

SPLICE

**V. NATALI THUMBNAIL
STORYBOARDS**

"DANCING"

JUNE 7, 2000

CLIVE (CONT'D)
(stunned at the scene)
Wow, El.

ELSA
She was tearing the place apart.

CLIVE
She doesn't understand. You should
know that.

Elsa is confused and horrified at what she's glimpsed.

ELSA
(ambiguously)
She's *changing*.

A long, painful silence. Then Clive reaches for an anchor
in the outside world.

CLIVE
Barlow's turning in his report in a
couple hours.

He turns to leave. Elsa sighs.

ELSA
Wait. Let me deal with it. Maybe a
round or two with Barlow is just
what I need.

Elsa looks over at Dren. Dren stares back defiantly.

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

Dren is alone, bored. She meanders through broken toys and
scattered books. Until something catches her eye.

ELSA'S DRESS

Lying among the garbage. She picks it up, feels the texture
of the fabric, runs it against her body, compares it to the
tattered, undersized dress she has worn since she was a child.

She makes a decision, pulls off her old dress -- an awkward
procedure -- then dons the new one. It falls neatly over
her lithe form, her wings fitting easily under the straps.

Quick as lightning, she flutters to a tangle of piping in
the corner, looks around to be sure she's not being observed,
then pushes several boxes aside to reveal a tiny alcove.

(CONTINUED)

THIS IS DREN'S PRIVATE SPACE. A hidden refuge from her creators.

It's hard to see in the darkened space, but in one corner is a SHRINE composed of Dren's drawings, toys and books. Placed in the center of the tableau, goddess-like, is BARBIE.

Dren grabs Barbie and plops on the ground. She brushes the doll's hair, then mimes the same action over her bald pate.

She finds a hand mirror, looks at her reflection.

At first she seems pleased with the face that stares back at her but then she lets the mirror drift over to her very inhuman wings, down her chest to her legs and exotic feet.

She looks at Barbie, then back at herself. Her face fills with self-loathing. She smashes the mirror against the floor.

In the cracked mirror, a figure is reflected: CLIVE. He's witnessed this private moment. His face is full of pity.

Dren jumps back, hurriedly pushes a box over the entrance to her hiding place, sealing it shut. Clive smiles.

Dren has become tense, jittery.

CLIVE

It's okay... we all need our secrets.

He backs away. Dren relaxes. Then Clive spots something beside the entrance to the alcove.

A CD COVER -- DE LA SOUL's "Three Feet High and Rising".

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Elsa's been looking for this everywhere, you know.

He picks it up, goes over to a boombox, sticks the CD in.

The sweet lilt of "Jennafer Oh Jenny" cuts in.

Dren sways to the music. Clive raises an eyebrow.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

You like these guys, huh? Think they're cute?

He laughs, but his eyes are sympathetic, understanding. He holds out his hand. Smiles.

INT. HYBRID ROOM, CANDY FACTORY -- MOMENTS LATER

As the music plays in the background, Clive takes Dren's left wing in his hand, gently moves it away from her body.

Dren watches him intently, as he eases her left wing onto his left shoulder. Then he places his left hand on the small of her back. Last, takes her right wing in his free hand.

The geometry of their bodies is charmingly awkward.

CLIVE

We'll make it work... ready?

Dren looks at him, puzzled.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Just follow.

And Clive starts to dance with her to the music. At first she stumbles, falters, as she tries to follow his movements.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Lift your foot... no, the other...
that's it...

Dren is beginning to understand. She mimics everything he does perfectly.

Abruptly, Clive stops. Dren looks at him confused.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Wait..

Clive gently rearranges their limbs, exchanges positions with her.

They move beautifully, whirling in time to the music. Their dance is at once sensuous and totally bizarre.

At one point, Dren's wings spontaneously expand, momentarily lifting her off the ground, as Clive spins her around. She lets out a gawky shriek, obviously enjoying this.

Dren shuts her eyes, allowing herself to move blindly to the music, Elsa's dress clinging elegantly to her body.

Clive examines her. She is Elsa seen through a filter, her most attractive features heightened, made exotic.

A realization strikes Clive like a bolt of lightning. He's not dancing with the hybrid out of pity.

(CONTINUED)

His sympathy is growing into DESIRE.

All at once, he breaks away from her. Dren opens her eyes. Clive just shakes his head. Doesn't know what to say.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

That's enough.

He heads for the exit, pauses at the doorway, opens his mouth to speak, then abruptly leaves, locking the door behind him.

Dren watches him go, hurt.

INT. GINGER AND FRED ROOM, LAB -- DAY

The lab shows signs of neglect and staff demoralization. Barlow has colonized a cubicle and he sits holding court with Elsa and Dexter.

BARLOW

Your own records support my conclusions. Searching for the gene that produced CD 356 in the remains of those hybrids is like trying to find a particle, *in a needle*, that's lost in a haystack. We're closing up shop.

DEXTER

(almost relieved,
glancing guiltily at
Elsa)

We were always moving too fast. So we walked into a punch. Maybe the message was *slow down*.

ELSA

One more week.

BARLOW

Hey, let's play fair. We're past your six-month deadline. If I didn't consider you friends as well as colleagues, this would have been over a long time ago.

ELSA

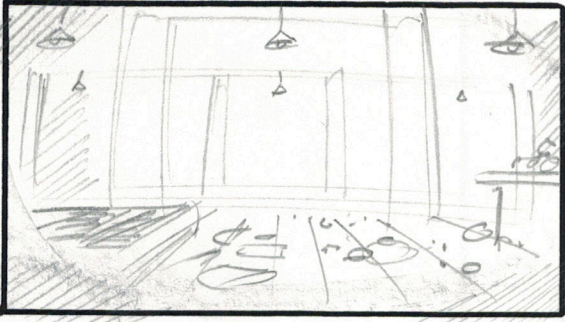
We were never friends, William.

(MORE)

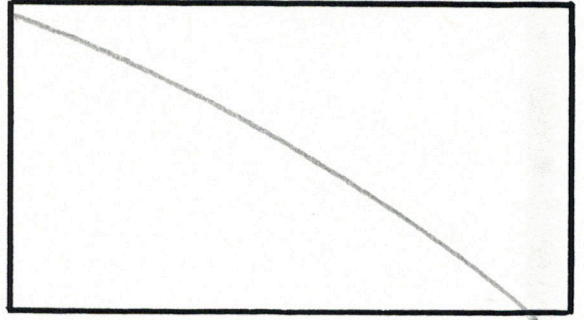
(CONTINUED)

SPLICE "DANCING"

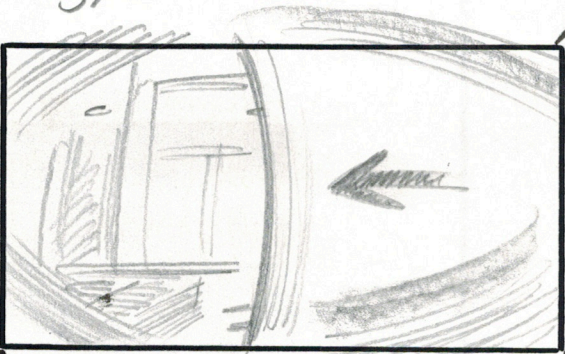
① A. PULL OUT →



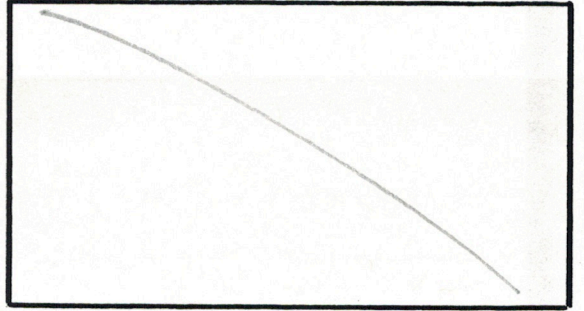
VIEW OF WAREHOUSE



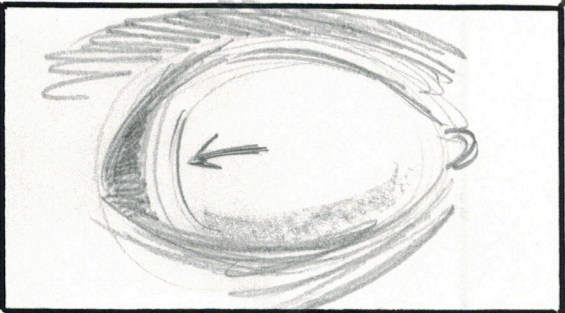
B.



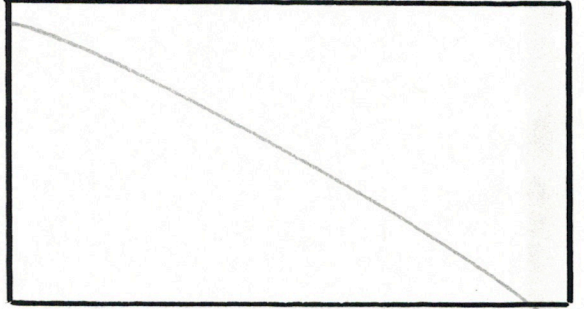
NICTITATING



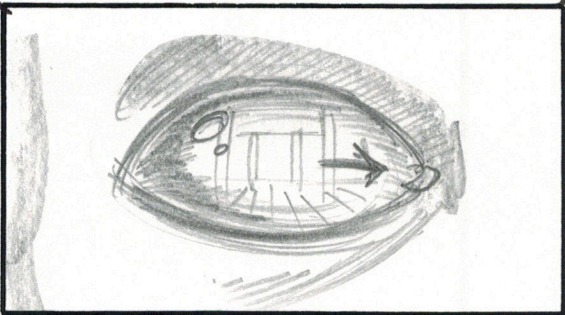
C. EYELID WIPES FRAME.



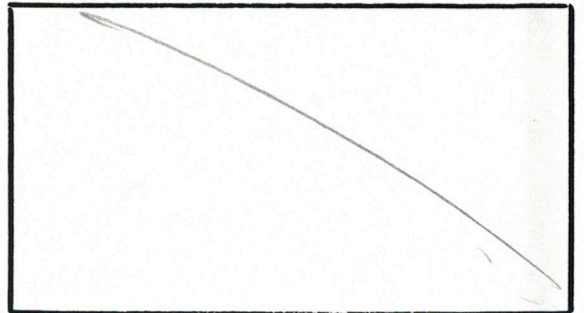
IT'S DREN'S EYE.



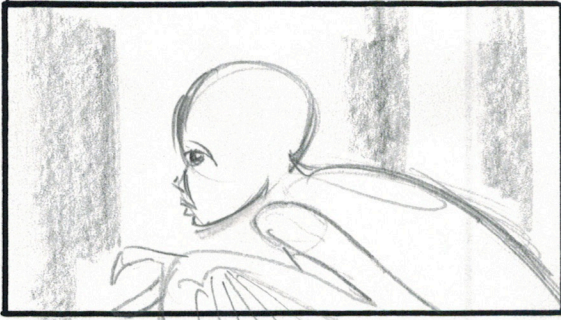
D.



EYE BLINKS OPEN.

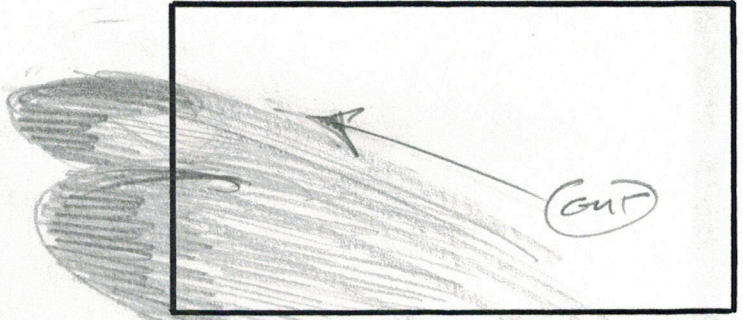


2 A.



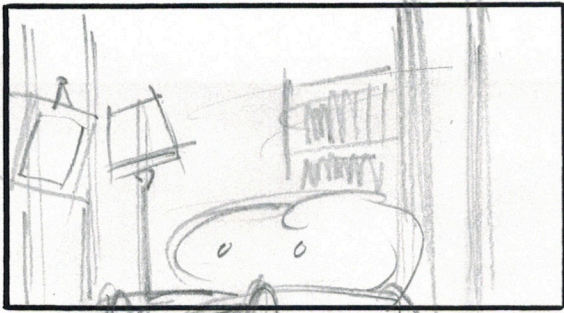
PROFILE = DREW ABSOLUTELY
STILL. - BEAT -

B.



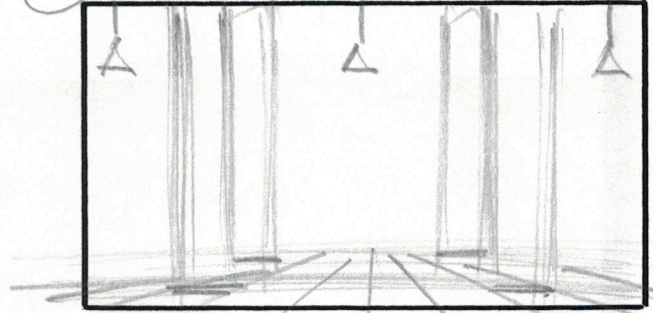
DREW LEGS & F.
W. INCREDIBLE
SPEED.

2



... LEAVING EMPTY
BG -

3 A.



ANOTHER LOCATION
IN WAREHOUSE.

D.



... SETTLES
LOOKS @
FLOOR.

3 C.



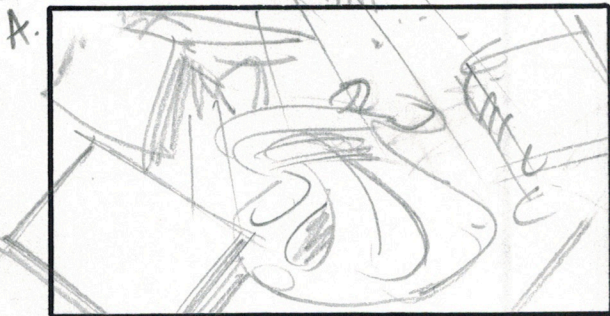
D. FLAPPING
WINGS.

* ENTERS
SHOT IN
BLUR OF
MOTION.

3 C.



4



EUSA'S DRESS ON
FLOOR



D. PICKS IT UP W.
HER FOOT.

5 A.



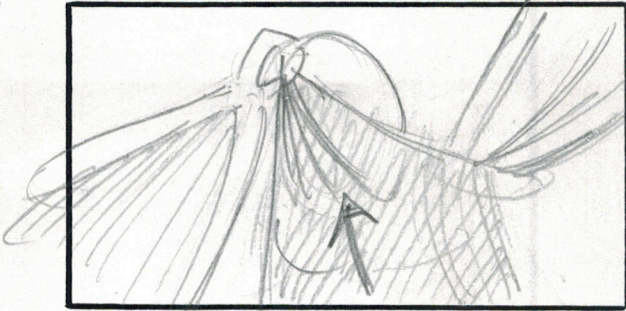
D PICKS UP DRESS

B.



COMPARES IT TO HER OWN DRESS.

5 C.



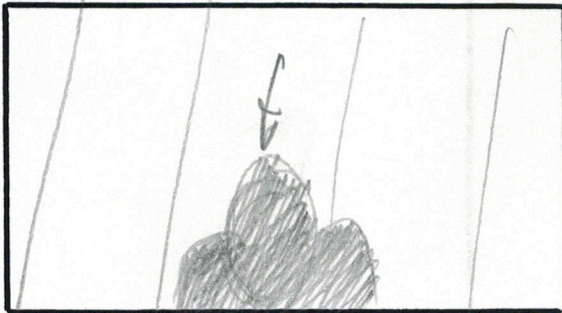
D STARTS TO PULL OFF DRESS

D.

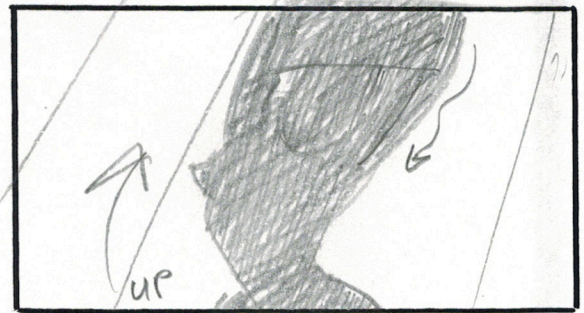


TILT UP TO HER SHADOW AS SHE TAKES OFF DRESS.

5 E.



BENDS DOWN



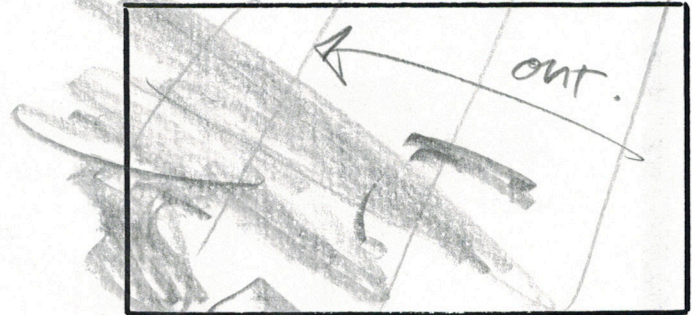
COMES UP W. NEW DRESS.

5 G.



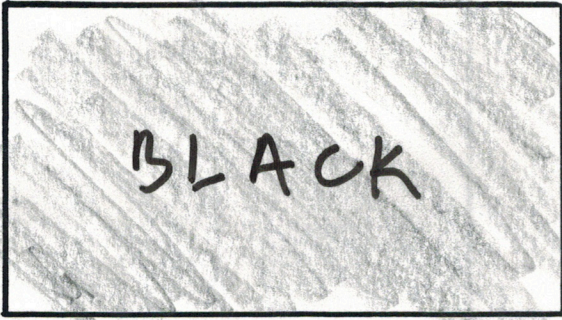
PUTS IT ON.

H.



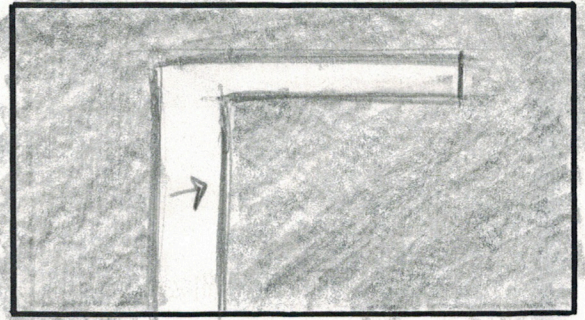
LEAPS OUT OF VIEW.

6 A.



BLACK

B.



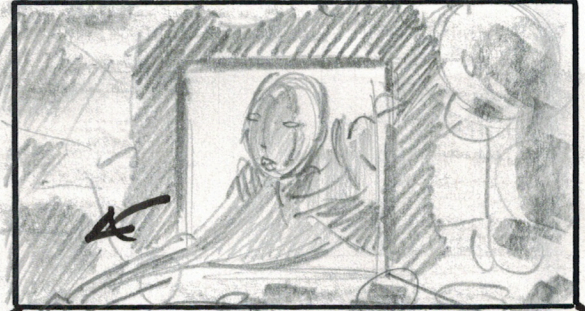
OPENING REVEALED.

6 C. PULL BACK



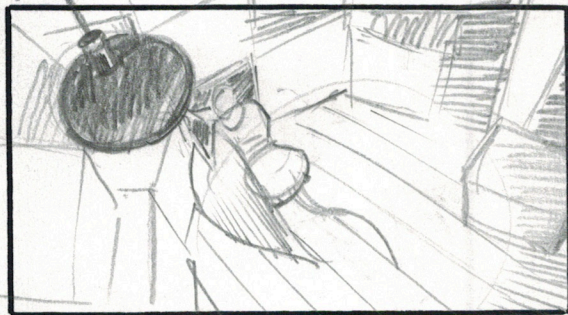
DREN PEERS INTO OPENING.

D. PULL BACK



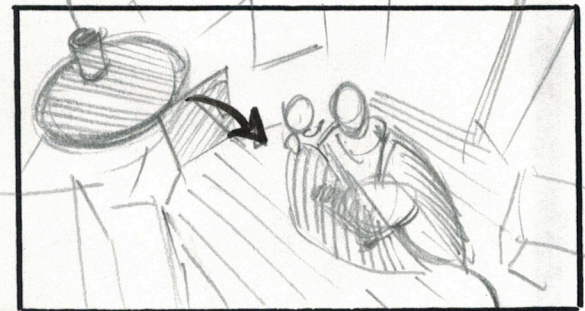
SPACE IS FULL OF DARK CLUTTER. D REACHES IN.

7 A.



REVEAL D IS REACHING INTO HIDING SPACE.

B.



PULLS OUT SOME STUFF.

8



FIRST CLEAR VIEW OF D IN NEW DRESS. SHE HOLDS UP BARBIE + BRUSH.

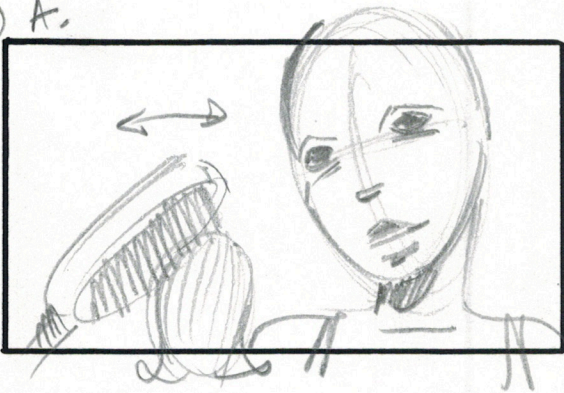
9



D BRUSHES BARBIE'S HAIR.

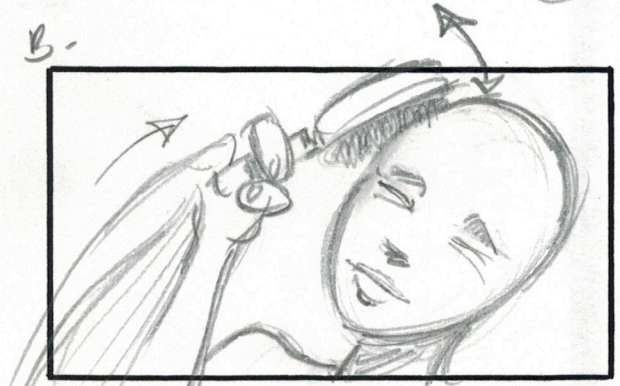
SPLICE "DANCING"

10 A.



D BRUSHES BARBIE'S
C. HAIR

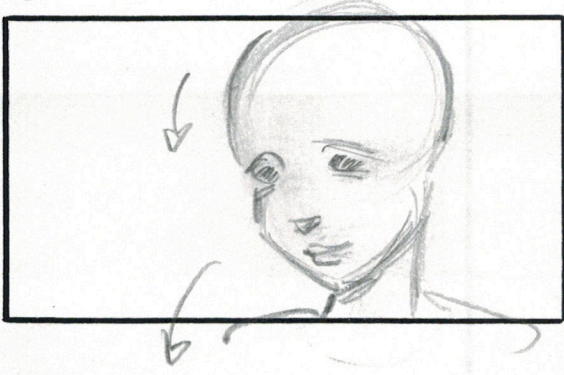
B.



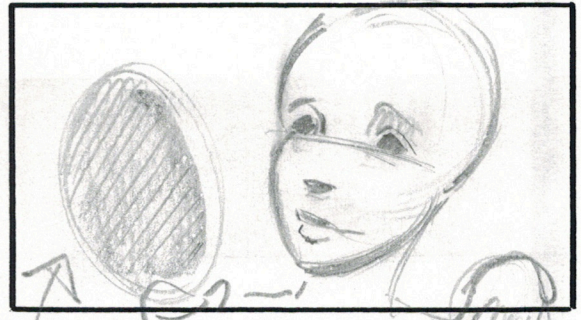
MIMES BRUSHING
HER HEAD.

10

C.

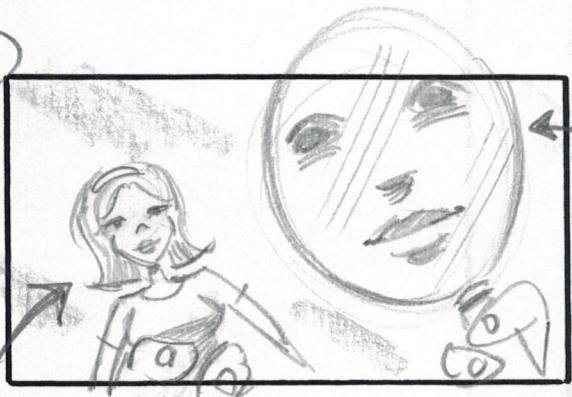


D.



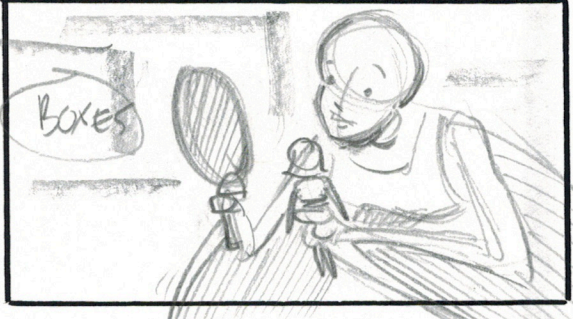
(11) EXCHANGES
BRUSH FOR MIRROR.

11



D COMPARES HER
REFLECTION (12) BARBIE

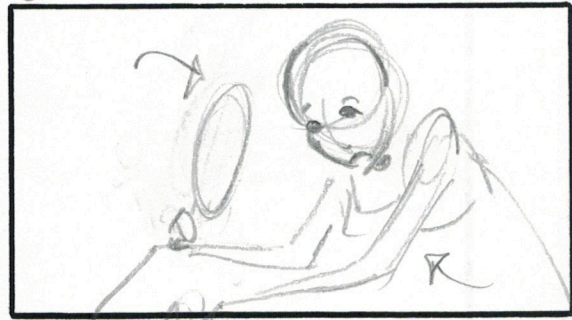
12 A.



SEEMS PLEASED

12

B.



ANGLES MIRROR
TO HER BODY.

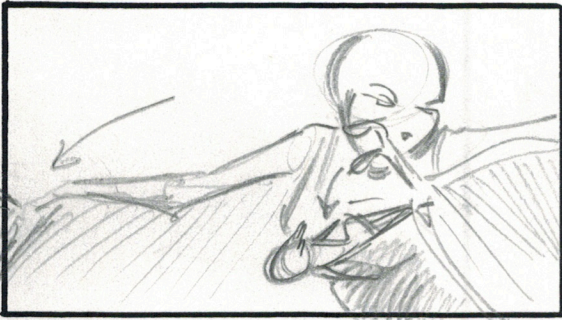
C.



NOT SO PLEASED.

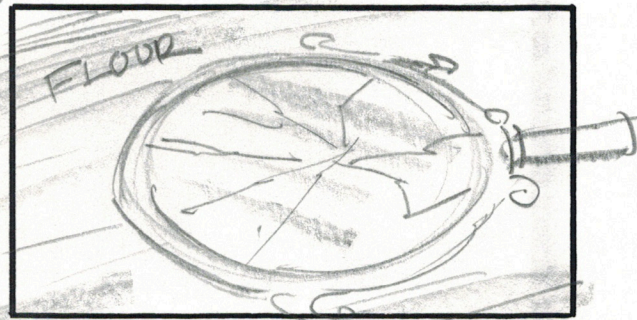
SPLICE "DANCING"

12 D.



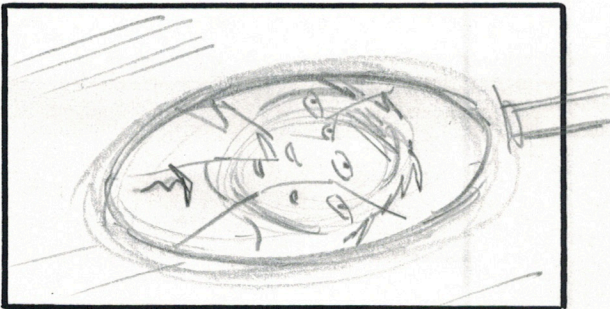
THROWS AWAY MIRROR
DROPS BAMBIE.

(13) A.

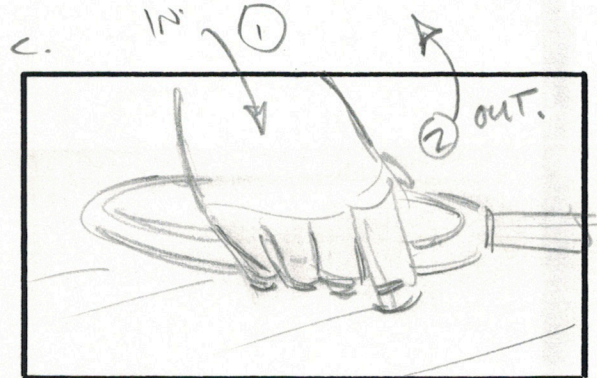


MIRROR CRACKED

13 B.

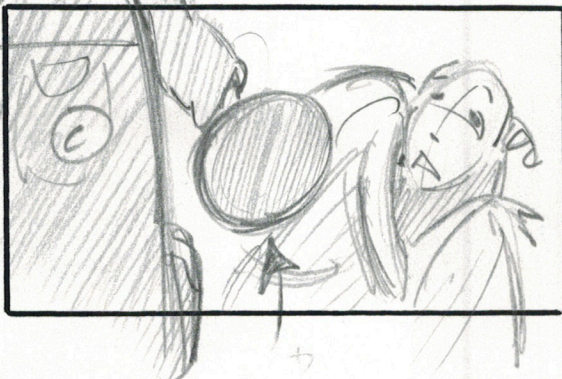


CLIVE'S DISTORTED
REFLECTION
APPEARS.



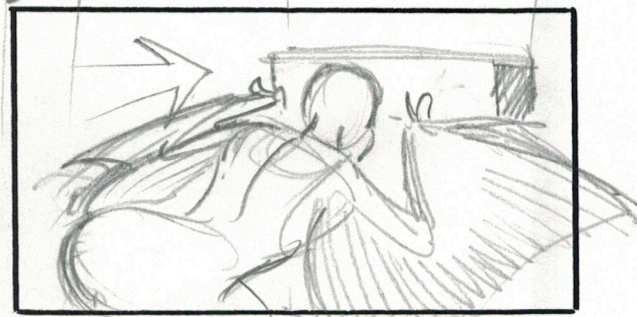
HE PICKS UP
MIRROR.

(14) A.



DREN LOWERS.

B.

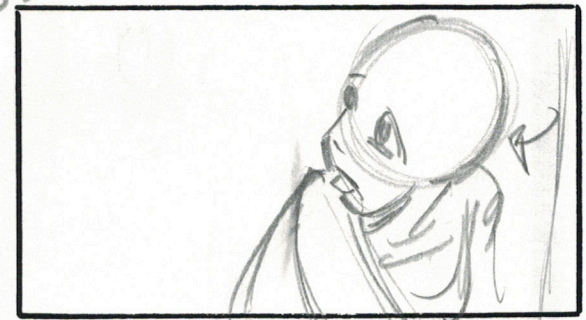


ADJUST - AS SHE COVERS
ENTRANCE TO HIDING PLACE

(15) A.



D FINISHES SEALING
ENTRANCE SHUT.



LOOKS BACK.

SPLICE "DANCING"

15 C.



"IT'S OKAY"

TILT UP

16



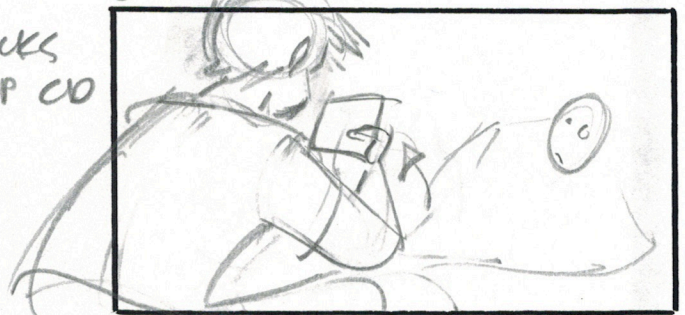
D STILL AFRAID.

B.



C. SPOTS SOMETHING ON GROUND.

B.



...PICKS UP CD

"ELSA'S BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS EVERYWHERE, YOU KNOW."

19



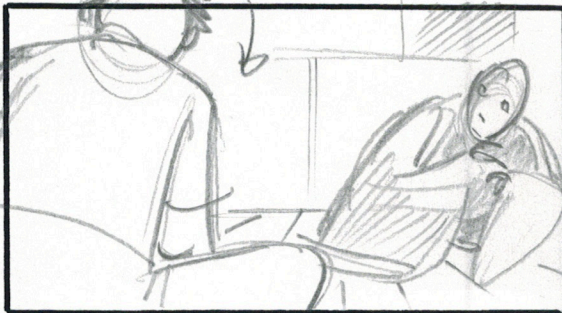
C PUTS CD IN BOOMBOX

17 A.



"WE ALL NEED OUR SECRETS"

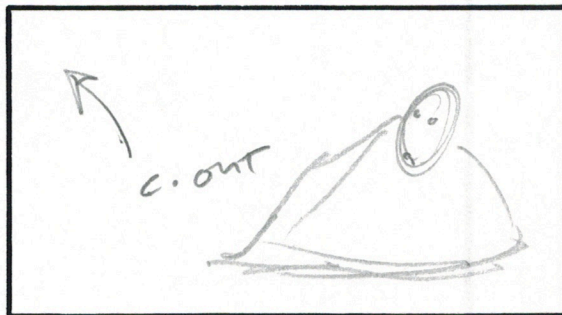
18 A



C BENDS DOWN...

C.

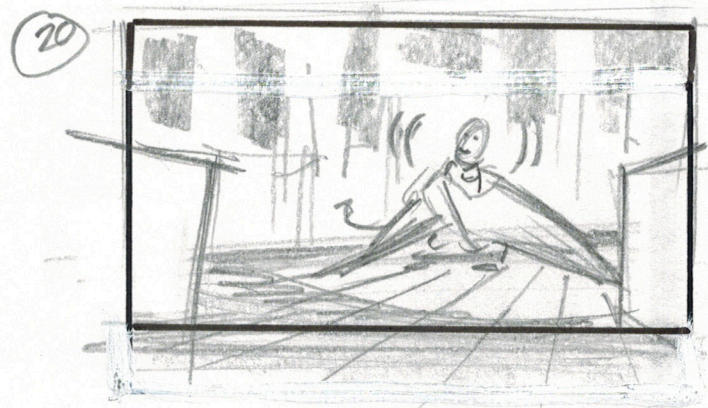
18



EXITS.



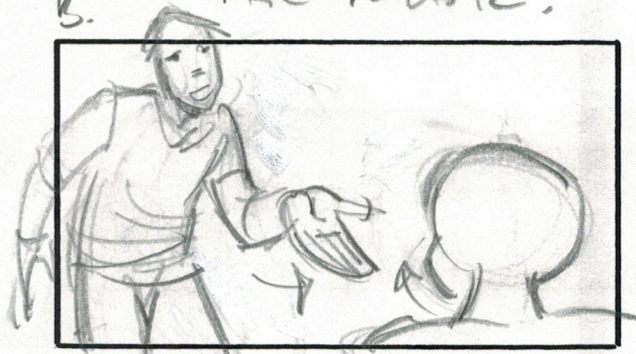
PUSH IN AS HE TURNS TO DREW



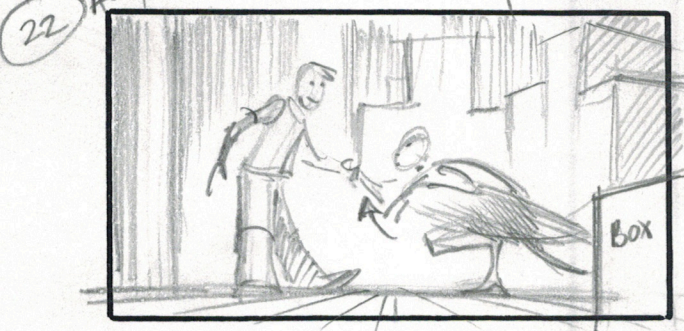
DREW SWAYS TO THE MUSIC.



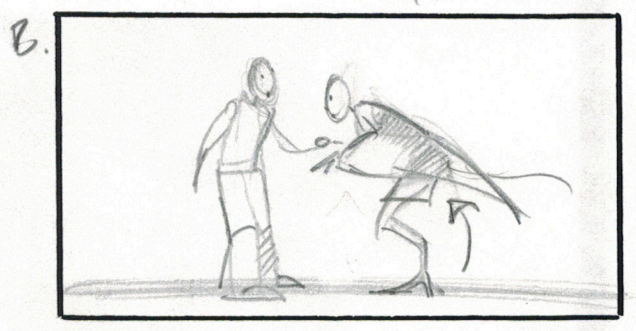
C STEPS UP TO D "YOU LIKE THE GUYS HUH?"



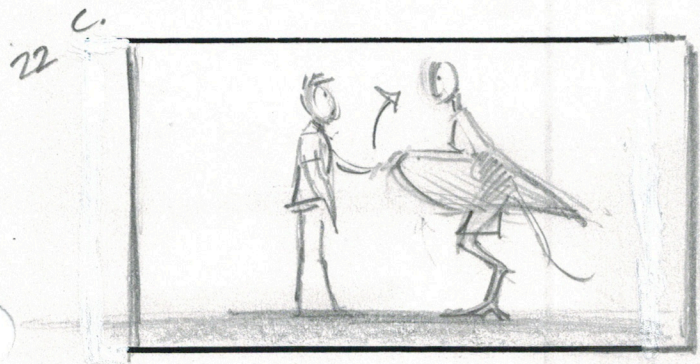
C OFFERS HIS HAND. "THINK THEY'RE CUTE?"



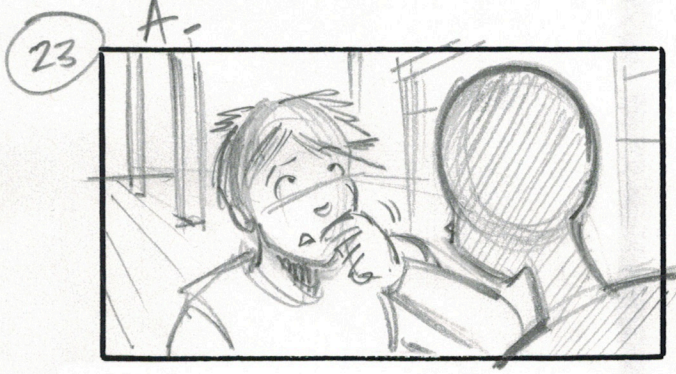
D TAKES HIS HAND.



BEGINS TO STAND.

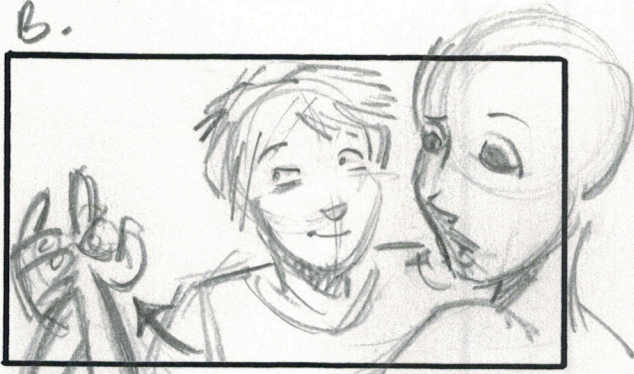


... IS MUCH TALLER THAN C.



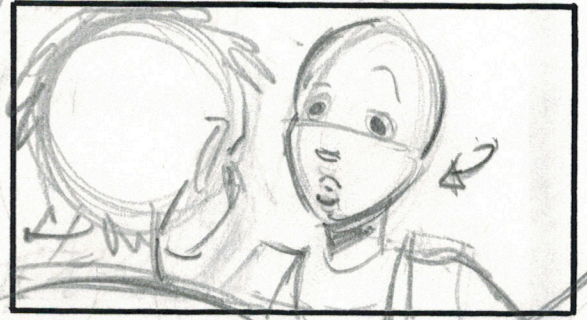
"WE'LL MAKE IT WORK."

23 B.



C RAISES HER WING -

(24)

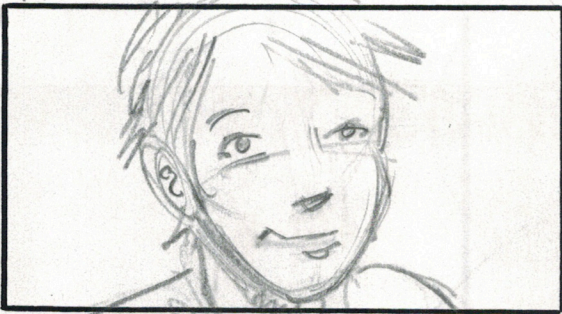


D LOOKS TO C.

CONFUSED.

(25)

A.



C CASTS REASSURING SMILE

B.



LOOKS DOWN

25 C.



GUIDES DREN'S OTHER

E. 'HAND' TO HIS SIDE.

25



"READY?"

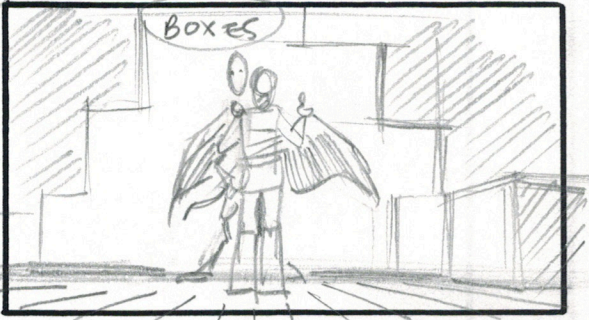
(26)



D LOOKS UP CURIOUS.

SPLICE "DANCING"

27 A.



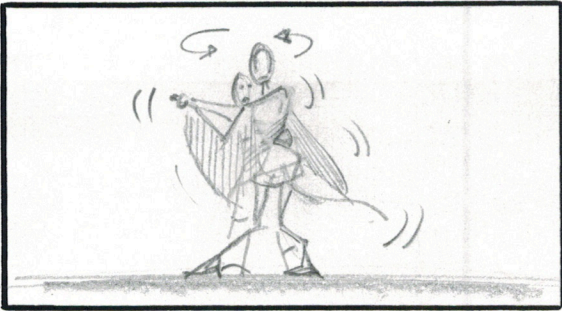
"JUST FOLLOW"

B.



THEY START TO DANCE

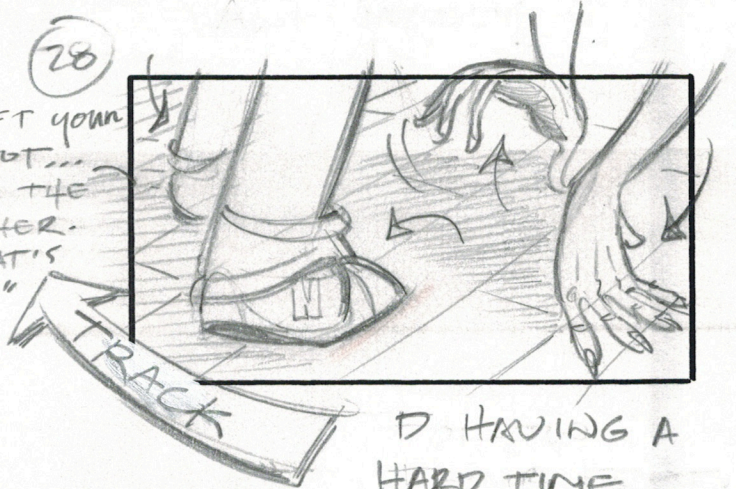
27 C.



...AWKWARDLY.

28

"LIFT your FOOT... NO THE OTHER. THAT'S IT."

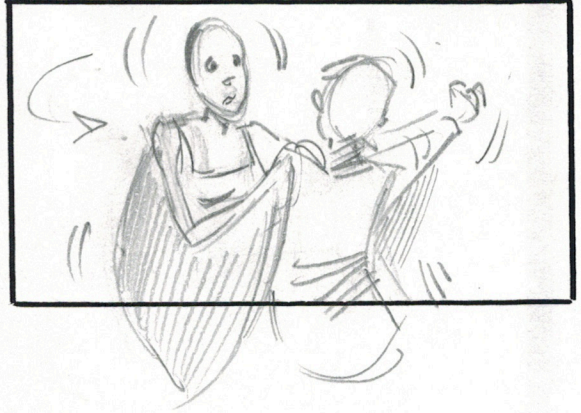


D HAVING A HARD TIME FOLLOWING

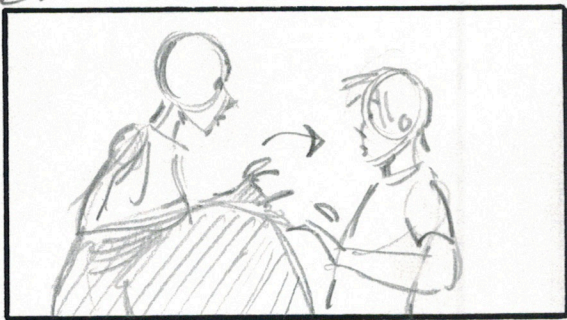
29 A.



B.

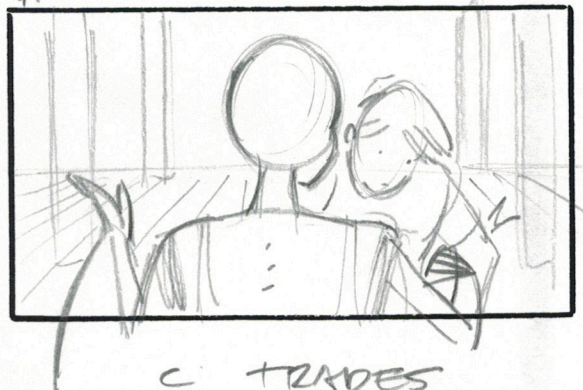


29 C.



"WAIT"

30 A.



C TRADES POSITIONS.

SPLICE "DANCING"

30 B.



C.

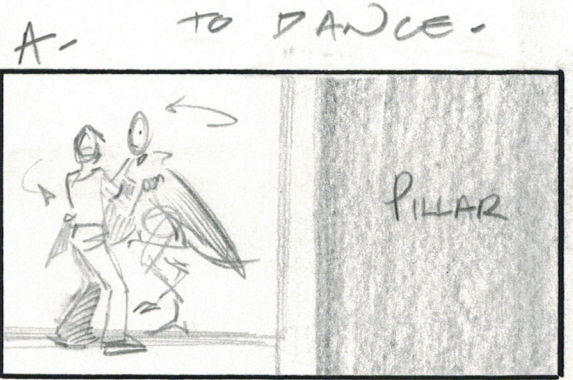


START TO DANCE.

30 D.



31



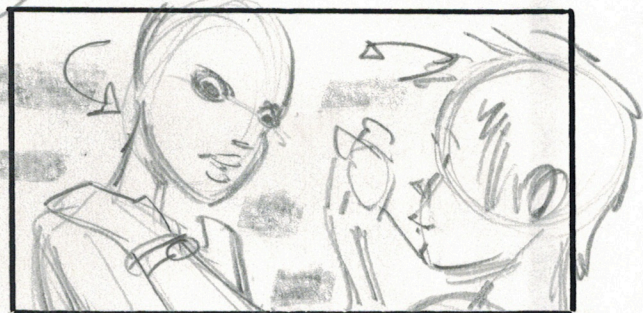
TRACK PAS PILLAR.

31 B.



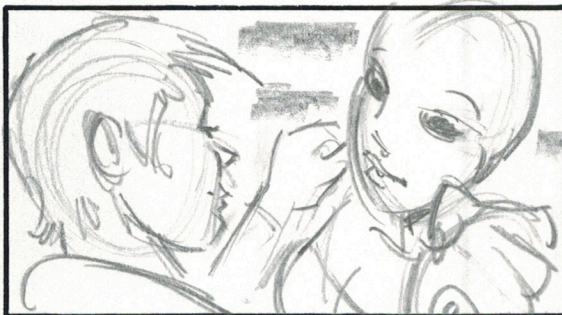
DANCING GRACEFULLY.

32 A.

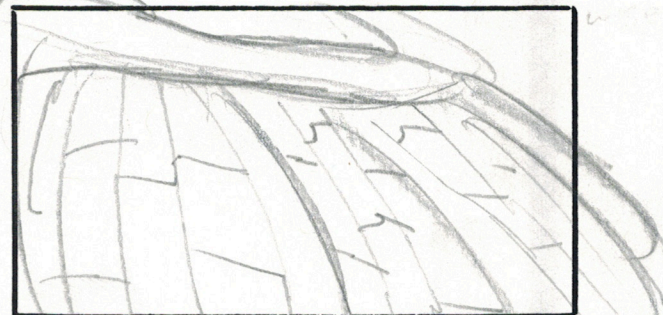


360° COUNTER CLOCKWISE MOVE. (D + C DANCE CLOCKWISE)

32 B.



33

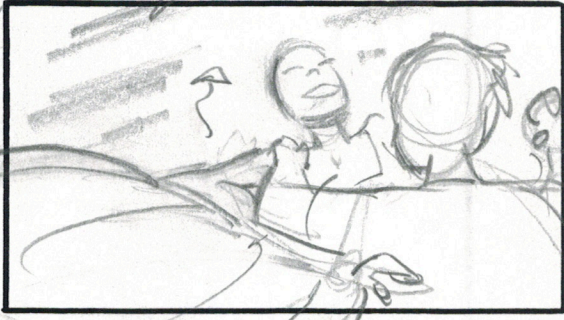


D'S WING INFLATES.

SPLICE

34

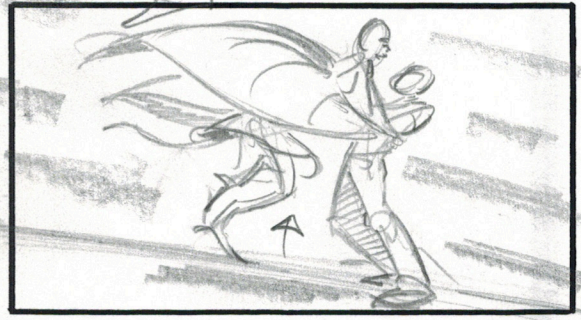
360°



D LIFTED OFF FLOOR.

35

360°



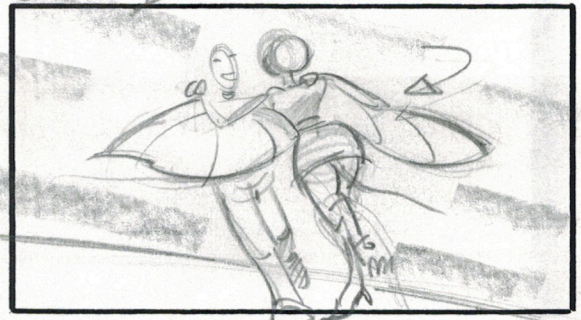
D CONTINUES TO RISE.

35

360°

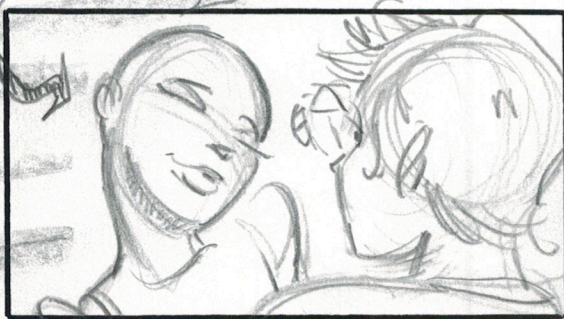


D COMES BACK DOWN.



36

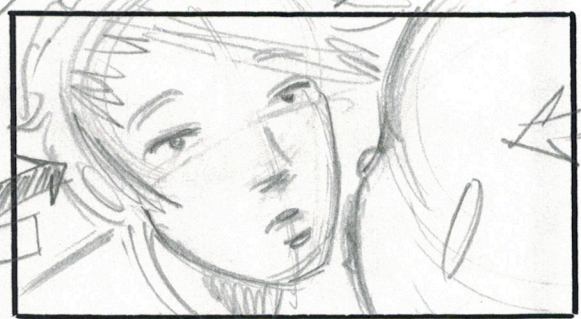
360°



D FINISHES LANDING.

37

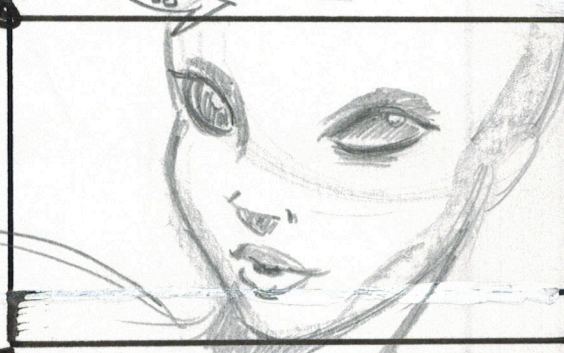
360°



(SWITCH POSITIONS)
C LIVE
INFATUATED

38

360°



PUSH IN
TO D - BEAUTIFUL

39

360°



PUSH IN TO C =
REALIZATION - HE'S
IN LOVE.

40 A.



C BREAKS AWAY

B.



"THAT'S ENOUGH."

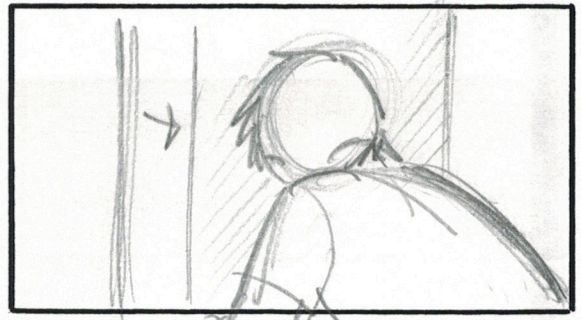
40 C.



UP

JUMP

41 A.



OPENS DOOR.

41 B.



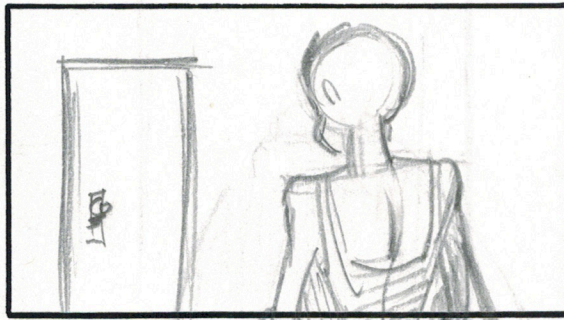
TURNS TO SPEAK. CARIT.

42 A.



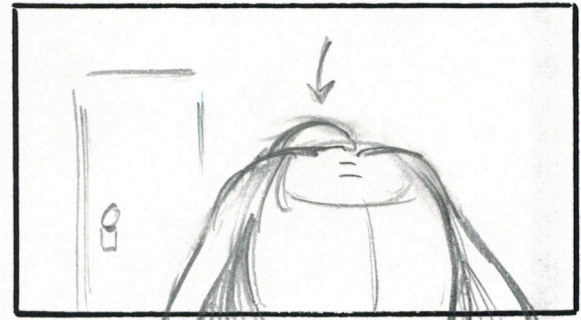
C LEAVES

42 B.



SHUT + LOCKS DOOR

C.



D CRUSHED.