

INT. ELSA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The remains of an elegant dinner, complete with candle light. The peacefulness is suddenly shattered by a WOMAN'S SCREAM. The CAMERA ADJUSTS to reveal an attractive young couple, CLIVE and ELSA. They are snuggled on a couch watching a horror film on television. Clive strokes Elsa's luxurious mane of BLONDE hair. Another SHRIEK rings out, accompanied by thunderous HORROR FILM MUSIC.

ELSA

This makes me so mad.

CLIVE

What?

ELSA

(talking to the screen)
Idiot!

(to Clive)
Do they always go back into the
house? The house is full of zombies.
Clive knows that. Why does she go back

SCREAM

CLIVE'S REACTION

NORMALLY

CLIVE

human nature to do stupid things.

ELSA

No, it's human nature to act irrationally. Irrational behavior is illogical, but it's always motivated. Stupid behavior is just... well, dumb. Look, now the zombies are eating her brains, as if she had any in the first place.

CLIVE

I think it's called suspension of disbelief. Every genre has inherent conventions that aren't realistic.

ELSA

That's a cop-out.

CLIVE

Hey, this is a classic.

ELSA

Says who?

CLIVE

Geeks like me.

ELSA

Why is it that the people with the highest I.Q.'s have the worst taste?

CLIVE

(smiling)

Watch the movie.

ELSA

I have a better idea.

Elsa climbs on top of Clive.

ELSA

All this blood and gore's making me horny.

Elsa starts to kiss Clive, but his eyes stay trained on the television. He doesn't respond. Elsa reluctantly pulls away.

CLIVE

I'm sorry. What an idiot, huh?

ELSA

It's okay. We can just watch the movie.

CLIVE

It's not movie. ~~It's just, ...it's hard to concentrate on anything else.~~

MURDY

ELSA

Oh, have we go again. You want to talk about it? ~~Maybe if you shared your work with~~

LESS EXPOSITIONAL

Clive gives her a look. Elsa throws up her hands.

ELSA

Okay, okay. I know you're not allowed. Far be it from me to stand in the way of progress. *Do you want to go? of your work.*

CLIVE

Not if you don't want me to. ~~You sure you don't mind?~~

'MURDY' WHAT?

ELSA

Go, go. You're not the only workaholic around here. I've got plenty to do.

Clive gives her a peck on the cheek. Stands, reaches for his jacket.

ELSA
I wonder if Einstein's girlfriend had
to go through this, too?

CLIVE
Einstein was gay.

ELSA
No, he wasn't.

CLIVE
He was too smart to be straight.

ELSA
Oh, yeah? Then what does that make
you?

Clive smiles.

CLIVE
You tell me.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIO-MEDICAL INC -- NIGHT ^{INCOME}

Clive pulls his ~~battered gremlin~~ ^{CAR} into a parking lot adjacent
to a modern building. He exits the car with a parcel under
one arm. He walks up to the entrance, above which is a sign
that reads: GENETICS WING, R & D.

Clive runs a magnetically striped card through a swipe port
and punches in a code. The door unlocks.

INT. GENETICS WING -- NIGHT

The interior is cold, stark and antiseptic. Clive passes a
security guard sitting behind a reception desk in the lobby.

GUARD
~~High five, Clive!~~

~~They high five each other.~~

~~CLIVE~~
~~You kill me.~~

GUARD
Another late one, ~~late~~ ^{Dr. Collins,}

CLIVE
Yes sir, you snooze, you lose.

*Somebody
else*

The guard rises and follows Clive to a locked door. They both take out keys and insert them into the openings on either side of the entrance.

GUARD

Righty-o. On the count of cake, my man. Piece, of, cake. ✓

They turn their keys simultaneously. The door unlocks and opens, revealing an empty corridor. Clive smiles appreciatively at the guard as he passes.

GUARD

Have a good one.

He closes the door.

INT. ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

Clive hums to himself as he descends into the bowels of the building.

INT. SUB-SUB BASEMENT -- NIGHT

A soft bell chimes as the elevator doors open and Clive steps out into another sterile corridor. He approaches a door marked: OBSERVATION ROOM. He swipes his card through the lock. A synthetic voice calls out:

VOICE

Voice identification, please.

CLIVE

Dr. Clive Collins.

The door automatically unlocks. Clive passes through.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- NIGHT

Clive enters the cluttered room. The antiseptic quality of the room has been personalized by an odd mixture of horror film posters and memorabilia. He drapes his coat and scarf on a swivel chair and sits. In front of him is a window that looks out into ANOTHER ROOM.

This room, in contrast to everything else in the building, is warm and cozy. In fact, it looks most like a child's bedroom. There is a bed with a pink bedspread, a small table with a lamp next to it. The walls are adorned with paintings of colorful birds and there is a shelf full of dolls and toys.

S Clive pushes aside a mess of papers and coffee-stained Styrofoam cups as he moves closer to the window for a better look.

Clive looks searchingly. The room appears empty. He turns up the volume on a video monitor that displays a view of the room. He listens, ~~concerned~~.

Silence. Then the sound of FLAPPING WINGS. ~~A relieved smile crosses Clive's face.~~

A FIGURE darts in front of the window, too fast to be seen clearly. It settles somewhere out of view.

Clive picks up a portable tape recorder. He hits RECORD.

CLIVE 6(?)
February 9, 1996 Ten p.m. Day 183.
Specimen 4 appears to continue to thrive.

Clive checks other monitors in the room which graph heart rate, respiration and other vitals.

CLIVE
Blood pressure 120 over 80, heart rate, respiration and metabolic displacement all within range...

The sound of FLUTTERING WINGS fills the monitor's speakers. Clive looks back to the room.

Seated on the bed, it's back turned to him is a HAIRLESS HUMANOID FORM. Feathery wings sprout from its back and a long tail extends from the base of its spine. It's skin is eggshell white. Sensors are taped to its body. It's clothed only in a loose fitting hospital gown.

S & Replace Creature mutant

CLIVE
Development of hybridic extremities continues rapidly and with no visible side effects.

As if in response to Clive's observation, the creature flaps its wings and hops up and down on the bed and then down to the floor, ~~as if trying to fly~~. With its back still turned to Clive, it crosses to the toy shelf and removes a stuffed animal. It cradles the stuffed toy in its arms, then gently puts it on the floor and plays with it.

USE THIS ALL THE WAY THROUGH TO DESIGN IT.

As Clive continues to record his observations, his voice ~~softens, moving from sounding clinical to sounding bewitched.~~

less clinical.

PERSONAL RECORD (?)

CLIVE

Psychologically, emotionally,
 she...the Specimen continues to evolve
 faster than I ever thought possible.
 Physically it's strength and stamina
 are leaps and bounds beyond those of
 Specimen 3. And unlike previous
 generations, there are no emerging
 traces of schizophrenia or mental
 instability. Dementia.

*Specimens
 or "LUBRICANTS"*

The creature turns towards Clive. It is female with a human face -- a face that looks familiar. As the creature approaches the window it becomes obvious: she is a DEAD RINGER FOR ELSA.

It appears that the creature is looking at Clive but it soon becomes clear that she can see nothing but her own reflection. Clive watches her through a two-way mirror.

CLIVE

She has already surpassed the pre-determined life expectancy of....

Clive loses his train of thought as he stares at the creature's face.

CLIVE

Note: is it because this Specimen is female?

She is holding the stuffed animal up to the mirror now, making it wave to itself.

CLIVE

That's all for now.

C → Clive stops the tape recorder. He continues to watch the mutant as she meanders gracefully around her room. ~~He is clearly mesmerized.~~

He reaches for the parcel he brought with him. He unwraps it to reveal a beautiful intricately carved box. There is a keyhole on the front of the lid. A key is tied to the box with a pink ribbon.

Clive walks to the wall. He pulls out what looks like a drawer or a vault. He deposits the box in the vault. Pushes a button marked "STERILIZE". The box is sucked away. A faint whishing noise.

PEPES Clive looks into the mutant's room. ~~The mutant~~ is looking at a soft cloth book with different textures to feel, zippers to zip, buttons to button. She's very calm.

clive
~~here~~
~~of the~~
 Clive adjusts a lever ^{button} on one of the monitors. A short, ~~melody~~ melody plays out into the room. ~~As soon as the mutant hears it,~~ her ears prick up and she drops the book. She becomes very excited. She hurries to the mirror directly opposite Clive and the vault. Waits expectantly.

Clive pushes the vault. It leaves the Observation Room and travels into the mutant's room. ~~As soon as the vault is in the room, the mutant scoops her hands down into it and scoops up the box.~~ ^{SHE OPENS IT}

hey
 Clive watches ~~her~~ ^{her} as a finger traces the carving. The mutant turns it over and over. Shakes it. Bites it. Then she notices the key. She pushes the key into the box. Nothing. Then she discovers the keyhole. She looks at it. And then at the key, thinking.

Clive nods his head in appreciation.

CLIVE

That's a girl. You're a smart one.

The mutant slips the key into the keyhole, jiggles it. The top flips open and a ballerina begins to twirl around the surface as a ~~beautiful~~ ^{pretty} melody sings from the box.

The mutant watches it, her eyes wide. Then she suddenly GIGGLES. Her wings slice the air in appreciation.

~~Clive smiles at her.~~

CUT TO:

LATER

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Clive has fallen asleep, his hand gripped around yet another Styrofoam cup of coffee. He suddenly opens his eyes. The mutant has its face pressed against the glass. It's eyes are inches away from Clive's face. Clive starts.

The mutant begins to roll its body down the windowed wall. It's translucent skin presses up against the glass. The mutant touches the glass with its hand. It rests there. Clive stares at it, then instinctively reaches out, puts his hand on top of it. As her hands explore their way down the wall, Clive follows her, connecting his hand with hers along the way.

CUT TO:

~~still~~ LATER

Clive continues to watch the mutant, ^{FASCINATED} ~~infatuated~~, as she rolls around on the ground, ~~scratching~~ ^{scratching} the knob on her back where her wings are attached. Her movements are lithe and graceful. She sits up and yawns, closes her eyes. Her wings softly fall around her shoulders like a shawl.

Clive whispers.

CLIVE
God, you're beautiful.

Clive takes a deep breath. He looks at the door. He's agitated, clearly struggling with himself. He bounces off the chair, then pinning his hands under his legs as if to tie himself ~~to the~~ ^{to the} ~~chair~~.

After a moment, he abruptly, hits the EJECT button on the video equipment. The machine spits out the tape.

Clive BOLTS out of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR -- BIO MED

WEARING

Clive walks briskly down the corridor. He is now suiting up in a PROTECTIVE SUIT, including PROTECTIVE GEAR for his head and GLOVED HANDS. He looks somewhat inhuman himself. He disappears around a corner.

INT. DOOR -- BIO MED

A sign on the door: ACCESS STRICTLY PROHIBITED. Clive pulls out a special key and inserts it into a Security control panel. The door slowly begins to open, Clive steps in.

INT. MUTANT ROOM

The room appears to be empty. The mutant is hiding somewhere. Clive walks slowly into the center of the room. It is very quiet. He stands still, surveying the room.

He turns, startles himself by his reflection in the mirror.

Clive walks slowly towards the bed. Talks very softly, gently.

CLIVE
It's okay. I won't hurt you. Come on, I'm your friend. I see you everyday. I see you through this mirror. Come on.

Clive bends down and pulls up the corner of the bedspread. Nothing. Stands up, awkwardly because of the suit. He walks towards the other end of the bed. He leans down, on all fours, quickly pops up the spread. Again nothing.

Just as he's about to stand up, she JUMPS him from behind ~~grabbing her arms and legs around his torso in a wrestling hold.~~ She makes a strange SQUEALING sound, her tail THUDS the floor ~~with a scream~~ in, her wings FLAP furiously.

Clive SCREAMS. He struggles to break free, but she's strong and she has him pinned. He manages to roll to the floor but she doesn't let go and they careen ~~across the floor~~ to the wall. Finally, with all of his strength Clive pops her grip. Jumps to his feet. He can barely catch his breath. She looks at him, terrified, ready to pounce again.

CLIVE

~~What has gotten into you? You've never,~~ Jesus. ~~It's okay,~~

The ~~mutant~~ snarls at him. Clive tries to recover. He talks to her in a soothing voice as he begins to back himself away from the wall and ~~back~~ towards the door.

CLIVE

You just need to calm down, okay. See? I'm not going to hurt you. I like you. I like you very much.

She glares at him, but stops the snarl. Watches him carefully. Clive picks up the stuffed animal -- she starts to get angry, but he quickly hands it to her. She clutches it to her. ✓

CLIVE

There now. I bought that for you. See? I'm your friend. I bought you all of your toys.

Clive backs past the bed. Sees the music box. Picks it up off the bed. Looks at her. She's watching him closely. He carefully opens the top of the music box with the key. The music starts to play, the ballerina twirls.

CLIVE

You like this, don't you? I've seen you. Smiling.

The ~~mutant~~ looks at him with a puzzled expression.

CLIVE

Smile. I've seen you smile before. You have a great smile.

WRAPPING

Scream
Cowering

NEEDS MORE TO PROVE HIM TO DO THIS.

REWARD WOULD BE

But she's just not getting it. Without thinking in his frustration, Clive pulls off a glove, impetuously rips the protective gear off of his head. She watches fascinated, suddenly seeing a head similar to hers.

CLIVE(CONT.)

Like this, a smile --

Clive puts a finger to the end of his lip, pulls it up into a smile.

CLIVE

Like this... happy.

The Specimen suddenly giggles. He ~~is taken~~ ^{smiles} ~~back.~~

CLIVE

Here, this is yours.

He hands it to her. She takes it. Her hand touches his. Clive almost jumps when he feels her flesh ~~against~~ his. He's suddenly aware of what he's doing.

But she just looks at him. Takes her finger to her lip, pulls it up into a smile.

Then she reaches towards his face with her hand. Clive ~~knows that this contact is wrong, anguish washes over his face, but he doesn't stop her.~~ ^{oops}

Her fingers trace his cheekbones, his eyebrows, travel across his lips.

She backs away
He closes so again

She looks at him. He hesitates, then gives in. Leans forward. ~~Kisses her.~~ As he does so, her feathers quiver and fall again around her -- except this time he's inside the blanket of feathers, too. ~~He pulls away from her, she leans into him again. He starts to kiss her again -- he wants to. He looks at her longingly. But at the last possible second abruptly pulls away from her.~~

She looks hurt. - ?

She comes to him & ~~he~~ forcefully pushes her away.

He quickly backs to the door.

CLIVE

I just... wanted to see you without the glass.

He leaves.


INT. SCRUB ROOM -- BIO MED

Clive strips out of the protective suit. Washes his hands up to the elbow. Looks at himself in the mirror. Rubs his hand roughly back and forth across his lips.

EXT. BIO MED ---MORNING

Clive walks out of the building. It's early morning daylight. He gets into his car.

INT. ELSA'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Clive walks into the apartment. Elsa is still in her robe. He's trying to put forward an air of nonchalance. She walks up to him. Leans into kiss him. He turns to avoid it. ~~kiss.~~ Elsa looks hurt. The same look as on the mutant's face. It unnerves him. 

ELSA
I'm glad to see you, too.

CLIVE
I'm just tired.

ELSA
How'd it go?

CLIVE
What?

ELSA
Your work, Einstein.

Clive starts for the hall.

CLIVE
I got to get some sleep.

Elsa watches him, frowning.

ELSA
Whatever.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- BIO MED

The room is now empty. The video monitors still roll. Through the window we can see the mutant laying across the bed. She is very weak and very still. One whole side of her face is covered with SORES. Over the monitor we hear the music box playing. Then it winds down and it is very quiet. The mutant is struggling to breath. ~~Then there is a GASP. And she EXPIRES.~~

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- ELSA'S APARTMENT - *The Next night.*

Clive is asleep on his back, spread across the bed. After a moment he BOLTS upright, screaming. Elsa goes to him. Holds him. He looks at her.

SLEEPING NEXT TO HIM.

CLIVE

I'm sorry.

ELSA

It's okay.

She rocks him in her arms for a moment. Then he pulls away. Gets up and goes into the

INT. BATHROOM

Clive looks into the mirror. Checks to see that he is alone. Then he picks up Elsa's HAIRBRUSH and removes the BLONDE strands of hair. *Inserts them into a glass vial.*

Over the frame we hear Clive in voice over.

CLIVE(V.O.)

February 10, 1995. Ten p.m. Day 184. Specimen 4 appears to have expired at approximately 7:00 a.m. this morning. Note. Contact security to inspect premises for potential leakage of external contamination. The exact cause of death is unknown.

~~Specimen 4~~

MAINTENANCE

THE END

Living room → takes glass vial → goes back to Bathroom which peris maintenance via over. In silence he pulls chair over of bench puts it in vial!

*ELSA'S HAIR BRUSH
↓
LEAVES THE BATHROOM
↓
RETURNS @ VICE.*