

GENES

A Screenplay

Based on the Mary Shelley Novel "Frankenstein"

by

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FADE IN:

EXT - HELICOPTER ABOVE INTERSTATE 90 - SUNSET

Streaking forward, it reads: "LifeFlight." It's a helicopter ambulance, heading toward the gleaming glass skyscrapers of Houston in the distance.

EXT - TEXAS MEDICAL CENTER - SUNSET

The world's largest medical complex—350 acres, two medical schools, 37 different hospitals and research facilities, in park land near downtown skyscrapers. The helicopter swings over it.

EXT - HELIPAD - SUNSET

The helicopter alights, the patient on a stretcher pulled hastily out.

INT - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

The gurney rolling breakneck down the hallway as code teams on the run try to save the unseen patient.

The gurney rolls past to reveal VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, a handsome, charismatic young man in his late 20's. Wearing a labcoat, he walks down the hallway in the other direction. He pauses to look at the gurney rolling away from him.

VICTOR (V.O.)
Death is the enemy.

THE EMERGENCY WARD

The body is surrounded by white coats, moving in a smooth coordination, trying to resuscitate the patient.

VICTOR (V.O.)
We face death every day.

Alongside him, a woman, crying, with her grown daughter as they watch. Then a nurse leads them away.

INT- HOSPITAL AMPHITHEATER - EVENING

TIERS OF DOCTORS sit in semi-darkness, listening to a voice.

VICTOR (V.O.)
But what exactly is death?

Victor at the podium. Behind him, images change rapidly. He gestures to the screen.

VICTOR

Seconds after cessation of breathing, anoxic changes in brain cells. They begin to rupture, to die. Within minutes, cells throughout the body, liver spleen intestines, begin to lose integrity, intracellular fluid extravasation, electrolytic change, cardiac instability, arrhythmias. Finally the process is understood to be irreversible.

In the audience, a sharp-eyed critic of 40, C.J. DRISCOLL, frowns as he listens.

VICTOR

(passionately)

In 1955, the period between cardiac arrest and irreversible death was 3 minutes. Then with defibrillation, cardiac massage, electrolyte rebalance, the period became 5 minutes, 6 minutes, even 10 minutes. We think, by the year 2000, that it might be an hour. Dead for an hour, and you could still be revived. Truly a modern medical miracle.

(pause)

But genetic research by the team in my own laboratory...

HIS TEAM sits together in the front row: ROBERT and NATHAN, and SANDRA: all youthful, attractive, dedicated.

VICTOR (cont'd)

...suggests we may be able to reverse the processes of death 12 hours later—2 days later—conceivably a week later. (rumblings, murmurs of surprise)

Such an outcome is inconceivable with ordinary methods of resuscitation. It is only possible with genetic resuscitation. My laboratory has isolated a gene switching uterine protein, alpha fetal differentiation hormone, or alpha-FDH. It suggests that we may be able to revive a dead person, reactivate his genes, and literally regrow the organs that have been destroyed. A second birth, after death! Literally, a second life!

Faces in the audience show interest at what he is suggesting. Driscoll is frowning, tapping his pencil.

Nodding and smiling is DR MARDER, the white-haired hospital administrator.

VICTOR
(turning mild)

Of course that's all in the future. We have a long way to go. Today I'll review with you...(slides change) ...the energetics of alpha-FDH protein, its molecular characteristics, and what we understand of its genetic action. FDH seems to activate cellular repair mechanisms at the DNA level. This in turn suggests that it is under genetic control in a complex feedback loop, the energetics of which are now well understood..

SOUND DOWN and we see a MONTAGE of Victor lecturing, pointing to slides, charts, video images projected behind him. He's clearly brilliant. His research team doodles, bored.

TITLES FINISH

VICTOR
Thank you very much.

The hall erupts with applause. Driscoll raises his hand.

DRISCOLL
Victor, you've said all this is in the future. Exactly how far are you from working on human subjects?

Robert snaps his head up. Frankenstein's team exchanges uneasy glances.

VICTOR
(smooth)
As you know, Dr. Driscoll, strict rules governing human experimentation make that very difficult. We have no plans to attempt genetic resuscitation on a human being.

Victor's team exchanges knowing glances.

EXT - THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE AMPHITHEATER

As Victor is leaving, Driscoll comes up, good humoredly.

DRISCOLL
Victor, you bastard.

VICTOR
How are you, C.J.?

DRISCOLL
That was a hell of a presentation.

VICTOR
Thanks, C.J...

DRISCOLL
You're going to do it, aren't you. You're going to do a human being.

VICTOR
(innocent)
That'd be illegal, C.J..

DRISCOLL
Don't shit me, Victor. You've been working for this, and you're just cocky enough to think you can pull it off.

VICTOR
You can't stop progress, C.J...

DRISCOLL
No, Vic. But I can stop you.

Dr Marder, evidently senior to them both, steps in.

MARDER
Now don't bust a blood vessel, C.J., and don't worry my best researcher. Victor, can I have a word with you?...You take care, C.J. We still on for that game tomorrow? That's good...

Marder steers Victor away. C.J. watches them go.

EXT - VICTOR'S LABORATORY - EVENING

In the hospital's ultra-modern research wing. Victor opens a door with a big blue BIOHAZARD sign, and "This Laboratory Conforms to P4/EK3 Genetic Engineering Protocols." Other signs warn pregnant women, etc.

INT - VICTOR'S LABORATORY

It's large: near the door, a comfortable lounge area with a coffee maker and refrigerator, and blackboard. Beyond, a state-of-the-art genetic engineering lab. Huge stainless steel gene sequencers click and purr, their panels open to show the intricate network of tubing and electronics. There seem to be color monitors everywhere.

Victor goes through a door into another room, dominated by a large plexiglass structure. It's a kind of tank, surrounded by monitoring equipment and screens. An umbilicus of wires and tubing hangs down from the ceiling.

The tank's large enough for a man.

Victor goes back through another door and enters a small but fully equipped operating suite, tiled walls, bright lights. A NURSE scrubs down the walls. Two WORKMEN are setting up a table in the center of the room.

WORKMAN

You sure this is the table you ordered,
Doctor? This's a standard human
operating table. It's too big for animals.

VICTOR

We're doing bigger animals now.

Victor walks on, through a room lined with organs in glass perfusion tanks: a liver, a spleen, a brain, each with its electronic monitors and tubing, clicking and whirring.

INT - ANIMAL QUARTERS

A more utilitarian space. Here A ROW OF BABOONS with a high tech data hookup beside each table, big monitors with multicolored data windows, and a red digital clock above each animal. All the animals are dead, the cardiac monitors and EEGs flat. Victor's team moves around the next animal, preparing it under deep blue UV light.

Now we see the team better: Sandra, hiding her warmth behind a professional demeanor; Nathan, a perpetual worrier; and Robert, the perfect number two man, a bespectacled, precise true believer, in some ways more dedicated than Victor himself.

SANDRA

(seeing Victor arrive)

I was wondering where you were.

VICTOR

Checking stage two.

NATHAN

I was surprised you told Driscoll we weren't
doing human experimentation.

ROBERT

We're not. Yet.

NATHAN

Driscoll could be a problem.

VICTOR
We can handle Driscoll. How long has this animal been dead?

SANDRA
Almost three hours.

VICTOR
The FDH protein?

ROBERT
Right here, Vic.

Robert holds out a chilled, frosty cylinder. It's packed in a case with its own circular UV light. Victor reaches in, removes the syringe. Pale violet liquid, almost glowing in the light.

VICTOR
(preparing to inject)
Let's start perfusion.

ROBERT
(punching keyboard)
Two fifty-nine twenty.

Alongside the animal is a small box, a miniaturized heart-lung machine with slow-turning wheels and tubing.

SANDRA
(handing him tubing)
Pump going. Everybody on the pad: the electric field's activated.

They step onto a large thick rubber pad, surrounding the table. Electric HUM.

ROBERT
Still no vital signs...

VICTOR
He's been dead three hours, Rob. That's a pretty dead baboon.

NATHAN
Dearest one we ever did.

VICTOR
(amused)
I'm surprised he hasn't started to smell.

ROBERT

Well, wait'll we get to these other ones later on. (Gesture down line) Four, five six hours...

VICTOR

(laughing)

Yeah, it's going to be eau de dead baboon in here.

SANDRA

(no banter, all business)

Do we have video going?

NATHAN

(glance overhead)

Video is on. (to Victor) Analog instrumentation to disk. We're fully documented.

VICTOR

Good. Because nobody's going to believe this.

NATHAN

I don't even believe it and—

SANDRA

—Coming up on three hours..two fifty nine fifty...now, Vic.

Frankenstein injects the syringe, caresses the animal.

VICTOR

Sorry to wake you up, kid. You probably thought it was all over...Surprise, surprise...(steps away, turns to address video camera) We have just injected FDH protein into a baboon which has been clinically dead for three hours. A small perfusion pump is distributing the hormone. Now the sequence of events is that there is first a transient rise in core temperature, then initiation of cardiac activity, and finally musculo-skeletal response and resumption of brain function...

The baboon just lies there.

VICTOR (cont'd)

The hormone works well, except sometimes for the eyes, which need special assistance for vascularization...

The baboon still lies there.

SANDRA
(worried)

Vic...

VICTOR
(confident, to camera)

There is of course some variation in the delay...A function of the size of the animal...We should see the predictable sequence any minute now...

SANDRA

Vic, would you, ah...we're not getting initiation, and...

As Victor goes over, the inert baboon SUDDENLY SPRINGS UP with A SHRIEK! and jumps into Victor's arms. It's shock—then they all laugh.

VICTOR

Quickest recovery on record. You okay, boy? What was the time?

SANDRA

Three oh one thirty..

VICTOR

Fast...

Smiles all around. Suddenly the baboon SNARLS and bares its teeth and begins to struggle with Victor, as the others spring to his aid. Robert grabs a DART GUN, but Victor pushes it aside as unnecessary. The baboon is wrestled back to the table. A cage is slid forward.

VICTOR

Easy boy, easy....At least his eyes look okay this time...

NATHAN

Strong little bastard...

The baboon is put into the cage. The animal immediately sits back, calm, almost sulky. Staring. But calm.

VICTOR
(appraising)

He's okay. Just surprised. It must be a hell
of a shock, to be brought back from the
dead. Is it a shock, boy?

The baboon stares impassively.

NATHAN
(rubbing his arm)

He was strong.

ROBERT
They're strong animals.

NATHAN
More than usual...

VICTOR
Well. I'd say we're ready for the next step.

BACK TO THE NEW OPERATING ROOM

Now empty. Victor flicks a switch: banks of deep blue UV light bathe the room,
around the central white light. It looks like no operating room we've ever seen.

NATHAN
You really think we can go forward
without NIH and the FDA permissions?

VICTOR
Nate, you know how long it takes to get
permissions. It's five to eight years just to
test a new AIDS drug. To bring somebody
back from the dead? Maybe ten, fifteen
years of paperwork and hearings. And
maybe they'd prevent us from doing it at
all.

NATHAN
But the guidelines exist for a reason...

VICTOR
Listen: if Jonas Salk had to meet today's
guidelines we'd still be waiting for polio
vaccine. I want to see this happen in my
lifetime. And we can do it. God damn it,
we can do it!

Victor smiles, flicks the light off.

INT - CHILDREN'S CANCER WARD - EVENING

Brightly painted walls, a valiant attempt to make the place cheery. Some of the kids playing cowboys and indians as Victor enters. A young boy of 8, in cowboy clothes, comes running up to Victor.

STEVE

Bang, you're dead! You're dead, Vic!

Victor pantomimes being shot. Several more shots.

VICTOR

Ooh, you got me, Stevie. I'm a goner.

He picks Steve up, and in the movement Steve's wig falls off. Bald from radiation treatment, he's momentarily embarrassed. Victor quickly puts the wig back on.

VICTOR

Where's Dr. Halstead?

STEVE

(pointing)

Getting my IV.

Across the room we see JENNIFER HALSTEAD, a pretty woman, mid-20's, in a short white coat, stethoscope around her shoulders. Walking toward a bed.

VICTOR

Well, let's go see her.

STEVE

You're dead.

VICTOR

We can still go see her. (crosses room) Hi, Jen.

JENNIFER

Hi, Vic.

INSIDE THE DRAWN CURTAINS - LATER

Steve lies on his bed, getting a transfusion. He looks up: Jennifer and Victor are kissing. Steve rolls his eyes, wrinkles his nose.

Victor glances over, breaks kiss.

VICTOR

What's the matter?

STEVE

lck. Are you going to marry Jenny?

VICTOR

That's right. This Saturday. In three days.

STEVE

And will she still come here after that?

VICTOR

(quick glance at Jennifer)

You bet. She's your doctor. (looks at IV bag) So...what're you getting here?

STEVE

Fuzzy white cells.

VICTOR

Fuzzy white cells! Okay, let 'em go to work, get the job done. You doing your meditation? (Steve nods.) Good. See you later, kid. (turns to go)

STEVE

You can't leave, you're dead!

VICTOR

I forgot. You want me to stay? Okay...

INT - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - EVENING

In this ultra-modern wing, shafts of light stream down on Victor and Jennifer as they walk.

JENNIFER

That's his second transfusion today. He had a syncopal episode and his blood pressure went down to 60 over 40, crit was 30, he was shocky, I thought he was going into convulsions. But the lymphocytes seem to be working.

VICTOR

You didn't tell him you were going away after the wedding?

JENNIFER

No.

VICTOR
(after beat)
Don't you think you should?

JENNIFER
No....I don't think he's going to make it to
Saturday, Vic.

VICTOR
(shaking head sadly)
Ah, shit...

JENNIFER
(after beat)
Yeah.

INT - GALLERIA RESTAURANT - EVENING

Through the vast arching skylight, we see the skyscrapers of Houston. A huge skating rink below us.

JENNIFER
At least your speech went well.

VICTOR
Except for Driscoll. He got on my case
afterward.

JENNIFER
Well, it is pretty strange, the idea of
bringing people back to life with gene-
switching.

VICTOR
It was strange the first time they used
paddles to jumpstart a cardiac arrest. Now
we do it every day. No big deal.

JENNIFER
But in an arrest, the person's only dead a
few seconds.

VICTOR
A few seconds, a few minutes, a few
hours...what's the difference?

JENNIFER
You're talking about recreating somebody
genetically. Re-making them.

VICTOR

(impassioned)

I'm talking about beating death—really beating death—which is what every doctor has wanted to do since Hippocrates.

His intensity is misplaced; he catches himself.

VICTOR (cont'd)

It could be wonderful, Jen...I mean, think...A busload of schoolchildren overturns and they all die...But we could go in and inject them, and they'd be alive again. Or victims of earthquakes and avalanches...if you can dig them out in two days, you can still revive them...

She smiles. She loves this visionary side of him. And Victor is transformed at the thought of

VICTOR (cont'd)

Or an airplane crashes, you could go to the site and inject all the bodies, and give them life again... It'd be the biggest contribution to medicine in...Jeez, I don't know...

JENNIFER

(smiling)

You really have to try it, don't you.

VICTOR

(truthful)

I feel like I have an obligation to try it....I don't want someone like C.J. stopping me.

JENNIFER

When are you going to do it?

Victor hesitates, considers: should he tell her?

VICTOR

(diffident, shrug)

I don't know...Some day.

INT - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Victor walks with MARTY HERMAN, a pathologist in surgical greens.

MARTY

Victor, excuse me, but what you're asking me to do is illegal.

VICTOR
Marty, it isn't.

MARTY
Experimentation on human subjects must follow FDA guidelines, Victor, you know that. You haven't even applied for the approvals.

VICTOR
Experimentation on living subjects, Marty. Not on dead ones.

MARTY
Yeah, but if you can really bring them back to life...

VICTOR
Is that a crime?

MARTY
I don't know what it is. You'd need the consent of the deceased's family.

VICTOR
For Christ's sake, Marty, we don't get family consent to do a cardiac resuscitation...

They come around a corner, and Victor passes a pretty nurse....Victor watches for a moment.

MARTY
(noting Victor's interest)
Hey, you're about to get married, Victor.

VICTOR
.So? Marriage doesn't mean death.

MARTY
Yeah, but it's a close second. So you want me to get you a body...

They go through the door marked PATHOLOGY.

INT - PATHOLOGY LAB

Marty picks up his messages at the desk, they continue to talk and walk.

VICTOR

Yeah, and stop worrying about the legalities.

MARTY

(eyes skyward)

—Stop worrying about the legalities, he says—You realize every fifth person in the United States is now a lawyer. Hungry mouths to feed.

On steel tables the dead bodies are laid out.

VICTOR

Marty, I'm going to bring him back to life. Who's going to complain? What's wrong with it? Being alive is a good thing! (these arguments work visibly on Marty) For Chrissake, will you just call me? When you get a good one?

MARTY

Yeah, I will.

VICTOR

Thank you.

MARTY

Now will you let me get to work? I've got two autopsies to do before lunch.

VICTOR

Want some help?

MARTY

Not from you, buddy. You realize: if you can do what you say you can, you'll put me out of business.

VICTOR

No. There'll always be some people who want to die.

MARTY

I never met one yet.

INT - VICTOR'S LAB

THE BABOONS in rows of cages, all peaceful. SANDRA takes one out, holds him.

SANDRA

Come on, boy, let me see what you're scratching there...Got a rash?

VICTOR

(inspecting)

Looks like a little eczema.

SANDRA

Other than that they seem better than ever, they've all grown very luxuriant coats of dense fur. And they seem to have gained weight.

VICTOR

Good, let's draw a steroid series, see if we can explain the changes.

This close together, we are aware how much Sandra idolizes the handsome Dr. Frankenstein. She is in fact in love with him.

NATHAN

(coming in)

Vic, it's Jennifer on the phone for you.

VICTOR

Okay, be right there...

We see the changes in Sandra's face, though she covers her feelings.

Victor leaves. Nathan comes up.

NATHAN

What're you doing? He's engaged to somebody else.

SANDRA

(pushing baboon into his arms)

Here. Check his eyes.

She walks off.

IN THE MAIN LAB AREA

Victor on the phone, simultaneously squints at monitors showing rotating 3-D images of molecular structure of FDH. Robert enters and hands him a pair of small black cups with tubing attached. Victor nods.

He hangs up, shakes his head.

VICTOR (cont'd)
These the perfusion eye cups?

ROBERT
Yeah. Final design.

VICTOR
Looks good. (points to screen) Have we verified base pair stabilization on the protein?

ROBERT
Yeah. We've got about a hundred cc's in storage.

VICTOR
We're going to need more.

ROBERT
More? A hundred cc's will do a dozen of these animals.

VICTOR
We're going to need more.

Victor sits in a chair, rolls up his sleeve.

ROBERT
You spoke to Marty?

VICTOR
Yeah.

ROBERT
You want to be the donor again?

VICTOR
(applying tourniquet)
Why not? Might as well use my DNA as anyone's.

Robert gets equipment, inserts a needle, starts to withdraw blood.

ROBERT
Okay. We'll manufacture another 200 cc's of FDH from the lymphocyte fraction.

QUICK CUTS

A CENTRIFUGE as a fingertip stops it spinning. Robert lifts out the blood, separated into fractions like a parfait.

A PIPETTE as the lymphocyte fraction is removed to a new test tube.

THE GENE SEQUENCER, a large stainless steel box with intricate networks of plastic tubing and electronics. The test tube is inserted. The machine goes to work. Robert turns to the computer screens, which show the DNA splitting as the protein is isolated.

THE SCREEN

The FDH protein is a complex lacy image, almost like a flower, rotating in 3-D, in bright colors. Beneath: "Fetal Differentiation Hormone. Donor: Victor "

ROBERT

Looks good. All the folding angles check.

VICTOR

Just make sure it's stable. I want everything perfect. This could happen any time now. Look at that beautiful protein: ten years to get it, but we have it now!

INT - HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - AFTERNOON

Relatively deserted at this hour. Victor drains coffee as Driscoll comes up.

DRISCOLL

I was just about to come over to your lab.

VICTOR

(standing)

Why's that?

DRISCOLL

I was checking the records. You haven't even applied for permits to do human research.

VICTOR

Let me ask you a question, C.J. Who is going to decide about this research?

Driscoll is a little taken aback.

VICTOR (cont'd)

I'm serious. Who? Some committee of government bureaucrats who aren't good enough to make it in academic research? Or a Congressional hearing? A bunch of guys whose favorite movie is "The Sound of Music?" Who is going to review the bioenergetics of alpha-FDH and tell me if my genetic research is proper for human beings?

DRISCOLL

That's not the point—

VICTOR

—I've worked damn hard, C.J., and I'm good at what I do. And now I'm onto something really important—really important—and I want to see my work come to its logical conclusion. And I don't want any small-minded people standing in my way.

DRISCOLL

(angry-sarcastic)

What if you're wrong?

VICTOR

(smiling)

That's the point, C.J. I think I'm right.

Victor leaves.

DRISCOLL

Y'all have a nice day.

INT - VICTOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOONLIT NIGHT

He makes love to Jennifer. Building to climax. His beeper goes off, annoying persistent.

JENNIFERS

No, no, no...shut it...

VICTOR

'kay...

His hand fumbles for the beeper on the bedside table, clicks it off, not missing a beat. Moments later, it beeps again.

JENNIFER
Shit, Victor.

VICTOR
I'll turn it off. Completely.

JENNIFER
(breathless)
You better.

He continues to make love. The phone rings. They pay no attention, hear a beep on the answering service.

ANSWERING VOICE
Victor? Are you there? It's Marty.

Victor stops what he is doing, freezing, turns toward the machine.

JENNIFER
What is it?

MARTY'S VOICE
I think you want to get down here, Victor.

JENNIFER
Victor, what is it? Is something wrong?

MARTY'S VOICE
I've got a good prospect for you.

Victor is already getting out of bed. Jennifer looks puzzled, upset, her body lush in the bed.

JENNIFER
Victor? Is anything wrong?

MARTY'S VOICE
Just waiting for you. Okay, Victor? I'll try you at the lab. Talk to you later.

VICTOR
(buttoning shirt)
Nothing. It's fine. I've gotta go.

JENNIFER
(covering annoyance)
What is it?

VICTOR
(kissing her)
Just the lab. Back in a couple of hours.

JENNIFER

Sometimes I wish you weren't such a genius.

VICTOR

A couple of hours. Really.

She smiles, good naturedly. They both know it isn't true.

INT - PATHOLOGY LAB - NIGHT

Victor and Marty. Sheet whipped back. Nude body under harsh lights.

VICTOR

It's a woman.

MARTY

So? What're you, a sexist?

VICTOR

I just—I'm surprised.

The body is lean and muscular, almost mannish, but attractive in the eighties aesthetic.

MARTY

Does it matter? If it's a woman?

VICTOR

No, I guess not.

MARTY

Were you planning on only reviving men? Because that would really get you in trouble, Victor.

VICTOR

Marty...

MARTY

(wounded)

I thought you'd love her. She's only dead two hours, 24 years old, no family, in perfect physical shape, as you can see—

VICTOR

—I can see—

MARTY

—and she died suddenly.

VICTOR
How'd she die?

MARTY
Monster anaphylactic reaction. Real monster. She got injected with penicillin, went into convulsions, and died in less than a minute. Resuscitation team couldn't touch her. Gone.

VICTOR
I'll take her.

MARTY
Sign the death certificate.

VICTOR
Marty, I'm a researcher. It'll look funny if I sign it.

MARTY
Victor, you want the body, you sign the certificate.

VICTOR
Jesus.

As Victor signs, Marty turns to the elderly deaner, JIM.

MARTY
Jim, load up Dr. Frankenstein's purchase for him, will you? He'll be taking it with him.

JIM
You want a body cart, Doctor?

MARTY
Give him the over and under. (quieter) It's late, Vic, but you never know. And what you're doing is illegal.

INT - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Victor wheels an empty dolly down the deserted hallways, under glaring light. The body is actually on a rack below, hidden by draped sheets. Victor looks a little odd: the wrong person to be pushing a dolly. He passes nurses and orderlies who stare openly.

Victor has a kind of maniacal intensity, pushing the cart. He passes TWO COPS, standing by a coke machine. They nod to him, and he nods back, rounds a corner. Lower down, A BARE ARM flops out, and drags on the ground. He doesn't notice it.

Finally he sees it, and just as he notices it he also sees Driscoll, further down the hall, talking to a colleague and walking toward us.

Victor quickly steers the car to a wall phone, picks it up. Dial tone.

VICTOR (on phone)
This is Dr. Frankenstein.

Victor stands, blocking the exposed hand from view. He tries to kick it under the cart with his heel. C.J. Driscoll approaches.

VICTOR (cont'd; on phone)
No, I'm in the main building now...yes, on the way now...

Driscoll comes past. Nods frostily to Victor, who nods back.

VICTOR (cont'd)
That sounds fine....yes...

Driscoll moves on. Victor hangs up, sighs, reaches down, pushes the arm back under, goes on. As he leaves, Driscoll glances over his shoulder, sees Victor pushing the dolly down the hall.

INT - VICTOR'S LAB - NIGHT

An ordinary bathroom scale. Victor steps onto it, stands with arms outstretched.

VICTOR
Okay.

His team carries the woman's body, in a sheet, toward him.

NATHAN
Nothing like doing things the scientific way.

ROBERT
At least we got her before rigor mortis set in. Imagine if she was stiff?

NATHAN
It'd be easier if she was stiff.

They hand Victor the body, slide the sheet away. Victor struggles a moment.

ROBERT
Got her?

VICTOR
Got her...Oops...Got her.

Her naked toes scrape the scale readout. The needle swings as he struggles to steady her.

Her naked breasts against Victor's chest. Her dead face flops over his shoulder. He is in a deathly embrace with her. His team is amused by the ghastliness of the moment, and Victor's discomfiture.

NATHAN
Pretty good body. Think she works out?

ROBERT
I'd say so. Great muscle tone.

NATHAN
Looks like a gymnast.

ROBERT
Could be.

VICTOR
Just get the damn reading, will you guys?

SANDRA
Three hundred two.

VICTOR
That makes her weight one-twenty-two.

SANDRA
(tapping calculator)
Forty-four cc's of hormone by body weight.

Victor hands the body back.

VICTOR
Let's get started.

IN THE OPERATING ROOM - LATER

The naked body stretched out on the table. She is hooked up to electrodes, intravenous lines, etc. A heart-lung pump attached to the leg. The team works fast.

SANDRA
It's cold in here.

NATHAN
She doesn't mind.

SANDRA
She will.

ROBERT
Pass me the electrode gel, will you?

VICTOR
(tense-impatient)
Ready?

NATHAN
Gimme a minute more.

VICTOR
(filling syringe)
The initial injection...forty four cc's.

ROBERT
Check my AV leads....

SANDRA
They look fine.

The EKG, EEG, everything hooked up. All flat lines.

ROBERT
Video's running.

SANDRA
Full monitors. We're ready, Vic.

Victor stares down at the beautiful, immobile face of the woman. The first person ever to be revived by genetic resuscitation.

VICTOR
Let's inject.

The needle in the vein.

The plunger goes down. The needle withdrawn with a spurt of dark blood.

Never taking his eyes off the woman's face, Victor hands the syringe to Sandra.

QUICK CUTS

The counter: clicking blood red LED lettering.

The monitors: still flat lines. Images of the body shift constantly: surface contour, internal scans in brilliant false colors. But no life.

The woman's face: immobile.

Victor and his team: around the incubator, watching.

The woman's hand: we expect to see a twitch, but the hand doesn't move.

SANDRA
(dull)
Fifteen seconds.

Victor takes the woman's hand, rubs it. The classic gesture of revival.

VICTOR
Come on, darlin'...come on back now...

The woman's face: impassive. Dead.

NATHAN
She's taking her own sweet time. You
know her name?

VICTOR
Helen Morris.

NATHAN
Helen? I don't like Helen. The first woman
in history to be revived is named Helen?

ROBERT
Why not? There's Helen of Troy...

NATHAN
My mother's named Helen.

ROBERT
This isn't your mother.

VICTOR
We can change the name. She's going to
be a new person....

SANDRA
Twenty five seconds...

ROBERT
Want to give her more hormone?

VICTOR
No...She should have enough.

NATHAN
(worried)
Maybe people aren't like animals. Maybe
it works differently in people.

ROBERT
Can't be.

NATHAN
How do you know? We've never done a
human being before.

VICTOR
Give it time.

SANDRA
Thirty seconds.

NATHAN
(starting to panic)
We could get into trouble doing this...

ROBERT
Calm down, will you? It's only been half a
minute.

NATHAN
But she should have already started—

VICTOR
(tense)
—Just wait!

The group falls silent. They watch the body. Waiting.... Nothing happens.

SANDRA
(dully)
Forty seconds.

The screens are still flat. It isn't working. They get increasingly tense.

NATHAN
For Christ's sake, what's the matter with all
of you: it isn't working!

ROBERT
Shut up, Nate.

VICTOR
(thoughtful)
No, he's right. Prepare another syringe.

ROBERT
Forty cc's?

VICTOR
Yeah.

NATHAN
You going to double her dose?

VICTOR
I'll titrate her in increments.

SANDRA
One minute gone....

NATHAN
Oh, Jesus...

ROBERT
Here's the hormone, Vic.

Victor takes the new syringe, starts to inject. Slowly.

NATHAN
(fretting)
We've never given any animal this much hormone before...

VICTOR
Ten cc's....

NATHAN
What can I say, I'm a worrier. I admit it, I'm a worrier. I don't want to go to jail.

ROBERT
Will your mother visit you in jail, Nate?

NATHAN
I don't want to think about it.

SANDRA
One minute ten...

VICTOR

Nobody's going to jail. She was dead before, if we don't succeed, she's still dead. No harm done.

NATHAN

There are worse things than being dead.

ROBERT

Really? Like what, Nate?

Victor has injected all the syringe. He steps back.

VICTOR

That's all of it.

They watch the body. Still no response. A long beat. Victor frowns, discouraged.

VICTOR

I don't understand....

NATHAN

What's to understand? It didn't work, that's all. We don't know what we're doing after all—

VICTOR

(puzzled)

But it should work...

NATHAN

Then why isn't it? Will somebody tell me that? Why isn't it—

SANDRA

—Temperature up three degrees...

ROBERT

All right!

SANDRA

We have transient cardiac—

The monitors show the first tentative blips. The screens become increasingly active, the group more excited. Only Victor hangs back, cool. Watching.

SANDRA

Runs of PVC's—temperature up ten degrees—rising fast—

ROBERT
All right Helen!

NATHAN
(in awe)
Oh my God...it's working....

ROBERT
Of course it's working.

VICTOR
Cover her up.

It's a kind of instinct. She's going to be alive again: cover her body.

SANDRA
Fifteen degrees. Rising. No respiration
yet.

VICTOR
Start oxygen.

Sandra puts a plastic mask over her face.

SANDRA
Six liters.

ROBERT
Good cardiac contractions.

NATHAN
Distal myoclonic response.

The body begins to shake all over, first in the extremities, then more strongly,
everywhere...

SANDRA
She's shivering. I knew it was too cold—

VICTOR
(realizing)
She's not shivering!

NATHAN
Holy shit!

A convulsive seizure affects her whole body, she sits upright, eyes wide and
wild, her limbs kicking and flailing in all directions. The team grabs, tries to hold
her down. As they struggle, it's hard to tell whether it's a seizure or whether

she's fighting them. Sandra is kicked back, slammed against the monitors. The others hang on as best they can. The woman is incredibly strong.

VICTOR

Peridan 50 cc's by push! Now!

Sandra runs for the medicines. Nathan and Robert try to hold Helen down. Like trying to hold down a tiger. She claws Nathan's face, drawing blood.

NATHAN

Jesus!

ROBERT

At least we know she's breathing! (she bites him) Shit!

VICTOR

Come on come on! Sandraaa!

Sandra gives him the syringe. Victor struggles to get it into the flailing arm. It's almost impossible. Blood splashes over his shirt.

VICTOR

Hold her! Hold her, damn it!

The woman looks toward Victor with an expression of pure animal hatred. She makes a kind of hissing reptile sound. Her whole body is tense with fury.

Victor gets the needle in. Pulls back, sees blood—he's in the vein—he injects.

The woman throws open her mouth to scream but no sound comes out. Her head shakes, she flails violently.

She shakes the arm, the needle comes out. He leans forward, holds her shoulders down against the table.

VICTOR

(repeating)

Easy now, easy now, easy now...

The woman's struggles lessen, her eyes glaze over: the tranquilizer hits her.

VICTOR

(soothing, to an animal)

Good...that's better...

NATHAN

Jesus Christ, we did it...She's alive.

She relaxes. She looks toward him.

VICTOR

My name is Victor. I'm here to help you.
It's going to be all right.

She stares in a certain way...

VICTOR

Can you see me?....

She shakes her head, no. She's blind. His team moves forward.

VICTOR

(smooth, soothing)

That's all right. (glance to team) It's only
temporary, we'll fix that right away... Don't
try to speak, your vocal cords are too
weak...Everything is fine...You died, Helen,
and we've brought you back to life.

Helen's hand, touching his face. Feeling. Victor takes the hand, strokes it.

VICTOR

Just relax now, we're going to fix your
eyes. We're going to put you to sleep...

As he speaks, Robert injects another substance into the IV, and she closes her
eyes.

A large overhead box is rolled into place above her, green lights illuminating
her face in a gridwork.

VICTOR

(turning away)

Prep her eyes.

CLOSE ON HER EYE - LATER

A needle goes into the white ball.

WIDER ON THE GROUP

Victor operates, in deep red humming light around her face. He injects the
other eye.

VICTOR

Corneas are poorly vascularized, but this
should correct the problem...Laser.

Sandra, assisting, swings the laser overhead. With a hum, a pencil red light.

VICTOR
Just a couple of little cuts....

CLOSE ON THE EYES

The laser makes a sizzling, smoking semicircular cut in the eyeballs.

VICTOR
Okay...let's have the cups....Let's get her in
the tank.

ANOTHER PART OF THE LAB - LATER

Naked feet slide into deep blue water, causing ripples.

Her head eased into water, bobs slightly. Eyes covered with black perfusion cups, delicate tubing running out from them.

A plexiglass lid hissing down, hydraulically controlled.

Wider, we see Helen in the plexiglass box, somewhere between a giant newborn incubator and a plexiglass coffin, except it has a layer of water at the bottom, illuminated deep ultraviolet blue. The body floats in water, relaxed.

ROBERT
Back to the womb, Helen....

Sensors are attached all over her body. The incubator is surrounded by an enormous bank of electronic monitoring screens, constantly changing.

A very bright bar of white light runs down her body, repeatedly. It makes the tank seem like a giant Xerox machine. Helen floats, sleeping.

THE LAB LOUNGE - LATER

The team slumps in chairs, exhausted. Eyes closed, as if sleeping like Helen.

Helen visible on monitors.

Victor opens his eyes, starts to smile.

Robert starts to smile. Then Sandra. Then Nate, a little nervously.

Victor gets up, goes to the monitors. He looks at Helen in the tank.

VICTOR
We did it. God damn it, we did it! We did it!
Can you believe it, we did it! We actually
did it! We fucking did it!

Victor is jumping around, doing a little dance with his hands over his head, like he's just scored a touchdown. In this moment all his doubts and fears released. He wasn't so sure of himself after all.

The others join in.

ROBERT
Ya-hoo!

SANDRA
Let's hear it for Helen!

ROBERT
Back to life! Baby!

VICTOR
(pounding Robert on back)
We did it! Can you believe it, we did it!

NATHAN
I need a drink.

ROBERT
Drink! Drink!

Champagne is poured, foaming over, into styrofoam cups. They toast.

ROBERT
To Victor.

VICTOR
(shaking head)
No. To Helen. She's made medical history tonight.

The group drinks.

In the tank, Helen sleeps peacefully.

INT - VICTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jennifer sleeps. Victor sits on the edge of the bed, strokes her head. He stares into space, and smiles.

INT - VICTOR'S LAB - DAY

Morning sun streams into the lab. Victor peers into the tank. Robert comes over.

ROBERT
How's our lady?

VICTOR
She's in REM sleep. Doing fine.

Robert yawns, turns to the monitors.

ROBERT
She's...look at these values, she's improved incredibly. Bilirubin is down 80%—in six hours! Muscle tonus is up 40%, circulatory factors up 50%, respiratory efficiency up 48%—it's unbelievable.

VICTOR
(nodding, pleased)
It's the hormone.

ROBERT
But none of the monkeys ever improved this fast.

VICTOR
We were treating the monkeys with human FDH. The genetic match was inexact. This is a human being treated with human FDH.

ROBERT
But this recovery is so fast—

VICTOR
—It's not a recovery. It's a rebirth. She is being born again, and she'll be to some degree a new person.

They leave. Helen still sleeps.

IN THE LAB - LATER

CLOSE ON AN ELECTROPHORESIS GEL, a series of horizontal lines.

SANDRA (O.S.)
This is a DNA fragment from Helen, taken when she was dead. It's her original DNA pattern.

Another gel put alongside. Different horizontal lines.

SANDRA (cont'd)
And this is the DNA pattern of the FDH hormone, which we extracted from your blood.

A third gel put alongside. It matches the second pattern.

SANDRA

And this is the DNA from Helen's blood, as of an hour ago.

VICTOR

Matching the hormone. So it's working.

SANDRA

That's right. She's incorporating your DNA. (smiling) Dad.

They turn away from the monitor, cross the lab.

VICTOR

She's incorporated a few fragments, that's all. I'm not really her father, more like her uncle.

SANDRA

I don't know, you brought her back to life...

NATHAN

(sullen)

Not much of a life, she's just sleeps all day. Have you read her chart?

VICTOR

No, why?

NATHAN

She's got a criminal record. Orphan raised in foster homes, two charges of vagrancy, assault with a deadly weapon...

VICTOR

That's in the past. She's a new person now.

NATHAN

We hope.

VICTOR

You want to wake her up and find out?

NATHAN

I wouldn't mind if she slept for the rest of her life.

VICTOR

She'll wake up soon enough. Sandra, better get her some clothes. She's going to need something to wear when she gets up.

SANDRA

I don't know her size...

VICTOR

Get the measurements off the monitor, the scanners're measuring her quite precisely now.

SANDRA

...'kay...

ROBERT

How do you want to handle the announcements on this, Vic?

VICTOR

What announcements?

ROBERT

You're not going to be able to keep this secret at the hospital for long—

VICTOR

—Why not? Nobody knows but the four of us, and we're not going to tell anybody.

ROBERT

Yeah, but—

VICTOR

—Come on, Rob, you remember our agreement. No public announcement until the experiment is stable. We can't have any discussion of this outside the lab, okay? Okay?

He sees a change on the faces of his group as they look at him. They are looking past him. He turns.

Jennifer is inside the door. Looking ravishing as usual, but a little hesitant.

JENNIFER

Am I interrupting?

VICTOR
(covering)
No, Jen...

He glances at the monitors, which show the tank, the floating body...

JENNIFER
If it's a bad time...

VICTOR
No, it's fine. Let's go outside where we can talk.

IN THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE LAB

She searches his face, but doesn't ask anything directly.

JENNIFER
It looked pretty tense in there.

VICTOR
We've got an experiment going at the lab, not everyone agrees...

He puts his arm around her, walks down the hallway.

JENNIFER
(smiling)
Agrees with you, you mean.

VICTOR
(rueful)
Yeah, that's what I mean. What did you want to...?

JENNIFER
We have a tennis game with Marder—

VICTOR
—Oh, Jeez, that's right—

JENNIFER
—And you better make it. Specially if you're going to ream out C.J. Driscoll in the cafeteria.

VICTOR
You heard about that?

JENNIFER
The whole hospital's heard about it.

THE COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Tennis with MARDER, and his much younger secretary/mistress, Eileen, who has a killer serve.

EILEEN

Forty-fifteen....

Marder and Victor face each other at the net, waiting for the serve.

MARDER

Yeah, C.J.'s in my office, first thing. He wants your ass, son.

VICTOR

Is that right? Good serve, Eileen.

They switch sides.

MARDER

C.J. says you're an arrogant bastard and you're up to no good. He says he wants a full hospital investigation of what's going on in your lab.

VICTOR

What'd you say?

MARDER

I said I'd be talking to you, and I am. Mighty nice, too. (misses shot) Oops.

EILEEN

If you boys are gonna talk business, why'nt you get off and let us play for real?

THE SIDELINES - LATER

Marder and Victor have drinks in the shade, while Jennifer and Elaine play vigorously.

VICTOR

I think I'm onto something important. Ground-breaking. And I want to go forward.

MARDER

We all know how that works. Christian Barnard did the world's first first heart transplant, Tom Starzl did the first liver transplant, Denton Cooley cuts open hearts without the pump...They didn't ask permission, they just did it. That's how new things get done. Driscoll huffin' and puffin' about guidelines won't hurt you. I'll see to that.

VICTOR

That's good.

MARDER

But don't screw up, Victor. We got boards of governors, review boards, and most important we got fund raising boards. They like to see progress. Headlines that say Texas Medical Center is the best in the world. You get those headlines, and you got no problem a'tall, from Driscoll or anyone else.

Victor nods.

MARDER (cont'd)

If you do screw it up, you'll find you don't have any friends—me included. That's how it works, son. Break all the rules you want. Just so's you win.

VICTOR

I hear you.

MARDER

Well that's fine, Victor. Let me know when it's time to talk to the press. I'll see it's done correctly....You think you'll have something soon?

VICTOR

Yes. Soon.

IN THE LAB - LATER

The plexi lid opens with a hiss. Victor and the others stare into the incubator. Helen lies in the water, not moving. The eye cups still cover her eyes.

VICTOR
Helen, can you hear me?

Helen does not respond, but her hand moves tentatively.

ROBERT
(glance at monitors)
She can hear, we're getting an auditory
response on the monitors.

NATHAN
Maybe she can't understand.

VICTOR
Helen, can you hear me?

Helen slowly nods. She begins to move her mouth. A low, guttural sound comes out—an animal sound.

ROBERT
(alarmed)
She's going to rupture her vocal—

VICTOR
—Don't try to speak, Helen. Don't try. My
name is Victor, do you remember me?

She reaches upward toward him. Her dripping hand touches his face.

VICTOR
It's all right, Helen. You're safe.

She lowers her hand, touches her own face, feels the eye cups. Then she starts to sit up.

Helen stands up, rising from the electric blue water, bathed in blue light, a nightmarish Botticelli Venus. She towers above them, dripping.

VICTOR
Just a minute, let us...help you.

She holds their arms, and steps down. Sandra puts a large towel around her.

Victor takes away the black eye cups. Helen squints in the bright light.

VICTOR
Too bright for her. Can we lower the—

SANDRA
—Here.

Sandra puts her sunglasses on Helen. Helen stares at the group. The group stares back.

IN THE BATHROOM - LATER

It's an antiseptic hospital bathroom. Helen's head covered in a towel; Sandra is drying Helen's hair vigorously, and chatting away. Girl to girl.

SANDRA

Now keep your eyes closed, that's the only thing you have to be careful about, and even that will only be for a few days, the monkeys we've done all recover completely in a few days...There.

She pulls the towel away. Helen, short-haired, stares at herself in the mirror.

SANDRA

That's better, all nice and clean. Doesn't that feel good? I didn't know what you liked to wear, so I just got a few things...

Sandra turns away. Helen stares at herself curiously, touching her hair, her face, rubbing her jaw. She seems a stranger to herself. She touches her breast as if it's a foreign object.

Sandra comes back holding up two sweatshirts emblazoned: "Texas Medical Center."

SANDRA

What do you think, the black or the gray?

Helen does not respond.

SANDRA

The black. Suits you better. Go ahead and get dressed.

She drops them in Helen's lap, goes off. CAMERA FOLLOWS SANDRA.

SANDRA

I got you a pair of Reeboks, they're real comfortable, I have a pair myself...

She comes back to find Helen still sitting there.

SANDRA

Go ahead and get dressed.

Helen looks blank. Sandra takes charge.

SANDRA

Here, okay, now hold your arms up...that's a girl...

Sandra dresses her, chatting continuously. Helen does what she is told passively. She keeps staring at the mirror, as if she can't believe it.

SANDRA

Now lift your hips...there...good..that fits fine...now the shoes...huh.

Sandra can't get the shoes on.

SANDRA

They don't fit. But I took the measurements...Guess we need one size up. Never mind, let's go see Victor. You look great, darlin'. Really.

Helen just stares. Her eyes are perfect except for thin black semicircular cuts on the side.

IN THE LAB

Helen now dressed in black sweat clothes. With her short hair, she looks like a trained athlete. She sits in the lounge area. The others surround her, sipping coffee.

NATHAN

Absolutely fantastic.

ROBERT

Fantastic.

VICTOR

Helen, do you feel okay?

She nods.

VICTOR

Any pain?

She shakes her head.

VICTOR

Tired?

She shakes her head. She seems distracted. Watching the others.

VICTOR

What is it...you want this? Coffee? (she nods) You sure? Okay. It's decaf.

He gives her his mug.

ROBERT

Baby's first drink.

VICTOR

Careful, it's hot...

Helen takes it carefully, smiles. She takes a big swallow, winces—spits it out all over her clothes. In a sudden flash of rage, she flings the cup across the room, where it shatters on the wall.

The group tenses for a big explosion, but Helen just sits there calmly. She seems not to have noticed what she's done.

ROBERT

Baby doesn't like coffee...

Helen's looking around the room now. She sees all the monitors, gets up, moving quickly.

THE GROUP

Helen!...Wait a minute Helen...

VICTOR

(indulgent)

It's all right.

She drops into a chair, in front of the monitors which show herself: her face, her body in the tank, anatomical cutaways, MRI scans and the whole range of biomedical data. She stares from one image to another. Touching screens.

VICTOR

This is you, yes...this is how we brought you back to life...in the tank...this is a picture of the hormone...See, we can change the colors like this...

Across the room, Sandra cleans up the fragments of broken cup. She stands up, and looks at the wall where it hit. The impact of the cup dented the wall deeply. She runs her finger in the gouge, shakes her head.

NATHAN

Girl's got a hell of an arm.

Across the room, Helen changing the colors rapidly, the screens flicking annoyingly.

VICTOR

Okay, now...don't press the buttons, Helen.

Okay? Don't press the buttons.

Another moment of rage flashes in her face, her whole body tenses. Victor gets tense, too.

VICTOR

(softly)

Don't.

Helen relaxes. She's going to obey him.

VICTOR

Good, Helen.

Suddenly, Helen is bounding from one screen to another. She comes to a window which looks out on the lawns, other University buildings in the distance. It's sunny outside. Inviting.

She puts her hands against the glass, looking.

VICTOR

You want to go outside? We'll go tomorrow.

She starts to push harder against the glass. It makes cracking sounds in the frame. Victor grabs her hands, struggles.

VICTOR

Go and sit down.

Reluctantly, she returns to the chair where she began.

VICTOR

(smiling)

That's a good girl, Helen.

ROBERT

Reviving her was the easy part. Now you got yourself a grownup baby.

Helen is now flicking a tablelamp beside the chair, on and off, on and off.

VICTOR

Hardly a baby. She learns quickly. I'd say she's extremely intelligent.

NATHAN

More intelligent than she was before she died?

VICTOR

(confident)

I think we can safely assume we have made her a better person than she was before. Yes.

SANDRA

(shaking head)

Just like a proud father....How long since she's eaten?

VICTOR

Are you hungry, Helen? (Helen looks blank, Victor points to his mouth) Food?

ROBERT

(at lab refrigerator)

Let's see what we've got...yogurt... cheese...milk...Twinkies...

NATHAN

Not my Twinkies!

VICTOR

We're not giving my girl Twinkies.

SANDRA

What's wrong with milk?

MOMENTS LATER

Sandra gives Helen a glass of milk. She takes it, sips it tentatively, and lowers the glass, frowning...

ROBERT

Uh-oh!

NATHAN

Look out!

But Helen lifts the glass again, and drinks it down in a long gulp. She sets the glass down and wipes her white moustache with the back of her hand. And smiles.

ROBERT

She likes milk.

SANDRA

She wants more.

Sandra gets her another glass, which Helen gulps down. Holds out the glass.

VICTOR

The hormone is still working in her, she's probably got a big protein requirement.

SANDRA

I'll get her another one.

VICTOR

Helen, don't play with the lamp, Helen, you'll break it...

ROBERT

I'll get her some food from the cafeteria...

CLOSE ON A STYROFOAM CONTAINER - LATER

Some unappetizing yellow chicken, mashed potatoes, runny green beans. Victor hands her plastic utensils.

VICTOR

This is a knife, and this is a fork. Can you use them?

Helen holds the utensils awkwardly. Stares at the others.

NATHAN

Not a chance....

VICTOR

Wait a minute...

Helen flips the utensils in her hand, expertly begins to cut the chicken.

VICTOR

She's no baby.

ROBERT

Not any more.

VICTOR

She's developing very rapidly...

Helen eats ravenously, quickly, then stops in mid-chew. She makes a face. She finishes the bite, pushes the tray aside.

ROBERT

And she has taste. I wouldn't eat that cafeteria food, either.

VICTOR
Still hungry, Helen?

Helen nods. She looks at them expectantly. There's a pause.

VICTOR
Let's take her out for a decent meal.

NATHAN
(horrified)
What?

VICTOR
We've got to do it sooner or later.

NATHAN
But what if somebody recognizes her?

VICTOR
We'll take her to Jimmy G's.

EXT - JIMMY G'S - DAY

An adobe Tex-Mex hangout, a real cowboy joint nestled in the middle of modern Houston.

Victor's car pulls up. Everybody gets out. Helen, wearing sunglasses, looks around. She's now dressed in a skirt and sweater. There's a lot for her to absorb: the rushing traffic, the surrounding skyscrapers....

VICTOR
Nice day, huh, Helen? Let's go inside.

They start to walk. A pickup parked outside has TWO BARKING DOGS in the back. Helen looks agitated. Victor puts his arm around her shoulder.

VICTOR
It's okay, it's okay...

They walk on. Near the door, a small YAPPING DOG tied on a leash. Helen kicks the dog—hard.

NATHAN
Hey!

VICTOR
She's just frightened. It's all right, Helen.

They go inside. Nathan looks worried at the dog, which is chastened but okay.

INT - JIMMY G'S - DAY

Rustic Southwest interior. A roaring fire in the fireplace. Helen again cowers, Victor soothes her. They take a booth by the window. Few people in the restaurant.

AT THE BOOTH - LATER

The tough waitress takes orders.

WAITRESS

Two burritos, one tostada, machaca...(to Helen) and what for you, darlin'?

VICTOR

Bring her a burger well done and fries.
And a diet coke.

The waitress leaves. Helen starts to flip through the tabletop jukebox. She stops. Looks at the others.

Victor gives her a quarter. She puts it in. Elvis sings "Jailhouse Rock."

Helen begins to bounce in her seat, tap the table.

VICTOR

We've got a teenager.

ROBERT

Looks like it.

Helen begins to push Robert, seated next to her. She pushes harder, insistently.

VICTOR

What is it, Helen?

SANDRA

Maybe she wants to get out.

She pushes Robert very hard—too hard—and Robert gets out. Helen scoots out and grabs Robert by the hand, almost pulling him off balance. She hauls him to the center of the restaurant, as the others look concerned.

And she begins to dance with him.

She's a very good dancer. Robert isn't much but she makes him look good. She's exuberant, full of energy as if she's gotten out of jail herself.

Victor watches her, seeing how full of life his creation is. Everyone else in the restaurant watches, too. She's captivating.

Victor smiles: he can't believe how well this is turning out.

AT THE BOOTH - LATER

She slurps the last of her shake and squirts a mound of ketchup on her fries. She picks leftover food from all their plates. Stuffing it into her mouth ravenously.

VICTOR
I'd say she was hungry.

NATHAN
No doubt about that.

They watch her in amazement.

VICTOR
Want more food, Helen?

Helen starts to push at Robert again, to get out.

VICTOR
Guess not. Sandra, take her to the car,
we'll pay.

They all climb out of the booth.

EXT - JIMMY G'S

Two guys coming to the front door. Good old boys, delighted to see Sandra and Helen as they emerge.

FIRST GUY
Hey, ladies, how's it going?

SANDRA
We're fine.

FIRST GUY
I'll say you're fine. Why don't you all come
in and have a beer with us?

SANDRA
We've already eaten.

FIRST GUY
Then have a beer with us...

SANDRA
No thanks, really—

FIRST GUY

—Aw come on now, darlin', don't be shy...

He puts his hand on Helen's shoulder.

FIRST GUY

Take off those glasses, sweetheart, let me see your beautiful eyes...

Helen swipes him with the back of her hand, so hard it knocks him backward on his ass.

SECOND GUY

Jesus!

Second guy goes to help his friend, who clutches his face. Sandra hustles Helen to the car. Victor, Nathan and Robert come out.

Their car drives off as the first guy staggers to his feet, blood dripping from his nose.

INSIDE THE CAR - INTERSTATE 75

As they drive on the elevated freeway, sweeping over Houston.

VICTOR

(amused)

So she hit him?

SANDRA

I think she broke his nose.

NATHAN

Oh brother.

SANDRA

He was an asshole.

NATHAN

Yeah but still...She's not stable, Vic. Are you listening to me, Vic?

Helen leans over from the back seat, turns on the radio to a rock and roll station.

EXT- HOUSTON FREEWAY - DAY

The car driving along, rock and roll blaring.

INT - VICTOR'S LAB - AFTERNOON

Rock and roll continues as we see them testing Helen:

A SCREEN with dancing jagged lines of readout.

HELEN sitting, with electrodes attached to her head.

VICTOR AND THE OTHERS, watching the EEG patterns, nodding and smiling.

VICTOR TESTING HER MUSCLES, getting her to pull against his arm, first with one hand, then the other. Helen does it easily; she's strong.

Victor testing her feet, which tickle her. She giggles. He smiles.

HELEN AT A CONSOLE with Victor, who shows her how to work the buttons.

THE SCREEN: showing three squares, two red and a blue. She has to pick one, and does. The screen changes. It's a psychological test.

VICTOR'S LEGS, crossed at the ankles as he sits in the chair.

HELEN'S LEGS, crossed at the ankles in the same way.

VICTOR rubbing his cheek thoughtfully as he stares at the screen.

HELEN rubbing her cheek in the same way.

THE DATA changing on the screen, as the test continues.

SANDRA SMILING at Robert.

NATHAN FROWNING, still hanging back.

HELEN CLAPPING HER HANDS in delight as she gets the right answer.

VICTOR pleased with the test. Pleased with his creation.

MUSIC ENDS as

Victor opens the hydraulic tank lid. Helen watches everything he does carefully.

VICTOR
Okay, young lady, back in the tank.

Helen doesn't move.

VICTOR (cont'd)
You need your rest. You're still recovering.

He brings over a stairs to climb into the tank. Again, Helen watching him.

VICTOR (cont'd)
Come on, off with your clothes, into the tank. (when she doesn't move) Come on, here...

She allows him to pull off her sweater, and pull down her skirt. He stands up, very close to him. She stares at him.

VICTOR (cont'd)
Now you can get in.

She kisses him on the cheek, sweetly, like a child. He smiles at her.

VICTOR (cont'd)
Everything's going to be fine, Helen.

Abruptly, she kisses him on the lips, a gesture both passionate and innocent at the same time. He is startled but likes it. Confusing moment.

VICTOR (cont'd)
I like you, too, Helen, and I'll take care of you. Now go ahead...before you catch cold.

She climbs into the tank. He hisses the lid shut. She notices the inside latches of the lid-closing mechanism.

VICTOR (cont'd)
Get some sleep, Helen.

She closes her eyes. A high-tech Sleeping Beauty in her glass coffin.

Victor walks out, shaking his head. He's entranced.

INT - CANCER WARD - AFTERNOON

Victor comes in, all the kids are eating dinner in their beds. Jennifer is huddled with a family in one corner. Victor walks over to Steve's bed. He's not eating. He's got an oxygen mask on his face. He looks gray.

VICTOR
(pointing finger)
Pow.

Steve grins weakly, makes a gun with his fingers, shoots back: pow. Victor nods to Jennifer and the parents, coming over.

VICTOR
Got any pain? (shakes his head) Good.
That your mom and dad? (Steve nods) I'll let you talk with them. See you later.

Victor stands across the room and waits. Jennifer talks with the parents at the bedside, then comes over.

JENNIFER
Ready to go?

VICTOR
Sure. How is he?

JENNIFER
Not good.

EXT - GREENWAY PLAZA - EVENING

Victor and Jennifer, dressed for a party, walk past giant glass buildings, glowing in the twilight.

JENNIFER
How would it work, if you really could bring someone back from the dead?

VICTOR
It's simple, you distribute the chelated alpha hormone through the body with a little perfusion pump, and then—

JENNIFER
No, I mean how would it work, for the person? They're dead, but then they're alive again...Would they be the same person?

VICTOR
Not necessarily.

JENNIFER
But legally, would they have rights as a new person, like a baby? Because they aren't really new, they're an old person who's been made new again...Right?

VICTOR
I guess...

JENNIFER
And can somebody keep getting revived, reborn again? Does it mean people can live forever?

VICTOR
Why all the questions?

JENNIFER
Just wondering...

VICTOR
Stevie?

JENNIFER
Yeah.

VICTOR
I wish...

JENNIFER
Do you really think you might be ready? In
the next few days?

VICTOR
Maybe.

INT - HOUSTONIAN HOTEL - NIGHT

An ornate, Victorian private room, a touch of old Houston. Everyone dressed up. Victor and Jennifer both look great. Marder and Eileen and Robert all there. Jennifer is with her MOTHER and FATHER and AMANDA, her 5 year old niece. They've all come down from Midland. They talk with Marty, the pathologist.

JENNIFER
This is my mother Andrea, and my Dad,
Harry...Marty Herman..

MARTY
(shaking hands)
How're you all...

JENNIFER
And this is my niece Amanda...

MARTY
Hi there, Amanda.

AMANDA
I'm the flower girl.

MARTY
(bending to shake her hand)
And a very pretty one, too!

VICTOR
(to Father)
Good trip down?

FATHER
Just fine, we flew the jet down, figured we'd
get the thousand hour check at Hobby
while we're here...

MOTHER
(to Jennifer)
Jennifer darlin', would you get me my pills?
They're in my bag.

JENNIFER
Sure Mom.

MOTHER
(to Victor)
She looks happy, I'll say that. For a while
there, I thought she never was going to get
married.

FATHER
Now Betty Jo...

MOTHER
Working with all those cancer kids, never
having one of her own. You gonna start a
family, Victor?

VICTOR
(smiling)
We thought we'd get married first.

FATHER
How's the work going, Victor? Jennifer
says you could win the Nobel Prize.

VICTOR
(embarrassed)
Well, I don't know about that...But it's going
very well.

Marty watches Victor closely.

INT - VICTOR'S LAB - NIGHT

On Helen in the tank, as Mozart plays softly.

In the main lab, Sandra goes to a whirring analyzer, looks at the electrophoresis pattern on the screen. She frowns.

SANDRA
Uh-oh. Nathan, take a look at this.

Nathan comes over, munching a Twinkie. Stares at the monitor. Leans closer.

NATHAN
You better get Victor.

BACK AT THE PARTY

Victor and Marty move through the room.

MARTY
How is it going, buddy? How's our girl?

VICTOR
(low)
Marty, for Christ's sake not here—

MARTY
—Come on: Nobody knows. What happened to our girl?

VICTOR
She's fine.

MARTY
She's fine? You mean it worked?
(Victor grins)
Holy shit—it worked?

DRISCOLL
(coming up)
What worked?

VICTOR
Hi, C.J...(meaningful glance at Marty)

MARTY
I was just congratulating Victor on his wedding, C.J.

DRISCOLL
Yes, congratulations, Jennifer's a wonderful girl and an outstanding oncologist. I wish you all the best.

C.J. is admitting defeat. Burying the hatchet. Victor is gracious.

VICTOR
Thanks, C.J.

DRISCOLL
(takes hors d'oeuvre)
...So I guess you did some kind of job on Marder. He thinks you're the next best thing to God.

VICTOR
(grinning)
What can I tell you, he's perceptive.

DRISCOLL
And he's the boss.

VICTOR
Yeah, I guess he's that.

DRISCOLL
(extending his hand)
Well, congratulations again. I hope everything turns out the way you want it to.

Victor smiles with genuine pleasure. His evening is complete.

Then he sees, across the room: Sandra, standing in a corner, staring at Victor. Beckoning him urgently. Victor frowns.

A DESERTED HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Victor and Sandra walk quickly, their voices echoing slightly.

SANDRA
You're not going to like it, Victor.

VICTOR
Just tell me what it is.

SANDRA
I swear to you, we didn't do anything, we didn't change anything in the setup—

VICTOR
—Will you tell me!

SANDRA
She's growing, Victor.

IN THE LAB - THE MONITORS

Victor and the others examine images.

NATHAN

You can see, she doesn't really fit the tank any more.

VICTOR

She's obviously grown...

NATHAN

At least eight inches so far. I've been checking the data runs, it looks like she's been growing since early this morning—

SANDRA

—that's why her shoes didn't fit—

NATHAN

—It seems to be slowing now, but...(shrugs)

On the monitor, three views of Helen in the tank. More cramped each time.

VICTOR

(heading to tank)

Let's see her.

NATHAN

I'm not sure we can call her 'her' any more.

VICTOR

What do you mean.

They peer in the tank. Everyone speaks rapidly, quietly:

NATHAN

You can see a marked change in secondary sexual characteristics, considerable hair and beard growth, muscle mass is changing, and when you look at the genitalia...

VICTOR

My God...

NATHAN

Yeah. The differentiation process seems to be regenerating features we didn't expect.

ROBERT

But her primary genetic makeup is female,
her karyotype—

NATHAN

Her karyotype is now double-X Y.

VICTOR

That's not possible...

NATHAN

Yeah, it is. The FDH hormone was derived
from you, so it was male. She seems to
have incorporated the genetic instructions
into a new Y chromosome. She's
becoming a man..

SANDRA
(looking)

She is a man.

VICTOR

Can we reverse it?

NATHAN

Not now, no. Differentiation is proceeding
too rapidly. And there are other aspects.
Brain activity is tremendous.

On the screens, bright color images of the brain, rotating, changing.

NATHAN (cont'd)

There are cortical modifications we don't
begin to understand. I have no idea what's
going on inside her head.

SANDRA

His head.

NATHAN

His head. You'll notice subtle
modifications in facial structure. Orbits are
wider, nose is changed, mouth is
changed...

We see Helen's face for the first time.

SANDRA

He looks like you, Vic.

NATHAN
A little. Yeah. He does.

VICTOR
(overwhelmed)
Jesus....

NATHAN
Yeah.

A long pause.

Nathan expects that Victor will halt the experiment, kill his creation. Nathan's whole manner assumes this. Victor considers it; we see the indecision on his face. He looks at the man in the tank, the man who looks so much like him. There's no way he is going to kill him. Finally:

VICTOR
(briskly)
What've you done so far? Have you drawn chemistries, steroid pathways—

NATHAN
—Nothing, we wanted you to see this first...

VICTOR
(taking off his coat)
Well let's get started. Rob, let's draw bloods, see if we can find out what's happening here.

NATHAN
(alarmed)
You mean you're not going to terminate him?

VICTOR
Of course not. We've got to know what happened.

NATHAN
This is scaring the hell out of me.

SANDRA
What else is new?

NATHAN
He's unstable and the hormone is going to continue to work for another 72 hours. You don't know what will happen.

VICTOR

(calmly)

That's right. It's an experiment. We don't know what will happen.

NATHAN

But he's so big—

VICTOR

—Nathan, stop worrying. There's nothing to be afraid of. After all, we made him.

Victor glances at Robert, who bites his lip, uncertain.

VICTOR

(smiling, shaking head)

Come on, guys. Where's your sense of adventure?

He pushes a button: the lid hisses up. The tank is open. We can now see clearly the masculine stubbly-bearded face.

VICTOR

He looks peaceful.

NATHAN

He looks big.

VICTOR

(holds out his hand)

Syringe.

(they hand him one)

Okay now, boy, just a little pinprick...

The man in the tank winces, shifts. Does not awaken.

VICTOR

The needle is in...drawing bloods...(looks at others)...and everything's fine...

Victor continues

SANDRA

He's really kind of handsome.

Nathan frowns. Of course Sandra would think so.

The sleeping giant moves his mouth restlessly, but does not awake.

VICTOR
(handing tubes to Nathan)
Take these. Just a few more to go...

Nathan leaves for the next room.

VICTOR
That's all of it. Give me the tape.
(Robert fumbles)
We'll leave an indwelling catheter...don't
want to hurt him any more than
necessary...That's a boy, just relax....done.

They take the final bloods, and leave the room. Hold on the man in the tank, sleeping. PAN DOWN from his tranquil face to his hand. The fingertips flutter.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Nathan spins down the blood in the centrifuge. He carries it to an analyzer, passing Robert and Victor, at the screens. Data is flashing up.

VICTOR
The hormone had a few more effects than
we thought.

NATHAN
Yeah. The good news is we can bring you
back to life. The bad news is your sex
changes when we do.

VICTOR
(ignoring crack)
Here's the blood analysis coming out...Yes,
all the pathways have shifted...massive
testosterone precursors formation,
particularly the diols...

ROBERT
Massive isn't the word for it.

VICTOR
(proud)
Yeah, he's about as butch as they get.

NATHAN
That much testosterone will have
behavioral effects, aggression...

VICTOR
We don't know that for sure.

SANDRA
I think we're about to find out.

They turn.

Across the room, the monster stands in the doorway.

Dripping puddles of water around his feet.

Hooded eyes, watching.

A long moment of silence. Nobody moves. Nobody knows what to do.

NATHAN
Jesus he's big.

SANDRA
(staring)
Yeah.

Victor finally goes forward to the monster. He walks slowly up to him, stands before him. Looking up at his face.

Touching the powerful muscles of his arms.

Looking at his face. Finally:

VICTOR
He's magnificent.

The monster stares impassively.

The others look concerned. No one is really comfortable with this man except Victor.

VICTOR
Can you speak?

The monster shakes his head.

VICTOR (cont'd)
Are you cold? Come on, let's get you some clothes...We have something that will fit. I want you to be comfortable...

Victor leaves the room with the monster. Alone, the others look at each other.

Robert raises his eyebrows. Nathan shakes his head. Sandra is staring at the floor. The happy mood of earlier in the day is gone. They are now in uncharted territory.

IN THE ROOM - LATER

The monster sitting in the same chair where Helen previously sat. The monster now wears surgical greens, the loose fit conceals his size. He actually looks like one of the hospital staff.

Across the room, the others are looking at data.

NATHAN
What about his growth?

The screens shift to show X-ray images of the long bones.

ROBERT
Epiphyses are closing...Looks like he should stop at...

The computer predicts growth, showing larger and larger body shapes...

ROBERT (cont'd)
...six-five or six-six. About what we see.

VICTOR
And the brain?

ROBERT
Cerebral changes still too rapid to measure.

VICTOR
Maybe he's going to be a genius.

Victor stares again at the monster, who is looking at them intelligently.

NATHAN
And maybe he's not.

VICTOR
Fascinating....We'll have to wait and see.

Nathan blows at this.

NATHAN
Fascinating? Victor, we don't know what the hell is happening. This experiment is completely out of control!

SANDRA
(going to monster)
Take it easy, you're scaring him.

NATHAN
I'm scaring him? I'm scaring him? He's
twice my fucking size, for Christ's sake!

SANDRA
(soothing, to monster)
He doesn't mean it.

NATHAN
Yes he does! I mean it!
(lower, to Victor)
Terminate him. Now. Immediately.

VICTOR
Absolutely not.

NATHAN
Victor, you've got to. Before it's too late.

VICTOR
No.

SANDRA
Shut up, Nathan—

NATHAN
—Oh, fuck off, Sandra, you go along with
anything Victor wants to do—

SANDRA
That's uncalled for.

NATHAN
(back to Victor)
Victor, you've got to stop it. It's
irresponsible to continue.

VICTOR
Irresponsible? Nathan: we brought him
into this world... And we have to take care
of him. That's our responsibility. And that's
what we're going to do. Okay?

Nathan hesitates.

VICTOR
Okay?

NATHAN
(nodding, giving in)

Okay.

IN THE MAIN ROOM - LATER

A baseball game on one of the monitors. The monster watching it.

NATHAN

Across the room, he watches the monster, and drums his fingers nervously on the desk. He finally shakes his head. He's made his decision.

IN THE ANIMAL QUARTERS

Nathan unlocks a cabinet. Several KEYS hang there. He takes the one marked BIO-INCINERATOR. Clenching it in his fist, he glances toward the monster.

The monster has noticed nothing. He still watches television.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Nathan enters, stands by the monster who watches television.

NATHAN
You like baseball?

The monster shakes his head, no.

NATHAN
Pretty boring, huh....(as if he got an idea)
Hey, want to do something else?

Nathan is a terrible liar. He wouldn't fool anybody. The monster looks at Nathan, blankly. We can't tell what the monster is thinking.

NATHAN
What do you say? I have to go on an
errand, you want to come with me? Come
on, it'll be fun...

The monster stands.

INT - THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE LAB

Nathan and the monster walk down the hall.

NATHAN
This is the research wing of the
hospital...Nobody's here at this time of
night...

They walk down the hallway, and come across a burly security guard, JOE.

JOE
Evening doctor.

NATHAN
Evening, Joey.

JOE
(noticing monster)
You recruitin' for the ball team now?

NATHAN
(laughing too hard)
No, but I probably should be, huh?

JOE
I'd say. You two take care now.

NATHAN
Night, Joey.

They get on an elevator.

IN THE ELEVATOR

The monster watches as Nathan pushes the buttons, the doors close. Nathan turns, smiles at monster.

NATHAN
Hungry? After this, we'll get you some
food. Want another hamburger?

The monster nods eagerly.

INT - BASEMENT HALLWAY

They round a corner. They come to a door marked BIODISPOSAL-STERILE PRECAUTIONS. Nathan opens the door.

INT - BIODISPOSAL AREA

Great chutes from upper floors, and hampers, and giant hot furnaces. The sound of roaring flames.

The monster steps back.

NATHAN

It's okay...come on...we'll only be here a minute...Take a look, it's kind of interesting.

The monster reluctantly joins Nathan as he goes to a conveyor belt that leads to an oven. The oven is marked: "CREMATORIUM: LAB ANIMALS ONLY". Further signs about no contamination with radiation, heavy metals, etc. Nathan pushes a button, and the conveyor belt starts; the oven door swings open. Gas jets lick at all four sides.

The monster's eyes widen in amazement. He stares at the opening door.

Nathan reaches for a HEAVY IRON PIPE.

The monster stares at the signs. Can he read them?

The pipe swings down, but strikes a glancing blow, mostly hitting the shoulder. The monster crumples with a groan.

Nathan swings the pipe again, hitting the monster on his broad back with a thump! The monster sags for a moment.

Nathan swings again, with murderous intent. The pipe arcs down---

The monster's fingers close on Nathan's wrist and the pipe he holds. They struggle in the light of the crematorium flames. Nathan's determined expression shifts to pain.

The monster squeezes his wrist until the bones crumple in his hand. Nathan looks horrified. Then with his other hand the monster grabs his forearm and cracks it over his knee like a matchstick. Bones protrude from the skin. Nathan screams in pain, bends over—and is hauled back up with the monster's hand around his throat as he squeezes. His handsome face is absolutely expressionless as he squeezes.

Nathan's eyes bulge, he makes a rasping noise, he is near death and he sags, and falls onto the conveyor belt, gasping for breath, clutching his shattered arm, eyes squeezed shut with intense pain. He is slowly carried up the belt. Toward the oven.

At the last moment his eyes open in horror as he realizes what is happening and he tries to get off the belt but it is too late, his body is catapulted by a metal flip plate inside the oven and he is too large but the flip-plate keeps snapping again and again, stuffing him in and then the ceramic door closes and Nathan's final screams mix with the roar of the gas jets.

The monster stands there, looking blank. The jets continue to roar. Thermometer reading goes higher and higher.

The flames stop, the machinery tilts—and a stream of ash, all that remains of Nathan, funnels down into a waiting plastic bag. An automatic sealer shuts it, and drops it into a dumper. There will be no trace of Nathan.

The monster turns and leaves.

INT - BASEMENT HALLWAY

The monster comes out the door, walks down the hall.

INT - THE LAB

The monster crawls into tank, and the lid hisses shut.

FADE TO BLACK

INT - THE LAB - DAY

Victor enters to find Sandra buttoning up a new sportshirt for the monster.

VICTOR
How's he doing?

SANDRA
He's fine. He likes his new clothes, don't you, tiger? But I can't believe Nathan. He put him in the tank with all his clothes on, and he was gone when I came in today.

VICTOR
(frowning)
Nathan was gone?

SANDRA
I called his home but there's no answer. I think maybe it got to be too much for him.

VICTOR
Yeah, knowing Nathan. Let me try him.

As Sandra dresses the monster, Victor calls.

PHONE VOICE
Hi, this is Nate. I'm not home right now, but if you'd like to leave a message, wait for the beep.

VICTOR

Nathan, this is Vic. Is everything okay?
Call me at the lab, all right? Thanks.

(goes over to Sandra)

Still no answer (slaps monster on
shoulder) Ready for some more
psychological testing? What are we going
to call you?

SANDRA

How about Henry?

THE LAB - LATER

Close on a computer screen: with a circle, a triangle, an arc, and a figure 8.

SANDRA (V.O.)

Now Henry, can you tell me which figure
doesn't belong?

The hand points to the triangle on the screen.

SANDRA (V.O.)

And here? Which doesn't belong?

Complex figures, not immediately obvious. The hand points at once.

SANDRA (V.O.)

Very good. Now this one?

More complex figures, rotating in space. The hand points without question.

WIDER ON ROOM

Sandra works with Henry. In front of a video screen, administering a
psychological test.

SANDRA

Now which of these combinations doesn't
go together? Can you see that?..Good...

IN THE MAIN LAB

Robert and Victor look at screens, watching the test. Victor on the phone

I.Q. 160+

MARKED PARANOID IDEATION
BORDERLINE PSYCHOTIC PERSONALITY
AGGRESSIVE MODALITIES
POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS

PHONE VOICE

Hi, this is Nate. I'm not home right now, but if you'd like to leave a message, wait for the beep.

VICTOR

(hanging up)

Still no answer. IQ is one sixty plus. He's a genius, all right.

ROBERT

Yeah, but look at the rest...

VICTOR

You know these tests aren't accurate for those emotional indices. It's not relevant.

ROBERT

Borderline psychotic?

VICTOR

Look at him. He's fine.

EXT - VICTOR'S LAB - AFTERNOON

As Victor and Robert emerge. They pass JOE, the guard.

VICTOR

How's it going, Joey?

JOE

Just fine, doctor....
(seems about to say more)

VICTOR

That's good...

Victor and Robert move on.

INT - UNIVERSITY CHAPEL - AFTERNOON

The wedding march plays as Jennifer walks down the aisle, wearing street clothes, with her father, followed by Amanda, who skips with boredom.

Meanwhile, nearer the pulpit, Victor and Robert, his best man, whispering.

ROBERT

Maybe we should do a CAT scan on his brain.

VICTOR
Will you stop?

ROBERT
Just as a baseline. A reference.

VICTOR
What are you so worried about?

The REV JOHNSON glowers at them as they whisper.

REV JOHNSON
(firmly)
Now you look at the bride...

They turn dutifully to look. The bride continues down the aisle. Whispering resumes:

ROBERT
I just think we should be documenting cortical changes, that's all.

VICTOR
It's not necessary.

ROBERT
We can't be sure. Vic: face it. Nathan might be right. He might be unstable...

Jennifer approaching, sees them whispering and frowns. The two men fall silent.

REV JOHNSON
Now, best man steps to his right...yes, on the outside, you step back as the bride arrives...Good...father of the bride to his right...that's fine, and I will say to the congregation 'All rise' and we will have the invocation and prayer. And then I say, 'Dearly beloved we are gathered here...'

A BEEPER goes off. Everyone gathered around the pulpit looks at their belts: they all have beepers. It's Jennifer.

BEEPER
Jennifer Halstead, 2243. Jennifer Halstead, 2243.

JENNIFER
(looking stricken)
I've got to go...Mom..Dad, I've got to go...

INT - INTENSIVE CARE - NIGHT

Steve lies in a bed, ashen, tubes in every orifice. He's clearly dying.

Victor looks at the kid, smiles, Stevie smiles back like a shadow, then closes his eyes.

Jennifer outside, behind a glass wall, crying. Victor puts his arm around her.

JENNIFER

I know I shouldn't...get so involved...lose
my (sarcastic) clinical detachment...

Victor reaches for a kleenex, gives it to her. They walk; he holds her.

VICTOR

It's okay, Jen...

JENNIFER

(wiping eyes)

Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

VICTOR

(comforting)

I know, I know...

He walks with her, moving down the glass wall, away from Steve, then back again. He's so involved with holding her, helping her, that he's unprepared for what comes next:

JENNIFER

Vic, what about your genetic resuscitation?

VICTOR

No. (gentler) Jen, we can't.

JENNIFER

But I thought it was going so well, you
were so confident ...

VICTOR

(remembering all that)

I just can't.

JENNIFER

Why not?

VICTOR

I'm sorry. I just can't do it.

She winces, shakes her head furiously. Then it passes. She sighs.

JENNIFER

No...I just...I guess I want a miracle.

VICTOR

Sure.

JENNIFER

I have to stay here a while...Call my parents, tell them I can't make dinner...

VICTOR

Sure. (gesturing to couch) And don't worry, I'll be here if you need me.

He kisses her on the head. She smiles at him, wipes her eyes, and goes back to Stevie.

INT - VICTOR'S LAB - NIGHT

The plexi lid hisses open. Sandra turns to Henry, who stands by the window, looking out wistfully. She goes over to him.

SANDRA

Come on, Henry, you need your rest, let's get you to bed...I drained the water so you can sleep real easy...

Henry hesitates.

SANDRA (cont'd)

Come on now, it's bedtime...

Her arm is on Henry's shoulder. She feels the muscles. She looks at his face. In the darkened room, it might as well be Victor's face.

SANDRA (cont'd)

You're not tired, are you....Me neither. (conspiratorial grin) What do you say we blow this joint?

A slow smile creeps across Henry's face.

EXT - DOWNTOWN HOUSTON - NIGHT

Looking up at the skyscrapers, sweeping past above us. Rock and roll blares.

IN SANDRA'S CONVERTIBLE

Henry looks upward, the wind blowing his hair.

Sandra, driving, looks over at Henry and smiles. He smiles back, tentatively. He seems overwhelmed.

SANDRA
(shouting)
Isn't this fun?

They continue on, Sandra pointing out the sights, and he looks, as they drive and the radio blares.

Finally they pass the huge Transco waterfall, lit brilliantly at night. Henry turns to look at it, over his shoulder. She sees he's intrigued.

THE TRANSCO WATERFALL - NIGHT

Roaring, glowing power in a great high arc. They walk beneath it. Henry is delighted, moving close to it, turning his face up to the spray.

Sandra is amused by his pleasure.

Henry sticks his hand in the sheets of falling water, and gets splattered, pulls back.

Sandra laughs, hugs him.

They hold the embrace. Sandra sees only Victor.

They kiss beneath the waterfall.

When they break, Sandra is breathless, dazzled. Henry looks confused, unsure.

SANDRA
Ever kissed a girl before? (laughing at his
perplexity) It couldn't have been that bad...

Henry just looks uncertain...She takes his arm and leads him away.

INT - LONGHORN GRILL - NIGHT

About as Texan as a restaurant gets. Sandra and Henry in a booth. She's treating it as a romantic interlude, telling her life story:

SANDRA
So anyway, when I graduated college, I didn't know whether to go to medical school or graduate school in biology, so I took a summer job in Victor's lab, and I just stayed on, you know how these things happen....Good steaks here, huh? I love this place...

Henry is eating, looks up. Sandra looks up, too. It's Marty.

MARTY
Hey, Sandra, darlin'. How's everything
going at that lab of yours?

SANDRA
Ever so fine, Marty. How about you?

Marty hesitates, looking at Henry, a person he doesn't know.

SANDRA
(secretly amused)
Oh, this is Henry. Henry, Marty.

MARTY
How you doin', Henry?

Henry just nods vaguely. Marty turns back to Sandra.

MARTY
I hear you had success with, uh, you
know...the woman...

He's reluctant to speak in front of Henry, a stranger.

SANDRA
No, I don't know. What're you talking
about, Marty?

MARTY
(low)
Helen Morris.

SANDRA
(loud)
Helen Morris? Who's that, Marty?

MARTY
You know....Vic told me.

SANDRA
(having fun)
No, I don't, Marty. You ask me, I think Vic's
putting you on. I never heard of Helen
Morris.

Marty looks irritated, leaves. Sandra laughs. She looks to share her joke with Henry, but Henry has turned to stare at the departing Marty.

SANDRA
(laughing)
That's old Marty Herman in pathology, he's
the one brought you to us...

When Henry turns back, he is frowning.

SANDRA (cont'd)
Just a joke....Sorry. I thought it was funny.
I guess you don't, huh?

Henry has a sort of pained look, as if he is remembering all the changes in his recent life.

SANDRA (cont'd)
I'm sorry, it was insensitive of me...

She leans forward to touch his arm. He pushes her back, roughly, in a flash of anger.

SANDRA (cont'd)
Hey, I said I was sorry.... I guess we should
go, huh?

Her dinner fantasy is ruined.

BACK IN THE LAB - LATER

She hisses the lid shut. Henry watches the latching mechanism.

Sandra turns, checks the monitors. She looks at Henry, who has closed his eyes.

She crosses the room to the window, which is narrow and vertical, opening with a rotating lever.

Henry opens his eyes, watching her through the plexi.

Sandra rotates the lever, opening the window. She looks out at the lawn of the hospital grounds. Directly ahead is a green wooded park, with a stream running through it. A full moon high above. A breeze blows her hair.

She takes a deep breath, sighs, rotates the lever to shut the window. She goes over to the side console, sits back, and flicks on data screens. She looks over at the incubator.

SANDRA
Sleep tight, Henry.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

THE ROOM - LATER

Close on Henry as he bites a piece of tubing, then inserts the edge into the interior latch mechanism.

The plexi lid hisses open.

In the main room, Sandra sleeps, head down on the console.

Henry climbs out of the incubator. He walks past the screens of data to the window. He rotates the latch as he has seen Sandra do it. The window opens. The breeze ruffles his hair. He looks at the moon.

He steps through the window.

EXT - HERMANN PARK BEYOND THE LAB - MOONLIT NIGHT

He steps into the dirt of the flower bed. Walks forward onto the grass.

Henry stretches in the moonlight. He smiles, happy to be free again.

A lovely evening, dark trees and grass in the moonlight. He hears wind in the trees.

He looks, sees tree branches moving gently in the moonlight. The glowing skyscrapers of the city, beyond. A whole world waiting for him.

He hears the CRACKLE of a walkie-talkie in the darkness. The odd sound makes him stop. Then he moves forward again, hopping over a narrow stream.

Beyond is a metal fence, which separates the medical center from the park. He looks at the fence, shakes it with his hand, testing it. He starts to climb it.

Booted feet approaching, the walkie-talkie crackle again.

Henry, climbing the fence, is silhouetted in a bright light from a flashlight. He sees a fearsome large silhouette of a security guard. It's Joe.

JOE

Evening there.

Henry does not answer. Joe shines his light on him. Henry winces at the brightness.

JOE (cont'd)

Better come on down.

Henry hesitates, still on the fence.

JOE (cont'd)
You want to come with me, son?

He gestures with his hand. Henry comes back, towers over Joe.

JOE (cont'd)
Oh, it's you...What're you doing out here?
This here's private property. (no answer)
Come on...Let's find out where you belong.

Henry realizes Joe is going to take him back. He resists, looking toward the park, freedom...

JOE (cont'd)
Come on now...

Henry wrenches free.

JOE (cont'd)
I said you have to come—

He grabs Henry and they struggle. The light swings wildly.

Joe pulls his nightstick and hits Henry with it and Henry goes crazy, lashes out with a swipe of his big hand, smacking the guard, knocking him backward with a nasty CRACK.

The body drops into the stream.

Henry stares.

Joe's body. Eyes staring upward. Water gurgling around it.

Henry touches the body.

The body begins to move in the current. Drifting downstream.

Henry is frightened, backs away.

Wide shot: he moves back toward the hospital.

EXT - HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

As Victor drives up, staring forward through the windshield.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
Local police are still investigating the death last night of Joe Pendell, a Texas Medical Center security guard. Detective Manetti is in charge of the investigation, but at this time there are still no clues to the tragedy...

Victor sees lots of police cars, flashing lights, medical examiner's hearse, TV minivans.

INT - HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

COPS talk with Marder, who is frowning, distinctly unhappy. Looks vaguely toward Victor as he passes. Looks through him.

INT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE VICTOR'S LAB

TWO COPS standing there, walkie-talkies crackling. Victor hears snatches on the walkie-talkie as he approaches.

WALKIE TALKIE (OVER)

Got an ATW...killer was a big man, over six feet...say again?...Big man, very strong...Print team is pulling now...

Victor looks stricken, pauses at the door, next to the big BIOHAZARD sign. A nightmare is coming true. The cops stare at him strangely; Victor can't stay there. He takes a deep breath, goes inside.

INT - VICTOR'S LAB

THREE PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES moving around the lab. Everything that follows happens in a swirl:

ROBERT

Victor, good, you're here. This is Detective Manetti from homicide...

MANETTI is young, hardly older than Victor, and hip. Alert. Appraising as they shake hands.

VICTOR

What can I do for you, Detective?

MANETTI

One of the hospital security guards was murdered last night—

VICTOR

—I heard it on the news, it's terrible, a tragedy—

MANETTI

—We put time of death about midnight last night, and there are signs of a struggle in the park. Not far from your lab, on the lawn out there.

VICTOR
Really?

Victor looks: the lawn by the stream is cordoned off with yellow ribbon.

MANETTI
We've been told you sometimes have people working all night in your lab. We wondered if anybody saw something that could help us.

Victor is looking around for Henry. Doesn't see him.

VICTOR
We do have people here, yes. Was Sandra here last night?

ROBERT
Sandra. Yes.

VICTOR
You can talk to her, of course...

MANETTI
Actually, I already have. She said she was here alone all night.

VICTOR
Then I'm sure that's right.

MANETTI
You're not aware of anyone else who might have been here with her?

The tank is in the corner, partially draped. Not especially impressive.

VICTOR
No.

MANETTI
She wouldn't have let in another person, a boyfriend, whatever...

VICTOR
I don't think so....

MANETTI
And your work doesn't involve human subjects?

VICTOR
No.

MANETTI
(shrug)
Well, you see we got a good set of prints from the assailant off the flashlight, and we've got some blood and skin from under the victim's fingernails, so we have something to go on.

VICTOR
Uh huh....

MANETTI
In fact, we ran a computer check on the killer's fingerprints, and we got a match. The killer had a criminal record, you see.
(watching for Victor's reaction)
Whoever killed that guard was a powerful person, we assumed a man. But the prints belong to a woman named Helen Morris.
(beat)
Does that name mean anything to you?

VICTOR
No.

MANETTI
(to Robert)
You?

ROBERT
No...

MANETTI
It's funny, because Helen Morris died in this hospital, and according to the death certificate her body is signed out to you.

VICTOR
That's possible...

MANETTI
But you don't remember her?

VICTOR
We take lots of post-mortem blood samples as part of our research. I don't remember the names of the deceased.

MANETTI

That's what you did in this case? Took samples?

VICTOR

Yes...

Manetti stares for a moment.

MANETTI

You're sure she's dead, doctor?

VICTOR

Yes. I'm sure she's dead.

MANETTI

If we were to dig her up, we'd find a body in the coffin?

VICTOR

Well, I doubt it. After they leave our lab, the bodies are usually cremated.

MANETTI

So there isn't any proof that Helen Morris is actually dead.

VICTOR

There isn't a body, no.

MANETTI

But Helen Morris is dead.

VICTOR

Yes, she's dead.

MANETTI

Must be. You signed her out two hours after she officially died, in the emergency ward....I just wonder how a murderer would have a dead woman's prints.

VICTOR

There's only one possible explanation. Your computer made a mistake.

MANETTI

(shrug)

It happens. We get 95% confidence limits, but...I guess nothing's perfect.

VICTOR
Nothing I know.

MANETTI
Well. Don't worry. We'll track this guy
down.

VICTOR
(mixed feeling)
I'm sure you will.

MANETTI
Thanks for your help. By the way, I
understand you're getting married today...

VICTOR
That's right....

MANETTI
Then your problems are just beginning!
Good luck.... Come on, boys.

The group is alone. Victor turns to Sandra, who looks frightened.

INT - BATHROOM - DAY

They open the toilet stall. Henry sits there. We notice Henry is slightly uglier than he was the night before, his features thicker, more menacing. The eyes hooded.

VICTOR
Come on out, Henry.

Henry stands.

BACK IN THE LAB

ROBERT
Hold out your hands.

Henry obeys. Victor inspects the hands: scratches, bleeding. Dirt under the nails.

Robert bends to the feet. Dirt on the shoes.

ROBERT
He's been outside. Last night.

Robert pulls down the shirt at the collar. Scratches on the chest.

ROBERT
He killed that man. You did, didn't you.

HENRY
No.

The group stares: Henry has spoken his first words.

HENRY
He was hurting me. I pushed him.

VICTOR
Jesus Christ....

HENRY
He hit me. It was not my fault.

They just stare at him. A tear rolls down Sandra's cheek.

No one seems to know what to do.

HENRY
(flat)
He was hurting me.

In the silence Sandra goes forward, takes his arm.

SANDRA
Come on, Henry. Nobody's going to hurt
you any more.

She leads him away.

Victor stares, very upset. He glances at Robert, who is also staring.

VICTOR
Poor guy....

Robert goes to the lab door, locks it, comes back.

ROBERT
There's more. Nathan's car is in the
parking lot. He didn't go home yesterday.
His car is still here.

VICTOR
Then where is he?

Robert says nothing. He just stares at Henry.

VICTOR
(low)

Oh no.

His whole world is collapsing.

ROBERT

Yes...The experiment's got to stop, Vic.
You've got a transgenic human being
who's out of control.

Victor sags in a chair.

ROBERT (cont'd)

He's killed people. We've got to end it, Vic.

In the next room, they watch as Sandra helps Henry change his clothes.

VICTOR

What do you want to do?

ROBERT

Inject him with 10,000 units of penicillin.
He's allergic to it.

VICTOR

How ?

ROBERT

Tell him it's...a hormone booster.

VICTOR

(shaking head)

He's smart. I don't think he'll let us inject
him with anything now.

ROBERT

Maybe succinyl, in one of the animal dart
guns. Paralyze him. Then we could kill
him.

VICTOR

We better make damn sure...We'll only
have one chance...You miss, he could kill
us all.

ROBERT

Uh-oh.

Henry is coming toward them from the next room. They watch him approach,
trying not to look guilty.

HENRY
Victor, can I speak to you?

Henry looks meaningfully at Robert. He wants to talk to Victor alone.

VICTOR
Sure...Come into my office.

IN VICTOR'S OFFICE

Victor sits behind his desk. Henry sits opposite him. Beyond, through the glass, Victor can see Robert and Sandra huddling. Henry is very calm: high intelligence and no emotion at all.

HENRY
I'm concerned about my future, Victor. I want to know what's going to happen to me.

VICTOR
What's going to happen?

HENRY
Yes.

VICTOR
How do you mean?

HENRY
You made me, Victor. I was dead, and you made me alive. I didn't ask for this.

VICTOR
That's true.

HENRY
Sandra and Robert seem worried. And you seem worried, too.

VICTOR
Do I?

HENRY
I want to know what your plans are for me.

VICTOR
The experiment will continue. You're still developing, you know.

In the background, Robert waits while Sandra goes into another room.

HENRY
And when my development is finished?
Will you make a public announcement?

VICTOR
Yes, of course.

HENRY
How will you explain that I am a man?

VICTOR
We will say, uh, that you asked for the sex
change, and we accomodated you.

HENRY
But who was I before? I can't be Helen
Morris, the police are looking for her.

VICTOR
True.

HENRY
I don't see how you can announce me
publicly at all.

VICTOR
I guess not.

HENRY
And you can do another person, and the
next one will turn out well.

VICTOR
Probably.

HENRY
But in the meantime, I am an
embarrassment to you.

VICTOR
I wouldn't say that.

HENRY
What would you say?

VICTOR
Well...

Victor falls silent.

HENRY

You don't seem to have thought this out very carefully, Victor. I want to stay alive.

VICTOR

Of course.

HENRY

Are you planning to kill me?

VICTOR

No.

HENRY

What about the others?

VICTOR

I'm not sure about the others.

HENRY

I'm worried about them. Nathan tried to kill me.

VICTOR

Did he?

HENRY

I had no choice, Victor. I hope you can understand. I want to live. Everyone else wants me dead again.

VICTOR

Well, I wouldn't say that. I think we can—

The phone rings. Victor answers it.

VICTOR

Excuse me...Hello?...(frowning) Yes, Dr. Marder, the police have gone...Yes, if you want to come see me at the lab now, that'll be fine...

Victor smiles reassuringly at Henry as he talks.

VICTOR (cont'd)

...No, no, no problem. Right.

Victor hangs up. Looks beyond Henry to the door.

VICTOR (cont'd)

Sandra, Dr. Marder is coming to pay us a visit in a few minutes...

Henry turns.

Sandra is aiming the dart gun.

Henry reacts, stands and lunges.

Sandra fires.

The dart plunges into Henry's neck. He bellows with animal rage, lunges for Sandra, misses her as she twists away. Henry smashes against lab equipment in the next room. Glass equipment shatters.

Victor and Robert run forward.

Henry is gasping. He coughs, shudders, turns to face the three of them, his eyes painful....and falls like a tree, thudding to the floor on his back. His eyes are open. Just the slightest chest movement, wheezing.

VICTOR

What'd you use?

ROBERT

Succinylcholine. He's paralyzed.

HENRY'S POV - LOOKING UPWARD

The faces stare down.

ROBERT

Jesus, he's still alive... I gave him a huge dose...

VICTOR

(to Sandra)

Get 10,000 units of penicillin and we'll finish him off.

(to Robert)

Let's move him. Marder's on his way.

Henry stares upward, turning blue. Unable to move.

WIDE ON THE LAB

The struggle to drag the huge body through the lab. His feet dragging on the floor. It's like moving a big piece of furniture. They drop him once. Stand over him, gasping for breath.

ROBERT
Jesus he's heavy!

Henry is an anoxic blue-gray.

VICTOR
Come on...Come on!

AT THE TANK - MOMENTS LATER

Henry inside, still gray but breathing slightly.

ROBERT
I can't believe he's still alive.

Sandra enters with the penicillin.

SANDRA
Here's ten thousand units.

VICTOR
(loading syringe)
I want him dead.

Henry stares upward, watching, but unable to move.

SANDRA
What if it doesn't work? He's genetically
like you, now, maybe he's not allergic...

VICTOR
It'll work.

He jabs the needle into the arm. Injects.

The DOOR BUZZER, over. Repeated, insistent.

IN THE MAIN LAB

Through the small window at the door, we can see Marder. He rattles the door handle impatiently.

AT THE TANK

VICTOR
Shit. Marder.

Henry starts to shake, his body vibrating in rapid small tremors. He's dying.

VICTOR
(look to Marder in next room)
That's doing it. I'll be back...

The others hold Henry, who still stares upward.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

As Victor opens the door, and Marder bursts in, furious. And worried.

MARDER
What the hell's going on here, Victor?
(looking around)
Why is this door locked?

VICTOR
I don't know...

MARDER
What the hell are the cops on about, with
this Helen Morris business?

VICTOR
It's just a bureaucratic mixup.

MARDER
(disbelief)
A bureaucratic mixup?

VICTOR
Everything's under control, I promise you.

MARDER
It fucking well better be, boy! It fucking well
better be or I'll hang your ass from the
Texas belltower.

IN THE TANK ROOM

Sandra and Robert hold down Henry. Robert puts a stethoscope on Henry's chest as the discussion between Victor and Marder rages in the other room; they can hear it through the glass partition.

MARDER (O.S.)
Shitfire, boy, you're worrying the hell out of
me.

VICTOR (O.S.)
(soothing)
I promise you, Dr. Marder...

MARDER (O.S.)

Maybe you oughta give me a looksee right here and now...

VICTOR (O.S.)

Fine, if it'll make you feel any better, but the police were just here, looked everywhere...

Robert lifts the stethoscope, shakes his head: dead.

Worried, they close the tank lid, expecting Marder's arrival. They look over toward the other room.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

MARDER

(cooling off)

All right now...I don't know what happened in this lab, and I don't want to know, but I want it clear, there won't be a peep from anybody in this lab, no one's doing Meet The Press around here...

VICTOR

Not a chance.

MARDER

All right. Fine.

(abrupt change of mood)

Well then, I'm sure we all got better things to do than stand around here. I seem to remember you got a wedding today, Victor.

VICTOR

That's true.

MARDER

Then I'll see you again under happier circumstances. (smiles)

He leaves. Victor sighs.

IN THE TANK ROOM

As Victor enters, goes right to the tank, opens it up.

ROBERT

I almost forgot you were getting married today.

VICTOR
Is he dead?

In the tank, Henry is gray-white, not breathing.

ROBERT
(applying stethoscope)
No heartbeat.

Victor looks at the body, closes the eyes. Steps back.

VICTOR
Lock up the tank. Robert, you come back
tonight and get rid of the body.
(sighs in relief)
Then that's it. It's finished.

EXT - A CAMPUS COURTYARD - DAY

Surrounded by gothic buildings, caterers are setting out tables, a raised platform for the band, stringing flowers and lights overhead.

Birds chirp in the sunlight. It's a beautiful day.

Victor walks by.

INT - UNIVERSITY CHAPEL - DAY

Sunlight streams in through stained glass windows. Jennifer supervises flowers at the altar. She sees Victor, comes over.

JENNIFER
No, no, the lillies over there. Yes... (kisses
Victor) There'll be little arrangements all
down the aisle, do you like it? I think it's
beautiful. Your suit is in the changing
room, and don't forget to leave me a check
for the photographer...(to arrangers) No,
no, they should go down on the sides, put
the last two—that's right...Everything okay
with you?

VICTOR
Sure, fine.

Victor wanders away. He passes C.J. Driscoll.

DRISCOLL
Looks beautiful.

VICTOR
Thanks, C.J.

DRISCOLL
Everything okay at the lab?

VICTOR
Just fine, C.J. Just fine.

INT - THE LAB - AFTERNOON

Sandra at a table, making notes. She glances at her watch. She picks up her things, slings her purse over her shoulder, and is starting to leave.

There is a hiss: across the room, the tank lid opens.

Sandra frowns. The body in the tank is not moving. She goes over to the tank, peers inside.

Henry, unmoving.

She lifts one eyelid, sees the eye is rolled down. He's dead, all right.

Then the eye rolls up, staring at her—and his giant hand grabs her throat, and Sandra is lifted bodily straight up in the air, higher and higher in a single swift motion, until she punches through the fiber ceiling and strikes an electrical conduit in a blazing shower of sparks, and dies.

Wide: Henry stands in the tank, holding up the shaking body until the sparks stop and then he drops Sandra like a rag on the floor.

Henry climbs down from the tank. He is uglier than before, his skin gray. He looks like walking death.

He strides forward, stepping on Sandra's body, her bones crunching.

INT - CHAPEL DOWNSTAIRS ROOM - DAY

As Victor is hanging up his suit, Robert enters, carrying his own suit.

ROBERT
There you are. All set for the big event?

VICTOR
I don't know why I'm so nervous.

ROBERT
It's traditional.

INT - VICTOR'S LAB - AFTERNOON

Henry turns, leaves the lab.

INT - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Henry passes a sign marked PATHOLOGY, with an arrow.

INT - PATHOLOGY LAB

Marty is washing up after an autopsy. He turns, sees Henry standing there.

MARTY
Can I help you?

HENRY
Yes.

MARTY
Who're you looking for?

Henry says nothing, moves forward.

Marty starts to back away, realizing that something is wrong.

MARTY
What are you doing here?

Henry grabs Marty by the shirt, lifts him bodily in the air.

Henry reaches for a scalpel from the autopsy table.

Marty begins to scream.

Henry slashes with the scalpel: Marty's scream is cut off.

INT - THE CHAPEL

Few people here yet. The ushers putting carnations in their buttonholes. The organ plays. Marder comes in with Eileen.

INT - JENNIFER'S ROOM IN THE CHAPEL

Jennifer is putting on makeup. Humming the wedding march. Amanda comes in.

JENNIFER
You look beautiful, Amanda.

AMANDA
I don't like my shoes.

JENNIFER
Why? They look nice.

AMANDA
They're stupid.

JENNIFER
Well nobody will notice.

BACK IN THE HOSPITAL

Henry in a corridor, looks around. He goes off in a different direction.

A PATIENT FLOOR

He is walking down, past room after room with patients. A PRISSY NURSE coming the other way.

NURSE
Excuse me, can I help you? Afternoon
visiting hours are over.

HENRY
I'm looking for Dr. Frankenstein.

NURSE
Inquire at the main lobby. But you'll have
to leave here now. Visiting hours are over.

Henry stares at her. He could as easily kill her as look at her.

NURSE
(irritably)
Did you hear what I said?

HENRY
Yes.

Henry walks off, toward the elevators. The nurse leaves, shaking her head.

IN THE ELEVATOR

He is riding down. A couple gets on, a middle-aged man and wife, holding flowers. A little girl holds her father's hand. Husband and wife are talking heatedly.

MAN

I'm telling you Sylvia, you're going to have to do something.

WOMAN

She's not your mother.

MAN

I know, but she didn't even recognize us. You're going to have to do something. I'm telling you. Whether you like it or not.

The couple falls silent. The man stares up at Henry. Henry glances at him.

MAN

So. How's the weather up there?

Henry glowers.

MAN

Just kidding. Really.

The little girl stares at Henry. Henry stares back. They all ride in awkward silence.

MAIN HOSPITAL LOBBY

As Henry walks out, through the lobby. To the reception desk. A GRANDMOTHERLY AIDE with thick glasses.

AIDE

Yes, dear?

HENRY

Dr. Frankenstein.

AIDE

Oh, he's not on duty, he's at the wedding tonight. (monster looks blank) Through the doors, turn right to the University chapel, you'll see all the people.

HENRY

Thank you.

AIDE

You're welcome, dear.

OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL - TWILIGHT

A few early arrivals, well-dressed stand outside, talking. Students carrying books hurry past, peering inside as they go. No one really notices Henry, also peering inside.

INSIDE THE CHAPEL

Robert with the other ushers.

ROBERT

Friend of the bride or friend of the groom?.... Friend of the bride or friend of the groom?

Henry sees Robert, turns and moves laterally.

OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL

He moves around the side of the building, looking for a side door.

INSIDE THE CHAPEL - GROUND FLOOR - SIDE ROOM

Victor pacing, in his suit. Nervous. Blowing on his hands. Shaking them. Nervous. Adjusting his flower in his buttonhole. Again.

Staring out the window. Then he turns away, goes to the mirror.

VICTOR

(different readings)

I do....I do....I do....

He does not see Henry peering in through the window. Neither sees the other. Henry moves on.

Robert enters.

ROBERT

The first guests are arriving. Won't be long now.

OUTSIDE THE CHAPEL - TWILIGHT

Henry continues. He hears girlish giggles from the second floor. A warm yellow light through the windows.

He reaches up, grips the stones of the chapel, and with one hand pulls himself upward. He moves like a powerful animal up the wall to the window.

He looks in. The bridesmaids partially dressed. Chattering and laughing.

Henry lowers himself down, out of view. He moves to a lower window, eases through. He's in a staircase leading up.

INT - CHAPEL STAIRCASE

Henry starts up.

THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Henry silently passes the open door to the bridesmaids. Henry moves to the next door.

JENNIFER'S DRESSING ROOM

Jennifer is with Marder and Amanda.

MARDER

I just had to kiss the beautiful bride. Victor is a lucky man. (to girl) Are you going to carry the flowers?

AMANDA

Yes.

MARDER

What's your name, darlin'?

AMANDA

Amanda.

Amanda is staring past Marder, and upward. Marder turns.

Henry is in the doorway.

HENRY

Where is Victor?

MARDER

Who the hell are you?

Amanda instinctively turns to run, dashes out the door. Henry slams it shut as she leaves.

Jennifer turns as the door slams.

She stares at Henry, who still looks oddly like Victor. A distorted, ugly Victor.

Henry looks at Jennifer. He turns to Marder.

MARDER
(blustery)

Now just a fucking minute!

Marder swings at him, as Henry grabs him. He lifts him up and throws him bodily through the window.

Jennifer stands, begins to scream. Runs for the door.

DOWNSTAIRS - VICTOR AND ROBERT

They hear A WOMAN SCREAMING. They look at each other, and start to run.

IN THE CHAPEL

The guests astonished to see the groom and best man running through the aisle, hearing the screaming.

IN THE STAIRWELL

As Victor and Robert race upstairs, still hearing the screams. Amanda runs past them, crying.

UPSTAIRS

The girls are in semi-dressed panic, running around madly. Robert and Victor push through them to Jennifer's room. They see Henry come out of Jennifer's room—he sees them—he ducks back into the room.

They reach Jennifer's room, fling open the door.

JENNIFER'S DRESSING ROOM

Her body. Lying on the floor, red around the neck, blood dripping from the mouth. Victor horrified.

VICTOR
Oh God...

ROBERT
Where'd he go?

Henry is not there. It's a small room. No place to hide. A far door Robert goes through to an adjacent room.

Victor bends over his bride, moaning. He puts his hand gently behind her head to pick her up.

VICTOR
My God....

Her dead hand falls limply.

IN THE NEXT ROOM

Robert flicks on lights. Nobody there. Another door. He goes through.

He sees a partially open window, goes to it.

Robert looks out, and the window slams down like a guillotine on Robert's neck, he screams. A huge hand holding the window down.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

Henry clings to the side of the building, shoving down the window on Robert's neck. Robert's body quivers.

JENNIFER'S DRESSING ROOM

Victor still in shock, hears Robert in the next room, runs to him.

THE ADJOINING ROOM

Victor grabs a chair, smashes the glass and swings the chair at Henry, crashing it against him repeatedly.

Henry grabs the chair, and tries to pull Victor out the window. Victor pulls back, twists—the chair breaks in his hand, and he falls back. Victor scrambles to his feet.

Henry jumps to the ground, looks back at Victor. Waits. Then he moves away.

IN THE STAIRWELL

Victor running madly.

INSIDE THE CHAPEL

Now empty, all the people outside, sirens from approaching police cars, Victor turns.

BEHIND THE CHAPEL

Relatively quiet. Victor outside, panting. Staring at shadowy trees.

THE TREES

Nobody in sight.

VICTOR

Trying to decide what to do.

THE TREES

A shadowy form slips from one trunk to another.

VICTOR

He starts to run.

PAST THE CATERERS

Victor runs in pursuit. The caterers stare.

HENRY

Slipping around a corner, running.

VICTOR

In a courtyard. No Henry: footsteps and a receding shadow.

Victor pursues.

A CLOISTERED COURTYARD

Rows of pillars. Victor runs along, can't find Henry. He continues on.

HENRY

Behind a pillar, watching Victor. He starts to follow him.

THE HOSPITAL

At the main entrance, Victor runs forward, enters.

INT - MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT

Victor rushes through.

THE JUNCTION OF DESERTED CORRIDORS

He passes a sign: RESEARCH WING with an arrow. Continues on...

OUTSIDE VICTOR'S LAB

Previously seen. The door to Victor's lab. Victor fumbles for his keys.

INSIDE THE ANIMAL QUARTERS

Victor flicks on the lights, goes to the animal control cabinet. Opens it: the dart gun is missing, the outline visible in the cabinet. Where's the gun? He remembers, Sandra had it.

IN THE MAIN LAB

Victor runs toward his own office, finds the gun where Sandra left it. Hurriedly pops open the chamber. Three darts there.

The lights in the lab suddenly go out. Victor freezes.

VICTOR'S POV - THE LAB - NIGHT

Slow pan. Across the blinking equipment, ticking machinery. No sign of anybody there. But Henry is there, somewhere.

VICTOR

He hesitates. He moves toward the operating room.

VICTOR
Henry? It's me, Victor.

Victor moves among the equipment, crouched, tense.

VICTOR
Let's talk.

A low unpleasant laugh floats through the darkness.

HENRY (O.S.)
About what, Victor.

In the darkened operating room, Victor puts the gun on top of a wall-mounted box, near where he is standing. Then he pulls wires marked HIGH VOLTAGE from the wall, clips them to the steel operating table.

VICTOR
Let's talk about the future, Henry.

Victor pulls away the insulating rubber mats, sliding them to the corner. Metal floor plates are exposed.

VICTOR
Do you hear me, Henry?

Victor stands back against the wall, near the box, looking around in the darkness.

HENRY (O.S.)
I hear you, Doctor.

Henry stands at the entrance to the operating room. Huge and silhouetted.

HENRY
You lied to me, Victor.

Victor says nothing, just watches. Waiting for his chance.

HENRY
I look like you, I sound like you, I think like
you, Victor. I have your genes, Victor. And
I know you want to kill me.

Victor flicks on the deep blue UV lights. Victor spreads his hands, shows them empty.

VICTOR
I promise you, I don't.

HENRY
(sarcastic)
You promise me.

Henry enters the operating room. He's very large.

HENRY
A lot of people are dead.

Henry is moving slowly forward, toward Victor. Victor slowly circles. Moving slowly toward the wall box where the dart gun is located.

HENRY
Only one more to go...

Victor frowns.

HENRY
(nodding)
Now you are the only one who knows...
how I came to be...When you are gone, I
can live a new life, just as you intended...

VICTOR
I don't think you can get away with it.

HENRY
(contemptuous)
Of course I can.

Victor's hand moves toward the dart gun.

HENRY

I have a right to live my life. You gave me that, Victor.

Victor moves quickly for the dart gun. Henry sees, reaches out, slaps Victor across the head. The blow knocks Victor off his feet.

Victor slams into the side wall. He gets up.

Henry is holding the dart gun. Staring at it.

Henry tosses the dart gun aside as Victor lunges forward. Henry grabs him bodily and throws him against the wall again. Victor crumples, blood coming from his mouth and nose. Gasping for breath. He wipes the blood on his sleeve.

Henry comes forward.

HENRY

It's no good, Victor. I am better than you.

Victor does the only sensible thing: he turns to run. Henry grabs him from behind, his powerful hands close around Victor's neck. He pulls Victor back as Victor kicks and flails like a child having a tantrum.

They struggle. Victor's kicking knocks them both backward, until Henry lies on his back on the operating table, and Victor lies on his back on Henry. They stare up at the lights and an overhead mirror.

IN THE MIRROR

The two faces grimacing: Victor with pain, Henry with effort.

HENRY

He sees the two faces.

IN THE MIRROR

The face of Henry.

The face of Victor.

From one to the other: It's almost the same face.

Henry hesitates. He frowns. He can't kill Victor. His hands unclench the throat.

Gasping, Victor falls to the floor.

Henry seems stunned by what has happened, turns, leans on the table, also gasping for breath.

Victor, on the floor, sees the footpedal for the electricity. He sees Henry standing on the metal plate.

Victor starts to move toward the pedal.

Henry sees what Victor is doing. Henry turns, sees the wires running from the table to the wall, marked "High Voltage." Henry swings back, grabs at Victor.

HENRY
Don't ...you'll die too...

Victor knows that. He throws his body on the pedal.

Waves of crackling blue electricity sweep over Henry's body, making him tremble. He is frozen in place.

Victor is also being electrocuted. His body shivers on the plate.

Henry makes a groaning sound as electricity streaks in his face, his mouth, his eyes...

The room lights flicker on and off, showing a tableau of frozen trembling bodies in darkness, and then in light.

Victor tries to get free but can't.

Henry is dying. Foaming at the mouth as he vibrates. Smoke coming from his clothing.

Victor is dying. Smoke from his clothing, too.

The lights flicker and go out.

Distant sirens, building in the blackness.

INT - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A gurney being wheeled at breakneck pace, as in the opening sequence. Teams working on a body as they go.

A second gurney, same effort.

INT - EMERGENCY WARD - NIGHT

The two gurneys in a room, side by side. Code teams, clusters of white coats, try to save the bodies.

ON VICTOR

His body jerks as they try to restart his heart. Another jolt.

Light on the eyes: nothing.

The monitors: nothing. He's dead.

A DOCTOR (O.S.)
It's hopeless. It's over.

The sheet pulled over Victor's head. In the background, the other team works on the other body. We hear the beeps of a monitor coming to life.

ANOTHER DOCTOR
This one's still alive.

FADE OUT

THE END