

SPLICE

**V. NATALI THUMBNAIL
STORYBOARDS**

"PASSION"

JUNE 7, 2000

DEXTER (CONT'D)

And you let it run loose. *Jesus*. I should be out front with a banner and a megaphone, leading the charge.

CLIVE

She's not a *thing* Dex. She's intelligent. Extraordinary... Look, nobody needs to know. We can isolate the protein for CD 356 now. We can make the synthetic.

Dexter shakes his head, continues to pack. His silence says: *too late*.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

(as it dawns on him)

You didn't... tell Barlow?

Dexter replies with more silence. Clive grabs him, shakes him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh, Dexter, you've got lousy taste in friends.

Dexter pushes himself away from Clive.

DEXTER

(bitter, betrayed)

Well, yeah. Exactly.

Dexter turns and walks out the room. Clive looks stunned.

INT. LOCAL BAR -- NIGHT

Clive sits at a bar, nursing a drink. Noisy activity surrounds him. He's deep in drink and thought.

INT. DREN'S ROOM, CANDY FACTORY -- NIGHT

The room is very dark. Dren is half conscious, still slumped against the toffee vat.

A shaft of light cuts through the gloom as Clive, somewhat drunk, enters the room. He wades through the sea of junk, slowly approaching Dren who remains motionless.

Clive comes near and sees her injuries. Suddenly, Dren starts awake, and stares at him.

CLIVE

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

Dren lets out a painful moan.

Clive gives her his hand. As she rises her wings expand, by reflex, beautifully, tentatively.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

You're okay.

He helps her to her feet. She won't let go of his hand. He turns to her.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

What?

She places one wing on his shoulder, then pulls his other hand out to the side. Smiles at him. Clive shakes his head.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

This isn't a good time to dance.

But Dren insists, moving first one foot, then the other. She leans into him.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

No--

He forcefully pushes her away. She looks at him, hurt, tears forming in her eyes. Clive comes back to her.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I--

He lets his words trail off, looks into her eyes. He takes her face in his hands, hesitates, then draws her close. Kisses her.

Dren's feathers quiver, her wings spread out and then fall, enshrouding both of them in the shawl of translucent plumage. Clive draws back from her. Dren just looks at him, innocently. Not judging.

He starts to move away. But she pulls him back into the shelter of her wings.

This time, when they make contact, they explode into a frenzy of desire. Clive presses her against the toffee vat, runs his mouth along her lips, her neck and shoulders. Her wings flap excitedly as he does so. She brings him close to her breasts as her tail slides between his legs, runs up his back and roughly caresses his neck.

They lower themselves to the floor. Clive places his hands under her dress, lifts it to expose her marble white torso

(CONTINUED)

while she tears at his shirt, pulling it over his head with her feet.

He tugs at his belt, undoing his pants.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM ELSA WATCHES hidden in the shadows of a dark corner. She's been here all along, frozen, unable to take her eyes away from the sight of their nearly naked bodies intertwined.

Clive catches her reflection in the glass of the toffee vat. He involuntarily turns, looks in her direction. Their eyes lock.

ELSA'S FACE IS CONTORTED IN PAIN AND BETRAYAL.

She rushes out of the room.

Clive pulls himself away from Dren, stands up. He wipes his hand across his mouth. It's bleeding from the roughness of their kisses. He looks down at his chest and shoulders. There are welts from her wings and tail.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Oh, god...

Clive hurriedly pulls up his pants and heads for the door.

He takes one last look back at Dren. She stares at him with AN EXPRESSION OF PAIN AND BETRAYAL, SO SIMILAR TO THE ONE ELSA JUST GAVE HIM.

As Clive leaves, his eyes are wild at the tatters he's made of his life.

INT. CLIVE AND ELSA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Elsa sits in the darkened apartment. She is absolutely still but her mind is in a fevered state.

EXT. CLIVE AND ELSA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Clive approaches his building, stops at the entranceway, contemplates whether or not to go in, eventually finds the will to enter, steps into the lobby.

INT. CLIVE AND ELSA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

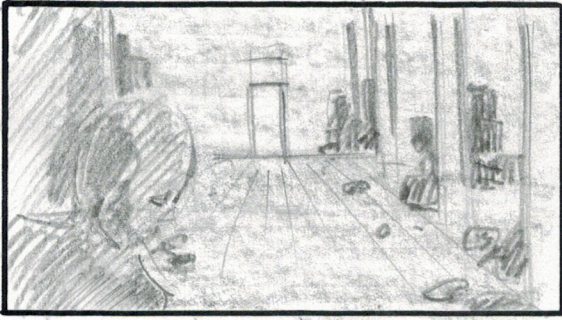
Clive enters. The lights are on now. He moves through the apartment looking for Elsa.

INT. BEDROOM, CLIVE AND ELSA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Clive steps into the bedroom. Elsa is there, packing a small black bag.

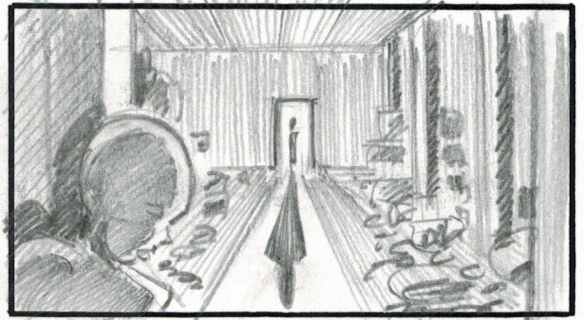
(CONTINUED)

① A.



INT. WAREHOUSE - DARK

B.



DOOR OPENS.

② A.

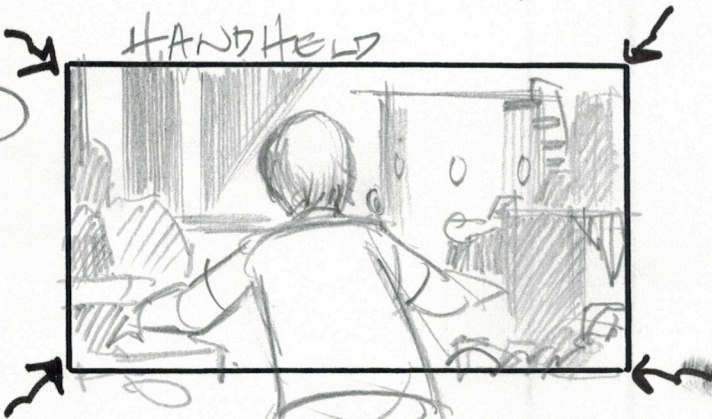


C IN DOORWAY

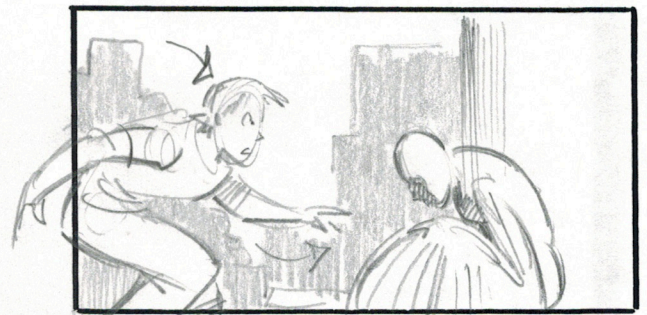


PUSH IT AS C SEES D.

③

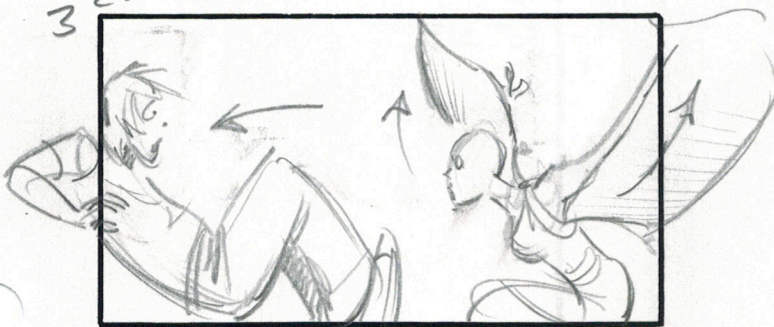


FOLLOW C AS GOES TO
3 C. D



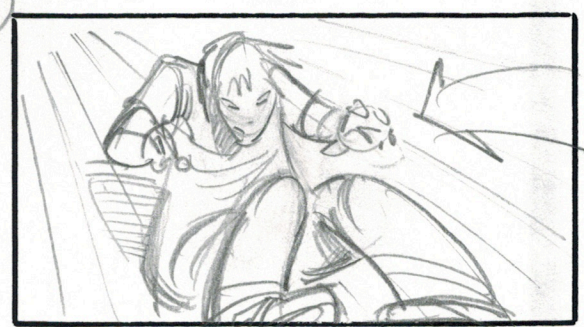
C REACHES
OUT TO D. "DREN?"

3



D - STARTLED - FLAPS
WINGS - C STUMBLES
BACK.

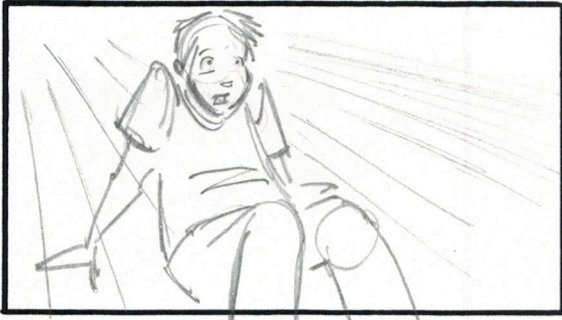
④



C FALLS TO THE
GROUND.

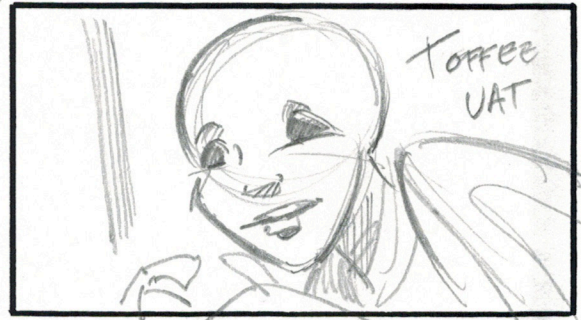
SPLICE "PASSION"

4 B.



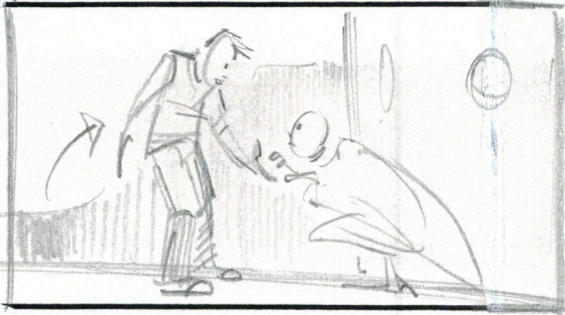
"YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT I CAN DO WITH A BROWNIE PEEL."

5



D SMILES.

6 A.



"WHAT HAPPENED?"

B.



C HELPS D UP.

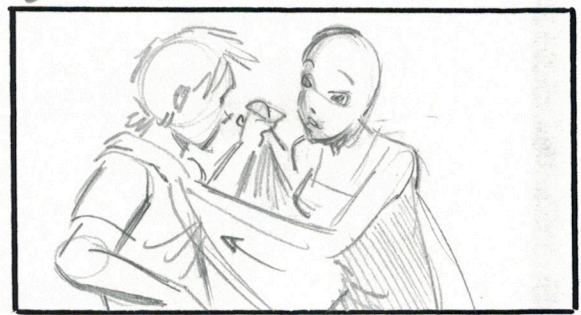
7

A.



SHE WON'T LET GO OF HIS HAND

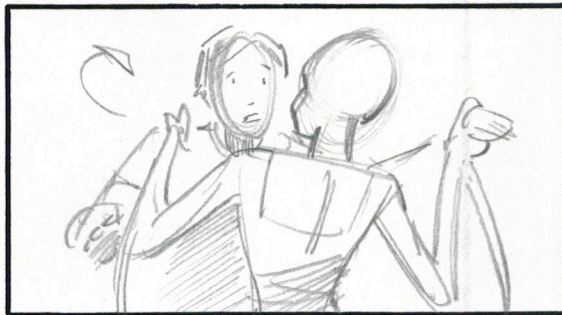
B.



TRIES TO DANCE

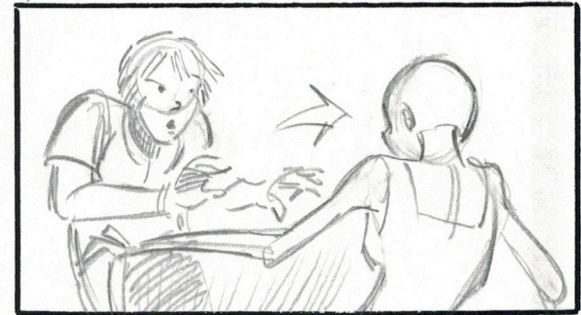
7

C.



"THIS ISN'T A GOOD TIME TO DANCE."

D.

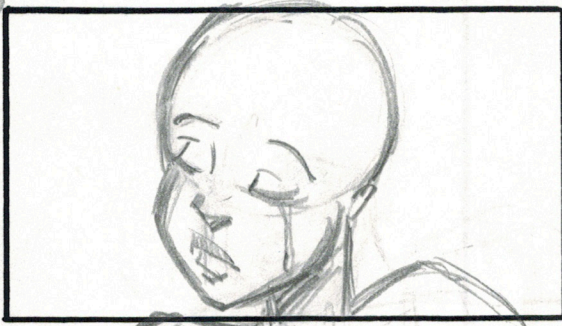


"NO!"

SPLICE "PASSION"

PAGE (3)

8



D STARTS TO CRY.

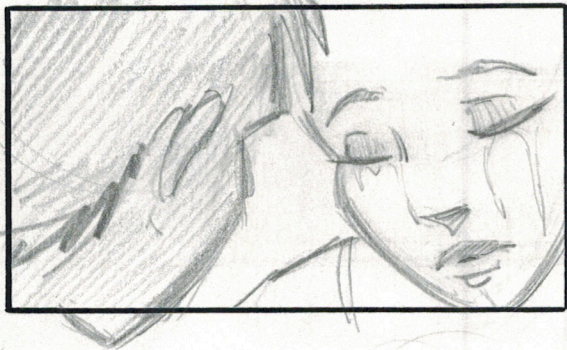
9



"I'M SORRY..."

10

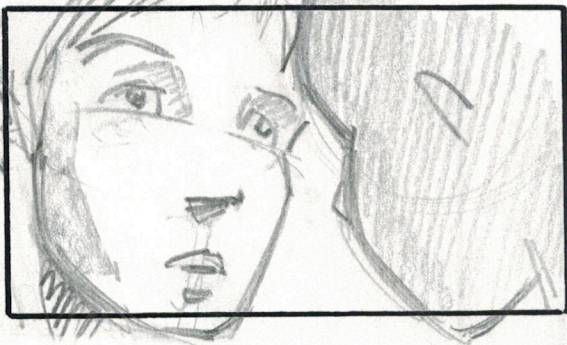
A-



B.

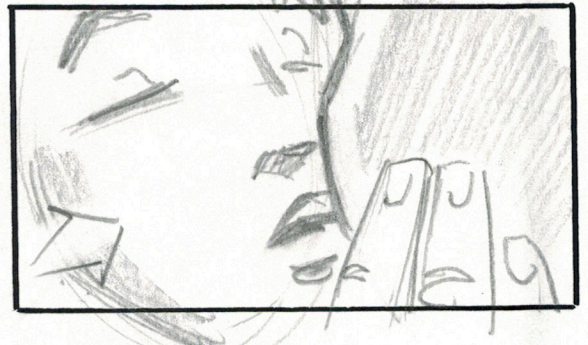


11 A.



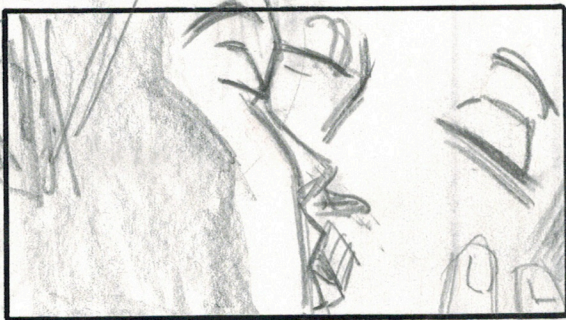
"... I ..."

B.



C LEANS IN

12 C.



THEY KISS!

12 A.



12 B.



(13) A.



13 B



C BREAKS AWAY.

(14)



D CONFUSED

(15) A.



B.



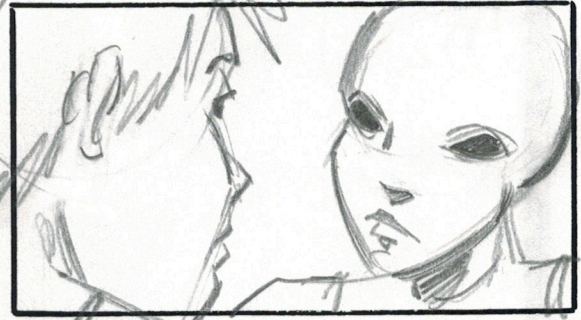
C LOOKS DOWN ASHAMED.

15 C.



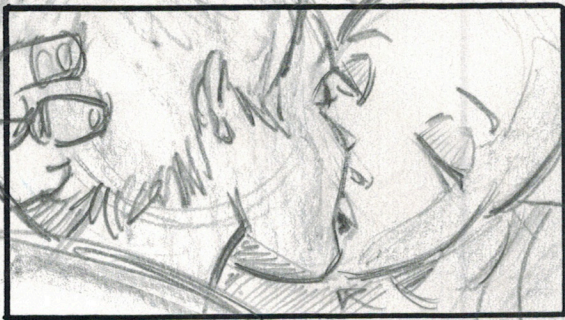
LOOKS UP

(16) A.



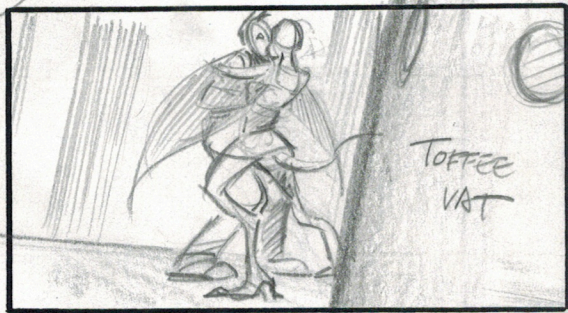
SPLICE "PASSION"

16 B

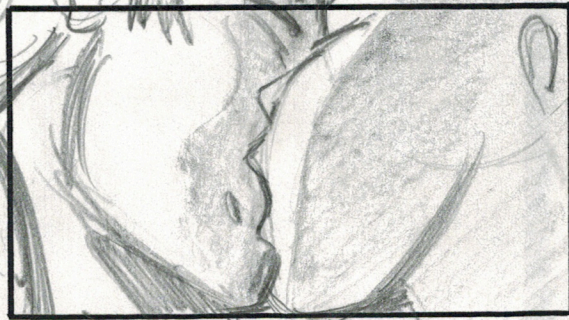


D PULLS C TOWARDS

18 A. HER - KISSES HIM.



17

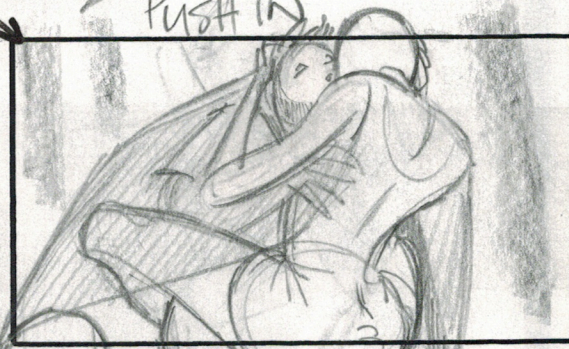


180°

MUOVE AROUND TO PROFILE.

PUSH IN

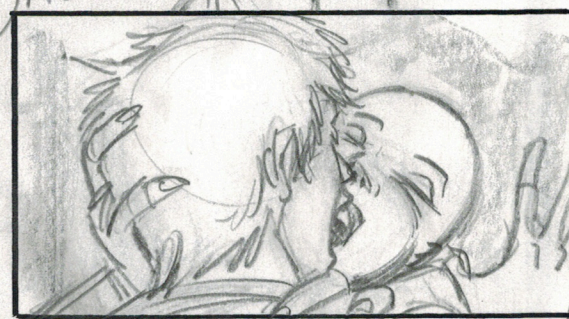
B.



18 C



19 A.

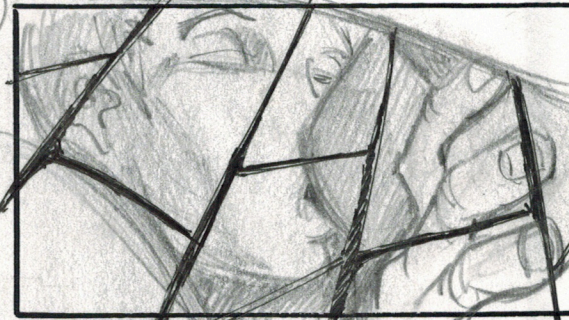


PAN

B.



20

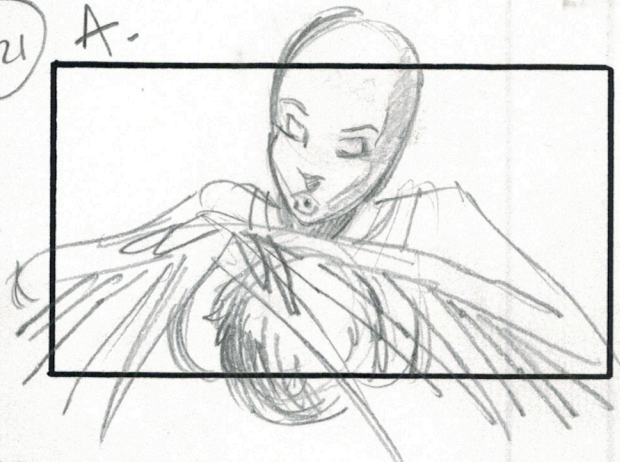


C THRU FEATHERS.

SPLICE "PASSION"

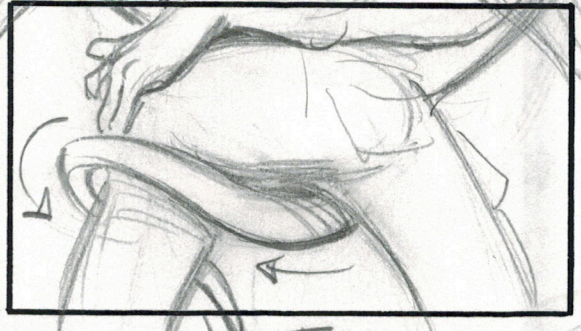
21

A.



TILT DOWN

B.



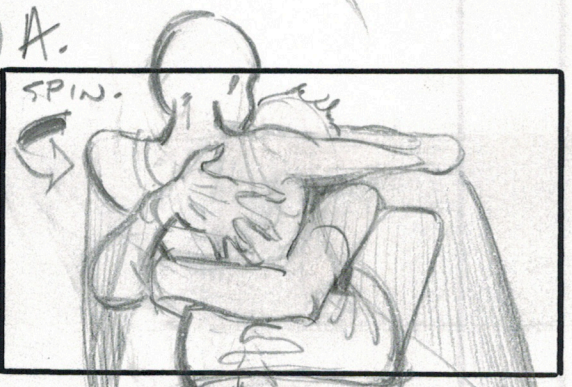
TAIL WRAPS AROUND C.

ADJUST

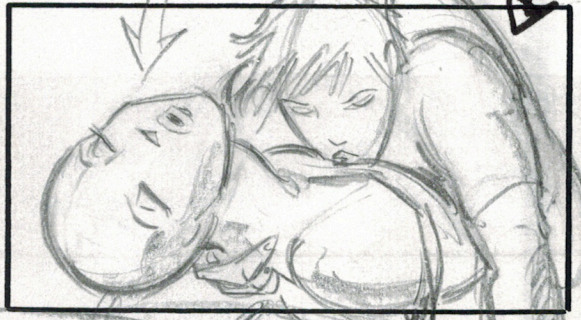
22

A.

SPIN.



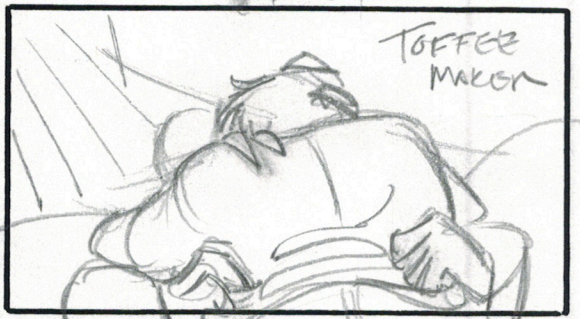
B.



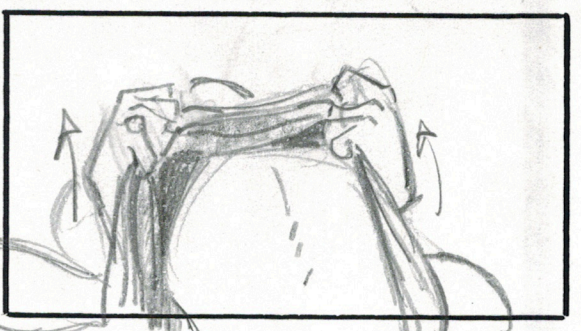
23

A.

TOFFEE MAKER



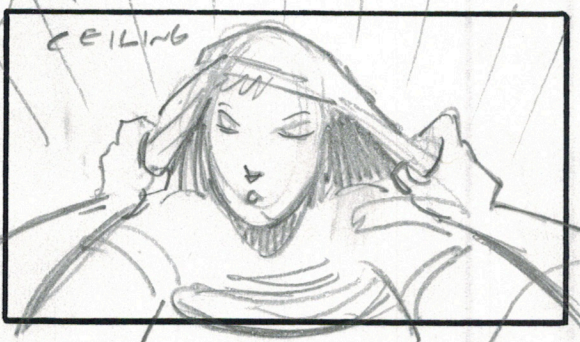
C SPINS THEM AROUND, LOWERS B. TO FLOOR.



24

A.

CEILING



SHIRT OFF @ FEET.

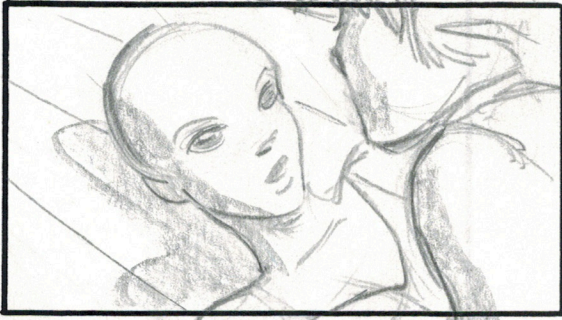
B.



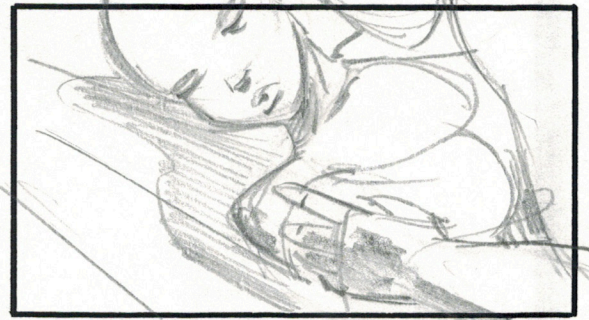
FINISHES PULLING OFF SHIRT.

25

A-

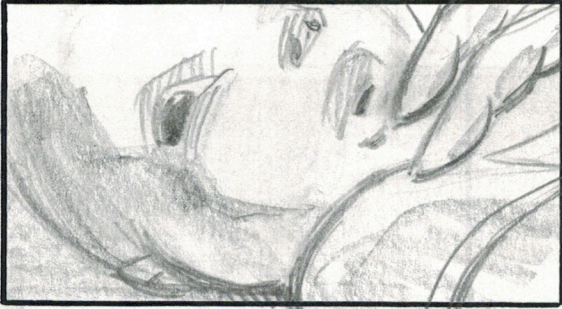


B.

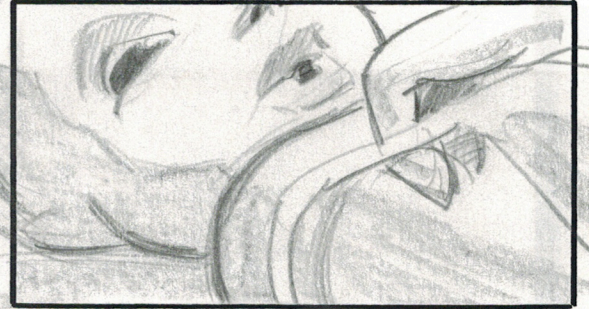


26

A.

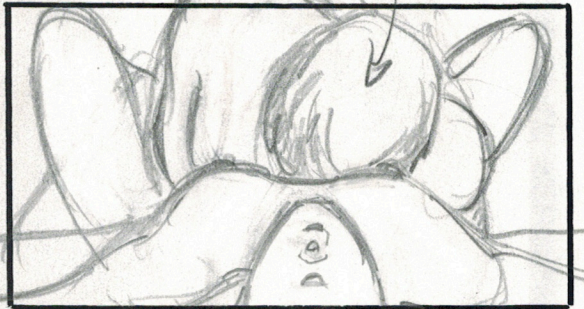


B.

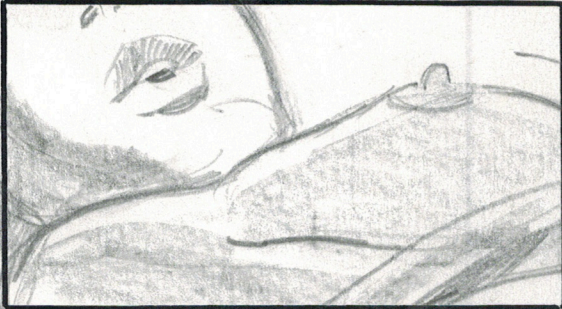


C PULLS OFF O'S DRESS.

27



26 C.



ADJUST →

28

A. TAIL



TAIL COMES IN.

B.



CARRIES O'S FACE.

28 C.



C OPEN EYES

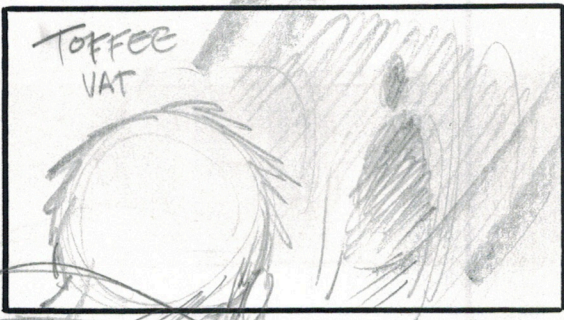
D.



REACTS TO SOMETHING OS.

29

A.



TOFFEE VAT

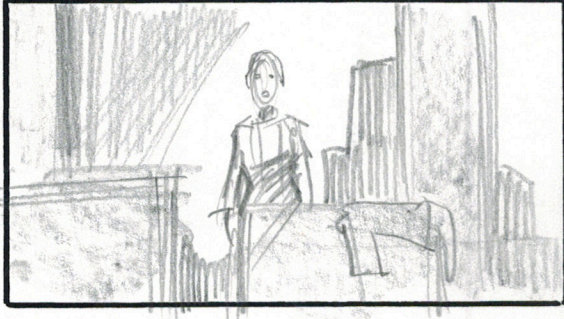
A REFLECTED IN TOFFEE VAT.

B.



30

A.



B. SWAP ZOOM IN

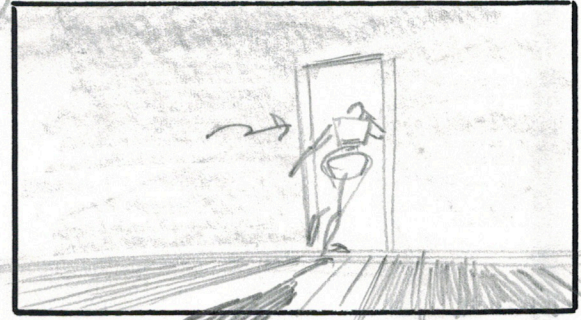


IT'S ELSA!
(W) 'HURT' LOOK

30 C



31



E RUNS OUT.

32

A.



C PULLS AWAY.

B.



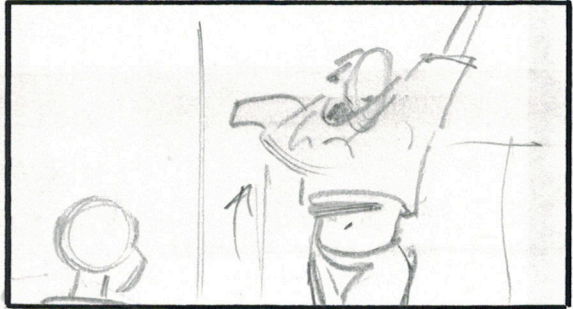
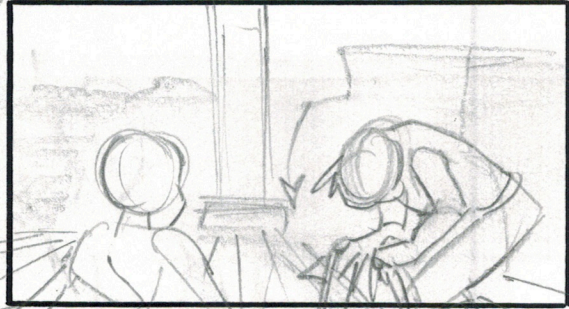
WELTS ON REAR

TILT UP

"OH GOD"

33

A.

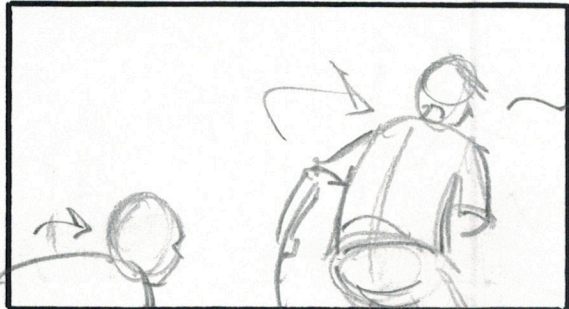


ADJUST

Puts His shirt on.

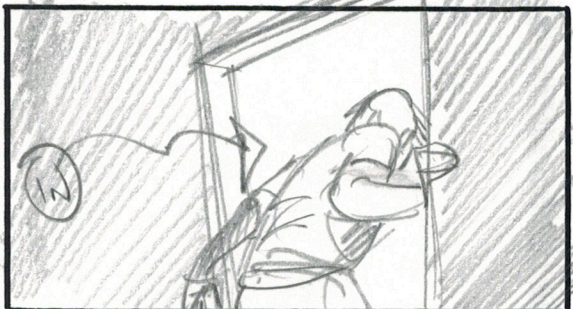
33

C.



34

A.



STOPS

34

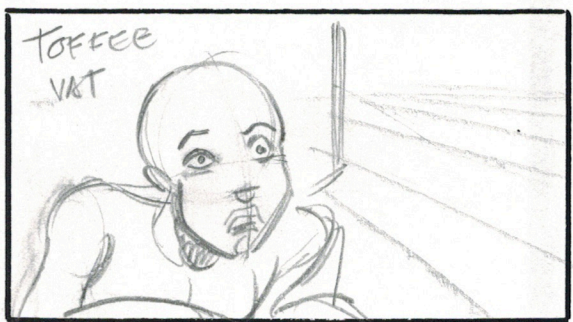
B.



TURNS TO DRESS.

35

TOFFEE V&T



SHE GIVES HIM 'HUNT' LOOK IDENTICAL TO ELSA'S.

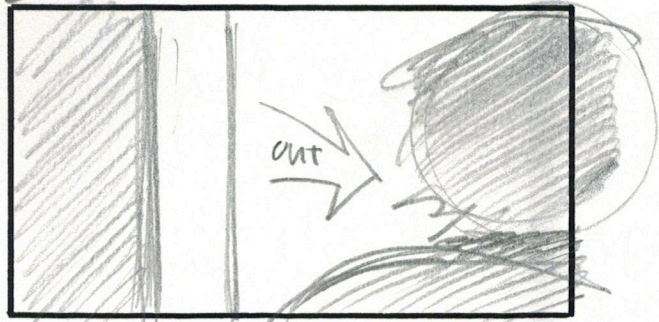
SPLICE "PASSION"

36 A.



C Spooked.

B.



LEAVES...

36

C.



SITTING DOWN BEHIND HIM.

