

## X-Files

### The Goldberg Variation (7X02)

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#### SCENE 1

#### Chicago, Illinois; 10:24 p.m.

(Several men are sitting in a private room playing a high-stakes poker game. One of them is Joe Cutrona, well-dressed Mafia-type guy. The other men are also well dressed powerful "business men." Except one — Henry Weems. Joe Cutrona has cards: KK247. He lays down all but the kings.)

**Joe Cutrona:** Three.

(Dealer gives him back two more kings and a 5.)

**Grey-Haired Player:** Give me two.

(Dealer hands over cards.)

**Bald Player:** Two.

(He gets his cards. Henry Weems is a small, nervous, shy, soft-spoken man in his late thirties. He looks very out of place in this room. He's holding three 10s, a Queen and a Three.)

**Henry Weems:** Can I have five cards, please?

**Dealer:** Five? What, are you serious? Four is the limit. Let's see your ace.

**Joe Cutrona:** If Mr. Weems wants five . . . give him five.

(Dealer hands the cards over and takes his own.)

**Dealer:** Dealer takes two.

**Joe Cutrona:** (betting) Four.

**Grey-Haired Player:** (folding) Nah-uh.

(The Bald Player also folds.)

**Henry Weems:** How much is that?

**Dealer:** Four grand keeps you in. You and your five shiny new cards.

(Grey-Haired Man chuckles.)

**Henry Weems:** There's \$4,000 . . . and four more.

(The other men at the table are surprised. The Dealer slams his hand on the table as he folds.)

**Joe Cutrona:** Let's make this interesting. I'm raising you 15 large.  
(Joe Cutrona puts a large stack of chips in the pot.)

**Henry Weems:** I wouldn't do that. This is all I need.

**Joe Cutrona:** You're going to need Depends after you see this hand.  
(Henry Weems puts his chips in the pot.)

**Henry Weems:** Now we show each other our cards?

(Other men look concerned. Dominic, a very large dangerous-looking man who has been sitting in the corner, glances at Joe Cutrona then walks over to stand near Henry Weems.)

**Joe Cutrona:** (laying down his cards) Four kings.

(Henry Weems lays down the 8, 9, 10, Jack and Queen of clubs.)

**Henry Weems:** That's a straight flush, right?

(The men at the table stare at the cards.)

**Henry Weems:** Beginner's luck.

(Henry Weems takes out a plastic grocery bag and begins filling it with the chips.)

**Joe Cutrona:** What the hell do you think you're doing?

**Henry Weems:** Going home.

**Joe Cutrona:** No, no. Not so fast. We expect a chance to win some of our money back.

**Henry Weems:** Guys, there's over \$100,000 here.

**Joe Cutrona:** You're damn right there's over \$100,000 there.

**Henry Weems:** \$100,000 is all I need. Sorry. I had fun, though. Where can I cash out?

(Joe Cutrona looks at Dominic.)

Cut to:

(Henry Weems on an elevator with two of Cutrona's men, Angie and Sal. Sal looks a lot like a certain FBI agent we all know. One of them pushes the button for the 29th floor.)

**Henry Weems:** Guys, I think we're going up instead of down.

(Ominous silence. They roughly drag him out onto the roof and he drops his poker chips.)

**Henry Weems:** Guys . . . Guys, this is not what I meant by "cashing out"! Hey! Hey!

(The men throw him off the side of the building. Henry Weems falls to the street. He falls into a large open grate. A moment later we see his hands come up out of the grate as he pulls himself up to the street. He walks away into the night unsteadily, one hand to his right eye.)

## SCENE 2

### Chicago, Illinois; 9:17a.m.

(Busy street corner. Scully, wearing a very nice black scoop-necked pant suit, gets out of a taxi. 555-TAXI. As she walks across a metal grate on the sidewalk, she pulls out her cell phone and dials.)

**Mulder:** (on phone, voice) Hello.

**Scully:** (on phone) Hey, Mulder, it's me. What now?

(Behind Scully, the sidewalk grate has opened and a platform begins to rise out of it.)

**Mulder:** (on phone, voice) Are you in Chicago?

**Scully:** (on phone) Yes, I'm in Chicago. I'm on the northeast corner of 7th and Hunter just like you asked. Only you're not here. So where are you?

(Mulder is on the platform directly behind her. Either he is trying to look like a Chicago gangster or his color-blindness was acting up that morning. He is wearing a brownish suit with a dark blue shirt and a dark patterned tie.)

**Mulder:** (on phone) Oh, around.

**Scully:** (on phone) Yeah.

**Mulder:** (hanging up the phone) Hey, nice outfit.

(Scully turns to face him and puts her phone away. He is grinning at her. Very cute.)

**Scully:** Hey. What's down there?

**Mulder:** Before you check out down there check out up there. (points to the top of the tall building) Top two floors are leased to one Jimmy Cutrona whose name you might be familiar with.

**Scully:** Organized crime. The Bureau's been trying to build a racketeering case against him for the past few years. Gambling, extortion, murder.

**Mulder:** Which is why last night there were two agents parked across the street in surveillance. They witnessed a man being thrown from Cutrona's roof at 10:40 p.m. This man fell for 30 floors, plus the distance down this shaft, because these doors just happened to be open — straight through, nothing but net.

**Scully:** Ouch.

**Mulder:** I'm guessing that's what he said. After, he got up, climbed out of here and scampered off into the night.

(Scully and Mulder get on the platform and Mulder pushes the button to lower them to the basement level.)

**Scully:** Mulder, you keep saying "this man." Who is this man?

(Scully takes out her flashlight and begins looking around.)

**Mulder:** No idea. He got away. The agents gave chase, but no clear description.

**Scully:** Was this basement thoroughly searched?

**Mulder:** No. Technically, falling 300 feet and surviving isn't a crime.

**Scully:** And your theory is?

**Mulder:** What if this man had some kind of special capability? Some kind of genetic predisposition towards rapid healing, or tissue regeneration?

**Scully:** So, basically, what if we were looking for Wile E. Coyote? You're saying that he is invulnerable, right?

(Mulder starts to say "Yeah," but stops himself. Very funny.)

**Scully:** You know in 1998, there was a British soldier who plummeted 4,500 feet when his parachute failed and he walked away with a broken rib.

**Mulder:** What's your point?

**Scully:** My point is that if there's a wind gust, or a sudden updraft and, plus, if he landed in exactly the right way, I mean, I don't know. Maybe he just got lucky.

**Mulder:** (affectionate sarcasm) What if he got really, really lucky? That's your big scientific explanation, Scully? (laughing as Scully flashes the light across his face) I mean, how many thousands of variables would have to convene in just the right mixture for that theory to hold water?

**Scully:** I don't know.

**Mulder:** Well, thousands.

(Scully looks closely at a laundry cart in the basement. The wheel castors have been folded out as if a great weight landed in the laundry cart. The logo on the side of the cart is for Grayson's Linen Service.)

**Scully:** Mulder?

**Mulder:** Yeah?

**Scully:** Look at this. If this cart were on the platform when he hit, that would explain the condition of these wheels. And what if this whole thing had just enough give to save his life?

**Mulder:** We'd have to find him to ask.

**Scully:** Yeah, we have to find him.

(As Mulder sifts through the towels in the cart a small round object flips out onto the floor. They bend down to look at it. Mulder picks it up. It is a prosthetic eye.)

**Mulder:** Looks like maybe we've found part of him already.

### SCENE 3

#### Melrose Park, Illinois; 10:23 a.m.

(Outside a low rent apartment building. Mulder and Scully are looking at the doorbell panel. Mulder pushes 313's buzzer and they wait.)

**Scully:** I think you're taking a flier here, Mulder. There's got to be at least 600 people with prosthetic eyes in the greater Chicago area.

**Mulder:** Yeah, but only this one Henry Weems made an appointment this morning to get a new one.

(Mulder buzzes again.)

**Scully:** Maybe he can't see his way to the door.

(Mulder smiles at her joke. An elderly lady with a rolling shopping basket comes out of the building. Mulder catches the door before it closes behind her.)

**Mulder:** Come on, Scully. I'm feeling lucky.

(Maggie Lupone, late thirties, frustrated, comes out of her apartment and stops Mulder and Scully as they get off the elevator.)

**Maggie Lupone:** Can you help me? It's an emergency.

(She leads them to her apartment. The kitchen sink is spurting water all over the kitchen floor.)

**Scully:** Ma'am, we're not plumbers.

**Maggie Lupone:** I didn't say you were. I just want the damn water turned off so that I can go to work. (handing a plumber's wrench to Mulder) Look, you've got to be stronger than me, right? Valve's under the sink.

(Mulder holds the wrench for a moment, then reluctantly goes over to the sink.)

**Mulder:** Your building super — Henry Weems — he isn't around?

(Mulder crawls under the sink to work on the pipe.)

**Maggie Lupone:** Mr. Dependable? Might as well wait for Jimmy Hoffa to show up.

(Richie Lupone, a boy of about ten, joins them in the kitchen.)

**Richie Lupone:** You're turning it the wrong way.

**Maggie Lupone:** Hey, Richie sweetheart, back in bed.

**Richie Lupone:** But, Mom . . .

**Maggie Lupone:** "Buts" are for sitting and I want yours back in bed.

(She gently sends Richie Lupone out of the room, then turns back to Mulder who is still turning the joint the wrong way.)

**Maggie Lupone:** He's right. Clockwise.

**Mulder:** I know that. Clockwise.

(The joint pops open. Water is now spraying from the pipe under the sink also. Mulder, now drenched stands up slowly. Scully covers her

mouth to try to keep from laughing. There is a creaking sound, and Mulder suddenly crashes through the floor to the room below. Alarmed, Scully runs to the hole.)

**Scully:** You okay, Mulder?

(She sees Mulder amid the floor debris.)

**Mulder:** Yeah, it's all right. My ass broke the fall. Guess who I found. (to someone else in the room) Henry Weems, I presume?

(Henry Weems has a black eye patch over the right socket.)

(Later, Henry Weems, carrying a toolbox, leads Mulder and Scully into his apartment. The living room is full of homemade Rube Goldbergesque machines. [See: <http://www.rubegoldberg.com/> for more info.] Mulder is drying his hair with a towel.)

**Henry Weems:** Next time, leave the plumbing to a professional.

**Mulder:** Oh, uh . . . Oh, uh . . . You want to try this on for size, Cinderella?

(Mulder holds out the fake eye wrapped in the wet towel. Henry Weems takes it and begins cleaning it off.)

**Scully:** Mr. Weems, why were you hiding in a vacant apartment?

**Henry Weems:** Not hiding — avoiding.

**Scully:** Avoiding whom?

**Henry Weems:** You people. Now that you found me let's just get it over with. No way am I testifying against Jimmy Cutrona.

**Scully:** Last night, Cutrona had you thrown off the roof of 1107 Hunter Avenue — is that correct?

**Henry Weems:** You didn't hear it from me. I'm not letting you people move me to Muncie, Indiana, to milk cows.

**Mulder:** More to the point, you survived a, uh . . . 300-foot fall essentially un . . . harmed.

(There is a squishing sound as Henry Weems puts his eye back in. Mulder is disgusted, but at the same time fascinated. He glances at Scully, then back to Henry Weems.)

**Henry Weems:** I don't know. Maybe . . . The wind was just right and I landed on a bunch of towels — no biggie.

**Scully:** You got lucky?

**Henry Weems:** Yeah, I guess, except . . . you should look at my . . . bruise. (shows them his elbow)

**Mulder:** (unsympathetically): Oh . . .

**Henry Weems:** Plus, I didn't get to keep my poker winnings.

**Scully:** So that's what you were doing there last night — playing poker?

**Henry Weems:** Cutrona thought I was cheating. I wasn't. But like I said, you didn't hear it from me.

**Mulder:** Must have been a high-stakes game, I imagine. Did you win a lot of money?

**Henry Weems:** I don't know . . . A little.

(Mulder is looking at one of the machines.)

**Mulder:** What is that? Did you make it?

**Henry Weems:** Uh-huh. It's sort of a hobby.

**Mulder:** Mm-hmm. Mind if I . . . ?

(Mulder pushes a lever which releases a ball which rolls down a spiral which drops something which rolls a spool of duct tape which flips something, eventually releasing a lot of little balls which open a trap-door that causes a little wooden man on a scaffold to be hanged.)

**Mulder:** (laughing) Ah . . . That's craftsmanship. What does it mean?

**Henry Weems:** What do you mean "what does it mean?"

**Mulder:** Yeah, what's-what's . . .

**Henry Weems:** It doesn't mean anything. I just sort of . . . I don't know.

**Mulder:** It's cause and effect.

**Henry Weems:** (uncomfortable) So, are-are we done here?

**Scully:** Mr. Weems, can I ask you to reconsider testifying against Cutrona?

**Henry Weems:** Nope. No way, Jose.

**Scully:** Well, it would be in your best interest. He's tried to kill you once and he will undoubtedly do it again.

**Mulder:** Yeah, we can protect you.

**Henry Weems:** I'll take my chances.

(Later, Mulder and Scully are standing at the elevator. Scully pushes the down button.)

**Scully:** So, here's the plan, as I see it: we inform the Chicago field office about Weems, leaving it to them to secure his testimony, you change your clothes . . .

(Mulder raises his eyebrows, Scully smiles.)

**Scully:** . . . we fly back to D.C. by sunset and all is right with the world.

**Mulder:** Come on, Scully, you're going to dump this case just as it's getting interesting.

**Scully:** "Interesting," Mulder was when we were looking for Wile E. Coyote. (she pushes the button again) Come on, Mulder, this guy just got lucky. There's no X-File here.

**Mulder:** Maybe his luck is the X-File.

(Scully decides they have waited long enough for the elevator.)

**Scully:** Stairs.

(Scully enters the staircase followed by Mulder. As the door closes, immediately the elevator bell dings and one of Cutrona's men, Angie, steps out and heads for Henry Weems' apartment.)

Cut to:

(Mulder and Scully walking out the front door. Mulder is feeling around in his wet pockets then turns quickly to try to catch the door before it closes. He misses.)

**Mulder:** Oh . . . Car keys. Must have lost them when I fell.

Cut to:

(Angie, gun in hand, kicks in the door to Henry Weems' apartment. Just as he is about to fire at Henry Weems, Mulder rings the buzzer. Angie glances over at the buzzer in the apartment and fires. The bullet hits a lamp. The lamp falls to the floor knocking over the ironing board. Henry Weems jumps over the couch to hide, taking the couch over with him. Angie starts toward Henry Weems but trips and does a spectacular flip through the air. Mulder and Scully who by this time heard the gunshot and have gotten back in the building and come down the hall, guns in hand, get to the door of the apartment. They stare at Angie who is now dead and hanging by one shoelace from the still spinning ceiling fan. Henry Weems is gone.)

#### SCENE 4

(The apartment. Crime scene. A police photographer is taking pictures of the body still hanging from the fan. Mulder watches him.)

**Mulder:** So, you get many of these?

(The Photographer shakes his head in disgust and walks away from Mulder, ignoring him. Scully, finishes talking to a policeman and crosses to Mulder.)

**Scully:** So, uh, we've searched the entire building and there's no sign of Henry Weems. I'm guessing that he's on the run.

**Mulder:** Our dead man's name is Angelo Bellini a.k.a. "Angie the Animal." He's an enforcer for the Cutrona family and I don't think his visit was friendly.

**Scully:** You think that Weems could have killed him in self-defense?

**Mulder:** Skinny guy with no depth perception against a man nicknamed "The Animal"? I don't think so. You and I both know Weems didn't kill anybody. Besides, we were just gone for two minutes. This guy doesn't have a scratch on him. I'm thinking it was a heart attack.

**Scully:** What the hell happened here, Mulder?

**Mulder:** Cause . . . and effect.

**Scully:** Meaning . . . ?

**Mulder:** Okay, so . . . watch. (Mulder acts out the attack, interspersed with footage of the actual attack.) So Bellini kicks down the door —

whaa gaa! — poised to kill Weems, right? And just as he's about to pull the trigger a noise startles him . . . the buzzer — when I buzzed to be let back in the apartment. So when he does pull the trigger, his aim is off, right? And he hits the lamp, which falls over and knocks over the ironing board, so as the bullet ricochets Weems dives over the sofa. Now, when Bellini goes for him he trips over the ironing board, bounces off the chair, flips end over end and his shoelace gets caught in the fan — QED.

(Scully gives a small laugh. The shoelace suddenly breaks and the body falls to the floor.)

**Mulder:** Cause and effect: seemingly unrelated and unconnected events and occurrences that appear unrelated and random beforehand but which seem to chain-react in Henry Weems' favor.

**Scully:** Dumb luck?

**Mulder:** Yeah, he seems to have tapped into it somehow. He-he won big at poker; he-he survived getting thrown off a skyscraper . . . and now this.

(Richie Lupone has come out of his room and is looking in the apartment curiously.)

**Scully:** Hang on a second.

**Mulder:** Okay.

**Scully:** (she goes to Richie) Hey. Your name's Richie, right?

**Richie Lupone:** Yeah.

**Scully:** I'm Dana.

**Richie Lupone:** Hi.

**Scully:** (gently turning Richie away from the scene) Why don't we, uh, head back to your room? I'm sure that's what your mom would want. (In Richie's room, Scully sits beside him as he lies in bed. Sports memorabilia line the walls.)

**Scully:** So I'm guessing you're a sports fan. Which one's your favorite?

**Richie Lupone:** Well, it used to be basketball. But now the Bulls suck, so I think maybe baseball.

**Scully:** I like baseball, too. (Scully notices another intricate Rube Goldbergesque contraption in the room.) Did Henry make this for you? (Scully starts the toy. After a complicated series of events on the board, a ball is thrown into a hoop. She chuckles.)

**Scully:** That's pretty neat.

**Richie Lupone:** Yeah. He made it for me when I was in the hospital. He said . . . it's 'cause . . . everything happens for a reason . . . only just sometimes it's hard for us to see.

**Scully:** You went to the hospital because of your liver?

**Richie Lupone:** It doesn't work so good. (pause) Police looking for Henry?

**Scully:** Yeah. They just want to talk to him. Do you have any idea where he might have gone?

**Richie Lupone:** Mm-mm. Since I got sick, he hardly ever goes out. (Scully returns to Mulder.)

**Mulder:** Boy give you any leads?

**Scully:** He knows nothing. (They begin walking down the hall.)

**Scully:** Mulder, as to your theory . . .

**Mulder:** Mm-hmm?

**Scully:** Why would the world's most supernaturally lucky man work as a building superintendent? I mean, why doesn't he just run down to the Illinois state lottery, enter, and, you know, he'd win automatically?

(Henry Weems is in the floor vent beside them listening to their conversation through a heating duct.)

(Later, Henry Weems is sitting beside Richie Lupone's bed. Richie Lupone opens his eyes and smiles.)

**Henry Weems:** How you feeling, pal?

**Richie Lupone:** I'm okay. The police are looking for you, though. How come?

**Henry Weems:** Uh . . . you know — you do folks a favor, wire the joint for free cable . . . don't worry about it. You going to be okay by yourself for a while?

**Richie Lupone:** Where you going?

**Henry Weems:** Something I got to do I've been putting off. You get some rest.

Cut to:

(Outside. Scully is standing beside the car with her phone.)

**Scully:** (on phone) That's it? . . . Got nothing else. Okay. Thank you. (She hangs up and joins Mulder in the car.)

**Mulder:** Henry Weems has no police record, I assume?

**Scully:** He has no record of any kind, Mulder. He doesn't earn enough in a year to file tax returns. He has no savings account, no checking account, no insurance. Doesn't even have a video rental card for that matter. He doesn't even have a driver's license. I mean, it's like he's intentionally stayed off the radar. He's retired from the world.

**Mulder:** Ever since December, 1989. (shows her a newspaper clipping) When a commuter jet crashed into Lake Michigan carrying 21 passengers. There was one survivor.

**Scully:** Henry.

**Mulder:** Yeah. That's how he lost his eye. Snowy night, Christmas rush. He'd been bumped from three previous flights before they finally found a seat for him on that fateful plane. Guess what seat number.

**Scully:** 13?

**Mulder:** On flight seven.

**Scully:** More good luck, you're saying?

**Mulder:** Call it good or bad, but maybe that's where it all started. What if a brand-new Henry Weems was plucked from the wreckage? One whose fortunes had been irrevocably, permanently changed? Before 1989, Henry held down a job for nine years at the train yard but after the accident, as you said it's like he just disappeared off the face of the earth. He severed ties with all his friends and moved out to Melrose Park.

**Scully:** Mulder, there are millions of reasons for that including survivor's guilt. I mean, what doesn't track for me is why Henry Weems would drop off the map just because he suddenly became incredibly lucky.

**Mulder:** What doesn't track for me is why he's resurfaced after all these years. Why he's suddenly decided to use his luck in this way.

. . . . .

## SCENE 5

(Henry Weems enters a convenience store that sells lottery tickets. The store clerk, an older man, Maurice Albert, is finishing a sale.)

**Maurice Albert:** All right. Take care of yourself, Brother.

**Customer:** (leaving the store) Later.

(Henry Weems goes to the counter.)

**Henry Weems:** Hey, what's the lottery up to?

**Maurice Albert:** \$28 million.

**Henry Weems:** I don't need that much.

**Maurice Albert:** You don't need that much. How much do you need, uh, Rockefeller?

**Henry Weems:** More like 100 grand.

(Maurice rips off one of the tickets and sells it to Henry Weems.)

**Maurice Albert:** Here goes. One dollar.

(Henry Weems carries the ticket over to where another customer, a young man with a spiky punk rocker hair-cut, is rubbing off a ticket.)

**Punk:** These suck.

(Henry Weems uses his Leatherman tool to rub off his own ticket. A TV is on. Newswoman Megan MacLean of WTMK is broadcasting.)

**Newswoman on TV:** Police have confirmed that a Melrose Park building superintendent is wanted for questioning in a case some sources term an unusually vicious gangland slaying.

(Punk looks over at Henry Weems' ticket.)

**Punk:** You did it! You won 100 grand!

**Newswoman on TV:** . . . One source close to the case described it as a clear . . .

**Henry Weems:** (to clerk) Where do I collect the money?

**Maurice Albert:** (excited) They'll mail it to you. \$8,200 a month for 12 months. Yeah!

**Henry Weems:** That's too long.

(Disappointed, Henry Weems drops the ticket into the trashcan. There is a beat, then the Punk dives into the can and retrieves the ticket.)

**Henry Weems:** No, please. I wouldn't do that.

**Punk:** Oh, baby. Oh, sweet baby.

**Maurice Albert:** Anything in the trash can is store property.

**Punk:** Yeah, right. In your face.

**Henry Weems:** No, just throw it away. Something bad is going to happen.

**Punk:** So long, suckers.

(The Punk runs out and stands in the middle of the street holding up his ticket.)

**Punk:** I did it! I won! I won the lottery! 100 grand, fools. 100 grand! (Sound of tires screeching as a large truck hits the Punk.)

## SCENE 6

(Later, in front of the store. The Punk, oxygen mask in place, is loaded onto an ambulance.)

**Paramedic:** On three . . . One, two, three.

(Scully is talking to Maurice. She shows him a picture of Henry Weems.)

**Scully:** So, let me get this straight. This is the man who initially won the money?

**Maurice Albert:** Mm-hmm.

**Scully:** And once you and he ascertained that the accident victim was still alive this man fled on foot?

**Maurice Albert:** Mm-hmm.

**Scully:** Afterwards, the man who was hit by the truck handed you the lottery card, and said . . .

**Maurice Albert:** (proudly) "Maurice, I want you to have this."

**Scully:** (skeptical) Mm-hmm. Thank you, Mr. Albert. I think that will be all.

**Maurice Albert:** Thank you.

(Maurice walks away. Mulder joins Scully.)

**Scully:** For such a fortunate man a lot of unfortunate things happen in Henry Weems' wake.

**Mulder:** Maybe that's part of the package. Can't have one without the other.

**Scully:** So, Mulder, Henry Weems came here to buy a lottery ticket. Why?

**Mulder:** Maybe it's like you said. Why wouldn't the luckiest man in the world enter the lottery? (they realize) Actually, that's exactly what you said about an hour after you said it.

## SCENE 7

(Mulder is using his flashlight to look in the heating vent right outside Henry Weems' apartment. Scully comes out of the apartment.)

**Scully:** Well, he's not in his place and he's not with Richie. You think he hid in there?

**Mulder:** He doesn't "hide," he "avoids."

**Scully:** Pretty damn well, I'd say. That thing must go all over the building, Mulder. I'll start with the roof if you want to start with the basement.

(Mulder watches as Scully goes over to the stairs, then he joins her. As the door to the stairwell closes, another of Cutrona's men, Sal, rounds the corner of the hall and heads for the apartment. He finds it empty, but notices the uncovered vent, puts his gun away and looks at it.)

(In another room downstairs, Henry Weems is using his Leatherman tool to carve another wooden figure. He hears the doorknob rattling. Henry Weems puts the tool in his pocket and hides. Mulder enters the room and looks around. He notices the vent in the room. He pulls the cover off and drags Henry Weems out.)

**Henry Weems:** Hey . . . hey. Watch the rough stuff.

**Mulder:** Henry Weems . . . you're a hard man to track down.

**Henry Weems:** I'm working here.

**Mulder:** Oh? You and I are going to have a talk. (Mulder pushes him into a chair.) Just sit right here and don't move, okay?

**Henry Weems:** Tough guy.

(Mulder pulls out his phone to call Scully. Henry Weems sees Sal in the doorway, gun in hand.)

**Henry Weems:** Oh, crap. Not again.

(Sal aims at Henry Weems and is startled to see Mulder who is startled to see him. Sal fires at Henry Weems. The bullet bounces off of Henry Weems chest, grazes Mulder's arm, bounces off two walls and lands in the center of Sal's chest. Sal falls to the ground. Scully appears in the door. She and Mulder stare at Henry Weems who pulls the now dented Leatherman tool out of his breast pocket and shows it to them.)

**SCENE 8****St. Patricia's Hospital; Chicago, Illinois**

(Hospital emergency room. Sal is lying face down on a gurney, his back bandaged.)

**Nurse:** Let's get him up to OR 40. Coming through.

(Mulder, in his t-shirt, is getting his wound bandaged by an Intern. He smiles at her as she finishes up and leaves.)

**Henry Weems:** Does it hurt?

**Mulder:** (putting on his shirt) Stings a bit. But I'll live.

(Scully joins them and hands Mulder a new pack of cards.)

**Mulder:** Come over here, Henry. I want to try something.

**Henry Weems:** What's that about?

**Scully:** I haven't a clue.

(Mulder cuts the deck and shows a card.)

**Mulder:** Nine of clubs. You go.

**Henry Weems:** What for?

**Mulder:** I think you know.

(Reluctantly, Henry Weems turns over the 10 of clubs.)

**Mulder:** (faking surprise) Uh, you win. Double or nothing.

(Mulder shuffles the cards and flips over the King of diamonds.)

**Mulder:** Whoo-hoo! Tough to beat.

(Henry Weems flips over the Ace of spades.)

**Mulder:** You win again.

**Scully:** Mulder, what does that prove?

**Mulder:** It proves that if we played this 10,000 times in a row he would win 10,000 times in a row. He's incapable of losing. How does it feel to be the luckiest man in the universe, Henry?

(Pause.)

**Henry Weems:** It's a nightmare. You have no idea.

**Mulder:** No, no, I do, 'cause when you get lucky — really, really lucky — people around you tend to suffer. Is that right?

**Henry Weems:** I think it's a balance thing. Something good happens to me and everybody else has to take it in the keister.

**Mulder:** So you've stayed close to home mostly, kept a low profile but recently you've been venturing out a little further. You played poker with those mobsters.

**Henry Weems:** I figured they could stand the trimming. Bunch of goombah jerks . . . They got issues, man.

**Mulder:** You don't mind so much if a few criminals get hurt but then you went and you played the lottery.

**Henry Weems:** I knew I shouldn't have done that. I needed the money.

**Mulder:** For what?

(Pause.)

**Scully:** For Richie, right?

**Henry Weems:** (sitting) It's the complications from his hepatitis. He's on every donor list they got. But he's got a rare blood type — B-negative. And he's C-N. . . . something.

**Scully:** CMV negative. Cytomegalovirus.

**Henry Weems:** There's no way they're going to find a donor in time. There's a treatment program in England. 100 grand gets him in. It's experimental, but it's the best chance he's got now. Am I under arrest?

**Mulder:** No.

**Scully:** However, you will need protection from Cutrona and his men. (Mulder gives Scully a look. Henry Weems turns over another card from Mulder's deck. It is the King of hearts.)

**Henry Weems:** I'd say they need protection from me.

(Henry Weems walks away down the hall.)

**Scully:** I'm sorry, Mulder. That was utterly irresponsible. You're feeding the delusions of a man who has had three attempts made upon his life. You're supposed to be talking him into protective custody, not out of it.

**Mulder:** I'd agree with you if I thought his life was in danger.

(As Mulder and Scully continue their conversation, we see Henry Weems leave the hospital just as Joe Cutrona and the big guy, Dominic, arrive. Joe Cutrona is holding a bouquet of flowers.)

**Mulder:** (voice) As it is, he's doing a better job on Cutrona's organization than the FBI. I'm wondering if we shouldn't make him an honorary agent.

(Joe Cutrona sees Henry Weems, and nods for Dominic to go after him. Dominic begins following him.)

**Scully:** (voice) Mulder, you're putting an astounding amount of faith in coincidence and luck. Essentially, you're betting a man's life on it. And even if you believe in so-called lucky streaks you have to know they all eventually end.

(In the hospital, Scully flips over the Ace of hearts from Mulder's deck.)

**Scully:** Luckiest man in the world? Hell, Mulder, I just beat him.

(Mulder gets his jacket and runs toward the exit.)

**Scully:** Mulder?

**Mulder:** Come on, Scully.

(Mulder runs out of the hospital and sees Henry Weems just as Dominic, switchblade in hand, is approaching him.)

**Mulder:** Henry!

(Henry Weems runs into the street and is hit by a truck. Dominic walks away. Mulder runs to Henry Weems and reaches down to feel for a pulse. The fake eye has once again popped out and is resting on the pavement. Mulder looks up at Scully.)

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**SCENE 9**

(Lupone's apartment. Richie Lupone is on the floor playing with the toy that Henry Weems made for him. We see him from the back. He keeps scratching at his neck and shoulder. Maggie Lupone enters.)

**Maggie Lupone:** You're supposed to be resting.

**Richie Lupone:** I am resting.

**Maggie Lupone:** Playing on the floor doesn't count. Don't you ever get tired of this thing?

**Richie Lupone:** Henry said it's educational.

**Maggie Lupone:** Yeah, well, I don't want you believing everything that Henry says.

(Maggie Lupone has helped her son up and is leading him to the bed.)

**Maggie Lupone:** Did you know the police are looking for him?

**Richie Lupone:** Henry said it's no big deal.

**Maggie Lupone:** When did you see . . . ?

**Richie Lupone:** Mom, what's wrong?

(Maggie Lupone stares at his face. His eyes are a sickly yellow and his lips are bluish-grey.)

Cut to:

(Hospital room. Henry Weems is resting on a bed. Mulder comes over to Scully as she pulls the privacy curtain and they speak quietly.)

**Mulder:** How's he doing?

**Scully:** Well, he's got a bruised rib and a black eye. It certainly could have been worse. And don't tell me he just got lucky.

**Mulder:** Far from it. Maybe what you said about streaks is right. It looks like his has just about run its course.

**Scully:** I don't mean to make light of his misfortune but it may have knocked some sense into his head. He's agreed to testify against Cutrona.

Cut to:

(Cutrona's dining room. Joe Cutrona sets down a teacup.)

**Joe Cutrona:** What?

Dominic: Our guy from the justice department just called. They're filing a federal warrant this afternoon. This mook Weems . . .

**Joe Cutrona:** This mook Weems was street pizza last I heard from you.

Dominic: He was. I don't know what it is. Maybe he has some special ability. He's impervious or something. Anyway, we can't get to him. They got cops all over the hospital.

**Joe Cutrona:** Who says we have to get to him?

Cut to:

(Lupone's apartment. Paramedics are wheeling Richie Lupone out on a gurney.)

**Richie Lupone:** I want the toy Henry made me, Mom. Can you please go get it?

**Maggie Lupone:** Uh, sure, honey.

(She looks uncertainly at the Paramedic.)

**Paramedic:** We got to go.

**Maggie Lupone:** (kissing his forehead) All right, Richie. I will bring it and I will follow you there. I will meet you at the hospital, okay?

**Richie Lupone:** Mm.

(Richie Lupone is wheeled out. Maggie Lupone gets the toy, then puts a few clothes into a bag. We see Dominic enter her apartment.)

. . . . .

**SCENE 10**

(Richie Lupone's hospital room. He looks bad. Henry Weems is with him as Mulder and Scully enter.)

**Henry Weems:** Did you find her?

**Scully:** No.

**Henry Weems:** You know Cutrona took her. He did it to keep me from testifying.

**Mulder:** And he's who we're focused on but there's no sign of a kidnapping, there's no ransom note.

**Henry Weems:** He's too smart for that.

**Mulder:** Which makes it very hard for us to obtain a search warrant.

**Scully:** We'll get one, though.

**Henry Weems:** When? Tomorrow? Next week? Could someone sit with him at least? (starts to leave)

**Mulder:** Hold up, Henry. Henry, what if what I said before wasn't true? That your luck hasn't changed? Maybe all this is happening for a reason.

**Henry Weems:** So you're saying that Maggie getting taken is a good thing?

**Mulder:** No, I'm saying that what looks like it might be bad luck may not be bad luck, but we can't tell yet. We're not in that position. We can't see the forest for the trees.

(Henry Weems tries to put on his jacket, but the sleeve rips. Frustrated, he leaves.)

**Mulder:** How is he?

**Scully:** Not good. If we don't find a donor in the next few hours . . .

**Mulder:** Scully, what if everybody that becomes involved in Henry Weems' life somehow becomes an integral part of his luck, including you and I?

**Scully:** Mulder, you're speaking as if we're all trapped in one of those contraptions that he built.

(Mulder starts to walk out of the room.)

**Scully:** What are you doing?

**Mulder:** Looking for Maggie Lupone. (He lifts up a patient's chart and gets a phone book from the nurses' station.) Luck is the overreaching force in this investigation. I say we roll with it.

(Mulder opens the book to a random page, waves his hand in the air with a dramatic flourish and lets his finger fall. They look at the ad. It is for a daycare center. "Muhaymin Daycare — Nurturing the Children of Islam Since 1983.")

**Mulder:** Yeah, let's call that a dry run.

**Scully:** Yeah.

(Mulder opens to another page and lets his finger fall. This time it lands on Grayson's Linen Service.)

Cut to:

(Cutrona's building. Dominic roughly escorts Henry Weems off the elevator to face Joe Cutrona.)

Dominic: Look who came calling.

**Henry Weems:** I wanted to tell you personally that there's no hard feelings. I'm not testifying against you. Just let Maggie Lupone go.

**Joe Cutrona:** "Maggie"? I don't know anybody named Maggie. (to Dominic) Do you know anybody named Maggie?  
(Joe Cutrona and Dominic laugh sarcastically.)

**Henry Weems:** Fellas, don't jerk me around.

**Joe Cutrona:** Jerk you around? You tried to cheat me out of a hundred large, you kill Angie, you put Sal in the hospital — I'm jerking you around?

**Henry Weems:** I apologize for my choice of words. Please, just let her go. Her kid's really sick. I don't care what happens to me.

**Joe Cutrona:** You'll care. By the time I'm finished, you'll definitely care. (Joe Cutrona and Dominic, holding onto Henry Weems, enter the basement of the building. Lots of industrial clothes washing machines are around. Maggie Lupone is locked behind a chain-link fence.)

**Maggie Lupone:** Henry? Richie — how is he?

(Dominic shoves Henry Weems against a cart which knocks an iron into some water. There is a large metal hook on a cable above him.)

**Joe Cutrona:** (picking up what looks like a whip) Not that one. Use the small one.

**Maggie Lupone:** Hey. Henry . . .

(Dominic hooks Henry Weems' hands to a smaller hook across the room. Joe Cutrona pushes a button, but nothing happens. Dominic flips a main power switch. Joe Cutrona pushes the button and Henry Weems is pulled up into the air.)

**Maggie Lupone:** (shaking the fence) Don't you hurt him you son of a bitch!

**Joe Cutrona:** Shut her up.

**Maggie Lupone:** Henry!

(Dominic starts for Maggie Lupone. As he does, the iron lying in the water shorts out causing a shock to go up the cord, into the light and into the chain-link fence just as Dominic is unlocking it. He is electrocuted and falls to the floor. The hook from which Henry Weems is suspended swings away causing the large hook to start sliding down the cable. Joe Cutrona looks up just in time to see the large hook crash into his face.)

Cut to:

(Chicago skyline. All the power in the city flickers.)

Cut to:

(Richie Lupone's hospital room. Scully is sitting beside his bed. She looks up as the lights flicker and surge. The sign for the center, "R.I. CHILDES Pediatric Care" flickers. When it comes back on, the letters L, D, and S don't light up so that the sign spells Richie. Scully stares at it.)

Cut to:

(Basement. Henry Weems has gotten off the hook and helps Maggie Lupone out of the fenced in area. They look at JOE Cutrona's body. Mulder and several policemen enter the basement. Mulder sees Joe Cutrona lying dead in a laundry cart, the large hook lying on his crushed head. His medical ID bracelet is visible proclaiming his blood-type as B-Neg.)

## SCENE 11

(Richie Lupone's hospital room. He is much better and smiling. Maggie Lupone is beside him. Mulder, Scully and Henry Weems are watching them through the window.)

**Mulder:** What are the odds for Cutrona being a perfect match? A thousand-to-one? A million-to-one?

**Scully:** Maybe higher. Maybe everything does happen for a reason . . . whether we see it or not.

**Mulder:** Maybe your luck is changing.

**Henry Weems:** Maybe.

(Henry Weems joins the LuponeS in the room. Mulder and Scully watch as Henry Weems starts the toy and turns to Richie Lupone. As the little ball pops into the basket, Scully smiles up at Mulder.)

[THE END]