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Episode #11x11

"#WTF"

Written By

Kristi & Cassie

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Summary: ALEX KRYCEK WINS PRESIDENCY! Well heck, now what?

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Feedback: foxandratvs@gmail.com

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INAUGURATION

Krycek felt his tummy churn. And it wasn't from the taco he had his aid run out and buy for him from his favorite street vendor. No, he was nervous. Scared, but had to put on that "I'm so confident POTUS" face. He looked in the mirror, practicing his official look.

The look was different than his "campaign #YouKnowIt" look, this new one was supposed to be presidential. But it was not. In fact, he thought he looked constipated.

He practiced again, this time trying to channel a bit of James Bond into it. "President," he said smoothly. "President Krycek. You may have heard of me," he winked at his reflection. "I'm da POTUS, yo."

Yeah, he was totes super fly. And keeping Agent Lando's shades added to his cool look.

"You're not wearing the sunglasses," came the voice of Agent Lando himself.

Ugh, Agent Lando may have had a cool nickname to match his namesake, but damn! This guy had been Mr. Non-Adventure In Babysitting since November. Like, the rallies and the cheering, adoring crowds were gone, and it was suddenly like all business and stuff. And Agent Lando had kept a good eye on him. Krycek guessed that was good an' stuff since the stud was making sure he kept alive all this time.

But still, a little play here and there wouldn't hurt nobody. 'Sides, wasn't it the great Stephen King that wrote 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' or something? Krycek wanted to play, dammit!!

"You'll go out there without them and take that oath as a distinguished gentleman," Lando said with smoothie sexiness in his voice. Krycek would swoon if he weren't so bored! "...the leader of the free world, and you better not disgrace this country."

Krycek's eyes shifted from his reflection to Lando and he grumbled something of a complaint under his breath. "Fine," he was a frickin' child as he whipped the shades off his face and tossed them onto the nearby chair. "But I dun't want my picture taken if I'm all squinty eyed, 'kay?"

Agent Lando remained professional and simply stood there. Inside though, he was ripping off this little rat's head and using it as a basketball. "Yes, sir." he held a beat as he watched Krycek watch himself in the mirror and make kissy faces. This was a bloody farce. "Sir, we need to get going now."

"...you sexy beast you..." Krycek looked away from himself and back at Agent Lando. "Oh yeah, right. Wait. I gotta do something. Gotta get my rig on," he started pulling out his smartphone.

"I'm sorry, your what?"

"My rig for my gig, cuz I'm da dig," Krycek answered vaguely as his little thumbs thumbed quickly across the screen of his phone.

Why hasn't anyone taken that device from him? Lando had to wonder. "Sir, you know you can't--"

It was as if Krycek knew what he was gonna say because he snatched his phone up close to his shoulder, away from Lando, and ran away. He came to a stop in the middle of the sofa, sort of wobbling on the fluffy cushions. "No! It's mine! You get your own!"

It was amazing how chill Lando remained as this man child acted like a frickin' three year old. "Sir, I must insist. For security--"

"--Security, schmurity!" Krycek yelled back and jumped from the sofa to the chair and nearly fell over. Thank goodness for his background in figure skating or else he would have lost all control if not for his high kinetic awareness! "I'm da Prezzy, I do what I want!"

This was going to be a long four years...

The door opened and another agent appeared in the door. "We're ready, let's roll."

Krycek hopped to the ground and put his phone into his suit jacket. There was nooooo way they were gonna take that from him. He stuck his tongue out at Agent Lando as he passed him.

As they walked with him down the hall, Krycek decided to take a selfie and post it on Twitter. The photo was horrible, and mainly just up his nose.

"On da way tebfit da POTUS!!!!!!!!!!!!!" was his Tweet before he pocketed his phone a 'final' time.

He was ushered through the door and his face lit up when he saw the humble crowd. It certainly wasn't the biggest crowd ever, but then again times were different now than how they were with previous presidents. And they welcomed him with a warm applause. And in return he gave them his beauty queen wave.

But his 'professionalism' wavered when he saw mom-err-Scully in the crowd next to Doggett and the kids. He almost jumped and started waving like a child. So excited was he that he nearly forgot his rig!!!

His eyes widened and before Lando could stop him, he pulled out his cellphone. His tongue stuck out from the side of his mouth as he pulled up his tunes and cranked up his phone's volume. It was probably a good thing the crowd was welcoming him with thunderous applause and that "Hail to the Chief" was playing so loud, because it made it harder for the camera microphones to pick up the "Imperial March" from Star Wars.

Listen to Krycek's bomb-diggity "Imperial Chief" mashup now!
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ztLGFA0GgiM>

And Krycek, was clueless to the fact his phone wasn't loud enough because he was pimpin' it like Darth Vader in a nightclub and giving peace signs as he walked up to the podium. He was sooo ready to make his improv speech! And as he walked up to the podium, he gave a Nixon-esque 'I'm not a crook!' gesture just as Lando pulled him away from the podium.

"Not yet, sir," though Lando had half the mind to call him 'dumbass', but knew if he did that, Krycek would want him to address him as 'President Dumbass' and no one had time to argue.

"But I gotta say somethin'," Krycek whined.

"We've been over this, you need to be sworn in first."

Oh yeah, duh! Krycek couldn't believe he forgot the big important thing!

Krycek sat down to wait for the ceremonial bullcrap to end. Each and every single time that he reached for his phone, Agent Lando would slightly slap at his hand. If he weren't so addicted to Twitter and checking his Inauguration Day hashtag #KryDaPOTUS he would find those Lando slaps quite arousing, but alas, his fingers were itching! What the heck?! He hasn't been able to check his Twitter feed for oh, Krycek grabs Agent Lando's arm and checks the time, in eight frookin' minutes! Was he experiencing social media withdrawal?! What is this world coming to?

Krycek made a motion to stand, but Lando pulled him back down to sit firmly in his chair and sternly whispered to him, "Not yet," to which Krycek replied louder than he should have, like a misbehaved child in a church, "But I gotta PEE!"

Lando let out a heavy sigh. This was going to be four very long, and very agonising years.

Bored, Krycek tilted his head back, with his mouth gaping open. The sky was so blue this crisp and chilly January day. Krycek closed his eyes and took in a deep breath, when he opened his eyes he saw a bird flying overhead, and something was falling straight at him. Hmmm, he wondered, what could possibly be falling from the bird..

With a sudden realization, Krycek's eyes bugged. Shit! Bird shit was falling from the bird, headed straight for his mouth! Krycek immediately closed his mouth, and grabbed Agent Lando, and used him as a human shield against the bird poop.

The white poopy birdy goop plopped right onto the shoulder of Agent Lando's clean, black coat. Lando glared at Krycek, who sat next to him covering his mouth to stifle his giggles.

And Lando swore to protect this man?? WTF? Guess that also includes bird poo.

Eventually, Krycek was standing front and center, in front of all of America, and all the world. Thousands, if not, millions of viewers were watching him officially become President of the United States! This was uber-cool, and he wondered what people were tweeting about him on Twitter. He couldn't wait to get this boring formality over with so he could celebrate with a Tweet Storm!

The Chief Justice looked at Krycek with doubt in his eyes, and gave a glance over to Krycek's son, "Martin," who was holding an old, beat up copy of the VHS tape "Hawaiian Bunny." Krycek didn't want to use a bible, nor did he want to use any other legal document to swear on. No, Krycek wanted to use something of value to him, and of all the rare, collectible items he (and Mulder) owned over the years, this (now

antique) "Hawaiian Bunny" Video Home System, VHS, tape was the most important.

Obviously, Krycek didn't notify anyone of his decision to use an old porno VHS tape to swear on to uphold the laws and the Constitution of the United States because undoubtedly, someone, like a party-pooper (Lando or Doggett!!) would have stopped him. With all these eyes on him, he had to be sneaky!

Behind him, John Doggett sat with his jaw dropped. Yes, he wants to support the President, but he sees that lousy porno tape in Krycek's (5 year old) son, "Martin's," hand, deep in his heart of hearts, Doggett knows that a President Krycek cannot be trusted to respect and uphold the Constitution of this great land. His eyes drop to his lap, feeling a deep sense of sadness, and he feels his wife give him a sympathetic pat on the arm. If only Knowle had won the election. Yes, even with Knowle in jail (pending a trial for attempted assassination of a Presidential candidate which could land him in prison), if the Rohrer/Doggett ticket had won it would be he, Johnny Jay Doggett, who would be standing up there about to take the Oath of Office of the President of the United States of America.

"Are you prepared to take the Oath, Mr. Krycek?" asked Chief Justice Cho.

"Duh."

There was an awkward pause, and as the Chief Justice realized that was the best response he was going to get out of Alex Krycek, he continued. "I, Alexander Sergeiovich Krycek The Second, Junior, Junior, Junior, do solemnly swear..."

"I Alexander Sergeiovich Krycek and I ignore the second and junior parts of my name cuz it's lame, do solemnly swear..."

Krycek giggled to himself. This Cho dude totes didn't realize he didn't say his full name. *snirt, snort, snirt*

"... that I will execute the Office of the President of the United States faithfully..."

Krycek sighed, this was too long, "... that I will execute the Office of POTUS faithfully..."

"... and will to the best of my ability..."

"... and will to the best of my ability..." Krycek rolled his eyes.

"... preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

"Is this thing almost over?" Krycek asked, getting irritated. He wants to check out his Twitter hashtag!

"Please repeat after me, sir." Chief Justice Cho said sternly and repeated himself, "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

"...preserveprotectanddefendtheConstitutionoftheUnitedStates," Krycek said as swiftly as he could, and took a deep and exaggerated breath after to catch his breath.

"So help you God?"

"Ummm... what if I don't believe in a god?"

"Please, repeat after me, sir." Cho couldn't believe this ass that was going to be his President. He repeated himself, "So help you God?"

"I can't say that. I don't believe in a god."

Well, heck, this was unprecedented.

Chief Justice Cho leaned toward Krycek and whispered to him, "you have to say 'so help me God,' if you want to officially become the President."

Krycek rolled his eyes again, this was stupid. "I dun't wanna."

After another hour of debating the "god" issue with the Chief Justice, they settled on Krycek saying "so help me me." If he didn't believe in any god, he believed in himself.

"So help you..." Cho sighed heavily... "you?"

"So help me me." Krycek felt smug, he actually got his way! This POTUS thing could be great!

"Congratulations, Mr. President. Very best wishes."

Krycek lunged at Chief Justice Cho and gave him a HUGE bear hug! After Cho managed to get out of President Krycek's grasp, Krycek reached for his smartphone as he turned to face the crowd that was there to see him be inaugurated. His head was down and his little fingers were typing away on his screen. He coughed, and people thought he was ready to give his inaugural address, but no. He kept on click, click, clicking.

Then he giggled aloud, and put his smartphone back in his pocket.

Krycek cleared his throat and began, "Vice President Mulder, Mr. Speaker, Mr. Chief Justice, President Douglas, the absent Vice President Rohrer, and my fellow minions. Today is a great and wonderful

day, a beautiful day, a day worth remembering. I have sworn before you on this most gorgeous January afternoon to be your leader."

Krycek smiled to himself, this was going great! He wondered what Twitter was saying about him. He continued, "No disrespect to President Douglas, but he wasn't elected by you, the people of the States United of America, so really he wasn't totes a legitimate President like I am." Krycek turns around and looks at President Ray Douglas and mouths off "sorry," and shrugs his shoulders, and continues, "Never forget that I have always been there for you. I, alone, saved this planet from the alien colonists during the Alien War."

Vice President ("the mute") Mulder sat behind him and tried not to scowl. He's still not sure how Krycek's sorcery has made him go mute! If only he could speak, he would have told his little buddy that he actually needed to have a professional write this speech, and that he needed to practice it, but no, Krycek is winging it. And, HE WAS WITH KRYCEK WHEN THEY BOTH SAVED THE PLANET FROM THE ALIENS!

"So yeah, anyway, umm... you all elected me because you love my unpredictability so.... I would like to take this moment to let you know my very first appointment of my Prezzie administration." Krycek took a dramatic pause and felt the fear of the government officials behind him. He smirked, "I appoint my dadd- errrrmmm, my Presidential campaign Veep rival, John Doggett as my Chief of Staff. He's a good daddy-o, and deserves to have some kind of position, and not a kinky one, in my White House."

Doggett blinked. It was really all he could do. Was this discussed with him? No, of course not. Why the frickin' hell would Krycek actually discuss anything with him? He felt Scully's eyes on him with a WTF expression. He turned to her and shook his head ever so slightly and mouthed off "I don't know."

Back at the podium. "Uh yeah so," Krycek was saying. "That's that and um, I guess this is a wrap, right? Let's all go out to McD's and get a Big Mac or sumthin'."

Was that it? Was that really the speech??

OUIJA BOARD WHITE HOUSE

Oh it was exhausting! All the parties and the pomp and circumstance and not one single Big Mac! Outrageous!! Is this what being the POTUS was gonna be like? Rich, fancy meals and butt kissing?!! There had to be more to this, Krycek thought as he sat in his new office. And why was it oval? He wondered and then shrugged. Ah well.

He got up and picked up his phone to dial Marita's number. If she were here it would make all this stuff all the better. He dialed, again, and once again received the "We're sorry, the number you are trying to reach has been disconnected or is out of the calling area. Please hang up and try again."

He sighed, hung up, and actually tried to speed dial the number again. He didn't understand why it wasn't working. And it hadn't worked since, oh, around the time he was elected.

Maybe she was playing "hard to get," he pondered and put his phone away. He sat quiet a moment and tapped his fingers on his chinny-chin-chin and wondered what presidential thing he could do next.

He had already planned his funeral (just in case) and it would totes be galactically epic (you can guess it... Star Warsie and all pretty like Padme's on Naboo). He had his presidential photo taken already, shook hands, and partied hardy all night.

"Hm," he hummed and then remembered the thing that he and Mulder always dreamed of doing if they ever got in the White House. Excited, he pulled out his phone and speed dialed Mulder. It rang, then stopped ringing and the other end was silent. His eyes shifted from side to side as he wondered if his little buddy was there. "Hello?"

We go split screen, and I don't mean they are video face-timing it (they aren't that smart to be that logical when calling 'a mute'):

Mulder waves at no one, it's the only way he can answer since he is mute. Gosh this whole phone thing had gotten really hard since he 'went mute'.

On the other screen...

Krycek nods his head, as if sensing Mulder's wave.

"Oh good. Hard to tell if you were there an' all since you're mute an' stuff," he silently chuckled like a ninny.

Mulder gave a glum look.

"Anyway, you know that thing we always wanted to do?"

Mulder perked up, but still did not speak.

"Yeah," Krycek said. "The thing! Well, I got it stashed away under the couch here in the Oval. Wanna come?"

By this point, Mulder was jumping up and down with excitement. This was big! This was huge! This was... LEGENDARY!!

"Great!" Krycek exclaimed. "Then get your bum over here right quick an' I mean real stat-like!" For emphasis, he slammed the screen of his smartphone on the table in an attempt to be like some mean mob boss. Only it didn't really work since, 1: he wasn't angry, and 2: he was no mobster.

Instead, he winced when he heard his screen crack... again! Sheesh it was a good thing he had insurance on this thing!

When you are as excited as Mulder to do the thing that the boys have always wanted to do, it's really fun to imagine what those quick little 'time cut to's look like when you imagine Mulder speed running through the White House in super fast mode. Kind of like the Roadrunner with the blurred legs and everything. And that's how this 'time cut' looks.

Winded, Mulder flew through the door of the Oval Office to find it lit only by candles. The table in between the couches had been moved elsewhere and in its place, were candles and a glow-in-the-dark Ouija board. Krycek was sitting Indian-style on the floor in front of it. He looked over at the door and waved Mulder inside.

"C'mon! Let's do it!"

Mulder skipped a hop! and planted himself opposite Krycek on the floor.

"OMG we're actually gonna do it!" Krycek cried out, giddy.

Mulder bounced on his bum to express his excitement, and eagerly placed the tips of his fingers onto the planchette. Krycek's eyes bugged!!

"Duuuude!! Dun't do that alone! OMG! WTF? You wanna get possessed or wha!" he slapped Mulder's hands and as if it were natural, Mulder bitch slapped Krycek across the face.

Both of them blinked. Startled by the other. Another blink, and they were over it and back to the Ouija board.

"Okay, so we chill now?" Krycek asked and Mulder nodded. "Good, then let's summon Abraham Lincoln, 'kay?"

Mulder nodded his head. He was so happy to finally contact Abraham Lincoln! The man, after all, was his idol.

Both boys fell silent and in the darkness they begin to focus and concentrate with their fingers still on the planchette.

"We would like to summon Abraham Lincoln," Krycek said, breaking the silence. They waited and waited and waited and waited and waited and waited. Nothing happened. They were starting to become disappointed, and again Krycek spoke with all his intensity on the

thought of Abraham Lincoln. "We would like to summon Abraham Lincoln," he said again, and again they waited.

Mulder humphed and looked at Krycek. Why wasn't this working?

"Concentrate," Krycek said. Dammit, this was going to work. Both boys looked again to the board with all their focus. "We are summoning--" and the planchette began to move on its own... Their eyes widened as it went to the A, then the B, and then the R. "Abraham Lincoln?" he asked.

Yes, it answered.

Krycek look to Mulder and Mulder looked Krycek. Their eyes bugged. It was happening! And before they knew it, a mist was starting to manifest before their very eyes.

GALACTIC RELATIONS

There was no sleeping the previous night, not after seeing Abraham Lincoln manifest before his eyes. And of course he had a big day ahead of him. A day he was not prepared for. Thank goodness golly jeepers for John Doggett. He didn't know what he would do without his Chief of Staff. Hell, he didn't even know what country to call or even what time zones they were in. I mean wasn't everybody in the same time zone as the States? He didn't really know, and a part of him really didn't care. Regardless, he had actual work to do. He really isn't this stupid, but it's fun to pretend he is... You know, reactions an' all...

Doggett entered the Oval, and was happy to see Krycek in a suit and tie and without his feet up on the desk. It was a good, positive start to the day.

"Ready to start the day, Mr. President?" Doggett asked.

Golly he seemed chipper. Especially for a man who is now serving the most idiotic president this country has ever seen. Guess that was a positive thing, and geez, Krycek needed all the positives he could get.

"I read up on this thing called 'executive orders'," Krycek said. "I wanna do some of those."

Oh hell's bells, Doggett thought, but nodded. "Okay, sir."

Krycek could have sworn he saw him gulp.

"Uhh yeah," Krycek said, going to sit at his desk. "Like uh, I wanna like, make people get paranormal insurance an' stuff. You know, like home and auto gets bundled? Maybe they can bundle paranormal--what? Why are you shaking your head?"

And Doggett was shaking his head. "Y-you can't just--An executive order is--"

--blah blah blah," Krycek said, waving his hand dismissively. "There are some things I dun't wanna go through Congress with, sooooooooooooo..." he started writing quickly, then just as quickly he signed his name.

This was not how executive orders were done, Doggett thought, but was impressed Krycek wasn't using crayons to draft up whatever it was he was trying to do.

"You can't just say poof, and have paranormal insurance..." Doggett's words faded as he looked over Krycek's shoulder. "What... what the..." he squinted his eyes. WTF? "Galactic... highway... Doctrine?" what was this??"

"It's done!" Krycek exclaimed. "Galactic Highway ge-Docctrine!"

He slid it across the desk, ready to draft up his next 'order'.

Doggett picked up the order. "What the hell is the Galactic Highway Doctrine? Do you even know what a 'doctrine' is?"

"It's jus' what I'm calling it, dad--I mean, Doggett," Krycek was irritated at the nagging. "It's the highway we're gonna build to connect our galaxy with Star Wars's galaxy, duh. We'll put up blinky pointy 'this way to Star Wars' signs in the galaxy so when we fly up there in our personal space cars that we won't get lost."

It was as if this were common knowledge. Doggett blinked. The man was out of his mind. He was insane. Crazy. A Looney Toon! Like Daffy Duck or something!

"Star Wars isn't real!" Doggett said, a total outburst. Day one and he was already losing his chill.

"Is so!," was Krycek's argument back. "The doctrine says so," he pointed to the piece of paper Doggett was holding. "Do I need to make a doctrine that says so?", he wrote quickly, scribbling, then held up the piece of paper and said, "See it's done! Star Wars is real!"

This was stupid.

This was ridiculous.

And just when you thought he was done, he pulled out another piece of paper and started to scribble again. Doggett watched him, weary.

"There," Krycek said, another 'order' down. He handed it to Doggett.

And immediately, Doggett sighed heavily as he read the order. "You're going to stop the teaching of dinosaurs in schools because you don't

think teaching ILM--as in, Industrial Light and Magic--special effects is science."

Doggett blinked. Where did he come up with this shit? Does Krycek not believe that dinosaurs existed?

"Fossils," Doggett refrained from calling him 'you idiot', and instead called him "Mr. President, dinosaurs were real. Science. Not special effects." He didn't really have to explain dinosaurs to him, did he?

"Whatevs!" Krycek exclaimed as he started scribbling another Executive Order, he spoke aloud as he wrote, "I hereby proclaim that the results of the ladies figure skating event of the 1994 Winter Olympics in Lillehammer, Norway are reversed, and by that I mean that Nancy Kerrigan will now, and to the end of time, be considered the rightful winner of that event. No offense to Miss Oksana Baiul, who grew into a worthy artist as a pro, but the last judge on the panel, Mister Jan Hoffmann, got it wrong. Nancy won with a flawless performance, and Oksana two-footed several jumps, and only had one sloppy jump combination hastily thrown in at the last seconds of her performance."

"Mr. President? You can't rewrite history like that." Doggett sounded as if he was about to give up on all of this and just let Krycek do whatever he wanted. But he can't do that, no, if he let Krycek do whatever he wants that little rat bastard would run this country into the ground.

"Who do I call to make a new Olympic gold medal just for Nancy?" Krycek paused, thinking again, "I'm adding Michelle Kwan to this doctrine as well, that jumping bean, Lipinski, didn't deserve to beat an artist like Michelle! Yeah, so Nagano's Olympic podium is now as such," Krycek started writing again, "gold medal, Michelle Kwan. Silver medal, Lu Chen. Bronze medal, Surya Bonaly of France 'cuz she back flipped off da judges." Krycek signed his name again, sniggering, and felt so smug! HA! Take that Figure Skating Gods!

"Alex. You cannot do that."

Krycek was ignoring him, he had other things on his mind. Such as, the phone that was on his desk. His tongue stuck out the side of his mouth, mischief like. When Doggett wasn't looking he picked up and quickly searched through his phone book. He was in the A's. He quickly began to dial.

"Wh-who are you calling?" Doggett asked, almost afraid.

"Uhh... I dunno, Austrian or something," Krycek said vaguely. Once again he waved his hand dismissively.

Doggett came behind him and looked at the phone book. Hell's bells! He was calling Australia! He quickly looked at his watch. It was 8:30 in the morning, eastern standard time, which would make it... he counted the hours on his fingers. Shit! Krycek was calling the Prime Minister of Australia after midnight!

"It's after midnight there, you imbecile!"

"That's President Imbecile to you!" he shot back at Doggett and quickly held up a finger to silence him. "Yes, um, mate!" he said in the worst imitation of an Aussie accent ever. "I would like another shrimp on the barbie!"

Doggett's eyes bugged in horror. He was prank calling Australia! This was mortifying! What was he thinking? No, he wasn't thinking at all!! He was so mad, angry, and upset that he was turning beet red.

"Give me that!" Doggett attempted to snatch the phone out of his little hands. He was, of course, unsuccessful.

Krycek quickly stood up and turned away from Doggett. He kept the phone close to his mouth so he could continue to harass the Prime Minister of Australia. Doggett struggled and the two fought. In the end the phone was slammed down on the receiver, ending the call.

You can guess that the news media regarding this call say that the POTUS hung up on Australia after a "heated argument".

"Are you out of your mind?!"

"You're out of your mind! Get outta my way! I'm the president and you're not! You're the loser and I'm not!" what was he? Five?!

Doggett wanted to quit. He wanted to quit right then and there. But he was a patriot, a diehard patriot and he couldn't abandon his country. He couldn't leave them to this imbecile. "Presidents don't act this way!"

"BRING HIM IN!" Krycek screamed to whomever was standing outside the Oval Office.

And Doggett can't help but think: WTF now?!

The office door opened and two formally dressed Marines escorted none other than Knowle Rohrer into the Oval Office. Knowle looked like shit. He was wearing a bright orange DOC (Department of Corrections) jumpsuit, and sporting a ratty beard that was streaked with white and grey hairs. Knowle had dark, heavy bags under his eyes, and his hair now rested at his shoulders. Ouch!

It felt like an arrow struck his heart when Doggett's eyes fell on his friend, and his running mate in last year's run up to the Presidential election. It both broke his heart that Knowle looked awful, but at the same time he was disgusted that Knowle had actually tried to assassinate Krycek. That man, the one who shot at Krycek, was not the Knowle Rohrer he grew up with, he was not the Knowle Rohrer who had been his best friend. Doggett looks at Knowle and isn't sure who he is looking at.

Krycek took a seat behind his desk, and leaned forward, looking at Knowle.

"Please, Mr. Rohrer, step forward."

Doggett tried to read the expression on Knowle's face, but can't.

Knowle couldn't look Doggett in the eyes, as he stepped past him and towards President Krycek. His head hung low, like a dog with its tail between its leg, but once in front of Krycek, he raised his head.

"Mr. Rohrer, do you know why I've summoned you here to my Presidential Oval Office today?"

"No, sir."

"I'm giving you a Presidential pardon."

Doggett stood behind Knowle a bit in disbelief with this. Like, he knew what a pardon was?! Knowle was his friend, but attempted assassination of a Presidential candidate wasn't something any President would pardon, especially if they had been the target of said assassination.

But then again... this was Krycek...

"Furthermore, I am officially appointing you to the head of my Secret Service."

Even Knowle was shocked, "Excuse me?" Was he out of his mind?!

Krycek stood up, and came around to stand in front of Knowle, "that's right buddy boy, I think we both know that I had that bullet-in-the-ass coming. I mean I was throwing an impromptu Albino Rat concert at a Presidential debate! You were right to shoot me bum!"

He was out of his mind.

Knowle turned his head to look at Doggett. The two (former?) friends shared a look, was this really happening?

"So go get out of that ugly orange suit," he waved his hand as if shooin a fly, "Shave, cut your hair, and get dressed up like one of me

Men In Black, and oh while you're at it..." Krycek went to sit down behind his desk, "... fire Agent Lando."

"Do you mean Agent Fesner?" Doggett asked, concluding that since Agent Fesner looked an awful lot like a young Billy Dee Williams it would be natural to assume Krycek would call him "Lando."

"Yeah, that guy, he looks like Lando Calrissian, so Mulder and me call him Agent Lando." Krycek paused, "Agent Rohrer, get cleaned up and go fire him."

Knowle nodded his head and turned around and the White House Press Secretary walked into the office carrying a black suit covered in plastic, on a hanger.

"Mr. President, here's the suit you asked me to get for Mr. Rohrer."

Kayla stops dead in her tracks upon seeing Knowle already in the room.

"Please, give the suit to Knowle and escort him to the little boys room, and make sure that he fires Agent Lando."

"Lando?" Kayla raised an eyebrow.

"Ugh, ok, fine! Agent Fesner. Make sure he fires Agent Fesner." Geez! These people!

Kayla handed Knowle the black suit as the Marines unhandcuffed him.

"Oh and, Knowle..." Krycek started as Knowle was heading out of the office, "make sure to bring me Agent Lando's sunglasses."

To look professional, Krycek picked up the nearest book to him and opened it to the middle and pretended to read, and pretended to adjust reading glasses on his nose (that did not exist).

The door to the office closed and Doggett was now alone in the office with President Krycek.

"Excuse me, Mr. President?"

"Hmm?"

Krycek looked up at Doggett, he was now wearing reading glasses. Where did those come from anyway?

"He tried to kill you, and you pardon him and appoint him to the head of your Secret Service?"

"Yup!"

"Why?"

"As I said... I deserved to be shot at. I made a disgrace out of the election season, and I was rapping a Céline Dion song at a Presidential debate." Krycek shrugged, "I had it comin'. I can't blame Knowle for somethin' I would have done if I hadn't been the moron being the buffoon."

Krycek picked up the phone and dialed.

"Who are you calling now?"

"President of England."

"You mean the Prime Minister?"

"Whatevs," another dismissive hand wave.

Krycek waited for the phone to ring and then someone picked up on the other side and he squealed into the mouthpiece, "WHAAAZZZZUUUUUUUUUPPPPP?! GUUUUUUD MOOOOOOOOORNIN' GREAT BRITAIN!" Then he hung up and giggled.

#WTF

"Geez Louise! Why are you prank calling people?" Doggett said, flabbergasted.

"I'm starting a new trend! Leaders of the free world prank call other leaders on their first day in office!" Krycek said, like duh!, then perked up. "Ooh! I wonder if I'm trending today..." he pulled out his cell phone and swiped across the cracked screen.

And this was how the days would go. One idiotic fight after the other. Prank calls, insane doctrines, and complaining about not having a Big Mac. There had to be more than this. There just had to be and if there was, Doggett needed to find it. He needed to find the president within Krycek. He needed to find the man that people could admire. The man that could lead the country to greatness.

The search seemed futile. Hours felt like days, and days felt like months...

ALBINO RAT: WHITE HOUSE EDITION

"You really need a night off Doggett," Krycek said. "You've really really worked hard these past couple days."

Doggett should have looked like an old man. In fact, it was amazing he hadn't aged at all! With all the stress Krycek had been putting him

under, it was a wonder he hadn't snapped, but Krycek suspected he might be close to losing it.

After all, it was only day four.

Doggett eyed him suspiciously. He had acted way too normal in the past two hours that it just didn't sit right with him. From lunatic games and pranks and idiot remarks, to suddenly acting like a decent, mature human being. He was up to something, and Doggett couldn't quite put his finger on it.

"I mean it, John, you've earned a night off," Krycek had his 'convincing voice' turned on. If Doggett weren't so trusting he probably would have called him out. "'Sides, I'm beat and I think a good night's rest will do me some good. Even might give me a clear head to start tomorrow with, ya know?"

And he was calm. Krycek and calm. It was unsettling.

Doggett stared him down, looking for the mischief he had come to know. The two gazed at one another like two cowboys waiting to make the first draw in a duel. Eyes narrowed, and Krycek successfully refrained from saying 'trust me'.

Slowly, Doggett nodded his head. "If you insist, Mr. President," he paused and waited another moment for the tell all sign that the POTUS was up to something.

"Have a good night off, John," Krycek stood and buttoned his suit jacket. "Go play Barbies with your kids," he grinned.

Doggett nodded, certain yet not certain. And he opted not to correct him since none of his children played with Barbies any more. Regardless, he was worn out and eager to get home to his wife and kids.

As he left, Krycek waited until the door was closed before pulling out his phone and hopping on Twitter to type a tweet! He giggled.

* * * * *

Doggett drove home. It took him until now to realise just how worn out he actually was. This was hardly a job of Chief of Staff as much as it was a babysitting job. He was looking forward to coming home and hugging his family. Maybe even watch a little television (and not the news!).

The lights were still on in the house when he pulled into the drive. He smiled. Gosh it was good to be home again, especially after four days. Finally, he was feeling relaxed. The stress was going away and as he

turned the knob to the front door, he awaited the hugs he would receive from his loved ones.

But there are no hugs waiting for him when he opens the door. Instead, his wife is there with her hands on her hips and a very disapproving look in her face.

"John," she said, stern. "Did you see Twitter?"

Will came up with his mother's smartphone in his hand and showed him the Twitter feed. It was on Alex's feed. Doggett cringed.

"No, no, no, no, no," he didn't want to hear about some dumbass thing Krycek was doing. He just left there, and he had the night off! Nothing was supposed to happen! Krycek was supposed to be sleeping! "I just left there!"

Scully came up to him. "Johnny, you know you can't leave him alone for even two minutes."

Doggett sighed. It was true. And this was going to be a loooooooooooooong four years. "Hell's bells," he said and looked closer at the little phone screen. "What the hell is he doing?"

"It looks like a concert, dad!" little Will said. "You gotta stop 'im!"

Doggett looked down at his little son. He couldn't let him down. With a heavy sigh, he looked from Will to his wife. "Okay, okay..." he said, defeated. "I'll go stop him."

A quick hug and a kiss and Doggett's "night off" was over.

Meanwhile... at the White House...

Red lights were flashing on the exterior of the White House, huge speakers were standing high and there were two HUGE television screens showing President Alex Krycek dressed in a white suit with a sparkly red tie (you know, what he wore to the first and only debate night). He had HUGE shades on in the shape of stars, glittered with red. And he was pimpin' it to the Albino Rat version of Star Wars's "Imperial March", which was blaring over the front lawn. A crowd had gathered and they were partying hard to their president's music. Yes, the President of the United States was throwing a concert at the White House and it looked like Woodstock. And it had all started on Twitter, because he knew Doggett didn't have a Twitter account.

The little rat!

Doggett stood behind the 'stage' (HE HAD A STAGE?!??) and huffed.

This was (again) stupid.

This was (again) ridiculous!

And who the hell allowed this to happen?! It's not like Krycek could put all this together on his own. He had to have had help! But who and why and where the hell was Secret Service?! How did Knowle let this happen?! Agent Lando--gah!--Agent Fesner never would have let this happen.

Doggett shouted to Krycek, but Krycek didn't notice him. He was too busy rapping to, now a mix of, Hail to the Chief and the Imperial March and there were spitting sounds to go along with it. In short, it was horrible, but the crowd was cheering and... SINGING?! They were singing with him?! How did they even know the words (were they even words?!)

Krycek turn-hopped as he danced and caught a glimpse of Doggett. His eyes lit up, not realising Doggett had come to stop him. He ran over to him and dragged him front and center on the stage. The crowd roared!

"YOU NEED TO STOP THIS!" Doggett shouted.

"NEVER!" Krycek shouted back, hopping in place as he 'danced'.

Doggett grabbed hold of his sparkly red tie and Krycek stopped dancing and came face to face with him.

"THIS IS NOT HOW A PRESIDENT BEHAVES!"

To Doggett's dismay, Krycek giggled and grinned. "Oh yeah he does!" and he turned and ran, leaving Doggett with the remnants of the clip-on tie.

REALITY BYTES

Woe. Is. Krycek. WOE. IS. PRESIDENT. KRYCEK. Sheesh! this sucked, being overseas an' all, traveling through Europe, and Asia, and the Middle East and all without his one true love, Marita Covarrubias. And how frookin' long did the President of Austraswitzerland have to shake his hand for the cameras anyway? Krycek's face hurt from smiling so much. He so very, very badly wants to return to life before this POTUS crap. Whoever in their right mind would actually want to have this job was a nutjob. No offense to his Chief of Staff, John Doggett, of course (maybe).

Krycek shot a glance over at Doggett, hoping that he'd come and save him from the endless hand shaking going on. He understands why the media is here, he IS one of the most important people in the world right now. But he's only been da POTUS for a few days, and they're a bunch of nosey little stalkers, that's what they are!

Krycek had come to hate the media.

Finally, the leader of Austraswizerland (or whatever it was) let go of his hand and waved to the crowd, sorry, the media. Krycek couldn't help but roll his eyes. All this butt kissing annoyed him, and he still hasn't had a Big Mac!

The leader of Austraswizerland, or was it Australia, or was it Switzerland? Where the hell was he? Anyway the leader of whatever country he was visiting today said something butt-kissy to him as Doggett approached him to join him in boarding Air Force One.

"Were you able to find Marita?" Krycek asked his spirits lifted at the possibility that Doggett had been able to find her on this trip to Europe... cuz ya know... she's always (but never really is) lost in Europe.

Doggett only shook his head, and Krycek's wee little heart sank.

Where was his Marita Lynn?!

Sure, Krycek never actually wanted to win the election, nor did he think he would win, but now that he is da POTUS, he wants to ask Marita to marry him again so that she can be the prettiest, most gorgeous FLOTUS since Jackie O!

Krycek and Doggett ascended the stairs of Air Force One, and Krycek turned once again to wave goodbye to the journalists who had gathered here today for this stupid photo op. Under his breath, and through smiling (gritting) teeth, Krycek grumbled "you bunch of blood suckers." And with that he entered the plane and headed to his Air Force One office, and shut the door behind him.

He wanted to be alone to wallow in his sorrow.

Doggett kept an eye on Krycek as he shut the door to the office. He took a seat and took out his brand new smartphone, government issue, and tried to turn on its screen. He tapped, and tapped, and tapped. He shook it. Shook it some more. Yet nothing happened. What the heck was wrong with his old and trusted flip phone anyway?

You'll wanna listen to this. It's so bad, you gotta:

<https://youtu.be/8yGYfdyYyle>

*Girl I've been hurt
Girl I've been hurt
You said there will be no other love
But me but girl I know much better*

John Doggett raised an eyebrow, what the heck now?! Krycek is blaring some whiny music from the office?

*I'm no fool, you've been playing games on me
Come here tell me what you're thinking of
Is he real, have you found another love?
How long must we play this masquerade?*

Doggett sighed, this was about Marita. He was sure of it.

Everyone surrounding Doggett on the plane tried their best to ignore the high pitched wailing sound that emanated from the President's office.

Ah yes, Krycek was blaring Snow's "Girl I've Been Hurt" in a failed attempt to muffle his sobs and wailing over Marita.

It failed.

It failed so bad.

Doggett coughed uncomfortably, and shared a look with the White House Press Secretary, Kayla Taylor, who had accompanied them on this overseas trip. She smiled at him, both knowing the other was trying to ignore the wailing coming from President Krycek.

"The weather is so nice today." Kayla said.

"It sure is." Doggett responded.

It was sooooo awkward right now.

He and Kayla knew each other better than to partake in small talk about the weather. Doggett attempted to change the subject. "How's your fiance? Isn't he in the FBI Academy?"

Kayla nodded her head, "He is." Her smile was sincere, and Doggett saw how much she loved her fiance in her eyes. "He only has a couple more months until graduation."

*Girl I've been hurt now I need another lover
You are no?
Girl I've been hurt now I need another lover
You are no?
Girl I've been hurt now I need another lover
You are no good*

Doggett and Kayla struggle to seem like they aren't raising their voices to speak to each other. In the past few days they've learned that giving President Krycek attention when he behaves like a child is a bad idea.

Doggett asked, "Does he know where his first assignment will be?"

"Well, since we're engaged, we're hoping it'll be in D.C., he hasn't talked about anywhere else."

"Would you leave D.C. to be with him if he got assigned across the country?" Doggett knew this was a stupid question to ask, but god dammit, that music was loud. And he was trying not to be loud, but he had to be loud so he could be heard over the loud whiny rapping. Ignoring this latest Krycek sob-fest was getting harder and harder to do.

Go figure.

"I'd eventually join him." Kayla pauses, and glares at the door to the President's office, wanting to express a desire to quit this job anyway just because the POTUS was a dumbass.

*Who do you think you are?
Let me tell ya about it
Who do you think you are?*

::: WWWAAAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL ::::

Doggett and Kayla share a look, and with reluctance and acceptance, Doggett stood up and headed to the office door. He took in a deep breath. It was impossible to mentally prepare for whatever Krycek would throw at you next. He learned this over all the twenty-one years that he's known the man-child.

And his hair, seriously, hasn't greyed? Seriously? Seriously?! I mean SER-IOUS-LY?!!!!

Doggett placed his hand on the doorknob and turned it, the door opened and the music got louder, and he didn't see Krycek anywhere, but he could damn well hear him crying his eyes out!

*Love this girl me say love this girl
Love this girl me say love this girl
Don't you know say Daddy me Snow
Give her diamond and pearl
Give this girl me say diamond and pearl
Love her in my heart me say down to belly
He say Daddy me snow me are the cooler daddy
Me love this girl but she left me lonely*

"Alex?" Doggett made his way around to the other side of the desk and saw before his very own eyes the President of the United States, curled up in fetal position, sucking his thumb, tears streaming down his face. Aw, shit! Why did he care enough about Krycek to come check on him? It's not like Krycek is one of his "baby boys!"

"Alex?"

But the POTUS didn't acknowledge him, instead he sob-sang along with the rest of the lyrics to "Girl I've Been Hurt."

*She want go play with me heart, bye bye bye
She want to go play with me heart, bye bye bye
Find another lover me say find another one
Find another lover me say find another one
To make me feel fine
Make me feel fine
Make me feel fine lord*

"Alex, you really have to pull yourself together, this is not the way the leader of the free world needs to be acting." Doggett said sternly.

"SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! WHAT DO YOU KNOW, JOHN?! HAVE YOU EVER LOST YOUR ONE TRUE LOVE? NO." Krycek's eyes were bloodshot, and his face stained pink with tears.

*Girl I've been hurt now I need another lover
You are no?
Girl I've been hurt now I need-*

Doggett turned off the music, and came back around the desk and sat on the floor next to Krycek. Instinctively he wanted to pat the man on the back and comfort him as he would his son, William, but Krycek was not a child, and he was not his son. He pat him on the back anyway. He knows what a broken heart feels like, and he actually sympathizes with Krycek.

Krycek tried to crawl up into Doggett's lap to cuddle, but Doggett stopped him with a simple "no." Something had to be done to get this POTUS under control.

As if on cue, Doggett's smartphone rang, and still fending off Krycek, Doggett took out his phone and saw it was Dana calling. Doggett read the screen "tap or swipe to answer," and not intending to, he looked at Krycek for help, and Krycek swiped his phone to answer it for him. Doggett gave Krycek a look that said "thank you," and then he answered his phone with "Hey, sweetheart."

Krycek could only make out "Oh you finally learned how to answer your phone," coming from mom--err... Scully... but then the voices got muffled, so he just rested his head on Doggett's shoulder there on the floor, under the desk of the President of the United States on Air Force One. And with a wet sniff of boogers, he wiped his nose on his sleeve.

Doggett nudged Krycek, "Martin and Sasha say 'hi daddy.'"

Krycek lifted his head and smiled, even if he didn't have Marita right now, at least he still had his kiddos!

It's ok, you can take this moment to realise that OMFG, he's a dad!! You know, in case you forgot. =P

* * * * *

Air Force One landed in Milan, or was it Milano, or was it Rome or Lisbon? Wait, Lisbon (or Lisboa, as they say in Portuguese) was in Portugal! #InsideJoke. Krycek wasn't sure, but they landed here in Italy about forty-five minutes ago. He was standing at a podium in front of the Italian media (mugh, not them again), and his very own media pool as the Italian President Basilio Gallo spoke in Italian. Krycek didn't know, but he was supposed to put in an earpiece to hear the translator translate what President Gallo was saying into English. But he didn't, oh well, he nodded his head in agreement anyway.

For some reason all eyes fell on Krycek. It was his turn to speak, and to respond to what President Gallo had said. Oh shit! Krycek adjusted the microphone and it gave out a high pitched squeeeeeeeak.

"Salve, signore e signori d'Italia," Krycek was proud of himself for sorta saying things properly in Italian. "I want to thank you all for being here today."

Krycek paused, Doggett had made him memorize this grand ol' speech on Air Force One whilst they were flying to Europe from the States. It was about unity, helping Europe to rebuild its cities after the Alien War, trade with the United States, a comment about the progress of peace in the Middle East, and other such international relations things, but Krycek had something more important to say, something that Doggett wasn't aware of. Krycek hoped that Doggett would be proud of him. He took a breath to calm his nerves, and he continued.

But he couldn't do it, in his head he had been preparing a grand ol' speech of his own, but all that he could (literally) squeak out was...

"I quit!"

And with that he darted from the stage, making everyone wonder if they heard him right.

THE 24 HOUR POTUS

News of Krycek's resignation hit Stateside quicker than anyone could have imagined. Chief of Staff Doggett hadn't even been able to address the media in Italy to confirm that yes, what they just witnessed was Krycek's resignation from the Presidency.

Doggett spoke with Krycek to confirm this, and got Krycek to write his official resignation letter, and all Krycek wrote was this:

I am deeply sorry for the pain and embarrassment my short Presidency has brought to the citizens of the United States. I am not qualified for the Office of the President of the United States, and nor am I mentally fit to hold office. As of today, Wednesday the 27 of January in the year two-thousand twenty-one, I resign from the position of the President of the United States. I hope with my resignation you can find it in your hearts to forgive me.

Of course, Doggett helped him pen most of the resignation letter. Though let's give credit where credit is due, Krycek came up with the first two sentences of his resignation letter all on his own. He truly was sorry for being an embarrassment to the United States.

And only minutes after he signed the letter, Krycek was out the door to buy a train ticket to Paris to look for his Marita Lynn.

Mulder was quickly sworn in as President.

And 12 hours later, Doggett had returned to D.C. and found the Oval Office in disarray, and Mulder in the middle of it.

"I have to do all the good that I can do, Doggett!" Mulder shouted as soon as Doggett entered the Oval Office.

Mulder's voice was magically back! The spell had been lifted!

"You have to help me, Doggett!" but oh wow was he panicked!

Doggett saw fear in Mulder's eyes. Mulder may not be his "baby boy," but gosh darn it, he cared for Mulder as if he were family, a son even. <--- he might never admit this.

Mulder always had the best intentions at heart, his only problem was in the execution of his intentions. It looked like a hurricane had hit the Oval Office. Papers were everywhere. About a dozen pencils were stuck in the ceiling above the President's desk. And somehow, in all this chaos, Mulder managed to tape up the I Want To Believe Poster above the framed photo of President Lincoln on the wall of the office.

To Doggett's surprise, Pookalina Shmi (Mulder's seven year old daughter) crawled out from under the President's desk, and stood up, she held a pen out.

"Here daddy, I found the pen so you can re-allow the teaching of dinosaurs!"

Mulder rushed behind the desk, and took the pen from his daughter, and began writing out a new Executive Order to undo President Krycek's Executive Order to stop the teaching about dinosaurs.

Mulder sat down at the desk, his tongue hanging out the side of his mouth as he concentrated on writing Executive Order after Executive Order to undo all the stupid that President Krycek had done. And he had done a lot! "Star Wars" wasn't real (no matter how much he wanted to believe it!). You can't change figure skating results from 1994 or 1998 and gosh dernit, dinosaurs weren't just the product of ILM.

Doggett quickly came over to the desk. "Sir, Mr. President--"

Mulder looked up, mid-signing his name so the ink sort of bled on the paper. "Just Mulder."

"No, you are the President of the United States now, I have to address you as 'Mr. President'," Doggett said, firm but soft so not to scare Mulder. I mean, he was already in a very scary position of power, and unlike his predecessor, he understood the importance of the office!

"Just breathe," Doggett soothed Mulder. "You can do this, just slow down."

Mulder was shaking his head. "I can't slow down! I've had about forty-two double espressos!" he looked back to signing his name. "I have to do it Doggett. I have to do the most good and real quick because I can't go day in and day out with forty-two cups of double espressos. I just can't! I'll give myself a heart attack, and I can't die. I have so much to do. And I have my wife and my kids, and oh golly jeeppers I never wanted to be the VEEP! But Krycek put a spell on me and made me mute so I couldn't object!"

Doggett looked to Pookalina Shmi, who simply nodded her head as if to say 'it's true'.

"And my wife, Doggett, my wife. She wouldn't want to be in the spotlight like this," Mulder said, signing another executive order. "We want to be humble and happy and I mean, I know how much you want--"

Doggett's eyes lit up, but he couldn't stop Mulder from talking. But he wanted to tell him he didn't really want the Oval in the first place. For the same reasons! Family was most important to him.

--this so much, but I can't Doggett. I can't. I can't do that to you and your family. I know how much they mean to you and I know you are a patriot, but Doggett, family is family and country and county and if you can't put a divide between this and them then you will lose them and you will lose yourself. You've seen what it's done to Knowle and

Monica. I-I can't, I just can't let the same thing happen to you and mom-err, I mean Scully."

"Mulder..."

Mulder looked up.

"You're freaking out. Just calm down and relax..."

Pookalina Shmi chimed in and she hugged her daddy's arm. "Calm down and relax, daddy..."

And all together, the three of them drew in a long, deep breath and slowly let it out.

"Okay, good, now... what do you want to do, Mr. President?" Doggett asked.

Mulder looked from Doggett to his daughter, then back to Doggett. "I want to be a daddy and not the President. I want to undo the dumb that Krycek has done this week and then resign and have the rightful, real professional candidate take the office. Because let's face it... we can't do this. Ms. Vansen should. Even I voted for her."

Doggett nodded. "Okay, call her up."

Mulder tilted his head.

"Do you have a vice president?"

Mulder shook his head.

Doggett pointed to the phone. "Then call her up. Appoint her as the Vice President. Then, when you resign--"

--Tonight," Mulder added.

Doggett blinked. He was going to do all this today?

"Tonight?"

Mulder nodded. "Yep. I don't wanna do this tomorrow. I have to take Pookalina Shmi to school and I'm not gonna miss that."

Fair enough... he would have the shortest term ever.

"Okay..." Doggett sighed. He wasn't certain how this would work out. In fact, he doubted Mulder could do all of this in a day. Buuuut... stranger things had happened.

Mulder picked up the phone and dialed and as he did, he squeezed his lucky bunny foot.

* * * * *

"Daddy, I can't tie my bow," Pookalina Shmi said, fiddling with her pink ribbon she was trying to tie onto her pigtail.

Mulder smiled up at his daughter as he zipped up her winter coat. "Let me get it," he said and turned her around as he helped her get her Yoda school backpack on. He tied a pretty bow and fixed the other one on the other pigtail. "There... all beautiful."

Pookalina Shmi quickly turned and hugged her dad. "Thank you daddy!" she squealed with delight and quickly ran off towards the bus stop.

It was a miracle what he accomplished yesterday. But this was what he wanted... to enjoy life as a daddy and watch his little girl go to school. Even though just yesterday he was the President of the United States, he wanted nothing more than this moment as he watched his little girl run off towards her school mates.

He smiled when he watched his little girl's friends give her hugs. She was loved and adored by all, just as he raised her to be.

Maybe she would be President one day too.

Or maybe an astronaut.

Or a clown.

Whatever she wanted to be, she would do it and he would be there to see it. He and his loving wife, Maria.

As Pookalina Shmi got on the school bus, Mulder waved goodbye.

And all was right in the world...

... Except...

Across the pond...

Krycek stood on the top most floor do the Eiffel Tower and looked out over the city. He looked distraught and at a loss... and all he could think of to do, was...

"MAAAAARRRRRIIIITTTAAAAA!!!!" he shouted, hoping to find his one true love.

The End.