

THE X-FILES

"Kaddish"

Written by  
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Directed by  
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Episode # 4X12  
Story No. 4623  
November 13, 1996 (White)  
November 18, 1996 (Blue-Full)

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November 18, 1996

"Kaddish"

CAST

Agent Fox Mulder	
Agent Dana Scully	
Ariel Luria	
Isaac Luria	
Derek Banks	(X)
Clinton Bascombe	
Tony Oliver	
Jacob Weiss	(X)
Curt Brunjes	
Agent Pendrell	
First Hasidic Man	
Guard	
Kenneth Ungar	(X)
Detective	

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"Kaddish"

SET LIST

EXTERIORS

BEN ZION CEMETARY (X)  
/ISAAC LURIA'S GRAVE  
WEISS APARTMENT BUILDING  
STREET  
BRUNJES COPY SHOP (X)  
JUDAICA ARCHIVES (STOCK)  
PARK STREET SYNAGOGUE  
/ALLEY

INTERIORS

MARKET  
MULDER'S OFFICE  
WEISS' APARTMENT  
/HALLWAY OUTSIDE APARTMENT  
/LIVING ROOM  
/STUDY  
AGENTS' RENTAL CAR  
BRUNJES COPY SHOP (X)  
/REAR WORKSPACE  
FBI CRIME LAB  
PARK STREET SYNAGOGUE  
/STAIRWAY  
/ATTIC  
/SANCTUARY (X)  
21ST PRECINCT (X)  
/HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTEROGATION ROOM (X)  
/HALLWAY OUTSIDE VISITOR'S ROOM  
/VISITOR'S ROOM  
JUDAICA ARCHIVES  
/LIBRARY (X)

TEASER

1 EXT. BEN ZION CEMETERY - LATE DAY - DRIED LEAVES

1

Tumble and scrape across the ground, borne by a restless wind -- until they are stopped by a weathered headstone engraved with the Star of David. A somber chorus of voices drifts through the air. A LEGEND appears: BEN ZION CEMETERY. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. (X)

ANGLE ADJUSTS past this headstone, raking past others -- all engraved with Hebrew lettering -- revealing a cluster of HASIDIC JEWS in the near distance. They surround an open grave, chanting in unison the Mourner's Kaddish: the same words that have been recited during the burial of the dead for over four thousand years. LIGHTNING strobes behind the dark, heavy clouds, as the prayer concludes, leaving only the howling wind and the nearing THUNDER.

CLOSER - THE MOURNERS

Drift toward a mound of dirt which rises beside the freshly dug grave. Some faces reflect anger, others grief, still others the stoic resignation of a people accustomed to suffering.

ANGLE ON ARIEL LURIA

A hauntingly attractive woman in her middle 20's. She joins the loose procession toward the open grave, her welling eyes fixed on:

AN UNFINISHED PINE COFFIN

at the bottom of the grave. A clot of dirt drops onto the lid from above, exploding with a loud, dull thud.

ANGLE ON DIRT MOUND

A mourner scoops up some soil and casts it into the hole in the ground -- moving off to make way for the next mourner, who takes his own handful. CAMERA RACKS TO Ariel in line, her eyes remain fixed on the grave. O.S., the dirt smacks the lid with an exaggerated sound (SFX), prompting the CUT TO:

2 INT. MARKET - NIGHT - ISAAC LURIA

2

A Hasidic Man in his 20's, hits the floor hard, blood oozing from a wide gash on his head. His face is bruised and swollen. He scrabbles onto all fours when a heavy foot swings hard into his gut, sending him sprawling. (NOTE: This sequence should be raw, urgent, more impressionistic than literal.)

DEREK (O.S.)

(urgent)

Get the tape, get the tape.  
It's in the back.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Isaac curls onto his side, squints up through the blood at:

DEREK BANKS (16)

(X)

Looms nervously above him, flanked on either side by two equally nervous teenagers, CLINTON and TONY.

(X)

DEREK

Come on!

(X)

As Clinton and Tony hustle out of frame, Derek pulls a gun from his pants waist, training it directly into camera, as we

(X)

CUT BACK TO:

3 ARIEL (PRESENT)

3

Her face twitches in anticipation of this remembered or imagined moment. It is her turn now, but she remains rooted in place. The surrounding mourners exchange concerned looks. Now making way for her father, JACOB WEISS, a commanding man in his 60's. He leans close to whisper in her ear:

JACOB

(assuringly)

It's alright. You don't have to do this.

ARIEL

No. I want to.

She steps toward the mound. Tentatively, she scoops a handful of dirt. The soil squeezing between her fingers as she reaches out over the grave.

JACOB

watches, his heart breaking.

THE OTHER MOURNERS

Exchange looks of sorrow and concern.

SHOOTING UP FROM GRAVE

Ariel stares down, her hand perched over the edge -- unable to let go, as we CUT TO:

4 INT. MARKET - NIGHT - ISAAC

4

squints up through the stinging blood. Not begging for his life to be spared, but out of some deep curiosity.

ISAAC

Why are you doing this?

DEREK

(X)

Seems actually to weigh the question for a brief moment, uncertain himself. Until his face hardens with sudden, merciless resolve, and he pulls the trigger, as we

CUT BACK TO:

5 ARIEL (PRESENT)

5

The gunshots are swallowed by a sharp CRACK of THUNDER. Ariel still doesn't release the dirt. Jacob steps up to her. He grasps her still-outstretched wrist, causing his sleeve to hike up, exposing the faded TATTOOED NUMBERS on his forearm.

JACOB

Come.

She releases the dirt, then allows herself to be led away by her father. Jacob casting one last bitter glance toward the open grave, as he ushers his daughter out of frame, leaving the rest of the mourners to complete their grim task.

CAMERA PANS UP SLOWLY

to a nearby tree. It bows in the cold wind of the gathering storm, its barren limbs claw at the low sky like an arthritic hand. PRELAP a CRACK of THUNDER, which carries over the:

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

6 THE TREE - LATER

6

Night has fallen, and the storm has arrived with an angry vengeance. Sheets of windblown rain strobe with LIGHTNING.

CAMERA DESCENDS to find a lone SHADOW FIGURE kneeling before the covered grave. Its silhouetted back heaves with effort, its arms shaping something from the soil itself. Whatever it is, though, remains obscured by the darkness, and by the position of the Shadow Figure.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

CLOSE - HANDS

They are caked with mud as they work intensely, kneading an oblong mass roughly the volume and shape of a man's head. And as the Shadow Figure's hands begin to smooth the convex surface...

CAMERA RISES SLOWLY up the Shadow Figure's bedraggled garment, about to reveal the identity... when the Shadow Figure rises onto its feet, turning away from camera. Hold as the Shadow Figure moves off, and is swallowed by the darkness.

Then, slowly, CAMERA DRIFTS BACK to the grave, where we now discover the nature of the Shadow Figure's handiwork -- a MAN-SIZED FIGURE. A supine sculpture fashioned from the very earth. Its featureless face and inarticulate hands making it appear all the more macabre. CAMERA CREEPS toward the lying figure, when suddenly... its chest appears to rise, then fall. LIGHTNING strobos over this impossible image, as we:

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

7 INT. MULDER'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE - DMV PHOTOGRAPH 7

of Isaac Luria, paper clipped to the inside cover of a police report. A strong, handsome face framed by a black hat and payiss (hair grown long and worn down below either ear according to orthodox Jewish tradition).

MULDER (O.S.)  
His name is Isaac Luria. (X)

WIDER

Mulder hands the open file to Scully, who studies the man's face.

MULDER  
He lived in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn.

SCULLY  
Home to a sect of Hasidic Jews who've lived there since the late nineteenth century.

MULDER  
An area also known for its history of racial tension and hate crimes. Tawana Brawley, Yakob Rosenfeld... and now Isaac Luria.

SCULLY  
(reading)  
Murdered two days ago in the market he owned. Severely beaten, then shot five times at point blank range.

MULDER  
The Police have ruled out robbery, since the only thing missing was this videotape from the surveillance camera.

Mulder produces a videocassette. Scully eyes him curiously, as he moves past her.

ANGLE ON VIDEO MONITOR

Mulder plugs the tape into the VCR.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MULDER

Police found it early this morning.

SCULLY

Where?

MULDER

In the VCR of a sixteen year old named Tony Oliver. He's the one on the upper right --

Mulder points to the monitor, where three teenagers are seen from a high angle (MOS), viciously beating Isaac Luria. ANGLE ADJUSTS as Scully enters frame beside Mulder -- so we don't see the violence itself, but her reaction to it. (X)

MULDER

He'd apparently been watching the tape when someone came up behind him and strangled him to death.

Scully considers... then:

(X)

SCULLY

I'm still not clear what your interest is in all this.

MULDER

The forensics team pulled some interesting fingerprints.

SCULLY

"Interesting?"

MULDER

Interesting in that they belong to Isaac Luria.

Scully nods, Mulder's interest in the case becoming clear to her.

SCULLY

So you're thinking what, that Luria's risen from the grave to avenge his death?

MULDER

Not at all.

Scully cocks a curious eyebrow, surprised by his response.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

MULDER

I think whoever killed Tony Oliver is exploiting the paranormal, trying to start a rumor of resurrection.

SCULLY

A hoax?

MULDER

It has all the earmarks, Scully. Even the fingerprints seem a bit contrived.

(X)

SCULLY

But why would this vigilante go to the trouble of staging such an elaborate hoax?

MULDER

I'm not sure yet. But I'm hoping we can do some digging and find out for ourselves.

(X)

Scully nods her assent, then looks down once again at:

CLOSE - PHOTOGRAPH

CAMERA PUSHES IN slowly on the face of Isaac Luria.

CUT TO:

8 A MEZUZAH

8

Nailed to a painted doorjamb. (Note: this is a decorative canister containing a scroll, on which the Ten Commandments are written). WIDEN TO REVEAL that we are:

(X)

(X)

(X)

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WEISS' APARTMENT - DAY

Mulder is knocking on apartment 4G, Scully beside him. The dark hallway has a worn but kempt elegance, circa 1920's. A LEGEND appears: WEISS RESIDENCE. WILLIAMSBURG, NEW YORK.

Mulder knocks again, louder this time -- when the thick door opens slightly, revealing JACOB WEISS in the narrow aperture. He regards the Agents coolly, appraisingly.

MULDER

(showing ID)

Sir, we're with the FBI. We'd like to speak with Ariel Luria.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

Silence and continued scrutiny.

MULDER  
Is she home?

JACOB  
I'm Ariel's father, Jacob Weiss.  
Why are you bothering her again?  
She's already spoken to the  
police.

ARIEL (O.S.)  
It's alright. Let them in.

After a grudging beat, Jacob opens the door, revealing Ariel behind him. Her face is etched with sadness.

ARIEL  
Please. Come inside.

MULDER  
Thank you.

Mulder and Scully enter --

9 INT. WEISS LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

9

A large window frames the gray, rainy day outside. A dozen Hasidic men and women are in the livingroom, sitting shiva, the traditional seven day mourning period. They fall silent or lower their voices, casting wary, sidelong glances in the Agents' direction.

ARIEL  
We can talk in the study.

She moves past the Agents, who follow. Jacob holds the disapproving looks of several of the elder men, then moves off after them. Hold on a uniformed MAID adjusting a black drape that covers a gilt-framed mirror.

TIME CUT TO:

10 INT. STUDY - CLOSE - A LEGAL FORM

10

Lies flat upon the polished oak surface of a table. The heading reads: "CONSENT FOR EXHUMATION."

JACOB (O.S.)  
This is why you're here?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

WIDER

Ariel reads the form, seated at the library table. Jacob moves protectively to his daughter, addresses his angry disbelief toward Mulder and Scully.

JACOB

To dig up Isaac's grave?

MULDER

I can appreciate how difficult a request this must be --

ARIEL

I'm sorry, but how can you?

This is not said with anger, but with a depth and clarity to which Mulder can only respond with respectful silence. He shoots a chastened look toward Scully.

ARIEL

If I sign this... you still haven't told me what you hope to find.

SCULLY

Evidence that could help us find whoever killed this young man.

Scully takes a photograph from her folder, and sets it on the table beside the consent form.

CLOSE - PHOTO OF TONY OLIVER

(X)

An ID shot from some juvenile offense.

(X)

SCULLY (O.S.)

His name is Tony Oliver. He's one of three suspects in your husband's murder.

RESUME

SCULLY

We suspect Oliver's murder was an act of retaliation. Which means the other two suspects may also be targeted.

Ariel studies the photo, her face reflecting confusion.

(X)

ARIEL

He's just a boy.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

JACOB  
He's an animal. A monster. (X)  
Just like the others who killed (X)  
Isaac --  
(to the Agents,  
accusing)  
Whose grave you're asking us to  
desecrate so you can protect  
them.

ARIEL  
Papa, please --

JACOB  
(overlapping) (X)  
But where were you when Isaac  
needed your protection? (X)

Ariel defers to her father, whose voice cracks with equal parts  
rage and grief.

JACOB  
When we called them, the police,  
they said we were paranoid. (X)  
That there was nothing to worry (X)  
about. They always say that (X)  
whenever someone threatens the  
Jews.

SCULLY  
Then there was a specific threat  
of violence?

JACOB  
The threat is always there. (X)

Jacob fishes from his coat pocket a pamphlet, which he hands to  
Mulder.

INSERT PAMPHLET

A caricature of a hunched man with a scraggly beard and a hooked  
nose, pouring the contents of a test tube into an Erlenmeyer  
flask. He wears a yarmulke and a lab coat adorned with dollar  
signs. In crude block letters the heading is written: "HOW  
AIDS WAS CREATED BY THE JEW."

JACOB (O.S.)  
Just this morning, this is what (X)  
I find under our door. (X)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

10

RESUME

JACOB

And now you've come here, not to help us, but to ask our help. So you can impose your justice on the only one who has taken justice into his own hands.

(X)

MULDER

Do you have any ideas who that might be?

(X)

(X)

(X)

JACOB

Even if I knew, why would I tell you?

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Because this is a homicide investigation. And by law you're required to assist --

(X)

(X)

(X)

JACOB

I know all about your laws.

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Sir, without your consent, we can get a court order to exhume Mr. Luria's grave.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Jacob holds Mulder's challenging gaze evenly.

JACOB

Do whatever you feel is necessary. But leave us alone. Let my daughter mourn in peace.

(X)

Mulder looks to Ariel, hoping for her help, but she looks away. Off the Agents' frustration, we:

CUT TO:

11 EXT. WEISS' APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

11

The Agents make a dash to their car through the pounding rain.

12 INT. AGENTS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

12

Scully slams her door shut, as Mulder opens the driver door, then slides in behind the wheel. As he digs into his raincoat pocket for the keys, he comes out with the anti-semitic pamphlet.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SCULLY

I was just thinking, Mulder... (X)  
maybe he doesn't want Luria's (X)  
grave disturbed because he's  
afraid we'll find something. (X)

MULDER

It's hard to blame him for not  
cooperating. Especially when  
you see something like this.

Mulder studies the pamphlet.

MULDER

Maybe it's why this vigilante is (X)  
trying to create something (X)  
larger than himself. Some kind (X)  
of hero delivering justice to a (X)  
people who've known persecution (X)  
and hatred. (X)

SCULLY

Justice or revenge?

MULDER

Those kids warrant full (X)  
prosecution under the law. I'd (X)  
never suggest otherwise. But (X)  
because they're kids, they would (X)  
have been highly susceptible to  
this kind of hate-mongering.

Scully nods, conceding grimly.

SCULLY

And now someone is out there who  
hates them enough to want to  
kill them.

MULDER

(noticing something)  
Unless we find them first.

SCULLY

What are you talking about?

Something on the pamphlet has drawn his closer attention

MULDER

It's a longshot... but whoever  
printed this may have had some  
contact with those kids.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Mulder indicates a small line of print with his thumb.

MULDER

There's an address here. 1525  
Avenue J.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

(realizing)

Mulder, Luria's market is on the  
same block.

Mulder cranks the ignition, as we:

13 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

13

The Agents' car pulls away. CAMERA CREEPS toward the curb, where rainwater cascades into the dark depths of a storm drain. Camera seems about to push into the drain, but instead follows the downstreaming water up over the curb and across the sidewalk, to the threshold of an alley...

FINDING a man's BARE FOOT standing in a puddle. It is caked with dirt, too thick for the rain to cleanse. CAMERA SLOWLY RISES past the soiled calf and knee...

SETTLING ON the HAND which rests on the muddy thigh. More conspicuous than the cracked and filthy fingernails, are the THREE HEBREW LETTERS -- ALEF, MEM, TAV -- inked on the back of

the hand. And as this figure lumbers out of frame, leaving only (X)  
the muddy puddle pocked by rain, we:

CUT TO:

14 CURT BRUNJES

(X) 14

Identified by the name plate that sits on the countertop. He's (X)  
a slight, bespectacled man in his early 40's, mild-mannered and (X)  
pleasant. (X)

BRUNJES

Sure I knew him. The man owned  
the store right across the  
street.

He points past camera, placing us:

(X)

INT. BRUNJES COPY SHOP - DAY

(X)

Mulder and Scully stand at the counter. Mounted high behind  
Brunjes is a security camera. A LEGEND appears: 1525 AVENUE J. (X)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

BRUNJES

But I'd be lying if I said I was surprised it happened.

MULDER

Why is that?

BRUNJES

You know how they are -- always trying to find a way to make a dollar off honest folks who work for a living.

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

Mulder and Scully trade a look, acknowledging the first thin crack of paranoia in this man's seemingly sane visage.

MULDER

Anyone you can think of who might have held a grudge?

BRUNJES

Can't think of anyone who didn't.

MULDER

Did you?

Brunjes looks between the Agents, amused.

(X)

BRUNJES

Why? I'm not under some kind of suspicion, am I?

SCULLY

Not directly. But these young men are... and we have reason to believe you might know them.

Scully sets a pair of photos on the counter before Brunjes, who studies them.

(X)

SCULLY

Their names are Derek Banks and Clinton Macguire.

(X)  
(X)

Brunjes shakes his head.

(X)

BRUNJES

Sorry, but I'm not familiar with them.

MULDER

Are you familiar with this?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

Mulder sets down the anti-semitic pamphlet like a trump card.  
Brunjes is caught off guard. He looks at Mulder, through him. (X)

MULDER

Because we think these kids were  
very familiar with it. Enough (X)  
to have incited them to kill (X)  
Isaac Luria. (X)

BRUNJES

You work for them too, don't you?

MULDER

Who?

BRUNJES

You know who. You look like you  
might be one yourself.

SCULLY

We work for the F.B.I.

BRUNJES

And who does the F.B.I. work  
for?

He slides the photographs back across the counter. Mulder and (X)  
Scully trade a look that isn't lost on Brunjes. (X)

BRUNJES

That's right, call me paranoid. (X)  
That's exactly what they want  
you to do. But one thing you (X)  
can't call me is a Zionist  
collaborator.

Scully doesn't pick up the photographs right away.

SCULLY

Take another look, sir. It may  
be your last best chance to save  
their lives.

Brunjes regards Scully with suspicious curiosity. (X)

15 INT. REAR WORKSPACE - SAME - A SMALL B&W VIDEO MONITOR

15

Sits atop a desk. Mulder and Scully are seen and heard talking  
to Brunjes. (X)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

SCULLY (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
One of their accomplices, a  
young man named Tony Oliver, was  
found murdered this morning.

DEREK BANKS

(X)

Watches closely, his rising fear illuminated by the blue light  
of the monitor.

16 INT. PRINT SHOP - AT THE COUNTER - SAME

16

BRUNJES  
Why are you telling me this?

SCULLY  
Fingerprints were recovered at  
the crime scene belonging to  
Isaac Luria.

Mulder eyes Scully, curious where she is going with this.

SCULLY  
You must have heard the rumors...

BRUNJES  
What rumors?

(X)

SCULLY  
That Luria's come back from the  
dead. Risen from his grave.

Mulder is caught off balance. As is Brunjes.

(X)

BRUNJES  
What kind of Jew trick is this?

(X)

SCULLY  
I'm just relating the evidence,  
sir. You can draw your own  
conclusions.

(X)

(X)

Scully is utterly convincing as she hands her card to him.

SCULLY  
But I know you wouldn't want to  
be responsible for putting those  
kids' lives in danger.

(X)

With that, Scully exits, Mulder following. Leaving Brunjes wary (X)  
and bit rattled in their wake.

17 EXT. BRUNJES COPY SHOP - DAY (X) 17

The Agents emerge, sheltered from the downpour by the awning above the door. As Mulder opens his umbrella.

MULDER  
What was that all about?

Scully casts a backward glance through the storefront window to Brunjes, who watches them still. (X)

SCULLY  
He's hiding something, Mulder.  
And since he's clearly prone to  
paranoid fantasy, I thought I'd  
try to provoke a response, see  
if he'd talk. (X)

Mulder nods.

MULDER  
Because for a second, I  
thought...

SCULLY  
That I believed Luria was back  
from the dead?

Scully smiles at the absurdity of this. And as they clear frame...

18 INT. BRUNJES COPY SHOP - CONTINUOUS (X) 18

Brunjes follows their progress with his eyes. Waiting until they are out of sight before turning to the door behind him. (X)

19 INT. REAR WORKSPACE - CONTINUOUS 19

Brunjes enters to find the desk where Derek was sitting now vacated. The video monitor is the room's only light. Derek is nowhere to be seen. And off Brunjes' consternation -- (X)  
(X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

20 EXT. BEN ZION CEMETERY - NIGHT - A SHOVEL (X) 20

Bites into the earth, and we are:

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

INSIDE A GRAVE

A single flashlight perched at the edge of the grave illuminates Derek Banks and Clinton Macguire. They breath hard as they scrape away the last layer of soil covering the pine coffin at the bottom of the grave. Their clothes and faces are soaked with muddy sweat, their eyes filled with fear and apprehension. (X)

CLINTON

You sure about this?

DEREK

I heard them, man. I'm not waitin' around to find out if it's true. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

Clinton sighs as he wipes his glistening brow. Watching fearfully as Derek clears the last bit of soil. (X)

ANOTHER ANGLE - MOVING POV

Drifting past headstones, which appear to be floating in the thick ground fog. CAMERA FINDS the open grave twenty feet away. The hand with HEBREW LETTERS reaches into frame, resting on a headstone. Watching. Waiting. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

INSIDE THE GRAVE

Derek tosses aside his shovel and hunkers down to open the coffin. But he finds himself unable even to budge the lid. (X)

DEREK

Damn.

CLINTON

What's wrong?

DEREK

It's nailed shut.

He straightens, grabbing his shovel, trying to wedge it open with the blade. But the seam is too fine, and the angle of the grave too steep to gain any leverage.

CLINTON

There's a bar in the trunk.

Clinton clammers up the steep slope, while Derek continues to try opening the coffin. (X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

ANGLE ON CLINTON

He emerges from the grave, moving to the trunk of a Chevy Nova junker parked beside the high mound of soil they've excavated.

DARK FIGURE'S POV - CREEPING TOWARD

Clinton from behind. Watching him open the trunk, then ferret through the junk to look for the crowbar.

ANGLE ON CLINTON

He finds the crowbar, when a shadow falls across him. Causing him to wheel around --

INSIDE THE GRAVE

Derek viciously stabs at the lid with his shovel blade. Wood chips fly, until the blade finally gains purchase. He pries the lid up an inch, tossing the shovel aside, and calling out: (X)

DEREK

I got it open, man! Get down here!

Derek doesn't wait for Clinton as he hooks his fingers under the lid, raises it with a CREAK... (X)

SHOOTING UP FROM INSIDE COFFIN

The opening lid reveals Derek wincing at the pungent odor, his reaction half-lit by the flashlight beam: (X)

REVERSE ON COFFIN

The rotting corpse of Isaac Luria, draped in a white burial shroud. The teeming worms in his mouth make it appear as if he is trying to talk. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

ANGLE ON DEREK (X)

Fascinated and awed by what he sees. (X)

DEREK (X)

HEY CLINTON, CHECK IT OUT! (X)

After a beat, he wrests his attention away from the corpse, toward the lip of the grave. Curious and expectant. But Clinton doesn't appear. (X)  
(X)

DEREK

Clinton! (X)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (3)

20

But there is no answer. In the echoing silence, Derek's voice hollows with dawning fear. (X)

DEREK

You trying to mess with me? (X)

Derek listens. More silence. CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he moves slowly from the empty coffin to the edge of the grave, CLIMBING with him up the steep bank, toward the edge of the grave... (X)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Derek's face rises up over the edge. He scans the empty landscape, his apprehensive eyes alighting on something that takes his breath away. (X)

DEREK

Aw man --

PUSHING IN on his horrified reaction to:

HIS POV

Clinton's forearms protrude from the mound of mud. Only the shallow crown of his head visible. The final frozen gesture of a drowning man. Off this image, we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

OVER BLACK

The radio squawk and cross chatter of a crime scene, as we FADE  
IN ON:

21 EXT. BEN ZION CEMETERY - DAY - CLINTON MACGUIRE (X)21

Lies upon a gurney. His expression is terrified, even in death. (X)  
A latex-covered hand rotates his head slightly, revealing a  
bruised ring across his neck, and:

SCULLY

Examines the body for a considered moment, then covers it with (X)  
a thick plastic tarp. As she clears frame, hold on the swarming  
forensic techs and uniforms who record the crime scene, take  
measurements, etc.

AT THE OPEN GRAVE - MULDER

is snapping on latex gloves, peering down into the hole. The (X)  
coffin sits on the floor of the grave, covered by a tarp. Scully (X)  
approaches. (X)

SCULLY

The ligature marks on the  
victim's neck are consistent  
with our vigilante's m.o..

Mulder nods, unsurprised. He expected as much.

SCULLY

Forensics come up with anything?

MULDER

A second set of footprints. The  
soil was too soft from the rain  
to take a mold. But my guess is (X)  
Clinton was here with Derek (X)  
Banks.

With which Mulder jumps down into the grave. Leaving Scully  
curious, compelled to follow.

IN THE GRAVE

Mulder approaches the coffin. As Scully descends into frame (X)  
behind him...

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

SCULLY

Maybe they came to desecrate the corpse. As retribution for Tony Oliver's death.

MULDER

Seems pretty redundant, don't you think? Messing up someone you've already killed?

Scully sighs, conceding to his logic. Mulder peels away the tarp, exposing the corpse. (X)  
(X)

MULDER

I'm thinking they came here because they were afraid.

SCULLY

Afraid?

MULDER

That the man they hated enough to kill wasn't dead.

Scully looks to Mulder, surprised, as he spots something on the back of the corpse's hand. (X)  
(X)

SCULLY

You're saying they knew about this resurrection rumor?

MULDER

I don't know why else they would have dug up Luria's grave. (X)  
(X)

Scully is at a loss as to any other explanation, as Mulder indicates something on the back of the corpse's hand. (X)  
(X)

MULDER

Scully, what is this on the back of his hand? (X)  
(X)

Scully lifts the hand to examine it more closely. Three SMUDGE MARKS are visible on the back of his hand. (X)  
(X)

SCULLY

Could be post-mortem lividity... (X)  
or possibly some kind of (X)  
tattooing. It's hard to tell at (X)  
this stage of decomposition. (X)

Mulder nods, his attention already drawn to something he sees in the coffin. (X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

MULDER  
Here's something else... (X)

A slender leather book is partially visible, tucked beneath the burial shroud. (X)  
(X)

MULDER  
Looks like someone left him a little bed time reading. (X)  
(X)

Mulder picks up the book, ancient and frayed. But he's barely touched it when his hand recoils reflexively, dropping: (X)

THE BOOK

It drops onto the floor of the grave and bursts into FLAMES. (X)

MULDER & SCULLY

Mulder wags his burned hand, and trades a look with Scully. The fire reflects Mulder's dawning realization that there may be more to this than simple retribution, we: (X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

21A EXT. BRUNJES COPY SHOP - DAY (X) 21A

Curt Brunjes twists open the lock to his store. He opens the door -- (X)  
(X)

21B INT. BRUNJES COPY SHOP - CONTINUOUS (X) 21B

Brunjes enters his dark store, closing the door behind him. He reaches for the lightswitch, when: (X)  
(X)

DEREK (O.S.)  
You owe me for two weeks, Curt. (X)

He turns, startled. (X)

ANGLE TO REVEAL DEREK (X)

emerging from the shadows. His face is caked with mud, shiny with sweat and fear. (X)  
(X)

BRUNJES  
Where have you been? (X)  
(off Derek's  
desperate silence) (X)  
Is it true you and your friends (X)  
killed the Jew? (X)

(CONTINUED)

21B CONTINUED:

21

DEREK (X)  
Just give me my money. (X)

BRUNJES (X)  
What the hell were you thinking? (X)  
I never told you to kill anyone. (X)  
I never said to do that. (X)

DEREK (X)  
No? What did you expect me to (X)  
do? (X)  
(points to back room) (X)  
Hide back there like you, (X)  
licking envelopes and calling (X)  
them names? (X)

BRUNJES (X)  
We're working to spread the (X)  
truth -- (X)

DEREK (X)  
The truth? (X)  
(snorts his contempt) (X)  
Man, you're as pathetic as they (X)  
are. (X)

BRUNJES (X)  
I'm exposing their lies. (X)

DEREK (X)  
Man, that's all just words. You (X)  
think they killed my friends (X)  
with words? (X)

Derek steps forward threateningly. (X)

DEREK (X)  
Now I'd like my money. (X)

Off Brunjes' confused realization that he is no longer in (X)  
control of the monster he's unleashed -- (X)

CUT TO:

22 OMITTED

(X) 22

23 INT. FBI CRIME LAB - DAY - CLOSE ON BOOK

23

Or rather its ashen remains, sitting in a bright circle of  
light.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

SCULLY (O.S.)

It must have been ignited by  
some kind of accelerant or  
incendiary substance.

WIDER

AGENT PENDRELL shakes his head, sorry to disappoint Scully.

PENDRELL

None that we were able to detect.

SCULLY

What else could have caused this  
kind of... spontaneous  
combustion?

She directs this to Mulder, who shrugs, troubled at being at a  
loss.

PENDRELL

I have a theory... if you're  
interested.

Pendrell hesitates, suddenly sheepish. Mulder and Scully both  
turn to him.

SCULLY

Of course.

PENDRELL

You reported that you found the  
book in a subterranean  
environment.

SCULLY

Inside a coffin, actually.

PENDRELL

Right. Well it's not uncommon  
for groundwater to contain  
arsenic, which may have leached  
into the coffin...

SCULLY

(getting it)

And arsine gas is a highly  
flammable byproduct of arsenic.  
It could have caused a  
combustive reaction.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

23

Quick to latch onto this explanation, Scully looks to Mulder, who seems far from convinced. Far more interested in the, ashen remains of the book.

MULDER

Agent Pendrell, can you tell us anything at all about where the book came from? When it was printed?

PENDRELL

The cover was leather, which (X)  
burns slower than paper... (X)

Pendrell moves across the room. Mulder and Scully following him to:

ANGLE ON LIGHTBOX

Pendrell clips an x-ray onto a wall-mounted lightbox.

PENDRELL

So even though it was pretty (X)  
charred, we were able to read  
some of the embossed lettering  
using soft x-rays.

Pendrell switches on the lightbox, revealing a pair of ghostly Hebrew words in the lower right corner.

MULDER

It's in Hebrew.

Pendrell points to some fragmented larger-print words in the center.

PENDRELL

We're still working on these two (X)  
larger word groups. But I faxed (X)  
this legible part to a friend of  
mine, a linguist who used to do  
some work for the Mossad.

SCULLY

What does it mean?

PENDRELL

It's a name.  
(reading phonetically  
from his notepad)  
Ya-cob Vice. The Anglicized  
version would be Jacob Weiss.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

The Agents trade significant looks, then:

SCULLY  
(on the fly)  
Let's go --

MULDER  
(impressed)  
Good work, Pendrell.

(X)

Mulder exits after Scully, leaving Pendrell suddenly alone.

(X)

PENDRELL  
Don't mention it.

Off Pendrell, wishing he were coming along, we:

CUT TO:

24 EXT. WEISS' APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

24

The Agents' car pulls up to the curb. Two Hasidic families walk down the sidewalk, herding eight children between them. Mulder and Scully emerge from their car, moving purposely up the stoop.

CUT TO:

25 INT. WEISS' STUDY - DAY

25

Ariel paces before the Agents, visibly upset.

ARIEL  
Why do you want to see him?

SCULLY  
Another suspect in your  
husband's death was found dead  
last night.

ARIEL  
Where was this?

MULDER  
Next to your husband's grave.

Ariel reacts subtly, about to say something, then stops herself. After a thoughtful beat:

ARIEL  
How does this concern my father?

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

SCULLY

Yesterday, he expressed some strong feelings toward this latest victim --

ARIEL

(angry herself)

He was angry. They were just angry words.

(X)

SCULLY

We found evidence placing him at the crime scene.

(off her quiet shock)

Ariel, this is escalating into something else. Something that has to stop.

Ariel turns away, trying to keep her emotions in check.

ARIEL

My marriage to Isaac... you have to understand how much it would have meant to my father.

MULDER

"Would have meant?" But you were already married --

ARIEL

No. We just got our marriage license a few weeks ago. But the wedding was supposed to have been today.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

I didn't realize... I'm sorry.

Ariel nods stoically, accepting Scully's sympathy.

ARIEL

I'd like to show you something.

SLIGHT TIME CUT TO:

26 INT. WEISS LIVINGROOM - CLOSE - A MINIATURE CASTLE

26

Made of gold and silver, smaller than a matchbook, with remarkably intricate filigree and metalwork. It sits atop a thick steel band, displayed in a delicate glass case.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

ARIEL (O.S.)

It was a communal wedding ring  
made in Kolin, a small village  
near Prague.

WIDER

The Agents study the ring. It sits on a side table, prominent  
among other objets d'art.

ARIEL

My father apprenticed to the man  
who designed it.

SCULLY

It's beautiful.

ARIEL

Every woman who was married in (X)  
the synagogue wore this ring. (X)  
As a symbol that she was a (X)  
queen, her husband a king, and (X)  
the home they made, a castle. (X)  
Not just on their wedding day, (X)  
but for the rest of their lives (X)  
together. (X)

Ariel's voice becomes solemn, muted. (X)

ARIEL

But most of those lives ended in (X)  
one day in the spring of 1943. (X)  
Nine-thousand Jews were (X)  
massacred after digging their (X)  
own graves.

SCULLY

How did your father survive? (X)

ARIEL

Because he was ten years old and (X)  
a jeweler's apprentice. They (X)  
needed small fingers to make  
bullets at the munitions factory.

SCULLY

And through all that, he hid the (X)  
ring.

ARIEL

Even after the war, he kept it (X)  
hidden. Even from my mother.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

SCULLY

Why?

ARIEL

To him, it was a dead relic from a forgotten place. Until the day I told him I was getting married. For the first time in fifty years, he took out this ring. He said it felt like his village was being born again.

(X)  
(X)

Ariel smiles, emotions surfacing for the first time.

(X)

ARIEL

He knew how much I loved Isaac.

Ariel wipes her welling eyes. Scully feels for her loss, allows her a moment, then:

SCULLY

Tell us where he is, Ariel.

ARIEL

I know my father. He would never kill anyone.

(X)  
(X)

SCULLY

What if you're wrong?

(X)

As Ariel considers, we PRELAP the VOICES of a dozen men reciting a Hebrew prayer:

(X)

CUT TO:

27 INT. SYNAGOGUE - DAY - WIDE SHOT

27

A dozen HASIDIC MEN recite prayers in disjointed unison, some swaying with the rapture of belief. A joyous, yet also mournful sound. A LEGEND appears: PARK STREET SYNAGOGUE.

ANGLE ON MULDER & SCULLY

Standing in the open double doorway at the rear of the sanctuary. They linger in respectful silence as the men conclude their prayers.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

ANGLE ON HASIDIC MEN

The darkness of the space and their identical garb make it difficult to distinguish one from the other. As they move toward the rear of the sanctuary, talking in low tones among themselves...

MULDER & SCULLY

Check their faces as they approach.

SCULLY  
Do you see him?

Mulder shakes his head, continues to look past the first group of men who stop to confront the Agents.

SCULLY  
I'm sorry. We don't mean any disrespect --

FIRST HASIDIC MAN  
Who are you?

SCULLY  
We're with the F.B.I. We're looking for Jacob Weiss.

FIRST HASIDIC MAN  
Why?

Mulder peers through the gathering crowd, and now sees something which he points out to Scully.

MULDER  
Scully, look --

HIS POV - A HASIDIC MAN

lingers behind the pack, turned away from us, now moving off in the opposite direction.

RETURN

MULDER  
Come on.

Scully and Mulder shoulder through the hostile, muttering crowd, into the sanctuary.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mulder and Scully emerge from the crowd, only to find that the Hasidic Man has disappeared. They move quickly around the ARK (a cabinet at the front of the sanctuary containing the Torah).

BEHIND THE ARK

The Agents come around to find a steep stairway leading to an upper attic. The door/hatch is open, framing the darkness. They exchange a silent look, drawing their guns as they move toward the stairs --

CUT TO:

28 INT. SYNAGOGUE ATTIC - DAY

28

A dusty arm of light reaches up into the darkness from the open hatch in the floor. Mulder enters first, Scully a few steps behind. Mulder removes a small flashlight from his jacket pocket, snicking it on.

Dozens of vertical rough-hewn beams stand like sentries, casting shadows as Mulder's flashlight beam sweeps the dusty gloom. Scully reacting to:

SCULLY

Mulder...

POV IN FLASHLIGHT BEAM - A VERTICAL POST

Eclipses a still figure sitting slumped against the far side of the post. (X)  
(X)

MULDER & SCULLY

move around the post, reacting to:

DEREK BANKS

(X)

Dead. They scarcely have enough time to process this, when a SHADOW slides across the floor before them. Mulder notices first, wheeling around, as:

ANGLE ON DARK FIGURE

A powerful arm comes down hard, sending Mulder sprawling to the ground. His flashlight and gun go skittering.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

SCULLY

Tries leveling her own gun, only to be barrelled over by the Dark Figure, who continues past her toward the hatch in the floor.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE DARK FIGURE

is almost there, when a gunshot EXPLODES against one of the vertical posts.

MULDER (O.S.)  
DON'T MOVE! FEDERAL AGENT!

The Dark Figure freezes. His back heaves with deep breaths.

ANGLE ON MULDER

His gun trained, retrieves his flashlight from the ground. He steps purposefully toward the Dark Figure. Scully rising in b.g., now moving up behind, as:

THE DARK FIGURE

Turns slowly, squinting against the light. Staring hard at the Agents is Jacob Weiss.

SCULLY  
Sir, we're placing you under  
arrest.

He glances past them, peering into the darkness -- before turning and allowing himself to be led away.

(X)

REVERSE WIDE

As Jacob and the Agents move toward the slanting shaft of light, ANGLE ADJUSTS SLIGHTLY to reveal a HAND perched on one of the rough-hewn beams. A hand now familiar to us, caked with mud, bearing three HEBREW LETTERS. Off this, we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

29 OMITTED (X) 29

30 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY 30

Scully debriefs Ariel, who is visibly distraught. A legend appears: TWENTY-FIRST PRECINCT HOLDING AREA. (X)  
(X)

SCULLY (X)  
We arrested him, Ariel. On (X)  
suspicion of murder. (X)

Ariel shakes her head, adamant. (X)

ARIEL (X)  
I don't believe you. It can't (X)  
be him. (X)

But Scully's sympathetic silence suggests otherwise. (X)

ARIEL (X)  
What did he - did he tell you he (X)  
killed this person? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Right now he's refusing to say (X)  
anything at all. He's also (X)  
waived his right to legal (X)  
representation. (X)

ARIEL (X)  
Can I call an attorney for him (X)  
myself? (X)

SCULLY (X)  
If you'd like. (X)

ARIEL (X)  
I would, yes. I'd also like to (X)  
see him. (X)

Scully nods, as Mulder exits an adjacent office holding a folded (X)  
sheet of fax paper. (X)

SCULLY (X)  
Ask for Detective Vinton, he's (X)  
just down the hall. He'll take (X)  
you to your father as soon as (X)  
the booking sergeant is through (X)  
processing him. (X)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

With a curt nod, Ariel starts down the corridor, when Scully's voice stops her: (X)

SCULLY (X)

Ariel... (X)

(Ariel turns) (X)

You were right to help us find (X)

him. (X)

Ariel holds Scully's look for an uncertain beat, then turns back without responding. The Agents watch, both of them feeling for her. Scully sighs. (X)

SCULLY (X)

That ring... it wasn't the only (X)

thing Weiss kept secret from (X)

her. (X)

Mulder turns to Scully, curious. (X)

SCULLY

I ran a background check on him. (X)

After the war, Weiss emigrated (X)

to Israel to join the Jewish (X)

underground. He was arrested by (X)

the British in connection with (X)

a bombing that killed seven (X)

civilians. (X)

(then, conclusively) (X)

He was a terrorist, Mulder. A (X)

killer. (X)

MULDER

Which doesn't prove he killed (X)

Derek Banks. (X)

SCULLY

I was speaking to his character (X)

and his capability. I'm sure the (X)

D.A. has more than enough (X)

evidence to build a case against (X)

him. (X)

Mulder nods. Scully picks up on his lingering doubt. (X)

SCULLY

It's over, Mulder. Weiss had a (X)

motive, he expressed intent. (X)

Plus, we practically caught him (X)

in the act -- (X)

MULDER

Something's not right. (X)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

Scully eyes Mulder expectantly, reigning back her impatience. (X)

MULDER (X)

Most homicide suspects deny (X)  
their guilt outright, or point (X)  
a finger, or they confess. But (X)  
Weiss is keeping his mouth shut. (X)  
What does that tell you? (X)

SCULLY (X)

That he's hiding something. (X)

MULDER (X)

Or someone. (X)

SCULLY (X)

You think someone else killed (X)  
Derek Banks. (X)

Mulder shrugs, "It's possible." (X)

SCULLY (X)

Why would Weiss sacrifice (X)  
himself to protect the killer's (X)  
identity? (X)

MULDER (X)

I'm not sure yet. But before (X)  
you hand him off to the D.A., (X)  
maybe you should ask him. (X)

Scully considers. (X)

SCULLY (X)

What about you? (X)

Mulder shows Scully the fax he's holding. It is a hardcopy of (X)  
Pendrell's x-ray. The letters are ghostly, like the Rosetta (X)  
stone. (X)

MULDER (X)

Pendrell was able to reconstruct (X)  
most of the missing letters. I'd (X)  
like to find out more about this (X)  
book, and why it was buried with (X)  
Luria. (X)

And he's gone, leaving Scully wondering in his wake, suddenly (X)  
uncertain. As we: (X)

CUT TO:

30A INT. OUTSIDE VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY - JACOB WEISS (X) 30F

Framed by the thick glass panel in the door. He sits stoically, (X)  
with his hands folded on the table. The door opens, and as a (X)  
dark form wipes frame -- (X)

30B INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY (X) 30E

Jacob stands as Ariel enters the room. A UNIFORMED GUARD closes (X)  
the door behind her, leaving them alone in the grim (X)  
fluorescence. (X)

ARIEL (X)  
Papa? (X)

She approaches tentatively. (X)

ARIEL (X)  
Are you alright? (X)

JACOB (X)  
I'm fine. (X)

ARIEL (X)  
The F.B.I. Agent - she said you (X)  
killed that boy. (X)

Jacob sighs. (X)

JACOB (X)  
As much as I wanted to... I (X)  
didn't kill anyone. (X)

ARIEL (X)  
Then I don't understand. Why (X)  
didn't you tell them the truth? (X)

Jacob studies his daughter's face, seeing in it the depth of his (X)  
own love for her. (X)

JACOB (X)  
When you first met Isaac, what (X)  
impressed you most about him? (X)

ARIEL (X)  
Why are you asking me this? (X)

JACOB (X)  
I'm in jail. Indulge me. Tell (X)  
me the first thing that struck (X)  
you about him. (X)

(CONTINUED)

30B CONTINUED:

30E

ARIEL (X)  
(without hesitation) (X)  
His eyes. (X)

Jacob nods. (X)

JACOB (X)  
What about them? Their color, (X)  
their shape... (X)

ARIEL (X)  
No. There was... I don't (X)  
know... a kind of light behind (X)  
them. As if he knew what he (X)  
wanted. And I knew he wanted me. (X)

Jacob smiles. For a wistful moment, the memory joins them. (X)  
Until Ariel becomes curious once again. (X)

ARIEL (X)  
But why are you asking me this? (X)

Jacob takes her shoulders in his hands, firmly. (X)

JACOB (X)  
Because, Ariel... I saw him. (X)

ARIEL (X)  
(almost afraid to ask) (X)  
Who? (X)

JACOB (X)  
Isaac. He killed that boy. And (X)  
the others -- (X)

ARIEL (X)  
(cuts him off; (X)  
suddenly hopeful) (X)  
Did you see him really? (X)

JACOB (X)  
That's what I'm trying to tell (X)  
you, Ariel. It was him, but it (X)  
wasn't him. The eyes... they (X)  
weren't his eyes. (X)

She shrugs out of his grasp, defiant, her mind racing with (X)  
possibilities. (X)

JACOB (X)  
I know what you did. Why you (X)  
wanted to bring him back. (X)

(CONTINUED)

30B CONTINUED: (2)

30:

She meets his look for a moment, before turning away and moving quickly toward to the door. Jacob follows. (X)  
(X)

JACOB (X)  
But you have to understand, what  
you brought back... it isn't  
him. Ariel, listen to me. (X)  
Please. (X)

But she is already out the door -- (X)

JACOB (X)  
ARIEL! (X)

The door closes behind her. And off Jacob's echoing helplessness, we: (X)  
(X)

CUT TO: (X)

31 EXT. JUDAICA ARCHIVES - DAY (STOCK) (X) 31

A LEGEND appears to establish this non-descript building on the upper east side of Manhattan.

32 INT. JUDAICA ARCHIVES - DAY 32

An ARMED GUARD stands before a metal detector. The hi-tech security station feels incongruous in this book-lined place of scholarship. Mulder approaches, shows his ID.

MULDER  
I'm here to see Kenneth Ungar.  
I'm a federal agent. I carry a  
firearm.

GUARD  
You'll still have to check it  
with me, sir. (X)

Mulder nods, respecting the rules of the house. And as he hands the Guard his gun:

UNGAR (O.S)  
Fox!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE KENNETH UNGAR

Approaching fast from the other side of the metal detector. He's a slightly rumpled scholar in his mid-30's, razor sharp mind and rapid fire delivery -- Martin Scorsese on speed. The

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

yarmulke on his head tells us he's an orthodox, not a Hasidic Jew.

UNGAR

Come, come --

He waves Mulder anxiously through the metal detector, taking his hand in a vigorous handshake.

UNGAR

Sorry about the hassle, but you understand. Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they're not out to get you, right?

MULDER

It's good to see you, Kenny. How long has it been? Seven years? Eight?

UNGAR

(knows exactly)

December 17, 1987. The day before you left Oxford. We watched the Knicks get trounced by the Lakers, 102 to 93. Remember? I practically had to carry you home from the pub.

Mulder has to smile at the man's total recall.

UNGAR

(getting right to it)

So let's see this mysterious book you're so interested in.

Mulder shows Ungar Pendrell's fax of the book. Ungar raises an (X) eyebrow, nods to himself.

UNGAR

Where did you get this?

MULDER

Do you recognize it?

UNGAR

Come with me.

And as he starts off into the dark bowels of the library, Mulder following, we:

CUT TO:

33 OMITTED (X) 33  
 AND AN: 34  
 34

34A A XEROX MACHINE (X) 34:

Spits copies into a transparent catch bin, featuring the same (X)  
 caricature of "The Jew" we saw before. This time, though, he's (X)  
 dressed in a three-piece suit, with an American Flag (X)  
 handkerchief poking out of his breast pocket. He smokes a fat (X)  
 cigar, and has a pillowcase covered with dollar signs slung over (X)  
 his shoulder. The heading reads: "HOW YOUR TAXES SUPPORT (X)  
 ZIONIST IMPERIALISM." WIDEN, placing us: (X)

INT. BRUNJES COPY SHOP - REAR WORKSPACE - DAY (X)

It could be night in this dusty, windowless room. Curt Brunjes (X)  
 watches, sweat beading on his forehead. He wears a denim (X)  
 printer's apron, his sleeves rolled up. Brunjes is oblivious to (X)  
 the deafening noise, a man with a mission... (X)

Until an O.S. noise breaks his concentration. He kills the (X)  
 machine, which cycles off into silence. Brunjes looks, listens. (X)

HIS POV - PANNING (X)

The dark workspace is empty. No sign of movement. (X)

BRUNJES (X)

Fear plays across his face, as he clears frame. (X)

ANOTHER ANGLE (POV) - FROM BEHIND CUTTING MACHINE (X)

Brunjes is seen through the steel blades in f.g., moving (X)  
 nervously to a metal cabinet against the wall. (X)

A DRAWER (X)

Brunjes' hand opens the drawer, removing a heavy object wrapped (X)  
 in oil cloth. CAMERA TILTS up to Brunjes as he pulls out a .38. (X)  
 His sweaty fingers slip against the safety switch. Oblivious to (X)  
 the DARK FORM rising behind him. He tries the safety switch (X)  
 again, this time successfully, when he is suddenly pulled out of (X)  
 frame. (X)

ANOTHER ANGLE (X)

Brunjes is slammed hard against the cabinet, pinned by a (X)  
 powerful hand, on the back of which three HEBREW LETTERS are (X)  
 visible. The fingers tighten around Brunjes' neck, squeezing (X)  
 off his air supply, lifting him... (X)

(CONTINUED)

34A CONTINUED:

34:

THE FLOOR

(X)

The gun clatters to the ground. Brunjes kicks wildly against the cabinet, as his feet are lifted off the ground. (X)  
(X)

CLOSE ON FLYERS

(X)

Unattended in the catch bin. And on the sounds of struggle, we: (X)

CUT TO: (X)

35 INT. JUDAICA ARCHIVES - CLOSE ON LEATHER BOOK

(X) 35

The faded gilt HEBREW LETTERS on the cover are identical to those on Mulder's hard copy, which is laid out beside it. (X)  
(X)

UNGAR (O.S.)

It's the Sefer Yezirah. The Book of Creation.

WIDER

Mulder looks over Ungar's shoulder, as he opens the book.

UNGAR

The earliest known Hebrew text on man's mystical communion with the Divine. All religions have some version of it -- Nirvana, Samsara, Rapture -- but the early Kabbalists took it a step further. They believed a righteous man could actually create a living being using just letters. They called this creature a Golem.

MULDER

And you're saying this Golem was made of letters?

Ungar shakes his head.

UNGAR

No. From the earth itself. (X)  
Fashioned from mud or clay, then brought to life by the direct application of certain letter combinations. (X)

MULDER

Combinations found in this book.

(CONTINUED)



35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

UNGAR

But you see, therein lies the paradox. Because the danger of the truth is contained in the word "Golem" itself, which means matter without form, body without soul.

MULDER

So the Golem is an imperfect creation.

UNGAR

A kind of monster, really. Unable to speak, or to feel any but the most primitive emotions. In the legends, it runs amok and has to be destroyed by its creator.

MULDER

Destroyed how?

Ungar demonstrates by covering the text with his thumb.

(X)

UNGAR

By erasing the first letter, Alef -- "EMET" becomes "MET," which means "dead."

Mulder's cell phone CHIRPS.

UNGAR

Again, Fox, the power of letters. Not just to create, but to kill.

Mulder raises his cell phone to his ear.

(X)

MULDER

(into phone)

Mulder.

36 INT. SCULLY'S CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELLING

(X) 36

The windshield wipers beat the rain away at a frantic pace. Scully navigates a city street with one hand on the wheel, holding her cell phone with the other.

(X)

(X)

SCULLY

Mulder, there's been another homicide.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

MULDER

Who?

SCULLY

Curt Brunjes. I'm on my way to his print shop right now.

(X)

MULDER

I can be there in ten minutes.

As Mulder lowers his phone, he finds already sticking out his hand, already anticipating their goodbye.

(X)

(X)

UNGAR

It was good to see you again, Fox. I hope it's not another ten years until the next time.

On their handshake --

CUT TO:

36A EXT. BRUNJES COPY SHOP - NIGHT

(X) 36A

Police cruisers throw red and blue light over the crime scene. The rain provides little deterrent to the gathering crowd.

(X)

(X)

37 INT. BRUNJES COPY SHOP - REAR WORKSPACE - DAY

(X) 37

Amid the white noise of the aftermath, the lifeless figure of Curt Brunjes lies at an impossible angle. Something eclipses frame, as CAMERA RACKS to a flyer in f.g.: "ONLY THROUGH BLOOD CAN THE JEWISH SCOURGE BE CLEANSED."

(X)

(X)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Mulder shakes his head as he studies the flyer. For the first time we see the rear workspace lit up. Stacked with cartons of anti-semitic material -- all manner of flyers, pamphlets, and posters. Scully enters frame beside him, scanning a computer printout of names and addresses.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

MULDER

The man was on a mission, Scully. Imagine all the energy he spent spreading his hatred.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

SCULLY

Well he wasn't toiling in  
obscurity. This mailing list  
has hundreds of names on it --  
including Oliver, Banks, and  
Macguire.

(X)

Mulder tosses the flyer down.

(X)

MULDER

At least this proves Jacob Weiss  
is innocent.

SCULLY

All it proves is that he was  
protecting the identity of the  
killer.

(X)

(X)

(X)

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

(X)

Agent Scully?

(X)

ANGLE ON VIDEO MONITOR

(X)

A DETECTIVE is scanning the surveillance tape in reverse. The  
Agents enter frame.

(X)

(X)

DETECTIVE

(X)

The image is fuzzy... but I  
think we have a hit.

(X)

(X)

A DARK FIGURE can be seen moving backward in fast motion across  
the screen. The Officer hits stop, then play, concentrating as  
the tape advances.

(X)

(X)

(X)

DETECTIVE

(X)

There.

(X)

The Detective freezes the image.

(X)

SCULLY

(X)

Oh my God...

(X)

CLOSE ON MONITOR

The Dark Figure's face is turned three-quarters toward screen.  
Although grainy and shadowed, it is recognizable as the face of  
Isaac Luria.

WIDER

Scully looks to Mulder, whose eyes remain fixed on the monitor.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

SCULLY  
It's Isaac Luria. He's still (X)  
alive. (X)

MULDER (X)  
Not necessarily. (X)

On Mulder, his mind working on the impossible image before him, (X)  
we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

38 OMITTED (X) 38

38A INT. BRUNJES COPY SHOP - NIGHT - SCULLY (X) 38:

talks on her cell phone, her face reflecting profound confusion. (X)  
Oblivious to the bustling activity around her. (X)

SCULLY

(into phone)

Thank you. No, that won't be (X)  
necessary. (X)

Scully lowers the phone, bewildered, as she moves to Mulder, who (X)  
is still studying Luria's image on the monitor. (X)

SCULLY

The Coroner matched Luria's (X)  
dental records. It was (X)  
definitely his corpse buried in (X)  
his grave.

Mulder nods, taking this in stride. (X)

SCULLY

This videotape - it must have (X)  
been altered somehow. (X)

MULDER

It's not a hoax, Scully. It (X)  
never was. (X)

SCULLY

But if Luria's dead -- (X)

MULDER

This isn't him, Scully. Not (X)  
really. (X)

Mulder indicates the grainy image on the monitor. (X)

SCULLY

Who is it, then? Some kind of (X)  
ghost? (X)

MULDER

Actually, the opposite. (X)

Mulder rises to face Scully, who regards him curiously. (X)

(CONTINUED)

38A CONTINUED:

38-

MULDER

A ghost is spirit without form. (X)  
But I think what we're seeing, (X)  
Scully, is form without spirit. (X)

SCULLY

I don't understand -- (X)

MULDER

I'll tell you in the car. (X)

Mulder moves off, Scully calling after him. (X)

SCULLY

Where are we going? (X)

But Mulder is already exiting the rear workspace. Scully sighs, (X)  
stealing one last glance at the monitor before following him. (X)  
And on the ghostly image of Isaac Luria -- (X)

39 OMITTED

(X) 39

CUT TO:

40 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WEISS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

40

Mulder knocks on the door to apartment 4G. There is no answer (X)  
from within. Mulder knocks again. (X)

MULDER

(calling through door) (X)  
Ariel, it's Agent Mulder. Open (X)  
the door.

Scully tests the door knob. (X)

SCULLY

It's not locked. (X)

Off Scully's look, Mulder nods. She pushes open the door. (X)

41 INT. WEISS LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS - FRONT DOOR

41

Mulder and Scully enter the dark apartment.

THEIR POV

The room is empty. Rain drums against the window.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

RETURN

Mulder flips on the overhead light, as Scully moves past him.

SCULLY

Ariel?

Something immediately draws Mulder's attention.

MULDER

She's not here, Scully.

(X)

SCULLY

How do you know?

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Because it's today.

(X)

(X)

Scully moves beside Mulder, as he approaches the side table.

(X)

SCULLY

What?

(X)

(X)

MULDER

Their wedding.

(X)

Mulder gestures, and Scully reacts to:

(X)

ANGLE ON GLASS DISPLAY CASE

(X)

The ring is gone.

(X)

MATCH DISSOLVE TO: (X)

THE RING

(X)

Now resting on the polished wood surface of the bema (the podium upon which the Torah is read). A flickering orange light is reflected in the ring's intricate contours, as ANGLE ADJUSTS, placing us:

(X)

(X)

42 OMITTED

(X) 42

43 INT. SYNAGOGUE - SANCTUARY - NIGHT

43

Ariel uses a candle to light the last few of the dozens of candles she has arranged on the raised platform at the front of the sanctuary. She is wearing a simple white wedding dress.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

A CREAKING SOUND draws her nervous attention to the front of the Sanctuary. Candles flicker on either side of the aisle. Her eyes searching hopefully. (X)  
(X)

ARIEL

Isaac?

THUNDER is her only answer. Ariel sets down the candle. She moves to the bema and picks up the ring. She studies it for a moment, when she senses something and turns to see: (X)  
(X)

HER POV - A DARK FIGURE

standing at the edge of the platform. Only the lower half of his body is visible, the upper half disappearing in the shadows cast by the Ark. (X)

ARIEL

girds herself with hope, still not quite believing...

ARIEL

Isaac?

(X)

ANGLE ON DARK FIGURE

Silence.

(X)

REVERSE - OVER DARK FIGURE'S SHOULDER

(X)

Ariel steps toward him slowly, the nervous bride. Stopping a few feet away. Then, speaking softly, the same words that have been exchanged for centuries between the Jewish bride and groom. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

ARIEL

Ani le-dodee, ve-dodee lee. I  
am my beloved's, and my beloved  
is mine.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

ANGLE ON DARK FIGURE

(X)

A hand reaches out from the shadows, caked with mud, and the now-familiar Hebrew letters. The hand rotates, palm upward, beckoning her closer still. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

ARIEL

(X)

She moves closer, extending the ring toward his outstretched hand... when she suddenly recoils, dropping the ring. (X)  
(X)

THE RING

Hits the floor.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

ARIEL

shakes her head, suddenly afraid.

ARIEL

No...

ISAAC

His face distinguishes itself within the shadows. His complexion is ashen, bloodless. His slightly bulging eyes are sunken in their orbits, the pupils eclipsing the irises. His mouth opens slightly, unable to articulate anything but a guttural moan. (X)  
(X)

ARIEL

Backs away, then runs out of frame. (X)

ANOTHER ANGLE - MOVING

Fast with Ariel toward the front of the sanctuary, through the rear doorway and into the dark entry of the synagogue -- where she is suddenly grabbed. She struggles for a panicked moment, then stops, realizing: (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

WIDER (X)

Mulder is the one holding her, Scully beside him. (X)

MULDER (X)

It's okay, Ariel. It's okay. (X)

ARIEL

No. (X)

MULDER (X)

Is he in there? (X)

But Ariel doesn't answer. And Scully doesn't wait, pulling her gun and moving past them toward the sanctuary. (X)  
(X)

MULDER

I know what you did, Ariel.

She looks up at Mulder, sees that he knows. (X)

MULDER (X)

Tell me where he is. (X)

ARIEL

I didn't think...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (3)

43

She trails off, looks imploringly at Mulder. (X)

ARIEL

It was just a wish. They were just words.

MULDER

Wanting to bring him back like that... I can only imagine how much you must have loved him. (X)

ARIEL

I still love him.

ANGLE FROM INSIDE SANCTUARY (X)

Scully appears in the doorway, her gun poised. (X)

HER POV (X)

The sanctuary is empty, save for the dozens of flickering candles. CAMERA WHIPS to a fire door in the far corner of the room, swung open wide, framing the darkness outside and the angry storm. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

SCULLY (X)

Calls behind her: (X)

SCULLY

Mulder!

MULDER & ARIEL

SCULLY (O.S.)

Over here! (X)

MULDER

Will you be okay? (X)

Ariel nods uncertainly. With a last look to Ariel, Mulder moves toward the sanctuary. Off Ariel, still quite rattled, we: (X)  
(X)

44 OMITTED

(X) 44

CUT TO:

45 EXT. SYNAGOGUE - ALLEY - NIGHT

45

Several streetlamps illuminate the driving rain. Scully emerges from the fire door, her gun trained as she looks around.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

HER POV

The alley is empty save for an overflowing dumpster, a tall stack of shipping pallets, and other assorted junk.

SCULLY

starts down the alley, continues her search, when Mulder emerges from the fire door in b.g. CAMERA RACKING to him as he shouts over the grinding rain:

MULDER

Scully! I'll circle around!

Scully nods, when she sees the tower of shipping crates beside Mulder starting to list.

SCULLY

MULDER, LOOK OUT!

Mulder turns, just as:

THE SHIPPING PALLETS

Topple toward him. Mulder shields his head, managing to avoid the brunt of it, but catching enough to pitch him hard onto the ground. LIGHTNING! Isaac steps over the toppled crates toward Mulder, who lies dazed on the ground.

SCULLY

Levels her gun as she moves toward Isaac, screaming over the rain:

SCULLY

STOP OR I'LL FIRE!

ISAAC

Ignores her warning.

SCULLY

FIRES!

ISAAC

The bullet BITES into his flank. Impossibly, he doesn't stop. Another bullet HITS, the force of the impact staggering him, but only slightly.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

SCULLY

Advances on him, FIRING until her clip is empty. Until she is almost upon him -- close enough for him to wheel around, backhanding her viciously. Her head hits the ground. She stirs, groggy, as: (X)  
(X)

MULDER

hoists himself up onto his knees, only to find himself yanked hard out of frame.

ANGLE ON ALLEY WALL

Isaac slams Mulder up against the wall, pinning his neck with a single hand. There is no malice on his face; but rather, a blank efficiency. Mulder coughs and sputters, unable to pry loose Isaac's unnaturally powerful grip.

In a last ditch effort, Mulder's fingers wipe blindly at the back of Isaac's hand -- trying to erase the Hebrew letters. But they're not there.

CAMERA PANS off Mulder's choking, down Isaac's torso... down his arm... landing on the hand bearing the "EMET" just as Ariel's hand grasps it. The wedding ring is on her finger.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ariel steps between Isaac and Mulder.

ARIEL

Let go, Isaac. It's time to let go.

Isaac releases his grip. Mulder slumps to the ground. Isaac turns toward Ariel, allowing her to lead him away to the opposite wall of the alley. Leaving Mulder gasping for air, rubbing his bruised neck, looking up at:

ARIEL & ISAAC

Isaac watches dumbly as Ariel brings his hand to her lips, kissing it gently. He follows her lead as they kneel slowly onto the ground. Ariel keeps his hand clenched in hers. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

ARIEL

It's alright. You can sleep now, my love. Now you can sleep.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

CLOSE - THEIR HANDS

Her thumb rubs off the "Alef"... an incredibly tender gesture. (X)  
The ink smudges and smears. Almost at once, his fingers, then (X)  
the rest of his hand begins to turn brown. The falling rain (X)  
begins dissolving his "skin," trickling muddy water onto the (X)  
ground. Until a piece of his hand sloughs off in the rain, and: (X)

SCULLY (X)

Sits up, still somewhat dazed, as Mulder kneels beside her. (X)

MULDER (X)

Scully, are you alright? (X)

Scully nods, touching the bruised part of her head. (X)

SCULLY (X)

I think so. (X)

Under the staccato patter of the rain, Ariel's voice draws their (X)  
attention. (X)

ARIEL (X)

Through her tears, she is reciting the Hebrew Prayer that we may (X)  
recognize from the teaser as the Mourner's Kaddish. CAMERA (X)  
TILTS DOWN to her hands -- now holding only a shapeless clot of (X)  
dirt which washes away in the rain, seeping between her fingers. (X)

WIDE SHOT (X)

Lying on the ground beside Ariel is a mud figure, shaped roughly (X)  
like a man. Already diminished by the relentless rain. And as (X)  
Ariel comforts herself with the same words that have been (X)  
recited for thousands of years during the burial of the dead, we (X)  
SLOWLY FADE OUT. (X)

46 OMITTED

(X) 46

THE END