

THE ISLAND OF DR MOREAU

by

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Based upon the novel by H.G. Wells

4/26/94

FADE IN:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN NEW ENGLAND - DUSK

A curtain of rain falls across the treetops descending upon the soft green hills and the patchwork farmsteads.

A dog comes running along the crest of a hill, rejoicing, barking at the rain.

The dog skids to a halt, shaking itself, turning its snout outward toward the fading light.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COTTAGE - DUSK

A log spits on the hearth, sending firelight across the untidy room and the gaunt figure of EDWARD PRENDICK, who sits hunched in the semi-darkness, half listening to a COMPACT DISC RECORDING of a bluesy romantic ballad.

Prendick glances down at the tabletop, at the piles of notepaper and the dense, crabbed handwriting that covers them, at the repeated sketches and doodles representing what we will come to recognize as the emblem of the Tree of Life; at the empty coffee cups, the overflowing ashtray and the dismembered pieces of the 38 pistol that lie before him.

He touches a button on a REMOTE CONTROL and the singing stops. He next touches the button on a TAPE RECORDER which whirrs to life.

As Prendick speaks as he reaches down and begins to assemble the gun, his eyes unreadable, his lids red and bruised from lack of sleep, a week's growth of stubble on his waxy cheeks. His movements are slow and deliberate.

PRENDICK

In a spirit of complete honesty, I want to say right from the start that I think we've made some really incredible mistakes about God. We tell ourselves that He's all-powerful, when we really should be questioning His competence. Believe me, I'm not asking for miracles. A little adult leadership would do.

Prendick brushes aside the papers on his desk and gropes around impatiently for a box of cartridges.

PRENDICK

As for God's love, all I know for certain is that He loves our suffering. And as for His power... well, maybe He can do whatever He wants with us, but there's one thing I'm pretty certain He can't do. When he's sick of existing, He can't end it. Only we can do that...

Prendick opens the box and begins to load the revolver; six cartridges. Then he stops, laughs, shakes his head, and empties out all but one cartridge.

PRENDICK

My name's Edward Prendick. Until about ten years ago I was a lawyer, specializing in what was mis-named Human Rights. In August of 2007, I was travelling as Special Envoy for the United Nations as a part of the effort to stop the bloody civil war in Micronesia. That's where it began. This is where it will end.

Prendick raises the revolver and almost touches it to his lips, savoring the moment of his obliteration.

THUNDER CRASHES on the soundtrack.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SOUTH PACIFIC - DAY

We are flying.

Soaring above tropical rainclouds, mist stretching away beneath us, illuminated from within by pulsing veins of lightning.

The canopy of cloud parts, giving way to a limitless vista of open sea, a horizon so vast that one can almost see the curve of the earth.

PRENDICK (V.O.)

Our plane went down in a magnetic storm just above the equator at roughly 165° longitude.

We see a yellow dot in the distance now, a tiny life raft adrift in a world of water.

There are THREE MEN aboard, two of them wearing the uniform of the United Nations peacekeeping force and the third, Prendick, dressed in the remains of a bedraggled threepiece suit, a life jacket around his neck.

The two soldiers, one Nordic, the other vaguely Hispanic, are locked in a violent struggle while Prendick tries ineffectually to separate them.

PRENDICK (V.O.)

We'd been adrift four days when the fever hit us.

SOLDIER 1(Hispanic)

Stay away from me!

PRENDICK

Leave him.

SOLDIER 2

He can't last. His water can save us.

PRENDICK

Leave him! We can make it through this.
They'll find us!

Soldier 2 doesn't reply; instead he makes a lunge for his comrade's throat. Prendick tries to grab the soldier's legs but the dinghy rolls heavily and he loses his grip. The soldier administers a savage kick to his head and he goes down, one hand raised to protect his face, the other reaching for the flare gun. The second soldier has his hands around the first soldier's throat and the two of them grapple desperately, locked in a death grip.

Prendick raises the flare gun, levelling it at soldier 2's head, his hand shaking.

PRENDICK

Let him go, you son of a bitch!

The man releases his companion who crumples to the floor of the raft, retching and gasping for breath.

He turns slowly to face Prendick, staring with sun-glazed eyes down the wavering barrel of the flare gun.

SOLDIER 2

You're some fucking lawyer. Don't 'you know the first law of nature is survival.

PRENDICK

We're not animals!

The soldier eyes Prendick up and down, afraid to call his bluff. Then, with a yell, the soldier 1 springs at him, a survival knife glinting in his hand.

PRENDICK

No!

SOLDIER 1

Cabron!

Both men are screaming now, soldier 2 is driven back as his former comrade drives his blade into him, blood going everywhere.

The soldier pulls away, staring in disbelief at his wound. He tries to get to his feet but the first soldier plunges the knife into him again. He doubles up, emitting a grunt, his hands grasping now at his assailant.

The dinghy pitches heavily to one side and the wounded soldier goes overboard, dragging his comrade with him.

He sinks like a stone but his murderer struggles for a moment, breaking free of his grip and trying to stay afloat as Prendick reaches out to him.

Then there is a white flash in the water and he is dragged under with barely a yell, the life raft shivering as the creatures of the deep brush against its underside, jostling each other as they feed.

Prendick collapses to the floor of the dinghy with a groan.

He lies staring at the sky for a moment, alone now with the open sea. Slowly he begins to laugh, his laughter growing gradually louder and more uncontrollable.

He raises the gun and squeezing the trigger sends a white magnesium flare arcing up into the vault of the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE DISC OF THE SUN

A dazzling, overexposed white.

The SOUND of the hissing flare.

DISSOLVE THROUGH WHITE TO:

EXT. THE SAME OCEAN - DAY (TWO DAYS LATER)

Prendick lies in the bottom of the dinghy watching the swaying horizon, his eyes unfocused, his face raw and blistered from the relentless sun.

His head sways with the rise and fall of the ocean and all the horizon seems to sway with him, the earth and the sky and the shining crack that separates them.

A dark smudge appears on the far horizon. Dancing. Drawing nearer.

He closes his eyes.

When he opens them again he sees the side of the freighter looming over him, a row of figures gathered at the rail, outlines shadowy against the sun.

A MAN with a droopy Zapata moustache and sad eyes, his long flaxen hair tied back in a tail, an OLDER MAN, his angry, freckled face framed by red hair and lastly, standing beside them as if in a fever dream is the third man, a DARK MAN whose eyes shine feverishly.

Hands lift Prendick. Dark, powerful hands.

His head lolls back and he knows no more.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

We see a CLOSEUP of the MAN with the moustache, (MONTGOMERY) looking solicitously down at Prendick.

Prendick groans.

MONTGOMERY

Easy now, ole' buddy.

Prendick opens his eyes to find himself in a small untidy cabin crammed with specimen jars containing gaudy tropical orchids.

A low animal SNARL comes from somewhere outside the cabin and Prendick glances around himself uneasily.

MONTGOMERY

Feel better?

PRENDICK

Where am I?

MONTGOMERY

You're okay. Don't worry.

Prendick looks nervously down at himself as if to make sure he's all still there. Montgomery smiles reassuringly.

PRENDICK

Who are you?

MONTGOMERY

My name's Montgomery.

PRENDICK

What ship is this?

MONTGOMERY

This shitbucket's the Ipecacuanha. Sounds like a drug doesn't it?

(smiles)

We all dropped Ipecacuanha and bayed at the moon.

Prendick is aware that he's in the company of a real character.

PRENDICK

My name's Edward Prendick. I have to get to Bougainville... I'm an international lawyer on assignment for the U.N.... they'll be looking for me...

Prendick sits up, tries to stand. Montgomery gently pushes him back. Prendick is now aware he's on an IV.

MONTGOMERY

Easy, Eddie, just relax. I'm still hydrating you. In two days you'll be in Port Moresby, you can contact your people there.

PRENDICK

Moresby's our first stop?

MONTGOMERY

Second. They have to land me first.

PRENDICK

Where?

MONTGOMERY

An island... where I live. But there's limited communications... no one you could call from there.

PRENDICK

A remote island...

(dares a smile)

Everyman's dream.

MONTGOMERY

Right, now it's your turn to dream. I'm gonna give you a shot.

Montgomery holds up a hypodermic needle, tenderly pats Prendick's arm, and administers a shot.

PRENDICK

What is it?

MONTGOMERY

Trust me blindly. You'll like it.

PRENDICK

Are you a doctor?

MONTGOMERY

Let's say I'm a para-medic.

There is another burst of feral SNARLING from outside and this time there is a man's voice as well.

DAVIS

GOD DAMN IT! SHUT THEM UP!

Prendick glances up at the cabin ceiling and the direction of the muffled yells.

MONTGOMERY

That's a great shot I just gave you, Edward.
I've known people who'd sell their grandmothers
for a shot like that, so don't piss it away. Try
and get some sleep.

Prendick relaxes and the cabin goes blurry around the edges once more as the sleeping potion begins to take effect.

MONTGOMERY

There you go, Eddie... Dream...

Prendick's eyes wander down onto the lettering stencilled on one of the packing cases: 'DESTINATION: U.S. BIOSTATION, BRAVO RIO DELTA VIA SUVA.' And from somewhere on deck the cries start up again, as Prendick drifts slowly down into oblivion.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SAME CABIN - DAY (A DAY LATER)

Consciousness washes slowly back into Prendick's mind as he finds himself watching a puddle of sunlight stretch slowly across the cabin ceiling.

Prendick sits up to see that the cabin door is standing ajar and a fresh set of clothes are laid out for him at the foot of the bed.

He gets slowly to his feet, rubbing his head catching a brief glimpse of his sun-scarred face in the cabin mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DECK - DAY

Prendick glances about the freighter deck, blinking in the sunshine, not prepared by the SOUNDS for what he sees.

The whole deck is littered with scraps of carrots, shreds of green stuff and indescribable filth.

All along the starboard bulwark are big hutches filled with rabbits and there is a solitary llama squeezed into a cage forward. A number of grisly staghounds are fastened to the rail by muzzles and chains and in the center of the deck a huge black leopard sits cramped in a small iron cage. A short FIGURE (M'LING) sits beside the cage.

There is something particularly arresting about M'Ling's face, the slightest elongation of his features and an almost feral intensity that informs his expression.

He gets to his feet and starts suddenly towards Prendick, a curious glow of excitement in his face.

Prendick takes a step backwards and almost bumps into Montgomery who has appeared from the hatchway behind him and who now pushes past to come between Prendick and M'Ling.

M'Ling steps back as if afraid.

MONTGOMERY

God damn it, M'Ling, what the hell's the matter with you? I told you to stay forward.

M'LING

They... won't have me forward... They say I disturb the animals.

MONTGOMERY

Come on, man, don't give me that bullshit. I told you to fucking STAY FORWARD! You want me to tell Dr. Moreau about this?

M'Ling turns slowly and moves away. Montgomery turns, glancing nervously back at Prendick.

PRENDICK

What are these animals?

They are interrupted by a loud YELP and a VOLLEY OF CURSES from the companionway. M'Ling runs pathetically back onto the deck pursued by a heavy, red-haired MAN in a white cap. M'Ling hesitates when he sees Montgomery and the red haired man catches up to him, striking him between the shoulder blades and sending him sprawling into the midst of the furiously barking staghounds.

The red-haired man staggers onto the deck and Montgomery steps towards him angrily.

MONTGOMERY

Hey, Captain, lighten up. That man is a paid passenger. So tell your crew to keep their filthy hands off of him.

DAVIS

Or what?? I do what I like on my own ship!

Davis turns away and staggers across to the rail, Montgomery following him.

MONTGOMERY

You've been hassling my man there since we got on board.

(Under his breath,
to Prendick)

Most obvious case of drug psychosis I've ever seen.

DAVIS

Drug what!? What're you talking about there?

MONTGOMERY

Maritime Law. This man happens to be a lawyer.

DAVIS

Here's the maritime law on my ship.

(He pulls out a pistol.)

I don't like freaks aboard, you hippy burn-out.

Montgomery turns away as Davis shouts after him.

DAVIS

He comes to this end of the ship again and I'll cut his guts out! The animals go crazy when they smell him.

Prendick feels impelled to step in.

PRENDICK

Just a minute. I'm a Special Envoy for the United Nations...

DAVIS

You're tits on a bull so you stay out of this... United Nations... Freeloading bastard, taking up space on my ship. Side with him and you'll sink with him. Hear me?

Speechless, Prendick watches Davis stumble back down the companionway.

When he glances around he sees that both Montgomery and M'Ling are watching him silently.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FREIGHTER'S RAIL - NIGHT

Prendick stands beside Montgomery on the quarterdeck, staring up at the awesome canopy of stars overhead.

Montgomery passes him a smoldering joint.

MONTGOMERY

Try some of this.

Prendick waves it away.

MONTGOMERY

I guarantee it. I grew it myself.

Prendick takes it out of good manners but declines to smoke it. He casts an eye over Montgomery's crumpled outfit, the unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt, bare feet, gold cross around his neck and a portion of a "Princeton Flag", tattooed on his chest.

PRENDICK

I haven't seen many Princeton tattoos.

MONTGOMERY

Yeah, it's not the ivy league thing. Maybe that's why I did it.

Montgomery looks at him, at the joint he's still holding.

MONTGOMERY

You're supposed to smoke that thing.

PRENDICK

(handing back the joint)

I remember a post game party at Harvard... I was taken suddenly drunk and I begged a Radcliff senior to carve her initials on my chest...

MONTGOMERY
(brightly)
Silver spooner, right?

PRENDICK
Well, I wasn't on a scholarship.

MONTGOMERY
I can always tell. When we fished you out of the water, I could smell the money on you. Old money. The best kind! The nose knows... What did you study?

PRENDICK
I got a degree in Humanities.

MONTGOMERY
Humanities? Isn't that a licence to jerk off?

PRENDICK
(Laughing)
No. I had law school for that. Were you pre-med?

MONTGOMERY
Biology. But that was a long time ago.

He returns his attention to the sea.

PRENDICK
Listen, you know... you saved my life...

MONTGOMERY
(recoiling)
I wouldn't get choked up about it.

PRENDICK
Yeah, well, thanks. In any case I owe you my thanks.

MONTGOMERY
You don't owe me anything. You lucked out. I happened to be bored that day... looking for a little action. If I'd been feeling differently, you'd still be out there. I'd have stood here and waved you bye-bye.

PRENDICK

That's Bullshit.

MONTGOMERY

Believe whatever you've got to believe. I know you liberals need your little fairy tales.

The two men look awkwardly away from each other.

PRENDICK

How did you happen to come out here?

MONTGOMERY

You know, Eddie, I see us more like ships that pass in the night... not assholes who meet on a plane and tell each other the story of their lives.

PRENDICK

(shrugs)

Whatever.

They lapse into awkward silence.

MONTGOMERY

Ever get yourself in real trouble?

Montgomery gives him a look of anticipation.

PRENDICK

I helped draft the constitution for a small African nation. There was a coup... My staff and I were held hostage by a warlord. They shot one of us each day... Six people.

MONTGOMERY

But not you. You're a survivor.

PRENDICK

So far. But it's not over.

MONTGOMERY

Sure it is. You'll be back in the States eating at Rodney Rockets and I'll be...

PRENDICK

On your island Paradise.

MONTGOMERY

(smiles)

Paradise. That's Moreau's dream alright.

PRENDICK

Moreau?

MONTGOMERY

Man I work for. He once did for me what I did for you.

PRENDICK

Pulled you out of a lifeboat?

MONTGOMERY

Pulled me out and asked no questions. Anyway it's a boring little story and it's not like you and me are friends.

PRENDICK

We could be.

MONTGOMERY

Wouldn't work.

PRENDICK

Why's that?

MONTGOMERY

'Cause it's plain as the nose on your face that you think I'm crazy.

Montgomery throws the joint into the sea and Prendick turns away, his eyes lighting now on the dark shape of M'Ling, who is leaning over the taffrail. M'Ling turns towards him for an instant, his eyes glowing a pale luminous green in the light of the wheelhouse.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SOUTH PACIFIC - DAWN

There is a CLATTER of chains and a tortured, hydraulic WHINING followed by a scarcely human clamor of SHOUTS AND GRUNTS as a cage holding a frightened black leopard is hoisted skyward by a crude rig of chain and cable, spinning in the air above the rising sun.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CABIN - DAWN

Prendick wakes from an uneasy slumber and sits up in his bunk, rubbing his head, hearing HOARSE SHOUTING and PATTERNING FEET overhead. As he gets to his feet there is a violent CREAKING SOUND and the freighter lists uneasily.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DECK - DAWN

As Prendick comes up the ladder, the first thing he sees is the flushed sky and the rising sun over the broad back and red hair of the Captain who stands, arms upraised, while above him the black leopard spins in its cage.

DAVIS

I don't give a shit! Off load all of them. Now, we'll have a clean ship!

Prendick pushes past him and Davis turns with a start, staring drunkenly at him.

DAVIS

Hullo... why, it's Mister... Mister?

PRENDICK

Prendick.

DAVIS

Mr. Prawn-dick. You too. You're off my ship.

PRENDICK

(shocked)

What do you mean? Off where?

DAVIS

Where do you think? Back into the sea, that's where. Plenty of room for you there...

PRENDICK

Wait a minute, you can't...

DAVIS

(rolling his eyes)

Oh Mother, here we go again. Mr. Prawn-dick's telling me what I can and can't do on my own ship. My own ship!

Prendick looks past Davis and sees the island for the first time, the jagged crest of a submerged mountain rising sheer from the ocean, its flanks covered with palm trees and dense scrub, a thin streamer of smoke rising from the treetops.

A large motor launch lies under the lee of the freighter and it is into this that the SAILORS are busy loading the last of the caged animals.

M'Ling is already aboard the launch, helping three brutish-looking BOATMEN with the staghounds while Montgomery stands on the gangway talking with a NEWCOMER dressed in slightly grey white flannels and

a battered Panama hat. The man's blazing eyes stern expression and long grey hair and beard remind Prendick of a prophet out of the Old Testament.

DAVIS

Right this way, Mister!

PRENDICK

Fuck you. I'm not getting off here. Get away from me...

He looks to Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY

(to the captain)

Take him to Moresby, he'll pay you.

DAVIS

He can swim.

MONTGOMERY

Look, I'll pay you.

DAVIS

I don't want your money... I piss on your money.

Montgomery looks at Moreau who says nothing. He shouts back to Davis.

MONTGOMERY

You'll have to take him. He can't come here.

PRENDICK

(desperate)

Montgomery! For Christ's sake!

Montgomery, already boarding the launch, nods towards Moreau as if to indicate that he is powerless to intervene.

MONTGOMERY

Eddie, I'm really sorry.

Prendick glances around to see that he is loosely ringed now by belligerent-looking sailors. Two of the sailors take him by the arms and he begins to struggle.

PRENDICK

God damn it, get your hands off me!

He pulls free from the sailors and hits one of them hard enough to land him on the deck. Before he can go for the other one, several

more are on him. The decked sailor rises and hits him in the stomach.

DAVIS

Adios, Mr. Prawn-dick. Give my regards to the U.N... Great work you people are doing... I really hold you in awe....

Davis laughs maniacally as Prendick, doubled over, is hauled, still struggling, to the gangway, but the launch is fully laden now and shoves off hastily. A broadening gap of green water appears beneath Prendick who pushes back with all his strength now, trying to grab hold of the ship's rail.

Stronger hands pry loose his fingers and he plunges from the ship.

Bubbles explode around him and he goes under for a moment before kicking his way back to the surface, gasping at the sudden shock of the water.

Above him he sees the steep side of the freighter, already starting to come about, its engines throbbing, Davis standing at the rail still shouting unintelligible abuse at him.

He turns and strikes out for the island, trying to distance himself from the ship's propellers.

Then, with relief, he sees that the launch has turned back towards him. As the launch draws nearer he is able to make out the figure of Moreau sitting cramped up with the dogs in the bow staring fixedly but not without kindness at him, M'Ling's face watching him intently from the stern.

The launch comes alongside him and the three brutish boatmen haul him awkwardly aboard where he crouches shivering, glancing around uneasily at his rescuers.

There is something strange about the features of the boatmen. They seem to be of some queer, brown-skinned race, their elfin faces peering out at him from beneath dirty turbans, lank black hair almost like horse hair framing their bright eyes.

As he meets their gaze, first one and then the other turn away from him in a deferential manner.

Moreau smiles at him.

MOREAU

(over the engines)

I couldn't let you drown, could I? I had no idea he'd really throw you in.

Moreau turns away and looks to the crates. Looking up, Prendick catches Montgomery's eyes as the launch comes about once more and starts back towards the island. He is serious, even grim.

MONTGOMERY

This wasn't my idea. Remember that.

There is a soberness to Montgomery's voice that only deepens Prendick's unease as he turns his attention towards the approaching beach.

Prendick turns towards Moreau as if to speak, but the Doctor fixes him with a look, part smile, part warning, and Prendick says nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ISLAND - DAY

Several LOCALS have assembled on the narrow jetty to meet the launch, some of them hopping up and down in undisguised excitement.

One of the boathands throws a rope ashore and the launch cuts its engines and makes fast.

Prendick steps ashore, looking dazedly about himself as the boatmen begin to unload, jabbering excitedly in their curious guttural voices, Montgomery and Moreau shouting the occasional command above the clamor of the staghounds.

The island has the immediate lush beauty of all tropical Pacific islands. Birds call melodically from the surrounding lush vegetation, giving one the impression that life teems just beyond view.

Prendick hears the SOUND of a grumbling engine and looks up to see a battered military flatbed come bouncing down the narrow track that connects the jetty with a fenced compound on the ridge overlooking the beach.

At the center of the compound is an old colonial-style building and a cluster of Nissan huts painted in a manner reminiscent of either camouflage or Aboriginal art. Beyond the roofs of the Nissan huts Prendick can see the top of a radio mast and two rusting satellite dishes.

The main house is surrounded by a wide lawn enclosed by an electric fence. At the bottom of the lawn is a wooden rostrum overlooking

the compound gate and a flagpole from the top of which flies the emblem of the Tree of Life.

M'Ling passes him now, bearing a packing case and talking enthusiastically with one of his fellow BEARERS, a man with oddly doglike features who wears a white jacket.

He looks again to the beach and sees Moreau approaching him, his expression benign but formal.

MOREAU

I regret we really have no facilities for guests, but we can feed you. You look like you could use some breakfast.

PRENDICK

I won't be here for long. I'm overdue as it is.

MOREAU

Yes, Montgomery told me you work for the UN... a lawyer. Fascinating. I know very little of law myself.

PRENDICK

Once I call I'm sure they'll send a boat or a plane.

MOREAU

Yes, unfortunately at the moment our COMSAT equipment is down, but we're working on it.

He looks absently out to sea.

MOREAU

Since the ozone layer started going, we've had communication problems. Something about magnetic storms... I'm a biologist, I don't really understand electronics.

M'Ling returns now, having loaded his burden onto the parked flatbed. He kneels beside Moreau.

M'LING

Father... I am so glad to see you again.

Moreau pats M'Ling's arm and then incredibly the manservant takes the doctor's hand and kisses it.

MOREAU

Yes, M'Ling. I'm glad to see you too.

M'LING

Father... I have seen the strangest things out there... So confusing...

MOREAU

Yes, M'Ling, You must tell me all about it.

The doctor glances back at Prendick, who is watching.

To make the scene complete, in the background, a few of these strange men are holding a softball practise; one of them bats the ball to the others, who race around clumsily trying to catch it.

Moreau's eyes wander across the curious islanders, fixing now on the man in the white coat.

MOREAU

I'd better get busy. Azazello, see what Mr. Prendick would like for breakfast.

(Glancing back at Prendick)

Oh, and I have to ask that you restrict yourself to the main house. It's because of our insurance coverage. The people who fund us are afraid you might twist your ankle and sue us.

PRENDICK

(smiles)

Unfortunately, it's a litigious world.

MOREAU

Yes, I'm sure you know all about that.

We hear the crack of a bat and happy shouting.

PRENDICK

Are these people native to this island?

(off Moreau's look)

They're very unusual looking.

MOREAU

Yes, many areas of the Pacific have very limited gene pools.

Moreau moves off as Azazello approaches Prendick, awaiting his order.

AZAZELLO

Sair, you want breakfast?

PRENDICK

Uhm... two eggs... some bacon...

AZAZELLO

(snickering nastily)

No bacon here. No eggs.

PRENDICK

Then whatever there is... Some fruit?

AZAZELLO

Fruit and granola?

PRENDICK

Fine.

Azazello grins with inappropriate good humor.

AZAZELLO

Yaba daba doo!

Azazello turns away and follows Moreau toward the big house passing the rest of the group who are loading the flatbed now with the caged animals from the boat.

Montgomery, who has been supervising the islanders, breaks away from his work and comes over to Prendick.

MONTGOMERY

So... You okay?

PRENDICK

Yeah, and thanks once again you saved my life.

MONTGOMERY

Well that depends on how you look at it. I'd watch myself if I were you. Strictly eyes down, know what I mean?

PRENDICK

(shrugs)

He seems nice enough.

MONTGOMERY

(suddenly serious)

He's one of the greatest men alive.

He pauses for a moment, then changes tack.

MONTGOMERY

Give me a hand with these, will you?

He crouches beside one of the crates stacked near the end of the jetty and lifts it. Indicating another, Prendick lifts it and follows Montgomery a short distance from the jetty where he sets his burden down in a clump of brush on the beach near some hastily constructed hutches and the rusting remains of pickup truck. Montgomery opens one of the crates and starts removing white rabbits and putting them into the hutch.

MONTGOMERY

They're for the black leopard. Damned cat will eat better than I do.

(off Prendick)

Didn't you see the old man's earth shoes? I'm a protein freak stuck with a fanatical vegetarian.

PRENDICK

None of the other animals are eaten?

MONTGOMERY

Seal your lips at the thought...

Montgomery opens another of the crates. Several animals bolt out the open door and escape. He and Prendick grab for them but they make it to the surrounding jungle.

MONTGOMERY

Alright little ones, "Go ye forth and multiply... Born to fuck, and they're so-o-o cute...

Montgomery returns his attention to the crate. Reaching in he removes the last rabbit, a large buck. The animal kicks and struggles in an attempt to join the others who have fled. Montgomery kneels, letting the rabbits feet touch the ground. He strokes the animal and calms it.

MONTGOMERY

Lusting for those runaway bunnies, big guy?

With a conspiratorial smile he looks at Prendick.

MONTGOMERY

Think this fellow'd be missed?

Thinking Montgomery plans to release the rabbit, Prendick smiles, shrugs.

PRENDICK

Who's to know?

MONTGOMERY

Right, who's to know.

With a quick twist Montgomery breaks the rabbits neck. The animal screams and dies. Prendick reacts.

MONTGOMERY

(off Prendick's look)

What, you don't like barbecued bunny?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY

The flatbed inches its way back up the hill, laden down with a deadweight of cages and packing cases.

Prendick stands on the back of the truck as they pass an area where jungle borders the sides of the road. Among the trees he sees several spectacularly beautiful tropical birds, which seem totally unafraid, only curious at his passing. As they drive beneath a low bough, a large Bank's Cockatoo dips his head in a friendly gesture, causing Prendick to extend his hand, returning a gesture of friendship.

Clearing the jungle they reach the clearing and pass a main gate and a pipe corral where a grey-white thoroughbred crops at grass.

Further on Prendick is able to get a closer view of magnifiscent bright green aloes that surround the big house. As they pass close by one of the plants he can hear a low TRILLING SOUND emanating from its fleshy, tendrilled branches that seem to quiver in the breeze even when Prendick can feel no breeze.

The flatbed winds around the side of the big house and pulls up in a shady courtyard.

Montgomery ushers Prendick into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE - DAY

Prendick finds himself in a large hall-turned-dining area, its walls lined with bookshelves and specimen cases.

Montgomery hesitates for a moment in the doorway.

MONTGOMERY

Stay here. And I mean, stay right here. I won't be long.

(calls out)

Moreau.

He leaves Prendick who wanders the library. As his gaze wanders over a series of old photos, Moreau in his thirties with an attractive woman, both holding the reins of their horses while the wind whips their hair in some wilderness setting. In another, Moreau embraces a conductor and first violinist beside a piano on a concert stage. While Montgomery can be heard calling "Moreau" off screen, Prendick examines a row of framed academic certificates hanging beside a row of crucified butterflies and Da Vinci anatomical sketches. One yellowing certificate is from the Nobel Committee, beneath it set against blue velvet is a medallion, the prize.

Somewhere in the background a song is heard from a CD player, the same love ballad heard in the opening scene.

Prendick turns slowly, drawn towards the source of the music.

On the far side of the room an open doorway leads through a small, densely planted arboretum to a sun drenched veranda facing the sea. Through it, beyond the foreground foliage, Prendick glimpses a figure moving gently to the music. A beautiful young woman, barefoot and clad in a sarong, turning slowly in a puddle of sunlight. Her eyes are closed, her only audience a bright green parrot watching from its perch at the far end of the veranda. Transfixed, Prendick moves towards her.

He stops amidst the foliage of the arboretum, taken by a sudden reverie.

Something moves in the dense verdure near his head. Prendick turns to see a pair of disturbingly human eyes set in a wizened face, belonging to a small arboreal creature about the size of a large galago or loris that peers from the foliage.

Prendick's curiosity elicits an sudden aggressive response. Teeth bared, the creature threatens with a rasping growl and a terrier-like snap, causing Prendick to take a quick step back. As he regains his composure he hears a young woman's laugh.

Prendick turns.

The dancer, a beautiful YOUNG WOMAN, barefoot and clad in a sarong, faces him from a few feet away. At his glance her smile quickly fades to something akin to fear.

Prendick sees now that she has the same unusual tan as the islanders while her high, vaguely oriental cheekbones and light

green eyes give her a somewhat feline cast further enhanced by the slightest deformation of her upper lip, as if she has had a harelip surgically corrected in childhood.

PRENDICK

Is it some kind of pet?

He takes a step towards her. Like a child who has spoken out of turn, she demurs and backs away.

Prendick raises his hands to show he means no harm.

PRENDICK

Wait, it's all right...

AISSA

Who are you?

PRENDICK

I just got here.

She looks questioningly at him, still apprehensive.

PRENDICK

This morning. I came on the boat.

AISSA

Did the doctor bring you?

PRENDICK

Yes.

AISSA

Have you come from the sea?

PRENDICK

I come from New York.

AISSA

(brightly)

Oh yes, New York! That is another island!

PRENDICK

That's right, it is.

She looks intently at Prendick's hands, then holds up her own hands, counting her fingers.

AISSA

One... two... three... four... five! You're a
Five Man!

Prendick looks at her in bewilderment.

PRENDICK
My name's Edward Prendick.

AISSA
Pren-Dick.

PRENDICK
Pren-dick.

She kneels suddenly before him and, taking his hand, presses it to her lips in a curious form of greeting.

AISSA
You have small hands. It is good.

He looks with real interest at Aissa, and at that moment there comes something like a low GROWL from behind him. He turns to see Azazello and M'Ling (who has changed into white coat) emerge from the study with his breakfast and a steaming pot of coffee on two serving trays.

Aissa draws away from them.

AZAZELLO
Your breakfast, Sair.

PRENDICK
Put it... uh... out here.

AZAZELLO
Yes, Sair.

Azazello and M'Ling lay his breakfast on a nearby table while Aissa keeps a cautious distance. There is an unmistakable tension between her and Azazello.

Prendick sits down and pours himself a coffee, motioning for Aissa to join him once M'Ling and Azazello have withdrawn to the study.

PRENDICK
Please, sit down. Will you have some coffee?

She shakes her head, and seats herself opposite him, peering in undisguised fascination at his face and hands.

AISSA

Your hands are so beautiful.

Prendick is charmed by this, amused, and quite turned on.

PRENDICK

Thanks. No one's ever noticed them before.

Azazello peers in at them once, furtively, from the study door. Aissa doesn't see him, but bristles slightly, knowing he's there.

PRENDICK

Are you from this island?

AISSA

My father brought me here when I was very young.

PRENDICK

Where are you from originally?

AISSA

Father says I was born in Suva.

PRENDICK

Will you tell me your name?

She looks away shyly, raising her hands to her mouth.

Then M'Ling calls her from the study, inadvertently answering Prendick's question.

M'LING (O.S.)

Aissa!

Aissa shoots Prendick a swift, somewhat coquettish glance.

AISSA

They need me now. I have to rehearse.

PRENDICK

Rehearse what?

AISSA

Alice in Wonderland. I'm Alice.

She slips away, her movements swift yet strangely graceful, her bare feet making scarcely a sound as she pads across the verandah. Prendick looks after her, fascinated.

Exiting through the study door she almost collides with Montgomery, who glances amusedly from her to Prendick, a smoldering joint poised between his thumb and forefinger.

MONTGOMERY

Well, I see we're getting acquainted.

(He sighs.)

Lovely thing, little Aissa.

Montgomery offers the joint to Prendick, who declines it.

PRENDICK

I saw the awards... a Nobel Prize.

MONTGOMERY

Moreau's a famous name in genetics. Or infamous, depending on who you listen to.

PRENDICK

Why infamous?

MONTGOMERY

He's a genius, so everybody who's not a genius hates his guts... Most scientific research is totally motivated by jealousy and greed. And vanity... don't want to forget vanity. He came out here to escape that.

PRENDICK

How long has he been on this island?

MONTGOMERY

Eighteen years. The animal rights boobies drove him to it. Got so in the States you couldn't cage a rat without reading him his rights.

PRENDICK

And you?

MONTGOMERY

Almost ten years for me.

He offers the joint to Prendick.

PRENDICK

No, thanks.

PRENDICK

(cautious)

Listen, Montgomery...

MONTGOMERY

(not liking the tone)

What?

PRENDICK

Your assistant, M'Ling. There's something kind of... His ears are strange... they're sort of pointed.

MONTGOMERY

What?? Pointed ears?? You're shitting me...

PRENDICK

So what is he, a Vulcan?

MONTGOMERY

No, and, I think it's incredibly insensitive of you to bring it up. How would you like it if someone made remarks about your ears?

PRENDICK

And the guy who brought my breakfast acts very weird. What is it, they don't like their wages?

MONTGOMERY

What are you suddenly, Amnesty International? Trust me. No one complains.

Montgomery offers the joint. Prendick waves it off.

MONTGOMERY

No? You're missing out. Back when we dabbled in plant genes I created this. Like everything else on this Island some serious method went into this shit.

Montgomery's expression hardens noticeably and he stands now, motioning for Prendick to follow him.

MONTGOMERY

Come on, man. I think it's time I showed you your room.

PRENDICK

God damn it, Montgomery... Talk to me!

MONTGOMERY

Sssh!... Dig it...

Prendick joins Montgomery in the study door to see M'Ling and Aissa sitting at one end of the room, reading determinedly from Lewis Carrol.

AISSA

"And thou hast slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy O Frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!" He chortled in his joy.

Prendick looks across at Aissa and their gaze meets for an instant before she returns her eyes to the page, reading artlessly aloud, placing odd stresses on phrases that were never meant to be stressed.

AISSA

'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble on the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves,
and the mome raths outgrabe.

As she finishes M'Ling crosses to her holding his hands like a rabbit and mustering a rabbit like expression in his face.

AISSA

(acting anxious)

Oh, Rabbit, it's so hard to understand, but it seems somebody killed something.

M'Ling mimes removing a watch from his vest.

M'LING

By my ears and whiskers I'm late, I'm late. The Duchess will be in such a state...

MONTGOMERY

(affectionately)

What a crew. Ya gotta love 'em.

Prendick lingers for an instant, fixing on Aissa.

Montgomery glances back noting his expression.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - DAY

Montgomery leads Prendick across the hall to the open door of a small apartment, plainly but comfortably furnished.

Some clothes have been laid out for Prendick, and there is a filled bookshelf, which Prendick studies for a moment.

There is a low bed in the darkest corner of the room shrouded in mosquito netting and a small barred window looking out towards the sea.

PRENDICK

Barred windows... You don't trust the locals?

MONTGOMERY

You don't like your room?

PRENDICK

What's the update on the COMSAT equipment?

MONTGOMERY

Not my area of expertise.

At that moment a third figure appears in the doorway. An agitated-looking ISLANDER dressed in a surgical smock.

WAGGDI

Mr. Montgomery, Sir, you must come at once. The contractions have started.

MONTGOMERY

Thank you, WaggdI. I'm on my way.

(To Prendick)

Oh Christ, here we go again.

He steps lightly out of the room, drawing the door shut behind him.

Just before it closes Prendick catches a glimpse of Montgomery's face through the narrowing crack.

MONTGOMERY

Sorry about this, Eddie.

Prendick starts towards him but Montgomery closes the door in his face and he hears the SOUND OF A KEY being turned.

PRENDICK

Hey, Montgomery. C'mon, open the damn door.

MONTGOMERY

It's for your own good.

Prendick rattles the door furiously.

PRENDICK

Come on, Montgomery. If it's about the damned insurance I'll sign a waiver. Shit!

He turns to face the room, the barred window, the brilliant sunlight and the green fans of the trees beyond. Suddenly, a piercing howl of pain comes from somewhere outside. Prendick's eyes search the surrounding jungle for the source, but there is nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - DUSK (A LITTLE LATER)

Prendick sits on the bed, glancing through a pile of dog-eared magazines that are on the table beside the bed. As he takes another TIME, he reacts to the cover. A picture of Moreau surrounded by a tableau of helixes and medallions with profiles of Nobel.

We see him flip through the pages to the article which is headlined: "Moreau, Future hopes... or fears?"

Prendick tries to read as the howl comes again followed by others. Some creature in agony, perhaps closer to death than before as they build to such an exquisite expression of suffering that it is as though all the pain in the world had found a single voice.

He drops the magazine and goes to the window. As he looks out into the crepuscular gloom of the jungle, the howls diminish and gradually stop. Prendick goes to the bed and lies down, relieved by the returned silence of the approaching night.

Through drifting mosquito netting,

DISSOLVE TO:

We see the following (PRENDICK'S P.O.V) as though through a nightmare:

Prendick is alone, deep in sleep, through which he can hear the SCREAMS, now at an unbearable pitch.

INT. THE WOMB - NIGHT

An unborn CHILD pushes through the red-veined darkness, eyes still closed, squeezed shut as if anguished by this transition from one world to another.

In the darkness of the womb the child twists and SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Prendick sits bolt upright on the bed. It takes him only a moment to realize that the pitch of the cries has changed. They no longer sound like the howling of man nor beast, but have become instead the screams of a child in pain.

Prendick turns and goes to the door a bit unsteadily. He tries it. Still locked.

Kneeling down, he examines the old style lock. In reaction to something he's seen, he reaches to a hat stand beside the door and removes a wire coat hanger. Quickly bending it, he pokes it into the lock and works it around. A few thrusts and he forces the key out the other side. It clangs on the hallway floor.

Making a hook out of one end of the hanger, he slides it under the door and draws it back with the key.

The screaming subsides as Prendick unlocks the door and opens it. After a beat of hesitation he exits into the empty hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - PRE-DAWN

Prendick comes down a stairway into the empty gloom of the house. He moves along toward a large window that opens off the hallway.

Peering out, Prendick sees --

EXT. A KITCHEN COURTYARD - PRE-DAWN

In the dim light of morning, Azazello is cutting up the skinned and gutted rabbit which bears a disturbing resemblance to the fetus of Prendick's nightmare.

The kitchen courtyard is an area nearly touched by the surrounding growth of the jungle. As Azazello works he reacts to an animal movement in the surrounding brush. A vague shadowy face appears, staring at the preparation of the meat.

AZAZELLO

Get away!

Azazello pitches a stone. The face disappears and the creature retreats noisily into the brush.

INT. HALLWAY - PRE-DAWN

Another scream is heard from outside the house and Prendick moves on.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Prendick stands in the lighted doorway of the big house for a moment, realizing now that the cries are coming from the lighted complex of Nissan huts across the yard.

PRENDICK

Moreau!

As he starts toward the huts Aissa emerges from the shadows of the porch. Knowing his purpose, she takes his arm.

AISSA

Oh no, please! You can't!

PRENDICK

That's a child screaming!

AISSA

It's forbidden to go there!

PRENDICK

What the hell are they doing? Someone's being tortured.

Prendick starts towards the source of the screams, breaking free of Aissa, who does not dare to follow him further.

Behind the house, he stumbles across the pile of baseball equipment; gloves, a catcher's mask, some bats. He grabs a bat and goes on.

AISSA

No Prendick! You can't go there! It's the House of Pain!

CUT TO:

INT. THE LABORATORY - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Prendick's entrance is drowned out by the clamoring of caged animals, going mad with fear at the sound of the screaming child.

He stalks slowly down an aisle between the cages, baseball bat raised, looking around in the light of the naked bulbs overhead, noting the occupants of the cages. Dogs, monkeys, big and small cats and in the last of the cages the black leopard, lying on its side and panting as if desperately ill.

He sees movement up ahead and his knuckles whiten on the handle of the bat.

Beyond the cages is a laboratory area, a maze of computer consoles and arcane apparatus linked by suspended tubes and cabling to a row of glass tanks and glowing incubators. At the far end of the laboratory area a group of figures in stained surgical smocks are ringed about an eccentric, custom-built operating table.

The figures shift slightly and for a moment Prendick catches a

glimpse of hairy legs that might be human fastened to raised steel stirrups that have more in common with medieval torture than obstetrics. Then Moreau, completely absorbed, watches as Montgomery draws a vinyl sheet across a body, obscuring it from view.

Moreau turns from the table and Prendick sees at last where the cries are coming from.

Moreau is cradling a screaming mutant child in his arms.

A wriggling, squalling thing, more dog than man, umbilical cord still dangling from its distended belly, eyes already open and hideously aware.

Prendick staggers back with a groan and Moreau catches sight of him, his face growing white and terrible.

PRENDICK

(shuddering)

Oh, my God!

Montgomery sees him.

MONTGOMERY

Oh shit...

Montgomery starts forward, trying to come between Prendick and Moreau. Prendick takes a defensive stance with the bat.

PRENDICK

Stay the hell away from me!

MONTGOMERY

Whatever you think is going on here, you're wrong.

PRENDICK

You sick bastards.

Prendick retreats toward the exit, brandishing the bat to keep them at bay.

He backs into a large assemblage of tubes and glass retorts which crashes to the floor. Monkeys shriek and animal sound erupt from all sides as Prendick, totally freaked, beats a retreat to the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAWN

As Prendick backs out the door he is touched from behind by Aissa who startles him. He spins and nearly swings on her with the bat. She cowers. Prendick reaches out and takes her wrist.

Aissa stares at him wide eyed as he pulls her away from the lab.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LABORATORY - DAWN

Moreau places the mutant infant on a scale. He speaks to Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY

He's freaked. You'll have to talk him down.

MOREAU

(nods)

Find him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAWN

Prendick leads Aissa to an area of tropical overgrowth near the main house.

PRENDICK

Listen, you've got to help me. I have to get away from here!

AISSA

I can't help you! You've broken the Law!

PRENDICK

I've broken the law??? What law?

AISSA

I don't know what to do. He's my father! I'm afraid...

She takes Prendick's hand, holds it.

PRENDICK

Just show me the way out of here and I'll take care of you. I promise.

Aissa looks with terrible confusion at the house.

PRENDICK

Aissa, there's no time... They'll be coming after me.

Aissa grabs his hand. They break into a run. Aissa stops and turns once, looking back at the house with some incredible longing. Then she runs on.

Montgomery comes dashing out of the laboratory and tries to intercept them, but Prendick swings the baseball bat at his face and he ducks out of the way, stumbles back and falls.

MONTGOMERY

Eddie! Come on, don't be an asshole! I'll tell you what it's all about.

Prendick keeps running, following Aissa past the singing aloes towards the dark wall of the rain forest.

MONTGOMERY

Come back! I'm warning you man, there's some really unstable phenomena out there.

Aissa leads Prendick to a section of the fence where the trees have invaded the compound and he sees a jagged gap in the wire mesh, hidden from the house by luxuriant foliage.

He starts through the hole, pinning back a loose flap of the fence with the handle of the baseball bat.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RAINFOREST - EARLY MORNING

The forest is so dense that after going only a few yards the compound is already lost from Prendick's sight.

AISSA

Where can we go? They'll find us.

PRENDICK

We have to get to the launch.

AISSA

To the sea? You'll take me with you?

Prendick looks at her for a moment.

PRENDICK

Yes.

AISSA

To New York?

Prendick almost smiles at her innocence.

PRENDICK

Yes. New York.

They reach the edge of the forest now and through the trees Prendick can see the dawn coming up over the sparkling ocean. Up ahead, the beach seems deserted save for two sleeping ISLANDERS who lie some way off beside the smoking embers of a campfire. Prendick slows, looking cautiously around his eyes fixed on the jetty and the launch bobbing at its moorings.

PRENDICK

We'll need fuel to make it to the shipping lane.
Do you know where they keep the Diesel?

Aissa points toward a storage shed well back from the water.

AISSA

In that shed.

Prendick is about to start towards the shed when the SOUND OF A TANNON comes drifting down the beach followed by the low GROWL of a diesel engine. The two sleeping figures beside the camp stir now, starting to their feet and coming to attention.

PRENDICK

Shit.

He draws back into the undergrowth as the flatbed comes rattling down the track from the big house, Montgomery standing in the back, a loud hailer in one hand. The flatbed pulls up beside the jetty, disgorging a host of doglike FIGURES carrying electric cattle prods. They fan out across the beach, the rising sun at their backs while Montgomery bark instructions to them through the loud hailer.

MONTGOMERY

The Man from the Sea has broken the Law! Find
him for me and bring him back!

The two figures beside the campfire prostrate themselves on the sand, crying out in unison.

ONLOOKERS

Back to the House of Pain, Master! To the House
of Pain!

Aissa tugs urgently at Prendick's shoulder and he turns, following her deeper into the forest.

PRENDICK

Is there anywhere we can hide?

AISSA

The village. The men there will know what to do.

PRENDICK

Who are they? Do they work for Moreau?

AISSA

They are good. You can trust them.

Still not totally convinced he can trust her, Prendick follows Aissa, weaving through the undergrowth as they climb the flank of a densely forested ridge. Prendick glances around at the vegetation, the rustling and scurrying of myriad unseen lives.

They emerge from the trees onto the bank of a shallow stream and Aissa freezes suddenly in fear.

A naked MAN, his skin covered in patches of spotted fur, crouches on all fours beside the stream, supping up water like an animal. He senses their presence and glances up guiltily, his eyes going at once to Prendick. He starts to his feet, wiping his mouth, and Prendick sees his lips are rimmed with blood.

Prendick takes a step towards him, looking him steadfastly in the eye, clutching the baseball bat with both his hands.

LO-MAI

No!

He turns and goes bounding away through the undergrowth.

Prendick, startled, looks back now to see Aissa sniffing the air, her brow furrowed, a curious far-off look in her eyes. He follows her gaze, seeing a trail of bright crimson drops dotting the foliage.

The trail leads to the body of a dead rabbit, its remains wedged in the fork of a tree. It is one of the rabbits from the beach but it has been savagely mutilated, the carcass glistening with flies.

Aissa glances back at Prendick, her face growing solemn.

AISSA

He's a bad one, that man. He's broken the Law.
He's going back to the House of Pain.

A staghound BAYS from somewhere behind them and Prendick glances at her uneasily. Aissa darts forward once more, beckoning for him to follow her.

She sets off swiftly through the trees, moving at such a quick pace that Prendick has to struggle hard to keep up with her.

AISSA

Quicker, you have to run.

At length they come to an open space in the forest and Aissa pauses once more to let him catch up. Ahead in the center of the glade surrounding the fungoid ruins of a huge, fallen tree are THREE TAILED FIGURES, more like attenuated sloths walking on their hind legs than men, their naked bodies covered in a fine silvery fur, their long necks surmounted by odd chinless faces and eyes like dark pools of honey.

They are engaged in picking some kind of fruit, pulling down prickly husks from the trees and scooping out the fleshy contents.

Prendick looks questioningly at Aissa.

AISSA

The Silent Ones. They were the first of his children but he didn't give them speech.

Prendick is about to return his attention to the creatures in the clearing when a FIGURE in a bright Hawaiian shirt steps from the surrounding undergrowth.

ASSASSIMON

You! You! You! You!

The furry figures in the glade take fright and go sloping off into the trees. Prendick turns to face the newcomer, a curiously simian individual with long forearms and a heavy brow overshadowing bright, curious eyes.

ASSASSIMON

You. In the boat.

PRENDICK

Right... I came in the boat.

ASSASSIMON

You play ball with us now?

Prendick glances awkwardly at the bat he's holding.

ASSASSIMON

Can you hit the ball?

PRENDICK

(going with it)

Sure, I batted two ninety three when I played for the Cards.

ASSASSIMON

It's good. We need a power hitter very much to hit the long ball.

(Smiling conspiratorially)

I am the pitcher. My name is Assassimon.

AISSA

He's a Five Man like you!

She takes Prendick's hand and holds it out so Assassimon can see. Assassimon counts Prendick's fingers carefully, holding out his own for comparison.

ASSASSIMON

It is very good! We must tell Kiril!

He swings around, gesturing for them to follow and then goes trotting off, his hands hanging down and his jaw thrust forward.

AISSA

See, you're alright here. You'll be safe with me.

Prendick turns to Aissa and takes her hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY

Drawing nearer, Prendick sees that a small village of wooden shanties and lean-tos made from matted palm fans is hidden amidst the volcanic boulders. Several of the villagers come shambling from their hovels to watch them as they enter the ravine and a group of deformed, dog-like children follow jibing at their heels.

The walls of the ravine shelter are a wasp's nest of more complex mud-walled homes and it is into the doorway of one of those that Assassimon disappears.

Prendick glances around, wrinkling his nose at the pungent odor. The ground is covered with decaying fruit pulp and other refuse and the air here is thick with smoke. Something brushes his leg and he starts violently down to see a dim pinkish thing resembling a flayed looking child pawing at his trousers.

Assassimon reappears, and Aissa tugs him by the arm.

AISSA

Here. This is our home now.

PRENDICK

Oh great. Looks like the Hospitality Suite at the Bronx Zoo.

She gives him an uncomprehending, almost hurt look.

AISSA

What is wrong?

PRENDICK

(melting)

Nothing. It's fine.

She leads him towards the shadowy aperture and he takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

INT. KIRIL'S DEN - DAY

Prendick finds himself in a semi-circular space shaped like the half of a beehive. Rough vessels of lava and wood stand about the floor and one on a rough stool. In the darkest corner of the chamber sits a shapeless mass of darkness that GRUNTS as Prendick enters.

KIRIL

Hey!

Assassimon stands in the dim light of the doorway and holds out a split coconut to Prendick as he crawls into the other corner to crouch beside Aissa. The little pink Sloth Creature stands peering in from the aperture, and something else with a drab face and bright eyes comes to stare over its shoulder.

KIRIL

Hey!

ASSASSIMON

It is a man! Look, it is a man!

KIRIL

Shut up.

Kiril pulls himself upright, his head brushing the ceiling forcing him to hold his huge, bearish frame in a melancholic stoop.

He peers short-sightedly down at Prendick who looks him in the eye in as friendly a manner as he can muster. Kiril rummages in the shadows beside his bed and produces a battered portable stereo.

KIRIL

You have batteries? I need the Energizer.

PRENDICK

No... I'm sorry...

AISSA

He's new. He came on the ship.

KIRIL

Then you must learn the Law.

PRENDICK

That's really not necessary. I'm a lawyer and I...

KIRIL

(dismissive)

That way...

Kiril turns and motions towards a passageway leading deeper into the hillside.

KIRIL

Through there...Go!

Prendick starts forward with trepidation.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAVE - DAY

With Kiril showing the way, they enter a corridor that widens and grows gradually brighter, letting out into a huge, natural chamber lit by a fissure open to the sky.

The galleries of the cave are lined with crouching FIGURES, their eyes glinting in the half light, their outlines made hazy by the greasy smoke rising from the embers of a fire on the floor beyond. Prendick sees now that the walls of the cave are covered with elaborate paintings. Innumerable twisted stick figures dance across the rock faces, rising from four legs to two, from beast to man and encircling on the far wall a huge rendition of the Tree of Life, the spiralling ladder of the D.N.A. double helices.

The bear man turns now towards Prendick, who stands awestruck.

KIRIL

This is the House of the Law. I am the Keeper of the Way. Only a few can ever enter here.

Kiril takes down a conch shell that hangs beside the entrance and, placing it to his lips, blows a mighty BLAST, setting off a MURMURING that ripples throughout the cavern.

A FIGURE appears now before the painted helices, stepping into the shaft of light that falls from the crevice high above. A bearded figure in a stained white suit and battered Panama hat who is holding a grisly fetish staff.

PRENDICK

Moreau...

He starts to raise the bat, but then sees that it is not the doctor after all. The suit is too filthy and the beard he now realizes is made from tufts of dyed hair affixed to a painted wooden mask. The mask, however, fails to disguise the two huge ram horns that curl from the sides of this grotesque head.

SAYER OF THE LAW

Who is there?

KIRIL

A Five Man, from the sea! He's come to hear the Law!

At this, a sudden clamoring of pipes and drums comes from the gallery above and several of the shadowy figures closest to them turn towards Prendick, crowding around him, touching his hair and clothes, taking him by the hands and dragging him further into the chamber.

A corpulent SOW LADY, her heavy thighs painted with grey mud, approaches him, draping a garland of wild flowers around his neck. She makes as if to embrace him, and he recoils in revulsion, as Aissa lashes out at her, forcing her to withdraw.

AISSA

Get away from him! He's mine!

Prendick looks back at her uneasily, catching an unmistakable feral gleam in her eyes. There is a lull in the clamoring and the Sayer of the Law calls attention by banging his fetish staff against the rocks.

SAYER OF THE LAW

Not to walk on all-fours; that is the Law.

Prendick says nothing; Kiril nudges him firmly.

KIRIL

Say it.

PRENDICK

What?

KIRIL

Repeat the law.

PRENDICK

(annoyed)

Not to walk on all-fours.

(Then, after prompting
from Kiril)

That is the Law.

The crowd echoes his words and the ceremony begins.

The Sayer of the Law intones the mad litany, line by line, and the crowd repeats it, swaying from side to side and beating their hands on their knees.

ALL

Not to walk on all-fours; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to suck up drink; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to eat flesh nor fish; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to claw the bark of trees; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to chase other men; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to couple any which-way; that is the Law. Are we not men?

Prendick is transfixed by this powerful and moving travesty of human ritual. He stares amazed as the crowd sways, faster and faster. There is a loud MUSICAL PUNCTUATION from the upper gallery and the chanting swings to a new formula.

SAYER OF THE LAW

The punishments of those who break the Law are terrible. None escape.

ALL

None escape. His is the House of Pain. His is the Hand that makes. His is the Hand that wounds. His is the Hand that heals. None escape!

Assassimon comes forward, as if to confess to the congregation.

ASSASSIMON

None escape! See, I did a wrong thing once, it was a little thing... I jabbered... I stopped talking. No one could understand me. Look! (He

holds out his hand.) I am burned, branded here on the hand. And now I talk! He is great! He is good!

SAYER OF THE LAW

Sooner or later, every one will want a thing that is bad. What you will want, we do not know. Some want to follow things that move, to watch and slink and spring, to kill and bite, bite deep and rich, sucking all the warm blood... It is bad. Not to chase other men; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to eat flesh nor fish, never; that is the Law. Are we not men? To couple only with one; that is the Law.

The congregation is hypnotized by the ritual of this.

SAYER OF THE LAW

Some go scratching at the graves of the dead, some go fighting with foreheads or claws, some bite suddenly without or warning, some go snuffing at the earth, some love uncleanness, some make wild and random fornications every which-way...it is bad.

ASSASSIMON

None escape!

Suddenly, there the SOUND OF GUNFIRE is heard outside. A murmuring starts amongst those assembled and above their voices Prendick hears the distant BAYING of staghounds.

ASSASSIMON

He's coming! He's coming!

There is a cacophonous CLASH OF PERCUSSION from the upper gallery and the entire congregation starts towards the door at once in a furry tumult of struggling, misshapen forms, almost trampling Prendick underfoot.

He swiftly loses sight of Kiril and Aissa, allowing the crowd to suck him towards the door, hearing now the SOUND of the loud hailer come from somewhere outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY

Prendick bursts blinking into the daylight, the last stragglers of the congregation still lurching past him to join the crowd that is gathering at the mouth of the canyon.

Prendick pushes through them, peering over the hunched shoulders and pointed ears to see a nightmarish procession approaching.

It is led by Moreau, cantering astride the horse, his awful face shadowed by the brim of his Panama hat, a bullwhip in his hands, a hunting rifle in a scabbard, the villagers supplicating themselves before him, throwing dust over their heads and laying palm fans before the horse's hooves as he rides into the settlement. Moreau is flanked by a retinue of DOG MEN who carry whips as well as by M'Ling, Waggdi and Azazello, who control the leashes of the snarling staghounds.

Montgomery walks sullenly behind them, a gun in one hand and the loud hailer in the other.

Prendick turns to see that his way back through the canyon is blocked by more of the villagers. He ducks down, trying to hide himself in the crowd.

Beyond the huts the wall of the rainforest is tantalizingly close yet hopelessly far away. Moreau is almost parallel with him now, his eyes like splinters of ice as he surveys the crowd. Behind him Montgomery raises the loud hailer.

MONTGOMERY

I know he's in there. Better give him up. I mean now!

SAYER OF THE LAW

Evil is he who breaks the Law!

MONTGOMERY

And you know what happens when you break the law, don't you? You shaggy little fucker...

ALL (CHORUS)

Back to the House of Pain! Back to the House of Pain, Master!

MONTGOMERY

You got it, boys and girls... back to the House of Pain. Come on now. Where is he?

The villagers slowly turn their snouts towards Prendick who tries to make a run for it, dashing his shoulder into one clumsy figure and flinging him forward into another.

The little pink Sloth Creature grasps at his legs and he delivers a savage blow to its face with the baseball bat.

MOREAU

STOP! HOLD HIM!

He looks with incredible severity at Aissa. She looks imploringly back.

AISSA

Father, please...

Moreau smiles tenderly at her, then turns sharply away.

Hands clutch at Prendick. He pitches headlong through the crowd and tackles Montgomery, both of them going down almost beneath the horse's hooves, grappling desperately for the gun.

MONTGOMERY

God, Eddie, you're turning into a real pain in the ass. We just want to...

Prendick strikes him on the jaw and, wresting his fingers from the trigger guard, regains his feet just as the Dog Men come loping up to him, brandishing their cattle prods. He raises the gun, firing a round into the air.

PRENDICK

Back, You fucking freaks!

He fires another round and Moreau's horse panics, rearing dangerously and causing the Dog Men to scatter.

Prendick turns and makes a break for it, sprinting across a millet patch towards the shelter of the trees, where he turns and fires another shot, while Moreau struggles to get his horse back under control.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RAINFOREST - DAY

Prendick runs full tilt through the undergrowth, the automatic clutched in one hand, the air behind him filled with threatening cries and the baying of staghounds. He zig-zags through the trees, pausing and changing course as he hears BRANCHES CRACKING up ahead, then turning again as he hears Moreau and Montgomery SHOUTING from somewhere behind him and the NEIGHING of the horse. Some of the islanders are ROARING AND SCREAMING now like beasts of prey as they hurl themselves after him through the foliage, primitive cudgels clasped in their hands.

As Prendick forces his way through the thick undergrowth of the forest, shadow figures brachiate through the trees above him. WHOOPING, HOWLING, GIBBON-LIKE BEAST MEN quickly overtake him and cut off his escape, menacing him from the canopy above.

Prendick turns and fights through a tangled thicket of thorns toward a break in the trees.

Breaking from the undergrowth which tears at his clothes, he reaches the edge of a narrow gully and falls headlong into the steaming waters of a murky, sulphurous stream. The gun falls into the muck. The sound of the pursuing dogs grows louder as he gets to his feet. Gasping with pain as the steaming mud clings to his flesh.

Shoving his hands into the sulfurous mud to find the gun he is forced to withdraw them quickly before they are cooked by the viscous, almost boiling water. Suddenly, a HYENA-SWINE MAN breaks from the surrounding brush and, seeing Prendick, gives a loud roar.

As the creature lunges into the mud Prendick stumbles away, bleeding profusely now from a wound in his scalp.

The YELPING of the dogs and Dogmen and a CHATTERING AND A GIBBERING followed by the CRACK of a whip and VOICES.

Prendick sets off again, splashing ankle deep through the scalding water, crying out to himself as he runs, seeing the blue line of the ocean now through the trees.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

Prendick splashes across the delta and does not stop running until he is up to his knees in salt water, staring out at the setting sun and the unreachable horizon. He turns westward, stumbling along the water's edge.

Then, suddenly, far in front of him, he sees figures emerging from the rainforest. Moreau on his horse, then Montgomery, then some of the Dog Men with their snapping charges. They see him and begin advancing.

Prendick starts to turn only to see a posse of villagers emerging from the tree line behind him to cut him off. He looks towards the horizon once more and, having nowhere else left, wades straight out into the water.

Moreau addresses him from the water's edge.

Aissa stands beside him, frightened and confused.

MOREAU

Mr. Prendick, please...There's no escape from here.

His eyes wander over the massed ranks, over Aissa and M'Ling, Waggdi and Azazello and further up the beach Assassimon, Kiril and the others.

PRENDICK

They were men... But you've mutilated them, made slaves of them.

MOREAU

That's not it at all. You've got it wrong.

Prendick shouts at the gathering.

PRENDICK

Listen! There's a hundred of you, and two of them! You have nothing to fear from them. You don't need to obey!

MOREAU

Prendick!

The islanders seem puzzled, staring wonderingly at Prendick. They edge closer to the tide line and Moreau cracks his whip, causing them to retreat once more.

PRENDICK

These men aren't gods! You have the power to free yourselves.

MONTGOMERY

Back off, man. Don't start something that might end in tears.

Moreau moves his horse forward. When he is near Prendick he indicates the rifle in its saddle scabbard.

MOREAU

Mr. Prendick, this rifle is loaded. Please, take it.

Prendick hesitates.

MOREAU

Take the rifle and put your mind at ease. We are not the enemy. It mustn't appear that there's conflict between us.

Cautiously, Prendick moves towards him and slips the rifle from the scabbard. He aims it at Moreau who nudges his horse closer.

MOREAU

(whispering fiercely)

Those are not men. Do you understand me? They're Chromatic hybrids... experiments in a humanizing process. Don't excite them or it could be bad for all of us.

PRENDICK

They're animals?

MOREAU

Please, Mr. Prendick, they're not without sensitivity.

Montgomery moves towards them; Prendick swings the rifle to cover them both, but he comes slowly closer.

MONTGOMERY

Eddie, we hunted you for your own good. This island is full of... unstable phenomena.

MOREAU

You might not have survived the night.

PRENDICK

That woman I saw on the operating table...

MOREAU

You didn't see a woman. What you saw was not a human. You're certainly entitled to ethical reservations about our research, but at least hear us out.

MONTGOMERY

C'mon Eddie, stop pointing that thing at my head.

MOREAU

We mean you no harm. Our only intention is to get you safely on your way.

PRENDICK

Oh, right... but I suppose the COMSAT equipment is still down.

MOREAU

Yes, it is down. Do you want to know the reason? There's been a nuclear exchange between India and Pakistan. We heard it on the short wave radio.

Prendick is stricken.

MOREAU

All COMSAT communication is restricted to
military usage.

Prendick looks away at the distant sea, trying to imagine the world
beyond the island.

PRENDICK

A war?

MOREAU

So far it's only the rumble of a distant storm,
but it brings a new imperative to our
survival... to the work we do.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DUSK

Moreau gingerly lifts the vinyl sheet, and Prendick peers down with
distaste bordering on revulsion at the mutilated body strapped to
the operating table. The automatic is still clutched in his hand.

Moreau watches him coolly.

MOREAU

You tell me, is that human?

PRENDICK

I don't know what she is.

MOREAU

Actually, she's a genetic hybrid. We call them
Chimaeras.

Prendick looks uncomprehendingly at him.

PRENDICK

Very poetic. What does it mean?

MOREAU

Animals, engineered in the image of humans.

PRENDICK

I've always heard you people are desperate for
grant money. But animals into humans, don't you
think that's a reach?

Moreau draws the sheet over the woman's remains again and turns
away from the operating table; Prendick follows.

MOREAU

If I'm to to succeed at improving mandkind, then what I create must have human form.

PRENDICK

You'll only succeed in filling tabloid headlines. There's no market for home made people. Creating these things is immoral.

MOREAU

War and death generated by the twisted laws of nations... is that the moral highground?

Prendick has no response. Moreau rubs his eyes wearily.

MOREAU

I can't believe I'm having to explain myself like this. Montgomery told me what you did, I hoped you believed that humanity can be improved?

PRENDICK

I don't see this as improving it.

MOREAU

Why not? I've improved other living things... created wheat that grows in the Sahara, other plants that kill and eat their own predators. Everything has to start with basics, like creating a new race without the evil or venality of our species.

PRENDICK

This half dissected thing was sacrificed to that goal?

MOREAU

Growth must be accelerated, centuries of evolution compressed into minutes, the process takes its toll on the organism.

PRENDICK

And the screams?

MOREAU

Deliberate pain serves only as a training tool. It will fall away from us one day, along with it's depraved twin, pleasure.

Prendick gives him a sharp look.

MOREAU

Why do you doubt me, Mr. Prendick, because you failed improve humanity with laws?

PRENDICK

I only set out to solve a few local problems. I leave improvements on the human race to a higher authority.

MOREAU

I choose to believe that authority works through me... pushes me to finish my work.

Moreau stops by the pen that holds the black leopard from the boat. The animal is comatose now, its belly already hideously distended, kept alive only by nutrients fed directly into its veins by a row of drips.

MOREAU

I chose this creature for its strength to withstand the rigors of accelerated fetal growth.

PRENDICK

It's not doing well. Maybe you chose wrong.

MOREAU

She's being devoured by a fetus growing at over fifty times the normal rate. Her life will end to give new life. That seems cruel to you doesn't it?

PRENDICK

Yes, it does.

MOREAU

And to me. But I have no choice. My own clock runs at accelerated speed. I must finish before I'm finished.

(passionately)

And I'm close... I'm very close...She's going to me my breakthrough. I know it...

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DUSK.

Moreau dons a curious pair of goggles. He hands a pair to Prendick.

MOREAU

Do you know the term nanotechnology?

PRENDICK

I know enough Greek to know nano means small.

MOREAU

Very small... It involves mechanically shifting things on a molecular level.

Moreau demonstrates the laboratory's centerpiece, a combined laser and electron microscope, its needle thin blue beam focused minutely on a tiny slide, its glow bathing the room in an eerie bluegreen luminescence.

MOREAU

Nanotechnology enables us to isolate and transfer specific gene sequences. Then through artificial insemination and surrogacy we can create hybrids that would be impossible in conventional crossbreeding.

The beam of the laser moves down into a subatomic world that is suddenly ablaze with light. Rising before them are the spiralling helices of the DNA molecule, the fundamental building block of life spinning in the laser's glare.

MOREAU

My work will form the basis of a renaissance in genetic engineering that will transform the new century.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LAB - A MONITOR - NIGHT

We are watching the early days of the experiment. Moreau, younger now, oversees the work of a chain-smoking behaviorist.

MOREAU

I won't bore you with our early efforts. Basically we moved through herbivores to carnivores to capitalize on the intelligence that goes with predation. Then, taking a gorilla, I made my first "Man".

The videotape CUTS to a shaky handheld SHOT of a squat, dark-skinned APE MAN walking on the front lawn, holding hands with Moreau.

MOREAU

Everything our race has forgotten is being found again, here on this island as if for the very first time. That's Prima, our first real success... We took him from the surrogate mother at birth and raised him here in the compound. Dr. Conway was with me then.

Prendick watches now as an attractive chain-smoking woman, DR. CONWAY, submits Prima to a battery of intelligence tests, flashcards, and reading-readiness tests.

MOREAU

By the age of five, Prima could speak English at least as well as the average human child of the same age. Conway was incredibly gifted in communicating with him.

Dr. Conway holds up a drawing of a suburban street. All appears normal in the picture save for the presence of a car with square wheels and an elegant-looking woman who is strolling down the sidewalk with a tiger on a leash.

DR. CONWAY (ON TAPE)

Now, Prima, can you see anything wrong with this picture?

Prima scratches his head.

DR. CONWAY (ON TAPE)

Come on, Prima. Big thinks, baby. Big thinks.

Prima extends his hand to touch the square wheel but ignores the tiger.

PRIMA (ON TAPE)

Car?

DR. CONWAY (ON TAPE)

Ver-ry good!

She makes a mark in her notebook, the shadow of a frown crossing her face.

MOREAU

It's impossible, really, to gauge non-human intelligence by human standards.

Moreau's eyes shine with intense feeling as he watches Conway on the screen.

MOREAU

Conway worked tirelessly with them. She was so dedicated... inspired.

Dr. Conway produces another drawing, a depiction of several objects, a house, a chair, a tree, a flower and a hat.

DR. CONWAY (ON TAPE)

Now, Prima, which one do you go to when there's a storm? When it's wet and raining?

PRIMA (ON TAPE)

Tree.

He touches the drawing and Dr. Conway shakes her head.

DR. CONWAY (ON TAPE)

No, Prima. You go to the house when it rains.

Prima frowns and bows his head, his shoulders hunched.

PRIMA (ON TAPE)

Damn me good.

Prima takes one of Dr. Conway's cigarettes and lights it smoking nervously as though afraid it might be taken from him.

MOREAU

Today the population of our island stands at more than sixty. That's not counting the creatures without human speech or form. Altogether I've made more than a hundred and twenty, some had to be destroyed.

Prendick reacts to this word.

PRENDICK

What happened to Dr. Conway?

MOREAU

Dr. Conway died.

The video images give way to scenes of carnage, the laboratory floor awash with blood.

MOREAU

(with difficulty)

An experiment that got out of control. A thing with a human face that moved like a snake. Incredibly strong, enraged by the pain of its creation... It killed her here, then escaped. We cornered it and destroyed it in the northern part of the island. In the chaos other creatures

escaped as well. Regrettably, there was some hybridization beyond my control.

Moreau reaches for the remote control and stops the tape.

MOREAU

Her death was a personal tragedy for me. I must see that it wasn't for nothing.

PRENDICK

The people who fund you know nothing of this.

MOREAU

The Foundation for the Humanities? ...Surely you know of them?

PRENDICK

(bothered)

They've sponsored UN work involving human rights...

MOREAU

Including your own?

Prendick says nothing, but it's probably true.

PRENDICK

Aren't you ever afraid?

MOREAU

Of what?

PRENDICK

That you're going too far... That you've already gone too far.

This slightly changes the temperature. Moreau seems from here on to be drifting away from Prendick.

MOREAU

I was researching. It led this way and I followed it. That's what good science is, Mr. Prendick. It takes a man way beyond fear.

A feral CHITTERING comes from behind him now and Moreau glances around. On a bookshelf, an arm's reach away, two tiny, hunchbacked mice men, their bodies covered in a fine, brown fur, are squaring off over a mate. One of the mice men picks up a pin and shakes it at his companion, emitting a threatening SQUEAK.

MOREAU

On occasion I succeed. I bring them very close to real humanity. But unless instinct is controlled chemically or with pain, the animal returns. But I will eventually prevail. Violence will be channelled into courage and duty. Sexuality transmuted into religious ecstasy. The potential for refinement is limitless.

He seems to no longer be speaking to Prendick, or to anybody else. The black leopard WHIMPERS softly from somewhere deep in its trance. Moreau faces Prendick. He seems weary.

MOREAU

You've heard it all, Mr. Prendick. I have no more secrets.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DUSK

We see a time lapse view of the enclosure as dusk shelves off into night; the Plant People creeping across the lawn, trying to flee the lengthening shadows. Their SINGING gradually dies away and they draw their branches tight around themselves as the night deepens and the lights come on behind them in the big house. The sound of a CNN broadcast can be heard intoning World News.

CNN(O.S.)

Reports have put casualties as high as six hundred thousand in what is now the third day of continuous conflict...

CUT TO:

INT. PRENDICK'S ROOM - DUSK

Prendick is on his bed watching a small portable TV on the bedside table. Aissa steps silently into the room. Apparently uninterested in the TV, she watches Prendick.

CNN(O.S.)

Emergency sessions of the UN Security Council have brought no promise of a truce, but an increasing threat that neighboring nations may join the conflict. For an on scene assessment we go to Molly Zuckerman, in Kabul...

Prendick settles back on the bed and Aissa's hand reaches and turns the TV off. He lies in the near darkness over preferring the sighing song of the plants and wild animal noises to the voice from the world beyond.

As his gaze drifts to the open door of his room, the sight of something brings a trace of smile to his face.

Aissa stands at the doorway, watching him in large-eyed silence.

Prendick extends his hand. Aissa pads quietly into the room and takes his, gazing down at him on the bed.

AISSA

Are you sad, Prendick?

PRENDICK

Sad?

AISSA

Sad about what has happened in the world you came from.

PRENDICK

It seems a long way off.

AISSA

It doesn't matter what happens out there.

Aissa smiles and gently rubs the back of his hand against her cheek.

AISSA

Is there some one you miss?

PRENDICK

No one special, Aissa.

AISSA

And you no longer wish to runaway... to New York?

Prendick looks into her eyes.

PRENDICK

Sit here.

Aissa settles on the bed, still holding Prendick's hand.

AISSA

Even if you don't run away, you will go someday and leave me.

PRENDICK

(smiles)

Hey, didn't I make you a promise, about New York.

AISSA

That was only to get me to help you. That was a lie.

Seeing her, feeling her caress, Prendick is very aroused. His gently cups her chin then gently draws her lips to a tender kiss. Their lips part and Prendick whispers softly.

PRENDICK

That was then. This is not a lie.

His lips again touch hers. Their mouths open and with the slightest touches of lips and tongue tips they taste each others taste. Prendick sighs as he traces the strange sensual contours of her mouth.

His hands barely brush the top of her sarong and it drops away revealing small, firm, perfect breasts. Aissa arches her back with a sudden rush of feeling as Prendick's palms gently brush her erect nipples.

In sudden arousal, Aissa's hands search down Prendick's body inside his shirt; agile fingers glide down his chest to find the hairy centerline of his muscular abdomen. He guides her hand further forcing an awareness of his desire. Aissa gasps, perhaps with fear of the unknown or perhaps with instinctual longing.

While she kisses him, Prendick's hands settle on her buttocks and he positions her over him. Then, slowly and gently he settles her loins to his own. Aissa whimpers at sensations that are both new and part of her basic desire. Both she and Prendick are caught up and equal in their pleasure. Their movements reflect intense hunger for more of what they both are feeling. Thought is abolished by the frantic pulses of instinct.

Prendick's kisses Aissa's shoulders and neck, tasting the flavor and texture of her skin, the soft curves of her musculature. Then his lips find the hard bud of her nipple and the pleasure is beyond control.

Aissa feels a current course her body. She stretches forward, lying atop Prendick with her arms extended above his head. As she releases a feral cry which excites Prendick's own release, her hands clutch the bedding, her nails extend from her fingers and she draws them down in catlike expression of her orgasm. They have become claws that tear long deep rents in the sheets.

A figure, watching from the shadows of the hallway, turns and moves away as the lovers settle, exhausted, into each others arms.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Moreau sits at the piano playing out the gentle layers of Gnossienne No-1, by Satie. His expression is distant, wistful, lost somewhere in his own past.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door to the bathroom is open. Prendick watches as Aissa steps from the shower and begins toweling herself dry. As he watches her she licks her palms and runs her hands quickly through her hair in a distinctly cat-like gesture of grooming. Prendick's gaze lowers to the bed, to the rents torn into the bedding by her nails.

PRENDICK

Aissa, who was your mother?

Aissa answers as she steps into the room.

AISSA

I don't know!

PRENDICK

You don't know?

AISSA

I don't remember her... He took me away from her when I was born. He said she was from Fiji.

For an instant her pointed ears are revealed, she shakes her long hair down over her shoulders, covering them. She looks down at him, nervously.

AISSA

Why do you ask me this?

Prendick says nothing.

AISSA

I'm as human as you are!

Prendick looks at her, unable to eliminate the question of her origins from his mind.

AISSA

(deeply earnest, in tears)

Prendick. I love you. Is this the way an animal behaves? Do animals cry?

PRENDICK

I don't know, Aissa. But I'm not sure it matters.

He reaches out to her and holds her. As she cuddles in his arms she speaks.

AISSA

He will never use me like he has used the others. If I am ever pregnant it will be by you.

Off Prendick's look.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VERANDAH - NIGHT

Like characters from a Conrad novel, Montgomery and Moreau are finishing drinks. M'Ling comes out with a tray. As he takes up their glasses, Moreau preps a cheroot.

MOREAU

Personally, I think that what goes on in that village like some grotesque cartoon of the human condition.

MONTGOMERY

Being a bit hard on them, don't you think?

MOREAU

I'd rather he hadn't seen it.

M'Ling, having cleared the drinks, lights Moreau's cigar then shambles into the house with his tray.

MONTGOMERY

I'd rather he'd drowned. There was no reason to turn the launch back. But you ordered it.

Moreau smiles at him.

MOREAU

It never hurts to have a fresh view on what one does and thinks. I was intrigued when you told me what he did, I thought he could bring an interesting perspective to our work.

Aissa moves quietly from a side door of the house. She pauses by the vegetation which surrounds the veranda and listens.

MONTGOMERY

He can bring us a shitload of trouble. I don't see him just going on his way and sending us the occasional postcard.

AisSa strains to hear them.

MOREAU

I agree, his leaving the island could be problematic.

MONTGOMERY

His staying is a problem too. He's knocking toes with Aissa.

Moreau's eyebrows go up in exaggerated surprise.

MOREAU

Oh, now I know why he suddenly bothers you.

MONTGOMERY

I'd remind you, she's your daughter.

MOREAU

Yes, there's much of me in her. But mainly because of a shortage of genetic material. I'm fond of her, but that's all, just fond. The day will come when she'll be useful as a surrogate. Perhaps he could be useful too... a fresh source of uncorrupted DNA.

Aissa winces as she hears this.

MONTGOMERY

So his is "Uncorrupted DNA"... Not very subtle are we, Moreau?

MOREAU

I'm not being judgmental but I think all those drugs have left a mark on you.

Montgomery stares ahead in obvious jealous rage.

MOREAU

Easy now, Monty. If I could have engineered her sexual preference, I'd have put her in your arms.

A gong sounds off screen. Moreau rises.

MOREAU
It's dinner time.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Moreau sits at the head of the long table which has been laid for dinner, holding a cigar. Prendick sits across from him, while Montgomery sits somewhere between them.

MOREAU
Our islanders have been given speech, the beginnings of a society, morality, laws...

PRENDICK
That chanting is a legal system.

MOREAU
Admittedly it's primitive but it's a beginning. I invite you to improve on it.

PRENDICK
I'll leave the drafting of your Bill of Rights to someone else.

MONTGOMERY
Eddie only wants to be involved here in a very selective way.

Prendick senses Montgomery's hostility.

MOREAU
I'm sorry Mr. Prendick declines my offer. But I can create in the laboratory an innate a respect for law. Which is the first facet of a whole and healthy society.

PRENDICK
A whole and healthy society. This place doesn't really have that look.

MONTGOMERY
Don't worry Eddie. Later we'll really jazz them up... color co-ordinate them and accesorize them, you won't be able to tell the little buggers from anybody else you'd run into at the mall.

(He looks toward the door)
In fact there's a look you don't mind.

Moreau and Prendick turn to see Aissa emerge awkwardly from the study door, followed by Azazello and M'Ling, who carries a steaming platter of curiously colored vegetables.

MOREAU

Ah, darling. Please come and join us.

AISSA

(slightly cool)

Thank you, father.

Aissa seats herself at the table, her eyes downcast.

MOREAU

Vegetables, Mr. Prendick? Our own produce. We are all vegetarians here.

As Moreau speaks, Azazello lays a silver serving dish on the table and lifts the lid to reveal an ill-cooked rabbit resting on a bed of herbs.

Moreau's eyebrows go up. He flashes a look at Montgomery.

MOREAU

Montgomery, couldn't this have waited?

MONTGOMERY

You said I could use my discretion.

MOREAU

Your indulgence was to be personal, not shared.

MONTGOMERY

I felt generous. I think sharing the rabbit is a very civilized gesture, don't you Eddie?

PRENDICK

No doubt about it. Actually you shared one you don't know about. It was in the undergrowth at the back of the enclosure with its head torn off.

MOREAU

(alarmed and angry)

Torn off? Hear that, Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY

I swear. None of them saw me kill.

Prendick picks up on the rift between them.

PRENDICK

Just before I found the rabbit, I saw a man drinking from the stream.

MOREAU

Sucking his drink?

PRENDICK

Slurping it right up. Down on all fours.

MOREAU

After a kill they drink. It sweetens the salt taste of blood...

MONTGOMERY

Well, there's another carnivore out of the closet. So much for the Law and control of baser instincts, Moreau.

MOREAU

(to Montgomery)

With you for a role model, I'm not surprised.

(to Prendick)

This man you saw, would you know him again?

AISSA

Lo-Mai! It was Lo-Mai who drank from the stream.

MOREAU

Thank you, Sweetheart. I thought so... Well, we'll have to make an example of him.

AISSA

(fiercely, rapidly, under her breath like a catechism)

Punishment is swift and sure!

Prendick stares at her.

MOREAU

I've had my eye on Lo-Mai for awhile. He's been sloping off with the Hyena- Swine and making all kinds of trouble. We'll call a special assembly tomorrow. Mr. Prendick, identify him. I'll ask you to formally.

PRENDICK

Forget it. Leave me out of this.

MONTGOMERY

You're a witness, man. Consider yourself subpoenaed.

MOREAU

(passionately)

I'm afraid I can't leave you out of it. Just being here makes you one of us.

Moreau stubs out his cigar and gets to his feet.

MOREAU

If they get a taste for blood, we're finished.

Moreau leaves the room, exchanging a covert conspiratorial look with M'Ling. Aissa follows.

Montgomery glances at Prendick, who is picking uneasily at the rabbit.

MONTGOMERY

How's the rabbit?

PRENDICK

A little pink.

But Prendick's eyes are on Azazello who is standing in the study door, licking his hands, clearly excited by this new and dangerously addictive taste.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Prendick walks out onto the steps of the veranda. He stares out at the distant moonlit sea. Hearing something, he turns and Aissa approaches. He smiles, but her expression is dark. Seeing her eyes which have the faintest trace of glow, Prendick reacts.

AISSA

Why do you look at me like that?

PRENDICK

Nothing...I...

AISSA

You mustn't trust them... They are bad men.

PRENDICK

Why do you say that?

AISSA

They lie. I have heard them.

PRENDICK

What did they lie about?

Aissa steps close to him.

AISSA

They will not let you leave, ever. They will use you. They use everyone.

PRENDICK

Aissa, do you know how to use the radio?

AISSA

M'ling knows...

CUT TO:

INT. THE RADIO HUT - NIGHT

M'Ling sits hunched over a two-way radio, wearing an ill-fitting set of headphones and barking into the transmitter.

M'LING

This is Biostation Echo Rio Delta calling on all channels. Come in? Is anyone receiving me?

Prendick, seated beside him waits, but nothing comes. Aissa watches from the background.

M'LING

There's nothing but static. Been that way for five days.

Montgomery's voice suddenly booms from the back of the shack.

MONTGOMERY

Unless we're jamming our own radio to keep you from leaving.

M'ling looks suddenly terrified. Aissa backs away and Montgomery steps up to the radio set.

MONTGOMERY

You've got some real paranoia going, Eddie. Ever think maybe there's nothing out there anymore... Maybe we've really gone and done it this time. Maybe we're the only ones left. You and me and the Doc.

PRENDICK

And Aissa.

MONTGOMERY

Yeah, let's include her. We'll need a female entity to start it up again.

(He turns to Aissa)

Post-nuclear family values is what we're after here.

Aissa backs out the door and M'ling retreats to the shadows then out to the surrounding jungle. Montgomery faces Prendick.

MONTGOMERY

They're always a bit fearful. In my opinion the veggies have corrupted the old man's seed.

PRENDICK

They're both his children.

MONTGOMERY

All his children. Since all I do is drag my big muddy boots in and out of the temple of my body, I guess he figures my DNA wasn't all there.

PRENDICK

Who was Aissa's mother?

MONTGOMERY

(smiles)

Given the oddities of this place it's an amazing thing to speculate about, isn't it?

Montgomery proffers a joint. Prendick is so preoccupied that he takes a deep drag without realizing it.

MONTGOMERY

There you go, man. Isn't that better than taking all this shit on the natch?

Prendick turns towards the door, stepping out into the night He's deeply troubled.

EXT. THE VERANDAH - NIGHT

Aissa is waiting for Prendick in the shadows beside the door. As he approaches, she glances up at him, her eyes study glistening.

AISSA

What did he tell you?

PRENDICK

Who?

AISSA

Montgomery. What did he say about me?

PRENDICK

Nothing.

AISSA

He told you I'm one of them, didn't he?

Prendick looks hard at her.

AISSA

Some kind of animal.

Aissa makes a movement that is terrifyingly cat-like, her hands flying towards Prendick's face. He grabs her wrists. She calms instantly.

PRENDICK

Aissa, we've got to get off of this island.

AISSA

We can steal the launch.

PRENDICK

It's three or four days to New Guinea. We'll need diesel and food and water.

AISSA

I can get food. There's diesel in the storeroom. Tomorrow night there will be big screen after the play. Everyone will be there. That would be the time.

Aissa touches the remote on a CD and the romantic ballad heard earlier begins.

AISSA

Stay with me tonight, Prendick...

(She takes his hand.)

My Five Man. We still have time.

She moves closer. Prendick touches her face, and she draws him gently into her embrace.

AISSA

Dance with me. Nothing else matters now.

And for a while they dance together in the narrow puddle of light at one end of the long verandah. The power of Aissa's close physical presence seems to overwhelm Prendick's concern; He looks into her eyes with an intensity and tenderness that seems beyond his control. Slowly, he surrenders to it; with one hand he gently strokes her hair, lifts her head back and kisses her softly, then deeply, while beyond in the tropical night, the howling of some great, unseen beast rises now to greet the moon.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY

Moreau's flag, the emblem of the Tree of Life, billows against the blazing blue sky. The sound of a HORN; followed by a mounting CLAMOR of bestial voices.

Moreau stands on a wooden rostrum beneath the flagpole the horn raised to his lips, Prendick, Montgomery, and M'Ling flanking him. Waggdi, Azazello and the other Dog Men are posted around the base of the rostrum on crowd control duty.

At the sound of the horn, the Beast Folk bow on their knees and elbows and begin flinging dust over their heads. Montgomery, clipboard in hand, checks them off one by one.

MONTGOMERY

Sixty-two, sixty-three... We're coming up short here.

MOREAU

There are four more.

PRENDICK

I don't see Lo-Mai.

MONTGOMERY

No big surprise there, buddy.

Moreau sounds the HORN again and the Beast Folk writhe and grovel with renewed fervor. Then, slinking through the main gate, comes Lo-Mai and the HYENA-SWINE followed by Assassimon, dressed in white linen trousers. The other animals shoot vicious glances at him. Moreau passes the horn to M'Ling.

MOREAU

Silence!

The Beast Folk sit back on their haunches now and rest from their worshipping.

MOREAU

Where is my Sayer of the Law?

The horned man bows his face to the dust.

MOREAU

Say the words.

SAYER OF THE LAW

Not to go on all fours; that is the Law.

The kneeling assembly recites the words after him swaying from side to side and striking up the dust with their hands.

ALL (CHORUS)

Not to go on all-fours; that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to slurp up drink, that is the Law. Are we not men? Not to eat flesh nor fish; that is the Law. Are we not men?

MOREAU

STOP!

Silence falls at once.

The Beast Folk know what's coming and glance furtively at one another, a feeling of dread creeping over the assembly.

MOREAU

That Law has been broken.

SAYER OF THE LAW

None escape!

ALL (CHORUS)

None escape!

MOREAU

Who is he?

Moreau CRACKS his whip for effect as Lo-Mai and the Hyena-Swine glance at each other nervously.

MOREAU

WHO IS HE?

SAYER OF THE LAW

Evil is he who breaks the Law!

Moreau meets Lo-Mai's gaze, looking him steadfastly in the eye.

MOREAU

Whoever breaks the Law goes back to the House of Pain.

ALL (CHORUS)

Back to the House of Pain! Back to the House of Pain, O Master!

AZAZELLO

(pathetically, eagerly)

Back to the House of Pain! Back to the House of Pain!

Moreau turns his attention to Lo-Mai once more.

MOREAU

Do you hear?

The terrified Leopard Man springs to his feet now and leaps desperately towards the rostrum, his eyes aflame, a row of ivory fangs flashing out from beneath his curling lips.

Waggdi raises his cattle prod to block the Leopard Man's path, but Lo-Mai sweeps him aside, sending him sprawling to the dust, yelping and clutching at his bleeding snout.

Azazello and the Hyena-Swine are watching with expressions of pure malice on their faces. They turn to one another conspiratorially. Lo-Mai mounts the rostrum, coming face to face now with Moreau who resolutely stands his ground. Moreau looks into the Leopard Man's eyes, and it is as if he is looking into his very soul.

MOREAU

My son...

Then with a snarl Lo-Mai lunges at Moreau, but Azazello strikes him down with his cattle prod. He cringes, trying to protect himself as the Dog Men surround him. Azazello pins his arms behind his back while Waggdi grabs him vengefully by the hair, pulling his head back so that Moreau can look him in the face once more.

The Hyena-Swine has been joined by other Chimaera, who are watching with threatening expressions. Assassimon looks on with something close to pity.

Lo-Mai's eyes are wide and glazed with fear.

LO-MAI

(imploringly)

Father...

Moreau pats Lo-Mai's head soothingly.

MOREAU

It's all right, my son. I forgive you for everything.

With one fluid motion, Moreau draws his revolver and puts it to Lo-Mai's head, squeezing the trigger. There is a deafening concussion and the Leopard Man falls. Assassimon, the Hyena-Swine and other Chimeras recoil as if they've been shot too.

For a moment, all is quiet.

MONTGOMERY

(almost to himself, with bitterness)
He's with the program now...he's really a believer now, man...

Moreau gives him a hard look, then looks to the Sayer of the Law.

SAYER OF THE LAW

The gun has spoken! It is good!

AZAZELLO

Hallelujah!

Assassimon, the Hyena-Swine and the Chimaera standing with them are looking on with undisguised hatred now.

Prendick looks in mounting horror from Azazello, who is already bending over Lo-Mai's twitching body as if excited by the smell of his blood, to Moreau who stands over them, the smoking gun in his hand, his white suit specked with blood, his eyes filled with cold fire, the VOICES of the chanting congregation rising around him.

ALL (CHORUS)

His is the hand that wounds! His is the hand
that heals! flash! His is the lightning His is
the House of Pain!

Prendick stares in horror.

Assassimon, the Hyena-Swine and the others look meaningfully at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - MID-AFTERNOON

Prendick stands waist-high in a field of marijuana plants watching as the ball game gets under way on the front lawn, Assassimon coming up to bat. Beside him, Azazello and Montgomery, his long hair tied back by a greasy bandana, are busy watering the plants.

There is a CRACK of wood against horsehide, followed by a spattering of APPLAUSE and Montgomery glances up in time to see the Monkey Man reaching first base.

Montgomery plucks a joint from his bandana and fires it up.

MONTGOMERY

Assassimon's in his element. Fantastic knuckleball. But then, look at his knuckles. Oh shit. Here comes trouble.

Prendick follows Montgomery's gaze, to see Kiril and the Hyena-Swine wading towards them through the marijuana field.

KIRIL

Hail, to the Other with the whip.

MONTGOMERY

Hail to you, too. There's a Third with a whip now, so you'd better watch yourself.

HYENA-SWINE

Was he not made? He said... he said he was made.

KIRIL

The Third with the whip, he that walks weeping into the sea, has a long thin face.

MONTGOMERY

He has a long thin whip, and it hurts.

KIRIL

Yesterday he bled and wept.

HYENA-SWINE

You never bleed or weep. The Master does not bleed or weep.

MONTGOMERY

You'll fucking bleed and weep if you don't shut up!

He turns away, passing the joint to Azazello. The Dog Man smokes it greedily.

PRENDICK

You think that's a good idea?

MONTGOMERY

I don't know. Maybe I'm too liberal...

PRENDICK

I don't think you know what you're doing. That was a crazy fucking thing, showing Azazello how to skin and gut a rabbit.

MONTGOMERY

Well, shit... It's not like he killed the damned thing. He gets to have a few perks, too. He works hard. Don't you Azazello, old sock, old buddy... you're a goddamned good old son-of-a-bitch.

He scratches Azazello behind the ear, calling him jocular names as the Dog Man fawns on him in extraordinary delight.

AZAZELLO

Yes, yes, most certainly so, Master.

Azazello passes the joint to the Hyena-Swine.

KIRIL

The Law says you must not destroy life.

MONTGOMERY

Yeah, that's right. You know it is.

KIRIL

None must not take another life but you... By the water...You.

MONTGOMERY

I what? You fuzzy bastard!

Kiril makes the motion of breaking the rabbit's neck and gives an incredibly accurate imitation of its scream.

There is an awkward silence as Montgomery meets Kiril's gaze, the Hyena-Swine watching them intently. Behind them the BISON MAN steps onto the pitcher's mound. Going to the plate, Assassimon holds the bat unsteadily in his hands.

MONTGOMERY

Are you judging me? Are you fucking daring to compare yourself to me?

KIRIL

No, no! Everyone does it sometime, I turn over a rock once in a while and lap up an insect or two.

MONTGOMERY

Insects don't really count. Everybody kills them.

PRENDICK

Yeah. But we don't all necessarily eat them.

The Bison Man pitches the ball at Assassimon, striking him in the head with a resounding CRACK.

BISON MAN

Howzat!

There is a raucous clamoring of JEERS AND APPLAUSE as Waggdı and the Sloth Man pick up Assassimon's twitching body and carry him off the field.

BISON MAN

How was that?

Prendick turns his eyes towards the middle distance where Assassimon lies in the arms of the FOX LADY, while the Sloth Man dabs ineffectually at his bleeding head. Out on the field, with the game interrupted, the Bison Man starts to run around and around the bases, a relentless force of nature scuffing up dust in the lazy afternoon air.

He looks to the Hyena-Swine, who is watching him with a barely concealed menace.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DUSK

Prendick stares out across the compound towards the jetty and the launch that will take him to freedom; beyond, the fiery rim of the setting sun. Then he sees the figure of Moreau in his white suite standing at the end of the jetty, his eyes turned towards the same horizon. A small posse of Beast Folk crouch at a respectful distance behind him, watching in bewilderment as if incapable of understanding what holds their master's attention.

Prendick is filled with sympathy, almost awe, as he watches Moreau's lonely, terrifying courage.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE JETTY - DUSK

Waggdi comes loping up to Moreau and bows before him.

WAGGDI

You must come at once, Master. The contractions have started.

MOREAU

Thank you, Waggdi. See that the entertainments begin on time.

Waggdi turns and lopes away, happy on his errand. Moreau turns away from the setting sun and, for a moment, his mask slips, the weariness in his eyes showing through. Then his face hardens and he starts back towards the house.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - DUSK

Aissa sits in front of the dressing table mirror. She closely examines her face. She appears distressed as her finger touches a small cluster of catlike whiskers that has begun to grow from her cheek.

She frowns and picks up a heavy tweezer. In what is obviously painful she plucks them out, then daubs away a spot of blood with a tissue.

There comes a knock at the door and she turns with a start.

The door opens a crack to admit Waggdi's snout.

WAGGDI

You're on in five.

AISSA

Thank you, Waggdi.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

A performance of "Alice" is under way before a small crowd. The Sayer of the Law in his Moreau mask is shaking his rattle at Azazello who crouches on his haunches before the small portable screen from the Nissan hut.

Aissa faces Azazello whose face is painted in a Cheshire Cat's huge grin. Prendick looks on from the back of the crowd.

AISSA

What sort of people live here?

AZAZELLO

To the right lives a Hatter, to the left a March hare. You can visit either if you like. They're both quite mad.

AISSA

But I don't want to go among mad people.

AZAZELLO

Can't be helped. We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad.

There are some nervous giggles from the audience.

AISSA

How do you know that I'm mad?

AZAZELLO

You must be or you wouldn't have come.

Aissa looks to Prendick, catching his eye for a moment. He smiles at her. Azazello notices the interchange, and smiles obscenely within the exaggerated Cheshire smile. His next line carries a trace of menace.

AZAZELLO

This place demands madness.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LABORATORY - NIGHT

The convulsing body of the black leopard is strapped to the operating table, ringed by Moreau, Montgomery, Waggdi, and another of the Dog Men, all of them clad now in surgical masks and gowns. Montgomery leans over the animal, then glances up at Moreau, sweat beading his forehead.

MONTGOMERY

We've got to cut her, Doc. We've got no choice.

Moreau nods and looks to Waggdi.

MOREAU

Caesarean, Waggdi. Scalpel.

Waggdi hands him the blade and, bending over the stricken animal, the doctor begins the operation.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VERANDAH - NIGHT

Prendick and Aissa standing at one end of the lon talking in hushed voices as Prendick checks their bundles.

AISSA

How was I?

PRENDICK

Terrific. You were the best "Alice" I've ever seen.

AISSA

And how many Alices have you seen?

He holds her by the shoulders.

PRENDICK

It's time, let's go.

Aissa shoulders her bundle and follows him on tiptoe through the study door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

A screen is set up for a CD ROM projection system.

Azazello punches a keyboard and shouts.

AZAZELLO

Yaba daba doo!

The "animated" Fred Flintstone appears on the screen and echoes the shout which is then excitedly repeated by the gathering. As Fred reacts to something off screen, Azazello pushes another key and --

A colorized clip from the film "Blonde Venus." A dancing gorilla on the stage of a thirties nightclub.

The audience GASPS in awe as the gorilla delicately removes its head, revealing itself to be Marlene Dietrich. Then, before their widening eyes, she strips off the rest of her gorilla suit and launches into a song called "Hot Voodoo." The beast people watch, transfixed.

Giggling with barely contained excitement, Azazello punches wildly at a keyboard and--

Godzilla appears. To gasps and applause he begins destroying Tokyo.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LABORATORY - NIGHT

The black leopard is close to death now, a gaping wound in its abdomen pinned open by surgical clamps as Moreau reaches inside it to retrieve its premature offspring.

WAGGDI

The incubator is ready, Master.

MOREAU

Alright, I'm going in.

He turns his attention to the large throbbing life form that is still coiled within its mother's dying shell. Moreau reaches down, cutting into the membrane. He has performed a hundred similar operations but even he is unprepared for what comes next.

There is a terrible, wet tearing SOUND and something upwards from the incision, lunging towards Moreau. A explodes malformed, squealing thing, bifurcated, far bigger than it should be, its skinless snout opening wide to reveal a double row of jagged teeth.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

Prendick and Aissa struggle with jerry cans of diesel to the flatbed truck. When they have humped the last of the cans, Prendick goes to the cab.

Aissa stands watch beside the open door as Prendick puts his beneath the dashboard of the flatbed. There are sparks as he begins hot wiring the truck.

There is a low GROWL and the flatbed RUMBLES into life causing Prendick to sit up too suddenly, banging his head on the dashboard.

PRENDICK

Let's go!

Suddenly, both of them freeze, hearing the sounds of SCREAMS and BREAKING GLASS coming from the laboratory. Prendick turns towards the Nissan hut in time to see one of the Dog Men appear in its lighted doorway. The figure is drenched in blood, its eyes wide and terrified. It makes as if to step towards Prendick but then with a ROAR something red and half glimpsed brings him down. The Dog Man SCREAMS, hanging onto the doorframe for a moment. Then, with an awful RENDING SOUND he loses his grasp and is dragged SCREAMING back into the laboratory. An instant later his screams are cut short and low, bloodcurdling SNARL ripples across the courtyard.

PRENDICK

Get back!

Aissa retreats into the safety of the big house and Prendick is just starting back towards the flatbed when the hunched shape of something not unlike a huge, flayed cat appears in the laboratory doorway, walking on its hind legs and slowly pulling itself to its full height, its talons glistening with blood. It stretches itself and Prendick's mind reels as he sees that the creature seems to be actually growing in bulk before his very eyes, its muscles rippling in the half light.

He reaches for the door of the flatbed but the Chimaera sees him now and launches itself at him with the speed of an express train, its nostrils flaring.

He catches a fleeting glimpse of an awful face, not human, not animal. Prendick flings up one arm to defend himself but the Chimaera flings him headlong, wafer thin talons laying open his chest and forearm.

He rolls over and over, his hands clasped over his head. A volley of shots is heard. Then the beast is gone, bounding towards the main gate. Prendick tries to sit up and then collapses again. Moreau comes running up, a rifle in his hands, his white face dewed with blood.

There is a loud CRASH of rending metal and the night is lit up for a moment by an explosion of sparks from the electrified fence.

Moreau stops in his tracks and Montgomery joins him, breathless and clutching an automatic in one hand.

MOREAU

It's gone through the perimeter... Waggdi! Sound the alarm!

Moreau and Waggdi both make a dash for the big house while Montgomery kneels beside Prendick, examining the lacerations in his chest and arm.

MONTGOMERY

Jesus Christ, Eddie, that thing is loose... It's unbelievably strong...

PRENDICK

(groaning)

Yeah, tell me about it...

MONTGOMERY

Let me see that... Oh Jesus... you gotta get some disinfectant on these... Aissa!

Aissa, who is cowering in the doorway of the big house, snaps to attention.

MONTGOMERY

Get the first aid kit! Fast!

Aissa ducks back into the house and Prendick grimaces, closing his eyes.

PRENDICK

Ah fuck... I feel like I'm on fire...

MONTGOMERY

Just hold on, buddy.

Prendick grinds his teeth together as Aissa runs to him, carrying the First-Aid kit. Montgomery swabs his wounds with antiseptic.

AISSA

Hold still.

Aissa presses her hands against Prendick's forehead.

There is a CLATTER OF HOOVES and Moreau goes riding past on his white horse, hunting rifle slung over one shoulder, a pack of BARKING Dog Men brandishing cattle prods following at his heels. He sees Montgomery attending to Prendick.

MOREAU

Never mind him! Leave him!

Montgomery starts up, abandoning Prendick for a moment.

MONTGOMERY

Wait! I'll come! It's too dangerous!

Moreau glances back at him and there is something in his face, white as a death's head in the moonlight, that causes Montgomery to fall silent.

Moreau turns away, the Dog Men spurring his horse towards the main gate, running at his heels, in dismay. Montgomery staring after him

CUT TO:

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Montgomery and Aissa lower Prendick onto the bed.

He is naked now, sweat standing out on his forehead, his chest and arm swathed in bandages. He tries to open his eyes, wincing as if blinded by the yellow flare of the paraffin lamp.

PRENDICK

God... why is that light so bright?

Seeing the hypodermic Prendick starts to react as Montgomery slides a needle into his forearm.

MONTGOMERY

Easy Eddie, you're in shock... There...

Prendick relaxes as Montgomery gets up and starts hastily towards the door.

Aissa touches his face, soothing him as the drugs draw a chemical curtain across his pain. He sighs, looking up at her, haloed by the hallucinatory glare of the lantern. She smiles, taking his hand and placing it against her bosom.

AISSA

Sleep, Prendick. My poor Five-Man. I will make you well. Sleep...

Aissa lies beside him, forming herself cat-like against him. He slowly draws an arm over her.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ISLAND - DAWN

A seething, volcanic sun rises above the rim of the earth SOUND OF A HORN and the BAYING OF HOUNDS rising to greet it the from below the canopy of the rainforest.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RAINFOREST - MORNING

A flock of parrots scatter in dismay as a line of Beast People come CRASHING through a cane break, beating the foliage to drive out their quarry.

Moreau follows at a distance on horseback, Waggdi walking fast beside him.

Up ahead the undergrowth quivers and Waggdi freezes, sniffing the air.

WAGGDI

He's close, Master. I smell him. Just a breath away.

Moreau reigns his steed to a halt, cocking the hunting rifle.

Waggdi steps forward towards the wall of greenery, his cattle prod raised defensively. He reaches out to touch the crushed leaves and when he draws back his fingers they are sticky with drying blood.

He turns to Moreau, nodding his head as if to signal him, but at that instant the wall of the rainforest erupts behind him.

With an ear-splitting SHRIEK the Chimaera plunges from its hiding place, wrenching Waggdi from his feet.

The horse rears in panic, and Moreau is flung backwards from his saddle. He strikes a tree trunk, landing awkwardly, the breath driven from him, the hunting rifle still clenched in his hands.

His horse bolts past him.

Waggdi screams, his cattle prod, trying to fend off the Chimaera's jaws with but the creature drags him down, tightening its coils remorselessly around him.

Moreau regains his feet, levelling the rifle as the Chimaera begins to ingest the struggling Dog Man. He catches a last glimpse of Waggdi's bulging eyes, curiously calm now as if hypnotized by the immensity of what is happening to him. His body spasms and, with a HISS, the Chimaera casts him aside, turning its attention now towards Moreau.

Moreau meets its gaze and the creature hesitates, fear sparking in its eyes. Then it raises its bifurcated snout and HOWLS.

Moreau shivers, his expression faltering as the full pain and horror of what he has created comes home to him.

MOREAU

(under his breath)

God... Forgive me...

There is a terrible pity in his eyes now.

The rifle wavers in his hands.

Then with a feral snarl the Chimaera launches itself at him. He pulls the trigger and the rifle jumps in his hands, punching a hole the size of a fist in the beast's torso. The creature is upon him before he can get off another round, driving the rifle from his hands, its jaws closing on his body from side to side as it savages him.

Moreau goes limp and the creature drops him, gathering itself to full height, bellowing in mindless rage. Moreau's eyes flicker open, hazy with shock. His good hand goes to his holster, drawing his pistol, his eyes calm as he looks the Chimaera in the face, seeing the beast's glistening jaws widen before him.

MOREAU

Thy will be done.

The beast pounces and he raises his gun. Plunging it into the gaping maw, he fires.

The Chimaera shrieks, rearing backwards, its maimed head lashing from side to side. Then, its rage spent, it relinquishes its brief tenure on life, crumpling to the forest floor with a final hiss, pinning Moreau beneath the quivering carcass.

The doctor groans, dragging himself from beneath the fallen creature and trying to stand but his legs give out and he falls to his knees. Looking up he sees a row of impossibly gaudy parrots regarding him from a branch above. He sighs as if overwhelmed by the terrible fertility of the island.

Gazing around he sees that a silent ring of Beast Folk have emerged from the shadows and stand watching him. In their dull animal gaze is silent brooding contempt. Cudgels and machetes are clutched in their misshapen hands.

Moreau recognizes Azazello, the Boar Man and the Hyena-Swine amongst the ranks and reaches out to them with a blood streaked hand, motioning them to come nearer.

MOREAU

Help me...

HYENA-SWINE

The master bleeds.

AZAZELLO

If he bleeds he can die.

HYENA-SWINE

He can die?

MOREAU

Help me... for the love of God.

HYENA-SWINE

Do you love me father? Do you love your son?

The Hyena-Swine pads across the clearing towards Moreau, its hackles rising, its tiny, pig like eyes sparkling with bloodlust. A machete glints in its hand.

MOREAU

I love you.

HYENA-SWINE

Then let your son embrace you.

Moreau bows his head.

MOREAU

Children of the law...forgive me...

HYENA-SWINE

Law no more!

The machete swings in a gleaming arc and the good doctor's body falls to the waiting earth. The Hyena-Swine raises the machete, seeing the master's blood glistening in the tropical sunshine.

HYENA-SWINE

Now I am God.

He licks Moreau's blood from the blade and begins giggling hysterically while his comrades abandoning their fear close in and beat the doctor's fallen body. Taking up the Hyena-Swine's chant they release years of rage in animal savagery.

ALL

Law no more! Law no more!

The parrots shift nervously on their perches taking flight one by one as the beast folk dance in bizarre celebration around Moreau's body. The birds rise up through the leafy canopy of the trees to the sky and the heavens beyond.

Afterwards, something like snowflakes falls and melts in the Pacific sun and the distant thunder of an approaching storm rumbles over the scene.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GUEST ROOM - DAY

THUNDER crashes outside and warm rain squalls against the glass.

Aissa turns over, kissing Prendick on the forehead.

He opens his eyes and she smiles at him.

He looks at her, and his eyes widen.

Some strange reversion has begun; The imperfect upper-lip has become exaggerated, and a distinct fur-like down appeared has on her face, but she is nonetheless still beautiful.

Prendick stares. She draws him close and he kisses her again. His face is guided by her hands down to her breasts. His lips find her nipples and she twists with arousal, then she guides his face further down her body to another set of breasts, vestigial buds that have erupted on the smooth skin of her torso.

Prendick reacts, balancing on a knife edge of revulsion and desire, then he gives in to the latter, kissing wildly at her feral mammaries, aroused beyond any point of return.

Again, louder, there comes the sound of THUNDER.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RAINFOREST - DAY

The THUNDER becomes the sound of hooves and we see the riderless white stallion racing through the trees, its flanks wet with foam.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY

A violent storm lashes the island. A WAILING procession of Beast Folk, led by the Sayer of the Law, trudge slowly through the driving rain, their heads bowed as they bear Moreau back to the big house, his body held aloft, his arms outstretched as if crucified, his head tilted back, rain falling in his sightless eyes and washing the blood from his face in pink rivulets.

Montgomery stands waiting for them on the front lawn, his features twisted in despair.

Behind him Prendick comes slowly down the driveway, supported by Aissa. He is barefoot, dressed only in a blanket and a damp pair of flannel trousers.

MONTGOMERY

It's all over. Oh god...

The procession comes to a halt and the Sayer of the Law steps forward to address Montgomery.

SAYER OF THE LAW

He is dead.

AZAZELLO

Is there a Law now? Is it still to be this and that?

SAYER OF THE LAW

Is there a Law, thou Other with the whip? Is there a Law now that He is dead?

Montgomery looks to Prendick, his jaw hanging slackly.

Prendick steps forward, Aissa clinging to his arm, and tries to take command of the situation.

PRENDICK

Of course there's a Law.

HYENA-SWINE

Law no more!

PRENDICK

There's a law! Listen to me! He isn't dead!

The Beast People turn their sharp eyes upon him.

PRENDICK

He's here! Now! He isn't dead. He's left his body, but he's here. You can't see him, but Right there!

Prendick points towards the leaden sky. Montgomery looks at him with amazed admiration.

MONTGOMERY

Good, buddy. That's good. Jesus, that's great!

PRENDICK

You can't see him, but he can see you! He's watching you right now!

KIRIL

Fear the Law!

There is a flicker of lightning and the Beast People look nervously to the sky.

Assassimon stares in terrible suspicion and uncertainty.

KIRIL

He is great, He is good!

PRENDICK

Come with me! We must bring his old body up to the big house. Then he'll tell us what to do.

He motions for them to follow, setting off at the head of the procession. Reluctantly, Assassimon joins them.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COURTYARD - DUSK

The rain has stopped now but the sky is still dark and threatening. The remaining Dog Men, under the command of M'Ling are busy making a pyre of brushwood and broken furniture. Moreau's body, dressed in a pristine white suit and garlanded with flowers, is laid out on a pallet at the top of the pyre.

Aissa kneels beside him now and places his Panama hat on his chest. Prendick watches her closely, almost desperately, for a sign of human grief.

Tears start down Aissa's cheeks. Prendick looks on, moved.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTGOMERY'S QUARTERS - DUSK

Montgomery sits hunched over the paraffin lantern, swigging from a bottle of vodka and downing pills by the handful, his gun on the tabletop beside him.

Prendick sits opposite him, his eyes wandering over the disarray that surrounds them, the tattered posters and pathetic remnants of the counter-culture and Montgomery's past life. From outside rises the SOUND OF DRUMS and bestial VOICES howling and keening in lamentation.

PRENDICK

We're going to have to go out there -- and light that thing soon. I mean, if he starts getting ripe and they smell it, it's all over.

MONTGOMERY

They're all waiting... the whole damn island... Without the endorphins he put in their food they'll revert quickly. They'll need a firm hand with a whip in it. But I've really gotta hand it to you, Eddie, you're a survivor. This resurrection bit is fucking brilliant... perfect thing for a primitive intelligence. They'll eat it right up.

PRENDICK

Or they'll eat us right up.

MONTGOMERY

Yeah, whatever... Jesus, what a fucking life this is... Spend twenty years living in squalid little rooms, living on cheap thrills, man, I have to say, life is a big mistake. Big mistake. And to end up in this, this shit! This fucking island, ten years! What for?? Eddie, we're nothing. We're just nothing. We're bubbles blown by a baby.

PRENDICK

We're getting off of this island.

MONTGOMERY

Oh yeah? And going where? Look at me, man... Where the fuck am I going to go?

PRENDICK

Anywhere you like.

MONTGOMERY

(He laughs.)

That's a tough one, Eddie. I get off this island about once every two years, and I can't make it out there. People disgust me, man. I can't stand to be anywhere near them. Even the women. I rent them, then I can't bear to touch them. And I'll tell you something man... You and your girlfriend are gonna find it mighty hard "fitting in". I mean, just for openers, who's gonna rent to you? It isn't like you come from different religious backgrounds, if you know what I mean... Here, have a toke for fuck sake.

PRENDICK

Can we help her? Is there anything we can do to...

MONTGOMERY

To what, man? Keep her sweet? I know Moreau gave her special treatments. It's in his notes...

PRENDICK

What about the rest?

MONTGOMERY

They'll change, their D.N.A. will just start to unravel... Come on, man, have a toke... help yourself to my stash. I've got everything you could possibly want right here. Speed, methadone, morphine, mescaline, reds, blues, 'ludes acid, lysergic and my own special brew... The Montgomery Cocktail! you want to go? Come on, which way Try the Cocktail, you'll go all over the fucking place...

PRENDICK

I just want to go home.

MONTGOMERY

Well, fuck you then! You won't party with me, I'll party with them. I'll show you what a real party animal is! I'm handing in my resignation from the whole fucking human race, effective immediately.

Montgomery gets to his feet, clutching at the bottle, filling his pockets with pills.

PRENDICK

You're not going to hand those out!

MONTGOMERY

What? Are you gonna stop me? Jesus Christ, man, you're not a lawyer, you're a fucking missionary... save her, him, why don't you just open up a local branch of the S.P.C.A.?

PRENDICK

You really are crazy.

MONTGOMERY

Did I ever say I wasn't?

Prendick rises, facing him, and Montgomery snatches up the automatic, waving it at his head.

MONTGOMERY

Hey, man, you're standing between me and the party lights. Get out of my way.

PRENDICK

Sure. Go ahead. Go ahead.

Montgomery flings the door open, his eyes blots of deep black in the yellow light, the gun trembling in his hand.

MONTGOMERY

You know, man, you've got no view. With you it's all survival. We're right on the edge here, and I ain't gonna miss it may be dead tomorrow, but I'm gonna live it up tonight.

He turns and goes out into the moonlight.

M'Ling, who is waiting outside, rises to meet him.

MONTGOMERY

M'Ling! M'Ling, my man! Bring the flatbed around at once. It's party time!

Prendick follows him to the doorway, looking out into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

The crowd parts as Montgomery walks amongst them, dispensing pills.

MONTGOMERY

Free drugs! Come on! Who wants to get high? Let's see some hands.

A forest of misshapen appendages rises around him and he fills each hand indiscriminately with whatever he pulls from his pockets.

MONTGOMERY

There you go... a little Uptown for you, some Downtown for you... Cat food for the dogs and dog food for the cats... What's science without a few drugs, huh, Eddie?

He addresses the assembly of Chimaera.

MONTGOMERY

It's the dawning of a whole new deal, boys and girls. I'm the Man now and we're gonna have fun around here for a change. We'll be laughing tonight...

The Beast People press tight around him, pawing at him helping themselves now to the contents of his pockets.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COURTYARD - NIGHT

Prendick, Aissa, and the remaining Beast People, still loyal to Moreau, stand ringed around the pyre. For a moment they're motionless, their heads bowed in a prayer, then Prendick tosses a lighted torch into the brushwood at the base of the mound and the flames begin to climb hungrily around Moreau's body. The congregation remains silent, watching until More au's body is lost in flame and smoke.

Prendick turns to Aissa now, seeing her eyes glinting like an animal's in the firelight.

AISSA
Will we go now?

PRENDICK
Yes.

They look at each other, a terrible awareness in Aissa's face.

AISSA
I know, Prendick. I know what is happening to me... I can feel it.

PRENDICK
It doesn't matter.

AISSA
Yes, it matters.

PRENDICK
There's a way to fix it, in your father's notes. I'll find it. We'll bring you back. Now, go to the house. Get whatever you need to take.

AISSA
(apprehensive)
Where are you going?

PRENDICK
There's something I have to do.

He turns to address the assembly.

PRENDICK
Children of the Law! Listen to me! The Master has left a task for you!

He turns towards the laboratory, motioning for the Beast People to follow him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LABORATORY - NIGHT

Prendick strides down the aisleway between the cages, Kiril and the Sayer of the Law leading the remnants of the Beast People behind him.

PRENDICK

Empty the cages! Free all of them!

The Beast Folk go to work at once, scooping rabbits from their hutches, dogs and cats and monkeys from their cages. Prendick stalks slowly through the devastated laboratory, flipping the switch on a Nagra as he passes, hearing Moreau's VOICE, nothing more now than a magnetic ghost.

MOREAU'S VOICE

Systolic pressure 3.2. Diastolic pressure up to 4.
Pulmonary pressure stands at 5.8.

Prendick stops at the shelf, lifting Moreau's black book.

It falls open in his hands and he casts an eye over the chemical equations contained there, an escaped monkey scampering up to him to perch on his shoulder, mimicking his puzzlement at Moreau's notes.

Behind him, the Sayer of the Law opens the incubators one by one, handing out the mewling mutant infants to a line of island women who bear them out into the safety of the orange night.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

The awesome SOUND of the Jimi Hendrix Experience throbbing from a tinny set of speakers, supplemented by a line of DRUMMING Beast Folk, tangling with the SOUNDTRACK of "King Kong" that is climbing on a screen set before the CD-ROM projector that has been set up for a rapt, tripped-out animal audience. A great bonfire is raining sparks into the sky farther up the beach, ringed by furiously dancing creatures. Beside the bonfire, an axe-wielding Dog Man is chopping up the remains of the beached motor launch and feeding them into the flames.

Montgomery stands near the fire, burning of the boat, supervising the ritual a garland of flowers around his neck and a joint dangling from his lower lip.

The Sloth Creature drags at the hem of his coat and he smiles sadly, turning out his pockets.

MONTGOMERY

All gone. See. All tapped out. We're in the same boat now,

(points to the burning launch)

and there it is right there! Up the creek without a paddle. Any of you ever hear that expression?

He starts to get undressed, throwing his clothes to the Beast People who grab at them eagerly, fighting for possession of the more treasured articles.

Montgomery lifts his head up and shouts.

MONTGOMERY

How do you like this, Moreau? Isn't this some wild shit!

The Beast People press tighter around him, reaching out to touch his pale skin. He giggles, looking up at the stars.

MONTGOMERY

All flesh is grass, boys and girls. You blink and it's all gone...

He grabs an already disheveled Beast Woman and breaks into a demented, frenzied and very dirty boogie.

The flatbed goes rumbling past, headlights blazing, circling dangerously close to the fire, joyriding through the night, going nowhere, M'Ling at the wheel.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STUDY - NIGHT

Azazello unbolts the gun locker and opens it up to display its contents to his fellow conspirators: the Hyena-Swine, a bristly black Boar Man and a pair of the surviving Dog Men who still wear waiter's coats. Behind them, the rest of the room is already in chaos as several of the Beast People root through Moreau's papers, flinging the books from the shelves, the unleashed parrot flapping wildly around their heads. The Hyena-Swine hefts a Kalashnikov, his eyes glowing in anticipation.

HYENA-SWINE

Now we have the fire that kills. Now we are Gods!

Azazello weighs a hand grenade in his palm, his face cracking in a terrible, gap-toothed grin.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HALL - NIGHT

Aissa crosses the hallway on her way to her room.

There is a sudden rattle of automatic GUNFIRE followed by a sudden peal of raucous LAUGHTER from the direction of the study and she stiffens, drawing back against the wall with a HISS.

Azazello appears now in the study door, clutching a bottle of brandy, the other two Dog Men following him at a pace.

AZAZELLO

Trip-trap, trip-trap... and where are you going in the woods today, little girl?

Aissa edges towards the door but the Dog Men cut her off.

AZAZELLO

Looking for your five-finger man? He can't help you. There are no masters anymore.

He advances and she raises a hand as if to strike him. Her claws extend from her fingertips and her eyes glint in the firelight. The hair on her back raises as she emits a long catlike hiss.

AZAZELLO

Nicely now little kitten-Aissa or I'll hurt you. Remember how the master hurt me? Oh, how he whipped me.

He gives an oily CHUCKLE, his voice becoming a growl.

AZAZELLO

But he spared your soft skin.

One of the Dog Men reaches out to grab her hair and she bares her teeth in a feral snarl. Lashing out at Azazello, her claws rake his face nearly blinding him.

Azazello stumbles back with a canine yelp, pawing at his snout. The other two Dog Men lunge at her, the blood lust rising in their eyes.

Aissa turns. Finding no way out of the room she leaps toward the curtains. Locking her claws in the heavy material, she scrambles up toward the valence while the Dog Men try to grab her and pull her back.

She tries to reach the large chandelier, but the curtains and valence give way and she falls back toward the floor; in mid-fall she twists catlike to land on all fours in a crouch.

A low threatening growl boils from her throat as she faces Azazello and the Dog Men, holding them at bay like a cornered cat as they maneuver cautiously to surround her.

Suddenly, with a shriek she springs at Azazello. Her claws tear with lightening speed at his face while he staggers back. His hand goes into his coat and he pulls an automatic.

As Aissa claws for his throat, he shoots her at zero range. There is a deafening concussion. Her eyes widen, revealing the green fire of her rage as she convulses with the impact.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COURTYARD - NIGHT

The remainder of the Beast People, standing before the blazing pyre, turn as a burst of gunfire shatters the night.

The Hyena-Swine stands in the doorway of the big house, brandishing his Kalashnikov. As the congregation watches he fires a second burst at the stars.

HYENA-SWINE

Bow to me! I send the fire that kills.

He squeezes off another burst for effect and several of the Beast People drop to their knees. Kiril moves forward pulling the groveling figures back to their feet by the scruffs of their necks.

HYENA-SWINE

Bow to me!

KIRIL

Who are you that I should bow to you? We are brothers.

He turns to face the congregation.

KIRIL

Children of the Law, we must stand firm. We must uphold the Law and work together now. We must rule with love, not hate. We are brothers, all of us.

The Hyena-Swine switches the Kalashnikov onto single fire and shoots Kiril in the back. He pitches forward.

The congregation GASPS.

The Hyena-Swine CHUCKLES, slides in a new banana clip.

Some of the Beast People start to shout now, falling to their knees and wringing their hands.

SAYER OF THE LAW

No! This is wrong! You are breaking the Law!

HYENA-SWINE

If It Feels Good, Do It, is the Law! Montgomery told me so.

SAYER OF THE LAW

We must have Laws! We are not animals!

HYENA-SWINE

Law no more!

SAYER OF THE LAW

(with incredible feeling)

Are we not men?

The Hyena-Swine laughs, switches his Kalashnikov onto full auto and empties its magazine into the crowd, the Boar Man at his side excitedly joining in the massacre with his own AK-47. All those who are still standing are caught in a withering rain of bullets, their bodies jerking in the glow of the funeral pyre.

The Sayer of the Law is among the first to fall, his mask shattered by a bullet between the eyes.

A spray of bullets punch into fuel cans stockpiled in the yard, a rivulet of gasoline creeps away, leading back towards the big house.

The Hyena-Swine is laughing and laughing, the gun growing hot in his hands, fire leaping in his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LAB - NIGHT

Prendick takes a crowbar to a metal file and rips it open. He tears through the papers and finds several note books. He begins frantically flipping through them.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - NIGHT

Things have started to slip at the beach party.

Several of the Beast Folk lie shaking on the sand, gripped by epileptic seizures, while one of the Cat People has torn out its own eyes and sits screaming beside the projector. The flatbed is stuck in the sand, smoke pouring out of it, M'Ling limping back towards the fire in open embarrassment.

Montgomery stands naked in the midst of the admiring Chimaeras, staring back towards the big house, his attention drawn by the sound of GUNFIRE.

MONTGOMERY

What the fuck now...?

M'LING

Master!

M'Ling steps towards Montgomery but the Bison Man cuts him off, striking the Dog Man over the head with an empty bottle.

MONTGOMERY

No! Don't hurt him!

He makes as if to go to M'Ling's assistance, but the Bison Man blocks his way.

BISON MAN

No more Masters!

Montgomery turns to see the other Beast Folk crowding in on him, an awful hunger flaring in their eyes. A low growl ripples across the beach, rising into a snarl of rage.

MONTGOMERY

Hey I come on, man, lighten up... This is supposed to be a party!

The little pink Sloth thing steps suddenly forward and shoots Montgomery in the chest with his own automatic.

He staggers backwards, staring in disbelief at the puckered hole in his breastbone.

MONTGOMERY

Shit! You... You were always such a sweet little fucker, too... Jesus... Thanks a lot...

He falls against the CD-ROM projector and the image goes into gross distortion.

He slips to his knees and, with a SHRIEK, the Beast People fall upon him, ripping and ravaging.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LABORATORY - NIGHT

Prendick is edging towards the door Moreau's black book clutched to his chest, his automatic in his hand when the Hyena-Swine and the Boar Man burst into the room, levelling their rifles. He dives for the cover of the overturned operating table, a bullet meant for his heart hitting instead in the leather cover of Moreau's journal.

He hugs the ground, covering his head as the renegades pump round after round into the laboratory, shattering the overhead lights and laboratory equipment.

The big tank cracks and comes apart, spilling a wave of warm amniotic fluid across the floor, the gilled mutations flopping and writhing amidst the broken glass.

The Hyena-Swine pauses to reload, padding on the tips of its toes towards Prendick's hiding place, its teeth bared.

HYENA-SWINE

Come out and face me! Let us see who is the
Master, now!

Prendick crawls gasping for the safety of the ruined bank of audio-visual equipment, prompting a hysterical burst of GUNFIRE from the Hyena-Swine.

Prendick cringes, bullets RICOCHETING and sparking all around him.

There follows another lull as the Hyena-Swine fumbles for a fresh clip. Prendick uses the breathing space to reach for the Nagra. The Boar Man turns, levelling his rifle, but at that moment Moreau's icy voice fills the room.

MOREAU'S VOICE

Diastolic pressure up to 4. Pulmonary pressure
stands at 5.8. Heartbeat irregular.

The Boar Man freezes, turning to the Hyena-Swine.

HYENA-SWINE

No! It is a trick! He is dead! We killed him!

He opens fire once more but Prendick has already ducked safely out of sight, crouching behind a console and pulling on a pair of goggles.

The Hyena-Swine glances about himself uneasily, then as he steps forward, Prendick reaches out and throws the switch on the laser, its light filling the room with a brilliant blue-green glare. The renegades yell, trying to cover their eyes as Prendick springs from behind the console, shooting the Boar Man in the throat. The Boar Man topples backwards.

The Hyena-Swine screams, blindly loosing a burst of gunfire in Prendick's direction. One of the bullets damages the laser's housing and Prendick decides to take a chance, diving across the room towards the door and tilting the laser from its bearings as he passes.

The laser cuts the Hyena-Swine across the face and he tumbles backwards with a shriek, clutching at his face.

Then Prendick shoots him in the stomach and he goes down, falling amidst the tendrils of the tank dwellers, still kicking and screaming, one paw grasping for a hand grenade.

Prendick takes a step back as the Hyena-Swine pulls the pin and draws back his arm to pitch the grenade, but then one of the tentacles coils around his wrist and holds it tight. Prendick leaps for the door.

The Hyena-Swine's last shriek of pain and fear is cut short by an ear-splitting CONCUSSION and the laboratory is torn apart in a ball of fire and flying shrapnel.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COURTYARD - NIGHT

Prendick steps over the mound of corpses, eyes narrowed against the smoke, the gun in one hand, Moreau's black book in the other.

PRENDICK

Aissa!

He scans the faces of the dead but does not see her among them. The flames are spreading now from the blazing laboratory to the other huts, climbing towards the radio mast. Up ahead, the big house is already on fire and Prendick battles his way towards its door.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HALL - NIGHT

Prendick stumbles coughing through the doorway, one arm raised to protect his face from its burning frame.

PRENDICK

Aissa!

Then his eyes to adjust to the smoke-filled room and what he sees seems to rob him of what little sanity he has left.

Aissa's body lies on the dining table, her entire torso an open wound, Azazello and the Dog Men sitting around her, as if about to feed on her flesh.

Prendick reacts with a bellow of primal rage. He raises his gun and blasts at the Dog Men. One is struck in the head. Another is shot when he runs for the door. Wounded, he runs yelping to a corner where other shots bring him down.

Prendick turns the gun on Azazello who glares at him with canine menace. He pulls the trigger but the chamber CLICKS on empty.

Azazello turns with a SHRIEK and throws himself through the rear window, fleeing YELPING into the night.

Prendick stands over Aissa, beyond grief, beyond any emotion. Taking the compass from her fingers, he holds her hand, as the flames move across the walls around him.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - NIGHT

A series of EXPLOSIONS rip through the enclosure, engulfing the big house, the singing aloes rising screaming in tongues of living flame.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - DAWN

Prendick stands watching the rising sun. He seems transformed by grief and by his exposure to horror. The big house is burning behind him. Montgomery's remains are at his feet covered in a blood-soaked blanket. M'Ling kneels beside him, weeping.

M'LING

They are mad! They are fools! They say there is no Law. No Master. No whips. No House of Pain anymore. We love the Law and will keep it now but there is no more pain, no more whips forever again, they say. But I know, Master, I know. You still live. You have walked in the sea and lived.

Prendick pats M'Ling's head.

PRENDICK

You're a good man, M'Ling.

M'LING

You will kill them all?

Prendick turns his eyes towards the burning flatbed and the remnants of the motor launch. There are bodies strewn all over the beach.

PRENDICK

No. Not all.

M'LING

The Master's will is sweet.

Behind them the radio mast collapses, sending a flurry of sparks climbing into the heavens.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY

The SOUND of the HORN rises once more into the morning air. Prendick, M'Ling, Assassimon and two of the remaining elders stand on the rostrum, Azazello bound and kneeling at their feet.

The rest of the islanders gather uneasily before them. There are fewer than thirty of them left.

PRENDICK

He's not dead! He's speaking to me right now!
The House of Pain will be back again! You can't see the Master, but he's watching everything you do!

M'LING

True! True!

The Fox Lady steps forward, cradling one of the children from the incubators.

FOX LADY

The Man Who Walks in the Sea now leads.

PRENDICK

The Master speaks through me. For those who break the Law!

ASSASSIMON

Back to the House of Pain! Back to the House of Pain!

The congregation takes up the chant, their voices swelling. Prendick stares in cold fury as Azazello slinks forward contrite and very frightened. He kneels before Prendick, who touches his head with barely-controlled hatred.

ALL (CHORUS)

Back to the House of Pain! Back to the House of Pain!

AZAZELLO

(looking imploringly at Prendick)

Back to the House of Pain! Back to the House of Pain!

He tries to lick Prendick's hand. Prendick puts the gun to Azazello's head and the Dog Man whimpers.

The gun jumps, spitting fire, and Azazello falls, blood jetting from his temple. The audience falls silent.

FOX LADY

The gun has spoken! It is good!

They fall into a new rhythm, their chant rising and rising.

ALL (CHORUS)

His is the hand that wounds! His is the hand that heals! His is the lightning flash! His is the deep salt sea!

Prendick stands looking out over them, Moreau's book still clutched under his arm, the gun clenched in his free hand. It's as though he's staring at something a thousand miles away, as tears start down his cheeks.

The crowd bows down, the sky filled with black smoke rising from the ruins behind them, the emblem of the Tree of Life still fluttering from the flagpole above.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CAVE - DAY

Prendick stands in the shaft of light at the center of the cavern, the fetish staff in his hands, leading the chanting congregation. His hair and beard have grown long and wild now, his and his clothes are embroidered with bones and tassels, face bedaubed with paint.

PRENDICK (V.O.)

After that day I became the Sayer of the Law. Every day for nine months I stood in front of the Tree of Life and talked to them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE CAVE - NIGHT

Prendick is observing the moon through a cleft in the rock and marking the lunar calendar painted on the cavern wall.

PRENDICK (V.O.)

I rewrote the Law and tried to teach them new ways to survive on their own. The Law I gave them was the Law I dreamed of as a boy, that had made me want to be a lawyer, a Law that never really existed anywhere in the real world, except here.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE ISLAND - DAY

Prendick stands thigh deep in the river teaching M'Ling and the others the finer points of spear fishing, a lesson interrupted when two of the onlookers start to squabble over a particularly juicy-looking barbel.

PRENDICK (V.O.)

I taught them all I could, but day by day the animal returned to take over that which was human. Like it always has and always will. Like Moreau said it would.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - DAY

Prendick, M'Ling and several others huddle beneath a fan of woven palm leaves, sheltering from a torrential downpour.

PRENDICK (V.O.)

About thirty of them had survived and eight of those were dead by the end of the hurricane season, most from untreatable illnesses caused by their genetic disorders. I knew that if Aissa had lived she would have shared their fate, but that didn't take the pain away. By the time the trade winds blew again from the west, only M'Ling and Assassimon still clung to the power of speech, and were able to help me in my work.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

Moreau's horse has been employed in dragging logs down from the rainforest to where M'Ling and Prendick are shaping them with makeshift axes.

Assassimon sits nearby, emptying barrels of diesel into the sand.

There follows a MONTAGE of activity as the raft slowly takes shape, Assassimon rigging its sails as it lies at berth next to the jetty, while Prendick and M'Ling load it with supplies.

PRENDICK

I'll be back with help. Give me three months.

M'LING

It is good. Go well, Master.

PRENDICK

Go well yourself, M'Ling. Good M'Ling.

He embraces M'Ling. The Dog Man fawns upon him, whimpering. Then he pulls away and, clambering aboard the raft, makes ready and casts off.

Assassimon comes running down the jetty, shouting at the top of his lungs.

ASSASSIMON

He is going! He is good! He is going! He is great!

Prendick strikes an offshore current, unfurling a bright sheet of homespun from the mast, a gaudy representation of The Tree Of Life painted in its center. The wind fills the sail and he adjusts the tillers, turning the raft's prow towards the open sea.

M'Ling sits down, his big feet dangling over the edge of the jetty, looking a little dejected, watching until Prendick is far away.

M'LING

We must read. We must keep speech for his return.

Then he lifts a battered copy of Alice in Wonderland and begins to read aloud once more while Assassimon, hopping from foot to foot, pretends to mouth the words over his shoulder.

M'LING

(reads, haltingly)

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall:
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses and all
the King's men.
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty
together again."

M'Ling's voice falters, tapering off into a bestial whimper.

He sits for a long while in silence, the book sagging in his hands, watching the sail of Prendick's raft until it has disappeared from sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE DISC OF THE SUN

A dazzling, overexposed white.

DISSOLVE THROUGH WHITE TO:

EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY (TWO DAYS LATER)

Prendick lies on his back on the raft, the sail flapping slackly now; his face raw and blistered from the sun. His head sways with the rise and fall of the ocean and all the horizon seems to sway with him, the earth and sky and the shining crack that separates them.

A dark smudge appears on the horizon. Dancing. Drawing nearer. He closes his eyes.

When he opens his eyes again he sees the side of a freighter looming over him, a row of figures gathered at the rail, outlines silhouetted against the sun.

Hands lift him now. Twisted, misshapen hands tipped with curious nails.

His eyes focus on his rescuers and he sees the intent faces of beasts of prey glaring down at him, their faces snoutish and porcine, back covered with a sickly pink skin, their lips curling from yellowed teeth.

He looks at them, completely blank.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SANATORIUM - DAY (THREE YEARS LATER)

Prendick blinks, opening his eyes to find that he is still sitting on his chair in Dr. Murnau's office, the beasts have become the CHIEF DOCTOR and two of the staff psychiatrists, DR. WIENE and DR. MOCH, sitting facing him. He is clean shaven now and is wearing a brand new suit and tie.

MURNAU

I'm glad we're in agreement. You finally understand you've been suffering an acute form of post-traumatic stress disorder brought on by the plane crash and your terrible ordeal at sea... You should be able to gradually unlock the memory of what really happened to you during that lost year.

PRENDICK

I have. I see that nothing much happened at all. I was simply adrift.

DR. MOCH

Perhaps as a young man you read about the real Doctor Moreau, who won Nobel Prize in 1989. The controversy surrounding his work could have been incorporated into your fantasies.

Prendick smiles, nods.

PRENDICK

So I guess now it's on with my life.

MURNAU

You've come a very long way.

PRENDICK

Thank you, Gentlemen. Thank you all, for everything.

He stands, folding his coat over his arm. When he looks back at the doctors, however, it is to find them transformed into scabrous carrion birds staring hungrily at him across the desktop with their vulpine, bespectacled eyes, their dark wings stirring threateningly. He maintains his smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

Prendick stands on the corner of a busy city street, his coat still folded over his arm, staring at the hubbub of life that surrounds him.

PRENDICK (V.O.)

I was released from the hospital in October 2010. The world hadn't come to an end, although there had been a nuclear exchange. Everything else, it seems, had been a symptom of my psychosis.

We see the crowded street now through Prendick's eyes.

Weary DEER MEN and CATTLE PEOPLE shambling past him with wounded eyes, dripping blood, OLD PEOPLE, bent and dull murmuring to themselves, prowling WOMEN mewing after him and dancing packs of jibing MONKEY CHILDREN skipping through a gridlocked traffic jam of barking CANINE MOTORISTS, belligerent PORCINE TRAFFIC POLICE trying to maintain order. Prendick turns now, seeing his own reflection in a shop window, the reflection of a rather melancholy-looking sheepdog lost that has its flock, its eyes tired and lonely.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COTTAGE - DUSK

The fire is low on the hearth. Prendick sits hunched in the semi-darkness, the loaded gun still cradled in his hands, finishing up his final message running through the Nagra, a dog barking in the distance.

Moreau's notebook lies open on the table before him, a reproduction of Draper's "Lament for Icarus" tacked on the wall behind him. All over the desk, on crumpled pieces of paper, are sketches of the Tree of Life.

PRENDICK(V.O.)

On the island, I had thought that Moreau was the loneliest man on the earth. But that was before I became what I've become... I've spent my time in reading, and studying biochemistry only to realize that what Moreau did was in fact possible. What happened can't be dismissed as a nightmare. So I've had no choice but to live alone with the horrible truth.

Prendick raises the gun, closing his eyes.

PRENDICK (V.O.)

(haltingly)

Now I find there is simply no way to bear the loneliness.

In the near background we hear the barking of a dog.

Prendick squeezes his eyelids shut, trying to blot out the noise. He draws the hammer back with an audible click. Suddenly, there is the sound of a pair of paws hitting the pane of glass in a French door. The barking is now very loud, almost in the room.

Prendick opens his eyes once more. The barking goes on. It has a strange, pleading quality.

Prendick lowers the gun and looks toward the door.

The dog is looking in. It sees him and barks with sudden recognition. Prendick can't avoid the animal. He rises and the dog paws wildly at the doorpanel with obvious joy at his approach. Prendick tries to muster a stern look.

PRENDICK

I locked you out for a reason. I can't very well
kill myself with you pestering me.

The dog barks imploring, then looks at Prendick and cocks his head. He whimpers for Prendick's affection.

PRENDICK

What? You'd miss me?

The dog responds with a short, decisive bark.

Prendick steps to the door and opens it. The dog rushes away with wild joyous excitement.

It begins a wild frolic on the hillside before the cottage. The downright silliness of the animal's joyful exuberant forces a trace of reluctant smile to Prendick's lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN NEW ENGLAND - DUSK

A curtain of rain falls across the downland, turned to motes of gold by the dying light, descending as a blessing upon the soft green hills and patchwork farmsteads.

The dog comes running along the crest of a hill, rejoicing, barking at the rain, eyes brimming with a simple animal happiness. It skids to a halt, shaking itself, turning its snout towards the dying light. The rain has stopped, the sky is clearing.

Its master walks now to stand beside it, his hands in his pockets, contemplating the same awesome view. Then Prendick bends down to pat the dog as it leaps up, putting its paws against his chest, to lick his face that is wet with rain or tears.

Prendick looks deep into the sweet liquid eyes of the dog.

FADE TO BLACK.
ROLL END TITLES.

THE END