

"GODZILLA
KING OF THE MONSTERS"
in 3D

screenplay
by
Fred Dekker

based on a story
by
Steve Miner

BLACK SCREEN

A single flute plays a simple, unresolved melody.

FADE IN BLUE TITLE OVER BLACK:

"Listening through mist--
Distant glow of dragon's cries,
A warrior waits..."

TITLE FADES

FADE IN:

EXT. DEEP SPACE - STAR FIELD - TOTAL SILENCE

A 3D panorama of stars against an infinite ocean of black. The screen threatens to swallow us...

Then, in the distance, an object catches a glint of sunlight as it tumbles through space TOWARD CAMERA-- it appears to be a gnarled chunk of mineral. Its speed increases, and before we have a chance to duck, THE METEORITE FLIES RIGHT AT US--

EXT. SPACE - REVERSE SHOT - FAVORING EARTH IN DISTANCE

The meteorite SHOOTS BY US and spirals toward the earth.

EXT. SPACE - OVER THE EARTH - SLOWLY PANNING UP

from the earth's rim-- oceans and continents far below-- to a slowly revolving satellite-- a NUCLEAR MISSILE PLATFORM... thin metal foundation bars, a large reception dish, and six nuclear missiles in two rows.

CLOSE SHOT - THE SATELLITE

Beside a U.S. flag insignia and the universal emblem signifying: "DANGER: RADIATION", there is a panel of control lights. WITHOUT WARNING, one row of lights begins BLINKING GREEN.

INT. N.O.R.A.D. (NORTH AMERICAN AIR DEFENSE) HQ - DAY

A dim, high-tech room with sophisticated tracking system consoles lining both walls. Busy CONTROLLERS punch buttons and watch monitors. Very calm and efficient.

A particular TEST CONTROLLER watches a read-out on his computer screen. His SUPERVISOR stands over him, sips coffee.

TEST CONTROLLER
Arming mechanism nominal function.

CONTROLLER #2
Inertial guidance systems
check.

CONTROLLER #3
Roger. Lateral gyro stabilizers are calibrated.

CONTROL SUPERVISOR
(bored with the routine)
I don't know why we test the damn system twice a day. It's not like there's ever a screw-up...

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. SPACE - STAR FIELD

as the METEORITE spins through space AT CAMERA, totally out of control--

EXT. SPACE - THE ORBITING SATELLITE

slowly, gracefully revolves. A beat... then THE METEORITE FLIES INTO FRAME and, in the SILENT vacuum, CRASHES INTO THE SATELLITE with a blast of showering sparks and DEBRIS FLYING AT CAMERA--

CLOSE ON SATELLITE - MISSILE LAUNCH HOUSING

and we see a last BLINK of the green arming light AS amidst the destruction, ONE of the nuclear missiles LAUNCHES from its silo, AND--

EXT. SPACE - WIDE SHOT

As the EXPLOSION subsides in the distance, the armed missile BLASTS TOWARD CAMERA--

EXT. SPACE - FAVORING EARTH

as the derelict missile SHOOTS AWAY FROM CAMERA, glowing red as it breaks the earth's atmosphere--

NORAD COMMAND - CLOSE ON RADAR SCREEN

as a green sine-wave blip FLASHES on the radar scope, the air is filled with the wail of an urgent, ear-piercing ALERT SIREN!

INT. N.O.R.A.D. HQ - TRACKING CONSOLE STATIONS

as the excited CONTROLLERS speak urgently into headset mics, faces eerily-lit by the green glow of their monitor screens.

CONTROLLER # 1
Just broke the stratosphere,
apogee at 22.35 degrees
polar inclination--

CONTROLLER #2
Shift in angular gyration
rate-- that's gonna put
our Delta V at least 40
degrees down range on that
longitude--

CONTROLLER #3
Losing visual tracking!
AFC is negative function!

The previously bored supervisor is now just this side of panic.

CONTROL SUPERVISOR
Detonate!

MISSILE CONTROLLER
I tried that! No response!

An official-looking GENERAL JACK "BUZZ" KIRBY APPEARS, taking command, the helpless controllers looking to him for guidance.

(CONTINUED)

KIRBY

(calmly)

Send a cruise missile after it.

CONTROL SUPERVISOR

But sir, it's going too fast--

KIRBY

Do it.

INT. SILO GANTRY - DAY

A phallic, MX-type nuclear missile. Hydraulics. HISSING steam rises as the gantry arms retract.

INT. N.O.R.A.D. COMMAND - EXTREME CLOSE UP

of a FINGER NEAR A BUTTON, AND--

EXT. MISSILE SILO - OVERHEAD SHOT - DAY

A great BLAST of fire and smoke as the missile LAUNCHES UP AT CAMERA with an EXPLOSIVE ROAR.

INT. N.O.R.A.D. HQ - DAY - VERY TENSE

RADAR MAN

(sweating)

Interception imminent--

CONTROL SUPERVISOR

General, the anti-ballistic treaty--

KIRBY

(quickly overlapping)

Put yourself in the President's shoes! It explodes on Moscow or it explodes over Moscow--

CONTROL SUPERVISOR

With all due respect, sir, it doesn't make a bit of difference and you know it.

And we see on the General's face that he does know it.
CAMERA CLOSES ON A TRACKING CONTROLLER:

TRACKING CONTROLLER

It's over the South Pacific!

EXT. BLUE SKY - DAY

The derelict missile ROARS AT CAMERA, its speed frightening.

EXT. OVER THE WATER - WITH CRUISE MISSILE

as it streaks purposefully toward interception--

(CONTINUED)

EXT. POLYNESIAN VILLAGE - DAY

Thatched huts. Animals. Naked CHILDREN. VILLAGERS step out onto a dirt road, looking up at the sky with primitive fear. They point and babble hushed native GIBBERISH.

EXT. POLYNESIAN VILLAGE - FAVORING SKY - DAY

as the out-of-control satellite missile arcs across the sky.

EXT. ON THE WATER - DAY

as the derelict missile plunges headlong into the water, AND--

EXT. ON THE WATER - THE CRUISE MISSILE

also DIVES, cutting into the water and submerging at the speed of a bullet, AND--

EXT. THE OCEAN - WIDE SHOT - DAY

A beat of calm. Then a BLINDING FLASH APPEARS beneath the surface, a great orange GLOW, followed by a RUSH OF SOUND; a BOOM, a CRACK and a HURRICANE all rolled into one. It is terrifying.

Massive plumes of sea water SHOOT SKYWARD as if all the whales decided to spout simultaneously in retaliation. Then, the destructive BLAST subsides, and as calm returns...

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. N.O.R.A.D. HQ - DAY - START ON TRACKING CONTROLLER

TRACKING CONTROLLER

It's down in the water!!

THEN WIDEN as the assembled controllers, trackers and TECHNICIANS ALL CHEER; a great release. Back-slapping and hand shaking all around. Disaster has been averted.

The control supervisor smiles, watching General Kirby as Kirby solemnly wipes his forehead with a handkerchief.

KIRBY

Thank God...

EXT. THE SOUTH PACIFIC - ON THE WATER - DAY

The islands of Tuamotu can be seen way in the distance AS-- THE CAMERA SINKS BELOW THE WATER'S SURFACE...

UNDER THE WATER - MURKY- CAMERA DESCENDING

through the green-blue, swirling depths. Mud and silt and dead marine life rush all around from the blast, AS WE go deeper, the water darkening, almost too dark to see, the ocean floor looming nearer, until...

DISSOLVE:

THE OCEAN FLOOR

A strange volcanic GLOW illuminates the uneven marine terrain, and despite the activity and debris the blast has kicked up, it is oddly calm here. QUIET and serene...

Then-- SUDDENLY-- a surge of bubbles and heat rises from the cracked molten rock AS-- A FISSURE OPENS, a violent upheaval AS A HUGE REPTILIAN CLAW BREAKS THE SURFACE OF THE OCEAN FLOOR, AND GRASPS AT THE CAMERA AS WE--

SUPER MAIN TITLES: "GODZILLA, KING OF THE MONSTERS, IN 3-D"

Through the CREDITS, the CAMERA RISES AGAIN...and as the last of them appear, the water get progressively lighter, a clearer turquoise, AND WE--

SUPER: "THE PACIFIC OCEAN/GUADALUPE, MEXICO"

AS THE TITLE FADES, the CAMERA BREAKS THE SURFACE--

EXT. ON THE WATER - LOOKING UP AT MEXICAN FISHING BOAT - DAY

A small, time-worn rig that has seen a lot of action.

EXT. MEXICAN FISHING BOAT - ON DECK - DAY

A transistor RADIO BLARES tinny MEXICAN MUSIC as the boat's ancient, "colorful" CAPTAIN, PACO sits outside the wheelhouse, looping yarn between his fingers schoolgirl-style.

Behind him, a younger MEXICAN FISHERMAN finishes coiling some rope, and heads sternward. As he passes Paco, the old man excitedly holds up his string creation.

MEXICAN FISHERMAN
(nodding patiently, smiling)
Si, Paco, si. Muy bueno.

The senile old coot BABBLES to himself, as the fisherman joins his co-worker, a SECOND MEXICAN FISHERMAN.

MEXICAN FISHERMAN
(rolling his eyes)
El Capitan es loco.

SECOND MEXICAN FISHERMAN
Si, pero la bota es de el!

They LAUGH knowingly and return to their duties. One of the fishermen notices something starboard, points it out to the other.

THEIR POV - THE OCEAN - SALVAGE OPERATION

Way in the distance, a mysterious pair of Navy boats.

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6.

BACK TO SHOT - THE FISHERMEN

look across the water with curiosity and puzzlement...
BEHIND THEM, a FIGURE RISES from the side of the boat; a
wet-suited FROGMAN with a dagger clenched between his teeth.

He grips the dagger by the blade, HURLS IT--

--and a dull THUP is heard as one of the fishermen grimaces,
pivots, grabs for the knife embeded in his shoulder blade--
and as HE FALLS OVERBOARD, his co-worker WHIRLS TO SEE:

THE FROGMAN has grabbed a large, rusty jib-hook, which hangs
from a crane--he SWINGS THE HOOK AT the fisherman, who
doesn't have time to act or even think, so the hook IMPALES
HIS FACE, AS--

SERIES OF SHOTS - RUSSIAN AGENTS

climb onto the deck, SIX in all, all wearing black wetsuits.
The LEADER signals and the agents fan out, moving silently,
stealthily, with precision that hints at a lot of practice.

INT. WHEELHOUSE - DAY

as the senile captain ENTERS the cabin, happy, oblivious.
He SINGS to himself in Spanish as MEXICAN DISCO BLARES from
the little transistor outside. He takes the wheel AND THAT'S
WHEN A WET-SUITED ARM GOES AROUND HIS NECK, another hand
CLAMPS over his mouth, and--

We SEE a thick hand with a metal device on the wrist. The
fingers clench to touch a button in the palm and a razor-
sharp BLADE, shaped like a wide arrow head, JUTS AT CAMERA--

BORIS KRUSCHKOV

raises his wrist-blade parallel with old Paco's eye, then--

KRUSCHKOV
(Russian accent)
Adios, señõr.

--grits his teeth, SLICES the blade forward, and we HEAR
a sickening SQUITCH! as a spurt of blood arcs onto
KRUSCHKOV's wetsuit.

EXT. MEXICAN FISHING BOAT - ON DECK - DAY

One of the Russian spies stands over the corpses of the
fishermen. He raises a pair of binoculars to his eyes.

EXT. POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - SALVAGE OPERATION - TELEPHOTO

That is, the Navy boats we saw earlier. One is a Navajo
Class fleet tug. The other, flanking the Navajo, is an ASW
frigate. NAVY PERSONNEL can be seen scurrying about on deck.

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A jury-rigged diving platform with a gangplank extends from the lead tug out into the water.

BINOCULARS PAN AWAY from the salvage boats TO a sleek, deep-water racing skiff-- a "cigarette boat"-- as it slows, approaching the diving platform.

EXT. SALVAGE OPERATION - DIVING PLATFORM - FULL SHOT - DAY

as the cigarette boat cruises in to dock, PERSONNEL bustle about efficiently, unloading equipment, etc. A harried-looking officer, CAPTAIN WILKINS, leads the welcoming party down the gangplank, as CREWMEN tie the cigarette boat up at the platform.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

Why didn't you take a chopper out, Commander?! Would have been a lot faster!

And though a young HELMSMAN and ANOTHER OFFICER are also climbing out of the boat, it is the man Wilkins shakes hands with who commands our attention:

COMMANDER PETER DAXTON, 40-ish, rugged-looking with short, dark hair and black eye-patch over one eye. He wears a leather flight jacket over a blue wetsuit, and a cigarette hangs from the side of his mouth as though he were born with it there.

DAXTON

I have bad luck with helicopters.
(he looks around)
Who's in charge here, Captain?

The ASSEMBLED look at him dumbly.

CAPTAIN WILKINS

Uh, YOU are, sir.

INT. MEXICAN FISHING BOAT - WHEELHOUSE - DAY

as a smile creases Kruschkov's lips and he lowers the binoculars, handing them to the spy we saw with them before.

Their RUSSIAN is translated VIA SUPERED TITLES:

KRUSCHKOV

It is just as I suspected.
They have put Daxton in charge.

RUSSIAN AGENT

(bewildered)
You know him, Comrade?

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KRUSCHKOV RIPS FREE the bandana of the dead Captain Paco, who is slumped over the helm. The Russian looks across the water with a mixture of nostalgia and sadistic glee. CAMERA MOVES IN AS:

KRUSCHKOV
... we are old friends...

He uses the bandana to wipe the blood from his gleaming, still-open wrist-blade, then he SNAPS it back into its housing... until the next time...

EXT. DIVING PLATFORM - SALVAGE OPERATION - DAY

FIVE wetsuited DIVERS busily prep their gear, assisted by CREWMEN. Each diver is issued a high-powered searchlight. Daxton comes down the gangplank, flanked by Wilkins and a CREWMAN who is helping Daxton on with his diving gear.

CAPTAIN WILKINS
A couple of P-3's spotted it from the air two days ago, so... it's big, all right--

SONAR MAN (running up from behind, anxious)
Commander, sonar says it's moving. Slowly, but... definitely moving, sir.
DIVING FOREMAN
One minute! Let's go!

DAXTON
What direction?

The man points down ominously, as Daxton finishes pulling on his aqualung.

DAXTON
As long as it doesn't sink below 200... Have an H/O mix prepped just in case, will you?

Daxton looks up, scans the horizon. A LOOK-OUT aboard the Navajo CALLS to an officer aboard the frigate.

LOOK-OUT
Local fishing boat! We checked it out already!

CAPTAIN WILKINS
(sotto; to Daxton)
Commander, uh... Listen. That nuclear missile accident near Tuamoto?-- I don't know, it just

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN WILKINS (CONT'D)

seems, in the long run, that wasn't that far south-west of here. I mean, I'm sure the Big Brass won't fess up to anything, but... do you think it could have something to do with... what's down there now?

Daxton looks at him gravely. Near them, the ready DIVERS stand in a huddle-like circle, their heads bowed.

DIVING FOREMAN

And let us bow our heads in silent prayer to the patron saint of undersea salvage... Lloyd Bridges.

DAXTON

(tugging the cigarette from his mouth)

A top priority government project, and they give me comedians.

He signals to a BUOY MONITOR who stands by a line that extends into the water. The divers "BREAK" football-style, and start pulling on their scuba masks, fitting their mouthpieces.

WILKINS

(seriously)

Peter, we could always just wait. Take a bell down, or a DSRV. I mean, we're not racing any clock, are we?

DAXTON

I don't know. Are we?

UNDER WATER - MUFFLED SOUND

Crystalline beauty. Shafts of sunlight from above. A beat. Suddenly, the DIVERS SPLASH INTO VIEW, one by one. As marine flora and fauna floats and flits around them, they follow the buoy-line DOWNWARDS...

VARIOUS SHOTS - UNDER WATER - THE DIVERS DESCENDING

The water growing darker with the depth. The divers switch ON their SEARCHLIGHTS to pierce it.

DEEP BENEATH THE SURFACE - THE DIVERS - GETTING CLOSER

Ominous- a sense of danger now, of the unknown, as they approach what they have come to find... because through the darkness, we discern a great, bulky mass below, bubbles rising...

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Its wide, curved surface seems rough at first, then smooth, illuminated in spot-lit portions by the roving searchbeams. Whatever it is dwarfs the divers, and soon, we begin to make out what it is-- the hull of a massive nuclear submarine--

UNDER WATER - AIRLOCK HATCH

as the divers swim into view, ONE of them gripping the thick metal airlock valve, starting to TURN IT AS CAMERA MOVES TO Russian lettering adorning the hull-- a huge: "X-114 - C.C.C.P."...

DISSOLVE:

INT. SOVIET SUB - CONTROL COMPARTMENT - DIM

Cramped, claustrophobic. A few blinking emergency lights. A dense MIST. STATIC emanates from a small speaker over a hatch. A searchlight splits the mist and the DIVERS APPEAR, led by Daxton. They SLOSH through a few inches of water on the floor of the compartment.

CONCERNED DIVER

(to Daxton; a
hoarse whisper)
Sir, we left the airlock
leaking...

DAXTON

(moving forward)
Pressure. We'll be out of
here before it matters.

TWO of the divers exchange glances, not sharing Daxton's conviction...

INT. SUB - SURVEILLANCE COMPARTMENT - DARKNESS

The hatch swings OPEN and the divers ENTER, their searchlights raking a row of video monitors that just jut from one wall, oscillating ON and OFF; their power source in its death-throes. Daxton approaches the console questioningly.

SECOND DIVER

Video surveillance...

THIRD DIVER

I saw a bank of cameras outside,
prob'ly infrared.

DAXTON

You think you could rig auxiliary
power to run the tape that's in
there now? It might answer some
questions.

(CONTINUED)

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NERVOUS DIVER

Yeah, like where the hell is
everybody?

INT. SUB - ACCESS COMPARTMENT - PITCH BLACK

For a beat. Then the metallic hatch CLANGS OPEN, ECHOING dully as the familiar searchbeams FLARE at the LENS. Daxton steps forward as the others split up, going in different directions.

Daxton approaches a dark, escape-hatch alcove with a metal ladder leading up into a shadowy recess. He shines his searchlight up it, but before he can see its furthest, pitch-dark cranny, his light FLICKERS and DIES.

DAXTON

Wonderful! Now I need auxiliary--
(turning to the others,
his back to the alcove)
Anybody got a light!

Someone WHIPS their searchlight toward Daxton's corner and THAT'S WHEN THE CORPSE of the RUSSIAN OFFICER FALLS from the dark alcove behind him, caught on the ladder, SWINGING INTO VIEW-- its pale face staring hideously AT THE CAMERA with open, dead eyes--

INT. SUB - FORWARD BATTERY - PURE ATMOSPHERE

A searchbeam catches a harsh glimpse of ANOTHER DEAD MAN'S face as the divers ENTER the new compartment, a few of them COUGHING violently. Through the thick mist, WE SEE that the floor is littered with the CORPSES of the submarine's crew.

The divers exchange glances, noting the corpses' Soviet uniforms. As Daxton pushes his way into the lead, the concerned diver CALLS to him from a hatch:

CONCERNED DIVER

(coughing)
Commander Daxton!

Daxton moves forward as the divers' COUGHING becomes more uncontrollable. Daxton warns them to stay back--

DAXTON

Gas! Put your gear back on!

He re-fits his mouthpiece and mask, moves toward the hatch.

INT SUB - TORPEDO ROOM - THICK MIST

Daxton ENTERS past the incredulous diver who found this place. As they breathe through their aqualungs, the eerie SOUND ECHOES off the metallic walls.

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On the floor, a huge locker-like case lies on its side-- OPEN-- two small, odd-looking missiles protruding. The slot where the third missile should be is EMPTY.

Near the missiles, like a hen protecting her eggs, is the sub's dead COMMANDING OFFICER, his uniform collar soaked with dried blood... His throat has been cut.

THIRD DIVER (o.s.)

Sir? You better come see--

Daxton turns to see the diver re-fit his mouthpiece, then gesture frantically for Daxton to follow him.

INT. SUB - SURVEILLANCE COMPARTMENT

Daxton ENTERS, almost staggering, the other DIVERS gasping for breath all around him. He pulls out his mouthpiece, gasping--

DAXTON

--looked like... Dragon missiles--
We'll have to come back for 'em,
the gas is sprea--

He notices the divers are all looking at him expectantly, helplessly. One of the divers kneels, rubbing another's shoulders, the latter man sitting on the floor in a daze.

DAXTON

What's wrong with Atkins?

FOURTH DIVER

(looking up, scared)
... Shock...

Daxton turns quizzically to the video console. The power is working. Confusion. The first diver fixes a grim gaze at Daxton, then reaches forward, hits the 'PLAY' button.

As the diver on the floor begins rocking and mumbling, the screens fill with STATIC, then VIDEO GLITCHES. A fuzzy, black-and-white IMAGE APPEARS-- Hazy and indistinct, black and grey blobs obscuring the lens of the video camera.

As the divers COUGH from the spreading gas, Daxton watches the monitor like a hawk, not even blinking.

More black and grey blobs, then a flash of white, nothing definite... THEN... a shape... could be anything... passes by the video lens. There is DARKNESS.

Then the shape returns. Still unclear. But for an instant, it looks like-- a giant, reptilian head-- but that's

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13.

ridiculous, at least we THINK it's ridiculous until the head-shape FACES THE CAMERA, and for a split-second WE SEE ITS EYES, lizard-eyes squinting and rolling hideously INTO THE LENS just before--

The monitors, and all power, SHORT OUT-- a FLASH OF STATIC, then the screens go dark, ambient light dimly illuminating the now dead video console...

EXT. ELSEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC - DAY

A dot appears on the grey horizon, accompanied by the distant rotor-engine SOUND of a HELICOPTER.

SUPER: "WEST OF SAN MIGUEL, CALIFORNIA"

The dot grows, becoming a shape and as the SOUND GETS LOUDER, we SEE it is a sleek, Coast Guard copter. TITLE FADES... And as the SOUND GROWS DEAFENING, THE CHOPPER BUZZES low over choppy water STRAIGHT TOWARD CAMERA, AND--

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - ON DECK - REVERSE ON HELICOPTER - DAY

As the chopper banks and flies away, TONY O'ROARKE steps into frame, chewing on a toothpick and watching the chopper with something that resembles reverence. Tony is a drifter. Looks it. Thick jacket, fly-away hair, a couple days' worth of stubble. Behind him, a grised sea salt, NICK, CALLS from the bridge.

NICK
(pointing toward
the disappearing
Coast Guard chopper)
'Ey, Tony! Didn't you use to
fly them hummingbirds?!

Tony nods absently, looking out to sea. Gulls CAW overhead.

NICK
S'gotta be a better gig than
this damn boat, that's for sure!

EXT. TONY'S POV - THE WATER

A CLANGING breeches buoy, rolling between swells.

BACK TO TONY - CLOSER

Intrigued, distracted, watching the buoy.

NICK (o.s.)
I use'ta know a pilot...

EXT. TONY'S POV - THE WATER - CLOSER

The buoy again. Same position. Nick BABBLES in the b.g.

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NICK

(cont'd)

I use'ta call him Pontius.
Get it? Pontius the Pilot?
I just made that up!

BACK TO TONY - EVEN CLOSER

And something is definitely wrong here. Tension. Tony takes the toothpick from his mouth. His brow wrinkles. Concern.

TONY

That's funny...

NICK

I don't hear ya laughin'!

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - ON DECK - DAY

Tony turns, and WE SEE many OTHER FISHERMEN running across deck, SHOUTING to one another.

TONY

The boat's not moving... The
Goddamn boat's not moving--

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - STERN - DAY

And we SEE now that it is a sizable rig, a lot of DECKHANDS. ONE of them cups his hands over his mouth, YELLING.

DECKHAND

ALL HANDS! LET'S GO, LET'S GO!

Tony runs into view, looking around.

TONY

What the hell's going on?

FRANTIC FISHERMAN

The NETS!

Tony goes to the edge, where SEVERAL FISHERMEN are struggling with the nets, which are in the water, trailing. URGENCY, AS--

SERIES OF SHOTS - INT. AND EXT. - THE TRAWLER - DAY

- A. THE NETS at the water's surface, pulling taut, and--
- B. THE HELM, where the CAPTAIN is ordering "FULL SPEED AHEAD"--
- C. The boat's powerful PROPELLERS, churning the water, AS--
- D. AT THE STERN, the FISHERMEN edge from efficient to frantic--
- E. THE HELM AGAIN, the CAPTAIN losing it too, his HELMSMAN helplessly gunning the ENGINES to no avail, AS--

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F. THE CORK FLOATS in the water, bobbing violently as if they are being PULLED UNDER, AND--

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - THE STERN - DAY

as a particular UNFORTUNATE FISHERMAN grips the nets with gloves, then SCREAMS AS he is pulled OVERBOARD, splashing into the water below, AND--

EXT. THE TRAWLER - FULL SHOT - DAY

as we HEAR the ENGINES GRINDING PAINFULLY, and SEE that not only is the boat not moving forward, but now, gradually, building speed, it is actually MOVING BACKWARD, and the stern begins to sink precariously close to the water, AS--

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - THE STERN - DAY

The FISHERMEN scatter and react to the water NOW POURING OVER THE STERN, the die-hard net-holders being drenched as-- TONY sees what is happening, thinks quickly, dashes to a tool bin--

--and returns to the stern's edge with a large HATCHET--He hacks violently at the net lines. OTHERS follow suit, grabbing hatchets and gaffs, and CHOPPING the nets free, UNTIL--

EXT. THE TRAWLER - FULL SHOT - DAY

as the last of the ties are chopped free, the stern rises, levelling out, and--

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER - THE STERN - ON DECK

THE CAPTAIN appears, joining the OTHERS to watch in amazement AS--

ON THE WATER - THE CORK FLOATS

continue to bob, then move away from the trawler as if being pulled, tearing across the surface moving north toward the mainland, then DISAPPEARING beneath the waves...

BACK ON DECK

The fishermen watch in disbelief, then gather their wits, BUZZING among themselves as they recover from the excitement. The unfortunate fisherman is helped back aboard, soaked.

TONY, a little stunned by all this, goes to assist in hauling up the remaining, tattered netting, as, in the b.g.:

A FISHERMAN

(out of breath)

You think it was a shark?

SECOND FISHERMAN

If it was, it was the shark that ate Cleveland...

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As Tony pulls up a particular portion of net, he notices something caught in it. He unravels the object, pulls it free. And though we don't see it, we DO see Tony's face, staring with puzzlement at his discovery...

SLAM CUT TO:

CITY SKYLINE

A horizon of vulnerable-looking skyscrapers against a deep, unnaturally blue sky. SUDDENLY-- a shrill female SCREAM splits the air as a GIANT LIZARD ENTERS THE FRAME, toppling one of the buildings with its great, reptilian claw.

Its inquisitive reptile-face JUTS TOWARD CAMERA as it knocks over more skyscrapers, the SCREAMING LOUDER now, joined by MANY EXCITED VOICES, AS--

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A group of excited JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS crowd around a miniature city in a box, as a particular student, KEVIN DAXTON, attempts to extract his pet lizard, ROVER, from it.

WENDY

(almost in tears)

IT'S RUINED! YOU'RE RUINING IT!

WENDY GREENBLATT that is, creator of the little city and source of the obnoxious screaming. Kevin pulls Rover from the demolished metropolis and consoles his scared pet.

KEVIN

Well, what's a stupid diarrhea got to do with algebra, anyways?

WENDY

I'm so sure! It happens to be called a di-o-rama, you pudhead!

The TEACHER, MRS. SWINGLE, has arrived on the scene.

MRS. SWINGLE

All right, Heidi. That's enough.

WENDY

(whining)

But look what he did to my engineering project! Guy!

Behind Kevin stands a mean-looking hard guy, SCOTT, who snickers at Kevin along with a SECOND HARD GUY.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

(a harsh whisper)

Why don'cha play with dolls,
instead?

KEVIN

Shut up, Scott.

MRS. SWINGLE

I said that's enough! Now every-
body back to your seats.

The class disperses to their desks. A GROSSED-OUT GIRL hides behind her friends as they pass, trying to maintain distance from the scaly "thing" in Kevin's hand.

GROSSED-OUT GIRL

Take it outside! It's gross!

MRS. SWINGLE

Kevin, I have asked you before...
Now take him outside, and I don't
want to see him in here again,
is that clear?

Kevin nods sullenly, then shuffles to his desk to get his backpack. As he passes Scott's desk, the bully mouths the word "fag" at him. Kevin retrieves his backpack, HEADS OUT.

As he passes the desk of the grossed-out girl, he JUTS ROVER OUT AT her, causing her to SQUEAL as if she's just stepped in vomit. Kevin hides his grin as he leaves.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Kevin stands before his open locker, gathering his things. He takes out an S.F. Giants' baseball cap, puts it on, then SLAMS his locker and loops his backpack strap over one shoulder. A shadow falls across his face.

OFF-SCREEN VOICE

(clipped, female)

I'll have that reptile, young
man.

Grudgingly, Kevin hands Rover to: LESLEY-ANNE DAXTON, a beautiful woman in her mid-30's, though she looks younger. She is dressed "Vogue"-sharp. She holds Rover up, face-to-face, woman to lizard.

LESLEY

Hello, Rover, sweetie. Did
Kevin get you kicked out of
class again?

(CONTINUED)

She starts walking, petting Rover. Kevin walks beside her, looking depressed, fishing in his backpack.

KEVIN

It's not like he bothers anybody... just 'cause Wendy Greenblatt has a cow about her wonder of modern extra-credit...

LESLEY

Well, now, Kevin, I imagine your teacher considers Rover a distraction.

KEVIN

Mom, Intro to Algebra can use all the distractions it can get!

EXT. EL DIABLO JUNIOR HIGH - DAY - TRACKING LESLEY AND KEVIN

as they walk toward the school parking lot, past bike racks and buildings, OTHER STUDENTS leaving early for the day. Kevin finishes performing a magic trick (coin disappearance, silk, whatever-- as long as it's flashy).

Lesley applauds, handing Kevin his pet reptile, as some TOUGH GUYS ON BIKES ride past, making faces at Kevin. He ignores them. Lesley notices.

LESLEY

How do you do it, Houdini? You get a minimum school day, a four day weekend... How do you manage to have a glum face?

KEVIN

I need more than a four day weekend, Mom. I need a new life. Everybody at this school is such a dick! Everybody makes fun of me--

LESLEY

Wait a minute, slow down. Makes fun of you about what?

KEVIN

About everything! There's these guys in P.E. who always call me a homo 'cause I like magic and stuff. Then they pull down my gym shorts! It's so bogus!

(CONTINUED)

They approach Lesley's spiffy-looking HONDA Prelude just as the FINAL BELL RINGS behind them, releasing a torrent of STUDENTS into the afternoon sun.

LESLEY
(unlocking the
driver's side door)
What about Stuie and Doug?
They're your friends, aren't
they?

As she opens the door, a heartbreakingly PRETTY GIRL in a white blouse walks past Kevin. The girl smiles at him and Kevin stares back, justifiably mesmerized.

KEVIN
(from the planet Jupiter)
All those guys think about is
girls...

LESLEY
(a wide grin)
Come on, stud-- your father's
probably waiting for you right
now...

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - SAN FRANCISCO - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

Picking out a particular car, a silver Porsche Turbo 924.

INT. DAXTON'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Daxton seems pensive, distracted as he drives. On auto-pilot. He wears his jacket collar up. As if it were colder than it really is. He lights a cigarette as the last few days batter his memory, and his Porsche enters a tunnel.

EXT. REDWOOD HIGHWAY - AERIAL SHOT - OVER SAUSALITO - DAY

And from this view, looking down on the bay, on the dozens of tiny sailboats skimming the water around Angel Island and Tiburon, on the beautiful homes dotting the green Sausalito hillside under a blue sky, it's easy to see why people decide to live in Marin. Daxton's car emerges from the Redwood Highway tunnel.

INT. DAXTON'S CAR - BACK TO SHOT

Driving. And presently, Daxton notices something in his rear-view mirror. He looks into it with curiosity and his one good eye.

DAXTON'S POV - THE REARVIEW MIRROR

(CONTINUED)

And in it, we can plainly SEE TWO ominous-looking BLACK LIMOUSINES, trailing the Porsche by a couple of car-lengths.

BACK TO SHOT AGAIN - DAXTON DRIVING

And though he isn't actually nervous, it's clear he is on to them. He looks ahead, passing casual glances back to the mirror as he drives. He signals for a turn, and:

EXT. FREEWAY TURN-OFF - DAY

as the Turbo turns right under the "Sausalito - Marin City" turn-off sign. And sure enough, the two black limos signal and turn right behind him. Needless to say, our man is being what you call "followed"

INT. DAXTON'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

He continues to drive at the speed limit, keeping track of the black cars by checking his mirrors.

EXT. BRIDGEWAY ROAD - DAY

Daxton takes a turn into a houseboat parking lot. The black limos are still following from a ways behind.

EXT. KAPPAN MARINA - PARKING AREA - DAY

The Porsche pulls into a houseboat parking lot. Daxton emerges from the car. He stops to watch:

THE PARKING LOT ENTRANCE

as the black limos cruise in to the lot, RESIDENTS watching with curiosity.

BACK TO DAXTON

He tugs the cigarette from between his lips, flips it to the ground then turns and heads toward the houseboat pier.

EXT. KAPPAN MARINA - PARKING AREA - SERIES OF SHOTS

as the black limos cruise to a halt--tires crunching gravel-- and their doors OPEN-- glimpses of dark, three-piece suits and shiny, hard shoes--

EXT. HOUSEBOAT PIER - DAY

Daxton heads down the pier, not a hint of concern, very cool. He approaches a particular houseboat-- a beautiful natural wood home with octagonal windows. He pulls out his keys.

EXT. PIER GANTRY - VARIOUS SHOTS - THE AGENTS

(CONTINUED)

We still don't see their faces. Only their hard shoes CLICK-CLICKING down the wooden dock--

EXT. HOUSEBOAT FRONT DOOR - DAXTON

still fumbling with the keys. THEN HE DROPS THEM.

EXT. THE PIER - THE AGENTS' SHOES

getting CLOSER, AS--

BACK TO SHOT - DAXTON

recovers the right key, inserts it in the lock, and in an instant, is IN the door, SLAMMING it behind him AS--

THE AGENTS

fan out outside the houseboat, their LEADER gesturing some of them to move around the side--

INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Daxton unbuttons his jacket and we see the edge of a shoulder holster. He reaches in, pulls out an automatic beretta, gives the cartridge clip a shove into place-- CLICK!

EXT. CLOSE UP - DOOR LOCK

as a small pick-instrument is inserted into the lock.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT PATIO - DAY

Some of the AGENTS hop the balcony, moving purposefully toward the sliding glass door, while--

INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Daxton hears the SCUFFLING on the balcony, moves toward the curtained glass door, gun up and ready. As he moves to the curtains, the SCUFFLING DIES and everything becomes very still.

Daxton COCKS the beretta. A moment of taut SILENCE... THEN-- HE YANKS THE DOOR OPEN, JUST AS--one of the AGENTS knocks the gun from Daxton's hand, and pulls the same hand behind Daxton's back in aikido fashion, turning him to face:

THE THREE OTHER AGENTS who have just come through the front door, and though they aren't the Russian baddies we expected, they still appear to mean business. TWO MORE AGENTS come through the sliding glass door.

The two GRAB Daxton from behind, one on each arm, holding tight as the leader of the agents, CHARLIE, COCKS a long-barreled .44 Magnum and aims it directly in Daxton's face.

(CONTINUED)

DAXTON

(a beat)

Charlie? You've got a lousy sense of humor.

CHARLIE

(lowering the gun)

We're the Government. What d'ya expect?

The agents let Daxton go, straightening his ruffled sleeves. Everyone breaks into smiles and laughter as Charlie extends his hand to shake, and Daxton grips it firmly.

EXT. KAPPAN MARINA - PARKING AREA - POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Approaching the Black Limos parked near the pier gantry.

KEVIN (o.s.)

Hey, what's with the official-looking limos?

LESLEY (o.s.)

People to see your father is my guess...

EXT. PARKING AREA - DAY

as Lesley's Honda pulls in to a stop. Kevin reaches for his backpack while Lesley stares at the cars, obviously affected by what they represent.

KEVIN

(noticing her gaze,
a pause)

You gonna come in and say hi, or...?

Lesley looks from the cars to Kevin, fakes a smile.

LESLEY

It's-- probably not a good idea--

KEVIN

(interrupting)

Yeah, Yeah, Okay. I think you're blowing it, but whatever. It's your life.

He climbs out of the car, closes the door, looks at her.

KEVIN

Look, Mom-- if you wanna get back together-- and I'm not saying you do, but IF you do... you have to make a little effort, you know?

(CONTINUED)

LESLEY

Thanks, doctor.

KEVIN

My secretary'll bill you.
See ya Sunday, I guess.

LESLEY

(hurt, but covering)

Have fun... you, too, Rover!...

Kevin waves, heads down the pier walk. Lesley grips the steering wheel, closes her eyes.

INT. HOUSEBOAT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Daxton stands with the GOVERNMENT AGENTS.

GOVERNMENT AGENT

The sub tape. That's all N.I.
was willing to say.

DAXTON

But what about the missiles?
They're being transported--

CHARLIE

The missiles can wait.
They need you there today, Peter.
Tomorrow at the latest but I think
they'd prefer yesterday.

The doorbell RINGS. Daxton, standing nearby, answers it.
There are Kevin and Rover

DAXTON

Sport!

(suddenly frantic)

Dammit! Is your Mom still here?--

He dashes OUT past his son. Kevin looks at the Government agents, They look back. Kevin points out the door.

KEVIN

That's my Dad.

(a beat)

Anybody wanna see a card trick?

EXT. PARKING AREA - DAY

As Daxton bolts out into the parking lot, waving frantically, WE SEE Lesley's Honda driving away, out of sight.

DAXTON

Lesley!! LESLEY-ANNE?!

(CONTINUED)

Realizing it's futile, he drops his arms, stands there helplessly. Curious HOUSEBOAT RESIDENTS watch...

DISSOLVE:

EXT. POLYNESIAN VILLAGE - DAY

Palm trees, tropical BIRD CALLS. Motley animals stagger across a dirt road on unsteady legs, while naked NATIVE CHILDREN play in a huge mud pool, and AS we begin to see that the hole is a massive reptilian footprint filled with dirty rainwater, we:

SUPER: "OTO ISLAND, NORTH OF MARQUESAS/ THE SOUTH PACIFIC
THREE DAYS EARLIER"

As the TITLE FADES, a group of American GUERILLAS march into view. Uniforms and berets. They wield powerful carbine rifles.

Leading them is an officious-looking officer: BRIGADIER-GENERAL McDERMOTT. Probably an ROTC All-Star in college, he is of Aryan good-looks and has light, almost albino-ish, blue eyes. Not a crease out of place. Your basic Nazi.

As McDermott's troupe trudges through the mud, WE SEE harried NATIVES whimpering by the side of the road. A distant DOG BARKS as the men stop and stare in disbelief at:

A thatched hut by the side of the road, which has been completely flattened. McDermott looks around.

Across the road: another flattened hut, this one charred and smoldering. In the mud in front of it, a NATIVE MAN sobs as he clutches the blackened, burned remains of a human corpse. His wife. Even McDermott looks scared now.

SUDDENLY-- the ground shakes with a gigantic THUD-SOUND. Then another. And ANOTHER. The natives SHRIEK and scatter in panic as the commandos watch in confusion.

A NATIVE WOMAN runs up to McDermott, gripping his uniform jacket and BABBLING Polynesian GIBBERISH. She points to the sky, in the direction of the thundering FOOT FALLS, primal horror in her face.

McDermott looks up, REGISTERS SHOCK, as the guerillas pull their guns, one or two of them RUNNING AWAY AS the woman SCREAMS and the air is split by a great SHRIEKING ROAR-- AND--

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - ESTABLISHING

the beautiful city by the bay. The ROAR from the previous scene ECHOES INTO the opening of this shot, then fades to TRAFFIC and CITY SOUNDS.

(CONTINUED)

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

MARY WOODRUFF pulls a teletype sheet from the machine, reads it aloud as she walks to her desk. Other REPORTERS and EDITORS work all around the busy office.

MARY

"Village destroyed... South Pacific...
Defense attache McDermott refused
to postulate a cause for the
catastrophe..."

Sitting behind her word processor, DANA KRYER, early 20's, more attractive than she needs to be, chews her tongue and aims a dart at a dartboard tacked to the wall. She FIRES the dart AT CAMERA, and it lands-- THUNK-- in the dartboard next to the window.

MARY

(cont'd, sitting
at her desk)
Somehow I feel there's an
analogy to my love life in
this story...

DANA

(aiming a second dart)
Methinks thou dost protest
too much...

She FIRES the dart-- It hits the window with a KREECH, falls to the floor.

MARY

That's what you get for trying
to throw darts and quote
Shakespeare at the same time.

Dana smiles sweetly, goes back to work, tip-tapping the keys of her word processor as a friendly old SECURITY GUARD, WALT, ambles by.

DANA

(not looking up
from her work)
Hey, Walt. How's the security
biz?

WALT

Sucks.

Dana smiles and nods as a shadow falls across her desk.

TONY (o.s.)

S'cuse me. Are you Dana Kryer?

MARY

She's the emotional type.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

DANA
(glaring at Mary)
That's Kryer. With a 'K'

TONY O'ROARKE hands Dana a tattered news clipping. We can READ the headline: "FISHING TRAWLER MYSTERY OFF SAN MIGUEL".

TONY
Yeah, well, uh, my name's
O'Roarke. Tony O'Roarke. I was
kind of, you know, working that
rig when it happened. This is
your by-line, right?

Intrigued, and a little flustered, Dana goes for pen and paper. She glances at Mary, who is grinning and giving Dana a thumb-and-forefinger "okay" sign. Translation: "Go for it".

DANA
Uh, yeah, um... do you have
something you'd like to add to
the story, or...

TONY
Just this--

He reaches into his jacket-- Mary tenses up, looks to Walt, who is about to go for his gun, WHEN-- Matt pulls out something wrapped in plastic. He removes the plastic and places the object on Dana's desk.

It is a pre-historic TRILOBITE, one of the first life forms on earth, and extinct now for three hundred million years. It is still wet, crannies caked with seaweed.

Dana stares at the thing, perplexed, then looks up at the others...

INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - START CLOSE ON BALINGER

Professor GERALD BALINGER, that is. Mid-30's, shirt and tie (askew), somewhere between preppy and disheveled. As he finishes writing a word on the blackboard, he turns--

BALINGER
"Paleo... biology"... You're
all thinking, 'Nifty word, prof.
But what the heck does it mean?'

--to a lecture hall filled with bored COLLEGE STUDENTS. As Balinger paces before the first row of seats, he wields a long pointer, which he abruptly POINTS AT a doodling FRAT BOY.

BALINGER
Illuminate us, Mr. Wiley.

(CONTINUED)

FRAT BOY

(looking around, shrugging)
I dunno, the... study of the organic
make-up of... prehistoric life.

BALINGER

Close. Very close. Actually, what
we're talking about here is the
study of the organic make-up of
prehistoric life.

FRAT BOY

That's what I said.

BALINGER

Don't be a wise-ass.
(adopting an academic tone)
"Paleobiology", then, as essayed
by Professor Gerald Balinge-- and
I suggest you read his work, by the
way. Brilliant man! Brilliant!

STUDENTS react to the lecture. Some listening raptly. Others:
snooze-c-rama. The frat boy flirts with a SORORITY GIRL.

BALINGER

Anyway, Dr. Balinge hypothesized
a form of life resembling the dino-
saur, but which actually pre-dated
them by a hundred million years.
Now, using the Big Bang theory as a
reference point-- as I'm sure many
of you do--

The class CHUCKLES AS Balinge notices something at the back
of the room:

DANA, slipping through the door, trying to be innocuous, but
failing since her and Balinge's gazes lock instantly.

BALINGER

--and... presuming, of course, that
the power it took to create a solar
system was a power source in the
"atomic" sense as we know it today--

GEEKY STUDENT

You mean post-Hiroshima.

BALINGER

Give that man a stuffed animal.

As he continues, Balinge sets down the pointer and goes to
the blackboard to sketch a quick, dinosaur-like beast. Dana
listens intently from the back of the lecture hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BALINGER

--the incredibly clever Dr. Balinger envisioned an intermediary animal of the condont physiognomy, say that three times fast, probably amphibious in nature, which had an internal life/power system--

He draws a stomach-like circle inside the monster drawing and makes slashes indicating great forces of power.

BALINGER

--of an atomic or nuclear nature, and please don't fall asleep in my class, Debbie--

DEBBIE wakes up, goes scarlet.

BALINGER

Thank you-- thus making this Pre-Triassic, reptilian organism impervious to the kinds of dangers and ills which befall we lesser, cardiovascular-oriented life forms. There's a question?

DUMB FRAT BOY

Yeah, uh, Dr. Balinger? I was wondering, how does this relate to cell reproduction? I mean--

SORORITY GIRL

(backing him up)

Yeah, like, is this gonna be on the mid-term?

The whole class watches Balinger for the answer. He is clearly shattered that no-one cares what he has been saying.

BALINGER

(after a pause)

Class? I sincerely hope that sometime this week, each and every one of you suffers a grisly and spectacular death. Get outa here.

The class is up like a shot, the NOISE deafening. Many STUDENTS go up to Balinger to hand in lab assignments as he packs his lecture notes from the podium and puts on his jacket. Dana dodges the students filtering out, goes up to Balinger.

DANA

No need to let them go on my account.

BALINGER

I let them go because A) it's ten

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

29.

BALINGER (CONT'D)
to the hour, and B) their minds
are on a different aspect of
biology, IF you know what I mean.
Should I know you?

DANA
We had an interview. Dana Kryer?

Balinger stares dumbly for an instant, then, realizing, he
mimes shooting himself in the head, and reaches out to shake.

BALINGER
Oh, yeah, Kryer. Sensitive type,
huh?

DANA
(like ice)
Kryer. With a 'K'.

EXT. UNIVERSITY QUAD - DAY

And a beautiful one. Blue sky, green grass, regal buildings,
and STUDENTS everywhere. WE TRACK Dana and Balinger as they walk.

BALINGER
So... what can I do for you, Ms.
Kryer with a 'K'?

An energetic T.A. runs by.

T.A.
Tennis, Jer! Don't forget!

BALINGER
(waving)
We're there, bro!
(back to Dana)
Sorry about that.

Dana is fishing in her purse.

DANA
That's okay, um... the reason I
wanted to see you--
(pulls out the
trilobite)
Our science editor thought you might
be able to tell me what this is.

She hands it to him. He takes it, STOPS, examines it.

BALINGER
Hm... I'd say that's the second best
reproduction of a trilobite I've
ever seen...
(CONTINUES WALKING)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BALINGER (CONT'D)

The first is in the Smithsonian, of course. I love the sea-weed, by the way. Great touch.

He continues to examine it. Intrigued. Tranfixed even.

DANA

Reproduction. Why not a real trilobite?

BALINGER

Well, mostly 'cause real trilobites have been extinct for... 360 million years. Give or take. If you do find a real one, though, let me know. I could really use a Nobel prize.

OFFICIAL VOICE (o.s.)

Dr. Balinger?

Approaching a particular building, Balinger and Dana look up. Standing on the steps above them are TWO sour-looking GOVERNMENT MEN in dark, three-piece suits. The Glee Club they ain't.

BALINGER

Don't tell me. Glee Club, right?
(back to Dana)
Was there anything else, uh...?

She shakes her head, a little befuddled.

BALINGER

Heck, that was easy.
(aside to Dana)
Right now, looks like the State Department needs me.

DANA

Well, thank you very much for your time.

They shake hands and we can tell from the moment that there is an attraction here. Fickle Dana.

BALINGER

No problem, you're very welcome. Where'd you find this, by the way?

DANA

Uh, friend of mine. A sailor.

BALINGER

Well, tell Popeye he may be on to something. Would you mind if I

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BALINGER

borrowed it for a few days? You know, show the staff?

Dana shrugs, letting him keep it.

BALINGER

Thanks.

She exchanges glances with him, looks at the G-Men, LEAVES.

BALINGER

Actually it's a lousy reproduction, but now I have an excuse for her to come back. What can I do for you gentlemen?

GOVERNMENT MAN

Dr. Balinger, we're with the State Department.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

TRAVELERS carrying luggage, P.A. VOICES announcing arrivals and departures. Balinger stands at a phone booth, talking animatedly, covering his ear. A small duffle bag rests at his feet, along with his briefcase.

BALINGER

... I don't know, I have no idea... They said I was recommended. Yeah, they booked me a f-- Well, honey, I know we had a date, but what do you want me to do?

(a beat)

Waaaaiit a minute, who's the one who's always jabbering about having to break away?-- Come on! This is your chance, for Pete's sake!-- No, I'm early. The plane doesn't leave for half an-- I promise! BACK by Sunday night!

(another pause)

Lady. Listen to me. Either we're having a relationship, or we're not, right? Huh? This is a one-time-only offer. Not available in stores. All you have to do is say yes. It's an easy word, too. One syllable. Three letters. Piece of cake! Lemme start you. Okay, make a 'y' sound, "Yuuhhhh..."

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - A LITTLE LATER

Balinger sits in the departure gate waiting area. He checks his watch, looks up. He breaks into a beaming grin, RISES.

BALINGER

A) you look beautiful. and B)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BALINGER (CONT'D)
 you made the right decision.
 Trust me. I'm a doctor...

And now WE SEE Balinger's lady-friend. Dressed for travel, holding a small suitcase. And he's right. She looks terrific. Terrific and a little scared. She is LESLEY-ANNE DAXTON.

FADE TO:

EXT. BAJA DESERT - DAY

Yellow and arid and unpleasant; a blistering expanse of sand and shrubbery. A soft WIND BLOWS AS WE: SUPER: "BAJA"

As the TITLE FADES, we HEAR the SOUND of a four-wheel drive vehicle REVVING close by. Which is disconcerting since all we can see for miles is the landscape of dunes. As the SOUND gets louder, little lizards scuttling for cover, we notice a rise near CAMERA-- AND SUDDENLY--

AN OPEN ARMY JEEP JUMPS the dune from out of nowhere, all four wheels off the ground for an instant, the vehicle SAILING AT US--

EXT. DESERT - MOVING WITH JEEP - DAY

as it lands hard on the ground, shocks bouncing, sand clouds trailing. A petrified ARMY OFFICER stares at Peter Daxton, who is sitting in the front passenger seat, grinning apologetically. The driver: KEVIN. He is wearing his Giants' cap, and if you think he's having fun, you're right. He HOWLS like a wolf.

POV FROM JEEP - MOVING FAST

across the landscape, sand and rocks ZOOMING AT US as the jeep bounds over one dune after another, until finally--WE JUMP A FINAL GRADE, and the vast Pacific Ocean comes into view--

EXT. EDGE OF THE BEACH - BAJA - DAY

Kevin pulls the jeep to a halt beside other army vehicles, ARMY PERSONNEL scuttling to and fro all around AS: the irked army officer looks daggers at Daxton, but the second the man turns to disembark, Daxton gives the old 'thumbs-up' to Kevin, who is naturally grinning from ear to ear.

PERSONNEL go up to meet Daxton, and there is a sudden flurry of sobering urgency as Daxton and Kevin climbs out of the jeep, looking around at some great o.s. commotion.

EXT. EDGE OF THE BEACH - NEARBY

ANOTHER jeep pulls in, its sole passenger a bewildered DR. BALINGER. As he and the DRIVER get out, a SECURITY OFFICER runs up to Balinger with a pen-and-clipboard, as YET ANOTHER MARINE leads them away, CAMERA TRACKING THEM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MARINE ON BEACH
Professor, would you follow me?

BALINGER
(taking the clipboard)
What's this?

SECURITY MAN ON BEACH
Just routine, sir, you vow not to
divulge to any unauthorized persons
or parties, any information concerning
what you will see today, vis-a-vis
Army Code jurisdiction-- 7537, in
accordance with---

They arrive where Daxton is conferring with PERSONNEL. The
leading MARINE interrupts the security officer to make terse
introductions.

MARINE ON BEACH
Commander, this is Dr. Gerald
Balinger, from Berkeley.

They hastily shake hands AS--

BALINGER
(very pleasant)
Hello, how are you, what the hell's
going on around here?

--the harried GENERAL KIRBY from our prologue APPEARS, wiping
his forehead, interrupting Balinger--

GENERAL KIRBY
Will you gentlemen follow me, please?

--and leading the entire group away. Balinger is more confused
than ever. Daxton is looking around for Kevin.

EXT. BOTTOM OF BLUFF - BAJA - DAY - FOLLOWING KEVIN

as he curiously makes his way past ARMY PERSONNEL to the
source of some great commotion, and as he plows through the
legs of MEXICAN LOCALS, CAMERA BOOMS UP TO REVEAL:

SEVERAL DOZEN of the LOCALS all YELLING and arguing with a
line of Mexican Officials, whom we will call FEDERALES. The
uniformed Federales are holding the locals away from seeing
over the bluff which descends to the beach below.

FEDERALE
Dispersense de aqui!
Vuelvan a sus casas!

FEDERALE
Vuelvan a sus casas!
Esta es propiedad
privada!

BACK TO KEVIN - CAMERA FOLLOWING CLOSE

(CONTINUED)

34.

CONTINUED

as he works his way THROUGH the locals, making his way to:

EXT. BOTTOM OF BLUFF - EDGE OF THE CROWD

Kevin emerges. SEEING that the Federales are more concerned with the mob-- a concern edging into a brawl, in fact--

FEDERALE

(threatening)

Aqui no suceda nada! Dispersense!

--Kevin takes the opportunity to SCRAMBLE PAST THEM, and up the bluff overlooking the beach, where:

EXT. BLUFF OVERLOOKING BEACH - DAY

Kevin comes up over the rise, INTO CLOSE-UP-- And he actually blanches at what he sees.

EXT. BEACH - ANOTHER ANGLE - ARMY PERSONNEL

as Daxton, Balinger, et al come into view. A similar reaction. CAMERA CLOSES ON BALINGER, who looks like his whole life has led up to this one moment.

BACK TO KEVIN

Still in shock at the sight, and finally:

EXT. POV OF BEACH - WIDE - DAY

And on the beach, lying on its side in a fetal position, is a dead reptilian creature roughly the size of a house. Jeeps are parked all around it, and ARMY SCIENTISTS and PERSONNEL pace its edges, marvelling and CALLING measurements to one another. It has a vaguely infant-like quality: gnarled, stubby claws, its forearms crossed in the traditional death-pose; a short, wide tail that curves inward, tapering to a point; odd, bumpy ridges lining its spine, and dead, yellow eyes, rolled up into their sockets.

And there is something pathetic about the giant beast's mummy-like corpse, seaweed hanging from its mouth, its armor-like skin baking in the sun. Out of its element; in a place and age it doesn't belong...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT - START CLOSE ON DAXTON

DAXTON

On May the first, at 0700 hours
E.S.T., the U.S. Naval Station at
de Adentro monitored an unidentified
blip on sonar...

AND WIDEN TO REVEAL OFFICIALS, some of whom we saw on the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

beach, sitting around a long table under a single source of illumination.

DAXTON

The source would not respond to repeated attempts at radio transmission, so a diving team, led by myself, was dispatched to investigate. We identified the object as an incapacitated Alpha-type nuclear submarine.

AN OFFICIAL

Whose?

DAXTON

(a beat)

The Soviet Union's

The place falls apart: CHATTER and excited COMMOTION.

DAXTON

(loudly, to regain order)

WHAT WE FOUND--

(QUIET returns)

What we found was that the crew... had been killed, apparently by a toxic phosgen gas, which somehow passed through the Hydrocarbon scrubber and into the ventilation system. Now we're assuming this was due to damage to the sub, and a video surveillance tape indicates that... the creature we saw today was responsible for these damages--

General BUZZING and commotion.

AN OFFICIAL

Okay, wait a minute, hold on-- You're implying that thing was alive last week?!

At some point, we CUT TO A CLOSE-UP of GENERAL KIRBY, looking nervous, dabbing his forehead with his ubiquitous handkerchief.

DAXTON

No, I'm not implying that. I'm telling you that.

And a CLOSE UP on BALINGER. Intrigue. Disbelief. Wonder.

AN OFFICIAL

This is a joke, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

DAXTON

We also found that all the torpedoes aboard the sub had been fired, including one of three small, light-weight missiles. Prototypes. We don't quite know what they are but it looked like there was a mutiny over whether they should be deployed or not. McDermott?

And a stern-looking, blue-eyed officer leans forward from the shadows into the light, and we immediately recognize the leader of the excursion to Oto Island: BRIGADIER-GENERAL McDERMOTT.

McDERMOTT

General... McDermott. And I'd like to know where those missiles are now?

DAXTON

They're on their way to San Francisco, where they'll be stored pending negotiations with the Soviet diplomats--

McDERMOTT

(interrupting)

I see, but how do we know that that dinosaur--

BALINGER

Uh, it's not a dinosaur.

McDERMOTT

How do we know that dinosaur isn't a commie secret weapon?

Balinger grins stupidly and points at McDermott as if expecting Allen Funt to pop up at any moment.

BALINGER

Who is this guy?

McDERMOTT

May I finish?

BALINGER

(puts up a finger as if to hush everybody)

Shhh! Everybody. General Jack D. Ripper speaks.

McDERMOTT

(ignoring him)

Gentlemen, we don't have any proof that thing was alive...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

THROUGH the following speech, CAMERA PUSHES IN ON McDERMOTT, and WE INTERCUT "FLASHCUTS" of the Oto Island excursion-- McDermott's first-hand proof of the monster's existence-- in order to establish that the man is lying through his teeth.

McDERMOTT

That video tape could be a complete fabrication, a fake-- An attempt by the Red mentality to panic our Intelligence personnel, and hence create a vulnerable military... Now, until we have more concrete evidence, I suggest we don't jump to any unjustified conclusions...

BALINGER

Concrete?! You've got a reptile the size of a house lying out there!! What do you want?!?

The conference is falling apart again, EVERYONE TALKING at once. Above the rising din:

McDERMOTT

I think we've got a serious security problem here is what I think!--

ARMY SCIENTIST

Excuse me, Dr. Balinger? Excuse me?! Professor--

ARMY SCIENTIST

(cont'd)

--but now that you've managed to monopolize this conference, are you going to continue to insist that our discovery is a life-form from the beginning of time?

BALINGER

That's right. "Protosaur" is the term.

As the men TALK, CAMERA CLOSES on the light fixture, where a small, lavelier-type microphone can be seen peeking out.

ARMY SCIENTIST

'Protosaur". Well, of course! How stupid of us not to have recogn--

GENERAL KIRBY

(smelling a fight)

Gentlemen--

INT. DIM ROOM - NIGHT - CAMERA FOLLOWS TAP CORD--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

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BALINGER'S VOICE

(through speaker)

No, it's okay! All right, pal,
you're such an expert, YOU tell
us what that thing is!

ARMY SCIENTIST'S VOICE

(through speaker)

My real opinion?

--TO a receiver and tape recorder, reels turning. Sitting over
the machine is one of the RUSSIAN AGENTS who hi-jacked the
Mexican fishing boat. KRUSCHKOV paces back and forth.

BALINGER'S VOICE

No, lie to us! Make something up!

ARMY SCIENTIST'S VOICE

(dead serious)

I think this is the tip of an
ice-berg... I think we may be
facing an invasion of creatures
from outer space--

PETROVICH

(in RUSSIAN)

They speak in code as though
they know we are spying on them!
This situation does not require
these tactics! Why are we not
negotiating in the open?!

KRUSCHKOV

(in RUSSIAN)

And why do you underestimate me,
Dr. Petrovich? I will retrieve
your missiles... I have a plan...

As the DIN of the now-chaotic conference RISES over the tap-
speaker, Kruschkov grins sadistically...

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. BAJA HOTEL COURTYARD - NIGHT

SPANISH GUITAR MUSIC. Daxton and Balinger walk past a fountain,
and past tables where HOTEL GUESTS sip cocktails. Huge columns
in the f.g. A star-filled sky overhead.

BALINGER

(excited)

They're living in the 50's,
for Chrissake!

DAXTON

(cautiously)

Professor, I appreciate your

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

DAXTON (CONT'D)
 enthusiasm, but you're here as
 a scientist-- you signed a con-
 tract to keep a low profile,
 remember?

BALINGER
 You are gonna tell the public,
 aren't you?

DAXTON
 Of course. Eventually. But the
 Soviet thing complicates matters.
 You can appreciate that, can't
 you?

BALINGER
 (apologetically)
 Yeah... Sure. I'm sorry... this
 is a big day for me, you know?

They pass a particular column to which Kevin has been securely
 bound with rope. We see him struggling to escape.

BALINGER
 Isn't that...?

DAXTON
 (no big deal)
 Yep.

BALINGER
 Kinky devil...

Kevin RUNS up into frame, now free of his bonds. Triumphant.

KEVIN
 Seven seconds!

DAXTON
 You've done better, Sport.
 Who'd you get to do the tying?

KEVIN
 Some guy selling Chicklets. I
 gave him a dime.

They stop just outside the hotel lobby.

BALINGER
 Listen, you wanna have a drink or
 something, 'cause, uh, I brought
 my lady-friend with me, and...

Daxton pales, staring o.s. LESLEY steps into view, equally
 shocked, wearing a lovely evening outfit. Their eyes are locked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BALINGER

And here she is now! Hey, it occurs to me that you two have the same na-- Honey? You're staring at each other. Why do I suddenly wish I was never born?

Kevin, realizing the circumstances, RUNS AWAY.

LESLEY

KEVIN?!

EXT. EDGE OF THE COURTYARD - NIGHT

As Kevin bolts away, he passes a particular pillar, behind which the evil KRUSCHKOV stands in the shadows, grinning.

BACK TO SCENE

DAXTON

I tried to tell you when you dropped him off--

LESLEY

You could have called. I know it would be a novelty, but--

BALINGER

(looking at his watch)
Darn it! I just remembered a dentist appointment--

Wisely, he beats the proverbial hasty retreat.

DAXTON

Now you make me feel like I'm in a Goddamn soap opera! How long have you and him--

LESLEY

Do you really care?! After ten years of crying myself to sleep wondering if the KGB was going to send you back to me in a plastic bag-- Peter, I don't care how important your Government crap is, it wasn't worth losing your eye, or our marriage, and I will NOT have our son dragged into it!!

EXT. BOTTOM OF BLUFF - NIGHT

We SEE TWO ARMY GUARDS chatting in the f.g., while Kevin sneaks past them in the b.g., and--

EXT. BLUFF OVERLOOKING THE BEACH - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Kevin comes over the rise, then sits down in the grass, looking down at the giant monster corpse on the beach below.

EXT. BLUFF - CLOSE ON KEVIN

Watching dreamily, the breeze ruffling his hair. A HAND reaches out from the darkness behind him.

BALINGER

Godzilla.

Kevin STARTS.

BALINGER

Sorry...

He sits beside Kevin, who recovers from the scare.

BALINGER

Mom and Dad are having a talk.

KEVIN

What'ja say before? "Godzilla?"

BALINGER

(pause)

It's an old Japanese legend. The fisherman of Kume Shima used to speak of this great monster that rose from a volcano. A monster the size of a mountain, they said. They called him "Godzilla", "King of the Dragons", "The Monster God"

KEVIN

Dragon? Could he breathe fire?

BALINGER

(wistfully)

Not any more, he can't...

EXT. BEACH - BAJA - NIGHT - FROM BEHIND KEVIN AND BALINGER

The pre-historic carcass is covered in giant sheets of tarpaulin, which flap in the audible BREEZE. Everything is awash in the soft blue of moonlight. Very calm and peaceful...

EXT. THE PACIFIC - OIL DERRICK - NIGHT

An awkward metal structure, the kind shaped like a dinosaur-- surrounded by miles of ocean and pitch darkness. Its tiny pinpoint lights pierce the fog, and a distant BUOY-CLANG wafts across the calm water. SUPER: "POINT SUR, CALIFORNIA"

INT. NIGHTWATCHMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Musty walls. Shadows. A yellowed Penthouse calender and a single bare light bulb over the desk where a YOUNG-ish DERRICK GUARD listens to scratchy 50's rhythm-and-blues on a portable cassette player. He beats the desk with his palms, playing percussion.

He reaches for a roach-clipped joint from an ashtray, takes a hit AS-- another, aged GUARD APPEARS in the doorway, out of the fog like some mystical sage.

OLD DERRICK GUARD
... August 5th, 1945...

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD
Don't tell me. "Spitfire" Dan
Bolling...

The older guard pours himself some coffee as the MUSIC PLAYS.

OLD DERRICK GUARD
(nostalgically)
"Spitfire" was the best, you
punk. We delivered the bomb a
day ahead of schedule, but ol'
Dan wouldn't let 'em have it
'til the hour before the bomber
was gonna go up...

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD
(his feet on the desk)
This story just gets better and
better. 'Specially after the
thousandth time.

The elder guard sets down his coffee, and GRABS the cassette player, ripping its power cord from the wall--

OLD DERRICK GUARD
That's it, you punk! You and your
stupid rock and rhythm--

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD
No, man-- HEY-- BE COOL!

EXT. DERRICK PLATFORM - NIGHT

The older guard comes out of the office, carrying the cassette machine, going to the guard rail. The concerned younger guard follows him out, still holding his loco weed.

OLD DERRICK GUARD
No respect for your elders--

He raises the machine over his head, CACKLING, AS--

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD
Don't man, that's a two hundred
dollar machine!!--

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

--the old man THROWS it over the side of the platform. A distant SPLASH. He turns, grinning gleefully.

OLD DERRICK GUARD
How do you think we WON the war,
anyway? Listening to negro music?!

As he bubbles with crazed satisfaction, a GIGANTIC MONSTER HEAD RISES from the sea behind him, eyes gleaming in the night, hundreds of razor-sharp teeth lining its mouth. The ferocious, saurian face of GODZILLA. The real one, this time. And his head doesn't stop at platform level, either, but KEEPS RISING UP, OUT OF FRAME, AS--

The younger guard blanches, craning his neck upward with the rising o.s. beast. He looks at his joint, throws it away, continues to look up with dumbfounded terror, AS--

OLD DERRICK GUARD
(oblivious to Godzilla)
Now you wanna talk real music,
let's talk Benny Goodman! Glenn
Miller! Let's talk the Dorsey
Brothers!

He notices the young guard's stare, and slowly turns, SEEING the awesome creature looming overhead--

OLD DERRICK GUARD
Holy Mother of Jesus Christ.

He is rooted with fear to the spot AS the younger guard DASHES--

INT. NIGHTWATCHMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

--INTO the office, where he fumblingly grabs a revolver from a hanging holster. He bolts back OUT--

BACK OUTSIDE

The terrified older guard stares almost straight up, indicating how truly huge the monster really is, AS the younger guard emerges and aims, FIRING the gun. WE HEAR deep, resonant "GGRRR's" from above.

Realizing its futility, the young guard HURLS the gun away, SHOVING the older man-- who is too petrified to move-- into action.

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD
The pressure gauge! GET THE PRES-
SURE GAUGE!!

EXT. DERRICK CONTROL PLATFORM - NIGHT

As a mountainous, scaly form passes beside the derrick-- great

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

misshapen spinal plates discernible in the fog-- the young watchman dashes to a control panel in the f.g., frantically flicking switches--

INSERT - A HAMMER

hanging on a tool rack. The young guard's hand GRABS IT, AS--

EXT. OIL DERRICK - NIGHT

The dinosaur-like drill begins pumping up and down. Just before we CUT-- GODZILLA lowers himself to face off with the barrel-head, the monster's inquisitive face shrouded by fog.

EXT. SECOND CONTROL PLATFORM - CLOSE ON OLD DERRICK GUARD

The terrified older watchman twists a dial frantically with both hands, constantly looking over his shoulder as a little meter tells us the oil pressure is RISING--

EXT. THE DERRICK HEAD

continues to pump up and down.

EXT. DERRICK PLATFORM - MAIN PIPES

The young guard dashes up to the pipes, loud, uncertain GROWLING SOUNDS from above him. He CHOPS at a pipe with the claw-end of the hammer, swinging hard for all he's worth--

EXT. SECOND CONTROL PLATFORM

The terrified older guard, not knowing what's happening--

OLD DERRICK GUARD
PUNK?! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?! GARY?!

EXT. THE DERRICK HEAD - BACK TO SHOT

AS TWO HUGE REPTILIAN CLAWS emerge from the fog, one of them hesitantly touching the moving pump, as if petting it--

EXT. MAIN PIPES - BACK TO SHOT

as the younger guard swings again, and KAPSSSHH!-- BREAKS the pipe so that a jet of oil SHOOTs OUT, AND--

EXT. THE DERRICK HEAD

as one of GODZILLA'S claws forms a FIST and BASHES IT--

EXT. SECOND CONTROL PLATFORM

The old guard, starting to panic.

OLD DERRICK GUARD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

OLD DERRICK GUARD (CONT'D)
GET ME OUTA HERE!! GET ME OFF THIS
GODDAMN SHITHOLE PIECE OF METAL--

EXT. MAIN PIPES - THE YOUNG DERRICK GUARD

pulling off his jacket, soaking it in the spraying oil. He fiddles with a lighter, flicking it, LIGHTING his jacket aflame--

EXT. THE DERRICK HEAD

as GODZILLA, mostly out of frame, SMASHES it angrily, his great GROWL edging into an outright ROAR, AND--

EXT. MAIN PIPES - THE YOUNG DERRICK GUARD

throwing his flaming jacket into the oil-jet, so that--

MAIN PIPES - NEW ANGLE

A JET OF FLAME SHOOTS AT CAMERA-- AND--

EXT. OIL DERRICK - LOW ANGLE

GODZILLA'S pre-historic figure is illuminated for an instant by the BLAST of fire, and he ROARS with surprise, grappling his face with his claws, and--

EXT. SECOND CONTROL PLATFORM - CLOSE ON OLD DERRICK GUARD

AS HE SCREAMS WITH A TERROR THAT IS APPROACHING INSANITY, AND--

EXT. SECOND CONTROL PLATFORM - LOW ANGLE

as GODZILLA'S ROAR is accompanied by his great FIST, COMING DOWN AT CAMERA--

EXT. OIL DERRICK - SECOND CONTROL PLATFORM - WIDE

as the old derrick guard's SCREAMS are snuffed by the CLAW AS IT CRASHES DOWN, SMASHING THE PLATFORM TO BITS, DEBRIS FLYING AT CAMERA, AND--

EXT. OIL DERRICK - MAIN PIPES - NIGHT

The frazzled younger guard, covered in oil, BABBLING to keep himself company--

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD
... summer job, I said, I'm not
comin' back, half an hour to get
out here, the hours are lousy (etc.)...

He is desperately trying to rig the jacket trick again, but the stupid lighter won't light. Only sparks--

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD

(crying now)

Come on, you stupid son-of-a-bitch, will you LIGHT, you stupid--

EXT. OIL DERRICK - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Through the mist, we discern GODZILLA'S gargantuan form as he ROARS and demolishes the oil derrick with fury. Even obscured by the fog, the monster is clearly far bigger than the derrick itself. His jagged spinal plates START TO GLOW AS--

EXT. OIL DERRICK - MAIN PIPES - NIGHT

The young derrick guard, frantically flicking the lighter--

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD

Please, God, please, I'm not asking that much...

AND IT LIGHTS. Which burns the youth's oil-slicked hand. Which makes him drop the lighter. Which IGNITES THE ENTIRE DECK. WHICH CAUSES A RUSH OF FLAME TO ENGULPH THE MAIN PIPES--

EXT. THE PACIFIC - LONG SHOT ON DERRICK - NIGHT

In the distance, the flaming derrick, and a huge shape, silhouetted against the crackling FLAMES. THEN, from across the water, the familiar SHRIEKING ROAR of GODZILLA as the night horizon is LIT by a great atomic glow, which recedes, the derrick still burning, reflecting dappled orange on the dark water...

FADE OUT

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON TELETYPE

as a PRINT-OUT APPEARS, CLICKING computer-style. It is a Coast Guard report on the discovery of the oil derrick catastrophe. Cause of the damages and fates of the vanished watchmen: UNKNOWN.

DANA

reads the release. We SEE in her face that a chord has been struck. She tears off the page, goes to her desk, grabs her things and heads OUT determinedly, passing Mary's desk.

MARY

Dana? You going to check out that North Beach porno thing?

(but Dana is GONE)

There goes a dedicated reporter.

OR she has a date, the scum.

INT. TONY'S APARTMENT - LOOKING OUT WINDOW ONTO BROADWAY - DAY

WE SEE the Northbeach bars and strip-joints, gaudy, flashy

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

signs and SLEAZY HUSTLERS, AS--

HUSTLER'S VOICE

Check it out! No cover charge!
Yo, right here-- Male-Female
love, take a free look!

CAMERA PULLS BACK IN to the apartment, and MONSTER SOUNDS drown out the hustler's bark. The place is a mess. Tony lies on a disheveled cot near the window, cradling a bottle of Wild Turkey and watching "RODAN" on a black-and white TV set. There is a KNOCK on the door.

TONY

I don't have the rent, so--
(turning to the door)
Well... if it ain't Brenda Starr.
Can a guy get drunk in peace, or
what?

There, in the open doorway, is Dana. She scans the place.

DANA

Nice place.

TONY

It's a dump. Have a seat.

Dana ventures in.

DANA

I, uh... came to see why you
didn't follow up on that thing
you brought me...

She sits in a ragged, Salvation Army lounge chair.

TONY

Look... Lady... I didn't ask you
here, and I'm partially wasted
right now, so I'll tell you what.
I'm gonna sit here and get my
daily exercise and tell you a
story, and if you get bored, you
can split, cause I don't really
care one way or the other.

He reaches for a pile of dirty laundry on the bed. wads up items of clothing and SHOTS AT a basket hanging over his closet door, where they fall into a hamper underneath. This continues THROUGH:

TONY

See, not too long ago, when I use
to fly choppers-- which, I can fly
any chopper they make on the planet,
just for the record-- I met this

(CONTINUED)

TONY (CONT'D)

girl. Pretty stock so far, right? Real babe, though. Looked a lot like you.

(grins)

Anyways, things were okay, things were peachy. Except one day she decides to take off with some ski bum or something. Leaves me with my joy-stick, and VLAM-- suddenly I ain't got a handle no more... Then it hits me. I'm flyin', but I don't know why. Then I figured it out. See, you can't just do stuff. You gotta have someone to take you seriously, you know? My C.O.? Booted me, that's how serious he took me... So along comes something, you know, out of the deep end. And I try to do somethin' about it and what happens? You sit there in your nice clothes in your newspaper office and you look at me like I'm Banana-nut bread.

He swigs his Wild Turkey. Silence.

DANA

You're saying I broke your spirit.

TONY

That's a real writer way of putting it, but yeah, you put a dent in it, I guess.

DANA

I didn't mean to do that. I'm sorry.

Tony shrugs. Dana rises and goes to him.

DANA

Look... Tony, right? Tony, I think you found something important, too, and there's a scientist at Berkeley who might agree if we can only hit him over the head with the evidence.

TONY

What evidence?

DANA

Just some awfully weird things happening out in the Pacific. But, see, I need you as a witness, to testify that you really found it out

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

DANA (CONT'D)
there, that it really happened.

TONY
Whoa, whoa, wait-- you're sayin'
you think there's a story in it,
but, uh...

DANA
But what's in it for you?

He chalks up an imaginary score for her side.

DANA
I don't know. Maybe nothing...
What else have you got to do?

A grin slowly unfolds on Tony's face. Rodan shrieks from the TV.

EXT. PRESIDIO GROUNDS - DAY - MISSILE MONTAGE - SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC

The missiles JUT AT CAMERA as they are unloaded by MARINES
and placed onto a roller. Daxton supervises, but his friend,
the agent CHARLIE does the actual talking. ARMED GUARDS stand by.

U.S. DIPLOMATS (v.o.)
Please remind your Ambassador that
the presence of your submarine and
the missiles aboard constitutes a
direct violation of the Prague peace
conference--

QUICK INTERCUTS:

INT. EMBASSY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

DIPLOMATS around a table. General Kirby is here, nervous as
usual. The SOVIET AMBASSADOR BABBLES in RUSSIAN--

INTERPRETER AT EMBASSY
He says they were merely acting in
response to rumors of nuclear testing
in the South Pacific--

INT. SLEEK CORRIDOR - PRESIDIO BUILDING - MUSIC CONTINUES

Sterile walls, futuristic orbs of light lining the ceiling.
ENLISTED MEN, led by the armed guards, roll the missile gurney
TOWARD CAMERA--

INTERPRETER AT EMBASSY (v.o.)
The Ambassador wants to know where
the missiles are now...

The men turn the corner, rolling the "dragon" missiles into

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

a particular lab door. Behind them, a cigarette in his mouth, is Daxton. CAMERA CLOSE ON HIM--

U.S. DIPLOMAT (v.o.)
They are being held for study until the political ramifications of all this have been resolved, but you can rest assured... they are in the best of hands...

EXT. PACIFIC GROVE - DAY - ESTABLISHING - MUSIC THROUGH
SUPER: "PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA"

EXT. BEACHSIDE ROAD - DAY -FAVORING OCEAN

The MUSIC from the previous scene CONTINUES to build suspensefully as THREE BOYS, ages 8-11 come up the road, the two older ones playing "keep-away" with something the younger owns.

WAY DISTANT, out in the ocean-- GODZILLA'S HEAD RISES from the water, looking around, then submerges again. The boys are oblivious. MUSIC REACHES CRESCENDO--

LITTLE BOY
You guys! Give it! I'm telling!

INT. RESEARCH LAB CORRIDOR - DAY

Balinger turns a corner, wearing a suit, briefcase in hand. He is SUDDENLY besieged by an onslaught of REPORTERS.

REPORTER #1
Dr. Balinger, would you explain why you took a sudden sabbatical from your teaching post at Berkeley?

REPORTER #2
What about rumors of a secret discovery in Baja California?

BALINGER
(WALKING)
No comment.

OBNOXIOUS REPORTER
Hey, I've been in the newspaper business long enough to know that 'no comment' means there's a cover-up.

BALINGER
(smiling)
No comment.

He goes to a door marked "LAB 7". KNOCKS.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY - CLOSE ON LESLEY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

smoking a cigarette, pensive. Around her are tables, beakers, chemical charts, etc. The trilobite sits on an exam table behind her. She HEARS the KNOCK and goes to open the door. Balinger COMES IN, closing the door on the HUB-HUB of the REPORTERS.

BALINGER

I feel like I'm in a 30's movie.
"Come on, professor, is this on
the level? Give us the real scoop."

LESLEY

I didn't want to bother you...

BALINGER

Don't be silly--

He goes to give her a peck on the cheek. She pulls away.

LESLEY

I had a pleasant chat with your
answering machine last night...

BALINGER

Well, honey, I was here. I told
you I would be...

(a pause)

You're still upset about Baja,
aren't you?

LESLEY

No! No, it was a freak coincidence,
I realize that.

BALINGER

So what's wrong?

He sets down his briefcase, giving her his full attention.

LESLEY

I don't know... Me. You. Your
being here last night, and today,
and yesterday, and-- I guess I
just never learn, that's all.

BALINGER

Lesley, if you're implying what I
think you are, look around, will you?
I'm not globe-trotting with a cloak-
and-dagger, I'm looking through
microscopes--

LESLEY

I'm not referring to my husband.
I'm talking about obsessions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

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Balinger paces, growing upset. He goes to the trilobite, picks it up, gingerly.

BALINGER

Jesus... Lesley-Anne, listen to me. Do you see this? Do you know what this is? This is a trilobite. Not a fossil of a trilobite, an ACTUAL trilobite. Do you realize what that means? This sucker's been extinct for going on four hundred million years!

He holds it under her nose. She is justifiably put off by it.

LESLEY

Thank God for that!

BALINGER

Don't you understand, Lesley? What's happening here is a dream come true for me.

LESLEY

I know it is, Gerald. I know. And I wish I shared your dream. But I just don't.

(suddenly emotional,
she starts OUT)

I have to go--

She opens the door and is swallowed by the throng of waiting MEDIA. Balinger follows but doesn't venture out. He calls after her:

BALINGER

It wasn't your fault!

He closes the door, left alone again, helpless. He looks at the trilobite, his mind racing.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Balinger is ON THE PHONE in the brightly-lit office area. Dana and Tony APPEAR behind him, dodging SECRETARIES.

BALINGER

Editorial, please-- Yeah, I'm looking for Dana Kryer. Kryer. That's with a 'K'.

Dana and Tony step up right behind him. Dana taps his shoulder and he turns to shoo them away, annoyed--

BALINGER

Hold on a sec--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Then he NOTICES who it is-- DROPS the phone-- holds up the trilobite. There is tremendous urgency in his manner.

BALINGER
Where'd you find this?

DANA
(sweetly)
Fine, thank you. Nice to see you, too.

BALINGER
Where'd you find this?!

DANA
(pointing to Tony)
He found it, actually.

BALINGER
You're Popeye?

TONY
Say what?

DANA
(trying to explain)
You know, the sailor? Never mind.

BALINGER
WHERE DID YOU FIND THIS?!?

As Tony answers, Dana takes the oil derrick release from her purse for Balinger to see, and he absently takes it, never taking his eyes off Tony, very intense.

TONY
The ocean. Found it in the nets after something almost sank our fishing trawler.

BALINGER
Where, exactly?!

TONY
(shrugs)
Near San Miguel--

BALINGER
SAN MIGUEL?! As in California?!
When was this?!

TONY
Three days ago?

An ANXIOUS LAB ASSISTANT, one we saw on the beach in Baja, RUSHES UP TO BALINGER.

(CONTINUED)

54.

CONTINUED

ANXIOUS LAB ASSISTANT

Dr. Baling, you better come quick!

He dashes off, the press release wadded in one hand. Tony turns to Dana, as if he's just stepped off a roller coaster.

TONY

You didn't tell me the guy was on speed.

INT. RESEARCH LAB CORRIDOR - DAY - TRUCKING WITH:

Balinger and the anxious lab assistant as they turn a corner, barely running. Another LAB TECHNICIAN APPEARS with a white lab coat and runs along with them, holding the coat up for Balinger to slip into.

They come to a heavily-guarded door, marked: "OBSERVATION/ANALYSIS - ABSOLUTELY NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL"--Balinger stuffs the press release into the pocket of the lab coat, then pulls out his wallet and shows his I.D. to the uniformed SECURITY GUARD standing by the door. A SECOND GUARD watches, as Balinger and the assistant are checked in.

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry we have to stick to routine, Dr. Baling--

BALINGER

That's okay, Herb--

INT. OBSERVATION/AIR LOCK BOOTH - DAY

A vacuum-sealed white room with a large viewing window which opens to a basketball court-sized arena, where the Baby Godzilla corpse lies, surrounded by scaffolding and research equipment.

As Balinger and the assistant ENTER, we SEE a LAB DOCTOR loosening the collars of, and treating, TWO LAB ASSISTANTS who are clearly suffering from fatigue, or God knows what.

BALINGER

Are you sure it wasn't just the stench in there?

LAB DOCTOR

Their masks were on.

(goes for his bag)

Their breathing's shallow. I'm going to check their blood.

OTHER TECHNICIANS stand around. Balinger thinks, turns to one of the technicians--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

BALINGER

Is there a Geiger counter in
this building?

LAB TECHNICIAN

We could get one.

BALINGER

DO IT!

(the man scuttles OFF)

And let's clear this lab, I
want EVERYBODY OUT OF HERE!!

INT. STUDY ARENA - DAY - A GEIGER COUNTER ROD

JUTS AT CAMERA then WE WIDEN TO REVEAL Balinger, wearing a radiation suit and a gas mask, and holding the Geiger counter. We can SEE the OTHER TECHNICIANS watching him through the view window. He is otherwise alone in the huge arena.

He approaches the massive Baby Godzilla corpse, which we can SEE is gradually decaying. Make that: not so gradually. Balinger raises the Geiger counter rod, raking it along the monster's armor-like plating.

The little counter needle is motionless at first, the box-speaker SILENT. Then, as Balinger works his way up the Baby Godzilla's lower torso, we HEAR the belch-like CLICKING of the Geiger-counter registering radioactivity.

BALINGER

(through the gas mask)

Shit!

The CLICKING weakens, and Balinger stops to rest. He then moves to the creature's stomach and chest area, where the scaly outer skin is peeling and cracked.

As the sensor starts CLICKING again, Balinger moves the rod toward a CRACK in the monster's outer plating. As he does so, the BELCHING SOUND of the Geiger counter grows LOUDER, and as he moves the rod closer, into the gash itself, the SOUND becomes almost INTOLERABLE, UNTIL--

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION/AIR LOCK BOOTH - BALINGER

AS HE THROWS his gas mask down, slamming the wall with his palm, the OTHERS standing around him.

BALINGER

DAMN IT! We should have quarantined,
I KNEW we should have quarantined!
Why nobody thought of doing that
before...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

56.

He angrily shoves his hands in his coat pockets. His brow wrinkles and he pulls out the teletype release Dana gave him. He holds it up and begins reading. His eyes widen.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. OUTER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A bristling Balinger APPEARS, followed by Dana and Tony. He storms a particular conference room door, as a SECRETARY BOLTS to stop him.

SECRETARY

You can't go in there!

BALINGER

You wanna bet?!

He BLASTS through the door, leaving Tony and Dana to deal with the now-riled secretary.

SECRETARY

Are you with him?

They look at one another uncertainly.

DANA

Uh, yes. What about it?
I mean, of course, well--
Maybe we are. I don't know.

TONY

No, what gave you that
idea? I mean YES. Wait.
Are we? Um...

INT. MILITARY CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Daxton is pacing nervously (smoking, of course), while McDermott and other OFFICIALS sit around a table. As Balinger ENTERS, we see Daxton's angst upon seeing the professor.

BALINGER

(intensely)

All right, why didn't anybody
tell me that was a nuclear
missile that killed that thing?!

We establish McDermott's weasely aid, ACKERMAN.

ACKERMAN

(stammering)

The report will be in first thing tom--

McDERMOTT

(overlapping)

Frankly, Balinger, the missiles
aren't your concern.

BALINGER

They are when my people are

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

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BALINGER (CONT'D)

fainting from exposure to radiation!!

(to Daxton)

What, are you going to start siding with him now because of personal reasons?!

Daxton remains calm.

DAXTON

Nobody got "personal" until just now, professor.

We can see Balinger's guilt at his statement. He turns away, then tugs out the trilobite and waves it at the men.

BALINGER

All right, look-- this thing is one of the earliest life forms on this planet, and it was found, INTACT aboard a fishing barge north of L.A.!

McDERMOTT

So what? The monster's dead.

BALINGER

It is dead from a nuclear missile fired almost a week ago off Guadalupe, and it washed up three days ago in Baja! That's Mexico, if your geography's rusty!

McDERMOTT

What's your point?

BALINGER

My POINT is that if it was killed five days ago near the South Pacific, how could it attack a fishing trawler in the North Pacific? That doesn't make much sense, does it? In addition to which, I find out some oil derrick off Monterey-- MONTEREY, for God's sake-- is smashed to bits and no-one wants to talk about it!!

McDermott flinches. He knows something. Daxton waits for more.

BALINGER

Okay. Now... that corpse in there is radioactive, and it's falling apart. These are not good things. Either these secret dragon missiles have blasted it apart from the inside out, or it's naturally radioactive, or both!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

DAXTON

Professor--

BALINGER

I'm not done yet. My tests also confirm that that thing was underdeveloped when it died. It was an infant. Now I think it's awful naive of us to assume that that thing was one of a kind. Especially when there's room for growth, if you know what I mean.

DAXTON

Okay, wait a minute. Hold it. Let me see if I've got this straight. You're telling us, that an atomic-powered monster from the beginning of time, probably, oh, 500 feet tall, is alive and moving up the coast toward this city.

BALINGER

When I hear it from your mouth, I admit, it is the single stupidest thing I've ever heard in my life.

DAXTON

But that's what you're telling us.

BALINGER

(a beat)

That's exactly what I'm telling you.

SLAM CUT TO:

INT. OUTER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

BALINGER

They didn't believe it.

Dana and Tony look on sympathetically.

DANA

So what do we do?

BALINGER

We get proof is what we do. Go out to that oil derrick, see what the hell's going on.
(scheming)

I may be able to arrange a helicopter, but a pilot's gonna be the tricky part.

A grin appears on Dana's face as she looks at Tony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

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DANA

Funny you should say that.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - THE COAST - AFTERNOON

A civilian chopper flies low over the sparkling water, flying DIRECTLY AT CAMERA-- its engine and rotor blades LOUD.

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - SAME

Tony in the pilot's seat. And loving it. He wears dark aviator sunglasses and a NASA cap. Balinger sits beside him, wearing a windbreaker and perusing a map of California. He notices that Tony seems to know what he's doing.

BALINGER

So, you're a real pilot, huh, Popeye?

TONY

(cheerfully)

You call me Popeye one more time and I'll knock your teeth in.

BALINGER

That's fair. I'll buy that.

TONY

Where is this rig, anyway?

BALINGER

(checking the map)

Little further down the coast. Let's just hope we finish up before the sun goes down.

EXT. ON THE WATER - HELICOPTER FLY-BY - AFTERNOON

as the sleek machine SWOOPS over the water at rocket-speed.

DISSOLVE:

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - BACK TO SHOT

Balinger looks at the map as Tony notices something ahead.

TONY

Bingo, professor.

Balinger looks up.

EXT. POV FROM HELICOPTER - FLYING TOWARD OIL DERRICK

It is looming on the water. A far cry from the wonder of engineering we saw earlier. it is now twisted and battered. AS WE FLY NEARER, we notice two things: 1) that the metal

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED

structure has actually melted in places, and 2) that the foundations are swarming with ARMY PERSONNEL, their cutter-boats surrounding the derrick.

EXT. OIL DERRICK - AFTERNOON

As the ARMY PERSONNEL notice the rented helicopter flying toward them. A particular OFFICER WITH BULLHORN raises it to his mouth:

OFFICER WITH BULLHORN
This is the United States Army!
You are flying in a restricted
area without authorization!

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - BACK TO SHOT

Balinger is pulling a Geiger counter from the equipment in the back of the chopper as:

OFFICER WITH BULLHORN (o.s.)
Please vacate the area at once!

TONY
Ever get the feeling you're
not wanted?

BALINGER
"Restricted" my ass! Get in close
enough for me to take a reading.

TONY
(not wanting to)
Do you think they'd be crawling
all over the thing if it was
radioactive?

BALINGER
They would if they didn't KNOW.
Do it, Popeye!

Tony relents, high on excitement.

TONY
Okay, okay! Don't call me
Popeye.

EXT. OIL DERRICK - AFTERNOON- FAVORING CHOPPER

as it banks and SWOOPS DOWN RIGHT BY THE DERRICK.

BACK TO SHOT

Balinger almost hanging out the side, checking the Geiger counter.

(CONTINUED)

BALINGER

Nothing! Let's try it again!

TONY

("Rochester" impression)

Yes, boss.

EXT. OIL DERRICK - AFTERNOON - PERSONNEL

as they watch the chopper fly-by.

OFFICER ON DERRICK

Whoever they are, they aren't
too smart, are they?

A MARINE beside him raises an M-16 machine gun.

MARINE WITH MACHINE GUN

McDermott said not to take any
chances.Behind him, OTHER MEN also raise high-powered arms; carb 15
machine guns, etc.

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - AFTERNOON

As Tony pulls the chopper into a banking curve, preparing
for another dive, Balinger hanging out the side with the
Geiger counter.

EXT. THE DERRICK - SERIES OF SHOTS - CHOPPER AND PERSONNEL

as the chopper comes in for another LOUD pass, and the army
men OPEN FIRE!! BULLETS RIDDLE the side of the helicopter,
RICOCHETING LOUDLY--

TONY

Holy shit! I hope you got
it that time!

Balinger looks at the counter, raises an index finger.

BALINGER

One more pass.

TONY

(wearily)

You're really pushing it,
professor...

He twists the joy stick.

EXT. THE DERRICK - AFTERNOON

as the army personnel watch the chopper bank for yet another
attack. They raise their guns--

OFFICER ON DERRICK

THEY'RE COMING IN AGAIN! FIRE!!

(CONTINUED)

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INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING LOW

The third pass is accompanied by a HAIL of DEAFENING GUNFIRE. Balinger grits his teeth and Tony's cap is SHOT OFF HIS HEAD by a stray bullet. As they ZOOM BY THE DERRICK--

CLOSE ON GEIGER COUNTER - THE METER

and it is going nuts, needle spastic, though we couldn't hear the scratchy percolator-sound even if we wanted to.

BACK TO SHOT

BALINGER
LET'S BLOW THIS POP STAND
POPEYE!!

TONY
What a good idea!

EXT. THE DERRICK - AFTERNOON

as the PERSONNEL CONTINUE TO FIRE on the fleeing chopper as it pitches, yaws, FLIES AWAY, diminishing northwards...

INT. HELICOPTER - FLYING - AFTERNOON

Balinger is pissed. Tony frazzled, constantly looking out the side of the chopper.

BALINGER
NOW what do we do?! It was cracklin'
like Rice Crispies, but they'll deny--

TONY
Uh, don't look now, but we're being
followed.

EXT. OVER THE WATER - DUSK

The Tony/Balinger copter FLIES BY and WE SEE a green ARMY OH 58 CHOPPER FLYING behind them.

INT. ARMY CHOPPER - FLYING - DUSK

TWO mean-looking ARMY MEN in grim pursuit.

INT. HELICOPTER - BACK TO SHOT

Both Tony and Balinger looking out the side to see the chopper behind them. As they turn back to face front, THEY REGISTER SHOCK AS--

INT. THE COPTER - LOOKING OUT FROM BEHIND TONY AND BALINGER
AS GODZILLA RISES DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE CHOPPER!!

SERIES OF SHOTS - INT. AND EXT. - AS:

Tony pulls on the joystick, and--

(CONTINUED)

THE HELICOPTER banks into a steep climb, ZOOMING PAST GODZILLA'S SHOULDER. The giant monster SWIPES at it, but it has passed, AS--

THE MEAN ARMY MEN watch in disbelief from their chopper, the pilot too stunned to act in time to avoid disaster, BECAUSE--

GODZILLA TURNS and sees the OH 58 plowing directly at him-- and the great beast SWATS OUT, SMASHING THE CHOPPER WITH HIS CLAW-- AND THE CHOPPER EXPLODES!!

INT. HELICOPTER - TONY AND BALINGER - FLYING - DUSK

Both of them staring straight ahead, speechless, frozen like waxwork dummies, afraid to even look at one another...

EXT. THE MARINA - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

the row of expensive townhouses that flank Marina Blvd. across from the Yacht clubs. A distant FOG HORN is HEARD AS WE FAVOR: LESLEY'S TOWNHOUSE.

INT. LESLEY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Beautifully-decorated in tasteful pastel colors. Lesley herself, dressed for travel, stands by the phone, looking at it with anxiety. She hesitantly reaches for the receiver, then changes her mind, turns to LEAVE.

EXT. LESLEY'S TOWNHOUSE - THE MARINA - NIGHT

Sitting in the driver's seat of her Honda, Lesley turns the ignition. It REVVS. She flicks on the headlights, which create solid beams in the fog as she DRIVES AWAY, out of the driveway, and CAMERA PANS BACK to the townhouse--

INT. LESLEY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Everything bathed in the muted blue of night. The phone on the table BEGINS RINGING LOUDLY to the empty room.

INT. DAXTON'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT - CLOSE ON DAXTON

as he listens to the phone ringing at the other end of the line. After a few rings, he hangs up violently.

INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shelves crammed to bursting with books and magic apparatus, the walls lined with Monster Movie posters (a CREEPSHOW poster is prominent) and reproductions of Houdini play-bills.

Kevin lies on his bed, shuffling playing cards made of "flash paper" so that they FLARE into harmless puffs of orange flame. He listens to a current rock group through Walkman headphones, while Rover sits comfortably on Kevin's chest.

There is a KNOCK on the bedroom door. Daxton ENTERS. Kevin pulls the headphones away from his ears without actually taking them off, so we can still HEAR the tiny squeak of "cranking tunes".

KEVIN

Don't tell me, Dad. You came in to say that what we saw in Baja was real super top secret and I can't tell anybody 'cause of government security reasons, and all stuff like that. Right?

Standing in the doorway, Daxton frowns and raises his eyebrows, impressed. He waits a beat--

DAXTON

Right.

--then LEAVES, closing the door. Kevin continues to hold the Walkman headphones away from his ears. Sure enough, the door opens again and Daxton COMES IN.

DAXTON

You, uh, didn't mention anything about what else happened in Baja.

He sits on his son's bed, while Kevin turns off the cassette player and pulls the headset off altogether.

KEVIN

What'ja want me to do? Run around waving a flag about it?

DAXTON

I was just wondering what Mom had told you.

KEVIN

She said she was going out with with some scientist or something... I dunno...

Daxton pets Rover's head with his finger. There is a pause.

DAXTON

He's an okay guy, isn't he?

KEVIN

(shrugs again)
Yeah. He's okay.

Daxton looks around the room. There is too much else to say. He pats Kevin's leg and rises to go. As he gets to the door:

KEVIN

Mom still has the hots for you a lot, by the way.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(after a beat)

Just in case you were gonna go
be depressed.

Daxton turns.

DAXTON

Thanks, Sport.

He starts to go, is stopped again.

KEVIN

He looked sad, didn't he?

Daxton turns, still in the doorway.

DAXTON

What, Balinger?

KEVIN

No, the... baby monster. The
Godzilla or whatever... He
looked, I dunno-- lonely or
something...

DAXTON

I guess that happens when you
die.

KEVIN

(a pause)

Real profound, Dad.

DAXTON

Yeah... Listen, I'm going for a
walk.

Kevin whispers an "okay" as Daxton LEAVES. Once he's gone:

KEVIN

(to Rover)

He's depressed.

EXT. DAXTON'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Fog obscures the pier area-- oddly thicker here than it was
in the Marina. Daxton comes out, walks to the pier's edge.
He lights a cigarette, tosses the match into the water, then
tugs his jacket collar up and heads up the pier gantry, dis-
appearing into the fog. HOLD ON SHOT.

Presently, we HEAR FOOTSTEPS. Familiar, hard, CLICKING on the
wooden pier.

INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - BACK TO KEVIN

as he HEARS the ECHOING FOOTSTEPS. He gets up from his bed,
putting Rover in his jacket pocket. He goes out the door.

(CONTINUED)

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EXT. PIER GANTRY - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

The familiar hard, dark SHOES SCUFFLING through the night.

INT. DAXTON'S HOUSEBOAT - ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

Kevin goes to the front door to open it.

KEVIN

You know, for Secret Service
guys, you guys aren't very
secret.

He OPENS the door... No-one there. Curious. Kevin looks out.
AND THAT'S WHEN A CHLOROFORMED RAG COMES OUT OF THE FOG and
WE SEE the RUSSIAN AGENTS emerge, surrounding a struggling
Kevin.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON KRUSCHKOV, watching, supervising, wisps
of fog obscuring his face as he grins an evil grin, and we
HEAR Kevin's MUFFLED SCREAMS, AND WE:

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DAXTON'S HOUSEBOAT - PIER GANTRY - NIGHT

Calm. Then a single pair of FOOTSTEPS. Daxton appears out of
the fog, walking down the pier, back from his stroll. He
goes to his front door, registers concern when he notices:
the door is partially OPEN. He warily steps forward...

INT. DAXTON'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Daxton cautiously pushes the door open, ENTERING. All the
lights in the house are OUT. Darkness.

DAXTON

Kevin?

SILENCE... as Daxton steps forward, we clearly discern a
human FIGURE in the shadows behind him... SUDDENLY DAXTON
WHIRLS, FLICKS ON THE LIGHTS, HIS BERETTA UP AND AIMED--

LESLEY

He's not here!

Daxton stares at her, speechless. The phone RINGS LOUDLY,
as if possessed by a demon. Daxton goes to it, plucks up
the receiver. His face blanches when he hears the voice at
the other end of the line.

INTERCUT:

INT. KRUSCHKOV ON PHONE - NIGHT

Could be anywhere. Long shadows. Very film noir. The sense of
menace, of complete ruthlessness, is unrelenting.

(CONTINUED)

KRUSCHKOV

(in ENGLISH)

It's been a while, Commander...
Three years since Berlin...

DAXTON

(teeth clenched)

Where's my son?

KRUSCHKOV

I saw you in Mexico. The eye-patch
suits you, I think. You look like
a hero, no?

DAXTON

You've got my son, you bastard.

KRUSCHKOV

You know me too well. The terms are
simple. Your son for our missiles.

DAXTON

(immediately)

Where and when?

KRUSCHKOV

Do not be so anxious, my friend.
Remember the last time you became
anxious...

Kruschkov hangs up. Daxton hears the CLICK and the DIAL-TONE.
He lowers the receiver like a zombie, devastated.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - LOOKING UP - NIGHT

Wisps of fog. A FOG HORN. CAMERA PANS TO SHORE, to the rocky,
dark area shrouded at the foot of the great bridge's massive
structure foundations.

INT. KRUSCHKOV'S LAIR - GROTTO - NIGHT

A cave-like tunnel, dapples of light reflecting from sea water
lapping at rocks beside a worn pathway. We HEAR scuffling and
dull, echoing VOICES as the soft glow of an oil lamp pierces
the dark, and the RUSSIAN AGENTS APPEAR from the dark, man-
handling Kevin.

INT. STORAGE CHAMBER - KRUSCHKOV'S LAIR - NIGHT

Cave-like walls, shelves of maintenance supplies. The door BLASTS
OPEN and the Russians enter, roughly shoving Kevin into a chair.
They get a length of rope and begin tying him up.

INT. KRUSCHKOV'S HQ - NIGHT

Hanging oil lamps, slimy cave-walls. It looks like a pirate's
hide-away. The scientist PETROVICH paces uncomfortably as

(CONTINUED)

Kruschkov stands contemplatively, and the OTHERS look on.

PETROVICH

(in RUSSIAN)

This is madness! He is only a boy!-- Comrade, my business is nuclear physics, NOT terrorism--

Kruschkov WHIRLS and SLAPS Petrovich hard across the face, using the back of his hand. Then, very calmly:

KRUSCHKOV

I grow tired of your complaints, old man. If I want your input... I will ask for it...

INT. STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT

The agents finish tying Kevin to the chair. The knotting is strong and intricate, and it looks like Kevin couldn't get loose even with five people helping him. The agents snicker over their handiwork and CAMERA PANS THEM TO the door. They LEAVE.

We HEAR jangling KEYS, the door being BOLTED. CAMERA PANS BACK TO KEVIN, who is, of course, completely free of the ropes and rising from the chair.

INT. OUTSIDE STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT

One of the Russians has been left behind to guard the door. The GUARD lights a cigarette, holding a vicious-looking AK-47 automatic weapon. Behind him, we SEE Kevin, peering through the door's barred window, little Rover now sitting on his shoulder...

DISSOLVE:

EXT. ON THE BAY - NIGHT

A sleek 27-footer SAILS into view AT CAMERA, its sails full, bow cutting through the breakers.

EXT. ABOARD SAILBOAT - SAILING - NIGHT

TWO WINDJAMMERS--mid 20's--kick back in their top-siders and life-jackets, guzzling beer, LAUGHING loud, enjoying the Bay.

FIRST WINDJAMMER

No! Are you kiddin' me?! KATHY PRUETT?!

SECOND WINDJAMMER

Swear to God! First time we went out!

FIRST WINDJAMMER

What a sleaze!

EXT. ON THE BAY - OVERHEAD SHOT - NIGHT

LOOKING DOWN ON THE SAILBOAT. WE HEAR the windjammers jawing. SUDDENLY-- the humongous saurian HEAD OF GODZILLA RISES from

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

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directly below the boat, his giant mouth OPEN WIDE AND CREATING a YAWNING MAW down which the boat disappears as the monster SNAPS his jaws, AND--

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - NIGHT - BEHIND GODZILLA

The Golden Gate Bridge, dotted orbs of light through the fog, stands majestically, way in the distance AS WE SEE GODZILLA'S HEAD sink again into the bay, moving toward the bridge.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NIGHT - LOUD PHONE RINGING

as Dana plucks the receiver up faster than the Bionic Woman.

DANA

It's Dana, yes, hello--

(pause)

You WHAT?!? Well, OF COURSE I want to write it up, but I didn't see it, I don't have any proof--

INT. RESEARCH LAB CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Balinger storms down the hallway toward the observation lab where the Baby Godzilla is being kept. Tony and Dana barely keep up with him.

BALINGER

A reptile the size of New Jersey and the army doesn't want anybody to know about it?! You want proof, I'll give you proof!

They approach the lab door. The SECURITY GUARDS we saw earlier guard the door. Balinger pulls out his wallet I.D., shows it to the guard. Strictly routine.

BALINGER

Herb, I'm giving these two authorization to go in with me.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm sorry. This is a restricted lab. No unauthorized personnel.

BALINGER

No. Herb. You didn't hear me. I said I'm giving them authorization.

SECURITY GUARD

Who are you, sir?

BALINGER

(confused)

Very funny, Herb. Could we just go in? This is sort of an emergency.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The SECOND LAB GUARD steps forward.

SECOND LAB GUARD
Maybe you didn't hear him.
No unauthorized--

BALINGER
I'm authorized!! Do you guys
need glasses?! Balinger, you
know?! The guy who's in charge
of that thing in there?!

SECURITY GUARD
I don't know what you're
talking about.

Balinger is about to lose it. This is your basic nightmare.

SECOND LAB GUARD
Maybe you shouldn't be in the
building...

BALINGER
McDermott put you up to this,
didn't he? These are his orders--

The second guard advances threateningly.

SECOND LAB GUARD
Maybe I should show you out.

A LAB ASSISTANT pushing a roller loaded with equipment turns
the corner onto the scene. The second lab guard turns to look--
AND THAT'S WHEN DANA PUTS A HEEL TO HIS BUTT, AND SHOVES--

LOW ANGLE - THE ROLLER CART

as the second guard FLIES ONTO it and the momentum makes the
cart ROLL AWAY down the hall and STRAIGHT AT CAMERA--

BACK TO SCENE

as the first guard grabs for his gun, SEES it isn't there, then
turns to SEE Tony holding it casually behind his head. Tony
grins. The innocent lab assistant just stands by helplessly.

BALINGER
All right, Herb. Open the door.

The fearful guard goes for his JANGLING keys as Tony steps for-
ward, COCKING the gun.

TONY
No, I got it.

He aims at the door lock and FIRES, BLOWING THE LOCK APART--

TONY
I've always wanted to do that.

(CONTINUED)

71,
INT. OBSERVATION/AIRLOCK BOOTH

Balinger, Dana and Tony ENTER. Balinger is dashed, the other two merely confused, because:

INT. POV - STUDY ARENA

The Baby Godzilla carcass is GONE, and the huge arena completely EMPTY. Even the scaffolding is gone. Nothing but huge sheets of canvas on the floor.

BACK TO SHOT

And behind the crestfallen Balinger and friends stand not only the two GUARDS, but still MORE LAB GUARDS-- reinforcements-- and not one of them looks the least bit amused.

DANA

Uh, we were just leaving. Yeah...

The three of them move out of the booth past the guards, whose glares are boring holes into our heroes. Tony hands the guard his gun back.

TONY

I, uh... yours-- I think. Fine weapon...

EXT. RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

Balinger, Dana and Tony walk briskly away from the lab building. Behind them: the silhouetted GUARDS in the double doors at the top of the entrance steps.

BALINGER

Where the hell is it?

DANA

Who's this McDermott? That name sounds familiar...

TONY

Where's what?

BALINGER

He's an asshole. Defense General.

DANA

Did he lead some kind of... task force to some island in the South Pacific? There was an overseas release on it... Village destroyed?

TONY

Professor? Where's WHAT?

They come to Dana's car-- a sedan. They climb in, leaving Tony lagging behind.

BALINGER

Are you kidding me?! This is incredible!

(CONTINUED)

TONY
 WHERE'S WHAT?!? WILL SOMEBODY
 TELL ME WHAT WAS SUPPOSED TO
 BE IN THAT LAB?!

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - START CLOSE ON ARMY GUARD

Full uniform, an M-1 carbine held to the shoulder. CAMERA CRANES UP TO REVEAL a GROUP OF GUARDS, all armed, all standing around the edges of something gigantic under canvas. In one area, the canvas parts and we can SEE in the shadows, the sad, dead face of the Baby Godzilla...

INT. MILITARY CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT - START CLOSE ON McDERMOTT

as he looks around the room shiftily. Lesley watches her husband pace and smoke. General Kirby grips Daxton's shoulder. DIPLOMATS and OFFICERS around a table in the b.g.

GENERAL KIRBY
 Peter, they have to make the
 first move. There's nothing you
 can do... Believe me... when
 something happens-- we'll be
 ready...

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Light traffic, the bridge's lights piercing the light fog. The BLEAT of a tug. A distant FOG HORN.

EXT. ON THE BRIDGE - NIGHT - AN AGED JAPANESE BRIDGE OFFICIAL

EIJI HASHIGUCHI by name, steps into view carrying a clipboard. He looks over the railing and squints with curiosity.

POV FROM BRIDGE - NIGHT

Calm and dark across the water. The twirling FLASH of a lighthouse beam. As a FOG HORN TOOTS in the distance, WE SEE eerie, silent FLARES of light beneath the water's surface, accompanied by submerged RUMBLING SOUNDS as surges of water are kicked up by the flares...

CLOSE ON EIJI

staring with mounting horror.

EIJI
 (a hushed whisper)
 ... Gojira...

INT. BRIDGE EMPLOYEES' LOUNGE - NIGHT

BRIDGE EMPLOYEES sit around graffitti-covered tables, smoking, drinking coffee, eating snacks from vending machines. SUDDENLY, old Eiji BURSTS IN, BABBLING unintelligably in Japanese.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

As he disappears down a corridor, his SHRIEKS receding, a burly Blue-Collar bridge guard, SPITZER, exchanges glances with another BRIDGE GUARD.

BRIDGE GUARD
What's with Eiji?

SPITZER
Some people just live too long.

They LAUGH loud, hard, and insufferably.

INT. STORAGE CHAMBER (KRUSCHKOV'S LAIR) - NIGHT

Kevin, now free of course, rummages through the shelves of supplies. Comes across a box. OPENS it. A flare gun and two flares!

KRUSCHKOV (o.s.)
Gregor!

Kevin looks up with alarm.

INT. KRUSCHKOV'S HQ - NIGHT

Kruschkov stands at the doorway, calling to the corridor GUARD outside Kevin's "prison".

KRUSCHKOV
(in RUSSIAN)
Everything is all right?

INT. OUTSIDE STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT

The smoking guard calls back.

RUSSIAN GUARD
(deep voice)
YO!

INT. STORAGE CHAMBER - BACK TO KEVIN

Frozen, listening. Deciding the coast is clear, he begins to load the flare gun, then stops, looking around with concern.

KEVIN
(whispering)
Rover?

He hears a SKITTER, turns. There is Rover, sitting in a small alcove, evidently a ventilation duct. Kevin goes to the alcove, picks up Rover.

Intrigued by the small opening, Kevin lies on the ground and sticks his head in. Moonlight from outside bathes his face as he looks up the vent-shaft.

(CONTINUED)

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT - KEVIN'S POV - LOOKING UP

and through the top, like a chimney, we CAN SEE the star-filled sky, fog snaking past the moon.

BACK TO KEVIN

as he pulls his head out, his mind clearly in high gear. He looks at the flare gun, then finishes loading it, clicking the flare cartridge into place.

He throws a cautious glance at the door, then puts his hand with the loaded flare gun into the shaft. He aims up, PULLS THE TRIGGER. A not-so-muffled POP!

INT. OUTSIDE STORAGE CHAMBER - CLOSE ON GUARD

as the Russian, having heard something, looks up suspiciously.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - TOLL GATE BOOTH - NIGHT

A TOLL ATTENDANT, LANDIS, looks up from his toll taking chores.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - NIGHT

Aboard the cutter, which is docked, a uniformed COAST GUARD OFFICER looks up. He CALLS to a second OFFICER who is working behind him.

COAST GUARD ONE

Jerry?

EXT. THEIR POV - GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

As in the distance, a bright FLARE rockets into the sky over Fort Point, leaving a tail of sparks.

BACK TO THE COAST GUARD

as the two officers exchange glances.

COAST GUARD TWO

Let's check it out.

INT. OUTSIDE STORAGE CHAMBER - THE RUSSIAN GUARD

Actually UP now, moving toward the door to investigate, AS--

INT. STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Kevin, sweating, awkwardly attempts to load the second flare as we HEAR KEYS JANGLING IN THE DOOR! IT OPENS AND--the GUARD ENTERS, looking around, but before he realizes what's going on--

--KEVIN FIRES THE FLARE GUN-- and the man takes the flare hard in the chest, a burning BLAST that knocks him unconscious immediately, AS--

(CONTINUED)

INT. KRUSCHKOV'S HQ - CLOSE on KRUSCHKOV

The Russian spy turns at the SOUND of the flare being fired--

KRUSCHKOV

GREGOR?!

INT. OUTSIDE STORAGE CHAMBER - THE DOORWAY

as Kevin kneels over the body, scoops up Rover, FREEZES at the sound of Kruschkov's inquiry. Thinking quickly, he lowers his voice:

KEVIN

(a lousy imitation
of the guard)

YO!

BACK TO KRUSCHKOV

And for an instant, it works! Then, realizing something smells, Kruschkov WHIRLS and dashes to the door, the OTHERS following. The scientist, Petrovich, lags behind, watching Kruschkov with loathing.

INT. OUTSIDE STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT

The agents come upon the body of the unconscious guard, AS--

INT. KRUSCHKOV'S LAIR - GROTTO - NIGHT

Kevin RUNS for all he's worth, ANGRY VOICES ECHOING behind him--

INT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - CRUISING - NIGHT

The two officers looks ahead as they cruise toward Fort Point.

EXT. ROCKY SHOAL - FORT POINT AREA - NIGHT

as Kevin scrambles over the rocks, nearly slipping, trying like hell to get away before he is caught again. And as he climbs a rise, he SUDDENLY FREEZES, letting out a yelp--For directly over him, looking down quizzically, dripping with water, is:

GODZILLA. The monster squints in the darkness, his massive face mere yards from little Kevin. Low GROWLING SOUNDS are HEARD from somewhere deep inside. Kevin doesn't budge, too terrified to think of moving, as Godzilla continues to watch him with curiosity.

Suddenly, little Rover juts his head from Kevin's coat pocket and looks up at the gigantic monster-lizard. GODZILLA'S EYES WIDEN at the sight of the tiny reptile.

Kevin looks over his shoulder, then advances a step toward Godzilla. He holds one hand out--

KEVIN

GODZILLA...?

(CONTINUED)

The giant monster tilts its head questioningly, squinting its eyes. A low, deep GRRRRR, and for an instant-- we wonder whether Godzilla is going to EAT Kevin as he did the sailboat. Without warning, the great monster SINKS AGAIN FROM SIGHT, and--

A HAND APPEARS, gripping Kevin's shoulder. Ha WHIRLS-- There, standing over him, is one of the RUSSIAN AGENTS, gun in hand. The agent grins a malicious grin.

THEN A CLUB SWINGS OUT FROM THE DARKNESS, AND--

The Russian baddie takes a blow to the head, and slumps to the ground, revealing the aggressor behind him. IT IS PETROVICH, the nuclear engineer.

PETROVICH

Fast, my friend! Away!

They turn to RUN, but they find themselves cornered by Kruschkov and his agents. As Kruschkov steps forward, Petrovich holds Kevin to protect him.

KRUSCHKOV

"Friend" did you say? Perhaps, doctor, you have outlived your usefulness to Mother Russia...

He steps forward, raises his arm, and CLICK! His razor-sharp WRIST-BLADE OPENS... AND THAT'S WHEN A BLINDING WHITE LIGHT ILLUMINATES THE SCENE--

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - NIGHT

The TWO COAST GUARD officers. ONE shines a high-powered search-beam at the Russians, while the other raises a BULLHORN:

COAST GUARD ONE

This is the United States Coast Guard! Please identify yourselves!

EXT. BAY SHORE - NIGHT

Thinking quickly-- but badly, one of the RUSSIAN AGENTS raises his machine gun and begins FIRING ON THE CUTTER--

EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - HAVOC

A. ABOARD THE CUTTER, the officers RETURN the GUNFIRE in defense--

COAST GUARD TWO

Don't hit the kid!!

AND THE SCENE BECOMES A BLAZING GUNBATTLE, AS--

B. SOME OF THE RUSSIAN AGENTS GO DOWN, AS--

C. The scientist, PETROVICH, RUNS FOR IT, and--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

77,

D. KEVIN calls to the escaping Petrovich--

KEVIN
Dr. Balinger! GET DR. BALINGER!!

--AS KRUSCHKOV GRABS HIM, holds his wrist-blade to Kevin's temple, DRAGGING HIM AWAY toward the water and a waiting MOTOR SKIFF which is moored there. The commotion causes:

- E. Little ROVER (INSERT) to fall from his coat pocket home and skitter away among the rocks, while--
- F. COAST GUARD ONE is HIT in the shoulder-- he YELPS and pivots, then SPOTS SOMETHING above that makes him blanch--

COAST GUARD ONE
(pointing)
JERRY?!?

Jerry LOOKS, spins the searchlight around on its mount, and--

- G. AS IN GODZILLA, who RISES to tower over the scene, eerily-lit *from below*, letting out his familiar SHRIEKING ROAR, AS--

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

GODZILLA RISES to his full height beside the bridge, his back and spinal plates to the traffic. At the sight, the cars SCREECH to halts, causing other cars to CRASH into them from behind.

INT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - CABIN - NIGHT

The wounded Coast Guard DASHES IN and picks up the radio mic, clutching his bleeding shoulder with his other hand.

COAST GUARD ONE
Bay San Francisco, this is Coast
Guard 41-237, we have a Mayday at
Fort Point, REPEAT: MAYDAY!!

EXT. BRIDGE TOLL PLAZA - NIGHT

AS MOTORISTS BOLT from their cars, some for a better look at the monster in the b.g., MOST to FLEE in terror, SEVERAL BRIDGE GUARDS emerge from the administration building.

SPITZER is in the lead. The guards REACT to the sight of GODZILLA, some freaking out and RUNNING for safety, others, like old EIJI, rooted with fear to the spot.

SPITZER
(stunned)
Holy shit...

He looks around, then pulls his gun and DASHES to the railing, the braver guards FOLLOWING, the less-so remaining-behind. Eiji shakes uncontrollably, staring in disbelief.

(CONTINUED)

EIJI
Gojira... Gojira...

ANGLE ON GODZILLA

The monster looks down (with concern??) AT:

EXT. BAY SHORE - ON THE WATER - NIGHT

Kruschkov drags Kevin INTO THE SKIFF, AS--

EXT. BRIDGE RAILINGS - NIGHT

Spitzer and the guards hesitantly OPEN FIRE ON GODZILLA, AND--

ANGLE ON GODZILLA

The beast TURNS AROUND to face his new little aggressors.

EXT. ANGLE ON SKIFF - THE WATER

as GODZILLA'S body turns, his massive spike-lined TAIL SWINGS around and CRASHES DOWN, SMASHING the boat to smithereens!

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - CLOSE ON COAST GUARD TWO

as he winces at the sight of what's just happened.

EXT. BY THE BRIDGE - GODZILLA

The monster's head RISES, his face quizzical.

EXT. BRIDGE TOLL PLAZA - NIGHT

The bridge guards back away from the railing with fear. Spitzer turns and yells:

SPITZER
CLOSE THE BRIDGE! CLOSE IT OFF!!
WE NEED SOME BACK-UPS HERE!!

The plaza is hopelessly jammed by now, cars afraid to transverse the bridge. HORNS HONKING, etc. A TV NEWS CREW moves toward the railing to broadcast; a TV REPORTER and CAMERAMAN. Spitzer immediately begins shoving them away--

INT. FAMILY LIVING ROOM - CLOSE ON TV SET

WE SEE the TV CAMERA'S SHAKY POV of Spitzer waving it away--

SPITZER
(on the TV)
Get outa here! Go on!

INT. CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM - WIDE - NIGHT

The agent we've seen previously, Daxton's friend, is on the phone in the kitchen doorway (f.g.), while his WIFE watches

CONTINUED

him intensely. Their daughter, HEATHER, watches the live news report on Godzilla, in the b.g. Charlie hangs up, grimly.

CHARLIE'S WIFE
How is she? What's the doctor say?

CHARLIE
(soberly)
If we don't drive up and see her tonight... we might never get another chance.

Charlie's wife winces, then turns to the living room.

CHARLIE'S WIFE
Heather, come on-- get your coat. We're going to go see Grandma!

CLOSE ON HEATHER AND TV SET

as she turns to her mother, we SEE GODZILLA on the screen.

HEATHER
But, Mommy, this is my favorite movie!

EXT. BRIDGE TOLL PLAZA - NIGHT

A great exodus of panic, CITIZENS FLEEING their cars in droves. Godzilla looming in the b.g.

INT. McDERMOTT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dark, but for the flashlight Dana holds over a file cabinet drawer that Balinger is leafing through. Tony stands watch just inside the door. Balinger pulls a file, opens it.

INSERT - CLOSE ON FILE FOLDER

Under the flashlight, Blainger skims through the photos of McDermott's Oto Island trip; flattened huts, charred bodies, and finally, a blurred photo of the monster himself: GODZILLA.

DANA (o.s.)
Jesus...

BACK TO SHOT

BALINGER
The term 'paydirt' was invented for moments like this...

SUDDENLY, from the corridor outside, we HEAR a LOUD ALERT SIREN pealing throughout the complex.

DANA
What the Hell is that?

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Sounds like an air raid.

EXT. BASE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The door marked: "Brig. General H. McDermott" OPENS and the three emerge to SEE: MARINES running up and down the corridor, the SIREN deafening. Balinger grabs one of the Marines. PRIVATE SOLOMON.

BALINGER

What's going on?!

PRIVATE SOLOMON

You wouldn't believe me if
I told you--

BALINGER

You wanna bet?! Where is it?--

PRIVATE SOLOMON

The bridge! The Golden Gate bridge!

He dashes off. Balinger turns to the other two.

DANA

(emotionally)

I guess they need me at the
paper about now.

BALINGER

So get outa here.

They look into each other's eyes, chaos all around them.

DANA

I knew you were right all
the time.

BALINGER

Yeah. You and everybody el--

Impulsively, Dana kisses him. Then pulls away, looks guiltily in Tony's direction. LEAVES HURRIEDLY. Balinger watches her go while Tony looks daggers at him, TURNS TO LEAVE--

BALINGER

(defensively)

Hey-- Popeye, Come on--

TONY

My name's Tony!

He heads away angrily, down the hall. Balinger watches him go, helpless, then looks around at the confusion and BOLTS away determinedly--

(CONTINUED)

EXT. PRESIDIO GROUNDS - NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

Incredible urgency as PERSONNEL run to and fro, MILITARY VEHICLES being loaded with artillery, SIRENS WAILING across the barracks--

EXT. HQ BUILDING (U.S. 6th ARMY) - NIGHT

Daxton strides determinedly across the asphalt, pulling his berretta out as Lesley catches up from behind.

LESLEY

Peter--!

He climbs into an army jeep, STARTS IT UP.

DAXTON

They're under the bridge, so stay here--

LESLEY

I'm coming with you!

DAXTON

I said STAY HERE!

LESLEY

(determined as hell)
If you don't let me come with you, dammit, I'll find another way--

(he looks at her)

If I stay here, I'll kill myself...

A beat.

EXT. PRESIDIO GROUNDS - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Balinger steps into view, then notices Daxton and Lesley driving away in the jeep-- too far away to catch up with.

Frantically, he looks around for another means of transportation. He RUNS up to some MARINES loading mortars into a truck.

BALINGER

I need to get to the bridge!

MEAN MARINE

Who are you?

BALINGER

I'm Doctor Baaa...

(he backs off)

Never mind.

The marines advance threateningly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

82.

MEAN MARINE

Balinger... General McDermott's
looking for you...

Balinger BOLTS, and the Marines make pursuit.

EXT. HELIPAD - PRESIDIO GROUNDS - NIGHT

A group of Blackhawk Cobra choppers are prepped as McDermott steps into view.

MCDERMOTT

LET'S GO, THIS IS NOT A DRILL!!

ACKERMAN

(McDermott's aid,
running up)

The XM-1's on its way, sir.
Just like you ordered.

EXT. PRESIDIO GATES - NIGHT

as an XM-1 ARMY TANK rolls into view, MARINES SHOUTING other vehicles and PERSONNEL out of the way. WE SEE the Mean Marines frantically looking around for Balinger. Behind them, the tank moves out of the barracks. WE SEE Balinger clinging to its backside.

EXT. BRIDGE TOLL PLAZA - NIGHT

Bumper-to-bumper traffic across seven lanes. People are panicking, attempting to leave the city, but a huge "BRIDGE CLOSED" sign is already being lowered over the toll booths.

POLICE SQUAD CARS SCREECH to halts at the edge of the traffic, lights flashing, SIRENS WARBLING. SEVERAL PATROLMEN BOLT from the squad cars, their guns out. They run across the hoods of civilian traffic to get to the toll plaza.

EXT. TOLL PLAZA - ON THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Another TV NEWS CREW. The Newswoman is just this side of a nervous breakdown.

TV NEWSWOMAN

--LIVE-EYE NEWS, it's hard to
believe this is actually happening.
All around me, police and bridge--

The POLICE BULLDOZE through the TV CREW to get into firing range. One of them buckles at the sight of the monster, another RUNS.

SCARED POLICEMAN

Holy Jesus!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The mighty GODZILLA stands beside the bridge in the b.g., a tiny automobile in his hand. He is toying with it, watching the other traffic on the bridge, trying to figure it all out.

INT. CAR - LOOKING OUT THROUGH WINDSHIELD - FLOATING

A giant, inquisitive GODZILLA FACE LOOKING IN. The driver SCREAMS.

EXT. TOLL BOOTH - NIGHT

A Pace Arrow motor home BASHES other traffic, scraping cars as it SCREECHES up to the booth, where the attendant we saw earlier-- Landis-- BATS the hood angrily, YELLING "Are you nuts?!", which we HEAR from:

INT CHARLIE'S MOTOR HOME - NIGHT

The family, on their way to visit dying Grandma.

CHARLIE'S WIFE
They've GOT to let us through!

Charlie looks toward the booth:

INSERT - I.D. CARD

pasted inside the toll booth. A picture of the toll attendant. The name: LANDIS, J.

BACK TO CHARLIE

as the enraged attendant comes to the driver's side, Charlie cranes his head out, indicates the administration building.

CHARLIE
I'm doing you a favor, asshole!
There's an emergency call for
you inside--
(the attendant stares
dumbly)
You ARE Landis, aren't you?!

Confused for a beat, the attendant DASHES for the main building. Charlie grins, HIT THE GAS--

EXT. BRIDGE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

as the Pace Arrow PEELS OUT onto the bridge, CRASHING through a barrier and passing the excitable Spitzer, who, upon seeing what is happening--

SPITZER
HEY!!

--runs to a Police Kawasaki 1000, hops on it, REVVS it and TAKES OFF after the van-- the CYCLE'S OWNER running into view.

(CONTINUED)

INT. CHARLIE'S MOTOR HOME - DRIVING - NIGHT

Charlie and his wife ashen, little Heather SCREAMING shrilly--

INT. CHARLIE'S MOTOR HOME - POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

And we SEE GODZILLA'S HUGE CLAW setting the other car down, then his great pre-historic face, breaking through cables and STARING STRAIGHT AT US-- Charlie SLAMS ON THE BREAKS--

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

GODZILLA pulls his face back in response to the little motor home SHRIEKING to a halt mere yards from his nose.

EXT. BRIDGE - MOVING WITH SPITZER - CLOSE

as the guard REACTS to the sight of the stopped Pace Arrow-- he JERKS THE HANDLEBARS to avoid it--

EXT. BRIDGE RAILINGS - NIGHT

--and SMASHES into the railings, JACK-KNIFING, AND--

EXT. BRIDGE - LOW ANGLE

AS SPITZER, SCREAMING, FLIES kicking into the air and over the side RIGHT AT CAMERA along with twisted fragments of motorcycle--

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - NIGHT - ANGLE ON SURF

The splintered remains of Kruschkov's skiff wash into shore on the lapping tide.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - EDGE OF THE BAY - NIGHT

Daxton and Lesley stare in disbelief at what we have just seen, the frazzled Coast Guard #2 looking at them sorrowfully, having obviously just broken the news. Behind them, M.P.s hold rifles on the remaining Russian agents.

LESLEY

(realizing Kevin
is dead)

... No...

EXT. BRIDGE TOLL PLAZA - THE XM-1

rolls into position, turret-mount turning, cannon JUTTING AT CAMERA AS--

BALINGER

climbs down off the tank, MARINES watching him curiously as he looks up toward GODZILLA, and his face fills with wonder, and--

McDERMOTT

steps into view beside the tank, a walkie-talkie to his mouth:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

84a.

McDERMOTT
Prepare to fire--

Behind him, Balinger REACTS to the words-- RUNS UP--

BALINGER
What are you doing?!

McDermott turns, gestures curtly, and TWO M.P.s GRAB BALINGER and hold him tightly, AS--

McDERMOTT
FIRE!!

The tank FIRES A SHELL!

EXT. THE BRIDGE - GODZILLA - NIGHT

The SHELL EXPLODES right in front of the beast. He RECOILS as Charlie's Pace Arrow SHRIEKS AWAY below.

(CONTINUED)

INT. CHARLIE'S MOTOR HOME - DRIVING - NIGHT

Charlie and his wife stare straight ahead as if in a trance. Their exuberant daughter bounces gleefully.

HEATHER

Let's go back! Let's go back!

EXT. TOLL PLAZA - AT THE TANK

McDERMOTT

AGAIN!!

BALINGER

You're only making him mad, you stupid half-wit!

The tank FIRES ANOTHER SHELL!

EXT. THE BRIDGE - GODZILLA

SWATS at the third shell as it EXPLODES, and it is clear GODZILLA is getting mad, because a giant GROWL becomes the trademark SHRIEKING ROAR, AND---

EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - BRIDGE AND SURROUNDING - REACTION SHOTS

--DAXTON-- holding a sobbing LESLEY-- both LOOKING UP, AND--

--McDERMOTT and BALINGER, DITTO, and--

--The CITIZENS on the bridge; the military, the police, EVERYONE LOOKING UP and SEEING, as the ROAR ECHOES across the Bay:

GODZILLA

As the behemoth raises his powerful arms and brings them DOWN-- SMASHING RIGHT THROUGH the bridge, then battering its foundations angrily with reptilian fists, as he ROARS AGAIN-- AND--

INTERCUT:

EXT. THE BRIDGE - VARIOUS SHOTS

Concrete FLYING-- cables SNAPPING-- foundations CRUMBLING-- CARS SPILL INTO THE BAY as the famous landmarks's vast span shakes, and--

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - BACK TO SCENE

as EVERYBODY SCATTERS, and--

DEBRIS FALLS AT CAMERA from above, cables and crumbling pipes--

Daxton SEES a huge CHUNK OF CONCRETE plummeting from above Lesley, and RUNS-- GRABBING her and THROWING THEM BOTH ASIDE into a ditch just before the massive slab HITS THE GROUND with a jarring SMASH!

(CONTINUED)

IN THE DITCH - DAXTON AND LESLEY

gripping one another tightly. Unable to contain herself, Lesley weeps, wracked with sobs as Daxton holds her. Just above them Kevin's lizard, Rover, appears on a rock, looking down passively.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

GODZILLA, clutching a truck in one claw, pulling cables through his teeth with the other. Dropping the truck, the monster backs away from the bridge, looking around with sudden concern. He looks toward the city, the familiar sky-line, then SCREAMING, GODZILLA TURNS AND MOVES TOWARD THE CITY--

EXT. BRIDGE TOLL PLAZA NIGHT

MARINES running back to their truck, POLICE to their cars.

A MARINE

It's heading for the city!!

He runs past McDermott, who is ordering the scrambling PERSONNEL. Balinger struggles with the M.P.s who are holding him. COMMOTION all round them.

BALINGER

A lot of good your cover-up's gonna do now, McDermott!

(McDermott ignores him)

You knew all along, didn't you?!

McDermott suddenly turns on him--

McDERMOTT

All right, professor. Let's say I did know... I ALSO knew that some candy-ass egghead like you would come along and whimper for us to save that monster, like the whales or the baby seals. So we could study it in the hallowed name of science and knowledge. Well, I don't want to study it, professor.

BALINGER

(bitterly)

You want to blow the shit out of it...

McDERMOTT

That's right.

(to the M.P.s)

Put this man in the stockade.

The incredulous Balinger SCREAMS with anger as he is dragged away by the M.P.s. McDermott turns to his aid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

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McDERMOTT

We'll proceed with an air strike,
Major.

MAJOR ACKERMAN

Scott has an F-16 squadron, sir.

McDERMOTT

Radio Scott, Moffett AND Vandenberg,
I want every jet fighter in the state
of California. And that's just for
starters.

VARIOUS AIR FIELDS - VARIOUS SHOTS - INT. AND EXT. (JET MONTAGE)

JET FIGHTERS rolling onto air strips, landing lights flashing--

--PILOTS flicking switches in cockpits--

--GYROS turning, ENGINES WHINING, AS--

--THE JETS taxi, build speed, TAKE OFF--

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Rows of THEATER PATRONS wearing 3-D glasses watch Friday the 13th, Part 3. In one row WE SEE old WALT, the security guard at Dana's newspaper, along with his DATE. As "Jason" shoots a spear from the screen, Walt takes off his 3-D glasses--

WALT

This 3-D sucks.

AND THAT'S WHEN A GARGANTUAN SCALY TAIL CRASHES THROUGH THE SCREEN RIGHT AT CAMERA-- decimating the wall and sending the movie fans SCREAMING--

INT. TAXI CAB - DRIVING - NIGHT

An ill-shaven CAB DRIVER. His eyes WIDEN and he JERKS THE WHEEL--

INT. CAB - POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD - DRIVING - NIGHT

--TO AVOID the great, leathery, spike-lined obstruction that is moving across the street in our path-- SWERVING TOWARD A WALL--

INT. DISCO - NIGHT

Mirror ball, colored lights, well-dressed YOUTH in the middle of a slow dance. The WALL EXPLODES. Enter Taxi Cab.

EXT. BEACH STREET - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

PEOPLE SCRAMBLE in the f.g. in every direction, most stampeding to safety, some stopping and turning to watch AS GODZILLA APPEARS, towering over the area amidst the b.g. buildings.

(CONTINUED)

The monster STEPS FORWARD, FOOTFALLS like individual earthquakes, the populace PANICKING LOUDER at his feet AS HE TRUDGES UP THE STREET TOWARD CAMERA--

EXT. GHIRARDELLI SQUARE - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

CAMERA PANNING the enormous beast past the huge "Ghirardelli" sign, as he MOVES TOWARD Fisherman's Wharf, where--

EXT. SIDEWALK - "WORLD OF THE UNEXPLAINED" - NIGHT

SCREAMING CITIZENS FLEE, many being trampled as a YOUNG MAN with a Super 8 movie camera runs into the street, filming AS WE HEAR a droning tape recorder voice from the museum display:

SPEAKER VOICE

--island of Kamono, where lizards
have been known to grow to the
amazing lengths of 12 feet or mo--

EXT. "WORLD OF THE UNEXPLAINED" - WIDE - NIGHT

as GODZILLA'S GARGANTUAN FOOT COMES DOWN, CRUSHING the tourist attraction, not to mention several unfortunate TOURISTS.

EXT. JEFFERSON STREET - ANGLE UP AT "DIMAGGIO'S" SIGN

AS GODZILLA strides into view, ROARING, knocking the sign down with a mighty arm, so that it crumbles and FALLS ON CAMERA--

EXT. VISTA PIER - STREET - NIGHT

TRACKING A ROW OF POLICEMEN with helmets and rifles, aiming from behind a battery of squad cars. MORE PATROL CARS SQUEAL to join the line in the b.g., SIRENS WHOOPING CRAZILY as CIVILIANS RUN in every direction.

CAMERA HOLDS ON SQUAD CHIEF, watching Godzilla carefully. Behind him, A POLICEMAN slaps another, who is crying and losing control.

SQUAD CHIEF

(re: the crazed cop)

Will you shut him up--

(raising a bullhorn)

DO NOT FIRE UNTIL WE KNOW WHAT
IT'S DOING!!

ANGLE ON PATROLMAN - BESIDE POLICE CAR

his pistol ready, a radio mic in one hand. The car's RADIO SQUAWKS from inside.

POLICE RADIO

(STATIC)

--et someone to clear that
top level of 480--

(CONTINUED)

88a.

CONTINUED

PATROLMAN
(almost to himself)
Looks like it's... lookin' for
something...

(CONTINUED)

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NIGHT

Dana dodges FRANTIC EMPLOYEES as they scatter, cleaning their desks out, grabbing things, getting the hell out. She goes to the window, where Mary and OTHERS are looking out at:

POV - THE CITY SKYLINE

In the distance, GODZILLA moves in this direction through the Embarcadero area. Distant SIRENS.

INT. STOCKADE CELL - NIGHT

A vicious M.P. shoves Balinger into the sterile cell. SLAMS the door behind him.

BALINGER

You Nazis, LEMME OUTTA HERE!!

INT. DEFENSE HQ - NIGHT

A large-scale map of the city fills one wall, where MAPMEN re-arrange thumbtacks to keep track of dispatched units. Radio and computer consoles line the walls, and PERSONNEL bustle about everywhere. This is the make-shift base of operations.

DEFENSE DISPATCHER

The Golden Gate's out. Get the National Guard to cover the Bay Bridge and 101 South, they're jamming up there already --

DEFENSE DISPATCHER #2

We've got those back-ups at Market, and Civil Defense will cover everything north-east of Union Square...

McDermott strides into the middle of all this, his aid, Ackerman, following like a sheep dog.

ACKERMAN

Air strike inaugurated, sir.

MCDERMOTT

Let's just hope they get here soon --

GENERAL KIRBY steps into view, facing McDermott off.

GENERAL KIRBY

Air strike? You ordered jets?

MCDERMOTT

I was under the impression I was heading defense on this, General.

(a pause)

Unless... you want the responsibility?

It's a low blow, but it works. Kirby just stares with contempt.
WHIP PAN TO RADIO OPERATOR:

(CONTINUED)

90.

CONTINUED

RADIO OPERATOR
Just reached the Embarcadero!

EXT. EMBARCADERO PEIRFRONT - NIGHT

GODZILLA grips the roof of a huge warehouse, and PULLS IT UP, as if opening a can of sardines. He looks inside, THROWS the roof into the bay, moves ON.

EXT. EMBARCADERO STREET - NIGHT

SAILORS and DOCKWORKERS RUN for cover as the DEBRIS FLIES, hitting the street.

EXT. EMBARCADERO - TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

A cargo train speeds along the tracks TOWARD CAMERA.

INT. CARGO TRAIN - POV FROM ENGINE - NIGHT

Moving at high speed toward the pier area. Suddenly, WE SEE GODZILLA'S GIGANTIC FOOT step down on the track DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF US -- CRASH!

EXT, EMBARCADERO - NIGHT

GODZILLA HOWLS with pain, and WHIRLS around to see the source of this new annoyance.

EXT. HIGHWAY 480 - NIGHT

GODZILLA'S TAIL swings with the momentum, CRASHING UP through the two levels of freeway and obliterating both from below. Cars shoot off into oblivion, the road taken out from under them.

BACK TO GODZILLA - FULL SHOT

as the monster picks up the swinging train cars, then angrily HURLS THEM AT CAMERA -- TRUDGES back toward the warehouse, and --

EXT. EMBARCADERO WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

ROARING, GODZILLA GRABS another rooftop, RIPPING it loose, tossing the debris aside and MOVING ON, as PEOPLE scatter or watch in the f.g.

EXT. EMBARCADERO PIERFRONT - GODZILLA - NIGHT

As the beast comes to a new warehouse, tiny GUARDS start FIRING on him. The miniscule bullets don't even bother the monster as much as the commotion below. He grabs the warehouse roof and PULLS IT OFF, DEBRIS falling.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED

GODZILLA looks down into the warehouse, quizzically. He reaches in with a giant claw, picking up a tiny, SCREAMING GUARD, which he then flings away like a bug.

EXT. THE WAREHOUSE - ANGLE DOWN FROM BEHIND GODZILLA

as MORE SCREAMING GUARDS FIRE, and we can SEE their little military uniforms as Godzilla reaches down and pulls away the large canvas tarp that covers... the corpse of the dead BABY GODZILLA.

CLOSE ON GODZILLA

His features soften and we see sad disbelief in his pre-historic face as he looks down on his infant counterpart. He looks questioningly at the humans that are FIRING on him, then back to the crumbling carcass.

He pets the scaly frame of the smaller monster, touching it gently as he tilts his head, ignoring the humans' GUNFIRE, looking at the Baby Godzilla's twisted face with immense sadness, a sadness in his eyes almost as old as time itself.

The monster looks around helplessly, from the dead infant to the city, and back again. Then... WE SEE a change... the brows harden, the wet yellow eyes blaze, the great, fang-lined mouth snarls, and --

GODZILLA RISES AND ROARS a ROAR that can be heard from here to San Bernardino, AS --

EXT. MASON STREET - NIGHT

An F-16 fighter jet BLASTS STRAIGHT UP MASON STREET with a ROAR that matches GODZILLA'S -- as the jet does a barrel roll, its course straight as an arrow, the windows along the street SHATTER with the sonic suction!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A cross-section of PEOPLE in the street hold their ears, STARE UP in amazement at the oncoming jets.

INT. F-16 COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT

The PILOT -- strapped in tight, helmet and oxygen tank, he speaks into his helmet mic:

DRAGON LEADER
Dragon Squadron, this is Dragon
Leader -- ARM SIDEWINDERS --

EXT. OVER THE CITY - THE JET SQUADRON

as they ROAR TOWARD GODZILLA, lights flashing.

EXT. EMBARCADERO - GODZILLA

The monster pivots to face the jets, his great tail SMASHING the wall of the warehouse behind him.

EXT. EMBARCADERO STREET - NIGHT

As FLEEING HUMANS are CRUSHED by the collapsing wall, frantic POLICE and NATIONAL GUARDSMEN attempt, physically and verbally, to clear the area.

INT. F-16 COCKPIT - LOOKING OUT - FLYING TOWARD GODZILLA

PILOT (O.S.)

It's a damn dinosaur!

INT. F-16 COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT

DRAGON LEADER

Cut the chatter, we're going in on first pass -- FIRE SIDEWINDERS!!

EXT. EMBARCADERO - GODZILLA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

as the squadron approaches, little sparking jet rockets spew from their wings, EXPLODING in Godzilla's face as the jets fly right over the monster. GODZILLA ROARS WITH PAIN AND CONFUSION, clawing at the air, momentarily blinded.

INT. F-16 COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT

DRAGON LEADER

Let's do it again -- attack formation --

EXT. EMBARCADERO - CLOSE ON GODZILLA

And there is a great feeling of humiliation in all this, we can see it in Godzilla's face. Clearly angering, he turns again to face the returning jets, which we can see re-forming over the bay, coming in for their second run --

EXT. EMBARCADERO - GODZILLA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

as the squadron comes in again in attack formation, Hawk missiles EJECTING from their wings and EXPLODING around Godzilla, who SHRIEKS and GRABS for the jets, missing, as --

INT. F-16 COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT

DRAGON LEADER

Dragon Squadron, this is Dragon Leader, let's break into two waves --

EXT. EMBARCADERO - GODZILLA - NIGHT

He rubs his eyes, looking around helplessly. The monster looks down, SEES:

ANGLE - A TRAIN CAR

One of the battered cargo cars from the train Godzilla tangled with a few minutes ago.

BACK TO GODZILLA

And we should see a hint of recognition in his face, as he bends, reaches for the car, picks it up, and --

EXT. IN THE SKY - THE JET SQUADRON

is coming in again, we can see from the lights, in two waves. The leader of the first wave is well ahead of the others.

INT. F-16 COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT

DRAGON LEADER

This is Dragon Five, uh -- I'm gonna try something.

EXT. EMBARCADERO - GODZILLA - NIGHT

And though we may be imagining things, it sort of looks like GODZILLA is hiding the train car behind his back. At least obscuring it from the oncoming jets.

INT. F-16 COCKPIT - LOOKING OUT - FLYING TOWARD GODZILLA

AND AS WE APPROACH THE MONSTER, the jet's nose DIVES, and we ZOOM BETWEEN GODZILLA'S LEGS-- rockets EXPLODING!

DRAGON FIVE (O.S.)

WWWAAAHHHOOOOOOOOO!!

POV FROM TAIL OF JET - FLYING THROUGH GODZILLA'S LEGS

as the monster turns to watch the retreating jet.

INT. F-16 COCKPIT - A DIFFERENT ONE - FLYING - NIGHT

A PILOT, following, LAUGHS like a hysterical idiot.

DRAGON SEVEN

Dragon Five, I'd say ya goosed him there!!

EXT. EMBARCADERO - GODZILLA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

And there is fury and a hint of intelligence in the monster's face as the rest of the first wave comes in and without warning, GODZILLA PULLS OUT THE TRAIN CAR, and using it like a bat, BATS ONE OF THE JETS OUT OF THE SKY --

EXT. OVER THE CITY - CRIPPLED JET

as it sails through the air in a flaming, twisted heap, STRAIGHT TOWARD CAMERA -- AND --

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EXT. TIMES-HERALD BUILDING - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

and we know it is the Times-Herald Building because there is a big sign that says so. At least there is until the crumpled jet CRASHES INTO THE BUILDING, impaling it, spewing flames everywhere.

BACK TO GODZILLA

And he's dropped the train car. He SWIPES AT one of the jets in the second wave -- GETS IT -- he examines it curiously, then just for the hell of it, BITES INTO THE NOSE.

INT. F-16 COCKPIT - NIGHT

As the DARKNESS of GODZILLA'S FANG-LINED MOUTH SURROUNDS THE CABIN and the PILOT SCREAMS AS THE COCKPIT CRUMPLES IN ON HIM.

INT. HQ BUILDING - MAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A group of scared MARINES RUN BY CAMERA -- a stampede of boots --

SCARED MARINE

The jets are retreating -- Nothing
can kill that thing --

--AND PAST Daxton and Lesley. He has been consoling her. Little Rover is in her lap. Daxton watches the Marine's pass, his expression intense. Making a great decision, he RISES QUICKLY --

LESLEY

Peter?!--

INT. DEFENSE HQ - NIGHT

McDermott pacing nervously, Kirby staring at him, the toadie Ackerman following in McDermott's every step. PERSONNEL CHATTER.

ACKERMAN

Sir, the problem with the Black-hawk force is most of the pilots are up at Hamilton training in the S-9's.

Daxton has APPEARED, looking determined. McDermott faces him.

McDERMOTT

Uh, minor set-back --

DAXTON

Where's Balinger?

A beat. McDermott averts his eyes. Suddenly, all attention in the room is on this confrontation.

DAXTON

WHERE IS HE?!?

INT. STOCKADE CELL - NIGHT

Balinger sitting morosely on the cot. He looks up at the SOUND of keys in the door. The cell door OPENS. DAXTON.

BALINGER

It's about time the cavalry arrived! Where were you? Can I kill McDermott now?

DAXTON

We have to kill the... Godzilla.

BALINGER

What?! That's what he wants to do! We're supposed to be the good guys, remember?

DAXTON

The hell with idealism; either you help me, or I'll leave you here to rot. It's that simple.

CLOSE ON TV SET

A self-conscious NEWSCASTER stammers the latest:

NEWSCASTER

--martial law into effect throughout the city, while authorities rule out further attacks by air --

INT. BAR - NIGHT

And we see that the TV hangs over the bar area of the dimly-lit JAM-PACKED establishment. PATRONS in every corner, drowning their fear in bottles. Including: TONY. Sitting at the bar, into his fourth straight Scotch, he looks at the TV intensely.

TONY

I can fly around him.

The other PATRONS look at him with curiosity. He takes a slug. The NEWSCASTER CONTINUES, THROUGH:

EXT. BAY BRIDGE - NIGHT

Traffic hopelessly jammed as terrified CITIZENS try to get out of the city, CAR HORNS HONKING anxiously.

EXT. 101 FREEWAY - SOUTH 280 - NIGHT

Ditto. Only the snarled sea of cars is even more unnerving here since there are more lanes of traffic. Nightmare time.

96.

CLOSE ON TV SET - A DIFFERENT ONE

NEWSCASTER

(through above)

--As predicted, traffic is hopelessly jammed at the Bay Bridge, as well as 101 South, 280, uh -- At the Golden Gate, traffic is backed up to 19th AND Lombard street exits -- if you're tuning in late, that bridge has been destroyed, there's no access there --

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - LOOKING IN WINDOW - NIGHT

WE SEE several TV sets with the newscaster on them AS WE WIDEN TO SHOW SIDEWALK AND STREET, where PANICKED CIVILIANS run everywhere, looking for safety God knows where.

EXT. CHINATOWN - GRANT STREET - NIGHT

as DOZENS of terrified ORIENTALS FLEE TOWARD CAMERA. In the distance, the gigantic GODZILLA can be seen looming over the city, ROARING his famous ROAR. WE SEE he is carrying a muni bus.

EXT. BROADWAY - NORTHBEACH - FULL SHOT - NIGHT (MATCH CUT)

GODZILLA towers over the flashy lights of the boulevard, SCRAMBLING NIGHTLIFERS trampling each other at his feet. The monster looks around with curiosity, absently swinging the bus.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - NIGHT

Only now it is filled with rubble, the lights FLICKERING as flames lick through a gash in the wall. Dana, the only live human in sight, stumbles through the rubble and thick smoke. She is covered with soot. Suddenly, she spots:

DANA

MARY!?

And rushes to her friend, who is pinned under a fallen pillar, her temple bleeding. Dana kneels to her, cradles her head.

MARY

(weakly)

Didn't... Didn't I always warn you about the men in this town? Either they're fags, or they grope you, or they're big and green and throw jets into buildings...

Dana fights back the tears. The overhead lights DIE completely.

MARY

(barely audible)

Listen... hold on to that sailor... He's cute...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles, closes her eyes. Dana looks around frantically. Mary's head rolls to one side as if she wants to sleep. The grin fades, and she DIES peacefully. Dana weeps.

She gingerly lets Mary's head down, then rises and looks around, still crying. She goes to the gash in the wall. The wind from outside whips her hair around.

EXT. TIMES-HERALD BUILDING - NIGHT

Flames lapping from below, the crumpled F-16 impaled in the side of the building. Obviously, there is no way down.

BACK TO DANA

looking down, listening to the fire SIRENS far below. She looks around again, stumbling through the debris, recoiling at:

THE F-16 COCKPIT

cracked open, like an egg, jutting through the wall. The dead PILOT, oozing guts, remains strapped firmly in... Sobbing, Dana approaches the dead pilot, then hesitantly starts to unstrap his parachute, slicks of blood getting on her, she SOBS louder, tugging frantically on the corpse's parachute...

EXT. BAY STREET - NIGHT

FIREMEN all over the street see to wounded CITIZENS. A particular FIREMAN steps forward, looking up with confusion.

FIREMAN

Captain Lowry?

He points up. His CAPTAIN looks.

EXT. TIMES-HERALD BUILDING - LOOKING UP - NIGHT

From above the flames, Dana FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, her legs kicking. She falls incredibly, sickeningly fast. In the air over her, the parachute is slowly billowing open. Maybe too slowly. It undulates in the air, growing, until finally --

EXT. IN THE AIR - WITH DANA

as she is violently TUGGED UPWARD, AND --

EXT. IN THE STREET - NIGHT

A fireman's airbag has been inflated to catch people jumping from lower floors. Fire trucks nearby. Dana plummets safely into the air bag, the huge parachute mushrooming down over her as FIREMEN dash to the airbag to see if she's okay.

98.

AT THE AIRBAG

as the FIREMEN tug at the edges of the chute, frantically searching for Dana. They find her. She is laughing and crying at the same time. But before we sigh with relief, WE SEE GODZILLA'S lower torso in the b.g. -- the monster TRUDGING THIS WAY -- the air bag directly in his path --

EXT. IN THE STREET - THE AIR BAG - NIGHT

as Dana and the firemen roll off the airbag and run for cover JUST BEFORE GODZILLA'S MASSIVE FOOT COMES DOWN, POPPING the huge cushion instantly --

INT. ARTILLERY STORAGE - NIGHT

Daxton, Balinger and OTHER PERSONNEL stand by while an ARMS EXPERT examines the Soviet missiles, which are lying on a table with strong, sterile lights over them.

ARMS EXPERT

They're definitely prototypes. Sort of like the SAGARS, but I wouldn't risk taking 'em apart or firing 'em. The fact is, we don't know what's inside.

BALINGER

Swell! These suckers are our only chance and we don't even know how they work!

DAXTON

(cigarette in place)

Who would?

ARMS EXPERT

Well... the guy who invented 'em would be nice.

PETROVICH (O.S.)

(heavy Russian accent)

Doctor -- Balinger?

ALL TURN -- there, standing in the doorway between two armed, STOIC-LOOKING M.P.'s, is the nuclear physicist, PETROVICH.

EXT. PRESIDIO GROUNDS - TRACKING THE GROUP - NIGHT

Daxton, Balinger, Kirby, McDermott, et al. As they stride toward the helipad, MARINES push the missiles along on their gurney-like roller. The FOLLOWING DIALOGUE is terse and URGENT --

GENERAL KIRBY

You WHAT?!

(CONTINUED)

99.

CONTINUED:

BALINGER

And there's only one drawback.

DAXTON

We can fire from a conventional rocket launch. We'll take a Huey --

McDERMOTT

All the available pilots are working to prep the Blackhawk force --

DAXTON

You can spare ONE!

GENERAL KIRBY

I don't understand -- Dr. Petrovich --

ARMS EXPERT

(overlapping)

He tells us they're SAGAR counter defense missiles. They're designed to intercept and explode other weapons IN THE AIR --

GENERAL KIRBY

Yes, I'm familiar with --

ARMS EXPERT

With a difference, sir. Based on Von Neumann's implosion theory for the Manhattan project -- fission only occurs if the target also has an atomic power base.

GENERAL KIRBY

Are you saying the monster's radioactive?

BALINGER

Call it a 'subcritical metabolism.' But A) the missile's GOT to go IN, and B) --

(indicates McDermott)

-- this clown has to call off his forces long enough for us to get a shot in.

They've arrived at the Helipad. A "Huey" UH-1, the type of copter commonly used in Vietnam, sits on the pad, waiting. The MARINES leave the SAGARS by the chopper and in the b.g., DASH OFF at the instruction of the Arms Expert.

(CONTINUED)

100,

CONTINUED:

McDERMOTT

My forces are --

GENERAL KIRBY

Shut up, McDermott -- but, professor,
you only have two shots --

BALINGER

THAT'S the drawback.

The group begins to disperse, to go about final arrangements.

McDERMOTT

(to Daxton)

Wait a minute, I'm all for your little
plan here, Commander, but if I call a
cease-fire to clear your helicopter,
this city will be completely vulner--

DAXTON

(turning to
the chopper)

You're outranked, McDermott.

McDERMOTT

(exploding)

Brigadier-General McDermott, SIR,
and I think I've taken about as
much abuse as I intend to! You don't
even have the decency to be in
uniform at a time like this!!Daxton FREEZES in his tracks. Slowly turns. He reaches into
his coat and pulls out his beretta. He COCKS the gun -- then
reaches for McDermott's hat -- TAKES IT off the man's head ----and calmly FIRES A SUCCESSION OF SHOTS through the bottom of
the hat, rendering it a shredded, tattered mess. He replaces
the ludicrous thing on McDermott's head.

DAXTON

Next time, I'll leave your head
in it.

EXT. UNION SQUARE - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

GODZILLA, King of the Monsters, stands in the middle of Union
Square, a crushed car in one claw, little Police Choppers with
SEARCHLIGHTS BUZZING around him. He swats at them.TANKS are set up at strategic locations around the square, and
FIRE at the monster THROUGHOUT:

(CONTINUED)

101.

EXT. POWELL STREET - NIGHT

Another TV CREW is joined by camera-wielding TOURISTS in moving closer to the monster for better shots. NATIONAL GUARDSMEN wave them back.

LOW ANGLE - GODZILLA

ROARS and HURLS the car in his hand AT CAMERA --

BACK TO SCENE

as the thrill-seekers SCATTER out of the way, and the crumpled car SMASHES DOWN in the street.

BACK TO GODZILLA - CLOSE

hesitating. He HEARS something, looks down.

GODZILLA - FULL SHOT

as the monster KNEELS to the street, examining the concrete. He raises powerful reptilian fists and BASHES a hole in the asphalt -- he LOOKS DOWN:

GODZILLA'S POV - THE HOLE IN THE STREET

WE SEE and HEAR the HUMMING, BUZZING cable car cables moving along under the street.

EXT. POWELL STREET - NIGHT

A long cable car, jammed with PEOPLE, CLICK-CLICKS up the hill while the frantic GRIPMAN SHOUTS at them not to crowd the thing.

BACK TO GODZILLA

as he quizzically reaches down, bunching the cables in one powerful claw, and begins PULLING on the cable.

EXT. POWELL STREET - BACK TO CABLE CAR - NIGHT

As the car JERKS backward, BEING PULLED by Godzilla. The people crowded aboard SCREAM with surprise and fear.

EXT. POWELL STREET - UNION SQUARE - GODZILLA

as he PULLS the cable car along toward him, PASSENGERS spilling out the sides, but it is still jammed by the time:

LOW ANGLE - UP AT GODZILLA

as he pulls the cable car into the air, staring at it and its occupants with a quizzical expression, hapless PEOPLE FALLING out the sides to the street below. Finally, GODZILLA DROPS IT --

EXT. THE STREET - HIGH ANGLE DOWN

AS THE CABLE CAR FALLS AWAY FROM CAMERA, SMASHING to the street!

EXT. HELIPAD - THE PRESIDIO - NIGHT

The SAGAR missiles JUT AT CAMERA, then swing back, being loaded INTO the Huey by Marines. A sleek-looking, hand-held rocket launch ENTERS FRAME, being carried by another MARINE.

It, too, is loaded aboard as Daxton, Balinger, et al, make final preparations. Lesley is here, too; an emotional wreck.

LESLEY

I can't lose you, too. I can't!
Please --

Balinger hesitantly intervenes.

BALINGER

Look, uh -- maybe I should go.
I mean, I know its physiognomy--

DAXTON

(tugging his cigarette
out, exploding at Lesley)
Okay, tell you what, Lesley-Anne --
Which of us would you like to go.
YOU make the decision!

LESLEY

(tears in her eyes)
I can't believe you said that!

A VOICE (O.S.)

GET AWAY!!

EVERYBODY TURNS toward the Huey. And there is KRUSCHKOV, holding his deadly wrist-blade to the temple of a pale, but very much alive, KEVIN.

LESLEY

KEVIN!?!

KRUSCHKOV

(warning everyone away,
speaking ENGLISH)
These missiles are the property of
the Soviet Union... If you please,
I will take them off your hands...

Daxton steps forward, feeling both the greatest relief and the greatest hatred he has ever felt in his life.

KRUSCHKOV

Who is the pilot?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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A young HUEY PILOT nervously steps forward.

KRUSCHKOV
Start the machine!

The petrified man complies, climbing into the Huey and commencing with pre-flight procedures.

KRUSCHKOV
(to Daxton)
A fine boy you have sired, Commander...
A fine boy...

He backs up to the helicopter, pulling the whimpering Kevin with him. The chopper blades are spinning at top speed now, chopping the air, ready to take off. As Kruschkov climbs into the chopper with Kevin:

DAXTON
You have the pilot, damn you! You
don't need TWO hostages!!

Kruschkov just grins, backing in to the chopper -- AND THAT'S WHEN KEVIN ELBOWS HIM RIGHT IN THE GROIN -- Kruschkov folds with pain, trying to hold Kevin and slash him with his wrist-blade -- he SLICES Kevin's ear just before Kevin wriggles away -- and RUNS into his mother's arms. She holds him tightly, then he pulls away and hugs his father, too tense even to cry over this reunion. Daxton grips his son as --

INT. THE HUEY - NIGHT

Kruschkov holds his blade to the sweating pilot's throat.

KRUSCHKOV
Make us fly.

EXT. HELIPAD - THE PRESIDIO - NIGHT

Daxton sees the blood all over Kevin's ear, touches it gingerly. He looks up toward the Huey, and the look of determined hatred in his face goes beyond human emotions. As the Huey begins to lift off, air WHOOSHING everywhere, Daxton takes a step toward it, then keeps going, running, sprinting, and as the chopper gets higher, DAXTON JUMPS --

--and he GRABS THE CHOPPER'S LANDING RUNNERS, so that as the helicopter lifts, DAXTON LIFTS WITH IT --

EXT. HELIPAD - THE PRESIDIO - NIGHT

EVERYONE'S eyes riveted upward. Balinger GRABS Lesley, who in turn, grabs Kevin.

BALINGER
COME ON!!

104,

INT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

Kruschkov looks out the window and all around, trying to account for the Huey's wobbly course. He doesn't know Daxton is down there.

EXT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

Both terrifying and breath-taking, Daxton hanging there like a puppet, buildings and lights and concrete way below him as the chopper CLIMBS, and Daxton attempts to pull himself up on the landing runner, up to the open side, until finally, HE SWINGS HIMSELF UP --

INT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

As Kruschkov feels the displaced weight, looks out one side, AS DAXTON RISES from the other, appearing behind Kruschkov, and Kruschkov TURNS ABRUPTLY, and there's Daxton, grinning, but not in a good way, and before Kruschkov can do anything --

DAXTON BELTS HIM IN THE FACE so hard that WE feel it. Kruschkov FLIES backward. The chopper TILTS.

EXT. MOVING WITH JEEP - NIGHT

Balinger driving like a maniac, Lesley and Kevin tense beside him, looking upward --

BACK TO:

THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

The pilot evens it out. Daxton holds the rocket launch from falling out, THEN: TURNS for another BLOW, but -- Kruschkov has recovered, GRINS, SWINGS the deadly blade.

Daxton DODGES, GRABS the blade arm -- KNEES Kruschkov in the chest. Kruschkov grunts, folds, GRABS Daxton's face, then -- SLAMS it against the cabin wall, AS --

Daxton SHOVES, and -- Kruschkov FALLS BACKWARD -- rolling to the very edge of the open cabin. WIND RUSHING all around, the city FAR BELOW, and --

Having the upper hand, Daxton POUNCES -- but Kruschkov ROLLS, SLICES UP with his wrist-blade -- and Daxton COMES DOWN hard, the CHOPPER WOBBLING -- And Daxton SEES the blood on his own wrist, TURNS AND --

KRUSCHKOV KICKS HIM OUT THE SIDE OF THE HELICOPTER --

EXT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

As Daxton FLIES out the side, he reaches out, GRABBING THE landing runner, hanging from it for dear life, the city RUSHING BY underneath him, legs swinging, AS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRUSCHKOV LEANS OUT, the BLADE OPEN, and the Russian SWINGS it at Daxton's face, toying with his enemy, making the moment last, until finally, he leans further -- holds the blade inches from Daxton's one good eye, and --

KRUSCHKOV
(the voice of a demon)
Now the other eye, eh, Comrade?

INT. THE HUEY - FLYING - LOOKING OUT FRONT - NIGHT

As the pilot GASPS, and THERE IS GODZILLA right in front of the chopper, his massive reptile-face in the windshield, and --

THE PILOT

frantically PULLS back on the joystick, and --

EXT. TRANSAMERICA PYRAMID - GODZILLA - NIGHT

The Huey banks sharply upward, climbing and veering off the monster's shoulder, AND --

EXT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

Daxton SEES Kruschkov GRAB the frame-bars to keep gravity from throwing him out, so Daxton GRABS THE MAN'S COAT, PULLS HARD, and Kruschkov FLIES OUT OF THE CHOPPER, FALLING, AND --

EXT. MONTGOMERY STREET - OVERHEAD SHOT - NIGHT

LOOKING DOWN AS Kruschkov, kicking and SCREAMING on the wind, FALLS AWAY FROM THE CAMERA to his doom below, when SUDDENLY --

THUD! He lands hard on a scaly green surface, looks up, and --

EXT. GODZILLA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Godzilla looks down, holds up his claw, and his eyes WIDEN at the little SCREAMING MAN in it. And we see recognition in the monster's expression. The great beast's massive chest abruptly expands, as if inhaling, and he pulls his head back --

INSERT - GODZILLA'S JAGGED SPINAL FINS

as they begin to GLOW with ATOMIC ENERGY, AS --

BACK TO SHOT

AND A GREAT FIERY BELCH-BLAST OF ATOMIC ENERGY SHOOTS from Godzilla's mouth and we HEAR Kruschkov's pathetic SCREAMS as he is incinerated to death. Godzilla pops the charred skeleton into his mouth as one would an "M & M."

EXT. THE STREET - NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, POLICE, ETC.

as they react to this demonstration of the monster's power.

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

Oh my God.

INT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

Daxton pulls himself back into the cabin.

HUEY PILOT

Are you okay, Commander?

DAXTON

That is the single stupidest question
I've ever heard in my life.

Daxton moves into the back, starts to load the nuclear missile

DAXTON

As soon as I'm loaded here, you
fly in as close as possible.

HUEY PILOT

(a beat)

You're kidding, right?

EXT. COLUMBUS STREET - NIGHT

A National Guard team has finished setting up a row of mortar
launchers. The FIRST SERGEANT runs up to the GROUP COMMANDER.

FIRST SERGEANT

Mortars ready, sir.

GROUP COMMANDER

Not a moment too soon -- what the
hell's that Huey doing?

FIRST SERGEANT

Dunno, sir. We woulda got a
cease-fire if it was important,
wouldn't we?

GROUP COMMANDER

You're right -- get ready to fire.

EXT. COLUMBUS STREET - NIGHT

The jeep with Balinger, Lesley and Kevin SHRIEKS to a stop,
the three of them looking up at the action overhead.

INT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

Daxton finishes loading the rocket launch, a device like a
bazooka with a mount. He flicks the latches in preparation fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

107,

HUEY PILOT

If we get in the path of that breath,
we can kiss it goodbye.

DAXTON

You're steering. Are you ready?

HUEY PILOT

Ready as I'll ever be.

EXT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

as it banks in the air and comes in for an attack pass.

EXT. ON THE STREET - THE MORTAR UNIT

FIRING at Godzilla on command --

EXT. GODZILLA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

as the chopper comes in toward the monster, little mortar
shells EXPLODING in the air around him.

INT. THE HUEY - FLYING - CLOSE ON DAXTON

HUEY PILOT

Shit, they're firing smart bombs!

DAXTON

(gritting his teeth)

McDermott --

(he AIMS)

GO FOR THE HEAD!!

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

A mortar shell is FIRED from a street launcher, AS --

DAXTON, eye glued to the sight, FIRES JUST AS --

THE SMART BOMB EXPLODES, AND --

THE HUEY, coming in right by Godzilla PITCHES as the explosion
makes Godzilla TURN and SWIPE at the chopper with his claw AS --

THE SAGAR MISSILE hits Godzilla in the throat, bouncing off and
plummeting to the street below --

INT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

The pilot struggles frantically to pull it out of a dive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

108.

EXT. MONTGOMERY STREET - NIGHT

FIRES and debris all over the street. The SAGAR missile falls from nowhere and HITS the street with a CLINK-CLINK SOUND, then cracks open, SPEWING STEAM.

EXT. OVER SAN FRANCISCO - THE HUEY - NIGHT

goes down into a crippled dive, CRASHING on a rooftop --

EXT. IN THE STREET - NIGHT

Kevin RUNS FORWARD --

KEVIN

DAD!!

EXT. COLUMBUS STREET - ELECTRICAL TOWER - NIGHT

GODZILLA steps into view and GRIPS the tower, pulling it loose from its rooftop foundations, the structure bending, wires pulling. It CREAKS and FALLS TOWARD CAMERA from above --

EXT. IN THE STREET - NIGHT

AS THE TOWER COMES DOWN WITH A JARRING CRASH!! and --

LESLEY AND BALINGER

as SHE SCREAMS and HE holds her back forcefully, and --

EXT. THE FALLEN TOWER - NIGHT

And there, pinned under a portion of the structure, is KEVIN. He looks stunned and bruised, but otherwise okay. EXCEPT: LIVE ELECTRICAL WIRES SNAP and HISS near him, AS --

CLOSE ON GODZILLA

as the great beast looks down, ignoring the artillery FIRE, looking down to SEE:

GODZILLA'S POV - LOOKING DOWN ON KEVIN

struggling to free himself, electrical SPARKS all around him.

EXT. COLUMBUS STREET - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

as the mighty behemoth appears to recognize Kevin. He reaches for the fallen tower, LIFTING IT UP and allowing Kevin the freedom to get away. Kevin runs out in the open, as Godzilla drops the tower.

(CONTINUED)

109.

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
GO AWAY, GET OUT OF HERE!! GO
HOME, THEY'RE TRYING TO HURT YOU!!

CLOSE ON GODZILLA

squinting at Kevin, as if trying to comprehend the words. And whether it's the words, or the sincerity of the sentiment, or who knows what -- something makes the monster turn and HEAD AWAY.

EXT. COLUMBUS STREET - THE NATIONAL GUARDSMEN - NIGHT

look at one another with astonishment, AS --

INT. DEFENSE HQ - NIGHT

A RADIO MAN swivels in his chair, turning to General Kirby.

RADIO MAN
46th Armor Division reports a Huey
down over Kearney.

Kirby grimaces at the news, while we PAN TO McDERMOTT, who is almost grinning at the news.

INT. BAR - CLOSE ON TV SET

as a shaky video image of Columbus Street is seen. Fire and debris.

NEWS ANNOUNCER
-- the pilots involved in the crash
remain unknown -- meanwhile --

ANGLE ON TONY - CAMERA SLOWLY CLOSES ON HIM

as he sits at the bar, stares uncertainly at the TV, looking at his drink, then back to the set...

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The Huey is now twisted, FLAMING wreckage. We can see the horribly-mutilated corpse of the PILOT, half-in, half-out of the cockpit, and we assume Daxton has met the same fate.

But no. Because now we SEE him, battered and bloody, pulling himself free from the crushed cabin, his jacket charred and shredded, his face bleeding.

He pulls the last remaining SAGAR missile from the crumpled Huey, and drags it limpingly away just before the chopper EXPLODES.

EXT. NEAR TELEGRAPH HILL - NIGHT

as GODZILLA APPEARS, BELCHING ATOMIC FIRE, demolishing everything in his path. He looks like he just wants out of here.

EXT. ON THE STREET - NIGHT

MILITARY and CIVILIANS run like hell past two enormous gas storage tanks --

BACK TO GODZILLA

as he unleashes another BLAST OF FIRE-BREATH, AND --

EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - THE GAS TANKS AND SURROUNDING

The tanks are IGNITED by the sheet-blast of atomic fire, and EXPLODE with great, mushrooming balls of FLAME. Hapless HUMANS are sent flying into the air, somersaulting TOWARD CAMERA and their deaths.

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

A lone PATROLMAN drives down rubble-strewn California Street. Ambulances SCREAM by at top speed.

POLICE RADIO

(STATIC)

--apprehending looters at Vaughn's,
Union Square --

(SQUAWK)

Uh -- some schizo National
Guardsmen shooting people at Market
and Third...

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET - NIGHT

Daxton limps up the street, dragging the SAGAR missile. He hears the police car, turns and extends a hitchhiking thumb. The black-and-white slows to a stop, and Daxton leans in to the passenger window.

DAXTON

Can you take me to the Presidio?

PATROLMAN

Hey, Buddy. This isn't a taxi
service.

DAXTON

Okay, it's an order.

PATROLMAN

Who are you? I don't take orders
from you.

(CONTINUED)

110a.

CONTINUED

Daxton raises his beretta into view, aims it at the cop, COCKS it.

DAXTON

Now you do. Or would you like a
nuclear missile up your butt?

EXT. MARITIME PARK - FOLLOWING GODZILLA

as the great beast lumbers toward the water, ROARING. He turns toward the city for a moment, then MOVES OUT into the water, his pre-historic form glistening wet in the soft moonlight.

EXT. LOMBARD STREET - NIGHT

Dana walks along unsteadily, shivering, bruised. A jeep pulls up and cruises beside her. She turns and looks. A weeping Lesley, a silent Kevin, and in the driver's seat: Balinger. He tries a smile. Doesn't do too well.

EXT. PRESIDIO GROUNDS - NIGHT

A GROUNDMAN with a flare WAVES IT AS WE HEAR the CHOPPING THUNDER of many helicopter blades, and --

EXT. PRESIDIO GATES - NIGHT

Balinger drives the jeep in just as MARINES shut the gates. Trucks, sandbags and tanks form a barricade at the Presidio wall. As the ARMY MEN work at erecting the barricade, they look up --

CLOSE ON BALINGER

looking up too, as the BLACKHAWK COBRAS LIFT OFF over his head.

INT. HQ CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bloody and battered, Daxton limps up the hallway, carrying the last SAGAR missile. The few PERSONNEL remaining in the building watch him go by, speechless, as though he were Christ carrying the cross.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. THE BAY - NIGHT

GODZILLA ROARS in the distance as the BLACKHAWK COBRAS FLY INTO FRAME, SPUTTERING OFF to do battle with the monster.

INT. DEFENSE HQ - NIGHT

Daxton APPEARS in the doorway, and limps across the floor.

ACKERMAN
(to McDermott)
The Blackhawks are up, sir.

McDERMOTT
Good. I hope you made s--

He notices Daxton hobbling toward him. The usual CHATTER of the defense personnel dies down, as all the assembled controllers, operators and officers turn to watch Daxton.

As he limps up to McDermott, you can hear a pin drop. Daxton looks at McDermott. McDermott looks back. Daxton then hands the SAGAR missile to a nearby RECRUIT--

DAXTON
Hold this.

--then SLUGS McDERMOTT IN THE MOUTH. Balinger, Lesley and Co. BURST IN the door just as Daxton COLLAPSES.

LESLEY
PETER!!

KEVIN
DAD!!

Lesley dashes to her fallen husband and cradles his head as the ASSEMBLED gather around. Daxton looks up at Balinger.

DAXTON
Your turn.

EXT. PRESIDIO GROUNDS - NIGHT - TRACKING BALINGER, KIRBY, ET AL

"Et al" includes Dana, the arms expert, and the obligatory MARINES who carry the remaining missile and a new launch unit.

BALINGER
It's our only chance, what do
you mean there aren't any pilots
on base?!

GENERAL KIRBY
McDermott sent them all up two
minutes before you got back. And
even if we DID have a pilot, the
only available machine--
(points ahead)
--is the S-9 Hornet--

(CONTINUED)

EXT. THEIR POV - THE S-9 HORNET - DRAMATIC ESTABLISHING

Sleek, aggressive-looking. Double-ended with steeply-angled, thickly-armored surfaces. Short winglets, no tail blades. Very 'sci-fi'.

GENERAL KIRBY

It's practically still in the prototype stage; a PRO would need special training!

ARMS EXPERT

We could adapt the SAGAR to the thirty millimeter cannon--

GENERAL KIRBY

We could-- IF we had someone to FLY the damn thing!--

CLOSE ON GROUND - McDERMOTT'S HAT

The one Daxton shot to shit earlier. A hand reaches into frame and picks up the hat. TILT UP TO TONY. He examines the hat as one would if they were shopping. His tone is very casual.

TONY

Looks awful light. Like less than a thousand...

The assembled look at him.

GENERAL KIRBY

It's... nine hundred.

TONY

Hm... How come I don't see no tail blades?

GENERAL KIRBY

Doesn't have any. It's not a conventional transmission by any m--

TONY

(interrupting)

What, air feed?

GENERAL KIRBY

That's right. The pump's mounted on the turbo.

TONY

Hm... Say I pull collective. What kind of torque reaction are we lookin' at?

GENERAL KIRBY

Uh, none. With this design, torque is eliminated almost completely.

(CONTINUED)

113,
TONY

Hm...

He thinks. Looks at Balinger. Looks at the hat. Looks at Dana. Looks at the hat. Then puts it on. Nobly. As though he is proud to wear it.

TONY

Okay, professor. Let's nuke that son-of-a-bitch.

EXT. OVER THE BAY - NIGHT

AS A BLACKHAWK COBRA FLIES DIRECTLY AT CAMERA--

INT. COBRA - LOOKING OUT - FLYING TOWARD GODZILLA

whose head juts up just out of the water, lit by moving search-beams. It is a very scary image.

INT. BLACKHAWK COBRA - FLYING - NIGHT

The COBRA PILOT SHOUTS to his GUNNER.

COBRA PILOT

Get ready to fire those missiles--
and-- FIRE!!

EXT. UNDER THE CHOPPER - NIGHT

a sparking BLAST FIRES from the missile chute, and--

EXT. THE BAY - GODZILLA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

as the towed missile WHISTLES toward GODZILLA, the other Cobras circling around him, the monster opens his mouth-- much in the manner of a hissing cat-- and as the water GLOWS around him, he UNLEASHES A BLAST OF ATOMIC BREATH AND-- THE CHOPPER EXPLODES!!

EXT. HELIPAD - AT THE S-9 HORNET - NIGHT

Final preparations. Virtually ALL our principals are here. The arms expert gives Balinger some last minute instructions on the dashboard triggering mechanism, while MARINES check the cannon chute to see that it's loaded properly.

Balinger nods, understanding the instructions, and a tearful Dana steps up. Balinger wipes a tear from her cheek.

BALINGER

I thought you spelled Kryer with
a 'K'?

DANA

Um, about before--

(CONTINUED)

BALINGER

Forget it. Do you know how many
co-eds have crushes on me?

(reflective pause)

Wish I knew, I'd do something
about it.

Dana laughs, cries, hugs him. She pulls away, then looks over at Tony prepping in the pilot's seat, wearing his silly hat. She goes to him as General Kirby steps up to wish Balinger luck. Kevin is at the General's side.

CLOSE ON DANA AND TONY - VERY CLOSE

DANA

Tony, you don't have to do this
so I'll take you seriously.

TONY

Hey. What else have I got to do?

She kisses him. That kind of kiss.

BACK TO SCENE - BALINGER AND KEVIN

KEVIN

Why? Why do we have to kill him?

BALINGER

You don't think I want to, do you?
Look at your dad, Kevin. He's a
great man. He even taught a college
professor a thing or two about what
it is to be selfish.

Daxton, a crutch on one side, Lesley on the other to keep him standing, watches from the edge of the helipad. Balinger connects loving glances with Lesley, then musses Kevin's hair.

BALINGER

Why don't you cook up some magic
diversion for me while I'm gone?

Kevin whispers an "okay" as Kirby gestures everybody away from the helicopter and Balinger climbs in. The blades begin turning, chopping the air, building speed.

EXT. HELIPAD - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

The ASSEMBLED all back off, the wind whipping their hair, as Tony gives them a 'thumbs-up' and the HORNET LIFTS unsteadily INTO THE AIR.

CLOSE ON DANA

clearly feeling more anxiety than any human needs. CAMERA MOVES TO KIRBY, his AID by his side. Kevin stands behind the

General, tugging on his uniform coat, SHOUTING over the NOISE.

KEVIN

General Kirby? I could help...
Godzilla's just scared... He's
lonely, I could-- He's scared,
that's all...

Kirby ignores him. Kevin looks around helplessly at first,
then shiftily... He RUNS AWAY AS--

GENERAL KIRBY

I can't shake this guilt, Martin...
All this started with that missile
accident in the South Pacific.

KIRBY'S AID

(watching the chopper)
You're wrong, sir. It started in
1945 when Truman said 'yes'.

EXT. OVER THE BAY - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

TWO BLACKHAWK'S SWOOP TOWARD CAMERA as a third is HIT by GOD-ZILLA'S FIRE-BREATH and EXPLODES!

EXT. ON THE WATER - NIGHT

The FLAMING WRECKAGE CRASHES into the bay, debris scattering across the water, AS--

INT. S-9 HORNET - FLYING - NIGHT

A RADIO TRANSMISSION ENDS with a loud SQUAWK--

BALINGER

What was that?

TONY

The Cobras are heading back in.
I guess your monster's giving
'em a hard time.

The chopper DIPS-- Tony holds the joy-stick tight.

BALINGER

Watch it, Popeye!

TONY

Gimme a break! Remember the first
time you drove power steering?
Besides-- I got "The Force".

EXT. OVER THE BAY - NEARING DAWN - HELICOPTER FLY-BY

as the Blackhawk Cobras, the three remaining, ZOOM PAST CAMERA, heading back into safety.

EXT. HQ BUILDING - PRESIDIO - NEARING DAWN

Daxton and Lesley stand on the front steps, he holding her, she shivering. He kisses her temple. Looks around curiously.

DAXTON

Where's Kevin?

WE HEAR the ROAR of an engine-- Daxton and Lesley turn to LOOK--

EXT. MOVING WITH JEEP - NEARING DAWN

And there is Kevin at the wheel, driving like a maniac, determination all over his face. PASSING CONFUSED PERSONNEL.

EXT. EDGE OF THE PRESIDIO - NEARING DAWN

And there is the battery of army tanks and trucks blocking the main gates. WE SEE a particular vehicle: a vehicle mover or trailer, with a tire ramp. The thing is empty, so it leads up toward the Presidio wall.

(CONTINUED)

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CLOSE ON KEVIN

as he spots what we've just seen. and he ACCELERATES, and we can't believe he is going to do what he is about to do, but--

POV FROM JEEP - DRIVING TOWARD RAMP AT TOP SPEED

--it looks like he IS, AS WE HIT THE RAMP, SHOOTING UP IT, AND--

EXT. PRESIDIO WALL - OUTSIDE GATES - NEARING DAWN

as Kevin's jeep JUMPS THE WALL, SAILING IN THE AIR STRAIGHT TOWARD CAMERA-- HITTING the street with a JOLT, DRIVING ON--

EXT. OVER THE BAY - AERIAL SHOT - FROM FRONT OF HORNET

AS IT FLIES TOWARD CAMERA, the Blackhawk Cobras FLYING PAST on both sides, and receding toward the sanctuary of the mainland.

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - ALMOST DAWN

GODZILLA climbs up out of the water and onto the island on all fours, like the first amphibian. He CRUSHES prison buildings with the weight of his giant claws, as he looks defiantly over his shoulder-- opens his jaws-- and releases another BLAST OF ATOMIC ENERGY.

EXT. COIT TOWER - ALMOST DAWN

The tower is BLASTED by the surge, and it buckles under the stress, almost melting, definitely smoking radioactive smoke.

BACK TO GODZILLA

as the prehistoric monster notices something approaching.

EXT. THE BAY - ANGLE FROM BEHIND GODZILLA

And there is the Hornet chopper on the horizon.

GODZILLA

watches it approach...

EXT. MARINA BLVD. - ALMOST DAWN

Littered with rubble and overturned cars. SURVIVORS watch AS Kevin's jeep SCREAMS AROUND A CORNER.

INT. S-9 HORNET - LOOKING OUT - APPROACHING ALCATRAZ - SAME

GODZILLA watches us approach, begins rising to his feet.

INT. S-9 HORNET - FLYING - ALMOST DAWN

Balinger readies the firing mechanism, while a terrified Tony looks ahead.

(CONTINUED)

TONY

He don't look too thrilled to see us again, professor. Let's get this right the first time, huh?

CLOSE ON BALINGER

WE SEE the pain in his face as he looks at Tony.

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - ALMOST DAWN

GODZILLA RISES to his full height, watching the approaching chopper with uncertainty. WITHOUT WARNING, HE FIRES A BLAST OF ATOMIC BREATH AT CAMERA--

INT. S-9 HORNET - FLYING - ALMOST DAWN

as Tony REACTS, JERKS BACK THE JOY-STICK, AND--

EXT. IN THE AIR - THE S-9 HORNET

CLIMBS ABRUPTLY STRAIGHT UP without either end dipping in any direction, BARELY AVOIDING the jet blast of energy:

EXT. MARINA - HOUSEFRONTS - ALMOST DAWN

A WALL OF ATOMIC FLAME BATTERS the housefronts, setting them aflame instantly. So much for Lesley's townhouse.

EXT. PRESIDIO GROUNDS - CLOSE ON GENERAL KIRBY

watching it all through a pair of field glasses.

GENERAL KIRBY

Let's pray they succeed before this whole city becomes radioactive.

EXT. MARINA BLVD. - ALMOST DAWN

Another jeep-- LESLEY AND DAXTON-- SCREAMS around a bend.

EXT. OVER THE BAY - THE S-9 HORNET

as it levels out.

INT. THE S-9 HORNET - FLYING - ALMOST DAWN

Balinger holds his stomach, wipes a bloody bruise on his forehead.

TONY

You okay?

BALINGER

Let's just do this.

He grips the firing mechanism.

(CONTINUED)

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - ALMOST DAWN

GODZILLA stands warily, all his attention focused on the little helicopter as it careens and yaws to come in again.

EXT. MARINA PIER - ALMOST DAWN

Kevin's jeep SCREECHES to a halt at the end of the pier-- Kevin jumps out and runs to the edge.

INT. S-9 HORNET - LOOKING OUT - FLYING TOWARD ALCATRAZ - SAME

The monster is clearly anticipating the Hornet's arrival.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - GODZILLA

as the chopper closes on the monster, he looks ready to strike, arms cocked, claws ready, prepared to take revenge for all his humiliations...

EXT. MARINA PIER - KEVIN

SUDDENLY YELLING to the behemoth.

KEVIN

THEY DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!!

CLOSE ON GODZILLA

having heard the tiny voice from shore. He LOOKS--

CLOSES ON KEVIN

Tears spurting from his eyes, SHOUTING between shuddering sobs, barely able to get the words out:

KEVIN

THEY'RE YOUR FRIENDS!!!

He breaks down crying, AS--

EXT. S-9 HORNET - FLYING - ALMOST DAWN

Banking and SWOOPING IN for another shot, AND--

CLOSE ON GODZILLA

The chopper approaching, Godzilla still looks off toward Kevin--

CLOSE ON TONY

TONY

He looks distracted-- DO IT!!

INT. S-9 HORNET - FLYING - ANGLE FROM BEHIND BALINGER

as they PASS CLOSE, the monster turns benignly, his face clear and open, mouth open laxly, and--

(CONTINUED)

CLOSE ON BALINGER

119.

Aiming the firing mechanism, tears in his eyes--

BALINGER

I'm sorry...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - THE LAUNCH TRIGGER

AS BALINGER'S FINGER SQUEEZES IT, AND--

EXT. THE S-9 - CANNON CHUTE

AS THE MISSILE FIRES AT CAMERA, AND--

EXT. ALCATRAZ - GODZILLA - VIRTUALLY DAWN

As the Hornet banks off to one side, and the massive beast's EYES WIDEN AS HE SWALLOWS, TAKEN ABACK, and HE FALLS BACKWARDS-- face filled with confusion, gripping his neck, AS--

EXT. MARINA PIER - CLOSE ON KEVIN

Eyes closed, whimpering, not wanting to look AS--

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - LONG SHOT - DAWN

Godzilla falls on his back, head lolling, eye-lids twitching. He claws at the air, then tries to pull himself up, turning over, collapsing, his mighty tail LASHING OUT AS HE lets out a gut-wrenching DEATH-SHRIEK and an incredible atomic BLAST OF ENERGY SHOOTS from his mouth into the air like an erupting volcano, then... it subsides, and the monster's head rolls to one side, and his tail ceases swinging, and he twitches spastically, and finally, pathetically, he dies.

EXT. MARINA PIER - DAWN

Kevin sits at the end of the pier a few feet from the parked jeep. The second jeep stops next to the first with a soft SQUEAK of brakes, and Lesley helps the limping Daxton out and to the end of the pier. They go to Kevin.

Lesley produces Kevin's little friend, Rover, and hands the reptile to Kevin, who takes his pet absently, strokes it, whispering softly to it as his parents look out on the bay. The dawn BREEZE dries the tears on Kevin's cheeks and ruffles his hair, as he, too, looks out at:

BACK TO SHOT - ALCATRAZ - DAWN

Godzilla, King of the Monsters, lies very still, very peaceful, very alone as, behind the island, the sun rises from the east...

FADE OUT

ROLL END CREDITS

THE END