

THE ISLE OF MAN AND BEAST

by

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Based on the novel
"The Island of Dr. Moreau"
By
H.G. Wells

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY - BEGIN TITLES

SUPER: SOUTH PACIFIC, 1840

Sundown. A large freighter floats beneath a dark and angry sky.

Activity aboard shows the vessel's crew working furiously to haul up what looks like some sort of raft from the turbulent waters below.

END TITLES

EXT. FREIGHTER'S DECK - SAME

The crew gathers around the raft, now safely aboard; only a few feet in diameter, it is nothing more than a simple platform tethered atop four empty rum barrels.

But there's something else. Something chained to the platform, secured by a large, rusted padlock.

An old, weathered, sea chest.

The FIRST MATE steps forward and smashes the lock off with a heavy mallet; the chains fall away.

He hands the mallet back to another crew member in exchange for a pry bar.

Jams it into the lid and pries it open.

Peers inside.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Large and dimly lit, it is filled with relics from past adventures.

The CAPTAIN, 60s, sits at his desk, about to enjoy his evening meal.

A KNOCK comes at the door.

He looks up from his dinner with a scowl.

CAPTAIN

What is it?

The door creaks open and the First Mate pokes his head in.

FIRST MATE

Pardon the intrusion sir, but we've found something.

He steps fully into the room and holds up a small book.

Annoyed, the Captain waves him over. Snatches the book from his hands.

Opens it and scans the first couple of pages; something he sees brings an expression of recognition to his grizzled face.

CAPTAIN

You've done well. That will be all.

FIRST MATE

Sir--

CAPTAIN

That will be all.

He turns away.

Reluctantly, the First Mate leaves the room. Closes the door behind him.

Once he's alone, the Captain sets the book on his desk and opens it to the first page.

Hand-written, it's not just a book.

It's a journal.

He brings his lamp closer. Begins to read.

BETHANY (V.O.)

We were standing on the dawn of discovery. Countless breakthroughs in the fields of science and medicine were being uncovered with each passing year.

Behind the Captain, outside the cabin's windows, a heavy rain begins to fall.

EXT. RAINFOREST CANOPY - DAY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

BETHANY (V.O.)

And with these advances came the desire to push the realm of science further than ever, to blur the lines between reality and imagination.

With a steady rainfall and low cloud cover, the dark green world looks untouched by time or man.

BETHANY (V.O.)

To turn God into man and men into gods.

Far below, through the leaves, something races across the jungle floor, a flash of white amongst the earthy tones.

GROUND LEVEL

It's a woman.

Ebony skinned and dressed in the filthy rags of a slave, what's left of her clothes are soaked and hang in tatters.

Her face an expression of pure terror, the woman flees at full speed through the dense foliage.

Until a fifteen-foot drop-off looms before her.

Unable to stop in time, she goes into a desperate slide on the wet earth. Manages to grab a large tree root at the very last moment to halt her fall.

With a Herculean effort, the woman slowly pulls herself back onto solid land and lies there, exhausted, until her breathing slowly returns to normal.

A low GROWL drifts out from the foliage.

Eyes wide, she scrambles to her feet. Quickly hides behind a large tree near the edge of the drop-off.

Slow and heavy FOOTSTEPS begin to approach.

Closer and closer.

And stop with whatever it is just on the other side of the tree.

The thing SNUFFLES furiously at the other side of the trunk; the woman presses her back tighter against the tree to steady her trembling body.

She holds her breath.

The snuffling stops.

She closes her eyes, trembling even harder.

A long moment passes.

With a disgusted SNORT, the thing's footsteps slowly move away.

The woman sags against the trunk with relief as sound returns to the jungle once more.

Cautiously, she pushes away from the tree. Peeks around it.

She's alone.

The woman creeps away from the safety of the tree, her eyes scanning the foliage for any flicker of movement.

BOTTOM OF THE DROP-OFF

The woman's SCREAM echoes through the jungle air.

Her limp body flies backwards over the edge, falls to the slope below, and tumbles down it like a rag doll until she comes to a rough stop where the land flattens out, sprawled flat on her back.

Several long seconds pass.

Then, ever-so-slowly, her arms begin to move.

With the last of her strength, she flips herself over to reveal blood pouring from a jagged set of claw marks across the lower part of her jaw and throat.

Her unfocused eyes spot something in the distance; her mouth works soundlessly and she weakly stretches a trembling hand in that direction.

But her wounds are too great.

The life fades from her eyes and her hand falls limply to the ground.

Dead.

A look in the direction she was reaching for shows the ocean just a mile away.

BETHANY (V.O.)

It was the year 1798 that a gifted surgeon named Charles Moreau first made headlines across Europe.

A shadow falls over her lifeless body and whatever it is slowly drags her backwards out of sight.

Leaving only a trail of blood behind

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

BETHANY (V.O.)

Quickly branded a heretic by the church for his radical ideas in vivisection and human experimentation, his once prominent reputation was quickly tarnished and he became known throughout Europe as the Devil's Surgeon.

Deep cobalt blue, the light breeze fills its surface with a million tiny ripples.

BETHANY (V.O.)

Unable to withstand the constant scrutiny and disgust his experiments had brought, he fled the country under the cover of darkness and disappeared into the night--

A massive shadow falls over the crystalline water as the hull of a large cargo ship sails past.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY

BETHANY (V.O.)
--never to be heard from again.

Nearly all of the free space is loaded with large, square-shaped objects covered by heavy tarps.

A SCREAM splits the air.

FAR END OF THE DECK

Chased by several crew members, BETHANY, early 20s, runs for the stern in a futile attempt to escape.

Dressed in what was once the garments of a working-class girl, she is slender as a mink with delicate features and a raw beauty that is all but hidden beneath the filth that covers her clothes and skin.

She rushes past the covered cargo and almost makes it to the rail when one of the men grabs her from behind.

He throws her to the deck and the others fall upon her like a pack of wild beasts; they laugh and jeer, tearing at her hair and clothes, knocking her to the deck.

Bethany tries to fight back but the first mate, BRACKETT, 30s, straddles her, holding her down with his superior weight.

He slams her face hard into the deck and she goes limp. Dazed.

He laughs triumphantly and flips her over onto her stomach. Pulls her dress up to reveal the pale flesh beneath.

And begins to rape her as she screams in pain and helplessness while the other crew members mock her.

A large, dark hand lands on his shoulder.

Like he weighs no more than a child, Brackett is yanked off his feet and spun around to come face to face with M'LING, who bares a pair of abnormally large canines at him.

In his 40s, he appears to be just a mountain of a man with dark skin and greying hair but closer inspection reveals a thick and prominent brow, the beginnings of a sagittal crest, and the wide, flat nose of a primate.

Of a gorilla.

Brackett's eyes widen and M'Ling flings him effortlessly into the railing, nearly going overboard.

He steps forward and stands over Bethany's huddled form in a clear show of possession.

STAIRWELL ENTRANCE

From here, M'Ling is seen being surrounded by the rest of the crew.

A FACELESS MAN steps forward to block the spectacle from view with his broad back.

He silently observes the scene a moment.

Heads towards it.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - SAME

Brackett gets shakily to his feet, his face dark with rage.

Pulls a knife from his belt.

M'Ling sees this and welcomes the challenge; he pounds his chest with one hand where it makes a loud, hollow thud.

BRACKETT

I'm going to cut your fucking heart
out for that, boy.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

I wouldn't threaten him like that
if I were you--

He turns to see MONTGOMERY, 35, watching the exchange with an amused expression.

A wolf in sheep's clothing, he looks the typical playboy type: wealthy and educated with a constant hint of cockiness in his voice.

He stops beside M'Ling.

MONTGOMERY

--unless you want him to tear your
arm off and feed it to the sharks.

Brackett glances at M'Ling, who glowers menacingly at him, then at Bethany, curled at the big man's feet.

CAPTAIN FISK (O.S.)

What the fuck is going on here?

Everyone looks over as CAPTAIN FISK, 50s, approaches.

A shrewd and shady man, his anger is all for Montgomery and M'Ling.

CAPTAIN FISK

Well? I asked a question, now someone better damn well start answering me.

MONTGOMERY

It seems, Captain, that your upstanding crew here decided that assaulting and raping this poor girl was more important than doing what they are being paid to do.

BRACKETT

She's a stowaway, Captain. We found her--

CAPTAIN FISK

Shut your mouth, Brackett.

He looks back to Montgomery.

CAPTAIN FISK

An entire ship full of mangy beasts and you want to take in one more, do you?

MONTGOMERY

Is that a problem, Captain? Or shall I find another ship with another Captain to pay twice the acceptable rate to?

Captain Fisk sighs, his shoulders slumping in defeat.

CAPTAIN FISK

That won't be necessary. She's all yours, sir.

BRACKETT

Captain--

CAPTAIN FISK

I said shut your mouth Brackett. Now get back to work, all of you.

Montgomery looks down at Bethany. Studies her for a moment.

Nods to M'Ling, who immediately bends down to pick her up.

As he does, the primal features of his gorilla-like face inches away are too much for Bethany; she faints in his arms.

BETHANY (V.O.)

A handsome and charming man, Montgomery had grown up in England, graduating medical school at just seventeen, becoming well known throughout the scientific community for his lively demeanor and unusual skills in modern medicine.

Montgomery gives the captain a mock bow and follows his companion towards the cabins.

Brackett glares after them.

INT. CABIN - DAY

BETHANY (V.O.)

His only fault was that he liked to drink and engage in questionable activities with the virtuous daughters of his colleagues, a pastime that would eventually force him to leave his home and seek employment anywhere that would have him.

The door swings open. Montgomery and M'Ling enter, Bethany still in the big man's arms.

BETHANY (V.O.)

As for his servant, M'Ling, a quiet and fierce-looking man, his origins were as much a mystery as his unusual appearance.

The large man gently places Bethany in a bunk and steps back so Montgomery can get at her.

All business, he methodically checks her pulse and injuries while M'Ling wipes a wet washcloth across her brow.

Finally, Montgomery steps back and looks up at M'Ling.

MONTGOMERY

She'll be fine. She just needs to rest.

M'Ling nods with a grunt and leaves the room.

Montgomery gives a long and thoughtful look at Bethany before he follows his friend.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - NIGHT

Under a blanket of stars, the vessel continues its voyage across the sea.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Daylight streams in through the porthole to frame Bethany's sleeping face.

She stirs under the light and weakly opens her eyes to see M'Ling a foot away, watching her intently.

She gasps and jerks back to huddle against the wall, blanket pulled up to cover herself.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

It's all right, he won't hurt you--

Bethany whips her head around to see Montgomery leaning against the door frame with an amused expression.

MONTGOMERY

--he's just a big, harmless child.
Isn't that right, M'Ling?

M'Ling, who holds a bowl of food in his large hands, looks at him with a childlike innocence and HUFFS a confirmation, a soft exhale blown out through his pursed lips.

It takes a couple of tries for Bethany's voice to work.

BETHANY

Who are you?

MONTGOMERY

My name is Thomas Montgomery and,
this is M'Ling, my... cousin.

Bethany's eyes flick between him and M'Ling, doubt clear in her expression.

MONTGOMERY

(shrugs)

Distant cousin.

BETHANY

How did I get here?

MONTGOMERY

In this room? Well, that is fairly
easy to answer. We brought you
here after your run-in with some of
the more... unsavory members of
this crew.

Bethany's eyes gloss over as she remembers her encounter.

Montgomery comes into the small cabin. Goes to the table beside her bed where a pitcher and empty glass sits and pours some water into the glass with a steady and practiced hand.

MONTGOMERY

Though how you arrived on this vessel is clearly something only you would know the answer to.

Bethany looks about to answer him but thinks better of it and looks away.

Montgomery nods.

MONTGOMERY

I suppose it doesn't matter now, does it? You're here and that, as they say, is that.

He gestures to the food M'Ling holds.

MONTGOMERY (CONT'D)

In any case, you should eat something. It will help you feel better. I assume you are feeling better, yes?

Bethany nods slowly

MONTGOMERY

Excellent. Now. M'Ling?

He motions to M'Ling to go ahead; the large man holds the bowl of food out to Bethany.

Still weary of the strange-looking man, she refuses to take it.

Almost sadly, he carefully places the bowl on the table and backs away, not meeting her eyes.

A loud and inhuman ROAR echoes through the bowels of the ship. Draws all of their attention to the door.

Montgomery's shoulders slump. He sighs.

BETHANY

What was that?

Montgomery grins tiredly.

MONTGOMERY

I believe one of our passengers has a complaint to file.

He heads for the door, M'Ling at his back, and glances back at Bethany, his face serious now.

MONTGOMERY

Get some sleep when you're done eating. We'll talk more when you wake.

He leaves without waiting for a reply, M'Ling right behind him.

Bethany stares after them, perplexed.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - NIGHT

With the sun down, the tarps are removed from their cargo to reveal dozens of caged animals that are now wide awake and vocal, filling the air with BARKS, GROWLS, and ROARS.

Bethany studies each animal she passes, fascinated.

She stops beside a cage that holds a Bengal tiger; the large cat SNARLS at her but she can't take her eyes off it, enthralled by its beauty.

A sharp CLANG draws her attention to M'Ling, who takes care of the other animals on the opposite side of the deck with surprising gentleness; he mutters soothingly as he gives each of them their dinners.

Even in the faint starlight, the expression of deep sadness is visible on his face as if he holds great sympathy for the caged creatures.

He notices Bethany staring at him and returns it with the unblinking, penetrating gaze of a primate, eyes shining in the darkness, until she looks away.

A last glance at the tiger and Bethany reluctantly turns away to see Montgomery alone at a makeshift desk near the railing.

Lit cigarette between his lips, Montgomery drops a sample of blood on a glass slide and places it under his microscope.

UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

A jumble of red and white blood cells, they show the specimen's blood to be completely healthy and normal.

BACK TO SCENE

Though he hears her FOOTSTEPS approach, Montgomery doesn't look up when Bethany stops behind him.

MONTGOMERY

You should be resting.

BETHANY (O.S.)

I ran away. My parents... they were going to sell me to the workhouse and--

Montgomery finally looks up from the microscope. Faces her.

MONTGOMERY

(softly)

You don't have to tell me all this.
As I said earlier, you're here now
and that's all that matters.

Bethany nods, blinking back the tears that threaten in her eyes.

They fall into an awkward silence; Montgomery pretends to go back to work while Bethany pretends to watch the sea.

The first to crack, Bethany motions to the microscope.

BETHANY

What is all this?

Montgomery grins.

MONTGOMERY

Nothing too interesting, I'm
afraid. While you were dead to the
world I took the liberty of taking
a sample of your blood and am now
checking it for anything out of the
ordinary.

He looks into the microscope lens once more.

Bethany comes closer, intrigued.

BETHANY

Out of the ordinary?

MONTGOMERY

(shrugs)

Just as a precaution.

BETHANY

And did you find anything?

MONTGOMERY

A minor infection, from the rather
unsanitary conditions you've been
staying in I'd imagine. Nothing
that can't be cleared up by a
simple injection. Now, if you'll
permit me...

He reaches out to grab her arm. She jerks away.

Montgomery slowly lowers his hand.

MONTGOMERY

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to
presume...

Bethany stares at him wearily.

MONTGOMERY

Please, forgive me, I'm afraid my current occupation doesn't have much call for bedside manners. Forget about it, please. The infection should pass on its own in a few days.

He turns back to the microscope.

Embarrassed by her reaction, Bethany watches him work for a moment.

BETHANY

Will it hurt?

Montgomery looks up at her. Smiles reassuringly.

MONTGOMERY

You won't even know you've been poked.

Bethany takes a tentative step towards him.

All business now, Montgomery gestures to the seat beside him.

MONTGOMERY

It will only take a moment. I promise.

Bethany takes a breath and sits down beside him. Offers him her arm.

Montgomery takes it gently and quickly prepares it for the injection.

Bethany watches him pull out a syringe filled with dark red liquid. Her eyes narrow.

BETHANY

What is that?

MONTGOMERY

Just a strong dose of antibiotics to rid you of your infection. The disturbingly blood red color is purely for cosmetic reasons, nothing more. Completely harmless. It may make you feel a bit nauseous for a few days until it's cleaned out your system though.

He flashes her another reassuring smile and carefully plunges the needle into her skin.

Slowly injects the solution.

Pulls out the empty syringe and sets it aside.

MONTGOMERY

See, not a pinch.

Bethany returns his smile, absently rubbing at her arm.

Her face grows serious.

BETHANY

I never did thank you for saving my
life earlier. So... thank You.

Montgomery's smile fades.

MONTGOMERY

Yes, well, civility is what
separates us from the animals.

Puzzled by his seriousness, Bethany stares into his eyes,
only inches away.

The silence grows between them until a NOISE distracts them
both.

They look over to M'Ling, still feeding the various animals.

MONTGOMERY

You really should get some more
rest. I mean it.

Bethany nods.

BETHANY

Good night. And thank you again
for saving me.

MONTGOMERY

Sleep tight.

Bethany stares at him a moment longer. Turns away and heads
back to the cabins.

Montgomery watches her go before turning back to his work.

INT. LOWER DECK - DAY

Montgomery climbs briskly down the steps and makes his way
to Bethany's quarters, a bundle of cloth under his arm.

INT. CABIN - SAME

Bethany's examines her nude body in front of the room's
mirror; it is covered with bruises and scrapes from her
earlier encounter with the ship's crew.

Repulsed by the sight of so many wounds, she gently probes
some of the nastier ones. Winces at the touch.

INT. LOWER DECK - SAME

Montgomery comes up to her door and raises a fist to knock. Notices the door is open a crack.

Peers in to see checking out her different wounds.

He stares for a moment, admiring her firm and lithe body.

No, not admiring.

Studying.

Her delicate bone structure, the way her muscles and tendons flex and stretch beneath her skin, even the way she moves is smooth and graceful. Like an animal.

She is a perfect specimen.

Reluctantly, he shakes himself out of staring and knocks lightly.

INT. CABIN - SAME

Bethany jumps at the sudden knock.

BETHANY

Just a moment.

She hastily throws on the remains of her dress slip.

BETHANY

Come in.

Montgomery pushes the door open.

MONTGOMERY

Healing well?

Bethany looks surprised at how he knew what she was doing.

BETHANY

Oh. Yes. Thanks to you.

It is Montgomery's turn to look uncomfortable.

MONTGOMERY

Here. I brought you this. I thought you might need something else to wear so I raided the cabin boy's wardrobe and found something that should work...

He hands her the cloth bundle and Bethany holds it up; it is a simple set of shirt and pants.

BETHANY

It's... perfect. Thank you.

A little embarrassed, Montgomery nods his head in acknowledgement as another awkward silence builds between them.

BETHANY

Was there something else?

MONTGOMERY

Ah, yes. We're going to be landing soon. I thought you might like to know.

BETHANY

Out here? But there's nothing out here except uninhabited islands. I overheard the captain talking about it earlier. You said this ship was going to America.

MONTGOMERY

And it is, just after it drops off M'ling and myself.

BETHANY

What am I going to do? I can't stay on this ship alone.

MONTGOMERY

I considered that and, should you decide to stay aboard, you should know that I've already had a deep and very serious conversation with the captain about the remainder of your stay here. He has assured me that you will be safe as his own daughter whom, I not-so-subtly reminded him, is quite taken with me and extremely easy to find for someone with my considerable resources.

Bethany remains confused.

BETHANY

What did you mean, should I decide to stay?

MONTGOMERY

I want you to come with M'Ling and myself.

As his meaning sinks in, Bethany is taken aback.

BETHANY

I... I don't know what to say. I just met you and...

Montgomery nods as if he had anticipated her response.

MONTGOMERY

It's your choice, of course, and I hope you give it the serious consideration it deserves. But don't take too long to decide--

He nods to the porthole.

MONTGOMERY

--we're already there.

Bethany turns to look and sees an island looming in the distance.

EXT. ISLAND - SAME

Large, lush, and a deep black-ish green, it looks eerie and foreboding.

BETHANY (V.O.)

After weeks at sea, the ship had finally arrived at its secret location, an uncharted island hidden among the vast waters of the South Pacific. Somewhere where no soul could ever stumble upon it by accident.

EXT. RAINFOREST - SAME

Filled with a rainbow of colors, every surface shimmers with the remnants of a recent rainfall.

An adult ocelot steps soundlessly out of the foliage and makes its way to a small stream where it begins to drink.

A sudden HOWL comes from the depths of the jungle and the cat takes off in a blur of motion.

It flees a wild, erratic course through the jungle, pursued by something crashing through the foliage behind it, until the terrified feline runs straight into a hidden bamboo cage.

The door slams shut behind it. Trapped.

A half dozen NATIVES materialize out of the trees that surround the frightened cat.

Clothed only in simple loincloths, their tanned bodies are lean and hunched, gaunt yet powerful.

Their faces display a feral appearance: cracked and pointed teeth, amber eyes, and slightly elongated muzzles.

They look and act much like the pack of wolves they were created from; they snap at each other and their catch, snarling and making mock lunges at it.

A sharp CRACK stills them instantly and they turn to see DR. MOREAU a few yards away, an unfurled whip at his side.

In his late 60s, he cuts a god-like figure: a lean body that matches the weapon in his hands, penetrating eyes that never blink, and a stony face etched with several old battle scars.

He is king among the jungle.

With the natives' attention on him, he turns his head to look at something.

They follow his gaze.

Buried among the bushes is the half-eaten body of the slave woman.

And beyond the body, through the trees, is the beach.

Where the cargo ship approaches.

EXT. BOARDING RAMP - DAY

Montgomery watches the sailors unload the cages from the docked ship with absolutely no regard for the comfort of the terrified animals inside them.

M'Ling helps unload as well; he effortlessly carries loads twice as big as the sailors', but with much more care for their contents.

Satisfied with the progress, Montgomery heads for the boarding ramp.

BETHANY (O.S.)

Thomas.

He turns to see her doing her best to hurry after him. Waits for her to catch up, a grin in place.

MONTGOMERY

Come to tell me your decision?

Bethany pauses, unsure.

BETHANY

I... decided to stay on the ship.
I'm sorry.

Put off by her words, Montgomery can only nod.

MONTGOMERY

There's nothing to be sorry about.
You need to do what is best for
your future and I wish you the very
best.

They stare awkwardly at each other for a moment.

MONTGOMERY

Well, I should get going. And you should too, before that charming captain decides to leave you behind anyway. I hope you find what it is you're looking for.

He looks over to where Captain Fisk glares at them. Turns back to Bethany.

MONTGOMERY

Watch your back.

He turns his back on her and walks down the dock towards the beach.

Bethany watches him go.

As she does, Moreau comes out of the forest, surrounded by the natives.

His eyes go straight to Bethany.

Even from the distance, his cold stare seems to see right through her.

Uncomfortable yet intrigued, she stares back at him until he turns away to meet Montgomery at the beach.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY

With the ship heading for open water, Bethany watches Montgomery, M'Ling, and the natives deal with the unloaded cargo while Moreau supervises.

Montgomery stops working long enough to throw her a cheerful wave.

A little embarrassed, Bethany can only smile back.

BRACKETT (O.S.)

You should have gone with them.

Her smile fades instantly. Turns to see him leering at her hungrily with the rest of the crew at his back.

BRACKETT

I guess that means we can finish what we started earlier.

Bethany looks desperately back to shore where Montgomery is too far away to help, then to Captain Fisk, who turns away to leave her to her fate.

BRACKETT

There's no one here that's going to help you now. Your boyfriend was foolish enough to pay for your safety up front and now you're going to give us all something to do for the long trip back home.

The other sailors laugh as he begins to stalk towards her.

Bethany backs up against the railing. Trapped.

BRACKETT

Going somewhere?

He snags her around the waist. Pulls her close.

She lunges forward and bites his cheek hard enough to draw blood.

He jerks back, hand against the wound.

Bethany eyes him warily.

BRACKETT

You bitch.

He smiles an evil, murderous smile at her.

BRACKETT

I'm going to enjoy this even more--

He makes a go at her again but Bethany turns and flings herself over the rail.

Into the sea.

EXT. BEACH - SAME

His arms full with cargo, Montgomery looks up just in time to see Bethany jump overboard. Drops the cargo in surprise.

With a short whistle, Montgomery signals the natives.

They instantly drop everything and race to the water.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Bethany tries desperately to head for shore but doesn't know how to swim.

She gets only a few dozen yards before her strength begins to fade.

UNDERWATER

Exhausted, Bethany sinks towards the bottom.

As she sinks, she sees the natives a few yards away on the surface, headed straight for her.

They swim doggy-paddle style.

As her eyes begin to close from lack of oxygen, the first native dives under and torpedoes straight for her; he grabs her arm and pulls her to the surface.

Her eyelids fly open and she coughs up water, gasping for air.

EXT. BEACH - SAME

Montgomery sees them burst to the surface and lets out a sigh of relief.

SHORELINE

The natives drag Bethany onto the sand where she lies back, coughing.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

My god, are you all right?

He kneels beside her and helps her sit up, his arms around her.

Too weak to speak, Bethany manages a small nod.

Montgomery lets out a breath and strokes a hand through her wet hair.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - SAME

Montgomery leads Bethany behind the string of natives, who carry the caged animals with far more ease than the sailors had earlier.

MONTGOMERY

This entire island, everything you see, is actually the top of one enormous underwater volcano.

Bethany, who looks little more than a drowned rat, stops and stares at him in disbelief.

BETHANY

We're on a volcano?

MONTGOMERY

Not to worry, it's quite dormant. I assure you. And I should know, I've spent half my life here.

BETHANY

I suppose I will have to take your word for it, won't I?

MONTGOMERY

Only if you trust me.

BETHANY

Shouldn't I?

Montgomery just grins and continues to walk as Bethany shakes her head at his playful attitude.

Tiredly, she hurries to catch up.

EXT. CROP FIELD - DAY

Bethany stops and stares; they stand at the edge of a massive sugarcane field where a dozen slaves work tirelessly in the afternoon sun.

The slaves stop for a moment to watch the procession revealing that each one of them wears a strange metal muzzle over their mouth.

A hundred yards away from the edge of the field, surrounded by a large wooden fence, a small village sits nestled in the beginnings of the jungle behind it.

LATER

A trail of army ants travel along the wall of the alien structure, dwarfed by the immensity of it.

Bethany follows Montgomery through the large main gate, completely oblivious to the wicked spikes that adorn the top of it.

Or the ants beside it.

EXT. VILLAGE - SAME

A half-dozen structures in all, each hut sits on a series of thick stilts so that it is raised several feet off the forest floor.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

Come then, let's get you to your room and get you settled in.

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - DAY

Simple yet elegantly styled, there is a small table, a bookcase filled with medical books, and a hammock for a bed. The back wall is completely open to the jungle beyond with only lacy curtains to separate the room from the outside world.

Bethany goes to the bookcase and studies the titles; they are all about genes, surgery, animals, and human physiology.

A light KNOCK comes from the doorway.

She looks to see Montgomery and M'Ling standing there, a tray of food in the large man's hands and a bundle of clothes in the others'.

MONTGOMERY

Is everything to your liking?

BETHANY

It's lovely.

M'Ling steps in and silently places the tray of food on the table. Steps back, head bowed.

Bethany looks down at it; there are several pieces of diced fruits and vegetables, all placed neatly in a row.

MONTGOMERY

I'm sorry that's all we can offer you. I'm afraid we don't eat meat on this island.

He shrugs sheepishly.

MONTGOMERY

Doctor's orders.

BETHANY

He doesn't seem to like me very much.

Montgomery's smile fades.

MONTGOMERY

Nonsense, he just doesn't like having his work interrupted by unexpected visitors.

BETHANY

What sort of work is that?

Montgomery thinks his answer over carefully.

MONTGOMERY

Zoology.

BETHANY

Zoology?

MONTGOMERY

Yes, and he's very good at it. I assure you.

Bethany nods thoughtfully, not quite buying it.

Montgomery senses her unease and motions to the food tray.

MONTGOMERY

You should eat something.

Bethany grudgingly reaches for a piece of fruit.

And is hit by a sudden spell of dizziness; she stumbles and nearly falls to the floor.

Montgomery reaches out and catches her.

MONTGOMERY

Are you all right?

Sweating profusely, Bethany nods.

BETHANY

I'm just a little dizzy, that's all.

MONTGOMERY

You should lie down. Here--

He helps her into her hammock and steps back.

MONTGOMERY

Better?

Bethany manages a tight smile.

BETHANY

Better.

MONTGOMERY

Get some sleep. I'll come back check on you later.

He starts for the door. Stops.

MONTGOMERY

By the way, I brought you clothes that should fit you. They're not very stylish but at least they're made for women.

Bethany manages a smile.

BETHANY

Thank you.

Montgomery gives her another smile and continues to the door.

BETHANY (O.S.)

I'm sorry.

He turns back, confused.

BETHANY

I know I'm not supposed to be here.

Montgomery looks away, suddenly uncomfortable.

MONTGOMERY

I'm just glad you're all right.

He leaves the room.

M'Ling gives her an unreadable look before following after his master. Closes the door behind him.

Alone once more, Bethany rolls over to look out the open wall, into the jungle beyond.

Her gaze narrows as she spies a small path that leads from the back of the village and into the depths of the jungle.

THUNDER RUMBLES overhead.

Her eyelids droop quickly and she falls asleep just as the rain begins to fall.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

HEAVY RAINFALL beats relentlessly against the corrugated tin roof.

The surprisingly spacious room is filled with scientific equipment, test tubes, microscopes, and specimen jars.

A long table sits in the center of the room, occupied by a large mass covered by a blood-soaked sheet.

The door CREAKS open and Montgomery comes in, dripping wet from the rain.

He looks around the room briefly before his eyes settle on the table.

MONTGOMERY

Dr. Moreau?

He walks confidently up to the table and grabs the cloth, about to pull it away.

MOREAU (O.S.)

I didn't think you were coming back.

Montgomery turns to see him emerge from the next room. Flashes him a brief smile and nods his head in acknowledgement.

MONTGOMERY

My apologies, Doctor. I had another matter that needed my attention.

Moreau stares at him without blinking.

MOREAU

The girl, I presume?

Montgomery nods.

MONTGOMERY

She was a stowaway aboard the supply ship.

MOREAU

And you decided that needed your attention?

Montgomery's confidence begins to crumble and he looks away.

MONTGOMERY

Those men would have killed her. I thought she might prove to be useful to our work here. An outsider's perspective, if you will.

Moreau stares at him a second longer then turns his attention to the table.

MOREAU

I shall trust your judgement for now, Thomas. But be sure to keep her close, we wouldn't want any of the locals finding out about her arrival until after she's had time to adjust.

Montgomery notices his serious tone and frowns.

MONTGOMERY

Is there something troubling you?

Moreau grabs hold of the blanket on the table.

MOREAU

Our men found something in the forest this morning that I want you to have a look at.

He pulls the blanket away to reveal the half-eaten corpse of the slave girl.

Montgomery's jaw drops.

MONTGOMERY

This was done by one of ours?

MOREAU

I suspect so but with all of the natural predators on this island, it will be difficult to distinguish the actual killer.

Montgomery moves closer and examines the wounds.

MOREAU

Before you left, did you notice any behaviors we might need to be cautious of?

Montgomery stops examining the body and looks up at him. Thinks it over.

He shakes his head.

MONTGOMERY

None that I can think of.

Moreau nods.

MOREAU

Then we won't concern ourselves with this at the moment and consider it a freak accident unless something else comes to light.

Montgomery nods and looks down at the body.

MONTGOMERY

What of the remains?

MOREAU

Burn them. I want nothing left that can tempt the others.

He turns on his heel and goes back into the next room.

Montgomery looks back to the corpse, the frozen expression of terror still plain on the woman's ravaged face.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The sun rises slowly, bathing everything in a golden glow.

An ANGUISHED ROAR shatters the peaceful silence.

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - SAME

The roar echoes through here as well and Bethany snaps awake; she sits up immediately, drenched in sweat, hair plastered to her face.

Another ROAR.

Climbs shakily out of her hammock.

Another ROAR, this one ending in a pain-wracked YOWL.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Everything is eerily silent, as if the entire island hides from the poor creature's pain.

TREELINE

Someone, or something, watches Bethany as she makes use of the emptiness and creeps her way through the village.

Wearing the lightweight and figure-hugging sundress Montgomery provided for her, she carefully sneaks to the front door of the laboratory.

Pauses nervously.

EXT. LABORATORY - SAME

Silence.

Ever-so-carefully, Bethany leans close to the door and presses her ear against the wood.

A PRIMAL SCREAM filled with pain and terror explodes from within.

Bethany stumbles back, falling on her backside.

And sees the face of a young girl watching her from the bushes.

BETHANY
(startled)

Hey.

The girl takes off into the foliage.

BETHANY
Wait. I won't hurt you.

After a moment's hesitation, she gets to her feet and races after the girl into the depths of the jungle.

EXT. RAINFOREST - SAME

Bethany chases after the girl, who flows through the trees like water.

Deeper and deeper they race into the jungle until there is nothing but walls of green all around.

Unable to keep up, Bethany trips and stumbles, falling to her hands and knees.

The girl disappears through the trees.

Gone.

Panting heavily, Bethany gets to her feet and promptly vomits into the brush, her hand on a large tree trunk to keep herself upright.

When she's finished, she wipes her mouth and looks around.

She's completely lost.

LATER

Bethany makes her way through the jungle, desperately looking for some sort of familiar landmark.

A sharp CRACK, like a lightning strike, grabs her attention; it's followed by several more in rapid succession.

Eyes wide, she silently follows the strikes over the soft earth until they sound like they are coming from just the other side of the ferns.

She slowly brushes the leaves aside.

And stares.

Beside a shallow stream are three cervid-like creatures.

Standing on hind legs and coated with soft red-ish fur with deer-like facial features, they are dressed little more than savages; all three are completely nude save for a few beaded adornments looped around their necks, wrists, and waists.

And in the males' case, their antlers.

Locked in a brutal duel, the cracking sounds are from the male's heavy antlers colliding with bone-breaking force, as they try to beat the other into submission.

Having clearly been at it a while, their fur is matted with blood and sweat while foam and drool leaks from their open mouths.

Bethany can only watch, stunned, until one of them - the larger of the two - finally succeeds in submitting the other, pushing his head down into the mud.

Bruised and broken, the smaller male limps off into the jungle as the winner approaches the female for some victory nuzzles.

Completely entranced, Bethany absently shifts her weight and steps on a dried branch that SNAPS beneath her foot.

The response is immediate; both deer-beasts look around nervously, eyes straining for the invisible threat, nostrils flaring for a scent.

Bethany holds her breath.

They continue to look around the clearing, snorting uneasily and stomping their hooved feet.

Caution finally gets the better of them and they bound off into the foliage with a series of gravity-defying leaps, leaving her alone once more.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Montgomery whistles cheerfully to himself as he makes his way to Bethany's room.

Stops when he sees the door open.

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - DAY

Nothing appears out of the ordinary.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

Bethany?

He appears in the doorway. Looks around.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany?

The room is empty.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Bethany eases into the clearing where the males were dueling earlier. Scans the ground to find a piece of an antler sticking out of the mud.

She picks it up and studies it intently; thoughtfully fingers the smooth ridges and blood-stained tip.

As she looks over the antler, her eyes spot the corpse of a half-eaten peccary nearby, hidden among the reeds.

A low GROWL comes from out of the jungle.

She turns to see, just a few yards down from her on the opposite side of the stream, a LEOPARD-MAN emerges from the foliage.

The size of a large human man but covered entirely in jet black fur, it walks upright on awkward hind legs, hunched forward so that its human-shaped front paws nearly touch the ground.

Its head, while the shape of a humans', holds the whiskers, nose, ears, and teeth of a leopard.

But its eyes belong to a human.

Bethany freezes, knelt near water's edge. Watches in horror as the beast slinks its way up to the stream.

It reaches the bank and goes down on all fours to lap the water up with a long pink tongue.

Bethany can only watch, terrified and fascinated all at the same time.

Until he stops drinking and sniffs the air.

She holds her breath, frozen to the spot.

The beast looks up.

And sees her.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

The pack of natives race along the earth with a chorus of growls and snarls, running alternately on hind legs and all fours.

Montgomery follows them on horseback, riding at full speed just to keep up with them.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

The pack's FAINT GROWLS and SNARLS can be heard coming closer.

But Bethany barely notices them; her eyes are all for the Leopard-man, who slinks his way through the shallow water until he comes out a few yards away.

Eyes locked on her, he casually shakes the water from his body and begins to slink towards her.

Stalks closer and closer until he is just inches away.

Bethany trembles with fear but manages to stay silent as he leans in and sniffs her dress, hair, skin, and face.

She closes her eyes with his open mouth an inch from her cheek.

LEOPARD-MAN
(in a menacing whisper)

Run.

Surprised, Bethany opens her eyes to see the very human intelligence emanating from behind his own.

A loud HOWL from behind makes them both jump.

The Leopard-man hisses in anger and races for the water just as the natives reach the clearing.

In a series of gravity-defying bounds, he clears the stream and disappears into the bushes on the other side.

Montgomery arrives seconds later. Jumps off his horse and runs to Bethany's side.

MONTGOMERY
Are you all right? Are you hurt?

Bethany just looks at him, still shaking with fear.

LATER

Their skin slick with sweat, panting furiously, the natives rest themselves beside the stream.

They drink from the water with their hands.

Like men.

Montgomery is knelt beside Bethany, who drinks water from a canteen.

When she's finished, he gets to his feet and goes to the stream to refill it.

Stops beside the PACK LEADER, who points at something on the ground; the carcass of the half-eaten peccary.

Montgomery kneels down to examine it, his face serious.

MONTGOMERY

I think we had better keep this to ourselves, there's no need to get everyone riled up.

The Leader nods solemnly.

Montgomery gets to his feet.

MONTGOMERY

Let's get back to the village.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY/NIGHT - MONTAGE

-- Atop his horse, Montgomery secures Bethany in his arms and gives a LOW WHISTLE. The pack moves out first and he follows behind.

-- A light rain falls as the natives and Montgomery move through the jungle at a steady pace.

-- Night now, the search party enters the village. Closes the gates behind them.

-- Back in her room and fast asleep, Bethany tosses and turns restlessly, caught up in a vivid nightmare.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY - EARLY MORNING

All is silent as the sun begins to show overhead.

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - SAME

Still asleep, Bethany she doesn't see the furry hands that place a plate of fruit on the floor beside her hammock.

She does, however, wake at the sound of her door closing and sits up, instantly alert.

Sees the plate of food on the floor.

A primal look of hunger flashes across her face and she literally falls out of the hammock to the floor where she begins to devour the fruit while still on all fours.

Like an animal.

With her cheeks full and juice dripping down her chin, she finally comes to her senses and sits back slowly.

Embarrassed.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Bethany wanders aimlessly around the perimeter until she comes to the path that leads to the laboratory.

Stops and stares down it. Debating.

Begins to follow it.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - SAME

She continues down the path until she sees the lab's walls.

Slowly goes closer.

As she draws nearer, the low MOANS and GROANS of a human in pain startle her.

BETHANY

Hello? Where are you?

With each question, she takes a step closer to the door.

BETHANY

Hello? Are you hurt?

GROAN.

Quietly, she places her hand on the doorknob. Twists it.

The door opens.

She hesitates for a moment.

Silently slips inside.

INT. LABORATORY - SAME

Bethany leaves the door open and begins to explore the doctor's personal laboratory; there are tools, books, and various research equipment everywhere.

A painting on the wall of a Tasmanian tiger catches her attention; she steps closer to it, intrigued by the unique animal.

She reluctantly turns away. Sees something else.

Specimen jars.

Unlike anything she has ever seen before, each jar holds a single, deformed animal fetus.

No, not deformed.

Mutated.

Bethany moves closer, unable to believe her eyes.

The fetuses look like something out of a carnival sideshow; there are baby monkey bodies with antlers, puppy bodies with porcupine quills, snakes with cat heads, and a dozen other unimaginable combinations.

Another MOAN startles her; she looks to the back wall where the sounds come from behind a partially open door.

Bethany backs away from the specimen jars and goes silently to the doorway.

One floorboard lets out an uncomfortably loud CREAK and she pauses.

Holds her breath and listens.

Nothing.

She continues to the door. Cautiously opens it further.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Bethany stares in open-mouthed horror.

Before her is the kennel/operating area of the lab; cages filled with terrified animals of all species line the walls while an operating table stands in the center of the round room.

An occupied operating table; something lies atop it, covered by a sheet.

It MOANS softly.

Bethany swallows her fear and forces herself to the table's edge.

Looks down at the covered form and raises a trembling hand.

Reaches out to remove the sheet from the thing's face.

MOREAU (O.S.)

What are you doing in here?

Bethany spins around to find herself face to face with the doctor, who eyes her like she is nothing more than an insect.

The front of his lab coat is covered with fresh blood stains.

Bethany is too frightened to speak.

MOREAU

I asked you what you are doing in here.

BETHANY

N-Nothing. I heard someone. They were in pain.

A strange smirk crosses Moreau's face.

MOREAU

Pain? You know nothing of pain, child.

He leans close.

MOREAU

But perhaps I can enlighten you.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

What's going on here?

Both turn to see him in the doorway.

MONTGOMERY

Doctor?

Moreau looks at Bethany, who pushes past Montgomery and flees the room.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany?

He looks back at Moreau.

MONTGOMERY

What did you say to her? She looked positively scared to death.

MOREAU

All animals need to be controlled, Thomas. Remember that.

He turns back to the operating table.

MOREAU

And fear is the only way to accomplish that control.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

A heavy rain comes down with unabated fury, puddles forming with stunning speed.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Moreau stands beside the operating table, a tray of sharp instruments next to him; he selects a scalpel and brings it over to the prone, faceless body.

Slowly begins to cut.

The figure screams in what can only be described as a half moan, half roar.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MOREAU'S OPERATION/BETHANY'S BREAKING POINT

A) Bethany is in the middle of frantically packing her uneaten food into a satchel when the scream reaches her ears.

B) The figure continues to scream as Moreau methodically slices into it; he ignores the tortured sounds with practiced ease.

C) Bethany claps her hands over her ears to try and block out the deafening cries. Falls to her knees.

D) As the figure continues to scream, Moreau cracks the ribcage apart to reveal its still-beating heart.

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - SAME

Still on her knees with her eyes closed and hands over her ears, Bethany reluctantly opens her eyes as the screams abruptly stop.

Slowly lowers her hands to the silence.

A KNOCK comes at her door.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

Bethany? It's Thomas.

Bethany quickly gets to her feet, grabbing the dinner fork from her fruit tray.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

Bethany? I'm coming in.

Bethany backs away from the door as he opens it; brandishes her fork at him.

BETHANY

Stay away from me.

Montgomery freezes, shocked; he holds his hands out in a placating gesture.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany--

BETHANY
Stop it!

She swallows heavily. Calms down marginally.

BETHANY
I... am leaving.

She edges to the door as Montgomery warily eyes her fork.

MONTGOMERY
Where are you going to go? There's
no boat here Bethany. There's
other animals out there--

BETHANY
I don't care! I'd rather take my
chances with the animals out there
than the ones in here.

She backs into the open doorway.

Drops her fork to the floor and flees.

Montgomery watches her go, stunned.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

The rain continues to fall, lighter now, but still steady.

Oblivious to it, Bethany flees full speed through the
jungle; her satchel catches on a branch and is torn from her
hands.

She continues to run.

Up ahead of her is the beach and dock.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The ocean a roiling mass of waves, it is completely deserted
when Bethany appears; she stumbles in the sand but gets
right to her feet and runs down the

DOCK

to its end where she looks out at the vast, empty sea before
her.

And screams a primal scream of anger, fear, and
helplessness, the sound quickly swallowed by the raging sea.

She begins to cry.

After several moments, a shadow falls over her, accompanied
by a soft, hesitant HOOTING.

She looks up, wiping at her tears, and recoils at the sight.

DULU, 10, is white-handed gibbon hybrid with long, gangly limbs, white furred face, and wide innocent eyes.

A primitive loincloth and several adornments around her neck and wrists consist of her wardrobe.

She recoils as well, more from fear of Bethany's reaction than her appearance.

Seeing the girl's fear, Bethany forces herself to calm down.

Dulu senses her relaxation and slowly moves closer. Hoots softly and tries to grab hold of Bethany's hand.

Bethany jerks away at first but then reluctantly allows Dulu to get a gentle hold of her wrist; the primate-girl studies her hand and silently counts the fingers.

DULU

Five.

Bethany is astonished.

Dulu holds up her own hand to display all five of her own fingers.

DULU

Five.

She taps her chest with her hand.

DULU

Dulu. Dulu.

Bethany points to herself.

BETHANY

Bethany.

Dulu hoots excitedly.

BETHANY

Can you help me?

Dulu stops hooting and looks at her curiously.

BETHANY

I need a place to hide.

Dulu continues to stare at her, not understanding.

BETHANY

Is there someplace safe I hide?
Somewhere safe?

Dulu finally understands and hoots happily. Tugs at Bethany's hand.

DULU

Come.

Pulls again.

DULU

Come.

Bethany gets to her feet. Reluctantly allows the creature to lead her from the dock.

EXT RAINFOREST - DAY

The rain has stopped, leaving a shimmering mist in the air.

The two women reach the top of a small hill and stop; before them is a breathtaking waterfall with a crystal clear pool beneath.

Dulu notices Bethany's awestruck expression and hoots with pleasure. Tugs at her hand.

DULU

Come.

EXT. WATERFALL - SAME

As the girls get closer, Bethany can see several primitive dwellings erected around the waterfall; no more than simple lean-tos with some moss and grass draped over them to provide adequate camouflage.

Her curiosity turns to trepidation when she spots shining eyes watching her from the depths of every hut.

Dulu leads her to the rocks beside the pool.

DULU

Wait. Here.

She shuffles to the nearest dwelling and disappears inside it before Bethany can reply.

BETHANY

Dulu?

No answer.

She wraps her arms around herself and sits down on a nearby rock.

The silence of isolation builds.

Then, she begins to hear all manner of ANIMAL SOUNDS over the roar of the waterfall. Looks around nervously to find that the eyes from the huts now have faces as well.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

The neat and orderly surgical tray is coated with fresh blood.

Moreau's bloody, gloved hand comes down and gently places a bone saw back onto the tray.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

Doctor?

His fingertips lovingly caress the blood-stained instrument.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

I'm afraid something has come up.

Moreau looks up from the tray, the lower half of his face hidden by his surgical mask. Keeps his back to Montgomery.

MOREAU

And what could possibly be so important as to interrupt me from my work?

Montgomery takes a hesitant step forward.

MONTGOMERY

She's run away. The girl.

MOREAU

(amused)

Again?

He turns. Fixes Montgomery with his steely gaze.

MOREAU

And you feel that warrants my personal attention?

Montgomery looks unsure of himself.

MONTGOMERY

She was frightened by what she saw. I thought perhaps if she were to hear you explain personally--

MOREAU

She would what? Forget everything she's seen and embrace our work with open arms?

He straightens to his full height.

MOREAU

Or do you believe that if she were to hear my truths, she would then forgive your lies?

Montgomery looks away.

MONTGOMERY

I only wish to bring her back
before she gets hurt.

Moreau studies him for a long moment.

MOREAU

Fine then. Let us go retrieve your
stray.

MONTGOMERY

Thank you. I'll gather the men.

He turns to go.

MOREAU (O.S.)

One more thing, Thomas.

Montgomery stops.

MOREAU

If this girl turns out to be more
trouble than she is worth, I
personally will end this. Is that
understood?

MONTGOMERY

Yes, Doctor.

Moreau dismisses him with a wave of his hand and turns away.

Waits for Montgomery to leave, his FOOTSTEPS fading, and
sighs wearily; he unties his mask and throws it down on the
surgical tray.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

The clear, sparkling water of the pool shimmers with the
sunlight.

Its gently rippling surface reflects Bethany, slowly backing
up to the water's edge where her foot sends out ripples of
its own.

Her face shows pure terror.

All around her, the reject BEAST-PEOPLE - experiments too
animal in appearance - emerge from their homes.

Nearly 30 in all, there are reptile-men, bat-women,
kangaroo-children, and a dozen more unimaginable hybrids.

They slowly surround Bethany, who steps fully into the water
to get away.

BETHANY

What do you want? I don't have
anything. Please stop.

The beast-folk stop closing in, confused.

DULU (O.S.)

Beth-ny?

Bethany is relieved to see a familiar face.

BETHANY

What do they want from me?

Dulu, holding a tray of bruised and sad-looking fruit, looks perplexed; hoots quietly to herself as she thinks.

DULU

Want? Not want. Welcome.

Bethany glances at the beast-people, who avert their eyes in shame.

BETHANY

They want to welcome me?

Pleased she understands, Dulu nods.

Bethany takes a breath and slowly steps out of the water.

The beast-people take this as a good sign; they begin to sniff and touch her while she stands still as a statue.

An ELEPHANT'S TRUMPET blares forth from the depths of the jungle.

Its effect is immediate; all of the beast-folk take several steps back from Bethany.

And wait.

Dulu comes to her side.

DULU

Sayer comes now.

She points to a section of the jungle where the trees shake and sway as something large moves through them.

Bethany's jaw drops.

EXT. RAINFOREST - SAME

The foliage rustles as something large makes its way through the dense vegetation.

Branches crack and trees fall as a large elephant's foot steps down on the soft earth with barely a sound.

It is followed by the hanging tip of a long, wrinkled trunk and another foot falling silently beside the first.

With the dexterity of fingertips, the tip of the trunk delicately picks and chooses which blades of grass it wants before bringing them up out of sight.

A soft and steady, CONTENTED RUMBLING accompanies this activity.

EXT. WATERFALL - SAME

The swaying trees get closer and closer.

Bethany once again takes a frightened step back towards the water as the final stand of trees part to reveal the SAYER OF THE LAW.

Nearly ten feet tall and close to 2000 pounds, what was once a man is now a giant of a beast with the head, skin, and legs of an elephant, and the arms and torso of a man.

Despite his enormous size and grotesque appearance, there is a gentle soul hiding behind his eyes, an effect heightened by the tears that fall from the temporal glands behind them.

A makeshift priest's collar surrounds his massive neck.

Bethany spares a quick look at the other beast-people; they all stand with their heads bowed in respect, eyes to the jungle floor.

The Sayer calmly looks around at each one of them.

SAYER

To walk as only a man. That is His law.

BEAST-PEOPLE

Are we not men?

Bethany looks around, surprised.

And confused.

SAYER

To drink as only a man. That is His law.

BEAST-PEOPLE

Are we not men?

Bethany leans down to Dulu. Keeps her eyes on the strange ceremony.

BETHANY

What's happening?

DULU

He is Sayer of Law. All must obey the Law.

BETHANY
What law? Whose?

DULU
His.

Its pretty obvious that she is not talking about the Sayer of the Law.

SAYER
He is the bringer of pain. He is the hand that creates. He is the hand that cuts. He is the hand that heals--

Bethany again turns to Dulu.

BETHANY
Is he talking about Dr. Moreau?

DULU
He is the Creator... The Father.

Even more confused, Bethany turns back to the ceremony.

DULU
He is our God.

A reverent hush falls over the beast and his eyes seek out Bethany.

SAYER
Who has come to our place of sanctuary, to speak with us the words of the Law?

All eyes turn to Bethany.

SAYER
Come forth and speak, child.

Bethany looks to Dulu, who gives her an encouraging nudge.

She trudges carefully past the crowd of beasts, doing her best to avoid touching them though they make it difficult to do so, until she stands in the shadow of the Sayer.

BETHANY
M-my name is Bethany, sir.

SAYER
Why have you come here, Bethany?

BETHANY
Please sir, I want only to return home.

The beast-people all make a noise that sounds suspiciously like laughter; Bethany jumps at the strange, inhuman sound.

SAYER

Home? None here ever return home, child. To even think of doing so would incur His wrath.

BETHANY

His? You mean Dr. Moreau? The... Creator?

SAYER

He goes by many names here, but yes, Moreau is the one of whom I speak.

BETHANY

Why? Why did he do this to you?

SAYER

Do you question your god as to your own existence? So too do we not question ours.

BETHANY

But he is not a god. He is an evil, twisted man who has done this to you. To all of you.

The beast-people look at each other, confused.

BETHANY

How can you not see that? Look at yourselves.

The Sayer lifts his trunk to silence her.

Cocks his head. Listens.

EXT. RAINFOREST - SAME

The pack of natives race through the underbrush like a snarling tidal wave.

Montgomery and Moreau follow close behind on horseback, rifles slung over their shoulders.

EXT. WATERFALL - SAME

Bethany, The Sayer, and the others listen to the SOUND of the approaching pack.

Sayer turns back to Bethany.

SAYER

You must go.

He nods his head towards the waterfall.

SAYER

A path. Behind the falls. Go now.

BETHANY

But--

SAYER

I know you have many questions, but now is not the time. When they can be asked, you may seek me there--

He points with his trunk to the land above the waterfall.

Bethany tries to say more but Dulu comes and tugs at her dress.

DULU

Come, Beth-ny.

With a last look at the Sayer, Bethany reluctantly allows herself to be led to the waterfall's pool.

As she reaches the water's edge, the wolf-natives rush in and fan out; they snarl and snap at the beast-folk as if they are rustling up cattle.

Dulu gives Bethany a light shove.

DULU

Go.

Bethany quickly wades into the water.

EDGE OF THE CLEARING

Montgomery and Moreau arrive just in time to see Bethany disappear under the waterfall.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany!

He jumps off his horse to go after her but Moreau grabs his arm.

MOREAU

Thomas.

He points to a path that leads around to the top of the waterfall.

MOREAU

Up there.

INT. CAVE - SAME

Thoroughly drenched, with her dress clinging to her like a second skin, Bethany stumbles through the darkness until she sees daylight at the end.

CAVE MOUTH

She emerges out into the sunlight to the sound of APPROACHING horses.

Turns in the opposite direction and takes off as Moreau, Montgomery, and the natives appear.

They give chase; she tries to run but is forced to stop at the edge of the

CLIFF

where she can see the beast-people far below. Watching.

She turns back as the others close in, close to full-blown panic.

Montgomery and Moreau pull their horses to a stop as the natives fan out and surround her.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany!

He jumps off his horse, about to go to her.

Bethany takes a reflexive step backwards, her foot right at the cliff's edge.

BETHANY

Leave me alone!

Montgomery sees her foot placement. Reaches a hand out.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany please, allow me to explain.

He takes a tentative step forward.

Bethany turns to the edge like she is about to jump.

BETHANY

Don't come any closer.

Montgomery immediately stops moving.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany, stop this, please.

BETHANY

Stop what? Stop running for my life?

MONTGOMERY

Running for your life?

He glances at Moreau, who stares impassively at Bethany.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany, no one here is going to hurt you. You have my word.

BETHANY

Your word means nothing. You told me this was a biological research station, not some playground for a mad man playing god to these poor, disgusting creatures. I would rather die than let him do to me what he has done to them.

With a wild look in eyes, she glares defiantly at Montgomery, who stands bewildered.

MOREAU (O.S.)

I believe you have made a very serious error in your accusations, young lady.

She and Montgomery both turn to look at him.

MOREAU

You see, I have no interest in you at all. Quite the opposite in fact, but it is Thomas here who begged me to indulge you as to what it is I do here.

BETHANY

What makes you think I would believe you?

MOREAU

Because what choice do you have? Listen to me explain the genius of my work here, or throw yourself over the edge and be forever tormented by the fires of hell for your sin of suicide?

Bethany's bravado falters.

MOREAU

It's your choice of course, but I would decide quickly if I were you. I am an impatient man and have important work to do.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany, please. Let him explain.

Bethany thinks this over and turns to look down over the edge of the falls.

EXT. WATERFALL - SAME

Far below her, The Sayer, Dulu, and others crowd around and stare up at her.

Waiting.

EXT. CLIFFS - SAME

Bethany chews her bottom lip as she thinks.

She turns back to Moreau and Montgomery. Notices their rifles.

BETHANY

(quietly)

Why did you bring those? In case I wouldn't cooperate with you?

Montgomery blanches, appalled.

MONTGOMERY

Of course not. We brought them for your protection, not--

MOREAU (O.S.)

Is that what worries you?

Both Bethany and Montgomery turn to him once more.

MOREAU

You assume that because we brought arms with us that they must be intended solely for the purpose of hunting you down? An unarmed, defenseless girl?

Chuckles.

MOREAU

No, my dear. I'm afraid as fearsome as you believe yourself to be, there are far more dangerous creatures out here than yourself. But--

He unshoulders his rifle.

MOREAU

--if it will help ease your concern enough for us to get past all this nonsense and return to the village, then by all means...

He tosses the rifle at her feet.

Her eyes on the doctor, Bethany bends down and picks up the rifle but doesn't seem to know who to point it at.

Realizes that its useless.

BETHANY

Do I have your word that I won't be harmed?

MOREAU

(amused)

You have my word.

Bethany slowly lowers the rifle. Goes to step away from the ledge.

And doubles over in excruciating pain.

Montgomery races towards her as she stumbles backwards and slips over the edge.

He reaches her just in time; grabs her hand and stops her from falling.

Pulls her back to solid land where she vomits all over herself and curls into a tight ball, shivering uncontrollably.

MONTGOMERY

It's all right. It's all right.
I've got you.

BETHANY

What's wrong with me?

He looks over his shoulder at Moreau, who watches with an interested.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY - LATE AFTERNOON

The natives lead the trek back to the village.

Bethany sits behind Montgomery on his horse, arms wrapped around his waist and her head leaned tiredly against his back.

The village wall looms before them.

EXT. VILLAGE - SAME

They enter through the gate; this time, Bethany notices the large fence as they enter.

So tired is she though, that she doesn't even raise her head from Montgomery's back when it is locked tight behind them.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

Darkness has fallen.

MOREAU (O.S.)

To begin, my name is Doctor Charles
Moreau--

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Bethany's tries to keep her trembling arm as still as possible while a syringe filled with a strange-looking liquid is injected into her vein.

MOREAU (O.S.)

(cont'd)

--and this is my island.

A blanket wrapped around her shoulders, she clutches a steaming cup of tea as she continues to shiver.

Montgomery pulls the needle out. Gives her a reassuring smile.

Moreau stands across from them, casually slouched against the operating table, looking as if already bored with this conversation.

MOREAU

You are a guest here, and as such, I do not have time to drop my work whenever your conscience calls to you or you feel the desire to end your tortured existence. The next time you threaten to throw yourself from the cliffs, I shall be quite content to stand back and watch. Is that clear?

BETHANY

You swore that I was in no danger here yet you openly admit that my death would be of no concern to you?

MOREAU

As I've said, my work here is far too important to allow such trivial actions to impede upon my time.

BETHANY

By work, you mean the butchering of humans and defenseless animals?

Moreau impatiently leans forward.

MOREAU

I'm sure you have heard the phrase "science demands sacrifice"? I do what must be done for the greater good of all mankind. And if that means butchering a few to save the many, I am quite content to do so.

BETHANY

And just how is turning human
beings into beasts saving mankind?

He gestures at the covered figure on the table.

MOREAU

With my groundbreaking procedures,
I have combined animal and man to
make a stronger, more disease
resistant, immune system.

BETHANY

How is that possible?

Moreau goes around to the head of the table.

MOREAU

As you may be aware, many animal
species are carriers for a variety
of deadly diseases but are actually
immune to the diseases themselves.
What I am doing is adding certain
animal organs, brain and muscle
tissues, white blood cells, and the
like to those of humans to see just
how many it will take to stave off
those diseases. In essence, I am
creating a more durable human race.

BETHANY

Making you what, God?

MOREAU

God is obsolete, my dear, and the
sooner you come to terms with this
fact the sooner you will be able to
understand my work. God did not
combine two of his greatest
creations into one supreme being.
He did not give hope to the deathly
ill. And he most certainly did not
create this--

He yanks back the sheet to reveal the man's face.

No longer completely human, his unconscious face is a mess
of scars and incisions with the beginnings of tiger showing
in its mangled features.

Bethany gasps in horror, hands going up to cover her open
mouth.

Moreau grins humorlessly as her reaction.

MOREAU

I admit, the first few stages can be quite... gruesome. It's only by sheer force of will that we can take the steps necessary to accomplish our goals here. This man was dying of a rare disease that slowly destroyed his body from the inside out, but with our new procedure, may soon go back to a life worth living again, free from the pain and suffering he once felt.

BETHANY

And then? What do you plan on doing with your creations once you've pushed them as far as you can? What happens to them once they've suffered enough for your science?

MOREAU

You are worried about their suffering? About the pain I inflict upon them?

He picks up a scalpel. Holds the instrument up for her to see.

MOREAU

Pain is purely the result of a mind too weak to comprehend what is happening to the body.

With a quick thrust, he jams the scalpel into his thigh without so much as a grimace.

Bethany's eyes go wide.

MOREAU

But with the proper guidance, a mind can be taught to expand beyond the body's physical reactions and use them to focus itself into something far sharper than any blade.

They fall silent for a moment. Moreau calmly pulls the blade out of his thigh. Wipes it clean on his trousers.

MOREAU

That's not to say we haven't experienced major drawbacks in our quest. Quite the opposite in fact.

BETHANY

What do you mean?

MOREAU

You may have noticed that some of our experiments do not as closely resemble the human they once were. It was only through trial and error we found that if too much of an animal's DNA is infused into a human's system, the animal, being the stronger creature structurally, will begin to change the host body into something that will accept both species. In a sort of forced evolution, if you will.

Moreau carefully covers the man's face back up with the cloth.

MOREAU

Unfortunately, in the beginning, this abrupt physical and mental transformation brought forth some very disconcerting setbacks when the minds within these new forms were unable to cope with a body that could no longer perform the normal tasks required of it--

Bethany still looks confused; Montgomery steps forward.

MONTGOMERY

They were driven mad by their inability to physically evolve further.

MOREAU

Precisely. And, as much as I dislike to admit failure on my behalf, this has been a problem for some time now. It appears that after a period of about a year or so, each of my patients are overcome by their animal DNA and reverts back to its baser, animal instincts, where it must be destroyed.

BETHANY

Because they stopped being human?

She glances at Montgomery.

MOREAU

Correct. But now that we are on the verge of a new scientific breakthrough, thanks to Thomas here, I don't foresee such problems to arise again with this new batch.

BETHANY

What sort of breakthrough?

Moreau pointedly looks down at his pocket watch.

MOREAU

I'm afraid you have taken up enough of my time here and I can no longer indulge you in your curiosity. If you feel the need to know more about my work here, perhaps Thomas will be kind enough to explain it to you at his leisure.

He goes to the door and opens it. Waits impatiently.

Bethany slowly gets up. Goes to the door. Hesitates.

MOREAU

Now then, supper will be in two hours and if your troubled conscience should see fit, I would like for you to join us. To see for yourself just how... barbaric my creations turned out.

Bethany leaves the building.

EXT. LABORATORY - SAME

She walks quickly away from the lab, head down. Montgomery emerges behind her.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany, wait.

Bethany slows enough for him to catch up, then continues her quick pace as he hurries alongside her.

MONTGOMERY

I'm sorry. I should have been the one to tell you what happens on this island--

BETHANY

And what, that would have made a difference to what I think?

She stops and turns to him, fury in her eyes.

BETHANY

He's mad! What he is doing here is wrong. He is experimenting not just on animals, but people. Like you, like me. And you're helping him.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany, please, you must try to understand. I know what he does may seem barbaric but he is only doing it because he doesn't want to see the same thing that happened to him happen to anyone else.

Some of the anger drains from Bethany's features.

BETHANY

What are you talking about?

Montgomery looks over his shoulder, as if afraid of being overheard, then turns back to her.

He gestures her over to the steps of a nearby hut where they both sit down.

MONTGOMERY

What I am about to tell you must never be repeated, all right?

Bethany is taken aback by his seriousness.

MONTGOMERY

Please, Bethany. Promise me?

Bethany slowly nods.

BETHANY

All right.

Relieved, Montgomery's shoulders slump. Nods.

MONTGOMERY

Before you were born, Dr. Moreau was once one of the most respected physicians in all of England. He had it all, money, fame. And a wife and child that loved him unconditionally. Until, one day, his wife became ill. Like the man on the table in there--

He gestures to the laboratory.

MONTGOMERY

--she was slowly dying from the inside out. Moreau was desperate. He took her to see every doctor in the country but no one could help her. He tried everywhere.

Absently, he rifles through his pockets until he produces a cigarette.

MONTGOMERY

Then, one day, he met a biologist who was studying the immune systems of certain animals to see how well they fought off diseases. In an offhand comment, the biologist remarked how amazing it would be if humans could have the disease immunity that animals have.

He lights the cigarette and takes a long drag, exhaling the smoke into the air.

MONTGOMERY

After that, Dr. Moreau became obsessed with finding a way to combine animal DNA with a humans' to help them end incurable illnesses. Unfortunately, like you, his peers saw this experimentation as works of the devil and cast him out of their circle, dragged his name through the mud, and made him the laughing stock of the medical community. So, one night, he brought his family here, where he could practice his work in peace and finish what he started.

BETHANY

And what happened to his wife? Did he ever cure her?

MONTGOMERY

My mother died before he could save her.

Bethany's mouth opens, but Montgomery gets up and turns away. Gives her a last glance over his shoulder.

MONTGOMERY

Even madmen have hearts.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

A rhythmic TRIBAL BEAT pulsates through the night. Comes from the direction of a fiery glow in the center of the village.

VILLAGE CENTER

A massive bonfire blazes twenty feet into the air.

The wolf-natives sit in a circle around fire, playing energetically on a set of tribal instruments.

Between them and the fire, four stunning serpent-girls sway and dance in a mesmerizing, belly-dancing style.

Human-shaped with reptilian facial features and long, graceful limbs, the girl's bare skin shimmers with a layer of iridescent scales that sparkle like gemstones as they refract the flames of the fire.

Montgomery, Moreau, and M'Ling sit across from the natives and enjoy the dancing of the serpent-girls while drinking brandy.

Bethany sits by herself off to one side, a tray of uneaten fruit before her; she watches the men have a good time while her own body unconsciously sways to the contagious beat.

Montgomery catches her eye. Flashes a drunken smile.

Bethany shyly smiles back until one of the serpent-girls appears over her, scaled hand stretched out.

Inviting her.

Bethany quickly realizes what she wants.

BETHANY

Oh. No. I can't...

She looks over to see Montgomery give her an encouraging nod.

Reluctantly, she climbs to her feet. Goes with the serpent-girl to the center of the circle.

And begins to dance with them, following their lead.

Awkward and conservative at first, she quickly grows comfortable and allows the music to take over her body.

Before long, she surpasses the girls' spine-breaking moves and throws in a few of her own; she whirls and shakes with such grace and ferocity that even Moreau appears impressed.

As she dances, she sneaks a glance at Montgomery, who can't take his eyes off her.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

BETHANY (O.S.)

I've never done anything like that before--

She walks beside Montgomery along the inside perimeter of the village.

Still flush with excitement from earlier, she can hardly contain herself while Montgomery, more than slightly intoxicated, does all he can just to walk a straight line.

BETHANY

--I feel so alive.

Montgomery smiles drunkenly at her.

MONTGOMERY

You were amazing. A true vision of
beauty and grace.

Bethany laughs.

BETHANY

Now I know you've had too much to
drink. Those girls make me wish I
had some of the animal grace they
have.

MONTGOMERY

Who's to say you don't have some
beast in you?

Bethany's smile fades at the edges.

BETHANY

What do you mean?

Montgomery realizes his slip and tries to come up with a
coherent thought.

MONTGOMERY

Nothing. It was just an awkward
attempt at flattery.

BETHANY

(laughs)
It needed work.

They reach Bethany's hut.

MONTGOMERY

Well, here we are.

BETHANY

Here we are. Thank you for seeing
me to my room.

Montgomery gives an over-the-top drunken bow.

MONTGOMERY

It was my pleasure, m'lady.

Bethany giggles. Montgomery takes it as a sign to move
closer.

MONTGOMERY

Perhaps I can offer you more of my
services?

He leans in for a kiss.

Bethany playfully pushes him away. Laughs as he stumbles
back.

BETHANY

Not even if you weren't completely drunk.

MONTGOMERY

But I'm not completely drunk...

BETHANY

Good night Thomas.

Before he can react, she leans in. Gives him a quick kiss.
And goes inside.

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - SAME

Bethany closes the door. Stares at it a moment, hand still on the doorknob. Shakes her head and steps away.

She goes across her room and sleepily climbs into her hammock.

Looks at the door once more. Smiles and closes her eyes.

EXT. STREAM - NIGHT

INSECT CALLS fill the air over the water like a living orchestra.

A SOFT RUSTLE comes from the vegetation by the bank; the ferns shake gently until a LAMB-GIRL, 17, steps out, her fluffy white wool a stark contrast to the dark jungle around her.

She goes down on all fours by the water and begins to drink.
Like an animal.

BEHIND HER

Something watches her drink from the inside the treeline.

It moves slightly; a tree branch SNAPS underfoot.

The Lamb-girl freezes. Glances around nervously. Sees nothing.

Goes back to drinking.

WATER'S EDGE

A few moments more and she has drunk her fill. Lifts her head up.

Something catches her attention; the insect calls are gone, replaced by a terrifying silence.

She looks around, "baa-ing" to quietly to herself.

A loud ROAR emerges from the darkness behind her and she bolts forward into the water where she half swims, half stumbles for the opposite side.

An enormous SPLASH follows behind her.

She tries to scramble onto the bank but something CRUNCHES down on one of her legs; with an animalistic shriek of pain and terror, she is dragged backwards.

Underwater.

All goes still for a few seconds.

She suddenly bursts out of the water, lifted horizontally by her legs, and is slammed back down into it over and over again with bone breaking force.

By the third slam she has stopped screaming, all but drowned.

Whatever it is that has her legs releases her; she weakly tries once more to crawl out of the water.

And gets just halfway up the bank before she is yanked back in and mauled so violently that the splashes of blood and water obscure her attacker's identity.

Her screams silence.

The water, red with blood, continues its gentle flow downstream.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

A crystalline gem hidden in the depths of the jungle.

BETHANY (V.O.)

As the days passed, I found myself thinking more and more about what I had learned.

In the water, fish-people splash and play like children, swimming with the beauty and grace of ballet dancers.

Human in shape but with long, billowy fins sprouting out of their brightly colored limbs and fish-like facial features, they are stunningly beautiful creatures.

Bethany stands on the shore beside Montgomery, watching them splash and frolic.

BETHANY (V.O.)

Though these creatures had once been human and clearly no longer suffered from their own previous ailments, I still could not accept the inhuman sacrifices made in their name.

The fish-people swim up to Bethany and Montgomery and motion for them to join.

Bethany hesitates but Montgomery flashes her a reassuring smile and begins to strip off all of his clothes.

Still too self-conscious, Bethany leaves her dress on and wades into the water to join him in splashing and playing.

BETHANY (V.O.)

Especially when the constant threat of their regression lingered in the back of my mind.

SHORE

From beneath the trees, hidden by leaves and shadow, the Leopard-man's eyes watch Bethany play with the fish-people.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

All alone, Dulu washes herself in the clear waters of the pool.

A SOFT RUSTLE comes from behind her; she looks around but sees nothing. Hoots nervously.

Turns back to the water to see Bethany's reflection staring at her with a big smile.

She looks up and smiles awkwardly in return. Holds her hand out in greeting, palm up.

BETHANY

I thought I might find you here.

She touches Dulu's palm lightly to return the greeting. Holds up a bundle of bananas.

BETHANY

And I brought you something.

Dulu hoots with pleasure. Gratefully takes the bundle.

BETHANY

Have you seen Sayer of the Law today?

Dulu thinks a moment as she munches on a banana.

DULU

Sayer up there.

She points to the cliffs above the waterfall.

BEHIND THEM

From the bushes, Bethany is watched heading up the path beside the waterfall.

EXT. CLIFFS - DAY

Bethany marches confidently to the cliff's edge. Looks down at the waterfall below.

A SOFT RUMBLE behind her.

SAYER (O.S)
The winds told me you would be here.

Without turning, Bethany smiles.

BETHANY
I missed the sounds of such a cultured voice.

She turns to him, smile still in place.

BETHANY
I thought I would come and spend the afternoon with you, if that's all right?

Sayer gives a rumble of pleasure, deep in his belly.

SAYER
It would be my pleasure, young Bethany.

EXT. JUNGLE - SAME

A quiet PURR trembles along the foliage from where the Leopard-man watches Bethany and the Sayer speak.

EXT. CLIFFS - SUNDOWN

The sun has all but disappeared for the night.

Bethany looks up at it wistfully. Turns to the Sayer.

BETHANY
It's getting late.

Sayer bows his head in understanding.

SAYER
Might I escort you, young one?

BETHANY
Thank you for the offer but I'll be fine. It's not far.

She climbs gracefully to her feet. Waits patiently for the old beast to get to his.

BETHANY
Thank you for allowing me to be in your company today.

SAYER

It is always a pleasure to entertain one of such beauty and life.

Bethany flashes him a genuine smile.

BETHANY

I'll come see you again soon, I promise.

Sayer stares off into the direction of the wind. Closes his eyes and inhales deeply.

Bethany watches him, concerned.

BETHANY

Is everything all right?

SAYER

Take care young Bethany, I sense danger in the air tonight.

Bethany's smile wilts a little at his serious tone but she quickly hides it.

BETHANY

I will.

She turns away and heads off through the jungle trail with a quick wave at the Sayer.

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

Bethany moves easily along the dark path - her dress a brilliant glow of white against the shadows - humming a lovely, haunting melody.

A branch SNAPS from somewhere behind her.

She stops. Looks around. Sees nothing.

Continues to walk.

A DEEP GROWL. Closer.

Still, she sees nothing. Starts walking faster, just short of a jog.

An EAR-SHATTERING ROAR.

Bethany takes off down the path at a dead sprint. Looks over her shoulder to catch a glimpse of the Leopard-man close behind.

She puts on a burst of speed and leaves the trail behind, going deep into the jungle.

Though barefoot, she races over the earth as if under a spell; she jumps logs and splashes through puddles without hesitation, her feet barely touching the earth with each step.

Even the glowing fireflies she passes swirl around her in slow motion compared to her raw speed.

It is a hypnotic show of of pure primal movement that seems to last forever until, at last, she's alone.

Bethany stops and leans against a tree to rest; strangely, she looks almost energized as if she enjoyed the chase.

After a moment, she pushes away from the trunk. Takes two steps.

And the half-eaten body of the lamb-girl drops from the trees to land directly in front of her.

Bethany opens her mouth to scream.

TREETOPS

The moon shines high overhead as the Leopard-man climbs gracefully out onto a large tree limb.

Bethany's scream echoes through the night.

The Leopard-man opens his formidable jaws and roars along with her.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

The unseeing eyes of the half-eaten lamb-girl stare unseeing at the jungle canopy.

Montgomery, Moreau, and M'Ling stare down at it.

Moreau crouches down and examines the wounds.

MOREAU

It is as I feared. There's only one of my creations that could have done this--

He looks up at Montgomery.

MOREAU

I believe it is safe to say that Jonathan is regressing faster than we expected.

MONTGOMERY

We have to find him.

He looks over his shoulder to where Bethany stands a few yards away, arms wrapped around herself.

MONTGOMERY

Did he say anything to you?

Bethany starts. Blinks at him. Shakes her heard.

BETHANY

No, nothing. One minute he was chasing me, the next he was gone.

And then...

She gestures helplessly at the corpse. Fights back tears.

Montgomery gently places his hands on her shoulders.

MONTGOMERY

It's all right, you're safe now.

Bethany shakes her head.

BETHANY

I don't understand. You said it was forbidden to hunt or kill on your island.

MOREAU (O.S.)

On all accounts, you'd be correct.

He looks distractedly into the jungle.

MOREAU

But there is one...

M'Ling growls, a baring of his canines.

MOREAU

I believe you said you saw him the day of your first flight through the jungle?

BETHANY

Who is he?

MOREAU

His name was Jonathan Preston. A scholarly young man if I recall correctly. He was the first of my patients to volunteer a merge with a predatory animal.

BETHANY

Why would he want that?

MONTGOMERY

Because, in many predators, their white blood cells are extremely aggressive and he believed that the aggression would heal him faster.

MOREAU

Unfortunately, being our first foray into the inner workings of such a creature, I'm afraid we severely underestimated just how well it would work. The blood from the leopard proved too much for his frail constitution and has slowly been changing him into a mere shadow of his former self.

He gestures to the corpse.

MOREAU

In any case, it's clear he has regressed too far for the safety of himself and everyone on this island. We need to find him and put an end to his crimes.

Bethany is shocked.

BETHANY

Put an end to his crimes? You mean to kill him?

MOREAU

He knew the risks undergoing such a procedure.

BETHANY

But... can't you find a cure for him?

MOREAU

To what end? He was dying before he underwent this procedure. Returning him to a mere human state would only bring his illness back and he would still die.

He looks to M'Ling.

MOREAU

You have been a loyal creation M'Ling but I'm afraid I must ask something of you I never thought I would ask. I need you and your brothers to break one of the sacred laws and find Jonathan. Bring him in alive if you can but do not let him escape.

M'Ling looks troubled by this request but nods his big head.

M'LING

We... will not fail you... father.

MONTGOMERY

No, we won't.

BETHANY

I'd like to come too.

The three men turn to look at her, identical expressions on their faces.

MONTGOMERY

Absolutely not.

Bethany opens her mouth to protest.

MOREAU

Maybe the girl might be of use in the wild. Jonathan seems to have taken a particular interest in her.

Montgomery gives him a warning look.

MONTGOMERY

She is not coming--

Moreau just stares back at him, amused.

Montgomery turns back to Bethany.

MONTGOMERY

--and that's final.

She returns his unblinking stare for a moment then stalks off to pout.

The sun-dried corpse sits alone. Forgotten.

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - DAY

Bethany lies in her hammock, brow furrowed in thought.

Montgomery appears in the doorway.

MONTGOMERY

I'm leaving for the hunt. M'Ling wants us to leave while we still have light to travel by.

Bethany pointedly ignores him.

MONTGOMERY

If all goes well, we'll be back by nightfall tomorrow.

She continues to ignore him.

Montgomery waits a moment more. Nods in acceptance and turns to go.

BETHANY (O.S.)

Thomas. Be careful.

Montgomery looks over his shoulder at her. Nods.

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

Montgomery, Moreau, M'Ling, and the pack of natives make a long procession into the jungle, the village barely visible behind them.

EXT. RAINFOREST - SAME

A good distance away, the Leopard-man watches them follow his trail. Gives a satisfied growl. Slinks off into the jungle.

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

M'Ling and natives make camp while Moreau and Montgomery sit around a campfire.

MOREAU

You should have brought the girl.
It would have been a good test for
her.

MONTGOMERY

No.

Both men look surprised at his forcefulness.

MONTGOMERY

I mean, she's not ready for
something like this. Not yet.

Moreau studies him intently for a long moment.

MOREAU

I hope you're not getting too
attached, Thomas. In what we do,
we can't afford to care
unconditionally about those in our
charge.

Montgomery looks away, staring into the flames. Moreau does the same.

M'Ling approaches them. Sits beside Montgomery.

M'LING

Everything... in place.

MOREAU

Excellent. You have done well,
M'Ling.

He looks to Montgomery.

MOREAU

You should get some sleep, Thomas.
Tomorrow we go hunting.

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

BETHANY (V.O.)

That night, man and animal became
one and the same for a single goal.
To work together in the pursuit of
their mutual prey.

The pack Leader stands watch at the camp perimeter. Looks
up at the full moon.

And HOWLS, long and loud.

BETHANY (V.O.)

To hunt.

The other natives echo him.

TREETOPS

Resting on a large branch, The Leopard-man hears the howls.
Snarls angrily in return.

EXT RAINFOREST - DAY

M'Ling leads the trek with Montgomery and Moreau close
behind.

He stops, nostrils flaring as he picks up the scent.

M'LING

He close.

Looks around briefly and points a direction.

Nods to the natives and, together, they disappear into the
jungle.

Moreau and Montgomery wait anxiously as the silence builds
around them.

A PREDATORY GROWL comes out of the trees; they scan the
foliage, rifles ready.

MOREAU

It's all right Jonathan. We're not
here to hurt you.

Another GROWL, closer.

MOREAU

We know you're regressing Jonathan.
We want to help.

A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM and the Leopard-man attacks; he slams into Montgomery and knocks him down to hit his head on a log. Unconscious.

Turns to the Doctor and pounces; Moreau stumbles back, his rifle discharging harmlessly into the air.

The Leopard-man pins him to the ground under his superior weight. Bares his fangs, inches away. Drools hotly onto the doctor's face.

HOWLS rise behind them and Moreau smiles.

MOREAU

And that is why men will always be superior.

M'Ling and the natives appear from from the jungle; they fall upon the Leopard-man and restrain him with a heavy net despite his best efforts to escape.

The beast safely captured, Moreau goes to Montgomery's side. Gently rouses him.

MOREAU

Easy there. We have him.

They look over to where the Leopard-man screams and struggles vainly.

MONTGOMERY

What do we do with him?

MOREAU

We bring him home.

EXT RAINFOREST - DAY

The group moves along the game trail like conquering heroes, dragging the hapless Leopard-man behind them.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

They proceed through the middle of the village where the other beast-people have gathered; they snarl and jeer at the captured beast.

Bethany stands with them but stays well back from the others.

The Leopard-man seeks her out among the crowd. Locks eyes with her before they march him into a nearby hut.

Bethany can't hide the sadness that creeps into her eyes.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

All of the beast-folk, including the Sayer are gathered near the sea.

The Leopard-man is chained by his front legs to a large pole buried in the sand before them.

Moreau stands beside him, an unfurled whip in his hands.

Bethany stands near the front of the crowd, Montgomery beside her.

BETHANY

I don't understand. Why is he doing this? I understand being punished but this is just... cruel.

MONTGOMERY

Dr. Moreau believes that by showing the others what will happen if they disobey a human law, it will somehow strengthen the part of them that is still human and help overcome their regression.

BETHANY

You mean scaring them into staying human? Is that what you believe?

Montgomery is about to reply when Moreau steps forward.

MOREAU

Fellow men, one of our most sacred laws has been broken. One of our own... has killed another--

A MURMUR of disgust rises from the crowd.

MOREAU

--and for that, he must be punished.

He brandishes the whip for all to see.

MOREAU

Let all who bear witness today see the truth that none hear are above the law. And none shall escape.

His eyes connect with Bethany's.

Begins to mercilessly whip the helpless beast.

Bethany can't look away, the anguish plain on her face, as flesh and fur are ripped from his body in ragged chunks.

Even as he starts to lose consciousness, the Leopard-man turns his eyes to her.

Pleading.

Unable to watch any longer, Bethany turns and leaves, pushing her way through the crowd.

Montgomery watches her leave. His eyes narrow.

Behind him, Moreau continues to whip the poor creature, the pleasure it gives him evident on his face.

EXT. VILLAGE CENTER - NIGHT

All is quiet, deserted except for the smoldering remains of a bonfire.

Nearby, the unguarded Leopard-man sits very still, chained to another pole.

He looks horrible; fur matted with blood, ears torn, face dissected with a dozen deep lacerations, and one eye completely destroyed.

Soft FOOTSTEPS approach off to the side and his head lifts minutely, nostrils flaring.

LEOPARD-MAN

I knew... you would come.

He raises his good eye to see Bethany standing over him; she looks unsure of her reason for being there.

BETHANY

I had to know.

LEOPARD-MAN

You want to know... different?

BETHANY

(confused)

I don't know what you mean.

She kneels down so that they are face to face.

BETHANY

No, I want to know why didn't you attack me that night when you had the chance?

Weakly, the Leopard-man shakes his head.

LEOPARD-MAN

Because. You... different.

BETHANY

Different? How?

LEOPARD-MAN

You. One of us.

Bethany is stunned.

BETHANY

No. I'm sorry but I am human.

LEOPARD-MAN

No. Like me.

He closes his good eye and inhales deeply.

LEOPARD-MAN

Can smell it... in your blood.
Just... beneath your skin. You...
are hunter now.

In shock, Bethany falls back on her butt, her mind racing.

The Leopard-man watches her, his expression filled with pain and sorrow.

LEOPARD-MAN

Need you... help me.

Bethany's eyes meet his.

LEOPARD-MAN

You must... kill me. Better that
way.

Horrified, Bethany shakes her head in disbelief.

BETHANY

No. I can't--

LEOPARD-MAN

Do not want... to go. House of
pain. Better... to die here.
Under the stars.

He locks his eye on her.

LEOPARD-MAN

Please. There... no other way. Do
me... this honor. From one...
human... to another.

Pain and tears in her eyes, Bethany nods.

She looks around briefly. Spots a good-sized rock nearby.
Goes to it.

The Leopard-man watches her pick the rock up.

Bethany comes back and stands over him; her hands tremble,
but not from the weight.

The Leopard-man gives her a nod of encouragement.

LEOPARD-MAN

Be free soon.

He closes his eyes and lowers his head.

LEOPARD-MAN

Perhaps God... will forgive me...
someday.

Bethany raises the rock over her head.

Pauses.

Closes her eyes as tears begin to trickle down her cheeks.

BETHANY

I'm sorry.

She slams the rock down hard on his head.

A sudden animosity overcomes her; she slams the rock down -
shrieking with each blow - over and over again, blood
splattering on her face and clothes.

When she can no longer lift the heavy rock, she stops,
panting wildly.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)

What have you done?

His face mirrors her own expression.

Horrified.

BETHANY

I... He wanted... I'm...

Montgomery takes a careful step forward..

MONTGOMERY

Bethany, you must listen to me,
please...

Montgomery reaches out as he takes a step towards her.

She pulls back.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany, please.

She turns and flees the beach.

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door flings open. Bethany rushes in, panicked.

She looks down at herself. Sees all the blood covering her
skin and clothes.

Tries to wipe it from her face and arms but succeeds only in
smearing it everywhere. Trembling, she turns her hands to
her gown. Quickly strips it off.

Glances at her reflection in the mirror.

And freezes.

Her once slender body is now as lean and muscled as a predator's.

Forgetting the blood, she steps up to the mirror and examines her body; she feels the firm skin and muscles in her arms and stomach.

Her eyes look further down.

Starting at her hips and going down her legs are faint yet unmistakable horizontal stripes.

Like those of a thylacine.

She turns slightly to get a better look at her legs and sees the stripes go along her lower back and backside as well.

Touches them gently, hands shaking.

Montgomery's reflection appears in the mirror as he stands in the doorway.

MONTGOMERY

You're beautiful.

Bethany spins around to face him. Looks him dead in the eyes, so furious she can barely force the words out of her mouth.

BETHANY

What am I?

MONTGOMERY

What you've always been. Special.

Bethany's composure breaks.

BETHANY

What am I?!

MONTGOMERY

You're the next generation. I infused you with the blood of a rare creature to combat the disease I placed inside of you.

Realization dawns on her.

BETHANY

But you said it was a reaction to the medicine you gave me on the ship?

MONTGOMERY

That wasn't medicine I gave you. It was a particularly potent strain of a virus found in mosquitoes. I had to make you ill before I could administer the serum.

BETHANY

And if I hadn't decided to come with you?

Montgomery pauses. Weighs his response.

MONTGOMERY

It was a fatal dose. I needed it to be fast-acting to take hold by the time we reached the island... I only did what was necessary. What my father did to try and save my mother.

BETHANY

But why? What did you hope to gain? You are not your father!

MONTGOMERY

No, I am not. I am not the same man who all but ignored me my entire life, so guilt wracked over the loss of his wife that he didn't have time for his only son. Until that son showed interest in following in his father's footsteps.

BETHANY

You turned me into an experiment, a freak, just so your father would love you?

Montgomery's expression softens and he steps slowly towards her.

MONTGOMERY

You're not a freak. You're something special. Something to be worshipped. A goddess.

BETHANY

You're mad.

Montgomery stops.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany, please, you must understand.

BETHANY

I trusted you.

Montgomery quickly grabs both of her arms.

MONTGOMERY

Bethany--

BETHANY

No!

She yanks herself free of his grasp, raking her fingernails across his face.

Her teeth bared, she GROWLS at him, deep and inhuman.

Montgomery steps back, shocked, a hand held to his bleeding face.

Equally surprised, Bethany pushes past him and races out of the room.

EXT. CLIFFS - NIGHT

Still nude and covered with blood and filth, Bethany bursts into the clearing. Looks around frantically but finds herself alone.

ALL SOUND DISAPPEARS as she falls to her knees and screams her fear, anger, and frustration to the stars.

LATER

Lying on the ground, Bethany sobs uncontrollably.

SOUND COMES BACK as the Tiger-man begins to ROAR/SCREAM his own inhuman cries of pain from within the Dr.'s laboratory.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Still screaming, the Tiger-man tries to struggle while Dr. Moreau stitches up a fresh laceration on the beast-man's midsection.

MOREAU

Oh come now, you make it sound as
if this causes you pain.

He does something with the stitching that makes the creature scream again.

MOREAU

But that is the point of all this,
you see. To cure pain, you must
first allow yourself to feel it.
All of it.

The beast struggles at the bonds around his wrists.

MOREAU

And if you were to accomplish that,
you would become something far
better than either could hope to be
on their own.

He grins down at the poor creature.

MOREAU

So, let us see how much better you
can become.

Behind the bandages that cover his face, the Tiger man
screams again as Moreau starts something new on him.

EXT. CLIFFS - NIGHT

A light rain is now all that falls over the land.

Bethany is crouched at the cliff's edge, heedless of the
dangerous drop before her, her face as blank as a statue's.

She stares across the island - from her position she can
just make out the lights of the village - and listens to the
ROARS OF PAIN from the Tiger-man in Moreau's laboratory.

The Sayer's trunk gently slips a tattered robe across
Bethany's bare shoulders.

SAYER (O.S)

I did not wish for you to find out
like this.

BETHANY

You knew.

The Sayer withdraws his trunk.

SAYER (O.S)

No soul, human or beast, comes to
this island and is not changed. I,
too, learned that lesson many years
ago.

Bethany stares over the land for a long moment.

BETHANY

I can never leave this island, can
I?

The Sayer's silence is answer enough.

BETHANY

What am I supposed to do?

The Sayer moves up beside her and stares out over the island
as well.

SAYER

There comes a time in every creature's life, where a path is laid out before them. But it is up to you alone to choose to follow that path, or to forge your own.

Bethany listens to the ROARS as she thinks for a long moment.

Realization slowly dawns on her face, followed by a hardened resolve.

BETHANY

Then I will forge my own path.

She looks back at him.

BETHANY

Can you help me?

SAYER

I'm afraid this old body will be of no use to your cause. But I will wish you success in what it is you intend to do.

Bethany nods, more to herself than him.

Climbs to her feet and turns to face the Sayer.

BETHANY

Thank you. For everything.

SAYER

It was, and has always been, my pleasure, young Bethany.

Bethany nods again as the Tiger-man continues to ROAR IN PAIN.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

The rain has all but stopped and the light from the bonfire now casts dark shadows around every building.

Bethany uses these shadows to her advantage; she creeps along the perimeter as stealthily as a hunting cat.

VILLAGE CENTER

Once again in a festive mood, the wolf-natives and serpent-girls play and dance with child-like enthusiasm.

Moreau and Montgomery drink and enjoy themselves to the fullest extent as well.

The Doctor leans in and steals a kiss from one of the serpent-girls.

As he pulls away, his eyes glance behind her.

And widen in surprise; in the shadows on the opposite side of the fire, Bethany watches the men party, her eyes shining in the darkness.

Moreau shoves the serpent-girl away. Looks back to see Bethany is no longer there. Swallowed by the night.

Not amused by his actions, the serpent-girl slithers away.

EXT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Bethany quietly makes her way to the front door.

Glances around. She's alone.

She slips inside. Leaves the door open behind her.

INT. LABORATORY - SAME

Silently, Bethany steps into the light.

Covered in leaves and mud, she wears only a small, tattered loincloth.

A quick surveillance of the room shows that it is empty.

She heads to the next room.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

The caged animals can sense her presence; they restlessly pace their cages, vocalizing quietly to themselves.

She quickly goes to the nearest cage and moves to unlock it. Stops as something beyond it catches her eye.

The operating table is empty.

Bethany gets to her feet and moves to the table; it is covered in blood. She frowns.

A LOW GROAN leads her past the cages until she comes to the back wall where a humanoid figure, dressed in bloody bandages with a burlap sack over its head, is chained to the wall.

She has found the Tiger-man, placed there after Moreau's recent surgery.

It groans again.

She creeps up to it and reaches for the sack over its head, her hands trembling. Grasps the fabric and slowly pulls it off to reveal the creature's head.

The man's face is now patched together with different parts of a tiger's: eyes, nose, whiskers, and teeth.

He groggily raises his eyes to look at her, a very human intelligence behind a predator's gaze.

BETHANY

(whispers)

Oh God.

She quickly looks to the restrains that hold the beast, then back to his face, where his eyes have never left hers.

BETHANY

Don't be afraid, I'm going to set you free.

She reaches up to undo the leather cuff around one of his hands.

Before she can finish unbuckling it completely, Moreau grabs her and spins her around to face him.

MOREAU

I knew I'd find you here.

He grabs her by the throat and pulls her close. Traps her arms before she can escape.

The Tiger-man snarls and lunges at him, fully awake now.

Moreau laughs at him.

MOREAU

No need to get upset, I'll be back with you shortly.

The beast bares his teeth at him. Hisses.

Moreau ignores him and turns his attention back to Bethany, who tries vainly to get free of his grasp.

BETHANY

Let me go.

MOREAU

So you can destroy my world?
Everything I sacrificed to build?
No, I don't think I will.

BETHANY

You're evil. This is not curing
the world from disease--

Moreau tightens his grip on her throat, cutting her off.

MOREAU

Of course it isn't. No, my dear, I never had any intention of helping mankind after what they did to me. All I have ever intended to do was replace it. With something much better. Something controllable.

He tries to drag her to the operating table but she pulls back, digging her heels in.

A sudden rage fills his face and he strikes her across the face. Hard.

She falls, dazed, as the Tiger-man roars and struggles fiercely with his restraints.

MOREAU

Now, shall we see just how far my son succeeded in your transformation?

He picks her up easily. Carries her to the table. Lays her on it.

Behind him, the Tiger-man has almost managed to pull free of the restraint Bethany had worked on.

MOREAU (O.S.)

You see, while I believe that the transformation from man to beast needs only to be done through just the physical level to accomplish the change--

He moves around the table, strapping her down.

MOREAU

--my son believes it should be done purely on a cellular level. That there is no need to dissect such magnificent creatures--

He casually picks up a scalpel and bends over her.

MOREAU

--and by that, I mean the animals of course.

He cuts a long, shallow, incision from her collar bone down to her navel.

Bethany screams.

MOREAU

Shall we see which of us was right?

He starts to cut her again.

And hears the Tiger-man pull loose.

Turns to see the beast use his free hand to break the other restraint.

The Tiger-man looks at Moreau, hate blazing in his eyes. Snarls.

Begins to stalk towards the Doctor.

MOREAU

Don't forget who it is that made
you, beast--

It keeps coming. Moreau backs up into the table.

MOREAU

--who it is that is your master.

The beast-man, just feet away, stops. Cocks his head.

MOREAU

That's right, I am your god.

The Tiger-man looks to Bethany, her eyes wide and pleading, and looks back to Moreau.

Growls low and menacing.

Moreau tries to run; he races to the other side of the room where his loaded rifle lies on the desk.

The beast gives chase and catches Moreau just before he reaches the rifle.

He mauls the doctor to pieces as he screams; blood spatters everywhere.

Eyes wide and unable to move, Bethany can only listen to the carnage and screams until they stop.

All goes silent. She struggles at her bonds.

The Tiger-man's face suddenly appears above her, blood dripping from his teeth, bloodlust in his eyes.

Bethany shakes with fear as he opens his mouth; they lock eyes, one predator's to another's.

The beast takes a deep breath; he closes his eyes and activates his flehmen response, inhaling her scent and recording it to memory.

Without realizing it, Bethany closes her eyes and breathes in his scent as well.

He opens his eyes. Smiles at her with a horrifying, bloodstained smile.

TIGER-MAN
You... are... free.

With clumsy hands, he breaks one of the restraints.
And stops when they hear the front door CRASH OPEN.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)
Doctor Moreau?

FOOTSTEPS race to the back room and Montgomery appears in the doorway.

MONTGOMERY
Father?

He freezes when he sees the gruesome scene before him.
The Tiger-man snarls and lunges past Bethany. Knocks Montgomery over to escape out the door.

LATER

Bethany undoes the rest of her restraints. Goes to Montgomery's side.

BETHANY
Thomas? Are you all right?

He roughly pushes her away and gets shakily to his feet. Slowly approaches the Doctor's body.

MONTGOMERY
Oh God.

He falls to his knees beside Moreau and checks hopelessly for any signs of life.

MONTGOMERY
Father...

Strangely saddened by this, Bethany goes to stand beside him. Places a tentative hand on his shoulder.

Montgomery starts. Looks up at her, eyes hard.

MONTGOMERY
I will kill that beast for this.

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

The Tiger-man runs clumsily through the trees with all the noise of a stampede.

He disappears into the night.

EXT. VILLAGE CENTER - DAY

Moreau's funeral pyre sits in the center, tall and defiant.

Beside Montgomery, Bethany - back in a simple sundress once more - watches as he takes a lit torch and touches it to the pyre.

It sets ablaze instantly.

BETHANY (V.O.)
Thus ended the scientific
revolution of Dr. Charles Moreau.

Behind Bethany, all the beast-folk are gathered, tears in their eyes.

BETHANY (V.O.)
And the beast-people, whose bodies
had been mutilated, minds tortured,
and whose lives had forever been
changed by this revolution, wept.
For their creator. Their father.
Their God.

LATER

Montgomery and M'Ling are all that still stand beside the pyre, now just smoldering ash.

Eyes red with tears and alcohol, Montgomery takes a long drink from the bottle in his hand.

M'Ling's face grows troubled. Turns to Montgomery.

M'LING
Master?

Montgomery doesn't look away from the pyre.

M'LING
If father's word... is law, and
father... is no more... is there no
more... law?

Montgomery gives a humorless laugh.

MONTGOMERY
Does it look like there is?

He finally turns to face the larger man, eyes blazing.

MONTGOMERY
You are just a stupid animal, an
experiment. The only laws you were
made to follow were the ones we
made ourselves to keep you from
doing anything foolish.

M'Ling cowers back from his harsh tone.

Montgomery deflates a little at his friend's distress.
Waves dismissively.

MONTGOMERY

Leave me be.

Near tears, M'Ling slowly backs away. Leaves.

Montgomery stares after him.

Takes another long drink from his bottle and turns back to the pyre.

EXT. VILLAGE CENTER - DAY

Montgomery collects the ashes below the burned out funeral pyre.

Bethany comes up behind him. He spares her a quick glance. Goes back to what he was doing.

BETHANY

I'm sorry about your father.

Montgomery pointedly ignores her and continues to scoop up the ashes.

BETHANY

Do you want to talk about it?

Montgomery finishes and stands up.

MONTGOMERY

No, I don't want to talk about it.

He faces her, eyes hard.

MONTGOMERY

I want to find that beast and make it suffer.

BETHANY

There's already been a lifetime's worth of suffering on this island. Isn't that enough?

MONTGOMERY

What do you know of suffering? I spent my entire childhood watching my father put everything he had into saving my mother. Only to lose all of it in the end. His career, his home, his name. All because some simpletons believe only God should have the power to create new life.

Bethany is shocked at the raw emotion in his words.

BETHANY

Look around you. Were they wrong? Your father used the excuse that he wanted to save lives to create monsters for his own amusement. He lost sight of what mattered most.

She reaches out and gently caresses his cheek; Montgomery closes his eyes and turns into her touch.

BETHANY

But you alone can change that. You can set things right again. You can find a way to complete your father's work without the pain, the suffering. You can cure all of us.

Montgomery's face hardens and his hand shoots up to grab her wrist in a vice-like grip. Opens his eyes.

MONTGOMERY

That's all you care about, isn't it? A cure? So you can be human again? There is no cure. You and every one of those filthy beasts will eventually be overcome by the animal genes in you. Because you are weak. Because humans have always been weak.

BETHANY

But you can--

Montgomery gives her a violent shake, his voice rising.

MONTGOMERY

Why should I? Why should I waste my time concocting some sort of cure for a few natives and one silly little girl? You are all expendable. All of you. You always were.

BETHANY

Thomas, let me go.

She tries to pull free.

MONTGOMERY

I gave you power. I gave you a chance to be something better than what you were--

Bethany struggles harder. He strikes her across the face, knocking her to the ground.

She stares up at him, stunned, blood flowing from her lip.

MONTGOMERY

--and all you care about is going
back to being nothing.

He shoves his way through the crowd of beast-folk who have gathered. Storms off.

Bethany slowly gets to her feet. Stares after him.

EXT. LABORATORY - DAY

M'Ling sits on the building's steps, his face buried in his large hands.

Bethany approaches him, her bare feet silent on the dirt. Stops a few feet away.

BETHANY

M'Ling?

The ape-man looks up and glances back at her, his face wet with tears.

Troubled, Bethany crouches in front of him. Gently places a hand on his shoulder.

BETHANY

What's wrong?

M'LING

Father gone... Master angry...
M'Ling sad.

Bethany's heart goes out to him and she uses her small hands to lift his face so she can look into his eyes.

BETHANY

There's nothing to be sad about
anymore. You're free now.

His eyes wide, M'Ling stiffens as she hugs him tightly, then relaxes into her embrace.

After a moment, Bethany gently pulls back. Touches his cheek.

BETHANY

Now be free.

She gets to her feet and goes to the laboratory door. Gives him a reassuring smile and steps inside.

INT. LABORATORY - SAME

As she walks in and looks around the room with fresh eyes, she hears the SOUNDS OF MOREAU'S SCREAMS in her head.

Shakes her head to clear it, and goes to the operating room door.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

The animals inside their cages begin to SHRIEK when they hear her approach.

As she looks around at all of them, her eyes go to the spot where Moreau was attacked, marked by a massive amount of blood puddled on the floor.

Goes over to it. Crouches down and lightly touches the sticky blood.

Lifts her bloody fingers to her nose. Inhales its scent, her eyes closing.

Then she realizes what she's doing and her eyes snap open; she lowers her hand and wipes the blood on her leg.

Her attention turns back to the animals, who have gone eerily silent.

One by one, she unlocks their cages and releases them out into the jungle beyond.

Comes to the last cage, which houses a massive spotted hyena.

She kneels down, about to unlock the door that leads to the outside, but something on the floor catches her eye.

It's Moreau's private journal.

EXT. CLIFFS - SAME

From his perch at the edge, the Sayer stares off in the direction of the village.

He closes his eyes and breathes a heavy sigh. Turns away.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

BETHANY (V.O.)

Despite the evil of his actions, I
found myself pitying Thomas--

Montgomery carries his father's ashes to the pier.

BETHANY (V.O.)

--because he was just a man
following the dreams of his father,
however misguided they might be.

With heavy footsteps, he walks out to the end of the pier.

BETHANY (V.O.)

And now he was alone. Like the
rest of us.

He carefully opens the jar. Up ends it into the sea where the winds and waves quickly spread them out of sight.

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - NIGHT

In her hammock, Bethany flips through Moreau's journal; along with precise notes, there are also dozens of detailed illustrations depicting the procedures he used.

Her lips move as she reads silently to herself.

EXT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

The lights are on inside and the door is wide open.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)
You pathetic fool. How could you?

The sound of BREAKING GLASS.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Quite drunk and still drinking, Montgomery trashes the already trashed room.

MONTGOMERY
The love of mother and I wasn't
enough, was it?

He breaks some more items as he stumbles drunkenly about.

MONTGOMERY
You had to want more, didn't you?

Kicks at a chair, misses, and trips over it, falling to the floor.

Picks himself up to a sitting position.

MONTGOMERY
Father...

The rest of his words catch in his throat, forcing him to take a swig from the bottle in his hand.

As he does, he spies Moreau's rifle on the floor.

His face grows dark.

INT. BETHANY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tears trail down Bethany's cheeks as she stares at Moreau's journal.

She closes the book, clutching it to her chest. Stares out the open window at the night sky.

After a moment, she rolls to her side. Notices the flame of her candle dancing with the occasional breeze.

An idea forms on her face; she climbs out of her hammock and goes over to the candle.

Looks down at the book. Holds it above the flame.

Hesitates.

Lowers it towards the fire.

EXT. WATERFALL - NIGHT

The beast-people are gathered around the pool; subdued by the day's earlier events, they mill about aimlessly while some weep for the loss of their Father.

Dulu is one of those who weeps for Moreau.

By herself at the opposite side of the pond, she stares at her reflection in the rippling water as she cries.

She wipes at her eyes and looks at her hands. Spreads her fingers wide to show all five digits.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)
 (loud and drunk)
 Come on out, you dirty beasts.
 I've brought something for you.

Dulu looks up to see Montgomery stumble into the clearing on the other side of the pool, Moreau's rifle in his hands.

MONTGOMERY
 Come on, everyone--

They back away as he stumbles towards them, waving his gun.

MONTGOMERY
 --don't be shy, gather 'round.

He stops when he is in the middle of the crowd; the beast-folk give him a wide berth.

Spins in a clumsy circle, trying to point the rifle at everyone.

MONTGOMERY
 Good, that's good. Today I'm going
 to give you something you've all
 wanted for a long time.

Unseen by him, Dulu watches from the edge of the clearing.

He stops spinning, gun pointed at a TAPIR-MAN, his eyes dark with anger.

MONTGOMERY
 I'm going to set you free.

Dulu's eyes go wide as the gun FIRES.

The other beast-people cower back as the Tapir-man falls to the ground, dead.

MONTGOMERY

There, that's better, isn't it?

He turns to the others.

MONTGOMERY

Now, who else wants to be set free?

SAYER (O.S)

Stop this, Thomas.

Montgomery whirls to see the Sayer at the edge of the circle; the other beasts part to allow him to come closer.

He stops ten feet from Montgomery.

SAYER

This is not the way, Thomas.

Montgomery levels the gun at him.

MONTGOMERY

You're wrong, this is the only way. The only way to undo what my father did to you. I'm trying to help you, you see?

SAYER

No, Thomas. You cannot undo what was done to us any more than you could stop your father from having done it.

MONTGOMERY

No, but at least I can erase the mistakes he made instead.

SAYER

Perhaps. But in doing so, would you take the lives of those who have shown you nothing but blind devotion despite the pain they endured at your father's hands? At your hands?

Montgomery lowers the gun as he thinks.

SAYER

If you want to erase the memory of us, Thomas, leave this place behind and allow to us to return to what we were always meant to be.

Montgomery makes his mind up; he looks the Sayer dead in the eyes and raises his gun.

MONTGOMERY

I'm afraid I can't do that. All evidence of my father's work must be destroyed... including you, Sayer of the Law.

He pulls the trigger. Shoots the Sayer, who sways but doesn't fall.

Montgomery pulls the trigger again and again until the Sayer finally collapses to the forest floor.

Horrified, Dulu turns and flees into the forest.

The remaining beast-people go into a rage; they begin to stalk Montgomery, circling him.

He points the rifle under his jaw.

MONTGOMERY

I'll see all of you in hell.

They continue to close in.

He pulls the trigger.

CLICK.

Everyone freezes.

The beast-people pounce; they bite and claw his soft human body while he screams.

EXT. RAINFOREST - NIGHT

Dulu races through the dark until she sees the lights of the village up ahead.

EXT. BETHANY'S HUT - SAME

Lost in thought, Bethany sits on the porch with her knees drawn up to her chest, arms wrapped tightly around them.

DULU (O.S.)

(distantly)

Beth-ny!

Bethany comes out of her daze and looks across the village.

Sees Dulu headed towards her and gets to her feet, instantly alert.

DULU

Beth-ny. Come quick. Sayer--

Bethany sees the ape-girl's panic and takes off for the jungle.

EXT. CLIFFS - NIGHT

Mortally wounded, the Sayer drags his immense body across the small clearing to the cliff's edge.

As he struggles for breath, he looks out across the island with dying eyes. Closes his eyes tiredly and breathes in deeply.

Lets out a long, FAREWELL TRUMPET that echoes across the island.

And dies.

Thunder RUMBLES and a steady rain begins to fall on his lifeless form.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Heedless of the rain, Bethany spots the wide, bloody trail the Sayer left where he dragged himself to his final resting place, and follows it to the clearing.

CLIFFS

Bethany slows when she sees the Sayer's body by the cliff's edge. Goes up to it as Dulu hangs back.

She kneels beside him. Gently caresses his face.

BETHANY

I'm so sorry.

Blinking back tears, she looks over the cliff to the pool below.

Her eyes narrow.

EXT. WATERFALL - NIGHT

The beast-folk shrink back from Bethany, clearing a wide path for her.

Confused by their reaction, she cautiously approaches the pool.

Sees the body of the Tapir-man; it's already been half-eaten.

Her eyes widen in shock but she keeps going until the last of the beast-people move to reveal Montgomery's ravaged body.

Bethany stares at it dispassionately. Peers closer.

His chest still rises and falls slowly.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The cages are all open and empty except the last one. It houses a spotted hyena, who paces restlessly in the small space.

Past the cages, strapped to the operating table, is Montgomery, his wounds bandaged.

After several long seconds, his eyes slowly open as he comes to.

Groggy, he is confused by the straps at his wrists and feet; he struggles weakly with them for a moment.

Then he sees something on the tray beside the table that makes him forget about the restraints.

It's Moreau's open journal, its edges singed but whole.

Behind him, the hyena begins to LAUGH wildly.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Still seated at his table with the open journal in his hands, the tragic events of the island show on the grizzled Captain's face.

Behind him, rays of sunlight break in through the cabin's windows to illuminate both the journal and the room.

The Captain gets to his feet and slowly walks to the windows. Looks out.

The storm has passed and the brilliant sun now scatters the last of the rain clouds into oblivion.

EXT. BEACH - DAY - FLASHBACK

The same golden rays of sunlight shine down on the lifeless body of the Sayer, placed upon a short wooden platform.

BETHANY (V.O.)

With the deaths of both their father and their master, the beast-people looked to me for guidance. For acceptance.

Every beast on the island has showed up for the funeral of the Sayer.

BETHANY (V.O.)

The beast-folk feared they would return to their more primal state, abandoning what humanity they once held within them. And so, insisted on continuing human traditions as best they could so that they may live in a way that allowed them to embrace both the laws of man and beast.

No longer constrained by mankind's societal tenets, Bethany comfortably wears only the simple loincloth of the beast-folk, whom she watches pay their respects to the Sayer's body.

The last to pay her respects, she lays a gentle kiss on the Sayer's still form and steps back.

She turns away. Heads for the back of the gathering.

BETHANY (V.O.)

And, by their own choice, turned Moreau's failure into a success by creating a new race that was better adapted for a life of survival than either had been on their own.

As she weaves her way through the last of the beast-folk, her eyes search out the surprisingly handsome and human face of the now completely healed Tiger-man.

Standing apart from the others, he flashes her a look filled with obvious affection and attraction.

With an equal look of affection in her own eyes, she stalks up to him. Rubs her cheek against his jawline in a feline greeting before settling into his arms to watch the rest of their ceremony.

BEHIND THEM

BETHANY (V.O.)

But the fear of regression still lingered.

Unnoticed by either, hidden amongst the foliage, a hideously grotesque Hyena-man watches the new couple with a murderous rage in his inhuman eyes.

Crudely stitched, oozing incisions criss-crossing its face, and thick drool hanging from a mouth filled with broken and jagged teeth, the poor beast is all of what's left of Montgomery.

BEACH

Oblivious to Montgomery, Bethany and the Tiger-man watch the beast-folk pick up the Sayer's immense body and place it on a makeshift raft before releasing it into the surf.

The whole island looks on as the raft - and the Sayer - drifts slowly out to sea until it disappears into the horizon.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY - PRESENT DAY

The Captain, clearly unsettled by everything he's just read, gets to his feet and walks over to his bookshelf.

He hesitates for a long moment, deciding, then shelves the journal among the other books, his hand lingering on its weathered spine as if afraid to let go.

EXT. DECK - SAME

BETHANY (V.O.)

After the funeral, the beast-folk said they would understand if I refused my place among them and wished to return home.

The crew works diligently to clean up the storm's damage; they pay little attention as the Captain emerges from his cabin.

BETHANY (V.O.)

But as the months passed, I found it easy to forget about the world of man and the home I had left behind.

Still appearing uneasy, he makes his way past them. Heads towards the bow.

BETHANY (V.O.)

For on this island, I had found myself a new world and a new home.

Something ahead grabs the Captain's attention.

His eyes widen.

His pace quickens.

He reaches the bow and stops. Stares.

BETHANY (V.O.)

With an ever-growing family.

The island of Dr. Moreau looms in the distance.

FADE OUT