SPLICE

V. NATALI THUMBNAIL STORYBOARDS

"MONITORS"

JUNE 7, 2000

Then she quickly sterilizes and bandages the site of extraction.

CLIVE

Let's get these things off her.

ELSA

(feeling his disapproval)
We had to, Clive.
(to Dren)

I'm so sorry...

Clive pushes past her and releases the restraints. Dren instantly curls into a ball, holding her stomach in pain.

Elsa places the tissue sample in a cold box.

Clive's face is clouded with confused impulses.

INT. STORAGE AREA, CANDY FACTORY -- NIGHT

Clive and Elsa are in bed together.

CLIVE

Elsa, you awake?

Elsa turns to her.

ELSA

Am now.

CLIVE

What's happening to us?

Elsa only sighs. Clive nuzzles up to her, kisses her neck, runs his hand across her body. She isn't responsive.

ELSA

Nothing... it's late.

Clive falls away to his side of the bed.

LATER

Clive wakes suddenly, looks over to Elsa, sound asleep.

He sits up and turns to get out of bed, bringing him to face one of the monitors. Dren is there, in a full close-up, the black orbs of her eyes just inches away from his.

(CONTINUED)

He starts. It almost seems she's gazing at him through the screen.

In an instant, she is gone.

Clive stands, disoriented, moves from monitor to monitor. Spots her by the toffee vat. Her NAKED BODY silhouetted in the dimness. She turns and again, impossibly, seems to look at him, then slides into the pool to vanish once more.

Clive rushes to a dead monitor and turns it on. A VIEW FROM AN UNDERWATER CAMERA fills the screen.

Dren, breathing effortlessly beneath the surface, sensually rolls her body against the wall of the pool. Her translucent skin almost glows in the refracted light.

Instinctively, Clive reaches out, runs his fingers along her image. As he does this, the hybrid mimics his action.

HER HAND FOLLOWS HIS ACROSS THE WIDTH OF THE SCREEN.

Clive draws back, unnerved. The hybrid continues to stare out beyond the electronic haze.

CLOSE ON ELSA. Unseen by Clive, she's awake, watching.

INT. DREN'S ROOM, CANDY FACTORY -- EARLY MORNING

Elsa emerges from her room. She can hear Dren singing an abstracted version of the De La Soul. The odd, exquisite tones reverberate through the room.

But she's nowhere to be seen.

Curious, Elsa moves stealthily through the clutter, finds Dren in the corner, at the door of her secret alcove, drawing.

SQUEAK! Elsa has accidentally stepped on a squeeze toy. Dren instantly drops her pen and covers the entrance to the alcove with a cardboard box.

Elsa marches up to her.

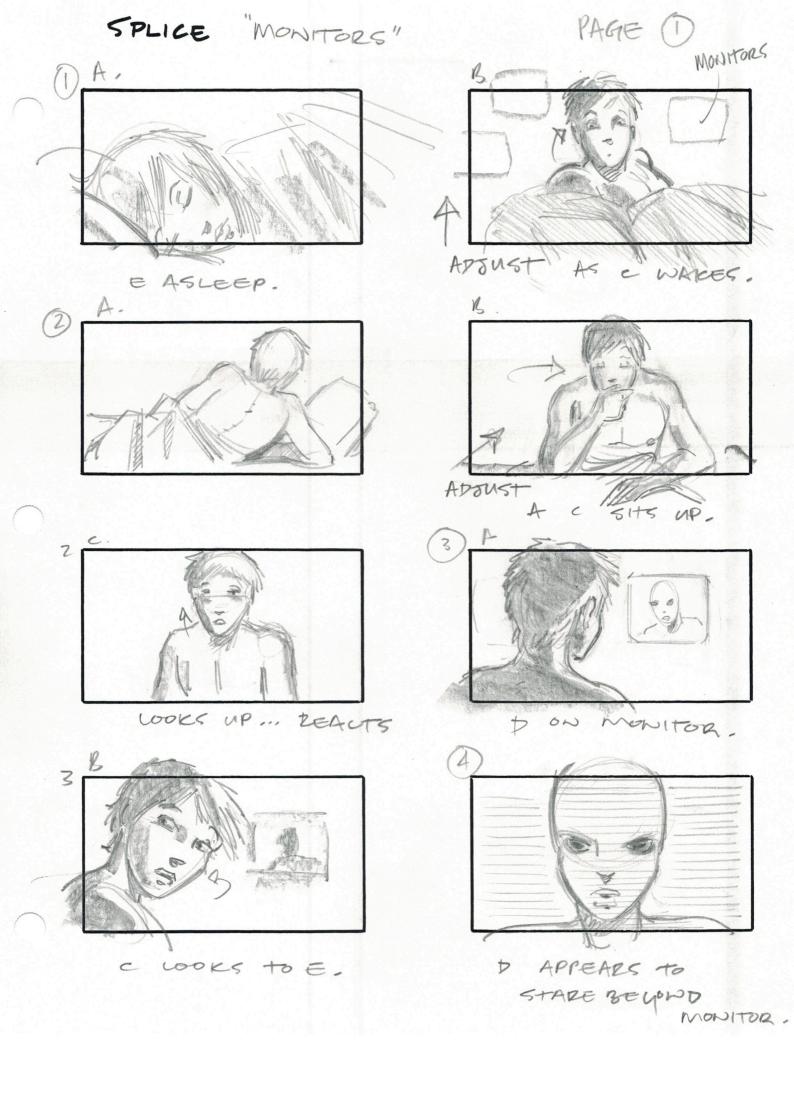
ELSA What... what are you hiding?

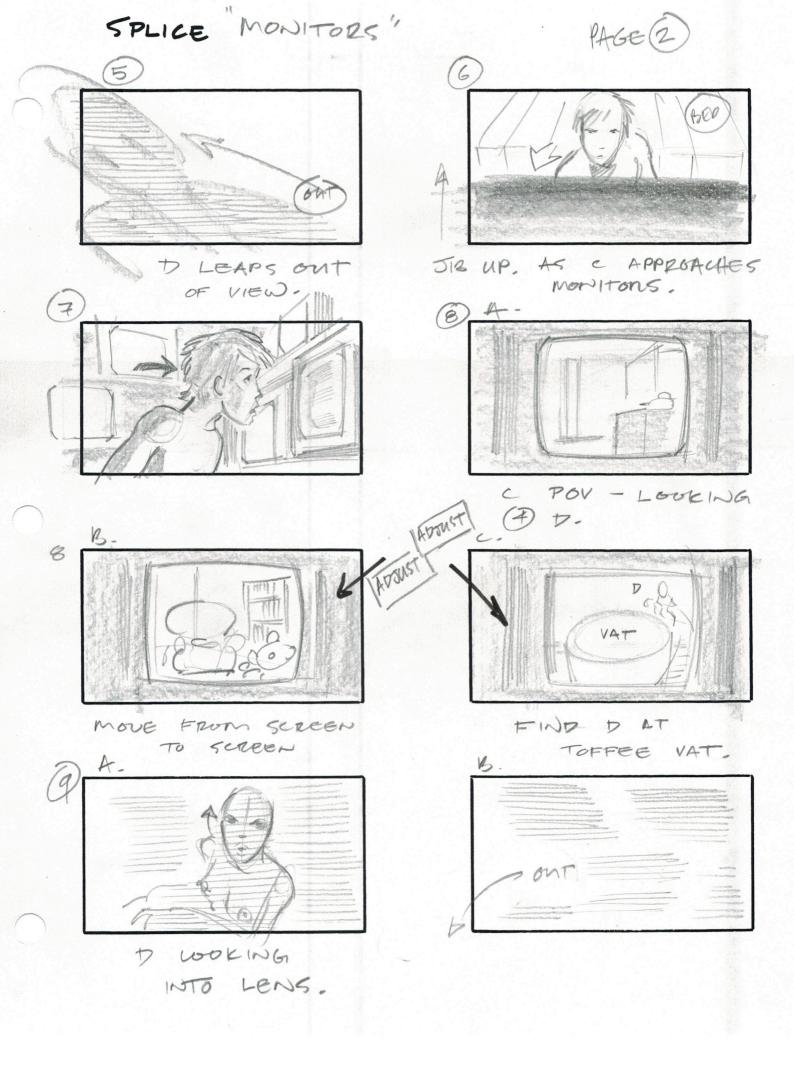
Dren skulks away like a guilty child. Elsa looks at her bewildered. She takes hold of the box and slides it out of the way to reveal the alcove and its contents.

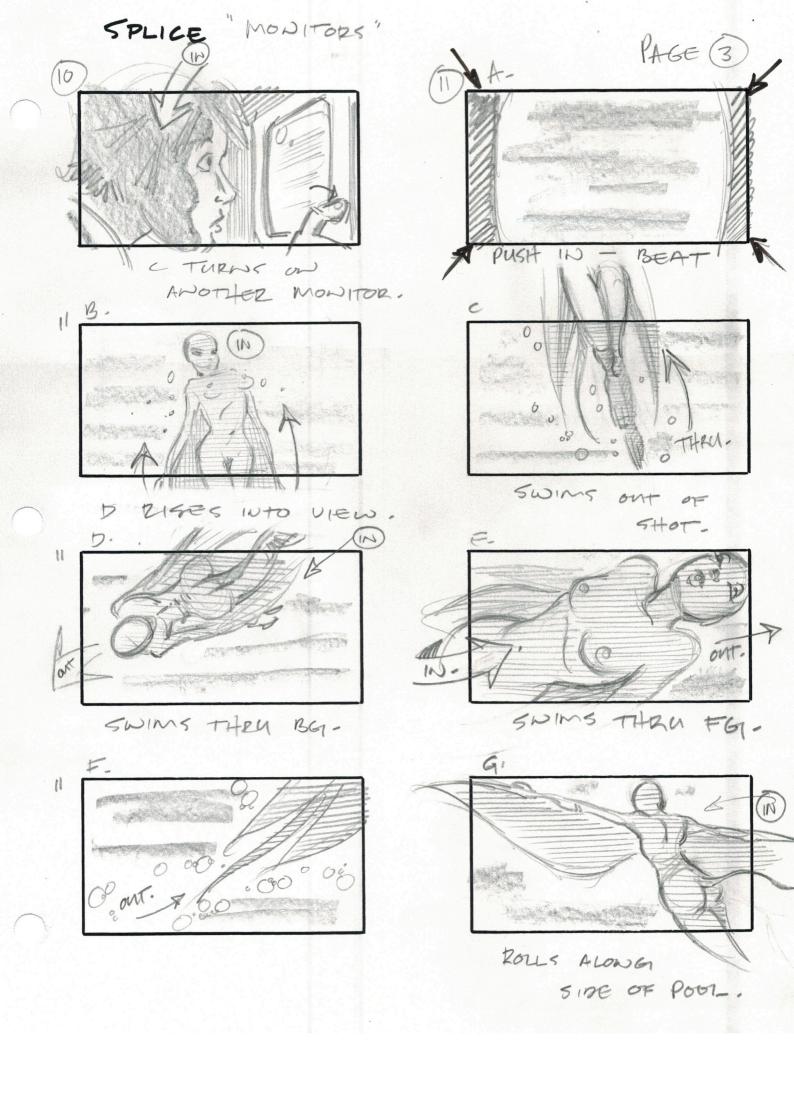
INSIDE

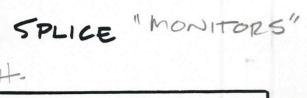
The shrine. Barbie in the place of honor. Elsa leans in, enchanted at first. But then her eye catches something else.

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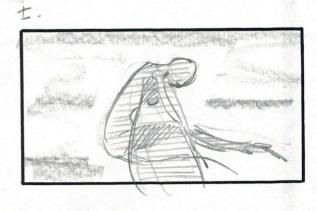












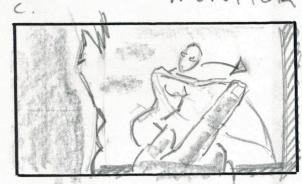




c NESNERIZED.

Touches MONITOR.





D'Tonutes' HIS FINGER.

(15)

FOLLOWS ARE OF HIS FINGER!





c RECOILS

D STARES ATEC THRU MONITOR.

