

1X14

December 20, 1993

THE X-FILES

"Lazarus"

CAST

FOX MULDER
DANA SCULLY

PHIL BRUSKIN
CLEAN CUT MAN
DOCTOR #1
DOCTOR #2
WARREN DUPRE
LULA PHILLIPS
MR. LEE

(X)

BRIAN O'DELL
OFFICER DANIELS
TOMMY PHILLIPS
DR. RAYMOND VARNES
JACK WILLIS
WORKER
YOUNG AGENT

(X)

THE X-FILES

"Lazarus"

SETS

EXTERIORS

BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL
BUNGALOW
COURTYARD APARTMENT BUILDING
DESMOND ARMS RESIDENT HOTEL
FBI BUILDING
RESIDENTIAL STREET
SNOWY MOUNTAIN ROAD
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

INTERIORS

BIOLOGY BUILDING
 /CORRIDOR
 /VARNES' OFFICE
BLACK CAMARO
BUNGALOW
 /BEDROOM
 /LIVING ROOM
COURTYARD APARTMENT BUILDING
 /BASEMENT
 /BOILER ROOM AREA
 /LAUNDRY ROOM
FBI BUILDING
 /MULDER'S OFFICE
 /BULLPEN (X)
 /SOUND LAB
 /TACTICAL ROOM
 /WILLIS' OFFICE
HOSPITAL
 /HALLWAY
 /CRASH ROOM
 /SURGICAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT
 /ROOM
 /MORGUE
MARYLAND MARINE BANK
RIFLE RANGE
DESMOND ARMS RESIDENT HOTEL
 /HALLWAY
 /PHILLIPS'S ROOM (#7E) (X)

TEASER

1 INT. MARYLAND MARINE BANK - DAY - PLASTIC GARBAGE BASKET

1

brimming with balled-up deposit slips. As another one drops in:

SCULLY (O.S.)
Relax, Jack, they'll be here...

TILT UP TO SCULLY

standing at an island/counter opposite AGENT JACK WILLIS who anxiously surveys the bank as he balls up yet another deposit slip.

WILLIS (X)
Bank's closing in five minutes.

SCULLY (X)
You think the tip was bogus?

WILLIS
(shakes his head)
No, it's the real thing. I've been on this long enough to know the difference.
(then, with growing intensity)
Besides... I can feel it. I can feel them. I'm inside their heads.

SCULLY
(caring, cautionary)
As long as you keep yours.

Willis regards her for a beat, eases up with an appreciative smile.

WILLIS
Message received, Agent Scully.
Loud and clear.

The look that passes between them suggests that theirs is a connection with some personal history. Shifting gears, Willis speaks low into his palm microphone:

WILLIS
Position five, this is Willis...
do you copy?

As he moves off, Scully adjusts her handbag -- the handle of her .38 peeking up inside.

2 INT. BLACK CAMARO - DAY

2

Parked in an adjacent alley. WARREN DUPRE, 30, thumbs a final shell into the chamber of his 12 gauge pump -- then looks up at LULA PHILLIPS, 25, behind the wheel, biting her nails. (X)
(X)

DUPRE
(amused at the
prospect)
What're you, nervous?

LULA
No. It's just... I don't want
our luck to run out.

DUPRE
Baby, you are my luck.

Lula shakes her head and smiles. As Dupre pulls her face closer to his, we see a distinctive DRAGON TATTOO emblazoned on his forearm.

DUPRE
And whatever happens, when I look
up at the stars, I'll know you're
looking up at the same ones.

LULA
The same ones, baby.

Their kiss is quick, but hard and deep, almost violent.

WILLIS
You make every day like New
Year's Eve.

He snaps shut his 12 gauge, and from beneath the dash, pulls out a THREE EYED MONSTER MASK. And as he raises it up to his face:

MATCH CUT TO:

3 INT. MARYLAND MARINE BANK - DAY - THE MASK

3

YELLING DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA:

DUPRE
On the floor, or I'll execute
every one of you!

WIDER

Masked Dupre strides forward.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

DUPRE

That includes you, Ace!

He SMASHES a stunned SECURITY GUARD with the butt of his shotgun -- sending him sprawling to the ground. Dupre sweeps his gun in a wide arc toward the other terrified customers --

DUPRE

Now unless you all wanna play
follow the leader, shut up and do
as you're told.

The customers begin to scabble onto their bellies and knees...
as Dupre moves toward the row of tellers.

DUPRE

Pick up the pace, or they'll be
picking you up with a straw.

SCULLY

down on one knee, glances over at:

RACK FOCUS - WILLIS

who meets her gaze evenly. He is just beyond Dupre's
peripheral vision.

DUPRE (O.S.)

That's good... much more like
it.

Willis waits for the customers to get prone, before his gun is
out and aimed at Dupre's back:

WILLIS

Drop the gun. F.B.I.

DUPRE

freezes.

SCULLY

inches closer, her gun trained on Dupre.

WILLIS

adrenalized.

WILLIS

I said drop the gun! Now!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

A long tense moment. Dupre slowly turns to look over his shoulder at Willis. Sees that he's outgunned. And just as Dupre seems about to comply, lowering his shotgun... he spins toward Willis, BLASTING him backward with a load of 000 buck, as:

SCULLY FIRES

three fast shots, and:

DUPRE

is twisted off his feet.

DUPRE'S MONSTER MASK (OVERCRANK)

tumbles through the air, then bounces to the cold floor.

CUT TO:

4 INT. CRASH ROOM - DAY - EKG RHYTHM STRIP

4

rolls out a flatline to a sustained electronic tone. Over this, a cacophony of urgent voices:

DOCTOR #1
Up to 360, stat.

DOCTOR #2 (O.S.)
Eleven minutes, thirty
seconds.

WIDER

Organized chaos. Willis lies upon a gurney, conductive pads on his chest. A TRAUMA NURSE respirates him with an ambu bag. All step away as DOCTOR #1 places the defib paddles on Willis' chest and:

DOCTOR #1
Clear.

KA-CHUNK! Willis' body arches hard.

SCULLY
Come on, Jack...

Scully looks hopefully at the EKG monitor: still flatlining.

DOCTOR #2
(shakes his head)
It's almost twelve minutes, Dave.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

DOCTOR #1
(overlapping)
Another amp of epi, and we'll go
again at 360.

Doctor #2 shoots his colleague a whatever-you-say look. Then
injects an ampule of epinephrine into Willis' I.V.

DOCTOR #1
Clear.

He tries again -- KA-CHUNK! But the EKG stays flat. The
electronic tone drones on. After a beat, Doctor #1 lets out a
breath, looks to Doctor #2... then to Scully.

DOCTOR #1
-- I'm sorry...

DOCTOR #2
(fingering stethoscope)
You want me to pronounce?

Scully pushes forward through the trauma team.

SCULLY
No. You can't give up on him.

DOCTOR #1
It's been over thirteen minutes.
He's dead.

SCULLY
Go up to 400.

DOCTOR #1
We lost him. Let him go.

SCULLY
I'm a doctor -- if you don't push
it to 400, I'll do it myself.

Doctor #1 shoots her a hard look -- before adjusting the dials,
and pick up the defib paddles.

DOCTOR #1
Clear.

KA-CHUNK! Smoke sizzles off Willis' chest, as it arches high
and hard. From this angle, we see for the first time in b.g.,
another still body upon a gurney, covered by a white sheet.
Doctor #1 shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

SCULLY
Give him another amp of epi
intracardial, and try again at
400.
(off the doctor's
hesitation)
Do it!

Doctor #1 nods to Doctor #2, who reluctantly grabs a syringe,
and plunges it deep below Willis' sternum.

DOCTOR #1
Clear.

KA-CHUNK! But this time, unnoticed by everyone else, we see in
b.g. the body on the gurney arches in sync with Willis.

SCULLY
Again.
(to Willis)
Come on, Jack...

As CAMERA MOVES PAST the central action, towards the covered
corpse...

DOCTOR #1 (O.S.)
Clear.

KA-CHUNK! Again, the covered body JERKS in sync, causing an
arm to dislodge from beneath the sheet, dangle beside the
gurney -- revealing Dupre's DRAGON TATTOO. When the relentless
electronic tone suddenly becomes a STEADY BEEP.

DOCTOR #1 (O.S.)
We got a rhythm...

RESUME

Scully, breathless, regards the EKG monitor as it wiggles to
life. Doctor #1 shakes his head in disbelief -- along with the
rest of the trauma team.

DOCTOR #1
Don't ask me how... but he's
back. BP's eighty over fifty,
and climbing. Ninety over
fifty...

(X)

(CONTINUED)

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7.

4 CONTINUED: (3)

Off Scully's grateful relief... CAMERA DRIFTS BACK to the dragon tattoo. And on this fire-spewing vision from hell, etched upon Warren Dupre's dead flesh...

FADE OUT

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. BETHESDA NAVAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT 5

LEGEND appears to identify this imposing facility -- famous for its care of Presidents. (X)
(X)

6 INT. SURGICAL INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT - WILLIS 6

In bed. Tubes and wires sprouting everywhere. Life support systems BLEEP and WHINE.

His eyes spring OPEN. A caged animal, taking his bearings.

7 INT. HALLWAY - WILLIS 7

emerges from his room, wearing a hospital gown. He moves off down the hallway.

8 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 8

Willis enters a darkened room, closing the door behind him. He glances at the unconscious MAN in the bed, then finds the shallow closet where the man's clothes hang. He reaches for the clothes, when the door opens suddenly. Willis ducks into the bathroom, hidden in shadow -- as a NURSE enters.

NURSE

Hello, Mr. Goldbaum. How are we doing tonight?

Mr. Goldbaum has no idea himself, as the Nurse adjusts the IV drip, makes some notations on his patient chart.

WILLIS

threateningly pulls taut a length of surgical tubing, watching her from the shadows, waiting -- until she leaves. Easing his grip on the tubing, he catches his reflection in the large mirror. His eyes register shock, as he moves closer to the glass. He touches the strange face staring back at him, explores its unfamiliar contours.

CUT TO:

"LAZARUS" (Green)

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8A.

9 INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT - BODY DRAWER

9

SLIDES OUT, revealing the cold, gray corpse of Warren Dupre on the stainless steel tray.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

WILLIS

stares at the body for a long moment -- before fishing out Dupre's left arm. He tries to pull a gold ring off Dupre's wedding finger. But it won't come off, the digit swollen in rigor mortis. He tries again, pulling and twisting hard. Still no luck.

CLOSE - STEEL DRAWER

is yanked open, spilling a gleaming set of pathology tools onto the floor. Willis ENTERS FRAME as he hunkers down... and grabs a surgeon's cleaver with his left hand.

FOLLOW WILLIS

back to body drawer. He positions Dupre's hand against the edge of the table, raises the cleaver high. As the blade comes chopping down, we:

CUT TO:

10 INT. MORGUE - DAY - STEEL DOORS

Bang open to a swarm of activity. Mulder enters, crosses to Scully, who's holding a folder. She looks up.

SCULLY
Any word from Willis?

MULDER
Still missing. He hasn't been home, and he hasn't checked in with the office.
(then)
I heard something on the way down about a mutilation...

Scully indicates the corpse on the dissecting table, now covered by a sheet.

SCULLY
Three fingers on Dupre's left hand were severed with a surgical cleaver. We lifted prints. They're Willis'.

Mulder digests the strange information. He crosses to the corpse, lifts up the sheet to look.

MULDER
You said he was chasing this guy for almost a year...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

SCULLY

He lived the case. Day and night. It's all he ever thought about, talked about...

MULDER

What're you thinking?

SCULLY

Maybe this was some kind of post-trauma psychosis. The way soldiers sometimes mutilate the bodies of a dead enemy.

MULDER

That still doesn't explain why he would just vanish.

Scully's silence echoes the truth of this. Mulder drops his gaze back to the corpse, considering.

MULDER

Dupre's partner, who was she?

Scully hands him the folder.

INSERT FOLDER

Stapled to the written report, a pair of photographs: one of DUPRE wearing a prison guard's uniform; the other, a prison shot of LULA.

MULDER (O.S.)

(reading)

Lula Phillips...

(X)

RESUME

SCULLY

They met while she was serving a ten year sentence for manslaughter at the Maryland Women's Correctional Facility.

MULDER

And Dupre was a prison guard...

SCULLY

Until the warden found out about their secret. According to Lula's cellmate, they kept up quite a torrid romance.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

MULDER

It says here that she was released May 2, 1993...

SCULLY

One week before the first robbery at Annapolis Savings and Loan. A sixty-five year old female teller was pistol-whipped, died from a massive subdural hemorrhage... all because she didn't put the money in the bag quickly enough.

MULDER

Lovely couple...

SCULLY

Apparently they took turns -- one pulling the job, the other driving getaway. Between them, they've killed seven people... and gotten away with close to a hundred thousand dollars.

MULDER

That's a lot of money... now that she doesn't have to split it two ways.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

We're putting her face out there... local PDs, newspapers, America's Most Wanted.

Scully stops when she realizes that Mulder is no longer listening, distracted by something in the report.

SCULLY

Am I boring you?

MULDER

They were married...

SCULLY

Last May, in Atlantic City. So what?

MULDER

So I don't think this was a simple necrophiliac mutilation. (then) Willis sliced and diced those fingers for their wedding ring.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

Mulder looks down once again at the photographs.

ECU - EYES

staring back at him. Cold. Opaque. Dead. The eyes of natural born killers.

DISSOLVE TO:

11 EXT. ONE BEDROOM BUNGALOW - DAY - EYES

11

Willis'. His face pressed against a pane of glass at the back door, looking into the kitchen. WIDEN as he gloves his fist with the sleeve of his coat and punches in the glass. He unlocks the door. Steps inside.

12 INT. BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

12

Willis calls out from the kitchen.

WILLIS
Anybody home?

But the only answer is the BUZZING of a small plane overhead. He scratches absently at his forearm through the coatsleeve... as he stick his head in the bedroom, calling out:

WILLIS
Baby?

Nobody there. He withdraws to the living room... where he slides an armchair away from the wall and peels back a corner of the rug, revealing a section of cut away flooring. He lifts it out and reaches his hand down inside. He roots around, but finds nothing... his anger rising.

WILLIS
Damn!

He scratches angrily at his forearm, and finally he draws up his sleeve, revealing:

HIS FOREARM

Upon which a bright fuchsia rash has bloomed: an exact silhouette of Dupre's dragon tattoo.

WILLIS

just stares at his arm.

CUT TO:

13 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON FINGERPRINT CARD

13

Labelled "Willis, Jack B." Inked prints from all ten digits. Another fingerprint card, this one with a single, partial print ENTERS FRAME.

SCULLY (O.S.)
It's a left thumbprint.

WIDER

Mulder uses a magnifying glass to compare Willis' prints against the single print, while Scully watches.

MULDER
You can see from these two bifurcations here... whoever was holding that cleaver was using his left hand.

SCULLY
What do you mean, "whoever?" It was Willis.

MULDER
Willis is right-handed. I checked his pistol grip at the armory.
(off her look)
But all the bank surveillance tapes show that Dupre was left-handed.

SCULLY
I'm not sure where you're going with this...

Mulder finds another file -- opens it before them:

MULDER
How long did Willis flatline before you revived him?

SCULLY
Just over thirteen minutes.

MULDER
Here's the EKG strip that recorded Willis' cardiac activity at the time. Now in your medical opinion...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

INSERT EKG STRIP

At a point marked "13:03" the flatline angles into a landscape of equidistant peaks and valleys -- though another line visibly overlaps, irregular for fifteen seconds, then stabilizing.

MULDER (O.S.)
What does this look like?

Scully shakes her head.

SCULLY
Could be anything: instrument
malfunction, electrical
overload...

MULDER
(insistent)
But what does it look like?

Scully reluctantly studies the EKG once again.

SCULLY
-- Two heartbeats.

MULDER
And you told me that Willis and
Dupre went into arrest at the
same time, right?

SCULLY
Right --

MULDER
Which means that there was a
period of minutes when they were
both technically dead...

SCULLY
Technically... But we
resuscitated Willis.

MULDER
You resuscitated his body.

SCULLY
Mulder --

MULDER
Two people died in that crash
room, Scully. One came back.
The question is: which one?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

Scully eyes Mulder, not wanting to believe.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

14

Bright sun over the Gothic architecture. LEGEND appears.

15 INT. OFFICE - DAY

15

Dr. RAYMOND VARNES, Chairman of the Biology Department, 45, entertains Scully and Mulder in his office.

VARNES

What do you know about Near Death Experiences, Scully?

SCULLY

-- The usual stuff: the Tunnel, the Light, people rising up and viewing their own bodies.

VARNES

And as a scientist, how do you account for the phenomenon?

SCULLY

Some sort of dissociative hallucinatory activity.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

VARNES

Did you know that half of all adults who have had a near death experience can't wear a watch? The increased electrical activity in their bodies renders the watches on their wrists inoperable.

(X)
(X)

Scully can't keep the skepticism from her face.

VARNES

I know it sounds kooky. But as any biologist will tell you: when cells die and genetic material begins to unfold, a tremendous charge of energy is released.

MULDER

(to Scully)

Dr. Varnes believes this burst of energy is responsible for the transformational nature of the experience.

VARNES

-- People do return from the event profoundly changed.

SCULLY

Changed how?

VARNES

Personality shifts, perceived psychic abilities, an increased zest for life.

MULDER

What about the negative consequences?

VARNES

Well, they're rare. But apparently in the process of dying there's a window of time during which the body is vulnerable.

SCULLY

I don't understand --

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

VARNES

There was a pilot in my support group, who "died" in a commuter plane crash, along with his three passengers. This was a few years ago. He recalls floating up in a brilliant aura of light.. then feeling an overwhelming need to return to his body. He was revived in the ambulance on the way to the hospital, the only survivor.

(X)

Varnes moves to the window and looks out at the serene campus.

VARNES

Soon after, the visions started. Visions of making love to his wife -- but in ways and in places that weren't in his memory. Turns out, one of the dead passengers had been having an affair with his wife. Somehow, the passenger's memory... his consciousness... survived through the pilot.

(X)

SCULLY

What happened?

(X)

VARNES

The pilot became increasingly disoriented -- schizophrenic, his doctor claimed -- until one day, he strangled his wife with an extension cord.

(X)

Scully glances at Mulder.

CUT TO:

16 INT. BIOLOGY BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY - MOVING

16

with Mulder and Scully.

SCULLY

I don't discount the near death experience, because it can be explained empirically -- by stimulation of the temporal lobe...

MULDER

I sense a big "but" coming.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

SCULLY

It's still my best guess that Jack's disappearance can be explained in psychological, not supernatural, terms.

MULDER

For instance...

SCULLY

The stress of the case, the trauma of being shot... his personality.

MULDER

How well do you know him?

SCULLY

-- We dated for almost a year.
He was my instructor at the
Academy.

(X)
(X)

Mulder smiles, surprised -- and also, maybe, a little jealous.

MULDER

The plot thickens...

SCULLY

We even have the same birthday.
We used to celebrate at some dive
in Stafford that had this slanted
pool table. I forget the name...

Scully smiles at the memory... which now turns bittersweet:

SCULLY

But Jack had such a hard time
relaxing. It was impossible for
him, really. He was always so...
intense. So relentlessly
determined.

MULDER

You believe he's predisposed to
this kind of psychotic episode.

SCULLY

-- I believe it's a long way from
saying Jack had a near death
experience to saying his body has
been inhabited by Warren Dupre.

CAMERA HOLDS, watches them move off together down the
corridor...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

SCULLY
A long way.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. DESMOND ARMS RESIDENT HOTEL - STOCK

(X)

17

Low tide district. Hourly rates.

18 INT. RESIDENT HOTEL - NIGHT - WILLIS

18

Stands in the dingy hallway before 7E. Bare low wattage bulbs don't pierce the grimness. From somewhere comes the CRY of a baby, a couple FIGHTING in Spanish.

After a beat, he raises his boot and KICKS in the door.

CUT TO:

19 INT. FURNISHED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

19

A strung-out man, 28, call him TOMMY, bolts up in bed. A black and white TV with a wire hanger antenna plays the Eleven O'clock News silently in the corner. (X)

TOMMY
What the hell!

Willis angles quickly for a bureau on the near wall. He pulls open a drawer, and brings out a .45 automatic.

WILLIS
You're a creature of habit,
Tommy.

TOMMY
Who the hell are you?

WILLIS
Get out of bed.

TOMMY
I don't got any clothes on.

WILLIS
Get out of bed. I don't want to
have to shoot you lying down.

Tommy gets out of bed, slides into a pair of dirty jeans from the floor -- all the while glancing nervously at Willis.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

TOMMY
What are you, the rent man? I'm
all paid up, come on, just ask
Cosmo --

WILLIS
(overriding)
Shut up and tell me where she is.

TOMMY
Where who is?

WILLIS
Your sister.

TOMMY
(innocent)
Lula?

Willis takes a threatening step closer, bringing the barrel of the gun forward.

TOMMY
(stammering)
I don't know. I swear, I don't
know where she is... Mother of
God. I was... I was just waiting
to see her on the news.

A frightened grin spreads across his face. He indicates the TV.

TOMMY
What'd I tell you? Check it out.

Willis' eyes shift.

HIS POV - TV SCREEN

Where Lula's mug shot is being broadcast.

WILLIS

crosses to the set. The image on the screen changes. Now a NEWSWOMAN is standing in front of the bank we recognize from the teaser, talking into a microphone. Willis turns up the volume knob. Nothing happens. He looks at Tommy.

TOMMY
(shrugs)
Sound's busted.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

Willis looks back at the screen. Lula's picture is there again. This time with an 800 number and the words FBI HOTLINE flashing beneath it.

TOMMY
(smiles)
Looks like they're gonna find her
first, pal...

WILLIS
Is that what you think?

CLOSE - TV

Willis punctuates the sentence by turning off the tube.

WILLIS (O.S.)
Because that's not what I think.

WIDER

Now he's standing over Tommy, menacing.

WILLIS
I miss her, Tommy. Like I never
missed anyone. She's why I came
back.

TOMMY
(mystified)
Do I know you from somewhere?

WILLIS
Everything I see, I see her.

TOMMY
-- Jesus, man, you're bleeding.

Willis touches his belly, where the blood has soaked through the shirt. The stickiness comes away on his hand. He studies it, then levels his gaze at Tommy.

WILLIS
Even ugliness looks beautiful
'cause of her.

He raises the gun.

TOMMY
(panicking)
What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

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22.

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

WILLIS
You set us up, Tommy. You ratted
us out to the Feds.

As Tommy regards him with dawning cognition:

TOMMY
-- Dupre?

20 EXT. APARTMENT

20

Another baby's CRY. A loud COUGH. And then a single GUNSHOT.
BAM! It echoes.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21 OMITTED 21

22 INT. APARTMENT 7E - DAY - CLOSE - BODY BAG 22

is zipped shut.

BRUSKIN (O.S.)
Neighbors heard a gunshot...

FOLLOW THE BODY BAG

as the ME guys load it onto a gurney, then HOLD ON an older agent, PHIL BRUSKIN, who unwraps a stick of gum as he fills in Mulder and Scully. Around them in the dusty light, forensic technicians comb the room, photographers document the crime scene.

BRUSKIN
But no one bothered to check it out. Patrol guys responded this morning to an anonymous 911 and found him here -- except the rats found him first. Victim's name was Thomas Phillips.

(X)

SCULLY
Lula's brother.

BRUSKIN
Not much of a family resemblance left, between the rats and the .45 he took in the face.

Bruskin folds the gum into his mouth, grimaces.

BRUSKIN
I hate this nicotine stuff.

SCULLY
(re: Tommy)
So what's his story?

BRUSKIN
Single, lived here alone for the past seven months. A few priors, small stuff mostly...
(more)

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

BRUSKIN (CONT'D)

B and E, narcotics possession.
Nothing like his big sister.

(X)
(X)

Under this, Mulder has been looking around -- and now his gaze falls upon the television. Mulder measures the space between the TV and the taped outline of Phillips' body.

(X)

MULDER

Was the television turned on when they found him?

BRUSKIN

No. Why?

MULDER

I don't think Tommy did much reading, since he doesn't seem to have owned any books. And from the position of his body... it looks like maybe he was watching the tube when he was shot.

Bruskin nods, shrugs -- intrigued by the possibility.

BRUSKIN

Print kit's right over there.
Knock yourself out.

When their attention is drawn toward an angry voice rising above the din:

WILLIS (O.S.)

Get out of my way, Ace.

THEIR POV - AT THE DOOR

Willis is arguing with OFFICER DANIELS, a slightly nerdy, by-the-book rookie.

OFFICER DANIELS

Regulations state: to gain access to a crime scene, your I.D. has to be visible at all times.

RESUME

Mulder regards Scully, who somehow doesn't feel like gloating.

MULDER

-- Looks like you were right.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

SCULLY

Excuse me.

As she moves to the door, hold on Mulder for a beat. Curious and concerned.

AT THE DOOR

Scully approaches Willis, whose temper flares.

SCULLY

Jack...

As Willis turns to Scully, CAMERA PUSHES IN FAST on his face:

SCULLY (O.S.)

Is there a problem here?

22A MEMORY HIT - INT. BANK - DUPRE'S POV

22A

Scully fires three fast shots INTO CAMERA, with each shot, JUMP CUT closer and closer to Scully, then:

22B RESUME SCENE - PRESENT TIME

22B

Willis lets out a tense breath. Then:

WILLIS

-- I forgot my I.D. Will you please tell this... gentleman... who I am?

SCULLY

It's alright, officer. This is Jack Willis. He's with the Violent Crimes Section of the Washington Bureau.

(X)

(X)

OFFICER DANIELS

(nods defensively)

I was just doing my job.

As soon as they enter the room, when Scully turns to face Willis. She speaks low, but urgent.

(CONTINUED)

22B CONTINUED:

22B

SCULLY

For God's sake, Jack, what happened? Half the Bureau's been looking for you. Where have you been?

WILLIS

Tell the truth... I'm not so sure myself. I kind of woke up on the street --

He trails off, shakes his head. Scully eyes him, concerned.

SCULLY

Let's go. I'm taking you back to the hospital. You're in no shape to be --

WILLIS

I'm staying right here.

SCULLY

You're not ready to be here.

WILLIS

Says who?

SCULLY

You're recovering from a major trauma. It's a miracle you're even able to walk around...

Willis takes in the room, proving himself.

WILLIS

This is Tommy Phillips' place, right?

(X)

SCULLY

Jack --

WILLIS

Answer me this: was he shot with a .45?

SCULLY

As a matter of fact --

WILLIS

Lula's weapon of choice. I'm telling you, I know these people. I've been after them for a long time.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

22B CONTINUED: (2)

22B

WILLIS (CONT'D)

And now we're halfway there...

Scully can't deny this. Nor can she deny Willis' intensity.

SCULLY

-- You did open the book on this one...

WILLIS

And I want to be there when it's closed.

However reluctantly, Scully nods her assent.

SCULLY

All right. But as a colleague, and as a friend... I'm recommending that you undergo a full medical evaluation. Physical and psychological.

WILLIS

Fair enough.

As Scully leads him further into the crime scene...

WIDER

They approach Bruskin and Mulder, who is hunkered before the television set as he finishes dusting with a fingerprint brush. A FORENSIC TECHNICIAN assists.

MULDER

(rising)

Good to see you back among the living.

Mulder snaps off his latex glove, offers his hand to Willis ... who takes it with a smile that seems to meet some unspoken challenge between them.

WILLIS

Good to be back.

Bruskin also nods his greeting.

BRUSKIN

Jack...

WILLIS

Come up with anything interesting?

(CONTINUED)

22B CONTINUED: (3)

22B

BRUSKIN

Mulder here just found a print on the TV. A partial oblique -- and it's not the victim's.

(X)
(X)

Willis looks past them, where the forensic technician is carefully lifting the fingerprint tape. Then he nods to Mulder.

WILLIS

Nice work, Agent Mulder. I'm impressed.

Off Willis' smile...

CUT TO:

23 INT. RIFLE RANGE - DAY - CLOSE - SILHOUETTE TARGET

23

As one... two... three... bullets bite into the heart of the target.

WILLIS

shoots left-handed. Squeezes off shots four... five... and six. Then, as he lowers his .38... RACK FOCUS to reveal Mulder, who's been watching over his shoulder. Pressing the mechanical target return, Willis senses Mulder, glances at him casually.

MULDER

Fancy shooting.

Willis holsters his gun, slides the ear muffle down around his neck.

WILLIS

I have to get recertified on the range before they give me back my firearm.

The target rattles back on the wire: the innermost circle of the target is fairly obliterated.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

MULDER
I wouldn't worry about the
recertification.

WILLIS
Is there something you wanted to
ask me?

Mulder extends the birthday card to him.

(X)

MULDER
It's Scully's birthday. You mind
signing her card?

WILLIS
Not at all.

Willis takes the pen and the card Mulder offers him. Mulder
watches him sign... with his left hand.

WILLIS
Always a pleasure to celebrate
the happy times.

And as he hands back the card to Mulder...

MATCH CUT TO:

24 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON CARD

24

MULDER (O.S.)
Happy birthday, Scully.

WIDER

Scully picks up the birthday card, confused.

SCULLY
You're two months early.

MULDER
It's from Willis.
(then)
I thought you two have the same
birthday.

(X)

SCULLY
We do.

Scully opens the card and shakes her head, catching on.

(CONTINUED)

"LAZARUS" (Green)

December 20, 1993

29A.

24 CONTINUED:

24

MULDER
Well that's news to him. I asked
him to sign it --

(X)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

SCULLY
You mean you tested him.

MULDER
Yeah... after I discovered the
evidence missing from the
Phillips' murder.

SCULLY
What evidence?

MULDER
The print I lifted -- our best
lead -- is gone. Someone stole
it before the lab had a chance to
take a look.

SCULLY
And you think Willis is
responsible...

MULDER (X)
I'm not sure Willis is Willis.
(off Scully's look)
At least accept the possibility
that during his near death
experience, some kind of
psychic transference occurred --

SCULLY (X)
Can't you accept the possibility
that this isn't an X-File? Aside
from the expected level of post-
trauma stress, Jack passed both
his physical and psychological
evaluations.

Mulder has no answer to this. (X)

SCULLY
And just because someone forgets
a birthday doesn't mean he's
been... possessed. When I was
studying for my medical boards I
forgot my birthday too.

MULDER
Did you forget how to sign your
name?

Off Scully's quizzical look, Mulder places a xeroxed sheet of
paper over the card.

MULDER
It's a copy of the automobile
requisition form Willis filed the
day before he was shot.

(CONTINUED)

"LAZARUS" (Yellow)

December 21, 1993

30A.

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

CLOSER

As Mulder aligns the official-looking form with the birthday card...

MULDER (O.S.)
Compare the signatures.

Indeed, they are different, though not markedly so.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (5)

24

WIDER

Scully looks up at Mulder, nonplussed.

SCULLY

Like I said, Mulder: stress. We both know it can significantly affect someone's cursive standard.

(puts down the card)
I'm afraid this doesn't prove a thing.

With which she exits, leaving Mulder frustrated in her wake.

CUT TO:

24A INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

24A

Willis behind a desk, immersed in case files.

CLOSE - TEXT

An official report recording the crime scene. CAMERA moves over the words: "The victim, an eighteen-year old male Causasian, was struck several times in the head with a sharp object, causing multiple skull fractures..."

REVERSE - WILLIS

Processes this impassively, betrays nothing... until he shuffles some papers, and comes upon:

CLOSE - PHOTO

of Lula Philllips.

REVERSE - WILLIS

who studies the photograph, loses himself in it, tenderly traces its surface with his finger... when a RINGING telephone snaps him out of his trance. (X)

WILLIS

Agent Willis.

He sobers instantly, listening to the voice at the other end of the line, as we:

CUT TO:

25 INT. FBI BULLPEN - DAY - MOVING FAST WITH WILLIS

25

Through the bustling space -- when Scully catches up to him, keeps pace.

SCULLY
Where are you going?

WILLIS
We got a break. Apartment
manager in Boyle Heights thinks
he has our girl.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY
Hotline?

WILLIS
(nods)
Saw her picture at the Post
Office. Here's the address.

(X)

He hands her the card upon which he's noted the address. But
Scully fairly ignores it; instead, regards him closely, as:

(X)
(X)

SCULLY
Jack, can I ask you something?

WILLIS
Sure.

The following is difficult for Scully.

SCULLY
The Phillips murder. The print
Mulder lifted from the
television... it's missing.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

WILLIS
(cool)
-- And?

SCULLY
-- And you were the one carrying
the evidence bag.

(X)

WILLIS
Are you implying something, Agent
Scully?

Scully says nothing. He pauses at the double doors, looks her
straight in the eye:

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

WILLIS
Because I don't know anything
about a missing print.

(X)

(X)

(then)
Now I'm ten minutes away from
closing the biggest case of my
career. You coming?

(X)

(X)

He exits. After a beat, Scully follows.

(X)

CUT TO:

26 EXT. COURTYARD APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

26

Scully and Willis cross through the overgrown courtyard to a
ground floor apartment. Willis knocks. The manager, MR.
MULTREVICH, answers the door.

(X)

(X)

(X)

WILLIS
Mr. Multrevich? We're from the
F.B.I. I'm Agent Willis, we
talked on the phone.

(X)

He takes a photograph of Lula Phillips from his coat pocket,
hands it to the man.

(X)

WILLIS
Is this the woman you rented an
apartment to?

Mr. Multrevich studies the photograph, nods.

(X)

MR. MULTREVICH
3F. Two days ago. First and
last month. Cash.

(X)

SCULLY
Where's 3F?

(X)

MR. MULTREVICH
(pointing down the
corridor)
Down the hallway. Just around
the corner.

(X)

WILLIS
You know if she's home?

MR. MULTREVICH
What am I, her mother?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

SCULLY
All right, Mr. Multrevich. Now
I want you to go back inside your
apartment --

(X)

MR. MULTREVICH
The poster. It said ten thousand
dollars.

(X)

SCULLY
Later. Now go back inside your
apartment, and stay away from the
windows.

Mr. Multrevich obeys. The Agents turn to face out into the
courtyard. Scully glances toward the street, concerned:

(X)

SCULLY
Where's our backup? You said you
called --

(X)

WILLIS
They should've been here ten
minutes ago. She could be
crawling out a fire escape, for
all we know.

(X)

SCULLY
(starting away)
-- I'm going to call it in...

WILLIS
(low, urgent)
Scully, look.

Scully follows his gaze across the courtyard to the exposed
stairwell.

SCULLY'S POV - LULA PHILLIPS

(X)

Carrying a laundry basket down the stairs.

WILLIS (O.S.)
That's her.

Lula disappears into the basement.

BACK TO WILLIS

He smiles, a hunter who's spotted his prey, and draws his
weapon as he moves off.

SCULLY
Jack. Let's wait.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

WILLIS
She's right there, Scully. I'm
not losing her again.

He heads through the courtyard for the basement. Scully
unholsters her pistol, follows.

27 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

27

Willis and Scully descend the stairs into the darkness. LOW
ANGLE TRACKING as their feet splash gently on the puddled
floor, crossing to the laundry room.

They reach the lighted doorway. From around the corner comes
the CHURNING of a washing machine.

Scully, tense, pumps her hand. One. Two. Three. Willis goes
first, bursting into the room.

IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM

Willis and Scully charge inside, weapons trained. The place is
empty, save for Lula's laundry basket, which sits on top of a
dryer.

WILLIS
WHERE IS SHE? WHERE'D SHE GO?

There's another door, leading into the darkness. Willis goes
for it.

SCULLY
I'll double back!

MOVING WITH SCULLY as she takes off, back the way they came.

28 INT. BOILER ROOM AREA - WILLIS

28

Creeps past a HISSING heating system. Hears FOOTFALLS.

SCULLY

Arrives breathlessly at the opposite threshold. She steps
inside. Listens. There's a CLANKING close by. She swings her
gun around. Adrenalin pumping.

SCULLY
FEDERAL AGENT! DON'T MOVE!

Nothing. As she edges closer to the tin duct work --

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

LULA

makes a break for the doorway.

SCULLY

Wheels around, and splitting the difference to the door, TACKLES her. Both women go down hard on the puddled floor, Scully's gun skittering loose from her grip.

They struggle... before Scully drives a knee into Lula's low back, pinning her down.

SCULLY
Hands behind your back! Forehead
on the floor!

Lula resists. Scully drives her knee in harder.

SCULLY
NOW!

Lula complies. Scully cuffs her.

WILLIS

bends down to retrieve her gun. Scully sees him and pushes to her feet, leaving Lula grovelling on the ground.

SCULLY
She's all yours, Jack.

WILLIS
Yeah, she is. Like a dog on a
leash.

He unhooks the pair of cuffs from his belt, tosses them on the concrete floor before Scully.

SCULLY
-- I already cuffed her.

WILLIS
They're for you. Put 'em on.

SCULLY
-- What's going on, Jack?

WILLIS
Put 'em on, Scully. Or I'll blow
you in half.

SCULLY
Jack --

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

WILLIS
SHUT UP AND DO IT.

Scully puts on the cuffs. Willis moves to Lula.

WILLIS
(helping her)
Come on, baby. Get up.

He turns her toward him. She stares at him, furious.

WILLIS
Look, you got yourself all dirty.
Covering up that pretty face of
yours.

He reaches out with his hand to brush away some matted hair.

LULA
(recoiling)
Get your stinking hands off me!

Willis leans close, smiles.

WILLIS
Baby, you're never gonna guess
where I've been...

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

29 INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - NIGHT - SCULLY

29

bound to a chair in the darkness. Even in the darkness, we can make out the caked blood at the corner of her mouth. Even in the darkness, we can make out her fear. She tries to hear the muffled voices in the other room...

LIVING ROOM

The curtains are drawn. Lula watches warily, as Willis stands before her, animated, almost giddy -- a light perspiration coating his unshaven face.

WILLIS

Go on, ask me something else.

LULA

Okay... what'd we do after we got married?

WILLIS

(grin)
Right after?

LULA

After that.

WILLIS

You mean, when we went down to the beach?

LULA

Yeah --

WILLIS

Well, I got out my buck knife and I slit my palm open, and then I slit your palm. And then we put our hands together and let the blood drip into the water.

LULA

And what'd you say?

WILLIS

I said, 'this is so we can be married in every ocean of the world.'

Lula regards him, incredulous. No one else could know that. Willis reaches into his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

WILLIS

And then I made you a solemn oath.

He displays Dupre's ring.

WILLIS

Not to take this ring off. Ever.
And I mean to keep that promise.

He slides it onto his finger.

(X)

LULA

This is too weird. I can't believe it's really you --

(X)

WILLIS

Don't worry, baby. It won't make any difference in the dark.

Lula regards him coolly, with lingering suspicion.

(X)

CUT TO:

30 EXT. COURTYARD APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

30

Mr. Multrevich stands in the doorway as Mulder and Bruskin walk away from his apartment.

(X)

MR. MULTREVICH

When do I get my reward?

(X)

BRUSKIN

We'll call you.

Bruskin shakes his head, then glances over at Mulder.

BRUSKIN

Now I'm worried. Twelve hours with no word.

Bruskin catches the eye of two Agents wearing FBI windbreakers, who shake their heads. They haven't found anything.

BRUSKIN

I don't get it, why's their car still sitting out front? And why didn't Willis call for backup?

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Because... it wasn't Willis who answered the hotline.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

BRUSKIN
What are you talking about? You
heard the recording. It's
Willis' voice.

(X)
(X)
(X)

MULDER
Forget it, Bruskin.

BRUSKIN
Plus which, the manager just ID'd
him and Scully.

(X)

MULDER
(braces, defensive)
I said, forget it. Whatever I
think doesn't matter -- we're
still after the same thing.

A thin, ironic smile spreads on Bruskin's face, as Mulder's
cellular phone RINGS.

(X)

BRUSKIN
This isn't one of your X-File
theories...?

(X)

Mulder eyes him as he raises the phone to his ear.

(X)

MULDER
This is Mulder.

(X)

OPERATOR (OVER)
(filtered)
FBI Centrex Operator, please
hold...

Mulder plugs his exposed ear with a finger.

WILLIS
(filtered)
Guess who, Ace.

CAMERA PUSHES IN FAST on Mulder, as:

MULDER
Willis...?

31 INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

31

Willis is bursting with manic energy as he speaks into a
cellular phone. He seems almost to be transforming before our
eyes... deteriorating: his face unshaven, his hair wild, his
eyes fiery.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

WILLIS
That all depends on who you ask,
doesn't it?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MULDER
Where's Scully?

WILLIS
You're the FBI agent, you figure
it out.

MULDER
(tenses)
Let me speak to her.

Willis kneels down, presses the phone to Scully's ear. Even in this simple action, there is a violence which Scully feels. She is trembling, unable to keep the fear out of her choked voice:

SCULLY
-- Mulder...?

Willis snatches the phone away.

MULDER
Dana, listen to me --

WILLIS
That's all for now.

The line goes dead. CLICK. Bruskin can read the anguish on Mulder's face.

CUT TO:

32 INT. BUNGALOW BEDROOM - DAY

32

Willis flips the phone closed, his face cast in the shadows from the curtained window.

SCULLY
It's not going to work.

WILLIS
You don't think so?

SCULLY
Bureau policy prohibits
negotiating with kidnappers.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

SCULLY (Cont'd)
But you know that already, don't
you, Jack?

WILLIS
Stop calling me that.

SCULLY
You're Jack Willis. You were
born on February 23, 1960. You
live at 51 Stanhope --

WILLIS
My name is Warren James Dupre,
and I was born in Klamath Falls,
Oregon in the Year of the Rat.

(X)
(X)

SCULLY
We spent a weekend in the Pine
Barrens... You taught me how to
fish through the ice.

Willis fixes Scully in his sights.

SCULLY
It was your parents' cabin. Try
to remember. We drove up in a
snowstorm.

CLOSE - WILLIS

A battle seems to rage in his eyes.

32A MEMORY HIT - WILLIS' POV - WINDSHIELD WIPERS

32A

Sweep a heavy snowfall from a windshield. Headlights
illuminate a lonely mountain road.

32B RESUME SCENE

32B

Willis fights off the memory.

SCULLY
Try to remember, Jack.

WILLIS
(low; intense)
Don't think I don't know what you
did.

(CONTINUED)

32B CONTINUED:

32B

WILLIS (CONT'D)

I was like a slip of paper
floating up there on that
hospital ceiling. I saw
everything.

SCULLY

What did you see?

WILLIS

You left me to die on that table,
while you tried to save your
friend.

SCULLY

You are my friend.

WILLIS

(ignoring her)

Too bad he was already gone. I
watched him go. Just slipped
away... down that long black
tunnel.

SCULLY

No. You came back. We brought
you back --

WILLIS

(flashing)

You shot me dead.

His .45 is out in an instant, pressing into Scully's flesh.

WILLIS

And then you let me die!

SCULLY

(evenly)

You won't kill me, Jack.

(X)

WILLIS

(on the edge)

Call me that again, and I'll turn
you stone cold.

LULA (O.S.)

Easy, baby.

Lula comes up behind him.

LULA

Not yet. Remember, she's our
ticket.

(CONTINUED)

32B CONTINUED: (2)

32B

After a beat, Willis pulls the gun away, dragging the back of his hand across his parched lips.

WILLIS

-- We got any more of that coke?

(X)

LULA

(shakes her head)

You drank the last of it.

SCULLY

Soda? How much have you had?

(X)

WILLIS

What's it to you?

SCULLY

Jack Willis is diabetic. Which means you're diabetic. Too much sugar in your system can lead to hyperglycemia.

LULA

(to Willis)

Maybe that's why your stomach hurts so bad...

SCULLY

Abdominal pain is the first sign of impending diabetic coma. You need insulin.

Willis wipes his sweaty forehead.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. FBI BUILDING - NIGHT

33

Legend appears to establish.

34 INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY - EMPTY DESK DRAWERS

34

stacked askew on the floor. CAMERA RISES up the slate gray back of the desk... lingers on a name plate that reads "SPECIAL AGENT JACK WILLIS."

CAMERA RISES some more to find Mulder hunched intensely over Willis' desk... upon which the contents of the various drawers have been emptied.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

WILLIS' VOICE
I feel myself getting into their
heads and I'm scared by what I'm
feeling.

CLOSE ON FIELD JOURNAL

Handwritten in a bound journal dated 8/22/93. CAMERA STUDIES
the words as we hear them in an intense, troubled, monotone...

WILLIS' VOICE
The intoxicating freedom that
comes from disconnecting action
and consequence. Theirs is a
world where nothing matters but
their own needs, their own
impossible appetites...

CLOSE ON PHOTOS

CAMERA MOVES over various crime scene photos, one overlapping
the next, obscuring the more grotesque aspects...

WILLIS' VOICE
And while the pleasure they
derive from acts of violence is
clearly sexual... it also speaks
to what Warden Jackson called
"their operatic devotion to each
other." It's a love affair I can
almost envy.

(X)

An O.C. pager BEEPS.

MULDER

looks up, totally spent from following the trail blazed by this
fellow agent. He taps his pager silent, then:

CUT TO:

35 INT. FBI BUILDING - TACTICAL ROOM - CLOSE ON MAP

35

detailing the north-central section of Maryland.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MULDER (O.S.)
Hagerstown PD just reported that
a drug store was broken into...

WIDER

Bruskin and several other agents from the tactical team are gathered around the large, wall-mounted map, upon which Mulder marks an "X."

MULDER
Right here, at the corner of Old
Forge Road and Madison. And I'm
betting Scully is somewhere
within this five mile radius.

He circumscribes an area with a marker.

BRUSKIN
Am I missing something?

MULDER
Two-hundred units of NPH insulin
were taken, along with a box of
syringes.
(off Bruskin's
confusion)
Willis is diabetic.

Bruskin turns to one of the junior Agents.

BRUSKIN
Get me a census report. Let's
see how many households we're
talking about.

As the junior Agent exits, CAMERA PUSHES IN on the circle on the map...

CUT TO:

36 INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT - CLOSE - COFFEE TABLE

(X)

36

The TV drones on O.C., its blue light flickering. Six twenty-unit insulin bottles and three syringes are dropped INTO FRAME, falling haphazardly upon the table.

WILLIS
Come on quick, quick, quick...

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

WIDER

Willis, his face bathed in sweat, sits heavily on the couch. Free from her bonds, but under the watchful barrel of Lula's .45, Scully tears open the sterile package, removes a syringe.

WILLIS
My legs are going all numb.

SCULLY
Hold on.

As Scully pierces the rubber membrane of an insulin bottle, drawing the clear liquid up into the syringe -- Lula suddenly sweeps the insulin bottles onto the cold floor.

WILLIS
What the hell?

LULA
(to Scully, re:
syringe)
The needle, too.

SCULLY
Without this medication, he'll die.

LULA
So you said. Now put it down...
(off Scully's
hesitation)
Unless you want me to put you
down with it.

Lula's voice is ice cold. After a beat, Scully tosses the syringe onto the floor.

WILLIS
What the hell're you doing, Lula?
(cringes painfully)
I need that medicine!

LULA
You still haven't figured it out,
have you?

WILLIS
-- Figured what out?

LULA
It wasn't my brother who set you
up.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

LULA (Cont'd)
(deep disdain)
Moron...

Through his pain, Willis regards her with dawning cognition, the betrayal working in him like a fast poison.

WILLIS
You?

LULA
How else you think I got away so clean? Minute you stepped into that bank, I was out of there. I got the money and I got rid of you.
(then, with twisted bitterness)
At least I thought I did.

CLOSE - SYRINGE

Lula's heel crushes down on the syringe. The television audience LAUGHS mockingly.

SCULLY

watches in horror.

CUT TO:

37 INT. FBI TACTICAL ROOM - NIGHT - EMPTY STYROFOAM CUPS

37

measure the late hour... when a RINGING PHONE explodes the silence.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

WIDER

Mulder, Bruskin, and several other agents tense at once. A YOUNG AGENT wearing a phone headset and microphone hits a button.

AGENT
Tactical Room.

He listens, activates the recording equipment.

AGENT
(to Mulder)
This is it.

He points to the phone in front of Mulder. It RINGS. Mulder takes a breath, girds himself... then picks up the receiver.

MULDER
(into phone)
Mulder.

LULA (O.S.)
(filtered)
Listen carefully --

MULDER
Where's Willis?

LULA
Oh, he's lying around somewhere.

MULDER
Let me talk to Scully.

38 INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT - CLOSE ON LULA

(X)

38

Holding the phone to her ear.

LULA
Not this time.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MULDER
We won't deal unless we know
she's alive.

LULA
She's alive all right. Not
happy. But alive.

(CONTINUED)

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38 CONTINUED:

38

MULDER
If you lay a hand on her, so help
me --

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

LULA

If I were you, I'd stop talking
and start passing around the
collection hat. Because if you
ever want to see Scully again,
it'll cost a million dollars.
Have it by this time tomorrow.
I'll tell you when and where.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

CLICK. Mulder moves anxiously toward the young Agent, who is listening intently, then:

YOUNG AGENT

We got it. It's a 202 number...

Looking over his shoulder, Mulder watches him write down the number.

BRUSKIN

Great. Get the address --

YOUNG AGENT

(listening)

Coming right now...

MULDER

Forget it.

BRUSKIN

Why? What are you --

MULDER

It's Scully's cellular number.
They're using her phone. We
can't trace them.

As Mulder SLAMS the wall in frustration...

(X)

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

39 EXT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

39

Legend appears on screen to establish.

40 INT. FBI SOUND LAB - DAY - CLOSE - A TAPE REEL

40

rotates slowly:

LULA'S VOICE

(X)

(filtered, muted)

If I were you, I'd stop talking
and start passing around the
collection hat.

The reel jerks to a stop.

O'DELL (O.S.)

That last part, right?

As the tape reel SPINS counter-clockwise, buzzing like a swarm
of flies.

WIDER

Mulder nods as he leans in even closer over the shoulders of
tech-head FBI sound whiz BRIAN O'DELL...

(X)

MULDER

But can you squelch the voice
even more this time?

O'DELL

Done.

O'Dell flips some switches, then hits the play button. Mulder
closes his eyes, listening...

(X)

LULA'S VOICE

(X)

... I... you, ... stop talk...
... pass... ound... ect... hat.

Now only the accented syllables are audible... allowing the
ambient sounds to emerge in a wash of white noise. Which seems
to get O'Dell very excited.

O'DELL

Yep, yep... there's something
there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

O'DELL (CONT'D)
Definitely something at the high
end. Let me throw in an extra Z-
14 filter, and isolate everything
over half a DB.

(X)

(X)

O'Dell's hands fly over the soundboard like a maestro. This
time, a sound distinguishes itself from the white noise.

(X)

MULDER
-- There. That engine sound.

O'DELL
Let's clean it up some more.

O'Dell rewinds. Dials some adjustments. Hits play. And now
we hear, unmistakably, the pitched WHINE of an engine, revving
higher and higher...

(X)

MULDER
A small plane?

O'Dell nods triumphantly.

O'DELL
Taking off, by the sound of it.
Give us a couple more minutes,
we'll guesstimate the altitude
plus or minus a hundred feet.

Mulder squeezes his shoulder appreciatively, as we:

(X)

CUT TO:

41 INT. FBI TACTICAL ROOM - DAY

41

Members of the tactical team are gathering...

BRUSKIN
All right, people, let's get
settled. Mulder says he's got
something --

AGENT
What, an alien virus or new
information on the Kennedy
assassination?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Off the LAUGHTER of a few surrounding AGENTS:

BRUSKIN

Yeah, yeah, very funny. If you
pay attention, you might learn
something from the man.

When Mulder enters quickly, as if on cue. The download of
information comes clear and fast, as he moves to the map on the
wall.

MULDER

From our last phone contact,
we've identified what sounds like
a light aircraft taking off...

(indicating on map)

And Washington County Regional
Airport happens to fall within
our area, just south of the state
line.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

MULDER (CONT'D)
Since take-offs are north to south, it's a fair bet that our target is somewhere in this flight path.

CLOSE - MAP

Mulder draws an east-pointing "V," the vertex of which is at the airport. This intersects the circle he drew previously.

MULDER
For those of you who remember ninth grade math, that gives us an area to cover of just over three square miles. Roughly a thousand households.

PANNING

The rapt faces of the tactical team.

MULDER (O.S.)
With a hundred law enforcement officials at our disposal, at thirty households per man per hour -- we should be able to canvass this area in about three hours.

FINDING BRUSKIN

MULDER
Agent Bruskin will grid the target area and divide it among the teams. And, uh...

RESUME MULDER

Mulder clears his throat. The emotion creeps into his voice, as:

MULDER
For those of you who don't know, this one's important to me... so make sure it goes right.

The sincerity of his appeal solidifies the group's determination. Bruskin lets the moment breathe, then hefts a sheaf of hand-outs:

(CONTINUED)

"Lazarus" 1X14 1/4/94 (White) 52.

41 CONTINUED: (3)

41

BRUSKIN
Let me see Steinberg, Calder, and
Westin...

CUT TO:

42 INT. BUNGALOW - BEDROOM - DAY

42

The darkness separated by slanting shadows, and by dusty sunlight bursting through the curtain seams. A cracked mirror leans against the wall. Scully is cuffed to an exposed gas pipe. CAMERA DRIFTS through the dark silence... FINDS Willis a few feet away, cuffed to a radiator. His condition has worsened, approaching delirium.

WILLIS
Scully...?

Scully turns to him, though he's barely visible, sunken in the shadows.

WILLIS
-- Was there snow?

It takes her a moment to process, realizing with sudden excitement:

SCULLY
Yes, Jack... there was lots of
snow.

Willis shakes his head sharply, fights for control of his mind.

WILLIS
I can't...

SCULLY
It was December. The weekend
after Thanksgiving.

CAMERA PUSHES in on Willis' face:

42AA MEMORY HIT - INT. CABIN - NIGHT

(X) 42AA

A red wood-burning stove in the middle of the room. Driving snow visible in b.g. through window.

42BB RESUME

(X) 42BB

WILLIS
I... I remember... a red stove.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

SCULLY

Yes.

Willis lets his head loll forward like a drooping flower.

SCULLY

Don't close your eyes, Jack.
Keep talking.

CLOSE - WILLIS

His eyes spring open.

42A MEMORY HIT - MONSTER MASK

42A

yelling directly into CAMERA

MASK

On the floor --

42B RESUME SCENE - PRESENT TIME

42B

WILLIS

Or I'll execute everyone of you!

SCULLY

No --

Scully starts to turn, catches a reflection in the mirror mounted on the wall.

HER POV - BROKEN MIRROR

In the glass, it appears as if Dupre is cuffed to the radiator.

DUPRE

Shut up and do it!

SCULLY

Twists all the way around to look at him directly. But this time, it's clearly Willis.

The doorbell CHIMES in the next room. Scully reacts.

AT THE FRONT DOOR - LULA

stands before the unopened door, holding her .45. The BELL tolls again. Lula opens the door on the chain, holding her gun low and away behind the door.

(CONTINUED)

42B CONTINUED:

42B

SCULLY

That's right! A wood burning
stove, right in the middle of the
room.

WILLIS

Cold... It was very cold... I
wrapped you in a blanket when the
wood ran out...

(CONTINUED)

42B CONTINUED:

42B

LULA

What do you want?

On the stoop is a CLEAN CUT BLACK MAN in a coat and tie. A salesman's case rests at his feet.

CLEAN CUT MAN

Just a few minutes of your time,
ma'am. Beautiful day, isn't it?

He holds up a leatherbound St. James' Bible.

CLEAN CUT MAN

I wonder if I could interest you
in the Word of the Lord.
Leatherbound in black or red,
your choice --

LULA

Go away.

She slams the door shut.

CUT TO:

43 OMITTED

43

43 OMITTED

43

44 EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY - FOLLOW

44

The Clean Cut Man down the walk. He turns and starts up to the next house... but once hidden from view behind some shrubs, he takes a small two-way radio from his pocket.

CLEAN CUT MAN
(into radio)
This is one-four. Target
sighted.

CUT TO:

44A INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

44A

Lula enters the darkened room, .45 tucked into her waistband, holding Scully's cellular phone. She finds Scully staring up at her from the shadows, straight and cold.

LULA
I'm about ready to make that call --

SCULLY
He's dead.

Lula stops. Looks up at Willis's unmoving body... twisted at an odd angle.

SCULLY
It's on you now. He's dead
because of you...

Ignoring Scully, Lula steps slowly toward Willis. She stands for a long moment over him, impassive... then leans very close, her face almost touching his. She smiles, whispers:

LULA
Well I guess it's all over...
whoever you are --

When Willis swipes Lula's .45 from her waistband and aims it point blank, all in one fast motion. She steps back instinctively:

WILLIS
DON'T YOU MOVE!

Lula freezes.

SCULLY
Jack!

(CONTINUED)

44A CONTINUED:

44A

WILLIS
(to Scully)
Shut up!

But even as he yells at Scully, he remains focused on Lula. His gun hand trembling, his voice quivering with the anger and pain of betrayal:

WILLIS
I love you. Don't you know?
You're why I came back.

As Scully helplessly observes the tense standoff:

CUT TO:

45 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

45

A truck that reads "Maryland Telephone" pulls up the curb. Two coveralled WORKERS emerge, begin setting up -- one climbs the telephone pole, the other glances toward:

HIS POV - BUNGALOW

Two houses down and across the street. Windows shuttered. No sign of life.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

RESUME WORKER

Looks away, talks low into what we now see is a microphone attached to his hard hat.

WORKER
This is Westin. They've battened
down the hatches...

46 EXT. REAR OF BUNGALOW - DAY

46

Mulder listens to his radio.

WORKER (OVER)
(futzted)
No clear shots from this side.

As a SHARPSHOOTER lowers his weapon sight, shakes his head.

MULDER
(into two-way)
Ditto here. Hold your position,
and keep radios on two.

Weapons drawn, agents in Kevlar FBI vests scramble into position past Mulder -- FOLLOW as they reach the back door. As an agent screws the nipple of the slide-hammer into the deadbolt:

47 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY - TELEPHONE POLE

47

TILT UP FAST to the worker who we saw climbing the pole. He is now perched high behind the switchbox. Finishes assembling his M21 sniping rifle, as he SNAPS in the stock.

48 EXT. REAR OF BUNGALOW - DAY

48

Bruskin approaches Mulder.

MULDER
How do we look?

BRUSKIN
Backup's in but we still don't
know what's going on in there.

(CONTINUED)

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48 CONTINUED:

48

MULDER

We will soon enough.

(into two-way)

All teams prepare to go on my
count.

CUT TO:

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55.

49 OMITTED

49

"LAZARUS" (Green)

December 20, 1993

56.

49 OMITTED

49

49A INT. BUNGALOW - DAY

49A

Willis still holds his gun on Lula. But he is fading fast... his eyes drooping, his mouth impossibly parched.

LULA

I kept a bottle of that medicine.
It's in the other room.

But Willis just shakes his head.

LULA

Let me get you your medicine.

WILLIS

No...

LULA

(re: Scully)

We still have her. If I talk to
them, we can still work all this
out --

WILLIS

I don't think so, baby. Not
anymore.

SCULLY

Jack, put down the gun.

But he ignores Scully, keeps looking at Lula... through her.
Tears in his eyes.

WILLIS

Remember that light I told you
about?

Lula shakes her head pleadingly, afraid of dying --

WILLIS

Don't worry baby... it's
beautiful. There's nothing to be
afraid of.

CLOSE - TRIGGER

as Willis' shaky finger tightens -- a GUNSHOT echoes.

SCULLY (O.S.)

NO!

THE FRONT DOOR

explodes off its hinges.

(CONTINUED)

49A CONTINUED:

49A

WIDER

Guns drawn, Mulder and the other agents cross and cover into the bungalow, where they find Lula splayed out on the floor.

MULDER

Drop the gun!

But Willis has already dropped the gun. His eyes closed, his body slack. Lifeless.

SCULLY

Jack?

Mulder lowers the gun, moves to Scully. The echoing silence now begins to fill with RADIO VOICES, as a trembling Scully reaches out to Willis' outstretched hand...

ANGLE - WILLIS' FOREARM

The fuchsia rash pales... and disappears forever, as the CAMERA RISES higher and higher over the scene, until we:

FLARE TO WHITE

50 OMITTED

50

"LAZARUS" (Green)

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58.

51 OMITTED

51

52 INT. WILLIS' OFFICE - NIGHT - NAMEPLATE

(X)

52

Which reads SPECIAL AGENT JACK WILLIS. A female hand ENTERS FRAME, removes the name plate from the desk.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

WIDEN

Scully studies the nameplate for a long beat, before packing it into a cardboard box, along with the rest of Willis' possessions. The door opens, and Mulder appears. He hands her a steel wristwatch.

MULDER

This came from the morgue...
along with the rest of his
personal effects. I thought you
might want it.

Scully gently hefts the watch in her palm, as if measuring its emotional weight. Then she turns it over, examines the back casing.

CLOSE - BACK OF WATCH

Where we read an inscription:

SCULLY (O.S.)

(reading)

'Happy 35th. Love D.'

RESUME

Over the following, Scully worries the watch in her hands.

SCULLY

I gave this to him three years
ago. I can't believe he kept
wearing it...

After a moment, Mulder indicates the cardboard box.

MULDER

Next of kin?

SCULLY

Jack was an only child, and both
his parents passed away when he
was in college.

(then)

There's a kid in Parklawn -- Jack
was his Big Brother. I'm seeing
him this afternoon.

Scully sits heavily on the edge of the desk.

SCULLY

What am I supposed to tell him?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

MULDER
(shrugs)
-- The Official Story.

SCULLY
Which is?

MULDER
(rote)
Fugitive Lula Phillips died
yesterday in a shootout with
Federal Agents, which also
resulted in the death of Special
Agent Jack Willis. Killed in the
line of duty.

(X)

SCULLY
(profoundly)
-- And what am I supposed to tell
myself?

Mulder doesn't presume to say. Scully gazes back down at the watch. Something strikes her. She looks closer, then brings it up to her ear.

SCULLY
Mulder... this watch isn't
working. It's stopped.
(checks the dial,
realizing)
11:47...

MULDER
Exactly the time Jack went into
cardiac arrest at the hospital.

SCULLY
(looks up)
What does it mean?

Mulder doesn't press his point of view. Compassionate.

MULDER
It means... whatever you want it
to mean.

As Scully grips the watch tightly in her fist...

FADE OUT

THE END