

SPLICE

Screenplay By

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## SPLICE

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - MORNING

CLOSE on an array of superhero titles - *BATMAN*, *HAWKMAN*, *SPIDERMAN*. A hand reaches in, picks up the latest issue of *THE FANTASTIC MUTANTS* and flops it down next to the cash register. TILT UP to reveal:

CLIVE COLINS, handsome, brainy, younger-looking than his twenty-nine years.

THE COMIC BOOK CLERK bags it.

CLERK

It's a shitty issue, Clive.

CLIVE

Gotta have my monthly mutant fix.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

CAMERA weaves through congested traffic at HIGH SPEED. Clive whips into FRAME on his mountain bike, dodging the obstacle course of cars and pedestrians. He looks rather inhuman, his face masked by bug-like sunglasses and a pollution filter over his mouth.

As he rides, Clive recites phrases from an Italian language tape playing on his walkman.

CLIVE

*Come arrivo a Roma da qui?...* How do I get to Rome from here?

He sideswipes a TYPE-A BUSINESS MAN.

BUSINESS MAN

Asshole couriers!

Off the angry throng of pedestrians

CUT TO:

A TRUCKLOAD OF SQUEALING PIGS

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - SLAUGHTERHOUSE - MORNING

WIDE REVEAL: The truck backing into an abattoir as Clive races by on his bike.

CLIVE

*Dove'è il telefono?...* Where is the telephone?

Clive pops the top off a bottle of smart drugs and dry swallows the remaining two capsules.

CUT TO:

A DILAPIDATED SIGN: "CANDYLAND CANDIES"

EXT. CANDYLAND - MORNING

Clive carries his bike up to a retro-fitted security entrance in the decayed facade. He runs a card through a swipe port.

INT. CANDYLAND - MORNING

Clive trades his courier gear for a freshly starched labcoat, and hopping back on his bike, rides through the immense interior of the warehouse. He passes a few other similarly attired MOUNTAIN BIKERS. One of them shouts at Clive:

MOUNTAIN BIKER

Here's your report, mofo.

The Biker holds up a file folder. Clive nabs it like a baton in a relay.

CLIVE

(as he zips by)

*Gracie por nada.*

INT. CANDYLAND - SECURITY DESK - CONTINUOUS

Clive jumps off his bike at another security check point. A RASTAFARIAN VOICE calls out:

VOICE

Yo, Clive mon.

Clive turns around to see YUJI THE SECURITY GUARD, a Japanese, dread-locked Rasta-wanna-be.

YUJI

Didn't you just be here an hour ago, mon?

CLIVE

As a matter of fact, Yuji, that was my clone. But keep it quiet.

Yuji processes this.

YUJI

Fuckin' clones, mon.

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

YUJI  
On da count of 'come'.

Clive nods.

YUJI  
(sing-song)  
Da-harder-dey-come...

Clive and Yuji turn their keys simultaneously. The door opens automatically. Clive passes through.

CLIVE  
The-harder-they-fall...

YUJI  
Freedom.

Clive holds up his fist as he rounds the corner.

YUJI  
Ya, mon.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Clive hums along with the canned elevator music as he descends into the bowels of the building.

INT. SUB-SUB BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open on a spotlessly clean and modern facility. There are no right-angles here. All the surfaces are rounded, tubular, almost organic.

Clive exits, wheeling his bike down to a door marked: *OBSERVATION ROOM*. He swipes his card and a *SEXY SYNTHETIC VOICE* calls out:

SEXY VOICE  
Voice ID, please.

CLIVE  
Dr. Clive Colins.

SEXY VOICE  
*Gracie, mia amore.*

The door unlocks.

CLIVE  
*Ciao, bella.*

## INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive enters the cluttered room, crammed with a mixture of MONITORS and HORROR AND SCI-FI MEMORABILIA. He throws an LP on a vintage stereo. SINATRA bops through a jaunty number as he opens a cola and takes a frothy swig while cheerfully taping a command into his computer console.

A WINDOW OPENS on the monitor giving Clive a security cam view of:

JANE BECKETT, hair tied up in cute Princess Leia buns, a pink bunny rabbit t-shirt poking out from beneath an oversized lab coat.

Clive scans his computer screen display: *NUCLEAR TRANSFER LAB. TRANSGENIC PIGS. TEMPERATURE: 110 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT.*

## INT. NUCLEAR TRANSFER LAB - CONTINUOUS

Jane, sweating in the controlled heat of the lab, uses a pipette to manipulate genetic material on a microscope slide. Suddenly, Sinatra's voice booms out over the audio monitors, *"I've got a crush on you sweetie-pie..."*

Jane is momentarily startled. A nasty expression crosses her face that bellies a sharpness beneath her little girl looks.

JANE

(without looking up)

I'm not going to give you the satisfaction of displaying any kind of annoyance at your retarded, sub-normal, mongoloid pranks. Sweetie Pie.

Clive's voice interrupts Sinatra's.

CLIVE (VO)

You are so sexy when you work on pig's guts. Sugar Plum.

JANE

Pig's uterus. Please.

CLIVE (VO)

Sorry, pig's womb.

JANE

A hundred and ten in the shade---

AN ALARM unexpectedly bleats out. Jane looks up.

JANE

Uh-oh.

CLIVE (VO)

Shit.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive's beverage spills onto the record player, sending the needle scratching across the LP as he lets go of a barrage of slang epithets in Italian and pounds commands into the keyboard. The printer regurgitates a sheet of data.

Jane hurries into the Observation Room. Clive takes a look at the printout, and then frowning, hands it to her.

CLIVE

Looks like our bun is ready to come out of the oven.

Jane looks worried

JANE

But, it's too early.

CLIVE

Be that as it may...

JANE

Call Hal. Meet you at Betty Crocker's.

CUT TO:

A FRESHLY BAKED LOAF OF BREAD.

INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

WIDE REVEAL: JOSEF JAMES, a.k.a. HAL 9000, Clive and Jane's middle-aged mentor. He is removing bread from a steaming breadmaker. His ultra-modern, CUSTOM-DESIGNED KITCHEN bears more than a passing resemblance to the interior of the lab.

The phone rings. He trades loaf for receiver.

JOSEF

Hello?

Josef listens, his face a blank canvas.

JOSEF

I'll be right there.

INT. LAB CORRIDOR - LATER

Clive and Jane, now dressed in PROTECTIVE SUITS, walk briskly down a brightly-lit, tubular corridor.

CLIVE

What time is it?

JANE

(checking her watch)

Eleven-eleven.

CLIVE

Stick time!

JANE

What?

CLIVE

Four ones in a row. Means good luck.

Jane gives him a sideway glance.

JANE

Let's hope so. Is Hal coming?

CLIVE

Any minute now. He said to bump the  
BBM. Could change it's position. Buy  
us a few minutes.

INT. SCRUB ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Another cold sterile room. Clive and Jane scrub like they're trying to scale a fish. They slap on rubber gloves and protective head gear.

JANE

Ready?

CLIVE

I was born ready.

Jane rolls her eyes behind her plexi goggles.

INT. BETTY CROCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive and Jane cross the lab to a MONSTROUS MACHINE positioned in the middle of the room. It is an industrial strength MAMMAL UTERUS. Stamped on its side is "BETTY" in classic Betty Crocker font.

Clive works a keyboard and suddenly the form of some kind of LIVING CREATURE can be seen through the glass like a giant-screen ultra-sound.

But the creature is not moving. Another key command and the simulated embryonic fluid begins to gyrate. The being rotates in the swirling liquid. A distress signal lights up.

Josef, suited-up, hurries into the room. He joins Clive and Jane at the BBM: Betty Birthing Machine.

JOSEF

How's it doing?

JANE

Fetal heart distress. It's not responding.

Clive and Jane hurriedly but expertly prepare a large incubator.

Josef reaches into the hatch of the uterine machine with a gloved hand. Then the other hand disappears in the hatch too.

There are sounds of liquid sloshing around inside.

JOSEF

Okay, I've got it. Give me a hand.

As Clive continues to work the incubator, Jane reaches into the hatch also. And together they pull. Slowly, the creature's head emerges, its features disguised by a thick layer of gelatinous ooze.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - HOURS LATER

Jane backs into view with a digital video recorder in hand. She is still covered entirely - hands and face included - in a protective suit.

JANE

Come on. That's right... Don't be scared.

Clive and Josef follow Jane in the same manner, staring at something OC. Clive encourages it to come forward in a sweet voice.

CLIVE

Atta boy. We won't hurt you. No, no this way.

JANE

(to Clive)

Move, move. You're blocking my shot.

CLIVE

Sorry, Ms. Bertolucci.

Jane smirks at him from behind the camera. Clive moves out of the way.



JOSEF

This is extraordinary.

At the end of the hallway, there is a door. Jane opens it with one hand while continuing to videotape with the other.

JANE

Okay, here goes...

INT. HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane pushes the door all the way open. She backs in, the camera still rolling. Jane passes through the doorway and stands by the opening.

JANE

He's so cute.

Slowly, tentatively, a CREATURE comes into view. It is bipedal with a strong resemblance to a monkey. But it is sinuous and very pale, its skin almost translucent. From the base of its spine extends a long TAIL disproportionate to its size and breed. But most shocking of all, is the appearance of TWO BRIGHTLY COLOURED FEATHERY WINGS growing from the creature's back.

The trembling, new-born MALE HYBRID looks around the room with frightened eyes.

Then without warning, it releases a blood-curdling SCREAM.

WIDE REVEAL:

In the corner, squatting in a hermetically-sealed glass cage is a similarly formed, but MORE MATURED, FEMALE HYBRID with GREY FEATHERY WINGS.

POV OF THE VIDEO CAMERA as Jane ZOOMS IN on the male hybrid's face.

JANE

(to Clive)

Dee-lish! This is just like "*The Bride of Frankenstein*".

CLIVE

When will you get it right. It's always the Bride that screams.

JANE

Sorry, I'm not a fanatic like you.

Clive flashes a snarky smile. He takes the camera from her.

CLIVE

Okay B-queen. Let's see it. Be the  
Bride.

Clive aims the lens at Jane.

CUT TO:

JANE SCREAMING... with pleasure.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

WIDE REVEAL: Jane and Clive having a work break quicky.

As their lovemaking becomes more intense, THE CAMERA PANS across a wall of video monitors, each revealing a menagerie of genetically altered animals secured in hermetically-sealed rooms. Snakes, pigs, rhesus monkeys - each with some unnatural deformation - last but not least, are the two newly born hybrids who now occupy the same glass cage.

Finally, the CAMERA comes to rest on a monitor displaying a security view of the entrance to the Observation Room. Josef is giving his voice ID.

The door opens with the standard sexy greeting, "*Gracie mia amore*". Josef walks in on his half naked colleagues. If he's affected by their compromising position, his face doesn't show it.

JOSEF

Get ready. The presentation is in  
five.

Josef leaves Clive and Jane to finish up. Under their final throws of ecstasy, Josef's voice sounds out:

JOSEF (OC)

Everyone please. Could I have your  
attention?

CUT TO:

INT. HYBRID CAGE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

The hybrids huddle together in the dim light filtering through a canopy over their cage. All sorts of hub-bub can be heard OC.

JOSEF (OC)

Could I have silence please? We're  
ready to begin.

The room quiets. As Josef speaks, the hybrids pull at a

TICKLE-ME-ELMO DOLL.

JOSEF (OC)

Almost seven years ago, under Novaphorm's direction, I scoured the world's top universities for new, fresh and innovative thinkers to revive the somewhat tired and disillusioned field of genetic duplication - cloning. I found them. Will you please welcome Dr. Jane Beckett and Dr. Clive Collins.

A smattering of applause. The hybrids wrench the head off the doll. Bean bag innards spill over the cage floor.

JOSEF (OC)

Unfortunately, as you all know, a little lamb named 'Dolly' beat us to the punch... but instead of giving up, we decided to *spike* the punch.

A few forced chuckles from the crowd.

JOSEF (OC)

Ladies and gentlemen, let me present to you the fruit of our labour. Proof that I chose my colleagues well.

The canopy is abruptly ripped off the cage exposing the hybrids to blinding light, camera lenses and probing, shocked faces.

WIDE ON THE ROOM: The small holding room is crammed with JOURNALISTS and CAMERAMEN. Josef, Jane and Clive stand in front of a foamcore placard, "NOVAPHORM invites you to MEET THE HYBRIDS." The hybrids scream and bounce against the glass walls of their cage.

JOSEF

Say hello to H-435 and H-436 or as my young associates refer to them, "Heckle and Jeckle". They are the result of spliced DNA - three completely different species married together to create a new animal, that we hope, is greater than the sum of its parts.

Josef takes a vial from his pocket.

JOSEF

In this blood sample is the chemical bi-product of their unique genetic make-up: the protein 11-39, the

JOSEF

(cont'd)

building block for Novaphorm's next generation of anti-biotics.

The crowd is visibly stunned by the real life monsters. All except for one man:

JIMMY DRESDEN - flaming red hair, colourfully dressed. The ambitious, young journalistic counterpart to Clive and Jane, stands calmly in the back of the room smiling. He starts to applaud. His lone approval is drowned out by an immediate cacophony of questions.

As Josef does his best to sift through the tangle of words, the CAMERA shifts its view to Clive and Jane. Their hands secretly embrace behind their labcoats.

A HEARTBEAT FILLS THE SOUNDTRACK. It gradually ramps up in speed - one beat per second... two per second... five... fifteen

CUT TO:

CLIVE VOMITING INTO A TOILET BOWL.

INT. THE HYPER-SPACE CLUB - BATHROOM - NIGHT

WIDE REVEAL: Clive stumbling out of a bathroom stall. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS him into:

INT. THE HYPER-SPACE - MAIN ROOM

Where a seething mass of bodies dances to the pounding hyper-beat music.

A drink has somehow materialized in Clive's hand. He looks at it, puzzled by how it got there. It doesn't matter. He downs it.

Then A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN emerges from the dance floor, kissing him on the lips. Clive's eyes bug out. She has inserted something into his mouth. The Woman vanishes. Clive opens his mouth to reveal a rapidly dissolving capsule on the tip of his tongue.

Another woman kisses him. It's Jane. Her hair is undone - she looks stunning.

JANE

Swallow it.

The first Woman re-appears and this time kisses Jane, now inserting a pill into her mouth.

JANE

One of the advantages of a working for a pharmaceutical company.

Clive looks around at company-hired men and women orally distributing pills to the party guests.

A sweaty FAT MAN steps into view, waves to them from a short distance away.

FAT MAN

Clive! Jane! Tony Dodgeman! We have to talk. You two are incredible. You have an incredible future ahead of you. I know you have lots of people approaching you, but please, please consider me.

CLIVE

Who are you?

FAT MAN

I'm an agent, man.

A pudgy hand manages to push a card into Clive's palm before it is sucked back into the pulsing flow of bodies.

JANE

Come on. Let's get another drink.

INT. THE HYPER-SPACE - FLESH LOUNGE - NIGHT

Clive and Jane collapse onto a couch made of what looks like human flesh - faces, breasts, penises jutting out of the cushions. A waitress passes by with a tray full of drinks.

CLIVE

We'll have two pints.

The waitress hands them two glasses filled with a bright blood-red coloured liquid. Suddenly, they are blanketed with exploding flash-bulbs and a microphone is thrust forward.

REPORTER

Clive, Jane. It's no secret that you have more than just a professional relationship. One important question... How do geneticists like to have sex?

Jane looks to Clive. He gestures for her to give it a shot.

JANE

In a petri dish?

Chuckles. Another reporter calls out.

REPORTER 2

Clive, why did you enter the field of genetics?

Clive considers this for a nano-second. Then...

CLIVE

To become the next Frankenstein.

REPORTER 2

Jane?

JANE

To be a media celebrity.

More laughter. More questions shouted at them.

REPORTER 3

Jane, over here. As a geneticist and a woman...

JANE

Yes...

REPORTER 3

Which gender, in your opinion, is superior?

JANE

We all start life the same gender. Men are just a mutation.

Big laughs. Clive cocks an eyebrow.

REPORTER 4

I've heard you refer to Josef James, your mentor and the head of the hybrid project, as 'Hal'. Why is that?

CLIVE

We suspect that he is some form of artificial intelligence.

REPORTER 4

You mean like HAL 9000, the talking computer from "2001: A Space Odyssey"?

JANE

Exactly.

REPORTER 3

Why isn't 'Hal' here tonight?

CLIVE

Because he's not programmed to answer these kinds of questions.

The impromptu Q and A is interrupted by a suited COMPANY MAN.

COMPANY MAN

That's enough for now. Let's give these rock stars the R and R they deserve.

The questions keep coming. The Company Man leads Clive and Jane out of the room.

VARIOUS REPORTERS

What's your next project?/ Will you stay at Novaphorm?/ Jane, are you going to say 'yes' to the Playboy spread?

JANE

(looking back)

What?

INT. THE HYPER-SPACE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Back into the madness of the dance floor. The Company Man cuts a path through the sea of flesh towards the Exit. As Clive and Jane follow, a seemingly endless stream of people hurl questions, business cards and gifts at them.

MAN IN FANCY SUIT

Clive, Jane. Anyone talk book deal yet? I've got the angle. Call me.

SLICK YOUNG MAN

Hi. Brad Kenslyn, Novaphorm PR. Great work guys. Stick together and you'll make my job a dream!

WOMAN WITH SHORT HAIR

Jane, Clive. I'm a representative from the Kenner toy company. Interested in marketing teddy bear hybrids for Christmas. Please call!

YOUNG RAVE GIRLS

(handing him 'happy face' underwear)

We love you, Clive!

PUDGY WOMAN

Jane! Nancy Kawalski. Grade five. Keele Street Elementary. We shared a frog in biology? Remember?

...And so on, until they reach the Exit. The Company Man opens the door and Clive and Jane pass through to...

EXT. THE HYPER-SPACE - NIGHT

More press. Lights. Microphones, bouncers, partiers, confusion.

REPORTERS VARIOUS

Jane, Clive. How does it feel to have created a new species?/ Do you live together?/ What's the reaction from the scientific community?/ What's your favourite food?

Clive and Jane are almost at their limo. A NON-DESCRIPT MAN shouts at Clive.

NON-DESCRIPT MAN

Hey, Clive!

Clive turns. The man RAISES A GUN AND EMPTIES SIX ROUNDS INTO CLIVE'S CHEST. Time seems to freeze as Clive looks at his body: there isn't any blood, no bullet holes. The Man fired blanks.

NON-DESCRIPT MAN

Life isn't cheap.

He drops his gun and runs but is quickly overtaken by the bouncers who proceed to beat the crap out of him.

NON-DESCRIPT MAN

(pleading)

They were blanks, man! It was a joke!

Clive looks to Jane then turns to a CAMERAMAN.

CLIVE

Did you get that on tape?

The Cameraman nods.

CLIVE

I want a copy.

CAMERAMAN

Sure thing, Dr. Colins.

Clive and Jane climb into the limo and take off.

INT. LIMO - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Clive and Jane recline in their plush leather seats, watching



the city quietly whip by the windows of the limo.

Clive takes a deep breath.

CLIVE

Holy fuck.

They both break out laughing. Jane pops open a bottle of champagne, the cork rebounding against the ceiling. She passes it to Clive.

JANE

To you. Most people have to wait til they're over thirty to be assassinated.

Clive chugs the champagne down.

CLIVE

We are fucking stars, Janey.

JANE

We are stars.

As Jane takes a swig of champagne, the bubbles dripping down her chin

CUT TO:

A RAZOR SCRAPING A WHITE POWDER OVER A GLASS SURFACE.

INT. SENATOR FLOWERS' OFFICE - NIGHT

WIDE REVEAL: SENATOR HELEN FLOWERS, matronly but crusty, snorting a line of coke off of a framed photo of her three kids.

SENATOR FLOWERS

Tasty. Hit?

VOICE (OC)

Go ahead, Senator. I brought it for you.

Jimmy Dresden, the young journalist from the press conference, swings into view encased in an egg-shaped, fiberglass chair.

JIMMY

I like this chair. I feel like I've just been hatched.

SENATOR FLOWERS

My husband's inane decorating idea. I'd love to torch it except the toxic

SENATOR FLOWERS

(cont'd)

fumes would probably kill most of my electorate.

JIMMY

Based on what I've heard, that might be necessary if you want to stay in office.

SENATOR FLOWERS

No need to be an asshole. Why don't you tell me what you want... Uh, what's your name again?

JIMMY

Jimmy Dresden.

SENATOR FLOWERS

Spell it out, Jimbo.

JIMMY

I want to be your partner.

SENATOR FLOWERS

Why would I want that?

JIMMY

Resurrect your political career and extort a major corporation that has been funding your competition for the last ten years.

SENATOR FLOWERS

What's your pay-off?

Jimmy leans out of the egg, his eyes alight with a mischievous glow.

JIMMY

Artistic fulfillment.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A door opens in the dark apartment revealing Clive and Jane's weaving silhouetted figures, still a little drunk.

CLIVE

Why do we always have to go to your apartment?

The lights come on revealing an interior design not unlike Pee Wee's Playhouse - all the furniture is bright plastic, some of it inflatable, stuffed animals are present everywhere.

JANE

'cause your place stinks.

Jane goes to the fridge and pops open a cream soda.

JANE

God, I've got a wicked case of the munchies...

CLIVE

I like my stink.

Clive settles on the floor next to a neatly displayed collection of big-eyed porcelain figurines.

CLIVE

Although, I have to admit I also like your collection of demonic figurines.

JANE

(from the fridge)

Stop calling them demonic. I've been collecting them since I was four. They're cute.

Clive starts sorting through them.

CLIVE

Okay, riddle me this. If Mrs. Prickly is a porcupine...

Clive picks up a smiling porcupine figurine.

CLIVE

...And Mr. Piggles is a pig...

Clive examines a smiling pig.

CLIVE

...What the fuck is Mr. Wiggles?

Clive holds up a very odd-looking animal. Jane comes out of the kitchen, munchies in hand.

JANE

An enigma.

She sits crosslegged on the floor next to Clive. They look like two overgrown kids. Jane takes a swig of her cream soda and opens up this week's issue of the Weekly World News.

CLIVE

Anything interesting?

JANE  
 (flipping and munching)  
 They discovered a rat boy in Thailand.

CLIVE  
 There's one every week.

Jane continues flipping, stopping at the centre fold out.

JANE  
 Whoa.

CLIVE  
 What?

Clive scoots around and peers over her shoulder. It's a PHOTO OF CLIVE AND JANE AND THE HYBRIDS. The HEADLINE READS: "BARON FRANKENSTEIN AND STUNNING COMPANION MAKE REAL LIVE MONSTER FREAKS"

CLIVE  
 No way.

JANE  
 (reading)  
 They call us, "The Brad and Gwenyth of genetics."

CLIVE  
 This is hysterical.

JANE  
 We look good together.

CLIVE  
 Not bad.

Jane sets down the paper, stares at Clive pointedly.

JANE  
 Don't we?

Clive doesn't clue in.

JANE  
 ...Don't we?

Clive shakes his head.

CLIVE  
 Wait a minute. Don't start.

JANE  
 C'mon, if we moved in together life would be so much simpler.

Clive flops down onto the floor and takes a deep breath.

CLIVE

How can someone as intelligent and progressive as you have such conventional needs?

JANE

Such is the duality of woman. Besides I'm asking for convenience not commitment.

Jane plants herself on top of Clive pinning his arms against the pink faux-fur rug. She starts to chew on his neck.

CLIVE

I think I subscribe to Hal's approach to relationships.

JANE

(while chewing)

Which is?

CLIVE

Avoid all human contact.

Clive rolls over and kisses her. Jane breaks for air, giggling.

JANE

You shit.

EXT. NOVAPHORM BUILDING - DAY

The three geneticists enter a monolithic building.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Welcome to Novaphorm.

INT. FRANK BELLOQ'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

A statuesque, AMAZONIAN WOMAN is addressing Clive, Jane and Josef who sit mutely on uncomfortable, modern furniture. She wears a com-link head set.

AMAZONIAN ASSISTANT

It's hard to believe this is your first visit to our head office. I'm Frank Belloq's assistant. I can't tell you how excited we are to have you as part of the Novaphorm family. We---  
Excuse me.

The Assistant cocks her head to one side as if someone were

whispering into her ear

AMAZONIAN ASSISTANT  
(into com-link)

Yes?

A beat. Then she snaps her attention back to her guests.

AMAZONIAN ASSISTANT  
Frank will see you now.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Assistant closes two cathedral-style doors behind the geneticists, who look like tiny children in relation to the imposing scale of FRANK'S OFFICE. In front of them is a floor to ceiling window made of tempered glass; a massive, black, marble desk overlooking a bird's eye view of the city below.

A menagerie of stuffed big game animals --- bears, tigers and so on, flank each side of the desk, their vacant glass eyes glinting in the sun.

But there is no sign of Frank.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Up here.

The geneticists look up to see A DWARFISH LITTLE WOMAN staring down at them from a catwalk which encircles the room. With some difficulty, she descends a spiral staircase leading to the floor.

DWARFISH WOMAN  
Have a seat.

Clive, Jane and Josef sit on impossibly large black leather chairs, their feet dangling above the floor.

JOSEF  
Hello, Frank. Nice to see you.

The little woman, now identified, deposits herself behind the imposing desk. She registers Clive and Jane's surprise.

FRANK  
Good to finally meet one of your employers in person isn't it?

CLIVE  
Just when we were getting comfortable with faceless bureaucracy.

FRANK  
Well, rest assured I am merely one

FRANK

(cont'd)

face among many. But I speak for the entire Novaphorm Corporation when I say how proud we are of your accomplishments.

Frank smiles warmly.

FRANK

You've been operating in relative obscurity for a number of years, but that time is past. You are about to become one of our primary research facilities.

JOSEF

That's very exciting for us, Frank.

FRANK

Yes. It is exciting, Josef. And that's why I wanted to meet your young assistants in person. Because I and many of my associates are even more excited by the prospect of what lies ahead.

The geneticists exchange a look. Frank clears her throat, shifts gears.

FRANK

Have you ever seen a really bad traffic accident?

Clive and Jane smile at this nonsequitur.

FRANK

The kind where bodies are strewn across the road?... Ever wonder who cleans that up, who mops the blood off the pavement?

Frank gestures to herself.

FRANK

You're looking at one of them. When I was a student that's how I paid the bills. Between Biomedicine 101 and some elective, I was picking severed limbs and splattered brains off the asphalt.

Frank walks around the perimeter of the desk as she speaks.

FRANK

It bothered me at first. But after a while, it felt like any job. Death becomes routine and frankly rather dull. Flesh is flesh is flesh is flesh. Take that little spark of life out of us and all that's remains is meat.

She hoists her tiny frame onto the edge of the desk.

FRANK

Meat. There really isn't anything sacred about it. Our bodies wither, they become diseased, they invariably let us down. The flesh betrays us.

Frank leans forward.

FRANK

It's time to change all that. It's time that we take the reins. Its time to re-think the human form. It's time. ...It's time to incorporate *human* DNA in your work.

The geneticists again look to one another. But before anyone can speak...

FRANK

Naturally, you have concerns. Is it legal? How will the public react? What are the moral implications? Let me address all these questions with one simple answer: *No one is going to know about it.* Novaphorm will assure you complete and absolute confidentiality. We have a proud tradition of committing all kinds of atrocities without ever being held accountable. In this case, however, you will be working for the *betterment* of your fellow human... even if they our temporarily unable to appreciate it. This endeavor is as significant and essential to the evolution of our species as the invention of the wheel, car or computer. Only now, we are focusing on the most complex machine of all ---our bodies. All that is required is the courage, the intellect and the vision to proceed. I am confident that you possess these attributes, and I am counting on you to have the foresight



FRANK

(cont'd)

to see the truth in what I am saying.

Frank slides off the desk, paces in front of her guests.

FRANK

The DNA will come from an anonymous donor, probably an organ transplant volunteer. You will have all the money and resources you require at your finger tips. The mechanism is set. All you have to do is say, 'yes'.

Frank stops, looks each of them in the eye.

FRANK

So, what will it be? Are you prepared to plunge into the future? Are you ready to make history? Will you take control of the flesh and lead us to a new plateau of existence?

Clive looks from Jane to Josef - a silent consensus is reached. He turns to Frank, shrugging.

CLIVE

Sure.

CUT TO:

A SCALPEL SLICES INTO MEAT

INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WIDE REVEAL: Josef dissecting a steak with a surgical knife. His futuristic KITCHEN - a fusion of exotic cooking utensils and lab implements - looks out onto a sparsely furnished LIVING ROOM.

Clive and Jane are sprawled on the floor playing MUTILATOR, an ultra-violent video game plugged into Josef's TV.

JANE

I can't believe they want to do it.  
How long have we been plotting to  
convince them? It was way too easy.

Jane's DIGITAL MUTANT uses a chainsaw to eviscerate Clive's GIANT BUG.

CLIVE

(re: the game)

You bitch.

(re: the conversation)

All good things come to those who make

CLIVE

(cont'd)

mutants.

Josef throws the perfectly dissected chunks of meat into a pan with a dramatic sizzle.

JOSEF

They have a lot to gain if we succeed. Just think of how much the patent on the H-400 chimeras' is worth.

JANE

Has anyone looked into lawyers yet?

CLIVE

Yeah right.

JANE

This time we should fight for ownership, or at least part ownership.

CLIVE

What about ancillary rights?

JANE

Fuck yes.

CLIVE

That was a joke.

JANE

It's all about exploitation, baby. And that's no joke... Take that!

Jane's mutant uses a rock to bludgeon Clive's Bug. Clive drops his joystick in defeat.

CLIVE

How are they going to exploit something nobody knows about? If we do this, we're doing it for self-gratification not for public adoration.

JANE

What do you mean "if".

CLIVE

Just making a point.

Jane stares him down.

JANE

Don't tell me Baron Frankenstein is

JANE  
(cont'd)  
having second thoughts.

The game resets. The bug and the mutant are reconstituted on the screen.

CLIVE  
(while working his joystick)  
Believe me, I'm as enamored with the concept of fucking around with human genes as the next mad scientist. But if anyone finds out, they'd crucify us for it.

Clive's bug severs Jane's mutant's arm with a meat cleaver.

JANE  
You prick.

Jane furiously pounds her joystick's 'fire' button in retaliation.

JANE  
First they'd crucify. And then, they'd start a religion. That's the way the cult of celebrity works. One day you're a pariah, next you're on the cover of 'People'.

CLIVE  
I'd rather not be a martyr, thanks.

JANE  
How about a high paid martyr?

She hits the 'fire' button again.

JANE  
Eat this insect-fucker.

Jane's mutant blowtorches Clive's bug. Then decapitates him.

JANE  
Burn bug burn.

CLIVE  
That hurt.

The game resets.

JANE  
...Besides, they'd resurrect us before you know it. We'd be heroes for having

JANE

(cont'd)

the balls, not to mention the brains,  
to actually do it.

CLIVE

What's your opinion, Josef?

JOSEF

Given this is a culture that  
celebrates serial killers and talk  
show hosts, I don't think we're that  
distasteful. And the fact of the  
matter is *someone* is going to do it.  
If it hasn't been done already.

Clive and Jane share a look, then...

CLIVE/JANE

Rat boy!

Josef eyes them suspiciously.

JANE

Inside joke.

CLIVE

All I'm saying is there's a lot to  
consider. I mean, there's no telling  
what we're going to end up with or  
what it will become once it matures.

JANE

That's half the fun. Besides we've  
been through this ad nauseam. It's now  
or never, right Josef?

JOSEF

I believe so.

CLIVE

Trust me. I want to do it. But it is a  
risk, that's all.

JANE

Which is it that's scaring you? The  
morality of using human DNA or the  
possibility of getting caught?

Before Clive can answer, the front door flies open and a  
beautiful young woman enters:

ELSA JAMES, Josef's little sister. She looks like she stepped  
out of a Renaissance painting - a face from another century.  
Her long, blond hair flows freely behind her as she rushes

into the room.

ELSA  
Hello brother my brother.

JOSEF  
Elsa, you're just in time for dinner.

ELSA  
Thanks but I have to get back to the university. I forgot some papers.

As she zips into the next room:

ELSA  
Having a party? Hi, Clive, Jane.

CLIVE/JANE  
Hey.

A split second later, she is heading out the door with a stack of papers under her arm.

ELSA  
Bye.

The door slams behind her.

JANE  
I didn't know ethicists kept such tight schedules.

JOSEF  
It's a cut-throat business.

CLIVE  
What is an ethicist?

JANE  
The only paying job a philosophy PHD can get.

JOSEF  
It doesn't pay much. That's why she lives with me.

Josef arrives with a tray of food.

CLIVE  
Man, that looks good.

JANE  
She's lucky to have such a brilliant cook.

Josef shrugs modestly.

JOSEF

Cooking is just another form of chemistry.

An upbeat bass lick of a REGGAE SONG FILLS THE SOUNDTRACK

CUT TO:

A MATCH IGNITING A JOINT

INT. CANDYLAND - NIGHT

WIDE REVEAL: Yuji taking a deep drag of his favorite herb, while the soothing strains of BLACK MESSIAH echo through the dark, cavernous warehouse.

The sound of footsteps jostles Yuji from his reverie.

YUJI

Hal-lo?!

The footsteps get closer. A VOICE calls out.

VOICE

What kind of operation are you running here?

Yuji quickly butts out.

YUJI

Who's dat?

Jimmy steps out of the shadows.

JIMMY

My name's Jimmy Cliff... Just kidding. Jimmy Dresden.

YUJI

How'd you get in here? You betta leave 'fore you get in some serious shit, mon.

JIMMY

Chill, Yuji.

Jimmy unveils a generous-sized plastic baggy of weed. Yuji cools down.

JIMMY

Did you know Cannabis Sativa --- or 'marijuana', as most people know it, is believed to have once been a deadly toxin?

Jimmy takes out some rolling papers and makes a couple joints as he speaks. Yuji eyes him suspiciously, but isn't about to interrupt.

JIMMY

That was millions of years ago of course, before it mutated - evolved into a narcotic. Which poses an interesting question - why did this unique plant abandon such a beautiful defence system?

Yuji just stares at him unsure of what to do.

JIMMY

All I know is if you smoke enough of it, you really don't care.

Jimmy lights the joint and takes a puff.

YUJI

Do I know you?

Jimmy crosses over to Yuji and passes him the other joint.

JIMMY

You do now.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT

Clive weaves between gothic buildings on his bike.

INT. UNIVERSITY - STUDY HALL - NIGHT

Clive walks through the arched halls, past bleary-eyed students hunched over books. He opens a doorway marked, "DO NOT ENTER"

INT. UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Clive strolls past the boiler room and into a maze of subterranean passages.

INT. UNIVERSITY - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Clive ascends a narrow staircase. Ahead is a warm glow.

INT. UNIVERSITY - CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Clive climbs through the floor of a musty room filled with GIANT GEARS. Cold blue moonlight passing through an enormous translucent CLOCK FACE is offset by the warm glow of candles surrounding a mattress on the floor.

CLIVE

Thanks for waiting.

Clive steps forward and puts his arms around the FIGURE OF A WOMAN. They kiss, then she breaks away from him and drops onto the mattress.

It's Josef's sister, ELSA.

ELSA

God, I love this place. Makes me feel like I live in another century.

CLIVE

You belong in another century.

Elsa smiles radiantly.

CLIVE

Gotta admit, somewhere in my cynical heart there's a soft spot for things that are old.

He lowers himself on top of her.

ELSA

A cynic is just a disillusioned romantic.

CLIVE

You wish.

Clive runs his fingers through Elsa's thick mane of blond hair. He kisses her softly on the lips. She engages for a moment, then pulls back.

ELSA

You gave me a shock yesterday. I didn't expect you to show up at my place... with Jane.

CLIVE

Something came up out of the blue. It was sort of an informal meeting.

ELSA

I had to get out of there as fast as I could. The duplicity makes me sick.

CLIVE

I know. I'm sorry about that... I should feel the same way but somehow I don't.



ELSA

Hmm.

CLIVE

What?

ELSA

It worries me that you don't feel badly about cheating on your girlfriend.

CLIVE

Afraid I'd do it to you?

ELSA

Well---

CLIVE

Maybe I don't feel guilty because its you that I'm in love with.

This seems to placate Elsa.

ELSA

You talk the talk all right.

Clive rolls off and lies next to her. Together in silence, they watch the massive cogs slowly revolving above them.

CLIVE

Sometimes I wonder if the seeds of our fate are pre-programmed in us... Like genetically inherited cancer. A time bomb quietly ticking away while we live out our lives.

Elsa rolls onto her side, smiling.

ELSA

A cancer. Is that what I am?

CLIVE

Some form of carcinogen. I can feel you spreading through my body.

ELSA

You are a romantic.

Clive laughs. She looks at him, now serious.

ELSA

Do you really love me or are you just saying that?

Clive returns her look.

CLIVE

I shouldn't love you. But I do.

Just then, without warning, THE CLOCK TOWER BELLS RING OUT. Clive and Elsa are startled. They watch each other, transfixed. The ringing subsides and an enveloping silence fills the room. Suddenly, they are in each other's arms.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - LATER

Clive and Elsa walk through the empty campus.

ELSA

What are we going to do?

CLIVE

Blame it on our genes. You know, love is their way of tricking us into propagating the species.

ELSA

If it's a trick, it isn't love.

Elsa kisses Clive. Suddenly, their IMAGE FREEZES.

CUT TO:

Jimmy Dresden photographs Clive and Elsa from a car parked across the street.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Josef is working late, observing his strangely beautiful creations. He watches as Heckle licks the swollen area around an implanted electrode in Jeckle. This little bit of contact seems to stir something in him.

His concentration is broken by an arriving fax. He pulls it out of the feeder. His brow furrows with concern as he examines the contents.

INT. CANDYLAND - MORNING

Clive and Jane ride their bikes through the warehouse. Yuji greets them.

YUJI

Well, if it ain't da celebrity couple in da flesh. Make any mo' monsters?

CLIVE

No, Yuji. Just turning into monsters.

YUJI  
(squinting through  
drugged-red eyes)  
I can see dat.

INT. BETTY BIRTHING ROOM - LAB - MORNING

SEVERAL TECHNICIANS work on modifying 'Betty' while Josef supervises. Clive and Jane enter. Josef turns to them, a stern look on his face.

JANE  
What's wrong?

Josef holds out the fax. Jane takes it from him.

JANE  
*Shuzbutt.*

She passes it Clive.

CLIVE  
This is impossible.

JOSEF  
Impossible but true. Heckle and  
Jeckle's supply of 11-39 ran dry.

JANE  
Our initial tests showed they were  
practically oozing 11-39.

JOSEF  
They were and now there's nothing.  
They grew out of it.

CLIVE  
Grew out of it?

JOSEF  
Contrary to yourself, Clive, not all  
forms of life have an arrested  
adolescence. 11-39 seems to have been  
a by-product of their reproductive  
cycle. Now that they have matured past  
their reproductive stage, their bodies  
don't manufacture it anymore. ---Or  
that's my guess, at least.

JANE  
We'll make it work. We just need  
enough protein to isolate the gene---

JOSEF

(interrupting)

And make a synthetic? Please, be realistic, Jane.

CLIVE

So, Novaphorm isn't getting their miracle drug after all.

JANE

What are the chances of the human hybrid producing it?

CLIVE

Slim.

JOSEF

We'll just have to wait and see. We have other considerations in any case.

CLIVE

More good news?

JOSEF

That senator, what's her name, Planter?

CLIVE

Flowers.

JOSEF

Right - some kind of vegetation - she's forming an inquiry.

CLIVE

Should we be worried?

JOSEF

It's just political grandstanding, I imagine. But it may bring some unwanted scrutiny to our activities.

Clive looks troubled.

JANE

So what. Fuck it. I say we just keep on track.

Jane eyes Clive.

JANE

Nothing's going to happen.

JOSEF

Are you concerned, Clive?

CLIVE

Maybe.

Jane looks at him harshly.

JANE

Don't wimp out now.

CLIVE

I'm not wimping out.

JOSEF

Well?

CLIVE

Let's keep going.

CUT TO:

BARON FRANKENSTEIN IN "THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN"

FRANKENSTEIN

It's alive. IT'S ALIVE!

INT. NECRONOMICON MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

WIDE REVEAL: Clive watches a scratched print of the classic moment of resurrection.

EXT. NECRONOMICON MOVIE THEATRE - LATER

Clive emerges from the NECRONOMICON, a movie revival house that specializes in horror and sci-fi films. The marquee and the box office look like they were designed by H.R. Giger.

As Clive looks for a dry passage across the street, a DARK FIGURE looms up behind him.

FIGURE

BANG!

Clive whips around, startled. The figure steps into the light. It's ELSA.

ELSA

I'm your biggest fan.

Clive smiles.

ELSA

Hungry?

CLIVE

Let's kill a cap.

INT. NECRONOMICON CAFE - DAY

The theatre cafe. Clive and Elsa have found a discreet booth. Behind them is an eclectic backdrop of movie posters and surrealist art - Francis Bacon, Moebius, M.C. Escher, Rene Magritte and so on.

ELSA

(indicating the decor)

This is appropriate because my life is starting to feel like a horror film.

Clive smiles.

ELSA

Unlike you, I don't see that as a good thing.

A WAITRESS arrives with a plate of unbelievably cheesy nachos

ELSA

I won't even try to look graceful eating this.

Clive reaches for the hot sauce.

CLIVE

Table manners are an anachronism in a disposable culture.

Elsa pushes a mound of sour cream to the side.

ELSA

Everything is an anachronism in a disposable culture.

CLIVE

Touche.

He takes a giant, messy bite. Elsa nudges the plate away from her.

CLIVE

(mid-chew)

What's the matter? You want something else?

Elsa shakes her head, stares into her plate for awhile, collecting her thoughts. Then she looks up at Clive.

ELSA

Maybe that's the difference between you and me. I don't think I can just dispose. ...Of my conscience for

ELSA

(cont'd)

instance... And my conscience won't let me see you anymore.

Clive takes this in, not knowing what to say. Then trying to make a joke...

CLIVE

Maybe you are a *moral* ethicist after all.

ELSA

Believe me, this isn't easy. All my life I've felt out of place. I don't seem to connect with the world. I've been searching for a purpose. And I feel like I might have found it with you.

CLIVE

It's dangerous to find your purpose in another person.

Elsa scans Clive's face for emotion.

ELSA

You don't seem very upset.

CLIVE

Of course I'm upset.

Clive reaches out to her but Elsa stands and leaves.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Yuji enters the darkened room with a flashlight. He is searching for something - picking through files, scraps of paper. Suddenly, Heckle and Jeckle jump out at him, squawking and banging against their cage. Yuji directs his flashlight on them.

YUJI

Gah!

As he recovers from the shock, the beam of light falls on a piece of paper pinned next to the cage. Yuji takes it smiling. He found what he was looking for.

INT. NUCLEAR TRANSFER ROOM - DAY

Clive and Jane construct a strand of DNA with the aid of a computer-guided nano-laser. The computer screen displays a graphic of the interlocked double-helix. Jane selects genes from her store box of DNA fragments and electronically

SPLICES them together.

JANE

Dark skin pigment or light?

CLIVE

Light.

Jane guides a gene to its position on the strand.

CLIVE

When's Novaphorm coughing up the human DNA?

JANE

Tomorrow. Slow metabolism or fast?

CLIVE

Moderate. Heard anything about Flower's inquest?

JANE

Quit worrying. Bird reflexes or Salamander?

CLIVE

Bird. What do you think about the word 'love'?

Jane stops her work. Turns to Clive.

JANE

'scuse me?

CLIVE

'Love'. I mean its one of those words that's so abused, I hardly know what it means. Do we, for example, 'love' each other?

JANE

What are you getting at?

CLIVE

Nothing. Just a point of curiosity.

JANE

Haven't I ever said "I love you" before?

CLIVE

Sure we say it. But it's almost like saying, "How are you". Its just a greeting.



JANE

I admit it's antiquated, maybe as a word it's nearly extinct. But what else are you going to say?

CLIVE

True.

JANE

Rapid cell regeneration or moderate?

CLIVE

Rapid.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clive walks aimlessly, lost in thought. He stops suddenly, his attention drawn by something in a shop window: STUFFED HYBRID TOYS.

INT. STORE - NIGHT

It's a cheap variety store crammed with junk. A relic of a man sits motionless behind the counter.

Clive picks up one of the hybrid dolls - a very imperfect bootleg imitation of Heckle and Jeckle. It has a 'made in Taiwan' tag on it. He notices there is a little door in its belly and a key around its neck.

He inserts the key, but is interrupted.

PROPRIETOR

Gonna buy that?

CLIVE

How much?

PROPRIETOR

Ten-fif'y

Clive turns the key. The doll's stomach pops open revealing a little, plastic hybrid inside, twirling like a ballerina in a music box. A chintzy electronic tune chimes. Clive throws a bill on the counter.

CLIVE

A bargain. I'll take a bag of chips too.

INT. JOSEF'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elsa, books open in front of her, is doing some work. The doorbell rings.

EXT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elsa opens the front door and looks around. No one is there. Then, she notices something at her feet:

It's the HYBRID TOY with a note pinned to it.

*"I'M TIRED OF ANACHRONISMS. I WANT YOU. YOUR TERMS."*

Elsa reads the note, looks into the dark front yard.

ELSA

Clive?

There's no answer. Elsa runs out into the yard. She hits the sidewalk and searches frantically in every direction. Clive comes up behind her, kisses her.

ELSA

Are you sure?

CLIVE

I don't have a choice.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Senator Flowers stands auspiciously behind a podium, speaking to a room full of reporters.

SENATOR FLOWERS

What is the point of genetic splicing? Is this really where of millions of government subsidized medical research dollars should go? The 'geneticists' will tell you that their abominations against nature produce medicinal chemicals. That's their excuse, the cornerstone of their argument. Well, allow me to prove once and for all that Novaphorm has been operating in a slipshod, dangerous and outright dishonest manner.

Flowers holds up THE FAX THAT YUJI STOLE FROM THE LAB.

SENATOR FLOWERS

This confidential lab report states that the H-400 chimeras only produced the protein 11-39 for six weeks before they ran dry... .

In the back of the room, Jimmy Dresden looks on, smiling.

SENATOR FLOWERS

You can be sure that when I am re-

## SENATOR FLOWERS

(cont'd)

elected this kind of flagrant violation of the sanctity of life will not be tolerated.

The floor explodes with questions.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jane enters her apartment. Her foot kicks an envelope that had been slipped under her door. She picks it up. It is blank on both sides.

She opens it and carefully examines the contents.

Jane's face betrays no emotion, but she lets the MAGAZINE PROOF SHEETS containing FIVE GLOSSY PHOTOS OF CLIVE AND ELSA EMBRACING OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSITY fall to the floor. The caption reads: "BARON FRANKENSTEIN DUMPS PARTNER. OUT ON THE TOWN WITH BEAUTIFUL, SEXY MYSTERY WOMAN".

Jane reads an attached note: "SNEAK PREVIEW OF THIS WEEKS COVER OF 'PEOPLE'". Jane lowers herself gently onto one of her translucent inflatable chairs, processing what she has just seen.

Suddenly, she grabs her abdomen like she has been kicked in the gut. Her face becomes a mask of pain. She lets out a choking cry and crumples to the floor. She pulls one of her stuffed animals to her chest and lies still for a long time, weeping.

Then something in her shifts.

Jane looks at the toy animal smiling in her arms. It almost seems to be mocking her with it's idiotic grin. She glances around the room. All of her toys appear to be smiling at her. Laughing.

Suddenly, Jane grabs the creature's eyes and rips them out, trailing a stream of cotton batten viscera. She claws into its face with her fingers and tears it to shreds.

She turns. Directly at eye-level is her collection of porcelain animal figurines, grinning carelessly in her direction.

Jane crosses the room and grabs a hammer from a utility drawer.

A moment of hesitation.

And she brings the hammer down obliterating each one with increasingly frenzied blows.

THE SOUND OF THE HAMMER BECOMES A DOOR KNOCKER

CUT TO:

INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Josef opens the door to reveal Jane looking very disturbed.

JOSEF

Jane. What are you doing here?

ELSA (OC)

Who is it, Josef?

Elsa comes down the stairs and is caught off guard by the sight of Jane.

ELSA

Jane. Great to see you.

JANE

Ditto.

Jane comes up to Elsa and gives her a penetrating stare that lasts a few moments too long.

JANE

How's the world of ethics?

ELSA

Confusing as ever.

Jane smiles.

JANE

I thought it was all pretty cut and dry.

Elsa decides not to follow the trail of this discussion.

ELSA

Drop by to say hi?

JANE

I have some business to discuss with Josef.

ELSA

Of course. Well, I'm in transit myself.

Elsa heads for the door.

ELSA

I hope I have a chance to see you soon.

JANE

Doubt it. We're about to get very busy. Good-bye.

ELSA

Bye.

The door shuts. Jane turns to Josef.

JOSEF

Jane, are you alright? You seem agitated.

JANE

Just nerves.

JOSEF

Well, I can't say that I don't have some misgivings.

Jane snaps back at him.

JANE

It's too late to back out now, Hal.

JOSEF

(sounding just like HAL 9000)  
I wish you wouldn't call me that.

JANE

Hard to resist.

Jane starts to laugh uncontrollably.

JOSEF

(re: his impression)  
It wasn't that funny.

She sings like HAL 9000 as he is being deprogrammed

JANE

(in a slowed down voice)  
Daisy, daisy give me your answer true,  
I'm half crrrraaazy ooover the  
loooove ooof yooooou....

JOSEF

(becoming annoyed)  
Is there reason, why you came here?

JANE

No, no reason at all. Just thought I'd say hi.

Josef gives Jane a look like she's from another planet.

JANE

Can I use your head?

JOSEF

Pardon.

JANE

W.C. Porcelain bowl, crapper, toilet.

JOSEF

Of course. Down the hall to your---

JANE

I know where it is.

Jane goes to the bathroom. Josef is troubled by her strange behavior. He can hear her singing "Daisy" from inside. The toilet flushes and she comes out.

JOSEF

Are you sure you're alright?

JANE

(suddenly perky)

I'm dee-lish. Haven't felt this good in a long time. Thanks, for letting me use the facilities, Ha--- er, Josef. Bye.

Jane kisses him on the cheek and practically skips out the door, leaving Josef thoroughly perplexed.

INT. CANDYLAND - SECURITY DESK - DAY

Clive rides up to the desk. There is a construction team erecting a new door. A very imposing, uniformed SECURITY GUARD blocks the entrance.

CLIVE

(dismounting from his bike)

Yuji around?

SECURITY GUARD

Who are you?

Clive is becoming annoyed. He holds up his security clearance card. The Guard carefully checks Clive against his picture ID.

SECURITY GUARD

Thank you, Dr. Colins.

Clive starts through with his bike. The Guard stops him.

SECURITY GUARD

(indicating the bike)

You'll have to leave that here. New policy. Don't worry it's safe with me.

Clive shoots him a dirty look.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Clive enters to find Jane already there, preparing the genetic goop. She hardly acknowledges his presence.

CLIVE

Where's Josef?

JANE

Isn't he with you?

CLIVE

It's not like him to be late.

JANE

He doesn't need to be here.

CLIVE

I thought he'd want to witness the act of conception. After this, there's no turning back.

JANE

That option terminated a long time ago.

CLIVE

Maybe so.

Clive sits down. It looks like he is struggling with himself.

CLIVE

But ah--- before we go further. I have to talk to you.

Jane looks up at him for the first time.

JANE

Well, make it fast because I'm all set.

Clive hesitates. Jane regards him coldly.

CLIVE

There's some issues I have.

JANE

What's that? What 'issues'?

CLIVE

Some issues.

Jane holds her stare. Clive forces himself to return it.

JANE

What does that ridiculous look mean?

Clive doesn't answer.

JANE

What are you trying to tell me?

He lets her words hang in the air. A long pause.

JANE

Are you trying to break up with me?

Clive is taken aback by her dead-on response.

JANE

Because this isn't a very good time,  
you know.

CLIVE

I'm sorry...

JANE

You fucker.

Jane tries to swallow her emotions. She takes a deep breath.

JANE

So. That's done. Is there anything  
else?

CLIVE

Yes. I'm in love with... someone.

She flinches.

JANE

Elsa.

CLIVE

You know?

JANE

The cover of 'People' was a big hint.



CLIVE

Ha-ha.

JANE

No, really. Someone dropped a little sneak preview last night.

Clive rises.

CLIVE

What...

JANE

I don't know who it was. It doesn't matter anyway.

CLIVE

Your joking right?

JANE

(sarcastic)

Yeah, it's a joke. A big joke.

CLIVE

I'm sorry, Jane.

Jane starts out the room.

JANE

Save it.

Clive follows her

INT. NUCLEAR TRANSFER LAB - CONTINUOUS

Jane enters the lab with Clive in tow. She immediately prepares the microscope.

JANE

(speaking as she works)

Last night I wanted to kill you. Or Elsa. Or both. But then I realized what I really love is my work. That's what's important to me. More than you. Maybe even more than my pride.

Jane places a slide under the lens of the microscope, and using a joystick, electronically positions a pipette above it. She stares Clive down.

JANE

I want to keep our relationship. But I want to keep it strictly professional.

Then she turns back to the microscope.

JANE'S POV through the microscope: She implants THE FUSED DNA INTO THE EGG.

DISSOLVE TO:

PASSING LIGHTS REFLECTED OVER ELSA'S FACE BEHIND HER CAR'S WINDSCREEN.

CUT TO:

INT. ELSA'S CAR - TRAVELLING - EARLY MORNING

WIDE REVEAL: Clive and Elsa drive into the country.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

The sun rises over a secluded cottage in the country. Elsa's car pulls up and she and Clive get out.

SUPER TITLE:

*TWO MONTHS LATER*

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Clive and Elsa enter and take in their very rustic surroundings.

ELSA

Isn't this beautiful? When we were small, Josef and I used to play hide and seek in the woods out back.

CLIVE

It's hard to imagine Josef as a kid, let alone playing hide and seek.

Clive and Elsa collapse on a ridiculously squeaky bed. But they are interrupted by a loud rapping at the door.

CLIVE

Expecting anybody?

Elsa gives him a perplexed look.

ELSA

Come in.

The door opens slightly and a shriveled head pokes through.

OLD WOMAN

Hiya, sorry to disturb. Just wanted to check who's here.

ELSA

Who are you?

OLD WOMAN

Frienda Josef's. Is Josef here?

ELSA

I'm his sister.

OLD WOMAN

Oh that's right. Elsa is it?

ELSA

Can we help you?

OLD WOMAN

No, no. I didn't recognize the car.

ELSA

That's because it's *my* car.

OLD WOMAN

I like to keep my eye on the neighbors' property. I'll be going now.

The old face slips out of view and the door shuts after it.

ELSA

That was just weird.

CLIVE

It always amazes me how country people are even more neurotic than city people.

ELSA

Forget about it.

Elsa kisses him and they fall back onto the bed.

LATER THAT NIGHT:

Clive and Elsa asleep. Clive's cell phone rings. He gets up and fumbles for it in his tangle of clothes.

CLIVE

(picking the phone up)

Hello?...You're kidding. But it's too soon... Okay, Okay, I'll be right there.

Elsa wakes.

ELSA

What's going on?

CLIVE

I have to go to work.

ELSA

Now?!

INT. ELSA'S CAR - TRAVELING - COUNTRY ROAD - PRE-DAWN

Clive drives, fast. Elsa sits in the passenger seat wrapped in a blanket.

ELSA

What's the rush?

CLIVE

It's early there isn't anyone on the road.

ELSA

Maybe I would appreciate the urgency of the moment more if you told me why you have to be at the lab at three in the morning.

Clive turns to her.

ELSA

I know, I know. You aren't allowed... Don't blame me for asking. Industrial espionage is my specialty, after---  
LOOK OUT!

Clive turns back to the road - A DEER is crossing right in his path. Clive slams on the breaks. The car skids to a halt mere feet in front of the frozen animal. A moment of absolute stillness while people and deer regard each other. And then, it vanishes into the woods.

INT. CANDYLAND - DAWN

Clive bursts into the warehouse and sprints to

THE SECURITY DESK

which is empty. Clive looks around desperately, helplessly for the security guard. He finds a note on the desk: *BACK IN FIFTEEN.*

CLIVE

*Frack!*

Clive dials the lab on his cell phone - just Jane's voice on the machine, "Howdy, Acme mutant makers here. Leave a---"  
Clive hangs up. Then from behind him:

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry. Coffee run.

Clive turns. The security guard trundles towards the desk with a gallon coffee maker.

CLIVE

Open the fucking door. Now.

The guard is put off.

SECURITY GUARD

Leave something in the oven?

INT. BETTY CROCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Clive bursts in, scrubbed and dressed for the birth. Jane and Josef, exhausted, stand before him, their frocks splattered with blood and embryonic fluid. Clive has missed all the action. He looks at them like an expectant father.

CLIVE

Well?

Jane smiles.

JANE

*She's fine.*

INT. INCUBATOR ROOM - LAB - NIGHT

Clive approaches a glass case in a completely sterile room. Jane and Josef stand behind him.

CLIVE'S POV moving towards the incubator. Inside is A TINY CHERUBIC FORM - LITTLE GREY WINGS AND A SERPENTINE TAIL FORMING OUT OF HER GHOSTLY PALE SKIN. She is sleeping peacefully. Stamped on the incubator is: H-437.

CLIVE

She's beautiful.

JANE

And strong. She matured faster than we could have anticipated.

CLIVE

I'm sorry I wasn't here to help.

JANE

That's all right. It's a long trip from the cottage.

Clive looks at Jane, holds back, deciding to ignore her little jab.

CLOSE ON JOSEF: the gravity of their achievement sinking in. His eyes fill with a concern that spills over his cool exterior.

A WOMAN SCREAMS UNCONTROLLABLY OC.

CUT TO:

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's a mess - Horror film posters, toys, comic books everywhere. THE CAMERA DRIFTS past the remains of a take-out meal and into the LIVING ROOM where Clive and Elsa are snuggled on a couch watching a horror movie on TV. Another SHRIEK rings out accompanied by THUNDEROUS HORROR FILM MUSIC.

ELSA

This makes me so mad.

CLIVE

What?

ELSA

(talking to the screen)

You idiot.

(to Clive)

Why did she go back into the house?  
The house is full of zombies. She knows that. Why did she go back in?

CLIVE

It's 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

Ever heard of the term, 'convention'.

ELSA

Yeah, like all women in horror films are bimbos who after getting fucked, get killed?

CLIVE

Just because you saw SCREAM, you think you understand contemporary horror. It's more complex than that.

ELSA

Really? Well, I don't get it. What kind of society calls this entertainment?

CLIVE

(smiling)

A sick one. Now watch the movie.

ELSA

I have a better idea.

Elsa climbs on top of Clive, starts to kiss him. He interrupts.

CLIVE

Hold on a sec.

She pulls back.

CLIVE

This is the perfect segue to your murder.

Elsa whacks him with a pillow.

ELSA

Very funny.

CLIVE

Couldn't resist. Um--- but seriously, I do have a proposal.

Elsa gives him a concerned look.

CLIVE

Don't worry it's not marriage.

She holds a hand to her chest in mock relief.

ELSA

That's the first genuine scare I've had all night.

CLIVE

But it's not that far off either... I'm wondering if you want to move in?

ELSA

You're not doing this to prove

ELSA  
(cont'd)  
anything, are you?

CLIVE  
What's to prove?

ELSA  
Hmmm.

CLIVE  
Believe me, its not a concept that I  
have a special attachment to. If you  
say no, I won't hold it against you.

ELSA  
You clean the apartment.

CLIVE  
See, I knew it wouldn't work.

Elsa whacks him with the pillow again.

CLIVE  
Okay, I'll clean.

ELSA  
Let me think about it.

CLIVE  
I never believed I could give up the  
sanctity of my privacy. Until now.

ELSA  
Maybe your really do love me.

Elsa leans in to kiss him but is interrupted once more. It's  
the phone this time. Clive rises and goes into

THE KITCHEN

where he fishes out the phone receiver from beneath a pile of  
take-out menus.

CLIVE  
Yup.

The voice on the other end is barely discernible. It's  
fractured - syllables spaced between sobs.

VOICE  
(over phone)  
Hello... Clive?



CLIVE

Yeah.

VOICE

(over phone)

Is Elsa there?

CLIVE

Who is this?

VOICE

(over phone)

Is Elsa there?

CLIVE

Josef?

JOSEF

Clive, please...

CLIVE

Josef... What's wrong? You sound terrible.

INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Josef has had some kind of breakdown. There is no trace of his cool persona. He cries into the phone.

JOSEF

Make sure Elsa doesn't come home. Make her stay with you tonight.

CLIVE

(over phone)

Josef, what's happened? You're scaring me.

JOSEF

I can't let her see me like this. Don't tell her I called.

CLIVE

(over phone)

I'm coming over. Stay put.

JOSEF

Promise me, you won't tell her I called.

INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - LATER

Clive enters the house and finds Josef in the kitchen, making something to eat. He seems to have calmed down, but he still looks shakey.

JOSEF

Hello, Clive. Sorry to trouble you.  
Sandwich?

CLIVE

Nah, thanks. Let's sit down.

Clive leads Josef to the couch.

CLIVE

What's this about, Josef?

Josef puts down his food. He bites his lower lip, suddenly looking very vulnerable.

JOSEF

Ants.

CLIVE

Ants?

JOSEF

Ants. When I was young I used to burn  
ants.

Clive puts a consoling hand on Josef's shoulder.

CLIVE

(joking)

You shouldn't feel so badly about it,  
Josef.

Josef is oblivious to Clive's attempt at levity.

JOSEF

I used to set them alight with a  
magnifying glass to see how they would  
react. It was my first biological  
experiment really. And it was an  
interesting one because they always  
did precisely the same thing. They  
would run in circles. Round and round,  
each rotation progressively smaller  
until they crumpled into a ball and  
died. They were like machines, each  
identical to the other.

Josef takes a deep breath, choking back emotion.

So, I decided, I wanted to know how  
the machine of life works.

He stares directly into Clive's eyes.

JOSEF

But when we made H-437, we didn't make a machine. We didn't make something we can throw into the wastebasket after we're done studying it. Its human, or she, is partly human. She has a piece of us in her.

He pauses, struggling with himself.

And we... are not machines. In spite of what I have believed for so long... Fuck the *machine of life*. I only used that concept to protect myself from the perversity of the truth: I want to understand life so I can have absolute power over it. You see, the real reason I killed those ants was because I enjoyed destroying something weaker than me. It felt good.

CUT TO:

THE HYBRID, NOW MATURED TO A TODDLER

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

WIDE REVEAL: Clive and Jane observing the Hybrid through a two-way mirror in the newly modified OBSERVATION ROOM. The Hybrid is crying as it crawls aimlessly around its sterile, padded and hermetically-sealed room.

JANE

Three days old. It's insane. The aging gene from the amphibian portion of her DNA... I never thought it would take like this.

Clive looks at the surveillance views of the Hybrid that are displayed on several monitors.

CLIVE

It must be agonizing for her to grow that fast.

JANE

I gave her a killer dosage of pain killers... Doesn't seem to have done much.

CLIVE

What have we got ourselves into?

JANE

I don't know.

They share a quiet moment.

CLIVE

I'm worried about Josef. I'm not sure how he's taking this.

JANE

What, Hal 9000? I wouldn't be too concerned. He's totally self-sufficient.

CLIVE

If you recall, the Hal 9000 computer went crazy and killed the entire crew of the Discovery.

ELSA

Please.

CLIVE

You should have seen him last night. It was scary. He was a mess.

JANE

Really? Well, Josef's mental health is the last thing we need to be worrying about. I'm sure he'll be fine... But this experience has made me re-think some stuff.

Clive looks at her questioningly.

JANE

I want to put water under the bridge, if you'll excuse the incredibly tired metaphor.

CLIVE

What are you saying?

JANE

I want us to be friends.

CLIVE

You sure?

JANE

I know we aren't going to be buddies. But I'm tired of hiding from you and Elsa. Do you know what I mean?

CLIVE

Yeah. I think it's pretty amazing actually.

JANE

Thanks.

CLOSE ON the Hybrid as her crying subsides.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE HYBRID, NOW MATURED TO THE HUMAN EQUIVALENT OF A FIVE YEAR OLD. She is sleeping.

JOSEF (OC)

Wednesday, November 21. Subject is now six days old. All her vital signs are excellent and most intriguing of all is her rapid growth.

CUT TO:

WIDE REVEAL: Josef looks through the two-way mirror. He is recording data into a tape recorder. He seems to be struggling to hold onto his old clinical demeanor.

JOSEF

At this rate, she will probably reach maturity within a month.

Josef watches as the Hybrid wakes. Her movements are distinctly inhuman, almost bird-like.

JOSEF

The chances of producing a successful specimen on the first effort are astoundingly slim. We are very... fortunate. However, the possibility of unexpected mutations to her physiology as she grows older is high.

The Hybrid launches herself onto a rope perch suspended from the ceiling, her movements imperceptibly fast. Just as abruptly, she is as still as a statue.

JOSEF

On a personal note, I have to say that there is something familiar about her. Maybe she reminds me of a mythical animal... a picture in a storybook.

Josef hits a key on his computer terminal.

INT. HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An electronic chime sounds. The Hybrid immediately dives off her perch and lands gracefully in front of a cavity in the

wall. She waits expectantly.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Josef selects the command: "FOOD" on the computer menu.

A pasty food substance automatically swirls out of the opening in the wall. The Hybrid consumes it voraciously.

JOSEF

She also displays keen intelligence.  
Have we inadvertently made something  
superior to us? ---A step up on the  
evolutionary ladder?

INT. HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Hybrid notices her reflection in the mirror. She moves closer for a better look.

INTERCUT: OBSERVATION ROOM/ HYBRID ROOM

Josef observes the Hybrid observing herself.

JOSEF

Human beings are predators...

He moves to the mirror to examine the Hybrid more closely.

JOSEF

Wouldn't it be foolish for a predator  
to make a superior predator?

The Hybrid blinks at him from behind angelic eyes.

JOSEF

She reminds me of... something from my  
childhood.

Suddenly, Josef's face goes pale. He backs away from the mirror as if he were looking at a ghost. He is horrified but he can't turn away.

From behind the mirror, the Hybrid smiles innocuously.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jane, Clive and Elsa are finishing a home cooked meal. Things are going surprisingly well.

CLIVE

Have you been taking lessons from  
Josef? That was amazing.

JANE

My take-out days are over.

She gives Clive a knowing smirk.

CLIVE

No, I haven't changed my eating habits. I'm still addicted to artificial substances.

JANE

You eat what you are.

CLIVE

I know my shelf life.

It's clear that Elsa is feeling a little left out of this banter.

JANE

I hope he isn't forcing you into the processed existence.

ELSA

Believe me, no one resists it more than I do. But I get it by osmosis.

JANE

At least you have Josef to cook for you at home.

ELSA

Not for long.

Jane looks at her questioningly. Elsa turns to Clive for help, realizing she's just stuck her foot in her mouth. Clive decides to ante up.

CLIVE

Elsa's moving in with me.

This hits Jane hard. She chokes on her words.

JANE

Oh.

A horribly awkward moment, then...

CLIVE

(quickly shifting the subject)

You've made a lot of changes here. What happened to your porcelain animal collection?

JANE

I grew out of it.

Elsa gets up and starts to clear the table.

JANE

Don't do that.

ELSA

Please. It was such a good meal.

Clive gets up too.

CLIVE

Actually, I should go. I'm doing the night shift.

JANE

Right. Don't worry about it.

Elsa and Clive are feeling terrible.

ELSA

It was great. Thank you so much.

JANE

(to Clive)

Go, go. You don't want to keep Hal waiting.

INT. CANDYLAND - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Clive hums along with the elevator music as he descends into the bowels of the building.

INT. SUB-SUB BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

A soft bell chimes as the doors open and Clive exits. He walks along the corridor to the

OBSERVATION ROOM

He swipes his card and a new, hard-edged MALE VOICE booms out:

MALE VOICE

Voice, ID.

Clive rolls his eyes in disdain.

CLIVE

Dr. Clive Colins, esquire.

MALE VOICE

Sorry. No match.



CLIVE

Dr. Clive Colins, asshole.

MALE VOICE

Sorry. No match.

CLIVE

(annunciating)

Doctorr... Clivvvve... Collinnns.

MALE VOICE

Thank you.

The door unlocks. Clive gives the door an angry shove.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Clive enters. There's no sign of Josef.

CLIVE

Where the hell is he?

Clive peers through the two-way mirror into the Hybrid's room. It too seems to be empty.

Suddenly, the Hybrid pops into view. Clive steps back, startled. The Hybrid is staring so intently, she seems to be looking through the mirror.

Clive is visibly unnerved. He calls out in a loud voice.

CLIVE

Josef? Josef, where are you?

Clive reaches for the phone. He dials Josef's home. The phone rings and and rings. Clive is just about to hang up when a FEMALE VOICE abruptly answers.

FEMALE VOICE

Hello, who is this?

Clive hesitates for a moment, then speaks into the receiver:

CLIVE

Clive. Who are you?

FEMALE VOICE

Can I have your full name?

CLIVE

How about you tell me your name first?

FEMALE VOICE

Metro police.

EXT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Clive hurries up the sidewalk to Josef's front door. Police and emergency vehicles line the street, yellow tape cordoning off the house and yard.

INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Clive walks into the FOYER to find a dozen police, detectives and emergency personnel examining the premises. Clive talks to a UNIFORMED COP. The Cop points in the direction of the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - JOSEF'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Clive enters to find a PLAIN CLOTHES POLICE DETECTIVE surrounded by a couple of FORENSIC SPECIALISTS. They are examining JOSEF'S CORPSE which rests naked in an arm chair, the head lolled over to one side. Clive chokes back his horror.

DETECTIVE

Clive?

Clive nods, his face sheet white.

DETECTIVE

You say you're a close friend of Dr. James?

CLIVE

We work together.

DETECTIVE

Any reason why he'd want to kill himself?

Clive shakes his head. The Detective eyes him.

DETECTIVE

Forensics ordered an autopsy. Looks like he cooked up something unusual for himself.

He holds up a lab beaker contained in a clear plastic evidence bag.

CLIVE

Did he leave---

DETECTIVE

No note.

The Detective pushes a yellowed scrapbook of photographs across kitchen counter.

## DETECTIVE

He collapsed on top of these. We gotta bag 'em. Maybe you could take a look, let me know if anything's out of place, grabs your attention.

Clive looks to Josef's body one last time - the face is frozen in agony.

INT. JOSEF'S BEDROOM - LATER

Clive sits on the end of Josef's bed pouring over old photographs. Something catches his eye.

CLOSE ON A PHOTO of Josef when he was a little boy, blond and serious - a MAGNIFYING GLASS in his hand. Clive quickly turns the page.

Clive continues flipping through the scrapbook, until he comes to a place where some photos have been torn out.

Clive picks up the stack of loose photos. They are all of Elsa:

One year old Elsa learning to walk; two year old Elsa with a handful of birthday cake; three year old Elsa on her favorite tricycle; four year old Elsa on Santa's knee; five year old Elsa dressed as an angel for Halloween, complete with a tinfoil halo and feathery wings...

Clive stops abruptly at this one. He stares at it, deeply troubled. Then he hurriedly pockets the photo and heads for the back door.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane asleep in her bed. The lights turn on and she groggily opens her eyes.

Clive is in the doorway. They stare at each other for a long moment, an unspoken understanding forming between them

JANE

I thought I told you to return my keys.

Clive throws the keys at her.

JANE

Something wrong, Clive?

Clive can't seem to form words. He just continues to gaze at

her, rage in his eyes.

JANE

Don't you think this is a little inappropriate, showing up in my bedroom in the middle of the night? What would Elsa think?

Clive violently lunges at Jane, forcing her against the bedposts. She doesn't betray any fear.

JANE

Dinner didn't agree?

CLIVE

How could you do that? You fucking bitch!

JANE

I thought you liked my cooking.

Clive breaks away from her.

CLIVE

Where'd you get it? Off my clothes? Off Josef's clothes?

Jane smiles, savoring the moment.

JANE

Josef's house...

FLASHBACK:

INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jane sings "Daisy" like the Hal 9000 computer as she pulls LONG STRANDS OF GOLDEN HAIR off a brush.

JANE (VO)

Elsa's hairbrush to be exact.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

BACK TO PRESENT

CLIVE

I can't believe it. You cloned Elsa. You fucking cloned her.

JANE

Correction. We cloned an *animal-human hybrid*. You should feel proud. It's definitely an improvement on the original.

CLIVE

You are sick. You are fucking psycho.

JANE

What, Baron Frankenstein doesn't approve? I thought this would be right up your alley.

CLIVE

This is the most evil, demented fucked-up thing I've ever heard of.

JANE

Not bad, huh? And you thought I was just a pretty face. Maybe not as pretty as your blond, blue-eyed girlfriend.

Clive snaps. He grabs Jane by the neck and starts to choke her. She doesn't stop smiling. Clive forces himself away from her.

JANE

Feel better? I certainly do.

CLIVE

You won't for long. You don't know all the damage your little jealous fit has caused.

JANE

Oh, I think I do.

CLIVE

No you don't.

Clive shakes his head and walks out the door.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: *PROMINENT GENETICIST COMMITS SUICIDE.*

INT. THE HYPER-SPACE - FLESH LOUNGE - DAY

The paper folds back to reveal Jimmy Dresden taking a satisfied drag from a cigarette.

JANE (OC)

So, what is it you want from me?

REVEAL Jane at the other end of the table nursing a florescent-green drink. She looks deeply troubled.

JANE

I'm not in a great mood.

JIMMY

Were you and Dr. James close?

JANE

Of course. He was my mentor for seven years.

Jimmy gives a sympathetic look to Jane, but his eyes are smiling.

JIMMY

Tragic

JANE

Yes, it's fucking tragic. Now is there a reason for this interrogation?

JIMMY

Just wanted to give you my card.

Jimmy hands it over. Jane reads it.

JANE

"James Dresden: Destructionist"? I thought you were with the police.

JIMMY

I lied so that you would meet with me.

Jane immediately stands, starts to leave.

JIMMY

I'm the one who made sure you had a jump on the 'People' cover.

She stops and turns.

JIMMY

I might be able to offer you some help.

JANE

A *destructionist* doesn't sound very constructive.

JIMMY

Depends on how you look at it.

Jimmy smiles. There's something intriguing enough about him to make Jane return to her chair.

JANE

Do you have a degree in 'destruction'?

JIMMY

Self-taught. It comes naturally.

JANE

And what exactly does it mean?

JIMMY

Well, it's kind of esoteric, but in a nutshell, I specialize in assisting the collapse of complex organized systems.

JANE

And someone pays you to do this?

JIMMY

Not exactly. I do it on spec, write about it, from an intimate, first hand point of view of course.

JANE

So, you're a journalist.

JIMMY

A little closer to a prankster, actually. I like to think of myself as the future of journalism. Or the prodigy of Hunter S. Thompson. Whichever you prefer.

JANE

I bet you were the kind of kid who liked to kick down other kids' sandcastles.

JIMMY

Very perceptive.

JANE

Why would I want you to kick down my sandcastle?

JIMMY

Maybe so you won't have to do it alone.

Jimmy gets up and leaves Jane to puzzle over this last statement.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A sparsely attended funeral.

Clive and Jane glare at each other from across Josef's coffin as it is lowered into the ground. Elsa is wrapped around Clive's arm, crying.

EXT. CEMETERY - PARKING LOT - LATER

Clive intercepts Jane as she goes to her car.

CLIVE  
I'm resigning tomorrow.

JANE  
You can't just walk away from this.

CLIVE  
I'm running away from it.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jane enters the room. She peers into the Hybrid's space. There is a flutter of wings and a blur of motion as she darts past the window.

JANE  
Come out, come out, where ever you are.

Another blur and the Hybrid is hanging from her perch. She is now THE HUMAN EQUIVALENT OF THIRTEEN YEARS OLD, her features have become noticeably similar to the adult Elsa.

Jane stares at her for a long time. The Hybrid is almost seductively beautiful - gossamer skin, dark opal eyes and an elegant, sinuous body.

Jane calls up the Hybrid Room's environmental control window on the computer. She selects "OXYGEN", then punches in a command: "PURGE".

INT. HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vents inlaid in the walls automatically open. With a powerful whooshing sound, the air is sucked out of the room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane calmly observes the Hybrid frantically fluttering around her prison like a butterfly in a killing jar.

INT. HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Hybrid collapses, choking for air.



INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane watches the Hybrid slowly asphyxiate. At the last possible second, she hits another command: "ABORT".

INT. HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The flow of oxygen reverses. The Hybrid crawls to a vent and takes long hauling breaths as the air rushes back into the room.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON THE LITTLE PLASTIC BALLERINA HYBRID

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

WIDE REVEAL: Elsa sitting forlornly among her possessions recently removed from Josef's house. In her hands, the toy hybrid Clive gave to her.

ELSA

I don't understand.

Clive stands over her. He has a bitter expression on his face.

CLIVE

We'll probably never know.

ELSA

Was he unhappy at work? I mean, that's where he really lived. Didn't you sense that anything was wrong?

CLIVE

Come on. Look who you're talking about.

ELSA

I can't believe he didn't say good-bye to me. He was the only family I have.

Elsa starts to cry. Clive crouches next to her. He looks at her intensely, gathers his courage.

CLIVE

Elsa, there's something I gotta to tell you about work.

She looks at him, tears streaming down her cheeks.

CLIVE

This is really hard on me.

ELSA

What is it?

Clive can't get it out.

CLIVE

I have to get back to the lab. I'm  
sorry I have to leave you now.

Clive gets up. Elsa protests with silence.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Clive comes into the room. The Hybrid is lying on the floor  
in a ball, shivering violently.

Clive checks the environmental stats. The temperature is set  
at freezing.

CLIVE

Jesus.

Clive turns the heat up to normal.

JANE (OC)

I thought you were going to quit.

Clive swivels around. Jane stands in the doorway.

CLIVE

What the fuck is this? It's  
practically freezing in there.

JANE

Is it? That was sloppy of me.

CLIVE

You could have killed her!

JANE

Really?

CLIVE

You are whacked, did you know that?  
You think you're torturing Elsa, well  
that isn't her.

JANE

I know who I'm torturing.

CLIVE

I don't want you near her, understand?  
I don't want to ever see you in this  
fucking room.

JANE

Well, with Josef gone and you bailing the program, I don't know who else can look after her.

Clive fights to control his rage.

CLIVE

Get out.

JANE

Men are all alike. Never can make up their minds.

CLIVE

GET OUT!

Jane smiles victoriously and leaves.

Clive watches the Hybrid slowly recover from the cold.

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clive and Elsa eating take-out.

ELSA

You know, Jane is right. You need to change your eating habits.

Clive picks at a soggy eggroll morosely.

ELSA

I thought what she did for us the other night was pretty exceptional. I don't think I could find it in my heart to be so forgiving. I mean, she's really a good person.

CLIVE

She has many sides.

ELSA

I'd like to get to know her better.

CLIVE

Not in this lifetime, please.

ELSA

What's wrong?

CLIVE

Nothing. I'm just dealing with some issues.

Elsa is suddenly livid.

ELSA

Well, don't you think I am?

She lets her chopsticks drop into her plate.

ELSA

This tastes like shit.

Clive takes a deep breath.

CLIVE

I'm sorry.

ELSA

It's okay.

Clive squeezes her hand. She brightens a little.

ELSA

(recovering)

I have a surprise for you by the way.

Call it an early Christmas present.

Elsa takes a manilla envelope out of her purse and puts it on the table.

ELSA

It's a boot.

Clive gives her a funny look.

ELSA

The kind of boot you visit.

Clive opens the envelope and pulls out two plane tickets to ITALY. He looks at her warmly.

ELSA

The *old* country.

CLIVE

This is so great.

Clive kisses her but then sobers.

CLIVE

However, the timing sucks.

Elsa's face drops.

ELSA

I thought you always wanted to go.

You've been studying Italian for

months.

CLIVE

It's work. I can't just leave.

ELSA

They're open tickets. We can go anytime we want.

CLIVE

I don't know when I'm going to be able to get away.

ELSA

Clive, I need this. This is a present for me too. I have to get out of here. It doesn't have to be right now, but sometime. Soon. Can't Jane cover for you?

CLIVE

It's not that simple.

ELSA

Why not?

Clive gets up.

CLIVE

Look, I have to get going.

ELSA

Why are you being so evasive?

CLIVE

I'm not being evasive.

ELSA

Is this what happened with Jane? You slowly cut yourself off.

CLIVE

Don't be ridiculous.

ELSA

This is really unfair, Clive.

CLIVE

I'm sorry.

He walks out the door.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Clive enters the room, now filled with discarded coffee cups and computer tear sheets.

Through the window, Clive can see the Hybrid, NOW A FULLY FORMED ADULT. Her face is the mirror image of Elsa's. Her wings and tail have matured too. She looks powerful.

CLIVE

What am I going to do with you?  
You're ruining my personal life.

Clive picks up the tape recorder, presses record.

CLIVE

Tuesday, December 4. H-437 continues to mature at an astonishing rate, physically and mentally.

Clive takes out a Rubik's Cube and places it in a drawer connecting to the Hybrid Room. He punches a button marked "STERILIZE" and the cube is pulled out of view with a faint sucking sound.

INT. HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cube arrives cradled in a metal drawer. The Hybrid tentatively picks it up.

She puts the cube in her mouth, her sharp, bird-like tongue flicking around it.

Realizing it's not meant for consumption, she quickly deduces that the sides can be rotated so that the colours are jumbled.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive watches the Hybrid rotating the cube's components.

CLIVE

That's it.

The Hybrid stops her activity, contemplates the puzzle, then re-configures it so that each side returns to its original solid colour.

CLIVE

Holy cats.

INT. HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now bored with her toy, the Hybrid drops it back into the drawer and slams it shut.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cube pops back into Clive's room. He picks it up, marveling.

CLIVE  
You are one smart chick.

Clive looks at the Hybrid. She sulks in the corner.

CLIVE  
You aren't going to survive in that  
room much longer, are you?

Clive punches a command into the computer console, "SLEEP". A  
gas seeps into the Hybrid's room.

CLIVE  
Dream time, angel.

INT. HYBRID ROOM - LATER

The Hybrid is asleep. A door opens. Clive enters the room,  
hidden within a hermetic suit. He kneels down next to her and  
unzips a bag containing a hypodermic needle. He takes a blood  
sample.

CLIVE'S POV of the Hybrid's face, sleeping peacefully.

DISSOLVE TO:

ELSA SLEEPING IN THE EXACT SAME POSITION.

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

WIDE REVEAL: Clive standing over Elsa observing her grimly.  
Elsa opens her eyes.

CLIVE  
I'm sorry.

Clive crumples into her arms.

ELSA  
It's okay. Shhh. Everything's going to  
be all right. I know you're devoted to  
your work.

INT. NOVAPHORM - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank sits behind her disproportionately large desk.

FRANK  
Congratulations to both of you. I've  
seen the lab results and it looks like  
we're getting what we need. It's the  
perfect Christmas present.

REVEAL Clive and Jane in their customary giant seats. Clive

is quiet and sullen. Jane is positively perky.

FRANK

I know that Josef's suicide has cast a cloud over the project but I assure you that Novaphorm is still backing it one hundred percent.

JANE

Thanks, Frank.

FRANK

As you know, The first public exhibition of our friends, Heckle and Jeckle, is rapidly approaching and I want to make sure all is well with both of you.

JANE

Things couldn't be better, Frank.

Clive shoots Jane a poisonous look.

CLIVE

I'm concerned about H-437's health. The containment room is too small.

FRANK

Do you want to expand the facility?

CLIVE

I don't think we have a choice.

FRANK

What are your feelings, Jane?

JANE

Whatever makes Clive happy.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. UNIVERSITY - ELSA'S OFFICE - DAY

Elsa works in a cupboard of an office. She looks fatigued.

A silhouetted figure knocks on the bevelled glass of the door.

ELSA

Yes.



The door gives way to reveal the smiling visage of JIMMY DRESDEN.

ELSA

Can I help you?

Jimmy saunters in, an unlit cigarette planted between his lips.

JIMMY

You certainly can.

Jimmy invites himself to sit down in front of Elsa's desk. She eyes him uneasily.

ELSA

Have we met?

JIMMY

No. I'm Jimmy.

He offers his hand. Elsa gives it a perfunctory shake.

ELSA

Are you faculty?

JIMMY

Just a working stiff. But I wanted your opinion.

ELSA

What about?

JIMMY

Ethics, actually. The ethics of evolution.

ELSA

I'm kinda busy now. Maybe we could---

JIMMY

This will just take a minute. I'm a friend of Clive's from the lab. He said I should talk to you.

This makes Elsa take pause.

JIMMY

I'm wondering, could evolution ever be considered evil?

ELSA

What kind of evolution? Darwinian evolution?

JIMMY

Oh, not that crank. Please. No I mean any kind of real change. Not a crackpot theory.

Elsa smiles at Jimmy's arrogance.

ELSA

Well, in the most general sense, if its a movement towards something more sophisticated, more advanced, more evolved, I think it has to be considered positive and therefore good.

JIMMY

Like modern society.

ELSA

I said 'sophisticated'.

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY

Don't think it's a good thing?

ELSA

Let's just say, I'd like to dispose of disposable culture.

JIMMY

I agree.

Jimmy rises, lights his cigarette.

ELSA

That's all?

JIMMY

Yeah. Thanks... Oh, also, I thought you might be interested... Clive. Your boyfriend. He's involved in some highly illegal activities.

ELSA

Pardon?

JIMMY

If you ever feel like talking about it. Call me.

Jimmy drops a card on her desk. Elsa picks it up.

ELSA

What's a 'Destructionist'?

As Jimmy heads out the door:

JIMMY  
What's an 'Ethicist'?

CLOSE ON THE HYBRID WAKING FROM A DEEP SLEEP.

INT. NEW HYBRID ROOM - DAY

WIDE REVEAL the Hybrid in an ENLARGED CONTAINMENT FACILITY. It looks like a little kid's room - one from the turn of the century - flowered wallpaper, wood furniture, stuffed animals. It is warm and natural, antique - the antithesis of the colourless, sterile world that she has known all her life.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive watches the Hybrid reacting to her new environment from a RENOVATED OBSERVATION ROOM.

CLIVE  
Happy birthday... one month old.

At first, the Hybrid shrinks back from her surroundings, but soon she is exploring this new universe. She touches and tastes every item.

Clive takes out A STUFFED HYBRID TOY identical to the one he bought at the variety store, only this one is a different colour. He sticks it in the sterilizing drawer. It's sucked out of his room.

INT. NEW HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The hybrid toy pops into the Hybrid Room. She examines the stuffed version of her cousins.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive watches as the Hybrid takes the key from around the stuffed hybrid's neck and inserts it into the keyhole in its belly button.

CLIVE  
That's it.

She turns the key and the toy hybrid's belly pops open to reveal the plastic ballerina hybrid, twirling to tinny electronic music.

She laughs, her wings slicing the air in delight.

Clive smiles. A ray of light piercing his dark world.

## INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clive enters the apartment now dressed with Christmas decorations. Elsa has been waiting for him.

CLIVE

You're still up.

ELSA

I want to talk to you.

CLIVE

Can it wait til morning?

ELSA

No. Because you won't have time tomorrow either.

CLIVE

I'm really tired.

ELSA

So am I. I'm tired of waiting for you while I waste away in this apartment.

CLIVE

C'mon. You have your work. You know how busy it is now for me.

ELSA

Or maybe you're never here so you don't have to tell me what's really going on.

CLIVE

What are you driving at?

ELSA

I don't know, but I can't help but feel like something is... not right.

CLIVE

Like what?

ELSA

I don't know. I mean you spend more time with your ex-girlfriend than you do with me. It's starting to make me wonder.

CLIVE

Jane? Are you out of your mind?

ELSA

What am I supposed to think. You've been so secretive lately. You're not yourself.

CLIVE

Believe me, it's not Jane.

ELSA

Is it someone else then?

CLIVE

Of course not. You don't understand the pressure I'm under right now.

ELSA

Then let me help you. I'm scared, Clive. Some creepy guy came by work today, wanting to know about you. Please, tell me what's going on.

Clive looks at her helplessly, unable to provide an explanation.

ELSA

You lied to me.

CLIVE

What are you talking about?

ELSA

You said you loved me. But your only giving me a ghost image of yourself. The real thing is hidden away somewhere.

CLIVE

I do love you.

ELSA

You say that too easily.

Clive heads back for the door. Elsa looks at him with a hurt expression.

ELSA

Don't expect me to be here when you get back.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Clive is asleep, his hand still grasping a coffee cup. He suddenly opens his eyes. The Hybrid has her face pressed up against the glass. Her eyes are inches away from Clive's. He starts.

The Hybrid begins to roll her body down the windowed wall. Her translucent skin presses up against the glass. The Hybrid touches the glass with her hand. She seems drained, lifeless.

Clive instinctively, reaches out and places his hand on top of hers. As her hands explore their way down the wall, Clive follows her, connecting his hand with her's along the way.

LATER

Clive speaks into the tape recorder.

CLIVE

Wednesday, December 19. Four a.m.. Day 34. H-437's health seems to have taken a downturn.

Clive checks heart rate and respiration monitors.

CLIVE

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

Clive watches the Hybrid, fascinated, as she rolls around on the floor, scratching the knob on her back where the wings are attached.

CLIVE

Development of hybrid extremities continues rapidly with no visible side effects.

The Hybrid yawns, closes her eyes. Her wings softly fall around her like a shawl.

CLIVE

Medically, she seems fine. But she has little energy. She looks sick. Depressed.

Clive switches off the tape recorder and takes a deep breath. He looks at the door.

He's agitated, clearly struggling with himself. He bounces off the chair, then back down again, pins his hands under his legs as if to tie himself down.

Suddenly, he gets up and bolts out the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - LAB - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Clive walks briskly down the corridor. He looks somewhat inhuman himself now, dressed head to toe in the requisite Protective Suit. He rounds a corner and faces

A DOOR

labeled: *ACCESS STRICTLY PROHIBITED*. Clive pulls out a special key and inserts it into a security control panel. With a faint hiss, the door begins to open. Clive steps in to

INT. NEW HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

CLIVE'S POV THROUGH THE SUIT: his periphery vision is severely limited by the head gear. He does a 360 around the room. Nothing.

Clive turns again and startles himself with his reflection in the two-way mirror.

He 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 is about to stand, the Hybrid JUMPS him from behind, gripping his torso with her arms and legs. She makes a strange SQUEALING SOUND, her tail thuds the floor, her wings flap furiously.

Clive SCREAMS. He struggles to break free, but she is too strong. He manages to roll to the floor, but she doesn't let go and they careen into the wall. Finally, with all 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

(breathing heavily)  
It's okay.

She snarls at him. Clive tries to recover. He speaks to her in a soothing voice as he backs himself towards the door.

CLIVE

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

CLIVE

(cont'd)

I like you very much.

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

CLIVE

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

Clive sees the stuffed hybrid. He picks it up off the bed and looks at her. She's watching him closely. He carefully opens the music box with the key. The music starts to play.

CLIVE

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

The Hybrid starts to SQUEAL. She is very agitated.

CLIVE

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

The Hybrid squeals louder. She's scared and unhappy. It's clear he's not communicating with her. Frustrated, Clive pulls off a glove, impetuously rips the protective gear off his head. She watches fascinated, suddenly seeing a head similar to hers.

CLIVE

Like this, a smile---

Clive puts a finger to the ends of his mouth, and pulls them up into a smile.

CLIVE

Like this... happy.

The creature suddenly giggles. Clive smiles.

CLIVE

Here, this is yours.

He hands the music box to her. She takes it. Her hand touches his. Clive almost jumps when he feels the translucent flesh. He's suddenly aware of what he has done, exposing himself to the Hybrid.

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



Then she reaches towards his face with her hand. Clive stands rigid, transfixed, as her delicate, white fingers trace his cheekbones, his eyebrows, travel across his lips.

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 in the blanket of feathers, too.

He gradually pulls away from her, but she leans into him again, hungry for more. Clive pushes her back and moves to the door. THE HYBRID LOOKS AT HIM WITH A HURT EXPRESSION IDENTICAL TO THE ONE ELSA GAVE HIM EARLIER.

Clive leaves the room, spooked.

INT. SCRUB ROOM - LATER

Clive violently scrubs his face and hands until they are raw.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Clive grabs the video tape out of the surveillance VCR as he hurries out of the lab.

INT. CANDYLAND - SECURITY DESK

Clive bangs on the window to get the Security Guard's attention

The Guard observes Clive's distraught state suspiciously.

GUARD  
Everything all right, Dr. Colins?

Clive breaks past the Guard, hardly acknowledging him.

CLIVE  
Lovely.

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clive enters the dark, empty apartment, illuminated only by Christmas lights.

CLIVE  
Elsa?

Clive goes into the bedroom. The dresser drawers are half open. Elsa's clothes are gone.

Clive collapses on the bed, fetal.

## INT. NEW HYBRID FACILITY - NIGHT

THE CAMERA DRIFTS SLOWLY across the Hybrid's room, past toys, furniture. In the background is the tinny chime of the music box. The CAMERA comes to rest on the the Hybrid's twisted form lying on the floor. She breathes weakly, HER FACE A MASS OF WEEPING SORES as if infected by some terrible disease.

In her hand is the stuffed hybrid, the music box slowly winding down.

## INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clive wakes with a start, sweating, he looks around the dark, lonely room, uncertain if what he has just experienced was a dream or a premonition. He bolts out of the bed, throwing on his clothes, and races out the door.

## INT. CANDYLAND - SECURITY DESK

Clive moves briskly through the warehouse. He feigns calm as he approaches the Guard.

GUARD

Didn't you just leave, Dr. Colins?

CLIVE

Actually, that was my clone.

GUARD

Excuse me?

CLIVE

Joke. Will you let me in...

Clive reads the Guard's name tag, 'Rebholz'.

CLIVE

...Herr Rebholz.

The Guard writes something down on a time sheet.

CLIVE

What's that?

GUARD

Gotta keep track of all persons leaving and entering the facility.

Clive glares at him.

## INT. SUB-SUB BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Clive exits the elevator and races down the corridor to

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive bursts into the room. He approaches the Hybrid Room dreading what awaits him.

CLIVE'S POV peering over the lip of the window. The Hybrid sits cross-legged on the floor - in perfect health - happily playing with the hybrid toy.

Clive drops into his chair with relief.

INT. NOVAPHORM - RECEPTION

Jane approaches Frank's office.

FRANK (VO)

Where's Clive?

INT. NOVAPHORM - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank and Jane are reclining in their customary seats.

FRANK

...I thought he would be with you.

JANE

We've been working separately lately.

FRANK

No matter.

Frank hands an envelope. Looks at Jane, hands her a second envelope.

FRANK

More for you.

Jane takes both envelopes, happily.

FRANK

Are you still on schedule for producing the prototype synthetic anti-biotic?

Jane smiles.

JANE

Ahead of schedule, actually, H-437 has been a veritable fountain of 11-39.

FRANK

Good, good. That should keep Senator Flowers off our back for a while. H-437 has been a charm. I have a strong personal interest in seeing her in the

FRANK

(cont'd)

flesh. Is she as lovely as photos suggest?

Jane eyes Frank.

JANE

She doesn't exactly fit the standard mold.

FRANK

That's what I was hoping.

JANE

If you don't mind, what is your personal interest in her, Frank?

FRANK

Call it a fetish for the exotic.

Frank let's Jane chew on that for a second and then clears her throat.

FRANK

By the way, Novaphorm wants to proceed immediately with Heckle and Jeckle's press event. I promise you, no expense will be spared.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Clive watches the Hybrid. She lies on the floor listlessly.

CLIVE

Dinner time.

Clive chimes the dinner bell in the Hybrid's room. The Hybrid doesn't respond to it.

CLIVE

Let's go. You haven't eaten in ages.

Clive chimes the bell, again to no effect. Frustrated, he activates the food dispenser.

INT. NEW HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The pasty food substance is excreted out of a cavity in the wall and drips onto the floor in an unappealing pile. The Hybrid hardly pays notice to it.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive looks on.

CLIVE

I can't say I blame you... Time to improve your diet.

Clive heads out of the room.

LATER

Clive has returned, having concocted a more appetizing menu - fruits, nuts and some fish. All of it has been carefully cleaned and prepared for easy consumption. He has a hamburger and fries for himself.

Clive places the Hybrid's food in a plastic container and drops it into the sterilizing drawer.

INT. NEW HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The drawer opens in the Hybrid's room. This time the Hybrid perks up a little. She takes the plastic container and opens the lid.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive watches, pleased, as the Hybrid examines her meal.

CLIVE

That's better, isn't it?

INT. NEW HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Hybrid looks from the food in her hand to the two-way mirror directly in front of her.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive watches as the Hybrid deliberately dumps her food on the floor. Then she drops to a sitting position and stares fixedly at the mirror.

CLIVE

Goddamn. Now that you've seen the Wizard, you aren't going back to the old ways. Is that it?

The Hybrid sits mutely staring as though she could see Clive on the other side of the mirror.

CLIVE

Stare all you want. I'm not coming out from behind the curtain again.

LATER

By virtue of the discarded, empty junkfood containers, it is

clear that some time has passed. Yet, the Hybrid has barely moved an inch. Clive implores her like an old Italian grandma.

CLIVE

*Mange, mange.*

Clive stands and paces. It is clear who is winning the staring contest.

CLIVE

*Felgercarb.*

INT. NEW HYBRID ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The vacuum-sealed door opens with a quiet gasp, cuing the Hybrid to twirl around from her fixed position, expectantly.

Clive steps into the room, this time sans-suit. He shuts the door behind him.

CLIVE

You win.

The Hybrid smiles at the sight of him. Her wings fan out.

CLIVE

Good to see you again, too.

The Hybrid leaps up to her perch, and with gymnastic grace, swings upside down so that she is eye-level with Clive. He tries to move around her, but in a flash she has righted herself on the floor and stands in front of him.

He stumbles back, startled, tripping on the apple.

The Hybrid bursts into a chortle-like laugh as Clive completes his pratt-fall by landing squarely on his back. He sits up slowly.

CLIVE

You should see what I can do with a banana peel.

Clive gathers himself up and collects the remaining food into the plastic bin. He holds it up to the Hybrid.

CLIVE

Okay, now you eat. Right?

The Hybrid moves close to him, questioningly. As a means of demonstration, Clive pops one of the nuts in his mouth and chews on it. He holds a handful out to her.

The Hybrid bends forward and eats out his palm, her sharp

tongue tickling him in the process.

CLIVE

That's it.

She looks up at him lovingly.

Clive can't help himself. He smiles back.

EXT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clive, exhausted, stumbles towards his apartment. Behind him, Elsa gets out of her parked car. She's been waiting for him.

ELSA

Clive.

Clive doesn't turn, he quickens his pace.

ELSA

Clive!

Elsa intercepts him.

ELSA

I've been waiting in my car for four hours. At least, acknowledge me.

CLIVE

There's nothing to talk about.

ELSA

Are you completely without feelings?

Clive looks into her eyes, as though he is about to say something, but he pushes past her instead.

ELSA

Come back. I need you. I'm afraid.

Clive opens the lobby door.

CLIVE

Please. Stay away.

The door slams behind him.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - DAY

Jane is examining Jeckle, the female hybrid. She looks sick. Her wings are molting, feathers falling out everywhere. Heckle is screaming.

JANE  
(to Jeckle)  
You are a mess.  
(to Heckle)  
What are you screaming about? She's  
the one that's sick.

Jane feeds Jeckle some medicine.

JANE  
Better get well fast. Your television  
debut is coming up.

The telephone rings.

JANE  
Hello, Dr. Beckett...

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - BOOTH - DAY

Elsa sits at a booth. She looks deeply troubled. She's  
talking to someone.

ELSA  
He's another person. I don't  
understand what's going on. He won't  
talk to me. I left him. But that's  
only because I didn't know what else  
to do. I love him and I know he's in  
some kind of trouble. I just don't  
know how to help.

REVEAL JANE, an artificial look of concern on her face.

ELSA  
Was he ever like this with you? I  
mean, when you were seeing each other.

JANE  
No, it doesn't sound like him at all.

ELSA  
Well, how is he at work? Has he  
changed?

JANE  
We're involved in separate aspects of  
the project now. But, if you want, I  
could check up on him for you.

ELSA  
I'm sorry to ask you for this, given  
all that's happened.



JANE  
Anything I can do to help.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE SURVEILLANCE VCR - the power is off. CAMERA PANS TO the two-way mirror, where Clive can be seen entering the Hybrid's room. He looks tired and disheveled.

INT. NEW HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive shuts the door behind him. The Hybrid smiles at the sight of him. This time, Clive doesn't smile back.

CLIVE  
Hi.

The Hybrid sings a beautiful, bird-like call. Clive hands the Hybrid her now standard healthy meal of fish and veggies.

While she feasts, Clive lowers himself to a crouched position, and scratches his three-day-old beard like a man contending with a timeless mystery.

CLIVE  
How do I get myself into these relationships?

The Hybrid looks up from dinner, trying to assess Clive's state of mind.

CLIVE  
Is there something you want from me?

The Hybrid looks at him innocently.

CLIVE  
Don't give me that look. I know how smart you are. Have me wrapped around your finger... You know what that's called?

Clive stands. He looks a little unhinged.

CLIVE  
That's called passive aggressive behavior.

Clive walks away from her and presses his face against the floral wallpaper.

CLIVE  
There was actually a time when I enjoyed the chaos of my life.

The Hybrid stands, stretches. Clive turns back to her. She smiles at him, calls to him.

CLIVE

Yes? Anything else room service can do for you?

She just gazes at him with her baby seal-eyes.

CLIVE

You are truly beautiful, aren't you?

A funny look crosses his face. Clive slowly moves towards her.

CLIVE

What do I look like to you? Pretty weird, huh? Missing a few appendages.

There is something unsettling about Clive's demeanor now. She backs away from him slightly.

CLIVE

What? Something I said?

Clive moves closer to her. The Hybrid backs into the corner.

CLIVE

It's okay. You don't have to be afraid. C'mon, we go way back. I'm the creator. Remember?

Clive is very close to the Hybrid. He examines her naked body, whispers gently.

CLIVE

What do you want?

Clive plants his hands on either side of her. Leans in.

CLIVE

It's okay.

He breathes in her sent. Whispers like a mantra:

CLIVE

It's okay, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay...

while his lips move towards hers. She doesn't resist, lets them contact. Clive reaches up, places his hand on her breast. She shivers, afraid. Clive presses his body against hers, rubbing up and down, rhythmically.

CLIVE

...it's okay...

The Hybrid protests with a weak cry. Clive takes her by the wrists holds them against the wall. She struggles, but he's pressing hard. He leans in for more, but then...

Clive stops himself. Pulls back. He looks into her eyes and sees the fear.

CLIVE

Oh my god.

Clive turns away from her.

CLIVE

What the fuck is wrong with me?

Clive crumples on the floor.

CLIVE

I'm going out of my mind.

Clive rolls himself into a ball as though he were trying to squeeze into nothingness.

The Hybrid regards him from her corner, cautiously moves over to him.

Clive feels something on his shoulder. It's the Hybrid's hand. She runs her fingers along his back. He looks up.

She is staring at him. This time there is compassion in her eyes.

CLIVE

I'm sorry...

Clive breaks away from her returning to his fetal position, only now he is crying.

CLIVE

You aren't going to live long, you know. This is all coming to an end.

The Hybrid bends down and holds him in her arms. They rock back and forth for a long time. Clive looks up at her.

CLIVE

...sorry.

The Hybrid takes her finger and guides the corners of Clive's mouth into a smile.

She stares at him, smiling too.

Then at an infinitesimally slow rate, she lowers her mouth to his. Clive holds still, transfixed.

As their lips touch, Clive closes his eyes, melts into her. He brings his hand up to her cheek and then lets it fall down her neck, across her shoulders, down her arm to her hand. Gently pushes his fingers between hers and locks their hands together.

The Hybrid wraps her legs firmly around Clive's waist. He runs his other hand along her back up to the knob in her shoulders where her wings sprout. He feels the skin, soft and warm, powerful muscles and tendons running under tiny feathers that gradually increase in size and coarseness.

The Hybrid delicately tugs at his shirt, lifting it off his torso and over his head. Clive pulls her close, a charge igniting as their bare chests meet. She presses tightly against him, running her sharp tongue around his neck and back up to his mouth where it caresses his lips.

INT. CORRIDOR - LAB - NIGHT

Jane walks down the corridor to the Observation Room.

JANE

Clive. Hello? Oh, Clive. You'll never guess who I saw today.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane enters the empty room. It's a mess of discarded cups and abandoned meals.

JANE

Jesus, Clive. This place stinks. You really need to learn to clean up after you---

Jane is stopped mid-sentence by what she sees on the video monitor. It looks like Clive has been watching a porn movie, until she begins to make out the figures. She turns and gasps at what she spies through the portal to the Hybrid's room:

CLIVE AND THE HYBRID MAKING LOVE, their naked bodies entwined on the padded floor.

Jane backs away from the shocking view through the window. She accidentally jostles a shelf causing an avalanche of videotapes to fall to the floor. But Clive and the Hybrid are oblivious to the noise in their hermetic world.

Jane takes one of the tapes, jams it into the surveillance VCR and presses record. She watches with fascinated revulsion

while...

INT. NEW HYBRID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Hybrid and Clive are bathed in sweat, her wings fanned out and her tail curling around his leg as she undulates on top of him.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Clive enters the now empty room. He looks through the portal at the Hybrid asleep in the blanket of her wings.

Then he sees the pile of tapes that Jane knocked onto the floor. Sorting through them, he notices that one is missing.

CLIVE

Shit.

He drops into his chair, considering the implications.

INT. NEW HYBRID ROOM - LATER

The door opens and Clive enters. The Hybrid wakes, thumps her tail happily.

This time, however, Clive doesn't close the door after himself. He holds out his hand and steps back over the threshold.

The Hybrid looks beyond the border of her little universe. Fear crosses her face.

CLIVE

Come on. It's okay.

The Hybrid shrinks from the entrance way.

CLIVE

Believe me, there's nothing special out there.

Clive comes into the room. He gently takes the Hybrid by her hand and leads her to the doorway.

The Hybrid protests but she follows him. At the threshold, she cries out.

CLIVE

What?

The Hybrid looks back. Clive gets it.

CLIVE

Of course.

Clive grabs her favourite toy - the stuffed hybrid. With this in hand, the Hybrid crosses into

THE HALLWAY

She looks around this new environment. It's a different shape than the world she has know all her life.

As Clive shuts the door, the Hybrid watches her past slowly vanish from view forever.

INT. CANDYLAND - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Clive exits the elevator with the Hybrid in tow. She observes this new reality with wide-eyed awe. Clive motions to her to stay put. She doesn't seem to comprehend the meaning of his gesture at all. He pats the floor.

CLIVE

Sit, sit. Understand?

She catches his meaning. Clive backs through the doorway.

CLIVE

Stay here. I'll be right back... Stay.

Clive shuts a door behind him. The Hybrid stares at the door, worried. She stands up.

INT. CANDYLAND - SECURITY DESK - NIGHT

The Security Guard, REBHOLZ is reading a magazine. Clive comes up behind him and raps on the glass indicating that he needs to be let out.

The Rebholz waves to him and releases the lock. Clive steps through the doorway.

CLIVE

Thanks... uh... Hey, I don't know your name.

Rebholz looks at Clive like he's got a screw loose. He points to his name tag. Clive eyes the gun hanging in the Rebholz's holster.

CLIVE

...Your first name.

REBHOLZ

Bob.

CLIVE

Bob. Great.

Clive looks over at the Rebholz's gallon coffee brewer.

CLIVE

Like your coffee, Bob?

REBHOLZ

Gotta stay up.

CLIVE

Looks pretty good. You know, I could really go for a cup. Mind?

Rebholz gives him a nod.

CLIVE

Refill?

GUARD

Sure. Just half a lump. And a lotta cream.

Clive goes to the coffee maker and pours a couple of cups. Into Rebholz's coffee he slips a massive dose of tranquillizers.

CLIVE

Smells great. What kind of coffee is this?

He turns and hands it over.

REBHOLZ

Just coffee.

To Clive's horror, behind Rebholz, through the glass partition, the Hybrid's figure steps into view. She's looking for Clive. She smiles when she sees him.

CLIVE

*Salute di tutti.*

Clive takes a sip. Rebholz blows on his. He's in no hurry. He eyes Clive suspiciously. The Hybrid seems upset that Clive is ignoring her. She waves her arms at him.

REBHOLZ

Can I help you with anything else?

CLIVE

Just nice to shoot the shit. Get's pretty lonely down there.

Rebholz nods, finally cracking a smile.

REBHOLZ

This job can be that way too.

Rebholz takes big sip of coffee. Clive watches him expectantly. The Hybrid is searching for some way out of her new prison. Oblivious to this activity, Rebholz rambles on:

REBHOLZ

You know, I used to work the night shift at the zoo. Now that's even worse. To be surrounded by all these weird animals, but no people what-so-ever. Somehow it made me feel like I was the last person alive. ---You know, by contrast like. God that place gave me the creeps.

Rebholz takes another sip, but the tranquilizer doesn't seem to be effecting him at all. Clive smiles nervously. The Hybrid is now frantically looking for a way out.

REBHOLZ

The worst were the peacocks. I don't like birds to begin with but these things... Well, they make the most god awful sound, like a woman being murdered. I don't mind telling you, it would scare the hell out of me. There was this one time---

SUDDENLY THE HYBRID BANGS ON THE GLASS, SCREECHING AND FURIOUSLY FLAPPING HER WINGS. Rebholz turns, sees her - the blood instantly draining from his face.

REBHOLZ

Ahhhhh!

He turns back just as Clive tosses the vat of piping hot coffee on him. Clive releases the lock. The Hybrid immediately escapes. Then he pushes the screaming Guard inside, sealing him in. Rebholz pounds the glass uselessly, slowly succumbing to the tranquilizers and collapsing from view.

Clive scribbles a note on Rebholz's desk: "BACK IN FIFTEEN" and leads the Hybrid through the empty, cavernous warehouse.

INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The phone is ringing. A feminine hand picks it up - Elsa.



ELSA

Hello--- Calm down. Calm--- Jesus,  
Clive. What the hell's got into you?  
I've been here--- What?... Wait a  
minute... Why?...

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT

Elsa drives up. Clive is waiting for her in the shadows. He  
points a flashlight in her direction.

ELSA

Clive, what in the hell is going on?  
Stop flashing that in my face, for  
god's sake.

CLIVE

Follow me.

ELSA

What's this about?

CLIVE

Just come with me!

ELSA

Is this some kind of cute trick to get  
back together? Because it's not going  
to be that easy.

Clive looks at her grimly.

CLIVE

Don't worry. It's nothing like that.

INT. UNIVERSITY - VARIOUS

Clive leads Elsa through the maze of passages leading to

THE STAIRWELL

where he stops for a beat and turns to her with a sober  
expression.

CLIVE

Elsa, there is no way for me to  
prepare you for what you are about to  
see. But please, what ever you do,  
just try and stay calm.

ELSA

Is this a joke?

CLIVE

It's not a joke.

Clive opens the door leading to the  
CLOCK TOWER

and steps through with Elsa in tow.

ELSA

Clive, you're really starting to freak  
me out.

CLIVE

Just stay calm.

ELSA

The more you say that, the more you  
freak me out.

CLIVE

It's important that you don't make any  
noise. Promise me.

ELSA

Just tell me what it is.

Clive takes a deep breath.

CLIVE

It's you.

He directs the beam of his flashlight into the corner of the  
clock tower where the Hybrid cowers in a ball.

Elsa SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

A VIDEO TAPE SLAPPED DOWN ON A FLESHY SURFACE.

INT. FLESH LOUNGE - THE HYPER-SPACE - NIGHT

WIDE REVEAL: Jane passing the video tape to Jimmy Dresden on  
a table of flesh.

JIMMY

What's on it?

JANE

Believe me, it doesn't need an  
explanation.

JIMMY

What do you want me to do with it?

JANE

I want you to kick down my sandcastle.

INT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Elsa isn't screaming anymore, she's just in a state of shock.

She and the Hybrid stare at each other, terrified - two sides of a mirror.

CLIVE

So, now you know what I do at work.

Elsa looks at Clive, uncomprehending.

ELSA

Why?

CLIVE

It wasn't supposed to be you. It was supposed to be an anonymous donor.

ELSA

Why did you do it?

CLIVE

It wasn't me. It was Jane. She used your DNA in the experiment.

ELSA

But *why*? ...How could you... How could you do this to a human being?

Clive can't answer. Elsa gets up and tries to leave. Clive blocks her way. He holds onto her.

ELSA

Let go of me. I want to get out of here.

CLIVE

Please. I need your help.

ELSA

Get away from me. I don't know you. I don't know how I could ever have been with you!

CLIVE

Calm down. Please.

JANE

You're a monster. Both of you. You and Jane are monsters.

CLIVE

Shhh. Please. I know. Why do you think

CLIVE  
(cont'd)

Josef killed himself.

ELSA

Leave my brother out of this.

CLIVE

He did it when he realized he cloned  
you.

ELSA

He would never do something like this.

CLIVE

Josef was as much a part of it as me.

Elsa puts her hands over her ears. She doesn't want to hear  
it. She screams.

CLIVE

He wanted to do it!

Elsa screams again. The Hybrid is becoming very agitated. She  
jumps up, SCREECHING. Clive presses his hand over Elsa's  
mouth.

CLIVE

Quiet! Elsa, please calm down.

The sight of the Hybrid upset freezes Elsa. Clive removes his  
hand. Elsa takes quick staccato breaths. In a blur of  
flapping wings, the Hybrid leaps into the air and alights  
onto an overhanging beam.

CLIVE

Elsa, forget about me. I need you to  
help her.

Clive looks to the Hybrid, cloaking herself under her wings.

CLIVE

Someone broke into my lab and stole a  
surveillance tape. When they realize  
they could be exposed, Novaphorm will  
destroy the evidence.

Elsa is starting to listen.

CLIVE

All the evidence.

Elsa looks at her double, the fear in the Hybrid's eyes.

CLIVE

You always wanted a purpose in life.  
Help her.

ELSA

What---

CLIVE

She's a part of you.

ELSA

But what can I possibly do?

CLIVE

Hide her.

ELSA

Until when?

CLIVE

I don't know. I'm making this up as I  
go.

ELSA

I can't---

CLIVE

You have to. There's no one else. I'm  
the first person they're going to come  
to.

ELSA

This isn't my responsibility.

Elsa starts out. Clive holds her back, makes one last  
desperate plea:

CLIVE

You know, you were right. All those  
times you questioned me. Questioned my  
feelings. I never loved you. Just like  
I never loved Jane. Just like I  
probably never loved anyone except  
maybe myself. 'Love', I don't know  
what that word means. I lied to you. I  
manipulated you into being with me  
because that's what I wanted at that  
moment. I wasn't committed. It would  
only have been a matter of time before  
I would have dumped you, or cheated...  
I... I... have done very questionable  
things. But now for the first time I  
care. I care about something outside  
of myself - *Her*. Please, I'm begging  
you. Elsa. I know you. You aren't like  
me. You know how to feel.

Elsa takes this in, makes a decision. She answers with a question.

ELSA

What are you going to do?

CLIVE

My specialty... keep up appearances.

INT. NOVAPHORM - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The auditorium-sized room is packed with people of all descriptions, many of them wearing Heckle and Jeckle t-shirts and hats, kids with stuffed hybrid toys and several television crews. Banners proclaim, "SAY HI TO THE HYBRIDS" and "THE HYBRIDS CELEBRATE THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS"

BACKSTAGE: Pandemonium ensues. Jane and a STAGE TECH battle their way through dancers and musicians dressed in hybrid costumes.

STAGE TECH

Dr. Beckett, do you need anything?

JANE

Yes. For you to cancel this fucking atrocity.

STAGE TECH

Uh, I'm just a floor manager. Do you want to talk to the---

JANE

Fucking supervisor. Yes! Tell him that one of the hybrids is very ill. And there's no way I'm going out there.

The PRODUCER of the show comes into view.

PRODUCER

Is something wrong, Jane?

JANE

We can't have both the hybrids go out there. Yesterday, I was assured that we would just show Heckle.

PRODUCER

Well, I'm only doing what I'm told. And my understanding is that we have to show both of them.

JANE

Jeckle is very ill and unless you want

JANE

(cont'd)

three networks and four hundred people staring at comatose hybrid, I suggest you change your plans.

PRODUCER

Why don't we take a look. They were shipped from the lab yesterday afternoon.

ON THE STAGE

The MC is making his introduction.

MC

Ladies and Gentlemen, today Novaphorm is proud to present the first public viewing of the most significant advance in modern science...

The show begins with a Broadway-style musical number featuring dancing hybrids.

Clive comes into the auditorium. He's unshaven and disheveled. A TECHIE spots him.

TECHIE

(speaking into a com-linc)

I got him.

(to clive)

Dr. Colins, this way please.

The Techie leads Clive to the dressing room.

BACKSTAGE

Jane examines the hybrids in their SEPARATE CAGES. Jeckle seems to be right as rain.

JANE

I don't understand. She was sick as a dog.

PRODUCER

Guess you really know how to engineer 'em.

The Producer notices Clive, now cleaned up and in fresh clothes, approaching.

PRODUCER

Clive! Thank goodness. I didn't think you'd make it.

Clive and Jane exchange an icy look.

ON STAGE

The musical number finishes.

MC

And now let's give a warm welcome to everybody's favorite geneticists, Dr. Clive Colins and Dr. Jane Beckett.

Clive and Jane step onto the stage. A smattering of applause.

MC

And the two individuals who are the real reason we are all gathered here today. The world's first artificially manufactured chimeras, H-435 or as she's better known - JECKLE!

A CAGE RISES OUT OF THE FLOOR CONTAINING JECKLE.

The audience gasps. Jeckle shrieks and unfurls her wings. THEY'VE CHANGED FROM A DRAB GREY TO A BRILLIANT COLLAGE OF COLOURS.

JANE

(whispering to herself)  
That dolt he's got them mixed up.

FLASHBULBS go off. The hybrid bounces in her glass cage.

MC

And her faithful companion... H-436 or as he's better known - HECKLE!

A SECOND CAGE RISES OUT OF THE STAGE adjacent to the first. MORE FLASHBULBS.

MC

Let's have these two monkeys of a feather say hello to each other, shall we?

THE BARRIER between the cages drops, so that the hybrids now occupy the same confined space.

Heckle fans out his wings - THEY TOO ARE MULTI-COLOURED.

CLIVE

What's going on?

Instantly, the hybrids freak out, hissing at each other and displaying their fangs.



MC

Uh, looks like a little bit of a  
lovers quarrel, folks.

Jane is starting to clue in.

JANE

Separate them! Put the barrier back  
up!

Too late. Heckle and Jeckle attack each other like rabid  
animals.

MC

Oh my god! Jesus!

The audience reacts in horror as blood and viscera splatters  
against the glass walls of the cage. Stage hands rush over  
but they're powerless to stop the carnage.

The ferocious battle continues until the hybrids are hidden  
from view by blood-soaked glass.

A breathless moment of quiet.

And suddenly, the sounds of violence resume full force as A  
PORTION OF THE GLASS CAGE SHATTERS and the frenzied, mangled  
forms of Heckle and Jeckle explode into the unsuspecting  
audience.

Men, women and children scatter as the hybrids tear into each  
other, upturning chairs and leaving a trail of blood, flesh  
and feathers in their wake.

Within thirty seconds, Heckle and Jeckle have literally torn  
each other to pieces, reduced to two lifeless, pulpy  
carcasses on the dirty auditorium floor.

The entire auditorium is frozen in stunned silence.

Jane suddenly notices Clive is gone.

BACKSTAGE

Clive heads for the exit. Jane catches up to him.

JANE

Clive, wait.

Jane gets in front of him.

CLIVE

Get out of my way.

JANE

You aren't going to leave me holding  
the bag.

CLIVE

Move.

Jane holds her ground. Clive forcefully pushes Jane aside and passes through the exit straight out into...

EXT. NOVAPHORM - CONTINUOUS

...the clutches of the press. They're everywhere cameras aimed, shouting questions.

REPORTERS VARIOUS

Clive! What happened?/ Are the 400  
series psychotic?/ Is it true that  
you and Jane split up?

Jane breaks out of the doorway and stumbles to a halt next to Clive. They are deer caught in the headlights.

REPORTERS VARIOUS

Jane! What's your take on the violent  
nature of the Heckle and Jeckle?/ Do  
you still love Clive?/ What will  
Novaphorm do now?/ Was Josef James  
really murdered by the hybrids?

Clive and Jane are stunned speechless. This time they don't have any smart answers.

Clive retreats back inside and Jane quickly follows.

INT. NOVAPHORM - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Clive and Jane descend a stairwell. Clive is in the lead.

JANE

Clive, slow the fuck down.

Clive rounds a corner and passes through a doorway leading to

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jane follows Clive underground. He's looking for his car.

CLIVE

Stay away from me.

JANE

We got into this together. We're  
taking the fall together.

CLIVE  
I don't care about that.

JANE  
You can't run away.

Clive finds his car and unlocks the door.

CLIVE  
I'm not running.

JANE  
Looks like it to me.

CLIVE  
Do you know what happened back there?

JANE  
No. Do you?

CLIVE  
No. But I'm afraid it's about to  
happen again.

Clive climbs into his car. Jane leans against the windscreen.

JANE  
I took the tape.

This stops Clive momentarily.

JANE  
I saw what you were doing.

She looks at him probingly.

JANE  
They'll go to the facility. They'll  
kill it. It's all stopping now.

Clive starts the motor.

CLIVE  
It's just beginning.

With that, he screeches out of the garage. Jane watches him go, while in the background a pack of REPORTERS rush towards her.

INT. ELSA'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Elsa drives into the country. She looks back. Lying on the back seat is the Hybrid. She doesn't look well. In fact SHE LOOKS JUST AS JECKLE DID - THE FEATHERS MOULTING OFF HER WINGS.

ELSA  
Getting car sick?

The Hybrid moans. Elsa presses a button on the dash and the MOON ROOF purrs open, letting in a rush of cool air.

EXT. JOSEF'S COTTAGE - DAY

Elsa pulls up to the secluded cottage. Fresh snow is on the ground - a perfect Christmas scene. She gets out, puts on her parka and looks around - there's no one around for miles. Elsa goes to the back of the car and helps the Hybrid out.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Elsa enters the cottage supporting the Hybrid on her shoulder. She looks very weak. Elsa lays her gently down on the bed.

ELSA  
I must be out of my mind.

The Hybrid coos softly. Her voice is delicate and musical. Elsa is drawn to it, in spite of herself. She seems to want her to be close to Elsa.

Elsa kneels down, next to the bed. She places her hand on the Hybrid's forehead.

ELSA  
You're burning up, aren't you?

The Hybrid releases another bird-like warble.

ELSA  
God, what do I do?

Elsa goes into the kitchen area. She starts some water boiling. Inside a cupboard are some dried soups. Elsa looks at a packet: Chicken noodle.

ELSA  
Better not.

She selects a vegetarian choice.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN:

A NEWS TELECAST is in progress. NEWS COVERAGE of Heckle and Jeckle killing each other.

ANCHOR (VO)

A bad day for pharmaceutical giant, Novaphorm, when the public unveiling of the genetically engineered hybrid chimeras, Heckle and Jeckle, ended tragically. Prompting Senator Helen Flowers, a staunch opponent, to speak out.

Flowers pops onto the screen

FLOWERS

Today's incident is just the tip of the iceberg. I have just received a video tape that contains irrefutable evidence that Novaphorm has been conducting appalling experiments incorporating human DNA...

Now a view of Flowers pursued by the press

ANCHOR

Novaphorm's lawyers have managed to obtain a court injunction on the tape, until Flowers can prove the authenticity of her source---

The TV screen is turned off

WIDE REVEAL:

INT. NOVAPHORM - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank puts down the television remote, a grim expression on her face.

INT. CANDYLAND - DAY

A GROUP OF SUITED MEN approach the security desk. They pick up the note - "BACK IN FIFTEEN"

They pound uselessly on the door.

INT. JOSEF'S COTTAGE - DAY

Elsa is caring for the Hybrid.

ELSA

You're losing your feathers.

Elsa brushes some of the loose feathers off of the Hybrid's wings. Underneath the molting grey ones is a glimpse OF NEW COLOURFUL FEATHERS.

## INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Jane is examining the remains of the Heckle and Jeckle on a makeshift trauma unit. She discovers something on the body of Jeckle that makes her gasp.

JANE

God.

## INT. CANDYLAND - BARRIER - DAY

The lock is being soldered off from the outside. The door bursts open, wedging into the still unconscious Security Guard.

## INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LAB

The door explodes open. The suited men rush in to find the empty Hybrid Room.

## INT. JOSEF'S COTTAGE - SUNSET

Orange light of the sinking winter sun blazes through the windows. Elsa dabs the Hybrid with a cool sponge.

ELSA

You're so beautiful.

The Hybrid looks at her with opal eyes. Her stare is almost hypnotic.

ELSA

It's not vain of me to say that, do you think?

The Hybrid takes Elsa's hand in her own. They watch each other for a long time in silence.

ELSA

It's going to be all right.

The Hybrid rises into a sitting position - a little too fast. She suddenly seems very powerful, all signs of the illness gone. She stares at Elsa with an intensity that is unnerving.

ELSA

(becoming afraid)

It's okay. No one is going to hurt you.

She tries to gently pull her hand away, but the Hybrid strengthens her grip. Elsa looks back at the Hybrid. The dark eyes now seem to betray a malevolent intent.

The Hybrid stands, lifting Elsa with her.

ELSA

It's okay. You can let go of me.

Elsa tries to break the grip. It's like steel.

INT. CLIVE'S CAR - TRAVELING - SUNSET

Clive is trying to make head or tail of a map while the sun glares in his eyes. He rips the map away to see he's drifted into the path of a DEER crossing the road. He slams on the brakes skidding to a stop just shy of the animal. A weird moment where the deer silently stares at Clive as if sharing his *deja vu*, then it bounds into the woods.

INT. COTTAGE - SUNSET

Elsa is still in the Hybrid's grip. Her clone draws her close and lets out a HORRIBLE HIGH PITCHED CRY.

Elsa somehow manages to rip her hand away. She backs toward the door.

ELSA

I'm just trying to help you.

The Hybrid moves closer to her. Elsa opens the door.

EXT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Elsa steps outside and breaks into a sprint for her car, her feet dropping into the drifted snow. Above her is the sound of flapping wings. And then, in a blur of motion, the Hybrid is in front of her, perched on the roof of the car. It releases another mournful cry.

Elsa screams. She turns and runs. Behind her, another haunting call.

Elsa breaks into

THE WOODS

She knows them well - years of hide and seek with a little Josef. She runs purposefully to an outcropping of rock. She scrambles inside a space that would be comfortable for a child but barely covers the adult Elsa.

She waits breathlessly. While the SOUND OF FLAPPING WINGS PASSES OVERHEAD. Something lands on the rock above her, small debris, dirt and pebbles cascade in front of the opening. A HOLLOW CRY.

Elsa stares helplessly at the tiny space that opens into the

forest, waiting.

Then more flapping wings... and snow dampened silence.

As quietly as she can, Elsa squeezes out of the opening and looks around: Nothing.

She bolts through the white forest while the sun sets in the background.

EXT. FROZEN SWAMP - TWILIGHT

Elsa runs though SHOULDER HIGH CAT TAILS.

She slips and falls out of view. She lies on the ice crusted pond, trying to choke back her breath, waits a long time. Finally, she rises. Elsa slowly pokes her head above the horizon of cat tails. She looks around - nothing in any direction.

From behind Elsa TWO ENORMOUS MULTICOLOURED WINGS silently spread outward as the form of the Hybrid rises into view.

As Elsa turns, the wings envelope her.

INT. CLIVE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Clive switches on his high beams - IT'S STARTING TO BLIZZARD.

CLIVE

Where the fuck is it?

Clive spots the turn-off.

EXT. JOSEF'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Clive roars up the dirt driveway, parking his car next to Elsa's.

INT. JOSEF'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Clive bursts into the pitch black cottage. He searches for the lights. Turns them on. There's no sign of Elsa or the Hybrid.

CLIVE

Elsa!

Clive examines the remains of soup burning on the still lit stove.

Suddenly, a rapping on the door.

CLIVE

Elsa?



Clive opens the door. It isn't Elsa. It's that STRANGE OLD WOMAN who was noseying around last time he was at the cottage.

OLD WOMAN

Who are you?

CLIVE

We've met. Have you seen Elsa?

OLD WOMAN

That's right. ---Clive is it? You're Elsa's fella, aren't ya?

CLIVE

(impatient)

Have you seen Elsa around?

OLD WOMAN

Can't say I have. Heard about Josef though. That was sad. A young man too. Did you know him?

CLIVE

We worked together. Look, don't you have to be going?

The sound of another car pulling up the drive interrupts.

OLD WOMAN

This place's turning into Grand Central Station.

The sound of a car door slamming. JANE BURSTS IN.

CLIVE

What the fuck are you doing here?

JANE

There aren't too many places for you to hide.

CLIVE

Would you just leave me the fuck alone?

JANE

I was expecting to find Elsa here.

CLIVE

So was I.

JANE

(re: old woman)

Who's she?

CLIVE

I don't know.  
(to the old woman)  
Would you leave?

Insulted, the old bag heads out the door.

OLD WOMAN

Sakes.

CLIVE

(to Jane)  
Why don't you go too?

JANE

I have to talk to you.

CLIVE

There isn't time for this.

JANE

There's a lot of shit going down. And we're in it together.

CLIVE

This is not the right time to talk about it.

JANE

Don't you get it? They're going to eat us alive.

CLIVE

It's a lot worse than that.

Jane looks at him apprehensively.

JANE

What did you do?

Clive doesn't answer.

JANE

What have you done, Clive?

CLIVE

I took her out of the containment facility.

JANE

WHAT?!

CLIVE

You didn't give me much choice, did you?

JANE

Where is it?

Clive indicates the cottage with his eyes. Jane looks around, unnerved.

CLIVE

...Or somewhere around here.

JANE

Are you nuts. It could be fucking dangerous.

CLIVE

That's what I'm afraid of.

Jane heads for the door. Clive stops her.

CLIVE

But I can't let her die. I feel responsible.

JANE

*It isn't human.*

CLIVE

That doesn't matter. Don't let them destroy her.

JANE

What difference does it make. We're fucked. We're all totally fucked.

CLIVE

Listen, we have to find her and Elsa. I'm afraid... I'm afraid the same thing that happened to Heckle and Jeckle is going to happen to them.

Jane relaxes enough to smile.

JANE

Well, you don't have to worry about that.

Clive gives her a probing look.

JANE

Heckle turned into a male.

CLIVE

What?!

JANE

That's why her feathers changed colour.

CLIVE

WHAT?!

JANE

You know how I always say men are just a mutation. Well, she's the perfect example. She mutated into a man. And two male rhesus monkeys in captivity will kill each other.

Before Clive can wrap his head around this, the Old Lady comes back into the cabin.

CLIVE

What do you want?

OLD LADY

More of your friends are coming.

The sound of cars pulling up the drive. Clive and Jane look out the window. There are lights. Lots of lights.

He turns on the Old Woman.

CLIVE

Who are you?

He grabs her.

CLIVE

Who do you work for?

OLD WOMAN

(terrified)

I'm a neighbour. I live down by the---

JANE

(turning from the window)

GET DOWN!

Jane tackles Clive to the ground just the windows explode in a hail of gunfire. The Old Woman is instantly riddled with bullets. Her lifeless corpse thuds to the floor directly in front of Clive and Jane.

A moment of calm. Clive and Jane breathing like steam engines.

Then the cabin is again perforated with bullets. Clive and Jane kiss the floor as shards of glass, plaster and wood rain down on them.

Another break.

Clive looks for a way out. There's only one door which promptly

EXPLODES INWARD

as TWO MASKED AND HEAVILY ARMED MEN step in.

Followed by a small proportioned figure: FRANK.

Spying Clive and Jane cowering on the floor, she wastes no time.

FRANK

Where is it?

Clive and Jane are beyond frightened. They are stunned speechless.

FRANK

Where is it!

Suddenly, in a blur of motion, something pulls Frank off her feet.

IN THE RAFTERS

The Hybrid cradles Frank like an ugly baby. It looks powerful, MASCULINE.

FRANK

DON'T SHOOT!

Clive and Jane observe the Hybrid, there isn't any doubt: IT HAS MUTATED INTO A MAN. The Gunmen are freaked out. They open fire.

The Hybrid drops Frank head-first on the floor, splitting her skull open, then gracefully leaps out of view through an open skylight

The Gunmen rush over to Frank, check her vital signs - she is quite dead.

One Gunmen motions to the other to watch Clive and Jane, while he cautiously moves outside.

The Second Gunman takes out electrical tape and expertly bandages Clive and Jane's hands and feet. Jane looks to Clive her eyes swelling with fear. From outside the cottage they hear more shots.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Five gunmen chase the Hybrid into the woods in night combat gear.

THE CAMERA TRACKS through the tree line as they fan out in different directions, lights affixed to their weapons guiding them through THE SNOW STORM.

The First Gunman flips on his night-vision goggles and scans the perimeter. There doesn't appear to be any kind of movement.

He hears THE FLAPPING OF WINGS, swivels and trains his weapon on...

AN OWL alighting on a tree branch.

He resumes his hunt.

CAMERA FOLLOWS him into a SWAMPY AREA. He slips on the frozen pond, which gives way as he collapses - his weapon falling from his hands, swallowed by the opening hole in the ice. Cursing, he watches helplessly as it sinks, the light illuminating its descent.

Grabbing a stick, he slides on his belly to the gap in the ice and prods the muddy bottom.

UNDERWATER

The stick searches for the rifle, finally manages to find purchase on the strap.

ABOVE WATER

The Gunman pulls the gun back. As he does so, the submerged light ILLUMINATES THE GHOSTLY FACE OF THE HYBRID BREATHING AMPHIBIAN-LIKE UNDER THE ICE.

The Gunman screams, jumps back, again losing grip of his rifle which sinks back into the depths.

Hearing his cry, THE OTHER FOUR GUNMEN race towards him. From their vantage point, the First Gunman looks like the Hybrid - his silhouetted form matted against wing-shaped bushes.

The First Gunman notices his approaching companions, looks down: on his chest are four luminous, red dots quivering like fire-flies. Before he can protest...

THE OTHERS OPEN FIRE,

his body jerking like a puppet on a string as he is pumped full of ammo. Finally, he collapses dead.

The Four Gunmen rush over to check their kill. Just as they realize their terrible mistake, THE HYBRID ERUPTS FROM THE FROZEN WATER. It flies into the trees. THE GUNMEN OPEN FIRE AGAIN

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Clive and Jane start at the sound of more shots. The Second Gunmen looks nervously out the window.

JANE

What's happening?

Clive turns to her.

CLIVE

I don't know.

The Gunman looks at Clive then back out the window.

GUNMAN

Stay put.

Then, without warning, he turns to face Jane and levels a shot. The bullets rip through her thigh. Jane howls in pain. He heads out the door as more shots echo outside.

Clive waits a moment, then turns to Jane. She is tied up several feet away from him, rocking back and forth on the wooden floor, blood gushing from the wound in her leg. Frank's body lies a few inches away from her stone dead... meat.

JANE

Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god...

Clive tries to shimmy his body towards her but after a few inches, collapses onto his side.

CLIVE

Jane!

Descending into shock, Jane doesn't register him, but keeps rocking and mumbling. Clive makes it a few inches closer, crab walking on his side.

CLIVE

Jane! Listen to me. Jane!

Jane turns to him, mid-rock, and looks at him as if she is surprised to see him. Clive's voice softens.

CLIVE

You okay?

Jane nods.

JANE

Yeah.

CLIVE

We can get out of here, okay?

Jane rocks and nods. Clive makes it a few inches further.

CLIVE

All right. When I tell you. We're just going to stand up and walk out. Okay?

Jane nods. Clive makes it still a few inches closer. Jane suddenly finds the energy to blurt out:

JANE

Forgive me.

Shots ring out from the woods. She starts, then turns back to Clive, speaking with renewed urgency.

JANE

I loved you more than anything.

Light fills the interior as more vehicles descend on the country bungalow. Clive leans in to Jane.

CLIVE

I'm sorry... I didn't love you back.

Several Gunmen enter the bungalow. They move purposefully toward Clive and Jane. Clive sees them, sees what's about to happen. Turns back to Jane.

CLIVE

I could have. I... didn't know how.

One Gunman grapples Clive by the back of the neck.

CLIVE

We were stars, Janey.

A gun is planted against his the back of his head. He looks at Jane. Their eyes lock. She whispers:

JANE

We were stars.

The trigger is pulled. Brains splatter the floor as Clive



slumps forward, lifeless.

Jane turns to another Gunman standing over her and pleads:

JANE

Please don't---

The Gunman aims his rifle.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

FROM A DISTANT VIEW

The cottage windows flash and a split second later the CRACK of a gunshot echoes through the woods.

ON THE ROOF

The Hybrid lands on chimney. Its elegant form silhouetted against the moon, hot breath forming swirling clouds around its face. Blood flows freely from several bullet wounds.

It droops to one side, struggling to find a grip against the the icy roof..

Below, the surviving gunmen surround the cottage. They wait in silence.

The SOUND OF AN APPROACHING HELICOPTER cuts through the night air.

The Hybrid is oblivious. It breaths the fresh air, stares at the intoxicating moon.

The helicopter emerges out of the blackness, steadying itself a short distance away.

The Hybrid unfurls its colourful wings magnificently.

Then the helicopter OPENS FIRE, TEARING THE HYBRID TO PIECES.

IN THE WOODS

ELSA, unharmed, clamors through the brush, holding her parka tightly around her. She watches from a safe distance as the chopper releases a stream of flame from its belly, incinerating the Hybrid's remains and setting the cottage alight.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. JIMMY DRESDEN'S APARTMENT - MANY MONTHS LATER

Jimmy, for the first time looking depressed and defeated,

holds a hefty manuscript in his hands. The title page reads, "*SPLICED: GENETICS AND THE FALL OF A CORPORATE EMPIRE*" by James Dresden.

He drops his manuscript in a pristine wastepaper basket.

INT. BAR - LATER

Jimmy having a drink watching a NEWS report through sullen eyes.

ANCHOR WOMAN

...Senator Helen Flowers was indicted on four counts of possession of narcotics. Her latest attempt to screen a video tape of alleged human testing conducted by Novaphorm was denied on the grounds that the tape was a fraud.

Jimmy pulls a conciliatory drag on his cigarette.

INT. JIMMY DRESDEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jimmy is asleep, presumably dreaming his destructive dreams, when his phone rings. He groggily picks it up.

JIMMY

Hello.

The VOICE on the other end is distant and hard to discern.

VOICE

(on phone)

James Dresden?

JIMMY

Can you speak up, I can't hear you very well.

VOICE

(on phone)

This is Elsa James.

Jimmy practically falls out of bed.

JIMMY

Well, hello.

He fumbles for a cigarette from a pack on the dresser. Lights it as he saunters into the LIVING ROOM.

JIMMY

Elsa, I've been looking forward to talking to you. Ever since you died.

ELSA  
(on phone)

Really?

Jimmy pulls his manuscript out of the garbage.

JIMMY  
Didn't you know? You were killed in a tragic fire seven months ago, along with your companions Clive Colins and Jane Beckett. But what can I do for you?

ELSA  
(on phone)  
I want your help.

JIMMY  
What with?

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - OPEN AIR MARKET - PALONA, ITALY

Elsa is at a phone booth in a crowded market. She rubs her pregnant stomach.

ELSA  
Beginning the end of the world.

FADE OUT.

END CREDITS.