

THE X-FILES

"Millennium"

Written by

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&

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Directed by

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Blue Rev. - September 17, 1999

CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder  
Agent Dana Scully

N.D. Man (Mark Johnson)  
Widow  
Funeral Director  
A.D. Skinner  
First Agent  
Second Agent  
Frank Black  
Deputy  
Sheriff  
Young Cop  
Female Coroner  
Nurse  
Jordan Black

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

CEMETERY  
DESOLATE ROADSIDE  
FBI HEADQUARTERS (STOCK)  
PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL (STOCK)  
DESERTED BACK ROAD  
N.D. MAN'S PROPERTY

INTERIORS

FUNERAL PARLOR  
CHEVY SUBURBAN  
SKINNER'S OFFICE  
PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL  
    /HALLWAY  
    /COMMON ROOM  
    /ADJOINING ROOM (X)  
SHERIFF'S CAR  
N.D. MAN'S HOUSE  
    /BASEMENT  
MORGUE  
    /AUTOPSY ROOM  
    /HALLWAY  
    /STORAGE ROOM  
MULDER'S RENTAL CAR  
SCULLY'S RENTAL CAR  
HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

TEASER

1 INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - NIGHT - A CASKET

1

Burnished bronze and CLOSED, it sits at the front of this viewing chapel, surrounded by tasteful sprays of white flowers. LEGEND: TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA. DECEMBER 21, 1999. We slowly PULL BACK, getting a wider look at the room.

WIDOW (O.S.)

Thank you. Thank you for coming.

We're hearing a woman murmur ad-libbed good-byes as we bring one or two MOURNERS into frame. The viewing is over -- the chapel is pretty well emptied out and the last stragglers are leaving. We keep GLIDING BACK, finding...

... A WIDOW, eyes red from crying, bravely seeing off these people. She's a well-heeled woman in her forties. She manages a smile at the last of the mourners, a NONDESCRIPT MAN her age.

N.D. MAN

Mrs. Crouch, I'm sorry for your loss.

WIDOW

Thank you. Mr..?

N.D. MAN

Johnson. I worked briefly with your husband. I was impressed by him. Very much so.

He smiles wistfully, his manner understated and sincere. He shakes her hand, then departs. The Widow is somewhat comforted. (X)  
As the N.D. Man heads toward the rear doors in b.g., the Widow turns her attention up front.

SLOW REVOLVE ON HER TO - THE CASKET

Which lies shining under the soft glow of accent lights. The room is silent and deserted. Now a FUNERAL DIRECTOR comes into view through a side door, quietly locking it behind him. (X)

NEW ANGLE - THE WIDOW

The Funeral Director joins her, waits patiently as she stares a while longer. She's keeping it together, but just barely. To herself, she softly addresses her dead husband in his casket: (X)

WIDOW

Helluva Christmas, Raymond...

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

He's at peace now. That's one small comfort to be drawn.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED:

1

She considers this, keeps staring. Again, softly: (X)

WIDOW

Didn't even leave a note.

With that, she heads for the doors at the back of the chapel. The Funeral Director escorts her, pauses to turn off the lights and lock the doors behind them. We hold on this dark room a moment. Now, from behind a tall display shelf of flowers...

... A FIGURE steps into view. It's someone who stayed behind, unseen. Someone who we can't make out in this gloom.

THE CASKET

Seems to have a faint glow to it, reflecting what little light there is. The figure steps into frame, standing before it -- and we see he's the N.D. MAN. He feels along the front edge, undoes the LATCHES. There's a SUCK of air, then he lifts the full-length lid with a SQUEAK. He stares down impassively at...

HIS POV - THE CORPSE

We glimpse what was formerly a big man in his early fifties. It's fortunate there's not a lot of light to see by, because we're looking down at what's left of someone who put a big handgun under his chin. Decomposition has visibly started.

THE N.D. MAN

Stares down into the casket, not squeamish in the least. He (X)  
slips out of his suit jacket, pulls loose his clip-on tie and (X)  
strips off his shirt. He places all this stuff on the floor. (X)

He's BARE-CHESTED now. He leans close over the body. (X)

CLOSE ON HIS HANDS

They unbutton the suit jacket the dead man has been dressed in. We favor the dead man's necktie -- it's tasteful but DISTINCTIVE enough that we'll remember it. A distinctive silver TIE CLIP FLASHES in the dim light. We may make out it says "FBI."

The N.D. Man unties the necktie and pulls it off, then unbuttons (X)  
the crisp dress shirt. Underneath, the corpse wears a tank-top (X)  
undershirt -- the ends of an AUTOPSY "Y"-INCISION peek out. (X)

THE N.D. MAN

We stay on his face as he works, lifting the o.s. corpse -- first one side, then the other -- to get the stiff arms out of their sleeves. The man whispers to himself as he works.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

N.D. MAN

I am the resurrection and the  
life. He that believeth in me,  
though he were dead, yet shall  
he live; and whosoever liveth  
and believeth in me shall never  
die.

He repeats this fairly fast, like a mantra. Having undressed (X)  
the body as much as he intends to, he keeps its jacket, shirt (X)  
and tie close at hand. The corpse is still in its dark trousers (X)  
and undershirt. (X)

From his own coat on the floor, the N.D. Man produces a CELL (X)  
PHONE. He extends its antenna, turns it on with a BEEP.

CLOSE - THE CORPSE'S HAND

Is withered, browning like an apple doll. The N.D. Man's hands  
work the claw-like fingers, CRACKING them faintly as he places  
the cell phone in the dead man's grip.

The backlit keypad of the phone provides green light to see by.  
The N.D. Man very carefully positions the corpse's THUMB over  
the "TALK" BUTTON. We get MACRO-CLOSE enough to read this. All (X)  
the while, we hear the whispered Burial Rite of the Dead.

ANGLE UP ON - THE N.D. MAN

Who stares down at us, his work done.

N.D. MAN

He that believeth in me, though  
he were dead, yet shall he live.

With that, he shuts the lid on us with a heavy CLUNK. BLACKNESS.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - A FULL MOON

2

Glows yellow overhead, scudded by wispy clouds. We TILT DOWN  
through the bare branches of trees to find...

... A small cemetery. A long treeline boxes this place in,  
makes it exceedingly private and lonely. Patches of ground fog  
fill the low spots. A light rain falls. LEGEND: DECEMBER 29, (X)  
1999. We continue down, ARMING now to reveal...

... An old BLACK CHEVY SUBURBAN parked with its engine off.  
It's a model from the early 70's, from when the sides were  
windowless and the whole thing looked vaguely hearse-like.

3 INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN - NIGHT - A SILVER TIE CLIP

3

FLASHES in the dim light. We're MACRO-CLOSE on it, close enough to see it says "FBI," and to recognize it as the dead man's. We ARM UP the familiar tie it's clipped to, finding...

... The N.D. Man, dressed in the corpse's suit jacket, shirt and tie. The N.D. Man sits motionless behind the wheel of his truck, staring out. He doesn't so much as blink.

HIS POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Rain sprinkles on it (not enough to obscure our view). In the near distance, our eyes go to one particular grave, removed from any others. We may see from here that the sod atop it is fresh-laid and sits up a bit.

We TILT DOWN and RACK from this distant grave to... a CELL PHONE lying atop the truck's dash. It's a visibly different model than the one we saw in the casket. Its "receive" light GLOWS. (X)

THE N.D. MAN

His eyes go from it back to the grave. He barely moves a muscle, concentrating hard. All we hear is the quiet patter of rain and the faintest whisper of wind.

THE MAN'S POV - CLOSER ON THE GRAVE

Sitting alone out in the rain. The green "receive" light GLOWS large and out of focus at the bottom of the frame. (X)

CLOSER - THE N.D. MAN

Sits waiting, barely breathing. Suddenly -- a loud CHIRP breaks the silence, scaring us. The phone is RINGING. The man looks to it, grimly satisfied. He doesn't answer it. Instead, he reaches back behind his seat (we'll notice here, if not earlier, that a steel mesh BARRIER separates the front from the back. It's the kind of thing you see in animal control trucks).

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The cell phone continues to ring unanswered at the bottom of frame. We hear the N.D. Man exit the truck o.s., and now we see him -- he's walking away from us, dragging a SHOVEL behind him.

Off him, slowly walking through the rain toward the grave... and the phone in f.g. RINGING:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

4 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - A RENTAL CAR

4

Pulls into frame and parks. A LEGEND reads: DECEMBER 30, 1999. SCULLY climbs out and shows her ID to a UNIFORM, who nods her on. We FOLLOW AFTER Scully, who brings us around to...

... A bustle of activity: two or three cruisers and a crime scene van are here, along with the requisite number of CRIME TECHS and UNIFORM COPS. Their activity is centered on the grave from the Teaser, which is now DUG UP.

The familiar Funeral Director wanders by, clearly agitated. Seeing Scully, he stops her on her way to the grave.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

You're with the FBI, too?

(off her nod)

Look, I know my job. The man was deceased.

SCULLY

I'm sorry?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

I understand he was one of your own -- but these rumors I'm hearing... that I put a living human being into the ground? You people better get your facts straight real fast.

(X)

More shaken than angry, the Funeral Director heads for his car. Scully watches him go, wondering what the hell that was about. We continue FOLLOWING her as she moves on to the open grave. It's a deep, ragged hole dug by a man, not a backhoe. A huge mound of dirt lies beside it. A LADDER sticks up out of it.

IN THE GRAVE, LOOKING UP

We're staring up at sky. Scully steps into frame up above, peering down at us.

SCULLY

Mulder? Have you been spreading rumors?

Into frame appears MULDER'S face, upside-down in f.g. -- peering down at us, too. He's apparently on hands and knees. (X)

MULDER

Why? Hear any good ones lately?

CONTINUED



4 CONTINUED:

4

SCULLY  
Not particularly.

UP ABOVE, LOOKING DOWN

We reveal that Mulder wears exam gloves and knee-high rubber boots, and squats over the familiar CASKET, which lies muddy and CLOSED within its broken concrete liner. We hear the faint BUZZ of FLIES. Mulder squints up at his partner.

MULDER  
Merry Christmas, by the way.

SCULLY  
Thanks. Same to you.

Up at ground level, a tech finishes photographing the headstone, which says "CROUCH." The other cops are out checking the surrounding graves and the treeline for additional evidence. Now Scully and Mulder have a little privacy here.

SCULLY  
So, what do you have?

MULDER  
Grave robbery with a twist.

Mulder lifts the bronze lid, revealing... the casket is EMPTY. There's flecks and streaks of mud staining the white satin interior. Mulder points to the satin lining the lid, a portion of which is RIPPED and TATTERED. Scully studies it.

SCULLY  
It looks like someone inside really wanted to get out.

Mulder's a bit surprised to hear her make his case for him.

MULDER  
It does indeed. And to answer your question -- no, I haven't been spreading rumors. Local PD's done a pretty good job of that. Ever since they matched the fingerprints of the dead man who was in here to these:

He spread apart the tattered satin headliner, revealing a couple of redwopped FINGERPRINTS underneath.

MULDER  
And these:

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

He shuts the lid, points to more redwop standing out atop it.

MULDER

And those up there on his  
headstone.

Scully rounds to the far side of the headstone, seeing:

HER POV - A HANDPRINT

It stands out in lycopodium powder against the light granite.

SCULLY

Considers this evenly. She turns to Mulder, who climbs the  
ladder out of the grave and joins her.

SCULLY

What about the person or persons  
who did the digging?

MULDER

One pile of dirt -- I'm guessing  
one man with a shovel. Other  
than that, the rain last night  
didn't leave us much to go on.

(off her nod)

C'mon, Scully -- naysay me. The  
corpse of an FBI agent gets  
disinterred, only to climb from  
its final resting place and  
vanish into the Yuletide night.

Scully makes a disappointed "tsk" sound.

SCULLY

See, I was with you right up  
until there.

(off his look)

I think it's what you said  
before, Mulder -- a grave  
robbery with a twist. The  
fingerprints, the torn casket  
liner. Most likely, it's all  
rigged "evidence." Faked by  
whoever exhumed the body.

(X)

MULDER

Faked for what effect?

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED: (3)

4

SCULLY  
Fear, publicity... rumors. To  
what specific end, I don't know,  
but nonetheless...

Seeing his attention wander, she trails off. He's staring o.s.  
He walks a pace or two, kneels low to check the grass.

SCULLY  
What is it?

She steps over. He points to:

THEIR CLOSE POV - BLOOD

Is dried reddish-black atop the blades of grass. Mulder's  
gloved finger traces a thin line of it that extends in a precise (X)  
curve for two or three feet. He rubs it between his fingers -- (X)  
they come away RED. (X)

MULDER AND SCULLY

Both study it. This was easy to miss.

MULDER  
Blood. (X)

CUT TO:

5 INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN - DAY - TWO FAMILIAR CELL PHONES (X) 5

Lie atop the empty passenger's seat, turned off. We ADJUST UP  
off them, finding... the N.D. Man, who is driving. We're (X)  
cruising along some smooth, lonely road. (X)

We CREEP IN on the N.D. Man as he drives, eyes straight ahead.  
As we get closer, we realize his lips are moving. As we get  
closer still, we hear... just barely audible...

N.D. MAN  
... Resurrection and the life.  
He that believeth in me, though  
he were dead, yet shall he live;  
and whosoever liveth and  
believeth in me shall never die.

He repeats this when a faint CREAK from behind gets his  
attention. We keep PUSHING IN CLOSE on his eyes, which cut to:

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED:

5

HIS CLOSE POV - THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR

Behind the steel animal barrier, the back of the truck is dark. All we can see are the two windows of the rear doors -- they're either frosted or curtained so that they're translucent white. They're backlit by the headlights of a following car. (X)

Another faint CREAK is heard. Into view in one of these white squares of light rises... a silhouetted HAND. Its shape is withered and craggy, almost claw-like. It moves so slowly, seemingly reaching for something above it. This is all we see.

CLOSE - THE N.D. MAN

Stares at this image in his mirror a moment longer, then cuts his eyes back to the road. We hear several flies BUZZ.

6 EXT. DESOLATE ROADSIDE - DAY (X) 6

The old Suburban motors past. We PAN with it to reveal a ROAD MARKER in f.g. telling us this is Georgia Route 121 N. Off this: (X)

CUT TO:

7 EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY (STOCK) (X) 7

With LEGEND, to establish.

8 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY - AN FBI PERSONNEL FILE (X) 8

From the mid-eighties is pushed toward us, a man's hand taking hold of it. An ID PHOTO is clipped to the file. It's of the dead man from the Teaser, though we may not recognize him.

SCULLY (O.S.)  
Special Agent Raymond Crouch,  
age fifty-six. Married, no  
children.

A.D. SKINNER

Sits at the head of his briefing table, studying the file. A meeting is in session. As Scully talks, we COME AROUND to find her and Mulder, seated at the table with four other AGENTS.

SCULLY  
After a sterling twenty-one year  
career with the Bureau, he  
retired in 1993.  
(more)

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED:

8

SCULLY (cont'd)  
Earlier this month, he was found  
in the garage of his Tallahassee  
home, service weapon in hand.

She slides her boss an 8x10 crime scene photo, which he studies.

SKINNER'S POV - THE BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO

It shows Agent Crouch in boxers and black socks, seated on the  
floor of a garage. His head is bowed and his hands lie at his  
sides, a gun clutched in his right. A black jet of dried blood  
paints the wall over his head like an exclamation point.

SKINNER

Shows no reaction -- he's seen a lot of these.

SKINNER  
Definitely self-inflicted?

SCULLY  
I reviewed the report. Nothing (X)  
indicates otherwise.

SKINNER  
(to the room)  
How about a motive for the grave  
robbery?

FIRST AGENT  
We've gone through every case  
Crouch had a hand in. He didn't  
seem to have made any enemies.

Across the table, another agent speaks up.

SECOND AGENT  
The same goes for his personal  
life -- no large debts, no feuds  
with neighbors. Never a bad  
word against him.

Skinner seems to be expecting something else.

SKINNER  
Nothing stands out.

The others shake their heads. Mulder eyes Skinner, wonders if  
he knows something he's not saying.

MULDER  
Should something stand out?

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

Skinner considers Mulder for a moment.

SKINNER

Agent Mulder, what's your take on this?

MULDER

Only that I don't think it was grave robbery, per se.

Mulder glances to Scully, knowing this isn't going to go down well with her -- or anyone else, for that matter. Nevertheless:

MULDER

It was necromancy. The summoning of the dead.

(beat)

It's a form of magic dating back to primitive shamanism, with a long tradition in the Christian church. Through it, the dead are brought back to life to divulge arcane knowledge or perform ritual tasks.

FIRST AGENT

That's what this wacko thought he was doing -- raising the dead?

MULDER

That's what he was doing.

Askance looks from the other agents. Mulder pays them no mind, digs up a color 8x10 and slides it to Skinner.

SKINNER'S POV - THE 8X10

Shows a bird's eye view of the open grave -- probably taken from a cherry picker. Surrounding the grave, we can make out a thin, broken circle of dried BLOOD. Fluorescent flags demarcate the parts of the circle we can't see (which is most of it).

MULDER (O.S.)

It's a magic circle, drawn in goat's blood. Rain washed most of it away.

SKINNER

Studies the photo, poker-faced. He passes it around.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

MULDER

The circle focuses the necromancer's power and protects him from the spirits he's conjuring. The smell of blood attracts the undead.

Always the good partner, Scully shows no reaction to any of this. Oddly, Skinner doesn't, either. The other agents are a different story, however.

FIRST AGENT

Ohh-kay...

(X)

MULDER

Also, the necromancer may desire to wear the dead man's clothes as a means of creating a bond between them.

(off everyone's looks)

How'd you like to be that guy's dry cleaner?

SCULLY

(damage control)

Obviously, there's a clear ritualistic element to this crime. The question is why was it directed at Raymond Crouch?

MULDER

Yeah. That is the question.

Everyone looks to Skinner. He rises, addressing them all.

SKINNER

Come up with an answer.

Meeting adjourned. As the agents rise from their seats:

SKINNER

Mulder, Scully -- a word, please.

The others quickly exit, expecting Mulder is due for a serious ass-chewing. Mulder and Scully expect it, too. But once everyone else is gone, Skinner retrieves a file from his desk.

SKINNER

"Necromancy" aside...

(beat)

This magic circle you mentioned. What if it looked like this?

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED: (4)

8

From the file, he pulls out a color photocopy, hands it to them.

MULDER'S POV - THE PHOTOCOPY

Standing out on the all-black background is a red OUROBOUROS -- (X)  
a circular symbol of a snake eating its own tail. This is the  
exact artwork we may recognize from the series "Millennium."

MULDER

Knows what he's looking at.

MULDER

An ourobouros.

(compares it to photo)  
Possibly. It's certainly a  
mystical symbol. Alchemists  
favored it -- they believed it  
represented all of existence.

SKINNER

I'm thinking more of the  
Millennium Group. It was their  
symbol, as well.

Mulder stares at his boss, definitely familiar with the group  
and interested to hear more. Skinner looks to Scully.

SKINNER

Are you familiar with them?

SCULLY

Somewhat. A group of former FBI  
agents who offered consulting  
services to law enforcement.  
They somehow fell into disrepute.

SKINNER

They operated in extreme  
secrecy. Rumors abounded that  
they had their own agenda which  
was less than altruistic -- if  
not improper or illegal.

MULDER

... That it was, in fact, a cult  
based upon Judeo-Christian  
"Endtime" prophesies centered  
around the coming millennium.

(to Skinner)

Was Raymond Crouch a member?

CONTINUED



8 CONTINUED: (5)

8

SKINNER

I can't seem to find out.  
Apparently, the group dissolved  
several months ago. They left  
no paper trail... nothing. (X)

(beat)

However... I do have three other  
grave desecrations. All within  
the last six months.

Skinner opens his folder, pulls out crime photos. He spreads  
them atop the briefing table. Mulder and Scully lean in to look.

THEIR POV - THREE 8X10 PHOTOS

Get laid down, one by one. Different angles. All show opened  
graves surrounded by a crude OUROBOUROS limned in dried BLOOD.

SKINNER (O.S.)

Long Island... Northern  
California... Arizona. No other  
physical evidence. All three  
graves contained the bodies of  
former FBI agents. All three  
were recent suicides.

MULDER AND SCULLY

Stare at these photos, truly surprised. They look to Skinner.

MULDER

How long were you going to sit  
on this?

SKINNER

It's not my call. Owing to the  
Millennium Group's former ties  
with the Bureau, this matter is  
sensitive, to say the least. (X)

(off their looks) (X)

Investigate them. Keep it  
low-profile.

Mulder looks to Scully, intrigued by their new marching orders.

MULDER

I think I know where to start.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT (STOCK) 9

We're wide on a compound of low, institutional buildings.  
LEGEND: HARTWELL PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, WOODBRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

10 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT 10

A steel mesh security door BUZZES open, and Mulder and Scully enter this hallway. VISITOR BADGES are clipped to their lapels. Mulder carries a CASE FILE.

We STEADICAM them down the hall. This isn't a high-security wing -- PATIENTS come and go in b.g., certain behaviors that we see reinforcing the reality of where we are.

SCULLY

How well do you know this man?

MULDER

Only by reputation -- he left (X)  
VICAP before I got there. But (X)  
he's been called the greatest (X)  
criminal profiler Quantico ever  
produced.

Scully carefully sidesteps a shuffling OLDER PATIENT. She lowers her voice.

SCULLY

So... why is he here?

MULDER

He apparently checked himself in  
for a thirty-day observation.  
From what I gather, life hasn't  
been kind the last few years.

(off her look)

But if anyone can tell us about  
the Millennium Group, it's him.  
He used to consult for it --  
later, he fought to bring it  
down at the expense of his  
career and reputation.

SCULLY

Single-minded.

(beat)

Sounds like someone I know.

Mulder shoots her a glance. Off them, passing out of frame:

CUT TO:

11 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

11

We're in someone's POV: we enter a large, sickly-green common room with steel mesh on the windows and limp Christmas and Chanukah decorations taped to the walls. We STEADICAM through it, passing various PATIENTS in varying degrees of psychological unrest (though we're careful not to overdo it).

A TV plays a football game up ahead -- a man sits alone at a small table, watching it. Though his back is to us, we probably recognize him already. As we approach him...

MULDER (O.S.)

Frank Black?

Indeed, it is. FRANK BLACK glances back at us. He's dressed a little differently than the others here -- maybe partially in sweats instead of full-on scrubs. But he's clearly a patient.

NEW ANGLE - MULDER AND SCULLY

Stand before him. Mulder shows his ID.

MULDER

I'm Fox Mulder -- this is my partner, Dana Scully. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Frank gives them a nod, his eyes drifting back to the football game. Scully glances to Mulder, who moves to an empty chair.

MULDER

You mind if we sit down?

FRANK

Go! --

Mulder and Scully look startled until they realize Frank is addressing the running back. Frank rolls his eyes at the TV, not happy with the outcome of the play. Mulder and Scully sit.

MULDER

Who's playing?

FRANK

Notre Dame and Boston College.  
What can I do for you, agents?

(X)

(X)

Okay... no small talk. Mulder opens the case file, pulls out old personnel photos of Raymond Crouch and three other men.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED:

11

MULDER

We're investigating a case I  
feel you'll have particular  
insight into.

(shows him the photos)

Do you recognize these men?

Frank looks away from the game just long enough to give the four  
photos a quick glance. His eyes go back to the TV.

FRANK

I do.

SCULLY

Within the last six months, all  
four committed suicide. All  
were exhumed from their graves  
in a ritual desecration.

(no reaction)

They were members of the  
Millennium Group -- is that  
correct?

Frank nods. Scully waits in vain for more. (X)

SCULLY

Mr. Black, we're having a hard  
time gleaning any information  
whatsoever about the group --  
its membership, its practices.  
I believe you can help us.

(X)

FRANK

(X)

No thank you.

(off their looks)

I'm retired. As you can tell by  
the circumstances, I'm trying to  
put my life back together. I  
can't get involved in this.

MULDER

We're not asking for your  
involvement. We'd just like you  
to take a look at the case file.

(X)

(X)

FRANK

No thank you.

His eyes return to the television. Mulder leans forward.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

MULDER

The day after tomorrow is  
January 1st, 2000. You know  
that's the significant number to  
these people -- that it doesn't  
give us much time. Don't you  
want to see them stopped?

(off Frank's silence)

I'm disappointed, Mr. Black.  
You're not what I was expecting.

The two men stare at each other for a long moment. Finally:

FRANK

Agent Mulder, it's first and  
eighteen. I'd just like to  
watch the game in peace.

MULDER

(corrects him)

Notre Dame's third and ten.

(X)

Frank just stares at the screen.

FRANK

Happy New Year.

What the hell was that about? Mulder studies the man, then  
looks to Scully. She nods for them to leave. Off Frank:

CUT TO:

12 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - NIGHT - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

12

Our own high-beams illuminate the road we motor along. We're in  
the back seat, looking past a driver in a Smokey hat and a  
mounted shotgun -- all of which tells us we're in a cop car.

Out the windshield, all we see are trees and desolate two-lane  
blacktop. Until we make out... a truck on the side of the road  
up ahead. We slow as we approach it. It's a familiar old  
Suburban. A man can be seen crouching by the right rear wheel.

13 EXT. DESERTED BACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS - A LUG WRENCH

13

Gets worked in f.g., tightening a lug nut. The N.D. Man is  
finishing changing the tire. He looks to the sheriff's cruiser  
which pulls up behind him. Its headlights WHITE OUT the frame.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED:

13

THE CRUISER'S PASSENGER DOOR

Tells us by its shield that this is RICE COUNTY, MARYLAND. A (X)  
youngish DEPUTY climbs out of the driver's door. We FOLLOW him  
to the N.D. Man, now lit up in the headlights.

DEPUTY  
Evening. Could you use a hand?

N.D. MAN  
Hi. I think I'm about done  
here, but thanks. I guess I ran  
over a nail or something.

DEPUTY  
I can help you see, at least.

The pleasant Deputy shines his Mag-Lite on the tire as the N.D.  
Man tightens the last lug. N.D. smiles up at him, trying to  
come across nonchalant -- still dressed in dead man's clothes.

N.D. MAN  
I've been driving all night.  
It'll be good to get home.

DEPUTY  
I hear you.

The Deputy's own smile fades a little. He crinkles his eyes at  
something. Glances around, SNIFFS the air.

DEPUTY  
Man. What is that?

N.D. MAN  
Oh, yeah... I'm thinking a deer  
maybe died in the woods.

The Deputy is staring at the Chevy now. His demeanor changes.  
FLIES can be heard to BUZZ faintly.

DEPUTY  
Sir, what's in the truck?

N.D. MAN  
Uh. Nothing.

DEPUTY  
You mind if I take a look?

N.D. MAN  
There's, there's nothing in  
there. So...

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

The Deputy drifts over by the rear doors. N.D. rises to his feet, not thinking about the lug wrench still in his hand. The cop glances over -- voice still low, but on the alert.

DEPUTY

Drop that. Take two steps back.

N.D. complies. The Deputy cups his eyes, tries to peek into a rear window. No dice -- curtains or whatever block his view.

CLOSE - N.D. MAN

We ARM DOWN from his anxious face to his coat pocket, into which he slips a hand. He pulls out... a big, white handful of what looks to be SALT. Some of it sifts between his fingers.

CLOSE - THE REAR DOOR HANDLE

On the Suburban gets grasped by the Deputy's hand. We TILT UP to his face as the door swings open and he shines his flashlight inside. What he sees -- and smells -- makes him stumble back.

DEPUTY

Oh, lord.

HIS POV - INSIDE THE TRUCK

In the dark cargo section lies the very dead RAYMOND CROUCH, wearing what we last saw him in -- white t-shirt, black trousers. BLOWFLIES BUZZ around his inert, flashlit corpse.

THE DEPUTY

Wheels on the N.D. Man, draws his gun and shines his flashlight. In it, we see N.D. hunkered low, sifting a trickle of white salt onto the black earth -- closing a white CIRCLE around himself.

DEPUTY

S-Stand up there! Stand up!  
Lemme see your hands! --

The circle finished, N.D. quickly complies. We see his lips moving now -- he's muttering something under his breath.

The Deputy takes a couple of steps closer, his pistol trained.

DEPUTY

What..? Speak up!

FROM BEHIND - OVER THE DEPUTY'S SHOULDER

We FOLLOW HANDHELD behind the cop as he approaches N.D. Man, who looks fearful. We can hear what he's saying now.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

N.D. MAN

Though he were dead, yet shall  
he live -- though he were dead,  
yet shall he live -- though he  
were dead...

A large SHADOW falls over the Deputy's back. N.D. Man stares  
o.s. at what's casting it.

REVERSE - CLOSE ON THE DEPUTY

Who senses something behind him. He spins to see... tall, dead  
RAYMOND CROUCH behind him, milky white eyes staring lifeless and  
baleful. Before the cop can manage a yell, the corpse's hands  
shoot out at his throat.

THE N.D. MAN'S FEET

Stay planted in the center of the salt circle. We ARM UP to  
N.D. Man's face as the SHADOWS of a struggle play out over him.  
We hear a strangled SCREAM. Sounds of FLESH RIPPING.

N.D. Man shuts his eyes... keeps muttering, inaudible. Off him: (X)

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

14 EXT. DESERTED BACK ROAD - DAY - THE SHIELD

14

On the passenger door says RICE COUNTY -- only now the door is open and an FBI TECH leans inside, dusting for prints. We TRACK past the hood of the sheriff's cruiser, finding... (X)

... Gouts of BLOOD dried in the grass of the roadside. This is where we last saw the Deputy. There's no body, however -- and no sign of the black Suburban. We CONTINUE ON to...

... The CIRCLE of SALT, which has been partially kicked away. We ADJUST to find Mulder hunkering over it. He glances up as:

SCULLY (O.S.)  
I've got the men concentrating  
on the woods.

NEW ANGLE - SCULLY

Steps out of the treeline. More COPS are in b.g., searching.

SCULLY  
Blood droplets indicate a body  
was dragged in that direction.

She indicates behind her. Mulder nods. He touches a finger to the salt circle.

MULDER  
Our necromancer was definitely  
here, Scully.  
(tastes it)  
Salt. Heavy magic.

SCULLY  
If you're going to tell me he  
stopped by the side of the road  
to raise the dead... which I  
hope you won't... two things:  
his previous circles were made  
of blood, not salt. And --

MULDER  
-- And they were large enough to  
contain a body. But this is a  
protective circle. It's just  
big enough to stand inside.

SCULLY  
So he was protecting himself?  
Against what?

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED:

14

Mulder indicates the mess of dried blood nearby.

MULDER  
The thing that did that.  
(off her look)  
Many cultures believe salt wards off the undead. (X)

SCULLY  
Mulder...

Mulder crouches by a tire track left in the dirt. He peers up the road in the direction it was pointed.

MULDER  
We're on the northbound side.  
Makes sense if he's coming up from Tallahassee. Say he gets pulled over. (X)  
(looks to the blood) (X)  
The Deputy's at the wrong place at the wrong time. (X)

Scully considers this for a beat. A distant voice is heard.

SHERIFF (O.S.)  
Agents! Over here!

They shoot each other a glance, jog into the woods.

STEADICAM - FOLLOWING MULDER AND SCULLY

We're over their shoulders as they hurry through the underbrush. Up ahead, the cops gather, staring down at something.

Mulder and Scully move through the small crowd of local cops. A SHERIFF is on his hands and knees, brushing at something with his hands. He looks up at them, shaken.

SHERIFF  
S-Saw a lump in the ground...

The agents squat down, both reacting to the sight of...

THEIR POV - THE DEAD DEPUTY

He lies under a few inches of dirt, only his face and neck exposed. His skin is blueish-white, which makes the crimson wounds on his throat stand out all the more. His throat has been TORN OUT (mercifully, this mostly stays below frame).

MULDER  
Bite marks. They look human.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

Scully queasily agrees. Leaves and dirt still cover the chin and mouth. Scully's gloved hand reaches into frame, gently brushing it away. Revealing...

... Two fat STAPLES that have been shot vertically through the dead man's lips. They keep the mouth closed tight.

Mulder and Scully stare down at this, a little freaked -- as is everyone else. The Sheriff speaks softly.

SHERIFF

My god...

Mulder notices something else. He carefully takes hold of... a tiny corner of PAPER which sticks out between the corpse's lips. He works to pull it out between the staples. Some SALT comes out with it, trickling out of the mouth.

SCULLY

More salt.

Mulder nods, wonders at this. He manages to extricate the paper without opening the mouth. The paper is folded small. As his fingers open it, we see a sentence written in a tiny, neat hand. The ink is sepia brown. Mulder reads it aloud.

MULDER

I am he that liveth, and was  
dead; and, behold, I am alive  
for evermore, Amen; and have the  
keys of hell and of death.

Scully looks to Mulder. The cops glance to one another, crept out. A clean-cut YOUNG COP near the back hesitantly speaks up.

YOUNG COP

Book of Revelation. Chapter  
one, verse eighteen.

Hearing this, something dawns on Mulder. Under his breath:

MULDER

Go, Fighting Irish.

(X)

He looks to Scully, who waits to be clued in. Off Mulder:

CUT TO:

15 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - COMMON ROOM - DAY

15

The quote from Revelation is inside an evidence bag. We're CLOSE ON IT as it gets slid across a table into frame.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

MULDER (O.S.)  
First and eighteen -- not  
football, Revelations. (X)

We TILT UP to Frank Black, who eyes the quote, then looks up.

WIDER

Mulder stands over a table at which Frank sits (we're in a new  
part of the room this time). Frank stares evenly up at him. (X)  
(X)

MULDER  
You meant to tell us something.  
Why not just come out and say it?

FRANK  
I don't know what you're talking  
about. I told you already, I  
can't get involved.

MULDER  
So instead, you'll drop the  
occasional, arcane hint? A  
police officer was murdered.  
Your denials aside, you  
obviously know something about  
what's going on here.  
(grabs the quote)  
"I am he that liveth, and was  
dead." Resurrection. You knew  
we'd come upon this.

Frank says nothing, looks to Scully as she enters and joins  
them. Mulder leans over the table, lowers his voice.

MULDER  
What are you afraid of?

Frank won't answer. Scully softly breaks the silence.

SCULLY  
Losing your daughter. You're in  
a custody battle with the  
parents of your late wife.  
(off his look)  
I just talked to your doctor. (X)  
It's the reason you're here. (X)

Mulder is surprised by this. Frank's stony facade gives way a  
little. He didn't want to talk about it, and now it's out.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

FRANK

They're claiming I'm an unfit father. That I was obsessed with conspiracies and the end of the world... that my work was more important to me than my daughter Jordan.

(softer)

The thing is, they were right.

He hides his emotion well, but it clearly hurts to admit this.

SCULLY

So, you retired.

FRANK

I'll sell insurance, if that's what it takes. I'll "get well." Jump through whatever hoops they tell me. And I'll never mention the Millennium Group again.

Anyone could see it -- this man has done his time. Scully looks to Mulder, who considers all that he's heard.

MULDER

But still, you gave us that clue. Because you want to help.  
(off his silence)

Frank, we're just three people talking. No one needs to know.

Off Frank, who is torn, but does indeed want to help:

CUT TO:

16 OMITTED

(X) 16

A17 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ADJOINING ROOM - LATER

(X) A17

We're in someone's CLOSE POV: the familiar, official FBI cover of an X-FILE fills frame. A man's hands reach to open it.

FRANK

Opens the case file, peruses its contents. Mulder and Scully sit with him. We're in a different room now, one with some privacy -- though hopefully, we've got windows to look out. (X)  
(X)

CONTINUED

A17 CONTINUED:

A17

FRANK

The Book of Revelation describes how the physical world will end in a battle between Heaven and Hell. Good against evil. The Millennium Group believed that time is upon us. And though what's left of the Group has gone underground, the remaining members most certainly maintain those beliefs.

CLOSE - A SLOW PAN OF THE TABLE

Where Frank lays out the photos of the four men whose graves were desecrated. Raymond Crouch is last.

FRANK

These four represent a schism of the Group. They believe that for the Endtime to come, as it must, man must take an active hand in bringing it about.

SCULLY

To that end, they committed suicide?

MULDER

(gets it)

Expressly for the purpose of being brought back to life. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Bringing with them war, famine, pestilence and death.

(X)  
(X)

Frank nods.

FRANK

Armageddon. And that it must begin at the dawn of the new millennium, or not at all. That's what they believe.

(beat)

The man you're looking for -- your "necromancer" -- exhumed these men in accordance with their wishes.

MULDER

So, he's a member of the Millennium Group, as well.

CONTINUED

A17 CONTINUED: (2)

A17

FRANK

No. Someone they sought out.  
A subcontractor, as it were.  
Like I used to be.

(studies the file)

He thinks he's doing God's will.  
He's mistaken.

SCULLY

What else can you tell us about  
this man?

Frank studies the paperwork he's laid out before him.

FRANK

White male, age 45 to 50 --  
roughly the same age as these  
four, whom he admired deeply.  
Religious upbringing. No police  
record. No fulfilling  
relationships. You'd pass him  
without a glance.

(X)  
(X)

MULDER

This is the one event that will  
give his life meaning.

Frank nods. We DRIFT OFF him as we...

INTERCUT WITH:

17 INT. N.D. MAN'S HOUSE - DAY - OUT A WINDOW

17

We see a field, woods... desolation. No other houses or people.  
Frank's VOICEOVER continues over this scene.

FRANK (V.O.)

He needs privacy for this.  
He'll live alone -- most likely  
on a large, rural property, away  
from prying eyes.

We DRIFT off this window, passing faded wallpaper and antique  
furniture. A old clock TICKS. We come upon a corner window,  
out of which we see a long, tall stretch of CHAIN LINK FENCE.

FRANK (V.O.)

A high fence, "no trespassing"  
signs... and he'll own an old  
truck or van. He needs it to  
transport the bodies.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

Out yet another window, the familiar BLACK SUBURBAN can be seen parked in the drive. We COME AROUND wide on a dusty living room that's right out of an earlier era. It's your grandma's house.

At a table in b.g., the N.D. Man sits working on something. We can't see what it is -- his back is to us, blocking it.

FRANK (V.O.)

It's a solitary existence. He's worked around death all his life, in some capacity... perhaps at a funeral home. A cemetery. Death comforts him.

CLOSE - A SMALL EYEBALL

Is grasped between two fingers. We ADJUST to N.D. examining it. He carefully places the glass eye... into the eye socket of a SNARLING DOG. This is taxidermy. The piece is finished. (X)

FRANK (V.O.)

The dead are his friends. He takes great pride in his work.

We PUSH IN on the table littered with taxidermy accoutrements, focusing on... a RED STAPLE GUN. N.D. Man's hand picks it up, uses it to -- KA-CHUNK! KA-CHUNK! -- staple to the baseplate a TAG which gives the animal's common and latin names. N.D. rises and wipes frame. We HOLD on the staple gun, left behind. (X)

NEW ANGLE - A DIFFERENT PART OF THE ROOM

N.D. Man steps into frame, staring down at something o.s. just past us. Whatever it is, it hooks his interest.

FRANK (V.O.)

He took great care in burying the deputy. In preparing the body. He had his reasons.

BACK IN THE PSYCH HOSPITAL - Mulder and Scully listen intently.

MULDER

The verse from Revelation in the mouth -- the staples holding it inside: he was giving the deputy the Word. Delivering him over for Judgement.

(realizing)

There was salt in the mouth, as well. He didn't want the deputy coming back. Returning to life.

(X)

CONTINUED



17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

BACK TO THE OLD HOUSE - The N.D. Man still stares down past us at something. We CREEP IN on him.

FRANK (V.O.)

He believes once disturbed, the deputy will arise from the dead. But it's too soon for that.

(beat)

Which is why, when he realizes the deputy has been discovered, he'll feel a need to take action.

N.D. Man looks worried, unhappy. We finally see he stares at:

HIS POV - AN OLD TELEVISION SET

It broadcasts a live, on-the-scene report: we see the CRIME SCENE at the deserted back road, a SHEETED BODY being hauled away by investigators. Up pops a file photo of the DEPUTY.

BACK IN THE PSYCH HOSPITAL - Frank, Mulder and Scully.

FRANK

He'll return to the body the first chance he gets.

SCULLY

The Rice County morgue.

(X)

FRANK

I think you'll catch him there.

As he thinks about all this, something concerns Mulder.

MULDER

The four Millennium members. The ones who truly "liveth and were dead." They're the ones we need to catch.

Scully, who is used to hearing such pronouncements from her partner, self-consciously looks to Frank for his reaction. It's a polite one, mostly. He doesn't agree, though.

(X)  
(X)

A NURSE interrupts.

(X)

NURSE

You've got a phone call, Mr. Black. Your daughter?

Frank smiles, excuses himself. Off Scully, watching him go:

CUT TO:

18 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

18

Mulder and Scully round into view, steaming for the exit.

SCULLY

You're telling me it's more important to track down four dead bodies than one live murderer?

MULDER

Because he's not the murderer -- and those four dead bodies aren't dead. And the Millennium is...

(checks his watch)

... Fourteen hours away.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

Mulder, these people -- when they actually were alive -- mangled Biblical prophesy to the point it's unrecognizable. The year 2000 was just their own artificial deadline.

(annoyed)

And besides... 2001 is actually the start of the new Millennium.

MULDER

Nobody likes a math geek, Scully.

She stops walking. He is forced to, as well.

SCULLY

I think Frank's profile is sound.

MULDER

I do, too.

SCULLY

I think with it, we have the best chance of catching this necromancer, as you call him.

(off his nod)

I'm going to the county morgue.

MULDER

I absolutely think you should.

SCULLY

Wait. What are you going to do?

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED:

18

MULDER

Follow the profile. The road the Deputy was killed on doesn't connect from the north with any major highways. I think our necromancer was close to home. I wanna run down single landowners in the area. Find out where all the bodies are buried, so to speak.

Mulder starts off again. He hesitates, turns back.

MULDER

Do me a favor, Scully? Don't let anyone remove the staples from the Deputy's mouth.

(X)  
(X)

(off her flat stare)  
Just humor me. Please?

He takes off. She sighs, considering. Off her:

CUT TO:

19 INT. MORGUE - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY - TWO HUGE STAPLES

19

Glint under the cold exam light -- we're MACRO-CLOSE on a familiar pair of dead LIPS. Into frame comes the business end of a pair of NEEDLE-NOSE PLIERS (or some surgical instrument that serves the same purpose). As they take hold of a STAPLE...

NEW ANGLE - A FEMALE CORONER

Pulls out the staples o.s., drops them -- CLINK, CLINK -- in a dish. The morgue is small and silent, and the woman is alone. It's just her and the corpse of the DEPUTY under a pool of light in the center of the gloomy room. She talks into a RECORDER.

CORONER

Proceeding with the visual exam of the mouth...

CORONER'S POV - THE DEPUTY'S LIPS

The woman's gloved fingers pull open the dead man's jaw, revealing... a mouth brimming full with SALT. Some TRICKLES OUT.

The Coroner stares down at this, seriously creeped out. When -- RING! A loud PHONE makes her jump.

CORONER

Jeez --

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED:

19

It RINGS three times, and then an answering machine in another room picks up. We just barely make out that it's Scully's voice leaving a message, but we can't hear what she's saying. The Coroner is too involved with her autopsy to try and listen.

CORONER

What, uh... what appears to be salt is packed into the victim's mouth. God only knows why. I'm removing it...

She uses some sort of scoop or spoon to dish the salt out. The PHONE RINGS again. The Coroner sighs and heads for the door. As she walks into b.g., we ARM DOWN to find... the corpse's mouth, left WIDE OPEN. The SALT is piled high in a nearby dish.

20 INT. MORGUE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - A PHONE

20

RINGS atop a deserted desk. Just as the Coroner's hand reaches for it, the answering machine kicks in on DIAL TONE. Whoever was calling just hung up. We ADJUST TO the Coroner, frustrated. She hits the "play" button to retrieve the previous message.

NEW ANGLE - FROM THE OTHER END OF THE HALL

We're on the Coroner, small in b.g. As we hear the message REWIND, we PAN off her to the open autopsy room door. Inside, we glimpse the Deputy, lying dead on his slab where we left him.

We CREEP down the hallway now, leaving the autopsy room behind... but keeping an eye on it. Frosted glass windows line the wall. We catch up to the Coroner, listening to her message.

SCULLY (V.O.)

This is Agent Dana Scully with the FBI, calling for the county M.E. -- somebody pick up the phone, please. Hello... (emphatic) If you get this message, please do not autopsy the murder victim that was brought in earlier -- the sheriff's deputy. If you've already started, stop now. (X) (X) (X) (X) (X) (X) (X) (X)

The whole time the Coroner is listening to this, we've got a view of the frosted windows behind her. (X)

FLIT. A SHADOW silently crosses behind the frosted glass, giving us a chill. Something is coming.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:

20

SCULLY (V.O.) (X)  
I'll be there shortly -- I'll (X)  
explain when I arrive. I'm (X)  
gonna keep trying this number. (X)

REVERSE - ON THE CORONER'S BACK

The message ends... and now the phone RINGS again. We CREEP IN on the woman's back as a SHUFFLING NOISE diverts her attention. She turns -- sees something that makes her blood run cold.

She stumbles back. A SHADOW falls over her. Off her SCREAM, which ECHOES OVER THE CUT:

CUT TO:

21 INT. MORGUE - STORAGE ROOM - LATER

21

We PAN OFF BLACK to find a darkened anteroom. In f.g., three sheeted BODIES awaiting autopsy lie on gurneys. In b.g., an entrance door opens... and Scully cautiously steps inside. (X)  
(X)

SCULLY  
Hello? FBI --

Silence. Scully's on full alert. She draws her pistol, keeps it at her side but not pointed as she silently pads our way.

SCULLY'S MOVING POV - PAST THE SHEETED BODIES

We slowly pass close by them, just holding our breath that one doesn't jump up at us. We leave them behind, move on through another door into the familiar hallway, where...

22 INT. MORGUE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - SCULLY'S POV

22

... The angry BUZZ-BUZZ of a phone off the hook can be heard, growing louder. We see the phone lying toppled, the desk disturbed. We see... big droplets of WET BLOOD on the floor.

SCULLY

Raises her pistol, looks all around. No sign of the Coroner. She follows the blood trail, which grows heavier. Down at the end of the hall...

... FEET stick out from behind a steel cabinet. We MOVE FASTER, coming upon the Coroner, who is balled up in the corner. There's blood around her throat. We think she's dead.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

22

That is, until she JUMPS at Scully's touch, startling us. She's alive, though not by much. Because of her wounds, she can't talk or scream. She just GURGLES and stares goggle-eyed.

NEW ANGLE - PROFILE ON SCULLY

Who hurriedly checks out the woman, not seeing what we see -- that a MAN'S LEGS stand in b.g. inside the autopsy room.

It doesn't take her long to sense this presence. She spins on:

HER POV - THE N.D. MAN

Who stands motionless and silent in the empty autopsy bay, staring unblinkingly at us. He's slightly silhouetted.

SCULLY

Aims her gun at him, her heart pounding. Before she can speak -- a low SOUND splits her attention. It's something between a HISS and a MOAN. It's a sound from the grave.

We ARC AROUND with Scully as she wheels her pistol down the hall in the direction she came. Her eyes go wide at the sight of:

HER POV - THE DEAD DEPUTY

Who approaches. He's autopsy-naked (though tastefully framed). His throat is a mess of crusted blood and his eyes are filmy, cataract WHITE. Fresh blood runs down his chin.

SCULLY

Terrified, barely believing her eyes, she aims and FIRES. The Deputy takes a dry hit to the chest, keeps coming.

Scully FIRES twice more, to no avail. Then the Deputy is on her in a flash, knocking her violently out of frame. (X)  
(X)

SCULLY'S PISTOL (X)

Skitters across the floor, spins lazily at the feet of the N.D. Man, whom we TILT UP to see. He stands immobile, glances down at the gun. We hear the o.s. sounds of a frenzied STRUGGLE. (X)  
(X)

Off N.D., struggling himself with some sort of DECISION: (X)

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

23 INT. MORGUE - HALLWAY - DAY - THE FEMALE CORONER 23

Gets wheeled out on a gurney by TWO EMTs. She's unconscious, but alive. The gurney brings us to... Skinner, who is just entering. He watches it pass, deeply concerned. To a COP:

SKINNER

Where is she? (X)

The Cop points the way. Skinner strides up the hall, comes upon... a BODY lying on the floor. It's curled up, completely covered by a SHEET. No way can we tell who it is. (X) (X) (X)

Skinner hunkers to lift the sheet. Underneath, he sees: (X)

HIS POV - THE DEPUTY (X)

He's deader than a doornail -- really, really dead this time. A distinct POINT-BLANK GUNSHOT WOUND graces his temple. A yucky reddish-black PUDDLE coats the floor underneath his head. (X) (X) (X)

As Skinner studies the body, Scully eases into view in the autopsy room doorway behind him. (X) (X)

SCULLY

Sir..? (X) (X)

Skinner immediately stands, turns to face her. (X)

24 OMITTED (X) 24

NEW ANGLE - SCULLY (X)

Holds a cold-pak against the side of her neck. She lets Skinner move it aside to look. Underneath are some scratches and bruising. Seeing Scully on two feet, Skinner relaxes a little. (X) (X) (X)

SKINNER

How are you feeling?

SCULLY

All things considered..? (X)

She shrugs and smiles, tears beginning to shine in her eyes. (X)

SKINNER

What the hell happened here? (X)

Scully is truly shaken, has no idea how to answer this. Skinner looks again to the body at their feet. (X) (X)

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED:

23

SKINNER (X)  
Who is this man? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
The sheriff's deputy we found (X)  
this morning. He was dead. (X)  
Except somehow... he wasn't. (X)  
(off Skinner's look) (X)  
He attacked me. (X)

SKINNER (X)  
You shot him? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Three rounds, center-of-mass (X)  
into his chest. No effect. (X)

SKINNER (X)  
There's a gunshot wound to the (X)  
head, as well. (X)

Scully nods. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Our suspect -- this man Mulder (X)  
calls a "necromancer" -- he was (X)  
here, too. He fired that shot (X)  
from my gun. Saved me. I don't (X)  
know why. (X)  
(beat) (X)  
He got away. I was in no shape (X)  
to follow. (X)

Skinner doesn't know what to say. If it were Mulder talking,  
all this might be easier to dismiss. Scully pulls it together. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Sir, I'm not about to try and (X)  
offer you an explanation for (X)  
this... but it was exactly what (X)  
Mulder feared would happen. (X)

SKINNER  
Which is why I want to talk to  
him. Why isn't he answering his  
phone?

Off Scully, surprised to hear he isn't:

CUT TO:



25 EXT. N.D. MAN'S PROPERTY - DAY - A HIGH CHAIN LINK FENCE 25

Has a "NO TRESPASSING" sign attached. We PAN down the length of this fence, which goes on for quite a ways.

We're out in the country, on the shoulder of a quiet two-lane which fronts this large, very private property. A RENTAL CAR approaches, slows to a stop.

26 INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS - MULDER 26

Sits alone in the car with his cell phone to his ear. He's not talking -- nothing seems to be happening. He looks at his phone.

MULDER'S CLOSE POV - THE STATUS PANEL

On the phone reads "NO SERVICE."

Mulder sighs, not happy. Under his breath:

MULDER  
Welcome to the boondocks.

He tucks away his phone, picks up a computer print-out sheet.

HIS POV - THE SHEET

Contains an alphabetized list of a dozen MEN'S NAMES and ADDRESSES within Rice County, Maryland. The first nine are checked off. Now Mulder checks off number ten: "JOHNSON, MARK." (X)

27 EXT. N.D. MAN'S PROPERTY - CONTINUOUS 27

Mulder climbs out of his car and walks a few paces to the chain link GATE. A gravel driveway winds into the distance, up to a big old house.

Mulder peers up at it. We can't tell for sure from here, but it doesn't look like anyone's home. He gives the padlock on the gate a tug, checks his watch, glances around. Will he leave?

Not yet -- his eyes catch on something o.s. He heads our way, and we ADJUST to REVEAL... a big plastic SUPERCAN parked on the roadside, awaiting pickup. "JOHNSON" is painted on its lid.

Mulder peruses the contents. Coffee grounds, egg shells, standard stuff. Until he pulls out... an empty fifty-pound bag of kosher SALT. Suspicious as hell, given the circumstances.

MULDER  
When it rains, it pours...

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

He shoves the bag back into the can, stares up at the distant house. Reconsidering, he pulls it back out and shoves an arm inside, scooping out one last, big handful of SALT that was left. We favor him loading the salt into his coat pocket.

Mulder heads for the fence. Off him, starting to climb it:

CUT TO:

28 INT. N.D. MAN'S HOUSE - DAY - THE DOORKNOB

28

CLICKS as its lock is picked. The front door CREAKS open, revealing Mulder. He tucks away his pick set, listens cautiously. Silence. Just the old clock TICKING.

Taking a step or two, Mulder abruptly turns face-to-face with... the bared fangs of a WOLF. It startles him.

It's stuffed. Mulder continues on, into a part of the house we didn't see previously. The place is full of dusty monuments to the N.D. Man's taxidermy skill -- there's just about every species here except man.

Mulder figures he's got the right place. He moves on.

MULDER'S MOVING POV - THROUGH THE DOWNSTAIRS

We TRAVEL from one room to the next, passing the table with all the taxidermy hardware atop it. In the kitchen, we come upon... (X)

... A stout DOOR, one which likely leads to the basement. It's bolstered with three 2x4s which sit in heavy steel brackets.

MULDER

Studies this ominous door. What could be behind it that requires such brute-force security? Off him, curious:

CUT TO:

29 EXT. DESERTED BACK ROAD - DAY

29

The old black SUBURBAN speeds toward us.

30 INT. CHEVY SUBURBAN - CONTINUOUS

(X) 30

The N.D. Man drives. He checks his watch, antsy. The big day is at hand.

(X)  
(X)

31 EXT. DESERTED BACK ROAD - CONTINUOUS 31

The Suburban whips past, turning in at... the FENCED PROPERTY.

CUT TO:

32 INT. N.D. MAN'S HOUSE - DAY - THE LAST TWO-BY-FOUR 32

Gets lifted from its brackets and leaned against the wall. Mulder puts a hand on the knob, cautiously CRE-EEAKS open the door. He clicks on his little flashlight, shines it inside.

MULDER'S POV - DOWN THE STAIRS

The flashlight beam sweeps across an empty basement with a dirt floor. From what we can make out, there's not much down there.

33 INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS 33

We slowly descend with Mulder down the squeaky steps. He shines his flashlight into every corner, seeing not much more than a boiler, a water heater... some old furniture. He moves into the center of the room. Only a little light glows in from slit windows near the basement ceiling.

CLOSE ON MULDER'S FEET

They leave footprints behind in the soft earth. His feet walk on out of frame. We stay on the dirt, which... starts to MOVE FROM BELOW. A decayed HAND slowly, silently RISES UP.

MULDER

Is unaware. But now he hears a SOUND. It's between a HISS and a GROWL, and it's getting louder... coming from more than one place. Mulder spins, shines his flashlight.

MULDER'S POV - IN THE BEAM

We see HANDS rising up out of the earth. We WHIP-PAN -- ARMS snake up. Another WHIP-PAN -- rotting RAYMOND CROUCH arises. We're shaky, HAND-HELD... catching glimpses in a claustrophobic little flashlight beam of FOUR UNDEAD CREATURES climbing out of the ground to surround us.

A WIDE-EYED MULDER

Runs for it -- dodges a dead man and pounds up the stairs.

HIS RUNNING POV - THE DOOR

At the top of the stairs stands open, light pouring in at us. Safety is only a few steps away. But now --

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED:

33

-- N.D. Man appears, silhouetted in the doorway. Before we can reach safety, he SLAMS THE DOOR ON US. The frame goes BLACK.

34 INT. N.D. MAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - TWO-BY-FOURS

34

Get slapped into their brackets one-two-three even as we hear Mulder pounding the shit out of the other side of the door.

MULDER (O.S.)  
LET ME OUT! LEMME OUT OF HERE!

The last 2x4 gets thunked into place -- we ADJUST to the N.D. Man, stepping back nervously from the barricaded door. We hear the faint, o.s. GROWLS of the undead.

BLAM! BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! -- we hear Mulder FIRING his gun o.s., firing at the creatures. We PUSH IN ON the N.D. Man, flinching hard with every gunshot we hear.

Off the tense N.D. Man, as we hear an even more tense Mulder run through his ammo...

CUT TO:

35 INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - COMMON ROOM - SUNSET - FRANK

35

Stands by a steel mesh window, looking our way.

FRANK  
I haven't heard from him. He didn't go to the morgue with you?

SCULLY

Stands before him, gravely concerned. She shakes her head "no." (X)

SCULLY  
He went looking for our suspect's home -- no one's been able to contact him since. I've got task force agents canvassing northwestern Maryland, but it's a lot of territory to cover, and night is falling.

(beat)

I'm worried Mulder found what he was looking for. I need your help finding him.

(X)

Frank shakes his head. Scully won't let him off the hook. (X)

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

SCULLY

It was your profile he was following.

FRANK

And you know it as well as he does. You don't need me.

(off her frustration)

You respected my reasons before, Agent Scully. I ask you to respect them now.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

I don't think I understand your reasons, sir. In fact, I'm starting to wonder what's really going on here -- and how much you know about it.

(with difficulty)

Mulder spoke of the four Millennium members who "liveth and were dead." This morning at the morgue, I saw what he was talking about. I was attacked by it.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Frank shows some surprise at this. Scully is still shaken from her experience. Her voice is low and intense.

(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

And I have to ask... as crazy as it sounds...

(beat)

Do you believe the Millennium Group is actually capable of bringing about the Endtime? Armageddon?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Frank considers this smart, earnest woman before him. She's the very quintessence of sanity and rationality -- there's no dismissing her. He hesitates, speaks gently.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

FRANK

I understand their beliefs. I've spent years trying to unravel them, make sense of them... it doesn't mean I believe them myself.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

But what if it were true?

(off his look)

Good and evil... which would win?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

Frank can't answer, though clearly this is a question he's often asked himself. Finally... (X)  
(X)

FRANK  
I'm sorry.

(X)

He shakes his head -- he's not going with her. Frustrated and fearing for her partner, Scully gives a last, long look to this man, then exits. Frank watches her go. (X)

There's a lot on his mind. Once she's left the room, Frank moves to intercept the familiar Nurse, who's crossing through.

FRANK  
I'm checking myself out.

NURSE  
You'd like a day pass?

FRANK  
(shakes his head)  
I won't be back.

He exits frame, calm and determined. Off the Nurse, staring after him:

CUT TO:

36 EXT. N.D. MAN'S PROPERTY - NIGHT - A BASEMENT WINDOW

36

Sits a foot off the ground, little more than a slit in the foundation of the house. The N.D. Man crouches low on hands and knees, peering into it. Light glows faintly inside.

We never do see inside the window. However, when the N.D. Man turns away from it, we can see that TEARS are streaming down his face. He sits himself against the side of the house and cries.

Soon, the CRACK of a distant twig raises his head. He turns in the direction of the sound, sniffs and squints into the darkness.

We hear FOOTSTEPS padding through the grass, getting closer. The frightened N.D. rises to his feet.

N.D. MAN  
W-Who's there? --

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED:

36

THE N.D. MAN'S POV - A FIGURE

Ambles toward us. We realize... it's FRANK BLACK. Having left his hospital togs behind, he's dressed as we remember him from "Millennium" -- in his boots, chinos and familiar green coat.

FRANK

It's me.

N.D. is very surprised -- but not unhappily.

N.D. MAN

You came.

FRANK

I almost didn't.

N.D. MAN

We'd given up on you. Oh, thank god. Thank god.

He points to the basement window behind him. Sotto, to Frank:

N.D. MAN

There's someone in the basement, a policeman. He killed one of the members. Shot him in the head.

(sniffs; brightens)

But you're here. Now we'll have four.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Frank considers this. He nods, says simply:

FRANK

I'm here.

N.D. Man is happy once again. He leads Frank toward the lit-up back door of the house. What the hell's going on here? (X)

We ADJUST off them, back to... the basement window. We PUSH IN ON it, seeing nothing... but hearing a faint HISS-GROWL:

37 INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS - A CORPSE

37

Lies face-down in the dirt, a PUDDLE of something more akin to BLACK SYRUP than blood shining under its head. The HISSING continues as we CREEP ALONG TO FIND...

... The remaining THREE UNDEAD CREATURES standing their ground, their white eyes staring balefully. They stand before:

CONTINUED

37 CONTINUED:

37

ON THE GROUND - A SALT CIRCLE

It's been hurriedly sifted into the dirt. A man's feet are  
planted dead-center. BLOOD drip-drips. We ARM UP to find the (X)  
blood is dripping from the muzzle of a Sig-Sauer dangling off (X)  
the end of a finger, its slide locked open. No more bullets. (X)

We continue ARMING UP. All this blood is coming from a wound in (X)  
Mulder's upper arm -- one he squeezes tight with his other hand. (X)  
Mulder shines with sweat, breathing hard. He stands motionless, (X)  
little more than arm's length from these creatures. They're  
waiting, staring hateful and unblinking... biding their time. (X)

Off Mulder -- fucked, and he knows it:

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

38 INT. N.D. MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THE WOLF

38

Sits on its perch, its teeth forever bared ferociously. WE PAN off the long-dead animal to... the N.D. Man, who enters frame from the back of the house. He leads Frank Black into the room.

N.D. MAN

I can't tell you how happy I am.  
You were meant to be the fourth.  
I always knew that.

(smile)

I so hoped you'd come around.

Frank's demeanor betrays nothing.

(X)

FRANK

I didn't want to.

(X)

(beat)

(X)

The man in the basement -- I  
told him how to find this place.

(X)

(X)

N.D. MAN

Why?

(X)

(X)

FRANK

I was trying to walk the  
straight and narrow. To leave  
the Millennium Group behind. I  
can't do that any longer.

(X)

(beat)

(X)

Not now that I know you've  
succeeded.

(X)

(X)

(X)

The N.D. Man understands.

N.D. MAN

You didn't believe the dead  
would arise.

(X)

(X)

(off Frank's assent)

(X)

You see what the future holds,  
Frank. You know you can't run  
from it.

(X)

(X)

FRANK

No. I can't run.

(X)

N.D. MAN

You've paid so dearly. Your  
daughter was taken from you.  
Your wife murdered. There is no  
justice in this world, Frank.  
But there will be in the next.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED:

38

The N.D. Man looks to:

AN OLD PENDULUM CLOCK

That TICKS nearby on a shelf. The time is ten-thirteen.

N.D. MAN

The hour's near. Are you ready?

(X)

Frank knows what this means.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED:

38

FRANK  
I'm ready.

The N.D. Man smiles. Then, in a slow monotone: (X)

N.D. MAN  
I am the resurrection and the  
life. He that believeth in me,  
though he were dead...

As he speaks, the N.D. Man opens a small drawer in the table.  
He pulls out an antique-looking FIVE-SHOT REVOLVER and five (X)  
bullets. As Frank completes the passage for him...

FRANK  
... yet shall he live; and  
whosoever liveth and believeth  
in me shall never die.

... the N.D. Man calmly loads the five rounds. Then he sets it (X)  
down on the table between them. Frank considers the weapon for  
a beat. Is he really thinking of suicide? (X)

Frank picks up the revolver... and AIMS IT AT THE N.D. MAN. Who  
looks genuinely surprised as Frank's deceit dawns on him.

CUT TO:

39 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT - THE FULL MOON 39

Hangs over distant mountains. WE ADJUST OFF IT TO FIND... (X)  
Scully's rental sedan zooming beneath it. The car's taillights (X)  
quickly become pinpoints as it hurries up the deserted highway. (X)

CUT TO:

40 INT. RENTAL SEDAN - DRIVING - NIGHT 40

Scully peers ahead into the darkness, her desperation clear on  
her face. As we hear... her CELL RING.

ANGLE - SCULLY'S CELL PHONE

Sitting on a pile of maps and papers on the passenger seat --  
evidence of her frantic search for Mulder. Her hand appears,  
grabbing the phone... we TILT UP as she brings it to her ear.

SCULLY  
Scully --

INTERCUT WITH:

41 INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SKINNER

41

Paces the room, his cell to his ear. As he moves, we see other AGENTS spread out in the room behind him. Phones and case files abound -- they're working frantically, following the paper trail.

SKINNER  
(into phone)  
It's Skinner. We back-checked  
Frank Black as you asked --

SCULLY  
And? --

Skinner refers to a handwritten NOTES he carries in one hand.

SKINNER  
He took no calls at Hartwell  
Psychiatric other than from his  
daughter. But the staff took  
messages. Including one from a  
Rice County number.

(X)  
(X)

SCULLY  
I'm in Rice County now.

(X)

SKINNER  
We ran the phone records for  
Agent Crouch and the other  
desecration victims. All four  
received calls from this same  
number in the weeks before their  
deaths --

SCULLY  
(realizing)  
I need an address.

CUT TO:

42 CLOSE - A MAN'S HANDS

42

Are being tied behind his back. The man being tied is not struggling -- but the hands doing the tying seem hurried. We go WIDER to reveal we are:

INT. N.D. MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FRANK

Finishes tying the knot. He's bound the N.D. Man to the chair he's seated in. Tears shine once again in the N.D. Man's eyes.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED:

42

N.D. MAN  
Please don't do this...

Frank crosses to the basement door, surveying the three two-by-fours in their brackets. (X)  
(X)

N.D. MAN  
I'm begging you. Please. You know what the world is! Evil goes unpunished. The good suffer. (X)  
(X)

Frank starts removing the barricades.

N.D. MAN  
There's no future here but uncertainty and pain. Let the Judgement come. (X)

Frank ignores him, pulling open the old door with a loud CREAK.

43 INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS - FRANK

43

Appears at the top of the stairs. Holding the revolver at the ready. We hear, behind him:

N.D. MAN (O.S.)  
You're damning yourself, Frank! (X)

Frank looks like a man who's struggled with that very thought for years. He can't see a thing as he tentatively descends the stairs. He pauses a few steps down, calling into the darkness. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

FRANK  
Agent Mulder? Can you hear me?

WE HEAR a RUSTLE... and an INTAKE OF BREATH. Was it Mulder, or one of the undead? Frank slips something from the inside pocket of his coat. (X)  
(X)

FRANK  
Agent Mulder?!

MULDER (O.S.)  
Be careful. They're all around. (X)

Mulder's voice is distant and weak, coming from some dark corner. (X)

Frank is careful. He uncaps and strikes... a ROAD FLARE. It bathes him in orange light. He tosses the burning stick. (X)  
(X)

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED:

43

LOW ANGLE - THE FLARE

Lands in the dirt -- beside the corpse that Mulder dispatched previously, which still lies dead. WE SEE another FLARE ignite in b.g., in Frank's hand. Both flares cast flickering light on the dusty flotsam and jetsam that fills the room.

ANGLE - MULDER

In his dark corner, the flare-light just hitting him. He lifts his head from his crouched position amidst the circle of salt. He's fading fast.

MULDER  
You armed?

FRANK (O.S.)  
Yeah.

MULDER  
Shoot for the head. That stops them. There's three more.

(X)

FRANK (O.S.)  
Where? --

(X)

(X)

MULDER  
I can't see them -- they're hiding.

(X)

FRANK

One slow step at a time brings him to the bottom of the stairs. He holds the second flare like a candle to light his way. (X)

We hear a loud HISS from the darkness. Frank turns to see: (X)

HIS POV - RAYMOND CROUCH

Comes at us from the darkness, the orange light playing off his white eyes, teeth bared -- a spectre of death.

FRANK

Aims and fires -- BLAM-BLAM-BLAM! The third shot must have hit its mark as:

ANGLE FROM BEHIND CROUCH

The undead FBI Agent falls to his knees, then to the ground. Revealing Frank Black, flare in one hand, smoking gun in the other. Crouch lands hard and lies still.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

FRANK

Moves forward, leaning carefully over the corpse, glancing at the BIG EXIT WOUND in the back of its head. BLACK OOZE spreads on the floor. Crouch will never rise again. (X)  
(X)

ANGLE - MULDER

Tries to peer into the darkness. We can see he's used his tie as a bandage, wrapping it tight around the wound to his arm. It's soaked in blood -- Mulder is pale and weak.

MULDER

Frank?

MULDER'S POV - THROUGH THE FLARE SMOKE

The orange glow grows BRIGHTER as Frank appears around the obstacles between him and Mulder.

FRANK

Can you get up?

RESUME - MULDER

Rises. This takes effort, but he'll be able to walk out of here.

MULDER

Yeah -- LOOK OUT!

Mulder is reacting to:

A DARK FIGURE

Another zombie, which darts from the darkness behind the boiler, rushing toward Frank with a loud HISS.

FRANK

Spins -- too late. WHAM! The ZOMBIE CLIPS HIM HARD, sending the flare SPINNING off into the darkness. As Frank and the creature CRASH into various boxes --

THE REVOLVER

Thuds in the dirt. Off the sounds of RIPPING FLESH, the zombie HISS, the GRUNTS of struggle:

CUT TO:

44 EXT. N.D. MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SCULLY'S RENTAL SEDAN 44

Pulls to a stop before the chainlink fence, behind Frank's red Cherokee (Mulder's car is no longer here). Scully emerges, scans the area. As she jogs to the gate: (X)  
(X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

45 INT. BASEMENT - CLOSE ON FRANK BLACK 45

Amidst a life-and-death struggle, his face scratched and bloodied from the creature's too-long nails. It takes all Frank's strength to hold off... (X)

THE CREATURE (X)

Which straddles Frank, CLAWING AT HIM maniacally. The creature opens its mouth, pushes against Frank's throat-grip, getting closer and closer to taking a healthy bite out of him, when... (X)

... the zombie's head suddenly ARCHES BACK. Mulder appears, has a hold on the undead man's hair. With the last of his strength, he pulls the zombie's head back, holds the revolver to its temple. And we go -- BLAM: (X)  
(X)  
(X)

WIDE

To see a MUZZLE FLASH illuminate the trio -- Mulder, Frank and the zombie -- entangled on the floor. BLAM! A second FLASH. (X)  
(X)

CLOSER - THE ZOMBIE

Falls to the side. Mulder drops to his knees beside Frank -- who looks in bad shape. His clothes are torn, bloody -- as are his face and arms. (X)

Mulder reaches to help the downed man... when a low HISS draws his attention to the darkness.

MULDER'S POV - THROUGH THE SMOKE (X)

Barely visible in the waning glow of the flares... is the last surviving ZOMBIE. It's mostly a silhouette, except for its white eyes, which fairly GLOW in the darkness.

MULDER

Unsteadily raises the pistol, ready to fire. As: (X)

THE ZOMBIE

Eases forward -- like a jaguar waiting to strike. (X)

CONTINUED



45 CONTINUED:

45

MULDER

Takes careful aim... then CLICK. CLICK. The gun is empty. There's that classic "oh shit" look as... the CREATURE CHARGES with a loud HISS...

... and then DROPS FROM FRAME as BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! Three more MUZZLE FLASHES brighten the basement like lightning strikes. Mulder and Frank look up to see:

SCULLY

Silhouetted on the stairs, gun in hand.

As Scully descends into the basement... Mulder breathes a sigh of relief. Moving to help Frank. Off this:

DISSOLVE TO:

46 CLOSE - TV SCREEN - STOCK FOOTAGE

46

Of the famous glowing BALL OF LIGHT hanging over Times Square. As we hear the voice of DICK CLARK:

DICK CLARK (O.S.)  
We're only minutes away, here in  
Times Square, from the beginning  
of a new millennium...

WE ARM AROUND to reveal we are:

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT - FRANK BLACK

Sits on a sofa in the deserted room. It's late -- the ward is quiet. His wounds have been treated. Several discreet bandages mark his face, neck and arms. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

Frank watches the TV, his expression stoic, as Mr. Clark continues on the subject of the end of the millennium -- a subject that has engulfed the last several years of Frank's life.

SCULLY (O.S.)  
Mr. Black...?

Frank comes out of his somber reverie to find... Scully standing at the open door. (X)

FRANK  
Agent Scully.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED:

46

SCULLY

Mark Johnson is being taken for  
psychiatric evaluation -- he'll  
be put on suicide watch, as you  
requested.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Frank nods. Scully stares at him a beat longer, however --  
there's something else. She smiles faintly.

(X)  
(X)

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED: (2)

46

SCULLY

There's someone here to see you.

Scully steps aside... to reveal JORDAN BLACK, Frank's young daughter, standing behind her. The girl is overjoyed to see her father. She rushes to him -- Franks drops to one knee for a hug.

FRANK

Hey, little one!

JORDAN

Hi, Daddy!

He holds her tight, then gives her a kiss on the cheek.

FRANK

I missed you, sweetheart.

JORDAN

I missed you too, Daddy.

Scully watches, quietly touched by this reunion. She sees: (X)

ANGLE ON THE HALLWAY - MULDER

Approaches, exiting from another room. His wounds have also been treated. His injured right arm is in a sling. (X)

As Mulder joins Scully in the hallway, we see a NURSE'S STATION behind them where another TV plays the same Times Square footage. A couple of NURSES watch it.

Mulder looks in on Jordan and Frank (who continue ad-libbing, as needed). Scully speaks aside to Mulder. (X)

SCULLY

Her grandparents are downstairs.  
They wouldn't come up.

Mulder nods, understanding Frank still has a hard road ahead as far as his custody case is concerned.

Frank comes toward them, Jordan's hand in his. This is goodbye. (X)

MULDER

Good luck. With everything.

FRANK

Agent Mulder. Agent Scully. (X)

(looks to TV) (X)

I guess this is it, huh? (X)

(looks back to them) (X)

Take care of yourselves. (X)

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED: (3)

46

Frank picks up Jordan, holding her on one hip as he heads out. (X)  
Scully nods to the TV.

SCULLY  
You're not going to watch? (X)

Frank smiles, shakes his head.

FRANK  
We just want to go home.

Mulder and Scully watch him exit, the sound of the TV rising: (X)

DICK CLARK (O.S.)  
... seconds away from the new  
millennium -- it's an end, and  
a beginning. Four... Three...  
Two... One... Happy New Year!

The ball drops -- the year "2000" lights up. The TV cuts to  
Times Square revelers kissing. WE RACK from this to...

... Mulder and Scully. Who turn, looking at each other. The  
same thing on both their minds.

At last, Mulder moves to kiss Scully. No bee sting intrudes.  
It's a nice, sweet kiss on the lips. One that lingers maybe a  
bit longer than a kiss between two friends should.

Their lips part, the two partners sharing a tender look.

MULDER  
The world didn't end.

SCULLY  
No, it didn't.

Mulder nods.

MULDER  
Happy New Year, Scully.

SCULLY  
Happy New Year, Mulder.

As they turn and head down the hall, toward the new year -- and  
a new beginning...

FADE OUT:

THE END