

THE FILES

"MUSINGS OF A CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN"

WRITTEN BY
GLEN MORGAN

DIRECTED BY
JAMES WONG

EPISODE #4X07
STORY NO. 4612
September 17, 1996
September 20, 1996
September 26, 1996

IMPORTANT NOTICE

CINEMA SCRIPT RESEARCH COPIES ARE MADE AVAILABLE FOR
PERSONAL USE ONLY.

THEY ARE **NOT** TO BE USED FOR ANY PURPOSE OTHER THAN PRIVATE STUDY,
SCHOLARSHIP, OR RESEARCH WITHOUT THE WRITTEN CONSENT OF THE
COPYRIGHT HOLDER.

THE X-FILES

"Musings of a Cigarette Smoking Man"

Written by

Glen Morgan

Directed by

James Wong

Episode #4X07

Story No. 4612

September 17, 1996 (White)

September 20, 1996 (Blue-Full)

September 24, 1996 (Pink-Pages)

**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

"Musings of a Cigarette Smoking Man"

(X)

CAST LIST

Cigarette Smoking/Cancer Man	
Young Cigarette Smoking/Cancer Man	
Troop Leader	
Soldier/Young Bill Mulder	
Corporal	
General Francis	
Mob Man	
Agent Man	
Cuban Man	
Lee Harvey Oswald	
Supervisor	(X)
Co-Worker	(X)
Motorcycle Cop	(X)
Patrolman	(X)
Cop #1	(X)
Director	
Aid	
Major General	
James Earl Ray	
Lydon	(X)
Matlock	(X)
Jones	(X)
Cook	(X)
Deep Throat	
Old Guy	
Frohike	

September 20, 1964
"Musings of a Cigarette Smoking Man"

(X)

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

FT. BRAGG
DEALEY PLAZA
/BELOW THE GRASSY KNOLL

WESTBROOK DRIVE
RIVER FLOW OUTLET
TENTH STREET
BRUSH COVERED AREA
MEMPHIS STREET
NEWSSTAND
BUS STOP

INTERIORS:

DECAYING LOFT
FT. BRAGG
/BARRACKS
/GENERAL'S OFFICE

TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY
/SIXTH FLOOR
/COMMISSARY

DRAINAGE TUNNEL
SEWER GUTTER
OSWALD'S BOARDING ROOM
TEXAS MOVIE THEATRE
CANCER MAN'S APARTMENT
CONSPIRATOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM
MEMPHIS ROOMING HOUSE
HALLWAY
WAREHOUSE
CONFERENCE ROOM

TEASER

As with the soul of the man this story chronicles, the FRAME is funeral BLACK. Then, like the preface of an autobiography, a quote slowly FADES UP...

"For nothing can seem foul to those that win."

"Henry IV, Pt.1" Act 5, Sc.1

SLOW FADE OUT:

SLOW FADE IN:

1 INT. A DECAYING LOFT - NIGHT

1

CAMERA IS LOW UPON THE FLOOR of a vacant, rotting room. Window panes; broken and greasy. Wallpaper; stained and peeling. A lone, empty light socket hangs down the center of the cracked ceiling. The only illumination is spill from the street below.

A rat appears, its ragged claws scuttling across a sea of coarse (X) warped wood. In a moment, it is gone.

O.S., a door CREAKS OPEN, then CLOSSES. A pair of winged tipped shoes ENTER FRAME, pausing in the f.g. A few beats pass before a cigarette butt drops to the floor; smoke coiling vermicularly around the man's legs.

CAMERA SLOWLY CRANES UP REVEALING a well suited individual, briefcase in each hand. CAMERA CONTINUES UPWARD until HOLDING on the professional scour of the Cigarette Smoking Man.

WINDOWS

Ciggie Man ENTERS FRAME, peering out the cracked windows, seemingly at nothing. Demonic red neon rhythmically pulses upon his stoic expression. He sets the cases down, then produces a trusty pack of Morleys and a lighter, engraved to read "Trust No One." It opens with a tinny CLINK. Cancer Man places the cancer stick in his mouth.

CLOSE - LIGHTER

CAMERA FOLLOWS as it is raised to the cigarette.

EXTREMELY CLOSE - CIGARETTE TIP

The flame makes contact with the dried tobacco.

A BRIEFCASE

latches CLACK. The lid opens, REVEALING a UXR5 Briefcase Receiver system.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

HEADPHONE JACK

is inserted. CAMERA FOLLOWS the headphones as they wrap around the mind of the Cigarette Smoking Man. Kneeling by the briefcase on the floor, away from the window, he eavesdrops on a charged conversation picked up in mid stream. CAMERA, SLOWLY, VERY SLOWLY, BEGINS TO CREEP, ARCHING, yet maintaining CSM IN FRAME.

SCULLY (V.O.)

Look at you, you're shaking.

MULDER (V.O.)

One at a time, what's going on?

BYERS (V.O.)

Frohiike's close...

FROHIKE (V.O.)

DON'T USE MY NAME! WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WITH YOU?! NOW I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU!!

BYERS (V.O.)

LANGLEY AND I PERFORMED THREE SWEEPS WITH THE CPM-700 AND DID NOT DETECT A SINGLE HOTMIKE OR INFINITY BUG...

FROHIKE (V.O.)

HE'S EVERYWHERE!
EVERYWHERE! HE'LL KILL ME! AND THE CPM 700 IS A
PIECE OF CRAP. (X) (X)

LANGLEY (V.O.)

THE ACOUSTIC CORRELATOR IS READING ONLY PASSIVE SOUNDS!

MULDER (V.O.)

I'VE BEEN HERE TWENTY MINUTES AND I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG! NO ONE WOULD KILL, YOU FROHIKE, YOU'RE A PUPPY DOG. (X) (X) (X)

Silence. Cancer Man cracks a grin, enjoying the situation. CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE, ARCHING about the decrepit room.

FROHIKE (V.O.)

I don't utter another syllable until the CSM-25 countermeasure filter is activated.

O.S., FOOTSTEPS. Some equipment RATTLES. A SWITCH is thrown. The surveillance SOUND becomes intensely FUTZED. The voices are now distorted electronic BLIPS.

Cancer Man doesn't miss an exhale as he coolly flips a switch of his own, returning clarity to the VOICES. CAMERA CONTINUES TO ENCIRCLE THE ROOM...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

BYERS (V.O.)
...no electronic surveillance
known can cut through the CSM-25.

SCULLY (V.O.)
Okay, now, tell us what you're
so "close" to.

FROHIKE (V.O.)
(a lowered tone)
Not a "what;" a "who." If you
find the right starting
point...and follow it, not even
secrets of the darkest of men
are safe.

(X)

APPEARING IN THE F.G. of the MOVING CAMERA are tripod legs.
CAMERA RISES UP THE LEGS to REVEAL a state of the art SNIPER'S
RIFLE aimed out the window, down across the street.

MULDER (V.O.)
Cancer Man? What did you find?

CAMERA SWINGS AROUND to the BUTT end of the rifle in order to
look DOWN THE SCOPE. CAMERA PUSHES INTO THE SCOPE, REVEALING...

THE CROSSHAIRS - (GREEN NIGHT VISION FILTER)

are aimed on the front door of a cheap office front marked
"Publishers of "The Magic Bullet" newsletter." - The Lone
Gunmen."

CANCER MAN

takes a long drag from his nasty habit.

FROHIKE (V.O.)
Possibly everything. Maybe his
background. Who he is...
(beat)
and who he wants to be...

(X)

(X)

(X)

The Cigarette Smoking Man continues to listen, threatened, yet
finding solace in the definitive nature of his actions. And
soon...very soon...these VOICES... maybe...will be silenced.

(X)

A SLOW FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

A SLOW FADE IN:

2 INT. A DECAYING LOFT - NIGHT - WIDE

2

The Cigarette Smoking Man sits on an old crate, silhouetted against the greasy windows. The surveillance briefcase operates on the floor to his left. To his right, awaits the rifle.

CAMERA CREEPS IN ON THE FIGURE for quite a few beats before...

FROHIKE (V.O.)

August 20th, 1940. Mexico City.
A Stalinist Agent assassinated
Leon Trotsky with an ice pick.
At that same moment, a thousand
miles north, in Baton Rouge,
Louisiana..."he" appears.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON the Cancer Man, covertly eavesdropping on his life. He takes a long drag off his present smoke.

FROHIKE (V.O.)

The father...was an ardent
Communist activist. During the
Nazi-Soviet pact, he kept the
NKVD informed on American plans
to enter World War II. He was
executed under the Espionage Act
of 1917... before his boy could
walk.

CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING IN ON the Cigarette Smoking Man...

(X)

FROHIKE (V.O.)

The Mother...a cigarette smoker,
died of lung cancer...before her
son uttered his first word.

Cancer Man takes a long drag off his cigarette.

FROHIKE (V.O.)

With no surviving family, he
became a ward of the State, sent
to various orphanages in the
midwest. Didn't make friends.
Spent all his time reading,
alone. And then...he appears to
have vanished.

CAMERA MOVES IN EXTREMELY CLOSE...

(X)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

FROHIKE (V.O.)
No trace of him...until a year
and a half after the Bay of
Pigs...

CUT TO: (X)

A white graphic appears, like a chapter heading...

3

PART I

3

"Things really did go well in Dealey Plaza."

Slowly FADING UP, O.S., a RHYTHMIC beat of an Army troop as
their BOOTS POUND the pavement.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. FT. BRAGG - MORNING - EXTREMELY WIDE

4

An orange sun, rising at dawn, is cut by the silhouette of a
running army troop getting a little morning P.T. The troop
leader begins a CADENCE.

TROOP LEADER
PRE-MIER KHRUS-CHEV WE WANT YOU!

THE TROOP
PRE-MIER KHRUS-CHEV WE WANT YOU!

A LEGEND APPEARS: "CENTER FOR SPECIAL WARFARE. FT. BRAGG, NORTH
CAROLINA. OCTOBER 30, 1962."

TROOP LEADER
WE'RE GONNA KICK YOUR RANG-A-
DANG-DOO!

THE TROOP
WE'RE GONNA KICK YOUR RANG-A-
DANG-DOO!

YOUNG CANCER MAN

runs amongst the troop, all wearing green t-shirts, camouflage
pants and boots. Here, he is 25 years old. His expression not
reflecting the cool dark cynicism of experience and wisdom which
we are familiar with in his latter years.

TROOP LEADER
FID-EL CAS-TRO WE WANT YOU!

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

THE TROOP
FID-EL CAS-TRO WE WANT YOU!

TROOP LEADER
WE'RE GONNA KICK YOUR RANG-A-
DANG TOO!

THE TROOP
WE'RE GONNA KICK YOUR RANG-A-
DANG TOO!

THE TROOP

runs along the small streets of the base, past brick buildings.

TROOP LEADER
MOTH-ER RUSS-IA YOU BETTER
BE-WARE!

THE TROOP
MOTH-ER RUSS-IA YOU BETTER BE-
WARE!

TROOP LEADER
GREEN BERETS GONNA FILL THE AIR!

THE TROOP
GREEN BERETS GONNA FILL THE AIR!

The troop CLEARS FRAME. CAMERA HOLDS REVEALING four men, watching in the far distance. One is in military uniform while the others wear civilian suits. As they turn to one another, covertly in conference...

CUT TO:

5 INT. BARRACKS - MORNING - CLOSE - A HARDCOVER BOOK

5

"The Manchurian Candidate" is consumed by The Young Cancer Man, laying on his bunk.

WIDER

On the rack beside Cancer Man sits a soldier, tearing open a letter from home. He eyes his friend reading the book.

SOLDIER
Why don't you just go see the
movie?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Cancer Man never takes his eyes off the book as he responds. The soldier opens his mail and begins reading. A CORPORAL enters, approaching the two men.

YOUNG CANCER MAN
I'd rather read the worse novel
ever written than sit through
the best movie ever made.

The Corporal addresses Young Cancer Man.

CORPORAL
Captain, sir, General Francis
requests you report to his
office immediately, as you are.

Young Cancer Man nods, acknowledging he understands. The Corporal exits. Cancer Man marks his book as the other soldier smiles proudly, laughs.

SOLDIER
My one year old said his first
word.

The soldier hands a snapshot to Young Ciggie Man, who looks at it. CAMERA PUSHES IN SLOWLY...as he studies the photo, a somewhat envious, jealous...perhaps knowing...expression...

INSERT - MOTHER AND SON

smile in the back yard of their home.

CANCER MAN AND THE SOLDIER

Cancer Man returns the photo, noting the soldier sets it on a foot locker between the bunks. (X)

YOUNG CANCER MAN
What was the word?

SOLDIER
"JFK."

CAMERA OMINOUSLY PUSHES IN ON CANCER MAN, as the two soldiers laugh at "the word." The soldier returns to his letter.

YOUNG CANCER MAN
I'll catch ya later, Mulder.

As he gets up and CLEARS FRAME, HOLDING on Fox Mulder's father finishing his letter...

CUT TO:

6 INT. GENERAL FRANCIS' OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - A CIGARETTE

6

smolders in an ashtray. A hand ENTERS FRAME, bringing the cigarette beneath a heavy mustache to the lips of a distinctly Cuban man. He appears angry and determined. His eyes move toward...

A CHICAGO MOB GUY

A Salvatore "Sam" Giancana-type in black rimmed glasses, late 50's, an expensive but tacky suit, sits on a couch near a clean cut AGENT in a gray suit and plain striped tie; could be Bureau, could be a Company Man. In any case, he is the most nervous. He sighs, looking toward...

GENERAL FRANCIS

sits behind a large desk displaying many medals and plaques from Korea and World War II, including membership in the OSS. An intercom on his desk BUZZES.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

He's here, sir.

The group tenses, all eyes turning toward the door, which opens. Young Cancer Man steps inside and stands at attention.

YOUNG CANCER MAN

You wished to see me, sir?

The General eyes the Agent.

AGENT

Have a seat, Captain.

The Agent Man gestures to a chair positioned before the men and beside the General's desk. The Captain moves across the room and sits down. Once he's settled...

AGENT

Captain, have you ever seen these two men, met the general or myself?

YOUNG CANCER MAN

No, sir.

Agent Man consults a file.

AGENT

In January 1961, did you assist Congo President Kasavuba in the arrest and assassination of Patrice Lumumbra?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

Deny everything.

YOUNG CANCER MAN

No, sir.

Agent Man eyes the General, who returns a look of "continue, this is how he has been trained to respond."

AGENT

Were you involved in the training of Cuban Nationals during Operation Zapata, also known as the Bay of Pigs?

Cancer Man maintains complete cool, lying through his teeth.

YOUNG CANCER MAN

I'm sorry, sir. I am unaware of any such operation.

Cuban Man eyes the Mob Man and nods approvingly.

AGENT

On May 31, 1961 did you aid Dominican locals in the assassination of Rafael Trujillo?

YOUNG CANCER MAN

No, sir.

The responses get him through the first round. A pause as Agent Man sets down the file. As he does so, his back to Cancer Man...

AGENT

Your father was a convicted spy for the Soviet Union; executed in a Louisiana electric chair. Was he not?

This rattles him. Cancer Man tries to maintain composure, his hard eyes staring ahead.

YOUNG CANCER MAN

My only regret is, I was too young to throw the switch.

This impresses Cuban Man and Mob Man. They eye Agent Man and subtly nod. Agent Man looks to the General.

The General studies Young Cancer Man for a beat, then sighs as he stands. The General grabs a pack of cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

6

GENERAL

At ease, Captain...your father's actions were totally out of your control. Each of us in this room understand a life eviscerated by the actions of another.

The General extends the pack of Morleys INTO CAMERA, CLOSE, toward Young Cancer Man.

GENERAL

Cigarette?

The Cigarette Smoking Man shakes his head, politely.

YOUNG CANCER MAN

No, thank you, sir. I Never touch 'em.

GENERAL

You see, Captain, everyone seeks to control life's events in order to secure a more positive, productive...and free...existence. Often, however, the objectives of others conflict with our objectives.

Emotional, Cuban Man blurts out beneath his breath...

CUBAN MAN

Vive liberte.

The General's focus remains on the Captain, who eyes Cuban Man.

GENERAL

Now, most people, common people, really; barely manage to control their own self centered, myopic, existence.

The General lights the cigarette.

GENERAL

They command armies of lawyers armed with paper weapons, attacking with spiteful, vengeful, cowardly litigation.

The General taps the cigarette on an ashtray.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

6

GENERAL

Others, operate within
elephantine bureaucracies
awaiting with foolish patience
the unrewarding compromise
inherent within slothful
politicizing.

Approaching his point, the General moves toward Young Cancer Man.

GENERAL

And then...Captain...there are
extraordinary men.

The General subtly looks about the room indicating those present.

GENERAL

Those which must identify,
comprehend and, ultimately,
shoulder the burden of
responsibility for, not only
their own existence, but for
their country's...the
world's...as well.

He sits on the corner of the desk before Cancer Man.

GENERAL

Your father, Captain, believed
his country should look to
another form of government and
he took control of that belief.

(beat)

So, in that respect, we view
your father as an extraordinary
man. And we believe...we know,
Captain...it runs in the family.

Uncomfortable, Cancer Man nods in appreciation. He eyes the
General, knowing the point of the meeting is close at hand.

GENERAL

Now, don't misunderstand...your
father should have been
executed. Communism is, without
a doubt, the most heinous
personification of evil Mankind
has ever confronted.

The General begins to return behind his desk, eyeing the Agent
to once again do the dirty work.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (4)

6

GENERAL

And it is, in part, the reason
you are before us, today.

The General sits, the Agent stands. He approaches CSM.

AGENT

You must understand, Captain,
everything I am about to say is
classified "compartmentalized."
So intensely, that if you accept
this assignment and successfully
execute it, you will no longer
be an officer of the United
States Army, nor will any record
exist of your service.

Young Cancer Man subtly nods, understanding. Agent Man flashes
one more checking glance at the General. He nods, confirming.

AGENT

The assignment is the
assassination of an American
civilian, aged 46. Former naval
PT-Boat Commander. Married.
Father of two.

Cancer Man is sharp. He tenses, aware of the target's identity.
He eyes the men in the room, who stare hard at him, indicating
they are dead serious. Young Cancer Man looks to the General.

GENERAL

(an explanation)

Captain, last week, this country
was brought to the brink of
nuclear annihilation. A
situation which never would have
arisen had the individual in
question, as Commander in Chief,
provided an umbrella of air
support during the invasion at
Bahia de Cochinos.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON YOUNG CANCER MAN as he considers. He looks up.

YOUNG CANCER MAN

Is there a cover story?

MOB MAN

Tell 'em it was done by men from
outer space.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (5)

6

The cocky room laughs at the ridiculous notion worthy of a rip-off tv show Saturday nights at eight on NBC.

AGENT

We've found and are setting up
a Patsy.

Young Cancer Man understands, considers, as CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM. His decision is answered by a question...

YOUNG CANCER MAN

Where?

CUT TO:

7 EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - MORNING - (STOCK)

7

It was drizzling early that morning in Dallas, Texas. The Texas School Book Depository overlooks Elm Street. A LEGEND APPEARS:
"DALLAS, TEXAS. NOVEMBER 22, 1963."

8 EXT. AN IRVING TEXAS STREET - MORNING - LOW ANGLE

(X) 8

CAMERA IS MOVING ALONG with a pair of cheap shoes walking over the drizzle on the street. A LEGEND APPEARS: "WESTBROOK DRIVE. IRVING, TEXAS. 6:59 a.m"

CAMERA RISES REVEALING wrinkled khakis and an untucked shirt. CAMERA CONTINUES RISING UNTIL REVEALING LEE HARVEY OSWALD carrying nothing but a solemn pouting smirk. He coughs trying to smoke a cigarette.

He is moving along a residential neighborhood. As he passes an open garage...

YOUNG CANCER MAN (O.S.)

Lee.

Oswald pauses, looks off at Young Cancer Man standing in the shadows of a garage. Oswald quickly looks about to see who may be looking and bobs off into the garage.

9 INT. GARAGE - MORNING

9

Oswald coughs as he approaches Young Cancer Man, dressed in early 60's casual clothes.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

YOUNG CANCER MAN

You shouldn't smoke those, Lee.
I'm reading studies that say
they can kill you.

Oswald removes a pack of Morleys from his shirt pocket.

OSWALD

Well, Mr. Hunt, sir, I've heard
about those reports and they are,
(coughs)
no doubt, correct.

YOUNG CANCER MAN

You'll have a...good view...of
the President today.

Oswald's head bobs until he shrugs.

OSWALD

Well, I like the president's
family. They are interesting
people, however, I have my own
views on the president's
national policy. I will probably
just eat lunch.

Young Cancer Man smiles, knowingly. He feeds his patsy some
information he wants him to know.

YOUNG CANCER MAN

I'm going to the movies at the
Texas theatre. Only ninety
cents. I love the movies.

Oswald nods, not really caring. He looks about.

YOUNG CANCER MAN

I've brought the..."curtain
rods," Lee.

He gestures to a long round package wrapped in brown paper. It
appears to be a rifle. Oswald moves to it, feels it. He looks to
Young Cancer Man.

OSWALD

I bought "curtain rods" just
like this, from a mail order,
back in March.

Cancer Man suppresses a smile to himself.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

YOUNG CANCER MAN
You did? Or "A.J. Hidell?"

Enigmatically, so it could be read with earnest or sarcasm...

OSWALD
Well, Mr. Hunt, Fidel's
defenders have to be careful.

YOUNG CANCER MAN
Yes, we do. Speaking of which,
Lee, I informed our fellow
defender that you will hide the
"curtain rods" on the sixth
floor of the book depository
behind the cartons against the
back wall.

Oswald nods, understands. Then, anxiously.

OSWALD
The Cuban visa?

YOUNG CANCER MAN
When I'm notified that the
"curtain rods" have been safely
removed from the Depository,
your visa and the money for your
trip will be in your room. Take
a bus.

(X)

OSWALD
I left all of my money with my
wife.

Cancer Man fishes out some money.

YOUNG CANCER MAN
That's all I have at the moment.
About thirteen and change.

(X)

Oswald feels odd taking the money. He hands the cigarettes to
Cancer Man as if an equal exchange and pockets the money.

YOUNG CANCER MAN
You better go, Lee...you
wouldn't want to miss your ride
to work.

Oswald nods and moves to the long bulky package. He places it
under his arm. Not much for pleasantries, Oswald moves off
without saying goodbye.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

CAMERA MOVES IN ON CANCER MAN as he watches his patsy walk down the street. He realizes he is still holding the cigarettes and with no better place to put them, stuffs the Morleys in his shirt pocket.

He pauses, feeling something in the pocket. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON HIM AS HE LOOKS AT a fired, but pristine, rounded, 6.5mm bullet. As he clenches it in his fist...

CUT TO:

10 EXT. TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY - MORNING - (STOCK)

10

A large Hertz rent a car sign stands on the building as the employees arrive for work. A LEGEND APPEARS: "TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY. 8:00 a.m."

11 INT. TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY - 6TH FLOOR - DAY

11

A cargo elevator opens on a large room housing nothing but large cartons arranged on the floor, which is in disarray as new tile is in the process of being laid on the floor. Black pipes and naked light bulbs mar the grey ceiling. The walls are brick.

Lee Harvey Oswald exits the elevator carrying the brown paper package. He coolly checks if anyone is around while moving to the back of the room near the window. He disappears behind the crates.

BEHIND THE CRATES

Oswald stuffs the brown paper package between two boxes and the wall.

FROM THE STAIRS

appears Oswald's SUPERVISOR. Hearing the paper rustling, he curiously moves toward the back of the room. It is tense as he nears Oswald's position. He is startled by Oswald's sudden appearance, holding an order form on a small clipboard. (X)

SUPERVISOR

(X)

Oh, good morning, Lee. Starting work right on time.

OSWALD

Yes, sir.

As Oswald walks off toward some books. His supervisor used to curt replies from his employee. The Supervisor looks back at the boxes in the corner, beat, then moves on. As he passes Oswald, (X)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

CAMERA MOVES IN ON the alleged assassin as he turns and watches (X)
the boss exit.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. RIVER OVERFLOW OUTLET - DAY - CLOSE - A RUBBER BOOT

12

a foot is slipped into a rubber boot. A maintenance jump suit is tucked inside. CAMERA RISES with the man in the suit to REVEAL the Young Cancer Man beside a van marked "DALLAS COUNTY PUBLIC WORKS." A LEGEND APPEARS: "TRINITY RIVER OVERFLOW OUTLET. 10:30 a.m."

Young Cancer Man, clad in the dark jump suit, moves to the back of the van and opens the doors. He produces a tool bag, which seems rather on the light side. He closes the door and moves around the van and down the cement hillside toward a large overflow tunnel.

As he walks inside, disappearing into the darkness...

CUT TO:

13 INT. DRAINAGE TUNNEL - DAY

13

The tunnel is barely large enough for a person to move. A flashlight beam moves across the tunnel. Young Cancer Man, bag lodged in his lap, duck walks along the tunnel with strained effort. As his form fills the FRAME...

CUT TO:

14 INT. SEWER GUTTER - DAY

14

Light from Dealey Plaza spills through a rectangular sewer opening on the curb of the sidewalk. Above, light enters from a small circle in a manhole cover directly above.

O.S., deep strained BREATHS APPROACH. Young Cancer Man ENTERS FRAME, back to CAMERA. He pauses, breathing hard.

REVERSE

in the sewer, beneath the manhole cover, there is room to sit and extend his legs. The Man is drenched with sweat. He wastes no time however unzipping the tool bag, from which he produces the parts of a sniper rifle. He assembles the weapon. From the bag he produces 6.5mm shells and begins to load. CLICK. CLICK.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

1

Above, on Elm Street, O.S., AUTOMOBILES ROAR PAST, oblivious to the assassin in wait. As he loads the bullets...CLICK...CLICK...

CUT TO:

15 INT. TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY - 6TH FLOOR - DAY

1

A WORKER finishes eating his bag lunch and crumples up the bag. (X)
He is approached by another CO-WORKER, who is dressed and (X)
resembles Lee Harvey Oswald.

CO-WORKER

(X)

The President should be drivin'
past any minute. I think I hear
everyone down on the fifth floor.

He gestures let's go. The Worker stands and the two men head (X)
toward the elevator.

CO-WORKER

(X)

Where's Lee? Does he want to
come?

The two men CLEAR FRAME. CAMERA HOLDS before OMINOUSLY PUSHING
toward the corner in which Oswald hid the rifles. CAMERA
CONTINUES, SUSPENSEFUL...

As CAMERA MOVES PAST the cartons, it REVEALS Lee Harvey Oswald
is not in hiding by the window. The room is, in fact, empty.

16 INT. SEWER GUTTER - DAY - CANCER MAN

1

Sweat covers his face. In his ear is a beige earphone, ca. 1963.
From it, the RADIO REPORTS on the progress of the motorcade.

RADIO (V.O.)

The motorcade group is turning
right onto Houston Street...

Cancer Man raises his weapon, the barrel of the gun flush with
the lip of the gutter opening.

17 EXT. BELOW THE GRASSY KNOLL - (TIGHT) - AFTERNOON

:

Beneath the Stemmons Freeway sign, at the base of the Grassy
Knoll, amongst several (not hundreds) onlookers, appears two
men. One carries a black umbrella, UMBRELLA MAN. The other
appears to be Cuban, known as the DARK SKINNED MAN, awaiting the
motorcade's arrival.

18 INT. COMMISSARY - TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY - DAY

18

A Soda machine stands in the f.g. of a lunch room. CAMERA MOVES to REVEAL Lee Harvey Oswald as he stands before the vending machine. He drops a quarter into the coin slot... (X)

CUT TO:

19 INT. SEWER GUTTER - DAY - CANCER MAN

19

is prepared to change the world. Over the radio...

RADIO (V.O.)

The President's car is now turning onto Elm Street and it'll only be a matter of minutes before he arrives at the trade mart...

20 INT. COMMISSARY - TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY - DAY

20

CLOSE ON the Dr. Nut button. Oswald selects it. (X)

OSWALD

nothing happens. Frustrated, he hits the selection again.

21 INT. SEWER GUTTER - DAY

21

CAMERA CREEPS IN ON YOUNG CANCER MAN...

RADIO (V.O.)

I was on the Stemmons Freeway earlier and even the freeway was jam packed with spectators waiting to see the president...

INSERT - TRIGGER

Cancer Man's finger eases to the trigger.

22 INT. COMMISSARY - T.S.B.D. - DAY - CLOSE - OSWALD'S EYES

22

concentrate on the choices available within the soda machine.

SODA MACHINE - SELECTIONS

CAMERA MOVES over the buttons.

23 INT. SEWER GUTTER - DAY - CANCER MAN'S EYES

23

lock in on his target, intense.

RADIO (V.O.)

~~The motorcade has turned left~~
~~onto~~ Elm Street, passing the
Texas School Book Depository...

Cancer Man's eyes look up.

24 EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

24

Umbrella Man, umbrella open, stands and pumps the umbrella three times into the air.

25 INT. SEWER GUTTER - DAY

25

OVER CANCER MAN'S SHOULDER, bracing the butt of the rifle, the wheels of a police motorcycle PASS the rectangular slot. As the frame of the presidential limousine appears...

Cancer Man FIRES!!

CUT TO:

26 INT. COMMISSARY - T.S.B.D. - DAY

26

Oswald hits the "Cola Button."

VENDING MACHINE

The can drops into the tray with an EXAGERATTED CLUNK.

CUT TO:

27 INT. SEWER GUTTER - DAY

27

Cancer Man FIRES!

28 EXT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMOUSINE - DAY - CLOSE - JAQUELINE KENNEDY

28

blood speckles her pink suit. Her husband falls into her lap, face down.

29 INT. SEWER GUTTER - DAY

29

Cancer Man draws back his rifle. O.S., the limousine ROARS off. People SCREAM. Over the RADIO...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

RADIO (V.O.)
It appears something has
happened in the motorcade
route...

As the assassin sits in the gutter, feeling the reaction...

JUMP CUT:

ANOTHER ANGLE - CANCER MAN

stoic, still, yet charged with emotion...

RADIO (V.O.)
Parkland Hospital has been
advised to stand by for a severe
gunshot wound...

JUMP CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - CANCER MAN

The weapon has been stowed, the killer seems incapable of
movement.

RADIO (V.O.)
The President of the United
States is dead. It's official
now, president Kennedy is dead.

CUT TO:

30 INT. COMMISSARY - TEXAS BOOK DEPOSITORY - DAY

30

Choas has broken out in and around the building. Oswald is
puzzled, yet emotionless. Suddenly a MOTORCYCLE COP and Oswald's (X)
Supervisor appear on the steps. The cop sticks his pistol toward (X)
Oswald's stomach. CAMERA PUSHES INTO OSWALD AND THE WEAPON.

COP (X)
(to Supervisor) (X)
You know this man?

SUPERVISOR (X)
Yes, he works for me.

The two men leave, racing up the stairs. Oswald begins to sip
his soda...then lowers the can...as if something is dawning
suspicious and horrifying is dawning on him.

CUT TO:

31 INT. OSWALD'S BOARDING ROOM - DAY

31

A five feet by twelve room with pale green walls. Four windows are covered by venetian blinds and lace curtains. One window has a small air conditioner. The door BURSTS OPEN!

Lee Oswald moves quickly to the table, searching for his promised Cuban visa and money. It is not there. CAMERA PUSHES INTO HIM as he realizes, blurts...

OSWALD

No. No, sir, I won't be a patsy.

Oswald turns, grabbing a white zipper jacket before producing his .38 caliber snub-nose and stuffs it beneath his belt. He collects a few extra shells and zips out of the room.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. 10TH STREET - DAY

(X) 32

The sun is out. CAMERA IS MOVING amongst a rundown neighborhood of faded roofs, weedy lawns and used car lots. A LEGEND APPEARS: "TENTH AND PATTON. 1:15 p.m." OSWALD ENTERS FRAME, his pace brisk.

Then, ENTERING FRAME rolls a Dallas Patrol car. The passenger window is rolled up. Oswald tries to ignore the car, but the PATROLMAN calls out a polite command to stop walking...

(X)

(X)

PATROLMAN

(X)

Afternoon.

Nervous, Oswald reluctantly complies. Suspicious, he moves to the curb and bends over, examining the interior of the vehicle.

OSWALD

I wish to see some form of identification, sir.

The Patrolman begins to get out of the patrolcar.

(X)

PATROLMAN

(X)

Easy there, partner. Just like to talk a minute.

OSWALD

If I don't see valid credentials, I'm going to assume you're with them.

The Patrolman begins to move around the front of the patrol car...

(X)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

PATROLMAN

(X)

Them? Who do you mean, partner?

The Patrolman begins to move in front of the hood. Oswald quickly pulls his .38 from his waist and FIRES four shots into Patrolman. One in the temple, one in the forehead and two in the chest. (X)

As the officer falls to the street, Oswald races off in the direction he came from. As he grows smaller in the FRAME, he can be seen cutting across a front yard, clearing the bullets from the gun and dropping them in the yard. As he disappears...

CUT TO:

33 INT. TEXAS THEATRE - DAY - MOVIE SCREEN

33

Audie Murphy is explaining why "War is Hell."

AISLE

The crowd is thin in this small theatre. Oswald enters the theatre and moves down toward the center, taking a seat two away from the aisle. A couple sits behind him. Oswald sits, perspiring.

Suddenly, the house lights come up revealing four police officers, including COP #1 and a CIVILIAN, stand in the front of the theatre having entered from the rear exits. The civilian whispers something to one of the officers. (X)

Two Officers move down the left side of the theatre. The other two move up the right aisle.

OSWALD

CAMERA MOVES TOWARD HIM, as if COP#1 is going to pass him. Then quickly, the officer turns. (X)

COP#1

(X)

On your feet.

Oswald stands, raising his hands. Then, contrary to record, with a tone implying he's going to tell all...

OSWALD

It's gonna be all over...

Other officers arrive in the theatre. As Cop#1 moves to Oswald, the alleged assassin takes a punch at the officer, knocking off his cap. (X)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

Oswald reaches for the .38. Officers charge Oswald from behind as Cop#1 swings hard and punches Oswald above the eye. Cop#1 (X)
grabs Oswald's gun and the two wrestle over the seats as Dallas policemen swarm the suspect. O.S., BULLETS and WARFARE continue from the film.

And Now, CAMERA BEGINS TO SLOWLY PULL AWAY from the SCENE, even at its height. CAMERA CREEPS, toward the lobby, wanting to inform us of something. Patrons watch, horrified and confused. O.S., OSWALD CURSES.

OSWALD (O.S.)
SONS OF BITCHES! DON'T HIT ME
ANYMORE!

CAMERA CONTINUES up the aisle MOVING across primarily empty seats. INTO FRAME ENTERS a mob of officers surrounding OSWALD.

OSWALD
THIS IS POLICE BRUTALITY!

The group quickly CLEARS FRAME enroute to the lobby. CAMERA CONTINUES to MOVE SLOWLY up the aisle until REVEALING a lone individual...watching...in the darkness of the back row.

Young Cancer Man stares ahead, actually rattled and shaken by the day's events. Yet, what does not kill you, makes you stronger. He reaches for a handkerchief in his pocket to wipe away the sweat on his forehead.

Oswald's pack of Morleys, matches tucked into the cellophane wrapper, falls into his lap. Cancer Man stares at the cigarretes for a beat...before his trembling hand removes one from the pack.

CAMERA CONTINUES to MOVE IN CLOSE as he lights it, then takes a deep inhale. CAMERA HOLDS ON HIM as he exhales with relief. The assassin takes another drag on Lee Harvey Oswald's cigarettes realizing his life, and each of ours, will never be the same.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

34 INT. A DECAYING LOFT - NIGHT

34

The rat has returned. It does not feel alone.

THE CIGARETTE SMOKING MAN

headphones down around his neck, watches the rat. The assassin appears somewhat remorseful. Taking a drag off his cigarette, his cold eyes remain focused on the rodent.

CUT TO BLACK:

White graphics FADE UP...

35

PART II

35

"Just down the road aways from Graceland."

After an establishing beat, the voice of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. RISES...

KING (V.O.)

These are revolutionary times.
All over the globe men are
revolting against old systems of
exploitation and oppression...

DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. CANCER MAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - RADIO

36

The color does not return. As much of the imagery from the civil rights era and the King assassination is in black and white, so is the imagery in this Act; just this Act.

An AM radio sits on a second hand table. A LEGEND APPEARS:
"APRIL 4, 1967." O.S., a manual typewriter CLACKS slowly...

KING (V.O.)

...and out of the wombs of a
frail world new systems of
justice and equality are being
born.

A THICK MANUSCRIPT

sits on the edge of a desk, beside a cup of coffee and, of course, a cigarette. O.S., the TYPEWRITER continues.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

The novel is entitled TAKE A CHANCE: A JACK COLOUITT ADVENTURE. (X)
Written by Raul Bloodworth (nom de plume). The first lines go
like this: "The dawn over Moscow was as red as the flag flying
over the Kremlin...only more so. The Communist Hammer and
Sickle, on that flag, promising another day of oppression...and
death."

KING (V.O.)
The shirtless and barefoot
people of the land are rising up
as never before. "The people who
sat in darkness have seen a
great light."

TYPEWRITER

The final strokes upon his masterpiece read..."Jack Colquitt
held the weapon on the Russian, but withdrew it and (X)
whispered..."I can kill you whenever I please...but not today." (X)
The typewriter "returns" two lines to add "THE END."

KING (V.O.)
We in the West must support
these revolutions.

CANCER MAN

now a very worn thirty, pulls the page from the Smith-Corona. He
places it at the end of the manuscript and smiles, sincerely
proud of himself. He picks up the thick book and holds it. If he
could cry this would be the moment. He reads the first line,
approves. He holds it to his face; happy.

KING (V.O.)
It is a sad fact that, because
of comfort, complacency, a
morbid fear of communism, and
our proneness to adjust to
injustice...

As the Cigarette Smoking Man considers happiness, his pleasure
is quickly wiped away by a sad expression. A feeling of
heartbreak. He sets down his opus and opens a desk drawer.

KING (V.O.)
...the Western nations that
initiated so much of the
revolutionary spirit of the
modern world have now become the
arch-revolutionaries.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

DESK DRAWER

hidden beneath paperwork, the photograph of Bill Mulder's wife and son, five years ago, is removed. It is wrinkled and worn.

CANCER MAN

studies the picture, stoic, yet with a sense of longing. He lights a cigarette, lost in the photograph.

KING (V.O.)

This has driven many to feel
that only Marxism has the
revolutionary spirit.

The speech seems to finally grab his attention. Cancer Man's expression turns hard and cold as he looks slowly over his shoulder to the radio.

KING (V.O.)

Therefore, communism is a
judgement against our failure to
make democracy real and follow
through on the revolutions we
initiated.

Cancer Man sighs, truly saddened.

CANCER MAN

No...no...why did you have to do
that?

CUT TO:

37 INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

37

A lone overhead lamp spills onto a conference table. As the world has grown more cynical and dark, so has the environment of the conspirators.

The men at the table disappear in shadow, represented...and suggested...by what lies before them on the table. Of course a Morleys smolders in an ashtray before the obscured Cancer Man. A report, classified "Top Secret" and titled "OPERATION CHAOS" rests before two men, one short, chubby and balding, THE DIRECTOR, and his well groomed, AID, sitting a foot behind him. (X)
The DIRECTOR, and ardent anti-smoker, COUGHS, and subtly waves (X)
away the smoke. An arm, wrapped in an Army uniform and belonging (X)
to A MAJOR GENERAL, rests on the table.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

CANCER MAN

Why didn't you know this was coming, "Edgar?"

He blows smoke in his direction, subtly. The Director COUGHS before answering...

THE AID

Last year the House was not smiling on "non-eye to eye" surveillance...

(X)

(X)

THE DIRECTOR

So I stopped.

(X)

(X)

AID

We called Ramsey Clark to receive a go-ahead on tapping King's phone, but he refused.

(X)

MAJOR GENERAL

Our "Behind the Fence" Operations on "WILLIE," believes King's ally, Stokely Carmichael, is recruiting a negro army to wage war on white America.

Cancer Man exhales a puff of bluish smoke.

CANCER MAN

Wouldn't you...if you were them?

All eyes turn toward the Cancer Man.

CANCER MAN (CONT'D)

If it were only a civil rights issue, hell, I'd vote for a King-Benjamin Spock Presidential ticket.

This is making the others very uncomfortable. Cancer Man sighs, sad.

CANCER MAN (CONT'D)

But after last night...it's not.

THE DIRECTOR

You actually sound sad about it.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

CANCER MAN

I respect King. He's an...

(a reference to Pt.1)

"extraordinary man." But now
he's talking like a Maoist.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

3

CANCER MAN (cont'd)

And if he convinces negroes not
to fight in Vietnam...we'll
lose. And the first domino will
have fallen.

(X)

Cancer Man considers, inhales.

THE DIRECTOR

We must step up our efforts to
discredit him.

CANCER MAN

Like your ridiculous "Suicide
Project?" "There is but one way
out for you?" That dumb letter
attempting to drive King into
despair only alerted him to the
level of our surveillance.

The director stares hard in the darkness at Cancer Man.

AID

We could create a film of him
with a woman other than his
wife. Using existing footage we
could insert him in film we made
of a woman...a white woman.

CANCER MAN

A cheap stunt! You people have
no finesse.

AID

Perhaps blackmailing an editor
of an influential negro
publication into a negative
article...

CANCER MAN

YOU CANNOT DISCREDIT THIS MAN!
Attempting to discredit him runs
the risk of discrediting us. And
then the Communists win.

(beat, cold)

The solution is more intense
than just "dirty tricks."

A chilling pause. The AID leans in and whispers into the
DIRECTORS EAR. The Director considers, then...

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (4)

37

THE AID (X)
If you'll excuse us, the (X)
Director has a meeting at the (X)
White House.

CANCER MAN
Sit down. You've got enough (X)
plausible deniability to last
the rest of your nine lives.

The Director remains still. Cancer Man exhales.

MAJOR GENERAL
An SIG Force can execute a wet-
insert operation.

Cancer Man snubs out his smoke, cocking a dubious eyebrow at the
Pentagonese.

MAJOR GENERAL (CONT'D)
(clarifying)
One day...he and his immediate
circle...are just found dead.

CANCER MAN
Too many questions.
(beat)
Americans believe the South is
still fighting the Civil War. We
find ourselves some cracker-
paty...and the motives become
very...black and white.

The silence is an agreement to the plan.

THE DIRECTOR
Another paty. (X)

MAJOR GENERAL (X)
Things really went well for you (X)
in Dealey Plaza.

Cancer Man does not respond to the crack.

THE AID (X)
Should we advise the President?

Cancer Man looks hard at the general.

CANCER MAN
I work hard to keep any
President from knowing I even
exist.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (5)

37

THE AID
Who will you order to do it?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (4)

3

Cancer Man leans back into the darkness.

CANCER MAN
I'll do it myself.
(beat)
I have too much respect for the
man.

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

CUT TO:

38 EXT. MEMPHIS STREET - NIGHT

38

Strong winds are blowing ominously in the darkness. Civil defense SIRENS can be heard throughout the city, sounding tornado warnings. Cans and bags of garbage are piled on the sidewalks from the lengthy Sanitation Workers strike. A LEGEND APPEARS: "MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE. APRIL 3, 1968. 9:15 P.M."

A dark form moves along the stormy street. O.S., from within a building the faint VOICE of Martin Luther King, Jr. can be HEARD.

KING (O.S.)
The nation is sick. Trouble is
in the land. Confusion all
around. That's a strange
statement. But I know, somehow,
that only when it is dark
enough, can you see the stars.

A red ash moves out of the darkness to the lips of the form as it moves and settles before a sign: "Mason Temple. Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. Tonight. Pre-march sermon."

Cancer Man stands in the gusting wind, listening, interested and ultimately...moved.

KING (O.S.)
And I see God working in this
period of the twentieth century
in a way that men, in some
strange way, are responding -
something is happening in our
world. The masses of people are
rising up. And wherever they are
assembled today, whether they
are in Johannesburg, South
Africa; Nairobi, Kenya, Acca,
Ghana;

(X)

He listens, his expression turning sad. He reaches into his pocket and removes the photograph of Bill Mulder's wife and young son, holding it tightly so it does not blow away.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

KING (O.S.)
New York City; Atlanta, Georgia;
Jackson, Mississippi; or
Memphis, Tennessee - the cry is
always the same - "We want to be
free."

Seemingly, so does the Cigarette Smoking Man.

CUT TO:

39 INT. ROOMING HOUSE - ROOM 5-B - DAY

39

Cancer Man, dressed in a black suit, white shirt and no tie, stands in a small crummy room. He moves a chair in order to look out the window, blocked mainly by an alley four feet wide. A

LEGEND APPEARS: "ROOMING HOUSE. 418 S. MAIN. APRIL 4, 1968. 5:15 P.M."

O.S., footsteps approach. The Cigarette Smoking Man steps down and lies on the bed as if he's been there for some time. A figure appears in the f.g., also wearing a dark suit. He remains with his back to CAMERA, and although not identified, this is JAMES EARL RAY.

RAY
Raul. Got the binoculars you
sent me out for.

He holds them out, but the last thing Cancer Man wants is his prints on them.

CANCER MAN
Just set 'em down by your
clothes.

Ray places them on a chair by a bag of clothes and a bedspread.

RAY
I heard that Dr. King is stayin'
at the Lorraine Motel right
behind here.

Cancer Man shrugs, he fishes some money out of his pocket.

CANCER MAN
Our gun buyer is coming over
here to look at the rifle.

RAY
I gave it to you this morning.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

CANCER MAN

I have it. Look, three's a crowd, you know? Here's a couple hundred. Go to a movie, or somethin', and come back in two or three hours. Leave the Mustang, I'll need it later.

Ray takes the money and heads out of the room. After he's gone, Cancer Man kneels down and removes a blanket wrapped around a long object. Careful not to get his prints on the weapon, Cancer Man lifts the blanket to REVEAL a 30.06 rifle. He covers it back up. Using one of Ray's shirts, he places the binoculars in the bag and exits the room with everything.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. BRUSH COVERED AREA - DAY

CAMERA BEGINS ON A CEMENT WALL, RISING UP TO an area heavily covered by brush. Within it, a form eases down a hill. It settles. A LEGEND APPEARS: "AREA DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM LORRAINE MOTEL. ROOM 306. 5:57p.m."

CAMERA PUSHES INTO the brush. Twisted twigs and snarled branches reflect the soul of the man in hiding. Cancer Man searches for and finds a rifle placed in the bushes. The veteran assassin retrieves the rifle and begins loading.

In a V.O., the remainder of Rev. King's speech from the night before as Cancer Man loads. (X)

KING (V.O.)

Well, I don't know what will happen now. We've got some difficult days ahead. But it doesn't matter to me now. Because I've been to the mountaintop. And I don't mind.

Cancer Man wraps his arm around the strap and steadies the weapon against his shoulder.

KING (V.O.)

Like anybody, I would like to live a long life. Longevity has its place. But I'm not concerned about that now. I just want to do God's will. And He's allowed me to go to the mountain. And I've looked over.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

KING (cont'd; V.O.)
And I've seen the promised land.
I may not get there with you.

(X)

The killer raises his weapon, eyes the scope. Hopefully, CAMERA CONTINUES TO PUSH IN CLOSE...CLOSER...

KING (V.O.)
But I want you to know tonight,
that we, as a people will get to
the promised land. And I'm happy
tonight. I'm not worried about
anything. I'm not fearing any
man.

Cancer Man's eyes flash open revealing welling tears. He quickly closes one, the other focuses on an O.S. target.

KING (V.O.)
Mine eyes have seen the glory of
the coming of the Lord.

He fires.

CUT TO:

The sick shot eternally ECHOES over the photograph of King wounded on the balcony of the Lorraine.

DISSOLVE TO:

The GUNSHOT CONTINUES TO RING over a photograph of King's funeral wagon in Atlanta.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. CANCER MAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE - CANCER MAN

41

The Cigarette Smoking Man stares off into darkness. A destroyed expression, which the CAMERA HOLDS ON THIS quite a few beats. O.S., a TELEVISION reports the day's events...

TELEVISION (V.O.)
Memphis police found a rifle
wrapped in a blanket as well as
some personal belongings
believed to be that of the
assassin, in the doorway of the
Canipe Amusement Company...

Cancer Man's eyes painfully turn to a sheet of paper on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

LETTER

The letterhead reads "MONTGOMERY & GLICK PUBLISHING." A snippet of the letter includes "...felt the plot of TAKE A CHANCE to be (X) preposterous, the characters unbelievable, the ending lame and (X) the writing, frankly, crap."

CANCER MAN

appears worn and heartbroken. He opens a drawer and places the rejection letter atop a thick stack of others. He then pulls the photograph of toddler Fox Mulder and his mother and places it in the desk. He slowly closes the drawer...and then his eyes.

TELEVISION (V.O.)

New York State Senator Robert F. Kennedy made an appeal for calm this evening.

ROBERT KENNEDY (V.O.)

I know the pain you are suffering. My brother was killed at the hands of a white man...

CAMERA PUSHES INTO The Cigarette Smoking Man as he turns his attention towards the television.

TELEVISION

Robert F. Kennedy speaks outside to a gathering of mourners.

ROBERT KENNEDY

I choose tonight to think of the words of William Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"... "Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die, Take him and cut him into little stars...

CANCER MAN

CAMERA CONTINUES TO CREEP INTO HIM, his eyes welling with emotion. He mouths the words as Kennedy recites them.

ROBERT KENNEDY (V.O.)

And he will make the face of heaven so fine/That all the world will be in love with night...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

41

TELEVISION

ROBERT KENNEDY

And pay no worship to the garish
sun.

R.F.K. completes the passage, unaware in two months, almost to
the day, others will eulogize him.

CANCER MAN

As the conspirator watches the screen, perhaps aware that he
will, somehow, be responsible.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

42 INT. A DECAYING LOFT - NIGHT

42

The Cigarette Smoking Man sits on an old crate, the sniper rifle cutting the FRAME behind him. The headphones are around his neck, wishing to travel through his life on his own, rather than via Frohike's narrative.

He unwraps a fresh pack of Morleys and places one in his mouth. He raises his lighter. CLICK. Nothing. Again. Clearly, the lighter is out of fuel. Initially, Cancer Man is irritated, however the lighter seems to invoke a thought. (X)

CUT TO BLACK:

White graphics FADE UP:

43

PART III

43

"The Most Wonderful Day of the Year!"

CUT TO:

44 INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - CLOSE - AN EMPTY ASHTRAY

44

CAMERA IS MOVING, beginning on an empty ashtray. "A LEGEND APPEARS: DECEMBER 24, 1991."

CANCER MAN (V.O.)
Alright, let's make this short
and sweet so we can all get home
for Christmas.

CAMERA ADJUSTS TO REVEAL the Cancer Man, chewing gum with a hefty nicotine patch behind his ear. He's a bit fidgety.

CANCER MAN
Domestic Unrest Operations?

As CAMERA CONTINUES, four Cancer Man OPERATIVES, LYDON, MATLOCK, (X)
JONES and COOK report from their files. (X)

LYDON (X)
The Anita Hill thing has lost
steam since October.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

CANCER MAN

Let it go. We played it right.
Frivolous allegations will start
flying in no time. Keep focus
off what we really don't want
them dealing with.

(to Russell)

Anything from L.A?

JONES

(X)

The Rodney King trial's been
moved to Simi Valley, just as
you instructed.

Cancer Man nods, pleased. Beside him, a silent communicator
PINGS beside the phone. Cancer Man turns and checks the message.

SILENT MESSAGE

"Saddam Hussein: Line two"

RETURN

Cancer Man hits a button, with a tone used when agents phone...

CANCER MAN

Call back.

MATLOCK

(X)

Internationally, Bosnia-
Herzegovina is set to for a
February vote on independence
from Yugoslavia.

CANCER MAN

America could care less.

COOK

(X)

I'm working on next month's
Oscar nominations. Any
preference?

CANCER MAN

I could care less. What I don't
want to see is the Bills winning
the Super Bowl. As long as I'm
alive, that never happens.

LYDON

(X)

Could be tough, sir. Buffalo
wants it bad.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

CANCER MAN
(grins)
So did the Soviets in '80.

Lydon is shocked, a tad appalled.

(X)

LYDON
Are you saying...you rigged the
Olympic Hockey game?

(X)

CANCER MAN
What's the matter? Don't you
believe in "miracles?"

COOK
The boss gave the Russian goal
tender a little pre game good
luck pat on the back, unseen
novocaine needle on a bogus
wedding ring. Goalie's a little
slow on the stick side. 4-3.
Home team.

(X)

Cancer Man grins with evil pride...

MATLOCK
Lot cleaner than the way the KGB
fixed men's basketball in '72.

(X)

CAMERA PUSHES INTO CANCER MAN...

CANCER MAN
Payback's a bitch, Ivan. If
that's all...

JONES
One thing, internally, sir. That
"Spooky" kid who talked his way
into opening the X-Files...it
feels like trouble.

(X)

CANCER MAN
He's mine to keep an eye on.

PING! The silent communicator flashes another message. Cancer
Man looks.

SILENT COMMUNICATOR

"Gorbachev has resigned."

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (3)

44

CANCER MAN

actually appears sad.

CANCER MAN

Well...Gorbachev has just
resigned.

MATLOCK

Nice Christmas present, Chief.

(X)

JONES

There's no more enemies.

(X)

The cigarette smoking man fiddles with his patch, unsure. He stands and opens a briefcase, producing four small gifts wrapped in cheap paper.

As CSM begins to leave, he passes out the presents to his operatives.

CANCER MAN

Gentlemen, Merry Christmas.

LYDON

If you don't have plans, Chief,
we're all getting together with
our families out in Virginia.
You're more than welcome...

(X)

CANCER MAN

No...I have to see... some
family.

Unable to mask his loneliness, the Cigarette Smoking Man exits the room. The operatives look to one another and, dying of curiosity, unwrap the presents. Each has received the exact same tie.

CUT TO:

45 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

45

As in the pilot episode, this is the hallway in the basement of the F.B.I. building. It's dark enough to cloak a dark figure. The Quit Smoking Cigarette Man appears around the corner and looks off at a light bleeding through the ajar door.

Cancer Man wants a smoke so bad as he moves toward the door marked "Special Agent FOX MULDER. X-Files." Cancer Man listens to the TAP TAP of O.S. computer keys.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

He pauses, if there were any day to face the young Agent face to face, this would be the day. But the man, so able to control the direction of the world, does not have the courage to enter the room. As he moves out of the hallway...

CUT TO:

46 INT. CANCER MAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - A CHRISTMAS TREE

worthy of Charlie Brown, sits pathetically in the No Longer Smoking Cigarettes Man's apartment. A lone present beneath is the tree. O.S., "The Most Wonderful Day of the Year" plays softly. Cancer Man ENTERS in the b.g. moving toward his desk. He pauses, looking back to the tree.

Cancer Man kneels down and takes the present. He opens the card.

INSERT - CHRISTMAS CARD

"Chief...May all your dreams come true. Merry Christmas, Alex Krycek."

CANCER MAN

unwraps the paper to find a new cigarette lighter, engraved, "Trust No One." (Which he's using in the teaser) The Trying to Quit Smoking Man sighs, "great."

He stands and moves toward the desk, taking a seat at the typewriter.

AT THE DESK

Ciggie Man looks to an unopened envelope. The letterhead indicates it is from "Endeavor Publishing." Feeling no need to be once again heartbroken, Cancer Man opens a drawer and tosses the letter inside. He shuts the drawer.

Almost immediately, he re-opens the drawer, pulls out the envelope and like Charlie hoping to find a golden Wonka ticket, tears open the letter. With a glance he sighs and angrily returns the letter to the drawer, this time SLAMMING it.

He turns to the typewriter, inserts a sheet of clean paper and begins pecking at the keys.

TYPEWRITER

Second Chance: A Jack Colquitt Adventure. By Raul Bloodworth.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

CANCER MAN

pauses, sadly considers, then types the opening lines...

TYPEWRITER

"Jack Colquitt sat alone in his apartment at Christmas. He believed in sacrifice. If not him, then who? Yet, some nights, he longed for a second chance..."

CANCER MAN

appears pleased with the writing, displeased with himself. The phone RINGS. He answers.

CANCER MAN

Yeah.

On the other end is the VOICE of DEEP THROAT...

DEEP THROAT (V.O.)

You won't believe what we just
got for Christmas.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. YEW MOUNTAINS - WEST VIRGINIA - NIGHT - (CGI)

47

The faint outline of the isolated mountain range zig zags across the Christmas Eve Sky. A specific area of which casts an eerie faint orange-green glow. A LEGEND APPEARS: "DOGWAY, WEST VIRGINIA. DECEMBER 24, 1991. 10:13 P.M."

48 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

48

The pace is mission-like and urgent in this makeshift warehouse. An empty military truck waits in the open end of the warehouse.

CLOSER - TRUCK

SOLDIERS in biological hazard suits rush to the truck. Once inside, it hurriedly pulls away REVEALING DEEP THROAT supervising the events and anxiously waiting.

He turns, spotting an individual, O.S. CAMERA PUSHES INTO Deep Throat as...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

DEEP THROAT

The craft matches the dimensions
of the vehicle spotted over
Hanoi when I was in Vietnam with
the Company, that the Marines
couldn't shoot down.

Cancer Man ENTERS FRAME and continues walking.

CANCER MAN

Occupant?

As he turns, joining the Cancer Man in a walking march into the
bowels of the warehouse.

DEEP THROAT

Critical.

WAREHOUSE

as they walk, both eyes forward, intense. No sense of rank
between them. In fact, they appear as equals.

CANCER MAN

Witnesses?

DEEP THROAT

We picked up some campers in the
Yew Mountains who are
being..."debriefed" on what they
saw.

CANCER MAN

The timing couldn't be worse.
The Roswell story we concocted
was gathering momentum. Had them
all looking in the wrong
direction. With luck, we'll get
away with it.

Deep Throat stops in the darkness.

DEEP THROAT

No luck tonight. Our Aurora spy
planes confirm the Russians
tracked entry and have
pinpointed touchdown.

Cancer Man pauses, wanting to light up. He rubs his nicotine
patch.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

CANCER MAN

Haven't you heard? There are no
Russians anymore.

He continues walking down the warehouse into the darkness,
toward a half dozen heavily armed guards in blue berets. Deep
Throat follows, growing impatient.

DEEP THROAT

I don't care if they are in the
midst of ruin. The KGB is not
going to ignore an event of this
magnitude. Nor are the Chinese.
Or the Germans. Or the British.
Not anyone with the capability
to discover what has happened
here tonight. I'm certain each
of them have operatives
advancing on us right now!

No need for identification of these two men as they pass through
the guards and disappear beyond a door.

49 INT. A ROOM - NIGHT

49

CAMERA IS LOW TO THE GROUND as Cancer Man and Deep Throat enter
the room. O.S., gas HISSES and fans WHIR. They stop, staring
ahead with a slight sense of awe as CAMERA CREEPS BACKWARD...

CANCER MAN

How many historic events have
only the two of us witnessed
together, Ronald?

(X)

CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE, beginning to REVEAL an acrylic
chamber, lit from above.

CANCER MAN (CONT'D)

How often did we make...or
change...history? And our names
can never grace any pages of
record. No monuments can bear
our image.

(beat)

And, yet, once again, the course
of human history will be set
tonight by two unknown men,
standing in the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

4

PULLING BACK, CAMERA FULLY REVEALS a chamber. Inside, pale green gas hauntingly swirls providing life for an EXTRATERRESTRIAL strapped to a stainless steel gurney. CAMERA HOLDS...after a beat...

EXTREMELY CLOSE - OVERCOAT

an automatic handgun is quickly removed from a shoulder holster. The unidentified hand, turns the gun around offering the grip to the other man.

CLOSE - CANCER MAN

half in shadow, his eyes looking ahead into Deep Throat's.

CLOSE - DEEP THROAT

matches his colleague's glare.

CLOSE - CANCER MAN

his head slowly lowers, CAMERA TILTS with the MOVE looking down to the gun offered to Cancer Man by Deep Throat.

THE TWO MEN

Never flinching for the weapon, Cancer Man looks back to Deep Throat.

CANCER MAN

A living E.B.E. could advance
Bill Mulder's project by decades.

DEEP THROAT

Security Council resolution 10-
13 states any country capturing
such an entity is responsible
for its immediate extermination.

Cancer Man looks at the weapon with disdain then looks at Deep Throat with an expression of "why Me?"

DEEP THROAT

I'm the liar. You're the killer.

CANCER MAN

Your lies have killed more men
in a day than I have in a
lifetime because I've never
killed anyone.

Deep Throat eyes the Cancer man, doubtful.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

4

DEEP THROAT (X)
Maybe I'm not the liar. (X)

CANCER MAN (X)
I have a chance to go an entire (X)
lifetime without... killing... (X)
anyone... or any "thing." (X)

DEEP THROAT
With all our work in the last
thirty years...all our
victories...if the world were to
see this...

He subtly gestures toward the alien in the booth.

DEEP THROAT (CONT'D)
We would lose all we've gained
within hours.
(beat)
Tonight, we have a new enemy.

Cancer Man pauses, his eyes looking directly into Deep Throat's while digging into his own pocket. CSM silently removes a quarter and shows both sides to his partner.

Deep Throat eyes him, not protesting. Cancer Man flips the coin into the air.

CANCER MAN
Heads.

THE COIN

tumbles fatefully through the air, heading downward.

WIDER

the quarter's RINGING upon the concrete floor SOUNDS like a BELL as it settles. The two men look down.

THE COIN

still. Heads. The year of the mint is 1963.

WIDER

Cancer Man bends down and picks up the coin. Deep Throat's eyes turn toward the new enemy.

CANCER MAN
Go on...make history.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

Deep Throat sighs, then moves OUT OF FRAME. CAMERA HOLDS on CANCER MAN as he reaches up and slowly removes the nicotine patch from his ear, so that it won't hurt.

AT THE BOOTH

Deep Throat places a gas mask over his face. He reaches for the door handle...

CANCER MAN

tosses the nicotine patch to the floor. He removes a pack of cigarettes from his coat.

IN THE BOOTH

Deep Throat moves to the table. He rocks the slide on his automatic, then raises the gun toward the Alien's head.

CANCER MAN

places a cigarette in his mouth.

CLOSE - LIGHTER

as the thumb turns to light the flint...

LOW ANGLE - DEEP THROAT

gun aimed down, but not at CAMERA, FIRES! Greenish brown plasma speckles the gas mask.

CANCER MAN

As the lighter touches the cigarette, another SHOT! And then silence. The Cigarette Smoking Man draws the Cancer Stick from his lips and looks at it, disgusted with his bad habit.

VERY WIDE

Cancer Man's dark form stands in the f.g. Deep Throat stands in the booth, gun by his side, looking at the murdered creature.

The first casualty of the new enemy.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

50 INT. A DECAYING LOFT - NIGHT

Knowing the story is near to a close, the Cigarette Smoking Man (X) slowly returns the headphones to his ears and looks out the window in the direction of the Lone Gunmen's office.

FROHIKE (V.O.)

At that point, your work in the basement was getting attention from the top floor.

(beat)

And that's why you were brought in.

As the Cancer Man's eyes move...

(X)

CUT TO BLACK:

Over black, the final chapter appears in white graphics...

51

PART IV

5

"The X Files: The First Man I Ever Murdered."

CUT TO:

52 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - CLOSE - SENIOR THESIS

5

"Einstein's Twin Paradox: A New Interpretation." Dana Scully. Senior Thesis. University of Maryland. May 15, 1986.

Cancer Man sets down the folder. He lights a cigarette as he considers his selection.

A LEGEND ROLLS OUT: "March 6, 1992." Then, O.S., from the pilot episode...

THIRD MAN (O.S.)

Are you familiar with an agent named Fox Mulder?

SCULLY (O.S.)

Um, yes, I am.

THIRD MAN (O.S.)

How so?

CUT TO:

53 INT. BLEVINS OFFICE - DAY - (FROM THE PILOT)

53

Scully sits across from Blevins desk. (This is from the pilot, so Production can just relax and kick back some cool ones.)

SCULLY

By reputation.

(beat)

Um...he's an Oxford educated psychologist who wrote a monograph on serial killers and the occult that helped catch Monty Propps in 1988. Generally though of as the best analyst in the Violent Crimes Section.

Beat, as CAMERA ARCS around her...

SCULLY (CONT'D)

He had a nickname at the Academy..."Spooky" Mulder.

And the entire reason this scene is here is to re-look at the visual exchange occurring between Cancer Man and Scully as he studies her. He clearly gives her the creeps.

BLEVINS

What I'll also tell you is that Agent Mulder has developed a consuming devotion to an unassigned project outside the Bureau mainstream.

Haven't we all?

BLEVINS (CONT'D)

Are you familiar with the, so called, "X Files?"

SCULLY - PROFILE

Pauses, smiles...hopefully, before she can respond...

CUT TO:

54 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

54

Cancer Man has his surveillance briefcase on the table. His headphones are over his ears. He downs a Morleys as he sits...and waits.

55 INT. HALLWAY - DAY - (AGAIN FROM THE PILOT)

55

The elevator doors opens. CAMERA MOVES before Scully ENTERS FRAME heading toward a door in the basement. She knocks.

MULDER (O.S.)
Sorry, nobody down here but the
F.B.I.'s most unwanted.

As she enters...

56 INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

56

CAMERA CREEPS as Cancer Man listens to the introductions...

SCULLY (V.O.)
Agent Mulder. I'm Dana Scully
I've been assigned to work with
you.

MULDER (V.O.)
Oh, isn't it nice to be suddenly
so highly regarded.
(beat)
So, who did you tick off to get
stuck with this detail, Scully?

Cancer Man makes some notes, listens.

SCULLY (V.O.)
Actually, I'm looking forward to
working with you.

MULDER (V.O.)
Oh, really? I was under the
impression that you were sent to
spy on me.

Cancer Man forces a smile, impressed. He sits back and snubs out his cigarette, satisfied the gears are in motion.

CLOSE - CIGARETTE

as the smoke coils slowly into the air...

DISSOLVE TO:

57 INT. A DECAYING LOFT - NIGHT - CLOSE - A BULLET

57

large calibre. Pointed. Mean. Whoever's name is upon it, will never know the devastating impact upon the body.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

FROHIKE (V.O.)
Henry David Thoreau wrote; "The
mass of men lead lives of quiet
desperation."

The bullet is placed in the chamber.

CANCER MAN AND THE RIFLE

the bullet is loaded.

FROHIKE (V.O.)
His life has been anything but
quiet...yet, I believe, nothing
but desperate.

Cancer Man loads a back up missile.

FROHIKE (V.O.)
He's the most dangerous man
alive. Not, so much, because he
believes in his actions...
(beat)
But because he believes these
actions are all which Life
allows him.
(beat)
And yet, the only person that
can never escape him...is
himself.

Cancer Man releases the bolt.

MULDER (V.O.)
How do you know all this?

CUT TO:

58 INT. CANCER MAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE - ENVELOPE

58

The letterhead is a very classic respectable font. "Pivotal
Publications." The letter is torn open...

CANCER MAN

opens the letter, expecting the usual. However...his expression
freezes. Stunned, he cannot even think of what to do next. A
smile blurts upon his face. He turns quickly to the phone. Dials.

A professional receptionist answers...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Pivotal Publishing.

CANCER MAN
(checks letter)
Walden Roth, please.

He holds, tingling.

ROTH (V.O.)
Walden Roth.

CANCER MAN
Mr. Roth...hello...Raul
Bloodworth author of "Second
Chance:A Jack Colquitt
Adventure..."

ROTH (V.O.)
Yes, of course! Mr. Bloodworth
what an active imagination you
have! Alien assassinations!

(X)

CANCER MAN
Is it too much? Is my
imagination too active?

(X)

(X)

ROTH (V.O.)
No! NO! I love it. Now, as I
have expressed in the letter,
wish to serialize your novel in
our publication, "Roman a'
Clef." Many outstanding authors
receive their first printing in
our publications.

(X)

CANCER MAN
Yes. Yes. That's fine. Now, if
I may, I see the artwork being
very Tom Clancy-ish and...

Roth laughs, appreciating the author's enthusiasm.

ROTH (V.O.)
This is why we work with young
writers. I'll be honest,
however, you'll have to
relinquish some control.

It is the first time in his life he has even considered such a
possibility, however, his decision is instant.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

5

CANCER MAN
Of course. of course.

ROTH (V.O.)
After all, it is our
publication. And I can assure
you we will handle it with the
utmost respect.

CANCER MAN
Yes, I understand. I'm
just...excited.

ROTH (V.O.)
Understandable. Now, do you have
an agent or attorney?

CANCER MAN
No...

ROTH (V.O.)
That's fine. It's a minimum
agreement of twenty-five hundred
dollars and you'll save yourself
ten percent.

CANCER MAN
Fine. Yes. Anything.
(anxious)
When do you plan to publish the
story?

ROTH (V.O.)
"Roman a'Clef" It'll be on the
newsstands the morning of
November 12th.

CUT TO:

59 INT. CANCER MAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING - DESK CALENDAR

59

Tuesday. November 12th, 1996. O.S. the typewriter CLACKS AWAY.

CANCER MAN

is dressed in his best suit and tie. No cigarette this morning.
He works proudly at his canvas.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

TYPEWRITER

A letter, dated November 12th, 1996 is in progress. "Gentlemen, please accept this letter as notification of my resignation, effective immediately..."

CANCER MAN

he pulls the letter out of the typewriter and signs it. We never see the name. He checks his watch. The time is at hand.

He places the letter in an envelope and stands, habitually grabbing for his pack of Morleys.

Once in his hand, however, he eyes them and what they represent. CAMERA PUSHES IN as he crumbles the pack in his fist.

CUT TO:

60 EXT. NEWSSTAND - MORNING

60

A small newsstand. No one else is around except for the OLD GUY cutting ties off newly arrived newspapers and magazines.

Cancer Man appears and nervously begins searching over the publications focused on the craft of writing. "First Line." "Writer's Block." "End Credits", which includes the article "Where the Hell is Darin Morgan?"

The Cancer Man pauses, confused. He searches the magazines but cannot find what he is looking for. Anxious, Cancer Man moves to the Old Guy.

CANCER MAN

Pardon me, sir...do you have
this week's "Roman A' Clef?"

OLD GUY

(looks around)

Uh...

He moves to one of the bundles wrapped in brown paper, cuts a tie and pulls out a magazine. He hands it to the Cancer Man

CANCER MAN

CAMERA SWEEPS in on this life altering moment. His expression, however, reflects devastating shock and horror.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

"ROMAN A' CLEF"

is a smut rag, with an "adventure" angle. An unappealing model appears to be climbing Mt. Everest in a teddie.

CANCER MAN

is stunned. His eyes move across the cover.

"ROMAN A'CLEF"

Warm up to the Cold War barnburner "Second Chance!"

CANCER MAN

Cancer Man rifles through a couple pages, pauses and reads. His eyes, hertbroken and angry. (X)
(X)

CANCER MAN

This is not the ending I wrote!
It's all wrong!

(X)
(X)
(X)

CAMERA EASES BACK, AWAY, as his eyes look away from the magazine. They close, dizzy with humiliation and defeat. To make matters worse...

OLD GUY

Look, if you're gonna stand
there and read it, I gotta ask
you to buy it.

CAMERA HESITATES, then again PUSHES IN as the cold eyes slowly open, full of dangerous intent.

OLD GUY (CONT'D)

'Course, I don't know why anyone
in their right mind would wanna
buy that crap.

Cancer Man slowly approaches the attendant, appearing ready to take out his life by taking out the Old Man. Cancer Man eases, however, and fishes out some money.

OLD GUY

That be it?

Sadly, defeated...

CANCER MAN

And a pack of Morleys.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

As the cigarettes are placed in his hand.

CUT TO:

61 EXT. BUS STOP - MORNING

61

Six stamped out butts litter the ground, much like those before Building 307. A winged tip shoe is beside the cigarettes. CAMERA CRANES UP on the Cigarette Smoking Man, his forearms leaning upon his knees, tie loosened, cigarette hanging from his lip, staring hatefully off at nothing but his own horrible existence.

A HOMELESS PERSON appears and begins searching through the trash can beside the bench. The person finds a small moldy and worn box of chocolates. He begins to eat what's left as he sits on the bench.

Cancer Man looks at him, disgusted. And then, with an angry, depressed driving paced monotone...

CANCER MAN

Life...is like a box of chocolates. A cheap, thoughtless, perfunctoral gift that no one ever asks for. Unreturnable because all you get back is another box of chocolates. So, you're stuck with mostly undefinable whipped mint crap, mindlessly wolfed downed when there's nothing else to eat while you're watching the game. Sure, once in a while you get a peanut butter cup or an English toffee but its gone too fast and the taste is fleeting. In the end, you're left with nothing but broken bits filled with hardened jelly and teeth shattering nuts, which if you are desperate enough to eat leaves nothing but an empty box of useless brown paper wrappers.

The homeless man finishes his chocolates and throws them away. He picks up the magazine and begins to leaf through. Cancer Man rises, fishes out his letter of resignation and tears it in half. As he throws it in the trash and walks away...

CUT TO:

62 INT. A DECAYING LOFT - NIGHT - CANCER MAN - LOW ANGLE

62

Angrily cocks the rifle bolt.

FROHIKE (V.O.)

So far, this is based only on a story I read in one of my weekly subscriptions that rang a few bells.

(beat)

I'm going out to check on a private hacker source who's been working on tracking a few leads that can produce definitive proof.

(beat)

And then we'll have him nailed!

Cancer Man looks down the scope of his rifle.

62A EXT. LONE GUNMEN OFFICE - NIGHT

(X) 621

SCOPE MATTE - LONE GUNMEN DOOR

On the HEADPHONES, the SOUND of footsteps moving off toward the door. IN FRAME, the Lone Gunmen office door begins to creak open. (X)

62B INT. A DECAYING LOFT - NIGHT - CANCER MAN

(X) 621

CAMERA MOVES IN, CLOSE ON his finger easing on the trigger. (X)

63 EXT. LONE GUNMEN OFFICE - NIGHT

63

Frohike steps outside. (X)

63A INT. A DECAYING LOFT - NIGHT - CLOSE - TRIGGER

(X) 631

The finger is about to squeeze...then eases...and is removed. (X)

CANCER MAN (X)

pulls away from the scope, with his constant enigmatic smile. (X)

63B EXT. LONE GUNMEN OFFICE - NIGHT

(X) 631

Frohike turns and continues down the street OUT OF FRAME. (X)

63C INT. A DECAYING LOFT - NIGHT

(X) 63C

Cancer Man watches him go, then quoting his own character...

(X)

CANCER MAN

(X)

I'll kill you anytime I

(X)

want...but I'll wait until

(X)

tomorrow.

(X)

WIDE

(X)

In the loneliness of the decaying room, Cancer Man begins to
disassemble the rifle. As he does so...

(X)

(X)

FADE OUT:

(X)

THE END

(X)