

FOX & RAT

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

Story No. FRVS217

Episode #11x14

"Admonition"

Written By

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Final Draft

13 January 2018

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Title: "Admonition"

Direct Link: <http://www.foxandrat-xfiles.com/S11/11x14.html>

Series: FRVS - Episode #217

Written by: Cassie

Edited by: Claudine

Classification: humor

Rating: PG-13

Air Date: 13 January 2018

Date Written: 6-7 July 2017; 23-25 July 2017

Summary: Monica and Knowle ask the question no one wants to ask
Meanwhile John and Dana find out that Manner's Bar is still quite the
fun billiards hub of D.C.!

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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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EXT. M STREET - EVENING
WASHINGTON, D.C.
SATURDAY, 24 APRIL 2021
7:12 P.M.

It's Saturday night date night for John and Dana, and they are pulling up on John's brand new Harley Davidson motorcycle! It took a little convincing on John's part, but eventually Dana agreed that they could get the bike. She sits behind him, her arms wrapped around his chest, and her legs on either side of him.

She takes off her helmet and laughs. Yes, John was right, it is an incredible rush riding on a motorcycle!

John removes his helmet and looks back at her as she gets off the bike. He's got a twinkle in his eye. He knows it's months away from Christmas, but he's thinkin' that he needs to get Dana her very own leather jacket, and leather pants. She's still hot as heck in blue jeans, and a plain white T-shirt though. He gets off the bike, tucking his helmet under his arm.

The plan for tonight was to ride around on the Harley, stop and get Polish sausage from their favorite vendor on M Street, and then ride around some more, but he does have another idea, but only if he can get the sausage vendor (who knows them well) to keep an eye on his bike for a couple hours.

John and Dana walk up to the sausage vendor to order their dinners.

VENDOR

John and Dana. Long
time no see. How's it goin'?
I see you finally got that
bike you were wantin'.

John smiles, yeah... he loves his new bike.

DOGGETT

Got her for my birthday.

VENDOR

That's right man! You're
birthday! How many is
it now? (beat) Forty?

John laughs.

DOGGETT

Fifty-four.

VENDOR

Damn, John! What's
your secret? Find that
Fountain of Youth when
you worked on those X-Files?

SCULLY

We never got back to
Western Florida to look for it.

The vendor smiles at his two favorite customers, as he puts together their Polish sausage sandwiches, they don't have to tell them what they want, they've been here frequently enough that he knows exactly what they want. He winks at Dana.

VENDOR

And you're still twenty-nine, eh?

Dana smiles at him, and takes her sandwich from him as he holds it out to her.

SCULLY

Thank you.

AAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!! She tries to keep from thinking about that "Tithonus" case, but anytime anyone mentions how young she still looks all she can think about is how she could be forever twenty-eight years old! She's just glad that John has good, youthful, family genes too, otherwise it would look like John was her sugar daddy or something!

DOGGETT

Say, do you mind keeping
an eye on my bike for a couple
hours? I kind of want to take
my girl on a romantic walk
in downtown D.C.

VENDOR

Not a problem, Johnny!
Take as long as you like.
Your bike is safe with me.

DOGGETT

Thanks, Kyle. (beat)
I owe you one.

John hands over payment for their meals, and takes his and Dana's helmets and sets them down behind the kiosk stand.

John and Dana walk away from the stand, each of them holding their own Polish sausage (with as much garnishes as possible on top!) in their hand. Dana takes a bite out of hers. She has to lean forward to avoid some of the garnishes from falling down the front of her white T-shirt. Expertly, John takes a huge bite out of his, and absolutely none of the garnishes fall out. Dana shoots him a look: how does he manage to eat these things without making a huge mess?!

SCULLY

I'm so glad that Mulder
and Maria could baby-sit
the kids tonight.

DOGGETT

Me too. It's good to take
Baby out for a ride.

SCULLY

Baby?

DOGGETT

The bike.

SCULLY

You named your
bike... Baby?

DOGGETT

She's young.

SCULLY
She?

John shrugs his shoulders.

DOGGETT
You know what we haven't
done in a long time?

SCULLY
Hmm?

DOGGETT
Seen a movie.

SCULLY
We watched *Babe* with
Katie and Will the other night.

DOGGETT
I meant in a theatre.

Dana looks at John, and he's taking another big bite into his Polish
sausage, again, no garnishes fall out.

SCULLY
Did you have a movie in mind?
I don't really know what new
movies are playing right now.

DOGGETT
Actually, there's a theatre just
a few blocks up that plays
older movies.

Dana raises an eyebrow. She and John love old movies! She and John
especially love movies that aren't aimed at an audience interested in
the latest action CGI special effects! She takes a bite out of her
sausage, more garnish falls out on the sidewalk below her.

DOGGETT
You ever seen *The Hustler*?

SCULLY
That was one of my father's
favorite movies. We'd watch
it every time it was on TV
when I was a kid.

DOGGETT

I checked online this morning
and it's showing at seven-thirty.

They continue walking while eating their Polish sausage, and stop in front of a charming old movie theatre, one of those theatres with only a single screen that plays only two or three showings a day. An original 1961 print of the movie poster for "The Hustler" is displayed just outside the box office. There's a poster for Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando's "A Streetcar Named Desire" is next to it, with a yellow banner over it that says "SHOWING TOMORROW!"

Dana elbows John in the arm, bringing his attention to the *Streetcar* poster.

SCULLY

We should see that tomorrow.

DOGGETT

Tomorrow is Monica's
birthday party.

SCULLY

Right! I completely forgot!

They go to the box office and John pays for two tickets to see tonight's showing of Paul Newman, and Jackie Gleason in "The Hustler."

CUT TO:

INT. ROHRER APARTMENT - NIGHT

CAROLINA & J.J.'S BEDROOM

WASHINGTON, D.C.

9:20 P.M.

Carolina and Jonathan (J.J.) Rohrer, Knowle and Monica's seven year old twins, are hiding in their bedroom closet, huddled up together in the corner with a blanket. They're scared. All they've been hearing for the last hour is their mom and dad screaming and yelling at each other in the other room.

Despite their young age, Caro and J.J. are not oblivious to the conflicts in their parents' marriage. They don't understand what the issues are, they just understand that mom is angry with dad, and that dad is angry with mom. Maybe they're angry because dad didn't become President. Maybe mom didn't like the dinner that dad made tonight. Maybe they're fighting about that blond woman again. Maybe they're angry because they were misbehaving earlier when their parents were trying to get them ready for bed.

We step back away from the Rohrer twins, and back out of their bedroom, and head down the hallway toward Knowle and Monica's bedroom.

There's a broken flower vase on the floor against the wall where Monica threw it in frustration with Knowle only moments ago. A lone daisy lies on the floor next to the broken glass.

Knowle and Monica are standing in front of their bed. Monica had already gotten into her black satin negligee, her brunette hair resting on her shoulders. Knowle is still dressed in his jeans and black T-shirt. They're quiet at the moment, but you can cut the tension in the room with a knife.

KNOWLE

Aren't you going
to pick that up?

Monica glares at him. As if picking up a broken vase is the most important issue right now!

MONICA

Knowle, you can't keep
trying to change the subject-

KNOWLE

-I can do whatever the
fuck I want.

Monica slowly shakes her head with buried contempt and anger towards her husband.

MONICA

Obviously.

Her resentment comes out loud and clear.

KNOWLE

You are my wife, but that
doesn't mean that you have
complete control over me.

MONICA

Again... obviously.

They've been fighting about how for the past few years Knowle hasn't included Monica in any of the important decisions he's made that directly affects their lives. From buying a Harley because Dana let John get one for his birthday, to making the decision all on his own that he would accept the position of Vice President under former President Douglas, to making the decision to run for President in last year's election. All of these decisions were made without even asking Monica how she felt about them.

KNOWLE

You're upset that you're
just a stay-at-home mom
while I get to-

Monica sneers at him.

MONICA

(repeating with disgust)
Just a stay-at-home mom?

KNOWLE

That's what you do.

MONICA

You say it as if it's something
you look down on, Knowle.

KNOWLE

It doesn't exactly pay the bills.

He says this matter of fact, and crosses his arms across his chest, believing himself to having one-upped her.

MONICA

And what exactly do you do
every single day of the week? Hm?
(beat) After Krycek pardoned you
for attempting to assassinate him,
what is it you do to "pay the bills?"

Knowle shakes his head at her, and attempts to head out the bedroom door, but Monica rushes ahead of him, and places her hand on the doorframe to stop him.

MONICA

Answer my question, Knowle.

KNOWLE

I'm lookin' for work. It's not
like what happened on that damn

campaign has made it easy for
me to find a job.

MONICA

And do you help out with
the kids at home?

Knowle looks at her with disgust, but he knows the truth, no, he does not help out with taking care of their kids. Fact is he spends most days at Manner's Bar drinking, and flirting with other women when his mistress, Julia Vixen, isn't around.

MONICA

No, you don't. (beat) You
spend your days getting
drunk and screwing around
with women. You're rotting
away, without a care in the
world about what Caro and JJ
have learned in school. (beat)
What kind of father are you?

Knowle gives her a dirty look, and swats her arm off the doorframe, and leaves the room, but Monica follows him.

MONICA

Knowle, don't walk away from
me when I'm talking to you.

KNOWLE

If you're trying to suggest
that I've become my father,
you can go fuck yourself, Mon'!

Knowle enters the kitchen and opens the refrigerator and takes out a can of beer, opens it and chugs the entire thing, he slams the empty can down on the counter and looks at Monica, who is looking at him disapprovingly.

KNOWLE

I would NEVER hit you
or our children.

He's referring to his father's frequent violent outbursts while he was growing up in South Texas. Knowle points his finger right at Monica's face, his jaw is tight, and his eyes are filled with anger, maybe even hatred towards his wife.

MONICA

You've come close.

Monica is careful not to raise her voice at him right now. Yes, Knowle has come dangerously close to hitting her during one or two of their many fights in the past couple years. He's always stopped himself, but she does fear that one day he'll be too drunk to control himself.

Knowle doesn't say a word. He just stares her down. He can't deny what she said isn't true. And he hates himself for almost hitting her. He hated his father for beating up he and his mother when he was younger. As a child he had to help his own mother to the family car, and drive her to the hospital himself (at an age where he could barely see over the steering wheel!). He knows the horrors his mother went through at the hand of his father, and he never, NEVER, wanted to turn into that man. He never wants his own children to fear him, and he never wants his wife (no matter how unhappy he is with her now) to fear him.

Knowle looks into Monica's eyes. He sees that she is standing her ground against him, but there's a hint of fear hiding in her eyes as well.

MONICA

I think we should see
a marriage counselor.

KNOWLE

We don't need a fucking
marriage counselor, Monica.
(beat) How many times are
you going to bring that up?

MONICA

I've been talking to Dana, and
she and John-

KNOWLE

-You talk to people about
problems we're having?!

MONICA

Half the time you're not
here so who do you expect
me to talk to?

KNOWLE

I don't know! Write it
down in a journal! Don't
go blabbing to our friends
about our marital problems!

Knowle slams his hand down on the kitchen counter, it's so loud that she startles a bit, and takes a step away from him. How did Knowle turn into the man standing in front of her? This breaks her heart.

MONICA

(trying to speak softer to him)
But what I was saying is that
Dana and John were seeing
a counselor, and they've been
able to work out their problems.

KNOWLE

Well, we're not Dana and John.

He says "Dana and John" in a condescending way. Over the past few years Knowle has become awfully jealous of John and Dana's relationship. He knows that they're not a perfect couple, he knows they've had issues, but he just effing hates that they seem to have their shit figured out. Hell, in an attempt to try to get John down into the Hell he's been living, Knowle's even hit on Dana, in the hope that she would cheat on John, that John would find out and leave her, and join him in misery of having a failed marriage.

Yes, Dana is a gorgeous woman, and it would be quite an accomplishment to conquer her. He's read her (and Krycek's) sex positions book, "The Sexual Journey To Ecstasy: 202 Inventive Positions To Kinkier Sex," and shit, reading that gave him plenty of jack off visuals of Mrs. Dana Katherine Doggett (the nude pictures of Dana in the book helped him along plenty of lonely nights), but back to the matter at hand.

MONICA

I really think we need
to get professional help.
Our marriage hasn't been
a marriage in years, and for
the sake of Caro and JJ, I want
to try to make us work.

KNOWLE

(snide)
And which therapist do John
and Dana recommend... Mulder?

MONICA

No, actually, they were seeing
Doctor Karen Kosseff. (beat)
She used to work with FBI
agents, before the war.

Knowle rolls his eyes.

KNOWLE

No. (beat) We don't need
to see a therapist.

Monica crosses her arms across her chest and looks at her husband.

MONICA

Well, obviously we aren't
getting anywhere good on
our own, what do you suggest?

KNOWLE

I don't know.

Monica nods her head, of course Knowle has no solution to offer.

MONICA

You don't know? (beat)
Ok, how about this...
should we divorce?

That word, divorce, hangs in the air between them for a few very silent seconds. Of all the times they've fought, over all the years, that word has never once been brought up between them.

MONICA

Let's face the truth, Knowle.
You take me for granted, you
don't care about how I feel about
anything, we are barely even friends
anymore, when we talk all we ever
do is complain about our day, you're
almost never home, we fight about
everything, you continue to have your
affair with that Julia woman-

KNOWLE

-Don't bring Julia into this. She
has nothing to do with our marriage.

MONICA

What?! She's your MISTRESS,
she's the woman you sleep with,
the woman you buy nice things
for. (beat) You've even brought
her to our home, granted you were
drunk, but you still brought her
here, and with the kids-

KNOWLE

-The kids have nothing to do
with her either.

MONICA

I had to explain to them why
their daddy had his arms around
her, and why their daddy was
kissing her, and why their-

KNOWLE

-Shut up, Mon', I'm sick
and tired of you bitching about-

MONICA

-You're sick and tired of-

KNOWLE

-Yeah, I'm so fucking sick
and tired of listening to you
harp on about trying to fix
our marriage.

And with that Knowle walks towards their front door, picks up the keys to his Hummer, and walks right out the door, slamming it behind him. Monica lets out a frustrated scream, and kicks the door. She'd pull out her hair if it would help.

CUT TO:

INT. MANNER'S BAR - NIGHT
WASHINGTON, D.C.
10:51 P.M.

After seeing a movie, John and Dana didn't quite feel like going back home yet, so they walked back to get the Harley, and made their way over to their old stomping grounds, Manner's Bar (EST. 13 January 1951). After the Alien War the bar had to undergo serious renovations, and though the bar's owner, Kim, had passed away years before, his son, Sam, and his wife, Joyce, take care of the place now.

Sam sees Dana racking up balls at a pool table not far from where he's standing. He stops wiping down the bar.

SAM

Kick it in the ass, Dana!

Dana turns around and waves at Sam, smiling.

She and John are playing Straight Pool (aka 14:1), up to whoever scores 100 points first. Right now John is leading with 78 points, but Dana's not too far behind at 70. They've been playing for a little over an hour now. Dana lifts the triangle up carefully so not to move any of the balls, and she waits for John. It's his shot.

*I've been drivin' all night, my hand's wet on the wheel
There's a voice in my head that drives my heel
It's my baby callin', says I need you here*

John comes up behind Dana and wraps his arms around her, and sings the next line of Golden Earring's song, "Radar Love," into her hear.

DOGGETT
(singing into Dana's ear)
And it's a half past four
and I'm shiftin' gear...

SCULLY
It's your shot.

She smiles and laughs at how flirty John is being with her tonight. He circles around her, his hands on her waist, and pulls her body toward his own.

*When she is lonely and the longing gets too much
She sends a cable comin' in from above
Don't need no phone at all*

DOGGETT
(singing)
We've got a thing that's called radar love
We've got a wave in the air, radar love

John pulls Dana to him and kisses her right on the mouth, his hand holding her strong on her lower back. He pulls out of the kiss, and goes to the pool table and picks up his cue, and quickly studies the table.

*The radio is playing some forgotten song
Brenda Lee's comin' on strong
The road has got me hypnotized
And I'm speeding into a new sunrise*

DOGGETT
Four ball, corner.

John leans down low over the table, takes aim, and shoots the purple four ball right into the corner pocket. Dana bites her lower lip, and tilts her head ever so slightly to the side to check out John's ass. His backside looks so good in jeans.

*When I get lonely and I'm sure I've had enough
She sends her comfort comin' in from above
We don't need no letter at all*

DOGGETT
Seventy-nine.

Dana picks up a pad of paper and marks one more tally mark for John, as he circles around the table looking for his next shot.

*We've got a thing that's called radar love
We've got a light in the sky, radar love*

DOGGETT
Twelve ball, side.

Again, he leans low over the table, takes aim and shoots, pocketing the stripe purple twelve ball.

SCULLY
Eighty. (beat) You've got
a long way to go if you're
trying to beat Mosconi's
run, John.

He leans down over the table across from her, taking aim at the green fourteen ball. He doesn't need to call this pocket, his aim, and eye line, to the corner pocket, say it for him. He draws back his cue, and looks up directly into Dana's eyes.

DOGGETT
Eighty-one.

BAM! The fourteen ball slams into the corner pocket!

Dana marks his points down on the pad of paper again, and leans up against the wall, as John takes aim again, points at the side pocket and she swears he misses on purpose!

DOGGETT
Your shot, sweetheart.

He winks at her as she takes her cue and studies the table. "You Never Even Called Me by My Name" by David Allan Coe strikes up on the jukebox now.

*Well, it was all
That I could do to keep from cryin'
Sometimes it seemed so useless to remain
But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
You never even called me by my name*

SCULLY

Two ball, side pocket.

*You don't have to call me Waylon Jennings
And you don't have to call me Charlie Pride
And you don't have to call me Merle Haggard anymore
Even though you're on my fighting side*

Dana draws the cue back and forth on her fingers as she leans over the table. John comes up behind her, as if he's going to teach her how to shoot pool (even though she obviously knows how). He takes firm hold of her waist with his right hand, and lowers his body against her left arm, which is aiming the cue. Dana turns her head to look at him, and he just smiles at her, he motions his chin for her to take her shot, and she feels his right hand find its way next to hers on the back of her cue.

SCULLY

You been drinking and I
don't know about it?

DOGGETT

Nope.

Dana laughs, and takes aim again, draws the cue back for the shot, then just as she thrusts it into the cue ball, John is nibbling on her ear! This screws up her shot completely, she nearly scratches the green table felt with the tip of her cue! Pretending to be angry with him, Dana stands up tall, and pouts at him.

SCULLY

Johnny!

He takes her cue from her hands and sets it on the pool table, then takes her into his arms and starts dancing with her to the music.

*Well, I was drunk the day my mom got out of prison
And I went to pick her up in the rain
But before I could get to the station in my pickup truck
She got run over by a damned old train*

*And I'll hang around as long as you will let me
And I never minded standing in the rain, no
But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'*

*You never even called me
Well, I wonder why you don't call me
Why don't you ever call me by my name*

The song ends, and John dips Dana, then pulls her back up and twirls her around. She can't stop laughing at him. This side of him almost never comes out. She can't even remember the last time he was so playful. She likes it.

Dana looks into his blue eyes as he pulls her toward him again, he leans toward her, going in for another kiss, but! there's a tap on his shoulder. Only slightly irritated, John turns his head to see who's there..

It's Knowle.

KNOWLE
Hey Doggetts! No PDA
in Manner's Bar!

He whacks John hard on his back, and lets out a hearty laugh. The smiles fade from their faces. They can tell by looking at him that he's drunk.

SCULLY
(courteous)
Hi, Knowle.

DOGGETT
You're here late.

John checks the time on his watch, it's just after 11 at night.

KNOWLE
So are you.

Knowle circles the pool table, and lifts a bottle of beer to his lips and takes a long chug from it.

KNOWLE
What're you playin'?
Eight ball, nine ball?

DOGGETT
Fourteen to one.

KNOWLE
Lemme guess... John's
winning, am I right?

John and Dana know that Knowle's fishing for a sexist remark about how women can't shoot pool. They share a look.

DOGGETT

Actually, Dana's winning.
She's up ninety-eight to
my eighty-three. (beat) She
pockets two more, she wins.

Knowle looks at Dana, he really wanted to ridicule her billiard abilities, and then offer up some private lessons. Him, her... one-on-one, if ya know what I mean...

Ok, *shudders*, where were we? Oh right, John lied about the game score so that all Dana has to do is pocket two more balls, and they can call it a night, and go home (thus avoiding Knowle who obviously looks like he's here to get even more drunk).

KNOWLE

So little Dana's a pool shark, huh?

He makes his way toward her, and anticipating that he wants to circle her as if he is a shark, Dana quickly walks behind John, and to the pool table and picks up her pool cue. She eyes the table looking for the easiest shot.

SCULLY

Eight ball, corner pocket.

She takes aim, and sinks the black eight ball. She studies the table again as she chalks up her cue, and walks around to the other side.

SCULLY

Fifteen ball, corner pocket.

She takes aim, and sinks the fifteen ball.

DOGGETT

That's one-hundred
points, Dana. You win.

Knowle looks disappointed.

KNOWLE

Now don't be tellin' me that
you two have to head home now.

SCULLY

Actually, yes, we do. We still
have to wrap up Monica's birthday
present for her party tomorrow.

Holy shit! Knowle completely forgot that tomorrow is Monica's 53rd birthday. He takes another drink from his bottle of beer, and wipes his mouth with his arm. Filter's "Surprise" starts playing on the jukebox.

*Dark Sun rise from the night on the run
I've gone blind from the sight of the sun
A heart full of truth 'cause I paid my dues
A head full of noise and something to lose*

*But she
Talks me down from the edge
And she
Talks me down from the ledge*

*Surprise surprise for you
No lies just eyes for you
Teach me all that you know
So that I will bask in your glow*

Dana lets out a girly giggle, John raises his brow and looks at her.

DOGGETT
What?

SCULLY
Nothing. (beat) Just that
Richard Patrick is such a hottie.

DOGGETT
Really?

SCULLY
Yeah, there's something about
him that just reminds me of...

Dana drifts off staring at John, she doesn't know it, but she's caressing his arm and looking at him as if she wants to bed him right now.

John looks at Knowle and shrugs his shoulders.

KNOWLE
She certainly has a thing
for arms, doesn't she?

Knowle says this and motions to Dana touching John's arm.

KNOWLE
You know, Dana...

Knowle flexes his bicep.

KNOWLE
I've got more muscle
than John here.

He winks at her.

Dana is uncomfortable. She lets go of John's arm and gives him a look, then walks to the exit.

DOGGETT
(warning)
Knowle...

KNOWLE
What?

John shakes his head, more to himself than Knowle.

DOGGETT
Get your life together, man.
Stop hitting on my wife. Stop
stepping out on Monica. Be
a father to your kids. (beat)
If you need help getting off
alcohol, let me know. I will
help you, but Knowle...
When Alex pardoned you,
and gave you a second chance,
I can understand being lost,
and without direction, but...

John looks Knowle directly in the eyes. And for a moment he sees that Knowle is listening to him.

DOGGETT
You have to want to
change in order to get
the help you need.

Knowle has heard every word he has said. Sure, he's been drinking tonight, and he's probably drunk right now, but he knows that his friend is right. He drinks because he's so angry with himself for fucking up a good thing, and has no idea how to fix it.

KNOWLE
I'm angry with myself.
(beat) I fucked up, John.

John looks at his friend. He wants to offer to drive him home, but he and Dana came here on his new Harley. He'd offer to let Dana drive Knowle's Hummer, and John would follow, but he's not certain that Dana would want to be alone in a car with Knowle. Of course, the drive to Knowle and Monica's apartment is ten minutes or less so..

DOGGETT

Knowle, wait here. I need
to ask Dana something.
I'll be right back.

Knowle nods his head and watches John walk over to Dana, who is waiting for him at the door. Knowle sees that she has a helmet in her arms, shit, they must have come here on the bike. Knowle knows that John is hoping to talk her into driving him home. There's no way in Hell that John would let Knowle drive himself, not now that he knows he's drunk.

He has got to get his shit together. He can't allow that little shit, Alex Krycek, to ruin his life simply because (on a whim!) he decided to run against he and John in the Presidential election last year. That little shit got under his skin. Krycek knew every single button to push to bring out the worst in him. By the time that Knowle tried to shoot him (his intention was never to kill him, just to maim him) at the Presidential debate, he had lost control of his campaign. He'd lost control of everything. It didn't help that Monica had become so distant, but even then... her distance was his fault. He should have included her in all decisions that impacted their life together as a family.

Knowle wishes that he could just snap his fingers and his marriage would be back to how it was before he got involved in politics. Back to how it was when they lived on The Pequod, how it was after the Alien War ended, and how supportive they were of each other during the Second American Civil War.

He would love to be able to go home, let his guard down, shut down his pride, and really talk things out with Monica, but he's too goddamned full of pride. This has always been an issue for him, but it never actually ruined him before. He always took pride in his arrogance, pride in his knowledge, pride in his physical appearance, pride in his military achievements, pride in just about anything he touched.

And if there's any one person he should be able to let his guard down in front of, it's his wife, Monica. But even now he's not sure she even cares anymore. He doesn't blame her.

He sees John walking back over to him.

DOGGETT

Ok, Sam is going to drive
you home. I'm following
on my bike so I can bring
Sam back here.

John gives Knowle a stern look.

Knowle can't even bring himself to say "thank you" to John, all he can manage is to nod his head in understanding. He follows John to the exit of the bar, he sees Dana is now seated at the bar, her back to them.

A shooting pain sears through Knowle's heart. There was a time when he and Dana were friends. When they were stranded on that island years ago, he had gone out of his way to help teach her Special Ops defense so that she could better protect herself. After she had been kidnapped by Scott Williams the next month, he was the one who found her (left for dead). He stayed with her until John could be with her. Words could not express the relief he felt knowing that she was still alive. And during the war he did everything in his power to protect her. He had held her in his arms and comforted her as she cried, believing John to be dead. She even tried to gift him John's Purple Heart as a Christmas gift, that's how much he had once meant to her, and now... they are no longer friends. She's polite to him, but does what she can to avoid him.

Just before he steps out of Manner's Bar, Knowle looks back at Dana again, and catches her watching him leave. There's sadness in her eyes, maybe sympathy. He watches her take out her smart phone from her pocket, and she holds it to her ear. Surely, she's calling Monica to let her know that John and Sam are bringing him home.

Dana hears the other end of her phone ring five times before Monica picks up.

MONICA
(on phone)
Dana?

Dana is quiet for a beat too long, unsure of what to say.

MONICA
Is everything ok?

SCULLY
Yes, yeah, nothing is wrong.
I uh... I just wanted to call
to give you a heads up that
John and Sam are bringing
Knowle home.

Monica is quiet on the other end.

SCULLY

If you and the kids need a
place to stay for the rest of
the night, you can-

MONICA

-How drunk is he?

SCULLY

I don't know.

Monica is quiet again. She just checked in on Caro and JJ and they are finally asleep. She would prefer not to wake them up. On one hand, if John has talked with Knowle it's possible that Knowle won't stir anything up when he gets home, but on the other hand if he's very drunk he might not be able to stop himself from picking another fight with her.

Either way, before she makes any decision she will talk with John and listen to what he says would be best for her and the kids. If there's any man she trusts right now, it's John Doggett. He's faithful, dependable, without guile, comfortable to be around, and he never disappoints his friends and loved ones.

MONICA

I'll talk to John when
he gets here.

Dana nods her head in agreement. In the background Jason Mraz's song "I Won't Give Up" plays from the jukebox.

*When I look into your eyes
It's like watching the night sky
Or a beautiful sunrise
Well, there's so much they hold
And just like them old stars
I see that you've come so far
To be right where you are
How old is your soul?*

SCULLY

(changing the subject)
So... Katie and Will are excited
about your birthday party tomorrow.

MONICA

I can't wait to see what
they got me.

SCULLY

I just wish that the weather
was warmer so we could
swim in the river.

MONICA

Swimming in cold water
can actually be good for
you. (beat) It can boost
your immune system.

SCULLY

True, but... hypothermia can
set in if the core body temperature
dips more than four degrees
below normal.

MONICA

Yes, Doctor Scully.

SCULLY

(correcting her)
Doctor Doggett.

Dana smiles when she hears Monica laugh on the other end of her phone.

*Well, I won't give up on us
Even if the skies get rough
I'm giving you all my love
I'm still looking up*

MONICA

Doctor Doggett. (beat)
That sounds strange,
doesn't it? Doctor Doggett?

SCULLY

Not really, John does have
a J.D., a *Juris Doctorate*...
(beat) He's a *doctor*.

She says the word "doctor" as if it's something very, very sexy. Dana's quiet just a bit too long, thinking about her Doctor Doggett.

MONICA

(correcting)
Esquire, Dana.

SCULLY

I know, but the J.D. does
mean he has a doctorate
degree, therefore doctor.

MONICA

I don't know what sounds more
weird... John Doggett, Esquire,
or Doctor John Doggett.

Dana laughs.

SCULLY

Either way I'm gonna
find a way to get it
into the bedroom!

MONICA

T.M.I.

SCULLY

Sorry.

MONICA

John'll probably be here
soon, I should go.

SCULLY

Take care, ok?

Dana wants to say that she hopes to see her later tonight, but doesn't
want to impose her expectation of what she thinks Monica should do on
her.

MONICA

I'll see you in Luray
tomorrow. (beat) Bye.

SCULLY

Bye.

Dana puts down her phone on the bar, and looks to one of the other
bartenders who was left in charge when Sam left with John.

SCULLY

Glass of water, please.

The bartender nods his head, and gets her a glass of water. Dana takes the glass and holds it in her hands. She hopes that by the time Knowle gets home that he won't give Monica any trouble. She loves Monica, and welcomes her to her home any time she needs a safe place to stay the night, but frankly, she would love to see Monica either work things out with Knowle, or leave him.

*And when you're needing your space
To do some navigating
I'll be here patiently waiting
To see what you find*

*'Cause even the stars they burn
Some even fall to the earth
We've got a lot to learn
God knows we're worth it
No, I won't give up*

*I don't wanna be someone who walks away so easily
I'm here to stay and make the difference that I can make
Our differences they do a lot to teach us how to use
The tools and gifts we got, yeah, we got a lot at stake
And in the end, you're still my friend at least we did intend
For us to work we didn't break, we didn't burn
We had to learn how to bend without the world caving in
I had to learn what I've got, and what I'm not, and who I am*

*I won't give up on us
Even if the skies get rough
I'm giving you all my love
I'm still looking up, I'm still looking up.*

Dana sighs heavily. She knows how much Monica used to love Knowle, and she knows how much Knowle used to love Monica. She knows that marriage is not easy, and it is not all fun and games, and that it takes hard work. She wants to believe that Monica and Knowle can work out their issues, but she fears that maybe it is too late.

THE END