

Previously in the life of ***Good Cop, Insane Cop: Recapping the Adventures of Moose and Squirrel***. Buffangel over at Television Without Pity whined and whined about how Jessica should recap this episode called Memento Mori. I told her to quit being lazy and do it herself. It snowballed into this massive project to recap every single one of the 201 episodes of The X-Files (and one abysmal movie), and the first ever thread at TWoP devoted completely to the running of another site. How they let us get away with it, I have no idea. Anyway, after all that, a ruptured appendix, sitting through the local equivalent of my SATs, and getting into university, I'm finally ready to recap my first episode, and hoist a whole pile of bad jokes upon the world. Unless my appendix decides to pull a Leonard Betts on me and regrow itself.

We open not in the United States, but in that other united mess, the United Kingdom. Bosham, England, to be precise. The caption tells us that Bosham is seventy miles southwest of everybody's favourite British capital city, London. Eat it, Cardiff! On that note, shouldn't the caption read "112 kilometres", since England uses the metric system? Anyway, Bosham is home to a well-kept house with an equally well-kept garden. It's so well kept, in fact, that the gardeners wear dinner suits whilst pruning! The owner of that house, it seems, is a typically uptight Pom who kisses his much-better-looking wife goodbye and walks down the footpath, slowly greeting the hired help on his way to his chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce. Twenty bucks says that that's not how the average Briton lives. Throughout this scene, the camera lingers on Cecil, a gardener with creepy eyes and a somewhat Irish accent. It's probably not important. After telling his wife to have his dinner ready for him when he gets home, like a good British wife should, Generic Gent waves, and somehow, his arm is on fire for a few seconds before he notices it. I don't know about you, but if my arm was burning that severely, I think I would notice it a bit quicker than this guy did. Luckily, ball-and-chain notices and screams, rest of body catches alight, Generic Gent finally notices and tries to burn his immaculately-kept yard, and Creepy Irish Guy watches on.

And, credits! Those blue Blob things, whatever they are, never fail to make me laugh. Oh, and The Truth Is Out There. Not in here, but keep reading the recap anyway.

We're finally back in the US. And to contrast with the manor, we see Mulder and Scully walking through the American equivalent... a dirty parking garage. Heh. Scully has forgotten what it's like to spend a day in court. Yeah, those 381 unpaid parking violations really did wonders for my so... your social life today, Scully. Mulder notes that aliens apparently have

diplomatic immunity, or something. Scully laughs, and Mulder left the car unlocked, even though he says he didn't. Way to take the blame, Mulder! Scully seems to think it's an X-File. Somehow I doubt that Chris Carter would write an episode about the Case of the Unlocked Passenger Door. At least not until Season 8.

Mulder dumps a pile of files and books into the car and sits down. Scully notices an incredibly high-tech cassette tape (another reminder that this was made during the Stupid Ages) and Mulder uses it to prove that he locked the doors. Scully wonders what it is, and Mulder replies "10 to 1, you can't dance to it". Whilst we're playing this game, the odds are 30 to one that it is a cheat's guide to winning at Trivial Pursuit, and 600 to one that it is some kind of genetically engineered zucchini. Mulder plays the tape and a disturbingly Cornish (and very, very corny) voice greets "Agent Mulder", and tells him that "six months ago, British Minister of Parliament Reggie Ellicott received an audio cassette, much like the one you're listening to now." He got a tape telling him of his own gruesome death? How cool! "Unfortunately for Minister Ellicott, when he popped the tape into the stereo, he armed a device, which, when he tried to exit the car, created an explosion which was heard five miles away. The Scotland Yard forensic team could only identify the poor bastard by his dental records." There's that polite British manners I've been wanting to see! "If only he hadn't reached for the door handle and triggered the detonator! But then, how was he to know he was sitting on enough plastic explosive to lift the car 40 feet in the air and deposit the engine block on top of a three-storey building?" Just think for a moment: If only Mulder hadn't played that tape. But then, we would have been stuck investigating the Unlocked Passenger Door case. It turns out we can do both, because suddenly, Mulder's door opens and Scully gasps. Clearly, Scully was either very scared or has a fetish for door handles. Ew. Anywho, it's the English wench from the tape, who remarks on Mulder's ghostliness. But, strangely, not his Spookiness. Mulder tells Scully that said wench is an old friend. Wench thinks Mulder left his sense of humour on Oxford ten years ago. Firstly, Wench, that wasn't that funny, and secondly, if Mulder hadn't laughed for ten years, he would have paid a hooker to dress up like a clown and juggle his balls by now. (Yeah, I have a very dirty mind. Get used to it, because you're stuck with me for the rest of this recap.) Wench kisses Mulder and says that some mistakes are worth making twice. Not on Mulder's list of mistakes worth repeating are letting liver-eating serial killers live, ordering escargot from a French restaurant, having unprotected sex with a supposedly-barren, cancer-beating alien abductee, and doing the mattress foxtrot with you, you awful British Wench. \Mulder tells Scully that Wench is, in fact, Phoebe Green, from Scotland Yard. Not that that makes a difference to you, since we only have to put up with her for about forty minutes

more, and I can't be bothered writing "Phoebe Green" about a hundred more times, so Wench it is! Back to the show, and Wench and Scully exchange moderately pleasant greetings, and Wench immediately whispers in Mulder's ear, "She hates me". Her, me, and the rest of the viewing and reading audience, Wench. Mulder enquires as to why Wench decided to visit "the colonies". Last time I checked, D.C. wasn't one of the colonies at any point during the American Revolution, but let's go with it for a while. Without an answer, we cut straight to...

LBO! Yay! Although now it's been tarnished by Eau de Wench, it's still worth getting a little excited about. Wench expositis that Windsor Castle was attacked by an arsonist, and so were three British MPs. Mulder, in a surprisingly sane move, wonders if the IRA were responsible. Wench counters that the killer likes to send love letters to his victim's wives. Apparently, this debunks the IRA suggestion because all IRA members have no concept of romance. What sort of crackpipe was the writer smoking, and where can I get me some of that? Anyway, a wife and her family are visiting Cape Cod on an extended (no doubt taxpayer-funded) holiday, so it's time for a road trip! Everybody in the bureau-requisitioned Taurus! Wench leaves the office as soon as Mulder promises the arson squad's (and his own) help on the case. She says "goodbye" to Scully, who returns this with the ever-popular "I-don't-really-like-you-but-I'm-doing-this-so-you-get-the-fuck-out-now-instead-of-pestering-my-partner-to-tell-me-to-be-polite" wave. Gotta love it. As soon as the coast is clear, Scully gets Mulder to sort of (but not quite) explain what a "three-pipe problem" is and Mulder says he was only extending "a professional courtesy". Scully wonders if that's what he calls it, and I am incredibly jealous that I didn't get to make that joke and a little turned on that she did. Besides, if what I've heard is true, that would only be an "amateur courtesy".

Somewhere else in the FBI. Crazy Arson Squad Guy notes, after a small conversation, that people don't usually catch fire all on their own. Thanks for the heads-up, genius! I was so afraid that extending my own "professional courtesy" (whatever rumours you heard about it were wrong) to my girlfriend would make her too hot to handle. Not that she isn't already, but you know what I mean. Wench does a magnificent job here of proposing and rebuking her own theories. That's what happens when you don't have a Dana Scully to do that for you. The weird thing is, both theories are wrong. Sigh. Scotland Yard really SHOULD screen these people better. CASG tries to say that fire is intelligent. CASG is an idiot.

Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Someone uses rocket fuel - argotypoline, for those of you playing "Guess The Accelerant" at home - which ever so conveniently comes in a paint tin to cover the

interior walls of a house. A limo pulls up and two kids in hideous matching suits follow a dog out. Creepy Irish Guy from the teaser takes a cigarette out and it lights on its own. I just realised where I know him from. He played an Irish guy named Paddy in "In The Name Of The Father", which you should so go and watch after reading this recap. Doesn't this guy have any range, though? I don't think so, and therefore I'm calling him Paddy for the next 35 minutes or so. It is at this point that I seriously wonder how long this is going to take, because it's taken me four hours to get through almost ten minutes of actual footage.

Anyway, the parents come inside and start ordering the removalists around. Paddy comes down the stairs and slips on a horrendous Bostonian accent as he introduces himself as "Bob, the caretaker." But he can think again if he thinks I'm gonna be calling him Bob. Paddy offers his services, at any time, and walks off. Husband and Wife notice a painting that looks like Wife. The one Bob was 'painting'.

Outside, Paddy carries paint tins and smiles at the kids, who ignore him and continue playing soccer. In their suits. And, yes, I said soccer, not football, even though they're European. Deal with it. Paddy sees the dog digging, walks over to it, and threatens to skin the dog alive. As you do. The camera zooms in to show a hand and part of an arm. Paddy says that he's the caretaker now. Somebody, hold me, before I burst into tears of laughter. Or worse, into song.

LBO. Mulder enters to find Scully at his desk. She asks Sherlock H. Mulder if the game is afoot. SHM tells Scully that it is, but that he isn't putting her through it, precisely because it is a game. Mulder thinks it's a game because he hates fire, and is pissed because it's taken him a decade to forget about Phoebe, and she shows up with a case like this. Oh, puh-leeze. That's like the people who picked on me in second grade showing up to remind me that because I can't draw a vampire and having me getting annoyed by it, given that since then a close friend of mine died in the Bali bombings and my own body parts almost turned against me earlier this year, and I'm now writing about pyrokinesis, people dying on the toilet, and Gillian Anderson's breasts. Oh, and I can so draw them anyway. So, back to the show. Scully offers her help again, and Mulder wants to face his demons. Did we just get transported three-and-a-half years into the future, or is it just me?

Cape Cod. Wife fills the kettle as Paddy peeps. A man coughs, and Peeping Paddy goes to investigate, finding the Marsden's driver. Paddy bums a smoke and mentions going into town. The driver asks for some cough syrup. Syrup, dammit!

Hennesey's Irish Pub Of Bad Irish Accents. A random chick checks Paddy out and marvels at his accent, which to her sounds English. To me, it sounds out of place with all the other accents in this episode. Huh. Paddy lights his finger on fire. Random Chick turns away and yells at her friends to check out the hot freak. She turns back and his whole arm is on fire. Yes, he's definitely hot now. Paddy torches the bar. As flames engulf the screen, cut to where I assume commercials would be. God bless DVD. And to a lesser extent, pie shops in Vermont owned by ex-FBI agents in a homoerotic relationship. I do love me some HoYay.

Boston Mercy Hospital Of Surprisingly Little Mercy. Isn't it amazing how they managed to transplant the entire building into Vancouver, over 3000 miles away, just for an establishing shot? Inside, Mulder and Wench discuss a lead on Paddy. Apparently, no body was found after the bar blaze. Wench asks about those damn accelerants again, and if she say's the A-word one more time, I'm gonna fly over there and torch her myself. The bar was across the street from a fire station, and it was destroyed before they could respond. Coincidentally, the next day's newspaper featured someone wanting men who knew how to use giant hoses and had no problems wearing glow-in-the-dark uniforms. Not in the job section, but it was there. The fire was so hot that the foundation turned into sponge cake. Happy Birthday, Wench! Mulder and Wench visit Random Bar Chick who tells us she was drunk when it happened. She called Paddy's performance a magic trick. I wonder if she ever saw the Amazing Maleeni's act. She says he was good-looking. But she was drunk, so let's ignore The Testimony That Could Describe Anyone Except The Australian Prime Minister. Mulder really wants her to work with a composite artist.

Mulder and Wench leave. Wench comments on his bedside manners, and Mulder snarks that he learnt it because of Wench. Why must everyone else get the good jokes at her expense? Wench looks put out. Not in the fire-extinguisher-using way, or the resolved-sexual-tension way, but just sort of... upset. Mulder brings up the Curse Of The Photographic Memory, and Wench mentions doing the nasty on top of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's tombstone. I'll bet Mulder's glad they didn't give him an obelisk. But Wench got something hard and pointy inside her anyway, so she probably didn't realise the difference. And between the words 'accelerant' and 'indiscretion', Wench better shut her fuckin' trap. She ignores my surprisingly polite (just ask my friends) request and remarks on the search for a crispy body, and Mulder says that because there's no body, they'll keep looking. Now, why couldn't he use this logic for X and Marita and Spender and Fowley and... no, not that last one. They even abandoned searching

for Mulder himself a couple of times. Kill. The. Writers.

Cape Cod Cape Of Cods. The driver keeps coughing and Paddy blames the cough syrup. Pan to the cough syrup.

LBO: Home Of Pencils In The Roof, Hidden Cameras, And Not One But Two "I Want To Believe" Posters. Anyway, Scully reads over the victims' files and makes some unstated observation.

Scully's Apartment/House Of Kidnappings, or some rarely seen windowed section of the LBO. Voice-over. Two things are still unexplained. The A-word. And the other A-word. Arsonist. Specifically, his intimate relationships with the victims. (Not that intimate. Get your mind out of the gutter.) She thinks it's because he's so socially inept that he tries to get close.

The scene changes to Cape Cod, where Paddy paints the swingset and ask the creepy blond boys, no longer in suits, if they want to see a magic trick. Oh. Your. God. He does know the Amazing Maleeni. Paddy does the whole stupid "Changed My Mind" shtick when asked about the trick, and I notice that one of the Haley Joel Osment Impersonators has braces. Hey, I saw Harriet Harris's hideous teeth in the last episode, so I'm gonna be staring at people's mouths for a while. Paddy makes the kids promise not to tell, and I promise not to tell that his Bad Irish Accent snuck through his Bad Bostonian Accent for a little bit there. Paddy makes the cigarette disappear and reappear, lit and half-smoked, out of his ear canal. Between the Ice worms and this, some guy over at 1013 clearly has a thing for ears.

Arson Squad Lab. Scully asks CASG about the A-word, and CASG says he may be starting fires without any A-word at all. Don't give up your night job, CASG.

Back to Cape Cod, where Paddy's cigarette lights on its own. Paddy tries to pressure the kids into smoking, and tobacco companies around the world launch a class-action lawsuit against Chris Carter and 1013 for trying to get kids to smoke before they advertised this way for themselves. In the nick of time, Wife calls out and is all "Driver's sick. Take us to Boston tonight and you may raid one eighteen-dollar Snickers from the minibar." Paddy likes Snickers, so he does it. The family walks back to the manor and Paddy glares. Pause the episode at the right moment here, and it looks like Paddy is a balding version of Krycek. But nowhere near as hot.

Scully Voice-Over Of Impending Doom. Arsonist: single, obsessive about people he can't have. I'd like to finish this recap (time check: 6 hours, 23 minutes), but I have to go turn myself in for being an arsonist. Crimes planned, immigration checks, blah blah urinalcakes. Right on cue, the data arrives.

Rainy Downtown Vancouver, pinch-hitting for Rainy Downtown Boston. Mulder tells Wench that the guy is a freaky pyrokinetic. I call Jessica and tell her to bitchslap Exposition next time she sees him. I then realise I have half an episode left, plus more recaps to go, and put her on speed dial. The family has no real protection aside from their ill bodyguard/driver, so Mulder and Wench agree to set a trap. Wench makes a not-so-subtle attempt to flirt with Mulder - which even I pick up on.

Venable Plaza Hotel Of Eighteen-Dollar Minibar Snickerses., 5:15pm. It appears they used a different font for this graphic for some reason. Scully calls Mulder, who is anticipating having his hands full. Either Wench has gone to get an emergency boob job, or her manly appearance is hiding something even more masculine. Going to Hell now. Krycek, quit hitting on that prosthetic arm technician and come with. Now I really am going to Hell. Scully looks fed up, either because of what Mulder said, or because of what I did. After six-and-a-half hours of nitpicking accents, the script, and British lingo, I vow to finish this tomorrow morning. After two months of forgetting about this almost entirely, I return to the recapping process, but it's only later that night in Bostonian time - 6:47pm, as the wonderful graphic tells us. Thanks, post-production guys! The family leaves their limousine, but not before Wench ducks out to "climb Mulder's fire escape". We see Paddy get out of the drivers seat. See, he does love Snickers!

Inside: Mulder in a penguin suit. He sees Husband and Wife walking up the stairs. Behind them is Wench, looking every bit like the lesbian dominatrix she no doubt is when she's not chasing arsonists. I wonder if she knows Moronica "I'm Not A Lesbian, But My Whale-Song Loving Girlfriend Is" Reyes. We fade from Mulder to... a different camera-angle of Mulder, presumably later that night. Behind him, Wench closes a large door, and we see a couple of flashes of bright light. Maybe Wench was possessed by the Oilien! It would certainly almost explain her dress. More Mulder-on-Mulder cuttage. Wench walks up, and Mulder talks like a drunk when Wench asks how it is. But he probably isn't, because all the booze is inside the party. Wench asks Mulder very Britishly (and brutishly, as spellcheck reminds me) for a dance, wondering if it's safe, because you never know when the paparazzi are going to snap a lesbian

dominatrix. But if Paris/Nicole/Lindsey/Britney were real, you wouldn't have any problem. Mulder points out that the arsonist hasn't shown up, putting the emphasis on "ars-", which the faux-British Wench probably thinks is an invitation to bend over. She even hits on him after that, with a lame comeback about fires. I sneak up and whack her over the head with a fire extinguisher. Scully does the same thing to me, because I did it before she could. The viewing public starts to do the same thing to her, but then they realise it's Scully, and nobody good ever hurts Scully.

Speaking of Scully, she arrives just in time to watch Mulder and Wench dancing. She turns and starts to walk away, and sees Paddy peeping again. She turns. Mulder and Wench kissing. Turns. Paddy not peeping anymore. Turns. Buzzing sign lights showing a fire on 14th floor. Isn't she lucky she can see all this from the one place? Scully breaks up Mulder and Wench, without bitchslapping either of them, which I find hard to believe. Wench realises the kids are on the 14th floor, because she didn't send someone up to look after them when Mulder told her to. Mulder runs straight towards the camera, almost kicking it over. Wench and Scully go another way. Having been stuck in an elevator during a fire before, don't they normally stop working during a fire for safety reasons? So what's the deal with that? Besides, since when do Wench and Scully trust each other enough for either of them to leave Mulder alone? Of course, this episode was written by AntiChris[t] Carter himself, so we're still well above average on the official "whatthefuck-o-meter".

Flames creeping around a corner. Granted, I'm not a science-y person, but even I know that flames go UPwards. Nice try, idiots.

And... commercials! Or, rather, "the black-spot representing where commercials would be!" I'm waiting for a DVD that shows us the commercials themselves so we can laugh at bad hair that isn't Scully's. In the mean-time, here's some random product placement for you: Writer's Guild of America, FedEx, Canada, Major League Baseball, John Kerry for President, Trav... what do you mean, he's not running?!, Are You Smarter Than A Celebrity? [Waves at all the people who really get that last joke.]

We're back, and the flames haven't really done anything in the last three and a half minutes. Mulder! Running! Up Stairs! Past A Fire Extinguisher! (Really.) Scully! Sort of running, sort of doing the dance from the Spice Girls "Stop"! Fire alarm! Mulder, running! Mulder, walking! Mulder, stopping! What! Will! Happen?! He opens the door and immediately senses the

presence of Cancer Man. Wait, no, that's just actual smoke. He gets on all fours, even though Wench the lesbian dominatrix isn't there, and hears the kids whining to be let out. Note to all British people: If you want my sympathy, don't have such annoying kids. The flames flare up, and Mulder turns around and comes crawling back. Firemen rush up the stairs as Mulder collapses. Mystery feet rescue the kids. A fireman rescues Mulder. All of a sudden, on the ground floor, the elevator "Ding!"s (Chris Carter is clearly not one for logic), and Paddy owns the mystery feet. Well, not own, because they don't pay rent or anything, but you know what I mean. People crowd around and Scully sees Mulder get carried down the stairs. She gives him the once over and doesn't ask what Wench did to him, but you know she's thinking it. Fade to Scully giving shirtless (but sadly covered - hey, this isn't Californication!) Mulder a drink of water. Mulder asks for Wench, then about the kids. Clearly, we haven't fulfilled our Agents In Underwear quota for this episode, so Mulder gets out of bed and shows off while complaining. Is it just me, or is there a really hairy patch just above his ass crack?

Ahem.

As Mulder goes into the bathroom, Wench chooses that exact moment to open the door behind Scully. She butts in, claiming that she "checked out the driver" before the Marsden's arrived. But she didn't because she's a lesbian dominatrix. Whilst the next dialogue is happening, I call Jessica back and tell her just to shoot Exposition. Mulder returns and both Scully and Wench stop and stare at his crotch. He covers up, because only one woman is allowed to see his dick at a time. Mulder asks Wench the same thing he just asked Scully not thirty seconds ago, but gets a totally different answer. Wench leaves, and a few seconds later, everyone gets to see one of only a handful of appearances of David Duchovny's naked feet. Scully shows Mulder a list of rocket fuels. Again with the nitpicking, but as I remember from high school (which I only just finished a couple of months ago), boron isn't that flammable. So why is it on the list? There's a list of servants that Interpol conveniently happened to have lying around, and it's enormous. Cecil Lively is the only duplicate on the entire list, but he died in 1971. Wow, this is an X-File. I ask for permission to wet my pants at how lame this is, as she reveals she searched further, and found him on a list of Satanic ritual sacrifices in 1963, and on a list of recent American visas issued by the British Government. (Plot-hole #47: Don't governments issue visas to their own countries only?) Mulder tells her to call everyone she can while he squeezes in a quickie with Wench. Scully holds her watch up to the camera, and it shows two completely different times for some reason. She finally gets taken off hold at the same time the composite sketch she's been waiting for turns up. It's Paddy, and Scully

realises this.

After commercials cleverly placed so that the audience can deal with this Shocking! revelation, she's out in her car trying to call Mulder. In what must be something very unusual and confusing for her, he's out of range. Cut from a close up of the sketch to a close up of Paddy, smoking as he looks out the window to see Mulder driving up. So that's why she couldn't... no, she's gotten through to him driving hundreds of times. I call Jessica again to tell her to shoot Chris Carter as well as Exposition, and she changes her number. He gets out and busts open the front door to find Wench hitting on husband. Maybe she's not a lesbian dominatrix after all. He scampers and I become temporarily comatose for the duration of Mulder's exposition. I wake up just in time to see Paddy watch Wench bring the family back to the house for some reason. I don't even like you people, but run the other way, you idiots!

Later, Scully finds Mulder, and she tells him stuff he already knows. And that WE already know. Get to the damn action sequence already! Mulder found argotypoline in the garage - rocket fuel. Husband and Wife realise, as Mark Snow's Elephants Rampaging On Harpsichord sting plays, that it's the caretaker, not the driver, that is evil. Not that the driver isn't evil, but he's not the human cigarette lighter. Everybody runs upstairs, because he's been left alone with the kids. Clearly, he's not a Protestant.

Upstairs. Mulder and Scully don't find the kids, but do find the driver, who looks a lot like one of the victims of the faceless rebels. Wench yells out, because the curtains are on fire, and she knows Mulder likes flaming things soooooo much. A photo frame lights up as well, and Mulder tries to flick it with a towel like it's someone in the FBI gym locker room. Part of the flame drops onto the pillow, but we cut away and back to see that fire out, and the rest of the bed ignite. Everybody flees, and as Mulder sniffs the rag, the towel burns up and he drops it. Everybody gets down to the front door, where Mulder starts giving orders, Wife suddenly remembers the reason they all went upstairs in the first place, and everyone else plots a way to vote Mulder off of the island.

Mulder goes back upstairs and finds a jiggly knob, and decides to play with the knob to see if it stiffens (and you can tell I wrote this recap in two sessions, because there are a LOT more dirty jokes in the second half). Behind him, Paddy snarks about calling 911, and Mulder lifts his gun to shoot, which is a sure sign he's going to miss if he shoots. Paddy clicks his fingers, and the hallway catches fire. Mulder looks scared and ducks just in time to be caught on

camera doing a horrible half-attempt at a handstand. Paddy, flames, Mulder, flames, Mulder, Paddy leaving. He walks down the stairs and Scully tells him to freeze. Where have you been, Dana? He doesn't freeze. He doesn't freeze at all! Paddy calls her bluff and keeps walking. And the Bad British Accent is back. Ugh. Wench thinks it's a good idea to splash him in the face with the A-word for no reason, and he wanders aimlessly for a while. Clearly, 1013 has no idea whether he's supposed to be compared with Catholics or Jews. Who's next, the Amish? (Oh, wait...) Anyway, he gets outside eventually.

Upstairs Hallway Of Dirty Knob Jokes. Mulder finally finds and saves the kids.

Outside. Garden Of Smoking Children And Smoking Hot Pyrokinetics. Mulder brings the kids out, just as Paddy decides he might as well go down in a blaze of glory. More flame shots, because we just haven't seen enough fire in this episode.

LBO: Lame Bifocal Office. Mulder sits facing away from the door, which opens, Gillian Anderson does an awesome British accent (a lot better than the actual British cast in this episode), and it really shows here. So, Wench is gone, and the world rejoices! She left a cassette behind, but Mulder refuses to listen to it.

Starbuck's Diary. Stardate... oh, never mind. Paddy's in hospital, with a scientifically impossible level of burnage that should have been fixed in post after the internet fans pointed out this same problem just TWO EPISODES AGO. Paddy is getting better quickly, but jail's going to be a bitch. Also, Paddy wants a cigarette. Dun-dun-DUN!