

# FOX & RAT

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Story No. FRVS216

Episode #11x13

"The X-Files"

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](mailto: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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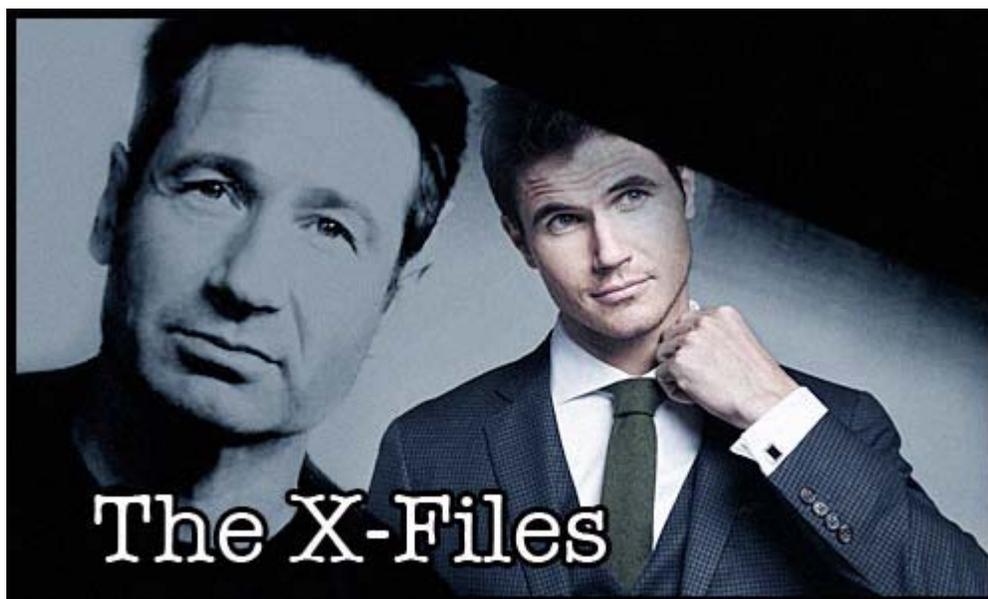
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FADE IN:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - MORNING  
THURSDAY, 18 MARCH 2021  
WASHINGTON, D.C.  
7:40 A.M.

Newly appointed Special Agent Kyd Miller, a handsome young man of 34 - with dark brown hair, and piercing blue eyes, and a jaw line and brow that would make Alex Krycek extremely jealous - walks with confidence down the hallway of the FBI's third floor. He's fresh out of the FBI Academy, having graduated last week (top of his class). His instructors at the FBI Academy told him that the sky's the limit, and that they wouldn't be surprised if one day he was sitting in the Director's Office.

He's dressed in his best (albeit new) suit, he rubs the back of his neck with his hand. His eyes go wide when he feels the sales tag is still attached to the suit jacket! He quickly tugs at the tag to remove it. He's wearing his navy blue necktie, a graduation gift from his fiancée, Kayla, last week.

Kyd is headed to his eight o'clock meeting with the new FBI Director, John Doggett. He is well-prepared for this meeting, even with lack of sleep.

He stayed up late the last couple nights with his fiancée, Kayla Taylor, who is in her third year working as the White House Press Secretary (under Presidents Ray Douglas, Alex Krycek, Fox Mulder, and finally President Shane Vansen). Kayla helped him prepare for this meeting since she had worked with John Doggett (for a short time) at the White House, when that buffoon Alex Krycek - Mr. #YouKnowIt.

Kayla stood her ground with that chaotic and brief Krycek administration, and did her job the best she could under the circumstances. She confided in him that she wished that John Doggett had run for President instead of Knowle Rohrer. If John Doggett had become President that week that Alex Krycek and Fox Mulder were in office, never would have happened. She holds the FBI Director John Doggett with the highest respect.

He was nervous this morning. Nervous about this meeting. Nervous about stepping foot inside the J. Edgar Hoover Building as a sparkling new Special Agent. And especially nervous about meeting John Doggett.

In the Second American Civil War, Kyd had served in the USMC under General Knowle Rohrer - and came to know of John Doggett as this great man, friend, husband, father, and military leader through stories that General Rohrer would tell when things were calm. Up until the 2020 Presidential campaign season, he had never known what John Doggett looked like, and when he saw him campaigning, how he treated Vice Presidential candidate (and eventual Vice President, then President) Fox Mulder, and he knew that the stories Knowle Rohrer told were just the tip of the iceberg. Though Kyd has never met the man, he feels a real kinship with him.

When he graduated last week, he received his first assignment: the FBI Field Office in Boston, violent crimes division. He will accept the assignment if he is denied his request this morning.

His request... to join the X-Files Division here in Washington, D.C.

On the day of his graduation from the FBI Academy in Quantico, he had been standing alone, waiting for his fiancée to arrive, and a flyer caught his eye. A flyer advertising that the X-Files Division is currently recruiting new agents. The flyer offered a summary of the X-Files: how the cases are deemed "unsolvable" and had previously been filed under the letter "U," but there were so many files that they had to be moved to "X." Agents interested need to have a curiosity in the paranormal, and the unbelievable, in vampires, ghosts, time travel, bigfoot, big blue, evil, and of course aliens. Kyd read the flyer over and over again, and he knew that the X-Files are where he needs to be.

It also doesn't hurt that the X-Files Division operates out of Washington, D.C., and that's where he and his fiancée, Kayla Taylor live. But he will not use his personal life, nor his engagement to try to persuade the FBI Director should his request to be assigned to the X-Files be denied.

He had been so anxious about this meeting that he barely slept a wink last night. He didn't hear the alarm clock go off this morning, and Kayla had to wake him up.

He sees the Director's office as he turns the corner, it's just a few feet ahead of him, on the right. Kyd takes a deep breath and proceeds.

Kyd walks into the waiting area just outside the Office of the Director, and his (new) assistant: a skinny, nervous brunette, with light brown hair, and despite her young age, thick black granny eyeglasses. She reminds him of that singer from the 1990s, Lisa Loeb.

Aaaaand now "Stay (I Missed You)" is in his head!

*You say...  
I only hear what I want to  
And you say...  
I talk so all the time, so  
And I thought what I felt was simple  
And I thought that I don't belong*

ASSISTANT  
Special Agent Kyd Miller?

He flashes a handsome smile at her, and extends his hand to shake hers.

MILLER  
Yes, that's me.

Or is it "that's I" or should he have not contracted "that" and "is" and said "that is I" or "that is me"?

ASSISTANT  
I'm Winifred Burkle.  
But you can call me Fred.

She sits back down behind her desk, smiling up at him, kind of stumbling into her chair. She laughs at herself.

FRED BURKLE  
I'm always tripping up,  
or stumbling around.

MILLER  
We all have those kind of days.

FRED BURKLE

We sure do. (beat) Oh yeah. The  
Director will see you in a moment.

MILLER

Thank you.

Kyd turns around and takes a seat on the black leather couch. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, and recalls words that his mother said to him when he was young, and scared to perform in his school's play:

*"Breathe deep, focus on one thing at a time, and imagine your audience wearing nothing but their underwear."*

He smiles, thinking of his mom. She had been a ballerina when she was a kid and was convinced that she had the best advice for stage performance.

He misses his mother.

On September 11th 2001, he had run away from home. He and his parents were living in New York City at the time, he was fourteen years old (almost fifteen) and had paid enough attention to the layout of the city to know how to get around. His parents had told him a lie (or what he thought was a lie), a huge gigantic lie, and he was so angry with them that he never wanted to see them again, so early that Tuesday morning he ran away. He wound up wandering to his favorite place in the city: the World Trade Center Towers.

Kyd was there, at the towers, when the planes hit. He had seen his mother standing outside the North Tower seconds before the first plane hit. He knew if she was there that his dad had to be there as well. They were looking for him. They may have lied to him, but they were still his parents, and they still loved him.

He watched as debris from the building and the plane fell on the ground surrounding her. After that, all hell broke loose. He took cover in the South Tower immediately, hoping that his mother would find her way to him. Once safe inside the south tower he looked back out the window to try to find his mother, but she was gone.

He never saw her again.

He was fourteen and afraid. He didn't conceal his tears as he stood in the South Tower. He heard people say that it's safe to stay inside the building instead of trying to leave and risk getting hit by debris... or hit by people who chose to jump to escape the unimaginable nightmare. He'll never forget that sound.

Kyd takes a deep breath, and closes his eyes, trying to force the memories of 9/11 from his mind. They are hard memories to live with.

He nearly lost his life that day. He felt the building shudder when the second plane hit the building he was in. At that point, it was too dangerous to leave. He was hit by the sudden urge to help others. He grew up a Boy Scout, was an Eagle Scout at that, and he knew that helping and trying to save others was exactly what he needed to do, even at the young age of fourteen. He knew that if his father was still alive, and his mother, that they were also helping others while looking for him. An hour after the plane hit the South Tower, he was on the sixth floor, and hear the building begin its collapse.

That was the last memory he had before he was found alive, buried in rubble, being carried over the debris of Ground Zero, towards an ambulance. He was taken to a hospital, and his parents never showed. He survived with stitches, bruises, and a lapse of memory of the building collapsing on him. He left the hospital before doctors wanted to release him (he was never a fan of being a patient in a hospital), and he went home. He stayed there, alone, for days, in hope that his parents survived the terrorist attack.

They never returned.

Their remains never found.

He left the apartment to live on the streets, and he never went back.

One might say that his experience, that September day, is why he set out to become an FBI agent.

The door to the Director's Office opens, and FBI Director John Doggett emerges. Kyd immediately rises to his feet, and stands at attention, giving respect to the man. He looks at Doggett. Sure, he's seen him on TV, but never in person. He feels like he's in a dream, this is surreal, he swears that he looks almost like his father. He shakes his head to "snap out" of it, he knows his father died.

DOGGETT

Special Agent Kyd Miller.

Doggett sounds equally enthralled to meet him. He steps toward Kyd, extending his hand.

MILLER

S-sir... it's an honor to meet you.

Before Doggett knows what is happening, instead of shaking his hand, Kyd Miller is giving him one big bear hug. This is different.

But different isn't always a bad thing.

Doggett read the memo Fred Burkle wrote up for him regarding Special Agent Miller's intentions with this meeting this morning, and he's quite sure that Special Agent Bear Hug will fit in perfectly in the X-Files Division with Special Agent Fox Mulder (big fan of bear hugs).

Kyd steps away from Doggett and tries to discreetly wipe a tear from his eye. Doggett notices, *hmmm... what a strange young man.*

MILLER

I'm sorry, sir. I just-

DOGGETT

-No need to explain, agent.  
When I worked the X-Files,  
Agent Mulder believed in  
giving hugs too.

Kyd knows he should be embarrassed, but he isn't. His mother taught him that it is ok to express your feelings and emotions, that holding them back will only hold you back as you go through life, she ought to know, she did just that (until she met his father).

For both Kyd and Doggett, this meeting isn't exactly starting off as they initially thought it would. They step inside Doggett's office, closing the door behind them. Doggett motions to the chair in front of his desk, and the two men sit down.

Kyd notices the framed pictures behind Doggett, pictures of Doggett, Scully, and their children Katie and Will. Kyd smiles. He wants to ask about them, but figures it's best not to get involved in small-talk.

DOGGETT

(looking at a file folder)  
Says here you graduated from the  
Academy last week. You've been  
assigned to the Boston field office.

MILLER

Correct. But as you know, I put in  
a special request to stay here in  
D.C. to work in the X-Files Division.

DOGGETT

Do you have any experience working  
with cases the Bureau has deemed... unsolvable?

MILLER

Obviously, I don't, not officially.  
(beat) I was only nineteen years  
old when the aliens attacked.  
I was... living in New York,  
had been there since...

Kyd pauses long enough for Doggett to wonder if something is wrong. Kyd looks up to him and smiles bittersweetly.

MILLER

My parents died in the 9/11  
attacks. (beat) Ever since I knew  
that I wanted to serve this country,  
to protect its citizens. I got my  
training with the USMC the year  
before the aliens attacked. (beat)  
Seeing the aliens, knowing Roswell  
wasn't just a hoax, that made me  
want to do all that I can to make sure  
that we never suffer another Alien War.

DOGGETT

I was skeptical about aliens too.  
Got chased down by one, it gashed  
my back, almost killed me. (beat)  
Seeing really is believing.

MILLER

I stayed in New York throughout  
the duration of the war. I helped  
every single person I could during  
that time. Children, women, men,  
dogs, and cats...

Doggett really likes this guy. He knew this kid had served with Knowle Rohrer during the Second American Civil War, but Knowle never spoke about the soldiers who served under him, not more than just "oh there was this kid, and he peed his pants he was so scared." Doggett didn't care for the derogatory way that Knowle spoke of the men and women who serve this country. For Knowle, that war, any war, was a means to further his self-adulation. Becoming a great military leader during the Alien War and the Second American Civil War ruined Knowle.

He turns his attention back to Agent Miller, who had cleared his throat, noticing that Doggett's mind was somewhere else.

MILLER

I get caught up in my thoughts  
too. I think I got that from my mom.

DOGGETT

I apologize.

MILLER

Don't worry about it.

DOGGETT

You were saying?

MILLER

Anyway, I found a flyer for the X-Files,  
and I figure that the X-Files Division  
was privy to the existence of aliens,  
and if that division is on top of alien  
activity, then that's the division I need  
to be in to help prevent another alien war.

Kyd leans forward, resisting the urge to reach out and hold onto  
Doggett's hands, to emphasize the importance of the X-Files in these  
post-Alien War days.

MILLER

I know this is where I need to be.

Doggett looks at Agent Miller, and sees in him qualities that he sees  
in himself. Determination, stubbornness, loyalty, and the need to help  
others no matter the cost. A kid who lost his parents that awful  
September day.

September 11th was a horrible day for Doggett too. When word hit the  
news that a plane had flown into the Pentagon, he left the X-Files  
basement office to go help. He spent the entire day there helping,  
looking for survivors, using his experience of having survived a  
missile attack on his Marines barracks in 1991, to enter into the  
burning building to help those who otherwise could not get out on their  
own accord. In 1991, he was inside the barracks and that building had  
collapsed on him, injuring him, earning him a Purple Heart. In 2001 he  
received no congratulations, and he didn't want any. His thanks came  
when the men and women he saved went on to have families of their own,  
lived on to fight the terrorists overseas, and went on to help save the  
world against the aliens.

Doggett returned home, covered in sweat, blood, dirt, cuts, bruises, and the overwhelming sense that there was still much more he could have done to help. Scully was sitting in her car, outside his home, waiting for him. This surprised him because though they were friends, he didn't think they had become close enough for her to be waiting for him in her car at three in the morning. She could have gone to Skinner, or to Mulder, or to Krycek - for she had known all of them longer than he. She joined him in his house, and few words were exchanged, but he knew that she needed him. He didn't know why she needed to spend time with him that night, but she did.

He offered for her to stay the night, he'd take the couch, but she declined. And before leaving his house, she had kissed him. That was the moment he knew that he was falling in love (real, actual, honest love) with her, and he thinks she realized this too.

The next day, Wednesday, 12 September 2001, Scully pretended that she had never come to his home, had never cried in his arms, and had never kissed him. He followed her lead, respecting her decision to pretend it never happened, and he never spoke of that night again. Not to her, not to anyone. And since he married her, they just don't talk about 9/11, there's too much going on in their lives to dwell on the past. But the fact remains, 9/11 marks the day he knew that he was in love with her.

Doggett looks at Agent Miller. He knows that Mulder needs an ally in the X-Files basement office. Yesterday, he denied Krycek's attempt to get back into the FBI, and rightly so. And he knows that today Mulder is meeting with several potential X-Files recruits.

DOGGETT  
Miller-

MILLER  
-Please, call me Kyd.

DOGGETT  
Kyd... I'll get the paperwork  
over to Boston to let them know  
that I personally approved your  
request for reassignment. (beat)  
Welcome to the X-Files.

A wide smile forms on Kyd's face.

MILLER  
Thank you, sir.

Kyd stands up, Doggett does the same.

Doggett walks around to the front of his desk to shake Kyd's hand, yet again, Kyd pulls Doggett into a hug. Kyd steps back, finally realizing how unprofessional it is to hug the Director of the FBI.

MILLER  
Sorry.

DOGGETT  
It's quite all right, Kyd.

Doggett smiles, he really does like this kid. There's something about him that endears him to Doggett. He's sure that in good time Mulder will be making him a member of his fun friend group, Super Buddies.

DOGGETT  
Look, usually these reassignments take a few days to get through, but Agent Mulder is holding an introductory meeting with other agents he's trying to recruit to the X-Files. (beat) I suggest you head down and introduce yourself.

MILLER  
You have no idea how much this means to me, sir.  
(beat) No idea.

Doggett walks Kyd to the door, and opens it for him. His assistant, Fred Burkle, quickly tries to hide that she was doing something other than FBI work. She smiles at them, knowing she's been caught.

Doggett watches Kyd walk away. He has a funny feeling in his heart, and he instinctively knows that he'll be seeing much more of this Agent Kyd Miller. He wonders when Mulder will hold the next Super Buddies meeting to welcome Miller to the group.

FRED BURKLE  
That's a really sweet thing you did, sir. I was reading up on his academy file, and I think he's the best choice to work on X-Files investigations.

DOGGETT  
I met with Mulder's other recruits, and I agree, Agent Miller is a perfect fit.

FRED BURKLE  
You know once I should have been in a X-File.

Doggett gives her a look, raising his eyebrow.

FRED BURKLE

I died of this strange infection, and  
a demon - from the Primordium Age -  
took over my body. She was called  
Illyria. She had super strength, agility,  
and stamina, and could even manipulate  
time, and travel between different dimensions.

Doggett gives her another look

FRED BURKLE

I know, I know. I sound crazy.  
But I can assure you, that my  
boss, Angel, was able to save  
my soul, help Illyria, and poof!  
bring me back to life.

DOGGETT

Fred...?

FRED BURKLE

Yes?

DOGGETT

You're a strange young woman.  
(beat) Never change.

Doggett starts back into his office. Fred stands up quickly to tell him something before she forgets.

FRED BURKLE

Your wife called while you  
were in your meeting, She said...

Fred rummages through all the loose notes on her desk, and finds the post-it she was looking for. She adjusts her reading glasses and reads:

FRED BURKLE

Pick up milk, and dog food  
on your way home tonight.

DOGGETT

Thank you, Fred.

Fred smiles, she's so glad that she can be of help here at the FBI. If she knew how to get in contact with her former boss, Angel, she'd try to convince him to come to work for the FBI. She's sure wherever he is that he's still helping the helpless. She often wonders how he and Spike dealt with that alien invasion thing.

She sits back down at her desk, looks to make sure Doggett has shut his office door, and pulls up the website she was visiting when he and Agent Miller stepped out of his office. It's a website about vampire sightings. Apparently now that people know aliens are real, there's another group of people who think we need to be preparing for a Vampire War.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - BASEMENT HALLWAY  
ONLY A FEW MINUTES LATER

The elevator doors open to the basement, and Kyd Miller walks down the hallway. He looks around the walls of the hallway, which are lined with framed photographs taken during the Alien War: the J. Edgar Hoover Building in rubble, the East Wing of the White House in flames with a UFO hovering over it, alien space crafts flying in the sky over the ocean, and an enlarged photo of Mulder, Krycek, and Marita from when they were locked up inside their "Bunkie" which Mulder made before the alien attacks began, to protect he and his friends.

At the Academy, Kyd had attended a couple of Agent Mulder's criminal profiling seminars. The Mulder in this picture looks so young, and that was only... he does the math in his head, ok we're in 2021, the aliens first attacked in 2006... fifteen years ago. Well... people do tend to age, right?

Down the hall, he can hear Mulder speaking. Kyd continues down the hallway and knocks on Mulder's office door.

MULDER

(off screen)

Sorry, nobody down here but  
the FBI's most unwanted.

Kyd opens the door, and is welcomed into the office by some familiar faces, and some unknown faces. Mulder is standing in front of a large slide screen, a slide control in his hand. Seated in a half circle in front of Mulder are Agents Liz Einstein (one of his friends from the Academy, and a medical doctor), a brunette woman, an African American man, a little girl with brunette hair, and sitting next to this child is a grown man dressed like Inspector Gadget, the cartoon character.

Kyd raises an eyebrow at the sight of this Inspector Gadget character. What's that about?

Mulder smiles at Miller.

MULDER

You must be Special Agent Kyd Miller.  
(beat) Cool name, B.T.dub. (beat) This  
is Agent Elizabeth Einstein, Agent  
Dakota Whitney, Agent Mosley Drummy,  
my daughter - Pookalina Shmi, and um...  
errrrrrmmmm... (hesitant) Inspector Gadget.

Kyd pulls up a chair and takes a seat next to Liz Einstein, they share a look. Kyd is excited to be here, Liz, on the other hand, isn't so sure.

MULDER

Ok, where was I? (beat) Yes,  
whenever someone new visits  
the X-Files office you need to  
come off as mysterious and  
difficult to figure out.

Kyd raises his hand.

MULDER

(points at Kyd)  
Yes?

MILLER

What is the point of  
coming off as mysterious?

MULDER

Um... to inspire the visitor to  
dig deeper for answers. To inspire  
use of their own investigative skills.

Kyd takes out a small spiral memo notebook from his suit pocket, and starts taking notes... for real!

Mulder walks over and switches off the lights in the room, and flips to the first slide in his slideshow. It's a photo of Mulder and Scully in 1993, in Bellefleur, Oregon. Their very first X-Files case together.

MULDER

I had worked mostly alone on the X-Files until 1993 when Dana Scully, now Dana Doggett - that's right, kids, she's married to our current FBI Director. (beat) She was a medical scientist doctor who refused to believe in paranormal or the existence of aliens.

Mulder laughs.

MULDER

Look at the shoulder pads she's sporting in that awful pantsuit!

With a WAVY SCOOBY DOO MYSTERY TRANSITION, we are back in 1993, in a FBI Bucar, driving down the road in Bellefleur, Oregon, with Special Agents Fox Mulder and Dana Scully.

Yes, Mulder and Scully grew up together, went to elementary school, middle school, and high school together, but since the summer after their high school graduation, they really hadn't spoken to each other all that much. The reason?

Mulder, Krycek, and Scully moved to Las Vegas that summer - oh that grand summer of 1988 where they thought they were free because they had gotten out of high school - what Mulder didn't know when they moved there, and he was out enjoying the summer days in Vegas, was that Alex Krycek had started a "gentleman's" club on the Vegas Strip, The Gutter. And who was his star performer (STRIPPER!!!), none other than his best friend, his crush, the love of his life, Dana Katherine Scully.

He got so angry with Krycek for "making" Scully strip under the stage name "Red," that he stopped speaking to Krycek completely up until they met (again, and again, and again, and again at the "Star Wars: The Phantom Menace" theatre showings - all without uttering even a PEEP! to one another) on that fateful Kriysa Airlines flight in 1999, when soon after they discovered they were neighbors in the same apartment building... neighbors that shared a wall.

*Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame  
A licky boom boom down  
'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down  
the lane  
A licky boom boom down  
Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame  
A licky boom boom down  
'Tective man say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the*

lane

A licky boom boom down

Police-a them-a they come and-a they blow down me door  
One ee come crawl troo, troo my window  
So dey put me in de back de car at de station  
From that point on me reach my destination  
Where the destination reachin' outta east detention, where  
dey  
Looked down me pants, look up me bottom so

Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame  
A licky boom boom down

Scully gives Mulder side-eye. Then she reaches over and turns down the music, Mulder was blaring it. He thinks blaring it makes him "hip."

SCULLY

Why don't you say what's  
on your mind, Mulder. Instead  
of blaring bad music-

MULDER

-C'mon, Scully! Snow is an artist.

Scully gives him another look, and rolls her eyes.

SCULLY

We haven't seen each other since-

MULDER

-I don't want to hurt your feelings, but...  
(beat) I haven't seen you, heard from  
you, or gotten any kind of handwritten  
correspondence from you since July  
of 1988! That's five years, Scully!

To make a point, Mulder slams his hand down on the steering wheel. He means it to be taken seriously, but his hand slips and he honks the horn, and it's a wimpy honk, not a strong "manly" (if a car horn can be "manly") honk, it sounds like a cartoon fart.

Wanting to laugh, Mulder and Scully share a look, but keep straight faces.

SCULLY

My life went in a... different  
direction, Mulder.

MULDER

And I had sex on a tombstone!  
(beat) Both our lives went in  
different directions. I just told  
you about that embarrassing  
sex-tombstone thing, why can't  
you talk about what you've been  
doing with your life for the past five years?

SCULLY

First of all, sex on a tombstone?!  
Just saying that isn't telling me  
about it-

MULDER

-Do you really want the details?

SCULLY

No.

MULDER

Tough, you got 'em! It was with  
this redhead named Phoebe Green.  
I only thought I liked her, and dated  
her because I wasn't over my crush  
on you, and back then-

SCULLY

-This better not be a story about  
acting out a sex fantasy about me  
on a tombstone-

MULDER

-and back then... well, I forget  
what I was saying when you so  
rudely interrupted me.

Mulder takes his hands off the steering wheel and crosses them in front  
of his chest, and pouts.

*Come with a nice young lady  
Intelligent, yes she gentle and irie  
Everywhere me go me never lef' her at all-ie  
Yes-a Daddy Snow me are the roam dance man-a  
Roam between-a dancin' in-a in-a nation-a  
You never know say daddy me Snow me are the boom shakata  
Me never lay-a down flat in-a one cardboard box-a  
Yes-a daddy me Snow me-a go reachin' out da top so*

*Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame  
A lickie boom boom down*

Scully gives Mulder more side-eye. Hoping he understand she wants him to turn this music off.

MULDER

I'm not turning it off, Scully.  
It's my favorite song.

SCULLY

Mulder-

MULDER

-No. Not unless you tell me  
what you've been doing with  
your life for the last five years.

Scully shifts in her seat to try to turn her back to Mulder, she looks out the window. Fact is that she honestly does not remember much of what happened from Las Vegas to now.

In Las Vegas she remembers one night when a kind, attractive Marine tipped her \$500 in cash while she was stripping for him and his two friends (a large man, also a Marine, and a young, brunette woman). She remembers taking that \$500 to the airport the next morning (without saying a word to Mulder and Krycek), and buying herself a plane ticket to Boston so she could attend Harvard in the fall.

Her initial intention was to skip out on college all together, just to tick off her mother, Margaret. But often, while she was stripping, she felt shame for what her father would think of her. She couldn't bear the thought of letting down her dad by not at least trying to get through medical school. If she didn't go to Harvard, what in the world would she tell her dad when he asked her how school was going?

*Oh, school's fine, daddy, I get a lot of pole work done and cardio while I take off my clothes in front of men and women who only see me as a sexual object!*

No thank you!

She had to get out of Vegas, she had to hang Krycek out to dry.

And then when Mulder discovered she was stripping. She was mortified. Absolutely mortified. They had "dated" when they were just kids, and she knew that Mulder still had a crush on her, and still was in love with her, but he had never seen her naked before! And then he did, and the fight he had with Krycek about her stripping, and the looks of shame and pity he threw her way... it was too much. She had to get out of Vegas!

Mulder makes a loud HUFF AND A PUFF sound, jerking Scully away from her thoughts. Obviously he's angry with her because she isn't telling him the details of her life over the past five years.

The car swerves as Mulder makes a quick motion to grab at the radio volume control and turn it up! Mulder's expecting more "Informer," but Exposé's "I'll Never Get Over You Getting Over Me."

*I hear you're taking the town again  
Havin' a good time with all your good-time friends  
I don't think that you think of me  
You're on your own now, and I'm alone and free*

*I know that I should get on with my life  
But a life lived without you could never be right*

*As long as the stars shine down from the heavens,  
Long as the rivers run to the sea,  
I'll never get over you getting over me*

If Mulder turns down the music now, he'll look ridiculous. If he turns it off, his point has not been made. And if he lets the song keep playing... he could end up crying! Scully continues to look out the window, her back to him. His lips quiver, and he fights the urge to cry.

CUT TO:



"INSPECTOR GADGET"

Mulder. What is inappropriate sexual behaviour while working on X-Files cases? (beat) Haven't you had... relations with a vampire? (beat) In the casefile named... "3?"

If the lights were on in the room everyone there would see that Mulder's face has gone bright red! He looks at his five year old daughter, Pookalina Shmi, who is sitting in the room. Who in the?! What in the?! Who would know about that casefile who is a new X-Files Division recruit?! Mulder thinks hard on this for only a few seconds and it dawns on him...

Alex Krycek.

Mulder bends down to try to get a look at "Inspector Gadget's" face, there's no mistaking that stupid, stupid, stooooooooopid smile that's on "Inspector Gadget's" face, "Inspector Gagdget" is Alex Krycek!

Mulder shakes his head in disbelief. It was only yesterday that Krycek had his interview with Doggett to try to get his old job back at the FBI. And John Doggett, the man whose political career Krycek single-handedly-ish destroyed, was appointed FBI Director, by he, former President Fox William Mulder. Krycek knows that he isn't allowed inside the FBI building! They aren't even running tour groups (yet)!

But poor, poor Alex Krycek. What is he supposed to do? It's not like the Syndicate is still around for him to try to cover up, or prevent any kind of inevitable alien invasion. That already happened! All Krycek had was his job at the FBI, and now he has nothing. Unless, of course, he wants to go back to flippin' burgers at the Burger Boy fast food restaurant at the mall.

"INSPECTOR GADGET"/KRYCEK  
Dish on the vampire sex, dude!

MULDER

(to the group)

Mr. Gadget brings up a good point.  
This is a serious issue to address, kids.  
I mean, agents. (beat) Often you will find your co-workers attractive, but it is a bad idea to get sexually involved with your partner, and it is also a real bad idea to fall in love with one too.

KRYCEK

No, I mean... is it ever appropriate to  
have sex with a suspect of a case?

Mulder's face goes bright red again (so glad the lights are out!). His little girl, Pookalina Shmi, sees that her daddy is getting really embarrassed so she speaks up to try to help him.

POOKALINA SHMI

It's always a bad decision to have  
sexual relations with suspects, *uncle Alex*.

Kyd Miller smiles at the little girl, and shakes his head in disbelief at this "Inspector Gadget" character.

MULDER

(relieved)

That's correct, Pookalina-

POOKALINA SHMI

-Pookalina Shmi, dad, don't  
forget the Shmi.

Unlike her father, Pookalina Shmi takes great pride in, and adores, her full name. Mulder smiles at his daughter and continues to address the agents in the darkened office.

MULDER

How many of you believe in  
the existence of parallel worlds?

(beat) A show of hands please.

Mulder looks over the group of agents in front of him, only his daughter, and Kyd Miller raise their hands. Einstein, Drummy, and Whitney look at him unamused.

MULDER

Good, a healthy dose of skepticism can be helpful in the X-Files Division... Anyway... parallel worlds. During the Alien War, my friends and I were living on the Pequod air craft carrier, and we found a woman and brought her on board, she claimed to be from another world... a... parallel universe, where the X-Files were referred to as the X Designation. This Agent Olivia Dunham, whatever world she came from, they managed to avoid alien attacks, and the Alien War. In her version of 2012, Earth was as it had been before the aliens.

Kyd Miller is on the edge of his seat. This story is eye-opening. The existence of parallel worlds opens the doors to so many possibilities. If they could harness the ability to travel between worlds, maybe- he stops his thoughts, he's thirty-four years old, even if he could go to a parallel world where 9/11 never happened, he wouldn't be able to live out the last twenty years of his life with his parallel world parents. But really, his parallel world parents wouldn't be his actual, real parents. They'd be alternate universe parents.

MULDER

In Agent Dunham's world they were on the verge of war with another parallel world. (beat) It's so weird to think that there are hundreds, if not thousands, if not a gazillion other us'es out there...

Mulder trails off thinking of what kinds of different lives the other Fox Mulders of the parallel worlds are living right now.

He wonders... in how many of these parallel worlds is he married to Scully in?! That would be so weird! He's always liked her, she's always beautiful in his eyes, but when he really considers what it would be like to be married to Scully... it's like... he's married to his mother! He shudders. Why can't he (a happily married man) get over his boyhood crush on Scully?

Ah well, doesn't matter. He will always love Scully.

MULDER

It's like... is the internet immune to what keeps our universes divided? Can we reach across to parallel worlds through things like discussion forums, or Twitter, or Facebook, or even email, and what about Skype? (beat) Is it possible that when we Skype with people we haven't actually met in real life, that we could be chatting with someone that lives in a parallel world..?

The very thought of this possibility has stunned Mulder into temporary silence. Everyone else in the room however, is wondering where these thoughts even came from. Mulder's scatterbrained, that's for sure!

MILLER

This is the best assignment!  
Parallel worlds! Imagine if  
we could find a way to travel  
from one parallel world to another.

Kyd is thinking about how in other parallel worlds his parents are probably alive and well. He just knew getting assigned to the X-Files Division would be opportunistic! Even if he could meet his parallel world parents, he would want to hug them and tell them he loves them, and that he's sorry for running away.

Pookalina Shmi stands up and goes over to her father, she tugs at his hand.

POOKALINA SHMI

Daddy... daddy...

Mulder looks down at his little girl. Right, he's in his office, presenting the X-Files Division! Where was he, oh right... parallel worlds... the potential of there being an infinite number of Fox Mulders, and an infinite number of Dana Scullys... if only Scully had a twin! He married Marita's twin, Maria, but oh! oh! if only Scully had a twin that could have fallen in love with him too!

Errrrmmm... umm... it's not that he doesn't love his wife, Maria, it's that Scully will now and forever be his What If Girl - you know... what if she had dated him instead of Scott in high school? What if they had gone to Europe the summer of 1988 and fell in love on a beach in Greece? What if... Mulder's hand pats the pocket of his slacks, checking to make sure that his Lucky Rabbit's Foot is still there. Recently Mulder has kept the old Lucky Rabbit's Foot on his person, he's not exactly sure why, just he has a gut feeling that he's going to need it.

KRYCEK  
(shouting)  
DETAILS ON THE VAMPIRE  
SEX, MULDER!

Mulder snaps out of it again!

MULDER  
No! Those details  
are not for you, Alex!

KRYCEK  
Jerk!

MULDER  
Bitch!

They hesitate to continue on for a few more minutes exchanging "jerk" and "bitch" to each other, but \*GASP\* they don't!

Mulder settles down, and composes himself, and continues.

MULDER  
There are some instances in which it's  
ok to stay overnight in a hotel room  
with a suspect. For example, in 1996,  
I took custody of John Lee Roche, and  
overnight he managed to um...

Mulder's reconsidering this poor example.

KRYCEK  
He handcuffed you to the table and  
stole your FBI issue weapon, and  
your FBI ID, and used it to kidnap a girl!

Yeah... Mulder, that's a really bad example.

MULDER  
Moving on... Once Agent Scully and  
I enlisted the help of a psychic named  
Clyde Bruckman... and he had a...  
final repose...

Another SCOOBY DOO MYSTICAL WAVY TRANSITION... ooh, aaaahhh...

It's 1995, and Agent Mulder is standing outside a hotel room door, he's listening in on Scully's conversation with the psychic, Clyde Bruckman.

SCULLY

(off screen)

It's something you haven't explained.  
Can you see your own end?

CLYDE BRUCKMAN

(off screen)

I see our end. (beat) We  
end up in bed together.

Mulder's jaw drops! Is Clyde Bruckman making a move on Scully?! Mulder takes his ear off the door, and wonders if he should bust into the room to stop this! He's known Scully since her family moved to Lake Placid in August of 1974. He's been her friend since forever! He's been in love with her almost all his life! And here's this old psychic dude, making moves on her! He can't believe it! He puts his ear back on the door to continue listening in.

If he hears moaning or lip smacking, he's gonna break that door down!

CLYDE BRUCKMAN

I'm, I'm, I'm sorry I shouldn't have  
said that. I, I, I don't mean to offend  
you or scare you, but, uh, not here, not  
this bed. I, I just mean I, I see us  
quite clearly in bed together.

Mulder feels jealousy raging through his blood! If Scully falls for this guy's terrible pickup lines! Why won't she fall for his? Why won't Scully fall in love with him?!

CLYDE BRUCKMAN

You're holding my hand, uh... very  
tenderly and then... you're looking  
at me with such compassion and I feel...  
tears are streaming down my face. I  
feel so grateful. It's just a... very  
special moment neither of us will ever forget.

SCULLY

Mister Bruckman, there are hits and  
there are misses. And then there are misses.

WAY TO TELL HIM OFF, SCULLY! Mulder jumps up really high, and almost "high fives" the hotel room door! But he doesn't! Whew!

CLYDE BRUCKMAN

I just call 'em as I see 'em.

Satisfied with Scully's response to Clyde's "pick up" line, Mulder walks away. Maybe, just maybe, he's still got a shot with her!

A few days later, he and Scully were on an airplane headed back to D.C. Scully sitting by the window, reading the book "Dreams From My Father: A Story of Race and Inheritance" by Barack Obama. Mulder sits next to her, kind of squirming in his seat. Ever since he watched Scully get teared up and holding Clyde Bruckman's hand when they found him dead, he's wondered if maybe something did happen between the two of them last night after he stopped spying on them.

MULDER

What exactly happened yesterday?

Scully lowers her book and looks at him.

SCULLY

Hm?

MULDER

Yesterday? You, dead Clyde,  
tears, hand holding.

Scully would rather not talk about it. She was extremely moved by Clyde Bruckman. His prophesy had come true. They ended up together, in bed, holding hands. It made her question the validity of his prophesy when she asked him how she dies, and he answered her with two simple words, "you don't."

Everyone dies eventually, that's the only inevitability in life. No one lives forever. No one is immortal.

Clyde Bruckman had been right about everything. She has worked on the X-Files now for a couple years. She's learned that things she once thought to be scientifically proven as truth, can be disproven. What if...? She doesn't even want to entertain the idea that one day she won't die. Maybe Clyde meant she wouldn't die in a car crash, or of an illness, or some other way a person could get their life cut short, right?

MULDER

Scully?

SCULLY

He was a kind man. (beat)  
Too young, and too kind to die.

Satisfied enough with her answer, Mulder goes back to tipping his head back, and staring at the ceiling of the airplane. Scully returns to reading her book.

CUT TO:

INT. MULDER'S BASEMENT OFFICE - CON'T

Mulder flips his slideshow to another picture. A picture of Scully's Ouroboros snake tattoo on her back.

MILLER  
Cool tatt.

MULDER  
But, you see, Scully did face  
her own mortality when she  
was diagnosed with terminal  
brain cancer. Something,  
something between her sinus  
and cere... cerebo...

POOKALINA SHMI  
Cerebrum?

MULDER  
Yes, cerebereboom.

Pookalina Shmi giggles at her father's mispronunciation of the word.

Mulder flips to another slide, a picture he took of her journal she kept when she was in the hospital being treated for her cancer. Then another slide of Mulder and Scully hugging in the hospital after Penny Northern passed away from the same cancer Scully had. The slide of them hugging is a screen shot from the hospital security camera. Frohike had hacked into the hospital's security system to capture the video for him to keep. Langley said it was creepy, and Byers said she would be mad if she found out, but at the time, Mulder didn't care.

Mulder pauses on this photo of he and Scully. Back in those days he had been so frightened that Scully was going to die. He even considered calling Krycek to let him know what was going on, but decided against it when he remembered why he was so mad at him in the first place.

Mulder tilts his head to the side, much in the way a dog would when trying to figure out what its master wants from him. Hmmm... he wonders, Scully hasn't really aged much since the late 1990s, has she? What is her secret? What moisturizer does she use? Geez!

MILLER  
(breaking the silence)  
Agent Mulder, what are your  
thoughts on immortality?

Mulder turns around and looks at Kyd. He walks over and turns on the light in the office. At some point in Mulder's X-Files presentation, everyone except Kyd Miller and his daughter, left the office.

He guesses it was too much to hope for a large, bullpen-worthy, X-Files Division with dozens of agents. Mulder looks at the chair next to Kyd, Pookalina Shmi is falling asleep in it.

Any other day, Mulder would be sad that the other agents had left, but this new guy, this Agent Miller, has asked a good question. Mulder pulls a chair over to Kyd and sits down.

MULDER

I have limited experience with casefiles dealing with immortality.

MILLER

Limited experience?

MULDER

I once thought vampires were immortal, but then Kristen Kilar, from the casefile titled "3," killed herself, and the other vampires when she blew up her home. (beat) But there are different kinds of vampires. The Bulgarian Ubour, Mormo, Ekimu, Nosferatu, Kuang-Shi, and the Motetz Dam of the Hebrews.

MILLER

Doesn't the Ubour eat manure, not blood?

Mulder perks up! This kid knows his stuff! Impressive! Where was this guy back in the 90s when Scully was being Little Miss (Pain In My Butt) Skeptical?!

MULDER

Point is that not all vampire, or vampire-like creatures are immortals. (beat) What are *your* thoughts on immortality, Agent Miller?

Mulder is especially curious about this. It's not every day that a fellow FBI agent asks questions that are pertinent to X-Files investigations. And perhaps the lack of casefiles about immortality only means that this is an avenue that they need to explore!

MILLER

I have a kind of... history, so  
to speak, with immortality.

If Mulder were a dog, his ears would be perked up as high as they could reach!

MULDER

With vampires?

MILLER

I don't believe in vampires.

MULDER

Non-vampiric immortals?

Kyd gives Mulder a look. What he wants to say, he's never said aloud. Not even to his fiancée, Kayla.

MILLER

My parents... I they died in  
the 9/11 attacks. (beat) The night  
before they sat me down at the  
kitchen table. A "family meeting"  
they called it. My first thought was  
that they were getting a divorce-

MULDER

-Divorce is hard to go through as a kid.

MILLER

That wasn't what they wanted to  
tell me. (beat) Up until that family  
meeting, my parents were normal  
parents: concerned with my grades,  
nosey about girls I liked, grounded  
me when I deserved it. But... they...  
they sat me down and told me that  
they were immortals.

Mulder takes this in.

He had his Samantha story driving his passion for the truth. And it seems Kyd Miller might possibly have the question of whether or not his parents are immortal or not, driving his.

MULDER

(serious)

Agent Miller, in all my time on the X-Files there's only ever been one case of non-vampiric immortality, and I barely helped with that case. Agent Scully worked it. (beat) I called the case "Tithonus."

MILLER

I felt like they sucker punched me when they told me, in all seriousness, that they will never die. That they'd been around since the Civil War. They hurt me. I thought they had been lying to me my entire life. I thought they hated me, and wanted me to run away from home. I thought they deserved to be locked up in an insane asylum. But I was only fourteen, what could I do?

MULDER

What did you do?

MILLER

I packed up my backpack and before sunrise the next day I was gone. (beat) I left them a short note saying that I never wanted to see either of them again, and that I didn't need them in my life.

Kyd controls his emotions well. All he sees in his mind's eye is his mother, standing maybe only fifty feet away from him when that first plane hit the North Tower.

MILLER

I saw my mom at the Trade Center towers moments before that first plane hit, Mulder. If she was there, my dad was there. (beat) I never saw them again after that day.

MULDER

At least you know they came looking for you. They knew you well enough to know where you would go. That tells me that your parents loved you.

MILLER

But... but what if... what if they didn't really die in the attack? What if they really are immortals? Wouldn't they have to pack up and start over? Change their names? If they were really immortal, that could mean they're still out there somewhere, right?

MULDER

In theory, yes.

MILLER

Not knowing for sure is another reason why I wanted this assignment. The X-Files are the only investigative division that can open doors to finding out the truth about my parents. Find out if they really lied to me or not.

MULDER

Agent Miller... you've come to the right place. (beat) We can make finding the truth about your parents one of our top priorities.

Mulder gives Kyd a reassuring look, and a pat on the back.

Mulder has a good feeling about this Agent Kyd Miller. He might even have to look into what size Tshirt Kyd wears so he can make him a member of Super Buddies, and give him the traditional bright red and green Tshirt.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY  
4:57 P.M.

John Doggett steps out into the hallway, and turns around and locks the door to the waiting area for his office. He makes a mental note to stop by the grocery store on the way home to pick up milk and... what was the other thing that Dana wanted him to get? He'll call her when he gets to the store.

He walks down the empty hallway of the third floor, towards the elevators just around the corner. He smiles. It took him twenty-six years to reach the Directorship. Twenty-six long, strange, and turbulent years. He looks around at the photographs of fallen FBI agents that line the walls of the hallway: Brad Follmer, Alvin (Bernie) Kersh, Kim Cook, Diana Fowley... and many other agents who had been in the original J. Edgar Hoover Building when it was attacked by aliens.

Brad Follmer hadn't actually been in the building, but he was a respected Assistant Director and it wouldn't have been right to exclude him from this memorial. Brad actually died trying to save the life of Alex Krycek, or so that's the story that Krycek has told all these years. John doesn't doubt the story though, the way Krycek tells it convinces him that it's all true.

John steps into the elevator and hits the button for the lobby. The doors shut and the elevator descends.

Sometimes he misses the days before the aliens attacked. When he was just a Special Agent working in the X-Files. He misses the little vase and daisy that Monica kept on her desk - a daisy that Brad Follmer had brought her. He misses pre-girlfriend/pre-fiancee/pre-wife Scully flirting with him in the office, making him uncomfortable.

Heck! He even misses hearing strange noises coming from Mulder and Krycek's office, and wondering what the heck they were up to now! He doesn't miss the water slide in the basement hallway though. That went a little too far for his liking. Actually, a lot of things went a little too far for his liking in that basement. He smiles at the memories, and at the memories he's made since then - not all good, and not all happy, but the good out-weighs the bad.

When he got transferred to the X-Files in 2001 he thought that was the end of his career at the FBI. That the only agents who got assigned to the X-Files were agents with no future with the Bureau. While that may have been true, at the time, he wouldn't change a day.

If he had quit, or hadn't been transferred he would probably be a grumpy old man by now, living alone, cleaning his guns while watching NASCAR on weekends. Instead, this weekend, he will be coaching Will's little league baseball team.

He never would have met Dana, well... maybe not that. Fate certainly seemed to have it out for them, what between the San Diego Zoo incident in 1973, to Christmas 1985, to Las Vegas 1988, then Rammstein Air Base in Germany in 1991, again when they sat next to each other on the opening night of "Titanic" in December of 1997... they had a knack for running into each other. He likes to believe if he hadn't been in the FBI, he would have met her and married her just the same.

The elevator doors open at the lobby, and Doggett continues to the exit. He can see outside the windows facing out onto the street that there is a crowd of news journalists lined up outside.

*Shit, what's happened now and how long will I be working tonight?*

He takes out his cell phone, and dials home. It rings a couple times, then Dana picks up.

SCULLY  
(on phone)  
Milk and dog food, John.

She laughs. She fully expected him to call to ask what she needed him to pick up at the store on his way home.

DOGGETT  
Sweetheart, there's a load of  
reporters outside the building,  
something might be going on,  
I think I'll have to stay late tonight.

SCULLY  
(on phone)  
What? (beat) Hold on, let  
me switch the channel.

In the background, John can hear Katie and Will protesting their mom changing the television channel over to one of the cable news networks.

SCULLY  
(on phone)  
Oh no...

DOGGETT  
What is it?

SCULLY  
(on phone)  
You're not going to like this.

DOGGETT  
What's happened? (beat)  
And why don't I know  
about it yet?

Behind him, John hears the squeaky sound of sneakers walking on the freshly cleaned floor.

KRYCEK  
(behind him)  
John? (beat, meek) Help me.

John slowly turns around, like how in horror movies, someone who is about to get decapitated turns around slowly and then SWISH! There goes the head!

DOGGETT  
(glaring at Krycek, to Dana)  
I'll be home as soon as possible.

SCULLY  
(on phone)  
Go easy on him, John.  
(beat) I love you.

DOGGETT  
I love you too.

Doggett ends his call with Scully, and glares at Krycek.

DOGGETT  
You are not supposed  
to be in this building, Alex.

KRYCEK  
I have a hard time letting things go?

A question really isn't a good excuse now, is it?

KRYCEK  
I swear, you sneak me out of here  
and help me avoid the news reporters  
and I'll never step foot in this  
building again. I swear.

DOGGETT  
How did you get in here?

KRYCEK  
I bypassed security.

DOGGETT  
How?

KRYCEK  
I dressed up like Inspector Gadget.

Doggett's forehead wrinkles in disbelief. What the hell kind of security does this building have if a grown man, dressed like a cartoon character, can waltz right in here without being figured out that he's Alex Krycek?!

Doggett rubs his forehead with his hand.

If Alex weren't such a good friend to his wife, and to Mulder, and sometimes even to him, Doggett would walk him right out to meet the press.

KRYCEK

John... I can't go out there.  
I can't fess up to-

DOGGETT

Fess up to what, Alex?

KRYCEK

That thing that I didn't do,  
that they think that I did,  
but I didn't.

DOGGETT

You mean when you were  
the President?

KRYCEK

(matter of fact/living in denial)  
I don't know what  
you're talking about.

Yes, Krycek hopes to pretend that his little stint as POTUS never happened.

Doggett looks out the window at all the news media that has compiled there, waiting for Krycek to emerge. He wonders how it got out that Krycek was even in this building? The media gathering here will make the FBI look bad. People are watching this on TV right now, wondering why the former (misguided!) President is meeting at the FBI with the new FBI Director, who also served as his Chief of Staff. Doggett shakes his head. Krycek really got in deep this time.

Some of the reporters outside start banging on the glass doors and windows.

Doggett gives Krycek a look.

DOGGETT  
(stern)  
Stay here.

With a heavy sigh, Doggett makes his way towards the front entry doors of the building. He gets out his keys, and unlocks it, steps outside, then quickly shuts the door behind him. Krycek watches on, from the shadows of the FBI lobby. He wonders what exactly Doggett is saying that will get all of them to leave him alone.

A few minutes pass, and Doggett comes back inside. Some of the media starts to leave, some linger.

KRYCEK  
What did you say?

DOGGETT  
Watch the talking heads  
later tonight.

Doggett gives him a look.

DOGGETT  
(as if bailing his own son out of trouble)  
C'mon. Let's go.

Doggett heads towards the exit for the FBI's private parking garage, where he gets to park his truck each day in the reserved spot for the Director.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOGGETT HOUSE - NIGHT  
10:36 P.M.

A bright blue Beetle car pulls up in front of the house. The lights shut off, and Monica (Reyes) Rohrer gets out. She opens the back door to her car so that her twin son and daughter, JJ and Carolina (age 7), can get out of the car. They sleepily stumble out of the car, carrying overnight bags.

The three of them walk up the front stairs to the porch. Monica rings the doorbell. They hear Buddy barking inside, then see him looking at them from the living room window, his tail wagging back and forth happily.

Dana moves the curtains of the window, next to the front door, aside to see who is at the door. She opens the door, it's just past ten thirty at night, she's concerned that Monica and her kids are here at this hour.

SCULLY  
Monica?

Dana steps aside to let Monica and the kids inside.

MONICA  
(she sounds exhausted)  
Can we stay over tonight?

Dana nods her head and touches Monica on the shoulder.

SCULLY  
Of course.

They walk into the living room, passing the staircase. John is coming down to see who is at the door. It looks like he's just out of the shower, his hair is wet, wearing a white Tshirt, sweatpants, and he's barefoot.

Monica is obviously upset and trying her best to conceal it so her kids don't get upset. John notices that Carolina and JJ look like they're ready to crash and sleep right there on the living room floor.

DOGGETT  
Hey, JJ, Carolina!

He's quiet enough so not to wake Katie and Will.

John gives Dana and Monica a look, letting them know that he will get the twins to bed. Monica smiles at him appreciatively. He leads the kids upstairs to the guest bedroom.

Dana and Monica walk into the living room.

SCULLY  
Can I get you anything to drink?

MONICA  
No. I'm good.

Monica sits down on the couch, and struggles not to cry. Dana sits next to her, placing her hand on Monica's knee.

MONICA  
(quiet)  
Dana, I... I can't...  
I just... with Knowle.

Tears start falling down her face. Dana reaches over and hands her a tissue box.

MONICA

Our marriage has been over for a couple years now. We've been pretending for so long because of his political career... and after he tried to assassinate Alex... and how he's changed... and tonight...

Dana's mind starts to overreact, she's worried that maybe Knowle did something to really, physically, hurt Monica, or their kids. Dana moves closer to Monica, rubbing her lower back.

MONICA

Tonight... he came home drunk, and... with another woman... that Julia Vixen whore.

Dana's jaw drops, she never in her life would have thought Knowle would bring another woman home with him when his wife and kids were home!

SCULLY

Oh, Monica...

Monica turns to her, and they hug.

MONICA

We got into a fight right there in the living room, in front of the kids while they were watching TV. And that Vixen slut just stood there, impatient, waiting to go (whispers) fuck him up in our bedroom.

Monica sobs in Dana's arms, and in the corner of her eye, Dana sees John coming back down the stairs. He stops when he sees them. Dana motions for him that he can go back upstairs, she'll handle this.

John nods his head, and without a word turns around and goes back upstairs. His heart sinks in his chest for his friend (and for hers and Knowle's kids). He spent a lot of time on the campaign trail with Knowle. To be honest, he expected something like this to happen eventually. The fame and power got to Knowle and changed him. Yes, the arrogance, and the womanizing had always been a part of Knowle, but not as bad as he suspects it got while he was running for President.

Nevermind the fact that Knowle intentionally made important decisions for his family, without talking to her first. Monica never wanted him to become Vice President, he did so anyway. She didn't want him to run for President, he made that decision without her too. That Presidential campaign was what ultimately tore them apart.

John's heart aches for Monica, she gave her all to her marriage with Knowle. She loved him. She loved him enough to walk away from Brad Follmer on the day she was supposed to marry him. She walked away from Brad - who loved her more than anything else in the world - to be with Knowle, who she believed had come to understand her better.

And Knowle did, he honest to god, really understood what Monica was going through at that time in her life. Knowle treated her well, protected her, dropped his arrogance when he was with her. When they got married Knowle told him that it was the best day of his life, then when their twins were born, that was the best day of his life. Knowle freakin' loved his family. And all that ended, and it ended only a few years ago. It's unfair. But it's reality. You can't close your eyes, and wish to go back in time and change things. You have to keep living, moving forward, adjusting to the hits life sends your way.

John knows that Monica will get through this. He knows that she will do everything in her power to keep things civil between she and Knowle as they, as he suspects, divorce. She has to, for herself and for the kids.

Dammit, that son-of-a-bitch! John enters his and Dana's bedroom, shaking his head at Knowle. He's known him longer than he's known Monica. He grew up with him. He grew up with them both. He wishes he knew what he could do to help Knowle, to help save his marriage to Monica. How can he drag Knowle out of the dark hole he's put himself into?

John's eyes rest on a photo of him and Dana on the flight deck of the Pequod, the evening after they said their wedding vows to each other. He picks up the photo and looks at it. It's been almost fourteen years since he and Dana married. She still looks just as beautiful today as she did all those years ago. Sure, they're life and marriage aren't perfect. They have their problems, but he can never ever see an instance in which something could tear them apart.

John would never cheat on her, and Dana would never cheat on him. He had an alcohol problem years ago that he overcame, and in the rare occasion that he has a drink, he has one. He would never go out and get drunk and come home in that state and fight with her with their kids right there in the same room!

Dammit, Knowle! Why do you have to be such an asshole?!

John sets the photo back on the top of the dresser. He gets into bed, and picks up the book that he is reading, "Black Hawk Down: A Story of Modern War" by Mark Bowden.

He can hear that Dana and Monica are talking downstairs, but he can't hear every word. He hears the words: Julia Vixen, drunk, yelled at me, divorce, lawyer, made the kids cry, Brad, biggest mistake of my life.

John rests his head on his pillow, and cracks open his book. He'll wait up for Dana to come to bed. He shakes his head again in disbelief of what has happened to Knowle and Monica.

No, never in a million years would he and Dana ever end up like that.

THE END