

FOX & RAT

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

Story No. FRVS213

Episode #11x10

"#YouKnowIt"

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Summary: The events leading to election night 2020. Find out who becomes FRVS's next POTUS!

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Author's Note: Sometimes the actions of these characters are cartoonish in nature. If you actually think that following their horrible example is a good thing to do, we are not responsible for your lack of common sense. The personalities of the characters within the world of "Fox & Rat" are not those you know from "The X-Files" television series. We have warped them and given them a common past, immature behavior and a sense of humor.

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THE INTERVIEW

"... that's right, Bill, it sure is ugly sweater weather here in the capital today," Patricia Rice laughed, as was obligatory with her job as morning news anchor for Channel 9 News. She turned with a bright smile to face camera B, and gave a small shake of her head to conceal an adjustment to her hair while on air. "But there was nothing ugly about the giant leap Republican Presidential candidate Knowle Rohrer made in Ohio with running mate John Doggett after last night's rally. A spokeswoman from Vansen's camp says... 'the Senator has her work cut out for her.'" Rice chuckled slightly. "Probably not the best thing to say about your candidate." She paused with a smile before moving to the next story. "Coming up, we have a special treat as we are going live, for the very first time, with the world's most mysterious, yet beloved, Heroes of the Planet... Fox Mulder and Alex Krycek," a pause again as she smiled. "Stay tuned, we'll be right back." She held her smile a few beats.

"Annnd... we're out," came the voice of director Peterson.

"Heroes of the Planet?" Patricia looked to the director with a roll of her eyes. "Really? Who has even heard of these guys?" Oh it was going to be one of those mornings, she thought, mumbling how her career was sinking.

"You'll see Pat," Peterson assured her. "They have a following. Something called Super Buddies."

"Yeah, I've heard of it. My ex was part of that cult--"

"Oh! Em! Gee!" cried out the excited voices of Mulder and Krycek as they were brought out to the interview stage.

"I can't believe this," Mulder said. "We're actually gonna be movie stars!"

Krycek rolled his eyes. "Pfft! I AM a star. Duh, dummy. 'Robot 2000', Albino Rat, anyone?"

Mulder shook his head. "Right... because that was soooo famous."

"IT WAS!" Krycek was seated down in a chair next to Mulder. The stagehand helping to attach his microphone to his leather jacket. "Hey baby," Krycek said with 'seduction' as he wiggled his eyebrows.

"I'm not starting a 'it was-it was not' fight, Alex. We're about to go live on TV," Mulder stated matter-of-fact.

"Yeah baby we are! We are gonna be so famous the women will be crawling all over me!" Krycek winked at the stagehand, who rolled her eyes and let out a disgusted 'ugh', before walking away.

Mulder leaned over. "Will you behave. We are not just national heroes, we are WORLD heroes," he really wanted to make a good impression. After all they were besties with Knowle and Doggett and they were running for the most powerful, most prestigious honor in the country. Their job was so important, they didn't need two buffoons like Mulder and Krycek to mess up their chance to get elected into the White House.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Krycek said with a nonchalant wave of his hand. "I know, I know. Mom lectured me beforehand. 'Behave Alex. Marita is watching, Alex. Set a good example for Katie and Will, Alex.'" he looked at Mulder, dubious. "I've heard this song and dance before and I've DONE this song and dance before. I am a full out, totally, utterly and responsible professional," he paused for emphasis. "Trust me."

Mulder's eyes widened. If there is one thing he's learned in all the years he has known Alex Krycek it was not to trust him when he said 'trust me'. He was about to open up his mouth to object and lecture, when he heard Patricia Rice....

"Welcome back," she smiled at camera A and crossed her legs as she sat across from them. Krycek eyed her up and down, and it would be painfully obvious if the camera were at a long shot of the three of them. "As we mentioned before our break, we have a special treat for you as we have the first ever, live interview with Galactic Heroes--" she stopped and squinted at the teleprompter. Yes, it said 'Galactic Heroes'... but weren't they 'Heroes of the Planet' not more than four minutes ago? Her smile returned and she shook her head slightly. "Fox Mulder and Alex Kry--"

Krycek butted into frame, leaning--no, leering, too close to Pat. She backed away with a 'WTF' expression. Then he spoke, "That's right, Sasha baby, Alex Krycek here. Galactic Hero. IN DA HOUSE!" he pointed at the camera with one hand and winked. "Hashtag YouKnowIt. And it was EXTA-ORDIN-ARY, baby," he looked directly at Patricia and gave her a lopsided grin. "You know they call me 'da man' for a reason," he believed this was a come on line.

"Um..." Patricia cleared her voice. "Right," she scooted away to a more comfortable distance.

Krycek leaned back in his chair and fluffed at the collar of his leather jacket. Mulder couldn't help but shake his head and mouth off 'I'm sorry' to the news anchor.

"So we're here, and this is your first interview," Patricia was trying to keep her professionalism, though she really just wanted to scream at the director for putting her on this interview. "Why has it taken you so long to--"

"-Cuz baby, I AM... a man of mystery," Krycek interrupted. Mulder was about to save-face, but was interrupted when Krycek held out his hand, as if magically, Force-usingly, silencing him. "He's mute," he said bluntly, looking straight into the camera. "He's been mute for years, so you know... it was all me."

Patricia looked from Krycek to Mulder and back to Krycek. "Mute?" "Dat's right. Never said a word his whole life," Krycek lied about Mulder.

Mulder sat quietly, his jaw slacked open in shock. What was happening? Was Krycek really hijacking their interview? This was very un-Super Buddy-like of him.

Krycek continued. "So it was me, baby. All. Me. Moi. Меня. Yo. Mich. Wo. Io. Mig. Minulle. Mě. Mou. Ég. Aniga." Some people would think he was speaking gibberish, but no, he was actually speaking languages.

The befuddled news anchor looked at her notes. "Umm..."

"I know what ya gonna say. The reports tell it otherwise," Krycek said with a shake of his head. "I did it for him. You know, because his life is so little. I wanted him to have some of my fame. I'm very giving," he was telling this as if it were true and even placed a hand over his heart. He looked to Mulder and nudged him. "Right?"

Befuddled, Mulder looked at Krycek. Blinkered. Then looked at Patricia and smiled and quietly nodded with a shrug. What was happening?

"So..." Patricia was trying to make sense of the illogic in all of what he was saying. "You... ALONE... went up into the ship and annihilated the alien invaders.... all... by... yourself?" This was crap.

"That's right. All me," Krycek confirmed. "Because... I love this country. I love this planet. I love people and freedom, and baby... that's why I am using your morning show to announce my run at the Presidency."

He sounded so serious, but WTF was happening?

For a moment all Patricia could do was stare blankly. "I'm sorry what?"

"That's right. I'm worldly. I'm part Swedish! I'm more patriotic than the word patriot. I am a natural born leader!" Krycek exclaimed. "Me and my buddy," he whacked Mulder on the chest. "we're running for President and Veep!" he winked at her. "Gonna make that house so funky white it won't know it got bleached! Hashtag... YouKnowIt." He would pose in a pointing gesture to no one in particular and make a 'I'm way to frickin' cool for words' face. He held it for a few beats before looking back, straight into the camera and pucker his lips. He silently mouthed 'You know it', then winked.

"President? President of the United States?" the poor new anchor's face creased with 'WTF' written all over her expression. She looked at Mulder.

Mulder, like everyone else in the studio watching, was just as confuzzled. What was happening? Krycek was making a spectacle of himself! Again he opened his mouth to speak, but ooh....nope, nope, nope.... Krycek had said he was mute, so he hunched his shoulders slightly and smiled with a little nod and a shrug.

"You know it, so own it," Krycek said to confirm they had heard him right. "I am the POTUS. The P-O-T-U-S of all POTUSes. You know it, so own it. Hashtag... You know it," again, he posed as he did before.

The studio fell silent as the nation processed this information. Then the news feed went to commercial.

* * * * *

"Woo! Oh we ROCKED IT!" Krycek leapt for joy as he and Mulder left the studio after their interview.

Mulder still held a perplexed expression.

"Who knew buddy? You and me! Pressie and Veep! We're gonna ROCK this country!"

Mulder nodded, but still didn't fully understand what was happening. I mean, they were there to be interviewed for the first time after they saved the planet from alien invasion, and it turned into... WTF was that? Krycek the President of the United States? Himself the Vice President? How did this happen? This wasn't the plan! Doggett and Knowle were running for office, not them! What would they think? Gee, what party were they running on behalf of? Vansen and McQueen were Democrat. Knowle and Doggett were Republican. Were he and Alex a new third party? Would Alex allow them to be called the Super Buddy Party? He tilted his head in question, that would be really neat!

"Hell no!" Krycek responded, as if somehow... creepily... their minds were connected. "We'll be the... Da Man Party. Dat's right. The first ever party o'da man! Hashtag... TellYourFriends. Hashtag... YouKnowIt." And what was all this 'hashtag' stuff? Mulder worried for his friend's mental health. All these years of being on this thing called The Twitter seems to have melted his brain. Mulder shook his head, things were so much better before the internet was everywhere, and before everyone was poisoned by social media. He wondered again about the time machine he wants to invent, and if he would be able to use it to go back in time to live in the 1990s again.

"And with you being mute!" Krycek whacked Mulder in the chest again. "That's called 'the sympathy vote'. You just keep looking like a lost puppy and we will have this joint in our little fingers before you can spell достопримечательност!" (pronounced: *dastah-pree-mee-chatel'nahst*) Mulder didn't know what that meant and he hoped it wasn't a bad word. Once again he wondered what was happening as he opened the car door and got inside.

THE MONTAGE

* * * WITH MUSICAL OVERLAY * * *
* * "BLURRED LINES" by Robin Thicke * *

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zwT6DZCQi9k>

*Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey
If you can't hear, what I'm tryna say
If you can't read, from the same page
Maybe I'm going deaf
Maybe I'm going blind
Maybe I'm out of mind*

"... in light of the newest development, Democrats and Republicans alike are left shaking their heads..."

"... was seen in Miami today posing with bikini models," newscaster laughs. "and simply said "I'm just da man, hashtag YouKnowIt."

*Ok, now he was close
Tried to domesticate you
But you're an animal
Baby, it's in your nature
Just let me liberate you
You don't need no papers
That man is not your maker
And that's why I'm gon' take a*

"... with Girls Gone Wild..."

*Good girl!
I know you want it
I know you want it
I know you want it*

"...I mean, who does he think he is? He has no political--"
"--Well maybe he's just what this country needs."

Clips of Krycek attending a frat party, chugging beer, participating in a "panty raid," and streaking after being made an honorary fraternity brother.

"... has made quite the impression with younger voters..."

*You're a good girl
Can't let it get past me
You're far from plastic
Talk about getting blasted
I hate these blurred lines*

"... Parliament today, and said they would consider banning the candidate if he were..."

"... angered voters by saying he would end gun violence once and for all..."

"... climate change treaty, and said that 'he wasn't sure what that was'..."

*I know you want it
I know you want it
I know you want it*

"... candidate, John Doggett continues to keep his cool as the polls rise in Krycek's favor. Doggett was quoted, saying 'He has a right to say what he thinks, to campaign on his policies...' Yeah, like he actually has any policies," the newscaster remarks.

*But you're a good girl!
That way you grab me
Must wanna get nasty
Go ahead, get at me*

"... and I wanna be da first POTUS to pose in Playpen magazine, just wait till ya see my Russian love gun!"

"... Rohrer stated 'any man or woman who attains to the highest political office in this great nation should not want to pose in Playpen magazine'..."

Clips of Krycek, clothed and surrounded by women, posing for the October cover of Playpen magazine, a cocky grin on his face.

*What do they make dreams for
When you got them jeans on
What do we need steam for
You the hottest bitch in this place
I feel so lucky,
Hey, hey, hey
You wanna hug me*

*Hey, hey, hey
What rhymes with hug me?
Hey, hey, hey
Hey!*

"... Krycek continues his campaign tour today in Las Vegas, where he reminded prospective voters that he was the owner of a gentleman's club back in the 1980s. He made sure to remark how the wife of his competition's running mate, Dana Doggett, was his headlining girl."

*Ok, now he was close
Tried to domesticate you
But you're an animal
Baby, it's in your nature
Just let me liberate you
You don't need no papers
That man is not your maker
And that's why I'm gon' take a*

Clips of John and Dana Doggett on morning talk shows, late night talk shows, CNN, Fox News, MSNBC, and BBC News trying to explain why Scully used to be a stripper.

"... I don't know about you, Tad, but I think John Doggett would be a better candidate for President, and Fox Mulder as his veep!"

"... candidate Rohrer seems to be losing his edge, this little guy, Alex Krycek, looks to be getting under his skin..."

Clips of Knowle Rohrer on morning talk shows, late night talk shows, CNN, Fox News, MSNBC, and BBC News sharing with the hosts *pictures* of Dana Doggett from her days as a stripper in Las Vegas, and from hers (and Krycek's) book *The Sexual Journey To Ecstasy: 202 Inventive Positions To Kinkier Sex*. Knowle's mentality? Sink down to Krycek's level since "disgusting and stupid" seem to be seducing the voters of the country.

*Good girl
I know you want it
I know you want it
I know you want it
You're a good girl
Can't let it get past me
You're far from plastic
Talk about getting blasted
I hate these blurred lines*

"... can't speak for Mr. Roher, I can only speak for myself and my wife when I say that those pictures were taken over thirty years ago..."

*I know you want it
I know you want it
I know you want it
But you're a good girl
The way you grab me
Must wanna get nasty
Go ahead, get at me*

"... scandal seemed to backfire on Krycek a bit as Rohrer used his running mate's wife's previous work as a stripper to try to gain more voter interest. But as usual, the ever enthusiastic Krycek came back from behind..."

Krycek sitting seriously in an interview. "... would NEVER post pictures of any woman without her permission. I think what Rohrer did was a disgrace to the very essence of what it means to be human. I-I really think Doggett should reconsider running with him..."

*One thing I ask of you
Lemme be the one you back that ass up to
From Malibu to Paris boo
Had a bitch, but she ain't bad as you
So, hit me up when you pass through
I'll give you something big enough to tear your ass in two
Swag on 'em even when you dress casual
I mean, it's almost unbearable*

"... rumors that John Doggett will withdraw his name from the Rohrer ticket are circulating today, and with only three weeks until election day..."

"... Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday, dear Fox! Happy birthday to you!" (Mulder grimaces, since he's "mute" he can't tell the crowd that he even made his parents call him "Mulder")

*In a hundred years not dare would I
Pull a Pharcyde, let you pass me by
Nothin' like your last guy, he too square for you
He don't smack that ass and pull your hair like that
So I'm just watching and waitin'
For you to salute the true big pimpin'
Not many women can refuse this pimping
I'm a nice guy, but don't get confused, this pimpin'*

"... damage control continues for the Republicans, but across the sea, foreign governments worry about the stability of..."

"... s'il remporte l'élection c'est la faute des idiots américains qui vont voter pour lui. Quel embarras pour les États-Unis...."

*Shake your rump
Get down, get up-a
Do it like it hurt, like it hurt
What you don't like work
Hey!*

"... will be the first third party candidate to make it to a Presidential debate. Krycek was spotted earlier today and when asked if he were nervous simply said... 'hashtag... YouKnowIt.'"

"... so chaotic that there will only be one Presidential debate..."

"... with only two weeks to go, who will come out on top?"

*Baby, can you breathe
I got this from Jamaica
It always works for me
Dakota to Decatur
No more pretending
Cause now you're winning
Here's our beginning
I always wanted a*

("Blurred Lines" comes to a screeching, scratchy halt)

".... reports are that he is unprepared, but says he speaks from the heart, not a script."

DEBATE NIGHT

Knowle Rohrer paced back and forth in his dressing room. He was fuming! How in the frickin' world could that little rat, that little Krycek, that #WannabePlayPolitician have even gained a following enough to let him into a debate? A frickin' PRESIDENTIAL DEBATE!!

John Doggett watched his friend and running mate. "Knowle, please calm down. This is the only debate, and it's Krycek. You know he's gonna do something stupid."

Knowle turned, serious as he opened his suit jacket to show a concealed handgun. "I could shoot 'im."

"Good grief!" Doggett jumped out of his seat and went to Knowle. "Are you OUT of your mind?!" Whack! He smacked Knowle on the side of the head. "He's a person! Albeit, not the most decent of persons, but he's still just a man. Holy crap! Put that frickin' gun away. I swear, if you bring that out on the stage--"

"--Second Amendment, John," Knowle retorted. "I have a right to--"

"--YOU CAN'T SHOOT SOMEONE!"

The door opened and it was Knowle's cue to head out onto the stage. He smirked, buttoned his suit jacket and left the room.

* * * * *

Doggett took his seat in the audience next to Scully. She smiled warmly at her husband, but instantly noticed the worried expression on his face.

"Sweetie, what's wrong?"

The audience erupted as the candidates took to their podiums. Krycek and Vansen had a slight box to step up onto in order to semi-match to Knowle's towering mass height.

Doggett leaned over to Scully, and spoke muffled: "e's 'ot a 'un," he attempted to tell her.

"Huh? What?" Scully whispered, leaning towards him.

"I said," he mumbled again. "E's got a 'un."

Scully shook her head. "Johnny, I don't know what you are saying," she suddenly flashed a charming smile at a television camera. "But smile, you are on TV."

Doggett reluctantly smiled as the camera passed in front of him and his wife. And as the crowd fell silent, and the lights turned to focus on the candidates.

Krycek had a dopey, 'what the frizz am I doing here', yet cocky expression on his face. He was dressed in a white suit with a sparkly red bowtie--you know, because he is Albino Rat running for frickin' president!! He truly stood out as someone who didn't belong, and as his

name was announced to the spectators, he gave his beauty queen wave as he received cheers.

The moderator had to hush the crowd... Several times. I mean, when the heck did a presidential debate become a circus?!

"Quiet, please. Thank you," the moderator said calmly, like a referee at Wimbledon. "Quiet please, thank you."

Krycek chuckled and looked to Vansen on his left. "Do you think she will tell the score as 'love all'?" he giggled and was ignored by Vansen as she remained professional.

Krycek then looked to his right, at Knowle. "Too bad she doesn't have a British accent," he giggled, and Knowle scrunched his face with irritation. "I totes could've been Pete Sampras. No... I think I'd be more like John McEnroe. I'm REALLY good at hissy fits."

Krycek giggled again.

Knowle scowled.

Vansen remained professional and unaffected by Krycek's idiocy.

"Flip this table!" Krycek exclaimed, making a 'flipping table' motion that looked more like a mini-wave. He giggled.

"Shut your pie hole," Knowle snapped, losing what little cool he had left. Unnoticed by him, the room fell silent, "Or I'll flip you!"

Knowle's voice carried much louder than he intended. Quiet gasps were heard after his outburst. Krycek placed his hand over his chest, and made a look like "oooooooooooooooooh, I can't believe he just did that?" and it only enticed his people more to 'shame' Knowle.

"Quiet please, thank you," the moderator said again, and began with the questions. "Mr. Krycek," the moderator looked to him. "How would you improve healthcare?"

As the moderator looked to Krycek, he merely shook his head. "You know," he said, with the 'believing in the greater good' tone in his voice, "We can all stand up here and tell you what you want to hear, but... we all know that on the day I'm elected President of the greatest country in the galaxy, that all this campaigning will be a moo point. Let's talk about what really matters. And what really matters is that we all have a song in our heart."

Knowle looked over--no, he GLARED over at Krycek and snarled. What the frick was this clown up to now?! Dammit, this was a damn presidential debate! Not some entertainment venue!

Krycek stepped off his box, and came around the podium with his microphone. "Let's talk about love..." he began to sing the song by Céline Dion. "Let's talk about us, Let's talk about life, Let's talk about trust, Let's talk about love..."

In the audience, Scully placed her hand over her heart. This was such a sweet moment... until... Krycek broke into singing the rest of the song as a rap song!!! Albino Rat's rendition of such a pretty Céline Dion song?! What was he thinking?!

But the crowd went WILD!! And began cheering, and lighting their lighters and lighting up their smart phones! Swaying with his "music!" Was a Presidential Debate actually turning into a CONCERT?!!!! If this were in a movie, Krycek's song would muffle, mute as Nathaniel Rateliff's "S.O.B." would begin to play over the scene.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=liAYhQsQhSY>

*Mmm, mmm, mmm
Mmm, mmm, mmm
Mmm, mmm, mm, mm, mm
Mmm, mmm, mmm
Mmm, mmm, mmm
Mmm, mmm, mm, mm, mm*

Knowle scowled. Knowle shook his head. Knowle eve growled. This was HIS debate! This was HIS presidency! This was HIS moment in the spotlight! Yet this little rat was stealing it all from him. The cheers, the adoring crowds, signing boobs of his admirers! The little shit was taking it all from him!

*I'm gonna need someone to help me
I'm gonna need somebody's hand
I'm gonna need someone to hold me down
I'm gonna need someone to care
I'm gonna writhe and shake my body
I'll start pulling out my hair
I'm going to cover myself with
The ashes of you and nobody's gonna give a damn*

Knowle became overcome by anger.... One might say the Dark Side had consumed him... And once down the Dark path, forever will it consume

you... As it was consuming him now. He reached into his coat as the balloons already began to fall in spirit of the CONCERT!

*Son of a bitch
Give me a drink
One more night
This can't be me*

I'm the crowd, Doggett's eyes widened and he stood, now standing with the rest of the audience. "Nooooo!!" he called and made his way to the stage.

*Son of a bitch
If I can't get clean
I'm gonna drink my life away*

It was as if it was a happening in slow-mo. Knowle pulling the gun, Krycek waving his hands in the air like he just don't care, the audience jumping and cheering, and Doggett... the man to the rescue.

*Oh oh
Oh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh
Oh oh
Oh oh
Oh oh oh oh oh*

Krycek kept encouraging the audience with his song, and even the moderator was getting into it. So much for 'quiet please, thank you', she was captivated in Krycek's spell. Underwear was thrown up onto the stage, and Krycek caught it like a bloody rap God and pocketed it into his back pocket. The woman fainted as he winked at her.

Knowle stretched out his arm, revealing his gun. But no one was paying attention!! The spotlight was too heavily on Krycek for anyone to notice!

Would our little Krycek's stardom be his own undoing?! Would Knowle actually shoot one of the Heroes of the Galaxy?!

Oh the ratings on this "debate" were about to become the network's wet dream!

*Now for seventeen years I've been throwing them back
Seventeen more will bury me
Can somebody please just tie me down
Or somebody give me a goddamn drink*

But! John Doggett stepped up onto the stage! "He's got a guuuuuuuuunnnnnnn!" was shouted in dramatic slow motion. He turned his head, dramatically slow to look at Krycek's security detail... but OMG! They too were jamming out with Albino Rat!

Doggett grumbled and shook his head in disgust!

*Son of a bitch
Give me a drink
One more night
This can't be me
Son of a bitch
If I can't get clean
I'm gonna drink my life away*

BLAAAAMMMMMM!!!

Knowle's gun fired, the shot echoing in slow-mo!

Krycek turned his head, dramatically slow, and saw the bullet flying towards him high dramatic, "CSI" fashion. His eyes bugged!

And just as the bullet were to strike him, Doggett leapt in front of him like a shield!

POW! The bullet hit Doggett in the shoulder, but it went out the other side, striking Krycek in the buttocks!!!

The room fell silent as the audience gasped, their jaws slacked open. And then, it happened...

The loudest, squealiest, *girliest* of screams shrieked through our the auditorium, echoing off its walls. Krycek wailed in anguish as his security detail **finally** came to his rescue.

Realizing what has happened, the audience screamed. Krycek and Vansen were rushed off the stage. Knowle was tackled to the ground and disarmed.

And Doggett sprawled out on the stage, holding his shoulder as Scully rushed to him in medical doctor-mode.

"We need an ambulance!" she shouted.

PLAN Z

Marita watched the television as the debate quickly went to commercial-after, of course, showing all the gun shooting, bloody drama... you know, ratings an' all. A good handful of the American populace viewed shootings as entertainment. It disgusted her. All of this disgusts her. She shook her head, jaw tight and narrowed her eyes.

Are you frickin' kidding?! Knowle shot Doggett while aiming for Krycek, and now Krycek is going to milk this for all it is worth. Frickin' heck! The Presidency might as well be his! Krycek was a boss when it came to winning and manipulating the public! Knowle's single bullet just turned this entire election!

Angry, Marita switched off the TV. She had had enough of this fiasco! She had to get out of town. Get so far out of town that it will be impossible to find her ever again. She couldn't believe it even as she thought it! Plan Z was actually going to happen!

And it wasn't because of an alien virus or alien invasion! Unbelievable! No, it was Krycek, her ex-husband, well on his way to becoming the leader of the free world!

Frustrated, she grabbed her purse and slammed the door behind her. Little "Martin" (Alex and Marita's eldest child) came out of the kitchen, a glass of milk in one hand and an oatmeal raisin cookie in the other. He blinked, perplexed as he hears his mother's car screech out of the driveway.

"Mom?"

The house was silent.

* * * * *

Marita drove, frantic, down the highway on her way to one of the old Syndicate buildings that survived the Alien War. The building was abandoned by now, and for some reason it was never torn down, rebuilt, or leased out to any tenants.

The car came to a stop, parked in front of the building, and Marita got out and went straight inside. Somewhere, probably down in the musty basement was the detailed outline of Plan Z.

Marita passed the ELEVATOR BROKEN sign and pushed the door open to the stairwell. Down she went, down and down and deeper down. She pulled out her flashlight and descended down into what seemed like the abyss until finally reaching a thick, bombshelter-esque door. She pressed buttons on a side panel, had her retina scanned and the door hissed open as the old air escaped.

As the door slowly, dramatically, opened, the darkened stairwell brightened from a light inside the bunker.

Wait... Marita tilted her head and placed a hand on her hip, hovering over a gun she had holstered. No one should be here.

Cautiously she pushed through the door. The room came into focus and there, sitting in a darkened corner was a man. A man she knew. Her hand twitched above her gun.

"You're dead," she spoke first, tension in her voice.

A hand came out of the shadow, but it was not a glowing cigarette she saw, rather a porcelain tea cup. Its owner set it down carefully in the matching saucer and came to stand, revealing his identity from the shadows.

"How did you get here?"

It was the First Elder of the Syndicate, and he buttoned his suit.

"Why are you here?" Marita retorted, her voice demanding the answer.

"For protection," First Elder explained. "From Colonization."

Marita blinked. "Colonization? You've been down here since Colonization? That was like... all the way back in 2006!" she couldn't believe he had been down here since 2006, in FRVS time that's like... 14 years!!!!

"Yes," the First Elder nodded.

"So you like," she almost laughed. "Y-you haven't ever left since Colonization began?"

Again, the First Elder nodded and said, "Yes."

Marita broke into a laugh. Holy heck! Fourteen years! He has been in hiding for fourteen years!

"I doubt you came here to laugh at me," First Elder said, speaking over her laughs. "Why did you come here?"

Oh right, Marita settled her laughing and turned serious... like, a little too serious. "You know the impossible situation we never planned for?"

"Plan X?"

"No," she shook her head, "the other one."

"Plan Y," the elder believed he had it this time and nodded.

"No, no, the very last one."

Elder blinked and scrunched his brow, "You don't mean... no, it couldn't be..."

Marita nodded her head slowly. "Plan Z..."

"No," his denial of the truth radiated and he shook his head, "It can't be..."

"It is..."

"That's not true, that's impossible," the Elder said.

"Search YouTube, you know it to be true..." Marita said and pulled out her Android smartphone and pulled up a YouTube video of Alex. It was his Presidential campaign film reel that highlighted his greatest moments...

"YouWhat?" the First Elder really did live in the dark.

"Just watch," she shoved her cellphone into his hand, she wouldn't need it where she was going... "I have to get outta here..."

Marita pushed passed him and disappeared into the back of the bunker as First Elder watched the montage in horror.

Hey, hey, hey

Hey, hey, hey

Hey, hey, hey

SLING-SHOT!!

Krycek woke the next day in the hospital. Mom... err.. Scully, was at his bedside dabbing his forehead, gingerly, with a cloth. In classic Ferris Bueller fashion, Krycek pathetically opened his eyes and whimpered.

"Mom? Mom is that you?" he said, feeling much like Marty McFly in "Back To The Future" as his eyes fluttered and the blurriness of sleep became clear as day.

"Yes, Alex, it's me," Scully said.

"Honey? Why do you encourage him?" Doggett's voice resonated quietly from somewhere in the room.

"Me bum hurts," Krycek mumbled pathetically. "Why was I shot in me bum?"

Well Alex, I'm sure I'm not alone in saying there are a couple dozen reasons to shoot you in the bum, but for this... It's simply a silly haha to move the plot forward. Yes, that's right, shooting Krycek in the bum is a plot convenience. I mean, how else is he supposed to actually earn the votes of the people? Am I right?

"Shhh," Scully soothed. "What matters is you're okay."

"Am I out of the campaign?" oh drama dear! It would be unbearable if he t'were!

"Far from it," Doggett stepped into view from the corner of the room. Say what now?!

Krycek lifted his head from the pillow and look at Doggett with a WTF expression.

"Really?" Krycek was surprisingly hopeful. Like, does he really think he can do this job?!

"Well, Knowle is out," Doggett grumbled, though his running mate had it coming. "Arrested for the assassination attempt of a presidential candidate."

"No-ooo..." Krycek moaned. "He's too pretty to be locked away."

Doggett and Scully both raised their brow. Seriously?!

"He tried to kill you," Doggett couldn't believe he had to explain this. Though, after all these years, was it really a shock? No. Krycek has always had a weird man crush on Knowle.

"Friends don't try to kill friends," Scully added.

All three of them paused. Were they all conveniently forgetting when Krycek tried to kill Doggett and when he was part of the plot that took Scully and Monica to that New York facility in season 7? Are they forgetting the torment that happened to Scully? The forced abortion done to Monica that ended up tearing her away from Brad who she never married and instead fell into a relationship with Knowle? The same relationship that was now crumbling from this presidential campaign in which, if Monica weren't in fact married to Knowle and with children, Krycek wouldn't have even run for president at all? And if he never ran for president then he never would have been shot in the bum, in which case, the chances of Knowle and Doggett winning the Oval and heading to the White House in January would be significantly greater! and none of these insane shenanigans would even be happening!

Okay then... Guess all of that is conveniently forgotten!

They all shook their heads... anyway...

"But," Krycek was actually going to defend Knowle. "Oh, I'm sure he didn't mean it. I mean, he and me are such good pals. Certainly he didn't mean to bring a gun, much less *fire* it at me during a televised event. He can't possibly be that lame... Right?"

One would think Mr. Encyclopedia, Mr. Knowleopedia, wasn't that lame... But alas... he was.

Krycek merely blinked. Totally the lost and innocent puppy in all this. He looked to Doggett, quizzical.

"Dad--I mean, Doggett... What happened to your shoulder?"

Like it wasn't obvious. <insert well timed eye roll>

"I tried to stop Knowle--"

Annnnnnd so it begins...

Krycek's eyes widened. They brightened. They lit up like a princess finding Prince Charming in a Disney film!

"Oh-Em-Gee!" Krycek exclaimed. "You do love me, dad, you do! I knew it all along! There is no denying it! I'm your little boy! Oh gee, Dad! Oh..." he grins sheepishly. "I mean... daddy."

He says "daddy" like a cute little child, but to Doggett, he sounds as if he were in a horror film. Because that's just how it feels when Krycek latches onto you as parental figure. Doggett was not his dad, much less his frickin' daddy!

"No!" Doggett said, firm.

Krycek starts to get out of bed, and John quickly backs away, but! But! Krycek's butt! Oh the pain!! Oh the agony! Oh the defeat!

"Me bummmmm!!" Krycek wails and places a hand on his tushy. "My ass is in a sling! My ass is in a sling because Knowle shot me!" he pauses, thinking he is witty and let's out a school-girlish giggle. "Sling, shot!" he looks at Scully with a dumbass expression on his face and points to her. "Hashtag, YouKnowIt."

He wiggles his eyebrows and blows a kiss.

THE BUSHWOOLIE

The day was cold, but the sun was out and it was beautiful. Regardless of season, be it spring or fall, summer or winter, a Mulder always took advantage of the perfect day. For even in snow, it was pleasant enough, and their hearts warm enough, to have a picnic in the park. Side by side they sat. Mulder, Pookalina Shmi, and mommy Maria made three. Their heads were tilted in a strange identical fashion as thoughts did prance and dance through their heads.

Pookalina Shmi,
With her head titled wee.
Ate her bologna and cheese.
With a giggle and a sway.
To her father she looked.
And watched as he sneezed.



To fully understand a Bushwoolie, click this link:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VdL9WRT-Y2g>

Curious he was,
Her father was all the buzz.
For his mouth did but open,
But mute he was, just cuz.

Oh the thoughts he must have!
For being silent this long.
One had to wonder...
Where did he go wrong?

With a tilt in his neck and thoughts in his head, Mulder munched on his sandwich and did wonder just that..

What had happened that made this all wrong? Did my voice run away? Or was this some trickery by that trickster, sir Krycek?

I have these thoughts, my thoughts and this and that, but yet I don't speak. I really am odd... oddle-doddle-spooky McMulder.

Why can't I stop him and shut him up right?

Oh right, that would be very un-Super Buddy-like.

Mulder shook his head and took another bite of his sandwich.

It's an age old rivalry it is... And it all started with a peeing poodle in a puddle one Halloween night. Knowle vs. Krycek, it just didn't seem right. But neither did President Rohrer or #DaPOTUS Krycek...

What can I do? If I suddenly speak, then I appear meek. And embarrass my little buddy... No, I can't do that... I guess I have to play my part... the adorable, silent puppy. The guy everyone loves but who never says a peep!

He sighed. *I guess it is me, to just be a Bushwoolie....*
Maria looked and smiled... golly jeepers how she did love these two strange. =)

IF YOU DON'T VOTE YOU LOSE THE RIGHT TO MOPE

For an old man of 51, Alex Krycek certainly knew how to slouch in a chair. His buttocks were practically hanging off the chair, with his

back on the seat of the chair, and his neck crooked in such a way that it just might snap off.

His tongue was hanging out of the side of his mouth as he held his smartphone in front of his face. He was texting away, paying very little attention to anything and anyone around him. It was ELECTION NIGHT! The big day! And he couldn't be troubled with anything else except following his little hashtag phrase as it trended across the internet. #YouKnowIt was his thing, his slogan, the chant his people erupted with when he took to the stage. God he felt like a rock star! A god! Who knew this gig would give his neediness instant gratification? He was adored, loved by all! King Krycek, Man with the Heart of Gold, Protector of the Realm! Da Man!

His phone buzzed. A text message from Mulder: "Have you prepared your speeches? Victory and defeat?" the text message said.

Krycek looked up at Mulder, who was seated across the table from him. Mulder looked very presidential with a nice navy blue suit with the American flag pinned on its lapel, and a red tie. He had made sure mom-err, Scully, picked it out for him so he wouldn't accidentally wear green.

Krycek easily could have spoken back to Mulder since he wasn't "the mute". Instead he texted: "what the duck arie you twlgin sbout? If cirusr I wilkwin. I d's bi,v!!"

Krycek hit send and went back to watching his name and hashtag trend on Twitter.

Mulder read the text and squinted his eyes. He hated texting with Krycek. He could never understand what his fat fingers were trying to type out. Had the man never heard of proofreading?! Or at least autocorrect? Geez!

Regardless, he didn't want to ask him what he was saying. He would only receive another incomprehensible message. He decided to decipher.

What the BLEEP are you twinging?.....talking.. about? Of course I will win. I d...

Mulder shook his head. Hell if he knew what that last bit was. Probably "I da man". He rolled his eyes. What a ham! And there he was, just across the way, watching "himself" and his "hashtag" trend.. whatever that meant.

Krycek suddenly looked away from his phone and back at Mulder. "#AlbinoRat isn't trending. When I'm prez, that's so gonna change." He started to make rap spitting sounds to "Hail To The Chief".

Mulder rolled his eyes again.

"Oh and, that song of mine--err--I mean of #DaPOTUS is sooooo gonna be the Imperial March from 'Star Wars'."

Yes, that was cool, Mulder thought, but totally wrong. He shook his head. What a farce it will be if his little buddy wins!! Surely the American people have come to their senses, and will elect Ms. Shane Vansen as POTUS, right?

"Imagine it," Krycek said, struggling to sit up and found himself stuck in the awkward position in which he sat. He grunted and whined, and moaned as if this was the most difficult thing on Earth to do. But then again, a 51 year old man sitting as if he were some sloppy teen, didn't exactly make this an easy task.

Mulder watched, again, poised as if he were very presidential.

Finally, Krycek squirmed enough to sit upright in the chair. "I come out... Da POTUS an' all, and the Imperial March starts up all cool an' stuff... Dun-dun-dun dum-DUM-dum dun-DUM-dummm. And it's all like black and grey and red an' stuff, like on the Death Star and like... yeah... like Secret Service would be Stormtroopers and it would totes be awesome!" Mulder blinked when he saw his friend was serious and merely shook his head. He looked down at his phone and started to message Krycek, because you know, he "can't talk an' all". He sat for a while, Krycek watching him the entire time as his little thumbs struck the tiny screen. The clicking becoming annoying..

Click click. A brief pause and then click click. Mulder glanced up at Krycek and did not look happy.

The clicking continued.

Geez! Couldn't he just turn the sound off on his phone?! Krycek rolled his eyes and figured from the rapid clicking that Mulder was about to scold him.

Ah! But! The brilliant thing about Mulder "being mute", was that Krycek could simply block him from his phone. He smirked and pulled out his smartphone, but was too late! Mulder had hit "send" and in came the long text message:

"Buddy, you and I have been super friends for a very long time and I have so much to say right now but you have silenced me. I don't know how you did it. You are some sort of trickster, or conman, or warlock, or simply used the Force. I don't know, but here is what I have to say..."

And the message went on, but Krycek deleted the message without reading it any further. He looked up at Mulder and stuck his tongue out. "Haha!" he pointed and laughed. "I deleted your long little text message! Haha!" he waved his smartphone in front of Mulder, mockingly.

Mulder's brow furrowed, his face scrunched and he squeezed his eyes shut in frustration. If he weren't mute right now he'd scream!!!! Instead, he stood and tossed his phone onto the seat cushion and.. CHARGED!!!!

Krycek, eyes wide, was pounced! and the two went tumbling to the floor. There was hair pulling. There were screams (from just Krycek of course) and the two rolled around on the floor trying to wrestle or kill one another or... well, we don't really know exactly what Mulder hoped to accomplish. But it was obvious he was starting down the path to the Dark Side.

"I CAN FEEL YOUR ANGER!" Krycek managed a full shout scream before Mulder punched him in the mouth. "AH!! YOU SITH!" he doggy paddle slapped at Mulder's face. "Once you... AH!... down the dark path... forever will it consume--"

Mulder's eyes bugged. How dare his friend accuse him of falling to the Dark Side! Besides, who was the one saying he wanted the Imperial March? Who was the one who wanted to look all President Darth Vader? Not Mulder! but KRYCEK!!

Whack! Mulder hit Krycek again and felt Krycek's thumbs cover his eyes. It hurt something fierce and Mulder opened his mouth to "scream", but as a "mute", no sound came out. So he was just there, Krycek's thumbs pressing on his eyes with his mouth wide open as if in a scream. But was silent.

This was stupid.

This was ridiculous.

On the other floor of the same hotel...

News has just broken that Alex Krycek has won the Presidency! The Knowle Rohrer camp, minus (of course) Knowle Rohrer himself, since he is sitting behind bars for attempted assassination, stands in shock and horror of the results they see flashing on the screen.

ALEX KRYCEK WINS PRESIDENCY!

John Doggett grasps onto a chair in front of him, one that his wife is sitting in. She covers her mouth with her hand, in shock that Krycek actually won this thing. She looks to her side as Doggett lowers himself to his knees beside her. He isn't blinking. His eyes are wide. Are tears threatening to fall from his eyes?

"Howduaaaaah... howdoah... I don'... I can'... howdoaaah..." he can't even form proper sentences, much less words.

Scully places a comforting hand on his shoulder, and turns in her chair to look at him.

"Johnny?"

He can't. He can't look at her right away. His mind is imagining the horribleness that will come to the country under a Krycek Presidency. And it terrifies him. "Hail To The Chief" will likely be replaced with the frickin' "Imperial March" from Star Wars, Secret Service uniforms becoming skimpy speedos for the men and bikinis for the women. OMG, he can't take it! His love for this country flows through his blood. He can't sit by and just watch as President Krycek destroys it!

He looks to his wife and merely continues to babble, "Howdoaaaaah... whaaaadoaaaaah..."

Scully shakes her head, not understanding his words, but understanding him. "Johnny, sweetie, you have to get a hold of yourself, you have to stand in for Knowle and give the concession speech."

Doggett clenches his eyes shut as tight as he can. He has to get a hold of himself in this moment. Four months! Four hard, grueling and tiring, dedicated months of his life have been spent working to help Knowle Rohrer win the Presidency. Then the bastard lost it during the debate and it all went downhill from there!

And now here they are. The Rohrer/Doggett ticket lost and the Krycek/Mulder ticket won!

And Doggett has to go out and formerly concede to Krycek, the President-elect! After all, if Rohrer would have won, it would have been Doggett to become President of the United States (as all the news media had been reporting about for the last couple weeks now).

He sighed, an attempt to collect himself.

He believes in democracy. He believes in the Constitution. He always does what is right, and respecting the will of the citizens of this country is the right thing to do. Alex Krycek won the Presidency fair and square. The electoral vote is 538, Krycek won it all. The electoral vote, and the popular vote (that has been counted thus far).

Finally, Doggett looked to Scully. And yes... he had tears in his eyes. "That little shit is going to be President, Dana," his voice cracked, and even as he said it, he couldn't believe he just insulted the President-elect. He was that damn patriotic. For cryin' out loud, it's Krycek! Must we go over the events you all forgot from season 7?!!!! Geez!!

"He is," his wife simply said, rubbing his back in an attempt to soothe him.

He could bawl. He could bawl like a baby, a hungry, angry baby. "How foolish are the people of our country? How could he win the entire electoral college, and the popular vote?" he was calmer, accepting, and he looked again to his loving, supportive wife. "At least I know I got your vote."

With all his love in his heart, he lifts himself up to kiss his adoring wife on the cheek. She was his one, his constant, his touchstone. The one person he knew he could count on to fully have his back.

But wait... what was this expression on her face? What is this? Why can't she look at him? She... wha? Huh?

"Sweetie?" he asked softly.

Why was she squirming? Wait now... why was her back turning to him... what the frizz was going on? She's red now... and not just her hair. She's... her face is flushed. What the hell? This was the tell tale signs of... dare he say it? Much less think it... Guilt?!!

"IvotedforKrycekandMulder," she said reeeeeaaaaaally quick and quiet. Say what now?!!! Doggett blinked. Oh hell no, she did not just say what he thinks she just said!

"You voted for HIM?!" he had to stand. He was angry. Pissed even! And he stared down at his wife in shock... though... should he really be shocked that she voted for her BABY BOYS?!!! The stupid boys!! His face scrunched.

Scully followed his lead, coming to stand before him.

"I had to, Johnny! They're my baby boys!"

Oh gawd, she said it! "NO THEY'RE NOT!" he exploded. "THEY ARE GROWN MEN! YOU DIDN'T GIVE BIRTH TO THEM, FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD!"

Scully immediately put her hands on her hips. Oh please, he knew the deal he was getting into!

"You knew when you married me that Mulder and Krycek came with 'the package'," she stated the fact, because let's face it... it was a fact. Scully came with Mulder and Krycek practically attached to her hips. He was pacing now because he knew she was right. "I married YOU, Dana!" He stopped once again in front of her. "I didn't marry you to adopt Mulder and Krycek!--And I don't give a god damn how many times they call me dad!"

"But--"

"--Don't 'but' me, you're my wife! We're supposed to support one another--"

Scully narrowed her eyes. "I was supportive of you, John!" she took him by the shoulders. "I didn't really think Alex would win," she was speaking calmer now to him. She knew she could calm him, and dammit, she had to! He had to be on TV soon! "That's why I voted for him. I wanted him to have at least one vote in millions."

It was a lame reason to vote for any candidate. You vote for a candidate you believe in. One that you believe will do the most good for the country, not drive it into the ground!

"You saw how many idiots were chanting and cheering for him," he looked down at her. "Did you honestly think he needed your vote?"

Someone coughed behind them, it was their campaign manager, Elena Delgado, and her husband, Danny Taylor (you'll recognize them from ye ol' TV show, and previous FRVS episodes, "Without A Trace").

"Sir," Elena spoke with professionalism. "They're ready for you to give your concession speech. Would you like to call President-elect Krycek to congratulate him?" she hesitated and gave a quick glance to Danny. "We've been trying to get him on the line for you, he's not answering." Danny stepped forward. "We were thinking if you called from your phone he might answer."

This actually pained John's heart to hear the words "President-elect Krycek." Doggett and Scully have been together long enough that the little spat they were getting into is now forgotten, and Scully goes to her husband and wrapped her arms around his waist in a show of support.

Doggett nodded his head. "He never lets that stupid phone out of his sight." He said as he took out his Motorola flip phone (from the Jurassic period). He dialed Krycek's number and waited.

And waited...

"It's ringing," he said quietly to everyone.

And it rang... and rang... and kept on ringing some more...

More ringing...

"He's not answering," he said with a sigh. "I'm sure he's rapping, or throwing a party, or doing whatever he'll do to celebrate this." He closed his antique flip phone. "All right, let's get this concession speech over with."

And with that, he, Scully, Elena, Danny, and other members of the campaign team made their way to the ballroom downstairs where the news media has accumulated to cover the Rohrer/Doggett concession speech. Back on Krycek and Mulder's floor...

The boys continue to fight and are still rolling around like uncivilized children. Hair pulling, biting... Mulder's silent screaming... it's still just as stupid as when we left them. But this time... unbeknownst to them, but knownst to the world... Krycek has just won the Presidential Election! The flatscreen TV behind them is showing John Doggett giving his speech in the downstairs ballroom as he concedes to Krycek.

It's sad really... here is this professional man, John Doggett, Mr. Patriot himself, giving an eloquent speech filled with hope and positivity to the American people, and accepting Krycek as their new President-Elect. Doggett's like, totes Mr. President, only... he's not. Like, can this be reversed? Is this really happening? What will happen

to the country under Krycek's leadership? Is Krycek even fit for the job? No! I mean, like, HECK NO! He's up in his hotel room wrestling with Mulder and having no clue he is President-Elect of the United States of America. He is POTUS! AND with the majority of... no... ALL the electoral votes! It's madness! It's insanity!

And Secret Service bursts through the door and tear the boys apart. Limbs are flailing and legs are kicking.

"You monkey butt!" President-Elect Krycek yells at Vice-President Elect Mulder.

And Mulder juts his face forward with a scowl in retort.

"ENOUGH!" one of the lead Secret Services agent yells from the doorframe, silencing the room except for the low volume voice coming from the TV that is airing Doggett's speech.

The boys freeze, scared.

The agent walks in, and inspects the remains of the chaotic scene. Krycek held by one agent, Mulder by the other. The lead agent swiftly removes his sunglasses and comes to stare at Krycek. He appraises him with judgmental eyes. THIS was his new President come January 20th 2021?

Boy oh boy was he going to have his work cut out for him.

"Is this any way for the President-Elect to act?" the agent asked. He was stern, collected, and waaaaay too fickin' professional for this... what shall we call it?... glorified baby sitting job.

Krycek's eyebrows raised and he grinned that classic hunky punk grin. "I won?" he was surprised!

The agent grabbed him by his Star Wars, Princess Leia in a bikini, t-shirt and brought him practically nose-to-nose with him. "That's right... *sir*," the agent said, not happy, but it was his job to accept this. "You are now the forty-seventh President of the United States of America and you better start acting like it because right now, as far as I can see..." his grip twisted the fabric of Krycek's shirt. "You are barely fit to clean up the bubble gum stuck on the bottom of a New York City taxi cab, you hear me, boy?"

Krycek gulped as the agent released his grip. He felt himself slightly lower to the ground. Good grief this guy was a New York-style Darth Vader! Krycek smoothed out the wrinkles left on his Princess Leia t-

shirt and kept his eye on the agent. How dare he wrinkle the Princess! AND in her bikini!! The audacity! Hmmp!

"You're a mess," the agent looked over at Mulder. "Both of you." to his other agents. "Clean them up." and with that, he left the room.

The boys were silent and well behaved after that. The agent was hard, serious, but with a smooth style that reminded them of Lando Calrissian. Man crush? Maybe... probably... most definitely. But he crossed the line when he wrinkled Leia.

The boys shared silent looks as makeup was applied to their beat up faces. Eye wiggles, brow scrunches... it was a seemingly telepathic conversation only they understood. And it was determined. Mr. Lando-esque Agent would have to go... but not tonight... not yet... Krycek didn't have anyone lined up to fill the position of Head of Secret Service... Agent Lando, as he was now known, returned to the room, checking his watch. "All right, let's get them in front of the cameras."

Krycek hopped out of his chair and turned to the mirror to see how pretty and presidential they had made him. But he was horrified!! He was fair in his complexion, but what the bloody hell was this?! It was like he was spray tanned! Or drank too much carrot juice!

"I'M ORANGE!!!" he shrieked and looked closer at himself in the mirror. "I look like frickin' Chester Cheetah the Cheeto kitty!"

Mulder gave a silent snigger that no one could hear, though his shoulders were bouncing.

Krycek spun around, furious! "WHATTHEHELLISTHIS! OMG!! I CAN'T GO IN PUBLIC LIKE THIS!! I AIN'T NO FRICKIN' CHEETO CAT!!" then suddenly... he seemed to reconsider as he looked at Agent Lando. "Though... I could have the cool sunglasses."

And with that, he snatched Agent Lando's sunglasses off his face and placed them on his own. "All right, cheetos! Let's go rock this party!" and he left the room to give his acceptance speech.

TO BE CONTINUED...

