

FOX & RAT

V I R T U A L S E R I E S

Story No. FRVS207

Episode #11x04

"Lucky Rabbit's Foot"

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Final Draft

25 April 2017

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Title: "Lucky Rabbit's Foot"

Direct Link: <http://www.foxandrat-xfiles.com/S11/11x04.html>

Series: FRVS - Episode #207

Written by: Cassie

Edited by: Claudine

Classification: humor

Rating: PG-13

Air Date: 23 September 2017

Date Written: 27 November 2016; 9 January 2017; 9-10 April 2017; 25 April 2017

Summary: It's 1985 and high school spoiled rich girl, Marita Lynn Covarrubias, is throwing her annual Christmas Eve party.

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FADE IN:

INT. LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL - DAY
FRIDAY, 20 DECEMBER 1985
LAKE PLACID, NY
2:45 P.M.

Mulder is walking down the hallway looking like Mr. Christmas himself! He's dressed in a mock-Santa suit (aka: a Santa t-shirt with jeans, and a Santa hat) and he's whistling along with Burl Ives' "Holly Jolly Christmas," which is playing over the school's PA system.

*Have a holly, jolly Christmas
It's the best time of the year
I don't know if there'll be snow
But have a cup of cheer
Have a holly, jolly Christmas
And when you walk down the street
Say hello to friends you know
And everyone you meet*

He is hugging his textbooks to his chest as he stops in front of his locker and turns the dial for his combination.

*Oh ho
The mistletoe
Hung where you can see
Somebody waits for you
Kiss her once for me*

*Have a holly, jolly Christmas
And in case you didn't hear
Oh by golly
Have a holly jolly Christmas this year*

He opens the lock and isn't stunned at all to see his buddy, Alex Krycek, stuffed inside. Why he is in Mulder's locker, we'll never know.

MULDER
Hey buddy!

KRYCEK
(bummed)
Hey, Mulder.

MULDER
Ready for Christmas? It's
the last day of school you know.

KRYCEK
(shaking his head)
I guess so.

MULDER
Ok then!

Mulder gives his buddy a smile and closes his locker, not minding to let his little buddy, Krycek, out.

Mulder starts to walk off, then stops, and backtracks back to his locker. He re-opens it.

MULDER
Did you want outta there?

Krycek nods his head and slips out of the locker... as if this were a usual thing. He runs his hand through his hair to put it back in place. Being stuck in a locker does DAMAGE to one's hair!

KRYCEK
Going to Marita's
Christmas Swor-ray
on Christmas Eve?

MULDER
Yep!

KRYCEK
She doesn't want a tree though.

MULDER

Pfft! Who doesn't want a
Christmas tree?! We'll
find her a Christmas tree.

KRYCEK

I have some more money
to throw into the Time
Machine Money Jar.

MULDER

Rad! Me too. (beat) I
also have a money-saving
scheme for the time
machine vehicle.

KRYCEK

What's that?

MULDER

You know how Doc and Marty
had a Delorean in the movie?

KRYCEK

Yeah.

MULDER

Well, it just so happens
that Mr. Skinner has
a Delorean, and if he
manages to have any special
brownies... well... I think
I just might be able to
steal the Delorean from him.

KRYCEK

And where would you hide
it until we can afford to
actually invent a time machine?

MULDER

Dunno. (beat) I guess
we'll figure that out
when the time comes.

Mulder and Krycek continue walking down their high school's hallway,
and out into the frigid cold winter air of Lake Placid, New York. Burr!
It sure is cold outside. Gee golly, it wasn't this cold earlier this
morning when they left home to go to school. What could they possibly
be forgetting?

THEIR WINTER JACKETS!

With sudden realization at the same time, Mulder and Krycek "YELP!" and turn back and run back into school. They are met by Scully, who is standing there by the door, holding their winter jackets. There's a look on her face, a look like a mother would give her forgetful boys if they had run outside to play in the snow in shorts and tshirts.

MULDER/KRYCEK
(at the exact same time)
Thanks, mom.

MULDER
We mean, Scully.

Mulder blushes and shyly nudges Scully's arm. ZOMGosh! He's FLIRTING with her! He can't believe it! He is flirting with Dana Scully! The love of his life! The crush of his lifetime (or at least the past - he thinks - at least in the eleven years that he's known her, ever since she and her family moved to Lake Placid in 1974). He gazes at her longingly. If only one day she would be his bride. That would make him the happiest boy in the whole wide world!

There's awkward silence going on here, and Scully smiles at Mulder. She's no dummy. She knows that Mulder has had a crush on her for years, and only claims to have fallen in love with her only in the past few years.

Krycek coughs to try to end the awkward silence.

KRYCEK
So.....

Scully smiles at Mulder and Krycek, they may be just slightly older than she, but she does enjoy taking care of them, and watching out for them. But... she just cannot bring herself to tell them about Marita's harshest rule for her Christmas Eve party... Alex Krycek is banned.

SCULLY
So... you two coming
to Marita's party?

KRYCEK

Yeppers! Absolutely!
I'm going to try to
ask her to be my
girlfriend again.
I keep trying to ask
her, but every time
she either runs off
to talk to someone else,
or she answers my
question with an irrelevant
answer. (beat) I don't
understand girls.

SCULLY

And I assure you that we
don't understand boys either.

Krycek shyly giggles, and lowers his eyes to the ground. Mulder puts on his winter jacket, and then helps Krycek into his. The three of them walk out of Lincoln High School together. Finally! Christmas break is upon them!

CUT TO:

A FEW DAYS LATER... MERRY CHRISTMAS EVE DAY!

INT. JOHN/BARBARA DOGGETT'S APARTMENT - DAY
TUESDAY - 24 DECEMBER 1985
SYRACUSE, NY
2:10 P.M.

John and Barbara Doggett's apartment barely looks "lived in." Though it is Christmas Eve, there are no holiday decorations out, not even a Christmas tree. Instead there are unpacked moving boxes, an unused baby crib (that John put together himself without any help from his very pregnant wife), piles of books lined up against the walls, entertainment magazines are stacked together on the coffee table in front of the couch, and a laundry basket full of dirty clothes needing to be washed. Everything about this apartment says that the people that live in it are rarely there.

Barbara Doggett storms past us in an angry fury. She's nearly nine months pregnant. Anger fuels her. Her husband of three months, John Doggett, just informed her that he is driving to Lake Placid this afternoon so he can join Monica Reyes, Knowle Rohrer, and Shannon McMahon in crashing some high school Christmas Eve party!

DOGGETT

Barbara, why can't you understand that I need to go-

BARBARA

-Need to go?! You need to go to a Christmas Eve party thrown by that blond bimbo, Marita Covarrubias?! (beat) Why should you be able to have fun, and ditch your pregnant wife on Christmas Eve? To hang out with a bunch of teenagers?!

DOGGETT

We are teenagers! You're seventeen and I'm eighteen!

Barbara's eyes widen in so much anger towards her husband! She grabs the closest thing to her on the kitchen counter, a banana, and throws it at him both in anger and frustration.

BARBARA

You knocked me up.
You vowed marriage to me!

DOGGETT

Yeah, well... that was a mistake.

Doggett doesn't yell this at her. He says it as a fact. A fact they both know.

On the day of their wedding, he seriously considered walking away, not going through with it, maybe even turning up at the house of Dana Scully (the one that Knowle found and told him about). But did he listen to his heart? Did he listen to his mind? Did he listen to his friend, Knowle, who encouraged him to back out of the wedding?

No. He did none of these things. He knew he wasn't marrying her for love, he was marrying her for their unborn child. That night, their wedding night, when they didn't consummate their marriage, he knew for sure that Barbara felt exactly the same way he did. They haven't been together as "man and wife" since their wedding day either. The marriage is a failure.

Each time they fight, it is always one of them saying something about how neither one of them wanted to be in a relationship together in the first place.

When they are reminded that they both fucked this up, and are in this together, that tends to calm them down when they fight.

They have only two things in common. The first, they are in agreement they didn't want to marry each other. The second, their unborn son, Luke.

Luke, who is due date is the first week of January, you know, next week.

Calmly, Barbara walks over to him.

BARBARA

Look, at least drop me off at my
parents' home in Utica on your
way to Lake Placid.

DOGGETT

They'll be angry we're not spending
Christmas Eve together.

BARBARA

I'll tell them your older brother
called, and you had to go help him.
My parents know he's a screw up.

Doggett sighs. He doesn't want to lie to her parents. It's bad enough that the both of them lie to their family and friends about how happy they are now that they're married.

DOGGETT

Don't lie to them. I'll tell them
that I want one last break before
the baby comes. Bootcamp was
rough last summer, my first semester
at Syracuse Law School, a new
marriage, and a baby on the way.
They may understand-

BARBARA

- It's Christmas. They won't.

Doggett lowers his head, he knows she's right. Barbara's parents, John and Mary Kendall, are devout Christians, very conservative, and expect them to be the perfect newlywed couple, and new parents.

DOGGETT

(shaking his head)
Honestly, Barb'... I don't care.

And he doesn't. He does not care. He wishes he could, and he's tried, but there's no way around the fact that he's unhappy, and would rather spend Christmas Eve with his friends rather than with his wife. He wishes that this marriage was working, but it isn't. He watches Barbara walk away from him to go sit on the couch in their living room.

BARBARA

I wish this had never happened.

She's about to cry. He goes to her, sitting down, putting his arm around her shoulder. They're in this together.

The third thing they have in common, they're both in an unwanted marriage, and an unplanned pregnancy together.

Barbara buries her face into his chest, and cries. It always makes him uncomfortable when she cries. He never knows what to say to someone who is upset, so he remains silent. Does he coo her, or does he place an arm around her, does he cuddle with her, hold her close to him to make her feel safe and comfortable? Would she even welcome that kind of comfort from him? He doesn't know.

A few minutes later, she looks up at him.

BARBARA

Go to Lake Placid, John. (beat)
Have fun with your friends. Flirt
with other girls, kiss or even have
sex with other girls. I don't care.
We'll have an open marriage.
Hopefully we'll learn to be friends
and get along, for Luke's sake.

DOGGETT

I don't think I could do that-

BARBARA

- Look, I've already cheated on you.
(off his look) It doesn't matter.

Doggett is a little shocked by this confession. He wouldn't have thought she would cheat on him when she was so far along in her pregnancy. It hurts him. He didn't think finding out she cheated on him would hurt, but it does. When he made his marriage vows, he intended to keep them, to be loyal to her, to love only her. Apparently she doesn't feel the same way.

DOGGETT

With who?

BARBARA
Martin.

Martin Wells is one of Doggett's new friends at Syracuse University. He's one year ahead of him in the law program. Doggett views him as a mentor, someone he looks up to that gives him the motivation to keep working hard.

DOGGETT
What about Vicki?

Vicki is Martin's girlfriend. A woman Martin has recently described to him as the woman he is going to marry, he can see his children in her eyes.

BARBARA
It happened in October, before
he met Vicki. It's over now.

October?! That was the month after their own wedding!

Barbara stands up and looks down at her husband. Sure, they both know their marriage isn't working, but for the first time she sees on her husband's face, that he knows for certain that there is nothing he can say or do that will make their marriage work. She will never love him as a wife should love her husband, and he can never love her as a husband should love his wife.

DOGGETT
Barb'... I... I want us to figure
out how to make this work.
If not for us, then for Luke.

He looks up at her. He's serious. He's willing to sacrifice any personal happiness and pleasure for the sake of their unborn child, Luke. He will do everything and anything he can to give their son a good life, with a loving mom and dad (even if he and Barbara have to put on a show of marital bliss for the rest of their lives).

BARBARA
John... if you meet a girl, and you
want to be with her, be with her.
We can't deny our own happiness.
(beat) We'll have an open marriage.
That's how we'll get through this.
That's how we'll make this work.

He has no response to this. He had hoped that maybe she would be open to at least trying to love him. John prides himself on being a man of his word, and a loyal friend and husband. When he was younger, he promised himself he would marry for love, and only marry once, and now look at him. His wife wants an open marriage, she's already cheated on him in their first three months of marriage, and is encouraging him to do the same. But even if he wanted to... could he? He doesn't think so, if he did, she would have to be one hell of a woman.

CUT TO:

INT. COVARRUBIAS MANSION - DAY
TUESDAY - 24 DECEMBER 1985
LAKE PLACID, NY
2:30 P.M.

The interior of the four story, 15 bedroom, 12 bath, 2 pools (indoor and outdoor), one ballroom, Covarrubias Mansion is decorated for Marita's "little" Soirée de Noël. Or as the the Lincoln High populace likes to call it:

THE 1985 COVARRUBIAS CHRISTMAS PARTY, YEAAAAAH!!!!

UGH! That sounds so, peasant! Party?! Who says "party" when one speaks of having a fancy soirée?!

The railings up both sides of the staircase to the first floor are beautifully decorated with lush green garland, sprinkled with pristine white baby's-breath. White Christmas lights outline every single window in the entire mansion. The pristine white marble floors of the ground level sparkle as if they were ice crystalizing on Lake Placid itself!

The song "The Living Years" (Mike + The Mechanics) is playing from a small boom box near the front door.

*Every generation
Blames the one before
And all of their frustrations
Come beating on your door
I know that I'm a prisoner
To all my Father held so dear
I know that I'm a hostage
To all his hopes and fears
I just wish I could have told him in the living years*

As you walk straight through the foyer and enter into the ballroom, you pass under a single mistletoe. The ballroom itself also contains a pristine white and light grey marble floor. Right as you walk into the room, you are standing in front of a small indoor lap pool that is

lined with sparkling blue sapphires. The floor of the lap pool is made of white gold. A crystal chandelier hangs directly above it.

At the back of the ballroom, facing out towards the back yard and garden, are three tall French doors, and large ceiling-to-floor glass windows all along the back wall. Snow is falling outside, casting a beautiful white blanket over stone statues that are spaced out all along the back patio. Long, flowing, transparent, baby blue drapes hang from all the windows, creating a very ethereal look to the room.

Standing in the middle of the ballroom, just to the right of the pool, is Marita Covarrubias. Even though it is three and a half hours to the start of her Soirée de Noël, she is already dressed and ready to host. She is wearing a long, light blue, sparkling, gown that would put a future Disney Princess, Elsa, to envy. She's wearing a diamond tiara on her head, and a blue diamond choker around her neck, with matching earrings and bracelet.

Marita looks like royalty.

Annoyed royalty.

She gives side-eye towards the foyer where the boom box is playing non-Christmas music. She takes a moment to think about who to blame for this sin.

*I wasn't there that morning
When my Father passed away
I didn't get to tell him
All the things I had to say
I think I caught his spirit
Later that same year
I'm sure I heard his echo
In my baby's new born tears
I just wish I could have told him in the living years
Say it loud, say it clear (oh say it clear)
You can listen as well as you hear
It's too late (it's too late) when we die (it's too late when
we die)
To admit we don't see eye to eye*

Her twin sister, Maria, had been helping her set up for her Soirée de Noël. Marita laughs aloud to herself. Who is she kidding, she hasn't lifted a finger all day except to pamper herself this morning before getting dressed for the party. Maria has done all the set up work.

The doorbell rings. Marita hears footsteps running down the staircase, and sees Maria wearing her navy blue Lincoln High School sweatshirt and matching sweatpants, and sneakers! SNEAKERS! Ugh! The shame of having a *peasant* twin sister! Marita cringes at her fashionably nonsensical sister. Has she no class?!

A moment later, Maria steps into the ballroom. Marita rolls her eyes that her hair is pulled back in a ponytail, a messy ponytail at that. One would think that Maria had been napping and got up without checking her appearance (and fixing it!) in the mirror!

At least her sister has the sense to do what all spoiled rich girls need to do, get their beauty sleep! That's exactly why Marita begged her father to make arrangements with Lincoln High School to give her periods one, two, and three off. So she can sleep in, and have her first class of the day at 10:30 A.M.

MARIA
Dana's here.

MARITA
(regal)
Send her in. (beat, screeches)
AND TURN OFF THAT MUSIC!

Maria rolls her eyes at her arrogant sister.

MARIA
Money makes you ugly, Marita.

MARITA
Lack of appreciation for
money makes you ugly!

Marita stops herself from scowling after her sister for too long. Too much scowling can bring you wrinkles years before your time. She forms a smile on her face as Scully enters the ballroom.

MARITA
Dana!

SCULLY
No Christmas tree?

The two 15 year old girls greet each other with a kiss on each cheek.

MARITA
No. I don't want anything that
boys can climb on and destroy.

SCULLY

Hmm... I think Mulder and Krycek were going out to cut down a tree to bring you.

MARITA

I hope they get stuck in a tree.

Marita eyes Scully from head to toe. She's not as rich and priveledged as Marita is, but she still manages to look proper.

Scully is wearing a white, strappy, scoop neck mini dress. The right side of the dress falls just below her knee, the left side has a slit up the front of her thigh that rests only about five inches above the top of her knee. The back of the dress plunges all the way down to her lower back. She's wearing matching four inch, white, strappy heels. Her hair is done up in a very chic, very French, chignon with a touch of baby's-breath in it. Her makeup is minimal, but her lips are a perfect red, matching the ruby necklace, earrings, and bracelet that Marita let her borrow just for tonight's Soirée de Noël.

But let us take a moment to be innappropriate.

MARITA

(sweet and innocent-like)
Looks like Scott hasn't hit
you lately, hmm?

The smile on Scully's face fades at the mention of her abusive boyfriend. She hasn't exactly said aloud that Scott hurts her, but it is difficult to hide bruises from your best girlfriend. Marita figured out Scott hurts her, but Marita doesn't even have an inkling of knowledge of everything else he's been doing to her.

MARITA

Will Scott be joining us tonight?

SCULLY

He said he was coming, but
wasn't sure when.

Marita gives a devilishly sweet smile to Scully.

MARITA

Will "Danielle" be
making an appearance?

Marita giggles.

"Danielle" is a name that Scully has been using for about three months now when she wants to flirt with, or even talk to other guys.

"Danielle Smith," to be exact.

She chose to use a fake name because if word ever got around that she was flirting with other guys, or talking to other guys (who aren't Mulder and Krycek - because they're not a threat in the eyes of Scott), or kissing other guys, or doing other horizontal things with other guys, Scully's certain Scott would really hurt her. And since boys like to talk about their conquests and which girls they've talked with, and using the name "Danielle" ensures if any of that talk got back to Scott he would have no idea those guys were talking about her.

But it's not like she's met any guy that she actually feels would treat her well. Well, sure, most of those other guys wouldn't hit her, or rape her, but they're jerks in their own immature teenage boy/college boy ways. Where are the real men in this world?!

So to answer Marita's question, will "Danielle" be making an appearance?

SCULLY
(sly, grinning)
Of course...

MARITA
Good. We should find you
a good man to marry!

Enough about Scully though!

Marita starts turning around to show off her very expensive gown to Scully.

MARITA
I'm going to be the prettiest
belle at the ball!

Scully knows it's best to help keep her ego inflated (she and Alex Krycek really do have so much in common!).

SCULLY
As always. (beat) So... what
are tonight's ground rules?

MARITA

Rule number one: Alex Krycek is banned from my Soirée de Noël. I'm sick of him asking me out. He does it every single day, and I never want to see him again.

Scully raises an eyebrow, if tonight is like any other Covarrubias Party, sorry, soirée, each and every ground rule Marita is about to lay out will be broken within the first hour, if not minutes of letting her party guests inside her home.

MARITA

No alcohol allowed. No colored beverages either. I don't want anyone to spill on daddy's brand new white rug in the ballroom.

Marita starts walking back towards the foyer, Scully follows. "You Spin Me Round" by Dead or Alive, is playing from the boom box in the foyer.

*I set my sights on you (and no one else will do)
And I, I've got to have my way now, baby
All I know is that to me
You look like you're having fun
Open up your lovin' arms
Watch out here I come*

*You spin me right round, baby
Right round like a record, baby
Right round round round
You spin me right round, baby
Right round like a record, baby
Right round round round*

MARITA

DAMMIT, MARIA! (exclaims) I wanted her to turn off the radio because I only want Christmas music playing this year.
None of this silly pop music.

Marita reaches down to the boom box in the foyer and turns it off.

MARITA

Tonight is Christmas Eve, and we
will be holly and jolly. I hate Wham!
I hate Madonna! I hate Bryan Adams!
I hate Phil Collins! I hate Prince! I
hate Whitney Houston! I hate Foreigner!
I hate Tears for Fears! I'll have none of
their "music" at my Soirée de Noël!

Scully nods her head, knowing that won't last very long once the party starts.

MARITA

(getting back to her rules)
No teachers allowed. Not even
Mr. Skinner. Sure he makes me
weak in the knees, and he makes
bald men sexy, but he's a teacher,
and he's not allowed. UNLESS
he's here to sleep with me.

SCULLY

He really is sexy, isn't he? Has the
softest brown puppy dog eyes.
I signed up for his poetry class
just to stare at him.

Marita gives her a sharp "I was talking!" look, and continues. Scully raises her hands as if to say "sorry for offending you, Ms. Queen Bee!"

MARITA

No one is allowed to use the hot tub
outside. I don't want a repeat of what
happened at my Halloween Spooktacular
where that Aqua Girl slut tramp fucked
several boys in it. Gag me with a fork gross!

Marita sticks her index finger in her mouth to suggest it's so gross she could puke.

MARITA

I had to buy a brand new hot tub
with my own allowance because
there were so many sex cooties in
the one that got violated. And I had
to do it behind daddy's back because
he doesn't know that I throw these
soirées when he's out of town.

Now Scully is wondering how much money Marita gets every week for her allowance... what a spoiled little brat.

MARITA

I'm going to assign Mulder to collecting money for couples who want to have sex in any of my thirteen guest rooms. I'm charging thirty dollars per couple, and handing out free condoms. (beat) No one, I repeat, no one gets to use my bedroom, or my daddy's bedroom, for screwing around!

SCULLY

(fearing the answer)
What's my job?

MARITA

I'm glad you asked! (beat)
Clean up and rules enforcement.

Scully rolls her eyes. She always gets assigned to keep the place clean throughout the duration of the party. Last Halloween, at Marita's Halloween Spooktacular, she wound up cleaning up after Mulder and Krycek when they got sick off candy, and vomited in several locations throughout the mansion. Drunks spilled beer, and wine on the floors, and chocolate was stepped on and smudged deep into Daddy C's favorite white rug.

Scully also thinks that Marita assigns her as the "maid" of the Soirée de Noël, and other Spooktacular gatherings, because Marita likes feeling like one of Cinderella's evil step-sisters. Though... Marita doesn't seem to realize or remember that it wasn't one of the evil step-sisters who won the heart of the prince, and became the princess. It was Cinderella. Ha! She's Cinderella in this story, not Marita! Ha!

Marita is looking at Scully thoughtfully.

SCULLY

What?

MARITA

I'm wondering if I should take back the rubies I'm letting you borrow. They make you look too pretty.

Scully sighs.

SCULLY

Marita, you have nothing to worry about. I'll be cleaning up all night, and making sure your rules are obeyed. I'll look like roadkill before all the hot guys show up.

MARITA

Should I ban boys with mullets?

Scully can't help but laugh. The mullet has really become popular among boys at Lincoln High School this year. Personally, she hates the mullet. She prefers a sharp, military cut on a man.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORESTED AREA - EVENING
NEAR LAKE PLACID NEW YORK
TUESDAY - 24 DECEMBER 1985
5:17 P.M.

Mulder and Krycek are bundled up, tramping through the ever-piling snow. They are out in the cold, cold snow storm, searching for the perfect pine tree to cut down and bring to Marita's party tonight. Yesterday she said there wasn't going to be a Christmas tree at her party because they're too messy. But Mulder believes you can't have a Christmas party without the traditional centerpiece.

MULDER

(singing)

You know Dasher and Dancer
and Prancer and Vixen...

KRYCEK

(singing)

Comet and Cupid, and
Donner and Blitzen...

MULDER/KRYCEK

(singing together)

But do you recall? The most
famous reindeer of all? (beat)
Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer
had a very shiny nose!

KRYCEK

(singing)

And if you ever saw it!

MULDER
(singing)
You would even say it glows!

KRYCEK
(singing)
All of the other reindeer-

MULDER
(singing)
-reindeer-

KRYCEK
(singing)
-Used to laugh and call him names!
They never let poor Rudolph
join in any reindeer games!

They stop singing and walk along in silence.

MULDER
You're sure that Marita wasn't
going to get a tree?

KRYCEK
Affirmative. Before we came
out here, I snuck by her house
and looked in all the windows.

MULDER
Is that what you were doing when
I stole Mr. Skinner's Delorean?

KRYCEK
Yup!

MULDER
Rad.

KRYCEK
Wait a minute... You really stole
Mr. Skinner's Delorean?

MULDER
Sure did!

KRYCEK
How? Why?

MULDER

Mr. Skinner was handing out his special brownies to passerbys, and he left the keys in the ignition. I removed the car key from his keychain and I took off. (beat) Why? Because we learned in "Back To The Future" that we need a Delorean if we're ever going to create a time machine.

KRYCEK

Duh!

Yes, Mulder and Krycek are still saving up money to invent a time machine. For sure if Bill Scully Jr. knew that the money his little sister, Dana, stole back in 1977 was going towards some silly dream of turning a car into a time machine, he'd be more adamant about wanting to get his money back. Of course, he never found out where his money went. Back then his little sister was quite a good little liar.

The boys keep walking through the deep snow. Pointing at different pine trees, shaking their heads at them. No tree looks perfect enough for Marita's Christmas party.

MULDER

I'm glad we're doing this for Marita. If she didn't have a tree where would Santa put all the presents he brings her and Maria?

KRYCEK

Santa doesn't visit Marita's family, Mulder. Daddy C gives her his credit card, and she gets to go shopping to buy whatever she wants, no matter the cost.

MULDER

Good thing you're not competing with her father for her affection.

KRYCEK

Money means a lot to Marita, and one day I'll find a way to have an endless credit card to wave in her face. Maybe then she'd fall madly in love with me.

Mulder looks perplexed.

MULDER

You two dated earlier this year.
You went to Homecoming
with each other.

KRYCEK

She denies it now, says we never
have been, and never will date.
I'm not sure what I did wrong.

MULDER

You probably had a clear
complexion while she had a zit.

KRYCEK

Probably.

They walk in silence again.

MULDER

So tomorrow we can figure out
where to hide Mr. Skinner's Delorean.

KRYCEK

I hope he doesn't get mad
that we stole it.

MULDER

Me too. I hope he doesn't
even realize it was stolen.
He seemed to be high
when he was handing out
those brownies. (beat)
But finally we have the
right car to travel through time!

KRYCEK

Actually, we'll need a flux capacitor.

MULDER

We'll figure out that part later.
It's important to have the Delorean.

KRYCEK

I have some more money to add
to our Time Machine Fund Jar.

MULDER

Me too.

They walk in silence again. Their feet crunching in the snow.

KRYCEK
Say, Mulder?

MULDER
Say, what?

KRYCEK
Why do you still pretend
to believe in Santa Claus?

Mulder stops in his tracks. That's a loaded question if there ever was one.

MULDER
Can I tell you a secret?

Krycek nods his head enthusiastically, yes!

MULDER
Don't you remember? (beat) I still
"believe" in Santa because of what
happened to Samantha. He's like a
security blanket for me. (beat) Samantha
was abducted just before the holiday
season four years ago. My parents'
divorce was finalized ten days before
Christmas. (beat) Santa Claus was the
only thing in my life during that time that
reminded me of better times. Santa was
safe, took me back to the time when
Samantha was still there. Sure, he didn't
bring Samantha back like I asked him
to do at the mall, but believing in
his existence made me feel better.

KRYCEK
Security blanket?

MULDER
Blankie. (beat) If I didn't
"believe" in Santa, I don't think
I'd be able to get out of my bed each
morning during the holiday season.

Krycek is touched, and wipes a tear from his eyes, and GLOMP, he bear hugs Mulder.

KRYCEK

Then I will "believe" in Santa Claus too!
Forever and ever and forever!

MULDER

Thanks, little buddy. You're
my bestest-estest friend!

KRYCEK

And maybe if we are really convincing
one day we can make our friends dress
up like Santa and say "ho! ho!"

Mulder snort giggles! That would be perfect!

MULDER

For that to happen though, we'll
have to throw a really good
hissy fit about Santa being real.

KRYCEK

Can you just imagine seeing mommy,
I mean Scully, dressed up in a big, red,
fat Santa suit! With a beard!

The two teenage boys throw themselves onto the snowy ground, in a
giggle fit. They don't notice at the moment, but we do, an elderly
woman. A woman we recognize as Grandmama Reyes, joins them, laughing
and rolling in the snow with them.

MULDER

My spleen!

KRYCEK

My pancreas hurts
from laughing so much!

GRANDMAMA REYES

I know! This is so funny!

The three of them laugh for a beat longer, until Mulder and Krycek
realize they are no longer alone. They quickly stand up, and in the
fashion of their heroes Shaggy and Scooby, Krycek jumps up into
Mulder's arms!

MULDER/KRYCEK

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Grandmama Reyes gets up off the ground, dusting the snow off of her
clothing.

GRANDMAMA REYES
Silly boys! I'm nothing
to be afraid of.

KRYCEK
Don't listen to her, Mulder!
She's a witch!

GRANDMAMA REYES
In a past life I was burned
at the stake in Salem.
They thought I was a
witch then. But I assure
you, in this life, I am
not. But... I do know
things, and see things...

Oooooh... her mystical tone of voice has enchanted Mulder and Krycek.

MULDER
Who are you...?

GRANDMAMA REYES
My name makes no difference.
I am a friend, and I assure you
I only want to help.

KRYCEK
Help what?

GRANDMAMA REYES
Oh, I don't know... finding the
perfect Christmas tree... finding
true love... helping your friend in need...

MULDER
You mean Scully? You can help
Scully? She's got a big meanie
beanie meanie as a boyfriend.

GRANDMAMA REYES
Maybe. Yes. That Scott Williams
thing is terrible to her. (beat) But
what if I gave you something that
will help you so long as you
never ever lose it?

The boys stare at Grandmama Reyes in awe.

GRANDMAMA REYES

It can help you find your
sister... Samantha, one day.
Help you discover the truth
about aliens, create a...
flux capacitor perhaps...

Grandmama Reyes raises her eyebrows, she's got their attention now!

GRANDMAMA REYES

Maybe even help you discover the
truth about your beloved Star Wars.
Or the (she giggles) truth about
things like Tithonus or The Gift...

Mulder and Krycek's faces wrinkle up in confusion. What is this crazy lady talking about? But then... Staaaar Waaaars... is there a truth about Staaaar Waaaars that is more than the movies are just movies? Is George Lucas going to make even more Staaaar Waaaars movies?!

GRANDMAMA REYES

Even make your wishes come true...

MULDER

Is it a genie?

KRYCEK

Genies aren't real.

MULDER

Yes, they are.

KRYCEK

No, they're not.

MULDER

I dream of Jeannie-

KRYCEK

- Is a TV show.

Mulder seems a little disappointed. He really wishes that genies were real. He'd make the best three wishes ever in the whole wide world. One: he'd want his sister back. Two: Star Wars is real, and three: for Scully to be happy, and safe, forever and ever for millions or gagillions of years! And if the genie became his friend, maybe she or he would grant him a fourth wish, and he would wish for world peace!

Grandmama Reyes takes a step toward him, holding her hand out to him in a closed fist. She's holding something. She takes hold of Mulder's hand, opens his palm, and places a white rabbit's foot securely in his grasp. She closes his fingers over it.

GRANDMAMA REYES

This is a real life
Lucky Rabbit's Foot, Fox.
It carries with it power
to keep you safe, and-

MULDER

-Can it grant wishes?

GRANDMAMA REYES

Yes, it can. But you
must understand that
with this power comes
great responsibility.

Mulder nods his head, he understands.

GRANDMAMA REYES

When I was fifteen, I was given
this Lucky Rabbit's Foot, and I
foolishly demanded of it the
ability to see the future. That is how
I know that tonight is the night
you need to receive it as a gift.

MULDER

Merry Christmas, to me! (beat)
Wait... is something bad, or good,
or just ok going to happen to me,
or one of my friends?

GRANDMAMA REYES

No one can know too much about
their own future. Even I distract
myself with elaborate tales of my
life. Knowing the future has
allowed me to be quick to make
things up on the spot. I can
control my stories, but I cannot
control my future.

Krycek has started to pout. Why didn't this old lady choose him to give the Lucky Rabbit's Foot to? He has real issues that he could use a little luck with, like getting Marita Lynn Covarrubias to fall madly in love with him. Or wish that he could grow facial hair or chest hair, or to be the richest man in all the land so he can win Marita's heart. Or a little help in the Russian Love Gun department downstairs, if you know what I mean. He wiggles his eyebrows to himself.

GRANDMAMA REYES

But for wishes to come true, you
must not be selfish.

Grandmama Reyes looks at Krycek, as if she knows exactly the thoughts running through his head. He didn't hear her, he's too caught up in thinking of wishes he would make to help himself if he had the chance: marry Marita, have dozens of children with Marita, win an Olympic gold medal in figure skating with Marita, for once have Marita serenade him underneath his window, to be as tall as his triplet brothers, to have the adorableness of Fox Mulder, to be Luke Skywalker, to marry Princess Leia, to convince Marita to wear the metal bikini Princess Leia slave outfit from "Return of the Jedi," to be the most famous person in the whole world, to have all the media attention focused on his famous life, to be a famous movie director, and to be a famous rap singer...

Meanwhile...

MULDER

I don't know if I should-

GRANDMAMA REYES

-But you must! It tells its owner
when and to whom to give it to.
It is yours now, and so long as
you have it on your person, you
will receive good luck, and the
granting of unselfish wishes.

Mulder looks down at the small rabbit's foot in his hand, it doesn't seem out of the ordinary. Oh how he felt like Frodo from J.R.R. Tolkien's "Lord the Rings". This bunny foot held power... was he strong enough to handle it on his own?

GRANDMAMA REYES

But beware! If you lose it before
your time with it is through, you
will be cursed with bad luck.
And not just any bad luck, but
bad luck ten times fold!

Now Mulder is terrified! HIS EYES BUG! He's always losing things!
And with that, Grandmama Reyes turns and runs away from the boys.

KRYCEK
(jealous)
Lucky rabbit's foot!
Pfft! What a moron-

MULDER
(in awe)
-She's so... mystical-

KRYCEK
-Moron.

MULDER
Mystical-

KRYCEK
Moron.

MULDER
Mystical,

KRYCEK
Moron!

They continue to bicker about whether or not Grandmama Reyes is a mystical person, or a moron. It then changes to:

KRYCEK
I wanna be Frodo!

MULDER
But I'm Frodo. I was
given the bunny foot.

KRYCEK
But Frodo had a friend!
And I wanna be the friend,
and I wanna take the ring-
I mean the bunny foot.

MULDER
You can't handle the
bunny foot, you'll
end up like Gollum.

They stop walking, and turn to face each other, and Krycek says:

KRYCEK

Ew. I'm not Gollum.

MULDER

You'll look like Gollum.
The bunny foot will turn
you into Gollum, like the
ring did.

KRYCEK

But I want the precious!

Mulder whacks him on the head.

MULDER

Marita would think
Gollum is ugly. And
she would not find
this precious.

Krycek lets this sink in, and submits to defeat. Mulder can have the bunny foot.

The fresh snow crunching beneath their feet. Mulder looks at the Lucky Rabbit's Foot in his hand.

MULDER

Do you think this really works?

KRYCEK

Dunno.

Mulder stops walking, and looks around.

MULDER

I'm going to stick my head
in the snow like an ostrich
for ten minutes. If I'm ok, and
if I'm not dead, or if I don't
get frost bite, then we'll know
if it works or not!

With that, Mulder gets on his knees in the snow, the Lucky Rabbit's Foot in hand, and starts pushing his head into the deep snow until it's completely submerged. Krycek gives us a look that says that he, like us, think this is the stupidest thing to do.

KRYCEK

If I wait ten minutes, how do
I know you're not dead?

Mulder mumbles something that Krycek can't understand from underneath the snow. Krycek looks at you again, then looks back at Mulder. Krycek sits down in the snow, wondering how Mulder is keeping track of time since neither one of them is wearing a watch.

CUT TO:

INT. COVARRUBIAS MANSION - EVENING
LAKE PLACID, NY
5:56 P.M.

Four minutes now until the official start of this year's 1985 Covarrubias Christmas Party!!!! Oh yeah, sorry, Marita's Soirée de Noël. Bing Crosby's rendition of "White Christmas" is playing over the speakers in the Covarrubias Mansion ballroom.

*I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know
Where the treetops glisten and children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow*

*I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
With every Christmas card I write
May your days be merry and bright
And may all your Christmases be white*

Marita hurries herself to the front door and peers out the window at all the people who have showed up on Christmas Eve to celebrate with her. Scully joins her, her arms crossed.

SCULLY

Are you charging a cover for entry?
You know... to cover any potential
damages, or stains to your dad's rug?

Behind them we see Maria (still in her high school's sweats, and sneakers), and Scully's jerkhole boyfriend, Scott Williams. They are moving couches, chairs, and love seats into the ballroom.

MARITA

No. No cover charge. The Halloween Spooktacular was a disaster so I don't think this Soirée will be. Plus I didn't invite wild animals posing as human beings. Everyone was told to dress formally, and to behave like proper members of my daddy's golf club.
(beat) This will be my most sophisticated party ever, Dana!

Scully raises an eyebrow, and looks back out the window at all the teenagers, returning college students, and people she doesn't even recognize. None of them are dressed up formally. They are all tramping around in the front yard in jeans, T-shirts, sweatshirts, and winter coats.

Scully watches as Mr. Skinner's Delorean pulls up onto the yard, a large pine tree is strapped to the top! Did Mr. Skinner bring over a Christmas tree?!

SCULLY

So much for no teachers.

As if her blood had been boiling over for some time now, Marita angrily screams:

MARITA

WHY DID MR. SKINNER BRING
A DIRTY OLD CHRISTMAS TREE?!?!?!?

Marita stomps her foot hard on the marble floor. Maria and Scott Williams join them at the front door.

SCOTT

What the hell is wrong now?

He sneers at Marita. He can't stand her, or any of Scully's friends. Marita turns to face him, and even though Scott Williams is double Marita's size, he takes a step back away from her. There's a wrath in her eyes that is frightening. Scott moves to Scully's side, and puts his arm around her as if he owns her. This makes Scully uncomfortable.

Marita sees her twin sister, still not dressed up formally.

MARITA

MARIA, YOU ARE NOT WEARING
SWEATS TO MY PARTY! IF YOU
CAN'T CHANGE INTO A PRETTY
GOWN, YOU CAN'T STAY DOWNSTAIRS!
(beat) GO GET CHANGED!

MARIA

Bitch.

Maria heads up the stairs to her bedroom, no one expects to see her for the rest of the night.

SCULLY

Oh my god!

MARITA

What now?

SCULLY

Mulder and Krycek were in
Mr. Skinner's car! They're
carrying the tree toward the house!

Actually, Mulder seems to have discovered some lucky strength, he's carrying the large pine tree on his own on his back. Krycek is trying to get the sap off of his hands by wiping them on his jeans.

MARITA

Rule number one!

Marita turns to Scully and points a finger at her.

MARITA

Do NOT let Alex Krycek in!

She storms away and disappears into the ballroom.

MARITA

Open the door and let them in!
Do NOT let them keep their shoes on!

Scully and Scott share a look. There are more than one-hundred people outside. There's no way they can enforce much of anything once the doors are opened and people pour inside the mansion. Scully unlocks the door just as "Jingle Bells" starts playing loudly from the ballroom.

Before Scully can say a word to welcome anyone to the party, they swarm inside, hooting and howling, ready for a good time.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN DOGGETT'S TRUCK - EVENING
LAKE PLACID, NY
6:12 P.M.

John Doggett has been on the road for almost four hours now, not bad considering the weather. He's only minutes away from his old high school stomping grounds, Northwood Academy. He graduated from Northwood last May, along with Knowle Rohrer, and Shannon McMahon. His friends Monica Reyes, and his former roommate, Brad Follmer, just started their Senior year, and he's meeting up with them at the boys dormitory before going over to the Christmas party.

Driving through Lake Placid takes him back to simpler times. Simpler times before his eighteenth birthday when he and Barbara hooked up, and then got knocked up. My god, was that really only nine months ago? It feels like a lifetime ago. And The Boss, Bruce Springsteen, isn't helping push aside the strong feelings of nostalgia he's feeling as he drives towards his former high school, Northwood Academy.

*Now Main Street's whitewashed windows and vacant stores
Seems like there ain't nobody wants to come down here no more
They're closing down the textile mill across the railroad
tracks
Foreman says these jobs are going boys and they ain't coming
back
To your hometown
Your hometown
Your hometown
Your hometown*

*Last night me and Kate we laid in bed
Talking about getting out
Packing up our bags maybe heading south
I'm thirty five we got a boy of our own now
Last night I sat him up behind the wheel and said son take a
good look around
This is your hometown*

He wishes he were back in high school. He was the quarterback on his school's varsity football team, first baseman for varsity baseball. He spent mornings in the school's weight room, he ate lunch in the cafeteria with his friends, and dinner there in the evening (except on weekends when they were allowed to get permission to go off campus to eat at local restaurants like Benvenutos, or McDonalds). He spent evening study hall either in his dorm room, or in the school's library (often goofing off with friends instead of studying), and he misses the nights spent pestering his roommate, Brad. Those were good times.

Doggett really misses living in the dorm with all the guys. Sure, they were immature morons who turned furniture upside down or on its side to block the dorm's entryway from freshmen girls, and faculty. But at least they didn't have to live with girls!

Sure, girlfriends were snuck into their dorm rooms often. Doggett even had a girlfriend who snuck in through his second floor window to spend the night with him (he smiles at the memory of his Sophomore year "steady" girlfriend, Amber). He laughs out loud at the memory of having to tie Brad Follmer's hands behind his back, tying his feet together, and taping his mouth shut to prevent him from tattle-taling on him (and other guys) for having girls in their rooms at night.

Man! Those really were good times!

Doggett pulls his truck into the large circular front drive of Northwood Academy, and thinks to himself that one day he and Barbara will enroll their son at the same boarding school they attended.

He sees Monica Reyes sitting on the concrete (and snow-covered) stairs of the boys dormitory, Northwood Hall. He puts his truck into park. He looks down at the wedding ring on his finger. He hesitates, and makes the decision to remove it, placing it in the glove compartment. He gets out of the truck and walks toward Monica, who hasn't noticed he's arrived.

DOGGETT
Monica Reyes...

Monica lifts her head upon hearing his voice, and stands up, running to him. She practically jumps into his arms, and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

MONICA
John! I can't believe you made it!

She looks behind him at the truck.

MONICA
Where's Barbara?

DOGGETT
She didn't want to come.

MONICA
Oh. That's too bad.
(beat) I'm sorry.

DOGGETT
Don't be sorry. Feel lucky.
She's been in awful moods lately.

He wants to tell her how Barbara cheated on him, and how Barbara encouraged him to be with other women, but he can't, not even to Monica, one of his best friends. Because if he told Monica, or anyone else, that his marriage is over (even without legally being over), he will be seen as a failure. And there's one thing John Doggett prides himself on, not being a failure.

MONICA
Pregnancy mood swings?

DOGGETT

Sure. (beat) So... where
are Knowle, Shan', and Brad?

MONICA

Well, Shan' made Brad head over
to the party with her, and Knowle's
inside shooting pool with some
freshmen. He's trying to dupe
them out of money.

Doggett rolls his eyes.

DOGGETT

And you're outside
in the cold because...?

MONICA

I wanted to be the
first to greet you.

DOGGETT

You said you weren't
sure that I was coming.

Oops, caught in a kinda sorta lie! The truth is that Monica still has a crush on Doggett. Even though they dated for a short time in the summer of 1984, and had a really awkward "first time" experience with each other, she still finds him cute. Sure, she's dating Brad Follmer now, but that doesn't mean she can't appreciate how good looking Doggett (or even Knowle for that matter) is, right?

Doggett removes his winter coat, and places it on Monica. She smiles at him.

MONICA

(dreamy)
Thanks...

DOGGETT

You still crush on me, don't you?

He lightly punches her on the shoulder, she blushes.

MONICA

You may be cute, but you're
like a brother to me.

DOGGETT

For what it's worth, you're
adorable too. (beat) The
sister I never had.

He puts his arm around her shoulders, and leads her up the stairs, and into the boys dorm to get Knowle. They hear him before they see him. He's demonstrating why he is nicknamed The Roar.

KNOWLE

(off screen)

RRRRROOOOOOAAAAARRRRRRRRRR!!!

We WHIRL AROUND the room and close focus on Knowle Rohrer, he's soaking wet, and he is now in the Covarrubias ballroom's indoor swimming pool!

Brenda Lee's "Rockin' Around The Christmas Tree" plays over the loud speakers, ok so far, so good with Marita's Christmas music only rule!

Knowle holds up a red plastic cup, and gulps the whole drink down in one gulp!

KNOWLE

I'M THE FASTEST BEER
DRINKER ON THE EAST COAST!

The other party-goers around him cheer him on!

CROWD

(chanting)

The Roar!

The Roar!

The Roar!

We pull back to reveal that the party has grown from about one-hundred people to oh... maybe about three-hundred to four-hundred party-goers in total. Monica and Doggett are standing at the edge of the pool, with Brad. They're watching Knowle acting like a complete idiot.

Brad is the only one of their group who bothered to dress up semi-formally, he's not in a tuxedo as Marita requested on her invitations, but he's in slacks, a dress shirt, a tie, and a nice jacket.

BRAD

He didn't leave the dorm
with swimming trunks, did he?

MONICA

(eyes wide)

You mean he's naked?!

Even though it's extremely loud in the ballroom, the word "naked" hit Knowle's ears, and he looks in Monica's direction, he sees his friends, and smirks. He wades over to them, and gets out of the pool... completely naked, and in front of Monica. Soaking wet, and naked, Knowle gives Monica a big hug. She giggles and pretends to want to squirm away from him.

KNOWLE

They're charging \$30 for
a room, wanna go upstairs?
(beat) I needs to get laid!

Brad coughs loudly, very loudly. Knowle is hitting on his girlfriend.

KNOWLE

Oh, hey, Brad... I didn't
see you standing there.

Yes, he did.

Knowle still doesn't let go of Monica, you know, just to piss off Brad.

Feeling ignored among this little love triangle, Doggett walks away to see if he can find anyone else to mingle with. Maybe he'll even talk with a girl. It's obvious that Knowle and Brad are going to be fighting over Monica all night.

Doggett looks out one of the windows into the back yard, he sees Shannon McMahon, naked, in the hot tub outside, and... Shannon is occupied with a few male "friends" (he's positive she doesn't even know who they are). Though Knowle and Shannon are boyfriend and girlfriend, they maintain an open relationship. She can sleep around with other guys, and he can with other girls. They make it work, so maybe he should consider hooking up with someone tonight, it's not like Barbara would care. Hell, she told him to.

He looks around the ballroom, wondering why he even bothered to come here in the first place. Then suddenly, one of the most beautiful girls he's ever laid eyes on passes him... Marita Covarrubias. He takes a longer second look at her, damn! She's beautiful!

Mr. Poetry Teacher, Walter Skinner himself, has taken over DJing for the party, and he's kickin' things off with a little Michael Jackson, "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough!"

*Lovely is the feeling now
Fever temperatures rising now
Power ah power
is the force the vow
That makes it happen
It asks no questions why ooh*

*So get closer closer now
to my body now
Just love me
till you don't know how ooh
Keep on
with the force don't stop
Don't stop till you get enough*

Skinner is wearing brown bell bottom pants, and a silk white dress shirt that is unbuttoned, showing off his manly chest hair. He looks about ready to hit the dance floor John Travolta-style! DISCO FEVER!

Doggett makes his way toward Marita, if Barbara is giving him permission to hook up with other women, this gorgeous, sexy, blond is just what the doctor ordered! Apparently, he does have it in him to step out on his wife, with permission of course.

But wait! Holy freakin' cow!

For real?!?!

MARITA
(screaming at the top of her lungs)
WHAT-THE-HELL-IS-THIS-MUSIC?!?!

There's a short beat, and then Marita closes her eyes, and opens her mouth as wide as she can to scream, one of the loudest shrieking screams you'll ever hear in your entire life!

Umm... on second thought... he can do better than the party's designated screeching banshee! He's about to turn around to get away from the blond, before she sees him and drags him into her drama (bad feeling says she's the type to do that). Then Doggett feels someone bump into his backside, he turns around and sees an even prettier red-head in a pretty white dress, it's Scully.

SCULLY
(to Doggett, bad mood)
Sorry.

She barely even glances at him.

DOGGETT
(love at first sight)
Don't worry about it.

He watches her hurry to Marita's side. The red-head is barefoot, and her beautiful white dress has red and green stains on it. Her hair is falling out of its chignon. Doggett can't keep his eyes off of her, now SHE is the most beautiful girl he's ever laid eyes on! SHE is just what the doctor ordered!

Doggett runs his hand through his hair as he watches Scully say something to Marita. Marita storms off toward the foyer. For a beat, Scully stands alone, looking as if the weight of the world rests on her shoulders.

SUDDENLY! "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough" comes to a screeching halt, and "Disco Inferno" by The Trammps blares over the loud speakers, and everyone starts cheering as Mr. Skinner hits the dance floor to show off his disco dance moves!

JOHN TRAVOLTA WHO?! Skinner is a natural on the dance floor! Burn it up, baby!

Doggett glances over at Skinner, surprised that teenagers are still listening to disco, and thinks to himself "this disco dancing bald guy looks much too old to be a kid," but also, "damn, I wish I could dance like that, the girls would love it!" (Mr. Skinner is surrounded by plenty of girls).

Poor Doggett, the only dancing he's good at is the slow kind, with a woman in his arms. But this guy, Skinner, holy shit! He's burning up the dance floor!

*Burn baby burn! Disco inferno!
Burn baby burn! Burn that mama down
Burn baby burn! Disco inferno!
Burn baby burn! Burn that mama down
Burnin'!
Satisfaction (uhu hu hu) came in the chain reaction
(Burnin') I couldn't get enough, (till I had to self-destroy)
so I had to
self destruct, (uhu hu hu)
The heat was on (burnin'), rising to the top, huh!
Everybody's goin' strong (uhu hu hu)
And that is when my spark got hot
I heard somebody say
Burn baby burn! Disco inferno!*

Doggett looks back to where Scully was, but she's gone. Quickly, he looks around the room, but doesn't see her. Such is his luck, he sees a girl he'd like to talk to, he loses sight of her, and will probably never see her again now that, well holy crap! The party must have reached a thousand people!

Doggett dodges wannabe disco dancers, and heads to the refreshment table. He taste-tests the fruit punch to see if it's been spiked. It hasn't. He's surprised, with Knowle here, he thought for sure the punch bowl would have been compromised! Unless of course this is a fresh batch. He takes a candy-cane-shaped cookie off a plate and eats it. If he can't relax and have fun at this party, he might as well practice being a father-type and chaperone the refreshment table.

Fox Mulder slides up next to Doggett. He glances at Doggett, and has to cover his mouth not to squeal "SANTA'S ELF!" at him when he notices his prominent, pointy ears.

DOGGETT
(stern)
No spiking the punch.

MULDER
I don't need alcohol to have fun, sir.

DOGGETT
Don't "sir" me, we're the same age.

MULDER
Really? I'm sixteen. How old are you?

Mulder is glad this guy isn't a chaperone. Chaperones always ruin parties, that's why Marita always throws parties when her daddy is out of town.

DOGGETT
Eighteen.

MULDER
I'm Mulder.

DOGGETT
John.

They shake hands.

Mulder grabs a large sugar cookie and shoves the whole damn thing into his mouth, and bobs his head to the music as he struggles to chew on it.

MULDER
Did you catch the newest
episode of The Golden Girls?

Cookie crumbs fly out of Mulder's mouth as he speaks.

Doggett looks at him, wrinkling his brow. The Golden Girls?

DOGGETT

No.

MULDER

Dorothy found out her
boyfriend is married.

DOGGETT

Mmmhm.

Doggett has zero interest in talking about "The Golden Girls" TV show.
He doesn't watch it.

MULDER

What kind of man would have
a girlfriend *and* a wife?

DOGGETT

I'm married, and I wish I weren't
so I could find the right girl.

MULDER

That's sad.

DOGGETT

(needing to vent)

I found out my wife cheated
on me too, and she wants me
to fool around with other women.

MULDER

Wow-

DOGGETT

- Not "wow," that's messed up.
She's nearly nine months pregnant
with my son too. (beat) I have no
idea what to do. I only know that
I want my son to be raised by his
mom and dad, *together*.

MULDER

My parents are divorced now.
It happened a few years ago.
I was twelve, my sister, Samantha,
had just been abducted by aliens-

Doggett raises an eyebrow in doubt. There's no such thing as aliens.

MULDER

- I have a friend who can do that.

DOGGETT

What?

MULDER

Raise one eyebrow. When I try
it I only end up rolling my
eyes around. (beat) See.

Mulder attempts to "raise one eyebrow," he wiggles his eyebrows, and rolls his eyes around, and for some reason his tongue sticks out. Doggett laughs.

MULDER

I'm told that it's endearing. (beat)
So... you seem like an intelligent
guy, can I ask you something?

DOGGETT

Sure.

MULDER

If you could wish for anything
and have it come true, what
would you wish for?

Doggett takes a drink of the fruit punch, and thinks on the question for a moment.

MULDER

Like if you rubbed a lamp,
and a genie came out of it...

DOGGETT

I'd wish for a lifetime of
happiness, spent with the
people I love. And I'd wish
to spend eternity with the
love of my life. (beat) You?

MULDER

I have to be careful what I wish for. I came into something that might actually grant wishes.
(beat) I would love to have a fully functional time machine so I could go back and pet a dinosaur, or go into the future to see if Star Wars is real. (beat) But I'd also want to have a wish to help my best girlfriend. Her boyfriend is a double moronic idiot jerk!
She deserves better.

DOGGETT

Do you like her?

Mulder's face goes a very deep, deep, deep shade of red... it's almost purple. In fact, it is purple. He shuffles his foot on the ground in front of him.

MULDER

Yes.

DOGGETT

Tell her how you feel about her, and how you don't like seeing her get hurt.

MULDER

If I did that, Scott Williams would kill me!

DOGGETT

Scott Williams?

Doggett has heard of this douche bag! He had a bad reputation in the football field of purposely trying to injure players from his school's rival team during games! Scott Williams was responsible for the time Knowle broke his arm in a hard tackle last year!

DOGGETT

Do you need help
getting your friend
away from him?
(beat) Because if you
do, I'll help, and I can
get one of my buddies
to help out too. No
girl should be with
a guy like that.

Mulder wants desperately to change the subject. He's terrified of Scott Williams. The punk often gives him and Krycek swirlies in the girls bathroom toilets, and shoves them into their lockers and shuts (and locks) them in!

MULDER

So... what will you
name your son?

Mulder quickly changes the subject, just as Scott Williams walks past them. Whew! That was a close one! Doggett doesn't notice Scott, and is a bit baffled by Mulder's quick switch of subject.

DOGGETT

Luke.

MULDER

Star Wars! Like Luke
Skywalker from Star Wars?

Mulder is in awe. How totally cool it would be to be named after Luke Skywalker!

MULDER

If you have fraternal twins
you can name them Luke and Leia.

DOGGETT

(laughs)

Star Wars is a pretty
good movie, but-

MULDER

- Princess Leia in the
metal bikini, right?!

DOGGETT

Absolutely.

Mulder shuffles his feet on the ground in front of him again. Is he gonna go purple again?!

MULDER

Anyway... I need to go find
something crazy to do. I have
to test out some... errrrmm...
luck that I've run into...
Ok! Bye-bye!

Doggett watches Mulder run off, and right out the front door he goes!

Outside, in the front yard, Mulder runs right past Alex Krycek who is standing next to the large pine tree he and Mulder found in the forest earlier this evening. Since he has been refused entry into the Covarrubias Mansion, Krycek has set up, and decorated this Christmas tree outside in the front yard. It has twinkling colored lights, ornaments that he found in the back of Mr. Skinner's Delorean, and a golden star on top.

Krycek, very sad that he's been banned from the party, looks up to the third floor bedroom window of Marita Covarrubias. He tosses a snowball at the window.

KRYCEK

Marita!

Inside the mansion, in the foyer, watching him from the window are Marita and Scully.

SCULLY

See... he's out there, freezing
cold, he made that tree so pretty
just for you. (beat) You should let him in.

Marita scoffs at Scully. Ugh! As if!

MARITA

(accusatory)

Why? So you can have him?

SCULLY

What?!

MARITA

Don't think I don't know how
you and him are together! How
you had sex in the tunnel slide
in the fifth grade!

Scully is disgusted and mortified! Why do her friends have to have memories?!!

SCULLY

It wasn't sex! He tried
to put it in my ear!

MARITA

It was kinky sex then!

SCULLY

We were ten-

MARITA

- And you're still a slut!

KRYCEK

(from outside, off screen)
Marita! I LOVE YOU!

Marita slaps Scully hard across the face, and storms upstairs, passing her twin sister, Maria, who is finally coming downstairs to join the party.

Maria is wearing a 1860s era red ballroom gown, complete with hoops, it rests just off her shoulders and shows just enough of her bosom to turn the heads of the men and boys in the room. She passes by Scully and smiles.

MARITA

(upstairs, off screen, to Krycek)
I HATE YOU!

KRYCEK

(outside, off screen)
I LOVE YOU!

Scully looks outside and sees the happiest grin on Krycek's face, and figures that Marita must be at her bedroom window now, enticing him. Without grabbing a winter coat, Scully steps outside and looks up, and sure enough Marita is leaning out her bedroom window (obviously enjoying the attention she's getting from Krycek). But... wait just one minute! Scully walks further out into the front yard, her feet still bare!

Is that Mulder up on top of the mansion's rooftop?!

Scully tugs on Krycek's sleeve and points up! Krycek takes his eyes off of Marita and looks, and sure enough! MULDER IS ON TOP OF THE MANSION!
AND HE'S WEARING SKIS!

No longer getting Krycek's full attention, Marita chucks a crystal flower vase out the window at Krycek, it hits him on the head, but he doesn't even blink.

SCULLY

(re: Mulder)

Last time he did this, he
wound up in the hospital
for a month in a coma!

KRYCEK

Mulder! What the hell, man?!
What's your damage?!

SCULLY

MULDER! NO!

Mulder looks down at his buddies. His tongue just barely is sticking out of his mouth, he bites his lips down on it, he's determined to see if this lucky rabbit's foot thing really will give him luck. Last time he did this he wound up in a hospital for a month in a coma, a concussion, a broken arm, a broken leg, and a sprained ankle!

He looks at the rabbit's foot in his hand, and places it gently into his jeans pocket. Here goes nothing!

And with a strong push off, Mulder is speeding down the slope of the Covarrubias Mansion roof, heading straight towards the tall tree in the front yard! He closes his eyes, and braces himself for impact!

Will Mulder realize the power of his lucky rabbit's foot? Or will he end up in the hospital again this Christmas Eve night?

Tune in next week to find out the answer, and see what else is about to take place on Christmas Eve 1985!

TO BE CONTINUED...