

Hollywood A.D.

Written by David Duchovny

Directed by David Duchovny

FADE IN:

Bullets

Strafe the sod of a--

EXT. TOMBSTONE-FILLED GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Just barely missing a TRENCH-COATED MAN who dives behind an upright gravestone. The bullets chip the old stone as we peer around at the Man, but can't quite make him out because it's NIGHT and his face is partly obscured.

We are in LETTERBOX FORMAT---

We are on the Trench-Coated Man's back as he fires a clip over his shoulder SCATTERSHOT till his gun CLICKS and then he disappears behind the TOMBSTONE again.

We notice that he is cradling under his arm a CERAMIC BOWL---nothing special, looks like something you could get at Pottery Barn.

In the distance, we hear a taunting voice, we will call CSP---(Cigarette Smoking Pontiff).

CSP

Give it up. My sniper zombies are everywhere.

CUT TO:

DECOMPOSING, ROTTING ZOMBIES ON THE MOVE

Digging into SNIPER POSITIONS swat team-style with much more grace and alacrity than we are used to seeing the living dead move.

Through the RIFLE SIGHT of one of the SNIPER ZOMBIES---we get a glimpse of the back of Trench-Coated Man's head as the fatal RED DOT dances from the headstone to the head and...

The ZOMBIE takes his shot and JUST MISSES, headstone chipping---

HIGH AND WIDE

We see the entire GRAVEYARD with about half of the graves apparently dug up or overturned. SNIPER ZOMBIES reposition themselves, closing in on the

TRENCH-COATED MAN.

CSP:

I offer you a deal, Mulder. You give me the Lazarus Bowl
and I give you Scully.

We are on "CSP"'s back, he's a Large Man dressed in the flowing robes of a CATHOLIC CARDINAL and he turns to camera and reveals that he has what must be Scully hostage with a gun to her head.

And as we dolly in closer we see the Cigarette in THE CARDINAL'S MOUTH, and that he has TEA LEONI at gunpoint---one of her shoulders is bloodied.

TEA LEONI:

Mulder!

On Mulder, looking down as he searches himself for another clip but finds nothing. He curses and looks up and this Mulder is not David Duchovny but rather GARRY SHANDLING.

GARRY SHANDLING:

How 'bout this deal...you give me Scully and I don't
smash the Lazarus Bowl and shove the jagged pieces
where the sun of God don't shine, you cigarette smoking
pontiffabitch!!!

And with that very non-TV epithet, Shandling comes out from behind the tombstone holding the Lazarus Bowl above his head in a threatening-to-break-it posture.

The ZOMBIE SNIPERS react to Shandling threatening the pottery with fear and consternation---they drop their aim and grunt with animal-like concern at one another.

Now SHANDLING and "CSP" holding Leoni slowly advance toward one another.

Zombies clear the path as he puts pottery in danger.

GARRY SHANDLING:

I break the Lazarus Bowl and all your sniper zombies go
back to being good little well-behaved corpses---

"CSP":

You don't fool me, Mulder, that bowl is your Holy Grail--
encoded in its ancient ceramic grooves are the words
Jesus spake when he raised Lazarus from the dead, still
capable of raising the dead 2000 years later. Proof
positive of the paranormal.

You could no sooner destroy that than let the blonde die.

Now Shandling and "CSP" are within ten yards of each other.

Shandling and Leoni make significant eye contact in dueling ECU's.

"CSP" cocks his gun. Shandling cocks his bowl. It's a Mexican standoff.

Then breaking the silence, a ZOMBIE steps forward and speaks (who knew?)---

ZOMBIE:

C'mon, man, don't break the bowl. We don't wanna go back to being dead---no food, no women, no dancing--- save the bowl and we'll dump that ciggy smoking stooge for you---you'll be our new king of the dead...

Shandling reconsiders. Leoni shows in her eyes that of such choices is a man's soul won or lost, shakes her head slightly...no. Then...

GARRY SHANDLING:

I would rather serve in heaven than rule in hell...

And with that nod to Milton, he throws the Lazarus Bowl high in the air and when it reaches its apex we RAMP to SLO-MO.

Zombies react and move toward the falling bowl like undead punt returners.

Shandling runs screaming at "CSP" and Leoni.

"CSP" also makes a move to catch the bowl and as he is distracted---

Leoni expertly strips him of his gun and trains the barrel on him (still slo-mo).

Shandling about to get to Leoni---

A Zombie settles under the Lazarus Bowl, his fingers outstretched, ready to gently cradle what gives him life when---

Leoni repositions her gun to a higher angles and FIRES!!! And the sound of the gun brings us back to normal speed---

IN NORMAL SPEED---the LAZARUS BOWL shatters in 1000 pieces as... Shandling body blocks "CSP" out of the way and grabs Leoni--- Shandling and Leoni go tumbling down the side of the graveyard hill, rolling one over the other until they both fall into an open unearthed grave and into a plush opened casket which then snaps closed on them leaving us now in TOTAL DARKNESS.

IN THE BLACKNESS

Of the casket, we hear their heavy breaths, then...

TEA LEONI:

Is that your flashlight, Mulder, or are you just happy to be lying on top of me?

A small flashlight illuminates our tiny space and we can see Shandling and Leoni, their lips forced closely together. NOTE: The interior lining of the casket should be a SEXY RED that will suffuse our heroes in its tint.

GARRY SHANDLING:
My flashlight.

Leoni makes a subtle move, Shandling is surprised...

GARRY SHANDLING:
Oh that?

Now Shandling kisses Leoni gently on the lips...

GARRY SHANDLING:
Seven long years I've waited for just the right moment...

Leoni kisses him back.

TEA LEONI:
You're a sick man...go on...

GARRY SHANDLING:
I love you, Scully. No ifs, ands...

And now Leoni takes the offensive, grabs Shandling to kiss him.

TEA LEONI:
Or bees.

And they begin to make love as we swoop through and outside the casket and we--

CRANE UP

As high as we can over---

EXT. THE GRAVEYARD - CONTINUOUS

To see "CSP" weeping over the broken Lazarus Bowl, his sniper zombies lying in dead again heaps all around. And as we continue our crane move, we actually come out of the screen and out of LETTERBOX and into REGULAR TV FORMAT and we are staring at---

A SCREEN

In a movie theatre. Filled with well dressed folk who we are seeing only from the back.

We are:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT - REVERSE

As we take in the formal crowd. It feels like a premiere.

Now we are on a row of famous faces---including Garry Shandling and Tea Leoni---slowly panning maybe we can make out from the GLOSSY PROGRAMS that everybody's holding that this movie is called "THE LAZARUS BOWL"---it's a 20th Century Fox film...and everyone is holding a PLASTIC

REPLICA of the ceramic bowl Shandling had on screen, filled with POPCORN as a promotional gimmick.

STILL panning across famous and unfamous faces ALL SEEMINGLY LOVING THIS FILM, some genuinely moved to tears, until we get to---

SPECIAL AGENT DANA SCULLY

The actual character, portrayed by Gillian Anderson. Anderson just staring up at the screen, her mouth wide in disbelief as we pan off her to---

MULDER

Or David Duchovny that is, holding his head in his hands in abject humiliation. He looks up and across the aisle. Camera follows his gaze to --

AD WALTER SKINNER

Who is beaming from ear to ear. He's in heaven.

Skinner feels Mulder looking at him and turns to him. Skinner raises his hands and shrugs innocently as we---

GO TO CREDITS

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

WALTER SKINNER

Faces us. We are:

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY

A SLUG tells us where we are and that it is "TWO YEARS EARLIER:"

SKINNER:
Yesterday, a small pipe bomb ripped through the crypt of
Christ's Church here in DC.

There were no casualties. No theft. No note making any demand.

As Skinner speaks, we hinge off him to a LARGE PHOTO BLOW UP of the bombed out church.

Continuing to hinge off the photo, we find

AGENTS FOX MULDER AND DANA SCULLY

Seated across from Skinner. And behind them, a MAN sitting on Skinner's back couch, holding a SLEEP LITTLE SILVER TAPE RECORDER. This man is WAYNE FEDERMAN---early 40's, dressed in Hollywood tough nerd black. Throughout the scene, Federman will repeat certain phrases that he hears into his recorder. His CELL PHONE begins to ring and will continue to ring throughout the scene. He does not answer it.

Mulder looks suspiciously at Federman, then back to Skinner.

SCULLY:
Who's taking credit for it?

SKINNER:
Nobody.

WAYNE FEDERMAN:
(into recorder)
She: Jodie Foster's foster child on a Payless budget. He:
Jehova's Witness meets Harrison Ford's Witness...

Federman overlaps while Scully goes back to Skinner.

SCULLY:
Christ's church...isn't that Cardinal O'Fallon's church?

SKINNER:
Yes, O'Fallon's residence is adjacent to the crypt.

MULDER:
Who's Cardinal O'Fallon?

WAYNE FEDERMAN:
Cardinal "Oh-Fallen" perhaps.

Mulder looks from Federman to Scully.

SCULLY:
One of the most powerful men in the Church today. His name is always brought up as a possibility for the first American Pope.

MULDER:
I don't want to be myopic here, but it looks like a straight up terrorist act for the ATF, not my alley.

WAYNE FEDERMAN:
"Myopic."

SKINNER:
Yes, it does.

Silence. Except for the ringing cell phone. Mulder stares at Federman.

Federman seems surprised to be included.

WAYNE FEDERMAN:
I didn't want to be rude.

Now Mulder wheels back to Skinner.

MULDER:
Sir, who the hell is this guy?

Skinner stands up to introduce Federman to the Agents.

SKINNER:
This is Wayne Federman, an old buddy of mine from college, he's a writer out in Hollywood now and he's working on an FBI-based movie and has asked me to give him access...

SCULLY:
A screenwriter?

(as in "dogshit?")

FEDERMAN:
Writer-slash-producer.

MULDER:

Well, that's just a hindrance-slash-pain in the neck.

FEDERMAN:

Whoa, hold on Agent Mulder, I don't want to eat your lunch, I'm just here to get some procedural flavor, just a taste.

BEAT

MULDER:

I have no idea what you just said.

FEDERMAN:

The Skinman's filled me in on your bent, told me you come at things a little fahkakte, a little star trekky--which is the exact vibe I'm thinking of for this thing I'm doing--a "Silence of the Lambs"-slash-"Greatest Story Ever Told" type thing. I won't get in your way, dude, I'll be strictly Heisenbergian.

Everyone just take a breath. Silent stares all around.

SKINNER:

Agents--Mr. Federman will accompany you today to Christ's Church where he will act as an observer on this case. you will extend to him every courtesy and protection that you would a friend of mine and a friend of the bureau.

And now Mulder turns to Skinman and says quietly, earnestly...

MULDER:

Have I pissed you off, sir, in a way that's more than normal?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - DAY

Mulder, Scully, and Federman enter the BIG BEAUTIFUL CHURCH.

INT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - DAY

Agents Mulder and Scully, Wayne Federman, and CARDINAL AUGUSTINE O'FALLON, resplendent in his cardinal's robes--the man himself is in his mid-60's, powerful and vital--

SCULLY:

Cardinal O'Fallon, can you think of anyone who might make an attempt on your life?

O'FALLON:
The Church always has enemies, Agent Scully.

MULDER:
The size of the bomb would have limited its destruction
to just the crypt itself. Anything valuable down there?

O'FALLON:
Mostly old bones and some artifacts, relics, and
documents that we store down there in the cold. We like
to think of it as God's refrigerator.

FEDERMAN:
That's a great line.
(into recorder)
"God's refrigerator".

MULDER:
(to Federman)
Shut up.

As O'Fallon speaks we should be heading into--

INT. CRYPT AREA - CHRIST'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

It is cordoned off by yellow crime scene tape.

O'FALLON:
Things of negligible monetary value but paramount
spiritual value to the church---ancient devotional texts,
medieval relics...

FEDERMAN:
How 'bout the Shroud of Turin?

Mulder shoots Federman a look.

O'FALLON:
I'm afraid not, but we do have the bathrobe of St. Peter.

FEDERMAN:
You're kidding.

O'FALLON:
Yes, I am.

FEDERMAN:
That's a good line.

MULDER:

Shut up.

Total darkness as we enter the CRYPT PROPER. O'FALLON flicks a switch (the light source is a single flickering bulb) and now we can see that there are ANCIENT CORPSES exploded from their tombs lying amidst the rubble, a grisly, smelly, and sad sight. As O'Fallon said, it's mostly bones.

MULDER:

My instinct is to see this desecration of the dead less as a murder attempt and more as a terrorist act, a message sent...

And the unmistakable sound of a cell phone chirping echoes in the creepy crypt. Mulder and Scully immediately shoot daggers at Federman who whips out his cell phone and checks it.

FEDERMAN:

It's not me. I think it's you.

Mulder sheepishly pulls out his phone and checks it.

MULDER:

Nope.

Mulder looks to Scully, who pulls out her phone, checks it and shakes her head, no.

Unbidden, O'Fallon whips a cell phone out of his copious sleeves and checks it.

O'FALLON:

Not me either. I can never get reception down here.

And now cocking his head like a dog, Mulder tries to track down the phone signal.

He heads off in search of it, then kneeling down, starts to pull some old stones away, and then as the ringing gets clearer, Mulder starts pulling away rubble quicker and quicker until we see a HUMAN HAND.

And then the body of a MAN crushed by rock. We know he is different from the other corpses because there is fresh blood on him--the man seems to be in his 50's with long straight hair and a full beard (he should look as much like the cliched image of CHRIST as possible)

Mulder reaches into the man's pocket and pulls out the RINGING CELL PHONE.

FEDERMAN:

Would that be St. Jude's cell phone, Cardinal?

Mulder is staring at the dead man with more interest than we might expect.

MULDER:

No. That's Micah Hoffman.

As the ringing echoes...

EXT. SEEDY D.C. AREA - DAY

Mulder, Scully, and Federman approach a run-down shack in a 60's holder enclave (scene could take place in the car).

MULDER:

My heroes--Willie Mays, Frank Serpico, and Micah Hoffman; that's my Holy Trinity, Scully.

SCULLY:

Of course, I'm too young to remember, but wasn't he some 60's campus radical, like a Jerry Rubin or Mario Savio?

MULDER:

He was the Zelig of the 60's, Scully.

FEDERMAN:

Zelig!

MULDER:

Name a counterculture movement of the 60's and Micah Hoffman was at the center of it.

He was one of the original Weathermen, the first Yippie, a better poet than Ginsburg, and the starting shortstop for his Columbia baseball team.

FEDERMAN:

Then in the 70's didn't he just drop off the face of the earth?

MULDER:

Yeah, right after Altamont. Never really heard from again.

FEDERMAN:

The Stones get blamed for everything. I don't get it.

They are at the door of the rundown house. Mulder knocks. no answer. As Mulder jimmys the door--

SCULLY:

We should have a warrant, Mulder.

Mulder to Federman...

MULDER:

You didn't see that, Heisenberg.

As they enter...

FEDERMAN:
I'm sorry---did I miss an election? When did a fascist
government take power?

INT. MICAH HOFFMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The place is a shambles. A pack rat lives here.

SCULLY
It still looks like the 60's in here, man. I feel like I'm on
the inside of someone's drug addled brain...

And indeed it does. There are 60's artifacts and posters everywhere; a heavy Beatles theme. Maybe
stray CATS. Right there in the center of the room is a homemade bomb making facility.

SCULLY:
Sorry to denigrate your hero, Mulder, but it looks like
Hoffman was killed by one of his own bombs.

Mulder nods sadly, but not entirely convinced.

FEDERMAN:
From Dharma bum to Dharma bomb.

And right next to a BIG POTTER'S WHEEL is an elaborate DRAUGHTMAN'S TABLE with many bottles
of ink and cans of turpentine-looking stuff.

MULDER:
I knew Hoffman was a master potter, but apparently he
was quite a calligrapher as well.

Scully examines the cans etc., reading labels, sniffing contents.

SCULLY:
Mulder, this is gum arabic. And sodium hydroxide here.
these would be used to age the ink and the paper
prematurely. It's a forger's trick.

FEDERMAN:
From counterculture to counterfeiter.

MULDER:
One more pun and I pull out my gun.

Mulder continues to dig, in the mess he finds old yellowed looking documents. He reads for a
moment and then---

MULDER:

Scully, these seem to be religious texts...how's your Greek?

Scully looks over the pages.

SCULLY:

Pretty rusty...This is very odd, but I think this is some kind of lost Gospel, a Gospel of Mary Magdalen, and an account of Christ's life on earth AFTER the resurrection--- these are heretical texts, mythical I should say, but long rumored to have been in existence.

MULDER:

What would Hoffman be doing with heretical religious texts?

SCULLY:

I think the question, Mulder, is what would Hoffman be doing forging them?

FEDERMAN:

I think the question, Agents, is what might O'Fallon be doing with Hoffman's forgeries?

The Agents turn to Federman, grudging out some respect. He shrugs.

SCULLY:

You think Hoffman forged those papers we saw in the crypt?

FEDERMAN:

You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows.

(raises hands off Mulder's look)

Don't shoot.

INT. CRYPT - CHRIST'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Mulder, Scully, and Federman enter the Crypt in total darkness. Mulder sniks on his Flashlight and heads off in one direction, Scully following right behind. Federman also has a flashlight and is in tow. This place should feel HUGE.

FEDERMAN:

I like the way you guys work---no warrants, no permission, no research---you're like studio executives with guns---

They more to one end of the crypt. It's pretty creepy in here.

Then there's a WEIRD SKITTERING NOISE NEARBY, like lobsters on linoleum, and hard to pinpoint.

The Agents shine their flashlights in the general direction of the noise, but see nothing.

FEDERMAN:
What the hell was that?

SCULLY:
I'm sure this place is crawling with rats.

FEDERMAN:
Is that supposed to comfort me?

And then Federman's omnipresent cell phone goes off again, causing everyone to jump.

Federman shrugs, answers the phone.

Mulder and Scully turn away from him, back towards the darkness and do not see as Federman, trying to get better reception on his call, peels away from the Agents and walks out of our sight. Maybe we continue to hear him faintly in the distance though.

WITH SCULLY AND MULDER as they walk and come upon a CACHE OF OLD DOCUMENTS glowing yellow in the flashlit darkness. Mulder puts his flashlight in his mouth and tries to read them. Scully hunkers down as well.

CLOSE ON THE DOCUMENTS

We can see that they are similar to if not identical to the ones that Hoffman had been forging in his home.

SCULLY:
This is the same Gospel of Mary we saw in Hoffman's place.

MULDER:
Is this a forgery or the real thing.

SCULLY:
There is no "real" gospel of Mary, Mulder---the original would be a fake.

MULDER:
So is this a real fake or a fake fake.

Scully shakes her head; she has no way of knowing.

BACK TO FEDERMAN

Still walking and talking, trying to get reception when his flashlight illuminates something brightish about 10 yards away. Federman walks to the object.

FEDERMAN:
I'm going through a crypt now, lemme call you back...

Federman hangs up and bends down to the BRIGHT OBJECT, and picks it up.

We can see that
it is a BROKEN PIECE OF POTTERY, broken into four or five pieces.

Federman studies it and starts to FIT THE PIECES TOGETHER when that SKITTERING comes again,
louder and from a definite direction.

FEDERMAN:
Agent Mulder?

No answer, only echo. He puts the pieces of pottery down and walks toward the NOISE which is
growing louder and should sound now like about 50 crabs scrambling on top of one another.

Lo-mode tearing at Federman from behind, reaching him...

And now FEDERMAN GASPS, because whatever it is that's been making that weird noise is now
touching him, running over his feet. He drops his flashlight and jumps back three or four paces.

The FLASHLIGHT on the ground illuminates something like a night run of squid momentarily and then
miraculously moves on its own.

But not really, as we can make out that it is a SKELETON HAND holding the flashlight aloft scurrying
toward the broken pottery---

FEDERMAN:
Oh my God...

Now we see it too. There back swarming over the PIECES OF POTTERY ARE--

BONES--MOVING BONES--HAND BONES, FINGER BONES Moving with a will of their own like crawling
clattering animals, moving forward with toes as propellers are feet bones, as hands bones skitter
forward like octopi.

The SKELETON HAND shining the beam on the pieces of pottery as all the ancient bones frantically
try to put the pieces of pottery together like brainless tendrils futilely, frantically trying to solve a
jigsaw puzzle, but lacking a coordinating mind, unable to do so.

As we push in slowly on this unsettling tableau and fade to---

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DINER - EARLY MORNING

MULDER, SCULLY, AND FEDERMAN. The pieces of ancient pottery lie on the table. They are finishing up breakfast.

SCULLY:

Now Wayne, it was dark in there, your eyes were playing tricks on you, you've been influenced by ghost stories and horror movies that take place in crypts and graveyards and you hallucinated this vision...

FEDERMAN:

Well then, they musta been mechanical or CGI.

MULDER:

That wasn't a movie, Federman, that was real life.

FEDERMAN:

The difference being?

Mulder and Scully stare incredulously at him.

FEDERMAN:

Anyway, I got the flavor I wanted - now I got a movie to write.

He stands up, throws some bills on the table.

MULDER:

You're leaving? Don't you want to get to the bottom of this?

FEDERMAN:

Not especially.

MULDER:

Truth is stranger than fiction

FEDERMAN:

Yeah, but fiction's quicker than the truth. You guys want my advice?

They don't; doesn't matter, here it comes anyway.

FEDERMAN:

You're both crazy.

MULDER:
Why do you say that?

FEDERMAN:
(to Mulder)
You're crazy for believing what you believe.
(to Scully)
And you're crazy for not believing what he believes.

Federman exits. what he has just said has the ring of truth to it and has somewhat stunned the two agents into silence. Scully starts to nod.

MULDER:
I miss him already.

SCULLY:
Mulder, I know Federman's b.s.ing us so I'm REALLY hesitant to mention this to you, but his story reminds me of the Lazarus Bowl.

MULDER:
The Lazarus Bowl?

SCULLY:
We had this one wacky Nun in Catholic School, Sister Callahan, we used to call her Sister Spooky cause she'd always tell us scary stories.

MULDER:
Twisted sister--my kinda nun.

SCULLY:
She'd show us an old piece of wood with a rusty nail in it and say this is an actual piece of the cross that Christ's wrist was nailed to or she'd show us a vial of red liquid she said was John the Baptist's blood.

MULDER:
She'd be in prison today, you realize that.

SCULLY:
She used to tell us that when Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead, there was an old woman, Lazarus' aunt or something, who was spinning a clay bowl on her wheel nearby and that Christ's words, the actual incantation to raise the dead, were recorded into the clay grooves of the pottery kind of like music is recorded onto vinyl.

MULDER:
Now you're making me wish I'd gone to Catholic School.

SCULLY:

Sister Spooky said that the words in the ceramic still had the power to raise the dead, just like Jesus raised Lazarus.

Beat.

MULDER:

That is way cool, Scully, but if this is the Lazarus Bowl, it would be indisputable proof of God's existence and power, why would Cardinal O'Fallon want to hide that?

SCULLY:

Good point.

MULDER:

Don't give up so easy. Why don't you ring up Chuck burks and see if that pottery has Christ's greatest hits on it and I'll go have another chat with Cardinal O'Fallon.

INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - EVENING

We see pieces of the LAZARUS BOWL laying on some kind of a high tech SCANNING TABLE. --

multi-colored lights flicker over it as o.s. we hear Chuck:

CHUCK BURKS (O.S.):

There's music in the air, Agent Scully. Everything that exists vibrates and therefore sings--the street, your internal organs, electricity--and what scientists are discovering now is that the tonal key that your environment is in can either soothe you or drive you nuts. Lemmee show you...

As the multi-colored lights strobe the CLAY, we see on a monitor in front of Chuck and Scully a VOICE GRID that goes up and down when Chuck speaks--

CHUCK BURKS (O.S.)

You see this is my voice bouncing around in the red, but the yellow here is ambient sound that we habitually tune out--it's the humming of all my hardware, Mulder's porn tapes on pause, the noise from the street: everything that we hear but don't know we hear, I hear with this machine. In my office, I like to supplement it with a customized white noise that brings the whole shebang to A Minor because I like minor keys; I'm more of a Schubert man than a Beethoven, understand?

As Chuck has been talking, he's been fooling with some dials so that at certain times his voice has become excruciatingly loud or distorted and when he brought up the ambient sound we hear more like a musical scale.

CHUCK BURKS:

Whoa!

And Chuck whips off his one ear headphone. We hear it too. It should be CHOIR-LIKE, powerful and beautiful with the rumbling of a big church organ.

SCULLY:

What is it?

CHUCK BURKS:

Who made this?

SCULLY:

We're not sure--one of two people--either a forger named Micah Hoffman or...

CHUCK BURKS:

The legend?! The only white Black Panther in history?

SCULLY:

OR someone else in the vicinity of Jesus Christ---

Chuck laughs. Then seeing Scully's serious, stops.

CHUCK BURKS:

Bazingo--well, whoever made it is some kind of musical genius.

He points to the monitor.

CHUCK BURKS:

That clay is vibrating at all keys at the same time.

SCULLY:

Is that possible?

CHUCK BURKS:

No. At least not until three seconds ago. In all the key tests I've done, I've never seen that. It's like all of Mozart is playing all at once over there.

SCULLY:

Could it...?

CHUCK BURKS:

Could it what?

SCULLY:
There's no way that that piece of clay could reanimate
what was inanimate?

Chuck stares. That kinda came out of nowhere.

CHUCK BURKS:
You mean raise the dead?

Scully holds his stare.

CHUCK BURKS:
Hey, I don't even know if it could turn milk into yogurt,
but...

SCULLY:
But what?

CHUCK BURKS:
I can see why Mulder digs you.

Off Scully protesting...

INT. CARDINAL O'FALLON'S STUDY - DAY

Mulder sits across from O'Fallon in the plush surroundings. Mulder has in his hands some of the forgeries he recovered from Hoffman's apartment. He hands them to O'Fallon.

MULDER:
Do these look familiar, sir?

O'FALLON:
Yes. Did you recover them from the crypt?

MULDER:
Yes. Can you translate for me what it says there?

O'FALLON:
"And then Jesus took his beloved Mary Magdalen in an
embrace, an embrace not of God and Woman but of man
and woman. And Jesus said to Mary: 'Love the body for it
is all of the soul that the senses can perceive.'"

O'Fallon is clearly not happy to be reading this aloud.

MULDER:
How about these?

Mulder hands over more papers.

O'FALLON:
Well, these look the same. They would appear to be
copies of the original.

MULDER:
Rough drafts.

O'FALLON:
What do you mean?

MULDER:
They're all forgeries, sir.

This seems to hit O'Fallon like a punch in the gut. He seems to have a revelation unto himself.

MULDER:
Did you buy these from Micah Hoffman?

O'FALLON:
I thought they were real.

MULDER:
I can understand that, sir. Hoffman was a master. The
paper is authentic, the ink, the hand, the diction.
Hoffman was also an explosives expert. Do you have any
idea why he would bomb the crypt?

O'FALLON:
Micah delighted in destruction the way other men
delight in creation.

MULDER:
Did you kill Micah Hoffman?

O'FALLON:
No. But I was not unhappy when both he and the
documents were destroyed.

O'Fallon answers all his questions evenly, unwaveringly.

MULDER:
Why were you hiding the documents, sir?

O'FALLON:
I thought they were real.

MULDER:
You've lost me.

O'FALLON:

I am a man of the Church, Agent Mulder, the church is my home and my heart, and I have spent my life in service of that institution and the book that is its foundation, the Bible. When Micah Hoffman came to me with those ancient texts and our experts verified them, he exploded a bomb in my heart. The Christ in those pages is not the Christ I have loved.

MULDER:

So you bought them in order to hide them.

O'FALLON:

Yes. To keep other believers from the same despair and anger I felt, to protect the people from what I now see they needed no protection from.

MULDER:

Why didn't you just destroy the documents yourself?

O'FALLON:

Something in me could not destroy the truth no matter how much I detested it.

Both men fall silent.

O'FALLON:

Is being made a fool of a crime, Agent Mulder?

MULDER:

I'd be doing life if it were, sir.

But O'Fallon does not want sympathy and he motions for Mulder to leave him be.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Mulder is driving in his car.

MULDER:

Hey, Scully, it's me. Can you autopsy Hoffman for me?

INTERCUT WITH:

SCULLY STILL IN MULDER'S OFFICE

SCULLY:

Why?

MULDER:

I've got a feeling Hoffman was dead before he died. He was blackmailing O'Fallon, maybe O'Fallon retaliated.

Beat.

SCULLY:
Maybe they're not forgeries, Mulder.

MULDER:
Of course they're forgeries, we saw Hoffman's whole set up.

SCULLY:
But this bowl, Mulder, your buddy Chuck Burks says it has qualities he's never seen before.

There's a beep on the line.

MULDER:
That's my other line, Scully, hold on a second---hello?

FEDERMAN (O.S.)
Agent Mulder, this is Wayne Slash Federman out in LA.

MULDER:
How'd you get my number, Wayne?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT./EXT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Wayne Federman in a convertible---NOTE: There is rain on Mulder's windshield. Federman is on a handless phone set at dead center frame whereas Mulder is right and Scully left.

FEDERMAN:
The Skinman gave it to me.

MULDER:
I can't really talk about the case, Wayne.

FEDERMAN:
That's okay, Skinman's keeping me in the loop---who do you see playing you in the movie?

MULDER:
I'm in the movie?

FEDERMAN:
A character LOOSELY based on you, more of an amalgamation.

MULDER:
Hold on a second, Wayne.

(clicks his phone)
Scully? Sorry, I gotta take this. Hey, let's not make a habit out of me trying to talk you out of the paranormal interpretation, okay, Sister Spooky.

SCULLY:
I'll call you after the autopsy.

Mulder presses a button on his phone.

MULDER:
Richard Gere?

The laughter from Federman is audible.

FEDERMAN:
No man, seriously.

MULDER:
I thought I was being serious.

FEDERMAN:
What do you think of Garry Shandling?

MULDER:
Has the bureau approved this?

FEDERMAN:
Has the FBI approved Garry Shandling? I don't understand the question.

MULDER:
No, have they approved the use of this material?

FEDERMAN:
Skinner's getting a consulting fee, dude. Garry Shandling's signed on to play the amalgamation LOOSELY based on you and Tea Leoni's playing the amalgamation loosely based on your partner. What do you think of that, stud?

MULDER:
I think life is strange.

MULDER:
How do you know about the Lazarus Bowl?

FEDERMAN:
Skinner. Shandling and Leoni want to meet you guys, get your flavor, an actor type thing. Come out on the studio's dime, we'll make it nice.

Beat.

MULDER:
Who's playing Skinner in the movie?

FEDERMAN:
Richard Gere. I'm going through a canyon now so...

FUTZED. The sound and Mulder.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Agent Scully is in the middle of her autopsy of Hoffman.

SCULLY:
Fracturing of skull and surface abrasions initially
consistent with concussive force injuries. I am still
looking for evidence of foul play prior to the explosion.
Thus far there are no indications of this. I am removing
the heart which appears to be healthy for a man in his
mid-50's---

And as Scully moves away to put the HEART on a hanging scale we hold Hoffman in the background
and see him come up on his shoulders and HIS EYES OPEN---

O.S., we hear---

MICAH HOFFMAN (O.S.):
I'm gonna need that when you're done with it.

Scully nearly pees herself and jumps back.

Micah Hoffman now rises from the autopsy table---the huge gaping Y-incision in his chest---and
stands facing Scully.

SCULLY:
O my God---who...who are you?

MICAH HOFFMAN:
I am who I am.

And very tentatively, she advances toward what she believes is a hallucination, just in case, her
scalpel extended defensively in front of her.

Just as she is about to touch Hoffman, he gently but firmly brushes her hand aside.

MICAH HOFFMAN:
Noli me tangere, baby.

Scully's scalpel drops clangingly to the floor. We watch it bounce.

A HAND

Scully's hand, reaches down nervously to grab the scalpel---she's trying to keep an eye on Hoffman and she accidentally cuts herself on the sharp tool, her fingertip starts to bleed slightly through the plastic glove.

We rise up with the scalpel to Scully momentarily looking down at the sight of her own blood.

Now she looks to where Hoffman just was and---

Hoffman is gone, though behind Scully we can see that Hoffman is laying on the autopsy table like he never moved.

Scully turns back to the body---it's like nothing ever happened and she's spooked. She looks down at her bloody fingertip...

As we:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE AUTOPSY ROOM - LATER

We track with Mulder as he walks down the hallway.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mulder enters to see Scully sitting near Hoffman's cadaver which looks a lot worse for wear since Scully has dissected it.

Scully is clearly shaken for reasons we know but she won't divulge. She is staring at her now bandaged finger.

MULDER:
What'd you find, Scully?

SCULLY:
I found what I was looking for.

MULDER:
What?

A long pause. Will she tell him? Then...

SCULLY:
In Hoffman's stomach there were traces of red wine and strychnine.

MULDER:
Man oh Manischevitz---I'd lay dollars to donuts O'Fallon poisoned Hoffman and then placed the body near the explosion to cover his tracks.

SCULLY:
It's possible, Mulder.

MULDER:
I think I'm gonna get a warrant for O'Fallon.
(off her dubious look)
Is there something wrong, Scully?

SCULLY:
No, no, I just think maybe I've been working too hard.

MULDER:
Well, cheer up, Tea Leoni's playing you in the movie.

Off Scully's reaction to this---

INT. CHRIST'S CHURCH - DAY

Mulder and Scully bust in while O'Fallon is giving mass to a few people.

Mulder moves forward to arrest him right away, but Scully holds him back.

SCULLY:
Mulder, allow the man some dignity.

Mulder acquiesces. They hang back a moment. They look around.

Scully's attention wanders to a three-foot crucifix in the vicinity high up on a wall. she looks away back at O'Fallon who evenly meets her gaze and then returns to his business.

Scully looks back at the CRUCIFIX and there nailed to the CROSS is a three-foot version of MICAH HOFFMAN, still alive. Mini-Micah stares directly at Scully, speaks to her.

MINI-MICAH:
Consummatum est.

Scully nearly loses it, but then manages to shake it off, and when she looks back to the crucifix, it's normal again.

MULDER:
Augustine O'Fallon, you are under arrest for the murder
of Micah Hoffman...

As Mulder reads O'Fallon his rights and walks behind him in order to handcuff him...

Scully's attention once again wanders but this time to the DOORWAY of the church where we see a MAN ENTER, his identity obscured because of the contrast of the daylight outside and the darkness inside---but Scully seems to know who it is.

SCULLY:
Oh my God...

Now we see that it is Micah Hoffman advancing toward us---

MULDER:
What is it, Scully?

She does not answer, but he follows her gaze to the man walking towards them.

MULDER:
Oh my God...

SCULLY:
(sincerely)
Mulder, do you see what I see?

MULDER:
Yes, Scully, I do.

And now O'Fallon turns to see what's up and his expression is a bit more inscrutable.

And off everyone's CONFUSION---

INT. SKINNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Skinner is extremely put out, about as angry as we've ever seen him.

Mulder and Scully seem scared to meet his gaze.

SKINNER:
Mis-identification of a corpse and subsequent
unrequested autopsy...

SCULLY:
Sir, the dead man looked very much like Micah Hoffman
and he had Hoffman's ID on him, we assumed...

SKINNER:
Agent Scully, if I'm carrying Marilyn Monroe's purse, do
you assume that I slept with JFK?

He's so mad he's really gonna wait for an answer.

SCULLY:
That would be a no, sir.

Beat. He turns to Mulder now.

SKINNER:
Agent Mulder, the FBI prides itself on the speedy
expedition of its cases, but this is the first time, and I
hope you're as proud of this as I am, that we've ever
attempted to prosecute a murder case while the victim
was still alive and healthy.

MULDER:
A bomb went off, a crime's been committed. O'Fallon is
covering something, sir, not the least of which is personal
appropriation of church funds, and at the very least,
Hoffman is guilty of forgery and extortion---

SKINNER:
Agent Mulder---you will leave O'Fallon alone. You will
leave Hoffman alone. And Scully, you will put your trigger
happy scalpel away. Best case scenario, you get to keep
your jobs; worst case, O'Fallon and the church bring a

huge embarrassing lawsuit against the bureau which will feature you two as its sacrificial lambs. As of right now, I am forcing you to take a four week leave effective immediately pending review.

Off the chagrined Agents---

INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Mulder and Scully walk through the doorway.

MULDER:

I think this Richard Gere thing is going to his head.

SCULLY:

Mulder...we're off this case...

And just now a STRANGE NOISE from the back of Mulder's office gets their attention and they see----

Chuck Burks fiddling around in Mulder's back office again.

CHUCK BURKS:

I teased out something very interesting from your pottery there...layered beneath the ambient noise...

Sounds continue to come from the pottery---at first weird slurry and unidentifiable but somewhat human, slowing down, speeding up and then settling into an actual human voice speaking a language which is not readily identifiable. The Agents puzzle over this...

CHUCK BURKS:

Guess what language that is?

They shake their heads. Chuck offers Mulder the phone.

CHUCK BURKS:

You can use a life-line to call anyone in America or you can poll our studio audience...

MULDER:

Sounds like Arabic or something.

CHUCK BURKS:

I had a linguist in here. It's a dead language. It's Aramaic.

SCULLY:

That's the language Christ spoke.

CHUCK BURKS:

Exactamundo.

SCULLY:
Did the linguist translate it?

CHUCK BURKS:
Yes he did. It's in two parts. The first part here---

He plays a riff.

CHUCK BURKS:
Roughly translates into "I am the Walrus. I am the
Walrus. Paul's dead coccoocachoo."

Although there's no word in Aramaic for Walrus so literally it says "I am the bearded cow-like sea
beast."

MULDER:
What's the second part?

CHUCK BURKS:
Second part's a little freakier, here...

And Chuck fast forwards to another slightly different sounding riff.

SCULLY:
What is it?

CHUCK BURKS:
It appears to be one man commanding another man to
rise from the dead.

Mulder and Scully look to one another.

SCULLY:
Lazarus.

INT. MICAH HOFFMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

MICAH HOFFMAN:
I am become Jesus Christ.

Mulder and Scully just nod at this insanity. Where to begin?

MULDER:
I am become...skeptical.

MICAH HOFFMAN:
What a long strange trip it's been, Agent Mulder.

SCULLY:
We have four weeks, sir.

MICAH HOFFMAN:

Well there I was totally bumming after Altamont and I thought---throw in the towel and go to law school or continue the fight and become a forger of scandalous religious documents...

MULDER:

I suppose that's a choice that every young man is faced with.

MICAH HOFFMAN:

I knew O'Fallon from college. He was a Divinity Professor of mine.

MULDER:

At Columbia.

MICAH HOFFMAN:

Yes, and he's a decent man, but with an overweening pride and a fundamental lack of respect for the human animal. He believes in God, but not in Man, in man's ability to choose, to live in freedom. He has Christ in the brain, but not in the heart.

SCULLY:

So you created a Christ in these forgeries more suited to your...particular worldview?

MICAH HOFFMAN:

Yes, but before I could write like Christ, I had to become him in much the same way I imagine an actor who plays a part becomes that part. So I immersed myself in Jesus Christ; not just the church and teachings---but the MAN, the custom of his time and the language, the vibe, the feeling of Christ. The documents I wrote were far out---sex, drugs, and rock of ages.

SCULLY:

Why didn't O'Fallon and the elders go outside the church for authentication?

MICAH HOFFMAN:

Because the forgeries were so damning to the church, they couldn't risk the exposure. But then something truly weird came over me.

SCULLY:

Remorse?

MICAH HOFFMAN:

Conversion, Agent Scully. The lightning bolt that transformed Saul into Paul on the road to Damascus. One day I was not just impersonating Jesus Christ, I had become him. That's why I blew up the crypt. Those forgeries were blasphemous and needed to be destroyed.

Mulder hands Hoffman his wallet.

MULDER:

How did your wallet get on the dead body?

MICAH HOFFMAN:

God works in mysterious ways.

The two Agents sit in silence. They share a look, then get up to go.

MULDER:

Thank you for your time, Mr. Hoffman, I've always wanted to meet you.

The two men shake hands; Hoffman doesn't let go.

MICAH HOFFMAN:

I know you think I've gone insane, but anyone who has seen the truth is seen to be insane. You know that so well, Fox. And you, Dana... (to Scully) Since you used your faith like a knife to cut out my heart, it is with you that I leave my heart for safekeeping.

Both Agents are somewhat stunned by the relevance and intimacy of Hoffman's words.

INT. MULDER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We are on the TV where Ed Wood's PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE is playing. 3:12 AM on the VCR. We swivel around to find---

Mulder lies on his couch unable to sleep, mouthing dialogue with a dazed look in his eyes. A knock on the door. Scully now hangs in the hall archway.

MULDER:

Couldn't sleep either, huh?

SCULLY:

Plan 9 From Outer Space?

MULDER:

(nodding)

The Ed Wood investigative method. This movie is so profoundly bad in such a childlike way that it hypnotizes

my conscious critical mind and frees up my right brain to make associo-poetic leaps---and I started flashing on Hoffman and O'Fallon---that there's an archetypal connection here that is not played out yet---like Hoffman's Jesus to O'Fallon's Judas, or Jesus and Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor, or even Jesus vs. St. Paul...

SCULLY:

How about Hoffman's roadrunner to O'Fallon's Wily Coyote?

Beat.

SCULLY:

(taking a seat)

Mulder, do you think it's at all possible that Hoffman is Jesus Christ?

MULDER:

Are you making fun of me?

SCULLY:

No.

Awkward silence.

MULDER:

No I don't, Scully. But crazy people can be very persuasive.

SCULLY:

Yes I know THAT, Mulder.

Beat. Mulder smiles at the jibe.

SCULLY:

Maybe true faith is a form of insanity.

MULDER:

Are you directing that at me?

SCULLY:

No, I'm directing it at myself. And at Ed Wood.

Scully points at the TV. And they share a laugh.

MULDER:

Well, even a broken clock is right 730 times a year...

They both stare at that terrible movie for a moment.

SCULLY:

How...

(Mulder cuts her off)

MULDER:

42.

Momentarily impressed by his clairvoyance...then:

SCULLY:

You've seen this movie 42 times? Doesn't that make you sad? It makes me sad...

And then it does, it does make him sad to be such a loser; and Scully seems to be so sad so...

MULDER:

You know, Scully, we both have four weeks probation vacation and nothing to do, and Wayne Federman's invited us to LA to watch his movie being made and God knows I could use a little sunshine...

SMASH CUT off Scully considering this crazy idea to:

A PLANE IN FLIGHT (STOCK FOOTAGE)

THE DEAFENING ROAR and we---

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

LIKE A SMILING MAITRE D'

A young headset wearing PA looks right into camera and gestures us forward in the bright LA sun as we steadicam pivot around to hold---MULDER and SCULLY---walking down a NY-type street, and into the trompe l'oeil of---

EXT. STAGE 14 DOOR (FOX LOT) -- DAY

That the PA is holding open for the two Agents.

INT. STAGE 8 - CONTINUOUS

The Big Door bangs open as Mulder and Scully enter the soundstage, our eyes adjusting to the darkness now we may see all sorts of scrims, lights, extras milling about, but the general feeling is one of clutter and dirt, not magic.

We weave through the maze until we get to the SET---an elaborate MOCK-UP OF A GRAVEYARD which we should recognize from the TEASER, for which---

HUGE GREEN SCREENS FORM THE BACKDROP We see all the SNIPER ZOMBIES in rehearsal, practicing their moves.

We see Garry Shandling and Tea Leoni sitting in director's chairs.

And now we see Wayne Federman standing behind the monitors. He fairly runs up the Agents and kisses them both on the cheek, LA man style.

FEDERMAN:

Agents! So glad you could hang. Garry, Tea, come here, I want you to meet the folks you're playing.

And here come Garry Shandling and Tea Leoni beelining right for Mulder and Scully.

FEDERMAN:

Agents Mulder and Scully meet Garry Shandling and Tea Leoni.

The four shake hands, exchange pleasantries. Shandling and Leoni give Mulder and Scully a serious and slow once over up and down.

It's a bit awkward, then Leoni pulls off a HIGH HEEL---

TEA LEONI:

Can you show me how you're supposed to run in these heels?

Scully doesn't want to be rude.

SCULLY:

Sure.

And they walk off together as we stay on Shandling and Mulder. We should angle in such a way that in the background we can see Scully sprinting back and forth at Leoni's request for the rest of this scene.

Shandling just stares at Mulder, squints at him up and down.

GARRY SHANDLING:

Do you dress yourself to the left or the right?

MULDER:

What?

GARRY SHANDLING:

Don't make this uncomfortable for me.

MULDER:

Why do you ask?

Mulder steals a glance down at his own crotch.

GARRY SHANDLING:

When I play a character, I need to find his center, his rudder, and that's where I start, everything comes from there---

He's pointing at Mulder's crotch, staring at it. Mulder ponders.

MULDER:

Usually left.

GARRY SHANDLING:

Dammit. Wardrobe!

Shandling seems profoundly disappointed and as he walks away---

The rolling buzzer sounds as a winded Scully joins up with Mulder behind the VIDEO MONITORS. The two share a look.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR "SUGAR BEAR" announces through a MEGAPHONE---

SUGAR BEAR:

Rollando---

DIRECTOR:

Action Zombies!

And we watch the scene unfold from a distance and through the video monitors---no coverage here, we are not in the movie, but spectators of it.

Zombies approach Shandling and Leoni, who are cowering, huddling together.

A Zombie backhands Shandling out of the way, grabs Leoni and bites down hard on her shoulder, blood spurting, and coming away with what looks like a mouthful of ragged flesh, worrying it like a dog. About to go in for more---

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG---the zombie starts to back up, his fingers frantically jabbing into his own mouth, pulling the flesh and blood out, looking at it, gagging---

ZOMBIE:

What is this?!!

DIRECTOR:

Cut!

SUGAR BEAR:

(through megaphone)

What seems to be the problem, Mr., Zombie, sir.

The ZOMBIE who is going crazy, jumping around like Holyfield after Tyson bit him---

ZOMBIE:

What the hell is this? What the hell is this in my mouth?!
What's Tea Leoni's shoulder made out of?

SUGAR BEAR:

(through megaphone)

Craft service---what is Tea Leoni's shoulder made out of?

A CRAFT SERVICE WOMAN, Tina, steps forward.

TINA:

It's turkey, just like you asked for.

SUGAR BEAR:

Turkey...Tea Leoni's shoulder is made of turkey...

ZOMBIE:

Tofurkey!!! I asked for Tofurkey! Tofu turkey; I'm a
vegetarian! I can't eat turkey!

He starts to gag. And then the gagging Zombie yells to the other Zombies like soylent green is people, running past Mulder and Scully---

ZOMBIE:

It's turkey...the people are made of turkey!

Off Mulder and Scully taking in this scene, there's really nothing to say except maybe...

MULDER:
You hungry?

INT HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Scully luxuriates in a BUBBLE BATH. She's on the bathroom phone.

SCULLY:
Hey, Mulder, it's me. What are you doing?

MULDER (O.S.):
I'm at the computer. What are you doing?

SCULLY:
I'm packing, getting ready to get back off to DC tomorrow.

MULDER (O.S.)
You know Scully, I was just thinking about Lazarus, Ed Wood, and those tofurkey eatin' zombies.

As Mulder speaks, a la "Pillow Talk," an image of Mulder pushes in from screen left to share a splitscreen with Scully; and we see that, like Scully, Mulder is in a BUBBLEBATH and, like her, has lied about it. Their toes look like they're touching.

MULDER:
How come when people come back from the dead, they always want to hurt the living?

SCULLY:
It's because people can't really come back from the dead, Mulder, ghosts and zombies are projections of our own repressed cannibalistic and sexual fears and desires--- they are who we fear we are at heart---mindless automatons who can only kill and eat.

MULDER:
Party pooper. Well, I got a new theory. I say that when zombies try to eat people, that's just the first stage; you see they've just come back from the dead and they're gonna do all the things they miss from being alive---so first they're gonna eat, then they're gonna drink, then they're gonna dance and make love---

SCULLY:
Oh, I see, it's just that we never stay with them long enough to see the gentler side of the undead---

MULDER:
Exactly...

Mulder's phone line beeps.

MULDER:

Hold on a second, that's my other line...hello?

SKINNER (O.S.)

Agent Mulder, it's Assistant Director Skinner, I hope I didn't catch you at a bad time...

MULDER:

No, I'm just at the computer.

SKINNER (O.S.)

I just wanted to apologize for coming down so hard on you during the Hoffman slash O'Fallon case.

MULDER:

I appreciate that, Skinman.

SKINNER (O.S.)

Don't call me that.

MULDER:

Yes sir. Where are you, sir?

SKINNER (O.S.)

I'm right underneath you.

And indeed, true to his word, as Scully holds on her side of the splitscreen, an image of SKINNER pushes up from the bottom and fills the lower rectangle of the screen, squeezing Mulder and Scully into smaller boxes. Skinner like the other two agents, is also in a bubble bath, his body running north/south in the center of frame.

SKINNER:

I'm in LA in the same hotel as you, right below you and Agent Scully. Federman got me an associate producer credit on the movie.

MULDER:

A.*P*. Skinner, huh?

Awkward silence.

MULDER:

So what are you doing now, sir?

SKINNER:

I'm in a bubble bath.

MULDER:
Hold on a second.
(he clicks phone)
Scully, Skinner's calling me from a bubble bath.

SCULLY:
Wow, he's really gone Hollywood, huh?

MULDER:
Totally.

SCULLY:
Hey, Mulder, I think Tea Leoni's got a little crush on you.

MULDER:
Yeah, right, like Tea Leoni's ever gonna have a crush on me.

SCULLY:
I think Shandling likes you too.

Beat.

MULDER:
(unreadable)
Really?

CUT TO:

A BIG OL' JET AIRLINER (STOCK FOOTAGE)

Flying in one direction---a slug telling us it will land in Dulles Airport in Washington.

Then a slug over a black card that reads "11 months later."

A BIG OL' JET AIRLINER (STOCK FOOTAGE)

Flying in the other direction and a slug telling us it's going to LAX.

INT. THEATRE - NIGHT

We are on the humiliated faces of MULDER AND SCULLY as they were in the TEASER---

And now we go wide from the back of the theatre to watch the TEASER again to get back up to speed---

And this time, we stay longer on the screen as Shandling and Leoni continue their kiss when suddenly Leoni breaks the clinch---

TEA LEONI:
Wait a minute, Mulder, I can't.

GARRY SHANDLING:
I know it feels wrong because we're such great friends
and we treat each other as equals and all, but, well, to
hell with that, Scully...

And he moves in for more, but Leoni holds him off.

TEA LEONI:
No. It's not that, Mulder.

GARRY SHANDLING:
What is it, then?

TEA LEONI:
I'm in love with Assistant Director Walter Skinner.

Much of the audience applauds this revelation of Scully's fidelity to her superior.

And we see the silhouette of one man, the real Mulder, shoot up from his seat, waving his arms like
a ref stopping a fight.

MULDER:
That's it!

Reverse onto Mulder's face as he negotiates his way out of the crowded aisle.

MULDER:
That's it, I just can't take anymore.

He shoots another look at Skinner, who, although by his look he's trying to sympathize with Mulder,
he can't really contain his glee.

SCULLY:
Mulder, be quiet.

MULDER:
I want my money back.

SCULLY:
It's a premiere, Mulder, we didn't pay.

But Mulder will not be soothed.

With his popcorn filled replica of the Lazarus Bowl in hand, Mulder squeezes past Scully, past
Federman, Shandling, and Leoni---all of whom are put out by him and crane around his body to see
the movie.

INT. STAGE 8 - NIGHT

Back to where Mulder and Scully watched the zombie scene take place.

Mulder sits alone eating popcorn out of his plastic LAZARUS BOWL, looking out over the graveyard. It's still and quiet. And then miraculously (because it's indoors) a wind kicks up.

Mulder looks in the direction of the wind and he sees Scully by a HUGE FAN, aiming it his way.

SCULLY:

I've been looking all over for you.

She comes over and sits down next to Mulder.

MULDER:

They got it so wrong, Scully.

SCULLY:

Well, of course they did, Mulder, it's Hollywood, what did you expect?

Beat.

SCULLY:

I got a page from the Georgetown bureau office. Micah Hoffman was murdered tonight, murdered in his home by Cardinal O'Fallon who then hanged himself, a murder suicide.

Mulder is somewhat stunned.

MULDER:

Jesus and Judas, Scully, Hoffman all but predicted it---he said O'Fallon would kill Jesus himself to save the church.

They sit in silence for a moment. Mulder seems even more pained.

SCULLY:

What is it?

MULDER:

I'm just thinking how Hoffman and O'Fallon were complicated, beautiful, flawed people and how they'll just be remembered as jokes now in this movie. The character based on O'Fallon's listed in the credits as CSP, Cigarette Smoking Pontiff, how silly is that?

SCULLY:

Pretty silly.

MULDER:

And us, how are we gonna be remembered now?

SCULLY:

Well hopefully the movie'll tank.

MULDER:

What about all the dead people who are forever silent and can't tell their stories anymore? We'll all have to rely on Hollywood to show the future how we lived and it all gets simplified and trivialized and cigarette smoking pontificized and becomes as plastic and meaningless and childish as this stupid, plastic Lazarus Bowl.

And Mulder disgustedly tosses the bowl out into the graveyard where it rolls and comes to a stop underneath a low hanging tree.

SCULLY:

I think the dead are beyond caring what we think of them, Mulder, and maybe we should adopt that attitude as well.

They both stare off at the phony graveyard.

SCULLY:

You do realize that there are no dead people out there?...it's a movie set...?

MULDER:

The dead are everywhere, Scully.

Scully lifts Mulder up by his arm and starts to lead him away.

SCULLY:

But we're alive, Mulder, we're relatively young, we're in Hollywood for the evening, and Skinner was so tickled by the movie, he gave me a bureau credit card for the night, Uncle Sam's treat...

She flashes the plastic at him. And we're on their backs as we hear the conversation continue---

SCULLY:

I have something to tell you, Mulder.

MULDER:

What is it?

SCULLY:

I'm in love with Associate Producer Walter Skinner...

And now as we drift off the laughing agents and back to the graveyard, we see the Lazarus Bowl lying discarded beneath a tree.

A SWITCH, a broken tipped branch of the tree gets blown by the fan's wind force down toward the plastic grooves of the replica as we move down toward it, we can read a "MADE IN ISRAEL" sticker on its bottom---the branch reaching toward the plastic, like a woman's arms to her lover---

Close on the splintered wood making contact on the colored plastic like a phonograph needle on vinyl---

And now MUSIC COMES UP---scratchy like an old record, the fourth track from BUENA VISTA SOCIAL CLUB, in a superior interpretation rendered by Mark Snow, called "PUEBLO NUEVO"---a beautiful stately cha cha instrumental---

We Pull back wide as APPARITIONS appear to rise from their graves, rotting, but standing at attention and then---

When the music kicks in, they begin to dance, all of them, in the round---dignified, changing partners...we hear the bones creaking, we see the gentlemanly half skulls smiling...

And now by the magic of Bill Millar & Co., the GREEN SCREEN becomes the rest of a HUGE GRAVEYARD with corpses dancing stately and dignified upon it as we begin a slow pull out to a heavenly perspective...

This is what life's about. This is what the dead would do if only they could. As we slowly fade to black, the band plays on.

And we end.