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"THE FLY"

by
CHARLES EDWARD POGUE

from the story
by
George Langelaan

"THE FLY"

BLACK SCREEN.

IN DARKNESS, WE HEAR THE AGITATED BUZZING OF A SOLITARY FLY...

FADE IN:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - FLY

...It is the one we heard buzzing. It still buzzes. It is caught in the gauze of a SPIDER'S WEB and struggles futilely to free himself and escape an even greater peril.

FLY'S POV

AN UGLY SPIDER, looking enormous and menacing from the Fly's POV, glides along the webbing toward its trapped prey.

BACK ON FLY

...as it continues to struggle...

ON SPIDER

...as it looms over the Fly...

CLOSE ANGLE ON BOTH SPIDER AND FLY

...as the Spider sinks its mandibles into the squirming fly and begins to feed. The CAMERA lingers on the feast, STILL IN CLOSE-UP, as the Spider rends, tears, and devours its victim. OVER THE GRIM SCENE WE GET: TITLES AND CREDITS.

After the CREDITS, AN ARTIST'S PAINT BRUSH, looking much larger in CLOSE-UP than it actually is, comes ripping through the web, pulling it apart. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK QUICKLY WITH THE MOVE, to reveal an ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN in her late twenties/early thirties.

She is dressed in a paint-splattered smock and, in addition to wielding the lethal paint brush, her other hand holds a PALETTE. Her name is BARBARA POWELL -- or just BARB. She quickly moves out of the way as the Spider falls from its destroyed web, her eyes following its descent.

CLOSE ON SPIDER

...as it hits the floor a SHADOW descends over it. The shadow of a new predator about to eliminate a new victim. The shadow is BARB'S SHOE as it comes INTO FRAME and steps on the Spider. WE HEAR A SICKENING SPLAT.

ON BARB

She grimaces at the sound of the crushed Spider. She gives a little shiver and lifts a hand to a nearby CURTAIN PULLEY the web had blocked. She pulls the cord, the curtains open, and LIGHT floods into...

INT. POWELL'S RECREATION ROOM - DAY

As sunlight washes the room, THE CAMERA PANS ABOUT IT.

It is a room in what is an apparently fashionable city apartment building. The drawn curtains have exposed SLIDING GLASS DOORS leading out onto a balcony patio beyond which we see a city skyline. The view also indicates that we're several stories up.

The particular room itself is an all-purpose recreational area. One corner of the room is set up as a small GYM with a set of weights, bench press, and other exercise equipment. There is also a bumper pool table in the center of the room. A TV/Video Center takes up another area.

By the window is a MINI-ARTIST'S STUDIO. It is cluttered with several CANVASES, all featuring moody SCENES OF GOTHIC ROMANCE...Grim, grey castle turrets looming up against a black, stormy night...Delicate heroines garb in Victorian nighties or Empire gowns, usually on horseback or clutching a candelabra or swooning in the embrace of some sombre, brooding but incredibly handsome fellow in evening dress or riding britches. They look like the jacket covers for Romance novels -- which is exactly what they are...as the stack of PAPERBACK BOOKS in front of a pile of canvases proves. The covers of the books depict similar scenes done in the same style and tone of the canvases.

On the wall is a PHOTOGRAPH of BARB and an ELDERLY WOMAN as they flank one of Barb's paintings. Elderly Woman, a poodle tucked under her arm, is a cross between Barbara Cartland and Eva Gabor, swathed in a purple gown trimmed with a profusion of feathers and jewels. The photo is inscribed to Barb in purple ink.

ON BARB

...as she moves to an EASEL near the window. She adjusts it to the light and commences on her latest book jacket. It, like the others, is fraught with gothic atmosphere -- a frail

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young maiden clings to a handsome young man standing on the edge of some craggy promontory. Grey clouds hover overhead, the barren branches of the trees twist ghoulishly in the night shadows, illuminated only by a slender ribbon of moonlight. The light also weaves a chiaroscuro pattern across the faces of our heroine and hero.

As Barb polishes some detail on the man's mouth, THE CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON HIS FACE. He is dressed in Victorian garb and sports a set of muttonchop side-whiskers. His hair is windswept, the high collar of his cape obscuring the lower half of the face in shade, thereby highlighting his eyes -- full of torture and anguish, blazing with Byronic fervour. THE CAMERA PANS QUICKLY TO:

SUCCESION OF CLOSE-UPS - PAINTINGS

...several other of the paintings clustered about, hanging on the walls or just propped up against furniture or bookcases. THE MEN in all these paintings bear a startling resemblance to the subject now on the easel. Often the hair colour is different or there's a mustache or a beard. But the facial features are identical.

BACK ON BARB

...as she paints...

ON PAINTING

...as Barb's brush carefully highlights and details. THE CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON THE FACE...particularly those SMOULDERING EYES...

GEOFF(OS)

Muttonchops?

ANOTHER ANGLE

...As Barb turns to confront THE REAL LIFE COUNTERPART OF THE MAN IN THE PAINTING -- HER HUSBAND, GEOFF POWELL, sans muttonchops and Victorian accoutrements, of course.

Instead, he wears a well-tailored suit that he, nevertheless, looks uncomfortable in. He seems jittery and ill-at-ease, nibbling on a fingernail as he appraises the painting and tugs at his collar in nervous discomfort. The tie he's wearing doesn't really go with his suit...or any suit for that matter.

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GEOFF

Doesn't Jezebel Dupree ever get bored seeing me on the covers of all her gooey gothics.

BARB

(smiles)

On the contrary, she insists ever since I used you on "PROUD FANCY".

(doing Jezebel Dupree, phoney hoity-toity British)

She's simply mad about your "divinely Byronic storm-tossed looks."

(kisses him)

Me too.

(notices the tie he's wearing)

You're not going to wear that tie, are you?

GEOFF

(shrugs ambivalently)

It's the only one I've got. I had to look through two sock drawers and under a dozen pair of jockey shorts before I found it.

BARB

Well, now I know what to get you for Christmas.

GEOFF

(mock enthusiasm)

Oh boy!

Barb sticks her brush between her teeth and undoes his tie.

BARB

At least you could tie it right.

GEOFF

(another shrug)

How often do I wear one?

BARB

You'd think a scientific genius could master a mere Windsor knot?

(re-tying the tie)

GEOFF

Glad somebody thinks I'm a genius.

He nervously bites a fingernail. Barb slaps his hand away from his mouth.

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BARB
(admonishing)
Don't!...And stand still.

GEOFF
(sarcastically)
Yes, mother.

BARB
(with wifely intuition)
Why are you so nervous about this meeting today?

GEOFF
(evasively good-natured)
For one thing, you're making me wear a suit to it.

BARB
(finishing the tie)
And for another?

Geoff goes to her painting and appraises it once more.

GEOFF
(changing the subject)
Who am I this time?

Barb knows this is just another way to avoid the issue but she plays along for the moment. She points to A GALLERY PROOF COPY OF A BOOK entitled ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT by Jezebel Dupree.

BARB
Tevie Galahad Bloodstone, Baronet
and Lord of Ravenhurst Hall.

GEOFF
(thumbing the book)
Tormented with brooding secrets and dark personal demons, of course.

BARB
Of course...Speaking of which...?

GEOFF
(cutting her off, reading from the book)
"He gripped me in his strong arms, pulling me to him with a violent yet strangely gentle passion."

BARB
(amused)
There's a neat trick.

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GEOFF

"Help me! Help me!", he whispered,
His voice taut with fear. "Only your
purity can save me from the dreaded
Ravenhurst Curse!"

(makes a face)

It's like Jane Eyre bubblegum cards.

BARB

(takes the book from him)

Nice of you to take an interest in
my work, darling...What about your
day at the office?

Geoff entwines his arms about her.

GEOFF

I'll call in sick...and we can
play hockey!

He moves to kiss her, but Barb takes her paint brush and
quickly paints a crude mustache on him.

BARB

(grinning at her handiwork)

Wash your face and go to your meeting.

GEOFF

(referring to the mustache)

Let's see if it tickles first.

He tries to kiss her, but Barb pushes his face away and they
good-naturedly wrestle.

BARB

(fending him off)

Don't you dare!

Her grasp of his face softens to a caress of his cheek.
She gives him a light peck, looking up at him in loving
concern.

BARB

Geoff...Just stay calm today,
huh? Don't say anything smart-ass,
don't lose your temper...and...

(looking down)

...don't wear those shoes!

BARB'S POV - GEOFF'S SHOES

Geoff's wearing a PAIR OF JOGGING SHOES.

BACK TO SCENE

Barb looks up at him, shaking her head in disbelief. Geoff shrugs:

GEOFF
I was going to jog home.

BARB
(points to the door)
Change 'em, mister...

With a shrug and sigh, Geoff starts for the door.

BARB
(calling after him,
gentle seriousness)
Geoff?
(he turns)
Promise you'll be a good boy.

GEOFF
(smiles uneasily)
Promise.

He exits. Barb returns to her painting, the CAMERA MOVING
IN CLOSE ON THE BROODING FACE OF THE VICTORIAN HERO.

CUT TO:

INT. PHILIP DEWITT'S OFFICE - CLOSE-UP - GEOFF - DAY

Geoff sits, fidgeting in his suit, in a high-tech office
across the desk from a LARGE MAN of about fifty. This is
PHILIP DEWITT, as the name plaque on the desk informs us.

DeWitt is head of THE DEWITT RESEARCH CENTER. Behind him
stands HARRY CHANDLER. Harry's about Geoff's age, early
thirties, and immaculately dressed in a business suit. He's
in charge of business affairs for DeWitt. Through the picture
window behind them, we see the city skyline. We're very high up.

Geoff, in timid discomfort, speaks in a low rambling mumble
as DeWitt glowers at him.

GEOFF
(intimidated hesitancy)
My contract states...

DEWITT
(snapping sharply)
...you give us a quarterly report.

GEOFF
(flustered; starts again)
...states my own private lab, unlimited
requisition power, no official meddling,
no questions...

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DEWITT
And quarterly reports!
(holds up PAPER)
This crap don't count!

DeWitt flings down THE PIECE OF PAPER onto the desk. Geoff glances at it, then up at Harry for support.

HARRY
(sighs)
It's not very illuminating, Geoff.

DEWITT
(picks up paper)
Not illuminating?
(reads from paper)
"Project Nyssa...A study in
molecular dynamics. "
(to Geoff)
It's not even a full sentence!

Geoff sighs, runs his fingers through his hair, then extends them in an appealing gesture to DeWitt, proceeding warily.

GEOFF
Please! Just trust me this once.

DeWitt grabs Geoff's extended hand roughly and studies it.

DEWITT
For Christsakes, he bites his nails.
Look how ugly it makes your hands look.

Geoff pulls his hands back self-consciously.

GEOFF
(quietly)
These hands create wonderful things,
Mr. DeWitt. And they've made you
millions with F32.

DEWITT
What? I'm suppose to be grateful
for that? That's a minimal require-
ment, pal. Scientific research only
interest me if it shows a profit. I'll
leave the aesthetics to you.

GEOFF
(veiled barb)
Oh? That must explain my royalty cut...

DeWitt flares; the barb wasn't veiled enough.

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DEWITT

Lookit, smart-ass, you're lucky you got any kind of a percentage at all. I pull you out of some little cubicle with test tubes and give you a chance and all of a sudden I owe you?

Harry leaps in immediately to defuse something before it starts.

HARRY

Let's not open up old wounds, huh? Look, Geoff, despite the royalty misunderstanding on your F32 formula, you know the company respects your talent and your scientific integrity.

Harry glances to DeWitt for confirmation on this. He doesn't get any.

HARRY

(continuing)

I think your new contract reflects our faith in you. No one's been given the kind of autonomy you have...But you've got to honour your end too, you know?

GEOFF

(anxiously, on the spot)

I'm not ready to discuss it yet, Harry. Everything's still in the incubation stage.

DEWITT

Incubation? My God, you're already into us for...

(shuffles through some papers)

Three hundred and...

(finding the paper he wants; reads)

"eighty-one thousand dollars." How many more thousand it gonna take?

Geoff just shrugs feebly.

HARRY

Geoff...can't you give us some idea what this...this...

(looking at the report)

GEOFF

Nyssa...It's Greek...means "starting point"...

(with excited fervour)

Which may just be where I am, Harry... on a new scientific threshold.

DEWITT

Poetic, but still not very illuminating.

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GEOFF

Look...Just...please...give me a little more time...

DEWITT

You look...! Maybe you're standing on some scientific threshold or maybe you're farting a bunch of mickey-mouse horseshit. But until you give me some facts and figures...

(holds up Geoff's quarterly report)
You can kiss my money and Nyssa goodbye.

HARRY

(protesting)
Now wait a minute, Phil!

DEWITT

(cutting him off)
Bullshit! He's been pissing my money away for months. He doesn't have shit to show for it, can't tell me how much it's gonna cost, won't tell me what it is, and I'm suppose to say that's just hunky-dory and trust him.

(to Geoff)
You get one good idea, F32 and all of a sudden you're fucking Einstein. Well, maybe it's the only idea you got. For all I know, you've shot your scientific wad.

Geoff flushes hotly at the insult, but doesn't lose his temper. He rises slowly.

GEOFF

(cooly)
Fine: If DeWitt research isn't interested in my ideas, I'll find someone who is.

(starts for the door)

DEWITT

Not if I paid for 'em!

Geoff wheels around, his pent-up anger finally exploding.

GEOFF

Paid for what, you stupid, narrow-minded son-of-a bitch? I'm the guy who's shot his wad, remember?

HARRY

Geoff...Phil...Hold on!

DEWITT

Everything this company financed, it owns!

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GEOFF
(taps his forehead)
Not this!

DEWITT
(a malicious smile)
Yeah? I'll see what my lawyers say
about it.
(holding up the quarterly
report)
As of now, you're in violation of your
contract.

DeWitt's cool confidence unnerves Geoff momentarily but his
anger propels him to brazen the situation out.

GEOFF
So sue me!

DEWITT
(smugly)
I will...

Geoff glares at the smiling DeWitt, then storms out of the room.

HARRY
Geoff!

Harry looks helplessly to DeWitt, expecting him to do something.

DEWITT
Screw him!

Harry darts out the door in pursuit of Geoff.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

Harry comes out into the hall just in time to see Geoff, down
the hall, step in to an elevator. He runs to stop him.

HARRY
Geoff, wait a second...!

Too late. Geoff's in the elevator and Harry gets there just
as the door closes. He heaves a sigh and heads back to the office.

INT. DEWITT RESEARCH CENTRE - LOBBY - LONG SHOT

...as Geoff's elevator descends. It's one of those GLASS-
WINDOW AFFAIRS and we can see Geoff inside as the elevator
comes down.

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR DOORS

...as it stops and Geoff exits. THE CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM, as he goes to the front desk where MIKE, A MIDDLE-AGED SECURITY GUARD, sits. Geoff signs out in the register.

MIKE

Have a nice day, Mr. Powell.

GEOFF

(growling)

I have other plans.

He moves to the front doors and exits.

EXT. DEWITT RESEARCH CENTRE- DAY

Geoff exits from the building and, pulling his tie loose, moves down the steps to the sidewalk. THE CAMERA PANS BACK AND UP the massive multi-floored structure that is the DEWITT BUILDING. As we come up fifteen or sixteen floors, the CAMERA MOVES IN TO PEER THROUGH A WINDOW. It is DeWitt's office. We make out Harry, seated, and DeWitt, pacing, engaged in animated discussion.

HARRY (VO)

I wouldn't, Phil....

DEWITT (VO)

That's because he's your buddy.
But he ain't mine!

INT. DEWITT'S OFFICE

Harry blasely slouches in a chair, folding the Nyssa quarterly report into a paper airplane. DeWitt furiously smokes a cigarette and paces.

DEWITT

Just get the law department on this.
I'm getting rid of that son-of-a bitch
and his carte blanche horseshit contract.

HARRY

(casually)

And what if he is on a new scientific
threshold.

DeWitt glares at Harry and snorts derisively; but the thought unsettles him.

HARRY

(shoots the paper plane
over to DeWitt)

He was right about F32.

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DeWitt catches the plane and glances down at it, then at Harry.
He sits and heaves a disgruntled sigh.

DEWITT

So, Business Advisor... Advise...

HARRY

You catch more flies with honey, Phil.

DEWITT

I don't pay you a hundred thou a year
for platitudes.

HARRY

Geoff might confide something to a
friend, he wouldn't to the company.
Anyway, I can at least get close to the
source.

DEWITT

(slowly smiles, liking the thought)
Use your friendship to spy on him? I didn't
realize you were that Machiavellean, Chandler.

HARRY

I'm not; merely a diplomatic go-between,
a rational arbitrator with everyone's
best interest at heart, the balm that
soothes the festering wounds.

DEWITT

(shoots the paper airplane
back)

So... Go soothe...

HARRY

(rising to go)

On my way...

DEWITT

Say... you wouldn't keep me from pull-
ing the plug on that son-of-a-bitch
just because he is your friend, would you?

HARRY

There are other motives here besides
friendship, Phil. Mainly, my hundred
thou a year...

DEWITT

Yeah... don't forget it.

INT. POWELL'S REC ROOM - DAY

Geoff, in gym togs, works out on the bench press with frustrated aggressiveness. He's upset. Barb watches with sympathetic concern.

BARB

What did Harry do?

GEOFF

Stuttered around like Porky Pig.

(doing Harry)

"Uh...now, Geoff...a...now, Phil...

Th-th-that's all, folks!"

(stops and glumly sits

on the bench)

I guess it is too...So much for all our plans to gracefully glide into lower middle age and upper middle class and make babies.

(guilty)

I'm sorry I fucked up, Barb.

Barb smiles good-naturedly and sits beside him.

BARB

True, but we're not on welfare yet.

There's still the royalties on F32...

GEOFF

Such as they are...

BARB

...And if worse comes to worse, and so long as Jezebel Dupree thinks you're the epitome of gothic romance, we can make babies on my salary.

GEOFF

That thought salvages neither my masculine self-esteem nor what's left of my once brilliant career.

BARB

Then maybe you better tell DeWitt what he wants to know...

This option isn't appealing either. Geoff rises abruptly and uncomfortably.

BARB

(with quiet patience)

Why won't you tell him?

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CONTINUED

GEOFF

(with bitter hurt)

That bastard tried to close me down three times on F32. When I proved I was right about it, he took the final testing and research away from me and parcelled it out to his little scientific regime just so he could get it on the market faster. He got the cover of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, I got buried in a quote on page seventy-seven...

(doing DeWitt)

"I had the best of the DeWitt Research team, headed by Geoff Powell, working on this for me for over a year."... Not only screwed out of my profits, but out of the credit...

BARB

At least he included you among the best.

Geoff stands by Barb's ~~cheaply~~ disguised portrait of him, studying it.

GEOFF

You're lucky. You go out, buy a canvas, a few brushes, some oils and paint what you want. Uninhibited, total control. I can't afford my canvas and materials. I need a patron. And once that other person intrudes, the vision becomes diluted.

BARB

We all compromise, Geoff.

GEOFF...

Yeah...we all compromise, thinking someday we'll have enough power, or clout, or cunning to get our own way. But it never comes and we keep on compromising and we end up with a half-assed life full of half-assed dreams that never quite turned out the way we hoped they would.

(impassioned determination)

Well, not this time!

(to Barb, with fervoured sincerity)

Barb, I'm on to something big here. Really big. And good and great and important! And I can't have DeWitt screw it up with his Madison Avenue Science.

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BARB

(he's got her curious)
What is it...or can't you tell me
either?

GEOFF

Something that will change the world
and life as we know it.

BARB

(smiles, glibly)
Impressive so far...

GEOFF

(excitedly)
What if I told you I was working on
something that would mean the end of
all transport, not only of goods, but
human beings as well? No more planes,
trains, ships, cars, roads...Everything
to do with transportation would become
obsolete.

BARB

I'd say, "How, Houdini?"

GEOFF

By the transmission of matter through
instantaneous disintegration and re-
integration.

It's a bomb. There is a long pause as Barb just stares at
Geoff, before finally speaking.

BARB

Beam me up, Scotty.

Geoff's enthusiasm dampens. He is not amused at Barb's joke.

GEOFF

And you wonder why I don't tell DeWitt.

He starts to move from her, but she grabs him by the arm
and stops him.

BARB

Hey!

(sincerely)

I believe you can do anything.

Geoff softens immediately, taking her in his arms.

GEOFF

I need you to believe...

They kiss, only to be interrupted by THE DOORBELL.

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GEOFF

Who's that?

BARB

The Nobel Nominating Committee,
no doubt...Don't suppose you
could zap me over to the door.

Geoff releases her and good-naturedly smacks her fanny.

GEOFF

Have to walk for now smart-ass.

She heads for the door and Geoff returns to his weights.

INT. POWELL APARTMENT - FRONT HALL

Barb answers the door. It's Harry. He holds a small bouquet
of freshly picked flowers and smiles warmly at Barb.

HARRY

Hello, Beautiful.

BARB

Why, Mr. Chandler.

She gestures him inside and closes the door.

HARRY

Boy Edison in?

BARB

In, indeed.

HARRY

Too bad. Hoping to find you alone.
But duty calls. I come bearing the
olive branch from DeWitt.

(gives her the flowers)
These, however, are for you.

BARB

Good old Harry...

She gives him a kiss and leads him to the rec room.

ON BARB AND HARRY

....as they move toward the rec room through the apartment.

BARB

DeWitt finally recognize my husband's
genius, eh?

HARRY

Only as a possible source of income.

INT. POWELL REC ROOM

...as Harry and Barb enter. Geoff is vigourously working out.

HARRY

Getting in shape to punch DeWitt's heart out?

GEOFF

Impossible. I'd have to punch through his wallet first.

HARRY

He keeps his wallet in his pants pocket.

GEOFF

Where do you think his heart is?

HARRY

Ah, right next to his brains, eh?
Well, he must have been sitting on it the wrong way, because he's had a change of heart..

GEOFF

(stops lifting)

Do tell...

Harry has gone over to Barb's painting and studies it.

HARRY

I'd recognize that scowl anywhere.

(turns to Geoff)

Project Nyssa's a go.

Geoff receives the good news cautiously, figuring there must be some sort of catch. He nervously bites a nail.

GEOFF

The quarterly report?

HARRY

Forget it...Of course, any tidbits you can give me to placate DeWitt are always appreciated but not required. But any problems, needs come to me. This project stays open as long as I say so... or at least until the next quarterly report.

Geoff smiles at the good news.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Geoff jogs through a city park along a bike path. The low rumble of THUNDER growls above and he looks up at an ominously grey, prematurely dark afternoon sky. Suddenly, a CYCLIST, A TEENAGE BOY, comes riding up behind Geoff. Geoff keeps jogging. The boy closes in, his front wheel almost against Geoff's heels. It's quite deliberate. The boy doesn't try to go around when Geoff motions for him to, even though there's plenty of room, but continues to idly tailgate, trying to throw Geoff off-stride.

Geoff frowns and picks up his pace. But so does the kid, keeping the front wheel of his bike all but rolling on Geoff's heels.. Geoff moves over in the bike path to let the kid through, but the cyclist moves over with Geoff, staying right behind him.

Not fighting it anymore, Geoff runs off into the grass. And with a grand but sarcastic bow, ushers the kid on through. The punk smiles smugly as he glides on by.

Geoff glares at the kid as he whizzes off. The thunder groans and a raindrop splats on Geoff's cheek. Disgruntled, Geoff looks up at the sky and jogs off, the rain starting to fall with a steady patter.

INT. GEOFF'S LAB - CLOSE-UP OF A BROKEN WINDOW - DAY

Rain splatters against a grimy window, the dust turning to tiny rivulets of mud along the pane. In the corner of the window is a jagged HOLE about the size of a softball.

THUNDER CRACKS, LIGHTNING FLASHES. WE HEAR THE SCREAM OF SOME ANIMAL, FOLLOWED BY EXCITED CHITTERING, SCURRYING NOISES, AND METALLIC RATTLINGS.

THE CAMERA QUICKLY PANS FROM THE WINDOW THROUGH A DARKENED ROOM. Even in the gloom, we can make out scientific apparatus and laboratory equipment. But we see it only in a glance, AS THE CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON SEVERAL CAGES OF MONKEYS AND OTHER LAB ANIMALS -- RATS, GUINEA PIGS, RABBITS.

It's the monkeys that chatter and bound about nervously in their cages. It's not only the storm that excites them. There is AN INTRUDER in their midst.

A VERY WET CAT sits atop one of the cages of white rats, snarling and spitting, batting and clawing at the mesh with his paws, vainly trying to get at his prey. The frightened rats scurry madly through the wood shavings.

The storm, the monkeys' cries, the frantic hunting of the cat, the dark lighting of the room create an eerie mood which is instantly dispelled by a sudden flood of fluorescent light.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Geoff has arrived, drenched. He shuts the door and hearing the commotion of the apes moves toward them.

GEOFF

What the Hell's going on?

He sees the cat. The cat sees him and dives to the floor, Geoff in pursuit. Geoff traps the cat in a corner.

GEOFF

I knew it was raining cats and dogs,
but...

The cat spits as Geoff kneels down and reaches for him.

GEOFF

Easy, fellow...I won't send you
back out there...

The cat is allayed by Geoff's calm, soothing tone and allows himself to be picked up...

GEOFF

Yeah, we're both a little soggy...
(notices the cracked window)
That how you got in? Bet you're
hungry, huh?

Geoff moves to a small refrigerator and, opening it, takes out a carton of milk. He smells it and, satisfied it's still good, pours some into a petrie dish and sets it on the floor. The cat laps it up greedily.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Geoff removes his wet jogging togs and moves about the lab in only his underwear.

He goes to a work table where sit TWO RECTANGULAR BOXES CONSTRUCTED OUT OF SOME SORT OF METAL. They resemble a pair of good-sized stereo speakers; the wires and cords that are connected between them further this illusion. However, on the front of each is a TINTED GLASS DOOR. Both boxes are empty inside, except for LITTLE NODULES OR ELECTRONIC CHIPS that cover the compartment walls. The boxes are both linked to a THIRD APPARATUS. Its several dials and knobs identify it as a CONTROLBOARD or some kind of transformer. Atop this controlpanel is a small MONITORING SCREEN.

(NOTE TO PRODUCTION DESIGNER: Feel free to ignore and elaborate on the above narrow scenic vision. The machine can look any which way so long as there's a transmitting chamber, a receiver chamber, viewing windows on both, and a monitoring screen on the controlboard.)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Geoff inspects some wiring on this curious machine, then turns to a desk behind him which holds an ELABORATE COMPUTER CONSOLE. He turns the machine on. The SCREEN lights up. He sits in desk chair and pushes another button on the computer.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

On the screen flashes the words: NYSSA: WORK JOURNAL. We hear the keys of the computer hum under Geoff's fingers. THE DATE APPEARS ON THE SCREEN, then the following: PROBLEM: ADJUSTMENT OF DISINTEGRATION LASERS SO THAT ATOMS OF TRANSMITTER ITSELF ARE NOT DISSEMINATED.

ON GEOFF

...as he continues to process his data. He hears a purring and looks down.

ON CAT

...as it nuzzles Geoff's leg.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Geoff, smiling picks up the cat and strokes. He rolls in his wheeled desk chair from the computer to the machine and starts to tinker. The cat watches curiously.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE (DIRECTOR'S CHOICE OF SHOTS)

...as Geoff tinkers with his machine, computes his data, takes notes. From the changes in his wardrobe, we see this work and experimentation is taking place over several days, if not weeks. The cat is also there, always close by...watching curiously, sharing Geoff's frustration at temporary set-backs, his elation and affection on little successes. THE MONTAGE CLOSES with Geoff switching on the transmitter machine. From each of the little nodules that cover the interior walls of the box shoots a tiny stream of light. Actually there are so many streams, one can't distinguish them. The box merely fills with a warm glow. Geoff smiles at the cat who hisses skeptically.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

It reads: NYSSA: FULLY OPERATIONAL, READY FOR EXPERIMENTATION!

INT. GEOFF'S LAB - CLOSE-UP ON BARB - DAY

...as she inspects Geoff's machine.

BARB

So this is Nyssa, eh?

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE GEOFF, dressed in his perennial jogging pants and a tank top.

GEOFF

That's the girl.

BARB

Sounds like the name of a Jezebel
Dupree heroine.

(to the machine)

Tart! Keeping my man out all hours.
I'm suing you for alienation of
affection.

Suddenly, the Cat looms out from behind one of Nyssa's boxes -- actually TRANSMITTER AND RECEIVER BOOTHS -- and hisses at Barb, who jumps back.

BARB

And who's this?

Geoff picks up the Cat.

GEOFF

My lab assistant, Igor.

Barb pets him. "IGOR" decides he likes it...and her, purring contentedly.

BARB

(chucking him under the
chin and cooing)

Oooh! I'll bet he's a good assistant too.

GEOFF

The best. Doesn't get in my way and
doesn't ask stupid questions.

(hands her the cat)

And when things aren't going well
and I'm depressed, he licks my face.

BARB

(cuddling the cat)

Well, Hell, I do all that...

GEOFF

For a saucer of milk and a can of
tuna fish?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARB

(to Igor)

Ah, devoted lackey. And not even a hunchback either.

GEOFF

One more introduction.

Geoff slides a CHEAP CERAMIC ASHTRAY lying next to Nyssa across the table to Barb. Igor hisses and leaps from Barb's arms, down to the floor.

BARB

Guess he's not a smoker.

She picks up the ashtray and shoots Geoff a quizzical glance. Geoff smiles excitedly at her. There's an eager gleam in his eye; he's like a kid at Christmas, almost rubbing his hands together in anticipatory glee. Instead, he nervously bites a fingernail.

GEOFF

Take a good look.

Barb gazes at the ashtray, turning it over in her hand.

CLOSE-UP - BOTTOM OF THE ASHTRAY

Stamped on the base of the ashtray in small but boldfaced type is: MADE IN TAIWAN.

BACK TO SCENE

Barb looks up skeptically at Geoff.

BARB

Fine craftsmanship, expensive quality. Royal Doulton, is it?

GEOFF

(takes it from her)

Our guinea pig.

BARB

What's up, Mr. Wizard?

GEOFF

Hopefully a scientific phenomeon.

(holds out his bare arms)

You will notice I have nothing up my sleeves.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He sticks the ashtray in one of Nyssa's boxes -- the TRANSMITTING BOOTH. Barb watches intently.

BARB

Gee whiz, fun with science. What's going to happen?

GEOFF

(nervously)

That's what we're about to find out...Just follow the bouncing atom.

Geoff goes over to the controlpanel, adjusting knobs and dials. Despite her glib manner, Barb is taking the whole thing very seriously, her eyes glued on the window of the transmitter. Inside the ashtray sits.

INTERCUTTING SHOTS...as Geoff presses the "Start" button.

ON CONTROLBOARD MONITOR...A COMPUTERIZED DRAWING of the ashtray is outlined on the screen. Then, in the corner of the screen, DATA is spit out, giving the object's vital statistics: weight, density, dimensions, mass, etc.

ON IGOR...lurking in a corner, licking himself.

ON GEOFF...watching the monitor, anxiously.

ON BARB...watching the ashtray.

ON MACHINE...as there is a SUDDEN FLASH OF BRILLIANT LIGHT INSIDE.

ON IGOR...who arches and spits at the box.

VARIOUS ANGLES(DIRECTOR'S CHOICE) - ASHTRAY TRANSMISSION

...on the transmitter...on the reactions of Geoff, Barb, and Igor...as we watch the disintegration of the ashtray...It's almost as though we can see the atoms breaking off from the structured form of the ashtray and floating, swirling about in the bright, warm light that illuminates the interior of the booth. Soon there is nothing left but light, then in another flash, it, too, is gone; followed hard on by a SPARK OF LIGHT FROM THE RECEIVING BOOTH.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Geoff and Barb turn their attention to it, watching the atoms and the ashtray reform. Suddenly with another flash, the lights shut off. Geoff opens the door of the booth, beaming with triumphant pride. Barb stares at the re-formed ashtray in amazement.

BARB

(delightfully devastated)

Oh, my God...Oh, my God...Can...
can I touch it?

Geoff laughs and takes it out of the machine, handing it to Barb. She holds it delicately in her fingertips as though it were some ancient relic, staring down at it in disbelieving glee.

BARB

Oh, my God...

(to Geoff)

All done with mirrors?

GEOFF

(laughs)

Not likely.

Barb can't believe it, she trembles as she looks down at it. Geoff is pleased with both himself and her wonder.

BARB

My God!

Still holding the ashtray, she throws her arms about Geoff's neck and kisses him all over.

BARB

Darling! Darling! It's wonderful!
Wonderful!

In her enthusiasm, she accidentally cracks him in the back of the head with the ashtray.

GEOFF

(laughing)

Ouch! Hey, be careful there!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARB

(checking the ashtray)
Jesus, I'm sorry...we don't want to
break it!

GEOFF

Or my head.

BARB

(staring down at the
ashtray in awe, elated)
Ohh! This genius I married!

Geoff takes the ashtray from her and gazes on it, very proud
of himself. Barb hugs on him and also stares down at it.

BARB

It's like the first dollar you ever
earned. Maybe we should frame it, huh?

Geoff smiles at her, ~~then~~ looks back at the ashtray. He has
other plans for it.

GEOFF

Nahh...

THE CAMERA PANS IN ON THE ASHTRAY, MOVING IN TO A CLOSE-UP
OF THE BOTTOM OF IT AND THE PRINTING THERE...REVEALING TO
THE AUDIENCE SOMETHING NEITHER GEOFF NOR BARB HAVE NOTICED
-- "MADE IN TAIWAN" HAS COME OUT IN REVERSE, NOW READING:
"WAWIAT WI 3QAM"....!

INT. DEWITT'S OFFICE - CLOSE-UP - ASHTRAY.

The ashtray is held in a man's hands, the "WAWIAT WI 3QAM"
plainly visible. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing DeWitt
and Harry studying the ashtray's curious flaw. DeWitt sits
at his desk, Harry leans over his shoulder. DeWitt picks up
a SLIP OF PAPER and hands it to Harry.

DEWITT

This came with it.

Harry looks at the paper.

INSERT - CLOSE-UP - PIECE OF PAPER

...it reads, "MY QUARTERLY REPORT."

HARRY(OS)

Don't get it.

BACK TO SCENE

DEWITT

You think I do? This his new scientific threshold? The Albert Einstein Novelty-Souvenir Shop? What's next? A dribble test tube or a microscope that squirts water?

Harry takes the ashtray and, still examining it, plops in the chair across from the desk.

DEWITT

(continuing, angrily)
I've had enough of this cockamamie horsecrap. I'm eighty-sixing this sucker right now.

HARRY

Don't...

DEWITT

Why not? You haven't found out shit and the expenditures keep mounting. How long do we have to go on pampering the prick? He can stick Nyssa up his ass, which is the only pleasure I'll get out of it for my money.

HARRY

(slides the ashtray
across the desk)
Look, he wouldn't be getting the dig in on you, if he wasn't on to something. I don't know what it is yet...

DEWITT,

Well, you're supposed to be finding out. Try and do it before he bankrupts me!

DeWitt looks at the ashtray with exasperated frustration and tosses it back to Harry who, catching it, resumes his curious contemplation of it once more.

INT. GEOFF'S LAB - CLOSE-UP - NYSSA'S RECEIVER

INTERCUTTING SHOTS...as Nyssa's receiving chamber glows with light.

ON GEOFF'S FACE...brilliantly illuminated by the reflecting light of the receiving chamber, as he watches the transmission.

ON NYSSA MONITOR...on the screen, the diagram of a COFFEE CUP begins to form.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ON NYSSA'S RECEIVER...the ACTUAL COFFEE CUP is forming inside the chamber. Faintly, indefinably at first. Then quite solidly. The machine and the lights suddenly shut off. The rematerialized Cup sits inside the box.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Geoff, in his now habitual attire -- a sweat suit --, removes the coffee cup from the machine and, after examining it, sets it on a table next to a pile of OTHER ITEMS including A PENCIL, A BOOK, A FLASHLIGHT, A MILK CARTON, A BUNSEN BURNER, obviously all things he has successfully transmitted.

A wary Igor sniffs suspiciously at the cup. Geoff picks the cat up and affectionately strokes it as he sits down at his computer-journal and presses a button, turning it on.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

...as it lights up. At the top of the screen appears a heading: SUCCESSFUL TRANSMISSIONS. It is followed by a lengthy list of items, starting with the ashtray and all those things just seen in the pile where Geoff set the coffee cup.

We hear Geoff's fingers on the computer keyboard and another ENTRY appears on the list: "23. COFFEE CUP" . Geoff types in the next number: "24. ..."

ON GEOFF

...as he glances around the desk looking for something suitable to transmit. He picks up a SCREWDRIVER, but, with a frown, rejects it. He scans the room.

GEOFF'S POV

...as his eyes rove about the room.

BACK ON GEOFF

...idly stroking the cat in his lap with one hand while biting his nails on the other, trying to decide what he should send through his new toy next. Suddenly, he stares down at Igor.

GEOFF'S POV

...on Igor, then up at Nyssa, then back on Igor.

BACK ON GEOFF

Smiling, Geoff rises, still petting the cat as he moves toward the transmitter. Upon reaching it, he opens the door and gently starts to put the animal in.

Igor, realizing what's happening, panicks, spitting and clawing.

GEOFF

Ouch!

Geoff drops the snarling, unhappy animal and Igor dashes out of the transmitter and across the floor.

GEOFF

Igor!

The cat, needless to say, doesn't stop but bounds up on a shelf and then to the window sill and out the broken window.

GEOFF

~~Geoff~~ (watching Igor depart)

All right, don't make history then.

Geoff moves to one of the monkey cages and, opening it up, takes out an amiable little PRIMATE.

GEOFF

Thatta boy, you can be the hero instead.

He takes the Monkey over to the transmitter and, setting it in the chamber, closes the door. The animal chatters excitedly and presses its face against the door, then dances about the small confines of the box, curiously exploring its new home.

Geoff switches on the machine. Nyssa's monitor diagrams the monkey, the OUTLINED FIGURE on the screen duplicating the movement of its real-life counterpart inside the transmitter. The animal's vital statistics are calculated and appear. Then...

...The light goes on in the transmitter, lancing through the now quiet, still ape. The animal disintegrates.

The glow shuts off in the transmitter and goes on in the receiver.

Geoff moves to the receiver just as the light there suddenly shuts off. He leans over and peers into the glass window of the box.

ON WINDOW

...as Geoff looks in, SOMETHING - presumably the monkey's body - lurches with a THUMP against the window. A RED SPLOTCH smears across the glass pane. From inside the chamber, Geoff hears PAINFILLED, FRIGHTENED CHATTERING AND WILD THRASHING NOISE.

INT. GEOFF'S LAB

Geoff is cleaning the blood from the receiver and the table with a rag. He seems to go about the task with a mundane stoicism, belied only by the grim glint of anguish in his eyes. Then the scientific facade crumbles as he stops mopping up blood and starts to beat the table with his fist, pounding out his frustration, guilt, and horror.

Suddenly, there is another POUNDING -- it is someone KNOCKING on the door. Geoff hastily wipes up the rest of the blood on the table and tosses the rag in a nearby wastebasket, as he answers the door.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

Geoff opens the door. It's Harry. Without saying a word, Harry marches in, agitated and on edge.

GEOFF

(surly)

What do you want?

Harry wheels on Geoff, his own tension equaling that of his friend.

HARRY

(snapping back)

I'm supposed to be the guy you come to, remember?

GEOFF

Look, Harry...

HARRY

You look! I can't go around pacifying DeWitt if you insist on baiting him with dim-witted practical jokes.

Harry pulls the ashtray from his pocket and tosses it to Geoff.

HARRY

(continuing)

What the Hell are we suppose to do with this? Hold it up to a mirror and read it?

GEOFF

(not in the mood)

What in fuck are you talking about?

HARRY

I don't know, you tell me...

He taps the bottom of the ashtray Geoff holds.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARRY

(continuing)

Just what is all this?

Geoff stares at the ashtray.

GEOFF'S POV

We see the reverse lettering: "MADE IN JAPAN"

BACK TO SCENE

...as Geoff sees for the first time the ashtray's flaw. He shuts his eyes, as if not seeing it, will make it go away.

GEOFF

(despairing whisper)

No...no...

He opens his eyes and rushes to his pile of transmitted goods. He ransacks the stuff picking things up, checking them out with a frenzied desperation. Harry watches Geoff's behaviour curiously

ON GEOFF'S HANDS

...as various items pass through the trembling, nail-bitten fingers. The Pencil...the writing on it is okay...The Coffee Cup...his name on the side is there and "Made in Japan" underneath is all in the right order. He picks up the Book, his fingers wildly flipping pages which all seem to be perfectly all right until...

He turns a page. All the LETTERS on the page are scrambled in wild disorder, no longer forming words, either forward or backward, nor even straight lines...just a jumbled mess of letters.

BACK TO SCENE - ANGLE FAVOURING GEOFF

...as he sees the glaring mistake in the book. With an inarticulate cry of frustrated rage, he flings the book across the lab, then grabs the ashtray and sticks it in the transmitter.

Harry lurks unnoticed in the b.g., a silent, curious witness to all this, as Geoff turns on Nyssa. The monitor makes its calculations. The light in the booth goes on.

Geoff watches intently, unaware of Harry watching too. Harry's mouth gapes open as the ashtray disintegrates. Then the receiver light goes on.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The ashtray re-materializes. Harry is too dumbfounded to speak. Geoff opens the receiver box and snatches the ashtray out.

ON ASHTRAY

Geoff's frantic, nervous fingers turn it over. It still reads:
"WAWLAT MI JQAM"

ON GEOFF

He sinks in a chair, crestfallen, vacantly staring down at the ashtray in his hands. A SHADOW descends over him...

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Shadow is Harry. He is awed. Amazed. Geoff looks up at him. He'd forgotten Harry was there. He stiffens, gazing up at the trespasser with bottled intensity.

HARRY

Did...I see what I just saw?

GEOFF

(quiet before the storm)

Go away...

HARRY

Geoff...so it's not perfect yet...

He lays a hand on Geoff's shoulder. Geoff explodes at the touch, turning on Harry with a sudden and sharp vitriol.

GEOFF

Get out!

Geoff pushes Harry onto the floor and rises in a rage. Harry tries to scramble to his feet. Geoff pushes him toward the door.

GEOFF

Get out! Leave me alone!

HARRY

(rising)

Geoff! Wait a minute!

GEOFF

(opening door and
shoving Harry through)

Leave me alone! Get out! Get out!

Seeing Geoff is in no rational mood and the best thing to do is leave, Harry goes. Geoff slams the door, leaning his back against it, breathing heavily. Tears well up in his eyes. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN HIS BODY, DOWN HIS ARM TO HIS HAND...still clutching the ashtray, the symbol of his failure...

INT. POWELL'S BEDROOM

Geoff and Barb lie in bed. Geoff stares blankly at the ceiling, lost in sullen thought, biting his nails in furious abstraction. Barb examines the misprinted ashtray.

BARB

I hope when you send me through my bottom comes out in better shape.

GEOFF

(wheeling on her)

You think it's funny? I got a bunch of monkey atoms floating around out there in space somewhere. Living atoms that just didn't materialize. I don't know where the Hell they are, what the Hell happened to them, when or if they'll come back.

(getting very distraught)

You should have seen that goddamn animal, the blood spurting out of it, looking up at me in pain... pain, I caused it! Waiting for me to help him...and I...I just...I...

He breaks down, weeping, remembering the ugly horror and his helplessness. Barb embraces him, cradling him.

BARB

(comforting)

Oh, Darling...Darling...

Geoff gets control of himself, wiping his eyes with his palms, embarrassed by this emotional flood.

GEOFF

I'm sorry...I'm sorry...I know I'm stupid...It's just a dumb lab animal...My God, that's what it's there for...But...I just feel like shit.

BARB

Oh...Darling, don't be silly. One setback doesn't make you a failure. You'll figure it out.

GEOFF

I don't know, Barb...I just don't know what went wrong.

Barb snuggles next to him and kisses him; tenderly at first, then passionately.

BARB

Make miracles tomorrow. Tonight let's make babies.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEOFF
(with a slight laugh,
but warmly)
I probably can't even do that right.

BARB
I think you do just fine.

They embrace and kiss.

EXT. DEWITT RESEARCH OFFICE BUILDING - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

The DeWitt Research Centre glows with a metallic sheen in the morning sun.

DEWITT(VO)
You know what we're talking here,
don't you?

INT. DEWITT'S OFFICE

Harry sits across from DeWitt who hunches excitedly over his desk.

DEWITT
(continuing)
We're talking Dupont here. We're
talking Standard Oil. AT&T before
the breakup.
(still not quite believing it)
You really saw this, huh?

HARRY
(nods)
Stone cold sober too.

DeWitt grins and rubs his hands, lounging back in his chair, chuckling with glee.

DEWITT
Holy shit! I can't believe it!
(leans back over to Harry)
Keep your nose in it, Harry, keep
your nose in it.

INT. GEOFF'S LAB

Geoff enters, sweaty from jogging and flicks on the lights. He goes over to Nyssa and plops the ashtray down on the table. He sits in his chair, just staring at the machine.

ON WINDOW

Igor creeps through the broken pane of glass and leaps down on the table.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Igor bounds to the floor and, crossing to Geoff, leaps up into his lap, curling there contentedly. Smiling, Geoff strokes the cat.

GEOFF

You had a close shave yesterday,
old buddy.

(Igor licks his hand)

Don't thank me. You were the one
who ran.

Geoff wheels his chair around and, facing his computer, turns it on and starts to type in data.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

The following appears: "NYSSA FLAW..."

DISSOLVE TO:

A MONTAGE(DIRECTOR'S CHOICE OF SCENES)

...as Geoff tries to ferret out the flaw and correct his machine. We see him tinkering with Nyssa, adjusting wires and dials on the controlboard monitor, typing notes and calculations on the computer. Sometimes it's night, sometimes day, often he's dishevelled and sweaty, rings under his eyes. He drinks coffee, bites his nails, throws tantrums. Igor always lurks about, offering silent support or just catlike curiosity.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP - NYSSA TRANSMITTER

...as a PAIR OF HANDS -- Geoff's -- place a NEWSPAPER into the chamber. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

ANGLE FAVOURING GEOFF

He closes the transmitter door and, going to the controlpanel, hits the necessary switches. The monitor lights up...diagramming the paper on its graph and displaying the vital statistics

The transmitter glows and fades. The receiver glows and fades.

Geoff takes out the newspaper and, sitting down at his desk, begins to pour over it with a MAGNIFYING GLASS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB - NIGHT

The lab is dark except for Geoff's desk lamp. He is on the last page of the paper. Igor is curled up on the desk, asleep. As Geoff finishes the paper, he sets down his magnifying glass with a smile and, with a whoop, he tosses the paper joyously up in the air, pages flying everywhere, startling poor Igor out of his wits.

INT. LAB - CLOSE-UP OF RECEIVER

The screen is filled with GLOWING LIGHT. AS THE CAMERA PULLS BACK, we realize its the light of Nyssa's receiver chamber.

INTERCUTTING SHOTS...as the reintergation process completes its cycle.

ON GEOFF...as he bites his nails, nervously waiting for the light to go out.

ON NYSSA MONITOR...there is a computerized diagram of something forming...

ON RECEIVING CHAMBER DOOR...inside the same shape forming in the diagram is forming here. It is some sort of PRIMATE.

ON MONITOR...the diagram is filling out more. We hear the machine shut off and the reflected light from the receiver disappears. The diagram of the ape starts to move, reflecting the movements of the actual subject in the booth. Its statistic are also calculated on screen.

ON RECEIVER DOOR...as Geoff opens it. Inside a MONKEY sits, apparently healthy, happy, and totally whole.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Geoff, smiling, takes the ape from the booth. Making a cursory inspection of it, Geoff takes it over to a table where two of his other companions sit, watching from a large cage. Geoff passes by them and deposits the recently re-materialized monkey in his own private CAGE. It bears the IDENTIFYING LABEL -- "LARRY". There are two other empty CAGES beside it, marked "CURLEY" and "MOE".

Having ensconced "Larry" in his new home, Geoff goes back to the large cage and removes another monkey and moves to the transmitter.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP - MONKEY CAGE OF MOE

...as Geoff's hands deposit the monkey now dubbed Moe in his cage. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN THE ROW OF THREE CAGES...in each is a monkey.

ON GEOFF

...smiling down at Larry, Curley, and Moe, his rematerialized monkeys, all chattering away contentedly.

DISSOLVE TO:

A MONTAGE (DIRECTOR'S CHOICE)

...as Geoff keeps a watchful eye on his three lab monkeys... testing them, watching them feed, giving them check-ups, examining x-rays of them, running them through Nyssa several more times. The sequence ends with:

CLOSE-UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

One word flashes there: "PERFECT."

INT. GEOFF'S LAB - CLOSE-UP - NYSSA RECEIVER

...aglow with light. A monkey rematerializes in the chamber. The light goes out and the monkey scampers to the window, peering out as THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE GEOFF.

Geoff opens the receiver and the monkey playfully scrambles up his arm, clinging to his neck. Geoff smiles and strokes him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...to include Harry and Barb who have witnessed this transmission. Barb holds Igor. Geoff takes the monkey, Moe, to his cage. Geoff and Harry talk in a casual businesslike manner.

GEOFF

Moe's getting so he likes it.

HARRY

How many times he been through?

GEOFF

They've all been through once every-day for the last month.

HARRY

No problems?

GEOFF

(shakes his head no)
Organs all intact and functioning,
no unusual variations in behaviour
or appetite. All normal from brains
to bowells.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARB

(excited; beaming with
pride, hugs Geoff)

Come on. Harry, whip up a little
enthusiasm and give the man his due.
This is the greatest thing since the
wheel. Eat your heart out, Tom Swift.
I mean what more could you want?

HARRY

A pennant for the Cubs.

BARB

You and Ernie Banks.

HARRY

Believe me, beneath this placid,
pragmatic shell, I'm turning cartwheels.
(to Geoff)

How about a little show and tell for
DeWitt?

GEOFF

(hesitantly)

I'd rather wait...

HARRY

For what?

GEOFF

Perfection.

HARRY

I hardly think it's necessary.

GEOFF

Think again. When DeWitt sees this,
I want to not only be able to fully
explain everything, but refute every
destructive argument that son-of-a bitch
won't fail to trot out, like he always
does when confronted with anything really
good. He's gonna find out there's more
to science than dog foods with sixteen
delicious flavours and detergents with
special sudsing agents and toothpastes
with "extra whitening pizazz". And,
quite frankly, when he sees this, I'm
not only gonna show off, I'm gonna gloat!

HARRY

But, Geoff....

GEOFF

Please, Harry...a few more tests, a
little more time...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Harry looks at him, then at Barb.

HARRY

(shrugs)

Sure, why not...

BARB

Good old Harry...

HARRY

(smiles at her)

But I'm with you...

(to Geoff)

Don't see how you can top yourself.

GEOFF

(smiles)

You'd be surprised.

INT. DEWITT'S OFFICE - DAY

Harry sits across the desk from a ranting DeWitt.

DEWITT

(holding up several
invoices)

What the Hell does he need seven
thousand dollars worth of video
equipment for?

HARRY

(calmly)

Relax. It works. I've seen it.

DEWITT

I haven't!

(throwing the invoices)

And I don't want to see movies of it!

HARRY

You push him now and he's liable to
destroy it all and you'll never see it.
Give him a little slack. Rome wasn't
built in a day, you know...

DEWITT

Neither was my bank account, but he
might just spend it that fast.

HARRY

It works.

DEWITT

(exploding)

So then what the Hell's he doing?!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARRY

(shrugs)

Getting the bugs out...

INT. GEOFF'S LAB - ON NYSSA - DAY

...on the table. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK...we see looming up behind Geoff's matter machine, ANOTHER BIGGER NYSSA on the floor behind.

THE CAMERA PANS AROUND THE TABLE to get a closer look. This new Nyssa duplicates its prototype in every detail except size. BOTH THE TRANSMITTING AND RECEIVING CHAMBERS OF NYSSA II stand well over six feet. Quite tall enough for...well...a man!

The two chambers are linked by a network of insulated cable and all wires lead to a CONTROL PANEL AND MONITOR. THREE VIDEO CAMERAS are set-up and strategically placed -- one trained on the monitor. The other two aimed at the transmitter and receiver respectively.

Geoff, shirtless, in a pair of gym shorts and tennies, works diligently at the panel with a screwdriver. It's a hot summer afternoon and he's sweating profusely. He's connecting a TIMING DEVICE on the panel. He crouches down, knees on the floor, to connect a wire. As he kneels there, Igor plays with the untied laces of one of Geoff's shoes.

Geoff, not noticing the cat, scoots back and accidentally steps on the animal. Igor screeches and lashes out with its paw, scratching the startled Geoff along the side of his waist.

Geoff cries out as Igor frightenedly scurries under the table. Geoff examines his wounded side.

CLOSE-UP - GEOFF'S SIDE

Igor has made THREE THIN SCRATCH MARKS along Geoff's side that seep tiny trickles of blood.

BACK TO SCENE

Geoff glances over at Igor, skulking under the table.

GEOFF

Sorry. You all right?

Igor answers with a surly meow.

GEOFF

(wipes blood with his fingers)

Yeah...well now, we're even.

He licks the blood off his fingers and goes back to work.

DISSOLVE TO

CLOSE-UP ON NYSSA II'S MONITOR

We see the diagram of an ape being formed on it.

QUICK CUT TO:

NYSSA II'S RECEIVING CHAMBER

The light is even more brilliant in the large machine. Inside, one of the monkeys is reintegrated.

QUICK CUT TO:

GEOFF'S FACE

It is aglow in the reflected light, smiling as he watches the first transmission on his new machine.

ON IGOR

...also watching with wary displeasure...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as the PHONE on the desk rings. Geoff is irritated with the interruption.

GEOFF

Damn.

His eyes not moving from the reintegration booth, he goes to the desk and snatches up the phone receiver, snarling into it.

GEOFF

(sharply)

Who is it?

INT. POWELL REC ROOM - CLOSE-UP - GEOFF'S PORTRAIT

...the one Barb was working on in the opening of the film. Its finished and being placed into a LARGE PORTFOLIO CASE along with several others by FEMININE HANDS.

BARB(OS)

(answering Geoff's question
with equal irritation)

It's your wife!

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL AN ANGRY BARB, the phone cradled between her shoulder and neck as she stuffs the Painting into its case.

BARB

(continuing, still pissed off)
Remember you have one. Where the Hell
are you?

ON GEOFF

...on the phone still, as the receiver light shuts off and the monitor spits out the reintegrated statistics. Geoff moves to the receiver door.

GEOFF

Look, Barb, I'm awfully busy right now.

ON BARB

...snapping into the phone. It's growing dark outside.

BARB

You think I'm not! Damn it, Geoff. You know I'm going to New York tomorrow. I thought we were going out tonight?

ON GEOFF

...as he takes the monkey -- Larry -- out of the booth and examines him. He looks fine.

GEOFF

Listen, Barb, I'm sorry. I'm right in the middle of something.

ON BARB

...exploding in anger...

BARB

(into the phone)
Can't you forget that fucking machine one night?

ON GEOFF

...putting Larry back in his cage.

GEOFF

(trying to get off the line)
I can't talk right now, Barb. I'll be home soon.

ON BARB

BARB

Well, I'm not fixing dinner. Bring something home...

Suddenly, she hears a CLICK...Then a BUZZ on the line...
Geoff has hung up.

BARB

Damn it!

She slams the phone receiver down and turns around to her easel nearby. On it is Barb's latest WORK -- ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF GEOFF...as usual, in Victorian garb, as always intense and Byronically brooding. With an aggravated mutter of frustration, Barb raises a hand as though she'd strike it. She refrains, however, and just sticks her tongue out at painting.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Geoff's entry flashes on the screen as he types it in:
NYSSA II...FIRST TRANSMISSION...LARRY...SUCCESS...

ON GEOFF

...completing his notation. He's weary...exhausted... but feeling very pleased with himself. He hears a BUZZING and turns to the sound.

GEOFF'S POV

A FLY hovers over a SUGAR BOWL next to a CUP OF COFFEE on the table. Geoff's HAND appears IN FRAME, brushing the Fly away, putting the lid on the sugar bowl, and grabbing up his coffee.

BACK TO SCENE

Geoff slouches comfortably in his chair and swivels around to face the machine. As Geoff idly sips his coffee, Igor jumps up in his lap. Geoff scratches the cat's ear.

GEOFF

All forgiven?

Geoff glances at his side -- the wound where the cat clawed him. There are THREE THIN, SCABBY SCRATCH MARKS. He sips his coffee, staring back up at the machine. His brain is clicking. He chews one of his fingernails in contemplation. Taking his coffee with him, he slowly rises and walks up to the transmitter, examining it. He opens the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Geoff moves to each of the VIDEO CAMERAS and turns them on. There is a STEADY HUM as they roll tape.

He moves to Nyssa's controlboard. He fingers the TIMER nervously, hesitating...He glances at the transmitter, then back at the timer.

The FLY buzzes about Geoff's coffee. Geoff distractedly brushes the insect away.

ON FLY

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS THE FLY as it alights on the outside of the transmitter door. THE CAMERA PANS TO THE VIDEO CAMERAS, their buzzing intermingling with that of the Fly.

ON GEOFF

He sets his coffee down on a table, still gazing at the control-panel timer. He glances once more at the transmitter. Then, heaving a deep sigh, turns once more to the timer, resolved to action.

CLOSE ON GEOFF'S HAND

As his fingers set the timer. A DIGITAL READOUT displays: "00:20"...TWENTY SECONDS, then: "00:19".

ON TRANSMITTER BOOTH

Geoff quickly enters it and closes the door. THE CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON THE GLASS WINDOW OF THE TRANSMITTER DOOR. THERE WE SEE CRAWLING ACROSS THE PANE...THE FLY -- BUT NOW ON THE INSIDE!

INTERCUTTING SHOTS...as the Transmission process commences.

ON TIMER...the display readout has moved to "00:08".

ON GEOFF...little droplets of sweat bead his brow as he stares down at the floor of the chamber...waiting...

ON FLY...crawling in the corner of the glass door, quite unnoticed by Geoff.

ON TIMER..."00:04".

ON IGOR...outside the door of the transmitter, pawing at it, whining.

ON GEOFF...hearing the cat outside.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ON FLY...its buzzing drowned out by the cat and the hum of machinery.

ON TIMER...as it goes from "00:01" to "00:00".

ON GEOFF...waiting...

ON NYSSA MONITOR...Geoff's outline is diagrammed, his vital statistics computed down to the minutest fraction. But not only Geoff is charted on the monitor -- so is the Fly!

ON FLY...crawling along the glass.

ON GEOFF...anxious, sweat pouring from his brow.

ON IGOR...pawing and whining at the door.

ON GEOFF'S EYES...seen only for an instant, before the ENTIRE SCREEN is filled with BRILLIANT LIGHT.

ON IGOR...as he spits and arches, leaping back from the transmitter.

ON TRANSMITTER BOOTH...its interior bathed in light, Geoff fading from view...

ON MONITOR...Geoff's outline becomes fragmented. THE FLY has already disappeared!

ON TRANSMITTER BOOTH...The light goes off, the chamber is empty. There is a FLASH OF LIGHT in another part of the room.

ON RECEIVER...now full of light, the reintegration process has commenced. Geoff begins to re-form.

ON MONITOR...duplicating Geoff's reintegration in the receiver. A human outline fragmentedly appears.

ON GEOFF...as the light shuts off abruptly. He shakes himself as though coming out of a daze.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Geoff opens the receiver door and steps out. Igor cautiously stalks up to his feet, curiously gazing up at him.

GEOFF

(to Igor)

Ta-da!

Igor hisses and takes off running.

ON IGOR

He leaps up on the window sill and departs through the broken pane of glass.

BACK ON GEOFF

...watching the cat go.

GEOFF

Boy, you sure hold a grudge.

THE CAMERA PANS PAST GEOFF TO THE INTERIOR OF THE GLASS WINDOW
-- BUT THERE IS NOTHING THERE!

INT. POWELL REC ROOM - NIGHT

Barb, pissed off, works on her new portrait of Geoff. She dabs here and there, but she's not really in the mood. She tosses her brush and palette down in disgust and leans on the back of the couch, sulking. THE DOORBELL RINGS.

BARB

It's about time.

She exits the room to answer the door..

INT. POWELL LIVING-ROOM - ANGLE FAVOURING THE FRONT DOOR

...as Barb, muttering to herself, storms in, ready for the gunfight at the OK corral. SEVERAL SUITCASES and her portfolio are by the door. Barb grabs the knob and flings the door open.

BARB

(the injured wife)

Where the Hell have...

She gets no further. A BIG BOUQUET OF ROSES is shoved under her nose. Behind the bouquet is Geoff. He hands her the flowers and quickly kisses her. Under his arm are tucked SEVERAL VIDEO TAPES. In his other hand, he totes a very expensive BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE. He gestures with it to someone outside.

GEOFF

This way, Ramon...

(pushes Barb away from
the door)

One side, darling.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

In the door come TWO WAITERS carrying TWO LARGE COVERED TRAY. A THIRD WAITER, RAMON, follows with LINENS and SILVERWARE. Geoff leads them toward the rec room.

GEOFF

Follow me, gents.

Barb, totally confused, follows after.

BARB

Geoff?

INT. REC ROOM

Geoff and the waiters enter the room. Geoff goes to a table cluttered with Barb's paint stuff and, with a sweeping arm, knocks it off the table.

GEOFF

Right here, fellows.

The waiters spread the tablecloth and set out an expensive repast concealed in the trays. Ramon approaches Geoff.

RAMON

(gestures to champagne)

Shall I put it on ice, sir?

GEOFF

(hands him champagne)

Bar's out in the living-room.

Ramon takes the champagne and bows. Geoff bows back.

BARB

Geoff, what is all this?

GEOFF

You told me to pick up dinner on the way home.

BARB

(laughs)

But...

GEOFF

El Greco seemed to fit the celebratory occasion better than Pizza Hut.

BARB

El Greco!

GEOFF

Don't worry. It's all billed to DeVitt.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Ramon passes through with the champagne now in an iced bucket. He gives a polite, diffident nod to Geoff and Barb. Geoff nods back. Barb looks at the incredibly delicious courses being set on the table and laughs good-naturedly.

BARB

And I was all ready to duke it out with you.

GEOFF

(doing John L. Sullivan)
I'll go a few rounds if you want.

BARB

(good-naturedly slaps
his fist down)
What are we celebrating anyway?

GEOFF

(noticing the new painting)
Ah, no muttonchops this time.

He places his head next to the portrait and smiles over at Barb.

GEOFF

(continuing)
Do I look any different?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REC ROOM - CLOSE-UP - TV SCREEN - NIGHT

The tape of Geoff's disintegration is playing on the TV.

GEOFF (OS)

Going, going, gone...

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE GEOFF AND BARB snuggled on the couch, drinking champagne. Barb pours from the champagne bottle, just a few drops dribble out.

BARB

(slightly drunk)
So's this.

GEOFF

(going to the TV, feeling
no pain himself)
I'll raid the bar after THE AMAZING
JOURNEY OF GEOFFREY POWELL, PART II...

He finds a tape marked RECEIVER and changes it with the other in the VCR, fast forwarding till he gets to the start of his reintegration.

CONTINUED

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BARB

(leaning back on the couch)

Oh, I shouldn't be doing this. I have to catch a plane at 9:00 in the morning.

GEOFF

Hung over is the only way to meet Jezebel Dupree.

(finding the spot on the tape)

Ah, here we go...

Geoff goes back to the sofa, as his reintegration scene plays on the TV...Barb watches, engrossed.

GEOFF

Feel free to grab me during the scary parts.

BARB

I just want to grab you to make sure you're really there.

(hugs him)

GEOFF

All in one piece.

He kisses her. It becomes a very passionate kiss.

ON TV SCREEN

Geoff reappears in the receiving booth.

BACK TO SCENE

Geoff and Barb are still kissing. They finally break it, but still cling to one another.

GEOFF

To Hell with raiding the bar; let's make babies.

INT. POWELL'S BEDROOM

Geoff and Barb are making love, Geoff on top. AS THE CAMERA PANS OVER THE LOVERS, IT COMES IN CLOSE ON GEOFF'S SIDE -- LINGERING OVER THE SCRATCHES HE RECEIVED FROM IGOR.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Instead of the normal scar tissue that we saw before, the SKIN of the area has taken on a STRANGE, ROUGH TEXTURE and growing from the three scratches is HAIR. Not Geoff's normal hair. IT'S COARSE, STRONG, DISTINCTIVE HAIR, GREYISH-BROWN IN COLOUR WITH A SLIGHT METALLIC SHEEN TO IT.

Barb's fingers glide over it, but groping in orgasmic frenzy, they scarcely detect the peculiarity of it. THE CAMERA HOVERS ON IT, as we hear the MOANS and SIGNS OF PLEASURE from the lovers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM- SHORT WHILE LATER

Barb and Geoff, their passion spent, are asleep in bed.

ON GEOFF

...lying on his back. WE HEAR A FAINT BUZZING. A FLY hovers over Geoff's face. It lands on his cheek. He unconsciously brushes it away.

The Fly continues to buzz over Geoff's head. Stirring to a drowsy half-consciousness, Geoff, his eyes still closed, instinctively makes a grab at the insect.

With an amazing display of reflexes and speed, Geoff's hand sweeps through the air and snatches the Fly. We hear it BUZZING in Geoff's hand.

The hand has not moved. Geoff's arm remains in mid-air. His fist clenched. He opens his eyes, now cold-stone awake, fully realizing what he's just done.

Geoff stares up at his hand. He slowly opens his fingers, releasing the Fly. It buzzes off.

Geoff stares up at his hand, wondering about the feat he just performed. Blind luck? A fluke? Or something more? He flexes his fingers open and shut several times. He smiles.

Geoff, totally nude, sits up on the edge of the bed, staring at his hands in curious pleasure. He rubs them along his arms and chest.

CLOSE-UP - GEOFF'S SIDE

...several more of the strange COARSE GREYISH-BROWN HAIRS are growing out of the cat scratches on his side. They almost resemble three thin lines of fur. The skin around the area is also rough and discoloured.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE-UP - BARB

Barb still sleeps. A FAINT METALLIC CLANKING IS HEARD. It persists. Barb stirs and opens her eyes, listening to the curious sound for a moment. She turns to Geoff's side of the bed. It is empty.

INT. POWELL LIVING-ROOM - NIGHT

Barb, in a dressing-gown, moves through a still-dark living-room, even though grey dawn is creeping through the window. She's tracking the sound of the CLANKING. It's coming from the rec room. Light also spills out from the room.

INT. REC ROOM - ON BARB

....as she enters, THE CLANKING SOUND is very loud. A strange expression crosses Barb's face. THE CAMERA PANS AROUND TO REVEAL BOTH THE NOISE AND THE REASON FOR BARB'S CURIOSITY.

Geoff, still in the nude, is pumping iron. Barb silently watches him for a moment, then:

BARB

What in the world are you doing?

Geoff, curling weights, turns and smiles.

INT. POWELL KITCHEN - CLOSE-UP - CUP OF COFFEE

...as Geoff's HAND liberally doses it with HEAPING TEASPOONS OF SUGAR.

GEOFF(OS)

...Fifty pounds more than I've
ever curled before...,

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK. Geoff and Barb sit at the breakfast nook in the kitchen. Dawn is coming through the window. Barb silently watches Geoff put about his fifth heaping teaspoonful of sugar in his coffee. Geoff, excited, wired up, doesn't even noticed. He speaks with a rapid fervour.

GEOFF

(continuing)

I benchpressed over a hundred extra pounds. I can feel it, Barb, this incredible power surging inside me.

BARB

Gas from all that rich food last night.

She stops him from putting yet another dollap of sugar in his coffee.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARB

(continuing)

...Speaking of which, have a little
coffee with your sugar?

GEOFF

Oh...

Geoff grins sheepishly and, putting the sugar spoon back, proceeds to drink his coffee. Not even a face. He doesn't notice the sweetness of his drink at all, but goes right on jabbering.

GEOFF

(rattling on)

Seriously, Barb...I can't describe
the strength, the vitality...and my
reflexes! The way I caught that fly!
It was like radar, the way I could
anticipate its movement.

(contemplating, sipping
his coffee)

Must be the transmission. Something
to do with the break-up and restructur-
ing of the atoms.

BARB

Übermensch?

GEOFF

(shrugs)

Who knows? I haven't noticed
anything in the monkeys, but I
haven't done any strength tests
and only Larry's gone through
Big Nyssa...I'll have to send
the others through...

Geoff idly meditates this, chewing on his fingernail.

BARB

(glancing at the kitchen
clock)

I'd better get ready or I'll miss
my flight.

(taking her cup to the sink)

You'll survive without me for the next
couple of days, I trust...

GEOFF

Sure, never felt better in my life.

He downs the rest of his coffee.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Geoff jogs along the hike trail. In the b.g., coming up behind him, is his old nemesis, THE CYCLIST -- the exact same kid.

ON CYCLIST

He sees Geoff up ahead and a smile crosses his face. He speeds up.

ANGLE FAVOURING GEOFF

...as the kid's bicycle closes in. Geoff is aware of the tail-gater by now and frowns. The bicycle's front wheel is hard on Geoff's heels. Geoff pulls out of the lane, but the cyclist pulls out behind him, staying on his tail.

Geoff speeds up. So does the cyclist. But the amazing thing is Geoff is pulling away! Neither Geoff or his cycling tormentor can quite believe this. The rider pumps his pedals harder but Geoff speeds up and keeps increasing the distance between them.

ON GEOFF

...as he really starts to pull ahead. He shouts in exclamation. He runs even faster. He's not even exerting himself. A piece of cake!

ON THE CYCLIST

...as he pedals harder, but he cannot gain. In his frenzy and confused disbelief as Geoff moves farther away, he misses the pedal and the bit of clumsiness causes him to nearly fall from his bike. Stopped now, he looks ahead at the retreating figure of Geoff.

CYCLIST'S POV

Geoff is a good fifty yards ahead of him. He looks back over his shoulder and grins, stopping to do a little ROCKY triumphant leap and ritual bounce before jogging on.

ON CYCLIST

He sneers and rubs his bruised shin.

INT. LAB

Geoff, sweaty from his run, arrives at the lab with a BAG OF GROCERIES. He goes to the refrigerator and pulls out a CARTON OF MILK and TWO OR THREE SIX-PACKS OF SODA. He pours some milk into the cat's bowl, then puts both the milk and soft drinks in the fridge.

He dumps the rest of the grocery bag's contents on one of the lab counters. It consists of a couple of CANS OF CAT FOOD and a veritable plethora of JUNK FOOD -- candy bars, twinkies, little chocolate donuts, etc.

Grabbing a can opener, he opens one of the cat food cans.

GEOFF

(empties can in bowl
by Igor's milk dish)

Igor! Breakfast!

There is no answer.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Geoff looks about for Igor.

GEOFF

Igor? Come on, Fats!

But Igor is not there. Geoff shrugs and, grabbing a package of little donuts, moves to the monkey cages.

GEOFF

(to the monkeys)

You guys ready to pump a little iron?

INT. JEZEBEL DUPREE'S PENTHOUSE - DAY

Barb sits in a luxurious penthouse many would find glamorous, others merely gaudy. It's decorated with all that chi-chi French furniture (one of those Louis'), lots of Rococco and cupids; flowers, both real and in the various upholstery and wallpaper designs, splashes of purple and pinks abound in the basic colour motif of the room.

Barb is perched on the edge on one of those fragile little chairs that looks like it would collapse if you actually tried to sit comfortably in it, sipping coffee from a demitasse cup.

JEZEBEL DUPREE, swathed in a voluminous pink chiffon dressing-gown, bedecked in jewelry, is examining Barb's ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT PAINTING through a lorgnette. At her feet a HORDE OF MINITURE POODLES (at least four or five) yap about. ONE sniffs suspiciously at the painting. Miss Dupree scoots him away from it with her toe.

CONTINUED

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DUPREE

Shoo, Heathcliff!

Miss Dupree examines the picture closely, then, beaming, snaps shut her lornette and glides over to Barb (a considerable feat for a woman of her girth).

DUPREE

Marvelous, Darling! Just marvelous!
And that beautiful, beautiful man!
How is the dear?

BARB

Looked fine when I left this morning.

DUPREE

(with coquettish smile)
You lucky girl. A scientist,
didn't you say?

BARB

Yes...

DUPREE

(looking at portrait,
shaking her head sadly)
Pity.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

The lab is dark and still. There seems to be no one present. The only light comes from the monitor screen on Geoff's console.

The silence of the room is broken by A LOUD KNOCKING on the door. A moment later, we HEAR A KEY IN THE DOOR, THEN IT CREAKING OPEN, THEN CLOSING... THEN FOOTSTEPS MOVING ACROSS THE FLOOR...

ON SHOES

...they belong to a woman. CAMERA PANS UP THE LEGS TO REVEAL:
...Barb, as she stares around the dark room.

BARB

Geoff?

There is no answer. She moves to the light of the computer.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Barb comes into the light. She finds the desk and computer area, including the floor below, littered with candy wrappers and empty soda cans, half-eaten pastries and chocolates. Barb curiously takes all this in, then gazes at the computer screen.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

There is an entry, reading: "TRANSMISSION HAS NO POSITIVE OR ADVERSE EFFECT ON STRENGTH, METABOLISM, ENERGY, OR REFLEX ACTION OF PRIMATE TEST SUBJECTS."

BACK TO SCENE

Barb looks around for Geoff.

BARB

Geoff?

As though in answer to the question, there's a WHIR AND A CLICK over by Nyssa II. The control monitor lights up. Barb goes to it, seeing a human outline form on the screen. It is, of course, Geoff's outline. His vital statistics appear on the screen. Suddenly light spits out inside the Transmission chamber. Barb peers in the window...seeing Geoff.

At least, she thinks it's Geoff. He looks strange in the blinding light and his body is disintegrating.

Barb stares at the disappearing shape, transfixed. It's one thing to watch a test animal or an ashtray disintegrate. Quite another thing to watch your husband. It sends a shiver through Barb.

Suddenly, he is gone totally. The light shifts, off in the transmitter, on in the receiver. Barb watches the reversal process, the light from the machine casting an eerie glow over her tense features.

Then the light goes out and Geoff is there. He shakes himself and, seeing Barb through the glass, smiles at her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Geoff steps from the booth.

GEOFF

Ah, a welcoming committee...

Barb says nothing, merely silently stares at Geoff. He is a rather riveting sight. His skin seems very red and rough, his beard stubble thick, coarse, and flecked with greyish hair. His cheeks are gaunt, his eyes seem wide-open, almost slightly bulging.

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GEOFF
When did you get in?

BARB
A little while ago...The Service told
me you were here. I came directly
from the airport.

She kisses him hello...then sharply pulls back from him, as
though he had b.o. He does.

BARB
Oh! Geoff...you smell awful.

GEOFF
(smelling a pit)
Whoo! Yeah, I'm pretty rank.
I haven't bathed in two days.
Haven't even been home.
(rattling on, clippedly)
Been trying to figure out why I keep
getting stronger, but the monkeys don't...
(clicks off computer)
It's funny, but there seems to be no
change in...

BARB
(gazing on the machine)
How many time you been through...?

GEOFF
Huh?
(realizing the question)
Oh...about a half dozen, I guess.
(excited)
It's amazing, Barb, I just keep
getting stronger.

BARB
(backs away from him
and his odour)
Yeah...real strong...

GEOFF
No, really...I never felt so vital,
so charged in my life.

Geoff babbles away in his rapid, clipped speech, almost as
though he were on some sort of drug.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEOFF

(continuing)

Of course, I don't know whether going through more than once has anything to do with it or not, but...

(confused by this)

...And I can't figure the monkeys...

(enthusiastic once again)

But I feel great!

BARB

(touching his beard)

You look terrible.

GEOFF

Well, Darling. I haven't shaved for two days. Or slept.

BARB

Geoff! My God, I go away for a couple of days and you go to Hell. You eat shit...

(points to the debris on desk)

...you don't sleep...

GEOFF

I haven't needed any! I'm not at all tired! Right now, I'm a bundle of energy!

BARB

(picking up candy wrapper)

Probably a sugar rush.

Geoff's not listening to her. He's just had a brainstorm.

GEOFF

You know, Barb, you should go through.

BARB

What?

GEOFF

(enthusiastic)

I'm telling you, Darling, you'll feel like a new person. It's better than drugs. Look...!

He picks her up. She's as light as a feather to him. He tosses her up and down in his arms.

BARB

Geoff!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

In spite of her admonishment, she finds it rather fun and starts to laugh. He puts her down. She leans back against the desk, out of breath.

GEOFF

(gestures to Nyssa)

Come on, Barb, whattya say? We'll be the perfect couple, the dynamic duo. Think of the sex?

Barb smiles at him, then gazes at Nyssa. As she mulls the proposition over, her hand runs idly along the desk.

ON BARB'S HAND

...as it accidentally knocks an ASHTRAY to the floor.

ON ASHTRAY

...as it hits the floor cracking in two. It isn't just any ashtray. It's the ashtray! The "HAWAII MI 30AM" ashtray.

BACK TO SCENE

Barb picks up the broken halves.

BARB

Oh...Geoff, I'm sorry. I broke your souvenir.

GEOFF

There's always superglue. Besides, who needs a souvenir of failure. I'm a souvenir of success.

(encouraging)

Come on, Barb, go through.

Barb looks at Geoff, then at the machine, then at the broken ashtray in her hand.

BARB'S POV - ASHTRAY

...she sees the reversed printing.

BACK TO SCENE

Barb shivers and sets the broken ashtray on the desk. She turns and smiles good-naturedly at Geoff, trying to conceal her uneasiness.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARB

I don't know if I want to put myself
in Nyssa's clutches. After all, she's
my rival.

GEOFF

(coaxing)

Don't be chicken, come on!

BARB

(takes Geoff's hand)

Some other time. Right now, I'm
taking you home. Little man, you've
had a busy day.

INT. POWELL BATHROOM - SHOWER

Geoff is taking a shower. The rough, red rash-like tone to
his skin covers his entire body. As he lathers up, he runs
the bar of soap along his side and detects something peculiar.

GEOFF'S POV - HIS SIDE

He wipes the soap away, seeing the cat scratches, now THREE
LINES OF GREY-BROWN HAIR. It's thick and coarse. The skin
around the area is even a deeper scarlet than the rest of his
body.

ON GEOFF

He curiously notes all this.

INT. BATHROOM - ANGLE FAVOURING SINK

...as Geoff stands before the bathroom mirror, shaving with
an electric razor. Several times the razor catches, snagging
on the tough hair, and Geoff cries out. After another time
or two, he curses.

GEOFF

Damn!

Barb sticks her head in the door.

BARB

You all right?

Geoff is bleeding from a slight nick.

GEOFF

Even my beard's gotten stronger.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARB

Greiver too.

GEOFF

Guess so. Except for the ones you
paint on me, I haven't had one since
my radical college days.

(inspecting the grey)

Too much pressure and stress, I guess.

BARB

That and the fact you ain't gettin'
any younger.

(Geoff shoots her a look)

Don't worry, I'll still love you
in your dotage. Dinner's almost
ready.

GEOFF

Be there in a sec.

Barb leaves. Once she's gone, ~~Geoff~~ takes his razor and
shaves the disturbing hair growing out of his side.

INT. POWELL KITCHEN - CLOSE-UP - STEAK

...on a plate next to a baked potato, looking very appetizing.
A BIG GLOP OF CATSUP splashes down on the meat. A FORK COMES
INTO FRAME and smears the catsup around.

GEOFF(OS)

...of course, I wasn't sure of
the monkeys' strength capacity
to begin with...Maybe going through
the earlier prototype had some
neutralizing effect...

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW GEOFF, smearing the catsup on his
steak, then licking his fork. His face is red and gaunt,
there are a couple of nicks from his razor. His eyes are
wildly alive and wide.

GEOFF

I should get some new apes to test too
...Start fresh...

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Barb comes over to the breakfast nook with a salad bowl.

BARB

You're ruining that good steak with
catsup?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEOFF

Taste funny.

BARB

You haven't eaten any?

GEOFF

Smells funny...
(eats a piece)

BARB

It's cooked the way it always is.

GEOFF

(chewing)
Well, you know what they say:
Smells ninety percent of taste.

BARB

Who says?

GEOFF

(slightly irritated)
Whoever... Since when do you have to
quote sources on old sayings?

Geoff suddenly stops eating. Getting up, he rushes to the kitchen sink.

AT THE SINK

Geoff spits up his meat into the sink. Barb comes up.

BARB

You all right?

GEOFF

Fine. The meat's bad, that's all.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Barb goes to his plate and smells a piece of steak already pronged on his fork, then eats it.

BARB

Nothing wrong with this, except for
all the catsup you poured over it.

She examines him, particularly noticing the rash on his arms and leg.

BARB

You don't look well.

She feels his forehead. He pushes her hand away sharply.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEOFF

(insistent)

Barb, I'm OK.

BARB

Probably all that junk food crap
you've been eating the last two days.

GEOFF

(getting pissed off)

Look, I'm fine!

BARB

(looking at the rash)

Yeah? What about that rash?

GEOFF

(testily)

I'm great, Barb, for Christsakes,
great!

He storms out of the room, Barb confused by his seeming irrational bad temper.

INT. POWELL REC ROOM - CLOSE-UP OF GEOFF'S HANDS

...as they pump iron up and down. As pressure is exerted,
we notice A STRANGE, PUS-LIKE SECRETION OOZE EVER SO SLIGHTLY
FROM GEOFF'S FINGERTIPS!

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING GEOFF, in gym-shorts, no shirt,
bench pressing a seemingly incredible amount of weight for a
man of his build. He doesn't notice the oily drops secreting
from his fingers. Even if he did, he'd probably think it only
sweat. Besides, he's too transfixed by the amount of weight
he's lifting.

He stops and sits up on the bench, impressed by his workout.
He unconsciously wipes his hands on his pants.

Two arms suddenly entwine around his neck, one hand holding
a BOTTLE OF RUBBING ALCOHOL. Barb's face comes INTO FRAME
as she kisses Geoff on the cheek.

BARB

Let me give you a massage if I
promise not to rub you the wrong
way anymore?

Geoff smiles.

DISSOLVES TO:

INT. POWELL REC ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Geoff, still in his gym shorts lays stomach down on a mat. Barb kneels beside him with a TOWELL AND THE BOTTLE OF ALCOHOL.

GEOFF

(excitedly chattering)

Forty more pounds on the bench press since just the other day...You gotta go through, Barb...this is really incredible.

- BARB

So is this rash.

She oils up her hands and starts to give him a rubdown. She barely gets started when she notices something.

BARB'S POV - GEOFF SIDE

The greyish hair has grown back through the cat-scratches.

BACK TO SCENE

Barb curiously gazes on the marks.

BARB

Geoff...?

She gets no more out when Geoff suddenly cries out and leaps up, rubbing at his back furiously.

BARB

(going to him)

Geoff! What's wrong!

Geoff grabs the towell from her shoulder and wipes it across his back.

GEOFF

Get it off! Get it off!

BARB

What?

GEOFF

The alcohol.

Barb takes the towell and rubs his back. Geoff calms down, but is still in pain.

GEOFF

Oh, it burns!

Barb notices his back. It is deep scarlet.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARB

I'm sorry, darling, it must be your rash
...I...

GEOFF

It's all right...I'm all right...

BARB

(sharply)
Don't move!

GEOFF

Wha...

BARB

Don't!

Geoff freezes. He stands next to Barb's painting. Barb grabs his face in her hands and studies it, then her portrait.

BARB'S POV

It moves from the portrait to Geoff's face and back again. -- We notice it too. There is a slight structural difference in the two faces -- the hollow cheeks, the wide eyes on Geoff particularly stand out when compared to the portrait.

BARB

I knew there was something different
about you.

GEOFF

(pulling his face from her
hands)
What are you talking about? There's
nothing different...

BARB

(concerned)
Geoff, I can see it in the portrait.
There's something different...wrong...
with your face...

GEOFF

(angrily)
Well, maybe it's your painting,
not my face.

With this cutting remark he storms from the room.

INT. POWELL BEDROOM

The two are in bed. Tension's in bed with them.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARB

What harm would there be in seeing
a doctor?

GEOFF

(tersely)

I never felt better or more healthy
in my life. End of discussion.
Goodnight.

He rolls over on his side away from her and closes his eyes.
Barb, upset, looks at him for a moment, then does the same.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE-UP- GEOFF

...in bed, staring blankly at the ceiling...He's wide awake,
unable to sleep. He hears the steady, even breathing of Barb
asleep next to him. The HAIR in Geoff's beard is coming out
again, stronger than before.

Geoff pulls the covers back and feels his side..

CLOSE-UP - GEOFF'S SIDE

...the three lines of grey-brown hair are longer, thicker;
the surrounding skin tougher, redder.

ON GEOFF

...He's worried. He bites his fingernails in nervous abstrac-
tion. ONE OF THE NAILS suddenly comes off in his mouth! THE
WHOLE NAIL! In shocked surprise, Geoff spits it out and looks
down at the nailless finger. He presses the tip of the finger
and a THE STRANGE PUS-LIKE SUBSTANCE oozes from the finger.

INT. POWELL BATHROOM

It is totally dark. WE HEAR A CLICK and A LIGHT over the
bathroom mirror comes on. Geoff stands before it staring
at his reflection. He notices the grey in his beard. But it
is his hand he's come in to examine.

He holds it up to his face. Geoff squeezes his right thumb
against the fingers, the clear gooey secretion squirts from
them. AND ANOTHER NAIL POPS OFF! ANOTHER SPLITS. Jolted
with weak-kneed panic, Geoff clutches a towell rack for support,
sitting on the edge of the tub. Removing his hand from the
rack and the towell slung over it, he notices fibers from
the towell stuck to his fingers and palms...

INT. GEOFF'S LAB - NIGHT

Geoff, in an habitual warm-up suit, is in his lab taking a BLOOD SAMPLE from Moe with a HYPO. He puts the monkey back in its cage. Then squirts the blood from the hypo onto a MICROSCOPE SLIDE, marked "MOE". SIMILAR SLIDES WITH BLOOD, MARKED "CURLEY" AND "LARRY" are beside it.

Geoff next pricks his own arm with a small surgical knife and dabs a drop of his own blood on the slide. He takes the knife again and, pulling up his jersey, cuts into his hairy side. After making a tiny incision, he takes yet another slide and squeezes some blood out onto it.

INT. DEWITT RESEARCH CENTRE - FRONT LOBBY - DAWN

Geoff, enters the DeWitt building, the hood on his warm-up suit up. His cheeks seem gaunter, his eyes wide and strangely manic. His beard is very grey and looks like much more than an average's night's growth.

FRONT DESK

A BORED GUARD, MIKE, sits at the desk, as Geoff comes over and signs in. Mike looks at him suspiciously then sees the name Geoff has written.

MIKE

Oh, Mr. Powell, hardly recognized ya with that beard you're growing. You're sure here awfully early.

Ignoring Mike, Geoff goes around the corner to the elevators.

INT. POWELL BEDROOM

Barb still sleeps. AN ALARM CLOCK goes off. She stirs.

BARB

(muttering, half asleep)

Geoff, get the alarm...

He doesn't. She opens her eyes, finding herself alone.

INT. HALLWAY IN DEWITT RESEARCH - ON DOOR

We are in a hallway on one of the floors of DeWitt Research. THE CAMERA HOVERS ON A CLOSED DOOR, reading: "COMPUTER MICROSCOPE"

INT. COMPUTER MICROSCOPE ROOM

Inside, Geoff sits at a strange-looking ELECTRONIC MICROSCOPE. It resembles no microscope we've ever see (Don't know if such a machine exists, but after all, this is Science Fiction). It has no microscope lens that we peer through. Instead, Geoff inserts a slide into a slot and on a HUGE MONITOR the microscopic image appears. Geoff then makes an entry on the computer keyboard before him.

A DATA PRINTOUT appears in one corner of the screen reading:
"CELLULAR COMPOSITION: BLOOD CELL - NORMAL, MACA MULATTA:
RHESUS MONKEY."

Geoff removes the monkey blood sample and reaches for another.

INSERT - SLIDES

...as Geoff's fingers, the nails chipped, cracked, or gone, bypass the two slides of monkey blood. The next two slides are marked "ARM" and "SIDE" respectively. Geoff picks up "ARM".

BACK TO SCENE

Geoff slips the slide into the microscope. The image of the BLOOD CELLS appear. SEVERAL SEEM IRREGULAR. Geoff types in to the computer and the DATA flashes on the screen. "CELLULAR COMPOSITION: BLOOD CELL - MUTANT, HOMO SAPIEN: MAN - MUSCA DIPTERA: HOUSEFLY...DOMINANT - HOMO SAPIEN".

Geoff reacts with bewildered fear. He slowly takes the slide out and sticks in the last one, "SIDE". The image appears on the screen. This time the distorted, irregular cells seem to far outnumber the normal ones.

Geoff reacts and hurriedly makes an entry on the keyboard.

ON MONITOR

...as the information spits out on the screen: "CELLULAR COMPOSITION: BLOOD CELL - MUTANT, MUSCA DIPTERA; HOUSEFLY - HOMO SAPIEN: MAN...DOMINANT - MUSCA DIPTERA".

ON GEOFF

He stares at the monitor in distraught anxiety.

QUICK CUT TO:

SUBLIMINAL FLASHBACK - POWELL BEDROOM

...as Geoff catches the fly with his amazing reflexes.

ON GEOFF

...as the memory and what it might signify causes him to let out a frightened, almost hysterical yelp, sweeping the microscopic slides from the table. They fall into tinkling splinters on the floor.

THE CAMERA PANS PAST GEOFF TO THE MICROSCOPIC MONITOR, ZEROING IN ON THE DATA...PARTICULARLY "DOMINANT - MUSCA DIPTERA"!

INT. GEOFF'S LAB - DAY

Geoff staggers into his lab and goes to a work table where a TV AND A VCR sit. There is a STACK OF VIDEO TAPES nearby. Geoff's nail-chipped fingers claw through them, searching frantically...He finds the one he wants.

CLOSE-UP - TAPE

It's marked "NYSSA MONITOR - 1st TRANSMISSION".

CLOSE-UP - TV SCREEN

The tape of the CONTROL MONITOR is playing on the screen. THE CAMERA PULLS TO INCLUDE GEOFF, his face about six inches from the screen, watching intently as he sees himself be diagrammed...then the Fly...Geoff's eyes widen at the sight and the confirmation of the horror of what's now happening to him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as the vital statistics appear, Geoff grabs a pencil from the table and writes down his weight measurement -- and the Fly's -- on the back of the TAPE BOX. He hits the fast forward button till he gets to the reintegration phase. He watches his outline be diagrammed as his body reforms...but not that of the Fly.

GEOFF

No...no...

He compares the weight that flashes on the monitor to that he has written on the box. Geoff's a few milligrams heavier. The difference being the weight of the Fly!

EXT. GEOFF'S LAB - DAY

A CAB pulls up at the curb in front of the building which houses Geoff's lab. Barb gets out and pays the fare.

ON BARB

...as she moves to the door. She starts to knock but changes her mind and, just grabbing the handle, opens it up.

INT. GEOFF'S LAB

...as Barb enters. Geoff sits at his desk, head in hands, his back to both Barb and THE CAMERA.

BARB

Geoff?

He doesn't answer.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Barb moves toward him.

BARB

Geoff.

Still nothing. She comes up behind him and ~~lays~~ puts a hand on his shoulder.

BARB

Geoff, you OK?

Geoff turns at her touch. Looking up at her with sort of dazed distraction. His appearance has gotten worse since we last saw it.

His facial hair is thick and greyish, almost as though he has grown a full beard overnight. The nails on his fingers are either gone or chipped. The cheeks seem to have sunk in further. His eyes seem even wider, rounder, appearing to bug out...they well up with tears as he looks up at Barb...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GEOFF'S LAB - LATER

Barb sits silently across from Geoff. Both just stare vacantly at nothing.

BARB

(stoically)

I can't believe it. It's such a little thing. A little, insignificant thing.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEOFF

(trying to be controlled;
struggling for scientific
detachment)

But a stubborn one. The fly may be
a low life form, but it's also one
of the most durable. It even survives
in the arctic.

BARB

But how can it be taking over your
body?

GEOFF

Its cells are stronger...more basic...
In mutation, the primitive is always
the victor.

BARB

(desperately drawing
at straws)

Perhaps...perhaps...If we found the
fly and you went through the machine
with it again...

Geoff stares at her in weary irritation.

GEOFF

What fly? What are you talking
about? There is no fly anymore.
It's been absorb in me.

BARB

Oh...

(quietly, outwardly calm,
but inwardly cracking)

Well...maybe...if you just...just
went through the machine alone...

GEOFF

(impatiently)

I've been through it a dozen times!
The machine has nothing to do with
it anymore!

(grabbing her by the shoulders)

Don't you understand. I've broken into
the DNA complex. Our molecules are
irretrievably mixed. The fly's atoms
are now my atoms!

Geoff is so intense, he is vehemently shaking Barb who bursts
out crying. Geoff, realizing he's not making things easier,
lets go of her.

BARB

(crying)

I'm sorry...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEOFF

(contritely)

No...I am...

BARB

(trying to regain control,
some sense of rationality)

What...what will happen?

GEOFF

I don't know...I suppose I've got
to find some way of reversing the
process, find some formula that
will attack the fly in me without
destroying the human part.

(trying to sound optimistic)

Who knows? Perhaps it will arrest
itself and I'll only have hybrid
characteristics.

BARB

And if it doesn't...If you can't
find a way to stop it?

The two stare at each other; both know the answer to the question.

INT. DEWITT RESEARCH CENTRE - OUTSIDE RESEARCH LIBRARY

Harry walks down a hall in the DeWitt Building. He's looking disgruntled and frazzled, and slightly less than his immaculate self. Fact is he's been on the carpet with DeWitt again. As he passes the Research Library, he notices something through the glass windows of the library doors.

HARRY'S POV

Barb is at the check-out desk with a STACK OF BOOKS.

INT. LIBRARY - CHECKOUT DESK

Barb waits at the counter while the LIBRARIAN checks out Barb's books.

HARRY(OS)

My, ain't we literary.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Barb turns and sees Harry behind her.

BARB

(ill-at-ease)

Oh...Hello, Harry...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARRY

Hello, yourself...

(reading book titles)

MOLECULAR CHEMISTRY, DNA...THE LIFE
SOURCE, WORLD OF THE FLY...Nothing
like curling up with a good book...

BARB

They're for Geoff...

HARRY

No kidding...Where is he these days?
I stopped at the lab twice this week.
All locked up, nobody home.

BARB

(evasive)

He...he's gone out of town...to do
some research...

Harry is slightly irritated with this news but tries to put up
a cheery front for Barb.

HARRY

Left me to the wolves alone, huh?
Cozy for him...

BARB

What's wrong?

HARRY

Oh...DeWitt's got his fangs in my
ass and is howling for blood. Just
came from his office. Third time
this week he fired me.

Barb is upset, not knowing really what to say or how to react.
Harry thinks the concern is for him.

HARRY

(continuing)

Don't worry...I haven't cleaned
out my desk yet. But I really
need to get a hold of Geoff, when
will he be back?

BARB

I...can't really say, Harry...Look,
I've got to run. I have to express
these out to him tonight. I'm sorry
you're having so much trouble.

HARRY

(opens door for her)

I'll muddle through...but tell Geoff to
call me...And since you're all alone,
how about dinner some night. Maybe a movie,
you know just like a real date...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARB

I...don't know, Harry. I'm awfully
busy...Let me call you...

She exits and goes off down the Hall.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A CAB pulls up in front of an old WAREHOUSE in a rather dingy part of town. Barb gets out, her arms full of bundles, and goes to the door. Unlocking it, she enters the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Barb enters the barren building and enters a RICKETY FREIGHT ELEVATOR. Closing the IRON GRATING, she presses a button and, with a CREAK, the old elevator starts its ascent.

INT. ELEVATOR

Barb stands silently in the middle of the elevator, as it comes to a halt at the second and top floor. She pulls back the iron grating, then opens THE WOODEN GATE and enters:

INT. WAREHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - GEOFF'S SANCTUARY

The floor is an almost barren loft. Sun streaks in from high windows and a SKYLIGHT. The air is full of dust particles.

ON BARB

...as she moves to the far end of the room that shows some Spartan signs of life -- A BED, A SMALL KITCHENETTE, A LONG WORK TABLE filled with books and papers, microscopes, and other scientific apparatus. Geoff's computer console is also there as well as Larry, Curley, and Moe. Also there are THREE LARGE, SEALED, GLASS AQUARIUMS FILLED WITH FLIES.

A TV on the table is droning on, some insipid game show. A PAN OF SOUP boils on the stove. Geoff is nowhere in sight.

ANGLE FROM CEILING LOOKING DOWN ON BARB

...as she turns the TV off and the soup down, looking about the loft for Geoff.

BARB

Geoff?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEOFF(OS)

Up here?

Barb's gaze follows the voice -- up to the ceiling.

BARB'S POV

We realize now that a moment ago we were looking at Barb from Geoff's POV, for he hangs upside down from the ceiling by all fours! If this wasn't startling enough, the changes in his appearance most certainly are. He's dressed in only a pair of jogging pants. His naked torso is beginning to be covered all over with greyish-brown hair. It grows especially thick -- like a patch of fur -- on the side where Igor scratched him. There is also a slight PROTRUSION on the side, almost like a hernia. The strange hair also covers his face in the form of a coarse beard and mustache. The hair on his head is losing a battle with the grey which is threaded all through it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Geoff scrambles adroitly across the ceiling, then down the wall. Barb watches in chilly fascination. She's seen it before, but it's still unnerving.

Geoff alights on the floor and comes over to her. We now see the remarkable changes in his face close-up. His eyebrows are thinning and there are SMALL BUMPS on what seems like a LARGER, MORE DOMELIKE FOREHEAD; the bumps are particularly between the eyes. The eyes themselves seem EVEN WIDER and ROUNDER than the last time we saw them. THE BRIDGE OF GEOFF'S NOSE seems LESS PRONOUNCED as well. His skin is rougher.

GEOFF

(sardonically humorous,
referring to the wall-walking)

Gotten pretty good at it, haven't I?
It's almost second nature...Instinct.

(holds up his hands)

Stopped biting my nails too.

His fingers are longer, thinner. There are no more nails on them at all, they glisten with the oily secretion. His palms are forming small cushion-like pads. Barb looks at his feet. They are bare, nailless, the toes long and oily. She tries to ignore it and goes about arranging the bundles she's brought.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARB

Here are the books you wanted.
Your laundry...

GEOFF

I don't wear the shirts anymore.
They itch...

(rubbing his side)

...and they don't fit right any-
way. I go through them faster
than the Incredible Hulk.

BARB

(ignoring the dubious wit)
...Groceries...

She pulls out several cans of soup from a grocery bag.

GEOFF

Soup! "Mm...mm..good". None
of those chunky kinds you eat
with a fork, I hope...You know
the havoc solids wreak on my
digestion...

Geoff's wits, his whole manner is cold and sardonic. Barb
is just barely keeping it together. She turns up the flame
on the stove and stirs Geoff's soup.

BARB

(with quiet anxiety)
Any progress?

At this Geoff laughs a wild, almost hysterical, laugh...a
cackle, really. Barb turns to him, ready to lose it, but
manages to retain control.

BARB

What's so funny?

GEOFF

Sure, Barb, sure...There's been a lot
of progress...I've stopped clinging to
some futile hope of salvation and have
accepted my life as a freak. It's a
boyhood dream come true; now I can run
away and join the circus.

BARB

(slams stirring spoon down,
exploding in a rush of anger
and pain)
Stop it! Stop it! Maybe you accept it,
but I don't! I won't!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEOFF

(serious)

You may not have a choice.

BARB

(upset)

I saw Harry today. He asked about you. He'll help you, Geoff. The whole research centre would.

GEOFF

And maybe they'll find a cure for cancer too.

(kindly, with gentleness)

Barb, I've tampered with the very essence of life...DNA... the mystery of life...Harry...no one can help me.

BARB

(angrily)

How do you know? Cooped up here? You can't do everything yourself. Let someone else try. What are you trying to prove hidden away here? Isolated where nothing can happen!

GEOFF

That's exactly why I stay here! So nothing will happen!

(rapid-fire)

A fly has over thirty-three million organisms in its intestinal tract. Over five hundred million on the surface of its body and legs. It's a carrier of over forty diseases.

(getting really worked up)

You know why I can't eat solid food anymore. Because a fly breaks down solids with an enzyme known as the "vomit drop". It regurgitates on its food, liquefies it, and sucks it back up.

(points to flies in aquarium)

Think about it the next time you brush one of those little fuckers off your hamburger...Look, Barb, I'm frightened enough by what's happening to me...I wake up every morning with something new staring out at me from the mirror...

(distracted)

I'm...I'm afraid...afraid! I don't know how this thing...this horror...will manifest itself next...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEOFF

(CONT'D)

(emphatic)

And I won't inflict that unknown
on the rest of the world...I don't
even want you coming here, exposing
yourself to it. Especially you!

Barb, moved, looks down at him with pity.

BARB

(quietly)

You can't keep me away.

(kneels next to him)

I love you, Geoff. I won't
abandon you.

Geoff reaches out to caress her face with his grotesque
fingers, but he hesitates.

BARB

(wanting him to touch her)

Please...

Geoff doesn't though.

GEOFF

I could't feel you anyway. I'm...
I'm losing my sense of touch.

BARB

No...

GEOFF

In my hands, anyway. The hair on
my body has a sensory quality though.
I can feel the movement of the air
around me...Sometimes...Sometimes,
it's rather pleasant...

Barb reaches out to stroke the hair on his chest.

GEOFF

Don't...

But she does, gently caressing his chest. He closes his eyes
and sighs with almost a sexual release. The tender moment is
broken by a LOUD HISS. The soup has boiled over. Barb
reluctantly rises and, taking the pan off the stove, pours
the soup into a bowl.

She carries it to where Geoff sits and brings the bowl to his
lips. He drinks. It is the Beast drinking from Beauty's
hands. Esmeralda giving water to a thirsty Quasimodo.

INT. POWELL REC ROOM - PATIO SLIDING DOORS - NIGHT

A BUZZING FLY crawls across one of the glass panes.

QUICK CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - GEOFF'S PORTRAIT

...as Barb's paint brush adds some detail on the face.

HARRY(OS)

Well, when he's going to be back...?

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO INCLUDE BARB AND HARRY. Harry is agitated. Barb is desperately composed...the quiet before the storm. She paints with an obsessive fixation, not daring to look at Harry.

BARB

(answering Harry's question)

I don't know...

HARRY

Well, can't you at least give me a phone number?

BARB

No...

ON BARB

...Edgy. The BUZZ of the Fly seems to be getting LOUDER... at least to her ears...

HARRY(OS)

Dammit, why not?

ON HARRY

HARRY

What's all this cloak and dagger shit, anyway?

ON FLY

...buzzing at the window.

ON BARB

...trying to concentrate on her work. The buzzing is getting louder and louder, almost drowning Harry out.

HARRY(OS)

Has he had some kind of setback?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Barb closes her eyes at Harry's question, the BUZZING INCREASES. She opens her eyes. And tries to paint. Her hand is shaking.

ON HARRY

He's talking but all we can HEAR now is BUZZING. It's as though Harry were buzzing.

BACK ON BARB

Her brush jerks in nervous agitation sending a dab of paint askew. The INCESSANT BUZZ drones out every other sound. Finally she can stand it no longer. With a screech, she flings her brush away and charges the window, slapping at the fly there.

ON BARB'S HAND

...as the Fly darts away from the blow and Barb's palm strikes the cold glass of the pane.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harry watches in concerned confusion as Barb chases the Fly about the room...flailly wildly at it, charging through and tripping over old canvases and miscellaneous paint supplies to get at it.

ON THE FLY

It alights on the portrait on the easel. Right on Geoff's face.

ON BARB

She flings the palette she holds up against the portrait, hitting Geoff square in the face with it.

ON PORTRAIT

The palette slides down the canvas, leaving a trail of paint smears. The Fly buzzes wildly, struggling to free itself from a glob of paint. The portrait is ruined.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Barb, with an almost maniacal fury now, picks the Fly out of the paint and SQUISHES IT BETWEEN HER FOREFINGER AND THUMB. She looks at the squashed remains of the insect on her paint-splattered fingers and gives a short, abrupt laugh of victory. As though it expells her rage, Barb looks up quietly, almost sadly, at the destroyed portrait, Geoff's paint-distorted face, and softly weeps.

Harry, who has witnessed all this in stupefied silence, slowly approaches Barb with disturbed concern. He gently lays his hands on her shoulders.

HARRY

(softly)

Barb...

She is startled by his touch and looks up at him in guilty embarrassment and surprise. Harry looks down on her with genuine concern.

HARRY

Barb...What's wrong...?

The flood gates open and Barb buries her head against Harry's chest, clinging to him with racking sobs. Harry comforts and soothes her, giving her little pecking kisses on her forehead.

HARRY

It's all right, Barb. It's all right.

He tilts Barb's face up to his, kissing her cheeks and moving to her lips. Barb, distraught, lonely, confused, doesn't reject the advances disguised as comfort. Harry continues to take advantage of the lady's confusion.

CLOSE-UP - HARRY'S HAND

...as it moves from Barb's waist down to her ass.

BACK TO SCENE

...Barb, suddenly aware of what's happening, pulls Harry's hand away sharply, violently, then extricates herself from his embrace.

BARB

No!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARRY

(realizing he's over-
stepped his bounds)

Barb...

BARB

I think you'd better go, Harry.

HARRY

I'm sorry, Barb...I didn't mean...

BARB

(cold control)

Just leave, Harry.

HARRY

(advancing)

What's going on, Barb...Let me
help you!

BARB

(emphatetic)

No!

(calmly controlled
again)

I'm...I'm all right. Please go.

Harry hesitates...Barb looks at him imploringly.

BARB

Please!

Harry, hurt that Barb will not confide in him, but realizing he is responsible for the breach in trust, turns and heads for the door, turning back when he gets there.

HARRY..

I'm sorry, Barb...but I'm here if
you need me...if Geoff needs me...

Barb doesn't look at him. Harry leaves.

ON BARB

She stares blankly about her. She hears the FRONT DOOR CLOSE as Harry leaves. She closes her eyes, rubbing at her brow. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK ON BARB, standing alone in the room. She suddenly clutches at her forehead in pain and, with a groan, sinks to her knees.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Barb sits on the edge of an examination table in her bra and panties, a thermometer in her mouth. A DOCTOR, examining a chart, removes the thermometer and glances at it.

DOCTOR

Nauseous and sick to your stomach, eh?

BARB

Yes...My husband's been ill. I...
I thought I might be catching something from him.

DOCTOR

(smiles)

Not this, I think...How late is your period?

Barb looks up at the Doctor, realizing the implication of his question.

INT. GEOFF'S SANCTUARY - CLOSE-UP - COMPUTER SCREEN

Geoff's computer screen flashes two words: "GENITALS GONE".

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK ON GEOFF...as he reads the screen. His face is even more drastically changed than the last time we saw it. The grey-brown hair covers the lower half of his face, right up to his eye sockets. The hair on his head is now the same coarse stuff, growing down on his very pronounced forehead.

In fact, the whole upper part of his skull seems larger while his jaw and the lower half of his face seem smaller, as though receding.

The eyes are wider, almost oval now, and bulging. His ears are smaller and discoloured, the skin almost like hide. His fingers are also longer and the cushionlike pads on them and the palms are more evident. He's also developed some insect-like tics and mannerisms -- his head twitching with nervous little jerks and his long fingers in constant motion.

Geoff rises, limping agitatedly across the floor. One of his legs seems more spindly. His pants hang on him with ill-fitting looseness. The grey hair on his chest and arms is thicker, almost completely covering him. One of his arms seems slightly longer than the other.

The bulge in his side protrudes even more. It apparently causes him pain. Geoff grabs at it and winces.

It is night. The lamp on the work table sheds only dim, eerie light in the gloomy room. Geoff paces anxiously, then suddenly hears the DOOR BELOW, then the ELEVATOR ASCENDING. He sits, staring blankly at the fly aquariums, watching the insects flit about frantically against the glass walls of their prisons.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THE ELEVATOR STOPS, ITS VARIOUS DOORS SLIDE OR SWING OPEN, then Barb's FOOTSTEPS ECHO across the hollow room. Geoff still stares on the flies. The footsteps stop.

GEOFF
(without looking up)
Hello, Barb.

Geoff's voice has developed a light, hoarse rasp. Barb moves into the hazy circle of light.

BARB
Darling...

GEOFF
(watching the flies)
Look at them in there. Beating
their wings, throwing their bodies
against the glass...The borderline
of their universe...The edge of
their small world...Too small.

He smashes the side of one of the aquariums with his fist. The flies swarm on his hand and arm, then fly to freedom.

BARB
(shocked)
Geoff!

He breaks the glass on the other two.

GEOFF
Too small!

The flies buzz out in a swarm before dispersing...Barb brushes the hovering horde away with a cry and a shudder.

GEOFF
They disgust you, don't they?

Barb just stares at him wearily.

GEOFF
Don't they?

BARB
Your hand's bleeding...

Geoff grabs her by the arms. Barb can't help but shiver at his touch but tries to remain strong.

GEOFF
Don't they!?

BARB
I love you.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Geoff relaxes his grip, but still holds her, his hands moving along the contours of her body, softly, tenderly, carressingly, sexually stroking. He moves his face close to hers -- as though he would kiss her. As his lips near hers, Barb can't hide her fear and repugnance any longer. With a cry, she breaks from him.

Geoff, revulsed himself by the grotesque perverseness of his act, falls to his knees with a racking sob.

GEOFF

(despairing)

Help me! Help me!

Barb turns and gazes down on him sadly with heartsick pity.

BARB

(with weary resignation)

I don't know how...

INT. WAREHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR

The elevator comes down and Barb gets out and goes to the door, pausing there for a moment, leaning her head against it, with an oppressive weariness. Then she exits.

INT. GEOFF'S SANTUARY

He lies on his bed, his round eyes staring up at the ceiling. He hears the RESOUNDING CLANK OF THE DOOR downstairs as Barb leaves.

GEOFF

Too small...too small...

GEOFF'S POV

He stares up at the skylight.

BACK TO SCENE - ON GEOFF

He sits up in bed, staring at the skylight and the night sky beyond. He rises and jumps up on the wall, sticking there and then with a graceful agility now denied him in human form, he ascends the wall and crawls across the ceiling.

ON CEILING

Geoff glides on all fours, upside down, toward the skylight. Once there, he crawls into it.

ANGLE ON SKYLIGHT

...as Geoff opens the hatch and crawls through...

EXT. ROOF OF WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Geoff clambers out of the skylight onto the roof. The night is gorgeous, clean and bright, the sky pocked with stars. The city lights add to the lustre. And the huge white moon hanging on the skyline outshines everything.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MONTAGE (DIRECTOR'S CHOICE) - GEOFF'S TRAVELS - NIGHT

We follow Geoff on his solitary sojourn in a MONTAGE SEQUENCE. He climbs walls with amazing agility, leaps from rooftop to rooftop, hangs upside down from ledges and lampposts, eavesdropping on the city life around and below him, the inhabitants unaware of the unusual and shadowy observer in their midst.

These moments should be poetic, even beautiful, joyous. The moon is luminous, the dark night exquisite. Resigned to his fate and momentarily forgetful of his future, Geoff seems to be reveling in his unique powers. We see him perch on the side of a wall, pluck a hat from a PASSER-BY and amusedly watch the fellow search for it behind him, around him, but not above him. He scurries along the girder of a bridge, gazing on the traffic and the river below him. He hitches a ride on the top of a bus, later springing from it onto the doorway awning of a plush hotel.

He is Tarzan of the Apes, swinging through the treetops, Fred Astaire dancing on the ceiling in ROYAL WEDDING, the man on the flying trapeze -- scampering, climbing, leaping. A brief euphoric fling.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

THE CAMERA PANS UP THE WALL OF A BUILDING TO A THIRD FLOOR WINDOW...Outside the window, gripping the wall, is Geoff, peering inside the window where AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN is undressing for bed.

GEOFF'S POV

...as the woman disrobes.

ON GEOFF

The sexuality of the moment turns from titillating to disturbing. Frustrated, Geoff pulls away from the window.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Geoff leaps across the narrow alleyway to the wall of the building opposite him. He smiles with smug satisfaction at his feat, then suddenly winces grabbing his side with one of his hands.

WE HEAR A CRACKING, SPLITTING SOUND. Geoff muffles a startled cry and, losing his balance, slides several feet down the wall before regaining hold.

He looks down at his side...IT IS STARTING TO SPLIT OPEN! Geoff is horrified and in pain. He starts to quickly move down the side of the building, but the pain impedes his progress.

He manages to get down at least another floor, before he's hit with another sharp pain. He doubles up and his tenuous grip on the wall causes him to slide another several feet downward before he regains his grip.

The side is gapeing wide open now and SOMETHING is starting to protrude out. Geoff is in shock. Another ripple of pain causes him to release his grasp entirely and he falls to the ground, in a dirty narrow alley, where he writhes on his back in pain, as a STRANGE HAIRLESS TENTACLE -- ACTUALLY THE BEGINNINGS OF A FLYLIKE LEG -- begins to sinuously make its way out of his side. Despite his excruciating pain, Geoff watches with fixated, wide eye-terror at his latest transformation!

EXT. AN ALLEY - DAY

It's early morning. The city is not yet awake. In the semi-darkness of pre-dawn, A BAGLADY with a dilapidated shopping cart moves through the debris and SEVERAL SLEEPING WINOS, as she picks her way through the trash, every once in a while finding something suitable to add to her collection.

She comes upon a TRASH DUMPSTER laden with garbage and starts to root through it, mumbling incoherently to herself. She finds a ROTTING, HALF-EATEN APPLE and starts to munch on it as she continues her search for hidden treasures. A FLY buzzes incessantly about her head, seeming to challenge her right to the apple. It lands on her cheek. She swats it, scoring a direct hit.

BAGLADY

Damn flies.

She rubs her cheek, smearing the bug's squashed remains on her face and continues digging in the trash.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...the Baglady clears away a pile of trash when suddenly thrashing wildly up out of the disturbed heap of muck comes A LARGE, HAIRY, SINEWY FLY LEG COMPLETE WITH A CLAW-LIKE PINCHER ON THE END!

The claw grabs the woman by the throat, biting into her neck, drawing blood. Taken by surprise, she cannot cry out, but struggles wildly in confused fear and panic.

The garbage is suffled about, cans rattling on the concrete, empty bottles smashing, as the rest of the woman's ASSAILANT rises out of the dumpster. It is, of course, Geoff!

His changes are more pronounced. His eyes larger, rounder; ears smaller; the bridge of his nose almost gone; the jaw and chin receding more. The grey-brown hair almost entirely covers Geoff's large misshapen head except for a small area around the eyes. The bumps on his domed forehead are larger.

Geoff stares at the woman with a savage, dull stare. It is not the intelligent gaze of a rational human being. But at this moment, Geoff is not the slightest bit human. He is not in control of his faculties at all and strikes out at the old hag in animal fear and territorial defense.

His claw goes deep into her throat, severing the jugular. A GUSH OF BLOOD spews from the wound, splattering garbage and Geoff.

The woman goes limp and, as Geoff releases his grip, her still form crumples to the ground. Geoff stares at the corpse in torpid contemplation for a moment.

Slowly, realization and intelligence come back into the eyes. With a wave of nausea and guilt, Geoff staggers out of the trash bin and kneels beside the woman's body, staring down in disturbed anguish. He gazes on the bloodstained claw of the alien limb protruding from his side -- a part of him. The full impact of the horrible deed hits Geoff like a baseball bat to the gut.

Ashen, he clings to the trash dumpster and closes his eyes in disgust and remorse. Trying not to be sick. But he doesn't have time for that. There is MOVEMENT and VOICES behind him.

WINO #1(OS)

Hey, you!

ANOTHER ANGLE

The sounds of struggle and murder have aroused several of the sleeping winos. FOUR OF THEM now approach Geoff, armed with wooden crate slats or broken bottles.

WINO #1

Whattya doin' ta Crazy Mary, mister?

Geoff rises and turns. His appearance has the expected effect. The tramps back off in shock and shouts of exclamation. In all their drunken deleriums, they've never seen anything quite like this. One of the bums turns and runs. Wino #1, however, strikes out at Geoff in wild fear. Geoff pushes him back into the arms of his fellows and darts off down the alley. Wino #1 rises, more angry than afraid now.

WINO #1

Come on!

He takes off, followed by two others too drunk to know any better. In the distance, Geoff darts around the corner of a building.

EXT. ALLEY CORNER - DAY

...as the bums come staggering around the corner in pursuit of Geoff. But there is no sign of anyone. The Wino stares around stupidly, rubbing his face in hazy confusion. THE CAMERA PANS UP THE BUILDING behind the three. Geoff is ascending, his middle appendage giving him even more speed and agility as he climbs.

INT. GEOFF'S SANTUARY - DAY

...as Barb enters from the outside and goes to the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

...as it ascends. Barb hears A STRANGE, ALMOST ANIMAL-LIKE MOANING. As the elevator stops, she realizes the NOISE -- the KEENING, for lack of a better phrase -- is coming from the far side of the loft. She pushes back the metal grate and opens the wooden fence and moves across the room.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as she comes upon Geoff seated at his desk, emitting the eerie-sounding lament. His attention is focused on SOMETHING IN HIS HAND.

BARB'S POV - GEOFF'S HAND

He holds a SMALL, BLACK, CURVED HALF-OVAL in his hand.

BACK TO SCENE

Barb stares at the object curiously.

BARB
(with trepidation)
W...What is it?

GEOFF
(looking up at her)
My ear...

Barb sways and swallows hard, as she looks on Geoff's deformed features. Indeed his left outer ear is gone. The other ear, shrivelled and discoloured, looks as though it will drop off any minute.

Then Barb sees Geoff's latest acquisition -- the leg on his side. With a slight cry, she jumps back bracing herself against the table. Not bearing to look at him, she turns and softly begins to weep.

ON GEOFF

He looks up at her sadly, sympathetically understanding that it's not just his nightmare. The TV is running on the table, with the sound turned down. Suddenly, the picture attracts Geoff's attention -- A NEWSCASTER, surrounded by the Winos, is at the scene of his early morning crime. He turns up the sound.

NEWSCASTER
The woman's head was almost entirely severed -- torn, authorities say -- from her body in this brutal killing.

ON BARB

...as she turns to listen to this...

ON TV SCREEN

The Newscaster continues...

NEWSCASTER
The crime was reportedly witnessed by several of the "residents" of this alley. I have one of them with me now who claims to have even chased the assailant.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He puts the microphone in front of WINO #1.

WINO #1

(slurring)

It was Bigfoot. Bigfoot. All hairy-like...and...he had three arms.

WINO #2

(crowding in)

Yeah...three arms!

NEWSCASTER

(pulling the mike away)

A baffling and horrible slaying, already being referred to as THE BAGLADY KILLING. This is Bill Nelson. Now back to Terri and Don back in the studio.

The picture cuts back to the newsroom where two Ipana tooth-paste perfect people -- MALE AND FEMALE ANCHORS -- sit behind a desk.

TERRI

(jovially perky)

We might add, Don, the police are somewhat skeptical of these eye-witness accounts.

DON

(with a roll of the eyes)

They're not the only ones, Terri.

BACK TO SCENE

Barb leans over and turns the set off. She stares at Geoff in disbelieving silence. But her eyes also gaze on his extra limb -- the third arm...

GEOFF

(not being able to face her)

I don't remember...I saw her lying there, but I don't remember doing it...

(rises and limpingly paces)

It's the worst terror of all...the knowledge that I'm losing my mind...

(with calm reflection)

I went to Nyssa this morning...I was going to unhook the reintegration chamber and then transmit myself...blow my atoms away in the machine, send them careening out God knows where...nothingness...death...I couldn't do it...some instinct...some primitive, animal sense of survival wouldn't let me...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Geoff is clearly disturbed by this loss of will; he agitatedly paces with slow torturous movements...his limp has become an almost crippled stagger. His emotional state does not help his equilibrium.

GEOFF
(intensely)
...wouldn't allow it!

BARB
Thank God...

GEOFF
(vehemently exploding)
For what?! Look at me, Barb! On top of everything else I'm a murderer now!

BARB
It was the fly.

GEOFF
The fly is me!

BARB
(forcefully)
I don't care, I don't care about that woman, I only care about you!

Pause...Geoff is struck by Barb's fierce determination.

GEOFF
Enough to help me die?

Barb stares at him in silent shock.

GEOFF
(intensely emotional)
Don't you understand? I'm no longer in control! I might try to kill you the next time. It's the only way.

BARB
No! There's still hope. You're still alive! You still have a soul!

GEOFF
(bitter laugh)
Do I? When my mind's gone...when there's no trace of me left in this body will there be anything left of my soul?
(pleading)
My God, Barb, if you believe in souls then let me die while I still have one...
(choked with emotion)
I'm tired...I want to die...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Barb is confused by all this. She wants to help, but this way? She contemplates it all in tormented silence. Everything is crashing in...too fast...too fast...

BARB

I don't know...I don't know...I have
to think about it...I have to think...

ANOTHER ANGLE

She starts to walk to the elevator. Halfway there, she turns bac

BARB

Promise me you won't do anything...
to yourself...Until I come back...

GEOFF

(quietly)
The Fly won't let me...

INT. POWELL REC ROOM - DAY

Grey, gloomy storm clouds brew outside, giving the room a premature darkness. Barb sits among her portraits of Geoff. THE CAMERA PANS TO THE VARIOUS PORTRAITS OF GEOFF, IN VARIOUS VICTORIAN GUISES, THEN TO THE ONE ON THE EASEL -- the one Barb destroyed the other day...the splattered paint marring the handsome features of the face...only the eyes are intact, peering out above the distortion of colour...

INT. GEOFF'S LAB - CLOSE-UP - DOOR KNOB

We see the KNOB jiggle. A CREDIT CARD slides between the door and the jamb, springing the lock, THE CAMERA PULLS BACK as the door is pushed open and Harry and DeWitt walk in.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Harry moves through the room, setting his credit card on one of the tables. DeWitt follows, somewhat amused.

DEWITT

Never figured you to do anything
illegal, Chandler?

HARRY

This isn't; you pay the rent, remember?

DEWITT

Yeah...Then we should've done this a lot
sooner...

CONTINUED

The lab is dusty. The afternoon storm clouds make the room darker than it should be. Harry inspects Nyssa II. There are PADLOCKS on both the transmission and receiver chambers. DeWitt looks at it with curious skepticism.

DEWITT

This it? Looks like a couple of phone booths? How's it work?

Harry has moved to Little Nyssa, the prototype machine that sits on one of the tables.

HARRY

I think I can demonstrate on this one.

Suddenly, they hear a NOISE behind them. DeWitt nervously wheels around.

DEWITT

What the Hell was that?

The two silently listen. They hear it again.

DEWITT

Who's there?

Another creak from a darkened corner of the room.

HARRY

Geoff?

It's not Geoff. It is Igor who jumps up on the table with a bound, nearly causing DeWitt to faint.

DEWITT

Jesus shit!

HARRY

(laughs)

Igor!

The cat moves to Harry. He's looking scrawnier and, the way he nuzzles Harry, starved for a little affection.

DEWITT

(embarrassed at being frightened)

Fucking cat!

Igor hisses at DeWitt. Harry strokes the animal.

HARRY

Looks like you've been left to fend for yourself, young man.

DeWitt, composed once again, is inspecting Little Nyssa.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DEWITT

So...show me how this thing works.

Harry, holding Igor, moves to the machine.

HARRY

Yeah...we even have a volunteer.

Harry starts to place Igor in the transmitter. Taken by surprise, Igor struggles to get away.

HARRY

Easy, boy...

Harry pushes the cat back and slams the door shut. He then fiddles at the controlboard. The monitor lights up and the whirling, panicky-moving outline of Igor appears on the screen. The cat mews frantically, pawing at the door of the booth. Suddenly, there is a POP and the transmitter lights go on inside.

Both DeWitt and Harry silently watch Igor disintegrate. For once DeWitt is left speechless. The receiving booth light goes on and the reintegration commences. But there's something wrong...strange...about the cat.

Harry notices it first, DeWitt is still too stupefied by the process to be anything but amazed. As soon as the machine shuts off. DeWitt goes to open the door of the receiver.

HARRY

(trying to stop him)

Wait!

Too late! The door pops open and out comes Igor -- or at least what was once Igor. It's now some GROTESQUERIE -- PART CAT, PART MONKEY...the lost monkey atoms have at last returned!

The deformed animal screeches and immediately lunges on DeWitt. The old man is terrified and flails wildly at it.

DEWITT

(to Harry)

Get it off! Get it off!

Harry yanks the beastie off and throws it into a corner of the room. The thing shakes itself and rebounds spitting and snarling, moving with cagey wariness toward the two men.

DEWITT

(frightened)

What is it? My God, what is it?

The thing suddenly moves in for Harry's leg. Harry grabs a GLASS BEAKER and throws it at the monstrosity. The beaker shatters and the animal momentarily retreats.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The creature snarls, eying its enemy, poised for another attack. Harry grabs a METAL ROD from the table. The thing springs up at Harry who swings the rod with fierce determination, striking the CAT/APE in the underbelly. There is a CRUNCH and, with a screech, the deformity twists in the air and falls to the floor.

It writhes there, wounded, riddled with pain, unable to rise. Harry sways with a whoosy shudder of horror and braces himself against the table.

DeWitt violently grabs the metal rod from Harry's grasp.

DEWITT

Gimme that! It's not dead!

Raising the rod, DeWitt brings it down on the wounded animal. The creature screams and wails, trying its best to avoid the blows and get at its tormentor. But now that there is no real danger, DeWitt attacks with savage brutality and WE HEAR THE DULL THUD OF THE ROD AND THE CRUNCHING OF BONE as he repeatedly brings the blood-splattered weapon down on what was once poor Igor.

Harry, repulsed by the sickening sight, rushes in and restrains DeWitt.

HARRY

Stop it! Stop it! It's dead!
You've killed it!

Indeed, the thing lies still. DeWitt, spotted with flecks of blood, his breath coming in laboured gasps, tosses the rod away and gapes down at the dead curiosity, slowly calming down.

DEWITT

Maybe...maybe we shouldn't have
killed it. We could have captured
it instead.

HARRY

(with distaste)
My God, Phil.

DEWITT

What the Hell happened to it,
anyway?

HARRY

I don't know. Something went wrong.

DEWITT

No shit. Should've taken this away
from Powell the minute I knew what it
was.

(looks at Nyssa II)

Suppose this one turned out better?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Harry also stares at Nyssa II; a new thought, a frightening realization suddenly gnawing at him. He looks back down at the bloodied corpse of Igor, then back at Nyssa.

HARRY

Geoff...oh, my God...
(starts for the door)
Come on. Let's go...

DEWITT

What's the hurry.

HARRY

I've got to see Barb.

DEWITT

Go ahead. Think I'll nose around here and have a look at Powell's notes, if the son-of-a bitch took any.

Harry wheels around and eyes DeWitt suspiciously.

HARRY

Don't fuck with those machines.

DEWITT

(a hands-off gesture)
Not this guy!

Harry stares at him once more, not quite trusting him, but in too much of a hurry to give a shit. He leaves. DeWitt smiles, looking with calm curiosity at the dead deformity at his feet, then up at...Nyssa II!

EXT. POWELL APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Harry's CAR pulls up at the curb in front of Powell's apartment building.

INT. CAR

Harry is about to shut off the ignition when through the windshield, he sees:

HARRY'S POV - BARB

...Barb, climbing into a CAB. The taxi pulls out into traffic.

BACK ON HARRY

...as he also wheels out into the traffic flow, in pursuit of the cab.

INT. GEOFF'S SANCTUARY - NIGHT - ON THE ELEVATOR

...as it stops with a CLUNK and Barb steps out, moving swiftly across the dark room.

ANOTHER ANGLE

She approaches Geoff's living-area. The desk lamp is on. Geoff lies in his bed.

BARB

Geoff...?

Geoff doesn't answer and as Barb gets closer, she notices something peculiar. He lies in the bed with a strange limpness.

BARB

Geoff...?

She's by him now. Geoff lies very still, his wide bulging eyes stare blankly up at the ceiling...at nothing really...a dead stare...dead...Barb notices something.

BARB'S POV

...on the table next to his bed lies a HYPODERMIC in a case with SEVERAL NEEDLES. ONE OF THE NEEDLES lies outside the case, having apparently been used. A SMALL BOTTLE OF CLEAR LIQUID sits near the case.

BACK TO SCENE

Barb turns to Geoff, fear mounting in her eyes.

BARB

No...no...

She grabs him and shakes him.

BARB

No! You promised you wouldn't!

Suddenly, Geoff's hands move, clamping down on Barb's arm! She cries out in shocked surprise. Geoff's eyes move with alert intelligence and he sits up abruptly.

GEOFF

(letting her go)

Barb...what...is it?

His voice is very raspy and guttural. It's painful for him to speak. It's hideous to listen to.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARB

I...I thought you were dead...
(grabbing bottle anxiously)
What did you take...?

Geoff comprehends her misapprehension.

GEOFF

(the words come torturously)
...Injection...to sleep...Can't close
my eyes anymore...

Barb reacts to the news.

ON HARRY

...Eavesdropping from the TOP OF A DARKENED STAIRWELL -- the
route he took to the loft. He stares at Geoff in horrified
curiosity.

BACK TO SCENE

As Geoff continues, little flecks of frothy saliva dribble
from his lips and he constantly wipes them away with his
agitated, ever-moving fingers.

GEOFF

Horrible...wanting to sleep...but
always seeing...seeing...staring...
The eyes always awake...

He sinks his head in his grotesque hands, covering his eyes
with them, as though using his palms for lids.

BARB

(upset)

Darling...We're not strong enough to
handle this anymore...Let me get help.
...Harry...He'll know what to do...

Geoff slowly raises his head, saying nothing, but staring at
her with a sense of hurt betrayal.

BARB

Please, Darling...I can't help you
the way you want me to...I can't!

GEOFF

(gurgling the words)
Then...I'll do it myself.

BARB

I won't let you.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEOFF
(rises, limping awkwardly)
Can't stop me.

BARB
You couldn't do it alone the last time.

GEOFF
(hissing rasp)
If I have to beat the beast down in
me, I'll do it.

The intensity with which he speaks causes him to spit up A
GLOP OF WHITE SPUTUM...AND A COUPLE OF TEETH. He falls to
the floor in a spasm of coughing.

BARB
Geoff!

She rushes to help him, but he crawls away from her into the
shadows, waving her back with his claw-arm.

GEOFF
(coughing)
Stay away! Stay away!
(wretched; as the
coughing subsides)
It mustn't go on...can't...can't...

HARRY (OS)
It won't, Geoff...

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Geoff looks up and Harry steps out of the darkness. He is
pale, transfixedly staring at Geoff in fascinated horror and
despair.

BARB
Harry! How...

HARRY
(cutting her off)
What was it, Geoff?

GEOFF
(struggling to his feet)
A fly, Harry...in the machine with me.

HARRY
(quietly)
Dear God in Heaven...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEOFF

(to talk is excruciating)
I...was wrong...Nyssa...failure...
must destroy...I...must die...Only way...
(phlegm flecks his lips)

Harry gazes with pity on the deplorable mutation his friend has become. He has not forgotten what happened to Igor.

HARRY

Yes...

BARB

(adamantly, to Harry)
No! Please, Harry, you've got to help him!

GEOFF

He is...

BARB

(desperately)
No!...We...we could take him to the Research Center...

HARRY

(sharply)
To DeWitt? He'd probably put him on exhibit!

BARB

No...no...

HARRY

DeWitt does nothing except for his own gain or glory. My God, if he got control of Nyssa...
(Remembering where he left DeWitt)
...Geoff's right! Everything must be destroyed...No trace of Nyssa can remain...
(looks to Geoff)
No trace...

Geoff turns his back on Harry and Barb.

GEOFF

Good old Harry...he understands...

CLOSE ON GEOFF

He's turned for a purpose. He puts a FRESH NEEDLE on the HYPO and sticks it in the SEDATIVE SOLUTION.

BACK TO SCENE

Barb pleads with Harry.

BARB

No! No! Harry, you said you'd be there
for us! Don't let him. He must live!

HARRY

For what?

BARB

(crying, the words come in
a desperate rush)

His child!

This bit of news takes both men by surprise. Geoff whirls
sharply around, staring at her with his wide, tortured eyes.

BARB

I'm pregnant...your child, Geoff,
our child! Live for it!

GEOFF

(quietly)

I'll live through it...

He slowly limps over to the distraught Barb.

GEOFF

(the words come with difficulty)

I love you, Barb...Let me...say it before
I can't....anymore...I love you...

With this, Geoff sticks her with the hypodermic. She cries
out in pain and stares at him in shocked surprise.

GEOFF

Remember me as I was...

Barb gazes on him sadly, then her eyelids flutter and she
sways and slumps against Harry who moves to brace her up.
Harry picks her up in his arms. Geoff sadly reaches to
caress her face with one of his malformed hands but refrains
just short of touching her. He turns from both her and Harry.

GEOFF

Take her home. When she wakes...
I'll be dead...

HARRY

Can you do it alone?

GEOFF

I think so...now...

HARRY

The machine?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

GEOFF

I'll take care of everything, Harry...
Just...take care of Barb...

HARRY

You know I will...

GEOFF

(voice raw with emotion)

Go...!

Harry, with Barb in his arms, turns and walks into the darkness toward the elevator.

ON GEOFF

...listening to the departing footsteps, then the elevator. As it descends, he goes to his work table. Taking his notebooks, computer discs, etc.; he dumps them into a wastebasket. Grabbing a box of matches, he awkwardly strikes one and tosses it in the can. There is a "POOF" and the TRASH becomes an incinerator. THE CAMERA PULLS IN CLOSE ON GEOFF'S DEFORMED FACE AS THE FIRELIGHT DANCES ACROSS IT.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GEOFF'S LAB - CLOSE-UP - WINDOW - NIGHT

The firelight of the last scene becomes a CRACK OF LIGHTNING as the long-impending STORM finally breaks. RAINDROPS splatter against the broken window that Igor used to come and go by.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK AND PANS ABOUT GEOFF'S LAB. At least, we think its Geoff's lab...it is curiously VACANT...No Little Nyssa...No Nyssa II...merely a few empty tables and shelves.

ON DOOR

It opens and a MISSHAPENED SHADOW looms in the frame. It is, of course, Geoff. He enters and stares silently about the room, his wide eyes hardening with anger as he realizes his equipment's gone. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS HIM as he limps about the room, frantically and foolishly searching...for there's no corner or closet where it could be stashed. Lightning suddenly illuminates the room and Geoff catches sight of SOMETHING.

GEOFF'S POV

A BULKY CLOTH, dabbled with scarlet, is wadded up in a corner of the room.

BACK TO SCENE

Geoff kneels beside the pile of cloth. The scarlet colour is bloodstains. He lifts the cloth -- underneath,..the mutilated corpse of Igor. Geoff winces at the sight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Geoff angrily rises and, with disgust and revulsion, supports himself against one of the barren work tables. Only this one's not quite so barren.

GEOFF'S POV- WORK TABLE

THE CREDIT CARD Harry used to jimmy the door that afternoon lies on the table where he left it. Harry's name is on it. Geoff's mangled fingers pick it up.

BACK TO SCENE

Geoff, smouldering with a sense of betrayal and fury, CRUMPLES the card up between his long, powerful fingers as though it were no more than a thin piece of paper.

Lightning flashes.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Lightning still flashes, as through a SHEET OF RAIN a MALFORMED FIGURE leaps from the rooftop of one building to another.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Geoff lands. Thunder rumbles. It reverberates with exaggerated distortion. Geoff cries out in pain and covering the orifices that were once ears falls to his knees. The accentuated thunder is what Geoff is hearing inside his head. His dull grey hair is damp and he shivers and stares about him.

GEOFF'S POV

His VISION IS BLURRY. It is not the rain.

BACK TO SCENE

Geoff rises and staggers across the building roof toward the far edge. Again the lightning. Again the thunder echoing in Geoff's head. Nature is out of joint. To say nothing of Geoff. He is in extraordinary pain. And when he walks as a human, he does so with great difficulty.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He reaches the edge of the building. BIG NEON LETTERS mounted on the edge of the roof proclaim the place as a LIQUOR STORE. Geoff leans through the letters, seeing a PARKING LOT BELOW. Suddenly he jerks with pain and falls back on the roof. He cries out and grabs at his face.

HIS WHOLE HEAD IS PULSATING, THROBBING! He clutches at it as though he were trying to hold his skull together. He wails in raw-throated pain. WE HEAR WHAT HE HEARS. HIS OWN CRIES ECHOING INSIDE HIS HEAD. Suddenly the SMALL BUMPS ON HIS FOREHEAD SPLIT OPEN AND ANTENNAE AND OCELLI START TO SPROUT OUT.

THEN SMALL BLACK DOTS BEGIN TO POP OUT OF HIS FLESH ALL AROUND -- AND EVEN INSIDE -- HIS EYES!

GEOFF'S POV

The flicking neon sign has become many neon signs seen in MULTIPLE VISION.

BACK TO SCENE

HUNDREDS OF THE LITTLE BLACK EYES continue to sprout out of Geoff, gradually forming the COMPOUND EYES OF A FLY. Geoff groans madly, the raspy cries still reverberating inside his head. He staggers toward the edge of the building. The antennae continue to bud. He twitches in pain as he climbs over the edge of the roof and tries to make his way down to the parking lot below.

EXT. SIDE OF LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Geoff struggles down. The rain still pours. The neon sign and the occasional lightning sporadically illuminate Geoff's grotesque shadow against the wall.

The pain is so intense, Geoff stops a moment clinging to the wall, clutching at his face with one of his hands.

WHEN HE PULLS THE HAND BACK, HE BRINGS WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS NOSE WITH IT! A STRANGE NEW PROTRUSION -- A FLY-LIKE PROBOSCIS -- IS FORMING, HIS MOUTH AND NOSE MELDING INTO ONE! Geoff, in shock and pain, makes an animal guttural cry and falls off the side of the building!

INT. CAR

TWO TEENAGERS, A BOY AND A GIRL, are making out in the back-seat of a car parked in the liquor store lot, when they HEAR A HEAVY THUMP on the roof of the car. Both look up, startled.

GIRL

(nervous)

What was that?

BOY

Don't know.

A STRANGE INARTICULATE GROAN is heard outside. The boy peers out the wet window. Suddenly, SOMETHING -- A FACE -- peers back!...It is INDISTINCT through the rain-sheated pane of glass, but its brief impression is UGLY AND HORRIBLE! It disappears in an instant.

But the girl still screams and her boyfriend scrambles to the front seat and, revving up his engine, takes off.

WINDSHIELD POV

...as the MOVING CAR HEADLIGHTS catch SOMEONE -- OR SOMETHING -- staggering on the ground. The thing looks over its shoulder. Again its hard to make out through the water and the thrashing wipers. But the boy rapidly swerves away with a screech of tires and heads for the street.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CLOSE-UP - GEOFF'S FEET - NIGHT

Geoff's bare and badly malformed feet stagger across the wet blacktop of the parking lot. Lightning flashes...and Geoff's SHADOW is seen on the ground --hideous, contorted, the head grossly misshapen and enlarged.

INT. POWELL'S REC ROOM - NIGHT

...as the room is illuminated by a BOLT OF LIGHTNING. THUNDER CRACKS...and Barb's face COMES INTO FRAME, awakening abruptly from her sleep.

BARB

(crying out)

Geoff!

CAMERA PULLS BACK REVEALING BARB sitting on the rec room couch where she's been sleeping. She looks around at her surroundings, gathering her senses. Harry sits in a chair across from her.

HARRY

Geoff's not here, Barb.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Then Barb remembers...She gets up and starts for the door.
Harry intercepts her, grabbing her arms.

BARB

Let me go!

HARRY

(he doesn't)

You won't find him, Barb.

He's gone!

Barb freezes at Harry's words. Then she pushes herself violently from him.

BARB

You were his friend! You let him
do it. And you know why!

(accusingly)

Because of me....Because you wanted
me.

The words sting Harry.

HARRY

No!

Barb flails out at him with wild punches, striking at his hands
and face. Harry grabs her and tries to subdue her.

BARB

You betrayed him!

HARRY

(shakes her roughly)

Stop it! Stop it!

His vehemence cows Barb.

HARRY

(continuing; bitterly)

Good old Harry! Supposed to take
care of everybody but himself. Yes!
I want you! And yes, I let him die
because of you...So you wouldn't
waste your life on a wasted life!
I did it for you! And, whether you
believe it or not, for him too.

(emotionally intense)

It's what he wanted!

Barb knows Harry's right. She breaks down sobbing against his
chest. Harry hugs her, comforts her -- gently, nothing sexual
this time; they're both emotionally spent. The storm beats
against the glass doors of the patio.

GEOFF'S POV - FROM OUTSIDE THE PATIO LOOKING IN

We see HUNDREDS OF HARRYS EMBRACING HUNDREDS OF BARBS. It is not an optical illusion caused by the rain-blurred windows. It is Geoff watching them from outside on the patio balcony.

INT. POWELL REC ROOM - OVER BARB'S SHOULDER - ON PATIO DOORS

As Barb clings still to Harry, there is a sudden FLASH OF LIGHTNING, illuminating the windows. Outside on the patio peering in...Geoff! Or at least what once was Geoff. HIS HEAD IS NOW TOTALLY THAT OF A FLY! He peers in with big black, blank eyes!

ON BARB

...as she screams.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harry whirls around, as there is a shattering of glass, as Geoff breaks through the door with his claw-arm. He enters with a gush of wind and rain and madly flapping curtains. Harry can't believe what he sees. Barb collapses on the floor, frozen with shock, groaning little whimpers of hysteria. Harry, with instinctive protectiveness, moves in front of her shielding her from Geoff.

Not much of a shield...Geoff grabs Harry and throws him across the room. He collides into Barb's paint table, breaking it... table, Harry, paint brushes, tubes, and all clatter to a heap on the floor. Geoff advances on him as Barb, cowering on the floor, watches in transfixed horror.

HARRY

(shaken)

Geoff! No, Geoff!

Geoff lifts Harry up and shakes him violently. He emits a strange metallic cry. He's trying to communicate with Harry but can't.

HARRY

Please, Geoff! Please! No!

In agitated frustration Geoff shoves Harry down at his feet and grabs a TUBE OF PAINT and, with it, starts to scrawl something on the wall...W...H...he stops, hesitating. having difficulty remembering how to spell...a sloppy "E" next...He pauses again. His long fingers clutching at his massive head...torturously two more letters...R...E..."WHERE"...Where's what? Harry and Barb watch the curious sight in spellbound fear. Slowly another letter...N...and another pause. Geoff bangs the wall in frustration, trying to remember, his last human vestiges trying to keep the beast at bay. Finally, in a shaky scrawl, the message is written, "WHERE NYSSA"...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Geoff jerks Harry up, pressing the man's face practically against the wall and the painted message. Harry looks at him in confused fear.

HARRY

Where it always was.

Geoff emits a metallic hiss and shakes Harry violently.

HARRY

I don't know then...Geoff!...

Geoff slams Harry down harshly against the broken paint table. Barb stifles a scream. Harry cowers back as Geoff hovers menacingly above.

HARRY

I swear to God, Geoff...I don't...

(suddenly realizing)

That son-of-a-bitch! DeWitt!

He's more or less uttered the name to himself, but Geoff has heard. Tossing his cumbersome head back, he screeches a bestial wail of rage. Harry doesn't wait a moment. He suddenly grabs a sharp-edged PUTTY KNIFE and slashes out at Geoff, cutting him across the leg.

Geoff screeches and whirls down on Harry, his claw-leg pulling the man up by the shirt-front and tossing him over by the weights. Then, in pain and animal fury, he moves toward the dazed and stunned Harry.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Barb, overcoming her repulsion, moves to intercept him as he passes.

BARB

No, Geoff, no!

He stops and looks at her with his non-expressive eyes. She looks up at him pleadingly.

BARB

Don't! Please!

Her plea seems to calm Geoff, the tension in his body relaxes and he moves to her.

ON HARRY

...who perceives Geoff's move to Barb as an attack. He picks up ONE OF GEOFF'S WEIGHTS and, rising to his feet, moves forward, lifting his arm to strike.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

HARRY
Get back, Barb!

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Barb sees Harry's charge.

BARB
No, Harry!

Geoff wheels around on Harry, who ignoring Barb, has every intention of following through. The intent never becomes action. Geoff's claw shoots out and catches Harry's wrist. Harry drops the weight he clutches.

There is a SICKENING CRUNCH as the pincher clamps down, cutting through bone and flesh. There is a spouting fountain of BLOOD as Geoff snaps Harry's hand off.

Harry screams. So does Barb as the lifeless hand plops limply on the floor near her, splattering with blood. Geoff clutches at his head as the cries reverberate inside his brain. He dashes toward the patio doors.

BARB
(crying out)
Geoff!

Geoff turns to her, making a contrite, pathetic, pleading gesture of remorse, uttering a strange, sad metallic cry not unlike that of an animal in pain. His claw-leg, like an entity apart, writhes up and Geoff bats it down violently with his hands in frustrated guilt. His dull gaze turns to Harry still wailing in pain and shock. His agonized cries are too much for Geoff who once more grabs his head in tortured anguish and exits onto the patio.

ANGLE ON BARB

...Regaining some semblance of control, she rises and runs to the patio.

BARB
No, Geoff!

BARB'S POV - PATIO

Lightning flashes. Geoff is revealed on the patio ledge. He leaps out into the night and, once the lightning dies, blackness.

ON BARB

...as she rushes out on the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY PATIO - NIGHT

The rain lashing at her, Barb leans over the balcony railing.

BARB

(calling above the rain)

Geoff! Geoff!

Lightning sparks the night -- and she sees him! On the side of the building across the way, heading for the street. She turns and enters the apartment again.

INT. REC ROOM

As Barb, sopping wet, enters the house. Harry sits huddled in a corner, whimpering in hysterical shock, blood pumping from his severed wrist. Barb, outwardly calm, but seething with tense energy, goes to the phone and dials.

BARB

(into phone; with almost stoical precision)

Office?...This is apartment 803.
Please get a Paramedic Unit.
There's been an accident.

Barb hangs up and, grabbing a PAINT CLOTH, moves to Harry. She tries to wrap the cloth about Harry's wrist and staunch the flow of blood. But Harry shrinks from her, flailing at her with his bloody stump. He strikes her with it across the face and tumbles her over the edge of anxiety. She whirls from Harry, doubled over with intensity, her fists clenched, and then...all her distraught rage, terror, anger, guilt, fear, despair, sense of loss come bubbling up and spilling out in one mad wild cathartic cry.

BARB

(wailing to the Heavens)

Geoff!

Her breath comes in heaving, racking gasps. Harry stares at her with glazed stoicism, cowed by her sudden outburst. She stares back at him...and she doesn't care...let him bleed to death...Geoff...Geoff...He's all she cares about now...all she's concerned for...She must find Geoff...Why? To what purpose? She doesn't really know...some devotion that goes beyond any logical understanding...some primitive, primordial bond, perhaps, that drives her...She only knows she must see him again, that their life together can't end here in this room...With her afraid of him, shrinking from him, in an orgy of blood and terror...no quiet last moment alone together. With mad determination, she runs out of the room.

INT. POWELL HOUSE - TRAVELLING SHOT - ON BARB

...as she races through the house to the front door, which she flings open and exits into the hall.

INT. APT. HALLWAY

Barb, at the elevator, pushes the button and impatiently waits.

EXT. POWELL APT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Barb comes rushing out of the front of the apartment and down the steps to the street.

TRAVELLING WITH BARB

...as she dashes around the corner and scans the building that stands next to her own.

BARB'S POV

Her eyes roam the building wall for some sign of Geoff. Lightning illuminates the building once, twice. Geoff is no longer there.

BACK TO SCENE - CLOSE ON BARB

Remembering Harry's words to Geoff.

BARB

DeWitt!

INTERCUTTING SHOTS...as both Geoff and Barb head their separate ways to the DeWitt Research Centre.

ON BARB...soaking wet, hailing a CAB and climbing in.

ON GEOFF...moving across a rooftop...

ON BARB...caught in a TRAFFIC JAM.

ON CAB WINDSHIELD WIPERS...as they slap incessantly across the windshield.

ON GEOFF...moving along the building wall.

ON BARB...impatiently sitting in the cab, as it moves along at a snail's pace.

ON TRAFFIC...jampacked...sloshing rain and honking horns.

ON GEOFF...upside down under the underside of a highway overpass.

ON BARB...in the cab...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Geoff stands in an alley gazing across the street over at the DeWitt Research Centre.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT OF DEWITT BUILDING - NIGHT

A RADIO IS BLARING ROCK MUSIC. A FEMALE SECURITY GUARD sits in a small booth at the entry gate, reading a book.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PANS PAST THE GUARD BOOTH UP TOWARD THE CEILING. Geoff, upside down, glides along it, propelled by his five limbs.

ON GEOFF

He silently moves toward the elevators!

ON GUARD

...still reading, singing along with the radio.

AT THE ELEVATORS

...as Geoff drops lightly to the ground. He presses a button and the elevator door silently slides open. Geoff is about to enter when his body suddenly JERKS.

Geoff, with a convulsion, flattens against the wall next to the elevator. His hands claw at the brick and he lets out his strange cry. It blends with a CRACKING NOISE!

ON GEOFF'S BACK

It is splitting open! A PAIR OF SMALL, MUTATED, DWARF WINGS start to sprout out of his back!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Geoff slides to the floor in pain, his eerie wail hollowly echoing throughout the garage.

ON SECURITY GUARD

She hears the cry above the blare of the radio and turns the machine down, listening. In addition to the strange cry, she hears a SCUFFLING NOISE. She rises and climbs out of her booth.

GUARD
Hey! Who's there?

CONTINUED

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Geoff stands in an alley gazing across the street over at the DeWitt Research Centre.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT OF DEWITT BUILDING - NIGHT

A FEMALE SECURITY GUARD sits in a small booth at the entry gate, reading a book, a Jezebel Dupree Romance with you-know-who emblazoned on the cover, listening to a WALKMAN RADIO, HEADPHONES over her ears.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PANS PAST THE GUARD BOOTH UP TOWARD THE CEILING. Geoff, upside down, glides along it, propelled by his five limbs.

ON GEOFF

He silently moves towards the elevators!

ON GUARD

...still reading, singing along with her radio...off-key.

AT THE ELEVATORS

...as Geoff drops lightly to the ground. He presses a button and the elevator door silently slides open. Geoff is about to enter when his body suddenly JERKS.

Geoff, with a convulsion, flattens against the wall next to the elevator. His hands claw at the brick and he lets out his strange cry. It blends with a CRACKING NOISE!

ON GEOFF'S BACK

It is splitting open! A PAIR OF SMALL, MUTATED, DWARF WINGS start to sprout out of his back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Geoff slides to the floor in pain, his eerie wail hollowly echoing throughout the garage.

ON SECURITY GUARD

....bopping away to the music of her walkman, oblivious of Geoff's weird moan as it echoes through the silent lot.

ON GEOFF

The Pair of tiny dwarf Wings are fully emerged. They flutter uselessly on Geoff's back. Still in some pain, Geoff, exhausted, drags into the open elevator and the doors slide silently behind him.

INT. RESEARCH LAB

DeWitt stands in a laboratory somewhere in the DEWITT BUILDING, admiring Nyssa II. It has been completely set-up and reinstalled in the room. The chamber doors still have their PADLOCKS on them. Little Nyssa sits on a table.

A LARGE, OVERWEIGHT SECURITY GUARD -- EDDIE -- stands next to DeWitt.

EDDIE

What is it, Mr. DeWitt?

DEWITT

(smiling)

Power, Eddie.

EDDIE

(nervously, mispronouncing "nuclear")

Nucular?

DEWITT

(moving to the door)

No, Eddie. Even more awesome.

Eddie backs away from Nyssa II with a wary suspicion and follows DeWitt to the door. DeWitt exits. Eddie, switching off the lights, does likewise.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE RESEARCH LAB

...as Eddie closes and locks the door.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

DEWITT

Nobody gets in here without my authority.

EDDIE

Yessir, Mr. DeWitt.

DeWitt moseys on down the hall, leaving Eddie posted at the door.

INT. RESEARCH CENTRE - FRONT LOBBY

Barb has arrived. She's sopping wet and stands at the front desk, as our old friend Mike sits listening on the phone, staring suspiciously at Barb.

MIKE

Little wet out there, huh? I think Mr. DeWitt's still in...

Barb impatiently gazes about her as Mike waits for some response on the phone. Suddenly, her roving eye catches SOMETHING.

BARB'S POV - ELEVATOR

Barb sees the ELEVATOR going up...and more! Geoff, pressed against the glass window of the rising elevator, gazes down on her with his big fly eyes.

BACK TO SCENE - CLOSE ON MIKE

He sits with his chin in one hand, the phone in the other, staring down at the floor, waiting...

MIKE

Doesn't seem to be in his office.

Mike looks up. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL that Barb is no longer there.

MIKE

(rising and looking around)

Hey!

AT THE ELEVATOR DOORS - GROUND FLOOR

Barb has pushed the button and waits for an elevator. Suddenly, she hears RAPID FOOTSTEPS. Mike suddenly wheels around the corner.

MIKE

Hey, lady!

CONTINUED

Barb is about to take off running, just as the elevator door opens. She ducks into it and Mike dashes for it. But just as he gets there, the door slides shut. Muttering a curse, he unhooks A WALKIE-TALKIE from his belt and speaks into it.

MIKE

Eddie! Eddie!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE RESEARCH LAB

Eddie, at his post, responds to Mike's call.

EDDIE

(into Walkie-Talkie)

Yeah, Mike?

MIKE'S VOICE

(over Walkie-Talkie)

Listen, some crazy broad's coming up the elevator trying to get to DeWitt. Stop her!

EDDIE

Yo!

Eddie clicks off and heads for the elevator a short distance down the hall.

ON EDDIE

...as he moves down the hall. Suddenly, one of the elevators, now in view, opens up. Eddie quickens his pace.

AT ELEVATORS

...as Eddie arrives. The elevator door stands open, but there is no one inside. This confuses Eddie. He saw no one get out. Frowning, Eddie steps into the elevator. He hits a STOP BUTTON so that the doors will stay open.

ANGLE AT ELEVATOR WINDOW

Eddie moves to the elevator window and casually gazes on the view of the lobby far below him. He unhooks his walkie-talkie and speaks into it.

EDDIE

Yo, Mike?

MIKE'S VOICE

(over walkie-talkie)

Yeah?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

EDDIE

She must've got off on another floor, ain't nobody in this buggy.

Guess again, Eddie. THE CAMERA PANS IN CLOSE ON THE WINDOW. In the reflection of the glass, we see Geoff's fly-leg dangle down behind the bulky security guard.

EDDIE

(into walkie-talkie)

You better tell DeWitt. I'll check the stairs.

ON GEOFF'S CLAW-ARM

DANGLING INTO FRAME FROM ABOVE, moving menacingly toward Eddie who, BACK TO CAMERA, still gazes out the elevator window.

Suddenly, also from above comes one of Geoff's "human" hands -- deformed, true -- but still vaguely human. Its long, slender fingers grab the claw-arm at the wrist, attempting to pull it back up.

MIKE'S VOICE

(on Eddie's walkie-talkie)

Right!

Eddie clicks off the walkie-talkie and straps it on his belt, totally oblivious of the strange struggle behind him as what's left of Geoff's human half battles the burgeoning beast in him. The two limbs grapple with each other but finally the hand manages to subdue the claw-arm and pull it back OUT OF FRAME.

Not a moment too soon.

Eddie turns around, heading for the elevator door. But as he gets near it, WE SEE fall behind him, from up above, A LARGE WHITE GLOB OF LIQUID -- similar to the white sputum Geoff was spitting up when he was losing his voice.

CLOSE ON WHITE SALIVA

...as it hits the carpeting of the elevator. It SIZZLES AND SMOULGERS, EATING INTO THE RUG!

ON EDDIE

He hears the sizzle and stops, turning around. Seeing the smouldering white goo, Eddie kneels to inspect it.

EDDIE

What the Hell...?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

As he cautiously looks at it, ANOTHER DROPLET falls close by. Startled, Eddie jerks back and looks up...

...And sees Geoff, hanging upside down from the elevator ceiling. The bug eyes stare down on him, HIS WET PROBOSCIS DROOLING THE WHITISH OOZE.

Eddie -- big, burly Eddie -- promptly faints.

ON GEOFF

Geoff releases his feet and dangles downward, clinging to the ceiling by the flat of his palms. Then he drops the short distance to the floor. Holding his writhing claw against his side with one of his arms, Geoff's vacant eyes stare downward at the unconscious Eddie. THE CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE -- PARTICULARLY ON THOSE BLACK EYES AND THE SLIMY, MOIST CROP.

INT. DEWITT'S OFFICE

A PHONE on the desk is RINGING. WE HEAR A DOOR OPEN AND THE CAMERA PANS TO DEWITT, entering his office. He grabs the phone.

DEWITT

(into phone)

Hello?...Yeah, Mike, what's up?

...She give a name...Powell?...

Yeah, thanks...I'll take care of it.

(hangs up)

Damn!

Agitated, DeWitt goes to the door, opens it and exits.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE DEWITT'S OFFICE

DeWitt steps out into the hall.

INT. ELEVATORS

Barb steps out of her elevator. She notices the elevator doors next to hers are ajar. She also HEARS -- BUZZING! She slowly moves to the open elevator.

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR NEXT TO BARB'S

Barb cautiously appears in the open doorway. She finds Eddie, still unconscious, on the floor. Just unconscious. She also discovers the reason for the BUZZING. TWO OR THREE FLIES -- NORMAL ONES -- HOVER ABOUT A WHITE SPOCK OF SMOULDERING LIQUID on the elevator carpet.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Eddie groans. He's coming to. Barb turns to the control buttons on the elevator wall. She switches the stop button off and hits the "PARKING LEVEL" BUTTON. Then she quickly steps out.

ON BARB

...as she steps into the hall and the elevator doors slide shut, taking Eddie down. Barb glances down the hall in each direction and, picking her course, moves along the corridor.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE RESEARCH LAB

...the room where Nyssa is kept. The door is opened. We HEAR A SMASHING CRASH.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - CLOSE-UP - LITTLE NYSSA

Little Nyssa, both its transmitter and receiver boxes, lie in A BROKEN, CRUMPLED HEAP at Geoff's feet. THE CAMERA PANS UP Geoff's distorted, deformed body to his Fly head, gazing down on his destroyed creation. His blank, black eyes turn another direction.

GEOFF'S POV

We see Big Nyssa's Transmitter, in multiple vision, fill the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

...as Geoff moves to the transmitter. With his claw, he SNAPS THE PADLOCK on the door.

INT. HALLWAY

DeWitt moves down the hall toward the research lab...he hears LOUD, SMASHING NOISES coming from the direction he's headed and quickens his pace.

INT. RESEARCH LAB

Geoff is DOUSING the floor around Nyssa II's reintegration chamber with VARIOUS CHEMICAL SOLUTIONS. He pulls SEVERAL BOTTLES from a shelf and smashes them onto the floor. He then moves to the transmitter and SETS THE TIMER on the controlboard. At least, he tries to. It's becoming difficult. He can't remember what buttons to push, what dials to set. his long fingers move jitterly along the panel as he hesitates and then tentatively pushes one. Then another, then confusion.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

He slams his palm against the board in animal-like frustration. Then he remembers and finishes the process, staggering over to the door of the transmitter and opening it.

Suddenly, he hears FOOTSTEPS out in the hall. He moves into the shadows of the room.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As DeWitt enters. He immediately notices Little Nyssa smashed on the floor and scowls.

DEWITT

Powell, you son-of-a bitch! Where are you?

There is no answer. DeWitt moves to the transmitter, attracted by the open door. He notices the broken lock. Then he hears a TICKING. He looks over at the controlboard, noticing the timer ticking away.

DEWITT

What in fuck's going on here?
(shouting)

Powell! You bastard! I'm going hang your ass!

CLOSE-UP - GEOFF'S HAND

...moving in the dark to a nearby shelf. There he turns on A BUNSEN BURNER.

BACK TO SCENE

DeWitt smells the spilt chemicals, and sees the liquid puddles around the receiver. He starts to move toward it, when suddenly, A FLAMING RAG comes flying out of the dark. It falls on the floor. The whole area around the receiver becomes ENGULFED IN FLAME! DEWITT cries out in surprise and leaps back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

DeWitt stands momentarily transfixed, watching the blaze. THE RECEIVER CHAMBER IS RINGED IN FLAME.

DeWitt, finally spurred to actions races for a FIRE EXTINGUISHER bracketted on the wall. He yanks it down and turns to go back to the fire. He never gets there.

Geoff, springing out of the dark, cuts DeWitt off. DeWitt stands paralyzed with disbelief and horror as Geoff pounces on him, knocking him against the wall.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

Then suddenly from Geoff's FLYLIKE PROBOSCIS, THE SLIMY WHITE OOZE is expelled over DeWitt's face and upper torso! DeWitt's cries are horrible. His flesh SMOULDERS AND BURNS, the milky vomit eating into it!

In panicked blind defense, DeWitt manages to utilize the fire extinguisher he holds, unleashing the spray of cold foam. The blast takes Geoff by surprise, causing him to release DeWitt and fall back on the floor. DeWitt, in agony, clutching at his face and wailing in pain, blindly gropes his way to the door through the smoky mist of the extinguisher and the red glow of the fire.

From where he lay, Geoff shoots out his claw-leg, the pincher clamping down on DeWitt's ankle. DeWitt screams as Geoff jerks him to the floor.

QUICK CUT TO:

BARB

...in the hall, hearing the scream. She rushes down the hall in the direction of the sound.

QUICK CUT BACK:

INT. RESEARCH LAB

Geoff, with his claw-leg, is dragging a struggling DeWitt back to him across the floor. Geoff crawls, insect-like, atop his victim, pinning him to the floor on his back. Once more, THE OOZING SPUTUM is shot on DeWitt's face and his clawing fingers as he makes a feeble, desperate effort to defend himself. The flesh on his face is half-eaten, exposing muscle and bone. One eyeball rolls out of its socket down his cheek, or what was once a cheek.

DeWitt's screams are shattering and shuddering. The pain must be impossibly horrible. But there is no sympathy from his attacker, nor even conscious awareness of the horror...for Geoff, at the moment, is no longer a rational man...Only, a beast of prey feeding on his victim. For as the gooey liquid eats away DeWitt's flesh, Geoff starts to suck the liquid and pulpy flesh back up his crop.

We are watching what Geoff earlier described as the Fly's feeding habit of first softening and dissolving its food with digestive enzymes, then sucking it back up. A process of vomiting and ingesting. A perfectly normal function for a fly. But repulsive and horrifying as we watch it now.

ANGLE ON WALL

In the firelight, we see Geoff's GROTESQUE SHADOW hulking over the still struggling SHADOW OF DEWITT. DeWitt's WHIMPERING CRIES mingle with the SLURPING SOUNDS of Geoff's sucking crop. Suddenly, DeWitt's shadow goes limp, his cries cease.

ON GEOFF

As he finishes feeding. He slowly rises, his big eyes stare down uncomprehendingly on what's left of DeWitt. The pulpy bloody flesh still smoulders and smokes. A slow realization comes upon Geoff. He shudders involuntarily and emits a soft eerie sigh, almost a lament. He then turns from the sight to:

GEOFF'S POV - THE TIMER

MULTIPLE TIMERS all read "00:28". Geoff's gaze moves to the WIRES between the chambers. Flame laps at the heavily insulated cords.

BACK TO SCENE

Geoff rises unsteadily to his feet and limps into the transmitter, closing the door behind him.

INT. HALLWAY

Barb ~~hurries~~ rushes down the hallway, opening doors, peering through glass windows, madly searching for Geoff.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - CLOSE-UP - WIRES

The fire is starting to eat into the insulation on the wires.

ON GEOFF

...waiting in the booth...

CLOSE-UP - TIMER

...only seven seconds before Nyssa activates.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Barb rushes in the room. Seeing DeWitt's mutilated corpse, she stops aghast, shuddering at the sight. Then she hears the ticking.

BARB'S POV

...as she glances at the timer. Five seconds left. Her gaze PANS to Geoff in the transmission booth, staring out at her, his nervous fingers tapping buglike along the glass window.

ON BARB

As she rushes to the timer. Frantically she scans the controlpanel but she doesn't know what to push.

Then there is a POP AND A SPARK -- AN ELECTRICAL SHORT -- and the timer stops all by itself, the digital readout: "00:02".

Barb heaves a sigh of relief.

ANOTHER ANGLE

She turns to Geoff. He gazes up at her and plaintively supplicates with his deformed hands, his long fingers beating an imploring tatoo on the glass window of the booth. Barb stares at the pitiful creature, at DeWitt's grim corpse, at the mounting inferno eating at the cords, lapping the sides of the reintegration chamber.

She looks back at Geoff, fingers still pressed on the glass. She glances at the controlboard, finding what she wants -- the MANUAL START BUTTON. She presses it.

Geoff's grotesque form is suddenly outlined on the monitor. His vital statistics calculated. Then suddenly the monitor shuts off. Barb realizes something's gone wrong. She looks at the wires linking the booths.

ON WIRES

They suddenly spark.

ON TRANSMISSION BOOTH

A whirr, a pop, light floods the chamber. Geoff disintegrates.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Barb watches the disintegration cycle complete. The wires and fuses spark a lot now. There is a flash of light in the receiver, then a sudden blackness, then light once more, glowing strongly, filling the booth. Geoff's deformed body returns.

It is as he planned. He is trapped. The receiver door is locked, the booth enveloped in flame. There is no way back for him. Even his primal instinct for survival is now useless. There is no escape. The beast is finally beaten. Like an animal snared in a trap, he resigns himself to death.

ON BARB

The firelight dances eerily across her face as she sadly gazes on Geoff.

ON GEOFF

...gazing back with his expressionless eyes. The glass window smokes, then bubbles, then shatters. Geoff, struck by a spray of glass, lurches back. But even this pain he now accepts passively, as the flames spread inside the chamber. The glow gets brighter and brighter until...

DISSOLVES TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - CLOSE-UP - OPERATING LIGHT

...the red-yellow glow of the fire becomes the yellow-white glow of AN OVERHEAD OPERATING-ROOM LAMP. WE HEAR THE STRUGGLING MOANS AND CRIES OF A WOMAN IN CHILDBIRTH...AND VOICES.

VOICE #1(OS)

...rough pregnancy...her husband
dying...and all that illness...

BARB(OS)

(muttering, dopey)
Geoff...Geoff...live...

VOICE #2(OS)

Let's have that injection...

CAMERA PANS FROM THE LAMP TO AN OPERATING TABLE BELOW. Barb is giving birth...an extremely difficult and painful one. A TEAM OF DOCTORS AND NURSES work over her.

BARB'S POV

...blurry, slightly distorted. A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE comes INTO FRAME.

BACK TO SCENE - CLOSE ON NEEDLE

...as a GLOVED HAND sticks it into Barb's arm...

DOCTOR #1

She's so doped already she didn't
even feel it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

...as Barb grimaces and groans. A NURSE mops her sweaty brow.

NURSE

Come on, Mrs. Powell, help us out a
little...Push now...push...!

(Barb does)

Thatta, girl. We'll get it out...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

BARB
(half-incoherent, be-
tween grunts and moans)
Unhh...Live...through...his child...
Live...child...

She suddenly cries out.

SURGEON
It's coming! It's coming!...Ohh!

BARB'S POV - ON CHILD

...as the doctor lifts it out of the womb. Indeed, Geoff will live through his child...If a child is what Barb has given birth to...Perhaps, there are some human features about the face, if indeed, it is a face lurking out from THE HIDEOUS GIANT LARVA!

Barb SCREAMS.

QUICK CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

The SCREAM sequesters into THE LOUD CRY OF A HUMAN BABY, followed by the MUFFLED GROAN OF SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS.

NURSE(OS)
Now you've done it...woke up Mom.

A BLURRY PICTURE IS COMING INTO FOCUS.

NURSE
(continuing) ...
All the work she did to bring you
into the world and you won't let
her rest...

THE SCREEN IS COMPLETELY IN FOCUS NOW. We are seeing things from BARB'S POV as she looks up into the SMILING FACE OF A NURSE.

NURSE
Hi. How do you feel? Pretty
tough birth you had there...

CLOSE ON BARB

...as she remembers. A glint of fear shoots through her eyes and she involuntarily shivers.

BARB
(apprehensively)
The baby?

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Nurse holds a SMALL BUNDLED FIGURE to her chest.

NURSE

Just fine. Have a look...

The Nurse starts to hold the bundle out to Barb.

CLOSE ON BARB

...as she jerks her face away sharply, not wanting to see. Then she hears the child softly cry. A VERY HUMAN CRY. She slowly turns her head back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Nurse holds out a SMALL BABY BOY...A HEALTHY, NORMAL CHILD!

NURSE

Cute as a bug, isn't he?

Barb gasps a laughing, relieved sigh and gazes on the baby in happy disbelief. She hesitantly, then anxiously holds her arms out for the infant and the Nurse hands him over. Barb cradles the child to her as joyous tears of relief trickle down her cheeks and she makes emotionally choked, inarticulate, mutters of motherly pleasure.

THE CAMERA PANS FROM BARB TO A HOSPITAL WINDOW. Under Barb's joyful murmurs we HEAR A FAINT SOUND. It gets louder. A BUZZING. THE CAMERA PULLS IN CLOSE ON THE WINDOW as a SOLITARY FLY moves across the pane.

FADE OUT.

THE END

