## **SPLICE**

## V. NATALI THUMBNAIL STORYBOARDS

"VOICE"

**JUNE 7, 2000** 

He bounds over to a big metal vat in the center of the room, plays a drum roll against its side.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

We got a toffee maker.

She just shakes her head, looks down to Dren who digs into her pocket, pulls out letters, arranges them on the floor.

N-E-R-D.

Elsa nods, gives a few to her. Dren chews them furiously, then abruptly takes off.

ELSA

Hey!

Before Elsa can stop her, Dren runs over to a series of exposed pipes and deftly shimmies up to the ceiling.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Dren. No, come down.

She watches, half in awe, half in fear, as Dren swings to an overhanging beam and finds a perch under the skylight.

Clive moves to Elsa. He wants to console her with a joke.

CLIVE

I paid extra for that skylight. She might as well enjoy it.

Elsa makes a feeble attempt to smile. He puts his arm around her, reassuring.

Together, they watch their creation staring heavenward.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CANDY FACTORY -- DAY -- WEEKS LATER

The cavernous space has been made as livable as possible. One area is a bedroom for Dren. Another designated for cooking and eating. Most objects have been labeled with identifying cards: "DESK", "LAMP", "BOOK" and so on.

Elsa and Dren sit at a table together. She's now AN ADOLESCENT, Her features bear an eerie resemblance to Elsa's.

ELSA

Come on. "0000". Now you try.

(CONTINUED)

Elsa places her fingers on Dren's throat. Dren opens her mouth but no sound comes out. She looks to Elsa, thwarted.

ELSA (CONT'D)

That's okay. We'll try again.

This time Elsa takes the end of Dren's arm and places it on her own vocal chords.

ELSA (CONT'D)

"0000". Okay? Now try.

Dren purses her lips, pushes the air out of her lungs making a eardrum-bursting SCREECH.

ELSA (CONT'D)

Dren, no.

But Dren keeps it up, fueled by frustration. Her voice rises to a nearly subsonic pitch.

SMASH! A glass, labelled "WATER", SHATTERS from the vibration. Dren jumps back, frightened into silence.

Elsa drops her hands from her ears, laughing.

ELSA (CONT'D)

It's okay. Come back.

Elsa grabs a broom and sweeps up the glass into the trash.

ELSA (CONT'D)

That was close. Really. Let's try it again.

Dren refuses to sit back down. She juggles letters from her pocket. Arranges them.

P-O-O-L.

Elsa looks from the letters to Dren.

ELSA (CONT'D)

After your lesson. Sit down.

DREN DISOBEYS. She darts to the toffee vat -- now converted into a swimming pool -- climbs up to the rim, tears off her dress and dives into the water.

Elsa watches her, annoyed and upset.











