

Disclaimer: I do not now nor have I ever owned the rights to Queen songs. But, damn, their music is just perfect for the reasons I have in store for them. And plus, I had to do something to stop this recap from being intensely sucky compared to the actual episode, and Freddie Mercury's always a good bet. Lyrics are taken from, in order, Bohemian Rhapsody, Bicycle Race, Fat-Bottomed Girls (bonus point trivia: was NOT the first song to use the words "bitches and ho's", as I erroneously claimed the first time I wrote this recap), Crazy Little Thing Called Love, Good-Old Fashioned Lover Boy, and We Are The Champions, if you're interested in where I found them. I tried squeezing in Don't Stop Me Now and Somebody To Love, but there wasn't enough room.

And we open with a torch-lit cockroach. Man, if there's anything scarier than something I don't wanna see during the day, it's something I don't wanna see during the day at night. Chris Carter's Invisible Typewriter Of Nerdy Humour tells us that we are in Miller's Grove, Massachusetts. A guy who looks nothing at all like John Goodman starts giving a speech about cockroaches, but he fucks up the name of the time period when they started living. Go ahead, compare what he says to the subtitles. I'll wait. ...You done? See? He goes on to say that roaches are everywhere, provided you can ship an entire New York City apartment building to both the tropics and the Arctic. Because the Creepy Roaches of Overblown Terror, Comedy, and Heartwarmingness really are everywhere in this episode, I have got to think of a shorter name for them than "Creepy Roaches of Overblown Terror, Comedy, and Heartwarmingness". Hmm. C-R-O-T-C-H. Nope, can't think of anything. Um... let's call them crotches anyway, because it's funny. Anyway, NotGoodman claims that crotches are almost perfect (*looks down* "Thanks, Evolution!"), but they can't think. Well, that's stupid. Just ask pretty much any teenage guys or frat boys, and he'll tell you that crotches have a mind of their own. Aren't you glad I called them crotches? I'm, like, two paragraphs in and this is already dirtier than that entire Clinton Baby episode of The Lone Gunmen. Humans are apparently gods to crotches, and we get to squish them at our will. Oh, dear God/Buddha/Allah/Ganesha/A Deity That Actually Exists!

Another man asks a question about whether crotches live after you kill them, and NotGoodman doesn't know because he just kills crotches for a living. Seems to me that that

should be the one biology question you should know the answer to, young lady. He turns around to show the name "Dr. Bugger" on his uniform, and I bet you all made an ironic joke about that name in some form or another, so I'm not going to. Anyway, OtherGuy asks Dr. Bugger if crotches freeze to death and Dr. Bugger says that's about as fun as... well, you came up with your own Dr. Bugger joke, you can probably come up with your own example here, too. In case you can't, here are five: 1) ...sitting on a flight next to the Token Guy With BO Problems; 2) ...mentally undressing David Letterman; 3) ...being married to Tom Cruise; 4)...going through childbirth without any anaesthesia whatsoever; and 5) ...watching an X-Files episode featuring Moronica Reyes. So the other way to get rid of crotches is to spread fungus. A zipper fly works just as well. Just ask Ben Stiller's crotch. (Wow. How many dated movie references can I fit into one recap? Just you wait for me to mock Evolution and... every other bad mo... every other movie you've ever made, Duchovny!) Dr. Bugger gets to work and sees a crotch on the wall. The crotch is arrogant and hates getting diseases. Where those two jokes just a few seconds ago were so easy to come up with alternative punchlines for, I'm having trouble thinking of anything that doesn't sound like I'm making fun of people who already have various infections on their (actual) crotch. Maybe this crotch idea wasn't so good after all. Too late to change it now, though. Bugger stands on the tiny crotch and starts having what looks like an asthma attack. He leans against the wall and crotches start swarming like this is a video in Mulder's collection of videos that aren't his. Well, I suppose the entire scene is darkly lit and with bad enough music to qualify, but aside from that, no. OtherGuy returns to see Dr. Bugger crawling with crotches all over him. As Dr. Bugger collapses...

Credits! Blurry photography, Chris Carter screaming, DD holding a gun like he's shooting at a monster in the ceiling. You know, the usual. (Incidentally, number of times I said "CROTCH" during the recap of the teaser? 17. This is going to be a long and dirty recap, people, so take off your clothes and get settled in.)

Commercial Blackspot. Guess what? Wench the Lesbian Dominatrix, last seen in Fire, was hired to fill in in the FOX News Room tonight, and her breasts, as equally balanced as the network itself is politically, will be interrupting your reading pleasure with sporadic references to songs by Queen. Talk about the sublime and the ridiculous. She still hasn't gotten reading the autocue downpat yet, and instead of what she was supposed to say, she asks, "Is this the

real life? Is this just fantasy? Caught in a landslide, no escape from reality?" [In other news, Hellga from American Gladiators would like to tell you that she ain't no Swiss Miss.]

I say, "Open your eyes, look up to the skies and see... a bug of some sort landing on stars, followed by a gigantic windscreen wiper forcing it off." Man, that commercial sequence was a lot of work for no real pay-off. You know, like the last two seasons of this show. And the entire Lone Gunmen series. But I'm gonna stick with it, just so I have something to do in the commercials that doesn't involve another round of Bad Product Placement. We smash-cut and see that Mulder is almost asleep at the wheel of his Ford (which is the Official Carmaker of FBI Agents, Pastry Chefs, and People Who End Up In The Ass End Of A Horse Costume Every Halloween). Mulder's phone rings. This time, Scully doesn't even say the infamous words "Mulder, it's me", so you know something weird is gonna happen in this episode. Of course, on this show, Weird is Normal and Normal is Weird, so, in short, THE WRITERS HATE ME. Mulder's away because his apartment is being fumigated. At least, that's his excuse in case his neighbours ask Scully about a gigantic left-cheek sneak stinkin' up the joint. And, Scully, you should know that if it is really being fumigated, his crotch having insecticide all over it would be bad if, say, you wind up having a kid with freaky abilities five years from now. He's in Massachusetts, but he doesn't love his mom enough to visit her. Which makes sense for me, because I'm typing this section up on Valentine's Day, not Mother's Day. Besides, she might not remember him, just like she doesn't remember anything else that's important. Scully is cleaning her gun, and we get to see it in a character's hand for an entire scene without it being dropped, which is a nice change from the usual. Mulder asks whether Scully believes in God or some crap like that, and SuddenlySatanicScully manages to argue that Charles Darwin is the Second Coming, which makes no sense at all to me. Or to her, as a religious woman. Mulder drags the topic of conversation back to something I actually sort of care about: What. Scully's. Wearing. She just laughs, which is exactly the sort of reaction somebody wearing a grey cardigan should have when asked about fashion. Scully warns him not to look too hard, and I feel like I'm watching some show where everybody acts all out of character. Like, oh, The Lone Gunmen. And speaking of Frohike (can you believe this segue just walked up and slapped my face like this?), Mulder talks about Planet of the Apes.

Mulder sees bright lights and hangs up. A cop walks up and asks if Mulder was on the phone to his drug dealer. We have already established in other episodes that Scully IS a doctor, but

no. A fruit basket to the guy who decided to use lights so bright they made DD look stoned during this whole exchange. They start talking about UFOs, and the cop doesn't laugh at Mulder immediately, and what fucking show am I watching? Out Of Character Cop points out the stupidity of parking on a country road with you wiper blades on when it's a clear night, and reaches for his gun when Mulder says it was because of bugs. That's two sequences with guns and Mulder, and zero with gun-dropping. I feel ripped off. OCCC drives off but pauses long enough to give back Mulder's badge and to point out that Massachusetts cops have nothing better to do than chase crotches. Hey, I know a bunch of people who are just like that, except without the cop part!

Scully's House of Kidnappings, how may I direct your call? Mulder wants her to get her ass up to Miller's Grove to check out some killer crotches (Apparently, they're filming a porn/snuff film in town.) Scully points out how stupid Mulder's theory is, and maybe we are watching The X-Files after all. Mulder's with the exterminated exterminator now, but two other people have died with crotches all over them as well. Talk about auto-erotic asphyxiation. Mulder points out the town's big on science, so the reports are credible to him, a man who points out how unscientific things are on a daily basis. And welcome back to Lone Gunmen territory. Scully asks about bug bites, because it could have been anaphylactic shock. She pauses before saying it, as if she's trying to remember the name, even though in terms of allergy jargon awareness, hayfever is the only one I can think of I recognise more. OCCC asks who Mulder rang. "My drug dealer."

And speaking of drug labs, let's go to one! And just to show how science-y town is, they even have a beaker filled with Mystery Black Ooze. The camera pivots to show what Einstein would have looked like if he was a teenager and had bleached his hair. And was stoned. Stoner asks a chick if she wants some and another dude says she should. Isn't it great how they shipped the 1013 office up to Vancouver just for this scene? Chick asks whether they want to fuck her, and Stoner responds by reaching for another beer. Hee. The beer is being cooled by dry ice, and Dude points out that beer is beer as a crotch digs its way out what looks like a pile of mud. Dude continues on about opening your perceptions or some shit. A crotch crawls its way into Dude's left arm and he notices another doing the same thing on his other wrist. Cool. Dude wigs out and slashes his wrists trying to get them out, as Mark Snow's infamous "Jaws

Theme "On Off-Key Violin" plays. Stoner and Chick try and stop Dude, but we're beginning to get into Actual X-File Territory, so we cut to...

...Scully washing Queequeg. Luckily, he only turns up in this episode and two others, so we don't have to care too much about him. Background Clock tells us it's 8:12pm, just as Mulder rings again. He wants her [to come up there] bad. Mulder has found Dead Dude, and tells Scully that there aren't any bugs in him and that he was making some kind of drug. I can't imagine what made Dead Dude think bugs were killing him, can you? I mean, it's not like he'd been trying to "increase his perception" in any way. Wake me up when something paranormal happens. Mulder mentions that the Mystery Black Ooze smells like a septic tank, and now would be a good time to remind you exactly what "coprophages" means. But we get told later on, so I'm not going to. Scully posits that the victim could have had Ekblom Syndrome. Mulder, much like myself, can't believe that scientists bothered coming up with a name for it. Scully wonders if she should still come up, and Mulder says no. It's like you have the Lone Gunmen stuck inside a hotel, and the X-Verse outside, and we're stuck in the hotel's revolving door. Ugh. Scully hangs up and turns around to finish washing Queequeg, but he's gone. We hear him bark from offscreen as Scully turns back around and yells at him. Hee.

OCCC talks to Mulder. He couldn't get anything out of Stoner and Chick, so Mulder suggests a drug test. Uh, you're at a freaking drug lab, where someone just pretty much overdosed, and you just inhaled Mystery Black Ooze. What the fuck makes you think they're going to pass the test, dumbass? Mulder sees a crotch and bends down for a closer look. Sometimes, I don't even have to write a dirty joke. Sometimes, it gets delivered to my doorstep wearing nothing but a red ribbon and a sign that says, "Use me, Master." I think Wench sent it to me as revenge for all those lesbian dominatrix jokes I made in the Fire recap. Anyway, Mulder grabs the crotch and demands a container. He's crushed the crotch into oblivion. It was just exoskeleton, but it proves that crotches were here. Or maybe not, because it was made of metal. Mulder's hand is bleeding.

Commercial Blackspot. Wench: "You say Lord, I say Christ; I don't believe in Peter Pan, Frankenstein or Superman; All I wanna do is..." Cut back to the show? Please say it's cut back

to the show. (But first, let me point out that YOU as a character were too crappy to even get into The Lone Gunmen, Wench. I'll let you think about that until the next news update.)

Back to the show, and... Hey! It's Chuck Burks! Except it's not! Confused? Me too. But it's no worse than having Agent Jerkass "Crispy Chicken" Spender as the Great Mutato, I suppose. He's checking out Mulder's hand, and it's just a cut. Mulder asks if it was because of metal, and Dr. AlmostChuck tells him to pipe down and wait for science to work it out. Come on, Dr. AlmostChuck, you should know Mulder ignores science at every possible chance. Even if you didn't know on your own (you lying liar who lies), you could have read this recap and note that I've already commented on it. Dr. AlmostChuck tries to be open to his patients, and Mulder wants to know why he's telling him this. Me too, considering that Dr. AlmostChuck is asking questions rather than giving answers. Were Dr. AlmostChuck's eyes this bug-eyed (so to speak) when he was Agent RealChuck? I don't remember that ever happening. Mulder, of course, can't give him answers, and Dr. AlmostChuck says that talking to Mulder makes him feel constipated. Um, that's because your arguments are full of shit. OCCC asks what's up with Dr. AlmostChuck, and Mulder says he doesn't know. OCCC then asks what's going on here, and these people pay attention to each other even less than husbands talk to their wives when there's a big game on TV.

A crotch crawls up out of the drain, and we get put through the thoroughly unpleasant experience of watching Dr. AlmostChuck impersonate Elvis. (You'll figure it out.) Except I doubt Elvis was reading Scientific American when he kicked the bucket. Or cistern, if we're being totally accurate. The camera pans over Dr. AlmostChuck's head and we see that there are more crotches crawling around the aforementioned cistern. One even managed to stay holding onto the toilet paper while Dr. AlmostChuck absentmindedly spun it around and around and around on its holder. Thankfully, we cut back to Mulder still trying to explain that just because he works for the government, he doesn't know everything about shit-eating insects. He's used to kissing ass, not eating stuff that comes out of it. OCCC finally proves himself sort of useful by mentioning that the Department of Agriculture is running experiments just outside of town. Mulder tells him to get to the goddamn point already, and he sort of does, except he forgot that he's in War Of The Coprophages, not one of the episodes with the Smallpox Bees. Mulder tells him to shut the fuck up because it seems that people in this neck of the woods like to get all hysterical for no reason. A guy starts yelling for help, and

we cut back to Dr. AlmostChuck lying dead in the toilets. The screamy guy is holding his neck down, because he looks like an amateur wrestler and it's always good to be seen desecrating corpses. He was covered in crotches, but when ScreamyRassler came back after screaming for help, they were all gone. Except for one which Mulder sees, just sitting on the edge of a sink. Mulder picks it up gently, because someone is FINALLY listening to OCCC, and points out that it's perfectly normal and non-metallic. He drops it and it falls down the sink. Luckily, the camera guy also fell down the plughole, because we get to see a weird shot which I'm sure was supposed to be funny, but really wasn't in retrospect. Mulder sticks his fingers down the hole to try and get it out, but fails worse than Britney Spears did when she went on a dating show, given the choice between a friend from high school, a back-up dancer, and a hot male model. OCCC tells Mulder to let him grab the crotch next time, and we all now need brain bleach at that thought.

Scully's House. Um, "Why did David Duchovny lose on Celebrity Jeopardy?" Hi, Scully! She answers again without the "Mulder, it's me." Bond... Jimmy Bond? Room 1013? I'll be right up as soon as I get out of this revolving door. However, Scully does answer with "Who died now?", which would have been really funny if it had been her mother calling, because she could have said Charlie, and we would never have been able to tell. Mulder expositos that it was the M.E., and Scully knows that the constipated guy was pushing too hard as soon as Mulder said the word toilet. Mulder points out that he didn't catch the crotch, and Scully hopes that means he's not going to suggest that killer crotches are the problem here. That would have two too many X-es to be an X-File.

Cut to Mulder doing what he does best, breaking into government facilities. This time, Scully calls him for once, and she thinks that it's an Asian species of crotch that recently established itself in America. Mulder points out that they don't attack people, and the revolving door has gotten stuck... with us on the Lone Gunmen side. Ugh. So Scully thinks it's a new species of crotch. Mulder points out that the government has been carrying out secret experiments, and Scully tells him off for thinking of trespassing without her. He's already inside the facility, which is a normal looking house. He walks around a bit and notices that the walls are moving. He tears a hole in the wall with his torch and a bunch of crotches crawl out. Scully wants him out, and Mulder screams loud enough when his torch batteries go flat for someone else to turn

on the real lights. It's nice to know that crotches hate electricity. He hangs up on Scully as soon as he realises he's been busted, and Scully looks scared.

We see Mulder looked shocked at the sight of a hot government worker in a tank top and short shorts, and I would be too. She asks what the fuck he's doing there, and they go through the awkward "Introduce yourselves to each other" phase that everybody hates when they meet someone new. Note that she doesn't give her first name yet, but that she does work for the USDA. Mulder makes a clumsy attempt to hit on her, and why the fuck do I get all the episodes where he hits on someone who isn't Scully?

We see a crotch and hear Dr. Berenbaum talking about why she studies crotches. Mulder asks why the work that Dr. Berenbaum does is kept so secret, and she points out that people don't want to know that a nearby house has deliberately been filled with crotches. Mulder asks if the crotches are normal, and Mulder, he of Over-Using The FBI Gym, should know by now that normal is whatever you think is normal. Just like how some people eat crotches during their daily life. Okay, that soooooo didn't come out the way I meant it. I meant that some people eat cockroaches all the time. Although, some people like actual crotches too. But they probably wouldn't eat them. Dr. Berenbaum points out that crotches are germophobes, but that they have been known to crawl into people's faceholes. Again, wrong mytharc point, writers! She also thinks that UFOs are giant insect swarms, going on and on and on about nothing in particular, before pointing out all that anyone does is eat, sleep, shit, and fuck. Of course, she uses censor-friendly words, even though this is FOX. She wonders if her scientific detachment disturbs him, and he says no, just as his phone rings again. Mulder ditches Scully without even being there, which is (I think) the quickest Scully Ditch outside of Demons in season 4. He says to Dr. Berenbaum that he likes insects, and we get more awkward dialogue in the background as a crotch sparks like a faulty outlet.

Even though this isn't a Commercial Blackspot, my local network inserted one here, if I recall correctly. Wench also thinks it's time to interrupt, because one Non-Scully Mulder Love Interest clearly isn't enough. She asks "Are you gonna take me home tonight? Ohhhhhhhh, down beside that red bright light? Are you gonna let it all hang out?" I respond by pointing out that there are two possible answers to that. I could either go the smart-ass response and

point out that you're more likely to point out that you're more likely to be seen letting it all hang out in a red-light district than I am, Wench; or I could respond using my own bastardized Queen lyrics and say that fat-bottomed girls like you certainly do make the fuckin' world go round.

We return (or cut directly) to the Miller's Grove Motor Lodge, where a creepy looking man is watching TV. It's his fault! Kill him! ...I said WHAT? Oh, that's just my usual delayed reaction when my favourite TV shows have been disrupted by a shrill old hag like Wench. Yes, even the part where I specifically say "kill HIM". On the TV is a news report about the crotch killings, and a crotch crawls across the bed throughout this whole segment. The report also claims this week's Fact Started By People Not Being Specific Enough With A Jinniyah, that cockroaches contain the Ebola virus. Anyone else getting horrible flashbacks to that Prison Break episode of the Long Gunmen? Oh, and the reporter also passes on that the cops have issued a stock-standard Do Not Panic Warning. Uh, if you don't want them to panic, don't call it a warning, dumbasses. And don't even say the word panic. In what I think is the same motel, but hopefully not the same room, because THREE Non-Scully Mulder Love Interests would be freaky and evil, especially when one is a balding fat man, Mulder is sleeping. All of a sudden, he lifts the doona up to check to see if there are crotches between his legs. Unfortunately, we do not get to see the results. But probably only one, considering he doesn't jump or look unnaturally orgasmic. He then tries to wipe his face really quickly for some reason, but I can't tell because it's dark. Maybe he still wets the bed. And has incredibly poor aim. Not that you'd really want to aim anywhere in particular, but my guess is you'd try and keep piss away from your mouth. But he did do the nasty with Wench the Lesbian Dominatrix, so maybe he gets off on that sort of thing. And I'm off to bleach my brain. Again.

He picks up the phone and turns the light on. Come on, after two-and-a-half years of calling each other ten times an episode, you should be able to do it in the dark! (And call her without turning the light on.) Three guesses who he's calling. If you said Rod Serling, a porn star, and Elvis, you'd be wrong, but you would have the list of Three People Mulder Would Like To Meet In Heaven. Again without the "[Blank], it's me." I want my fucking money back. It's like watching Fear Factor with ugly people. Or The Lone Gunmen under any circumstances. I can't believe I turned that relatively simple idea into a recurring joke in this recap. Especially for one of the better episodes in the X-Files canon. Anyway, Scully asks about how the USDA thing went, and

now is a good time to remind you that Mulder got caught by Dr. Berenbaum while he was ON THE PHONE TO HER. Make of that what you will. Mulder tells her that Dr. Berenbaum agrees with Scully that it's a new species, and it's weird to see someone other than Scully agree with her ideas. I'm half-expecting Jimmy Bond to turn up at any given moment and make some lunkhead remark, and then I remember that that doesn't happen on this show until anybody who watches is long beyond the point of caring, also known as The Season Where The Credits Went Green And Al Gore Was Still Pissed Off With Chris Carter. Scully makes the lunkhead remark in Jimmy's absence, and naturally assumes that Dr. Berenbaum is a dude, because women like their cars neon pink and their crotches stamped on my a random guy. As we saw, that's not the case. As he gets up to walk around and show off a pair of pale greeny-blue briefs, which would only look better on Nicholas Lea, Mulder makes a totally random remark about ancient Egypt, and if what he says is true, then the Pharaohs really were full of shit. Scully returns with the standard toilet humour about Thomas Crapper. And here comes what you've all been waiting for. Dr. Berenbaum's name? Is Bambi. BAMBI. Mulder says both her parents were naturalists. At least, they were, until her mother was shot. He continues on regardless, and tells her about the Insect Swarm Theory, which may actually be the stupidest scientific theory ever used on the X-Files. And keep in mind that we've tried passing off a timewarp, a slug being Jesus, and numerology driving a killer as science. Mulder wants to tell Scully that he's afraid of crotches (well, he says insects, but damn it, I want to make a virgin joke anyway! And, also, I get the two episodes with both Non-Scully Mulder Love Interests and Mulder's Fears?! That does it. Mulder whines about having a Praying Mantis Epiphany, and that is soooooo gonna be the title of my autobiography. Now all I need is a life outside of recapping X-Files episodes to write about. He asks Scully if she thinks a praying mantis's head looks like an alien's, and how the fuck would she know? She's always been somewhere else when you've seen aliens, and the one time she did see them, it was shown as a hoax. Suddenly, I have this horrible image of Jimmy Bond and Yves Adele Harlow making out. Well, horrible in the sense that it makes me think of The Lone Gunmen, and ewwwwwww. I mean, both Steve Snedden and Zuleikha Robinson are hot in real life, and as a horny bisexual guy, I'd love to do either one (Steve a bit more, because I've heard some rumours about him, and let's just say that it's probably bigger than all of Frohike), but... no. Just no. We hear a guy scream, and Mulder hangs up. Thank The World's Assorted Deities that that's over. I hate recapping phone calls.

In the hallway, three random guys, including OtherGuy from the teaser, check out the screaming (see? It was the same motel.) They knock on the door and ask if everything's all right, and with no answer, they enter. Quit doing Mulder's job for him! If you must replace someone at their job, boot Wench. I know everyone reading this recap wants me to. They open the door and find Motel Sleeper dead with crotches all over him. Well, the exterminator is already dead, so what do you expect? OtherTeaserGuy and OtherRandomGuys run away as Mulder runs towards it, holding his gun and managing to get down the whole hallway without dropping it, which is a new record. Also, he is shirtless and has his fly unzipped (made you look). Yay! He sees the same dead guy, but no crotches.

And speaking of vermin, Commercial Blackspot! Wench: "This thing... called love... I just... can't handle it." No, I wouldn't expect you to, you evil sexless hag.

And we're back! Scully's at home raiding her drawers for a stolen bar of Motel Soap when her phone rings. Mulder tells her that a motel guest died, and she tells him she's on her way. Mulder thinks it's another reaction to the crotches, and she tells him that the odds of that are damn near impossible. But she does work on the X-Files, so she should know that improbable doesn't mean impossible. Now, making sense out of a random meeting with Burt Reynolds in a basement car park would be impossible, especially if a checkerboard was involved and Jebus slugs weren't. Mulder changes his mind and says it was a heart attack, because the secret's out MotelCorpse got scared to death. Scully still thinks that something strange is happening, and Mulder doesn't. It turns out that Scully? Was right about something for once! So, yay for her. But neither of them can explain why the crotches keep turning up. Uh, did you look at the title of this episode? Because "Coprophages" literally means "Shit-eaters". Crotches were already around for Dr. Bugger's death, Dude was burning turds to get high, and AlmostChuck died while taking a crap. They also can't explain why the crotches are made out of metal. Suddenly, Mulder sees a crotch in a shoeboxy thing on the floor, and hangs up, determined not to care if Scully comes up, but still afraid that she'll find out he's been meeting Bambi.

He takes the crotch to Bambi, and we look through a microscope to see them looking through a microscope at the bug (does that make sense? Run with it anyway. [Chris Carter is now suing me for taking his philosophy and making it public.]) Bambi says she should know what kind of crotch it is, because the crotch still has its crotch attached, and that's how you tell different species apart. (My ex-boyfriend, who is black, would also like me to tell you at this point that that's how you tell the difference between human races too. But we broke up for a reason, so it has nothing to do with it.) Bambi thinks the crotch is hung like a club-tailed dragonfly, who apparently are the Dirk Digglers of the insect world. She goes to another microscope, and says that metallic genitalia are more appropriate on a computer and less on a crotch. Bambi has read about a guy who designs robots that act like bugs. She says she's never met him, but that she wants to, and that he conveniently lives nearby.

Massachusetts Institute Of Robotics. A giant robot crawls along the screen in front of Mulder, who walks down a hallway that resembles a hospital room. It goes away and Mulder follows it until it turns around and looks at him with its creepy webcam eyes. As he approaches, the crotch retreats, but it doesn't make the beeping noise most reversing monstrosities do. He follows it around until he can't see it anymore, and behind him another mechanical noise begins. It's a guy in a wheelchair who is obviously a ripoff of Stephen Hawking. Anyway, HawCon, whose real name is Dr. Ivanov, asks why Mulder is scaring the robots. We don't get to see Mulder's answer, because all of a sudden HawCon is talking about how he and his nerd buddies (who probably don't have such an annoying speech system) tried to make a robot that thinks for itself. He couldn't get a human brain right, because we overthink everything, but crotches are perfect. One of his robots comes up and scares Mulder, as HawCon talks about random nerdy crap about computer programming. Mulder thinks the robot is coming towards him because it was programmed to, but it just has a man-crush on Duchovny. After a badly edited transition, Mulder and HawCon are talking about how NASA wants to send robots into space, and get with the times, writers! The one problem is getting a renewable energy source. Just fill it up with the out-of-character moments in this episode, and you will never need to refuel again. They argue about how... something... and end up at the same conclusion they just came up with a moment ago, that space will be explored by robots. HawCon makes a meta joke about how grey aliens with big eyes are purely sci-fi, and I can't think of a person I know who would say that they're grey. We already had a joke about iron depletions in the Reticular galaxy to explain this. Yeesh. See, if I was Trump, Darin Morgan would so be fired by now. But I

also would have done something about my hair by now. HawCon thinks that the metal crotch leg may be a cricket's leg. He looks under the microscope to confirm this, and his face goes red for some reason. He looks stunned, and Mulder asks if he's ok. He is, but he has no idea what the hell it is. Another crotch crawls along the camera.

We cut to a supermarket, where people are looting. They loot pretty much every other thing in the store before they take the bug spray. Hmmm. A guy in a stereotypical navy uniform takes a pile of pantyhose. Hello, sailor! I swear, sometimes these jokes write themselves. And I didn't even have to resort to making fun of the Village People to do it. Scully enters, having apparently driven up to Massachusetts in record time. Just as she gets through the doors, there is a large car accident in the background, and despite the road rage, we are not in New York or New Jersey. A crazy lady and a yelling guy are arguing about who hit who, and we have it on DVD if you'd like to check, guys. Guys? Scully butts into the line and asks for the road maps. When the checkout chick pauses to look at Scully, another crazy lady snaps at her to hurry up. Scully asks her why she's panicking, and crotches are eating people whole. So, the town is a reverse porn film. Nice to know. Another guy tells her that crotches spread the Ebola virus and that everyone's gonna bleed from their nipples. I am so glad I was bottle-fed as a kid right now, I can't tell you. Scully tells everybody to cram it and act like rational people, before asking at the top of her voice to a person standing BEHIND her where the hell the road maps are. Two other ladies, one of whom sort of looks like Annie Lennox, reach for the last can of bug spray at the same time and start fighting over it. They knock over a stand of "Choco Droppings" and some guy yells out that the pieces of chocolate rolling around the store are crotches. Everybody flees in a panic, even the cashier. Scully doesn't, and walks up to the floor chocolate, picking up a box and tasting one of the chocolates inside.

Back with Mulder, he thanks HawCon for answering his questions, and both Mulder and HawCon are drinking. Hee. But this is getting as bad as an episode with Reyes in it. Honest to an Unnamed Deity, Moronica. Mulder gets up and leaves, and he sees a crotch on its back on the floor as the CrotchBot walks past again. He picks up the crotch and looks at it, extending a welcome message from Planet Earth.

Commercial Blackspot. Wench: "Tell me how do you feel, right after all I'd like for you and I to go romancing. Say the word, your wish is my command." If the word is FUCK OFF, then wish granted. What? I left my passion in the good old-fashioned school of lover boys.

And we're back, just in time to see Bambi confirm that Mulder just welcomed a normal cockroach to Earth. Mulder? Total dumbass. You're making Jimmy Bond look smart here. Even the crotch's crotch is normal. And they hang around here this time of year. That's why Bambi works in Massachusetts instead of New York City. Mulder slams his hand down on the table and the crotch in the petri dish (like Rob and Laura) starts to spark again. Somewhere nearby, there's a Virtua Fighter game with a bunch of DPO's in its top scores. Mulder's phone rings. I can't imagine who it could be. She says the town is insane. That's what happens when Mulder turns up in town. Anyway, she's somehow managed to figure out something about something. OtherTeaserGuy works with methane, which he gets from burning poop from places overseas. Like Canada. And I can't believe I just stole a line from Britney Spears. She's only one rung above Wench on the Sluttometer. Anyway, she thinks crotches came to Miller's Grove in the turds, and that Bambi is a dirty pirate hooker. She didn't say it, but you know as well as I do that she was thinking it. Mulder is not willing to give up his alien poop spaceship theory yet, and Scully points out that Mulder needs to come back to DC so he can get some in... oh, four years should do it. He asks where OtherTeaserGuy's lab is.

Let's go there! The sign says that waste is a terrible thing to waste. Hey, bad puns are my job, you stupid signmaker! The Bureau-Requisitioned Ford, Official Car Of Nudists, Grandparents, and Goths pulls up, and Mulder tells Bambi to wait in the car, because he's scared something will happen to her. Doesn't he know that Scully's the only person who ever gets kidnapped? We see OtherTeaserGuy peeking out his window, and cowering when he sees crotches everywhere. Is there a word for a fear of orgies? (And it's now 11:21pm as I'm writing this. Squee!) There's a crotch on the table, and he tries using the bug spray from the supermarket to kill it, but he's too scared to spray properly, so he throws the canister at it. That'll work too. Mulder is walking around and sees crotches walking across what I assume is manure. He sticks his hand in to grab it and is almost shot. I bet that'll help him betray his cool exterior while trying to get it off. Mulder looks around, and OtherTeaserGuy is holding a gun at him. He thinks the crotches are after him, even though I would like to point out that he wasn't there

when Dr. AlmostChuck and Dude died. They're driving him crazy, he says. Well, clearly. Mulder tells him not to shoot his gun in a warehouse filled with methane.

Outside, Scully pulls up and sees that Bambi is still in the car. Bambi tells her that "Fox" said to wait. She's known him one night and she gets to call him that. Even after nine freakin' years, Scully still has to call him Mulder. Hmmmm. Scully gets out and loads her gun, and tells Bambi to stay in the car, which is what she was doing anyway. Inside, OtherTeaserGuy complains about crotch noise, and Mulder says something totally random about Madagascanianese crotches, and OtherTeaserGuy is impressed. Mulder tells him to put the gun down again, and all of a sudden OtherTeaserGuy thinks that Mulder is a crotch, because his phone rings. Well, he can be a dick sometimes (see: Demons) and a total pussy at others (see: Fire), but generally, the consensus is that he is not a crotch. Scully is walking around and yells out for Mulder. Mulder makes a "more human than human" remark to OtherTeaserGuy, just as his phone rings. OtherTeaserGuy shoots, misses, and accidentally hits a methane pipe. He shoots again and hits another tank. Mulder runs away, finds Scully, and they flee the building, just in time to tell Bambi to duck. The building explodes and looks really cool, and Bambi looks behind her to see Mulder and Scully rise up, covered in shit. Hee.

Commercial Blackspot, minus the Blackspot. And the final one for the episode (yay). Wench goes out with a bang with "I've taken my bows and my curtain calls. You've brought me fame and fortune and everything that goes with it. I thank you all." Yes, Wench, it's been no bed of roses, no pleasure cruise, but coming up with new ways to humiliate you? I consider it a challenge before the whole human race, and I AIN'T GONNA LOSE! See you in my next recap, bitch.

The fire brigade arrives and starts to put out the fire as Sheriff Crankypants tells everyone that there were other fires and injuries overnight. They won't find OtherTeaserGuy's remains. HawCon yells out for Mulder, and wants to see the metal crotch again, even though it got ruined in the fire. Bambi butts in that maybe the things have flown off, and HawCon wants them tested. Mulder's already had that done, and they're metal. Which makes no sense, because when would he have had time to send them for testing? And he couldn't have done it in town, because everybody was going apeshit. Mulder sets up another Planet of the Apes

joke, except it sucks and only serves to get Bambi and HawCon talking, which I could have said on its own anyway. They walk off into the sunset, even though HawCon doesn't walk, and even though it's just after sunRISE, but you know what I mean. Scully points out that smart is sexy, and that Bambi and HawCon are probably going to have kids who could save the world. Mulder says Scully smells bad, and hee.

Mulder's at his computer typing up a report on the "case", even though they were never assigned to it, and talking about shit-eating alien robots seems like a waste of government money. Even more than staying in Ira... I'm sure you can think of something. He says that brains suck, basically, and that technology is the future. No shit, Sherlock H. Mulder. He continues typing, and goes to get another mouthful of cake, except there's a weird-looking crotch on the plate. Mulder reaches for a pile of files, and hesitates, because he would crush the cake in the process. The crotch starts walking across the desk, and Mulder squishes it.

Lance-Corporal Asshat? Chris Carter. Extras casting? Lisa Ratke. Second unit DP? Jon Joffin. Re-recording Mixers? David John West MPSE, Nello Torri, and Douglas E. Turner. Bingo!