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SMX 002

# THE X FILES

Story, Music, and Photos  
from the original TV series

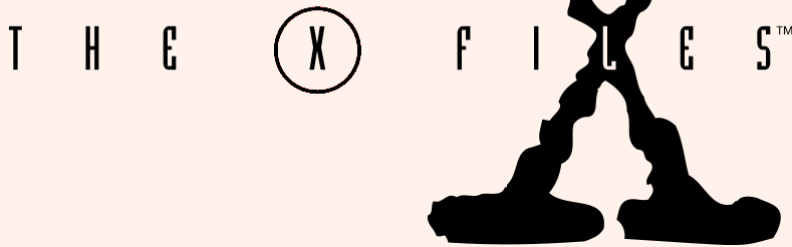
Casefile #0402:

# HOME

**SEE** the pictures

**HEAR** the record

**READ** the book



*Based on the original television series, The X-Files, from Ten Thirteen Productions and 20th Century Fox Television.*

This is the story of The X-Files, case number 0402, code name: HOME. You can read along with me in your book. You will know it is time to turn the page when you hear this sound...

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**LET'S BEGIN NOW:**

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*"The X-Files: HOME Read-Along Record Book" is a 2019 production of The Space Monkey X Audio Workshop*



Home, Pennsylvania is like so many small towns in America. Everybody knows everybody else, people don't lock their doors at night, and no Saturday morning is complete without a pickup game of baseball.

But the darkness of the outside world creeps in on this idyllic setting as the batter tightens his grip, digs in his feet...and finds blood covering the sole of his well-worn tennis shoe. He steps back in confusion, only to find something more terrifying reaching up from the ground below.

"What the? It...it's a hand!  
A baby's hand!"





FBI Special Agent Dana Scully takes meticulous notes about the now-empty grave in the sandlot field. Her partner, Special Agent Fox Mulder, however, is more concerned with the memories the sandlot invokes.

“All day pick-up games, eating bologna sandwiches for lunch. Only place you had to be on time for was home for dinner. Never had to lock your doors. No modems, no faxes, no cell phones-”

“Mulder, if you had to do without your cell phone for two minutes you’d lapse into a catatonic schizophrenia.”

“Agents Mulder and Scully? Hi, I’m Sheriff Taylor. Can’t thank you enough for coming out. It’s just me and Deputy Pastor here and, hell, we never had anything of this nature before.”



Mulder points to a decrepit farmhouse in the distance, just beyond an uninviting barbed wire fence. Three men stand on the porch watching the investigation.

“Sheriff, who lives in that house there?”

“That farm belongs to the Peacock family. Well, it’s just the three boys now. Guess you could call them human. Their folks were in a bad car wreck and we suppose they died.”

“You suppose?”

“Well, we tried to administer medical attention, but the boys hauled their parents back home. They haven’t been seen in ten years so...we suppose they died.”

“Did you question them?”



"The Peacocks built that farm during the Civil War. It has no electricity, no running water, no heat. They grow their own food, raise and breed their own stock...if you get my meaning. Those boys are deformed and feeble, Agent Scully. They wouldn't have any idea what you were talking about."

"But they could have witnessed-"

"Look, I've seen what horrible things go on out there in the rest of the world. I knew we couldn't stay hidden...that one day my hometown would change forever. When I saw...it...in the ground, I knew that day had come. Now I want to find whoever did this, but in doing so, I'd like it if the way things are around here didn't have to change."





A short time later in Sheriff Taylor's office, Mulder and Scully stand in front of a small, plastic tray covered by a dish towel. Scully pulls back the towel to reveal the body of the baby found earlier that day.

"Oh my God. Mulder, it looks as if this child has been afflicted by every rare birth defect known to science. I'm going to have to order DNA typing from the crime lab. I mean, I don't even know where to begin."

Scully probes the baby's mouth with tweezers.

"There's dirt in the nose and mouth, indicating it's been inhaled. Mulder...this baby was buried alive."





“Probably some young parents, scared kids, disposed of an unwanted birth. Infanticide, yes, but, uh, this is a case for the local authorities to handle.”

“But from what I know about genetic defects, it’s unlikely this child is a result of a single polygenic mating. Mulder, those defects are autosomal dominant disorders, and I’d say mutations that go back generations.”

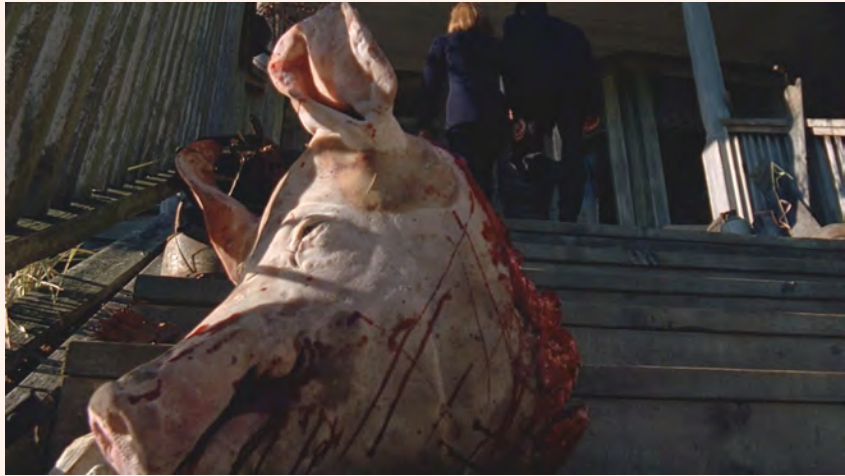
“Well, Sheriff Taylor, uh, *implied* that the family practiced inbreeding.”

“Yes, but there’s no sister. The mother’s been dead for years, and now a woman gave birth to that child, it’s my guess it was against her will.”

“Kidnapping *is* a bureau matter...”



The front yard of the Peacock home is covered in weeds and broken machinery. On the front steps, flies buzz around the freshly severed head of a pig. Yet in the driveway, sits a vintage 1950s Cadillac convertible in mint condition.



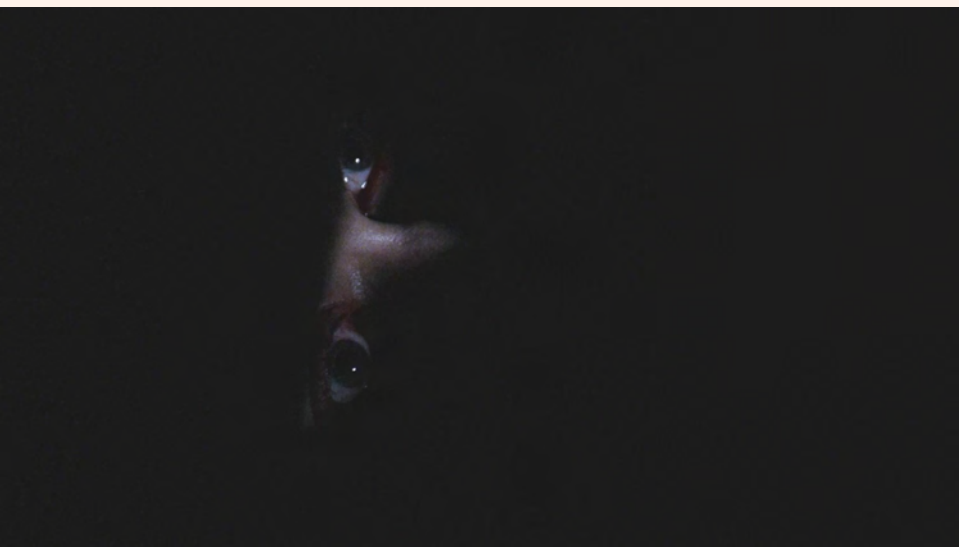
Mulder and Scully climb the front porch and knock on the screen door. No one answers, so the agents shine their flashlights inside. The beams land on a pair of rusty scissors on a kitchen table covered in gore. With weapons drawn, they enter the house and find bloody shoeprints and a shovel, linking the brothers to the horrendous crime.

Mulder and Scully continue their search through the dimly-lit domicile, but find neither the Peacocks nor a kidnapped woman. They end their search downstairs near the master bedroom.

“The kitchen alone would convict them.”

“Yeah, if we can find them. They probably bolted when they saw us coming. Let’s go. I’ll call Sheriff Taylor and have him issue an arrest warrant and put out a county-wide APB.”

As the two agents leave, little do they know, hidden in the shadows under the dilapidated bed, a pair of bloodshot eyes has been watching their every move.



Later that night, Sheriff Taylor sits on his front porch, his forehead wrinkled in concern. His wife steps outside to join him.

“Andy? What are you doing?”

“Taking one good last look around before it all changes.”

“Oh, honey, come to bed. It’ll still be here in the morning.”



Meanwhile, the misshapen Peacock boys leave their house and walk down to the vintage Cadillac in the driveway.

They place hand-carved clubs into the trunk and pile into the front seat.

The antique engine roars to life.



Sleep does not come easily for Sheriff Andy Taylor. He's still awake when...

Taylor looks out the bedroom window and sees the white Cadillac parked in his front yard.

"Andy, what is it?"

"Hide. Under the bed. I'm going downstairs for the gun."

As Taylor reaches the staircase, a deformed silhouette crosses the bay windows. The knob on the unlocked front door turns easily in the gnarled hand of a Peacock boy.

In a flash, Taylor retreats to the bedroom and grabs a baseball bat hidden behind the door.







As the Peacocks enter the room, Taylor slams the bat into the first man's chest, but it barely phases the monstrous mutant. Like a pack of rabid dogs, the brothers rush into the room and close in for the kill.

Mrs. Taylor recoils in silent horror as a pool of her husband's blood seeps towards her under the bed. Despite her best efforts to remain hidden, it's no match for the keen sense of smell of the animalistic Peacocks.



The next morning, Scully reads the baby's DNA tests from the FBI lab in Quantico. Meanwhile, Mulder kneels over the broken and bloodied bodies of Sheriff Taylor and his wife.

"Man, they really went caveman on them."

"Damn it, the lab screwed up. This is far too many gene imbalances to be accurate. Mulder, the woman who gave birth to this child has probably sustained life-threatening injuries. We can't wait for backup - we need to get up there right now."

"I'll take you out there. At least then it's three against three."

"Thanks, Deputy Pastor. Wait, Mulder. Why would the Peacocks kill Sheriff Taylor?"

"They probably heard about the arrest warrants."

"But how...unless they overheard us talking about them."

"No, we searched that house, Scully, they weren't home."

"Exactly. So how would they know?"



Across town, at the Peacock home, the brothers stand in the master bedroom and listen closely to a mysterious voice coming from the shadows.

“All right. They’ll be comin now. We knew this day was gonna happen...that they’d try to change the way things are. All we can do about changin’ things is be ready for it...be ready for them. Let ‘em know, this is our home...and this is the way it’s gonna stay.”





A short time later, Deputy Pastor creeps towards the front porch of the Peacock house, his weapon drawn. Mulder and Scully hide beside a rusty chicken coop to cover the backdoor.

Pastor speaks into a headset radio:

"I'm going in."

Scully watches through binoculars. As Pastor opens the screen door, she spots a cord running down from the ceiling just above his head...

"Pastor, no!"

The door is rigged - an axe swings down, decapitating the deputy. Viciously, the Peacocks circle the lifeless body and rip it to shreds with their bare hands.





The sound of squealing pigs sends the Peacock Brothers running out of the house. The swine have escaped from their pen.

Thanks to their porcine diversion, Mulder and Scully approach the now-empty home.



Instead of rushing in, Mulder uses a board to push open the back door.

His caution pays off as a spring-loaded spike pierces the wooden plank.

With guns and flashlights drawn, Mulder and Scully begin their search for the kidnapped woman who gave birth to the buried child.

“F.B.I.! Is anybody in here? Is anybody in this house?”

The agents check the adjoining rooms, but find no evidence of another person, until...

The agents rush into the master bedroom, but the only thing they find are walls covered in photographs of the Peacock family through the generations. The clothes and demeanor of the subjects are commonplace, but the faces and bodies are twisted and distorted - abominations in the eyes of science and of society.

In the beam of his flashlight, Mulder notices strange grooves on the floor that disappear under the flea-bitten bed. Mulder kneels down and shines the light to investigate...





“No! No! Go away!”

“It’s all right, ma’am. We’re federal agents. We’re here to help you. They’ve...they’ve got her strapped to some kind of board or something.”

Mulder pulls on the platform and it rolls out on squeaky wheels. The agents are jolted by what they see – a woman held down by a leather belt around her waist, each of her limbs has been removed and haphazardly sutured, leaving her as little more than a torso and a misshapen screaming head.

“Take it easy, ma’am. It’s all right. It’s all over. We’re gonna make sure that you’re safe. We’re gonna make sure that you get home.”

Scully looks at the thrashing woman more closely, then at a nearby photograph of a young Peacock couple from decades past.

“Mulder, she already is home. It’s Mrs. Peacock. She’s their mother.”

Mrs. Peacock turns towards the agents. Her face is contorted and deformed. Her mouth only gums and a few rotten teeth. Mulder and Scully stand shell-shocked as the woman uses what’s left of her mangled arm to pull herself back into hiding under the bed.







Speechless, Mulder runs to the front door to keep an eye on the Peacock Brothers, while Scully stays behind and tries to reason with Mrs. Peacock.

"Mrs. Peacock, you are in immediate need of medical attention and whatever your pain may be -"

"Don't feel pain. Runs in the family. Boys, too."

"Even after the accident?"

"Right arm was tore off. Boys sewed me up. Whole time, felt the sames as making breakfast. They're such *good* boys."

"Mrs. Peacock, they murdered three people."

"I can tell you don't have no children. Maybe one day you'll learn the pride...the love...when you know your boy will do anything for his mother."



Meanwhile, Mulder watches as the Peacock sons find Mulder and Scully's footprints around the pig pen. Whipped into a frenzy, they run towards the house.

Mulder blocks the backdoor with the kitchen table just as the middle brother, Sherman, tries to come through.

"Federal agent! I'm armed!"

Scully rushes into the kitchen and sees eldest brother George, a door-filling, hulk of a man, approach Mulder from behind, ready to hit her partner with a chair.

"Mulder!"

She fires and George is sent flying backwards.

To her surprise, he jumps up again and grabs Mulder in a bear hug.



Sherman smashes through the door and helps George wrestle with Mulder. During the scuffle, George takes Mulder's gun and points it at the back of the agent's head. But before he can pull the trigger, Scully empties her clip into his chest.

The monster staggers and drops the gun, but rejoins the melee, seemingly unfazed.

After a series of back-and-forth blows, Sherman breaks away and grabs an axe while George continues to pummel Mulder. Sherman swings the axe above his head, ready to bring it down when...

"I've got the mother!"

Scully's distraction works - Sherman lowers the axe and follows her as she runs into the hallway towards the bedroom.





George lunges at Mulder, who dodges and leaps to the floor, reaching for his gun. As George barrels down on him, Mulder finds the firearm and squeezes off a round into the Peacock brother's head.

In the hall, Sherman chases Scully with the axe held high. Instinctively, she hits the ground as Sherman swings and the blade embeds in the wall. He stumbles as the momentum carries him forward and his foot catches on a tripwire, activating one of the house's traps.

Splayed out on his stomach, a wooden stake swings down from the wall and pierces his spine.

Mulder joins Scully in the corridor.

"Where's the youngest brother, Edmund?"



"Mulder, look. Wheel marks on the floor."

Mulder runs to check on Mrs. Peacock only to find that she's disappeared from under the bed.

Later, after a thorough search of the property...

"I've looked everywhere. They're both gone."

"I've put an APB out on Mrs. Peacock and Edmund. The state police are setting up roadblocks over a 30-mile radius. In time we'll catch them."

"I think time already caught 'em, Scully."





That evening on a gravel road somewhere in the countryside, the white Cadillac sits empty and idling. A gravely voice can be heard coming from inside the trunk...

“There, there. Sherman and George were good boys. We should be proud. Now you got to know, Edmund, you can’t keep a Peacock down. There’ll be more. One day, there’ll be more. Now we have to move on, start a new family, one we’ll be proud of. Find a new place to call ours; a new home, a brand new home.”

Edmund crawls out of the trunk, closing it carefully behind him. He steps into the car, puts it into gear, and drives away.

## CAST

**Special Agent Fox Mulder ..... Steve Steward**  
**Special Agent Dana Scully ..... Angelle Kingston**  
**Mrs. Peacock ..... Andrea Lammle**  
**Sheriff Andy Taylor ..... Andrew Bertlesen**  
**Mrs. Taylor ..... Wendy Buske**  
**Deputy Pastor ..... Justin Kingston**  
**Baseball Player ..... Harper Lammle**  
**Narrator ..... Rob Lammle**

### **Written and Produced by Rob Lammle**

Based on the original screenplay by Glen Morgan & James Wong

Music by Mark Snow

“Wonderful, Wonderful” by Sherman Edwards & Ben Raleigh

Performed by Johnny Mathis

Series created by Chris Carter

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***This has been a 2019 production of  
The Space Monkey X Audio Workshop.***

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