

# **SPLICE**

**V. NATALI THUMBNAIL  
STORYBOARDS**

**"ATTACK"**

**JUNE 7, 2000**

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

DRAWINGS

On tablet paper. They show a face. Some are quite crude, but there is an evolution to them. In the advanced ones it becomes clear that they are PORTRAITS OF CLIVE.

Elsa picks them up. She turns to Dren.

ELSA (CONT'D)  
(marvelling)  
These are good.

She sets them down.

ELSA (CONT'D)  
Are there any of me?

Dren just stares back at her, afraid. Elsa notices that there is one more sheet of paper lying by Dren's foot.

ELSA (CONT'D)  
May I?

She picks it up. It's another drawing, only half finished: Clive and the hybrid dancing together.

Elsa takes this in. Hands it back to the hybrid and without another word, leaves.

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

Clive comes into the room looking like he just rolled out of bed. He finds Elsa hunched over her microscope.

CLIVE  
Why didn't you wake me?

ELSA  
You obviously needed the sleep.

He droops his arms over her and rests his chin on her shoulder. She stiffens. Clive pulls back, almost says something, then thinks better of it.

Clive drifts away from Elsa, searching the room for Dren. He looks up. She's in her perch as usual.

CLIVE  
Hey there.

(CONTINUED)

She is happy to see him and immediately climbs down. Elsa pretends not to notice, but underneath she seethes.

Clive searches around the room, pulls something out of a mound of junk, comes over kicking a soccer ball.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

(to Dren)

Come on. Let's play.

He clowns around with the ball, bounces it on his head. This gets a giggle from Dren. Elsa watches the display, unamused.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Pretty good, huh?

Clive feigns throwing the ball at Dren. She reacts in anticipation.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Ready?

ELSA

(warning)

Clive.

Clive launches the ball. Dren lights up with a smile and takes a spectacular running leap, catching the ball airborne. She lands in an elegant roll which leaves her upright.

CLIVE

You're a natural.

Dren squeals approvingly. She tosses the ball back to Clive, readies herself for more. Elsa watches with disdain.

ELSA

Clive, don't get her all riled up.

CLIVE

Why not?

Clive tosses the ball again. Dren dives into the air, bowling over a shelf of toys which spill onto the floor with a deafening CRASH.

ELSA

Clive.

(CONTINUED)

Clive takes the ball, dribbles it around the room. Dren chases him.

CLIVE

She'd respond to you more if you'd play with her once and a while.

ELSA

She 'responds' to me just as much as she does to--

There is a LOUD KNOCK at the door.

Elsa and Clive freeze, look at each other, alarmed.

More knocking.

Clive and Elsa glance at Dren, at the little paradise they've built, at all they have to lose.

When Dexter's nerdy voice appears, they breathe again.

DEXTER (O.S.)

Guys? You in there?

CLIVE

(sotto)  
Did you...?

ELSA

(sotto)  
Of course not.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Dren leaps into a corner like an animal, CAMOUFLAGING HERSELF.

DEXTER (O.S.)

Please. I need to talk to you.

INT. HALLWAY, CANDY FACTORY -- CONTINUOUS

Dexter hammers on the door again. In his hand is the COLD BOX containing Dren's tissue sample.

DEXTER

Lloyd at the analysis lab intercepted the cold box you sent from this address. I know you're in there.

Finally, he kicks the door.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Guys, will you just open the stupid door.

He waits, to no avail.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

Fine. I guess I'll just be passing this thing along to Barlow and his crew instead.

CLICK.

The door opens part way, Elsa's face blocking any view of the interior.

ELSA

Give me that.

Suddenly Dexter THROWS his weight on the door, practically knocking Elsa off her feet and letting him into...

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

Dexter stumbles into the room, recovers.

DEXTER

Wow.

Clive comes up to him.

CLIVE

Dex, you should leave it and go.  
Please.

Dexter pays no attention. He's taking in the strange environment -- the odd mix of lab equipment and kid's toys.

Elsa reaches out and plucks the cold box from Dexter's hands.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

Dex?

Clive glances around nervously. No sign of Dren. She's hidden from sight.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

We're not ready to show you this,  
Dexter. I'm sorry.

Finally, Dexter's gaze comes around to meet him.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

(giddily)

Oh, you don't have to show me anything. I already know what you've done.

He indicates the cold box.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

That's how Lloyd knew it was you: it was loaded with CD 356. You guys have really done it. I just wish I knew what it was.

Elsa is elated at this news, but works to cover.

ELSA

Come on, Dexter. We pulled that from Ginger.

Dexter just shakes his head. He stammers a bit at the confrontation, but he's got his facts straight.

DEXTER

That's, uh, interesting, because I ran a HPLC and a PCR. There's human DNA content in this sample. What's more, it would be impossible for Ginger's dead cells to still be replicating. Which they were, at an abnormally high rate. This is from some other creature. Something alive.

Dexter takes out a manilla envelope from his jacket.

Elsa tears the report from his hand and examines it, amazed.

ELSA

These levels are ten times higher than Ginger and Fred's.

DEXTER

Terrific, huh. So, guys, now that everything is so great, how about just letting me see the fuzzy little whatever-it-is?

Clive opens his mouth to speak, but before he can utter a word DREN SWOOPS DOWN FROM THE RAFTERS. She Latches onto Dexter, sending them crashing to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

ELSA

Dren, no!

THE HYBRID CLAWS AT DEXTER'S face and body with her feet, shredding his clothes, her wings flapping furiously.

Clive and Elsa grab hold, desperately try to pry her off. It's pandemonium. Finally, Dexter wiggles free. He stumbles to his feet, bloodied. Gets one last glimpse of Dren hissing and spitting in Clive and Elsa's grip.

DEXTER

Jesus Christ.

Then he's out the door.

CLIVE

Dexter, wait!

Elsa grabs Clive as he heads for the door.

ELSA

Talk to him. Don't let him go to Barlow.

Clive takes off, slamming and locking the door behind him.

Elsa whirls around to Dren. The hybrid shrinks away, but she follows her, stalking her, yelling at her.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Why did you do that? You've ruined everything! Everything.

EXT. CANDY FACTORY -- DAY

Clive reaches the outside of the building in time to see Dexter's car wildly reverse out of the parking lot then tear off down the street.

He heads for the Mach One.

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

Dren is hidden in the rafters. Elsa chastises her from below.

ELSA

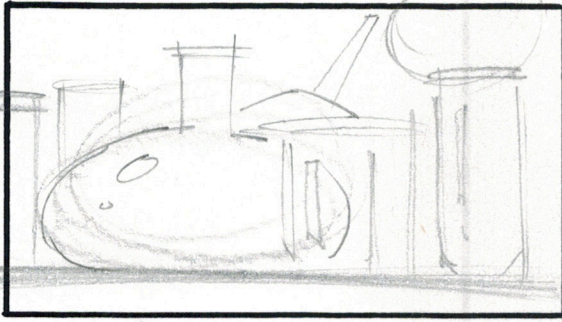
Fuck! Do you understand what's going to happen if Dexter tells anyone? They'll take you away...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

# SPLICE "ATTACK!"

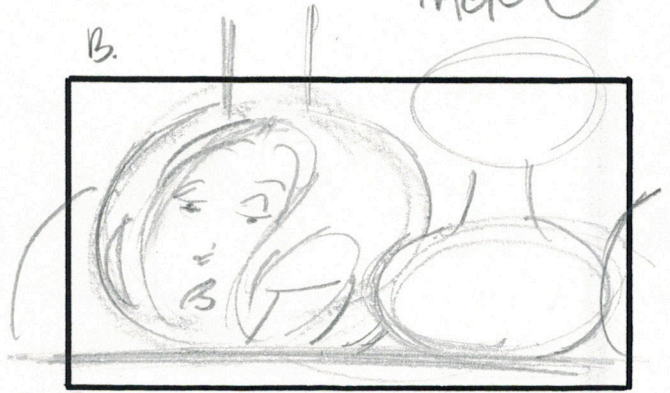
① A.



BEAKERS

LAT. TRACK ←

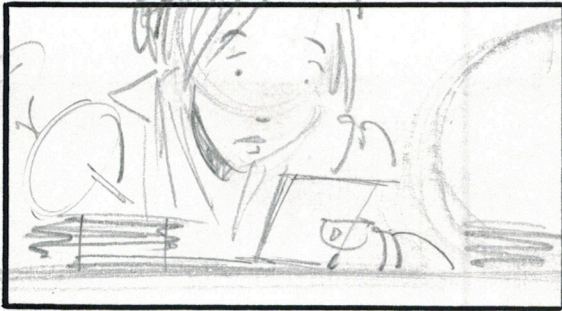
B.



E DISTORTED THRU GLASS.

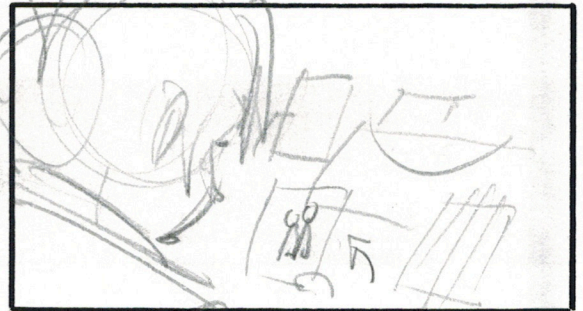
LAT. TRACK CONT. ←

C.



E LOOKING END @ PHOTOS TRACK ←

②



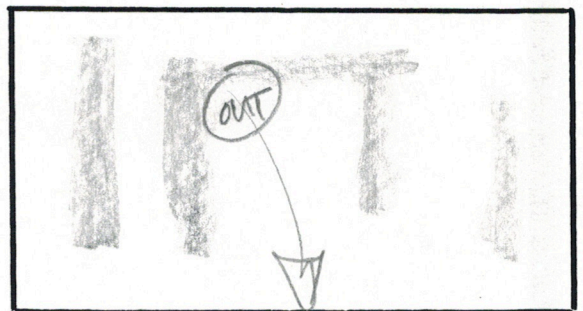
PICKS UP ANOTHER PHOTO.

B.

③



E + C GRAD PHOTO



3 C.



C IN YOUNGER DAYS. "MORNING" (IN)

D.



REVEAL C

"THAT IS IF IT IS MORNING."



4 A-



B HIDES PHOTOS

B-



A

KNOWS

C ENTERS

4 C-



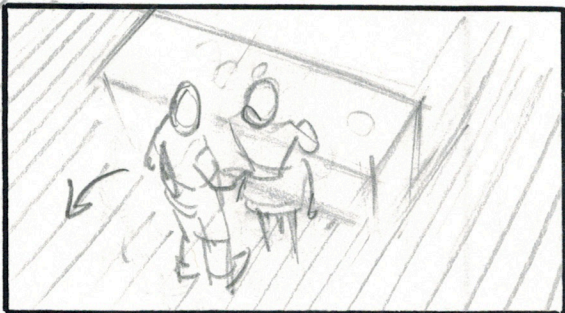
"WHY DIDNIT YOU WAKE ME?"

D-

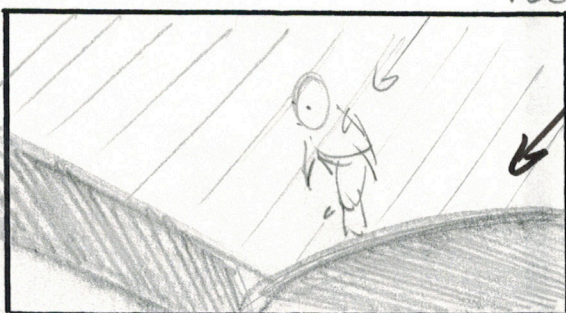


"YOU OBVIOUSLY NEEDED THE SLEEP."

5 A-

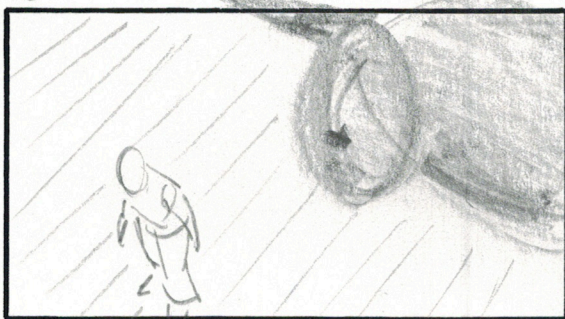


C TURNS AWAY



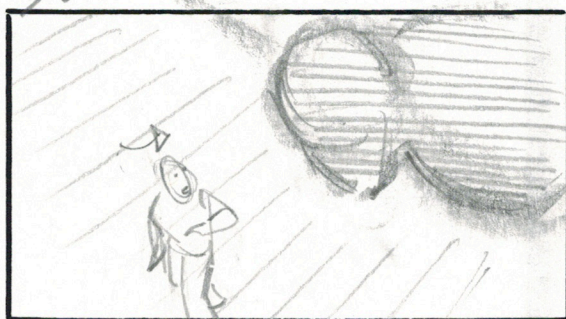
LOOKS 4 D

C-



REVEAL D IN RAFTERS

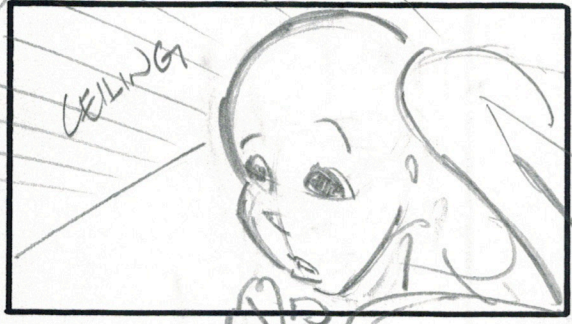
D-



C TURNS "HEY THERE."

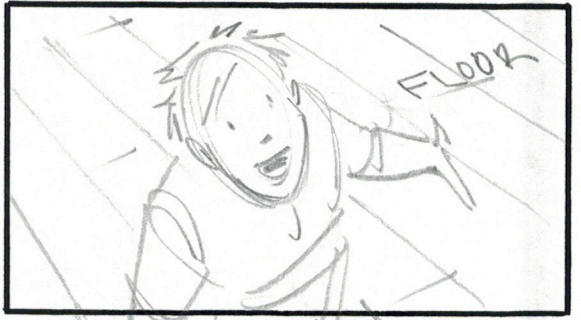
SPLICE "ATTACK!"

6



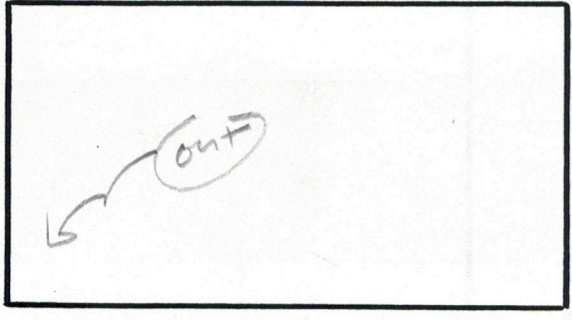
D LOOKS TROUBLED.

7 A



"C'MON"

7 B.



C.



"LET'S PLAY!"

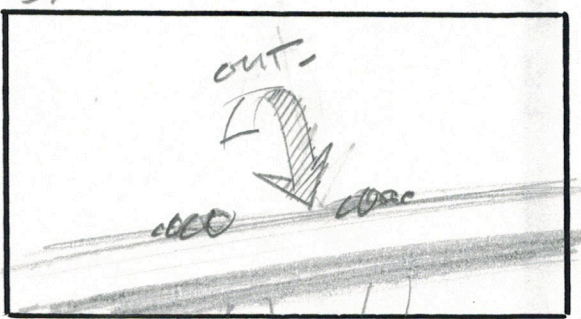
8

A.



D PEERS UP.

B.



DROPS BACKWARDS.

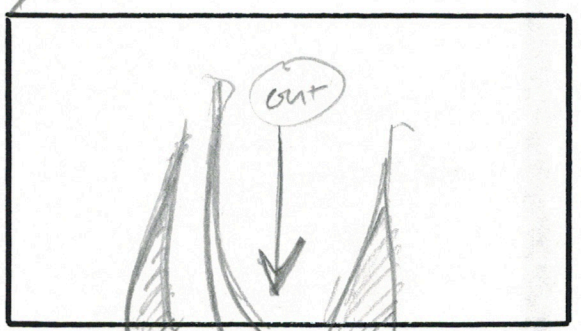
8

C.



D HANGS UPSIDE DOWN FROM GIRDER.

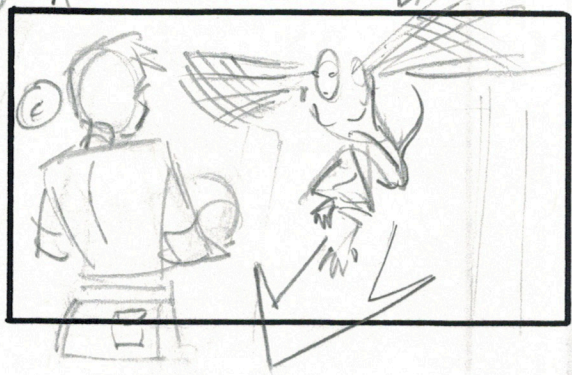
D.



LET'S GO - DROPS OFF.

9

A-



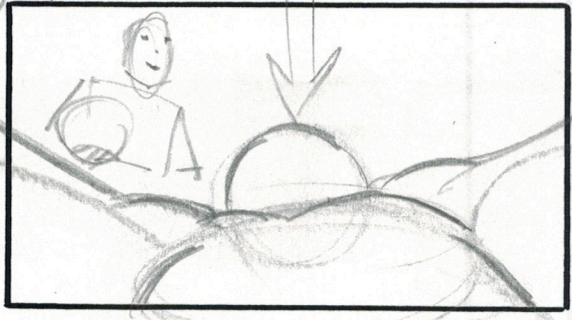
DREN FLUTTERS TO GROUND.

B-



10

A-

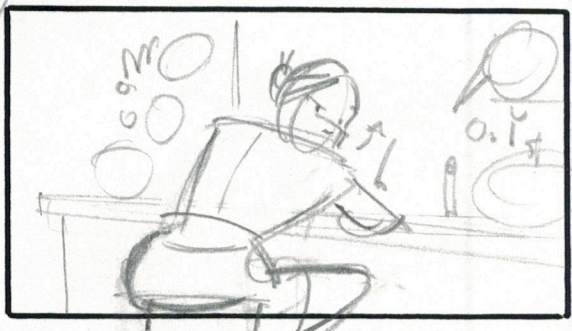


LANDS

B-



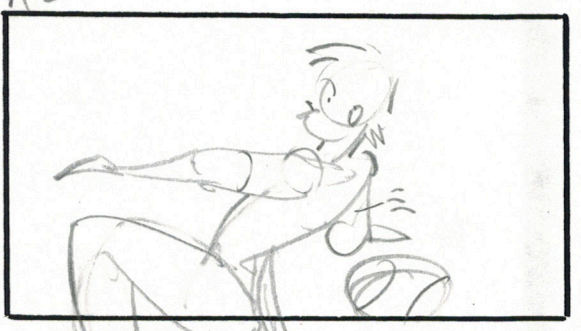
11



E CASTS DISAPPROVING LOOK.

12

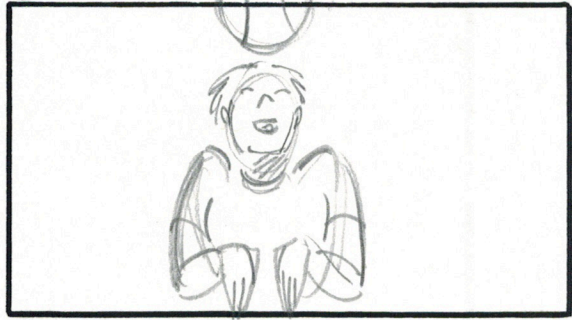
A-



D CLOWNS W. BALL.

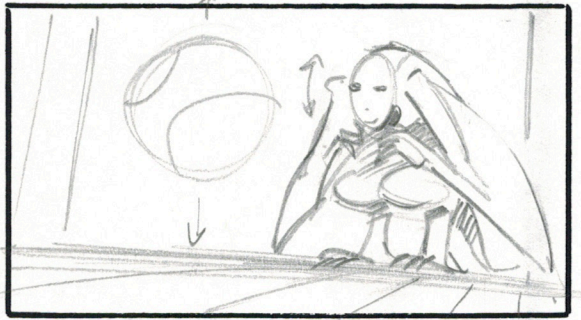
12

B-



"PRETTY GOOD, HUH?"

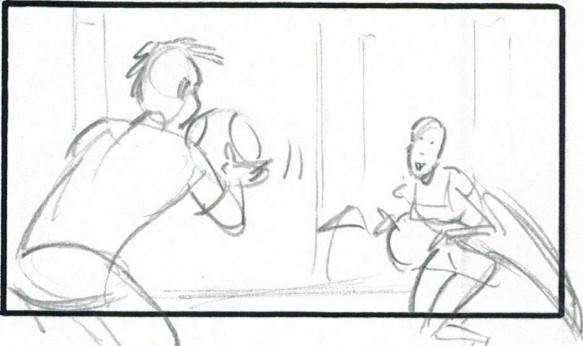
13



D MOVES HEAD W. DRIBBLING BALL.

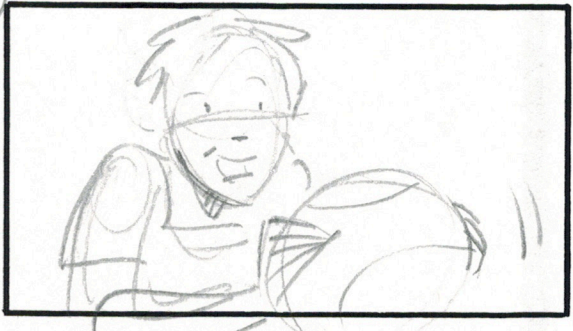
SPLICE "ATTACK!"

14



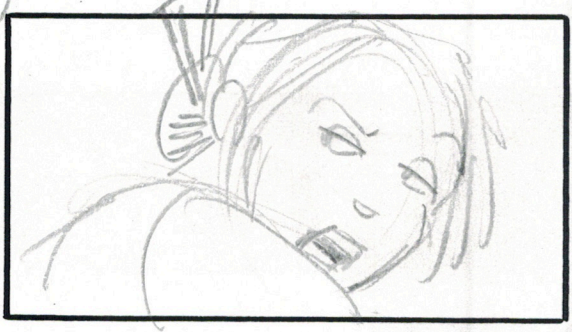
C FEINS THROWING BALL

15



"READY?"

16



"CLIVE"

17



C THROWS BALL

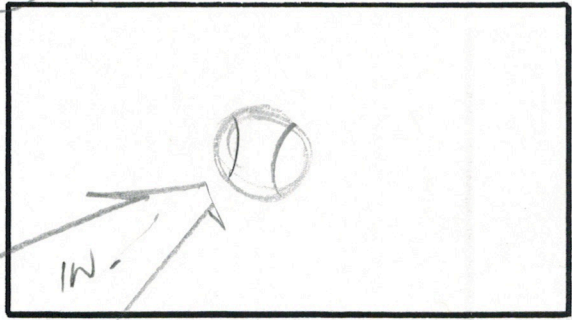
18 A.



OUT.

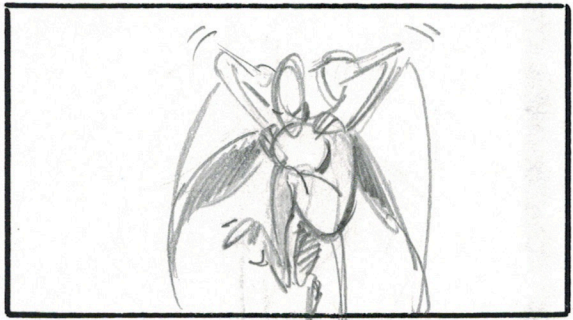
D JUMPS ON IN A BLUR.

19 A.



IN.

BALL IN.



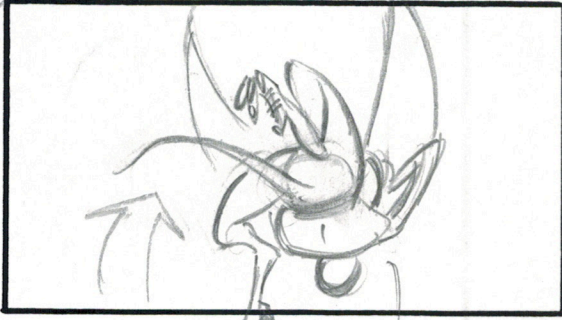
D Jumps INTO shot



CATCHES BALL

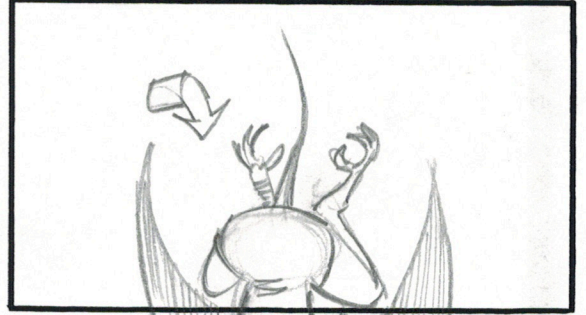
# SPLICE "ATTACK!"

20 A-

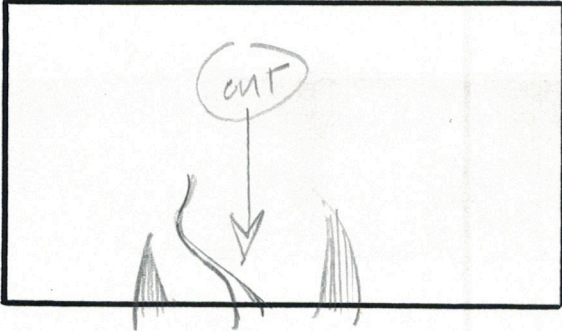


DOES BACKFLIP.

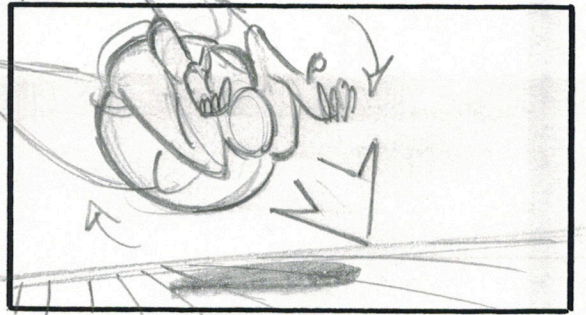
B-



20 C-



21 A-



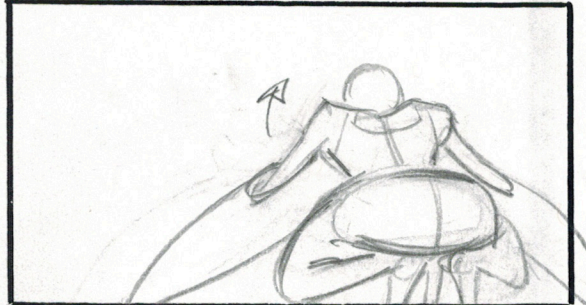
ROLLS INTO A BALL.

21 B-



LANDS FEET UP.

C-



ADJUST.

22 A-



FINISHES RISE.

B. STARTS TO RISE.



TOSSES BALL BACK.

# SPLICE "ATTACK!"

23



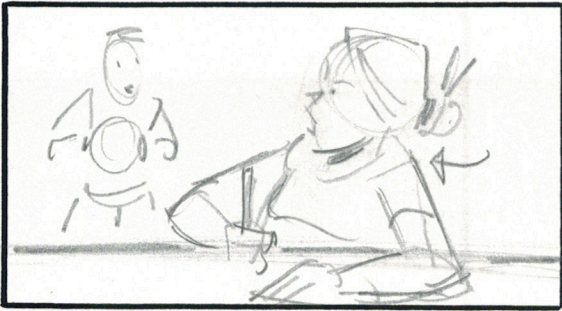
"YOU'RE A NATURAL!"

24



"CLIVE DON'T GET HER RILED UP."

24 B.



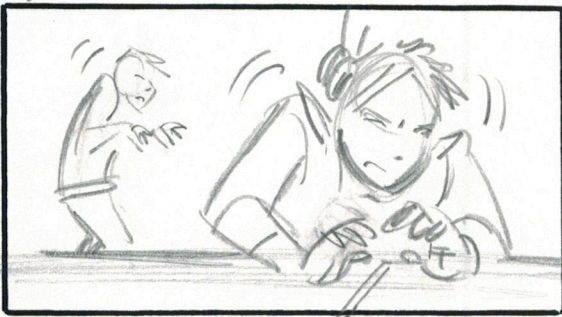
"WHY NOT?"

C.



C THROWS BALL.

24 D.

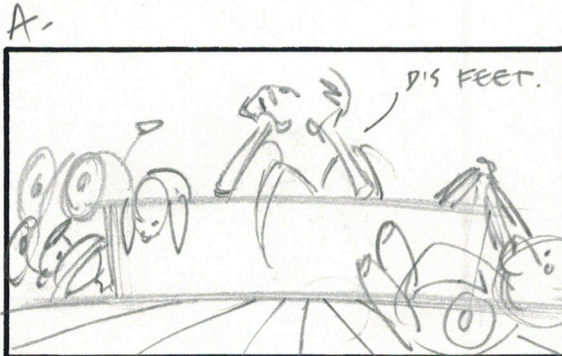


CRASH!

E.

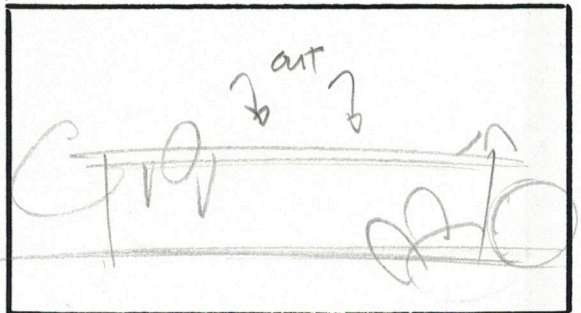


25



B HAS KNOCKED OVER SHELF OF TOYS.

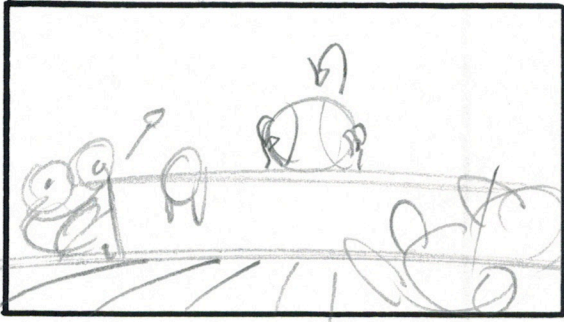
B.



FEET OUT.

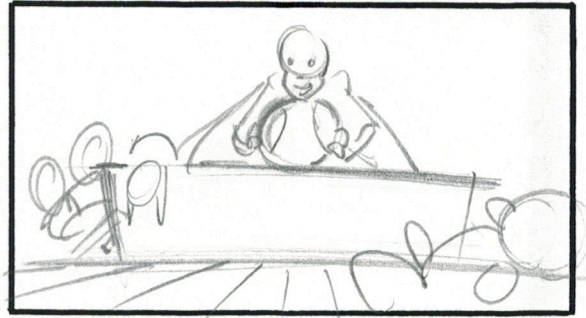
# SPLICE "ATTACK!"

25 c.



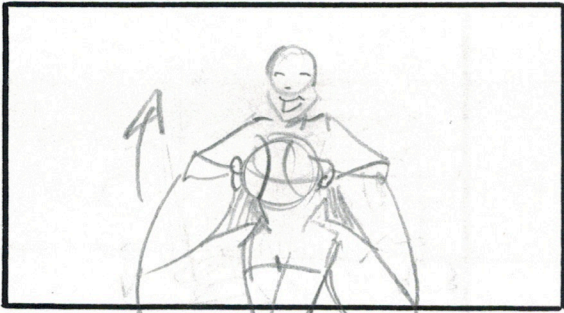
D BRINGS BALL UP

D.



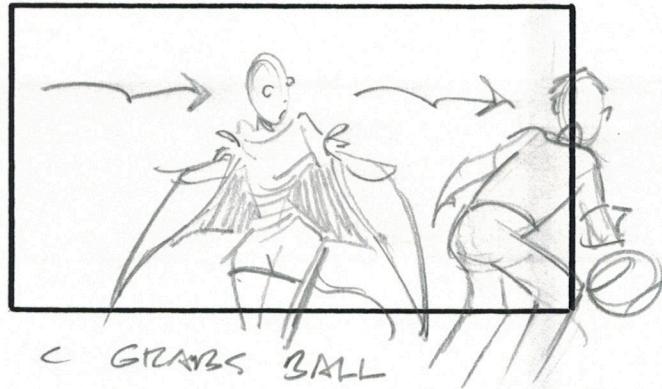
POKE HANDS INTO VIEW.

25 e.



STANDS.

F.

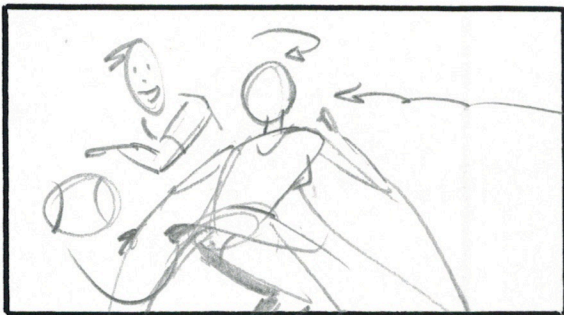


C GRABS BALL

TILT UP

25

G.



"SHE'D RESPOND TO YOU MORE IF YOU'D PLAY WITH HER ONCE + A WHILE"

(26)

A.



"SHE RESPONDS TO ME AS MUCH SHE RESPONDS TO"

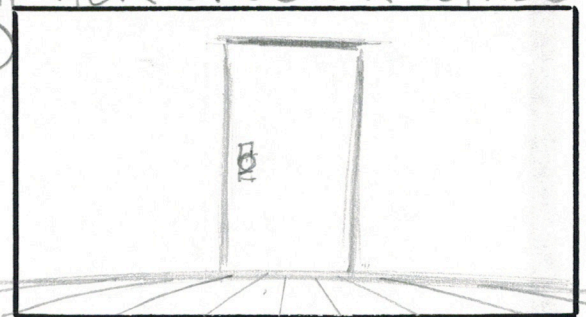
26

B.



KNOCK KNOCK!

(24)



KNOCK KNOCK!

28 A-

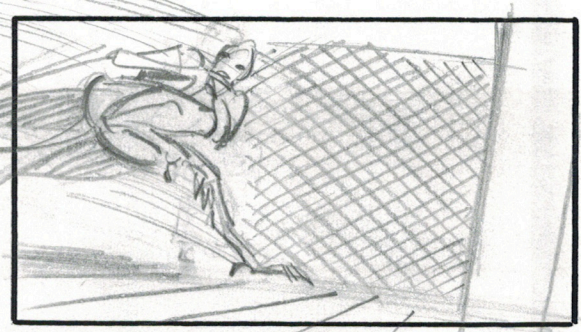
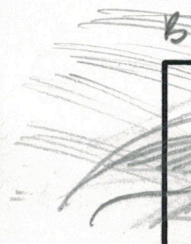


B.



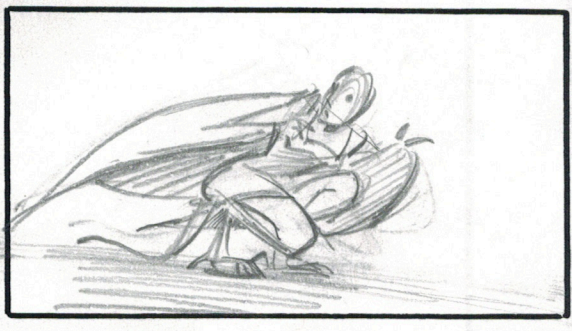
KNOCK KNOCK!

29 A-



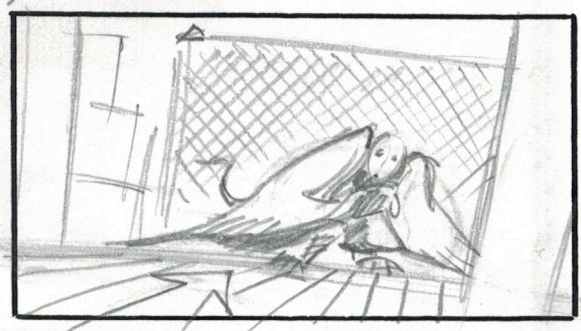
JUMPS IN (AS A SURV.)

29 C.



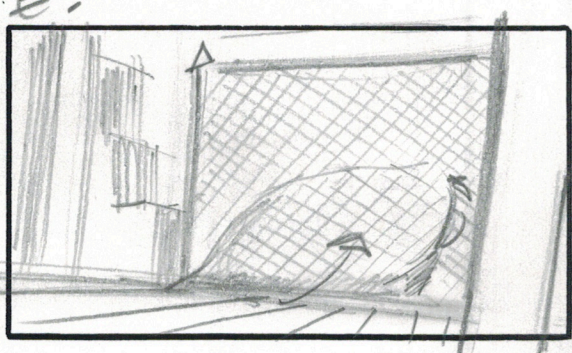
— GETS UP

D.



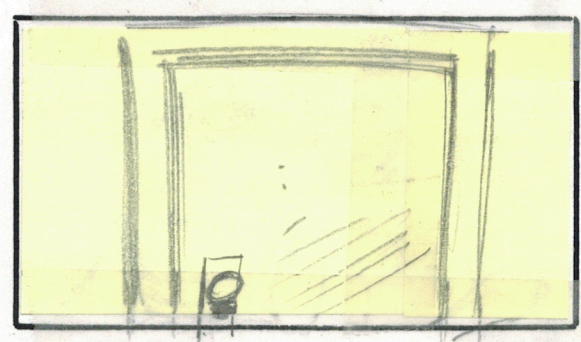
RETREATS

29 E.



CAMOUFLAGES AGAINST FENCE

30



"GUYS, YOU IN THERE?"

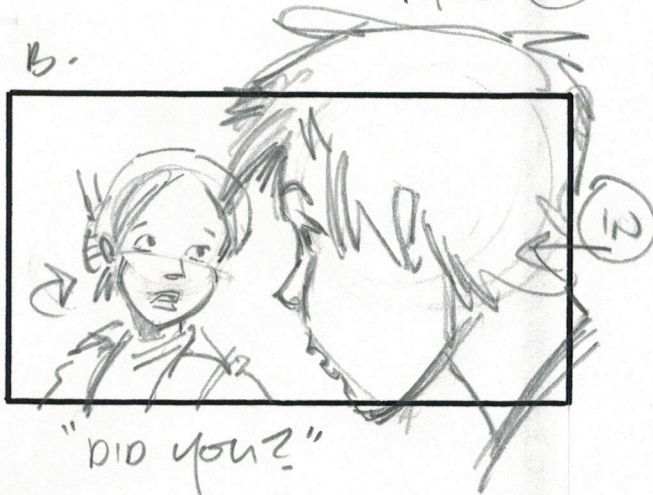


31 A



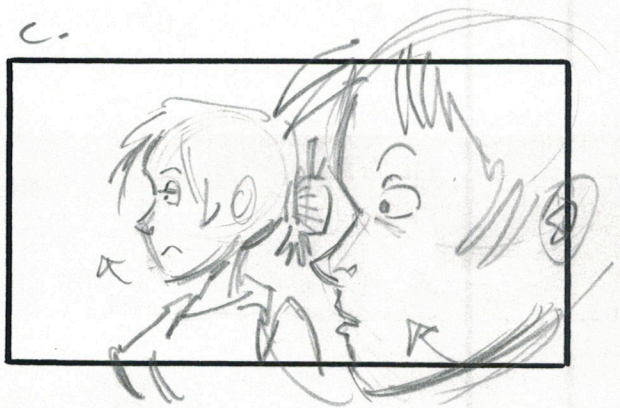
'pkew'

B.



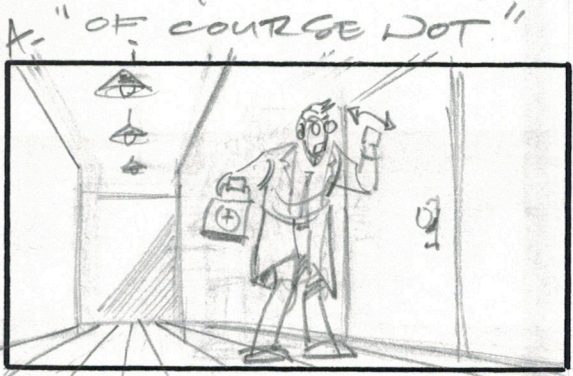
"DID YOU?"

C.



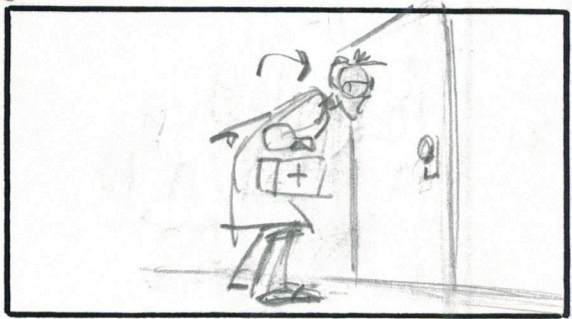
"PLEASE I NEED TO TALK TO YOU!"

32



"OF COURSE NOT."  
"LOUD AT THE ANALYSIS LABS INTERCEPTED THE COLD BOX YOU SENT FROM THIS ADDRESS"

B.

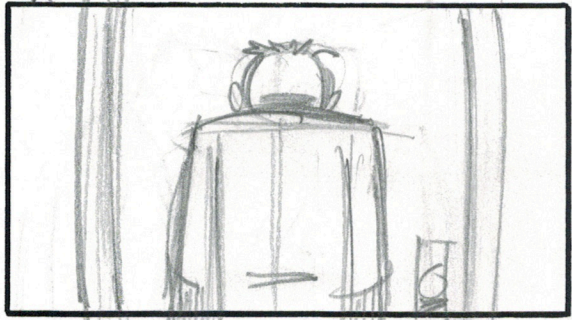


"I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!"



33

A.



"GUYS, WILL YOU JUST OPEN THIS STUPID DOOR?"

B.

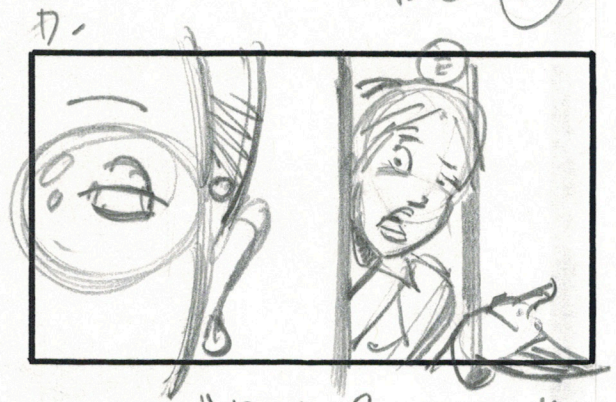


"FINE."

# SPLICE "ATTACK!"



"I GUESS I'LL JUST PASS THINGS ONTO BARLOW AND HIS CREW INSTEAD."



"DEX PLEASE."



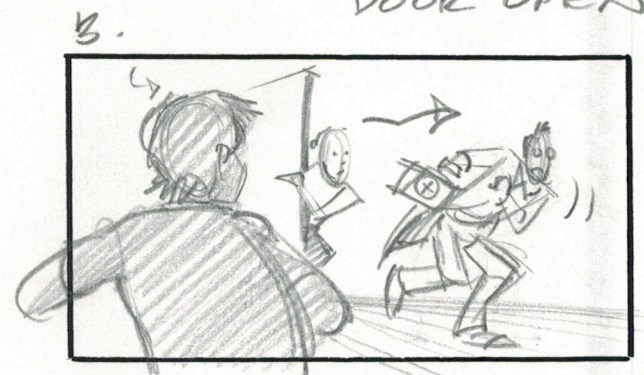
"HERE"



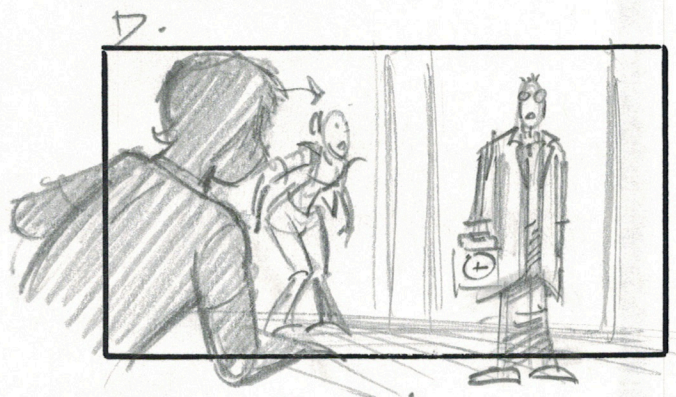
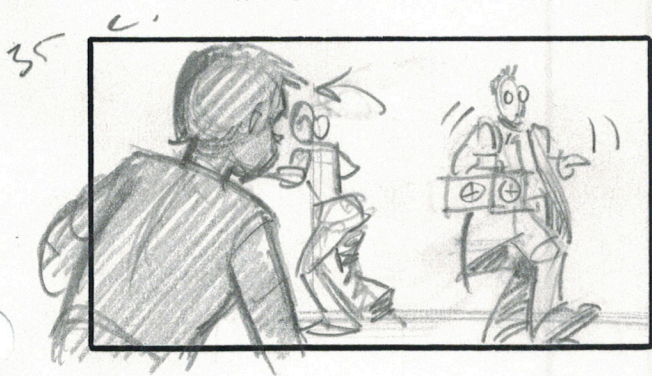
D FORCES THE DOOR OPEN.



D BREAKS IN.

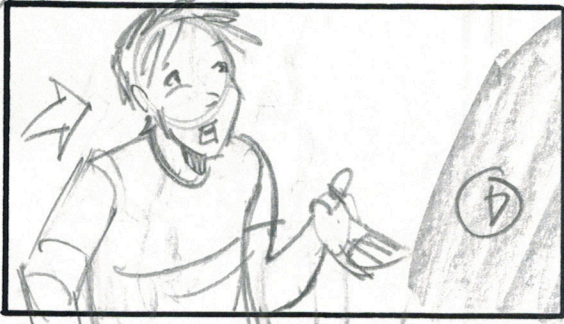


PAN →



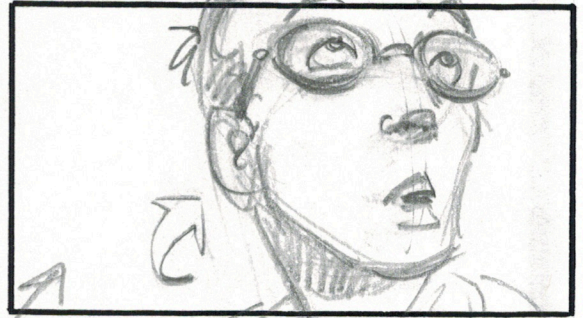
"WOW"

36 A.



DEX YOU SHOULD LEAVE IT AND GO, PLEASE.

B.



ADJUST-

36 C.



"WE'RE NOT READY TO SHOW YOU THIS. I'M SORRY."

37 A.



"OH YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOW ME ANYTHING. I C. ALREADY KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE."

37 B.



"THESE SAMPLES ARE LOADED (W) CD 356 - YOU GUYS HAVE REALLY DONE IT. I WISH I KNEW WHAT IT IS."



"OH C'NOW DEX. WE PULLED THOSE FROM GINGER"

38



"THAT'S UH - INTERESTING BECAUSE I RAN AN HPLC AND A PCR..."



THERE'S HUMAN DNA CONTENT IN THIS SAMPLE.

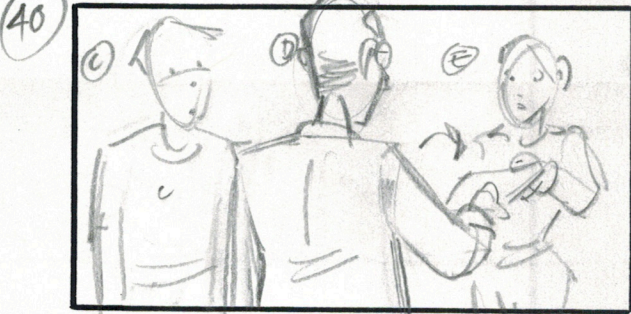
# SPICE 'ATTACK!'



"WHAT'S MORE IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR GINGER'S DEAD CELLS TO STILL BE REPLICATING"



"WHICH THEY WERE AT AN ABNORMAL HIGH RATE I MIGHT ADD THIS IS FROM ANOTHER CREATURE - SOMETHING ALIVE"



D HANDS E REPORT.



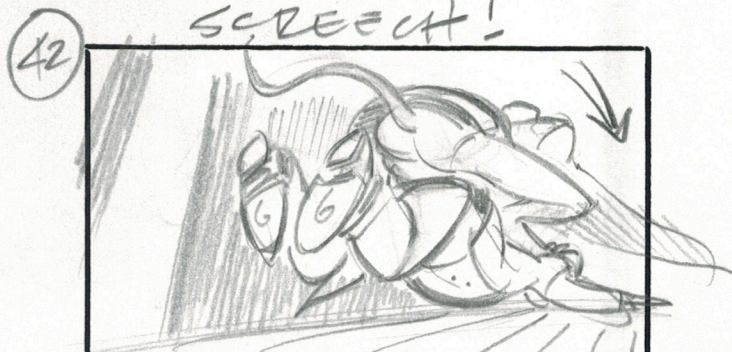
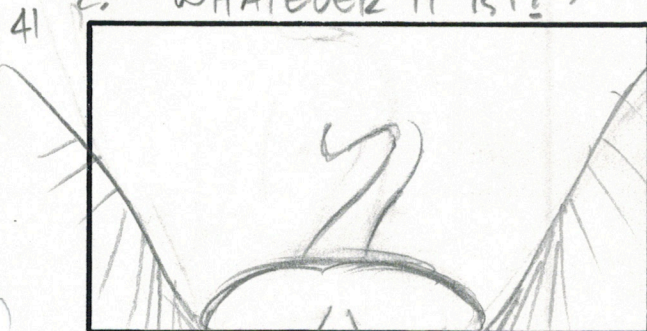
"THESE LEVELS ARE TEN TIMES GINGER + FRED'S TERRIFIC HIT." SO NOW THAT EVERYTHING IS SO GREAT...



"HOW ABOUT LETTING ME SEE THE FUZZY LITTLE WHATEVER IT IS?"



SCREECH!



D+D HIT THE FLOOR.

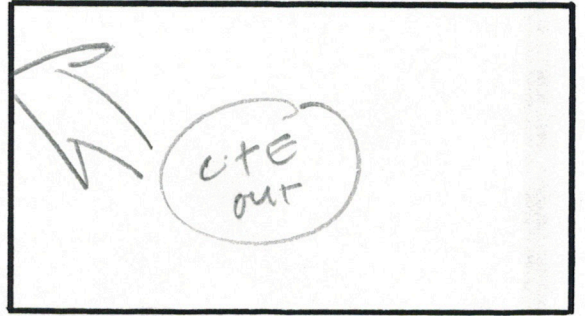
# SPLICE "ATTACK!"

43 A.

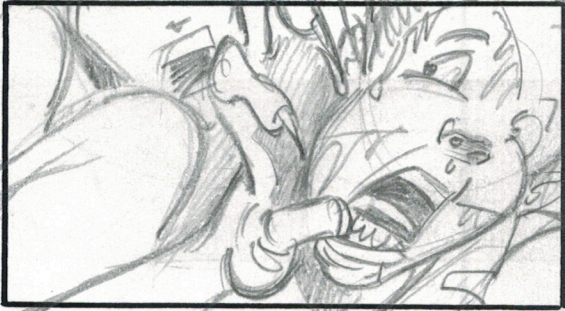


"DREN NO!"

B.

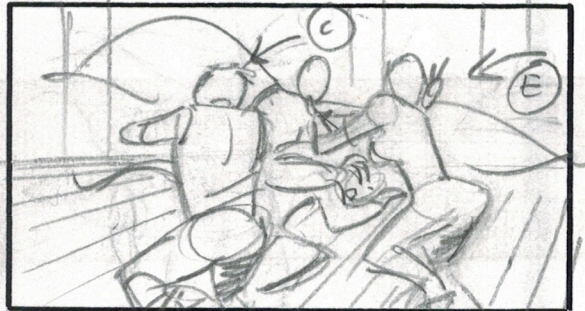


44



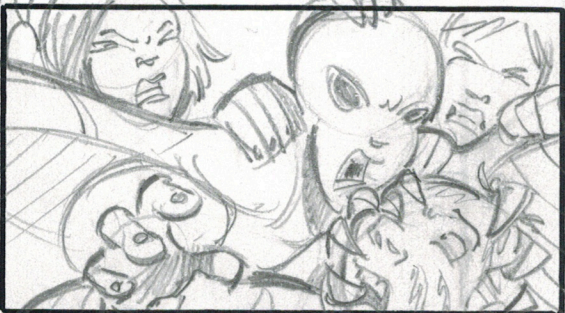
D CLAWING @ DEX.

45



c+e RUSH IN

46

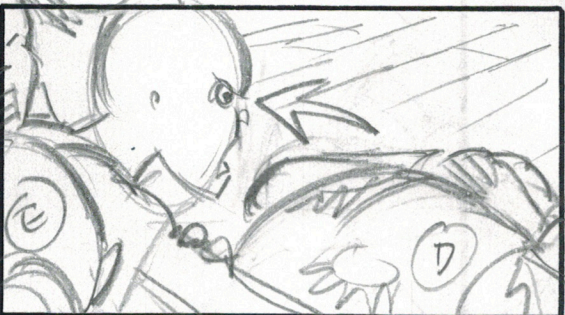


c+e STRUGGLE (w) DREN.

47



48 A



ETC

FINALLY MANAGE TO PULL DREN OFF.

B.

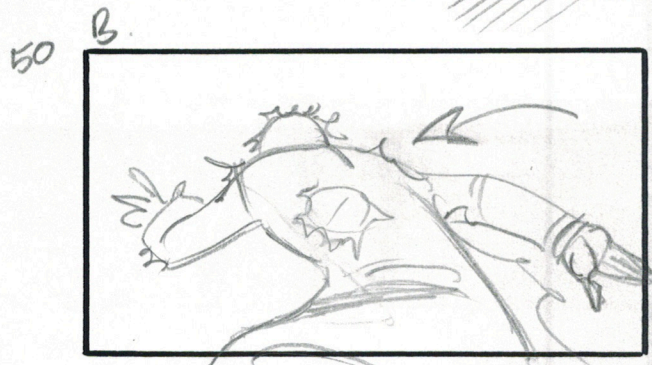


PUSH IN TO DEX AS HE TURNS

# SPLICE "ATTACK!"



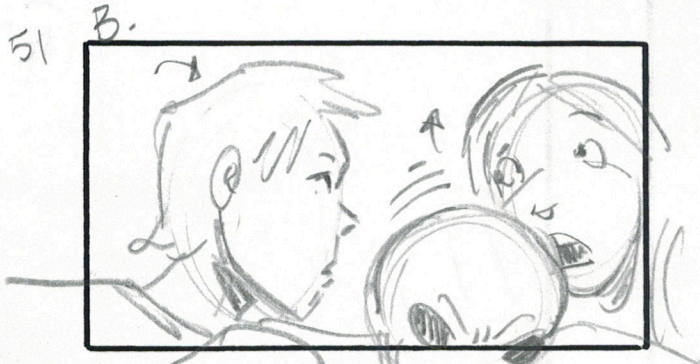
"JESUS CHRIST!"



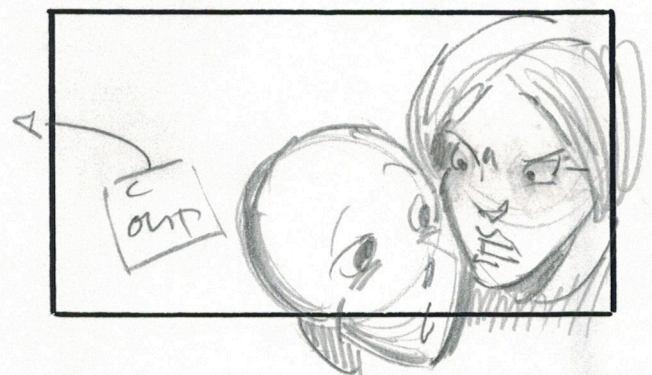
DEX TURNS



"RUNS PAST C, E + DEX. C. "DEXTER WAIT!"



TALK TO HIM! DON'T LET HIM GO TO BARLOW!"



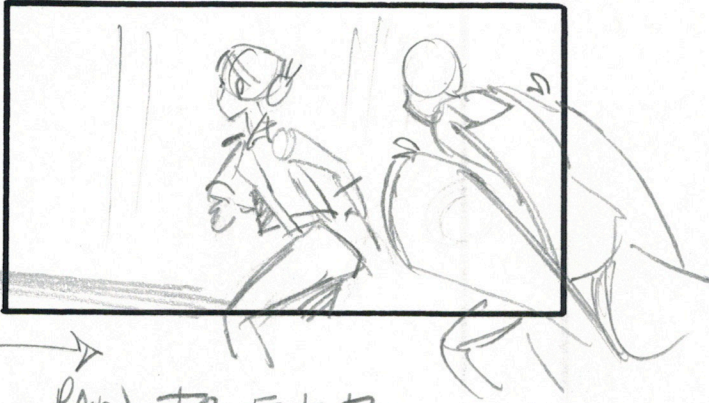
DEX RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM



C FOLLOWS HIM.

# SPLICE "ATTACK!"

53 B.



PAW TO E + D.

53 D.



"YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!  
EVERYTHING!!!"

C.



"WHY DID YOU DO THAT?!"

