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# **Alien Nation: Body and Soul**

By Rockne S. O'Bannon

Hmm.

Excellent.

Attack simulation is now completed.

Cut Power to 3 and 5.

Shutting down Complex 7 and 9.

- Engaging emergency generators.

- Nine? There's nothing down there.

All the sections

are back online?

Except for Complex 9.

It's everything

we hoped it would be.

The power drains will be fixed.

My compliments.

Our clients will be thrilled.

This technology has provided us...

with the biggest bat

in the old ball game.

Complex 9! Hurry!

Secondary failure in 9.

Nine... coming back.

No. No. It's Complex 9.

- Complex 9, get over there. Quick. Cover it.

- I'll hit the perimeter.

No breaches, yet.

I'm heading south.

Roger that.

We're getting out the dogs.

I'm turnin' in from the west now.

A breach? Where?

Get a chopper up now.

Begin a ground search.

Tivoli!

What the hell

was in Complex 9?

California's

Mojave Desert, seven years ago.

Our historic first view

of the Newcomer ship.

Theirs was a slave ship

carrying a quarter-million beings...

bred to adapt and labor

in any environment.

Physically stronger than human beings,

with keener senses and two hearts...  
these alien Newcomers have  
joined the American society.  
The Tenctonese have been accepted  
by many, but hated by human purists...  
who fear the inevitable  
cohabitation of the two species.  
With no way to leave Earth,  
the Tenctonese Newcomers...  
have become the latest  
edition to the population of Los Angeles.  
Look how well  
their lips align.  
Mm-hmm.  
All it takes is practice.  
I know you like  
humming.  
Where?  
Matt! Matt!  
- Matt, we're going too far.  
- We're consenting adults.  
But you don't understand.  
This could be physically... dangerous.  
Cathy.  
If a Tenctonese woman  
is not in sync with her mate...  
she could cause him serious...  
injury.  
Hey, we got nothin'  
but sync.  
But you need to learn  
how to approach me.  
You need to learn  
how to hum.  
You need training.  
Hey! One thing I don't need  
is training.  
This is not a good idea.  
Hey, we're running on fumes here!  
The ping is strong. I have the vector.  
He's slowing down.  
Penn, if we don't refuel,  
we're gonna fall down!  
It's better to fall down

than come back without those two.

- Break right, 2-0-0.

- Right, 2-0-0.

I've lost the ping. Set down quickly.

They must be below us.

Watch the right.

Keep clear of the building.

All right. Stay close. He can't be more than a few blocks that way.

Emergency operator.

Take him down.

This one's dead.

Hey! Hi, Matt.

Hey, Zapeda.

- Hey, George.

- Matt.

Oh, my. Did you and Cathy try to copulate last night?

No, no!

There was a bar of soap on the floor of the shower and I stepped on it-

Well, your injury is consistent with that of humans who rush into sex without proper-

George. George.

What is that disgusting thing you're eating?

Well, it's weasel pressed into a ring.

They're new. You have your doughnuts, now I have mine.

They're excellent for dunking.

They make a jelly weasel too.

Detective Sikes, your neck.

- Did you try to copulate with a Newcomer?

- Says he slipped in the shower.

Hey! That's what happened, damn it! You don't wanna believe it, that's your fault!

- Hey! No! Albert!

- Just... relax.

Albert!

- How's that?

- Better.

It's still sore, but better.

Sexual ignorance  
is a very dangerous thing.  
Francisco, Sikes, you got a homicide-  
And good morning.  
It's about six blocks  
away from here.  
Bizarre-looking Newcomer child was found  
at the scene. I had her sent to day care.  
And you're supposed to be  
where, exactly, Albert?  
The victim was a Newcomer,  
John Paul Jones.  
The perp might also  
be a Newcomer.  
There was a witness who said  
they saw a giant fighting two guys.  
The witness was a wino,  
so who knows?  
Says the victim worked security  
for Dextra Pharmaceuticals.  
Security guy?  
Ex-cop?  
No, but Dextra is owned  
by Adrian Tivoli.  
Dr. Adrian Tivoli? Nobel prize,  
genetic cure for diabetes, 1997.  
Talk about giants. Perhaps  
the most illustrious Newcomer of all.  
- Oh, that Adrian Tivoli.  
- Forget the caseload. Let's put this on the fast track.  
There might be some  
press interest.  
I want you to refer that to me,  
uh, if Dr. "Tripoli" has any questions.  
- Talk about a giant. That  
man is one giant a- - Perhaps-  
Uh, with, uh, some  
chocolate sauce.  
Okay, Marla, you want  
some of these?  
All right.  
What?  
What did you say?  
Don't understand.

You came from where?

Albert.

Albert.

- She's not bizarre-looking. She's-

- Almost angelic.

- Still, she's-

- She sh-showed me strange things.

- What kind of things, Albert?

- I'm not sure.

Like a hospital,

but different.

She's- She's feeling

sorrow...

and pain and loneliness.

What is this- a sance, public access?

What are you talking about?

- Well, you know, Albert's a binnaum?

- Yeah...

and he gets to go around popping

Newcomer's wives so they can get pregnant.

I just catalyze them.

Their husbands...

- pop them.

- Binnaums are also sensitives.

Albert has the capacity to connect on  
what you would call a "psychic plane. "

Oh, great. Next time the Dodgers are  
blacked out on TV, I'll give you a call.

Albert, I want you to call

Cathy and tell her about all this.

I'd like her to see this child

as soon as possible.

Dr. Tivoli built herself quite a place.

And helped thousands of your people.

Just try not to kiss

Tivoli's ring, will ya, George?

- Dr. Tivoli!

- Oh, Detectives.

It's a great, great honor.

We'll try to be

as brief as possible.

Just let me say how much

I admire your work.

Oh, thank you,

Detective.

Well, I-

I know you're here about Mr. Jones...

but I'm afraid I'm not  
acquainted with everybody.

Oh, that's perfectly  
understandable.

Do you have any idea what he was doing  
the night he was murdered?

He was not on duty, so, then,  
of course, his time was his own.

- How are you?

- Fine, Dr. Tivoli.

And his record with Dextra?

Not a blemish.

I'll have my secretary get you a copy.

Did they tell you  
about the child we found?

- I hear she's unusual.

- Yes.

Her head is disproportionately large,  
but with no spots.

She appears intelligent,  
but she doesn't move or make any sounds.

- Has she been examined?

- I've requested it.

And do you have any  
suspects in the killing?

Oh, just your average,  
everyday giant Newcomer.

We have one witness who thinks  
that Jones and another human...  
were in a struggle with a very large  
Newcomer.

- And this relates to the child?

- Well, we have no idea.

- But-

- It's very curious. You know, a great deal...  
of our research  
is focused on genetic defects...  
in both humans  
and Newcomers.

Perhaps we could  
help this child.

That is so generous of you, Doctor.  
I'll, uh,  
pass that along.  
I'm surprised you didn't go all the way  
in that hard-hitting interview, George:  
Get an autographed glossy,  
maybe a fingernail clipping.  
That woman is  
an inspiration, Matthew.  
- I feel so proud.  
- Good. Then you get to buy lunch.  
Well, of course I should've  
told you before this.  
I know I disobeyed you. I was wrong.  
I just couldn't abandon all of my research.  
I've come so close.  
L- I'm sorry. I know  
it was foolish...  
and now I'm worried about the child-  
what an examination will reveal.  
Oh!  
Yes. Whatever you say.  
Please. I have as much  
at stake as you do-  
No, I just meant if they find out  
about OPSI L, sir, not about you.  
Yes, I'll-  
Yes, I'll see to it.  
Hey, yo, slag!  
How's the air down there?  
Hey, man! We're  
talking to you!  
- Yeah! Come on, drumhead!  
- Come back!  
You see the size  
of that slag, man?  
- That was one large spongehead.  
- Yo.  
A definite improvement  
over Albert's technique.  
- You got the healing touch.  
- I'm a doctor.  
Then you know if you kiss it,  
you'll make it better.

- Really?  
- Mm-hmm.  
- Matt!  
- Why don't you take this off and I'll give you a massage?  
Do you remember what happened the last  
time you touched the spots on my back?  
How about if I massage  
your front?  
Well, I suppose  
there's no harm in that.  
Still your proximity  
could get me aroused.  
So I'm never gonna  
be able to touch ya?  
Not if you don't listen  
to your body.  
Believe me,  
I'm answerin' its call.  
You're listening with the wrong part.  
You need to be trained.  
- On the job.  
- No, no, no. I mean by professionals.  
Whoa! Yo! I have never paid  
for it in my life.  
I'm talking about a class. Interspecies  
Project L.A. Has one.  
A human-Newcomer  
sex class.  
- They're gonna teach me how to have sex?  
- Yes.  
Cathy, between you and me,  
there's nothing I haven't-  
Hell, I lost my virginity  
at 14.  
- Really?  
- Okay. 16.  
You're still a virgin when it comes  
to Tenctonese women.  
Matt.  
You know I don't wanna have  
a platonic relationship with you...  
but if we don't go to this class,  
that's all we're ever gonna have.  
Did you know that I fantasize

about ripping your clothes off...  
and making love to you  
up one side of this apartment...  
and down the other?

Classes.

Classes.

- Hey, Socrates.

- I'm reading Schopenhauer, not Socrates.

You know, he reads like a child  
compared to our Tenctonese elders.

Oh. Well, don't forget  
the service on my car.

Uh, Matt's picking me up.

Buck will take the car in.

George, we're gonna  
have to talk to him.

Uh, Buck? What about?

Don't tell me  
you haven't noticed.

- All this studying.

- Developing a keen intellect. I don't see what the problem is.

He's 20 years old, George,  
and he's not even dating.

All his friends are males.

- You know what I mean.

- There's nothing wrong with dating males.

You're not falling into that human  
hydrophobia thing, are you?

Homophobia, George-

No, that's not what I'm talking about.

Buck's got no outlet,  
you know?

Well, I was kind of a  
myself.

You did talk to him about not letting  
his aklafluid build up, didn't you?

Oh, yes. Years ago.

Well, maybe we should remind him.

Make sure he's releasing it regular.

Well, if you think  
it's necessary.

You don't have a problem talking about  
fluid release, do you, George?

Hardly.

Isn't it odd that humans do. Imagine,  
they once fired a surgeon general...  
for suggesting it be  
taught in school.  
Good-bye, Nemo.  
Hey, Buck.  
Oh, don't. Believe me,  
I've heard all the jokes.  
One of the hazards  
of night work, huh?  
Believe me,  
it's not funny.  
Buck!  
- What'd I do?  
- I ask myself that all the time.  
George is in the kitchen.  
Yo-whoa!  
Oh, this is about  
as bad as I've ever seen.  
Oh, don't worry, Suze. I know  
a guy who can get rid of anything-  
freeze termites,  
blowtorch, bat infestations.  
No, no, no.  
Vesna's in there.  
Vesna-  
Your baby's in there?  
Yes, it's a cherboucha-  
Uh, like, hibernating.  
She's at that age, you know. Surrounded by  
loved ones, but isolated and protected.  
It's only for 11 months,  
but it really helps harmonize the senses.  
- That must've hurt.  
- L- Oh, yeah.  
Uh, yeah. Uh, listen,  
Suze...  
I know you haven't had  
any involvements with human males...  
- but-  
- Well, not that kind of involvement. No.  
Um, see, Cathy thinks  
that we should go...  
to classes.

- You know, isn't that-

- A great idea!

Otherwise, you could end up  
with some permanent damage...

you know, in-

in, well, really, uh...

painful places.

I gotta go.

So, uh, how'd it go

with Cathy last night?

- Ooh.

- Well, no bruises.

- I see you exercised some restraint.

- Hey! We were, uh-

- You know?

- Did you make a field goal?

No, George, more like

a grand slam.

- You did not.

- I did to.

- You did not.

- Did to.

- Matt!

- Cathy.

George! Did he tell you?

We're taking a sex class.

- Cathy-

- Oh, I thought you two had already copulated.

Whatever gave you

that idea?

You should really

come and see this child.

- Matt, what did you-

- George. Hey, George.

Here's some of the canvassing

reports on the Jones homicide.

You know, the neighbors,

they reported hearing a helicopter.

Could have landed and taken off.

The time frame fits.

- Why don't you see if you can-

- Airports, F.A. A...

- charter flights.

- Yeah. Right.

- What's the verdict?  
- She's not finished.  
What is it?  
She has only one  
cardiovascular system.  
She doesn't have  
two hearts?  
That's impossible.  
She's a Newcomer.  
Maybe she's not-  
no spots, one heart.  
Her motor skills are more consistent  
with human development.  
This is not a human child.  
Well, I'm not ready  
to jump to that conclusion.  
The ear configuration and cranial shape  
are definitely Newcomer.  
What are you saying?  
Half human, half Newcomer?  
- A hybrid?  
- I thought that was impossible.  
Tenctonese have been known  
to genetically adapt...  
in a single generation.  
Interbreeding may be  
just a matter of time.  
And that time has  
obviously come.  
I've got the first human Newcomer  
right here in my precinct.  
I don't know that.  
I need time for extensive tests.  
Do them! As for you,  
I want you to find "Mom" and "Dad. "  
This is now part  
of your official investigation.  
Work fast. This could be big.  
Whoa!  
Please, Captain...  
even if a hybrid birth  
is possible-  
Human-Newcomer relationships  
are already controversial.

It would be worse if it was thought  
they could procreate.

I'm not interested in  
sociology, just biology.

Find the parents.

Uh, Matt, you won't forget  
about our appointment later?

No. No.

Matt, I think the classes  
are a good idea.

I mean, this little thing on your neck  
is nothing compared-

I warned you guys about hitting on Zapeda.

Nice collar, George-  
literally.

- You okay?

- Yes, I'm all right.

Looks like I'm gonna have to  
blow off that appointment with Cathy.

No, no. You go on ahead. This fellow's  
gonna have a nice, long nap.

- Oh, no, no, no.

- I promise you...

you won't miss  
anything.

Good job.

- Did you have a nice swim?

- Yes, I did.

- Dr. Tivoli!

- Penn, what took you so long?

- I shouldn't be in here.

- It's just therapeutic U.V. And nitrogen.

A hood will keep  
any human safe.

All right. We're still looking.

I'm covering the whole town.

- It's a matter of time.

- I don't have time! Do you understand?

- Benson is furious.

- A snack, Dr. Tivoli?

- No, thank you.

- It's fresh kill.

No!

What?

Have you had  
any contagious diseases?  
Uh, just the usual kid's stuff.  
Uh, mumps, measles.

- Okay. Any allergies?
- Uh, penicillin.
- And what's your blood type?
- O-positive.

And how large is your penis  
when fully erect?

What?

- I don't really think that's your business.
- Matt, it's important.
- Matt.
- More or less.

Matt, this is  
a medical clinic.

And are you currently  
taking any medications?

You're very sad.

I'm nowhere on the chopper.

- It was probably somebody playing the TV too loud.
- No, no, no, no, Matt.

One of our birds saw the takeoff,  
but no one wants to claim this flight-  
not the feds, not E.M.S.,  
not charter.

- Military? What about one  
of the radio or TV stations?
- They're all accounted for.
- Thanks, Zap.

Detective Francisco.

- What?
- George.

Dr. Tivoli's been murdered.

Small caliber.

We've got a weapon.

She took one  
through the head.

- Human took one through the heart.
- Any signs of a struggle?

Quick and clean,  
so to speak.

It was a pro hit. There's no

fingerprints on the throat.

- I know. I know.

- Human's name was Penn.

Whoa! Chief of security  
for Dextra.

And Jones's boss.

Yeah.

Matt!

Please. She was a great  
benefactor to your race.

I'm done. We're ready  
to bag it and drag it.

- You guys wanna have lunch?

- Yeah.

Well, thanks a lot.

That's been very helpful.

Hey, Tivoli's next of kin, a daughter,  
she lives up north...

but the company  
located her.

The late Mr. Penn had a pilot's license-  
fixed-wing and helicopters.

- See if Dextra-

- Dextra has their own chopper.

I'll get the flight logs. Ooh! Albert.

I'm sorry. I'm- George. I'm getting  
pictures from the giant from the ship.

- The ship?

- Terrible things.

Francisco, Sikes,  
my office, now.

I've got what is probably the first  
human-Newcomer downstairs.

I've got a Nobel Prize-winning  
Newcomer in the morgue.

Captain Steroid's  
in my holding cell...

and the press is all  
over me like a rash.

What I don't have  
are any answers.

Where are the parents? Where is  
the evidence to charge this prisoner?

What the hell is going on at Dextra

Pharmaceuticals? Sikes, are you listening?

Oh, yeah. I was just wondering  
what time the fashion show starts.

Lt. Smithford,  
our public information officer.

- We have a P.I. O?

- Where do you hang out, Lieutenant?

Well, my work keeps me busy in  
the community with the press corps.

Ah, to protect  
and serve what? Cocktails?

- Sikes.

- Look, we can control the flow of information...  
on Tivoli and Dextra- ongoing investigation,  
full resources of the department...

one suspect in custody-  
the usual stuff.

We can hold 'em-  
for a while.

But if you can confirm  
the child is a half-and-half...

we can put quite  
a spin on that.

I'm talkin' national exposure  
for this department.

Schedule a press conference.

And, Sikes...

you tell your girlfriend  
I want confirmation in 24 hours.

Then the kid goes to Gingrich House  
till you find the parents.

Now get back to work.

Cappuccino?

A day isn't enough time!

I can't verify a hybrid  
with insufficient data.

- I know that.

- And the child is disabled.

She doesn't belong in an orphanage and  
I'm not certain there aren't other problems.

You can always petition  
juvy court.

I will as soon as I get custody.

Get out! Go home!

You should've never  
come in the first place!  
Slag lover!  
Looks like a meeting  
of folks that aren't gettin' any.  
It's not funny. Just imagine  
if the child is a hybrid.  
If humans and Newcomers  
reproduce offspring-  
The basis of Newcomer  
foreplay is humming.  
Humming!  
Now I like to start these sessions  
with a little exercise.  
Could we all stand, please?  
Come on, Matt. Relax.  
- Get into it.  
- Only reason I'm here.  
The process of learning  
how to make love...  
requires letting go  
of all those inhibitions.  
Now I know many of you are  
feeling very self-conscious right now...  
so I wanna start  
breaking down those barriers.  
Let's everybody  
hold hands.  
Good. And say, "Hi," to that new friend  
standing next to you.  
- Hi.  
- Hello.  
Hi, I'm Phil Dirt.  
Smithford.  
- L-  
- Close your eyes.  
And let's all hum.  
Man, oh, man.  
Oh, these guys on the day shift,  
they're doin' it to us again.  
You better get a uniform  
and tranq gun up here.  
Well, she's much better off  
here for the night than juvenile hall.

I just wish she would eat.  
Come on, honey.  
She's cute,  
but sad, I think.  
Something more  
than just sadness.  
Albert's connection  
to her and the giant is very strong.  
He told me of  
some frightening images.  
The giant may be from-  
Oh, Celine, I hope not.  
Do you think her parents  
are Newcomer and human, Dad?  
I'm not sure.  
Cathy's not sure.  
Making love to a human.  
That could be somethin'.  
Oh, is that why most  
of your male friends are human?  
You know, if you're considering having sex,  
you should make sure they're properly educated.  
- Otherwise you could hurt them.  
- She ought to just stick to her own kind.  
I think Matt should keep  
his hands off of Cathy too.  
Well, Buck, sometimes  
I think you're jealous of Matt and Cathy.  
No. L-I-It's just not right.  
No, I think that class  
they're taking is disgusting!  
Love is a very powerful thing, Buck.  
It can overcome all kinds of differences-  
Even "specie-al. "  
What happens to our species?  
- That's a reasonable question.  
- What do you mean?  
Well, in the extreme-  
I mean, if...  
intermixing is projected  
over several generations...  
both humans and Newcomers could  
evolve into a whole new species.  
Yes! Tenctonese evolution

could be set back a thousand years.  
There would be a whole new breed,  
somewhere closer to the human race.  
- Well, that's not necessarily true.  
- It is!  
You know the lowest form  
always seeks its own kind.  
That's mean! You know,  
you're turning into a bigot.  
- Better than a human wannabe.  
- I am not!  
That's Kevin...  
who just happens to be human.  
- Mm-hmm.  
- You better not embarrass me, Buck.  
- I'd watch her, if I were you.  
- They're studying together.  
- They're just friends.  
- Today.  
Oh, no, not at all. Come on in.  
Oh, great.  
You brought the Shakespeare.  
I think you owe  
your sister an apology.  
Unlike some people, I'm not  
gonna forget where I came from.  
You mustn't.  
There's a fine line between  
pride and intolerance, Buck.  
- I hope you won't ever cross it.  
- I'm sure you'll let me know.  
Well, as a matter of fact-  
Your mother said you were very short  
with Matt this morning.  
- So?  
- He's my good friend.  
- He's our good friend.  
- I'm allowed to have an opinion.  
Of course. As long  
as it isn't hurtful.  
I'm sorry. He just  
thinks he's such a stallion!  
No freaks! No freaks!  
No freaks! No freaks!

Stick to your own kind!

No freaks! No freaks!

No freaks! No freaks!

No freaks! No freaks!

George, I don't like the way she's looking  
this morning. Her condition is deteriorating.

Yes, I know. Even Susan  
couldn't get her to eat.

- I'm taking her to the hospital, out the back.

- No wonder they're out there.

Hey! You seen this?

Oh, hi, Cathy.

The kid and the giant  
made the papers.

- But there's been no press conference.

- Gee, I wonder who told them?

This is unbelievable.

George! George!

You were right.

Dextra has a chopper. The logs don't show  
anything, but I talked to the ground crew...  
and the bird went up in the middle of the night  
with Penn and Jones and came back at dawn.

What about the background  
check on Tivoli?

- Classified. Highest security.

- That's odd.

- Try Bureau of Newcomer Affairs.

They have clearance. - Uh-uh.

They refused flat-out-

No reason.

- She should be with the giant.

- Talk about the odd couple.

They belong together.

I can feel it.

- What do you mean?

- I can't explain. It's- It's-

It's so strong,  
their connection.

We'll give you an escort,

Doctor, some security at the hospital.

Captain, you shouldn't

have done this!

- Me? When I find out who leaked this-

- I'm wasting my time.

I'll need those findings  
as soon as possible.

- If she's a hybrid.

- Of course she is.

Yeah.

Yes, sir. Um,

I'll find out who leaked it.

I'll put out a reward.

Albert.

Albert, what's wrong?

Yes, sir.

It's been decided

that, uh, perhaps...

now is not the right time  
for a press conference.

I guess not.

- There'll be plenty of time after my tests-

- Forget the tests.

The giant and the child  
are going into federal custody.

But social services  
gave me custody.

- Uh- Uh, the child needs medical attention.

- Well, that'll be changed.

And under no circumstances are we to allow  
the child and giant to be brought together.

Now is she still in-

Oh, no!

What the hell

is going on here? Let go!

- Let go! - Captain!

- Don't shoot!

Let go! Let go!

He's gonna break loose!

We gotta tranq him!

It's just a dart.

Another dart, just in case.

We don't know. Get the chains on him.

Put more chains on him.

George? George,

what's the matter?

Chorboke.

Who's Chorboke?

The dark one.

Keeper of hell.

Chorboke, the Special Section-

Albert told me a little.

The worst instincts

of your race and mine.

From the basest of compulsions

sometimes comes the monster- Chorboke.

On the ship,

slaves just disappeared.

There were stories

of unspeakable experiments.

- You said Chorboke's dead.

- We were told he died in the crash.

- Could the giant have been part of the experiments?

- It's possible.

George, what I don't understand...

is how the giant is connected

to the little girl.

If he's the... father,

who the hell's the mother?

She's failing, George. Cardiac and respiratory

rates are up, blood pressure's down.

- Why?

- I don't know.

Her physiological status is unknown.

She's very difficult to evaluate.

Her arterial oxygen saturation is normal for  
a Newcomer, but it would be fatal to a human.

Well, the giant is still out. I had blood  
tissue and culture samples taken.

They're on the way over now.

What about Grazer?

- The hospital's gotten a court order. I've told them that they can't move  
her.

- Good.

Is it possible the giant

is the child's father?

Of course. I've already started  
some D.N.A. Testing.

It's also possible the giant

was a patient of Chorboke.

Yes- particularly after the images  
that Albert described.

And if he is the father, perhaps further testing can help identify the mother.

It could.

Matt, are you still there?

- Uh, yeah.

- Could you pick me up at the hospital tonight for our class?

- I'm covered for a couple of hours.

- Uh, listen, Cathy.

You're gonna have to go on without me.

Um, it's the neck again. My- My back.

Um, you know, we had that tussle with the big guy today?

I gotta go see a chiropractor.

- Oh, Matt, I'm sorry.

- Yeah, uh, I'm- I'm- I'm disappointed too.

- You'll take notes, huh?

- Sure.

- Bye.

- Bye.

- You lied.

- My neck hurts.

You don't even have a chiropractor.

Oh, George, I can't go back to that class again.

All that touchy-feely personal stuff.

They made me hold hands and hum.

Matt, you can't always count on a cheap meal...

and intoxicating beverages to substitute for foreplay.

Look. We're on company time here.

We've got murders to solve.

Tivoli's daughter came into town.

She said she'd meet us at Tivoli's estate.

- L.A.P.D. We're here to see Miss Tivoli.

- This way, please.

Detectives.

- Welcome.

- Miss Tivoli.

- You wear the robes of a penitent.

- Yes.

My mother's house is not my home.  
I belong to a group in the north.  
We try to help Newcomers who are having  
difficulty assimilating into your society.  
Please.

My mother overcame so much.  
She accomplished so much.

- Were you close with her?  
- Not particularly.

You've, uh,  
given up a lot.

Miss Tivoli, do you know  
what your mother did on the ship?

- Is this related to her death?  
- We think her murder may involve a-  
a survivor  
from Special Section.

My mother's disease, her good work  
here on Earth-

She tried  
to give penance.

For what?

My mother should be remembered  
for what she did here.

If you can forget what she was,  
I may be able to help you.

Yes.

Aboard the ship  
she was Kleezantsun.

An Overseer?

She worked  
in Special Section.

- Her name was Vesant.  
- Chorboke's second-in-command.

She believed that Chorboke's work  
would advance our species-  
would save us  
from suffering and disease.

Later she wanted to create  
a purely mental being-  
a being free from the baser needs  
of the body-  
a mind and a soul free to learn,  
to create, to explore.

Well, if the giant is an example of her handiwork, I'd say she fell a little short.

Unfortunately she did.

You should investigate a man named Roger Benson.

"Benson. "

I can't believe

I stood next to Vesant-

- Come on. Lighten up.

- Talked with her-

- You didn't know.

- I would have killed her myself.

- Would've, could've, should've. Someone did, and it's our job to catch him.

"Classified"?

Why am I not surprised?

George, how the hell else could Vesant have gotten a new identity, a good job- Hey, Sikes, that was Zapeda.

She thought you'd like to know...

that some demonstrators are down at the sex clinic, and they're getting nasty?

- We don't want you mixing with our kind!

Come on!

No lowlife morons!

We wanna keep our race pure!

- Why are you bringing 'em out?

- Bomb threat. We have to.

Hey! Hey!

We wanna keep our race pure!

- Cathy, you all right?

- We didn't expect this.

- Come on.

- Wait a minute.

- Your neck. Your back!

- Cathy-

You're fine. You lied to me.

- Later.

- Come on. Tell me why you lied to me.

- No mixed couples!

- Come on, Cathy! Let's get out!

We wanna keep our race pure!

No half-breeds!

Look. Cathy, look.

Sex is something you do.

It isn't something you sit around and talk about in front of a bunch of strangers.

Sex is the most natural form of expression there is. Why are you so embarrassed by it?

Look, let's just try it my way.

Just one more time:

A little wine, a little sour milk,  
some music.

We'll take it slow and easy.

All right, a lot of wine, a lot of sour milk.

- We don't need these other guys- - We need to understand each other's bodies, Matt.

- Ignorance is not bliss!

- Well-

You better decide if you're willing to make the same commitment to me...

that I am to you.

"Overseer war criminals  
interrogated. "

C.I.A.

Benson.

- Francisco.

- Captain.

- We talked with Tivoli's daughter.

- Forget about Tivoli.

- You don't understand.

- No, you don't understand.

We're off the case. There is no case-national security.

I've just been with the chief.

The feds are coming in the morning...

and you are to turn over all-

and I mean all- the paperwork.

They're gonna take Godzilla and the kid as soon as they overturn that hospital order.

But it's our jurisdiction. I think they're trying to cover up something.

Listen to me. They're not trying to do anything. They're doing it.

Do you wanna be

a crossing guard, George?

Have the stuff ready

in the morning.

- You talked to Buck about his aklafluid release?

- Yes!

- And?

- He told me to mind my own business.

- You know, he's still grumbling about that strange hybrid child.

- Think he's focused all his resentment on Matt and Cathy.

- Where's the damn mustard?

- George-

I have one cup of coffee, and when I need a little mustard for it, it's not- Who does the shopping around here anyway?

- Oh.

- You wanna talk about it?

Ah, I thought it was behind us- Chorboke, the unthinkable.

Grazer won't let me pursue it. He's caving in to somebody or- or something.

- Buck, when's your father's car due back?

- Your master cylinder's shot.

They're waitin' for the part.

Sorry. Look, I'm late for class.

I'll see you.

What are you gonna do?

I don't know.

- They can't just drop the case.

- Well, of course they can. They are.

- "National security," my ass. It's file-and-forget time. - I suspect so.

I found Benson in an old newspaper- probably before they put the pot on.

"Lid on," George.

Benson was C.I.A., in charge of Overseer scientists. No further references to him.

The government issued a report about six months later.

All known surviving

Overseer war criminals...

charged and convicted by

human-Newcomer tribunal- life sentences.

No mention of Chorboke and his butchers

in, uh, Special Section?

No.

Officially, I guess

we haven't much choice. Unofficially-

Hey, guys. Seems to be a lot of streets  
in this town called Prairie.

- Lookin' for the 9400 block.

- Yeah, uh-

Out.

- My partner- - What happens  
to him- and to you eventually-  
depends upon how well  
you listen... and understand.

A good beginning.

You want to pay strict heed

to the orders of your superiors, Detective.

Despite your overwhelming urge

to investigate the Dextra homicides...

you should do...

nothing further.

The child

and her large companion...

will soon be the responsibility  
of another authority.

You will get on

with your life, your work...

your wonderful family.

Your anger, your frustration

will, in time, pass.

You're a fine officer and, I suspect,  
an excellent card player.

Surely you have an appreciation  
of odds, probabilities-

"when to hold 'em and when to fold 'em,"  
as we say around the poker table?

Susan's eighth-floor  
corner office-

a bit small for her

growing responsibilities, by the way-  
is a particularly  
vulnerable location.

Buck- a passionate, lad-  
is random, impulsive...

out... every day.

Emily-her routine is so predictable-  
So full of life and hope.  
And little Vesna-  
Who knows what wonders await  
one so well nurtured?  
It can be as simple to execute  
as your appearance here...  
as crude as a rocket launcher...  
as insidious  
as a master cylinder...  
which is programmed  
to detonate upon command.  
You've made your point,  
Mr. Benson.  
"A man with sensibilities,  
once his heart is touched...  
"loses all traces of habit  
to guide his actions...  
and how can he follow a path  
he's forgotten all about?"  
Stendhal.  
Sensible and well read.  
I know you'll make  
the right decision, Detective.  
George?  
George!  
Come on, now.  
Talk to me, man. George? Huh?  
George?  
You okay, man?  
- Matt.  
- We're all right.  
You're all right, George.  
We're both all right.  
Oh, man.  
Last thing I remember I was-  
I was playing Mr. Auto Club,  
then the lights went out.  
We still got our guns.  
The car isn't stripped.  
I was taken away. L-  
I- I don't know where.  
A private home,  
very expensive, I think.

No, there was a man-  
Benson.

Benson, I think. He... told me  
to drop case, forget everything I know.  
Did he hurt you, George?

No. No.

But he made me afraid-  
as afraid as I've ever been in my life...  
as helpless  
as I've ever felt.

He knows everything:

Susan and Buck and-  
and Vesna and- and Emily,  
where they go, what they do.

He-

He told me that if I didn't do what he said,  
that they would be killed.

But Matt, if-

if I do what they want...

I might as well  
give up my badge.

All this muscle from people  
who know how to use it.

The other side, they're playin'  
for big stakes, but George...

my guess is,  
they're as scared as you are.

Matt, that won't keep  
my family alive.

I assure you, Mr. Turner, the generals  
will not be disappointed.

But OPSI L has been compromised.

Some of our people are very nervous.

Forgive me. I can sell this weapon  
to anyone.

Look, we're-we're holding up our end.

Justice is picking up the giant.

There'll be no more police investigation,  
believe me. No more press.

Then relax.

I've eliminated my problems.

The implosion weapon will surpass all  
the other toys we've developed for you.

Francisco, this is Agent Felker,

Justice Department.

Here's the case files on Jones, Tivoli and Penn:

Lab reports, forensics...

- photographs, canvassing witnesses-

- Yeah, that's fine, Detective.

- We don't need an inventory.

- Trace evidence, personal property.

- And the weapon is in the- - Look, I've already been to the evidence locker.

And I need your field notebook,

Sikes's too.

That's right, Rene, Code Five.

It's gotta be off the books.

Hell, I know

you hate retirement.

What about a snitch list,

Detective?

- Any police informants involved?

- No, sir.

That's right, Harry. I said, my partner. Good.

I knew I could count on you.

Hey, give Bernie a call at the sheriff's office, will ya? The more the merrier.

You've been online

for some of this stuff.

These are the only copies.

The hard drive has been erased.

- I'll verify that.

- Thank you, Captain.

- Hey, Tina.

- Hmm. What's this?

Uh, Narcotics is shorthanded.

We got some crack house bust tonight.

Whew. Place must be

a damn fortress.

- Grenade launchers? Sniper scopes? Oh, man.

- Armor-piercing.

You're lucky.

I just got some in.

- Hard drive's clean.

- We'll take the giant into custody now, Captain.

- An armored car is on its way. - I think he

should be checked by Dr. Frankel. He seems-

That's all, Detective.

You can go.

Agnes? Matt Sikes. Isn't it about time for another graduation? I thought so.

Listen, I was hoping you'd be up for a little tactical exercise...

before you send 'em into the field.

Great. I'll call back in an hour with details.

And believe me, I appreciate your help.

This looks like a very dangerous assignment, Sergeant.

Only for

the wrong people, Albert.

The armored car is here.

- You guys don't want to carry these down?

- Certainly. Albert?

- Zapeda! Where's the damn giant?

- I don't know. I thought he was transferred to federal custody.

We were pulled from the case. The government was coming for him, trying to get the child.

- Matt and I thought that-

- Matt doesn't think at all.

Listening to him could cost you your job and put you in a jail cell.

Don't give up on him, Cathy.

I put everyone I hold dear in his hands.

- He has only one heart, George.

- Like the child.

She's not a child.

Her D.N.A. Was very peculiar, so I ran a femur X-ray.

- She's a 30-year-old woman.

- What?

The girl is 30 years old.

Then she would have been on the ship.

But what about

her development?

I ran a cell comp on both the child and the giant.

- L-I reran the test. I couldn't believe it myself.

- What? Believe what?

They're twins, George- identical twins.

- Well, they can't be twins, let alone identical.

- Look, genetically identical.

They are two halves  
of the same organism.

Albert's visions. They must both be  
from Special Section.

Chorboke's... work.

Tivoli's daughter said that they were  
trying to create pure intellect.

Tivoli must have been  
carrying on Chorboke's experiments...

trying to separate  
one being into two.

The child must be the other half  
of Tivoli's experiment.

The ultimate brain  
and the ultimate slave.

He didn't speak until  
he was holding her hand yesterday.

She thinks for him, he moves for her-  
each incomplete without the other.

And the tragedy is,  
they're both failing.

They're dying, George.

I think it's because they're apart.

It's like Albert said.

They need each other.

They are each other.

They share the same soul.

I'm going to get him stabilized,  
and then I am going to bring her here.

- I have got to get them together.

- Yes.

I've got to make sure  
my family is safe.

Halt! Get-

It's okay. It's okay.

He's Detective Francisco.

Welcome home,

Detective.

Go around the back  
and move the light back there.

- Hey, Dave, check the east window, huh?

- You got it.

Hey, Buck.

Thank you

for all this, Matt.

Ah, no big deal.

Everybody likes your dad.

You set it up. Any Tenctonese

can't count on a human that way.

He'd be there for them too. George is

a hell of a cop. That's all they see.

Maybe.

Buck, the other day-what'd I do wrong...

other than being human?

Well, that was it actually.

- Bein' a human?

- And hitting on Cathy.

Ah.

- Ready to bag a Newcomer, huh?

- Hey, I care about Cathy. Isn't just about sex. Honest.

- She's better than that.

- Yes, she is.

Do you understand

the consequences?

What do you mean?

If there is such thing

as a hybrid...

it could mean the extinction

of my species.

Matt-

That would be a great tragedy.

I would offer you some sour milk,

but I know you're on duty.

Cherboucha, huh?

Ah, if it 86'ed the terrible twos

and potty training, I'd go for it.

- In fact, I'd like to see my ex-husband in one-  
permanently.

- Dad!

- Hello, sweetheart.

- Where's your mother?

- In the kitchen.

- Susan.

- Nemo.

I put you

and the children at such terrible risk.

Not so terrible, George.

Look around.

- I would die before I would let anyone hurt this family.

- George, we're all right.

But this man- this man  
who made the threats- he's evil.

He protects Overseers.

George.

We might be two people,  
but we share our souls.

Matt and I have to leave.

I know.

- E.R. Stat. He's unconscious.

- What happened?

- What happened?

- I don't know.

The child is missing.

What? Bomb squad? It says-

Fourth floor, first bomb threat. Better activate  
the elevator. Looks like we beat the truck.

- I didn't get a call.

- What's a good bomb threat without a victim?

- We've got five minutes for search and deactivation.

- Dang.

Take the second car  
on the left.

Matt!

Nice office. Wood paneling.

If this exec isn't online, I don't know who is.

"Vesant. Assistant medical  
supervisor, Special Section.

**- Status:**

- When the ship crashed.

Yeah. Positive identification.

"Tivoli Adrian. Slave, 'L' Section.

Interrogated by C.I.A.

**Status:**

into general population 1993."

"Benson, Roger. C.I.A. Covert  
operations, agent in charge.

"Newcomer investigation unit  
for Overseer prosecution.

**Status:**

Reference OPSI L."

OPSI L?

Our little bomb is due  
to go off any minute now.

George, what about Dextra? Maybe they  
haven't had enough time to bury it all.

Ah, that's it. We'll never find  
Benson and the child.

E-mail, George.

Check the e-mail.

"B.N.A., Los Angeles  
to Washington.

Requesting authorization for disposal  
of documentation referencing Tivoli. "

Sent the day after  
she was murdered.

Maybe they haven't  
shredded 'em yet.

Over here, George.

"Tivoli. "

Ah, just a small device.

- You probably didn't even hear it.

- It went off?

Minor damage,  
a few file cabinets.

"OPSI L."

It means "Operation Silence"  
and for good reason.

Your government wanted first call on  
all Newcomer scientists, Overseers or not.

- Special Section or not.

- Overseers who should have gone to prison-

They were given death certificates,  
new identities, backgrounds...

courtesy of Benson  
and the C.I.A.

Then he drops out of sight for a while,  
comes back, quits the C.I. A...

starts up his own private  
management company...

and places Overseer scientists  
in important jobs.

Well, why didn't the C.I.A.  
Blow the whistle on him?  
And admit they let these  
war criminals get away?  
Not to mention the fact that some of them  
are probably still working for the government.  
It's a hell of a conspiracy, George,  
but with those files, we can put 'em all away.  
Yes. But that won't help  
the giant and the child.  
Agnes, bring your girls  
over here, please.  
Can you turn those lights around so  
they're facing the street not the house?  
Okay, can we get the dogs  
over here, please?  
Cathy called. The child's been kidnapped,  
George, and you and Sikes are in big trouble.  
Grazer's on his way over here.  
You've both been suspended.  
- What about the house?  
- Nobody's budgin' from here.  
- Do you still have the flight logs on the, uh, Dextra chopper?  
- Sure.  
All right. Well, go back a year, um,  
anytime Tivoli was a passenger.  
Look for a place, probably,  
um, out-of-the-way-  
work it against F.A.A. Air traffic control  
tapes covering those flights.  
Zap, I need a location.  
All right. Come on back.  
Lookin' good.  
Mr. Turner, generals, this tank will serve  
as our simulated target.  
What we're going to demonstrate tonight  
is a multirange delivery system...  
more powerful than  
a neutron ballistics missile.  
We have the patents  
and the technology to offer...  
a wide range of advanced, first-strike  
or quick-response systems...  
far superior to the current Minotaur

and '80s programs.  
But we're not here to sell slogans, just power.  
Activate the systems, please.  
Power up on quadrant four.  
I'm very disappointed in Francisco.  
Him, his family- do it now.  
Do you think Tivoli kept  
the giant and the child a secret?  
Yes. And when they got away,  
she was forced to tell.  
Tivoli must have been  
in a panic.  
And Benson had her killed  
to protect OPSI L.  
And the rest of the Overseer scientists  
he's got under contract somewhere.  
But how many and where?  
And what are they up to?  
- Any better?  
- No. Any word where the child might be?  
Zapeda's working on it.  
- Uh, Cathy? Cathy-  
- Not now, Matt.  
Please. I was wrong. Y-You gotta  
give me a second chance.  
- This is not the time to discuss this.  
- I know. I know...  
but I had to say it before I chickened out.  
Cathy-  
Yeah. Sikes.  
Yeah, go, Zap.  
Tivoli used the Dextra chopper  
at least once a month.  
She cleared the local  
air force base each time.  
- Landed once at Victorville for a repair.  
- Okay. Western Mojave.  
- Not much between Victorville and Twentynine Palms.  
- They'd have to have power.  
- Legitimate or a tap-in?  
- Benson wouldn't risk a tap.  
There are lines out of Barstow, um, running  
clear up to, uh, Granite Mountains.  
- Go for it.

- You got it.  
Yeah, check this one rollin' up.  
Hold it right there.  
Hold it.  
Are we lost?  
- Zapeda, are you  
listening to this man?  
We want Francisco  
and the giant.  
They're not here. This is a private party.  
You're gonna have to leave.  
Call off that dog! Zapeda, you're gonna  
be so fired it isn't funny.  
Captain, I'm here  
on my own time. We all are.  
- Fine. I can get a search warrant.  
- Get it. I'll give you a tour.  
Oh, hey, listen.  
You wanna take a pizza order?  
Good dog. Good dog.  
- I don't see a thing.  
- There.  
This is  
a surprise party.  
- There's the palace guard.  
- We just gotta get through this fence.  
Like that?  
- Hey, wonder if I could take this  
for a little test drive?  
I love my job.  
He seems to know  
where he's going.  
He's getting weaker.  
He's got her.  
George? George,  
what's the matter?  
- This air lock.  
- It can't be.  
I've got an unauthorized  
entry into Complex 9.  
I never thought I'd see this again.  
- What are you talking about?  
- This is a section of the slave ship.  
They told us none of this survived.

This is Special Section.

Oh, no.

Is she dead?

Now what?

Surround and search Complex 9.

There's not anything

I can do for her.

Come on. Let's get outta here.

Matt, they're coming.

- George, quick, the other way!

- Hurry!

I don't know where this leads.

No time to be choosy,

George. Go!

Keep moving.

You there, halt!

Get that door open!

Hurry up!

Come on!

- The commander ship's shuttle.

- I don't know where this will take us.

Still not fussy.

This is crazy, George. It's like we're still on the ship. Those awful battles.

Space cannons- on Earth they'd be a hundred times more dangerous than nuclear warheads.

- It's a firing order. Find a way out!

- George, wait!

- No, you don't!

- George, please!

Thousands of our people disappeared in Special Section. You must save those two.

Come on!

Come on.

- Who is that?

- Can you believe that?

What happened here?

What's going on?

Systems report a malfunction.

- We have firing chamber disintegration.

- Everyone stay calm.

- Systems report irreversible chain reaction in weapons core.

Evacuate immediately.

- Evacuate immediately.  
- There seems to be some sort of sabotaging.  
We'll have to do this another day.  
Find out what went wrong.  
I said find out what went wrong!  
Come back here!  
You, come back!  
I want this weapon saved!  
Systems report the core  
is fully corrupted.  
- Two minutes to failure and uncontrolled implosion.  
- Benson!  
You.  
You did this.  
Ninety seconds to failure.  
You can't have two hearts.  
Not if I was human.  
Seventy-five seconds to failure.  
Sixty seconds to failure.  
It's too bad Vesant disobeyed orders  
and didn't destroy her work.  
She was my best surgeon-  
as you've doubtless noticed...  
by seeing my new face!  
Chorboke!  
- Benson served his purpose.  
His likeness serves mine!  
Thirty seconds to failure.  
Matt, hurry!  
- George, you all right?  
- I'm all right. Go. Run!  
Come on, George!  
My neck! I can't move.  
Twenty seconds to failure.  
- Hurry up!  
- Let's get out of here!  
- Go!  
- Come on. Hurry.  
Ten, nine-  
Eight, seven, six...  
five, four, three,  
two, one.  
No!  
It's completely gone. There-

There's nothin' left standing.

George.

- You can't take them back.

- We can clear him of the Jones murder.

But after we blow the whistle on OPSI L,  
who's gonna decide what to do with them?

The same people that allowed this  
to happen in the first place.

There's nothin' out there  
but wilderness.

See ya.

I don't give them  
much of a chance.

The spirits of those who perished-  
they give them a chance.

Debbie Degner  
and Philip Dirt.

Debbie, there you go. Just great.

Oh, Debbie, wonderful.

Joseph Graham  
and Walt Whitman!

Hey, thank you.

Cathy Frankel and Matthew Sikes.

Cathy, Matthew,  
congratulations.

Oh, I'm so happy for you.

You are so beautiful.

Cathy, I love you.