

GODZILLA  
KING OF THE MONSTERS

screenplay  
by  
Fred Dekker

based on a story  
by  
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REVISED THIRD DRAFT

"Listening through mist--  
Distant glow of Dragon's cries  
A Warrior waits..."

Anonymous  
Japan, 18th Century

BLACK SCREEN

Silence... Then a lone RADIO CRACKLE--

CONTROL VOICE (OVER)  
Twenty-four, this is Tracking to all  
terminals... We have DEFSAT ONE on orbit  
approach... E.T.A. to control range is five  
seconds...

A beat. STATIC.

2ND CONTROL VOICE (OVER)  
Uh, roger, Tracking. We are waiting for  
A.O.S. confirmation. All stations stand by  
to lock on signal...

1 EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - HELICOPTER SHOT - DAWN

SOARING ACROSS THE WATER toward the rising sun. In the distance, a  
small atoll looms on a breathtaking purple-orange horizon...

As we CLOSE on it, we SEE a compound on top; not unlike San  
Francisco's Alcatraz, and AS THE ISLAND FILLS OUR FRAME--

2 INT. N.A.T.A.C. CONTROL - START CLOSE ON A CONSOLE

as it emits a sudden 'BLEEP', WE PULL BACK TO ESTABLISH a  
dim, High Tech control room with consoles lining both walls. A  
cross-section of military and civilian CONTROLLERS man them.

CONTROLLER  
A.O.S. is confirmed. All terminals, we have  
a sunrise at oh-six-hundred, plus two--

3 EXT. SPACE - OVER THE EARTH - SILENCE

The sun FLARES AT THE LENS from behind the earth's rim-- oceans,  
continents, swirls of weather far below. It is humbling. WE  
SLOWLY PAN UP to a distant satellite, revolving in the distance.

WE CLOSE ON IT... bulky, cylindrical, a large reception dish; it  
looks like your basic COM SAT. Tiny lights blink on its extremities.

4 INT. N.A.T.A.C. CONTROL - SAME - TRACKING CONSOLES

as the CONTROLLERS talk into headset-mics, punch buttons,  
watch read-cuts... their faces eerily-illuminated by the  
green glow of the data screens. All very smooth and efficient.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

SUPER: "N.A.T.A.C. (NORAD AUXILIARY TRACKING  
AND CONTROL) STATION #7 - NIIHAU, HAWAII  
6:02, a.m."

CONTROLLER #2  
Monitoring orbital guidance,  
auxiliary units one and two.

CONTROLLER #3  
Roger. Ballistics check.

CONTROLLER #4  
Inertial guidance systems  
nominal, APU is nominal.

CONTROLLER #5  
I show affirmative calibration  
on lateral gyro-stabilizers.

The CONTROL SUPERVISOR strolls the terminals marking a clipboard checklist. He stops behind the CHIEF CONTROLLER's console. They exchange glances. The super nods.

CHIEF CONTROLLER  
(into his headset mic)  
Initiate arming sequence.

5 INT. N.A.T.A.C. - VARIOUS SHOTS, VARIOUS AREAS

--CODE-PUNCHERS handcuffed to alcove panels-- An ARMED GUARD turns a key-- Panels SLIDE OPEN-- REVEALING CODE DISPLAY boards-- HANDS PUNCH IN code-number sequences-- LITTLE RED LIGHTS BLINK ON over key slots-- KEYS are inserted, TURNED--

AT HIS CONSOLE, the chief controller goes through an equally elaborate routine. Finally, the words 'ARMING CONTROL TRANSMISSION - AFFIRMATIVE CLEARANCE' appear on his screen.

CHIEF CONTROLLER  
Scrambler clearance... transmitting NOW...

6 EXT. SPACE - CLOSE ON SATELLITE

Beside a U.S. flag insignia there is a panel of control lights. WITHOUT WARNING, they begin BLINKING GREEN AS-- the satellite's side panels begin to LIFT OUTWARD, their undersides marked with the universal emblem for: "DANGER: RADIATION"...

WE PULL OUT FOR A FULL REVEAL, and AS WE SEE the six cruise missiles clustered in a revolver-chamber arrangement, WE REALIZE... this is a NUCLEAR MISSILE PLATFORM.

7 INT. N.A.T.A.C. CONTROL - AT THE CHIEF CONTROLLER'S CONSOLE

CHIEF CONTROLLER  
Arming is nominal.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

The super grins, marks his checklist, moves on. The chief controller watches him go, then leans to the controller beside him.

CHIEF CONTROLLER (Cont'd)

I don't know why we check the stupid system twice a day. It's not like there's ever a screw-up.

8 EXT. SPACE - SILENCE

A calm, endless STARFIELD...

An object appears in the distance, tumbling through space TOWARD CAMERA... Its speed seems to increase exponentially as it SPIRALS CLOSER-- and before we can duck, it FLIES RIGHT AT US! It is a meteorite.

9 EXT. SPACE - THE SATELLITE

A beat. Then THE METEORITE FLIES INTO FRAME and SLAMS INTO THE SATELLITE with a BLAST of sparks and flying debris--

10 EXT. CLOSE ON SATELLITE - MISSILE LAUNCH HOUSING

WE SEE a last BLINK of the green arming lights AS, amidst the destruction, ONE of the missiles LAUNCHES--

11 EXT. SPACE - REVERSE SHOT - FAVORING EARTH

AS the now-armed, derelict nuclear missile SHOOTS TOWARD the earth, glowing red as it breaks the stratosphere--

12 INT. N.A.T.A.C. - CLOSE ON RADAR SCREEN

AS a sine-wave blip FLASHES on the radar scope, the complex is filled with the WAIL of an urgent, ear-piercing ALERT SIREN!

13 INT. N.A.T.A.C. CONTROL - TRACKING TERMINALS

CHIEF CONTROLLER

Oh shit.

CONTROLLER #3

It's intact! Just broke the stratosphere!!

CONTROLLER #2

AFC is negative function!

CHIEF CONTROLLER

Oh shit.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

CONTROLLER #4  
Radical shift in angular  
gyration rate!

TRACKING CONTROLLER  
No response! Visual tracking  
is negative function!

CHIEF CONTROLLER  
Oh shit.

The control supervisor begins losing control.

CONTROL SUPERVISOR  
Initiate self-destruct! DETONATE IT!!

CHIEF CONTROLLER  
Don't you think I tried that?!... Sir?!

CAMERA MOVES TO the sweating RADAR MAN, hunched over his screen.

RADAR MAN  
Moving SOUTH-- apogee is at 22.35 degrees  
polar inclination-- It's over North  
America--

14 EXT. OVER NORTH AMERICA - DAY

From nowhere, the missile ROARS AT CAMERA--

15 INT. N.A.T.A.C. CONTROL - BACK TO SCENE - VERY TENSE

The control supervisor hangs up a red hotline phone, MOVES--

CHIEF CONTROLLER  
(on headset)  
Sir, every radar station in this  
hemisphere's gotta be picking it up--

CONTROL SUPERVISOR  
The President says wait it out. Nobody makes  
the first move-- Where is it now?

--TO the radar area where ALL the CONTROLLERS are gathered,  
helplessly watching the scope. A SECOND RADAR MAN plots the  
missile's course on a large plexiglass schematic.

Suddenly, you get the feeling the world may not survive the day.

RADAR MAN (Cont'd)  
Over the water, longitude 100 degrees west,  
120-- She's going down--

CONTROL SUPERVISOR  
(trying to be calm--)  
Where?--

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

SECOND RADAR MAN

Looks like a South Pacific Delta V-- 10  
degrees south by 130 de--

CONTROL SUPERVISOR

(--but failing)

--Just tell me if it's GOING TO HIT LAND.

The room is silent as the RADAR MAN squints at his screen, barely breathing... You can hear a pin drop.

RADAR MAN

Nearest land is... five hundred kilometers.

(pause, looks up)

We're clear...

There is relief, but no celebration. The control supervisor is drenched with sweat. Everybody stares at the radar screen.

CONTROL SUPERVISOR

Thank God...

16 EXT. THE SOUTH PACIFIC - ON THE WATER - DAY

Calm sea. Blue sky. Not a cloud in sight. A white trail arcs across the sky, streaking towards us. The CAMERA SINKS BENEATH THE WATER'S SURFACE. There is a moment of calm...

THEN AN INTENSE BLINDING FLASH-- The water GLOWS ORANGE, followed by an INCREDIBLE RUSH OF SOUND; a BOOM, a CRACK and a HURRICANE all rolled into one. It's just plain terrifying.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO DESCEND, mud and silt and dead marine life rushing all around from the blast, AS WE go deeper, the water darkening, a constant radioactive BUZZ rising AS WE REACH--

THE OCEAN FLOOR

Where 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 we notice a surge of bubbles and heat rising... And through the murk, WE SEE a fissure in the ocean floor-- and FROM the fissure--

--a GIANT REPTILIAN CLAW clutches at the molten rock, pulling itself free, then GRASPING AT CAMERA, AS WE--

SUPER MAIN TITLES: "GODZILLA, KING OF THE MONSTERS"

FADE TO:

17 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - HELICOPTER SHOT - DUSK - ESTABLISHING

the beautiful city by the Bay. The Golden Gate, Transamerica pyramid, etc. Warm setting sun, bustle, TRAFFIC and CITY SOUNDS.

18 EXT. CHRONICLE BUILDING - DAY - CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER

OPEN to a particular article: "Cargo Ship Mystery" by Dana Martin, Chronicle Intern". WIDEN TO REVEAL a Hispanic DOORMAN, EDDIE, reading the paper. He looks up AND--

EDDIE

Hey, Dana! Nice piece!

--WE FAVOR STREET, where DANA MARTIN-- 22, dressed-for-success, more attractive than she needs to be-- dodges traffic on her way to the curb. A cable car 'DINGS' up Grant Street behind her.

DANA

Thanks, Eddie. It's not exactly what I wrote, but...

He holds the glass doors open for her, leering lecherously.

EDDIE

I meant you, babe.

DANA

(a killer smile)

Well, if you meant my article, you'd have to know how to read...

19 INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

The expected bee-hive of activity. RINGING phones, REPORTERS at word processers, desks cluttered with pencils and coffee cups.

At her desk, JUDY CARLSEN-- mid-40's, not as attractive as she'd like to be-- plays darts as her neatly-bearded EDITOR paces nearby, eating a Baby Ruth.

EDITOR

Okay, some cargo trawler on its way here from Tokyo-- Disappears before it even gets to Hawaii. Vanished. Kaput. Bye-bye. Then we get a UPI release-- some goofballs in Guatemala spotted a "sea monster". Okay. I give 'em both to the kid to rewrite-- you know what she does? She combines them into ONE story. Forget there's 8000 miles difference. Now I wanna give her a break here, but what is this, The National Enquirer? RIPLEY wouldn't believe it!

(CONTINUED)



19 CONTINUED:

Judy FIRES at her dartboard. The dart HITS a window.

EDITOR (Cont'd)

Nice shot.

JUDY CARLSEN

(aiming another dart)

She's gonna be upset...

EDITOR

Hey, the kid's a trooper. I'll betcha.

He pulls out a five dollar bill; putting his money where his mouth is. He holds it up AS Judy's second dart HITS someone's wall calender-- barely missing DANA, as she appears.

DANA

Nice shot. Michael, I'm not upset, I just want to know why you cut my story to shreds...

Judy grins, plucks the fiver from the editor's hand as a COPY-BOY runs up with a page lay-out, shoves it at him. He scans it.

EDITOR

"Marine Survey Team Reveal Shift In Pacific Ocean Floor"-- that's not a slug, that's a page! Cut it, will ya!?

DANA

What about "Ocean Floor Shifts"? Catchy, yet not inaccurate or exploitative.

The editor makes a mimicking face at her... then sheepishly nods the copy-boy to go and follow her suggestion. He does.

EDITOR

Look. Sweetie.

DANA

Don't call me sweetie--

EDITOR

Look. Dana. This gets misconstrued as exploitation, we lose readers. It's editorial policy, nothing personal.

DANA

Editorial policy?! I spend a YEAR internship covering dog shows, mall openings, interviews with Miss San Rafael, and when I get a real story, YOU put it on page 27 under a Brooks Brothers ad??

(more)

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

DANA (Cont'd)

Read my lips, Michael: editorial policy,  
SCHMeditorial policy!

Judy FIRES her third dart and it lands in somebody's coffee cup.

JUDY

Nice shot.

EDITOR

Nice shot.

EDITOR

Okay. You want to be a real reporter? You want to do real stories? I'm not stopping you. I might even print 'em. But, Dana, sea monsters is not real stories. Real stories need real substantiation. Facts. Evidence. You've heard of evidence, haven't you? This is a newspaper, sweetie... not a comic book.

He smiles pleasantly, stuffs his Baby Ruth back in his mouth, walks away. Dana turns to Judy, trying not to emit actual steam.

DANA

Oh, that's very cute. Very funny... Judy, I don't know how to tell you this, but you are the WORST dart thrower in the history of life on earth.

She crosses to her own desk as a put-upon old MESSENGER appears.

MESSENGER

Who's Martin?

Judy points at Dana, who is plainly depressed. She looks up.

MESSENGER (Cont'd)

Got a call for you at the switchboard. Something about your "mysterious cargo ship which vanished without a trace"?

DANA

What about it?

MESSENGER

They're towing it in down at Pier #17.

20 EXT. PIER #17 - THE EMBARCADERO - NIGHT

Headlights split the fog as Dana's car SQUEALS to a halt, STEREO BLASTING. She turns it off, climbs out.

The pier area is quiet. Dana moves forward, attempting to peer through the thickening fog...

21 EXT. DANA'S POV - LOOKING THROUGH THE FOG - NIGHT

A pause... then the bow of a charred, burned cargo ship emerges. WE HEAR the bay lapping at it. This boat looks like it's been through hell. Literally. Japanese letters decorate one side.

BACK TO DANA

as she steps forward, curious... and THAT'S WHEN THE COAST GUARD RECRUIT STEPS OUT OF THE FOG in front of her, giving her-- and us-- a SCARE!

Despite this, if you had to pick a word to describe the guy, 'intimidating' would not be top of the list.

SEAMAN RECRUIT TONY MORSE

Nice speakers...

(pause)

Uh, your car... Install 'em yourself?

DANA

Actually, my BOYFRIEND did.

Bull's-eye. The recruit gets official extremely fast.

TONY

Well, I'm sorry, M'am, but this is a restricted area. No unauthorized--

Dana reaches in her purse, pulls out her wallet, briefly flashes her Sak's 5th Avenue credit card.

DANA

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm Dana Martin. Allied Insurance? I'm supposed to check for arson. You know, a company torches their own ship, tries to collect on the policy. Happens all the time, so, if I could just...

WE HEAR VOICES on the dock-- vaguely SEE OFFICIAL TYPES tying the boat up, etc. Dana strains to hear. The voices die down. Mysterious calm and quiet... SUDDENLY-- a distant SIREN BLARES!

DANA (Cont'd)

What the hell was that?!

TONY

Relax. Alcatraz. They test the P.A. speakers every once in a while. Beautiful master console out there, I saw it on tour once--

Dana steps forward; she's going to get her story.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

TONY (Cont'd)

Miss! Look, I'd like to help you, but I'm just a recruit. I'm not even E2 yet. If my C.O. found out I can't even stand guard--

DANA

Yeah, yeah, yeah, just obeying orders, I know. Thanks, anyway...

She turns, walks away. Tony anxiously watches her go.

22 EXT. PIER #17 - EDGE OF WAREHOUSE

Dana turns the corner, looks around cautiously.

23 EXT. PIER #17 DOCK - NIGHT

Tony stands guard, MUTTERING. SUDDENLY, there is the SOUND of an O.S. SCUFFLE-- Tony looks up-- and DANA runs out of the fog-- hair and make-up mussed, her blouse apparently torn open.

DANA

Please! I don't want to bother you again, but-- my purse! He ran that way!

She points. TONY RUNS in that direction. Dana watches him go...

DANA

(... then smiles)

Sucker...

She closes the flap of her blouse-front, fastens it with a hair pin. Quickly neatening herself, she checks to see the coast is clear, then heads up the unguarded gangplank of the cargo trawler.

24 EXT. CARGO TRAWLER - NIGHT

The distant VOICES of PERSONNEL as Dana steps on board. The deck is blackened, the paint eerily peeled. The fog thickens. Dana looks around with intrigue. A distant FOG HORN. Very creepy.

Dana approaches a darkened hold-- then-- notices something on the deck at her feet. It glistens in the darkness, covered in seaweed... Dana picks it up, looks at it with bewilderment.

It is a pre-historic TRILOBITE... As Dana examines it, a FIGURE emerges from the fog behind her.

TONY

Hey!

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

Dana JUMPS, but composes herself long enough to stuff the trilobite in her blouse. She turns to face the p.o.'d recruit. Her back is to the darkened hold.

She grins sheepishly, shrugs, acts adorable... AND THAT'S WHEN THE dying Japanese crewman LURCHES from the hold behind her. His face is a scarred, hideous nightmare of radiation boils. He staggers forward--

RADIATION MUTANT

Gojira... Gojira...

And COLLAPSES to the deck in a gnarled heap. Dana and Tony stare with horror and disbelief. A beat.

25 EXT. THE OCEAN - ON THE WATER - DAY

SUPER: "THE PACIFIC OCEAN, NORTH OF  
THE REVILLA GIGEDO ISLANDS"

TITLE FADES, leaving us with a clear horizon, and emerald waves gently lapping near the lens. Very tranquil... Nothing happens... Nothing continues to happen... The tension grows...

This is getting unbearable... AND THAT'S WHEN SOMETHING black and shiny and leathery finally BREAKS THE SURFACE, but before we have a chance to see what it is, WE ARE--

26 EXT. POV - LOOKING UP AT MEXICAN FISHING BOAT - DAY

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

27 EXT. MEXICAN FISHING BOAT - ON DECK - DAY

A transistor RADIO BLARES tinny MEXICAN MUSIC as the boat's ancient CAPTAIN, PACO, sits outside the wheelhouse, looping colored yarn between his fingers, while BEHIND HIM:

A young MEXICAN FISHERMAN looks up from his work. He SEES something to port, heads sternward for a better look. He passes Paco, who excitedly holds up his string creation.

MEXICAN FISHERMAN

(distracted)

Si, Paco, si. Muy bueno.

Our man joins a SECOND MEXICAN FISHERMAN, who is coiling rope. The first fisherman points out to sea.

28 EXT. THEIR POV - THE OCEAN - SALVAGE OPERATION

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

29 EXT. BACK TO SCENE - ON DECK - THE FISHERMEN

look across the water with curiosity. BEHIND THEM... a FROGMAN in a black wetsuit RISES from the side of the boat, a dagger clenched between his teeth...

Moving silently, he grips the dagger by the blade-- HURLS IT-- and a dull THUP is heard as one of the fishermen grimaces, grabs for the knife in his shoulder blade, crumbles to deck--

His co-worker WHIRLS TO SEE-- A SECOND FROGMAN wielding a metal net-pole, which he uses to BAT THE FISHERMAN IN THE CHIN, knocking him overboard.

30 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - THE RUSSIAN OPERATIVES

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

31 INT. WHEELHOUSE - MEXICAN FISHING BOAT - DAY

Captain Paco enters the cabin, BABBLING to himself. Carefree. Oblivious. He SINGS along 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, and another HAND clamps over his mouth, and-- a hulking figure steps directly in front of the WHIMPERING old man.

The figure raises one arm. From the sleeve, where his hand should be, juts a prosthetic metal housing, which is brought up inches from Paco's eye-- then-- with a vicious CLICK, a razor-sharp BLADE JUTS from the housing, AND--

KRUSCHKOV (o.s.)

(RUSSIAN accent)

Adios, Senor.

--the blade is JERKED FORWARD-- SQUITCH! A RUSSIAN AGENT steps into frame, raises a pair of binoculars to his eyes.

32 EXT. POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - SALVAGE OPERATION - TELEPHOTO

The Navy boats. A Navajo Class fleet tug, and a smaller, ASW frigate. NAVY PERSONNEL scurry about on both decks, and a gangplank connects the tug to a jerry-rigged diving platform.

BINOCULARS PAN TO-- a sleek cigarette boat as it cuts across the water, slowing to approach the diving platform--

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

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

WILKINS

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

A man rises from the boat. He is 40-ish, rugged-looking with short, dark hair, and a black eye patch over one eye. He wears a worn leather flight jacket over a blue wetsuit, and a cigarette hangs from his lips like he was born with it there. He steps out of the boat to shake hands with Wilkins. This is COLONEL PETER DAXTON. Our hero.

DAXTON

I have bad luck with helicopters. Who's  
in charge here?

The assembled look at him dumbly.

WILKINS

Uh, YOU are, sir...

34 INT. WHEELHOUSE - MEXICAN FISHING BOAT - DAY

BORIS KRUSCHKOV, the leader of the Russian spies, looks through the binoculars. Hands them to one of his henchmen. Grins...

KRUSCHKOV

Daxton...

His wrist-blade still open, Kruschkov CUTS FREE the bandana of the dead Paco, who is now slumped over the helm, then slowly, sensuously, he wipes the blood off the blade--

--then SNAPS it back into its housing... until the next time. He looks up. He isn't grinning anymore. A chill goes up your spine.

35 EXT. DIVING PLATFORM - SALVAGE OPERATION - DAY

Daxton comes down the gangplank in full wetsuit, flanked by Wilkins and a CREWMAN who is helping Daxton with his aqualung.

WILKINS

Couple of P-3's spotted it near the surface  
two days ago, so... it's big, all right--

On the platform, FIVE wetsuited DIVERS busily prep their gear. Each is issued a high-powered searchlight, AS--

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

DIVING FOREMAN

One minute, LET'S GO!

--an anxious SONAR MAN runs down the ramp from behind Daxton.

SONAR MAN

Colonel, sonar says it's moving. Slowly,  
but... definitely descending, sir.

A LOOK-OUT aboard the Navajo CALLS to an officer aboard the frigate. Daxton finishes pulling on his aqualung, looks up.

LOOK-OUT

Local fishing boat! We checked it out  
already!

36 EXT. ON THE WATER - THE MEXICAN FISHING BOAT - TELEPHOTO - DAY

Smoke billows from it as its engines REV and it chugs away.

37 EXT. DIVING PLATFORM - SALVAGE OPERATION - AS BEFORE

The divers ready. Wilkins has taken Daxton aside. He's nervous.

WILKINS

(sotto)

Colonel, um... That nuclear detonation near  
Tuamoto... I mean, not that the Big Brass  
are keeping anything from us, but, uh...

(Daxton looks at him  
gravely.)

Maybe we should wait, that's all... Take  
a bell down, or a DSRV. I mean, we aren't  
racing any clocks, are we?

DAXTON

I don't know. Are we?

38 EXT. UNDER WATER - MUFFLED SOUND

Shafts of sunlight from above. Suddenly, the DIVERS SPLASH INTO  
VIEW, one by one. They follow a buoy-line DOWNWARDS...

39 EXT. UNDER WATER - VARIOUS SHOTS - THE DIVERS DESCEND

The water grows darker with depth, and the divers switch ON  
their SEARCHLIGHTS to pierce it... The tension mounts...

(CONTINUED)



39 CONTINUED:

... 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...

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 REALIZE...

It is the hull of a NUCLEAR SUBMARINE...

40 EXT. UNDER WATER - THE AIRLOCK HATCH

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

41 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. The DIVER beside Daxton WHISPERS hoarsely:

NERVOUS DIVER

Sir, the airlock's leaking...

Daxton puts a new cigarette between his lips--

DAXTON

Pressure. We'll be out of here before it matters.

--and leads on. Two of the DIVERS exchange glances...

42 INT. SUB - SURVEILLANCE COMPARTMENT - DARKNESS

The hatch swings OPEN-- and the divers ENTER, their searchbeams raking a row of video monitors that jut from one wall.

SECOND DIVER

Video surveillance... Prob'ly infrared.

THIRD DIVER

I saw a bank of cameras outside.

DAXTON

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

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

NERVOUS DIVER

Yeah, like where the hell is everybody?!

43 INT. SUB - FORWARD BATTERY - PITCH BLACK

38

A beat. Then the hatch CLANGS OPEN, ECHOING dully as searchbeams FLARE at the LENS. One of them illuminates A CORPSE'S FACE, a DEAD RUSSIAN OFFICER staring hideously with open, dead eyes.

As the divers ENTER the new compartment, WE SEE, through the mist, the CORPSES OF THE SUBMARINE'S SOVIET CREW strewn about the floor... They look like they died trying to escape.

The divers begin COUGHING violently. As Daxton pushes his way into the lead, the THIRD DIVER CALLS to him from a hatch:

THIRD DIVER

(COUGHING)

Colonel!

44 INT. SUB TORPEDO ROOM - THICK MIST - VERY ATMOSPHERIC

Daxton re-fits his mouthpiece as he ENTERS past the incredulous diver who found this place. As they breathe through their aqualungs, the eerie SOUND ECHOES off the metallic walls...

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 eyes are open. So is his throat. Slashed.

45 INT. SUB - SURVEILLANCE COMPARTMENT

Daxton ENTERS, carrying one of the missiles. It's pretty cumbersome. The TWO DIVERS following carry the other. The OTHERS all COUGH uncontrollably. Daxton removes his mouthpiece.

DAXTON

(gasping)

Let's get out of here-- the gas is spreading--

They ALL EXIT past the second diver, who is fiddling with wires under the video console. The power flickers ON and OFF, then fully ON. The diver hits the 'PLAY' button. He is COUGHING.

SECOND DIVER

Sir? I've got it running...

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

The screens are filled with VIDEO SNOW. A fuzzy, black-and-white IMAGE APPEARS-- hazy and indistinct. WE HEAR STATIC and UNDERWATER SOUNDS, then the image GLITCHES, goes black...

Daxton stands in the hatchway, holding the missile. He and the second diver are the last ones left in the compartment.

DAXTON

Come on.

They LEAVE. On the monitors, WE SEE that the tape is still running. Black and grey blobs obscure the camera lens. A FLASH of white. Nothing definite... THEN a shape-- could be anything-- passes by the lens. DARKNESS again... STATIC... WE PUSH IN ON ONE OF THE SCREENS, and...

The shape returns. Still unclear. But for an instant, it looks like... a GIANT REPTILIAN HEAD-- but that's ridiculous, at least WE THINK it's ridiculous until the head-shape FACES CAMERA and for a split-second, WE SEE ITS EYES-- lizard eyes squinting and rolling hideously INTO THE LENS AS WE HEAR a blood-chilling SOUND-- the creature's murky, underwater SHRIEK...

As the tape breaks up into STATIC, the second diver RETURNS, pops the tape, grabs it, EXITS. The power flickers and DIES, leaving the compartment in darkness...

46 INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - DAY - START CLOSE ON BALINGER

Professor GERALD BALINGER, that is. Mid-30's, tweed jacket, shirt and tie (askew, naturally). As he finishes writing a word on the blackboard-- 'PALEOBIOLOGY'--

BALINGER

Now, I know what you're thinking...

--he TURNS to face a lecture hall filled with bored COLLEGE STUDENTS. He wields a long pointer as he paces the front row.

BALINGER (Cont'd)

You're thinking, "Sure. It's a nifty word. But hey! What the heck does it mean?"

He abruptly JUTS THE POINTER at a doodling FRAT BOY.

BALINGER (Cont'd)

Care to illuminate us, Mr. Wiley?

FRAT BOY

(looks around, shrugs)

I dunno. The, um... study of... the organic make-up of pre-historic life? I guess. I dunno.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

BALINGER

Very close. Gold star. What we're ACTUALLY talking about here is the study of the organic make-up of pre-historic life.

FRAT BOY

That's what I said.

BALINGER

Hey. Don't be a wise-ass.

(academic tone)

"Paleobiology", then, as essayed by Professor Gerald Balinger-- and I suggest you read his work, by the way. Brilliant!

STUDENTS REACT to the lecture. SOME listen raptly, MOST: Snooze-o-rama. The FRAT BOY flirts with a SORORITY GIRL.

BALINGER

See, what Dr. Balinger hypothesized was a form of life resembling the dinosaurs, but which actually pre-dated them by some hundred million years. Now, using the Big Bang as a reference point-- as I'm sure many of you do--

The class CHUCKLES at Balinger's joke AS HE notices something at the back of the room-- NAMELY:

DANA, our intrepid reporter, slipping through the door, trying to be innocuous, but failing, since her and Balinger's gazes lock instantly. She takes a seat.

BALINGER

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

PRETENTIOUS STUDENT

You mean post-Hiroshima?

BALINGER

Give that man a big, stuffed animal!

As he continues, Balinger sets down the pointer and goes to the blackboard to quickly sketch a dinosaur-like beast.

BALINGER (Cont'd)

--The incredibly clever Dr. Balinger envisioned an intermediary animal, probably of thecodont physiognomy-- say that three times fast-- probably amphibious, with a regenerative internal life/power system--

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

He draws a circle inside the monster's "stomach", and makes slash marks indicating great forces of power.

BALINGER (Cont'd)

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

DEBBIE wakes up, turns red.

BALINGER (Cont'd)

Thank you-- which made this pre-Triassic reptilian critter impervious to the kinds of dangers and ills which befall we wimpier cardiovascular-oriented life forms. There's a question.

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 snaps to attention to hear the answer. A beat.

47 EXT. UNIVERSITY QUAD - TRACKING BALINGER - DAY

And a beautiful one. Blue sky, green grass, regal buildings. Dana dodges the ubiquitous STUDENTS to catch up with Balinger:

DANA

Dr. Balinger?! Hey, great lecture!

BALINGER

Well, thanks, but I'm about to be late for an interview, so if you're trying to seduce me into changing your lab grade, don't bother, okay? Because frankly, you're very attractive, and, well, you might succeed, and-- I still won't change your grade, and, well, you'll feel really stupid...

DANA

Professor, my name's Dana Martin. I'm an intern with the Chronicle?

(a beat)

I'm the interview you're gonna be late for.

BALINGER

And speaking of feeling really stupid...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

A T.A. jogs by in tennis clothes, waving his racket at Balinger. He waves back as Dana fishes the TRILOBITE out of her purse.

DANA

I'll get to the point, um... Our science editor referred me to you.

(hands it to him)

She said you might be able to tell me what this is.

BALINGER

(examining it)

Where'd you get this?

Dana hands him a print-out of an article she's written.

DANA

This is an article I'm working on. It's all in there.

BALINGER

"...cargo ship, fire damage... sole survivor too hideously burned to tell the tale"... Sounds like my love life... You sure you don't write for comic books?

She glares at him. He returns to the trilobite.

BALINGER

Okay, off-hand, I'd have to say, this is the second best reproduction of a trilobite I've ever seen. First is in the Smithsonian, of course. I like the sea weed. Nice touch.

DANA

"Reproduction"? Why not a REAL trilobite?

BALINGER

Well, mostly because REAL trilobites have been EXTINCT for 360 million years. If you do find a real one, let me know, I could use a Nobel Prize...

OFFICIAL VOICE (o.s.)

Doctor Balinger?

Balinger and Dana LOOK UP. On the steps to the Biology Department are TWO sour-looking GOVERNMENT MEN in three piece suits.

BALINGER

Don't tell me. Glee Club, right? Be with you in a minute--

(sotto, to Dana)

Don't look now, the Government wants me.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

DANA

Well, listen, I really appreciate your time.

He hands her back the trilobite. They shake hands. Longer than usual. Don't look now, but there's an attraction here.

BALINGER

Hey, no problem. I'm sorry if I was a little obnoxious. It's one of those days, you know?

Dana smiles reassuringly, flicks a self-conscious glance at the dark-suited men. She smiles again, lamely, LEAVES. Balinger watches her go. He pockets her article, which she's forgotten.

BALINGER

Gentlemen. You better have a good reason for interrupting some pretty serious flirting.

A third GOVERNMENT MAN steps into view. He is young, Japanese, cooler than the other two, but no less official. He is:

CHARLIE HONDA

Dr. Balinger, we're with the Government...

48 EXT. TAHITIITIAN 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... WE HEAR the TRUDGING OF BOOTS...

The SOUND gets nearer, until... an American SPECIAL FORCES SQUAD marches into view, wearing berets and field fatigues, wielding M1 automatic weapons. One commando carries a bazooka.

SUPER: "OTO ISLAND - THE SOUTH PACIFIC"

The troop trudges through the water hole, the children watching them with wonder. WE BOOM UP TO REVEAL the mud pool is a MASSIVE REPTILIAN FOOTPRINT, filled with dirty rainwater...

The commandos march into the village. Thatched huts, ramshackle plywood shacks, corrugated tin roofs. Terrified NATIVES whimper and MOAN at roadside. They appear to be in shock.

A measly dog BARKS at the soldiers as they HALT, staring in disbelief AT-- a thatched hut that's been COMPLETELY FLATTENED.

ACROSS THE ROAD is another FLATTENED HUT, this one charred and smoldering. In the mud in front, a NATIVE MAN SOBS, clutching the blackened, burned remains of a human corpse...

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

SUDDENLY-- the ground shakes with a gigantic, shuddering THUD. Then another. And ANOTHER. Footfalls. SOUNDS of jungle trees being crushed. The natives SHRIEK and scatter in panic as the soldiers look around with confusion.

An ancient NATIVE WOMAN runs up to the troopers' C.O., gripping his uniform jacket and BABBLING Tahitian gibberish. She points to the sky, primal horror on her age-withered face.

EVERYONE looks up, REGISTERS SHOCK AS-- the commandos pull their guns, some of them backing off in terror AS the WOMAN SCREAMS, AND a familiar SHRIEKING ROAR splits the air, AND--

AN INTENSE FIRE-BLAST SHOOTS DOWN FROM THE SKY-- the village is engulfed by the sheet-blast-- the natives and soldiers SCREAM as they are fried in their tracks-- and AGAIN WE HEAR the nightmarish ROAR as it ECHOES OVER--

48A CITY SKYLINE

A SCREAM is HEARD as a GIANT LIZARD ENTERS THE FRAME, toppling one of the buildings with its reptile claw--

49 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - ESTABLISHING

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

BETH

IT'S RUINED! YOU'RE RUINING IT!

Beth is a) the creator of the little city and b) the 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?

BETH

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

The TEACHER, MISS CHIN, has arrived on the scene.

BETH

(Cont'd, whining)

Miss Chin, look what he did to my engineering project! GUY!

(CONTINUED)



49 CONTINUED:

MISS CHIN

That's enough, Beth. Everybody 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" Kevin is holding; "Eeeyoooh! GROSS!" Etc.

MISS CHIN

Kevin, I HAVE asked you before, haven't I? 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 stuff. He goes between the desks of two mean-looking BULLIES, SCOTT and TODD. They look at him with contempt.

TODD

Why don't you play with dolls, instead?

SCOTT

You fag...

Kevin ignores them as he stuffs his books in his backpack. ONE is his algebra text; the rest are "Magic Made Easy", "The Great Houdini", "Houdini's Secrets", "1001 Magic Tricks", etc.

On the way OUT, Kevin passes the desk of the grossed-out girl. He JUTS ROVER AT her, causing her to SQUEAL as if she's just stepped in vomit.

51 EXT. EL DIABLO JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

Kevin stands waiting, as the FINAL BELL RINGS, and STUDENTS bolt for freedom from the surrounding buildings. Kevin turns--

SCOTT

Well, if it isn't the great Houdini!

--to SEE SCOTT, TODD, OTHER BULLIES standing there with their backpacks. Kevin glares at them, turns, walks away across campus. The BULLIES FOLLOW, taunting, "Ooooh," "Queerbait," etc.

They pick up garbage left from lunch hour and throw it at Kevin's back.

SCOTT

Come on, Mister Magic. Do a trick for us! You want all the attention in class--

TODD

Yeah, Daxton! Do US a trick-- make your stupid lizard disappear!

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

Kevin continues to ignore them as they LAUGH obscenely.

THIRD BULLY

Hey, WE could make him disappear!

SCOTT

Yeah! Like, down the toilet!

The bullies converge, reaching for Rover. Kevin pulls away.

KEVIN

Get outa here--

Scott SHOVES Kevin hard, the OTHERS spurring him on.

SCOTT

You gonna make me? HUH?! Faggott!

Scott shoves again, HARDER, and Kevin takes a swipe at him. This pisses Scott off, who LURCHES for the kill-- AND THAT'S WHEN a tall, mysterious figure steps between the two--

ALL LOOK UP, AND there-- eye-patch and cigarette in place-- is Kevin's father: COLONEL PETER DAXTON...

52 INT. DAXTON'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Daxton seems distracted as he drives, on auto-pilot. His jacket collar is up. Kevin plays with Rover in the passenger seat.

KEVIN

Thanks A LOT, dad. I was about to kick some major league butt.

He reaches for the radio knob, turns up a BLARING ROCK SONG. Daxton glares at him. Kevin's "Sorry..." is almost inaudible.

KEVIN

... Man, where can I get a new life? I'm in a rut...

DAXTON

(SEEING something in his rearview mirror)

You're thirteen. It'll pass.

53 EXT./INT. DAXTON'S POV - THE REARVIEW MIRROR

IN IT, we can plainly SEE TWO matching, ominous-looking, nondescript CARS, trailing by a couple of car lengths.

KEVIN (o.s.)

Wanna bet? School bites the big green one...

54 INT. DAXTON'S CAR - DRIVING - SAME

Daxton keeps check on the mirror, distracted by the cars.

DAXTON  
How's school, anyway?

Kevin looks at his dad, sighs. He doesn't know about the cars, only that Dad isn't listening. Daxton signals for a turn.

KEVIN  
(almost to himself)  
There's these guys in P.E., right? They're always calling me a homo 'cause I like magic and stuff... what a bunch of dicks...

55 EXT. MARIN INTERSECTION - DAY

Daxton's black Porsche turns right past a "Sausalito-Marín City" sign. Sure enough, the two nondescript cars signal and turn right behind him. Needless to say, our man is being followed.

56 INT. DAXTON'S CAR - DRIVING - SAME

Daxton cruises, keeping tight check on his pursuers.

KEVIN (Cont'd)  
--Then they pull down my gym shorts! It's so bogus! And there isn't one of those guys I can't whip at Monster Target!...

57 EXT. KAPPAN MARINA - SAUSALITO - PARKING AREA - DAY

Daxton takes a turn into a houseboat parking lot (the nondescript cars are still following from a ways behind), then pulls into a spot marked 'RESIDENT'. Daxton and Kevin emerge from the car, and Daxton watches:

The ominous cars cruise IN TO THE LOT. Daxton flips his cigarette to the ground, takes Kevin by the shoulders, steers him toward the pier gantry. They start walking. Calmly.

58 EXT. KAPPAN MARINA - PARKING AREA - SERIES OF SHOTS

as the cars cruise to halts-- tires crunching gravel-- doors OPENING-- glimpses of dark suits and hard, shiny shoes--

59 EXT. HOUSEBOAT PIER - DAY

Daxton heads down the pier with Kevin; not a hint of concern, very cool. They approach a beautiful natural wood houseboat with octagonal windows. Daxton pulls out his keys.

60 EXT. PIER GANTRY - VARIOUS SHOTS - THE OPERATIVES

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

61 EXT. HOUSEBOAT FRONT DOOR - DAY

Daxton fumbles with the keys... DROPS THEM.

62 EXT. THE PIER - THE OPERATIVES' SHOES

getting CLOSER, AS--

63 EXT. HOUSEBOAT FRONT DOOR - BACK TO SHOT

AS Daxton recovers the right key, inserts it in the lock, OPENS the door, and firmly THRUSTS Kevin and himself inside, SLAMMING the door quickly behind them just before--

64 EXT. HOUSEBOAT - THE OPERATIVES

FAN OUT outside the houseboat, silently, stealthily, with a precision that comes from a lot of practice.

65 INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

Daxton opens his jacket and WE SEE the edge of a shoulder holster. Kevin rolls his eyes, moves o.s., as Daxton pulls out a beretta automatic, shoves the cartridge clip into place--

66 INT. CLOSE ON DOOR - DAY

as it slowly... OPENS...

67 INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

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

Daxton COCKS the beretta. A moment of taut SILENCE... THEN-- HE YANKS THE DOOR OPEN, JUST AS-- TWO of the AGENTS GRAB HIM from behind, one on each side-- knocking the gun from his hand--

--and turning him to face the leader, who steps into view, COCKS a long-barreled .44 Magnum, and AIMS IT AT DAXTON'S FACE.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

DAXTON

(a beat)

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

It is CHARLIE HONDA, the man we saw with Balinger. Kevin stands by the door, having let them all in.

CHARLIE HONDA

We're the government. What do you expect?

The agents let go, as Charlie takes a cablegram from his jacket-- then shakes hands firmly with Daxton. They grin.

68 EXT. PARKING AREA - ONE OF THE GOVERNMENT CARS - DAY

BALINGER waits impatiently in the back seat, a duffle bag beside him. He remembers Dana's article, pulls it out, reads.

69 INT. HOUSEBOAT - CLOSE ON CABLEGRAM

'INTELLIGENCE G2 DAXTON, PETER H. EYES ONLY: WAITING IN BAHIA ABREJOS - TOMORROW AT LATEST, PREFER YESTERDAY - PRIORITY #1, ABSOLUTELY CONFIDENTIAL - BRIG-GENERAL HELLER'

CHARLIE HONDA (o.s.)

Second classified mission since they made him Chief-of-Staff.

DAXTON (o.s.)

Yeah, he was a real go-getter in 'Nam, too. What about the missile situation?

70 INT. HOUSEBOAT - FULL SHOT - DAY

as Daxton finishes reading the cable, he absently IGNITES it with his cigarette. It POOFS into a FLASH of smokeless flame.

KEVIN

Hey, cool! Flash paper!

Kevin is practicing pulling colored silks through his fist, making them change color. Charlie Honda affectionately musses his hair.

CHARLIE HONDA

Priority #1, Peter. The missiles can wait.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

DAXTON

(this is tough)

Sport, listen, um... it looks like you're going to have to spend the weekend at Stuie's.

Kevin looks up, THROWS his magic silks to the floor.

KEVIN

Oh. Great. Really great. Where do you have to go NOW?

DAXTON

Mexico.

KEVIN

You were just there! Man, this sucks. When do I have any adventures? Huh? When?

CHARLIE HONDA

Adventures aren't all they're cracked up to be, Kev.

KEVIN

(looking at Daxton)

Yeah, well the least HE could do is let me find out for myself once!...

Tense pause. Kevin grabs his silks, and leaves, upset.

KEVIN (Cont'd)

...Mom would of let me go.

To Daxton, the words are like a punch in the gut, and everybody in the room knows it. Kevin storms out, while Charlie Honda watches Daxton sympathetically. Daxton looks TOWARD:

A framed photo on his desk-- a beautiful woman in her early-to-mid-30's. Her lovely smile belies a certain sadness. This is LESLEY ANNE DAXTON. Or was.

71 EXT. BAJA DESERT - DAY

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

SUPER: "BAJA"

Suddenly, WE HEAR an ENGINE REV. Little lizards skitter to safety AS-- from nowhere, an open ARMY JEEP JUMPS a sand dune NEAR CAMERA, all four wheels off the ground for an instant--

72 EXT. DESERT - MOVING WITH JEEP

as it lands HARD on the ground, shocks bouncing. A petrified BALINGER sits in the back.

DAXTON sits in front, next to the driver-- KEVIN, who is wearing an S.F Giants cap, HOWLING like a wolf, and having about as much fun as a kid can possibly have.

73 EXT. POV FROM JEEP - MOVING FAST ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE

--sand and rocks ZOOMING AT US, until finally, WE JUMP A FINAL GRADE, and the vast Pacific Ocean comes into view--

74 EXT. EDGE OF BEACH - BAJA - DAY

Kevin pulls the jeep to a halt beside other army vehicles. ARMY PERSONNEL scuttle all around, some of them giving Kevin strange looks as Daxton gives the old 'thumbs-up' to his grinning son.

A weasely officer, MAJOR ACKERMAN, steps up to the jeep to greet the passengers as they climb out. Balinger looks incredibly confused as Ackerman, OTHERS, lead them away.

ACKERMAN

Would you gentlemen follow me, please?

CAMERA TRACKS THE GROUP as they walk across the sand. A SECURITY officer with a pen and clipboard runs up alongside them.

BALINGER

(taking the clipboard)

What's this?

SECURITY MAN ON BEACH

Strictly routine, sir, you will not divulge to any unauthorized persons or parties, any information concerning what you will see today, in accordance with Army Code jurisdiction 2010-22-- in conjunction with staff regulations, form 7, stroke 9--

Balinger signs AS an officer steps into view-- not a crease-out-of-place: BRIGADIER-GENERAL HELLER. He salutes Daxton, then spots Kevin, standing in his shadow.

GENERAL HELLER

Does the boy have security clearance?

DAXTON

I'll take responsibility.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

ACKERMAN

General, this is Dr. Balinger, the...  
paleontologist from Berkeley.

BALINGER

(pleasantly)

Hi, how are you, this is fun, what the  
hell's going on around here?

75 EXT. BOTTOM OF BLUFF - BAJA - DAY

69

SEVERAL DOZEN MEXICAN LOCALS YELLING and arguing with a line  
of Mexican Officials. The uniformed FEDERALES are holding them  
back from seeing over a bluff which descends to the beach below.

FEDERALE

Dispersense de aqui!  
Vuelvan a sus casas!

FEDERALE

Vuelvan a sus casas! Esta  
es propiedad privada!

FEDERALE

(threatening)

Aqui no suceda nada! Dispersense!

ARMY PERSONNEL break a path through the locals, who BITCH and  
COMPLAIN loudly as Heller leads OUR GROUP up the bluff, and--

GENERAL HELLER

I suggest you prepare yourselves...

76 EXT. BLUFF OVERLOOKING BEACH - DAY

70

--up over the rise. CAMERA CLOSES, first ON Kevin, who actually  
blanches at what he sees, then ON BALINGER, who looks as if his  
whole life has led up to this one moment. They're in shock.

7 EXT. POV OF BEACH - MATTE SHOT - WIDE - DAY

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 GOVERNMENT SCIENTISTS and PERSONNEL  
pace its edges, marvelling and CALLING measurements to each  
other. 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.

There is something pathetic about the giant beast's mummy-like  
corpse, sea-weed 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...



78 INT. BAJA CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

PERSONNEL from the beach around a long table, under a single overhead. Daxton's cigarette smoke hangs in the air.

MAJOR ACKERMAN

On May the first, at 1500 hours, Pacific Time, the U.S. Naval Station at de Adentro confirmed the discovery by Colonel Daxton and his diving team of an incapacitated, Alpha-type nuclear submarine, belonging to the Soviet Union...

BUZZING and commotion from the group. Daxton rises--

DAXTON

The crew was dead.

(--and QUIET returns)

Phosgene. Toxic gas resulting from freon passing through the Co2 scrubber. Circulated through the ventilation system... killed everybody on board. Now we're assuming this was due to damage to the sub... and a... video surveillance tape indicates that... this creature we've found may have been responsible...

The commotion returns: "It ATTACKED the sub?!", etc.

OFFICIAL #1

Waaait a minute, hold on-- you're implying that thing was alive last week?!

BALINGER

I don't think he's implying, I think he's telling you that. This is a joke, right? I laugh now, right?

DAXTON

We also found all torpedoes had been fired. Including one of three 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--

OFFICIAL #1

Against the creature, you mean?

OFFICIAL #2

Where are these missiles now?

MAJOR ACKERMAN

The Presidio. They're being stored pending negotiations between the U.N. security council and the Soviet diplomats--

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

ARMY SCIENTIST

I fail to see what this has to do with that dinosaur out there--

BALINGER

(interrupting)

Uh, it's not a dinosaur.

ARMY SCIENTIST

It's not.

BALINGER

No. The term is 'protosaur'. You can look it up. Smithsonian Magazine, June '78, Dr. Gerald Balinger, UCLA.

ARMY SCIENTIST

Balinger. The guy that was thrown out of the ASP conference for being a fruitcake?

Balinger grins humbly, as though this was an honor for him.

ARMY SCIENTIST (Cont'd)

Well, of course! A protosaur. From the beginning of time, how stupid of us!

BALINGER

Where do you think it's from? Cleveland?

GENERAL COMMOTION, GENERAL HELLER rises. Order and QUIET returns. Daxton just sits and watches. Smoking.

GENERAL HELLER

Gentlemen... Let's be rational here... Now, the U.S.S. Fitzimmons has been radioed, and we hope to have the specimen towed to San Francisco by tomorrow night. You can conduct all the tests you want then, but we've already had certain... security breaches--

A glance to Daxton. The longer Heller is on screen, the less we like the guy.

BALINGER

Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a minute, it sounds like you want to sweep this under the rug.

GENERAL HELLER

Well, until we have some more concrete information--

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

BALINGER

Concrete?! You've got a dead reptile the size of Macy's out there, what the hell do you want?!

Daxton motions for Balinger to cool it.

ARMY SCIENTIST

This guy knows his technical jargon.

BALINGER

All right, PAL, you're such an expert? I'm the dope? Let's hear YOUR theory!

ARMY SCIENTIST

My real opinion?

BALINGER

No, lie! Have fun! Make something up!

ARMY SCIENTIST

All right. Judging from the epithelial resiliance, the relative lack of deterioration in the eyes, I think we can agree it died only recently... I don't think we should discount the possibility... that this creature is a life form from another planet...

BALINGER

From space. It's from space.

(points and grins)

Who is this guy? Are you guys living in the '50's? Am I missing something here?

GENERAL HELLER

That's enough, Professor. I appreciate your enthusiasm, in fact, I was hoping you'd head the research lab up north, but you can very easily be replaced. Now if you want to stay on this project, I suggest you be a little more co-operative...

This is Balinger's equivalent of the Kevin/Bullies scene. He is humiliated, and alone... He turns to Daxton. Winks.

BALINGER

Thanks for the support.

79 EXT. BLUFF OVERLOOKING BEACH - CLOSE ON KEVIN - NIGHT

The BREEZE ruffling his hair, Kevin looks down dreamily AT:

80 EXT. OVERLOOKING THE BEACH - NIGHT

The giant monster corpse on the beach below, covered in sheets of tarpaulin. Arc lights on stands encircle it, while tiny PERSONNEL go about busily engineering a towing platform. The U.S.S. FITZIMMONS can be seen just off the coast.

BACK TO KEVIN - VERY CLOSE

...as a hand reaches out from the darkness behind him-- and he TURNS, startled!-- It is BALINGER...

BALINGER

Sorry...

(he looks depressed)

You look depressed, can I join you?

He sits down beside Kevin, who recovers from the scare. Balinger takes out a flask, drinks.

BALINGER (Cont'd)

You know, MY dad was a Colonel... Used to live in Japan... He told me about a legend once, old Japanese legend. See... the fishermen 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

(takes a swig, wistful)

Not any more, he can't...

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

The tarpaulin that covers the pre-historic carcass flaps audibly in the BREEZE. Distant army voices. Everything is awash in the pale blue of moonlight. Very calm and peaceful...

DISSOLVE:

82 EXT. OIL DERRICK - THE PACIFIC - NIGHT

An awkward metal structure, the kind shaped like a dinosaur-- surrounded by miles of ocean and darkness. The fog rolls in, as the derrick CHUG-CHUGS up and down, up and down.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

SUPER: "POINT SUR, CALIFORNIA"

83 INT. NIGHTWATCHMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Musty walls. Shadows. A yellowed Penthouse calender and a single bare light bulb over the desk-- where a YOUNG DERRICK GUARD listens to scratchy '50's R & B on a ghetto blaster.

He beats rhythm with his palms. 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--

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

OLD DERRICK GUARD  
(nostalgically)  
"Spitfire" was the best, punk... Why, we delivered that bomb a day ahead o' schedule-- but ol' Dan? Wouldn't let 'em touch it til the hour before the bomber was gonna prep...

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD  
(his feet on the desk)  
You know, this story gets better and better. 'Specially after the thousandth time.

OLD DERRICK GUARD  
(raising his fist)  
You little--

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD  
Oh, my heart. I'm so scared...

The old guard SLAMS his coffee down, GRABS the ghetto blaster--

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

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD  
No, man-- COME ON-- BE COOL!

84 EXT. DERRICK PLATFORM - NIGHT

The older guard comes out of the office, carrying the cassette machine. He goes to the guard rail, the younger guard following.

OLD DERRICK GUARD

No respect for your goddamn elders--

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

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD

Don't, man-- That's a hundred dollar machine  
!!--

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

OLD DERRICK GUARD

How do you think we WON the war, anyways?  
Listenin' to NEGRO MUSIC?!

As he bubbles with crazed satisfaction, a GIGANTIC MONSTER HEAD RISES from the sea in the fog behind him, eyes gleaming in the night, hundreds of razor-sharp teeth lining its mouth.

It is 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-- THIS THING IS HUGE-- AS--

The younger guard blanches, craning his neck upward with the rising O.S. beast. He looks up with dumbfounded terror, AS--

OLD DERRICK GUARD

(oblivious to Godzilla)

Now you wanna talk real music, let's talk  
Benny Goodman! Let's talk the goddamn  
Dorsey Brothers!

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

OLD DERRICK GUARD (CONT'D)

Holy Mary, Mother of Jesus Christ Our Lord  
And Savior, Son Of God--

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

85 INT. NIGHTWATCHMAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

--INTO the office, where he fumblingly GRABS A REVOLVER from a hanging holster. He bolts--

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

BACK OUTSIDE

The terrified older guard is staring straight up, AS the younger guard emerges, AIMS, FIRES round after round. We HEAR deep, resonant "GGRRRR's" from above.

Realizing the futility of his gunfire, the young guard SHOVES the too-petrified-to-move older man into action.

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD  
The pressure gauge! SHUT HER DOWN!!

86 EXT. DERRICK CONTROL PLATFORM - NIGHT

As a mountainous, scaly form passes the derrick-- great, jagged spinal plates discernible in the fog-- the young watchman dashes to a control panel in the f.g., frantically flicking switches--

87 EXT. OIL DERRICK - NIGHT

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

88 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.

89 EXT. THE DERRICK HEAD

SLOWS, but continues to pump up and down.

90 EXT. DERRICK PLATFORM - MAIN PIPES

The young guard dashes up to the pipes-- loud, uncertain GROWLING SOUNDS from above him. He looks up frantically, begins fumblingly to re-load the gun--

91 EXT. SECOND CONTROL PLATFORM - THE TERRIFIED OLDER GUARD

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

92 EXT. THE DERRICK HEAD - BACK TO SHOT

AS A HUGE REPTILIAN CLAW emerges from the fog, hesitantly touching the moving pump... as if petting it...

93 EXT. MAIN PIPES - BACK TO SHOT

as the younger guard finishes re-loading, then aims point-blank at the pipes, FIRES AND-- KAPSSHHH!-- the pipe EXPLODES and a jet of hot oil SHOOTs OUT, AND--

94 EXT. SECOND CONTROL PLATFORM

The old guard starts to WAIL pathetically. He's panicking.

95 EXT. THE DERRICK HEAD

STOPPED NOW, as GODZILLA'S CLAW forms a FIST and SMASHES IT--

96 EXT. MAIN PIPES - THE YOUNG DERRICK GUARD

pulling off his jacket, soaking it in the spraying oil. He fiddles with a lighter, flicks it-- LIGHTS the jacket, throws it into the oil-jet so that a JET OF FLAME SHOOTs OUT--

97 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, and--

98 EXT. SECOND CONTROL PLATFORM - CLOSE ON OLD DERRICK GUARD

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

99 EXT. SECOND CONTROL PLATFORM - LOW ANGLE

AS GODZILLA'S FIST CRASHES DOWN, SMASHING THE PLATFORM TO BITS-- DEBRIS FLIES, and the old derrick guard's SCREAMS are abruptly snuffed, along with the old derrick guard.

101 EXT. OIL DERRICK - MAIN PIPES - NIGHT

The younger guard, covered in oil, desperately tries to rig the jacket trick again, but the stupid lighter won't light, only measly sparks--

YOUNG DERRICK GUARD

--summer job, I said, no way, half an hour to get out here, lousy working hours--  
(crying now)

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



102 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 misshapen spinal plates start to GLOW AS--

103 EXT. OIL DERRICK - MAIN PIPES - NIGHT

The young guard frantically flicks the faulty lighter-- AND IT LIGHTS. Which burns his oil-slicked hand. Which makes him drop the lighter. Which IGNITES THE ENTIRE DECK. WHICH CAUSES A RUSH OF FLAME TO ENGULF THE GUARD AND THE MAIN PIPES, AND--

104 EXT. THE PACIFIC - LONG SHOT ON DERRICK - NIGHT

In the distance, a great lick of flame erupts from the structure, and towering over it, 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 dapples of orange on the dark water...

FADE OUT.

105 INT. NEWSROOM - CLOSE ON TELETYPE

as a COMPUTER PRINT-OUT CLICKS OUT. A Coast Guard report on the discovery of the oil derrick disaster: "Rescue crews attempting to cap oil spill. Cause of damage and fate of vanished watchmen: UNKNOWN" (etc.)...

106 INT. NEWSROOM - DUSK

DANA pulls the copy from the teletype, and reads. Her brow furrows with concern AS WE... PUSH IN ON HER, and... a FIGURE steps up behind her-- she WHIRLS--

JUDY

Hey, hey! No scary monsters, just me.  
(Dana recovers)  
That was a joke, by the way. Lighten up.

DANA

Judy... Something very weird is going on off the coast...

JUDY

Off the coast? When was the last time you went to North Beach?  
(more)

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

JUDY (Cont'd)  
(Dana is deep in  
thought)

That was another joke, by the way.

Dana makes a decision, grabs her purse from her desk, and bolts away quickly. Judy watches her go.

JUDY (Cont'd)  
I've got to work on my material.

106A INT. BALINGER'S APARTMENT - DUSK

START CLOSE ON AN OPEN ATLAS. The Pacific Ocean. Areas have been circled in pen, little notes scribbled on the sides. Dates.

One circle south-west; where the Baby Godzilla was killed; another east of Hawaii where the Japanese trawler was destroyed.

WE WIDEN TO REVEAL Balinger, leaning over his coffee table, obviously concerned by the 7000 mile discrepancy. He is nursing a bottle of 'Wild Turkey'. Low JAZZ plays.

The apartment's a mess. Books open on tables. Dishes piled high. Japanese art. Fossils and dinosaur models. We sense there's a nice place under the debris of research and bachelorhood.

Balinger reaches for a piece of research-- Dana's article. He looks at it... then reaches under the debris for his phone. He punches out a number.

BALINGER  
Editorial, please?... Yeah, I'm looking for  
Dana Martin.

Behind him, there is a KNOCK on the door--

BALINGER  
(without looking)  
It's open!

--and DANA sheepishly enters.

BALINGER  
(into the phone)  
Well, where the hell is she!?

He turns-- and SEES where she is-- She waves and grins. Balinger hangs up, rises urgently, waving her article.

BALINGER (Cont'd)  
This survivor of yours-- Where is he? When  
do they expect him to recover?

(CONTINUED)

L06A CONTINUED:

DANA

I'm fine, thank you. How are you? Nice place. You're looking well.

BALINGER

I look shitty. Now will you answer my question? I need to talk with this guy.

DANA

Well, I don't think he'll be very talkative. He kind of died.

She moves to the couch, sits. Balinger follows.

BALINGER

You're kidding me. How?

DANA

Well... I'm not sure I know the difference between radiation burns and burn-burns, but he didn't look too hot. I take that back, He DID look too hot. Where have you been, anyway? I've been calling the University. They said something about Mexico?...

Balinger rises again, pale. He swigs from his bottle.

BALINGER

Radiation burns... Jesus Christ...

DANA

If you're so interested, that's not all. This just came in on the wire-- Must have happened last night...

She produces the oil derrick teletype, hands it to him. He reads it with the requisite amount of stupification.

DANA (Cont'd)

Listen, you think that trilo, trillo--

BALINGER

Trilobite.

DANA

You think that thing's the genuine article, don't you?

Balinger paces, his mind whirring as it processes data.

BALINGER

I'd like to examine it. I'd also like to examine your radioactive pal. Where'd they take the body--?

(CONTINUED)

106A CONTINUED: (2)

DANA

Listen, the quote 'authorities' strongly implied it was none of my business. I was lucky to hide that tribo, trilly--

BALINGER

Trilobite.

DANA

I was lucky to hide that thing before anyone noticed! And one more thing... the Kentucky Fried Sailor did say something before he kicked off... sounded like... "Godjira"...

Balinger drops his bottle.

DANA (Cont'd)

You dropped your bottle.

Balinger, dazed, moves toward the door, grabs his coat. Dana rises and follows him.

DANA (Cont'd)

Hey, buddy. I'm not stupid. Something's going on here, isn't there?

(she gets closer to him)

...It's big, isn't it?

BALINGER

What gives you that idea?

DANA

(and closer)

Why do you think I'm here? I felt it all along...

Their faces are precariously close together. They look at one another for a moment. That kind of moment...

Then Balinger turns and BOLTS away. Dana looks after him, bewildered.

SLAM CUT TO:

106B INT. SLEEK CORRIDOR - FACING DOUBLE DOORS

as they BLAST OPEN and a group of ENLISTED MEN led by ARMED ARMY GUARDS roll the sub missiles on a gurney-like roller.

WE TRACK THEM TO a thick door, which one of the guards opens with his keys. A gum-chewing arms expert in a bulky military jacket-- CORP. "DIGGER" O'ROARKE-- exchanges glances with someone o.s.--

(CONTINUED)

L06B CONTINUED:

--then nods the others to roll the missiles through. They do, then pull the door SLAMMED SHUT. It is marked: 'ORDNANCE STORAGE ABSOLUTELY NO UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY'. WE MOVE TO--

--the o.s. figure. It is DAXTON, smoking his ubiquitous cigarette. He is deep in thought, hands in his jacket pockets.

L06C EXT. PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO - POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - DUSK

A nondescript building. The group we just saw emerges. We can see the glow of Daxton's cigarette.

L06D EXT. PRESIDIO HILLSIDE - CLOSE ON FIELD GLASSES

as they are lowered with one hand. WE HEAR VOICES IN RUSSIAN.

KRUSCHKOV'S HENCHMAN (o.s.)

(SUPERED TRANSLATION)

It is futile! How can we retrieve our missiles with that kind of security!

We SEE the owner's other hand. Of course, it isn't a hand at all... but a metal prothsesis. WE PAN UP TO:

KRUSCHKOV

You are making an assumption, Comrade. You are assuming I do not have a plan...

.06E EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

A Wexel Oil Supertanker treads a calm sea. The moon is full.

SUPER: "WEST OF PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA"

.06F INT. RADIO ROOM, SUPERTANKER - NIGHT

A RADIO OPERATOR at his console.

RADIO OPERATOR

Wexel #7 to Northpoint on channel 13. Come in please...

INTERCUT:

.06G INT. SHIPPING AGENT - RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

A SHIPPING CLERK sips coffee as he answers.

(CONTINUED)

106G CONTINUED:

SHIPPING CLERK

Gotcha, Wexel. Where are you guys? You were supposed to check in at the breakwall two hours ago.

RADIO OPERATOR

We're behind schedule.

SHIPPING CLERK

No shit. Well, you went into overtime.

Several DECK HANDS run by the radio room door.

SHIPPING CLERK

I hope you have the guys, 'cause the dock siphoning crew hit the bars already.

The radio operator rises with curiosity, and goes OUT.

106H EXT. SUPERTANKER - OUTSIDE RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

The radio man joins DECKHANDS and FISHERMEN as they look over the side of the ship.

RADIO OPERATOR

What the fu--

106I EXT. THEIR POV - NIGHT - THE WATER BELOW

lapping at the hull. The water is GLOWING... SUDDENLY--

106J EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

The ocean surrounding the huge ship LIGHTS UP as if by an underwater CRACK of lightning--

It is accompanied by a deafening HISSING CRACKLE as the men SCREAM and the SCREEN GOES WHITE, AND--

106K INT. SHIPPING AGENT - RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

SHIPPING CLERK

Hello? Come in, Wexel... Hello?

Nothing. Just STATIC...

113 CLOSE ON VIDEO GAME SCREEN

As an atomic BLAST FIRES! It is a game called 'MONSTER TARGET'. P.O.V flying over a Godzilla-like monster, as we FIRE nuclear SMART BOMBS at him to rack up points.

113A INT. MALL ICE CREAM PARLOR - ROCK MUSIC PLAYING

Kevin stands at the 'Monster Target' game, playing for all he's worth. He seems dazed, obsessed. It takes about a second to realize: he's pretty good.

BETH (o.s.)  
You're pretty good.

Kevin turns. It is BETH, his fellow math student/nemesis. She licks an ice cream cone unselfconsciously.

BETH (Cont'd)  
I'm a spaz at those things. You weren't in Intro yesterday. Did you ditch?

Kevin shrugs. This is not comfortable for him.

BETH (Cont'd)  
Look, I sort of wanted to... you know, apologize about having a cow and everything.

KEVIN  
Naw, that's okay, I guess it was my fault, I mean-- you must have worked real hard on that thing.

BETH  
Actually, my brother did most of it.  
(a pause)  
Actually, my brother did ALL of it. I guess I'm pretty spastic at extra credit, too.

They LAUGH. The wall's been broken down. Kevin finishes his game and the high scores appear on the screen.

KEVIN  
Hey, what's your initials?

BETH  
(confused)  
Um... E. A. B.?

Kevin enters her initials in the high score line-up. All but one of the high scores are Kevin's initials. Beth smiles. She licks her ice cream.

But the moment dies AS WE HEAR the boisterous SOUND of teen rough-necks entering the ice cream parlor. Kevin looks up, SEES:

SCOTT, the bully from class, along with an entourage of HARD GUYS. He CALLS an order to one of them-- then SPOTS KEVIN--

SCOTT  
Well, if it isn't Mister Magic! Hey, guy!...

(CONTINUED)

113A CONTINUED:

Kevin is humiliated already. Beth watches cautiously.

KEVIN

Get out of here, Scott...

SCOTT

No, hey, here's your chance to impress your "date". I got a challenge for ya...

He reaches into his back pocket-- pulls out a shiny pair of regulation police handcuffs.

SCOTT

Let's see you get out of these, Mr. Escape Artist. My dad loaned 'em to me, They're regulation. My dad happens to be a cop.

KEVIN

Come on, lay off...

SCOTT

S'matter, Houdini? Don't think you can do it?

KEVIN

Maybe I don't want to.

SCOTT

Maybe you're chickenshit.

SILENCE. The battle lines have been drawn. Kevin meets Scott's gaze. A beat. He hands his ice cream cone back to Beth.

KEVIN

Hold this.

SCOTT

Awright! That's my man!

Scott takes Kevin's wrists behind his back and cuffs him securely to one of the parlor bench posts. By now, EVERYONE in the place, even SODA JERKS, are watching this confrontation.

SCOTT

Okay, secure?--

He holds up the cuffs' keys just as his friend returns with a massive banana split; it looks like an opponent for Godzilla.

SCOTT (Cont'd)

Here's the keys... Now I'm gonna go chow down, and when you're ready to give up, you just scream... Oh, yeah... One more thing...

(CONTINUED)



113A CONTINUED: (2)

He takes Kevin's ice cream cone from Beth, holds it for a sadistic beat, then SMOOSHES IT IN KEVIN'S FACE.

SCOTT (Cont'd)

Fag.

Cuffed and defenseless, Kevin just stands there with ice cream dripping down his face. Scott and the hard guys LAUGH cruelly, then Scott takes his Super-Split and turns to go eat it.

KEVIN (o.s.)

Hey, Scott.

Scott turns, still grinning with triumph. And that's when Kevin-- completely free of the handcuffs-- steps forward, takes the huge banana split, opens the top of Scott's football jersey, and calmly SHOVES the banana split DOWN SCOTT'S SHIRT.

The place goes BERSERK. But Kevin doesn't revel. He grabs his backpack, LEAVES. Beth looks after him... suppressing a smile.

114 EXT. EMBARCADERO - NIGHT - DANA'S CAR

pulls into frame, and Dana sinks into her seat, SPYING ON:

115 EXT. WAREHOUSE - THE EMBARCADERO - DANA'S POV - NIGHT

A huge pier warehouse flanking the dock area, the biggest on the row. WE SEE BALINGER approach a huge, black, armed SECURITY GUARD standing by the door. He looks like he eats children.

Balinger pulls out an I.D. card, which he shows to the man. The security guard nods, indicates the door. Balinger goes IN.

116 INT. DANA'S CAR - BACK TO DANA

watching this transaction with curiosity.

117 INT. WAREHOUSE LAB - OUTER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dim and musty. Balinger approaches another door, with a slit beside it. He inserts his I.D. card, and the door SLIDES OPEN.

118 INT. RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

White and sterile. SEVERAL ARMY SCIENTISTS in white coats. An ANXIOUS LAB TECHNICIAN runs up, leads Balinger TO--

LAB TECHNICAN

Thank God you're here--

## 118A INT. OBSERVATION/AIRLOCK

Looking through a large viewing window, WE SEE a vacuum-sealed white arena the size of a basketball court. The BABY GODZILLA lies there, surrounded by scaffolding and research equipment.

Just outside the airlock hatch, a LAB DOCTOR is treating TWO LAB ASSISTANTS who are suffering from fatigue, or God knows what.

BALINGER

(concerned)

You sure it wasn't just the stench in there?

DOCTOR AT WAREHOUSE LAB

Their masks were on. Breathing's shallow...

(goes for his bag)

I'm going to check their blood.

Horrified, Balinger puts two and two together--

BALINGER

Is there a Geiger counter in the building?

LAB TECHNICIAN

We could get one.

BALINGER

Get one! NOW!

## 123 INT. DANA'S CAR - NIGHT

Dana watches the warehouse door with intrigue. She takes the trilobite and the oil derrick release from her purse, hides the purse under her seat, starts to get out of the car.

## 121 INT. LAB CORRIDOR - DAY - MOVING WITH GEIGER COUNTER

as the LAB TECHNICIAN carries it along, AND INTO:

## 122 INT. OBSERVATION/ AIRLOCK - SAME AS BEFORE

Balinger has on white, lead-lined radiation suit. He pulls on a pair of gloves, velcro-fastens them to the tunic sleeves.

The FIRST LAB TECHNICIAN presents a gas-mask, which Balinger pulls on. He tightens the fasteners. The technician holds up a hood with a thick plastic visor. Balinger pulls on the hood.

122A EXT. WAREHOUSE DOOR - NIGHT

The guard standing watch. SUDDENLY-- Dana runs up, terrified, hair and make-up disheveled, her blouse torn open.

DANA

Please! I don't want to bother you, but-- my purse! He ran that way!

The guard BOLTS UP to pursue the non-existent hooligan. Dana grins, heads IN to the warehouse lab--

DANA (Cont'd)

Sucker...

124 INT. OBSERVATION/AIRLOCK - BACK TO SCENE

as the TECHNICIAN with the Geiger counter gives it to Balinger, who grips it firmly, nods to one of the OTHERS, who then moves to the outer airlock door, opens it. Balinger steps inside...

125 INT. INNER AIRLOCK - VERY LITTLE SOUND

except for Balinger's steady BREATHING. The outer door closes behind him. He reaches for the inner door hatch. Turns to look at the watching TECHNICIANS. Then turns the hatch.

He opens the inner door. He steps forward into the arena. The massive Baby Godzilla corpse lies before him. He adjusts his visor to see. He looks at the Geiger counter. He reaches for the 'ON' switch. He turns it--

--and the BELCHING, CLICKING PERCOLATOR-SOUND KICKS IN IMMEDIATELY AND URGENTLY AND DEAFENINGLY LOUD-- AND--

126 INT. WAREHOUSE LAB - OUTER DOOR - NIGHT

Dana is about to slide her Sak's charge card into the door slot, when the huge black security guard APPEARS behind her, looking not too pleased. Dana inserts the card--

--and the DOOR SLIDES OPEN-- Dana is face-to-face with the lab technicians. But she's more concerned with staring in disbelief at the Baby Godzilla carcass inside--

BALINGER

YOU! Brenda Starr! Do you have the trilobite?!?

Dazed by the sight of the creature, she absently pulls the trilobite from her blouse like a zombie.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

BALINGER (Cont'd)  
No, no, DROP IT-- GET AWAY!!

And she DOES-- and EVERYBODY backs off as Balinger, still in his radiation suit, approaches the trilobite, points the sensor at it and the Geiger counter begins to emit a lesser, but unmistakable CLICKING, AND WE--

SLAM CUT TO:

128 INT. OUTER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A bristling Balinger STORMS the oak doors, Dana's clippings in one fist. Dana follows. A frantic RECEPTIONIST RISES--

RECEPTIONIST  
You can't go in there!

BALINGER  
Watch me!

129 INT. EMBASSY CONFERENCE ROOM - AS BEFORE

A SOVIET AMBASSADOR BABBLES in RUSSIAN as an INTERPRETER does his job. The atmosphere is tense. DAXTON is here.

The chief U.S. DIPLOMAT is holding a phone receiver. He looks up, along with EVERYONE else, as Balinger STORMS IN--

U.S. DIPLOMAT  
What's the meaning of this?! I have the Secretary of State on the line!

BALINGER  
Good, he should hear this! Why didn't anybody tell me that was a nuclear missile that killed that thing?!

Chaos erupts. The SOVIETS, in particular. The RECEPTIONIST ENTERS, with TWO ARMED GUARDS. Daxton waves them to retreat.

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

BALINGER  
When my people are fainting from exposure to radiation, you better believe they're my concern!

DAXTON  
What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

BALINGER

It has been brought to my attention that a prehistoric trilobite was found INTACT, on a cargo ship that was fried out of the ocean on its way from Japan. The only survivor didn't survive long, and he probably died of radiation exposure.

DAXTON

What are you saying? That creature's dead.

BALINGER

A creature is dead. From a nuclear missile fired ALMOST A WEEK AGO off Mexico.

DAXTON

What's your point?

BALINGER

My POINT is that if it was killed last week off Mexico, how could it attack a boat 7000 miles away, AT THE SAME TIME? That doesn't make much sense, does it? In addition to which, I find out some oil derrick--

(he waves the clippings)

--off Monterey, MONTEREY for God's sake, was barbecued last night and the Coast Guard doesn't have a clue!

Balinger lets this sink in.

BALINGER (Cont'd)

Now. The corpse in that lab is radioactive, and it's falling apart. These aren't good signs. Either their missile--

(indicating Soviets)

--blasted it apart from the inside, or it's naturally radioactive, or both! My money's on both!

GENERAL HELLER

I think we've heard enough--

BALINGER

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

Daxton cuts in, not without great gobs of sarcasm.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (2)

DAXTON

All right, wait a minute, let me see if I'm following you. You're telling us that you think there's another one?... That an atomic-powered monster from the beginning of time, this one probably, oh, 400 feet tall, is alive, and moving up the coast of California toward this city?

BALINGER

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

That's exactly what I'm telling you.

131 EXT. THE PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Dapples of moonlight between gently rolling swells. Very calm. Suddenly, a sleek 27 footer glides into view, sails full.

132 EXT. ABOARD SAILBOAT - SAILING - NIGHT

TWO WINDJAMMERS-- 20-ish-- kick back in their sneakers and life jackets, guzzling beers, LAUGHING loud, enjoying the Bay.

FIRST WINDJAMMER

No way! She blew you off for an ROTC?!

SECOND WINDJAMMER

Hey, dude. The ugly facts speak for themselves.

FIRST WINDJAMMER

Wow, bogus. This definitely requires more intensive brewskie-activities.

He goes for another beer, while the second throws his last can overboard. He rises unsteadily, gripping the edge for support.

SECOND WINDJAMMER

Whoa, I am incredibly wasted. I think it's time for a pee tribute--

The first sailor is in hysterics as the second attempts to unzip his Op's and urinate over the side. As he is about to do this--

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

The boat is JARRED unnaturally-- a loud SCRAPE underneath-- and the second windjammer is THROWN OVERBOARD. This amuses the first windjammer even more. He is helpless with laughter.

SECOND WINDJAMMER (Cont'd)

Hey, very hilarious! Throw me a line, asshole!

The second windjammer paddles helplessly in the waves as the first HOWLS. He bunches some cord, looks up:

INTERCUT:

133 EXT. IN THE WATER - THE SECOND WINDJAMMER

splashing valiently, as BEHIND HIM--

SECOND WINDJAMMER (Cont'd)

Will you hurry up!? My butt's freezing!!

--a large PLATE-LIKE RIDGE cuts through the water directly toward the windjammer in the water. The first youth SEES THIS--

FIRST WINDJAMMER

(sobering up fast)

Jesus-- CHRIS, IT'S A SHARK!!

--he clumsily hurls the cord at his now panicking friend, AS--

SECOND WINDJAMMER

WHAT?!?

--the PLATE RISES from the waves. Then ANOTHER, and ANOTHER, and we REALIZE-- these craggy, misshapen elements are not separate, but part of ONE INCREDIBLY BIG SPINAL PLATE-- ...And when an actual second plate does emerge... it is BIGGER--

134 EXT. ON THE WATER - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

AS a huge black-green mass RISES like an island coming to life from the water-- its coarse wet surface glistens in the moonlight-- the puny sailboat's keel is SNAPPED, and-- the first WINDJAMMER DIVES into the water-- followed by the boat, which looks like a little toy as it falls bow-first into the water, and--

Think of the biggest living thing you can possibly imagine.

Godzilla's bigger.

135 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - NIGHT - FROM BEHIND GODZILLA'S HEAD

AS HE SINKS BACK into the water... until only his spinal plates cut the waves. Then they, too, sink from sight, just a gentle wake moving toward the distant Golden Gate...

136 EXT. IN THE WATER - THE TWO WINDJAMMERS

treading water, breathing hard, exchanging wide-eyed glances.

137 INT. DAXTON'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Daxton chain-smokes, leafing through a book on dinosaurs. He glances up at the picture of the mysterious Mrs. Daxton.

We HEAR the front door opening. Daxton turns. Kevin ENTERS.

DAXTON

Where have you been?

KEVIN

I had some thinking to do.

He heads up to his room. Daxton watches him.

138 INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shelves bursting with magic apparatus and books. Posters line the walls. 'Mad' magazines on the floor. Your basic kid's room.

Kevin enters, and turns on a small TV set. He picks up Rover from his terrarium-home, and lies down on his bed. We SEE 'RODAN' destroying Tokyo on the TV.

Kevin picks up a school notebook, open to a drawing he has been working on. A crude, yet kind of lovely rendering of the dead Baby Godzilla on the beach at Baja.

DAXTON (o.s.)

Is that an excuse?

Daxton stands in the doorway. Kevin hides the drawing.

KEVIN

No. Just a reason.

DAXTON

What were you thinking about?

KEVIN

Stuff.

(CONTINUED)



133 CONTINUED:

DAXTON

You're late because you were thinking about stuff?

KEVIN

So? What's the biggie?

DAXTON

The biggie is you're two hours late.

KEVIN

(almost from nowhere)

Why are you always treating me like a kid?

DAXTON

You are a kid.

KEVIN

I'm thirteen. You treat me like I'm...  
irreliable or helpless or something. Like  
I can't do anything by myself...

(he turns away,  
mumbling)

Man, if Mom were here...

As before, Kevin's going for the heart, and hitting target.

DAXTON

You know, Kevin, you're like that guy,  
Balinger-- sometimes you talk too much.

Kevin whirls, unintimidated, matching Daxton's bitterness.

KEVIN

Talk like a tough guy, why don't you!  
Did'ja ever think maybe I wouldn't mind a  
plain old dad instead of a tough guy all  
the time? Why don't you leave me alone?...

PAUSE. The tension in the air is so thick you couldn't even cut  
it with a knife. You'd need a samarai sword.

DAXTON

You listen to me-- you didn't know your  
mother... You don't have any right to make  
up this fantasy image of who she was, how  
she'd treat you. If she was here, she'd  
do exactly what I do! She'd care--

KEVIN

Oh, make me laugh! All you think about is  
your stupid job!

(a beat; Daxton turns)

Where're you goin'?

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (2)

DAXTON

I've got some thinking to do.

He EXITS. Kevin is near tears. RODAN SHRIEKS from the TV.

139 EXT. DAXTON'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

Daxton comes out to the pier's edge, lights a cigarette. He tosses the match, then tugs his jacket collar up and heads up the gantry, disappearing into the fog. HOLD on shot... Soon, WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS... New ones.

140 INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

Kevin picks Rover up from the bed, and stands with his back to the balcony view window, which looks out on the bay. WE SEE moonlight on the water. It is calm out there.

KEVIN

(to Rover)

Are you as depressed as me?

He HEARS the FOOTSTEPS, looks up.

141 EXT. PIER GANTRY - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

The familiar hard, dark SHOES SCUFFLING through the night.

142 INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

Kevin puts Rover in his jacket pocket.

KEVIN

Boy, for the Secret Service, those guys are about as secret as an A bomb...

But the FOOTSTEPS have died. Kevin stands absolutely still... AND THAT'S WHEN A hand with a CHLOROFORMED RAG COMES FROM BEHIND HIM-- over his face, and he SCREAMS, AND--

143 EXT. PIER GANTRY - KRUSCHKOV - NIGHT

as WE HEAR KEVIN'S SQUEALS quickly muffled-- the RUSSIAN OPERATIVES efficiently doing their job-- the CAMERA CLOSES ON KRUSCHKOV, the fog obscuring his unperturbed expression...

DISSOLVE:

144 EXT. DAXTON'S HOUSEBOAT - LATER

Calm. Then a single pair of FOOTSTEPS. Daxton returns out of the fog, goes to his front door-- it's ajar. He pulls out his beretta... slowly pushes the door open-- ENTERS, cautiously...

145 INT. DAXTON'S HOUSEBOAT - NIGHT

All the lights out... As Daxton steps into the darkness--

DAXTON

Kevin?

--WE discern several human figures in the shadows. Daxton WHIRLS, GUN UP-- AND THAT'S WHEN someone turns the LIGHTS ON--

CHARLIE HONDA

Sorry. Couldn't find the light switch.

The phone RINGS, suddenly and LOUDLY-- Daxton goes to it, plucks up the receiver, as the GOVERNMENT AGENTS watch. Daxton pales.

INTERCUT:

146 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - NEAR GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

KRUSCHKOV

Five years since Berlin, yes, Colonel? ...  
The eye-patch suits you, I think. Oh, your son sends his regards...

Daxton looks around frantically. Charlie shakes his head.

DAXTON

(back into the phone)

You son of a bitch.

KRUSCHKOV

Our warheads, Colonel. That's all. The terms could not be more simple...

DAXTON

Where and when?

KRUSCHKOV

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

From Kruschkov's end, a BUOY CLANGS-- then a CLICK and DIAL-TONE. Daxton hangs up like a zombie. His mind is racing.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

DAXTON

... I know that bell, I've heard it a million times... Shit! The harbor entrance! They're under the bridge!

He bolts OUT, leaving the bewildered AGENTS to follow.

CHARLIE HONDA

Hello, what?

148 INT. DANA'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Dana drives. Balinger swigs from his flask, depressed.

DANA

Hey, I believe you.

BALINGER

Terrific. Nobody believes you.

DANA

(sarcastic)

Well, I have an idea. Why don't you just sit there and feel sorry for yourself!

BALINGER

(feeling sorry for himself)

Good idea.

DANA

I have a better one. We get proof your monster was alive, before it's too late!

BALINGER

(pause)

You're right. That is a better idea.

DANA

Except, what if it's too late already?

149 EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Light traffic, the BLEAT of a tug. A distant FOG HORN.

152 EXT. ON THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

A BRIDGE SERGEANT steps into view, surveying the scene. Very routine. He looks out to sea, squints curiously:

151 EXT. POV FROM BRIDGE - NIGHT

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

152 EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT - LOOKING UP

The tiny figure of the sergeant can be seen at the railing AS CAMERA PANS DOWN-- TO the bridge's south-west bank...

...WHERE WE REST on an aging yellow sign embedded in concrete, weeds growing out of it. It is the same radiation symbol we saw on the satellite at the beginning of the movie... a bomb shelter.

153 INT. UNDERGROUND BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT

SCUFFLING and dull ECHOING VOICES AS the RUSSIAN SPIES emerge from the darkness, manhandling Kevin.

154 INT. STORAGE CHAMBER - BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT

Concrete walls, shelves of dusty supplies. The door BLASTS OPEN and the Russians ENTER, shoving Kevin into a chair. Taking a length of rope, they begin tying him up AS:

KRUSCHKOV

Well, well... the little Daxton. What do they say in America? "Chip off the old block?"

KEVIN

(rebellious)

Actually, we like to say, "Eat shit and die."

He SPITS a "luger" at the Russian, BUT IN AN INSTANT, the agents hold him down roughly. Amused, Kruschkov leans down toward him, raising his prosthesis perilously close to Kevin's face.

KRUSCHKOV

Do you see this, little man? Your father did this to me with the blade of a helicopter. The second time we met, I arranged for him to have difficulty flying helicopters... You are bait, little man... Do not presume that you will live one second longer than it takes to catch my prey...

He CLICKS his blade open for punctuation, then rises and goes out the door as the others continue tying Kevin to the chair. The knotting is strong and intricate, impossible to escape from.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

The spies finish, SNICKER over their handiwork, and CAMERA PANS THEM TO the door... They LEAVE, firmly SLAMMING it behind them--

CAMERA PANS BACK to Kevin, who is, of course, completely free of the ropes. This will get a laugh, or applause, or both. Kevin rises from the chair, goes to the door, listens through it--

--then turns and sinks to the floor, sitting with his back to the wall. He sighs. Rover appears from his jacket pocket.

155 INT. PRESIDIO BUILDING - FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT

A huge ARMED GUARD stands with his back to us, as Dana staggers into frame. She stumbles up to him, terrified, hair and make-up mussed, her blouse torn open. She points.

DANA

Please! I don't want to bother you, but--  
my purse! He ran that way!

The guard turns. It is the huge, black SECURITY GUARD from the warehouse lab. He recognizes her immediately, grins wide.

SECURITY GUARD

What d'you think I am, some kind of sucker?

He looks down to his gun belt-- his gun is GONE! He HEARS it COCK, turns-- SEES Balinger awkwardly holding it to his head.

BALINGER

No comment.

156 INT. BASE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The guard leads Dana and Balinger down the corridor, Balinger holding the gun to his back. He stops at a door, nods to it. It is marked: 'G2 - INTELLIGENCE STORAGE'

BALINGER

All right, open it up.

SECURITY GUARD

I ain't got the keys. I swear.

Dana takes the gun from Balinger--

DANA

Never mind, let me--

--aims and FIRES, blowing the lock away.

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

DANA (Cont'd)

--I've ALWAYS wanted to do that.

But Balinger is frantically looking around to see who might have heard the shot. He waves them all in with the gun.

BALINGER

Yeah, swell.

157 INT. G2 INTELLIGENCE

A GEEKY GUARD sits at a desk amidst rows of cages full of files, etc. He looks up from his "ROCKETEER" comic book AS-- Balinger takes his gun, empties the bullets from it, hands it back--

He wields the loaded gun as he, Dana, and the other guard hide behind the door, just out of sight OF--

BALINGER

It's all right, it was an accident, you were just cleaning your gun--

--THE ALARMED GUARD who immediately APPEARS in the doorway to investigate the gunshot. He obviously wants an explanation.

GEEKY GUARD

It's all right. It was an accident. I was just cleaning my gun.

The alarmed guard looks at him suspiciously--

GEEKY GUARD (Cont'd)

No, really.

--but is appeased, nods, LEAVES. Balinger closes the door, moves to the Geeky Guard, keeping both guards covered.

DANA

I liked the "No, really".

BALINGER

Yeah, nice touch. Naval salvage operation off of Mexico last week. Soviet sub was found, some nuclear missiles, what have you got in the way of evidence?

GEEKY GUARD

That's classified.

BALINGER

(re:gun)

Is that why I'm holding a gun on you?

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

GEEKY GUARD

Okay, okay. There was a tape... video surveillance. I suppose you want it--

Balinger and Dana look at one another. Bingo.

158 INT. STORAGE CHAMBER - BOMB SHELTER - 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.)

(from outside the door)

Gregor!

Kevin looks up with alarm.

159 INT. OUTSIDE STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT

One of the Russian spies has been left as a GUARD outside Kevin's prison. He holds an AK-47 automatic weapon. WE HEAR Kruschkov CALL from the main shelter.

KRUSCHKOV (o.s.)

Everything is all right?

RUSSIAN GUARD

Charasho!

160 INT. STORAGE CHAMBER - BACK TO KEVIN

Listening, waiting. Deciding the coast is clear, he begins to load the flare gun, then looks around for Rover, concerned. He SEES his pet sitting in a small alcove. Kevin goes to it.

Intrigued by the small opening, Kevin lies on the ground, sticks his head in. Moonlight bathes his face. Thinking, Kevin finishes CLICKING a flare into place--

--then, throwing a cautious glance to the door, he puts his hand-- aiming the loaded gun-- up the shaft--

161 INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Daxton drives with an intensity that matches his expression. Charlie Honda's in the passenger seat. AGENTS in the back.

CHARLIE HONDA

Peter, this is a wild goose chase, let's call the embassy!!

WE HEAR a distant POP! They look UP TO SEE:



162 EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

A bright, sparking flare lights up the night sky over Fort Point.

163 INT. OUTSIDE STORAGE CHAMBER - THE RUSSIAN GUARD

suspiciously RISING to investigate the SOUND of the flare gun--

164 INT. STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Kevin awkwardly loads a second flare AS-- he looks up TO SEE the GUARD entering the chamber. Thinking quickly, Kevin AIMS the flare gun, AND--

--FIRES! The man takes the flare hard in the chest, a burning BLAST that knocks him unconscious immediately, AS--

165 INT. BOMB SHELTER - CLOSE ON KRUSCHKOV

having heard the loud POP, he CALLS suspiciously...

KRUSCHKOV

Gregor??

166 INT. OUTSIDE STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT

Kevin stoops over the unconscious guard in the doorway, the smoking flare gun in his hand. Trapped, he lowers his voice to approximate the guard's voice. It's a lousy impression:

KEVIN

Charasho!...

167 INT. BACK TO KRUSCHKOV

--but IT WORKS! For a second. But Kruschkov quickly wises up, WHIRLS and dashes to the door, the OTHERS following--

168 INT. OUTSIDE STORAGE CHAMBER - NIGHT

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

169 EXT. OUTSIDE BOMB SHELTER - BAYSIDE HILL - NIGHT

Kevin climbs out of the shelter's manhole entrance, RUNS--

170 INT. BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT

THE RUSSIAN SPIES in hot pursuit. They pull out firearms--

101 EXT. ROCKY SHOAL - UNDER THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Kevin scrambles over the rocks, trying get away. As he climbs a rise, he FREEZES, letting out a YELP-- for directly over him, dripping with water and looking down quizzically 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 even think of moving, as the monster watches him with curiosity.

Suddenly, little ROVER juts from Kevin's jacket pocket. GODZILLA'S EYES WIDEN at the sight of the tiny reptile. Rover looks up stoically at his ancestor. Kevin looks cautiously over his shoulder, then back to the monster.

The giant monster tilts its head questioningly, squinting again. A low, deep GRRRRRR-- and for an instant-- we think GODZILLA is going to eat Kevin...

But instead, the great monster SINKS FROM SIGHT... Kevin HEARS a SOUND, and TURNS-- there is KRUSCHKOV and his HENCHMEN. He's cornered. Kruschkov grins, steps forward, and-- CLICK!--

--his razor-sharp hand-blade JUTS OPEN-- AND THAT'S WHEN WE HEAR A BONE-CHILLING SHRIEKING ROAR, AND EVERYBODY LOOKS UP AND--

102 EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - LOW ANGLE - NIGHT

GODZILLA, King of the Monsters, RISES UP beside the bridge, towering over the scene, AND--

MATCH-CUT:

103 EXT. ON THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The monster comes to his FULL HEIGHT, his back and spinal plates to the traffic. At the sight, cars SCREECH to halts, as other cars CRASH into them from behind!

104 EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - BACK TO SCENE

Some of the Russians BOLT in terror, OTHERS raising their guns-- OPENING FIRE on the monster, AS--

Kruschkov GRABS the stupified KEVIN-- holding his blade-hand to the boy's temple-- he DRAGS HIM AWAY toward the water and a waiting MOTOR SKIFF which is moored there.

175 EXT. BRIDGE TOLL OFFICE - NIGHT

Armed BRIDGE GUARDS BOLT from the building as other BRIDGE OFFICERS stare up in disbelief. A particular BRIDGE LIEUTENANT stops in his tracks, grips his arm. He is having a heart attack.

EVERYBODY is YELLING. The nightmare has begun.

176 EXT. BRIDGE TOLL PLAZA - NIGHT

Godzilla looming above AS MOTORISTS BOLT from their cars, some for a better look at the monster, MOST TO FLEE in terror.

177 EXT. ROAD - BAYSIDE HILL - NIGHT

The government car SHRIEKS to a halt and Daxton bolts from it just in time to SEE--

178 EXT. ANGLE ON GODZILLA

The monster looks down (with concern?) AT:

179 EXT. BAY SHORE - ON THE WATER - NIGHT

Kruschkov drags Kevin INTO THE SKIFF, AS--

180 EXT. BRIDGE RAILINGS - NIGHT

The uncertain guards RUN to the railings, some backing away--

BRIDGE GUARD

Jesus, fire at it, FIRE AT IT!!

The braver guards OPEN FIRE ON GODZILLA, and the beast TURNS AROUND to face his new little aggressors--

181 EXT. THE BAY - ANGLE ON THE SKIFF

as GODZILLA'S body turns, his massive, spike-lined TAIL SWINGS around and CRASHES DOWN, AND--

182 EXT. BAYSIDE ROAD - CLOSE ON DAXTON

as he SEES what has just happened-- he starts to SCREAM "NOOOO!" as the shock sets in--

183 EXT. ANGLE ON BAY

Floating in the water are the shattered remains of Kruschkov's skiff, which Godzilla has just SMASHED to smithereens.

134 EXT. BY THE BRIDGE - GODZILLA

The monster's quizzical face RISES into view, AND--

135 EXT. BRIDGE TOLL PLAZA - NIGHT

ALL the bridge guards back away from the railing with fear.

BRIDGE GUARD

(to anybody)

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. Citizens FLEE from their autos in droves, leaving them within grasping distance of the monster looming in the b.g. GODZILLA ROARS, AND--

136A INT. G2 INTELLIGENCE - CLOSE ON VIDEO MONITOR

The sub tape of the Baby Godzilla plays out on a machine, the ROAR from the previous shot melding into that of the infant. The tape finishes, and BALINGER punches the 'STOP' button.

BALINGER

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

As Balinger pulls the cassette out, we HEAR a LOUD ALERT SIREN pealing throughout the complex in the outside corridor.

DANA

What the hell...?

GEEKY GUARD

Sounds like an air raid--

The two guards lead them out and INTO--

137 INT. BASE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

--THE CORRIDOR, where SOLDIERS run to and fro chaotically. The two guards FLEE to their duties as Balinger grabs one of the passing enlisted men, PRIVATE SOLOMON.

BALINGER

What's going on?!

PRIVATE SOLOMON

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

BALINGER

Watch me ! Where is it?--

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

PRIVATE SOLOMON

(dashing off)

The bridge! The Golden Gate bridge--

Balinger holds up the video cassette pathetically. Beaten.

DANA

We make a great team, though, don't we?

(pregnant pause)

Not that they need me at the paper, but...

Balinger nods, hands her the tape. She starts to go. Turns back.

DANA (Cont'd)

... You know the first time I really  
believed this ridiculous thing existed?

(pause)

In your biology lecture...

They look into each other's eyes. She breaks, LEAVES HURRIEDLY.  
Balinger watches her go, then BOLTS AWAY, up the corridor--

138 EXT. PRESIDIO GROUNDS - NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

Incredible urgency as MILITARY PERSONNEL run everywhere,  
SIRENS WAILING across the compound-- vehicles REVVING AS-- in the  
distance, WE SEE GODZILLA flanking the Golden Gate Bridge.

139 EXT. PRESIDIO GROUNDS - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

MARINES load recoilless rifles aboard an army truck as  
Balinger appears, frantic. He runs up to them.

BALINGER

I need to get to the bridge.

They are too busy to bother with him. He turns frantically,  
sticks out his thumb, hitchhiking for passing jeeps.

140 EXT. PRESIDIO GROUNDS - GENERAL HELLER

steps into view. He alternates talking into a walkie-talkie, and  
YELLING to the PERSONNEL all around him.

GENERAL HELLER

--full Tactical Alert, this is NOT a drill,  
REPEAT, NOT A DRILL!!

Heller's aide, ACKERMAN, runs up to him, salutes--

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

ACKERMAN

Defense HQ being set up, sir.

GENERAL HELLER

Good. Tell the ground commander-- get mobile artillery units on that bridge NOW!

191 EXT. PRESIDIO GATES - NIGHT

as an X-M 1 ARMY TANK rolls into view, SOLDIERS SHOUTING trucks and PERSONNEL out of the way. As the tank moves out of the grounds, WE SEE Balinger clinging to its backside.

192 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.

193 EXT. TOLL PLAZA - ON THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

A TV NEWS CREW near the toll booths, mid-broadcast. A NEWSWOMAN is just this side of a breakdown--

TV NEWSWOMAN

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

The POLICE BULLDOZE through the TV crew. One of them buckles at the sight of--

194 EXT. BRIDGE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

GODZILLA, standing beside the bridge in the b.g., a tiny automomobile in his hand. He toys with it, looks down on the scattered panic, then INTO the car, trying to figure it all out.

195 INT. CAR - LOOKING OUT THROUGH WINDSHIELD - FLOATING

A giant, inquisitive GODZILLA FACE LOOKING IN. The DRIVER SCREAMS--

196 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT - MOVING WITH

A MOTO CYCLE COP on a Police Kawasaki 1000, AS he ROARS across the bridge from the north side-- OTHERS FOLLOW--

197 EXT. BRIDGE - LOW ANGLE - GODZILLA

The monster, bored, DROPS the car he was playing with, AND--

198 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

As the car SMASHES to the concrete, the cycle cop REACTS-- JERKING THE HANDLEBARS to avoid the new obstacle, and-- the cycle SMASHES into the railings, JACK-KNIFING, AND--

--THE COP FLIES into the air, kicking and SCREAMING over the side!

199 EXT. BRIDGE - GODZILLA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

The monster is distracted by the tiny flying man, giving the driver a chance to scramble out of his totalled car, and away.

200 EXT. BRIDGE TOLL PLAZA - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT

Two XM-1's roll into position, turret-mounts turning, cannons aiming. Behind them, several half-tracks come into view.

BALINGER climbs off the tank he hitched a ride from. SOLDIERS watching him curiously. He stares up at Godzilla with wonder AS-- a TANK COMMANDER steps into view, walkie-talkie in hand.

TANK COMMANDER

Manual One, this is Ash Can One-- prepare to fire...

Balinger HEARS these words, RUNS UP to him.

BALINGER

What are you doing?!

The commander turns, gestures curtly, and TWO M.P.s GRAB BALINGER, hold him tightly, AS--

TANK COMMANDER

Manual One, FIRE!!

The leading XM-1 FIRES A SHELL with an explosive BLAST!!

201 EXT. THE BRIDGE - GODZILLA - NIGHT

The SHELL EXPLODES right in front of the beast. Though his armor-like flesh is untouched, the monster IS surprised.

122 EXT. TOLL PLAZA - AT THE LEADING TANK

The commander stares with awe at the monster's invulnerability.

TANK COMMANDER  
All units-- FIRE!!

BALINGER  
You're only pissing him off, you  
stupid jughead!!

BOTH tanks FIRE SHELLS!

123 EXT. THE BRIDGE - GODZILLA

The behemoth SWATS at the shells as they EXPLODE-- and it is clear he is getting mad now. ANOTHER SHELL EXPLODES--

INTERCUT WITH:

124 EXT. TOLL PLAZA - AT THE LEADING TANK

AS the commander calls for ANOTHER succession of artillery-- and ANOTHER, and ANOTHER-- until Godzilla's angry GROWL becomes his trademark SHRIEKING ROAR, AND--

125 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - BRIDGE AND SURROUNDING - REACTIONS

--DAXTON, leaning on the car, shattered, mourning. He LOOKS UP--

--THE TANK COMMANDER, waiting for his fire-power to have an effect, as BALINGER struggles in the grip of the M.P.s, and--

--THE CITIZENS on the bridge; military, police, EVERYONE LOOKING UP AS the ROAR SHRIEKS across the BAY-- LOOKING UP AT:

126 GODZILLA

as the massive monster raises his powerful arms and brings them DOWN-- SMASHING THROUGH THE BRIDGE, BATTERING its foundations angrily with reptilian fists as he ROARS AGAIN, AND--

INTERCUT:

127 EXT. THE BRIDGE - VARIOUS SHOTS

Concrete FLYING-- cables SNAPPING-- foundations CRUMBLING-- CARS SPILLING INTO THE BAY as the famous landmark's span shakes, CHUNKS of concrete and DEBRIS FALLING AT CAMERA, UNTIL--



138 EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

GODZILLA clutches a van in one claw, pulling cables through his teeth with the other. Dropping the truck, the monster suddenly backs away from the bridge, nostrils flaring.

He looks around with concern, then looks toward the city, the sky-line of twinkling lights. Letting out a pathetic BELLOW, the monster turns and MOVES TOWARD THE CITY--

139 EXT. BRIDGE TOLL PLAZA - NIGHT

SOLDIERS run back to their trucks, POLICE to their cars. The tank commander BARKS ORDERS to the scrambling PERSONNEL. There is COMMOTION everywhere.

TANK COMMANDER  
LET'S GO, LET'S GO!

BALINGER  
You don't even want to TRY and take it  
alive, do you?

The commander ignores him, continues ISSUING ORDERS.

BALINGER (Cont'd)  
You just want to blow the shit out of it!

The commander, steaming, turns contemptuously and points.

TANK COMMANDER  
And YOU... are pissing me off, jughead--  
(to the M.P.s)  
Get him out of here!

The incredulous Balinger is dragged away SCREAMING.

140 EXT. PRESIDIO - EDGE OF THE BAY - NIGHT

MILITARY PERSONNEL run to man a battery of anti-aircraft guns.

141 EXT. PRESIDIO - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

as the military bustles frantically all over the base, the mighty Godzilla is seen wading through the bay in the b.g. Anti-aircraft FIRE lights up the monster's glistening flesh.

He waves it off, unaffected, and MOVES ON, determinedly. In the f.g., Blackhawk Cobra choppers RISE from the tarmac, their running lights blinking.

112 INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT

DANA dodges FRANTIC EMPLOYEES as they scatter, cleaning out their desks, preparing for the apocalypse. Dana goes to the window, where Judy, OTHERS, are looking OUT AT:

113 INT./EXT. POV FROM NEWSROOM - SKYLINE

In the distance, Godzilla RISES from the Bay, stepping into the actual city, TOWARD US. We HEAR distant SIRENS...

114 EXT. BEACH STREET - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

PEOPLE SCRAMBLE in the f.g. in every direction, most stampeding to safety, some stopping to turn and watch AS GODZILLA APPEARS, towering over the area amidst the background buildings.

The monster STEPS FORWARD, looking around, FOOTFALLS like individual earthquakes, the populace PANICKING at his feet.

115 EXT. CLOSE ON GODZILLA

His great nostrils FLARE, and he MOVES ON, as if driven--

116 EXT. GHIRARDELLI SQUARE - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

PANNING the enormous beast past the huge "Ghirardelli" sign, as he MOVES TOWARD Fisherman's Wharf. His speed is startling--

117 EXT. SIDEWALK - "WORLD OF THE UNEXPLAINED" - NIGHT

SCREAMING CITIZENS FLEE, many being trampled as WE SEE:

A KID with a Kodak Instamatic stupidly steps into the street, aiming to get a flash picture of the monster AS WE HEAR a droning taped 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 more--

118 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. BRIDGE PLAZA - NIGHT

Military vehicles pull away as the two M.P.s shove Balinger into their car. They SLAM the door, and one comes around to the driver's side. He is stopped by an OFFICER, OFF-CAMERA.

OFFICER (o.s.)  
I'll take him, Sergeant.

M.P.  
Sir, he was interfering with--

OFFICER (o.s.)  
I said I'll take him.

M.P.  
Yessir.

INT. MILITARY POLICE CAR - NIGHT

as Balinger squirms, the officer climbs into the driver's seat, starts driving. The car moves haltingly through the nightmare of tanks, scrambling MILITARY and panicked CIVILIANS.

BALINGER  
You're gonna hear from my lawyer, you Nazis! You can't arrest a civilian!

DAXTON turns to the professor from the driver's seat.

DAXTON  
(solemn)  
We have to kill it.

BALINGER  
If it isn't the Marlboro Man. I suppose you still don't believe me...

DAXTON  
You're not listening. We have to kill it.

BALINGER  
Oh, NOW you want my help, I get it--

DAXTON  
I don't want it, but as far as I know, you're the only one with a clue what makes that thing tick. So before a million other people get killed--

BALINGER  
What do you mean "other people"-- Wait, where's Kevin?...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A PAUSE. Daxton stops the car, blocked. He doesn't look at Balinger. Doesn't have to. Balinger closes his eyes.

BALINGER (Cont'd)  
Oh God...

DAXTON  
The missiles...

Obviously affected by Kevin's death, Balinger nods absently.

BALINGER  
I guess there's no choice, is there?

DAXTON  
You guess right.

BALINGER  
All right... but for God's sake, those things are nuclear warheads! We can't detonate one in the city--

DAXTON  
What if we lured the monster OUT of the city?...

Balinger looks uncertainly between Daxton and the tumult outside. He thinks... A light bulb goes on over his head.

BALINGER  
I just had an incredibly stupid idea...

INT. DEFENSE HQ - NIGHT

A large-scale map of the city fills one wall, where MAPMEN re-arrange thumb-tacks 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...

Heller strides into the middle of all this, his aid, Ackerman, following like a sheep dog. OTHER DIVISION LEADERS scuttle to and fro THROUGHOUT.

AIR DIVISION LEADER  
Choppers are out, sir. The Blackhawks are trying TOWE missiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL HELLER

Send them all-- And call an air strike,  
Major.

ACKERMAN

Well, sir, Scott has an F-16 squadron.

GENERAL HELLER

Radio Scott, Moffett, Vandenburg-- I want  
every jet fighter in the state of  
California. And that's just for starters.

122 EXT. BROADWAY - NORTHBEACH - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

GODZILLA towers over the flashy lights of the boulevard,  
casually clutching a Metro bus in one claw. Tiny PASSENGERS  
SCREAM and spill out the sides, as the monster watches the  
SCRAMBLING NIGHTLIFERS trampling each other at his feet.

123 EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A row of SOLDIERS WITH BAZOOKAS FIRE at the monster from behind a  
giant neon sign. Godzilla just looks at them quizzically,  
squinting and rearing when the projectiles EXPLODE.

The soldiers look up as several Blackhawk Cobra helicopters ROAR BY  
overhead, flying toward the monster.

124 INT. SLEEK CORRIDOR - PRESIDIO

AN ARMY MESSENGER runs up the empty hallway, and INTO:

125 INT. ORDNANCE STORAGE - NIGHT

Daxton, Balinger, OTHER PERSONNEL stand by while the arms  
expert, "DIGGER" O'ROARKE examines the two Soviet missiles, which  
are lying on a table under strong, sterile lights.

ARMY MESSENGER

Sir, E.T.A. on the air strike is less than  
a minute.

Daxton nods, as O'Roarke looks up.

O'ROARKE

They'll be firin' HAWK missiles. Armor  
piercing. If that don't do it, I'd say these  
babies are our only chance...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALINGER

IF we knew what they were.

O'ROARKE

Well, they look like counter defense. You know, like, interception missiles. You only get fission if--

BALINGER

--your target's also subcritical. Like Von Neumann's implosion theory for the Manhattan project.

O'ROARKE

What are you, a college professor?

DAXTON

But can we fire it from a rocket launcher?

O'ROARKE

If we don't run outa choppers... Just remember one thing, guys--

(everyone looks at him)

You only got two shots.

226 EXT. ST. FRANCIS HOTEL - NIGHT

TWO BLACKHAWK COBRAS fly from behind the scenic elevators.

227 EXT. UNION SQUARE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

GODZILLA stands in the middle of Union Square as the choppers FLY BY, joining others that are BUZZING around THE MONSTER with little sweeping searchlights.

In one claw, the monster plays with a cable car. The PEOPLE crowded aboard SCREAM and spill out the sides. The choppers FIRE TOWE MISSILES and Godzilla swats at them with his free claw as the EXPLODING SMART BOMBS light up the night.

228 EXT. POWELL STREET - NIGHT

A NATIONAL GUARD PLATOON LEADER on a Walkie-Talkie. His SERGEANT runs up. Behind them, CITIZENS scramble.

PLATOON SERGEANT

Sir, where should we set up the new recoilless battery?! It keeps moving--

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

PLATOON LEADER

It doesn't seem to want to go inland! Try  
Columbus Street!!

The sergeant moves to comply, WHEN-- a SOUND RISES, and the  
Platoon Leader looks up-- YELLS into his Walkie-Talkie--

PLATOON LEADER (Cont'd)

Jesus, CLEAR those choppers--

129A EXT. CLOSE ON GODZILLA - NIGHT

The monster HEARS the SOUND, DROPS the cable car, TURNS, AND--

129 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

CITIZENS hold their ears and stare up in amazement as the SOUND  
fills the air, A BOOMING ROAR that matches Godzilla's, AND--

131 INT. DEFENSE HQ - CLOSE ON AIR DIVISION LEADER

AIR DIVISION LEADER

Strike's here, sir!

132 EXT. GEARY STREET - NIGHT

An F-16 fighter jet BLASTS UP GEARY, course straight as an  
arrow. As the jet does a barrel roll, the windows along the  
street SHATTER with the sonic suction!

133 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT

The PILOT, strapped in tight-- helmet, mic, oxygen mask--

DRAGON LEADER

Dragon Squadron, this is Dragon Leader--  
ARM SIDEWINDERS--

134 EXT. OVER THE CITY - THE JET SQUADRON

as they ROAR TOWARD GODZILLA, lights FLASHING.

135 EXT. UNION SQUARE - GODZILLA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

The monster pivots to face the jets, his lashing tail  
OBLITERATING the face of a building as the choppers retreat--

136 EXT. STOCKTON STREET - NIGHT

As POLICE and NATIONAL GUARDSMEN attempt, physically and verbally, to clear the area-- FLEEING HUMANS EVERYWHERE--

137 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - LOOKING OUT - FLYING TOWARD GODZILLA

DRAGON ONE (O.S.)

It's a damn dinosaur!

138 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT

DRAGON LEADER

Cut the chatter, we're going in on first pass-- FIRE SIDEWINDERS!!

139 EXT. UNION SQUARE - GODZILLA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

as the squadron approaches, little sparking jet rockets spew from their wings, EXPLODING in Godzilla's face. As they FLY BY, the monster ROARS with pain and confusion, clawing at the air, momentarily blinded.

140 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT

DRAGON LEADER

Dragon Squadron, break to spread-- we're going in again-- attack formation--

141 EXT. CLOSE ON GODZILLA

A tremendous sense of humiliation, we can see it in his face. Clearly angering, he turns again to face the returning jets--

142 EXT. OVER THE CITY - NIGHT

--as they re-form, coming in for their second run--

143 EXT. UNION SQUARE - 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--



34 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT

DRAGON LEADER

This is Dragon Leader-- three and four  
break off to go in-trail--

GODZILLA

rubs his eyes, looks around helplessly. He looks down, SEES:

35 EXT. GODZILLA'S POV - THE STREET - OVERHEAD SHOT

Parked cars, rubble, the battered cable car, etc.

BACK TO GODZILLA

And we should see a hint of intelligence in his face AS he  
bends, reaches for the cable, PICKS UP the car by it, AND--

36 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.

37 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - FLYING - NIGHT

DRAGON LEADER

One and two give me clearance, I'm rolling  
in--

38 EXT. UNION SQUARE - GODZILLA - NIGHT

And though we may be imagining things, it sort of looks like  
GODZILLA is hiding the cable car behind his back.

39 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 LEADER

WWAAAAAAHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

40 EXT. POV FROM TAIL OF JET - FLYING THROUGH GODZILLA'S LEGS

past the tail, as Godzilla turns to watch the retreating jet.

131 INT. F-16 COCKPIT - A DIFFERENT ONE - FLYING - NIGHT

A PILOT, following, LAUGHS like a hysterical idiot.

DRAGON TWO

Dragon Leader, I'd say ya goosed him there!

132 EXT. UNION SQUARE - GODZILLA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

And as the rest of the wave comes in, GODZILLA, WITHOUT WARNING, PULLS OUT THE CABLE CAR, and swinging it from the cable like a mace, BATS ONE OF THE JETS OUT OF THE SKY--

133 EXT. OVER THE CITY - CRIPPLED JET

as it sails through the air in a flaming, twisted heap.

134 EXT. CHRONICLE BUILDING - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

And we know it is the Chronicle building because there is a big sign that says so. At least there is until the crumpled jet CRASHES INTO THE BUILDING, impaling it and spewing flames.

135 EXT. BACK TO GODZILLA

He's dropped the cable car. He swipes at one of the jets in the second wave-- and GETS IT-- He examines it curiously, then just for the hell of it, BITES INTO THE NOSE.

136 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.

137 INT. DEFENSE HQ - NIGHT

Heller pacing nervously, Ackerman following in his every step.

GENERAL HELLER

DAMN! CANCEL all strike, it's suicide!  
Where do we stand?

Behind them, Daxton, Balinger, O'Roarke, ET AL, appear.

ACKERMAN

All choppers out, sir, except for one Huey  
and not counting the S-78 prototype.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GROUND DIVISION LEADER

General, we haven't tried recoilless yet, but everything we have tried, we might as well be using pea-shooters.

GENERAL HELLER

(turns, noticing Daxton)

Colonel! Uh, minor set-back--

For a moment, all activity and TALKING in the room STOPS.

DAXTON

Our turn.

EXT. PRESIDIO GROUNDS - TRACKING THE GROUP - NIGHT

All striding toward the helipad. Daxton and Balinger are apart from the rest. O'Roarke explains the plan to Heller.

DAXTON

Take a jeep, and use the deck in G2.  
(he stops in his tracks)  
Is this going to work?

BALINGER

I doubt it. But if it does, you better be on time. We can't wait for each other.

DAXTON

I'll be there.

A pause. Daxton extends his hand.

DAXTON (Cont'd)

Good luck.

They shake. Balinger disappears toward the HQ building as Daxton rejoins the others. Heller isn't being good about this.

GENERAL HELLER

Colonel, I think you're being a little presumptuous, we have a full I-Z emergency situation here. Now as RED COM Chief-of-Staff, it's my responsibil--

AT THE HELIPAD now, O'Roarke points to an aging UH-1 copter.

DAXTON

General, all I want from you is a cease-fire for two minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL HELLER

So you can fire a missile down its throat from a Huey?! That is the most ludicrous plan I've ever heard, you think the OIC--

DAXTON

We don't have time to pass it by the OIC.  
(to the enlisted men)  
Get the missiles!

GENERAL HELLER

Now look! If I call a cease-fire, this city will be completely vulnerab--

DAXTON

Are you pulling rank on me, General?

GENERAL HELLER

(a beat, with contempt)  
You don't even have the decency to be in uniform at a time like this--

Daxton ABRUPTLY reaches into his coat, pulls out his beretta. He COCKS the gun-- then reaches for Heller's hat-- TAKE IT--

--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 the General's head.

DAXTON

Next time I'll leave your head in it.

INT. G2 INTELLIGENCE - NIGHT

Dark. Then Balinger KICKS THE DOOR IN. He dashes in, goes to the video cassette machine, starts to PICK IT UP--

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE WINDOW - A ROW OF TELEVISION SETS

ON THE SCREENS, a NEWSCASTER informs us of the latest. SHOTS of gnarled traffic, desperately trying to get out of the city.

NEWSCASTER

--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--

ON A PARTICULAR SCREEN, WE SEE a familiar-looking NEWSCASTER:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAMILIAR-LOOKING NEWSCASTER  
And here in San Francisco, time has turned  
back millions of years...

EXT. CHINATOWN - GRANT STREET - VARIOUS SHOTS (AIR RAID SIRENS)

as DOZENS of terrified ORIENTALS FLEE past the electronics store, carrying all their worldly belongings. In the distance, GODZILLA looms over the financial district, looking around.

INT. DEFENSE HQ - NIGHT

A humiliated Heller, now hatless, enters the room. Ackerman approaches him quickly but cautiously.

ACKERMAN

Do you want a cease-fire, General?

GENERAL HELLER

Absolutely NOT-- all units maintain full fire-power!

INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT

The nose of the F-16 juts through an open gash in the roof, FLAMES licking through. DANA, clothes torn and sooty, staggers into view, making her way through the dirt and thick smoke.

DANA

JUDY?!

She rushes to her friend, who is pinned under a fallen pillar, amidst DEAD NEWSPAPER EMPLOYEES. Her temple bleeds. Dana kneels to her, cradles her head.

JUDY

(weakly)

Boy... the guys in this town... Either they're gay, or they grope you, or they're big and green and throw jets into buildings...

Chuckling, she closes her eyes. Dana looks around frantically. Judy's head rolls to one side as if she wants to sleep. The grin fades, and she DIES peacefully. Dana weeps...

She rises, looking around. FLAMES guard the 'EXIT' stairwell. Dana limps to the gash in the ceiling, beside which the F-16's fuselage blocks the elevators. Wind whips Dana's hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We can see the night sky through the huge hole, but it is too high to reach, or see down from. We HEAR SIRENS from below.

Dana turns-- recoils at the sight of the cockpit jutting through the wall, cracked open like an egg, its top open to the outside. The bloody dead PILOT remains firmly strapped in...

SOBBING, Dana tentatively approaches the corpse, then-- hesitantly starts to unstrap him and pull him free.

EXT. BAY STREET - NIGHT

FIREMEN all over the street see to wounded CITIZENS. An ARMY JEEP SHRIEKS to a halt-- BALINGER jumps out, LOOKS UP in horror.

INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT - BACK TO SCENE

Sobbing louder, Dana sits in the now-vacant pilot's seat, strapping herself in, looking around the seat and control panel for the ejector release lever... she FINDS IT--

She whispers a prayer to herself-- FLICKS the release and the ENTIRE SEAT SHOOTS OUT OF THE GASH IN THE CEILING--

EXT. BAY STREET - NIGHT

A particular FIREMAN steps forward, pointing up with confusion.

FIREMAN

Captain Lowry?

EXT. CHRONICLE BUILDING - LOOKING UP - NIGHT

--WE SEE a parachute billowing open far above the street, undulating in the air as the seat-carriage sways beneath it--

EXT. IN THE STREET - BAY STREET - NIGHT

A fireman's airbag has been inflated to catch people jumping from lower floors. The seat-carriage carrying Dana plummets and LANDS IN THE CENTER OF THE AIR BAG, the huge parachute mushrooming down around her AS--

EXT. AT THE AIRBAG - NIGHT

Balinger and the FIREMEN DASH to see if she's okay. They tug the chute aside, revealing Dana-- dazed, but fine. She looks up at Balinger. She reaches into his coat, produces his flask--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--and throws it into the street. They embrace. Kiss. That kind of kiss. Balinger pulls away suddenly, concerned--

BALINGER

The tape? Do you have the tape?

Dana looks at him with confusion.

BALINGER (Cont'd)

That's it, it's all over, we're sunk--

As he laments, she innocently pulls the tape from her jacket.

EXT. MARKET STREET - NIGHT

A WINO with a bottle in a paper bag points up and LAUGHS hysterically just before GODZILLA'S FOOT CRUSHES him like a bug.

EXT. HYATT REGENCY - NIGHT

The monster comes into frame, begins uncertainly CLAWING at the side of the hotel, PEOPLE and debris spilling OUT.

INT. HYATT-REGENCY - LOOKING UP - NIGHT

GODZILLA looks in through the hole he is tearing. MUZAK can be HEARD as WELL-DRESSED GUESTS SCREAM and fall over each other trying to escape. Debris RAINS DOWN on them.

EXT. HELIPAD - THE PRESIDIO - NIGHT

THE MISSILES JUT AT CAMERA, then swing back, being loaded INTO the Huey by enlisted men. A sleek-looking, hand-held rocket launch is carried into view by another RECRUIT. Nearby:

DAXTON

Pilots?

DIGGER O'ROARKE

We're still looking. Why don't YOU fly, sir?

DAXTON

I haven't flown in five years.

A VOICE (o.s.)

GET AWAY!!

EVERYBODY TURNS toward the Huey. And there is KRUSCHKOV, holding his hand-blade to the temple of a pale-- but very much alive-- KEVIN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Daxton steps forward, feeling both the greatest relief and the greatest hatred he has ever felt in his life.

KRUSCHKOV

These missiles are the property of the Soviet Union... If you please, I will take them off your hands. Who is the pilot?!

A nervous HUEY PILOT has just appeared on the scene.

DAXTON

I'll do it!

Kruschkov LAUGHS, then abruptly turns vicious again, nodding the pilot to step forward, which, hesitantly, he DOES.

KRUSCHKOV

Start the machine.

The petrified man complies, climbing into the Huey and commencing pre-flight procedures.

KRUSCHKOV

No, Colonel... your son and I will enjoy this flight alone...

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 in with Kevin:

DAXTON

You've GOT the pilot, damn you, you don't need TWO hostages!!

Kruschkov just grins, backing into the chopper-- AND THAT'S WHEN KEVIN ELBOWS HIM RIGHT IN THE GROIN-- Kruschkov folds with pain, SLASHES at Kevin-- he slices the boy's ear just before--

--Kevin wriggles away, RUNNING into his father's arms.

INT. THE HUEY - NIGHT

Kruschkov, in pain, holds his blade to the sweating pilot's throat.

EXT. HELIPAD - THE PRESIDIO - NIGHT

DAXTON SEES THE BLOOD on Kevin's ear, touches it gingerly. He looks toward the Huey, hatred in his eyes.

KEVIN

Dad?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DAXTON

Stay here! Do you hear me?!

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

Kevin, frozen, hesitant, LOOKING UP. He looks around, BOLTS.

EXT. PRESIDIO GROUNDS - NIGHT

A SOLDIER parks a jeep, leaves it. Behind his back, KEVIN APPEARS, and jumps IN to the vehicle, grabbing for the keys--

AND THE KEYS ARE IN! Determined, Kevin TURNS the ignition. Then stops, incredible frustration on his face. He turns the ignition OFF-- on the verge of tears. He cannot disobey his father.

INT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

Kruschkov looks out the side and around, trying to account for the chopper's wobbly course. He doesn't know. Yet.

INT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

As Kruschkov looks out one side... DAXTON RISES from the other, and Kruschkov TURNS AROUND, 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 YOU feel it. Kruschkov FLIES backward. The chopper TILTS.

INT. AND EXT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

The pilot evens it out. Daxton holds one of the missiles from falling out, THEN: TURNS for another blow, BUT-- Kruschkov has recovered, SWINGS his deadly blade--

And 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 edge of the open cabin, WIND RUSHING, the city FAR BELOW, and--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Daxton POUNCES-- but Kruschkov ROLLS, SLICES UP with his blade-- and Daxton COMES DOWN hard, the CHOPPER WOBBLING-- and Daxton SEES the blood on his own wrist, and he 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, his legs swinging, AS--

KRUSCHKOV LEANS OUT, BLADE OPEN, holding it at Daxton's face, making the moment last, until finally, he leans further-- holds the blade inches from Daxton's one good eye, and--

KRUSCHKOV

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 huge reptile-face filling the windshield, AS the pilot frantically PULLS BACK on the joystick, and--

EXT. TRANSAMERICA PYRAMID - GODZILLA - NIGHT

The Huey banks sharply upward, climbing, 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 CAMERA to his doom below--

EXT. GODZILLA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Godzilla holds up his claw and the plummeting Kruschkov lands in it with a THUD-- Godzilla looks down and his eyes WIDEN at the little SCREAMING MAN he is holding.

The great beast's massive chest abruptly EXPANDS, as if inhaling, and he pulls his head back, AND--

EXT. ANGLE ON GODZILLA'S JAGGED SPINAL FINS

as they begin to GLOW with ATOMIC ENERGY, AND--

EXT. ANGLE ON GODZILLA

as 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. (NOTE: audience goes bananas here)

EXT. THE STREET - NATIONAL GUARDSMEN, POLICE, ETC.

as they REACT to the monster's incredible demonstration of power.

NATIONAL GUARDSMAN

Holy Mother of God...

INT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

Daxton pulls himself back into the cabin.

HUEY PILOT

YOU OKAY, COLONEL?!

Daxton glares at him, then moves into the back, holding onto the missiles, which are rolling around.

DAXTON

Just get us back to base in one piece!

EXT. COLUMBUS STREET - NIGHT

The National Guard team has finished setting up a row of ground-mounted recoilless rifles. The PLATOON SERGEANT runs up to the PLATOON LEADER, who is watching Daxton's chopper.

PLATOON SERGEANT

Ready to fire, lieutenant.

PLATOON LEADER

Good. What the hell's that Huey doing?

PLATOON SERGEANT

Dunno, sir. We woulda got a cease-fire if it was important, wouldn't we?

PLATOON LEADER

You're right-- PREPARE TO FIRE, AND--

The helmeted NATIONAL GUARDSMEN do this, and--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PLATOON LEADER (Cont'd)

--FIRE!!

The recoilless units BLAST a volley of ARTILLERY.

EXT. TRANSAMERICA PYRAMID - GODZILLA - NIGHT

as the shells EXPLODE in the air around him--

INT. THE HUEY - FLYING - CLOSE ON DAXTON

as a projectile EXPLODES just outside the cabin!, AND--

EXT. THE HUEY - NIGHT

As GODZILLA, batting at the EXPLOSIONS, SWIPES at the chopper with his claw, and--

INT. THE HUEY - NIGHT

One of the two missiles rolls OUT THE SIDE, AND--

EXT. MONTGOMERY STREET - NIGHT

FIRES and debris all over the street. The missile falls from nowhere and HITS the street with a CLINK-CLINK SOUND, then cracks open, SPEWING STEAM.

INT. THE HUEY - FLYING - NIGHT

The pilot struggles valiantly to pull it out of a dive, BUT--

EXT. OVER SAN FRANCISCO - THE HUEY - NIGHT

goes down into a crippled spiral, CRASHING on a rooftop--

EXT. PRESIDIO - KEVIN IN JEEP

Sitting, rocking back and forth, fighting the tears.

EXT. TRANSAMERICA PYRAMID - GODZILLA

as the monster angrily SMASHES the building out of the way, THEN-- he suddenly becomes very still-- wide-eyed-- sensors pricked... His nostrils flare, AND HE ROARS, moving out of frame.

INT. FORT POINT COAST GUARD STATION - NIGHT

SEAMAN RECRUIT TONY MORSE sits, manning a radio as Dana and Balinger DASH IN-- Balinger is carrying the tape deck.

TONY

Oh, no, not you, you almost got me court martialled--

DANA

We need your help. We need a boat, and-- some way to broadcast the sound from this video deck.

TONY

(eyeing Balinger)

Who's this, your BOYFRIEND?

DANA

Please! We're working with the army, we think we can lure the monster out of the city--

Tony frowns, then looks at the tape deck.

TONY

...audio jack... I'll need some adapters... I'll have to wing it, I'm great with electronics but I don't drive a cutter too good.

BALINGER

Fine, let's go!

The head OUT.

TONY

But I want you to know, if I get killed helping you guys, I'm gonna be pissed!

INT. DEFENSE HQ - NIGHT

A RADIO MAN swivels in his chair, CALLING TO--

RADIO MAN

It's moving up the Embarcadero!

--the men at the big board, who adjust the map accordingly AS the air division leader steps up to Heller with a message.

AIR DIVISION LEADER

Sir, the 46th Armor Division reports a Huey down over Kearney.

323 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 chopper, and assume Daxton has met the same fate.

But no. Because now we SEE him, battered and bloody, pulling himself free from the crushed cabin. He pulls the last remaining Soviet missile from the crumpled Huey, and drags it limpingly away just before the chopper EXPLODES!

324 EXT. EMBARCADERO - NIGHT

as GODZILLA APPEARS, BELCHING ATOMIC FIRE, demolishing everything in its path. His nostrils flare, as he approaches the pierfront.

325 EXT. VISTA PIER - STREET - NIGHT - TRACKING

A ROW OF POLICE TROOPERS with helmets and automatic weapons as they run into aiming position behind a battery of squad cars.

MORE PATROL CARS SQUEAL to join the line behind, SIRENS WHOOPING CRAZILY as CIVILIANS RUN in every direction. A POLICEMAN slaps a FREAKED-OUT COP, who is crying and losing it. The SQUAD CHIEF stands by his squad car with a radio mic.

SQUAD CHIEF

Will you shut him up--

The car's RADIO SQUAWKS from inside as the squad chief carefully watches the rampaging monster.

SQUAD CHIEF (Cont'd)

I think it's looking for something...

326 EXT. POV FROM COAST GUARD CUTTER - TOWARD EMBARCADERO - NIGHT

WE SEE GODZILLA in the distance, ripping the roofs off warehouses, SHRIEKING and BLASTING atomic fires, which reflect off the Bay's water.

327 INT. CABIN OF COAST GUARD CUTTER - NIGHT

Tony skippering, Balinger fiddling with electronics, Dana looking toward the pierfront with stunned disbelief.

DANA

I don't believe it... The thing breathes fire.

BALINGER

That's not fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He returns to his work, looks around the floor urgently.

BALINGER (Cont'd)

(angrily)

HEY, where's an outlet?! How are we supposed to broadcast from the boat--

TONY

Take it easy, will ya? We're not broadcasting from the boat!

Balinger stares with confusion.

TONY (Cont'd)

You want it loud and away from people, right?...

EXT. EMBARCADERO PIERFRONT - 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.

SAILORS and DOCKWORKERS RUN for cover as the DEBRIS FLIES, hitting the street.

EXT. EMBARCADERO PIERFRONT - NIGHT

An anti-aircraft embankment has been set up, and the PERSONNEL FIRE a volley of ROCKETS at GODZILLA-- WHO WHIRLS--

--HIS TAIL swings up and CRASHES through two levels of the Highway 80 overpass. Cars shoot off into oblivion as GODZILLA unleashes a BLAST of ATOMIC BREATH, AND--

EXT. EMBARCADERO STREET - NIGHT

TWO TANKS MELT under the SURGE of Godzilla's fire ray. PEOPLE SCREAM and run for cover. Is this a Godzilla movie, or what?

INT. POLICE SQUAD CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

A lone PATROLMAN drives down rubble-strewn California Street. Ambulances SCREAM BY at top speed. The cop spots something.

POLICE RADIO

SQUAWK! --apprehending looters at Vaughn's, Union Square-- SQUAWK!-- Roger, 501-- Some schizo National Guardsman is shooting people at Market and Third...

EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET - NIGHT

Daxton limps up the street, dragging the Soviet missile. Smoke, rubble, and WOUNDED all around. Daxton turns as the police car slows and pulls up next to him. He's seen better days.

DAXTON

Can you get 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.

Daxton raises his beretta into view, aims it at the cop.

DAXTON

Now you do... or would you like a nuclear missile up your butt?

EXT. EMBARCADERO WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As GODZILLA comes to a new warehouse.

EXT. ALCATRAZ DOCK - NIGHT

Balinger, Tony and Dana run down the gangplank, Tony lugging the video machine. Balinger glances to shore--

EXT. EMBARCADERO WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As the beast grips the roof, tiny GUARDS start FIRING on him. He SMASHES through the roof, PEELS AWAY the debris.

EXT. EMBARCADERO WAREHOUSE - LOW ANGLE - NIGHT

GODZILLA looks down into the warehouse, quizzically, uncertainly. 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. GODZILLA reaches down and pulls away the large canvas tarp that covers... the corpse of the dead BABY GODZILLA.



117 EXT. CLOSE ON GODZILLA

His features soften 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 gently pets the scaly frame of the Baby monster. 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--

118 EXT. PRESIDIO - TRUCK IN ON KEVIN

looking UP, crying, HEARING THE ROAR, AND--

119 INT. ALCATRAZ POWER CAGE - NIGHT

Dana holds a flashlight on a sound control panel, as Balinger hands Tony a plug. Adapter cords lead from the video machine to the sound board. WE HEAR the distant CRY. It is blood-chilling.

BALINGER

He's found it...

(to Tony)

If you have any idea what you're doing, now's the time to prove it.

TONY

Hey-- before I joined the Guard, I worked at Radio Shack, I'm ready, I'm ready.

BALINGER

Okay, hit it, Maestro-- then let's get the hell out of here.

Tony punches the 'PLAY' button, AND--

120 EXT. ALCATRAZ - ANGLE ON P.A. SPEAKERS

as the underwater CRY OF THE BABY GODZILLA BLARES from them--

121 EXT. EMBARCADERO - GODZILLA

The enraged beast looks up toward the Bay, and the SOUND. Incredible confusion crosses his prehistoric face. Godzilla looks back down at the Baby corpse, then up again to the SOUND.

Drawn inexorably, Godzilla MOVES TOWARD THE BAY.

122 INT. HQ CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Bloody and battered, Daxton limps up the hallway, carrying the nuclear missile. The few PERSONNEL remaining in the building watch him go by, awed, like he is Christ carrying the cross.

123 INT. DEFENSE HQ - NIGHT

The OIC, a three-star GENERAL named KIRBY stands with Heller and DEPUTY GENERAL McDERMOTT. It's emergency time. In the b.g., WE SEE Daxton APPEAR in the doorway, and limp across the floor.

GENERAL HELLER

(pacing)

We've run out of options, we can onl--

He notices Daxton hobbling toward him. The usual CHATTER of the defense personnel dies, as all the assembled turn to watch this confrontation. KEVIN APPEARS in the doorway.

Daxton looks at Heller. Heller unsurely looks back. Daxton then hands the nuclear missile to a nearby RECRUIT--

DAXTON

Hold this.

--and PUNCHES HELLER IN THE MOUTH. Kevin DASHES to his father. The Generals look on with confusion. Daxton salutes.

DAXTON (Cont'd)

Permission to take command, General.

The Generals exchange glances. Kirby looks at Daxton. Salutes.

GENERAL KIRBY

Carry on, Colonel...

RADIO OPERATOR

It's going into the Bay--

124 EXT. EMBARCADERO - FOLLOWING GODZILLA

as the great beast lumbers sadly toward the water, ROARING. He moves out into the water, his prehistoric form glistening wet in the soft moonlight, AND--

125 INT. CABIN OF COAST GUARD CUTTER - NIGHT

Balinger and Dana WATCH GODZILLA, moving through the water directly toward them-- police choppers with searchlights appear near the monster. Tony REVS the engines. VERY tense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

That doesn't sound right.

BALINGER

We can leave any time, thanks.

TONY

That doesn't sound right.

EXT. UNDER WATER - NIGHT - THE PROPELLERS

As they churn the water, WE SEE that an underwater cable to the island is caught in the blades.

EXT. OVER THE BAY - NIGHT

AS ONE OF THE POLICE CHOPPERS FLIES AT GODZILLA--

INT. POLICE CHOPPER - LOOKING OUT - FLYING TOWARD GODZILLA

whose head juts up just out of the water, lit by searchlights.

EXT. THE BAY - GODZILLA - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

as the choppers circle him, the monster opens his mouth-- like a hissing cat-- the water around him GLOWS, and he UNLEASHES HIS FIRE-RAY, which NAILS one of the choppers, which EXPLODES!

EXT. HELIPAD - PRESIDIO - NIGHT

Daxton-- Kevin by his side-- O'Roarke, and the now obligatory RECRUITS carrying the remaining missile behind AS--

DAXTON

WHAT DO YOU MEAN there isn't a single helicopter on base?!

O'ROARKE

Heller sent them all out-- except...

He glances self-consciously o.s. Daxton looks, too--

EXT. THEIR POV - THE S-78 HORNET - DRAMATIC ESTABLISHING

Sleek, aggressive-looking. Double-ended with steeply-angled, thickly-armored surfaces. Short winglets, no tail blades.

O'ROARKE (Cont'd)

But the S-78's still just a prototype-- a PRO would need special training!

EXT. BACK TO SHOT - DAXTON

DAXTON  
Where are the tail blades?

O'ROARKE  
...Doesn't have any.

DAXTON  
Air feed?

O'ROARKE  
Well, yeah, the pump's mounted on the turbo,  
but you said yourself--

DAXTON  
Say I pull collective. What kind of torque  
reaction are we looking at?

O'ROARKE  
Almost none. This rotor design eliminates--

DAXTON  
Can we load the launcher on board?

O'ROARKE  
Sir--

DAXTON  
We don't have time to argue.

O'ROARKE  
...We COULD fit the missile into the 30  
millimeter cannon, but--

DAXTON  
Load it. What's the targeting mechanism?

O'ROARKE  
(SIGHS)  
There's three. Heat sensor, radar, or video  
grid. There's a joystick like a video  
game. A kid could probably do it!

Kevin looks to his father hopefully. Daxton returns the gaze--  
then spots something on the ground-- Heller's hat. The one he  
shot to shit earlier. He picks it up, tosses it to O'Roarke.

DAXTON  
You're hired...  
(a beat)  
Let's nuke that son-of-a-bitch.

O'Roarke puts the shredded hat on. Salutes, terrified.

EXT. ON THE BAY - ALCATRAZ IN B.G. - NIGHT

The cutter ESCAPES in the f.g., still precariously close to GODZILLA, who is beginning to climb up out of the water.

EXT. EDGE OF THE ISLAND - CLOSE

The snagged cord rises from the water, pulled taut.

INT. CABIN OF CUTTER - NIGHT

The boat JERKS, practically knocking our three over.

TONY

What the hell?!--

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - NIGHT

GODZILLA climbs up onto the island like the first amphibian. He immediately begins tearing the roofs off prison buildings in his search for the "other" infant. He looks defiantly over his shoulder-- opens his jaws-- releases another ATOMIC BLAST.

EXT. COIT TOWER - NIGHT

The tower is BLASTED by the radioactive surge, disintegrating. SAN FRANCISCANS scatter and die everywhere. It is horrifying.

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - STERN - NIGHT

Tony hangs over the side with a grappling hook and hatchet, trying to reach the snagged cable. Balinger stands behind him.

BALINGER

(scared, looking up)

I thought we had a deal here, Colonel!

EXT. HELIPAD - AT THE HORNET - NIGHT

Daxton is in the front section, Kevin stands beside it. The ARMY PERSONNEL run everywhere in the b.g. Kevin is crying.

DAXTON

Go to a bomb shelter-- wait for me there!

KEVIN

Why, Dad?! Why can't I go?!

DAXTON

I'll be back. I promise.

INT. HORNET BACK SECTION - NIGHT

O'Roarke is wearing the ex-hat and a headset mic. He squints, scanning the 'ARMING' section of the chopper's instruction manual. He MUMBLES, flicks a switch--

--and a videoscreen blinks to life before him. He grins triumphantly, then reads a new line, looks for a switch-- 'TARGET GRID'-- and flicks it. A checkerboard pattern APPEARS.

As he looks for another control, he accidentally DROPS the manual. It FALLS out the still open hatch onto the asphalt outside. He CURSES and climbs out to get it--

EXT. ALCATRAZ - GODZILLA - NIGHT

SMASHING buildings and towers, the monster is starting to figure out there is not one of his kind on this island. He turns his head, angrily UNLEASHES HIS FIRE-RAY TOWARD SHORE, AND--

EXT. GAS TANKS - PRESIDIO - NIGHT

The tanks are IGNITED by the sheet blast of fire and EXPLODE with great mushrooming balls of FLAME. Hapless MARINES fly into the air, somersaulting TOWARD CAMERA, and their deaths.

EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

--The BLAST knocks Kevin down-- and O'Roarke HITS THE PAVEMENT on the other side of the chopper-- Daxton CALLS to Kevin, who rises and dashes to the front cabin, CLIMBS IN-- then...

Amidst the flaming death and destruction-- the Hornet RISES from the tarmac-- leaving O'Roarke behind-- He LOOKS UP after the chopper, CALLS-- his voice is inaudible in all the NOISE--

EXT. ALCATRAZ - GODZILLA

as the monster TURNS, looking around helplessly. HE SEES the puny Coast Guard boat, snagged by the cable. The monster reaches for the cable, AND PULLS THE BOAT TOWARD HIM--

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - NIGHT

The incredible JOLT sends Dana FLYING BACK into the cabin-- Balinger and Tony gripping the sides-- Tony drops the axe, JUMPS overboard-- Balinger is about to jump too, when he SEES that Dana is trapped in the cabin-- the door wedged shut!!

EXT. CLOSE ON GODZILLA

tugging on the line again, when-- he turns, distracted-- SEES:

EXT. THE BAY - NIGHT

The S-78 Hornet APPEARS on the distant horizon, and--

EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - NIGHT

Balinger BASHES on the cabin door, the unconscious Dana inside. He looks around frantically, SPOTS Tony's hatchet, GRABS IT--

EXT. ALCATRAZ - GODZILLA - FULL SHOT

He RISES, still holding the cable, watching the approaching chopper with uncertainty.

EXT. OVER THE BAY - AERIAL SHOT

AS THE HORNET FLIES TOWARD CAMERA--

INT. HORNET FRONT SECTION - FLYING - NIGHT

Daxton flying, with Kevin scrunched beside him. He pulls the mic on his flight helmet into place.

DAXTON  
(into helmet mic)  
Digger? You ready?

INT. HORNET BACK SECTION - NIGHT

O'ROARKE ISN'T THERE. Empty seat, open hatch, the RUSH of WIND.

INT. HORNET FRONT SECTION - FLYING - NIGHT

Daxton fiddles with his headset.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - CLOSE ON GODZILLA

Squinting, GROWLING inquisitively. WITHOUT WARNING-- he opens his jaws-- FIRES A BLAST OF ATOMIC BREATH, AND--

INT. HORNET FRONT SECTION - FLYING - NIGHT

as Daxton REACTS, JERKS BACK THE JOY-STICK, AND--

EXT. IN THE AIR - THE HORNET

The chopper CLIMBS ABRUPTLY, BARELY AVOIDING the jet-blast of atomic heat--

15 INT. HORNET FRONT SECTION - NIGHT

Daxton brings her level, checks to see Kevin is okay. He pulls his helmet mic back into place.

DAXTON

Digger, are you all right? O'Roarke!?

(no response)

Goddamn radio!

23 INT. CABIN OF COAST GUARD CUTTER - NIGHT

Balinger has SMASHED the plexiglass window with the hatchet, and opened the door from the inside. As he tries to revive Dana, the boat SUDDENLY JOLTS--

29 EXT. ALCATRAZ - GODZILLA

is PULLING THE CABLE AGAIN, dragging the cutter back towards the island...

31 EXT. OVER THE BAY - THE HORNET

as it levels out again, HOVERING.

33 INT. HORNET FRONT SECTION - NIGHT

As Daxton sees to his flying, CURSING under his breath, WE SEE Kevin climbing out the hatch behind him. Daxton NOTICES--

DAXTON

KEVIN!!!

Kevin is halfway out of the cabin, but easily within Daxton's reach. Kevin stops. Their eyes lock. Kevin's are determined. He's going to do this with or without his father's permission, but he'd rather have it.

KEVIN

Dad...

A beat. Daxton cocks his head. "Do it." Kevin CLIMBS OUT.

35 EXT. THE HORNET - NIGHT - KEVIN

The wind whipping his hair, Kevin grips the helicopter's loading handles, working his way toward the back cabin.

37 EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - THE STERN

as Balinger staggers, axe in hand, trying to keep his balance as the monster continues to DRAG THE BOAT BACKWARDS...



154 EXT. ALCATRAZ - GODZILLA

AS he pulls the boat in-- the Hornet approaches from behind...

155 INT. HORNET BACK SECTION - NIGHT

Kevin climbs into O'Roarke's seat, pulls on the headset mic, and takes the targeting joy-stick. The WIND RUSHES all around.

156 EXT. HORNET - UNDER THE HULL - CLOSE SHOT

on a small built-in video camera jutting out.

157 INT. HORNET BACK SECTION - CLOSE ON VIDEO SCREEN

A COMPUTER-SYNTHEZIZED GRAPHIC of what the camera sees. WE can plainly make out the figure of GODZILLA, growing larger as the chopper approaches.

158 EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - STERN

Balinger hangs over the side, swinging the axe and trying to sever the cable. ABOVE HIM LOOMS GODZILLA, CLAW REACHING OUT--

159 INT. HORNET FRONT SECTION - NIGHT

Daxton SEES what is happening.

DAXTON  
(into helmet mic)  
KEVIN?!

160 INT. HORNET BACK SECTION - NIGHT

KEVIN  
I'm here, dad! GO IN, JUST GO IN!!

161 EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - STERN

As Godzilla is about to GRAB the boat itself, he TURNS, focusing his attention on the approaching Hornet, AND--

162 EXT. CLOSE ON BALINGER

looking UP, then DOWN, atonished, AND--

EXT. IN THE WATER - TONY

Treading water, holding up the severed line in one hand, a huge army knife in the other, AND--

EXT. CLOSE ON GODZILLA

rising uncertainly, ready to strike, arms cocked, claws ready, prepared to take revenge for all his humiliations, AND--

INT. HORNET BACK SECTION - CLOSE ON KEVIN

gripping the joystick, crying, AND--

EXT. THE HORNET

FLIES AT CAMERA, AND--

INT. HORNET BACK SECTION - CLOSE ON VIDEO GRID

AS WE CLOSE IN, the monster looking this way--

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - OVER GODZILLA

--the live action equivalent of the same view, Godzilla watching uncertainly, mouth lax and open, and--

INT. HORNET BACK SECTION - VERY TIGHT ON KEVIN

KEVIN

I'm sorry...

INT. EXTREME CLOSE UP - THE LAUNCH TRIGGER

AS KEVIN'S THUMB SQUEEZES IT, AND--

EXT. THE S-78 HORNET - CANNON CHUTE

AS THE MISSILE FIRES AT CAMERA, AND--

EXT. ALCATRAZ - GODZILLA - MEDIUM SHOT

As the Hornet banks off to one side, flying a loop around Godzilla's head-- the massive beast's EYES WIDEN AS HE SWALLOWS, STAGGERS, gripping his neck with one claw, AND--

There is a beat. Then the monster sinks to his knees and opens his jaws and lets out a gut-wrenching BLAST OF ATOMIC ENERGY that shoots from his mouth like an erupting volcano, AND--

EXT. THE HORNET

coming around again AS the shock-wave from the blast makes it buckle in the air, AND--

INT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - CABIN

The soaked Tony looks over his shoulder, the cutter's ENGINES REVING as they pull away from Alcatraz. Balinger kneels on the floor, holding Dana, who looks toward the island, and--

INT. HORNET FRONT SECTION - CLOSE ON DAXTON

as he struggles to balance the chopper out-- SUCCEEDS--

DAXTON

YOU DID IT!! KEVIN, YOU DID IT!!

(A PAUSE--)

KEVIN!!?!?

INT. HORNET BACK SECTION

KEVIN IS NOT THERE. Empty seat, open hatch, the RUSH of WIND.

INT. HORNET FRONT SECTION - DAXTON

jerks the joystick to pull the chopper around, looking frantically for Kevin-- A PANICKED EXPRESSION, AS HE SEES--

EXT. ALCATRAZ - GODZILLA - ALMOST DAWN

Godzilla collapses onto his stomach, clutching something.

EXT. GODZILLA'S CLAW

As it hits the ground, opens. The dazed Kevin, stunned and dizzy, lies in the middle of the green, scaly surface.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - GODZILLA - ALMOST DAWN

Godzilla's eyes roll in their sockets, barely noticing the tiny human in his claw. The monster's immense body is needled with spastic throbs, intense atomic reactions occurring deep within--

Kevin looks up bravely at the prehistoric beast, as the monster shudders again, a dying animal, holding Kevin yards from his face, which is twitching spastically, then--

(CONTINUED)

390 CONTINUED:

The monster focuses on Kevin with milky, yellowed, dying eyes. Kevin, terrified and crying unashamedly, backs away, climbing down from the claw as unobtrusively as possible...

As Kevin backs away from the claw, Godzilla reaches out for him, attempting to clutch the human in his fingers, but too pathetically beaten and weak to accomplish this. Without taking his eyes from Godzilla, Kevin waves to the chopper.

391 EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS - REACTIONS

A) BALINGER and DANA, looking on with astonishment, and--

B) PEOPLE ON SHORE-- Military and civilian, scarred and battered, also watching with disbelief, and--

C) CHARLIE HONDA, watching from a pier, and finally--

C) DAXTON, pushing the joystick, flying forward AS--

392 EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - ALMOST DAWN

The monster MOANS pathetically as he weakly clutches at the near-flying helicopter, just out of reach. Daxton barely touches the Hornet down, just enough for Kevin to climb back up into the front cockpit. The Hornet pulls away, and--

Godzilla SHRIEKS in pain, head lolling, eye-lids twitching as he claws at the air, tries to pull himself up, then turns over, collapsing fully, his mighty tail LASHING OUT AS HE lets out a final gut-wrenching DEATH-SHRIEK, then his head rolls to one side, and his tail ceases swinging, and he twitches spastically, and finally, painfully, pathetically, he dies...

393 EXT. COAST GUARD CUTTER - ON DECK

Balinger and Dana hold one another, watching from the deck of the cutter. Dana looks at him, rests her head on his shoulder.

394 INT. HORNET FRONT SECTION - ALMOST DAWN

Daxton has his arm around Kevin, flying with the other hand. He holds his son very tightly. He doesn't want to ever let go.

ROVER juts from Kevin's pocket, unphased by the adventure he's survived. Kevin strokes his head, then turns to look back, and--

395 EXT. THE HORNET - CLOSE ON KEVIN

Tears streaking his cheeks, his young man's face pressed against the plexiglass window, looking back towards:

1396 EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - HELICOPTER SHOT - DAWN

AS WE SOAR QUIETLY away from the island... Godzilla, King of the  
Monsters, lies very still, very peaceful, very alone as, behind  
the island, the sun rises from the east...

CUT TO BLACK

END CREDITS ROLL

THE END