

SPLICE

by

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February 14, 1998

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY

CLOSE on various super hero titles: BATMAN, HAWKMAN, SPIDERMAN. A hand reaches in picks up the latest issue of THE NEW MUTANTS, flops it down next to the cash register. TILT UP to reveal CLIVE COLINS, twenty-something, handsome, brainy-looking. THE COMIC STORE CLERK bags it.

It's a shitty issue, Clive.

CLIVE

I gotta have my monthly mutant fix.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

CAMERA weaves through congested traffic at high speed. Clive enters FRAME slicing through the obstacle course of cars and pedestrians on a mountain bike. He looks rather inhuman; his face masked by bug-like sunglasses and a pollution filter over his mouth.

As he rides, Clive repeats phrases in Spanish from a language tape playing on his walkman.

CLIVE

May I have a beer... un cervasa por favor... Shit.

He side-swipes a type-A YUPPIE.

YUPPIE

Asshole couriers!

Off the angry throng of pedestrians

CUT TO:

A TRUCK LOAD OF SQUEALING PIGS

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY

WIDE TO REVEAL: The truck backing into the entrance to the abattoir as Clive races by on his bike.

CLIVE

(reciting in Spanish)

No, I ordered the chicken.

Clive pops the top off a bottle of smart drugs and dry-swallows the remaining two capsules.

EXT. WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE - BIOMEDICAL LAB - DAY

Clive carries his bike up the steps to an opening in the decayed facade. He runs a card through a swipe port and the door unlocks.

INT. BIOMEDICAL - CORRIDOR

Clive grabs a freshly dry-cleaned white lab coat from a large closet and hopping back onto his bike, rides through the immense interior of the warehouse. He passes a few other mountain bikers also dressed in lab coats. One of them shouts at Clive.

MOUNTAIN BIKER  
Here's your report, mofo.

The biker holds up a file folder. Clive nabs it like a baton in a relay.

CLIVE  
(as he zips by)  
Gracia por nada.

INT. BIOMEDICAL - SECURITY DESK

Clive jumps off his bike in front of PARKER, a white, dread-locked-rasta-wanna-be security guard who puffs on a splif.

PARKER  
Yo, Clive mon! Didn't you be here not an hour ago, mon?

CLIVE  
As a matter of fact, Parker, that was my clone. But keep it quiet.

Parker takes a heavy toke.

PARKER  
Fuckin' clones, mon.

Parker rises and follows Clive to a locked door. They both take out keys and insert them into openings on either side of the entrance.

PARKER  
(continuing)  
On the count of 'splif'.

In a rehearsed move, Parker holds out his joint and Clive takes a deep drag.

PARKER  
(continuing)  
Pass da splif.

Clive and Parker turn their keys simultaneously. The door opens automatically. Clive passes through.

CLIVE  
(in Spanish,  
repeating)  
Where is the bathroom?

PARKER  
Ya, mon.

INT. ELEVATOR

Clive hums along with the canned elevator music as he descends into the bowels of the building.

INT. SUB-SUB BASEMENT

The elevator doors open on a spotlessly clean and modern facility that starkly contrasts with the dingy warehouse above. Clive exits wheeling his bike down to a door marked: OBSERVATION ROOM. He swipes his card and a sexy synthetic female voice calls out.

VOICE  
Voice ID, please.

CLIVE  
Dr. Clive Colins.

VOICE  
Come on in honey pie.

Clive is non-pulsed by the greeting. He steps through the unlocked door.

CLIVE  
Thanks sweet cakes.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Clive steps into the cluttered room, crammed with a mixture of MONITORS and HORROR FILM MEMORABILIA. Clive throws an LP on a vintage stereo. SINATRA begins to croon as Clive grabs a beaker and fills it with first vodka, then vermouth. He takes a sip of his martini as he waits for his computer to boot up.

On one monitor is a young woman: JANE BECKETT. She is very attractive, not the type you'd expect in lab coat.

Clive zooms in on her sweaty cleavage. He looks at the computer screen display: NUCLEAR TRANSFER LAB. TRANSGENIC PIGS. TEMPERATURE: 110 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT.

INT. NUCLEAR TRANSFER LAB

Jane uses a pipette to manipulate genetic material on a microscope slide. Suddenly, Sinatra's voice booms out over the audio monitors, "I've got a crush on you, sweetie pie..."



Jane is momentarily startled but quickly regains her composure.

JANE  
(without looking up)  
I'm not going to give you the satisfaction of displaying any kind of annoyance at your retarded, sub-normal, mongoloid pranks. Sweetie Pie.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
You are so sexy when you work on pigs guts. Sugar plum.

JANE  
Pigs uterus. Please.

CLIVE (V.O.)  
Sorry, pigs womb.

JANE  
A hundred and ten degrees in the shade.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

An alarm suddenly rings out.

CLIVE  
Ai, corrumba!

Clive knocks his martini onto the record player, sending the needle scratching across the LP. He lets go of a barrage of slang epithets in Spanish as he pounds commands into the keyboard. The printer regurgitates a printout.

Jane hurries into the Observation Room. Clive takes a look at the printout and then frowning, hands it to Jane.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
Looks like our bun is ready to come out of the oven.

JANE  
But, it's too early.

CLIVE  
Be that as it may...

JANE  
Call Hal. Meet you at Betty Crocker's.

CUT TO:

A FRESHLY BAKED LOAF OF BREAD is pulled from a steaming bread machine.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME

WIDE TO REVEAL: JOSEF JAMES, a.k.a. HAL 9000, Clive and Jane's middle-aged mentor. In one hand he holds the freshly baked loaf of bread. Three young screaming kids - twin toddler boys and a little girl in diapers - circle him like Indians attacking a wagon train.

The phone rings and he trades the bread for the phone receiver.

JOSEF

Hello?

Josef listens, his face a blank canvas.

JOSEF

(continuing)

I'll be right there.

INT. BIOMEDICAL LAB

Clive and Jane, now dressed in protective suits, walk quickly down a brightly-lit, antiseptic corridor.

CLIVE

What time is it?

JANE

(checking watch)

Eleven-eleven.

CLIVE

Stick time!

JANE

What?

CLIVE

Four ones in a row. Means good luck.

JANE

Let's hope so. Where's Hal?

CLIVE

Any minute now. He said to bump the BBM. Could change its position. Buy us a few minutes.

INT. SCRUB ROOM

Another cold sterile antiseptic room. Clive and Jane scrub like they're trying to scale a fish. They slap on rubber gloves and protective head gear.

CLIVE

Ready?

JANE

Let's do it.

INT. BETTY CROCKER ROOM

They cross the lab to a monstrous machine positioned in the middle of the room. It is an industrial strength MAMMAL UTERUS. Stamped on its side is "BETTY" in classic Betty Crocker-style font.

Clive works a keyboard and suddenly the form of some kind of living creature can be seen through the glass like a giant screen ultra sound.

But the creature is not moving. Another key command and the simulated embriotic fluid begins to gyrate. The being rotates in the swirling liquid. A distress signal lights up.

Josef, suited up, hurries into the room. He joins Clive and Jane at the BBM: Betty Birthing Machine.

JOSEF

How's it doing?

JANE

Fetal heart distress. It's not responding. We've got to get it out.

Clive and Jane hurriedly but expertly prepare a large incubator.

Josef reaches into the hatch of the uterine machine with a gloved hand. Then the other hand disappears in the hatch too.

There are sounds of liquid sloshing around inside.

JOSEF

Okay, I've got it. Give me a hand.

As Clive continues to work on the incubator, Jane reaches into the hatch also. And together they pull. Slowly, the creature's head emerges, it's features disguised by a thick layer of gelatinous ooze.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - LAB- HOURS LATER

Jane backs into view with a digital video recorder in hand. She is still covered entirely - hands and face included - in a protective suit.

JANE

Come on, that's right. Don't be scared.

Josef and Clive follow Jane in the same manner, staring at something OC. Clive encourages it to come forward in a sweet voice.

CLIVE

Come on. You're doing great. No, no, this way.

JANE

(to Clive)

Move, move. You're blocking my view.

CLIVE

Sorry.

JANE

(beckoning)

That's it. We won't hurt you.

JOSEF

This is extraordinary.

At the end of the hallway, there is a door. Jane opens it with one hand while continuing to videotape it with the other.

JANE

Okay, here goes...

INT. HOLDING ROOM - LAB

Jane pushes the door all the way open. She backs in, the camera is still rolling. Jane passes through the doorway and stands by the opening.

Slowly, tentatively, a CREATURE comes into view. It is bipedal with a strong resemblance to a monkey. But it is sinuous and very pale, its skin almost translucent. From the base of its spine extends a long TAIL disproportionate to its size and breed. But most shocking of all, is the appearance of TWO BRIGHTLY COLORED FEATHERY WINGS growing from the creature's back.

The trembling, new-born MALE HYBRID looks around the room with frightened eyes.

Then without warning it lets out a blood-curdling SCREAM.

WIDE REVEAL

In the corner, squatting in a hermetically sealed glass cage is a similarly formed FEMALE HYBRID with GREY FEATHERY WINGS and translucent skin that almost glows in the dimly lit room.

POV OF VIDEO CAMERA as Jane ZOOMS in on the male hybrid's face.

JANE

Cool. This is just like "The Bride of Frankenstein."

CLIVE

When are you going to get it right.  
Its always the Bride that screams.

Clive takes the camera from Jane.

CLIVE

Okay, B-queen. Let's see it. Be the Bride.

Clive aims the lens at Jane.

CUT TO:

JANE SCREAMING... with pleasure.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

WIDE TO REVEAL: Jane and Clive are having a work break quicky.

As their lovemaking becomes more intense THE CAMERA PANS across a wall of video monitors, each revealing a menagerie of genetically altered animals secured in hermetically-sealed rooms. Sheep, pigs, bulls, rhesus monkeys - each with some unnatural deformation - last but not least are the two newly born hybrids who now occupy the same glass cage.

Finally, the CAMERA comes to rest on a monitor displaying a security view of the entrance to the observation room. Josef is giving his voice ID.

Suddenly, the door opens with the standard sexy greeting, "Come in honey-pie". Josef walks in on his half-naked colleagues. If he's affected by their compromising position, his face doesn't show it.

JOSEF

Get ready. The presentation is in five.

Josef leaves Clive and Jane to finish up. Under their throws of ecstasy, Josef's voice sounds out.

JOSEF (OC)

Everyone please. Could I have your attention?

CUT TO:

INT. HYBRID CAGE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

The hybrids huddle together in dim light filtering through a drop cloth which covers their cage. All sorts of hub-bub can be heard OC.

JOSEF (OC)  
Could I have silence, please? We're ready to begin.

The room quiets. As Josef speaks the hybrids pull at a CABBAGE PATCH KID.

JOSEF (OC)  
(continuing)  
Almost seven years ago, under Novaphorm's direction, I scoured the world's top universities for new, fresh and innovative thinkers to revive the somewhat tired and disillusioned field of genetic duplication - cloning. I found them. Will you please welcome Dr. Jane Beckett and Dr. Clive Colins.

A smattering of applause. The hybrids wrench the head off the doll. Bean bag innards spill over the cage floor.

JOSEF (OC)  
(continuing)  
Unfortunately, as you all know, a little lamb named 'Dolly' beat us to the punch... but instead of giving up, we decided to spike the *punch*.

Polite laughter from the crowd.

JOSEF (OC)  
(continuing)  
Ladies and gentlemen of the press, let me present to you the fruit of our labour. Proof that I chose my colleagues well.

Suddenly, the drop cloth is ripped off the cage and the hybrids are surrounded by blinding light, camera lenses, and probing, shocked faces.

WIDE ON THE ROOM: The small holding room is crammed with journalists and cameramen. Josef, Jane and Clive stand in front of a foamcore placard, "NOVAPHORM invites you to MEET THE HYBRIDS." The hybrids scream and jostle their cage.

JOSEF

Say hello to H-435 and H-436. They are the result of spliced DNA - three completely different species married together to create a new animal that, we hope, is greater than the sum of its parts.

Josef takes a blood sample out of his pocket.

JOSEF

(continuing)

In this blood sample is the chemical bi-product of their unique genetic make-up: a protein that we have labeled, DX-44, the building block for Novaphorm's next generation of anti-biotics.

The crowd is visibly stunned by the real life monsters. All except for one man:

STAN DRESDEN, ambitious and young; the journalistic counterpart to Clive and Jane, stands in the back of the room smiling. He starts to applaud. His lone approval is drowned out by an immediate cacophony of questions.

As Josef does his best to sift through the tangle of words, the CAMERA shifts its view to Clive and Jane. Their hands secretly embrace behind their lab coats.

A HEARTBEAT FILLS THE SOUNDTRACK. It gradually ramps up in speed - one beat per second... two per second... five... fifteen...

CUT TO:

CLIVE VOMITS into a toilet bowl.

INT. THE HYPER-SPACE CLUB - BATHROOM -NIGHT

WIDE TO REVEAL: Clive stumbling out of a bathroom stall. The CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM INTO:

The HYPER-SPACE MAIN ROOM where a seething mass of bodies dances to the pounding fifteen-beat-per-second music.

A drink has somehow materialized in Clive's hand. He doesn't know how it got there. It doesn't matter. Clive downs it. A beautiful woman kisses him on the lips. Clive's eyes bug out as he realizes that she has inserted something into his mouth. The woman vanishes. Clive opens his mouth to reveal a rapidly dissolving capsule on the tip of his tongue.

Another woman kisses him. It's Jane.

JANE  
Swallow it.

The first woman appears again and this time kisses Jane, inserting a pill into her mouth.

JANE  
(continuing)  
One of the advantages of working for a pharmaceutical company.

Clive looks around at company-hired men and women orally distributing pills to the party guests. Clive turns reacting to a loud voice belonging to a sweaty fat man.

FAT MAN  
Clive! Jane! Tony Dodgeman! WE have to talk. You two are incredible. You have an incredible future ahead of you. I know you're going to have lots of people approaching you, but please, please consider me.

CLIVE  
Who are you?

FAT MAN  
I'm an agent, man.

A pudgy hand manages to push a card into Clive's palm before it is sucked back into the pulsing flow of bodies.

JANE  
Come on. Let's get a drink.

INT. THE HYPER-SPACE - FLESH LOUNGE - NIGHT

Clive and Jane collapse onto a couch made of what looks like human flesh - faces, breasts, penises jutting out of the cushions. A waitress passes by with a tray of drinks.

CLIVE  
We'll have two pints.

The waitress hands them two glasses filled with bright blood-colored liquid. Suddenly, they are blanketed with exploding flashbulbs and a microphone is extended forward. A REPORTER shrieks at them over the music.

REPORTER  
Clive, Jane. It's no secret that you have more than just a professional relationship. One question..How do geneticists like to have sex?

JANE  
In a petri dish.



Chuckles. Another REPORTER calls out.

REPORTER 2

Clive, why did you enter the field of genetics?

CLIVE

I like to make monsters.

REPORTER 2

How about you, Jane?

JANE

To become a celebrity.

More laughter. More questions shouted at them.

REPORTER 3

Jane, over here. As a geneticist, and a woman...

JANE

Yes...

REPORTER 3

Which gender, in your opinion, is superior?

JANE

I'm only aware of one gender. Men are just a mutation.

REPORTER 4

I've heard that you refer to Josef James, your mentor and the head of the hybrid project as 'Hal'. Why is that?

JANE

He has no emotions.

CLIVE

We suspect that he's a robot.

REPORTER 4

Cool. You mean like HAL 9000, the computer from '2001: A Space Odyssey'?

JANE

Exactly.

REPORTER 3

Why isn't Hal here tonight?

CLIVE

Because he's not programmed to answer these kinds of questions.

JANE  
He might crash.

The impromptu Q and A session is interrupted by a suited  
COMPANY MAN.

COMPANY MAN  
That's enough for now. Let's give our  
rock stars the R and R they deserve.

The questions keep coming as the Company man leads Clive and  
Jane out of the room.

VARIOUS REPORTERS  
What's your next project?/ Will you  
stay at Novaphorm?/ Jane, are you  
going to say 'Yes' to the Playboy  
spread?

JANE  
(looking back)  
What?

INT. THE HYPER-SPACE - MAIN ROOM

Back into the madness of the dance floor. The Company Man  
makes a path through the sea of bodies towards the Exit. As  
Clive and Jane follow, a seemingly endless stream of people  
hurl questions, business cards and gifts at them.

MAN IN FANCY SUIT  
Clive, Jane. Anyone talk book deal  
yet? I've got the angle. Call me.

SLICK YOUNG MAN  
Hi. Brad Kenslyn. Novaphorm. P.R.  
Great work guys. You're naturals.  
Stay together, man. You'll make my  
work a dream.

WOMAN WITH SHORT HAIR  
Jane, Clive. I'm a representative  
from the Kenner toy company.  
Interested in marketing teddy bear  
hybrids for Christmas. Call me.

YOUNG RAVE GIRLS  
(slipping Clive her  
"Sailor Moon"  
underwear)  
We love you, Clive!

PUDGY WOMAN  
Jane. Nancy Kawalski. Grade five.  
Keele Street Elementary. We shared a  
frog in biology? Remember?

...And so on, until they reach the Exit. The Company Man opens the door and Clive and Jane pass through to...

EXT. THE HYPER-SPACE - NIGHT

More press. Lights. Microphones, bouncers, partiers, confusion.

MORE REPORTERS

Jane, Clive, how does it feel to have created a new species?/ Are you living together?/ What will be the impact .../What's your favorite food?

Clive and Jane are almost at their limo. A non-descript man shouts at Clive.

NON-DESCRIPT MAN

Hey, Clive!

Clive turns. The Man RAISES A GUN AND EMPTIES SIX ROUNDS INTO CLIVE'S CHEST. Time seems to freeze as Clive looks at his body: there isn't any blood, no bullet holes. The Man fired Blanks.

NON-DESCRIPT MAN

(continuing)

Don't fuck with life.

The Man drops his gun and runs but is quickly overtaken by the bouncers who proceed to beat the crap out of him.

NON-DESCRIPT MAN

(continuing; pleading)

They were blanks. It was a joke.

Clive looks to Jane and then turns to a CAMERAMAN.

CLIVE

Did you get that on tape?

The Cameraman nods.

CLIVE

(continuing)

I want a copy.

CAMERAMAN

Sure thing, Mr. Colins.

As Clive and Jane climb into the limo and speed away a FEMALE VOICE SOUNDS OUT:

FEMALE VOICE  
 (in Spanish)  
 What kind of room accommodations do  
 you prefer?

CUT TO:

INT. JOSEF'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON CLIVE. It appears as if he is listening to another Spanish language tape.

CLIVE  
 (in Spanish)  
 What kind of room accommodations do  
 you prefer?

FEMALE VOICE  
 (in Spanish)  
 What time does the movie start?

CLIVE  
 (in Spanish)  
 What time does the movie start? Wait,  
 a minute, what did I just say?

WIDE TO REVEAL: Clive sitting on a couch in Josef's house. The female voice belongs to ELSA, a beautiful young woman who is reclining on the other end of the couch. She runs her fingers through a long main of thick blond hair. There's a plate of bagels and juice on the coffee table in front of them.

ELSA  
 You were trying to say, 'What time  
 does the movie begin?'

JOSEF (OC)  
 I think right about now.

Josef enters the room.

JOSEF  
 Time for the news.

Elsa stands and kisses her brother on the cheek.

JOSEF  
 (continuing)  
 Morning, bro.

JOSEF  
 (continuing)  
 Elsa. You're over early, Clive. How  
 was the party?

Josef picks up the remote and clicks on the news.

Scenes of Clive and Jane leaving the Hyper-Space the night before are being broadcast on the screen.

CLIVE

In a word, wild. Insane. They were treating us like movie stars. You should have been there.

JOSEF

No, I think you and Jane are covering PR just fine on your own for the time being. I'm much happier outside of the spotlight. Besides. I have enough insanity of my own right here.

As if on cue, Josef's kids chase each other through the kitchen.

BOYS

The monster is coming. RUN!

LITTLE GIRL

YEEEEEEEEEE!

Elsa saves a glass of juice from spilling as they race by.

On the television screen scenes from the botched assassination attempt of the night before play. An ANCHOR WOMAN reports.

ANCHOR WOMAN

...Dr. Clive Colins was unharmed. The assailant was reprimanded at the scene. He claimed to be a member of the radical anti-bio-engineering group "Lifeforce" and is now in police custody. In other metro news---

Elsa turns off the television.

ELSA

Congratulations, most people have to wait until they're over thirty to be assassinated.

CLIVE

I'll try not to let it go to my head. Besides, I am almost thirty.

ELSA

You mean soon I won't be able to trust you?

JOSEF

Trust has nothing to do with age.

ELSA  
What are you saying? Don't trust  
anyone?

JOSEF  
(shakes his head)  
No. Avoid all human contact.

CUT TO:

A GLOVED HAND takes hold of a small INHUMAN HAND.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - BIOMEDICAL - DAY

WIDE TO REVEAL: Jane, wearing latex gloves, straps the new hybrid onto an examination table. Clive enters the room.

CLIVE  
How's baby?

JANE  
I'm fine.

CLIVE  
I meant the hybrid.

JANE  
Excellent. I was just about to  
extract a DX-44 sample. Hand me that  
syringe.

Clive passes a large syringe. Jane inserts the painful looking needle into the Hybrid's arm and begins extracting blood.

CLIVE  
I saw Josef this morning.

JANE  
How's he doing?

CLIVE  
Not bad for someone who's just been  
dumped by his wife.

Jane bags and ID's the sample.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
You should visit him. He could use a  
little support after all he's done  
for us.

JANE  
Hal 9000? Please. He's totally self-  
sufficient.

CLIVE

If you recall, the Hal 9000 computer went crazy and killed the entire crew of the Discovery.

JANE

I really don't think we have to worry about that. Besides isn't Elsa looking after him.

CLIVE

For the time being.

JANE

See. She's a regular Mother Theresa.

Jane wheels the hybrid's gurney over to the glass cage. The other hybrid perks up when it sees her companion returning.

JANE

(continuing)

She give you more Spanish lessons?

CLIVE

As a matter of fact, yes.

JANE

How's it coming?

CLIVE

I'm a bit of a disappointment I'm afraid.

The male hybrid joins the female in their tiny prison.

JANE

Good.

CLIVE

A tad jealous?

JANE

Of what?

CLIVE

I'm flattered.

JANE

Well, don't be. She's not your type.

CLIVE

And what is my type?

JANE

She's not complicated enough for you. There's no mystery to unravel.

CLIVE

She's attractive enough.

JANE

She fits a standard mold. But there's nothing there. She's like negative space. You have to concentrate to see her.

Jane smiles sharply and hands Clive the bag.

JANE

(continuing)

Take this over to the chemical boys for analysis.

CLIVE

Sure. And then you, me and Josef are making a trip to the dark empire. We have been summoned.

CUT TO:

EXT. NOVAPHORM BUILDING - DAY

The three geneticists enter a monolithic building.

VOICE (V.O.)

Welcome to Novaphorm. It's hard to believe this is your first visit to our head office. Please have a seat.

INT. NOVAPHORM - OFFICE - DAY

A massive space. A SUITED WOMAN addresses Clive, Jane and Josef who sit awkwardly on uncomfortable modern furniture.

SUITED WOMAN

I'm Frank Belloq's assistant. Frank is stuck in Thailand on business, but it seemed important to meet with you in person and share our excitement over your breakthrough.

The Suited Woman takes three envelopes out of her desk and hands one to each of her guests.

SUITED WOMAN

(continuing)

This is a small gesture to express our appreciation and to encourage you to stay a part of the Novaphorm family. We think you have a great future here with us.



EXT. NOVAPHORM - DAY

Clive, Jane and Josef exit the building. They tear open their envelopes. Each contains a cheque for ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

After a stunned silence, Clive shakes Jane out of her stupor. He points to Josef.

CLIVE

Look, look. I don't believe it.

Clive and Jane marvel at a sight they have never witnessed before.

Josef is smiling.

INT. UPSCALE BAR - DAY

Clive, Jane and Josef are drunk.

JOSEF

(mid-conversation)

...the truth is the universe is a machine. And we are machines living within it. Genetics is simply mapping the blueprint from which we are all constructed.

CLIVE

Josef, you are the dullest drunk I have ever met.

JANE

Not to mention out of date. Get with the millennium, man. All that existential shit is passe. Don't you see humanity's future rests on the rediscovery of spirit? How does your empirical world view measure love?

CLIVE

(to Jane)

And you have been taking too much ecstasy.

JOSEF

All desire is illusion. That is the first lesson. We are merely servants of our genes' struggle to survive. Love is their way of tricking us into propagating the species.

JANE

Jesus, Josef, how did your wife ever put up with you?

Clive stares daggers at Jane.

JANE

(continuing)

Oh my god, Josef. I'm so sorry. I must have tourettes or something. I didn't mean that.

An awkward silence descends on the table. Then Josef abruptly explodes into laughter.

JOSEF

(laughing)

You know, you're exactly right.

Josef is practically choking with laughter.

CLIVE

Josef, are you okay?

JOSEF

(laughing)

I'm fine. I feel great. And you know what else?

JANE

What?

JOSEF

(laughing)

I feel horrible about it.

Josef falls into fits of giggles. This time Clive gets caught in the absurdity of the moment.

CLIVE

(laughing)

You must have been a real prick.

JOSEF

(laughing)

A cold fish.

JANE

How can you laugh at this? It's tragic.

JOSEF

(laughing)

That's why it's so funny.

Jane's concern pulls Josef out of his hysteria.

JOSEF

(continuing)

You're right, Jane. People don't behave like machines. I know I have to respect that.

(more)

JOSEF (cont'd)  
 It's difficult for me because, well,  
 it doesn't make sense...I would like  
 both of you to know that I am very...  
 pleased that you are sharing in this  
 endeavor. And... and...

Clearly it is difficult for Josef to get this last statement  
 out.

JOSEF  
 (continuing)  
 And I like you both very much.

CLIVE  
 Well, we like you too, Josef.

Jane raises her glass.

JANE  
 Here's to 'liking' each other.

CLIVE/JOSEF  
 To 'liking'.

As they clink glasses, a figure observes them from a booth  
 across the room: STAN DRESDEN. He stands and exits the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. BIOMEDICAL - SECURITY DESK - NIGHT

The warehouse is dark. Parker is taking a deep drag from a  
 joint. A voice jostles him out of his reverie.

VOICE  
 What kind of operation are you  
 running here?

Parker quickly butts out.

PARKER  
 Who's there?

Stan steps out the shadows.

STAN  
 My name's Stanley Dresden.

PARKER  
 How'd you get in here? You betta  
 leave 'fore you get in some serious  
 shit, mon.

STAN  
 Relax, Parker.

Stan lights his own joint and takes a puff.

PARKER

Do I know you?

Stan crosses over to Parker and passes him the joint.

STAN

You do now.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - TALK SHOW - NIGHT

A late night talk show in progress. The host, a jokey David Letterman knock-off, addresses the CAMERA.

HOST

...okay tonight we'll be talking to a couple of break-out celebrities from the world of science. GE-NE-TI-CISTS. This couple, you know, they're getting serious about each other but they don't go out and buy a house together, not a dog, no, they go the Hy-brids route. HY-BRIDS. Have you seen the pictures of these things? And these Hy-brids hold, apparently, they hold the cure for all those scary Ebola viruses lurking out there. GE-NE-TI-CISTS. Please, a warm welcome for Dr. Clive Colins and Dr. Jane Beckett.

The Host glances off camera at his A.D. who is waving his hands and then back at the cue cards.

HOST

(continuing)

...and also, ladies and gentlemen, excuse me, also for their colleague, Dr. Josef James.

Applause as Clive, Jane and Josef stroll onto the stage. Josef is still dressed in his trademark self-effacing style, but both Jane and Clive are decked out in some very cool clothes. They make a striking couple. Cat calls emanate from the audience as they take their seats next to the Host.

HOST

(continuing)

It's great to have you here tonight.

JANE

Thanks for having us.

Jane, wearing a very short, tight skirt, crosses her legs for effect. The Host watches appreciatively and then winks out to the audience.

HOST

So, let's set this record straight for once and for all. You spend all your time in baggy white coats staring at germs under a microscope.

Jane laughs.

JANE

That's the exciting part.

HOST

UUh-huh. So how does it feel to be suddenly thrown into the spotlight yourselves?

CLIVE

Not bad. If you enjoy being the subject of dissection.

HOST

Tell me something. There was this sheep cloned a little before your Hybrids, you know what I'm talking about and they named her Dolly, presumably for a very famous set of mammary jugs.

Laughter from the audience.

HOST

(continuing)

Do you have little terms of endearment for Specimen 435 and 436?

Jane looks at Clive and then at the Host.

JANE

(nodding)

Actually, we do. We call them Heckle and Jeckle.

HOST

Presumably because they have split personalities?

Laughter.

CLIVE

Actually, what's split is their DNA.

HOST

I see, and you spliced, that's the term, right?,

Clive and Jane nod.

HOST  
(continuing)  
SPLICED. You spliced together three different species in order to create this new ultra antibiotic?

Josef pipes up for the first time. The Host reacts as if he had forgotten he was there.

JOSEF  
Not exactly. The process of discovery only comes with experimentation. Take an invention as simple as a bicycle. You could never design a bicycle theoretically. It took thousands of weird models before they found one that really worked.

Clive and Jane shift uncomfortably in the seats. The Host's eyes begin to glaze over.

JOSEF  
(continuing)  
Even today it's difficult to formulate exactly why a bicycle works---

The Host interrupts abruptly.

HOST  
Thank you, Dr. James. We've just got a minute here before we go to a commercial. Tell me, Dr. Beckett, what do you get out of being a geneticist?

JANE  
For me it's about control. I want to control the forces that are the basis of life.

HOST  
(to the audience)  
Isn't that typical of a woman.

To Clive.

HOST  
(continuing)  
What about you, Dr. Colins?

CLIVE  
Probably to become the next Frankenstein.

HOST  
 GE-NE-TI-CISTS, Ladies and Gentlemen.  
 Just what every parent wants their  
 kid to grow up to be. We'll be back  
 with the Splice Girls. I mean, Spice  
 Girls.

The Host leans over to Clive and Jane, shaking their hands.

HOST  
 (continuing)  
 Very cool, stuff.

CUT TO:

CLOSE on a RAZOR scraping a line of white powder.

INT. OFFICE - SENATOR ZITTS - NIGHT

WIDE TO REVEAL: SENATOR GERALD ZITTS, bald, red-faced,  
 snorting a line of coke off a framed photo of his wife and  
 three kids.

SENATOR ZITTS  
 Very nice. Hit?

VOICE  
 Go ahead, Senator. I brought it for  
 you.

Stan Dresden swings into view encased in an egg-shaped,  
 fiberglass chair.

STAN  
 I like this chair. I feel like I've  
 just been hatched.

SENATOR ZITTS  
 My wife's inane decorating idea. I'd  
 love to burn it except that the toxic  
 fumes would probably kill most of my  
 electorate.

STAN  
 Based on what I've heard that might  
 be necessary if you want to stay in  
 office.

SENATOR ZITTS  
 No need to state the obvious. Why  
 don't you tell me what you want, Stan?

STAN  
 I want to be your partner.

CUT TO:

INT. HYBRID HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Josef is working late, observing his strangely beautiful creations. He watches as the male hybrid licks the swollen area around an implanted electrode in the female hybrid. This little bit of contact seems to stir something in him.

His concentration is broken by an arriving fax. He pulls it out of the feeder. His brow furrows with concern as he examines its contents.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BIOMEDICAL - DAY

Clive and Jane ride on bikes hand in hand through the warehouse.

Parker greets them.

PARKER

Well, if it ain't da celebrity couple  
in da flesh. Make any mo' monsters?

JANE

No, Parker. We're just turning into  
monsters.

PARKER

(squinting through  
red-drugged eyes)  
Well, I can see dat.

INT. HYBRID HOLDING ROOM - LAB

Clive and Jane enter smiling. They are stopped cold by Josef who stands in front of them haggard and stern.

JANE

What's wrong?

Josef holds out the fax. Jane takes it from him.

JANE

(continuing)  
Shit.

She passes it to Clive.

CLIVE

This is impossible.

JOSEF

Impossible, but true. The hybrids  
supply of DX-44 ran dry.

CLIVE

But our initial tests showed they  
were practically oozing DX-44.



JOSEF

They were. And now there's nothing.  
They grew out of it.

CLIVE

Grew out of it?

CLIVE

(continuing)

Contrary to yourself, Clive, not all forms of life have an arrested adolescence. DX-44 seems to have been a by-product of the reproductive cycle. Now that they have matured past their reproductive stage, their bodies don't manufacture it anymore.

JANE

Does anybody at Novaphorm know about this yet?

JOSEF

No. Not yet. But I wouldn't spend your bonus.

CLIVE

They can't take our money back.

JOSEF

Please. If they find out they're not getting their miracle drug they could do worse. Cut funding at the very least. I've seen it happen before. It's my own fault. I should never have raised their expectations so high.

JANE

We'll make it work. We just need enough of the protein to isolate the gene.

JOSEF

Please, be realistic, we're going to have to take a break in any case.

CLIVE

More good news?

JOSEF

That Senator, what's his name, Boil...

CLIVE

Zitts?

JOSEF

Right, I knew it was some kind of skin affliction, he's got congressional approval to stage an inquiry. I've been informed that we all have to attend.

CLIVE

Where's this happening?

JOSEF

Washington.

JANE

Who's going to look after the hybrids?

JOSEF

You and I will go to the conference. Clive can stay back and care for our new friends.

JANE

Why do I have to go?

JOSEF

Because a woman's presence will add a nice touch of political correctness to our cause.

JANE

Now that's sexist.

JOSEF

Only in the name of feminism.

Clive heads for the door.

JANE

And where are you going?

CLIVE

(in Spanish)  
What time does the movie begin?

OFF Jane's irritated look CUT TO:

BLACK AND WHITE IMAGE of Baron Frankenstein in "THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN"

FRANKENSTEIN

It's alive. IT'S ALIVE!

INT. NECRONOMICON REPERTORY MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

Clive watches a scratched print of the classic moment of resurrection.

EXT. NECRONOMICON THEATRE - LATER

Clive emerges from the NECRONOMICON, a movie revival house that specializes in horror and sci-fi films. The marquee and the box office look like they were designed by H.R. Giger.

It's pouring rain outside. As Clive prepares to dash across the street, a big umbrella pops up shielding him from the downpour. It's Elsa.

ELSA

Want some shelter?

CLIVE

Desperately. What are you doing here?

ELSA

Indulging in a guilty pleasure.

CLIVE

You don't look like a horror aficionado.

ELSA

Just the classics. I don't go for the slasher stuff.

CLIVE

Hey some people consider "Halloween" to be a classic.

ELSA

If it's in colour it isn't a classic.

CLIVE

Fair enough. Where you headed.

ELSA

Just killing time.

CLIVE

How about killing a cappuccino.

ELSA

Sounds like the perfect murder.

INT. BIOMEDICAL - WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jane and Josef stroll out of the building. Jane waves to Parker.

JANE

See ya, Parker.

PARKER

Hasta manana, mon.

JANE

Christ, is this place going bi-lingual?

EXT. BIOMEDICAL - WAREHOUSE - DAY

As Jane and Josef step outside the building they are assaulted by a throng of photographers and journalists screaming questions about the Bio-ethics forum. Jane and Josef are trapped. They try to get back into the Warehouse, but the door is blocked by more reporters.

Suddenly a path is cut through the crowd of journalists by a burly SECURITY MAN who guides Jane and Josef to an awaiting limo.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Jane and Josef tumble in. The door shuts and the limo breaks away from the mob. Seated across from them is a TINY WOMAN with almost dwarfish proportions.

TINY WOMAN

Been "A Hard Day's Night"?

Jane looks through the rear window at the 'Beatles-esque' image of the stampeding crowd receding into the distance.

JANE

'scuse me?

TINY WOMAN

No, excuse me. You're a little young for that cultural reference.

JOSEF

Hello, Frank. Nice to see you.

Jane does a double take.

JANE

You're Frank?

The tiny woman, now identified, smiles.

FRANK

Good to finally meet one of your employers in person, isn't it, Jane.

JANE

Just when I was getting comfortable with faceless bureaucracy.

FRANK

Well, rest assured, I'm just one face among many.

(more)

FRANK (cont'd)

But I think I speak for the entire Novaphorm Corporation when I say how proud we are of your accomplishments.

JANE

Well, that's reassuring, but in case you aren't up on current events we're being taken to task for our accomplishments.

FRANK

What, you mean Zitts? I think we manufacture a cream for his kind of pathetic dermatological pustule.

JOSEF

But are you aware that---

FRANK

(interrupting)

That the hybrid's aren't all that we promised. Yes, of course. But that doesn't preclude a solution.

JOSEF

What are you talking about?

FRANK

If you're going to make a silk purse...

Frank pauses for effect.

FRANK

(continuing)

...don't use a rhesus monkey's ear.

INT. NECRONOMICON CAFE - DAY

Clive and Elsa nurse cappuccinos in front of an eclectic backdrop of movie posters and horror, sci-fi and surrealist art - Francis Bacon, Moebius, Rene Magritte and so on.

CLIVE

Your brother is a very strange man.

ELSA

A little like the kettle calling the tea pot black, I'd say.

CLIVE

What was he like as a kid?

ELSA

The same, only smaller. I think he still is a little like a child. Don't you?

CLIVE

A child from another planet, maybe. "Village of the Damned" springs to mind.

Clive indicates a framed poster of the British '60s sci-fi classic that graces the adjacent wall. Elsa looks at the sinister blond haired children beneath the title.

ELSA

My god, that is what he looked like. Is that what this film is about, alien children?

CLIVE

Sort of. It's based on a John Wyndham novel, "The Midwich Cuckoo". All the women of a small British town are impregnated by aliens on the same night and give birth to super-intelligent, emotionless blond haired children.

ELSA

Stop it, you're scaring me. It's too close to life.

CLIVE

That's when horror is its most effective.

ELSA

You certainly are quite the authority.

CLIVE

A small obsession.

ELSA

And why is that, Baron Frankenstein?

CLIVE

A mystery that I will never solve. I am fascinated by the fact that what was once considered science fiction when I was a kid is already yesterday's news. You can't even call it fiction anymore it's more like science speculation.

ELSA

So, you want to live the fantasy.

CLIVE

I guess I'm a kid at heart too.

ELSA

Well, I envy you. I wish I had that much passion for any one thing.

CLIVE

What are you talking about. You're a translator. How many languages do you speak?

Elsa holds up nine fingers.

CLIVE

(continuing)

Sounds like passion to me.

ELSA

Just because I'm good at it doesn't mean I care about it. I'm just a filter for other people's ideas.

CLIVE

And it takes you around the world.

ELSA

Yes, I like that. But only because I don't feel like I belong anywhere. I'm searching for a purpose, Clive.

CLIVE

Well, you have plenty of time to find it, young lady. I think I may have found my purpose too early. Now I'm trapped in my own little nano-world of tiny particles. At least you're experiencing life. I just study it.

ELSA

But you're on television.

CLIVE

True... But it's unsettling. It's not something us lab rats are used to.

ELSA

The observers being observed.

CLIVE

Sometimes I feel like the unwitting subject in my own experiment.

ELSA

Well, isn't life just an experiment anyway?

CLIVE  
A non-repeatable experiment. Not very  
scientific.

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clive enters his apartment and is startled by Jane.

CLIVE  
You scared me.

JANE  
What are you doing home so late?

CLIVE  
What are you doing in my apartment.

JANE  
Wondering why you aren't in it?

CLIVE  
I went to see a movie.

JANE  
Just one movie?

CLIVE  
I ran into somebody and had a coffee.

JANE  
Don't you want to tell me who?

CLIVE  
You know sometimes--- I mean, why do  
you have so little faith in me? Your  
lack of trust is really annoying.

JANE  
It's hard not to feel mistrustful  
when you take off from work in the  
middle of a crisis---

CLIVE  
It wasn't a crisis.

JANE  
Okay, a really bad situation. Its  
just typical of you to run and hide  
when things aren't going your way.

CLIVE  
Is that what this is about?

JANE  
Why do you always trivialize anything  
that bothers me?



CLIVE

Look, the only reason I'm not telling you is because I know you'll read all kinds of things into it.

JANE

Well, obviously I'm going to read things into it if you're too guilty about it to tell me who it is.

CLIVE

This is ridiculous.

JANE

So, who was it then?

CLIVE

Elsa.

JANE

Elsa. I KNEW IT. I knew you had a thing for her.

CLIVE

This is exactly what I'm talking about. We ran into each other and went for a coffee. What would you have liked me to do, ignore her?

JANE

I'm sorry. I just don't like the idea of sharing you. With anyone. Okay?

INT. HYBRID HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Parker enters the darkened room with a flashlight. He is looking for something - searching through files, scraps of paper. Suddenly, something jumps at him from behind. Parker trains his light on it, screaming. It's the hybrids squawking and rattling their cage.

PARKER

Holy fuck!

EXT. WINDING ROAD -- LIMO TRAVELING

Clive, Jane and Josef are being squired through a maze of country roads. Trees line the embankments of the dirt lanes, blocking the moonlight and sweeping the sky like upside down brooms.

INT. LIMO

Clive, Jane and Josef exchange anxious glances as the limo slowly makes it way up the country lane to Frank's huge estate.

EXT. ENTRANCE - MANSION

The limo comes to a stop and Clive, Jane and Josef slowly disembark taking in the full view of the mansion and estate.

INT. MANSION -- HALLWAY

Clive, Jane and Josef wait awkwardly. Clive takes in the auspicious surroundings.

CLIVE  
(in a low voice)  
Why are we meeting here?

JOSEF  
Frank likes to entertain.

CLIVE  
Nice show of hospitality. I thought we were invited for tea.

Josef nods, then whispers in reply.

JOSEF  
Tea and scones.

Irked, Jane blurts out in full voice.

JANE  
Why are you whispering?

Jane's voice echoes resoundingly in the drafty entrance hall. Against the echoes the sound of a motorized vehicle drones closer and closer. Clive, Jane and Josef turn to see Frank appear in the doorway riding in a customized golf cart.

FRANK  
I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting. Please, follow me.

INT. SUN ROOM - FRANK'S MANSION

Frank holds court in front of a massive silver tea service. Clive and Jane and Josef sit uncomfortably on overstuffed love seats and ottomans.

One whole wall is glass, looking out onto the rolling gardens of the estate. A menagerie of taxidermy animals -- dogs, cats, miniature ponies and birds -- have been arranged in front of the window, their vacant glass eyes glinting against the sun.

FRANK  
I presume you've had time to consider my proposal.  
(more)

FRANK (cont'd)

I can assure you that I will spare no expense to guarantee both your privacy, and I am confident, your success.

CLIVE

Excuse me, but there are no guarantees here.

Jane shoots Clive a look. Then --

JANE

I think my colleague is trying to ascertain just exactly what you expect us to achieve if we agree to go the next step --

FRANK

(nodding)

--incorporate human DNA into the next round of hybrids?

JANE

Yes.

FRANK

Well, we won't know until we get there, I suppose.

CLIVE

That's exactly my point. We can't predict what we'll end up with. Or what it will become once it matures.

Frank puts down her teacup. Looks to Josef.

FRANK

What do you think?

Josef, shrugs.

JOSEF

It could be the solution to our dilemma.

Frank looks at Jane.

FRANK

Dr. Beckett?

JANE

A longer reproductive cycle could potentially mean more DX-44. At least enough for us to isolate the gene and create a synthetic.

CLIVE  
It can't be legal.

JANE  
It isn't *illegal* either.

CLIVE  
Yet.

Frank stands up, an odd presence in a house full of oddities.

FRANK  
Believe me, no one is going to know about it. Novaphorm doesn't want any of this getting out. As far as anybody will be concerned, Heckle and Jeckle are back on track, little DX-44 factories making us all rich and each of you one step closer to a Noble Prize in Science.

CLIVE  
Who's going to contribute the DNA?

FRANK  
It will be an anonymous donor, taken from organ transplant volunteers.

CLIVE  
We'll have to re-design 'Betty'.

Josef steps forward, pulling a sheaf of blueprints from his satchel.

JOSEF  
Actually, I have been considering the problems associated with gestating human DNA in an artificial womb.

Josef spreads out the blueprints next to the silver tea service. Clive gives Josef a probing look.

JOSEF  
(continuing)  
In my spare time, of course. I couldn't resist.

Frank smiles.

FRANK  
Of course not. None of us can resist this because it's inevitable. if we don't do it somebody else will.

Frank looks at Clive.

FRANK  
(continuing)  
Dr. Colins. Can I count on you?

Clive shifts uncomfortably, stands and walks across the room.

CLIVE  
I'm not sure I'm ready to create a  
human guinea-pig.

FRANK  
Dr. Colins, we're designing a new  
species. A new monster as you like to  
say. It's no different than anything  
else you've made so far. Just more  
sophisticated. Don't pretend that you  
haven't thought about it.

HOLD ON CLIVE'S FACE as Frank's words sink in.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - BIOMEDICAL - DAY

Clive kisses Jane through the driver's side window of her  
car. Josef comes down the steps and takes Clive aside.

JOSEF  
Clive I have a favour to ask. I want  
you to take Elsa out on the town  
while I'm gone.

CLIVE  
What?

JOSEF  
I left her with the children. She  
could use some entertainment.

CLIVE  
I'm not sure it's a good idea. If you  
knew what I went through the other  
night. Jane is---

JOSEF  
No need to explain. I know Jane can  
be prone to jealousy. The last thing  
I want to do is create tension within  
the team.

Josef turns to go, but Clive grabs his shoulder.

CLIVE  
On second thought, it's okay.

JOSEF  
Are you sure.

CLIVE  
Yeah. It's no big deal.

JOSEF  
Thank you. It helps me out.

CLIVE  
I know.

JOSEF  
Mums the word.

Josef climbs into the car and takes off.

INT. HYBRID HOLDING ROOM - LAB - DAY

Clive notes data from the hybrids' vital sign monitors. He stares at the hybrids in their cage playing with the repaired Cabbage Patch Kid.

CLIVE  
You two are looking as fit as  
fiddles. I think uncle Clive deserves  
a break, don't you?

The female hybrid makes a hideous monkey-like chatter sound.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
Okay, okay. I'm going. No need to be  
rude about it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Clive walks aimlessly. He stops suddenly, his attention drawn by something in a shop window: STUFFED HYBRID DOLLS.

INT. STORE - DAY

It's a cheap variety store crammed with junk. An old relic of a man sits motionless behind the counter.

Clive picks up one of the hybrid dolls - a very imperfect imitation of Heckle and Jeckle. It has a 'made in Taiwan' tag in it. He notices there is a little door in its belly and a key around its neck.

He inserts the key, but is interrupted.

PROPRIETOR  
Hey, you gonna buy that?

CLIVE  
How much?

PROPRIETOR  
Ten fifty.

Clive turns the key. The doll's stomach pops open, revealing a little plastic hybrid inside which twirls like a ballerina in a music box. A chinzy electronic tune plays.

CLIVE  
(tossing a bill on  
the counter)  
A bargain. I'll take a bag of chips  
too.

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Clive is curled up on his bed like an overgrown child, clutching the stuffed hybrid. The phone rings. Clive ignores it. Josef's voice is broadcast over the answering machine.

JOSEF  
(on phone)  
Clive. Just wanted to see how things  
are. Also, a reminder about Elsa. I  
don't want her to feel forgotten.  
Appreciate it. See you in a couple of  
days.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Josef puts down the receiver. Jane enters the room.

JOSEF  
He wasn't in.

JANE  
No point. He never answers the phone.  
Come on. I want to go over this  
speech with you.

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Clive stares at the phone.

CLIVE  
Damn you, Josef.

He picks up the receiver and dials.

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

A three ring circus outside the stark edifice of a modern concrete building. In one corner, freakish protesters waving placards and burning effigies of the hybrids. In another corner is the press pushing against a wall of police. And in the center ring are Jane and Josef, who are escorted up the steps along with other scientists, ethicists and politicians.

EXT. NECRONOMICON REPERTORY MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Elsa joins Clive outside the theatre. Clive waves, but he doesn't seem happy to see her.

INT. COURT HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane leaves Josef's side and walks to the podium to face a sea of stern looking faces.

JANE  
 (speaking into a  
 microphone)  
 Good Evening. I am Dr. Jane Beckett.  
 I have been asked to speak on behalf  
 of Novaphorm...

CUT TO:

INT. NECRONOMICON THEATRE - NIGHT

Clive and Elsa sit in the theatre before the film begins. There is something decidedly creepy about the small audience. They seem more like the kind of crowd that would be found in a porn theatre.

ELSA  
 Interesting crowd. What's this movie  
 about anyway.

CLIVE  
 It's German. Very rare.

ELSA  
 Is it one of those old Expressionist  
 films?

CLIVE  
 Not exactly.

ELSA  
 Are you okay, Clive?

CLIVE  
 Yeah, I'm fine. Why? Is something  
 wrong?

ELSA  
 No.

Elsa turns to the blank screen, acutely aware of the awkward silence.

COURT HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane continues with her speech.



JANE

As is the case with all other major pharmaceutical companies, at Novaphorm our genetic research is for the purpose of developing new drugs for human consumption. Examples of these would be more potent and effective forms of pain control and relief medicines.

Jane takes a sip of water from the podium.

JANE

(continuing)

Novaphorm's successfully cloned Species 435 and 436 are producing a protein that could lead to the development of a breakthrough antibiotic capable of fighting newly mutated and deadly viruses.

CUT TO:

INT. NECRONOMICON THEATRE - NIGHT

Clive and Elsa sit in silence. Elsa offers him popcorn. Clive shakes his head. She is becoming increasingly uncomfortable. Finally, the lights fade and the film begins.

A title flashes on the screen: DIE LUSTMORD

The images are stark and grainy - eviscerated bodies within a subterranean chamber cut in a disjointed montage.

Elsa shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

INT. COURT HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane continues.

JANE

DX-44, a unique protein, has never before been successfully engineered. The H-400 species produces this product predominantly in the liver, although small residual amounts have been detected in the hypothalamus. The protein is transported in the bloodstream. It is not inconceivable that these unique and special animals could be farmed in the near future providing scientists...

Jane's concentration is broken by a disturbance on the audience floor. Senator Zitts, surrounded by a bevy of aides and reporters breaks rank and pushes forward. Jane glances at Josef with concern.

Josef's face remains emotionless as usual.

The Presiding Official calls the room to order and motions for Jane to resume.

JANE

(continuing)

... providing scientists at Novaphorm a steady sample of DX-44 to study. As soon as the gene structure responsible for producing DX-44 in the Species has been identified, Novaphorm intends to replicate it in synthetic drug form.

INT. NECRONOMICON THEATRE - NIGHT

GRAPHICALLY SEXUAL AND VIOLENT IMAGES flash on the screen. Elsa is clearly disturbed by what she is being forced to watch. She looks over to Clive who seems totally unaffected

ELSA

Clive, I'm not liking this.

CLIVE

Come on, it's just a movie. It gets better.

Elsa makes a brave attempt to watch, She turns away in disgust and spots an old man behind them masturbating.

ELSA

Ugh. I'm leaving.

Elsa pushes her way out of the aisle. Clive stays put for a minute before he chases after her.

EXT. NECRONOMICON THEATRE- NIGHT

Elsa is walking briskly away from the theatre. Clive catches up to her.

CLIVE

Elsa, I'm sorry.

ELSA

I can't believe you took me to that.

CLIVE

I'm sorry. Will you stop for a sec?  
Will you just listen to me?

Elsa stops.

ELSA

What?

CLIVE

I'm sorry. Josef wanted me to take you out. To keep you company and I... um, I couldn't let us have a good time.

Elsa looks at him puzzled.

ELSA

What?

CLIVE

I think it's best if you just go home.

ELSA

Sure.

Elsa hails a cab and gets in without saying anything more.

INT. COURT HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane concludes her statement.

JANE

In conclusion, I'd like to reiterate how concerned Novaphorm is about the potential dangers of genetic manipulation, but we also recognize the even greater danger that the fear of this new and essential technology could inhibit research and deny the public access to medical treatments and even cures that are within the reach of today's medical community.

A TALL WOMAN stands and speaks.

TALL WOMAN

be. Beckett, what do you consider to be the greatest risk of conducting such research?

JANE

Novaphorm maintains that the real area of concern is not genetic splicing and replicating but the use of genetic information as a weapon for classification and discrimination.

Senator Zitts springs up and pushes forward with a look of righteousness and determination etching his jowls.

SENATOR ZITTS

Dr. Beckett, what would the practical value of your research be if your hybrid animals were in fact not capable of producing DX-44.

Jane steals a glance at Josef and then responds.

JANE  
I don't see the point of---

SENATOR ZITTS  
Just answer the questions.

JANE  
Novaphorm maintains that all research done in the field of genetic engineering has relevance. For instance, any manipulation of DNA, whether successful or not has impacted on our knowledge of...

SENATOR ZITTS  
But there would not be any immediate and direct benefit to your work.

JANE  
That's irrelevant..

SENATOR ZITTS  
I don't think so, Dr. Beckett. I have here a confidential lab report stating that your H-400 species hybrids only produced DX-44 for six days before they ran dry.

JANE  
Where in the hell did you get...

The room erupts into pandemonium, members of the press angling cameras and microphone's for the breaking story. The Presiding Judge calls the room to order.

Josef stands and moves to the podium. Jane steps aside.

JOSEF  
In your response to your outlandish claim, I can only remind you that the H-400 series is still at an early stage of observation. Obviously, the specific amounts of DX-44 that the specimen's produce is subject to fluctuation. After all, we are referring to specimens, not machines.

SENATOR ZITTS  
Well, Dr. James, I think you are blowing a smoke screen. Allow me to draw a conclusion. Novaphorm has been making promises that you can't keep.  
(more)

SENATOR ZITTS (cont'd)

You have willfully deceived the public and your entire operation has been slipshod, irresponsible and dangerous. That is, of course, unless you are prepared to refute this document.

Zitts holds up THE FAX THAT PARKER TOOK FROM THE LAB and then flamboyantly presents it to the Presiding Judge.

In the back of the room Stan Dresden looks on, smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. HYBRID HOLDING ROOM - LAB - NIGHT

Clive tends to the hybrids, cleaning their cage and feeding them a green paste.

CLIVE

Don't forget to eat your greens.

Clive watches the male unfurl his COLORFUL WINGS. He puffs out his chest and does a dance for the benefit of his female counterpart. She seems totally disinterested, COVERING HERSELF IN A CLOAK OF GREY FEATHERS.

CLIVE

(continuing; to the  
male hybrid)

I know how you feel. Believe me it's not worth the effort.

EXT. COURT HOUSE -- DAY

Jane and Josef quickly descend the steps while a SECURITY MAN leads them through a CLUSTER OF PRESS. Limousine pulls up to the curb and a door opens.

SECURITY MAN

This way.

The Security Man leads them into the limo.

Standing on the steps of court house, Senator Zitts, holds forth with a bevy of reporters.

SENATOR ZITTS

And you can be sure, that when I am re-elected, this kind of flagrant disregard for the sanctity of life and God's creation will not be tolerated. I will institute legislation ...

CUT TO:

INT. JOSEF'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Elsa is doing some translation work. The doorbell rings.

EXT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - MORNING

Elsa opens the front door and looks around. No one is there. Then, she notices something at her feet:

It's the HYBRID TOY with a note pinned to it:

"Sorry about last night. Please accept this creature as a token of my friendship. Sincerely, Clive. P.S. If your free this aft, join me for a taco outside Dedmen Hall 'round one o'clock."

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Elsa enters a beautiful courtyard in the midst of an old University dormitory. Clive steps into view with a couple of massive tacos.

CLIVE

Taco, senorita?

ELSA

I won't even try to look graceful eating this.

CLIVE

Table manners are an anachronism in a disposable culture.

ELSA

Everything is an anachronism in a disposable culture.

CLIVE

Touche. That's why I like this place. Somewhere in my cynical heart there is love for old things.

ELSA

A cynic is just a disillusioned romantic.

CLIVE

Touche again.

ELSA

I know exactly what you mean, though. Nothing is built to last anymore. What's going to happen when all the malls and glass office towers start to crumble?

CLIVE

Maybe the next World War will break out before then and it won't be an issue.

ELSA

In that case, you could say a disposable culture is a good thing because nobody will miss it.

CLIVE

The perfect antidote to armageddon.

ELSA

Sure. We got disposable cameras, disposable cars, disposable houses. All we need are disposable people.

CLIVE

I'm working on it.

ELSA

Very cute.

Clive takes Elsa's hand.

CLIVE

Follow me. I want to show you something.

INT. UNIVERSITY - BASEMENT - DAY

Clive leads Elsa through the boiler room.

ELSA

Where are you taking me?

Clive does his best impression of Charles Laughton in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame".

CLIVE

Sanctuary, sanctuary.

INT. UNIVERSITY - CLOCK TOWER - DAY

Clive and Elsa climb up through the floor of a musty room filled with giant gears.

ELSA

This is beautiful.

CLIVE

It's where I used to go to escape when I was a student.

ELSA

It looks like something out of a movie.

CLIVE

Look Elsa, I want you to know how badly I feel about last night.

ELSA

It's alright. I think I understand what you're going through.

CLIVE

I'm glad you understand, because I don't have a clue.

Just then, without warning, the clock tower bells ring out.

Clive and Elsa are startled. They look at each other, transfixed. The ringing subsides and an enveloping silence fills the room. They stare at each other a long while, then suddenly, they are in each other's arms, kissing.

JANE (V.O.)

We are so fucked.

CUT TO:

INT HOLDING ROOM - BIOMEDICAL LAB

Clive is sitting in a chair with Josef and Jane standing over him, recently returned from their trip. Jane is holding an opened Federal Express Packet and several file folders.

JANE

(quoting the documents)

"Novaphorm has been put under a period of voluntary parole as a result of Senator Zitts and the Congressional hearing. Any further research involving genetic manipulation must be suspended during this period in which the success of the H-400 species Series will be evaluated by a panel of our peers". In other words, your licence has been revoked, Mr. Bond.

Jane throws the documents on Clive's lap.

CLIVE

Until Heckle and Jeckle produce more DX-44.

JANE

Exactly. Which is not going to happen.



Josef looks at Clive

JOSEF

What do you say? Frank called me this morning. She wants an answer.

CLIVE

So I guess we'd be like undercover scientists, right?

JANE

They're giving you a number, and taking away your name.

CLIVE

licence renewed.

CLOSE ON a SHOT of a BODY RISING OUT OF A GIANT POD.

CUT TO:

INT. NECRONOMICON MOVIE THEATRE - DAY

Elsa is watching a scene from Don Segal's 'Invasion of the Body Snatchers'. Clive enters the theatre and sits next to her. They sit in silence watching the birth of the pod person.

CLIVE

Thanks for coming.

ELSA

No problem, this is one of my favorites.

CLIVE

It's definitely a classic.

ELSA

Did you see the remake?

CLIVE

It was great, too. Listen, Elsa --

ELSA

You don't have to say anything. I know what we did was a terrible mistake.

CLIVE

I'm an idiot, I know. I just ... I couldn't resist you. You are the most incredible person I have ever met. But our timing sucks.

EXT. NECRONOMICON THEATRE - LATER

Clive and Elsa stand by the box office as people filter out of the theatre.

CLIVE

So, how much longer are you going to be in town.

ELSA

Well, there's not much holding me here. Now.

CLIVE

I'm going to miss you.

Clive takes Elsa's face in his hands and kisses her tenderly. Suddenly. the IMAGE FREEZES.

CUT TO:

Stan sits in a parked car across the street taking photos of Clive and Elsa.

CUT TO:

INT. BIOMEDICAL LAB - VARIOUS

MONTAGE of Clive, Jane and Josef hard at work preparing for the 'next big step'.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A CORK EXPLODING OUT OF A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

INT. BETTY CROCKER ROOM - DAY

WIDE TO REVEAL: Clive, Jane and Josef standing in front of the NEW RETRO-FITTED BETTY - a bigger and more sophisticated version of the original birthing machine.

Josef hands the champagne bottle to Jane who takes a frothy swig.

JANE

It's beautiful.

Jane passes the bottle to Clive.

CLIVE

You're a genius, Josef.

Clive hands the bottle to Josef, who declines.

JOSEF

There's no such thing as genius.

JANE

In that case, you're really smart.

CLIVE

And we *like* you alot.

INT. NOVAPHORM BUILDING - CONFERENCE AREA - DAY

A press conference in progress. Jane speaks from the podium.

JANE

... and I want to assure you and the public at large that Novaphorm is co-operating 100% with the parameters mandated at the Bio-engineering conference. My colleagues and I are conducting our continuing research with the H-400 species Series as directed with the utmost caution and awareness of the ethical issues raised. Additionally, Novaphorm would like to announce its intentions to stage an exhibition of the hybrids to be broadcast live in a world televised event at the conclusion of our period of Parole. Thank you.

The room instantly erupts with questions.

EXT. NOVAPHORM BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jane is about to get into her car, when a man approaches her. It is Stan Dresden.

STAN

Ms. Beckett...

JANE

Dr. Beckett.

STAN

I have something for you.

Jane watches cautiously as Stan reaches into his coat. Jane reflexively backs away recalling Clive's near assassination. She relaxes as Stan pulls out an envelope.

STAN

(continuing)

I thought, you might want to see these.

Jane takes the envelope from him. Stan immediately turns to go.

JANE

Wait a minute. Who are you?

STAN  
 (as he walks away)  
 Your biggest fan.

Jane tentatively opens the envelope. Inside are photos of Clive and Elsa embracing outside the Necronomicon.

THE SOUND OF A DOOR CHIME

CUT TO:

INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - DAY

Josef opens the door to reveal Jane looking very troubled.

JANE  
 Hi, Josef.

JOSEF  
 Jane. What are you doing here? How did the press conference go?

JANE  
 Fine. It was fabulous.

ELSA  
 (o.c.)  
 Who is it, Josef?

Elsa comes down the stairs and is caught off guard by the sight of Jane.

ELSA  
 (continuing)  
 Jane. It's good to see you.

JANE  
 Good to see you, too.

Jane comes up to Elsa and gives her a penetrating look that lasts just long enough to make Elsa squirm.

JANE  
 (continuing)  
 I thought you would have gone home by now.

ELSA  
 Some things delayed my stay.

Jane smiles, as if to say she knows what those 'things' were.

ELSA  
 (continuing)  
 So, what brings you to our neck of the woods.

JANE

I have some business to discuss with Josef.

ELSA

Of course. Well, I was just on my way out.

Elsa heads for the door.

ELSA

(continuing)

I hope I have a chance to see you again.

JANE

I doubt it. We're about to get very busy. Good-bye.

ELSA

Bye.

The door shuts. Jane turns to Josef.

JOSEF

Jane, are you alright? You seem agitated.

JANE

Just nerves. Tomorrow is the big day.

JOSEF

Yes. How's Clive with it?

JANE

Great. He can't wait. Like a kid before Christmas.

JOSEF

Well, I can't say that I don't have some misgivings.

JANE

Too late to back out now, Hal.

JOSEF

(sounding exactly  
like HAL 9000)

I wish you wouldn't call me that.

JANE

Hard to resist.

Jane starts to laugh uncontrollably.

JOSEF  
 (re: his impression)  
 It wasn't that funny.

Jane starts to sing like HAL 9000 as he is being de-programmed.

JANE  
 (in a slowed down  
 voice)  
 Daisy, daisy, give me your answer  
 true, I'm half crrraazy ooover the  
 looove ooof yooooou...

JOSEF  
 (becoming annoyed)  
 Is there a reason why you came here?

JANE  
 No, no reason at all. Just thought  
 I'd say, hi.

Josef gives Jane a look like she's from another planet.

JANE  
 (continuing)  
 Can I use your bathroom?

JOSEF  
 Of course. Down the hall to your---

JANE  
 I know where it is.

Jane goes to the bathroom. Josef is troubled by her strange behavior. He can hear her singing "Daisy" from inside. The toilet flushes and she comes out.

JOSEF  
 Are you sure you're alright?

JANE  
 Never better. In fact, I haven't felt  
 this good in months. Thanks for  
 letting me use the facilities, Ha---  
 er Josef.

JOSEF  
 Any time.

Jane kisses him on the cheek and practically skips out the door, leaving Josef thoroughly perplexed.

INT. BIOMEDICAL - SECURITY DESK - DAY

Clive approaches the desk. There are a bunch of construction people erecting a new door. Parker watches them work.

CLIVE  
Yo, Parker.

PARKER  
Clive, mon. Wot be wit dis new shit?

CLIVE  
Security breach.

PARKER  
Not while I be here.

CLIVE  
Parker, half the time you're so stoned, you wouldn't notice if an elephant wearing a tutu danced through that door.

PARKER  
(giving his trademark squint)  
Hey, I seen dat elephant.

INT. NUCLEAR TRANSFER LAB - DAY

Clive enters dressed in a lab coat. Jane is already there preparing the genetic goop for the cooker. She looks up from her high-powered microscope.

CLIVE  
Josef here yet?

JANE  
No sign of him.

CLIVE  
Should we wait?

JANE  
I can't delay much longer. We don't need him to be here.

CLIVE  
I just thought he would want to witness the act of conception. After this, there's no turning back.

JANE  
That option terminated a long time ago.

CLIVE  
Maybe so.

Jane looks back into the microscope. With a joystick she manipulates a micro-thin pipette.

JANE'S POV of an ovacite. The pipette moves in to puncture the nucleus.

CLIVE  
(continuing; OC)

Wait.

Jane looks up from the microscope.

JANE  
What?

CLIVE  
There's something personal I need to talk to you about.

JANE  
Now?

CLIVE  
Yes. Before we commit to this all the way.

Clive stalls.

JANE  
Well?

CLIVE  
I think we should take a break from the personal side of our relationship.

JANE  
(calm)  
You mean, break up.

Clive launches into a rehearsed speech.

CLIVE  
Jane, you know how much you mean to me. I like you so much, but the pressure of our work and maintaining our personal relationship is too much. I'm scared we'll come out of this hating each other. On the other hand, if we give ourselves some breathing room, I think we'll both benefit from---

JANE  
I agree.

CLIVE  
...the time apart--- What did you say?

JANE  
I said, I agree with you.



CLIVE  
You're not upset?

JANE  
Why should I be. There's too much at stake. It's bigger than you and me. I don't think we should let anything endanger our work. Including each other.

Jane directs her attention back to the microscope. Clive is bewildered.

CLIVE  
I'm not saying, we couldn't get back together.

JANE  
I know. Let's keep it professional for the time being. That's what I want. Don't you?

JANE'S POV through the microscope: she implants the fused human DNA into the egg.

INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josef sits on the edge of his bed, staring at a blank wall in the dark. His little girl, EMILY, steps into view, framed in the door way. The telephone is ringing.

EMILY  
Daddy, are you okay?

JOSEF  
I'm fine.

Josef doesn't move. Eventually, the ringing stops.

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clive is leaving a message on Josef's machine.

CLIVE  
Josef, Clive her. Listen, I just wanted to make sure you're okay. We missed you today at the big injection. Everything went perfectly, or almost perfectly. Call me for the gory details.

As Clive hangs up, someone knocks on the door. He looks through the peep hole: a worried Elsa.

Clive opens the door.

ELSA  
Can I come in? Is it safe?

CLIVE  
What? Yeah, Jane isn't here.

ELSA  
I know we're not supposed to see each other, but I had to tell you.

CLIVE  
What?

ELSA  
Jane knows about us. She came by Josef's yesterday. I saw it in her eyes. I feel sick.

CLIVE  
It doesn't matter now.

Elsa looks at him questioningly.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
We broke up.

ELSA  
Why?

CLIVE  
Because I'm falling in love with you.

Clive kisses Elsa. She wants to pull away but she can't resist him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BETTY CROCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Jane's face is reflected in a small monitor which displays a fuzzy image of an embryonic form growing in the artificial womb.

DISSOLVE TO:

Passing lights reflected over Elsa's face behind her car's windscreen.

CUT TO:

INT. ELSA'S CAR - TRAVELLING - EARLY MORNING

Clive and Elsa drive into the country.

EXT. COTTAGE - MORNING

The sun rises over a secluded cottage in the country. Elsa's car pulls up and Clive and Elsa get out.

SUPER TITLE: Seven Months Later

INT. COTTAGE - MORNING

Clive and Jane enter and take in their very rustic surroundings.

ELSA

It was good of my brother to give you the week-end off.

CLIVE

It was good of him to lend us his cottage.

They collapse on the bed.

CLIVE

(continuing)

Do you think he's bothered by us.

ELSA

It's impossible to know. I imagine our relationship is hardly a blip on his radar. It's Jane that I worry about.

CLIVE

Let's not discuss this right now.

ELSA

On the sunnier side of the news, I picked up our tickets.

CLIVE

What did it come to.

ELSA

I'm withholding that information.

CLIVE

It doesn't matter. Finances are at an all time high right now. All I want to do is escape my cubicle.

ELSA

A trip through Espana will do more than that for you. Trust me.

CLIVE

I can't imagine a more beautiful guide.

ELSA  
You chose well.

They are interrupted by a loud rapping at the door.

CLIVE  
Expecting anybody?

Elsa gives him a puzzled look.

ELSA  
Come in.

The door opens slightly and a little shriveled head pokes in.

OLD WOMAN  
Hi there, sorry to disturb. Just  
wanted to check who's here.

ELSA  
Who are you?

OLD WOMAN  
Friend of Josef's. Is Josef here?

ELSA  
I'm his sister.

OLD WOMAN  
Oh that's right. Elsa is it?

ELSA  
Can we help you?

OLD WOMAN  
No, no. I didn't recognize the car.

ELSA  
That's because it's my car.

OLD WOMAN  
I like to keep an eye on my  
neighbors' property. I'll be going  
now.

The old face slips out of view and the door shuts after it.

ELSA  
That was just weird.

CLIVE  
It always amazes me how country  
people are even more neurotic than  
city people.

ELSA  
Forget about it.

Elsa kisses him and they fall back onto the bed.

LATER THAT NIGHT:

Clive and Elsa are asleep. Clive's cell phone rings. He gets up and groggily searches for it in his tangle of clothes.

CLIVE  
 (picking up the phone)  
 Hello?... You're kidding. But it's  
 too soon... Okay, okay, I'll be right  
 there.

Elsa wakes.

ELSA  
 What's going on.

CLIVE  
 I have to go to work.

INT. BETTY CROCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Clive bursts in, scrubbed and dressed for the birth. Jane and Josef, exhausted, stand before him, their frocks splattered with embryonic fluid. Clive has missed all the action. He looks at them like an expectant father.

CLIVE  
 Well?

Jane smiles.

JANE  
 She's fine.

INT. INCUBATOR ROOM - LAB - NIGHT

Clive approaches a glass case in a completely sterile room. Jane and Josef stand beside him.

CLIVE'S POV moving towards the incubator. Inside is a tiny cherubic form - little wings and a serpentine tail forming out of its peach coloured skin. It is sleeping peacefully. Stamped on the incubator is: H-437.

CLIVE  
 She's beautiful.

JANE  
 And premature. I was afraid she  
 wouldn't survive.

CLIVE  
 I'm sorry I wasn't here to help.

JANE

It's not your fault. None of us  
expected it this early.

CLOSE ON JOSEF: the gravity of their achievement beginning to  
sink in.

JOSEF

(quietly, to himself)  
What have we done?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Clive and Jane finish recording data from the new hybrid's  
vital sign monitors.

JANE

Well, congratulations.

Jane extends her hand. Clive gives it a quick shake.

CLIVE

Congratulations.

JANE

Clive, look, you don't have to feel  
uncomfortable around me.

CLIVE

I'm sorry. I just...

JANE

I admit the whole Elsa thing did  
catch me by surprise. But it's water  
under the bridge. I want to forget  
about it. And I want to be friends  
again. Okay?

CLIVE

Okay.

Jane gives him a friendly hug. Clive reciprocates.

JANE

And to prove to you that I mean what  
I say, I want to take you and Elsa  
out to dinner.

CLIVE

Are you sure?

JANE

I think it's time I got to know  
Josef's baby sis.

CLIVE

You're amazing, Jane.

JANE

I know.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Josef is recording data and speaking into a tape recorder.

JOSEF

November 27. Subject is now three days old. All her vital signs are excellent and most intriguing of all is her rapid growth.

Josef looks through a two way mirror beyond which is a sterile, hermetically-sealed room. The Hybrid is asleep on the padded floor. She has matured TO THE HUMAN EQUIVALENT OF A FIVE YEAR OLD.

JOSEF

(continuing)

It seems she has inherited the aging gene from the amphibian portion of her DNA. This means that she will probably reach adult form in less than a month.

Josef watches as the Hybrid wakes. Its movements are distinctly inhuman, almost bird-like.

JOSEF

(continuing)

The chances of producing a successful specimen on the first effort are astoundingly slim. We are very fortunate.

The hybrid launches itself up to a rope perch suspended from the ceiling, its movements imperceptibly fast. Just as abruptly, it is still as a statue.

JOSEF

(continuing)

On a personal note, I have to say that there is something disturbingly familiar about her. Maybe she reminds me of a mythical animal... a picture in a storybook.

The hybrid dives off its perch and lands gracefully in front of a cavity in the wall. She presses a red button and a pasty food substance swirls out of the opening. She consumes it voraciously.

JOSEF  
(continuing)

She also displays keen intelligence.  
Have we inadvertently made something  
superior to us? A step up on the  
evolutionary ladder.

INT. HYBRID HOLDING ROOM - LAB - CONTINUOUS

The Hybrid notices its reflection in the mirror. It moves  
closer for a better look.

INTERCUT: OBSERVATION ROOM/ HYBRID ROOM

Josef observes the Hybrid observing itself.

JOSEF  
Human beings are predators...

He moves to the mirror to examine the Hybrid more closely.

JOSEF  
(continuing)  
Wouldn't it be foolish for a predator  
to make a superior predator?

The Hybrid blinks at him from behind angelic eyes.

JOSEF  
(continuing)  
She reminds me of... something from  
my childhood.

Suddenly, Josef's face goes pale. He backs away from the  
mirror as though it were looking at a road accident. He is  
horrified but he can't turn away.

From behind the mirror the Hybrid smiles innocently.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Clive, Jane and Elsa are finishing a meal.

JANE  
But I wanted to stay in the fold.  
There really isn't any reason to  
cling to negative feelings.

ELSA  
I can't tell you how relieved I am to  
hear that. Especially, now that Clive  
and I are sharing his apartment.

JANE  
(choking back  
surprise)  
You're living together?



ELSA  
 (to Clive)  
 Didn't you mention---

CLIVE  
 I was about to.

JANE  
 Clive thinks it would upset me, but  
 it doesn't at all. We are all a part  
 of a little family. And I can't stand  
 the thought of anything breaking it  
 up.

She places a comforting hand on Elsa's shoulder

JANE  
 (continuing)  
 Congratulations on roping him in.  
 That's an accomplishment.

ELSA  
 Well, if you work with him then you  
 might as well live with him. That's  
 where he spends all his time these  
 days.

CLIVE  
 (looking at his watch)  
 Speaking of which. I'm doing the  
 night shift this week.

Clive gets up.

CLIVE  
 (continuing)  
 I don't want to keep Hal waiting.

INT. ELEVATOR -- BIOMEDICAL - NIGHT

Clive hums along with the elevator music as he descends into  
 the bowels of the building.

INT. SUB-SUB BASEMENT - BIOMEDICAL

A soft bell chimes as the doors open and Clive exits. he  
 walks along the corridor to the

OBSERVATION ROOM

He swipes his card and the same old sexy synthetic female  
 voice calls out -- only this time in Spanish.

VOICE  
 (in Spanish)  
 Voice ID, please.

CLIVE  
(in Spanish)  
In your Dreams, baby.

Clive steps through the door.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive enters the Observation room. It's empty.

CLIVE  
Josef?

There's a beat.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
Where the hell is he?

Clive peers through the two way mirror into the hybrid's room. It too seems to be empty.

Suddenly, the hybrid pops into view. Clive steps back, startled. The hybrid is staring so intently, it seems to look through the mirror.

Clive is visibly unnerved. He calls out in a loud voice.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
Josef? Josef, where are you?

Clive reaches for the phone. He calls Josef's house. The phone rings and rings. Clive is just about to hang up when a male voice abruptly answers.

MALE VOICE  
Hello, who is this?

Clive hesitates for a moment, then speaks into the receiver:

CLIVE  
Clive. Clive Colins. Who's this?

MALE VOICE  
Metro police.

EXT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Clive hurries up the sidewalk to Josef's front door. Police and emergency vehicles line the street. Yellow tape cordons off the house and yard.

INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clive walks into the living room to find a dozen police, detectives and emergency personnel dissecting the premises.

Clive talks to a UNIFORMED COP.

CLIVE  
I'm a close friend of Josef James.  
Who's in charge here?

The cop points him in the direction of the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - JOSEF'S HOUSE

Clive enters to find a PLAIN CLOTHES POLICE DETECTIVE surrounded by a couple of FORENSIC SPECIALISTS. They are examining JOSEF'S CORPSE which rests in a seated position in an arm chair, the head lolled over to one side. Clive chokes back his horror.

CLIVE  
Detective, I'm Clive Colins. I got here as soon as I could.

The Detective shakes Clive's hand.

DETECTIVE  
You say you're a friend of Dr. James.

Clive nods.

DETECTIVE  
(continuing)  
Any reason he'd want to kill himself.

Clive shakes his head.

CLIVE  
No.

The detective eyes him.

DETECTIVE  
Forensics ordered an autopsy.  
Whatever he used, not your over the counter prescription drug.

CLIVE  
Where are the kids?

DETECTIVE  
Waiting for their mother.

CLIVE  
I can't believe this. He was fine yesterday. Did he leave---

DETECTIVE  
No note.

The Detective pushes a yellowed scrapbook of photographs across the kitchen table to Clive.

DETECTIVE  
(continuing)

He collapsed on top of these. We got to bag them. Maybe you could look at them a minute, let me know if anything's out of place, grabs your attention.

Clive looks down at the scrapbook, nods.

CLIVE  
Sure.

Clive sits down at the kitchen table and opens the scrapbook as the Detective heads into the living room.

INT. KITCHEN - JOSEF'S HOUSE - LATER

Clive is still hovering over the scrapbook, pouring over old photographs. Something catches his eye. Clive stares at it a moment.

CLOSE on PHOTO of Josef when he was a little boy. He closely resembles *an alien blonde child*, just as Clive and Elsa had discussed in the coffee shop against the poster of "Village of the Damned". Clive quickly turns the page.

Clive continues flipping through the scrapbook, until he comes upon a stack of pages that have been ripped from their place in the scrapbook.

Clive picks up a stack of the loose photos. They are all of Elsa growing up. The first pictures are of Elsa as a newborn with Josef as a young adolescent.

Clive flips through more photos: One year old Elsa learning to walk; two year old Elsa with a handful of birthday cake; three year old Elsa on her favorite tricycle; four year old Elsa on Santa's knee; five year old Elsa dressed as an angel for Halloween in wings with a tinfoil halo...

Clive stops abruptly at this one. He stares at it for along moment, deeply troubled. Then he hurriedly pockets the photo and heads for the back door.

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane asleep in her bed. The lights turn on and she groggily opens her eyes.

Clive is in the doorway.

JANE  
I thought I told you to return my  
keys.

Clive throws the keys at her.

JANE  
(continuing)  
Something wrong, Clive?

CLIVE  
You bitch.

JANE  
Don't you think this is a little  
inappropriate, showing up in my  
bedroom in the middle of the night.  
What would Elsa think?

Clive violently lunges at Jane pushing her against the bed  
posts. Jane doesn't show any fear.

JANE  
(continuing)  
Feeling frisky?

CLIVE  
How could you do that? You fucking  
bitch!

JANE  
Do what, Clive? What did I do?

Clive breaks away from her.

CLIVE  
Where'd you get it? Off my clothes?  
Off Josef's clothes?

Jane smiles. She is savoring the moment.

JANE  
Josef's house...

FLASHBACK:

INT. JOSEF'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jane sings "Daisy" like the Hal 9000 computer as she pulls  
long strands of blonde hair off a brush.

JANE (V.O.)  
Elsa's hairbrush in the bathroom to  
be exact.

INT. JANE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

BACK TO PRESENT

CLIVE

I can't believe it. You cloned Elsa.  
You fucking cloned her.

JANE

Correction. We cloned an animal human  
hybrid. You should feel proud. I  
think it's an improvement over the  
original.

CLIVE

You are sick. You are fucking  
psychotic. I should turn you in. You  
should be kicked out of the fucking  
profession.

JANE

Turned in? You know, I think your  
sense of humor has improved since you  
left me.

CLIVE

This is the most cruel, evil,  
demented thing I've ever fucking  
heard of.

JANE

Not bad, huh? And you thought I was  
just a pretty face. Maybe not as  
pretty as your girlfriend.

Clive snaps. He grab's Jane by the neck and starts to choke  
her. She doesn't stop smiling. Clive forces himself away from  
her.

JANE

(continuing)

Feel better? I certainly do.

CLIVE

You won't for long. You don't know  
all the damage your little jealous  
fit has caused.

JANE

Oh, I think I do.

CLIVE

No you don't.

Clive shakes his head and walks out the door.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: Prominent Geneticist Commits Suicide.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The paper folds back to reveal Stan Dresden taking a satisfying drag from a cigarette.

JANE (OC)

So, what is it you want from me?

REVEAL Jane at the other end of the table. She looks deeply troubled.

JANE

I'm not in a great mood.

STAN

Were you and Dr. James close?

JANE

Of course. He's been my mentor for seven years.

STAN

Tragic.

JANE

Yes, it is terribly tragic. Now let's move on to another topic.

STAN

I just wanted to give you my card.

Stan hands it over. Jane reads it.

JANE

'Stan Dresden: *Destructionist*'?

STAN

It's a term I invented.

JANE

Do you have a degree in destruction?

STAN

Self taught. It comes naturally.

JANE

And what exactly does it mean?

STAN

Well, it's kind of esoteric, but in a nutshell, I specialize in assisting the collapse of complex organized systems.

JANE

And someone pays you to do this?

STAN

Not exactly. I do it on spec. I write about it, from an intimate, first hand point of view of course.

JANE

So, you're a journalist.

STAN

A little closer to a prankster, actually. I like to think of myself as the future of journalism. Or the prodigy of Hunter S. Thompson. Which ever you prefer.

JANE

I bet you were the kind of kid that liked to kick down other kids' sand castles.

STAN

Very perceptive.

JANE

Why would I want you to kick down my sand castle.

STAN

Maybe so you won't have to do it alone.

Stan gets up and leaves Jane to puzzle over this last statement.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A sparsely attended funeral.

Clive and Jane glare at each other from across Josef's coffin as it is lowered into the ground. Elsa is wrapped around Clive's arm, crying.

EXT. CEMETERY - PARKING LOT - LATER

Clive intercepts Jane as she goes to her car.

CLIVE

I'm resigning tomorrow.



JANE  
You can't just walk away from this.

CLIVE  
I'm running away from it.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Jane enters the room. She peers into the Hybrid's space. There is a flutter of wings and a blur of motion as it darts past the window.

JANE  
Come out, come out, where ever you  
are.

Another blur and the Hybrid is hanging from its perch. She is now THE HUMAN EQUIVALENT OF THIRTEEN YEARS OLD, her features becoming noticeably similar to the adult Elsa.

Jane stares at her for a long time. The Hybrid is almost seductively beautiful - gossamer skin, dark opal eyes and an elegant, sinuous body.

Jane turns to the Hybrid's room's atmosphere control panel. She flicks a switch marked OXYGEN, then punches a button labeled PURGE.

INT. HYBRID HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vents inlaid in the walls automatically open. With a powerful whooshing sound, the air is sucked out of the room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane calmly observes the Hybrid frantically search for a way out of its prison.

INT. HYBRID HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Hybrid drops to the floor clutching its throat.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane watches the Hybrid slowly asphyxiate. At the last possible second, she hits hits another command: ABORT.

INT. HYBRID HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The flow of oxygen reverses. The Hybrid crawls to a vent and takes long, hauling breaths as the air rushes back into the room.

CLOSE ON THE LITTLE PLASTIC BALLERINA HYBRID

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

WIDE TO REVEAL Elsa on the couch holding the toy hybrid Clive gave her.

ELSA

I don't understand why he did it.

The painful knowledge of his own duplicity washes over his face.

CLIVE

We'll probably never know.

ELSA

Was he unhappy at work? I mean you were with him all the time. Didn't you sense anything was wrong?

CLIVE

Come on. Look who you're talking about.

ELSA

I can't believe he didn't say good-bye to me. He was the only family I have.

Elsa starts to cry. Clive sits down next to her. He looks at her intently, gathers his courage.

CLIVE

Elsa, there's something I have to tell you about my work.

Elsa looks at him, tears streaming down her cheeks.

CLIVE

(continuing)  
This is really hard for me...

ELSA

What is it?

Clive can't get it out.

CLIVE

Nothing... I've got to get back to the lab. I'm sorry I have to leave you now.

Clive gets up. Elsa protests with silence.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Clive comes into the room. The Hybrid is lying on the floor in a fetal position, shivering violently.

Clive checks the atmospheric controls. The temperature is set at freezing.

CLIVE

Jesus.

Clive turns up the temperature to normal.

JANE (OC)

I thought you were going to quit.

Clive swivels around. Jane stands in the doorway.

CLIVE

What the fuck is this? It's practically freezing in there.

JANE

Is it? That was sloppy of me.

CLIVE

You could have killed her!

JANE

Really?

CLIVE

You are a fucking nutcase, did you know that? I don't want you near her, do you understand me. I don't want to ever see you in this fucking room.

JANE

Well, with Josef dead and you bailing the program, I don't know who else can look after her.

Clive clenches his fists in rage.

CLIVE

I'm going to get you for this.

JANE

We'll see.

Jane smiles victoriously and leaves.

Clive watches the Hybrid slowly recover from the cold.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

A WOMAN SCREAMS OC

## INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clive and Elsa are snuggled on a couch watching a horror movie on television. Another SHRIEK rings out accompanied by thunderous HORROR FILM MUSIC.

ELSA

This makes me so mad.

CLIVE

What?

ELSA

(talking to the  
screen)

You idiot!

(to Clive)

Why did she go back into the house?  
The house is full of zombies. She  
knows that. Why does she go back in?

CLIVE

It's human nature to do stupid things.

ELSA

No, it's human nature to act  
irrationally. Irrational behavior is  
illogical, but it's always motivated.  
Stupid behavior is just... well dumb.  
Look now the zombies are eating her  
brains, as if she had any in the  
first place.

CLIVE

Ever heard of the term, convention?

ELSA

Yeah, like all women in modern horror  
films are bimbos who after getting  
fucked, get killed.

CLIVE

Just because you saw SCREAM, you  
think you understand contemporary  
horror. It's more complicated than  
that.

ELSA

Why is it that the people with the  
highest I.Q.'s have the worst taste?

CLIVE

(smiling)

Watch the movie.

ELSA

I have a better idea.

Elsa climbs on top of Clive.

ELSA  
(continuing)  
All this blood and gore's making me  
horny.

Elsa starts to kiss Clive, but his eyes stay trained on the television. He doesn't respond. Elsa pulls away.

CLIVE  
I'm sorry. What an idiot, huh?

ELSA  
It's okay, we can just watch the  
movie.

CLIVE  
It's not the movie.

ELSA  
You want to talk about it?

CLIVE  
I know we were supposed to have a  
quiet night together but...

ELSA  
Go.

Clive stands up.

CLIVE  
There's just something I need to  
check up on.

Clive gives her a peck on the cheek and reaches for his jacket. Elsa watches him leave.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

Clive enters the room, now filled with discarded coffee cups and computer tear sheets.

Through the window, Clive can see the Hybrid, now A FULLY FORMED ADULT. Her face is the mirror image of Elsa's. Her wings and tail have matured too. She looks powerful.

CLIVE  
What am I going to do with you.  
You're ruining my personal life.

Clive picks up the tape recorder, presses record.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
December 15. The Hybrid continues to  
mature at an astonishing rate,  
physically and mentally.

Clive takes out a Rubik's cube and places it in a drawer connecting to the Hybrid's room. He punches a button marked 'STERILIZE' and the cube is sucked out of view with a faint whooshing sound.

INT. HYBRID HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cube arrives cradled in a metal drawer. The Hybrid tentatively picks it up.

The Hybrid puts the cube in her mouth, her sharp, bird-like tongue flicking around it.

Once she realizes it's not meant for consumption, she quickly deduces that the sides can be rotated so the colours become jumbled.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive watches the Hybrid rotate all of the cube's little components.

CLIVE  
That's it.

The Hybrid stops her activity, contemplates the puzzle, then re-configures the cube so that each side returns to its original solid colour.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
My god.

INT. HYBRID HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now bored with her toy, the Hybrid drops it back into the drawer and slams it shut.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cube pops back into Clive's room. He picks it up, marveling.

CLIVE  
You are one smart chick.

Clive looks at the Hybrid. She sulks in the corner.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
You aren't going to survive in that  
room much longer, are you?

Clive punches a button on the control panel marked, 'SLEEP'.  
A gas seeps into the Hybrid's room.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
Time to dream, my angel.

INT. HYBRID HOLDING ROOM - LATER

The Hybrid is asleep. A door opens. Clive enters the room,  
hidden within a hermetic suit. He kneels down next to her and  
unzips a bag containing a hypodermic needle. He takes a blood  
sample.

CLIVE'S POV of the Hybrid's face, sleeping peacefully.

DISSOLVE TO:

ELSA SLEEPING IN THE EXACT SAME POSITION. She opens her eyes,  
sensing someone above her.

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

WIDE TO REVEAL Clive standing over Elsa, tears streaming down  
his cheeks.

CLIVE  
I'm sorry.

ELSA  
For what?

CLIVE  
I should be here more for you. I'm so  
sorry.

Elsa takes hold of him, cradling him in her arms.

ELSA  
It's okay. Shhh. Everything's going  
to be alright. I know you're devoted  
to your work.

INT. NOVAPHORM - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank's little form sits behind a disproportionately large  
desk. There's a miniature Christmas tree sitting on her desk.

FRANK  
Congratulations to both of you on  
your fine work.  
(more)

FRANK (cont'd)  
I've seen the lab results and it looks like we're getting what we need. It's the perfect Christmas present.

REVEAL Clive and Jane seated at the other end of the office. Clive looks sullen and morose. Jane is positively perky.

FRANK  
(continuing)  
I know that Josef's suicide has cast a cloud over our project but I want to assure you that Novaphorm is still backing you one hundred percent.

JANE  
Thanks, Frank.

FRANK  
As you know, our parole period is coming to a close which means the first public exhibition of our little friends, Heckle and Jeckle is rapidly approaching and I just want to make sure all is well with both of you.

JANE  
Things couldn't be better, Frank.

Clive shoots Jane a poisonous look.

CLIVE  
I'm concerned about the H-437's health. The containment room is too small.

FRANK  
Do you want to build a new facility?

CLIVE  
I don't think we have a choice.

FRANK  
What are your feelings, Jane?

JANE  
Whatever makes Clive happy.

INT. NOVAPHORM - HALLWAY - LATER

Clive and Jane walk down the hallway after their meeting.

CLIVE  
From now on, we're splitting duties. I'm taking care of H-437. You look after Heckle and Jeckle.



JANE  
Sure thing, boss.

EXT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Stan Dresden intercepts Elsa as she heads for her car.

STAN  
Elsa James?

ELSA  
Yes.

STAN  
I've been trying to reach Clive  
Colins.

ELSA  
He's at work.

STAN  
You're his partner?

ELSA  
His girlfriend, you mean? Yes.

STAN  
Are you aware that Clive is involved  
in some highly illegal activities.

ELSA  
What are you talking about?

STAN  
I was hoping you could fill me in. If  
you ever feel so inclined.

Stan passes his card to Jane.

CLOSE ON the Hybrid slowly waking from a deep sleep. It  
reacts to something OC.

INT. NEW HYBRID FACILITY - DAY

WIDE TO REVEAL the Hybrid in a NEW, LARGER CONTAINMENT  
FACILITY. It looks like a little kid's room - Holly Hobby  
wallpaper, colourful plastic furniture, stuffed animals. It  
is the antithesis of the colourless, sterile world that the  
hybrid has known all her life.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive watches the Hybrid reacting to its new environment from  
a renovated, observation room.

CLIVE  
Happy birthday... one month old.

At first, the Hybrid shrinks back from its surroundings, but soon she is exploring this new universe. She touches and tastes every item.

Clive takes out a stuffed hybrid toy identical to the one he gave to Elsa. He sticks it in the sterilizing drawer. It's sucked out of the room with a whoosh.

INT. NEW HYBRID FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The hybrid toy pops up into the Hybrid's room. The Hybrid examines the stuffed version of her cousins.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive watches as the Hybrid takes the key from around the stuffed Hybrid's neck and inserts it into the keyhole in its belly button.

CLIVE

That's it.

She turns the key and the toy hybrid's belly pops open to reveal the plastic ballerina hybrid inside, twirling to tinny electronic music.

The Hybrid laughs, her wings slicing the air in delight.

Clive smiles. A ray of light piercing his dark world.

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clive enters the apartment dressed with Christmas decorations. Elsa has been waiting for him.

CLIVE

You're still up.

ELSA

I want to talk to you.

CLIVE

Can it wait until morning?

ELSA

No. Because you won't have time tomorrow either.

CLIVE

I'm really tired.

ELSA

So am I. I'm tired of waiting for you to explain to me what you are doing with your life while I waste away in this apartment.

CLIVE

You know I can't talk about work. I'm not allowed to.

ELSA

Or is it a convenient excuse so you don't have to tell me what you really do.

CLIVE

What are you driving at?

ELSA

I don't know, but I can't help but feel like something is going on.

CLIVE

Like what?

ELSA

I don't know. I mean you spend more time with your ex-girlfriend than you do with me. It's starting to make me wonder.

CLIVE

Jane? Are you out of your mind?

ELSA

What am I supposed to think. You've been so evasive lately. You're not yourself.

CLIVE

Believe me, it's not Jane.

ELSA

Is it someone else then?

CLIVE

Of course not. You don't understand the pressure I'm under right now.

ELSA

Then let me help you. I'm scared, Clive. Some creepy guy came up to me today, wanting to know about you. Please, tell me what is going on.

CLIVE

I'm sorry, I can't.

Clive moves to leave the apartment. Elsa looks at him with a hurt expression.

ELSA

In that case, don't expect me to be here when you get back.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - LAB - NIGHT

Clive is asleep, his hand still grasping a coffee cup. He suddenly opens his eyes. The Hybrid has her face pressed up against the glass. Her eyes are inches away from Clive's face. He starts.

The Hybrid begins to roll her body down the windowed wall. Her translucent skin presses up against the glass. The Hybrid touches the glass with her hand. She seems drained, lifeless.

Clive instinctively, reaches out and places his hand on top of hers. As her hands explore their way down the wall, Clive follows her, connecting his hand with hers along the way.

LATER

Clive speaks into the tape recorder.

CLIVE

December 28. Three a.m. Day 42. H-437's health seems to have taken a downturn.

Clive checks heart rate and respiration monitors.

CLIVE

(continuing)

Blood pressure 120 over 80, heart rate, respiration and metabolic displacement all within range ...

Clive watches the Hybrid, fascinated, as she rolls around on the floor, scratching the knob on her back where the wings are attached.

CLIVE

(continuing)

Development of hybrid extremities continues rapidly with no visible side effects.

The hybrid's yawns, closes her eyes. Her wings softly fall around her like a shawl.

CLIVE

(continuing)

Medically, she seems fine. But she has little energy. She looks sick. Depressed?

Clive switches off the tape recorder and takes a deep breath. He looks at the door.

He's agitated, clearly struggling with himself. He bounces off the chair, then back down again, pins his hands under his legs as if to tie himself down.

Suddenly he gets up and bolts out the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - LAB - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Clive walks briskly down the corridor. He looks somewhat inhuman himself now, dressed head to toe in the requisite Protective Suit. He disappears around the corner.

INT. DOOR - LAB - CONTINUOUS

A sign on the door: ACCESS STRICTLY PROHIBITED. Clive pulls out a special key and inserts it into a Security control panel. The door slowly begins to open. Clive steps in.

INT. NEW HYBRID FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The room appears to be empty. The hybrid is hiding somewhere. Clive walks slowly into the center of the room. It is very quiet. He stands still, surveying the room.

He turns and startles himself with his reflection in the two way mirror.

Clive walks slowly towards the bed. Talks very softly, gently.

CLIVE

It's okay. I won't hurt you. Come on,  
I'm your friend. I see you everyday.  
I see you through the mirror. Come on.

Clive bends down and pulls up the corner of the bedspread. Nothing. Stands up, awkwardly because of the suit. He walks towards the other end of the bed. He leans down on all fours, quickly pops up the spread. Again nothing.

CLIVE

(continuing)

I want to help you. I want to make  
you feel better.

Just as he is about to stand up, the hybrid JUMPS him from behind, gripping his torso with her arms and legs. She makes a strange SQUEALING SOUND, her tail thuds the floor, her wings flap furiously.

Clive SCREAMS. He struggles to break free, but she is too strong. He manages to roll to the floor, but she doesn't let go and they careen into the wall. Finally, with all his strength, Clive pops her grip. Jumps to his feet. He can barely catch his breath. She looks at him terrified, ready to pounce again.

CLIVE  
 (continuing;  
 breathing heavily)  
 It's okay.

The hybrid snarls at him. Clive tries to recover. He speaks to her in a soothing voice as he backs himself away from the wall towards the door.

CLIVE  
 (continuing)  
 You just need to calm down, okay?  
 See? I'm not going to hurt you. I  
 like you. I like you very much.

She glares at him, but stops the snarl. Watches him carefully. Clive picks up a stuffed animal -- she starts to get angry, but he quickly hands it to her. She clutches it to her breast.

CLIVE  
 (continuing)  
 There now. I bought that for you.  
 See? I'm your friend. I bought you  
 all your toys.

Clive sees the stuffed hybrid. He picks it up off the bed and looks at her. She's watching him closely. He carefully opens the hybrid with the key. It's belly pops open and the music starts to play.

CLIVE  
 (continuing)  
 You like this, don't you? I've seen  
 you smiling.

The Hybrid starts to SQUEAL. She is very agitated.

CLIVE  
 (continuing)  
 Smile. I've seen you smile before.  
 You have a great smile.

The hybrid squeals louder. She's scared and unhappy. It's clear he's not communicating with her. Frustrated, Clive pulls off a glove, impetuously rips the protective gear off his head. She watches fascinated, suddenly seeing a head similar to hers.

CLIVE  
 (continuing)  
 Like this, a smile...

Clive puts a finger to the ends of his mouth, and then pulls them up into a smile.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
Like this... happy.

The creature suddenly giggles. Clive smiles.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
Here, this is yours.

Clive hands the hybrid to her. She takes it. Her hand touches his. Clive almost JUMPS when he feels the translucent flesh. He's suddenly aware of what he has done, exposing himself to the hybrid.

But she just looks at him. Takes her finger to her mouth, and pulls it up into a crooked smile.

Then she reaches towards his face with her hand. Clive stands rigid, transfixed, as her delicate, white fingers trace his cheekbones, his eyebrows, travel across his lips.

She looks at him. He hesitates, then gives in. Leans forward. Kisses her. As he does so, her feathers quiver and fall again around her -- except this time he's in the blanket of feathers, too.

He pulls away from her, but she leans into him again, hungry for more. Clive pushes her back and moves to the door. THE HYBRID LOOKS AT HIM WITH A HURT EXPRESSION IDENTICAL TO THE ONE ELSA GAVE HIM EARLIER. Clive leaves the room, spooked.

INT. SCRUB ROOM - LAB - LATER

Clive violently scrubs his face and hands until they are raw.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Clive grabs the the video tape out of the surveillance VCR as he hurries out of the lab.

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clive enters a dark, empty apartment, illuminated only by Christmas lights.

CLIVE  
Elsa?

Clive goes into the bedroom. The dresser drawers are half open. Elsa's clothes are gone.

Clive collapses on the bed, fetal.

INT. NEW HYBRID FACILITY - NIGHT

The Hybrid lies on the floor, breathing weakly. Her face is covered in sores as if infected by some terrible disease.

In her hand next to her is the stuffed hybrid toy, the music box slowly winding down.

INT. CLIVE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clive wakes with a start, sweating, he looks around the dark, lonely room, uncertain if what he just experienced was a dream or a vision. He bolts out of bed, throwing on his clothes and races out the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BIOMEDICAL - NIGHT

Clive through the deserted warehouse. He feigns calm as he approaches Parker.

PARKER

Clive. You really be lookin' like a monster t'night.

Parker offers him his joint. Clive waves it away.

CLIVE

C'mon, Parker. Hurry up. I left something in the lab.

PARKER

Lookin' for your sense of humour, mon.

INT. SUB-SUB BASEMENT - NIGHT

Clive exits the elevator and races down the corridors to

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clive bursts into the room. He approaches the Hybrid room dreading what awaits him.

CLIVE'S POV looking over the lip of the window. The Hybrid sits cross-legged on the floor - in perfect health - happily playing with the hybrid toy.

Clive drops into his chair with relief.

CUT TO:

INT. NOVAPHORM - HALLWAY - DAY

Jane approaches Frank's office.

FRANK (V.O.)

Where's Clive?



INT. NOVAPHORM - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank and Jane are reclining in their customary seats.

FRANK  
(continuous)  
...I thought he would be with you.

JANE  
We've been working separately of late.

FRANK  
No matter.

Frank hands an envelope. Looks at Jane, hands her a second envelope.

FRANK  
(continuing)  
More for you.

Jane takes both envelopes, slips them inside her purse.

FRANK  
(continuing)  
Are you still on schedule for  
producing the prototype synthetic  
anti-biotic?

Jane smiles.

JANE  
Ahead of schedule, actually, H-437  
has been a veritable fountain of DX-  
44.

FRANK  
And quite lovely, I hear.

JANE  
She doesn't exactly fit the standard  
mold.

FRANK  
By the way, our Parole is officially  
being lifted in 72 hours. I want to  
thank you for your exemplary behavior  
during this difficult time. Novaphorm  
wants to proceed immediately with  
Heckle and Jeckle's press event. I  
promise you, no expense will be  
spared.

Jane stands to leave.

JANE

Well, we'll all be there with bells  
on. Is there anything else?

Frank studies Jane.

FRANK

Just a few loose ends.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Clive sits next to the tombstone over Josef's grave.

CLIVE

Josef, I wish to god you were still  
alive. I could use a shot of your dry  
sense of humour to put this nightmare  
into perspective. I think you could  
safely say that I have lost my  
scientific objectivity.

Clive laughs quietly to himself.

CLIVE

(continuing)

Either that or I'm becoming possessed.

Clive grows very solemn and quiet.

CLOSE ON THE HYBRID HECKLE SCREAMING

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING ROOM - BIOMEDICAL LAB - DAY

Jane is examining Heckle, the female hybrid, she looks sick.  
Her wings are molting, feathers falling out everywhere.  
Jeckle is screeching.

JANE

You are a mess. What are you  
screaming about? She's the one that's  
sick.

Jane feeds Heckle some medicine.

JANE

(continuing)

Better get well quickly. Your  
television debut is tomorrow night.

The telephone rings ...

JANE  
(continuing)  
Hello, this is Dr. Beckett...

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Elsa sits at a booth. She looks deeply troubled. She's talking to someone.

ELSA  
He's become another person. I don't understand what's going on. He won't talk to me. I left him. But that's only because I didn't know what else to do. I love him and I know he's in some kind of trouble. I just don't know how to help him.

REVEAL JANE with an artificial look of concern on her face.

JANE  
I'm so sorry to hear this.

ELSA  
Was he ever like this with you? I mean, when you were seeing each other?

JANE  
No, it doesn't sound like him at all.

ELSA  
Well, how is he at work. Has he changed?

JANE  
We hardly ever see each other. We're involved in separate aspects of the project now. But, if you want, I could check on him for you.

ELSA  
Oh, thank you. That would mean so much to me.

JANE  
Anything I can do to help.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON THE SURVEILLANCE VCR - the power is off. The CAMERA PANS TO the two-way mirror, where Clive can be seen entering the Hybrid's room. He looks tired and disheveled. He isn't wearing his protective suit.

INT. NEW HYBRID FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Clive shuts the door behind him. The Hybrid smiles at the sight of him. Clive smile back.

CLIVE

Hi, there.

The Hybrid sings a beautiful, bird-like call, flicking its pointed tongue in its mouth.

CLIVE

(continuing)

I'm happy to see you too.

Clive lowers himself into a crouched position and scratches his three day old beard like a man contending with a great mystery.

CLIVE

(continuing)

How do I get myself into these relationships?

The Hybrid looks at him quizzically trying to assess Clive's state of mind.

CLIVE

(continuing)

Is there something you want from me?  
I mean. You only eat when I'm in here  
with you. You know I won't let you  
starve, don't you? You know you can  
control me by being needy.

The Hybrid looks at him innocently.

CLIVE

(continuing)

Don't give me that look. I know how  
smart you are. I know that you're  
scheming. Do you know what that's  
called? That's called passive  
aggressive behavior.

Clive stands. He looks a little unhinged.

CLIVE

(continuing)

So, I just want to know what you want.

The Hybrid is becoming frightened. She shrinks back into the corner.

CLIVE  
(continuing; voice  
raised)  
What-do-you-want?!

Clive pulls himself back from the edge.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
I'm going insane.

Clive crumples to the floor and weeps.

Then he feels something on his shoulder. It's the Hybrid's hand. She runs her fingers up and down his back. Clive looks up. Their faces are inches apart. At an infinitesimally slow rate they move towards each other until their lips touch. And then they explode into savage hungry kisses.

INT. CORRIDOR - LAB - NIGHT

Jane walks down the corridor to the observation room.

JANE  
Clive. Hello? Oh, Clive. You'll never  
guess who I saw today.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - LAB - CONTINUOUS

Jane enters the empty room. It's a mess of discarded cups and abandoned meals.

JANE  
Jesus, Clive. This place stinks. You  
really need to learn to clean up  
after you...

Jane is stopped mid-sentence by what she sees on the video monitor. It looks like Clive has been watching a porn movie until she begins to make out the figures. She turns and gasps at what she sees through the portal to the hybrid's room:

CLIVE AND THE HYBRID MAKING LOVE, their naked bodies entwined on the padded floor.

Jane backs away from the shocking view through the window. She accidentally jostles a shelf causing an avalanche of videotapes. Clive and the hybrid are oblivious to the noise in their hermetic room.

Jane takes one of the tapes, jams it into the surveillance VCR and presses record. She watches with fascinated revulsion as...

INT. NEW HYBRID FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The hybrid and Clive, bathed in sweat, her wings fanned out and her tail curling around his leg as she undulates on top of him.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Clive enters the room. He sees the pile of tapes that Jane knocked onto the floor. Sorting through them, he notices that one is missing.

INT. ELSA'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The phone is ringing. Elsa picks up the receiver.

ELSA  
Hello.... Clive... I'm so glad you're calling...What? You want me to what? Wait a minute...okay, okay..I'll be there. Half an hour. Promise.

CUT TO:

INT. BIOMEDICAL - SECURITY DESK - NIGHT

Parker smoking his favorite herb as usual. Clive raps on the glass behind him.

PARKER  
Jesus, Clive, mon, you scared the crap outta me.

CLIVE  
Open the door, Parker.

Parker releases the lock and Clive passes through.

PARKER  
Holy fuck, mon.

Behind Clive is the hybrid, it's wings flapping nervously, it's face fearful.

For once, Parker is speechless.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEDMAN HALL - NIGHT

Elsa pulls her car up outside the University. She hurries into the building.

INT. DEDMAN HALL - NIGHT

Clive is waiting for Elsa in the shadows. He points his flashlight in Elsa's direction.

ELSA

Clive, what in the hell is going on?

CLIVE

I think its best if I just show you.  
Come on.

INT. DEDMAN HALL -CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Moonlight filters in through the clock face. Elsa follows Clive as they ascend the musty staircase. Elsa peers into the dimly lit space.

ELSA

Is this a joke because if you want to scare me you're already succeeded.

CLIVE

Elsa there is no way for me to prepare you for what you are about to see. But please, what ever you do, just try to stay calm.

ELSA

Clive, now you're really starting to freak me out.

CLIVE

Promise me.

ELSA

Just tell me what it is.

CLIVE

It's you.

Clive directs the beam of his flashlight into the corner of the clock tower where the hybrid cowers in a ball.

Elsa screams.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A VIDEO TAPE LANDING on a table.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

WIDE TO REVEAL Jane passing the video tape to Stan Dresden.

STAN

What's on it?

JANE

Believe me, it doesn't need an explanation.

STAN

What do you want me to do with it.

JANE

I want you to kick down my sand castle.

INT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Elsa has calmed, but she is still in a state of shock. She and the hybrid just stare at each other -- two sides of a mirror.

CLIVE

So, now you know what I do at work.

Elsa looks at Clive, uncomprehending.

ELSA

Why?

CLIVE

It was supposed to be an anonymous donor. But Jane used your DNA in the experiment. She wanted revenge.

ELSA

How could you do this to a human being?

Clive can't answer.

Elsa gets up. She tries to leave. Clive holds her back.

ELSA

(continuing)

Let go of me. I want to get out of here.

CLIVE

Please. I need you help.

ELSA

Get away from me. You're a monster. Both of you. You and Jane are both monsters.

CLIVE

I know. Why do you think Josef killed himself?

ELSA

Leave my brother out of this.

CLIVE

Josef instigated it.



Elsa covers her hands over her ears. She doesn't want to hear it. She screams.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
He persuaded me to do it!

Elsa screams again. The Hybrid is becoming very agitated. It jumps up, SCREECHING. Clive presses his hand over Elsa's mouth.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
Quiet! Elsa, please, calm down.

The sight of the Hybrid freezes Elsa. Clive takes his hand away. Elsa takes quick staccato breaths. In a blur of flapping wings, the Hybrid leaps into the air and alights on to an overhanging beam.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
Elsa, forget about me. I need you to help her.

Clive looks to the Hybrid, cloaking herself under her wings.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
Someone broke into my lab and stole a surveillance tape. When the company realizes that they could be exposed, they'll destroy all the evidence.

Elsa is starting to listen.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
They'll destroy *her*.

Elsa looks at her double, the fear in her eyes.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
You always wanted a purpose in life. Help her. She's a part of you.

Elsa lets it sink in.

ELSA  
What do I do?

CLIVE  
Hide her. There's somewhere I have to be tomorrow.

INT. NOVAPHORM - CONVENTION HALL - DAY

The auditorium-sized room is packed with people of all descriptions, many of them wearing Heckle and Jeckle t-shirts and hats, kids with stuffed hybrid toys and several television crews. A banner proclaims, "SAY HI TO THE HYBRIDS".

BACKSTAGE: Pandemonium ensues. Jane and a STAGE TECH battle their way through dancers and musicians dressed in hybrid costumes.

STAGE TECH

Ms. Beckett, do you need anything?

JANE

Dr. Beckett. Yes, I need you to cancel this fucking atrocity.

STAGE TECH

Uh, I'm just a floor manager. Do you want to talk to the---

JANE

Fucking supervisor. Yes! Tell him that one of the hybrids is very ill. And there's no way I'm going out there.

The producer of the show comes into view.

PRODUCER

Is something wrong, Jane?

JANE

We can't have both the hybrids go out there. Yesterday, I was assured that we would just show Jeckle.

PRODUCER

Well, I'm only following my instructions. And my understanding is that we have to show both of them.

JANE

Heckle is very ill and unless you want three networks and four hundred people starting at a comatose hybrid, I suggest you change your plans.

PRODUCER

Why don't we take a look. I think they just arrived from the lab.

ON THE STAGE:

The MC is making his introduction.

MC

Ladies and Gentlemen, today Novaphorm is proud to present the first public viewing of one of the most significant advances in modern science...

The show begins with a Broadway-style musical number featuring dancing hybrids.

Clive comes into the auditorium. He's unshaven and wearing jeans and a t-shirt. A TECHIE spots him.

TECHIE

(speaking into a com-  
linc)

I've got him.

(waving to Clive)

Dr. Colins, this way, please

The Techie leads Clive to the dressing room.

BACK STAGE

Jane examines the hybrids in their SEPARATE CAGES. Heckle seems to be right as rain.

JANE

I don't understand. She was as sick as a dog last night.

PRODUCER

Guess you really know how to engineer them.

The producer notices Clive, now cleaned up and in fresh clothes, approaching.

PRODUCER

(continuing)

Clive! Thank goodness. I didn't think you'd make it.

Clive approaches Jane. They share an icy look.

ON STAGE

The musical number wraps up.

MC

And now lets give a warm welcome to everybody's favorite geneticists, Clive Colins and Jane Beckett.

Clive and Jane step onto the stage. A smattering of applause.

MC

(continuing)

And to the real reason we are all gathered here today. The worlds first artificially manufactured hybrids, H-435 or as she's better known - HECKLE!

A CAGE RISES FROM THE FLOOR OF THE STAGE CONTAINING HECKLE.

The audience gasps. Heckle shrieks and unfurls her wings. THEY HAVE CHANGED FROM DRAB GREY TO A BRILLIANT COLLAGE OF COLOURS.

JANE

(whispering to Clive)

That dolt, he's got them mixed up.

FLASHBULBS go off. The hybrid bounces in its glass cage.

MC

And her faithful companion... H-436 or as he is better known - JECKLE!

A SECOND CAGE RISES OUT OF THE STAGE adjacent to the first. MORE FLASHBULBS.

MC

(continuing)

Let's have these two monkeys of a feather say hello to each other shall we.

THE BARRIER between the cages drops, so that the hybrids now occupy the same confined space.

Jeckle fans out his wings - THEY TOO ARE MULTI-COLOURED.

CLIVE

What's going on?

Instantly, the hybrids freak out, hissing at each other and displaying their fangs.

MC

Uh, looks like a little bit of a lover's quarrel, folks.

Jane is starting to clue in.

JANE

Separate them! Put the barrier back up!

Too late. Heckle and Jeckle attack each other like rabid animals.

MC

Oh my god! Jesus!

The audience watches in horror as blood and viscera flies every which way. Stage hands rush to the cage but they are powerless to stop the carnage.

Within thirty seconds Heckle and Jeckle have reduced each other to nothing more than pulpy carcasses.

The entire auditorium is frozen in a stunned silence.

Jane suddenly notices Clive is gone.

EXT. NOVAPHORM - CONVENTION HALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jane races out of the Novaphorm convention hall. She spots Clive climbing into his car.

JANE

Clive, wait! Where are you going?

CLIVE

Do you know what happened in there?

JANE

No.

CLIVE

Well, I'm scared that it's about to happen again somewhere else.

Clive slams his door and takes off.

INT. ELSA'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Elsa drives into the country. She looks back. Lying on the back seat is the Hybrid. It doesn't look well. In fact, it looks just as Heckle did - the feathers are moulting off her wings.

EXT. JOSEF'S COTTAGE - DAY

Elsa pulls up to the secluded cottage. She gets out and looks around - there's no one around for miles. Elsa goes around to the back of the car and helps the Hybrid out.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Elsa enters the cottage supporting the Hybrid on her shoulder. It looks very weak. She lays it gently down on the bed.

ELSA

I must be out of my mind.

The hybrid coos softly. Its voice is delicate and musical. Elsa is drawn to it, in spite of herself. It seems to want to be close.

Elsa kneels down next to the bed. She places her hand on its forehead.

ELSA  
(continuing)  
You're burning up, aren't you?

The Hybrid releases another bird-like warble.

ELSA  
(continuing)  
God, what do I do?

Elsa goes into the kitchen area. She starts some water boiling. Inside a cupboard are some dried soups. Elsa looks at a packet: chicken noodle.

ELSA  
(continuing)  
Better not. Could be a relative.

She selects a vegetarian choice.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A TV SCREEN:

A NEWS TELECAST is in progress. NEWS COVERAGE of Heckle and Jeckle killing each other.

ANCHOR WOMAN  
A bad day for pharmaceutical giant, Novaphorm, when the public unveiling of the genetically engineered hybrid clones, Heckle and Jeckle ended tragically. Prompting Senator Gerald Zitts, a staunch opponent, to speak out.

Zitts pops onto the screen.

ZITTS  
Today's incident is the tip of the iceberg. I have just received a video tape that contains irrefutable evidence that Novaphorm has conducted appalling experiments incorporating human DNA...

Now a view of Zitts pursued by the press.

## ANCHOR WOMAN

So far, Novaphorm's lawyers have managed to obtain a court injunction on the tape, until Zitts can prove the authenticity of his source---

The TV screen is turned off.

WIDE TO REVEAL

INT. NOVAPHORM - FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank puts down the television remote and picks up the phone.

FRANK

Time to clean up.

INT WAREHOUSE - BIOMEDICAL - DAY

A GROUP OF SUITED MEN approach Parker at the security desk.

PARKER

Oh shit. Here come da Men in Black.

INT. JOSEF'S COTTAGE - DAY

Elsa is caring for the Hybrid.

ELSA

You're losing your feathers.

Elsa brushes some of the loose feathers off the Hybrid's wings. Underneath the molting grey ones is a glimpse of NEW COLOURFUL FEATHERS.

INT. NOVAPHORM - CONVENTION HALL - DAY

Jane is examining the remains of Heckle and Jeckle on a makeshift trauma unit. She discovers something on the body of Jeckle that makes her gasp.

JANE

Oh, god.

INT. CORRIDOR - LAB - DAY

Parker leads the suited men down the corridor.

PARKER

Hey, I don't really go down here much. Dis be a restricted area.

INT. NEW OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Parker opens the door. The men come in. The hybrid is clearly missing from its containment room.

SUITED MAN

Did Dr. Collins leave with anyone  
last night.

PARKER

Uh, you could say dat.

INT. JOSEF'S COTTAGE - SUNSET

Orange light from the sinking sun blazes in through the  
windows. Elsa dabs the hybrid with a cool sponge.

ELSA

You're so beautiful.

The Hybrid looks at her with opal eyes. Its stare is almost  
hypnotic.

ELSA

(continuing)

It's not vain of me to say that, do  
you think?

The hybrid takes Elsa's hand in her own. They watch each  
other for a long time in silence.

The Hybrid rises into a sitting position. Elsa is starting to  
feel a little afraid. She tries to gently pull her hand away,  
but the Hybrid maintains her grip.

The Hybrid seems suddenly very powerful. She stands, lifting  
Elsa with her.

Elsa breaks away, now quite alarmed. She backs towards the  
door.

ELSA

(continuing)

It's okay. I'm trying to help you.

The Hybrid moves closer to her. It walks forward with  
intention and malevolence. Elsa opens the door and steps  
outside.

EXT COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Elsa breaks into a sprint for her car. Above her is the sound  
of flapping wings. And then in a blur of motion, the hybrid  
is in front of her, perched on the roof of the car. It  
releases a mournful cry.

Elsa screams. She turns and runs. Behind her, another  
haunting call.

THICKET - CONTINUOUS



Elsa runs into a THICKET OF LONG GRASS. She trips and falls out of view.

Elsa lies in the grass, trying to choke back her breath. The sound of flapping wings overhead

Elsa slowly pokes her head above the horizon of grass. She looks around - nothing in any direction.

From behind Elsa, TWO ENORMOUS MULTI-COLOURED WINGS silently spread outward as the form of the hybrid rises into view.

Elsa turns to scream just as the wings envelope her.

INT. CLIVE'S CAR - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Clive switches on his high beams. A map is sprawled across the passenger seat.

CLIVE  
Where the fuck is it?

Clive finally spots the turn off.

EXT. JOSEF'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Clive's car roars up the dirt driveway.

INT. JOSEF'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Clive bursts into the pitch black cottage. He searches for the lights. Turns them on. There is no sign of Elsa or the Hybrid.

CLIVE  
Elsa!

Clive examines the remains of soup burning on the still lit stove.

Suddenly, there is a rapping on the door.

CLIVE  
(continuing)  
Elsa?

Clive opens the door. It isn't Elsa. It's that weird old woman who was nosing around last time he was at the cottage.

OLD WOMAN  
Who are you?

CLIVE  
Clive. We met before. Have you seen Elsa?

OLD WOMAN

Clive. Oh, you're Elsa's fellow.

CLIVE

(impatient)

Have you seen Elsa around?

OLD WOMAN

Can't say I have. Heard about Josef though. That was sad. A young man too. Did you know him?

CLIVE

We worked together. Look, don't you have to be going?

The sound of another car pulling up the drive interrupts.

OLD WOMAN

This place's turning into Grand Central Station.

The sound of a car door slamming. Jane bursts in.

CLIVE

Jane. What are you doing here?

JANE

What the fuck are you talking about? You left a message telling me to meet you here.

CLIVE

No, I didn't.

JANE

Who's she?

CLIVE

I don't know.

JANE

Well, it doesn't matter. Clive, I examined the hybrids. I know why they killed each other.

CLIVE

Why?

JANE

Heckle turned into a male. That's why her feathers changed colour.

CLIVE

What?!

JANE

You know how I always say men are just a mutation. Well, here's the perfect example. She mutated into a man. And two male rhesus monkeys in captivity will kill each other.

The sound of more cars pulling up the drive.

OLD WOMAN

Heaven sakes.

JANE

Who's that?

Clive looks out the window. There are lights. Lots of lights.

CLIVE

The people who invited you here.

Jane looks out the window. Headlights stream in through the curtains. Clive turns to the Old Woman.

CLIVE

(continuing)

Who are you? Who are you working for?

OLD WOMAN

I'm a neighbour. I live down by the---

JANE

(turning from the window)

Get down!

Jane tackles Clive to the floor just as the windows explode in a hail of gunfire. The old woman is riddled with bullets. Her lifeless corpse drops to the floor in front of Clive and Jane.

A moment of calm. Clive and Jane breathing like steam engines.

Then the cabin is again perforated with bullets. Clive and Jane hug the floor.

Another break. Silence.

Clive looks for a way out. There is only the one door. He shares a look with Jane.

JANE

(continuing)

What do we do?

Clive stands.

JANE  
(continuing)

Don't.

Clive holds out his hand. With this encouragement, Jane takes it and rises to her feet. Slowly they walk forward. They stop at the shattered remains of the door.

Clive and Jane turn and look at each other for a long moment.

CLIVE  
You ready?

JANE  
Yeah.

Clive flings the door open, flooding the room with blinding headlights and an explosion of gunfire.

Clive and Jane ARE KILLED INSTANTLY, their tattered bodies thrown back into the cabin.

As the dust settles, a small proportioned figure enters the cottage: Frank, flanked by several armed men. She pokes at the lifeless bodies of her former employees, then surveys the room.

FRANK  
It's not in here.

At that moment, in a blur of motion, something pulls Frank off her feet.

IN THE RAFTERS: the Hybrid cradles Frank like an ugly baby. It looks powerful, masculine.

FRANK  
(continuing)  
DON'T SHOOT!

The men ignore the command and open fire.

The Hybrid drops Frank head-first on the concrete floor, splitting her skull open.

The Hybrid gracefully leaps out of view through an open skylight.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

The Hybrid is perched peacefully on the roof. Its body is perfectly silhouetted against a full moon.

In the distance, a helicopter approaches.

The Hybrid chortles at it, as though trying to communicate.

The helicopter steadies itself a short distance away.

Then it opens fire, tearing the Hybrid to pieces.

IN THE FIELD: Elsa watches from a safe distance as the chopper releases a stream of flame from its belly, incinerating the hybrid's remains and setting the cottage alight.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. STAN DRESDEN'S APARTMENT - MANY MONTHS LATER

Stan, for the first time looking depressed and defeated, holds a hefty manuscript in his hands. The title page reads, "Spliced: Genetics and the Fall of a Corporate Empire by Stan Dresden. He watches a news report, through sullen eyes.

ANCHOR WOMAN

Senator Gerald Zitts was indicted on four counts of possession of cocaine. His latest attempt to screen a video tape of alleged human testing conducted by Novaphorm was denied on the grounds that the tape was a fraud.

Stan drops his manuscript in his pristine waste paper basket and takes out a conciliatory cigarette.

The phone rings. Stan picks it up.

STAN

Hello.

ELSA

(on phone)

Stan Dresden?

STAN

Yes.

ELSA

(on phone)

This is Elsa James.

Stan almost swallows his cigarette.

STAN

Elsa, I've been looking forward to talking to you. Ever since you died.

ELSA

(on phone)

Really.

Stan pulls the manuscript out of the garbage.

STAN

Didn't you know? You were killed in a tragic fire seven months ago, along with your companions Clive Colins and Jane Beckett. But how may I help you?

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - OPEN AIR MARKET - BARCELONA

Elsa is at a phone booth in a crowded market. She rubs her pregnant stomach.

ELSA

I want you to help me put a crack in the system.

THE END