

FOX & RAT

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

Story No. FRVS215

Episode #11x12

"Confrontations"

Written By

Cassie

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Summary: After quitting the position of President of the United States, Krycek will try to start anew at the FBI, but first he has to get through an interview with the FBI Director.

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Feedback: foxandratvs@gmail.com

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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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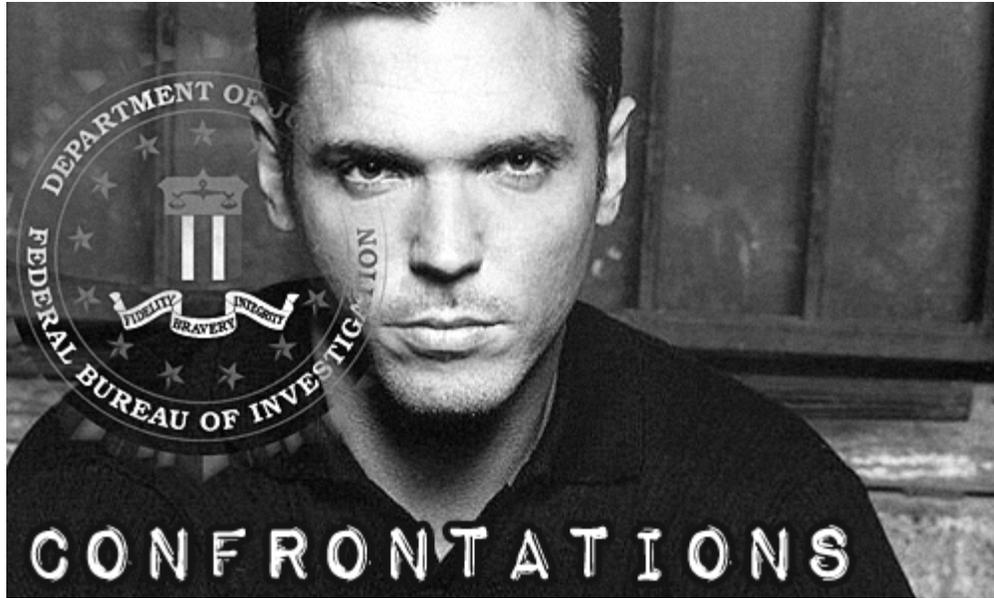
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FADE IN:

INT. MULDER (AND KRYCEK'S?) APARTMENT #42 - NIGHT
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA
TUESDAY, 16 MARCH 2021

We are CLOSE on Fox Mulder's face. His eyes are closed, and seemingly he is sound asleep. A smile forms on his face, and he smacks his lips together, and cuddles with his fluffy pillow.

SUDDENLY! He jerks awake! His eyes POP OPEN, and he flings his arm to his side, WHACKING (a sleeping) Alex Krycek right dab in the face, waking him up.

Mulder sits up straight in his bed, very nearly hitting his head on the bottom of the bunk bed above him. Yes, Mulder and Krycek are sleeping together, on the bottom bed of a bunk bed - in Mulder and his wife, Maria's, apartment.

Just imagine the scandal that would have made if they were still the President and Vice President of the United States!

In silent agony from being whacked in the face, Krycek holds his nose and squirms in the hope that his squirming will dull the pain.

KRYCEK

Mulder! You donkey!

MULDER

Alex! I got it!

Mulder punches the bunk bed above him with his fist. He hasn't realized yet that Krycek was sleeping right next to him. He pounds the top of the bunk bed again.

MULDER
Alexander Sergeiovich Krycek,
the second, Junior, Junior,
Junior! WAAAAAKE UUUUUUP!

POUND! POUND! POUND!

Slowly, Krycek sits up next to Mulder, glaring at him for disrupting his-

KRYCEK
BEAUTY SLEEP, Mulder!
You interrupted my beauty-

MULDER
(startled)
-AAAHHHHH!

Mulder nearly jumps out of his own skin! He was startled by Krycek's voice being so close to him.

KRYCEK
(rolling eyes)
-sleep.

Mulder quickly turns to look at him, almost elbowing Krycek in the face as he does.

MULDER
You know how we always
wanted a time machine?!

KRYCEK
You wanted a time-

MULDER
-You too, don't lie.
And you know how I
have Mulder Luck?!

Krycek nods his head, he can't argue against that. From sticking his head underneath snow as a teenager for over ten minutes, from hauling the entire X-Files FBI office onto the Pequod during the days of the Alien War... yeah, Mulder has "Mulder Luck."

MULDER
What if I can invent
a time machine and-

A quizzical look falls upon Mulder's face, suddenly realizing..

MULDER
(accusing)
Where's my wife?

Krycek raises his arm over his head and attempts to yawn to avoid the question. He whacks his hands hard on the bunk bed above him.

KRYCEK
She asked me to sleep down
here with you while she-

MULDER
-No! (beat) No, no, no, no, no
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, NO!

KRYCEK
Huh?

MULDER
First we made it six years without
cuddling with each other like we
said we'd never do when we saved
the world. (beat) Then Close Call 2018
happened and we swore we'd never
ever, ever again have a close call again!

Mulder motions at the ittty bitty space between the two of them. Raising the sheets up to reveal Krycek's bare leg touching Mulder's bare leg. He bugs his eyes and gives Krycek a look.

KRYCEK
What? Maria told me to.

MULDER
We can't be cuddling with each other
like a couple of mismatched, emotionally
abusive, questionable lovers with a
near incest-like relationship! (beat)
We're not Mully and Sculder!

Mulder makes a reference to one of his and Krycek's favorite television programs from the late 1990s and early 2000s, "Syndicate X."

Mulder falls back onto his pillow, shaking his head in bewilderment. Krycek lies down next to him, propping his head up on his hand, and he stares down at Mulder.

Yes, you're supposed to get that are-they-acting-like-lovers-and-a-married-couple feeling. But it doesn't seem to bother them.

KRYCEK

There's rumors floating around
the internet that the Fuchs Network
wants to do another "revival"
season for Syndicate X.

MULDER

Humph! A six episode "revival" is
NOT a "revival." And with half the episodes
being pure cow dung, I'd hardly call
that thing a Syndicate X "season."
It was a failed resuscitation, and knowing
how the Fuchs Network is, and how
All-I-have-for-income-is-Syndicate-X,
Mr. Craig Christophe, leaving that season
revival thing on a cliffhanger, Syndicate X
will probably be back with another lame
attempt to revive itself. (beat) That revival
thing was a failed resuscitation! Syn X is dead.

Krycek picks a few pieces of lint off of Mulder's Han Solo and Chewbacca T-shirt, then rests his head down on Mulder's shoulder. Mulder gives him a side glance, and lets it slide, but if Krycek-

-Yup! There he goes!

Krycek starts to make a move to wrap his arm across Mulder's chest. Mulder quickly rolls Krycek away from him, and SHOVES Krycek off the bed. He hits the floor with a loud THUD.

The door to the bedroom creaks open, and Mulder's wife, (Marita's twin sister) Maria, pokes her head in to see what the noise was.

MARIA

You two behaving?

Maria eyes her husband in their bunk bed, and sees Krycek plopped down on the floor next to the bed. Krycek sits up, and scratches the top of his head. Acting as if he doesn't know what hit him, in a play for Maria's attention. He wants to be "mothered" (and Scully isn't here!).

Maria doesn't even raise an eyebrow. She's been married to Mulder since 21 December 2012. She's been living with her husband, and Krycek now for six years. Five long years since the divorce between Krycek and Marita was finalized in January 2016.

The divorce didn't exactly change the dynamic of their infamous on-again-off-again relationship though. At the time of their divorce, Marita was pregnant with hers and "Krycek's" first child, a boy, whom they named Alexander Sergeiovich Krycek II, Jr. Jr. Jr. Covarrubias (yes, we'll get back to why Krycek's name was in quotations in a minute, hold your pants!). Martin, as the child prefers to be called, was born on 13 October 2015, the 46th birthday of his biological father... dun! dun! DUUUUN!!! Fox Mulder.

You see, Marita wanted to have a child, but she didn't want her child to have Alex Krycek's DNA. So she asked Mulder and Maria if he could donate sperm for artificial insemination. Being the weirdos (ie: The Mulders) that they are, they agreed, with only one stipulation... no one tells Krycek that he's not the child's biological father. To this day, Krycek remains oblivious to "his son's" true parentage, but because Martin resembles Fox Mulder very, very much (and shares the same aversion to his birth name), everyone else, in their friend group, has figured it out.

So anyway, Marita and Krycek divorced, had a son, and in February 2016 (a month after their divorce was finalized), Krycek and Marita hooked up one-night-stand style! Nine months later their daughter, Sasha Baby was born on 9 November 2016. And no worries this time, Alex Krycek is Sasha Baby's bio-daddy!

Krycek continues to scratch the top of his head again. Apparently, Maria isn't going to mother him. He wishes Scully was here (errmmm, or do they call her "Doggett" now since she's still married to John Doggett? Krycek's never been very clear on that, he just goes with "mommy" or "Scully"). Scully would mother him. She's a good mother. A motherly mother.

Krycek sighs. He misses Marita. He hasn't seen her since... since... since...? Come to think of it, he hasn't seen Marita since before he won the Presidential election last November! Hmmmm... where could she be? Certainly she'll come out of the woodwork now that he's out of the White House, right?

That reminds him... **he MUST deny, deny, deny, deny, deny, deny, and DENY that he ever ran for President, that he ever won the Presidency, and that he ever served the country as President.** He had only wanted to help Monica out, help her marriage to Knowle by defeating Knowle so he could return to his regular life with Monica and their kids, but... well... y'all read the Hashtag Two-Parter.

Maria watches Krycek crawl back up to the top bunk above Mulder. She closes the bedroom door, and waits a moment before retreating back to the living room where hers and Mulder's five year old daughter, Pookalina Shmi, has fallen asleep on the couch while watching the Disney movie "Sleeping Beauty" with her mother. It never fails, the scene where the fairies put everyone to sleep always gets little Pookalina Shmi to fall asleep.

And don't call her "Pookalina" or "Pook" or "Pookie," this Mulder child loves her full name: Pookalina Shmi Mulder.

Maria sits down next to her little girl, and tucks a strand of hair behind her daughter's ear. Maria continues watching the movie. She looks around their little apartment #42, and smiles.

She's so happy that Mulder resigned himself from being the President of the United States (after Krycek quit). It was horrible enough watching Mulder pretend to be a mute so that Krycek wouldn't look like a liar during the campaign. And the twenty-four hours when Mulder was the President were so hectic and stressful for him, she's not sure he would have made it through those twenty-four hours without the help of John Doggett.

In just twenty-four hours, President Mulder did the best he could, for as many people as he could, in the country.

Neither she nor Mulder wanted to be in politics. Mulder's job with the FBI was satisfaction enough.

In the bedroom she can hear Mulder and Krycek talking. She lowers the volume on the TV to listen in...

KRYCEK

(off screen)

I hope you can invent it.

We could go back in time
and prevent the Alien war-

MULDER

(off screen)

-And your running for President
and ruining John Doggett's shot
at the White House-

KRYCEK

-But you said he didn't
really ever want to be
the President-

MULDER

-Oh yeah, right. I did
say that, didn't I?

KRYCEK

(off screen)

Mmhmm. (beat) We could also go back
and tell our younger selves what
not to do... like... like... like... the
Syndicate... obsessing over Marita...
or even telling younger us'es not
to let those two old men cut in line
ahead of us at the Star Wars premiere!

MULDER

(off screen)

I hated those old geezers! We
couldn't see the original Star Wars
on opening day because of those jerks!

Maria rolls her eyes. For a few weeks now, Mulder has been talking about what he'd do if he invented a time machine. How he and Krycek have been putting spare change into a jar (a dozen or more, actually) to save up to invent said time machine. How they stole (and hid) Skinner's Delorean car back in 1985, with the intention of copying Doc and Marty McFly's time machine. Maria sighs, thank goodness the likelihood of them actually inventing time travel is non-existent.

CUT TO:

THE NEXT MORNING

Alex Krycek is speeding through the traffic on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C. He sees the Capitol building far ahead of him, as he swerves into another lane, trying to dodge the paparazzi who are chasing him to work. Dammit! Ever since he made a fool of himself when he was President for such a short time, the paparazzi has been obsessed with trying to track him down. Thankfully they haven't figured out that he's been living with The Mulders. A car pulls up next to his, and a man hangs out the window, trying to take a picture of him for his tabloid rag! Krycek YELPS! and quickly turns his head away, swerving his car in the process of doing so.

Krycek looks at the digital clock display in his car. He's two hours and fifteen minutes late to his first day back at work at the FBI since he quit being the President!

Krycek bypasses the parking garage security, honking the car horn at them and waving, as the security agents immediately have to stop at

least seven cars full of paparazzi "journalists" from entering. Krycek smirks at them through the rearview mirror. Ha! Punks!

Krycek pulls into a reserved parking spot, takes the keys out of the ignition, and gets out of the car and walks to the stairwell entry.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING
WASHINGTON, D.C.
10:21 A.M.

Krycek is now two hours and twenty-one minutes late to work. He gets waved through security without incident (and only a few ugly looks). For sure the paparazzi won't catch up to him now! They don't have security clearance! Ha! With a jovial spring in his step he walks the halls of the FBI. He waves left and right at the agents of the post-Alien War FBI, most of whom he doesn't know or recognize.

He breathes a sigh of relief as the elevator doors close and he makes his way up to the fifth floor, on his way to the Office of the FBI Director.

Alone, in the elevator, Krycek is left with his thoughts. The other day when he was at Happy Gilligan's Grocery Store, he encountered a handful of paparazzi, hounding him with questions about why did he run for President? Why did he lie about Mulder being mute? Why did he only serve for a week? Why? Why? Why?! WHY?!?!?! He didn't want to face the fact he was an embarrassment for the country. For once in his life he wasn't first embarrassed for himself. He really hurt the reputation of this country. His kinda-sorta girlfriend/ex-wife, Marita refused to appear in public with him. His own son, "Martin," wouldn't even talk to him, and his daughter, Sasha Baby, wanted to be President instead of him.

The Doggetts (John, Dana, Katie, and little Will) gave him dirty looks. Though near the end of his week-long Presidency, Doggett did seem to let up on him, perhaps sympathizing with him a little bit.

Krycek feels his face turn red with shame. His intention was to ruin Knowle Rohrer's chances at the Presidency, but in the long-run he really wound up ruining the promising career of his friend, John Doggett.

John Doggett, the only man he knows who is deserving of the very best. John Doggett, the man who had a really good shot at the White House one day, but because of his association with Knowle Rohrer, his chances are long gone. How was Krycek supposed to know that Knowle would lose it and try to kill him during the Presidential debate? Hell! John Doggett probably will have to go back to flipping burgers at Burger Boy because

of him! Oh woe! Mommy, errrr, Scully will never forgive him! John will never forgive him! And pretending none of the past eight months ever happened will not erase their memory!

He hasn't spoken to John or Dana since he quit being President.

That was two months ago.

He's not sure how to approach them, to be honest.

And even though he was a little shit in the Oval Office, he's forever grateful to John Doggett for standing by him, and serving as his highest advisor and Chief of Staff. He never would have had the courage to squeak out "I quit!" if John Doggett hadn't been standing nearby.

And though he will continue to deny he ever ran for, won, and served as President, to the paparazzi, he feels he owes it to The Doggetts, and to Mulder, and to Marita, and to Monica, and to... well, the country, to deliver a formal apology, more than what he included in his official resignation letter.

But he can't stomach the thought of owning up to such a huge mistake! He's too proud, too vain, too... Alex Krycek to do that. But that doesn't deny him the feeling of great shame for what he put his friends through.

Truth though... he doesn't have the balls to face John Doggett, or his family after what he pulled. He avoided everyone by spending a month, alone, running around Europe looking for his long-lost Marita Lynn. He never found her.

And if there's one thing he knows about John Doggett, it's that that man was born to lead this country. And now, his reputation is ruined, and he's probably damned to working at Burger Boy, where if you make Employee of The Month, you get to wear a big white/orange hat.

The elevator doors open, and a handful of agents enter the elevator as he exits.

Krycek walks down the hallway, towards the Office of the Director, adjusting his clip-on necktie. He's only ever heard about the FBI Director before today, he's never actually met him: FBI Director Frank Donovan.

Frank Donovan had been reassigned to the FBI Headquarters in Washington, D.C. before the Alien War. Before then he had worked in Chicago with an elite undercover team that took town bank robbers, drug lords, terrorists, spies, jewel thieves, and corrupt police officers. Donovan's reputation on its own is enough to scare Krycek.

He enters the waiting room to the Director's office, and approaches his secretary, a young blond woman named Julia. Julia Vixen, and quite the vixen she is. Krycek eyes her up and down and wiggles his eyebrows. He always appreciates a woman who keeps enough buttons unbuttoned to show off her cleavage. Mmmmmm, mmmmmm, good!

She smiles at Krycek, definitely noticing his reaction to her appearance, and she eyes him up and down checking him out as well. Krycek, afterall, is quite a sexy man. She licks her lips at him and leans forward to speak.

JULIA VIXEN

Mr. Krycek. The Director will
be right with you, please have a seat.

Krycek smiles and takes a seat. Ok, so his job at the FBI isn't exactly guaranteed as he liked to let everyone think. He just has to get through this interview with Director Frank Donovan, and he's good to go!

Be on your best behaviour, Alex.

Don't show off your gun-handling skills, Alex.

If he's a pretty man, don't try to lick his face, Alex.

You can do this, Alex.

You clipped on your own tie this morning, Mulder didn't have to help you.

You didn't get cereal all over the front of your nice shirt.

You can adult today.

He wishes that Mulder could have come with him for the moral support. He's never met any FBI Director before. But this agonizing waiting! Oh! All he wants to do is squirm in his seat, but the Director's pretty assistant might tell the Director about that once his interview is over, and he couldn't have something like that happen!

He's nervous. The longer he waits, the more nervous he gets. Maybe he should have bought some adult diapers! Of course if he did that, there'd be no way to stop Mulder from blabbing that among their group of friends, and who knows, it could get out to the paparazzi who would probably Photoshop a very unflattering image of his gorgeous face on a fat baby wearing a diaper! The horror!

He squirms just a bit in his seat, and then lets out a very LOUD FART! Oh geez! He looks at Julia and feels his face flush red! He attempts a sheepishly charming smile, it falls flat. She grimaces, she must smell it! Oh geez! Well... on the bright side, at least that fart came out before his interview with the Director, right?

Right.

Slowly the door to the Director's office begins to open, and male laughter escapes the room. Krycek sighs in relief as he sees Walter Skinner emerge from the Director's office, maybe his buddy, Wally, came in today to say good things about him, and to explain why he was running so late to his 8 A.M. interview. Krycek looks at his wristwatch, it's now 10:35 A.M. Krycek looks up and smiles at Skinner. It's good to see a friend right now.

THANK THE GOD ABOVE!

Or... is Skinner coming back to the FBI, and *HE'S* the new FBI Director?! Well, hell! If that's the case he, Alexander Sergeiovich Krycek II, Jr, Jr, Jr. is officially back as an FBI Special Agent! He should just stand up now and take part in a happy dance!

Krycek stands up, and starts gyrating his hips back and forth, and doing disco fingers up and down in the air. Bobbing his head back and forward to music only he hears in his head.

Skinner left the Skinnermarinkydinks!

Skinnermarinkydinks no more!

Yeah!

Skinner left the Skinnermarinkydinks!

Skinnermarinkydinks no more!

Yeah!

Yeah!

But... HOLY MOTHER SHITBALLS OF FIRE! Another man is in the office, just out of sight from Krycek! He stops his celebratory happy dance, mid-hop. He strains his neck out and nearly falls over onto the couch, trying to see who this other man is! Good night! What if Skinner isn't a new FBI Director, and Frank Donovan still is?! Oh! He hopes Frank didn't see his happy dance through the crack between the door and its frame!

And then...

No...

And then...

No...

That's not true...

That's impossible!

(search your feelings, you know it to be true!)

John Doggett exits the Office of the Director!

the President, and some other guy - Krycek doesn't remember his name - is the new Veep!

DOGGETT

(not friendly)

This isn't the military, Mr. Krycek.

(beat) This is the FBI. At ease.

KRYCEK

B-b-b-b-b-but...

STOP BLABBERING AND STUTTERING, YOU FOOL!

KRYCEK

But, you're still a General, right?

DOGGETT

(not friendly)

Yes, but here I'm Director John

Doggett. (beat) Please, step

inside my office.

If he were a cartoon, Krycek would be sweating like Niagara Falls!

Krycek walks toward Doggett, keeping his head low, he can't even force himself to make eye contact. he tries not to scurry to sit in the chair in front of Doggett's desk. He quietly sits down. He can sense Doggett's eyes on him. He spoke to mom, errrrr... Scully, a few days ago and knows that Doggett is unhappy, no very unhappy, bummed out, despondent, miserable, troubled, dejected, destroyed, mournful, in the dumps, downcast, downbeat, and in a funk with the way the campaigns were run, and his ridiculous win as POTUS! (#YouKnowIt!)

Doggett quietly sits down in front of him, behind the big and intimidating desk of the FBI Director.

Oh, he's so screwed!

Krycek keeps his eyes lowered. He hopes this is over in a spiffy, he's not sure he can take sitting in the same room as this man any longer!

DOGGETT

(getting down to business)

So... you want a job at the FBI?

KRYCEK

(eyes lowered)

Yes.

DOGGETT

I never received your resume.

What qualifications do you possess
that will make you invaluable to
us as a Special Agent?

Krycek speaks like Milton from "Office Space." You remember him: "I believe you have my stapler..." and "I could set the building on fire." That guy, he mumbles a lot, "Excuse me, but I think you have my stapler."

KRYCEK

(eyes still lowered)

Umm... I was FBI before the Alien War. And... umm... you and I were FBI partners for a time, and umm... I used to have a lot of friends at the FBI... I've been on a ride along with a cop once in New York... I'm really good at using my gun. (beat) And I don't mean my "love gun" I mean an actual gun, like BOOM! BOOM! I shot you dead! kind of gun, you know... you know?

Doggett lets out a sigh, and shuts his eyes. It seems he is counting to ten in his head.

KRYCEK

I've spent the night in my office at the FBI before... had (he giggles) relations in the office at the FBI... umm... I've written case reports while I was a FBI agent, and for the first few months of the Alien War I lived in a Bunkie in the basement of the FBI-

DOGGETT

(softer, kinder)

-Alex...

Krycek looks up, a twinkle of hope in his eyes, hope that Doggett isn't about to treat him like a piece of shit (as he deserves).

DOGGETT

I was appointed as FBI Director by Mulder before he quit his twenty-four hour stint as the President of the United States. I know how you were as an FBI agent, and now that the reputation of the FBI is on my shoulders, I can't, in

good conscience, hire you as an agent.
(beat) You're not qualified.

KRYCEK

But...

DOGGETT

No "buts," Alex. (beat) I would have liked to have given you a chance, but you're behaviour these past few months has been... erratic. Unpredictable, and even immature. Those are not qualities I want for the FBI agents under me.

Krycek lowers his eyes again.

DOGGETT

I know the campaign tested our friendship, and I like to think that I even understand why you decided to run against Knowle and I. But all that's behind us now.

KRYCEK

Couldn't you just hire me to help Mulder?

DOGGETT

I have a responsibility to President Vansen, to the American people, and to the FBI.
(beat) I will keep this agency respectable.

KRYCEK

(sad)

I understand.

There's a pregnant pause in which it's obvious that Doggett is waiting for some kind of an apology from Krycek about everything that happened during the Presidential campaign.

Krycek can sense this expectation, and though he wants to apologize, he just can't! Acknowledging that any of that actually happened... he'd break his promise to himself to never speak of it again, or even acknowledge that it had happened.

Krycek stands up, and extends his hand, in the hope that Doggett will shake it. It seems no one ever shakes his hand when he offers his hand first.

KRYCEK

Thank you for meeting with me

anyway, Mister ... errr... Director Doggett.

(beat) And umm... congratulations
on the promotion. You deserve it.

(beat) And I'm sorry that I took part
in digging a mud pool in your back
yard last year. I know how much
you wanted that perfect back yard.

John gives him a look, slightly squinting his left eye in disbelief.

He knows Krycek. He knows not to expect an obvious, and direct apology for everything that happened during the Presidential campaign. John would appreciate a full-fledged apology, but he also gets the feeling that Krycek apologizing for digging the mud pool a year ago, might be his way of apologizing for the past eight months.

Doggett lucked out when Mulder became President, and appointed him as the Director, Doggett knows this. He's not entirely certain that President Vansen would have made the same decision, or would have ever regarded him again with any respect. But she's made no comment, or action, to replace him since being sworn in as President at the beginning of February.

Doggett had been so sure that Krycek's smear campaign against him and Knowle would have ruined him forever!

Doggett stands up and shakes Krycek's extended hand. A smile forms on Krycek's face, a smile of gee-golly-daddy-forgives-me!

Doggett has known Krycek for 21 years now, and knows an apology from him is hard to come by. He'll take his "congratulations on the promotion. You deserve it," and "I'm sorry I took part in digging a mud pool in your back yard," comments as the closest to an apology as he's ever going to get.

DOGGETT

Alex, I want to tell you that
I'm sorry for anything I said
during the campaign that may
have hurt you. I know things
got out of control, and I apologize
that Knowle shot you-

KRYCEK

-Dude, I know Knowle shooting
me had nothing to do with you.

I may have pardoned the moron,
but I don't need you apologizing
on his behalf, especially since
Knowle hates me now.

There's no arguing that.

DOGGETT

Knowle has more issues than just
losing out on the Presidency, Alex.

KRYCEK

That's part of the reason why I...

Krycek trails off, not wanting to speak of the thing he doesn't want to speak of.

John nods his head, understanding. He knows now that Krycek ran against he and Knowle to try to help Knowle's failing marriage with Monica.

Doggett places his hand on Krycek's shoulder and they walk to the door. Doggett turns to face him before opening it.

DOGGETT

Alex... life's short, go out there and
find something you're good at, and
do it. Just because Mulder's still at
the FBI, doesn't mean you have to
follow him and do what he does.

KRYCEK

But... being a wedding planner, and the
Pres- that other thing didn't work out.
How am I supposed to find the right career?

DOGGETT

You're fifty-two years old-

KRYCEK

-twenty-five, people always get
dyslexic with the two and five.

DOGGETT

(gives him a look)

You're fifty-two years old, Alex.
You have to start taking care of yourself.

Krycek looks closely at Doggett's face.

Doggett's two years older than him, and doesn't look like he's hit his 40s! How does he do this?! He must be using the same anti-aging, anti-

wrinkle, skin care products that Scully's been using for decades! Even she doesn't look a day over 30! A pouty frown forms on Krycek's face.

DOGGETT

What?

KRYCEK

For fifty-four years old you
sure are gorgeous!

Without thinking, Krycek plants a big kiss on Doggett's cheek, and opens the office door and leaves (with a skip and a hop). Maybe not getting back into the FBI will actually be a good thing for him!

Julia looks to her boss, and stands up. She grabs a tissue from the tissue box on her desk. She walks to Doggett and wipes a lipstick mark from Doggett's cheek, where Krycek kissed him. Julia doesn't say a word to him as she cleans the lipstick from his face.

She stands a little too close to Doggett, gazing up at his lips.

It's not lost on Doggett that Julia is attracted to him, he stops her by holding her wrist, and she presses her body against his chest, tilting her head back, closing her eyes, parting her lips - anticipating a kiss.

DOGGETT

(unamused)

Julia...

JULIA VIXEN

Hmm...?

Julia keeps her eyes closed, and a soft grin on her face. Ever since he got appointed as the Director she's been throwing herself at him.

DOGGETT

I'm married, and I'm your boss.

Julia reaches up and caresses her hand through his soft brown hair.

JULIA VIXEN

And doesn't that make it
more exciting...?

Julia tugs at Doggett's necktie, trying to loosen it up a bit.

JULIA VIXEN

In the Leyla Harrison novels,
you are quite the Don Juan,
cheating on your wife with

that Monica, and your...
assistant at the FBI...

She purrs into his ears, nibbles on his earlobe, and runs her hand down his back and grabs his ass! (let us not forget that sexual harrassment can and does go both ways)

Doggett steps away from her.

DOGGETT
(stern)

Ms. Harrison's novels are fiction.
(beat) Pack up your belongings,
Julia. I'll call for an escort to see
you to your car. (beat) You're fired.

Off Julia's shocked expression, Doggett goes to her desk and calls the FBI security to come up and escort her out of the building.

Well, crap. Now he needs to find a new assistant. For a split second he considers Krycek, but takes that thought right back.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. MULDER (AND KRYCEK'S?) APARTMENT #42 - NIGHT
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA
9:21 P.M.

Fox and Alex are sitting on the couch, with all the lights off. They're watching the very last episode of the Fuchs Network's "Syndicate X" "revival" DVD.

Syndicate X was their favorite TV show from years past. It was a show about corrupt FBI agents working in California. It was crude, rude, and completely pervy! It had sex, and sex jokes, and nudity. It was great! It was the best of the crap that the Fuchs Network aired regularly, alongside other crowd favorites like "Century," or "Harsh Reality," or "The Lone Peemen." All of those shows were also created by Craig Christophe, creator of "Syndicate X." He had a bad reputation for creating really disgusting shows, granted the other writers on said shows were better than he was at writing, but Fox and Alex knew whenever a Craig Christophe episode aired that it would be among the worst episodes of the series.

They'd watch, and then wish they could erase their memories of his episodes. They'd watch, and proceed to throw dirty Kleenex tissues at the television screen, and sometimes cookie dough <--- it just depended on what was readily available at the time they wanted to throw something at the screen during a Craig Christophe episode.

The two main characters are Mully (a pretty red-head woman, super tall), and Sculder (a short, brown-haired, hazel eyed fox). They were supported by Dogbert (the stubborn, but asexual former cop man), and Moronica (a wannabe latina erotic novelist, posing as an FBI agent), in the later seasons.

MULLY

(on TV)

But to save the world, Sculder...
we'll have to find our daughter... Wilma.

SCULDER

(on TV)

But honey, darling, dearest Mully. When I had to go into hiding, and fake my death in that volcano, you put our baby girl up for adoption. We don't know where she is. There may not be enough time, my sweet.

MULLY

Oh! If only we had time to handcuff each other to the bed one last time, and have one last romp together!

SCULDER

(smirking)

You know what I like!

An alien UFO spacecraft thing, kinda shaped like a large, flying penis, hovers above them. Mully and Sculder look up in fright as a bright green light shines down upon them.

Mulder and Krycek roll their eyes, this is so stupid.

MULDER

Oh god, here it comes!

KRYCEK

I hate this ending!

But even though they hate this episode, they both mouth off the words that Mully says next:

MULLY
(on TV)

Oh Sculder! I love you so much!
If we don't survive this invasion,
I want you to know, I desperately
need you to know that I want to
move back in with you, into our
very own unremarkable house!

SCULDER

You're my Alien Baby Baby Mama!

The Lumineers "Ho Hey" starts playing just slightly below the volume of Mully and Sculder's voices. Then they start sucking face, and that's exactly what it looks like. It's not a romantic on-screen kiss, it's wide mouths, awkward angles to smush their faces together, and it's sloppy.

MULDER

I'm going to puke.

Mulder picks up a bucket that he had on the floor next to the couch. He holds it in front of himself.

KRYCEK

You can't. You puked
during the last episode.
It's my turn to puke.

MULDER

Riiiiight... the BDSM mushroom
hallucination crap episode. (beat)
Syndicate X is so shit now. (beat)
It never should have come back.
It died properly all those years ago.
(beat) Stupid network, greed, greed,
greed. Money, money, money.

KRYCEK

Hey! We split the price, and threw
money away to buy the DVD set!

Quickly, Krycek reaches over for their (SHARED?!?) puke bucket! He and Mulder tug-o-war over it for a couple seconds, something pukey splashes

up into Krycek's hair, he doesn't notice as he holds the bucket in front of him.

MULDER

And we thought this would
be better with a second viewing.
We're effing idiots, Alex!

KRYCEK

Word!

MULDER

The Mulder 'shippers ruined
Syndicate X! (beat) AND...
I hate that my friggin' name
is their stupid 'shipper name!

KRYCEK

Hahahahahahahaha! And on the
old online forums, they thought
you were one of them because you
used your real name as your
username! Hahahahahahaha! (beat)
But yeah, when the writers listen
to the 'shippers, it ruins everything.

Krycek looks at the screen. Mully and Sculder are tearing off each other's clothing while the alien UFO is shooting up everything and everyone it can.

Krycek sticks his head in the puke bucket and makes puking sounds.

MULDER

At least Gina Andrews is
pretty. Sometimes that makes
up for really crappy episodes.

KRYCEK

And that Dil Debney is
pretty fine too!

Gina Andrews is the actress who portrays Mully in "Syndicate X," Dil Debney her co-star who plays Sculder.

Mulder and Krycek turn their attention back to the disaster playing out on their TV screen.

Krycek makes a pukey sound! There be chunks! Is he really puking?

MULLY
(on TV)

Oh Sculder! I'm not myself when I'm
not with you! I can't breathe without
your breath next to mine!

SCULDER
(on TV)

Oh, Mully! I love you too!

A piece of chocolate cake (with thick chocolate frosting) is thrown at the TV screen. It sticks right smack dab in the middle of the screen, obscuring from view the awful sight of Mully and Sculder swapping spit, in one of TV's most disgusting, tongue-y, debacles of all time. The Lumineers "Ho Hey" continues to play, louder and louder, with the world falling apart around them.

Then, a body of a young woman floats angelically down in front of Mully and Sculder as they continue to swap spit. The young woman taps them both on the shoulder, succeeding of getting them to part lips. Mully and Sculder look at her with disgust, who the fuck is this, and why is she intruding on what is probably their last make out session and sexual intercourse of their lives before the aliens destroy the planet?!

YOUNG WOMAN
(on TV)

Mully... Sculder... I am your daughter.

The screen whites out and in dark black, bold, all caps font says:
TO BE CONTINUED

MULDER
That's it?! (beat)
Executive decision!

Mulder stands up, walks over to the DVD player, removes the DVD, and snaps it in half. Then he snaps the halves in half!

KRYCEK
(disgusted)

And to think! We were so excited
when the Fuchs Network announced
that stupid Syndicate X revival!

MULDER
That "revival" (does the finger quotes)
thing, it ruined the legacy and the
respectability of the Syndicate X
original series. (beat) It erased nine

years of its own mythology in order
to cater to silly Mully/Sculder `shippers.

KRYCEK

I HATE the Fuchs Network! I hate
them more than I hated the Fox
Network when they cancelled Firefly!

MULDER

Don't forget that Fuchs also canned
our beloved Jack Moore and Wray
Nerely series, "Spectrum," too!

KRYCEK

I love Wray Nerely!
I wonder what he's doing now.

MULDER

I think he hits up as many
comic cons as he can. Keeps
getting crappy roles in crappy
shows and movies.

KRYCEK

But at least he didn't get
wrangled into a guest role
on Syndicate X, right?

MULDER

Totally.

KRYCEK

Hey, I wonder if he'll be at
the D.C. Comic Con in October.

MULDER

We should go! (beat)
We could make going
to a comic con a new
Super Buddies adventure!

KRYCEK

And who would go? (beat)
Knowle and Monica act like
I don't exist, mostly Knowle.
Skinner and Shannon are doing
their weird assassins-for-hire
Skinnermarinkydinks thing.
Mom and Dad, and Katie and Will...

MULDER

... are probably the only ones
who would go with us to a
comic con...

Mulder plops down on the couch next to Krycek. They sit there quiet for a few minutes.

Mulder tilts his head to look at his little buddy, Krycek. They're still in the dark, no lights on. The only light comes from the moonlight shining in through the window. Krycek looks... inspired? Mulder tries to raise an eyebrow, he ends up wiggling his eyebrows and rolling his eyes around. Dammit! After all these years he still CAN'T do that?! Gaah!

MULDER

Alex...? Whatcha thinkin'?

KRYCEK

Your time machine idea... we could go back and stop them from giving Syndicate X a green light for that "revival" thing... We have a butt load of money saved up in our Time Machine Fund jars. And with your Mulder Luck-

MULDER

-And if we retrieve Skinner's old Delorean...

MULDER/KRYCEK

(at the exact same time)

We can use the money we've been saving up since 1977 to invent a flux capacitor, and make time travel possible!

They sit in awed silence, they're freakin' geniuses!

KRYCEK

Dad, errrrmmm... I mean, Doggett told me to find something I enjoy doing, and do it. (beat) Do you know what career I think I'd enjoy?

MULDER

Time traveler?

KRYCEK

Nope.

MULDER

Tabloid journalist?

KRYCEK

For the Snooper Pooper? That's already on my list of jobs to try out, but there's a job I think I need more now than later.

MULDER

What's that?

KRYCEK

Work for the Fuchs Network, and shut down an eleventh "season" (does finger quotes) of Syndicate X. That shit has got to be stopped!

Mulder's eyes go wide with excitement! Ever since the original broadcast of the Syndicate X "revival" (aka its "tenth season") he and Krycek have always talked about how great it would have been to be handed the script to the "season ten" premiere, smile smugly at Craig Christophe, and shred it right in front of him.

That would be amazing!

/soapbox

CUT TO:

INT. DOGGETT HOUSE - NIGHT

FALLS CHURCH, VIRGINIA

10:15 P.M.

John Doggett is upstairs in his daughter, Katie's, bedroom. He just succeeded in getting his seven year old son, William, to bed.

Dana and Katie are downstairs watching episodes of the original "Dallas" TV series on TV. John never got "into" watching the show, and is in no hurry to get back downstairs to watch it. In the 1980s, he preferred television programming such as "Cheers" and "M*A*S*H."

He goes over to his daughter's desk, and flips through one of her school notebooks, for her French class.

Regrettably, John's French isn't very good anymore, he hasn't had the opportunity to use the language since that summer when Brad Follmer was supposed to marry Marita Covarrubias. Marita bolted and Krycek's need to find her, led him and the group on a nice (sometimes obnoxious) trip through Europe. He last used French when they stopped over in Paris, France. John smiles to himself, remembering the evening when he had wanted to ask Dana out while they were on the Eiffel Tower, and how his fear of heights ruined that moment for him, and how he thought he would never get the chance to date her. And now he stands in their little girl's bedroom, and he can hear his wife laughing downstairs.

Looking back, he knows that he certainly made a fool out of himself in his pursuit for Dana's heart.

John flips through his daughter's notebook, there are notes (in varying colored ink) of verb conjugations, vocabulary... he flips the page... and... he turns the page.

His heart very nearly leaps out of his chest! And he succeeds in preventing himself from yelling an expletive, when he comes to a slew of pages where his baby girl, his twelve year old baby girl, Katie, has written over and over and over and over and over again: "Mrs. Katherine Isabella Krycek" and "Katie Krycek" and "Kate Krycek" and "Katherine Krycek" and "I ♥ Alex Krycek" and "Katie + Alex" and "Katie ♥s Alex" and "Mrs. Katherine Isabella Doggett-Krycek."

DOGGETT
(to himself/disbelief)
Hyphen?!

He looks to his left, then to his right, wanting to run down the stairs to show this to Dana. His baby girl, their little baby girl, has a crush on her fifty-two year old "Uncle" Alex! Ever since he and Dana found out she was pregnant with Katie, he has feared the day that she would turn eighteen because that little Alex Krycek has always said that he would "hit on her as her eighteenth birthday present!"

John hears the TV turn off downstairs, and quickly he leaves Katie's room, with her French notebook in hand. He heads to his and Dana's bedroom, and hides the notebook under his pillow.

He steps back out into the hallway just in time to see his son, William, dressed up in last year's Halloween costume (Tigger), crawling on the floor, headed straight towards the family dog, an old Beagle, Buddy, who is sleeping in his dog bed in the hall. Just as Will is about to pounce on Buddy:

DOGGETT
William!

Buddy's eyes open, and he perks up one ear at the sound of his master's voice. William turns around, grinning at his father.

WILLIAM

I almost got 'im, dad!

DOGGETT

I saw. (beat) How many times do your mother and I have to tell you, Bud's an old dog, blind in one eye, and almost deaf?

WILLIAM

(innocent)

A million.

John picks William up in his arms, and carries him back to his bedroom.

DOGGETT

Time to get back to bed, slugger.
It's way past your bedtime.

Buddy stands up and follows them, William waves "bye" at the old dog.

WILLIAM

(yells)

SORRY BUDDY!

John winces, William yelled right into his ear. He enters William's room, and helps him out of his Tigger costume. He hears footsteps coming up the stairs.

SCULLY

(off screen)

Hey Bud', where's John?

William smiles at his dad, and quickly hops back into his bed.

WILLIAM

Don't tell mommy, ok?

John leans down and kisses William on the forehead. He doesn't have to tell her, she'll see him leave William's room and know.

WILLIAM

(quiet)

I love you, daddy.

DOGGETT

Love you too, Will.

John walks out of William's room, leaving the door cracked open just a little bit. He sees Buddy dragging his dog bed over to William's bedroom door. Even at this dog's old age (they're lucky to still have him), Buddy still acts as this family's guard dog. A role anyone would figure would go to their newer dog, Daggoo, but he's a hard one to tame, and spends his nights in his kennel.

And Buddy was such a good little dog to their kids. Enduring hours long doggy-back rides when Katie (and William) were toddlers. Ear pulling, tail tugging, and even the incident when William ate one of his dog treats. Buddy always treated their kids with patience and compassion. He's such a good dog.

Dana steps out of the master bedroom, removing an earring

SCULLY

(quiet)

William just go back to bed?

John nods, glancing at Katie's bedroom door, it's closed. He follows Dana into their room and he shuts the door.

SCULLY

I forgot to ask you, how'd your interview with Alex go?

DOGGETT

He's still acting as if he was never President.

SCULLY

That's not exactly surprising. He's been all over tabloid news, real news, national news... international news.

I think he'll keep denying it until the day he dies. (beat) Did he apologize?

DOGGETT

Not directly for what he should apologize for. (beat) He congratulated me on the Directorship, and then apologized for digging the mud pool in our backyard a year ago.

SCULLY

You know he is sorry for it. He knows you had the White House on your radar, and he knows that his campaign against you and Knowle likely ruined your chances at being the President one day. (beat) And I wanted that for you too, but then I... John... now that the White House is out of reach...

She trails off, and walks over to John and touches his arm, looking up into his eyes.

SCULLY

I'm happy.

DOGGETT

I know what you mean. But I still wish that it was an option. But on the other hand, if I did become President I wouldn't get to coach Will's baseball team, and go to all of Katie's ballet recitals, or do the barbecuing at our Fourth of July parties.

He looks into his wife's eyes. He knows that if he had a real shot at the Presidency today, tomorrow, or even ten years from now, that she would be behind him one-hundred percent. But on the other hand, when he joined the FBI in 1995, he set a goal to one day be appointed as the Director by the President of the United States, and that happened. It may have taken 26 years, but he is the Director of the FBI, and he still gets to coach William's little league baseball team on weekends, and go to Katie's ballet recitals. And honestly, he wouldn't want to miss out on those things for anything in the world.

Dana goes up on tip-toe and kisses John on the cheek, and smiles. She knows exactly what he's thinking. Yes, being the President would be an honor for a man like John Doggett, but it is also a responsibility to his country. His family would be a priority, but he wouldn't be able to spend as much time with them as he would like.

Dana disappears into their walk-in closet. The T-shirt she was wearing is thrown out, and she emerges wearing one of John's army green Marines Tshirts, and black sweatpants.

John follows her into the master bathroom, and unbuttons his work shirt as she washes her face in the sink.

DOGGETT

So... I uh... found something
interesting tonight...

Dana turns to face him as she brushes her teeth.

SCULLY

(toothbrush in mouth)
What?

DOGGETT

Katie's French notebook.

Dana turns and spits into the sink, and washes her mouth out with
water, then turns back to face John.

SCULLY

Oooh... she takes notes in class,
John. That's not surprising.

She laughs, and walks out of the bathroom and crawls into bed. John
follows her, tossing his shirt onto an ottoman at the foot of their
bed. He strips off his white undershirt, and drops it on the floor.

DOGGETT

She has a "Mrs. Katherine Isabella
Doggett-**hyphen**-Krycek" crush on Alex.

Dana tries her best to stifle a giggle. OMGosh! This is the funniest
"news" she's heard all day! How cute! She can't help it, she's laughing
now. She stops when she sees the serious expression on John's face.
He's actually worried.

SCULLY

(trying not to laugh)
Oh?

DOGGETT

This isn't funny, Dana. In about
six years she'll be legal, and you
know how Alex has said-

SCULLY

-John! (beat) Alex is her uncle-

DOGGETT

-Not by blood-

SCULLY

-He wouldn't want to date her!
He'll be almost sixty when she's eighteen...

She trails off again, and looks incredibly deep in thought.

DOGGETT

Dana?

He sits down on the bed next to her, worried. The expression on her face is one she has when something is really, really bothering her. Dana looks him in the eye and takes hold of his hands.

Panic strikes his heart.

Oh god, her cancer is back, isn't it?

SCULLY

(about to laugh)

Damn, John! We are getting old!

He laughs, more at himself and his immediate worry about her cancer coming out of remission, than at her comment that they're aging. Honestly, he doesn't even feel all that old anyway. He's remained active, he eats healthy, he drinks mostly water, and even though he's only fifty-four years old, his sex life has very few hiccups now that their marital issues have been ironed out. He looks at his wife, and smiles.

DOGGETT

And you don't look a day over thirty.

He kisses her on the cheek, then stands up to remove his belt and slacks.

SCULLY

(thoughtful)

Neither do you... well...
maybe not a day over forty..

She trails off again, thinking back to a time before she met John, when she and Mulder had been shut out of the X-Files, and she was sent to New York City with an Agent Ritter, to look into a photographer who they thought had been involved in murders... how this photographer hadn't aged... hadn't aged for decades. He had told her that Death skipped him when he had the yellow fever, and took his nurse instead when he refused to look directly at Death.

He was an immortal.

Like, a real life immortal.

Sure, he ended his immortality by telling her to look away from Death when she had accidentally been shot by Agent Ritter, and he died. She

didn't. In fact, the doctor that treated her said she made the quickest recovery he had ever seen.

She never voiced her thoughts to Mulder, but she has wondered if she had been made immortal too, when Fellig took Death from her. Her physical appearance hasn't changed since that day (despite all the stressors she's had in her life since then that should have prematurely grayed her hair). She was only twenty-nine years old.

Dana looks at John as he crawls into bed, wearing only his black boxer shorts. She forces a grin for him. She can talk to John about anything: how she was molested as a child, her rape experiences, that time in college when she and Marita made out, how she made out in the pool with Monica once, the time she worked as a stripper in Krycek's strip club in Las Vegas, he's read all the journals she kept from her high school and college years... she even told him that before she met him, when she was involved with Skinner, that she secretly wanted to get married to Mulder (because Mulder was the kindest man she knew). But for some reason, talking to him about the possibility that she's immortal seems to be impossible. She figures one day John will wonder why she still looks so young while he looks so old and then-

DOGGETT

I just hope when Katie is
eighteen that she has an
interest in a boy closer to her age.

Dana only sort of hears him. She's still lost in her own thoughts.

As the years pass by, she may have to talk to John about this immortality theory of hers. How would that go? How do you discuss never dying, and having to watch your family and friends die of old age while you remain twenty-nine forever?

Well, she could pass on this gift/curse of immortality (if it is real) to someone else, just as Fellig may have done with her. But then again, why would she want to damn someone else to eternal life?

She looks at John, his lips are moving, but she's not listening. It dawns on her that one day she'll lose him too. One day he will die, and she will have to live without him. This turns her stomach inside out, and breaks her heart. She doesn't want to know life without John. He's her everything.

She feels John caressing her cheek with his thumb. She snaps out of her thoughts, and realizes tears are falling down her face. He's wiping them away.

Her lip quivers as she draws in a breath.

DOGGETT
(concerned)
What's wrong?

All she can do is shake her head, nothing.

DOGGETT
I told you nothing happened between
Julia and I. She made moves, inappropriate
behaviour, and I fired her. (beat) I swear,
Dana, nothing happened.

Now Dana is confused. He's been talking about his assistant this whole
time?!

SCULLY
I'm sorry. I wasn't listening.
I was thinking um... about how
Katie's thinking of being a
Missus and... it got me all sad
to think she'll not have the
Doggett name one day.

John laughs, and shakes his head, relieved her tears weren't over
something too serious.

DOGGETT
And here I thought you were
upset about Julia hitting on me.

Dana lets out a little laugh at the idea of John's assistant hitting on
him.

DOGGETT
What?

John pokes Dana playfully on her shoulder, smiling at her.

SCULLY
It's just funny! Another
woman hitting on you.

Dana laughs.

DOGGETT
What? Am I not sexy
enough anymore for
other women to find
me attractive?

SCULLY

(laughing)

It's not that, it's just...
it's just that, she tried
flirting with you, and
everyone knows that you
don't know how to flirt
back, not even if you wanted to.

DOGGETT

Har, har.

SCULLY

(more devious)

Plus... if she had grabbed
your butt or something, I
would have to get Mulder
and Krycek to pester her.
That would be punishment
enough, right?

John laughs again, no truer words have ever been spoken.

DOGGETT

Actually, she did grab my ass.

Dana laughs even harder at this!

SCULLY

Oh my god! (beat)
You lie!

DOGGETT

Ran her hand down my
back and grabbed my butt.
(beat) I swear.

SCULLY

Where did you find her?

DOGGETT

She was Knowle's assistant after
Marita stopped coming to work
for him. Came to the FBI with Director
Donovan. I kept her because I figured
that if she worked for the Vice President
that she'd be worth hiring to
help me at the Bureau.

Dana laughs again.

John kisses her on the forehead and lies down. Of course Dana isn't worried about what happened with Julia. They've been through too much together for some petty jealousy to cause a rift between them. Besides, Dana trusts him with other women when she's not around, and vice versa.

SCULLY

(changing subject)

I'm going to be a wreck
at Katie's wedding, aren't I?

DOGGETT

Both of us will be.

John reaches across Dana to turn off the lamp on her nightstand, pushing the book she's reading, "Merry Christmas, Mulder," by the world's most popular romance novelist (post-Alien War), Leyla Harrison. "Merry Christmas, Mulder," is Leyla's forty-eighth romance novel since the end of the Alien War, featuring the main characters Fox Mulder and Dana Scully. Ugh! Leyla Harrison writes romance novels about his wife and Mulder! And the world loves her stories! Aaaaannnd... his freakin' wife reads her novels too!

He shuts off the light, shaking his head.

Instead of going back to his side of the bed, he settles himself on top of Dana, holding her face in his hand. He leans down and kisses her, and as their kiss deepens, he slowly runs his hand down her neck, and to her chest. Dana wraps her leg across his, then pushes at his chest to roll him onto his back.

She straddles him, running her hands up his abdomen to his chest, she leans down, pressing her body against his, kissing him. She has memorized every inch of his body - from his dark brown hair, to the scar on his back that he sustained on day one of the alien invasion back in 2006, right down to his little toes. She runs her hands through his hair, and lets them slide underneath his pillow.

Dana stops kissing him, and shoots him a curious look that asks "what is under your pillow?" She pulls out Katie's French notebook, and raises her eyebrow, giving her husband a look.

DOGGETT

(explaining)

To show you incase you
didn't believe me.

Dana crawls off of him, and stands up, not thrilled that he took their daughter's notebook.

SCULLY

She needs this in class tomorrow,
John. (beat) How do you think she'd
feel if she found out you read it?

DOGGETT

It's just her French notebook.
It's not like her diary or anything.

SCULLY

Mmmhm. Where she's declared
her love for Alex? (beat) John.

She gives him another look then heads to the door.

SCULLY

If her backpack is downstairs
then I'll slip it in, if not, I'll
have to wait up until she's
asleep and sneak it back into
her bedroom.

John sits up in bed, and holds out his hand. This is his
responsibility, not hers.

DOGGETT

I'll take care of it.

He takes the notebook from her hand as she gives him an I-love-you-but-
I'm-annoyed-with-you-right-now look. He kisses her on the cheek.

Dana goes back to their bed, and sits on the edge. John sets the
notebook on his nightstand and puts on his white undershirt.

SCULLY

(smiling, teasing him)
If she catches you, do you
know what you'll say?

He grabs the notebook, and walks to the door.

DOGGETT

I have no idea.

John leaves the bedroom, leaving the door open. He feels guilty for
stumbling upon Katie's "I ♥ Alex" notes, but how could he know that
would be in her French notebook? Didn't girls reserve those kinds of
comments for their diaries?

Quietly he walks down the hallway toward Katie's room, the light is
off. He looks toward William's room and can see through the cracked

open door that Will is fast asleep, as is Buddy. John carefully opens the door, and peers in at Katie. She's asleep in bed.

It seems like it was only yesterday that he held Katie in his arms when she was born. And though she was born in the middle of the Alien War, holding his baby girl made the world feel at peace again. Tuesday, 25 November 2008 was one of the best days of his life.

He makes his way over to where he found the notebook, and he puts it back where it belongs. He turns to look at Katie, she has her stuffed dog, Johnny (her mom's old stuffed animal from her childhood), in her arms.

Gently, he sits down on the edge of her bed, and watches her sleep. She is and will always be his little girl. He knows she's growing up and will eventually start dating, but it's all moving too fast for him. Before he knows it he'll be walking her down the aisle at her wedding. Her wedding to a man that he hopes has no association with Alex Krycek, or any of his friends.

Katie rolls onto her back, her arm flopping over the side of her bed. Her eyelids squeeze shut and she grimaces. John knows that she's not pretending to be asleep, he's seen this before, more times than he can count.

She's having a nightmare.

He carefully takes hold of his daughter's hand to help calm her. He's done this hundreds of times before with her, and with Dana. It breaks his heart that his little girl suffering from nightmares of the Alien War. He wishes he could take all her bad memories and fears away from her.

Katie's breathing has become quick and shallow. She lets out a cry, and tightens her grip on her father's hand.

DOGGETT
(whisper)

Shh... daddy's here... you're safe...

Still asleep, Katie whimpers and whispers, "no."

John wants to wake her up, but he learned years ago that even lightly shaking her to try to wake her up from a nightmare, only makes things worse. Katie gasps and pulls his hand over her heart, holding him close as she can while asleep. Tears fall from her eyes, and she wakes with a scream.

Upon seeing her dad, she bursts into tears, and pulls herself up into his arms, crying into his chest. John wraps his arms around her as

tight as he can, stroking her back, telling her that he's here, that she's safe at home, and what she dreamt wasn't real.

Behind them, standing in the shadows in the hallway, Dana watches. Tears threaten to fall from her eyes. She holds her hand over her own heart as if to keep it from breaking. She stifles back a cry.

Katie rarely comes to her for comfort when she has nightmares, anxiety or panic attacks. Katie is truly daddy's little girl.

Dana tries to tell herself that she's ok with this, but really it makes her doubt herself as a mother. When she was a child, her mother made her feel horrible, and wasn't supportive of her. Dana is afraid that is how Katie feels about her. She takes comfort in knowing that John is capable of helping her deal with the lingering affects of the war.

Everyone views John as a tough military General, with a rough voice, sharp features, and strong-willed, but she knows that he is the kindest, most gentle, understanding, and loving man she's ever known. One of the few men she sincerely trusts.

DOGGETT

(singing quietly)

When you need me, call my name
cause without you my life just
wouldn't be the same..

Dana smiles through her tears upon hearing John singing Springsteen's "When You Need Me" to their daughter. She turns around and walks back to their bedroom, again wondering what in the world she will do without him when he's gone (should it turn out to be true that she is immortal because of that "Tithonus" case).

DOGGETT

(singing quietly)

I got two strong arms waitin' to hold you,
and when those mean days come along,
we'll stand together and we'll take 'em on..

Dana crawls into bed, rolling onto her side and clutches her pillow, crying quietly into it. If only there was a way to go back in time to change things. She'd fight harder to prevent that damn Alien war, she'd make sure she and John get together much, much earlier in life.

She'd change history, and ask John for help at Marita's Christmas party in 1985.

She would never get involved in the Syndicate, that way she and Monica would never have been prisoners in the Syndicate facility in New York.

She never would have had cancer.

Monica wouldn't have been tested on. Hell, Monica and Brad would probably be married with a dozen kids by now if only she had made different choices in her life.

If only she could go back and stop Krycek from running for President, or go back and tell her father that she had been molested when she was just a kid, or go back and refuse to date Scott Williams.

There are so many things that could be prevented that would make life better... but most importantly, she'd go back and refuse that damn "Tithonus" case! If she is immortal, she doesn't want to be. Immortality is a curse! A curse for people who made poor decisions and deserve misery for eternity.

Her damn past has made her an awful mother to Katie and William! She's been so afraid of screwing things up with her own kids, that she fears that is exactly what she's done.

Dana feels John get into bed with her, she didn't hear him enter the room. She's been crying into her pillow, he must know.

John spoons up behind her and kisses the back of her neck, where there is a scar from when Dana had an implanted chip removed during the Alien War. It was the removal of this chip that gave her cancer. He still can't help but worry that maybe the cancer has come back. Dana's been acting "off" tonight, something is upsetting her.

SCULLY

(hiding how upset she is)

Is she ok?

John noticed that she had been crying into her pillow, he knows that when she wants to, she'll talk to him about what's bothering her. He knows that just holding her can help. He answers her question.

DOGGETT

Another nightmare. (beat)

I sang her back to sleep.

SCULLY

(sniffles)

I heard.

John rests his chin on her shoulder.

DOGGETT

(gentle)

Has the cancer come back?

Dana shakes her head, "no."

SCULLY

It's not that, it's..

She lets out a heavy sigh, and turns to face him, and holds the side of his face in her hand, looking him in the eyes. Her eyes glimmer from the tears she has shed. She kisses his lips.

SCULLY

Thank you.

DOGGETT

For?

SCULLY

(whispers)

All that you do..

She looks away from him, on the verge of crying again. He holds her chin, and lifts her face so their eyes meet again.

DOGGETT

(whispers)

It's ok to cry, Dana.

His words stab her heart, tears sting her eyes. Should she tell him her true thoughts? Or just stick with what's easiest to discuss? She decides on easy.

SCULLY

(softly crying)

I just feel I can never
comfort her, not like you.

John kisses her forehead.

DOGGETT

(soft)

You're her mother.

SCULLY

I know, but...

She trails off, she stopped herself from voicing her thoughts on how she thinks she is like her mother. A selfish, hateful, woman who ignored her own daughter's abuse.

DOGGETT

(as if reading her mind)

You are nothing like your mother, Dana.

Your mother never shed tears for you.

His voice is soft, yet stern with her. He uses his thumb to wipe away the tears from her face.

Dana knows he's right. When her mother heard her screaming from a nightmare, she would put in ear plugs and go back to sleep. At least Dana feels pain when her daughter is hurting. At least she has emotion, and cares, and loves her baby girl. And God forbid any man hurt her little girl, she'd do much, much worse than get Mulder and Krycek to pester him. She'd become lethal!

John pulls her closer to him, and she rests her head against his chest. She lets out a heavy sigh, one that tells John there's so much more on her mind than Katie, and her mother. She closes her eyes.

SCULLY

(whisper)

I don't know what I'd do
without you, Johnny.

He hears the seriousness in her voice, but decides it's too late at night to ask her what's still bothering her. He knows that in time she will tell him.

She always does.

DOGGETT

I'll always be here for
you, Dana. You are never
going to lose me.

His words break her heart because one day, yes, Death will come for him. Just as Death will one day come for Katie, and for William. She wraps her arms across his chest. All she wants right now is to sleep.

SCULLY

(whispers)

Sing to me, Johnny.

DOGGETT

(soft)

Crazy?

She nods her head, and settles into him to fall asleep.

DOGGETT

(quietly singing)

Crazy. I'm crazy for feeling so lonely,
I'm crazy, crazy for feeling so blue..
I know you'd love me as long as you wanted..
And then someday you'd leave me for somebody new.

Dana opens her eyes, raising an eyebrow. The meaning of this song has never bothered her until now. Patsy Cline's "Crazy" has always been a song that John has sung to her to help her sleep, but now... it's too much to bear! She raises herself up, and places her fingertip on his lips. He sees tears welling up in her eyes again. He stops singing.

DOGGETT

Dana, somethin' is bothering you,
please, tell me what it is. Let me
help you. (beat) Talk it through with
me. I'll sacrifice a good night's sleep.
(beat) Is it the Julia thing?

John feels awful, it's the song. The lyrics of the song "Crazy" are about loving someone and leaving them for someone new.

DOGGETT

Shit, the lyrics. (beat) Dana, sweetheart,
I fired her, nothing happened, nor will
anything ever happen between me and
another woman. I know you know that.

Dana closes her eyes, and works up the courage to tell him the truth. She doesn't want him beating himself up over this Julia person. She takes a deep breath, and braces herself for his reaction.

SCULLY

I think... I think I might be immortal.

The look on John's face is priceless!

On one hand she sounds dead-serious, and on the other hand, immortality (for most) is science fiction. John cracks one of his charming, lopsided smiles, the smile he gives when he thinks someone is pulling his leg. He lets out a little laugh, thinking she's joking with him. She decides to not push this immortality thing any further tonight, it isn't even a proven fact. John's laugh and smile have made her feel better, a smile even forms on her face. She laughs.

SCULLY
I had you.

DOGGETT
Dana...

SCULLY
I had you big time.

She lies, maybe... she's not sure if saying "I might be immortal" is a lie or not, only time will tell. John rolls her onto her back, and hovers over her, then leans down and kisses her through his laughter.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - THAT SAME NIGHT
WASHINGTON, D.C.
11:53 P.M.

Kyd Miller lies in bed, his eyes open, unable to sleep. His girlfriend-slash-fiancée, Kayla Taylor (the White House Press Secretary), is asleep next to him.

A little over a week ago he graduated from the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia. Tomorrow morning he has scheduled a meeting with FBI Director John Doggett about his assignment. His assignment straight out of the Academy was to the FBI Field Office in Boston, in the violent crimes division. He wants to make a formal request to the FBI Director to change his assignment and let him join the X-Files division.

In his thirty-four years of life, he's been through a lot, and seen a lot. He lost his parents in the terrorist attack in New York on September 11th 2001, he lived on the streets on his own, educating himself at the New York City Public Library, and joined the US Marines when he turned eighteen, and two short years after that was fighting aliens in the Alien War.

Kyd knows that working violent crime is important, but he thinks it is more important to do anything, and everything, that he can to prevent another war with aliens. The work agents have done on the X-Files is still so important.

Kyd turns his head to look at his nightstand, where he has put a flyer for the X-Files Division, currently recruiting new, open-minded agents. He found the flyer on a bulletin board at the FBI Academy the day of his graduation last week, and he knew immediately that the X-Files Division is where he needs to be.

It also wouldn't hurt to stay in D.C. with his fiancée, who works for President Vansen. He couldn't ask Kayla to give up her job to follow him to Boston. He hopes the newly appointed FBI Director can understand his need to protect this country, and this planet, from another alien attack, as well as understand his personal need to want to stay in town with the woman he is going to marry.

Kyd sighs and closes his eyes. His alarm goes off in about five hours, he needs to turn off the voice in his head that is screaming at him that everything that could go wrong tomorrow, will go wrong.

His fiancée's words echo in his head, "I can't believe your first time stepping foot in the FBI is to meet with the Director, you're crazy, Kyd!" Yes, he couldn't agree with her more, he is crazy.

FADE OUT

THE END