

SPLICE

**J. FLAGG THUMBNAIL
STORYBOARDS**

"EXOSKELETAL SHEDDING"

JUNE 8, 2000

Clive's regret hurts her as much as anything else.

INT. CLIVE AND ELSA'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Sensory overload -- comic books, exercise machines, Japanese Anime posters, leatherbound volumes, tech paraphernalia.

This is what happens when messy geniuses get an income.

The camera weaves through the detritus of their lives until it finds the

BATHROOM

Where Clive soaks his scrapes in the tub while Elsa slumps on the floor beside him, holding her bandaged hand aloft. Both are utterly despondent.

ELSA

(a flat tone betrays
her hopeful words)

We only have to eliminate all the redundant genes next time. Maybe twenty percent of the genome. Then we'll be able to see what went wrong.

CLIVE

Sixty million lines of code to sift through, just for starters. Next time.

Glum silence as they both consider *this time*.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

(stonily)

We have to get rid of it.

Elsa looks away, bitter, defeated. TO Clive the thing they've created is an "IT". To her it's somehow something more.

INT. HALLWAY, RESTRICTED AREA -- MORNING

Clive and Elsa look grim and exhausted as they come to a door marked, "OBSERVATION ROOM".

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM, LAB -- MORNING

Photos and data tacked to the walls show this was the observation room for a younger Ginger and Fred -- a "nursery".

(CONTINUED)

ELSA
(barely able to
acknowledge what
they're here to do)
How?

CLIVE
Fill the room with Co2.

Elsa takes a breath.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
I'll do it alone.

ELSA
(surprising herself)
No. I want to be here.

Elsa peers through a two-way mirror that looks into the
NURSERY CONTAINMENT ROOM

It's a holding cell for the hybrid. She reacts to what she
sees inside.

ELSA (CONT'D)
Clive.

He joins her by the window. His eyes widen.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The hybrid's dark form lies motionless on the floor.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Elsa turns to Clive.

ELSA
Dead?

He activates a robotic arm in the containment room, guides
it with a joystick, gently prods the creature. With the
first touch the hybrid's body crumbles, and in seconds it
has completely disintegrated.

CLIVE
...exoskeleton.

(CONTINUED)

Without warning, something darts past the window, so fast as to be barely perceptible. Clive and Elsa both flinch.

ELSA

What -- what was *that*?

They strain to see but it has disappeared beyond their field of vision. Elsa calls up security cam angles of the room.

She finds it on a monitor: a fuzzy, black and white image of a HUMANOID FORM.

CLIVE

Jesus.

BAM! It leaps against the glass. Clive and Elsa jump back.

THE HYBRID HAS METAMORPHOSED INTO A SMALL FEMALE CHILD

Her cherub-like face remains distinctly human, innocent and vulnerable. A cute, if decidedly bizarre-looking, toddler.

She presses her face poignantly against the glass, seeming to yearn for contact.

Then, in an instant, she darts out of view again.

Clive and Elsa are left slack-jawed, frozen on the spot.

INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM ENTRANCE, LAB -- LATER

A sign on the door: ACCESS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.

Elsa is dressed now from head to foot in a HERMETIC SUIT, her face hidden from view behind an air filtration mask. She snaps several syringes onto a carrying case.

CLIVE (V.O.)

(over a com-linc)

El, this is too fast.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Clive speaks into a headset.

CLIVE

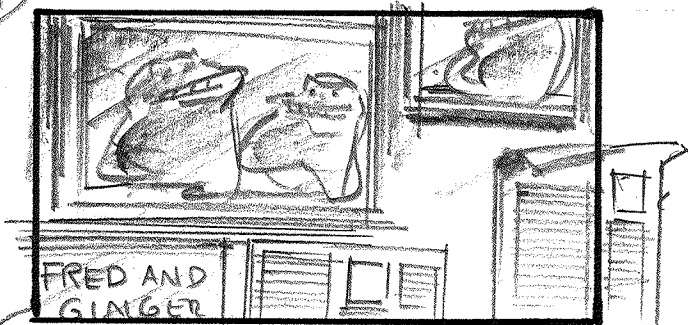
We don't know what we've got in there.

(CONTINUED)

SPLICE

"EXOSKELETAL
SHEDDING" SEQ.

①



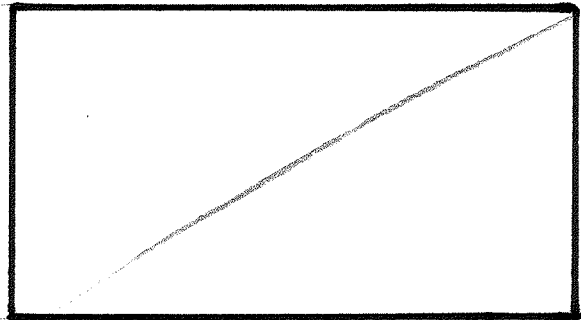
INT. CONTAINMENT ROOM PAN →

1A

PHOTOS OF (F) & (G)
ALONG WITH "WRITE-UPS"



(RACK FOCUS AS WE)
CONT. PAN →



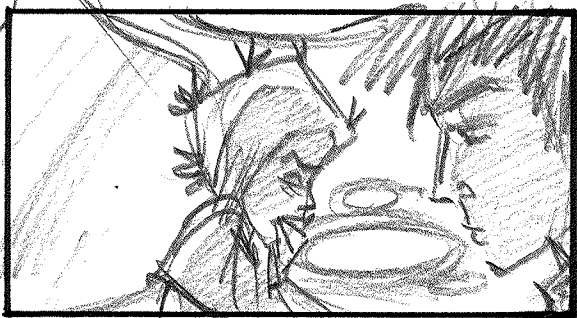
1B



PAN → STOP PAN

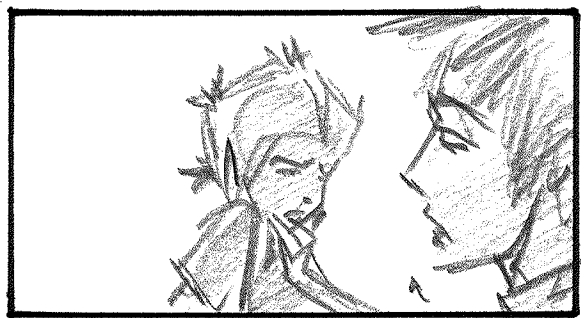
(C) & (E) AT THE OBSERVATION CONSOLE.

②



ELSA: HOW?

2A



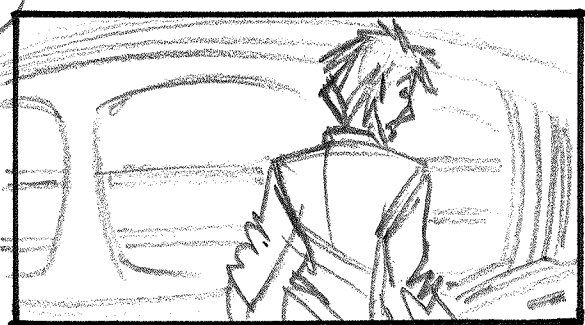
CLIVE: FILL THE ROOM WITH CO2.

2B

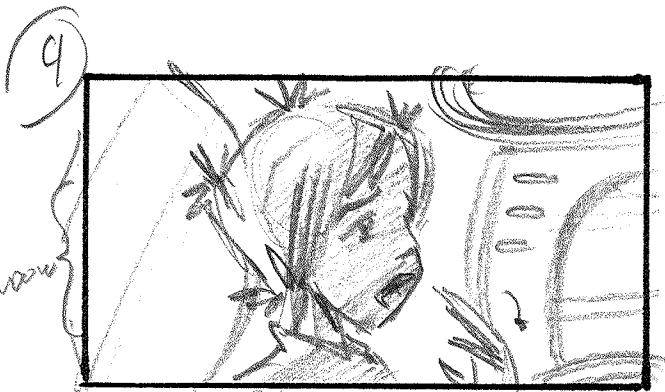


(C) TURNS & EXITS.

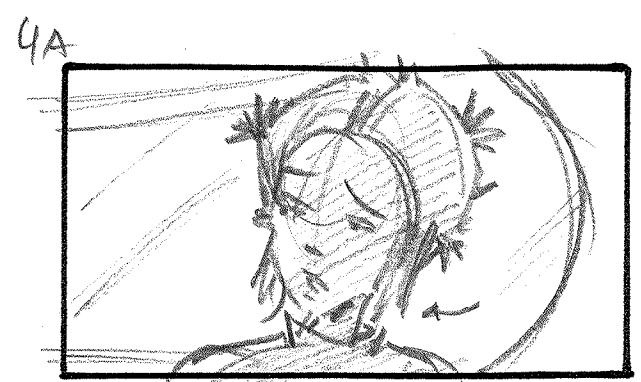
③



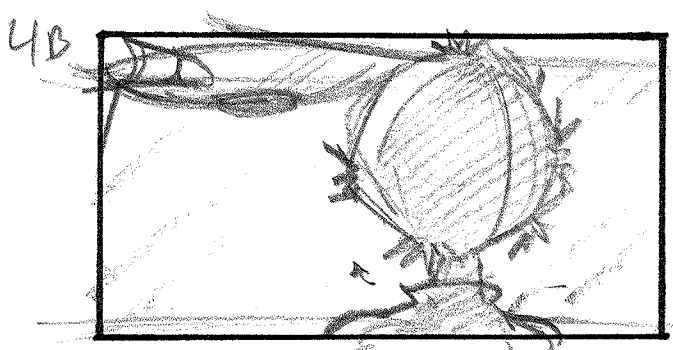
CLIVE: I'LL DO IT ALONE.
(LOOKS BACK AT OS ELSA)



ELSA: NO.



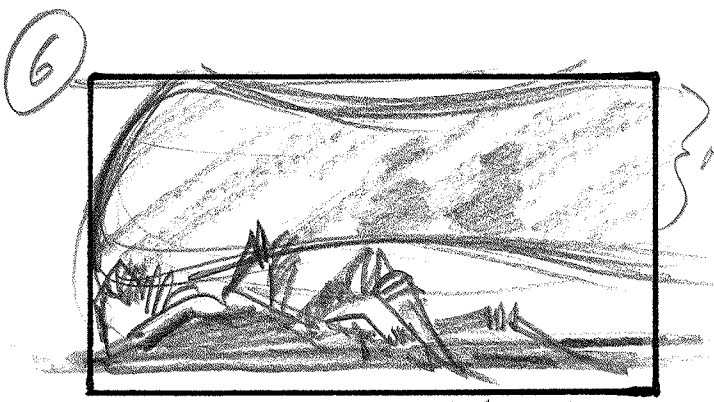
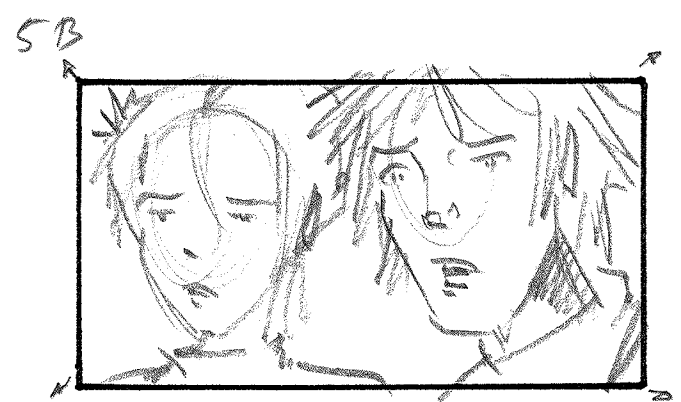
...I WANT TO BE HERE.



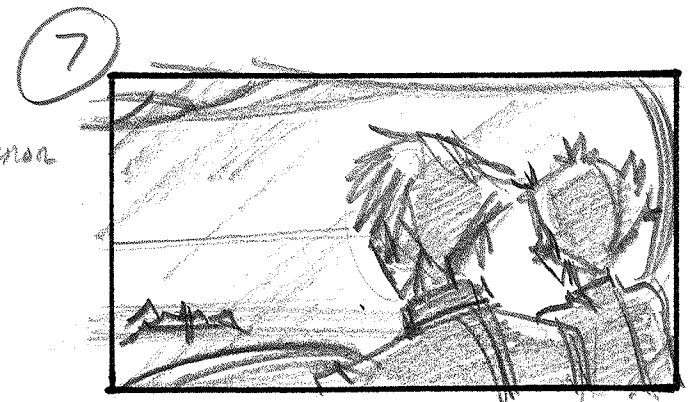
ELSA: (GASP!)..



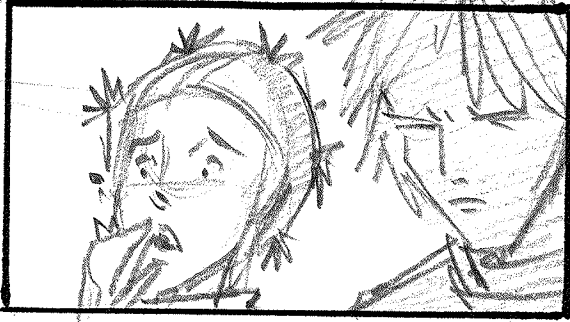
ELSA: CLIVE...



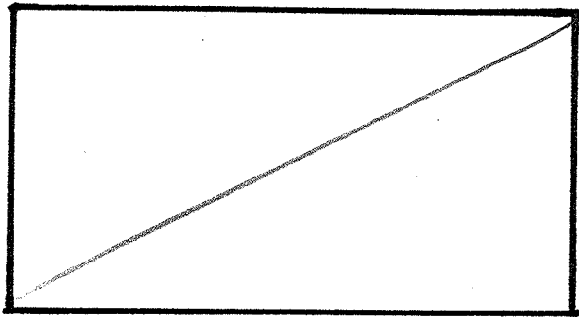
INT. OF CONTAINMENT ROOM,
(DEAD CARCASS OF CREATURE IN F.G. (LOW ANGLE))



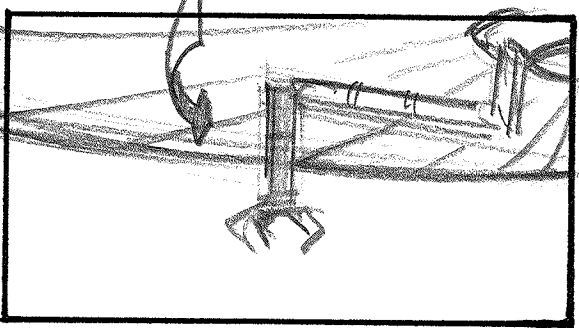
8



ELSA. DEAD?

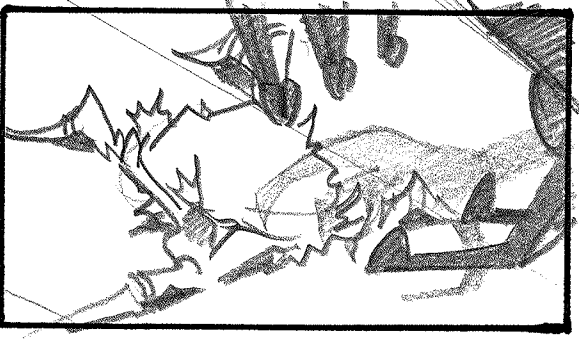


9A

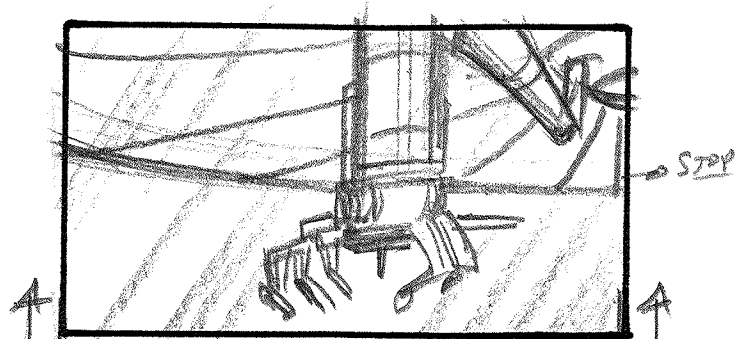


ARM SWINGS AWAY FROM US..

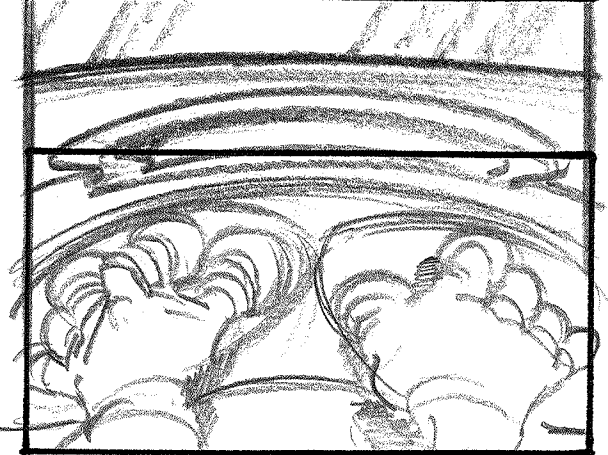
10A



FLOOR / CREATURE LOOM UP AT US.

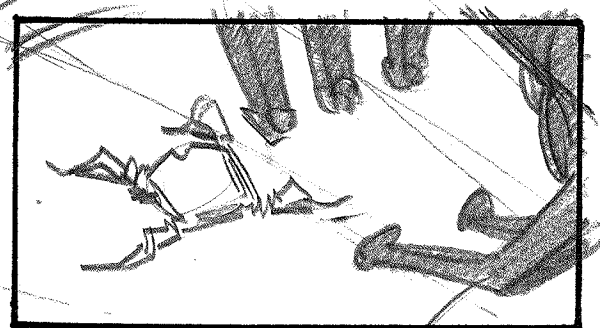


9



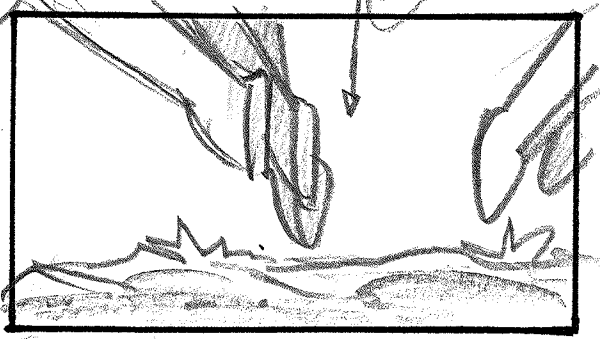
CLIVE INITIATES THE ROBOT ARM (JIB UP)

10



P.O.V. FROM ROBOT ARM (OTS)

11



(ECU) AS ROBOT ARM DROPS INTO SHOT. (CARCASS OF CREATURE IN F.G.)