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Species II

By Dennis Feldman

Houston, this is Excursion.
We see a good
orbit-insertion burn. Over.
Excursion, this is Houston.
We copy and concur.
Good 0-1 burn.
Houston, can you confirm
good K. U. antenna coverage
for lander deploy?
INCO, this is the flight director.
How is our K. U.
for lander docking system release?
Flight, this is INCO.
We should have good K. U. coverage
all the way through L.D.S. release.
In fact, we're covered all the way
through the landing and air lock egress.
Houston, stack going
to minus Z-L-V.
Flight, Prop.
R.C.S. margins good.
Copy. Control systems
propellant quantities good.
Flight, EECOM.
Lander umbilicals dead-faced.
Copy. Lander on internalpower.
De-orbit burn TIG
in five, four...
three, two, one.
De-orbit burn in progress.
Flight, Rendezvous.
Excursion sep maneuver is nominal.
Lander, this is Houston.
We shownominal de-orbit.
Looks pretty good from this end.
The eagle has landed...
again.
Way to go! Yes!
Houston, we have touchdown
at M.E.T...
1 82 days, 1 1 hours,
53 minutes, 37 seconds.
Excursion, Houston.
You are go to reconfigure

nominal DAP, B-1.
Copy, Houston.
Selecting item 30.
I'm there.
Set P.E.T. countdown.
It's one hour
till party time, baby.
Commanding camera boom deployment.
Flight, E. V.A. Air lock
depressurization complete.
Hatch coming open.
Comm check on l.F.M. uplink.
Do you read?
We're with you, Patrick.
Houston, Excursion.
Deploying rover two.
We confirm rover two's telemetry
is go for deploy.
Excursion, this is Houston.
Are you receiving rover one's carrier
signal through the landers uplink?
That's affirm, Houston. We expect
excellent video from rover one.
Not for one nation...
not for one people...
not for one creed...
but for all humankind.
Patrick Ross,
son of a senator, football star at Yale,
and now the first man on Mars.
A perfect hero
for these imperfect times.
Patrick, this is Excursion.
I need you to check rover two's
next drilling site for me.
Patrick, would you take a look
at your primary O-2...
and power levels on your D.C.M.
Suit parameters all look good.
Structure around is loamy.
Loose topsoil is rock.
Drill bit shows signs of wear and tear.
It'll last. One more area.
Sector 1 1 2, okay?

It might have been
a canal bed.
Eight years of training,
and I'm a Martian ditchdigger.
You have 1 hour, 30 minutes
surface time left.
And counting.
Final sample loaded.
Prepping for air lock ingress.
In a world beset by violence,
hunger and strife...
there are occasions
when mankind surpasses...
the petty struggles
of daily existence.
The Excursion voyage to Mars
is one of those occasions.
Today America is proud.
I told them not to go!
Three, two, one...
Let's get you out of here.
Oh, my God.
It was incredible.
A tremendous achievement
that once again proves...
that if we can rise above
partisan politics...
America can climb to the heavens.
Thank you, Mr. President.
The credit goes to my crew.
Fly home safe, son.
Our prayers are with you and...
God bless you.
Thank you, Mr. President.
Flight, Nav. We'd like the crew
to take a star tracker pass...
and perform an l.M.U. alignment
before we update the state vector.
CAPCOM, let the crew know Navigation
wants a fix on a star position...
and alignment of
the interior moment unit...
before putting a new
state vector on board.

Houston, this is Excursion.
We have your new state vector on board.
Excursion, Houston. We copy you.
Have received the updated vector.
Coming up on TIG
for transfer orbit burn.
Copy.
Excursion, you are good to go.
Thanks, Huston.
Thirty seconds to transfer orbit TIG.
We're homeward bound, baby.
Yes, sirs!
Excursion, Houston.
Transfer orbit burn in 20, 19...
18, 17...
16, 15...
14, 13, 12...
11, 10...
nine, eight...
seven...
six...
five...
four...
three...
two...
one.
Excursion, this is Houston calling.
Do you read us? Over.
Excursion, this is Houston.
Do you copy?
For the past three minutes...
every attempt to communicate
with the Excursion has failed.
I told 'em not to go to Mars!
I told 'em not to go!
G.C., Flight. Check all relay
stations on the network.
Have the backup TDRS
on standby.
Flight to all operators.
Pull up your data passes from the burn.
Get with your back rooms.
Verify that we saw no anomalies.
For God's sake, somebody

tell me she didn't blow.
Houston, this is Excursion.
We had a malfunction
in the K.U. band antenna.
Lost telemetry and comm.
I performed a bit of l.F.M.
Seems to be okay now.
Excursion crew is okay.
Headed for rendezvous
with Big Blue.
It's gonna be good to get home.
Over and out.
The Extraterrestrial
Vulnerability Experiment...
has one central goal:
to discover a means
to defend ourselves...
against the alien species
should they ever return to Earth.
Now, as you know, gentlemen,
Eve was re-created
from a frozen lab embryo.
She's a genetic duplicate
of the original Sil.
Now, we have deliberately
shielded Eve...
from any direct contact
with the male gender...
which is why, gentlemen,
you're inside there.
So...
proceed.
Help!
Laura! Please!
Okay, that's enough.
Bring her up.
Bingo, Dr. Baker!
It worked!
Take a look at those
beautiful welts.
Just beautiful.
What happened, Dr. Baker?
Our problem in a nutshell:
A toxic agent works once...

but then it becomes useless
once the alien's biology adapts.
You've gone out of your way
to give this...this lab animal...
a living situation
that's fit for a queen!
I suggest you spend more time
finding a way to 86 the damn thing.
Colonel, you're welcome
to replace me anytime you like.
I'm sorry, gentlemen.
Tell Dr. Baker
we must continue testing.
Aye, aye, sir.
Why do you do this to me?
I'm sorry, Eve.
I've explained to you
why we've got to do this...
what happened
with the first Sil.
And why you have to be prepared.
Survival of the fittest.
I know.
I watch this TV...
and I see all the places
I'm never gonna go...
and see all the people
I'm never gonna meet.
Is that all I am to you?
A laboratory animal?
I want you to understand
that the reason I took this job...
was to make sure that these experiments
were done with regard for you.
Just don't forget
that I'm human too.
Main gear touchdown.
Shuttle ground support vehicles
with flight surgeon and medical team...
in the crewrecovery vehicle
are en route.
Thanks, Houston.
It's good to be home.
- Thanks.

- You're welcome.

On preliminary examination, all three of you are in remarkable health... though, of course, I'll continue more specific blood testing.

We do have a few people here who would like a further examination.

Boy, there's enough fine booty out there to cure what ails me.

You're under quarantine, Mr. Gamble.

No sexual activity for at least ten days.

- And that means all of you.

- Oh, you've gotta be kidding.

No, I'm not kidding.

Back when President Kennedy began the space program...

I was just a very young assistant up on the Hill.

It didn't take me long to realize that he was a visionary... and that I shared that vision.

Later on, when I became a senator...

I was determined to push our program even further into space.

And so today,

Jack Kennedy's vision...

is maintained by the commitment of American business.

But I like to think that his spirit is embodied... in young men like Patrick Ross.

- When Patrick was five years old...

- What happened to Patrick?

I don't know, but he's missing some major butt-kissing from his own father.

He hasn't been feeling very well tonight.

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

Yeah, I think what we all need is a little tender loving care.

So it's with pleasure that I introduce
one of our finest young leaders,
the captain of the Mars mission,
and my son, Patrick Ross.

I've gotta go.

Lincoln suite, upstairs.

Hurry.

Captain Ross, everyone's
waiting. This way, sir.

Nice of you to show up.

Thank you all

for coming out this evening.

Thank you, Father,

for what I'm sure

were overly kind words.

I've been chosen

on behalf of my wonderful crew...

to represent

the mission to Mars...

and an image

that comes to my mind...

is looking through the porthole...

at the blue-white globe...

beautiful...

so fragile, so small.

And I thought to myself...

how easy it would be to destroy

all that God has created.

I think, as we look

to the future...

our greatest mission

might be right here at home.

It's open.

Come on in.

My sister decided to join us.

We share everything...

together.

Parker's going for two,

and he's in there, standing!

Pulse rate is 20 percent

below human norm.

What do you expect, Brea?

She's watching baseball.

Oh, God!

You are a hero.
Oh, God.
It's my turn.
Yes, it is.
Here it comes!
Parker's going for three!
Jeez! Did someone hit a home run?
My God, help me!
Get off me!
Marcy! Get him off me!
Oh, my God!
Help me, someone!
- What the hell is going on?
- My God!
Last night,
after the fund-raiser...
something happened.
I try to think about it,
I draw a total blank.
They always make those drinks
at those fund-raisers strong.
That's the way they get
the wallets to open up.
Billy, you tell that old son-of-a-bitch
I won't take no for an answer.
There's something wrong with me,
Dad, since I got back.
Do you think
a trip to Mars was rough?
You just wait till you try
a senate campaign.
Dad, listen to me.
I'm having...
I'm having
some kind of breakdown.
Stop thinking about the master plan
and help me, all right? I'm scared.
Goddamn it!
Quit acting like a spoiled child.
You're a Ross.
Behave like one.
And I'm gonna give you
a piece of advice, boy.
You keep your dick in your pants

and your eyes on the prize.
Oh, I know what you been doin',
and frankly, I don't give a damn.
But I have seen too many young men
with promising careers...
piss it all away
on a piece of ass.
People love you, Patrick.
Hell, boy, they idolize you.
You're gonna be President
of the United States someday.
Now, let's take a walk
through the gallery.
Some of my illustrious colleagues
are just dyin' to get your autograph.
Yes, sir.
Yes, it's very important
that I speak with Herman Cromwell.
No, he's a patient there.
Well, can I get a message to him
that Dr. Orinsky called
from the lab at Oldham Space Center
up in Maryland?
Yes, it's very important
that I speak to him.
I'm an old colleague of his.
I can't believe this.
Oh, my God!
Company, halt! Left, left...
The substance found
in Dr. Orinsky's wounds
is combinant alien-human DNA.
This DNA is structurally
similar to Eve's...
but it's not a perfect match.
Obviously, Eve
has not left the compound...
which means, gentlemen,
that there's another one out there.
None of our intelligence suggests
that a foreign power was involved.
How do we start looking
for this thing?
Well, I would suggest

normal investigative procedure...
to cultivate a list of possible suspects
and then test their blood.
Thank you, Dr. Baker. We may ask you
to help us track it down.
Always a pleasure, gentlemen.
Get Press Lennox.
Ladies and gentlemen,
the embassy is secure.
The hostages are free.
Press Lennox.
Diplomatic security.
Provides embassy guards...
and protects against...
kidnapping and assassination...
and also, of course,
special services...
Like the demonstration
we witnessed here today.
Excuse me, Mr. Lennox.
Somebody needs to see you right away.
My assistant will answer
any questions you might have.
Thank you all very much.
Ladies and gentlemen, are there
any questions I can answer?
Are you equipped with
night vision attack capabilities?
That was really, really great.
Well?
The answer is no.
Press, we got another
fucking alien on the loose.
Get somebody else.
Come on, buddy.
Your country calls.
Don't start waving the flag.
I'm in the private sector now.
I've got a business to run.
Look at me, Press.
You know how I got this goddamn eye.
It's a sacrifice I'd make
again in a heartbeat.
But then maybe you haven't learned

the meaning of sacrifice.
Listen, pal.
The last time I fought
with that alien she-bitch...
I almost got myself killed.
If the government was stupid
enough to make another one...
I think they can clean up
the mess by themselves.
We didn't make this one.
Count me out of
the search party, okay?
Where is my fucking key?
A million dollars, tax free.
Sure you won't reconsider?
Welcome to Biohazard Four.
Dr. Baker!
Come out here!
Oh, my God.
Open the doors!
Somebody open the doors!
Get him away from there!
Somebody open the doors!
What the hell
do you think you're doing?
You know there's no men allowed
in this lab. Get away!
- Calm down, Dr. Baker.
- Do you have respect for this?
- Out now, both of you!
- We have an emergency.
Okay, we'll take it outside.
- Damn well right we'll take it outside.
- Don't blow a gasket.
Don't patronize me.
We're not patronizing.
We're coming along.
Close the doors.
Laura, correct me if I'm wrong.
Are you involved
in this crazy bullshit?
Dr. Baker runs this facility.
She cloned the Sil embryo.
Oh. Okay, well,

what should I call her?

Sil Lite?

- Her name is Eve.

- Eve. How very biblical.

We have dampened
her mating instinct.

We have strictly avoided the presence
of testosterone in this lab.

At least until now.

Thank you for your help in that area.

What if she gets
out of there?

She's electronically tethered
to a control box.

One step off the premises, and
a toxic capsule explodes in her brain.

You know, it's really great
to see you again...

and I was hoping we'd meet
under better circumstances...

but, I remember Laura Baker
having a little bit more soul.

Just who the hell
do you think you are?

You're coming into my lab,
questioning my motives!

Are you two finished?

We have a national fucking emergency
on our hands!

Now, you two
will work together.

That's a direct order
from the Pentagon.

You killed one of these fucking
alien things before. Do it again.

You heard the man.

Now the fun begins.

I went over Orinsky's phone records,
and this is the lastplace he called.

There's a patient named
Herman Cromwell.

Turns out he taught Orinsky
at Stanford.

And what exactly

is Cromwell doing here?
Well, that's
the interesting part.
It's classified
top-secret information.
I was doing research
on a Mars meteorite.
The one found
in the Antarctic in '96?
Fossils in the meteorite convinced us
there might have been life on Mars.
But these fossils weren't anything
organic to the planet. Oh, no.
And what was the basis
for that determination?
Carbon-based elements
in the fossils...
exist only
in the Magellanic galaxy.
That's 1 00 million
light years away.
Well, how did they get to Mars?
By my reckoning...
Mars was visited
by an alien species...
approximately
one billion years ago.
The species was like
a plague, a cancer.
It turned a thriving planet with...
rivers and oceans
and rudimentary plant life...
into a useless hunk of rock.
When I heard they were going
to send a mission to Mars...
I strongly urged the government
to reconsider.
On what grounds?
On grounds that alien DNA
might remain on the planet...
that any human attempt
to violate the planet...
would result
in biological contamination.

So, let me guess. They told you
to shove it up your ass.
They got me fired from Stanford.
It seems the military had strategic
reasons for wanting to go to Mars.
Outpost of the future,
or some crap like that.
Anyway, they harassed
the shit out of me.
I got into a fistfight
with a Pentagon general...
and broke his goddamn jaw.
That's why they stuck you
in here, right?
Why do you think that Dr. Orinsky
called you the night that he died?
To tell me I was right.
Whatever species destroyed Mars...
those poor astronauts
brought down to Earth.
May God have pity on our souls.
I'll tell you one thing.
For General Lee...
to be eatin' up the road
this early in the mornin'...
something's sure got
Bo and Luke all head up.
I figure it's got somethin'
to do with women.
Or huntin'.
Or maybe wheels.
The temperature on Mars
is approximately 225 degrees below zero.
If they brought the samples on board,
the temperature thaw...
could have brought the DNA
back to life.
That DNA could have infected
the astronauts.
This isn't the fucking X Files,
goddamn it!
You are following a lead
based on the interrogation...
of a certified nutcase.

We got one dead N.S.E.G. doctor...
we have a guy who warned
the government not to go to Mars...
they slapped him in a loony bin...
and a seven-minute time gap
during the space flight.
We need to do blood analysis
on Sampas, Gamble and Ross.
Now, I know that there is
a sexual quarantine of ten days...
on all interplanetary missions,
and the Mars quarantine ends tonight.
They could fuck the human race
into extinction.
You want to be responsible for that
if we don't start testing everybody now?
Test Patrick first.
Yeah.
I've been waiting
to get you alone.
All the interviews,
all the screaming girls...
all the hoopla...
gone.
Push it out of your mind.
Patrick Ross...
tonight...
you're mine.
I love you.
What's the matter?
I don't know.
We should hold off.
Oh, no. No, you don't.
Not tonight.
Come on, Missy.
I don't feel so good.
Relax.
Let me do the work.
There's nobody here.
Where the fuck did he go?
Let's go find the others.
I missed you up there.
I missed you so much.
It's so beautiful.

Not as beautiful as you are.
Charmer.
Take it easy, Press.
You're gonna get us killed.
Trust me, Laura.
I got a bad feeling in my stomach.
God, I missed making love
with you.
Oh, my stomach!
- Oh, my God!
- Call someone!
Call for help!
Up here. Come on!
No, please!
Oh, God.
I'm gonna get a full crew.
I'm gonna get 'em over here
right away.
We gotta get to the others.
Oh, this is awful.
This is just awful.
I'll take her the rest of the way.
Have a good evening.
This is nice.
You thought I lived on a tugboat.
I know what you thought.
But I got it all under control now.
Oh, you do?
Yeah, you just slide
right over there.
Let me open this door.
There we go.
Hey, girl.
- Is that it?
- No, honey, that's not it.
Right there.
No, that's not it.
Oh, that's it.
What's wrong?
Dennis Gamble, we'd like you
to come with us.
Man, a brother just can't get no booty.
You know what I'm sayin'?
This is no way to treat a national hero.

This is embarrassing.
What is this all about?
Look, somebody speak to me.
Hey, I'm a personal friend
of Senator Judson Ross, okay?
Personal friend. I'm gonna eat
your badge for breakfast.
Get your hand
off my head, man.
I demand an explanation.
We'll have the test results
in a few minutes.
Why am I being tested?
N.S.E.G. said I was fine.
Sit tight, son.
We'll explain everything later.
Well, it's kind of tough
to sit tight, sir.
I haven't been laid in 1 1 months.
That's unusual for me.
Take it easy, Burgess.
Everybody deserves an explanation.
You're damn right.
And what's with all these guards?
What the hell is going on around here?
It's purely
a precautionary measure.
We need a couple of minutes
for the blood analysis, so just relax.
Couple of questions.
What can you tell us about the seven
minutes when the Excursion lost contact?
I can't remember.
I don't know if I blacked out,
I can't remember.
When did you last speak
to Anne Sampas?
At that fund-raiser
the other night.
Did she act peculiar?
She seemed fine to me.
What's this all about?
Something happen to her?
You tell me.

What happened to Anne Sampas?
Tell me what happened to her!
Anne Sampas is dead.
I'm sorry, Dennis.
Yeah. Laura.
Well, the combinant DNA in Anne's body
doesn't match what I found in Orinsky's.
So, it's either Gamble or Ross.
Be careful, Press.
What was the cause of death?
We don't know.
Come on.
How the hell did she die?
Sequence almost complete.
- Why are you testing my blood?
- Ten seconds till relay.
- You think I killed Annie?
- Data retrieval on-line.
- Is that what you think?
- Five seconds. Three seconds.
I didn't kill her! I swear!
Computer says normal.
There is no sign of infection.
- Go home, get some rest.
- Look, I want answers!
In due time.
We'll be in touch.
Yo, Gamble.
You know where Patrick Ross is?
Nope.
Well, if you see him,
you'll let me know, yeah?
Sure.
Well, let's see what
the cranial cavity has to say.
Now I'll just reach
behind her ear, and we should...
God.
Patrick, no!
Want a date, mister?
I was scared, man.
This is crazy.
His whole head just grew right back
like some sort of damn freak show.

The alien species
can regenerate living tissue.
Aliens, little green men.
I still can't believe it.
If they knew there were aliens
up there, why did they send us?
N.S.E.G. got warned
but they chose to ignore it.
We think that there was some hostile DNA
in the soil samples that you collected.
Something happened up there.
I can't remember exactly.
I just know it was terrible.
I'm sure that it was terrible.

The question is:

How do we proceed now?
I got guys out there all over the place
looking for this kid.
Any place he might be.
We're gonna find him sooner or later.
If he's reproducing,
we've got potential offspring.
I think it's safe to assume he's banging
cocktail waitresses two at a time.
Well, then in less than two weeks,
these offspring reach adolescence...
and then they enter
the chrysalis stage.
Chrysalis stage?
A cocoon which
turns them into adults.
Hey, baby,
turn that car around.
Hey, don't leave me.
Come on.
Hi, honey.
Baby, come back.
A serial killer maybe loose
in the Washington-Maryland area.
Authorities have asked the public
to be extremely cautious...
when approached by strangers.
How much for number three?

Twenty an hour.
Thank you, Linda.
And now for the financial news.
Twenty, forty, sixty.
Thank you much.
Enjoy yourself.
Come in.
See what I mean, Laura?
Every so often, her rates go berserk.
Fifty agents we got out there
looking for this guy.
We got nothing.
Man, how can you
just touch that?
Occupational hazard.
So, you didn't see nothing,
didn't hear nothing, don't know nothing?
They come and they go.
You know what I mean?
They come and they go.
Oh, that's hysterical.
Sit your ass down.
They come, they go.
You get it?
Oh, yeah, I get it.
Here you go.
Thanks.
We're wasting time.
It's been two days,
and Lennox hasn't made any headway.
Maybe that's because you gentlemen
won't allow us to go public.
Dr. Baker,
you said that Eve
has telepathic abilities.
Some.
Can we send her after Patrick?
It'd be foolish to take her
out of a controlled atmosphere.
There's the danger of escape.
Then we'd have two aliens loose,
instead of one.
If these two were to mate, the resulting
pure strain of offspring...

would be unstoppable.
Well, can she tell us where he is
without leaving the lab?
We've seen spiking
in her biorhythms...
which indicate
a rudimentary connection...
but half her alien genes
are dormant.
Tracking Patrick
is out of her league.
Dormant means asleep.
Is there any way
that we can wake them up?
We could use the lab's
cyclotron...
to bombard her with radiation
that would awaken her dormant genes.
But there is a problem.
What's that?
We make her more alien.
We increase her strength,
her anger.
Her mating drive
would go through the roof.
It's worth the risk.
We'll tighten security.
She is not a lab animal.
She is half-human.
Please, Baker, spare us
the alien rights agenda.
Put her in the cyclotron.
And what if I refuse?
That's your prerogative.
She's gonna go in anyway.
Gentlemen.
Don't worry, Laura.
I know what they want.
I'm sorry. This is not what I intended.
It's gonna be very painful for you.
I want to help.
I'm going to radiate for 45 seconds
then shut it down.
I'm connected, Laura.

I see what he sees.
He's driving down a small street.
I see two-story buildings...
a man walking a small dog.
They're stopping at a stoplight.
Okay, here we go!
I see street signs.
Gwynn's Falls and Warwick!
- Intersection of Gwynn's Falls...
- He's in a parking lot!
- What?
- Gwynn's Falls and Warwick.
Gwynn's Falls?
Where?
That's in Reservoir Hill!
There's a big supermarket!
He's going into the supermarket
near Gwynn's Falls and Warwick.
Hang on to your shorts!
- He's going after a woman!
- Let's go!
How the hell did you get
a drivers' license?
Where is he?
Aisle one. Fruits and vegetables!
He's in aisle one,
fruits and vegetables.
We're there. Now what?
Come on, Press!
My God! It's you!
- Will you sign my Space Flakes box?
- Sure.
You got a pen?
I do.
What's your name?
Darlene.
"Darlene."
You know a secret?
I think Space Flakes taste like shit.
- Which row?
- Cereal!
Come on, Press.
Watch it!
Where's the goddamn cereal?

Nice to meet you.
Really nice to meet you.
It's her!
Help me!
Which way?
Quick! Which way?
What she say?
They're going down some stairs.
A basement! Find a basement!
It's dark.
He wants to mate with her!
Get away!
Get up!
Shut up!
Help!
Get down!
- Damn it!
- No!
Help!
He's trying to rape her!
Man, don't shoot!
Why don't you get a motel?
Fuckin' kids.
He knows I'm tapping in.
Help! Leave me alone!
Stop!
Get off me!
Eve...
Patrick!
Go on! Get out of here!
Get out!
- Don't move, spaceman.
- Put down the gun.
Get your hands up!
Get 'em up!
What is this?
You can't deny some bugged-out stuff
going on around here.
What kind of stuff?
You told me yourself
you were feeling weird.
You gotta go in for tests, bro.
Sure. I don't mind
going into the lab.

Open the gate.
What's going on?
Estrogen level's peaking.
It's like she's in heat.
Let me out!
Let me out!
Let's go.
Has she been given
any medication?
Yes, her usual dose.
Let me out, Laura!
I'm going to double it.
Let me out!
Listen to me, Laura...
Laura!
Code 459 alert. Patrick Ross
in Biohazard Four. Seal the compound!
Get out of there, Sherry!
Patrick, leave her alone!
Open the door.
I know what you're going through,
and I can help you.
- Let me help you.
- Open the goddamn door.
I can't do that.
I'm sorry.
- Open it!
- I can't...
Get away from her now!
The proof is incontrovertible.
Your son was infected
up in that capsule.
I'm sorry, Senator.
Jesus God.
Rest assured
we'll deal with this quietly.
Medical treatment, the best doctors.
The last thing this country needs
is a spectacle with a national hero
being publicly compromised.
Cut the crap, Carter.
What the hell are we gonna do?

Two imperatives:

We have to find Patrick
and bring him in immediately.
We have to neutralize any possibility
that this could leak to the media.
The generals are very concerned.
They're gonna kill him, aren't they?
We need to find your son.
You listen to me,
you arrogant son-of-a-bitch.
If you touch a hair on his head...
you will rue the day you were born!
You make it very hard
to help you, Senator.
Go fuck yourself!
What the hell did you think I'd do?
Stand here and let you take my son?
I'll call the goddamn President
if I have to.
Listen carefully, old man.
This is way beyond the President.
Way beyond.
You wanna save Patrick?
Help us bring him in.
Damn, man! What is up?
I can't even get no play from an alien.
Some people carry a disease
in their genetic code.
The possibility exists it might be
passed on to their children.
Those N.S.E.G. doctors
told me I had sickle trait.
It's in your chart.
You don't have sickle-cell anemia,
which is why you were able
to go to Mars. But you're a carrier.
Right.
Well, I guess that's why
he didn't get infected up on the ship.
Right. Alien DNA cannot cope
with human genetic flaws.
It has no defense against our diseases,
and that might be our answer.
What could be the answer?
Alien DNA infected us.

It's about time we infected them.
What?
Patrick...
Dad, what are you doing here?
I kind of figured
you'd show up here.
You always used to love this place
as a child.
So did your mother.
I never could convince her
to get rid of it.
Yeah, I used to come here
when I was courting her.
- And after she died...
- What do you want?
Well...
First off, I'd like to apologize.
Apologize for what?
Oh, Paddy.
Don't bother.
They told me what happened...
how you got infected up on Mars.
I'm sorry, Paddy... for not listening
when you asked for help.
You never listened.
I'm listening now.
They're gonna kill me.
Not if I can help it.
Now, there's no way
that they can find you here.
This property's still listed
under you mother's maiden name.
And I sure as hell am not gonna hand
you over to those Pentagon bastards.
No, sir.
I'm taking you in to Johns Hopkins...
for treatment with the best.
We'll walk through that door together.
Come in with me, son.
No.
I know you won't do it for me.
But try to think of your mother.
Do it for her.
Dad, help me.

It's okay.
It's okay.
Eve...
We need your help again
to find Patrick.
I'm sorry, Laura.
I can't do that.
We could just call in
the National Guard.
Sorry, pal.
This is strictly a private mission.
Yeah, well, I'm a lover.
I'm not a fighter.
You haven't been one of those
in 1 1 months.
Why you gotta bring that up?
Okay, I was a lover. I sure as hell
ain't no damned bounty hunter.
This looks about right.
What?
That little, old tiny ass thing?
You ain't got
no bazookas up in here?
Bazookas?
Hasn't anyone ever told you
that size doesn't matter?
I mean, you can talk all that noise
if you want to.
I'm taking this because I'm about
to go back to Africa on somebody's ass.
I've used Dennis' blood sample
as the basis for this toxin.
Of course, I have no idea
whether or not this is going to work.
It's an interesting idea.
It might be the only chance we got.
But what if it doesn't work?
Well, then, my friend,
we're fucked.
Get the tether!
Containment breach.
We're locked in here!
Electronic tether,
armed for activation

in five, four...
three, two, one.
It's stuck.
Get back!
Securitybreach, code red,
level four.
Colonel, there's a lot
of activity below.
Keep your distance.
Let's see what's going on.
Fire!
Come on.
Get in the humvees! Let's go! Now!
You heard him! Go!
How in the hell
does she know how to drive?
Her favorite show's
The Dukes of Hazard.
Fan-fuckin'-tastic.
Burgess, this is General Metzger.
Maintain yourpursuit
but do not engage alien escapee.
Let Press Lennox do his job.
Is that clear?
Roger. Back off, Captain.
I don't wanna crash this party
until just the right time.
Stop right here.
Grab that spray canister.
Be careful with that thing.
Jesus Christ!
Welcome to the maternity ward...
from hell.
Patrick's offspring.
I'm gonna go up and see if I can find
Adam and Eve.
Press, this isn't Eve's fault.
She's human too.
Like them.
What's wrong?
My DNA ain't good enough?
You let me live on that ship
so I can die in this goddamn barn?
Fuck you!

Fuck all you pig motherfuckers!
I'm about to get straight
Kunta Kinte on your ass!
Dennis!
It's working!
Score one for human DNA, baby!
Why don't you get those?
I'm going up here.
Just do your thing, baby.
Die!
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Eve, get out of the way!
What the hell is going on in here?
Stay back!
Oh, my God!
Eve, I know you're in there!
Please help us!
Please, help us!
Press!
Get up! Quick!
Quick!
You killed her,
you disgusting son-of-a-bitch!
Press, use my blood! Quick!
Get up!
When did you start smoking?
Just now.
I wonder if I should have
this stuff analyzed.
Yeah, maybe you should.
You might turn into a sexual predator.
- Yeah, I guess that's possible.
- It'd be okay with me.
I have a drag?
- All right, one, two, three.
- Up!
- Easy.
- Got it.
Oh, now y'all show up...
after we do all the work.
I wanna talk to the general.
Know what I'm saying?
Mr. Gamble,

I need you to lie back for me.

- Yes, I'll be glad to.

- Nice and easy.

Looks like you're gonna be all right.

I'm fine, brother.

Be seeing you.

I hear you had a rough day.

- Oh, I'm so glad you're here.

- Well.

I've been killing aliens all night.

Know what I'm saying?