated any further physiological changes. Extensive blood work and psychological testing has been conducted in order to determine whether the pregnancy could have been a catalyst for the transformation. We have yet to determine the effects on the fetus.

(In BJ's room. She is leaning against the corner on her cot wearing prison orange. She is very pregnant.)

Scully: (v/o) Amniocentesis results show no genetic abnormalities. Chromosome testing has determined the child's sex to be male. BJ is on her second week of suicide watch after an unsuccessful attempt to abort her son. Lieutenant Tillman has petitioned to adopt the child, and the case will soon be presented to the courts.

(BJ's hand slowly rubs her pregnant belly.)

[THE END]