FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

THE SHAPE OF WATER

BEST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY
GUILLERMO DEL TORO
&
VANESSA TAYLOR
FADE IN:
INT. ELISA'S APARTMENT / RIVER FOOTAGE - NIGHT

We float at the bottom of a river. Surrounded by water. Fish swim away. Debris floating in the water - And, then, a lamp floats by - A coffee pot - A shoe. 

GILES / NARRATOR
If I spoke about it - If I did - what would I tell you, I wonder? Would I tell you about the time...? It happened a long time ago - in the last days of a fair Prince's reign... Or would I tell you about the place? A small city near the coast but far from everything else... Or would I tell you about her? The princess without voice... (beat) Or perhaps I would just warn you of the about the truth of these facts and the tale of love and loss and the monster that tried to destroy it all...

Camera pushes and we see: An entire apartment underwater. Objects and furniture float, gently suspended, defying gravity. Asleep on/above her bed -- half floating, half weighed down: ELISA. Roughly 30, but ageless, with child-like eyes, dark, lush hair and a thin, beautiful mouth slightly curved into a satisfied smile.

She slowly settles/drifts down on the mattress below as an early digital alarm clock lazily floats over a night table nearby...

SUDDENLY: The alarm goes off!

10:45 PM -Elisa opens her eyes. Lifts the mask, looks around: No water at all.
FADE IN:

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And, then, a lamp floats by-
A coffee pot-
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10:45 PM

-Elisa opens her eyes. Lifts the mask, looks around: No water at all.
Slowly, she gets up. An ambulance red light briefly illuminates the apartment, its siren fading rapidly.

Barefoot, she heads to the bathroom: We see that light is emanating from her FLOORBOARDS.

Music and dialogue leaks up through the floorboards too.

She readies the bathtub

DIALOGUE
"... No God could be pleased with the death of a child at the altar..."

Camera goes through floor into-

INT. CINEMA - SAME
-the ornate ceiling- and into-

The cinema: The STORY OF RUTH plays to an-
-almost empty theater- One patron or two are asleep.

TITLE: THE SHAPE OF WATER.

Elisa drops
three eggs into a pot of boiling water and heads for the bathroom. On the way there- she picks up an egg timer and casually winds it.

She disrobes- Revealing: On both sides of her neck: two keloid scars, diagonal and about three inches long.

DIALOGUE
"...Who’s the man?"
(beat)
Mahlon, the Judean artisan...

The voices from below continue as she steps into the bathtub:
Water overflows and hits the tiled floor.

She sinks in. A deep sigh.

She sets the egg timer to TWO MINUTES.
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INT. ELISA’S BATHROOM

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"...Who’s the man?"

(beat)

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The voices from below continue as she steps into the bathtub: Water overflows and hits the tiled floor. She sinks in. A deep sigh.

She sets the egg timer to TWO MINUTES.

She sighs. Then rubs her hand with soap, plants her two feet on the base of the tub, sighs again and goes to work on herself, gently, slowly-

-but with the timer ticking away-

She’s almost there when the timer DINGS.

INT. KITCHEN, ELISA’S APARTMENT - SAME

A WALL CLOCK- its minute hand slides into position- TACK!: 10:55 PM.

Elisa rips off a leaf from a wall calendar and opens a window, letting the fresh air in. Her hair is wet and she nervously looks at the clock on the wall.

The Calendar leaf back reads: "Time is but a river flowing from our past."

CLACK! 11:00 PM

Elisa stares at a WALL OF SHOES. Chooses a GREEN PAIR.

Shines them, quietly- alone- at the table. Puts them on. Another siren goes by.

CLACK! 11:01 PM

She takes out 3 hardboiled eggs- still steaming- out of a pot. Uses the calendar sheet to pack one, plus saltines and a small mustard and a half pickle sandwich on a paper bag.

Two eggs and a half sandwich go onto a small plate.

She undoes the three locks on her door (light & music intensifies still emanating from the floorboards) and-

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

-exits her apartment. We see the “shadowing” of old brass letters -some are still there- they read “DELIVERIES”

She goes to the door directly across from hers (similar sign: “PROCESSING”). A TV can be heard inside.

She uses a key to let herself in.
INT. GILES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Full of books. ENTIRELY full of them. Here and there are half-finished illustrations. Large original art from ADVERTISEMENTS. Two cats- SNOWFLAKE and LILLIE stroll lazily.

GILES
(over sirens)
Did the sirens wake you up?

Hard at work at a drawing table- is GILES: late 60’s, refined and prim: wool vest, bow tie and tortoiseshell glasses. When he speaks he has a ever-so-slight stutter (which gets worse when he gets nervous).

GILES (CONT’D)
It’s a fire. The chocolate factory. It rained a little - not enough to put it out... Rains are late this year... You smell that? Toasted cocoa. Tragedy and delight- hand in hand...

Giles is coloring an illustration of a happy family around a BRIGHT RED JELL-O MOLD. A sign reads: THE FUTURE IS HERE!!

On his forehead: THREE pairs of eyeglasses. He raises one and lowers another one- grabs a brush. We see a toupee resting on top of an acrylic paint box.

Elisa puts the eggs and carrot down on a side table. He caresses/taps her cheek.

GILES (CONT’D)
Oh, Darling child. I’d waste away to nothing without you looking after me. I am the proverbial starving artist am I not?

Shirley Temple dances on the stairs with Bojangles on "The Little Colonel".

GILES (CONT’D)
Oh- watch that- Bojangles- the stair dance.

He slides his chair to see better.

GILES (CONT’D)
Will you look at that? Very hard to do. Cagney did it- different- but beautiful- we should watch that one day...
Elisa looks at the TV. Does a few tap steps. Sirens go by.

GILES (CONT’D)
Elisa: Wake me up when you come back. Breakfast’s on me, Child.

He goes back to his painting. Looks in the mirror and smiles. Paints the smile on the father figure in the ad.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR - SAME

Both sides of the corridor are blocked by FILM CANS.

Elisa- low heeled shoes in one hand and a paper sandwich bag in the other- moves past the cans and reaches a red door.

She exits.

EXT. ARCADE CINEMA AND TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

She stands at the top of a fire escape. A breeze blows by. The city lights glow in the distance.

Looks at her watch: 10:55

ELISA climbs down. She exits past the ARCADE CINEMA MARQUEE.

She takes the steps in Bojangles fashion.

The cinema owner, MR. ARZOUUMANIAN, is changing the marquee lettering for THE STORY OF RUTH, helped by an ASSISTANT.

MR. ARZOUUMANIAN
Elisa- when yoo bring the rent- stay for the bible moovie, eh? Theatre’s empty...

EXT. TV REPAIR SHOP / BUS STOP - NIGHT

Elisa looks at a shoe store window. On display on a little rotating platform: a pair of SILVER DANCE shoes. She starts whistling a happy tune.

Elisa dances around- and then sits down on- a bus bench in front of an appliance store.

A CLOCK signals 11:05

On TV, over her whistle: MARTIN LUTHER KING. KENNEDY. RUSSIAN SATELLITES. CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS on other monitors. THEN- A WAVING AMERICAN FLAG. PROGRAMMING ENDS.

The bus arrives.

INT. CITY BUS - NIGHT

Elisa, still whistling. Almost entirely alone, on the bus (except for a FAT GUY snoring) looking out the window with great longing.

POV Industrial landscape passes by- reflections of fire and smoke against blue steel night sky.

She uses her beret and scarf as a pillow.

She closes her eyes.

OMITTED

EXT. OCCAM RD - NIGHT

BUS drives by a huge clock and plaque that reads: OCCAM AEROSPACE RESEARCH CENTER.

The time: 11:55

EXT. 1284 OCCAM RD. BUILDING - NIGHT

A SQUARE, SQUAT concrete structure. Employees rush towards the building.

ELISA climbs out of the bus- walks in. THRONGS OF WORKERS walk out-

OMITTED
12A  INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Elisa in an elevator- goes down, down, down until it opens into:

Her watch: 11:58

13  INT. HERDING AREA - NIGHT

WORKERS are moving out. A GOLF CART arrives with MP’s

Elisa runs and barely makes it. Yolanda, a Latin girl, protests.

A PUNCH CLOCKS, Standing in line we see ZELDA, a plump African American woman in her 30’s. She signals Elisa to get in.

Elisa runs and barely makes it. Yolanda a Latin girl, protests.

YOLANDA
Hey- watch it, Dummy!!

ZELDA
Leave her alone, Woman. I was keeping her place.

YOLANDA
I get reported- I come looking for you and the mute...

ZELDA
You do that, Yolanda. You do that.

Elisa checks in-

CLACK!! 12:00 PM

CUT TO:

14  INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

Elisa, Zelda and others get dressed in their JANITORIAL and KITCHEN / SERVICE garments.

Change their shoes to low-heeled ones.

All around them: Propaganda posters: “Loose Lips Sink Ships” etc
ZELDA
My feet are killin’ me already- We ain’t started and my feet are already killin’ me-

INT. LONG CORRIDOR
6 cleaning ladies walk down the corridor in 2 lines of 3. They split off and walk into the adjacent labs. Behind them Elisa and Zelda follow and continue down the corridor.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR (GREEN SCREEN, NOT TRANSLIGHT)
ZELDA
I wear ‘em low-heeled shoes and it hurts just the same. My toes get all bunched up- and I feel like dyin’. Lord.

Zelda and Elisa push into a long corridor full of SLAUGHTERHOUSE-STYLE DOORS, each bearing a number and a letter (B-67, C-25, etc).

A GROUP OF SCIENTISTS walks alongside a MAN IN A CANVAS ASTRONAUT SUIT. They carry a multitude of canvas DUCTS extruding from it.

About a DOZEN MP's guard the corridor.

INT. JET ENGINE LAB - SAME
Elisa removing a piece of chewing gum. Zelda empties a WASTE BASKET.

ZELDA
Made Brewster pigs in a blanket tonight before leavin’. Fresh dough- the good sausages- thick- and Boy, he just ate ‘em up.

(beat)
No thank-yous- no yum-yums- not a peep, tho- Man is silent as the grave. But if farts were flattery, honey- he would be Shakespeare-
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INT. COMMAND CENTER - SAME

Zelda and Elisa empty waste baskets.

ZELDA

Then I get home and I make him breakfast. Bacon and eggs and buttered toast. I butter the man’s toast, Elisa. Both sides- As if he were a child... And I don’t get a “Thank You”

INT. LAB - SAME

Zelda picks up a waste basket and a few pieces of paper-

ZELDA

Hey- Lou- Lou! You boys mind throwing the trash in the bin? That’s what it’s for...

A BESPECTACLED MAN (Dr. BOB HOFFSTETLER) measures the temperature of the water with a long, industrial thermometer. He eyes Zelda.

ZELDA (CONT'D)

Yes. That’s what it’s for... Hard to believe, uh?

LOU


Elisa and Zelda mop and sweep around a group of workers readying a big Filter/storage TANK of massive proportions next to a tiled HOLDING POOL.

Roughly 20 men working at the same time.

Fleming supervises the entire operation.

The WORKERS are making a mess.

Elisa signs Zelda.

ZELDA

I don’t know Honey. I don’t know what they’re doing.

(purposefully loud)

Mostly making a Goddam mess is what I’d say...

Hoffstetler whispers in Fleming’s ear.
FLEMING
(dabs his nose)
Zelda, please- Watch the volume.
And, there’s no call for the blaspheme, please-

ZELDA
Yessir, sorry, Mr. Fleming, Sir-

FLEMING
(claps his hands)
A moment of your time- Today, we will be receiving a new team and asset here in T-4. This here is Dr. Robert Hoffstetler...

Zelda and Elisa look at each other.

FLEMING (CONT’D)
I don’t want to bolster - or overstate the matter-
(proud laughter)
-but this may be the most sensitive asset ever to be housed in this facility...

Hoffstetler looks at Elisa.

Everybody suddenly turns to attention. The sliding steel door opens and MP’s pour in-

Fleming thumbs them out. The door slowly slides opens and-

Zelda and Elisa pick up their carts and- as they exit-

-they see a group of SPECIALISTS wheel a MASSIVE STEEL CYLINDER into the room. It’s twice the size of an iron lung and more elaborate.

It is escorted by 4 MP’s, and a square-jawed, steely-eyed man dressed in a black, immaculate suit and tie: RICHARD STRICKLAND, 30’s.

In his right hand: an electric CATTLE PROD.

The CYLINDER SHAKES!! SOMETHING LARGE MOVES INSIDE!! IT HOWLS!! A WEBBED HAND slams against the glass!!!

A WEBBED PALM HITS THE GLASS!! Elisa jumps, startled.

HOFFSTETLER
(to Fleming)
They have to leave-
FLEMING
Yes- yes-

HOFFSTETLER
You: help me move the cylinder into the compressor! There!

They exit. Elisa sees a large form moving in the tank as they--close the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MEN’S BATHROOM – NIGHT

ZELDA
Will you look at this?

Elisa removes dirty towels from the multiple towel racks and puts on fresh ones. Zelda points to the urinals.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
Look: Some of the best minds in our country- peeing all over the floor in this here facility.
(beat)
There’s pee freckles on the ceiling!! How do they get it up there?

ZELDA resumes mopping the checkered floor.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
Just how big a target do they need, you figure? They get enough practice that’s for sure. My Brewster, no one ever called him a great mind, even he hits the can seventy percent of the time.

Suddenly, Strickland enters. In his hands: the cattle prod and a plastic bag of GREEN HARD CANDY. He places them on the sink. They start to leave, but -

STRICKLAND
No. No. That’s alright... Go on-

He washes his hands with the precision and care of a surgeon preparing to operate.
STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
You ladies seem to be chatting
enjoyably. Girl talk no doubt.
Don’t mind me.

He makes eye contact with Elisa. Chews on the candy.
Methodically.

ELISA looks at the cattle prod.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
Look but don’t touch-
(beat)
That lovely dingus there is an
Alabama Howdy-do...

Strickland goes to the urinal and proceeds to piss—his hands—
clenched in a fist, rest on both his hips.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
Molded grip handle. Low-current,
High-voltage electric shock cattle
prod—That's for you to know, not
to tell.

You can hear his stream bouncing off the tile. ZELDA winces,
looks at Elisa.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
I’m Strickland. Security.

ZELDA
Fleming's security.

STRICKLAND
Not while I’m here.

On the stressed word, a momentary hitch in his stream.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
Saw you both at T-4.

ZELDA
We’re cleared, Sir.

STRICKLAND
I know. I checked.
(beat)
Doesn’t it get lonely? The
graveyard shift?

ZELDA
Gets quiet. That’s for sure.
She offers him a clean towel. “NO”

**STRIKLAND**

Man washes his hands before or after **tending to his needs.** That tells you a lot about that man.

(beat)

He does it both times? Points to a weakness of character...

Picks up the rod. Weirdly beams at the two cleaners.

**STRIKLAND (CONT’D)**

Ladies? Very pleasant chatting with you both.

Elisa notices a small drop of Red blood left behind by the cattle prod. It lazily extends on the wet, white surface of the sink.

CUT TO:

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19A  OMITTED

19B  INT. “B” CORRIDOR - SAME

SWEET LORRAINE by Jon Erik Kellso starts.

Elisa stands in front of door T-4. She takes out her clearance card and is about to use it but stops.

The door opens. It’s **HOFFSTETLER.**

**HOFFSTETLER**

May I help you?

He removes surgical gloves. She moves back.

**HOFFSTETLER (CONT’D)**

Oh! You’re... not in uniform- Did you forget something-? Inside?

She signs: “Excuse me” And walks away.

**HOFFSTETLER (CONT’D)**

Wait- Wait!

Hoffstetler watches her go
Elisa leans her head on the window. Dawn bathes her. The light grows and grows—cleansing and magical.

DISSOLVE TO:

Busy streets. A VAN Pulls up—Out climb Giles and Elisa.

GILES
Yeah. I'm wearing the hair. Watch out for that car...

Giles straightens his toupee (now on his head) Elisa signs.

GILES (CONT'D)
Does it look good?

They cross the street towards "DIXIE DOUG PIES."

CUT TO:

Giles and Elisa stand before a glass and Stainless-steel, PIE VENDING COLUMN/DISPLAY.

GILES
It was eternal, see? Tantalus never even achieved the escape of death. The fruit on the branches was always just out of reach...

His gaze drifts subtly to the PIE GUY at the register. He’s manly, masculine, like a construction worker. With pie.

PIE GUY (O.S.)
Thank yeew. Y'all come back, y'heah?

Elisa watches Giles watching the guy, his glances filled with longing.

GILES
...the water in the stream always receded just when he stooped to drink. And that's why we say things like, look at those tantalizing pies—

(Elisa signs)

(MORE)
Elisa leans her head on the window. Dawn bathes her. The light grows and grows—cleansing and magical.

At the COUNTER:

GILES
I don’t like the colors either, but they taste alright. Try it. My treat. You want cold milk?

At the COUNTER:

PIE GUY
Welcome to Dixie Doug’s, folks. That’ll be all?

GILES
For the moment.

PIE GUY
Hey- I’ve seen you in here before, right?

GILES
Oh, well- I- yes- I’ve been here. A couple of times as a matter of fact.

PIE GUY
Partial to key lime pie?

GILES
A craving I indulge in. It cannot possibly be good for me. Nothing I like is...

PIE GUY
Oh, no- It’s a mighty fine pie, key lime.

GILES
And the color is so vivid!!

PIE GUY
Vivid! Now, there’s a word I—there’s a word for ya...

GILES
A vivid word! It most certainly is.

Elisa rolls her eyes.

GILES (CONT’D)
And would you be the famous “Dixie Doug” himself?

PIE GUY
Heck, no. Pies are trucked down throughout the country. It’s called “franchising”, see?

(MORE)
PIE GUY (CONT'D)
There’s thirty-two Dixie Doug’s all over the country.

He indicates the illuminated glass column that rotates to display the pies. He shrugs.

PIE GUY (CONT'D)
They give us the spinners, the signage— That there’s “Pie Boy” our mascot. They tell us what we gotta say— What to wear and such— there’s a manual lays it all out. They figured out what people like, scientifically. I don’t really talk that way, I’m from Ottawa.

GILES
You had me completely fooled.

(beat)
“That’s-a-great-a-pie...” The Little guy is Italian is he?!

PIE GUY
I guess so—

GILES
How clever!

He watches Pie Guy pack them up, admiring his muscular arms. Finished, Pie Guy looks up smiling.

PIE GUY
Well, Thank yewww. Y’all come back now, y’heah?

EXT. GILES’ APARTMENT - DAY

They eat their pie and watch NAME THAT PRICE (or any morn/noon game show). Cats beg for pie.

GILES
“Y’all come back” Do you think he meant it? He had noticed me— you heard that yourself.

Elisa rolls her eyes. Stops eating.

GILES (CONT'D)
Well, this pie is rather sordid, but— Don’t spit it out— We could try a different flavor next time.
Elisa hands him the half-eaten pie and wipes her green tongue w a napkin.

GILES (CONT’D)
Well- you wanna save it- for later?

Elisa channel-surfs: EARLY CIVIL RIGHTS PROTESTS ON THE NEWS.

He puts the pie away in the fridge- (We see that there are about half a dozen half-eaten multi-colored pie slices) He pours the rest of the milk on a cat’s plate.

GILES (CONT’D)
(looks at TV protests)
Dear God- Change that awfulness- I don’t want to see all that-

ELISA CHANGES CHANNELS to Betty Grable Dances PRETTY BABY from Coney Island. GILES moves the antenna around until the image is clear. Elisa gives him “thumbs up”

GILES (CONT’D)
There- Now- That’s better... Oh, would you look at Betty! To be young and beautiful. If I could take this brain of mine- this heart- and put in it- If I could go back in time, when I was eighteen- I didn’t know anything about anything- I- would give myself a bit of advice, I tell you-

He sighs. She signs.

GILES (CONT’D)
I’d say: Take better care of your teeth and fuck. A lot more.

She elbows him.

GILES (CONT’D)
It’s very good advice

While sitting, he tap-dances. Elisa joins him in a beautiful, little foot choreography- without leaving the sofa. Music overpowers the upcoming scene.

CUT TO:

INT. ELISA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alarm goes off: 10:45 PM. Elisa opens her eyes. Gets up.
EGG TIMER in the F.G. In the B.G. Elisa taking care of business in the bathtub

BOILING EGGS

Calendar ripping

SHINING SHOES. PUTTING THEM ON.

INT. BUS - SAME

Elisa leans on the seat in front of her on the bus

ZELENA
(prelap)
Short people are mean. Mean...

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - SAME

Zelda empties the WASTE BASKETS in the corridor.

ZELENA
Short people are mean... mean...
You listen to me- they have a grudge- a big chip on their tiny little shoulders. I’ve never met a short man that stays nice all the way through, no, Sir- mean little backstabbers, all of ‘em. Maybe it’s the air down there, not enough oxygen or something.

ELISA, sweeps - Keeping an eye on - T-4.

ZELENA (CONT’D)
My Brewster- he’s no Towering Titan- and he never raises his chin. He gets angry- you get the eyes. But the chin stays down...

They hear gunshots. And screams. Muffled voices.

T-4! The door bursts open.

They see FIGURES moving in the distance: urgent, hushed. MP’s hurry down the corridor
They see STRICKLAND stagger out - claspung his bleeding hand. Blood squirts from it!!

HOFFSTETLER
Help! He’s losing blood! Find something for a tourniquet.

Two MP’s rush towards Hoffstetler.

He looks at ELISA- then pressrs an EMERGENCY BUTTON- BAMMMM!!!

-HEAVY STEEL DOORS shut the area hermetically.

ZELDA
Come on. Come on. Let them help them. Come on Elisa

INT. AUTOMAT / CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Elisa and Zelda pick up food from an automat. Yolanda eats on a bench nearby.

ZELDA
Think the Russians broke in? I don’t think so. And If they did, Duane’s meatloaf will kill them all, honey.

BENCHES: They eat. Elisa seasons an egg from her bag.

ZELDA
It was two shots- you hear’em?

ELISA raises three fingers. Zelda steals tater-tots from Elisa’s tray and surgically removes the bacon from her own meatloaf.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
Alright- Three- and that scream. Heavens. Whatever goes on in this place...

FLEMING
(approaching)
You two. Come with me.

ZELDA
Now, Mr Fleming, Sir? Any chance we might conclude our dinner?
FLEMING
Now. Grab your carts and bring your code cards.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Elisa and Zelda hurry BEHIND Fleming. They drag their trolleys behind with stern efficiency. They stop in front of T-4. Fleming’s nose is still runny.

FLEMING
Heavens to Betsy: we’re in a pickle. We’re in a real pickle now...

He punches their cards into a CLEARANCE READER by the door. It beeps.

The machine clacks and the door opens.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

FLEMING
You will have exactly twenty minutes, to render this- this lab immaculate and so on and so forth. Do you understand? Twenty minutes.

He dabs his nose and exits. The place is covered in blood. THE CYLINDER is now open attached to a large PUMP...

An operating table is in the center of the room.

ZELDA
Sweet dancing Jesus on the head of a pin- what went on in here? That’s blood, hon- I tell you- may be all gunked up- But that’s blood...

The cattle prod lies on the floor.

Zelda pours water and starts mopping the blood.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
Help me mop it, Hon. Sooner we get out of here the better...

Elisa throws one last bucket of water under a counter.

-as the water flows back, it carries- TWO SEVERED HUMAN FINGERS.
Zelda picks up one—

ZELDA (CONT’D)
That a cigar?

-a gold wedding band falls off of it.

It rolls away.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
Aaagh!! Don’t touch that!! It’s a finger!! They’re all fingers!!
(beat)
I’m gonna call somebody. Stay here, Honey. Jesus Lord, fingers.

She leaves— Elisa stays. She looks for the gold band.

She looks inside the cylinder: A drop of water floats in the water.

She sees—

-a figure, crouching in the dark: A slender, sleek AMPHIBIAN MAN. Looking at her. Varied markings seems to glow and outline its body.

Elisa’s shocked but not scared.

The bleeding creature makes direct eye contact with her.

Its EYES kick back light, like a coyote’s caught in the headlights.

She moves towards it— cautiously. The creature hisses at it and cowers.

The lab door slides open— ZELDA and TWO MP’s rush in.

The Amphibian man retreats.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
Where are the fingers?

Elisa offers him the paper bag. HAND ME DOWN MY WALKING CANE by B Goodman starts.

INT. GILES’ APARTMENT - DAWN

Giles readies a CEREAL BOX and a bottle of milk.
GILES

I do believe you, darling, but are you sure it was alive? I once saw a mermaid- in a carnival tent. It was a monkey sewn to the tail of a fish. Looked real to me.

Elisa scribbles: “Person/Fish” Giles serves her a plate.

GILES (CONT’D)

I apologize. But I have a deadline- You know the Corn Flakes- they were created as a cure for masturbation.

She pushes the plate away. He pushes it back. “Eat”

GILES (CONT’D)

It doesn’t work.

Giles looks at a TV GUIDE.

GILES (CONT’D)

Oh, Alice Faye just started...

Elisa switches channels: a scene in a Dance Hall with Alice Faye singing “You’ll never know...” She stops eating the cereal.

GILES (CONT’D)

She was a huge star- And one day- one day she just couldn’t take the bullshit, the backstabbing, anymore and she just walked away from everything. Just walked away- To live the way she wanted to-

Giles dances a few steps to picks up his drawing- shows it to Elisa.

GILES (CONT’D)


He heads out. Elisa watches intently as Alice Faye croons

INT. AD AGENCY - DAY

A classy AD AGENCY. GILES hands the finished drawing to BERNARD (60’s, well-groomed and dressed)
BERNIE
Green. They want the gelatin to be green now.

GILES
But I was told red.

BERNIE
New concept. All the new flavors are green: Celery, apple, Italian. That’s the future now. Green.

An ELEGANT SECRETARY gives him a document to sign. Hands him a Pantone swatch.

BERNIE (CONT’D)
And they want them happier- the family.

GILES
Happier? The Father looks like he just discovered the missionary position... And the kids look like they have electrodes up their- What are they happy about?

BERNIE
Giles.

GILES
What are they happy about?

BERNIE
The future, Giles. (shift)
Sorry, you know how it is. You do what they say, then they change everything. Too bad- this is nice work.

GILES
It is nice work, isn’t it? One of my best.

Giles nods, gravely. Bernie moves closer.

BERNIE
How are you holding up? Are you drinking?

GILES
Not a drop.
BERNIE
Getting any work since you left
Klein & Saunders?

GILES
Since I was asked to leave. By you.

BERNIE
We’re not gonna get into that now.
I like you. You know I do.

Giles nods.

BERNIE (CONT’D)
Are you painting? Your own art?

That well dried a long time ago.

GILES
I want back, Bernie.

BERNIE
We’ll see. Now- do this. The client
wanted photographs. Photographs’s
what’s coming- I sold them on this-
Can you have it Monday? Green?

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Elisa pushes her cart down the corridor. Stops in front of T-4. Hoffstetler and his LAB CREW exit. She takes her lunch bag- opens the door.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

She enters.

The lab is quiet. She notices that a side hatch from the cylinder is open towards the holding pool.

She hears a metallic noise.

Moves towards the pool

The water ripples. Chains clink. The three long chain lines emerge from the waterline.

She sits down on the edge of the pool. She opens her lunch box and peels an egg- slowly.

She watches the water move, finishes peeling it. She takes a bite.
The Amphibian Man’s head emerges from the water. They stare at each other. He submerges towards her. The chains grow taut—they are attached to his neck.

Then the creature is revealed in full: beautiful, Majestic. Pure.

She extends her arm: presents another egg to him. It hisses—expanding his gills!!

She recoils. Slowly she places it on the edge of the pool. She offers the egg, signing “egg” toward it. The creature grabs the egg with its webbed hand and swims away with it. She watches his swim.

IN THE CORRIDOR
Zelda is in the corridor.

ZELDA
Elisa.

Elisa signs.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
What am I doing here? What are you doing here?

Elisa signs

ZELDA (CONT’D)
Okay. Cleaning. Hey honey, Mr. “I pee with my hands on my hips” wants to see us both. I don’t know why. Lord it better be short, because it is late and my feet are killing me.
INT. STRICKLAND’S OFFICE - NIGHT

STRICKLAND’s sitting down in his office (his fingers covered by clean bandages with a stain of blood and iodine)- he looks pale and pissed. Behind him: a bank of security monitors.

STRICKLAND
(reads a file)
Zelda D. Fuller. How long have you two known each other, Zelda?

ZELDA
About Ten years, Sir.

STRICKLAND
No siblings, Zelda?

ZELDA
No, Sir...

STRICKLAND
That’s not common, is it? For your people?

ZELDA
Momma died after me- After I was born.

STRICKLAND
What does the “D” stand for?

Elisa and Zelda sit in front of him, like girls at the principal’s office.

ZELDA
My “D”? Delilah, Sir- on account of the bible.

STRICKLAND
Dee-Li-lah. . .

ZELDA
Beg your pardon?

Strickland takes a HARD GREEN CANDY from a plastic bag. Sucks on it.

STRICKLAND
Delilah- she betrays Samson- Lulls him to sleep, cuts his hair- Philistines torture him, humiliate him- burn his eyes out. Turned him into a thing-
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ZELDA

Guess my momma didn’t read the good book close enough..

STRICKLAND

And you- (reads Elisa’s file) Elisa... Elisa Esposito. Doesn’t Esposito means “Orphan”?

She nods.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)

(reads file)

Our Lady of Sorrows Orphanage in Putnam... Putnam?

ZELDA

They found her- by the river- in the water...

STRICKLAND

That what they told you, uh?

Elisa nods.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)

It was you that found my fingers?

She nods. Hands him back his ring. Puts it on the other hand.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)

Three hours in surgery - They rebuilt the first phalanx- here- sutured the tendons. Don’t know if it’s going to take- (beat)

There was mustard on them. (beat)

A paper bag. Best you could do?

ZELDA

It’s all we had...

(beat)

I answer mostly, on account that she can’t talk.

Long pause.

STRICKLAND

What do you mean she can’t talk?

ZELDA

She can’t.
STRICKLAND
She can’t? Is she deaf?

Elisa signs

ZELDA
Mute, sir.

STRICKLAND’s ears prick up. He is suddenly interested-animated.

STRICKLAND
Mute.
(points at scars)
That what did it? Cut your voice box?

Elisa signs. Zelda translates:

ZELDA
She sez: Since she was a baby...

STRICKLAND
Who would do that to a baby? This world is sinful. Wouldn’t you say, Dee-li-lah
(beat)
Well- lemme say this upfront.

He arranges the symmetry of his desk implements.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
You clean that lab. You get out.

Arranges the pens- turns towards Elisa.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
The thing we keep in there, is an affront. Do you know what an affront is, Zelda?

ZELDA
Something offensive, Sir.

STRICKLAND
That’s right- That’s right- And I should know.
(beat)
I’ve dragged that filthy thing- out of the river muck in South America and all the way here-
(beat)
And along the way we didn’t get to like each other much.
He takes two- three pain pills...

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
You may think that thing looks human- Stands on two legs, but- we’re created in the Lord’s image. And you don’t think that’s what the Lord looks like, do you?

ZELDA
I wouldn’t know, Sir. What the Lord looks like.

STRICKLAND
Well, human, Zelda. He looks like a human. Just like me... Or even you. A little more like me, I guess...

A RED PHONE rings. He picks up.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
General Hoyt. Thank you for calling me back.

Signals them to leave.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
I am, Sir- much better. Pain pills, is all- Thank You. Two fingers, yes- but still got my thumb, my trigger and my pussy finger- (laughs)
Yes, Sir- That’s right- Looking forward to your visit, Sir. Decisions have to be made about the asset, Sir.

From his window he watches as-

—POV: Elisa walks away.

36-37 OMITTED

38

EXT. STRICKLAND’S NEIGHBORHOOD – DAWN

Fleming is pulling in. He drives a bottle green, jet-finned Sedan. Strickland climbs out.

STRICKLAND
Pick me up tonight. Nine thirty.
FLEMING
Twenty one hundred and thirty hours- yes, Sir.

Strickland gives him a look. Moves away.

The Milk Truck is going by. A UNIFORMED MILKMAN is leaving cream and milk at his doorstep.

STRICKLAND
I’ll take that.

Strickland picks it up.

INT. STRICKLAND’S HOME – EARLY MORNING

All around, however, half-open moving cardboard boxes. Noise everywhere. Breakfast chatter- the TV is on (A COOKING SHOW).

At the table: Strickland- drinks milk straight from the bottle, tense as fuck- his wife ELAINE and their two kids, TIMMY, 8 and TAMMY, 6.

She places, in front of him, a product-placement-picture-perfect omelette.

STRICKLAND
No pancakes?

TIMMY
Dad? Guess what?

ELAINE
I’ve gone through half the boxes. Can’t find the griddle. But I made you cheese and broccoli omelette, Sweetie, your favorite.

Strickland clumsily- painfully- eats, grunts.

TIMMY
Hey, Dad- Guess what? Guess what?

ELAINE
Are you feeling any better? Does it hurt?

STRICKLAND
Just a little. Pills help.

TIMMY
Guess what? We are burying a time capsule- at the new school.

(MORE)
FLEMING
Twenty one hundred and thirty hours—yes, Sir.
Strickland gives him a look. Moves away.
The Milk Truck is going by. A UNIFORMED MILKMAN is leaving cream and milk at his doorstep.

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Strickland clumsily—painfully—eats, grunts.

TIMMY
Hey, Dad— Guess what? Guess what?

ELAINE
Are you feeling any better? Does it hurt?

STRICKLAND
Just a little. Pills help.

TIMMY
Guess what? We are burying a time capsule— at the new school.

And I wanted to ask you— Do you think we’ll all have jet packs, in the future?

STRICKLAND
That’s right, Son. The future is bright. You gotta trust in that. This is America.

Grunt. Strickland wolfs down his food. Elaine leans in.

ELAINE
Wash your hands real good sweetie. And come upstairs...

LATER

Strickland throws the Omelette in the garbage. Takes a pill with his milk. Grabs a cookie. He washes his hand at the sink. Turns off the TV

Strickland climbs the steps.

INT. STRICKLAND’S BEDROOM - DAY

Elaine closes the curtains.

ELAINE
I kinda like it here. The kids like the lawn. Plus— DC is just half an hour away, isn’t it?

He shows her his hands: clean. She smells one and kisses his bandaged fingers. Pulls out a breast and allows the clean hand to touch it.

STRICKLAND
It’s still Baltimore, Elaine—

Strickland mounts ELAINE. Rhythmic. Mechanical. Like an athlete training for a competitive sport. His face shows no emotion.

ELAINE
Oh—

He sees her neck— touches it, traces lines

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Richard—

He covers her mouth. Keeps pumping. She tries to talk.
STRICKLAND
Shh—Silence. Don’t talk. I want you in silence.

ELAINE
Honey—your hand’s bleeding—oh—

STRICKLAND
Shh—Shh— in silence.

He interrupts her with a vigorous thrust. In and out like a piston pump. Presses his hand. She looks up at him, confused.

He pushes her face away from him. And pumps harder.

INT. LAB - DUSK 41A

Alone, the Amphibian Man tries to reassemble the broken eggshells. Signs: “egg”

INT. ELISA’S APARTMENT - DUSK 42

Elisa takes 5 hardboiled eggs out of the pot of water.

Elisa readies a portable turntable. Grabs a record from a collection of dozens.

INT. LAB - SAME 45

Elisa enters the lab. Starts cleaning a mess around the operating table. Hoffstetler is changing in the B.G. Tosses his lab coat into a tall and narrow laundry cart. Leaves, along with the last lab assistant.

Elisa places the eggs by the edge of the pool.

Excitedly she takes some LP records (from a carrier) and a portable player.

The creature emerges slowly from the water. Takes and egg and starts peeling it.

Elisa shows him the record and signs: “record”
He is curious and vigilant. Watches her carefully as she takes the record and plays it: Glenn Miller’s LOVER’S SERENADE

His bioluminescent markings light up.

She lifts the needle. Music stops.

The creature reacts as if to magic.

Needle down, music back: Excitement!! Markings light up!!

The creature admires the music, tries to snatch it mid-air.

She smiles-

He smiles back

OMITTED

MONTAGE

-Five eggs. Boiling. Dancing slowly in the water.
-Elisa sets all five Boiled Eggs on the edge of the pool.
-The creature emerges. Does the sign for “egg”.
-Elisa chooses new records.
-Her locker room is filling up with LP’s
-Elisa travels on the bus with more eggs and records.
-Elisa mops- a smile on her face. Zelda watches, concerned.
-Elisa readies her bath- mesmerized by the water.
-Giles watches as Elisa “borrows” extra eggs from his fridge.
-Elisa packs all 7,8,9 eggs in her paper bag.
-Elisa shows a new record to the creature in the cylinder.
-She mops while the music plays

Quietly, Hoffstetler enters the lab just as the song ends:

The Amphibian Man bangs on the glass to ELISA and signs: “play a different record.” His markings brighten.
ELISA signs—asking him to “point.” The AMPHIBIAN MAN points. Elisa turns the record around. “MOONGLOW” by Benny Goodman plays.

Elisa dances in front of the cylinder.

The AMPHIBIAN MAN swims, delighted!

Elisa walks over and puts one hand up against the glass, slowly, the creature puts a hand up “against” hers. His markings active and color-changing.

Her smile turns wistful. She keeps her hand there. Leans her forehead on the glass.

Hoffstetler watches—a tray of raw fish in his hands—Mesmerized. Moved.

CUT TO:

48  EXT. BROWNSTONE BUILDINGS STREET — DAY

HOFFSTETLER Arrives in a YELLOW CAB. Climbs the steps of his building. AN OLD MATRON smokes watches children play outside.

HOFFSTETLER
Good morning Mrs. Peabody, how is the gout?

She signals “So-so”

49  INT. HOFFSTETLER’S APARTMENT — DAY

Austere. Impersonal. Hoffstetler lights a cigarette—looks out the window to—

49A  EXT. STREET POV — DAY

—the empty street.

49B  INT. HOFFSTETLER’S APARTMENT — SAME

—He grabs a small pen knife from his desk and gets on his hands and knees.

He uses it to lift a set of floorboards. They reveal a neatly-fitting BLACK CASE.

He opens the case: a passport, a LEATHER NOTEBOOK, some equipment, cash, etc. He takes a set of blueprints.
EXT. SAND PILES - DAY

Holding a manila envelope, DR. HOFFSTETLER smokes a cigarette. He is sitting on a concrete block in an industrial distribution centre. Looking at his watch. A Dark SEDAN stops— a BURLY RUSSIAN climbs out of the passenger seat and heads toward him.

BURLY RUSSIAN
The sparrow nests on the window sill.

HOFFSTETLER
What?

BURLY RUSSIAN
The sparrow nests on the window sill.

HOFFSTETLER
And the eagle takes the prey—

BURLY RUSSIAN
(in Russian)
Uhhh. What?

Hoffstetler sighs. Gets up.

HOFFSTETLER
(in Russian)
That’s the password: “And the Eagle takes the Prey” Let’s go.

INT. SAND PILES - DAY

THE BURLY RUSSIAN enters the car. Hoffstetler is squeezed tight.

INT. BLACK SEA RUSSIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

THREE RUSSIAN VIOLINISTS, dressed in “authentic” Gipsy garb play Ochi Chernye in a “classy” Russian restaurant.

HOFFSTETLER and BURLY RUSSIAN enter and head for—

OMITTED
INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Waiters come in an out of a busy kitchen.

Sitting in front of a HUGE LOBSTER TANK: LEO MIHALKOV, a severe man with slow, deliberate speech (in Russian with subtitles) drinks vodka and smokes.

Hoffstetler & BURLY RUSSIAN enter.

MIHALKOV
“Bob.” How are you?

The group laughs. Not Hoffstetler. He responds in flat but fluent, unaccented Russian.

HOFFSTETLER
I was sitting like a moron on a concrete block in the middle of nowhere for an hour. I took three taxis to get there. Again.

(looks at Burly)
Why can’t we just meet here? It’s the same restaurant every time!!

MIHALKOV
I could change my mind.

HOFFSTETLER
But you don’t.

MIHALKOV
But I could-
(pours a drink)
So- Tell us, “Bob”-

HOFFSTETLER
Dimitri, Comrade- Not “Bob.” Who names himself with one syllable?

Dimitri/Hoffstetler offers him his notebook: in it diagrams and anatomical notes.

Hoffstetler hands him the Blueprints.

MIHALKOV
What is this, Dimitri? Sit- Sit-

HOFFSTETLER
Anatomical notes- and- Layout of the laboratory where the asset is being studied. Everything we need for the extraction.
MIHALKOV
I will pass it on to the
directorate.

Mihalkov opens a bottle of vodka. Pours.

MIHALKOV (CONT’D)
Distilled four times- arrives by
diplomatic valise. Minsk. Isn’t
that your hometown?

HOFFSTETLER
We must do it as soon as possible-
(beat)
This creature, Mihalkov- I think it
may be able to communicate.

MIHALKOV
Communicate.

HOFFSTETLER
With us. I have reason to believe
it is intelligent. It- it responds
to language- to music...
(beat)
Will you please pass that up also?

MIHALKOV
I will.

A WAITER brings three plates of steaming lobster tails and a
filet mignon and a pot of butter. The Burly Russian eats.

MIHALKOV (CONT’D)
Now- eat, Dimitri. They call this
“Surf-”

BURLY RUSSIAN
“...and Turf”.

MIHALKOV
“Surf and Turf” A feast. They boil
the lobsters right here. They
squeak a little but they are so
soft and sweet.

KISSING MY BABY GOODBYE by Jon Erik Kellso starts.
Elisa checks her time card. Strickland—calmly smoking a cigarette—watches her. She sneaks an uncomfortable glance. He smiles. She moves away.

ELISA and ZELDA sort the towels, lab coats and dirty linens into thin, tall laundry carts. YOLANDA and 3 OTHERS do as much.

Elisa fills up itemized sheets—tears them up and puts them in the bags.

-Loading Dock where there is a LAUNDRY TRUCK.

They load the soiled sheets and towels.

Nearby—A couple of African American and Latin workers are smoking. A cafeteria worker (Duane) offers a drag—

DUANE
Hey, Zelda, want a smoke?

ZELDA
That shit’s not good for you, Duane.

DUANE
Feels good.

ZELDA
It does, doesn’t it?

She looks at Elisa.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
C’mon Elisa, just one.

Elisa shakes her head, looks at a VIDEO CAMERA above them.

DUANE
They can’t see us, they push that camera up at break time. With the broom—
Lou points at a dirty broom.

LOU
This here’s a blind spot.

DUANE
Hey, Elisa, how come you always taking all them boiled eggs at the cafeteria? Can’t nobody eat seven eggs a day.

ZELDA
Mind your own, Duane. Leave her alone.

DUANE
Girl can’t speak but she sure can eat.

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT
Elisa pushes her cart down the corridor.

INT. LAB - NIGHT
Elisa enters the lab with her cart and equipment. Closes behind her- hears a plaintive whimper- not unlike that of a whale.

Much to her surprise- The Amphibian Man is on a plinth. Chained to a large METAL PLATE ON THE FLOOR. Chains on his neck and arms, force him to kneel.

He looks at her. She looks around: Surgical instruments are ready. Lights are centered on the creature.

The creature howls in pain- gasping. Elisa drops her lunch bag-

—an egg rolls out—

She moves closer- tries to free him when—

CLACK! The DOOR begins to OPEN. She picks up her stuff and hides.

Strickland ENTERS. Removes his jacket. Pops a few sticks of gum in his mouth. Pulls out the cattle prod.

The creature howls for help. Strickland raises the cattleprod.
STRICKLAND
Miss me? I took a candy break.
This? Is it this that scares you?
You should be used to it by now...

He shocks the creature.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
There you are again. Making that
god-awful sound. Is that you
crying? Is that what it is? You
hurting? Huh? Or maybe you’re
angry? Yeah. Maybe you’d like to
get another bite at me.

Elisa watches him go over to the plinth, staring down the creature.

The creature’s fins “fluff up” and change colors. It hisses.

Strickland sucks his candy and cattleprods it—makes it go wild.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
I can’t tell—Are you begging?
’Cause to me it’s just the worst fucking noise I’ve ever heard.

Elisa’s horrified to realize she left one of the BOILED EGGS out. It’s inches from Strickland’s foot. He kicks it. It rolls.

Strickland picks up the egg. Looks around.

Elisa hides, she can barely breathe.

CUT TO:

60
INT. CORRIDOR “B” — SAME

ZELDA pushes her cart down the corridor. Sees Elisa’s abandoned.

Looks around.

ZELDA
Elisa?

HOFFSTETLER goes by in a Golf cart. By his side: a FIVE STAR GENERAL, Fleming and a group of MP’s and technicians await by T-4.

CUT TO:
Strickland walks towards the bank of medical monitors.

Elisa tenses.

The door opens. Hoffstetler et al, enter.

STRICKLAND
General Hoyt! Welcome, Sir!
Everything’s ready. Good to have you here, Sir!

Technicians pour in. Elisa hides.

GENERAL HOYT
Good God. Is that it?
(matter of fact)
Much bigger than I pictured.

STRICKLAND
Ain’t that something? Ugly as sin.
The natives in the Amazon worshipped it-

GENERAL HOYT
Well- It sure doesn’t look like much of a God right now, does it?

Strickland takes a pill or two. Hoffstetler Examines the creature: BLOOD in his hands.

STRICKLAND
They were primitives, sir. Tossed offerings into the water; flowers, fruits, crap like that... Tried to stop the oil drill with bows and arrows. That didn’t end too well.

HOFFSTETLER
What happened? He’s bleeding. You cannot keep doing this-

STRICKLAND
It’s an animal, Hoffstetler. Just keeping it tame.

Elisa watches from her hiding place.

GENERAL HOYT
(flips through folder)
“Oxygen osmosis- dioxide exchange.”
What are we lookin’ at here, Son?
HOFFSTETLER
This creature, Sir- I’ve never seen anything like like it. Ever. It can alternate between two entirely separate breathing mechanisms...

STRICKLAND
Mudskipper can do that.

HOFFSTETLER
You want to put a man in space for days, weeks even, he’s going to have to endure conditions the human body just wasn’t made for. But this- This means long-term survivability in space. This gives us an edge against the Soviets.

GENERAL HOYT
How long can it breathe outside the water?

STRICKLAND shows him a CHRONOMETER. Ticking.

STRICKLAND
Really- Thirty minute intervals. It’s been out now, about... twenty eight- so we should start to see the effects.

They wait. The creature suffers.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
Reality, is, Sir- We don’t know jackshit about this thing-

GENERAL HOYT
Soviets want it- We know that much. Those cockeyed bastards- They send a dog up into space- We get a laugh. But next thing we know- they send a human up -- a Russie, orbiting our planet, doing God knows what? And then who’s laughing? Krushchev. That’s who- We let him put a dog in space, he laughs, puts a commie in space, he laughs, puts missiles in Cuba. Have we learned nothing?

STRICKLAND
Give’em a dog, they take Cuba.
HOFFSTETLER
This creature, Sir- I've never seen anything like like it. Ever. It can alternate between two entirely separate breathing mechanisms...

STRICKLAND
Mudskipper can do that.

HOFFSTETLER
You want to put a man in space for days, weeks even, he's going to have to endure conditions the human body just wasn't made for. But this- This means long-term survivability in space. This gives us an edge against the Soviets.

GENERAL HOYT
How long can it breathe outside the water?

STRICKLAND shows him a CHRONOMETER. Ticking.

STRICKLAND
Really- Thirty minute intervals. It's been out now, about... twenty-eight- so we should start to see the effects.

They wait. The creature suffers.

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)
Reality, is, Sir- We don't know jackshit about this thing-

GENERAL HOYT
Soviets want it- We know that much. Those cockeyed bastards- They send a dog up into space- We get a laugh. But next thing we know- they send a human up -- a Ruskie, orbiting our planet, doing God knows what? And then who's laughing? Krushchev. That's who- We let him put a dog in space, he laughs, puts a commie in space, he laughs, puts missiles in Cuba. Have we learned nothing?

STRICKLAND
Give'm a dog, they take Cuba.

They laugh. The creature spasms in pain.

HOFFSTETLER
Sir. I would advise-

They watch as the creature struggles to breathe.

HOFFSTETLER (CONT’D)
We need to get him back in the water--

STRICKLAND
Let us go over the mark for once, See where it takes us.

The creature starts convulsing. Elisa steps out from behind the monitors, ready to act. Hoffstetler sees her. His eyes stop her.

Strickland waits: looks at the chronometer.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
Scientists- they are like artists: They fall in love with their playthings.

He looks right at the creature, who’s gasping, in agony. The second hand on the chronometer crosses the minute mark.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
Now- Over here, Sir- right here- you see? (mirror signals his ribcage) The creature has a thick jointed cartilage separating the primary and secondary lungs- Am I explaining this correctly, Bob?

HOFFSTETLER
Yes- but we’ve been able to get-

STRICKLAND
It makes the X-rays inconclusive...

HOFFSTETLER
In principle, yes but, See? This-
STRICKLAND
Sir- If we want to get the edge on the Soviets- and I know we can- we have to vivisect this thing. Take it apart. Learn how it works.

HOFFSTETLER
No- no- That would defeat the purpose-

The creature faints and releases a large pool of urine on the slab.

Elisa, watching, is in agony, barely able to restrain herself.

HOFFSTETLER (CONT’D)
Sir? He’s passed out- Please.

General Hoyt glances at Strickland, who checks the stopwatch and shrugs.

Relieved, Hoffstetler gives the signal, and the techs rush around the creature. He uses his keys to free it from the collar and manacles.

HOFFSTETLER (CONT’D)
Put him in the tank- The tank. Let him pressurize.
(beat)
General Hoyt, Sir: You cannot- under any circumstance- kill this creature. You cannot-

GENERAL HOYT
Count these with me, Son- there’s five of them: That means I can do whatever the hell I want. You wanna plead your case? I’ll listen
(beat)
But, end of the day, it is my damn decision.

The three of them leave.

Elisa steps out. Follows them.

INT. CORRIDOR “B” (GREEN SCREEN)

ZELDA
What were you doing in there?? What were you doing in there??
Zelda is frantic. Grabs Elisa by the arm. Pulls her away.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME

ZELDA
Are you crazy? Are you out of your
damn mind?
(beat)
I will not lose my job. God knows
the last time Brewster brought home
a dollar...

Elisa looks around with utter impotence. She signs.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
If your involved- I’ll get blamed!
I’ll get sacked!! Yes- i will be!!

Elisa signs.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
Just to be on the safe side. I’m
black! They don’t need any other
reason-

Elisa walks away- grabs a bucket and a pail.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
So listen to me: I am not covering
for you, you hear! You shouldn’t be
in there when you shouldn’t be in
there- And that is that.

INT. COMMAND CENTER / STRICKLAND’S OFFICE - SAME

Elisa enters the command center- grabs a trash bin and
watches-
-as GENERAL arguing with Strickland and Hoffstetler.

Elisa climbs the steps. Watches-
-reads their lips-

As they move around, the subtitles pop in and out.

STRICKLAND: Untamed- dangerous-

STRICKLAND
(complete line)
That thing is untamed- Dangerous-
HOFFSTETLER: No. We cannot kill it- We cannot-

STRICKLAND: Russian infiltration-

STRICKLAND (CONT’D) (complete line)
Every day we keep it here, we risk Russian infiltration. We should get it over with.

HOFFSTETLER: No- we must- please-

HOFFSTETLER
No- we must wait- please.

The General thinks, facing the window and then turns and delivers his answer. A beat.

Hoffstetler is upset.

Elisa pretends to pick up trash. Looks up: The General and Strickland go by.

GENERAL HOYT
Crack the damn thing open. Learn what you can and close shop here. Give yourself a good pat in the back, Strickland. You’ve done it.

STRICKLAND
Thank you, Sir.

She looks up: Hoffstetler stands alone in the glass office.

64A

INT. WATER CYLINDER, CREATURE

The creature floats gently. Blood flows from his side

GILES
(prelap)
Get him out???

DISSOLVE TO:

65-67 OMMITTED

67A OMMITTED

67B OMMITTED
HOFFSTETLER: No. We cannot kill it— We cannot—

STRICKLAND: Russian infiltration—

STRICKLAND (CONT’D) Every day we keep it here, we risk Russian infiltration. We should get it over with.

HOFFSTETLER: No— we must— please—

HOFFSTETLER No— we must wait— please.

The General thinks, facing the window and then turns and delivers his answer. A beat.

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GENERAL HOYT Crack the damn thing open. Learn what you can and close shop here. Give yourself a good pat in the back, Strickland. You’ve done it.

STRICKLAND Thank you, Sir.

She looks up: Hoffstetler stands alone in the glass office.

INT. WATER CYLINDER, CREATURE64A 64A The creature floats gently. Blood flows from his side

GILES (prelap) Get him out???

DISSOLVE TO:

OMITTED65-67 65-67

OMITTED67A 67A

OMITTED67B 67B

OMITTED67C 67C

OMITTED67D 67D

OMITTED67E 67E

46

INT. GILES’ APARTMENT – DAWN 68

GILES
What are you talking about? No— No— Absolutely not. (she signs) Because it is breaking the law! That’s why.

Giles is getting dressed— in his best suit. He grooms himself incessantly, checks his elbows for wear. Readjusts the hair.

GILES (CONT’D) We’re probably breaking the law right now, just— talking about it.

He walks away. She runs in front of him. Stops him: Signs. Giles translates.

GILES (CONT’D) Alone? What if he’s alone? What about it? We’re all alone! If I— If I took you to a Chinese restaurant— would you save every crab? (beat) “It’s the loneliest thing you’ve ever seen....” Well there you go— you just said it. It’s a thing— A freak—

She signs.

GILES (CONT’D) I understand what you’re—

Giles translates.

GILES (CONT’D) OK, OK, calm down— I’ll repeat it— to you. (repeating out loud) “And what am I? I move my mouth— like him— and I make no sound— like him. What does that make me?” (MORE)
“All that I am, all that I’ve been—brought me here—to him.”

“Him??” What are you talking about? That thing? It’s a “him” now?

She pushes him and re-signs, violently: “HIM”

“Hey! Watch it!”

“The way he looks at me. He doesn’t know what I lack... Or how I am incomplete. He just sees me for what I am. As I am. And he is happy to see me, every time. Every day.”

“And now I can either save him now or let him die. Never see his eyes, see me again. I will not let that go...”

He holds her hands.

“I am leaving—stop talking. This is important for me, Elisa—Maybe a second chance for me— I have to go—

He picks up the illustration.

And when I come back I—We will not talk about this. Again. There’s nothing we can do. What are we, Elisa? You and I? Nothing. What can we do? Nothing.

And- I am sorry. But it is not even human.

She trembles in rage as she signs. Subtitled: “If we don’t do something... Neither are we.”
GILES
Hey- I was waiting-

BERNIE
I know, I’m sorry-

GILES
We’re going in?

BERNIE
Not right this second- you’re early.

GILES
No. It’s Monday. You said Monday-

BERNIE
I know- I know I said that- You should’ve just mailed the art.

GILES
Why? I wanted to show it to you. To the team- In person. It’s some of my best work-

BERNIE
This is not a good time. Maybe later.

Giles figures it out.

GILES
Sure. No problem. What time is good for you, Bernie?

Bernie removes his eyeglasses. Saddened.

CUT TO:

INT. DIXIE DOUG’S PIES - DAY
Giles drinks milk on the counter. By his side: his art.

PIE GUY
You painted that?

He comes to Giles table, carrying a slice of pie. Giles nods.

PIE GUY (CONT’D)
Wowee- You’re good.
GILES
Not as good as a photograph, apparently. But it is good, isn’t it?

PIE GUY
Pfft- I couldn’t paint that. Here: on me.

Serves him the pie.

GILES
For me?

PIE GUY
It’s not key lime- but it’s good.

GILES
Thank You.

PIE GUY
Don’t mention it. We don’t get many like you in here. You seem very educated. I like talking to you.

GILES
Oh, well- The thing is... That’s the thing, I really come here mostly- For the-

PIE GUY
The conversation... And the pie is mighty fine, ain’t it?

GILES
OH, mmmh- I work alone and my best friend is not much of a... conversationalist.

An African-American couple with their kid, enters.

PIE GUY
See? That’s part of the job here. Like being a bartender. You serve people pie, listen to their problems. Get to know them.

Quickly, before he loses his nerve, Giles reaches out and sets his hand on top of one of Pie Guy’s hands.

GILES
I would like- to know you. Better.
Pie Guy, beginning to get a glimmer of what’s going on, slowly pulls his hand away.

**PIE GUY**
What are you doing, Old man?

Giles realizing his mistake, freezes.

**GILES**
I—er— you—bought me pie.

**PIE GUY**
I bought pie—For everyone. ’cause I got engaged last night. To that young lady over there.

Points at a YOUNG WAITRESS.

**GILES**
I see...

The Pie Guy addresses the African-American family.

**PIE GUY**
Hey, no—Not the counter—Just take out. You can’t sit there. You want something, you order, you take it out.

**MOTHER**
But it’s empty... The counter is—

**PIE GUY**
All reserved. All day. You don’t sit down.

The family leaves.

**PIE GUY (CONT’D)**
“Y’all come back, Y’hear?”

**GILES**
You don’t have to talk to them like that.

**PIE GUY**
You should leave too. And don’t come back. This is a family restaurant.

Giles spits the pie. Starts leaving.

**PIE GUY (CONT’D)**
Hey—You left this—
Picks up Giles painting

GILES
No. Keep it. It’s perfect for you.
(beat)
I- I never understood why they are so damn happy anyway. So happy about a- slab of animal... protein- in- in that shade of green- that should come with a warning label..
(beat)
But I guess they smile because that is their future- Your future. Just like your pies- These horrible pies. Turning around in their nice, shiny glass towers- But tasting like ashes in my mouth. Have you ever seen a real key lime pie? It’s not green. It’s actually beautiful. Who makes these pies?!
Who makes them?? What are they- really? Shit. Bright, fake-colored shit. Made by no one. Eaten by no one... You don’t even know where they come from... Do you? You don’t even know that...

He leaves

PIE GUY
They come from Albany, Faggot.

CUT TO:

INT. ELISA’S APARTMENT - DAY
Elisa scrubs her bathtub clean.
A knock on the door.
She opens: it’s Giles.

GILES
I have... no one else- you are the only person that I can talk to...

Elisa is moved. Signs “Me, too...”

GILES (CONT’D)
Whatever this thing is... You need it... So- Just tell me what to do.
They embrace.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAND PILES - DAWN

Hoffstetler waits. Smoking.
The car arrives.

INT. BLACK SEA RUSSIAN RESTAURANT - SAME

The main room of the restaurant now. Empty.

MIHALKOV
Moscow will not support your plan.
Too risky. Too soon.

HOFFSTETLER
What--

MIHALKOV
There is not enough time.

HOFFSTETLER
But I have told you, they will kill it-- And it is sentient. I am sure of that now. Did you tell them that?

MIHALKOV
I did.

HOFFSTETLER
And?

MIHALKOV
No.

MIHALKOV pulls out a small black steel case and places a SMALL, CLOCKWORK DRIVEN DEVICE- a “Popper” (we will see it in action soon).

MIHALKOV (CONT’D)
We have only two choices, Dimitri, One: You must delay the procedure, a week, minimum...
HOFFSTETLER
That is not possible.

MIHALKOV
I understand. Which brings us up to option two.

Takes the “Popper.”

MIHALKOV (CONT’D)
Israeli “Popper”- you set it next to a fuse box- it will buy you five to ten minutes in the dark: no cameras- no containment doors- Then-

Opens the small case. Inside: two syringes full of silvery liquid.

MIHALKOV (CONT’D)
You inject it with this-

HOFFSTETLER
Inject it?

MIHALKOV
Kill it. Destroy it- Are you all right?

HOFFSTETLER
I came to this country- to learn what I could- as a patriot, yes- but also as a scientist. This creature- It should not be killed. Not by them. Not by us.
(beat)
There is still so much we can learn-

He pushes the syringe box towards Mihalkov.

MIHALKOV
We don’t need to learn. We need Americans not to learn. They don’t learn, we win.

Mihalkov pushes the syringe box back.
HOFFSTETLER
That is not possible.

MIHALKOV
I understand. Which brings us up to option two.

Takes the "Popper."

MIHALKOV (CONT’D)
Israeli "Popper"—you set it next to a fuse box—it will buy you five to ten minutes in the dark: no cameras—no containment doors. Then—

Opens the small case. Inside: two syringes full of silvery liquid.

MIHALKOV (CONT’D)
You inject it with this—

HOFFSTETLER
Inject it?

MIHALKOV
Kill it. Destroy it—are you all right?

HOFFSTETLER
I came to this country—to learn what I could—as a patriot, yes—but also as a scientist. This creature—it should not be killed. Not by them. Not by us.

(beat)

There is still so much we can learn—

He pushes the syringe box towards Mihalkov.

MIHALKOV
We don't need to learn. We need Americans not to learn. They don't learn, we win.

Mihalkov pushes the syringe box back.

OMITTED77
INT. CADILLAC DEALERSHIP - DUSK


DEALER
Cadillac DeVille. Best car ever made. V8, 390 CID, clean, crisp like a fresh dollar bill. Climb right in—

STRICKLAND
I am just idling around.

The Dealer (blue suit, blue tie) opens the door using a blue handkerchief.

DEALER
AM/FM stereo sound, Air conditioner, power windows, power breaks, power steering, power seats...

(beat)
All deluxe interior appointment choices. 143 options. The Taj-Mahal on wheels.

STRICKLAND
I’m not sure about the green.

DEALER
Oh, no. Not green, my friend.

(beat)
Teal.

STRICKLAND
Well, Teal looks green to me.

DEALER
But it isn’t, see? It’s a limited edition. Twelve coats of paint. Polished by hand. All authentic chrome detailing. Four out of five successful men in America drive a Cadillac.

STRICKLAND
That a fact?

DEALER
This here is the future. And you strike me as a man who is heading there.
STRICKLAND
Where?

DEALER
Why- The Future. You are the man of the future.
(beat)
You belong in this car.

Strickland climbs in.

CHICA CHICA BOOM starts in the soundtrack.

CUT TO:

78A MONTAGE
-STRICKLAND drives his brand new car. He smiles. Other Cars honk at him.
-Drivers give him the “thumbs up”
-He is in a dream.

78AB -ELISA AND ZELDA MOP THE CORRIDOR.

78B OMITTED

78C -STRICKLAND ENTERS THE COMPLEX. GOES BY THE GUARD SHACK.

78CaA -VIEW FROM CARGO AREA IN CINEMA. IN THE BACK ALLEY GILES CARVES A STENCIL TO LETTER THE SIDE OF THE VAN: LAUNDRY. BY HIS SIDE: THE LAUNDRY SHEET WITH THE LOGO.
He lays the paint.

78CA - STRICKLAND PARKS HIS CAR.

78CC OMITTED

78CD - GILES PULLS THE STENCIL AND ADMires HIS HANDIWORK.
78CE - STRICKLAND CLEANS A SMALL SPOT ON THE FIN.  
He crosses the parking lot, like a king-  
—and goes by the smoking employees.

78D - ELISA LOADS TOWELS INTO A LAUNDRY VAN.

OMITTED

78E OMITTED

INT. LAB - NIGHT 78F

Elisa empties a paper basket. In the B.G. Hoffstetler and other SCIENTISTS monitor the creature on the gurney.

Elisa approaches a small door in the far side of the lab-marked SERVICE CORRIDOR.

Hoffstetler watches her surreptitiously.

INT. NARROW CORRIDOR - NIGHT 79

-Elisa peeks at the narrow service corridor.

Walks through it. Emerges into-

INT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT 79AA

- the loading dock...

INT. LOADING DOCK - SAME 79A

ZELDA smokes her cigarette with the gang. She watches as Elisa enters the dock and looks at the VIDEO CAMERA.

INT. GILES APARTMENT - DAY 80

The music carries on. On TV, Carmen Miranda dances.

GILES

So I will drive down the loading dock- at exactly 05:00 am.

(beat)

(MORE)
GILES (CONT'D)
Shifts are changing, yes—So we have...

Elisa signs: “FIVE”

GILES (CONT'D)
...five minutes... Five A.M. Five, five. Give me your watch. You’ll move the camera... We’ll synchronize our watches. Just like the movies. (beat) I’m so proud of you. You’re not afraid. (Elisa signs) Oh, you are? Very? Don’t tell me that! I’m terrified!

Giles finishes reproducing Elisa’s ID card, using his skills as a draftsman. He holds up the finished ID.

GILES (CONT’D)
I think it’s some of my best work.

Then he glues his own picture and fills the name-

GILES (CONT’D)
Michael Parker. A good, trustworthy name. Bit butch...

Loads it in a typewriter: fills in date of birth, etc.

GILES (CONT’D)
Age? I thought—fifty one?

Elisa looks at him.

GILES (CONT’D)
Fifty four?

Silence. Uses Ink to turn the “1” into a “7”.

GILES (CONT’D)
Oh, you know? There is no need to be rude: Fifty seven— I put the hair on, I can pull it off. now—

He models two sweaters.

GILES (CONT’D)
This one or this one? I think this one says “Working Man” and Move Thor!

(MORE)
GILES (CONT’D)
This one- with butterscotch `tie-
says “casual but with stylish”. I
agree. Then we’re ready.

CUT TO:

INT. STRICKLAND’S OFFICE - NIGHT
Music ends. Strickland stands in front of his wall of
monitors- checking every detail.
He eats little candy. Spots Elisa cleaning in a corridor.

Eats candy. Drops a glass of water- on purpose. Presses an
intercom

STRICKLAND
Sally- could you send Mrs. Esposito
up to clean a spill?

INT. STRICKLAND’S OFFICE - NIGHT
Elisa cleans. Strickland eats candy.

STRICKLAND
You know...? I can’t figure it out
myself- you’re not much to look at,
but- go figure- I keep thinking
about you.
(beat)
And I’ve seen you, looking at me.
You’ve been- looking at me?

He peruses his bag of candy. Offers her some.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
When you say you’re mute... Are you
entirely silent? Or do you squawk a
little? Some mutes squawk. Not
pretty, but-

She gathers her implements and gets ready to leave. He
catches her. He touches the scars on her neck.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
You should know this: I don’t mind
the scars. Don’t mind that you
can’t speak, either.

Uses his fingernail to scrape a small piece of candy from his
gum.
STRICKLAND (CONT'D)
(beat)
When you come right down to it- I
like it. A lot. Kind of gets me
going...
(beat)
Thought you should know these
things.

She walks away.

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)
Hey!
(beat)
Bet I can make you squawk a little.

He walks away.

82-83 OMITTED

83A INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAME
Elisa (bucket in hand) enters the locker room- crosses Zelda
on the way out.

ZELDA
Hurry up, Honey- I want to be home
early.

Elisa looks at her watch: 4:50
She steels herself and marches out.

84 INT. MEN’S BATHROOM STALL - SAME
Hoffstetler opens the metal case with the syringe. Readies
it. Puts it back in and into his pocket.

Thinks.

85 OMITTED

86 INT. LOADING DOCK - SAME
Elisa uses the broom to push the camera slowly.

87 OMITTED
Hoffstetler marches towards Strickland’s office.

Strickland is reading a book by Norman Vincent Peale.

Strickland
Knock first.

Hoffstetler
What?

Strickland
Knock before entering my office.

Hoffstetler
This is urgent-

Strickland
Go back out. Knock. Then I’ll let you in and we’ll talk. That’s the protocol. Follow the protocol.

In spite of himself, Hoffstetler obeys. Knocks.

Strickland (CONT’D)
Come in.

Hoffstetler enters. He is about to talk when-

Strickland (CONT’D)
Will you get the door for me?

Hoffstetler closes the door.

Strickland (CONT’D)
See? That is the way. Now– Now we can talk.

Hoffstetler
I need more time.

Strickland
No.

Hoffstetler
We shouldn’t kill this creature...
STRICKLAND
Look— Don't let the fact that you feel like a loser now, that your competitive tendencies have been engaged—

HOFFSTETLER
I'm not competitive! I don't want an intricate, beautiful thing destroyed.

STRICKLAND
Don't let that cloud your judgement—

HOFFSTETLER
You're like a child with a transistor radio, you think if you smash it open you can look at the inside, see how it works. But you can't. It's smashed. It doesn't work. You kill the music.

STRICKLAND

HOFFSTETLER
This creature— and I am certain of this— Is intelligent. Capable of language, of understanding— emotions.

Long beat. Minuscule shrug and then:

STRICKLAND
So are the Soviets, the Gooks— and we still kill them, don't we? Bottom line is, this is not a petting zoo— And I don't want to be in this shithole any longer than I need. Do you?

Hoffstetler sees the camera MOVE on the loading docks. Strickland remains unaware.

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)
Do you?

HOFFSTETLER
No, Sir, I don't.
A-ha- So I made it so we both win. You can thank me later.

SING, SING, SING by Benny Goodman starts

Hoffstetler sees the broom and the camera. He gets it. He hurries-

Elisa packs a laundry cart with wet towels.

End of shift. Throngs of WORKERS heading out. Everybody else is punching in. Zelda looks around.

YOLANDA
Hey- what are you waiting for?

ZELDA
Have you seen Elisa?

Yolanda rolls her eyes. The elevator starts beeping. Zelda signals her to "go."

She looks at the "OUT" cards— Elisa’s still in.

She punches it and—

heads back into the complex.
Elisa— with the laundry cart— approaches the holding pool. Quietly. The Amphibian Man is half in, half out.

When it sees her, it retreats. Scared.

She removes her shoes— enters the water.

The Amphibian Man raises its head above water, looking at Elisa with huge, pained eyes. He hates mankind, but not her.

He approaches her.

Hoffstetler quietly enters the room.

Hoffstetler
Did you move the camera? On the loading dock?

Elisa turns and spots him: Caught! She freezes. He holds up a hand—

Hoffstetler (CONT’D)
Is that where you are taking him? Through the service tunnels?
(beat)
That’s very smart—

Stunned, she nods. He hands her the keys to the manacles and iron collar.

Hoffstetler (CONT’D)
Who do you work for?
(beat)
Please tell me you’re not doing this alone.

Elisa shakes her head: “No.” He pulls out a set of skeleton keys and drops them.

Hoffstetler (CONT’D)
Good. Listen to me— there are certain things you need to know...
INT. LAB - SAME

Hoffstetler helps Elisa get the creature in the cart.

HOFFSTETLER
Water must be kept at seventy-five to eighty-five percent salinity.

Hands her a bottle of pills and a few scientific measuring trinkets.

HOFFSTETLER (CONT'D)
His water must be kept at seventy-five to eighty-five percent salinity. Mix one of these in every three days—Raw protein diet is a must.
(Beat)
In five minutes—I'll meet you at the loading dock—The lights will go out, so be prepared...

She opens a side door and enters—

INT. NARROW CORRIDOR - SAME

The narrow service corridor. She pushes the cart. Fast.

POV: Her watch: 4:57 AM

INT. CORRIDOR "B"

Hoffstetler exits the lab—cautiously. Then runs down the length of the corridor.

INT. STRICKLAND'S OFFICE - SAME

Strickland turns to the monitors and sees Hoffstetler running down the corridor. He frowns but gets distracted by—

FLEMING
Sir, you need to sign this week’s release forms...

Offers him a pen.
Hoffstetler pulls out the “popper” and sets it for THREE MINUTES. He attaches it magnetically to the MAIN FUSE BOX. He-STARTS IT. tic-tac-tic-tac-

Giles pulls up in the van. The Guard (eating soup) steps out.

GUARD
This is a restricted entrance, sir.

GILES
Laundry pick-up.

GUARD
Turn on the light-

Giles obeyes, turns on the interior light in the van.

GUARD (CONT’D)
You don’t look like laundry.

GILES
Thank You.

GUARD
Have your pass?

Giles produces his forged ID.

Hoffstetler moves. Syringe ready in his hand.

The “popper” counts down...

Strickland reviews the monitors. Sees the van next to the Security Booth. Concerned.

STRICKLAND
Who’s that? What’s that van?
Gives him back the pen.

**FLEMING**
Gosh- I don’t know, Sir- A laundry truck?

Strickland grabs the phone. Dials

---

104
OMITTED

105
**EXT./INT. RAMP SECURITY BOOTH, LOADING DOCKS - SAME**

**GUARD**
Michael Parker. Is that you?

**GILES**
I am indeed. Michael Parker. Fifty seven just as it says right there.

He discreetly coiffes his hair.

The phone rings.

As the Guard examines the pass- The age number looks odd. He smudges it: 57 reveals 51.

**GUARD**
Step out of the vehicle, sir.

**GILES**
Oh, dear- I am not good at this-

The Guard pulls out his gun.

**GUARD**
Out of the vehicle. Now.

**GILES**
Would you have believed fifty-three?

**GUARD**
I will not say it again- Out. Now.

---

105A
**INT. STRICKLAND’S OFFICE - SAME**

Strickland hangs up- grabs his cattle prod- exits-

106-108
OMITTED
Strickland Signals to 2 MP’s. Fleming trails.

Strickland
Follow me.

Elisa emerges from the lab, pushing the laundry basket into the loading dock.

Zelda (O.S.)
Elisa!

She freezes, turning to see Zelda in the corridor.

Zelda (CONT’D)
Are you out of your mind?!!

The “popper” counting down.

The Guard cocks his gun.

Guard
Get out. Now!

Giles struggles with the belt.

Giles
I swear I’m not doing this on purpose. Actually, mechanical objects and I-

Suddenly (while Giles is turned around), Hoffstetler pops out from behind and plunges the syringe into the Guard’s neck. He falls down and out of sight.

Hoffstetler
Go! Now!

Giles
Who the--??

Hoffstetler
She’s waiting for you at the dock! Go! Now!
The van enters the complex. Hoffstetler pulls the Guard into the shack.

111A INT. CORRIDOR “B” - SAME
Strickland overtakes the corridor and enters-

111B INT. THE LAB - SAME
Strickland stands there. The creature is gone.
He sees the SKELETON KEYS on the floor.

   STRICKLAND,
   (to Fleming)
   The laundry Van-

111C OMITTED

111D INT. NARROW UTILITY HALLWAY - SAME
3... 2... 1... POP!!! It CLICKS open and emits a strong discharge. Melts the fuse box with a spark.

111E OMITTED

111F INT. CORRIDOR
Emergency lighting in the corridor. Strickland leads Fleming and the MP’s out of the lab and run down the corridor.

112 INT. LOADING DOCK - SAME
Van pulls up.
They push the cart- together- towards the rear doors. Zelda opens the door, Giles comes out.
Zelda and Elisa remove towels from the cart. Hoffstetler assists.

   GILES
   Elisa. Wha- who is this man? He had a needle and...

Elisa signs.
GILES (CONT’D)
He’s with us?

INT. VAN CABIN

Looks at Elisa: The Amphibian Man is uncovered.

GILES
Oh, God— He is so beautiful!

Zelda moves the laundry hamper out of the way. Elisa and the Amphibian Man go into the van as Giles gets in the driver’s seat.

GILES (2) (CONT’D)
Are we ready? Are we ready?

Hoffstetler closes the rear doors as the van pulls away. He and Zelda move off.

INT. LOADING DOCK - SAME

The Van smashes against the Teal Cadillac.

BAMMM!! It locks on the bumper.

INT. LOADING DOCK

The Van is stuck on the bumper. It further smashes the Cadillac.

GILES
Did I do that? Are you okay?

Finally, It rips it off.
- the bumper tumbles away.

Strickland and the MP’s rush into the docks. Strickland shoots after the van. He stops.

The lights come back on as the van speeds away-

FLEMING
Guns down. We need to re-assess.
Let him work. Let him do his thing.
Strickland looks at his smashed Cadillac.

STRICKLAND

Teal...

118 OMITTED 118
119 OMITTED 119
120 EXT. BALTIMORE HIGHWAY - SAME 120
The van swerves through early morning traffic. Heads for a bridge- and traffic.
121 OMITTED 121
122 OMITTED 122
123 OMITTED 123
123A EXT. BALTIMORE BRIDGE - SAME 123A
The Van swerves between cars.
123B-126 OMITTED 123B-126
127 INT. ELISA'S BATHROOM - SAME 127
The shower curtains slides.
Giles helps lower the creature into the waiting, drawn bath.
It won’t move. Elisa puts algae into the water. The creature gasps. She signs “salt” and runs out.

GILES
Salt? What are you talking about...
Salt?

128 INT. KITCHEN, ELISA’S APARTMENT 128

GILES
Elisa!
She collects the salt shaker from the dinner table—frantically she looks through the kitchen cabinets—finds a box of salt and she runs back. Unscrewing the shaker’s cap.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

She pours the salt, mixes it into the water. No movement and then—

A gasp!! The creature’s gills open!! It breathes easier. Stirs. It looks at Elisa.

Elisa smiles up at Giles. Sits by the side of the Amphibian Man.

Giles slumps down, exhausted. She continues pouring salt on the floor. He points to it. They both laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. NARROW UTILITY HALLWAY - SAME

Strickland examines the fuse box. Fleming produces the “Popper.” Strickland looks at it. Smells it: Burnt.

STRICKLAND
Israeli “Popper.” Smell the ozone. The Russians hate the Jews, but can’t get enough of their gadgets—

(off Fleming)

How did they get in?!

FLEMING
We have vehicle track marks, sir. We are analyzing the treads—surveillance footage and so on and so forth.

STRICKLAND
No one needs to know—We have twenty-four hours before I bounce it up—

FLEMING
I called it in.

STRICKLAND
You called it in?

FLEMING
The moment it happened, I—
Strickland’s secretary, SALLY, rushing toward them.

SALLY (O.S.)
Mr. Strickland, Sir?

STRICKLAND
One second, Sally. You called it in...

FLEMING
YES, SIR- I did.

STRICKLAND
What is it, Sally?

SALLY
General Hoyt is on the phone.

Strickland’s expression sours.

INT. STRICKLAND’S OFFICE

Strickland stands in front of the bank of monitors as the general looks at him. Hoyt raises a single finger.

GENERAL HOYT
That thing was our Space dog, Strickland. You know that-

STRICKLAND
Sir, I’m getting it back-- I can’t be- I don’t want to be in a negative frame of mind, Sir.

GENERAL HOYT
So you’re feeling good?

Strickland picks at his soiled bandages. Blood drips.

STRICKLAND
Absolutely, Sir- Cuh- Confident.

GENERAL HOYT
You don’t sound confident.

STRICKLAND
But I am, Sir. Feeling strong. Getting it back.
GENERAL HOYT
You can get it done. You’re gonna get it done. For me, Son. For me.

CUT TO:

132 OMITTED

132A EXT. CANALS - DUSK
Elisa walks by the canals with twin grocery bags.
Water trickles down the man-made structure-
A sign reads: NO SWIMMING. NO FISHING. CANAL OPENS TO SEA at 30ft MARK
A measuring grade on the containment walls reads: 15ft
Elisa looks at the water and then at CINEMA MARQUEE, Visible a couple of blocks away.

132B INT. ELISA’S APARTMENT - DAY
Tunes the radio:

WEATHER MAN 1
Storm system is moving in from the east and heavy downpours are expected... A week from now...

She flips through the calendar pages and circles a date in RED and writes: ONE WEEK. RAIN. DOCKS
Giles helps Elisa unpack the bags: SALT, SALT and more SALT.
He pulls out a postcard that reads: THANK YOU FOR BEING MY FRIEND.
The postcard gets neatly set on the edge of the bathtub.
Elisa prepares to sleep leaning against the tub, holding the creature’s hand.
Giles smiles, turns off the light and closes the door.

133-135 OMITTED
GENERAL HOYT
You can get it done. You're gonna get it done. For me, Son. For me.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANALS - DUSK

Elisa walks by the canals with twin grocery bags. Water trickles down the man-made structure - A sign reads: NO SWIMMING. NO FISHING. CANAL OPENS TO SEA at 30ft MARK 15ft A measuring grade on the containment walls reads: 15ft Elisa looks at the water and then at CINEMA MARQUEE, Visible a couple of blocks away.

INT. ELISA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tunes the radio:

WEATHER MAN 1
Storm system is moving in from the east and heavy downpours are expected... A week from now...

She flips through the calendar pages and circles a date in RED and writes: ONE WEEK. RAIN. DOCKS Giles helps Elisa unpack the bags: SALT, SALT and more SALT. He pulls out a postcard that reads: THANK YOU FOR BEING MY FRIEND. The postcard gets neatly set on the edge of the bathtub. Elisa prepares to sleep leaning against the tub, holding the creature's hand. Giles smiles, turns off the light and closes the door.

OMITTED

135A

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

ZELDA
That’s good, you keep that up.

Elisa signs, what?

ZELDA (CONT’D)
(sotto)
Looking like you don’t know anything. Lord help me if they ask me if I do. I am not a good liar--
(beat)
Except to Brewster. Takes a lot of lies to keep a marriage going...

ZELDA
That’s good, you keep that up.

Elisa signs, what?

ZELDA (CONT’D)
(sotto)
Looking like you don’t know anything. Lord help me if they ask me if I do. I am not a good liar--
(beat)
Except to Brewster. Takes a lot of lies to keep a marriage going...

136

INT. HERDING AREA - NIGHT

Elisa and Zelda check in.

MP’s watch everyone coming in and out.

Behind the central glass window Strickland argues, agitated with Fleming.

137

INT. COMMAND CENTER - SAME

FLEMING
If you’ll allow me, sir? In my opinion, we are looking at a highly-trained group, Sir.

Behind the glass, in the corridor: the employees punch in their cards. Amongst them: Zelda and Elisa.

FLEMING (CONT’D)
I’m thinking- Conceivably- Sir- Special Forces and so on and so forth.

STRICKLAND
Red Army Special forces?

FLEMING
Conceivably.

Fleming nods, solemn. Dabs his runny snot.

FLEMING (CONT’D)
A highly-trained, well-financed, elite group.
(MORE)
Infiltration took less than five minutes, Sir. Highly efficient. Fearless precision.

He looks out. Elisa meets his eyes. He smiles. She turns away.

STRICKLAND
It’s a theory. Run with it.

FLEMING
Yes, Sir. You won’t regret it.

CUT TO:

137A INT. GILES APARTMENT - NIGHT
Giles pushes away his commercial paintings and pulls out a large portfolio- Full of male nudes.
He takes a large sketch pad.

137AB INT. GILES APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER
Giles places a blank paper on his easel. He sketches the Amphibian Man.

137B INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT
Giles sits on a small chair by the tub. Sketching the Amphibian man.

GILES
You are not the anomaly, are you?
(beat)
We are. We are what happened to you—did we not?

He sketches the fish man’s eyes.

GILES (CONT’D)
Were you always alone? Did you ever have someone?
(beat)
Do you know what happened to you?
(beat)
‘Cause I don’t.
(beat)
I swear I don’t— I look in the mirror and all I recognize are my eyes— in the face of this old man.
Infiltration took less than five minutes, Sir. Highly efficient.

Fearless precision

He looks out. Elisa meets his eyes. He smiles. She turns away.

STRICKLAND
It's a theory. Run with it.

FLEMING
Yes, Sir. You won't regret it.

CUT TO:

INT. GILES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Giles pushes away his commercial paintings and pulls out a large portfolio—Full of male nudes.

He takes a large sketch pad.

INT. GILES APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Giles places a blank paper on his easel. He sketches the Amphibian Man.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Giles sits on a small chair by the tub. Sketching the Amphibian man.

GILES
You are not the anomaly, are you?

(beat)
We are. We are what happened to you—did we not?

He sketches the fish man's eyes.

GILES (CONT'D)
Were you always alone? Did you ever have someone?

(beat)
Do you know what happened to you?

(beat)
'Cause I don't.

(beat)
I swear I don't— I look in the mirror and all I recognize are my eyes— in the face of this old man.

FLEMING (CONT'D)
Points at himself.

GILES (CONT'D)
Seems like I was born both too early or too late for my life...

Sits by the creature’s side.

GILES (CONT'D)
Maybe we're both relics.

The Amphibian Man blinks.

138-148 OMITTED

INT. STRICKLAND’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Strickland stands outside his office—contemplating. Rolls up his sleeves.

Video images—rewinding. Strickland, watching, numb with boredom.

STRICKLAND
4:10, 4:20, 4:30

SALLY
Sir, General Hoyt is on the phone.

He signals her to go away.

STRICKLAND
I know Sally. I will call him back. 4:40.

Just then, he sees something on the tape -- Hoffstetler.

He freezes on Hoffstetler. He writes down the time: 4:40 am.

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)
4:50... 4:50 again.

Rewinds all tapes to that time.

The camera on the dock moves.

He toggles between two moments on the same camera: Sees that someone moved it. Clearly.
EXT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

LAUNDRY is being loaded.

Strickland notices a couple of WORKERS (including DUANE and LOU) smoking under the camera, goes over to them.

STRICKLAND

You-

They hurriedly stub out their cigarettes.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)

You smoke out here. Because the camera doesn’t catch it.

Worker one gives worker two a look.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)

Do you move it- the camera?

One of them reluctantly nods.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)

Do you always meet at the same time?

DUANE

End of lunch break.

Strickland thinks.

STRICKLAND

Hoffstetler. Doctor Hoffstetler- has he ever joined you?

Confused looks- “Who?”

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Amphibian Man awakens, looks around - rises from the tub, stepping gingerly out into the room.

INT. ELISA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Giles sleeps on a chair in the bathroom. Amphibian Man takes Giles’ toupée, tries to eat it. Tosses it on the floor. He looks at Giles head - signs “egg” with his hands.

OUT OF THE GATE by Jon Erik Kellso starts
Amphibian Man leaves the bathroom. On the kitchen table on a piece of newspaper sits three pair of Elisa’s shoes next to the Duck Brush and the shoe polish.

The green pair. Is it a frog? He grabs a green shoe and tries to eat it - Spits it out. He sees the Duck Brush - Slowly grabs for it and attempts eating it.

He pulls out the brush while chewing it. Spits it out.

Amphibian Man sniffs. He smells food somewhere in the kitchen. He turns and approaches the fridge.

Sliding his hand around the fridge, he opens the door, grabs a jar of mustard.

He licks around the jar - nothing. Drops the jar. He takes out a bottle of milk - licks around it turning it upside down as milk spills out onto the floor. He tries to suck up the last drops of milk, drops the bottle.

A leftover piece of green pie sits on the shelf. He takes out the pie, licks it, then throws it on the floor.

He opens the freezer, grabs an ICE CUBE TRAY.

He tries to lick the tray. His tongue sticks to the tray. He pulls. It won’t come off. He panics!! He grabs it with his other hand, pulls it off of his tongue.

Now it is stuck to both hands. He pulls it off his Right hand, then violently flicks it off of his Left hand.

150C INT. CORRIDOR - APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT 150C

Fish Man steps out into the hallway.

He sniffs more as he moves toward Giles’ door. He stops at the door, inhales deeply.

150D INT. GILES APARTMENT - NIGHT 150D

Amphibian Man enters timidly. He sees the drawings of himself, stares at them. He crouches down, looking at each painting.

He catches sight of the TV. MR ED is on. He goes over to it, mesmerized by the music. He watches intently.

He hears a HISS. He disengages and turns, sees LILLIE baring its fangs, hair standing on end.
The Amphibian Man responds in kind. And eats LILLIE.

SNOWFLAKE approaches the creature—hissing.

INT. ELISA’S APARTMENT — SAME

Giles awakes and he goes to his apartment. There—

INT. GILES APARTMENT — SAME

Amphibian Man is finishing eating SNOWFLAKE.
The creature’s paws and face are covered in blood.
Shocked—horrified, Giles tries to stop the creature.

GILES
No! No! No No!! Snowflake!

The Amphibian Man hisses— and lunges.

Giles recoils—scared. His toupee is displaced to the side.

It all seems fine, but then, blood starts trickling from a
depth cut in Giles’ arm.

GILES (CONT’D)
Oh dear—

He examines the cut: a long gash along his forearm. Blood
pours freely from it.

OMITTED

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Elisa and Zelda are ready to leave. Hoffstetler appears in
the shadows.

ZELDA
Holy Jesus! What are you doing
standing there in the shadows of
the women’s locker room??

HOFFSTETLER
They may be watching me— and there
are no cameras here—
The Amphibian Man responds in kind. And eats LILLIE.

SNOWFLAKE approaches the creature—hissing.

INT. ELISA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Giles awakes and he goes to his apartment. There—

INT. GILES APARTMENT - SAME

Amphibian Man is finishing eating SNOWFLAKE. The creature's paws and face are covered in blood. Shocked—horified, Giles tries to stop the creature.

GILES

No! No! No!! Snowflake!

The Amphibian Man hisses—and lunges.

Giles recoils—scared. His toupee is displaced to the side. It all seems fine, but then, blood starts trickling from a deep cut in Giles' arm.

GILES (CONT'D)

Oh dear—

He examines the cut: a long gash along his forearm. Blood pours freely from it.

OMITTED

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Elisa and Zelda are ready to leave. Hoffstetler appears in the shadows.

ZELDA

Holy Jesus! What are you doing standing there in the shadows of the women's locker room??

HOFFSTETLER

They may be watching me—and there are no cameras here—

ZELDA

For good reason—what if you caught us in an inconvenient moment?

HOFFSTETLER

I need to know that he is alright...

He hands them a container with Algae.

ZHLD

He is.

HOFFSTETLER

Good. When will you release him?

Elisa signs. A phone Rings in the distance.

ZELDA

Soon—When the rain fills the canal—that opens to the sea... But If you wanna see him—we keep him in—

HOFFSTETLER

No, no—I don’t want to know where you keep him—I just want to know that he’s well...

He slides a card. A noise. Footsteps. He moves away.

HOFFSTETLER (CONT’D)

If you need anything.

She takes the card. A phone Rings in the distance

HOFFSTETLER (CONT’D)


Elisa signs.

HOFFSTETLER (CONT’D)

What did she say?

ZELDA

She said: You’re a good man, Doctor Hoffstetler.

Hoffstetler smiles quietly. Moved.

HOFFSTETLER

My name is–Dimitri. Honored to meet you.

He leaves. Yolanda appears.
YOLANDA
Hey, Dummy! Phone call for you!

CUT TO:

OMITTED

163A OMMITTED 163A

164 INT. APARTMENTS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 164
Elisa runs the length of the corridor.

165 INT. ELISA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT 165
She finds Giles there, bleeding from the wound.

GILES
I’m fine. Don’t worry about me. I’m fine. I’m fine... He ate pandora but not the pie. He was hungry but not stupid. He’s a wild creature. We can’t expect him to be anything else.

Elisa’s eyes widen in horror- there’s a pool of blood under Giles’ feet.

GILES (CONT’D)
Go find him. He’s terrified. Go! Go find him.
(to cat)
You’re lucky.

166 OMMITTED 166

166A OMMITTED 166A

166B EXT. STREET - NIGHT 166B
She looks first one way, then another down the street. Behind her, she can hear the MOVIE from the CINEMA.

The Usher is deep asleep at the ticket office with an crossword in hand.
The theatre door is open.

INT. CINEMA - NIGHT

Elisa enters. It’s dark. THE STORY OF RUTH plays in the empty theatre.

On the screen: the IDOL of a Pagan God topples. Christian Slaves are crushed and screams!!

She looks out over the seats. No one. No patrons.

Save for one.

She goes down to where Amphibian Man cowers, hiding like a dog that’s been bad. Wheezing.

The Slave on the screen howls in pain. The creature covers his ears.

GILES’ VOICE
Later, Elisa would tell me that when she saw him there- standing alone, blood-stained but unburdened and unmarred, like nature- right then, she knew that he was the one man that would never lie to her- that would never pretend to be anything other than himself....

With great care, she reaches out, touches him. He looks up, stands down- grateful. Mercy.

He wheezes rapidly. He’s beginning to have trouble breathing. She takes his hand.

On the screen behind them: A moment of pious peace.

DIALOGUE
“Trouble your heart no more... Be strong through this time- for from the widow of your son will issue children, and children’s children...”

INT. ELISA’S APARTMENT - DAWN

Elisa readies some iodine and bandages.
GILES
I stayed awake as long as I could but, well I’m not a young man, you know. Is he alright? You sure?

Elisa leaves to go to her apartment. The creature plays with the cars.

GILES (CONT’D)
Where are you going? Elisa? Where are you going?
(to the Amphibian Man)

He approaches Giles—Mortified. The Amphibian Man practically crawls. It retracts its claws, takes Giles hand and places it on its own head, and then holds Giles’ head—tenderly.

GILES (CONT’D)
That’s very nice. Thank you.

The Amphibian Man takes his hand and places it over Giles’ open wounds on his arm.

GILES (CONT’D)
I- uh- thank you. Beautiful gesture but- ah- I don’t think that’s sanitary. Oh- ha- ha- Good boy.

It retreats and goes back towards the cars. Elisa returns with a basin of water.

GILES (CONT’D)
I think we need to clean this again. Interesting fella.

169 INT. BATHROOM - DAWN

She pours salt.

Elisa gets Fish Man settled back in the tub where he can breathe.

She touches his face. Gently.

Her hand lingers.

He “blushes,” changing colors.

Water drips down.
The creature stares at her.

She blushes.

She looks at the creature. She reaches out, touches its chest. He touches her. BEADS of water rush from his skin to hers.

WATER seems to inundate her and the entire room. ENGULFING IT ALL...

Flustered, she gets up.

Leaves.

The creature watches.

She closes the door. Leans on it. Thinks. Sighs.

On the soundtrack: LA JAVANAISE by Madeleine Peyroux.

169A  OMITTED

169B  INT. ELISA’S BEDROOM / BATHROOM - DAWN

Elisa is alone—ready to sleep on the sofa. It’s dark but she’s awake, wired. She has her night mask on her forehead. Winds up her clock.

She eyes the bathroom door.

She gets up, disrobes.

Elisa pulls the curtain back on the bathtub. Amphibian Man opens his eyes. She gets in, pulls the curtain shut.

His markings light up. She closes the curtain. They make love. Water splashes all around.

CUT TO:

169C  OMITTED

169D  INT. BUS - NIGHT

The Bus seems magical—bathed by multicolored lights.

Elisa leans against the cold glass and contemplates the beads of dew rolling on the window.
Camera gets closer and closer to one of them. We enter a macro view of it. The Water seems to cede and

169E OMITTED 169E

170 INT. LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT 170

Elisa pushing her cart- wearing the red shoes- Zelda catches up.

ZELDA
Why you smiling, hon?

Elisa tries to suppress her smile.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
Stop looking like that. What happened?


ZELDA (CONT’D)
Why?
(beat)
How??

Elisa makes a gesture- indicating the peculiar anatomy details.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
Does he? Have a-?
(beat)
Lord! Never trust a man. Pfft- Even if he looks flat down there...

Suddenly 3 MP’s are standing in front of them. With them:

FLEMING
Zelda, Elisa: Come with me.

CUT TO:

171 INT. STRICKLAND’S OFFICE - NIGHT 171

Yolanda and Duane are leaving. Zelda and Elisa enter.

Strickland is tired. He looks it. This is clearly routine. He rubs his eyes and almost yawns as he speaks-
Camera gets closer and closer to one of them. We enter a macro view of it. The Water seems to cede and

INT. LONG CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Elisa pushing her cart- wearing the red shoes- Zelda catches up.

ZELDA

Why you smiling, hon?

Elisa tries to suppress her smile.

ZELDA (CONT’D)

Stop looking like that. What happened?


ZELDA (CONT’D)

Why?

(beat)

How??

Elisa makes a gesture- indicating the peculiar anatomy details.

ZELDA (CONT’D)

Does he? Have a-?

(beat)

Lord! Never trust a man. Pfft- Even if he looks flat down there...

Suddenly 3 MP’s are standing in front of them. With them:

FLEMING

Zelda, Elisa: Come with me.

CUT TO:

INT. STRICKLAND’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Yolanda and Duane are leaving. Zelda and Elisa enter. Strickland is tired. He looks it. This is clearly routine. He rubs his eyes and almost yawns as he speaks-

STRICKLAND

If you know something about what transpired here last Wednesday night, if you saw anything out of the ordinary, it is your obligation to report it.

Under the desk, he removes his shoes- stretches his legs.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)

Any detail- no matter how small or trivial it seems... Zeldelilah

(beat)

Trivial means unimportant.

ZELDA

I didn’t see nothing out of the ordinary, no- Or trivial. My feet were hurting too much-

STRICKLAND (to Elisa)

What about you?

Elisa signs.

ZELDA

Neither did she.

STRICKLAND

(sotto)

Hoffstetler- Dr. Hoffstetler- did either of you see him coming in or out of the lab?

ZELDA

Well, he works there- doesn’t he?

STRICKLAND

I mean in a different way- doing something different-

Elisa signs.

ZELDA

(translates)

Something trivial? No, Sir- Mmhno-

STRICKLAND

I want you to think. People get loose, people pay the price.

He looks at Elisa who stares back at him. Her imperturbability mocks him.
STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
(to himself)
What am I doing?


STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
Interviewing the fucking help- the shit cleaners, the piss wipers- You two- Just go. Leave.

Elisa fumes quietly and then signs violently.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
What did she say? (straight at Elisa)
What did you say? What did she say?

She is clearly saying “Fuck you.”

ZELDA
I didn’t catch it. I wasn’t looking.

Elisa nudges Zelda and signs again- even angrier.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
She said “Thank you.”

Elisa looks at Zelda angrily- goes for the pen and paper. Zelda gets her up and out.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
Thank you, sir-

STRICKLAND
You know, Elisa? For a mute, you talk too much.

String Quartet No.1, Op.18 No.1 (Beethoven, Ludwig van) Adagio affetuoso pre-laps.

HOFFSTETLER
Comrades. Please, come in.

TIME CUT: Hoffstetler pours some hot tea.

171A
INT. HOFFSTETLER’S APARTMENT - DAY

A baquelite RADIO is playing the piece. Hoffstetler is ironing his pants’ crease with mathematical precision. Doorbell rings. Opens the door. BURLY RUSSIAN and MIHALKOV stand there.

HOFFSTETLER
Comrades. Please, come in.

TIME CUT: Hoffstetler pours some hot tea.
MIHALKOV
Your extraction papers... will be ready soon.

HOFFSTETLER
I am very grateful... Stupid as the American are- it won’t be long for them to find me.

MIHALKOV
Nothing to worry about.

They come in, discreetly examine everything, open drawers.

MIHALKOV (CONT’D)
But I have a question, then- A personal question. I am a little curious.

Hoffstetler spots the gun in Mihalkov’s waist.

HOFFSTETLER
Yes? Go ahead. Would you like some butter cake?

BURLY RUSSIAN
Yes. Please.

Hoffstetler goes to the kitchen slices a home baked cake. Discreetly pockets the knife.

MIHALKOV
The asset... when you injected it, how did it react?

Hoffstetler serves the cake.

HOFFSTETLER
How did it--

MIHALKOV
React. See? In humans the poison works instantaneously while for animals there is a delayed reaction. I was curious...

HOFFSTETLER
It was instant.

BURLY RUSSIAN
This is very good cake. You made it?

Hoffstetler nods.
BURLY RUSSIAN (CONT’D)

You are very good at this-

MIHALKOV
What did you do with the corpus?

Hoffstetler readies the knife.

HOFFSTETLER
I performed an autopsy.
Unenlightening. As Lenin said, there is no profit in last week's fish.

MIHALKOV
Lenin said that?

HOFFSTETLER
Um. Of course.

MIHALKOV gets up. Puts his hat on. Goes to the door.

MIHALKOV
Perhaps. Perhaps you're misremembering. Wait for our call. Shouldn’t be much longer.

Canned laughter pre-laps-

INT. STRICKLAND’S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The family watches Dobie Gillis.

ELAINE
That’s a gelatine parfait.
(beat)
Parfait- it’s a French word. Means “perfect” You like it?

TIMMY
Dad- Dad- can we watch Bonanza?

ELAINE
Bonanza is much too violent.
(back to Strickland)
It has little pieces of celery and walnut. Recipe’s right out of the box- real convenient. They say it’s the future of home cooking.

STRICKLAND
Bonanza is not violent. It’s real life. The way it was.
(MORE)
You are very good at this—

MIHALKOV

What did you do with the corpus?

HOFFSTETLER reads the knife.

HOFFSTETLER

I performed an autopsy.

Unenlightening. As Lenin said, there is no profit in last week's fish.

MIHALKOV

Lenin said that?

MIHALKOV gets up. Puts his hat on. Goes to the door.

MIHALKOV

Perhaps. Perhaps you're misremembering. Wait for our call.

Perhaps not much longer.

Canned laughter pre-laps—

INT. STRICKLAND'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The family watches Dobie Gillis.

ELAINE

That's a gelatine parfait.

(beat)

Parfait— it's a French word. Means "perfect." You like it?

TIMMY

Dad— Dad— can we watch Bonanza?

ELAINE

Bonanza is much too violent.

(beat)

It has little pieces of celery and walnut. Recipe's right out of the box— real convenient. They say it's the future of home cooking.

STRICKLAND

Bonanza is not violent. It's real life. The way it was.

(MORE)

90

The way it is. A man faces a problem. It’s up to him to solve it.

ELAINE

You know what I was thinking today? We get settled maybe we could get the kids a p-u-p-p-y.

TAMMY, playing with her Barbies—snaps—

TAMMY

We can spell, Mom.

ELAINE

We can go to the park— Do something together?

STRICKLAND changes channels; The NEWS. Martin Luther King talks to a massive crowd.

STRICKLAND

Puppy becomes a dog. Dog’s a wild animal We never "domesticated" the damn things—

ELAINE

Language, Richard. Little pitchers have big ears...

Strickland changes channels; Vietnam—Carson—Phone starts ringing.

STRICKLAND

They never learn their place. Rover, Lassie, Spot... They’re carnivores. We never strip them of their nature... They’ll eat your hand as soon as they’ll take a shit in your yard.

ELAINE

Richard!

Phone rings. Strickland disconnects the phone—

STRICKLAND

Don’t reconnect it. Don’t answer it.

— walks away.
It’s raining like hell. Strickland exits the house drink in hand—enters the car.

Takes a cigarette, lights it.

He uncovers his fingers: they are black. He presses one—it squirts a yellow liquid.

And thinks.

CUT TO:

The tub’s filling up. The creature watches.

She opens and closes the HOT/COLD faucet. Tests the water.

She takes the box of algae that Hoffstetler gave her. She opens the box. She gets an idea. Smiles and looks around the bathroom.

—opens the faucet on the sink.

The sink overflows

She takes the towels—sealing the cracks—and uses a towel to stuff the space between the door and the floor. The water continues to run—

—Into the theatre—

Water pours from above and onto the empty seats and—

—onto the scattered customers’ faces.

They get up from their seats.

CUT BACK:

Elisa is floating, naked, next to the Amphibian Man—now the entire BATHROOM is immersed in water.

She embraces him—Eyes closed, feeling him underneath her and the water on her face. His markings move rhythmically like a melody.

She intakes and holds.
As the water goes above her head.

They float underwater. Contemplating each other.

CUT TO:

INT. GILES APARTMENT - DAY

Giles gets up. He absentmindedly puts on his robe—folds in his MURPHY BED and heads to his drawing table. On it: the large format sketch of the Amphibian Man (which is looking beautiful) Giles takes Iodine and cotton and removes the bandage from his arm: the wounds are gone.

He catches his reflection on his reference mirror— and is startled to discover—

SHOCK!!

-His head has hair. A lot of it. It’s growing from his scalp... And his beard is darker, his skin tighter. He pulls his hair— It’s his.

Looks down inside his pajama trousers.

GILES
Well, Oh, well— Hello!

He hurries—

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Across the hall.

MR. ARZOUMANIAN
What is going on? I’ve got water pouring into the bible movie. I have four paying customers. I can’t afford a refund.

GILES
It’s a pipe. It’s a pipe. I’ll take care of it. I’ll fix it.

MR. ARZOUMANIAN
I can’t have water pouring into the goddamn bible movie.

GILES
Alright. I’ll take care of it. Elisa! Elisa!
INT. ELISA’S APARTMENT - SAME

Water spills from the bathroom door. Giles treads carefully.

GILES
Oh, God- Elisa?


Inside the Amphibian Man and Elisa, naked, covering herself with the plastic curtain.

Giles, soaked, laughs.

In the soundtrack: Trixie Smith sings MY UNUSUAL MAN

INT. GILES APARTMENT - SAME

Giles towels his hair.

GILES
I’m towelin my hair, Elisa. My hair. And- and- look at the arm: healed. As if nothing had happened... You said he was a god. I don’t know. He ate a cat...

(beat)

You know what this means? We have to keep him around- just a little bit longer. You don’t want to lose him, do you?

(beat)

We cannot just- let him go- like that- We gotta keep him.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTER / STRICKLAND’S OFFICE - DAY

Hoffstetler meets Strickland.

HOFFSTETLER
You wanted to see me?

STRICKLAND
Transcribe it, Sally.

SALLY
Right away, Sir.
INT. ELISA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Water spills from the bathroom door. Giles treads carefully.

GILES
Oh, God- Elisa?


Inside the Amphibian Man and Elisa, naked, covering herself with the plastic curtain.

Giles, soaked, laughs.

In the soundtrack: Trixie Smith sings MY UNUSUAL MAN

INT. GILES APARTMENT - SAME

Giles towels his hair.

GILES
I'm toweling my hair, Elisa.

And- and- look at the arm: healed. As if nothing had happened... You said he was a god.

(beat)

You know what this means? We have to keep him around- just a little bit longer. You don't want to lose him, do you?

(beat)

We cannot just- let him go- like that- We gotta keep him.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMAND CENTER / STRICKLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

Hoffstetler meets Strickland.

HOFFSTETLER
You wanted to see me?

STRICKLAND
Transcribe it, Sally.

SALLY
Right away, Sir.

STRICKLAND
Come on up- I have a few questions for you.

HOFFSTETLER
Of course.

Strickland climbs the steps to his office.

HOFFSTETLER (CONT’D)
Thank you.

Strickland gives him some water.

STRICKLAND
Have a seat.

They sit.

HOFFSTETLER
How’s it going? The investigation.

STRICKLAND
Well- we have a promising lead.

HOFFSTETLER
Really? That’s good to hear.

They sit.

STRICKLAND
You joined us in Galveston. But where were you before, Hoffstetler? Where did you come to us from-

HOFFSTETLER
Doctor.

STRICKLAND
Excuse me?

HOFFSTETLER

Wisconsin.

STRICKLAND
That’s right- You gave up a tenure track position. Didn’t ya? Gave it all up for us.

HOFFSTETLER
I did.
STRICKLAND
I suppose you’re getting ready to leave us now, then-

Hoffstetler drinks.

HOFFSTETLER
Only if the creature isn’t found.

STRICKLAND
What do you think? You think we will-? Find it?

HOFFSTETLER
Well, you said you had a lead.

Long beat.

STRICKLAND
I do.

A HANDBULF OF STARS by Jon Eric Kellso starts.

179AA INT. GILES APARTMENT

Giles paints a portrait of Elisa and the Amphibian Man.

It rains outside.

Camera dollies across his window and discovers-

179A INT. ELISA’S APARTMENT - DAWN

The creature eyes the rain – almost pained- like a doggie who wants out.

She watches him touch the glass. She touches his shoulder. Scales come off in her hand.

179B OMITTED

179C OMITTED

179D EXT. DOCKS / CANAL - DAWN

Elisa walks the canals– Rain.

The waters are rising, churning. Growing.
Near the 30ft mark.

179E OMITTED

179F OMITTED

180 EXT. BROWNSTONE BUILDINGS STREET / LOBBY - DAY
Raining. HOFFSTETLER, lugging two empty suitcases into his building.
Watching from across the street: FLEMING IN HIS CAR.

181 INT. HOFFSTETLER’S APARTMENT - DAY
Hoffstetler enters his apartment. Telephone is ringing.

HOFFSTETLER
Hello?
He looks around- tense. Out the window.

MIHALKOV’S VOICE
Extraction is ready. Same place, Forty-eight hours.

HOFFSTETLER
Forty eight hours???
They hang up. Hoffstetler looks out the window.

181A EXT. HOFFSTETLER’S APARTMENT - SAME
POV HOFF: A car, lights on: Fleming, eating a sandwich and listening to “Norman” by Sue Thompson

182 OMITTED

182A INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY
Sally awaits for Strickland.

SALLY
Sir, General Hoyt.
STRICKLAND
Tell him I’m not in, tell him I
will call him back. Don’t put him
through-

SALLY
No, Sir- he’s in your office.

Strickland looks up: Hoyt drinks coffee by the window. Looks
directly at him.

STRICKLAND (PRELAP)
I believe I have identified the
mole. I will confirm and act on it.

INT. STRICKLAND’S OFFICE - DAY

GENERAL HOYT
At this point our only concern is
the asset. Do you have it?

STRICKLAND
Still in the wind, sir-

GENERAL HOYT
That won’t do. You’ll have to fix
it.

STRICKLAND
Yes, Sir. I know. But- May I ask
one question, Sir?

GENERAL HOYT
This wouldn’t be the appropriate
time, I don’t think.

Strickland finds a loose thread- sticking out from his jacket
lapel. Tucks at it- hides it- folds it.

STRICKLAND
I need to ask, Sir- respectfully.

GENERAL HOYT
Then go ahead, Son.

STRICKLAND
You’ve know me for- how long?

GENERAL HOYT
Thirteen years. Battle of Pusan.
STRICKLAND

Yes, Sir- and in all that time, I, I’ve never once-

(beat)

This is- what happened here is- A man is faithful, Sir- loyal, efficient all of his life. All of it- and he is- useful. And he expects- He has certain expectations in return. And he fails, then- once. Only once. What does that make him? Does that make him a failure?

(beat)

When is a man done? Proving himself, Sir? A good man. A decent man-

GENERAL HOYT

Decent?

(beat: yes)

A man has the decency not to fuck up- that’s one thing. That is real decent of him. The other kind of decency-? It doesn’t really matter. We sell it- Sure- But it’s an export. And we sell it ‘cause we don’t use it.

(beat)

See? Thirty six hours from now- this entire episode will be over. And so will you...

(beat)

Our universe will have a hole in it with your outline. And you will have gone on to an alternate universe. A universe of shit. You will be lost to civilization. You will be unborn. Unmade. Undone.

(beat)

So- go get some real decency, Son. And unfuck this mess.
EXT. BATHROOM - SAME


He tries to calm down. Wets his face—lets the water run. Liquid oozes from his hand. He pulls at the thread and pulls at it—

—and it unravels his lapel. He gets angry and removes his jacket violently and throws it down on the floor. Then he looks deep in the mirror. Deep eye contact with himself.

STRICKLAND


A fly lands on his hand, rubs its legs.

CUT TO:

INT. GILES APARTMENT - DAY

Giles—all energy—paints a large canvas image of the amphibian man. Elisa goes by.

She enters her apartment without saying a single word.

OMITTED

INT. KITCHEN, ELISA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elisa rips off a leaf in her calendar: The leaf exposed now reads: RAIN. DOCKS.

She looks at window, Pelted by rain.

Buckets and pails on her floor pick up water from ceiling leaks.

The Creature stands under one particularly big leak in the kitchen.

Later: Elisa peels eggs for the Amphibian Man. He looks grey, weak.

Barely eats.
He looks at her—Suddenly, she whistles softly, then signs and then, finally, sings—quietly at first:

ELISA
You'll never know just how much
I've loved you... You'll never know
just how much I care...

AMPHIBIAN MAN doesn't react, she puts down her spoon and continues—with her impossibly sweet voice:

ELISA (CONT'D)
And if I tried, I still couldn't
hide my love for you... You ought
to know, for haven't I told you
so... A million or more times

She gets up and sings to him—The Walls of the kitchen vanish and she stands, dressed in a sequined gown, surrounded by a musical stage.

ELISA (CONT'D)
You went away and my heart went
with you I speak your name in my
every prayer...

AMPHIBIAN MAN gets up, suddenly sparkling, dreamy and attentive. He moves close to her and gently takes her in his arms.

ELISA (CONT'D)
If there is some other way to prove
That I love you, I swear I don't
know how...

They move close to each other and dance gently, in harmony.

ELISA (CONT'D)
You'll never know if you don't know
now...

At the end of the song / choreography, everything goes back to normal.

They eat in silence. The creature wheezes.
Zelda changes her shoes— and is about to step out when she spots: Elisa, crying her eyes out. They look at each other.

**ZELDA**

Elisa. What is it, honey?

In the tub, the Fish Man wheezes as if he were on dry land.

**ZELDA**

Oh— No, Honey, no— He doesn’t look too good.

(beat)

This is bad. I’m going to call Hoffstetler...

Elisa pours water onto him but it doesn’t help. Helpless, she looks out the window at the RAIN beginning to come down outside.

Reading Hoffstetler’s card, Zelda dials the public phone.

Raining. Hoffstetler closes his bags. Leaves. Closes the door. The phone rings. And rings— and rings—

**ZELDA (CONT’D)**

When I was a little girl— I found a turtle sitting out in the middle of the road. Crossing it slowly. Car could run it over any minute. (MORE)
So, I picked it up, took it to a pond way back behind my house... and I laid it down under a big camphor tree, and I thought... "Mmmh– It’s gonna be so happy here". And I left it there.

(beat)
But that night I figured out I had no idea where it was going... Far as I know it was bringing food to its nest or- looking to porcreate- or escaping an owl. And maybe the worst place to keep it- maybe the place it was running from was that pond under that camphor tree.

(looks at the fish)
I didn’t care. I just did what I wanted with it...

Giles Hugs Elisa:

GILES
You love him, Honey- We know what to do... Let him go...

She nods.

Giles leaves Elisa at her doorstep. She spots the creature by the kitchen window. Standing under a water leak. Weak.

Elisa and the Amphibian Man head for the bathroom but pause.

She guides him to her bed.

They lie down.

She embraces him. He embraces her back.

She leans on his chest. Closing her eyes. She hears his heart.

Thump-thump-thump-thump- it becomes the rhythm of waves, the murmur of the sea.

She looks up--

-at the ceiling, that suddenly becomes a deep, dark ocean.
She raises her hand: Webbing seems to extend from her thumb to her index. She closes her eyes and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROWNSTONE BUILDINGS STREET - NIGHT

Sitting in Fleming’s car- Strickland spies through a pair of binoculars. He looks ill- sweaty.

FLEMING
Sir- If you don’t mind me saying so: You don’t look too well.

STRICKLAND
Shut up...

Fleming lowers the window- there is a smell he can’t pinpoint. FLIES walk around Strickland’s hand.

FLEMING
Sir- do you smell that? I- I think is it your fingers... They’re black, Sir-

Strickland snatches the binoculars.

STRICKLAND
There he is- Doctor fucking shit-bird.

FLEMING
There’s no call for cursing, Sir-

Hoffstetler exits his building, opens his umbrella- carrying the leather suitcases and a bakelite radio into the rain.

STRICKLAND
Get out of the car. I’m taking it.

FLEMING
My car?

Strickland eats hard candy- mixing it with pain pills.

STRICKLAND
Get the fuck out.

FLEMING
Out of my car?

STRICKLAND
Did I stutter?
FLEMING
No. Not doing it.

STRICKLAND
Come again?

FLEMING
No- no- That’s it, see? You are- a very imposing man but-

(beat)
We must file- file this. Get clearance. Call it up- I’ve been doing surveillance. Unauthorized surveillance for you- I’m not clocking extra time I-

Rain falls outside.

FLEMING (CONT’D)
But I draw the line here. Enough is enough is enough. We go back. File the forms and let central know what you’re doing. We get an administrative package and allocate resources. Then- but not until then- you can take my car or any car you need.

Strickland shoots him in the face. Twice.

STRICKLAND
You never shut up.

(beat)
Silence. I just want silence.

193-194 OMITTED

195

EXT. SAND PILES - NIGHT

Hoffstetler smokes under an umbrella. The car pulls up.

This time it stops further away. Rain backlit by its headlights. BURLY RUSSIAN climbs out. Stands in silence. In the rain.

Hoffstetler fidgets. Turns on a flashlight- Slowly gets up, takes a couple of steps. Stops. Evaluates the immobility of the Burly Russian.
HOFFSTETLER  
It's raining like hell, isn't it-?  
He-he- No password today?

Burly Russian raises his hand- in it: a gun. He fires twice.  
One bullet goes clean through Hoffstetler's gut-  
He pulls out his gun-  
A bullet goes through his cheek!! Cigarette EMBERS floating in the air! Pulls out his gun and crawls/slips backwards on the mud. Looks for his glasses- One of them shattered.

HOFFSTETLER (CONT'D)  
No-no- comrade- no- please-

The BURLY RUSSIAN comes to finish the job- raises his gun and-  
-BAMM! A quarter of flesh & bone flies away from his head.  
The DRIVER comes out and pulls out a gun, two shots down him.  
Hoffstetler turns to see-  
STRICKLAND walking rapidly towards him.

HOFFSTETLER (CONT'D)  
Strickland, thank God!

He goes for his gun. Strickland stops him.

STRICKLAND  
You were speaking Russian, Bob.

Strickland hooks/yanks Hoffstetler around by the hole in his cheek. Takes him under a - 

196 OMITTED 196

197 EXT. FILTERING STATION / SAND PILES - NIGHT 197

HOFFSTETLER  
Augggh- What are you doing? I need to go to a hospital. I'm bleeding-

His flashlight illuminates Strickland's glazed eyes.

STRICKLAND  
What's your name? Your real name.
It's raining like hell, isn't it—?

He—he— No password today?

Burly Russian raises his hand— in it: a gun. He fires twice.

One bullet goes clean through Hoffstetler's gut—

He pulls out his gun—

A bullet goes through his cheek!! Cigarette EMBERS floating in the air! Pulls out his gun and crawls/slips backwards on the mud. Looks for his glasses— One of them shattered.

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You were speaking Russian,
Bob.

Strickland hooks/yanks Hoffstetler around by the hole in his cheek. Takes him under a—

EXT. FILTERING STATION / SAND PILES - NIGHT

HOFFSTETLER

Augggh— What are you doing? I need to go to a hospital. I'm bleeding—

His flashlight illuminates Strickland's glazed eyes.

STRICKLAND

What's your name? Your real name.

He drops him on the ground. The clouds in the overcast sky rumble with thunder.

HOFFSTETLER

Strickland— you know me— I'm Robert Hoffstetler—

Strickland kicks him on the wounded area. Hoffstetler grunts.

STRICKLAND


HOFFSTETLER

They’ll find me.

STRICKLAND

Who? The same people that tried to kill you just now? Come on “Bob” You work for a government... you know they don’t give a fuck about you or me—

He puts his finger INSIDE Hoffstetlers’ cheek injury and hooks him aggressively. Hoffstetler screams in pain.

Excrement and blood spurt out of his wound.

HOFFSTETLER

Augh— no— Please— listen to me.

STRICKLAND

I’m gonna need the names, ranks and location of the entire strike team.

HOFFSTETLER

Strike team?

STRICKLAND

The ones that took the asset.


STRICKLAND (CONT’D)

This candy. It’s cheap candy. I love it since I was a kid. Some favor more sophisticated snacks—Nougat center and all that fu-fu shit. But not me, Bob. This is it for me.

(beat) (MORE)
Sometimes, if I'm feeling anxious, I just bite right into it—chew it to pieces. But—
(Kick, kick)
—most of the time—I just take my time. I make it last.

Strickland shocks Hoffstetler with the Alabama Howdy-Do.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
Names, ranks and location of the entire strike team.

Hoffstetler laughs weakly. Gets shocked again.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
Names! Ranks! Now!

HOFFSTETLER
(weak laughter)
No names, no ranks, they...
(beat)
They just clean...

Strickland comes to an impossible conclusion:

STRICKLAND
Piss Wipers... Shit cleaners

HOFFSTETLER
(quietly, In Russian)
I'm not one of those who left their land... To the mercy of the enemy. I was deaf to their gross flattery. I won't grant them my songs...

Strickland cattleprods Hoffstetler for too long. His wound and mouth emit a bit of smoke

CUT TO:

INT. KIND OF CRAPPY ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

PORCELAIN SPARROWS IN FLIGHT adorn the walls. A lovingly-decorated, humble home.

Zelda is frying some Brussels sprouts with bacon. Knock Knock.
Sometimes, if I'm feeling anxious, I just bite right into it—chew it to pieces. But—

(Kick, kick)

—most of the time— I just take my time. I make it last.

Strickland shocks Hoffstetler with the Alabama Howdy-Do.

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)

Names, ranks and location of the entire strike team.

Hoffstetler laughs weakly. Gets shocked again.

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)

Names! Ranks! Now!

HOFFSTETLER

(weak laughter)

No names, no ranks, they...

(beat)

They just clean...

Strickland comes to an impossible conclusion:

STRICKLAND

Piss Wipers... Shit cleaners

HOFFSTETLER

(quietly, in Russian)

I'm not one of those who left their land... To the mercy of the enemy.

I was deaf to their gross flattery.

I won't grant them my songs...

Strickland cattleprods Hoffstetler for too long. His wound and mouth emit a bit of smoke

CUT TO:

INT. KIND OF CRAPPY ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

PORCELAIN SPARROWS IN FLIGHT adorn the walls. A lovingly-decorated, humble home.

Zelda is frying some Brussels sprouts with bacon. Knock Knock.

STRICKLAND (CONT'D)

ZELDA

Alright Brewster. I'm gonna fix you dinner and then I'm going to run out for a little while and help a friend.

Her husband BREWSTER sits in his Barca-lounger. We get the feeling Brewster does a lot of sitting.

BREWSTER

Help with what?

ZELDA

Helping a friend.

BREWSTER

Zelda. Door.

She lowers the burner and comes to the door.

ZELDA

Well- You could well help me answer the door, Brewster! You're laying there— not ten feet away.

BREWSTER

My back is acting up, woman.

Opens it.

ZELDA

Your back. Your back. Always your back.

(surprised)

Mr. Strickland, what--

Strickland barges past her into her house. Pops a handful of pills.

ZELDA (CONT’D)

What are you doing here--?

Strickland and Brewster size each other up.

STRICKLAND

Where is it? Where did you take it?

ZELDA

What are you talking about?

STRICKLAND

The thing in the lab. Where is it?
ZELDA
I’m sorry, Mr. Strickland, if I knew anything I would surely tell you, but--

STRICKLAND
Would you? Perhaps you would, if you knew exactly what was at stake. If you knew that all can be taken from you— if you were to— out of some misplaced loyalty to a traitorous friend— be untruthful.

Brewster weighs his options. Half-watches TV.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
That story about Samson. I never told you how it ends...

(beat)
After the Philistines— torture him and blind him— Samson asks God for the strength he needs— and at the last minute— he is spared. For Samson is a good man and a man of principle and the Lord gives his strength back to him. One last time.

And just then, Strickland grips the fingers—

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
And he holds the columns of the temple with his powerful arms and crushes them— and he brings the whole building down on the Philistines.

—and rips them loose!! Blood pours out. He grabs a gauze. Clamps his hand.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
He kills them all. He dies. But he gets every single one of them motherfuckers. That is his will.

Pulls out his gun.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
That’s how powerful his will is.

(beat)
Now, do you know what that story means? For us, Delilah?

(beat)

(MORE)
ZELDA

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STRICKLAND

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STRICKLAND (CONT'D)

That's how powerful his will is.

(beat)

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(beat)

(MORE)

It means that if you know something you're not telling me, you will tell me. Either before or after I bring this particular temple down upon our heads. I am, for the time being, the true plight of the Negro, Zeldelilah...

Brewster's had enough.

BREWSTER

Gal done stole that thing right out the lab! Whatever it is! I hear them talking and talking and I have made my mind about it!!

They both look over, a little stunned that he's spoken.

BREWSTER (CONT'D)

Mute girl took it. She's who you want to interminate.

Zelda's eyes narrow.

STRICKLAND

(holding his spurting fingers)
Thank you very much, Mr. Fuller for your assistance.

BREWSTER

Don't say nothin' of it.

198A OMITTED

198B INT. CRAPPY ROW HOUSE - NIGHT

ZELDA

What have you done--?

(beat)
I have to warn her. He's going after her--

Brewster gets between her and the phone.

BREWSTER

You will not do such a thing, Woman. I just saved your life. Why you worry about her? Bitch deserves to be gone after, she broke the law.
Zelda pushes him. Stares at him, hating him and all he isn’t. Dials quickly.

ZELDA
Shut up, Brewster! Shut up! For years—You don’t talk and now you can’t shut your mouth up. Damn you Brewster! You wouldn’t understand. You couldn’t understand. Not if you tried your whole life—She loves him.

(beat)
She loves him

On the phone now.

ZELDA (CONT’D)
Giles, that you? Put Elisa on.
(then)
Elisa, honey, you gotta listen to me, make a sound in the phone if you can hear... good. He’s coming for you. You got to go now and take that thing with you. Give the phone back to Giles...

GILES
What is it?
She Enters the apartment, walks to the tub and extends her hand towards the creature, helping it out of the tub.

EXT. ARCADE CINEMA AND TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Strickland is already pulling up.
He takes the stairs-

OMITTED

EXT/INT. CORRIDOR/ELISA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Strickland finishes climbing the stairs - takes the corridor and bashes open Elisa’s door. No one there.
He looks around:
Looks in the bathroom. Algae in the tub.

STRICKLAND
Dammit.

He searches the table, picks up an egg. Checks the kitchen, spots the calendar and the note: RAIN and DOCKS.

Strickland on the phone in the corridor.

STRICKLAND (CONT’D)
They’re at the docks, Sally. Send back up and a containment unit. We will get them.

He slams down the phone and goes out the fire escape door.

OMITTED

OMITTED

EXT. DOCKS / CANAL - EARLY DAWN

Rain. Falling on them: Giles parks the van- takes a flashlight and goes around the van. He opens the door. Elisa holds the Amphibian Man in her lap.

GILES
Come on. We have to go. Come on.
Elisa takes the creature to the edge of the water.

The Amphibian Man looks at the waters—murky, dark and cold and then looks back at Giles.

Giles removes his hat and places the Amphibian Man’s hand on his newly grown hair. The Amphibian Man takes Giles’ hand and places it on his head. Giles smiles goodbye and walks away with his flashlight.

The Amphibian Man lets out a quiet, heart-breaking whimper and moves towards her.

She signs fast—“Go. Alone. Without me.”

The creature stands in the rain—streaks of it running down his face and cheeks, like tears—so many tears.

Slowly—deliberately, he signs back at her.

Elisa cries openly. Moves to him.

—towards the water. The creature looks at her. Hesitates. Caught between freedom and her. She turns her back.

He looks at the murky waters.

STRICKLAND has arrived—

Giles turns. Strickland knocks him down in two moves.

She turns to warn the creature—tries to scream—

But she is mute—A painful hiss emerges from her throat—She tries again. Fails.

Strickland shoots twice. The Creature’s back explodes in a cloud of blood. It falls. Distant sirens are heard now.

Elisa steps between the creature and him—

Strickland raises his revolver. Shoots a third time.

Elisa turns. She feels a hole in her coat. Elisa discovers—almost casually—that she has taken a bullet in her chest. She falls next to the Amphibian Man. She turns to the creature.

Giles picks up a broken piece of wood from the floor. Hits Strickland.

Strickland falls.
Elisa takes the creature to the edge of the water. The Amphibian Man looks at the murky, dark and cold waters and then looks back at Giles. Giles removes his hat and places the Amphibian Man’s hand on his newly grown hair. The Amphibian Man takes Giles’ hand and places it on his head. Giles smiles goodbye and walks away with his flashlight. The Amphibian Man lets out a quiet, heart-breaking whimper and moves towards her.

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Giles picks up a broken piece of wood from the floor. Hits Strickland.

Strickland falls.

He Loses the cattle prod.

Giles runs to Elisa, cradles her.

Strickland slowly gets up. He empties the chambers and starts reloading the gun.

The creature—its bioluminescence markings ablaze—rises from the ground, heads towards Strickland.

Strickland is shocked—

Now the chromatophores in the Amphibian Man’s body seem to glow and get brighter.

The Amphibian Man pushes the gun away. Around his head: a shimmering halo of bioluminescence.

STRICKLAND
Fuck— you are a God.

The Amphibian Man deploys one of his finger claws and swiftly, calmly—

—he slices Strickland’s throat. Strickland falls down, bleeding. PATROL CARS arrive.

The creature looks at Giles and then moves towards Elisa. He embraces her tenderly: their eyes meet.

STRICKLAND, on the ground, is dies

Giles is with Elisa. The creature lifts Elisa from the ground with infinite tenderness. She caresses his face. He caresses her.

Policemen pour out of the cars. Zelda breaks through the group. Moves towards Giles...

The creature stands on the edge of the pier, holding Elisa. He jumps into the water and disappears.

The cops stand there looking at each other.

Giles moves to the edge of the pier—looks down. Zelda comes to his side—trembling. Tears streak her face, mixing with the rain.

ZELDA
They’re together, aren’t they?

GILES
Yes. I believe they are...
They hold hands.

GILES / NARRATOR
If I told you about it—What would
I say? That they lived happily ever
after? I believe they did... That
they were in love—that they
remained in love? I’m sure that is
ture...

UNDERWATER
Elisa and the creature sink softly, gracefully. Fish dart by—Odd drifting objects... empty food cans, an alarm clock...
The creature kisses her—a kiss so gentle—and covers her
wound with his webbed palm.

GILES / NARRATOR
But when I think of her, of Elisa—
all that comes to mind is a poem.
Made of just a few truthful
words... Whispered by someone in
love, hundreds of years ago...
(beat)
“Unable to perceive the shape of
You, I find You all around me. Your
presence fills my eyes with Your
love, It humbles my heart, For You
are everywhere.”

He then lets her body float away from him—

—holding her but by the hand. Her head, crowned by a halo of
hair. She gasps! Drowning! Spasms! He holds her down! She
grows still.

And just as he releases her... the scars on the sides of
Elisa’s neck open—Revealing gills.

She opens her eyes and looks at him. Alive. He embraces her.

Blue and red lights illuminate them from above.

Camera pulls back until they become small, blurry figures
shifting in and out of focus from our field of vision...

The Shape of Water.