

Fox Mulder's retirement plan involved converting his apartment into a makeshift command center with 14 corkboards dedicated to "unresolved phenomena." When a Wisconsin dairy farmer reported glowing orbs abducting his prize heifer, Mulder arrived in a rusted sedan armed with IR goggles and a Geiger counter from eBay. The Winchesters materialized moments later, leaning against the Impala with matching eyebrow raises.

"You smell sulfur?" Dean asked, sniffing the air like a bloodhound at a bacon convention.

"Or find any... uh... unusual hair samples?" Sam added, pocketing a stray tuft of cow fur.

Mulder blinked at their leather jackets and sawed-off shotguns. "This is clearly extraterrestrial. The 1961 Vandenberg case had identical..."

"Demonic cattle rustlers," Bobby Singer cut in, emerging from the barn with Astrid Farnsworth. The Fringe agent nodded, adjusting her tablet: "Multiversal ionic residue suggests a Class-3 transdimensional breach. Walter's developing a quark-gluon spectrometer to..."

"We're just gonna salt and burn the damn thing," Dean shrugged, producing a flask of holy water.

The scene quickly devolved into a tech vs. tradition showdown. Astrid and Bobby bonded over dismantling a neutrino detector to make "proper coffee," their hands moving in sync as they repurposed advanced technology for the most mundane of tasks. Meanwhile, Olivia Dunham's hologram flickered into existence via Massive Dynamic's new quantum Skype, her exasperated sigh filling the air as she said, "Fox, the Pentagon declassified UFOs six years ago."

Not to be outdone, Walter Bishop's face suddenly appeared on Peter's phone, his wild eyes darting around as he asked if anyone had seen his pet gila monster. The absurdity of the situation seemed lost on no one except Mulder, who continued to examine the scene with the intensity of a man convinced he was on the verge of uncovering a cosmic truth.

During a lull in the chaos, Peter Bishop sidled up to the Winchesters with a conspiratorial grin. "Hundred bucks says Spooky over there can't ID a quantum revenant without Googling."

Sam raised an eyebrow. "He's got 30 years of weird sh—stuff filed upstairs."

"Deal," Dean countered, eyeing Mulder's earnest soil sampling. "But make it obscure obscure."

Peter sauntered over, tossing a warped EMF meter between hands. "Hey Mulder—hypothetically, if a Class-4 ecto-entity showed retrocausal entanglement... salt first, or silver?"

Mulder paused, eyes narrowing. "Depends. Was it exposed to ionizing radiation during the 1973 blackout? Because if so, always silver. The Saltzman Report proved..."

"Dammit!" Peter hissed as Sam's palm appeared. "How'd he even...?"

"Told ya," Dean smirked, snatching the bill. "G-man's got niche niches."

Bobby snorted from the barn, where Astrid now sported his cap and both had satisfactory coffee: "Kid, you just bet against the guy who filed 300 pages on sentient corn."

Mulder pocketed a soil sample labeled "POSSIBLE MOON DUST??", oblivious to the exchange. Walter's voice crackled through Peter's comms: "Did someone say silver? I've synthesized a superconducting—"

"Not now, Dad!" Peter groaned, cutting off the transmission.

In the end, the "alien abduction" turned out to be a disgruntled MIT grad student testing drone-powered cattle magnets. As the groups dispersed, Mulder pocketed a stray circuit board muttering "That's what they want us to think..." while Dean shouted "Call us if you find any real monsters, Spooky!" from the Impala.

There was only one restaurant on the road back to the highway, so it wasn't surprising they had an impromptu hot wash at the Double R Diner—its neon sign flickering despite the lack of owls or damn fine coffee—where Dean sprang for slice after slice of blackberry pie. "Real food, Spooky," he growled, sliding a plate toward Mulder, who was still scribbling "DRONE MAGNETS = GOVERNMENT COVER-UP??" in a battered notebook. Peter stared at his laminated "I ♥ RETROCASUALITY" bumper sticker from the gas station across the street, muttering "This is why I work with androids" as Astrid stifled laughter.

The Fringe Division van idled outside, its newly affixed sticker gleaming under the parking lot lights. Walter's voice suddenly boomed from the speakers: "PETER! The gila monster laid eggs in the—"

"Not. Now. Dad."