

**ALIEN NATION**

"The Television Pilot"  
Two hour version

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## ACT ONE

### **EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT - A BROKEN DOWN WAREHOUSE**

on the edge of Slagtown is being used as a refuge by a group of hoboes. A fire is burning in an oil drum, casting flickering shadows across the crumbling walls.

A hulking MAN enters the frame, lumbering toward the group - and as he gets closer we see that these aren't human hoboes, but NEWCOMERS. Getting loaded on SOUR MILK. The man reacts with disgust and annoyance, veering off toward an inner part of the structure where a smaller fire is burning. He steps over a couple of unconscious Newcomers, seeing

A HUMAN VAGRANT - AMONG THE SHADOWS

shifting uncomfortably in some squalor.

THE MAN  
Lincoln? That you?

The Vagrant grunts affirmatively. The Man sits nearby.

THE MAN  
Good t'see a human. Gettin' so y'can't even find a decent place to crash any more.  
(pulling out a bottle)  
Damn, but I hate those slags. Can you believe they're trying t'give 'em the right t'vote? Shoot. They don't even get drunk right. Whoever hearda getting loaded on sour milk when y'can have some good squeeze.

The Vagrant's body SHIVERS, he GROANS. He's suffering.

THE MAN  
Y'don't sound too good. Y'want a taste?

He extends the bottle to The Vagrant, who leans forward, bringing his face into the flickering firelight. It's grotesque. Splotched with ugly SORES. There are dark patches of SLIMY STAIN on his clothes. His hand is likewise infected with sores as he grabs the bottle. Takes a greedy slug. Holds it back out to the man

THE MAN

Uh... why don't y'keep it. ...What happened t'you, Linc?

The Vagrant's breathing grows MORE labored. He torches one of the sores, flinches in AGONY. His breathing accelerates.

THE MAN

Hey, y'know there's a free clinic over on third and -

A VOICE

Mr. Lincoln... I've been looking for you.

The man looks up to see a NEWCOMER in a Salvation Army uniform. The Newcomer smiles with benevolent concern.

THE NEWCOMER

We've been worried about you at the mission, you missed several meals and -

The Vagrant stares at the Newcomer, then suddenly BELLOWS with pain. His eyes flash wildly!

THE MAN

Linc! What the hell!?

The Vagrant skitters clumsily away from the Newcomer, shoves The Man aside. ROARS!

THE NEWCOMERS BY THE FIRE DRUM

react, startled when they see The Vagrant barreling blindly toward them, HOWLING! He plows violently through them, knocking them aside, overturning the fire drum, rushing headlong against a wall. He rebounds, his hands clutching his head, trying to suppress the searing PAIN within! He runs in aimless agony up a decaying staircase.

THE MAN

Linc! Stop! Don't go up there!

THE NEWCOMER

Mr. Lincoln!

But The Vagrant rushes higher, bouncing off the old brick walls. The Salvation Army Newcomer is nervously pursuing him up the rickety stairs - finally reaching a high landing

where The Vagrant has sunk to his knees in excruciating torment.

THE NEWCOMER

Mr. Lincoln, please - let me -

He reaches out, but The Vagrant SHOUTS, recoils violently against the rusty handrail - which gives way. He looks down, cries with pain -

And JUMPS three stories to his DEATH on the rubble below.

**EXT. A MIDDLE - CLASS SUBURBAN STREET - DAY - A WOMAN**

carrying a flowering plant with a ribbon on it, is walking toward a house where a moving van is unloading. A few other PEOPLE stand or pass nearby, their focus also on the house. They seem curious, stand-offish, and not at all pleased.

The woman reaches the front door just as a NEWCOMER WOMAN, SUSAN, appears, wearing jeans and a faded Dodger sweatshirt. They startle each other.

THE WOMAN

Oh! Sorry.

SUSAN

(smiling)

S'okay.

(to a mover with box)

In the dining room... thanks.

THE WOMAN

I'm Diane Mitchell. The blue house over there.

SUSAN

Susan Francisco. Hi.

DIANE

(re the plant)

A little "welcome to the neighborhood" gift.

SUSAN

(surprised, touched)

It's beautiful. And really nice of you.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

DIANE

Well, I've moved a few times myself.  
Sometimes it can be kinda traumatic.

Susan has been glancing out at the less friendly neighbors.

SUSAN

Yeah.

DIANE

I was going to bring some of my world -  
famous chocolate fudge, ...but I didn't  
know if you ate that sort of -

SUSAN

I love it. But my hips don't.  
(mischievously)  
...Bring it anyway.

A frowning nine year old NEWCOMER GIRL appears.

THE GIRL

Mom - I don't feel good.

SUSAN

Probably just nerves, honey. This is  
Emily. ...Ms. Mitchell.

DIANE

Diane. Hi, Emily.

EMILY

Hi.

DIANE

Wow, you sure look like your mom. ...Uh, I  
mean, y'know...

Emily shrugs, shyly. Another mover approaches.

SUSAN A MAN (O.S.)

That goes in the kitchen. Sus? Susan? Just  
a sec!

EMILY

Mom, my stomach hurts.

DIANE

Look, I know you're busy. My phone number's on the card there if I can help.

SUSAN

That's dangerous, y'know. I just might call.

DIANE

Do.

SUSAN

(a smile)

Wouldn't want to interrupt you making fudge, though.

**INT. THE HOUSE - GEORGE FRANCISCO**

moves out of the bedroom, weaving through the boxes, pulling on his suit jacket. (The dialogue is fast, overlapping.)

GEORGE

Susan? Where'd you put my keys?

SUSAN

On the box. Look at this plant a lady down the street brought.

EMILY

Mom, it really hurts.

GEORGE

On the box. Now that's helpful.

SUSAN

(gently, to Emily)

'Cause it's your first day in a new school, Em. It'll be okay.

GEORGE

which box?

SUSAN

Try to eat a little more breakfast, Emmy.  
(picking up keys)  
...Some detective.

GEORGE

(pulling her close)  
Are you giving me a hard time?

SUSAN

Yes. You get to run off and play cops and robbers while I -

GEORGE

Have the pleasure of moving into our new home. Where'd this plant come from?

SUSAN

God help the LAPD. I just told you. Are there any signs of life from your son?

GEORGE

(holding her, shouting)  
Buck! Off and On!

SUSAN

Thanks, I needed that.

GEORGE

(re the plant)  
A lady from down the street. See? I listen. Maybe you did all that worrying for nothing.

SUSAN

(unconvinced)  
...Maybe.

GEORGE

Buck!?

A fifteen year old Newcomer shuffles out, sleepy, and annoyed.

BUCK

...I'm coming. But will y'please call me Finiksa and not that dumb tert name.

**EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - FROM ACROSS THE STREET**

A ten year old (JILL) and her frowning MOTHER watch as George kisses Susan and Emily goodbye.

JILL'S MOTHER

I can't believe it, after all we paid for this house and all we've put into it.

JILL

What's wrong?

JILL'S MOTHER

Our property's not gonna be worth half of what we've paid.

JILL

Why?

JILL'S MOTHER

Why do you think. ...Damn slags.

The woman casts a last searing look toward George's house, and walks back inside, muttering an angry profanity. Jill watches her, then looks back at Emily, who meets her eyes.

**EXT. A CEMETERY - DAY - A GRAVESTONE**

marks the final resting place of "Sergeant William Tuggles, LAPD - B:1950 D:1991." A man's hand places a small bunch of flowers on the grave.

THE MAN (O.S.)

Can't believe y'been gone a month already, Tuggs.

ANGLE ACROSS THE GRAVESTONE TO THE MAN

This is Detective Lieutenant MATTHEW SIKES. He stares at the grave, speaks quietly...

SIKES

...Really miss ya, man.

(a pause)

...Least I nailed the slag who got you, huh? ...Yeah. Big deal.

He stares at the grave a moment longer, feeling the

frustration of his loss and inability to have done more. Finally he sighs and turns away.

**INT. THE POLICE STATION COFFEE ROOM - DAY - SGT. DOBBS**

a black, plainclothes cop, is pouring coffee into his PERSONALIZED MUG, speaking to Sikes, who's back is to us.

DOBBS

This slag comes in with a duck under his arm. So the bartender says, "what's the pig want to drink?" The slag says, "It's not a pig, it's a duck." And the bartender says -

SIKES

(turning to him)

"I'm Talkin' to the duck."

DOBBS

Awww, y'heard it.

SIKES

I heard 'em all.

George appears in the doorway behind them. They're unaware.

DOBBS

Yeah I guess you woulda. Givin' a slag for a new partner.

SIKES

He's not my partner okay Dobbs? My partner got killed in a shoot-out, remember? This putz is just an assignment.

DOBBS

Teach ya t'mouth off at the old man, huh? Grazer gets promoted to captain and you get a slag partn - "assignment."

(imitating their chief)

"What the hell you think you are, Sikes, one man police force? Just cause your name starts with 'S.' don't make you Serpico - or Stallone."

SIKES

Yeah... okay...

DOBBS

"Just 'cause you got the best arrest record on the East Side don't give you the right to be a hot dogger."

SIKES

I said okay.

DOBBS

"It's time you learned t'be a team player, dammit, and I got the perfect new partner for you: first Newcomer detective. And the fact that I lost five hundred dollars t'you in the Series's got nothing t'do with it."

SIKES

You want this coffee in your crotch?

DOBBS

Hey, lighten up, Sikes. How 'bout this one: slag goes into a bowling alley -

GEORGE

Morning, Matt.

Sikes mumbles hello. Dobbs smirks and leaves. George hands Sikes a small white bag.

SIKES

What's this?

GEORGE

Bran muffin, a little prune juice. You mentioned yesterday -

SIKES

What're you? A pocktologist? How 'bout y'be a good little slag and mind your own business.

He pushes past George, who sighs and follows him through the busy station, passing other cops and clerks, a few of whom are Newcomers.

GEORGE

Matt, if I could suggest... I don't really care how you refer to me privately, but when we're questioning other Newcomers...

SIKES

(annoyed)

What, what...

GEORGE

The word slag equates to such words as kyke and nigger. And I think you'll get more honey with a pound of vinegar than a pound of flies.

Sikes stops. Looks at him. Draws a breath. Gives up. Walks on.

SIKES

Never mind. Yeah. Okay.

GEORGE

Incidentally, I think it's proctologist.

SIKES

Whatever.

They pass a woman cop (PUENTE) and a reporter (BURNS).

BURNS

C'mon, disappearances're no good. No photos. My editor wants something hot. Visual.

PUENTE

Yeah, like y'last photo essay: "The Fishwoman of Long Beach."

BURNS

Sold a lotta papers.

A NEWCOMER JANITOR passes them, carrying a fluorescent tube.

DOBBS

Hey Lightning can y'dump my circular file?

This Newcomer (ALBERT) is a bit slow-witted. He looks

puzzled.

DOBBS

Trash can, Albert, my trash can.

ALBERT

Oh. Sure th-thing, Sergeant Dobbs.

DOBBS

(to a Newcomer cop)

I thought all you guys were s'posed to be whiz kids.

THE NEWCOMER COP

I thought all you guys had rhythm.

Dobbs smiles. Shows off his tap dance. Albert has picked up the trash can, but the fluorescent tube he's carrying NUDGES Dobbs' personalized mug - causing it to fall onto the floor and SHATTER.

DOBBS

Hey! Aw, man look at - ! Aw dammit!

Albert is mortified. Drops to his knees to pick up the pieces.

ALBERT

I'm s-sorry, sergeant... I-

DOBBS

My kid gave me that, man. Damn.

He turns away angrily. Albert puts the pieces carefully into the trash can. Wanting to die.

ANGLE ACROSS SIKES' DESK - HIS DAUGHTER'S PHOTO IN F.G.

signed, "Daddee - I love you!" - Sikes sits. George hovers.

PUENTE

Hey Sikes, got a couple more disappearances in Slagtown. Somma these names kill me: Mort Dakota, Eleanor Roosevelt...

SIKES

The guys in quarantine musta got pretty punchy givin' names to all those sla-Newcomers.

GEORGE

(looking at the papers)  
Disappearances...?

PUENTE

Aw, they're always knocking each other off down there.

(aside to Sikes)

I say let 'em, huh? oh, and some bum took a three story dive on Alameda. Pretty grisly.

BURNS

(from across the room)  
Grisly?! Did I hear grisly?

**EXT. THE BROKEN DOWN WAREHOUSE - DAY - A VAGRANT'S FACE**

Dead. Staring. His face splotched with ugly SORES. Dark patches of SLIMY STAIN are on his clothes.

SIKES

Jeeze. Look at those sores. That slime. Bag him. Bluckh.

He turns away, nauseous. The group of curious ONLOOKERS, as well as the BILLBOARDS nearby, include a number of Newcomer faces. One billboard shows a smiling human shaking hands with a Newcomer. The Copy reads, "Let's ALL vote! Yes on 16." George approaches with the SALVATION ARMY NEWCOMER.

GEORGE

Matt, this is Philip Adelpia. He said -

SIKES

Wait a minute: Phil Adelpia?

MR. ADELPHIA

I'm afraid so. But I hear it's the City of Brotherly Love, so at least that's something.

GEORGE

He works at the Mission over on third.

SIKES

You know the deceased?

MR. ADELPHIA

Peter Lincoln was the name he used, poor man. He came regularly for his meals. When he missed two of them, I came looking. He seemed to be out of his mind from the pain of those sores. He broke away from me, ran up those stairs and jumped.

SIKES

Okay. Could you just give your statement to one of those officers. ...And thanks.

GEORGE

(walking with Sikes)

What are you thinking?

SIKES

I woulda jumped, too, if I had all those zits. Suicide. Let's get a doughnut.

(walking, shouting off)

Too late, Burns, he's in the bag.

BURNS

(readying his camera)

C'mon, I gotta get some photos! What am I gonna tell my editor?!

SIKES

Beats the hell outta me. Why don't y'tell him t'wrap fish in his paper - that's all it's worth.

**INT. THEIR POLICE CAR - SIKES & GEORGE**

SIKES

I hate that guy - and the rag he works for. Shoulda seen the crap they wrote about Tuggs when he got killed, made him sound like a jerk or - S'matter? That is a worried look, huh?

(MORE)

SIKES (CONT'D)

Sometimes it's hard to tell.

GEORGE

I just want to follow up on that vagrant's autopsy.

SIKES

Whatever turns you on.

RADIO VOICE

All units in the vicinity of Euclid Elementary. We have a major disturbance reported.

GEORGE

(reacting sharply)

Can we go over there?

SIKES

What? C'mon, George, I really want a doughnut. I'll buy ya a piece of spleen or something, let's -

GEORGE

It's my daughter's school.

**EXT. EUCLID ELEMENTARY - DAY - AN ANGRY WOMAN**

on the back of a pickup is shouting through a megaphone.

THE WOMAN

Yes, I'm a Purist, and I'm proud of its  
These damn slags were bred to be slaves -  
so let 'em be slaves!

A MOB of two hundred of MIXED ETHNICITY is gathered outside the school. Many SHOUT agreement. Others, including a few Newcomers, BOO loudly!

THE WOMAN

And they breed like rabbits - only four months instead of nine - pretty soon there won't be any room left for the rest of use  
(more shouts of agreement)

The Japanese already own 62% of L.A.

(MORE)

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

every other Mexican you see is illegal - we don't need any more damned aliens!

SHOUTS from BOTH viewpoints, "Damn rights Tell 'em!" - "They're smarter than you are, lady!" etc. Police cars roll in, Sikes & George among them.

THE WOMAN

We shouldn't give 'em the right to vote and we shouldn't let 'em into our schools! This has always been a good school. We gotta keep it that way! We don't want her kind here!

The woman points toward Emily, being held shelteringly by Susan - and facing a line of parents with their arms interlocked, blocking entrance into the school. A SUPPORT GROUP around Emily REACT ANGRILY against the woman's contingent.

A SUPPORTER

She's got a right to go to schools

THE WOMAN

They've got schools in Slagtown!

ANOTHER SUPPORTER

She doesn't live there anymore.

THE WOMAN

Let her move back!

More VOCALIZATION from the mob. Some for, others against. It's getting ANGRIER. George has found Susan and Emily. Sikes holds back slightly.

THE WOMAN

They learn too fast. It's unnatural They're already taking too many jobs. Our jobs! We let her in here now, there'll be a hundred more next weeks

JILL'S MOTHER

(takes the megaphone)

We don't want her mixin' with our kids!

(MORE)

JILL'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Their quarantine wasn't long enough! The ACLU got 'em released too soon! How do we know they're really safe!?

The crowd REACTS LOUDLY both PRO and CON. Jill watches Emily, who's stoic.

THE WOMAN

I say we run 'em back to Slagtown - and we do it now!

Both factions of the crowd ROAR! But those on Emily's side are clearly outnumbered. There's about to be a RIOT. Suddenly a GUNSHOT startles everyone! They look toward the man with the smoking gun. It's Sikes. He takes stage, BELLOWING -

SIKES

Why stop with running 'em back to Slagtown? Why don't we just kill 'em all?! Huh!?

He FIRES again. Everyone blinks at his vehemence. Even George.

SIKES

That's the American way, isn't it? Enough of us get together it'll almost seem legal. Put little pointy sheets over our heads and hang us a few slags! Teach 'em a lesson! Huh!? Keep 'em in their places - Keep America Pure! We don't even need t'paint stars on 'em to recognize 'em, do we? They'll be easy t'round up. Hell, they even stand out better than all the Japs we threw into concentration camps in 1941! This'll be a piece o'cake! Let's start with this one right here.

He takes Emily very gently by the arm, WINKING supportively.

SIKES

Just 'cause she's an American citizen, doesn't make her a human being does it?! So what if she's brighter than a lot of our

(MORE)

SIKES (CONT'D)

kids, we can beat that out of hers  
Discourage her enough and she'll give up.  
Who cares that she might've come up with a  
cure for cancer someday. She'll never be  
civilized like us! Let's just put a gun to  
her head and end it right here.

He holds out his gun to one of the linked-arm protesters.

SIKES

C'mon, pull the trigger. Well, take its -  
C'mon!

(to the woman on the truck)

How 'bout you, Ms. Purists I know you wanna  
come pull the trigger! Get on over here!

The protesters are nonplused. Sikes puffs, exasperatedly.

SIKES

What? I have to do it myself? Okay.

He RAISES the pistol, COCKS IT. The crowd is MORE  
startled !

JILL'S MOTHER

No! we don't want her dead! We just want  
her back where she belongs.

SIKES

(low, focused)

She belongs here.

He turns to face the line of people, riveting on a BLACK  
MAN.

SIKES

Aren't you ashamed. ...You.

The black man can't sustain the intensity of Sikes glares  
The man drops his eyes, and his arms. The line is broken.

George and Susan watch as Sikes walks Emily to the door,  
where he eyes the principal and a couple of teachers.  
Including a BLACK WOMAN.

SIKES

Anybody gives this youngster any trouble answers to me. Got that?

They nod. Sikes turns to Emily, squats to her eye level.

SIKES

Y'okay?

(off her nod)

Good girl. Go show 'em your stuff.

He gives her another wink. Her eyes hold on his for a beat. She gathers in some of his courage, and goes inside. The Black Teacher puts a welcoming arm around Emily's shoulder.

Sikes watches her disappear, has a PRIVATE MOMENT of his own, then turns to face the crowd.

SIKES

Party's over. Anybody still here in three minutes is under arrest for violation of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. I'm starting my watch... Now.

The crowd begins to disperse. Some pleased, others mumbling angrily. Sikes' eyes fall on George who is gazing at him. Sikes looks away.

**EXT. A HEART ASSOCIATION BILLBOARD - LATE DAY**

showing a smiling Newcomer between two human doctors, each of whom hold a stethoscope to the Newcomer's chest. The copy reads: "Not all of us have two hearts. Take care of yours." - The camera tilts down to a PHONE BOOTH wherein a Newcomer, whom we don't see well enough to recognize, is on the phone.

THE NEWCOMER

Yes... They brought him into the morgue this morning... No, a human. Sores all over him. And they looked like... yes....Not yet. The autopsy's not scheduled till tomorrow. ...Yes, that's exactly what worries me, too. It could be big trouble. Very big trouble.

**INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - GEORGE, SUSAN & EMILY**

sit amid half-unpacked moving boxes at their kitchen table.

SUSAN

We were both proud of you, honey. I'm not saying I wasn't proud of her - just that it's a terrible strain for her to be under.

GEORGE

Was it, Emmy?

SUSAN

Tell your father how they stared at you.

EMILY

Yeah they did a lot. But I figured they would. Like you said.

SUSAN

And the wisecracks.

EMILY

Yeah, I heard some. Couple kids smiled at me, though.

GEORGE

Did you make any friends?

EMILY

Just Ms. Murdoch, my teacher.

SUSAN

See what I mean.

GEORGE

It was her first day, Sus, you have to give it a little time. Think you can give it some time, Em?

EMILY

Yeah. ...I like the school.

SUSAN

(surprised)

You do?

EMILY

Yeah. It's nicer than the one I went to before. It has bigger windows and more light. Not like those trailers. And there's a computer right in the rooms Ms. Murdoch taught me how to write my name on it!

GEORGE

You liked that.

EMILY

Yeah. It was really neat!

GEORGE

Is this your homework?

EMILY

Uh huh. Just math. It's easy.

SUSAN

Will you help her with it while I get dinner?

EMILY

I don't need any help, momma.

George looks at Susan. Allows himself a little, proud smile. Susan rises, straightens the counter tops. Buck enters.

GEORGE

How was it at your school, Buck?

BUCK

{Finiksa, huh dad?}

(Note: {} indicates  
SUBTITLED DIALOGUE spoken in  
the Newcomer language.)

GEORGE

I want you to use your English name now.

BUCK

{why? It sucks.}

GEORGE

Please use it. How was your school?

BUCK

It was okay.  
(he exits)

SUSAN

You didn't eat much lunch, Em.

EMILY

Wasn't too hungry.

SUSAN

Did anybody eat with you?

EMILY

(intent on her homework)  
Huh? No.

Susan's jaw sets. George pats Emily's arm, goes to Susan.

GEORGE

...What...?

SUSAN

(quiet, intense)  
What do you think! How do you think I feel knowing that she's sitting there at lunch all by herself.

GEORGE

I'm sure that happens to a lot of kids on their first day.

She turns. Stares at him a moment. Then turns sharply away.

SUSAN

Right, George.

He watches her a moment. Eases off the subject.

GEORGE

Matt was rather amazing, wasn't he?

SUSAN

(softening slightly)

Yes, he was. I called to thank him. Left a message on his machine. Invited him over.

GEORGE

He only said about ten words to me the rest of the day.

SUSAN

...That's more than Emmy got.

She moves off. George stands, silently.

**EXT. SIKES' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT - SIKES**

is just coming home to this place which is past it's prime.

**INT. SIKES' APARTMENT - SECOND FLOOR - THE ELEVATOR**

which works sometimes, opens, Sikes gets out, noticing two moving men struggling to get a bureau into an apartment.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Yeah, that's it. Little bit left.

He pauses to check out his new neighbor. And as the movers go in through the door they reveal CATHY - an attractive female NEWCOMER. She finds herself looking right at Sikes. Smiles.

CATHY

Hi.

Sikes nods. She disappears into her flat. Sikes turns to unlock his door. Majorly disgruntled.

SIKES

Wonderful. ...Why My building?

He is unlocking his door when Cathy reappears, carrying a cardboard file box.

CATHY

Excuse me... Matthew Sikes?

SIKES

Yeah.

CATHY

A woman dropped this off, asked me to give it to you.

SIKES

Thanks.

He goes inside, closes the door. Cathy stares at it, wryly...

CATHY

Nice meeting you, too.

**INT. SIKES' APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Cluttered, eclectic. A large N gauge train set occupies one corner. He looks curiously at the file box, starts to open it as the phone RINGS. He grabs it.

SIKES

Yeah?

**INT. A BEDROOM CORNER - NIGHT - A BLACK WOMAN - INTERCUT**

THE WOMAN

Matt? It's Lyddie. Did you get it?

SIKES

Yeah, what is it, Lyd?

LYDDIE

I'm not sure. I found it buried in Tuggs' stuff. There was a note on it said to give it to you if anything...

(her eyes well)

SIKES

(senses it, gently)

Hey...

LYDDIE

...I saw the flowers you left for him.

SIKES

How'd y'know I left 'em.

A pause. She smiles faintly.

SIKES

...Right. ...How y'doin'?

LYDDIE

Well, y'know...

SIKES

Yeah. I do.

(drawing a breath)

Look, I'll go through this stuff and let  
y'know what it is.

LYDDIE

Okay... and Matt...

SIKES

Yeah?

LYDDIE

- oh never mind.

SIKES

Don't y'just love it when people do that?

LYDDIE

Oh, it's nothing. Paranoia.

SIKES

(unsatisfied, prying)

Lyddieeee...

LYDDIE

Well... when I came back from dropping that  
package off to you... I thought someone had  
been in the house.

SIKES

...Why?

LYDDIE

I dunno. Nothing was taken. Nothing seemed  
out of place. It was just a feeling.

(MORE)

LYDDIE (CONT'D)

Instinct.

Sikes is chewing on his lip, very thoughtful, but trying to soothe her.

SIKES

Been a cop's wife too long, huh?

LYDDIE

(wistfully)

No... it never woulda been long enough.

SIKES

(a smile)

...Well, keep your door locked, huh? And call me whenever y'need to, okay?

LYDDIE

...Yeah. ...Thanks, Matt.

He hangs up slowly. Looks at the phone. Then at the file box. He opens the box. There are a list of papers.

SIKES

Geeze.

He stares at the contents very thoughtfully. His instincts are buzzing, too. He chews his lip. Something's up.

**ACT TWO**

**INT. THE POLICE STATION - DAY - SIKES**

is walking through, passes a younger, buttoned-down man.

THE MAN  
Morning, Sikes.

SIKES  
(without looking)  
Hiya... "Captain."

The younger man, CAPTAIN GRAZER, chuckles to himself.

DOBBS  
Hey Sikes, y'like anything at Santa Anita today?

SIKES  
Fifty on Happy Face to win in the second.

GEORGE  
(hanging up a phone)  
Morning, Matt.  
(off his grunt)  
That was the morgue. The body of that vagrant we brought in...?

SIKES  
Yeah?

GEORGE  
It disappeared last night.

Sikes looks up, shocked. George and Sikes leave their desks and head toward the morgue.

**INT. POLICE CORRIDOR - MOVING.**

GEORGE  
I want to thank you again for how you helped Emily.

**INT. POLICE ELEVATOR.**

SIKES

Just doing my job man.

GEORGE

It seemed like more than that, it seemed like someone who really identified with her, somebody who knew what it was like to be an underdog.

Sikes ignores him, pressing the elevator buttons.

SIKES

These elevators are so slow.

GEORGE

I knew a man once who was discriminated against, when he was young, because he was small for his age. Made him different from the others. They always picked on him, chose him last for teams.

Sikes gives George a LOOK.

GEORGE

What?

SIKES

Nothin'.

**INT. POLICE CORRIDOR - EXITING ELEVATOR**

GEORGE

Susan and I sincerely appreciate it. Did you her message? She'd really like to have you come over tonight.

SIKES

(No)

Yeah, maybe.

GEORGE

Oh, and Matthew...

SIKES

Matt!

GEORGE

Happy Face is stuck in the outside going a mile. He hasn't got enough speed to get positioned before the first turn. you might want to reconsider Miracle Worker or -

SIKES

You come from another damn galaxy and you're telling me howta play the horses? He pushes gruffly through the double doors into

THE MORGUE - SIKES AND DOCTOR LEE

An Oriental with a cynical edge and an unsettling glint in his eye. George walks behind. Lee speaks aside to Sikes:

LEE

I heard you got stuck with one of 'em, too? Great, huh?

(indicating his Newcomer assistant)

I mean, how can I take somebody seriously with a name like Amos N. Andy?

He pulls an empty slab out of the body refrigerator.

LEE

Gonzo. Who the hell would want to steal that body?

SIKES

Beats the hell outta me.

LEE

I was gonna do the autopsy this morning. Wanted to check out those sores. They looked really delicious.

SIKES

Who else has access here?

LEE

Well, it's not exactly Fort Knox.

GEORGE

Still, carrying a body out would've  
attracted some attentions

LEE

Now I see why they made you a detective.

**INT. THE JANITOR'S ROOM - DAY - ALBERT THE JANITOR**

has the numerous PIECES of Dobbs' broken mug spread  
carefully before him. He's methodically trying to figure  
out which piece goes where. And not doing very well. Sikes  
enters.

SIKES

Hey, I got some questions for you,  
Lightning - What's your real name again?

ALBERT

{Glenza Mantwea.}

GEORGE

He means the English name they gave you in  
quarantine.

ALBERT

(slowly, proudly)  
Oh. Albert. Einstein.

SIKES

Perfect. You in the morgue last night?

ALBERT

(insecure)  
Uh... no.

SIKES

C'mon, don't gimme that. Who took the body?

ALBERT

What b-body?

SIKES

Albert, I haven't even had my coffee yet,  
and I get real irritable - you know damn  
well what body! Who took it?

ALBERT

I... didn't know any body was -

SIKES

Don't gimme that crap, ya-  
(backing off, to George)  
You..

GEORGE

Sure.  
(gently, to Albert)  
{Nobody's going to get angry with you, OK?}  
But if you know anything it's very  
important you tell me.  
(off Albert's look)  
What...?

ALBERT

(haltingly, scared)  
He told me he had a right to see it. I... I  
remembered from the c-constitution. He d-  
did. He didn't say anything about ...t-  
taking the body. He just wanted me to leave  
the door unlocked... so he could t-take  
some pictures... of it.

GEORGE

Who, Albert?

ALBERT

The reporter... Mr. Burns.

SIKES

That slimeball.  
(heading out)

ALBERT

I'm in tr-trouble, huh?

GEORGE

I'll do what I can, but next time you're  
not completely sure how to handle  
something, you come ask me, okay?

ALBERT

Y-yeah, George. I'll ask you.

He worriedly watches George leave, then looks back at the pieces of the broken mug. It seems to be an impossible task.

**EXT. EMILY'S SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - EMILY**

is on a swing, enjoying herself. She notices a group of kids nearby talking, laughing, and glancing at her. Then one of them, MARK, a boy her age in a WHEELCHAIR, rolls up.

MARK

Hi.

EMILY

Hi.

MARK

We're gonna play catch, y'wanna play?

EMILY

Sure.

She hops off the swing and moves-toward the group. One of the kids tosses the large rubber ball to Emily who catches it - then reacts. The ball is covered with gooey RUBBER CEMENT. The other kids HOWL with LAUGHTER.

MARK

You oughta "stick" to your own side of town, spongehead.

He laughs, wheels back toward the laughing kids. Emily stands there awkwardly. Trying to figure out how to get the mess off of her hands.

A couple of other kids nearby SEEM SYMPATHETIC, but say nothing. Then Emily's neighbor, Jill, passes by, speaking aside:

JILL

Just let it dry a little, then rub your hands together. It'll come right Off.

Jill keeps walking past, but glances back to see if Emily heard. Emily is about to say thanks, but Jill disappears

among some other kids. Emily is curious about her.

**INT. A POLICE CAR - SIKES & GEORGE**

SIKES  
(into radio)  
Miracle Worker won?! By how much?

DOBBS (ON RADIO)  
Two lengths over Happy Face. Fifty bucks,  
Sikes-ie.

SIKES  
Yeah, yeah. Unit 7 clear.  
(to George)  
Y'pick many winners?

GEORGE  
Only seven out of nine yesterday.

SIKES  
Five outta!?! Where'd you learn?

GEORGE  
Looking through some of your old racing  
newspapers. It's quite fascinating, all of  
the variables: the horse's race record,  
running style, which track is-

SIKES  
Man, I don't get it. Here y'are bred t'be  
slaves and most of ya got minds like-

GEORGE  
Many slaves in our culture were required to  
do highly technical-

SIKES  
(re a racing sheet)  
Yeah, okay, so who d'ya like in the sixth?

GEORGE  
(without looking)  
Morning Sunshine.

SIKES

Morning Sunshine?! Gimme a break. She's  
been falling off every-

He sees something he's been watching for, and pulls toward  
the curb.

GEORGE

What're you doing? This isn't Burns'  
apartment. ...Matt?

Sikes is already out of the car and looking at

**EXT. AN APPARENTLY ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - DAY**

GEORGE

What is this place?

SIKES

(preoccupied)

Beats the hell outta me.

GEORGE

Something to do with the vagrant's body?

SIKES

No.

GEORGE

(staring at him)

You just have a fondness for old buildings?

Sikes doesn't answer. He has bent open a section of chain  
link fence and gone onto the property. George follows,  
muttering,

GEORGE

...Or a fondness for being a horse's ass.

**THE BUILDING - CLOSER - SIKES**

has tried to peer in through the dirty windows, in vain.  
The nearby door is padlocked. He finds an iron bar nearby  
and slips it through the lock, straining to break it. But  
he can't. George walks up slowly.

GEORGE

I hate to pry, but perhaps if you told me what-

SIKES

Wanna pry something? Pry that.

GEORGE

Do we have a search warrant?

SIKES

I got your search warrant.

GEORGE

Oh. Alright then.

George applies his surprising strength to the bar and snaps open the lock. Sikes is impressed, but tries not to show it.

**INT. THE BUILDING - ANGLE ON THE DOOR - DAY**

as it CREAKS open. Sikes & George enter to discover that - it's completely EMPTY. Sikes frowns with annoyance. Then he realizes that George is sensing something.

SIKES

What?

GEORGE

That's very curious...

SIKES

What is?

GEORGE

(shrugging it off)

Nothing.

SIKES

Tell me what is curious.

GEORGE

Tell me what we're doing here.

A pause. Sikes breaks away, poking around.

SIKES

My partner Tuggs left me this file box of stuff, okay? I started looking through it last night. Most of it seems t'be research he was doing on slavery. He was black, y'know?

GEORGE

Yes.

SIKES

Anyway, stuck in the side is a piece o'paper with this place's address. Underlined twice.

GEORGE

That meant it was important.

SIKES

Twice? Yeah. He was an understated guy. To him twice meant real important.

GEORGE

Well, it looks like whatever was important is gone.

SIKES

Okay, so tell me what you thought was curious.

GEORGE

Well, when I came in here there was a faint smell that reminded me-

SIKES

Of-?

GEORGE

The atmosphere aboard our spacecraft.

They look at each other. Puzzled. George shrugs. Sikes blows out a frustrated puff.

SIKES

...Alright, let's get back to work.

**INT. REPORTER BURNS FLAT - DAY**

which reflects his tabloid tastes.

BURNS

I'm telling you I wasn't in the morgue last night.

GEORGE

Albert says you were.

BURNS

Yeah, well he's not exactly a rocket scientist, is he?

SIKES

And we found your fingerprints on the slab.

BURNS

I never touched it! I just-

SIKES

Took some photos. Right.

BURNS

(whiny)

C'mon, Sikes, it was one o'the ugliest corpses I've ever seen. It was beautiful.

SIKES

So you took it with you.

BURNS

Get serious. I got cold-cocked.

GEORGE

You got cold what?

SIKES

Clubbed from behind. By who?

BURNS

Dunno. Some Mex guy came in the back door. Surprised I was there.

George has picked up an ice bag, shows it to Sikes.

GEORGE

Where were you struck?

BURNS

Right back here, see?

George inspects Burns head and shoulder.

SIKES

So y'didn't see who nailed ya.

BURNS

No.

GEORGE

And you didn't you report it because you weren't supposed to be there anyway.

SIKES

Right. Let's go, George. Hey Burns, try to skip out and I'll find you a Permanent place in the morgue.

(re the apartment)

'Course, it'd be an improvement.

**EXT. A RUN-DOWN STREET ON THE EDGE OF SLAGTOWN - DAY - BUCK**

is bouncing down the street, tagging along with a tough-looking gang of six OLDER NEWCOMER YOUTHS, all speaking in their guttural tongue as they pass various ad posters featuring Newcomer faces.

FIRST TOUGH (SVABO)

{So you ain't even been to your new school, huh Finiksa?}

BUCK

{No way.}

SECOND TOUGH (BLENTU)

{Might pick up some little tert cutie!}

BUCK

{C'mon, man, they're ugly as hell.}

SVABO

{All the humans suck, man.}

BLENTU

{Damn right. Tellin' us how we gonna be free!}

BUCK

{Long as we stay in Slagtown!}

SVABO

{Say it, brother.}

BLENTU

{"Don't take our jobs!"}

BUCK

{"Don't take our space!"}

BLENTU

{How 'bout we take his van?}

Blentu's looking across the street where a BLACK DELIVERY MAN has the back of a step van open, checking a load of furniture.

The gang rolls over him like a tsunami, spinning him into a bunch of trash cans, jumping into his van and driving away shouting catcalls out of the open back door.

**INT. THE VAN - BLENTU IS DRIVING**

SVABO

{Alright, man! Excellent!}

BLENTU

{Check it out! We got a sofa, a table, some chairs!}

BUCK

(nervous excitement)

{Now all we need's a place to put it!}

**EXT. THE STREET**

as the van weaves deeper into the low rent district.

**INT. NIMIC LINEN SERVICE - DAY - SIKES & GEORGE**

move through the washers and dryers with the MANAGER who is a NEWCOMER. Other Newcomers are among the workers.

SIKES

And one of your trucks was making a delivery last night.

THE MANAGER

(checking a clipboard)

Yeah, police station's on the schedule. Something wrong?

GEORGE

We think they might've picked up something they shouldn't have. By mistake. Can you tell us who the drivers were and-

SIKES

Hang On!

He was just passing a radio and something caught his ear.

THE RADIO VOICE

And the winner of the sixth race at Santa Anita was Morning Sunshine. Paying fifteen thirty, six twenty and-

THE MANAGER

What, y'have some money down?

SIKES

...Guess I should've.

He looks at George who is smiling to himself. Like Clark Kent.

SIKES

Yeah... alright, so where are the guys that made the pick up?

THE MANAGER

Neither one came in today.

GEORGE

We need their addresses. And where is the truck?

**EXT. BACK ALLEY - A LAUNDRY TRUCK**

George explores the inside. Sikes leans against it.

GEORGE

So. Will you come for dinner tonight?

SIKES

Thanks, y'know, but I'm not really into raw beaver and stuff like you all.

GEORGE

Susan won't make anything you'd find offensive. We'd really like to express our thanks - and get to know you better.

SIKES

Well, I dunno. ...What about football?

GEORGE

That's the game with the little pointy ball?

SIKES

Right. The little pointy ball. You trying t'con me?

GEORGE

(a smile)

Don't know the meaning of the word.

SIKES

Yeah, right. So how d'ya do with picking football winners?

GEORGE

Only about eighty-two percent. Hand me a card.

SIKES

(gives him an index card)

You serious? Eighty-two?

GEORGE

(coming out)

The body was in this truck.

(re the index card)

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Some of that slime that was on the body.  
Don't touch it.

He folds it carefully, puts it in a small plastic bag.

SIKES

Who d'ya like in the Rams/Cowboys game?

GEORGE

Have to do a little research. ...I could  
tell you at dinner.

SIKES

Aaaah, y'can tell me tomorrow.

GEORGE

But the game's tonight.

Sikes is trapped. He smirks. Nods. George smiles at him.

**INT. SIKES' APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT - THE ELEVATOR**

opens and Sikes struggles out carrying his cleaning on hangers and a bag of groceries with flowers sticking out the top. The elevator door closes too soon, knocking him off balance. The bag begins to rip.

SIKES

Aw...c'mon - dammit!

CATHY

(approaching)

I'll get it.

SIKES

S'okay, I think I -

Ripppp. The bag goes. Cathy grabs the falling items, including the flowers. Sikes mumbles another profanity, grapples with his door keys.

**INT. SIKES' APARTMENT - NIGHT - SIKES**

enters and rubs at a light switch with his shoulder.

CATHY

Why don't you let me-

SIKES

No, it's... okay.

He rubs twice more and the light goes on. Cathy smiles.

CATHY

Very independent.

SIKES

Story of my life.

CATHY

(re her burden)

In the kitchen?

SIKES

Don't move.

CATHY

But I'm losing -

SIKES

Don't move, dammit!

She frowns, stares at him as he looks very carefully at a table top, then sets down his armload of stuff. She catches a glimpse of his shoulder holster and pistol. Gets a trifle uneasy...

CATHY

...Are you a cop?

He nods, scrutinizing the apartment quickly, his antenna up.

CATHY

What is it? Something wrong?

Ignoring her, he pulls out a pen and uses it to accurately measure where some knick-knacks are placed on a shelf, and the specific inch that a drawer is open.

CATHY

Are you going to be really upset when I drop this?

He sees that a package is slipping from her grasp. Takes it.

CATHY

Can I put the rest in the -

SIKES

Just a second.

He drops to his hands and knees looking carefully at the lower door frame.

CATHY

Are all cops this careful when they come home?

CLOSER ANGLE

as his fingers run along an almost invisible thread that is strung across the doorway.

CATHY

Booby trap?

SIKES

Just to let me know if someone'd been here.

CATHY

You expecting somebody special, or do you always...

Sikes gives her a withering look.

CATHY

Can I go in there now?

He nods. She goes into the kitchen, while he continues combing his flat for the slightest inconsistency.

CATHY (O.S.)

Have a vase?

SIKES

No. I mean yes, but I'm taking them to somebody tonight.

CATHY (O.S.)

Lucky girl.

SIKES

Married girl.

CATHY

(returning from kitchen)

Even luckier to still get flowers.

(re a photo)

That your daughter?

SIKES

Yeah.

CATHY

Then you're lucky, too. Oh, I'm Cathy Frankel. 5-D.

SIKES

(still checking things)

Huh? Oh. Matt Sikes.

(off her smile)

Yeah, I know. In your language Sikes means excrement and cranium.

CATHY

Well, it could be worse.

(seeing his train layout)

Oh, that's terrific. You build it?

SIKES

I'm building it. For about a year.

CATHY

It's beautiful. ...Is that semaphore facing the right way?

SIKES

(twisting it gruffly)

I'm still working on it.

(MORE)

SIKES (CONT'D)

What, are you an engineer?

CATHY

(a chuckle)

Biochemist.

SIKES

That's nice. Well, look, thanks for the help, y'know.

CATHY

Sure. But don't keep me in suspense: do you think anyone was here?

SIKES

(yes, but no proof)

He woulda been a real pro.

CATHY

Do you smoke cigars?

SIKES

No.

CATHY

Been around anybody today who smoked one?

SIKES

No... what're you -

CATHY

Then somebody was in here.

SIKES

Yeah, your seasoned professional always smokes a cigar while he searches a -

CATHY

(shrugs)

Smokers get it in their clothes. Don't even realize it.

SIKES

(patronizingly)

And you can smell it.

(MORE)

SIKES (CONT'D)  
Even after they're gone.

CATHY  
(positively)  
Yep. Not have much hair, but a great nose.  
Listen, whenever your bag's ripping give me  
a yell.

She smiles, exits. A beat. Sikes grins in spite of himself.  
Then moves to the train set. He lifts up the mountain -  
revealing Tuggs' file box. Safe. He breathes a sigh, then  
looks around - sniffs the air, warily. Chews his lip.

**EXT. GEORGE'S ROUSE - NIGHT - SIKES**

walks to the front door. From a passing car someone shouts,  
"SLAG-LOVER!" - Sikes lets it roll off. Is about to ring  
when the door is opened by Emily.

EMILY  
I was on a stake out, watching for you.

SIKES  
Well, then you're a good cop.

SUSAN  
(appears)  
One in the family's enough. C'mon in, Mr.  
Sikes.

SIKES  
Matt.

SUSAN  
(re the flowers)  
Thanks. And thanks for yesterday. What you  
did for Emmy. Emily, put 'em in some water.

SIKES  
How's it goin' for her?

SUSAN  
Not great, but at least you got her in the  
door.

SIKES

No big deal.

SUSAN

Yes it was.

Their eyes hold a moment, then Sikes looks away.

SIKES

Look, I don't want you to go to any trouble for dinner. Why don't I just -

SUSAN

It's no trouble. George is out back right now - killing the beaver.

(off his look)

Just a joke. I wouldn't do that to you.

SIKES

You really do eat stuff like that, though? You're bodies don't process cooked food?

SUSAN

Right. But we buy ours packaged just like you do.

SIKES

Yeah, I've seen it in the stores. Next to the sushi.

GEORGE

(entering)

Any luck on the deliveryman?

SIKES

Nobody home at the address I took. What about yours?

GEORGE

The bus terminal.

SIKES

Swell.

GEORGE

Oh, I thought you'd want to know who owned that abandoned plant we stopped at: Branco

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Industries.  
(off Sikes frown)  
Mean something?

SIKES  
Branco's owned by a lowlife named Jacob  
Fletcher. Big Mafia-type we've been trying  
to nail for years.

Sikes & George look at each other, thoughtfully.

SUSAN  
You guys want to put your guns on?

SIKES  
Sorry. No more shop talk.

GEORGE  
How 'bout football?

And they actually share a smile.

**INT. GEORGE & SUSAN'S DINING ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER**

Sikes is hanging up a phone, walks toward the table.

SIKES  
Okay I told him: Cowboys minus three  
points.

GEORGE  
Just an educated guess.

SIKES  
I do like your guesses.  
(noticing a sculpture)  
Whoa - that's nice.

GEORGE  
(a secret smile)  
You really think so?

SIKES  
Yeah. Reminds me of that French guy...

GEORGE

Rodin?

SIKES

Yeah.

GEORGE

What'd I tell you, Sus?  
(she waves him off)  
Susan did it.

SIKES

No kidding? That's great work.

SUSAN

(a touch embarrassed)  
Thanks.

Sikes settles at the table.

EMILY

What about Buck, momma?

SUSAN

We'll start without him. For a  
change. ...George?

George VOCALIZES a chant-like phrase in their native tongue as he, Susan and Emily all look up toward the ceiling. Each of them touches their fingertips to their chest, just below the breasts on either side - then right fingertips to left side, and left fingertips to right.

Bowing their heads forward they close their eyes, touch their fingertips to their temples. There is a pause. Sikes watches. Then they open their eyes and smile.

SUSAN

Salad, Matt?

SIKES

Sure, thanks. ...What exactly was that?

EMILY

Can I tell?  
(off George's nod)  
It's our remembrance of Andarko and Celine.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

A male and female who lived eons ago and sacrificed themselves to save millions. We try to live by their example.

(demonstrating)

We touch our fingers to each of our two hearts, then reverse them to show that the male and female are interchangeable. We touch our heads to bring their purity and goodness within us.

A door CLOSES off camera.

SUSAN

And speaking of purity and goodness...

BUCK

(shuffles in)

{Sorry I'm late.}

GEORGE

English, please Buck. This is the man I work with, Matthew Sikes.

BUCK

Yeah, hi. ...No meat?

SUSAN

Not tonight. You'll survive.

GEORGE

We invited Matt tonight because of how he stood up for Emily yesterday... and to also thank him for how kind he's been to me since we started working togeth-

BUCK

{Pardon me while I go puke.}

Be leaves disgustedly, startling everyone. George rises...

GEORGE

Excuse me. Sus, tell Matt about your classes at S.C.

(exiting)

SUSAN

Don't you just love teen-agers?

SIKES

Yeah. Most of 'em act like me. You studying sculpture at S.C.?

SUSAN

Yes. And English lit.

EMILY

And astronomy and architecture. She's got more homework than me.

SUSAN

Emmy...

SIKES

A Renaissance woman!

SUSAN

An undecided woman.

SIKES

With a proud daughter.

He winks at Emily, who winks back, awkwardly, charmingly, as kids do.

**INT. BUCK'S ROOM**

dark and messy, with an edge. A couple of disturbing ICONS. He's THRUMMING on a curious INSTRUMENT that's part guitar and part drum as George enters.

GEORGE

What was the reason for that?

BUCK

{I can't stand to-}

GEORGE

English, dammit!

BUCK

- Watch you suck up to him like that. You're such a sell-out.

(MORE)

BUCK (CONT'D)  
Buying into all this yuppie -

GEORGE  
It's better than being slaves.

BUCK  
(a smug laugh)  
We still are slaves! You know how much  
smarter we are than terts?

GEORGE  
Yes.

BUCK  
Then why stroke 'em?

GEORGE  
To be more accepted. We're different, Buck.  
It's written all over us. There's a natural  
resentment against us. So we have to be  
better, more patient - just to be accepted  
as even equal. We have to adapt.

BUCK  
It's a lotta crap. We should be able to be  
what we are, man. Without the brown-nosing.

GEORGE  
It takes time, Buck. But look at the  
progress already. We're in a better  
neighborhood-

BUCK  
Where half the people won't talk to us.

GEORGE  
Change happens slowly. But some Newcomers  
are already crossing - over. Because of  
their skill or intelligence. Look at Dr.  
Fallon at Cal Tech, or Chuck Winslow who  
just signed with the Dodgers.

BUCK  
Just P.R., man.

GEORGE

No, it's because he's a great hitter. And how 'bout Martine Bennett on the L.A. city council?

BUCK

Right. But does she get a vote?

GEORGE

If Proposition 16 passes she will - we all will.

BUCK

Good luck. you seen the opinion polls?

GEORGE

Yes. There's almost a fifty-fifty chance. A lot of humans want us to vote.

BUCK

And a lot of them don't.

GEORGE

It could go either way, you're right - but that means that almost half of the people are on our side.

BUCK

Well I haven't met any of 'em.

GEORGE

Maybe you're not looking in the right places. ...C'mon and have dinner with us, will you?

BUCK

I'm really not hungry.

He thrums sullenly on his instrument. George sighs.

**INT. A SHADOWY ROOM - NIGHT - THE FACE OF THE DEAD VAGRANT**

Two NEWCOMERS dressed in surgical gowns and masks lean over the body, carefully inspecting the sores, testing samples.

The atmosphere is very tense.

THE NEWCOMER SURGEON  
{It's much worse than I thought.}

THE OTHER NEWCOMER  
{What do we do?}

THE NEWCOMER SURGEON  
{I don't know. ...Pray?}

He wipes his brow. Looks at the other surgeon. Then BLACK.

**ACT THREE**

**INT. GEORGE & SUSAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

George lies on his stomach on their bed, only a sheet covering the lower part of his body. Susan is in the bathroom.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Mostly it's because he's a teen-ager.

GEORGE

...Maybe.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Why don't we just tell him it's not working out, and to please come back when he's grown.

GEORGE

(a smirk)

Now that's an idea.

SUSAN (O.S.)

(a pause)

Why do you think that factory smelled like our spacecraft?

GEORGE

I don't know.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Was Matt impressed that you could smell something he couldn't?

GEORGE

More annoyed, I think. He spends a lot of time annoyed.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Diane - the woman who brought us that plant I'm trying not to kill - I saw her in the market and she was amazed that I could smell and see the pesticides on the produce. Made me promise to pick out all her fruit from now on.

She comes out wearing a thin nightie. The light from the

bathroom behind her outlines her body underneath. Alien or not, she looks like someone you'd want to have pick out your fruit.

SUSAN

The produce manager was pretty annoyed with Me. Heard him whisper I had a head like an over-ripe crenshaw melon. I don't think they realize how acute our senses are.

GEORGE

No, they don't. Thanks for having Matt over.

SUSAN

(settling beside him)

No problem.

GEORGE

You made him very comfortable.

SUSAN

(stroking his back)

Would you like me to make you comfortable?

GEORGE

Welllll...

SUSAN

(mimicking)

Welllll... I saw you lying here with your back exposed... waiting for a little hummer...

She leans down, touches her lips just below his shoulder blade, and HUMS a long note. George's body relaxes with a wave of warm sexuality. Susan moves her lips slightly and HUMS a slightly lower, longer note. George closes his eyes and breathes deeply.

He reaches around and MASSAGES a spot on the back of her knee - and Susan draws a breath of pure sexual pleasure.

SUSAN

Oooo... yes...

She HUMS on his back again, getting into it. Until he

chuckles...

SUSAN

...I beg your pardon...?

GEORGE

I'm sorry I was just thinking...you know in their movies, particularly that X-Rated video we rented, how humorous we find some of their foreplay rituals...

SUSAN

Mmmm hmmm...

She HUMS on his back again, clearly getting a rise out of him. Her body moves sensually...

SUSAN

Well,...you know what they say...  
(humming on him again)

GEORGE

(a breathless whisper)  
...What do they... say...?

SUSAN

{Different strokes for different folks.}

GEORGE

(embracing her)  
{ ...Is that what they say...}

SUSAN

Mmmmmmmmm....

He increases the stimulation behind her knee, her body arches with ecstatic pleasure...

**EXT. A WEATHERED BILLBOARD FOR THE UNITED WAY - DAY**

features the smiling face of a Newcomer. A smaller poster has been stuck on it reading, Keep America Pure - Vote NO on 16." The camera tilts down to find Sikes & George getting out of their car.

SIKES

Fifty bucks I lost on the Cowboys, man.

GEORGE

Can't factor the turnovers, Matt. Nobody's perfect.

A young Latino comes out the front door of an apartment. Senses cops. Ducks back in.

SIKES

Hey! You! Halt!  
Sikes bolts inside, chasing the guy up the stairs.

THE NEXT LANDING - THE LATINO

runs for all he's worth. Sikes pumps up the steps behind.

**EXT. THE ROOF - THE LATINO**

explodes out of a door and runs frantically across the roof to a fire escape. He scrambles downward with Sikes in hot pursuit. He swings over the bottom rail, drops to the alley - and face to face with George's gun.

GEORGE

Freeze. Sands on the wall.

Sikes drops beside him, breathing very hard. And annoyed.

SIKES

You're... s'posed... t'back me... up.

GEORGE

I did. Anticipated his exit. He's in custody.

SIKES

Yeah, but...what if I'd ...needed you...inside?

GEORGE

I would've come right in.

SIKES

That's not the damn point!

GEORGE

Matt, I'm sorry you did so much running and I didn't. And I'm sorry the Cowboys lost.

Sikes sublimates angrily, spinning the Latino around.

SIKES

Alright where's the stiff?

THE LATINO

Ne habla Anglis.

SIKES

(roughing him)

Don't gimme that Crap!

THE LATINO

Okay, okay. But I don't know what you're talking about!

GEORGE

We already have your partner.

SIKES

(glancing at George)

Yeah. Yeah. And he's sayin' it was all your idea.

THE LATINO

No way, man! Guy paid us both!

SIKES

What guy?

THE LATINO

(re George)

One of them, man.

GEORGE

A Newcomer? Paid you? Would you recognize him?

THE LATINO

C'mon, man, they all look alike.

SIKES

Why'd he want it?

(off his shrug)

You clubbed the reporter? Huh!?

THE LATINO

No!

GEORGE

He's telling the truth.

(off Sikes look)

He's right handed. The angle of the blow on Mr. Burns most probably came from a left hand.

THE LATINO

It was a slag hit him, man.

SIKES

The one who paid you?

THE LATINO

Naw, different. Smaller.

GEORGE

And where's the body?

THE LATINO

Hey, C'mon man, you gimme a break, huh? I I tell you?

SIKES

Sure. And I'll throw you off the roof if you don't.

GEORGE

Oh please, Matt! No! I covered for you last time, but -

THE LATINO

(quickly)

Figueroa and fifth! Vacant lot!

Sikes & George smile.

**INT. EMILY'S CLASSROOM - DAY - JILL**

scrunches her face, frustrated with a math problem. Looks at Emily who is breezing along. Jill whispers tentatively.

JILL

...I don't get it.

EMILY

(looks up, smiles)

Show me.

JILL

Here, see...

EMILY

Well, y'multiply those two.

JILL

Okay, twenty one, but where-

EMILY

Carry the two up to there. And just hold it. Now multiply these - six - and add-

JILL

The two. Eight!

EMILY

Yeah.

JILL

Thanks. Wow, you're in the blue book already?

Emily nods. Mark wheels past.

MARK

Talk to spongeheads and your hair'll fall out.

JILL

Shut up, Mark. He's a jerk. Hey, thanks for the help.

EMILY

Sure.

Jill returns to her desk, glances back to see Emily touching the back of her smooth head. Then Emily feels Jill's eyes, they share a glance. Then Emily goes back to work. But Jill keeps looking at her. Pondering something.

**EXT. THE RATTY VACANT LOT - DAY - GEORGE**

moves toward their car from across the lot. The Latino is locked in the back seat. Sikes leans on the car, eyeing George as he finishes a radio call...

SIKES

...Yeah. Ten-four.

GEORGE

Nothing over here either.

SIKES

Y'know, y'played it real smooth back there. Fell right in with my patter - like Tuggs used to. Felt good. We got some nice stuff outta him.

GEORGE

(smiles)

I appreciate the compliment.

SIKES

Yeah, but there's somethin' I gotta talk t'you about: Dobbs just said you paid him the fifty I owed for the Cowboys.

GEORGE

(a shrug)

I felt responsible.

SIKES

Yeah, well you didn't put a gun t'my head, did ya? I lost - I pay, okay?

GEORGE

Sure.

SIKES  
(studying him)  
You're a funny guy, George.

GEORGE  
D'you really think so? I'm trying to  
improve my sense of humor.

SIKES  
No, no, what I meant was -

GEORGE  
Humor is always the hardest thing to  
translate, y'know? I did hear a new joke,  
though.

SIKES  
...Oh yeah?

GEORGE  
(carefully remembering)  
A man came up to me and asked, Which way is  
it to Carnegie Hall?" - And I said,  
"Practice!"

George smiles, chuckles. Sikes stares at him.

GEORGE  
"Practice!" Are you getting it?

SIKES  
Yeah. Yeah. It's close, George, real  
close. ...It might be a smidge more  
effective, though, if y'say "How do you get  
to Carnegie Hall."

GEORGE  
(weighing it)  
Oh. "How do you get to - "

SIKES  
There y'go. Keep working on it, you'll be  
ready t'go on the road real soon.

RADIO VOICE

Unit seven, request for a detective unit.  
2211 Fourth.

SIKES

Ten-four. ...Hey. Wanna drive?

GEORGE

(surprised, smiles)

Sure. ...Thanks, Matt.

(getting in)

...Can I ask you a personal question?

SIKES

What?

GEORGE

When can I expect you t'give me the fifty?

SIKES

That's too personal.

GEORGE

(a smirk)

I was afraid of that.

**EXT/INT. BROKEN-DOWN WAREHOUSE (FROM SCENE ONE) - DAY**

where the Vagrant's body had been found. Buck is leading in  
a couple of older-, tougher-looking NEWCOMER YOUTHS.

BUCK

{I thought it'd be a good place to set up a  
hangout.}

SVABO

{Awright, man, this is cool!}

(to Blentu)

{Told ya he was a smart guy!}

BLENTU

{Yeah! Y'did good, buddy boy!}

(checking the place out)

{We can hook up a TV and everything. Get  
some booze!}

SVABO

{And let him hang with us, huh?}

Blentu nods. Buck's very pleased with their praise.

THE STREET OUTSIDE - A BLACK YOUTH

can see Buck and his pals moving inside the warehouse. He's not pleased.

**EXT. SOUTH FOURTH STREET - THE FRINGES OF SLAGTOWN - DAY**

Sikes & George are moving toward Officer Puente.

GEORGE

But if Tuggs suspected that he'd come across something that was unlawful going on in that plant that Fletcher owned, why didn't he tell you?

SIKES

I dunno. Maybe he didn't have time. Or -

PUENTE

I thought it looked kinda peculiar so I left it where we found it. There it is. Whaddaya make of it?

Lying in a rancid corner of an alley is something like a split-open sheath about a foot long. They kneel nearby.

SIKES

Beats the hell outta me.

GEORGE

It looks like skin.

SIKES

Huh? Human skin?

GEORGE

(looking closer)

No. Skin from one of us.

SIKES

...What?!

**EXT. SIKES' STREET - NIGHT - TWO WHITE MEN, ONE BLACK**

are coming out of a bar, a little juiced and laughing.

FIRST ROWDY

Yeah! We got that Ol' slag good!

SECOND ROWDY

Didn't we, though! Y'shoulda seen it, man -  
Johnny threw a little salt water on this  
slag and he started to fizz! Salt water  
burns 'em like acid!

FIRST ROWDY

He musta run all the way back to Slagtown!

They hoot and laugh, then one sees something, nudges the  
others.

DOWN THE BLOCK - CATHY

is closing and locking her car door. she turns and sees the  
rednecks crossing toward her, grinning.

FIRST ROWDY

Well lookie here.

SECOND ROWDY

Must be a mirage. Not s'posed to be no  
slags 'round here.

Cathy tries to move toward her building, but is cut off.

CATHY

Excuse me.

FIRST ROWDY

Ain't no excuse for ya.

CATHY

That's my building, would you-

SECOND ROWDY

That's your mistake is what it is.

FIRST ROWDY

Pretty fancy clothes, for a slag.

CATHY

(venomous)

Don't. You. Touch me.

SECOND ROWDY

He just wants t'be neighborly.

FIRST ROWDY

That's right. Get t'know ya. ...Real good.

He starts to maul her - and she brings up her knee hard in his groin - SHOUTING ANGRILY to a passing car -

CATHY

Help me!

The car keeps going, the third man tries to muzzle her - but she sinks her teeth deep into his hand! He YELLS!

SECOND ROWDY

You little slag bitch!

He backhands her, spinning her against the car - but Cathy comes right back and nails him with a powerful roundhouse left. She breaks away, stumbles, scrapes her knee. The first man grabs a handful of her shirt - rips it violently, exposing her back, but she kicks at him, keeps going.

She runs around a corner and right into - Sikes.

CATHY

No! Let me -

SIKES

Hey. Hey! What's wrong!

CATHY

Three men - they -

come barreling around the corner - into Sikes' FIST. He DROPS the first rowdy, pulls his gun.

SIKES

On the ground. Face down.

FIRST ROWDY

Hey, Sikes? It's me, Johnny. C'mon man, we were just -

SIKES

Doing a little slag-bashing? On the ground! Cathy, dial 911 on that phone.

SECOND ROWDY

"Cathy?" - When'd you turn into a slag-lover, Sikes?

Sikes glares at him.

**INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SIKES**

is helping the disheveled Cathy into her Cluttered place.

SIKES

Well, I'm glad to see you're no model o'neatness either.

CATHY

(re her torn clothes)  
Particularly at present.

SIKES

How y'doin'?

CATHY

I'm shakier now. I knew there were people like them around, but it was hard to believe.

SIKES

Why?

CATHY

Down at the Med Center where I work, everybody gets along great. Human or Newcomer doesn't matter. You're valued for what's in your head - not what shape it is.

(moving to the bedroom)

- Listen, there's some sodas in the fridge.

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

Help yourself.

SIKES

No, that's okay I'll...

She is taking off her clothes in the bedroom, unaware that a configuration of mirrors is giving Sikes an INTIMATE VIEW.

SIKES

...Maybe just... have...

CATHY

Grab me a diet something, huh? How'd you get to be a cop?

SIKES

(still peeking)

Spent so much time in jail as a kid it seemed like home.

CATHY

Seriously?

He cranes his neck slightly, gets an even more tantalizing glimpse of her semi-nude body. Apart from the strange speckling that extends down her back, she looks very inviting.

SIKES

...Yeah. Ran with a gang. This one cop got tireda busting me, got me into the Police Athletic League. "Channeled my antisocial aggressiveness into sports."

CATHY

So you're not anti-social anymore?

SIKES

Just to my ex-wife.

CATHY

Been divorced long?

SIKES

'Bout a year...

CATHY

Your idea or hers?

SIKES

(hers)

...Mine. It was time, y'know. Got married too young. Our daughter was born twenty minutes later. Sorta missed our adolescence...

She's nearly dressed. Sikes breaks away. Opens the fridge.

SIKES

Thank God. No dead raccoons or -

CATHY

No, I'm a herbivore.

(off his look)

Vegetarian.

SIKES

With good ears. What's this?

She takes out a soda as he examines a geometric object.

CATHY

You'd call it something like a focal point. Part of my religion.

SIKES

(knowledgeably)

Oh yeah, ...Andarko and Celine.

CATHY

You know about the Celinists? No, mine's different, you'd say more "Eastern." Internal.

SIKES

Y'mean you all have different religions?

'Course. Why not?

(sipping a soda)

God, weird as it is for us to have you

(MORE)

SIKES (CONT'D)

here, it must be really strange for you.  
Were you born on the ship, too?

CATHY

We all were.

SIKES

Ever notice any particular smell in the  
air?

CATHY

(glancing at him)

What do you mean?

SIKES

I dunno. Just anything different from  
ordinary air? With that spectacular nose of  
yours?

CATHY

(carefully?)

Well... I did notice the air was different  
once we were outside, but I think it was  
just the smog. ...Why do you ask?!

SIKES

...Just curious.

(sipping his soda)

Y'know, what's always been the most  
peculiar to me is... I mean here's this  
ship with a quarter million slaves, right?  
And it never shows up where it's supposed  
to. I mean, didn't anybody notice?

CATHY

You'd think so, wouldn't you?

SIKES

Damn right. And aren't they ever gonna come  
looking?

CATHY

...Maybe they will.

Her eyes have grown distant. Sikes watches her.

**INT. THE POLICE HOLDING TANK - NIGHT - THE LATINO**

is on the pay phone, scratching his arm, speaking in Spanish:

THE LATINO

Ysabel? It's Tito. Listen, where they holding Marcos? I gotta- What?! Yeah yeah put him on.

**INT. A CORNER OF AN EAST L.A. APARTMENT - NIGHT - INTERCUT**

A burly Latino (MARCOS) takes the phone from a woman.

MARCOS

Yeah?

TITO

They told me they busted you, man!

MARCOS

No way.

TITO

(pissed)

Aw, those suckers! You better watch out, they know we took the stiff.

(scratching his arm)

MARCOS

You tell 'em where we dumped it?

TITO

Yeah, but it was gone. Look, I need some bail money, man.

MARCOS

Yeah, yeah, don't panic. I'll call Joe.

Marcos has turned and is rubbing a red RASH on his cheek.

TITO

Well hurry up, man, they got me in the slam with a bunch o'rotten slags.

Tito hangs up. Scratches his arm again. Looks down at it, there is a red RASH on it, just like Marcos. But Tito has more important things to worry about. ...So he thinks.

**ACT FOUR**

**INT. THE POLICE STATION - DAY - ALBERT THE JANITOR**

is wheeling along a service cart with fire extinguishers. He pauses where an old one is mounted on the wall, removes it and goes to work unscrewing the mount. Grazer passes by.

GRAZER

What's going down, Lightnin'?

ALBERT

Re-replacing the C02 fire extinguishers, Captain Grazer.

GRAZER

Oh yeah, you guys got a problem with C02, doncha?

ALBERT

Just when it's c-concentrated.

Sikes & George pass by, the camera follows...

SIKES

Yeah, slavery. That's what most of the file is about. I haven't gotten through it all yet, there's a mountain of stuff. Tuggs' great-grandfather was a slave. He was always studying about it.

GEORGE

So when our slave ship landed here it gave him a first hand opportunity.

SIKES

I guess so - but how does that tie to that abandoned plant in his notes? And if he was onto something...

GEORGE

(pondering)

How exactly did he die?

SIKES

Shoot out. I told you.

(As Sikes describes the

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

following, we'll see pieces  
of it in FLASHBACK using  
scenes from the motion  
picture.)

SIKES

We spotted a robbery going down. They offered  
a shopkeeper, then opened up on us. He  
ducked behind a car. Pulled a guy out of  
it.

MAN IN CAR

Hey, what's happening

TUGGS

Hi there sir, how are you? Y'mind steppin'  
out here for a second, we got a bit of  
trouble. ...Thank ya.

SIKES

Then the sl- The Newcomer inside switched  
artillery.

The powerful rifle BLOWS a hole right through the car next  
to a startled Tuggs! He backs along the car - as additional  
shells BLAST through.

SIKES

I was pinned. Couldn't cover him. Some  
partner, huh?

GEORGE

I'm sure you did the best you could.

SIKES

(not convinced)

...Yeah. Anyway, Old Tuggs ran out of cover  
- he was leaning back against the car and  
the last shell... went right through him.

GEORGE

Awful. Did you actually see it?

SIKES

No. By the time I got to him it was over.

GEORGE

I'm really sorry.

SIKES

Yeah.

GEORGE

And the autopsy showed he died from that wound?

SIKES

What?

GEORGE

Was there an autopsy?

SIKES

(flaring)

He had a three inch hole in his chests  
Y'think he died from slipping on a banana  
peel?

A CRASH off camera. They look over to see that

ALBERT

has just dropped one of the heavy CO2 extinguishers which  
tips over and lands on Dobbs' foot! He yelps! Hops back  
falling over a chair.

DOBBS

You stupid - ahhg!

ALBERT

Oh! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

Albert grabs for the extinguisher - the wrong way - it  
fires a cloud of CO2 right into his face. His eyes roll  
back and he falls flat out cold behind a desk.

The Forensics Doctor, Lee, walks right through the midst of  
the tangle as if nothing were happening. Goes to Sikes.

LEE

That stuff you found was slag skin,  
alright. My trusty assistant, Stepn'  
Fetchit, verified it himself.

SIKES

How about the slimy stuff from the laundry  
truck.

LEE

Weird crap. We're working on it.

GEORGE

Did you do an autopsy on Sergeant Tuggles?

LEE

(surprised, annoyed)

- What?

GRAZER

Hey - gotta roll on a 602.

(to Lee)

They want you there, too.

**EXT. GEORGE'S STREET - DAY - SUSAN**

is jogging, wearing a lived-in sweat suit. She's been at it  
a while, and tiring, but determined. Then ahead of her she  
sees a FEMALE NEWCOMER, walking the same direction. Unusual  
for this neighborhood. Her clothes are poor, but clean.  
Susan reaches her just as the female starts up a walk  
toward a house.

SUSAN

Hiya.

THE FEMALE

...Hello.

SUSAN

Nice t'see another shiny head. I Didn't  
know anybody lived around here but us.

THE FEMALE

You live near here?

SUSAN

Three houses up on the right.

THE FEMALE

Oh, well, I don't. I just-

ANOTHER WOMAN'S VOICE

Miranda?

They look up to see the fifty-ish HOMEOWNER. Red hair and clothes are trendy but overdone.

TEE HOMEOWNER

Get on up here, girl. I suppose you're going to tell me the bus was late again.

THE FEMALE

Yes, maam it-

THE HOMEOWNER

Never mind, just get on in here and get to work. And what'd I tell you about not bringing your friends along-

(to Susan)

You get along, missy. You're probably late for your job, too.

The homeowner turns abruptly and hustles her Newcomer maid inside. Susan stares after them, amazed, amused, and pissed.

**EXT. A STREET ON THE GRITTY EDGE OF SLAGTOWN - DAY**

Sikes and George are moving from their car past other black and whites toward an alley that's been cordoned off.

SIKES

What we got?

PUENTE

Another lovely.

She leads them to the body of an old BAG WOMAN. Her skin is splotted with UGLY SORES. Lee is kneeling nearby.

SIKES

Like the vagrant.

GEORGE

No, it doesn't look the same. What's that smell?

LEE

Formic acid. He's right. These aren't infectious sores like that bum had. These are acid burns. That's what killed her.

SIKES

I never heard of formic acid.

GEORGE

Formic... Latin for "ant?"

LEE

(a surprised glance)

Yeah. It's found in ants... and a few other insects. Also used industrially. Formica.

SIKES

Looks like somebody threw the whole kitchen counter at her.

GEORGE

Anybody see anything?

PUENTE

(rolling her eyes)

Oh yeah.

TWO STREET PEOPLE STANDING NEARBY

Reporter Burns glides into the b.g. quietly with his camera.

FIRST STREETPERSON

(wide-eyed)

I only seen bits and pieces of it in the shadows, but it was like something out of a nightmare.

SIKES

What?

FIRST STREETPERSON

Black. Part shiny. 'Bout seven or eight feet tall. With these pincher kinda things on its face. With six arms and -

SIKES

Aw, c'mon-

SECOND STREETPERSON

It did not have six arms!

SIKES

Thank you. Now -

SECOND STREETPERSON

It only had four.

A pause. Sikes stares at the person. In the b.g., Burns reacts also.

SECOND STREETPERSON

And it wasn't all shiny either. Parts of it seemed sort of bristly-like.

Sikes stares at this one a moment, then sighs. Speaks loudly:

SIKES

Alright, let's fan out. Cover this whole area inch by inch. Puente, get a couple more units in here.

**INT. THE BROKEN DOWN WAREHOUSE - DAY - BUCK**

is working on the back of a TV. His gang buddies are sprawled around, drinking sour milk.

BUCK

{Anything?}

SVABO

{I think y'got it.}  
(twisting a dial)  
(Yeah, check it out!

(MORE)

SVABO (CONT'D)

}  
ANGLE ON THE TV - GERALDO RIVERA  
is interviewing several people, including  
THE WOMAN PURIST who was inciting the mob  
at Emily's school.

THE PURIST

There's a real danger, I'm telling you!

GERALDO

Yes, you've said that again and again, Mrs.  
Brett, but if you'll forgive me it sounds a  
little hysterical. What I-

A MAN (PURIST LEADER)

It's not hysterical. What we Purists stand  
for is very simple - and very wholesome: we  
don't want our kids polluted by their kind.

GERALDO

And you'll use force if necessary?

THE PURIST LEADER

We are committed to using whatever means  
necessary.

Audience REACTION, both pro and con, is heard. Someone  
shouts, "You ought to be committed." Geraldo turns to  
another MAN who sits beside a distinguished NEWCOMER.

GERALDO

Alright, but Dr. Burwitz, is there any sort  
of medical basis for Mrs. Brett's claim  
that the Newcomers could be carrying a  
virus that makes AIDS look like chicken  
pox?

DR. HURWITZ

Well... We have no evidence that such a  
virus exists.

GERALDO

But it could exist?

DR. HURWITZ

Well, there were those of us who argued that the quarantine period may not have been sufficiently long enough to thoroughly isolate extraterrestrial bacteria, but-

GERALDO

So such a virus could exist.

THE PURIST LEADER

And that's exactly why we never should have let the damned aliens out - And now this elitist conspiracy to give them the vote.

THE DISTINGUISHED NEWCOMER

Can we please stick to the subject we agreed on -

THE PURIST LEADER

(flaring)

Don't you tell me what to stick to, you filthy slag!

THE NEWCOMER

(rising to leave)

Excuse me...

THE PURIST LEADER

(jumping up)

Just sit the hell back down there, boy - we want some straight answers and we want-

The Newcomer struggles to rise. The Purist Leader grapples with him. Geraldo intervenes. The audience REACTS wildly!

BLENTU

{Shut up, jerk.}

He flips the channel. A BASKETBALL GAME comes on. The camera follows two NEWCOMER PLAYERS. They are DAZZLING.

ANNOUNCER

And once again the two newest additions to the Bruins proved that their skills could leave their opponents in the dust. Chip Weston and Nicholas Nickleby led their team

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

to a staggering 113 to 75 upset over Loyola. Prompting Coach Jim Harrick to quip that other teams oughta be allowed to play with seven men against UCLA.

The crowd, which includes several Newcomers is cheering wildly, carrying the Newcomer heroes on their shoulders. Even Buck and some of the toughs are pleased, "Alright! Show the terts! Way to go!" etc. Until Svabo and Blentu SMIRK.

BLENTU

{Stupid sellouts.}

SVABO

{Yeah.}

Buck tries to adopt their attitude. Nods. Wants to fit in.

BUCK

{...Yeah.}

**EXT. THE WAREHOUSE - ACROSS THE STREET - TWO BLACK YOUTHS**

peer from an alley. One is the young tough who had seen Buck and company yesterday. He is pointing out to the other where Buck's gang has taken up residence. The youths look vengeful.

**INT. EMILY'S CLASSROOM - DAY - EMILY & JILL**

are alone in the room. The others are playing outside.

JILL

I got it out of the stuff we use for the drama club. I thought it might make you feel... well...

She pulls a wig out of her desk. It's brown and a little It tattered. Emily looks at it.

EMILY

I'm not sure.

JILL

Oh, go on and try it.

EMILY

How do you put it -

JILL

Here, like this. That's it. No, more around this way...

EMILY

Oww, wait...that hurts. Here...

She bends her head down and fidgets with it a moment, then rises up. The wig is askew and doesn't really fit her head.

EMILY

What do you think?

JILL

Well...

(starting to giggle)

MARS (O.S.)

I think it's hysterical

Emily looks toward the door where a bunch of the kids have started coming in. They all shriek with LAUGHTER as they see her. Emily is mortified. She looks at Jill, who can't suppress her own GIGGLE.

Emily's eyes well with angry tears. She pulls the wig off and throws it in Jill's face - then runs out the back door.

**EXT. THE EDGE OF SLAGTOWN - DAY - OFFICER PUENTE**

PUENTE

Here! Over here!

Sikes & George and a few others come to her, peer down into some rubble. Burns joins them. Puente is very nervous.

PUENTE

What the hell by that?

Sikes & George move slowly down closer to what appears to be part of a leg - but hollow. George uses a stick to lift aside some trash paper revealing

THE SKIN OF A NEWCOMER

Dried out, husk-like, as if it has been SHED like a snakeskin. He indicates a MOIST TRAIL that stretches away.

SIKES

Look at that... It looks like something came outta the skin and dragged itself away. ...What the hell happened here? ...George?

George seems mesmerized. Sikes is getting edgy.

SIKES

George? This looks like some kinda damned metamorphosis! What's going on? George!?

GEORGE

I... don't know what to say. I've never seen... anything...

SIKES

You haven't? You haven't!?! Look at that Skin! It's one of you! or it was. What was inside of it, George?

GEORGE

I don't know, Matt, I-

SIKES

(grabbing his arm)

Level with me, dammit! What was inside of it? Is it inside all the Newcomers?

George is silent. Sikes is suddenly chilled. Speaks low...

SIKES

Good God... Is the same thing inside of you?

(no answer)

Is it?!

GEORGE

(very quietly)

...How could it be?

SIKES

I don't know You tell me, dammit!

GEORGE

Matt...

SIKES

(exploding)

Tell me, you damned slag, or I'll-

He's shaking George violently, but George stares at him, stoically. Sikes snarls, shoves him down and storms off. Burns is CLICKING OFF some shots of the shed skin.

**INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - SUSAN'S MAKESHIFT ART ROOM - NIGHT**

Susan has sculpted the face of the pissy Homeowner woman she encountered earlier. It's an excellent likeness. Susan looks at it a moment, then PUNCHES her fist hard into it. Now she feels better.

George has entered through the back door. Susan is still looking at the bust, she doesn't see that George is darkly preoccupied.

SUSAN

Hi, honey... Listen, we've gotta talk. Emmy had a real rough day and Buck's school called. ...He's never been there.

George stops. Looks at her. Flares, heads out of the kitchen.

SUSAN

George. Wait. I want us to do it together. George!

**INT. BUCK'S ROOM - BUCK**

is thrumming on his instrument, making an interesting rhythm, when George steamrolls in fiercely and grabs him - scaring the living shit out of him.

BUCK

What!! What, dad!! wait!!

George SLAMS him up against the walls Bellows at him -

GEORGE

- Listen you little ingrate slag, I've worked my ass off so you can have a better life and won't have to live like a damn slave - and I'll be damned if I'm gonna let you piss away your Chances! I catch you ditching any more school - or catch you running with those smartass hoods, I'll have your head in a buckets - Got that?! You GOT THAT!?

BUCK

(mumbling angrily)

...Yeah... yeah...

George slings him to the floor and stands glowering. Buck starts to say something. Stops.

GEORGE

(snapping)

What.

BUCK

You don't want to hear it.

GEORGE

You got something to say, say it.

BUCK

I think you're just roasting me cause of the crap you eat at your job.

GEORGE

(bristling)

I'm roasting you cause you're turning into a little screw-up slag who's ditching school-

BUCK

- And because crap rolls downhill.

George is furious. He raises his hand to hit Buck.

BUCK

Go on - but just remember, man, I didn't like amp you to move here!

(MORE)

BUCK (CONT'D)

I didn't ask ya t'sell your soul t'the  
terts.

They stare at each other angrily. Finally George just  
chuckles bitterly. Shakes his head. ...And leaves.

**INT. AN APARTMENT - NIGHT - A TELEPHONE**

is RINGING. A hand picks it up. It is Burns.

BURNS

Yeah, hello?

A MAN'S VOICE

This Burns?

BURNS

Yeah.

THE MAN'S VOICE

I seen it.

BURNS

Seen what? Who is this?

THE MAN'S VOICE

I seen the thing that come outta the skin.

BURNS

(antenna up now)

Where?

THE MAN'S VOICE

You pay me?

BURNS

Yeah. If it really is something.

THE MAN'S VOICE

Oh... it's somethin' alright. ...But you  
better hurry.

BURNS

Where are you?

THE MAN'S VOICE

413 east washington. Alley by the liquor  
store. Better hurry.

The phone goes dead. Burns stares at it. Hangs up. Runs  
off.

**ACT FIVE**

**EXT. A GRITTY STREET BORDERING SLAGTOWN - NIGHT**

Burns hurries across the wet pavement toward a liquor store which also has a display of brand name sour milk in the window. Then he catches sight of a man waving to him from the shadows. He looks a bit healthier than the average street person.

BURNS

You the guy who called?

THE INFORMANT

Yeah.

BURNS

Where is it?

THE INFORMANT

Let's see some bread, man.

BURNS

Take me to it first.

THE INFORMANT

No bread, no bug, baby.

BURNS

Alright, here.

(handing some cash)

THE INFORMANT

Get serious. Worth more than -

BURNS

After I get a shot of it.

THE INFORMANT

(weighs it, then)

Awright, awright... Down here.

He shuffles down the dark alley. Burns follows, nervously readying his camera.

**INT. SIKES' APARTMENT - NIGHT - SIKES**

has a cup of tea and Tuggs' files spread before him. He's squinting at a particular file with the handwritten title, "Newcomers - Slaves from Deep Space." He mumbles Tuggs' words.

SIKES

"And from two of them I have heard a word that sounds like..." What the hell is that word? "...'Kleeze-antz-un' - but so far I've been unable to get a meaningful translation. It seems to be a word that they deny knowledge of - or that frightens them."

Sikes looks up with a thoughtful frown.

**INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - HER TELEPHONE**

is ringing in the dark apartment. She's just coming in when her answering machine picks up.

CATHY'S VOICE

Hi, this is Cathy. Leave word-

CATHY

(picking up the phone)

Hang on, hang on. Hello?

**INT. THE SHADOWY ROOM - NIGHT - THE NEWCOMER SURGEON**

THE NEWCOMER SURGEON

Cathy Frankel? ...{Jelana Vray?}

CATHY

{Yes?}

THE NEWCOMER SURGEON

{It's Ramna.}

CATHY

(drawing a breath)

{What do you want?}

RAMNA  
{We need your help.}

CATHY  
(tight-lipped)  
{My help? I'm sure you can get along quite  
well without-}

RAMNA  
{Please, Jelana, it's very-}

CATHY  
{I have nothing to say to you. Don't call  
me again.}

She hangs up the phone. Stares at it. Then a KNOCK at her door startles her. she moves to it, warily

CATHY  
Who's there?

SIKES (O.S.)  
Me. Sikes.

She opens the door. He's got Tuggs' file in his hands.

SIKES  
Got a sec?

CATHY  
Sure.

He eyes her a minute. Wondering if her skin might come off.

CATHY  
What is it?

SIKES  
(shows her the file)  
Uhh... what does this word mean? "Kleeze-  
antz-un?"

Sikes notices that she has a slight reaction to the word. ...Then she pronounces it in the Newcomer language:

CATHY

{"Kleeze-antz-un."} - What is this paper?

SIKES

My partner was working on this before he got killed. Always interested in slavery. Used t'say he was gonna write a book someday. Guess he started talking t'some of you about being slaves.

(flipping pages)

He couldn't understand why you all were so... here it is... "One of the most curious aspects of Newcomers slavery was their apparent submissiveness."

CATHY

Yes. We were completely submissive.

SIKES

Why?

CATHY

(a shrug)

We just were. Since then I've often wondered myself. I can't imagine being that way now.

SIKES

I can't imagine being that way at all. "None of them remembers any example of revolt among the slaves such as Sparticus among the Greeks, or John Brown in America. What's more, none of them could remember anyone to revolt against - Is that right?

CATHY

...Yes.

SIKES

So who ran the ship? Who were you slaves for?

CATHY

We never saw anyone but ourselves.

SIKES

And we never found out who the ones were flying your ship 'cause it blew up so soon after it got here. 'course, whoever was in charge coulda just blended in with the rest of you.

CATHY

If they looked like us, yes.

SIKES

(a beat)

Okay, what about this word?

CATHY

(troubled)

It's a very old word.

SIKES

Meaning...

CATHY

It's hard to translate... I -

SIKES

Tuggs was right, you are frightened of it.

CATHY

(a breath)

I guess we are. It's strange. It's a very deep fear, like a child frightened of the dark.

SIKES

Why?

CATHY

I don't know.

(off his look)

I really don't. It's almost subconscious... it's...

SIKES

So what does it mean?

CATHY

...There are really two meanings - one would be like "Lord-over" or "Seeingover..."

SIKES

"Overseer?" - That's what the men were called who whipped the American slaves in line back in the 1800's.

(pondering)

You said there were two meanings... what was the other?

CATHY

(looking at him)

...Demon.

**EXT. THE ALLEY NEAR SLAGTOWN - NIGHT - BURNS & THE INFORMANT**

Make their way down a ragged hillside. The L.A. skyline can be seen in the b.g., but the f.g. is very unsettling: a dump with abandoned cars, ratty furniture, and a large concrete tunnel, spattered with graffiti, which disappears into the ominous darkness of the hillside. The Informant points.

BURNS

In there?

THE INFORMANT

Yeah. Musta gone back in. I seen it around the outside. Draggin' So something.

BURNS

What?

THE INFORMANT

I dunno. Mighta been a body.

BURNS

How long ago?

THE INFORMANT

Just before I -

With a FEARSOME SHRIEK - THE CREATURE is upon them!

The action and cutting are frenetic Giving only IMPRESSIONISTIC GLIMPSES as Burns and The Informant try to fend off the beast! It is definitely INSECT-LIKE and taller than they are! It slashes at them with frightening, pincher-like claws on the ends of two long, and two shorter arms!

What we glimpse of the body is black, part husk-like, part bristling, and shiny with slime!

Burns tries to bring his camera up, but it is knocked away. The Creature's horrific face rears up in the shadows over Burns. Before he can get a good look, a spray of liquid causes his clothes to smoke and smolder. It's acid!

He yelps and scrambles to one side, clutching his hand and leg which have also been ravaged by the acid. He hears SCREAMS:

THE INFORMANT

No! Help me! For God's Sakes

Burns looks back, dazed, and sees The Informant being dragged off quickly toward the tunnel by the thick-legged beast.

BURNS

Help! Somebody! HELP!

Burns struggles against his pain, grabs his camera, and fires off a few flash photos just before The Creature disappears into the darkness and The Informant's cries are drowned in a hideous gurgle!

Burns lies on the filthy ground, breathing hard, panicked.

**INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

SIKES

And that's all you saw?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE GEORGE & BURNS

who is trussed up in a hospital bed. George is BLINKING more than normal.

BURNS

That's enough, doncha think? They find the other guy?

GEORGE

No. Not yet.

BURNS

(proudly)

Y'see my photo.

SIKES

Yeah.

He's looking at it. Fuzzy, but clear enough to be alarming.

BURNS

Ever see anything like it?

SIKES

...I haven't.

Sikes is doing his best not to look at George. The strain between them is palpable. George BLINKS again.

GEORGE

Mr. Burns, I'd like you to consider asking your publisher not to print this.

BURNS

(incredulous)

What? You gotta be - Is he kidding!? You got something t'hide, pal?

Sikes waits for an answer to that one, too.

GEORGE

No. I do not. I just hate to see the public alarmed unnecessarily.

BURNS

Unnecess - ! What do ya think sprayed me with formic acid? A butterfly? There's something really dangerous out there and the public has a right to know.

GEORGE

I just think until we-

BURNS

Forget it. We got a special edition hitting the streets right now, and it's already on the wires.

George stares at him a moment. Gives up. Blinks. Heads out.

GEORGE

I have an appointment this morning, Matt. I'll be back at the station shortly.  
(he leaves)

BURNS

(low)

Better watch out for him, man. we better watch out for all of 'em.

Sikes looks at Burns, who nods to emphasize his point.

**INT. A KITCHEN - DAY - DIANE**

the woman who had brought Susan the flowers at the beginning is watching her TV with some concern. Burns' photo is onscreen.

TV ANNOUNCER

And since the release of this photo, reactions have run the spectrum from humorous skepticism to outright fear. Opinion polls show a major drop in those who were for the passage of Proposition 16 - the Constitutional Amendment which would give a new species - the Newcomers - the right to vote. Critics of Newcomers were very outspoken:

Diane's doorbell RINGS as the Purist Leader appears onscreen.

THE PURIST LEADER

We have every reason to be frightened. We have never encountered their kind before, and we don't yet know how different they  
(MORE)

THE PURIST LEADER (CONT'D)  
may be from us!

Diane has moved to the back door, opening it to find

SUSAN  
Hi.

DIANE  
Oh. Hi.

Diane tries to cover her uneasiness with a smile. And can't. Susan senses it immediately. Holds up some flowers.

SUSAN  
I... uh... wanted to bring you these.  
They're from the plant you brought us.

DIANE  
Oh. Great. Thanks.

SUSAN  
I was really pleased. I've usually got sort of a black thumb, every time I look at a plant it leans over and-

DIANE  
I'm sorry, I left somebody hanging on the phone.

SUSAN  
Oh. Well, sure. Thanks again.

DIANE  
Yeah.

She closes the door. Stands inside looking at the flowers like they might be diseased. Susan stands outside. A beat.

**EXT. AN AUTO SALVAGE YARD - DAY - A NEWCOMER MANAGER**

leads George among wrecked autos. Notices George BLINKING.

THE MANAGER  
Right down this way. Gettin' a cold, huh?

GEORGE  
(rubbing his eyes)  
Yeah.

THE MANAGER  
Just got over one. Ain't one thing it's  
another. See that bug story they're layin'  
on us now? What a loada crap. There it is.

He points toward a dark station wagon. There are a series  
of two-inch holes blown out down the side of it.

THE MANAGER  
Poor guy... what was his name?

GEORGE  
Tuggs.

THE MANAGER  
Yeah. Never had a chance. Lookit them  
holes.

George walks slowly along beside the car. Touching the  
holes. There is dried blood around the last one.

THE MANAGER  
That's where he bought it. You're lucky  
it's still here. Order came down to scrap  
it a week ago. I just been too busy.

GEORGE  
...Who signed the order?

THE MANAGER  
Have t'check.

GEORGE  
Would you?

The man nods and walks away. George looks more closely at  
the last hole - then notices a much smaller hole nearby it.  
He inspects it carefully - reacting to something unusual.

**EXT. EMILY'S SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY - MARK**

in his wheelchair, and two other boys are Suppressing  
giggles as they approach Emily who is eating by herself and  
reading. Just as they get up to her, one of the boys whips

out a can of BUG SPRAY and sends a cloud of it at Emily.

MARK

Oh no! RAID'S HERE!

The other boys shout out in mock terror, "Raid! Oh Not Argghh! etc." grab at their throats and fall "dead" across the table.

Emily closes her book. Gets up almost regally, and leaves them convulsed with LAUGHTER behind her. Jill is coming toward her with a tray full of lunch.

JILL

Hey, Em, I was just -

EMILY

Why don't you go play with your friends.

JILL

Hey, c'mon, I -

But Emily's gone. Jill stares after her. Turns gruffly.

JILL

Fine. Forget it.

**INT. THE POLICE STATION - SIKES**

SIKES

(hanging up his phone)  
'Nother report of slag-bashing.

GEORGE

(walking in)  
Hey. Y'mind?

SIKES

What can I tell ya, man.

GEORGE

You can tell me it's "an assault."

George looks away, blinking. Sikes gives him a prissy look behind his back. Albert approaches, with some old clothes.

ALBERT

Lt. S-Sikes? ...These what y'had in mind?

SIKES

Yeah... perfect. Try that on.

He throws an old raincoat at George, who grits his teeth and BLINKS several times.

GEORGE

What is this for?

SIKES

Something wrong with your eyes?

GEORGE

What's this for?

SIKES

I'm taking y'to a dress-up affair tonight.  
Want ya t'fit in, ...if that's possible.  
What's wrong with your eyes.

GEORGE

I have a cold.

SIKES

What're y'talkin' about? When y'get a cold  
y'get a runny nose. Y'sneeze.

GEORGE

We blink.

SIKES

(a chuckle)

Oh, gimme a break. I'd hate t'think of what  
happens when you're constipated!

George finally blows. Grabs Sikes by the collar, angrily pulls him up face to face. Everyone around them reacts.

GEORGE

Whey we're constipated we go into  
cataleptic fits! We usually grab the  
nearest human - particularly if he's  
smartass cop - and throw him out a window.

Sikes tries to shake free, but George tightens his grip and

LIFTS SIKES off the floor!

GEORGE

- I can't help being a Newcomer any more than Yam can help having a skull full of manure. So let's try to overlook each other's peculiarities, shall we?

He throws Sikes back down into his chair. Before Sikes can decide how to react, George throws an envelope into his lap.

SIKES

What the hell is this?

GEORGE

(low, angry)

I found it inside the car Tuggs was hiding behind.

In the envelope is a long, narrow bullet.

SIKES

What?

GEORGE

It came from in front, not behind. I think it's what killed him.

(leaning closer)

Too bad they weren't aiming at you.

He turns on his heel and leaves Sikes behind. Stunned.

CAPTAIN GRAZER

has come out of his office. Speaks aside to Dobbs...

GRAZER

What's the problem?

DOBBS

Just what happens when y'promote 'em, Captain. They get uppity.

**EXT/INT. BROREN-DOWN WAREHOUSE (FROM SCENE 1) - LATE DAY**

Buck and his gang are bringing in more stolen furniture.

SVABO

{Yeah, this's great man! Just like home!}

BLENTU

{Better'n home.}

BUCK

{Damn straight.}

Suddenly part of a wall crashes down, revealing EIGHT BLACK YOUTHS. Tough-looking and dangerous.

THE BLACK LEADER

You picked the wrong place to hunker,  
slags!

And they erupt at Buck's gang, one has a CO2 extinguisher!  
It's spray incapacitates one of the Newcomers.

THE BLACK LEADER

How 'bout a little salt water, dude!?

He squirts it right in Svabo's face! Svabo yelps as the  
water burns and smokes on his skin like acid!

Buck dives onto the black leader. The fighting is furious -  
hand to hand - and the blacks quickly realize they may have  
underestimated the Newcomers' prodigious strength.

Svabo throws one through a window.

Blentu fights his way through the CO2, grabs his opponent  
throat. Slugs him mercilessly.

Another black kid dives on Buck, knocking him down into the  
area where The Vagrant had been in scene one. Buck gets  
some of the SLIME on his jacket.

The blacks pound him, but Buck's fury is no match for them.  
He hurls the one away, bouncing him off a wall. During the  
struggle, a real PISTOL falls from one kid's pocket. Buck  
looks up to see the leader pull out a pistol of his own -  
and FIRE a SHOT at Buck.

Buck scrambles across the floor, scoops up the fallen  
pistol as another BULLET RICOCHETS near him. He rolls over  
and FIRES - hitting the leader in the stomachs The youth  
drops, gasping.

Buck stares - amazed and frightened. The others have reacted to the shot - startled! The blacks break off the fight, panicky, two rush to their leader, SHOUTING EPITHETS at the Newcomers. There are distant SIRENS approaching.

SVABO

Out! Get him out or we'll kill you all!

The blacks retreat, carrying their badly wounded comrade. The Newcomer gang is jubilant around Buck.

BLENTU

{Great shot, Finiksa!}

SVABO

{Yeah! You see that sucker fold up! Boom?!}

BLENTU

{I think you killed him, man! That'll teach 'em!}

The SIRENS are closer.

SVABO

{C'mon, let's dust it.}

They start to run off, look back at Buck who's frozen in place, pulse racing, breathing hard, staring.

BLENTU

{Finiksa! C'mon, man!}

Buck comes into the moment. Pockets the gun. Runs with them.

**INT. SIKES' APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT - A NEWCOMER**

moves to Cathy's door. Knocks gently. She opens it. Is surprised to see the Newcomer surgeon, RAMNA. Her first instinct is to close the door in his face.

RAMNA

Jelana, please, I assure you it's a matter of great importance or I never would've come. Please put the past behind us.

A beat. Cathy is very reluctant.

RAMNA

It's truly a matter of life and death...  
most probably death.

She stares - just as Sikes comes out of his door - dressed  
in the old ratty clothes. By explanation he winks, says:

SIKES

Late date.

Cathy forces a little smile, preoccupied with Ramna, whom  
she admits and closes the door.

**INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - GEORGE, SUSAN & EMILY**

GEORGE

Maybe the girl... Jill... was trying to  
help you before, Em. When she gave you the  
wig.

EMILY

But then she laughed with the rest of them,  
daddy.

GEORGE

And that hurts, I know. I feel badly at  
work sometimes... get angrier than I  
should... It's... going to take a little  
time, Em... But it'll -

Susan gets up abruptly. Walks out. George keeps focused.

GEORGE

- It'll change. You'll see. ...You have  
much homework?

EMILY

A little. About Indians.

GEORGE

Oh - I'd like to hear about that. I'll be  
right back, okay?

**INT. THEIR LAUNDRY ROOM - SUSAN**

is loading the washer. Tight-lipped. The back door opens  
and Buck enters. Wired. Overly cheerful. Even Kisses her.

BUCK

Hey, mom. How's it going

SUSAN

...About like usual. Give me that jacket,  
you've got something all over it.

He strips it off. A bit of the SLIME brushes onto Susan's  
arm, but she ignores it as George enters.

GEORGE

Sus...

BUCK

Hey, pops. Be down in a minute.

He exits. George glances after him, curious about Buck's  
upbeat attitude. Then looks at his wife.

GEORGE

Sus, we've really both got to -

SUSAN

It's hard for me sometimes at S.C., but at  
least I'm older.

GEORGE

Does everyone treat you badly?

SUSAN

Of course not. And the ones who do I can  
deal with. But Emmy's only nine, I can't  
stand it when people hurt her. I hate it,  
George. I hate it!

GEORGE

So do I, Sus. But we -

THEIR LIVING ROOM WINDOW

is SHATTERED as a rock CRASHES through its - Emily screams:

EMILY

Momma!! MOMMA!

George and Susan rush in. Susan pulls Emily into a doorway.

SUSAN

Em! Emmy!?! Are you okay!?!?

BUCK

(running in)

What happened?!?

George has run to look out the window. He sees

A PICK UP TRUCK IN THE STREET - INTERCUT

peeling away with a few men, including a couple of blacks, on the back. Shouting "Dirty slags!" - "Damn BUG people!" - "Go back to Slagtown!" - "Get the hell out!" - "We're gonna exterminate ya!" - George and Buck watch them speed away.

SUSAN

Do you see! Do you SEE, dammit!

GEORGE

Sus -

SUSAN

NO! DON'T START! It's not worth it, George! Nothing's worth this! I don't want my children to go through this anymore, do you hear me!?! I want to go back. I'd rather live in that Slagtown hovel for the rest of my life-

GEORGE

And how about the rest of their lives? And their children's lives?

SUSAN

It's not worth it, George. Not to me.

(exiting with Emily)

...Not for my kids.

George stares after her. Then looks back at Buck, who stands in the middle of the shattered glass, feeling the weight of the rock in his hand - and looking off into the night.

**ACT SIX**

**INT. CAPTAIN GRAZER'S OFFICE - DAY - SIKES**

is entering. Grazer looks up.

GRAZER

Hey Sikes, have fun playin' homeless last night?

SIKES

Almost as much fun as bein' a captain.

GRAZER

Hey. I'm sorry they promoted me and not you, okay? You and George see any bugs last night?

SIKES

No. And I was out on my own. He had a problem at home.

GRAZER

Sounded like you two had a problem here yesterday. That what this is about?

SIKES

No. ...I want an autopsy on Tuggs.

GRAZER

What? He's dead and buried.

SIKES

They never did an autopsy.

GRAZER

C'mon, you saw him. So did I.

He reaches into a box and extracts a thin cigar.

SIKES - CLOSE - INTERCUT

the CAMERA moves closer as he watches Grazer light the cigar.

GRAZER

What's an autopsy gonna show?

SIKES

...Can I order one?

Grazer eyes him, rolls the cigar between his fingers...

GRAZER

...Sure.

**INT. EMILY'S SCHOOL - MAIN OFFICE - DAY - SUSAN**

enters stiffly, aware that she's the only Newcomer in the room.

SUSAN

I'd like to see the principal.

THE RECEPTIONIST

(smiling)

You must be Emily's mother.

SUSAN

How'd you guess.

THE RECEPTIONIST

Oh, we all know which one She is. ...Y'know, I'd just like to tell you that my husband works with a couple of your kind down at that post office. And they're real polite. They're just fine.

SUSAN

I'm so glad.

The BLACK TEACHER moves through the b.g., overhearing.

THE RECEPTIONIST

Can I tell Ms. Stevens what you want to see her about?

SUSAN

Withdrawing my daughter.

THE RECEPTIONIST

Oh. I'm sorry t'hear that. Well, she's in a meeting right now. If you'd like to wait -

SUSAN

Yes. Where's the women's room?

**INT. THE WOMEN'S ROOM - SUSAN**

is rinsing off her face, looking at her tired eyes. The Black Teacher enters, washes her hands, CHUCKLES. Susan looks at her.

THE BLACK TEACHER

Just thinking about when there used t'be three kinds of restrooms.

SUSAN

Three?

THE BLACK TEACHER

Men, Women, ..and Colored.

SUSAN

...Really?

THE BLACK TEACHER

I'm old enough to have aped 'em. ...Things change, though. They do change. If you want 'em to badly enough. I remember this old black woman, Miss Jane Pittman. She used to pass this particular water fountain every day. The White Folks' water fountain. Then one day, y'know what she did? She went right up to it and took a drink.

(smiling)

Lord, but didn't all hell break loose. "Nigger drunk outta the white fountain! Nigger done this, nigger done that!" - One of 'em became the mayor of Los Angeles. One of 'em's the mayor of Atlanta. Atlanta! One of 'em ran for President. ...One of 'em will be President someday.

(she smiles, sighs)

Hard to take that first drink, though. Takes a lot of courage to be like old Miss

(MORE)

THE BLACK TEACHER (CONT'D)

Jane.

A pause. Susan looks at her for a long moment, but finally looks away.

SUSAN

...At least they weren't afraid she'd turn into an insect.

THE BLACK TEACHER

(a chuckle)

Honey, I can show you people who still think black people have rabbit blood - and that Jews have horns.

(giving her a pat)

You don't look like a cockroach t'me.

Their eyes meet again. The woman smiles and leaves. Susan stands alone. And then she looks at herself in the mirror.

**EXT. A SEEDY STREET - NIGHT - A POSTER**

says, "Vote YES on 16" - but has a big "NO" sprayed on it. Sikes & George, DRESSED AS VAGRANTS, shuffle around a corner. George is blinking less, but he and Sikes are still restrained.

SIKES

Who?

GEORGE

The guy Tuggs pulled out of the car just before he got killed.

SIKES

You talked to him?

GEORGE

Yes. Said he couldn't swear to it, but he thought he did hear a gunshot come from in front of Tuggs.

Sikes looks at him. George keeps looking forward, checking out the streets and alleys, while Sikes reviews...

SIKES

Alright. So Tuggs is doing this research on why you all were such submissive slaves, hears about these Overseers who may have been in charge of you, gets the address of a plant owned by a underworld type-

GEORGE

Which smelled like the inside of our spacecraft...

SIKES

Right. And somebody kills him - but makes it look like he died in action.

GEORGE

Maybe. Did they exhume his body?

SIKES

Yeah. Autopsy's tonight. Let's check down this alley.

GEORGE

There's nothing down there.

SIKES

It's pitch black, how - You see as well as you smell, huh?

GEORGE

Yes. How 'bout over there?

Sikes nods. They cross toward another dark street.

**INT. EMILY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - EMILY**

lies in bed reading "David Copperfield." She hears a TAP at her window. Frowns. Moves to it. Sees Jill outside. Opens it.

EMILY

What're you -

JILL

My mom went out to one of her stupid Purist meetings. I want to say I'm sorry. ...

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

I really am.

EMILY

You made me put that wig on just so they all could laugh at me. That wasn't very nice.

JILL

No, really! I thought it might make you feel better. More like one of us, you know? It just didn't work.

EMILY

(agreeing)

Yeah, it was a dumb idea. I can't be something I'm not.

JILL

Well anyway, I just wanted you to know I felt bad.

EMILY

Thanks.

JILL

My mom doesn't want me to play with you.

EMILY

Yeah, okay.

She reaches to close the window. Jill stops her.

JILL

But I want to. We could play at your house, or in the park. She wouldn't have to know, if you want.

Emily smiles.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT - BROKEN DOWN WAREHOUSE.**

SIKES

Your not blinking so much. Your cold's better, huh?

GEORGE

Yes, thank you.

SIKES

Good. So who sent down the order to have the car scrapped? "Captain" Grazer?

GEORGE

No. A man named Donald Wilks.

(off Sikes' reaction)

I take it you know him.

SIKES

Yeah. ...He's the assistant D.A.

For the first time tonight they really LOOK at each other. Then George looks off sharply, SNIFFING the air.

SIKES

What?

GEORGE

Formic acid.

They both react. George indicates a direction.

A NEARBY FACTORY AREA - GEORGE & SIKES

peer warily through industrial equipment. Their eyes widen.

THEIR POV - INTERCUT

glimpsed through the shadows is The Creature! Sikes whispers:

SIKES

Holy...! Look at that thing!

GEORGE

(into a two-way)

This is 13, we've got a target in the factory yard, 1200 Alameda. Request Air Ten.

SIKES

C'mon - we're gonna lose it.

GEORGE

...Like hell.

George takes the lead, skirting in the shadows.

They catch another glimpse of The Creature, moving through a broken door into the factory.

They edge warily along the side. Find a panel in the metal wall which is bent out. Without looking back, George slides through and inside.

THE FACTORY

which is damp, dark. Rusting heavy-duty chains and pulleys hang from the darkness above. George moves carefully. Sikes close behind, gun drawn, tense. They whisper...

GEORGE

Where'd it go?

SIKES

Beats the hell outta me.

From outside comes the sound of an approaching helicopter - and suddenly it's white-hot ARC LIGHT knives in through the overhead windows, cutting sharp streaks through the gloom - and revealing the silhouette of The Creature - on a large generator right behind and above them! It reacts! Sikes spins!

SIKES

There!!

He squeezes off three SHOTS as The Creature SHRIEKS and lands on top of him - simultaneously knocking George into a shallow concrete pit.

The helicopter roars outside. The blazing, moving streaks from its arc light provide bizarre illumination against the stark blackness as Sikes struggles in the grasp of the beast's four arms!

George is scrambling to get out of the pit!

Sikes sees an ugly sphincter in The Creature's neck articulate and he can guess what's coming - he shoves his arm in front of it, just as the acid spews out - deflecting

it from his face, but getting it on his hand! He shouts with pain! Fights harder, digging his hand into The Creature's bristling back!

George gets up to the edge of the pit, tries to get a clear shot - but is fearful of hitting Sikes. Finally he aims lower and FIRES two shots, hitting The Creature in the leg!

It SCREECHES and drops Sikes - skitters clumsily into the darkness. George rushes to him.

GEORGE

Acid?!

SIKES

On my left hand! Ahhg!

George whips out a plastic bag of white powder and pours it over Sikes wounded hand.

GEORGE

Alkali, it'll cut the acid and - What?

He sees that Sikes is looking at something clutched in his good right hand. Sikes is amazed...

SIKES

...Son of a bitch.

GEORGE

Is that a piece of it?!

Sikes leaps to his feet, furiously running after The Creature.

GEORGE

Matt? Matt!?

SIKES

(bellowing)

- It's Velcro!

GEORGE

- What!?

THE CREATURE

is scrambling through the darkness. Sikes leaps on it's

back!

SIKES

You son of a bitch!

He digs his hands into The Creature's bristling back and RIPS it apart - revealing the back of the MAN inside!

George rushes to help, and together they strong-arm the "Creature" to the floor, pulling the heavy costume back revealing the huge brute within - who still struggles - until George presses his gun against the brute's neck.

GEORGE

Stop fighting or die.

Potent words. Resistance ceases. Sikes pulls harder on the costume, revealing ANOTHER MAN, very small and thin, inside the costume in front of the brute - providing the second pair of arms.

Sikes & George share a glance of amazement - then hear:

A MAN'S VOICE

(urgent whisper)

Bernie? Bernie? You here?

SIKES

(prods the brute)

Answer him. Call him, dammit.

THE BRUTE

Over here!

Two men move forward through the shadows.

THE MAN'S VOICE

What the hell happened? Are you-

GEORGE

Hands on your heads. You're under arrest.

They start to run. George FIRES in the air.

GEORGE

DID you hear me?!

The men stop. Comply.

GEORGE

Walk this way.

They come slowly into the light. One of them is The Informant whom Burns thought had been killed. The other is... The Purist Leader. Sikes & George glance at each other. Sikes blows out an incredulous PUFF, and George goes back to work...

GEORGE

You have the right to remain silent...

**INT. SIKES' APARTMENT - NIGHT - SIKES**

enters, whistling, carrying a pizza and a six-pack. He taps his phone machine. Pulls off his ratty clothes, his hand is bandaged.

CATHY'S VOICE

(sounding distressed)

Matt, um...If you could knock on my door - whenever you get in, no matter how late, there's something...important I'd like to talk to you about. Bye.

Click. Beep.

A YOUNG WOMAN'S VOICE

Daddee! Hi, it's your number one daughter. Listen, I've really been missing you. So let's have dinner Saturday, can we, huh? Can we? I'd like you to meet this really neat guy I've been spending some time with. His name's Mark Twain. Now don't freak out- Sikes sourly shuts off the machine. Puffs angrily...

SIKES

...Wonderful. That's just...

**INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE SIKES' APARTMENT - SIKES**

goes to Cathy's door, taps.

SIKES

Ms. Frankel... you...

The door opens slightly. It's unlocked. His antennae go up.

CATHY'S PLACE - SIKES

peers in. It's uncharacteristically NEAT. Something's wrong. He reaches for his gun, but has taken it off. Then A MAN in a three piece, pin stripe suit comes out of the bedroom.

THE MAN

Hi there.

SIKES

I suppose you've got a badge.

THE MAN

(flashing one)

Yep. Randall. BNA.

SIKES

Newcomer Affairs? ...Where's Cathy?

RANDALL

(a professional smile)

I believe she took a little trip.

SIKES

To where?

RANDALL

You a friend of hers?

SIKES

Neighbor.

RANDALL

Ah. What exactly do you know about her, Mr...

SIKES

Greenjeans. Where is she?

RANDALL

I'm not at liberty to say.

SIKES

Yeah? -

(grabbing him)

Well, your not gonna be at liberty till

(MORE)

SIKES (CONT'D)

y'do. I've had a helluva day, pal, and I'm  
in no mood for -

THLUNK! Sikes takes a hard rabbit punch across the neck.  
He's knocked out.

SIKES - CLOSE - MOMENTS LATER

RANDALL'S VOICE

(echoing)

...Lieutenant... Lieutenant..?

Sikes eyes open slightly, dazedly, as though drugged.

SIKES' SUBJECTIVE POV - HAZY, DISORIENTED

Agent Randall is leaning over. Someone else, a big NEWCOMER  
hovers in the b.g., taking a hypodermic from Randall, whose  
voice echo's throughout.

RANDALL

That's it... here I am... can you hear  
me...?

SIKES

...Mmmm...

RANDALL

...Good. Very good... Now I want you to  
tell me something, Lieutenant... And you  
want to tell me, don't you...?

(off Sikes' bleary nod)

That's very good...Just tell me what you  
know about ...The Overseers...

Sikes blinks heavily. Struggles to think. Finally shakes  
his head slightly.

RANDALL

Surely you must know something.

Sikes shakes his head again. The Newcomer in the b.g. is  
annoyed, angry. Randall eases him back.

RANDALL

If he knew anything, he'd talk. This is powerful stuff.

(to Sikes)

...Are you sure, lieutenant?

(off Sikes reaction)

Alright then, just go back to sleep... that's right... and when you wake up you won't remember this little conversation, will you? ...You won't remember...

Sikes' eyes drift closed again. He sleeps. Fitfully.

**INT. A JAIL CELL - NIGHT - TITO**

the Latino whom Sikes & George busted earlier, is lying in the shadows on his bunk, gasping. His breathing is pained, he rolls over into a beam of light - which reveals the UGLY SORES which have spread over his face and neck. He GROANS in anguish. He's in big trouble.

**ACT SEVEN**

**INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - BUCK'S BEDROOM - DAY - BUCK**

is getting dressed, and listening nervously to his radio.

RADIO VOICE

And since the discovery that the insect-like creature was merely a hoax concocted by radical Purists, the opinion polls have swung back the other way - showing about 54% of the population now willing to pass Proposition 16, giving Newcomers the right to vote. Doctors at Queen of Angels Hospital this morning -

Buck freezes, stares at the radio -

RADIO VOICE

- are still keeping a close eye on that sixteen year old black youth who was wounded in a gang-related shooting yesterday. His condition worsened during the night, and he has been placed on the critical list. Authorities are still looking for his assailant, believed to be a member of a rival Newcomer gang. on Wall Street at this hour...

Buck is immobile. His blood is ice.

**INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - THE BATHROOM - SUSAN**

is just finishing a shower, drying off inside the stall. George is fixing his tie in the mirror. Her voice reflects a new, more centered fortitude.

SUSAN

George...

GEORGE

Hmm?

SUSAN

I've decided to let Emily stay in this school. For a little while longer, anyway.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

He pauses. Smiles.

SUSAN

You're smiling, aren't you?

GEORGE

Yes.

SUSAN

Well, I might change my mind again tomorrow, so don't press me, okay?

GEORGE

I won't.

SUSAN

(coming out)

You must be pretty pleased with yourself, after last night.

GEORGE

It was rewarding, yes. Just to know that that creature was only a fiction and there was nothing seriously - biologically - wrong.

SUSAN

Well, I'm proud of you.

She gives him a little HUM on the neck. He smiles, exits. Susan spreads on some lotion - and notices a small red RASH on her arm. Touches it quizzically. Shrugs it off.

**EXT. A PARK PLAYGROUND - DAY - EMILY & JILL**

are playing happily together. We watch their enjoyment.

JILL'S MOTHER (O.S.)

I can't believe it. I'm really embarrassed.

REVERSE - A CAR

containing Jill's Mother - and the Purist Woman who was inciting the crowd at Emily's school.

JILL'S MOTHER

I'll put a stop to it right now.

She starts to open the car door, but the Woman restrains her.

THE WOMAN

No, no, no... let them play.

JILL'S MOTHER

(confused)

What?

THE WOMAN

This little friendship is something we can definitely use to our advantage.

Jill's Mother looks at the woman curiously. The woman keeps focused on the two little girls, and smiles enigmatically.

**INT. THE POLICE STATION - DAY - A FROWNING SIKES**

is moving through, passing

DOBBS

Hey Sikes, Grazer wants t'see you.

Sikes nods, heads off. Dobbs returns to paperwork, sipping coffee from a Styrofoam cup. Albert approaches tentatively.

ALBERT

Sc-Scuse me, ...Sergeant Dobbs?

DOBBS

(disgruntled)

Yeah? Whaddaya want, Lightnin'?

ALBERT

I d-didn't do too great a job, but h-here...

He holds out Dobbs' personalized mug, which he has meticulously reconstructed and glued together. Dobbs blinks.

ALBERT

There's st-still a few chips. I c-couldn't find 'em all, but -

Dobbs is turning the mug over in his hands. Genuinely touched by Albert's effort.

DOBBS

...It's fine, y'did a nice job.

ALBERT

Y'really think so?

DOBBS

Yeah. Lookit.

He puts the mug on his desk and pours his coffee into it.

DOBBS

Good as new. ...Thanks a lot.

ALBERT

You're w-welcome. And I'll try t'be m-more careful.

Dobbs smiles at him and nods. Albert walks away. Dobbs starts to lift the mug - but the handle BREAKS OFF in his hand. He mumbles in annoyance -

DOBBS

Aw, dammit. Hey, Albert!

Albert turns to look back, with a gentle smile.

ALBERT

Yes, s-sergeant?

Dobbs looks at Albert's childlike, hopeful face... A beat. Then Dobbs HIDES the broken piece in his palm.

DOBBS

...Thanks again, man.

ALBERT

(beaming)

You're w-welcome. ...Man.

Albert walks away - on air. His day is made. Probably his

whole week. Dobbs watches him. Reflectively.

**INT. CAPTAIN GRAZER'S OFFICE - DAY**

SIKES

Wanted to see me?

GRAZER

(Chewing his cigar)

Yeah, yeah. Listen Sikes, I'm taking you off that case about that vagrant. The missing body.

SIKES

How come? It been found?

GRAZER

Just don't worry about it, okay?

SIKES

Just a damn minute, "Captain - "

GRAZER

Don't start in with me, hot dog! You'll get buried!

(a beat)

...Y'understand? ...Sikes?

Sikes stares at him. Nods slowly. Exits.

**THE STATION OFFICE - SIKES**

walks slowly and thoughtfully back to his desk. Looks up to see

GEORGE

What?

SIKES

What d'you know about the BNA?

GEORGE

(shrugs)

Their phone number?

SIKES

Dial it.

George does. Hands the phone to Sikes.

SIKES

Hello?... Hi... Agent Randall please...  
(glances at George, mumbles)  
Hey, look. I'm sorry I called ya a slag,  
huh?

George weighs it. Nods acceptance of the apology.

GEORGE

Sorry about the manure line.

Sikes shrugs. Then listens on the phone.

SIKES

Yeah...I'm here.  
(nods, hangs up)

GEORGE

...They have no Agent Randall.

SIKES

...Right. ...What a surprise.

A beat. George hands him a piece of paper.

GEORGE

The autopsy report on Tuggs.

SIKES

"In addition to the major wound sustained  
through the back there was...  
(a glance at George)  
"...There was another, much smaller  
entrance wound through the chest, piercing  
the heart and exiting the back." Made by  
the bullet you found?

GEORGE

Full metal, steel jacket. 30 caliber.

SIKES  
(looking up)  
That's what the SWAT teams use.

GEORGE  
(nodding, quietly)  
Be may have been assassinated by a police  
weapon.

Sikes glances at George, then off toward

CAPTAIN GRAZER'S GLASS-PARTITIONED OFFICE - INTERCUT

Grazer has been looking at Sikes, but now looks away. Puffs  
his thin cigar.

Sikes ponders it all for a long moment.

SIKES  
What have we got here, George old  
boy? ...What have we got?

GEORGE  
Honestly, Matt? ...Beats the hell outta me.

Sikes looks up at George. Their eyes hold.

**THE END**