

Season 2: Episode 6

“Fox Mulder, Pet Detective”

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how it ends



NETWORK INTRO

Rusty Quill Presents...

MICAH [Promo]

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[INTRO MUSIC FADE IN]

MICAH [Season 2 Intro]

For as long as I can remember, I've suffered from unnerving recurring dreams and night terrors. A year ago, I started the How it Ends podcast to try to uncover the meaning of my dreams and finally get some sleep. It was supposed to be a fun thing to do with my friends. But then someone broke into my house and left me a message: "You've been warned." That's when I realized this was about more than just my nightmares.

Are my dreams trying to tell me something? Is there a connection between my father's death and a day from my childhood that I can't quite remember? Someone doesn't want me to know the truth. And maybe some things are better left alone. But not for me. I have to know. We're releasing this in real time.

So if you're just joining please start from the beginning, and thank you for listening.

[INTRO MUSIC FADE OUT]

[SCENE TRANSITION]

SHIRLEY [Voiceover] [Voicemail message]

Hello, Mr. Williams. This is Shirley calling from the Devil's Tower Lodge in Wyoming. I want to thank you for staying with us on your recent trip, but I also have a question for you. Our housekeeping staff found the package and note you left in your room. While we'd be happy to mail your souvenirs out to you, there unfortunately, wasn't any postage attached to it. If you

could please give me a call back and let me know what you'd like me to do with that. Our number here is 307-[REDACTED]

[SCENE TRANSITION]

[PHONE DIALING]

DEVON

[Sighs] This is ridiculous, man.

SHIRLEY [Voiceover] [On phone]

Hello, Devil's Tower Lodge. This is Shirley speaking. How can I help you today?

DEVON

Hey, yeah, Shirley. This is Devon Williams returning your phone call.

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

Oh, hi, Mr. Williams. So nice to speak with you again. I have your package right here next to me safe and sound.

DEVON

Uh, okay, but--

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

--I'll be happy to send this out to you however you want. Just let me know.

DEVON

Well, Shirley--

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

--We sure you do this all the time for folks who come into town and purchase non-TSA-approved gifts to bring home. So it really is no trouble at all.

DEVON

Well the thing is--

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

--Sorry to call and bother you at home, by the way. Generally, we just charge the shipping fee to the credit card on file, but we couldn't do that this time, since you paid upfront in cash.

DEVON

So, see, the--

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

--I've weighed it out and the cost is \$8.34 to ship via the post office. Would you like to give me a credit card number over the phone?

DEVON

Ok, Shir--

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

--We accept Venmo now, too, if you prefer. My niece set us up last week.

DEVON

Uh, okay. [Frustrated laugh]

Yeah, Shirley, so well, first of all, thank you. You're being very kind and accommodating. However, there's been a serious misunderstanding. You see, I've never been to Wyoming, so that couldn't possibly be my package. And we've never met.

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

...But I spoke to you.

DEVON

Yeah. See, the thing is, you spoke to someone. They were calling themselves Devon Williams, but it was not me.

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

Is your phone number 401-[REDACTED]?

DEVON

Yeah, but--

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

--And your address is [REDACTED] Street, Providence, Rhode Island?

DEVON

Yeah. That is my information, but--

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

--Sir, if you can't remember staying here, I'm not sure what to tell you.

DEVON

Okay, Shirley, what I'm trying to say is that someone else used my information and pretended to be me.

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

Mr. Williams, I apologize for being short, but we are very busy in here. Would you like me to mail out this package or not?

DEVON

Okay, sure. Why don't you give me that Venmo information your niece set up.

[SCENE TRANSITION]

DEVON

[Heavy sigh] Hey, folks, I've been racking my brain, texting people, low-key Facebook stalking, and I haven't got a single clue who could be sending me these packages. None of my friends are traveling. None that I can see from lurking, anyway. Honestly, I don't even know who would do this, even as a prank, and... because it's not even really that funny. I try not to blow things out of proportion but this is... at least a super messed up joke. And at worst? Well, I don't even know.

[FOOTSTEPS]

[DOOR OPENS]

[FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING STAIRS]

[KNOCKING ON DOOR]

DEVON
Micah?

[KNOCKING ON DOOR]

[MULDER MEOWS INSIDE]

DEVON
I'm coming in!

[DOOR OPENS]

DEVON
Micah, you home?

[MULDER MEOWS]

DEVON
Hey, come on, buddy. Looks like you and me got some work to do.

[DOOR CLOSES]

[FOOTSTEPS ASCENDING STAIRS]

[DOOR CLOSES]

DEVON
So, trying to go through this box that was sent to me before and make sense of any of this garbage.

[RUSTLING THROUGH PAPERS]

[MULDER MEOWS]

DEVON
Maybe if I can figure out why someone would be sending me this stuff, you know, when the next box comes, I'll be able to understand it more? We'll see. Went down to get Micah just to

get another set of eyes on it. She's not home, so looks like I'll need Fox Mulder's investigative skills here.

[MULDER MEOWS]

DEVON

Yeah, that's right, little dude. You and me.

So I set everything out in what seems like sort of an organized way. We've got all the loose sheets of steno paper laid out in a row, even the blank ones. The post-it note with the URL eatatjims.com written on it. The hand drawn map on some 8 ½ x 11 paper. A postcard from Ashland, Pennsylvania. And a brick of coal- uh, or a charcoal briquette, actually.

[MULDER MEOWS, PURRS]

DEVON

You stumped, too, Mulder? Same here, man. Well, let's start with the postcard. That's kind of the least cryptic.

[Reading as he TYPES] What to do in Ashland PA...

Okay, Pioneer Tunnel Coal Mine and the Museum of Anthracite Mining. That explains the hunk of coal, I guess. Centralia Graffiti Highway... oh, that looks like it might be up my alley. Bookmark.

[DOUBLE CLICKS MOUSE]

DEVON

Let's see here. Oh, Centralia. I thought I'd heard of this place before. Where was it? On a podcast, maybe? I can't remember which one. But yeah, here. So, this place was a mining town and it's been on fire continuously since 1962. Like an eight mile stretch of coal mine, just burning. And folks estimate that it can burn for another 250 years. Most of the town moved out, accepted government buyout, et cetera, et cetera. By sometime in the early 90s, though, I think- I think they said it was 92? Yeah.

So by 1992 the government took some land- took the land by eminent domain. So, of course, some residents refused to leave. Basically, they came up with a deal, so a few folks could stay, but could never sell their houses or will them to next of kin. So once these folks die out, the town will be completely empty. Like a ghost town, indefinitely. It says here that the 2010 census counted 10 people.

[Emphasizes] 10 people! That's a wild-ass story. Let's see.

[TYPING]

DEVON

Centralia, Ashland, and Frackville are all within 10 miles of each other. [Under his breath] Huh, Frackville. Weird. Um...maybe this is a map of the area then? Doesn't seem to be matching up to anything. I'm not sure how all this connects. Is it some kind of trail? Treasure map?

[Spooky voice] Directions to a dead body? [Chuckles]

Yeah, I know, Mulder. Morbid joke. Been hanging out with your mom and Auntie Elia for too long. Mm-hmm. (affirmative)

Hey, all right. No. It's snack time? Yeah, you know Uncle Devon is good with the snackies.

[OPENS BAG OF TREATS. MULDER PURRS]

DEVON

There we go, buddy. Muncha, munch.

All right, let's try this URL again, see if we can find anything.

[TYPING]

DEVON

Ah, Mulder, a clue! You're neck deep in snacks right now. What do you care?

[Pause]

All right, so for those of you out there who do care...? Do you all remember when I first got this box and Micah typed in this random URL that was in here, eatatjims.com? At the time it went to a Tumblr page that was password protected, so we couldn't see it. Well, it looks like the password's been removed. There's only a few imagery posts. A geyser, some wizard looking dude, NatGeo-style animal photos, an old Yogi Bear poster. Some symbols, other random stuff.

Ha! Zoolander GIF. [Zoolander voice] "Pop, I think I got the black lung."

Such an underrated movie. Anyhow, let's see here. Hold on.

Okay, so there's a scene from Zoolander after he's working in the mines. Plus, I got a brick of coal. And then there's an image of William Blake's book, the one with the flames on the cover. And after that is the image from *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia*. Hmm... Pennsylvania.

I'm not sure what's up with the rest of these images. But these three at least all kind of connect with the Centralia story. And this *Always Sunny* image, it's the one of the guy who looks like he's trying to connect the conspiracy theory and all the red yarn. I don't know what's actually happening in the scene, because I never saw the show. But damn, I mean, it almost feels like someone's trolling me.

[PAPERS FALLING]

DEVON

Hey! Look out! My clues, man. Come on. I'm trying to Carmen San Diego this thing here. Be cool, Mulder.

[MULDER MEOWS]

DEVON

Down, down, down.

[Pause]

Hey, so I was just picking up the papers that Mulder pushed off the table, and just- just to recap, in the box that I got a few weeks ago, there are a bunch of random papers torn from a steno pad. Some of them just have like, random little doodles. You know, there was the creepy poem that Micah read and some other nonsense.

A few of the pages were blank. And I thought they were just ripped out and thrown in there haphazardly with the other papers, you know, like, I don't know, padding, maybe? I actually almost threw them out. Not sure why I didn't.

But either way, these pages aren't necessarily blank. There are impressions on them. You know, like when you're writing on a notepad and you leave the imprint of what you're writing on the next page or two? Well, these aren't absent-minded looking scribbles like the other doodles. The images are big. Deliberate. Precise. They wanted me to find them.

[DIALING PHONE]

DEVON

But if I know anyone who can decipher these cryptic images, it's probably El.

ELIA [Voiceover] [Voicemail message]

Hey, this is Elia. Leave a message if you want, but I probably won't remember to listen to it.

[MULDER PURRS, MEOWS]

DEVON

Yeah, you're right, bud. I didn't want to have to go there, but I think I'm gonna have to.

[DIALING PHONE]

[MULDER PURRING]

SHIRLEY [Voiceover] [On phone]

Hello, Devil's Tower Lodge. This is Shirley speaking. How can I help you?

DEVON

Hi Shirley, Devon Williams again.

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

Hello, Mr. Williams. I assure you once I get a confirmation from the Venmo on your payments--

DEVON

--I'm not calling you about the package, Shirley. In fact, you don't even have to worry about sending it to me.

SHIRLEY [Voiceover]

You don't want it?

DEVON

Well, no, I do, but... can you book me room for next Thursday?

[SCENE TRANSITION]

[OUTRO MUSIC]

Transcribed by [Evelyn Archer](#)

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