

FLIES

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1 INT. - MEXICAN VILLA - PRE-DAWN.

CLOSE ON the sweaty, grimacing face of VERONICA QUAIFE (RONNIE), gripped in the pain of child labor...

She gasps short hard breaths, one arm clenched around her pregnant stomach. She is propped up in a bed, in a remote Mexican Villa, attended by a stoic HISPANIC MIDWIFE, as a THUNDERSTORM RAGES outside...

RONNIE'S eyes clench, as LIGHTNING flashes across her face.

She is seized by nightmarish memories:

2 INT. SETH BRUNDLE'S LOFT LAB - FLASHBACK - NIGHT.

Cables spark WHITE HOT.

The hideous, unforgettable BRUNDLE-FLY crawls toward us--

RONNIE aims the SHOTGUN and FIRES--

BRUNDLE-FLY'S head EXPLODES, hurling bio-residue in all directions.

The cables BURST into FLAME.

Numb with terror, RONNIE hears a shrieking human voice behind her, surreal and desperate:

STATHIS

Worth millions-- BILLIONS--!!

STATHIS BORENS--one hand and one foot melted off-- labors at the back of Seth's computer, as FIRE SPREADS through the lab.

He wrestles free a gray box labeled "CORE MEMORY UNIT". The computer alarm WAILS, its screen blinking: "CORE MEMORY AT RISK! NO BACK-UP EXISTS!!!"

STATHIS

Everything he knew! It's in this! Now it's OURS!

STATHIS yanks at the MEMORY UNIT connector, but trips and lands on a tangle of SPARKING HIGH VOLTAGE cables, SHUDDERING VIOLENTLY, instantly ELECTROCUTING himself.

With redoubled horror, RONNIE hurries to the computer, training the shotgun on the dangling memory unit. She pulls the trigger. Click. Cocks again and clicks.

With no ammo in sight, she wields the shotgun by the barrel, ready to smash the MEMORY UNIT--

But something stops her.

Her eyes lock on Seth's BARTOK SECURITY CARD, lying on the floor nearby. A tongue of flame melts into the embedded photo of Seth--pre-tragedy--bubbling and warping the image...

RONNIE touches her stomach, greatly conflicted...

3 INT. MEXICAN VILLA - NIGHT.

The HISPANIC MIDWIFE urges--

RONNIE gasps and PUSHES, her stomach heaves--

LIGHTNING FLASHES, as the fevered memories persist:

4 INT. STATHIS'S CAR - FLASHBACK - DAWN & NIGHT.

RONNIE speeds away from the lab, sooty and dazed, as WAILING EMERGENCY VEHICLES race by in the opposite direction.

The MEMORY UNIT lies on the car seat. And with it, Seth's partially burned SECURITY I.D. CARD.

Sunlight becomes slashes of moon and headlights. Day has lapsed into night.

RONNIE is still driving like a bat out of hell--dazed and exhausted--along some forgotten rural highway...

5 TV SCREEN - FLASHBACK:

A photo of Ronnie drops in, captioned: "AT LARGE".

TV ANCHOR

--Veronica Quaife, wanted for Grand Theft and Murder. Sources at Bartok Industries warn that Ms. Quaife should be considered armed and dangerous...

6 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK - DAY.

RONNIE listens anxiously to a CANADIAN DOCTOR. Her hair is now curly red, she wears sunglasses.

DOCTOR

...All tests came within range, Miss eh, Hodges. I see no evidence to support your concerns over fetal abnormalities...

He finishes washing his hands and turns around. RONNIE has vanished, along with the test file.

7 INT. MEXICAN VILLA - NIGHT.

With a crescendo of LIGHTNING, and a guttural SHRIEK--
RONNIE gives birth.

The HISPANIC MIDWIFE raises a normal-looking NEWBORN BOY into view.

Another flash of LIGHTNING, a jump in time, then--

RONNIE pushes--

A second wiggling NEWBORN BOY arrives into the world.

RONNIE accepts the healthy NEWBORN TWIN BOYS onto her chest. Though utterly exhausted, she quickly examines every part of their tiny bodies. Finding nothing abnormal, she releases a deep sigh of relief.

With smiles and tears, RONNIE kisses the tiny NEWBORNS on the top of their fuzzy heads, cuddling them close. The music stirs and swells as we drift into her serene, weary face...

CREDITS BEGIN, AS THE YEARS GALLOP PAST:

8 INT. SOUTH AMERICAN BUS - TRAVELING - DAY.

RONNIE, wedged in a seat with the TWIN BOYS--GABE and JAMES, now two years old--huddled close on either side.

JAMES is withdrawn, GABE reaches happily to play with a FLY buzzing against the window glass.

RONNIE pulls his hand away, shooing the FLY.

The bus hits a bump. SETH'S MEMORY UNIT slides partially out of her shoulder-bag. She stuffs it back inside, carefully covering it.

MORE CREDITS OVER:

9 We see a half-dozen phony driver's licenses, all showing RONNIE'S picture, but each with different names, hair, make-up, and expressions...

MORE CREDITS OVER:

10 INT.- BATHROOM - NIGHT.

RONNIE scrubs the giggling two-year old TWINS, taking double hits of suds in the face. She lifts them from the water, wrapping them in thick towels, checking behind their ears, in their scalp, between their toes.

MORE CREDITS OVER:

11 INT. ITALIAN MARKET - DAY.

RONNIE pushes a grocery cart with the TWINS--now four years old. She turns to pick up some items, then comes back, alarmed to see:

GABE has climbed to a high shelf and to get a CANDY BAR. She pulls him down, taking away the CANDY BAR.

She finds JAMES burrowed deep in the cart, among mounds of raw vegetables, opening his own CANDY BAR. She takes away his CANDY BAR as well, rolling them away, ready to have a nervous breakdown.

MORE CREDITS OVER:

12 More phony I.D.s, more maps and plane tickets...

13 Mugshots of RONNIE float by, as part of an "IN SEARCH OF" TV show...

MORE CREDITS OVER:

14 INT. MALAYSIAN CLINIC - DAY.

RONNIE huddles GABE and JAMES anxiously to her sides. They are now about six. A MALAYSIAN PEDIATRICIAN holds up a baby tooth to GABE'S front-tooth gap.

PEDIATRICIAN
It's normal Mrs. Landecker.
It's a baby tooth, it's
supposed to fall out...

RONNIE looks at the tooth, breathing a sigh of relief.

MORE CREDITS OVER:

15 INT. GERMAN SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY.

The TWINS sit on either side of RONNIE--now eight years old--as a GERMAN TEACHER reviews test results:

GERMAN TEACHER
Well, your boys are
exceptionally bright--

RONNIE
Abnormally bright???

GERMAN TEACHER
Well... Why do you ask?

MORE CREDITS OVER:

16 EXT. NORTHERN CANADIAN ROAD - DAY.

RONNIE drives a clunky used YUGO, on the verge of collapse. The TWINS play in the back, amid all their worldly possessions. They are now TEN years old.

GABE rummages in a box, pulling out SETH'S MEMORY UNIT and partially melted SECURITY CARD. He immediately shows them to JAMES, who tries to pry open the MEMORY UNIT:

GABE
Mom, what's THIS stuff!?

RONNIE stops the car, almost running off the road. She grabs the MEMORY UNIT and SECURITY CARD, stuffing them into her handbag...

RONNIE
Nothing... Here, eat your
snack.

She hands them each a carrot.

CREDITS WIND UP AS:

17 More fake I.D.s... More maps... Finally, a back-page news item reads:

FUGITIVE VERONICA QUAIFF
PRESUMED DEAD

CREDITS END on this solemn proclamation, as the newsprint fades to yellow nothingness...

18 EXT. SMALL AMERICAN COLLEGE TOWN - DAY.

We move in over a small, out-of-the-way college town, past an American flag, to a quaint medical office:

19 INT. - MEDICAL OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY.

A FLY buzzes on a window pane.

SMACK!_

A rolled magazine nails it dead. We see a WOMAN from the back, clutching the magazine, flicking the dead fly into a garbage can.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Marjory Hanson?

The WOMAN turns. It is RONNIE, several years later. Her hair is now blonde.

RONNIE
How'd they do?

A dowdy DOCTOR GRANGE leads GABE and JAMES out of the examining area. They are now almost thirteen. JAMES is shy and reserved, neatly groomed, wearing glasses. GABE is outgoing and spontaneous, shirt tail out, hair a mess.

DR. GRANGE
You've got the two healthiest boys in the county... Once again.

Relieved, RONNIE crosses to the counter with her checkbook. GABE fidgets by the front door, while JAMES pauses to gaze into the fish tank.

RONNIE
You think a physical every six months is overdoing it?

DR. GRANGE
Well... Once a year is quite sufficient. Unless there's some specific cause for concern.

RONNIE
Oh no. I'm just not sure what to expect with boys. You know, boys growing up.

DR. GRANGE
Ah...
(lowers voice)
...Not to worry. We had a frank discussion about that sort of thing.

RONNIE exchanges a look with GABE and JAMES, who roll their eyes at the doctor's "frank discussion".

20 EXT. - RONNIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - SUNSET.

A basketball swishes through a garage-mounted hoop:

RONNIE and GABE dribble and talk, in the middle of a relaxed game of one-on-one basketball. Above, JAMES sits on the porch of a small garage apartment, pre-occupied with a palm-top computer.

RONNIE

Good fake! Good fake! Now
turn and shoot!

GABE dribbles around her with smooth precision, tossing a lay-up. The ball drops through the hoop.

RONNIE

All right Gabe! You're getting
too good! James, what's the
score?

JAMES punches commands on his computer, reading the screen:

JAMES

He's killing you, Mom. Thirty-
six, twenty-eight.

RONNIE

So who's counting?

She fakes and shoots. It swishes in.

RONNIE

Come back! Come back!

GABE gets the ball and dribbles. His thoughts drift elsewhere as his moves slow down.

RONNIE

What?

GABE

Do you have any pictures of our
dad?

RONNIE keeps up her defense, but is thrown by the question.

RONNIE

No... That stuff was all
destroyed by fire...

GABE

Yeah, I know, but...

RONNIE

Why?

He dribbles, glancing up at JAMES, who is also aware of whatever it is.

RONNIE
Guys, this is me. Ask.

GABE
Okay... What's a "bastard"?
Technically?

He takes a shot and misses. RONNIE gets the ball.

RONNIE
Ummm... Hm... Technically, I
guess-- It's a kid who doesn't
know who their father is. Why,
who said it?

Above, JAMES punches up "bastard" on his palm-top computer dictionary. The screen reads: "A child of illegitimate birth. Inferior. A sham."

GABE
Kid at school. Called me and
James, you know... That word.

RONNIE
What kid?

GABE
Wayne DeFormic.

RONNIE shoots and misses.

RONNIE
He doesn't know what he's
talking about.

JAMES
We know, but...

GABE
He'd shut up if we could tell
him the truth.

JAMES
That our Dad was a test
pilot...

GABE
That he went down on a secret
mission over the North Pole...

JAMES
And you were going to marry him
if he hadn't died...

RONNIE stops with the ball, gesturing for them to lower their voices.

RONNIE

I wish we could tell him. But you know we can't.

JAMES

It's Classified Information?

RONNIE

Same as before.

GABE

And if anybody found out...

JAMES

We might get caught by one of those, you know...

GABE

(whispers)

...Spies...

JAMES

...We always had to run away from.

The boys cast suspicious looks around the yard.

RONNIE

I wasn't even supposed to tell you guys, okay?

She passes the ball to GABE, who dribbles, shoots and misses.

GABE

So... We're not really bastards, right?

RONNIE gets the ball, pausing...

RONNIE

No, you're not... Your father was a very brave man. He was a genius. He would have been so proud of you both...

GABE

And you loved him, right?

She dribbles a few, then looks at each of them.

RONNIE
I loved him as much as any
human being possibly could
have.

GABE and JAMES trade a satisfied nod.

JAMES
So Wayne DeFormic is a retard?

RONNIE
Mega-retard.

She sets and shoots, swishing a clean two-pointer.

GABE
But what if he keeps saying it?

RONNIE
Punch him in the face.

GABE makes another lay-up.

RONNIE snags the ball and tosses it up to JAMES on the
balcony. He catches it awkwardly, nearly dropping his palm-
top computer.

RONNIE
One shot. From there.

JAMES
It's too hard to calculate the
trajectory from this high--

GABE
Just shoot it!

RONNIE
Clock's ticking! Five seconds!
Shoot! Three, two, one...!

JAMES tosses the ball wildly. It bounces on the rim twice
and miraculously drops into the basket.

RONNIE and GABE jump and chant:

RONNIE & GABE
James James James James!

JAMES shrinks and shrugs it off as random luck.

21 EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY.

RONNIE'S Toyota pulls up in front of the school and drops
off GABE and JAMES.

RONNIE
See you at three-thirty.

She watches with hope and concern, as her oddball pair of twins amble up the school steps, merging into the flow of STUDENTS.

22 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY.

PROFESSORS and STUDENTS cross the grounds of a quaint college campus.

RONNIE hurries from a parking lot to a side entrance of the library, pinning her employee I.D. to her dress.

It's her photo, but the name reads "MARJORY HANSON".

23 INT. CAMPUS LIBRARY STACKS - DAY.

RONNIE rolls a cart of medical texts, replacing books onto the shelves.

A distinguished older man--PROFESSOR HELLSTROM-- approaches with a slip of paper.

PROF HELLSTROM
Why can't I find Bridges, "The
Dynamics of Multi-Generational
Trans-Cellular Mutation"?

RONNIE
Two aisles over, to the left,
bottom shelf. But you might
want to also check out J. M.
Haldicott's "Factors of Un-
uniform Trait Inheritance."

PROF HELLSTROM
Yes, yes.

He ignores her suggestion and goes to find his book.

RONNIE finishes her work and parks her cart.

She moves through dark tunnels of books, down a stairway, to a lonely section of the library, where she locates a specific area in the periodicals stacks.

She checks through back issues of "OMNI" magazine, flipping open an older one, finding an article entitled:

THE LOST MIRACLES OF SETH
BRUNDLE

There is a small publicity photo of Seth Brundle--pre-tragedy--along with a subtitle: "Mystery shrouds death of teleportation dreamer."

RONNIE is drawn into a blurry, bootlegged photo of Seth's laboratory after the fire: Everything is spooky black: Cables charred, pods melted, the computer but a sooty, gutted hulk.

For an instant, RONNIE gets a memory flash of the BURNING LAB--

She turns the page: A picture of a FIREMAN is attached to an artist's rendering of Brundle-Fly's charred, deformed bones. The caption: "Fireman insists he saw the bones of something 'Not Quite Human'."

A harrowing mental flash seizes RONNIE:

BRUNDLE-FLY, ALIVE, rearing its HORRID HEAD--

RONNIE struggles to stay calm, as the memories haunt her...

She suddenly GASPS and JOLTS--

As a LIBRARY PATRON comes up innocently behind her, excusing himself past.

RONNIE gathers herself, turning back to the first page. She lingers on the photo of a brilliant, smiling, NORMAL Seth Brundle.

24 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY.

A video monitor displays a cartoon diagram of a male human torso, with animated lines circulating out of the testicles, into the bloodstream.

VIDEO NARRATOR

...In boys, puberty usually begins between the ages of twelve and fourteen. Male hormones are released into the bloodstream, signaling changes which occur in many parts of the body...

The TEACHER passes in front of the monitor and steps out of the classroom with some paperwork.

JAMES watches the video from the rear of the co-ed class. He types copious notes into his palm-top computer, burying his face, embarrassed to glance at tittering GIRLS.

GABE--quite to the contrary--sits in the center of the room, leaning back on his chair, one leg up on his desk.

His other leg bounces on the floor with with tense amusement. He glances at GIGGLING GIRLS, taunting their nervous giggles.

JAMES notices with concern, as GABE'S hands join his bobbing leg, drumming his thighs. His whole body accelerates, manic chuckles popping out his throat.

VIDEO NARRATOR

...These natural changes include the appearance of pubic and other body hair, a deepening of the voice, and an increase in general muscle tone...

Suddenly, GABE JUMPS up onto his desk, cackling and posing like the video diagram, evoking a mock-deep voice:

GABE

I think you will understand better, ladies, if you have a LIVE demonstration.

There is an outburst of laughter, except from JAMES, who checks for signs of the teacher.

JAMES

Gabe!

KIDS throw wads of paper, as GABE unbuttons his shirt, acting like a male stripper version of the video.

A tough kid, WAYNE DEFORMIC, hurls a chalkboard eraser, smacking GABE on the side of the nose.

WAYNE

Sit down, bastard!!

GABE grabs his nose, ready to pounce on WAYNE.

JAMES hurries over, pulling GABE down off the desk.

JAMES

Get down quick.

GABE does, just as the door opens and the TEACHER returns.

JAMES borrows a piece of paper from GABE'S notebook--as if that's why he was there--and slinks back to his desk, taking the brunt of the TEACHER'S suspicions.

The classroom settles, the video drones on. GABE surreptitiously buttons his shirt, scowling at WAYNE.

WAYNE gives GABE the FINGER.

25 EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY.

RONNIE approaches the school, as the bell rings and STUDENTS flood out.

She spots GABE and JAMES, and they head toward her car.

GABE walks distracted and moody, his head turned.

RONNIE
Somebody die?

JAMES
Not yet.

RONNIE pulls out two xeroxed sheets, handing one to each of them. They are copies of Seth's picture from the magazine, minus the text and captions.

RONNIE
That's him.

GABE
Who?

RONNIE
Your father... It's not the best picture, but it's the only one I could find.

They take a closer look.

JAMES
Do we look like him?

JAMES presents his face to her for comparison.

RONNIE
Sure. I can see a lot of him in you...

GABE raises his identical face for her to see.

RONNIE is startled to see: On the side of GABE'S nose is a prominent--though unspectacular--pimple.

GABE
What?

RONNIE
Nothing, nothing. It's normal.
Nothing to worry about.

Thus alerted, GABE begins touching the pimple, straining to look at it. RONNIE recomposes, heading them toward the car.

RONNIE
...Look, you're the best kids
in the world, and I don't want
you to ever feel like there's
something wrong with you, just
because your father's not here
to--

GABE starts digging at the pimple with his fingernail.

RONNIE
Gabe, please don't pick it.
It'll only get worse.

He resists until she's not looking, then resumes.

RONNIE
So, I.. I want you to know
it's okay to ask me things
about your father. I'll be
sure to tell you whatever I
can...

GABE grabs his whole nose, trying to squeeze IT.

RONNIE
Gabe, leave it alone.

GABE
ALL RIGHT!

She opens the car door, shoos them in.

RONNIE
We'll go to the drugstore,
we'll get something for it.

26 INT. RONNIE'S APARTMENT - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

The apartment is dark. Quiet.

A drug store bag has been emptied on the kitchen counter:
Several different acne cleansers and medications have been
opened and sampled.

There is a low, painful GRUNT from somewhere in the
apartment.

RONNIE stirs from a sound sleep, hearing it.

RONNIE
Gabe?

No answer.

She gets up and checks the boy's room: JAMES is sound asleep in his bed, but the other bed is empty.

Another groan...

RONNIE turns, seeing:

The bathroom door is closed, but light filters from underneath. She approaches the door.

RONNIE
Gabe?... Are you okay?

GABE'S voice comes from inside, slightly hysterical:

GABE (O.S.)
The stuff you bought didn't help, Mom.

RONNIE
It's doesn't work right away, dear, it takes time--

GABE (O.S.)
I'm going to take care of it myself.

RONNIE
Woah. Don't, it can get infected--

RONNIE rattles the doorknob. It's locked.

GABE (O.S.)
Go away, Mom, I'm gonna take care of it.

RONNIE
Gabe, let me see--

GABE (O.S.)
GO AWAY!

RONNIE
GABE!

She forces the door-- Seeing--

GABE-- Crouched on top of the sink, face in the mirror, hands to his face.

He whips around--

RONNIE gasps--

The zit on his nose is alarmingly LARGE, its bulging white center ready to burst.

GABE
Get out Mom!

He turns to the mirror, poising his hands to squeeze it.

RONNIE reaches for him.

RONNIE
Gabe, don't!

But she's too late--

The zit bursts, splattering the mirror.

GABE
AHHHHhhhh!!!...

RONNIE
Uggghhh!!!

GABE nearly faints, falling back into RONNIE'S arms. She holds his head in her lap and opens a bottle of alcohol, dowsing a wad of Kleenex.

RONNIE
Hold still-- This is going to sting--

She jams the Kleenex on his nose.

GABE
OUCH!

JAMES appears at the bathroom door, slipping on his glasses. He sees the goo on the mirror.

JAMES
Dis-GUST-ing!

RONNIE pulls more Kleenex, dabbing the open abscess.

RONNIE
Wait, Gabe. There's more.

GABE
Huh?!

RONNIE
Hold still.

She squeezes with both hands.

GABE
OUUUUUCHHHH!

JAMES peers closer, wincing, touching his own nose.

JAMES

Uuuuugh...

A wad of MUCOUS blurps to the surface.

RONNIE stifles a groan, swabbing it, noticing something dark coiled beneath. Deeply troubled, she puts on a cheery front for the boys.

RONNIE

James, get me tweezers. It's an ingrown hair. That's all it is. Your brother's got an ingrown hair.

JAMES passes her the tweezers. RONNIE steadies her hand and probes.

GABE

AHHH!

RONNIE

Easy, Gabe... Got it.

She hooks a loop of the hair and unfurls it. Thin and kinky, it stretches out nearly an inch and a half long.

JAMES

No way.

GABE immediately tries to pluck it.

GABE

OUCH!

It's firmly rooted.

RONNIE

James. Scissors.

RONNIE clips the HAIR and--with mounting concern--holds it up to the light.

GABE and JAMES crowd in from either side, gazing with wonder and disgust.

JAMES

If this is puberty, I'm taking a rain check.

27 INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT.

RONNIE tucks the covers around GABE, who now has a bandage on the side of his nose. She checks on JAMES in the other bed. He sleeps soundly.

Worried sick, RONNIE purposefully exits the room.

28 EXT. REAR OF APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT.

RONNIE rounds a corner, hastily dressed, carrying a small shovel. Behind the garage, she scans a flower bed, taxing her memory. She identifies a particular spot and starts digging.

The shovel thumps something. She digs more, working a buried object out of the ground.

It is a small, battered AMMO CASE.

RONNIE pops the waterproof seal and flips back the lid.

Inside is the stolen MEMORY UNIT from Seth Brundle's computer.

RONNIE pulls out the MEMORY UNIT, revealing beneath it:

Seth's partially-burned Bartok Security Card. The plastic has melted over part of the photo, and has damaged a small section of the magnetic strip on the back.

29 INT. CLOSED LIBRARY - NIGHT.

RONNIE moves through the dark silent library shelves, descending a staircase, arriving at a locked storage room. She finds a key that fits, opening the door.

She enters and flips on a dim light. Shelves are crammed with crumbling books, broken desk lamps and a variety of obsolete COMPUTER TERMINALS.

RONNIE lays down her shoulder bag and takes out SETH'S MEMORY UNIT, comparing it to the backs of the dusty computers.

She finds an old one that matches. She hefts it off the shelf, placing it on the floor near an electrical outlet.

SOON:

RONNIE unscrews the computer's memory unit with a nail file, sliding it out. SETH'S MEMORY UNIT is identical to it, except it has a "BARTOK INDUSTRIES #141" I.D. tag.

She disconnects the memory unit cable, replacing it with SETH'S MEMORY UNIT.

She flips the computer ON. It blips and beeps, booting up. The screen flashes a warning:

TOP SECRET - PROPERTY OF BARTOK
INDUSTRIES. ENTER BARTOK
SECURITY CODE NOW.

RONNIE takes Seth's partially-melted security I.D. card
and slides it through a peripheral card-reader.

MEMORY UNIT responds:

INCOMPLETE SECURITY CODE.

RONNIE types:

THIS IS AN EMERGENCY. IS IT
POSSIBLE TO TAKE THE FLY OUT OF
BRUNDLE-FLY???

MEMORY UNIT responds:

ILLEGAL ENTRY ATTEMPT!!!
RETURN THIS UNIT TO BARTOK
INDUSTRIES AT ONCE. 1-800-663-
3366.

Frustrated, RONNIE types:

WHAT IF BRUNDLE-FLY HAD KIDS?
HOW CAN I REMOVE THE FLY PARTS
FROM BRUNDLE-FLY'S KIDS?

A beat, then:

ILLEGAL ENTRY ATTEMPT!!! ENTER
BARTOK SECURITY CODE NOW.

RONNIE tries running the melted card through in every
conceivable way, each time getting the message:

INCOMPLETE SECURITY CODE.

She tries running her library employee I.D. through.

ILLEGAL ENTRY ATTEMPT!!!

RONNIE smacks the keyboard, scared and frustrated.

30 INT. MEDICAL SCHOOL CORRIDOR/LAB - DAY.

Bleary-eyed from lack of sleep, RONNIE pursues PROFESSOR
HELLSTROM down a college corridor:

RONNIE
I said I was speaking
hypothetically--

PROF HELLSTROM
But it's absurd. Combining the
genetic code of a human being
with that of an insect?

RONNIE
Say it happened by accident.
And this mutated guy had kids--

PROF HELLSTROM
Poor fellow'd have trouble
finding a mate, don't you
think?

RONNIE
Let's say he's got a great
personality. Somehow he gets
her pregnant. And her children
start to develop his fly
characteristics--

PROF HELLSTROM
You said fly???

RONNIE
Or whatever insect--

PROF HELLSTROM
What an ungodly hypothesis--

RONNIE
Which of the newer genetic
manipulation techniques could
be adapted to take the fly
parts out of these children?

PROF HELLSTROM unlocks his lab, shaking his head. RONNIE
stays close on his heels.

PROF HELLSTROM
Miss... Hanson is it?

RONNIE
Margory Hanson.

PROF HELLSTROM
Margory... An inherited
mutation such as you describe
would be no different than
those "mutations" we
intentionally create in the
laboratory: Disease-resistant
tomato plants, cattle designed
to produce low fat meat, that
sort of thing...

He picks up a stale cup of coffee and a half carton of sour milk.

PROF HELLSTROM

After the two sets of genes are combined to form a new individual...

He pours the two into a single beaker, resulting in a gloppy gray mixture.

PROF HELLSTROM

...It is a daunting task indeed to get them apart.

He swishes the beaker for emphasis, then dumps it into the sink.

RONNIE

But what if you had a loved one, Dr. Hellstrom, or a friend. Hypothetically. A loved one who had this kind of problem?

PROF HELLSTROM turns and stares over his glasses, puzzled by her seriousness.

PROF HELLSTROM

Well... I suppose I would do everything in my power to help them.

RONNIE hesitates, then pulls a small jar out of her shoulder bag. It contains the hair she trimmed from Gabe's nose.

RONNIE

Can you do a genetic analysis on this?

He rattles the jar, staring at the hair.

PROF HELLSTROM

Where did you find this?

RONNIE

In my bathroom.

PROF HELLSTROM

House guests?

He chuckles, but she isn't amused.

RONNIE

I need to know for sure what it is.

PROF HELLSTROM
Well, it's fairly
straightforward to identify the
species.

RONNIE
How soon?

PROF HELLSTROM
Well... Write down your phone
number, I'll get to it on my
noon break.

31 INT. MEDICAL LIBRARY - DAY.

RONNIE hurries into the library, late for work. A CO-
WORKER spots her, phone to his ear:

CO-WORKER
...Wait, here she is right
now... Wait, settle down. She
just walked in the door.

He wags the phone urgently. RONNIE takes it.

RONNIE
Hello, this is-- Um...
Mariory Hanson.

She listens to an hysterical voice, fighting to get a word
in edgewise:

RONNIE
Where-- Where are they right
now?

32 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR/NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY.

We rush with RONNIE, into the school's main entrance, into
the principal's office, through shocked STAFF MEMBERS, to
the school nurse's office.

PARAMEDICS load WAYNE and roll him out, his head covered
with BRACES and BANDAGES. The SCHOOL NURSE, PRINCIPAL,
GUIDANCE COUNSELOR and WAYNE DEFORMIC'S PARENTS crowd the
room, chattering outrage.

RONNIE
Where are my boys?

The NURSE indicates a door. RONNIE is blocked by a
gauntlet of hectoring faces:

WAYNE'S FATHER
Unprovoked attack on my son--!

PRINCIPAL
No alternative but suspension!

COUNSELOR
Immediate psychological
evaluation--!

PARAMEDIC
Multiple facial fractures--

WAYNE'S MOTHER
We're planning to sue!

RONNIE
Excuse me, could you please get
the hell out of my way.

She shoves past them.

WAYNE'S MOTHER
Well! Her kids get it
honestly.

33 INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY.

RONNIE finds JAMES sitting on a bed, clutching an ice pack
to his elbow. She goes quickly to him.

RONNIE
What happened? Where's Gabe?

BANG!

The door SLAMS--

RONNIE spins--

Behind the door is GABE, crouched on a counter, pressed
tightly into the corner. His eyes glance at her, dark and
menacing.

JAMES
Wayne DeFormic tripped me in
the hallway and called us
bastards. Then Gabe punched
him. Really, really hard.

GABE
You told me to! That's what
you told me to do!

RONNIE struggles to control her horror, as she recognizes
the unmistakable buzz in GABE'S eyes.

34 EXT. RONNIE'S APARTMENT - DAY.

RONNIE'S Toyota pulls to a crooked stop, its bumper thumping the garage door.

35 INT. RONNIE'S APARTMENT - DAY.

RONNIE bursts into the apartment with GABE and JAMES. She struggles to hold herself together, arms full of school books, groceries, and a drug store bag.

RONNIE

...I've got homework from all
your teachers-- We'll stay
home a few days-- I've got sick
days I can take--

She heads to the kitchen, beside herself. GABE paces the living room, while JAMES clicks video game on the TV.

RONNIE

Good, you guys do video games.
Good, I'll--

RONNIE tears open a drug store prescription bag, tapping out a capsule, filling a glass with distilled water.

JAMES sits on the couch, working his video game controller.

GABE snatches the second game controller and begins playing ferociously. The boys play as a team, each operating an identical on-screen Barbarian, kicking and pummeling their way through a maze of bad guys.

RONNIE brings the capsule and water to GABE.

He glances at it, scowling.

GABE

What for?

RONNIE

Because Dr. Grange said it
could be a virus.

GABE

You said he was an idiot.

RONNIE

But if he's right, this could
help.

GABE'S fingers manipulate the video game wildly, causing his on-screen Barbarian to toss aside bad guys at hyper-speed, leaving JAMES exasperated.

Suddenly, GABE and JAMES burst as one:

GABE

What's wrong with me, Mom--?!

JAMES

Why don't you let me eat sugar--

GABE

Or go out at night--?!

JAMES

Why do you always watch me like
a-- An--

GABE

Insect--

JAMES

Under a microscope--

GABE

Why?

JAMES

WHY?!?

GABE throws the game control HARD, smashing it against the wall.

RONNIE

Gabe--!

She angrily grabs his arm, but restrains herself, letting go.

RONNIE

Don't-- Please. We have to
stick together in this-- It's--
It's going to be okay, guys, I
promise. Okay? I'm going to
take care of this--

GABE

HOW?!

RONNIE

I don't know yet!

She gets hold of herself, reaching apologetically to GABE. Seeing her distress, he snatches the capsule, popping it in his mouth, downing the water in one gulp.

Then he instantly LEAPS onto the back of the couch, launching himself into the bedroom in one shockingly GIGANTIC STRIDE.

RONNIE rushes to the door, but GABE slams it in her face.

JAMES picks up the pieces of the game controller, scared and confused.

JAMES

What's wrong with him, Mom?!
Something's happening to him!
What is it?!... Mom!?

RONNIE tries to find words that will explain, but the phone rings. She grabs it:

RONNIE

Hello?... Professor Hellstrom.
What did you find?

INTERCUTS WITH:

36 PROF. HELLSTROM'S LAB:

PROF HELLSTROM

I've been trying to reach you
all afternoon... This specimen
of yours-- this hair--proved
quite confounding...

RONNIE

How so?

PROF HELLSTROM

My DNA scan revealed certain
traits of a human being, and
still others of a common house
fly...

Stunned by the inevitable, RONNIE opens the bedroom door and peers into the darkness. GABE is huddled on the upper bunk bed, crammed into the corner.

RONNIE

(into phone)

Oh-- And... Would there be
any way to... Separate them?

PROF HELLSTROM

Certainly no method I am aware
of.

The phone melts a little in her hand:

RONNIE

Oh... Thank you...

PROF HELLSTROM
Margory, there's more about
this you're not telling me.

RONNIE
Like what?

PROF HELLSTROM
I phoned a network of referrals
and wound up speaking with a
fellow who dabbles in trans-
species mutation, doing
research for a company called
Bartok Industries.

RONNIE is alarmed. Then she notices out the front window:
A blue rental car pulls up to the curb and stops.

RONNIE
What did you tell him?

PROF HELLSTROM
Precious little, but enough
that he began asking detailed
questions about YOU.

RONNIE
Me?

A MAN in a casual suit gets out of the car and checks the
mailboxes. He pulls out a flip phone and punches a number.

RONNIE hangs up while PROF HELLSTROM is still talking, eyes
glued on the man outside.

JAMES
What, Mom?

The phone instantly rings. She answers it.

RONNIE
Hello?

PHONE VOICE
Veronica Quaife?

RONNIE
Wrong number.

She hangs, PANIC taking full hold.

RONNIE
Guys, we're outta here! Fast!

JAMES sees the MAN looking up at the apartment, re-dialing
his flip phone.

JAMES
What's--?!

RONNIE yanks him away from the window, scrambling to gather jackets and find car keys.

RONNIE
I'm not going to say it twice.
MOVE. Out the back way.

GABE hops down from the bunk bed, confused. He and JAMES pause to gather their walkman, palm-top computer, hairbrushes, backpacks.

GABE
When are we coming back?

JAMES
Where's my wallet?

The phone starts ringing again.

RONNIE
Don't answer it! MOVE.

The doorbell rings.

RONNIE
NOW.

She herds them to the back door.

She stops short, cursing, backtracking to the kitchen, where she tears through a cookbook to find a small stash of EMERGENCY CASH.

GABE
But Mom, what about--

RONNIE
Forget it! MOVE!

She tugs them to the rear door, whipping it open.

37 OUTSIDE THE BACK DOOR:

Coming up the stairs is a strange smiling man, DR. QUANTZ RUHRSCHEK, pleasantly groomed, lowering his flip-phone from his ear.

RUHRSCHEK
Veronica Quaife?

RONNIE ducks back inside, slamming the door.

RUHRSCHOK
Please, Ms. Quaife--

The door whips open again and RONNIE comes out with a wine bottle raised for lethal impact.

RONNIE
Get out of my way!

RUHRSCHOK
Wait. Look, I came here alone.
I want to help you.

He quickly assesses the boys, seeing GABE'S pocked skin, healing nose-soar and nervous demeanor.

RUHRSCHOK
My name's Quantz Ruhrschok. I
do the same kind of work Seth
Brundle did, for Bartok
Industries. I can help your
boys.

GABE
Who's "Seth Brundle"?

JAMES
Mom, why's he calling you
Veronica!?

RONNIE
Go inside. Both of you.

But GABE and JAMES remain, dying of curiosity.

RUHRSCHOK
There's a lot your Mother
hasn't told you. Because she's
scared and she doesn't know how
to help you. But I do.

JAMES
Mom, what's he talking about?!

GABE
I am missing something?!

RUHRSCHOK pulls out a document with a business card
attached, handing it cautiously to RONNIE.

RUHRSCHOK
We're willing to drop all
charges against you, Veronica.
(more...)

RUHRSCHOK (Cont'd)
I'll use my advanced
teleportation system to correct
your boys' problem. It won't
cost you a dime...

RONNIE glances over the document. GABE and JAMES lean in
to read it as well.

GABE
Problem--?

JAMES
What's our problem--?

RUHRSCHOK
...All we need is for you to
return Seth's Brundle's memory
unit. You have it, don't you?

RONNIE looks at him, poker-faced, refusing to answer.

RUHRSCHOK
Veronica... We're dealing with
unstable biology here. Time is
of the essence. I can have us
on a plane in two hours.

RONNIE quickly assesses the situation, admonishing
RUHRSCHOK with a stern gaze.

RONNIE
You. Go away. Leave us alone.
If I decide I want your help,
I'll meet you at the airport in
two hours.

Eager not to spook her, RUHRSCHOK backs down the stairs
with his palms raised.

38 INT. JETLINER CABIN - DAY.

A pair of STEWARDESSES passes out an in-flight meal, as we
move through the whistling roar, to the rear of the plane.

RUHRSCHOK speaks officiously into a pocket recorder,
glancing several seats back, smiling at RONNIE:

She sits between JAMES and GABE, conversing with
impassioned whispers, so that no other passengers can hear.

GABE occupies the window seat, his eyes and bodily
movements unnaturally sharp and ceaseless. JAMES sits on
the aisle, pondering the magazine photo of Seth.

JAMES
...What do you mean he got
mixed up with a fly?! He
looks okay.

RONNIE
That picture was before... The
accident--

GABE
So that means... I'm half
FLY?!

JAMES
That's what's happening to
him?!

GABE
It's always been in me--

JAMES
Waiting to take over!

GABE
You LIED to us, Mom!

JAMES
Why didn't you tell us!?

RONNIE
Guys... I made a decision.
There was a good chance neither
of you had this... Problem.
I didn't want you to grow up
thinking the worst, if there
was no reason...

GABE gestures across to RUHRCHOK.

GABE
But this guy is going to fix
me, right?

RONNIE
Yes, he's--

JAMES
Take out Gabe's fly parts,
right?

GABE
Quick and painless.

RONNIE
That's what he says.

JAMES
And mine too?

RONNIE
If you need it.

Tentatively reassured, GABE snatches the photo of Seth, glowering at it.

GABE
He gave me this defect. I hate
him!

He shreds the picture with hyper-speed fingers, drawing the attention of nearby PASSENGERS.

RONNIE tries to catch the pieces, but they scatter like confetti.

The STEWARDESS arrives with dinner.

RONNIE smiles, excusing the mess of paper bits.

RONNIE
Sorry. Teen-agers.

The STEWARDESS nods understanding, reaching a dinner tray to GABE.

RONNIE checks the food, intercepting a heavily sugared dessert puff.

GABE snatches it out of her hand.

RONNIE
Gabe.

He gives it back grudgingly, then turns his anger to a serving of peas. He eats them one-by-one, poking them in his mouth spitefully fast.

39 EXT. STREETS/SETH'S (FORMER) LAB - DAY.

A taxi cab pulls through the industrial section of town, with RONNIE, GABE, JAMES in the back, and RUHRSCHOK in front.

They arrive at Seth Brundle's old loft lab building, which has been remodeled into a small secured complex, coated in tones of anonymous beige, with a gate and guardhouse.

The GUARD sees RUHRSCHOK and waves the taxi through.

40 INT. - RUHRSCHOK'S LAB COMPLEX - DAY.

They ride up a spotless elevator.

RONNIE clutches her shoulder bag, watching RUHRSCHOK, her hopes tempered by suspicion.

GABE paces the elevator, drumming his hands on the walls.

RONNIE

Gabe, take it easy.

Annoyed, he stops.

GABE

Okay. Veronica.

JAMES admires RUHRSCHOK'S custom flip-phone, pager, pocket recorder, mini-computer, etc. He pulls out his own palm-top computer to compare.

The elevator stops and opens.

They are greeted by a stoic young lab assistant, MS. CHILES. She holds up RUHRSCHOK'S lab coat.

RUHRSCHOK

My assistant, Ms. Chiles.

Nods exchange among them, as MS. CHILES helps RUHRSCHOK put on the lab coat.

RONNIE notices a Bartok Security Card clipped to his lapel. It's the same as Seth's partially-burned one, but undamaged.

RUHRSCHOK

I'll bet you hardly recognize this place, Veronica.

RONNIE

Everything's changed.

RUHRSCHOK

Progress. Always progress.

He leads them down a vaguely familiar corridor, spotlessly refurbished with expensive industrial-chic materials.

RUHRSCHOK slides his SECURITY CARD through a wall reader. A door opens, automatic lights come on.

RUHRSCHOK

Seth Brundle's original lab was destroyed by fire. This is all I was given to work with...

He leads them through an ARCHIVE AREA, containing the spooky remains of Seth Brundle's teleportation system:

The charred shell of Seth's computer terminal and the three pods, all horribly melted, their internal parts reduced to ashes. Scraps of charred cable and hardware are meticulously tagged and sorted like crashed space shuttle parts.

GABE and JAMES circulate among the creepy artifacts.

JAMES

Awesome...

RUHRSCHOK

Your father did some amazing things with very primitive resources...

RUHRSCHOK indicates the back of the computer terminal, where the memory unit had once been.

RUHRSCHOK

Veronica. Did you bring Seth's memory unit?

RONNIE

Yes. I've got it.

She pats her shoulder-bag, but holds it securely.

RONNIE

If you don't mind, I'd like to see your new system if we could. Maybe see a test first.

RUHRSCHOK

Boys, your mother still doesn't trust me... Sure, let's do a test.

MS. CHILES

This way...

MS. CHILES leads them through a door, into a bright "clean" area, lined with spotless animal cages. Happy RABBITS, GUINEA PIGS, MONKEYS and LAB RATS sniff and wiggle.

JAMES pets animal noses as they pass.

RUHRSCHOK

A test... Okay, let's see. Choose an animal, and tell me what you would like me to change.

RONNIE stops at the cage of a black and white rabbit.

RONNIE
How about this rabbit? Can you
take its spots off?

RUHRSCHOK
And later put them back, if you
like...
(opens cage)
Ms. Chiles, place this fellow
into the Pod A input manifold.

MS. CHILES removes the rabbit from its cage.

MS. CHILES
Certainly... I also need to
prep Gabe for the preliminary
gene scan.

RUHRSCHOK
Yes, we should do that.

GABE
Where do I go?

RONNIE
I'll go with him.

GABE
Mom, RELAX. You're driving me
crazy.

RONNIE
I just want to be sure--

GABE
I can do this by myself. Come
on, let's get this over with.

GABE pulls away from her, following MS. CHILES into a room
labeled "INPUT MANIFOLD".

RUHRSCHOK
We'll just be up these
stairs...

JAMES eagerly follows RUHRSCHOK up a set of steel stairs.

RONNIE
James...

Torn, RONNIE double-checks GABE, then heads up the stairs
with JAMES and RUHRSCHOK.

41 INT. RUHRCHOK'S TELEPORTATION LAB - DAY.

RONNIE emerges up the stairway, joining RUHRCHOK and JAMES, as they behold a stunning sight:

JAMES
Wow. Cool.

They stand in a most lavishly funded prototype teleportation laboratory:

Two massive PODS are supported by hydraulic pistons, each with hundreds of coil-wound cylinders protruding radially, aimed--with great intimidating effect--at the center of each pod. The two pods are connected by thousands of complex cables arrays, monitors and transducers.

RUHRCHOK goes behind an expansive control panel, among endless neatly cabled monitors and outboard devices.

RONNIE
This doesn't look at all like Seth's lab.

RUHRCHOK
Technological refinement.
Hundreds of millions in research dollars.

He enters commands on a computer keyboard, speaks into a microphone.

RUHRCHOK
Ms. Chiles, load the rabbit into pod A.

A mechanism whirrs, and the TEST RABBIT rises up from below, right into the center of POD "A". Visible through narrow pod windows, and on dozens of TV monitors, the rabbit hops and wiggles innocently about.

RUHRCHOK smiles to RONNIE.

RUHRCHOK
Remove the spots?

RONNIE
Yes. The black ones.

RUHRCHOK
The black ones.

He adjusts an array of controls, carefully typing in computer instructions.

The pods POWER UP to a THROBBING HUM...

A series of laser grids scan the rabbit, as the HUM builds to a deafening ROAR. On top of the pod, a towering COIL glows deep cobalt blue.

RUHRSCHOK hits the "ENTER" key.

RUHRSCHOK
Eleven years I've worked,
methodically, often around the
clock...

With a flash, the rabbit DEMATERIALIZES from POD "A".

RONNIE and JAMES shift their gaze to the second pod, which energizes with a randomly pulsing GLOW.

RUHRSCHOK
...Following my deepest
scientific insights, pleading
with funding committees...

An ANIMAL FORM begins to manifest inside the POD "B", visible on the TV monitors, but all views are quickly obscured by gathering vapor.

RUHRSCHOK
...Placing my personal and
professional reputation on the
line every inch of the way...

The HUM revs down, the energy glow fades...

RUHRSCHOK presses another command, activating a hydraulic gantry on POD "B".

Vapor spills out as the pod opens like a clam shell.

RUHRSCHOK
...All in pursuit of
duplicating the lost success of
Seth Brundle...

He gestures RONNIE and JAMES to have a closer look. They approach the pod as the vapor disperses, as the ANIMAL FORM becomes visible.

RUHRSCHOK
...And, as you can plainly
see...

RUHRSCHOK leans forward, the panel lights refracting up onto his face in shards of deep red.

RUHRSCHOK
...The damn thing doesn't work.

RONNIE and JAMES are APPALLED, as the ANIMAL rears up on its hind legs, poking up from the vapor:

JAMES

MOM!!!

The rabbit--or what used to be the rabbit--is grotesquely SCRAMBLED-- OVER-SIZED, its EYES below its DISTORTED MOUTH, its front PAWS growing out of its EARS, its TEETH and CLAWS mutated HUGE and BLACK.

The MUTANT RABBIT goes into horrific spasms, COUGHING up its own INTESTINES--

Then it SCREECHES and LEAPS at RONNIE.

RONNIE

YAHHHHH!!!

JAMES

MOOOOOMMM!!!

RONNIE dodges, covering JAMES. The MUTANT RABBIT hits a rack of electronics, ZAPPING, lapsing into painful death spasms.

RUHRSCHOK

You think I like doing this?!
Every day for eleven years?!

RONNIE looks at RUHRSCHOK, then immediately grabs JAMES' hand, bolting for the stairway--

RONNIE

GABE!?!

RUHRSCHOK

Not to worry. He's coming right up.

The mechanism whirrs, raising GABE up INSIDE the cramped center of POD "A". His face appears on the TV monitors, unaware of danger.

RONNIE

Let him out of there! Are you nuts?!

RUHRSCHOK

I need to have Seth's memory unit.

JAMES

Let him out!

RONNIE lunges toward RUHRSCHOK. He reaches for the button.

RUHRSCHOK
Come closer and I'll activate
the sequence.

RONNIE stops in her tracks, mind racing.

MS. CHILES comes up the steps, arriving near RONNIE, a look
of duplicity hardening her eyes.

MS. CHILES
It's really simple, Veronica.
Give us the memory unit.

JAMES signals trouble to GABE inside the pod. GABE bangs
on the glass, his angered face filling the TV monitors.

RONNIE
You let my son out of that
machine first.

RUHRSCHOK'S finger brushes the "ENTER" key.

RUHRSCHOK
Stand by for massive failure
number 5.694.

RONNIE
You creep. WAIT.

She digs into her shoulder-bag and pulls out the MEMORY
UNIT. Grudgingly, she hands it to MS. CHILES.

RONNIE
NOW LET HIM OUT!

MS. CHILES walks the MEMORY UNIT to RUHRSCHOK, who cradles
it in his hands.

RUHRSCHOK
Seth Brundle was a fool. His
science was sloppy, his
intellect second rate. By
sheer luck he stumbled onto a
method of error-free
teleportation--

JAMES
You're wrong! My dad was a
genius!

RUHRSCHOK
It's all in here. Every note,
every calculation, detailed
blueprints of his entire
system.

MS. CHILES
And now, as far as the world
will know, it was all the
culmination of our painstaking
labor.

RUHRSCHOK again reaches for the "ENTER" key. GABE goes
wild inside the pod--

RONNIE
NOOO!!!

She clutches her shoulder-bag, cocking it back--

RUHRSCHOK presses the button.

The HUM builds, the POD "A" tower begins to GLOW.

GABE RAGES inside-- POUNDING the glass--

RONNIE RUSHES-- SWINGING her shoulder-bag--

CRASHING IT into the control panel.

The system SPARKS and DEFAULTS--

RUHRSCHOK pulls a TASER off his belt, ZAPPING RONNIE on the
arm-- She jolts into JAMES' arms, physically stunned.

RONNIE
Arrrghhh!

MS. CHILES pulls a STUN PROD from a drawer, poised for more
trouble.

RUHRSCHOK quickly moves to re-program the system when--

The POD GLASS SMASHES--

GABE SPRINGS OUT with superhuman strength, BOUNDING across
the lab, LEAPING onto the control panel--

Caught by surprise, RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES open an
emergency escape door behind them, zapping GABE repeatedly
with their TASER and STUN PROD--

But GABE keeps coming, ripping RUHRSCHOK'S coat, flipping
his SECURITY CARD to the floor.

MS. CHILES delivers multiple SHOCKS to GABE, stunning him
enough for them to slip out the emergency door--

The door slides shut--

GABE SLAMS into it, POUNDING FURIOUSLY--

JAMES helps RONNIE to her feet...

42 LAB, OTHER SIDE OF THE EMERGENCY DOOR:

MS. CHILES clutches the MEMORY UNIT, while RUHRSCHOK hastily punches codes into his flip phone:

The display reads:

LAB ANIMAL ESCAPE. SEAL LAB?

RUHRSCHOK confirms with a keystroke.

43 INSIDE THE LAB:

Every door locks and seals with a vacuum slurp--

RONNIE hastily gathers JAMES and GABE, snatching Ruhrschok's SECURITY CARD off the floor.

Before she can get to the door's security pad, it retracts into the wall, a steel plate snapping shut.

44 OTHER SIDE OF THE EMERGENCY DOOR--

RUHRSCHOK'S pocket computer screen reads:

CONTAINMENT GAS READY:
TRANQUILIZER OR LETHAL?

He selects "LETHAL". A panel beside the door flashes "DO NOT ENTER" with a red skull and crossbones.

RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES share a nervous smile, gazing lustfully at the MEMORY UNIT.

45 INSIDE THE LAB:

Noxious GREEN GAS seeps up from floor vents.

RONNIE wracks her memory of the building, pointing to a service ladder mounted into the wall.

RONNIE

Up there!

GABE hefts JAMES over his shoulder and makes for the ladder.

RONNIE looks at the Ruhrschok's SECURITY CARD in her hand. She quickly stuffs it into her pocket.

46 ON THE LADDER:

RONNIE, GABE and JAMES scale upward--as the GREEN GAS rises--
climbing onto a horizontal catwalk.

RONNIE
Over there! Those are
skylights!

She reaches for a row of blackened-over skylights.

But they are ten feet BEYOND her GRASP.

JAMES
Gabe, can you jump it?!

GABE spontaneously hops onto the catwalk rail, then LEAPS
across the gap--

RONNIE GASPS--

But GABE snags a tiny sill with his fingertips, reaching up
with one hand-- SMASHING the skylight above, spraying
shards of blackened glass, blasting the lab with a RAY of
blinding SUNLIGHT.

RONNIE leans over the rail, supporting JAMES as he reaches
across the gap.

GABE snags JAMES' hand, hoisting him over, helping him
clamber through the broken skylight.

GABE turns and looks across at RONNIE. She reaches her
hand up for him to take.

GABE'S eyes stare at her darkly, and for an odd moment he
doesn't reach out.

The green gas rises toward them.

RONNIE
Gabe, take my hand!

But GABE doesn't react. JAMES pokes his head in.

JAMES
GABE! HELP HER!

And as if it was own brain issuing the command, GABE'S hand
shoots across the gap and snatches RONNIE'S.

RONNIE swings across, dangling by GABE'S hand, the gas-
filled lab threatening from below.

GABE strains and raises her to the skylight. She grapples
her way through, to the roof.

47 EXT. - ROOF OF RUHRSCHOK'S LAB - DAY.

JAMES and RONNIE help GABE onto the roof. GABE hurries toward a ladder on the front edge of the roof--

RONNIE
Not that way!

GABE peers over the front edge, where GUARDS converse at the guardhouse, glancing upward.

JAMES yanks GABE out of sight, heading them toward RONNIE. Still fighting the stun effects, she weaves them through an array of satellite dishes, across a series of rooftops.

48 EXT. ROOFTOPS/INDUSTRIAL AREA - DAY.

RONNIE arrives at a fire escape, looking down.

Below, a slick young SALESMAN steps from a doorway and struts toward a spit-polished '78 Lincoln Continental.

RONNIE scales down the fire escape, dropping to the sidewalk around a nearby corner.

RONNIE
You guys wait here.

The SALESMAN pauses to open his car door.

RONNIE
Excuse me, do you think you could give me a ride?

The SALESMAN sees RONNIE approaching. He smoothes a corner of his mustache.

SALESMAN
Persuade me.

RONNIE
How about I'll buy you lunch?

SALESMAN
Depends. What's on the menu, babe?

RONNIE
Look, we'll work something out. I'm really in a bind.

SALESMAN
Okay... But hey, you let me down, I'll dump you in a bad area.

He gets in and unlocks her door, starting the engine.

RONNIE waves for JAMES and GABE. They pop into view and hurry to the rear doors. The SALESMAN notices with sudden distaste.

SALESMAN

Hey, forget it, honey. I don't do kids.

He starts to pull away. GABE grabs him with SUDDEN FURY, 'HURLING him out of the car.

RONNIE

Gabe!!

Cursing, the SALESMAN open his jacket and draws a PISTOL.

SALESMAN

Bitch!!!

RONNIE

GET IN!!!

JAMES and GABE dive in, RONNIE jumps in the driver's seat and floors it.

The SALESMAN aims, but can't bring himself to shoot up his precious Lincoln. He slams the pistol butt on his palm.

SALESMAN

THAT'S A NEW PAINT JOB!!!

The car screeches around a corner, out of sight.

49 INT. LAB OUTER ROOM - DAY.

Outside the sealed emergency door, RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES finish connecting the MEMORY UNIT to a computer terminal.

RUHRSCHOK eagerly types commands, as the unit clicks and hums, booting up. The screen comes to life, offering a menu:

WELCOME TO THE CHILDREN'S
LIBRARY SERVICE! SELECT: ABCs
For Me! Fun With Numbers! Mr.
Wiggle Worm's Workshop!

RUHRSCHOK frowns, pecking in more commands, finding nothing but children's educational games.

MS. CHILES

This isn't Seth Brundle's memory unit.

Flushing red, RUHRSCHOK spins the unit and checks the "BARTOK INDUSTRIES #141" I.D. tag. It peels off easily, the glue still wet. Beneath, "USD LIBRARY" is etched in the metal.

RUHRSCHOK BOLTS out of his chair.

50 INT. RUHRSCHOK'S LAB - DAY.

The sealed door pops open.

RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES rush in wearing gas masks.

They are stunned to find the lab EMPTY, the shaft of sunlight beaming peacefully down through the noxious haze.

RUHRSCHOK

What does she think she's doing?! They're supposed to be dead.

51 EXT. SUBURBAN HIGHWAY - DAY.

The purloined Lincoln Continental rolls along with traffic.

52 INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - TRAVELING - DAY.

RONNIE drives nervously, her mind racing.

JAMES and GABE are huddled low in the back seat. GABE tugs at his ear. It stretches out way farther than it should, but he doesn't seem to notice.

GABE

If Dr. Demento back there is the best you can come up with, Mom, then I'm in deep-- Manure.

RONNIE

...Maybe not.

She opens her jacket and holds up another MEMORY UNIT, identical to the one left behind. The I.D. label has been scraped off the back.

JAMES

What's that?

RONNIE

The real memory unit.

JAMES

You gave him a bogus unit?

RONNIE
How dumb do you think your
mother is?

GABE
But what good is that thing
going to do me?

RONNIE pulls out Ruhrschok's BARTOK SECURITY CARD.

RONNIE
...If we can use this Bartok
security card to unlock the
memory unit, maybe we'll find
an answer buried in your
father's notes... Some way to
make you better, Gabe...

GABE glowers skeptically.

JAMES takes the MEMORY UNIT from RONNIE, examining its
connector.

JAMES
I'll bet I could hot-wire this
to my CPU...

He pulls his palm-top computer from his jacket, unwinding
its adapter cable. He compares the connectors. They don't
match, but he becomes fixed on the problem.

RONNIE
Ruhrschok will die before he
stops looking for that thing...
We got to find a place to hide
out.

She spots a police car coming in the opposite direction.

RONNIE
Hit it.

The boys instantly drop out of sight. RONNIE slips on
sunglasses, steering onto an exit marked "COAST HIGHWAY",
as the police car continues along the main road.

JAMES
For once, I'm glad we're in the
most boring car in the world...

53 EXT. PACIFIC NORTHWEST SEACOAST - LATE DAY.

Seagulls drift over a peaceful ocean Sound. A small ferry
crosses from a large close Island, unloading a handful of
cars and delivery trucks.

RONNIE is on a pay phone, at a convenience store near the ferry landing. She sketches a map around a circled classified ad:

FOR RENT - YOUR OWN PRIVATE
HIDEAWAY. BY WEEK OR MONTH.
CHEAP.

RONNIE

...Yes. Sounds perfect. I've
got it. We'll find it. Yes,
I'll find it.

RONNIE makes a final note, hanging up. She gathers a bag of groceries, returning to the apparently empty Continental.

SOON:

The Continental embarks onto the ferry with a dozen other vehicles. Only RONNIE is visible inside, now wearing a scarf and sunglasses.

54 EXT. FERRY ON SOUND - TRAVELING - LATE DAY.

Most passengers remain in their cars and trucks for the short crossing. RONNIE rides in her driver's seat, trying to avoid eye contact.

GABE (O.S.)

Mom, I gotta pee.

RONNIE

Hold it.

In the back seat, GABE and JAMES are lodged cocoon-like on either side of the floor hump.

JAMES

I'm hungry.

RONNIE

Wait.

She notices next to her: A GUY in a stake-bed truck is trying to get her attention. He is about her age, good-looking, if a bit rough-hewn. His name is GUNTHER STRONTSON.

RONNIE returns a brief smile, twisting her jade ring around so only the back shows. She raises her hand to screen her face, presenting what now appears to be a wedding band.

Thusly snubbed, GUNTHER is left to his idle curiosity.

55 EXT. ISLAND/VIEW OF TOWN - LATE DAY.

The ferry unloads onto the Island, cars and trucks scurrying up the road.

The CONTINENTAL comes into view, moving at a snail's pace.

GUNTHER'S TRUCK follows directly behind it.

RONNIE pulls over at a hilltop and waves him past. He eases by, offering a friendly wave.

After he's gone, RONNIE pulls to a side-road, consulting her map. GABE and JAMES come up for air, seeing a small ISLAND TOWN in the distance.

RONNIE

Here's our road. Remember,
we're too easy to identify
together, so don't let anybody
see you.

A car passes, sending GABE and JAMES back into hiding.

56 EXT. ISLAND FARM - LATE DAY.

The Continental turns past a faded sign--"VACATION RENTAL"--heading up a weed-choked lane, approaching the dreadfully dilapidated FARM.

Beyond an overgrown farmhouse are sagging greenhouses, outbuildings, rusty washing machines, car bodies, and busted farm equipment. Dogs, cats and chickens are everywhere, seemingly on their own.

On a hill beyond sits a rotting BARN.

57 INT. BARN - LATE DAY.

A creaky door opens, launching a bevy of pigeons into the rafters. A surly old woman, MRS. PRAECOX, holds the door for RONNIE, shooing aside curious cats and dogs.

MRS. PRAECOX

The room's over here.

She strains on arthritic knees, pulling a can of RAID from her apron, spraying as she goes.

RONNIE coughs and dodges cobwebs, following her through a maze of pigeon-splattered farm equipment, moldy hay bails and twisted cartons of obsolete car parts.

MRS. PRAECOX shoves open the wobbly door of a TACK ROOM, circling it with her hissing plume of RAID.

There is a sagging bed, a lamp, and tiny bathroom.

RONNIE gulps, trying a light switch. Remarkably, it works.

RONNIE
It's... Perfect.

MRS. PRAECOX turns, laying on a hairy eye.

MRS. PRAECOX
I don't put up with trouble.

RONNIE
Oh, there won't be any trouble.

58 EXT. BARN - DAY.

MRS. PRAECOX pockets RONNIE'S cash and groans her way back toward the farmhouse, circled by her ragged crew of DOGS and CATS.

JAMES and GABE gawk at her from the back seat of the Continental.

RONNIE motions them to get down. JAMES does, but GABE'S eyes lock with horror on the old lady's can of RAID.

JAMES yanks him out of sight in the nick of time, just as MRS. PRAECOX glances at the car.

59 INT. BARN - NIGHT.

The Continental is parked inside the dark barn, its headlights providing spooky illumination:

In the front seat, JAMES and RONNIE have skinned a dozen wires and jammed them into various connector holes, linking the MEMORY UNIT to JAMES' palm-top computer, and to the car's freshly disemboweled cassette player.

RONNIE looks to the back seat, where GABE is balled up in a corner, twitching darkly.

RONNIE
Gabe, does your stomach still hurt?

GABE shrugs, eyes gloomy.

RONNIE reaches back and feels his forehead. He jerks away, shuddering violently.

RONNIE
You should eat something...
How about some celery?

She pulls off a stalk of celery and offers it. GABE refuses, curling back into his corner.

Deeply concerned, but with great reluctance, RONNIE puts the celery aside and reaches into the grocery bag. She pulls out a SNICKERS BAR.

GABE lights up, snatching the SNICKERS.

He bounds out of the car, LEAPING ten feet onto a nearby rafter. He jabs his tongue through the wrapper, sucking out the sweet contents with tiny, rapid lapping motions. He smiles at RONNIE with chocolate-smeared teeth:

GABE
Thanks, Mom!

RONNIE swallows hard.

JAMES
Mom! I got it booted!

She checks the palm-top's tiny screen:

TOP SECRET - PROPERTY OF BARTOK
INDUSTRIES. ENTER BARTOK
SECURITY I.D. NOW:

RONNIE
Excellent, James. Let's try
the card.

She clutches the dangling cassette player and takes up Ruhrschok's SECURITY CARD. She slides the card's MAGNETIC STRIP over the cassette PICK-UP HEAD, creating a series of blips. The palm-top screen reads: "ILLEGAL ENTRY ATTEMPT!"

JAMES
It's not working.

RONNIE
Wait, let's try again.

She runs the card in the opposite direction. The computer screen blanks out, the MEMORY UNIT clicks and rattles. The screen comes back with:

WELCOME BARTOK USER
#45Q39KL16545-65.

JAMES
Yes!

They slap high fives, looking to GABE. He barely notices, so engrossed in slurping his Snickers.

RONNIE
Type in "Is it possible to take
the fly out of brundle-fly?"

JAMES types it fast. The answer comes back:

IT IS POSSIBLE.

RONNIE
HOW?!

JAMES types. The screen comes back:

BIO-HOLIMORPHIC TRANSMUTIGEN
MEMORY MANIPULATION.

RONNIE
Okay... What is that?

JAMES is getting excited. He types:

EXPLAIN "BIO-HOLIMORPHIC".

The MEMORY UNIT buzzes, the screen fills with text and diagrams. RONNIE and JAMES crowd together, reading, as JAMES scrolls forward.

RONNIE
It's some kind of memory cell
your Dad he was working on--
Look, there are plans and
formulas--

JAMES scrolls further, not listening.

RONNIE
Wait, slow down--

But JAMES is thoroughly absorbed: Fingers flying, eyes
ravenous.

JAMES
It is technically feasible to
remove the fly components from
a human/fly genetic
combination. It requires
teleportation pods and a
transmutigenic memory array--

RONNIE
"Trans" what? James, turn it
back...

JAMES

--Identify genetic code of both species, separate in transmuted combination code state, makes perfect sense--

His speech and brain functions accelerate before our very eyes, as he races through the memory unit's contents.

RONNIE stares at him, suddenly horrified.

RONNIE

James--

JAMES

My dad was close, so close to being able to take out his own fly parts-- If only he had the off-the-shelf technology available to US today, he could have-- This is amazing what he-- It's all so logical how he-- I'm understanding this, Mom, why am I understanding this--? Look! Here are the blueprints to the Pods! We could build our own pods, this is all so technically feasible--!

JAMES glances at RONNIE with wide-eyed exhilaration, tearing through the food, tossing aside carrots and crackers...

JAMES

Boy, I'm starving, Mom, I could-- We got any Oreos or another Snickers, or-- Or or or a big jar of honey or something--?!?

He suddenly stops, looking at RONNIE, then at his own quivering hands.

JAMES

Mom--!

RONNIE

James, dear...

He blinks and shudders, touching his face.

JAMES

Oh no, Mom, it's-- It's happening to ME!

GABE notices, nodding and blinking in pixilated sympathy.

RONNIE tries to steady JAMES' hands.

RONNIE
Easy, James, Mom's going to
take care of it. We'll follow
your father's plans, we'll
duplicate his system, somehow,
and make you better, both of
you--

GABE hops down and observes JAMES at close range.

Their eyes lock. A flicker of oddly joyful camaraderie
passes between them, to the total exclusion of RONNIE...

Shaken but determined, she gathers both boys in her arms
and hugs them close.

RONNIE
Guys, we're going to get
through this... Don't worry,
I'm gonna get us through
this...

60 EXT. ISLAND VISTA - MORNING.

A sunny morning, as RONNIE drives the Continental down into
the quiet ISLAND TOWN.

61 EXT. ISLAND TOWN - MORNING.

RONNIE walks along the sidewalks, checking her classified
ads and handwritten notes. She locates a store front:

STRONTSON INDUSTRIAL SUPPLY

62 INT./EXT. STRONTSON SUPPLY - DAY.

62

RONNIE opens the door, tinkling a bell. Behind the counter
is a shop area, where a MAN repairs a boat propeller with a
welding torch and goggles.

He pops off his torch and approaches the counter with a
smile, sliding up the goggles. It's the good-looking guy
from the ferry, GUNTHER STRONTSON.

GUNTHER
Morning.

RONNIE
Oh. Hi.

GUNTHER
How can I help you?

RONNIE
I, uh, I don't know if you have
any of this stuff--

She unfolds her newspaper: Inside is a hand-written list of parts. Before she can protest, GUNTHER takes the list, slaps it on his copy machine and spits out a copy.

While he does, he glances at RONNIE'S left hand. Her ring is now turned front-ways, so that the jade stone shows. RONNIE notices, dropping her hand below the counter.

GUNTHER returns her list, running down his copy with a pencil:

GUNTHER
Let's see... Hmmm... What is
this thing you're trying to
build?

RONNIE
It's a-- Sculpture. I do
environmental concept pieces.

GUNTHER
Hm...
(checking list)
Let's see... "Half-inch
Iridium Alloy plate stock",
"Helium-neon laser
transducers". Whew... Half of
this stuff is restricted
purchase. You know, military.

RONNIE
Oh, I know. It's part of the
concept. Do you have it?

GUNTHER
Are you kidding?

He looks at her, charmed and baffled. Her ring is now turned back to look like a wedding band.

RONNIE
Can you order it?

GUNTHER
Well, I got a buddy at a
defense plant up the road, but--
Maybe if you tell me exactly
what this thing is supposed to
do, I could rig something that
looks the same--

RONNIE
No. No, that won't work.

His eyes wonder to her marked-up newspaper, catching a glimpse of the hand-drawn map which led her to the barn.

RONNIE snatches up her newspaper and list, trying unsuccessfully to grab his copy as well.

RONNIE
Thanks anyway--

GUNTHER
Wait, I could--

RONNIE
No, it's okay. Thanks.

She backs out the door, just as a dumpy MERCHANT catches up to her on the sidewalk.

MERCHANT
Miss! I found the other RS-232 cables you needed.

He hands her six computer cables. She glances in at GUNTHER and hurries away.

GUNTHER steps out his door, holding the parts list copy, curious as RONNIE disappears around a corner.

MERCHANT
Charming lady. Doing some sort of ocean research. I let her borrow every computer in my back room.

GUNTHER
You out of your mind?

MERCHANT
No... I called Dave at the Ferry. He won't let her across unless she brings them back.

The Continental appears from the side street--loaded down with computer equipment--and slithers along its way.

63 INT. BARN - DAY.

RONNIE unloads stacks of computer equipment, organizing a work area in the center of the barn.

JAMES is busy soldering circuit boards with frightening speed and precision, constructing some sort of custom electronic chassis, referring to the MEMORY UNIT, which is wired to display its diagrams on an old color TV.

RONNIE strains to push a HEAVY OLD PLOW out of the way, but it won't budge.

RONNIE

— Gabe, can you give me a hand,
please?... Gabe?...

She looks around, startled to find him overhead, CRAWLING through the barn rafters, often upside down.

RONNIE

Gabe! Get down from there!

But he ignores, sniffing and probing a dark corner.

RONNIE digs in a grocery bag, taking out a large bottle of KARO SYRUP. She pours a gob into a bowl, wafting the scent upward, shooing away several flies.

RONNIE

Gabe. Let's go.

GABE registers the sweet scent, pouncing down with ALARMING SPEED, grabbing for the bowl. RONNIE withholds it, gesturing to the PLOW.

RONNIE

First help us.

GABE scowls, but heaves against the HEAVY PLOW, summoning his hyper-strength, rolling it out of the way.

RONNIE

Thank you.

He snatches the bowl, hopping onto a stable wall, lapping the sweet ooze.

TIME PASSAGE:

Late sun streams across the barn's cleared central area. Cardboard templates have been propped up as full-size blueprints of the PODS.

The computer equipment has been piled high on a table, intricately interconnected and powered up.

Frazzled but tireless, RONNIE tapes together sheets of polyethylene, completing a clean "command" room around the computer table. She plugs in an old air conditioner, rigged into the plastic wall.

She lifts aside a plastic "door" and steps inside to check the cool air.

JAMES works feverishly, entering instructions into the make-shift bank of computers.

He suddenly smacks the keyboard, digging his fingers into the sides of his head.

JAMES

The chain computation parameters consistently evoke a logical paradox! It doesn't make sense!

RONNIE calmly checks the system components. She reaches inside a particular computer chassis, working her hand around. Eventually, she pulls out a playful KITTEN.

RONNIE

Try it now.

He does. It works.

She helps him with further calculations, as:

64 IN THE RAFTERS:

GABE sniffs the air, repelled, then attracted. Locking on the SCENT, he creeps silently down a set of stairs, past the command room, into the barn's lower level.

He peers between the boards of a rear door.

65 OUTSIDE, REAR OF BARN:

MRS. PRAECOX hobbles around the barn with a bucket full of putrid kitchen scraps, opening a gate, zapping FLIES with her can of RAID.

She closes the gate and weaves through outbuildings and junked cars, passing behind a low stone wall. She dumps the kitchen scraps, cursing and spraying more flies. Soon, she heads back the way she came.

She comes upon three MONGREL PUPPIES, who have squeezed under the gate. She grabs them by the scruff of their necks, dumping them in her garbage bucket, hauling them back to the house.

66 BARN LOWER LEVEL:

GABE twitches with anticipation, impatient as MRS. PRAECOX finally passes out of sight.

67 EXT. REAR OF BARN - SUNSET.

The rear door pokes open. GABE dodges through the outbuildings and rusted car bodies, driven by instinct, LEAPING onto the low stone wall, finally able to behold the tantalizing sight:

Beyond the wall is a huge, festering GARBAGE PILE, buzzing thick with FLIES.

GABE lapses into spasms of incoherent craving--

He DARTS down--

SNIFFING his NOSTRILS full of the FETID STENCH-- Reveling with his FLY-KIN-- Buzzing over puddles of ROTTEN MEAT and greasy gobs of rotten CHEESE.

68 INT. BARN - SUNSET.

Busy wiring up a video deck, RONNIE notices a pesky FLY crawling around the cap of the KARO syrup bottle.

Without thinking, she grabs a folded newspaper and WHACKS it. Then she double-takes on the dead fly, exiting the command room with concern.

RONNIE

Gabe?... James, where's Gabe?

She pours more KARO SYRUP into the bowl, waving it to the rafters. JAMES moves swiftly to check the TACK ROOM.

JAMES

He's gone...

RONNIE

Gabe...???

She sets down the bowl, treading down the stairs, finding the rear door open.

RONNIE

James, quick!

69 EXT. REAR OF BARN - SUNSET.

RONNIE and JAMES hurry out the back, searching the junk piles and car hulks, whispering as loud as they dare:

JAMES

Gabe?...

RONNIE

Gabe.

70 EXT. - FRONT OF BARN - SUNSET.

A stake-bed truck rattles up the lane, pausing to query MRS. PRAECOX. She points to the barn.

The truck pulls to the barn and stops.

GUNTHER STRONTSON gets out with a clutch of wild flowers and a hefty cardboard box. He has cleaned himself up, wearing an open shirt and sport coat.

He whistles casually, rapping a knuckle on the barn door.

Hearing no answer, he eases it open.

71 INT. BARN - SUNSET.

GUNTHER

Hello?...

He sees the Continental parked inside. He steps in quietly.

GUNTHER

...Special Delivery.

He wends through the maze of farm equipment, coming upon the full-size cardboard POD templates.

Puzzled, he turns and sees the polyethylene command room behind him, computers humming inside.

GUNTHER

Anybody?...

He pushes aside the plastic-sheet "door", ducking inside the room, beholding the high-tech jury-rig laid out before him.

GUNTHER

Shiiit...

72 EXT. REAR BARNYARD - SUNSET.

RONNIE comes around a corner, halted by an appalling stench.

RONNIE

James.

JAMES comes up behind her, seeing with equal revulsion:

The FLY-INFESTED GARBAGE HEAP has been STREWN in all directions.

JAMES

Mom.

He picks out Gabe's garbage-smeared SHIRT and PANTS.

RONNIE

Oh no.

As RONNIE looks in all directions, JAMES sniffs the cruddy clothes a second time, inhaling deeper... Really, not bad at all...

73 INT. BARN - SUNSET.

In the plastic command room, GUNTHER sets down his flowers and cardboard box, gaping at a wall taped full of diagrams and formulas:

One is like a family tree, showing a male figure and a fly, combining to make "BRUNDLE-FLY - DAD". Tracing arrows, Brundle-Fly combines with a female figure labeled "MOM", resulting in two boy figures, "GABE" and "JAMES". The frowning "GABE" figure has many traits of a fly, the "JAMES" figure less so.

Another diagram shows "GABE-FLY" in a teleportation pod, being processed through a strange BOX, then emerging from the second pod as a normal, SMILING BOY.

A big hand-drawn question mark hovers over the result.

GUNTHER

O-kay...

He looks out through the plastic, comparing the diagram to the cardboard POD templates. He pushes aside the plastic "door" for a better look.

He stops. He sniffs. Something FOUL.

WHAM!

GABE BOLTS down from the rafters, NAKED, buzzing WILD-EYED, covered with ROTTED GARBAGE SLIME.

GUNTHER startles--

But holds his ground...

Glancing back at the diagrams, he makes the horrific leap of understanding.

GUNTHER

Now don't tell me... Gabe.

There is a clatter, as RONNIE and JAMES hurry back into the barn, racing up the steps. They stop, shocked to see GUNTHER accosted by a naked, garbage-smeared GABE.

RONNIE

Gabe, it's time to get in the shower... Go on.

GABE ignores--buzzing meanly--poised to attack GUNTHER.

GUNTHER gestures for RONNIE to stay calm, daring to EXTEND a friendly HANDSHAKE to GABE.

GABE arches closer.

But GUNTHER'S resolve cannot be broken.

Eventually, GABE shoots out his filth-encrusted hand and clasps GUNTHER'S. He tightens the handshake, but GUNTHER tightens in return, locking his steely gaze on the boy.

GUNTHER

Gunther Strontson.

GABE releases the slimy grip, moving quickly past GUNTHER to retrieve his bowl of Karo syrup. He hops to a nearby rafter and laps it with niggardly joy.

GUNTHER

...Nice boy.

JAMES hurries in to check the computers.

RONNIE circles GUNTHER, wringing her hands, passing him a rag.

RONNIE

I-- Um-- Sorry, he's--

(then...)

What are you doing here?!

GUNTHER

I brought your order.

RONNIE

My what?

JAMES

Mom!

JAMES emerges from the command room with and the cardboard box. Inside are dozens of high-tech components. RONNIE blinks at GUNTHER, who unfolds his copy of the parts list.

GUNTHER

I tracked down everything.
Rest is out in the truck.

RONNIE
Uhhh... Well... Okay... But
I'm not going to be able to pay
you right away.

GUNTHER
Oh, nobody could afford this
stuff. My buddy put it on a
Stealth Bomber account.

JAMES leans out of the command room again, suspicious,
having found the bunch of flowers.

GUNTHER
I sprang for these.

She accepts them, pleasantly befuddled.

RONNIE
How sweet...

GUNTHER
I was hoping to take you to
dinner, but--

RONNIE
Oh, I can't get away--

GUNTHER
Oh, I can see why--

She sniffs the bouquet, while GABE and JAMES eye GUNTHER
jealously.

GUNTHER
Can I ask you something?

RONNIE
Why not.

GUNTHER
...Do you know how to cut
Iridium alloy without starting
a fire?

CUT TO:

74 ALL-NIGHTER, SERIES OF SHOTS:

GUNTHER: Firing up a white-hot cutting torch, slicing
large rings from sheets of thick metal.

RONNIE: Programming the computer array, entering: "COMPUTE
ALGORITHMS FOR DERIVING 2 PURE ROOT SPECIES FROM A HYBRID
ORGANISM."

JAMES: Mixing gelatin with egg whites and a series of chemicals, smoothing the substance onto dollar-bill sized pieces of glass, which have hundreds of tiny wires crossing their surfaces: A TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL blank. He checks the fit, placing one of the CELLS in the central stage of his custom electronic chassis.

GABE: Discovers one of the PUPPIES wiggling through a loose board, into the barn. He kneels and holds out a friendly hand. The PUPPY stops dead, growling. GABE reaches closer, the PUPPY backs up. Angered, GABE tries to grab the PUPPY, but it yelps and scurries out through the loose board, just as GABE'S fingers snatch a tuft of its tail hair.

GUNTHER: With goggles, plugging an arc welder into an outlet box on his truck, revving the truck engine, checking a dash-mounted voltage meter. He slides down his face mask, FLASHING the ARC WELDER to metal.

RONNIE: Directs JAMES to connect transducers inside the pods as they take shape, as she plugs cables into the computer.

MORNING COMES:

GABE: Withdrawn into his high corner of the barn, fascinated by a gray hairy SPIDER, which he allows to crawl through his fingers. We see the SPIDER'S face macro-close: FOUR EYES, TWITCHING MANDIBLES, GNASHING JAWS, thick GRAY HAIRS.

RONNIE and GUNTHER: Lay their weight into the rear barn door, pushing it open, spilling rays of dawn across the barn, illuminating two crudely elegant PODS.

The PODS resemble Seth Brundle's originals, but are more purely-functional in design and construction, with a series of horizontal "rib-rings" forming the outer shell and door, and a smooth circular metal plate on the pod floor and ceiling, trailing hundreds of tiny wires.

RONNIE and GUNTHER wipe their brows, pouring coffee from a thermos, taking a moment to admire their work...

75 INT. RUHRSCHOK'S LAB - DAY.

Amid a billion dollars worth of slick equipment:

RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES work tirelessly, correlating data on a computer map of North America. There are video-generated rap sheets of Ronnie, Gabe and James everywhere.

RUHRSCHOK

She stole a car here, it was last seen here... She hasn't checked onto an airplane, hasn't crossed a border... Why haven't the Police picked her up yet?!

He slams his flip-phone, grumbling.

MS. CHILES

I had our source at the Company relay this data on strategic material deliveries...

RUHRSCHOK

Why?

MS. CHILES

If she sold the memory unit, the buyer might be trying to build the system.

RUHRSCHOK flushes jealously.

RUHRSCHOK

No one could get it operational but me.

MS. CHILES

Look at this... "Iridium alloy orders"...

RUHRSCHOK rolls his chair closer, as colored dots pepper the screen. Overlays describe:

MS. CHILES

"Cobalt-caesium magnetic modules"... "Platinum micro-fiber relays"...

RUHRSCHOK

All the basic components...

MS. CHILES

All shipped within the last twenty-four hours...

More dots appear, overlapping on a SINGLE area of the map...

A remote COASTAL AREA.

RUHRSCHOK zooms the map, sensing his quarry.

RUHRSCHOK
Pack your bags, we're heading
up the coast.

76 EXT. FARM - LATE AFTERNOON.

MRS. PRAECOX eyes the barn suspiciously, as she dumps a bag of budget dog kibble into a trough. A dozen DOGS and PUPPIES descend on in. Then she pours cat food into a smaller trough on a table, immediately besieged by twenty scrappy CATS.

77 INT. BARN - LATE AFTERNOON.

HIGH IN THE RAFTERS: GABE is perched next to a high window, peering soulfully at several tormented FLIES, as they bounce against the dirty glass.

His physical state has deteriorated: He quivers constantly, his skin is splotchy, his eyes are wide and unblinking.

He darts a rapid finger, popping out a shard of glass. Vibrating his fingers, he corrals the suffering FLIES, helping them escape.

He leans his face against the window, quivering and moody. Soon, his forehead begins bouncing into the glass as well...

78 BELOW. BARN MAIN LEVEL:

GUNTHER cooks a large omelet on a plate of steel, held over his welding torch flame with vice-grips. He cuts the omelet and flops servings onto paper plates.

GUNTHER
Eggs, champ?

He gestures a plate upward. GABE flicks a look of disdain, resumes bouncing his head on the window.

GUNTHER leaves a plate of eggs behind for him. After he walks away, flies descend on it.

GUNTHER carries two other plates inside the command room, where RONNIE works at the computer, on the verge of collapse.

GUNTHER
Huevos Strontson?

She nods and smiles, absorbed by her work.

GUNTHER
James? Hungry?

Hunched over his TRANSMUTIGENIC UNIT, JAMES turns and we see the ravages of his unique, advancing mutation:

His cranium has swollen--as if from over-use--with veins bulging prominently at each temple. His eyes have grown small and beady. With twitching fingers, he pokes M&Ms into his puckered mouth.

JAMES
No no no.

RONNIE completes a calculation and flips on a video recorder, looking to JAMES with a huge sigh.

RONNIE
Finally. We're ready for a test.

She looks at GUNTHER, trying a bite of omelet. Surprisingly, it's not bad.

RONNIE
You weld a good omelet.

GUNTHER
Thank the Navy.

She hands the plate to JAMES:

RONNIE
James, put these in Pod A, please.

We see through the plastic, and on the TV screen:

JAMES carries the plate out of the command "room", crossing to POD "A". His moves are now jerky and unnaturally fast. He opens the door, wipes off the pod floor and slides the omelet section off the plate.

He closes the door of POD "A" and returns to the command room.

RONNIE
Cross your fingers.

GUNTHER gives her a warm, reassuring smile. RONNIE gazes at him, gathering her second wind.

JAMES returns to the command room, breaking the moment.

JAMES
Ready.

RONNIE types in: "INITIATE DIRECT TELEPORTATION" .

She hits "ENTER".

POD "A" begins to HUM and GLOW...

The computer diagram illustrates the process: Arrows flow from POD "A", through the connector cable, to POD "B".

FLASH: The omelet DEMATERIALIZES from POD "A".

All eyes shift to POD "B", as it HUMS and GLOWS, filling with VAPOR.

Above, GABE is drawn to the sight, moving closer, peering through the plastic sheeting, entering through an overlapped slit.

FLASH: POD "B"...

The computer beeps: "TELEPORTATION SUCCESSFUL".

RONNIE, JAMES and GUNTHER eagerly approach POD B.

RONNIE opens the door, cascading vapor around them.

As the vapor clears, they see, on the floor of the pod;

The piece of omelet, looking PERFECTLY NORMAL.

GUNTHER and JAMES are amazed, double-checking POD "A", which is now empty.

GUNTHER
Not your typical pair of
microwave ovens.

RONNIE leans in with her fork and skewers a chunk of omelet. She stands, smelling it. She takes a little bite. She chews. She swallows.

She smiles.

RONNIE
Huevos Strontson.

Astounded, GUNTHER accepts the rest of the forkful from RONNIE. He chews and smiles, utterly amazed.

GUNTHER
This is incredible.

RONNIE
It is... Isn't it?

RONNIE and GUNTHER erupt with jubilation, spontaneously hugging.

The embrace lingers beyond the merely congratulatory...

RONNIE

It works... I don't believe
it, it works...

JAMES' arms stretch out for her, but soon wither, as he feels ignored.

GABE scowls from above, gesturing for JAMES to join him.

RONNIE breaks from GUNTHER and turns to share her joy with the boys. But JAMES withdraws, HOPPING--for the first time--up to the rafter, with GABE. They huddle and whisper, glancing down jealously.

RONNIE

James... Gabe...

GUNTHER

Guys, it works! Your Mom's a
genius!

JAMES

Only the first step--

GABE

Need live subjects--

JAMES

Two life forms--

GABE

Combined into one--

JAMES

Like we are--

GABE

Like WE are--

RONNIE

Yes... Like two plants. And
once we combine them and
successfully separate them
again, we'll know it's safe for
you guys... Then we can get
rid of your fly-- Those other
parts of you. Forever...

GABE and JAMES trade glances, chattering indecipherably, ignoring her.

RONNIE

Won't that be cool? Won't it
be... Awesome?

They sneer at RONNIE and GUNTHER, pushing through the slit in the plastic, hopping off into the rafters.

RONNIE

...I can't communicate with them anymore.

GUNTHER

Hey, everybody's working on triple overtime.

He approaches, but RONNIE keeps him at arm's length.

RONNIE

We need live subjects-- Two plants-- I'll go get them-- I'll do it.

She grabs a garden trowel and a bucket, pushing aside the plastic curtain, heading for the rear barn door.

GUNTHER follows her part way out, then stops. He turns angrily and spots JAMES and GABE playing in the rafters, chuckling at some sadistic, private joke.

GUNTHER

All right, now look you two. Your mother is working her precious heart out for you. It sure wouldn't hurt if you'd show her just a little bit more appreciation.

They stare at him for a silent beat, then SUDDENLY, with FRIGHTENING SPEED--

GABE ZAPPPS himself directly down at GUNTHER, snagging on a beam, stopping inches short of his face.

GUNTHER flinches--

GABE

BLINKED! DICKWEED!!

GABE cackles, vibrating his SUCKING TUBE, then BUZZES away as fast as he came. He engages JAMES in a game of hyper-tag through the rafters--

Then they stop, facing each other on a beam, doing a spontaneous "fly thing": They put both hands behind their head and "buzz" them in their hair, then vibrate their hips side-to-side, then do simultaneous back-flips, laughing and hopping off in different directions.

GUNTHER gapes at them, dumbfounded.

79 EXT. - REAR OF BARN - LATE AFTERNOON.

RONNIE frets as she digs up a thistle plant.

GUNTHER emerges from the barn, mopping his brow with his welding gloves. He blows out a tense breath, arriving near her.

RONNIE
...I shouldn't have let you get involved in this.

GUNTHER
Aw, they're just being boys... Mostly.

RONNIE
They resent you...

GUNTHER
Of course they do.

RONNIE
...And me.

GUNTHER puts on his gloves and transfers the thistle plant into the bucket.

GUNTHER
Well... My work is pretty much done. If you think it'd be better, I'll pack up and go.

RONNIE
No... I don't, I--

She breaks away, finding a wild daisy plant, digging it up. GUNTHER brings the bucket and kneels next to her.

RONNIE
...I only wish we'd met under different circumstances.

GUNTHER
Why?

RONNIE
Because of first impressions. No guy wants a woman with problem kids.

GUNTHER
All kids have problems.

RONNIE
Not like mine.

She checks his eyes. He can't deny it.

GUNTHER

Veronica... I chased you down because I couldn't get you out of my mind. You had trouble written all over your pretty face, but I wanted to find you, and help you, no matter what it was. I can't say I knew it'd be like this, but... Hell, I've lived long enough to know, when something terrific comes along, it's worth whatever it takes.

GUNTHER holds the thistle aside, while RONNIE snugs the daisy into the bucket.

Then she looks at him. His eyes are steady on her.

He moves closer, but she hesitates.

GUNTHER

It's been a long time since you've trusted someone, isn't it?

She nods...

And they kiss...

Tender and slow...

But GUNTHER cuts it short, hearing a LOUD HUM from inside the barn.

RONNIE almost falls forward, then hears it too:

RONNIE

The system!

They RUSH to the barn--

80 INT. BARN - DAY.

RONNIE bursts through the plastic barrier, GUNTHER right behind her.

GABE is opening POD "B", as JAMES comes out of the command room.

JAMES

HE made me do it!

GABE
It was HIS ideal

SOMETHING YELPS and JUMPS through the vapor inside POD "B".

RONNIE
What did you do?!

JAMES
What you said to do--

GABE
We combined two living subjects--

GABE reaches in and lifts out the SQUIRMING PANTING THING, suddenly WHIPPING around--

RONNIE recoils into GUNTHER'S arms, gasping:

GABE clutches the nasty little CREATURE: FOUR EYES, EIGHT SPINY LEGS, WAGGING SEGMENTED TAIL, all covered with PUPPY FUZZ.

RONNIE
Oh my God.

GUNTHER
What is that?

GABE becomes quickly fascinated with IT, examining its FLOPPY EARS and HAIRY MANDIBLES.

GABE
More than a mere puppy, more than a humble spider...

JAMES
Would it be a Pupder--?

GABE
Or a Spuppy--?

The SPIDER/PUPPY thrashes and yelps, then calms, responding to GABE'S cuddling affections.

RONNIE circles nervously, trying to salvage the moment:

RONNIE
Well, okay okay-- Let's put it in Pod A, immediately. We can try the separation right now... It's a perfect subject, really, isn't it?! Yes! Good thinking, guys! Great! James, have you got the transmutigenic unit ready?... James?

But JAMES has become enthralled by the grotesque creature as well, clicking his tongue, making goo-goo with it. The SPIDER/PUPPY licks and screeches, playfully reaching with its slobbery mandibles.

GUNTHER

James, your mother's talking to you!

JAMES

Yes. It's ready! YES YES YES!

RONNIE

Then Gabe, please put that thing in Pod A...

GABE looks at her, flushing with ANGER.

GABE

"Thing"?! What are you calling a THING?!?

RONNIE

Your little friend there. Let's put it in Pod A right now... Please.

But GABE cuddles the SPIDER/PUPPY, contemplating the PODS. His mind races, his anger ferments. He looks at JAMES, then again at RONNIE.

GABE

No. I'm not putting it anywhere. I'm keeping it.

RONNIE

Now Gabe-- We said it's perfect for testing the separation--

GABE

WE didn't say ANYTHING.

GUNTHER

Gabe, do what your Mom says--

GABE

NO! WE're not separating anything. Not THIS, not ME, not JAMES--

RONNIE gulps, shifting into No-Nonsense-Mom mode:

RONNIE

GABE, put that test subject in Pod A RIGHT THIS MINUTE.

(more...)

RONNIE (Cont'd)
We are going to TEST THE
SEPARATION, and then we are
going to TAKE THE FLY PARTS out
of YOU and your BROTHER.

GABE
Like HELL you are! Who are YOU
to say what part of ME should
be "TAKEN OUT"?!

GUNTHER
She's your mother, that's who--

GABE
CRAM IT BUDDY! You're not my
father! You're not HALF of
what my father was! Me and
James take after our FATHER!
We're BRUNDLES! TRUE BRUNDLES!
And now we know how EVOLVED
BRUNDLES really ARE!

RONNIE wells up with horror. She's seen this same bravado
in Seth, years ago. GUNTHER reaches for a coil of NYLON
STRAPS on the table behind him.

RONNIE
Gabe, you don't know what
you're saying--

GABE
Our father's mutation made him
BETTER THAN BEFORE. And now
US! SMARTER and STRONGER than
any simple human! Of course
they wanted to kill him! Of
course you want to change US!
Make us WEAK and STUPID like
YOU! But you're not going to
DO it! Not to ME! Not to
JAMES!

The SPIDER/PUPPY freaks out, hopping out of his arms.

GABE goes WILD, SCRAMBLING to recapture it.

GUNTHER rushes GABE with the NYLON STRAPS, wrestling him to
the floor, nearly overpowered by his incredible strength--

Scared and confused, JAMES freezes, as the SPIDER/PUPPY
bounds into his arms, crawling skittishly around his
shoulders.

GABE
Lemme go! Or I'll-- Or I'll--

His throat begins to gurgle--

RONNIE
Don't let him vomit on you!

GUNTHER nudges clear as GABE'S FLY-BARF spews onto a pile of scrap wood, sizzling the fibers.

RONNIE
GABE.

RONNIE and GUNTHER tie the straps around GABE'S ankles and arms. They haul him to a corner, securing him to a stout beam.

GABE
Let go of me! You don't own me! You can't make me into something I don't want to be! I HATE YOU!!!

Distraught, RONNIE opens a bottle of Karo syrup, pouring it into a bowl, laying it in GABE'S lap.

RONNIE
Young man, I want you to SIT there and THINK about what you just said.

He JERKS his hips, HURLING the bowl.

RONNIE moves defiantly to POD "A", opening the door, gesturing to JAMES.

RONNIE
James... Please.

JAMES is torn, but ultimately crosses and places the SPIDER/PUPPY in the pod.

GABE
Don't do it, you MOMMA'S BOY!
You WIMP! You PUSSY!

GUNTHER has had enough. He grabs a thick rag, tying a gag around GABE'S mouth.

GUNTHER
Watch your language, you little shhh-- Jerk.

There is RUDE BANGING at the barn door.

MRS. PRAECOX (O.S.)
What in the Lord's name you doin' in there!? Unlock this door or I'm calling the police!

RONNIE
Gunther.

GUNTHER
Got it.

81 EXT. FRONT OF BARN - AFTERNOON.

The door pops open. GUNTHER steps out smiling, straightening his hair.

GUNTHER
Now, Mrs. Praecox... I'm a man
and she's a woman. It can't
always be quiet.

The old lady unscrews her face, but aims a sharp finger at his face.

MRS. PRAECOX
If you're here past nine, I
charge for a double room.

GUNTHER
Oh, yes ma'am... And it'd be
worth it, too.

He makes eyebrows, but she's not amused. She crabs away, glancing meanly over her shoulder.

82 INT. BARN - AFTERNOON.

GABE curses through his gag, flexing against the nylon straps, protesting as:

RONNIE and JAMES lift the cable connecting the two pods, halfway between the, popping open a connector. They insert JAMES' electronic chassis, reconnecting the cables to either side. This is the TRANSMUTIGENIC UNIT.

RONNIE
Transmutigenic cell blank...

JAMES opens a box, in which are suspended ten TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL blanks. They are the coated-glass "cells" with thousands of lines etched across their surface: Home-made prototypes of an advanced bio-memory chip.

RONNIE takes one of blanks and inserts it into the center "stage" of the TRANSMUTIGENIC unit.

RONNIE glances at GABE on her way to the command room.

RONNIE
Not one word from you, Mister.
Not one.

He SNARLS and GNASHES, watching the SPIDER/PUPPY hop and scurry inside POD "A".

RONNIE sits at the computer with JAMES, crisply typing:
"DOWNLOAD SPIDER/PUPPY TO TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL"

She hits "ENTER".

POD "A" revs up, HUMMING and GLOWING.

As the SPIDER/PUPPY dematerializes, a glowing amorphous pattern forms on the surface of the TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL, growing brighter and denser.

The computer beeps: "DOWNLOAD SUCCESSFUL"

RONNIE types: "SEPARATE SPIDER FROM PUPPY"

They watch the TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL unit, as the colors on the cell dance and vibrate, polarizing into abstract patterns, splitting into two distinct areas on the surface.

The computer beeps: "SEPARATION COMPLETED".

RONNIE
Okay... Okay...

Her fingers nervously type: "UPLOAD SPIDER AND PUPPY IN POD B".

She hits "ENTER".

POD "B" HUMS and GLOWS, filling with vapor...

On the video screen we see: RONNIE and JAMES hurry out to POD "B" with GUNTHER, as the computer beeps:

UPLOAD SUCCESSFUL

RONNIE opens the POD "B" door, waving away the vapor.

She startles, then laughs, lifting out the frisky PUPPY.

RONNIE
It worked!

GUNTHER reaches into the pod, lifting a hairy little SPIDER out on his welding glove.

GUNTHER
Worked perfectly.

GABE growls and thrashes, chewing at the rag in his mouth, straining against his bonds.

RONNIE turns to JAMES, deliberately embracing him first.

RONNIE
It's safe, James... It'll work
on you. Do you want to go
first? Or Gabe?

JAMES
I'll go, Mom...

RONNIE
...Let's get you ready.

83 EXT. FERRY LANDING - SUNSET.

The ocean breeze flaps a MUGSHOT of RONNIE.

RUHRSCHOK shows the photo to the ATTENDANT at the ferry landing store. The ATTENDANT scratches his head and gestures across the Sound, but he doesn't seem too certain.

Regarding the ATTENDANT dubiously, RUHRSCHOK opens his flip-phone and returns to MS. CHILES, who paces impatiently at a maroon rental car.

RUHRSCHOK
(into phone)
...Continue combing the
mainland, we'll check this
island.

Above, on the main road, FOUR VANS idle at the ready. Two GRAY VANS turn in one direction, two BLACK VANS head off in another.

RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES drive the maroon rental car onto the ferry, past a sign: "TO THE ISLAND"

84 INT. BARN - SUNSET.

GABE BUZZES tearful RAGE, straining against the nylon straps. As if by consequence of his embroiled blood chemistry, his body has accelerated into a horrid transformation: Two red NODES swell from his forehead, his nose grows pointy, hairs have sprouted on his upper lip, his jaw line swells and shifts.

RONNIE opens the door of POD "A", checking the inside thoroughly, wiping a tiny smudge...

JAMES crosses to her, quivering, wearing only a towel. He steps inside the pod, crouching, and hands the towel to her.

She pauses to look at him: So grotesque, yet so full of life.

Tearfully, she leans to touch his face, but suddenly--

JAMES' hand SNAPS up and GRABS HER WRIST-- He fights the attacking hand with his other hand.

JAMES
Quick, Mom, GO! Do it before--
Before--

GUNTHER helps RONNIE pull free, closing the door.

She goes to the TRANSMUTIGENIC UNIT, popping out the blackened, spent CELL. She inserts a clean NEW CELL, then hurries to the command room.

RONNIE turns with a start, seeing GABE'S physical transformation. She alerts GUNTHER.

RONNIE
Keep an eye on him. We'll do
him the minute James is clear.

She takes a deep breath and goes immediately to the computer. She types in: "DOWNLOAD JAMES FROM POD A".

Her finger rubs the top of the "ENTER" key. She pauses to exchange a final "OK" with JAMES, crouched inside the pod.

GABE BUZZES, his MUSCLES SWELL. His nose-nodes suddenly BURST OPEN, sprouting short ANTENNAE. His JAW CLENCHES, his FACE ELONGATES. He chews through his GAG, spitting it out violently, as his tongue SPLITS and unsheathes a spiny SUCKING TUBE.

GABE
NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

RONNIE sees him, terrified. She pushes the button.

POD "A" HUMS and GLOWS--

JAMES begins to DEMATERIALIZE, as the TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL fills with shimmering protean energy.

The computer beeps: "DOWNLOAD SUCCESSFUL"

RONNIE hurries to enter: "SEPARATE JAMES AND FLY"

She's ready to hit the button when SUDDENLY--

In one super-human SPASM, GABE BREAKS the nylon straps, SLAMMING GUNTHER aside, LEAPING at the TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL unit--

RONNIE gasps, jumping up--

RONNIE
Get away from there Gabe!!!

GABE SNATCHES the TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL out of the unit, clutching it high. It continues to SHIMMER, even when not connected to the unit.

GABE
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO THIS TO
US!

RONNIE rushes out of the command room, lunging for the TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL--

RONNIE
Give me that!

GABE WHOMPS her with his forearm, shoving her roughly out of the way.

He stashes the shimmering TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL inside his leather jacket--

With an INSANE BUZZING HOWL, he LEAPS into the air, RIPPING mid-air through the plastic, HOPPING and CLINGING his way up the rafters--

SMASHING through the high window-- Escaping--

RONNIE and GUNTHER grope with pain and terror, straining to see the shattered window.

85 EXT. FARM - SUNSET.

MRS. PRAECOX huffs up the hill again, ready to throw the bums out.

RRRRAGGHHH--!!!

GABE drops ten feet in front of her, wiggling his SUCKING TUBE, twitching his ANTENNAE, eyes WILD and WANTON.

MRS. PRAECOX'S jaw drops. Her DENTURES TUMBLE OUT.

GABE BUZZES closer, drawn by her sweat--

She fishes the can of RAID from her apron and SPRAYS!

GABE CRINGES and COWERS, repelled by the toxic plume--

He DARTS around her, BOUNDING onto the ROOF of her house.

RONNIE and GUNTHER limp out of the barn, just in time to see:

GABE, on the house roof, reveling at his new-found freedom, BUZZING and TWITCHING, GROOMING and PREENING, GYRATING against the FIRE-ORANGE sky--

He lapses into the "fly thing": Puts his hands behind his head, "buzzes" his hair, vibrates his hips side-to-side, and does a back flip...

He LEAPS off the roof, RUNNING AWAY with gargantuan strides, disappearing down the road, in the direction of town...

MRS. PRAECOX pivots, wide-eyed, seeing RONNIE and GUNTHER.

MRS. PRAECOX
Whatever it was, I hope it
don't breed.

Then she GOES PALE and FAINTS...

GUNTHER catches her.

RONNIE
Stay here, be sure she's okay!
I've got to find Gabe!

GUNTHER
What if he comes back here?

RONNIE
Talk to him. Man-to-man,
whatever. Keep him here.

RONNIE scrambles to the Continental, revving it, hauling ass down the lane.

86 EXT. ROAD INTO TOWN - DUSK.

GABE pounces through huge pine trees with incredible strides, darting and kicking off at mid-trunk level.

He stops, CLINGING to one tree, eyes RIVETING on:

An old HONDA CAR, rattling into town.

GABE buzzes with anticipation, JUMPING along the road, LEAPING onto the roof of the HONDA. He grips with all-fours, gleefully arching his face to the wind.

87 INT. - OLD HONDA - TRAVELING - DUSK.

A vacationing COUPLE reacts to the noise above, but can't see anything out the windows.

The HONDA MAN hits the sun-roof button, rolling it back to investigate...

Revealing--

GABE/FLY!!! RIDING on the roof--

HONDA COUPLE
AHHHHHHHHH!!!!

GABE THRUSTS his FACE through the sun-roof, BUZZING with NASTY JOY-- As his jaw-line SPLITS and two HAIRY MANDIBLES flex forward.

GABE
YEEEEAAHHHHH!!!

He shoots a HAND down, clamping the HONDA MAN'S knee, shoving the GAS PEDAL to the FLOOR.

The COUPLE SCREAMS and fights to maintain control, as the HONDA CAREENS into town at FULL SPEED.

88 INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL - TRAVELING - DUSK.

RONNIE scans the countryside as she drives, worrying herself to death:

RONNIE
Gabe... Oh, Gabe... And you
were such a beautiful baby...

She comes upon the ISLAND TOWN, slowing as she sees:

At a bad curve ahead, the HONDA has plowed through a restaurant parking lot, and crunched into the side of a gift shop.

89 EXT. TOWN/RESTAURANT - DUSK.

RONNIE passes the restaurant and pulls over, hopping out to approach the wreck.

A small CROWD has gathered, helping the HONDA COUPLE get out. The COUPLE is dazed, but uninjured.

HONDA MAN
Looked like a boy, but there
was something wrong with him--
Riding on top of my car--

ONLOOKERS scoff, but a MAN and WOMAN--their backs to RONNIE--show a picture to the HONDA COUPLE.

MAN
Anything like this?

HONDA WOMAN
Yes, I suppose--

HONDA MAN
Only his face looked awful.

·RONNIE stops in her tracks, catching a glimpse of Gabe's mugshot. The inquiring MAN and WOMAN trade a knowing look, revealing their profiles:

It is RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES.

RONNIE RECOILS, immediately turning, edging back toward her car.

The Island SHERIFF'S JEEP pulls up next to her, with the SHERIFF and a DEPUTY on board. The SHERIFF gets out to investigate the wreck, the DEPUTY remains.

The police radio crackles:

POLICE RADIO
"...Might be a prank, they said
some crazy kid jumped off their
roof and ran off toward Pine
Beach."

Alerted by the report, RONNIE glances around, seeing a sign at a nearby intersection pointing to "PINE BEACH". She slinks into her car, gingerly starting the engine.

The DEPUTY shakes his head skeptically at the radio report, but notices RONNIE acting suspiciously.

As her Continental turns past the "PINE BEACH" sign, he takes a gander at the license plate.

90 ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RESTAURANT:

RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES hurry toward a different parking area, overlooking the dusk-lit town and seacoast.

MS. CHILES
Gabe is here.

RUHRSCHOK
The memory unit is here,
somewhere on this island...

They arrive at their maroon rental car, scanning the vista with steely determination.

91 IN FRONT OF THE RESTAURANT:

RONNIE inches the Continental past the Sheriff's Jeep, as the SHERIFF returns from the crash scene.

SECOND DEPUTY
Hey. See that Lincoln? It's
stolen. The plates were
changed, but look at this...

A dash-mounted computer spits out a narrow fax, completing a grainy mugshot of Ronnie.

92 INT. TOWN/CONTINENTAL - TRAVELING - NIGHT.

RONNIE drives the over-sized car through the narrow town streets, searching, talking to herself:

RONNIE
Gabe Gabe Gabe... Don't do
this, don't...

She cringes, coming upon:

ONLOOKERS, as they discover the shattered front window of a closed CANDY STORE. Inside, cases of chocolate and taffy have been smashed and looted, tables and chairs hurled and broken.

RONNIE
Gaa-aabe... You're going to
kill yourself...

She cuts through the parking lot, as NEIGHBORS approach the splintered rear door, pointing to a trail of candy leading down the alley.

BWEEEEWWWW-PPPP--

Red and blue lights flash in RONNIE'S rearview mirror.

The SHERIFF'S JEEP rolls onto the scene.

RONNIE turns and slips down the alley, but the SHERIFF'S JEEP appears behind her, blowing its siren again.

RONNIE
Oh please.

She FLOORS IT, ROARING down the alley.

The SHERIFF JEEP RACES after her, SIREN WAILING.

93 EXT. ISLAND TOWN ROADS - NIGHT.

RONNIE takes a corner on two wheels, zig-zagging down windy streets, SCRAPING light poles, pushing toward the beach.

The Sheriff's Jeep pursues, but is stopped by PEDESTRIANS, just long enough for Ronnie's car to escape from view.

94 EXT. BEACH ROAD - NIGHT.

RONNIE pulls around a corner and SCREECHES to a halt, her headlights catching:

A trail of garbage cans, DUMPED and STREWN down the middle of the street.

ANGRY RESIDENTS lean from their porches, gesturing down a set of beach stairs.

ANGRY RESIDENT
Came through here like some
lunatic--! Dented my new
garbage cans!

RONNIE jumps out and hurries for the beach steps.

RONNIE
Gaaabe!??

ANGRY RESIDENT
Hey lady! Get back here! If
that punk was your kid, I'm
gonna--

RONNIE
It's hormones-- He's going
through a phase--

ANGRY RESIDENT
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN! WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT MY NEW
GARBAGE CANS?!

RONNIE contemplates one of the cans for a moment, then suddenly KICKS it HARD-- Sending it flying across the street--

She dashes down the stairs--

ANGRY RESIDENT
HEY!

95 ON THE BEACH:

Arriving on the beach, RONNIE spots powerful FOOTPRINTS, TWENTY to THIRTY feet apart, trailing down the wet sand.

Way in the distance, the tiny figure of GABE bounds down the beach, screaming with abandon.

RONNIE
GABE! LET'S TALK ABOUT
THIS!...

But he passes out of sight, around a cliff point.

Following the FOOTPRINTS, she RUNS...

RONNIE
GABE, YOU'RE GOING TO GET
HURT!!! COME BACK!...

96 EXT. BEACH/HOUSE ON CLIFF - NIGHT.

GABE LEAPS down the beach, stopping suddenly to sniff and listen... His eyes jerk upward:

Above, on the edge of the cliffs, sits an upscale HOUSE. Grunge music blares from inside.

Bright lights surround the silhouette of a DANCING TEEN-AGE GIRL.

97 INT. HOUSE ON CLIFF - NIGHT.

A fifteen year-old girl, SARI, has taken over the house for the evening:

Music throbs. Two TV sets play silently in two different areas: A violent cop reality show on one, the Simpsons on the other.

SARI dances with exuberance, wearing a Spandex exercise outfit, eating from a half-gallon of Killer Chocolate ice cream.

The music gets intense. SARI jumps onto a couch and shakes everything she's got.

98 ON THE BEACH BELOW:

GABE'S eyes widen, his mandibles TWITCH.

He groans, responding to some deep physical urge...

He pulls off his leather jacket, tossing it aside. The TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL slips half-way out of the inner pocket, its surface still SHIMMERING brightly.

GABE heaves and flexes...

His abdomen "plates" are now transparent segments, like the skin of an insect larvae.

The bottom sides of his rib cages BULGE, the larval skin PEELS BACK--

A PAIR of FLY-HAIR covered AUXILIARY ARMS emerge, unfold and stretch. Their pointy fingers scratch his chest and adjust his pants.

With another BUZZING GRUNT--

GABE'S shoulder-blades grow LONG under the crusty skin of his back, SPLITTING through, unfolding into wet, transparent SEMI-HUMAN FLY WINGS. They BUZZ and quickly DRY, unfurling flat. Instead of black webbing, they have PULSATING red BLOOD VESSELS.

GABE sighs, deeply relieved. He DARTS his SUCKING TUBE and BUZZES his wings, getting the hang of it...

Then he goes AIRBORNE--

BOUNCING and DARTING his way up the cliffs.

99 INT. HOUSE ON CLIFF - NIGHT.

SARI snags a Coke from the fridge, dancing with it--unopened--to the living room.

A BLUR streaks past a large window, catching the corner of SARI'S eye. She looks, but there's nothing.

The BLUR dives past a different window.

SARI turns-- Nothing.

After a beat, GABE/FLY LANDS on the first window, clinging to the glass, GAWKING in at her.

She gets the creeps. She turns again, but GABE buzzes away before she can see.

SARI sets down her unopened COKE, circling through the house, closing drapes and turning on extra lights.

100 EXT.- BEACH - NIGHT.

RONNIE runs along the beach--breathlessly, relentlessly--coming to the CLIFF POINT, where the footprints disappear onto a narrow pebbly beach.

She glances behind her, quickly ducking behind a large rock.

Headlights sweep past. The SHERIFF'S JEEP roars over the pebbles, continuing around the point.

RONNIE hurries back onto the trail, negotiating the narrow pebbly beach, glancing at the cliffs above, as the tide crashes high on her other side.

101 EXT. ROOF/HOUSE ON CLIFF - NIGHT.

Bright lights pop on throughout the house, beaming up through several SKYLIGHTS.

GABE/FLY hovers up to the roof, darting and bobbing from one skylight to the next, looking for SARI.

He catches a glimpse of her, but then she passes out of view. He moves to the next skylight, as she dances her way beneath him, to the next room.

102 EXT. ISLAND ROAD - NIGHT.

The maroon rental car comes to a sudden halt:

RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES notice with utter amazement, in the distance:

The HOUSE, with the buzzing figure of GABE/FLY on the roof, hopping from one glowing skylight to the next.

RUHRSCHOK
Could that be him?!

MS. CHILES
What else could it be?!

They immediately turn the car in that direction.

103 INT. HOUSE ON CLIFF - NIGHT.

Feeling safer now, SARI picks up her carton of Killer Chocolate and resumes dancing around the living room.

We look up to the large skylight above:

GABE-lands on the glass, pausing to groom his hairy mandibles, finding a clear view of SARI.

His face bounces eagerly against the glass. Soon, the bouncing falls in RHYTHM with the music. Harder and HARDER, he bangs...

SARI'S dancing INTENSIFIES, her body's all over the place--

The skylight THROBS--

.And SHATTERS-- Raining beads of glass--

SARI gasps and spins--

GABE/FLY flips down, landing sure-footed on the living room floor, immediately dancing hyper-speed.

His FOUR ARMS vibrate to the RHYTHM, his legs pump in jerky lightning-fast moves, his MANDIBLES and ANTENNAE twitch to the beat...

SARI FREEZES, a scoop of killer chocolate ice cream sliding down her spoon.

GABE stops--suddenly DEAD STILL--noticing that SARI isn't dancing.

SARI

I... I-- I'm only house-
sitting--

GABE darts his sucking tube, twitching and sniffing.

GABE

I... waaas walking on the
beeeeach... And I saaaaw you...

SARI

B-b-but I'm not suppose to have
guests--

He moves closer, buzzing eagerly. His attention shifts from her to the ice cream.

SARI notices, reaching the carton and spoon cautiously toward him.

SARI

H-h-here, want some? Totally
yummy.

GABE snatches it like a drug addict, jamming his face in, slurping uncontrollably.

Terrified, SARI edges toward the kitchen.

GABE ~~sees~~ her, SUDDENLY DARTING--

SARI YELPS--

He blocks her path, scowling and buzzing.

GABE
Where you goooing?

SARI
Nowhere.

GABE glances at himself in a mirrored wall.

GABE
You thiiink I'm ugly.

SARI
No. No. Oh, no...

GABE
Yes you do!

SARI grabs the unopened Coke.

SARI
No. Hey?! Thirsty?

She SHAKES the Coke and POPS IT, SPRAYING his eyes.

GABE grabs his face IN PAIN-- BUZZING WILDLY, BOUNCING off the WALLS, SMASHING lamps, LICKING HIS FACE--

SARI RUNS-- Through the kitchen, out the back door, GASPING IN TERROR--

RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES step out of the shadows, watching her pass.

They hurry into the house, astounded to find GABE BUZZING around the living room.

RUHRSCHOK
Gabe?!

GABE perches suddenly on a wall, angrily rubbing his eyes. He scowls, seeing them, his voice deep and fast:

GABE
Whatta-u-want!? Whatta-u-want!? Whatta-u-want!?

RUHRSCHOK
Easy, Gabe... We're on your side.

GABE
You tried to kill me!

RUHRSCHOK
No... We were trying to help
you. Your mother didn't
understand.

GABE
She doesn't understand
anything!

RUHRSCHOK seizes the moment, coming closer...

RUHRSCHOK
Yes... And most of all, she
doesn't understand you, does
she?

104 THE BEACH BELOW:

RONNIE hurries along the pebbly beach, spotting GABE'S
JACKET in the sand.

She picks it up, finding the TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL in the
pocket, intact, shimmering full of bio-energy.

She slips the CELL safely into her own pocket, looking in
all directions for any sign of GABE.

105 IN THE HOUSE ABOVE:

RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES approach GABE with unctuous
smiles:

GABE
She wants to CHANGE me! Make
me into what SHE wants!

MS. CHILES
It's your life, isn't it?

GABE
I HATE her!

RUHRSCHOK
We understand. We want to
help.

MS. CHILES
Gabe... How would you like it
if we made you a very special
girlfriend?

GABE'S eyes light. His mandibles eagerly twitch.

RUHRSCHOK
Yes... A female just like you.

MS. CHILES
Just for you.

RUHRSCHOK
Imagine...

MS. CHILES
But in order to do it, we have
to have that memory unit your
mother stole.

RUHRSCHOK
...Yes, Gabe, the memory unit
is essential.

MS. CHILES
Where is it?

RUHRSCHOK
Where'd she put it, Gabe?

Intoxicated by the idea, GABE lapses into spasms of
anticipation.

As they close in from either side, RUHRSCHOK
surreptitiously slips his TASER off his belt and MS. CHILES
slides her STUN PROD out of her sleeve.

106 ON THE BEACH BELOW:

RONNIE clutches Gabe's jacket, alerted by a sudden CRASH
from above:

She looks up to the house, horrified as:

GABE, SMASHES through the sliding glass door--

RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES mercilessly ZAP him on the wings
and body, SHOVING him onto the balcony.

GABE BUZZES VENGEANCE, smashing into the balcony rail,
cracking it.

RONNIE
GABE!

She reaches helplessly upward, as GABE/FLY teeters on the
weakened rail--

RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES give him a final SHOVE, sending
him cleanly over the edge.

RONNIE
GAAAABBBEEE!!!

GABE tumbles toward her, a SINGLE BUZZING WING pathetically zig-zagging the perilous fall.

SLAMMM...

GABE hits the rocks hard, bouncing and buzzing and twitching.

RONNIE clambers to reach him, nearly hysterical:

RONNIE
NOOO!!! GAAAABBBE--!

Above, RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES rush out of the house.

RONNIE struggles on the rocks, coming upon GABE. She sits him up tearfully, wrapping the jacket around his shoulders.

RONNIE
Gabe, look at you...

She nestles him in her arms. His antennae twitch, tears blink from his eyes. One of his auxiliary arms grasps her forearm.

GABE
It hurts, Mom... It hurts so bad...

RONNIE
Shhh... Don't...

GABE
I fell-- I fell down and--

He cringes and coughs. RONNIE holds him tighter, tears tumbling down her cheeks.

She sees above: On the lip of the cliff road, RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES hop into their rental car and take off.

GABE
AH! Mom! It hurts--

RONNIE
I know, sweetheart-- Don't move--
Don't--

GABE
I'm so sorry, Mom, I didn't mean those things I said, I--

RONNIE
I know you didn't...

GABE

You hate me-- How could you
love me--? Look at me--

RONNIE

Shhhh... You're wrong Gabe...
I LOVE you and James, more than
anything in the world... No
matter what, I love every
single bit of you... Just the
way you are-- I wouldn't
change a thing-- You hear me,
Gabe? I love YOU, no matter
what you are...

GABE snuffles and shudders, fixing his eyes desperately on
hers.

GABE

I wish I was a boy, Mom, a
normal kid... I don't want to
be this way anymore... I'm
scared... I'm so scared...

RONNIE hugs him close, tears streaming.

RONNIE

We'll get you back-- We'll fix
you, we'll try to fix you--

GABE

But Mom, I told them-- I told
those people where the barn is--

RONNIE registers ALARM--

Then PANIC.

She hefts GABE into her arms, straining over the rocks,
holding him dearly, moving them toward a treacherous CLIFF
PATH.

RONNIE

Hold on Gabe... You hold onto
me...

107 INT. MRS. PRAECOX'S FARM HOUSE - NIGHT.

GUNTHER paces, phone to his ear. He stops to take MRS.
PRAECOX'S pulse, as she regains her color in an easy chair.

GUNTHER (on phone)

...Alice, if you see him again,
don't scare him or shoot him,
pick up the phone and call me
here.

He hangs up, immediately dialing another number.

GUNTHER (on phone)
Henry. Gunther Strontson. You
seen anything funny going on
around your place tonight...?

Headlights strike GUNTHER through the window.

He looks out hopefully, then puzzled, as the MAROON rental car makes a B-line for the barn, revving around behind it.

108 INT. BARN - NIGHT.

The rear door opens.

RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES step in, repulsed by the filth surrounding them.

They walk up the steps, astonished to see the polyethylene-shrouded center of the barn, lighted brightly from inside.

They approach, holding aside the "door" sheet.

They gape at the crude PODS before them, with the TRANSMUTIGENIC UNIT plugged in between.

RUHRSCHOK
What a joke.

They push into the command room, electrified by the sight of SETH'S MEMORY UNIT, wired centrally into the bank of computers.

RUHRSCHOK reaches for it, but MS. CHILES stops him.

MS. CHILES
Wait. Don't disconnect it yet.
What if this system works?

RUHRSCHOK
Are you crazy? This?!

She holds him off, entering "REPLAY LAST EVENT" on the computer.

The video machine whizzes, a black and white image glitches onto the monitor, fast-reversing through the "Spider/Pigeon" separation experiment.

Astounded, RUHRSCHOK squints closer.

The fuzzy silent image plays forward, showing Ronnie and James loading the Spider/Pigeon into POD "A", inserting a new CELL in the TRANSMUTIGENIC UNIT.

RUHRSCHOK hits "FAST FORWARD", and we see: POD "A" glows, the TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL unit glows, then POD "B" glows.

The image reverts to real-time speed as RONNIE and GUNTHER remove the separated SPIDER and PIGEON from POD "B".

RUHRSCHOK
Blind luck...

He stops the video, at once jealous and thrilled.

MS. CHILES
...Our luck.

RUHRSCHOK hurries out of the command room, while MS. CHILES stays behind, pecking computer commands.

RUHRSCHOK crosses to POD "A", opening its door, incredulous, examining the inside.

Then he moves to the TRANSMUTIGENIC UNIT.

Boggled, he picks up one of the BLANK CELLS, curiously snapping it into the unit's central stage.

He beholds the ungainly system, as a wobbly smile fills his face. Then he laughs lustily, pulling out his flip phone, speed-dialing.

RUHRSCHOK (on phone)
...Units A and B, it's here.
Where the hell are you?

109 EXT. MAINLAND FERRY LANDING - NIGHT.

The two GRAY VANS rev impatiently at the mainland ferry dock, as cars disembark. In the lead VAN, stoic MERCENARIES snap on Kevlar vests, load automatic weapons.

MERCENARY A
Dealing with the stone age.
ETA ten minutes.

The last car clears, the VANS roar onto the ferry.

110 INT. BARN - NIGHT.

RUHRSCHOK
Units C and D! Report.

111 EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT.

The two BLACK VANS speed along the coast highway.

MERCENARY C (O.S.)
Heading your way. ETA fifteen
minutes.

112 INT. BARN - NIGHT.

RUHRSCHOK
I need three vans to load
what's here. Pay off who you
have to. Be here now.

He flips his phone shut, chuckling at his outrageously good
fortune. He turns...

His smile melts...

GUNTHER is pushing through the plastic "door", gripping a
baseball bat, approaching RUHRSCHOK with steely eyes.

GUNTHER
"Load" what? You're not
loading anything...

RUHRSCHOK
Oh watch me.

GUNTHER
Who are you?

RUHRSCHOK
The owner of this equipment.

GUNTHER
How you figure?

RUHRSCHOK
Because, possession is nine-
tenths of the law. And my
friends are on the way to make
it ten-tenths.

GUNTHER moves closer, stiffening his grip on the bat.

GUNTHER
There's only one thing leaving
this barn. And that's your
unpossessing ass.

All of a sudden, RUHRSCHOK cowers at the sight of the bat.

RUHRSCHOK
Wait, I-- Certainly didn't
mean to offend you...

It's a ruse. MS. CHILES is moving silently up behind
GUNTHER, raising her STUN PROD toward his back.

RUHRSCHOK
Please... Can't we can talk
this over? What's your
name?...

GUNTHER gets a funny feeling, not buying it. He sniffs,
discovering a SWEET ODOR-- He spins, just as MS. CHILES'S
STUN PROD grazes his elbow--

GUNTHER
YAAAAA!!!

The BASEBALL BAT flies out of his hands, he RECOILS--

RUHRSCHOK pulls his TASER, ZAPPING a BLUE ARC across the
metal contacts--

RUHRSCHOK
In the pod, Rubel! We're going
to test the system!

MS. CHILES and RUHRSCHOK jockey against GUNTHER, ZAPPING
their PRODS, forcing him backwards to the door of POD "A".

MS. CHILES
Get in!

RUHRSCHOK ZAPS him on the wrist.

GUNTHER
GRRRAHHH!!

He tries to fight back, but--

MS. CHILES jams her PROD deep, ZAPPING him in the CROTCH.

GUNTHER
YEOOOOOWWW!!

He JOLTS backward--DAZED--his body landing halfway inside
POD "A".

RUHRSCHOK holsters his TASER and moves to GUNTHER'S rumpled
body, grabbing his legs to shove him fully in the POD.

But GUNTHER SPRINGS to life--

GRABBING one of RUHRSCHOK'S upper arms, HURLING HIM head-
first into the POD.

MS. CHILES jumps at GUNTHER with her PROD--

But he's ready for her this time. He fakes with his left
hand, then SNATCHES her wrist--behind the PROD-- holding it
clear as he TOSSES her into the POD on top of RUHRSCHOK.

GUNTHER gets painfully to his feet and grabs the door.

GUNTHER
Nice perfume.

He slams the door and throws down a latch.

MS. CHILES strains to recover, pounding angrily.

RUHRSCHOK lifts his pant leg, withdrawing a slim AUTOMATIC PISTOL, struggling to take aim at GUNTHER.

GUNTHER reacts-- Fighting the STUN effects-- Lurching toward the command room--

BLAM!

A SHOT pierces a panel of the POD'S glass inner lining, chipping a beam near GUNTHER'S head.

GUNTHER dives into the command room, quickly glimpsing the computer screen.

It's set for "DOWNLOAD POD A"

Another SHOT NICKS the sheathing of a main electrical cable--

GUNTHER hits "ENTER"--

POD "A" HUMS and GLOWS--

The RAGING forms of RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES DEMATERIALIZE...

As the TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL shimmers and glows...

GUNTHER hobbles out to the empty pods, watching cautiously as the noise winds down.

He sees the TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL shimmering, horrified but satisfied...

The computer beeps, leaving the barn eerily silent:

DOWNLOAD SUCCESSFUL

GUNTHER'S mind races. He checks his watch, cursing, then deciding on an instant plan of action.

He RIPS aside the rear plastic shroud, shoving open the barn door, revealing his stake-bed truck outside.

113 EXT. CLIFF PATH/ROAD - NIGHT.

RONNIE scales the steep CLIFF PATH, with GABE in her clutches. She looks above, as headlights pass:

The SHERIFF'S JEEP roar by, on its way to the HOUSE ON THE CLIFF. It slides to a stop, as the SHERIFF and DEPUTY hop out and rush inside, leaving the engine running.

RONNIE arrives onto the road, DASHING to the JEEP, climbing in, snuggling GABE into the passenger seat.

She throws the JEEP in gear--

ROARING a sandy donut, REVVING away--

The SHERIFF and DEPUTY spring out of the HOUSE, YELLING and drawing their weapons.

But RONNIE'S gone, over a hill...

114 EXT. SHERIFF'S JEEP - TRAVELING - NIGHT.

RONNIE drives like crazy, checking GABE:

His eyes are weak, his throat gurgles. He winces, clutching his abdomen with all four arms.

RONNIE
Hang in there, Gabe... We're
almost there...

She takes a corner fast, SQUEALING through town.

115 EXT. FERRY LANDING - NIGHT.

The two GRAY VANS pull off the ferry, onto the island. They GROWL up the hill, igniting HIGH-POWERED SEARCH LIGHTS.

116 INT. BARN - NIGHT.

GUNTHER sweats and struggles, shoving one of the PODS onto the lift-gate of his truck. He WHIRRS it up, sliding it onto the bed next to the other POD...

The TRANSMUTIGENIC UNIT is loaded, with all cables still connected--

GUNTHER rips the plastic away from the computer table, sliding the whole rig onto the lift-gate.

117 EXT. ROAD FROM TOWN - NIGHT.

The SHERIFF'S JEEP pops over a rise, heading away from town, racing along the windy forest road.

RONNIE swerves around a corner, rolling to a sudden stop--

She kills the JEEP'S lights, watching with helpless horror:
The TWO GRAY VANS advance up the farm lane, searchlights
sweeping in all directions.

— RONNIE
No... No...

The VANS stop at the barn, BURSTING open--
A DOZEN ARMED MERCENARIES storm the barn.

After a moment, they roll open the front door of the barn
and--even at this distance--it's plain to see that it's
COMPLETELY EMPTY. Only ribbons of torn plastic hang from
the rafters.

RONNIE is relieved, then troubled. She looks around, as
something behind her draws her attention:

GUNTHER'S stake-bed truck rumbles through an open field, no
lights on. The PODS and COMPUTER TABLE are strapped onto
the back, swathed in torn polyethylene.

The truck RAMS through an old gate, turning onto the main
road toward the JEEP.

118 INT. GUNTHER'S TRUCK - TRAVELING - NIGHT.

GUNTHER glances back at the seized barn, then sees the
SHERIFF'S JEEP sitting right up ahead.

GUNTHER
Shit.

He FLOORS it, but then eases off as RONNIE hops from the
Jeep and flags him down.

She jumps onto the truck's running board.

RONNIE
I've got Gabe!

She pulls the shimmering TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL from her
pocket.

RONNIE
And James... I hope.

GUNTHER
Head to the ferry, it's our
only chance. There's a place
we can set up on the mainland.

RONNIE clasps his hand for a fleeting moment of solidarity, then jumps off the running board and hops back into the SHERIFF'S JEEP.

119 EXT. BARN - NIGHT.

Four MERCENARIES hustle through the piles of junk, following a curve of TRUCK TRACKS from the back of the barn.

They come around the corner of a shed.

One MERCENARY observes something in the distance, checking with night-vision binoculars:

120 IN THE DISTANCE:

Gunther's truck rolls down the road toward the ferry, with the Sheriff's Jeep right behind it.

MERCENARY
There they go!

121 EXT. FERRY TERMINAL - NIGHT.

The ferry operator, DAVE, stands on the dock smoking a cigarette. He sees Gunther's truck approaching with no headlights, followed by the Sheriff's Jeep. Confused, he moves out of the way.

GUNTHER rumbles past, with RONNIE in the Sheriff's Jeep right behind him, BOARDING the FERRY.

DAVE sees RONNIE with a sudden SHIVER--

GUNTHER and RONNIE hustle out of the vehicles, only to find DAVE at the top of the ramp, waving for them to back up.

DAVE
Gunther, pull off!! I got
orders from the State Police!
Nobody goes across!

RONNIE and GUNTHER rush up the ramp.

RONNIE
But we HAVE to get across.
NOW!

DAVE
This is HER, Gunther!

GUNTHER
I KNOW, Dave--

DAVE
She's got the Sheriff's car!

GUNTHER
--But I'm in love with her.

DAVE
HUH?! I don't care--!

GUNTHER
Now put this thing in gear and
take us across--!

DAVE
I'll get fired--!

RONNIE looks to GUNTHER:

RONNIE
How about if Dave says somebody
punched him and stole the
ferry?

DAVE
Why would I say that?!

GUNTHER hauls off and PUNCHES DAVE, swirling a flurry of
cigarette ashes.

RONNIE hurries to cast off the lines, while GUNTHER snags
DAVE'S keys and races to the wheel-house.

122 EXT. ROAD TO FERRY - NIGHT.

The GRAY VANS RACE down the road, SEARCHLIGHTS ABLAZE,
closing in on the landing--

As the FERRY moves away from shore...

DAVE gets up, rubbing his jaw, as--

The LEAD VAN GUNS its engine, roaring to the end of the
landing, determined to SHOOT THE GAP--

123 ON THE FERRY:

RONNIE sees the VAN coming--

She HITS a hydraulic SWITCH, RAISING the RAMP--

124 ON THE LANDING:

DAVE JUMPS out of the way, as the LEAD VAN nearly flattens
him.

DAVE

They punched me and stole it!

The LEAD VAN goes AIRBORNE, ARCING toward the ferry--

As RONNIE RAISES the RAMP just out of reach...

The VAN FALLS SHORT--

SMASHING into the WATER, keeling over--

RONNIE

Oops.

The SECOND VAN screeches to a halt onshore.

The MERCENARIES JUMP OUT and set their weapons, as the ferry CHUGS across the dark water, as WATER-LOGGED MERCENARIES abandon their sinking VAN...

125 EXT. FERRY - NIGHT.

GUNTHER mans the wheel of the ferry, figuring the controls by the seat of his pants.

RONNIE scrambles into the jeep with GABE, as SEARCHLIGHTS hit her from the VAN onshore. She ducks down, covering GABE, as the ferry moves further away from shore.

She looks up to GUNTHER, trading a tentative nod of relief. GUNTHER adjusts the controls, revving the engines hotter.

Then RONNIE sees something ahead, alarmed:

RONNIE

Gunther!

GUNTHER looks: Across the water, on the mainland, the TWO BLACK VANS race to the other ferry landing, accompanied by three blazing POLICE CARS.

RONNIE and GUNTHER glance between the two rotten options.

RONNIE

Gabe's in bad shape! We're running out of time!

She rattles her brain, getting a desperate idea. She goes to GUNTHER'S truck, flipping open a weather cover, checking the large ELECTRICAL OUTLET on the side of his cab.

RONNIE

Tell me your truck has enough power for this!

GUNTHER
For WHAT?!

She gestures for GUNTHER to turn the ferry.

RONNIE
GO THAT WAY! GO!

GUNTHER looks to where she's pointing. It's the open sea.

GUNTHER
WHERE?!

But she's already busy climbing over his truck, tearing the plastic off the pods and computer table.

RONNIE
We have to fix Gabe and James
on HERE! We might not get
another chance!

GUNTHER turns the wheel, heading the ferry OUT TO SEA.

126 EXT. ISLAND FERRY LANDING - NIGHT.

The LEAD MERCENARY sets his jaw, as the ferry veers off course, heading toward the open water.

LEAD MERCENARY
Idiots think they're doing...

He sends a sharp signal down the line. The MERCENARIES take aim with HIGH-POWERED RIFLES.

127 EXT. FERRY - TRAVELING - NIGHT.

GUNTHER jams the throttle down, straightening the wheel.

SMASH!!!

A GUNSHOT SHATTERS a wheel-house WINDOW.

BLAM! BLAM! Metal ZINGS-- Gauges SHATTER--

RONNIE ducks, but keeps pressing ahead: She throws off the stake-bed truck sides, lowering the lift-gate with the computer tied to it.

BULLETS ZING all around her.

She dodges, plugging cables, getting the system ready.

As the ferry chugs further out of range, the GUNFIRE pelts with decreasing frequency.

GUNTHER ties a rope to the wheel, locking their course to open water. He crabs his way down from the wheel-house, passing GABE in the JEEP.

GUNTHER
Hang in there, Gabe--

RONNIE tosses the main power cable to him.

GUNTHER
If I rev the genny full, it
should hold the amps.

He plugs the main cable into the truck outlet box, then jumps in and STARTS the engine, revving its generator. The computers boot up, the pilot lights flicker and come to life.

RONNIE pulls the "JAMES" TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL from her pocket, throwing a piece of plastic off the TRANSMUTIGENIC UNIT.

She sees the shimmering (RUHRCHOK & CHILES) CELL still in the unit.

She quickly pulls it out of the stage with her other hand.

ZIIINNNNNNGGGG--

A STRAY BULLET--

RONNIE'S head snaps back--

Her hands fly open--

The two TRANSMUTIGENIC CELLS launch into the air--

GUNTHER REACTS, diving out of the truck seat--

Sideways through the air he goes, reaching his hands out...

The two TRANSMUTIGENIC CELLS plummet toward the hard steel deck--

GUNTHER'S fingertips slide under them--

Inches before impact--

Cupping them gently, gripping them securely...

RONNIE sits up, DAZED, touching blood on her temple.

GUNTHER goes to her, clutching the two CELLS.

GUNTHER
Are you all right?! Let me see
it!

She holds back her hair. Luckily, the bullet only grazed her-skin. She wipes the blood with her sleeve, looking gratefully at the two unbroken TRANSMUTIGENIC CELLS.

GUNTHER
I caught James... And...

RONNIE
What's the other one?

GUNTHER
Jail. For a couple of creeps.

RONNIE
A guy with a black beard?

GUNTHER
And a lady with great legs and a bad attitude.

RONNIE takes the two CELLS from him:

They are identical, surfaces shimmering and swirling with equal intensity.

RONNIE
Which is which?

GUNTHER
You got me... Sooner we try one, sooner we'll know.

RONNIE choosing one at random, slipping it in the TRANSMUTIGENIC UNIT.

She puts the other one safely in her pocket, hopping down to the computer table.

She swings the keyboard around and types: "SEPARATE JAMES AND FLY" The computer returns:

CANNOT SEPARATE. UPLOAD
SUBJECT TO POD A?

Cursing, but having no good alternative, RONNIE hits "ENTER".

GUNTHER REVS the truck engine, as a voltage meter climbs and quivers high--

On the truck-bed, the TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL swirls and drains out its energy, as POD "A" HUMS and GLOWS, filling with VAPOR...

GABE watches from the JEEP seat, his eyes fluttering weakly...

RONNIE climbs onto the truck-bed, eagerly approaching POD "A". GUNTHER pulls a TIRE IRON from behind his truck seat, hopping up next to the POD with RONNIE.

The computer beeps: "UPLOAD SUCCESSFUL"

RONNIE opens the door...

RONNIE
James?...

GUNTHER cocks back the TIRE IRON...

The vapor clears, as a FORM gropes and MOANS...

RONNIE
James!?...

Then:

GGGRRRAAAAAGHHGHHHG--

The DOOR flies open, tumbling RONNIE and GUNTHER off the truck bed.

A HORRIFIC HUMANOID CREATURE BURSTS out, ROARING to the sky, RAGING with PLEASURE and PAIN:

It is a most disgusting mutated combination of RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES--

Merged into a SINGLE REVOLTING CREATURE--

The head is a patchwork of RUHRSCHOK and MS. CHILES'S characteristics, with a BULGING, DISTORTED FLIP-PHONE and POCKET RECORDER growing from the sides of the head--

There is one HUGE MOUTH, with several teeth capped with ENLARGED TASER CONTACTS, ZAPPING blue ARCS as the mouth cycles open and shut.

The torso of the body is grossly distorted, with one arm larger than the other, with CLOTHING weaving in and out of SKIN that is alternately hairy and smooth.

The CREATURE ROARS, the EYES FIX on RONNIE-- One with MASCARA, one with a huge BUSHY EYEBROW--

It RAISES a HAND, which has a distorted PISTOL BARREL mutated in place of the third finger.

BLAM! BLAM!

The CREATURE ATTACKS, ROARING BILIOUS RAGE, JUMPING down onto RONNIE--

She rolls out of the way just in time--

The CREATURE goes for the computer table, setting its sights on the MEMORY UNIT.

CREATURE
IT'S MINE! OURS! MINE!

GABE RUSHES in with his TIRE IRON, SLAMMING the CREATURE in the BACK, just before it touches the equipment.

It TURNS and FIRES its FINGER-PISTOL, nailing GUNTHER in the shoulder. He goes down, his TIRE IRON skates across the deck.

RONNIE grabs the TIRE IRON, as the CREATURE reaches for the MEMORY UNIT--

RONNIE
DON'T MESS WITH MY KIDS'
FUTURE!

WHOMP!!!

She slams the TIRE IRON across the back of the CREATURE'S HEAD.

It TURNS on her, RAGING, ZAPPING, FIRING. Its MUTATED FOOT slams one of the computer table legs, buckling it.

The table TEETERS, the COMPUTERS begin to SLIDE OFF--

GUNTHER launches himself under the table, holding up the crippled end of the table with his bloody shoulder.

RONNIE
Come on! COME HERE, YOU SIDE-
SHOW FREAK! COME and GET ME!

She draws the CREATURE away from the equipment, armed only with the tire iron.

GUNTHER struggles to hold the table up, reaching for a truck jack mounted under the rear bumper.

RONNIE taunts the CREATURE, swinging the TIRE IRON, backing across the deck. She reaches the other side of the FERRY, becoming pinned against a low wall.

She SCORES a SOUND HIT, smashing the CREATURE'S PISTOL FINGER--

But the CREATURE ZAPS her with TASER-CONTACTS on its other hand, JOLTING her to the deck, up against the low wall.

GUNTHER strains, holding up the table, snagging the jack out from under the truck.

He sees with alarm: The CREATURE looms over a fallen RONNIE, poised to pounce on her.

GUNTHER is ready to let the computers come crashing in order to help her, when--

He turns and sees--

GABE, with his last ounce of energy, REVS the JEEP ENGINE, THROWING it in GEAR, POPPING the clutch--

The JEEP SPEEDS down the ferry deck, its headlights zeroing in on the CREATURE.

GABE
MOM! GET OUT OF THE WAY!!!

The CREATURE stands and turns, ANGRY as:

The JEEP careens on two wheels, flipping and ROLLING straight at it--

RONNIE JUMPS over the side wall--

The JEEP BOWLS over the CREATURE, crashing it down the deck--

GABE buzzes out of the JEEP, flying free, as it skids to the lip of the far ramp, inches from dropping into the sea.

The CREATURE is entangled in the wreckage, squirming to get free, its TASER TEETH arcing near a DRIPPING GAS CAN mounted on the rear bumper.

GABE lands on the deck near RONNIE, and they help each other away from the jeep--

The TASER arc IGNITES the GASOLINE--

BLAAAAAAMMM!!!...

The JEEP lifts off the deck, engulfed by a mushroom fireball...

GUNTHER gets the jack securely under the table--

The FLAMING CREATURE STANDS on top of the BURNING JEEP, HOWLING, as if loving the pain...

RONNIE
Try this...

She grits her teeth, FLINGING the TIRE IRON with all her strength--

It END-OVER-ENDS down the length of the ferry--

WHOMPING the BURNING CREATURE on the head--

The CREATURE teeters on the JEEP, entangled in its FLAMING metal, finally KEELING overboard with it, plummeting into the depths.

RONNIE and GABE arrive at the truck as GUNTHER gets to his feet. They shield their eyes, as HOT FLAMES envelope the other half of the ferry.

A secondary EXPLOSION JOLTS the ferry, and the deck begins to heave.

GUNTHER
The hull's broken!

RONNIE
We're sinking!

GABE buckles near the computers as--

RONNIE hops onto the truck-bed and pulls the remaining (JAMES) TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL from her pocket, installing it in the TRANSMUTIGENIC UNIT.

RONNIE
Rev the power!!

GUNTHER revs the truck engine--

RONNIE jumps to the computer and type: "SEPARATE JAMES and FLY"

The TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL swirls, the surface energy attempts to separate--

But the pattern finds no way to stabilize.

The computer beep-beep-beeps:

NOT ENOUGH HUMAN ELEMENTS

RONNIE stares at the screen, dumbfounded.

RONNIE
What?!

The computer suggests:

REMATERIALIZE FLY ALONE?

RONNIE types "NO!" and types the commands again. The computer responds the same:

NOT ENOUGH HUMAN ELEMENTS

GABE leans painfully against her back, seeing the computer read-out:

GABE
Not enough human elements???
I-i-if James doesn't have
enough, what about meee???

GUNTHER
What is it? Ronnie!?

RONNIE
Rev it up! Keep the voltage
up!

GUNTHER revs, as RONNIE types in:

UPLOAD ORIGINAL SUBJECT TO POD
A

She hits "ENTER".

The TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL shimmers and drains its energy, as
POD "A" HUMS and GLOWS...

Deeply distressed, RONNIE hurries to to POD "A" with
GUNTHER.

RONNIE
He doesn't have enough human
elements... All I could do was
bring him back the way he
was...

The computer beeps. They open the door.

The vapor clears, and a nervous JAMES steps out, his fly-
mutations the same as when we last saw him: Swollen head,
pointy fingers, nervous ticks...

JAMES looks at the ferry and the night sky, gasping deep
confused breaths.

JAMES
Where are we? Mom?!

The ferry engine sputters and dies. They are now clear of
the sound, wallowing in open water. Tiny lights dot the
mainland and island in the distance.

The the deck slopes downward, groaning, as the ferry slowly
sinks, as a lifeboat lifts off the deck....

JAMES
Where?...

RONNIE collapses to the truck bed, as close to giving up as
we've seen her...

RONNIE
Where? Where? I don't know
where... We're up SHIT creek,
that's where...

GUNTHER climbs down from the truck bed, gathering GABE'S
faltering body off the deck, carrying it over next to
RONNIE.

JAMES kneels on the other side of her. RONNIE hugs her
arms around the two mutated boys, as hope slips away.

GUNTHER
All this way... We got this
close, and-- We got SO
close...

JAMES
What's wrong? Mom?

GABE
There's not enough human
elements in you. Or in me.

There is a jolt, as the ferry heaves forward. The water
creeps higher up the deck.

The truck lurches forward.

GUNTHER scrambles, pulling chock blocks from the cab,
jamming them under the truck's wheels.

GUNTHER
So damn close...

RONNIE looks up at the stars, then at JAMES, then at GABE.

RONNIE
There's one thing that might
work...

JAMES & GABE
What?!

RONNIE
One single thing.

GUNTHER
Whatever it is, do it fast.

RONNIE
There aren't enough human
elements in either of you to
make you fully humans... But
what if TOGETHER you had
enough?

JAMES
What do you mean, you--

GABE
T-t-together?!

JAMES
Yes! Mom! It makes perfect sense. We're identical twins, a least the human parts of us--

GABE
You mean put those human parts together and make ONE of us?

RONNIE
Yes.

JAMES
But which one of us?

RONNIE
No, it would be BOTH your human parts, combined into one human... BOTH, together... And both your fly parts--

JAMES
Combined into one fly...

RONNIE
Yes...

GABE
A fly that would free and happy--

JAMES
As a fly...

GABE
And a boy that would be just a boy...

JAMES
Free and happy--

GABE
Could it work?

JAMES
Mom? Could it?

RONNIE
There's no way to know unless we try.

GABE
What if it doesn't work--?

JAMES
What if it makes us worse--?

GABE
MOM, whaaat should we do?

JAMES
What should we do, MOM?!

The BOY/FLIES look at her from either side, tormented, as they wait for her answer...

She looks at GUNTHER, then at each boy.

RONNIE
No... It's not for me to decide... It's for you. Both of you, together. You're big guys now. It's your life, you're the ones who would take the risk... I'll do everything I can to make it work, but you have to be the ones to decide.

She moves out from between them, leaving them face-to-face...

Lost and scared, they exchange a long searching moment:

As the water rises...

Their left hands join...

Then their right hands, crossing over, clasping...

They trade a warm, fully human smile, then...

They both BUZZ WILDLY, doing the "fly thing": Hands brush the backs of their heads, their hips vibrate side-to-side, they do simultaneous back-flips, then--

Their eyes grow sober, and they NOD, speaking in unison:

GABE & JAMES
Let's do it.

RONNIE accepts their decision, helping them to POD "A".

GUNTHER
Let's do it fast.

RONNIE embraces them, breaking it way short.

RONNIE
I love every bit of you...

The BOYS turn, arm-in-arm, stepping inside POD "A".

RONNIE moves quickly, removing the blackened SPENT CELL from the TRANSMUTIGENIC UNIT, inserting a FRESH NEW CELL.

GUNTHER hops into the truck cab, revving the engine, as the water laps around the front tires.

The BOYS toss their clothes out of the POD, crouching, giving a simultaneous thumbs-up to RONNIE. She closes the door, her hand lingering an extra moment on the latch. Then she jumps to the computer table and quickly types:

DOWNLOAD GABE AND JAMES

She hits "ENTER".

POD "A" HUMS and GLOWS, the TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL fills with two separate areas of light, which dance as yin and yang, then merge like wisps of cosmic smoke.

The COMPUTER beeps: "DOWNLOAD SUCCESSFUL"

RONNIE types:

SEPARATE BOY FROM FLY

She hits the button.

The ENERGY on the CELL shimmers and shifts, splitting into TWO separate--but DIFFERENT--patterns.

The FERRY HEAVES FORWARD--

The TRUCK TIRES RIDE high on the CHOCK BLOCKS.

GUNTHER JAMS the BRAKE PEDAL to the FLOOR, stopping the slide-- REVING the ENGINE--

The computer beeps: "SEPARATION COMPLETE"

RONNIE types:

UPLOAD TO POD B

POD "B" HUMS and GLOWS, as the FERRY SINKS FURTHER--

VAPOR forms in POD "B"--

The TRANSMUTIGENIC CELL drains its light energy--

The water level swirls higher on the deck, licking the underside of the engine compartment, slamming the truck door shut on GUNTHER...

The engine STAMMERS and STALLS--

POD "B" FLICKERS--

The COMPUTER BLIPS and GLITCHES--

RONNIE looks desperately to GUNTHER, as the WATER SWIRLS around her feet--

GUNTHER grinds the TRUCK ENGINE, CATCHING it, just long enough-- Generating a final SURGE of ELECTRICITY--

POD "B" HUMS and GLOWS BRILLIANTLY--

A final FLASH and...

The computer beeps:

UPLOAD SUCCESSFUL

The FERRY HEAVES--

POD "B" KEELS and FALLS OVER--

Its door flings open-- VAPOR spills out--

A breathless beat from RONNIE, she rises with anticipation--

A tiny FLY buzzes out of the POD... It pauses on the pod door, then BUZZES over to RONNIE, landing on the back of her HAND...

The COMPUTER beeps:

FLY PARTS SUCCESSFULLY
MERGED

RONNIE looks at the FLY... Ever so closely...

Trying to see its face...

Almost ready to ask it a question, when--

It grooms its mandibles routinely, then COCKS its HEAD up to RONNIE, apparently recognizing her...

Suddenly, the FLY puts its two front legs behind its head, doing the "fly thing", vibrating its hips side-to-side, then hopping a tiny BACK-FLIP--

Then it buzzes off into night...

RONNIE does a double-take, smiling wearily.

RONNIE
Good bye...

She strains to see inside the dark FALLEN POD, as the VAPOR clears, as the WATER RISES--

With a final blip of electricity, the computer screen reads:

BOY PARTS SUCCESSFULLY
MERGED

Then the computer fizzles and dies...

RONNIE wades to the truck bed, as water washes inside the FALLEN POD...

And then she sees...

A NAKED YOUNG BOY, UNCURLING from the darkness, wading out onto the flooded truck-bed...

It is a SINGLE BOY, looking exactly like the "normal" Gabe or James... Except this boy stands proud and tall and perfect, unconflicted and unmutated, exuding confidence, kindness and intelligence.

The perfect kid...

He is looking directly at RONNIE. The first word out of his mouth is doubled, like stereo:

RONNIE'S SON
...Mommm-om...

And the word comes again, this time singular and strong, clear and true:

RONNIE'S SON
Mom.

They slosh toward each other...

Their fingers meet, then they embrace, as the computer and MEMORY UNIT are swallowed by salt water--

RONNIE hugs her BOY, treading water, alerted by a sudden, final concern:

RONNIE
Gunther!?

They scan in all directions, finding nothing but swirling bubbles.

RONNIE'S SON
Gunther???!!!

He immediately dives under the water:

128 UNDERWATER:

The BOY swims to the descending TRUCK CAB, pulling on the door handle, as GUNTHER pushes futilely from inside.

The door is jammed. The window is stuck halfway.

RONNIE swims down and helps pull on the door.

Their efforts combined, they get the door open and help GUNTHER break free.

129 ON THE SURFACE:

The three heads break the surface, working their way to the ferry's bobbing lifeboat.

RONNIE and GUNTHER help the BOY in, then get themselves aboard.

RONNIE sits next to the BOY, unable to resist...

She pushes back the BOY'S hair, checking behind his ears and in his mouth, being sure every part is there, in the right place, just the way it's supposed to be.

It is.

GUNTHER opens a rescue kit and gets a blanket for the BOY. RONNIE wraps it around, hugging him close.

Then she turns to GUNTHER, who kneels at her side.

He dabs a wad of gauze on her wounded temple...

She touches his wounded shoulder, straightening his wet collar.

RONNIE

Thank you.

She moves to kiss him, but hesitates. They look to the BOY, who gives them a strong thumbs-up and turns his head the other way.

THE BOY

Go for it.

RONNIE kisses GUNTHER, this time not cutting it short...

Then together they man the oars, rowing the lifeboat in the general direction of land...

The night air is calm for a beat, until...

The FLY BUZZES into view, rising into the moonlight, zig-zagging happy circles, then flying off after them...

THE END