

Mating With Humans  
an original screenplay by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW EDEN PEACE COLONY - MORNING

Dolphins frolic through azure waves near a white shore. An amphibious creature hops out of the water and gambols across the sand to the lush green undergrowth nearby.

Its movement flushes two dragonflies from a bush with big red flowers. They eyeball each other before taking off with a BUZZ after a weird alien bug.

A white-throated bird with long green tail feathers nabs the slower dragonfly. It soars towards a cluster of rounded and domed buildings that surround a large arboretum.

The bird lands on tree branch near a second story window. It gulps down the dragonfly. A Siamese cat pounces on the bird. There's a SQUAWK. A single tail feather floats past the window.

The cat tilts its head as it peers inside at the movement.

SID, a tall blond SPECTRAL ALIEN with facial ridges, is visible through the window. He gestures wildly as he shouts, unheard from outside.

INT. GENETIC RESEARCH BUILDING, HALLWAY - DAY

ROYCE, a slightly shorter Spectral alien with similar ripples of skin on the sides of his face, leans against the wall. He smiles as he looks at a poster of two people deep in embrace. The script is in SPECTRAL SYMBOLS.

Sid storms into the hallway and rips the poster off the wall. He crumples it up and tosses it into a black bin with a rounded leaf logo.

ROYCE

Things did not go well?

SID

The director canceled my volunteer program.

Royce pulls a rubber glove from his pocket. He snaps it on before he pats Sid on the shoulder.

ROYCE

It was such an important aspect of your work.

Sid brushes his hand aside.

SID

Widowers were the only ones desperate enough to mate with humans. I may as well shut down my lab.

ROYCE

Did he give you any reason? Other than preventing you from getting the contract?

SID

He thinks I missed something. He wants me to give VERN access to the test subjects. How do I explain some of the humans are missing?

ROYCE

Whatever you do, don't argue with him. You know how he gets.

SID

But there's no way mating with us should have hurt them. My chemical analysis proves it.

ROYCE

Who are they going to listen to? An alien or their own human coroner?

SID

I just want to help people.

ROYCE

Of course you do. You'd try to help your own worst enemy. It's been programmed into your DNA. Besides, you need that contract.

SID

I thought you were on my side.

Royce turns and tosses an electronic chip into the air. He catches it and saunters off.

ROYCE

If I wasn't I wouldn't mention this.

He tosses it a second time. Sid springs forward and catches it on the third toss.

SID

What is it?

ROYCE

Nothing, really. Just a profile of the newest human assigned here. She'd make the perfect test subject.

Sid stares at the chip as he holds it up to the light.

SID

What's the point?

ROYCE

You should have some fun. You know, experiment. After all it's not like the two of you could procreate, is it?

SID

Why bother? It wouldn't be real.

Royce rolls off his rubber glove and snaps it against Sid's arm.

ROYCE

Sure it would. Get your hands dirty. It might be fun to have sentient little hybrids running amok.

Sid SIGHS. He gives his friend a thin smile.

SID

Oh, alright. I'll look her over. But I won't enjoy it.

ROYCE

What do you give the humans to keep them from figuring out what you're up to?

SID

It's a new compound from a human friend. He says to keep it a secret because of trademark issues.

ROYCE

Too bad it doesn't keep them from slipping into a coma.

SID

All I need is one breakthrough that creates viable hybrid offspring.

ROYCE

Maybe she'll be the one.

Sid tosses the computer chip into the air.

INT. HUMAN TRANSPORT SHUTTLE - DAY

A single coffee bean floats past a star filled portal of the transport's recreation area. Tables and stuffed chairs are bolted to the floor.

KRIS, a young muscular man, carries a large coffee mug. His tight fitting tank top and shorts sport a space theme logo. The magnets in his cotton shoes CLINK as they adhere to the metal floor with each step.

He places his mug inside the coffee dispenser and locks the handle into a loop. The clear plastic door closes. Black fluid hesitantly trickles into the cup.

KRIS

I thought you fixed the coffee maker's gravity matrix.

He slides the plastic door open. Coffee swirls over the cup's edge. He draws back as he burns his fingertips.

BREE NORMAN smirks at her book as she lounges in a thickly padded chair. She's athletic with short hair and dimples. She looks a few years older than her companion. She wears a similar outfit.

BREE

That was before our friendly neighborhood coroner decided to reheat his grilled cheese sandwich in it.

KRIS

Good thing he works on the dead instead of the living.

Kris hands her the cup. He takes the seat next to her. Bree puts her book down.

BREE

I suspect they're more comfortable with him. Do you know he actually made a pass at me last week?

KRIS

That's crazy. You're way out of his league. You're almost good enough for me.

Bree sips her coffee. She winces as she spills some.

BREE

Too bad I'm not your type.

KRIS

Nobody's perfect. But we need to find you a boyfriend soon. I can't take the noise much longer.

BREE

What noise?

KRIS

All that moaning in your sleep. I checked to see if you were alone. You sounded way too happy.

Bree squirms in her chair. Kris winks at her. He grabs the coffee bean as it floats past. He pops it in his mouth. Bree turns to look out the portal.

EXT. NEW EDEN ARBORETUM WALKWAY - DAY

Sid and Royce kneel at an artificial pond. Sid taps a hand held tablet. Royce takes water samples. LYNETTE SMITH, a human child with auburn pigtails runs up to them. Her face is wet with tears. She hesitates, then tugs on Sid's shirt.

SID

Oh. Lynette. What's wrong?

LYNETTE

It's SAMMY. He climbed a tree and he's scared to come down.

ROYCE

Who's Sammy? What's he doing climbing trees? It's against regulations.

SID

You really don't want to know.

Lynette tugs on his shirt again.

LYNETTE

Help him. Please. We have to go.

SID

Come on, Royce. Sammy needs help.

Lynette pulls Sid's hand. Royce secures his water samples in a large tote bag. He hoists it over his shoulder and runs to catch up. They stop several meters away.

Lynette points upwards.

The blue eyed Siamese cat glares at them from a tree branch.

Royce starts to back away.

ROYCE

Oh no. No, no, no. Tell me that's not what I think it is.

SID

Yes. Humans call it a kitty cat.

ROYCE

I'll tell the director to get a hazardous materials team out here. They'll all need protective gear.

Sid reaches for his shoulder as Royce turns to leave. Royce rolls his eyes but stops.

SID

It's just one little kitten...

ROYCE

With the power to sterilize every male of our species. Let's not forget that part.

SID

Do you know what will happen to the Smiths if you alert the authorities?

ROYCE

I know what will happen if that cat scratches me. That's why they're illegal.

LYNETTE

What's illegal?

SID

Never mind, Sweetie. I think I can reach Sammy from here.

Sid reaches into the tree and gently gathers up the cat. Lynette jumps up and down and SQUEALS with delight.

The noise startles Sammy. He HISSES and becomes a lightning fast bundle of FANGS and fur.

RAZOR SHARP CLAWS shred Sid's shirt. He GASPS but manages to hang onto Sammy. He hands the cat to the little girl.

LYNETTE

Gross. You're bleeding. That's a funny color for blood.

Sid looks at his chest. Reddish purple blood forms stains over the remains of his shirt.

Royce pulls a can out of his bag and sprays it over Sid's shoulder. A white coating forms over each scratch.

ROYCE

I'm so sorry. Look, we need to report this incident so that...

Royce pulls a huge net from his bag. Sid pushes it back in.

SID

An investigation would keep the cat here longer. You don't want that.

Lynette hugs Sammy. She eyes Royce warily.

Sid turns towards her.

SID (CONT'D)

You make sure you hide Sammy. He's our little secret.

LYNETTE

Goodbye, Sid. You'll always be my favorite alien. And Sammy's too.

Sid bends down and pats her head.

SID

You take good care of him, okay? What happened wasn't his fault.

Lynette nods. She hurries off.

Royce shakes his head. He helps Sid peel off the shirt. An irregular patch of skin covers the rest of Sid's chest, mostly unmarked by the cat scratches.

ROYCE

Come on. Let's get you cleaned up. If someone who's now sterile can still be cleaned.

SID

Sterile? Look who's talking. At least I'm not impotent.

ROYCE

That's a low blow. And completely unproven.

INT. TRANSPORT SHUTTLE - DAY

VERN enters the recreation area of the shuttle barefoot. A single eyebrow flows across his forehead. Thick body hair spills out of the edges of his tank top and shorts.



He smirks at Kris' shoes.

VERN

You ladies sure like the kitchen.  
Is this food processor fixed yet?

BREE

It's a coffee maker. Keep using it  
for reheating and it'll end up on  
your preparation table.

VERN

Sooner or later, everyone does. I  
could make an opening for you.

Vern winks at her and saunters out of the room. Kris and Bree exchange a look.

BREE

Was that a threat or a proposition?

KRIS

He's harmless, I think. And cute in  
a certain sort of way, in a certain  
kind of light.

BREE

Don't tell me you find him attractive.

KRIS

His ass is nice and tight. And he  
does shave down there. But he must  
do something about the uni-brow on  
the other end.

Bree chokes on her coffee.

EXT. LAUNCH PLATFORM - DAY

MR SMITH and MRS SMITH carry their tote bags to the shuttle.  
Lynette's small bag has tiny round holes on one side. A  
remote control Hovercraft cart follows with more luggage.

LYNETTE

Daddy, what does sterilize mean?

MR. SMITH

It means to make something really,  
really clean. No germs at all. Why  
do you ask?

Lynette gives her tote bag a puzzled look. She gives her  
father an innocent smile.

LYNETTE

No reason.

MRS. SMITH

That's my little girl. Always full  
of scientific curiosity.

The Smith family boards the large transport shuttle that sits on a raised platform. The hatch closes.

An AIR MARSHALL in a safety vest stands in front of the transport. He gives a thumbs up to the PILOT. The pilot returns the signal.

A loud HISS is followed by PLUMES OF WHITE EXHAUST around the bottom edge of the transport. The Air Marshall moves his arms up and down to signal the transport to hover, then ascend. The shuttle clears the docking area.

The one from Earth arrives to take its place. It hovers over its own shadow as the air Marshall instructs. It sets down with a slight THUD. The air stairs lower on the Air Marshall's command.

Bree, Kris, Vern and several others disembark. They each take a large bag from the shuttle's cargo hold. Kris and Vern head for the men's changing area.

KRIS

So, what's your first impression  
upon returning to New Eden?

VERN

There are far more black people now.

KRIS

Are you racist?

VERN

Nah, just xenophobic.

OFFICER CORTEZ, a woman in a crisp red tunic and black slacks walks up to Bree. Her black hair is closely cropped. Her blue eyes command attention.

CORTEZ

Miss Norman? Welcome to New Eden.  
There are a few items we should  
discuss as soon as you've changed.

BREE

Please, call me Bree. I won't be  
long.

EXT. ARBORETUM WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Cortez leads Bree through a winding path that encircles the arboretum. Humans and aliens alike relax in several of the hot tubs in the hydroponics section. Rows of trees thinly disguise the buildings lining two sides of the arboretum.

CORTEZ

I understand your first assignment involves the power conduits.

BREE

Yes. It'll be a relief to work close to the ground again.

Cortez gives her a sidelong look and shrugs.

CORTEZ

Your file says you're quite athletic. I hope that includes a few workouts on the parallel bars.

BREE

From time to time. Does it matter?

CORTEZ

It might. Remember to keep your contract handy. My security term is extremely vigilant.

BREE

I prefer to think of this posting as a working holiday.

CORTEZ

We're all under contract here. It's how New Eden operates.

INT. NEW EDEN INFIRMARY - DAY

Sid peels the white film off of his scars. Royce looks at the back of one under a sophisticated electron microscope.

ROYCE

So far no sign of any severe reaction other than what we can assume. But it's not like you ever showed any interest in mating.

SID

I'd like to get my life back together before starting a family.

ROYCE

A mate might help you with that.

SID  
As if you'd know.

Royce turns away to hide the pain on his face from Sid. He takes the slide out of the microscope.

Sid MOANS. He holds his head in his hands.

Royce pulls a tiny scanner from his pants pocket. He waves it over Sid's head and puts it away quickly.

ROYCE  
Another flashback? Probably from the shock of those cat scratches. I can't imagine why humans are so fond of the darn things.

SID  
What did I do, Royce?

ROYCE  
Don't ask me. You're the one with re-coded DNA. It's up to you to remember the details. If you think you can live with them.

SID  
What if I can't?

ROYCE  
Then you'll probably be executed. I'm just glad we have the infirmary to ourselves. It makes keeping your cat in the bag that much easier.

EXT. ARBORETUM - DAY

Royce sits in a hot tub next to DIRECTOR EAGLE, a bald, smaller, older alien with more pronounced facial ridges. They're up to their necks in foam.

EAGLE  
How bad was it?

ROYCE  
It looked like a momentary spasm of pain in his forehead.

EAGLE  
That's to be expected. Do you have any idea what might have brought it on?

ROYCE

I suspect he might have had a small lab accident. He was probably too embarrassed to talk about it after losing the volunteer program.

EAGLE

At least his secrets don't hurt anyone now. Did he remember any details?

ROYCE

No. He seemed bewildered more than anything.

EAGLE

It's a good sign. But the program is far from perfect. Continue to monitor him.

ROYCE

He's not dangerous, is he?

EAGLE

I sure as hell hope not.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Large windows give a view of the arboretum. Cortez sits at a large table with Bree. Three officers in uniform stand at ease behind Cortez. She pulls out a data pad.

CORTEZ

What kind of rumors have you heard about New Eden?

BREE

Rumors? I thought this was an information session.

CORTEZ

It's better you start out knowing what isn't true. To begin with, this planet isn't haunted.

BREE

What? Why would anyone say something dumb like that?

CORTEZ

Not everyone has your scientific bent. What they don't understand they lie about.

BREE

Okay. What else?

CORTEZ

A few people are unaccounted for.  
Not just humans, some of the aliens  
aren't reporting in.

BREE

You mean they're missing.

CORTEZ

Not officially.

BREE

Of course not. That could hinder  
your investigation.

CORTEZ

Don't get me wrong. Most of the  
people here can be trusted. Although  
I wouldn't date outside the species.

The officers glance at each other with a smirk. One of them  
winks at Bree.

BREE

Thank you. This has been...  
Enlightening.

EXT. ARBORETUM - TWILIGHT

Vern carries a large green sample bag. Large leaves and odd  
looking trees cast spooky shadows around him in the fading  
light. He bends down near a bushy plant with a black marker.

He uses a small pair of pruning shears and collects a few  
leaves, the odd stem, a few flowers. A CRUNCH in the pathway  
behind him causes him to turn.

SID

Nice to see you again, Vern. How's  
your plant life hobby coming along?

Vern slowly and deliberately closes his bag. He stands up.

VERN

Actually, I'm surprised your people  
chose so many highly toxic plants.

SID

We appreciate those more for their  
aesthetic qualities.

Vern bends down and plucks an exotic pink bloom from one of  
the bushes. He holds it up.

VERN

You brought them all this way because you thought they were pretty?

SID

We also chose varieties that might prove useful for human pharmacology. We've studied the past several decades of your medicinal development.

VERN

And what did you think of our meager little attempts?

SID

Very impressive. Just think what our two species will accomplish here.

VERN

I suppose that might mean some form of cohabitation?

SID

Isn't that what we're doing now?

VERN

Yes, of course. I just meant... Forget it. It's, uh, it's been a long trip. I should have gotten more sleep.

SID

I'll let you get back to the plants.

VERN

Wait. I have another vial of nutrient supplements for you.

Vern tosses the bloom aside. He opens his bag and pulls out a plastic tube of red liquid. He throws it to Sid. Sid holds it up to the dim light.

SID

I appreciate this. But I'm about to switch to a different kind of research.

VERN

Let me know when your tests are complete. I'd love to hear your results.

SID

I'm not sure how much information my director will let me share.

He shrugs apologetically. Vern's face hardens into a mask of spite as he watches Sid's departure. He folds his arms across his chest.

The natural light fades completely. Blue night lights flash on all along the walkways of the arboretum. Vern looks around. He leans into the shadows of a large tree. He pulls out a cigarette and lights it. The tip glows an angry red.

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM - DAY

Bree strides along a catwalk fourteen feet above the floor. She stops and scowls at the network of conduits that hang a few feet lower.

She secures her tool bag to her belt and executes a perfect leap to catch one of the smaller conduits. She uses them like parallel bars to reach her target. She wraps her legs around one and holds onto another with her left hand.

She drapes her tool bag over a pipe next to her for easy access. She tightens every bolt within reach with a monkey wrench.

Sid enters the room.

Bree inhales sharply and drops the tool. It CLATTERS against the cement floor.

Sid walks over to it. He bends down and picks it up.

Bree hangs down from her knees. She tilts her head as she admires Sid from above. Sid taps the wrench against one hand as he looks around. He shrugs and starts to walk away.

BREE

Excuse me, I still need that.

Sid turns and looks up. He gives her a boyish grin.

SID

This tool is kind of old fashioned,  
isn't it?

BREE

Technology may change but a wrench  
is still a wrench. I need it back.

SID

Of course. I'll join you up there.

Sid takes a few quick steps and leaps onto the catwalk.



BREE

That's over twelve feet. How did you do that?

SID

My planet has stronger gravity. But we're nowhere near as graceful as you humans.

BREE

That looked pretty graceful to me.

SID

Exertion like that makes me thirsty. At this height my skin can absorb moisture directly from the air.

Sid puts the wrench down and holds his shirt open.

Bree works her way back to the catwalk. She jumps up beside him and ogles his exposed skin. Her eyes stray to the scars on his shoulder. She picks up the wrench.

BREE

So that's why there are so many pools and hot tubs here? They're not just decorative?

Sid closes his shirt.

SID

Decorative? No, our muscles stiffen if we're out of water too long. But we also need to avoid being submerged for long. It's a delicate balance.

BREE

I want to learn more about your species.

SID

I was planning on feeding in an hour. Will you join me at The Brine and Barnacle Cafe? It's a horrible name but the food's good.

BREE

Sure. If it won't disrupt your, uh, your feeding. I'll meet you after I've sent my progress report.

EXT. OUTSIDE WALKWAY OF BROADCAST TOWER - DAY

Bree taps the screen of an electronic communications device. She shakes her head and whacks it on the side.

BREE

Send, damn it.

Vern comes up behind her. He takes her shoulders and turns her in the opposite direction. The device BEEPS.

VERN

The satellite can't receive the signal when you're blocking it with own body. I, on the other hand, would love to receive all your signals.

Vern slides his hands down her arms and back up again. He nudges her ear with his nose.

BREE

I'm afraid you're just too much man for me.

Bree CLICKS off the device and pulls away from him.

VERN

I'm flexible. We could make it a threesome. Maybe after lunch?

BREE

Wouldn't another man make matters worse? Besides, I already have a lunch date.

VERN

Your loss.

INT. BRINE AND BARNACLE CAFE - DAY

The cafe interior has an aquatic theme, lots of blues and greens. Coral designs cover the walls. Aquariums with alien fish species serve as dividers for each section.

In the tank nearest Sid's table an angelfish is pursued by alien goldfish with shark-like teeth. The water takes on a pink tinge as the angelfish is devoured.

Sid spots Bree and stands up. He pulls out a chair for her.

BREE

Oh. Is this a custom on Spectra too?

SID

No. It's something I've seen humans do. Is it wrong?

BREE

Courtesy is never wrong. You must spend a lot of time observing human behavior.

SID

Not as much as I'd like. My research involves close personal contact with genetic material. Vern's the human I know the most.

BREE

Probably not the best specimen of my species. He doesn't relate well to others.

A WAITRESS in a bright orange top and skirt carries a large platter of dishes to the table.

SID

Have you tried the indigenous food?

BREE

No. You'll have to be my guide.

Sid selects several dishes. One bowl contains a liquid with small live fish. He swirls it around. The fish glow.

SID

These are what humans seem to enjoy the most.

(lowers his voice)

I never drink piscata. But you might like it.

Bree raises an eyebrow as she looks at the bowl.

BREE

I'll stick with coffee. I don't like things swimming in my drink.

Sid breaks into a grin. Then a more serious look comes across his face.

SID

Can I ask you for a favor?

BREE

Sure.

SID

Could you get me access into some of the human buildings? Earth architecture is one of my hobbies.

EXT. COMPOUND FOUR - DAY

Bree and Sid approach a guarded building. The burly MARINE closest to it steps in front of them. Bree holds up her mechanic's insignia.

BREE

The big guy's with me. You guys can take the afternoon off.

MARINE

Yes Ma'am. Thank you Ma'am.

The marine steps aside. He salutes as they pass. Sid awkwardly returns the motion.

Bree positions her face for the retinal scanner on the building wall. One door slides aside to reveal a second one. She places her palm against an electronic outline to open it. She types in a code for the third one.

SID

I've always wondered why this building was off limits.

BREE

It's partly a safety issue. This is one of our original water purification plants. I need to find out why it quit working.

SID

So the guards...

BREE

The Marines were there largely for show. Some aspects of human government still don't trust other...species.

INT. COMPOUND FOUR

Sid and Bree enter a huge room with emergency lights that fade in and out at irregular intervals.

BREE

The main power's out. That's always a bad sign. Hold on.

Bree consults a diagram on the wall. She walks a few feet further and feels around for a lever. She pulls it down.

Panels on the roof slide open. Sunlight floods in. The emergency lights go out.

The water filtration mechanism is covered with a thick film of dust.

SID  
Humans must spend a lot of time  
dreaming up structure.

BREE  
We have our moments. Look for  
anything that seems out of place.

Sid points to a pile of blankets and clothing in a corner.

SID  
What about that?

They walk over for a closer look. Sid squats down.

BREE  
This would make a really good hiding  
place.

Sid puts one hand against a support beam for balance and digs through the pile.

SID  
Everything here is from New Eden's  
cottage industries. There's nothing  
to identify the user.

BREE  
You mean the intruder. Don't lean  
on that beam. It looks like someone  
tried to cut through it.

The beam GROANS against Sid's weight. He pulls his hand back as it gives way.

A piece of glass is dislodged from the ceiling. It plunges into Bree's leg. She SCREAMS. The insignia on her top flashes red.

INT. VERN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vern holds a pornographic magazine up to ogle the centerfold.

VERN  
Aloha, Miss July.

On the wall an electronic display of buildings in the area lights up in green. A red light flashes to represent the water treatment plant. A SIREN goes off.

Vern glances at the display. He shoves the magazine into a desk drawer. He zips up his pants.

VERN (CONT'D)

Computer, are there any other medical personnel in the area of the victim?

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Negative. All other human medical personnel are currently out of rotation. The only human medical officer present is the coroner.

VERN

I guessed as much. Thanks for nothing.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

You're most welcome.

INT. COMPOUND FOUR - CONTINUOUS

Sid reaches for the glass in Bree's leg. She grabs his arm while she tries not to look at the injury. Her words are strained.

BREE

Don't pull it out. I could bleed to death. We have to wait for the medical response team.

SID

But you're in so much pain. How can I help?

BREE

Keep me from going into shock. Talk to me, keep me conscious. My elevated heart rate should have triggered an alert.

SID

I just remembered something.

Sid bends down and kisses her lips. Bree smiles.

BREE

What was that for?

SID

Vern told me human women feel less pain when they're aroused. Did it work?

BREE

If you tell me that's all you have to offer I'll be very disappointed.

Sid frowns.

Bree chuckles before the pain takes over again.

Vern rushes in, unnoticed by either of them. In one hand he holds an emergency kit. In the other he has a long syringe.

VERN

Hey. What the hell are you two up to?

Sid pulls away from Bree with a confused expression on his face.

Vern kneels beside Bree.

SID

I was just trying to be of assistance.

Vern tilts his head with a calculating frown. He nods slightly as he jabs the needle into Bree's arm. She winces. He uses a hand held x-ray unit to scan the injury.

VERN

(to himself)

Yes, I suppose you would try to help.

SID

What was that, Vern?

VERN

Nothing. It looks like a long thin piece of glass. A simple cut and paste job.

BREE

Vern, what are you doing here?  
Where's the medic on duty?

VERN

Right now I'm it. Everyone else has some time off.

BREE

Great. Remind me not to need a doctor for a while.

VERN

Too late for regrets. Sid, when I tell you to, yank the glass straight up. I'll put some sealant and disinfectant on it first.

SID

She won't bleed to death?

VERN

I'll close it too quickly for that.  
But yeah, humans tend to complain if  
you withdraw a large penetrating  
object too quickly.

Vern winks at Bree as he applies the chemicals. The pained  
look on her face turns into a scowl.

BREE

You dirty minded...

VERN

Now, Sid.

Sid yanks the glass out. Vern uses his fingers to pinch the  
wound closed.

Bree faints.

SID

Bree.

VERN

Don't worry. She's never been able  
to stand the sight of blood.

EXT. DARWIN COLONY, FIVE MILES AWAY - EVENING

A canopy of tree branches help the tents and buildings to  
blend into the surrounding wilderness. The ENGINE ROAR of a  
space shuttle overhead dies away. The colonists come out of  
hiding.

It's a MIXED CROWD of humans and Spectral aliens. Several  
wear hikers and camouflage clothing.

SHAMUS PLINTH, an alien with a scarred burnt face, yanks on  
a rope. At the other end of the rope GALBRAITH, an alien  
with gray hair, stumbles out of a cottage and down the steps.

SHAMUS

It's so nice of you to honor us with  
your presence, Professor.

Galbraith tries to shield his eyes with his bound hands. He  
winces against the daylight.

GALBRAITH

I'll never help you destroy New Eden.

SHAMUS

Once you see the bigger picture you'll  
come around.



Galbraith holds out his arms.

GALBRAITH

This isn't the way to win me over.

SHAMUS

Don't blame me. You're the one who keeps running off.

GALBRAITH

I wanted to be left in peace.

SHAMUS

Be thankful we found you before the marines. Did you think you were being clever?

GALBRAITH

Not clever enough.

SHAMUS

Don't sell yourself short. We couldn't have gotten this far without your marvelous red liquid.

GALBRAITH

When the humans find out about this...

SHAMUS

It's a human who's buying it. All of it.

Galbraith's mouth falls open. He regains his composure quickly.

GALBRAITH

Tell me, Shamus, what use do you suppose a human would have for my bio-slurry?

A nearby human, KIRSTEN WILD, rubs her nearly full term tummy. She wears a frilly white blouse and green shorts. She tilts her head as she works her long dark hair into a pony tail.

KIRSTEN

He's got you there, Shamus. Vern could cause problems for us. And he still hasn't delivered all the medical supplies he promised.

INT. NEW EDEN MEDICAL COMPOUND - DAY

Bree sits up in a hospital bed. She reads a thick book. A bandage covers part of her leg.

Sid carries OSCAR into the room, an animal that looks like a small canine but has five short thick tentacles as well.

Bree puts her book down.

BREE

What have you got there?

SID

Say hello to Oscar. He's one of my early experiments. Well, more like an early accident I guess.

Oscar's tentacles twitch out of sync with his tail. He covers Bree's face with wet sloppy kisses.

Bree grins. Her smile disappears as Vern enters the room. Vern scowls as he removes her bandage.

VERN

What's that abomination doing here?

SID

Don't worry. Oscar's completely harmless. I thought he might keep Bree company.

VERN

I suppose we must allow for pets. It's better than you wasting your valuable research time.

SID

Studies show Oscar might even be a bit telepathic.

One of Oscar's tentacles stretches. It starts to reach in Vern's direction. He slaps it.

Oscar YELPS, then GROWLS.

VERN

Offhand, I'd say no.

Vern looks at Bree's wound. Only a thin scar remains.

VERN (CONT'D)

But I'll admit that your seaweed concoction is a very effective healing agent.

BREE

So when I can I get out of here?

VERN

Promise to take it easy and you're good to go. But I don't want you working until a regular doctor clears you. I won't be held responsible.

Vern turns to Sid. He points at Oscar.

VERN (CONT'D)

Does that thing have a current rabies shot?

SID

Nothing leaves my lab without full sterilization.

EXT. CENTRAL PLAZA - EVENING

Separate cooking areas are set up for different kinds of meat. Stylized picnic tables surround each area. Most diners wear colorful tunics with shorts and sandals.

Sid and Royce are engaged in a table top game similar to chess. Sid spots Bree. He jumps up to greet her.

SID

Bree, I'm glad you could make it.  
How's the leg?

Bree walks with a slight limp. She accepts Sid's arm for support.

BREE

Thanks to you the pain's nearly gone.

SID

Come meet Royce. He's my cohort and source of superfluous data. He's in training to fly human spaces shuttles.

ROYCE

Sid seems to find you quite interesting. He hardly talks about anything else now.

BREE

That's very flattering. I think.  
Sid, what's wrong?

Sid stares at her. His eyes narrow.

Royce slips the scanner from his pocket and does a discreet scan.

SID  
I'm sorry. I must have skipped a  
beat there. I guess I must not be  
getting enough sleep.

BREE  
For a moment you looked like you  
could kill someone.

SID  
(startled)  
Me?

INT. VERN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Vern stands beside a large window. He pulls out a document  
from a thick file. Kris edges closer. Vern glances at him.

VERN  
You're standing in my personal space.

KRIS  
I'm basking in your manliness.  
(sniffs Vern's shirt)  
Were you at the cookout last night?  
I didn't see you there.

VERN  
I had a lot of work to do. I ate  
and left.

KRIS  
You do that a lot. It's not healthy.  
Of all people you should know better.

VERN  
What are you gonna do? Bury me?

Kris raises his eyebrows. He rubs his hands across Vern's  
back. Vern convulses.

KRIS  
I can never tell when you're making  
a sexual innuendo.

Vern spins around and slaps the file down on his desk.

VERN  
With you assume it's never. The  
only reason I allow you in my office  
is to take care of the paperwork.

KRIS  
It's called administration.  
(MORE)

KRIS (CONT'D)

And I wouldn't have to spend so much time here if you'd keep on top of it.

VERN

I've a good mind to throw you out.

KRIS

Go ahead. Then you can explain to Ops why you're three weeks behind in your records.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DIRECTOR EAGLE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Sid holds up his hand to knock on the door. He pauses as VOICES within catch his attention.

INT. DIRECTOR EAGLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office is filled with so many plants it almost seems like an extension of the arboretum the picture window overlooks. Director Eagle paces in front of his own desk.

His beautiful long legged alien wife MYRA sits in the chair. Her facial ridges are mirrored opposites of his. Her golden hair frames her cheeks and neck in soft curls.

EAGLE

I know you're fond of Sid. But you must not tell him.

MYRA

He has a right to know. The council's decision affects his future on New Eden. It might even void his contract.

EAGLE

Exactly. And with his background we don't know how he'll react.

MYRA

You should have more faith in him. He hasn't given up.

The director goes to the window and and looks out at the tree. He turns around to face Myra.

EAGLE

His failure to produce a single hybrid baby has doomed New Eden, perhaps even to war. The peace treaty requires our species to intermingle.

MYRA

Reproduction is only one  
interpretation. Mating without  
offspring might be a viable option.  
Perhaps he needs personal experience.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DIRECTOR EAGLE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sid looks at the door. His hand drops to his side. He starts  
to walk away.

Royce comes around the corner.

ROYCE

Hey, Buddy. Why the long face?

Sid brushes past him.

Royce catches up to him.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Hey, don't be insulted. I'm asking  
why you're so dejected. It's one of  
those human expressions.

SID

Human?

Sid stops. Royce nearly runs into him.

SID (CONT'D)

Have you seen Bree?

ROYCE

Yeah, a few hours ago. She said she  
was going to spend time in one of  
the hot tubs tonight.

SID

Perfect.

EXT. ARBORETUM - EVENING

Sid slips off his robe and sits on the edge of the hot tub.

Bree looks up at him from the other side. Her eyes linger  
on the scratches on his shoulder.

Sid motions toward the water.

Bree nods.

Sid slips in.

BREE

Those scars looks painful.

SID

It was a lab accident...with a cat.

BREE

Do they still hurt?

SID

No. They're just sensitive to touch.

BREE

Can I? Touch them?

Sid nods. He stares at Bree's fingertips as they trace his scars over and under the surface of the water. He swallows involuntarily. He puts his hand over hers.

SID

It seems they're more sensitive than I thought.

He gazes into her eyes. Bree glances down.

BREE

I never liked cats either. I'm more of a dog person.

SID

Really? You're a hybrid? I didn't know that was possible for your species.

BREE

You're cute when you feign ignorance. Have you ever been to Earth?

Sid puts his arms around her and pulls her to him.

SID

Just once. There was a lot of security. Some humans don't appreciate alien contact.

Bree brushes a fingertip over his lips. He kisses her hand.

BREE

I don't approve of such ignorant thinking.

Sid slips his fingers under her bikini clasp. He unhooks it.

SID

It's such a shame. I wanted to really explore your planet. Perhaps they're afraid contact would be risky.

Bree inhales sharply.

BREE

I think people should be willing to take risks.

Sid strokes her back. He kisses her neck.

Bree reaches for the hot tub controls. She presses a button for more bubbles.

The water churns.

Several yards away Vern examines cuttings that sprout in shallow water. The THRUM of the hot tub catches his attention. He stands up and peers around the tree. His mouth gapes at the sight of the lovers.

INT. SID'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

An unused vial of red liquid lies on the night stand.

Sid and Bree sleep on Sid's bed. Sid's arms hold Bree loosely. Bree opens her eyes. She looks around until she spots the digital readout on a CLOCK.

The numbers are Spectral symbols. Bree frowns.

BREE

Computer, translate the time.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

It is now Four-Fifty-Five.

Bree turns and kisses Sid's cheek. She moves his arms. He reaches out in his sleep and tries to pull her back. She removes his arms again and disentangles herself from the blankets.

EXT. BRINE AND BARNACLE CAFE - MORNING

TWO SABOTEURS in camouflage sneak up to the back of the cafe. One of them is Human, the other is Spectral. The human pulls a gelatinous glove with fingerprint templates from his bag. His alien partner tries the door. It opens readily.

The human gives the hand scanner on the door frame a disgusted look. He puts the glove away. The alien grins.



INT. BRINE AND BARNACLE CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

The saboteurs split up. The human grabs a portable cooler and fills it with jars and packages from several different storage bins. The alien pours red liquid into three different broths.

The human waits for his partner to finish. The alien grabs the other end of the cooler and the two of them hurry towards the door.

EXT. DARWIN SETTLEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kirsten paces as she stares down a path through the woods. Her belly is much closer to a normal size. She spots the saboteurs and hurries towards them.

KIRSTEN

Did you get the formula?

Before they can respond Shamus comes up behind her. He puts a hand on her shoulder as they continue on to the settlement.

SHAMUS

I told you before, pureed food is good enough for your baby. Taking specialized items would give us away. One child isn't worth that.

KIRSTEN

You might have a different opinion if it was your baby.

SHAMUS

But it's not, is it? Why won't you tell us who the father is?

Kirsten glares defiantly at him.

KIRSTEN

That's between him and me.

SHAMUS

And his child. It's her right to know.

KIRSTEN

Maybe I'll take her back to New Eden.

SHAMUS

New Eden will soon be gone. So leave while you can. Go back to Earth if you want. But the infant stays.

Kirsten bites her lip. She starts to follow the saboteurs back to Darwin.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)  
(calls after her)  
That's what I thought.

INT. KIRSTEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She rocks her baby in the make-shift nursery. It starts to fuss.

KIRSTEN  
Shhh. Don't cry. Everything will  
be all right.

Kirsten strokes the back of the baby's head. She frowns. She turns it around and examines the skin beneath the fine brown hair. She recoils.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF A RUSTIC CABIN - DAY

Kirsten holds her baby in front of the barred door and knocks.

KIRSTEN  
Professor Galbraith. Are you in  
there?

GALBRAITH (O.S.)  
I stepped out for a while. And  
please, don't call me Professor  
anymore.

Kirsten turns to find him behind her.

KIRSTEN  
Thank goodness you're still here. I  
think there's something wrong with  
my baby. I found ridges or something  
on her head.

GALBRAITH  
How interesting. Let's have a look.

Galbraith takes the baby and runs his hand along its head.

KIRSTEN  
Is this normal for, for...

GALBRAITH  
Go ahead, say it. They'll find out  
sooner or later.

Galbraith glances at the guards within earshot.

KIRSTEN

Is it normal for a Spectral child?

Galbraith smiles. He nods.

GALBRAITH

It's quite normal. And it's the reason Shamus will never let you take her away. She's the firstborn of New Eden.

KIRSTEN

Don't you mean the firstborn of Darwin Colony?

GALBRAITH

My people expect a father to give his child relevance in the world. I suggest you make some effort to get in touch with him.

KIRSTEN

How am I supposed to do that?

GALBRAITH

I can't help you without knowing who the father is.

Kirsten bites her lip.

KIRSTEN

You have to promise to keep it to yourself.

Galbraith nods. Kirsten motions for him to bend down. She whispers in his ear. His eyebrows arch.

GALBRAITH

Now that might change a few things.

INT. SID'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sid's hand gropes the wrinkled blanket next to him. His eyes open. He presses a green button on the nightstand.

SID

(sadly)

Computer, what time did the medical team remove the human female from this room?

COMPUTER (V.O.)

No human has been removed from this room.

Sid blinks. He sits up. He looks around cautiously. A puzzled look crosses his face.

SID

Then when did the human female leave this room?

COMPUTER (V.O.)

One human female left this room at Zero-Five-Hundred hours.

SID

That means she's alive and well.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Your query is not recognized. Please restate.

Sid yanks off the blankets. He rushes out. He runs back in and pulls on his pants.

INT. SID'S LAB - DAY

Sid furiously scribbles Spectral characters and diagrams on a large display board. His features are scrunched tight in concentration. The buttons done up on his shirt are misaligned.

SID (V.O.)

She didn't slip into a coma. Why? What makes her different from the others? Youth? Health? What? Strength?

Sid closes his eyes. He inhales deeply and SIGHS.

SID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She was strong. And yet so sweet and tender. What a female. Maybe we could...

Sid is startled out of his reverie as Royce throws open the door and barges in.

ROYCE

So this is where you've been hiding. Why did you miss the council meeting this morning?

SID

Huh? Oh, I'm sorry. I had this incredible breakthrough last night.  
(suddenly looks around)  
Hey, they've fixed the lighting. It's so much brighter in here.

Royce frowns and looks up. He sniffs the air. His face breaks into a grin.

ROYCE

The only thing different in here is you, you sly devil. And to think I was worried the cat scratches had sterilized you.

SID

You're not making sense. Maybe I should examine your head.

ROYCE

Maybe you should examine yourself. You finally mated, didn't you?

SID

What? No. How could you think that?

Royce motions with his hand. He squints and inhales deeply.

ROYCE

It's that new father smell. There's nothing like the aroma of a freshly mated male.

SID

Have you gone insane?

ROYCE

Is it TILDA? Please tell me it's not Tilda. That'd be too weird.

SID

I have no interest in mating with your sister.

ROYCE

Not now. Okay. Don't tell me. I'll figure it out all on my own.

Royce strides energetically towards the door.

SID

(calls after him)

Thanks for listening to my breakthrough. Weirdo.

EXT. HUMAN QUARTERS, PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Bree yawns and stretches. She reclines in a lounge.

Kris pours her a mug of coffee. He sits down next to her. He teases her with the cup before he lets her take it.

KRIS

Hold the volcano, we've lost the virgin.

BREE

How did you know?

KRIS

I suspected when your moans didn't wake me up last night. Sid?

Bree nods. Kris gets up and gives her half a hug.

KRIS (CONT'D)

My little girl, all grown up.

BREE

Get off. It's not that big a deal.

KRIS

Not that big a deal? Today you are a woman.

BREE

This woman will cut you down to size if you don't stop fussing.

Vern storms onto the patio deck. He holds up a virtual clipboard outlined by a glowing green strip. His black scribbles appear to dance as he waves it around.

VERN

Have you seen this? Two of the aliens used a hot tub to spawn last night. They didn't even clean it. I had to sterilize it myself.

Kris tilts his head towards Bree. She rolls her eyes.

KRIS

Wow. I didn't know they spawn. Did you know they spawn, Bree?

BREE

It's news to me. Why do you suppose they used the hot tub?

KRIS

Maybe it's the hot tub they hatched in. Maybe they had to swim upstream to get back to it.

BREE

Oh. I get it. Like salmon.

Vern scowls. His hands start to shake. The glowing outline of the clipboard dances as he hurls it to the floor. With a BUZZ it disappears into the microcomputer that sustains its program.

VERN

You don't realize how serious this is. If the aliens get too comfortable here the next step is an invasion.

BREE

That's crazy. Why would they want to invade Earth?

A strange look crosses Vern's face. He calmly bends down to pick up the microcomputer. He slips it into his pocket and gives Bree a thin smile.

VERN

You're right. Of course. I've let my imagination run wild. The thought of bacteria makes me a little crazy.

Bree and Kris watch him walk away. Kris smirks.

KRIS

Only a little?

INT. BRINE AND BARNACLE CAFE - AFTERNOON

Bree and Sid sit at a table near the kitchen. Servers rush about to bring food to customers. Sid leans towards Bree.

SID

I forgot. There's a shift change today. A lot of people have the day off. We might be here a while.

BREE

I don't mind. I've got good company.

At a table behind them an alien child pouts. He climbs on his chair. He dumps the liquid in his bowl into an aquarium within his reach. The two adults at his table don't notice.

SID (O.S.)

Listen, about last night...

Inside the aquarium the fish start to swim frantically. They dive, spiral and swim into each another. The child grins as the fish float to the surface. He turns around. One of the adults at his table lifts a spoon.

BREE (O.S.)

I think it's too soon to talk about  
it. Let's just...have our lunch.

The boy's mouth falls open. He reaches over and knocks the adult's spoon away. He grabs the bowl and flings it away. Liquid splashes people at the next table.

The bowl CRASHES into an aquarium and knocks a water pump out of its housing. The water pump waves about and CRASHES through the glass of another aquarium. Water splashes in all directions.

ASSORTED FISH land with a PLOP. They FLOP ABOUT on tables, chairs and the floor.

People SCREAM. A human who turns his head suddenly loses his hair piece into his coffee.

A diner across the room falls to the floor with a THUD. Other customers choke. Some grasp their throats. Several throw up. More people SCREAM and YELL for help.

Bree turns away from the commotion. She looks at the chair Sid used to be in. She looks around and then down.

BREE (CONT'D)

Sid? Oh my God, Sid.

Bree kneels next to Sid on the floor. She tries to check for a pulse. She frowns, opens his mouth and sticks her finger inside.

Sid GAGS and spits out liquid.

EXT. BRINE AND BARNACLE CAFE PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Several medics attend to affected diners. Small ambulance vans with LIGHTS and SIRENS pull away with others. Cortez and several OFFICERS in similar uniforms take statements from people.

Sid sits on a bench with a blanket over his shoulders. Next to him Bree holds his hand.

BREE

How do you feel?

SID

Better. Although I'm afraid I've made a poor impression on you.

BREE

I'm just glad you're alright.



SID

Where were we before we were so rudely interrupted?

Cortez comes over to them.

CORTEZ

That's what I'd like to know. When did you first notice something was wrong?

SID

The sauce for my fish tasted strange.

CORTEZ

Did you notice anything wrong with your meal, Bree?

BREE

No. I had a burger.

CORTEZ

And then what happened?

SID

I woke up on the floor. I was choking, I think.

BREE

There was a lot of noise and when I turned back Sid was already on the floor. I tried to induce vomiting.

CORTEZ

Why?

BREE

I, uh, I couldn't find a pulse and I didn't know what else to do. I guess I panicked.

CORTEZ

You may have saved his life. Several people are still unconscious.

EXT. ENTRY TO THE CRYPT CAVERNS - EVENING

Vern pushes a wheeled cart out of the cavern. The body on it is covered with a cryogenic blanket. It stirs as wisps of frost escape into the air.

VERN

Just relax.

He takes a vial of red liquid from his lab coat's inside pocket. He empties its contents into a hypodermic needle. He stabs a bit of exposed skin with it. He pulls the blanket aside to monitor the results.

The man's eyes and mouth snap open. The spark of life is replaced by the glassy stare of death. Vern pulls the blanket back. He leans down to whisper to the covered head.

VERN (CONT'D)

That's the last time you'll steal  
one of my lovers, isn't it? Learned  
your lesson now, haven't you?

Vern stands up and whacks the corpse's shoulder. An arm falls out from under the blanket. Vern looks around as he tucks it back in. He proceeds down the path with the corpse.

INT. DARWIN COMMUNITY HALL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Shamus looks over the meager food supply in the freezers and cupboards. Kirsten watches him with an unhappy expression.

SHAMUS

Looks like we need to borrow more  
provisions from New Eden.

KIRSTEN

If you destroy the colony you'll  
have to find your own food. We all  
will.

SHAMUS

Minor details. Our greenhouses are  
about to produce their first crops.

KIRSTEN

And what about that meat you're so  
fond of? Or have you changed your  
mind about livestock farming?

SHAMUS

Once the Earth animals are gone we'll  
rely on aquatics. This planet is  
mostly ocean.

Galbraith walks in with a large box. He gingerly places it on a table.

KIRSTEN

What's this?

Galbraith gives her a sad look.

GALBRAITH

This is Darwin's final answer to the interplanetary peace initiative.

Kirsten looks in the box. She glares at Shamus.

KIRSTEN

Explosives? Why?

SHAMUS

Nothing else seems to work. The only thing you humans care about is when the peace is disturbed.

KIRSTEN

That does it. I'm going to report you right now.

Shamus holds up his arms and snaps his fingers. From nearby an infant's SCREAM is heard.

Kirsten moves towards the door. Shamus blocks her.

SHAMUS

You say anything and your baby dies.

KIRSTEN

You won't harm her. She's too important to your plans.

SHAMUS

She's a freak of nature, a damn hybrid. I'll use her any way I want.

Kirsten gives Galbraith a pleading look. He shakes his head meekly and stares at the floor. Kirsten turns back to Shamus.

KIRSTEN

What kind of evil hold could you have over such a respected scientist? Of your own species, no less.

SHAMUS

He has friends in low places. Vern told him all about the humans' plan to take this planet for themselves.

Kirsten goes up to Galbraith and slaps him across the face.

KIRSTEN

Next time get your information from someone who tells the truth.

She shoves Shamus aside and storms out of the room. Shamus puts a hand on Galbraith's shoulder.

SHAMUS

It seems human women are nearly as complicated as our own.

Galbraith rubs his cheek and looks at the box of explosives.

EXT. NEW EDEN POWER PLANT, BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Vern shivers in the cold outside the metal door. He checks his watch, looks around, checks his watch again. A movement in the shadows makes him jump.

VERN

Damn it, Galbraith. Don't do that.

GALBRAITH

Sorry. I thought you would have heard me coming.

VERN

Have you got the stuff?

GALBRAITH

Yeah, let's do it.

Galbraith hands Vern some of the explosive. Vern packs two small bits of it around the door frame hinges. Galbraith yanks him down and shoots a small ray gun at it.

Two small EXPLOSIONS flash. The door swings open with a CREAK.

VERN

How long?

An ALARM sounds in the distance.

GALBRAITH

Less time than we thought. A minute, maybe. Here.

Galbraith hands Vern a miniature grenade. Vern fingers the sticky substance that coats the widest part of it. Some of it sticks to his hand. He rubs it on his pant leg.

VERN

You're always so well prepared. I'm impressed.

GALBRAITH

Just hurry up.

Vern yanks the pin and tosses the grenade at a relay box. It adheres to the surface. Both men crouch down.

VERN

Five, four...

The grenade EXPLODES. All artificial lighting in and around New Eden goes out. Vern and Galbraith are in nearly total darkness.

GALBRAITH

Nice timing. Did you have to take out the backup lights too?

VERN

I don't suppose you brought a flashlight?

GALBRAITH

What's a flashlight?

Vern GRUNTS his exasperation. Galbraith switches on a small light.

GALBRAITH (CONT'D)

You don't have much of a sense of humor, do you?

VERN

I'm laughing on the inside. Let's get out of here.

EXT. ARBORETUM - CONTINUOUS

Vern and Galbraith wrestle a black body bag off a cart. They set it down to the side of one of the unlit walkways.

GALBRAITH

Can I ask you something?

VERN

If you have to.

GALBRAITH

Are you certain Earth wants the entire planet for humans? Not just New Eden?

VERN

Yup. The whole damn space ball. Help me with this zipper.

Galbraith GAGS. He covers his mouth with his hand as body fluids spill out of the bag.

GALBRAITH

Why can't we just leave him in there?

VERN

If we did it wouldn't look like he was poisoned at the restaurant, would it? Look, murder is a messy business.

GALBRAITH

I don't seem to have your stomach for it.

VERN

What kind of scientist are you? Aside from the cause of death this is all quite natural.

GALBRAITH

Nature's a lousy housekeeper.

INT. DIRECTOR EAGLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Director Eagle stands in front of the window with his hands behind his back. Sid stands beside him. Their view overlooks the brightly lit walkways of the arboretum.

SID

The humans did a great job in designing this place.

EAGLE

They found a human corpse out there. Poor sap must have stumbled over from the restaurant. It could create problems.

SID

What? You said there was nothing to worry about.

EAGLE

Maybe I've given you too much freedom. Perhaps your rehabilitation is incomplete.

SID

I'm not the man I was, Director.

EAGLE

Things are getting...complicated. I want you to limit your experiments to lower life forms, nothing sentient.

SID

What if the hybrids turn out to be sentient by accident?

The director gives him a withering look.

SID (CONT'D)

It was a joke, Director. A bad one.  
I'll take care of things.

EAGLE

You'd better. If you become  
unmanageable we can force you to  
mate. That should distract you.

SID

I doubt that would work.

EAGLE

My spouse has noticed you, Sid. I  
hope you'll remember everything I've  
done for you.

SID

Director, I would never...

Tears form on the director's cheeks. He inhales sharply and  
wipes them away.

EAGLE

It's not you I'm worried about. Now  
get back to work.

EXT. AQUAMARINE CAFE PATIO - DAY

Sid and Royce share a table at the patio outside one of many  
cafes in the shopping area of the settlement. Royce shakes  
his head as he looks at the six empty mugs in front of Sid.

ROYCE

You're definitely fathering with  
someone. No man drinks this much in  
one sitting if he isn't.

SID

You know that's not possible.  
Remember Sammy? The scratches?

ROYCE

Maybe you got lucky. Look, it's  
perfectly natural. I don't see why...

(gasps)

You mated with that human, didn't  
you?

The two of them glance around. Sid holds up a mug and nods  
to a waitress for another drink.

SID

It was a legitimate way to continue my research. She was willing enough. But that can't be called mating.

ROYCE

At what point did she go into a coma?

SID

(smugly)  
She's fine.

ROYCE

No. But how?

SID

Maybe it's because she's already a hybrid. She said she's a dog person.

ROYCE

What else did she say?

SID

I don't remember. It was a bit hard to concentrate at the time. I had no idea it would be that engrossing.

ROYCE

Did you manage to impregnate her?

SID

Certainly not. I don't think so. I wonder...

ROYCE

You'll never look at her in quite the same way, will you?

INT. NEW EDEN POWER PLANT - DAY

Bree examines the remains of the relay box. Kris stands next to her.

KRIS

What do you think? Lightning?

BREE

I doubt it. These relay units are supposed to be coated with a new non-conducting polymer.

KRIS

What should I put in my report?



BREE

I don't want to call it sabotage just yet. Can you hold off on your report until Cortez and her team look it over?

Kris wrinkles his eyebrows.

KRIS

I suppose I could put it down as an unexpected energy supply shortage.

BREE

Ops won't find that strange?

KRIS

Of course they will. But with all the excuses I've had to make for Vern they've come to expect strange.

Bree returns her attention to the relay unit. Kris leans down and whispers to her.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Here comes lover boy.

Bree turns around.

BREE

Sid. What brings you here?

SID

Our research labs require quite a bit of electricity. The director was wondering how long until the power comes back on.

Kris squeezes his shoulders and rubs his back.

KRIS

I'm needed elsewhere. You two figure things out.

Sid watches him go. He shrugs.

SID

He's very friendly to other men, isn't he?

BREE

That's Kris. Are there guys like him back on Spectra?

SID

We don't talk about it.

BREE

Do you like me more than other humans?

Sid takes her shoulders and kisses her.

SID

I've done things with you I never dreamed of doing. I think we should continue with the next steps.

BREE

What next steps?

SID

Perhaps it's better if I show you. I mean, if you're willing.

BREE

Since I have to wait for parts before I can do more, why not?

EXT. NEW EDEN WILDERNESS PRESERVE - DAY

Sid leads Bree past giant trees into a clearing. Beyond the grassy shore a blue-green lake spreads before them. Sid sits on a large shale rock. Bree spins around in the sunlight.

BREE

It's gorgeous. New Eden is wonderful but this takes my breath away.

She looks at Sid.

BREE (CONT'D)

You're awfully quiet.

SID

I'm not sure I have the right words for what I need to tell you.

BREE

This sounds ominous.

SID

It's nothing bad, really. At least I don't think it's bad. It's just... natural.

Sid stands up and hugs her.

SID (CONT'D)

Remember what we did in the hot tub?

BREE

Of course. How could I forget that?

SID

What if there's something more?  
Physically, I mean.

BREE

This is about that puffy patch of  
skin on your chest, isn't it?

Sid steps back and unbuttons his shirt. He takes another  
step back when Bree tries to touch him.

SID

Normally a female of my species would  
implant her eggs and I'd carry them  
for a few days.

BREE

Are you saying we're incompatible?

SID

Maybe. For reproduction. But with  
enough scientific intervention a  
hybrid child might be possible.

Bree steps forward and caresses his chest.

BREE

It wasn't about having children in  
the hot tub and it isn't about having  
children now. I just want to be  
with you for as long as possible.

SID

Then that might be enough.

BREE

For what?

SID

I need some female companionship for  
at least a few hours to balance my  
hormones.

BREE

So it doesn't bother you when I do  
this?

Bree puts her head against his other shoulder and kisses the  
extra skin on his chest.

SID

Don't stop.

Behind them a low GROWL begins. It builds as they turn towards the source.

BREE

Oh shit.

SID

Too late for that. Run.

Sid grabs her hand and they race towards the hillside.

INT. CRYPT CAVERNS - MOMENTS LATER

Sid tugs at Bree's hand. She stares at the stalactites and stalagmites.

SID

It's alright. The animal won't follow us in here. The extreme change in atmosphere puts them off.

BREE

Are these the Crypt Caverns I've heard about?

SID

Yes. Steady temperature all year long, natural rock formations...

BREE

And ancient crypts of an alien species that predates both of ours?

SID

That's the rumor. But no-one's ever found an ancient body.

BREE

Why's there so much light down there?

SID

It's used as a research laboratory. Scientists often leave their stuff here.

INT. INCUBATOR FACILITY HALLWAY - DAY

Director Eagle leads Kris to a door opposite one with the symbol of a cracked egg. Kris carries several large boxes.

KRIS

I still don't see why my office had to be relocated.

EAGLE

Do you object to working among us?

KRIS

Not at all. I like getting to know new people. It's just...

Eagle gives him a dubious look.

KRIS (CONT'D)

I spent a lot of time getting my office the way I wanted it.

EAGLE

Then I think you'll be pleased. This was the only location with enough old fashioned power outlets.

Eagle leans in front of Kris and opens the door.

INT. KRIS' NEW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kris inhales sharply. His new office is a SHRINE TO THE 1950's; fuzzy dice on the desk, a Wurlitzer style jukebox and a drink counter with bar stools. Black and white tiles cover the floor.

EAGLE

I hear we share a fascination with a certain period of Earth's history. If you're willing to share the rent and let me visit...

KRIS

Yes. Yes. Any time at all. I can't believe you went to all this work.

Kris starts to giggle. He explores the room and gingerly reaches for the fuzzy dice. He drapes them around his neck and spins around on one of the stools. He squats in front of the jukebox.

EAGLE

They say it used to need some old human currency to work. Maybe that's why I could never get it going.

Kris checks all his pockets. He finds an ancient quarter and holds it up.

KRIS

It's my talisman for good luck.

Eagle grins as Kris drops it into the machine and selects a song. A SONG FROM THE '50's starts to play.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Let's dance.

EAGLE

What? With each other?

KRIS

Do you see anybody else in this room?

EAGLE

Well, no. But...

Kris grabs him and they start to dance. The director grins.

INT. NEW EDEN INVESTIGATIVE SERVICES LAB - DAY

DOCTOR CHAN frowns at the computer screen in front of him. He shakes his head. Cortez stands behind him.

CORTEZ

I can't read your mind and the computer screen is in Spectral characters. What's it say?

CHAN

I've only seen this substance on the Spectral home planet. It doesn't exist on Earth. It shouldn't be here, either.

CORTEZ

So what is it?

CHAN

Humans can't pronounce the scientific name. In layman's terms it's called bio-slurry.

CORTEZ

Slurry? Like in pottery?

CHAN

Sort of. It connects DNA strands that don't bind on their own. Our friends have been using it to create hybrid plant species.

CORTEZ

Are you saying some of this stuff got out of their labs?

CHAN

It's possible.

Cortez starts to pace. Chan turns back to his computer.

CORTEZ

What effect would it have on humans?

CHAN

It's scientifically unethical to use a substance like this on sentient beings or animals. It's only for plant life.

CORTEZ

And yet Sid created Oscar.

CHAN

That was an accident.

CORTEZ

That's what he claims. What if he went ahead with unauthorized experiments? Where does a scientist draw the line?

CHAN

Now see here...

Chan turns around and nearly runs into her.

CHAN (CONT'D)

Would you quit pacing?

CORTEZ

Sorry, Doctor. I'm just trying to find answers. Do all the samples from the diners contain bio-slurry?

Chan turns back to his computer. He taps the keyboard. The screen turns red.

CHAN

One hundred percent. That's what put them into comas, tainted food.

CORTEZ

So the question is, was it deliberate?

Chan gives her a dirty look.

INT. AQUAMARINE CAFE - DAY

Officer Cortez walks past the dining area. She goes up to CHEF BERYL, a large man with red hair, who gives one of several WAITERS instructions. The fellow nods and hurries off.

CORTEZ

Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.

BERYL

Is no trouble. When I hear about those poor people... Will they be alright?

CORTEZ

Some of them are still in a coma. I don't know why.

BERYL

But you think it was the food, yes, or you wouldn't be here?

CORTEZ

I have to examine every possibility.

BERYL

You test everything. I insist. You see for yourself, Beryl's premises are spotless.

CORTEZ

If there was any problem no doubt your diners would already be ill.

Beryl nods slowly. His face becomes very serious.

BERYL

Is true. My waiters sometimes like a change, no? One of them is still in infirmary. Poor fellow. I visit him twice already.

CORTEZ

He ate at the Brine and Barnacle?

Beryl SHUSHES her and wags his finger. He lowers his voice.

BERYL

Must not mention name of competition. Is bad luck. But I don't mind staff sampling elsewhere. Makes Beryl's taste even better.

Two waiters rush past with several trays of food.

CORTEZ

It seems like your business is booming at the moment.



BERYL

Now is good time for me. But days  
will come when business not so good.  
You feed people long enough, you see  
good, you see...not so good.

INT. SID'S LAB - EVENING

Myra sits cross-legged on the edge of Sid's desk in a very sheer dress. She holds Oscar. The animal's tentacles brush her cheek and neck while she caresses it.

Sid hesitates before coming in. He leaves the door ajar.

SID

I'm sorry, Myra. I wasn't expecting  
a visit. What can I do for you?

Myra slowly adjusts the creature to stand up. Her gown parts revealingly in several places as Oscar squirms.

MYRA

My husband says you've been doing a  
wonderful job of studying humans.  
And your desire to help our own  
widowers is so compassionate.

SID

That's high praise coming from the  
head of the council. I'm very  
grateful.

MYRA

I'm sure you are. It's rare among  
our people.

Myra slowly bends down to to gently place the animal on the floor. Her breasts crest the edge of her low cut neckline.

Sid swallows hard and turns his head.

SID

Oh? I hadn't noticed.

Myra stands up and gracefully shrugs her shoulders. The gown resumes its normal shape.

MYRA

Silly boy. Why would you notice,  
all wrapped up in your experiments?  
You're so dedicated.

Sid bends down to grab Oscar. He holds him securely in front of him and strokes a tentacle.

SID

My work is extremely rewarding.

Myra steps towards him. She places her body against the hybrid and strokes another of its tentacles.

MYRA

I've always been very fond of you.

SID

(laughs nervously)

You're a lovely woman. Any man would be flattered. But I can't...

Sid pushes Oscar into Myra's arms and pulls his shirt open. He touches the scars covering his shoulder.

Myra gasps in horror. The sudden squeeze she gives Oscar causes him to YELP. His tentacles momentarily stiffen.

MYRA

You poor thing. How did it happen?

SID

It was an accident. On Earth. With a cat...

Myra nods. She looks down at her dress. She pulls a few folds of material up over her shoulders but it just makes the front more transparent.

MYRA

I trust you will say nothing of this to the director.

SID

Why should he mind that the leader of the council wanted to compliment my work? It's a great honor.

Myra smiles sadly. She pats his cheek.

MYRA

You'd have made a wonderful father.

EXT. ARBORETUM - NIGHT

A section of the foliage remains dark. A large bush conceals two naked figures. A flicker of light is followed by the telltale glow of a cigarette. Vern blows a smoke ring.

VERN

I wasn't sure what to expect. But that wasn't half bad. Not bad at all.

MYRA

I couldn't return to my husband with that much arousal. He'd have been suspicious.

VERN

(chuckles)

And you say Sid can't mate?

MYRA

There's no way he can reproduce. Why do humans question so much?

VERN

We like to clarify things.

Vern takes a long drag and blows another smoke ring. The night air is full of subdued CHIRPS and the occasional CROAK of a frog.

MYRA

Get rid of that smelly thing and finish mating with me. I'm still not satisfied.

VERN

In a moment.

Vern fumbles through his clothing. He pulls a syringe full of red liquid from his lab coat pocket.

Myra recoils at the sight of the needle. She snatches it. She hurls it against a rock.

The TINKLE of breaking glass causes the nocturnal creatures to fall silent. A dark stain spreads over the rock. The discoloration drips onto the vegetation.

INT. AQUAMARINE CAFE - MORNING

Sid and Bree chat over breakfast. The director comes up to them.

EAGLE

I'm sorry to interrupt your feeding, Sid. But I can't find Myra anywhere. Have you seen her?

SID

Not since yesterday. She came to give me the council's compliments.

EAGLE

(sniffs Sid)

I'll keep looking.

SID  
Director, have you met Bree? She's  
the new...

EAGLE  
Of course I know who she is. I keep  
efficient records.

The director goes off to ask other diners about his wife.

BREE  
It sounds like you were the last  
person to see Myra.

SID  
Perhaps I was.

BREE  
That would make you suspect number  
one.

SID  
I don't understand.

BREE  
It's usually the starting point for  
an investigation.

EXT. ARBORETUM - DAY

Director Eagle slides into the hot tub beside Royce.

ROYCE  
They say once a man mates his  
personality is set.

EAGLE  
I thought you were past that.

ROYCE  
Me? I'm talking about Sid.

EAGLE  
I didn't smell anything on him  
earlier.

ROYCE  
By now you wouldn't. And at least  
we now know our males are compatible  
with human females.

EAGLE  
Human? But I thought...  
(pauses)  
That's a relief.

ROYCE  
A relief, Director?

EAGLE  
Never mind. I'm going to take the rest of today off. I suddenly feel at home in New Eden.

The director closes his eyes.

Royce holds up his hand. His skin is wrinkled.

ROYCE  
That's about if for me.

EAGLE  
I don't think you need to keep such a close eye on Sid now. His female will keep him in line.

ROYCE  
Isn't that a lot to expect from her?

EAGLE  
Women tend to share certain characteristics regardless of the species. Trust me.

INT. SID'S LAB - DAY

Myra locks the door. She picks up a syringe full of green liquid and bends over the examining table. She fondles the quivering puffy patch of irregular skin grafted onto Vern's chest. She inserts the needle into his arm.

Vern awakens. He tries to get up but finds his arms and legs chained to the table. He struggles. He notices the extra flesh on his chest. His eyes widen.

VERN  
What the hell have you done to me?

MYRA  
You required a few minor genetic enhancements. It was surprisingly easy. Humans are very adaptable.

VERN  
What are you saying?

MYRA  
I wanted to take our relationship to the next level. I had to redirect your sperm flow but with a bit of luck we'll succeed where Sid failed.

Vern bends his head towards his chest. The veins in the grafted patch of skin pulse red and purple with new life.

VERN

You expect me to give birth? To your hybrids?

Vern redoubles his efforts to break free.

MYRA

Relax. You're just nervous because it's your first time.

VERN

Wait. What about the genetic purity of each of our species?

MYRA

Genetic purity is a myth. Life sprouts from random convergences and anomalies. Now get ready to push.

Vern starts to struggle again. His skin flushes red. He SCREAMS.

An opening appears in the grafted skins and starts to dilate. Dark purple liquid oozes out. A tiny head emerges. Another opening appears. Then another.

INT. NEW EDEN INFIRMARY - DAY

The examining room walls are a pastel green. Crisp white cotton bedding is neatly stacked at the foot of the lone bed. Doctor Chan examines Bree's leg.

CHAN

This is wonderful work. Vern did a great job. For a coroner.

BREE

I think the real credit goes to Sid's seaweed poultice.

CHAN

Interesting. I'll clear you for full duties immediately. Unless there was anything else?

BREE

Now that you mention it, I've been feeling a bit strange lately.

CHAN

Could you be a bit more precise?

BREE

I just feel a bit out of sorts.  
Like something's not quite normal.

The doctor holds up an electronic scanning tablet. Bree places her hand within the indicator outline. It CHIMES. Bree removes her hand.

CHAN

It sounds like you're space happy.

BREE

What's that supposed to mean?

CHAN

Don't be offended. The human brain is terrified of space. When it finds itself safe and sound it sends out certain chemicals.

BREE

So it's some kind of natural high?

CHAN

Exactly. It usually happens sooner but it's quite common. You'll be fine.

Chan scribbles with a stylus on the scanner screen. Bree looks over his shoulder at the alien symbols.

BREE

You're linked into the alien mainframe. Do they know?

CHAN

Of course. It saves them the trouble of having to probe us all over again.

BREE

What?

CHAN

A little inter-species humor. Part of New Eden's mandate is to create a synergistic database for both species. Medical files are still confidential.

BREE

Good. I'd rather not be probed...  
Any more than usual.

CHAN

I understand you tried to help when the power went out. You weren't cleared to go back to work.

BREE

Are you going to report me?

CHAN

I suppose I should. But I can think of worse things than having someone like you owe me a favor.

INT. INCUBATOR FACILITY HALLWAY - DAY

Myra nods politely at the various humans and aliens who greet her. She waves at others from a distance. She carries a large plastic bin with air holes around the top edges.

She stops at a door bearing a sign with a cracked egg on it. She glances around. She doesn't notice the door across the hall is slightly ajar.

INT. KRIS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kris spies on Myra as she takes her bin into the room and shuts the door. He closes the crack.

INT. INCUBATION ROOM SIX - CONTINUOUS

One wall is a bank of computers. Several large work tables fill half the room. A large maturation chamber full of green liquid take up the rest of the space. Myra opens the top.

She takes one of the hybrid infants out of the plastic bin. Its large green eyes are almost fish like. She lowers all three babies into a maturation chamber. The chamber smoothly closes at her touch.

MYRA

There we go, my darlings. Soon you'll be ready to take on the world.

She walks over to the main computer and selects instructions from a preset menu.

INT. INCUBATOR FACILITY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Myra closes the door behind her. She waits for an alien couple to pass. She slides the door's red IN USE indicator into place.



INT. KRIS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kris watches Myra until she's out of sight. He shuts his door.

INT. SID'S LAB - EVENING

Myra slaps Vern's cheek lightly until he blinks his eyes. Vern tries to sit up but is still restrained. The grafted skin on his chest is withered and torn.

VERN

What happened?

MYRA

Congratulations. We have triplets. They're being incubated. Now you'll need a fresh skin graft and maybe some vitamins...

VERN

Myra, please. It's been hours. My strength is depleted. I need rest and food... Real food, not pills.

MYRA

Quit whining. My weakling husband can easily handle multiple births.

VERN

For God's sake, Woman, I'm only human. I don't have the endurance of a Spectral.

With a disgusted look Myra peels away the skin graft. She rolls her eyes as Vern winces. He bites his lip as she sprays a medical compound over his bleeding chest.

MYRA

Oh alright. I suppose you need nourishment. But you must promise to behave.

Vern flexes his fingers as she unchains his wrists. He lets Myra help him sit up. He looks down at his scarred, reddened chest. He scowls as she unshackles his ankles.

VERN

Hybrid children are quite an accomplishment. Too bad nobody will ever know about them.

MYRA

What do you mean?

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Our efforts here are based on Sid's research. He must get the credit.

Vern throws himself forward and grabs Myra's throat. He uses his body weight to SNAP her neck. He crumples to the floor with her.

VERN

Nobody extorts fatherhood out of me.

Vern shoves the corpse aside and crawls to a nearby fridge. He struggles with the latch until it opens.

Vern kneels and grabs several large speckled eggs. He CRACKS their thick shells against the edge of the fridge. Raw egg white and yolk spatter as he SLURPS them down. He drops the shells as he reaches for more.

Movement in the corner of his eye catches his attention. He turns and looks at Myra's body. Oscar noses her face and begins to WHINE.

VERN (CONT'D)

Stop that, you mutant.

Oscar sniffs the air. His eyes narrow. He GROWLS. His tentacles start to reach in Vern's direction.

VERN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

Vern struggles to stand up. He slips on raw egg residue. He scrambles and crawls as fast as he can to the door. He slams it behind him.

Oscar noses the floor. He follows the slick trail to the fridge.

INT. RESEARCH OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The two way glass overlooks a room with a large bed that has lots of blankets and pillows. To the side of the glass a work table is filled with computers, microscopes, trays of sample slides and a rainbow of liquids in test tubes.

A desk with computer tablets is next to the work table. Vern puts his sample bag on the desk. He drapes his lab coat over the chair. He pulls his shirt off. Multiple scars from the skin graft are still bright red.

Vern selects several of the test tubes and injects their contents into his arm. He grits his teeth as the scars begin to fade.

A look of bewilderment crosses his face. He touches the worst scar. His finger traces it down to the top of his scrub pants. He pulls the pants down. He GASPS and GAGS.

Vern pulls his pants back up. He fumbles through the drawers of the work table until he finds a set of surgical scalpels. He looks down and shudders.

He fills another needle, injects himself and holds up the finest scalpel. Its blade gleams in the light. He inhales deeply.

INT. DARWIN SETTLEMENT GREENHOUSE - DAY

Translucent camouflage plastic creates dappled shadows. Large tomatoes and cucumbers ripen beside blue and yellow alien fruits.

Kirsten shakes Galbraith's shoulders.

KIRSTEN

You can't keep helping Shamus. He'll destroy everything we've worked for.

GALBRAITH

What would you have me do? If I expose him New Eden won't be all we lose.

KIRSTEN

Are you sure sure he'll stop once New Eden's gone? What about when the shuttles return and find the wreckage? What then?

Shamus steals silently up behind Kirsten.

GALBRAITH

Don't worry. Shamus started this colony to give both of our species a choice.

KIRSTEN

What choice?

GALBRAITH

Self-determination. You don't have to go into a profession someone else chooses for you.

KIRSTEN

What are you talking about? Both planets have overcome serious social problems by assigning people to work that suits them. We have world peace.

GALBRAITH

Take a moment and be honest with yourself. What's the one thing you want most right now?

Kirsten takes a deep breath.

Shamus is right behind her.

KIRSTEN

I just want to be the best mother my child could have.

SHAMUS

They never told you to become the mother of a hybrid. This printout says parenthood was not recommended...

Kirsten spins around. She grabs the file Shamus holds up. She flips through it.

KIRSTEN

Where did you get this? It's supposed to be confidential.

SHAMUS

Personally I think you make a far better mother than a fission specialist. But then, visionary colonist wasn't listed for me either.

KIRSTEN

Visionary? What kind of visionary wants to blow up a colony built to promote peace?

SHAMUS

One who doesn't like the alternative. In a few weeks our crops will be ready and then we'll plant the bombs. That should be a good harvest.

Kirsten turns back to Galbraith. He stares at the floor.

KIRSTEN

Why are you on his side?

Galbraith meets her gaze.

GALBRAITH

Because it's not right for humans to take everything. If they were willing to share things might be different.

EXT. ARBORETUM - DAY

Sid picks a couple of fruit from one of the trees. He holds it up to the sunlight. He takes a bite and spits it out.

BREE

Not ripe yet?

SID

Actually it's perfect. This hybrid is supposed to be extremely bitter when it's ready for harvest.

BREE

What do you do with it?

SID

I'm not sure what humans will use it for but we like it as a seasoning. It really brings out the flavor of our fish.

BREE

Sounds interesting.

Sid tucks the other fruit into his research bag. He looks Bree over.

SID

I have a feeling you're not here to talk about fruit.

BREE

It seems Ops thinks my injury was caused by my own negligence. And I still don't know why the power went out.

SID

Did Officer Cortez find anything?

BREE

Just that there were more of those broken walkway lights than first reported.

SID

Surely they don't blame you.

BREE

General incompetence, they call it. I've been recalled to Earth.

SID

What? But you can't go... I mean...  
You just can't.

BREE

I don't have a choice. There's no  
reason for me to be here if I can't  
resolve these issues.

SID

How long do you have?

BREE

Two weeks. Less if the shuttle's  
early.

INT. SID'S LAB - NIGHT

Oscar HOWLS. He scratches madly at the bottom of the door.  
His tentacles reach for the doorknob but are too short.

Royce calls to him from the other side of the door.

ROYCE (O.S.)

Hey little fellow, settle down.

As soon as Royce opens the door Oscar races out. Royce leans  
into the room. His gaze follows the trail to the open fridge.  
Multicolored bits of slimy substances lie on the floor.

ROYCE (CONT'D)

Whoa. That explains the odor. Now  
what...?

Royce looks around. His eyes meet Myra's lifeless gaze. He  
covers his mouth with his hand as he backs away.

EXT. AQUAMARINE CAFE PATIO - DAY

Galbraith wraps his hands around a mug of cappuccino. He  
takes a long deliberate sip. He inhales the aroma deeply  
before he puts the cup down.

Across the street Cortez holds up a photo of him. She looks  
both ways. She narrowly avoids a SMALL CAR with balloon  
tires that ZIPS past her as she crosses.

CORTEZ

Enjoying the local coffee?

GALBRAITH

I was. But everyone seems so busy  
here. I bet you don't even have  
time for a coffee.

Cortez sits down across from him. She signals a SERVER, points at Galbraith's coffee and holds up a finger.

CORTEZ

I'm in no hurry. I just need a few answers.

GALBRAITH

Only a few? We should all be so lucky.

The server brings her a cappuccino. She sips it. She SPITS.

GALBRAITH (CONT'D)

Not to your liking?

Cortez scowls as she wipes her fingers and lips with a napkin.

CORTEZ

I guess it stands to reason they'd use local coffee beans.

Cortez dumps half the contents of a cream decanter into her cup. She takes a second, slower sip.

GALBRAITH

One of the few Earth crops this planet's ground is willing to reproduce. Good but bitter.

CORTEZ

I can't believe all the soil on this planet is inhospitable.

Galbraith rubs his neck and nose.

GALBRAITH

You didn't come to talk about the crops.

CORTEZ

Where are the other missing people?

GALBRAITH

How would I know?

Cortez leans towards him.

CORTEZ

Continue to be evasive and you'll spend some time in my brig.

INT. NEW EDEN MORGUE - DAY

An alien in a lab coats pushes a wheeled cart with a covered corpse into the cavernous room. He lifts the body into an open compartment. He pulls back the blanket.

It's Myra.

The alien strokes her cheek, then covers her. The drawer slides shut.

From a dark corner of the room Vern watches him leave. He locks the door. He takes out a tray of tools. He pulls the storage drawer open. He places a small device on Myra's chest. It HUMS. He checks for a pulse. He nods.

He retrieves a syringe full of red liquid from a drawer. He injects it into the vein on Myra's throat.

VERN

Don't worry, Bitch. The pump is just to circulate the bio-slurry. If I had time I'd oxygenate it too.

He checks his watch. The doorknob RATTLES. He swears silently.

VERN (CONT'D)

I told you before, I need privacy to do an autopsy. I can't work with people bothering me.

EAGLE(O.S.)

I just want to see my wife. Is that too much to ask?

VERN

I'm very sorry, Director. But I fear you'd find this procedure far too disturbing.

EAGLE(O.S.)

I want to see her right now.

VERN

I must insist you respect the conventions of the interplanetary treaty. Please. Come back in a few hours when I'm done.

Vern leans closer to the door. He grasps his groin and winces. He waits for a response.



EAGLE(O.S.)

Of course. That's what she would have wanted. You have my apologies.

VERN

And you have my sympathies, Director. Don't worry. I'll take good care of her. I promise.

EAGLE(O.S.)

Alright.

Vern tilts his head to listen but there's no further response. He hurries over to Myra. He watches the forced pulse and times his removal of the pump. A small stream of purple blood spurts into his face.

INT. KRIS' OFFICE - DAY

Kris sits on one end of the overstuffed sofa. Director Eagle is in a fetal position with his head on Kris' lap. He SOBS as he accepts the tissues Kris offers. With his other hand Kris rubs the director's arm and shoulders.

KRIS

I think it was just mean of Vern, not to let you even see her.

The director sits up and uses another tissue. Kris strokes the ridges of his head.

EAGLE

No, he was right. Myra always wanted to look fashionable.

KRIS

She did, didn't she? The first time I saw her I thought, now there's a classy lady. I'm going to miss that.

EAGLE

You should have seen her when she was courting me. She was magnificent.

KRIS

That's how you should remember her.

The director nods slowly. He pats Kris on the knee.

EAGLE

You've given me an idea.

EXT. ARBORETUM - EVENING

Sid awkwardly brings his hand up and reaches over to place his arm around the director's shoulders. The director's words make him pause.

EAGLE

I want you to reanimate her.

SID

But Director, the humans...

EAGLE

There's only one human here who knows anything about real culture.

SID

(whispers)

It's illegal. It'll create a scandal.

EAGLE

That's your reprogramming talking. Do you remember the procedure?

SID

Yes, but...

EAGLE

Good. Get started as soon as Vern releases her.

INT. NEW EDEN INFIRMARY, DOCTOR CHAN'S OFFICE - EVENING

Sid paces back and forth in front of the large desk. Dr. Chan sits with a bewildered expression.

CHAN

I understand what you're asking. But why me?

SID

You're the only human who knows the procedure.

CHAN

No, I mean why don't you do it yourself?

Sid stops pacing. He turns and looks back over his shoulder. He takes a seat opposite Dr. Chan and leans forward.

SID

Is this confidential?

Chan glances up at the tiny cameras in each corner of the roof. He frowns slightly.

CHAN  
How confidential do you need it to be?

SID  
Level one.

Chan leans back. It nearly causes his chair to tip. He shrugs.

CHAN  
Computer, give me level one privacy.

The cameras shut off with a WHIR and a CLICK. Chan raises his hands.

CHAN (CONT'D)  
I'm at your mercy.

SID  
Perhaps not the...happiest choice of words. Have you heard of our DNA rehabilitation program?

Chan leans forward.

CHAN  
Who did you kill?

SID  
They tell me it was...something worse. Those memories have been blocked.

CHAN  
They resurface over time. That's why the program had such a high failure rate.

SID  
They corrected the DNA encoding problems. Now we can save anyone.

CHAN  
But there are restrictions. Being involved in a reanimation would violate yours. Hell, even talking about it could get you into trouble.

SID  
The director thinks it might help find the killer.

EXT. DARWIN SETTLEMENT - EVENING

Vern glances around and grips his sample bag tighter. He sits down on a log. His hand strays to his lower abdomen. Shamus comes up to him with a long knife in one hand.

SHAMUS

What happened to you? Bad piscata?

VERN

I wish. Let's just say someone used me as a lab rat.

SHAMUS

(waves the knife)

I can't see you being a victim.

VERN

It doesn't matter. I took care of her.

SHAMUS

You got beaten by a woman?

VERN

She caught me off guard. And that's not why I'm here.

SHAMUS

I'm glad you brought supplies. We're running a bit low. And you owe us extra for last time.

Shamus motions with the knife towards the bag. A couple of Colonists in camouflage come and take the bag. Vern watches them with a disapproving look.

VERN

What are you talking about? I gave you everything I promised.

SHAMUS

It seems you've conveniently forgot about our little profit sharing plan.

VERN

Oh. Right. That. Look, I couldn't carry everything. Send a couple of guys in the morning.

SHAMUS

You expect us to take extra risks because you forgot?

One of colonists tosses Vern's limp sample bag down beside him. It barely disturbs the dust.

VERN

Look, I'm doing the best I can without getting caught. I'm taking huge risks for all your little whims.

Shamus plunges the knife into the dirt beside Vern. He puts his nose within inches of Vern's.

SHAMUS

I'm fighting for a planet's freedom. If you're not with the program just let me know.

Vern looks at the ring of colonists who now surround them.

VERN

What else can I get for you?

INT. NEW EDEN INFIRMARY, DOCTOR CHAN'S LAB - DAY

Doctor Chan pulls the blanket away from Myra's face. He puts on surgical gloves and picks up a scalpel. He touches her neck. A stream of red fluid spurts from a hole.

Chan moves quickly to get a sample of it into a test tube. He frowns at Myra, then at the test tube. He puts the sample in a machine. He looks up at the computer screen. He turns back to Myra.

CHAN

You poor dear. How did this happen to you?

Chan returns to his equipment. He tilts his head.

CHAN (CONT'D)

What the hell...

INT. INCUBATOR FACILITY HALLWAY - DAY

Kris smiles at an alien couple as he waits for them to pass by. He winks at the man. The fellow glances back over his shoulder. He returns the wink and gives Kris a little wave.

Kris tries the door. It doesn't move. Kris slides the red indicator to green and tries again. The door opens easily.

INT. INCUBATION ROOM SIX - CONTINUOUS

Kris spins around at the HISS of the incubator. Its doors open. Three naked hybrid CHILDREN step out of it and stare wide eyed at him.

KRIS

Oh. Hello. I'm, uh, I'm Kris. Can you understand me? I mean, what I'm saying?

The children look at each other and then back at him. The boy steps forward.

ALLAN

I'm ALLAN. This is ASTRAL and that's HOPE.

KRIS

It's very nice to meet you. I hope I didn't interfere with something important here.

ASTRAL

We were getting bored. That thing...

Astral points at the incubator.

ASTRAL (CONT'D)

Was designed to age us to young adults.

HOPE

Nobody asked us if that's what we wanted.

ALLAN

How could they? We were infants a few days ago.

KRIS

Did the...machine teach you how to speak?

ALLAN

It also gave us the most boring math and history lessons. Did you know we're the first hybrids of New Eden?

ASTRAL

You mean the first on record. There might be others we don't know about.

HOPE

She's always been a bit ornery. That's why she flunked social studies.

Kris looks at each of them.

KRIS

You seem to be okay. Is there anything I can get you?

The children all put their hands on their hips.

ALLAN

How 'bout some clothes, Genius?

EXT. ARBORETUM - DAY

Doctor Chan sits on a bench in a slightly overgrown section. Officer Cortez sits beside him.

CORTEZ

What was so important about meeting out here?

CHAN

I didn't want my suspicions to become part of the public record. Not yet.

CORTEZ

Alright. I'll treat this as a lead, nothing more.

CHAN

Have you heard of reanimation?

Cortez puts a hand against her cheek and frowns.

CORTEZ

Don't tell me we're going to have a planet full of zombies.

CHAN

Maybe just one. But Myra didn't get food poisoning, did she?

CORTEZ

Not that I'm aware of.

CHAN

I'm sure if the wife of the Spectral director had been affected all of New Eden would have heard about it.

CORTEZ

Are you saying you found bio-slurry in Myra's corpse?

CHAN

And only circulated through the most rudimentary parts of her system, as  
(MORE)

CHAN (CONT'D)  
if it was right before death. Or  
maybe...

CORTEZ  
Does that match Vern's report?

CHAN  
I don't know yet. Vern's a snail  
when it comes to paperwork.

INT. SID'S LAB - DAY

Cortez waves a hand scanner over the items on Sid's desk.

SID  
Perhaps if I knew what you were  
looking for I might be able to help.

Cortez holds up a sample bag with shards of glass. She scans  
it. She turns and holds it up to him.

CORTEZ  
Can you explain what this is?

SID  
I found that last night. It looks  
like it might be part of a vial we  
use to hold test samples.

Cortez holds up a sealed vial of red liquid inside a clear  
plastic bag.

CORTEZ  
I found this beside your bed.

SID  
So what? It's a top secret  
nutritional supplement. It's used  
to enhance human...performance.

CORTEZ  
It's bio-slurry, Sid.

SID  
What?

Cortez pulls out a set of handcuffs.

CORTEZ  
I'm placing you under arrest for  
suspicion of murder, food tampering  
and interplanetary espionage.



INT. NEW EDEN BRIG - EVENING

Vern paces in front of the cell Sid is in.

VERN

Sid, Sid, Sid. You of all people should have known better than to use bio-slurry on your test subjects.

SID

You said me it was a supplement. Where would you get bio-slurry?

GALBRAITH (O.S.)

From me, I'm afraid.

Sid turns around. Galbraith grimaces at him from the next cell. Sid grins as he spots him but his expression quickly changes to bewilderment.

SID

Galbraith? What's going on?

GALBRAITH

Your human friend lied to both of us. He should feel at home in Darwin.

Vern shakes his head and walks away.

SID

I don't understand any of this.

GALBRAITH

You never did. The council believes New Eden should be off limits to the humans. They lost the planet when you failed to win the contract.

SID

I thought I was helping people.

GALBRAITH

They used you the way you used your human test subjects.

Galbraith shuts up. He nods towards the hall.

Bree comes up to the cells.

BREE

Sid? What's going on? Why are you here?

Sid puts his hands on the bars of his cell. Bree comes close enough to place her hands on top of his.

SID

There's been some kind of a mix-up...

BREE

Is it true you experimented on humans?

Sid opens his mouth but closes it again. He hangs his head.

SID

I guess this looks kind of bad. I didn't mean any harm.

BREE

So when we... When we were in the hot tub that didn't mean anything?

SID

Not at first. But it does now. I thought I was sterile and then you came along. You were so willing... I even forgot to drug you.

Bree GASPS.

SID (CONT'D)

You humans are all so promiscuous...

Bree yanks her hands away and storms down the hall.

Galbraith bites his lip.

GALBRAITH

Now you've done it. I told you humans hate to be called promiscuous.

SID

But it's true.

GALBRAITH

Truth on that level doesn't matter to them.

SID

I don't want to lose Bree. Without her my life is...pointless.

Galbraith stretches out on the cot in his cell. He wriggles to get comfortable.

GALBRAITH

Welcome to my world. But hey, at least you managed to create your hybrid.

SID  
What hybrid?

EXT. BRINE AND BARNACLE CAFE PATIO - DAY

Kris looks at the three hybrid children and smiles. They squirm in their chairs.

KRIS  
What would you like to eat?

ALLAN  
We've never had solid food before.  
What do you like to eat?

KRIS  
Why don't we order a sample platter  
with different things? Just because  
I like certain foods doesn't mean  
you will.

ASTRAL  
I want one of those.

Kris looks where she points. Allan and Hope follow his gaze. A server carries a multicolored arrangement of frosty creams.

KRIS  
I should have guessed. Most kids  
like ice cream. Let's taste the  
samples first and then have some  
dessert.

HOPE  
Kris?

KRIS  
Yes?

HOPE  
Do we have to call our genetic donors  
Mom and Dad? 'Cause I don't think I  
want to.

Kris bites his lip. He swallows hard.

KRIS  
Have something to eat. Then we'll  
talk about it.

The three children exchange glances with a slight frown.

EXT. ARBORETUM WALKWAY - LATER

Hope holds Kris' hand as they walk. Her brother and sister skip on ahead. Suddenly Allan stops and stoops down. He picks something up and brings it back to Kris.

ALLAN

What is this?

ASTRAL

I don't like it. It smells funny.  
It doesn't belong on our world.

KRIS

That's a cigarette butt. Nobody's supposed to smoke here. Earth hasn't even made cigarettes for fifty years.

ASTRAL

I told you it doesn't belong on our world.

INT. NEW EDEN BRIG, CORTEZ' OFFICE - DAY

The cigarette butt is in a glass lab dish on Cortez' desk. She and Kris sit and stare at it. Cortez looks bewildered as she pokes at the butt with a plastic stylus.

CORTEZ

I'd heard of these things but I never thought I'd actually see one. How did it get here?

KRIS

They were rumored to be full of addictive chemicals. Maybe he found some, tried them and couldn't quit.

Cortez looks up.

CORTEZ

He? Then you know who owns it?

KRIS

Someone who smells like smoke but doesn't spend much time at cookouts.

CORTEZ

Thanks for bringing it in. You'd better get back to your kids. They're very well behaved.

Cortez looks through the glass divider that separates her area from the lobby. On the other side the children chat with the officers around them.

KRIS

You have no idea.

Kris sees Cortez' quizzical look. He stands up to leave. Cortez stands and offers her hand.

CORTEZ

Well, if we had more people like you my job would be much easier.

INT. NEW EDEN BRIG - CONTINUOUS

Cortez unlocks Sid's cell and opens the door.

CORTEZ

You're free to go. I found bigger fish to fry.

SID

I don't understand.

CORTEZ

And it's better that way.

She moves on to Galbraith's cell.

CORTEZ (CONT'D)

You too, Old Man. I don't have enough to hold you any longer. I doubt you can give me anything more.

GALBRAITH

I beg to differ. You're a nice looking woman. And my kind can make it worth your while.

Cortez gives him a playful swat as he goes by.

CORTEZ

Go on, get, before I have to arrest you for indecency.

Sid grabs his arm and pulls him away.

SID

I think you and I have some old business.

EXT. NEW EDEN WILDERNESS PRESERVE - DAY

Bree carries a stun wand. She tilts her head at a SOUND behind her. She brings the wand up. She turns.

A FURRY RODENT about the size of a jack rabbit eyes her just as cautiously. It stands up on its hind feet.

It leans back a little.

Bree lowers the wand.

The rodent blinks several times. It puts its front paws back on the ground.

Bree continues her walk.

The rodent scurries towards a large bush. A LARGE GREEN LIZARD jumps out of the bush. It grabs the rodent with powerful jaws. It disappears back into the bush with its meal.

Bree turns towards the bush. A few leaves stir.

INT. CRYPT CAVERNS - CONTINUOUS

Bree runs a hand over a door frame built to fit one of the cavern tunnels. She reaches for the doorknob.

From behind Vern grabs her arm. He takes her stun wand.

Bree pulls away from him.

VERN

What are you doing here?

BREE

Give it back.

VERN

Didn't they warn you it could be dangerous to wander away from the settlement?

BREE

That's why I brought the stun wand. Why are you here?

Vern holds the wand up high and blocks Bree.

VERN

You'll find I'm a man of many talents. Of course you'll appreciate them even more since this will be your first encounter with a real male.

BREE

Oh. Did you bring one? I don't see him.

Vern zaps her with the stun wand.

Bree's body convulses with electrical current. She falls to the cavern floor. Her eyes are wide, her mouth open.

Vern is on top of her in a second. He rolls her over.

VERN

I like my women brand new, so to speak.

Bree tries to slap him but her movements are slow, weak. Vern pushes her arm aside. He bends down to kiss her neck.

Bree inhales sharply. She starts to GIGGLE.

VERN (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

BREE

You. Thinking you're my first.

VERN

What?

BREE

That's right. I did it with an alien. And you know what? He's twice the man you'll ever be.

A spark comes into Bree's eye as she sees the effect she's having.

BREE (CONT'D)

Literally. Two dicks. Who knew? Double the pleas...

Vern slaps her. Bree winces but continues to LAUGH.

BREE (CONT'D)

What's the matter? You can't expect virgins to walk around with a green letter V stamped on their foreheads.

SID(O.S.)

Excuse me. Am I interrupting?

Vern scrambles away from Bree at the sound of Sid's voice. He stares at Sid's crotch.

VERN

I, uh, we were just, uh...

Bree's LAUGHTER becomes hysterical.

Sid's mouth falls open. He turns his head slightly as if he hears something else entirely. His fists clench and unclench.

SID

Whatever you've done, Vern, you better go. Now.

Vern takes one last look at Bree. He flees.

Sid kneels beside Bree. He helps her sit up. Bree holds him as tight as she can. She bursts into tears.

SID (CONT'D)

It'll be alright. Come on, I have something to show you.

Sid helps her up and leads her to the door. He opens it.

INT. CHAMBER INSIDE THE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Bree looks around at the humans on slabs of rock.

BREE

What's wrong with them?

SID

They were among my early test subjects. I thought I was giving them something to make them strong enough to mate with.

BREE

It didn't work, did it?

SID

No. But I'm tending to them until I can find a way to help them. If we hadn't come here together I doubt I'd have even found them.

BREE

Why didn't you give me the drug?

SID

I was somewhat...preoccupied at the time. And I'm very glad I didn't.

INT. NEW EDEN INFIRMARY WAITING ROOM - DAY

Officer Cortez holds a tiny recording device in her palm.

CORTEZ

Did you touch the explosives Galbraith led you to?

SID

No. He said they were rigged to explode upon interference.



CORTEZ

Yes. We lost Dennis on our first attempt to disarm them.

SID

I'm so sorry. I liked him.

CORTEZ

I thought your people viewed death as inevitable and not worth mourning.

SID

Before we were exposed to humans that may have been true.

CORTEZ

How's Bree doing?

SID

Doctor Chan has treated her for the stun attack. He says she'll be weak for some time.

Cortez closes her hand around the recorder. She puts it in her pocket as she smiles at Sid.

CORTEZ

Too weak for interplanetary travel?

SID

I'm afraid so.

The intercom BUZZES.

CHAN(O.S.)

Officer Cortez, could you come in here?

CORTEZ

Excuse me. Oh, and don't leave town.

INT. DOCTOR CHAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Doctor Chan turns his computer monitor so that Cortez can see it. He points to the chemical breakdown on the screen.

CHAN

Guess what this is. I'll give you a hint. It's red.

CORTEZ

Is it more bio-slurry?

CHAN

Oh, almost. It's a chemical derivative of bio-slurry. I kept wondering why it was red.

CORTEZ

Maybe to disguise it?

CHAN

Full marks, Madam. Our aliens friends use color to signify various classes of chemicals. But never red.

CORTEZ

Because they tend to be perception blind to most shades of red?

CHAN

But sid is not. The color in this fake bio-slurry must have been designed just to fool him.

EXT. ARBORETUM - DAY

Sid helps Bree into a hot tub. He snuggles in beside her.

SID

Is this alright? Is the water warm enough? Or too warm? Just let me know.

BREE

It's fine. Really. You don't have to fuss over me.

SID

There's no-one else I'd rather fuss over.

BREE

You're so sweet. If I had the energy I'd kiss you. But that could lead to other things.

Royce steps into the hot tub.

ROYCE

I hope I'm not intruding. I just saw Vern. He was acting really strange. Any idea what that's about?

SID

He tried to rape Bree. He should be in custody. Where is he?

ROYCE  
Heading towards the wilderness  
preserve, I think. Let's go.

Sid pushes him back.

SID  
I'll go. You stay with Bree. She's  
still weak from being stunned.

ROYCE  
Stunned? The animal. Are you okay,  
Bree?

BREE  
I just need to take it easy for a  
while.

Sid is already out of the hot tub. In a few energetic steps  
he's out of sight.

INT. WOMEN'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Bree grips the sink countertop tightly for balance while she  
slips into her sandals. She slowly unwraps the towel from  
her hair. She looks up.

She GASPS at the reflected image of Vern behind her. He  
clamps his hand over her mouth. He injects a green substance  
into her arm. Her attempt to scream loosens his grip.

BREE  
What the hell was that?

VERN  
The real performance enhancer I've  
been working on. You'll feel like  
yourself in a few hours.

BREE  
But why?

VERN  
Because sex with someone who just  
lies there is like sex with a corpse.  
A whole lot of effort that leaves a  
bad taste in your mouth.

BREE  
I don't feel...

Vern catches her as she falls unconscious.

VERN

Come on. You don't want Sid to have  
all the fun.

INT. MEN'S CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sid comes in and starts searching through a locker. A GROAN catches his attention. He turns.

Royce lies on a bench. Purple blood trickles from his ear.

Sid helps him sit up. He grabs a towel. He holds it against Royce's ear.

SID

What happened? Where's Bree?

ROYCE

Vern. I'm sorry, I didn't even see  
him.

SID

Let's get you cleaned up.

Royce grabs his arm.

ROYCE

He's got Bree. Go. I'll be alright.

EXT. NEW EDEN WILDERNESS PRESERVE - DAY

A rustic oak walkway and gazebo overlook a cliff above a huge lake. Bree struggles against Vern's one armed grip. In his other hand he holds up a plastic cylinder. Sid stands a few feet away with his hands in the air.

VERN

Make your choice, Sid. Save the  
girl and I'll blow up the planet.  
Save the planet and your girlfriend  
dies.

SID

You can't possibly have enough  
explosives in that thing to achieve  
planetary devastation.

VERN

(to Bree)

Look at that. Your life's in my  
hands and your boyfriend's arguing  
about quantity.

BREE

You'll die too.

VERN

Never. I've always got a back-up plan.

Sid throws himself on top of Vern and Bree. They struggle. Vern loses his grip on Bree. She falls over the rail. She SCREAMS.

BREE

I can't swim.

Sid continues to fight Vern for the canister. Vern pulls out a KNIFE and slashes at Sid's arms. Sid backs off. Vern throws the canister towards the water.

VERN

You bastard. You were supposed to save the girl.

Sid glances at the water. He turns to see Vern run off. Sid climbs onto the railing and poises for a moment. He DIVES in perfect form towards the water.

EXT. BENEATH THE WATER'S SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Sid slices through the water to reach Bree. He forces oxygen from his lungs into hers with a kiss. He wraps his arms around her as she struggles against him. He kicks forcefully to reach the surface.

EXT. THE SURFACE OF THE WATER - MOMENTS LATER

Sid and Bree gasp for air.

SID

We have to go back down.

BREE

What? Why?

SID

Vern tossed an explosive into the water. Can you pry off the cover? It should short out.

BREE

I can't swim.

SID

I'll do the swimming. You take care of the explosive.

BREE

But we'll be electrocuted.

SID

I thought you wanted to take risks.  
So we get a little zap. The important  
thing is that everybody lives.

BREE

Together, then.

EXT. BENEATH THE WATER'S SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

Sid holds Bree tightly with one arm. They swim through murky water. Bree grabs something. She frowns as it flails against her grip. She lets go of the creature. It changes color and swims away.

Sid reaches out and grabs the cylinder. It has a cover on one end. Bree yanks but the cover stays put. Sid lets go of her to help. They pull on opposite ends of the canister.

EXT. THE SURFACE OF THE WATER - CONTINUOUS

The teal liquid flashes into a bright yellow. Steam rises off the choppy water. Sid struggles to the surface. There are blisters on his skin. He looks around. Dead fish surround him.

SID

Bree. Bree, where are you?

He spots Bree face down in the water several yard away. He swims frantically to reach her. He turns her over. Her face is also blistered. She coughs up water.

BREE

That's your idea of a little zap?  
Some date you are.

INT. VERN'S OFFICE - DAY

A needle with red liquid sits on the desk next to a travel tote.

Vern goes to the closet. He reaches for a lab coat. He stops. He puts his hands up. He turns around.

Sid holds a gun on him.

VERN

This isn't really your style, is it?

SID

I've learned a few things from your  
species.

VERN

I thought your specialty was life sciences, not death.

SID

We had no forensic sciences until I studied your books. Much of our research was based on your work.

Vern slowly reaches back and picks up the hypodermic needle from his desk. He hides it in his hand as Sid comes closer.

VERN

I'm flattered. It's not every day a man's work is acknowledged by aliens.

SID

Your criminal activity outweighs your scientific contributions. Cortez deputized me. You're under arrest.

Vern looks up at the clock and squints. He shows Sid the syringe.

VERN

I did some research too. By now you should feel waterlogged. Your biology must balance excessive water exposure.

Sid tries to say something but the words stick in his throat. His eyes widen as Vern spurts a few drops from the needle.

VERN (CONT'D)

Feeling a bit stiff, are we? Maybe a bit of bio-slurry will help.

Vern grabs the gun from Sid's hand. He tucks it into his bag. He swabs Sid's neck with cotton. He injects the red liquid.

VERN (CONT'D)

There we go. This will be a real treat. I've never watched a Spectral die. Well, not a male.

Sid's legs go limp. Vern grabs his shoulders. He eases him to the floor. He pulls up a chair, sits down, bends forward. He toys with the syringe.

VERN (CONT'D)

Maybe we should order in. I'm starving. You want anything? Maybe some live piscata? No? You sure?

Sid tries to say something but no words come out. He writhes in agony.

VERN (CONT'D)

Aw, don't tell me you're going to do the chicken. I was hoping for something a bit more, you know, alien.

SID

(faintly)

Sorry... To... Disappoint... You...

Sid goes limp. A pool of liquid begins to spread outward from under his body. Vern grimaces.

VERN

Honestly, I thought bloat would take much longer. Excuse me. I should document this.

Vern gets up. He pats Sid's shoulder. He makes a face at the substance that transfers to his hand.

VERN (CONT'D)

Gross.

Vern steps over Sid. He puts the syringe on the edge of his desk. It rolls, drops to the floor. Sid's eyes focus on it. He glances at Vern. The blisters on his face become less pronounced as he reaches for it.

VERN (CONT'D)

Now where did I put that note pad?

He steps over Sid again. Sid jabs the needle into his ankle.

Vern SCREAMS.

Sid starts to get up.

Vern spins around and tries to knee him.

Sid grabs his leg. The two grapple. Sid slips.

Vern yanks himself away. He grabs his travel bag. He wallops Sid with it.

Sid falls back. He gets to his hands and knees.

Vern kicks at him.

Sid grabs his foot and twists.

Vern grits his teeth and rolls with the motion. He shakes his foot violently as he falls.



Sid hangs on. He throws his body weight against Vern's foot and leg.

Vern's head strikes the desk behind him with a resounding WHACK. He goes limp.

Sid rolls onto his back. He takes several deep breaths. He closes his eyes. The blisters on his skin clear up. In moments his skin is dry. He sits up, tugs on his wet shirt and shakes his head.

Vern MOANS.

Sid puts him in handcuffs. He removes his handgun from the tote. He puts it in his holster. He drags Vern to his feet.

SID

Let's go. I need a fresh shirt.

EXT. NEW EDEN BRIG - CONTINUOUS

Officer Cortez stands outside with her hands on her hips. She's flanked by two officers.

CORTEZ

Thanks for bringing our mad doctor in, Sid. Human authorities will take it from here.

SID

Our people are supposed to detain human criminals.

CORTEZ

In cases where the crimes are against humans. But Vern acted against your people. For the sake of objectivity that makes him my prisoner.

SID

I have evidence that he acted against humans. That gives me jurisdiction.

Vern yanks away from Sid's grip. Cortez, her officers and Sid each point a gun at him.

VERN

Will the two of you just shut up and learn to work together?

They glance at each other and frown.

CORTEZ

I suppose he's right.

SID

Oddly enough.

VERN

Why do you even bother? It's not like our two species can create hybrid children for this cursed planet.

Sid rolls his eyes. He nods towards Officer Cortez.

SID

On second thought, he's all yours.

INT. NEW EDEN INFIRMARY - DAY

The room has a support pillar near the door. Vern sits on the edge of a nearby bed with one wrist handcuffed to a guard. Doctor Chan examines the scars on Vern's chest. He retrieves a jar from his medical cabinet.

CHAN

Your injuries are fascinating. What were you doing?

VERN

None of your business.

CHAN

Any suggestions for what to put in my report?

VERN

I was attacked by a crazy woman.

Chan snaps on rubber gloves and dips into the salve.

CHAN

Nope. No nuts allowed on New Eden. We're all incredibly well adjusted. Now, this will hurt like Hell.

Vern grits his teeth. A look of barely repressed glee flashes across Chan's face.

CHAN (CONT'D)

How bad is it?

VERN

No worse than giving birth.

CHAN

Not exactly the answer I expected. What would you know about giving birth?

VERN

More than you might think.

Chan rubs lower and lower. Vern stops his hand.

CHAN

I'm a doctor. I'm sure you don't have anything I haven't seen before.

VERN

At this point I'm refusing all further medical treatment.

Chan gives him an odd smile. He winks at the officer.

CHAN

Didn't you read your contract when you signed on? You've got no legal right to refuse further treatment.

VERN

Since when?

CHAN

Since you left Earth. Now drop your pants or this nice officer will do it for you.

VERN

If you insist...

Vern reaches for his waistband but turns suddenly. He grabs the officer's shoulders and smashes the officer's face into his knees. He grabs his captor's hand and presses his thumb over the handcuff scanner. The cuffs fall open.

Chan races over to an alarm button on the counter but Vern is too quick. He grabs the doctor and throws him down. He SNAPS one handcuff on the doctor's wrist, the other to the support pillar. He grabs his shirt and runs out.

EXT. NEW EDEN INFIRMARY GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Vern looks around and slips his shirt on. He inhales deeply. He walks deliberately towards the gate of the chain link fence that surrounds the infirmary.

EXT. AQUAMARINE CAFE PATIO - DAY

Kris CLEARS HIS THROAT to get Sid And Bree's attention. Sid turns. He stares at the three hybrid children. Kris shrugs as he looks at Bree.

BREE

You don't have children, Kris. Where did these kids come from?

KRIS

It's a bit of a long story...

Sid stands up with a frown on his face. He checks the facial ridges on each child. He rubs Allan's chest.

SID

Did everyone except me create a hybrid child? How can I secure the contract with this much competition?

He sits back down. His shoulders slump.

SID (CONT'D)

I've failed completely.

The children look at each other. They nod. All three of them snuggle as close as they can to him.

HOPE

This is the adult we want.

ASTRAL

It's our planet. That means we make the rules.

ALLAN

We stake our claim on this man.

Bree and Kris look at each other. Sid hugs the children. He starts to cry.

Hope grabs a napkin. She offers it to Sid.

HOPE

Then you accept our offer?

SID

It may be a bit more complicated than that... Of course I accept. What fool would turn down the future?

INT. DIRECTOR EAGLE'S OFFICE - DAY

Vern closes the door behind him. He opens it a crack and peers out. He locks it and turns on the lights. He GASPS.

Myra sits at the director's desk. Her gaze is frozen with a slight smile etched on her face. Her hands are poised just above the desk.

VERN

What the hell?

Myra's head turns ever so slightly. The eyeballs move in small jerks. Her lips remain shut.

MYRA(V.O.)

This is a prerecorded message. In the event of my untimely death my corpse has been digitally animated. May it bring you comfort.

Vern approaches the desk. He waves a hand in front of Myra's face. Her eyeballs go up and down out of synch with his hand movement.

VERN

So this isn't real.

MYRA(V.O.)

Real is relative. This program is interactive. Please limit your inquiries to devotion or grief.

Myra turns slightly. Her sightless eyes meet Vern's. The hands move a few degrees.

VERN

It's a bit macabre, don't you think?  
Animating the dead?

MYRA(V.O.)

That is an anticipated human response.  
If you wish you may give me flowers  
and take pictures.

VERN

Flowers? After you violated my  
manhood?

Vern clenches his fists. He storms around the desk and hurls Myra's corpse to the floor. Her head SNAPS away from her neck, rolls and comes to rest at an odd angle. Small sparks FIZZLE out at the disconnection. Myra's eyes dart about.

MYRA (V.O.)

You have desecrated my memory. This  
crime is currently being transmitted  
to New Eden authorities.

VERN

Even dead you're a bitch.

INT. DARWIN COMMUNITY HALL - DAY

Kirsten brings a tray of fresh alien fruits to a conference table where Shamus, Galbraith and Cortez are seated. She brings another tray for the officers standing in the corner.

CORTEZ

I was told New Eden's soil was  
unsuited for growing edible foods.

Cortez turns to her officers and nods. They relax and each take a fruit. Their eyes widen at the taste.

SHAMUS

A convenient lie. It gave us time  
to set up our own greenhouses. In  
less than a week we'll be totally  
self-sufficient.

CORTEZ

And then what?

Shamus leans back and crosses his arms in front of his chest.

GALBRAITH

They were ready to blow up New Eden.  
Sid and Bree prevented a premature  
part of the attack.

CORTEZ

But why? New Eden was set up to  
promote cooperation between our  
people.

SHAMUS

When we learned the humans wanted to  
take over we had to act.

CORTEZ

Take over? Who gave you that idea?

SHAMUS

I'm not sure I should reveal the  
source of my...

GALBRAITH

It was Vern.

CORTEZ

He's got a lot to answer for.  
(motions to an officer)  
Call the infirmary. I want him  
brought out here.

The officer goes out and returns almost immediately.

OFFICER

He's escaped.

CORTEZ

Then go find him.

SHAMUS

You're not going to lead the search?

CORTEZ

I'm not just an investigator. I have authority to negotiate with governments that form on this planet.

SHAMUS

I'm listening.

INT. DIRECTOR EAGLE'S OFFICE - EVENING

Director Eagle rushes to Myra's corpse. Doctor Chan is with him. At the sight of her headless body Eagle starts to convulse. Chan hands him a wastebasket just in time. Eagle THROWS UP into it.

Chan picks up Myra's head. He brings it to Eagle. They shut her eyes. A loud CLICK signals the end of the program.

CHAN

I'm so sorry, Director.

EAGLE

I'm so ashamed. She wanted more children but I was always too busy.

CHAN

How do you feel about hybrids?

EAGLE

What do you mean?

CHAN

It seems that Myra might have forced her desire on someone else...

EAGLE

Surely not Sid.

CHAN

No. Vern's injuries were consistent with some of Sid's hypothesized methods of hybridization.

The director spits into the wastebasket and wipes his eyes. His look of grief becomes one of anger.

EAGLE

Vern. I want nothing to do with his offspring, even if... Even if...

He stokes Myra's hair and blinks rapidly.

EAGLE (CONT'D)

I just want to tend to my dear wife and our own children. Does that make me horrible?

CHAN

Not at all.

EXT. LAUNCH PLATFORM - NIGHT

Vern looks around. He straightens the collar of his spacesuit and checks his helmet over. Satisfied, he approaches the lowered air stairs of the nearest shuttle.

INT. INTERPLANETARY SPACE SHUTTLE - CONTINUOUS

The PILOT wears oversized sunglasses. Vern frowns as he proffers a pass the size of a credit card. He starts to take the co-pilot seat but the PILOT shakes his head.

PILOT

That seat is reserved. You'll have to sit in the rear.

VERN

Do you know who I am?

PILOT

Do I care? Go to the rear or get out.

Vern looks out the tinted view screen. He watches as Sid, Bree and Director Eagle begin to search the launch area.

VERN

Alright. Never argue with the pilot.

Vern goes to the rear and takes a seat beside Kris.

VERN (CONT'D)

Nice to see a friendly human face.

KRIS

What, you thought we'd let the aliens run amok? Next thing you know Earth could be facing an invasion.

VERN

My thoughts exactly.



Three diminutive passengers in flight suits and helmets enter and sit down. Vern ignores them.

KRIS

Some of them might even presume to try and mate with us.

VERN

I'm surprised that it matters to you. But what a nightmare that would be. Can you imagine what hybrid offspring would look like?

KRIS

I don't have to. They're right here.

Kris motions towards the new arrivals. They turn and glare at Vern. The male, ALLAN, leans towards him.

ALLAN

Really Dad? Xenophobia towards your own offspring? We expected better. Didn't we, Uncle Royce?

Allan turns towards the pilot. The pilot removes his sunglasses and shrugs.

ROYCE

Hybrids. They grow up so fast in maturation pods.

Vern lunges for the open hatch.

VERN

There's more than one way off this planet.

EXT. LAUNCH PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Vern emerges from the shuttle. The director spots him.

EAGLE

There he is. Stop him.

At the top of the steps Vern swings his legs over the shuttle's air stair support bars. He lands on his feet and takes off running.

SID

That's impressive for a human.

BREE

It's the macro-gravity exercises. We do them to limit bone loss during space flight. Vern overtrains.

EAGLE

Would you two shut up and go get him already?

SID

I think I know where he's going.

EXT. DARWIN SETTLEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Shamus leans back on a deck chair. A book covers his face. Someone tugs at his arm. He removes the book and blinks the sun out of his eyes.

SHAMUS

Why do you interrupt my nap on such a quiet afternoon?

GALBRAITH

It would appear our old friend still evades capture.

Shamus sits bolt upright. He looks in the direction of clouds of dust rising from the road. Vern rushes towards them.

VERN

You have to hide me. Whatever it costs...

SHAMUS

Galbraith has already explained things. You can't afford the cost of doing business here. We don't accept lay-away.

Vern looks from one to the other.

VERN

Then maybe I'll tell New Eden about your plans to blow them all up.

Shamus shrugs.

SHAMUS

Funny. I don't remember any plans for blowing up New Eden. Do you, Galbraith?

GALBRAITH

Not since the settlers were offered full partnership in the planet. It's what our mayor really wanted.

VERN

Mayor?

SHAMUS

You'd better go. They're looking for you.

GALBRAITH

Perhaps there's a reward for his capture, Your Lordship.

SHAMUS

I should consult with my chief of staff.

Galbraith places his hand over his chest and gives Vern a beatific look. Vern starts to back away.

GALBRAITH

As your loyal and devoted second in command, I'd recommend detaining him. In the interest of interplanetary peace, of course.

SHAMUS

Oh, yes, of course. Interplanetary peace. Very important. Part of my mandate.

Vern turns heel and runs as fast as he can. The LAUGHTER of the two men rings in his ears.

INT. CRYPT CAVERNS - CONTINUOUS

Wall sconces cast eerie shadows on the walls and ceiling. Vern prepares a syringe. He holds the needle aloft.

Sid enters the cavern. He holds up a flashlight.

VERN

Stay back.

Sid reaches his hand out towards Vern.

SID

My people can help you, Vern. We've had great success with rehabilitation.

Vern waves the needle in Sid's direction. A few drops of blue liquid spurt out the tip.

VERN

I know your dirty little secret. You've been re-sequenced to behave.

SID

And it's been worth it. Look at everything I would have missed.

VERN

I'd rather die free than be like you. I bet you don't even remember what you did.

SID

It works if you want to be decent. Isn't there some part of you that appeals to?

VERN

You're pathetic. You can't save everybody. I'll make my own innocence.

Vern stabs the needle into his own arm. He drives the plunger home with force and SCREAMS.

SID

No.

Sid tries to catch Vern as he falls. He props him up against the cavern wall and pulls the needle from his arm.

Vern starts to convulse.

Sid jumps back.

Vern lunges forward and grabs him.

Sid bends down and holds him.

VERN

(gasping)

Why didn't I make it painless?

SID

What can I do?

VERN

Wow. This stuff works quick. Bye, bye, intellect. It was...fun.

Vern's eyes glaze over. Sid backs away and bumps into Bree.

BREE

What happened?

SID

He's destroyed his higher brain. He'll never think like an adult again.

Vern starts to draw in the dirt with his finger.

SID (CONT'D)

I could have saved him. Why did he choose this instead?

Vern looks up at them. His face has a simple minded expression.

VERN

Hi, Pretty Lady. I like your outfit. Want to draw in the dirt with me?

BREE

Maybe later.

VERN

Okee-dokee.

BREE

(to Sid)

You can't save everyone. You can't force people to be noble and decent.

SID

I was forced. I remember now. I used to be just like Vern. Worse. The crimes I committed...

BREE

They're in the past.

SID

Are they? Look what I did in trying to win the contract. Look how I used humans as experiments.

BREE

You saved everyone that Vern's drug put into a coma. Nobody forced you to do that. What matters now is who you are today.

Sid looks at Vern. Vern continues to play in the dirt.

SID

Given the choice I'd rather be me than him. Maybe if you stay... We could start over.

Bree nods. She bends down and holds Vern's face.

BREE

It's time to leave. You can have milk and cookies in New Eden.

VERN

Yeah. I like New Eden.

INT. NEW EDEN COURTHOUSE - DAY

MAGISTRATE NELSON, a massive human being, sits behind the judge's desk. He taps a computer display and frowns.

NELSON

Everything is in order for Sid and Bree to adopt the hybrid triplets. Are you adopting the hybrid baby as well?

Kirsten steps forward. She holds her daughter tightly.

KIRSTEN

She's my child, Your Honor. I won't surrender her to anyone.

The magistrate starts to motion with his hand. Before he can speak Royce steps forward.

ROYCE

That little girl is mine, Your Honor. I'd be happy to complete the family.

NELSON

So long as the child has a parent from each of the contributing species.

The judge turns to Kirsten. She smiles coyly at Royce.

KIRSTEN

That's fine with me, Judge.

NELSON

Sid, seems to be the only applicant for the contract to govern this planet. Are there any objections?

Everyone falls completely silent.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Sir. This planet is yours. Court is adjourned.

The magistrate BANGS his gavel against the desk. He steps down and walks out.

Bree throws her arms around Sid and kisses him. They turn towards Royce and Kirsten.

SID

You could have claimed the contract.  
Why didn't you say anything?

ROYCE

Where I come from being a best friend  
means something. I wasn't going to  
take away everything you worked for.

BREE

What about Vern?

SID

We'll look after him. He'll always  
be a child of New Eden.

FADE OUT