

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

SPECIES 2

by

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2nd Revisions

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Technically and
scientifically, we could send
a man to Mars tomorrow. We
just have to allocate the
money.

Carl Sagan, Noted Astronomer
1987

Though skeptics remain,
fossilized remains from a Mars
meteorite suggest that the
red planet may have once
supported living organisms.

Chicago Tribune
August 9, 1996

We got another fucking alien
on the loose. This one has
balls.

NSC Deputy Carter Burgess
The Pentagon.

FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE

Suspended like a giant red marble on the limitless black canvas of space is MARS. Three times larger than Earth and thirty-five million miles away. The Martian surface is cold and silent. Devoid of life... until now.

NAVIGATOR'S VOICE

Control, this is Excursion. We have OMS cut-off, over.

MISSION CONTROL

Excursion, this is Control. Please advise when ET umbilical doors are open, over.

Drifting into VIEW is a SPACE CRAFT bearing the familiar red, white and blue seal of the United States of America. A gleaming LANDING MODULE detaches from the docking bay of the craft and descends toward the Martian surface.

INT. LANDING MODULE

An astronaut is strapped into the tight confines of the rattling cockpit. This is Excursion captain PATRICK ROSS.

PATRICK

(into radio)

Ease thrusters, Charlie. Bring turbo alignment to neg seven, over.

Patrick is a made-to-order American hero: a nineties combination of JFK JR. and Chuck Yeager. Capable. Modest. A true leader. He's the "right stuff" and then some.

INT. EXCURSION SPACE CRAFT

CHARLIE GAMBLE directs the descent of the landing module. He's African-American, a peerless flight navigator, the Deion Sanders of the space program.

GAMBLE

(into radio)

Turbo alignment is two-seven Cavalier. Descend, defend, watch your rear end.

DR. ANNE SAMPAS is the M.I.T. mission scientist, I.Q. of 180, rugged enough to hang with the guys but with a soft core of femininity.

SAMPAS

(into radio)

Watch out for little green men.

CONTINUED:

GAMBLE
Don't worry, Annie. He'll be fine.
(then:)
He's Patrick Ross.

EXT. MARTIAN SURFACE -- (MOMENTS LATER)

The LANDING MODULE gently touches down on the bleak rubble-strewn surface of the landscape.

PATRICK'S VOICE
We have achieved touchdown. ET
umbilical doors open, over.

MISSION CONTROL
Roger, Excursion. Proceed with
deembarkation.

The module doors open. Patrick Ross carefully clambers down the ladder onto the red-hued soil, the expansive horizon of Mars reflected on the mirrored visor of his helmet.

INT. EXCURSION MOTHER SHIP

Gamble and Sampas crane their necks toward the porthole to get a view of the Martian surface below.

GAMBLE
Control, we have surface interface. IMU
alignment complete. We show two-eight
degrees, three-six minutes.

SAMPAS
We did it, Charlie. We did it.

They share a smile.

EXT. MARTIAN SURFACE

Lonely and cold. 225 degrees below zero to be exact. Patrick takes five steps toward a cluster of rocks. He firmly plants an AMERICAN FLAG in the barren soil.

PATRICK ROSS
(static-ridden)
I plant this flag not for one nation,
one people, or one creed, but for all
mankind.

The stars and stripes float proudly in the quietude of deep space. Mankind has finally conquered Mars.

EXT. BLARNEY STONE BAR -- BOSTON, MASS. -- DAY

Packed-to-the-rafters PATRONS let out a raucous CHEER. ABC's PETER JENNINGS stares down at the crowd from the mounted bigscreen television.

PETER JENNINGS

(on television)

In a world beset by violence, hunger and strife, there are occasions when mankind surpasses the petty struggles of daily existence.

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL -- GREEN ROOM -- DAY

Filled with NASA OFFICIALS and the FAMILY and FRIENDS of the Excursion crew. A monitor on the wall reveals the ascent of the landing module toward the hovering space craft.

PETER JENNING'S VOICE

The Excursion voyage to Mars is one of these occasions. Today, America is proud.

Blue-blazered SENATOR JUDSON ROSS gives MELISSA REID a gigantic hug. He's a grand Southern political figure, pioneer of the Mars space program, and the father of the Excursion captain. She's midwestern wholesome, beautiful, Patrick's longtime girlfriend.

SENATOR ROSS

That's our boy! Way to go, Patty!

NASA OFFICIAL

Your son's a hero, Senator Ross. A true blue hero.

INT. OLDHAM PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE -- MARYLAND -- DAY

Chicken-wire windows. Burly white-jacketed ORDERLIES. A pathetic collection of societal MISFITS stare at the black and white television with tranquilized eyes.

PETER JENNING'S VOICE

Patrick Ross. Son of a Senator, football star at Yale, and now the first man on Mars. A perfect hero for these imperfect times.

One of these inmates is HERMAN CROMWELL, shaved head, burning cobalt blue eyes, unshackled leather restraints on his wrists.

HERMAN CROMWELL

(fervently)

I told them not to go!

The Orderlies stare at Cromwell. Oh christ. Here we go again.

EXT. MARTIAN ORBIT

The LANDING MODULE returns to the docking receptacle, attaching itself to the "EXCURSION" mothership like a barnacle to a freighter.

MISSION CONTROL
Excursion, this is Control. We have
someone who'd like to say hello.

INT. EXCURSION SPACE CRAFT -- (FIVE MINUTES LATER)

PATRICK ROSS sits in the center cockpit command chair, sipping from a foil-lined packet of Tang. Gamble tinkers with the flight instrumentation panel.

U.S. PRESIDENT
(over radio)
...tremendous achievement that once
again proves that if we rise above
partisan politics, America can climb to
the heavens.

PATRICK
Thank you, Mr. President. The credit
goes to my crew.

U.S. PRESIDENT
I want all three of you to be my guests
at the White House.

PATRICK
We'd be honored, sir. But you won't
change my mind. I'm still a Democrat.

U.S. PRESIDENT
(laughing)
Fly home safe, son. Our prayers are with
you.

Against the aft-wall, Anne Sampas loads bright orange sample cannisters containing Martian soil samples onto a wall-mounted rack.

What she fails to see is that one of the ORANGE CANNISTERS is beaded with condensation. As though something inside were thawing out.

INT. CAPSULE -- SERIES OF SHOTS

The astronauts make final preparations for the return to planet Earth. They've been in deep space for five months now. A certain giddy anticipation and flush of victory accompanies their actions -- contrasted by the unknown threat of the cannister. As we play the building suspense...

-- Patrick and Gamble give one another a celebratory hug. Two old friends in their moment of glory.

CONTINUED:

-- The condensation on the orange cannister has increased. Beads of water drip off the metallic hull to form a small puddle on the floor below the rack.

-- Dr. Sampas makes final log notations on the ship's powerful mainframe computer.

-- The metal cinch on the cannister top snaps open.

-- Patrick secures the aluminum clasps of the sleep pods. He pauses for a moment to stare at a photograph taped to the lid of the pod. Melissa. His girlfriend.

-- The lid of the cannister expands. Something inside is trying to get out.

-- Gamble flicks a long series of sequential switches at the cockpit console.

-- The cannister lid is now percolating. A thin bubble of cellular slime peeks from within.

-- Patrick stares out the porthole window at the majestic planet below. His eyes are misty.

-- Cellular slime oozes over the lip of the cannister. Creepy as hell.

And now, finally... the astronaut preparations are done:

INT. EXCURSION CAPSULE -- (LATER)

Patrick and Gamble tighten the spring-bolt harnesses of their cockpit chairs.

GAMBLE

Control, this is Excursion. All systems are go. Request update on the ETD.

MISSION CONTROL

Excursion, this is Control. You are go for de-orbit burn. Activate main thruster panel, over.

GAMBLE

Thank you, Control. De-orbit burn sequence complete. Say goodbye to Mars, hello Big Blue. We're homeward bound.

Across the cabin, Dr. Anne Sampas pulls a plexiglass sheath over the sample cannister rack. She stops. Lifts the sheath back up. Stares at the wildly percolating cannister on the experimentation rack.

SAMPAS

Patrick, take a look at this.

CONTINUED:

Patrick rises from his seat. He crosses the cabin toward the rows of cannisters...

PATRICK
What the hell is that?

His hand reaches for the cannister when suddenly -- all hell breaks loose.

Of its own accord, the cannister tips off the rack and SHATTERS on the floor of the cabin. A viscous cellular substance multiplies at a frenetic rate. Seething out of the cannister. Breaking into three horrific tentacled limbs which slither across the floor toward the astronauts with a ghastly CHITTERING wail...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MISSION CONTROL -- HOUSTON, TEXAS -- DAY

The MISSION TECHNICIANS are in the midst of back-patting and celebration. One RADIO OPERATOR sits frozen at his console, oblivious to the merriment.

RADIO OPERATOR
Sir, I have LOS radio blackout. We've lost contact.

His grim pronouncement spreads like wildfire amongst the Technicians. The crewcut MISSION LEADER hurries to the communications console.

MISSION LEADER
Activate emergency satellite network.

RADIO OPERATOR
Yessir.

EXT. MARTIAN ORBIT -- DEEP SPACE

The Excursion spacecraft hovers in the orbital circumference of Mars. A tiny speck in the Jovian orbit.

MISSION LEADER'S VOICE
Excursion, this is Control. We're on emergency satellite frequency. Do you read?

(then:)
Do you read, Excursion?

Dead silence is the response.

INT. MISSION CONTROL -- DAY

Now a mad frenzy of activity. The Mission Leader prowls the room like a man possessed.

CONTINUED:

MISSION LEADER

Open O-2 pumps. Mobilize auto-pilot
thrusters. Bounce the communications
beam off retro-satellite. Hurry, hurry.

He reaches the end of a bank of consoles, where a clearly-
marked sign reads: "No Smoking." His fingers fumble for the
Pall Malls in his shirt-pocket.

MISSION LEADER

(under his breath)
Holy Christ.

He lights a smoke.

INT. BLARNEY STONE BAR -- DAY

You can hear a pin drop. Irish eyes are fixed on the somber
face of Peter Jennings.

PETER JENNINGS

For the past three minutes, every
attempt to communicate with the
Excursion has failed. Let us say a
prayer for the safety of the astronauts.

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL -- GREEN ROOM -- DAY

Senator Judson Ross shakes the lapels of a NASA OFFICIAL
between white-knuckled fists.

SENATOR ROSS

What's going on?. That's my boy up
there!

Patrick's girlfriend Melissa simply stares at the screen.
Anguished.

INT. OLDHAM PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL -- DAY

Herman Cromwell struggles mightily in the grip of two burly
ORDERLIES.

HERMAN CROMWELL

I told them! I told them! Don't ever
go to Mars!

An Orderly's hypomeric needle plunges into Cromwell's arm. His
body sags.

EXT. MARTIAN ORBIT -- DEEP SPACE

The Excursion spacecraft drifts aimlessly. A high-tech
sarcophagus in the black pit of space.

INT. MISSION CONTROL -- DAY

The Mission Leader jams the butt of his third cigarette directly onto a console. A stench of defeat hangs over the room. A digital readout shows 7 minutes and still no contact with the craft.

MISSION LEADER
(to a subordinate)
Get me General Harkins.

TECHNICIAN
Sir! I have LOS blackout lift!

The Mission Leader and others crowd around the console. Tense moments pass, until the voice of Captain Patrick Ross crackles through the receiver.

PATRICK'S VOICE
Control, this is Excursion. We have experienced system malfunction.

INT. BLARNEY STONE BAR -- DAY

A spontaneous HURRAH explodes from the crowd.

PATRICK'S VOICE
Best guess is a micrometeorite hit the ship.

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL -- GREEN ROOM -- DAY

Senator Ross leads the family and friends of the astronauts in a silent prayer of gratitude.

PATRICK'S VOICE
I was able to repair communication and life support systems.

INT. OLDHAM PSYCIATRIC INSTITUTE -- DAY

Herman Cromwell sits in the corner of a padded cell. His eyes are fixed in a dull, tranquilized stare.

PATRICK'S VOICE
Excursion crew is fine. Headed on de-orbit burn for Big Blue.

HOLD on Cromwell... as a single lonely tear cascades down his face.

INT. EXCURSION CAPSULE -- DEEP SPACE

At the cockpit command center. PAN across the faces of Charlie Gamble, Dr. Anne Sampas and finally, Patrick Ross. They operate the various instruments that will allow their return to Earth.

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Gonna be good to get home. Over and out.

HOLD on Patrick's face. Handsome and heroic. PUSH IN on Patrick's glittering blue eyes, orbs as crystal blue as the Earth itself...

Up with MAIN TITLES:

"SPECIES 2"

TITLE SEQUENCE OVER CREDIT ROLL. A display of various images and iconography from mankind's first voyage to Mars:

- a) Time Magazine: "Patrick Ross and Crew. The New Voyagers."
- b) Wall Street Journal: "Mars Mission Bolsters Confidence in all Things American. Stock Market Soars."
- c) Redbook: "Dr. Anne Sampas. Wife. Mother. Scientist. Cook."
- d) Gentlemen's Quarterly: "Charlie Gambles on His Future."
- e) People Magazine: "Patrick Ross, Astrohunk. The Sexiest Man Alive."
- f) and finally, The New York Times: "Astronauts Due to Splashdown Today."

End TITLE SEQUENCE.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. GULF OF FLORIDA -- DAY

The silver-tipped Excursion space capsule splashes down into the waters of the Gulf coast. FROGMEN plunge into the water to retrieve the astronauts.

EXT. CAPE CANAVERAL -- J.F.K. BOULEVARD -- DAY

THRONGS of PEOPLE are crowded on either side of the boulevard. A BAND plays "Stars and Stripes Forever."

The "hero-hype" of Patrick Ross has reached a peak: many WOMEN carry placards and signs which read: "Welcome Home" ... "We Love Patrick" ... "Marry Me, Patrick!"

The crowd ROARS as a government sedan speeds through the entry gates to Cape Canaveral. It's like the second coming of the Beatles.

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL PRESS ROOM -- DAY

CAMERA TRACKS through a press room packed to capacity with REPORTERS from every wire service and newspaper in the world. Anne Sampas and her HUSBAND are answering questions in one corner. Further along, Charlie Gamble entertains a bevy of newsmen and women.

GAMBLE

What am I doing after the longest space voyage in the history of humankind?

(an "endorsement" grin)

I'm going to the MGM Grand!

By far the largest crowd of journalists are gathered around Patrick Ross, his father Senator Ross, and girlfriend Melissa.

REPORTER #1

Are you surprised at your status as a sex symbol?

PATRICK

That's something you guys cooked up to sell papers. I'm a one woman type of guy.

(then; quickly)

She'd kill me if I didn't say that.

The reporters laugh. Patrick kisses Melissa.

REPORTER #2

(to Melissa)

How does it feel to be the envy of every woman in America?

MELISSA

(smiling)

He's been gone a long time. Ask me in a couple of weeks.

REPORTER #3

(to Patrick)

Any thoughts about NASA's sexual "quarantine" policy?

PATRICK

Let's just say it's gonna be a long week.

REPORTER #1

Senator Ross, describe your feelings.

SENATOR ROSS

Hell, I'm as proud as a peacock. To have your boy be a national hero --

Patrick cuts him off. Perhaps a strange tension is evident between the two.

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

It took over a thousand people to get us up to Mars. The credit goes to them. I just carried the ball over the goal-line.

The reporters are eating it up. A perfect hero for these imperfect times.

INT. CAPE CANAVERAL MEDICAL BAY -- DAY (LATER)

Patrick and Gamble sit facing one another, shirtless, on two stainless-steel medical tables. Both have EKG tubes implanted above the collarbone.

Various NASA OFFICIALS hover in the background as though guarding the Crown Jewels of England. Behind these officials are BEAKERS containing labeled blood samples of Patrick Ross and Charlie Gamble.

GAMBLE

Sometimes when I think about the trip, my mind draws a blank. I can't remember what happened up there.

PATRICK

Anti-gravitational memory loss. It's a common syndrome.

GAMBLE

You're bullshitting me.

PATRICK

As a matter of fact, I am.

They laugh. White-haired DOCTOR ORINSKY approaches. He's the C. Everett Koop of NASA -- medical officer and chief surgeon.

DOCTOR ORINSKY

EKG fine. Blood tests fine. You boys are in remarkable health -- although we do have a few people here who'd like a further examination.

He indicates the glass-partitioned wall of the medical bay, where a DOZEN NURSES have congregated to get a glimpse of the shirtless astronaut heroes.

GAMBLE

Oh man. Look at that. Enough nurses out there to cure what ails me.

DOCTOR ORINSKY

Quarantine's over in a week, Mr. Gamble. No funny business till then.

CONTINUED:

The Doctor gives a sharp tug at the EKG tube above Gamble's collarbone, then tapes the wound with a piece of gauze.

DOCTOR ORINSKY

There we go.

Now Orinsky removes the EKG tube from above Patrick's collarbone. It pops out, leaving a small blood-rimmed hole where the tube was inserted. The wound immediately heals. New skin morphs over the injury.

The Doctor stares at the completely-healed wound in disbelief.

DOCTOR ORINSKY

That's odd.

But before he can make a further inspection, a NASA OFFICIAL sweeps into view.

NASA OFFICIAL

Gotta move 'em along, Doc. They got Larry King in five minutes.

He escorts the astronauts away. HOLD TIGHT on Dr. Orinsky... curious. More than curious. Concerned.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT DIETRICH -- DAY (ESTABLISHING)

America's most heavily-guarded military installation. A series of low slung buildings protected by walled towers and gun-toting guards.

LAURA'S VOICE

We recreated the alien being known as "Sil" from a frozen lab embryo.

And now we SMASH CUT to...

UNDERWATER. A woman floats inside a shark cage. A beautiful woman. Naked. Stunning. Scared. If we look closer, perhaps we are startled by a familiar face. Yes... it's SIL. Or at the very least a genetic duplicate of the Sil we knew and loved.

LAURA'S VOICE

Our goal: to discover a means to defend ourselves against the species should they ever return to Earth.

Through the murky depths of the water, a bluish fluid enters FRAME. Sil reacts to the presence of the liquid. Her hands pound at the side of the shark cage. We are in...

INT. BIOHAZARD UNIT 4 -- MAIN LAB -- DAY

A state-of-the-art lab. All of the BIOLOGISTS in the lab are female. DR. LAURA BAKER stands next to a rectangular pool in a corner of the lab. She wears a lab coat festooned with various high level clearance badges.

LAURA

As you can see on the monitors, Sil is repulsed by the blue-tinted hydrochlorine solution developed in this lab.

Her comments are aimed at the glass-walled balcony above the lab, whose occupants we cannot yet see. From beneath the murky water can be heard the incessant CLANG of steel... desperate and wild.

LAURA (CONT'D)

But it's too early to pat ourselves on the back.

(then:)

Pull up the cage.

The grinding whir of a motor hums through the lab as the crane mechanism pulls a dripping steel-mesh cage from the pool. Sil's body is covered with the red welts caused by the acidic solution. But the welts quickly morph and regenerate until Sil's skin is rosy and perfect.

LAURA (CONT'D)

As you can see, a toxic agent works once, then becomes useless as the alien's biology adapts.

Various lab ASSISTANTS begin to unlatch the harnesses and restraints on the modified shark cage. Laura continues to address her comments toward the balcony.

LAURA (CONT'D)

In addition, the species display a sixth sense -- a form of telepathy. Essentially a Darwinian survival mechanism.

Laura now moves directly beneath the glass-walled balcony.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Given our previous experience, we have deliberately shielded Sil from any direct contact with the male gender. That's what accounts for our all-female biological unit. And that's why you gentlemen are up there.

INT. BALCONY LEVEL -- DAY

Only now do we get a glimpse of the four men who stare down at the lab below. This first of these men is NSC Colonel CARTER BURGESS, early forties, body taut as a man half his age. A military lifer to whom the end always justifies the means. He has one slightly discolored glass eye, which gives his face a strange, skewed look.

BURGESS

That's our problem in a nutshell, gentlemen. We still haven't figured an efficient way to deep-six these alien bastards.

The other men will come to be known as the PENTAGON THREE ("P3"). Their faces craggy with age and hard won experience, their uniforms laden with medals, their shadowy existence not a matter of public record. Retired four-star generals all, P3 have a combined service record of almost a hundred fifty years and God only knows how many kills.

PENTAGON #1

Tell Dr. Baker to continue the testing.

Burgess snaps them a crisp salute. The P3 Generals exit the viewing balcony.

INT. BIOHAZARD 4 -- MAIN LAB -- DAY

Laura turns to the shark cage, where Sil is being bundled into a robe.

LAURA

Jesus, those guys give me the creeps.

(to Sil)

We kept the dosages very low. You okay?

Sil stares at Laura for a beat; fire burns in her eyes.

SIL

Why do you do this to me?

LAURA

I'm sorry, Sil.

(then; flatly)

It's my job.

She reaches out and gives Sil's hand a reassuring squeeze.

INT. THE PALM -- WASHINGTON, D.C. -- NIGHT

The popular steakhouse with its cartoon caricatures of famous patrons on the walls. Every CUSTOMER in the restaurant sneaks peeks at the table in the corner.

Patrick Ross sits at a prime booth with his father Senator Ross, girlfriend Melissa, and best pal Charlie Gamble.

CONTINUED:

Patrick dashes off a quick autograph for a hovering young ADMIRER.

ADMIRER

Wow. Now I got you and Michael Jordan!

The Admirer moves off. Patrick grins at Melissa.

PATRICK

Wonder if Jordan gets hand cramps.

SENATOR ROSS

Popularity, boy. Name of the game. I got the head of the Republican National Committee telling me you're a shoo-in for a Senate seat.

PATRICK

No, thank you.

SENATOR ROSS

C'mon, son. No harm in at least exploring the possibility.

PATRICK

I'll leave the politics to you, dad.

GAMBLE

I spent four years in flight school with your son, Senator. He doesn't lie enough to be a politician.

Good-natured laughter at the table.

SENATOR ROSS

(laughing)

So Charlie, tell me what it was really like up there for nine months.

GAMBLE

Not much I can tell you, sir. But I will say this. Patrick and I are getting married.

MELISSA

Sorry, babe. He's mine.

The celebratory mood continues, laughing and joking about Patrick the politician...

PATRICK

Hey, you guys.

But no one's listening. PUSH IN on Patrick. Sweating. Uncomfortable. His temples literally throb as though something beneath his skin were pushing to get out.

CONTINUED: (2)

The voices in the restaurant get louder. Cacophonous. Patrick grimaces and closes his eyes to shut out the sound. He rises from the table -- drawing the admiring glances of every female in the restaurant.

PATRICK
Need some air.

He staggers toward the exit.

SENATOR ROSS
What's the matter with him?

Melissa motions Senator Ross and Gamble that she'll take care of this. She rises from her seat and heads after Patrick, WIPING FRAME to reveal one of the newly-painted "Palm" cartoon caricatures: Patrick Ross and his two astronaut colleagues.

EXT. "M STREET" -- WASHINGTON -- NIGHT

Patrick and Melissa stand beneath the romantic glow of the old-fashioned street lamps.

PATRICK
I don't know what the hell it was. My head was ringing like crazy. I felt like I could hear people whispering thirty yards across the room.

MELISSA
I think you should see the doctor.

PATRICK
Sweetheart, I got a full physical from the NASA doc. He said I was fine.

MELISSA
Well, you need a second opinion. Maybe you have a bug.

He studies her warm, beautiful face.

PATRICK
Know what I think it is? The damn pressure. You wouldn't think this stuff was a drag, but it's like a millstone around your neck. You gonna fly another mission, Patrick? You gonna run for office, Patrick? You gonna marry Melissa, Patrick?
(then:)

I tell them maybe, no, and yes.

She stares at him; caught off guard.

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
You'll marry me, won't you Missy?

MELISSA
You're proposing? Right here?

PATRICK
Yep.

And now she sees what's between his fingers. A gorgeous diamond engagement ring. He slips it into her hand and drops to a knee.

PATRICK
I've loved you since the day we met.
You're my life. My love.. My world. I
want you till death do us part.

MELISSA
Oh Patrick.

PATRICK
(rising)
That's not an answer.

MELISSA
Yes. Yes yes yes.

They come together in sweet embrace. And now they kiss. Hot and getting hotter. The sexual intensity triggers something inside Patrick. His kisses are faster, more feverish. Melissa laughs breathlessly:

MELISSA (CONT'D)
We keep going, I'm going to say to hell
with that quarantine.

But suddenly Patrick pulls free from the embrace. His eyes are distant. His mood has done a complete one-eighty.

MELISSA (CONT'D)
Patrick? What's wrong?

PATRICK
There's something I have to do.

MELISSA
What...? You okay?

PATRICK
I'll... I'll explain later.

He abruptly heads off into the night. Melissa watches him go. She stares at the sparkling ring he's left in her hand.

EXT. GODDARD FLIGHT CENTER -- NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

NASA's base of operations in Washington. A series of high-tech buildings.

DOCTOR ORINSKY'S VOICE
I found something very strange, Herman.
I'm beginning to suspect you were right.

INT. GODDARD FLIGHT CENTER -- NIGHT

Doctor Orinsky paces his office with cordless phone in hand.

DOCTOR ORINSKY
There may have been a biological
incursion on the Excursion mission.

He pauses by a lab table filled with beakers of crimson blood.
We SEE the label: Patrick Ross.

DOCTOR ORINSKY
My initial tests on the blood samples
were perfectly normal. But I saw this
man's wound heal right before my eyes.

A slight breeze ruffles Orinsky's white hair. He turns toward the source of the breeze. Reacts with sudden fear. The telephone drops from his hand, clattering on the floor.

He backpedals, terrified, the beaker of Patrick's blood still clenched in his hand.

We HEAR labored breathing, but not of a human variety. Deep, throaty breaths indicative of a lung capacity three times the norm...

And now Orinsky, eyes wide in fear, raises his hands in fearful supplication. The beaker of blood drops to the ground, shattering on impact, spilling its crimson contents in a pool on the floor.

DOCTOR ORINSKY
Please...

We SEE brief glimpses. The labored breathing. The blur of an alien hand. A spray of blood against the wall.

CLOSE IN on Doctor Orinsky... laying on the ground. His neck is twisted at a very odd angle. Dead eyes staring into nothingness.

The blood spilled from the beaker lies in a pool on the floor. It stirs like a rippling wave. Then it scurries across the floor like quicksilver.

It crawls up the leg of Orinsky's murderer and morphs into his skin. A cellular homecoming. PAN up that leg to reveal Patrick Ross. Eyes cold like pebbles.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET -- NIGHT (LATER)

Patrick Ross strolls the dimly-lit streets as though in a daze. A lost and lonely soul. He stares at the cuff of his shirt, which is stained with a streak of Doctor Orinsky's blood.

A POLICE CRUISER turns the corner with lurking menace. The cruiser pulls alongside Patrick's straggling figure. The window rolls down.

COP
Little late for strolling, ain't it
buddy?

PATRICK
I'm sorry. I think I've had a blackout.

COP
Are you Patrick Ross?

PATRICK
Yes.

COP
Get on in. I'll give you lift.

Patrick wearily climbs into the passenger side of the cruiser. The cop turns on his flashers and pulls out with a screech -- happy to protect and serve America's foremost hero.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PENTAGON BUILDING -- DAY (ESTABLISHING)

Two days later. Sunlight peeks over the precipice of an enormous sprawl of a building. This is the nerve center of America's defense.

BURGESS' VOICE
When the FBI lab came up with
irregularities, we asked Dr. Baker to
study the DNA from the Orinsky crime
scene.

INT. PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Spread across a conference table are pictures of the Orinsky murder site. Carter Burgess addresses the men we have come to know as "P3."

BURGESS
The good news: our regenerated alien
female was not involved. We have video-
logs to prove her presence at Fort
Dietrich.
(then:)
The bad news: it's safe to say we have
another alien out there.

CONTINUED:

Yes, that is bad news. The Pentagon Three consider this for a heavy beat.

PENTAGON #1

Who could've generated one of these things? The Japs? The Russians?

PENTAGON #2

Christ, I hope it's not the Chinese. They breed like rabbits.

BURGESS

None of our intelligence suggests that a foreign power was involved with alien DNA experimentation. We don't know the thing got to earth.

PENTAGON #1

(after a beat)

I say we get Press Lennox back in the fold.

The other two Pentagon men shake their heads disapprovingly.

PENTAGON #2

Lennox is a wild card. He hasn't done an operation in three years.

PENTAGON #3

He threatened to make the entire Sil fiasco public last time. We had to coerce him into signing the secrecy agreement.

PENTAGON #1

What do you think, Burgess? You've worked with the man.

BURGESS

Professionally, I can't dispute he's effective. But Press isn't a rules and regs kinda guy. Not easy to control.

PENTAGON #1

He has experience in these matters. He knows the secrecy requirement of what we're dealing with here. We can't afford to screw around.

The Pentagon men hold a whispered consultation for a few beats. Burgess sits at rigid attention for their verdict. Finally:

PENTAGON #1

Get Preston Lennox. We don't care how. Just do it.

INT. PRESS LENNOX'S BEDROOM -- N.Y. CITY -- NIGHT

The telephone receiver is off the hook. We see why. Press is making serious time with a gorgeous WOMAN.

WOMAN

C'mon, Press. Let me see it.

PRESS

Soon.

WOMAN

Take it out. Go on. Take it out.

Press sighs. He breaks the embrace and moves to the sock drawer of his armoire. He digs deep inside and removes an athletic sock.

PRESS

Here.

The Woman dumps the contents of the sock into her palm. A small gold medallion.

WOMAN

You weren't lying. It's the Congressional Medal of Honor.

PRESS

Worth at least forty bucks at any pawnshop.

WOMAN

What'd you do to deserve this?

PRESS

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

The Woman gently drapes the medal around his neck. Her fingertips glide across the expanse of his chest.

WOMAN

Was it terribly dangerous?

PRESS

Terribly.

Now they get busy. Her kisses are feverish and hot. She tears at the buttons of his shirt and propels him back onto the bed.

INT. PRESS' BEDROOM -- (LATER)

The sleek-suit Woman sits astride Press, bucking and writhing. The love-making is passionate and hot. Press extends his hands around to caress her back. His expression shifts to one of horror.

CONTINUED:

We SEE a view of the Woman's back as the jut of three alien tentacles emerge... growing longer... twisting and grotesque. Press struggles to get up but he's pinioned to the bed! He SHOUTS...

CUT TO:

REALITY. Press jerks up in bed, sweat soaking his features. The sleek-suit Woman lies beside him. Perfectly human and sleeping in post-coital bliss. Shit, it's another nightmare.

Through the fog of sleep, Press cocks his ear toward the door where a persistent KNOCKING can be heard. He slides from under the sheets and grabs a robe from the back of a chair.

INT. PRESS' FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

Press peeks through the peephole, doesn't like what he sees at all. And yet he reluctantly opens the door.

PRESS
Carter Burgess.

BURGESS
Hello, Press.

PRESS
The answer is no.

BURGESS
It's right up your alley. We got another fucking alien on the loose.

Press takes this in stride; nothing surprises him when it comes to governmental stupidity.

PRESS
I have company.

BURGESS
(smiling)
Tell her to take a raincheck.

PRESS
I'm out, Burgess. Had enough cloak and dagger to last a lifetime.

BURGESS
You know the deal, Press. Once you're in, you're never really out.

PRESS
What is it about the word "no" you don't understand?

CONTINUED:

Burgess' jovial demeanor fades. He raises a finger toward his discolored eye.

BURGESS

I lost a goddamn eye for this country. It's a sacrifice I'd make again in a heartbeat. Maybe you need to learn the meaning of sacrifice.

PRESS

Listen good, pal. I almost got killed chasing the last alien she-bitch. If the government was stupid enough to make another one, let them clean up the mess.

BURGESS

We didn't make this one.

PRESS

Well count me out of the search party.

Press starts to swing the door shut -- but Burgess catches the edge in his beefy hand. His voice has the hint of menace:

BURGESS

You know as well as I do that those Pentagon boys always get what they want. You can say yes now, or say yes to the next guy they send. But you will say yes.

Press mulls this over -- and knows that Burgess is right.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. SKYLINE -- DAY

Across the sprawling panorama of Washington, a Bell & Howell military CHOPPER slices through the early dawn.

BURGESS' VOICE

After you killed Sil, the President authorized the Pentagon to form a committee to study the whole mess. Absolutely classified, of course.

PRESS' VOICE

Yeah. Why worry the public?

BURGESS' VOICE

Committee's composed of four-star generals. These sumbitches have seen this country through every military crisis since World War II.

PRESS' VOICE

Sil wasn't a military crisis. She was a government fuck-up.

EXT. FORT DIETRICH -- BIOHAZARD COMPLEX -- DAY

A government sedan carrying Burgess and Press reaches the double-gated outer checkpoint.

INT. SEDAN -- DAY

Burgess flashes his NSC badge. Turns to Press.

BURGESS

You're right. The Sil experiment was a mistake. But thank God we're ready for these alien bastards now that they're back.

PRESS

Why are you involved? You were strictly search and destroy.

BURGESS

Used to be you could make a whole career just knocking off Commies. When that iron curtain came down, a lot of opportunities fell by the wayside. Gotta stay on the cutting edge, buddy.

(a wry smile)

Militarily-speaking, aliens are a growth industry.

The MILITARY POLICEMAN on duty flips him a crisp salute. The double gates swing open.

BURGESS

(to Press)

Welcome to Fort Dietrich.

Burgess pilot the car toward the same bunker-like building seen earlier: BioHazard 4.

INT. BIOHAZARD UNIT 4 -- CORRIDOR -- DAY

The two men tread down the long corridor. Various doors: "Cyclonic Chamber"; "Biogenic Research"; and surprisingly, "Emergency Armory," where two GUARDS are carting in a cache of weapons.

PRESS

Since when does a bio-facility need an armory?

BURGESS

We're like the Boy Scouts. Always prepared.

INT. BIOHAZARD UNIT 4 -- MAIN LAB -- DAY

A sliding airlock door opens to admit Burgess and Press. Various BIOLOGISTS stop what they're doing to stare at the sudden interruption.

BURGESS
This is Biohazard 4.

Press scans the high-tech instrumentation... the Biologists... and finally, the bio-environment in the center of the lab.

PRESS
Jesus Christ.

He yanks the Glock .9 from his waistband. And now we SEE what he's looking at.

INT. OCTAGONAL CAGE -- DAY

SIL. She stares at a large television mounted to the mirrored walls of the cage. The mirrored glass prevents her from seeing outside. She is fascinated by a "Lucky Charms" commercial on the tv screen.

LEPRECHAUN
(on television)
Frosted Lucky Charms. They're magically delicious.

SIL
Magically delicious.

She reacts to the presence of Press and Burgess, moving to the glass walls of her cage with hands outstretched. She can sense their testosterone.

INT. MAIN LAB -- DAY

Burgess snatches the gun from Press' hand.

BURGESS
Put that thing away.

Press wheels back on Burgess in a fury, grabbing the military man's jacket collar and shaking with all his might.

PRESS
You grew another one, you glass-eyed sonofabitch?

BURGESS
Calm down!

PRESS
Why? Tell me why.

CONTINUED:

A VOICE
Relax, Preston.

Press reacts as though an ice pick has been slammed between his shoulder blades. He swivels in the direction of the voice.

PRESS
Laura...?

LAURA
Long time no see.

PRESS
(incredulous)
You're involved in this bullshit?

BURGESS
Dr. Baker runs this facility. She recreated Sil.

PRESS
(to Laura)
This bitch killed friends of ours, for godsakes. How could you create another one?

Laura refuses to take the bait -- she answers Press with cool disregard.

LAURA
We did it differently this time. Half her alien genes are dormant.

PRESS
Sil "Lite"? I feel much better!

LAURA
We dampened her mating instinct. She doesn't pose a threat.

PRESS
Are you insane? What if she gets out?

Laura indicates a gleaming gold box affixed to the wall. This is the TETHER MECHANISM, a series of electrical stun circuits.

LAURA
Sil's electronically tethered to that control box. One step off the premises and a toxic capsule will explode in her brain.

PRESS
I know you're ambitious, Laura, but you used to have a little soul.

CONTINUED: (2)

LAURA

(seething)

And I know you're threatened by strong women, Press. I'm not one of the airheaded chippies you're most comfortable with.

BURGESS

Quiet! Both of you!

Press and Laura sink into chastised silence.

BURGESS (CONT'D)

We have a national emergency on our hands. You will work together. That is a direct order from the Pentagon.

(then:)

You killed one of these aliens before. Do it again.

A beat of awkward silence. Press gives Laura a cynical smile.

PRESS

You heard him, Laura. Remember how easy it was?

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGETOWN COMMONS -- DAY

Charlie Gamble rings the doorbell of a very posh Georgetown townhouse. No answer. Checks his watch. Rings again. Still no answer. He shrugs. Heads down the stairs toward his car.

INT. TOWNHOUSE -- DAY

TRACK through what is revealed to be Patrick's home. Framed photographs of numerous Ross family outings. Pictures of Melissa and Patrick. Trophies. No one here. Or so it seems.

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET -- DAY

Patrick is crouched in the corner. Sweaty and feverish. Veinous ripples run down his face. He's in terrible pain. His white-knuckled hands grip the window sash. Fighting with all his might against the alien within.

CUT TO:

EXT. NASA GODDARD FLIGHT CENTER -- DAY

A government sedan cruises past the checkpoints leading into the NASA facility.

INT. SEDAN -- DRIVING SHOT -- DAY

Press pilots the sedan into the parking structure for the Goddard space lab.

LAURA

I feel like we're re-visiting an old nightmare.

PRESS

C'mon, Laura. Our relationship wasn't that bad.

LAURA

(smiling)

You're still a jerk.

PRESS

At least I'm consistent.

LAURA

Yeah. I'll give you that.

She starts to exit, but his raspy voice holds her in place.

PRESS

You seeing anyone?

LAURA

That's none of your business.

PRESS

Lemme guess. He's got family money, he's got a PH.D in B.S. at M.I.T., and sleeping with him is about as exciting as watching mold grow in a petri dish.

LAURA

The return of the male chauvinist pig. I thought your species became extinct in the late eighties.

PRESS

We're making a comeback.

He gives her a conciliatory grin, hoping she'll smile in return. But instead her voice contains a measure of sadness.

LAURA

I've learned a lot working with Sil. She's half human, half alien -- and those separate strands of DNA fight a constant battle within her body. They struggle for dominance until one side
(more)

CONTINUED:

LAURA (Cont'd)
wins out. Alone and separate, they're fine. Side by side, they just can't get along.

(then:)
Sort of like us.

She exits the car. Press mulls this over for a beat.

INT. GODDARD FLIGHT CENTER -- DAY

Orinsky's lab is blocked by barricades and federal agency yellow tape. Three MILITARY GUARDS clear the way to allow Press and Laura to enter.

INT. ORINSKY'S LAB -- DAY

CLOSE on a dusted hand-print on the wall. Huge, six-fingered, utterly inhuman. Press and Laura descend a step-ladder, having finished their examination of the print -- which is on the ceiling.

PRESS
Do you think Isotoner makes gloves for a guy like this?

LAURA
Shut up and work.

Orinsky's body has been removed. Otherwise, the lab remains untouched. Press and Laura scour opposite sides of the room.

PRESS
Question number one: why does an alien want to murder a NASA doctor?

LAURA
Maybe the alien perceived Orinsky as a threat.

Press pauses by Orinsky's desk. He scans three thick folders.

PRESS
Sampas, Gamble, Ross. The Excursion astronauts.

Laura bends low to examine the shattered beaker that lays on the floor. There are no traces of blood. The bottom of the beaker bears a label: Patrick Ross.

LAURA
Press. Take a look.

He joins her. Studies the broken beaker.

CONTINUED:

PRESS

Orinsky was examining astronaut blood samples when he was killed.

LAURA

What're you saying? That one of these astronauts may have been the killer?

PRESS

Aliens come from outer space, right? How many other people you know been up in space recently?

LAURA

Oh terrific. Our prime suspects are America's greatest heroes.

PRESS

I didn't say they were suspects. Now what's this?

Press uses a clean hankerchief to pick up the cordless telephone that lies on the ground.

PRESS (CONT'D)

Question number two: why is the phone on the floor?

LAURA

Maybe Orinsky was trying to call someone.

PRESS

Bingo. So we hit re-dial.

Press hits the redial key. He waits patiently for a response, then clicks off the phone.

LAURA

What?

PRESS

Orinsky made a call before he died.
(after a beat)
The Oldham Psychiatric Hospital.

And as they ponder the reason for that call...

EXT. WATERGATE HOTEL -- WASHINGTON, D.C. -- NIGHT

Hundreds of ONLOOKERS are crowded behind barricades. A groundswell of excitement explodes as two limousines pull to the front.

From the first limo: Dr. Anne Sampas emerges with her husband. The crowd cheers.

CONTINUED:

Now a stunning WOMAN with legs to eternity daintily climbs from the back. Her escort is Charlie Gamble, whose tuxedo is highlighted by a lime green cummerbund. The cheers escalate.

From the second limo: Senator Judson Ross and Patrick's girlfriend Melissa exit the vehicle. Then Patrick himself. The crowd goes insane.

Patrick waves greetings like a Pope bestowing benediction: shakes hands; signs half a dozen autographs. A WOMAN reaches out to touch the lapels of his tuxedo -- then nearly faints in response.

WOMAN IN CROWD

(ecstatic)

I touched him! I touched him!

INT. WATERGATE BALLROOM -- NIGHT

Senator Ross stands at the lectern on a stage. A heavy curtain behind the Senator reads: "NASA Fundraiser -- Mars and Beyond."

SENATOR ROSS

Jack Kennedy and I started out in Congress about the same time. We both championed the exploration of space. I'd like to think Jack's spirit carries on in my boy Patrick.

The two hundred assembled DIGNITARIES burst into prolonged APPLAUSE over their half-eaten chicken capon dishes.

As Senator Ross continues his comments, PUSH IN on a prominent table where Charlie Gamble and his stunning female Companion sit next to space biologist Anne Sampas and her husband. Melissa is there as well -- but Patrick's seat is empty.

SAMPAS

What happened to Patrick?

GAMBLE

I don't know. He's missing a major butt-kissing from his own father.

MELISSA

He hasn't been feeling well lately.

SAMPAS

Tell you the truth, I haven't been feeling so great either.

Gamble casts a longing glance at his stunning date.

GAMBLE

I think we all need a little tender loving care.

CONTINUED:

SAMPAS

Two more days till the quarantine's over, Gamble. You can hold on.

GAMBLE

I've been "holding on" too long already.

A new round of APPLAUSE cuts the conversation short. The President motions toward the astronaut's table.

SENATOR ROSS

...but enough hot air from this old windbag. How about a word from Patrick himself?

Heads turn to look for Patrick. But he's not there.

INT. BEHIND THE STAGE CURTAINS -- (CONTINUOUS)

He's in the sweaty embrace of a willowy WASHINGTON DEBUTANTE. Her skirt is hiked halfway up.

SENATOR ROSS

Has anyone seen Patrick?

Patrick suddenly yanks free from the embrace. It's as though his father's voice has snapped him back to reality. He stares at the Debutante... bewildered.

PATRICK

I have to go.

DEBUTANTE

Room 1212. Upstairs. Later. My sister wants to come too. We share everything.

Patrick shrugs, dazed, and pushes through the curtains of the stage.

EXT. BALLROOM -- STAGE -- (MOMENTS LATER)

Patrick stares out over the attentive mass of Washington power brokers. His voice is mesmerizing.

PATRICK

When I looked through the portal, all I could see was the beautiful blue-white globe. So small. So fragile. I thought about how easy it would be to destroy all that God has created. As we look into the future, perhaps our greatest mission is right here at home.

The audience rises in OVATION for Patrick's words. The world's most powerful people are held in sway by America's newest and greatest hero.

CONTINUED:

Various shots:

Gamble, Sampas and Melissa enthusiastically applauding; Senator Judson Ross, watching his boy through drunken, teary eyes; the Dignitaries, honored to be in the presence of this young demi-God...

...and finally, Patrick himself... modestly waving away the applause, a hero with a political future if ever there was one... and we PUSH IN on Patrick's eyes... sparkling with wit and charm, with intelligence, perhaps the most ingratiating eyes we have ever seen...

JUMP CUT TO:

THESE VERY SAME EYES. But different now... the warmth is gone, replaced by a glint hard and sharp as steel. WIDEN to reveal that we are...

INT. WATERGATE HOTEL CORRIDOR -- NIGHT (TWO HOURS LATER)

Patrick treads down the corridor to a door marked 1212. He knocks.

VOICE INSIDE

It's open.

Patrick slowly opens the door to reveal the Debutante and her SISTER inside.

PATRICK'S P.O.V. -- THRU THE DOORWAY

The ball gowns have been removed to showcase two bodies that surely qualify as national monuments.

DEBUTANTE

Come on in.

CLOSE on Patrick's eyes... as he enters the room and shuts the door. HOLD on the closed door. We hear a gasping MOAN of female pleasure...

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT (LATER)

Patrick rolls off the prone body of his first conquest of the evening. The Debutante stares at him with shining eyes.

DEBUTANTE

Oh my God. You are a hero.

SISTER

Hey, it's my turn.

PATRICK

Yes. It is.

CONTINUED:

His voice is clipped and frigid. He pulls the willing Sister into his embrace. She runs her hands over his rippling naked body.

SISTER

Forget safe sex. You're dangerous.

As Patrick and the Sister begin the gyrations of love-making, the Debutante rises and blissfully heads for the adjoining bathroom.

DEBUTANTE

Be right back.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The smiling, ravished Debutante examines her flushed face in the mirror... when suddenly beads of sweat begin to form on her forehead. She clutches at her belly...

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Patrick makes love to the prone Sister. Deep, angry thrusts.

SISTER

Oh yes, Patrick. Oh yes.

The Sister moans under the onslaught... alive with passion... but she fails to notice the pronounced jut of alien tentacles that emerge from Patrick's back.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The Debutante stares down at her belly... hands clutching at a womb that swells larger by the second.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

The Sister moves in slinky rhythm to Patrick's demanding thrusts. Loving it. Unaware of the horror playing itself out in the next bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The Debutante's WOMB is swelling at a tremendous rate, the human gestation period on fast forward. She stumbles back against the wall, sliding to a seated position on the floor.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

The Sister claws Patrick's back in ecstasy. Her hand clutches something on his back... something slimy and altogether inhuman... we SEE her white-knuckled hands have seized one of the alien tentacles. She SCREAMS...

INT. BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The Debutante's womb literally splits open under the force of the pregnancy from hell... a forced caesarean... and from this ghastly rift we catch a brief glimpse of the alien offspring...

HORRIBLE. Part human, yes. But with gnarled hands that reach out of the womb, curling and uncurling. A slime-coated manifestation of species/humanoid cross-breeding. We HEAR the wrenching shriek of this hellish infant.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

The Sister wraps her hands around Patrick's neck, tries to strangle this now-terrifying predator.

SISTER
(hysterical)
Let me up!

PATRICK
One... more... second.

Gripping her shoulders, Patrick finishes the task at hand... groaning with unearthly satisfaction as he drives his alien seed deep within her flailing body.

He rises from his now-silent conquest. Stares down at her shivering form with eyes that are dead of humanity.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SIL'S OCTAGONAL CAGE -- NIGHT

SIL. Her body in the throes of terrible internal torment as though she is somehow tied to the goings-on at the Watergate. As though she somehow senses the presence of another alien being on this Earth. Her hands pound helplessly against the sides of the reinforced glass of her cage. The ever-playing television screen displays reruns of the "Love Boat."

The one-way glass gives a reflection of what looks like a dozen Sils.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL MARYLAND WOODS -- NIGHT (HOURS LATER)

Patrick emerges from the gloomy mist-shrouded patch of forest onto the shoulder of the highway. He carries a dirt and blood-spattered shovel.

He places the shovel into the trunk of his American-made Chrysler. Gets into the driver's seat. The Chrysler pulls onto the highway and disappears into the fog.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

The Chrysler whips down the darkened highway. We SEE a road-sign reflected in the glare of headlights:

"Virginia is For Lovers"

EXT. VIRGINIA PLANTATION -- NIGHT

Patrick's Chrysler pulls into the immense circular driveway of a restored Georgian mansion that reeks of old Southern charm. The centerpiece of the estate is a massive American flag that flaps loudly on a pole.

Patrick quietly exits the car and opens the back doors. He reaches inside and removes a cloth BUNDLE. He carries the bundle across the expanse of lawn.

EXT. PLANTATION SILO -- NIGHT

On the outer edge of the sprawling property is a long-out-of-use grain SILO. Four stories tall, this impressive structure harkens back to a simpler time. A hexagonal marking is painted on the side to ward off evil spirits.

Patrick uses a key to unlock the rusty padlock on the door of the silo. Then he carries the bundle inside and closes the door behind him.

Long moments pass.

Patrick re-emerges from the silo. He stares up toward the distant starlit heavens. His eyes blaze.

SENATOR ROSS

(off screen)

Get your hands up or I'll blast you to high heaven.

A shudder courses over Patrick's face at the sound of this voice -- and he pops out of his eerie trance. He looks to see his father holding a double-barrel shotgun in the darkness.

PATRICK

Dad, it's me.

SENATOR ROSS

Patrick...?

Patrick steps from the shadows into the bath of moonlight. Senator Ross lowers his gun.

SENATOR ROSS (CONT'D)

You crazy, son? Bout near scared me half to death. What the hell you doing here?

CONTINUED:

PATRICK
(haltingly)
I don't know. I just drove here. I don't remember.

SENATOR ROSS
Where's Melissa?

PATRICK
I told her to go home. At least I think I did. There's something wrong with me.

Senator Ross studies his son for long, careful moments.

SENATOR ROSS
We'll get a specialist to have a look at you tomorrow.

PATRICK
Tonight... after the fundraiser... I don't know what happened but it was... it was something awful.

SENATOR ROSS
(lightly)
The drinks are always strong at those fundraisers. That's the way they get the wallets to open up.

PATRICK
(desperately)
You gotta help me, Dad. I'm having some kinda breakdown.

Senator Ross slings his arm across the broad shoulders of his heroic son.

SENATOR ROSS
Sleep here tonight. We'll go into the kitchen and have Betty make us a couple of grilled cheese sandwiches. Just like the old days.

And perhaps Patrick senses that his father can never truly understand his pain. The two men begin to walk toward the towering Georgian mansion in the misty distance.

SENATOR ROSS (CONT'D)
Ever since your Ma died, it gets lonely in this place. It's nice to have you back, son. It's real nice to have you back.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- NEXT DAY

A government sedan enters a bucolic, tree-lined institutional complex. Make no mistake, though: there are armed GUARDS and ORDERLIES at every possible point of escape. A discreet sign informs us that this is: "Oldham Psychiatric Institute."

INT. SEDAN -- DAY

Press is at the wheel. Laura studies the white-smocked PATIENTS who stroll the grounds.

LAURA

Looks almost like a college campus.

PRESS

Yeah, Fruit Cake U. I crossed-checked the background of every patient. Guy named Herman Cromwell taught with Orinsky at Stanford.

LAURA

So what's Cromwell doing in a mental institution?

PRESS

That's the interesting part. It's classified government information.

EXT. INSTITUTE GROUNDS -- DAY

The sedan cruises up the driveway toward the main building. Press and Laura exit the vehicle and head toward the main entrance. Suddenly a mournful, insane SCREAM echoes across the grounds. They exchange a glance. This place is eerie.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE CORRIDOR -- DAY

Flourescent-lit and depressing. A lab-coated ADMINISTRATOR leads Press and Laura to a small room with chicken-wired windows.

ADMINISTRATOR

Please be brief. He gets very agitated.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY

Herman Cromwell glares at Press and Laura across an oak desk. Shaven head. Intense cobalt blue eyes. His vocal intonation and mannerisms make it hard to tell whether he's sane or indeed crazy.

CROMWELL

I was doing research on the Mars meteorite.

LAURA

The one found in the Antarctic in 1996.

CONTINUED:

CROMWELL

(nodding)

Fossils in the meteorite convinced us that there might be life on Mars. But those fossils weren't anything organic to the planet. Oh no no no.

LAURA

What was the basis for that determination?

CROMWELL

The carbon-based elements in those fossils exist only in the Magellanic galaxy. That's a hundred million light years away.

PRESS

So how did those elements get to Mars?

CROMWELL

By my reckoning, Mars was visited by an alien species approximately one billion years ago.

Press and Laura share a chilly gaze. Cromwell swats wildly at a FLY buzzing around his head. Narrowly misses.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

The species was like a cancer. A plague. It turned a thriving planet with rivers and oceans and rudimentary plant life into a hunk of useless rock.

(then:)

When I heard we were sending a mission to Mars, I strongly urged the government to reconsider.

LAURA

On what grounds?

CROMWELL

On the grounds that the alien DNA might remain on the planet. That any human attempt to violate the planet might result in biological contamination.

PRESS

Lemme guess: The government told you to shove it up your ass.

CROMWELL

(nodding)

More than that. They got me fired from Stanford.

(more)

CONTINUED: (2)

CROMWELL (Cont'd)

Seems like the Pentagon had strategic reasons for wanting to go to Mars. Military outpost of the future or something. They harassed the shit out of me. Got into a fist fight with a Pentagon official. Broke his goddamn jaw. That's why I'm here.

PRESS

Jesus Christ.

LAURA

Why do you think Dr. Orinsky called you the night he died?

CROMWELL

To say I was right. Whatever alien race destroyed Mars, those poor astronauts brought back down to Earth.

Cromwell's hand shoots out like a gunshot. He opens his clenched fist to reveal the crushed fly on his palm.

CROMWELL (CONT'D)

God have pity on their souls.

CUT TO:

A FLAME touches the wick of a candle. We are...

INT. ANNE SAMPAS BEDROOM -- NIGHT

An entire array of romantic candles are propped on the bedstand. Chopin plays on the stereo. The candlelights flicker delicately across the face of astronaut Dr. Anne Sampas.

MR. SAMPAS

You look lovely.

ANNE SAMPAS

Thank you.

Mr. Sampas sinks onto the bed, enclosing his wife in his arms. They kiss. The quarantine is over. It's a night for making love.

INT. BIOHAZARD 4 -- BALCONY -- NIGHT

Colonel Burgess waves the shiny folder of a NASA report at Press and Laura. On the main lab floor below, the all-female biological team go about their tasks.

CONTINUED:

BURGESS

Here's the NASA report on the communications breakdown in space. Their conclusion: system malfunction.

LAURA

Did they check the soil samples the astronauts collected?

BURGESS

What're you suggesting, Baker? That the soil samples contained alien DNA?

LAURA

The temperature of Mars is approximately 225 degrees below zero. If they brought the samples aboard, the temperature thaw could've brought the DNA back to life --

PRESS

-- and that DNA could've infected the astronauts.

BURGESS

NASA did physical examinations of all three astronauts. They checked out fine.

LAURA

But they weren't looking for alien DNA. They don't have the proper equipment. I do.

BURGESS

This isn't the "X-files," goddammit. You're following a lead based on the interrogation of a certified nutcase!

Press snatches the NASA folder from Burgess' hand and tosses it across the desk.

PRESS

We got a NASA doc killed while examining astronaut blood samples. A guy who warned the government about going to Mars and got slapped into a loony bin. And a seven minute time gap while they were in space.

(then:)

I think it's worth investigating.

LAURA

NASA imposes a sexual quarantine of one week on all interstellar missions. The Mars quarantine ends tonight.

CONTINUED: (2)

PRESS

They're walking time bombs. They could fuck the human race into extinction. You wanna be responsible for what happens if we don't check them out?

Ah. That's the kicker. Burgess mulls this over as he stares down at the reflected image of Sil in her cage.

BURGESS

Check out one of them. The woman.
Discreetly.

PRESS

Fine.

Burgess wheels to face Press and Laura.

BURGESS

The Excursion mission was the best thing to happen to this country in thirty years. If this alien crap gets out... if some sonofabitch from the National Enquirer splashes this on the front cover, there will be hell to pay. Keep a lid on this. Got it?

Press and Laura nod their assent. Burgess heads for the door. After he's gone:

LAURA

Jesus. Talk about a hard ass.

PRESS

(after a beat)

Down in South America, he singlehandedly took out a rebel-controlled village and carried three hostages to safety. They say he killed women and children, everything that stood in his path. But he saved those three goddamn hostages. Lost his eye in the bargain. For Burgess, anything goes if it's for God or country. I can't decide if he's America's greatest patriot. Or just psychotic.

INT. SAMPAS BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Anne Sampas and her husband make slow, passionate love. Sweet and tender. The Chopin on the stereo reaches a crescendo.

EXT. MARYLAND BELTWAY -- NIGHT

Press and Laura's government sedan races down the highway. Burning rubber.

INT. SAMPAS BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Anne's fingers clutch at the bedsheets. The height of ecstasy.

EXT. SUBURBAN MARYLAND STREET -- NIGHT

Press guns the car forward. Screeches around a corner.

EXT. MARYLAND SUBURB -- NIGHT

Now we SEE the Sampas home. Middle class. Peaceful and quiet.

INT. SAMPAS BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mr. Sampas plants a loving kiss on the flushed face of his wife. They recline on a king size bed, having just finished their love-making session.

MR. SAMPAS
It was worth the wait.

He waits for her to agree -- but she doesn't. Instead, Anne Sampas peers beneath the silken bedsheets.

ANNE SAMPAS
Sweetheart... I don't feel so good.

MR. SAMPAS
What's wrong?

She pulls the sheets aside to reveal her belly: a belly which is swelling and undulating with inhuman speed.

EXT. SAMPAS HOME -- NIGHT

The government sedan screeches to the front of this modest middle-class home. Press and Laura emerge and walk at a swift pace up the walkway. A SHRIEK from the window above draws their attention.

LAURA
(to Press)
Get the hydrochlorine! Quick!

Press rushes back to the sedan. He pops the trunk and removes a spray cannister labeled Hydrochlorine -- the laboratory substance used earlier to repulse Sil.

INT. SAMPAS BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mr. Sampas stares at his wife's ever-expanding womb -- numb with shock. Anne Sampas clutches the metal bedpost for support.

ANNE SAMPAS
Call for help!

CONTINUED:

Mr. Sampas grabs the telephone receiver from the bedstand. His fingers reach for the touch tone buttons, but before he can dial --

ANNE SAMPAS

Harry...!

Anne Sampas' womb rifts open and a gnarled tentacle worms its way out. The tentacle slithers through the air toward Mr. Sampas.

Wraps its slimy length around his throat. Lifts him off the ground, feet dangling. Strangles the very life from his body. The lilting chords of Chopin form a strange counterpoint to the horror within this room.

INT. HOUSE -- STAIRWAY -- NIGHT

Press sprints up the stairs, with Laura right behind. They reach the second floor landing and race to the door from behind which the screams emerge. The door is locked. Press hands Laura the spray cannister of "Hydrochlorine." He caves the door in with his foot.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Press and Laura burst into the room. Mr. Sampas now hangs three feet off the ground, body held up by the tentacle from Anne Sampas' womb. His eyes are wide in death.

ANNE SAMPAS

Help me!

Press yanks out his gun and fires two shots. The tentacle releases its deathgrip on Mr. Sampas. His lifeless body drops to the floor with a thud. The tentacle from Anne Sampas' womb hovers in the air like a snake poised to strike.

ANNE SAMPAS

Kill me! Please! Kill me!

As though sensing its own imminent demise, the tentacle suddenly whips toward Press and Laura with blinding speed.

Laura swings up the spray cannister and douses the tentacle with the acidic mixture. The tentacle does a wild dance of death -- knocking over the entire row of flaming candles before receding back into Sampas' womb.

The fire spreads quickly. The bedsheets. The pillows. The writhing form of Anne Sampas. Press and Laura attempt to douse the flames, but to no avail. A wall of fire consumes the king-size bed. There's nothing they can do.

CUT TO:

INT. STRETCH LIMOUSINE -- NIGHT

Champagne in the ice bucket. Mood lights are on. Barry White and the Love Unlimited orchestra on the stereo.

GAMBLE'S VOICE

Sweetheart, I am wounded and it's finally time for some sexual healing.

Charlie Gamble extinguishes his cigar and gently drapes his arm around the shoulders of the same woman who was his date at the NASA fundraiser.

GAMBLE

(a bit drunk)

When I say that this man has waited a long time, I mean a long time. But the drought is almost over and not a moment too soon.

He kisses the girl. She responds. Feverish passion.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

The white stretch limousine pulls to the front of Gamble's pleasant little tract house. Gamble escorts his date out of the car, then passes the limo DRIVER a fifty through the open window.

GAMBLE

Thanks, chief. I can take her the rest of the way.

Nearly giggling with anticipatory glee, Gamble takes the arm of his date and heads up the walkway toward the house.

INT. GAMBLE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Darkness. The front door opens. Gamble's hand feels around for the light and flicks it on.

GAMBLE

Alone at last.

Gamble doubletakes at the sight before him: ten FEDERAL AGENTS, armed to the teeth, poised and ready to take him in.

FEDERAL AGENT

Charles Gamble, we'd like you to come with us.

EXT. GAMBLE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The Agents escort Gamble toward a waiting Federal van. Gamble is absolutely incensed.

CONTINUED:

GAMBLE

What's this all about? C'mon, fellas.
Somebody speak to me!

(then:)

I'm a personal friend of Senator Judson
Ross. There will be hell to pay!

The Agents gently push him into the van.

GAMBLE'S VOICE

I spent three hundred bucks on that
limo!

The van speeds off.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- NIGHT

Press and Laura's sedan screeches through the streets of
Washington. Two Federal trail cars follow close behind.

PRESS' VOICE

Two blocks from Georgetown Commons. Pick
it up.

INT. SEDAN -- NIGHT

Press manipulates the wheel of the car like the trained expert
that he is. The view through the window is a high-speed blur.

LAURA

Let's hope he's not with his fiancée.

PRESS

Where else would he be after eleven
months on the wagon? I just hope we're
in time.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Flames lick the side of a log. Sweaters and other garments have
been strewn across the floor in a haphazard trail to the bed.

MELISSA

I've waited to get you alone. All the
interviews, all the screaming girls, all
the hoopla. Gone. Push it out of your
mind.

(then:)

Patrick Ross... tonight you're mine.

And now we SEE Melissa and Patrick, reclining on the bed.
Patrick's face is troubled, as though the final battle between
alien and human was raging within.

EXT. PATRICK'S TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

Press' sedan fishtails at the curb. Press, Laura and the various Agents hustle out of their vehicles and sprint up the pathway leading to Patrick's sumptuous townhouse at Georgetown Commons.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Patrick pulls free from his tender kiss with Melissa.

MELISSA

What's wrong?

PATRICK

I don't know. I think we should hold off.

MELISSA

Oh no. Not tonight. You've gotta relax, sweetheart. Let me do the work.

She kisses him. Runs a calming hand over his sweaty brow. Then she climbs on top of his body.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I love you, Patrick.

EXT. PATRICK TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

Press and his contingent rush up the stairs leading to the door. Press knocks on the door -- hard and furious.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Melissa moans as she sits astride Patrick, a look of tender rapture on her face. Patrick stares up at her. His expression of love disappears. His eyes turn into alien cat-slits.

EXT. PATRICK'S TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

A FEDERAL AGENT has removed a hydraulic battering ram from his rucksack. Press steps aside. The Agent aligns the frontpiece of the battering ram with the door. KAA-BAAM. The door topples over.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Melissa stares down at Patrick, eyes wide with sudden terror. Alien tentacles pushing forth from beneath his nipples. It's horrifying. She tries desperately to break free from his deadly embrace. Her scream echoes throughout the room.

INT. PATRICK'S TOWNHOUSE -- NIGHT

Press and Laura race down the hallway with the Feds right behind. A bedroom door looms at the end of the hallway.

CONTINUED: ..

Press flattens the door with one kick from his heavy boot. Gun leveled, he rushes into...

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Empty. This isn't the same bedroom in which Patrick and Melissa were just cavorting. The bed is neatly made. Athletic and aeronautic trophies clutter the room.

PRESS
Christ! Where is he?!

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT DIETRICH -- NIGHT

Spotlights arc from the guard towers into the blackness of night. The heavily-guarded installation is now a beehive of activity.

GAMBLE'S VOICE
I demand an explanation.

INT. BIOHAZARD UNIT 4 -- LAB ROOM -- NIGHT

High tech blood analysis machines. Charlie Gamble nervously shifts in his chair. Press leans against the wall nearby, on high alert. Burgess and a couple of GUARDS are also present.

LAURA
The computer's analyzing results from the blood test.

GAMBLE
Why am I being tested? NASA said I was fine.

Laura stands by a series of monitors. Perched on the testing console is a beaker of blood labeled "Charles Gamble."

BURGESS
Sit tight, son. We'll explain everything later.

GAMBLE
You sit tight, jar-head. I haven't been laid in eleven months!

PRESS
Ease up, Burgess. He's entitled to an explanation.

GAMBLE
Goddamn right. And what's with these guards? What the hell is going on?

CONTINUED:

PRESS

We're sorry, Charlie. It's a precautionary measure. Dr. Baker's running some specialized tests.

Gamble reluctantly settles back in his chair. Okay, he'll play along.

BURGESS

(to Gamble)

Couple questions. Can you tell us anything about the seven minutes when the Excursion lost contact with earth?

GAMBLE

I can't remember. I don't know if I hit my head or what, but I just can't remember.

BURGESS

When did you last speak to Anne Sampas?

GAMBLE

At that Watergate thing the other night.

BURGESS

Did she act peculiar?

GAMBLE

She seemed fine to me. What's this about? Something happen to Annie?

Burgess casts a cold glance at Press and Laura -- "let me handle this."

BURGESS

Don't worry yourself about Anne Sampas. She's a-okay.

Gamble vaults from his chair -- anger burning to a boil..

GAMBLE

What happened to Anne Sampas?! Hunh? Fess up!

BURGESS

Sit down!

Press has gamely interceded between Gamble and Burgess. The sincerity of his voice seems to calm Gamble.

PRESS

Something mighta happened on the ship. We just want to help. We'll fill you in on everything as soon as we get your test results.

CONTINUED: (2)

A beat between the two men. An understanding perhaps. Laura turns with computer printout in hand, accidentally tipping the beaker containing Charlie Gamble's blood. SLO MOTION as the beaker falls...

LAURA

Aw, shoot.

The beaker shatters on the floor. For tense moments, the crowd in the room stare at the placid pool of blood on the floor. Then Laura drops to a crouch and begins to swab up the blood.

LAURA

Computer says everything's normal.

GAMBLE

Hallelujah.

BURGESS

Go home. Get some rest.

PRESS

Hold up a sec, Charlie. You got any idea where we could find Patrick Ross?

GAMBLE

(after a beat)

Nope.

LAURA

If you hear from him, let us know.

Gamble nods and glumly exits the room. Press and Laura share a bewildered glance:

PRESS

He was on that ship. Why wasn't he infected?

BURGESS

Maybe Sampas was the only one contaminated with alien DNA. For some crazy reason, she killed Orinsky. Now she's dead.

Press and Laura share a glance, wishing it were so.

PRESS

I don't think it's gonna be quite that simple. We still got Patrick Ross.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAIN CABIN -- THE FOLLOWING DAY

Sunlight peeks over the fir trees. Virginia foliage. This is a getaway cabin, the kind of place lovers go to be alone.

INT. RUSTIC CABIN -- DAY

A shaft of sunlight crosses Patrick's face. His eyes open to the new day. He reaches his arm across to the still form of Melissa. Pulls her close...

PATRICK

My God...

...and now we SEE Melissa's form revealed. Blood drenched. Horrifying. Patrick stares at the sight with the dawning premonition that he has done this -- that he has destroyed the one person he truly loves.

A cry rings out -- but not from Patrick's mouth. Instead it's the cry of a gnarled infant at the foot of the bed. Patrick's latest alien offspring.

PATRICK

No...!

Patrick recoils from the bed and backs away from the horror.

INT. RUSTIC LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Patrick goes to a rack above the fireplace upon which rests a shotgun. Takes the shotgun down. Removing a shell from a box, he loads the shotgun.

EXT. RUSTIC CABIN -- DAY

A Grand Cherokee kicks up a cloud of dust as it pulls to a stop outside the cabin. Charlie Gamble emerges from the jeep. He hurries toward the cabin.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Patrick sits on the old quilted couch. He has the shotgun balanced between his knees. He stares down the end of the barrel.

EXT RUSTIC CABIN -- DAY

Gamble pauses to peer through the living room window. It's dusty, hard to see. His fingers smear at the glass. He freezes in terror.

GAMBLE

No, Patrick. Shit.

INT. CABIN LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Patrick pulls the shotgun trigger. The blast tears off the back of his head. He slumps against the back of the couch. Dead.

REAR VIEW -- we SEE the horrific gaping hole in the back of his head. And now... something strange... as the gaping hole slowly begins to regenerate... new flesh and brain matter replacing the old... morphing back to normal.

Patrick sits back up. Alive. He rises from the couch and exits the room... sweeping past the window without noticing the terrified face of his best friend Charlie Gamble.

EXT. COUNTRY CABIN -- DAY

Gamble scrambles back to his Grand Cherokee as fast as his legs will allow. The jeep churns up a load of dust as it tears away from the cabin.

INT. CABIN BATHROOM -- DAY

The cracked mirror REVEALS Patrick's face. The eyes are hard and cold. All trace of humanity in Patrick is now gone. From now on, the alien agenda will have no obstacles.

He pulls open the medicine cabinet and removes a tube of breath spray. He gives his mouth a spritz. Now some cologne. Finally... he pulls a CONDOM from the shelf.

Patrick holds up his forefinger.. It morphs into a sharp pointy tentacle. And with that pointy tentacle, he pokes a small hole in the center of the condom wrapper. All the better to impregnate you with, my dear.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERTED PARKING LOT -- DAY

The sun is dwindling in the sky. Press and Laura's vehicle is parked opposite Gamble's Grand Cherokee.

GAMBLE

The cabin was a place they went sometimes. You know, for privacy.

PRESS

You knew where he was and you didn't tell us. You put his life on the line.

LAURA

Go easy, Press.

GAMBLE

You pull me in like a criminal, run all kinds of tests.

(more)

CONTINUED: ..

GAMBLE (Cont'd)

Wait till now to tell me Annie Sampas is dead and that there's some kinda crazy alien infection. You given me any reason to trust you so far?

Press considers for a beat --

PRESS

You're right. I'm sorry.

Gamble accepts the apology. His voice is tremulous:

GAMBLE

I'm scared, man. This shit is crazy. His whole head just grew right back like some sorta freak show.

LAURA

The alien species has the power to regenerate limbs.

GAMBLE

Aliens. Little green men. I still can't believe it. If they knew there were aliens up there, why the fuck did they send us?

PRESS

NASA was warned. They just didn't believe.

LAURA

We think there might have been hostile DNA in the soil samples you collected.

Gamble reacts. It's as though Laura's words have triggered a memory. As though he was re-living a vague nightmare.

GAMBLE

Oh sweet Jesus. Something did happen. I just can't remember exactly. I know it was terrible. Terrible.

Then his voice comes as a whisper:

GAMBLE (CONT'D)

I tested negative. Why didn't that alien shit infect me?

LAURA

That's what we want to find out.

PRESS

We need to find Patrick. Can you help us?

CONTINUED: (2)

LAURA

We need your help, Charlie.

Gamble mulls this over. Scared. He slowly nods his head.

GAMBLE

He's my best friend. Oh sweet Jesus, I hope we can save him.

(then; sadly)

I wish we never went to Mars.

SMASH CUT TO:

THREE ASTRONAUTS. Helmets. Shiny Nomex spacesuits. American flag insignias. Stone drunk and ridiculous.

ASTRONAUT #1

Take your protein pills, dudes, and let's party down!

The wrong stuff and then some. We are...

EXT. SUGAR CANE NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

Astronaut costumes galore. NASA flight jackets. GUYS and GALS with weird "Martian antennas" on their heads. It's a theme party at Washington DC's trendiest nightclub. A sign above the door reads: "Blast Off to Mars."

DOORMEN stand sentry at the velvet ropes out front. The joint is packed. These days, Mars is cool.

INT. NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

The stereo blasts David Bowie's Space Oddity ("Ground Control to Major Tom.."). Chicks are on the make and dudes are on the prowl. The CROWD buzzes with excitement at the presence of celebrity in their midst.

ANGLE -- PATRICK

as he moves through the crowd with the air of a predatory shark. He waves to various gawkers. Women literally DROOL and the men are green with envy. Who wouldn't want to be Patrick Ross?

PATRICK'S P.O.V.

Distorted and surreal. Like some sort of powerful psychedelic drug, this is alien eyesight. Let's call it "Alien-vision."

This POV reveals an assortment of stylishly-dressed WOMEN who vie for his attention. Patrick's a heat-seeking missile looking for the perfect biological specimen with which to mate.

INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN -- DRIVING SHOT -- NIGHT

Press drives. Laura in the passenger seat. Gamble leans over from the backseat.

GAMBLE

We got invited to this Mars bash at the Sugar Cane. Patrick said he might go.

PRESS

What's the Sugar Cane?

GAMBLE

A nightclub. The biggest meat market in town.

Press puts the pedal to the metal.

PRESS

(sighing)

I'm getting too old for clubs.

INT. SUGAR CANE -- NIGHT

A ten-carat KNOCKOUT stands alone at the far corner of the gleaming turquoise bar. She's the super-bored, jaded model-type who wears a pair of silly "Martian antenna" on her head. Patrick slides up next to her.

PATRICK

Hello.

KNOCKOUT

That's original.

PATRICK

Can I buy you a drink?

She stares at him, recognizing the face, now clearly attracted.

KNOCKOUT

My boyfriend already did.

PATRICK

He's here?

KNOCKOUT

Yeah. Doing coke in the bathroom with his idiot buddies.

PATRICK

(grinning)

That stuff will kill you.

KNOCKOUT

He's a fiend.

The gleam of Patrick's smile is like a magnet.

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Let's take a walk. Outside.

The Knockout considers for a beat. Still no sign of her Vinnie.

KNOCKOUT

Okay.

Patrick escorts the Knockout past row after row of envious women, all disappointed that Patrick won't be theirs for the evening. A GOATEED MAN watches them leave with keen interest.

EXT. SUGAR CANE -- NIGHT

Press ramps the government sedan up onto the curb. He vaults from the car, followed by Laura and Gamble. They cut through the brimming crowd and hurry to the burly DOORMAN.

DOORMAN

You need a costume to get in.

PRESS

(flashing badge)

Kiss my ass.

They enter the club.

INT. SUGAR CANE BATHROOM -- NIGHT

The sounds of heavy SNIFFING emerge from a stall.. The Goateed Man enters the bathroom and moves to the stall door.

GOATEED MAN

Yo, Vinnie. Get out here.

The stall door opens and VINNIE steps out with TWO FRIENDS. All three are in the six-foot-five range, wearing leather Russian Cosmonaut flight jackets.

VINNIE

What?

GOATEED MAN

Your chick stepped out on you, man. She left with Patrick fucking Ross.

VINNIE

You mean Patrick "Deadman" Ross?

Vinnie motions for his friends to follow. They're coked up and sporting for a fight.

EXT. SUGAR CANE BACK ALLEY -- NIGHT

Dimly lit by a street lamp. Beneath a wrought iron fire escape, Patrick is sucking face with the gorgeous Knockout.

CONTINUED:

With a free hand, he starts to undo his belt buckle.

KNOCKOUT

You got a condom?

He gives her a gleaming smile and pulls the "fixed" condom from his pocket.

PATRICK

Better safe than sorry.

He tugs her miniskirt upwards and cinches his forefinger around the waistband of her panties. She moans. The panties RIIIPPP off her body.

INT. SUGAR CLUB -- NIGHT

Press motions for Gamble to search the left-hand side of the cavernous nightclub.

PRESS

Be careful. Don't be afraid to yell for assistance.

GAMBLE

Thank you for that advice. I'll be the motherfucker screaming at the top of his lungs.

Gamble heads left. Press and Laura head to the right.

HIGH ANGLE -- THE CLUB

From the ceiling hangs a giant papier-mache model of the EXCURSION spacecraft. The dance floor below is filled with swaying bodies. Astronaut helmets. Driving music. A cornucopia of human flesh... undulating to the backbeat... sweating... a playground of the senses.

Various shots: Press and Laura asking people if they've seen Patrick; Gamble peering into the face of a handsome All-American guy (not Patrick).

And now Vinnie and his trio of Bruisers shove their way through the crowd toward a flickering exit sign at the back of the club.

EXT. SUGAR CANE -- NIGHT

The Knockout moans under Patrick's demanding thrusts. The silly "Martian antenna" falls off her head. Her back is against the brick wall... and her eyes widen in shock as the steel back exit door opens to reveal boyfriend Vinnie. He growls with anger.

CONTINUED:

VINNIE

Hey, you fucking asshole. I'm gonna beat the crap outta you.

Patrick turns calmly from his sagging conquest, casually zipping his fly. There is a strange unearthly gleam in his eye.

PATRICK

Your girlfriend was good.

Vinnie burns with anger. He turns to his Goon squad friends.

VINNIE

Feel free to jump in.

The Goons form a loose semi-circle around Patrick. Chains. Switchblades. All the toys come out for the clobbering to come. Only one of the Goons sees the strange jut of alien tentacles from Patrick's back.

GOON

Hey, what the fuck...?

But Vinnie pays no heed. He rushes toward Patrick with a growl of bullish rage...

INT. SUGAR CANE -- NIGHT

A gorgeous young WOMAN points Press and Laura in the direction of the flickering exit sign at the back of the club.

PRESS

Thanks.

WOMAN

You wanna dance?

Press is amused; he's about to gallantly decline the invitation when --

LAURA

You're too old for clubs.

She yanks Press toward their destination. They cut through the undulating bodies...

EXT. NIGHTCLUB -- BACK ALLEY -- NIGHT

Press bursts through the back door of the nightclub. He motions for Laura to stay by the door. He cautiously creeps into the center of the alley. It's eerily quiet.

A droplet spatters onto the front of his shoe. A droplet of blood. Press looks upwards.

CONTINUED:

HIS P.O.V. -- A ghastly sight. Vinnie and his goon friends hang from the rungs of the fire escape like cows in a slaughterhouse. All of them are dead.

Laura steps out into the glow of the alley, but Press quickly steps forward to shield her eyes with his hand.

PRESS

Don't look.

There is a certain gentility to his movement that makes her obey. She quietly recedes into the doorway. Press picks up a silky object that lays lonely on the ground. A pair of women's panties... torn from the body of another victim.

PRESS

Sonofabitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL MARYLAND WOODS -- NIGHT (LATER)

We HEAR the suctioned breathing of alien lungs.

Footsteps tromp through the heavy underbrush. The flashlight pokes through the darkness. And now we SEE the dangling arm of the formerly bored Knockout model. Her eyes are wide in horrific death... her body cradled in the arms of Patrick Ross.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Patrick emerges from the woods. He casts his glance toward the heavens. The veins throb on the side of his neck. He hurries to his car and climbs inside.

INT. CHRYSLER -- NIGHT

Patrick's eyes are distinctly alien. A small plastic crucifix hangs from the rearview. He tears the crucifix off and tosses it out the window.

EXT. SUGAR CANE NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

A madhouse. Cop cars galore. Television cameras. Press, Laura and Gamble are huddled with Colonel Carter Burgess.

PRESS

I suggest we get an APB out on Patrick Ross.

A gurney passes upon which lies a blood-soaked body bag.

BURGESS

Did you specifically see Patrick Ross commit those murders?

CONTINUED: ..

PRESS

No.

BURGESS

Then you have no proof.

GAMBLE

I saw some weird shit this morning.

BURGESS

Exactly what did you see?

GAMBLE

I know it sounds crazy, but he blew his own head off. Then it grew back.

BURGESS

No, that doesn't sound crazy at all. Why don't I call the Pentagon and tell them? Come on, son. Get real.

Burgess starts to swing away, but Press seizes the lapels of his jacket in a tight grip.

PRESS

Why are you protecting him?

BURGESS

(ripping free)
Get your hands off me.

They lock eyes -- a simmering confrontation.

PRESS

You don't pull this sonofabitch in right now, there's gonna be more dead bodies.

BURGESS

I realize we have to deal with this. I'm not a fucking idiot. But Patrick Ross is a national hero. There's more at stake here than you realize.

LAURA

There's more than you realize, Burgess. If he's reproducing, we have potential offspring.

BURGESS

I'm aware of that, Baker.

Burgess sighs. Flicks a disgusted glance at the bevy of television reporters.

CONTINUED: (2)

BURGESS (CONT'D)

For now, we're gonna spin this mess as a drug deal gone sour. Blame it on the Columbians or something.

(then:)

I'll talk with the Generals about Patrick Ross.

PRESS

Make it fast. If memory serves, those little alien sumbitches grow pretty fast.

EXT. VIRGINIA PLANTATION -- NIGHT

The Georgian mansion stands quiet in the night. The AMERICAN FLAG flaps in the breeze. In the distance, we see the massive grain SILO framed against the backdrop of the starry night.

INT. SILO -- NIGHT

Patrick stands in a corner of the first level of the silo. Farm implements and bails of hay are propped against the walls. His voice is distant and formal.

PATRICK

The time draws near.

And now we SEE...

HIS P.O.V. -- CHILDREN. A dozen children who appear to be anywhere from 6 to 9 years old. Of course, they've only been alive for a couple of weeks. They stand at various positions throughout the barn and stare at him with servile wonder and here's the FREAKY thing -- they all bear startling resemblance to Patrick Ross.

EXT. VIRGINIA PLANTATION -- DAWN

The first glimmers of sunlight peek from behind the silo from which Patrick quietly emerges. He locks the padlock on the door. He closes his eyes...

FLASH CUTS: the swirl of alien tentacles; murky underwater bubbles; the fevered vision of the alien race.

INT. PLANTATION HOUSE -- DAY

Senator Judson Ross yawns and stretches, approaching the window for a first glimpse of the new day. He reacts to the sight of his son standing by the silo.

Senator Ross turns away from the window, troubled. His face is clouded with concern for his son.

CUT TO:

CONTINUED:

AN EARLY MORNING NEWSPAPER HEADLINE. "Dozen Women Missing. Police Hunt for Serial Killer." The newspaper lowers to reveal that we are...

INT. BIOHAZARD LAB -- DAY

Press passes the paper over to Laura.

PRESS

Looks like Patrick's been busy. Even before the quarantine was over.

Gamble divides his attention between Press and the figure of Sil, who paces back and forth in her glass lair.

GAMBLE

You really think he's responsible for these missing women?

PRESS

This sonofabitch is the Sexiest Alien Alive. I think it's safe to say he's reproducing.

LAURA

Which means the offspring will be in chrysalis stage any day.

GAMBLE

Chrysalis stage? Offspring? How do you guys know all this stuff?

Press and Laura exchange a wry glance.

LAURA

Let's just say alien reproduction is one of our hobbies.

PRESS

These children go through a cocoon phase that turns them into adults. Any minute we could have an alien baby shower and we got no idea where Patrick Ross is right now.

Gamble saunters over to the bio-environment. He stares at Sil... amazed and admiring. She stares back at him with narrowed eyes.

GAMBLE

I feel bad for you, girl. Trapped in a cage.

(turning to Laura)

You said Sil has telepathic abilities. Why don't we send her after Patrick.

(more)

CONTINUED:

GAMBLE (Cont'd)

Sorta like one of them drug-sniffing dogs.

LAURA

Too risky.

PRESS

Hey, not a bad way to get some use out of the government's twelve million dollar project.

LAURA

I'll show you, wise-ass.

She moves to a computer keyboard and hits a few strokes. The guys move over to join her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

If the original Sil had succeeded in mating, this is the length of time it would've taken for the alien species to spread across the planet.

We SEE a graphic on the computer. A world map where a series of green markings appear to indicate the spread of alien population.

GAMBLE

Seven years.

LAURA

If our Sil mated with Patrick, the resulting purer strain of offspring would allow alien population growth to rise exponentially.

We SEE a new graphic. The green markings cover the world map at a far faster and thicker rate.

PRESS

Jesus.

It's like the Earth itself is being swallowed.

GAMBLE

So if this chick screwed Patrick, we'd be cooked.

LAURA

In less than a year, the world would be fully populated by the species. The human race wouldn't stand a chance.

They ponder this reality for a beat. Then Press snaps his fingers excitedly.

CONTINUED: (2)

He motions Laura and Gamble to follow him to Sil's cage.

PRESS
I got an idea.

INT. PENTAGON OFFICE -- DAY

Burgess and the P3 Generals are arrayed around a massive oaken conference table. The mood is extremely grim. Another FIGURE is also present, but as yet we can't see who it is.

BURGESS
Fact is, NASA white-washed the report.
They weren't about to shit all over
their own mission.

Burgess flicks a remote button. A monitor on the wall displays grainy video images of the Excursion capsule.

BURGESS (CONT'D)
Using the threat of Pentagon
intervention, I was able to get this
video-tape from sources within the
aeronautical administration.

We SEE the jovial repartee between Patrick Ross, Charlie Gamble and Anne Sampas. Now closer... as the orange cannister falls off the rack of its own accord.

PENTAGON #1
Good God.

The flash of slithering tentacles on the floor is brief, but enough to see that these tentacles pierce the fabric of Patrick's Nomex spacesuit. Then the screen goes black.

PENTAGON #2
That Cromwell character was right. He
told us not to go to Mars.

BURGESS
Well, we didn't listen. And now it
seems Patrick Ross was contaminated
aboard that capsule.

PENTAGON #2
Gentlemen, we've got a shit-storm on our
hands.

Pentagon #2 turns to the seated figure.

PENTAGON #2 (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Jud.

Senator Judson Ross. His face is stricken; white as a ghost.

CONTINUED:

SENATOR ROSS

I... I don't know what to say.

PENTAGON #3

Rest assured, we'll deal with this quietly. Medical treatment. The best doctors. The last thing this country needs is anything that would tarnish the Ross family name.

SENATOR ROSS

Patty. Oh Patty. What the hell happened?

The P3 Generals bow their heads as Senator Ross lets out a pitiful sob. Finally, the Senator manages to compose himself:

PENTAGON #2

Have you seen your son, sir?

SENATOR ROSS

No. I don't know where he is.

PENTAGON #1

Two imperatives. First: we have to find Patrick and bring him in immediately.

PENTAGON #3

Can you help us bring him in, Jud?

Senator Ross gravely nods his head.

SENATOR ROSS

(quietly)

Yes.

PENTAGON #1

Second: we must neutralize any possibility that this situation leaks to the press.

PENTAGON #2

Goddamn right. A leak could open Pandora's Box -- our knowledge of alien life. The decision to go to Mars in the first place. The cover-up of the original Sil experiment.

BURGESS

That's why Lennox is a threat.

PENTAGON #1

A threat, yes. But also the best tracker we have.

PENTAGON #2

Loose cannon.

CONTINUED: (2)

BURGESS

My fear with Lennox is that he's a glory hound. He has none of the loyalty and dedication to secrecy that this job requires.

PENTAGON #3

(after a beat)

Tell Lennox and Dr. Baker that their services are no longer necessary. We'll deal with this matter from here on in.

Burgess gives the P3 Generals a salute. Then he leaves the room.

INT. BIOHAZARD 4 -- DAY

Press holds a spoon in his hand. Sil stares at the spoon through the glass walls of her cage. The spoon literally bends in half before our eyes.

PRESS

She's got the telepathic ability to tell us where he is without leaving the lab.

GAMBLE

Yeah. Kinda like an alien "psychic friends" network.

LAURA

(rolling her eyes)

She has minor telepathic abilities, but half her alien genes are dormant. Tracking Patrick would be out of her league.

PRESS

Dormant means asleep, right? Is there any way to wake them up?

Laura considers this with a glance at Sil -- who stares back at her through the walls of the cage.

LAURA

We could use the lab cyclotron to bombard her with radiation.

(then:)

But there's a problem.

PRESS

What's that?

LAURA

We make her more alien. Increase her strength. Her anger. Her mating drive would go through the roof.

CONTINUED:

GAMBLE

Hey sister, my mating drive is already through the roof. I say you radiate.

LAURA

Once we do it, there's no turning back. It's risky.

PRESS

For crissake, Laura. A dozen women are missing. I'd say the risk is worth it.

Laura's conflicted. A sudden pounding on the glass of Sil's cage gets there attention. All heads turn.

SIL

Laura... I want to help. I can help you find him.

Behind Sil, the television reveals Pat Robertson and 700 Club. Laura turns to the others for a hushed consultation.

PRESS

See, Laura? She wants to help.

LAURA

Yes. But the question is why.

PRESS

Her human side. Maybe it's stronger than we think. Maybe she feels an obligation to help stop the killing.

LAURA

Maybe.

She casts another glance at Sil. Sighs with indecision.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Or maybe she wants to make contact with Patrick.

As they mull over the decision at hand... CUT TO:

EXT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- MARYLAND -- DAY

DARLENE EDWARDS strolls from her car to the entrance of the market. She's a pretty in a homespun way, the type whose warm smile and ready generosity radiate goodwill.

The world's cutest little KID is sitting on the mechanical hobby horse in front of the market. He grins at Darlene's approach.

KID

I ran out of money.

CONTINUED:

Darlene pauses to dig a quarter out of her handbag.

DARLENE

Here you go, sweetie.

She deposits the coin to allow the cute kid to get a ride.

KID

Thank you!

Darlene watches as the little kid bucks and rides on the mechanical horse.

INT. CYCLONIC CHAMBER -- DAY

Sil is is strapped into a cyclotron -- think of a glass-enclosed dentist's chair. It's a device that bombards the cells with radiation.

LAURA'S VOICE

Sil... I'm going to radiate for ten seconds, then I'll shut it down.

Sil nods. Laura turns up a dial on the machine console. Four heavily-armed GUARDS are positioned in various corners.

CLOSE -- ON SIL. Strange alien bumps protude from her gorgeous face. The sight is ghastly and painful. Sil concentrates... biting her lip till blood trickles down her chin... intense... her VOICE actually deepening several octaves into something distinctly unearthly...

SIL

No...

HOLD on her eyes, which flicker in response to the telepathic images that flood her mind. Laura hurriedly shuts down the machine. She rushes to Sil's side.

LAURA

Are you okay?

Sil's eyes open wide -- but they appear distant, as though she's seeing something far, far away.

SIL

I'm connected, Laura. I can see what he sees.

EXT. MARYLAND STREET -- DAY

A Chrysler cruises down this block loaded with shops and mini-malls.

INT. CHRYSLER -- DAY

Patrick is at the wheel. His eyes are set dead ahead. The radio is set to a news station.

NEWSCASTER

Authorities are still baffled by the recent spate of serial killings in the Washington --

He flicks off the radio. Stares out the window.

PATRICK'S (AND NOW SIL'S) P.O.V.

Grainy and surreal. Alien-vision. We SEE the shops and mini-malls of Maryland from the driver's side of the Chrysler. A sign reads "Elm Street." The car comes to a halt in front of the Mayfair Supermarket. The target is quite clear. The pretty young woman watching the little boy on the mechanical horse: Darlene Edwards.

SMASH CUT TO:

SIL'S FACE. Alive with the realization that Patrick has selected his target. We are...

INT. CYCLOTRON -- DAY

Laura's already on the cell phone to Charlie Gamble.

LAURA

(into phone)

Various shops. She saw a street sign.
Elm Street.

EXT. BELTWAY -- DAY

Press and Gamble cruise in a government sedan.

INT. SEDAN -- DRIVING SHOT -- DAY

Gamble clicks off the cell phone.

GAMBLE

Elm Street. That's in Haverford.

Press puts the pedal to the metal.

EXT. BELTWAY -- DAY

The government sedan does an abrupt U-turn and races away with a screeching spew of gravel.

EXT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- DAY

Patrick walks toward the entrance. Darlene Edwards has already entered the store. A passing WOMAN SHOPPER does a double-take at the sight of celebrity Patrick Ross.

CONTINUED:

The grocery bag topples from her hands, spilling a dozen eggs onto the asphalt.

WOMAN SHOPPER

Oh nuts.

Patrick walks past the cute little kid on the mechanical horse. The kid stares after Patrick. Not with the worship of an astronaut hero, but with a sudden chill of fear.

EXT. MARYLAND STREET -- DAY

Press' sedan bullets past a slower line of cars. Screeching, speeding, driving like a man possessed. A PEDESTRIAN has to dive out of the way.

INT. SEDAN -- DAY

Gamble hangs on for dear life, vainly trying to secure his seat-belt.

INT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- DAY

Darlene selects a bottle of Gallo wine and puts it into her small shopping basket.

INT. CYCLOTRON -- DAY

Laura grips Sil's clammy hand. Sil has her eyes shut tight.

LAURA

Go on, Sil. Where is he now?

Sil concentrates with all her might. Her head throbs.

SIL'S (AND PATRICK'S) P.O.V.

Grainy and surreal. Alien-vision. A supermarket aisle. The cereal section. Row after row of Wheaties boxes on the shelf. We SEE the face on these boxes: PATRICK ROSS. Smiling. Wholesome. It's weird. Have you had your Wheaties today?

SIL'S VOICE

He's inside the market.

INT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY

Patrick stares at Darlene from the other end of the aisle. He approaches with a confident swagger.

PATRICK

Excuse me.

Darlene turns -- a little on guard against a supermarket pickup attempt -- but when she realizes it's Patrick Ross the guard comes down.

CONTINUED:

DARLENE

Hi. Oh my.

PATRICK

Can you believe it? They're out of Fruit Loops.

He gives her a charming thousand-watt smile.

EXT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- DAY

Press' sedan burns into the parking lot and throws a skid of rubber ten feet long. He and Gamble vault from the vehicle and sprint toward the entrance.

INT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- DAY

Gamble has the cell phone pressed to his ear. Press has his gun out and ready for action. He scans the aisle-ways. CUSTOMERS scatter with fear at this sudden intrusion.

PRESS

Which row? Which row goddamnit?

GAMBLE

Cereal!

They head for the cereal aisle.

INT. CEREAL ROW -- DAY

Press and Gamble skid around the corner. Various SHOPPERS dot the aisle -- but Patrick and Darlene are nowhere to be found. Press yanks the phone from Gamble's grasp.

PRESS

(into phone)
Where'd he go?!

SIL'S (AND PATRICK'S) P.O.V.

Alien-vision. And now we SEE a close-up view of Darlene's face. Terrified. She screams. She struggles. In the background are rows of boxes. The stockroom.

INT. CYCLOTRON -- DAY

Sil's face bubbles with alien veins. Laura reacts to the strange sight.

LAURA

Oh damn. What have we done?

The bubbling of veins diminishes. Sil turns to Laura.

CONTINUED:

SIL
He's taking her outside.

A curious expression crosses Sil's face. It's difficult to tell whether the emotion is anger...

SIL (CONT'D)
He wants to mate with her.

...or perhaps jealousy.

EXT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- DAY

Patrick emerges from the back of the Market with his hand cupped over Darlene's mouth. The back of the store is fairly deserted.

He drags Darlene toward parallel rows of parked cars behind the store. A sign reads: "Employee Parking Only."

INT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- DAY

Press and Gamble bolt through the store. CUSTOMERS dive out of their way. A STORE MANAGER collides head-on with Press. The manager brings down a display shelf. People scream.

EXT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- DAY

Darlene struggles. Terrified. Patrick yanks her between two rows of cars. They disappear from sight.

INT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- STOCKROOM -- DAY

Press and Gamble zigzag through the rows of boxes in the stockroom. Hellbent. Up ahead is the rear exit.

EXT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- DAY

Press and Gamble burst out into the crisp sunshine. The parking lot appears empty. Still and silent. Where did he go?

SIL'S P.O.V. -- Blackness. Absolute pitch blackness.

SIL'S VOICE
I can't see anything.

INT. CYCLOTRON -- DAY

Sil clenches her fists in frustration.

SIL
He can sense that I'm tapping in.
(then:)
He's too powerful.

Uh oh. The telepathic tracking is gone.

EXT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- DAY

Press and Gamble tiptoe through the row of cars. Press motions for Gamble to stop in his tracks. Up ahead is a Toyota 4Runner. A slight rocking motion is detectable from the chassis. The windows are steamed with fog.

PRESS
(whispered)
C'mon.

Press creeps up to the vehicle. The rocking motion gets more pronounced. No time to lose. With the butt of his gun, Press suddenly shatters the driver's side window of the car. A SHRIEK echoes from inside the vehicle.

A VOICE
What's the deal, man?!

Press stares at the sight within: two TEENAGE SUPERMARKET EMPLOYEES are getting it on in the backseat of Daddy's car. They scramble for their clothes.

PRESS
Find a fucking motel.

Gamble and Press continue onward.

INT. ANOTHER CAR -- DAY

Patrick has his hand cupped over Darlene's mouth.

PATRICK
Go directly back to your car and drive away. If you scream, I will find you and kill you.

Darlene nods frantically. Patrick reaches over and pops open the car door. Darlene slides out in a helluva hurry.

EXT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- DAY

Darlene runs through the row of cars. Sobbing. Intent on making it back to the safety of her car -- never realizing just how close she came to death.

INT. VEHICLE -- DAY

CLOSE on Patrick's eyes.

PATRICK'S P.O.V. -- Grainy and surreal. Using his telepathic connection to Sil, Patrick can see what Sil sees! The cyclotron lab. A painted marking on the wall that reads "BioHazard 4. Fort Dietrich."

Back to Patrick. He straightens his shirt collar. Runs fingers through his hair. His voice is a low-throated hiss:

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Sil.

INT. CYCLOTRON -- DAY

CLOSE on Sil. Eyes wide in terror and... intrigue.

SIL

Patrick.

LAURA

You okay?

Sil nods, but her voice is strangely chilling.

SIL

Yes, Laura. I'm fine.

EXT. MAYFAIR MARKET -- DAY

Patrick emerges from the vehicle.

A VOICE

Freeze, asshole!

PATRICK

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Put down the gun.

Press will do no such thing.

PRESS

Hands up, hero.

PATRICK

(ignoring Press)

What the hell is this, Charlie?

GAMBLE

Look, man. You can't deny there's some weird shit going on.

PATRICK

What kinda shit?

GAMBLE

Something happened up there. You told me yourself you were feeling weird. You need to go in for tests.

Patrick raises his hands in a friendly gesture of surrender.

PATRICK

Sure. Why not? I'm happy to go back to the lab.

CONTINUED:

He flashes a grin -- charisma personified. Press only briefly wonders how Patrick knows about the lab.

EXT. FORT DIETRICH -- DAY

The government sedan cruises past the multitude of checkpoints and into the compound proper.

INT. SEDAN -- DAY

Press drives. He talks into a cellular phone.

PRESS
(into phone)
You understand the security precautions?
Good.

He clicks off the phone. In the backseat, Patrick studies Gamble.

PATRICK
What's wrong, Charlie? You look like
you've seen a ghost.

GAMBLE
I'm cool.

PATRICK
Look, if doing tests on me can help
explain what happened to Anne, I'm fine
with it.

Press casts a glance at the rearview mirror. Patrick is staring directly into his eyes. Patrick isn't remotely worried about a test that would brand him an alien.

INT. BIO-ENVIRONMENT -- DAY

Sil paces the small perimeter of her living quarters. Agitated. The television plays reruns of "Friday the 13th."

Her nipples are hard beneath her shirt. The radiation therapy has indeed ramped up her mating drive. She caresses her own breasts as though she were in heat.

Sil stares out at the lone Biologist on duty. She begins to pound against the glass walls of her cage.

INT. BIOHAZARD UNIT 4 -- CORRIDOR -- DAY

Patrick is hustled down the corridor by Press, Gamble and a couple of armed GUARDS.

PATRICK
You guys don't skimp on manpower, that's
for sure.

CONTINUED:

They disappear around the bend. And now we SEE the security precautions that Press has taken: at least another DOZEN heavily armed guards are positioned throughout the corridor.

INT. BIO-ENVIRONMENT -- DAY

The on-duty BIOLOGIST rushes to the edge of the glass. Sil is slumped against the wall of the cage, gasping for air.

BIOLOGIST
Shit, shit, shit.

She rushes to the control console; depresses an intercom mike.

BIOLOGIST
Med alert. Problem with Sil.

She turns back to the glass enclosure. Sil is writhing on the ground. Choking. The Biologist debates for a moment, then flips a switch, allowing the thick metal doors of the cage to open. She rushes into the cage.

BIOLOGIST
Sil...? What's wrong?

Sil's gasping stops. She opens her eyes to stare at the Biologist.

SIL
Sorry.

Sil's fist cracks across the Biologist's jaw. One good clean shot. Sil rises and exits the bio-environment.

INT. BIOHAZARD 4 -- LAB ROOM -- DAY

Laura hovers in the doorway as Press and the others usher Patrick to the lab entrance. Patrick hesitates a beat before entering.

PATRICK
Anyone mind if I use the bathroom?

Press considers; he motions to the two Guards.

PRESS
Make it quick.

INT. BIOHAZARD CORRIDOR -- DAY

Sil marches through the corridor. Fire in her eyes. An armed GUARD spots her from his position in a doorway.

ARMED GUARD
Hey... hold on a second.

CONTINUED:

Sil grips the lapels of his flak jacket and hurls him fifteen yards down the corridor. She is a woman possessed.

The Guard scrambles to his feet. On the wall nearby is an emergency alarm system behind a shield of glass.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

The Guards react to the sudden jangling of the alarm bell. Patrick emerges from the Men's Room.

PATRICK

What's going on?

GUARD

Don't know. We gotta get you back to the lab.

PATRICK

Sure.

He rams the first Guard's head into the wall. Crunch. The Guard slides to the ground, unconscious. The second Guard barely has time to level his weapon when Patrick's hand MORPHS into a bullwhip-like tentacle and deftly cracks the guard's neck. The second Guard gurgles and collapses.

Patrick marches down the corridor. Unguarded. Something plays across his face and if we look close, we see that it's LUST.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR -- DAY

Press, Laura and Gamble emerge from the testing room. The wail of the alarm echoes through the halls.

LAURA

That bell means Sil escaped.

GAMBLE

Is she dangerous?

PRESS

No, Gamble. We keep her in a reinforced steel cage just for laughs.

Press slams his fist into his palm; pissed off.

PRESS (CONT'D)

He knew she was here. He knew she'd find a way to break out of that cage.

(then:)

He set us up.

CONTINUED:

LAURA

Press, there's hydrochlorine solution in the armory. Gamble and I will check downstairs for Sil. You have to stop Patrick from coming into contact with her.

Press speaks with grim determination.

PRESS

Don't worry. Mating season ain't about to begin.

INT. BIOHAZARD CORRIDOR -- DAY

Sil marches down the corridor with utter abandon. Two more GUARDS appear. One of them unloads a clip of bullets. They hit Sil's arm, but her wounds simply morph over.

Sil grabs the Guards by the collar. She hurls them ten yards down the corridor. Crash. Bam. Ouch.

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR -- DAY

Patrick charges toward his date with destiny. A frantic GUARD come hustling up to Patrick.

GUARD

Sir... Mr. Ross... you gotta go back the other way. We got an emergency --

Patrick fist smashes into the Guard's face. The poor bastard hits the ground like a sack of potatoes.

EXT. SECURITY COMMAND POST -- DAY

Half a dozen ARMED GUARDS fan out of the security post. Assault rifles cocked and loaded. This is crunch time.

EXT. STAIRWELL -- DAY

Sil climbs the stairs two at a time. She comes to the landing at the 5th level entrance. Generally, you need a special key card to gain access. But Sil has no key.

She crushes the locking mechanism with her fist and enters the 5th floor.

EXT. ANOTHER STAIRWELL -- DAY

Patrick hurries down the stairs. He comes to a different 5th level entrance. He too smashes the locking mechanism.

EXT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR -- DAY

Press creeps commando-style along the 5th level corridor. He comes to a corner. Hesitates. Then bursts around the corner...

EXT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

...where he comes face to face with Sil. Her skin bubbles and boils beneath the surface. Her eyes gleam.

PRESS

Sil, you gotta go back to the cage.

But Sil does a very strange thing. She tears at her own blouse, ripping the buttons, revealing her breasts. Wowzer. Perfect feminine assets. Press has no idea what to make of this strange action.

Suddenly -- a sweeping phalanx of gun-toting GUARDS enter the corridor where Press and Sil have faced off.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Freeze!

The movement of one itchy trigger finger and the corridor will become a fusillade of hot lead.

PRESS

Sil, these guys mean business. They'll trigger the tether mechanism and you'll be dead. Go back to the cage.

Sil studies Press for a long beat. Maybe it's the testosterone that does it. She abruptly kisses him on the lips. Press can't break her unyielding hold. After a long beat, Sil breaks the liplock. She stares into his eyes.

SIL

Magically delicious..

She holds out her arms for the Guards to cuff. They quickly escort her down the corridor, back to the confines of her glass-walled cage. Press sags with relief.

EXT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

Patrick comes to a screeching halt. He has sensed the capture of his desired alien mate. He turns on his heel and heads the other way.

EXT. ELEVATOR BANK -- DAY

Laura and Gamble race to the stainless-steel elevator doors. Laura pops a security card from her pocket and inserts it into the slot.

LAURA

Go, Gamble, go.

CONTINUED:

The elevator door opens. Gamble steps inside. Laura's about to join him when suddenly she is yanked out of the elevator doorframe.

GAMBLE

Laura!

Too late. The elevator doors close in Gamble's face. Laura has been left behind.

INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY

The elevator heads down toward the basement. Gamble frantically pounds the buttons and doors in an effort to get the thing to stop.

GAMBLE

Shit! Let me out!

He has no security card. He's trapped.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

And now we see who's gotten hold of Laura: Patrick Ross. He walks toward her retreating form, slow and steady.

PATRICK

What's wrong, Dr. Baker? I'm not going to hurt you.

LAURA

Stay away.

She throws a glance behind her -- and sees that the corridor dead ends in just twenty feet.

PATRICK

Where's Sil? I'd like to meet her.

He keeps stalking toward her. Menacing and grim. He sticks out his tongue. An alien tongue.

LAURA

Oh my God.

The kind of tongue that could blast through the back of your head without a moment's hesitation.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

Press races down the corridor, putting on the brakes in front of a door marked "Emergency Armory." He takes a moment to duck inside.

A moment later, he re-appears holding a heavy steel cannister. He blazes down the hallway.

INT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

Laura backs all the way to the end of the corridor. She can go no further. She throws a glance at the shattered lock on the stairwell door -- but before she can make a move, Patrick blocks her path. He smiles.

PATRICK

It's about time we got to know each other, isn't Dr. Baker?

EXT. CORRIDOR -- DAY

Press sprints toward the end of the corridor. A choice -- right or left.

PRESS

Laura?!

He hears her scream in response. He tears to the left.

EXT. OTHER CORRIDOR -- DAY

Patrick grabs Laura's head and forces her into a kiss. This is the French Kiss from hell.

A VOICE

Alien bastard.

Suddenly a mist of acidic spray floats over their struggling forms. With a screech of pain, Patrick breaks free. Laura tumbles to the ground, gasping for air.

And now we SEE Press, holding the one weapon available to stop Patrick: a cannister of the "Hydrochlorine" acid compound.

Patrick glares at Press, then vaults toward a stairwell door at the end of the corridor. He disappears down the flight of stairs.

Press hastens toward the door, intent upon following this monster -- but Laura's voice stops him in his tracks.

LAURA

Press! The hydrochlorine only works once. Then the alien cells adapt.

(then:)

We don't have a defense against Patrick.

Press mulls this over. He tosses the cannister of acid to the ground with a clang. Pulls out his Glock .9 handgun.

PRESS

Sometimes you just have to do things the old-fashioned way.

Before Laura can say a word, Press races down the flight of stairs.

INT. BIOHAZARD STAIRWELL -- DAY

Press races down the stairs, two at a time. Now something instinctual takes over. He slows. Proceeds more cautiously down the stairs. The faint clomp of footsteps are audible.

Press checks the action on his handgun. Christ, will bullets even work on this sonofabitch? The footfalls get louder. Still louder. Press crouches up against the wall... as a FIGURE darts from the shadows below.

PRESS
Freeze, asshole!

Not one figure. Many. It's half a goddamn SQUAD of Military Police. One false move and the stairwell will be filled with flying bullets.

M.P. CAPTAIN
Put the weapon down.

PRESS
(lowering gun)
I was coming down, you were coming up.
Where the fuck did he go?

The Police don't have an answer. But we do. HOLD on a thick plated venting panel on the ceiling of stairwell... as the wiry end of an alien TENTACLE slithers from view.

EXT. FORT DIETRICH -- DUSK (LATER)

The sun recedes behind the severe buildings of the complex. Burgess stands with Press and Laura beneath a sentry tower.

PRESS
I don't know how he did it, but he got off the premises.

BURGESS
You had no authorization to bring him here in the first place.

PRESS
Fuck authorization. We stopped him from killing another woman.

BURGESS
We'll handle the investigation from now on. You two are off the case.

PRESS
Oh no, Burgess. I'm gonna take this fucker down.

Burgess casts a glance at the roving SENTRY who paces the deck above them. Then he fixes a cold glare at Press.

CONTINUED:

BURGESS

I shouldn't have to remind you who you're dealing with here.

PRESS

Those cold-war Pentagon relics? Tell them to eat shit.

BURGESS

Press, you and me go back a long time. Don't make me get ugly. If you don't care about your future, so be it. But you might stop and think about Laura --

Press wrenches Burgess' shirt collar so tight it nearly chokes the man.

PRESS

You threaten Laura again, I will kill you. Pure and simple. I will tear your lungs out by the root.

Burgess backs off. Aims a final warning finger at Press.

BURGESS

You're on a suicide mission. Better watch it.

He moves off to where his DRIVER waits with sedan running. Press and Laura watch Burgess disappear into the vehicle. It screeches away.

LAURA

Thanks for sticking up for me.

PRESS

He's a marble-eyed, goose-stepping sonofabitch.

Laura stares at him; a sudden nostalgic, warm smile creases her face.

LAURA

I've missed you, Press. You make me feel safe.

PRESS

(surprised)
I missed you, too.

And perhaps if the circumstances were different, they'd come together for a kiss. But the approach of Gamble and two GUARDS interrupts the tender moment.

GUARD

We found him in the basement.

CONTINUED: (2)

Press signals the Guards that it's okay.

GAMBLE

I'm sorry, guys. What the hell happened?

LAURA

Burgess said we're done. Off the case.

PRESS

Fuck him. I'm not gonna sit around while this guy's out there. How do we stop him, Laura?

LAURA

There were three astronauts on that space craft and only Charlie wasn't infected. For some reason, the alien was unable or unwilling to use Gamble as a host. We have to go back to the lab.

(then:)

The key to beating Patrick Ross is in Charlie Gamble's blood.

The trio resolutely head back toward the confines of the lab.

EXT. VIRGINIA PLANTATION -- NIGHT

The American flag hangs limply on its pole in the center courtyard. Patrick's dirt-spattered Chrysler pulls into the driveway. He emerges from the vehicle and begins to tread toward the silo.

EXT. SILO -- NIGHT

Patrick stares at the broken padlock on the ground. His progress toward the silo door is interrupted by a voice.

SENATOR ROSS

Hold up, son.

PATRICK

Hello, father...

Senator Ross appears from the shadows.

SENATOR ROSS

I tried to protect you, Patty. I didn't want to believe, but I have to. There's something wrong, son.

PATRICK

There's nothing wrong.

SENATOR ROSS

I went into the silo.

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

You shouldn't have done that.

SENATOR ROSS

What happened on Mars?

Patrick's face is cold as stone. No emotion. No response.

SENATOR ROSS (CONT'D)

I'm gonna take you in. We can get you some help.

PATRICK

No.

SENATOR ROSS

It ain't a choice, son. For your own good, I hadda call the guard in.

He motions for Patrick to take a look behind. Three MILITARY POLICE have arrayed themselves in a semi-circle behind the astronaut. Their weapons are leveled.

PATRICK

That was stupid, Dad. That was very stupid.

We SEE a REAR VIEW... the jut of three alien tentacles as they emerge from Patrick's back. The tentacles blast forth with horrific speed... piercing each of the MP's at mid-section. They SHRIEK and crumple to the ground.

SENATOR ROSS

Jesus Christ.

He backs away -- awkward and terrified. Patrick's eyes are green and cold. Slow and steady, he walks toward his trembling father.

SMASH CUT TO:

TWO BEAKERS OF BLOOD. Held upright by two mechanical arms.

LAURA'S VOICE

These are blood samples taken from Sil and Patrick.

We are...

INT. BIOHAZARD 4 -- NIGHT .

These mechanical arms are housed within a 4 by 4 foot rectangular plexiglass testing cage. Laura manipulates the arms with a "joystick" console. Press and Gamble stand behind her.

CONTINUED:

LAURA

Watch what happens when I mix the samples in a petri dish.

The mechanical arms turn, allowing perhaps an ounce to flow from each of the beakers into a petri dish in the center.

CLOSE ON THE GLASS CASE... as the combined blood froths and bubbles. Eerie. Tentacles sprout from the liquid, fiercely POUNDING the sides of the testing cage.

GAMBLE

Damn.

LAURA

Consider that little exhibition a preview of what would happen if Sil and Patrick had mated. We're talking the purest strand of alien DNA we've ever had to contend with.

PRESS

We're talking deep shit.

Laura maneuvers the mechanical arm to grab another beaker of blood. It's labeled: "Gamble."

LAURA

Now watch what happens when we add your blood.

She tips the beaker. An ounce of Gamble's blood drops into the frothing liquid. The tentacles wrench wildly in the testing cage.

GAMBLE

Look at that. They don't like my blood.

The innards of the glass cage become a seething mass of tentacled limbs, like vines, tangled together, choking each other, beating against the sides of the reinforced glass. Finally the frenzied movement slows, then stops, until the limbs lay dead.

PRESS

What's in your veins, Gamble? Rat poison?

LAURA

I've been over Gamble's entire medical history. Clean on every count...

GAMBLE

What can I say? I live right.

CONTINUED: (2)

LAURA

...except one.

GAMBLE

What're you talking about?

LAURA

Some people can carry a disease in their genetic code. It doesn't mean that they have the disease, but the possibility exists that it might be passed down to their children. That's why couples get blood-tested before they're married. To see if they're carriers.

PRESS

So you're saying Gamble's a carrier?

GAMBLE

Lupus. Those NASA docs told me I was a carrier.

LAURA

Exactly. You don't have the disease, which is why you were able to go on the Mars mission. But the possibility exists that you could pass it down to your children.

GAMBLE

And that's why I didn't get infected?

LAURA

(nodding)

You have an encoded genetic weakness. The alien DNA aboard the Excursion could sense that weakness. That's why it avoided your body. It senses human flaws and chooses host bodies free of disease.

PRESS

Which is why Patrick Ross and Anne Sampas were infected.

LAURA

Correct.

(indicating the glass box)

And that's why the alien DNA in this box went haywire with the introduction of Gamble's blood. It can't cope with human genetic flaws. The alien DNA has no defense against our diseases. And that's our answer.

GAMBLE

Slow down. What exactly is our answer?

CONTINUED: (3)

LAURA

Turnabout is fair play. The alien DNA infected us. Now it's our turn to infect them.

As the three continue to discuss Laura's sudden discovery, Sil retreats from her viewing position in the glass-walled cage.

INT. OCTAGONAL CAGE -- NIGHT

She turns her attention to the STEEL BOLTS that secure the back window panel of the cage. At least a dozen. She concentrates, using her alien telepathy to a very useful purpose...

And we SEE that the bolts slowly but surely start to unscrew from their moorings.

EXT. PENTAGON ROOF -- NIGHT

Dark and cold. An AH-1G Huey Cobra chopper waits patiently on the helipad. It's blades spin in lazy circumference.

INT. PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

Burgess faces the glum P3 Generals.

BURGESS

Lennox is a pit bull. He won't rest till he takes down Patrick Ross.

PENTAGON #1

Well that was his job, wasn't it? Set loose a tiger, maybe it's crazy to think you can rein him in.

BURGESS

You think Lennox is gonna keep quiet about this? After the way he was muzzled last time? Hell no. He'll be on Oprah before you can blink.

PENTAGON #2

None of this can become public knowledge.

PENTAGON #3

No, it can't. But Press Lennox is uniquely qualified to terminate an alien. Hell, he's got the experience.

A long, chilling moment of silence. Then:

BURGESS

I have a suggestion.

CONTINUED:

PENTAGON #3

Yes...?

BURGESS

We play the Oswald-Ruby gambit. Just like you did thirty years ago when it was time to knock off Kennedy.

The P3 Generals stare at Burgess with a certain respect. There is a light at the end of this tunnel.

BURGESS (CONT'D)

We kill two birds with one stone. Press takes care of Patrick.

(then:)

I take care of Press.

Burgess waits for a response from the Generals. Patriot or psycho? You make the call.

EXT. ROSS PLANTATION -- NIGHT

The AMERICAN FLAG in the courtyard flaps urgently in the wind. The four-story silo stands like a silent sentry.

INT. SILO -- NIGHT

Halogen lights illumine the dank and musty confines of the first level of the silo. Patrick enters from outside. His gaze sweeps over the first level.

Satisfied, he heads toward a staircase on the left side of the silo. The staircase leads to each successive level, dead-ending on the fourth floor.

Patrick's determined figure WIPES FRAME to reveal the object of his gaze: a dozen, gleaming, shimmering ALIEN CHRYSALIS that hang from the walls and rafters.

These are his children. In a few short minutes they will be full alien adults. HOLD on these alien "cocoon"... as the creatures within kick and squirm against the mucous-laden walls like babies in the womb.

INT. BIOHAZARD "EMERGENCY ARMORY" -- NIGHT

Press inspects various pieces of weaponry -- Kalishnikov rifles, Tartex land mines, Israeli mortar shells. Gamble trails nervously behind.

GAMBLE

Can't we call in the National Guard?

PRESS

Sorry, pal. This is strictly a solo mission.

CONTINUED:

GAMBLE

I'm a lover, not a fighter.

PRESS

(grinning)

Lover? You ain't been laid in eleven months.

GAMBLE

Okay, I was a lover. But I'm sure as hell no kinda soldier.

PRESS

You'll be doing more for your country than anything you've done in space. Hell, you might even get a Congressional medal.

Press pauses before a rack of very small tranquilizer guns. Laughably puny, really. He inspects the barrel and breech of the guns. Gamble's voice falters:

GAMBLE

It isn't just that I'm scared for myself. That's only part of it. I don't know if I have it in me to kill him.

(then:)

He was my best friend.

Press seems satisfied with the puny dart guns. He grabs a box of tranquilizer darts, then turns to the dejected Gamble.

PRESS

He was your friend. The Patrick you knew is already dead.

Gamble considers these words with furrowed brow...

EXT. WASHINGTON SKYLINE -- AERIAL SHOT -- NIGHT

The AH-1G Huey Cobra chopper races through the sky. Far below, we SEE the majestic Lincoln and Washington memorials, the now-endangered monuments of American freedom.

INT. SIL'S CAGE -- NIGHT

A DOZEN steel bolts drop simultaneously from their positions on the cage wall. They clatter on the floor.

Sil rises from her hunched position and casually moves toward the front of the cage. She stares out at the activity in the lab.

INT. BIOHAZARD LAB -- NIGHT

Laura injects a bright blue gel-based substance into the cavity of the tranquilizer darts.

LAURA

We have no assurances this is going to work.

PRESS

It's the best shot we got.

GAMBLE

What happens if it doesn't?

LAURA

We'll be walking into a battlefield unarmed.

Gamble takes a deep, calming breath. Press turns away to face Sil's cage.

PRESS

Showtime. Let's see if Sil can help us find Patrick.

The response is a SHATTERING EXPLOSION. The back reinforced pane of Sil's cage tumbles to the ground. Sil vaults into the lab area.

LAURA

The tether!

The race is on -- Sil and Press make a beeline toward the gleaming gold tether mechanism on the wall. Press reaches for the stun button on the box, but Sil catches his arm. She flings him aside as though he was a bothersome gnat.

THE TETHER MECHANISM explodes under the impact of her fist. Sparks fly. It crashes to the ground, a useless hunk of steel.

Sil races toward the main door of the lab, possessed of a mating drive that knows no bounds. She knocks the door flat with one wrenching blow and disappears into the corridor beyond.

GAMBLE

Oh shit.

Laura and Gamble help a groggy Press to his feet.

LAURA

You okay?

PRESS

Wonderful. Grab the toxin and let's go.

CONTINUED:

LAURA

We didn't test it --

PRESS

If she gets to Patrick before us, we're gonna have bigger problems. Let's go.

They grab their various weaponry and race for the door.

INT. PLANTATION SILO -- SECOND LEVEL -- NIGHT

Patrick inspects the heaving chrysalis cocoons on the second level of the silo. A smile of victory plays across his face.

FLASH CUTS: the swirl of alien tentacles; murky underwater bubbles; the fevered vision of the alien race.

PATRICK'S VOICE

Sil.

Back to Patrick. The veins twitch and bubble expectantly on his face as though he senses the approach of his ultimate lover.

INT. BIOHAZARD CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Sil stalks toward the high security elevator banks. The alarm bell echoes through the corridor.

GUARD

Freeze, bitch.

A GUARD appears from around the corner. He takes aim with his pistol and fires. The bullet hits her shoulder. The wound morphs back to normal in a matter of seconds.

Sil rushes toward the terrified Guard. She yanks a ring of keys from around his neck. Then she tosses his flailing body against the opposite wall like a rag doll.

She enters the elevator, using the key to activate the system.

EXT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Press, Laura, and Gamble race toward the emergency stairwell. Laura uses her security card to disengage the stairwell doors.

LAURA

C'mon!

They head down the stairs.

EXT. MARYLAND SKY -- AERIAL VIEW -- NIGHT

The AH-1G Huey Cobra nears the sprawling compound of Fort Dietrich.

INT. CHOPPER -- NIGHT

Burgess sits next to a MILITARY PILOT.

PILOT

There's unusual activity on the compound perimeter.

BURGESS

Keep a distance. Let's see what's going on.

EXT. BIOHAZARD LAB -- NIGHT

Two camouflage-painted HUMVEES screech to the front of BioHazard 4. Rifle-toting MILITARY POLICE spill out the doors.

The double-plated steel entry door of BioHazard 4 smashes open under the onrush of Sil. Shards of metal are torn asunder.

Sil stands in frozen silence, soaking in her first taste of the outside world. The MP's assume firing positions. A fusillade of bullets pock mark the pavement as Sil marches toward one of the HUMVEES. She is oblivious to the hail of gunfire.

Sil tosses the hapless Humvee DRIVER onto the pavement and climbs in. The engine roars to life.

The Humvee backs up awkwardly. It crushes a military jeep in the rear, then fiercely blasts forward toward the barbed wire gates of the facility.

CLOSE -- on Press, Laura, and Gamble as they emerge from the shattered door of the lab.

PRESS

How the hell does she know how to drive?

LAURA

Her favorite show is the Dukes of Hazard.

PRESS

Fan-fucking-tastic.

Press hurriedly ushers them toward the second Humvee.

EXT. FORT DIETRICH -- EXIT GATES -- NIGHT

Sil pilots the Humvee directly through the barbed wire enclosure facility. The vehicle bounces onto the access road and disappears into the night.

INT. CHOPPER -- AERIAL VIEW -- NIGHT

Burgess squints through his one good eye at the mayhem below.

CONTINUED: ..

MILITARY VOICE

(on radio)

Sir... we have alien escapee in the first vehicle. Preliminary identification of Press Lennox and Laura Baker in the second.

BURGESS

(into radio)

Roger.

(to the pilot)

Follow them. But stay back. We wanna crash the party at just the right time.

EXT. FORT DIETRICH -- AERIAL VIEW -- NIGHT

The Huey Cobra chopper makes a sharp bank turn. We SEE the line of pursuit: first, Sil's Humvee... blazing along the parkway toward the Virginia border; second, Press and the others perhaps a hundred fifty yards behind; and third, the Huey Cobra tracking like a predatory shark.

VARIOUS SHOTS -- "HUMVEE CHASE"

The vehicles whip along the Rock Creek parkway toward the Virginia border. The chopper stays at a safe distance behind.

INT. HUMVEE -- NIGHT

Sil's foot jams against the metal. The speedometer hits eighty, eight-five... and climbing. Alien veins push against her face.

SIL'S P.O.V.

Alien-vision. The gleaming alien chrysalis. Almost at the birthing point. The creatures inside push against the womb-like coating that surrounds them.

SIL'S VOICE

Patrick.

INT. SILO -- THIRD LEVEL -- NIGHT

Patrick's hand reaches out to a cocoon that has nearly rifted open. Like an expectant father feeling Mommy's tummy.

INT. HUMVEE -- NIGHT

Press cranks the speed up to a hundred. Sil's Humvee is still a couple hundred yards ahead.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Sil's Humvee whips down the highway at a hundred ~~ten~~ miles an hour. A road sign flashes by:

CONTINUED:

"Virginia is For Lovers"

Several beats of silence... and then Press' Humvee blazes past the sign.

INT. CHOPPER -- AERIAL VIEW -- NIGHT

Through the plate glass of the chopper window, the racing Humvees are visible. Burgess pulls a small brown case onto his lap. He opens the case to reveal the disassembled elements of a Mauser-Werke HSc 7.65 handgun with laser scope.

EXT. PLANTATION DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

PAN DOWN from the American flag as Sil's Humvee screeches up the stretch of driveway. The plantation house stands in mournful silence.

Sil emerges from the vehicle. She cocks her head as though picking up the faint scent of hunted prey. Then she hurries toward the silo.

EXT. PLANTATION SILO -- NIGHT

Sil hurries past the sprawled bodies of the gutted Military Police. Past the gape-mouthed corpse of Senator Judson Ross. She slips into the silo.

EXT. PLANTATION DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

The second Humvee spews gravel as it comes to a halt. Press, Laura, and Gamble emerge. They follow Sil's path.

Press stops in his tracks for a brief beat, cocking his ear toward the pitch black sky. In the distance, the faint sound of approaching chopper can be heard.

Something crosses Press' face. A premonition, perhaps. He motions Laura and Gamble to continue onward.

INT. PLANTATION SILO -- NIGHT

Sil stalks toward the staircase, heedless of the rifting alien chrysalis that hang from the walls and ceiling of the first level. Her mind is bent on one thing only -- mating with Patrick.

EXT. PLANTATION SILO -- NIGHT

Press, Laura, and Gamble pause to stare at the dead-eyed figures of Senator Ross and the Military police.

PRESS

C'mon.

CONTINUED:

Hefting their spray cannisters and tranquilizer pistols, the trio enter the silo.

INT. PLANTATION SILO -- NIGHT

Press, Laura and Gamble enter the dimly-lit first level. They stand in terrified awe of the alien chrysalis.

PRESS

Welcome to the maternity ward from hell.

LAURA

These are Patrick's offspring.

GAMBLE

Forgive me if I don't pass out cigars.
Damn, they're ugly.

Press and Gamble unlatch the nozzles of the spray cannisters.

LAURA

What about Sil?

PRESS

First things first. These bastards are
about to hatch.

They aim the nozzles at the first two alien chrysalis -- and unleash a torrent of the gel-based human DNA. The spray washes over the rifting, slimy alien cocoons... but...

Nothing happens.

PRESS

Shit.

But now, as the diseased human DNA penetrates the coating of the alien hatchlings, a curious cellular battle occurs. The chrysalis begin to gyrate.

What follows is a ghastly sight: with a chittering WAIL, alien tentacles burst forth from within the slimy pods. They flail wildly in their death throes. After wrenching and heaving for perhaps fifteen seconds, the sagging chrysalis drop to the cold ground. Lifeless and unmoving.

PRESS

Score one for diseased human DNA.

Press and Gamble quickly move through the first level, with Laura trailing behind. They alternately spray each of the alien chrysalis with the toxic human DNA. The chrysalis pop like kernels in a microwave.

INT. SILO -- SECOND LEVEL -- NIGHT

Sil methodically climbs the stairway leading upstairs.

INT. SILO -- FOURTH LEVEL -- NIGHT

Patrick stands firmly in place. Waiting. The veins in his face bulge and throb.

EXT. PLANTATION DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

The Huey Cobra chopper comes to a gentle touchdown on the driveway.

INT. CHOPPER -- NIGHT

Burgess attaches the laser scope to the Mauser-Werke handgun.

BURGESS
(to pilot)
Let's hope Lennox is as good as I think
he is.

He hops out of the chopper.

INT. SILO -- THIRD LEVEL -- NIGHT

Sil passes another group of chrysalis on the third floor level. She pauses for a beat before ascending the final staircase. Then she climbs the final set of stairs.

EXT. SILO -- NIGHT

Burgess glances at the litter of dead bodies.

BURGESS
Sonofabitch.

He checks the action on the Mauser-Werke and enters the silo.

INT. SILO -- SECOND FLOOR -- NIGHT

Press and Gamble are hurriedly nuking the dozen alien chrysalis on the second level of the silo. Laura searches the dim space for hidden pods.

LAURA
There's one over here.

Press moves to a remote corner away from the stairwell. Lets loose a flood of spray. The cellular implosion is ugly.

PRESS
Okay, that's it. Next level.

CONTINUED:

The trio race up the stairs toward the third level. Unbeknownst to Press and the others, a gleaming chrysalis hangs in the shadows above the stairwell. It has escaped their notice.

INT. SILO -- FOURTH LEVEL -- NIGHT

Patrick's glowing eyes are fixed on the figure who now reaches the top of the landing: Sil. For long moments, they stare at one another.

From below, Patrick can hear the tortured alien screams of his dying progeny... but he is inexorably drawn to Sil.

They move into each others' arms. Tentacles burst forth from both their bodies, enveloping them in a coil of alien flesh.

INT. SILO -- FIRST LEVEL -- NIGHT

Burgess stares at the sagging dead alien chrysalis on the stone cold floor. He quietly and cautiously proceeds up the stairs.

INT. SILO -- THIRD LEVEL -- NIGHT

Press, Laura, Gamble frantically spray the final group of alien chrysalis on the third floor level. Laura is poised before a huge, rifted chrysalis, but her cannister has run out of toxic spray. She turns to Press.

LAURA

I need a hand over here.

-- too late. The chrysalis bursts open and a full-grown ALIEN ARM emerges from inside. Laura SCREAMS as the slimy alien hand grips the back of her shirt.

LAURA

Press....!

Press reacts quickly -- tossing down his own empty cannister and removing the small tranquilizer dart gun from his waistband. He takes careful aim and fires the dart.

THE DART... flies through the air, missing Laura's struggling figure by a millimeter. It pierces the outstretched arm of the alien creature.

The alien writhes in mortal agony, the diseased human DNA making quick work of its cellular structure. Then the entire cocoon drops to the floor... dead.

Laura rushes forward into Press' calming arms.

CONTINUED:

PRESS

It's okay. We'll be okay.

(to Gamble)

You still got toxin in your cannister?

GAMBLE

Enough for one good blast.

PRESS

Let's do it.

Press, Laura, and Gamble climb the stairs...

INT. SILO -- FOURTH LEVEL -- NIGHT

The trio clamber onto the fourth level to witness a chilling sight: Patrick and Sil are in the throes of what could be termed "love-making" -- a violent, thrashing spectacle.

Tentacles have almost completely surrounded their bodies and for a brief moment Press and the others stand in frozen tableaux at the sight. Gamble aims the nozzle on his cannister.

GAMBLE

Get ready for coitus interruptus.

But Laura's hand catches Gamble's arm --

LAURA

No... you'll kill Sil.

PRESS

It can't be helped, Laura. We can't let them mate.

LAURA

Please, Press. She's human, too.

Press considers this for a beat. He stares at Sil -- and from her "love nest" Sil stares back at him. A weird moment of bonding. Press motions Gamble to hold off with the spray. Instead, he raises his tranquilizer gun at the writhing pair and aims at Patrick --

-- but a tentacle from Patrick's body fires forward like a bullwhip... sending the puny weapon skittering across the floor.

The tentacles surrounding Sil and Patrick recede back into their bodies. Patrick turns to Press. Pissed off. No one likes to be interrupted during sex.

Press shoves Laura aside. Patrick advances with slow menace. He prepares to strike at Press when suddenly a clubbing blow hits him from behind! He staggers, then turns to face...

CONTINUED:

Sil. She snarls at Patrick. Then she attacks like a caged tigress. The battle royale is on: Sil against Patrick. The fight to end all fights.

The two humanoid/aliens wrestle with fierce abandon. They careen across the floor of the silo, scattering tools in their wake.

Gamble and Laura are fixated on the raging battle. But Press has his eye on the tranquilizer gun that lies fifteen yards away.

PRESS

Don't move.

Press carefully edges along the wall of the silo and retrieves the dart gun. He takes careful aim at the battling figure of Patrick, draws a bead, starts to squeeze the trigger when both Sil and Patrick morph into completely alien forms. It's impossible to tell who is who! Press slowly lowers his weapon. He doesn't want to kill Sil.

The battle rages on between the two monsters. Pounding each other with alien fists. We HEAR the sickening mush of slimy flesh. First one has the upper hand. Then the other. And finally, one of the aliens wraps it's scaly hand around the other's throat, squeezing so hard that alien veins burst and spew their filthy essence across the concrete floor of the silo.

The victorious alien rises, a glint of satisfaction apparent in its eyes.

LAURA

Sil...?

The morphing begins... both of the aliens return to humanoid form... and the winner is...

PRESS

Patrick.

Patrick marches toward Press. Nothing will stop him this time. Press fires his tranquilizer gun. The dart imbeds itself in Patrick's arm. The result is horrifying. The veins beneath Patrick's arm writh and twist.

Patrick groans with primordial pain. He stares at his festering arm for a frozen moment. Then he acts quickly. He moves to a nearby row of tools and grabs a razor-sharp scythe. In a frenzied motion, he lops off his own arm at the elbow.

The infected arm falls to the ground, where the toxin causes it to rend and heave. It takes on a life of its own, tentacles bursting from the fetid skin, crawling across the floor of the barn until the cellular implosion leaves it a quivering mass.

CONTINUED: (2)

And now... on Patrick... as a new arm slowly morphs in place of the old one. Alien regeneration.

Gamble stares at the sight in stunned horror. He fires the toxic spray toward Patrick... but his aim is off. The spray floats harmlessly over Patrick's shoulder. And that's all the time Patrick needs...

He takes five gargantuan steps forward and with one angry thrust, sends Gamble hurtling fifteen feet against the rack of tools on the silo wall.

Press struggles to load another toxic dart into the gun as the Patrick advances. Too late. Patrick rips the dart gun from Press' hand. He slams Press to the ground with his inhuman strength.

LAURA

Press... hang on!

She considers her next move, trying to figure out what to do. Patrick wraps his morphing hands around Press' neck. Chokes him with wild rage.

Laura grabs a pitchfork from among the silo implements that lay scattered by Gamble's writhing body. Gamble is still alive -- he stares up at her; gives a nod.

LAURA

Sorry, Charlie.

She plunges the pitchfork into his thigh! Gamble screams with pain. Laura inspects the sharp points of the pitchfork, now coated with Gamble's blood -- blood which carries within it the taint of human disease.

Patrick applies the final pressure to Press' throat. Press' eyes bulge from their sockets. He's seconds away from death.

LAURA

Die, you sonofabitch.

Suddenly Patrick sits straight up -- SHRIEKING a primitive cry of pain... and we SEE that Laura has jabbed the pitchfork into Patrick's back.

The resulting biological implosion isn't pretty. Patrick spins around the room in agony as alien tentacles burst forth from every orifice. Within moments, Patrick's body is reduced to a swirling, twisting mass of alien flesh.

He falls to his knees, dying now, and directs his gaze to the heavens. And in this final moment of life, perhaps we SEE a glimmer of relief on the face of Patrick Ross. The horror is over. His body topples to the ground.

CONTINUED: (3)

Laura rushes to Press, who lays unconscious on the ground. Perhaps he's dead. She quickly provides mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. One breath.

LAURA
Please, Press.

Two breaths. Three breaths...

..and now...

The mouth-to-mouth turns into a passionate kiss as Press regains consciousness. He opens his eyes and smiles weakly.

PRESS
Magically delicious.

LAURA
Still a jerk.

She helps him to his feet. Together they rush to the fallen Gamble and help him to his feet.

INT. SILO -- THIRD LEVEL -- NIGHT

Press and Laura help Gamble hobble down the stairs onto the third level landing. Lifeless cocoons are scattered all over the floor. Press removes from his waistband his trusty Glock .9

LAURA
What're you doing?

PRESS
I got a feeling this ain't over yet.
Help Charlie down the stairs.

Laura and Gamble share a bewildered glance.

INT. SILO -- SECOND LEVEL -- NIGHT

Press, Laura and Gamble descend the stairs to the second level. Battered, weary, but victorious. A shadowy figure across the room calls out.

A VOICE
Hold it.

Laura and Gamble are startled, but Press betrays not a hint of surprise. From the darkened shadows of the room steps Carter Burgess. His gun is leveled at Press, the red dot of the laser scope finding it's target.

PRESS
They sent you for cleanup, hunh Burgess?

CONTINUED:

BURGESS

I'm sorry, Press.

GAMBLE

You motherfucker. We just knocked off an alien and you're gonna shoot us.

PRESS

Easy, Gamble. He's just following orders. Blame us for killing the hero. Everything tied up in a neat little bundle. Less messy that way.

BURGESS

I suggest you put your gun down. I'm wearing a flak jacket.

PRESS

I suggest you eat shit.

Press pulls the trigger of his gun, but the firing mechanism jams. Oh shit. Press flings the useless gun at Burgess. Misses by three feet. Burgess smiles; takes another step closer. A sliver of light makes his glass eye shine.

BURGESS

Guess you're out of luck.

He squeezes the trigger of the Mauser-Werke when suddenly a TENTACLE ERUPTS from the unseen, remaining chrysalis behind Burgess. It wraps around his neck, SUCKING him back into the slimy pod! He shrieks in terror.

Within seconds, Burgess has been completely engorged by the gruesome chrysalis. His scream is muffled within the cavity, a quick meal for the metamorphing alien man/child... and now...

...the heaving cocoon spits forth a bit of indigestible matter which rolls across the floor and comes to rest at Press' feet. It's Burgess' glass eyeball. Press stares down at the lonely eyeball.

PRESS

Here's looking at you, kid.

In one smooth motion, he swings up his tranquilizer gun toward the alien chrysalis.

PRESS

Excuse the ingratitude.

He shoots the alien chrysalis with a dart. The chrysalis does its frenzied dance of death. Press motions Gamble and Laura to follow him down the final stairway to freedom.

CONTINUED:

PRESS

Thanks for your help, Gamble.

LAURA

We couldn't have done it without you.

GAMBLE

Without my DNA, you mean. Tell you one thing -- from now on, the farthest I go from home is the corner 7-11.

From the back of the Med-Evac, a HAND reaches into frame and tugs at Gamble's shoulder.

VOICE

Mr. Gamble, I told you to lie down in the back.

The hand belongs to a gorgeous NURSE. She gently pries Gamble from his seat --

GAMBLE

Yes, Nurse. Right away.
(winking at Press and Laura)
Maybe the drought is over.

He disappears into the back of the helicopter. Press and Laura share a laugh.

The Med-Evac lifts off the ground. Press and Laura shield their eyes from the sun and wave goodbye as the chopper disappears into the sky.

CAMERA CRANES UP to the flapping AMERICAN FLAG, proud now, which stands a lonely vigil over the hundred sixty acre plantation.

CUT TO:

EXT. A ROLLING HILLSIDE -- SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Press and Laura stand on the windswept barren hillside. We can't yet tell exactly where they are.

LAURA

What do you think, Press? Can we make it work this time?

PRESS

Hey, we just saved the world. How hard can it be?

Press and Laura embrace. Warm and tender. The cacophonous SOUND of gunfire startles them out of the embrace. They look down the rolling hillside.

CONTINUED:

THEIR P.O.V. -- An endless row of GRAVESTONES on a pristine stretch of green. A garden of stone. Stretching out into infinity. They are above...

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY -- DAY

The gunfire is actually a TWENTY-ONE GUN salute. An enormous CROWD of mourners are gathered at a flower-packed gravesite. This is the hero's funeral of Patrick Ross.

The President is here, along with hundreds of other DIGNITARIES. In the third row of mourners we can probably detect the three Generals who comprise "P3."

This is a day of national grieving... of weeping women... of dabbed hankies... and wishes for what might have been.

A photograph Of Patrick Ross rests atop the closed mahogany casket. A youthful smile. An astronaut's helmet cradled under one arm. A picture that at once suggests the bravery and fortitude of an American legend. The right stuff and then some.

FADE OUT.

THE END