

THE X-FILES

12x3

"Graceland"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN

SCENE 1

INT. OLD FOLKS' HOME DAY

We open on a shot of a RECORD PLAYER, slowly pulling back as an ELDERLY HAND reaches from out of frame to set the needle down on the spinning record. "Hold On" by Alabama Shakes begins to play from the record player, the song following through the entire teaser.

The camera cuts to an EXTERIOR shot of the home as we view a montage of life in the home. FOCUS ON a friendly but gaudy sign that reads, **The Franklin Wayne Rehabilitation Center and Home for the Elderly**. A pair of geriatric residents drive past the sign in a golf cart, the camera PANS UP to reveal the expansive and luxurious grounds of the home, complete with a golf course. The center itself is a large, one story complex that runs the distance of several city blocks.

We CUT to a shot of the outside of the home, where nearly a dozen or so of the center's residents sit outside on a long, covered porch, rocking back and forth in rocking chairs.

We CUT inside to the plain cafeteria, lit in depressing artificial light. The camera moves in on one specific table, where an ELDERLY WOMAN in a bathrobe sneaks an OLD MAN sitting next to her a small vial of a certain powder we can only speculate as to its identity. The old man exhibits no shame, secretively putting a dash of the powder onto his eggs.

CUT TO:

SCENE 2

INT. BINGO HALL DAY

We first focus in on a wallmounted SPEAKER, the song from earlier still playing, echoing throughout the bingo hall. We cut to a group of THREE PATIENTS, one woman and two men, sitting at one of the bingo tables, mostly gossiping and ignoring their

bingo cards. One of the men, BERNIE, speaks, his voice a gentle southern drawl.

BERNIE

This music is too damn loud.

MABEL

Well it's better than that goddamn  
dubpop or grindcore trash that's  
on the radio nowadays.

SAM

It's just for the day, Bern. It's  
old Jon Burrows' day to pick the  
music. I'd say he's pretty hip to  
the new music for an 83 year old  
man.

The camera CUTS to a distant view of "Burrows", sitting at a  
far off table, intently focused on his game of bingo. We  
return to focus in again on our trio of local gossips.

MABEL

The hell is he in here for anyhow?

BERNIE

They say he ended up here after  
getting both his hips redone.  
Relapsed after 30 years sober on  
the count of the painkillers from  
the operation.

Sam sighs sadly.

SAM

Christ, I miss the junk.

Across the room, BURROWS calls out bingo, elatedly hobbling  
up to the front to retrieve his prize from the bored looking  
YOUNG WOMAN who had been calling out the numbers. The camera  
moves behind Burrows, taking in some of his features and  
profile. For an old man, his hair remains surprisingly full  
and done up in a wave to one side, although the dark color  
is clearly a dye job. The bingo girl hands him a small  
basket full of goodies.

BINGO GIRL

Alright Mr. Burrows, your prize for  
winnin' the bingo. Inside the  
basket here is an assortment of  
scented lotions, a coupon for the  
Golden Corral and some bath bombs  
for your tub.

Burrows picks one of the multicolored bath bombs in his hand,  
confused.

BURROWS

A bath what?

BINGO GIRL

Bomb. You see, you drop it in the water and it makes your bath go all pretty colors and smells extra nice.

BURROWS

I see...

The camera CUTS to a full view of Burrows' face, revealing to the audience that despite the façade and fake name, "Burrows" is, in fact, an aged ELVIS PRESLEY. Burrows puts on a wry smile and responds to the girl.

BURROWS (CONT'D)

Thank you, thank you very...

(He hesitates, reassuming his false identity.)

Thank you kindly.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

## SCENE 3

INT. MULDER'S HOME - DAY

We FADE IN in on the rustic, two-story house Mulder and Scully have come to call home. SCULLY is in a second floor bedroom, busying herself about the space, preparing it to be a nursery. The room is painted a pale blue, and she is preparing a crib in the corner of the room. She hangs a mobile up above the crib, and gives it a spin. The camera FOCUSES IN on the individual pieces of the mobile as it spins, mostly typical for a baby's crib. A stuffed elephants spins past, then a stuffed cartoon puppy, then a stuffed friendly kitten with exaggerated whiskers, and finally a hand-stitched flying saucer completes the mobile.

Scully smiles slightly. Surely this was a Mulder decision to include on the mobile.

The ROARING SOUND of a motorcycle rumbles distantly, growing closer and closer to the house. Scully moves to look out the window. MULDER pulls up to the house on a massive MOTORCYCLE he can barely drive, awkwardly parking it next to the house. He hops gingerly off the bike, removing a pair of over-sized sunglasses. Mulder is further dressed in a leather jacket, a pair of boots and a pair of painfully skinny jeans.

SCULLY

Oh, boy.

Mulder RUSHES up the stairs and into the room with a youthful, nitwit energy.

MULDER

Look what I pulled out of the storage unit.

SCULLY

(eyeing his jeans)

I see you put any sense of dignity or self respect in storage to take its place.

MULDER

What, I don't look half bad for a living dinosaur.

SCULLY

That's precisely my point, Mulder. No offense, but you're too old to be having a midlife crisis.

MULDER

It's not a crisis, Scully, it's... an exploration.

SCULLY

An exploration of what, exactly?

MULDER

Of me, Scully, and everything else, too. I've spent so much of my life chasing after things; answers, truths, grand conspiracies. Now, I'm about to be a father, properly, for the first time. A child will live under my roof. Our kid is gonna have questions and I'm not sure I have answers! It never really occurred to me that maybe the truths I so desperately sought after are, I don't know, hiding in a good book I never bothered to read when I was too busy chasing down flukemen. Or maybe it's in savoring a sunset or meandering down an ocean drive in a convertible with the smell of the sea breeze in the air. What great cultural lessons have I ignored? Is my baby going to grow up ashamed of their egghead father? I mean, even finance, Scully, you've seen my credit report. I can't even impart that knowledge on my incoming prodigy. And...

Scully moves closer and cuts his rambling off.

SCULLY

Mulder, you can go romp around in skinny jeans, which are already out of fashion, by the way, all you want, just promise me one thing.

MULDER

Anything.

SCULLY

Just promise me whatever hare-brained adventure you're cooking up, for once, I don't have to go.

We hear a SECOND MOTORCYCLE come roaring up outside the window. Mulder smiles knowingly.

MULDER

(smiles)

You read my mind, Scully.

SCENE 4

EXT. MULDER'S HOME - DAY

Mulder and Scully come out onto the porch. JOHN DOGGETT has pulled up outside, getting off his bike with ease. Doggett is wearing jeans and a jean jacket, a week or so's growth of beard on his face. Doggett effortlessly exudes the manliness that Mulder was striving for with his leather jacket and boots.

DOGGETT

What do you say, Mulder, ready to hit the open road?

MULDER

Hell yeah!

Mulder enthusiastically walks up to him and the two engage in an odd, brotherly handshake with entirely too many steps.

DOGGETT

I gotta say, I'm really looking forward to this. A good long ride through god's country, surviving off beef jerky and lite beer. It's been a while. Speaking of lite beer, you mind if I use your bathroom one last time before we hit the road?

Mulder nods and Doggett goes inside, giving Scully a gentle nudge on the shoulder as he goes past.

SCULLY

You didn't tell him that you're making him go on a wild goose chase through the deep south, did you?

MULDER  
Hey, John's adaptable.

Mulder walks up to Scully and kisses her on the forehead, one hand gently caressing her belly. Doggett emerges from inside.

MULDER (CONT'D)  
I hope you enjoy your last few  
moments of alone time, Scully. But  
now...  
(cheesily puts his  
sunglasses back on)  
...we ride.

The two men jump on their bikes, the TAILPIPES ROARING. Mulder blasts up the dirt driveway like Evil Knievel, sending a cloud of dust back, Scully left coughing and annoyed.

#### SCENE 5

##### EXT. HIGHWAY MONTAGE - DAY

We CUT to a brief montage of the two of them riding, cruising down worn out, two-lane interstate highways, passing random roadside bars, firework stands; the parts of America still kept undiluted by modern life.

We CUT to a shot of Doggett on his bike, riding one handed, exuding pure masculinity. The camera PANS OVER to Mulder, who still looks ill fit for his bike as a gigantic bug splatters across his leather jacket. Mulder looks down at the mess with a look of melancholic disdain.

#### SCENE 6

##### EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Mulder and Doggett finally pull off in front of a roadside diner.

The building looks as though it is made almost entirely off wood, leftover from another era. A hand painted sign above the door reads **Hart's Bar and Confections**. Mulder gingerly hops off his bike, his hands rubbing his lower back.

DOGGETT  
So how's it suit you, Mulder?

MULDER

Well, if I'm honest, my ass is numb, I'm covered in dead bugs, and my back hurts. I'm not really getting the whole "Born to be Wild" vibe I was hoping for.

DOGGETT

It'll come to you.

(chuckling)

It may take a few hundred more miles. You mind telling me why we're stopping at this shithole when we still got three quarter tanks of gas and we already ate lunch at the IHOP about 45 minutes ago?

MULDER

(sarcastically)

It's got 4.8 stars on Yelp. And just wait till you see their "confections".

We SMASH CUT to a monstrous sandwich being plated directly in front of Doggett, sitting at the diner's counter. Mulder sits next to him, eating a questionable looking piece of pie.

DOGGETT

I thought confections meant like cupcakes or candy...

The COOK grumbles.

COOK

Eh, some paint with pastels, some use watercolors.

The cook wanders off to tend to his "art".

MULDER

It's called The Heartstopper. It has almost every kind of meat known to man, including one the cook over there refers to as a "special mystery meat".

DOGGETT

So, what, you eat the whole thing without puking and you get your picture up on the wall or something?

MULDER

Maybe, but that's not why we're here. I didn't want to mislead you, but our little road trip is actually more of a... working vacation.

DOGGETT

We're working a case? That involves a sandwich?

MULDER

Well it's not your typical X-File. I'd describe it as a missing person's case.

DOGGETT

Who is it that went missing? And how does the sandwich come in?

Mulder finishes the last bit of his pie and lets out a little burp.

MULDER

Well, a very beloved singer used to come here, and he was obsessed with that sandwich.

DOGGETT

Like who, Bieber?

MULDER (CONT'D)

Think way back, to our childhoods.

Doggett ponders for a moment, his eyes widen slightly in disbelief.

DOGGETT

Are you talking about who I think you're talking about?

MULDER

The one and only.

DOGGETT

Mulder, Elvis isn't missing, Elvis is dead. *Probably* because of that sandwich.

He points to the Heartstopper. Mulder sips on a cup of coffee.

MULDER

That is the prevailing theory, yes, but it's been rumored for decades he is still alive. Some think he went to work for the DEA and sold out a lot of drug dealer buddies who kept him loaded during his heyday. Some think the mob put a hit on him and he's been in witness protection ever since. Some just think that he faked his own death, choosing to live out his golden years in anonymity.

DOGGETT

I mean, sure, I saw Elvis at a gas station in Baltimore once, but that don't mean he was *the* Elvis Presley. What evidence are we going on?

MULDER

That's where the sandwich comes in. This charming piece of Americana has been run by the same family since the 50s. Elvis stopped in here once when his tour bus popped a flat tire. He tried the Heartstopper, and it was love at first bite. He used to charter his private plane to fly him out here just to get this sandwich. He'd fly out, grab the sandwich, and be back at Graceland in his PJs by dinnertime. Did it for years.

DOGGETT

So, what, you think Elvis still comes here?

MULDER

No, no. By now Elvis would be in his mid-80s. Plus, a private plane would be a bit suspicious. However, in my investigation into Elvis' disappearance, I called the owner of this place and had a very interesting conversation. You see, the owner got a call one day, from an older sounding gentleman. The man asked how much money it would take for the owner to be willing to flash-freeze a couple sandwiches and ship them to his address.

(MORE)

MULDER (CONT'D)

The owner told him \$100 a sandwich to call the guy's bluff, but the guy said yes, no questions asked. Been shipping this distant admirer sandwiches for a few years now, all over the south. He's pulling me the addresses now.

DOGGETT

A hundred bucks for a sandwich. Who blows that kind of money?

MULDER

The King, baby.

Mulder stands and walks toward the restroom. The wall nearest the restroom does indeed have a bunch of photos of customers who finished the grotesquery that is The Heartstopper sandwich.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

## SCENE 7

INT. OLD FOLKS' HOME DAY

We CUT to ELVIS hobbling down the winding halls of the home, walking slowly because he is stuck in the traffic of a dozen or so motorized wheelchairs, carrying the other elderly this way and that. He finally turns into the home's MAILROOM. Elvis waves a friendly wave at the mail clerk, named GUS.

ELVIS

Whadd'ya say there, Gus?

GUS

How do you do, Mr. Burrows.

ELVIS

You know, I ache, then I moan, then I do it again the next day. Did I get another package?

Gus looks disquieted.

GUS

You know, Mr. Burrows, you're a nice fella, so I ain't mind doing you a favor here and there but... you know I'm supposed to be inspecting all packages on account of the fact folks are always trying to smuggle smack in here. I could lose my job, and you been getting an awful lot of packages... I just don't know I can turn more blind eyes to them..

ELVIS

Well I see you're a man of integrity, Gus.

Elvis reaches into his pocket, pulling out a few hundred dollar bills. He lays them on the counter with shaking, old hands.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Is that enough to afford your confidence, Gus?

(MORE)

ELVIS (CONT'D)

I won't lie to you, I'm not bringing in drugs, but I'm not supposed to have this stuff, neither. If that lead nurse Helen found out, both our asses would be grass.

Gus pockets the hundred dollar bills.

GUS

I think this'll help me rest easy tonight.

ELVIS

That a boy. Get your girl Eileen something pretty.

Gus drops a medium-sized package off and Elvis departs with a friendly but knowing nod.

CUT to Elvis walking carefully out of the mailroom, looking both ways down the hallway. The camera FOCUSES IN on a nurse down the hall, who spots him. The aforementioned nightmare, NURSE HELEN. She has spotted her prey, and she starts down the hallway after him. Elvis books it in the other direction, as fast as his old self can manage. He rounds a corner, Helen gaining on him.

When the nurse finally makes it round the corner, the old man is nowhere to be seen. Suspicious, she looks around the immediate area. One of the patient's doors is slightly ajar. Nurse Helen creeps up to the door, knocking gently and entering. A sweet OLD WOMAN sits in a rocking chair by an open window, watching the news on a wall mounted TV nearby. A gentle breeze whips the curtains around peacefully.

NURSE HELEN

Everything ok in here?

OLD WOMAN

Oh, fine, dear, thank you. Could you maybe bring me another blanket? These southern nights get so cold. I swear, I burn up all day long and then at night I get so chilly. It's probably that climate change, you know. I never even heard the words climate change until one day my grandson said...

The nurse cuts her off before her rambling can continue.

NURSE HELEN

I'll get you another blanket.

She departs, leaving the old woman alone. Elvis pops up just outside the window, pinching the old woman on the cheek with a wink.

ELVIS

Thanks darlin', I owe you one.

The old woman drops her cheery demeanor.

OLD WOMAN

Oh, you don't owe me anything. That bitch thinks she can come in to my house like she runs the place...

Elvis chuckles and runs off, still holding the box of frozen sandwiches.

## SCENE 8

INT. ELVIS' ROOM DUSK

CUT to the inside of the room, where Elvis is pushing the window open. He struggles to climb through the window, nearly getting himself stuck. He finally pushes through, tumbling out of camera frame as he falls to the floor with a loud thud.

A record still spins in the player, though it has finished, emitting only a low crackling sound as it revolves around and around. Elvis grumbles as he stands up; we hear the sound of his bones and joints popping and snapping as he stretches.

He walks over near his bed, setting the box down. An old fashioned phone sits on his bedside table, similar to a modern day hotel phone. The voicemail button is blinking red. He sits on the edge of his bed, picking up the phone and hitting the voicemail button. We hear the voice of the Cook at Hart's Bar over the phone.

COOK (ON PHONE)

Hey man, I just feel I should warn you. Two fellas came in earlier asking after you. One of them flashed a badge, it looks like they're both feds. They asked me for addresses and everything. I don't know what you did to be such hot property but you might wanna think of leaving town for a few days. Good luck, old man.

Elvis hangs up the receiver.

ELVIS

Well, hell...

Elvis goes into a frenzy, furiously packing miscellaneous things into an oversized suitcase. He tosses in shirts, socks, hair pomade, a couple combs, etc. Finally he goes over to his nightstand, opening it up and removing a copy of the Bible that has been hollowed out and filled with cash and a couple photographs. He picks up a photo of a himself when he was young with his mother. He runs his fingers along the edge of the frame, looking wistful.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

God bless you, Momma.

A knock comes over from his front door, the knob rattling back and forth as someone attempts to enter. We hear Nurse Helen calling for Mr. Burrows from the other side of the door, imploring him to open up the door.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Ah, hell!

He tosses the photo into the suitcase, along with a couple frozen sandwiches from the box and frantically tries to shut the suitcase closed, zipping it up so poorly that it remains half open, the zipper stuck on a shirt. He shuffles the big suitcase over to the door.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

I'm here of my own free will, ya  
old hag! I can do whatever the hell  
I please and I can go where I want,  
so quit banging on the door!

He begins to climb through the window again, pushing the suitcase out ahead of him. The rattle of keys sounds from behind him. We cut to Nurse Helen as she rummages through a ring of keys looking for the skeleton key that will open the door. She finally finds it, unlocking the door and busting through into the room only to find it empty, the window still open.

A car engine sounds outside the window. Nurse Helen rushes to the window to see an old Cadillac backing out of a parking space in the home's small parking lot. Elvis flips her the bird as he barrels out of the lot. He refuses to stop at the parking lot attendant's booth, driving straight through the stop sign.

The ATTENDANT shouts after the car with raised fists but the car continues driving.

Elvis nearly hits an elderly couple riding in a golf cart, finally coming to a main road and taking a right turn, accelerating away as fast as he can, driving toward the horizon as dusk settles on.

The camera PANS BACK toward the entrance to the home, where Mulder and Doggett are just pulling in on their bikes from the opposite direction. They drive up to the attendant's booth, spotting the damage from the exit lane. Mulder hops off his motorcycle and over to the attendant, who is hurriedly making a call over a radio about the hit and run. Mulder, ever the wise ass, asks:

MULDER  
What did we miss?

SCENE 9

INT. ELVIS' CADILLAC - NIGHT

Elvis sits in his car, parked in a Wal-Mart parking lot. He looks forlorn and absolutely miserable. He takes a gigantic bite out of a soggy, still half-frozen Heartstopper sandwich. He catches his own gaze in his rear view mirror. Elvis has a talking to with himself in the mirror.

ELVIS (TO HIMSELF)  
Well, Presley, you finally did it. You've become a criminal. Ah, what the hell am I talking about, I've been a criminal before. The drugs didn't buy themselves. You been running now from something or other for decades but now, now you're on the run from the Feds... Well, shit. What does a criminal on the run do from here?

SCENE 10

INT. POLICE STATION NIGHT

CUT to Mulder and Doggett entering a local police station, showing the cops at the front desk their badges. The first cop, OFFICER BREWER, looks at the badges, squinting his eyes. He then eyeballs Mulder and Doggett in their motorcycle outfits.

OFFICER BREWER

Well hell y'all look more like cowboys than feds. What can I do for ya?

DOGGETT

We need an APB out on a blue '76 Cadillac, Tennessee plate #7375AWI.

The second officer, OFFICER PARKS, speaks up. Officer Parks seems indignant but less dimwitted than his cohort.

OFFICER PARKS

What exactly is the nature of this request, gentlemen?

MULDER

The driver in question is on the run; he escaped from the Rehab center uptown.

OFFICER PARKS

You mean an old fella from the drug home escaped? That's hardly a crime, sir, the folks in there are under their own volition so he has a right to leave.

MULDER

That may be but we believe the man is using an alias, "Jon Burrows", and has been falsifying data and committing identity fraud for decades, across several states.

DOGGETT

That gives us federal jurisdiction. We think Burrows is gonna get wise and boost a different car to try and throw us off. We need to find the Cadillac right away, while there's still a trail to follow.

OFFICER BREWER

To be clear, y'all Federales want to spend your time finding some grumpy old smackhead?

MULDER

Yes. It's... important.

OFFICER PARKS

(chuckling)

Sure sounds like it. You two can go ahead and get out there and start making America great again, one geezer at a time, and in the meantime I'll send out the APB and radio you with anything we shake loose.

The two laugh among themselves as Mulder and Doggett exit.

SCENE 11

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mulder and Doggett head back to their motorcycles.

DOGGETT

You know, those assholes got a point, Mulder. Assuming this guy even is Elvis, why are really running down some old fart who doesn't want to be found? I know you're a fan and all but this hunt isn't just 'cause you're really fond of "Heartbreak Hotel".

Mulder sits on his bike, looking wistful, heaving a heavy, existential sigh.

MULDER

I don't know... I think maybe I'm holding onto something. Who I used to be, when I was a kid listening to Elvis with my dad. Or who I was in the Halcyon days when me and Scully still had everyone with us, and it really did feel like we had everything to gain. We could have found the truth, or at least I believed so. I guess I want that hope back, the true, pure belief... I don't know, man, I felt like I was a rockstar, like I was the King.

Doggett breaks out laughing at the rather sweet little monologue, Mulder looking slightly offended by his mockery.

DOGGETT

You are so full of shit, Fox. This don't take any ivy league psychiatry, you're looking for the old man in yourself. You're having a kid, a kid you're actually gonna have to raise and it's freaking you out! So you dig a little deeper, trying to find wisdom you're not so sure you even got, and start trying to grow old with a little grace. Which, as far as grace is concerned, you're not doing so hot, Mulder.

MULDER

I guess I just got to accept that maybe I don't win. I can shake down conspiracy after conspiracy but maybe after all, life gets the better of me.

DOGGETT

(MORE SERIOUS)

Yeah, well, that's just it, Mulder. I went through a lot of this too, you know, before Luke was born. Wondered if he was my replacement. Wondered if all my years as a hotshot in the NYPD mattered once I'm just changing diapers and watching golf on Sunday afternoons in the suburbs. But then one day he was gone and I felt like all that time was a couple seconds. Life always gets the better of you... every time.

(Doggett wipes a tear away)

Nothing against this brotherly therapy session, but can we get back out there and find us a goddamn Elvis?

MULDER

(nodding)

I figure he's smart enough to know we can find his car. He'll probably boost another car. Won't be long before we get the report of some old fashioned grand theft auto. Plus, I think I know where's he headed.

## SCENE 12

## EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Elvis is bent over the trunk of his car. He grabs the envelope of cash and couple photos and stuffs them into his jacket. He pulls a thick woolen sweater out from his suitcase and closes the trunk.

CUT to a shot high up, with a vantage point of the entire parking lot, mostly empty. Elvis slinks quietly about the empty lot.

ELVIS

(mutters under his breath)  
Alright, Presley, you watch TruTV,  
you know what's up. Need new  
wheels, nice and quiet. Just pop  
the sucker open, yellow wire on  
red, sparks fly and bam, on the  
road again.

He walks up to an old, somewhat rusty truck. Nothing too flashy, not a car someone would miss.

Elvis wraps the sweater as tightly around his hand as possible, making a limp, weak fist. He takes a couple practice swings, like a golfer teeing up his shot. He swings as hard as he can against the truck window only for his fist to deflect off of it with a painful sounding thud. Elvis yelps in pain, cursing under his breath.

An angry shout comes from the entrance of the store as a furious looking SOUTHERN MAN dressed in jeans and a plaid shirt like something out of a Keith Urban video starts rushing toward the truck.

Elvis, still cursing and holding his arm, runs away as fast as he can move, back to the Cadillac. He barely makes into the car and gets the ignition turned over before the man is on the car. Elvis pops the manual lock down just barely in time before the man can

open the door. Undeterred, the man takes a swing at the window and it shatters dramatically. Elvis gets the car in gear and begins to pull away but the man stays with the car, striking Elvis in the face as hard as he can multiple times.

Elvis, disoriented from the unrelenting punches, drives about in confused semicircles, eventually smacking against the front of the man's trucking, which knocks the man loose. Finally free from his attacker, Elvis hightails it out of the parking lot and onto the main road.

As he drives off, finally safe, Elvis looks himself over in the mirror. Bloodied nose, black eye already forming, his hand crippled from the blow and maybe broken in a few places. He lets out of a deep breath that sounds like a man trying not to cry, and keeps driving.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

SCENE 13

INT. WAL-MART - NIGHT

Mulder and Doggett walk briskly into the store, heading for the customer service desk. They pass a stereotypically large American man wearing red, white and blue from head to toe.

MULDER

You know, as many years I have been on the X-Files, this may be the most haunting place I have ever had to investigate.

They approach the desk. Another bored looking young woman similar to the girl in the bingo hall at the start of the episode sits behind the counter on her phone, chomping on a piece of gum aggressively. She has a faded name tag pinned to her chest, named ANNE.

DOGGETT

Excuse me, Anne, we got a call about an attempted car theft earlier tonight?

ANNE

You don't look like police.

MULDER

We're FBI.

ANNE

You don't look like them neither.

DOGGETT

We're... undercover.

ANNE

With who, the Hell's Angels?

She picks up the phone to page for her manager. She gets in one last jab before she pages, nodding at Mulder's jeans.

ANNE (CONT'D)

What, you get those on sale at Hot Topic or something?

Mulder looks down at the floor and says nothing, exuding guilt. Doggett nudges him and gives him a look of disappointment.

ANNE (OVER THE INTERCOM) (CONT'D)  
 Bill, we got some feds over at  
 customer service.

The two cashiers present over near the checkout lanes loudly boo them following this announcement.

MULDER  
 I guess people still don't like the  
 government?

#### SCENE 14

#### INT. WAL-MART MANAGER'S OFFICE

The aforementioned manager, BILL, sits down behind his desk, a gruff looking fellow wearing a bolo tie and a large mustache. He wears the classic Wal-Mart smiley face button on his shirt. The southern man whose truck was recently trashed sits in a chair beside the desk, a bag of ice against his hand.

BILL  
 I wasn't expecting FBI to respond  
 to some crackhead car theft  
 incident.

MULDER  
 Well the person in question has  
 committed multiple crimes across  
 several states.

SOUTHERN MAN  
 That old bastard couldn't even put  
 a crack in my truck window but  
 he's a cross-country criminal?

BILL  
 What exactly is he done?

DOGGETT  
 On top of trying to steal your  
 truck? Multiple types of fraud,  
 identity theft. That we know of, in  
 Louisiana, Texas, Georgia and  
 Tennessee.

MULDER

Did you manage to get any footage of the guy from the security cameras?

BILL

Well, it isn't the best footage. Our security's old, still records to VHS, if you believe it, but I found some stuff.

He whips around and pushes a VHS tape into a VCR hooked up to an old TV. The footage goes live, fuzzy and grainy. The first shows Elvis inside the store, walking up to a scratch-off lotto machine.

BILL (CONT'D)

This gent here confirmed with me that this is the old fella who went for his truck later.

Doggett leans in, a little flabbergasted at the image. Even on an fuzzy VHS, he really does look the part. Doggett smiles slightly and gently punches Mulder on the shoulder.

DOGGETT

This really does look like our guy.

The footage continues, Elvis putting some bills into the machine, a lotto scratcher being dispensed by the machine. Elvis scratches away to reveal his numbers, looking disappointed, giving the machine a little kick and then walking off with a limp, dropping his losing ticket behind him.

MULDER

And did you get footage of the truck incident?

BILL

Not really, don't have a camera with a good angle on that part of the lot. I did get a shot of which exit he took and what direction he took off in.

He pops another VHS in, an even worse shot of the Cadillac taking off through the exit.

DOGGETT

What direction is that, that he's turning?

BILL  
North.

MULDER  
(smiling)  
Toward Memphis.

## SCENE 15

INT. 7-ELEVEN - NIGHT

Elvis is in the restroom, looking in the mirror, wiping away the residual blood from his face. He wraps his injured hand in some gauze, wincing as he does so. He tosses all the wrappings and empty boxes in the garbage, catching his eye in the mirror. His black eye is already worse. He tries to give himself a smile in the mirror. It doesn't really catch.

ELVIS  
Lord, did you ever really have a  
plan for me?

He finishes up what he's doing and exits the bathroom, rummaging throughout the store for a minute. He grabs a few Cokes and a bag of pork rinds before heading over to the hot dog warmers. He grabs a couple of hot dogs, loading them with a mass of toppings before heading over to the "chili" dispensing machine. He hits the button, watching in mild terror as the liquid chili is dispensed.

ELVIS (CONT'D)  
How in God's name is this legally  
allowed to be called chili?  
(he tastes a bit on his  
fingertip)  
Hm. Well, to each their own.

He awkwardly grabs the mass of goodies he has selected and heads for the counter. He plops it all down, another bored, disaffected clerk starting to scan the items.

7-ELEVEN CLERK  
Got a loyalty card?

ELVIS  
No.

7-ELEVEN CLERK  
Want a loyalty card?

ELVIS  
Not in the slightest.

7-ELEVEN CLERK

By the way, pretty sure you're  
about to get towed.

ELVIS

What!?

Elvis whips around and looks out toward the parking lot where his battered Cadillac sits poorly parked in a corner spot. A POLICE OFFICER is eyeing the car's license plate, speaking into his shoulder-mounted radio.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Damn it!

He pulls the envelope of cash from his jacket and quickly files through the number of hundred dollar bills inside.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Alright, kid, if I pay you... seven  
grand, is that enough for you to  
let me borrow your car?

The kid barely thinks twice, pocketing the envelope. He pulls out a key from his pocket and tosses it to an anxious Elvis.

7-ELEVEN CLERK

Deal. Parked out back, first by the  
exit door.

ELVIS

Thanks, kid.

Elvis awkwardly sweeps his items off the counter and into his arms and rushes out toward the back exit just as the cop enters the store from the front.

Elvis bursts out the back door into a small back lot for employee parking, hurriedly looking around for a car. The only vehicle in the whole lot is a Vespa scooter. Elvis dejectedly takes the key from his pocket and hits the start button. The scooter lights up, the only getaway he can pick.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Oh you have got to be kidding me.

Elvis hops on the scooter, turning the ignition and gently backing out of the parking space, pulling out of the parking lot as quickly as the minuscule scooter can manage to do.

SCENE 16

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Mulder stands at a gas pump, looking a mixture of tired and confused. The camera cuts to a view of the gas station from the outside, Doggett filtering through a selection of beef jerky. Mulder reaches into his pocket and dials a number. The phone rings, Scully answering moments later. The camera CUTS back home, to Scully, standing in their kitchen preparing a hot cup of tea.

SCULLY (ON PHONE)

Mulder?

MULDER

Hey. Sorry to call so late.

SCULLY

Well, it's more early than late at this point. No bother, I've been getting a head start on some morning sickness.

Mulder smiles, wistful at the thought of the love of his life and her pregnant struggles.

MULDER

I should be there, instead of... wherever the hell I am. I should have been the first time around, too.

SCULLY

Well, you were pretty busy last time, you know, dying and coming back to life.

MULDER

What can I say, I'm a miracle man.

SCULLY

And soon to be father to our miracle baby.

(she looks queasy and  
holds her stomach)

Did you need something?

MULDER

Eh, you know me. When I don't know what I'm doing, I talk to you and pick your brain. When I think I know what I'm doing, you tell me what it is I'm doing wrong.

SCULLY

I take it you haven't found your missing music icon?

MULDER

Not yet, but we will, he's definitely our guy. It's just...

He trails off, unsure. Scully appears concerned, having moved to the couch in the living room with her cup of tea.

SCULLY

Could it be for the first time in your life, you've found a mystery you don't want to solve?

MULDER

For years we've been dragging these bits of darkness into the light because they threatened the light; hurt people. It didn't occur to me until I was in the thick of it that this poor guy didn't ask to be found. I feel like maybe this go around I'm the darkness encroaching on the light.

SCULLY

It's the story of our lives, Mulder. We investigators, scientists, inventors keep pushing further into the unknown and much of what we come to know doesn't yield us any greater happiness or wisdom. I mean, even today we just stare at our phones and decide what we want to believe or don't.

MULDER

Maybe it's time we retire to some beach in Costa Rica, and just live out our days in the sun, teaching the kid to surf and eating a lot of plantains.

SCULLY

You don't know how to surf, Mulder.

MULDER

True, just another one of life's little joys I never got around to.

Doggett walks up, chomping on a piece of jerky, ready to ride.

SCULLY

Well, I'll add it to the list of concerns in your ongoing, much-delayed midlife crisis. Now, if you don't mind, I'm fairly certain I'm going to throw up in the next ten minutes and would like to hang up soon.

MULDER

Get some rest, Scully. I'll talk to you soon.

DOGGETT

(whispering to Mulder)  
Tell the woman you love her.

MULDER

I, uh, don't say this much but... I love you, Scully.

SCULLY

(laughs skeptically)  
Well, tell Doggett I said hi.

She hangs up the phone. Mulder returns the gas pump to its proper place and settles himself on the bike.

DOGGETT

You know, you two really oughta express yourselves more.

MULDER

Whatever you say, Casanova.

The two pull off onto the highway, passing a sign that reads GRACELAND - 30 MILES.

SCENE 17

EXT. GRACELAND - NIGHT

Elvis pulls up in front of his former home, Graceland. The simultaneously extravagant and modest mansion sits, silent, now a museum honoring his life and accomplishments. Shockingly, the house has no security fence or other deterrent. Other homes are even visible nearby. For a man who elected to spend his golden years in hiding, he clearly did a poor job of it in his glory days.

Elvis creeps up and heads toward the back of the house. He heads up to one of the back windows of the home, leveraging his weight against it and pushing upward. The old-fashioned mechanical lock squeals briefly but gives, rotating into an unlocked position with ease.

ELVIS

Really, 40 goddamn years and this window still don't lock?

He climbs through the window as quietly as possible. He lands roughly one the ground, moaning gently from all the stressors his aged body has endured in the past few days. Elvis stands and begins creeping through his former home. He passes what looks like the kitchen, where the estate's sole guard, a rent-a-cop looking type, sits asleep at a table.

Elvis continues through the home, ornate and meticulously kept ever since his "death". He rounds a staircase and goes up to the second floor. He stops in the midst of the main hallway of the second story of the home, gently pressing his feet into a couple of the floorboards. One floorboard gives out a creak.

Elvis drops to his knees, pulling up a rug covering the particular floorboard. He pulls firmly at the wood, trying to remain quiet, and the board comes up. He reaches underneath into the crevasse beneath the floor, pulling out a brown paper bag. He creeps back down the stairs and out the front door of the home, never discovered. As he limps across the lawn back toward the street where his Vespa awaits, Elvis stops and takes one last look back at the house.

ELVIS

So long, and farewell.

He sits down on his scooter and pulls out an old flip-style cellphone, dialing 911.

ELVIS

(on phone)

There's a couple FBI types looking for a Jon Burrows. Well, I'm him. You tell them fellas they can come and find me at the Denny's on 17th, in Memphis. I'm sure they won't be long.

He flips the phone shut and drives off.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

SCENE 18

INT. DENNY'S - NIGHT

Elvis walks into the restaurant, as plain and dull as any Denny's can be. Outside the first hints of dawn breaking are beginning to show in the sky, though it remains very much the graveyard shift for the waitress and cooks working inside. Elvis helps himself to a corner booth in far back of the restaurant, settling in against the window. He has the brown paper bag with him.

A WAITRESS, too peppy for the middle of the night, comes up to take his order.

WAITRESS

Coffee?

ELVIS

Nah, sweet tea for me. And maybe some bacon and eggs?

WAITRESS

How do you like it?

ELVIS

Eggs sunny side up and the bacon just a bit chewy.

The waitress departs briefly, Elvis digging into his brown paper bag. Inside are a host of pills, of varying colors. He filters through them, selecting a few. The waitress swings by and drops his sweet tea off on the table. Elvis mutters a thank you as she leaves and pops a large green pill in his mouth, swallowing it with a drink of the tea. The waitress swings by again, dropping off the plate of food. Once he's alone again Elvis takes another pill, and then another, and more and more until he starts running low. He keeps chugging tea and pills as the minutes pass. He reaches the last pill, one of probably nearly two dozen pills. Mulder and Doggett pull up outside, both entering the restaurant.

Elvis eyes the last pill.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Hair of the dog...

Elvis pops his last pill and swallows it with a swig of his sweet tea. He spots Mulder walking up to him, anxiously, while Doggett keeps his distance by taking a seat at the counter. Doggett eyes them from a distance while Mulder sits across from him.

MULDER

I, uh, I don't really know how to introduce myself to the King of rock n' roll.

ELVIS

That's alright. I don't really know how to introduce myself to some FBI agent who's been hunting me down the past 48 hours, but... now we're sittin' here, the name's Presley. Elvis Presley.

MULDER

Mulder, Fox Mulder.

ELVIS

(amused by the name)  
Well, shit. Isn't just the way the last conversation I am ever gonna have is with a fella named Fox Mulder.

MULDER

Last?

ELVIS

I have a... considerable amount of drugs working their way into my system, Fox. Enough to kill me in about, oh, another 15 minutes or so. I should know, I tried once before and didn't take enough.

MULDER

I'm calling an ambulance.

Mulder goes to pull out his phone but Elvis gruffly smacks it out of his hand.

ELVIS

Look here, Mulder. I have lived six different lives since I was the man you think I am. Six lives in six different cities, with different names, friends and lies.

(MORE)

ELVIS (CONT'D)

And every time someone figured me out. This time it's you. You run me down for whatever goddamn reason, and now the fox is in the henhouse. You got what you wanted, kid, so have some respect and let me go the way I want. It's too late anyway, besides.

Mulder nods, his face a bit sullen. The waitress walks up, interrupting the tension.

WAITRESS

Anything for you, sweetie?

MULDER

No, thanks.

Elvis motions for the Waitress to lean in so he can talk with her.

ELVIS (WHISPERS)

Hey, darlin', no disrespect but my son and I are having some disagreements. I got ten more bucks on your tip if you can give us ten minutes alone.

She gives him a polite smile and departs.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

You might wanna say your piece, while there's time.

MULDER

Why did you fake your death? What really happened?

Elvis grumbles, repositions himself in the seat. He rubs his battered hand.

ELVIS

Which part is it you really care about, how I did it, or why I did it?

MULDER

Both.

ELVIS

Well the how was simple enough. Got crossed up with this drug dealer who himself was mixed in with the mob.

(MORE)

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Suddenly I find myself getting the shakedown from mobsters every which way I turn. So I spill, on all them I ever knew and the government helped me hide. It was pretty brilliant, really.

MULDER

But you had a public viewing. 30,000 people saw your body.

ELVIS

They saw a body. Some drifter who OD'd is what I was told. Abouts the same age, weight. They dolled up him with a little hair dye, makeup and sunglasses. Plus, by then everybody pictured me different anyhow. Everyone remembered young, handsome Elvis; no one remembered the fat, worn out Elvis I'd become.

MULDER

And your daughter and Priscilla? Did they know?

ELVIS

We were divorced. We stayed close and all for a while, but when I died to the rest of the world I died to them too.

MULDER

They still don't know?

ELVIS

(Evading the question)

The important thing is they don't care.

MULDER

And you don't care about the money from your estate?

ELVIS

After you got a certain number of dollars, more of it doesn't really make a difference. I have lived as comfortably as a miserable man can live.

MULDER

So, what was the why?

The camera slowly PUSHES IN on Elvis as he speaks, capturing his wistful sadness as he speaks.

ELVIS

(chuckling sadly)

I was down and out, kid. Addicted to a whole bunch of everything, but worst of all, I was addicted to the fame, you know? I never really noticed it until I was drafted into the service. I was already as famous as they come, and then I was in the army, and... nothing really changed in my life. I was meant to be as regular a soldier as everybody else, but I still got crowded in the street and made to sing like I was just there for entertainment. Definitely never saw any kind of action. It just made me realize that the kind of adoration I received for so long wasn't natural. And eventually once people quit buying my records and giving a damn I realized it wasn't even real.

MULDER

So you just... burned out?

ELVIS

I am a burnout, kid. Broken, like a toy that was broke before it was even out of the box. One day I realized I was a bigger mess than ever and my career barely even had a pulse. The divorce happened, and I didn't really know how to be a good and proper father. I was addicted to the thrill of what all that fame brought me and didn't know how I could get it back. I needed to quit, cold turkey, all of that shit, and just when it seemed like maybe I was too far gone I got an out, and I took it.

MULDER

Do you think you were a bad father?

Elvis looks a touch suspicious, as if he's figuring Mulder out a bit.

ELVIS

That why you're here? Looking for a little wisdom? What, you don't got a dad of your own to go wax poetic with?

MULDER

I had a father, sure. And he didn't exactly care for his kids.

ELVIS

What, left you?

MULDER

Let's just say he pushed us away, and we couldn't come back.

ELVIS

So what, you got kids? A wife?

MULDER

Soon. And I, uh, got a partner.

ELVIS

Gay?

MULDER

No, I'm not. She's just... my partner. Best word for it. And I don't know, exactly, why I'm here. I don't even know why I do what I do, I guess. I stumbled across a clue that you were alive, and I just had to know. I investigate things that are unknown, and try to make them known. It's my job.

ELVIS

It's who you are. Can't leave any stone unturned. I should know, I'm one of those stones, and I would have really liked to stay unturned.

MULDER

I guess the older I keep getting the less I feel sure I really understand anything.

ELVIS

Yeah, been there.

(He sips his tea, looking sleepier)

I remember being at my mother's funeral, just weeping.

(MORE)

ELVIS (CONT'D)

I loved her so much, as I'm sure you know. I was just holding her lifeless hand thinking on how hard she worked to raise me. How perfect she seemed. And then there's me. Even then, I was still in the army, on top of the world, and I just knew I had a void I was gonna try and fill until there was nothing left.

MULDER

It's like we're all just... black holes, with names and jobs and fruitless dreams. Not even dreams escape the black hole.

Mulder looks more and more sullen. Elvis smiles slightly at him through his haziness as he keeps slipping away.

ELVIS

What was the song?

MULDER

What?

ELVIS

The song, of mine, that made you love me so damn much you're sitting here.

MULDER (CONT'D)

"Can't Help Falling in Love".

Elvis cracks a hoarse laugh.

ELVIS

Jesus, you sap.

Mulder can't help but chuckle a little and smile. The two actually seem to be meshing a little bit.

MULDER

Hey, it was playing when I lost my... you know what I mean.

ELVIS

Well I'm glad I could help you deflower some poor girl.

(Elvis shivers and looks more dazed)

Tell you what, Fox, can I ask a favor of you?

(MORE)

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Can you just come over and sit on  
this side of the table with me?

Mulder nods and moves over to sit beside the King himself. Elvis gives him an approving pat when sits down. Elvis words begin to slur more and stumble; he doesn't have long left.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

Don't feel bad for me, kid. I  
didn't do this because I was  
suicidal or afraid of going to  
prison if you caught me. I just...  
I'm done running from... from myself.

Mulder looks mistyeyed, and his words struggle to take form.

MULDER

I'm just glad you're not dying  
alone.

ELVIS

I'm just glad I'm dying with a full  
head of hair. That's more than I  
can say for you, from the looks of  
it.

He ribs Mulder weakly, chuckling at his own joke. Elvis shifts back in the booth, slumping somewhat, shoulder to shoulder with Mulder. His last few words are very labored.

ELVIS (CONT'D)

I think this is it for me, kid.  
One... one last thing... don't just  
mourn what's... what's gone. Hold on...  
to what's left.

Mulder takes Elvis' hand in his, and speaks emotionally to his fading idol.

MULDER

It was... an honor... to witness the  
King.

Elvis smiles so faintly it is barely discernible.

ELVIS

Thank you. Thank you very...

His words fade away, and he slumps over completely, his head falling on Mulder's shoulder.

Mulder sits in absolute silence, staring intently at nothing. The camera PANS UP to see Doggett walking up to where Mulder sits. DOGGETT sits down in front of Mulder, quietly.

He looks concerned at first, then solemn as he realizes that it's too late to do anything.

DOGGETT  
The King is dead...

MULDER  
The King is at peace.

#### SCENE 19

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Elvis' lifeless body is loaded into the confines of a crematorium. Flames ignite, consuming the body whole. Mulder and Doggett stand nearby as the body is cremated, looking exhausted and saddened.

We briefly CUT to the exterior of the crematorium, where Mulder walks up to his motorcycle and places the urn of ashes into the bike's saddlebag. The two men climb aboard for one last time and ride off, the camera following them through a brief montage of travel.

Similar to the adventurous start of the story, but now instead of hopeful possibility and firework stands the two drive through long and winding roads of ancient trees and occasional homes hidden off the road by foliage.

After a moment, the two bikes come roaring up to a distant spot near the shore of Norris lake.

#### SCENE 20

EXT. NORRIS LAKE - MORNING

They each get off their bikes, Mulder grabbing the urn of ashes and heading toward the water. They reach the water and both stand there for a long moment, neither sure of what to say or unwilling to speak. Doggett eventually speaks up.

DOGGETT  
Do you, uh, want to say something  
to mark the occasion?

Mulder stands, solemn and insecure. He clearly isn't sure what to say on the matter.

DOGGETT (CONT'D)

Well, Christ, Mulder, we can't just say nothing.

Doggett walks over and takes the urn from Mulder. He walks closer to the water, Mulder behind him, silent. Doggett does his best to eulogize, speaking up so God may hear:

DOGGETT (CONT'D)

We're here today to... put to rest a great man. A man that touched both of our lives, all the way back to when I was a kid. A man whose music followed me all the way through my life, even to this day. He made music that was with me when I was 6 years old, trying to sing "Hound Dog". My parents laughed so hard, they thought it was the funniest thing, but I was just this little kid who was trying to be like this guy on his TV screen. His music was with me when I was 24, driving with the radio on to my induction into the NYPD. The last thing I heard before straightening my tie and becoming a cop was "Blue Suede Shoes". Hell, his music was with me the first Christmas I spent alone after my marriage fell apart. "Blue Christmas" played on the TV during some Santa movie while I was busy pouring myself a beer and heating a frozen pizza, crying in my boxer shorts like some sad sack fool. And I know he meant a lot to my friend here. You want to say something, Fox?

Doggett nods at Mulder, who shakes his head no. Doggett sets the urn down on the shore and slips off his boots and socks, taking a few steps into the lake. He lets out a humorous yelp and curses that the water is chilly. Mulder takes off his boots also and joins him. The two place their hands on the urn, Doggett dropping the lid down on the shore.

MULDER

(under his breath)

Thanks, old man.

DOGGETT

And so, lord, we give this man back to the earth.

(MORE)

## DOGGETT (CONT'D)

The impact he has had has changed the life of millions, and can never be forgotten.

Together the two turn the urn over. Awkwardly, nothing much really happens at first, only a few wisps of ash shake loose. The two shake the urn, Doggett gently smacking the base of the urn like a frustrated diner trying get the ketchup out of the bottle.

After a moment the ashes fall out of the urn, most of the ashes falling out in a big clump. Doggett shakes his head.

## DOGGGETT

Well, Elvis has left the building.

Mulder chuckles, laughing at the sheer absurdity. Doggett laughs along with him. Doggett claps him on the shoulder before exiting the lake. Mulder remains behind a moment, looking out on the lake. His face is a mixture of sadness and contentedness,

reflecting on his place in the world he's tried so desperately to understand.

The Elvis song "If I Can Dream" begins to play as Mulder makes his way back onto the shore.

We follow the two through one final montage, starting with Mulder and Doggett laying asleep on the shore, by a campfire, gaining some much needed rest.

We continue, following them down more roads and highways as they slowly make their way back home. Elvis' voice, bluesy and impactful, sings us through the travel.

After a while Doggett nods to Mulder, pulling off an exit toward his own home, the two splitting down separate roads.

We end on a shot of Mulder pulling up the dirt road leading toward his house sitting in the distance.

## SCENE 21

## INT. MULDER'S HOUSE MORNING

Scully awakes with a brief start, hearing something. She gets out of her bed and follows the sound, entering Mulder's office. A record player sits in the corner, spinning, "If I Can Dream" still playing. Mulder sits in his chair, tears on his cheeks. She walks up to him, Mulder hugging her around her waist.

Scully pulls his head up by the chin, looking down at him. She wipes the tears from his face. Mulder stands and embraces her, fully. As the song begins to crescendo, Mulder and Scully begin to sway ever so gently, dancing to the rhythm.

The camera PULLS BACK from the two and over to the record player as the song reaches it's end, Elvis' soulful croon speculating on the possibility his dreams may come true.

While his story may have ended, for Mulder and Scully, the record keeps spinning.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END