

ALIEN NATION
"GREEN EYES"

Written by

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and
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FINAL
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6W21 - Directed by Tom Chehak

REVISED - "GREEN EYES" - 2/16/90
CAST LIST

MATTHEW SIKES
GEORGE FRANCISCO*
SUSAN FRANCISCO*
BUCK FRANCISCO*
EMILY FRANCISCO*
VESSNA FRANCISCO*
ALBERT*
CATHY FRANKEL*

BEATRICE ZEPEDA
MARILYN HOUSTON
LORRAINE CLARK

HONOURABLE JULES KAISER*
M.E. LOIS ALLEN
NEWCOMER COP*
NOAH RAMSEY
MICHAEL BUKOWSKI
PHYLLIS BRYANT
RICK PARRIS
PETER MOSS*
MARTHA
PRINCIPAL FISHER
DELIVERY MAN
MARK GUERIN
CYCLIST
JOSHUA TREE

* denotes Newcomer character

REVISED - "GREEN EYES" - 2/16/90

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

JUDGE KAISER'S CHAMBERS - DAY AND NIGHT
POLICE STATION - SNACK AREA - DAY
BOOKING AREA - DAY
SQUAD AREA - DAY
INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY
CORRIDOR - DAY
APARTMENT - DAY
SIKES' APARTMENT - DAY AND NIGHT
PETER MOSS' APARTMENT - DAY
FRANCISCO HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY AND NIGHT
CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
PRINCIPAL FISHER'S OFFICE - DAY
WAREHOUSE - NIGHT
A MAKESHIFT LAB - NIGHT

EXTERIORS:

COURTHOUSE - NIGHT (STOCK)
SIKES' APARTMENT - DAY
ROOFTOP - NIGHT
SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY
MARINA - DAY
GRETSKY PARK - DAY
TUNNEL - DAY

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT (NIGHT ONE - STOCK)

To ESTABLISH.

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

CAMERA pans the office as the phone RINGS. We accoutrements of a judge's world - black robe hung on a coat stand, framed university degrees, law books, a gavel on the desk. Also on the desk is a name plate: HON. JULES KAISER, and several brightly coloured cloth balls about the size of baseballs. Between RINGS of the phone, we hear a man GASPING.

NEWCOMER JUDGE JULES KAISER struggles to answer the phone. He is gravely ill, shaking and gasping for air. An answering machine picks up the phone.

VOICE

Hello, this is Judge Kaiser - I'm unable to come to the phone right now. Please leave a message when you hear the tone and I'll call you back as soon as possible.

BEEP. Judge Kaiser heaves himself toward the desk.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Jules, this is Marsha. We missed you at the mayor's reception this evening.

Kaiser inches closer.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I called your house - there was no answer. I'm at least glad to know you're not working late again. You drive yourself so hard - it's terrible for your health.

Kaiser's hand reaches trembling for the phone.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Don't forget, Doug and I are taking you to
the Bolshoi on Saturday.

CLOSE - KAISER'S FINGERS are within inches of the receiver.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Don't worry about calling. Bye.

CLICK and TONE... .

WIDE - JUDGE KAISER crumples to the floor.

EXT. SIKES' ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Full moon - a mantle of stars. SIKES, in shirt sleeves,
looks through Cathy's telescope toward the night sky. CATHY
stands next to him. Near them are some wine and sour milk.
A radio plays romantic MUSIC.

SIKES

(excited)

I got it - I got Space Lab.

CATHY

Let me see!

He makes way for her to look through the telescope.

CATHY

Oh... look at it!

(checks her watch)

We've got three minutes 'til they test the
communications laser.

SIKES

A space station - it's so incredible. Seems
like they just put a man on the moon. You
must be proud, too - a Newcomer astronaut.

(sighs)

Guy must be having a trip up there.

Cathy looks at Sikes, feeling his wistfulness.

SIKES

I'm like every kid in America. We all wanna
be astronauts.

(MORE)

SIKES (CONT'D)

"To boldly go where no man has gone
before."

His words hang in the air between them. They look at each other, then up at the sky, then back at one another again. Beat. Sikes shivers slightly from the cold.

CATHY

You're cold. You should've taken a jacket.

She reaches for his arm - her touch is electrifying to him. Noticing his reaction, Cathy becomes aware of the sexual tension between them.

CLOSE - SIKES looks in her eyes.

CLOSE - CATHY is shy under his gaze. She looks down.

SIKES lifts her chin.

SIKES

Cathy... ?

Beat. Taking the plunge, Sikes leans forward, and kisses her. Cathy enjoys the sensation, but is awkward with the mechanics. Her eyes blink. Sikes caresses her cheek, moving his hand toward the back of her neck. Touching her hairless nape, Sikes is reminded of the difference between them. He opens his eyes, then pulls back.

CATHY

I don't feel like a human woman, do I?

SIKES

No... not really... but that's okay.

CATHY

So, you liked it?

SIKES

Did you?

CATHY

I think so.

(beat)

(MORE)

CATHY (CONT'D)

I feel... strange.

They stare at one another, both unsettled.

SIKES

Yeah.

CATHY

The laser test is going to start.

Sikes doesn't know whether he's relieved or disappointed.

SIKES

Right.

Cathy turns back to the telescope. Sikes looks at Cathy, drawn to her, yet confused.

INT. POLICE STATION - SNACK AREA - DAY (DAY TWO)

Sikes stands with ZEPEDA at the coffee maker. He's making killer coffee - spoon after spoon.

SIKES

I really wonder if I shouldn't see a shrink about this.

ZEPEDA

Too late, Sikes. You're already certifiable.

SIKES

I'm serious, Zepeda. I think about her - in a sexual way - three or four times a day.

ZEPEDA

Cathy's not a barnyard animal - it's legal, Sikes.

SIKES

But she's not human.

ZEPEDA

And you are?

(re: coffee)

(MORE)

ZEPEDA (CONT'D)

We supposed to drink that or eat it?

SIKES

(sets the spoon down)

I mean it. You work with them every day - you forget. But try and get close - really close - you realise they're different - they're not like us.

ZEPEDA

You sound like my dad when I was dating Harris Weinstein.

SIKES

(frustrated)

Forget it - forget I said anything.

He starts into the:

SQUAD ROOM

Zepeda catches up to him.

ZEPEDA

Sikes, listen - you're worried you're not normal - okay. This is a very simple thing - date a human. Get your mind off the alien.

He considers a beat, then continues on.

ZEPEDA

Y'know, this reminds me exactly of my cousin, Raphael. He was always worried about being gay. I gave him the same advice - find a nice girl.

SIKES

Yeah... ?

ZEPEDA

He's living with a guy named Steve.

Sikes stares at her.

ZEPEDA

Hey, he's happy.

Zepeda exits as Sikes sits and starts going through his Rolodex. A nervous GEORGE approaches.

GEORGE

I hope it didn't show - I had flies.

SIKES

What?

GEORGE

In my stomach. I was nervous.

SIKES

Butterflies.

(dialling the phone)

How come?

GEORGE

I just had my oral exam for Detective Two.
I don't think I did very well.

SIKES

No sweat. I took that test.

(into phone)

Lorraine Clark, please.

GEORGE

But, Matt, you failed the test.

SIKES

Like I said - no sweat.

(into phone)

Lorraine, hi. It's Matt. Look, I was
wondering if tomorrow night you might want
to see a movie... have dinner.

George, nosey, eavesdrops.

SIKES

Great.

(listens)

Someplace greasy and carcinogenic. I'm
always up for ribs.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

(listens)

Wunderbar. I'll pick you up at seven. Bye.

He hangs up.

GEORGE

You made a date with Lorraine? What about Cathy?

SIKES

Hey, does this concern you?

GEORGE

I thought you cared about Cathy.

SIKES

Well, yeah, but it's not like we've got some kind of agreement. Besides, don't you think it's normal for me to wanna go out with a human once in awhile?

Zepeda walks up with a slip of paper.

SIKES

(to Zepeda)

I gotta date.

ZEPEDA

(tossing him the paper)

And a case.

INT. JUDGE KAISER'S CHAMBERS - DAY

M.E. LOIS ALLEN, Sikes stands over the body of Judge Kaiser. In the b.g. two S.I.D. detectives and a uniformed NEWCOMER COP inspect the room.

ALLEN

Judge Kaiser's clerk found him this morning. I'd estimate the time of death between ten and twelve last night.

SIKES

What killed him?

ALLEN

I'm not sure. The discoloration could indicate asphyxiation or coronary infarctions.

George enters, approaching them.

SIKES

Could it have been an illness - some kind of natural Cause?

GEORGE

There is nothing "natural" that would do this to a Newcomer.

ALLEN

We're considering this a possible homicide. I'll have a much better idea after I run some toxicological tests.

SIKES

(to George)

You get anything?

GEORGE

The clerk told me Judge Kaiser had received some threatening letters. He's ruled in favour of Newcomers in a number of civil rights cases.

SIKES

Get back to the clerk - we'll need those letters.

GEORGE

All right.

SIKES

And get a subpoena working for his files. We should talk to everyone he's ruled against in the last couple years.

George starts out as Sikes looks over Kaiser's desk.

NEWCOMER COP

(sotto; to George)

You're both detectives - how come he gives the orders?

George pauses, taken aback.

GEORGE

Oh, I don't think he was Ordering me... .

SIKES (O.S.)

Hey, George.

George turns to find Sikes pointing to the brightly coloured fabric balls on Kaiser's desk.

SIKES

What're these?

GEORGE

(approaching)

Kaif balls. Nu-nip.

SIKES

New nip?

GEORGE

We rub them between our hands and smell the fragrance.

ALLEN

It has an endorphin-like effect on Newcomers.

SIKES

(doesn't understand)

Oh, yeah...

GEORGE

It's soothing, yes - like your catnip.

SIKES

Not my catnip - cats use catnip.

GEORGE

You don't know what you're missing.

(looking at the kaif balls)

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I like these designer colours.

He exits to find the clerk. Sikes throws Allen a you-learn-something-every-day look.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

MARILYN HOUSTON walks to her car, accompanied by BUCK, his human classmate NOAH RAMSEY and several other students.

MARILYN

I was at the faculty meeting - Mr. Fisher presented the new "approved" reading lists. The school board, because of political pressure, is banning Salinger, Flaubert, Camus...

BUCK

Camus? You mean we can't read "L'Etranger"?

MARILYN

Not in school.

NOAH

(trying to keep up)
Lay what?

MARILYN

"The Stranger" - a pivotal book in twentieth century literature - which the school board considers "subversive."

BUCK

I loved that book!

MARILYN

In our history class, you know what's required reading now? 'My Turn' by Nancy Reagan.

(stops; to all)

Listen, out of school, your time is your own. I'd be happy to get together informally to read and discuss any books you want.

BUCK

Great. When can we get together?

NOAH

(laughs uneasily)

Let's just keep the books short, okay?

MARILYN

How bout day after tomorrow.

NOAH

That's good - I'll be there.

MARILYN

Oh, Buck, I wanted to tell you, your essay on Whitman as the zeitgeist of Post Civil War America was really well thought out. Very sophisticated.

BUCK

Thanks.

NOAH

(to Marilyn)

Hey, I know mine's late - my hard disk crashed. I'll get it to you tomorrow.

(upbeat)

It's about the Alamo.

MARILYN

I look forward to it, Noah.

BUCK

Can we start with Flaubert? I hear "Madame Bovary" is great.

MARILYN

Oh, that's my favourite book - yes!

Noah sees the connection between Buck and Marilyn, and he resents it.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING AREA - DAY (DAY THREE)

Sikes enters. Zepeda, holding a file, intercepts him.

ZEPEDA

Sikes, Grazer assigned me and Petrosian to assist on the Kaiser case. We've called in some potential suspects to give statements.

SIKES

Okay. Is George around?

ZEPEDA

Gonna be late - he had to see the Commissioner.

SIKES

Commissioner? George in trouble?

ZEPEDA

The best kind. He made Detective Two.
(motioning toward the squad room)
I'll show you the suspects.

SIKES

He passed the test?

ZEPEDA

(walking out)
Yeah. He's your boss.

SQUAD ROOM Sikes follows Zepeda in. Detective Petrosian takes a statement from a human.

SIKES

How'd he pass the tests I didn't pass the test.

ZEPEDA

Maybe he knows more'n you.

She indicates the man Petrosian is questioning.

ZEPEDA

That's Dr. Paul Matus. He's a slumlord in Little Tencton. Judge Kaiser sentenced him to live in his own building for six months.

They continue on.

SIKES

I've been a detective for five years. I walked a beat for ten.

Zepeda points to MICHAEL BUKOWSKI, twenty-five, thin, hunched, unkempt who's at the desk of another detective.

ZEPEDA

Michael Bukowski - Kaiser threw the book at him when he took a shot at a Newcomer delivery man. He just got out of jail.

BUKOWSKI

(overhearing)

I want to wash my hands - they won't let me wash my hands.

ZEPEDA

Soon as you give your statement.

BUKOWSKI

How could I know what he was - he looked like a thief.

ZEPEDA

(this guy's wacko)

Yeah, right...

They move on.

SIKES

George's only been a detective for a year. Hell, he's only been on this planet for six.

ZEPEDA

(indicating)

This is Phyllis Bryant of the Human Defence League - a Purist group. They mounted an unsuccessful campaign to have Judge Kaiser removed from the bench.

BRYANT, at the desk of another detective, turns to Sikes. A fortyish former beauty queen, she is accompanied by a bodyguard.

BRYANT

Officer, I've been waiting here for forty-five minutes. I'd like to leave my written statement and go.

SIKES

We'll try to get to you as soon as possible, Ms. Bryant.

BRYANT

I realise this is your job, but doesn't it bother you, that with all the crime in this city, you have to waste your time with the death of this parasite?

SIKES

What bothers me, Ms. Bryant, is listening to crap like that.

Looking over Sikes sees:

GEORGE entering and going to his desk.

RESUME SIKES

SIKES

Just a sec.

He walks to his desk.

SIKES

Hey, congratulations, George, I heard you made Detective Two.

GEORGE

Thank you. I guess I had no reason to be nervous.

ALBERT, excited for George, rushes up.

ALBERT

George, I just heard!

(to Sikes)

Isn't this wonderful? He's only been on the earth six years, and he's already Detective Two.

(MORE)

ALBERT (CONT'D)

He could be captain someday - he could be mayor!

GEORGE

(modest)

Albert... .

ALBERT

Detective Two! I'm gonna go tell everybody

Albert rushes off.

GEORGE

(beat)

Matt, I want you to know that although technically I'm now your superior I still consider us equals.

SIKES

Well, uh, thanks, George.

George holds up some letters, encased in a zip-los plastic bag.

GEORGE

Among the threatening letters Judge Kaiser received, these were anonymous. Run them upstairs to S.I.D., would you.

He extends the plastic bag to Sikes who doesn't take it.

SIKES

Me? Why do I have to run them up?

GEORGE

(puzzled)

Well, because...

(beat)

But if it's a problem, I'll ask someone else.

Zepeda comes up, holding her file.

ZEPEDA

Congratulations, George.

(to Sikes)

(MORE)

ZEPEDA (CONT'D)

There was one suspect who wouldn't come in,
but Petrosian and I better go question him.

GEORGE

Why?

ZEPEDA

He lives on a boat. Salt water - that's
like acid to you, right?

GEORGE

I couldn't ask anyone under me to do
something I wouldn't.

(taking the file)

Thank you, Beatrice.

SIKES

George, salt water. You fall in there -
that's sayonara, Detective Two. Better let
me do it.

GEORGE

(defensive)

I don't intend to fall in.

He walks off with the letter.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

George and Sikes walk down the gangway to the boat slips.
Surrounded by sea water, George is tense as he walks on the
floating dock.

SIKES

(taking a deep breath)

You know, George, I love the smell of the
sea air.

GEORGE

How could you possibly find this stench
pleasing? I can hardly breathe.

They reach a thirty-five foot sailboat moored in its slip.
Topside RICK PARRIS, forty, tall and bearded, sips red wine
as he water-colours a seascape. COLTRANE plays on a boom
box.

SIKES

Excuse me, Mr. Parris?

Parris turns, his glance falling coolly on George.

SIKES

(showing his shield)

Police.

PARRIS

(re: George)

How far do I have to go?

GEORGE

I beg your pardon.

PARRIS

To get away from you... creatures.

SIKES

Mind if we come aboard?

PARRIS

Permission granted.

(wry; to George)

Watch your step.

Sikes and George board the sailboat.

SIKES

As you know, Judge Jules Kaiser died yesterday.

PARRIS

I won't pretend I'm sorry.

GEORGE

You worked for Onyx Pesticides as a chemist. You later brought suit against the company and Judge Kaiser ruled against you.

PARRIS

(re: music)

Ah, listen to this part. I love Coltrane.

(to George)

Jazz is a synthesis of African and Western musical forms - a beautiful example of the

(MORE)

PARRIS (CONT'D)
process of human creativity.
(to Sikes)
Makes you proud, doesn't it?

GEORGE
Jazz has its roots in human slavery - does
that make you proud as well?

SIKES
Guys, how 'bout we skip music appreciation?

PARRIS
(to Sikes)
I sued Onyx for stealing my patent. The
Judge saw it differently.

GEORGE
We understand you stood up in court -
called the Judge a quote "Blood- sucking
Slag" and threatened to "exterminate" him.

PARRIS
Insecticides are my business - I was angry
and used professional jargon. But I'm
resigned to the loss. I lead a quiet life
here on the sea...
(holding up his wine)
...enjoying the fruits of human genius.

GEORGE
(re: wine glass)
May I?

PARRIS
(handing him the glass)
What's the point - it's not from a cow.

GEORGE
(sniffs the glass)
'82 Mouton. You're drinking it young.
(sniffs again)
It's still tannic - should be drinkable by
the turn of the century.
(handing the glass back)
Wine doesn't intoxicate us, but we can
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
appreciate it.

Parris looks daggers at George. Sikes pulls out his pad.

SIKES
Mr. Parris, we're gonna need whereabouts
during the last week.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Westside, upscale. Briefcase in hand, Newcomer PETER MOSS
arrives home from work.

MOSS
(calling out)
Martha! It's me!

He sets the briefcase down, pulls out a carton of sour milk
and pours himself an aperitif. Moss' human maid, MARTHA,
enters from the bedroom. She holds a gift-wrapped package.

MARTHA
Hello, Dr. Moss...
(extending the package)
This came while you were at work.

MOSS
Thank you, Martha.
(reading the card)
From "An Admirer."
(intrigued)
Hmmm?
(opening the package)
Let's have a look.

MARTHA
(re: contents)
What are those?

MOSS
Kaif balls. Nu-nip.

INSERT - THE PACKAGE contains brightly coloured kaif balls
identical to those on Judge Kaiser's desk.

RESUME SCENE - MOSS smells the kaif balls, inhaling deeply.

MOSS

Wonderful...

Martha watches fascinated as Moss takes another protracted whiff.

MOSS

Mmmmmmm... .

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIKES' APARTMENT - NIGHT (NIGHT THREE)

Sikes and LORRAINE enter. She's carrying a bakery box.

LORRAINE

I had a hard time with the movie. I mean,
it's 1996. Even with the make-up, I
couldn't believe Michael J. Fox was
supposed to be sixteen.

SIKES

Yeah, me, neither.
(moving into the kitchen)
I'll put some coffee on.

Lorraine opens the bakery box, rhapsodizes.

LORRAINE

What a feast... eclairs, napoleons...
(dipping her finger in the
whipped cream)
I love these cannoli.

SIKES

(looking into the box)
This is awfully classy for me.
(getting coffee from the
cabinet)
How do you think it'll sit on top of the
nachos and gummy bears?

LORRAINE

The perfect finish to a delightful meal.

SIKES

(finding a bag of
marshmallows)
Here's something to clear the palette.

LORRAINE

My hair's a mess. Where's a mirror?

SIKES
(pointing)
Bathroom's over there.

He opens the Marshmallows.

LORRAINE
(moving off)
Be right back.
(re: dessert)
Don't cheat - I know how many are in there.

Lorraine disappears into the bathroom as Sikes pops a marshmallow in his mouth. There's a KNOCK at the door. Still holding the bag of marshmallows, Sikes opens the door, discovering Cathy.

CATHY
Matt, I know it's late, but I just heard on the news they're having another laser test on Space Lab. It'll be visible in five minutes.

SIKES
(glancing guiltily toward
the bathroom)
No... uh... I'm kinda busy right now.

CATHY
Sorry, I should've called - but I was already on my way to the roof when I thought of you.

LORRAINE (O.S.)
Cathy!

Cathy turns to see Lorraine brushing her hair as she comes from the bathroom.

LORRAINE
I thought I heard your voice. How are you?

Lorraine's presence disconcerts Cathy. Her mind works to understand it.

CATHY

I'm fine... and you?

LORRAINE

Great. Matt and I just saw "Back to the Future V."

SIKES

It wasn't very good.

LORRAINE

We've got these really sinful desserts.
(motioning her in)
You want to join us?

Cathy sniffs the deserts.

CATHY

Oh, they contain cooked animal fat. I'd probably go into reverse peristalsis.

LORRAINE

You'd vomit?

SIKES

Yeah, well, they're kinda rich.

CATHY

(moving to the door)
I'd better get up to the roof. Good night.

SIKES

Cathy... thanks for asking me. Next time, okay?

Cathy nods, exits.

IN THE HALLWAY - CATHY pauses, processing what she's just seen. She reaches her hands up, miming Lorraine brushing her hair.

INT. POLICE STATION BOOKING AREA - DAY (DAY FOUR)

Entering, Sikes is met by Zepeda.

ZEPEDA

Hey, Sikes, how'd it go with Lorraine?

SIKES

I ate too much - stomach kept me up all night.

ZEPEDA

But before your stomach - I mean, are you cured?

SIKES

Cured?

ZEPEDA

Of aliens - Did you and Lorraine... you know.

SIKES

What's happening with the Kaiser case?

ZEPEDA

Obviously, you didn't.

(beat)

The M. E. - Lois Allen, she's coming in to talk to you about the judge.

Leaving Zepeda, Sikes continues into the:

SQUAD ROOM

Albert is at George's desk, taking the latter's shoes as Sikes walks over.

ALBERT

I'll get these so shiny, you'll be able to see yourself.

GEORGE

That's very kind of you, Albert.

SIKES

(handing Albert a couple dollars)

Al, how 'bout a donut run?

ALBERT

I'm sorry, Detective Sikes...
(holding up George's shoes)
I have to polish these for George.

Albert walks off.

SIKES

(pissed)
Hey, what's going on here?

GEORGE

Albert wanted to polish my shoes. He said a man in my position should have shiny shoes.

SIKES

Listen, Albert works for this precinct.
He's not your butler.

GEORGE

And is he your donut fetcher?

SIKES

(noticing)
What's this?

He picks up: A NAME PLATE off George's desk. It reads: DET.
TWO FRANCISCO.

RESUME SCENE

SIKES

(reading)
Detective Two Francisco. What, you gotta advertise?

GEORGE

Susan gave that to me. She said, "if you got it, flaunt it."

SIKES

You mean, "shove it in their face."

GEORGE

Matt, tell me, do you resent my having passed the test?

SIKES

No. I just think maybe there oughtta be different criteria for you guys.

(tapping his temple)

Just 'cause you got a computer upstairs, doesn't mean you know everything.

ALLEN

(approaching; file in hand)

Here's the work-up on Judge Kaiser. We are looking at a homicide - he was poisoned biologically with a bacterium. It resulted in constricted airways and asphyxiation.

George takes the file.

SIKES

What causes that?

GEORGE

(reading file)

It's something new - genetically engineered.

ALLEN

It appears to affect Newcomers like botulism does humans.

Sikes takes the file from George.

ALLEN

It produces a toxin which is fatal within thirty-six hours after introduction.

GEORGE

You're saying someone has created a bacterium to kill Newcomers?

ALLEN

(nods)

I'm afraid so.

SIKES

(concerned)

What about George? He was there.

ALLEN

(to George)

You don't have to worry - the bacterium doesn't seem to be contagious. And, it can't live more than six to eight hours, outside a host.

GEORGE

How did Judge Kaiser ingest it?

ALLEN

Through the lungs - somehow he aspirated a high concentration of the bacteria.

ZEPEDA

(approaching)

Bad news.

(holding out a slip of paper)

We got another Newcomer D.B. - The symptoms look just like Judge

SIKES

Better get your shoes, George.

INT. PETER MOSS' APARTMENT - DAY

Two coroners body bag Peter Moss under Allen's supervision. George, wearing a surgical mask, Sikes, and a human S.I.D. detective examine the room.

SIKES

I don't think you oughtta be in here, George.

GEORGE

You heard Lois - the bacterium isn't contagious. Besides, I'm wearing a mask.

SIKES

We're not really sure what we're dealing with, George.

GEORGE

Matt, as Detective Two, it's incumbent upon me to spearhead this investigation.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

(pointing)

Here's the maid.

THEIR POV - A UNIFORMED OFFICER ESCORTS MARTHA INTO THE ROOM.

SIKES AND GEORGE approach her.

SIKES

(showing his shield)

We'd like to ask you a few questions.

GEORGE

I'm Detective Francisco - I'm in charge of the investigation.

Sikes looks at George in annoyance.

MARTHA

Poor Dr. Moss... such a lovely man - and brilliant.

GEORGE

When was the last time you saw him alive?

MARTHA

Yesterday. I was off this morning. When I got here, he was already dead.

SIKES

Hey, George...

He points to:

THEIR POV - THE BRIGHTLY COLOURED KAIF BALLS ON MOSS' COFFEE TABLE.

RESUME SCENE

SIKES

Same as Kaiser.

MARTHA

Those came for him yesterday in a package.

With his handkerchief, George picks up the gift card.

GEORGE
(reading)
From 'An Admirer.'
(to the S.I.D. detective re:
Kaif balls)
Bag those. Carefully. They could be the
murder weapon.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY

Marilyn, Buck and Noah sit on the grass, enjoying the remains of a picnic. Buck and Noah have paperback copies of "Madame Bovary." Buck is excited; Noah is bored.

MARILYN
For all of Emma's silliness - her bourgeois values - she's ultimately a sympathetic character - a victim of her society.

BUCK
Yeah. Like everybody else - she wasn't satisfied with what she had.

MARILYN
Right. Her sense of worth came only from material possessions or social status - not from anything internal.

BUCK
But Flaubert's writing was so good, you really understood her. I also read "Sentimental Journey" and "Three Tales."

MARILYN
Good. Noah, what were your thoughts?

NOAH
Uh, I haven't read that much, but so far it's kinda boring. I mean, nothing's happening.

BUCK
That's what's great - the detail of Emma's awful everyday life, contrasting with her dreams.

NOAH

You read so fast - 'course it doesn't bore you.

(imitating Buck)

"I also read 'Sentimental Journey'"

MARILYN

Hey, I think it's wonderful Buck wanted to read more.

NOAH

What am I doing this for?

(stands)

Who needs it?

MARILYN

Noah...

NOAH

I get enough in school.

He turns to Buck, kissing his fist to symbolise an apple polisher, then takes off. Buck and Marilyn exchange a look.

MARILYN

Sooo... there's a real sense of foreboding in the book - it's going to end disastrously - you just don't know how.

ANGLE - NOAH

throws a last hostile glance at them, then continues off.

INT. FRANCISCO HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT FOUR)

Baby Vessna, lying on the couch, cries. Susan and Emily stand over her.

EMILY

She's been crying all night.

SUSAN

Her droonal flanges are coming in - it's painful.

(picking Vessna up to comfort her)

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

/////Neemu. It's okay... it's okay..../////

But Vessna still cries.

SUSAN (calling O.S.)

George... George!

George enters, rubbing a pea-green Nu-nip ball between his hands, under his nose.

SUSAN

You always have the magic touch with her.

She extends Vessna to George. Taking the baby, he gives Susan the kaif ball. She partakes of its pleasure as George touches Vessna's temple, then cradles her.

GEORGE

/////. Calm down, little spotty head. ////.

Vessna starts to calm. The doorbell RINGS. George goes to get it, COOING as he does.

GEORGE

/////. Laka meena obo doff boola oko roe.

He opens the door, revealing Zepeda and a uniformed officer.

GEORGE

Beatrice...

She nods to the family.

ZEPEDA

George, we need you at the station. We got a letter claiming responsibility for both Judge Kaiser's and Dr. Moss ' murders.

George hands Vessna to Emily.

GEORGE

Emily, take the baby upstairs.

EMILY

Why can't I hear?

George looks to Zepeda who shrugs.

ZEPEDA

It's gonna be on the news, anyway.

GEORGE

(to Emily)

All right.

ZEPEDA

The letter's from an organisation calling itself the National Purist Front. Nobody's ever heard of it. This so-called NPF says it's gonna continue to 'execute' prominent Newcomers.

Donning his jacket, George turns to Susan.

GEORGE

I'll try not to be long.

SUSAN

(taking a step toward him)

George... you're as prominent as any Newcomer.

EMILY

(approaching them)

Dad, don't go. Please.

GEORGE

I have to, Emily.

ZEPEDA

Chief Amburgey's ordered protection for all Newcomer civil servants above D-6 and their families.

(indicating uniformed cop)

Officer Dial will be posted outside.

The cop nods, exits. George gathers Susan and Emily into his arms.

GEORGE

Don't worry, we'll catch them.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - GEORGE (DAY FIVE)

at his desk, flips through files. Sikes comes in with coffee and a donut.

SIKES

You're here early. Don't you know Detective Two's get to sleep in.

GEORGE

I'm waiting for an analysis from S.I.D.

SIKES

On what?

Albert approaches with a steaming cup of tea.

GEORGE

You heard about that letter from the National Purist Front -

(as Albert sets the tea down)

Thank you.

SIKES

(with reproach)

Zepeda told me this morning.

ALBERT

(deferentially quiet)

You're welcome.

Sikes rolls his eyes.

GEORGE

(continuing to Sikes)

I'm having S.I.D. run tests comparing it with the threatening letters Judge Kaiser received.

SIKES

That's a good idea. Why didn't you let me know?

GEORGE

I am letting you know.

SIKES

I mean, before now... 'partner.'

George's phone RINGS.

GEORGE

It's nothing to get worked out about. I didn't want to wake you.

(answering the phone)

Detective Francisco.

SIKES

(mimicking George silently)

Detective Francisco.

GEORGE

(into phone)

I see... thank you, Lois.

He hangs up.

GEORGE

That was the medical examiner.

SIKES

How come she calls you?

GEORGE

(ignoring the hostility)

She confirmed our suspicion. The kaif balls were dosed - By sniffing them, the victims aspirated the bacteria.

Sikes' phone RINGS.

SIKES

Oh, jeez, somebody remembered me.

(answering the phone)

Sikes.

Zepeda, handing George a file, overhears:

SIKES

(into phone)

Hi, Cathy.

ZEPEDA
(to George; re: file)
From S.I.D.

SIKES
(into phone)
Tonight? Sure. I'd like that.
(listens)
'Kay. Bye.

Zepeda turns to Sikes as he hangs up.

ZEPEDA
Just like my cousin Raphael... .

She moves off.

GEORGE
(re: file)
Matt, the letter from this National Purist
Front was printed on the same computer
paper, by the same printer, as one received
by Judge Kaiser. The first letter was
signed - we have a suspect - a Mr. Michael
Bukowski.

SIKES
I saw him - he was in here. A real wacko.

GEORGE
Bukowski works maintenance in Gretskey Park.
(standing)
Let's pick him up.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Bukowski bags trash on a hillside bridal trail. Looking up
he sees:

SIKES AND GEORGE approaching with a park ranger who's
pointing Bukowski out to them.

BUKOWSKI knows this is trouble. He starts retreating.

SIKES AND GEORGE rush toward him.

GEORGE

Stop!

But: BUKOWSKI leaps off the trail down the side of the hill.

SIKES rushes toward him. George runs back to their car. As Sikes reaches the edge of the hill. He sees:

SIKES' POV Below Bukowski grabs a racing bike from a young cyclist.

CYCLIST

HEY!

SIKES tears down the hill, but Bukowski peddles off.

CYCLIST

That's my bike!

George pulls up in their car.

GEORGE

Matt, get in!

SIKES

I'll drive!

GEORGE

Get in the car!

Sikes, angry, has just enough time to get in before the car peels out.

PARK ROAD - BUKOWSKI on the racing bike, flies. George's car follows.

INSIDE THE CAR

SIKES

I 'm a better driver, George!

GEORGE

I don't think so.

SIKES

You're Just doing this to lord it over me.

GEORGE

Stop yelling in my ear.

He yanks the wheel.

THE CAR follows BUKOWSKI into a tunnel.

TUNNEL MOUTH

Bukowski races out with the car in pursuit. Bukowski leaves the road, cutting through the park

INSIDE THE CAR

SIKES

You're losing him, George. He's getting away.

GEORGE

We'll see...

George floors it, turning the wheel hard again.

THE CAR barrels down the road, screeching as it cuts Bukowski off.

CLOSE - BUKOWSKI reacts to the car blocking his path. He tries to brake, but it's too late.

THE BIKE hits the car, catapulting Bukowski up and over the roof.

BUKOWSKI lands in the brush.

SIKES AND GEORGE bolt from the car.

GEORGE

(smug)

Who's the better driver?

Ignoring him, Sikes cuffs the dazed Bukowski.

SIKES

You're under arrest. You know your rights?

BUKOWSKI

(out of it)

Huh... ?

SIKES

Don't worry...

(lifting Bukowski to his
feet)

Detective Two will explain them to you.

He starts walking Bukowski toward the car.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Bukowski, frightened, sits cuffed to the table, facing George and Sikes. A uniformed cop stands nearby.

BUKOWSKI

(keeping his eyes down)

I didn't kill them - I didn't kill anybody.

SIKES

(holding up a letter)

You wrote this letter threatening Judge Kaiser.

BUKOWSKI

I know... I know I did... .

GEORGE

Then you wrote a letter claiming responsibility for the deaths of both Judge Kaiser and Dr. Moss.

BUKOWSKI

(to Sikes; re: George)

He's trying to look me in eye. Tell him not to look me in the eye.

SIKES

What about that Second letter?

BUKOWSKI

I had to do something. But it wasn't real... I just wanted to scare people.

GEORGE

You mean Newcomers.

BUKOWSKI

(to Sikes)

I saw on the news about those guys dying... it gave me the idea.

SIKES

This Organisation of yours - the National
Purist Front. Who else is in it?

BUKOWSKI

Nobody. There is no Purist Front. I made it
up.

GEORGE

If you're innocent, why did you run from
us?

BUKOWSKI

You know why.

(whispers to Sikes)

Cause of him - I was afraid - I know what
they're trying to do. And they know I know.

SIKES

And just what is that?

BUKOWSKI

They're trying to take over. They're trying
to control us - make us their slaves.

(leaning in)

Their eyes got like a radar beam - it can
get in your brain - make you do what they
want.

(beat)

Don't ever look 'em in the eye.

SIKES

Right...

(to the uniformed cop)

Put him some place with soft walls.

The cop moves to uncuff Bukowski. Sikes, followed by
George, leaves the room.

IN THE CORRIDOR - SIKES AND GEORGE

walk toward the squad room.

GEORGE

He's clearly a paranoid schizophrenic.

SIKES

I don't know - I thought he made a few good points - that stuff about you guys wanting to take over.

GEORGE

This isn't funny, Matthew.

SIKES

Who's laughing. You coulda got us killed back there.

GEORGE

That's not what's really bothering you.

SIKES

Yes, it is

GEORGE

What's really bothering you is I'm no longer the nice little slag you can order around.

SIKES

That's a lot of crap. I never -

GEORGE

(cutting him off)

You think I'm uppity.

(imitating a southerner)

I got nuthin' against 'em - 'long as they stays in their place.

SIKES

It's not the promotion - that doesn't bug me It's this attitude of yours! Ever since you made Detective Two, you've been rubbing my face in it!

GEORGE

I have not.

SIKES

You have to! And I'm not gonna stand here and listen to it!

He starts to walk off.

GEORGE
I'm not finished - you can't walk away!

SIKES
(not stopping)
Watch me!

GEORGE
All right! Go ahead!
(calling after Sikes)

By the way, maybe you didn't know - Detective Two's make a hundred dollars a week more!

INT. CATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (NIGHT FIVE)

Sikes sits at the candle-lit table set with linen and china. Mozart's EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIR plays on the CD. Cathy, wearing a head scarf that matches her dress, brings a steaming pan of lasagna to the table.

SIKES
Hey, I thought we'd be having raw veggies.
That smells good.

CATHY
Thank you.
(serving him)
The recipe's one of Wolfgang Puck's. I made a few changes.

SIKES
(re: scarf)
That's a new look.

CATHY
Do you like it?

SIKES
(politely lying)
Yeah.
(noticing that she serves herself)
Hey, I thought you can't eat cooked food.

CATHY

A little won't hurt... .

She scoops a portion of lasagna, trailing a long string of melted cheese, onto her plate.

SIKES

But the cheese... isn't that animal fat?

CATHY

You know, one way to overcome allergies, is to expose yourself to small amounts of the allergen. That way, you build up an immunity. Don't forget we're very adaptable.

(smiles)

Well, bon appetite!

She watches as he takes a bite. Sikes' expression blanks. He smiles, covering his distaste.

SIKES

Good... interesting.

(feigning casual)

You said you made some changes in the recipe... .

CATHY

I added a few marshmallows... I know how much you like them.

SIKES

And some salt.

Forcing a smile, he takes a gulp of water.

CATHY

It's hard for me to judge. I wanted to make sure there was enough. You like it?

SIKES

(nodding)

Hmmmm.

CATHY

Lasagna is a very popular... human dish,
isn't it?

SIKES

Yes. Very.

CATHY

(taking a small fork full)

Well, bottoms up!

Masking her apprehension, Cathy tastes the food. She
chews... swallows. Sikes watches her for a reaction. Beat.

CATHY

Fine... I'm fine.

(re: food)

Please.

Sikes and Cathy both reluctantly take another forkful.

SIKES

I don't want you to think it's the food,
but I had kind of a late lunch. Phil
brought in these pastrami sandwiches...

Sikes notices Cathy is clenching her mouth shut.

SIKES

(concerned)

...with a lot of sauerkraut and these big
onion rings... .

Cathy suppresses a heave.

Covering her mouth with her napkin, Cathy vomits.

SIKES

You okay?

(standing)

Lemme get you to the bathroom.

Keeping her mouth covered, Cathy looks at him tearfully.

CATHY

I'm so embarrassed.

SIKES

It's okay.

CATHY

I'm sorry... .

SIKES

No, don't be

Crying, she runs from the table.

SIKES

Cathy.

In reply, the bathroom door SLAMS shut O.S.

INT. PRINCIPAL FISHER'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY SIX)

Marilyn sits facing PRINCIPAL FISHER across his desk.

FISHER

It was reported to me, by parents of one of our students, that you were seen after school, being intimate with Buck Francisco.

MARILYN

"Intimate"? What does that mean?

FISHER

Specifically, I understand you and Buck were... what is known as french kissing.

MARILYN

(laughs)

Who told you this?

FISHER

You know I can't divulge the person's name.

MARILYN

I know where it came from. Noah Ramsey's jealous of Buck - I bet he told his parents.

FISHER

(leading)

Jealous?

MARILYN

Because Buck's a better student. I have not been 'intimate' with him - I spend time with Buck because he's interested in learning.

FISHER

I've heard about your extra-curricular reading program. I've had complaints about that, too.

MARILYN

These kids deserve better than the 'approved' reading list.

FISHER

(sighs)

As always, you know more than anyone.

Fisher stands, coming around his desk.

FISHER

Ms. Houston, this is all part of a larger problem. The radical politics - the activism - you're always pushing - always testing.

(beat)

This time, you've gone too far.

MARILYN

You don't take that accusation seriously... .

FISHER

I think you'd be happier at another school - I think you should put in for a transfer.

MARILYN

You can forget about that, Mr. Fisher.

FISHER

Then I'll be forced to refer this matter of you and Buck Francisco to the School Board.

MARILYN

You're going to blackmail me with this?

FISHER

With any kind of molestation or sexual impropriety charge, the Board tends to err on the side of caution.

(beat)

You might find you won't be teaching anywhere.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING AREA - DAY

George signs Michael Bukowski out. He turns to two burly medical orderlies and a uniformed cop.

GEORGE

You can take him.

They escort Bukowski from the station. George turns, entering:

THE SQUAD ROOM - GEORGE walks to his desk, glancing at Sikes who is at his computer.

GEORGE

(cool)

Michael Bukowski's going for psychiatric evaluation. Other than that letter, there's nothing to implicate him in the murders. Bukowski is a loner with no ties to any Purist organisation. He's high school dropout with no medical or scientific background --

SIKES

(cuts him off)

I read your report.

GEORGE

I don't believe he's the killer.

SIKES

Amazing piece of deduction, Detective Two.

GEORGE

(beat; re: computer)

What are you doing?

SIKES

Trying to find some connection between the murders - unless you got an idea worth a hundred dollars a week more.

GEORGE

(beat)

Matt, I realise you're not very well disposed to me right now, but we can't let that affect our case. Despite your feelings of envy, we still have to work together.

Sikes looks at him - Something George's said has sparked an idea. Sikes returns to his computer, quickly typing.

GEORGE

What?

SIKES

A hunch...

George, curious, walks around to read Sikes' computer.

GEORGE

Dr. Moss' employment record. Why?

SIKES

Envy...

(reading the screen)

Bingo! There it is. Two years ago, Dr. Moss was working as a chemist for Onyx Pesticides.

GEORGE

The company our wine connoisseur, Rick Parris, took to court.

SIKES

Five'll get you ten, it was Dr. Moss who
Parris blamed for losing the patent.

GEORGE

So Parris killed Dr. Moss and the Judge who
ruled in Moss' favour.

(stiffly begrudging)

Yes... it's possible.

SIKES

Real possible. Go get your shoes polished.

(grabbing his gun)

I'm getting a warrant and bringing him in.

GEORGE

I'm going with you.

SIKES

George - this could get rough - we'll be on
the water - do us both a favour - stay
here.

Sikes exits. George considers a beat, then follows.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Sikes and George walk down the boardwalk toward the slips.

SIKES

You're doing this just to piss me off.

GEORGE

I have a responsibility to this case.

SIKES

That's a lotta crap - You know I coulda
handled this alone. You're just getting in
the way.

(noticing)

Oh, wonderful

THEIR POV - PARRIS' SAILBOAT

has left its slip and is pattering out toward the
breakwater.

RESUME SCENE

GEORGE

What are we going to do?

SIKES

You're the senior officer, don't you know?

GEORGE

We'll call the Coast Guard... .

SIKES

(imitating a buzzer)

Eannngh - wrong answer.

He goes to a young, tan BEACH TYPE who's tying off his speed boat to the dock.

SIKES

(flashing his shield)

Police. I need to commandeer this boat.

GEORGE

We need to commandeer this boat.

SIKES

You are not going out there

GEORGE

I most certainly am!

SIKES

This is the ocean, George! Sulphuric acid!

GEORGE

I realise the danger.

SIKES

I don't wanna have to worry about covering my ass and yours.

GEORGE

I am your superior officer - I make these decisions.

SIKES

Damnit! I'm sick of this! I'm sick of you!

GEORGE

Then maybe you should put in for another partner.

SIKES

Maybe that's a good idea!

GEORGE

(getting into the boat)
After I make this arrest!

SIKES

(yanking him back)
Out of there!

GEORGE

(shoving Sikes back)
Get your hands off me!

Heated, Sikes charges George, tackling him. The two fall to the dock, grappling.

SIKES

Stay away from that boat!

GEORGE

Let me go!

They roll, struggling, along the dock.

THE BEACH TYPE watches them, puzzled.

ANGLE - ACROSS THE STRUGGLING DETECTIVES - PARRIS'S BOAT

EXPLODES in a shower of flaming wood.

SIKES AND GEORGE stop fighting and look out to sea.

THEIR POV - flaming debris still falls steaming into the sea.

SIKES AND GEORGE stare

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. MARINA - DAY

Several uniformed cops have cordoned off the dock. George takes a statement from the Beach Type whose speedboat George and Sikes were about to commandeer. In the bay, harbour police skim the water for evidence. A skiff comes up to the dock, carrying Sikes, Allen and two Coroners with a body bag. George moves to the skiff as it's tied off. Sikes and Allen get out.

GEORGE

(to Allen)

What'd you find?

ALLEN

Most of one body - Parris's. It was a hell of a bang - Until I perform an autopsy, we'll assume that was the cause of death.

GEORGE

Any indications - was it murder, accidental death, suicide?

ALLEN

Hard to say until S.I.D. determines the cause of the explosion. It could have been suicide, but bullets or sleeping pills are a lot easier.

(beat)

As soon as I have something, I'll let you know.

She follows her coroners off the dock. Sikes and George are left alone. Beat.

GEORGE

(stiffly)

Well, until the tests come back, there's not much for us to do.

SIKES

No...

Beat. Both would like to apologise, but neither is willing to be the first.

GEORGE

Matt...

SIKES

Yeah... ?

GEORGE

Thinking about the things we said to one another when we were so angry... I was wondering...

SIKES

(hopeful)

Yeah... ?

GEORGE

Well...

(beat)

If you didn't want to apologise.

SIKES

That's funny, George, I was thinking the same thing about you.

GEORGE

Oh. Well, frankly, I don't feel I have anything to apologise for.

SIKES

Me neither.

GEORGE

So, I guess you'll be putting in for a new partner, then...

SIKES

I guess I will.

He walks off, leaving George alone on the dock.

EXT. SIKES' APARTMENT - DAY

It is raining. Cathy exits the building with a tall, handsome Newcomer in his early thirties, JOSHUA TREE. Dressed for a date, they carry umbrellas.

CATHY

Did I give you the tickets?

JOSHUA

(checking his pockets)

I don't think so...

CATHY

Just a second...

She opens her purse to look. Sikes approaches his building. He slows, seeing Cathy with Joshua.

CATHY

(finding the tickets)

Here they are...

SIKES

Hi, Cathy.

She looks up to see Sikes.

CATHY

Hi, Matt.

SIKES

(looking at Joshua)

So... how's it going?

CATHY

Matt, this is Joshua Tree. Joshua, Matt Sikes.

JOSHUA

(extending his hand)

Hi.

SIKES

Yeah.

After an uncomfortable beat:

CATHY

Joshua, would you mind getting the car?

JOSHUA

Sure

Nodding to Sikes, Joshua walks off. Cathy waits until he's out of earshot.

CATHY

I owe you an explanation. You and me, Matt
- it just isn't possible.

SIKES

What are you talking about? Why?

CATHY

Because I can't be human.

SIKES

I never asked you to be human.

CATHY

Not with words. No. But I always knew that was what you wanted.

SIKES

Cathy, we are different - you can't expect it to be easy.

CATHY

I care so much for you, Matt. But whenever we're together, I sense you looking at me and I feel incomplete - like I should have hair and ears and eat the food you do and make love the way you do.

(beat)

I come away feeling like there's something wrong with me. But there isn't.

(gesturing to herself)

This is what I am. A Tenctonese - an alien.

(beat)

You're right. We are different. And I don't think you can ever love those differences.

SIKES
(starting to protest)
Cathy -

CATHY
(cutting him off)
Don't, Matt.

Joshua's car pulls up.

SIKES
This isn't fair to me.

CATHY
We are what we are. Nothing would change.
(touches his cheek)
It's all right.

Turning away, she starts toward the car. Sikes wants to call her back, but doesn't know what else to say.

CATHY suppresses tears as she moves to the car.

INT. SIKES' APARTMENT - DAY

Sikes enters just as the phone RINGS. He lets it RING a couple times, not wanting to talk to anyone. When it continues, Sikes sighs and picks up the receiver.

SIKES
Yeah.
(listens)
Hi, Lorraine.
(listens)
Yeah, I love jerk chicken, but I don't know about tonight.
(listens)
Well... okay, sure... bring it over.
That'll be great.
(beat)
Bye.

Still depressed, he hangs up.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - DAY

Sunset. Buck waits on a bench just off a footpath. Glancing at his watch, he looks down the path. His face lights up,

seeing:

HIS POV - MARILYN coming toward him.

BUCK gets up to meet her.

BUCK

I was afraid I got the day wrong.

MARILYN

I'm sorry I'm late, Buck.

BUCK

That's okay.

(excited)

I just read this really great book -
"Catcher in the Rye." You know it?

MARILYN

(smiles)

Yeah. I loved it when I was your age, too.

BUCK

I'm gonna read all of Salinger. We could
talk about him at our next session.

MARILYN

Buck, there isn't going to be a next
session. Someone reported to Mr. Fisher
that you and I are... having an affair.

BUCK

What?!

MARILYN

I have to transfer schools.

BUCK

Why?! It's not true.

MARILYN

Mr. Fisher will take it to the school board
if I don't transfer.

BUCK

Let him! We'll fight it!

MARILYN

This is my job - I could lose my license.
And even if I win, I'll never live it down.
People will always wonder - they'll always
be suspicious.

BUCK

You're just gonna give in?

MARILYN

You don't need this either - it could get
very ugly.

BUCK

I don't care. You're the one who's always
saying you gotta fight for what's right.

MARILYN

Not this time. I can't.

BUCK

I don't understand... .

MARILYN

(extending her hand)

Buck, I want you to know what a pleasure
it's been having you as a student...

BUCK

(refusing to shake hands)

Why are you talking to me like this?

(imitating her)

"What a pleasure it's been." You act like
we hardly know one another.

MARILYN

(turning)

I gotta go.

BUCK

Marilyn!

(when she turns back)

Why?

She stares into his passionate, questioning eyes.

MARILYN

(beat)

Because, it could happen.

(stepping closer)

I want it to happen.

She kisses him. Unused to this human act, Buck is at first confused. But as their embrace continues, he is swept up by desire and returns Marilyn's kiss with equal passion.

INT. FRANCISCO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

George, Susan and Emily sit on the floor playing Tenctonese Scrabble. George is distracted.

EMILY

(picking up her tiles)

oh!

SUSAN

What do you have?

EMILY

(setting the tiles down)

Veebo/. That's triple letter score on the click and double word... thirty five points.

SUSAN

You can't use "Veebo/", {it's a proper name.}

EMILY

It's also a verb - Like Na veebo/ taya drak.

(turning)

Right, Dad?

George is lost in thought.

EMILY

Dad?

GEORGE

(snapping out of it)

Is it my turn?

EMILY

Dad, what's the matter? You've been doppelganger all afternoon.

GEORGE

Doppel what?

SUSAN

It's an expression - you haven't been yourself.

GEORGE

I'm sorry -- it's this business with Matthew.

The doorbell RINGS.

EMILY

(jumping up)

I'll get it.

She opens the door, revealing a human DELIVERY MAN who's holding a basket arrangement of flowers.

DELIVERY MAN

Hi. This is for a Mrs. Francisco.

EMILY

Mom, look.

SUSAN

(coming over)

Who would send me flowers?

EMILY

(taking the basket)

Thank you.

DELIVERY MAN

You're welcome.

He exits as Emily smells the flowers.

EMILY

Mmmmm. Smell them.

Susan does so as George comes over.

SUSAN
They're lovely.
(picking up the card)
George, are these from you?

GEORGE
(smelling the flowers)
No.

Susan opens the card.

EMILY
(to Susan)
Who're they from?

SUSAN
(reading)
"You're far lovelier than these flowers..."
Signed... "An Admirer".

Hearing "An admirer," George pales.

GEORGE
Let me see that card...

Taking the card from Susan, he stares down at it in horror.

INT. SIKES' APARTMENT - NIGHT (NIGHT SIX)

Sikes and Lorraine sit on the couch with the remains of their jerk chicken take-out dinner on the coffee table. Lorraine leans back with a contented SIGH.

LORRAINE
I'm so full, I'm gonna throw up.

Reaching for his glass of red wine, Sikes stops in mid-movement and looks at her with alarm. Lorraine notices and laughs.

LORRAINE
Just kidding!

Relieved, Sikes picks up his wine glass. Lorraine watches him.

LORRAINE

Tell me something, would you rather I
hadn't come over tonight?

SIKES

Why?

LORRAINE

I don't know... it's like you're not really
here.

SIKES

Sorry, it's been a hell of a day.

(looks at her)

I'm glad you came. Really.

He turns back to drink his wine. She studies him a beat,
then, on an impulse, leans to kiss him on the cheek. Sikes
Starts, spilling some wine on his shirt. He leaps to his
feet.

LORRAINE

Oh, gods

(standing)

I'm sorry.

She grabs a napkin to blot his shirt.

SIKES

It's okay.

He starts unbuttoning his shirt.

LORRAINE

(mortified)

I should've known - I should never try
romantic moves.

SIKES

(peeling off his shirt)

I'll just change shirts.

LORRAINE

I'm such a klutz.

SIKES
(comforting)
Hey... it's nothing... .

They look at one another a long beat. Each moves simultaneously to kiss the other. Lorraine wraps her arms around Sikes' bare back as the kiss continues. There is a loud KNOCKING at the front door.

CATHY (O.S.)
(urgently)
Matt! Matt, it's Cathy!

Pulling back from Lorraine, Sikes hurries to open the door. Cathy is upset, agitated.

SIKES
What is it?!

CATHY
I just got a call from my medical centre.
George, Susan, Emily were just taken to
intensive care - it's that bacteria.
They've been exposed.

SIKES
Lemme get a shirt on.

Sikes moves from the door to his closet, revealing Lorraine to Cathy. The two women stare at one another.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Purist leader, Phyllis Bryant, dressed incongruously in an evening gown, is escorted by her bodyguard into:

A MAKE-SHIFT LAB

where technicians are setting up equipment. Chiselled former Green Beret, MARK GUERIN, sees Bryant and picks up a capped test tube.

GUERIN
(holding up the test tube)
We have it.

BRYANT

I saw the news. Why'd you blow up his boat?

GUERIN

Parris wanted a million dollars. He wouldn't negotiate.

She nods approvingly.

GUERIN

(re: lab)

We have all the equipment we need - it'll take about two weeks to produce enough bacteria to spray L.A. County.

BRYANT

You've done a good job, Mark. For the first time in six years, I feel like there's hope.

(beat)

Soon, we'll look back on the Newcomers as if they were just a bad dream.

(beat)

Good night.

She turns to exit. Her bodyguard follows her out.

GUERIN holds up the test tube, examining it in the light.
CAMERA PUSHES IN on the murky liquid as we:

FADE OUT

THE END