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# Enemy Mine

By Edward Khmara

By late in the 21st century,  
the nations of the Earth  
were finally at peace,  
working together  
to explore and colonize...  
the distant reaches  
of space.  
Unfortunately,  
we weren't alone out there.  
A race of nonhuman aliens  
called the Dracs...  
were claiming  
squatters' rights...  
to some of the richest  
star systems in the galaxy.  
Well, they weren't going to  
get it without a fight.  
Space was  
the new battleground.  
For many of us, Earth became  
a precious memory light-years away.  
Our only home  
was a fortress in space.  
As in any war,  
there were long periods  
with nothing to do but wait.  
And then...  
All personnel  
to battle stations.  
Prepare to launch.  
This is not an exercise.  
All personnel  
to battle stations.  
Prepare to launch.  
This is not an exercise.  
Flight leader. This is Echo Two.  
I have four bandits at 3:00.  
Roger, Echo Two. I copy.  
Right ninety and go for it.  
Echo Six to flight leader.  
Our buddies are pulling the yellow line.  
Roger, Echo Six.  
Cleared one on one with two backup.  
Snuff these bastards,

get home early.

I got a hot date  
with Merchison.

- The nurse?

- She's gonna give in. I guarantee it.

Isn't that the same Merchison  
we used to call "the white balloon"?

Come on,  
she's lost 20 pounds.

[Laughs]

Got you!

- That's a boy. Six more bandits on three.

- Yeah!

- Leader, copy that?

- They thought we didn't see 'em.

- I didn't see 'em. Did anybody see 'em?

- I see 'em now.

- Well?

- Will, bandit on zero.

Hold on  
to your lunch, Joey.

Echo Six,  
bandit's closing!

- Where is he, Will?

- He's right on your damn...

- Oh, Jesus!

- Bastard!

- How many K's we got left?

- Sixty-five. We have a heat problem.

- What the hell's Will doing?

- Say your prayers, toadface.

Shit!

Engine heat beyond normal!

Blast 'em,

and let's get out of here!

That's Fyrine four,  
unexplored territory.

Okay. Do it.

Aah!

- We're hitting atmosphere.

- Visors down!

I lost him!

What's on the scope?

Willie, pull out!

We're gonna burn up!  
Damn it,  
where is he?  
He ejected!  
He's out!  
The bastard's out!  
Come on, Joey.  
We're punching out!  
Oh, shit!  
Get your nose up.  
Get your nose up.  
That's it.  
Get up, get up!  
Easy.  
Come on, Joey.  
Come on.  
Joey!  
- Are you ok, Will?  
- Yeah, I'm fine.  
Will...  
when you see Merchison,  
just don't call her  
"the white balloon" anymore.  
It hurts her feelings.  
- Okay, Joey.  
- And don't let the guys call her that.  
I liked her.  
It's a promise,  
Joey.  
Now, you be still.  
You lay quiet.  
- Will.  
- What?  
I'm really tired.  
I'm sorry, Joey.  
I'm sorry.  
I could see where  
the Drac fighter went down.  
Its ejection capsule  
couldn't be far from the wreck.  
I just hoped  
it wasn't dead...  
yet.  
It's funny, but I'd never

actually seen a Drac.  
I knew they were  
completely inhuman,  
not even male or female,  
but both, bundled together  
in a scaly reptilian body.  
Burn, you mother!  
Burn! Ha!  
Burn, sucker!  
You blew it, toadface!  
.... Earthman.  
Hey, Drac, I'm hungry.  
Hungry.  
You understand that? Hungry, huh?  
Hey, you understand  
any English, toadface?  
What?  
.... Earthman.  
Stick it.  
So your name's Jerry Sheegan.  
So what?  
Do you want to  
know my name?  
Willis E. Davidge.  
How about some food?  
Some food.  
Give me some food!  
Fooood.  
Davidge?  
You're kidding.  
Drac!  
Wake up, Drac!  
Wake up! Wake up!  
Cut me loose!  
Help me! Meteors!  
Help me!  
Yeah, you said it.  
Drac!  
I could have killed you easy.  
You owe me one.  
What did you say your name was?  
Your name! Your name!  
All right. All right.  
Now, listen, Jerry.

Listen. Listen.  
Meteors fall here.  
Uh, shwoo! Shwoo!  
Many meteors here.  
You understand meteors?  
Uh, zerki.  
Zerki fall here.  
Zerki fall here,  
many zerki.  
We're out in the open.  
If we stay here,  
we, we die.  
- Die.  
- Die.  
- [Alien Language] Die.  
- Yeah.  
What we got to do...  
is we got to take all...  
the goodies out of  
that thing of yours.  
- Neesay.  
- The neesay.  
- Nehsayyy!  
- Nehsay!  
Yeah, nehsay.  
Get our butts  
up higher in the forest.  
Up there.  
At least there's  
some cover up there.  
Cover?  
You know, cover?  
Earthman...  
[Alien Language]  
Exactly.  
I'm glad you agree.  
Yeah, yeah.  
Next time, huh?  
I'll put that knife  
right up your kazoo,  
if you got one.  
Okay, toadface.  
You gonna shoot me?  
Go ahead, shoot me.

Go on, shoot me! Go ahead.  
Do it now! Shoot me!  
The point is, Draco,  
whether we live or die.  
I don't love you, and you don't love me,  
but we're stranded, understand?  
You get it or don't you  
gavee English, huh?  
Yeah, poogah.  
Write and tell my mother, you big frog.  
Look.  
We have to build  
a shelter with stones.  
Shelter. You gavee?  
Shelter?  
It was slow going.  
Since I had to communicate  
with that lizard,  
I tried learning a few words  
of its crude lingo.  
Hey, Drac.  
Drac, uh...  
Forget it.  
Enough talk.  
Let's get on  
with it, huh?  
Shit!  
Of course, the Drac was picking up  
a few words of English, too.  
- Yeah!  
- Shit!  
Shit? What do you  
mean, shit?  
No solid.  
It's solid.  
I'll show you.  
Huh? Ha ha!  
Not solid.  
Left foot.  
Right foot.  
This is my left foot.  
This is my right foot.  
And this am  
both my feet.

- Yeah, great.  
- Yeah, great.  
This is my head.  
That is  
your ugly head.  
No, no.  
This is my head.  
That is you head.  
You ugly head.  
Ha ha.  
That is Davidge's ugly head.  
All right,  
that's enough!  
You keep that up and you can learn  
English all by yourself...  
because I'm not gonna be  
your teacher anymore.  
Sorry, Davidge.  
That's better.  
You know, while you're having  
such a good time and doing nothing,  
I am trying to think of ways  
to improve our situation.  
- Okay.  
- You know the old saying,  
if at first  
you don't succeed,  
try, try again.  
Davidge, you learn this  
from great Drac teacher, Shismar?  
No, from Mickey Mouse.  
- Who?  
- Mickey Mous-s-s-se.  
Mickey Mouse.  
Is this  
great Earthman teacher?  
Yeah. Sort of.  
# Shine its  
ever-lovin' light on me #  
# Let the midnight special #  
# Shine its light on me #  
# Let the midnight special ##  
Forget it.  
Mmm! Delish.



Have one.  
Don't forget you helped me  
acquire the taste.  
Besides, I'm going to  
improve the menu.  
Soon we picked up...  
one side or other side.  
What, with the war  
going on?  
We got more chance  
of catching a Greyhound bus.  
Humans,  
easy you give up.  
Shismar teaches us...  
intelligent life  
takes a stand.  
Where did you get that crap?  
Out of that little book  
you're always reading?  
I'm the one  
that's taking a stand.  
Remember, I wouldn't even be here  
if it wasn't for you sons of Shitmat.  
Shismar!  
Yeah, whatever.  
This war begun by you,  
by humans!  
You know something,  
Jerry?  
Your great Shismar  
ain't shit.  
Earthman,  
your Mickey Mouse  
is one big stupid dope!  
Yea! Meat!  
Stay there, you mother!  
Hey! Hey! Hey! Aha!  
You dirty rotten  
son of a bitch!  
Shit.  
Hey.  
Hey, God dang it!  
Hey.  
Get out of here!

No! Jerry!  
Jerry!  
Jerry!  
Jerry! Jerry!  
Jerry!  
Jerry!  
Aah!  
Aah! Jerry!  
Jerry!  
Aah!  
Jerry! Oh!  
Oh, God! Oh, God!  
Jerry! Help!  
Get it!  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Go ahead.  
Aah! Aah, God!  
You saved my life.  
- Why?  
- Maybe...  
I need to look  
at another face...  
even as ugly  
as yours.  
So you still think  
humans are ugly, huh?  
Compared to a Drac,  
very ugly.  
But that thing  
out there...  
was even more ugly  
than you.  
- Thank you.  
- You are welcome.  
Ha! That's it!  
Even that thing under the ground  
couldn't bite through this.  
I bet these shells  
are meteorproof.  
They're meteorproof!  
- What?  
- Zerkiproof! Zerkiproof!  
- Where would you be without me, huh?

- Back home.  
Ah, shit!  
Hey, Professor,  
how about  
a little help, huh?  
Don't you ever get tired  
of reading that book?  
No.  
Well, what's in it,  
anyway?  
Things.  
Oh, for Christ's sake!  
It is called talmon.  
It contains the words  
of our great teacher, Shismar.  
I suppose you have to know  
the Drac language to read it, right?  
It would help.  
So teach me  
the Drac language.  
It is not  
for you, Davidge.  
Shismar is too good  
for us humans, is that it?  
Not too good for humans,  
but too good for you.  
Now you're  
a judge of character.  
Do you not remember  
what you say about Shismar?  
Well, maybe you forgot  
what you said about Mickey Mouse!  
That was wrong.  
I did not mean it.  
I didn't mean what I said  
about Shismar, either.  
Jerry,  
what, what are you...  
This book must be given  
to the pupil.  
I then become  
the master.  
I am not worthy,  
but there is no one else here.

Time passed, as time does.  
We ate, we slept.  
And sometimes I listened  
to the skies...  
for some faint hope  
of rescue.  
In the meantime,  
I studied its language  
and read its talmon.  
Translate.  
"If one receives evil  
from another,  
"let one not  
do evil in return.  
"Rather,  
let him extend love...  
"to the enemy,  
that love  
might unite them."  
I've heard  
all this before...  
in the human Talmon.  
Of course you have.  
Truth is truth.  
But what you have  
not yet learned...  
is the way we Dracs  
express the truth.  
The words of Shismar  
must be sung.  
Jerry!  
Let's go!  
Come on, Jerry,  
move it!  
Run!  
Get up!  
Get up, damn you!  
- What do I have to do, carry you?  
- I am sorry.  
We live  
like cannibals.  
You get so fat,  
you can barely move.  
You'll never conquer the universe

in that state.  
Conquer the universe?  
We were here 1,000 years before you!  
Well, in case you haven't heard,  
Drac face,  
we legally annexed  
this star system.  
- You invaded this star system!  
- Bullshit!  
You're the invaders.  
No. We are explorers.  
We are founders of worlds!  
What do you think we are,  
Drac face, homebodies?  
We've settled twice as  
many worlds than you.  
Exactly.  
You spread like a disease.  
Then what the hell are you  
going to do about it, huh?  
You'll see what we do  
about it, Earthman. We fight.  
Some fighter you are.  
You wouldn't last a week without me.  
You owe your miserable  
existence to me.  
We'll see  
about that!  
Get out of my shelter!  
Get out! Get out!  
Get out of my shelter!  
You son of a bitch!  
It's my shelter!  
I built it!  
You son of a bitch!  
I'll kill you, you bastard!  
I'll kill you!  
I'll kill you!  
Jerry...  
I think we're  
starting to go crazy.  
What we have to do,  
we have to start moving.  
Do you think we really

are alone out here?  
Of course  
we are alone.  
I don't know.  
I had that dream again.  
There's this big ship  
in my dream.  
It's so loud,  
I wake up.  
And then  
I can still hear it.  
It was a dream.  
I don't know.  
Maybe.  
But I do know  
if we stay here, we die.  
Sooner or later,  
we'll die.  
If this planet don't kill us,  
we're gonna kill each other.  
You sure you won't  
come with me, huh?  
Davidge,  
I stay here.  
I have no interest  
in your dreams.  
Any chance is better  
than no chance.  
Come on, Jerry.  
You're just being stubborn.  
No, I am not  
just being...  
stubborn.  
If I find help...  
I'll come back for you.  
And if you do not?  
Then I guess we both die.  
Alone.  
I'll see you later.  
Hello!  
Anybody!  
Core samples.  
They're core samples.  
Scavengers.

What I'd been hearing at night  
was the scavenger ship.  
The scavengers were human...  
barely human.  
They were outlaw miners who raped  
whole planets for precious ores.  
They hunted Dracs for slave labor  
so we tolerated them.  
I could only hope  
they'd found nothing.  
I had no idea  
what I was going to say to Jerry.  
Davidge...  
how cold do you think  
it's going to get?  
I don't know.  
I guess we'll find out.  
I am happy  
you came back.  
Jerry?  
Hey, Jerry,  
what's wrong?  
I could not go with you.  
It is no longer  
my life that matters.  
I am not fat.  
I am not lazy.  
Davidge.  
I await a new...  
life.  
A new life?  
From where?  
Oh, my God.  
Oh, my God?  
Are you telling me you're pregnant?  
You're going to  
have a baby?  
A little Drac?  
But how?  
Well, don't look at me!  
Jerry, you can't  
do this to me.  
With you humans,  
birth is

a matter of choice.  
With us Dracs,  
it happens.  
When the time comes,  
it just happens.  
That is why  
I could not go with you.  
My child is all...  
I have now.  
Davidge, tell me.  
What... did you find...  
out there?  
Nothing.  
Like you said,  
it was just a dream.  
Zammis. Hmm?  
Zammis?  
Zammis.  
Soon.  
Jerry!  
Jerry! Jerry!  
Jerry, look out!  
I can't see!  
I can't see!  
Over here!  
Help me!  
Come on, Jerry.  
Don't you quit on me.  
- Tell me about Zammis.  
- Zammis?  
What kind of name  
is Zammis?  
There are five names  
in a Drac's lineage.  
I am Sheegan.  
Before me was Gathic.  
And before Gathic  
was Islane.  
Come on,  
keep talking.  
Before Islane was Tighe.  
Before Tighe was Zammis.  
Up there. Look!  
One day I must



stand with Zammis...  
before the holy council  
on Dracon...  
and recite our lineage...  
so that Zammis may join...  
the society  
of all Dracs.  
You wanna eat?  
I can't.  
Maybe we should open up  
a little place here.  
I could ruin the food.  
You could frighten  
the customers.  
Davidge.  
I will teach you  
the Farebeat line.  
Before or after  
breakfast?  
It is an honor  
I offer you.  
I'm sorry.  
Right now just staying alive  
is honor enough, huh?  
All right.  
I will learn  
your lineage.  
Let us begin  
with your parents.  
Who were they?  
My dad's  
name's Carl.  
My mom's  
name's, uh...  
Dolores.  
Their deeds?  
Well, Dad works for a company  
that makes computers.  
And my mom,  
she used to be  
a waitress.  
- Waitress.  
- Yeah, before they got married.  
And their parents?

We used to visit my grandpa  
when I was just a kid.  
He had this place  
out in the country.  
I think  
he was a farmer.  
And, uh...  
Grandma was just  
a good cook.  
Oh.  
That is your lineage.  
Here stands before you...  
Willis E. Davidge.  
Fighter pilot.  
Son of Dolores,  
who used to be  
a waitress.  
And Carl,  
maker of computers,  
who in their time  
were born of Grandpa,  
possibly a farmer.  
And Grandma,  
good cook.  
You make it sound  
pretty thin.  
It is thin.  
But I am honored...  
that you  
entrusted it to me.  
My own lineage  
is very rich, Davidge.  
Learn it from me.  
Allow me to do you  
this honor.  
It will be  
a good gift between us.  
Jerry went on  
singing its lineage,  
back to the founding  
of its home planet...  
To keep Jerry happy  
as the winter raged on,  
I, too, learned to sing

the Farebeat line.  
What's wrong?  
Zammis...  
is coming.  
Oh, God.  
God.  
What do I do?  
I don't know.  
Something...  
is wrong!  
Oh, no.  
No, no, no!  
You're gonna be all right.  
The women always get  
nervous before labor.  
I am not a woman.  
Oh, but pregnant  
people...  
Things get nervous.  
Everybody gets nervous  
before labor.  
Besides, I mean,  
if anything happened to you,  
I'd be left here  
all alone. Huh?  
Just because business  
has been a little slow lately,  
you expect me to run  
the whole place alone?  
You are alone.  
Within yourself,  
you are alone.  
That is why you humans...  
have separated your sexes...  
into two separate halves,  
for the joy  
of that brief...  
union.  
You don't know diddly-poop  
about humans.  
Do you think just because you Dracs  
got a lineage 200 miles long,  
you can blah, blah this name  
and blah, blah that name?

Jerry! Jerry!  
Jerry?  
Jerry?  
Davidge.  
Listen to me.  
You...  
must be a parent...  
for Zammis.  
Don't kid around,  
Jerry.  
What do we do now?  
You...  
must take my place.  
When the time comes...  
you must find a way...  
to take Zammis...  
back home...  
you must stand  
beside Zammis...  
before the holy council...  
of Dracon...  
and recite...  
its lineage.  
You must, Davidge.  
Swear this to me.  
Shut up.  
Keep pushing.  
Do whatever you do.  
You must...  
take Zammis to Dracon.  
Swear.  
- No!  
- Swear.  
Swear.  
All right.  
All right,  
I swear it.  
I swear it.  
Just don't  
die on me.  
Now...  
you must open me.  
Here.  
This place.

Don't be afraid,  
my friend.  
I can't!  
Then you... must...  
want... to...  
have this war.  
You... have...  
s-s...  
No.  
Jerry.  
Oh, please.  
Gosh, Jerry,  
what am I supposed  
to do now, huh?  
You taught me  
all about the Talmon,  
the line of Jareeba,  
but you didn't say nothing  
about taking care  
of baby Dracs.  
So long, Jerry!  
Oh, all right.  
Ok, we're going to  
try it again, huh?  
Come on, doll.  
Come on.  
Eat. Come on.  
Zammis.  
Zammis, come on.  
Come on.  
What am I  
supposed to do,  
run down to the market  
for Gerber baby Drac food?  
This is all there is,  
pal.  
Watch.  
Watch me. Watch.  
Hmm? Hmm? Mmm!  
Come on. Okay.  
Come here. Like this.  
Come on.  
See if you like that.  
Do you like that?

Huh? Huh?  
Come on, kid.  
Yes, that's it!  
That's it. Chew it now.  
There you go.  
Hey, squirt!  
Let's fly, huh?  
I guess he was  
an ugly little cuss,  
but no uglier than the pictures  
of those other kids...  
that used to be  
shown around the mess hall.  
Of course, he grew slightly  
faster than a human child.  
I'm going to start  
calling you beanstalk.  
You outgrow your clothes faster  
than I can even catch them.  
Don't spread  
your fingers.  
Fingers?  
Yeah, these.  
Fingers.  
Cattuh. Fingers.  
They're not the same.  
Well, of course  
they're not the same.  
You're a Drac,  
I'm a human.  
Look, look, uh...  
now, you have  
three fingers.  
One, two, three.  
Now, I have  
five fingers.  
One, two, three,  
four, five.  
Zammis get four five?  
No.  
You're a Drac,  
and I'm a human.  
Human?  
Yeah, um...

human is me.  
Drac is you.  
Now, I'm a human because  
my parents were human,  
and your parent  
was a Drac,  
so you are a Drac.  
- Got it?  
- I'm a Drac!  
Yeah!  
Yeah, great.  
Uncle!  
Uncle, wait!  
Wait!  
Huh? Uncle.  
- What was that?  
- Spacecraft.  
- Were there humans inside?  
- I don't know!  
I'm going to  
go find out!  
Uncle, please,  
can I come?  
No! Stay here  
until I get back.  
Uncle, why are you afraid?  
Uncle, please!  
No! You stay  
inside the cave!  
So, that's why when  
we walk or we hunt,  
we always go in the direction  
of the rising of the sun.  
Never in the direction  
of the setting of the sun.  
- Is that clear?  
- Yes.  
Because if those men  
ever find us...  
we'll never see  
each other again.  
But, Uncle,  
they're humans,  
like you.

Shut up and eat.

I tried not to think  
about the scavengers.

Instead, I concentrated  
on Zammis.

I finally figured it was time  
to start his education.

The name of this game,  
Zammis...

- Is football.

- Football.

Now, these trees are  
my defensive line.

Those trees over there  
are your team.

They're a bigger than real players,  
like the Houston Oilers,  
and a little bit slower,  
but not much, all right?

You go down to that end  
of the field.

That's your end zone.

Okay? Go on.

Hey-o!

All right, now,  
when I kick the ball to you,  
you catch it and you try to  
run past me, if you can,  
through these  
two guys there.

That's your goal line.

You got it?

- No.

- Just do what I tell you.

It'll be fine.

All right?

All right?

Here comes the kickoff.

Pick it up!

Pick it up! Now run!

Now run. Run!

Come on! Go!

Zammis has got the ball! Look at him  
weaving through that defense!



Davidge has got  
the ball!  
Oh!  
At the 20-yard line.  
I like this game.  
It's a great game.  
You don't normally get to eat the ball.  
That's a bonus.  
I've simplified the rules  
for the conditions here.  
Small teams and so on.  
I've been thinking, Uncle,  
about those humans  
you saw.  
Maybe they are friends  
with the Dracs.  
Maybe they asked them  
to come and work.  
I wish  
that was true.  
I have never  
seen a Drac,  
only my own face  
in the water.  
I wish I was not a Drac.  
I wish I had your face.  
Oh, Zammis.  
I wish I had  
five fingers.  
Oh, Zammis.  
Listen to me.  
As Dracs go, you are  
a great-looking kid.  
- Yeah?  
- Yeah.  
It's just that...  
you've never seen  
your own kind.  
Now, someday,  
you're going to  
go home,  
and you're gonna forget all about  
this god-awful planet...  
and all about me.

I will never  
forget you, Uncle.  
No, I guess  
you won't.  
I won't  
forget you either.  
Uncle?  
What was  
my parent like?  
Zammis...  
your parent...  
was my friend.  
Hey, Zammis.  
Hey, Zammis.  
Hey, Zammis!  
Oh, no.  
Hey, Zammis!  
All right,  
move it now.  
Zammis!  
Zammis!  
Hey, Johnny, look here.  
A fine little woggie,  
if I ever saw one.  
Surprise, surprise.  
Looks a bit stringy to me, though.  
No, he's just fine.  
Tough as nails.  
A born worker.  
Ah, you pathetic little bugger!  
Run about!  
Run about!  
How do you suppose  
he got here?  
Aah! Let's have a look.  
See if his daddy's around.  
- Aah!  
- Aah!  
Hey, you slimy bastard!  
God damn, he's got you  
hot and bothered!  
Don't worry.  
I'll slow him down for you.  
You ripped my face, you slimy

little Drac! I'll make you pay.

Uncle!

- Who the hell are you?

- Let him go!

- Uncle!

- Zammis, no!

Uncle!

Uncle!

We entrust our brother  
to God's merciful keeping,  
and we commit his body  
to space.

From ashes to ashes,  
from dust to dust...

Jesus Christ!

Didn't they just  
fix that thing?

Oh, shit.

Who's listening, anyway?

Next.

"Gavorki, George W.

Agnostic. "

No music.

So long.

Next.

Where's the damn tag  
on this one?

Those jerks in prep  
are really getting sloppy.

So, have a look  
inside.

Look at this poor freak.

At least

he's in one piece.

Some guys have  
all the luck.

- Nope, no tag.

- We'll give him a John Doe.

Protestant.

- Hold it!

- What?

Go ahead,

take it.

Zammis...

Jesus,  
he speaks Drac.  
Three years.  
Where the hell  
has he been?  
That's Will, turning up  
when you least expect him.  
He was found on the fourth planet  
of the Fyrine system,  
where he just might have been working  
for the other side.  
Are you crazy?  
That's Will Davidge in there  
Davidge!  
I will die!  
I will die!  
I don't know  
how long I lay there...  
before the surveillance team  
picked me up.  
They thought I was dead.  
Well, the medics have had time  
to nail me back together.  
Now I've got to go back.  
Will!  
- Hold it!  
- I'm going, with or without your help.  
No way.  
I'm sorry.  
We put our asses on the line for you.  
You owe us for that.  
I can't let you go, Will.  
Never mind. Let him go  
if he wants to be an asshole.  
Hello, pilot. Please identify.  
Davidge, Willis E.  
Got to log a couple of hours.  
Mr. Davidge,  
you have no authorization.  
Please de-plane  
immediately.  
No way, Charlie.  
I'm going out.  
Shut down those engines, mister!

Get the hell out of there!  
I'm going through! I swear it!  
Now you open those doors.  
We have an emergency.  
I'm going through!  
Open them up!  
Open the doors!  
Now!  
Zammis.  
Jareeba Zammis.  
Jareeba Zammis!  
Zammis? Zammis, huh?  
Zammis? Zammis?  
Gavee?  
Talmon. Talmon!  
Hey! What's all this  
standing around?  
Come on,  
back to work!  
You miserable slime!  
Where do you think you are?  
A goddamn retirement home?  
Move! Move!  
What are you staring at, slimebag?  
Son of a bitch!  
You are Uncle.  
Of course  
we know your Zammis.  
He spoke only to me,  
for only I know  
the Earthman speech.  
Where is Zammis now?  
Somewhere in their ship,  
if he's still alive.  
What a lousy hand this is.  
How about a redeal?  
- Is that you, Dagget?  
- Yeah.  
- What's going on out there?  
- Trouble.  
- What kind of trouble?  
- This kind!  
Zammis!  
Zammis!

Zammis, wake up!  
It's Uncle.  
Zammis!  
Oh, no, no, no.  
Zammis. Zammis!  
Zammis!  
Aah!  
Hi.  
Hey, this guy's B.T.A.  
Thanks for  
the hot tip.  
What are you doing  
here, B.T.A. Man?  
You see that I'm  
impatient, don't you?  
I remember you now.  
You killed  
my brother Johnny.  
I thought you  
croaked out there.  
Wake him up  
and bring him along.  
Get up!  
We don't carry you.  
Shit!  
Hold it, sucker!  
Yeah!  
Let's drop the little woggie  
in the soup. What do you say?  
- Boil his bones!  
- Don't do it! Stop!  
Yeah!  
Hey, B.T.A. Man, where are you?  
I want you to see this.  
Where are you,  
you son of a bitch?  
Come on!  
Don't! No, don't!  
Zammis!  
Zammis!  
Zammis!  
Zammis!  
Yah!  
Wait, wait, wait!

Bubble, bubble,  
toil and trouble!  
For my little brother.  
Oh, no! Oh, no!  
It's time  
to say good-bye.  
Zammis. Zammis.  
It's me. Wake up.  
Zammis, wake up.  
Wake up.  
It's Uncle.  
It's Uncle, huh?  
Zammis...  
get four five.  
Uncle, you look terrible.  
I do?  
I really do.  
So do you,  
you little tadpole.  
I told you  
I'd never forget you.  
And so Davidge brought  
Zammis and the Dracs home.  
He fulfilled his vow...  
and recited the line  
of Zammis' fore fathers...  
before the holy council  
on Dracon.  
And when,  
in the fullness of time,  
Zammis brought its own child  
before the holy council,  
the name of Willis Davidge...  
was added  
to the line of Jareeba.