

THE X-FILES

"First Person Shooter"

Written by

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&  
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Directed by

Chris Carter

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CAST LIST

Agent Fox Mulder  
Agent Dana Scully

Moxie  
Lo-Fat  
Retro  
Ivan Martinez  
Phoebe  
Security Guard  
Langly  
Byers  
Frohike  
Detective Lacoer  
Darryl Musashi (non-speaking)  
Swat Leader  
2<sup>nd</sup> Swat Leader  
Jade Blue Afterglow/Maitreya

(X)

Omitted:  
Armorer

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

URBAN CANYON  
FPS BUILDING  
OLD WESTERN TOWN

INTERIORS

FPS BUILDING  
    /IMMERSION MODULE  
    /LOBBY  
    /HALLWAY  
    /GAME SPACE  
    /CONTROL BOOTH  
TALL BUILDING  
COUNTY MORGUE  
LASD PRECINCT HOUSE  
    /HALLWAY  
    /INTERROGATION ROOM

OMITTED:

DETROIT STREET  
FLOPHOUSE HOTEL  
EXT. STREET (LOS ANGELES)

(X)

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. FPS BUILDING - IMMERSION MODULE - NIGHT

1

Racks of BIGASS FUTURISTIC AUTOMATIC WEAPONS line the metal walls. Also several different kinds of HIGH-TECH PISTOLS.

Teen GUERRILLAS -- MOXIE, LO-FAT, RETRO -- are buckling up BLACK STUN SUITS (a stylized version of what we saw the Seattle Riot Squad wearing at the WTO Conference.)

Moxie is earnest, pimpled; Lo-Fat, chubby and sweating; Retro, lean and punked-out: pierced and tattooed. They're bursting with teen testosterone, like young soldiers anywhere -- nothing about this scene to immediately suggest this isn't some real Starship Troopers/Aliens scenario. Illuminated design-elements suggest descent to planetary surface.

LOUDSPEAKER

T minus 10 seconds to engagement.

Lo-fat lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM that echoes loudly in the metal box, pulls a BigAss gun from the wall, racks it in Moxie's face.

MOXIE

Lo-Fat's going off!

LO-FAT

Gonna kill!!

Lo-Fat can't contain himself; literally hopping with excitement and anxiety. Pushed aside by Retro, as he pulls weapons down from the rack. Stuffing a machine pistol in his holster.

RETRO

Just stay out of my way geeks.  
I'm going to the next level  
today. I'm a death machine.

He racks his weapon in both their faces. As the elevator JOLTS, coming to a stop. They all turn to the door, intense energy.

LOUDSPEAKER

Status: combat ready. Situation:  
guerilla units in immediate  
vicinity of Insertion Module ...

LO-FAT

Kill, kill, hate, hate --

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED:

1

MOXIE  
-- murder, murder, mutilate!

CUT TO:

2 INT. FPS BUILDING - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

2

Another world: control-node of a game-developer. Contemporary hi-tech pushed to prototype stages. Computer cable EVERYWHERE.

IVAN MARTINEZ and PHOEBE are at the console, watching telemetry read-outs, game camera feeds. Ivan is a slick retro-hipster with a little jazz-goatee; a megamillionaire in skatewear. He's the founder CEO and resident creative demigod of FPS. He's been up for a week trying to meet delivery, and now it's close. Phoebe is pretty, super-bright, conflicted about both: result is an edgy, mousy femininity. We sense she's had to adapt to the testosterone-charged world of FPS.

IVAN  
Look at these heart rates!

PHOEBE  
If I don't let them out, those boys are gonna kill each other.

CUT TO:

3 ANGLE ON EXT. IMMERSION MODULE DOOR

3

Moonlight glints off its dirty metal surface. A loud sound-design WMOMP! as the door's seal breaks and it slides open.

Lo-Fat is first out, followed by Moxie, and then Retro who CAMERA PULLS TO A CONCRETE BARRICADE where he drops down. In the b.g. we see Moxie and Lo-Fat have done the same.

MOXIE  
You see them?

RETRO  
They're out there geeks --  
looking to fry your huevos.

We are:

EXT. URBAN CANYON - NIGHT

A quarter mile stretch of concrete between two eight-story buildings. A series of garages are at ground level on either side. Above this, window after window where snipers might hide.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED:

3

It is CONSPICUOUSLY QUIET. STEAM comes from an occasional grate, PLUMES of it at the far end. No other movement, until...

HEADLIGHTS TURN INTO THE STREET. A series of them from... MOTORCYCLES. Cafe racers, ridden by KAMIKAZE RIDERS, coming out of garage doors in FORMATION. A flying wedge.

RESUME MOXIE, RETRO, LO-FAT

Peeking over the barricades, eyes wide. Composed but antic. Lo-Fat lets out another PRIMAL SCREAM, trying to control himself.

MOXIE

Call it, Retro! Call it!

But Retro has nerves of steel, watching:

HIS POV

THE MOTORCYCLES bearing down on them. Faceless killers behind tinted helmet shields, in LEATHERS OR NAZI-LIKE UNIFORMS.

RESUME OUR THREESOME

Barely contained aggression. Then:

RETRO

Now!

They all pop up now, FIRING AWAY AT:

THEIR COMPRESSED, EXAGGERATED POV

The MOTORCYCLES bear down on them -- FIRING BACK, from guns mounted on the forward fairings. When, suddenly, they BURST INTO FLAMES. One after another, randomly. As they're hit by gunfire.

MOTORCYCLE RIDERS' POV

Bearing down on the SHOOTERS as gunfire HITS AND SQUIBS on the barricades and on the garage doors behind them.

ANGLE OVER SHOOTERS

As the CYCLISTS, in depleted number, bear down on them, guns blazing, the last of them EXPLODING IN BALLS OF FLAME. The last explosion only yards from the barricades, as we:

MATCH CUT TO:

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

OUR BOYS DUCKING FOR COVER

Behind the barricades, the last light from the final explosion playing on the barricades and b.g. garages. A beat, two, then their heads come slowly up, their eyes looking warily out to:

THEIR POV

The urban canyon has returned to its placid state. Silent, foreboding, no real sign of eminent danger. But it's PALPABLE.

Suddenly THE LIGHTING ON THE STREET CHANGES and... THREE KIOSKS APPEAR, staggered in a zig-zag line down middle of the corridor. Lights atop them WHIRLING.

RESUME SHOOTERS

Reacting to this with some familiarity. Eyes go to Retro.

RETRO

Ready, Knuckleheads?

MOXIE AND LO-FAT

Flank left! Flank right!

RETRO

Go!

Retro pops up from his cover behind the barricades, running for the first kiosk when... the street wakes up like Sarajevo in '95: FLAMING MUZZLE FLASHES, SMOKE AND FLAME coming out of windows, doorways. All aimed at us. At:

TRACKING RETRO

Running down the middle of the street, holding the trigger down. Letting loose a stream of gunfire. As he gets the same in return, from every direction.

TRACKING MOXIE

Chasing Retro, on his tail, letting loose a hail of bullets.

LOW ANGLE TRACKING WITH LO-FAT

He's running, spinning, firing 360 degrees. As he YELLS out:

LO-FAT

Die Cyberscum!! Die!!

When SPLAT! Lo-Fat is hit -- the effect of which is the cell of his flak jacket explodes with YELLOW PAINT. Then A JOLT OF VOLTAGE from the suit buckles his knees. And Lo-Fat goes down.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

TRACKING RETRO

Running but not shooting. SQUIBS hit over his head and all around him. As he ducks into the safety of the THE KIOSK.

Followed in short order by... Moxie, who ducks in beside him. And suddenly the gunfire STOPS. All we hear are echoing MOANS.

MOXIE  
Lo-fat's down.

LOW ANGLE ON LO-FAT

Trying to get up, but every time he's hit with VOLTAGE.

LO-FAT  
(in frustration)  
AAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

As:

CLOSE ON KIOSK WALL

As Retro ventures a slim exposure to see:

RETRO'S POV -- THE TALL BUILDINGS ABOVE

Lots of open windows. Lots of places for snipers to shoot from.

RESUME RETRO

Peering out. Moxie peering out over his shoulder.

RETRO  
Got me, Moxie?

MOXIE  
Got ya covered.

MATCH TO:

4 EXT. TALL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

4

Retro sprints from the kiosk, running toward CAMERA. AS MOXIE steps out and lets his BigAss gun BLAZE.

ANGLE OVER MOXIE

The facade around windows and doors is chewed by his gunfire.

CUT TO:

5 INT. TALL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

5

RAKING ANGLE ON CYBORG KILLERS -- futuristic military garb, masked faces -- facing the windows, firing their weapons.

WINDOWS EXPLODING AROUND THEM, but they do not flinch or leave their posts. Their guns aimed out the windows down to the street.

Only when hit do they quit firing. EXPLOSIONS OF BLOOD SPLATTER on the windows where they stand, as they slump out of frame.

TRACKING BEHIND CYBORG KILLERS

Where they stand at the windows, watching them FALL one after another. THE EXPLOSIONS OF MOVIE BLOOD on the window panes all that's left of them. (NOTE: We have eliminated Viz EFX here.)

CUT TO:

6 INT. FPS BUILDING - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

6

Ivan and Phoebe wide-eyed at the console.

IVAN  
Retro's in!

ANGLE ON PHOEBE

Looking at the screen showing Retro's blood pressure, respiration, EKG and EEG, skin conductivity, etc.

PHOEBE  
Adrenaline redline.

IVAN  
(thin smile)  
The bloodthirst is unquenchable.

CUT TO:

7 INT. TALL BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

7

RETRO appears, coming down a wide set of steps. Light from the street floods in behind him as he enters the dark space. It's eerie quiet here, but Moxie's gunfire outside continues unabated.

Retro moving to CAMERA, stopping. Every shadow could hide a killer. Retro proceeds cautiously to a set of stairs, starting up, when A NOISE stops him. Wheeling with his weapon at:

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED:

7

RETRO'S POV - THE SILHOUETTE OF A SHAPELY WOMAN

Standing at a distance. She is EXTREMELY CURVACEOUS, wearing some kind of Frazetta fantasy getup. We/He cannot see her face, however, due to the light, which cuts across her body at about the shoulder, leaving her face in deep shadow. We can see, however, she is UNARMED.

RESUME RETRO

Fingering the trigger, ready to blast her. Stopping short, as:

SHAPELY WOMAN (we'll call her MAITREYA)

Her posture alluring. As is her strut. As she walks TOWARD RETRO, her face still cast in shadow.

RESUME RETRO

Feasting his eyes. His weapon lowering. As Maitreya stalks up to him, stopping. Retro is awestruck, he doesn't know what to do. We're still on Maitreya's back, as she offers a sultry hand.

Retro bows down, awkwardly. Taking her hand, kissing it. All his previous cool and composure gone now.

RETRO

Who are you?

REVERSE ON MAITREYA

Looking down on Retro, her expression hard and indifferent.

MAITREYA

I am Maitreya. This is my game.

And suddenly A GUN appears in her outstretched hand. But not just a gun, a FLINTLOCK PISTOL. Its barrel glinting with ornate engraving. 17th-century iron.

REVERSE ON RETRO

Reacting to this.

REVERSE TIGHT ON GUN

As SPARKS FLASH from the powder-pan as she pulls the trigger. The muzzle FLASH taking over the frame, as we:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8 EXT. FPS BUILDING - NIGHT

8

A large corporate-anonymous contemporary structure in a California technology-park. Mirrored windows give nothing away. Only a neutral FPS logo IDs the building.

CUT TO:

9 INT. FPS BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

9

Spacious, impersonal corporate headquarters. Imposingly quiet. The importance of the work being done here is communicated in silence rather than activity. And it's communicated completely. Even the SECURITY GUARD, seated behind a sleek video-monitor console, seems to condescend, to:

ANGLE ON MULDER AND SCULLY

Entering. Shoes clicking across the gulf of polished floor. Arriving at the guard's console.

MULDER

Special Agents Fox Mulder and  
Dana Scully, FBI. We're expected.

He produces his badge. The Guard looks at it, then reaches forward with a slim, pen-like scanner. Laser-light slides across the badge; the bleeps indicating data-capture.

SECURITY GUARD

Retina scan, please.

He nods at Mulder to stand still. As he moves the same scanner to Mulder's eye. We hear the BLEEPS again and Mulder's ID and retina scan appear briefly on his console monitor.

MULDER

Cool.

SECURITY GUARD

M'am?

Scully produces her own badge, offering it up to the same routine. Giving Mulder a look as she goes through the routine.

SECURITY GUARD

I'll need you to look over  
those non-disclosure agreements.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED:

9

He nods to sheets of paper on the console. Mulder pops a pen, signs as Scully finishes her scans. He hands his pen to Scully.

SCULLY

To protect all proprietary or intellectual property owned by FPS, a private California corp. Under harshest penalty of law.

SECURITY GUARD

Signature at the bottom please.

Scully looks to Mulder again, who's reaching for his pen. Scully stands noncommittal, gazing up to:

ANGLE OVER A SECURITY CAMERA

As it servos around and points down at her.

SCULLY

FPS.

MULDER

First Person Shooter.

SCULLY

Video games.

MULDER

Digital entertainment.

SCULLY

I can get in the Pentagon easier.

We get the distinct sense Mulder knew what Scully's reaction to video games was going to be (and will continue to be), his behavior here playfully mocking it. She signs the form, as:

LANGLY (O.S.)

Dudes!

ANGLE ON THE GUNMEN COMING THROUGH A DOOR ACROSS THE LOBBY

Moving to Mulder and Scully. Langly flashing the "shaka" signs.

LANGLY

Agent Mulder. What's up, wild man? Welcome to the land where silicon meets silicone.

CONTINUED .

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

FROHIKE  
(to Scully)  
Can I get you a latte from the  
bar? A bottle of designer H2O?

Mulder turns to Scully, an impressed look on his face.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

MULDER

Scully?

SCULLY

How about a simple explanation  
what we're doing here.

BYERS

Why not take a brief moment to  
feel the pulse of the new  
American Gold Rush?

LANGLY

You may not know it, but you're  
standing on the launch pad of a  
rocket headed for the stars.

Scully looks around, taking that moment, returning her look to  
the Gunmen, not exactly wowed.

SCULLY

Okay.

The Gunmen are out of razzle dazzle, facing the music, as it  
were. Looking at each other, no one wants to go first.

FROHIKE

There's been a little accident.

CUT TO:

10 INT. FPS BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

10

The hallway is stark and sleek and shiny and lined with large  
blow-ups of violent images from the video game we saw. CYBORGS  
spouting guts of yellow blood, PLAYERS firing their weapons.  
With the tag line: THE BLOODTHIRST IS UNQUENCHABLE

The door pushing in, The Gunmen walking Mulder and Scully  
entering. WE PULL THEM up the hall, during:

SCULLY

What kind of accident?

LANGLY

An... industrial accident.

SCULLY

How did the victim die?

FROHIKE

It's... not exactly clear.

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED:

10

SCULLY

Was there equipment involved?

LANGLY

Yes and no.

SCULLY

What's your business here?

LANGLY

Our business?

FROHIKE

We're... consultants to FPS.

BYERS

Langly did some programming --  
he created some of the bad guys.

They've come to an elevator, Mulder turning to Langly.

MULDER

Cash or stock options?

Bingo. Langly considers lying, then sheepishly:

LANGLY

Options, preferred rate, vesting  
immediately with a short term  
exercise against venture  
collateral to bypass SEC regs.

BYERS

The IPO's in a week.

FROHIKE

Game's gotta ship Friday. Fifty  
malls across the U.S. and Japan.

SCULLY

Only there's a dead body lying  
between you and untold riches.

The Gunmen are nodding, guilty as charged.

MULDER

I don't know about you, but I'd  
be checking my shorts for cake.

Off the Gunmen:

CUT TO:

11 RETRO'S BODY LYING ON THE FLOOR

11

Covered with a large piece of packing material covered with the FPS logo. As Scully kneels into frame, lifting it for a look.

SCULLY  
This man's been shot.

We are:

INT. LARGE WHITE GAME SPACE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Tall ceilings, stark white walls. The same place we left the victim, the player called Retro. He's still in his "stun suit" but he's very much dead. Splattered in yellow paint.

Standing over Scully is Mulder, the Lone Gunmen, Ivan Martinez and Phoebe (the two FPS technicians we met in the Teaser.)

IVAN  
No -- you see, when somebody is shot there's a gun involved, and that is absolutely impossible, because no one would be ever be able to get a gun past security.

Scully pulls on a latex glove, pulling Retro's BigAss weapon from his rigored hand. Mulder shoots an impressed look to the Lone Gunmen. Cool hardware.

SCULLY  
What do you call that?

IVAN  
Laser blaster. For wasting Cybertrash.

LANGLY  
It emits a low frequency radiowave --

IVAN  
-- just let me. Alright?

Ivan is intense, pushy, though he's clearly a punk. But he's a power punk, and the Lone Gunmen seem curiously cowed by him.

IVAN  
The weapons feed off the FPS mainframe. The effect is intensely real, but harmless.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED:

11

SCULLY

You're saying that weapon is a  
toy, but this man has gunshot  
wounds here. Through his --

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

Scully is using her latex hand to the point at the chest armor where YELLOW PAINT has splattered from SEVERAL GUNSHOT HOLES.

IVAN

-- stun suit. It's rigged with paint for wounds and kill shots. Total bleeding edge technology.

Anticipating this, Scully dips a finger into the bullet hole, pulling out yellow paint mixed with RED BLOOD. She shows it to Ivan who nods like he's just been shown a dealer's winning hand.

IVAN

He's dead. I get it.

MULDER

Who was he playing against?

IVAN

Against the game. You waste the Cyberthugs before they waste you. It's all about body count.

(gesturing outward)

But they're computer generated images, running on projectors. It all happens in the gamespace.

PHOEBE

It's a total digital environment.

All heads turn to Phoebe, who's been silent up to now. Upset. Her eyes are red from crying. Something she's trying to hide.

PHOEBE

Nothing's real. It's all virtual.

MULDER

Did you see this happen?

Phoebe is a little reluctant, looking to Ivan as if he might yell at her. But Ivan shrugs his shoulders, bored of it all.

PHOEBE

I was in the control booth with Ivan. Retro was in the zone. His telemetry was solid. He looked unstoppable, like he was on his way to the next level, when suddenly he was cooked meat.

FROHIKE

That's when they called us.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

Scully rises, taking off her soiled glove, looking to Mulder.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED: (4)

11

SCULLY

Well, the next call is going to be to the local police.

IVAN

No cops! You said no cops -- you said you had connections.

He's going off on the Lone Gunmen now and they cower. Not just from Ivan, but from embarrassment about using Mulder and Scully.

SCULLY

(pulls cell, dialing)

Connections or not, you've got a murder victim here.

IVAN

Headlines. Just what the Wall Street money dudes want to read as we're going to market.

Ivan turns, heads off, leaving everyone with nothing whatsoever to say or feel good about. Scully has her cellphone to her ear.

SCULLY

This is Special Agent Dana Scully with the FBI. I want to report a homicide. White male...

She decides not to rub it in, turns and moves away to continue. Mulder levels the Gunmen with a look, then looks to Phoebe.

MULDER

You were in the control booth. What exactly did you see?

Off Phoebe's reluctant expression:

CUT TO:

12 INT. FPS BUILDING - CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER

12

ANGLE ON SEVERAL SCREENS as they come to life, FFing THE ACTION that we saw in the Teaser from AS MANY DIFFERENT ANGLES -- all of it digital data that PIXILATES rather than streams and spools.

ADJUSTING TO MULDER, standing with Phoebe and the Lone Gunmen. The room has many other screens than the ones that are lit up, but these are dark for now. The room is low lit, from recessed of indirect sources. Only the screens provide direct light.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED:

12

PHOEBE

It happened so fast.

On screen, Retro runs from the kiosk, just before Moxie steps out and FIRES INTO THE NIGHT.

PHOEBE

They're fully involved. Moxie covering Retro, who's going inside after the enemy to rack up beaucoup points.

FROHIKE

Then GOOSH! Retro's vitals spike, like he's been shot.

BYERS

Then the system defaults.

The street PIXILATES AND GOES WHITE -- Retro now lies on the floor of the large empty space we just saw him in. (Marrying images, match cut edit with pixilating optical.) Moxie runs over to him, shakes him, realizes he's dead.

PHOEBE

Lights up. Game over.

MULDER

What happened in there?

LANGLY

We don't know. There's no image rez on the interior game spaces.

MULDER

What about wireframe?

The Gunmen look to Phoebe, who hesitates first, then:

PHOEBE

Maybe I can...

ANGLE TO INCLUDE PHOEBE, WORKING THE KEYBOARD

A WIRE FRAME OF THE STREET SCENE rezs up on screen. More commands typed in by Phoebe, working intensely. Now WIRE FRAME CYBORG/GANGSTAS pop on in their relative positions in the game.

Phoebe types more commands. The street scene ROTATES 90 DEGREES, the Wire Frame Cyborgs rotating with them... until we can see in the building where Retro entered. Magnifying this image,

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

shifting it around so that we are now in a wireframe replica of the underground space where Retro met Maitreya. And sure enough:

A WIRE FRAME MAITREYA stands as she did when Retro first saw her.

ANGLE OVER MONITOR TO PHOEBE, MULDER, THE GUNMEN

The green glow of the monitor lighting their amazed faces.

FROHIKE

It's a chick.

LANGLY

It can't be.

MULDER

Can you texture wrap her?

Phoebe types. She still hasn't said a word, and her intensity suggests she knows something about all this. Now COLOR STARTS TO PLAY ON THEIR FACES. From the monitor.

BYERS

Holy Toledo...

REVERSE ON SCREEN

Where the wire frame environment is now coming to life. Coming to life with color, shadow, light and detail. Including:

THE FEMALE FIGURE

Who begins to fill in from the tips of her extremities first. The figure is ROTATING as she rezs up, Highlighting THE ANCIENT FIREARM we saw earlier, tucked in her costume.

RESUME GUNMEN, MULDER, PHOEBE

FROHIKE

She's packing a flintlock.

MULDER

That's not all she's packing.

RESUME SCREEN

Where the image of the woman fills in. She's a sight to behold. A TEUTONIC BOMBSHELL with exaggerated features, in skintight spandex cut to amplify the effect. Making her a kind of cartoon superwoman come to life. At least in the digital sense.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED: (3)

12

MULDER  
I need a printout.

Mulder looks to Phoebe who hesitates for some reason. Then she reaches out and types in a command, avoiding Mulder's look.

Noting this, Mulder grabs the sheet of paper out of the printer on his way out. Followed shortly by the Gunmen. Leaving Phoebe staring at the screen. Amazed, for reasons entirely her own.

PHOEBE  
(under her breath)  
Goddess ...

Off this:

CUT TO:

13 INT. FPS BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

13

Scully is with a bemused DETECTIVE LACOEUR, taking notes from her unlikely narrative, as Retro's body is gurneyed out by CORONER'S ASSTS. UNIFORMED SHERIFFS mill about. LIGHT BARS from unseen vehicles outside paint the interior with flashing color.

LACOEUR  
Let me get this straight, Agent Scully... you have no murder weapon, no forensic evidence, no motive, no suspect --

MULDER (O.S.)  
Scully --

Scully and LaCoeur turn to see Agent Mulder coming toward them, trailing the Lone Gunmen. Mulder is holding a sheet of paper.

SCULLY  
(to LaCoeur)  
Agent Mulder, my partner.  
Detective LaCoeur --

LACOEUR  
-- Have you got something?

MULDER  
Yes. Our killer, I believe.

Mulder hands LaCoeur the printout, which Scully and he get a load of. They look up simultaneously at Mulder, incredulous.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED:

13

LACOEUR  
(he's heard enough)  
Hey, I'll put out an APB. For  
Fredericks of Hollywood.

He gives Mulder and Scully suffering glances, moving off to show the picture to the curious Cops. Who, during the following, have predictable male responses to the printout in the b.g.

SCULLY  
You guys aren't serious.

MULDER  
It's all in the computer.

SCULLY  
Mulder -- she's any lusty vixen  
out of any number of video games.

MULDER  
But she wasn't out of any game.  
She was out of this one, and no  
one here ever programmed her in.

SCULLY  
Even if they had, she's not  
real. She's a character. Some  
immature hormonal fantasy.

Suddenly the Lone Gunmens' eyes light up. Seeing:

LANGLY  
Darryl Musashi!

THEIR POV

A WAN, DISAFFECTED ASIAN YOUTH has entered the front door of the lobby, being greeted ENTHUSIASTICALLY by Ivan.

RESUME MULDER, SCULLY, GUNMEN

FROHIKE  
As I live and breathe.

They scamper off to meet this man, too, but Scully catches Byers by the sleeve, stopping him.

SCULLY  
Who's Darryl Musashi?

MULDER  
The OG. Original guru.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

BYERS

Word is he slums as a game designer when he isn't contracting to the CIA. The boy wonder of virtual mayhem.

SCULLY

What's he doing here?

BYERS

Ivan must've called him. To go in and slay this ninja babe.

Byers heads off now, too. Scully looks to Mulder.

SCULLY

Why does this game have the effect of reducing grown men back into moony adolescents?

MULDER

That's Darryl Musashi!

Mulder starts off now, too, toward Darryl. But not before:

SCULLY

Mulder --  
(he turns impatiently)  
Do you want to autopsy the body?

Mulder shoots an imaginary gun at her, heads off quickly. Off Scully, impatient herself:

CUT TO:

A14 PRELAP SPEAKER VOICE

(X)A14

Heard previously in the TEASER:

(X)

VOICE ON SPEAKER

(X)

Immersion Module in descent mode-  
T minus 20 seconds to engagement.

(X)

(X)

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

(X)

Frohike and Langly, Ivan and Phoebe stand at the console, watching the monitors. Ivan almost can't contain his glee.

(X)

(X)

IVAN

(X)

Pay attention, worms. Darryl Musashi's gonna show us how this game is supposed to be played.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

A14 CONTINUED:

A14

FROHIKE (X)  
(excitedly) (X)  
I heard he scored 90 consecutive (X)  
wins on Demon Space Drifter. (X)

PHOEBE (X)  
(dryly) (X)  
91. (X)

LANGLY (X)  
(in awe) (X)  
Look at him. The man's a sphinx. (X)

INSERT MONITOR (X)

WIDE SHOT of Darryl Musashi stands suited up for action, before (X)  
he does his fancy gun trick. (NOTE: Playback will need to used (X)  
DAILIES for this piece, as there was no video shot.) (X)

CUT TO: (X)

14 INT. FPS BUILDING - IMMERSION MODULE - NIGHT

14

Darryl is suited up in game armor. A bad-ass sci-fi Jesse James.  
Waiting calmly, two machine handguns at the ready. His dark eyes  
betray no fear or anxiousness. He is a slight, smooth-faced  
Bushido warrior, waiting to engage the enemy in combat.

(THIS IS ALREADY SHOT AND IN THE PICTURE. CLOSE UP OF DARRYL (X)  
LOOKING COOL AS CAN BE. Through the action that takes him out of (X)  
the door, into the game, standing ready at the barricades.) (X)

CUT BACK TO: (X)

A15 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS WITH SCENE A14

(X)A15

As Byers enters the room, followed shortly by Mulder. (X)

FROHIKE (X)  
Byers you gotta see this. (X)  
Mulder -- get over here. (X)

They move over to the control console, joining the others. (X)

MULDER (X)  
Is that him? Darryl Musashi? (X)

LANGLY (X)  
He just stepped into the game. (X)

CONTINUED

A15 CONTINUED:

A15

MULDER  
Why's he just standing there?

(X)  
(X)

IVAN  
(worshipful)  
Because he knows no fear.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

(X)

15 EXT. URBAN CANYON - NIGHT

15

(NOTE: THIS SCENE HAS ALREADY BEEN SHOT AND IS IN THE PICTURE) (X)

The elevator door opens with a WMUMF. Musashi steps out, utterly cool. He doesn't bother to duck down behind the barricades. Walking confidently forward and stopping. Waiting calmly for:

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED:

15

HIS POV

The empty street. Just as we saw it in the Teaser. (In fact, the following Viz FX will be used exactly (reused) as they were in the Teaser and should not be budgeted as separate shots.)

THE MOTORCYCLISTS come out of their garages in formation. Headlights appearing and arranging into a perfect flying wedge.

ANGLE ON MUSASHI

Standing calmly. Both machine pistols at the ready, crossed over his chest. As still as a big cat stalking its prey. Waiting.

RESUME CYCLISTS - COMPRESSED POV

Bearing down on Musashi.

RESUME MUSASHI

Aiming his weapons and FIRING. At:

MOTORCYCLISTS

They fire back, out of their fairing-mounted guns, but quickly they burst into BALLS OF FLAME and disappear.

RESUME MUSASHI

Firing low and steady. Unflinching. The glow of the fireballs playing on his face. Until he stops, as calm as when he started.

MUSASHI'S POV

The street is empty of cyclists. Only a CLOUD OF SMOKE where they "exploded." A beat, then Mushashi leaps the barricades, runs into the street, not waiting for the next playing field to appear. And in this way, avoiding sniper fire. Allowing:

CUT TO:

A16 INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

(X)A16

LANGLY, FROHIKE ARE CHEERING. Ivan's staring at the monitors, leaning forward with a happy, but maniacal look in his eyes.

(X)

(X)

BYERS

(X)

Unbelievable.

(X)

CONTINUED

A16 CONTINUED:

A16

INSERT MONITOR (X)

Where Darryl Musashi stands behind the barricade, perfectly (X)  
calm. (NOTE: Playback will need to use Dailies for this as there (X)  
was no video shot of this action.) (X)

ANGLE ON MULDER (X)

Amused at what he sees, and the Gunmen's reactions. Noting (X)  
Phoebe, whose reaction is relatively minimal in comparison. (X)

PHOEBE (X)  
Standing heartrate of 68. (X)

MULDER (X)  
He hasn't even broken a sweat. (X)

IVAN (X)  
Look at him, he's not even (X)  
waiting for the reset. He's (X)  
going right for the kill. (X)

On another monitor we see Darryl starting forward into the (X)  
street, running out from behind the barricade. (SAME NOTE AS (X)  
ABOVE. Use Dailies here to:) (X)

MATCH CUT TO: (X)

16 INT. TALL BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

16

(NOTE: THIS SCENE HAS ALREADY BEEN SHOT AND IS IN THE PICTURE) (X)

Musashi comes down the wide set of steps, just as we saw Retro  
do in the Teaser. Light from the street floods in behind him, as  
he moves gracefully TO CAMERA. Both weapons at the ready.

CAMERA PANNING HIM, then FOLLOWING HIM into the darkness. Until  
he turns with a start, to see:

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED:

16

MAITREYA

Standing right behind him, both hands to the hilt on a BROADSWORD that she SLASHES with two quick strikes.

RESUME MUSASHI

BLOOD GUSHING OUT OF HIS ARMS where his hands used to be. Looking at them in mortal terror. No longer the unflappable warrior. His eyes looking back up now in even greater terror, at:

INTERCUT WITH: (X)

A17 INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS WITH SCENE A16 (X)A17

Everyone REACTS, in disbelief. Shocked into horrified silence. (X)  
On the speakers we can hear DARRYL SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER. (X)

IVAN (X)  
What just happened?! (X)

MULDER (X)  
She cut off his hands. (X)

CUT BACK TO: (X)

MAITREYA (X)

Sword held at the ready. She utters something in JAPANESE, (X)  
bowing slightly. Then in one lightning quick move SLASHING RIGHT (X)  
AT CAMERA. (THIS HAS ALREADY BEEN SHOT) (X)

\*\*\*\*\* FINAL REACTION \*\*\*\*\* (X)

EVERYONE (X)

Reacting to Darryl's head getting lopped off. Phoebe is the (X)  
standout here, shaking her head, wide-eyed in horror. (X)

\*\*\*\*\* (X)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17 INT. COUNTY MORGUE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

17

Scully is dressed in autopsy scrubs, working over the body of Retro, who lies on a stainless steel gurney. A LEGEND IDs our location as: LOS ANGELES COUNTY MORGUE.

SCULLY

Probes the bullet wound of RETRO with a long steel rod. She bends to study the tissue more closely. Rising, she reaches for a microcassette recorder. Hesitating before she clicks it on, the look on her face telling us she's stymied.

SCULLY

Preliminary external examination of deceased offers no additional clues to actual cause of death.

(beat)

Scratch that. Cause of death is from a very large entry wound at the sternum, resulting trauma to internal organs and blood loss. Wound is consistent with high velocity impact from a large projectile passing through a three ply kevlar flak jacket.

(beat)

Scratch that. Wound is the result of high velocity impact from an unknown object that, if it ever even entered the body, has left no damn trace evidence whatsoever. No powder burns or chemical signatures of any kind of explosive propellant...

Scully switches off the microcassette recorder with no more idea what killed this guy as when she switched it on. Looking up at:

MULDER

Entering the morgue. Picking up on Scully's attitude immediately.

MULDER

No luck?

SCULLY

I thought I was onto something.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED:

17

Scully moves to the paint spattered stun suit which lies on an examining table nearby. Its aforementioned hole in the chest.

SCULLY

This suit holds more than just exploding paint cells. It measures a player's vital signs, from heart rate to extant body chemistry, sending that information to the computer. If a player's shot, a battery pack gives him a twelve volt jolt that keeps him from getting back up until the game is over.

MULDER

Virtual death.

SCULLY

If only that were the case. I thought maybe the suit had malfunctioned; that one of the charges had blown inward, but that wasn't the case, either.

Mulder takes up the stun suit jacket, admiring it.

MULDER

I've got a birthday coming up.  
(off Scully's look)  
You've got to admit, this is an amazing piece of technology.

SCULLY

Wasted on a stupid game.

MULDER

Stupid?

Scully gives him a scolding look.

SCULLY

Dressing up like high-tech warriors to play a futuristic version of cowboys and Indians? What kind of moron gets his ya-yas out like that?

Mulder shrugs. Guiltily.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

SCULLY

Mulder, what purpose does this game serve except to add to a culture of violence in this country already out of control?

MULDER

Who says it adds to it?

SCULLY

You think taking up weapons and creating gratuitous virtual mayhem has any redeeming value? That the testosterone frenzy it creates stops when the game does?

MULDER

Isn't that rather... sexist?  
(off her look of acknowledgement)  
I'm saying the game is an outlet for certain impulses. Filling a void in our genetic makeup that the more civilizing effects of society fail to provide for.

SCULLY

Well, if women ran the world I can tell you we wouldn't have these kind of games.

MULDER

Women do run the world, Scully.

Scully is incredulous, until she realizes Mulder is kidding.

SCULLY

That must be why men feel the the great need to blast the crap out of stuff.

Scully moves back to work, Mulder following her to the body, removing a copy of the CG picture of Maitreya for Scully.

MULDER

Testosterone frenzy or no, the only suspect in this man's death happens to be a woman.

SCULLY

(looks at the picture)

A computer animated woman. Using a computer animated weapon.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

MULDER

A flintlock pistol. Which would  
leave a very large entry wound.

Mulder bends over the body, inspecting the unexplained wound.

SCULLY

Pictures don't kill people,  
Mulder. Guns kill people.

MULDER

As do swords.

Just then A MORGUE TECHNICIAN pushes a gurney through the door.  
On it, a CORPSE covered by a sheet. Scully gives Mulder a look,  
following him over to where the Technician parks the gurney.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED: (4)

17

MULDER

Lifts the sheet for Scully, and though we haven't yet seen what she is seeing, her reaction helps us to anticipate:

DARRYL MUSASHI

His body lies on the gurney, still dressed in his stun suit, but his HEAD lies lifeless between his feet. Off:

RESUME SCULLY

Looking to Mulder in disbelief. As Mulder's cell phone begins RINGING he lets the sheet back down, answers his phone:

MULDER

Mulder....

(beat, listening)

You're kidding...

(to Scully, as he  
takes phone away)

L.A. Sheriffs just arrested a  
female suspect for the murders.

CUT TO:

18 OMITTED

18

19 INT. LASD PRECINCT HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

19

As many male cops as will tightly fit are all jammed into the hallway. There is an excitement in the air as the door to the interrogation room opens and we get a glimpse of MAITREYA. She's wearing something to make the heart go more than pitty pat. Detective LaCoeur is exiting, as soon as he closes the door he bites his outstretched fingers in a symbol universal and immediately understood by all men. As:

ANGLE DOWN HALL

Where Agent Scully is pushing through the tight corridor. It's an awkward moment, as if through some natural sense Scully picks up on the vibe. On the highly excited male energy in the place.

Mulder is behind her as they move to LaCoeur, both of them squeezing by the various LASD beef.

SCULLY

You get the feeling these men  
have something better to do.

LACOEUR

We picked her up coming out of  
a strip club in Reseda. Fits  
your description to a T.

SCULLY

Was she read her rights?

LACOEUR

About five hundred times.

Scully isn't humored. Opening the door and stepping in. Mulder is on her heels, but seeing the suspect he stops and looks at LaCoeur. Biting his hand in the same universal gesture.

CUT TO:

20 INT. LASD INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

20

ANGLE ON THE SUSPECT, starting at her feet and TILTING SLOWLY UP. She sits in a chair, but not behind a table. A la Sharon Stone in Basic Instinct. She wears something extremely sexy, but not in the style of Maitreya. In the style of a Stripper after work hours, but one who still knows where her bread is buttered.

JADE BLUE AFTERGLOW  
For the record again, my name is  
Jade Blue Afterglow. I reside --

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCULLY

In a chair opposite her. Mulder stands behind Scully, leaning against the wall, trying not to let his eyes pop out of his head.

SCULLY  
-- sorry. Your real name, please.

JADE BLUE AFTERGLOW  
It is my real name. Were you  
expecting Mildred?

SCULLY  
No. I --

JADE BLUE AFTERGLOW  
-- I sure seem to be upsetting  
alot of people around here.

SCULLY  
You're not upsetting me, Miss...

MULDER  
... Afterglow.

His voice might crack just a bit, causing him to clear his throat. Something not lost on Scully.

JADE BLUE AFTERGLOW  
Well, I sure upset the man  
running the metal detector.

Jade Blue recrosses her legs, forcing Scully to take a beat. Mulder shifts uncomfortably on the back wall.

SCULLY  
You say you have no knowledge of  
Ivan Martinez or a company known  
as First Person Shooter. Or FPS.

JADE BLUE AFTERGLOW  
I meet alot of men.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED:

20

SCULLY

Would it surprise you to know you've been placed at a crime scene at the FPS offices?

JADE BLUE AFTERGLOW

It takes a lot to surprise me.

SCULLY

You'll make it much easier if you just tell the truth.

JADE BLUE AFTERGLOW

What truth am I not telling you?

MULDER

That you murdered two men. One with a 14th century broadsword. One with a flintlock pistol.

JADE BLUE AFTERGLOW

(sarcastic)

Oh. You musta confused me with my sister. Xena Warrior Princess.

Mulder comes over, unfolding the printout of Maitreya that was taken off the computer system at FPS. He shows it to her.

MULDER

Are you denying this is you?

Jade Blue studies the picture.

JADE BLUE AFTERGLOW

Now I get it.

SCULLY

What?

JADE BLUE AFTERGLOW

The medical imaging place. In Culver City. I got paid to let them do this body scan thing.

SCULLY

They paid you to scan your body?

JADE BLUE AFTERGLOW

You think that's the strangest thing I've been paid to do?

Scully and Mulder exchange a look.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

MULDER

I'm sorry, Miss Afterglow. Very  
sorry. You're free to go.

Off Jade Blue, rising and strutting to the door. Mulder watching  
her, then looking to Scully who's busted him royally.

MULDER

I'm feeling the great need to  
blast the crap out of something.

CUT TO:

21 INT. FPS BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

21

Mulder and Scully enter the door of the corridor we saw them in  
earlier with The Lone Gunmen. The one with the big photo blow-  
ups of the Cyborg Killers spouting gouts of yellow paint. The  
Agents stalking toward, then past us.

CUT TO:

22 INT. FPS BUILDING - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

22

It's dark in here, only the glow from one monitor and a series  
of green readouts lights the room. When the door opens, Mulder  
and Scully standing silhouetted in the doorway.

SCULLY

Hello?

No answer. Scully starts to close the door again, when Mulder  
puts his hand out and prevents it. Pushing it back open.

MULDER

Who's there?

Mulder's answer is a RUSTLING. A POPPING. He steps past Scully,  
looking for a light switch he can't find. Scully takes out her  
handy little flashlight, shining it into the darkness at:

SCULLY

Hello?

THEIR POV

Phoebe's on a folded sheet of FPS bubble wrap under the console.  
Looking into Scully's flashlight beam with squinty sleepy eyes.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED:

22

PHOEBE

Huh?

Scully comes forward, kneeling.

SCULLY

Phoebe? Are you okay?

PHOEBE

I musta fell asleep. I was just gonna take a nap. I've been up for 70 hours straight analyzing code. Trying to fix the game.

SCULLY

Where is everyone? Where's Ivan?

PHOEBE

He's with the money guys. They're all just freaking.

SCULLY

We need to talk with him right away. About a woman named Jade Blue Afterglow. Ivan scanned her body and created a character out of her. He put her in the game.

Phoebe looks stunned by this. The moment stolen by:

MULDER (O.S.)

What are they doing?

ANGLE ON MULDER

Looking at the illuminated MONITOR, where he sees a real time feed of The Lone Gunmen down on the floor of the Big White Space. They are wearing Stun Suits, but do not have weapons.

MULDER

The Gunmen are on the game floor.

Mulder looks kinda envious. As Phoebe appears next to him. And Scully. Looking at the same monitor.

PHOEBE

Langly and I wrote a software patch. We're going to run a rez-up test on the game.

SCULLY

For what?

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

PHOEBE  
To bypass the problem.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

Suddenly the white b.g. The Gunmen are in PIXILATES.

MULDER  
What just happened?

PHOEBE  
I don't know.

The MONITOR SCREEN GOES BLACK FOR A MOMENT, then POWERS UP. And when it REZS BACK TO LIFE, The Lone Gunmen are standing in the urban street environment. Looking around in surprise.

FROHIKE (THROUGH MONITOR)  
Hey -- what's going on?

LANGLY (THROUGH MONITOR)  
We aren't ready yet.

BYERS (THROUGH MONITOR)  
Who's running the program?

Phoebe is shaking her head, flipping on A BIGGER MONITOR where the same image as on the small monitor REZS UP. She's typing in various commands, but nothing seems to be happening. Mulder and Scully watching this, seeing clearly that Phoebe is panicked.

SCULLY  
What's wrong?

PHOEBE  
The program's running itself.

Scully looks up to the monitor just as the Gunmen start running. BULLETS SQUIBBING in their path.

SCULLY  
Someone's shooting at them.

Phoebe tries every command she knows. Typing and looking, typing and looking. But she's having no effect.

ANGLE ON MULDER

Camera pushing in on him. A Superman moment.

MULDER  
They need help.

PHOEBE  
This was supposed to be background only. There wasn't supposed to be any gameplay --

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED: (4)

22

SCULLY

Mulder --

Mulder doesn't answer. He's lunges for the door. Heading for:

23 CLOSE ON THE LCD ELEVATOR READOUT

23

Its lighted countdown counting down.

LOUDSPEAKER

T-minus 10 seconds to engagement.

We are:

INT. FPS BUILDING - IMMERSION MODULE - NIGHT

PANNING UP PAST HIGH-TECH SHIN GUARDS being put on. Up to the already fastened STUN SUIT VEST, worn by Mulder. He's in hog heaven, the star of his own science fiction movie.

LOUDSPEAKER

Status: combat ready. Situation:  
guerilla units in immediate  
vicinity of Immersion Module ...

A LOW RUMBLE begins, vibrating the elevator. Mulder reaching out and tearing off a BigAss Weapon from the wall rack.

MULDER

Bring it on.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. URBAN CANYON - NIGHT

24

THE MODULE DOOR OPENS and Mulder darts out, running low, to:

ANGLE ON CONCRETE BARRICADES

Where the Lone Gunmen are hunkered down. Mulder dropping to the ground next to them. They've suddenly transformed into commandoes. Brothers in arms. Full Metal Jacket.

MULDER

You guys okay?

LANGLY

Byers is hit.

Mulder looks to Byers, his suit splattered with some yellow paint. He affects the tough guy, bearing up under imagined pain.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED:

24

BYERS

I'm okay. It's a flesh wound.

Mulder looks from Byers back out into the street.

FROHIKE

It's her. She's out there.

It hangs there, heavy in the air. Like destiny.

MULDER

Alright, on a count of three.

I'm going to lay down cover.

(Gunmen nodding)

One, two, three --

Mulder pops up, finger on the trigger of the BigAss gun. Spraying streams of gunfire out into the empty street. As:

ANGLE FROM INSIDE THE IMMERSION MODULE

The Gunmen scramble inside. Mulder in the b.g. Laying down fire.

FROHIKE

Mulder!

OVER MULDER TO THE GUNMEN

As he lets go the trigger, adrenalized. The Terminator. He looks back at the Gunmen standing in the immersion module.

LANGLY

Get in the module!

But Mulder's look is pulled back, PAST CAMERA. Pulled by:

MULDER'S POV

MAITREYA runs from one building to another. Disappearing into another dark doorway. Fast and athletic. Tauntingly so.

RESUME MULDER

Raising his weapon back up, taking a step to the street.

GUNMMEN

Mulder! It's suicide!

But Mulder's undaunted. Leaping the barricade, he takes off running into the street. Toward his beautiful quarry.

CUT TO:

25 INT. FPS BUILDING - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

25

ANGLE ON THE MONITOR where we see Mulder running toward the building where Maitreya just disappeared inside. (If this could run from several different angles on several different monitors, it would be very cool.)

ADJUSTING TO SCULLY, PHOEBE

Watching this action.

PHOEBE

What is he doing?

SCULLY

(unamused but worried)

Getting his ya-yas out.

Scully hurries out of the room.

CUT BACK TO:

26 INT. TALL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

26

Mulder enters, the same space where Musashi had entered, and Retro before him. Steps leading down into the dark space. Which is empty now, no sign of Maitreya.

CLOSE ON MULDER

Moving to us, gun ready. Moving past us, into the shadows, when he hears A SLICING - A SWORD COMING OUT OF ITS SCABBARD.

Mulder wheels, swinging his gun around at:

MAITREYA

Swinging her broadsword RIGHT AT CAMERA.

ON MULDER

Reacting. Firing his BigAss gun. As:

CUT BACK TO:

27 EXT. URBAN CANYON - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

27

The Gunmen are reacting to Mulder's gunfire. Venturing out of the immersion module. Timid at first, until THE GUNFIRE STOPS.

Moving faster now. Until they are running. In spite of themselves. Moving down the street in the direction of:

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED:

27

RAKING ANGLE ACROSS THE TALL BUILDING - THE GUNMEN

Run into view. Moving at us. When THE SCENE PIXILATES --

-- THEN PIXILATING BACK. Only now the Gunmen are standing in:

A28 INT. FPS BUILDING - GAME SPACE

A28

The Big White Gamespace. The Detroit street is gone. Vanished. And so is any sign of Mulder. Or Maitreya. The Gunmen standing in the center of a vacant floor. Looking at each other. Then to:

ANGLE UP TO SCULLY

Entering, pushing open a door at the top of some stairs. Off her reaction to Mulder's disappearance, we:

28 OMITTED

28

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

29 INT. FPS BUILDING - GAME SPACE

29

Scully comes down the stairs where we left her.

SCULLY  
Where's Mulder?!

REVERSE ON GUNMEN (still in their stun suits)

Alarmed and as baffled as she.

LANGLY  
He just took off after her --

SCULLY  
-- I saw what he did -- where  
did he go?

FROHIKE  
He went inside the hotel --

BYERS  
-- he was firing his weapon --

Scully is not getting the answers she needs. Moving past the Gunmen, as if she might find what she's looking for somewhere else in the big white empty space. Turning on them.

SCULLY  
I saw where he went, I want to  
know where he is!  
(getting no answer)  
Is there a door? An exit? Is  
there a passageway he could use?

They all look around. The garage door of the Immersion Module is still open, and he's not in there. Scully's coming back at them.

LANGLY  
Just the one you came in.

FROHIKE  
He should be right here.

BYERS  
It's impossible. It's a digital  
environment. It's just a game.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED:

29

Scully scowls at Byers. She wipes at his paint-splattered suit, holding her yellow-painted finger up to his face.

SCULLY  
Easy for you to say.

PHOEBE (O.S.)  
Agent Scully --

All eyes go to:

PHOEBE

Standing in the same doorway Scully entered.

PHOEBE  
I found him.

Off this:

CUT TO:

30 THE MONITOR SHOWING VITAL STATISTICS FOR EVERY PLAYER IN THE  
GAME

30

In this case: PLAYER ONE PLAYER TWO PLAYER THREE PLAYER FOUR

Beside each are as many categories as we can credibly believe (research please!), including heart rate, blood sugar, what a polygraph measures, etc. And under each player these statistics are constantly changing in real time increments (research please!) Phoebe's hand come in, taps the monitor.

PHOEBE (O.S.)  
There. That's him --

We are:

INT. FPS BUILDING - CONTROL ROOM

CAMERA ADJUST TO FEATURE PHOEBE f.g. Scully, The Gunmen leaning in to see what she's pointing at.

PHOEBE  
Player Four.

Scully looks at Phoebe, not quite getting what she's saying. Turning her look to the other monitors which all feature nothing by real time images of the empty white gamespace.

SCULLY  
What do you mean?

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED:

30

BYERS  
He's alive!

FROHIKE  
Those are his vitals!

LANGLY  
He's still in the game!

SCULLY  
But where's the game?!

Off this:

CUT TO:

31 MULDER

31

His eyes blink open. He's lying face up on the floor. Looking at:

MULDER'S POV

Maitreya's broadsword hangs as if in mid-air above him. We are:

INT. TALL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Mulder sits up, disoriented. His BigAss weapon lies next to him. Just above his head is Maitreya's broadsword, the blade buried into a wall or a thick wooden post. Maybe a heavy piece of furniture. Maitreya, however, is nowhere to be seen.

Mulder rises now, senses firing. Picking up his weapon from the floor, racking it. Heading out to:

32 EXT. URBAN CANYON - NIGHT

32

Mulder comes out onto the street. It's void of life. Mulder moving quietly to a stop. Listening. Then calling out:

MULDER  
Langly?!  
(beat)  
Byers?!  
(beat)  
Frohike?!

But he gets no answer. Moving up the middle of the street now, ready to blast anything that moves. Like an action hero in a lonely post-nuclear world. There is a faint HOWLING in the air.

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED:

32

HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON MULDER

What could be a POV. Someone watching him from a hidden vantage.

RESUME MULDER

Coming TOWARD US down the middle of the urban canyon, turning in slow circles, looking high and low... when he WHEELS TO CAMERA. Eyes going wide, seeing:

A SPINNING MAITREYA (SPFX)

Doing SUPERFAST GYMNASTIC HANDSPRINGS. Right down the middle of the street. Heading toward Mulder like a human saw blade.

REVERSE ANGLE

Maitreya spins PAST CAMERA, heading for Mulder. HE FIRES ON HER. Spraying bullets into the blur of arms and legs. But she seems to keep on coming, right at him... UNTIL SHE VANISHES!

Just before impact, her body DISAPPEARS into thin air. Mulder is spinning in quick circles. Looking everywhere, but the girl's gone. Did he hit her? What the hell happened?

CLOSE ON MULDER

Off his reaction to this, and to the uncertainty about Maitreya:

CUT TO:

33 FROHIKE

33

Under the console in the control room, with Langly. He's got a screwdriver working the screws out of a CPU. (NOTE: The Lone Gunmen are no longer in their stun suits.)

LANGLY

I think that's it.

When Phoebe bends down into frame, a nervous expression.

PHOEBE

What are you doing?

FROHIKE

Re-routing circuitry.

LANGLY

Creating a kill switch. So we can shut down the program.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED:

33

PHOEBE

Don't touch that. It won't work.  
There's no way to do that.

IVAN (O.S.)

We're back in business!

IVAN

In the doorway of the CONTROL ROOM, excited.

IVAN

Baby, you are DOPE!

REVERSE ON SCULLY

She's with Byers, working at a keyboard that sits before a monitor showing nothing but the empty game space. Turning to Ivan now, as he saunters in. Phoebe, Langly, Frohike rising.

SCULLY

What?

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

IVAN

We were TOAST! I felt the flames  
licking my ASS! Then the bankers  
see the letters on the autopsy:  
F B I. Cause of Death? Unknown.  
(right to Scully)  
You fixed our problems, babe.  
The game's gonna ship, and we're  
gonna be countin' Benjamins --

SCULLY

You're gonna be countin' teeth --

Byers steps out, blocks Scully's path. But she's fighting mad.

IVAN

Huh?

BYERS

Her partner's lost in the game.

IVAN

Lost?

SCULLY

The game's disappeared.

IVAN

What are you talking about?!

FROHIKE

You don't want to provoke her.

Scully is seething. And suddenly Ivan looks afraid.

SCULLY

Jade Blue Afterglow. Ring a bell?

IVAN

(no clue whatsoever)

Jade Blue Afterglow?

SCULLY

Oh, you'd remember. You don't  
forget a body like hers.  
Especially when she's a killer!

Ivan is shaking his head, when suddenly Phoebe bolts from the  
room. Without warning and without explanation. It startles  
everyone, not the least most Scully. Watching Phoebe exit, to:

CUT TO:

34 INT. FPS BUILDING - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

34

Phoebe is crying as she hurries TOWARD CAMERA. Stopped f.g. by:

SCULLY (O.S.)

Hey --

CAMERA ADJUSTS to Scully exiting the control room, moving up the hall to the distraught young woman, afraid of Scully's anger.

PHOEBE

I don't know how it happened.

SCULLY

You knew about her?!

(Phoebe nods, afraid)

It was you, wasn't it? You scanned that woman's body --

PHOEBE

(turning to Scully)

Into my computer. She was my creation. She was mine...

SCULLY

Why?

PHOEBE

You don't know what it's like.

(off Scully)

Day in and day out, choking in a haze of rampant testosterone.

SCULLY

Don't be so sure --

PHOEBE

-- She was all I had to keep me sane. My only way to strike back as a woman. She was my Goddess. Everything I can never be.

SCULLY

But she's a killer. I can't explain it, but she is. And you put her in the game, Phoebe --

PHOEBE

No. I didn't. I was creating my own game. In my own computer. It was totally secret. I never told anyone. But somehow she jumped programs, and she's feeding off the male aggression.

(more)

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED:

34

PHOEBE (cont'd)

It's making her stronger and  
stronger.

(off Scully)

I need your help. You're the  
only one who can understand.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED: (2)

34

Scully's anger has turned to sympathy. Her mind racing at possibility. At what to do in this illogical situation.

SCULLY

If you created her, Phoebe,  
you've got to destroy her.

PHOEBE

I don't know how.

SCULLY

There's got to be a way. Some  
vulnerability. A weakness.

PHOEBE

She has no weakness anymore.

Off Scully:

CUT TO:

35 INT. URBAN CANYON - NIGHT

35

Mulder is running back down the street (sans kiosks) with his BigAss gun... to the immersion module, leaping back over the barricades. He pounds on the garage door with his free hand... but he gets no response. He tries forcing the door up but it won't budge. Then he turns with a start. Hearing:

MAITREYA

She is stalking/sauntering up the street toward him.

RESUME MULDER

Oh shit. Looking at his weapon. Its LCD IS FLASHING: NO AMMO.

Mulder looks back up to see:

MAITREYA

Hopping over the barricades, standing opposite him with a mean, blank expression. Inscrutable. Like all Warrior Princesses. She had no weapon. Only her lethal body and bare hands.

ANGLE OVER MAITREYA TO MULDER

He with his weapon at the ready, afraid for his life.

MULDER

I bet you think you're going to  
kick my butt all over the street.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED:

35

And with a lightning quick spinning wheel kick to Mulder's head she does just that. Sending Mulder backwards into the garage door. Hitting him again with two more consecutive wheel kicks.

Only the garage door keeps Mulder standing, as his knees buckle and his eyes go woozy. His weapon falling with a clatter to the ground. As we:

CUT BACK TO:

36 INT. FPS BUILDING - CONTROL ROOM

36

Scully re-enters the room in a hurry.

SCULLY

Her name is Maitreya --

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE GUNMEN, IVAN

The Gunmen are working at a control console. Ivan is watching them, pacing in circles. All heads turning to Scully.

IVAN

Maitreya?

SCULLY

She's inputted herself into the game. We've got to download her.

BYERS

We can't even get on-line. The system's been hijacked.

LANGLY

The program won't respond.

FROHIKE

And Mulder's vitals are wiggy.

SCULLY

What?!

She's moving over to the monitor that shows this. Where Frohike is standing with a glum expression. Seeing for herself. On the monitor the numbers in every category are dropping steadily.

IVAN (O.S.)

This is your fault.

All heads whip around, particularly Scully's, to:

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED:

36

IVAN

But he's not talking to Scully. He's talking to Phoebe, who stands sheepishly in the doorway of the control room.

IVAN

You put her here, didn't you?

He takes a step toward Phoebe, but Scully blocks his way.

SCULLY

No fair picking on a girl.

Scully's in Ivan's weasly face. And off this real threat:

CUT TO:

37 CLOSE ON MULDER

37

Head snapped back by a another one of Maitreya's spinning wheel kicks. The effect of which is a face good and BRUISED. We are:

EXT. URBAN CANYON - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Where Maitreya still has Mulder up against the garage door, clearly still giving him a very one-sided dose of whup-ass.

She stands a short kicking distance away from Mulder, in a fighting stance, as if waiting him to buckle completely. Waiting for him to fall limp and lifeless to the ground. But Mulder's hanging on, hanging in, not ready to concede. Is he a fool?

Maitreya spins now, a big windup for another kick, when Mulder catches her foot right in front of his face.

RESUME CLOSE ON MULDER

Holding her shoe.

CLOSE ON MAITREYA

Surprised by this. Her breath catching in her throat.

LOW ANGLE ON GROUND

As Maitreya is dropped hard on her back. A beat later, Mulder's wobbly legs runs past her fallen body and exits frame.

CUT TO:

38 INT. TALL BUILDING - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

38

Mulder comes down the same set of stairs that we've seen him come down before, where he first laid eyes on the femme fatale, but this time he is unarmed and a whole lot the worse for wear.

But Mulder's not down here to hide, we soon see. CAMERA PANNING HIM to the pillar into which Maitreya's broadsword is stuck.

CLOSE ON MULDER

Using what's left of his strength to muscle the sword from the pillar. Pulling it free. But the moment he does:

THE WHOLE SCREEN PIXILATES and the image of Mulder and the whole environment are lost in a maze of STREAMING PIXELS. Until:

THE SCREEN UNPIXILATES and Mulder stands just as he did before, holding the sword. But something is different. Very different.

39 MULDER

39

Is no longer standing in the dark interior space. He's standing in the middle of a dusty street. It's daytime. High noon would be a good guess. Because we are:

EXT. OLD WESTERN TOWN - DAY

Mulder holds his antique broadsword, standing alone, without a clue how he got here, or where he is, or what he's going to do.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

40 INT. FPS BUILDING - CONTROL ROOM

40

CLOSE ON ONE OF THE BLANK SCREENS as it suddenly comes to life, not with clear picture, but with A PIXILATED IMAGE. ADJUSTING TO:

LANGLY  
We're back on line!

WIDE ON ROOM

All the screens which showed game images earlier are popping on in succession. Heads turreting around to see them, including Scully, Phoebe, Ivan and the other Gunmen.

SCULLY  
There's no picture.

PHOEBE  
We're just in rez up.

IVAN  
No, there's something wrong.

He steps sharply in front of Phoebe, begins typing in commands.

The PIXILATED IMAGES on the screens are in motion; there is some kind of action going on, but we can't tell what. (Or, simply, the images are just streaming.) But suddenly, with Ivan at the controls, the screens all UNPIXILATE at the same time, REVEALING: the OLD WESTERN TOWN. In clear, bright sunshine.

SCULLY  
That's not the game.

PHOEBE  
Yes it is.

Scully whips to Frohike, sees his sinking expression.

PHOEBE  
It's Level Two.

BYERS  
How did that happen?

SCULLY  
Where's Mulder?

LANGLY  
Mulder's in Level One.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED:

40

IVAN

No -- he's right here --

They all whip back to the screens where -- MULDER has entered frame -- looking around, as if still trying to get his bearings. Still holding Maitreya's broadsword in his hands.

SCULLY

Shut the game down.

Ivan is already typing in commands, but nothing is happening.

IVAN

I can't.

SCULLY

Just turn it off!

IVAN

The program won't respond.

SCULLY

Well, we've got to get him out.

FROHIKE

(glued to the screen)

And quick.

They all focus in on what Frohike's looking at on screen.

MAITREYA, in the SEXIEST COWGIRL COSTUME ever (love those CHAPS!), walking into frame at the far end of the Western Street.

ANGLE ON SCULLY

CAMERA PUSHING IN ON HER, as her mind whirs into action. As we:

CUT TO:

41 EXT. OLD WESTERN TOWN - DAY

41

Mulder whips around to see what Scully and everyone else has already seen on the monitors. Maitreya walking toward him down the middle of the dusty street.

MULDER

Whoa, girl. Right there.

Maitreya stops, 50 paces from Mulder. He raises her broadsword up, ready to use it. Not about to take another beating -- for the moment. His confidence short-lived, though, as:

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED:

41

MAITREYA

Raises her hand up, just above her holstered pistol, ready to draw, High Noon-style. Not a hint of humor on her sassy puss. She's all business. Ready to blow Mulder's head off.

RESUME MULDER

Suddenly the sword is sagging a little. Like Mulder's chances.

MULDER  
C'mon, how fair is this?

Maitreya's response is a complete non-response. She's standing opposite Mulder, hand poised, when suddenly she MULTIPLIES!!!

ANGLE ON MAITREYA (SPFX)

Instead of one fancy-pants opponent, Mulder now has FIVE! All ready to draw their guns like the first Maitreya, hands poised and ready over their holsters.

RESUME MULDER

MULDER  
Now that's just cheating.

He starts backing up, when WMUMP! He reacts to the the IMMERSION MODULE (which is positioned behind him, spanning the street, if we failed to mention.) The center garage door has begun to rise.

CLOSER ON IMMERSION MODULE

As the door opens, REVEALING SCULLY. Holding her own BadAss gun, stepping out of the doorway like Sigourney Weaver's Ripley in Aliens, ready to do battle.

ANGLE OVER MULDER

Seeing Scully, he hits the deck.

ANGLE ON THE FIVE MAITREYAS

Drawing and firing, in quick succession. As:

RESUME SCULLY

She lets loose with her BigAss gun. A stream of automatic fire.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

RESUME THE FIVE MAITREYAS (SPFX)

TRACKING THEM as they get shot, dropping their weapons in reaction, grabbing at their imaginary wounds, then POPPING OFF AND DISAPPEARING, one after another. (NOTE: Each time a Maitreya is hit, it's identical to the one before it. Like targets in a video shooting gallery. Complete with SOUND EFX.)

RESUME SCULLY

Emptying her weapon with a VENGEANCE. As we:

MATCH CUT TO:

42 THE GUNMEN

42

CHEERING at Scully, doing a Snoopy Dance. As the new action-hero, who's on their monitors as we just saw her, blasts away.

FROHIKE

Go, girl!

BYERS

Scully's on fire!

LANGLY

The bloodthirst is unquenchable.

They look to:

IVAN AND PHOEBE

Who are watching the action with much different reactions. With serious expressions. Make that, dire expressions.

FROHIKE

Are you witnessing this?

IVAN

Oh yeah.

BYERS

Scully's in the zone.

IVAN

Clearly.

But Ivan still finds no reason for celebration.

LANGLY

What's wrong?

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED:

42

PHOEBE  
This is Level Two.  
(off The Gunmen)  
It only gets harder.

IVAN  
No one's beaten Level Two.

Off The Gunmen's reactions, we:

CUT BACK TO:

43 MULDER

43

Getting up off the dusty street, where he ducked when all the bullets started flying. Looking up at:

SCULLY

Vaulting the barricades, the BigAss gun still in hand, running to Mulder where he's getting up and dusting himself off.

SCULLY  
Mulder -- are you alright?

MULDER  
Yeah. Ask me if I'm humiliated.

Suddenly something causes both their heads to whip. A SOUND. Of:

THEIR POV

The garage door on the Immersion Module is CLOSING.

WIDE ON MULDER AND SCULLY

Breaking into sprints. TOWARD CAMERA. Running as fast as their feet will take them. Mulder with the BROADSWORD in hand.

CAMERA PANNING THEM TO THE GARAGE DOOR. Mulder shoving the sword between the door as they shuts with a snug heavy, metal CLANG. Mulder uses the sword to try and lever the doors open, when:

SCULLY  
Mulder --

Mulder turns to see that Scully is looking off at something. Something that causes her to re-rack her BigAss gun.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED:

43

THEIR POV (SPFX)

Where the Five Maitreyas were standing are now TEN MAITREYAS!!!  
Spanning the Western Street, shoulder to shoulder. All with  
their hands poised above their holstered pistols, ready to draw!

CUT BACK TO:

44 INT. FPS BUILDING - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

44

ANGLE OVER THE MONITORS, where The Gunmen watch this action,  
their expressions dire now, too. Phoebe and Ivan looking on.

BYERS

This is nuts!

FROHIKE

They'll never make it --

LANGLY

How do you kill what won't die?

Suddenly Phoebe lunges forward for the keyboard in front of The  
Gunmen. They stumble backward, surprised by this. But just as  
suddenly Ivan lunges at Phoebe and tries to rip the keyboard out  
from her hands. Phoebe holds on, trying to wrestle it away.

PHOEBE

Try and stop me, Ivan --

IVAN

My whole life's in this game!

They fight again to control the keyboard, but Ivan nor Phoebe  
will let go. Now The Gunmen step in, grabbing the keyboard, too.

FROHIKE

What are you trying to do?!

PHOEBE

-- Stay out of this!

IVAN

She's going to destroy it!

PHOEBE

It's the only way to save them.

FROHIKE

Let it go -- both of you --

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED:

44

Byers and Langly push both Ivan and Phoebe back, forcing them to let go of the keyboard that Frohike now holds.

LANGLY

You can save them?

PHOEBE

There's a kill command --

IVAN

It kills the whole game --

BYERS

(to Ivan)

You knew about this?!

IVAN

She knew about it, too!

FROHIKE

(to Phoebe)

You said it wouldn't work --

IVAN

She was trying to save her creation. Her Goddess.

PHOEBE

You don't care who dies -- as long as your game survives --

BYERS

Those are our friends in there --

LANGLY

We're not gonna lettem die --

CUT TO:

45 EXT. OLD WESTERN TOWN - DAY

45

The Ten Maitreyas are all ready, waiting to draw. On:

SCULLY AND MULDER

Mulder working to get the Immersion Module doors open. As Scully opens fire. Blasting away at:

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED:

45

REVERSE ON STREET

The Ten Maitreyas all DRAW AND FIRE at once. As the bullets fly:

CUT BACK TO:

46 INT. FPS BUILDING - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

46

RESUME ANGLE OVER THE MONITORS, where The Gunmen see what is indisputably going to end bad. Pleading with Ivan, Phoebe.

BYERS

They can't keep this up --

LANGLY

(re: the monitor)

Scully's running out of ammo.

FROHIKE

(with the keyboard)

What's the command?

IVAN

DON'T DO IT, PHOEBE --

Phoebe is frightened, hesitating.

IVAN

We're so close...

LANGLY AND BYERS

GIVE HIM THE COMMAND!

PHOEBE

Shift Alt Bloodbath.

As Ivan sinks to his knees, clutching his head. Frohike types in the command. As Phoebe looks on, nervously:

REVERSE ON SCENE as...

ALL THE MONITORS SHOW PIXILATED IMAGES that FLASHES to RADIOACTIVE WHITE, as if the program's been nuked. Then:

THE image on screen resolves back up, REVEALING the gamespace. The big white game floor. As we:

CUT TO:

47 A DOOR SLAMMING OPEN

47

Pushed by Langly, who's first out, followed by Byers and Frohike. And now Phoebe. We are:

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED:

47

INT. FPS BUILDING - GAME SPACE

As The Gunmen and Phoebe hustle out into the big white space, we see that it is EMPTY. No sign of the Agents. No sign that Mulder and Scully have not disappeared just like Mulder did before. Lost inside the game. Or, maybe even worse.

The Gunmen stop mid floor, Phoebe moving past them.

BYERS

Oh my God...

FROHIKE

What have we done?

LANGLY

We killed the game. And Mulder and Scully along with it.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Over here!

ANGLE ON PHOEBE

She's at the center door of the Immersion Module. As The Gunmen hurry over. Lifting up something into frame to show them -- and us. It's Scully's BigAss gun. It was lying on the floor.

They all look at it, then to the garage door, which they all fairly leap on now, trying to muscle it open.

ALL TOGETHER

Mulder!! Scully!! Mulder --

As we:

CUT TO:

48 INT. FPS BUILDING - IMMERSION MODULE - CONTINUOUS

48

ANGLE ON DOORS, PRIED OPEN by The Gunmen, Phoebe. Who look in with elation at:

MULDER AND SCULLY

Sitting on the floor, COVERED IN YELLOW PAINT.

MULDER

That's entertainment.

CUT TO:

49 INT. FPS BUILDING - GAME SPACE

49

The Gunmen and Phoebe carry the Agents out like wounded soldiers, across the game floor in semi-slow motion, under:

SCULLY (V.O.)

Scully recaps unsolvable case,  
happy only that game is  
destroyed, youth of America will  
be saved from cult of violence.  
And the mad vixen named Maitreya.

CUT TO:

50 INT. FPS BUILDING - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

50

Where Ivan is still beside himself, head lying on the console, where all the screens have gone dark. Until... they all blink on and the WIRE FRAME IMAGE of Maitreya rezs up.

Ivan looks up in wonder, watching the TEXTURE WRAP. Thinking it's Maitreya. She's back, alive in the system. Only as the texture wrap is completed, it's... SCULLY'S HEAD on Maitreya's body. And off this image:

THE END