

## X-Files

### Lazarus (1X14)

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#### SCENE 1

#### Maryland Marine Bank; 5:55 p.m.

(Scully opens a briefcase on a bank counter. Pretends to fill out a deposit slip. Agent Jack Willis, attractive, late 30's stands near her. He is restless, looking around.)

**Scully:** (quietly, to Willis) Relax, they'll be here.

**Willis:** Bank's going to close in five minutes.

**Scully:** Sure it wasn't a bogus tip?

**Willis:** No. It's real. I've been on this long enough. I know the difference. Besides, I can feel it. I can feel them. I'm inside their heads.

**Scully:** (warning tease) Just as long as you keep yours.

**Willis:** (smiles) Message received, Agent Scully, loud and clear. (softly into intercom) Position five. It's Agent Willis. Do you copy?

(There is a gun in Scully's briefcase. She closes the case.)

(Same Time: Outside the bank in a car, Dupre and Lula, hard and rough looking, 30's. Lula is in driver's seat. Dupre loads gun. Lula watches the bank.)

**Dupre:** What, are you nervous?

**Lula:** Nope. I just don't want our luck to run out.

**Dupre:** Baby, you are my luck. No matter what happens, whenever I look up at the stars I know you're going to be looking up at the same ones.

**Lula:** The same ones, baby.

(Dupre kisses Lula passionately. We see a tattoo on his arm.)

**Dupre:** You make every day like New Year's Eve.

(Wearing hockey mask, holding rifle, Dupre busts into the bank, yelling.)

**Dupre:** Get down! Get down on the ground! I want everyone on the ground now! NOW! Get down! You too — on the floor! On the floor! I'll execute every one of you!

(People are screaming and panicking. Dupre shoves a bag to a teller.)

**Dupre:** Put the money in the bag now! Move! Shut up and do it!

(Willis pulls his gun and aims it at Dupre. Scully, slightly behind Willis also holds her gun on Dupre.)

**Willis:** Dupre! Drop the gun! FBI! Drop the gun, NOW!

(Pause. All quiet. Dupre lowers his gun. Willis relaxes slightly. Then pulls it up again quickly and shoots Willis in the chest. Calmly, Scully shoots Dupre 3 times. Dupre falls, and the hockey mask goes skidding across the floor.)

## SCENE 2

(Later. Hospital. Willis is in ER getting defibrillated. Scully stands close, very concerned.)

**Doctor:** I need more saline in here, stat.

**Nurse:** Up to 360, now.

**Intern:** 11 minutes, 55 seconds. Clear.

**Scully:** Come on, Jack.

**Intern:** He's been flatlined for over twelve minutes.

**Doctor:** Another amp of EPI and we'll go again at 360. Clear.  
(No response.)

**Nurse:** Still no pulse.

**Doctor:** We've done all we can. I'm sorry.

**Intern:** You want me to pronounce?

**Scully:** No. You can't give up on him.

**Doctor:** It's been over 13 minutes. He's dead.

**Scully:** Go up to 400.

**Doctor:** We lost him. Let him go.

**Scully:** I'm a doctor. Go up to 400, or I'll do it myself.

**Doctor:** Clear.

(As they jolt Willis, Dupre's sheet covered body in the other room jerks.)

**Scully:** Give him another amp of EPI intracardial and go up to 400 again. (They stare at her.) Do it.

**Doctor:** Clear.

**Scully:** Again. Come on, Jack.

**Doctor:** Clear.

(Monitor begins beeping and registering vitals.)

**Doctor:** (amazed) We got a rhythm. Don't ask me how, but he's back. BP's 80 over 50 and climbing. 90 over 50 . . .

(Scully looks relieved. Camera pans over to the tattoo on Dupre's limp right arm.)

## SCENE 3

### Bethesda Naval Hospital; 12:51 a.m.; Two Days Later

(Hospital room. Willis is lying in bed attached to machines. His eyes suddenly open. We see only his legs as he gets up, goes to another room and dresses in the man's clothes. A nurse comes to check on the patient. Willis hides in the bathroom, ready to garrote the nurse with a strip of rubber. After she leaves, he catches sight of himself in the bathroom mirror. He touches his face in wonder. Has flash of Willis being shot.) (Willis goes to the morgue and opens a drawer and looks at Dupre's body. The body is stiff. He tries to pull the wedding ring off of Dupre's finger, but it sticks. He opens a drawer and gets out a pair of bone cutters and we hear a snap as he cuts off one of Dupre's fingers.)

## SCENE 4

(Hospital, next day. Mulder joins Scully in the morgue. Crime scene procedures underway.)

**Scully:** Any word from Willis?

**Mulder:** Still missing. He hasn't been home or checked in with the office. I heard something on the way down about a mutilation?

**Scully:** Yeah. Three fingers on Dupre's left hand were severed by surgical shears. We lifted prints. They're Willis'.

**Mulder:** You said he was chasing this guy for almost a year?

**Scully:** Yeah, he lived the case. It was all he thought about, talked about.

**Mulder:** What are you thinking?

**Scully:** That maybe this is some kind of post-trauma psychosis. Like the way soldiers sometimes mutilate the body of a dead enemy.

**Mulder:** That still doesn't explain why he would just vanish. Dupre's partner — who was she? (reads a chart) Lula Phillips.

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

**Mulder:** He was a prison guard.

**Scully:** Until the warden found out about their secret. According to Lula's cell mate they carried on quite a torrid romance.

**Mulder:** It says here she was released on May 2, 1993.

**Scully:** One week before the first robbery at Annapolis Savings and Loan. The 65-year-old female teller was pistol-whipped. Died from a massive subdural hemorrhage all because she didn't put the money in the bag fast enough.

**Mulder:** Lovely couple.

**Scully:** Well, apparently they took turns — one pulling a job while the other one drove getaway. Between the two of them, they've killed seven people and gotten away with close to \$100,000.

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

**Scully:** Well, we're putting her face out there — local newspapers, America's Most Wanted. (notices Mulder not paying attention, still reading the file) Am I boring you?

**Mulder:** They were married.

**Scully:** Yeah. Last May in Atlantic City. So what?

**Mulder:** I don't think this was a simple necrophiliac mutilation. Willis sliced and diced those fingers to get at the wedding ring.

(Mulder looks down at Dupre's face and compares it to the file picture.)

## SCENE 5

(Dupre and Lula's apartment. Willis arrives, breaks the door window, unlocks the door, and enters.)

**Willis:** Anybody here? Lula? (Sound of a plane overhead.) Baby, baby, baby. (He goes to the fireplace and feels around inside, is disappointed.) Damn.

(He looks in wonder as Dupre's tattoo forms on his arm.)

## SCENE 6

(X-Files office. Mulder and Scully looking at evidence from the morgue.)

**Scully:** It's a left thumbprint.

**Mulder:** You can see by these two bifurcations here that whoever held 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. But all the bank surveillance tapes show that Dupre is left-handed.

**Scully:** I'm not sure where you're going.

**Mulder:** How long did Willis flatline before you revived him?

**Scully:** Just over 13 minutes.

**Mulder:** This is the EKG strip that recorded his cardiac activity at the time. Now, \*in your medical opinion,\* what does that look like?

**Scully:** It could be anything — an instrument malfunction, electrical overload.

**Mulder:** (leading tone) But what does it \*look\* like?

**Scully:** (pause) Two heartbeats.

**Mulder:** Now, you say Dupre and Willis went into cardiac arrest at the exact same time, right?

**Scully:** Right.

**Mulder:** Which means for minutes, both men were technically dead.

**Scully:** Technically, but we resuscitated Willis.

**Mulder:** You resuscitated his body.

**Scully:** (warning) Mulder.

**Mulder:** Two men died in that crash room, Scully. One man came back. The question is . . . which one?

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## SCENE 7

### University of Maryland; Department of Biology

(Mulder and Scully are in the office of Professor Varnes, energetic, 60ish. Mulder watches Scully listen to Professor Varnes.)

**Professor Varnes:** What can you tell me about near-death experiences, Agent Scully?

**Scully:** The usual stuff — the tunnel, the light, people rising up and viewing their own bodies.

**Professor Varnes:** And as a scientist, how do you account for the phenomenon?

**Scully:** Some sort of disassociative, hallucinatory activity.

**Professor Varnes:** (chuckles) Did you know that half of all adults who have had a near-death experience can not wear a watch? The increased electrical activity in their bodies renders the watches on their wrists inoperable. Now, I know this 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:** Dr. Varnes believes this burst of energy is responsible for the transformational nature of the experience.

**Professor Varnes:** People do return from the event profoundly changed.

**Scully:** Changed how?

**Professor Varnes:** Personality shifts, perceived psychic abilities, increased zest for life.

**Mulder:** What about the negative consequences?

**Professor Varnes:** Well, they're rare, but apparently, in the process of dying there is a window of time during which the body is vulnerable.

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

**Professor Varnes:** Well, 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 and 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. It was soon after that that the visions started. Visions of making love to his wife but in ways and places that weren't in his memory. Now, it turns out that one of the dead passengers on the plane was having an affair with his wife. The dead passenger's memory, his consciousness had survived through the pilot.

**Scully:** What happened?

**Professor Varnes:** Well, the pilot became increasingly disoriented — a schizophrenic, his doctor claims — until one day he strangled his wife with an extension cord. (smiles and walks away)

**Mulder:** That's a nice story.

**Scully:** (sighs)

(Later, Mulder and Scully coming down the stairs.)

**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.

**Scully:** It's my still best guess 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 . . . Jack's personality.

**Mulder:** How well do you know him?

**Scully:** (forced casual) We dated . . . for almost a year. He was my instructor at the academy.

(Scully keeps walking, Mulder stops and looks at her.)

**Mulder:** The plot thickens.

**Scully:** (walking back toward Mulder, remembering fondly) We even had the same birthday. We used to celebrate in some dive in Statford that had a slanting pool table. But it was always so hard for Jack to relax. It was impossible for him really. He was always so intense, so relentlessly determined.

**Mulder:** Do you believe he's predisposed to this type of psychotic episode?

**Scully:** I believe it's a long way from saying Jack had a near-death experience to saying his body's been inhabited by Warren Dupre. (walks down the hall, looks back over her shoulder) A long way.

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## SCENE 8

(Tommy's low rent, messy apartment. Willis breaks in, grabs Tommy's gun and holds it on Tommy who is in bed watching TV, no sound.)

**Tommy:** What the hell?

**Willis:** You're such a creature of habit, Tommy.

**Tommy:** Who the hell are you?

**Willis:** Get out of bed.

**Tommy:** I ain't got no clothes on.

**Willis:** Get out of bed. I don't want to shoot you lying down.

**Tommy:** Who are you, the rent man? 'Cause I'm all paid up. I swear, I'm not kidding you. Come on, you can go ask Cosmo.

**Willis:** (getting a soda out of the refrigerator and drinking it) Shut up. Where is she?

**Tommy:** Where's who?

**Willis:** Your sister.

**Tommy:** Lula? I don't know. I was waiting to see her on the news. (points at new story on the silent television) What I tell you? Check it out. (Willis tries to adjust the volume.)

**Tommy:** The sound's busted. Looks like they'll find her before you do, pal.

**Willis:** Is that what you think? That's not what I think. (touches screen image of Lula reverently, then turns off the TV) I miss her, Tommy. I miss her so bad. That's why I came back.

**Tommy:** Do I know you from somewhere?

**Willis:** Everything I see, I see her.

(Willis's shirt is covered with blood.)

**Tommy:** Jesus, man, you're bleeding.

**Willis:** (looking at blood on his hands) Even ugliness is beautiful because of her. (aims gun at Tommy)

**Tommy:** (scared) Okay, what are you doing?

**Willis:** You set us up, Tommy. You sold us out to the FBI.

**Tommy:** (realizing, amazed) Dupre?

(Gunshot)

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## SCENE 9

### Crime Scene; Desmond Arms Resident Hotel

(Tommy's apartment next day. Crime scene. Mulder looks around while Scully talks to Agent Bruskin.)

**Agent Bruskin:** Neighbors heard a gunshot, but nobody bothered to check it out. The patrol guys responded this morning to an anonymous

911 and found him here, except the rats found him first. The victim's name was Thomas Phillips.

**Scully:** That's Lula's brother.

**Agent Bruskini:** Well, there's not a lot of family resemblance left between the rats and the .45 he took in the face. (puts a piece of gum in his mouth) Oh, I hate this nicotine stuff.

**Scully:** What's his story?

**Agent Bruskini:** He's single. He's lived here alone for the past seven months. A few priors, small stuff, mostly — B and E, narcotics possession. Nothing like his big sister.

**Mulder:** Was the television turned on when they found him?

**Agent Bruskini:** No. Why?

**Mulder:** I don't think Tommy was much a reader since he doesn't seem to have owned any books and from the position of the body, I'd say maybe he was watching the tube when he was shot.

**Officer Daniels:** Print kit's right over there. Knock yourself out.

(Noise at front door as Willis confronts Officer Daniels at the door. Mulder and Scully turn and look.)

**Willis:** Out of my way, Ace.

**Officer Daniels:** Regulations state to gain access to a crime scene, you got to show me some ID.

**Mulder:** (to Scully) Looks like you were right.

**Scully:** Excuse me. (goes to door) Jack . . .

(Willis looks at her and has flashback of her firing the shots that killed Dupre.)

**Scully:** (to Officer Daniels) Is there a problem here?

**Willis:** No, I just don't have any ID. And would you tell this gentleman who I am?

**Scully:** It's all right, Officer. This is Agent Jack Willis. He's with the Violent Crimes Section of the Washington Bureau. (quietly leading Willis through the door) Come on. Let's talk out here.

**Officer Daniels:** (letting Willis pass) I was just doing my job.

**Scully:** (quietly to Willis) For God's sake, Willis, what happened? Half the Bureau's been looking for you. Where have you been?

**Willis:** I don't know. I just . . . wasn't myself. I just kinda woke up out in the street.

**Scully:** I'm taking you back to the hospital. You're in no shape to be . . .

**Willis:** No, no, no way! I'm staying right here.

**Scully:** You're not ready to be here.

**Willis:** Who says?

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

**Willis:** Look. This is Tommy Phillip's place, right?

**Scully:** Jack . . .

**Willis:** Let me just ask you something. Was he killed with a .45?

**Scully:** As a matter of fact he was.

**Willis:** He was. That's Lula's weapon of choice. I know these people. I've been after them for a long time. We're halfway there.

**Scully:** (reluctantly giving in) You did open the book on this one.

**Willis:** Yeah. And I'm gonna be there when it's closed. (slams his fist into his palm)

**Scully:** All right. But as a colleague and as a friend I'm recommending you undergo a full medical evaluation — physical and psychological.

**Willis:** All right, fair enough.

(They join the others in the bedroom.)

**Mulder:** Jack, good to see you back among the living.

(Mulder shakes Willis' hand, but watches him warily.)

**Willis:** It's good to be back.

**Agent Bruskini:** (shaking Willis' hand) Jack.

**Willis:** So what do we got here?

**Agent Bruskini:** Mulder here found a print on the TV — a partial oblique — and it's not the victim's.

**Willis:** (looking at Mulder) Good work, Agent Mulder. I'm impressed. (Mulder watches Willis cross to the TV.)

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## SCENE 10

(FBI indoor shooting range. Mulder, fingers in his ears, comes up behind Willis who is shooting the target. Willis finishes the clip and pops it out of the gun.)

**Mulder:** That's fancy shooting.

**Willis:** Yeah, well, I got to get recertified before they give me my weapon back.

**Mulder:** (looking at target) Well, by the looks of it, I wouldn't worry about recertification.

**Willis:** Is there anything else you wanted?

**Mulder:** Yeah. It's, uh, Scully's birthday and I was wondering if you'd sign that for her.

(Mulder places a card on a table and carefully watches Willis for a reaction. Hands him a pen. Willis is relaxed.)

**Willis:** Sure. Be glad to. I'm always glad to celebrate the good times.

(Willis signs the card with his left hand.)

**Willis:** There you go.

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**SCENE 11**

(X-Files office. Mulder tosses the card on Scully's desk.)

**Mulder:** (smugly) Happy Birthday, Scully.

**Scully:** (confused) You're two months early.

**Mulder:** It's from Willis. I thought you two had the same birthday.

**Scully:** We do.

**Mulder:** Well, that's news to him. I asked him to sign it. And he signed it with his left hand. (sits at his desk)

**Scully:** You mean you tested him.

**Mulder:** Yeah. After I found out that the evidence from the Phillips murder is missing.

**Scully:** What evidence?

**Mulder:** The print we lifted. Our best lead is gone. Someone stole it before the lab had a chance to take a look at it.

**Scully:** (crossing to Mulder) And you think Willis is responsible?

**Mulder:** I'm not sure Willis is Willis. (Scully sighs and rolls her eyes.) Can you at least accept the possibility that during his near-death experience some kind of psychic transference occurred?

**Scully:** 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 of his evaluations — physical and psychological. (defensively) Anyway, just because someone forgets a birthday doesn't mean that 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? This is a copy of the automobile requisition form Willis filed the day before he was shot. Compare the signatures.

(The two signatures are not even close.)

**Scully:** Like I said, Mulder, stress, all right? We both know it can significantly affect someone's cursive standard. I'm afraid this doesn't prove a thing.

**SCENE 12**

(Willis at his desk in VCU. Looks through file on the case. Is disturbed by the pictures of his dead body and of Lula. His phone rings.)

**Willis:** (into phone) Agent Willis here.

(Willis listens for a moment, then hangs up quickly and crosses to the door. Scully crosses over to him.)

**Scully:** Jack. Where are you going?

**Willis:** We got a break. A landlord in Boyle Heights thinks he's got our girl.

**Scully:** Hotline?

**Willis:** Yeah. Saw her picture in the post office. Here's the address.

**Scully:** Jack, can I ask you something?

**Willis:** Yeah, sure.

**Scully:** (difficult to ask) The Phillips murder. The print Mulder lifted off the television — it's missing.

**Willis:** And?

**Scully:** And . . . you were carrying the evidence back.

**Willis:** Are you implying something, Agent Scully? I don't know anything about any missing print. Now, I'm ten minutes from closing the biggest case in my career. Are you coming?

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**SCENE 13**

(Apartment building. Willis and Scully go up the stairs to apartment 202.)

**Willis:** What's that apartment number again?

**Scully:** Number 202.

**Willis:** Oh, yeah. (knocks) What's this guy's name?

**Scully:** Multrevich.

**Willis:** Multrevich?

(Willis knocks at 202. Multrevich, large unkempt man, opens the door.)

**Willis:** Mr. Multrevich? I'm from the FBI. Jack Willis. We spoke on the phone.

**Multrevich:** Oh, yeah.

**Willis:** (holds up picture of Lula) Have you ever seen this lady?

**Multrevich:** Yeah. 207. Two days ago. First and last month, cash.

**Scully:** Where's 207?

**Multrevich:** Down the hallway, around the corner.

**Scully:** All right, Mr. Multrevich, we want you to go back inside your apartment and stay away from the windows.

(Multrevich closes the door. Willis and Scully walk down the hall.)

**Scully:** Where's our back up? You said you called them, right?

**Willis:** Yeah, they should have been here ten minutes ago. She may be running down a fire escape, or something.

**Scully:** I'm going to call in again.

(Lula opens the door at the end of the hall holding a basket of laundry.)

**Willis:** (sees Lula, grins widely, happy to see her) Look. Hey, that's her. (Lula flings the basket to the floor and runs back down the stairs. Scully and Willis follow Lula down to the basement.)

**Willis:** (desperate) Where is she? Where did she go?

**Scully:** I'll check back here.

(Separately and silently they search the dark area for about a minute. Lula attacks Scully from behind. Scully tackles Lula and gets her face down on a mattress.)

**Scully:** Face down! Face down! Hands behind your back. Now!

(Scully gets Lula hand cuffed, then still sitting on Lula turns her head to Willis who has come up behind them.)

**Scully:** She's all yours, Jack.

**Willis:** (looking at Lula) Yeah, like a dog on a leash.

(Lula looks up at Willis sharply. Willis tosses his handcuffs onto the mattress beside Scully.)

**Scully:** (warily) I already cuffed her.

**Willis:** They're for you, Scully. Put them on.

**Scully:** What's going on, Jack?

**Willis:** (aiming his gun at Scully) Put them on, or I'll blow you in half.

**Scully:** Jack . . .

**Willis:** Shut up! Put them on.

(Scully, staring at Jack, slowly puts the cuffs on her own wrists. Willis goes to Lula and tenderly touches her face.)

**Willis:** Come on, baby. Come on, get up, baby. I want to look at you. Your face is all dirty.

**Lula:** (trying to push him away) Keep your stinking hands off me.

**Willis:** Baby, you ain't going to believe where I been.

(Scully watches them.)

## SCENE 14

(Lula and Dupre's apartment. Willis is talking to Lula who is packing suitcases. Scully is handcuffed to the radiator. Her lip is swollen and bloodied)

**Willis:** Sure it's crazy. You don't think I know it's crazy? This isn't my face, these aren't my hands, but it's me in here. And I know you, I know everything about you, baby. Come on, ask me something. Your birthday's April 7th. Your favorite color is red. Come on. Come on, ask me something else. Come on, ask me.

**Lula:** (not convinced) Okay. Okay, what did we do after we got married?

**Willis:** (suggestively) Right after?

**Lula:** After that.

**Willis:** Well, we went down to the beach. I took out my buck knife and I sliced open my palm and then I slit open your palm . . . (takes her hand) and we let the blood drip down in the water.

**Lula:** Then what did you say to me?

**Willis:** I said, "This is so we can be married in all the oceans of the world." (kisses her hand) And then I made you a solemn oath . . . (holds up wedding ring) to never take this ring off my finger. (puts it on) Ever. I mean to keep that promise.

**Lula:** (shakes her head and pulls away) This is . . . this is just too weird. I can't believe it's really you.

**Willis:** Don't worry, baby. It won't make any difference in the dark. (Willis begins kissing her neck. She looks uncomfortable.)

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## SCENE 15

(Mulder and Agent Bruskin coming out of Multrevich's apartment.)

**Agent Bruskin:** Thank you sir, we'll be in touch.

**Multrevich:** When do I get my reward?

**Agent Bruskin:** We'll call you.

(Multrevich goes back inside.)

**Agent Bruskin:** Now \*I'm\* worried. 12 hours with no word. I don't get it. Why's their car still sitting out front? Why didn't Willis call for backup?

**Mulder:** Because it wasn't Willis who answered the hot line.

**Agent Bruskin:** What are you talking about? You heard the recording. It was Willis' voice.

**Mulder:** (tense) Forget it, Bruskin.

**Agent Bruskin:** Plus which, the manager just ID'd him and Scully.

**Mulder:** (really tense) I said forget it, Bruskin.

(They get out to the car.)

**Agent Bruskin:** This isn't one of your X-File theories, is it?

**Mulder:** It doesn't matter what I think. We're still after the same thing. (Mulder's cell phone rings. He answers it.) Mulder.

**Voice:** (on phone) FBI Centrex Operator. Please hold.

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

**Willis:** (voice, on phone) Guess who, Ace?

**Mulder:** (on phone) Willis?

**Willis:** (on phone) That depends on who you ask, don't it?

**Mulder:** (on phone) Where's Scully?

**Willis:** (on phone) You're the FBI. You figure it out.

**Mulder:** (on phone) Let me talk to her.

**Willis:** (on phone) Yeah. Sure. (puts phone to Scully's ear)

**Scully:** (into phone) Mulder?

**Mulder:** (on phone) Dana, are you okay?

**Scully:** (into phone) Don't — (Willis pulls the phone away)

**Mulder:** (voice, on phone) Dana?

**Willis:** Okay. That's it. Good-bye. (hangs up)

**Scully:** It's not going to work, Jack.

**Willis:** You don't think so?

**Scully:** Bureau policy prohibits negotiating with kidnappers. But you already know that, don't you, Jack?

**Willis:** Stop calling me that!

**Scully:** Your name is Jack Willis. You were born February 23, 1957. 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.

**Scully:** We spent a weekend up at Pine Barrens. You taught me how to fish through the ice. It was your parents' cabin. Jack, try to remember. We drove up in a snowstorm. Come on, Jack.

(Willis, breathing heavily, has flashes of driving in snow. Brushes the image away and turns angrily back to Scully.)

**Willis:** Don't think I didn't see what you did. I was like a little slip of paper 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:** Too bad he was gone already. I watched him go. I just saw him slip away down that long, black tunnel.

**Scully:** No. We brought you back.

**Willis:** You shot me dead! And then you let me die.

**Scully:** No. You won't kill me, Jack.

**Willis:** (pushes gun into her side) You call me that one more time I'll make you stone-cold.

(Lula enters the room.)

**Lula:** Easy, baby, easy. Not yet. Remember, she's our ticket.

**Willis:** (taking an empty can of soda from Lula tips it up to drink the last drops) Got any more of this soda?

**Lula:** You just drank the last of it.

**Scully:** (realization) Soda. How much of that have you had?

**Willis:** What's it to you?

**Scully:** Jack Willis is diabetic. Which means you're diabetic. Too much sugar in the system could lead to hyperglycemia.

**Lula:** Maybe that's why your stomach's hurting so bad.

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

## SCENE 16

### FBI Headquarters; Washington, D.C.

(X-Files office. Mulder, alone, listening to Willis's field notes and looking through the file.)

**Willis:** (voice on tape) I feel myself getting into their heads and I'm scared by what I'm feeling. The intoxicating freedom that comes from disconnecting action and consequence. There is a world where nothing matters but their own needs, their own impossible appetites 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 almost envy.

(Mulder's beeper goes off. He looks at it.)

. . . . .

## SCENE 17

(Later, Mulder, using a detailed map, is briefing a room full of agents.)

**Mulder:** Katensville PD just reported a drugstore was broken into right here on the corner of Old Forge Road and Madison and I'm betting that Scully is somewhere within this five mile radius.

**Agent Bruskin:** Am I missing something?

**Mulder:** 200 units of NPH insulin were taken with a box of syringes. Willis is diabetic.

**Agent Bruskin:** Get me a census report. Let's see how many households we're talking about.

. . . . .

## SCENE 18

(Lula and Dupre's apartment. Scully, released from the radiator, empties a bag of insulin bottles and syringes on the table and begins opening a package.)

**Willis:** (desperate, weak voice) Quick, quick, quick. My legs are starting to go numb.

**Scully:** Hold on.

(Lula draws gun on Scully and pushes the insulin to the floor.)

**Willis:** What the hell . . . ?

**Lula:** (to Scully) Drop the needle.

**Scully:** Without this medicine, he dies.

**Lula:** Yes, so you said. Now, put it down . . . unless you want me to put you down with it.

(Scully drops the medicine.)

. . . . .



**Willis:** What the hell are you doing, Lula? 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.

**Willis:** (realizing) You?

**Lula:** Yeah, me. How do you think I got away so clean, huh? The minute you stepped into that bank I was out of there. I got the money, and I got rid of you. At least I thought I did.

(Lula steps on the bottle of insulin, shattering it. Willis moans in pain.)

. . . . .

## SCENE 19

(FBI headquarters. Phone rings.)

**Phone Agent:** (on phone) Tactical. (listens a moment, then to room)  
This is it.

(Mulder takes the phone.)

**Mulder:** (on phone) Mulder.

**Lula:** (on phone, voice) Listen carefully.

**Mulder:** (on phone) Where's Willis?

**Lula:** (on phone, voice) Oh, he's lying around here somewhere.

**Mulder:** (on phone) Let me talk to Scully.

**Lula:** (on phone) Not this time.

**Mulder:** (on phone) We don't deal unless we know Scully is alive.

**Lula:** (on phone) She's alive. She's not happy, but she's alive.

**Mulder:** (on phone, threatening) You listen to me — you lay one hand on Scully, and so help me, God . . .

**Lula:** (on phone) If I were you, I'd stop talking and start passing around the collection hat 'cause if you ever want to see Scully again it's going to cost you a million dollars. Have it by this time tomorrow. I'll tell you when and where. (hangs up)

**Phone Agent:** (who has been tracing the call) We got it. It's a 202 number.

**Agent Bruskin:** Great. Get the address.

**Mulder:** (looking at paper, then crumpling it) Forget it. It's Scully's cellular number. They're using her phone. We can't trace them. (angrily throws the wadded paper across the room.)

. . . . .

## SCENE 20

### FBI Headquarters; Washington, D.C.

(Mulder with Tech in the sound lab listening to Lula's recorded voice.)

**Lula:** (voice) She's not happy, but she's alive. If I were you, I'd stop talking and start passing around the collection hat.

**Tech:** That last part, right?

**Mulder:** Yeah, but can you squelch the voice even more this time?

**Tech:** Yep. (adjusts dials) Done.

**Lula:** (voice) If I were you, I'd stop talking and start passing around the collection hat.

**Tech:** Yep. Yeah. There's something there. Definitely something at the high end. Let me throw on an extra Z-14 filter and isolate everything over half a decibel.

**Lula:** (voice) If I were you, I'd stop talking and start passing around the collection hat.

(There is a motor sound audible under her voice.)

**Mulder:** There. That engine sound.

**Tech:** Let's clean it up some more.

**Lula:** (voice) If I were you, I'd stop talking and start passing around the collection hat.

(Motor sound very audible.)

**Mulder:** Is that a small plane?

**Tech:** Taking off, by the sound of it. Give me a couple more minutes. We'll guesstimate the altitude within a couple hundred feet.

**Mulder:** (under his breath) Great!

(Later, briefing room.)

**Agent Bruskin:** (getting off phone) All right, people, settle down and grab a seat. ("here he goes again, let's put up with him" tone) Mulder says he's got something.

**Agent Westin:** What? An alien virus or new information on the Kennedy assassination?

**Agent Bruskin:** Hey, Mulder's all right. You should pay attention. You might learn something from the man.

(Mulder enters and goes straight to the map.)

**Mulder:** Okay, from our last phone contact we've identified what sounds like light aircraft taking off. Now, Washington County Regional Airport happens to fall within our area, just south of the state line. Since takeoffs are north to south it's a fair bet that our target area lies along this flight path. For those of you who remember ninth-grade math that gives us an area of just over three square miles to cover — roughly 1000 households. With 100 law enforcement officials at our disposal at about 30 households per man per hour we should be able to canvass the entire

area in about three hours. Agent Bruskin will grid the target area and divide it among the teams.

(Agents all begin to get up, talking.)

**Mulder:** And for those of you —who don't know already (voice unsteady) this one's important to me. So, uh, let's do it right. Thanks.

(Quiet for a moment, then Agent Bruskin begins reading off assignments.)

**Agent Bruskin:** Let me see Steinburg, Calder, and Westin.

. . . . .

## SCENE 21

(Apartment, morning. Willis still lying in the corner, Scully handcuffed again to the radiator, sleeping.)

**Willis:** Scully?

**Scully:** (waking) Hmn? Huh?

**Willis:** Was there snow?

**Scully:** Yes, Jack. There was lots of snow.

**Willis:** I can't . . .

**Scully:** It was December. It was the weekend after Thanksgiving.

**Willis:** I remember . . . a red stove.

**Scully:** (encouraging him) Yeah. That's right. There was a wood-burning stove right in the middle of the room.

**Willis:** Cold.

**Scully:** Yeah.

**Willis:** So cold. I remember I had to wrap you in a blanket when the wood ran out.

**Scully:** (fondly) Yeah.

(Willis slumps to the side.)

**Scully:** No! Jack, don't close your eyes. Come on, keep talking. Jack, keep talking. Come on.

**Dupre:** (flashback to the bank) Get down on the floor! Get over there!

**Willis:** (sudden angry) I'm gonna execute every one of you!

**Scully:** No. No.

(Psychic! Scully sees Dupre for a moment instead of Willis.)

**Dupre:** Shut up and do it!

(Scully looks again, but his head is in shadow.)

(Knock at door in the other room. Holding a gun, Lula answers the door.)

**Lula:** Just a second. Who is it?

**Bible Salesman:** This is Brother T. Could I speak with you for just one moment, please?

**Lula:** What do you want?

**Bible Salesman:** Just a few minutes of your time, ma'am. Beautiful day, isn't it? I wonder if I can interest you in the Word of the Lord — leather bound in black or red your choice.

**Lula:** (closing door) Go away.

(Outside, Bible Salesman aka Undercover Cop, speaks into his radio.)

**Bible Salesman/Cop:** This is one-four. Target sighted.

(Utility truck moves into position.)

(Inside, Lula goes into the room with Willis and Scully.)

**Lula:** Well, I guess it's time to make that call.

**Scully:** He's dead. It's all on you now. He's dead because of you.

**Lula:** (kneeling down in front of Willis, not sad) Well . . . guess it's over. Whoever you are.

(Willis grabs the gun from Lula and points it at her. She falls back in surprise.)

**Willis:** Don't move.

**Scully:** Jack!

**Willis:** Shut up!

**Lula:** I love you. Don't you know? You're why I came back.

(Outside, agents are all moving into position.)

**Agent Westin:** (on utility truck cherry picker, into radio) This is Westin. They battened down the hatches. There's no clear shot from this side. What about you guys?

(Mulder looks up to an agent on the roof who shakes his head.)

**Mulder:** (into radio) Ditto. Hold your positions. Keep radios at two. (Agents surround the house. Agent Bruskin joins Mulder.)

**Mulder:** How do we look?

**Agent Bruskin:** Backup's in but we still don't know what's going on in there.

**Mulder:** We will soon enough.

(Inside the house, Lula is desperately trying to calm Willis.)

**Lula:** I kept a bottle of medicine in the other room. I'll go get it. What do you say, huh? (crawls over to him and begins stroking his face) I'll get it for you. Look, look, look. I love you. I love you, baby.

**Willis:** No.

**Lula:** Listen, listen, listen. We still have her. We can get away with this.

**Willis:** I don't think so, baby. Not this time.

**Scully:** Jack, put the gun down.

**Willis:** (holding Lula tight to him) You remember that — light that I talked about? It's beautiful. There's nothing to be afraid of. (He shoots Lula in the stomach as he kisses her.)

**Scully:** No!

## 20 The X-Files Scripts

(Mulder and other agents burst into the house.)

**Agent Bruskin:** All right, FBI! FBI!

**Scully:** Jack!

**Mulder:** FB . . .

(Agent Bruskin checks Willis, Mulder goes to Scully, still cuffed to the radiator.)

**Mulder:** (concerned) Scully, are you okay?

**Scully:** (not looking at Mulder) Jack!?

(Agent Bruskin shakes his head, and steps away from Willis' body. Mulder and Scully watch the tattoo on Willis' arm fade away.)

. . . . .

### SCENE 22

(Scully is cleaning out Willis' desk. Mulder comes up to her.)

**Mulder:** Hi. I got this from the morgue along with the rest of his personal effects. I thought you might want it.

(He hands her a watch with an inscription on the back.)

**Scully:** "Happy 35th, Love D." I got it for him three years ago.

**Mulder:** (indicating box on the desk) Next of kin?

**Scully:** Uh .. no. Jack was an only child. Both his parents died when he was in college. There's a kid over in Parklawn. Jack's been his Big Brother so I'm going to go and see him tomorrow. What am I going to tell him?

**Mulder:** (bitterly) The official story.

**Scully:** Which is?

**Mulder:** Fugitive Lula Phillips died yesterday in a shoot-out with federal agents which also resulted in the death of Special Agent Jack Willis — killed in the line of duty.

**Scully:** (sighs, looks away and sits) What am I supposed to tell myself?

**Mulder:** (starts to leave) Good night.

**Scully:** (looks at watch) It's not working. It stopped. At 6:47.

**Mulder:** (turns back to her) The exact time that Jack went into cardiac arrest at the hospital.

**Scully:** What does that mean?

**Mulder:** It means . . . It means whatever you want it to mean. (gently) Good night.

(Mulder leaves.)

[THE END]