

ALIEN NATION

Original Screenplay

by

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Rewrite

by

James Cameron

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY (TELEVISION IMAGE)

A LONG LENS SHOT of a far distant metallic object hovering just above the ground -- maybe two or three miles away. The heat waves and the light refraction off the desert-scape make the object undulate rhythmically, keeping its true shape and appearance indistinct.

The VIDEO CAMERA recording this scene zooms back, then pans over -- revealing a semicircle of US Army vehicles and personnel. Army Engineers with their tripod-mounted scopes and binoculars are shoulder to shoulder with the armed infantry. Everyone stares off at the same point on the horizon. Waiting.

The VIDEO CAMERA movements are HANDHELD, unsteady, as it moves through the line of Army personnel to reveal a second, less organized semicircle of observers fifty yards behind the Army. LOCALS from nearby towns perch in truck beds and on car roofs, Budweiser and Fritos at hand, eyes glued to the distant object.

The VIDEO CAMERA image climbs up onto the roof of a parked local TV van, finds the object again in the distance, zooms in, and waits, like everyone else.

Abruptly the VIDEO IMAGE contracts, becoming a box CHROMAKEYED behind CNN reporter DUNCAN CRAIS.

CRAIS

That was the scene in California's Mojave Desert three years ago today -- the historic first view of the Newcomer ship upon its dramatic arrival. As with the assassination of John Kennedy, who among us does not remember exactly where he was that October nineteenth morning, when news first broke: that people have landed... from another star.

We PULL BACK from a large television set to reveal...

INT. A CROWDED BAR - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The Hollowpoint Lounge -- a cop bar.

The off-duty uniformed and plainclothes cops are mostly ignoring the TV, except for two detectives, FEDORCHUK and ALTEREZ, who are waiting for the ball scores.

FEDORCHUK

I remember where I was -- pissing off my balcony at the neighbor's dog!

Others laugh.

ALTEREZ

(yells at Crais on TV)
Get to the goddamn ball scores!

ON THE TV SCREEN, an on-location interview with a CAL-TECH

PROFESSOR comes up. Her name and title appear across the bottom of the screen.

CAL-TECH PROFESSOR

From the time mankind first gazed up at the stars there had been speculation about a visit by people from "out there." How ironic that when that first contact was made, the two hundred and sixty thousand occupants aboard the craft were as surprised as we were about their arrival. That they awakened from frozen hibernation to find their malfunctioning autopilot had landed them here by mistake.

The CNN reporter, Duncan Crais, appears again.

CRAIS

These "Newcomers," we soon learned, were a genetically-engineered race, adapted for hard labor in almost any environmental condition. In effect, their ship was a slave ship... washed ashore on Earth with no way to get back to where they came from...

A dishwasher tray filled with beer glasses CUTS ACROSS FRAME, and we PAN WITH IT as it is slammed down on the countertop.

Now an interview with a FRESNO HOUSEWIFE standing outside a supermarket comes on the TV SCREEN.

FRESNO HOUSEWIFE

When the Newcomers were first let out of the ship, they were quarantined in a camp not ten miles from the town here. You can imagine how the people around here felt about that. But once they were released from the camp and we got a chance to know them, we saw what nice, quiet people they really are...

WIDER

revealing a MASSIVE ALIEN FIGURE in a filthy white busboy's uniform. His back is to us as he picks up two trays from the counter. The bartender is dwarfed by this Newcomer, but works around him without apparent concern. Fedorchuk addresses the alien busboy.

FEDORCHUK

Hey, Henry, how you doin' tonight?
Workin' hard?

The Newcomer turns -- his face is humanoid, but disturbingly alien.

FEDORCHUK

You got your green card, buddy? You

didn't leave home without it?

The cops at the bar crack up. Henry looks at Fedorchuk -- his eyes carrying no malice... or pain. He merely blinks.

CUT TO:

INT./ EXT. SLUG-MOBILE - STREET - NIGHT

An explosion of color and movement as OPENING TITLES PLAY very quickly. We're TRAVELING the streets in a n.d. sedan, getting MOVING GLIMPSES of the aliens living among us now:

-- A coffee shop where aliens eat at some window tables.

-- A Newcomer leaving a night school with an armload of books.

-- A city park where a number of alien families have gathered to play some arcane alien game.

SYKES

Jeez... they call that gang-bang a game...?

-- A billboard for Pepsi featuring an alien.

-- The sedan has pulled to a stop at a red light. Suddenly a hand thumps against the glass next to Sykes' head... and alien hand. Sykes jumps. It's a NEWCOMER DERELICT standing there, weaving, mumbling in his own language. In one filthy hand holds a quart carton of milk. We know immediately what he wants. Sykes rolls down the window.

SYKES

Take a hike.

Sykes gets a whiff of the derelict's breath as the light changes and the sedan pulls away, leaving him in the street. Sykes grimaces at the smell.

SYKES

Why's it have to be sour milk that these guys get wasted on? What the hell's wrong with Jack Daniels, or Thunderbird for chrissakes?

(beat; disgusted)

Slagtown. Shit...

-- Aliens hanging around outside their homes.

-- Alien hookers plying their trade.

SYKES

Hope their plumbing's the same.

TUGGLE

It is.

(and Sykes gives him
a look)

-- A Newcomer lowrider pulls up beside the slug-mobile.

-- An alien couple exit a theater playing "Terminator III".

-- An alien wig shop.

ANGLE

TITLES END, and we start to PULL BACK into the slug-mobile and HEAR:

TUGGLE (O.S.)

So you gonna go, or you not gonna go?

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

The dashboard is littered with fast-food detritus and two coffees in styrofoam cups making fog circles on the windshield. A hand picks up one of the coffees and we FOLLOW IT to a face, a forty-year-old cop face that's seen some wear and tear -- behind the wheel is MATT SYKES. Beside him is his partner of nine years, BILL TUGGLE. Tuggle expertly munches on a slice of pizza as he talks.

SYKES

How can I go?

TUGGLE

Put on your wash-and-wear suit and your clip-on tie, have your landlady tie your shoes for you, and show up at the church. Simple.

(beat)

Me and Carol are going.

SYKES

What?

TUGGLE

Hey, look -- we've known Kristin since... since she was conceived in that cabin up in Big Bear. Remember? You and Edie banged the wall so hard, me and Carol were picking plaster out of our hair for a week...

SYKES

Goddammit, Tug -- I want to see Kristin get married, okay? But--

TUGGLE

But you're bummed because your ex and her new husband are paying for the whole thing.

SYKES

Shit, if Kristin had to get married where I could afford it, we'd be holding the reception at Buddy's Burgers.

Sykes stares out the window, wallowing in his pissed-off mood. Then he spots something that twinges his street-cop radar.

SYKES

Uh-oh... Check it out.

THROUGH THE WINDOW Tuggle sees what Sykes sees: two ALIENS in long coats moving down the sidewalk, entering a mom-and-pop mini-mart on the corner. One of them wears dark glasses and a red bandana (KIPLING): the other has on a black vinyl raincoat.

SYKES

Does that look at all suspicious to you?

TUGGLE

Whatever gave you that idea?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sykes continues up a quarter of a block, pulls to the curb among other parked cars.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Sykes is already pulling his gun. Tuggle quickly reaches for the radio in the glovebox.

TUGGLE

This is one-Henry-seven, we've got a possible two-eleven in progress at Porter's Mini-Mart, corner of Court and Alvarado. Requesting backup.

Impulsive Sykes is already opening his door and climbing out.

SYKES

Let's do it, partner.

Tuggle drops the radio mike and follows Sykes as the Radio Dispatcher confirms the call.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The two cops, guns in hand, move along the row of parked cars across the street from the mini-mart. Through the store window they see the old alien PROPRIETOR behind the counter. His eyes go wide as Kipling whips back his coat and yanks out a short combat pump-shotgun and aims it right at him. The Raincoat alien pulls an identical gun and covers the door.

Sykes and Tuggle react to the firepower inside.

SYKES

You got your vest?

TUGGLE

Of course. Right in the trunk of the car.

SYKES

Yeah, that's comforting. Mine, too.

Through the store window the robbery continues in pantomime. Kipling gestures viciously with the shotgun, yelling orders in the alien language. The Proprietor is quickly filling a paper bag with cash from the register. The PROPRIETOR'S WIFE, a middle-aged alien woman, stands in the doorway from the back, frozen in fear. The Raincoat alien dances from foot to foot, antsy, wired.

Sykes and Tuggle crouch at the car directly across the street from the store entrance.

TUGGLE

Watch the driver. I'm going for a better angle on the door.

SYKES

I got him. Don't get pinned.

Tuggle leaves the cover provided by the car, runs cater-corner across the intersection.

Through the store window Sykes sees Kipling grab the bag of cash, shove it in his coat pocket. Bills fall out, but he doesn't care. Then, without warning, Kipling whips up the twelve gauge and blows a hole in the Proprietor's chest! The Proprietor slams back against the shelves, slides to the floor. Kipling leans over the counter and FIRES another round into the Proprietor.

SYKES

(under his breath)

Aw, shit.

Tuggle is almost across the street when he hears the shots.

The human DRIVER of the getaway car (parked at the curb a few doors down from the mini-mart) glances up, spots Tuggle. He leans on the HORN, reaches for a machine pistol on the seat next to him.

INT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

Kipling and Raincoat alien react to the horn honk. They spot Tuggle through the store window and open fire -- BLASTING THROUGH THE GLASS.

A civilian car enters the intersection. The engine is hit by shotgun fire, and the car skids to a stop in the intersection, steam rising from the radiator.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Tuggle dives behind a lamp post.

The Driver is out of the car now, brings up the machine

pistol to fire at Tuggle. Sykes sees this and opens fire at the Driver. The Driver turns and fires at Sykes. Sykes ducks down, and the car he's hiding behind is sprayed with bullets.

A forty-foot moving van pulls down the street between Sykes and the Driver. Once the truck is past, Sykes is standing behind the bullet-riddled car, gun ready. He rapid-fires -- creaming the human Driver.

Tuggle is pinned down behind the thin lamp post by the shotgun fire from Kipling and Raincoat alien.

SYKES

Get outta there!

TUGGLE

I can't! Do you mind!

SYKES

I'll cover you! Get outta there!!

Sykes rises and runs across the street toward the getaway car, firing toward the store as he goes.

Kipling and Raincoat dodge behind cover.

Tuggle seizes the opportunity, jumps from behind the lamp post and runs to the stalled civilian car. He slides across the hood and drops behind the car for cover. Tuggle slowly pokes his head up to peer through the car window. His gaze is met by the face of the OLD MAN driver who is still inside the car.

OLD MAN

Can I get out now?

TUGGLE

Move it!

Sykes doesn't have a clear firing line on the aliens in the store. As he considers his next move--

Tuggle fires at the two aliens. They return fire and he slides down to safety behind the car. Or so he thinks. Glass rains down on him as the car windows are cremated by the shotgun blasts. He flinches as another blast hits the car. He looks over. There's a big exit hole in the fender beside him. THE SHOT WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE CAR. Another exit hole is BLASTED, inches from his shoulder.

Panicked, he scrambles along the side of the car -- BLASTS and exit holes following him until he reaches the front of the car. He has nowhere left to go and--

-- a BLAST comes through the car and catches him squarely in the chest throwing him back onto the street.

Sykes' head jerks around -- in time to see his partner of nine years blown away.

Kipling keeps firing in Tuggle's direction until his shotgun CLICKS empty.

INT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

Kipling grabs Raincoat and throws him toward the back exit of the store. The shotgun falls from Raincoat's hands. The two of them run out the back.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sykes runs to Tuggle's spread-eagled body. One glance is enough. Nobody ever looked deader.

SYKES

Aw shit, Tug, Jesus! Goddamn it!

He stares, shocked and incredulous. He can't find a way to think or feel about this. Then we see him going crazy right before our eyes, the rage revving. He takes off toward the store as SIRENS are HEARD rapidly approaching in background.

INT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

Sykes moves through like a locomotive skidding on broken glass, bangs through the exit.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Sykes catches sight of the two aliens just as they round the corner at the far end of the alley. He takes off, quickly cranking up to full speed.

EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT

Sykes rounds the corner. Doesn't see them anymore. He slows... moves along this street with some caution. Lots of shadows, lots of hiding places. Sykes HEARS a NOISE, looks up... just in time to see Raincoat on a high, huge billboard. He cuts loose with the shotgun. Sykes dives. Huge chunks of the crate he dives behind fly off into the night. Sykes, on his belly, scrambles deeper among the crates.

Raincoat's shotgun CLICKS empty now. He drops it, swings down off the fire escape, runs off.

Sykes is up again in a flash, pounding after him.

EXT. TUNNEL STREET - NIGHT

Sykes rounds this second corner, races down the street. The only route they could've taken is through a tunnel up ahead. Sykes approaches the tunnel, all senses wide open.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

The murkiness of the tunnel engulfs him as he moves through the mouth. He tries to control his breathing so

he can hear. The only SOUND is his own shoes scuffing along the asphalt.

Then he HEARS -- another set of FOOTSTEPS. Rapid footsteps, coming toward him, ECHOING. He can't tell from which direction! He spins, just as a LARGE SHAPE lunges for him with an alien CRY.

It's the wired Raincoat alien. Sykes gets his gun up just in time and FIRES -- once, twice, three times. Raincoat alien is knocked backwards to the wet asphalt by the blasts. Sykes approaches the body slowly. With an inhuman ROAR, the alien snaps forward, lunging at Sykes with outstretched arms. Sykes jumps back, startled, and FIRES twice more at the pale figure. Raincoat goes down and stays down.

Sykes relaxes for the briefest moment. Then he HEARS it... a distinctive CLICKING SOUND, metal on metal. Sykes looks up and -- Kipling drops down on him from directly above! Sykes goes down in a heap. He's managed to hold onto the gun and as Kipling comes for him, he swings the gun hand around. Kipling sees it, lashes out, slamming the gun from Sykes' hand. Sykes tries to get to his feet, but the alien grabs him and flings him down the tunnel.

A SIREN is HEARD approaching in background.

Kipling moves in to deliver the coup de grace. As he draws near, Sykes HEARS that distinctive CLICKING SOUND again.

SYKES' P.O.V.

Though his vision is BLURRED, Sykes still gets a good look at an exotic silver bracelet on the alien's wrist. The strands of this bracelet are what make the CLINKING NOISE.

ANGLE

The alien rears back, and as he does, the approaching SIREN suddenly WAILS louder as a backup patrol car swings onto the street heading this way. Kipling sees this and leaves Sykes, running off down the dark tunnel.

ON SYKES

dazed, struggling to rise. WE HEAR running FOOTSTEPS approaching. Sykes turns, his eyes wild and unfocused.

SYKES' P.O.V.

An OUT-OF-FOCUS ALIEN FACE looming over him.

ANGLE

Sykes whips around in a roundhouse swing with all his weight on it, pistoning his fist straight into the alien face. The alien, caught by surprise and off balance, sprawls backward OUT OF FRAME. Sykes is grabbed by a human uniformed cop, as he tries to swing again.

HUMAN COP

Whoa, whoa... hold it. Take it easy.

(to alien on the
ground)
You okay?

Sykes stops struggling, and his eyes focus. He looks at the alien he just decked, sprawled on his ass ten feet away. The alien is a uniformed cop... his name is JETSON.

JETSON
I am all right.

He gets up. A trickle of purple blood runs from his nose.

HUMAN COP
I better call in.

He moves off. Jetson moves toward Sykes and the Raincoat alien's body. Sykes tenses, thinking Jetson might retaliate in some way. But Jetson simply steps past him to kneel beside the dead alien. He checks for a pulse on the underside of the dead alien's upper arm. Nothing. Sykes is holding his punching hand in obvious pain. He struggles to rise. Jetson gets an arm around him to help him up.

JETSON
Your hand will require attention.

Sykes roughly jerks himself free of Jetson's grip.

SYKES
Get the hell away from me! I don't
need your goddamn help.

He almost loses his balance and has to steady himself against the tunnel wall. Sykes leans there, the picture of impotent rage and frustration. Jetson looks at him, with that slight inquisitive expression aliens exhibit when trying to understand human nature.

EXT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

OPEN on Tuggle's body, as the body bag is zipped up over his face, and the litter is lifted into the back of the Coroner's wagon.

WIDEN to reveal Sykes, standing nearby, watching. The Wagon pulls out, and Sykes turns, moving past all the LAPD black-and-whites and forensics wagons, and COPS (two of them aliens) and DETECTIVES, and RUBBERNECKERS (some alien). He moves into:

INT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

The CRIME SCENE TEAM is checking for prints, digging slugs out of the wall, photographing everything. Several UNIFORMED COPS mill around. Sykes moves aimlessly around the room like a stranger at a party.

The Proprietor's Wife stands near the body in a strange rigid posture, a thin, mournful KEENING SOUND coming from her lips. A harried female uniformed cop is trying to get

her away from the body, but can't get her to budge.

MINKLER, a ballistics guy, is tagging the pump-shotgun the Raincoat alien dropped here. NATUZZI, a mean-looking veteran uniform cop is with him.

NATUZZI

Looks like a standard combat pump-action.

MINKLER

It is.

NATUZZI

So what punched holes clear through that car out there?

Minkler pulls an evidence baggie from his work box. Inside are four unfired twelve gauge shells.

MINKLER

BRI Sabot slugs. These puppies are nasty. Two plastic sabots fall away in flight leaving a fifty-caliber slug going two thousand feet per second. Tug might as well've been hiding behind a rosebush.

Minkler senses somebody has just stepped up beside him. He looks. It's Sykes.

NATUZZI

Pretty heavy artillery for knocking over a liquor store.

A new voice enters the conversation.

JETSON (O.S.)

An identical round was used in the shooting of a Newcomer named Hubley, two days ago.

Sykes turns -- surprised, and not especially pleased to see the voice is Jetson's.

MINKLER

Yeah? So why the extra fire power?

JETSON

Perhaps because even the larger caliber handguns aren't always effective against my people.

SYKES

(mulls this, then)

You saying there's some connection to this other homicide?

Before Jetson can say, the female cop who was talking to the Proprietor's Wife steps up.

FEMALE COP

Hey, give me a hand with this woman, will ya Jetson? We've got to get

her to Division for her statement
and she won't budge.

JETSON

(to Sykes)

Excuse me.

And he moves off with his partner. Sykes calls after him,
but Jetson is already approaching the woman and doesn't
turn.

SYKES

So, you think there's a connection,
or what? Hey!

CUT TO:

EXT. SYKES' APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The slug-mobile pulls up. A drained Sykes moves up the
walk to his front door.

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sykes enters his apartment, an untidy bachelor place
decorated with negative taste. It's obviously the maid's
decade off.

By rote, he hits the rewind switch on the answering
machine on his way into the kitchen. The tape rewinds.
He opens the fridge. Not much here. Left-over take-out
pizza carton. Left-over take-out Chinese food cartons.
Left-over take-out burger wrappers.

The answering machine message begins -- he glances over
his shoulder as he HEARS his daughter's VOICE. During the
following, he reaches the fridge. Brings out a milk
carton that's in his way, sets it on the counter. Reaches
in again and this time brings out a bottle of Stoly. Then
searches for a semi-clean glass.

KRISTIN'S VOICE

(bouncy, bride-to-be
happy)

Hi, Daddy, it's me. I'm over at
Danny's parents' house... talking
about Sunday. I thought maybe you'd
be home by now. Anyway, uh, nothing
really. I just wanted to call and
say I love you. I love you, Daddy.

(she giggles)

Uh-oh, I shouldn't'a done that.
Knowing you, you'll probably pull
this tape out of your machine and
save it -- in that drawer where you
keep every card I ever gave you, and
all of my old baby teeth... gross!
Anyway, Daddy, don't save this tape
-- but I do love you, and I'll talk
to you before Sunday.

(beat)

Oh, Tug and Carol came by and met
Danny last week.

(Sykes stiffens)
Danny thought Tug was the greatest
-- but, then, who doesn't? Anyway,
love you, talk to you soon. 'Bye.

The machine BEEPS and HISSES. Sykes take the glass and the bottle of vodka, crosses back toward the living room, switching off the answering machine as he goes.

Then he stops, turns back, takes the message tape out of the machine and tosses it into a drawer.

FADE TO:

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Sykes enters, stirring a jumbo coffee. He's slept about four hours, and his face looks like he went a few with Hagler. He crosses straight to Fedorchuk's desk.

SYKES
So what've you got on Tuggle's
killers?

FEDORCHUK
Jesus, Sykes -- it's been less than
ten hours. Me and Alterez are on
it, okay?

SYKES
You don't have squat.

FEDORCHUK
You ever try to make a case in
Slagtown? The list of Newcomer
informants is about as long as the
list of Mexican war heroes...

ALTEREZ
Up yours.

FEDORCHUK
... Nobody talks to nobody down
there. Half of them don't speak
English and the other half only when
it suits them. It's gonna take some
time.

SYKES
Yeah, I know it's gonna take time.
Like until the Ice Capades opens in
Hell, with you two on it.

Across the room, the Captain's door BANGS open and CAPTAIN WARNER pounds out, his deep voice booming through the squad room.

WARNER
Nobody wanders off! I got an
announcement. Get your asses back
in here.

Two detectives on their way out, stop, and head back into the room. Everybody gathers around, curious, as Warner

stands holding a sheet of paper.

WARNER

I'll make this short. This is a directive from Chief Evaner, who is acting on orders from the Mayor, who is under mandate from the Federal Bureau of Newcomer Relations. As of nine o'clock this morning, one Newcomer uniform officer has been promoted to the rank of Detective, third grade.

The detectives GROAN... some angrier ones grumble, "This is bullshit!", etc.

WARNER

And we've got him, gentleman.

(more groans)

Volunteers for duty with the new detective should see me in my office... otherwise I will choose a volunteer myself. That is all.

He turns and heads back to his office in the wake of continued grumbling from the detectives. Sykes, standing to one side, absently watches Warner return to his glass-walled office. Waiting inside are a balding man and an alien in a grey suit. Sykes reacts. The alien in the suit is Jetson.

The grumbling continues around him as Sykes considers something.

FEDORCHUK

Unbelievable bullshit.

ALTEREZ

How long has this Slag been on the force? A year, max -- right?

DETECTIVE

I don't know about the rest of you, but I sure as hell ain't gonna sit still for this. I'm calling the union, pronto.

Others grumble. "Yeah!". Meanwhile, Sykes has decided something. He heads toward Warner's office. Fedorchuk sees this.

FEDORCHUK

Where the hell is he going?

INT. WARNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sykes KNOCKS and enters.

WARNER

Yeah, Sykes?

SYKES

Captain. I'd like to volunteer for

duty with the new detective.

Warner is surprised. He never expected Sykes.

WARNER

... All right. Detective Sergeant
Sykes, this is Detective... Jetson.

JETSON

We have met.

Warner looks up, clocking this. He looks at Sykes,
starting to smell something fishy.

The balding man, GOLDRUP, rises to shake their hands.

GOLDRUP

Victor Goldrup, Mayor's office.
Congratulations, gentlemen.

Warner is starting to suspect what Sykes is up to.

WARNER

(to Sykes)

You are to have nothing to do with
the investigation into Bill Tuggle's
death. You know that. Leave that
for Fedorchuk.

SYKES

(nodding)

Departmental policy.

WARNER

(to Jetson)

You?

JETSON

Yes, sir.

WARNER

Good.

SYKES

There's another case I'd like to
take. A homicide -- a Newcomer
named Hubley.

Jetson looks over at Sykes, knows he's up to something.
Sykes avoids his look.

WARNER

Granger and Pitts are already on it.

SYKES

Granger and Pitts have one hell of a
caseload... and I would have thought
with Jetson here being the first
Newcomer plainclothes, and Hubley's
body being found over in the
Newcomer community...

WARNER

Don't tell me what to think.

GOLDRUP

He's got a point. That's the sort of thing we should be doing with this early advancement program...

Long-suffering Warner looks up at Goldrup, then finally sighs with resignation. Sykes grins.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The steel door BANGS open and Sykes and Jetson exit. Next to Sykes' slept-in look, Jetson in his grey suit looks like a Jehovah's Witness canvasser. They move past all the black-and-whites pulling out on p.m. watch during:

SYKES

... and we work my hours. I'll do the driving, you do the paperwork. You gotta learn it so you might as well do it all.

JETSON

(after a moment)

Sergeant... I'd like to thank you for what you're doing.

SYKES

What's that?

(then realizing)

Look, Jetson. Get this straight in your head. We're not pals, we're not married, and we ain't gonna take long moonlight walks together... We're just partners. And don't call me Sergeant. Call me Sykes... or Matt if you have to.

JETSON

I am George.

Sykes nods absently, and they walk on... four and a half steps to be exact. Then it hits Sykes. He seizes up cold.

SYKES

Wait a minute. George? George Jetson?

Jetson nods... he's used to this. Sykes cracks up.

SYKES

(between laughs)

Man, somebody really hung one on you! I've heard some good ones for you guys... Humphrey Bogart, Harley Davidson. I guess the people at immigration got a little punchy after a while, coming up with names for a quarter of a million of you. You weren't at the back of the line,

were you, George?

JETSON

My true name is Ss'tangya
T'ssorentsa'.

SYKES

Gesundheit. You don't mind if I
stick to George, do you?

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING AREA - DAY

They approach Sykes' ugly sedan, the slug-mobile.

SYKES

Anyway, what's it matter to you if
we think it's funny, right? Whatta
you care?

JETSON

That is exactly so.
(completely deadpan)
It is like your name... Sykes. I'm
sure it doesn't bother you at all
that it sounds like "ss'ai k'ss",
two words in my language which mean
"excrement" and "cranium".

Sykes looks at him, perplexed.

JETSON

"Shit... head".

Jetson gets in and slams the door, leaving Sykes standing
there, the smirk dropping from his face.

CUT TO:

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - DAY

They're cruising along in downtown traffic. Sykes drives.
Jetson is somewhat cramped in the passenger seat.

SYKES

Let's talk Hubley.

JETSON

(refers to a folder
he holds)

His body was discovered three days
ago, in an alley off of Central
Avenue, near downtown.

SYKES

With two BRI Sabot slugs in the
chest.

JETSON

(gently correcting
him)

Through the chest. Rupturing both
the primary and secondary hearts.

SYKES
(out the window)
Nice signal, dickwad!

Jetson is momentarily thrown by this outburst from Sykes.
Then...

JETSON
He was employed at the Northwest
Petroleum Refinery in Torrance. He
was manager of the Methane Facility.
He was also a principle partner in a
real estate venture to develop low-
cost housing for Newcomers.

Sykes grimaces at the mention of "Newcomer housing".

SYKES
Terrific. A real pillar of the
community.
(beat)
Was Hubley missing anything when
they found him? Was he ripped off?

JETSON
(checks file)
There was no wallet... but he was
still wearing a watch and two rings.

SYKES
The guys at the mini-mart last night
made a half-assed stab at the money
in the till -- but I don't think
that's what they were there for. I
think we got us a couple'a
executions on our hands, George...

JETSON
The murder at the mini-mart is not
our case. The Captain said--

Sykes looks over at Jetson, pissed.

SYKES
Look, you want to fit in here,
right? You want to learn how to get
along?

JETSON
Yes.

SYKES
Well, there's a thing about
partners, about being somebody's
partner. You do for each other.
And other people's rules don't mean
shit. It's the rules set up between
the two of you, that's all that
counts. Understand?
(Jetson nods)
Okay. Well, my friend and partner
was shot last night and I'm after
the shitbag that did it. As my
partner, I'm asking you to respect

me and help me find him.

Jetson considers this several moments, then--

JETSON

And as my partner, I ask you to
respect me and my desire not to
break with procedure.

Sykes stares at him, exasperated. Without warning, he
slams the car to a stop right in the middle of heavy
traffic, puts it in "Park." Jetson, who is already a
little too close to the dashboard, bangs up against it.
HORNS instantly go crazy behind them.

JETSON

What is wrong?

SYKES

(very calm)

Nothing's wrong. I just want to get
something straight. You agree that
there's a good chance these two
shootings are somehow related,
right?

YELLING joins the HORNS outside. Jetson is visibly
unsettled by the chaos.

JETSON

Well... yes, quite possibly.

SYKES

Possibly. Good. Well, would you be
willing to accept the theory,
George, that... possibly... by
examining the evidence from one case
we might shed some small ray of
light on the other? Does that sound
unreasonable to you?

JETSON

Yes... no, it is not unreasonable.
Although I--

SYKES

Great.

(a relieved sigh)

Well, I'm sure glad that's settled,
aren't you?

And with that he puts the car in gear and pulls rapidly
out.

SYKES

I think we're really starting to
click now, George -- hmmm?

Jetson doesn't know what to think -- he just holds on.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - L.A. COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

WINTER, a deputy Medical Examiner (human), is leading Sykes and Jetson along the hall. He reads on the fly from a case file in his hand.

WINTER

You know I've been over all this with Fedorchuk and Altez this morning...

SYKES

Come on. You got nothin' better to do, cushy county job like yours.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

They enter briskly through a swinging door. They move among the tables (some occupied, some not) during:

WINTER

Yeah, right. Don't push your luck. Anyway, according to the sheet, the guy you nailed outside by the car--

SYKES

The human?

WINTER

Yeah... he was one Martin Helder. White male, twenty-seven. Let's see... wrap sheet shows one armed robbery conviction, a couple for sale of a controlled substance. Oh yeah, and he was wired on coke when you stopped his clock.

They have reached a table holding a covered body. Winter unceremoniously throws back the cover. There lies the pale naked body of the Raincoat alien.

JETSON

Have you identified this one?

WINTER

So far he's a John Doe. Or a Sam Slag, if you like.

Jetson smiles slightly out of politeness.

WINTER

No I.D. on him and -- well, you know, no fingerprints -- so it could be tough. Your buddies this morning went through the mug book but couldn't make a facial match.

SYKES

Fedorchuk couldn't find his ass with his hands in his back pockets.

Jetson nonchalantly looks over the alien body while Winter and Sykes continue talking off to one side.

WINTER

(referring to
Raincoat alien)
You took this gut out, too, didn't
you?

SYKES
Yeah.

WINTER
Lucky for you, you got him in both
of his... well, what we loosely
refer to as... hearts.

SYKES
Lucky nothing. I had to empty my
damn gun into him.

WINTER
That's the way these people are.
You don't hit both pumps you just
piss them off.

During this, Jetson has turned the dead alien's hand over
-- sees something that brings a frown of curiosity to his
face. He leans closer, examining the palm carefully.
Then he peels back the alien's upper lip.

Jetson frowns anew, with concern this time. He looks
around, spots a Newcomer lab assistant nearby -- BENTNER.
Jetson motions him over. Jetson begins questioning him
using the alien language. Sykes and Winter nearby, remain
oblivious.

WINTER
Oh, here's an extra headshot if you
need one.
(hands Sykes a
polaroid of dead
alien's face)
We're just about to start cutting
in. You're welcome to stick around
if you want. It's really
fascinating stuff.

SYKES
Yeah, I'll bet.

Sykes looks over, now noticing Jetson and Bentner in
earnest conversation. He only catches snatches of the
alien language. Bentner appears very unsettled by what
Jetson is telling him. In response to Jetson's final
statement, Bentner nods -- as if agreeing to do something
Jetson has requested. Sykes goes over to Jetson.

SYKES
What's this? What's going on?

JETSON
Nothing.

SYKES
(really suspicious
now)
Nothing?

JETSON
(looking away)
Shouldn't we examine their personal
effects?

Jetson moves off, leaving Sykes there wondering.

CUT TO:

INT. PROPERTY ROOM - COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

Two large plastic packets are dumped of their contents onto a formica counter. Sykes looks through the dead alien's effects while Jetson goes through the human's. ORTIZ, the college girl working the property counter, sits nearby doing homework.

Jetson holds up a little foil packet with a puzzled frown.

JETSON
What is this?

SYKES
(looks, then)
A rubber. A condom. You know...
Coney Island whitefish?
(Jetson doesn't know
what one is)
Men, human men, put them on their,
uh -- penises -- to protect against
having babies.
(Jetson still doesn't
get it; Sykes turns
to Ortiz)
You need this for anything?

ORTIZ
Nope, got my own. Anything you guys
don't use gets stuffed away in
storage.

Sykes tears open the packet, unrolls the condom, dangles it before Jetson.

SYKES
Get the picture?

JETSON
(frowning)
And that fits?

SYKES
Well... Yeah, it's rubber. It
stretches.

JETSON
And still it fits?

Sykes looks at Jetson's serious expression. He tosses the condom and packet back into the counter and continues searching. A beat, then he can't stop himself -- he steals a glance at Jetson's crotch.

Still searching, Sykes picks up one of the dead alien's well-worn heavy work boots. He grimaces... the sides and soles are painted with a viscous black substance. He very tentatively sniffs it... and is grateful that it's not what he thought it might be.

SYKES

What is this stuff?

Sykes gets some on his hands, doesn't know where to wipe it. Jetson glances over.

JETSON

It is a resin.

Sykes looks at him... surprised that he knows.

JETSON

(continuing)

Newcomers working near methane gasses at oil refineries must paint it on their boots to protect against sparks.

SYKES

How the hell do you know that?

JETSON

A large number of my people were hired by refineries because the methane fumes are not harmful to us. My spouse's brother is one.

SYKES

So the Slag they're cutting into upstairs worked at a refinery just like Hubley worked at a refinery.

(beat)

I'd say that "possible" connection between the two cases just got a hell of a lot more possible.

(beat)

Okay, next step -- I gotta go talk to the wife of the Slag store owner blown away last night.

JETSON

I believe I should interview the widow alone.

SYKES

Why the hell--?!

(realizes it's

because of his lack

of "bedside manner")

Great, fine. You talk to the wife.

CUT TO:

INT./ EXT. MINI-MART - LATE AFTERNOON

The shattered windows have been covered with plywood. Through the open doorway we see Jetson talking to the Proprietor's Wife. She studies a photo Jetson shows her,

nods her head, speaking rapidly in the alien language.

CUT TO:

EXT. REFINERY - LATE AFTERNOON

Sykes drives along beside the mammoth, steaming network of buildings and pipes that make up the refinery.

CUT TO:

INT. REFINERY - LATE AFTERNOON

Through the loud and smoky refinery we see Sykes walking with the newly promoted Methane Section manager, O'NEAL, in tie and shirtsleeves. The workmen around them are both human and Newcomer.

O'NEAL
(yelling over the
roar)
Mr. Hubley was an all right guy --
and a damn good manager. The men
liked him. I'm really gonna have to
scramble to fill his shoes.

SYKES
Well, one of the men didn't like him
so much...

They stop and Sykes hands O'Neal the polaroid photo of Raincoat alien. They have stopped near the heavy refrigeration-type door leading to the "METHANE SECTION".

Newcomer workers move in and out through the door during:

O'NEAL
(looking at photo)
You think this is the guy who did
it?

SYKES
We think he could'a been involved,
yeah. You know him?

O'NEAL
To be honest, it's hard to say. I
hate to admit it but -- they all
still kinda look alike to me.

SYKES
(impatient)
Who else can I ask around here?

O'NEAL
(looking at photo
again)
Wait. You know who it looks like?
Yeah. Anderson. Uh... James
Anderson. He isn't in today. He
took the afternoon off.

SYKES
I think you're gonna find he's taken

the rest of his life off.

O'Neal reacts. Sykes notices the door to the Methane Section.

SYKES

That where Anderson worked?

O'NEAL

Yes it is.

(some alien workers
come through the
door)

Thirty-five percent pure Methane gas
in there. I don't know how these
fellas do it.

Sykes watches two more alien workers pass back through the door. O'Neal watches Sykes' expression for signs of suspicion.

CUT TO:

HIGH ANGLE SHOT - SYKES AND O'NEAL

We see Sykes hand O'Neal a card, then move off. O'Neal watches him briefly, then crosses to some steps and starts up this way.

We PAN with him as he enters a door here on the second level.

CUT TO:

INT. METHANE SECTION CONTROL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

O'Neal enters, moves to a telephone, begins to dial. Beyond is a glass wall overlooking the Methane Section.

CUT TO:

ANGLE - BELOW

CAMERA TRACKS through the Methane Section... past the alien workers in lab whites... past all the arcane equipment and chemical procedures... ending in an EXTREME CLOSE UP of a small cylindrical dispenser as it fills slowly with a pale blue, viscous liquid.

CUT TO:

INT./ EXT. SLUG-MOBILE - JETSON'S STREET - DUSK

We're SHOOTING THROUGH the slug-mobile window as Sykes pulls up in front of Jetson's modest but immaculately maintained home on the outskirts of Slagtown. Jetson's WIFE, an attractive alien woman, stands watering the lawn with a garden hose. Jetson's son, age six, rides his bicycle along the walkway. Jetson, dressed in his suit for work, crouches near the walkway, playing with his son.

Sykes pulls the car toward the curb, rolls his eyes.

SYKES

Jesus. Welcome back Ozzie and

Harriet...

He HONKS the horn. Jetson looks up, then moves to his wife and kisses her goodbye. Moves to his son, kisses him on the top of his head.

Sykes watches all this... and as he does, slowly his derisive expression softens. As corny as this tableau may be, there's something very appealing about the innocence of it... even to an unrepentant cynic like Sykes.

Jetson starts to climb into the car, and we--

CUT TO:

INT. RESTROOM - BILTMORE HOTEL - NIGHT

CLOSE on an alien hand as it removes one of the drug dispensers from a tuxedo pocket. As the hand brings the dispenser toward the face, we immediately recognize the exotic silver bracelet worn by Kipling the night before. It makes that distinctive CLINKING NOISE. We PAN with the hand to reveal Kipling's face... sans bandana and sunglasses now. He wears a black tuxedo. He lets a small dab of the blue gel curl from the dispenser onto his tongue. He swallows... and reacts as the rush from the drug hits him.

The door to the men's room bangs open and a MIDDLE AGED POLITICO enters, obviously drunk.

Kipling quickly pockets the dispenser, moves past the Politico to the exit...

CUT TO:

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

Sykes drives, heading for the Biltmore Hotel.

JETSON

Mrs. Porter is not taking her husband's death well.

SYKES

(impatient)

Did you learn anything?

JETSON

A week ago two men came to see her husband. After they left, he was very frightened. She identified one of the men from a photo I showed her. It was Hubley.

SYKES

Aw-right. What about the other guy?

JETSON

She didn't know him. But she said her son might.

SYKES

Did you talk to him?

JETSON

He has not been home since that day.
But she told me where to find him.

Sykes nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BALLROOM - BILTMORE HOTEL - NIGHT

The men are in tuxedos, the women in evening gowns. Only two of three Newcomers faces present. Kipling threads his way among the tables as the MAYOR, at the speaker's platform, addresses the assembly.

MAYOR

... Our guest speaker tonight has done so much in his community and for his community in such a short period of time. And I must say, as the founder of the first Newcomer owned and operated corporation in Southern California, he certainly has come quite far in the last few years. Granted, not as far as he came in the years before reaching Los Angeles.

There is laughter from the VIPs. Kipling slides into a seat at one of the front tables. He leans over and whispers something into the ear of the person seated to his right. We see this CLOSE UP, and don't see who he is whispering to yet. Whoever it is, nods.

MAYOR

(continuing)

As Mayor of this city, it gives me great pleasure to introduce someone who has so readily made our city his home... and all of us who live here, his friends. Ladies and gentlemen, William Harcourt.

The VIPs applaud as the spotlight sweeps over to a front table. At first it hits Kipling, then it adjusts to capture WILLIAM HARCOURT, seated to Kipling's right. Harcourt is an exemplar of the successful Newcomer entrepreneur... handsome, charming, with cool blue eyes that glint with his piercing intellect. He rises, smiling warmly, steps past his striking ALIEN DATE seated to his right, to make his way to the podium. He shields his eyes somewhat from the bright spotlight.

Once behind the podium, he slips his notes from a breast pocket as the applause ebbs.

HARCOURT

Thank you all for that very warm reception.

(pauses, smiles)

I'm particularly grateful because I actually had the gall to write that in my notes: "Thank you all for that

very warm reception". Imagine how embarrassed I would've been if it hadn't have been such a warm reception.

The VIPs laugh. He's won them over instantly with his charm and candor.

CUT TO:

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL - FOYER - NIGHT

Sykes, followed by a reluctant Jetson, bears down on Harcourt, who is exiting the hotel with his Date, and Kipling. We see Kipling recognize Sykes from their fight two nights before... but because Kipling looks so different, Sykes doesn't recognize him outright. Still, during this, Sykes senses something, though he's not sure what.

SYKES

William Harcourt?

HARCOURT

Yes...

SYKES

I'm Sergeant Sykes, and this is Detective Jetson, Los Angeles Police Department.

HARCOURT

(nodding greeting)

Sergeant... Detective. I wasn't aware there were any Newcomers at the rank of Detective yet.

JETSON

I am the first.

HARCOURT

Congratulations. This is my administrative assistant, Rudyard Kipling.

SYKES

(throw away)

Rudyard Kipling? No shit?

(to Harcourt)

Listen, we just need a minute of your time...

JETSON

We'd like to ask you about a business associate of your, Warren Hubley.

HARCOURT

Yes, I heard about poor Warren. Tragic.

SYKES

You were partners with him on some Slag -- uh, Newcomer real estate

thing.

HARCOURT

That's right. He and I, along with seven or eight others. Listen, gentlemen, I will be happy to assist you in any way I can -- unfortunately, at the moment, I'm overdue at another function.

Suddenly there's a voice from O.S.:

MAYOR (O.S.)

William...

Harcourt turns as the Mayor and his WIFE step up.

HARCOURT

Mr. Mayor...

MAYOR

William, I was wondering if you wouldn't rather ride with Luisa and me. Two limousines trying to make it across town in all this traffic, we're bound to be later than we already are.

HARCOURT

Excellent idea. Ray, I wonder if you know two of your police officers... Detective Jetson and Sykes.

MAYOR

(shaking their hands,
dismissively)

A pleasure.

(to Harcourt)

We really should be going.

The wind is knocked from Sykes' sails by the presence of the Mayor with a very impatient expression. Harcourt smiles.

HARCOURT

(continuing)

Please feel free to call my office Monday morning for an appointment.

(to Jetson)

Congratulations again on your promotion, Detective. Remember... you're out there setting an example in our community. I'll be keeping an eye on you.

Harcourt is smiling as he says this last, but his eyes are penetrating... telegraphing a subliminal warning. Harcourt and entourage move off... leaving Sykes steaming.

CUT TO:

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL - HARCOURT AND KIPLING - NIGHT

Walking behind the others. They speak in very low voices; Harcourt continuing to nod and smile to other passing VIPs during:

KIPLING

That cop, the human, he was the one who killed Anderson and the driver.

HARCOURT

This is becoming a serious breach of security.

KIPLING

He didn't recognize me.

HARCOURT

It is his new partner that I'm worried about.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE FIRING RANGE - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

MAFFET, the stocky retired cop behind the counter, hands Jetson a bag of reloads and some silhouette targets. Sykes nods to Jetson, motioning him toward the firing line.

SYKES

Go on ahead. I'll be right in.
(to Maffet, low)
What'd you dig up for me?

Maffet slides open a drawer, takes out a paper bag containing a massive pistol with an enormous bore. By his manner this deal is definitely not kosher. Sykes hefts the weapon.

MAFFET

You said you wanted the biggest thing I could find... Well, this is it.

SYKES

What is it?

MAFFET

Casull .454 Magnum. You're talking twice the impact energy of .44 Magnum hot loads.

SYKES

(flips open cylinder)
Only holds five.

MAFFET

Yeah, the shells are too big for six in an cylinder. Hell, Matt, you don't need but one.

SYKES

(sighting)
No... two.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - FIRING LINE - NIGHT

Jetson, looking bizarre in his ear-protectors, is taking careful aim with his .38 as Sykes walks up. Jetson slips the protectors down.

SYKES

Well, let's see what you got,
Cochise. Gimme six, rapid fire.

Jetson, a little nervous at this command performance, turns, sets, and FIRES at the silhouette target. It's a large, sloppy grouping.

SYKES

(continuing)

How long you been shooting? That's pitiful. Whattya gonna do if somebody draws down on you, wave your scores on the written exam at 'em?

Sykes starts loading the thumb-sized bullets into the Casull.

JETSON

Why did you do it?

SYKES

Why'd I do what?

JETSON

Agree to work with me? You don't like me... you don't like any of us. You have nothing but contempt for us. And yet you become an outcast from your club of detectives by making me your partner...

SYKES

My partner is dead! Because one of you bastards killed him -- then disappeared into a rathole down in Slagtown, where he's home and dry, 'cause nobody sees nothing, nobody says nothing...

Sykes grabs a bullet-proof vest from nearby, slaps it onto the hanging target form. He hits the switch, running the target down to the end of the lane.

SYKES

(continuing)

But he didn't figure on you, George. You're going to get me through that wall of silence. You're going to make them talk to me. You're going to help me find that Slag son-of-a-bitch. Comprendo? And if Fedorchuk and the boys in the bullpen don't like it, screw them... and if the Captain doesn't like it, screw him... and if all the Slags down in

Slagtown don't like it... well screw
them too!

Sykes raises the Casull, fires. KA-BOOM!!! The shell
rockets clean through the bullet-proof vest on the target
form. The recoil slams Sykes back, jerks his arm up. KA-
BOOM!!! again, and another hole is drilled through the
vest. Other shooters look over. Sykes sets the gun
down... sees his hand is bleeding. Jetson absorbs all
this, as we--

CUT TO:

EXT. "X" BAR - NIGHT

A violet neon "X" FILLS FRAME, flashing hypnotically.
It's a bar catering to rough-trade Newcomer clientele.
Several ALIEN MEN, brute laborer-types, lounge around out
front. They glare with antagonism as Sykes and Jetson
climb out of their car.

SYKES

(to Jetson)

Okay, just stay back and do what I
do. Watch and learn, watch and
learn...

INT. "X" BAR - NIGHT

Sykes and Jetson walk into the almost total blackness of
this all-Newcomer place.

A few near-infrared indigo lamps dot the blackness.

SYKES

I can't see dick in here.

We can dimly make out booths along one wall, some tables,
and the bar. There are maybe twenty figures seated or
standing in the darkness. The room falls silent in a wave
as Sykes' presence becomes noticed.

Sykes saunters forward, commanding the space with his
unhurried movements.

SYKES

(calling into the
dark silence)

Which one'a you Slags is Porter?

VOICE

(from the back of
the bar)

Who wants to know?

Sykes squints into the darkness, then--

SYKES

(aside to Jetson)

Who said that?

JETSON

(tilts his head to

indicate)
At the end of the bar.

Sykes nods, starts in that direction.

SYKES
My name is Sykes. I'm--

ALIEN VOICE
Ss'ai k'ss?

The whole place roars with LAUGHTER. Too late Sykes remembers what his name sounds like to them. He continues down the bar and a figure in one of the booths sticks his leg out and trips Sykes with his size 16 work boot. Sykes stumbles, then recovers and pivots on the offender. Hoots and derisive LAUGHTER. He sees only shadows.

OFFENDER
(merely a voice in
the dark)
Careful, ss'loka', you might hurt
yourself.

More laughter. Sykes gives the darkness where the offender sits a hard stare, then turns and shoulders his way to the end of the bar. Jetson follows. Sykes stops behind a big Newcomer in greasy work clothes.

ANGLE

The punk Newcomer in the next seat is keeping his head down, trying to be inconspicuous.

He glances over at the two cops... his expression shifting to recognition as he spots Jetson.

BACK TO SCENE

Sykes speaks to the Big Newcomer's back.

SYKES
You Porter?

The Big Newcomer continues to sip his mug of sour milk. Doesn't turn. Sykes grabs him by the shoulder and turns him around. The alien grabs Sykes' hand off, rising to his full height. He and Sykes lock eyes. Meanwhile. the punk Newcomer (PORTER) has started to slip away unnoticed. Jetson spots him, reaches out with one arm, and grabs him by the jacket.

JETSON
No, Matthew. I believe this is the
one you want.

He pulls Porter back into play. Now Jetson sees Porter's face... and he, too, reacts with recognition.

Sykes gives Jetson a sour look, releases the Big Newcomer, and turns his malice on the punk Newcomer.

SYKES
Your name wouldn't happen to be

Porter, would it?

JETSON

Uh, Matthew...

SYKES

(over his shoulder
to Jetson)

Back off, George.

JETSON

But I-- (know this man).

SYKES

I'll handle it.

Jetson backs off, letting him handle it.

SYKES

(to Porter)

Jesus, are the questions too tough
for you already? Let's try again--

(slowly)

Is your name Porter?

PORTER

Ss'kya'ta'.

SYKES

(to Jetson)

What's that?

JETSON

Screw you.

SYKES

(back to Porter)

Screw me? That can't be right.

PORTER

Ss'kya ta' ss'loka'. Ss'trokya'
ss'lato na'!

JETSON

(to Sykes, low)

You don't want to know.

SYKES

Tell me.

JETSON

Your mother mates out of season.

SYKES

(to Porter)

That's very colorful. But see --
now I've got a problem. I don't
seem to be getting much cooperation
from you, Porter. So I guess we're
gonna have to take this little
session down to my office, ya
know?

And instantly Sykes whips out this flashlight, snaps on

the beam, and arcs it into the faces of the aliens around him. Jetson gets a blast of it, too. The aliens are momentarily blinded.

Sykes has Porter pinned to the bar, the flashlight in his face, as he starts to handcuff him. But Porter gets a hand free and crushes the head of the flashlight. Darkness falls... along with Sykes' expression of satisfaction.

Porter hurls Sykes back, slamming him into a table. The crowd HOOTS and CHEERS. Sykes finds his way to his feet.

JETSON

Matthew, you don't have to-- (do this).

SYKES

Stay back! I'm okay.

He charges Porter, brandishing the flashlight like a club. The two of them battle, then Sykes sees his opportunity and brings his knee up viciously into the alien's groin. Porter doubles over in feigned agony, then slowly rises again -- smiling.

PORTER

Don't they teach you anything about us in cop school, little ss'loka'?

Porter grabs Sykes by the shirt front, is about to deliver a crushing blow, when another arm cuts into FRAME, locking with Porter's, blocking the punch. It is Jetson.

JETSON

Enough.

PORTER

(eyeing Jetson)

Ss'tangya T'ssorentsa'. You're a cop.

(with some contempt)

It fits you.

Jetson says something to him in the alien language. Porter gives him a hard stare, then moves toward the back exit. Sykes stumbles over to Jetson.

SYKES

You know that guy?

JETSON

(nods)

From quarantine, when my people first arrived here. He and I were housed together.

SYKES

How could a straight-arrow like you ever pick a roommate like him?

JETSON

In the camps, we were lodged four to a room. The selection process was entirely random. We did not get to

stay with our friends... or
families...

And he moves toward the back exit. Sykes watches him go.

CUT TO:

EXT. "X" BAR - NIGHT

Porter leans against an alley wall. He speaks English
learned on the streets.

JETSON

You don't know what your father and
these two men were arguing about?

PORTER

I told you -- I was in the back of
the store. I just heard voices,
muffled like.

SYKES

One of the two men was Hubley,
right? What about the other one?
Did you know him?

PORTER

Yeah... I seen him around. High-
roller dude named Strader. Joshua
Strader. Runs a club on the west
side. Encounters.

SYKES

Yeah, I heard of it.

PORTER

That's all I know. You want
anything more, you ask somebody
else.

He pushes away from the wall, heads for the door to the
bar.

JETSON

I am sorry about your father.

Porter throws him a look over his shoulder, then
disappears through the door. Sykes and Jetson start down
the alley.

JETSON

If I may make a suggestion... We
have different weak spots than you
do. Next time, a blow to the nerve
plexus under the arm, here, will
produce the effect I think you were
looking for.

SYKES

Yeah, sure. I knew that...

CUT TO:

EXT. BURGER STAND - NIGHT

The wall-mounted menu is in English and the Alien Language. The SERVERS are teen aged humans and aliens.

Sykes and Jetson stand at the counter awaiting their order.

KID
(serving them)
Six forty-two.

They both put money on the counter. The kid goes to put the order together. Sykes looks at the alien characters on the menu.

SYKES
I don't think I could ever learn to read that shit.
(beat)
How long did it take you to learn English?

JETSON
Three months.
(off Sykes' look)
We learn quickly. We adapt. It is our strength... what we were bred for, to adapt to hostile environments.

The Serving Kid puts their bags on the counter.

JETSON
(continuing)
Thank you.

They take the bags and walk off, digging the food out of the bags as they talk:

SYKES
My neighbor's kid has a Newcomer girl in his class. She's six years old and in seventh grade already...

They climb into the car.

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

Jetson doesn't respond... some things are better left unaddressed. Meanwhile, Sykes has unwrapped his food and recoils in disgust.

SYKES
Oh, God. I think I got yours here...

He holds up two strips of raw meat with patches of animal fur still on them. Jetson meanwhile is grimacing at the dripping cheeseburger he's just unwrapped. They quickly trade.

SYKES
(continuing)

Which one is that? Raw what?

JETSON
(eating a strip)
This is mole. It's good.

SYKES
I'll bet.
(winces, watching him
chew)
Would it really put you out if they
tossed that on the grill for a
minute or two?

JETSON
Our bodies do not assimilate the
nutrients if the food has been
cooked.

Jetson looks over at him, smiling.

SYKES
Oh, that's real attractive. You got
fur in your teeth, George. Come on,
man, we're gonna be talking to
people... jeez.

Sykes looks at his burger, his appetite gone, shoves it
back into the sack and tosses it into the back seat.

INT./ EXT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

As Sykes pulls onto the street.

SYKES
So what was that other word for
Human... Slow ka?

JETSON
Ss'loka'. It means literally "small
but intelligent creature".
(Sykes looks over,
doesn't know if he
likes this)
It loses much in the translation.

SYKES
And what was that one about my
mother? That was a good one.

JETSON
Ss'trokya ss'lato 'na'.

SYKES
Yeah, that's it. Say it slow.

Jetson pronounces the words and Sykes follows along
haltingly. After several tries, he can say it passably
well.

INT. ENCOUNTERS - NIGHT

An upscale, mostly yuppie-human dance club. The antithesis of the "X" bar. A human HOSTESS in a slit dress has just finished seating Sykes and Jetson at a table. She moves off. The two cops look up at the stage.

REVERSE ANGLE

revealing the exotic alien dancer named CASSANDRA. She moves with a feline blend of strength and grace. Framing her face is a silvery nylon wig that she tosses like a mane as she undulates to the MUSIC.

Sykes watches with fascination. The MUSIC ends and Cassandra steps down from the stage, to be replaced by a human DANCER as the next SONG cranks up. Sykes and Jetson quickly intercept her as she heads backstage.

JETSON

You are Cassandra?

CASSANDRA

That's right.

JETSON

We are with the Police Department.
This is Sergeant Sykes, and I am--

CASSANDRA

(laughing)

Ss'ai k'ss? Perfect.

SYKES

We're looking for your boss --
Strader.

She eyes the two of them warily, then moves backstage, assuming they will follow.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

She moves along the narrow corridor.

CASSANDRA

He's not here. Why ask me?

JETSON

The young woman at the front said
you might know where he is.

CASSANDRA

She did, did she? Well, she was
wrong. Excuse me, I have to change.

SYKES

No problem.

She moves through a door. Sykes follows closely so does Jetson.

INT. ENCOUNTERS - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassandra grabs some clothes and goes into a stall.

SYKES

Look, we're not here doing an interview for the school paper. This is a homicide investigation... and if you don't stop jerkin' us around, I'm ready to start playin' hardball.

Jetson has waited politely half-in half-out of the room. Sykes rapidly motions to him to "go look around". Jetson mimes back, "Huh?"

CASSANDRA

(slipping out of her
dance costume)

Oooh. Hardball. That sounds interesting. Are you going to strike me? You could tie me up and then do whatever you want with me... I've got my own ropes.

SYKES

(still miming to
Jetson)

Does that cost extra or you throw them in?

CASSANDRA

You've got me all wrong. I don't charge money for something that I myself find pleasurable...

Finally Jetson gets what Sykes is trying to tell him. He says in the uncertain, stagy voice of a bad liar:

JETSON

I am going out to the car. I will meet you there.

Sykes rolls his eyes as Jetson exits into the corridor. Cassandra emerges from the stall, wearing a long, stylish, low-cut dress.

CASSANDRA

Look, I don't know where Mr. Strader might be. He comes and he goes.

SYKES

(starting to feel a
little uncomfortable)

The girl out front mentioned Strader's assistant, somebody named Watson. Maybe he knows.

CASSANDRA

(tensing slightly)

Todd? Todd doesn't know either.

She is very close to Sykes now. She fingers the lapel of his jacket.

CASSANDRA

(continuing)

I know... Why don't you hang around for a while, let me entertain you? It's Matt, right? Now tell me the truth, have you ever... made it... with one of us?

SYKES

Not unless I got real drunk and nobody told me about it later.

CASSANDRA

A virgin. I find that very arousing...

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MUSIC drifts up from downstairs. Jetson moves along the corridor, scoping things out. He tries a door. Locked. Tries another one. Open. He eases it wider, then enters the darkened office.

INT. OFFICE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Jetson moves into the office. Looks around. Makes his way to the cluttered desk top. Pushes things around... all the usual stuff. He starts to turn away, then his eye catches something sticking out from behind a row of ledger books. He reaches for it. A small dispenser -- of the kind we saw being filled at the refinery. Jetson studies it, his suspicions growing. Opening it, he finds only the barest trace of a viscous substance.

He smells it... not enough to tell for certain what it is. But enough that he is very concerned about what it could be.

INT. CASSANDRA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassandra is practically melting herself into Sykes now. She takes his hand and guides his fingertips over her facial ridges. She shudders with pleasure. Sykes begins to perspire.

SYKES

There's lots of things I haven't done, but his ain't high on the list. Don't take it personally.

CASSANDRA

I think you're just a little scared now, about what you might find once the lights go out. A little scared... and a lot curious. Maybe more than you want to admit. But doesn't that turn you on, that curiosity and fear, swirling together?

(coos)

Think of it as broadening your horizons.

SYKES
I like my horizons narrow.

CASSANDRA
(pressing herself
into him)
Your voice is saying no, but your
body is saying yes.

He quickly disengages from her.

SYKES
My voice, body, and everything else
is saying I'll be back in two hours
for Strader, and he better damn well
be here.

He shoves a business card at her, then retreats through
the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sykes closes the door and lets out his breath.

INT. CASSANDRA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassandra's expression instantly turns to worry and she
quickly crosses to a phone and punches the intercom
button.

INT. OFFICE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Jetson, looking through a desk drawer, hears the intercom
BUZZ in the next room. Through the wall--

WATSON (O.S.)
(tentatively)
Yes...?

CASSANDRA (O.S.)
(over the intercom,
breathless)
Todd, it's me. The police were just
here... looking for Strader. And
asking about you.

Jetson moves toward the door to the adjoining office,
drawing his gun. The floor squeaks beneath his feet. He
looks down, then continues toward the door.

INT. OFFICE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Jetson eases open the door. It's the manager's private
office. Jetson sees the phone receiver resting on the
desk, the desk lamp on, a lit cigarette in an ashtray --
but no one behind the desk. Jetson eases through the door
and--

-- a chair crashes down on him from behind the door!

Jetson goes down, his gun skittering out of his hand.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Jetson and his assailant battle in the well-appointed office.

INT. OFFICE - SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sykes hears the fight through the private office door. He throws the door open.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Sykes stands in the doorway, the Casull straight-armed at Jetson's assailant.

SYKES

Freeze! Now!

The assailant does. He looks at Sykes, scared, breathing hard. He's a Newcomer in a snappy Armani suit. This is TODD WATSON. Jetson, on the floor, starts to rise.

Suddenly somebody flies at Sykes from the side, knocking him sideways down the corridor. It's Cassandra. Watson seizes the moment and shoves the off-balance Jetson into some furniture and dives for the door.

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Watson runs down the corridor, ducking onto a fire escape. Meanwhile Sykes wrestles with Cassandra. She's as strong as he is, but he has the edge in experience.

Jetson, disheveled, appears in the private office doorway, ready to chase Watson, but not knowing which way he went.

SYKES

(struggling with
Cassandra)

Fire escape! End of the hall!

Jetson nods, takes off down the corridor. Sykes manages to get one handcuff on Cassandra's wrist, the other cuff around a pipe sticking out of the wall. She SCREECHES at him in the alien language as he collects the Casull and charges down the corridor.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - OUTSIDE ENCOUNTERS - NIGHT

Jetson pounds down the fire escape. Below him, he sees Watson reach the ground and take off running for the parking area.

Jetson reaches the ground and gives chase.

EXT. ENCOUNTERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Watson zig-zags through the parked cars, Jetson cutting down other rows trying to make up the distance between them.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - OUTSIDE ENCOUNTERS - NIGHT

Sykes bangs down the fire escape, leaping the last fifteen feet to the ground.

EXT. ENCOUNTERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Watson reaches his Alfa Romeo, yanks open the door, fires it up. Jetson slides up, ten feet behind the car, pulls his gun, aims.

The white reverse-lights flash on. Jetson stands there, gun aimed -- but he hesitates to shoot. In that split second hesitation, Watson floors it... Jetson jumping to avoid being hit.

INT. ALFA ROMEO - NIGHT

Watson throws the car into Drive, looks up, and sees Sykes standing right in front of the car. He hits the gas. Sykes has no choice then to leap onto the hood of the car. Watson, with Sykes' face on the other side of the glass, panics and--

EXT. ENCOUNTERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

-- plows the Alfa into some parked cars.

Sykes is up in a flash -- yanks Watson out of the car.

Watson rears back to swing at Sykes, when Sykes swings his arms around in two wide arcs, his fists landing two direct hits in the nerve centers under Watson's arms. Watson folds over with a "ooowwph" sound and drops to his knees.

SYKES
(breathing hard)
I'll be damned. It worked.
(sees Jetson run up)
How'd you like that, huh? Whammo!
Both barrels. Dropped him like a
bag of cement.

Jetson picks up Watson's fallen wallet. He looks at the I.D.

SYKES
Who is he?

JETSON
Todd Watson. The assistant manager.

Watson is still doubled over, just trying to draw one agonized breath.

WATSON

I don't believe this. Look at my suit. Look at what you made me do to my car.

SYKES

(laughing)

Your girlfriend put up a better fight than you did, pal.

JETSON

We are looking for your employer, Joshua Strader.

WATSON

He's out of town.

JETSON

Why did you run?

WATSON

Because you two were chasing me.

SYKES

We were chasing you because you ran, you dumb son-of-a-bitch.

JETSON

When will Strader return?

WATSON

Who knows. He's the boss -- he doesn't have to check in with me.

SYKES

(wearily)

Watson... this is my partner here's first coupla days, and he wants to make a good impression. Me, though, the way I feel -- this could be my last day, know what I mean? And I'm ready to rain on you like a cow pissin' on a flat rock.

WATSON

Look -- Mr. Strader hasn't been around for a coupla days. He didn't tell me where he was going or when he'd be back. I swear it.

SYKES

(to Jetson)

What do you think?

JETSON

I believe he is probably lying.

SYKES

Through his ass.

(to Watson)

Next time you see him, tell him to call me... unless you want us to keep coming back on you like a bad case of herpes.

Sykes shoves a business card in Watson's breast pocket.
They walk away and Watson slumps against his car.

ANGLE - MOVING WITH SYKES AND JETSON

as they walk wearily to the slug-mobile.

SYKES

George, you can handle the women
from now on, you mind?

CUT TO:

EXT. ENCOUNTERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Watson is alone, surveying the damage to his Alfa, when he hears footsteps. He turns with a "What now?" expression and -- a shotgun butt is slammed into his forehead. He goes down. Kipling stands over him, flanked by FOUR HUMAN THUGS. One of these is QUINT, senior human in Harcourt's employ.

QUINT

(to other Thugs)
Okay, scrape him up.

CUT TO:

EXT. ZUMA BEACH APPROACH _ NIGHT

Harcourt's private limo glides down the narrow access road, passing a lookout car attended by two alien Thugs. The limo moves down to the beach, parking near an n.d. van.

Harcourt exits the limo, walks onto the sand to the back of the van. Here he finds Kipling and Quint and the three human Thugs.

They have Watson chained to the van's rear bumper, facing the sea, and have been working him over with a tire iron. He's bruised and bloody, but still conscious.

HARCOURT

Any progress?

QUINT

My arm's gettin' tired and so far,
zip.

KIPLING

He is ss'verdlatya ss'alo to
Strader.

QUINT

What's that mean?

KIPLING

Duty-bonded. His allegiance to
Strader is above pain or life.

QUINT

You tellin' me this guy would die

before he'd screw his boss and work
for us? Nobody's that dumb.

KIPLING

It is something you couldn't
comprehend, Quint.

Harcourt approaches Watson, kneels beside him, careful to
keep the knee of his designer pants out of the sand.

HARCOURT

I understand you have been resisting
my offer Mr. Watson. Your sense of
duty to Mr. Strader is noble, but --
no longer an issue, I'm afraid...

Harcourt signals and the two Thugs drag an alien body from
the back of the van: a middle-aged alien, Strader, shot
twice through the front of his silk suit. Watson's eyes
widen in fear.

HARCOURT

(continuing)

I will not make this offer again. I
want you to work for me, to manage
the nightclub as Strader's successor.
If you do, you will know a wealth
and comfort our people never dared
imagine...

Watson stares at Harcourt, scared but defiant.

WATSON

Sss'k'a ta'!

Harcourt studies Watson a moment, perhaps even admiring
his resolve. Then--

HARCOURT

It is such a pity to die for an
outmoded value.

(rising)

Mr. Quint, I believe it's time for
our friend's swimming lesson.

Watson freaks out, howling and lashing against the chains.

HARCOURT

(to Watson)

It's important to learn new skills.
Essential to your growth as a
person.

Quint and the Thugs free Watson from the bumper. He bucks
and lunges as they drag him toward the surf. Quint
addresses one of the Thugs, a new guy.

QUINT

You never seen this before, have
you, Billy? oh, man, you ain't
gonna believe it... seawater is like
battery acid to these guys... I
don't know what it is, some kinds
chemical reaction. Whatta you think

it is, Watson? Whoa, hold him.

(a wave breaks
outside, the foam
rolls in)

What I love about the surf is you
can never tell how far up it's going
to come until it... whoops, got a
little wet there.

The wave just sloshes over Watson's lower legs. He
screams. Flailing, one of his hands dips below the
surface of the water. He howls and yanks out his hand.
We see the alien hand dripping seawater... then a thousand
droplets of purple alien blood begin to bead all over the
hand. The Thugs get Watson swinging.

QUINT

Last call, sucker. One... two...
THREE!

Watson is flung into the surf.

ANGLE

Harcourt and Kipling have walked down almost to the
waterline. We HEAR Watson's GURGLES and SCREAMS... then
nothing. Kipling is very nervous this close to the water.
Harcourt seems unperturbed.

KIPLING

When we picked him up, he was
talking to those two cops -- the two
who came to question you about
Hubley.

HARCOURT

This is getting out of hand. I want
you to deal with it. Immediately.

A wave rushes up the sand. Kipling quickly steps back.
Harcourt stands firm, staring it down, and the foam stops
six inches from his dress shoes.

HARCOURT

(continuing)

We must learn to embrace the things
we fear... and from that grow
strong.

A moment, then he turns and starts back toward the limo.
He motions to Strader's body and the surf. The Thugs grab
the body and heave it into the waves.

CUT TO:

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jetson is talking rapidly in the alien language on the
kitchen wall phone. Sykes, foreground, takes the bottle
of vodka from the refrigerator, throws some ice in a
glass, pours himself a shot. As Jetson is talking, he
spots the carton of milk that Sykes inadvertently left out
of the refrigerator two nights ago.

He sniffs it... his eyebrows do an involuntary movement.
He finishes with his wife and hangs up. He watches Sykes
take a long pull on the vodka.

JETSON
(holds up milk
carton)
Would you mind?

Sykes shrugs, tosses him a glass. Jetson pours the semi-
lumpy milk and takes a big swallow. Sykes grimaces.
Then--

SYKES
(indicates phone)
So, she keeps you on a pretty short
leash, does she?

JETSON
My wife? She worries about me.

Sykes leans against the counter, getting comfortable, his
voice more weary than bitter.

SYKES
Yeah... I know the routine.

JETSON
You are married?

SYKES
Was. Divorced.

JETSON
We mate for life. Divorce... is a
strange concept to us.

SYKES
It's like having an eleventh finger
removed. It hurts like hell, but
you never really needed the damn
thing in the first place.

Jetson nods -- even though he doesn't really understand
this. They drink... Jetson gazes around.

JETSON
Your home is quite disordered. I
thought perhaps you had been
burglarized when I walked in.

SYKES
(growling)
I appreciate your honesty, George.

He smacks his glass against Jetson's. They drink.

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - LATER

Sykes has his wallet out... showing Jetson a dog-eared
photo.

SYKES

Ignore the bitch on the left, that's Edie. I call her Edi Amin... This is Kristin, my daughter. It's kinda an old picture... she's twenty now. Getting married, in fact... on Sunday.

Jetson sitting across the table from Sykes, looks at the proffered photo. They're both a little drunk now.

JETSON

Human children can be very beautiful.

(then)

Getting married? Congratulations. You will be taking Sunday off, then...

SYKES

(uneasy)

Maybe not... I don't know. I'm not sure I'm gonna go.

(mumbles)

She doesn't need her burn-out of a father there...

Jetson looks at him. Sees something he never thought possible in Sykes. Vulnerability. Trying to break the melancholy mood, Jetson reaches for his wallet.

JETSON

(upbeat)

I must show you...

(flips open wallet,
shows four crisp
photos of his wife)

And this is Richard. My son. He's four years old. We named him after the former President, Richard Nixon.

Sykes looks at all the photos sprawled out on the table... and has to laugh. He looks up at Jetson's sincere face. He may be starting to like this guy.

SYKES

You open to a piece of advice? Tell people you named him after Richard Burton, the actor. Just take my word for it.

And he clacks his glass against Jetson's sitting on the table, and--

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - LATER

They are quite a bit drunker. Jetson has doffed his jacket and tie, leans in, listening intently to Sykes.

SYKES

... and so, and so the doctor says,
"If this is the thermometer, then
where'd I leave the pen?"
(laughs raucously,

Jetson doesn't
react)
You're not... you don't think that's
funny? George, work with me, I
always get a laugh with that one.
Look, if the doctor's got the
thermometer in his hand, then
where's his pen gotta be?

JETSON
(straight-faced)
In the other man's rectum.

SYKES
(laughing)
Sticking out of his ass... yeah!
See, that's what makes it a joke.
There's like a surprise, and your
mind fills in the funny picture.
Here's this guy with a pen stuck in
his ass and he thinks it's a
thermometer.

(Jetson just blinks)
Nada, huh?

Jetson shrugs apologetically. Sykes pours them each
another round.

SYKES
(continuing)
Your health...

JETSON
Ta ss'trakyona'...

They CLACK glasses, and--

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - LATER STILL

The party has moves into the living room floor, around the
coffee table. It's a quieter moment.

JETSON
There is so much our two peoples
don't understand about each other.

SYKES
No shit, Holmes. You're only from
another goddamn planet, for
chrissakes.

JETSON
You humans are very curious to us.
You invite us to live among you, in
an atmosphere of equality we've
never known before. You lay before
us a beautiful green world, full of
freedoms and opportunities... You
give us ownership of our lives for
the first time... and you ask no
more of us than you do of
yourselves: to live by the rules...
rules that aren't made to keep one

people subordinate to another, but rules that exist to preserve equality. You aspire to very high ideals here.

Sykes is watching Jetson, mesmerized. The guy's never said this much at one time before.

If he wasn't drunk, Jetson would never let himself open up to a human like this.

JETSON

(continuing)

I hope you can understand how special your world is... how unique a people you humans are. So it us all the more painful and confusing to us that so few of you seem capable of living up the the ideals you set for yourselves.

SYKES

Don't count on me, George. I never had any ideals.

Jetson smiles a little. He knows that's bullshit.

JETSON

We don't understand the hatred, the contempt. But we must bear it... we must not react in anger... because our situation here is still fragile. The separationists would see us returned to the quarantine camps. The fundamentalists say we have no more human rights than dogs or cats. But the prejudice we face here is so insignificant compared to the pain that we've known before. And that is why we are so grateful.

Sykes studies him a long time through heavy-lidded eyes. Finally--

SYKES

Yeah, well... except I did hear you eat your dead.

Jetson looks at him a long beat, then--

JETSON

(deadpan)

Only on Fridays.

Sykes stares at him for about five seconds and then explodes with laughter.

SYKES

You son-of-a-bitch. You're okay.

Jetson stands unsteadily, and announces:

JETSON

I'm going home.

SYKES

Yeah, go home. Get some sleep. You do sleep, don't you?

Jetson, going out the front door, just waves over his shoulder without turning around. He's gone.

SYKES

What a wildman...

Sykes, stands there wobbling, then he collapses backward onto the sofa, unconscious. And we MATCH DISSOLVE TO--

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - DAWN

The first hues of dawn stream through the window. Sykes remains passed out on the sofa where we left him.

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF SYKES' BUILDING - DAWN

The slug-mobile parked at the curb. Silence, then the RUMBLE of a heavy truck... and a tow truck turns onto this street at the corner.

The tow truck glides to the curb in front of the slug-mobile. The driver stays inside as his passenger alights carrying a tool kit and a paper bag. The human is Quint.

Quint uses a slim-jim to open the slug-mobile door, then slides behind the wheel.

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - DAWN

Quint slides the contents from the paper bag. It is a packet of C-4 plastic explosives, with a primer cap, and two lead wires with their ends bared. Quint bends down, starts to work under the dash. As his head disappears from FRAME, suddenly another head appears above the seats... George Jetson sitting up groggily in the back seat. A blanket slips off his head and shoulders. He sits there blinking, rubbing his eyes, feeling lousy.

Under the dash, Quint starts to whistle as he works. Mistake.

Jetson, with a puzzled expression, leans forward and sees this guy in the front seat. Before he can jump-start his brain, Quint sits up, sees him, and hammers him in the face with his fist. Jetson is knocked back, holding his face. That was the last thing he needed.

EXT. STREET - FRONT OF SYKES' BUILDING - DAWN

Meanwhile Quint is shouting and bailing out of the car. He runs and leaps into the already moving tow truck.

It is sliding around the corner out of sight just as Jetson stumbles out of the car. He whips out his gun from the unfamiliar shoulder rig and it flies out of his hand.

Jetson sags against the side of the car, mumbles an alien phrase, clearly the equivalent of "Fuck it...".

CUT TO:

INT. SYKES' APARTMENT - DAY

Sykes is in the fetal position on the couch where we left him. Someone is POUNDING on the door. He regains consciousness reluctantly.

SYKES

This better be good news or money.

He shambles to the door and gets it open, admitting Jetson. Jetson holds the C-4 charge in a handkerchief with one hand and gives it to Sykes.

JETSON

Hold this.

(lurching to the
sink)

I feel very terrible.

Sykes registers what he's holding. He moves to Jetson, who is running his head under the tap.

SYKES

Where'd you get this?!!

JETSON

A man, a human, was wiring it to
your car. I didn't get a good look
at him.

(then, registering
that it's day;
panicked)

I must call my wife...

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Jetson is starting to take on Sykes' looks, his clothing rumpled and a day old. Sykes has showered and changed so he's not suffering as much by comparison. They approach Sykes' desk.

JETSON

She's going to divorce me.

SYKES

George, she's not gonna divorce you.
You mate for life, remember?

JETSON

She's very progressive. I'm certain
she's considering it.

ANGLE - A UNIFORMED SECRETARY

distributing phone slips nearby notices Sykes.

SECRETARY

You guys are looking for somebody
named Strader, right?

SYKES

Yeah.

SECRETARY

Fedorchuk and Alterez just phoned
in. They found him.

(Sykes and Jetson
react)

Or at least what's left of him,
washed up on the beach at Zuma.

Sykes and Jetson react again.

SECRETARY

(continuing; handing
over the message
slip)

They're still there if you wanna
catch them.

She moves off.

SYKES

Well, let's roll, George.

JETSON

(with a stricken
expression)

To the... to the beach?

SYKES

Come on, let's go, dude. Surf's up!

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - ZUMA BEACH - DUSK

CRANE SHOT, nice and WIDE, showing the slug-mobile turning
off P.C.H. onto a gravel road which curves down the the
beach. The following is V.O. as the car approaches the
water.

JETSON (V.O.)

Stop the car.

SYKES (V.O.)

Why?

JETSON (V.O.)

Please, I must get out here.

SYKES (V.O.)

Come on, you won't have to get near
the water.

JETSON (V.O.)

Stop the car!

We see the car pull to a stop in a cloud of dust.

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - DUSK

SYKES

All right, okay. Keep your
pantyhose on. Jeez, when in doubt,
freak out, for chrissake.

Sykes sees that his partner is covered with a sudden sheen
of sweat, his hands shaking. Sykes softens.

SYKES

(continuing)

It's all right, George. It's cool.
Just wait here, all right? I'll be
back in a coupla minutes.

JETSON

Thank you.

He climbs out and Sykes drives down to the beach... toward
a cluster of vehicles: a Sheriff's black-and-white, a
coroner's wagon, and Fedorchuk's unmarked sedan.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

A quick glimpse of a pile of dark yuck in the shape of a
person, black and skeletal beneath the remains of a silk
suit. Wound around the corpse are streamers of kelp and
other high tide detritus.

ANGLE ON SYKES, FEDORCHUK, AND ALTEREZ

looking down at the body. A CORONER'S TECHNICIAN is doing
a closer inspection.

FEDORCHUK

Found his wallet in his jacket
pocket. Joshua Strader, big as
life.

CORONER'S TECH

Jesus, what a mess. It's gonna be a
bear to make a positive
determination, but it looks to me
like he was shot before being tossed
in the drink. At least twice--
(indicates where
hearts would've
been on the body)
-- here, and here.

Sykes absorbs this. He rises along with Fedorchuk and
Alterez.

SYKES

How're you two doing on Tuggle's
killer?

ALTEREZ

The store owner's son is in a street
gang, so now we're thinking maybe
it's gang related.

SYKES

Yeah, that's real good. You guys follow up on that for a couple months.

Fedorchuk looks up at Jetson standing on the bluff above.

FEDORCHUK

Look at your dildo partner. He's too scared to even come down to the sand.

(calls up to Jetson,
even though he's too
far away to hear)

You're not gonna get wet standing here, moron!

SYKES

I'd like to see you next to a sea of hydrochloric acid, Fedorchuk... see how much surfin' you'd do.

Altevez shoots a polaroid of the body. Sykes grabs it as it emerges from the camera and walks back toward the car. Fedorchuk flips him the bird. As Sykes rounds the car, he sees that someone has drawn on the door in yellow liquid chalk marker a big star with "E.T. P.D." printed inside it. Sykes looks around. Fedorchuk and the others stand together chuckling, conspicuously not looking in his direction.

SYKES

Cute.

EXT. BEACH ROAD - DUSK

Sykes has stopped to pick Jetson up.

He's wiping the "E.T. P.D." from the door as Jetson approaches from the edge of the bluff. Fedorchuk pulls up alongside in his n.d. sedan. He calls off to Jetson, who is still twenty yards away.

FEDORCHUK

Well, if it isn't Detective Jetson. Forget you hip waders, big guy?

SYKES

Lay off, asshole.

FEDORCHUK

I may be an asshole, but at least I'm a real detective, not some outer shit space thing.

Sykes, his face neutral, which we should by now know to be highly dangerous, saunters to Fedorchuk's car and leans against it.

SYKES

Yeah? you're a real honest-to-god detective...?

Sykes grabs the back of Fedorchuk's head and slams it into the steering wheel, BAM-HONK!, and in doing so, has hurt his hand again (the hand he hit Jetson with).

He shakes that hand while lunging in and grabbing Fedorchuk's car keys with the other.

SYKES
(continuing)
Then detect these!

Fedorchuk, holding his bloody nose, watches as his car keys sail out in an arc out over the bluff. Jetson, just climbing into the slug-mobile, witnesses the last of this scene without knowing how it began.

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - DUSK

Sykes gets in, slams the door. His hand hurts as he grabs the wheel. He holds the wheel gingerly as he slams the car into gear and hurls gravel up the road toward P.C.H. Jetson looks over, curious.

JETSON
What was that about?

SYKES
(embarrassed that he
defended Jetson)
Nothing.

On Jetson's confused expression, we--

CUT TO:

EXT. BURGER STAND - NIGHT

A different burger stand. Sykes and Jetson sit across from each other at one of the outdoor tables... Sykes with his greasy burger, Jetson with his mole strips. This time they have no trouble eating in front of each other as they talk.

SYKES
... So we've got three guys dead.
All Newcomers, all killed the same
way -- execution style.

JETSON
Warren Hubley was in middle
management at a refinery... Joshua
Strader operated a successful bar
and nightclub...

SYKES
... and Porter ran a piece of shit
mom-and-pop mini-mart.
(beat)
So what the hell's the connection?

CUT TO:

INT. PATHOLOGY LAB OFFICE - NIGHT

Sykes and Jetson enter the cluttered lab office. Winter is here eating take-out chicken at his cluttered desk.

SYKES

You guys finished the postmortem on Strader yet?

WINTER

(his mouth full)

You mean the Blob? They're finishing up now.

JETSON

Is Bentner here? I must speak with him.

WINTER

He went home early -- his kid was sick.

Jetson frowns.

WINTER

(continuing)

Yeah, but he left something for you.

He wipes his greasy fingers on a napkin, then finds an envelope on the desk and hands it to Jetson. Jetson tears open the sealed envelope. The message inside is written in the alien language.

WINTER

(continuing)

Does this have something to do with the test he ran that he wouldn't tell me about?

CLOSE ON - JETSON

His expression grows stricken as he reads the message.

BACK TO SCENE

SYKES

(getting very curious
and suspicious now)

What kind of test?

WINTER

Looking for some foreign compound in the blood of that alien you dropped the other day.

SYKES

Did he find anything?

Winter shrugs, indicates the message Jetson reads, as if to say, "Maybe it says in there".

SYKES

(to Jetson)

Well?

Jetson refolds the paper and puts it in his pocket.

He is clearly disturbed by what he has read. He looks at Sykes a moment, then quickly breaks eye contact.

JETSON

It is nothing.

Jetson quickly moves off. Sykes hurries off after him.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sykes hurries to catch up with the fast walking Jetson. They eventually reach the elevators and Jetson jabs the button during:

SYKES

What's this nothing shit? It wasn't nothing yesterday when you asked Bentner to run that test and he looked like he was about to shit peach pits, and it's not nothing now. Don't lie to me, George, you're bad at it.

JETSON

(distant, closed)

You must leave me alone on this.

The elevator arrives, he steps in. Sykes follows.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

They enter the empty elevator. Jetson presses the button to descend.

SYKES

No, see, I don't leave you alone... I'm your partner. I don't work that way... Tug didn't work that way.

Jetson remains steadfast. Sykes, about to explode, slams his palm against the red Emergency Stop button and the elevator lurches to a halt between floors.

SYKES

(continuing)

No secrets, goddammit! You don't hold back from me. Whatever is going on, you're gonna tell me now!

JETSON

(agonizing)

No. I cannot involve you. This is not your concern.

SYKES

The hell it isn't, when somebody wires up enough C-4 explosive to my car to turn me into pink mist!

(beat)

That Slag was on something, and not

sour milk, either? Am I right?
 (he has backed Jetson
 to the wall by sheer
 force of will)
TELL ME! What is it?

JETSON
 (finally)
... It is called ss'jabroka'. To us
it is a potent narcotic.

SYKES
How potent?

JETSON
Like your cocaine, I suppose. The
"high" lasts several hours. We
would receive small amounts of it...
as a reward for our labor.

SYKES
We? You've taken it?

JETSON
We all did.

SYKES
Where did he get it? Was there any
of it on the ship?

JETSON
No... I am sure not. That is why I
am so concerned... someone must now
be producing it here.
 (emphatically)
But none of my people know how to
make it. The process was carefully
guarded.

SYKES
 (as the enormity
 sinks in)
Jesus, this is major.
 (then)
Why didn't you tell me sooner?
Why'd you hold out on me?

JETSON
Your people don't know about this
part of our past. And they can't
know -- It would threaten our entire
existence here.

The voltage runs out of Sykes. He seems to understand
Jetson's dilemma.

SYKES
George... look me in the eye...
George, you don't ever lie to me
again.

JETSON
I must trust you, Matthew. I cannot
stop this without you.

Sykes stare at Jetson... absorbing the enormity of the earth-shattering secret this alien has asked him to keep.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY MORGUE - NIGHT

Sykes and Jetson move quickly to the slug-mobile. Sykes reaches for the driver's door handle with his punching hand. He winces in pain... the son-of-a-bitch still hurts. He looks across at Jetson opening the passenger door.

SYKES

George? How about you drive...

Jetson looks over at him... gently reacting to this vote of confidence. They walk quickly around to the opposite doors, climb in.

INT. CORRIDOR - BUREAU OF NEWCOMER AFFAIRS - NIGHT

Sykes and Jetson move down this government-building corridor.

SYKES

There's gotta be some other connection.

They enter a door marked BUREAU OF NEWCOMER AFFAIRS.

INT. BUREAU OF NEWCOMER AFFAIRS - NIGHT

HIGH SHOT showing the maze of partitioned cubicles filling this huge room. It's all but deserted. Sykes and Jetson are off to one side with a heavysset woman (human) COMPUTER OPERATOR, who they're shanghaied into helping them after hours.

CLOSER - AT COMPUTER OPERATOR'S DESK

She sits at her computer terminal. Sykes and Jetson stand behind her as she types in commands and information.

She types: Hubley, Warren. The computer screen flashes past various information, then settles on a screen full of information of HUBLEY, WARREN.

OPERATOR

Here's Hubley.

(scanning it)

Left Quarantine on November thirtieth, relocated first to Riverside, then moved to Los Angeles early in February the following year. Field of expertise: chemical manufacturing. Looks like he passed up several other better paying jobs waiting for that one at the refinery.

SYKES

Try Joshua Strader, will ya,
darlin'?

OPERATOR

For you, anything.

The Operator punches up STRADER, JOSHUA. The screen fills
with information.

OPERATOR

(continuing, reading
from screen)

Released on November twenty-ninth.
Came immediately to L.A. Ten weeks
after arriving he took over the
abandoned club which is now
Encounters.

JETSON

(to Operator)

Now the store owner, please. Cecil
Porter.

She types it in.

OPERATOR

Released December one. He and his
wife moved first to Modesto, then
Coalinga, California -- wherever
that is -- settled in L.A. in
April. Field of expertise:
organic chemical engineering. He
and his wife have one child, a son.

SYKES

Yeah -- we met him. Wonderful
boy... close personal friend of
George's here.

OPERATOR

I'm sorry, Matt. Nothing here seems
to be matching up...

But Sykes wasn't listening. He's starting off... an idea
forming. He stands there a moment, considering it, his
face looking like he's chewing something sour. It's so
off-the-wall it takes a moment for him to assimilate it.
Then--

SYKES

Holy shit...

(to Jetson)

Look what we're staring at: three
Newcomers with nothing in common,
right? What if it's just one other
guy who killed these three?

(Jetson looks at him
blankly)

Three and one make four. Four
Newcomers... of totally different
backgrounds...

(Jetson still doesn't
get it)

You and the store owner's son --
that punker!

Suddenly the realization hits Jetson, too. He looks at Sykes.

JETSON
... Quarantine.

Sykes spins to the Operator, excited.

SYKES
Can you dig up their Quarantine
records in this thing?

OPERATOR
Sure. Just a minute.

She moves up a screen to the top of Porter's information.

OPERATOR
(to herself)
Porter was in Lodge seven seven two.

She rapidly types in additional information. The screen shifts as she jumps files. Finally she gets a line that reads: ENTER LODGE NUMBER: She types: 7-7-2.

Sykes and Jetson lean in as the screen goes blank... then information flashes past as the computer searches... then, finally: Occupants, Quarantine Lodge 772: HUBLEY, WARREN..... STRADER, JOSHUA.....

Sykes and Jetson react -- their hunch is coming true.

On the computer screen:PORTER, CECIL.....

Sykes and Jetson, their faces bathed in the green kick of the screen, stare without blinking, waiting for that forth name.

On the computer screen:HARCOURT, WILLIAM.

CLOSE ON - SYKES AND JETSON

reacting to the name.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENCOUNTERS - NIGHT

CLOSE on a limousine door as it opens and a tall figure rises from the back seat. We TILT UP to reveal William Harcourt.

We MOVE with him as he walks to the n.d. van (from the beach scene) parked in front of the limousine. Kipling is just sliding out of the passenger side of the cab. Quint exits the driver door. Kipling slides open the van's side panel, reaches in for--

-- a large black suitcase. He slides it out. Harcourt nods. He and Kipling start into the club, followed by Quint.

INT. ENCOUNTERS - NIGHT

The club is deserted tonight as Harcourt and entourage move toward the back.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Harcourt and the others move up the stairs to the second floor. Cassandra, wearing a slinky dress, is at the top of the stairs waiting for them. She's very uncomfortable dealing with Harcourt. Kipling and Quint continue on toward the office door. Harcourt pauses with Cassandra. He touches her neckline of her dress, letting his fingers linger against her flesh.

HARCOURT

Quite lovely...

(best)

What is your name again?

CASSANDRA

(flinching
involuntarily at
his touch)

Cassandra.

HARCOURT

(a chilling smile)

I will have to remember that...

He continues down toward the office door. Cassandra watches him go.

CUT TO:

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - MOVING - NIGHT

JETSON

They had months in quarantine to develop the plan. Porter, with his chemistry background, must have somehow come up with the formula for the drug. Hubley manufactured it -- at the refinery. Strader, through the nightclub, established a distribution network. And Harcourt--

SYKES

Harcourt was the brain who brought it all together.

EXT. REFINERY - ESTABLISHING SHOT - NIGHT

EXT. REFINERY - NIGHT

The slug-mobile skids to a stop at the loading dock entrance. Sykes and Jetson climb out. They hop up onto the loading platform and move purposefully into the well-

lit interior through the open door.

INT. REFINERY - NIGHT

It is Saturday night, the plant is barely operational -- only a few WORKERS around. Sykes and Jetson move purposefully toward the back.

SYKES

Okay, George -- we gotta play this real smart.

JETSON

If the drug is here, we must destroy it.

SYKES

No, George -- you're missing the point. The drug is evidence. We need to have the evidence, ya know?

Jetson doesn't reply -- he's focused beyond what Sykes is saying. Sykes spots O'Neal up ahead by the refrigeration door to the METHANE SECTION.

SYKES

(continuing)

That's the guy...

O'Neal recognizes Sykes and doesn't wait around for the big Newcomer bearing down on him. He dodges quickly through the refrigeration door and swings it closed. Jetson's hand hits the door an instant later, before it is latched, and he pushes it open despite O'Neal's body weight against the other side.

INT. METHANE ROOM - NIGHT

Jetson grabs O'Neal by the collar and drags him deeper into the deserted room.

O'NEAL

Hey, what are you, crazy?! You can't come in here like this! Hey!

Sykes reaches the doorway, stops and stares.

SYKES

So much for playing it smart...

O'Neal's feet are barely touching the ground as Jetson moves along the row of drug-manufacturing equipment.

Finally he reaches a stainless steel tub... he runs a long finger along the inside, comes up with some residue of the drug. It glistens blue on his finger. It holds him mesmerized for several moments... his expression that of a former junkie beholding the stuff he used to covet so.

SYKES

(tentatively
stepping closer)

Is that it...?

A beat, than Jetson explodes -- he sweeps a rack of equipment off the worktable, savagely wipes the drug from his hand onto O'Neal's shirt-front as he slams and pins the bug-eyed O'Neal to the wall.

SYKES

Uh, George...

JETSON

(in O'Neal's face)

Where is the drug? Where have they taken it?

O'NEAL

(choking)

What drug? This is an oil refinery, you...

JETSON

(pushing harder)

WHERE?!

O'NEAL

(unable to breathe)

You... can't do... this!

SYKES

George, uh... you're gonna break his little chest bones...

JETSON

Stay out of this, Matthew.

(to O'Neal)

Tell me where the drug has been taken or I will crush your lungs against this wall.

O'Neal is experiencing real fear now. Sykes has decided to back Jetson up, for better or worse. He takes the "good cop" role.

SYKES

Don't piss him off, O'Neal. When he gets like this, I can't control him. I've seen this before. He got like this once -- I saw him jerk a guy's spine out and show it to him. Nothing I could do. I hadda go throw up.

O'NEAL

(at length, with great effort)

... They took the stuff out, all of it -- this afternoon.

JETSON

How much?

O'NEAL

About fifty kilos... of concentrate... and some street

grade... in tubes.

Jetson reacts to this... then increases the pressure. O'Neal is really in bad trouble now. Even Sykes takes a half-step forward -- thinking Jetson might actually crush this man.

JETSON

Where have they taken it?

O'NEAL

Encount... Encounters Club.

Finally, Jetson eases off. O'Neal slumps to the floor, gasping for air.

CUT TO:

EXT. REFINERY - NIGHT

This time Jetson is the Juggernaut... his expression set and hard... as he strides to the car. Sykes practically has to run to keep up.

SYKES

George, c'mon -- lighten up. It's a beauty of a case. Don't sweat it -- we got him by the short hairs. He ain't gonna make any more of the shit.

JETSON

The fifty kilos, Matthew. I have to find it. I can't let it get out on the street.

SYKES

Why? What's the big goddamn deal?

Jetson has reached the driver's door of the slug-mobile, yanks it open.

SYKES

(continuing; as
Jetson starts the
car

You destroy that drug, you destroy the case. Don't blow the whole thing now by not following procedure.

JETSON

(through the open
driver's window)

Fuck procedure.

And to Sykes' shock, he throws the car in gear and peels out.

SYKES

Hey!!

Jetson accelerates toward the security gate. The guard in the shack starts yelling and runs out as the slug-mobile

bashes through the barricade bar.

SYKES
GEORGE! GODDAMMIT!!

Sykes stands there like a moron -- with no partner, no car. A pickup truck carrying a Worker just getting off his shift starts ambling past. Sykes runs in front of it, waving his badge. The pickup skids to a stop.

SYKES
Police. Get out. I need this
thing. Out, now!

The poor guy bails out and Sykes jumps in, jamming it into gear. The truck has seen better days... it doesn't have much power to give as Sykes floors it toward the exit.

CUT TO:

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

As Jetson races along the freeway, whipping past other traffic. He takes a hand off the wheel, reaches over and pops open the glovebox. He shoves some maps and garbage aside, reaches deeper inside for something -- we don't see what.

CUT TO:

INT. ENCOUNTERS - NIGHT

Cassandra walks a trio of well-dressed DRUG DEALERS (two alien, one human) through the deserted club.

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

She leads them to the office door, opens it, then lets them enter ahead of her. A couple of them smile at her lasciviously as they brush past. She is about to enter herself when an alien hand flashes in behind her, covering her mouth, pulling her backward away from the door.

It is Jetson. He had been hiding behind some crates stacked here in the corridor. He pins Cassandra powerfully to the wall, keeping one hand over her mouth. She struggles until she sees who it is.

JETSON
I am here to take Harcourt. Where
is he?

She hesitates, then decides to cooperate, indicates with a nod toward the office door.

CASSANDRA
In there.

JETSON
(pulling his gun)
Show me.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The large suitcase rests on the expansive conference table. A manicured alien hand reaches in and slowly opens it. Inside are fifty one-kilo glass tubes full of the viscous blue drug. Also several of the small, individual dispensers. It is Harcourt, standing behind the table in a pool of light, who has opened the suitcase. He is flanked by Kipling... with Quint elsewhere in the room. The room is lit by track light, creating pools of light and dark.

The two alien Dealers' eyes widen at the sight of the drug. The human dealer doesn't know what it is.

HARCOURT

(to alien dealers)

It's been a long time, hasn't it,
gentlemen?

HUMAN DEALER

What is it?

HARCOURT

A sweet indulgence from our past...
resurrected for our future.

Harcourt sees the hungry expressions on the alien Dealers' faces... smiles knowingly. He slides one of the dispensers from the suitcase.

HARCOURT

(continuing; to
alien dealers)

Please feel free to sample the
quality. The experience will be
everything you remember it to be...

One of the alien Dealers takes the dispenser, brings it to his tongue. The other alien dealer turns to Harcourt--

ALIEN DEALER

Where'd you get it?

HARCOURT

I arranged to spend some time with
three very resourceful men. With a
certain amount of coaxing, one of
them was able to reconstitute the
formula for me.

(beat)

They worked very well together.
Unfortunately, they are no longer
with us... but I was fortunate
enough to reap the benefit of their
endeavor.

He indicates the drug. The first alien Dealer sways gently, enjoying the sensation. The second alien Dealer takes his hit... shudders as the first rush washes over him. The human Dealer is no fool... he grabs the dispenser.

HUMAN DEALER

Let me try some.
 (he does,
 immediately spits
 it out)
Jesus! Tastes like detergent!

HARCOURT
And that's all the effect it will
have on you. But when my fellow
Newcomers learn they can obtain it
here, they will work very hard... to
make as much money as they can... to
give it to me.

Suddenly, a voice from the shadows near the open door to
the other office:

VOICE
You haven't told him all of it.

Harcourt and the others react. Quint leaps to his feet,
caught off guard. Kipling reaches for his shoulder
holster. A silhouette beside the open door to the outer
office nudges Cassandra into the light of the room, then
steps out himself. It is Jetson.

Quint gets his gun out, is about to aim... when his eyes
go wide at the sight of something Jetson holds.

It is the plastic explosive charge that Quint was wiring
to the slug-mobile. The wires are connected and Jetson's
finger squeezes down hard on the detonation push-switch.

QUINT
He's got the C-4 charge!

Jetson moves forward slowly, holding the bomb in front of
him. He is sweating rivers. The others quickly join him.
He nudges Cassandra ahead of himself, keeping her where he
can see her.

QUINT
 (continuing)
Just take it real casual, buddy.
Keep your finger on that button and
don't do nothing squirrely.

HARCOURT
If you release that button, you not
only kill us, but yourself.

JETSON
To get you and that--
 (indicates drug in
 suitcase)
-- I would do it.

He says it with such straightforward eye contact, that
Harcourt (and we) know he isn't bluffing.

JETSON
Everyone up against that wall.
Very slowly.
 (to Harcourt)

Except you.

Harcourt remains behind the desk. Cassandra stays where she is, near Jetson. The others move to the wall. Kipling in particular is going nuts, letting this happen.

Jetson takes the "sample" dispenser from the table, tosses it into the suitcase, then closes the lid and locks it. All the while keeping his eye on Harcourt and the others.

HARCOURT

One small matter seems to have
escaped your attention. That--
(indicates suitcase)
-- is not on any books as a
controlled substance. Legally it
might as well be fifty kilos of...
grape jelly.

JETSON

The charge is murder... and
conspiracy to commit murder.
Hubley, Porter, Strader... probably
others.

There's a flicker of concern behind Harcourt's icy blue eyes.

Cassandra stares at Harcourt.

CASSANDRA

You... you killed Strader?

Cassandra runs to Harcourt grabbing his jacket.

CASSANDRA

Where's Todd?! Did you do something
to Todd?!

Harcourt looks down at her, totally uninvolved.

HARCOURT

Todd? Who is Todd.
(then remembers;
smiles)
Ah, poor Mr. Watson.

Cassandra's eyes go wide as the horror of what he said sinks in. Jetson nudges Harcourt with the suitcase. They start out. Cassandra, wild with rage, grabs Quint's .357 and with a KEENING WAIL, brings it up toward Harcourt's face.

JETSON

NOOO!

Jetson drops the suitcase as he lunges for the gun. He manages to knock it away just as she fires -- the bullet going into the wall behind Harcourt. Striking like a mongoose, Kipling leaps forward, grabbing the two lead wires on the bomb in Jetson's hand and jerking them apart. Jetson reacts an instant late... releasing the switch... and nothing happens.

KIPLING

I got it!

Kipling tackles Jetson and they both go crashing to the floor. Quint grabs the gun from Cassandra and hammers her with it, hard. She drops to her knees and Quint viciously hits her again.

Meanwhile, Jetson struggles to regain his feet. Kipling rears back and delivers a crushing blow under Jetson's arm -- to the nerve plexus. Jetson instantly folds over forward and Kipling savagely brings up his knee into Jetson's face, flipping him back. Kipling slams him into the wall face-first, pinning him there.

HARCOURT

Kill them both.

KIPLING

Here?

HARCOURT

(raging)

Do it!

Quint brings the gun up, places the muzzle against the base of Cassandra's skull, starts to squeeze the trigger. There's a loud BLAM! and Cassandra flinches... then looks up.

Quint is blown backward away from her.

Sykes stand in the doorway from the private office, the Casull smoking in his hand.

Quint hits the wall behind him -- only it's not a solid wall, but the huge window overlooking the club. He crashes through it.

ANGLE FROM DANCE FLOOR

as the wall of mirror explodes IN SLOW MOTION and Quint cartwheels to the floor in a shower of diamonds.

ANGLE - IN THE OFFICE

Kipling shoves Jetson aside, draws his gun and fires at Sykes.

Sykes dodges into the private office for cover.

The three Dealers dive behind any available furniture.

Harcourt snatches up the suitcase and rushes to the door leading into the adjoining outer office.

Sykes swings around the edge of the private office door, straight-arms the Casull into the office and fires. Kipling fires back, crossing toward the outer office door, covering Harcourt's back. Sykes ducks back down.

An unsteady Jetson rises from the floor, sees Harcourt and Kipling escaping, and takes off after them.

Sykes straight-arms the gun into the room again... sees Jetson disappearing through the adjoining office door. He moves into the room as the three drug Dealers, arms up in surrender, rise from behind the furniture.

ALIEN DEALER

Don't shoot, man -- we're unarmed -- look!

Sykes looks at these harmless wimps... then at Cassandra.

SYKES

You okay?

CASSANDRA

(dazed, but all right)

Yeah...

And he charges out the adjoining office door.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - ENCOUNTERS - NIGHT

Harcourt and Kipling bang down the metal stairs. Jetson is ten feet above them. Sykes flies out onto the fire escape, a few steps behind Jetson. A POLICE CAR SIREN is HEARD arriving O.S.

EXT. ALLEY - BEHIND ENCOUNTER - NIGHT

Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS bound from their unit and run into the back entrance of the club, leaving the unit running.

Two seconds later, Harcourt and Kipling leap down from the fire escape, find themselves near the unit.

HARCOURT

Here!

He throws the suitcase into the passenger side door, jumps in. Kipling dives in behind the wheel, slams it into gear and floors it.

Jetson and Sykes hit the ground just as the unit peels out. Sykes raises the Casull and fires at the fleeing car. One slug shatters a tail light, others pepper the rear of the trunk, but the car keeps going.

JETSON

This way!

He indicates the slug-mobile parked nearby. They race to it, jump in... Sykes driving. He burns rubber as he pulls out.

A second arriving police unit pulls into the alley, heading straight for the slug-mobile. Sykes has to grate between the alley wall and the arriving police unit to get past.

EXT. WEST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Harcourt and Kipling in the first police unit come thundering down the street zig-zagging through traffic. The slug-mobile is three-quarters of a block behind them.

INSIDE THE BLACK-AND-WHITE

Harcourt begins fumbling with the dash switches... eventually hitting the right ones and the roof lights and SIREN blast on.

EXT. WEST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

It looks like a backwards chase, the slug-mobile chasing the howling police car through traffic.

Jetson alertly eyes the approaching traffic -- calls it out to Sykes the way he was trained at the academy.

JETSON

Slow traffic on your right... you're clear at the left rear...

(Sykes changes lanes)

Careful, red light ahead...

With Jetson's help, Sykes is able to dice through the cross-traffic without incident.

EXT. WEST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

The traffic ahead of the police car peels off in response to the approaching lights and SIREN. Kipling dodges around the stopped traffic easily.

The same traffic that has pulled over for the police car now starts easing back onto the street, cutting off the slug-mobile.

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

Sykes' expression tells us he's slipped into the same juggernaut mode we saw during the foot chase in the alley.

JETSON

Yellow light ahead turning red...

But Sykes doesn't slow -- instead he floors it.

JETSON

(continuing; wide-eyed)

Red light! Red light!

EXT. WEST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Sykes peels around the merging traffic, cuts across the intersection, and continues the chase. On the wrong side of the road, head-on into traffic.

Headlights peel off in front of them as they charge along

the wrong side. They eventually catch up to the police unit, racing parallel to it, but with the divider between them.

Sykes keeps one hand on the wheel and draws the Casull with the other. He brings it up and around right in front of Jetson's nose, pointing it through the passenger window at Kipling.

At that moment, Kipling glances over and reacts to the bore of this huge gun staring him in the kisser.

Jetson reacts to the gun in his face... then reacts to something else he sees beyond it.

JETSON
Green light, Matthew.
(Sykes doesn't
respond)
Green light!

Now Sykes looks. The light at the intersection has just turned green -- and the rows of the cars that were waiting start coming. It's a wall of headlights coming right for the slug-mobile.

SYKES
Shit!

JETSON
Ss-ai!

EXT. WEST SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Sykes locks up the brakes. Kipling veers around a couple of cars and speeds away.

Because of the other traffic, Sykes has only one course of action. He skids a left onto a side street.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Sykes burns rubber down this quieter street, squeals a right onto another street that parallels the street the police unit is on. At the first street available, he cuts back in behind the police unit.

EXT. FIRST STREET OVERPASS - NIGHT

Sykes' car tears along below the overpass -- with the police unit directly above them! An on-ramp approaches for the slug-mobile and Sykes floors it.

INT. BLACK-AND-WHITE - NIGHT

Harcourt turns in his seat just in time to see the slug-mobile airborne as it flies from the on-ramp, landing a few feet behind the black-and-white's bumper.

EXT. FIRST STREET OVERPASS - NIGHT

With the slug-mobile now, the police unit hangs a right, cuts through a parking lot, and bounces onto--

EXT. SECOND STREET AND TUNNEL - NIGHT

The police unit hangs a u-turn into the Second Street tunnel. It clips one of the civilian cars, causing a pile-up of traffic behind the police unit.

The slug-mobile skids to a stop, blocked by the clog of traffic in the tunnel. Sykes is out of the drivers door in a flash, stand on the door frame, and yells--

SYKES

Move your goddamned cars!

People climb out of their cars dazed and bewildered -- ignoring Sykes. Sykes slides behind the wheel, bangs his bumper into the car in front of him, and pushes the car far enough forward to get around. He speeds off.

INT./ EXT. BLACK-AND-WHITE - FREEWAY - NIGHT

Kipling rockets up a freeway on-ramp. Harcourt smiles with satisfaction -- there's no sign of the slug-mobile behind them. Kipling eases off, blends into the flow of traffic.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Sykes slaloms the slug-mobile through the civilian traffic like Mario Andretti lapping the pack at Indianapolis.

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

Jetson spots the police unit in the right hand lane ahead.

JETSON

There!

Sykes sees it. Thinking fast, he eases off, using another car as a blind. He waits until the police unit is parallel to an off-ramp, then guns ahead and swings right, directly for the police unit.

Kipling looks over, reacts, just as the slug-mobile broadsides the police unit. Sykes forces the police unit up the off-ramp.

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Door handle to door handle, the two cars slue to the right. The police unit breaks out in front, but Sykes stays right on its ass. They charge up onto--

EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - NIGHT

The police unit and slug-mobile -- bumper to bumper at 80 MPH.

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

As the cars scream along, Jetson cranes out the side window, looking in distress at the inky seawater flashing past below.

EXT. VINCENT THOMAS BRIDGE - NIGHT

They reach the far end of the bridge and skid wide onto--

EXT. HENRY FORD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

A clear two lane straightaway near the ocean. Sykes pushes the slug-mobile to its limits, pulls alongside the police unit. The two cars trade blows at 90+ MPH. Kipling manages to send Sykes onto the dirt shoulder, slowing him down.

INT. BLACK-AND-WHITE - NIGHT

Kipling watches the slug-mobile in the rearview mirror, then looks back out the front to see the end of the road coming up fast! Harcourt bellows to Kipling, who slams on the brakes.

EXT. END OF BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The police unit skids to a stop before hitting a chain link fence where the road ends. An abandoned drawbridge and the ocean are on the other side of the fence.

With nowhere else to go, Harcourt yells something at Kipling and Kipling floors it back the way they came.

EXT. HENRY FORD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The two cars are racing for a full head-on. At the last instant, Sykes wrenches the wheel, throws the slug-mobile sideways, passenger side first. The police unit smashes into the rear door and fender of the slug-mobile, both cars skidding madly to a stop. A fire ignites under the hood of the police unit.

INT. SLUG-MOBILE - NIGHT

Sykes sits stunned behind the wheel. Disoriented but conscious, he raises his head, looks over... sees Jetson out cold, his forehead gashed and bleeding. Then he looks over and sees the fire growing under the police unit's hood which is crunched up against the rear of the slug-mobile -- near the gas tank.

EXT. HENRY FORD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Sykes slides out of the driver's door, stumbles to Jetson's door, wrenches it open, and drags the huge unconscious alien away from the cars.

He's still dragging Jetson away when he spots Harcourt pulling himself through the smashed police unit window. Bruised and bleeding, Harcourt reaches in for the suitcase, then starts to run with it.

With Jetson a safe distance away from the cars, Sykes clambers to his feet, draws the Casull, and starts off after Harcourt.

Harcourt reaches the chain link fence leading to the closed drawbridge. He heaves the suitcase over, then starts to climb.

Sykes lumbers past the burning police unit. Kipling is still behind the wheel, his head slumped forward. Sykes is just past the cars when they explode -- sending hoods and door panels and glass flying in all directions. Harcourt, on the other side of the fence, grabs the suitcase and limps off into the shadowy world of the abandoned drawbridge.

Sykes reaches the fence. Instead of climbing, he simply blows the lock to hell with the Casull, and kicks open the gate.

EXT. ABANDONED DRAWBRIDGE - NIGHT

The end of the bridge is in the "up" position... a huge asphalt slab stabbing up into the night sky. Harcourt runs along the pools of light and dark at the edge of the bridge, the black seawater drifting past beside him. His foot slips once and he almost goes over the side.

Sykes -- backlit by the burning cars, the big Casull a prominent part of the silhouette -- just keeps coming.

Harcourt reaches the shadows at the end of the bridge -- and has nowhere to go. He is backed into a corner, with seawater on two side of him. Harcourt pivots frantically, sees Sykes coming this way. Harcourt is a trapped animal. His chest heaves in panic. Then his gaze falls on the suitcase behind him... and slowly... finally... a look of resolve comes into his eye.

ON SYKES

He eases cautiously toward the shadows where he knows Harcourt is. There's some movement among the shadows, and Sykes straight-arms the Casull, his finger white against the trigger.

Perspiration drips into Sykes' eye, but he doesn't blink. A long moment then--

ANGLE - THE SHADOWS

Harcourt emerges from the darkness. His face is composed, the superior glint is back in his eye. His arms are held away from his sides at 30 degree angles, clearly in surrender.

Sykes cat-steps forward slowly. Harcourt stares at Sykes' eyes, and the desire there that Harcourt will give him an excuse. Harcourt simply... smiles.

SYKES

Move a finger, Harcourt, and you're history...

HARCOURT

No, Sergeant -- not history...

(beat)

Eternity...

And now Sykes sees it -- Harcourt has been holding one of the one-kilo glass cylinders of the drug concealed behind his arm. He brings it up over his head, grins at Sykes, then tilts back his head and cracks the cylinder open. The blue gel pours into his mouth and down his chin. His mouth fills.

He looks back at Sykes, making eye contact... his eyes mad, defiant. And -- he swallows. Long hold -- then the wallop of the overdose hits him... his face contorts in agony as he begins to convulse. Sykes, wide-eyed, lowers the Casull and watches as Harcourt drops to the ground and goes into a massive violent seizure. His limbs hammer against the deck... his back arches fiercely. It is a brutal, agonizing ten seconds. Then, finally, his body becomes still.

Sykes, stunned at what he's just witnessed slowly goes to him and takes his pulse the way he saw Jetson do it.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT - THE ENTIRE AREA

Sykes stands. He notices the suitcase nearby, latches it, and hefts it. He carries it with him back toward the inferno of the wrecked cars, the Casull hanging heavy and cold in his hand.

ANGLE FOLLOWING SYKES

He approaches the burning cars, heading for Jetson. As he passes the burning cars, we have a half-second to register that the driver's door of the police unit is now open before--

-- a dark figure hurtles at Sykes' back from O.S.! Sykes is thrown forward. The suitcase crashes to the ground, and the Casull goes skittering off. Sykes looks up -- to be met by the singed and bleeding nightmare visage of Kipling! Kipling reaches down for the suitcase then Sykes hears it -- the telltale CLINKING SOUND. He looks -- and sees the exotic silver bracelet on Kipling's wrist. It connects for him; this is the bandana alien -- the one who killed Bill Tuggle!

Kipling brings the suitcase above his head. He is a half-second from hurling it down on Sykes' skull when -- a GUN

ROARS. Kipling is thrown back by the chest wound. Sykes looks.

ANGLE

Jetson, half sitting up, holds the smoking Casull.

Kipling recovers enough to come at Sykes again with the suitcase again. Jetson, shaking but determined, fires again, and again, and again.

Kipling is driven backward by the fusillade, the suitcase still over his head... until he is blasted at last and forever, suitcase and all, into the molten core of the inferno.

Sykes rises, makes his way to Jetson's side. Jetson has let the weight of the gun carry his hand to the ground. Sykes kneels beside him, gently taking the gun from the alien's hand. The two partners remain like this, bathed in the orange flickering glow of the fire.

HIGH WIDE SHOT

of the drawbridge, the debris, the carnage, and our two cops...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HENRY FORD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The police mop-up is winding down. Cop cars, coroner's wagons, fire trucks. We MOVE through it all to find Sykes and Jetson seated on the curb, away from the railing.

JETSON

With Harcourt and Kipling dead, I assume you will be requesting reassignment now.

SYKES

(cool)

It'd be for your own good. I think you'd be better off with a partner who's a little more... by the book.

(smiles)

... Still, I gotta tell you, George, for a quiet guy, you're sure hell on wheels once you get going. I'd kinda hate to miss your next two days as a detective.

Jetson smiles. He glances up as they are bathed in red and blue light. A patrol car has pulled up next to them. Inside is Wiltey, a uniformed cop.

WILTEY

I'll give you guys a lift to the station. They're waiting to take your statements on the shootings.

SYKES

(to Jetson)

Let's go, partner.

(then casually
correcting Wiltey
as he rises)
And it's shooting. Singular.

WILTEY
They said two.

SYKES
Nope. I didn't shoot Harcourt... he
o.d.'d.

SHOCK CUT - JETSON

We rapidly PUSH IN ON HIM as his head snaps around toward Sykes. His expression tells us his blood has just turned to ice.

CUT TO:

INT. CORONER'S WAGON - NIGHT

ANGLE FORWARD, shooting from the rear of the wagon, toward the DRIVER and ATTENDANT up front.

DRIVER
So it's just me and her left in the
hot tub, right?

ATTENDANT
You and the blonde?

DRIVER
No, man, the redhead. The blonde's
gone in the house with some other
guy. But a few minutes later she
comes back out, alone, when me and
the redhead are going at it fast and
furious in the tub, ya know... and
she sees us, and... she climbs right
in with us...

ATTENDANT
You're full of shit!

DRIVER
I swear it! If I'm lyin', I'm
dyin'...

And, without warning, A LARGE INHUMAN HAND FLIES UP IN F.G., having ripped through the sealed body bag just below FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Jetson is up front with Wiltey; Sykes sits in the back, though he is on the edge of the seat, leaning forward toward the front. Jetson is intently, nervously scanning ahead and to both sides.

JETSON
You are certain this is the route

they would have taken?

WILTEY

I'm not positive -- but probably.

SYKES

(warily)

What's this about, George? I know
that look.

JETSON

(spots something out
a side window)

There! Go back. Down that side
street.

Wiltey brakes, backs up, then turns into the side street.

ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD

as they approach an eerie scene. The coroner's wagon is
stopped at an angle in the middle of the intersection,
headlights and roof lights cutting into the night, the
back doors wide open. A patrol car is also here, on the
other side of the wagon. There is no movement anywhere
near the two vehicles.

Wiltey pulls the car up, his eyes like saucers at the
eerie scene. He reaches for the radio hand mike. Jetson
quickly covers it with a large hand.

JETSON

No!

(both Sykes and
Wiltey look at him)

We must do this alone.

SYKES

Do what?! George-- ?!

Jetson is already sliding out of the car.

EXT. STREET NEAR DOCKS - NIGHT

Jetson, Sykes, and Wiltey move warily forward, their guns
drawn. They reach the van and Sykes takes Wiltey's
flashlight, shines it through the open back doors. The
doors are bent outward, smashed half off their hinges.
One of the body bags is ripped open, literally split from
end to end. The blue and red lightbar on the other patrol
car can be seen through the wagon's front windshield.

Jetson starts around the wagon toward the patrol car,
Sykes and Wiltey follow. Lights all ablaze, it too is
abandoned. One door has been wrenched off its hinges and
lays in the street, and the front windshield is smashed.
Our three cops approach the car, then Wiltey spots
something beyond the unit.

WILTEY

Oh, God...

Sykes and Jetson look.

The bodies of the coroner wagon Driver and Attendant, as well as the two OFFICERS from the patrol car, are crushed and beaten and stretched out on the asphalt. Their arms are twisted as though by a mad force -- each pointing down the street toward the dock warehouses ahead. Wiltey stumbles away, backward.

WILTEY

I'm calling for back up, now.

JETSON

Wiltey, no.

But Wiltey is going. Jetson starts after him... but Sykes grabs his arm, hard, and spins him.

SYKES

What is this?!

JETSON

(low)

... It's Harcourt.

SYKES

Harcourt is dead.

JETSON

No he's not. Not if he overdosed on the drug.

(searches for the words)

Massive amounts trigger a... a change. Your body functions seize up, you appear to be dead, but it's really a state of incubation. When you emerge you're...

SYKES

(looks at the four bodies sprawled before him)

Tell me about it...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NEAR DOCKS - NIGHT

One minute later. OPEN CLOSE on a light shining into CAMERA, then WIDEN to reveal it is one of the door-mounted spotlights on Wiltey's patrol car. Wiltey eases the car down the center of the street. Sykes and Jetson, guns ready, walk slowly along on either side of the car... eyes everywhere.

MOVING POV

as they move past the shadowy dock warehouses... watching for any signs of movement.

BACK TO SCENE

Sykes and Jetson converse across the hood of the car as they walk. Their eyes everywhere.

SYKES

I never thought I'd say this, but --
for once in my life I think I'm
willing to wait for back-up.

JETSON

We can't let him get away.

SYKES

Why the hell are you so dead set
against back-up?

JETSON

(a difficult
admission)

Because... because of what will
happen if humans see what we are
capable of becoming.

SYKES

But there's no more drug.

JETSON

You understand that. But how many
others will?

Sykes looks across at Jetson's troubled expression.

Just then, Wiltey spots a flit of movement cutting across
his headlight beams fifty yards ahead. Whatever it was,
was large and fast. It darted into an open warehouse
door.

WILTEY

There he is!

And Wiltey floors it. Sykes and Jetson watch, unable to
stop him.

JETSON

Wiltey!

He and Sykes take off running. Wiltey skids to the left,
rockets in through the open warehouse door, out of sight.
Sykes and Jetson pour it on. They hear a SCREECH OF
BRAKES. They reach the warehouse door and race through.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE, SHOOTING ACROSS the underside of Wiltey's
stopped patrol car as Sykes' and Jetson's feet appear
around the corner of the warehouse door. The car is still
running -- the exhaust pipe still RUMBLING and expelling
fumes. The feet slow... then cautiously start around the
car. We PAN with them as they move around the side of the
car. A dark liquid begins dripping in EXTREME F.G. We
MOVE UP, to a CLOSE UP of the car bumper. The dark liquid
is blood, dripping deep red on the shiny chrome. We MOVE
UP farther, and--

-- there is Wiltey's severed head. IN CLOSE UP, resting
on the hood of the patrol car.

Sykes and Jetson stop dead at the sight. Wiltey's body lies in a heap on the floor near the car. They both stare, then Sykes looks around the shadowy interior of the warehouse, his expression saying: what the hell could have done this so fast?

THEIR POV

There are two paths to go. Both dark and scary as hell. The sound of a distant FOG HORN blends with the CREAKS and DRIPS of this waterfront building.

ANGLE - SYKES AND JETSON

Jetson reaches into the patrol car and pulls the shotgun from the dash mount. He checks the chamber as Sykes checks the Casull.

They exchange a knowing look... then wordlessly, they split up. Sykes takes the path to the left, Jetson to the right.

WITH JETSON

As he moves into a dark area. He slowly picks his way along a long wall, having to step over all sorts of piled debris, heading toward us. We PAN slightly to the left to HOLD a door in CLOSE UP. The door, already ajar, eases open slightly wider. Jetson hears this. He reaches the door, sets himself, then spins and kicks the door open all the way. There's nothing inside... now.

Jetson looks up, sees movement in the distance. It is Sykes, quite far away, in another section of the warehouse. Sykes leaves Jetson's field of view.

INT. WAREHOUSE - GUARD'S AREA - NIGHT

Sykes walks around a corner -- freezes, and cocks his head as he hears VOICES -- followed, curiously, by LAUGHTER. He eases forward, peers around a bend, and sees -- a table and a chair. On the table is a mini-television, tuned to some local late night talk show. There's a thermos, a steaming cup of coffee, and a Twinkie with a single bite out of it beside the TV. The chair is empty, except for a jacket slung across the back, the word SECURITY stitched on the breast. The guard is nowhere in sight.

Sykes moves toward the table, taking in this eerie sight. He looks around, then continues on.

INT. WAREHOUSE - APPROACHING STAIRS - NIGHT

Jetson moves among the dark nooks and crannies, comes to a set of stairs leading to an upper floor. The top of the stairs is pitch black. Jetson adjusts his grip on the shotgun, slowly starts up the stairs.

INT. WAREHOUSE - AT FISH NETS - NIGHT

Sykes comes to rack upon rack of drying fish nets, hanging from the ceiling. He has no alternate route -- he begins pushing through them.

SYKES' POV - MOVING THROUGH FISH NETS

Because of the dimness, he can't see much beyond each rack of nets immediately before him. He keeps wading through -- it's like a house of mirrors, he can't tell how much farther he has to go to get out of the nets, and the deeper in he gets, the harder it would be to go back the way he came. He pushes past one particular rack of nets and looming out of the darkness ahead of him is--

-- a terrifying face!

ON SYKES

He stumbles back, gets tangled in the nets, brings up the Casull, is about to fire when... he sees what the face is. It's the maiden's figurehead from the bow of an old ship. The wood is worm-eaten and decayed, creating a hideous visage. Sykes stands there a moment, trying to jump-start his heart again.

INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

Jetson moves along the rickety planks. He comes to a door. He eases it open, enters.

INT. SECOND FLOOR ROOM - NIGHT

Jetson moves into the shadowy confines. He hears an incessant drip from a sink faucet in the corner. He moves to it. Turns the spigot, stopping the drip. Other drips are HEARD from a dozen other hidden recesses all around him. He glances up at the filthy mirror attached to the wall above the sink. Suddenly he sees the movement of something behind him. He spins with the shotgun. A huge shadow moves along the wall. He pivots the shotgun again -- toward the source of the shadow.

It's a length of black tarp, torn and flapping from the ceiling. Jetson lets out a deep breath.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE down a short passageway to an intersecting hallway. A strand of something hangs in FRAME in OUT OF FOCUS F.G. It makes an indistinct, rhythmic CLINKING SOUND. Sykes moves along the intersecting hallway. The CLINKING SOUND catches his attention. He stops, listens, then starts down the passageway, toward us.

He comes forward into the storage room, having to get very close to the strand of something before he sees what it is. It's a double strand of chain, CLINKING gently against itself. Sykes reaches out, steadies the chain, silencing it. He considers. It could've been a natural occurrence... or something could have brushed against it, setting it in motion. He tightens his grip on the Casull,

backing away from the chain. He senses something behind him and spins. Nothing there. He relaxes. However--

Behind him now, in SOFT FOCUS, we glimpse movement at the other end of the short passageway. It is a figure, moving slowly forward down the passageway, back-lit by the hallway light behind it, its shadow filling the passageway as it approaches Sykes. It stops, inside the room now, directly behind Sykes. Close enough to reach out and touch him. It is an alien silhouette, but larger, more powerful.

Suddenly, Sykes senses something is there. He turns, slowly, and--

SHOCK CUT - HARCOURT

as he steps from the shadows -- just like he did the last time Sykes saw him on the abandoned drawbridge. Only this time it is a horribly transformed Harcourt. His eyes are red-rimmed and piggish. His head is lumpen, his skin thick and hard. His neck muscles are corded -- giving him a kind of hellish cobra's cowl. There is still intelligence behind the eyes -- but it is a feral intelligence now.

HARCOURT
(his voice a guttural
rumble)
Looking for me, Sergeant?

Sykes stumbles back several steps, wildly brings up the Casull, and fires. The powerful Casull round catches Harcourt in the shoulder, jerking him back.

EXT. WORK SHED AREA - NIGHT

Jetson, in another area of the docks, hears the echoing blast of the Casull. He gauges as best he can the direction it came from and takes off running.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Harcourt recovers from the jolt of the bullet impact. The cloth of his disheveled shirt is shredded and powder-burned, but the bullet couldn't pierce his plated skin. Harcourt smiles with grotesquely altered teeth, starts toward Sykes.

Scared shitless, Sykes rapid-fires. One of his shots misses, shattering a crate beside Harcourt's head. The remaining shots strike Harcourt full on. Harcourt is jerked by the impact of the bullets each time, SNARLING in anger -- but none of the hits stop him. The Casull is empty and Harcourt keeps coming.

Sykes stumbles back, but Harcourt is on him in a flash. Harcourt grabs Sykes' arm holding the gun, yanks hard. We HEAR the POP as the shoulder dislocates. Sykes HOLLERS, and the gun jumps out of his hand.

INT. WAREHOUSE - GUARD'S AREA - NIGHT

Jetson races in, shotgun ready. The last of Sykes' shots are still ECHOING. Jetson looks around, frustrated, unable to tell exactly where they are coming from. He sees the likely path and charges that way.

EXT. DOCK - AT STAIRS - NIGHT

On the CUT, Sykes' body is already tumbling down these rickety stairs attached to the side of the warehouse, having been thrown ruthlessly from above. As Sykes' body sprawls on the dock, the massive figure of Harcourt appears at the top of the stairs.

Sykes, scraped and bruised, struggles to his feet. Harcourt moves down the stairs, then vaults over the railing the last fifteen feet. Harcourt lurches forward and, with a taloned grip on Sykes' shoulders, propels him down the docks.

EXT. STREET NEAR DOCKS - NIGHT

The first two arriving black-and-whites skid to stops at the coroner's wagon. The Officers leap out, flagging other arriving units to continue on toward the warehouses.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Sykes is on his feet, but his knees buckle, and he almost collapses again. Harcourt comes at him. Then Sykes sees it--

-- a fishing boat chugging along past the end of one of the jetties. Sykes makes a break for it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - AT STAIRS - NIGHT

Jetson charges out at the top of the rickety stairs, frantically scanning for any sign of Sykes. Then, in the distance, he spots the two figures running along the jetty -- Sykes being chased by the re-formed Harcourt. Jetson gives the water surrounding the docks an apprehensive look, then gathers up his courage, and races down the stairs to help Sykes.

EXT. JETTY - NIGHT

Sykes lumbers along the narrow jetty. The fishing boat is already passing the end of the jetty. Harcourt is fast behind Sykes as he reaches the end of the jetty and vaults off toward the stern of the boat -- landing on the fishing net piled on the rear deck. He yells in pain as his ankle twists under his weight.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

Sykes lies there, holding his arm, breathing hard,

relieved that he has escaped.

EXT. JETTY - NIGHT

Harcourt can't reach the boat from the same jetty Sykes did, so he jumps on a platform beside this jetty, then onto a second jetty. And from here, he vaults across the seawater onto the boat.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

Sykes sees the phantom figure land on the boat near the cabin. The fishing boat chugs up the channel toward the open sea.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Jetson sees this and is shitting bricks. Suddenly the stark BEAM of a police helicopter sun-gun stabs down from above. Jetson looks up to see the chopper coming in low, the sun-gun washing over the docks.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The sun-gun hits Jetson standing on the dock, frantically waving his badge at the 'copter, signaling it down. The Pilot starts to take it down.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

Sykes is on all fours, clawing his way up the fishing net toward the back of the boat. Harcourt gets one hand on his leg. Sykes jerks his leg away, and Harcourt's claws dig deep through Sykes' pants into his legs as he pulls away. Sykes BELLOWS in pain.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jetson is barely in the seat as it lifts away from the dock. He has to catch himself from falling out the open door. Below, uniformed cops are now seen rushing out onto the dock.

JETSON

On that boat -- out there!

Jetson indicates the fishing boat headed toward the mouth of the channel. The helicopter tilts forward and goes.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

Sykes manages to pull himself up into the dinghy hanging over the stern of the fishing boat. He pushes to the back of the dinghy as Harcourt's savage visage appears at the bow. Harcourt grins -- the predator with his prey trapped.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jetson's face is bathed in sweat as he looks out at the channel water racing past beneath. They come up on the boat and the Pilot plays the sun-gun onto the deck, looking for movement, finally pinning Sykes and Harcourt at the stern dinghy.

EXT. BRIDGE OF FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

The Captain reacts to the helicopter overhead, looks back at what the sun-gun spotlights. He sees Harcourt standing at the bow of the dinghy, starting to clamber in.

CAPTAIN

Hey!

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

Harcourt turns, sees the Captain on the bridge above him. He reaches for a wood-handled gaff nearby. He rears back with it and lets it fly like a spear.

EXT. BRIDGE OF FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

The gaff impales the Captain, off-center in his chest. The Captain, his face frozen in shock, is thrown back against the throttle. The boat lunges forward as the engines REV loudly.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

Harcourt is thrown into the dinghy with Sykes. As Harcourt recovers, Sykes spots the release for the tie line on the dinghy. He lunges forward, throwing the ratchet. The line plays out, and the dinghy slides backward into water!

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jetson watches this happen.

EXT. DINGHY - NIGHT

The dinghy bangs along (at the end of the ten foot tie line) in the wake of the speeding fishing boat.

Harcourt claws his way toward Sykes. Water is already splashing in over the stern transom... the dinghy is sinking. Harcourt grabs Sykes' leg and pulls him toward him. Sykes holds on to the stern cleats with all his might. Harcourt yanks him free. Sykes kicks wildly at the ratchet release, trying to free the remainder of the line. Harcourt is coming in for the kill when--

-- Sykes' foot connects with the ratchet lever. The rest of the tie line snakes through the ratchet, freeing the

dinghy from the fishing boat!

The dinghy is rocking wildly, sinking fast. A wave from the fishing boat's wake splashes in over the side. Some of it hits Harcourt -- he HOWLS and falls away. Sykes sees this, tries to clamber over the side, but Harcourt is on him again. Sykes' body weight at the side of the dinghy coupled with the rocking motion cause more water to wash in over the transom.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jetson reacts to Sykes and Harcourt battling in the dinghy below.

EXT. DINGHY - NIGHT

Harcourt, who is getting more and more wet, HOWLS in agony, thick blood beginning to bead wherever the water touches. Sykes is taking one hell of a beating. Harcourt sweeps Sykes up in a bear hug, is about to crush his rib cage, when Sykes shifts his body weight, knocking Harcourt off balance. Harcourt wobbles, fear on his face for the first time -- then he finally loses it, and the two of them tumble overboard into the water, capsizing the dinghy.

EXT. WATER - NIGHT

Sykes breaks the surface, gasping for air, frantically clawing with his one good arm at the wedge of dinghy still above the water. Suddenly, behind him, Harcourt's partially melted form erupts from the water, lunges on top of Sykes, and drags him under.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jetson hangs in the open door, watching in horror, wanting to help, knowing he can't.

EXT. WATER - NIGHT

Sykes breaks the surface, Harcourt's misshapen lump of a body unmoving but still on top of him. Sykes shoves it away, struggling to stay afloat. His head keeps dunking under. He's drowning.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Jetson screws up his courage and turns to the Pilot.

JETSON
Take it down! Take it down!

EXT. WATER AND HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The helicopter moves down toward the turbulent water.

Jetson hangs in the doorway, watching Sykes' head dunking under again. The helicopter's skids are three feet above the water.

JETSON
(to Pilot)
ALL THE WAY!

PILOT
I CAN'T IT'LL DITCH!

Sykes' outreached hand stretches up from the water, but the skid is just too high. Jetson has no alternative, and he does the bravest thing he has ever done. He moves out onto the narrow helicopter skid. Hanging on, three feet above the water, he reaches down for Sykes' up reaching hand.

The fingertips of the two hands waver mere inches from each other... Jetson stretches farther, farther... and the two hands meet! Jetson winces from the pain of the seawater on Sykes' hand. He starts pulling Sykes up. When--

HARCOURT'S HEAD BREAKS THE SURFACE A FOOT FROM SYKES' FACE. His eye sockets are empty and his skin is mostly gone. The nearly skeletal body heaves blindly onto Sykes, breaking his grip from Jetson's, and dragging him under again.

Jetson is frantic. He keeps waiting -- but this time Sykes doesn't come up. Jetson doesn't know what to do. Finally -- he leans down as far as he can, his face a foot from the water, SCREAMS to block the pain, and plunges his own arm below the surface! He feels around, gets hold of something, and pulls. It is Sykes' wrist. He pulls hard, bringing the sputtering Sykes up out of the water.

JETSON
(to Pilot)
Take it up!

The Pilot does. Sykes comes up out of the water. His feet are just clear of the surface when -- Harcourt's hand and arm rocket out of the water, grabbing Sykes' ankle. Sykes looks down in horror. The helicopter keeps moving up, and before Harcourt's body breaks the surface, the arm tears away from the torso at the shoulder. Sykes wildly shakes the clinging severed arm from his ankle, and it falls back into the water below.

Jetson continues pulling him up into the helicopter as it moves off toward shore.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Sykes plops on the floor, soaked, battered, holding his limp arm. Jetson is quickly whipping off his jacket, wrapping the dry part around his own arm, wincing in pain. The Pilot stare down at the circle of water where they just pulled Sykes from.

PILOT

What the hell was that down there?
It was weird.

Jetson looks at Sykes, wondering if he will say. Sykes looks at Jetson a long moment, then--

SYKES
Looked like every other damn slag to me. Just plain ugly.

Despite the pain, Jetson smiles.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH ANTEROOM - DAY

We are CLOSE on Sykes, who is having a hell of a time, trying to tie a tuxedo tie with one arm in a sling. A PAIR OF ALIEN ARMS reach into FRAME to help him. One of the alien arms is also in a sling.

ANGLE WIDENS to reveal the alien is Jetson. Both men wear tuxedos.

SYKES
How do I look?

JETSON
You look very good.

There's a knock at the door. Sykes opens it. There stands Sykes' daughter, KRISTIN, twenty years old, looking radiant in her wedding dress. She is in a foyer, and behind her is the interior of the church with all the assembled guests, including Mrs. Jetson & son.

KRISTIN
Ready, Daddy...?

Sykes' heart melts. Before moving to the door:

SYKES
George, uh... I want to apologize now, in advance, for all the rotten things I'll ever say or do to you over the years.

Sykes moves to join his daughter. As he does:

JETSON
That is all right, Matthew. After all, you are only human.

Sykes, caught off guard, has to laugh.

SYKES
(under his breath)
What a wildman...

Sykes takes his daughter's arm and the two of them start down the aisle.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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