

MULDER: This is amazing, Scully. **You know what this could mean?** It's almost too big to even **comprehend**.

SCULLY: Subject is a hundred and fifty-six centimeters in length, weighing fifty-two pounds in **extremis**. **Corpse** is in advance stages of **decay** and **desiccation**. Distinguishing features include large **ocular cavities**, oblate cranium... indicates subject is not human. **Could** you point that flash away from me, please?

(Mulder puts the camera away.)

MULDER: If it's not human, what is it?

SCULLY: It's **mammalian**. **My guess is** it's a chimpanzee or something from the ape family, possibly an orangutan.

MULDER: Buried in the city cemetery in Ray Soames' grave? Try telling that to the good **townsfolk** or to Ray Soames' family. I want tissue samples and x-rays. I'd like blood type and **toxicology** and a full genetic **work-up**.

SCULLY: You're serious?

MULDER: What we can't do here, we'll order to go.

SCULLY: You don't honestly believe this is some kind of an **extraterrestrial**? This is somebody's **sick joke**.

MULDER: We can do those x-rays here, can't we?

Is there any reason we can't do them right now?

I'm not crazy, Scully. I have the same doubts you do.