

THE TOURIST

Screenplay

by

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EXT. BEACH - ALIEN PLANET

A sulfurous yellow sea smashes against a black sand beach. The air is dense and hazy. There is a shrill, inhuman howl. A large, WORM-LIKE FORM moves along the beach with great speed. It is being pursued by a group of GROTESQUELY FEATURED CREATURES of a different species. They pounce on it and capture it.

CLOSEUP - THE WORM ALIEN'S FACE

It howls in agony as it is dragged away.

CUT TO

CLOSEUP - A WINO - NEW YORK CITY - GARMENT CENTER

He's haranguing the lunch crowd as they swarm the sweltering streets. He scoops up a broken shark toy from the gutter and waves it in their faces.

WINO

Save the porpoise! Save the
porpoise!

(to a MAN)

Gitme some money or you'll end up
in a pine box.

He scuttles to the doorway of a porn shop, where a BOUNCER scowls at him.

WINO

(growls at Bouncer)

I'll dance on your grave, asshole!

THE DOOR OF THE PORN SHOP

opens. The Wino stares in disbelief as an elegant WOMAN steps out. The words "Live Show" frame her face as she puts on a pair of sunglasses. He sneers at her.

A MAN HAULING GARMENT RACKS

passes by the Woman and checks her out. He pushes up against her, running his hand along her hip. She turns with a start.

THE WOMAN AND THE MAN

Her back is to the camera. Facing him, she removes her sunglasses. His leer changes rapidly to fear as he looks into her eyes. He backs off.

MAN

What the hell!

He takes off terrified, pulling his racks through the crowd and knocking over a pile of garbage, sending the sea of litter all over the sidewalk.

THE WINO

has been watching the whole thing.

WINO

What's the world coming to?

He tosses the shark toy back in the gutter and begins to hustle the crowd again.

CUT TO

EXT. A SLEEK OFFICE BUILDING - UPTOWN - LITTLE LATER

The Woman gets out of a cab and enters the building.

AN UPSTAIRS LOBBY - OFFICES OF SEAMAN AND SEAMAN, BUILDERS

A SECURITY GUARD smiles and opens the door to a suite of offices for her.

GUARD

Did you have a good lunch, Ms. Ripley?

WOMAN

Excellent, thank you, Ed.

She enters her office.

HER SECRETARY

MARTY looks up. Marty is vivacious and pretty. A perfect version of the Charlie Girl. Energetic, attractive, and efficient.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MARTY

Everyone in Manhattan is calling you.

GRACE

Let me see the phone list.

Grace takes her phone call list.

THE LIST

Her eye is caught by a name -- FROGMAN. It is heavily starred.

GRACE

Who is this Frogman?

MARTY

A real weirdo. I starred his name because he was so strange. He called four times and wouldn't leave a number.

(pause)

He said he wants to make personal contact with you.

GRACE

Did he say about what?

MARTY

Oh no! Whatever he wants -- he will only tell you.

Grace is on her way into her own office.

MARTY

James Crosby called. They've got all the legal stuff on the Viceroy deal finished. He's bringing it over tonight.

She settles down at her desk. Her office is simply and unpretentiously furnished. The one unique item in it is a hunk of amber glass that at first looks like a piece of non-objective sculpture, but after closer examination, seems to be a piece of wreckage. It stands on a little table close to her desk.

MARTY

Do you want me to order some lunch for you -- as usual?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

Of course.

CUT TO

MARTY AT HER DESK - EARLY EVENING - SAME DAY

She's typing with a fury when the outer door opens and

SPIDER O'TOOLE

enters. Marty is intent on typing -- she doesn't notice her. Spider sneaks up on her.

SPIDER

Excuse me, Miss. My name is
Squeaky Fromme.

Marty jumps.

MARTY

Oh! Hi, Spider. I'm nearly finished.
I want to get these letters out
tonight.

Spider perches on Marty's desk. She's about Marty's age, but cuts a more bizarre figure. Her hair is pale blonde, and about an inch long. She's a product of Fiorucci's funk, wearing a wide-shouldered blouse and skinny pants. She is blind in one eye where there is a smoky discoloration of the pupil.

MARTY

grabs a pile of letters.

MARTY

I'll take these in to her and we can
go.

GRACE

looks up as Marty throws the door to her office open.

GRACE

Are you still here?

MARTY

I wanted to finish the letters.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Grace sees Spider through the open door.

GRACE
Is she waiting for you?

MARTY
We're going to dinner.

GRACE
The dinner's on Seaman and Seaman --
Marty, what about Frogman?

MARTY
He never called back.

GRACE - CLOSEUP

GRACE
(to herself)
Frogman ---

MARTY AND SPIDER

They're just about ready to leave when a man, JAMES CROSBY, enters. Marty's eyes sparkle when she sees him.

MARTY
Hi, Mr. Crosby.

CROSBY
Hello, Marty.

Crosby is a young lawyer with sharp, conservative good looks. He's got a tennis player's body and wears a three-piece suit well. His confidence is noticeable. He goes in to see Grace.

MARTY
He's sensational, huh!

SPIDER
I've seen more sensational
cantaloupes.

MARTY
You have rotten taste in men, Spider.

SPIDER
And you're too ready to sell out for
a co-op on East 79th.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SPIDER (Cont'd)

(thinks)

I'd probably sell out for a Three Musketeers bar.

(pause)

That reminds me -- you are treating me to dinner tonight, aren't you?

MARTY

(indicates Grace)

She is.

Spider nods with approval. They exit.

CUT TO

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE

Crosby enters. He puts down his briefcase and tries to hug her. She sidesteps him, completely avoiding his touch.

CROSBY

You look terrific today.

GRACE

Hello, James.

He tries to kiss her. She moves around him deftly.

CROSBY

I've brought the Viceroy papers.

(pause)

Everyone is talking about your cost estimates. They're so low.

(pause)

They think you've found something -- what they call a gleebsite.

GRACE

Gleebsite?

CROSBY

That's the architect's nickname for some kind of magical substance -- like a substitute for structural steel.

GRACE

(remote)

They're right.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He tries again to touch her. She's still avoiding him.

GRACE

Don't, James. Let's go to dinner.

CROSBY

What is the matter with you?
Why won't you let me touch you?

GRACE

It's nothing personal. Let's keep
this a business relationship.

CROSBY

You know, Grace, this city is filled
with gay men that wouldn't give a
damn about you.

(pause)

You're over thirty, you know.

She prefers to ignore his last statement.

GRACE

Do you still want to go to dinner?

CROSBY

I want to know why you won't sleep
with me.

GRACE

I don't sleep with anybody.

CROSBY

Then there's something wrong
with you!

GRACE

(at the door)

Are you coming?

He follows.

CUT TO

EXT. GRACE'S BUILDING - SAME

Grace and Crosby exit the building. They wait for a
taxi.

ACROSS THE STREET - OUTSIDE ANOTHER BUILDING - SAME

Standing in the shadows is a man. It is CARL FROGNER.
He's fortyish, thin and nervous. He's dressed too warmly
for the extreme heat.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He watches Grace and Crosby. When they grab a cab, he follows in another.

A RESTAURANT IN THE EAST FIFTIES - OFF FIFTH AVENUE

Grace and Crosby enter.

FROGNER

gets out of his cab and walks into

A NEARBY BOOKSTORE ON FIFTH AVENUE

where he has a clear view of the restaurant door.

FROGNER

stations himself at a window and stands rigidly facing the street.

A SALESMAN

approaches him.

SALESMAN

We're closing now, Sir.

Frogner pays no attention. He keeps his eyes on

THE STREET

where a TEENAGE BOY tirades to no one.

BOY

I am Crown Heights!

I am Crown Heights!

Do you fear me?

For I am Crown Heights!

BEHIND FROGNER - THE SALESMAN

pleads.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SALESMAN

Please Sir, you must leave!

Frogner looks blankly at him and doesn't move. The Salesman backs away.

INT. THE RESTAURANT - GRACE AND CROSBY

Grace eats hungrily. Crosby pokes at his food.

DISSOLVE TO

FROGNER - LATER

The lights are being turned off in the store. The Salesman is about to lock Frogner inside when

THE RESTAURANT DOOR

Grace and Crosby exit. They take a cab.

FROGNER

follows them to

A MODERN APARTMENT BUILDING - NEAR THE UNITED NATIONS

where huge windows expose a party being given in one apartment.

INT. THE APARTMENT OF THE PARTY

Grace and Crosby are circulating separately. The HOSTESS is an Italian woman, a jewelry designer named GIOVANNA.

GIOVANNA

showing Grace a group of giant tortoise shells that are being used for wall decorations.

GIOVANNA

I adore living in a space with
natural objects. I want plants
around me --

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GIOVANNA (Cont'd)
(indicating the
tortoise shells)
And fabulous real items.

Grace regards the shells rather sadly.

GIOVANNA
I was assured that they all died
natural deaths.

CROSBY

is sitting across the room with a group of gay MEN.

CROSBY
(to the Gays)
You guys have the right idea. The
hell with women -- I'm with a
woman now --
(gestures toward
Grace)
-- and she won't even screw me.

GRACE - WIDE SHOT

She stands against a wall with her eyes closed. A MAN
steps up to her. He looks out of place at this gathering.
He's big, muscular. His clothes are too flashy and his
smile too sexy for this crowd. They've been avoiding him
like the plague. His name is VIC MILLER. He joins her
leaning against the wall. She opens her eyes. He smiles.

VIC
Nobody here will talk to me.

GRACE
I envy you.

VIC
I've been abandoned --
(points to a Woman
across the room)
You see that classy little blonde?
I came with her. She's an actress.
(looks down at
his clothes)
I think she didn't like my suit.

JAMES CROSBY

watches them from across the room.

CROSBY

(to the Gays)

Now she's picked up some gorilla.

GRACE AND VIC

VIC

Who are you?

It takes her a long time to answer.

GRACE

A businesswoman.

VIC

Have you got a name?

She pauses again, extremely cautious, but she likes him. She reaches into her bag and hands him a business card. He reads it.

VIC

You're an architect?

GRACE

A builder.

CROSBY

watches them with growing jealousy. He is on his way toward them with murder in his eye. He is almost upon them when

FROGNER

appears out of nowhere. He cuts Crosby off in mid-step and reaches Grace with an outstretched hand and an ingratiating smile.

FROGNER

Ms. Ripley -- I'm Carl Frogner.

GRACE

Frogman ---

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FROGNER

You don't know me. I'm a salesman
for Creative Metals, Inc.

GRACE

A salesman? How did you get in
here?

He is already opening a sample case.

FROGNER

(smiling, pleased
with himself)

I followed you.

(very earnest)

Seaman and Seaman is an important
account to me. I used to deal with
Dick Meyers, your predecessor. I
wanted to make sure I didn't lose
the account because you're new.

He pulls out

A BLACK LEATHER BINDER

Inside it are laminated pages of photographs of all manner
of metal trinkets and gadgets emblazoned with company
logos. There are also large-scale holiday decorations
items.

FROGNER

The important thing now is to order
your Christmas decorations.

GRACE

This is August.

FROGNER

Well -- you have to think ahead.
Most of our items are made to order.
If you wait, the best stuff will be
gone.

He shows her some photos.

FROGNER

You've got your floor lobby and
your building lobby. They'll all
need something.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He is flipping pages for her when her look of surprise changes. It is almost as if she recognizes him.

GRACE
How did you get in?

FROGNER
I always get in. It's easy ---

GRACE AND FROGNER - CLOSEUP

They make eye contact. This is what she's been waiting for. He is uncomfortable.

GRACE
Do you know the Ethy Code?

FROGNER
The what?

She grabs the binder.

GRACE
I'll buy triple what Meyers ordered ---

FROGNER

takes off. Grace tries to stop him.

GRACE
Why did you come here?

FROGNER
It was a mistake, lady! I'm sorry.

CROSBY

grabs Grace.

CROSBY
Don't tell me this guy is your type.

James' interference gives Frogner the chance to bolt.

GRACE

takes off after Frogner. Crosby is about to follow when Vic Miller stops him. He's got one big hand on Crosby's shoulder, restraining him with ease.

CROSBY

I don't like you.

VIC

(friendly)

I don't like you either.

CROSBY

I don't like anybody anymore.

VIC

Who does?

GRACE'S ELEVATOR

door opens in time for her to see Frogner jump into a cab outside the building. She follows and grabs another cab and follows him.

INSIDE THE CAB - FROGNER

He turns around and sees Grace. They're stopped at a light. He bangs on the plastic shield.

FROGNER

You've got fifty bucks if you run this light!

DRIVER

What'cha sayin' Bud? I can't hear a fuckin' thing through this shield.

Frogner holds up the bill and points to the red light. The OLD DRIVER slams his foot down on the accelerator. The cab barrels down Lexington Avenue through three more red lights, and creating havoc in the street. It scares hell out of some TOUGHS terrorizing a GIRL.

FROGNER'S CAB

A weird battle for space has begun between Frogner's cab and a Lexington Avenue bus. The BUS DRIVER stares murderously at the old man who's trying to force him off the road.

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CONTINUED

FROGNER

(doesn't care for this)
Let's get off the main streets!

DRIVER

Screw you! These buses have been
drivin' me nuts for thirty-five
years.

(maniacal)

I'm going to get this guy!

FROGNER

Then let me out!

The cab brakes abruptly. Frogner jumps out and disappears
into the darkness of the streets. The cab screeches off --
after the bus.

CUT TO .

INSIDE GRACE'S CAB

She sees Frogner exit the cab.

HIPPIE DRIVER

Somebody really wants to get
away from you, lady.

She stuffs some money into the plastic pocket.

GRACE

I'll get out here.

THE PITCH DARK STREET

The area (the 30's around Lexington Avenue) is sinister and
gloomy. Nothing is open but seedy hotels and cheap bars.
The building facades are all dark. Just a mass of foreboding
shapes along the filthy street where the day's garbage is
stacked like a wall along the gutter.

GRACE

moves along the grim sidewalk with complete confidence.

FROGNER

is out of sight a few blocks away. He sees a restaurant
is still open. He steps on its

DOORWAY

which reads -- The Black Orchid. He enters.

INT. BLACK ORCHID

It's more pleasant inside than you would expect from the neighborhood. Lots of old art deco furniture and a long sleek, ancient bar. Frogner takes a seat at the bar and motions for the

BARTENDER

who is Spider O'Toole. She takes a Manhattan to Marty, at the far end of the bar, and returns to Frogner.

FROGNER

Gimme a Jack Daniels.

He's checking her out. Sees the bad eye.

FROGNER

What's wrong with your eye? You blind?

She slides the drink to him.

SPIDER

Yeah.

FROGNER

It could have been an affectation -- a handicap.

She reaches behind the bar and Frogner jumps. She pulls out

A BOWL OF PEANUTS

SPIDER

You like nuts?

FROGNER

(takes a handful)

I never knew this place was here.

SPIDER

It won't be for long -- we're bankrupt. This is our last week.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FROGNER

There's no sign outside. You can't run a business with no sign.

SPIDER

Tell the owner! She was more worried about spending two hundred bucks for a sign than losing the joint --

(wide gesture)

So she loses the joint! And I lose another job.

FROGNER

You're okay -- How would you like to go out with me sometime?

SPIDER

No!

Spider looks out the front window. She sees Grace go by. Frogner sees her too. He's very nervous now.

SPIDER

Hey Marty! There's your boss -- outside.

MARTY

(to Spider, on her way out)

I'm going to get her.

Frogner throws some money on the bar.

FROGNER

Is there another way out of here?

SPIDER

Downstairs. Through the cold cellar.

He takes off toward

THE REAR OF THE BLACK ORCHID

where he pushes open the door to the kitchen, nearly knocking a trayful of orders from a WAITRESS' hand. In the kitchen, a Jamaican COOK is startled by him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FROGNER

Where's the cold cellar?

COOK

Down those stairs, man!

He points to a deadly steep set of stairs. Frogner leaps down them into

THE COLD CELLAR

where the PROPRIETRESS is firing the Chinese COOK.

PROPRIETRESS

Look Chan -- me no need cook no more. Me bankrupt -- got no money for pay.

FROGNER

They said there was another door down here.

Unconcerned about his presence, she points to a metal stairway and doors.

PROPRIETRESS

Over there. The loading doors.

He runs by her.

PROPRIETRESS

You got it Chan? No more workee?

CUT TO

MARTY AND GRACE

enter The Black Orchid. Marty leads her to the bar.

MARTY

Grace -- this is my friend Spider O'Toole. She works here.

GRACE

(to Spider, very
preoccupied)

Did a man come in here? Tall with
big eyes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SPIDER

Yep. He left a minute ago -- in
a big hurry through another door.

Grace is out the door in a flash. Marty is completely
befuddled.

MARTY

What was that all about?

SPIDER

(muttering to herself)
New York may be a cesspool -- but
it's a very small cesspool.

CUT TO

EXT. LEXINGTON AVENUE

Grace is tearing up the street after Frogner. He's almost
a block away -- and it looks as though she can't catch
him. Suddenly she just stops and focuses on

A PILE OF NEWSPAPERS

in the gutter up ahead where Frogner is running.

THE NEWSPAPERS

begin to stir. There is no wind, but they fly up from
the gutter and blow through the air -- straight to Frogner.
They wrap around his head. He can't see. They tighten and
the filth gags him. He stops running, trying in vain to
pull them off. Grace catches up with him. The papers
fall away from his face. He sees her.

FROGNER

I ought to kill you.

GRACE

You'll have constant orders from
my company -- all the business
you want.

It's an offer he can't refuse.

CUT TO

TIMES SQUARE - LATER

INT. THE XMAS BAR

It is a grimy little hole-in-the-wall that looks like someone's nightmare of Christmas. Carols play on the jukebox. A plastic Xmas tree sits on the bar next to a sweating PATRON. Various dusty Xmas paraphernalia is strewn about the walls and the tables.

AN ELDERLY WAITRESS

with an Xmas wreath pinned to her collar approaches the booth where Grace and Frogner are sitting. She brings Frogner a drink and leaves.

GRACE

I want to know if there are any others here.

FROGNER

Yeah. Sure. Lots of them.

She's exasperated with him. She picks up a cocktail napkin and places her hand over the wreath design. She lifts

HER HAND

and the design has been transferred to her skin. She repeats the motion and the design is returned to the napkin.

FROGNER

Now why don't you go back to the circus and leave me alone?

GRACE

How long have you been here?

FROGNER

Same as you -- about fifteen minutes.

GRACE

I want to find a way back. Can you help me?

FROGNER

Try the subway.

She reaches across the table and touches

HIS HAND

that is holding the whiskey glass. He winces.

THE GLASS

begins cracking, sending sharp shards into his skin. Blood drips from his hand.

GRACE

So you're just a regular New Yorker?

He grits his teeth. Angrily, he focuses on

THE GLASS

and it turns to sand. He wraps a napkin around his fist and gets up.

FROGNER

I've never done that to anybody!

He takes off -- out of the bar. She thinks about following him, but doesn't.

GRACE

I'll find you again.

CUT TO

UPTOWN - EAST SIDE NEAR GRACIE MANSION - LITTLE LATER

Frogner walks along a pretty, tree-lined street. It is quiet with a lot of well-kept older brownstones. He enters

HIS APARTMENT

It is a tiny old tenement stuffed with expensive decorator furniture. The furniture is way too large for the rooms, giving the impression that it might explode through the walls at any moment.

FROGNER

walks into the pullman-sized bedroom and sits down on the bed. He stares mournfully at his wounded hand and then looks up at

A DIGITAL CLOCK

The red numbers blink in the darkness -- 2:15. He stares at the numbers. They begin to run backwards: 2:14. 2:13. 2:12. The telephone rings loudly. He picks it up.

FROGNER

(using an old
woman's voice)

Good evening.

VOICE

I'm trying to reach Carl Frogner ---

FROGNER

This is his mother. You can speak
freely to me.

VOICE

Frogner? You don't have a mother.

FROGNER

(in his own voice)

Hello, Sloane.

(listens)

I gotta see you about something
that happened tonight.

CUT TO

CLOSEUP - SIGN PAINTED ON A SET OF GLASS DOORS - "MANHATTAN
GRIEF CLINIC, A PSYCHIATRIC SERVICE"

Frogner opens the doors, goes through a little waiting room.
He barges into a conference where half a dozen somber PEOPLE
sit around a table.

WOMAN

I know death can be a happy thing
if it's needed ---

At the head of the table is

HARRY SLOANE

He is small and wiry, dressed like a college professor.
His features are plain nearly to the point of homeliness,
but his eyes are fierce and quick.

SLOANE

I told you never to come here.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FROGNER

You always call me when you need something -- now I'm asking for help.

SLOANE

Then go downtown. That's what it's for.

Frogner is desperate. Sloane leads him into another room.

FROGNER

I don't want to. I'm not going to end up just another freak living in the corridor.

SLOANE

(impatient)

Have you found Taiga?

Frogner leans against a wall. He seems exhausted.

FROGNER

I've tried everything -- you don't have enough information. I've been looking for months.

SLOANE

If you want my help, come back when you've got something to offer. Now get out of here.

He walks away from Frogner, who is sweating profusely. Frogner follows after him.

FROGNER

I've got another problem. There's someone new here -- a female. She's chasing me all over the place. Asking me questions.

(distracted)

She works for a company that is a big account for me. I need her business, but she spotted me. She knows what I am.

(confounded)

I can't have that.

SLOANE

She's new -- and she spotted you?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FROGNER

Damn near instantly.

SLOANE

What's she like?

FROGNER

Good looking. Smart.

SLOANE

Maybe she can find Taiga.

FROGNER

(groans)

Taiga again. He's probably dead.

SLOANE

I want you to bring her in. Don't make it obvious.

FROGNER

(nervous)

You're screwing around with my income. You know that, Sloane?

SLOANE

What is this help you need from me?

FROGNER

(starts to whimper)

I don't want to die.

SLOANE

What do you think is happening to you?

FROGNER

Deterioration of the reproductive system.

(pause)

I'm a dual.

CUT TO

INT. PORN JOINT - A MAN AND WOMAN

perform nude onstage under a dim spotlight.

THE AUDIENCE

is all MEN, except for

GRACE

She sits very still. Sweat pours down her face. Her breathing is heavy and attracting a MAN who sits a seat over from her. He reaches across the empty seat between them, unseen in the darkness.

HIS HAND

rubs her thigh. Never taking her eyes off the performance, she slides her hand around his wrist and deftly snaps his wrist. He runs out howling in pain. It breaks the performance up.

A MAN

walks out from the stage area, and approaches Grace. He's very well-dressed. He hands her a card.

MAN

You've got too much class for these monsters.

GRACE

What makes you so sure of that?

MAN

If you call me at this number, I'll tell you about a place that's very interesting. Very select clientele.

She looks at the card.

MAN

Any and every evening.

CUT TO

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - SAME DAY - TWILIGHT

MARTY

(slightly agitated)

There's a man here to see you --
(hesitates)

His name is Vic Miller.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

Miller?

MARTY

He says he met you at Giovanna's party.

GRACE

Send him in.

VIC MILLER

The moment they see each other there is an immediate attraction. They are happy to see each other again.

GRACE

How did you find me?

VIC

Giovanna. But I would have found you some other way if I had to. I'm very good at finding people.

She'd like to remain aloof, uninterested, but it doesn't work -- she's too comfortable with him.

GRACE

Sit down.

VIC

Did you catch that guy you went after? The guy with the catalogues.

GRACE

Yes, actually -- I did.

He looks at her a moment. She wonders if he's going to question her more about Frogner. It crosses his mind. He smiles as if to say, "I'm not going to ask -- but I know something's up."

VIC

(looking around the office)

Would you like to have dinner with me?

GRACE

I can't.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

They are both seated on a sofa. He inadvertently moves slightly closer to her -- for no reason other than to get more comfortable. She's about to move further away from him -- and then she doesn't.

VIC

He looks at her, smiles, breathes deeply, and gets up.

VIC

If you reconsider, you can find me
every night at the Booth Theatre.

GRACE

Are you an actor?

VIC

A stagehand.

He leaves.

GRACE AND VIC

She watches him disappear through the door. His body seems to slip in long slices away from her, until the door is finally shut behind him. She stares at the closed door.

GRACE

Suddenly she goes toward the door. She opens it and looks into the outer office. It is empty. Vic has gone and Marty has left for the day. She walks through the empty office.

HER HAND

slips into her pocket. She removes the card that was given to her at the porn joint.

CUT TO

CLOSEUP - A WALL COVERED IN DELICATE FLOWERED WALLPAPER

It is the kind of floral pattern you would see in an old country inn. We hear heavy footsteps and a

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You'll have to leave.

GRACE (O.S.)
I don't have a car.

THE MAN

who gave Grace the card at the porn joint steps into frame.

MAN
That is your problem.

GRACE'S SHADOW

on the wall.

MAN
He won't say what you did, but
you terrified him.

GRACE
He wasn't harmed.

MAN
I'd love to know what you did.
The man's a pro. I've never seen
anything shake him before.

CUT TO

MARTY'S APARTMENT

She's curled up on her bed watching The Johnny Carson Show.
The phone rings.

MARTY
Grace?
(listens)
I'd be glad to, but I can't drive.
(thinks)
Wait a minute. I might be able to
get my friend Spider. She drives
-- where are you?

She writes.

CUT TO

EXT. FROGNER - CREATIVE METALS, INC. - NIGHT

He's locking the doors behind him. He turns quickly as something moves near him in the streets.

VOICE

Come here.

His first reaction is to sniff the air. What he smells alarms him.

FROGNER

No! Don't! Please ---

THE OUTLINE OF A YOUNG WOMAN

comes toward him. She stands in a doorway. She is Chinese and beautiful. Her most striking feature is her height. She is nearly six feet tall. Her clothes are shabby and covered with old sequins.

HER EYES

flash crazily as she approaches Frogner, raising her ragged skirt over her waist.

GIRL

Want to see it? Want to see it?

The exhibitionist backs Frogner against the wall of the tunnel. She's nude from the waist down.

FROGNER

Stop! Oh please stop!

CUT TO

EXT. KNICKERBOCKER TOWERS - A HUGE APARTMENT COMPLEX -
ON THE EAST SIDE - ALMOST IN SPANISH HARLEM - SAME NIGHT

UPSTAIRS - MARTY

She walks along one of the empty corridors that seem to stretch to infinity. There isn't a soul around when she rings the bell.

SPIDER

dressed in a short Chinese robe, answers the door. In her

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

hand is a paperback book on reincarnation.

MARTY

Your phone is disconnected.

SPIDER

True. But I have bigger problems
right now.

(she holds up
the book)

I'm afraid I'll come back as a
Littleneck Clam.

Marty enters the apartment. The only furniture is made
out of appliance cartons stuffed with pillows. The words
SONY, TOSHIBA, and HITACHI dominate the room. A plastic
lamp with a big Coca-Cola can for a shade is the only
light.

SPIDER

Look at this.

She hands a folder of paper to Marty.

MARTY

An eviction notice?

SPIDER

Yep. I've got to get a new job
fast.

MARTY

I hate asking, but can you do me
a favor?

SPIDER

Tonight?

MARTY

It's Grace. She needs someone
to pick her up.

(pause)

She's upstate. You know I don't
drive.

SPIDER

Sure. I'll do it.

Spider gets dressed. Marty paces.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MARTY

She sounded very calm on the phone.
Too calm for a middle of the night
call.

SPIDER

Ah -- a mystery! I'm up for one
right about now.

MARTY

She goes out to lunch every day,
but she never eats. I always order
lunch for her when she gets back.

SPIDER

(teasing)

Well then, just stop ordering lunch
and flush her out in the open.

Spider's all ready.

SPIDER

I'll need your credit card to rent
a car.

CUT TO

THE HEADLIGHTS OF A CAR - LATER

The car is not moving. Twigs crackle and someone steps
into the glare of the lights. It is

GRACE

She wears a silk evening dress. The lights expose a tear
at the bosom and another at the hip. There is a powdery
white dust all over her bare skin.

Spider beeps lightly. Grace gets into the car.

SPIDER

Ms. Ripley, I'm Martha's friend.
From the bar. Are you all right?

GRACE

(nods)

Thank you for coming.

SPIDER

Oh, I'm glad to do it. I like to
get out of the city -- even for
five minutes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Spider pulls out. Grace takes a close look at the girl. Spider is wearing a tigerskin print jumpsuit with wide shoulders. On her feet are clear plastic high-heeled sandals with rhinestones in the heels. Spider sees Grace looking at the outfit.

SPIDER

I dress a little weird. I hope
it doesn't turn you off.

GRACE

Not at all. It's interesting.

SPIDER - CLOSEUP

As she drives she points a finger at her platinum crew-cut.

SPIDER

The hair was a mistake. Originally
it was the color of a '52 Buick.
You remember those?

GRACE

No.

SPIDER

It's sorta maroonish red.
(turns to Grace)
You don't remember them, huh?
There's a lot of them still around --
fixed up and all.

GRACE

I don't remember.

They glance at each other furtively, both curious, but
friendly.

SPIDER

I don't know how anyone could
forget those ugly, old red Buicks!

GRACE

(wants to change
the subject)
What happened to your eye?

SPIDER

A sort of childhood accident -- You
know that guy you were following
the other night -- he was really
interested in my bad eye.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

It's very distinctive.

SPIDER

It's a real aphrodisiac to men like him. The minute they see it they want to sleep with me.

GRACE

Because it's unique. Something unique would appeal to Frogner.

SPIDER

The way I look at it -- I lost an eye and gained sex appeal.

(pause)

Everything's a trade off. Y'know.

GRACE'S BUILDING - LATER

Spider pulls up in front. Grace gets out.

SPIDER

You sure you don't want me to wait for you?

GRACE

No. I have some things to do here.

Grace is about to walk away when Spider leans across the seat to call to her.

SPIDER

Are you still looking for that guy, Frogner?

GRACE

Why?

SPIDER

He's been calling me at the bar. He wants a date ---

GRACE

Really?

SPIDER

There's a place he goes in Chinatown -- some kind of club, I think. He wanted me to meet him outside there.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Grace gets back in the car.

GRACE

Can you drive me there now? You know the address?

SPIDER

I think I can find it.

CUT TO

EXT. CANAL STREET

The car turns off Canal down into the back streets of Chinatown.

SPIDER

It's down here off Bayard Street. Should be somewhere in back of the Tombs.

The car turns on to Bayard, which is only a block long.

SPIDER

It's No. 68 ---

GRACE

Let me out here. I want to walk the rest of the way.

SPIDER

Do you want me to wait?

GRACE

No thanks. I may be awhile.

She gets out of the car. It is a narrow, old winding street that could be hiding all manner of New York's finest criminals. She seems totally unafraid. She passes some Italian restaurants and Chinese markets until she sees a light on in a building at the end of the street. It is

A FUNERAL PARLOR

There are two big plate glass windows on either side of the doors. One side has a sign: La Marca Bros. Funerals. The other side says: Sun Yee King Funerals. They share the same building. A tiny light is on in the vestibule.

GRACE

enters. She tries the inside doors. They are all locked. She is twisting the doorknobs when she hears a noise.

A GIRL

behind her. The Girl is all dressed in black. Black t-shirt, black jeans. High black sandals and a black cowboy hat. She is small and very sexy with long curly hair and a sassy smile.

COWGIRL

I'm looking for Barnabus.

GRACE

I don't know him.

COWGIRL

Barnabus is a disco. Supposed to be around here in some funky place.

GRACE

This is a funeral home.

COWGIRL

Are you going to a funeral?

GRACE

I'm meeting someone.

The Cowgirl smiles and tips her hat.

COWGIRL

I gotta run. It feels like it's gonna be a big night.

GRACE

waits until she's gone and then begins moving her fingers along the separation in the doors, applying pressure. They don't open.

HIGH ANGLE - THE VESTIBULE

She paces nervously, and then stops and focuses on

THE DOORS

In the quiet of the vestibule, we begin to hear her heartbeat. It gets louder and louder and the beats begin to change their rhythm, altering to a more complex pattern until -- the doors begin to vibrate with the heartbeats, and soon the lock clicks and the doors open.

GRACE

enters and closes them behind her. She is at the bottom of a

FLIGHT OF STAIRS

Standing in front of her is the Cowgirl. She bows and smiles.

COWGIRL

I'm Vargas -- the doorman.

She circles around Grace.

GRACE

I couldn't tell you were ---

VARGAS

If you could, I'd be a lousy doorman.
Who is your contact?

Grace hesitates.

GRACE

Carl Frogner.

VARGAS

Frogner? He never brings anyone
in.

(vary)

Where are you from?

GRACE

The doorman doesn't normally ask
that question.

VARGAS

I'm not a normal doorman.

GRACE

I need to get in.

VARGAS

Go ahead. I was just asking. I'm
only here to keep out humans.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Vargas points to a stairway.

VARGAS

Just go up those stairs and follow
the lights.

(pause)

Are you going to alter?

GRACE

I'll stay as I am. It took me
months to alter the first time.

VARGAS

Second's always easier, but suit
yourself.

VARGAS

disappears suddenly into the darkness of another doorway.

GRACE

stands alone. She hears nothing. She starts up the old
wooden stairs.

MARBLE-SIZED LIGHTS

are set into the wall like studs. At

THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

is a set of big old sliding doors. There is a pale streak
of light showing underneath them.

GRACE

tries the doors. They open very slowly on

A LARGE ROOM

that has been divided into an odd network of booths. The
room has been constructed so that the occupants of the booths
could not see or be seen directly by others. This room is
quite dark except for the same small stud lights.

PORTIONS OF ALIEN AND HUMAN ANATOMY

are visible as Grace walks through the area looking for an available booth.

GRACE - FROM AN UNSEEN ALIEN'S POV

GRACE
(to the ALIEN)
May I join you?

The Alien (never seen) makes no reply. She moves on to

ANOTHER BOOTH

where she sees

SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE A HUGE HEAP OF DISCARDED WRAPPING PAPER

It is entirely wrapped in gauzy material, and vaguely suggests a top-like body and a small head.

GRACE
(to the Alien)
My earth name is Grace Ripley.

It makes no reply, but it doesn't seem threatening.

A TABLE

sits in the center of the booth. There are three light studs; a red, a green, and a white, set in the table top.

GRACE
(to the Alien)
I'm trying to find a way to get
back ---

UNDER THE TABLE

As she speaks, a clay red, snake-like tentacle begins to emerge from under the pile of material. She cannot see it as it wiggles along the floor.

BETWEEN HER LEGS

It moves upward between her calves, probing the space and stiffly ascending.

GRACE

(to the Alien)

I have a position where I make a great deal of money. Whatever it costs, I'm willing to pay.

THE PROBING TENTACLE

has now advanced all the way underneath her dress -- and reached its objective.

GRACE

feels it suddenly. An intense wave of pain seizes her -- then she begins to swoon sexually as

THE PROBE

continues to pump away between her legs.

THE PILE OF MATERIAL

it came from now pulsates, changing shape.

GRACE

is seized by horrible pain, but she can not move. We hear footsteps, and then

A WOMAN'S FOOT IN A STILETTO HEEL

moves into frame and steps down on the marauding tentacle. It grinds away at the clay-like flesh until

THE TENTACLE

releases itself from Grace.

THE OWNER OF THE FOOT

is a tall, big-boned, strong-featured WOMAN. She removes

AN ODD-LOOKING KNIFE

from her belt, and severs the tentacle.

THE PILE OF MATERIAL

begins to move. She plunges the knife into the "head" portion several times. The thing collapses in a heap on the floor.

GRACE

is slowly reviving.

GRACE

Why did it do that?

The Woman removes the knife from the Alien and wipes it on her skirt.

WOMAN

This is not the intergalactic creme de la creme. Most of them haven't learned their manners.

She presses the

WHITE LIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE TABLE

WOMAN

I'm Jane. Someone will come now to clean him up.

GRACE

This isn't what I expected.

TWO HUMANOID ALIENS

appear and stuff the

ALIEN CORPSE

into a plastic garbage bag. Grace is horrified.

JANE

What do you want? A twelve-gun salute?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

It came a long way to end up in
a garbage bag.

JANE

Look -- it's best if you don't get
sentimental about our position here.

GRACE

Just what is -- our position here?

JANE

The earth is a dumping ground for
the unwanted of several galaxies.

GRACE

What are the channels for getting
off this planet?

JANE

Channels!

(amused)

When you end up on this primitive
little dirtball, you're finished.

GRACE

I don't believe that.

JANE

Then you should talk to Harry Sloane.

GRACE

Harry Sloane?

JANE

He runs things for us.

GRACE

Is he here?

JANE

Let me find out.

There are odd noises and strange movements in various booths
of the room now.

GRACE

(toward Aliens)

What do they want?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

JANE

They don't know what they want.

(pause)

Who knows where they're from. If
your home was some damn gas ball,
what would you want?

GRACE

I'd want to leave here.

Jane shrugs and leaves.

CUT TO

HARRY SLOANE

watches Grace on a video monitor. She's been photographed
by one of the stud lights. He's also able to hear the
conversation. He is in

THE OLD EMBALMING ROOM

of the funeral home. There's a knock on the door.

SLOANE

Who is it?

FROGNER

It's Frogner.

SLOANE

Come in.

JANE

enters. She speaks with Frogner's voice.

FROGNER/JANE

Grace Ripley is here. She's waiting
for you in the aquarium.

SLOANE

How did she get in?

FROGNER/JANE

She tripped the lock with sound
vibrations.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SLOANE

Nothing stops her. That's good.
I like that.

SLOANE - WIDE SHOT - FROGNER/JANE

Sloane looks disdainfully at the exiting Frogner.

SLOANE

How long are you going to stay
like that?

FROGNER/JANE

Until I sleep with a man.
(ruefully)
I'm in heat.

SLOANE

Heat? What are you? Some kind of
German Shepherd from Outer Space?

FROGNER/JANE

Don't talk to me that way, Sloane.
It's a very complicated biology.

CUT TO

AQUARIUM ROOM

Huge tanks are filled with a bright, red liquid. In the
tanks are several aquatic Aliens and one ALIEN CORPSE.
Sloane is standing with a HUMANOID ALIEN surveying the corpse.

SLOANE

Turn the lights down in the tank
and remove the body quickly.

The Alien exits. As he opens the door, Frogner/Jane brings
Grace and leaves.

SLOANE

This life suits you. You're very
beautiful.

GRACE

It doesn't suit me at all. And I'm
sure you know that. From what I've
seen here, it doesn't suit any of us.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SLOANE

Yeah, well -- it's not easy here. It wouldn't be a very good exile planet if it was. And baby, this is one hell of an exile planet.

GRACE

Is there any chance of leaving?

SLOANE

Very small. There was someone here a few years ago who was unusual and very smart. He convinced some of us that he was going to make it off eventually.

GRACE

Where is he? I want to talk to him.

He gives her a sexy smile.

SLOANE

I'm willing to help you out. That's my function here. Anybody has a problem, they come to me.

He leads her out of the aquarium room, across the Corridor to a room that is outfitted like a mobile home -- complete with kitchen, bathroom, etc. It has all been installed in a relatively small space and feels rather cramped to Grace. He takes a business card out of a drawer and writes a name on the back, with an address. The name is JOHN TAIGA.

SLOANE

This is all I have.

Sloane goes to a desk. He takes out a manila folder that is filled with

POLAROID SNAPSHOTS

They are shots of alien spaceships in many different stages of construction. They represent a wide range of designs. Some look like highly unlikely candidates for space travel.

SLOANE

shows them to Grace.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SLOANE

Most of the UFO's spotted by humans
are us -- trying to get back!

She looks over the photos.

GRACE

These are failures.

SLOANE

Very good. Do you know much
technology?

GRACE

A little -- about building stationary
structures. I'm in construction on
this planet. I'd hoped I might meet
someone who could use what I know
to build a transport for me -- but ---

SLOANE

You can't wait. Right?

She nods.

SLOANE

Then find Taiga.

She looks back down at the card, twirling it in her fingers.
She's somewhat suspicious.

GRACE

Frogner told you about me?

SLOANE

Yes. You frightened him.

GRACE

Do I frighten you?

SLOANE

Nothing frightens me.
(he points down
the hall)

That's the way out.

He disappears down the Corridor. She heads toward the
direction he indicated until she reaches

CUT TO

A SET OF BIG DOUBLE DOORS

She pushes the doors and finds herself in an immense, old school gymnasium.

THE DOOR BEHIND HER OPENS

but when she turns around, she can't see anything. It is a YOUNG BLACK MAN. He wears an old tuxedo. His pants are stuffed tightly into high polished riding boots. On his hands are emerald green mittens.

HIS EYES

are a mechanical multi-sensory device. He is a robot.

BLACK ROBOT

I saw you inside. You want to leave.

GRACE

Don't you?

BLACK ROBOT

Not anymore. I live in The Corridor.

He starts to move away.

GRACE

Wait! I'd like to talk.

He has already disappeared out the door to the funeral parlor. She continues on through the blackness until she is

OUTSIDE - FACING THE STREET

An enormous housing project faces her. Salsa music rages from its windows. It is a giant with a thousand red eyes.

CUT TO

EXT. 14TH STREET - DAY - A DISCOUNT STORE

Grace is outside with Sloane's card in her hands. She is checking the address against the store's address. They match.

INSIDE THE DISCOUNT STORE

Giant tubes of toothpaste and mountains of sanitary napkin boxes form a narrow pathway to a CASHIER.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

I'm looking for John Taiga.

CASHIER

He's in the back. Wearing a red shirt.

She winds her way through the aerosol cans and roll-on deodorants to a heavy-set, short MAN. He wears a red shirt and purple pants. He's a mess.

GRACE

John Taiga?

MAN

Yah. What can I do for you?

She looks into his eyes and sees he is not an alien.

GRACE

I'm sorry. I'm looking for someone else.

She backs away.

TAIGA

Hey, lady --

(pause)

Somebody's playing games with you, lady.

GRACE

What makes you think that?

He runs a meaty finger across her arm.

TAIGA

You ain't the only one that's been here lookin' for him.

(pause)

But I'm gonna do you a favor, doll.

(pause)

I'm gonna tell you somethin' I never told any of those other weirdos that were lookin' for him.

GRACE

Do you know where he is?

TAIGA

There was a mail mixup once. I got something that was his. He called me and I sent it to him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TAIGA (Cont'd)

(thinks)
I kept his address because I always
thought it was funny ---

GRACE

That you had the same name?

TAIGA

Yah. I asked him if he thought we
were related.

(pause)
He didn't think so.

(thinks)
It was like he picked my name out
of the phone book or something.

GRACE

When was this?

TAIGA

What's it worth to you, doll?

She's very anxious.

GRACE

Please! This is very important to
me.

TAIGA

I can tell that, doll. You make
it worth my while -- I'll find
his address.

GRACE

I've got a lot of money.

TAIGA

So do I, sweetheart. You meet me
at the Museum of Natural History
at four, we'll figure something out.

GRACE

(sighs)
The Museum -- why?

TAIGA

I got a co-op across the street. My
wife's at home. She's an invalid.

CUT TO

INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - OCEANIC BIRD HALL - LATER

Grace enters the hall through a narrow passage where two huge wall maps chart the Great Winds of the earth. It is a stupendous dark coffin of a room -- long, narrow with

A HIGH-DOMED CEILING

that is painted like a South Seas sky. Stuffed gulls hang suspended, in mock flight, from the ceiling.

A MAN

stands facing a case full of birds of the Galapagos Islands. He copies down information on

A FILTHY LEGAL PAD

that Grace observes as she walks by him. He is only writing on one tiny corner of the page. He mutters angrily to himself.

MAN

Got to do it!
Got to do it!
Got to know!

She is fascinated by his behavior.

GRACE

What do you see? I'm interested
in how you perceive things.

VOICE FROM BEHIND

(loud, ear-shattering
echo)

Achooooooo! AAAACHHHOOOOOO!

ANOTHER MAN

This one wears a baseball cap. He is faking a loud, rapid succession of sneezes that resound in the Hall at a nerve-wracking pitch.

JOHN TAIGA

enters. He chases the sneezing man out.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TAIGA

Get out of here, ya looney!

GRACE

Have you brought the address?

She reaches for it. He whisks his hand behind his back.

TAIGA

I know how bad you want this.

(smile)

Something's up with this guy. So many people looking for him.

GRACE

What do you want? Money?

TAIGA

I want you to have a drink with me at my place.

She socks him. He's amazed, and very frightened. She's hit him with a force he does not expect from a woman.

TAIGA

Jesus, lady. I'm a lonely man. You don't have to kill me for that.

GRACE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you.

He gives her the address.

CUT TO

EXT. A FEDERALIST-STYLE MANSION - WEST SIDE - NEAR RIVERSIDE DRIVE

It is big, and somewhat run-down.

A PLETHORA OF FLOWERING WEEDS

grow on the front steps. Grace rings a doorbell. It is answered by a TEENAGED GIRL.

GRACE

This address was given to me for a man named John Taiga.

The Girl admits Grace.

INSIDE THE MANSION

is furnished like a medieval castle.

GIRL
(calls out)
Mother, there is someone here
looking for Mr. Taiga.

A WOMAN

immediately enters. She is tall, an arty eccentric. Lovely
in a reclusive way.

WOMAN
Are you a friend of his?

GRACE
Not exactly.

A twinge of jealousy flickers in the Woman's eyes.

THE GIRL

She watches Grace with interest. Her eyes are soft and sexual.

THE MOTHER

circles around Grace.

WOMAN
Have you ever heard of the Autumn
Dog?

GRACE
I can't say that I have.

WOMAN
It is the Chinese name for a sexual
position to be used by men with
large stomachs --
(pause)
The man approaches the woman from
the rear.
(breathes)
It's very exciting.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

Does Mr. Taiga have a large stomach?

WOMAN

No. He does not. I just love being offensive to people who ask me questions about my personal life.

GRACE

I'm sorry. It is very important to me to find him.

She is on her way to the door. The Girl still watches with an enigmatic smile.

WOMAN

And Mr. Taiga was most important to me. My discretion was something he always appreciated. He lived with us several years ago.

(distant)

He gave me the most unique experiences of my life.

THE WOMAN

A tear rolls down her cheek. She takes off into the depths of the house.

THE GIRL

joins Grace at the door. She is very close to Grace's face, and then whispers.

GIRL

Do you know the Ethy Code?

GRACE

As a matter of fact, I do.

THE GIRL'S LIPS

part in a dreamy smile. She leans even closer.

GIRL

I don't know what that means -- but Taiga said to ask --

(pause)

-- if the right person came along.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

Do you know where he is?

GIRL

I know where he was.

She says something to Grace. We hear the word "Brooklyn".

CUT TO

BROOKLYN BRIDGE - FROM GRACE'S POV - INSIDE A TAXI

She opens her window and sticks her face into the only breeze she's felt in days.

BROOKLYN SLUM

The cab pulls up to a run-down side street. She pays him and gets out.

EXT. A ROW OF CRUMBLING BROWNSTONES

It looks like a bombed-out war zone.

A GRIMY HALL

where a door creaks open.

A FILTHY OLD WOMAN

sticks her head out.

WOMAN

What do you want here?

GRACE

I'm looking for a man named Taiga.

WOMAN

Gone. Long time. He disappeared and left some scum all over his place. Never could clean it up.

GRACE

I'd like to take a look.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

WOMAN

What are you? Some sicko that likes to look at scum?

GRACE

Yes. But I pay well for my pleasures.

Grace hands her a bill. She seizes it and takes her down the hall.

A SHABBY APARTMENT

where a viscous slime covers everything in a stale grey film. It appears there has been an explosion sending the stuff into every nook and cranny.

GRACE

Do you know how this happened?

WOMAN

Are you kidding?

GRACE

Can you tell me what Taiga looked like the last time you saw him?

WOMAN

Nah! I don't know what nobody looks like. I never look at nobody.

CUT TO

FRONT DOORS OF CREATIVE METALS, INC. - LATER

Grace looks in. It is dark, except for an office in the back. She looks for a way to get to that back office.

CLOSEUP - A FOUR FOOT SNOWMAN

It is made out of spun glass with twinkle lights for eyes. Frogner (as Jane) and a young GREEK WAITER are making love in his office at Creative Metals, Inc.

JANE'S FOOT

kicks the snowman over. It falls on the Waiter.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

WAITER

That's it for me! This Xmas junk
is making me sick.

JANE/FROGNER

No, wait! Please! I need you.

He storms out a back door, leaving it open.

JANE/FROGNER

falls to the floor sobbing. Jane looks at her hand and sees
it is changing back to male gender. Veins begin to swell.
Hair grows rapidly.

GRACE

is watching from the back door.

JANE/FROGNER

scrambles up to a mirror. The transition between genders
has stopped and she is stuck with a hideous amalgam of
male and female characteristics. He sinks to the floor
whimpering.

GRACE

enters. He isn't aware of her. Grace leans over him.

GRACE

Frogner. It's Grace Ripley.
Can you hear me?

FROGNER

Get out! Get out of here!

GRACE

I can help you --
(urgent)
This is dangerous for me -- so
concentrate.

She leans close to his ear. She whispers softly and

HER EYES

become dreamy and totally lascivious.

HIS EYES

He moans slightly as she continues to whisper into his ear.

CLOSEUP - HER FACE

As she whispers. Her breathing seems to change. It has an unearthly sound, deep and somewhat like the croak of a frog. It is alternately soothing and exciting.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - HER LIPS

They move like great waves. The tongue is like an animal tossed in between them.

CUT TO

CLOSEUP - THE WORM ALIEN - ALIEN PLANET - FLASHBACK

It is being dragged. The camera pulls back and we see several humanoid Aliens descend upon the slug-like creature, that is as large as two of them. The action is fast and partially obscured.

ONE OF THE HUMANOID ALIENS

Pushes the others back and fastens itself on the slug creature. At first it looks like some kind of violent battle, then the motions become more and more like mating. The noise they make is erotic and longing.

THE TWO ALIENS

Are fastened to each other and roll back and forth until suddenly the slug creature appears to weaken and lighten in color. At this point, its 'mouth' begins to change. It fastens on the humanoid Alien and the mating ceases in favor of a violent struggle.

THE SLUG CREATURE - CLOSEUP

It seems to be drawing a liquid substance from the other. As it does, its color returns and it seems to revitalize. It even enlarges in size.

CUT TO

HER TONGUE - PRESENT

It flicks the side of her mouth. She sees that the male characteristics in his body are beginning to prevail. The horrendous mixture is smoothing out. He unwinds from the fetal ball.

GRACE AND FROGNER

Slowly she backs away. He stands up, very relieved. She looks at his dress.

GRACE

So, it was you.

He goes to change.

GRACE

I want to know what's going on.

FROGNER

What do you think is going on!
Try to figure it out -- think about
what's been happening.

GRACE

You seem to know what's been
happening ---

FROGNER

I got a feeling that things are not
going smoothly.

GRACE

Did Sloane know it was going to be
so difficult -- and so crazy?

FROGNER

I think that would be a safe assumption.

FROGNER

looks down at his hands -- that are now completely normal --
because of her. He knows he owes her one.

FROGNER

Just think about what happened! Think
about how you felt! What it was like
for you physically to endure that
frustration.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

Frustration kills us?

FROGNER

Right! It kills these human bastards too! But not as fast as it kills us.

GRACE

We all die here.

FROGNER

That's right. Life on this stinking dirtball is mainly frustration.

GRACE

Is Sloane using me?

FROGNER

Of course, he's using you. You even know that. You're not dumb.

(pause)

Sloane wants to kill Taiga.

GRACE

Why?

FROGNER

Who cares?

He sinks into his desk chair.

FROGNER

He's got some grudge against him.

GRACE

Is Sloane dying?

FROGNER

No. He's the only one who isn't dying.

GRACE

I think you're wrong.

FROGNER

(screaming)

Then go to hell!

(pause)

Taiga's a joke. A looney. I'm not sure he even exists. Maybe it's Sloane's way of getting rid of the ones he doesn't like.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

You go looking for Taiga -- and
you die? Is that it?

FROGNER

I don't know, but I wasn't sick before
I started looking.

GRACE

I think Taiga does exist.

FROGNER

Well, maybe you're nuts, too!

GRACE

I found two human women that he lived
with on Riverside Drive. I'm going
to go back to talk to them.

He's startled.

FROGNER

I heard that he had lived with two
humans -- but I could never find out
where. Riverside Drive, huh?

(pause)

I've looked for months -- and all
I've found is every looney in
Manhattan.

Suddenly, she doesn't trust him. She knows there is something
that he wants from Sloane -- that he will do anything for.

GRACE

Look, Frogner -- I've got to go.

(smiles)

After what I did with you, I have
some of my own sexuality to deal with.

CUT TO

TIMES SQUARE - LITTLE LATER

Grace is about to enter another porn club.

A BROADWAY THEATER

a few blocks away catches her eye.

CUT TO

INT. BOOTH THEATRE - BROADWAY - THAT EVENING

CLOSEUP - A PAIR OF WOODEN HANDLES ON A LIGHTBOARD

Two hands grasp them and pull downward. The hands rush to another pair of handles, adjusting these and then quickly on to several more. There is audience laughter in the b.g. The hands continue an elaborate set of maneuvers and adjustments.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Vic! Someone left you a note.

VIC

I'll get it after the first act.

WIDE SHOT - VIC AND THE LIGHTBOARD

He scrambles around rotating wheels and changing the setups in lightning quick time. There is a loud burst of applause and several ACTRESSES run offstage. He sees the paper left for him on a chair. He opens it and

A TICKET STUB

falls out. It is for an orchestra seat at tonight's performance.

THEATRE AISLE - SAME

It is intermission and Vic comes down the aisle checking for the seat that matches the stub. He finds it and

GRACE

is sitting in the seat.

VIC

What took you so long?

CUT TO

INT. A LATIN NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Grace and Vic enter. He takes her hand and tries to lead her to the dance floor. She is apprehensive.

VIC

Don't you dance?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

Not really.

He tightens his grip on her. She trips herself purposely and frees herself from his grip. He stands back, looks at her carefully. Then very slowly he extends

HIS HAND

toward her like it was a weapon. Finger by finger, his hand takes her very firmly. He looks her straight in the eye and waits. Grace removes his hand.

VIC

I can't touch you, can I?

GRACE

It would be unwise.

VIC

Are you sick?

GRACE

In a way -- weak is a more accurate description.

VIC

Why did you come to me tonight?

GRACE

Because there is something I need.

VIC

Something -- sexual?

GRACE

Yes.

VIC

(smiles)

Something unusual?

She leans forward to him. They are still in the midst of the crowd as she whispers something in his ear.

VIC - CLOSEUP

He listens. Slowly he smiles. He closes his eyes. She continues. His head rocks slightly. His eyes open -- astonished.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

VIC

Where did you learn to do that?

GRACE

Did you like it?

VIC

Can you do it again?

GRACE

Not right away.

VIC

I don't think I could explain that to someone.

GRACE

What did it feel like?

VIC

Like first love.

CUT TO

EXT. A RESIDENTIAL HOTEL ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE - BETWEEN
5TH AND MADISON - LATER

Grace is returning home. She enters the lobby. It is very quiet. A DESK CLERK waves her over.

DESK CLERK

Ms. Ripley. Your brother is waiting for you in your room.

GRACE

My brother?

DESK CLERK

We let him in. I hope you're not upset.

GRACE

That's fine. I understand.

UPSTAIRS - HER ROOM

A figure sitting in the darkness. Grace turns on a small light. It is James Crosby.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

CROSBY

I've been trying to reach you for two days. Where have you been?

GRACE

I'm very tired, James. You should go.

CROSBY

Marty is worried about you. She says someone had to pick you up in the middle of the night.

GRACE

I'm fine -- as you can see. There's nothing to worry about.

He is extremely jealous and getting turned on by being alone in the semi-darkness with her.

CROSBY

Who were you with tonight?

GRACE

I think you should go.

CROSBY

I tried being a gentleman with you. You don't respect that. I think I know what turns you on.

He kisses her.

GRACE AND JAMES

She's desperately trying to move his hands from her skin. But the longer the physical contact lasts it seems to weaken her. She's struggling, but she begins to swoon.

GRACE

Stop! You don't know what you're doing!

CROSBY

Any self-respecting truck driver would have done this weeks ago.

He picks her up and carries her into

THE BEDROOM

She's still trying to fend him off, but she becomes gradually weaker and more submissive. He starts undressing her. When he can't unbutton

HER SILK BLOUSE

He rips it from her.

CROSBY

Off with the uniform of a successful career woman.

HIS SKIN AGAINST HERS

Where their skin touches, the pearly dust forms rapidly. She is responding to his embraces like a plant to light.

HER EYES

She looks at their bodies and the bed -- and sees

THE SILK BLOUSE

The stricken eyes focus on it. It begins to stir as though a light wind were ruffling it.

GRACE

James, stop! I'm not going to die!

The dust is beginning to solidify in a glaze-like crust on them. He's oblivious to it.

THE BLOUSE

It rises off the bed and floats upward encircling

JAMES' HEAD

It wraps tightly around his head. He tries to pull it off.

JAMES

I can't breathe.

The blouse begins to harden like a metal helmet around his face. He's suffocating. Jumping off the bed, he whirls around the room frantically.

GRACE

runs into the shower and begins to wash the dust off.

JAMES

claws at the blouse. It is completely solid. Unable to see where he's going, he falls against a window. The glass breaks and he falls ten or so stories to

THE STREET

Next to his body lies the crumpled blouse, returned once more to its original softness.

GRACE - CLOSEUP

She comes out of the shower, having heard the crash. She sees the window and guesses what happened. She shows no emotion.

CUT TO

GRACE'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

From her office, Grace listens to

MARTY

on the phone with Spider O'Toole.

MARTY

She's some kind of monster, Spider.

(tearful)

James Crosby committed suicide at her place last night -- and she's in here working today.

GRACE - MARTY IN B.G.

She turns her chair around and faces the river where another Circle Line Tourist boat glides through the heat of the summer day.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MARTY (V.O.)

I don't think she feels anything.

(listens)

Well, she says he tried to rape her.

(listens)

Okay, okay! I'll give her the benefit of the doubt, but it's hard. She's so removed from everything.

Grace is doodling on a notepad as she listens.

THE DOODLES

It is a series of little sketches that suggest some vehicle made for space travel. Next to the doodle is

ANOTHER PIECE OF PAPER

It has the address on Riverside Drive written on it.

CUT TO

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - CHINATOWN - SAME DAY - VARGAS

stands on the steps by the door of the funeral home. She leans against a wall. Very seductive, but tough.

SLOANE

appears. He is wearing a wide-brimmed hat that hides his face.

VARGAS

Hot day, Sloane!

SLOANE

You bet. Come inside, Vargas. I want to talk to you.

She tips her hat to him.

VARGAS

Sure thing.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - LATER

Grace enters. Vargas is not around.

A WOMAN AND LITTLE GIRL

are cleaning up. They are both aliens in human form. The Woman is young and severely crippled at her knees. As she walks, her head bobs, and she wobbles painfully.

THE CHILD

is physically perfect, but imitates the Mother's strange gait, as if in sympathy for her condition. The Child does the cleaning as the Mother watches.

GRACE

(to the Mother)

I'm looking for Sloane.

CHILD

He's in the Corridor.

SLOANE - CLOSEUP

His head whips around as he hears someone approaching.

SLOANE

What's up, Ripley?

GRACE

I had to kill someone last night.
A human.

SLOANE

So what? Most of us end up killing
one or two of them.

(firm)

It's usually their fault!

GRACE

I didn't want to kill him!

SLOANE

I'll bet he wanted to lay you. If
he only knew.

GRACE

We have no right to kill them. The
Ethy Code forbids it.

SLOANE

The Ethy Code does not extend to humans.
That stupid code was made for inter-
galactic commerce.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

It's still murder. I've got to leave here. I can't stand this.

He's very nervous. Grace notices the door open behind him that leads to the embalming room.

HIS HAND

As they talk, the fingernails on his thumb and forefinger drop out and fall to the floor. He is careful to make sure Grace doesn't see this, but he's alarmed.

SLOANE

I do have to be alone for a while. Do you understand? Don't worry about what happened. It's a very small matter really.

GRACE

Not to me.

She leaves.

THE EMBALMING ROOM

A corpse lies on a table underneath a sheet. Sloane pulls the sheet back.

VARGAS'

nude body. She appears to be human until the sheet reaches her legs, which are alien.

SLOANE

takes a surgical knife from the case and makes an incision in her rib cage. He lowers his mouth to the incision -- and begins to feed. As he does, the fingernails on his hand begin to regenerate.

CUT TO

GRACE'S OFFICE - LATER

She walks in, distracted. Marty seems upset as she hands Grace her call sheet.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MARTY

That guy Frogner was here. He brought papers for an enormous offer that he said you approved.

GRACE

Whatever he said is right. I left the order up to him.

MARTY

While I was on another call, he went into your office and snooped around! I couldn't believe his nerve, Grace.

Grace is on her way into the office. Marty follows.

MARTY

I checked after he left. I don't think he took anything.

Grace walks to her desk. She sees her address book open. It is open to the address of the woman on Riverside Drive.

GRACE

Please call him, Marty. Try Creative Metals, and if he's not there, keep calling.

MARTY

(on her way out,
befuddled)

Okay -- that guy, Vic Miller, has been calling you all afternoon.

GRACE

Vic Miller? I'll get back to him. You find Frogner.

She looks down at the address again. She pulls the page out of the book.

GRACE

I've changed my mind. Leave a message for Frogner.

MARTY

(flabbergasted as she
watches Grace tear
out the door)

Are you leaving for the day?

(pause)

What is going on around here?

CUT TO

THE MANSION ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE - LATER

Grace rings the bell. No one comes. She touches the door. It's open.

A LAMP AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Its glass globe is broken. By the time she reaches it, she sees

A WOMAN'S SHOE

on the landing. Grace leans down to pick it up and sees

A HUMAN EYE

lying on the carpet staring at a blank wall. Beyond it, in the darkness of the long hallway, is another disembodied eye. It is lying near

THE CORPSES OF THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

They have been bludgeoned to death, and lie head to head on the carpet. Grace kneels down beside them. She lifts the

MOTHER'S HEAD

to check the eyes. Both are there, open and blank. Grace moves to

THE DAUGHTER

Her eyes are closed. Grace opens them. Both eyes are there.

ONE OF THE EYEBALLS

She moves it slightly with her foot. She hears footsteps behind her and sees

A MAN

steps out of the shadows. His compelling eyes pierce the darkness. He is dressed for cold weather. Strong and sturdy, he appears to be about fifty.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE
John Taiga?

TAIGA
Yes.

She breathes heavily. It's as though she's found a long-lost lover. She repeats his answer, savoring it.

GRACE
(whispers)
Yes.

TAIGA
(toward the bodies)
What have you got to do with this?

GRACE
It may be my fault. I've been trying to find you.

TAIGA
(pointing to the Girl)
She called me, said that someone had come. Someone she liked.

GRACE
Then they knew where you were all along?

TAIGA
The girl did. The woman was her stepmother. I haven't seen her in years.
(leans down,
strokes the Girl's hair)
We were very close. She was an heiress -- and my sole financial support.

GRACE
I was told you might be building a transport.

TAIGA
And you wanted to -- hitch a ride?

GRACE
I can't stand it here.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TAIGA

What have you got to offer me if
I take you?

GRACE

Offer you --?
(thinks)
I hadn't thought -- but perhaps.

She moves closer to him, and begins to whisper.

TAIGA - CLOSEUP

He's startled. A shock of recognition hits him. He pushes
her back quickly. She doesn't know what happened.

TAIGA

That isn't enough for me. It's
a little too primitive.

He takes hold of her wrists and moves her into the deep
shadows underneath the staircase.

TAIGA

You should not do that so freely.
You're too trusting. You don't
know what I am.

GRACE

I just want to leave. I'll do what-
ever I have to so that I can leave.

TAIGA

My needs are very specific -- I
know best what will meet them ---

GRACE

Were you lovers with the girl?

Taiga walks to the Girl's body. He strokes the hair again.

TAIGA

Briefly -- but she never even
understood what I was.
(pause)
No human has.

GRACE

Why did you leave them?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TAIGA

Because the longer I stayed around humans, the more I deteriorated. I went into seclusion and got much stronger.

GRACE

We don't last very long here. Do we?

TAIGA

That seems to be true.

GRACE

What about Harry Sloane?

TAIGA

I believe he is from a planet of eccentric orbit where the climatic and geological changes would have forced him to be highly adaptable -- a very complex life form.

GRACE

Then there is reason to fear him?

TAIGA

Sloane killed them. She obviously wouldn't tell him what he wanted to know.

Grace looks at the disembodied eyeballs..

GRACE

You think those eyes are his?

TAIGA

I'm sure they are. I think he's dying. At first I thought he'd done it just to get back at me, but I think now he wants to leave.

GRACE

Do you have a transport?

TAIGA

Yes. I do.

She breathes.

GRACE

I would like ---

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TAIGA

I know what you would like.

He tosses her a hotel key. The tab on it reads "Holiday Inn, Seacaucus, New Jersey".

TAIGA

You meet me there tomorrow night.
I want to think about this -- and
take care of them.

GRACE

Are you going after Sloane?

TAIGA

The energy it would take to play
the avenger would be destructive to me.

GRACE

So he gets away with it?

TAIGA

He's dying. He's not going to get
away with anything.

CUT TO

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Vic enters. Spider is there with Marty. They are getting
ready to go to lunch. Vic is in jeans, slightly messy.
Marty is disdainful of him in general.

VIC

I need to find Grace Ripley.

MARTY

She'll get in touch with you as
soon as possible.

VIC

Look -- it's personal, not business.

MARTY

Look -- I don't care.

VIC

Do you talk to everyone that way?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Spider can take it no longer.

SPIDER

Hey! You wanna know where she lives?

Spider is going through Marty's Rolodex.

MARTY

Don't you dare do that, Spider!
You don't know who he is!

Spider pulls out a Rolodex card. It has Grace's hotel address listed on it. She gives it to him.

VIC

Thanks.

MARTY

(to Spider)

You're going to be in trouble for that.

SPIDER

I like him -- so I figure she likes him.

CUT TO

EXT. GRACE'S HOTEL - NIGHT

She's on her way in when she sees Vic pacing back and forth in front of the hotel.

GRACE

I was going to call you.

VIC

To say you would see me again.

GRACE

That's what I should say -- but
I've been very desirous of being
with you again.

He's relieved.

CUT TO

INT. GRACE'S ROOM

GRACE

Something very frightening, very terrible -- happened here a few nights ago.

VIC

You want me to be afraid of you?
You want to turn me off?

GRACE

I want to give you the chance to know --

(she can't make herself
tell him)

-- that I'm --

VIC

That you're weird because of that sexual thing you can do?

GRACE

Why do you just accept it?

VIC

Why not? It felt good.

GRACE

Do you know what I am?

VIC

Look, I've lived in Manhattan my whole life. I've met a lot of stranger women than you. You don't even begin to rate with the real weirdos.

(smiles)

Trust me.

GRACE

What if you were in danger? From me.
From what I do to you.

VIC

I did a lot of thinking about it --
and I started to understand.

She looks very skeptical about that.

GRACE

You'd be quite remarkable if you did.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

VIC

Let's do some more.

She's charmed by him.

GRACE

I suppose it couldn't hurt. There are several variations.

She begins to whisper. The camera moves away.

CUT TO

THE WINDOW OF HER ROOM - HOURS LATER

They are falling asleep together on the sofa. She seems so exhausted that she doesn't realize that their flesh is touching in several places. He is already asleep.

DISSOLVE TO

GRACE - A LITTLE LATER

The dust has formed and is hardening. The cocoon is forming around them and is in quite an advanced stage.

VIC

is now awake and wide-eyed. Just staring at it. He can't believe or comprehend it, but he doesn't seem to fear it.

GRACE

wakes. She struggles, but it takes a great deal of effort to break it.

GRACE

Break it! It will kill us if we don't get it off.

He fights through the dormant stage which was beginning to envelope him -- and breaks the cocoon.

GRACE

Get into the shower. Get everything off.

THE SHOWER

The water reduces the substance to a grainy gel.

HIS EYES

are on Grace's body as she washes. They step out of the shower. He keeps his distance.

VIC

What are you?

She picks up a dictionary and goes to the W's.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF A WORM

She holds the book open and points to the worm.

GRACE

This.

He moves away. She closes the book.

CUT TO

GRACE'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Marty looks up as she enters. Her old enthusiasm for her boss' arrival has disappeared. Spider is with her. They are going to lunch.

MARTY

A man named Ham called about
Frogner. He wants to see you
tonight at nine. Here's the address
he left.

Grace takes the message and goes into her own office.

SPIDER

I know that address. It's a gambling
joint near the topless bar where I'm
working now. Maybe you should tell
her what it is.

MARTY

She can take care of herself.

CUT TO

EXT. WEST 45TH STREET AND BROADWAY - SAME NIGHT

Grace walks toward 8th Avenue under darkened theatre marquees. The street is calm, quiet.

TWIN BROWNSTONES

The shades are pulled on both buildings.

GRACE - AT THE BROWNSTONE DOOR

is checked out through a peephole.

GRACE
(to the peephole)
I want to see Ham.

The door opens and shuts quickly behind her.

INT. APARTMENT

It has been converted to gambling rooms. Three large tables accommodate card players. The room is grim, the PLAYERS even grimmer. They are the waitresses, doormen, and welfare recipients of Broadway. They've come to lose what little money they have in these marathon poker games.

A THIN MAN

gets up from the table and walks to Grace.

MAN
Are you Ripley?

GRACE
Ham?

He points to a back room where

CARL FROGNER

is slumped in an oversized chair. He's half-conscious, and covered with a muddy perspiration. She leans over him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

I see you've been drinking.

FROGNER

Help me.

GRACE

I can't do it again -- it would be extremely dangerous for both of us.

FROGNER

You're just going to let me die!

GRACE

No, Frogner, I'm not going to let you die.

(pause)

Lie down on the floor. On your stomach.

The camera moves upward, as she speaks, until they are out of sight.

GRACE

Raise your arms.

FADE OUT

GRACE AND FROGNER - LATER

He's sitting up. Looks much better.

GRACE

This was the last time! One more of these will kill us both. Do you understand?

FROGNER

I gave Sloane the address of the women on Riverside Drive.

GRACE

I know. He killed them.

FROGNER

Did you find Taiga?

GRACE

Yes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FROGNER

Is he a looney? Are you going to leave with him?

GRACE

I don't know what he is.

Frogner grabs a bottle of alcohol that was on a nearby table. He starts to chug it down. Grace snatches it out of his hand.

GRACE

You've got to stop drinking, Frogner. That's what's bringing on the gender imbalance.

FROGNER

I can't stand this crummy dirtball when I'm sober.

GRACE

If Taiga does have a transport, would you want to leave with us?

FROGNER

I got nowhere to go. I'd rather try to make it here -- like Sloane's doing. He's not sick.

GRACE

You're sure of that?

FROGNER

Yeah. I'm sure.

GRACE

Taiga thinks he may be dying.

FROGNER

(yelling)

Taiga's nuts! Forget John Taiga! You should go into business with me. We'll make a pile of dough -- and live real good.

She gets up to go.

FROGNER

Don't leave me. You're the only one that has helped me!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

Don't drink any more alcohol.

She's gone. He drinks the scotch.

FROGNER

Forget John Taiga!

EXT. BROWNSTONE - SAME

Spider O'Toole is sitting on the steps of the brownstone when Grace comes out. She stands up to meet Grace.

SPIDER

Do you remember me, Ms. Ripley?
I'm Agnes O'Toole, Marty's friend.

GRACE

What are you doing here?

SPIDER

I overheard you were going there --
today in your office. I have a
job down the street -- tending bar
in a topless joint. I know about
that place.

(very sinister)

People go in there -- and they don't
come out. At least not all in one
piece.

GRACE

It was just a lot of sad, strange
people in there.

They reach the corner. Grace is looking for a cab.

GRACE

Maybe we could find you a job at
the office.

SPIDER

A job for me? Why?

GRACE

Because you need one. Or would you
rather stay at the, uh -- "topless
joint"?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SPIDER

Are you kidding? The guys that come
in there make Charlie Manson look sane.

GRACE

Who?

SPIDER

Manson. Y'know? Charlie Manson.

Grace obviously does not know.

SPIDER

Anyway -- I don't have any office
skills. I'm a high school dropout.
Hardcore unemployable.

GRACE

Hardcore what?

SPIDER

I'm barely literate.

GRACE

We'll find you something, I'm sure.
We can train you.

SPIDER

I've tried lots of things. Some-
thing always goes wrong. I don't
fit in.

GRACE

We'll find you something where you
won't have to fit in.

SPIDER

You don't have to.

GRACE

Yes -- I do.

Grace hails a cab that is barreling down Broadway. It stops.

GRACE

You want a ride uptown?

SPIDER

Why not?

INT. CAB

It is heading uptown through the Park.

GRACE

turns and faces her. The eyes connect and Spider jumps.

SPIDER

I'll have to call my boss at the
topless joint and tell him I quit.

(directly to Grace)

His name is Oswald. Lee Harvey
Oswald.

She watches Grace, waiting for a reaction. There is none.

SPIDER

Suddenly the cab begins to slow down and finally it slides
to a halt.

SPIDER

(to the Driver)

What happened? Why are we stopping?

DRIVER

We're out of gas! I'd rather be
stranded in the Amazon jungle than
this goddamned park.

Grace pays the cabbie. She starts to walk into the park.

GRACE

(to Spider)

Are you coming?

SPIDER

You can't walk through the park in
the middle of the night.

GRACE

Why not?

She has already disappeared into the trees.

SPIDER

Wait for me! All my life I've wanted
to walk through the park at night.

THE CAB DRIVER

He just stares at the both of them.

A PATH IN THE PARK

There is just enough moonlight to make the walk beautiful. A slight wind ruffles the trees. They walk through a narrow path with overhanging branches and a rambling wooden fence.

SPIDER

Do you know what can happen in here!

GRACE

Nothing is going to happen to us.

LONG SHOT - BETHESDA FOUNTAIN

They are completely alone as they cross the fountain at night. It is beautiful and quiet.

MONTAGE

THE PATHS - THE LAKE

They walk unharmed in the quiet of the park until they reach

FIFTH AVENUE

SPIDER

I can walk from here.

Grace catches a cab. Spider watches it disappear down Fifth Avenue.

SPIDER

I wonder --

(she breathes)

Let it be true. Let it be true!

She jumps up in the air.

CUT TO

EXT. CREATIVE METALS - DAY

It is another blazing hot day as Frogner leaves the building. He sweats profusely. He looks addled and sick.

THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER

Frogner's steps are shaky as he enters the chapel. He sees Sloane standing near a small altar in a dark corner. He walks up to Sloane, who is lighting a whole row of prayer candles.

FROGNER

Don't do that, Sloane! Those candles are for prayers.

SLOANE

picks up a little looseleaf notebook that is lying by the altar. Frogner watches him, looking crazed and worn.

SLOANE

Look at this, Frogner. They write down their prayers in this book --
(reading)

'Please pray for me so that I may never get any emotional or nervous disorders.'

FROGNER

You think that's funny, huh? Funny that they ask for help in their prayers.

Sloane tosses the notebook back.

SLOANE

I need to know if Ripley has made contact with Taiga.

FROGNER

And I need to know how you stay alive!

SLOANE

In my own good time, Frogner.

FROGNER

Why do you want Taiga? Are you dying?

SLOANE

Do I look like I'm dying?

FROGNER

Not this minute, you don't, but ---

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SLOANE

Then get me the information that I want. I need to know when and if she contacts Taiga.

FROGNER

Find another freak to do your dirtywork.

SLOANE

You're going to need me. When you get sick again ---

FROGNER

I'm already sick! You can't help me. You don't know how. Grace Ripley will help me.

SLOANE

You're an idiot, Frogner. A moron. She's using you.

FROGNER

removes a gun from his pocket. He fires all the bullets into Sloane at point blank range. He drops the gun on top of

SLOANE'S BODY

FROGNER

Now you can't call me any more names.

CUT TO

EXT. NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE - NIGHT

Grace is driving a rented Pinto over the huge, marshy expanse of Jersey swampland near Seacaucus.

NEON CHEVRONS AND SHELLS

hang over the edges of the dark, empty turnpike.

A HUGE BASKET OF KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN

rotates on a pole like a hypnotist's charm.

GRACE

sees a Holiday Inn Motel in the darkness beyond. She pulls off the road and drives in.

THE MOTEL

stands like a lonely glass outpost in the night.

UPSTAIRS

where she knocks on Room 710. There is no answer. She uses the key.

A GLOBE OF THE EARTH

with a bulb inside is the only source of light in the room which is regulation Holiday Inn except for hundreds of books piled on every surface.

GRACE

Taiga?

It seems as though no one is there. She steps into

THE ROOM

and is grabbed from behind. It is Taiga.

TAIGA

Are you alone?

She's wrestling against him. She can't break the grip.

GRACE

Of course, I'm alone. Let me go!

He holds her even more tightly.

TAIGA

You think you can get what you want that easily?

GRACE

She pushes up against him, forcing him against a wall. She starts to whisper in his ear again, but this time her face has a different quality. The whisper is causing him pain.

TAIGA

Again he seems to recognize something as she uses the whisper. Something that is obviously familiar to him.

GRACE AND TAIGA

They are locked in a strange battle. It looks as though she'll prevail and then he begins to recover. She weakens. It's a standoff. She backs off.

GRACE

This is idiotic.

TAIGA

Perhaps not. Don't you understand?

GRACE

No. Obviously I don't. I just want to know if you have a transport ---

He smiles at her, for the first time. He points out of the window down into the darkness where serpentine of turnpike glitters.

TAIGA

It's down there.

EXT. TURNPIKE - LITTLE LATER

Grace and Taiga are in her car. They turn off to a smaller, unused stretch of road.

TAIGA

This is the old highway.

Straight ahead of them is an abandoned gas station hidden in high grass and bushes.

TAIGA

Stop here.

INT. GAS STATION

It is rusty and rickety. A dirty tarpaulin is spread over a round object about the size of two Cadillacs, side by side.

GRACE

It's small.

She pulls back the tarp.

THE BLACK DISC

It is made of thick, dull metal, and looks like two frisbees stuck together. Its most striking feature is its simplicity.

GRACE

(anxious)

This is no good for long range.
Have you got another?

TAIGA

In Canada. At the Great Slave Lake.
I needed total seclusion to build
it. The longer I stayed around
humans, the sicker I got.

She walks around the black disc.

GRACE

If anyone found this, they'd never
believe it could fly.

TAIGA

One night when I was building it,
I got very lonely. I took a walk
along the road and I found an old
truck driver taking a nap. I woke
him up and told him exactly what I
was -- I even brought him down here and
showed him the ship

GRACE

Did he report seeing you?

TAIGA

He went on television and said he'd
been abducted by spacemen from the
planet Clarion. Said they were two
feet tall and had dark skins -- like
Italians. Their leader was a woman
that wore a red and black beret.

(pause)

These humans are idiots.

GRACE

We're idiots too. Galaxy after galaxy
filled with idiots.

They smile sadly.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TAIGA

Perhaps we should just sit down
and tell the tale ---

He opens the hatch to the ship and sits in its frying pan-
like interior.

GRACE

The tale?

TAIGA

Our stories -- start to finish.
Why we're here. What has happened --
the whole thing.

GRACE

It isn't necessary.

She joins him in the interior. They sit like two children --
but not too closely to each other.

TAIGA

Aren't you curious?

GRACE

No. I just want to leave.

TAIGA

That is your mistake.

He jumps out of the disc and slams the hatch door shut,
sealing her inside.

CUT TO

HOURS LATER - GRACE - INSIDE THE TRANSPORT

Disheveled and breathing with difficulty, Grace finally
manages to open the hatch. She steps out. Taiga is gone.
She covers the transport with the tarp and looks around
the gas station for Taiga. He is not there.

CUT TO

INT. HOLIDAY INN

Grace is cautiously entering Taiga's room. Her hand grasps
the doorknob and slowly turns it. She enters.

FOUR SMALL DOLLS

Stand in a ring of light. They are Chinese and dressed in strange, colorful costumes. She picks one up. It is dressed in baggy overalls and a floppy hat.

TAIGA (in B.G.)

That is The Clown.

He goes to the dolls.

TAIGA

They're modeled after Chinese performers.

(holds a doll)

And this is The Strongman.

(picks another)

This is The Master of the Whip -- the Ringmaster.

He sighs as he picks up the last one.

A FEMALE DOLL

Dressed in cherry-colored satin. She holds a piece of golden string aloft.

TAIGA

And this is The Girl that does the Water Bowl Trick.

His finger points to the tiny gold string and a little glass object glued to the end.

TAIGA

She fills two bowls with water and spins them through the air on a golden rope without spilling a drop. It's an amazing feat.

(pause)

I saw a group of these in China. It was the trick that gave me the key I needed to build the transports.

GRACE

Why did you lock me in?

TAIGA

I became ill. I wanted to act quickly. I would have come back to get you. I was on my way when you arrived.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE

I don't believe you.

TAIGA

I think you should come to Canada with me. There are things you should know.

GRACE

I sense danger.

TAIGA

That may be. But there is danger if you remain here.

GRACE

Then I will go to Canada.

CUT TO

INT. A FISH HATCHERY - GREAT SLAVE LAKE

Big square pools filled with fish are separated by wooden walkways. At one end are a set of huge doors. Opposite them at the other end of the long building is an oddly shaped structure of glass and metal.

TAIGA

I found that I was dying. The more contact I had with humans, the more I was deteriorating.

(pause)

I began by going away for short periods of time. The less contact I had, the stronger I remained.

GRACE

And lonelier?

TAIGA

Obviously. But I was mainly concerned with staying alive.

(pause)

Finally I needed total seclusion -- and I came here.

He touches

THE GLASS AND METAL STRUCTURE

It rocks slightly despite its huge size. It is built on some kind of odd suspension system.

TAIGA
(indicating the structure)
I built this so I could alter at my own convenience.

GRACE

She is far more interested in the other end of the hatchery, where the big set of closed doors seems to hold what she is looking for.

GRACE
Can I see it?

He opens the doors.

THE TRANSPORT

It is shaped like a jack (the child's toy) and made of opaque amber glass. It is three or four times the size of the black disc.

GRACE

She just stares at the thing. She is at once elated and terrified.

TAIGA
(slowly, ominously)
Have you ever seen one like that before?

GRACE
Not that particular design, but -- the material -- where did you get it?

He smiles.

TAIGA
Is it familiar to you?

GRACE
The execution ship that I was sent out in was made of it.

GRACE AND TAIGA - CLOSEUP

They face each other.

GRACE

You are --?

TAIGA

Yes ---

CUT TO

GRACE AND TAIGA - EXTREME CLOSEUP

There is despair in their eyes as they realize they face a member of a species that is their mortal enemy.

GRACE

How strange that you would be from my own planet?

TAIGA

I don't think it's hopeless, but I wanted you to know.

GRACE

You knew before?

TAIGA

That's why I shut you in the transport. I had to get away to control my instincts when I recognized what you were.

GRACE

Why didn't I know?

TAIGA

I've been here longer. I've developed other senses.

GRACE

She is beginning to back away from him, like an animal being wary of an imminent attack.

TAIGA

We can control it! I have so far. Do you feel a need to kill me?

GRACE

I feel confusion. Isn't that the beginning?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TAIGA

I have an idea -- we can test ourselves. We can alter to our own forms. If we can resist -- then we can make it.

GRACE

And if we can't?

TAIGA

One will die. You are willing to risk death in trying to leave Earth -- what's the difference?

Grace looks at the metal structure for altering.

GRACE

Then prepare it for us to alter.

CUT TO

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAYS LATER

Several phones are ringing. Marty is very busy, and very agitated.

SPIDER

walks in as Marty is on the phone. She carries a portfolio of drawings. She is working there now.

SPIDER

These are from the architect.

MARTY

(on the phone)

Look, Mr. Frogner, there are dozens of people calling her. It's life or death to them too!

She hangs up abruptly.

SPIDER

Whose life and death is he talking about?

MARTY

Who cares?

(muttering)

I can't believe she's just disappeared without calling me.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SPIDER

Who is the guy that called?

MARTY

Stay out of it, Spider.

SPIDER

I'm sorry, Marty. This place is your territory. I shouldn't even be here.

The phone rings again.

MARTY

Hello. She still hasn't come in. I'll tell her ---

SPIDER

Who was that?

MARTY

That stagehand. The woman could have anybody. And she's hanging around with a stagehand.

SPIDER

Do you think someone says life or death when it isn't life or death?

MARTY

All the time.

SPIDER

You're probably right.
(holds up portfolio)
I'll just put these on her desk.

Spider walks into

GRACE'S OFFICE

She puts the drawings on her desk and goes quickly through the 'F' section of Grace's Rolodex. She pulls out

FROGNER'S CARD

and sticks it in her pocket.

CUT TO

TELEPHONE BOOTH - LOBBY - LATER

With the card in her hand, Spider is dialing Creative Metals, Inc.

SPIDER

I'd like to speak to Carl Frogner.

VOICE

He's in the field. Can I take a message?

SPIDER

(thinks)

Just say that -- Grace Ripley called. I'll meet him at his office tonight at seven.

CUT TO

INT. FACTORY - BOWERY - FROGNER

His suit coat off. His shirt is soaked with sweat. He's picking up more trinket samples.

MAN

Why don't you take it easy today, Frogner? It's too damn hot to be luggin' that stuff all over town.

FROGNER

I've got to make my quota this week.
(on his way out)
I've got a lot of bills to pay.

EXT. STREET - BOWERY - SAME

When he steps out into the intense heat, he can barely breathe. He's about to cross a street when

A WINO

begins to attack a taxi cab stopped at a light. The WINO has thrown himself spread-eagle on the hood of the cab.

FROGNER

reels. The sample case falls from his hand and

DOZENS OF TRINKETS

fall into the gutter. This distracts the Wino, who dismounts the taxi and sprints to the gutter after them.

FROGNER

gets into the taxi.

Bayard Street.

FROGNER

CUT TO

INT. FUNERAL HOME - LATER

Frogner staggers around the main room.

FROGNER

Hey, freak! I gotta find Grace Ripley.

BLACK ROBOT

She hasn't been here. If you don't believe me, ask Sloane.

FROGNER

What do you mean? Sloane is dead!

BLACK ROBOT

He was here this morning. He asked about you, Frogner.

The robot nods. Frogner shudders.

FROGNER

Where is the one from the Ganyon Pattern? Is he here?

BLACK ROBOT

He's always here. He lives in the Corridor. Number 8.

THE CORRIDOR

Frogner knocks on Number 8. The door is opened. Frogner steps in.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

FROGNER
(to the Unseen Host)
Are you the one with the death pills?

A STICK-LIKE CLAW

dumps several colored lumps on a formica counter. Frogner takes one.

FROGNER
Am I going to feel anything? I
don't want to feel anything.

FROGNER

He clutches the pill. He leaves.

THE CLAW

gathers up the remaining pills as though they were gold nuggets.

EXT. CHINATOWN - PHONE BOOTH

Frogner dials. Someone picks up on the other end.

FROGNER
This is Frogner. Were there any
messages?
He sways with relief at hearing her name.

FROGNER
Ripley! What time? Where?

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

The car is almost empty as it rockets uptown. Frogner sits in a heap. He's covered with a muddy grey perspiration. His gender is also in flux.

A CLOCK

reads 6:45 when he reaches Creative Metals. He searches his pocket for the keys and finally gets in. He gasps as he enters. The air conditioning is broken.

FROGNER

surveys the mess around him. The paper favors, etc., are not faring well in the soaring temperatures. He enters his office and sits down at

HIS DESK

He sees the message from Spider in Grace's name. He dials the phone. There is no answer at the office number.

FROGNER

Where the hell is she?

Something is happening. The sweating increases. He is covered with the liquid that has a greyish tinge -- like mud. He runs to a mirror where he sees that he is a truly hideous mixture of both sexes.

FROGNER

This is it ---

There is a click of the back door opening. Someone enters.

FROGNER

Ripley! Ripley -- I'm in here.
Come fast.

SLOANE

appears in the office. He is sullen and unmoved by Frogner's state.

SLOANE

Why didn't you use the capsule,
Carl?

FROGNER

I changed my mind.

He's got Frogner's gun.

SLOANE

Frogner, do you know where Taiga is?

SANTA'S WORKSHOP

complete with elves, Mrs. Santa, toys, etc. Frogner stumbles among the little figures. His body is transforming rapidly into a muddy conglomeration of both sexes. Sloane sees he is dying. He puts the gun away.

FROGNER

I wouldn't tell you if I knew.

He takes the capsule out of his pocket and slips it into his mouth.

FROGNER

(cries)

I changed my mind ---

Within seconds of taking the pill his body explodes. It covers everything in the place with a grey muddy slime.

SLOANE

turns to leave through the back way. He stops briefly in Frogner's office -- and sees the message from "Grace".

CUT TO

SPIDER

rings the nightbell outside Creative Metals.

SLOANE

comes to the door. He has turned off all the lights.

SPIDER

Is Mr. Frogner here?

(pause)

I called -- I left Grace Ripley's name because you wouldn't know me.

Even in the darkness she can see the slime that is all over everything.

SPIDER

What the fuck happened here?

SLOANE

Where is Grace Ripley?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SPIDER

Who are you?

Sloane pulls out the gun.

SPIDER

Terrific.

SLOANE

I think you'd better tell me what you came for.

SPIDER

You think that scares me? I'm from Brooklyn. People have been sticking guns in my face since I was six ---

She starts moving towards a metal candy cane about three feet long.

SPIDER

I've been raped twice by guys with guns. So why don't you just blow my brains out, because I'm not telling you shit!

HER HAND

She moves like lightning toward the candy cane and brings it smashing across his face. He screams in agony. They wrestle for the gun. She gets it and fires a shot into his shoulder. But she slips on the slime.

SPIDER

falls. Sloane grabs the gun. He fires two shots into her torso and runs out the back. She is only barely alive in the slime.

CUT TO

EXT. GRACE'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

She enters the office.

THE NOTE

It is from Spider. It explains that she went to meet Frogner.

CUT TO

HER HAND

as it pushes open the door of Creative Metals. Through

THE WIDENING CRACK

She sees the slime all over everything. In the midst of it all is Spider. She is barely alive. Her eyes open as Grace kneels down to her.

SPIDER

I knew you'd get here.

GRACE

I'm going to get you to a hospital.

Spider touches her hand. Her nail polish glistens.

SPIDER

Tell me --

(pause)

Are you from Outer Space?

GRACE

Yes.

Spider breathes.

SPIDER

I've been waiting all my life for one of you.

GRACE

If you don't get to a hospital, you'll die.

SPIDER

I want to see something that no human has ever seen.

GRACE

I can show you --

(she interrupts herself)

But after it's done -- you'll die.

SPIDER

I want to see.

GRACE'S EYES

They begin to look more like prisms than eyes. She picks up Spider's head, holds it.

GRACE

You must use your inward eye!
(pause)

Close your eyes. You must turn your eyes around, so that you can see inside your own body.

SPIDER

I can't.

GRACE

I'll help you.
(softly)

The greatest pleasure is to see. All the secrets are there. You must use the pleasure and take the energy that it gives you.

Inhuman noises come from Grace between the talking.

GRACE

Use the wild eye that sees itself and not the outer world.

THE SANTAS AND THE ELVES

are the only witnesses to the strange ritual.

DISSOLVE TO

A GROUP OF CAROLERS - CLOSEUP - A SMALL CHILD DOLL - LATER

The eyes of the doll child seem almost alive as Grace walks by them, carrying Spider in her arms.

GRACE

I come from a planet of information and erotica.

(pause)

I was a healer.

(pause)

I was sent away in an execution ship to die. It was supposed to explode but -- it didn't.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GRACE (Cont'd)

(pause)

I crashed to Earth in England. I got out of the burning wreckage and crawled -- toward a cottage. It was night and there was only a light in one small room. I looked in the window and saw my first humans.

(pause)

They were having sex.

(pause)

Then I crawled back to the woods and I began the process of altering. I modeled my human body after the woman I saw.

CUT TO

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - CHINATOWN

Grace is carrying Spider in, when the doors open and A GIRL appears. She is dressed like Vargas, but she is tall, dark and sultry.

GRACE

Where's Vargas?

GIRL

Gone. I'm Luz.

She looks at Spider.

LUZ

Is she human?

GRACE

What do you think?

LUZ

I can't tell. I don't think so.

Grace walks by her with Spider.

LUZ

(calls out)

If she's not, you're in violation of the Code. No humans in there!

THE MAIN ROOM

Grace carries her into the center of the room. All noise ceases. She puts her down on the floor and kneels by her.

THE ALIENS

One by one, they are coming out of their alcoves, and slowly begin to gather around her blood-soaked body.

SPIDER

My name is Agnes O'Toole. I wanted to see something that no human ever saw.

(pause)

All my life I've thought about you and wondered what you looked like.

THE ALIENS - FROM HER POV

A spectacular group of 'faces' gaze down at her. The denizens of dreams and nightmares.

SPIDER

I wanted to see you before I died.

One of the Aliens seems to be fascinated by her nail polish. It reaches out and touches her hand. She dies.

LUZ

That girl was a human! Ripley violated the Code. Kill her.

THE ALIENS

face Luz and one by one, they turn away and return to their alcoves.

LUZ

Get out of here!

THE BLACK ROBOT

stops her on the stairway.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BLACK ROBOT

Sloane will have to kill you now.
If they let you get away with this
-- others might break the Code.

CUT TO

THE CARD SLOANE GAVE HER

with Taiga's address on it. She turns the card over and
sees:

HARRY SLOANE
Manhattan Grief Clinic
A Psychiatric Service

There is a midtown address listed.

CUT TO

FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE - MORNING

Grace passes by Bendel's window. MANNEQUINS in alien costumes
stand knee-deep in costume jewelry, and giant bottles of perfume.

INT. GRIEF CLINIC - A WOMAN

is speaking to the rest of the group about the death of her
young daughter from leukemia.

A POLAROID SNAPSHOT OF THE DAUGHTER

is being passed around the crowd.

SLOANE

And now it's time for you to forget
her. She'd want it that way.

(pause)

Wouldn't she?

MOTHER

Oh, yes. She hated to see anything
suffer.

SLOANE

You see, she's given you the answer
herself. She wants you to forget her.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

MOTHER

(eager for the
relief of this burden)

She does. I know she does.

Grace listens from outside the door.

SLOANE

Her life is over. We can't change
that. It's time to think about
yourself.

GRACE

enters the room.

SLOANE

(to the group)

I think we can stop for today.

They leave.

SLOANE

(to Grace)

I've been looking for you. I heard
you found Taiga.

GRACE

You shouldn't have used me.

SLOANE

That's immaterial now.

GRACE

Not to me.

SLOANE

It's only a matter of time before
it will be.

GRACE

You're dying, aren't you? You need
Taiga to get away.

SLOANE

Perhaps we could both leave with him.

GRACE

That would have been possible, before
you killed the girl.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He doesn't even remember doing it. The act was utterly insignificant to him.

SLOANE

Girl? What girl?

She just points to her eye. (The same eye where Spider was blind.)

SLOANE

She got in my way.

GRACE

According to the Code, you must now forfeit your own life.

SLOANE

The Code? She was a human.

GRACE

Not entirely. Before she died I bonded with her.

He's completely revolted by this.

SLOANE

You bonded with a human?

GRACE

Yes, and you must forfeit your life.

SLOANE

Don't be stupid. We are stranded on this forsaken island of dirt and you are worried about manners.

GRACE

You sound like Carl Frogner.

SLOANE

You're dealing with something much more complex than Carl Frogner.

GRACE - HER BACK TO THE CAMERA

totally surprises him by coming forward. She grasps him around the throat and begins to whisper in his ear, but the tone this time is not erotic, but violent.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SLOANE

Stop it, Ripley -- you don't need him. I got a call this morning -- there is one of us in Morocco -- in Marrakesh. He says he's got a transport that is completely ready.

She continues to whisper. He is not strong enough to break her grip, but the whispering doesn't seem to be affecting him.

SLOANE

You're not dealing with an individual ---

CLOSEUP - SLOANE

As she struggles to hold him, he is changing form. His body becomes a thick spongy mass that begins to separate into thousands of tiny, lima-bean shaped fragments that are each alive, and free-moving.

SLOANE

-- But an entire race.

Each of the fragments is equipped with a mouth-like vacuole that snaps at the air, trying to attach itself to something.

THE FRAGMENTS

flying around like desperate spermatozoa.

GRACE

They are all over her. She manages to get a cigarette lighter out of her purse. She waves it around her to keep them away and then sets the upholstery of a sofa on fire.

THE FRAGMENTS

leap at the window, trying to get out. She sets the drapes on fire and goes for

THE STAIRWAY

to the street. They are behind her. Many of them are attached to her.

GRACE

pushes the glass door to the street open and closes it behind her.

BEHIND THE GLASS DOOR

Fire and smoke are consuming most of the fragments. But many are proceeding to seep under the bottom of the door into

THE STREET

only to be trampled on by the hundreds of human SHOPPERS that now fill the street.

GRACE

watches as hundreds of the bean-shaped masses slide frantically out to be stomped on. She hears the whine of a fire alarm and walks away.

CUT TO

THE ROTATING CHICKEN SIGN - JERSEY TURNPIKE - DAY

The Jersey landscape continues to fry under the heat of the summer sun.

GRACE

Drives into the chicken stand.

JOHN TAIGA

Is waiting for her inside.

GRACE

What could be more horrible than life on this planet?

TAIGA

Nothing I can think of. That's why we are leaving.

She's very distracted, looking around at the counter and

THE TEENAGERS

filling up boxes with chicken. They are singing the jingle that advertises chicken.

GRACE

Do you suppose that there might be a God of chickens? A God that would protect them from being slaughtered and sung about?

TAIGA

That sounds like something a human would say.

GRACE

Taiga -- I have bonded with a human.

TAIGA

Was it a man or a woman?

GRACE

A young woman. She's dead now.

TAIGA

Why did you do it?

GRACE

She died trying to help me.

TAIGA

(with disgust)

A human.

He still isn't impressed.

GRACE

Didn't it ever occur to you to bond with someone? Just for the pleasure of bonding?

TAIGA

No. Never.

EXT. CHICKEN STAND

They exit together, take her car to

THE GAS STATION ON THE OLD HIGHWAY

Together they walk down to the small transport.

GRACE - CLOSEUP

Taiga closes the heavy door behind them. The transport is not there.

GRACE

When did you change your mind?

TAIGA

It was always my intention that things could work out between us.

As they face each other, their bodies and facial expressions begin slowly to take on the characteristics of the two types of aliens that we saw struggling on the black beach.

GRACE

It's the bonding, isn't it?

TAIGA

This planet has changed you. It never changed me.

GRACE AND TAIGA

They start backing away from each other like two animals preparing for a deadly encounter. Though they remain in human form, each is taking on the facial expressions and body characteristics of its true alien form. Even as she remains human Grace now resembles the slug creature -- she moves like the worm, her arms appear glued to her sides -- no longer of use to her. Her coloring seems to alter, approximating that of the worm's. Taiga strikes at her, attacking first.

TAIGA

Taiga's body moves now like the humanoid alien that subdued the worm. They pace around each other briefly and suddenly they lock in the deadly erotic struggle.

GRACE AND TAIGA - CLOSEUP

Though they remain in human form, it is very clear that the struggle is inhuman. Their movements have no resemblance to anything human.

TAIGA

He retains the advantage. It seems as though he is a certain winner -- seems as though the worm creature was meant to be the victim in this struggle. As she is tiring

TWO LONG POINTED TUBES

Begin to grow from Taiga's neck. These are the probes that will be injected into Grace to remove the substance that Taiga's alien form needs.

GRACE

Just as the tubes are about to pierce her she begins to fight back. Taiga is caught off guard, believing the struggle to be won.

GRACE

Her movements are fast and frantic. She wrestles him fiercely, finally constricting around him. As he is motionless, her own

SET OF TUBES

Emerge from her body. She injects them, removing the substance until he is finally dead.

DISSOLVE TO

TAIGA'S BODY - LATER

It lies lifeless on the floor of the old gas station. Grace looks sadly at it. She covers it with the tarpaulin that was on the black disc.

GRACE

searches around the area near the station, looking for the black transport. It is not there. Exhausted, she goes back to her car.

CUT TO

A YELLOW SHELL SIGN - THE TURNPIKE

The camera pans down the sign to a phone booth at a gas station.

GRACE

is talking on the phone.

GRACE

I just wanted to see if you were still there.

VIC (O.S.)

I'm still here.

(laughs)

Are you still here?

GRACE

Are you going to be at the theater tonight?

VIC (O.S.)

I'm switching shows. I'll be a couple of blocks away at the Circle in the Square -- Twelfth Night.

GRACE

What?

VIC (O.S.)

Twelfth Night! Shakespeare. Will you meet me after the show?

GRACE

I have plans. I don't know. I can't say yet.

She hangs up.

GRACE - CLOSEUP

She looks around the steaming landscape. Every kind of revolving plastic sign possible is visible in one direction or another. She looks through a Yellow Pages directory.

She dials.

GRACE

Air Maroc? I'd like a reservation for this evening -- to Marrakesh. The name is Ripley.

THE END