

KING KONG

Screenplay by

FRAN WALSH & PETER JACKSON

From an idea conceived by

EDGAR WALLACE & MERIAN C. COOPER

1st Draft

1996

EXT. SKIES OVER FRANCE 1917 - DAY

CAMERA drifts towards a large puffy cloud floating 6000ft above the French countryside ...

... a roar of engines - sounding like angry buzzing bees - and three ... six ... NINE SOPWITH CAMEL FIGHTER PLANES emerge from the cloud, flying in tight formation. These are frail looking, but deadly single seat BIPLANES, each armed with twin Vickers machine guns. The height of 1917 aircraft design, built for the sole purpose of blasting German planes out of the skies.

SUPER "FRANCE 1917"

JACK DRISCOLL and his buddy, MATT HAMON are flying two of the CAMELS at the rear of the formation. An UPTIGHT BRIT - McKECKNIE, is flying along side them. He's as JUMPY AS HELL, scanning the skies for enemy planes.

MATT looks around furtively. None of the other pilots are looking in their direction. With practiced skill, MATT reaches down for something in his tiny cockpit ... HE STANDS UP, wedging the control column between his knees and turns back towards JACK'S Camel ... a BASEBALL IN HIS HAND!! With equal proficiency, JACK jams his control column between his knees and stands, brandishing a BASEBALL BAT! Both pranksters have to fight against the fierce slipstream as MATT THROWS THE BALL.I across fifty feet of sky towards JACK! He prepares to swing, but the ball FALLS SHORT, getting MINCED in JACK'S propeller! A quick look around to make sure no one is looking, and MATT reaches down again, grabbing ANOTHER BASEBALL out of the bag of balls he carries in his cockpit!

MATT PITCHES it back towards JACK ... he swings and smashes the ball into the side of McKECKNIE'S PLANE! He LEAPS WITH FRIGHT, his CAMEL wobbling in the sky as he frantically spins around, thinking he's been hit by enemy fire!

JACK and MATT sit in their cockpits, innocently looking the other way!

Sudden MACHINE GUN FIRE ... The SQUADRON LEADER has fired his guns to attract the attention of all his pilots. He gestures down ...

JACK looks down ... 3 large GERMAN BOMBERS, escorted by 6 sleek ALBATROSS fighters are heading towards Allied lines, about 1000 feet below.

With a wave of the SQUADRON LEADERS arm, the NINE CAMELS peel away towards the GERMAN PLANES. The fun is over for JACK and MATT as they

grimly steer their planes into the steep dive ...

WOOD CREAKS, WIRE WHISTLES as the CAMELS shudder against the wind resistance. Wings sometimes crumple like matchwood in dives as steep as this. JACK squints as he lines up an ALBATROSS in his gun-sights. The Germans have not spotted the FAST APPROACHING CAMELS ...

The Camel Pilots OPEN FIRE virtually simultaneously - 18 MACHINE GUNS send yellow TRACER BULLETS ripping into the German planes. Within seconds, 3 ALBATROS are destroyed! One spins away in flames, another literally collapses under a hail of bullets and the third collides with one of the BOMBERS, causing both planes to tumble out of the sky.

It's a turkey shoot as the CAMELS fly through the German formation, turning sharply to attack again before the enemy pilots can recover.

McKECKNIE blasts at the NOSE GUNNER of a German BOMBER, pumping so many bullets into his plane, the NOSE SECTION DISINTEGRATES and the GERMAN FALLS OUT ... This is in the days before parachutes ...

CLUNK!!! The GERMAN GUNNER LANDS ON JACK'S WING!!! He desperately hangs on, spread eagled, FINGERS GRIPPING the wing edges ... JACK stares at him, amazed ...

This is one of those defining moments in life ... With a flick of his CONTROL STICK, JACK could send this guy sailing into space. It is a moment he will remember till the end of his days ... JACK makes EYE CONTACT - the GERMAN is terrified, helpless ...

JACK reaches out to him.

JACK
(yelling above noise)
Here!

JACK struggles to keep his plane flying as smooth as possible - all around the swirling DOGFIGHT continues. The German REACHES OUT for JACK'S HAND ...

BAM! BAM! BAM! A SUDDEN BURST OF GUNFIRE hits the GERMAN. He looks at JACK with a kind of confused SORROW ... and ROLLS OFF THE WING.

JACK
(shocked)
NO!!

ANOTHER CAMEL is flying just a few feet off JACK'S TAIL . . . It dives away.

TRACER FIRE rips into JACK'S PLANE ... He SPINS AROUND, confronted with a TERRIFYING SIGHT!

The 24 gaudily painted FOKKER TRI-PLANES of VON RICHTOFEN'S FLYING CIRCUS are diving down towards them. The hunters have just become THE HUNTED! Before JACK can react, the TRI-PLANES swoop into the dogfight ...

The sky is suddenly filled with nearly 50 planes wheeling around in a desperate life and death struggle. From a distance they look like a swarm of angry bees against a spectacular backdrop of cumulous cloud rising in towering columns.

Close in, it's stomach churning, noisy and violent as terrified pilots

throw their planes around the sky in a desperate attempt to blast bullets into each other. You may have seen movie dogfights before, but you haven't seen one like this!

JACK wrenches the control stick, sending his Camel through a series of TIGHT TURNS, wincing as BOILING CASTOR OIL from the rotary engine SLAPS INTO HIS FACE there are so many planes that collision is as threatening as the deadly TRACER FIRE that zips in all directions.

MATT fires at a TRI-PLANE, the blast of his guns causing his plane to tremble violently. The TRI-PLANE'S TOP WING breaks away, sending the German into a fatal spin.

JACK STARES IN HORROR McKECKNIE'S CAMEL is ON FIRE - and flying STRAIGHT TOWARDS HIM! He frantically tries to steer his plane away, but ...

CRRUMPPP! JACK'S plane clips McKECKNIE'S and goes into an immediate spin. JACK tries to regain control ... his right hand wing tip is in tatters.

MATT sees his buddy going down and dives after him, blasting at a COUPLE OF TRIPLANES that are closing in on the crippled CAMEL.

JACK uses all his strength to haul the control stick back and pull out of the dive. He is dangerously close to the ground - the shell torn landscape of NO MA/S LAND. MATT levels out along side as JACK loses his last few feet of height and smashes into the ground. His undercarriage breaks away and the CAMEL slides to a stop in the mud.

EXT. NO MAN'S LAND - DAY

JACK leans back in the cockpit, his nose bloody from the crash, but otherwise unharmed ...

BANG] BANG! BANG! Machine gun bullets suddenly rip into his plane - GERMAN SOLDIERS are firing at him from the trenches! The Camel BURSTS INTO FLAME as bullets puncture the gas tank.

JACK quickly rolls out of the cockpit and crawls away just as MATT roars low overhead, STRAFING the MACHINE GUN NEST with a withering stream of tracer fire.

JACK'S plane EXPLODES ... he slides safely into a muddy SHELL HOLE, pulling his SERVICE REVOLVER out of the holster. JACK rips his FLYING HELMET & GOGGLES off ... we see that he is just a 17 YEAR OLD KID.

From out of the THICK BLACK PLUME OF SMOKE from the burning plane, MATT'S SOPWITH CAMEL suddenly appears, gliding very low ... he's attempting to land!

MATT carefully guides the plane between shell holes and almost gets away with the landing ... just as the plane slows to a stop, it hits a coil of BARBED WIRE and FLIPS ON IT'S BACK! MATT releases his seat-blet, falls to the ground and pulls off his FLYING HELMET ... MATT is about 20 years old.

MATT
(yelling)
JACK!

MATT races towards the BURNING WRECKAGE ... GUNFIRE from the German trenches kicks the mud up around his feet and he dives forward into a

large SHELLHOLE.

JACK
Matt!

MATT'S only a few yards away from JACK, but they have to stay in their respective shellholes as a ground shaking volley of ARTILLERY FIRE THUNDERS around them.

JACK (CONT'D)
(yelling)
What the hell are you doing?

MATT
(yelling)
Saving your lousy ass!

JACK
(yelling)
You're not saving anybody! You're in the shit like me!

MATT and JACK start CHUCKLING.

MATT hears a LOW NOISE, turns around and SCREAMS ...

LOW ANGLE POV A burly GERMAN SOLDIER rams his BAYONET towards CAMERA.

CLOSE ON MATT'S FACE ... he gasps in shock as he is stabbed in the stomach.

JACK (CONT'D)
(shocked yell)
MATT???

JACK staggers over the top of the shellhole, confronting the THREE GERMAN SOLDIERS who have descended on MATT. He FIRES HIS REVOLVER at them ... killing each SOLDIER.

IMAGE SLOWS DOWN - TURNS into grainy BLACK AND WHITE JACK sinks to his knees, SOBBING WITH GRIEF.

CAMERA RISES INTO THE SKY ...

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. SUMATRAN DIG - DAY

CLOSE ON A grotesque face ... eyes bulging, tongue wedged between teeth.

PULL OUT from the bizarre STONE CARVING of a man riding a buffalo as the side of a WOODEN PACKING CASE swings shut, sealing the ancient figure into a tea chest marked "BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON". A couple of SUMATRAN LABORERS hammer nails into the chest ... CRANE UP to reveal an extensive ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXCAVATION underway in the foothills of the Bukit Seguntang mountains near Palembang.

SUPER BRITISH MUSEUM ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG

SUPER SUMATRA 1933

The dig is nestled in a lush, humid valley. A spectacular WATERFALL

thunders into a river that bisects the camp - a GROUP OF TENTS, with a UNION JACK fluttering from a makeshift flagpole. 8 BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGISTS are spread around, huddling over shell pits and primitive stone monuments - painstakingly freeing the remains of a 12th century HINDU SHRINE from the grip of the Sumatran jungle.

The most spectacular MONUMENT is a huge loft STONE BUDDHA, set into a shallow cave below a rocky cliff. It sits serenely, casting an impassive gaze over the entire site.

Numerous SAMUTRAN LABOUR'S move about, carrying buckets of dirt away from individual dig sites, CLOSE ON A YOUNG WOMAN'S HANDS excitedly scraping mud from a buried artifact she has just discovered - a small BRONZE STATUE of a warrior in a FIERCE WAR MASK ...Pitted with age, one arm broken off, it carries a SPEAR made from IVORY.

ANN DARROW is an attractive young English woman in her early twenties. She wears baggy khaki trousers and a cotton shirt, her blonde hair tied back in a pony tail. She issues orders to MENTAWEI - a SUMATRAN LABORER.

ANN
Mentawei! Fetch some warm soapy water.

MENTAWEI
Yes, Miss Darrow!

MENTAWEI races away. ANN marvels at her find as she gently frees it from the mud ... A SHADOW looms over her, and she quickly stands up, her confidence suddenly draining ...

LORD LINWOOD DARROW is in his late seventies, but still cuts a dashing figure. His only apparent concession to age - a stout WALKING STICK.

LORD DARROW
What have you got there?

ANN
(nervous)
A Neolithic bronze ... Reminiscent of the Nias Island cultures ... It 's very curious. Defiantly Pagan. The use of ivory for the spear is quite unique ... What do you think?

LORD DARROW
I think you're trying to run before you can walk, Ann.

ANN'S FACE drops ... LORD DARROW takes the STATUE and gently leads her away from the site.

LORD DARROW (CONT'D)
You're here merely to observe. Leave the digging to people who know what they're doing, my dear.

They approach an elaborate STONE PILLAR, carved. Intricately

LORD DARROW (CONT'D)
Now look at this fine example of early Hindu art ... I don't recall any sketches of this passing across my desk ...

ANN
I photographed it extensively, father.

LORD DARROW

Photography teaches you nothing, Ann! Click! One second and you've seen all you're going to see. I want you sitting here with your paper and pencils ... I want to see every chisel mark reproduced with painstaking accuracy. Understand the carving and you will understand the people! That Ann, is the key to archaeology.

LORD DARROW walks away, leaving ANN scowling at the statue.

CUT TO

CLOSE ON ANN'S discovery viewed through a MAGNIFYING GLASS ... WALTER DOUGLAS, a BRITISH archaeologist, slowly scans the small figure. LORD DARROW stands beside him, a PERPLEXED FROWN on his face.

LORD DARROW (CONT'D)

It makes no sense, Dougie ... Pagan artifacts below a Hindu site.

DOUGLAS

It's like all the others ... it's human bone.

DOUGLAS carefully places the STATUE on a linen covered table ... MARY OTHER SMALL ARTIFACTS - clearly the work of the same culture - cover the table. All are BRONZE, and all have BONE accessories.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

My guess is it's sacrificial. Some sort of offering.

LORD DARROW

An unknown culture ... A barbaric race with no regard for human life.

CUT TO

EXT. PALEMBANG HARBOR - DAY

PALEMBANG DOCKS - a crowded series of wharves where NATIVE OUTRIGGERS and FISHING BOATS compete for space with rusting COASTAL TRADERS ...

Amongst the junk that litters the harbor - an old AVRO SEAPLANE ... beached on the muddy banks, canvas ripped, wings broken.

A LARGE Tramp STEAMER - "THE VENTURE", glides towards the DOCK, blasting it's horn at the crowd of NATIVE BOATS crossing it's path.

EXT. VENTURE DECK - DAY

POV from "THE VENTURE" of PALEMBANG HARBOR. PULL BACK to reveal a CAMERA CREW shooting the sight from the bow of the ship. The CAMERAMAN is HERB COOPER - middle aged, steadfastly loyal, walks with a pronounced LIMP. The SOUND RECORDIST is RANDELL PEEK - unpleasant, ratty faced, potential trouble maker. Their EQUIPMENT BOXES are STENCILED with "CARL DENHAM PICTURES".

CAPTAIN ENGLEHORN, a dry, old school SKIPPER steers the ship in.

PEEK switches his TAPE RECORDER off ... removes his HEADPHONES.

PEEK

Another God-forsaken Chinese rat-hole.

KURT VOSS is wandering past, reading an INDONESIAN/ENGLISH TRANSLATION BOOK. KURT is an IMMENSELY STRONG ship's MATE ... BRUTISH LOOKING and basically SLOW WITTED, the kind of guy who moves his lips when he reads ... he has a love of classical music.

KURT

"Hai sahabatku yang baik" ... That means "Hello, my good friend".

PEEK flips his MIDDLE FINGER at KURT.

PEEK

That means "Piss off".

CAPTAIN ENGLEHORN yells from the BRIDGE.

ENGLEHORN

(yelling)

Secure the moorings!

CUT TO

EXT. PALEMBANG DOCKS - DAY

A group of TEN SUMATRAN OFFICIALS are waiting nervously on the docks as the GANGPLANK is secured. PEEK is the first off, followed by HERB, staggering under the weight of the camera and tripod.

MR SELAMAT GINTING, the local DISTRICT COMMISSIONER, steps forward, thrusting a GARLAND FLOWERS around PEEK'S neck ... A TIN-POT BAND strikes up an Out OF TUNE version of "DIXIE".

MR GINTING

(carefully practiced)

We welcome you, Mr Denham! We celebrate the bonding of our cultures ... the peoples of Sumatra unite in friendship with the peoples of Hollywoodland!

PEEK hands the GARLAND back.

PEEK

Save it buddy - you've got the wrong guy -

DENHAM (O.S.)

Roll camera, roll sound! I'm coming ashore!

DENHAM is a showman, a larger than life character - part Orson Welles, part John Huston - a man in love with his own legend. He has reputation for traveling to the most dangerous corners of the world, producing exotic documentaries. These thrilled audiences in the days before TV with their images of elephant stampedes and lions hunting. DENHAM is overweight, has no taste in wardrobe and sweats profusely.

MR GINTING puts the GARLAND over DENHAM'S head.

MR GINTING

We welcome you, Mr Denham! We celebrate the bonding -

DENHAM pumps MR GINTING'S HAND enthusiastically, steering around to face the CAMERA

DENHAM

(interrupts)

Hi, Carl Denham ... How's going. Wonderful to be here...

DENHAM moves off down the line of OFFICIALS, shaking hands, not pausing for their names, and always playing the camera...

DENHAM (CONT'D)

Pleased to meet you ... Hi, bow's it going? Pleased to meet you! Hi,

Carl Denham ... How's it going?

MR GINTING

We offer ourselves at your service, Mr Denham!

DENHAM

And I appreciate that so much, I really do - a sentiment that will be shared by audiences across America when they view my latest documentary sensation "Indonesia ...Hell Hole of the World". Ernie Hemmingway's agreed to write the narration. We're going out through Universal ... Laemmle's promised me fifteen hundred screens.

MR GINTING nods politely ...

SOUND OF LOUD TRUCK HORN ... A TRUCK, fully laden with SAWN LOGS is trying to drive onto the WHARF. "Dixie" falls apart as the BAND grab their instruments and SCATTER.

The TRUCK reaches the DENHAM and the RECEPTION GROUP ...

JACK DRISCOLL leans out of the CAB.

JACK

You guys are gonna have to move!

JACK is now in his early thirties ... He has not lost his boyish looks, but years of tropical sun has darkened his skin.

The OFFICIALS look FLUSTERED ... JACK leaps out of the cab ... STRIDES OVER. He gestures towards a CARGO BARGE moored next to the "VENTURE".

JACK (CONT'D)

If I don't get my cargo on this ship, I'll miss the sailing.

HERB'S VIEWFINDER POV ... JACK walks into shot.

DENHAM

(annoyed)

Hey buddy! I don't know who you think you are, but you just walked into a Carl Denham Picture! Take a hike!

JACK sees the camera pointing at him.

JACK

What the hell is going on?

MR GINTING

(Insincere)

It's Hollywood!

JACK

Yeah? Well, see that?

He points at his heavily laden truck ...

JACK (CONT'D)

That's "Jack's Wood" - and it's going on that boat!

JACK jumps back into the CAB, and drives straight at the OFFICIALS, sending the reception into CHAOS ... HERB has to quickly pull the CAMERA and TRIPOD away - DENHAM looks FURIOUS! MR GINTING hurries over - looking SICK with FEAR and EMBARRASSMENT.

MR GINTING

(distraught)

I so sorry! I so sorry!

DENHAM spins around ... his mood so black, he looks as if he might hit MR GINTING ... He suddenly breaks into a CHARMING SMILE!

DENHAM

It is I who has to apologize, sir. It's people like him who give Americans a bad name.

MR GINTING almost sobs with relief.

MR GINTING

You are most kind. We will be proud to assist you!

DENHAM

Exotic lands, primitive people, dangerous animals ... That's what the public expect from a Carl Denham picture! Lead us into the mountains, Sir!

MR GINTING

The mountains?

DENHAM puts an arm around MR GINTING'S shoulder.

DENHAM

Shut your eyes - let me paint a picture in your mind ...

MR GINTING squeezes his eyes shut.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

Our cameras are focused on the deepest Sumatran jungle. Steam rises from the verdant foliage... Suddenly a jackdaw screams! Why? ... Because the Beast is moving through the trees! Eyes blazing, insisors dripping, the Beast knows no fear - for he is the most powerful creature to walk the land!

(lowers voice ominously)

You know what I'm talking about don't you, Mr Ginting?

MR GINTING nods FEARFULLY.

EXT. LOGGING CAMP/SUMATRAN MOUNTAINS - DAY

MONTAGE SUMATRAN LUMBERJACKS are working at fever pitch, clearing a RAIN FOREST ... SAWS and AXES rip into the TREES ... They CRASH to the ground. A PRIMITIVE SAWMILL works the LOGS in ROUGH-SAWN TIMBERS.

WIDE Several ACRES has been stripped. The FOREMAN watches with satisfaction as the last solitary TREE in this block is attacked by two AXE MEN.

JACK pulls up in his truck.

JACK

Hey, great work! You guys have earned yourselves a bonus!

JACK leaps out of the TRUCK as the LAST TREE starts to splinter ... suddenly a TERRIFIED SCREAM comes out of the top most branches of the tree. The FOREMAN looks sick.

FOREMAN

(upset)

Orangutan ...

The SCREAM continues as the TREE slowly topples to the ground with a THUNDERING CRASH ... SUDDEN SILENCE.

JACK
Goddamn monkeys. They piss me off!

JACK strides into a makeshift wooden hut ...

INT. LOGGING OFFICE - DAY

JACK
The sooner we clear this rain forest the better.

The OFFICE is functional and tidy.

THE SOUND OF PANIC ... JACK turns as TENKU - a SAW MILL WORKER is carried into the office with a NASTY INJURY to his LEG.

WORKER
Tenku hurt pretty bad, boss!

JACK clears the desk with a sweep of his arm ... They lay the TENKIU down. JACK looks at the WOUND ... A NASTY SHARD OF METAL - the size of a DINNER KNIFE - is embedded in his leg. JACK GRINS at TENKU, clearly not wanting to alarm him.

JACK
(forced casual)
Hey, it's just a splinter.

JACK takes a grip of the METAL SHARD ...

JACK (CONT'D)
How's Mrs Tenku? She must be close.

TENKU
(gasping)
Baby due any day ... ARRGGH!!

JACK suddenly pulls the SHARD OUT. WORKERS close in, wrapping the WOUND in BANDAGES.

JACK
Ok boys ... Take him to hospital! Quick now!

TENKU is carried outside as a SAW MILL VEHICLE pulls up.

CLOSE ON A SAFE ... JACK quickly takes a wad of BANKNOTES and slips them into an ENVELOPE.

EXT. LOGGING CAMP/SUMATRAN MOUNTAINS - DAY

TENKU is slid into the BACK SEAT of the CAR. JACK strides out of the OFFICE.

JACK
Hey! You wanna be more careful!

JACK leans in, slipping the ENVELOPE into TENKU'S HAND.

JACK (CONT'D)
You dropped this in my office.

TENKU gives JACK a GRATEFUL toothless GRIN as the DOOR SLAMS SHUT and

the CAR roars away.

AN EERIE ANIMAL ROAR suddenly echoes across the valley. The ENTIRE SITE pauses as WORKER look around, trying to figure out where this FEARFUL SOUND is coming from ...

JACK FROWNS.

EXT. SUMATRAN HIGHLANDS - DAY

ROAR CONTINUES ... over a slow pan across a misty ridge-line ...

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

ROAR CONTINUES... PAR onto CARL DENHAM roaring into a MEGAPHONE! He is sitting in one of TWO VEHICLES, parked just off the road, on the edge of a clearing. Several CREW MEMBERS from the ship are perched on the vehicles, including PEEK and KURT. MR GINTING, and TWO SUMATRAN GUIDES look nervously around, clutching RIFLES.

DENHAM lowers the megaphone looking very satisfied with himself ...

DENHAM

DENHAM

The sound of a wounded warthog ... a little trick I picked up from the Tau Tau people of New Guinea! Keep you're eye to the eyepiece, Herb! We won't be waiting long.

HERB has the camera set up in the middle of the clearing, his lens staring into the thick, dark jungle that lies ahead ... he looks alone and vulnerable.

DENHAM throws a huge lump of BLOODY RAW MEAT into the clearing ... it lands at HERB'S feet ... he swallows nervously. DENHAM settles back into his seat, lighting a LARGE CIGAR.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

Tell me Mr Ginting - are there any parts of your country where people still wear ... native costume?

MR GINTING

Native costume?

DENHAM

Y'know ... traditional ceremonies where the woman ... divest themselves of their undergarments.

DENHAM gestures at his chest ... MR GINTING is confused.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

Hooters, Mr Ginting. There's nothing the public like to see more than native hooters.

PEEK sniggers. MR GINTING frowns.

MR GINTING

We are a very modest and deeply religious people, Mr Denham.

DENHAM

(grunting)

That's too bad.

A NOISE from the jungle - DENHAM suddenly leaps to his feet.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

He's close, boys - Roll camera! Roll sound!

HERB rolls camera ... the WHIRRING MOTOR is the only sound in the clearing - even the BIRDS are suddenly quiet ...BRANCHES SNAPPING ... LEAVES SHAKING -SOMETHING is approaching from inside the dense jungle ...

TENSE FACES! DENHAM ... MR GINTING ... KURT ... HERB wipes a bead of sweat from his brow without taking his eye off the eyepiece ... A GASP is heard from the GROUP as the bushes part and out steps the mighty ...

SUMATRAN TIGER! It warily steps into the clearing, regarding HERB with suspicion. He can barely breath as he pans, following the TIGER'S movements.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

(loud megaphone)

Looking good Herb! Stand by for the roar ... here we go!

DENHAM lowers his MEGAPHONE and throws a large STONE, hitting the TIGER on the back! The TIGER ROARS!

DENHAM (CONT'D)

Boy! Were those teeth in focus, Herb?

HERB

(choked whisper)

Yeah!

The TIGER sniffs the meat ... REJECTS IT ...

MR GINTING

(quiet)

He doesn't want the meat ...

He SNARLS AT HERB ...

MR GINTING (CONT'D)

(panicked)

Man Eater!!!

DENHAM

A man eater! Fantastic!

(megaphone)

Making history, Herb

PEEK

For Gods sake! Get him outta there!

DENHAM

Just a few more seconds ...

The TIGER suddenly springs on HERB! The cameraman SCREAMS as he topples backwards - CAMERA, TRIPOD and TIGER landing on top of him!

For a moment, all ONLOOKERS are frozen in their VEHICLES ... MR GINTING suddenly raises his RIFLE and fires ...

CUT TO

EXT. SUMATRAN DIG - DAY

BANG! BANG! GUNSHOTS echo across the dig site. EVERYBODY stops - looks around ... LORD DARROW races out of a tent.

AT THAT MOMENT ... The TIGER races out of undergrowth, charging STRAIGHT THROUGH THE CAMP!!

LORD DARROW
(yelling)
Tiger!!!

CHAOS ERUPTS!

BRIEF IMAGES FLEETING GLIMPSES of the TIGER, racing through the camp - leaping tables, crashing through tents ... PEOPLE are running, diving, grabbing RIFLES. ANN pushes a SUMATRAN MAID clear of the TIGER.

VEHICLES suddenly BURST OUT OF THE TREES and career wildly through the camp! The SUMATRAN? RAN GUIDES are SHOOTING at the fleeing TIGER ... HERB - battered and bleeding - is FILMING from one of the bouncing vehicles! DENHAM is balancing in the front seat with a look of EUPHORIA - like a general leading a CAVALRY CHARGE.

The vehicles do MORE DAMAGE than the TIGER! ANCIENT STATUES are BODE OVER, GUY ROPES snag on the cars -RIPPING TENTS OUT OF THE GROUND, LUNCH TABLES are destroyed. PEOPLE that left away from the TIGER have to LEAP-- FURTHER to avoid the SPEEDING CARS!

BANG! BANG! The TIGER does a HUGE LEAP as BULLETS whizz by ... RICOCHETING OFF THE BUDDHA in the BG!!! Lumps of ROTTEN STONE fly off in clouds of dust.

The TIGER bounds up the bank beside the BUDDHA and DISAPPEARS into the undergrowth.

LORD DARROW runs at the VEHICLES.

LORD DARROW (CONT'D)
Stop it! You idiots!

ANN races towards her FATHER as the vehicles SLIDE TO A HALT at the foot of the cliff BELOW THE BUDDHA.

ANN
(alarmed)
Father!

LORD DARROW
These are priceless artifacts! They're ruining the site!

DENHAM
(quietly to kurt)
Who is this limey asshole?

KURT SHRUGS ... LORD DARROW hurries towards the VEHICLES.

LORD DARROW
Out! Out! All of you! We have been issued with an exclusive permit -

ANN
(interrupting Darrow)
Father ... Father!

THE BUDDHA ... Bullet hits have blown lumps of stone away, revealing a creepy BRONZE STATUE - concealed beneath the thin "Buddha" shaped outer

layer. Only a small section is revealed, but it is clear that the BRONZE FIGURE is that of an ANIMAL ...

LORD DARROW
(mesmerized)
What the ...

LORD DARROW rushes up the slope to the STATUE ... He hits the STONE VENEER with his stick - once, twice, on the THIRD BLOW, the remainder of the "Buddha" shell suddenly CRUMBLES AWAY and falls in a heap on the ground!

Exposed for the first time in nearly 800 years is the STATUE OF A FRIGHTENING ANIMAL ... an APE-LIKE creature -FACE SNARLING with fearsome RAGE ... bristled fur ... taloned hands. It sits atop a pile of REAL HUMAN SKULLS, integrated into the bronze work. At the base of the statue - PANELS OF HIEROGLYPHIC-TYPE INSCRIPTION. An ancient piece of frightening art ... it sends the GROUP into STUNNED SILENCE.

LORD DARROW (CONT'D)
God Lord ... I don't believe it.

LOW ANGLE ... LORD DARROW turns to face the GROUP, the STATUE filling the frame behind him. The old man's eyes blaze with obsessive intensity.

LORD DARROW (CONT'D)
(creepy)
Behold ... the Beast God ... KONG!

MR GINTING backs away, TREBLING.

MR GINTING
(terrified)
Kong.

LORD DARROW
(creepy)
Worshipped by a savage race ... "Talak e a Kong" The Cult of the Beast God - until now a myth ... a superstition.

The SUMATRANS are all backing away. The EUROPEANS stare at the STATUE - KURT moves closer, studying the HIEROGLYPHICS on a panel that seems to contain a CRUDE MAP. The ATMOSPHERE is mesmerizing. SILENCE ...

DENHAM
(loudly)
That was great your Lordship! Now, if you wouldn't mind - just repeat that and we'll get it from another angle. Exact same words please!

HERB has been filming LORD DARROW!

LORD DARROW
No photography!!! Turn that thing off!

DENHAM climbs out of his VEHICLE ...

DENHAM
Hi - Carl Denham. I'm A big admirer of your work, sir. I've loved all your discoveries. I really want to work closely with you on this incredible find. It'll be good for you and good for me.

ANN

Look Mr Denham - you're not welcome here. Just pack up your cameras and go.

DENHAM'S face CLOUDS WITH ANGER.

DENHAM

I don't take orders from women in trousers. Herb! Get a close-up of the big monkey.

HERB carries the TRIPOD and CAMERA towards the STATUE.

DOUGLAS suddenly rushes forward, pushing HERB away ... In a split second - KURT punches DOUGLAS to the ground, knocking him out!

A GUN COCKS ... ANN has snatched a RIFLE from the CAR. She aims it at KURT ... he backs away.

ANN

(softly)

Have you got a hearing problem? Get out.

DENHAM'S GROUP climb into their vehicles.

DENHAM

You just made a big mistake, lady. This is a public place - I know my rights! Charles Lindburg's lawyer's a personal friend of mine. I'm gonna put you people in litigation hell for the next five years!

CUT TO

INT. VENTURE - DUSK

CLOSE ON A drawing of the MAP from the base of the Kong statue ... It appears to show the position of a SMALT. ISLAND, south west of the Sumatran mainland.

KURT is sketching it from memory ... he refers to his TRANSLATION BOOK. DENHAM and the ship's skipper CAPTAIN ENGLEHORN look on.

KURT

(Slowly)

"Pulau Tengkorak" - The Island of the Skull ...

DENHAM

(excited)

What else? Were there directions?

KIURT

(pause)

Yeah.

KURT looks at them BLANKLY.

DENHAM

(frustrated)

Well?

KURT

(slowly)

There were detailed navigational co-ordinates in an ancient Sanskrit alphabet. I didn't have time to translate it all.

ENGLEHORN

(tense)

Look, I've sailed these waters for twenty-seven years ... there's no island like that around here.

DENHAM

(more excited)

What a climax to the film - The first white men to set foot on ...

(pauses)

"Skull Island"

(very excited)

Twentieth Century man comes face to face with a ... a ... naked stone age tribe!

ENGLEHORN

(agitated)

I tell you it doesn't exist!

DENHAM

We need those co-ordinates -someone's gotta get back there and jot the rest of it down

A cough O.S ... DENHAM'S'S turns and his gaze settles on PEEK standing in the doorway ...

EXT. SUMATRAN DIG - DUSK

CLOSE ON ANN - skillfully producing an accurate PENCIL RUBBING of the HIEROGLYPHICS and MAP on a sheet of TRACING PAPER.

LORD DARROW and DOUGLAS are studying the STATUE OF KONG in the soft twilight ... They talk QUIETLY - out of ANN'S earshot.

LORD DARROW

The Beast God cult flourished up until the fifth century. It originated on a remote island and quickly spread to the mainland, where the worshipers were systematically hunted down and killed by the Hindu. No likeness of Kong was allowed to survive. All trace of this culture was eliminated as if it had never existed ...

DOUGLAS

(animated)

Are you suggesting a pocket still survives on this island?

LORD DARROW

Maybe ... but, from what we know of the culture, I wouldn't set foot on the "Island of the Skull" with anything less than full military back-up.

ANN comes running over, EXCITEDLY waving the finished COPY OF THE MAP.

ANN

Father It's somewhere south-west of here - we need to inform the museum ... · organize an expedition -

LORD DARROW

(interrupts)

All in due course, Ann. Our first responsibility is to get these artifacts safely back to London.

DARROW checks the time with an ornately engraved SILVER FOB-WATCH.

BINOCULAR POV ANN with MAP, LORD DARROW and DOUGLAS.

ANN

(waving MAP)

But, it's here! An undiscovered island!

CLOSE ON RANDELL PEEK, casing the site from a safe distance...

JACK (O.S.)

Hey!

JACK is scrambling up the hill towards the GROUP.

ANN

Oh God, it's that bloody yank!

LORD DARROW

Now now, Ann! Try be to polite.

JACK

(angry)

Alright old man! You'd better have a good explanation because you've just lost me ten grand's worth of business!

LORD DARROW

(confused)

I beg your pardon?

JACK

I've gotta contract to clear a hundred thousand acres of rainforest by Christmas and my entire work force has just walked out. They're spooked by some weird shit you guys are pulling out of the ground!

LORD DARROW

(casual)

Oh no! That can't be right ... we've had no problems with our people ...

CUT TO

POV TENT FLAP pulled back to reveal ... LARGE EMPTY TENT, clearly VACATED IN A HURRY.

WIDE SHOT LORD DARROW looks around ... Apart from the HANDFUL of ENGLISH, camp is deserted. ANN looks flustered. JACK stands with his hands on his hips.

ANTHONY - another ARCHAEOLOGIST, runs over to LORD DARROW.

ANTHONY

(whispers)

They said the wrath of Kong has returned ... "Those in his shadow will be plagued by death".

LORD DARROW

(urgent whisper)

Call the shipping company, Tony. It's time we started freighting the artifacts home.

JACK

Your Lordship! Aren't you forgetting something? I'd appreciate a little talk about compensation.

LORD DARROW

What?

ANN

He's grubbing for money, father.

JACK

(to ANN)

I just wanna deal with the boss, ok?

ANN

(angry)

No, it's not ok! We're not about to be robbed blind by some two-bit hustler on the make!

JACK

You - calling me a thief? Well, that's great, coming from a glorified grave robber! You break into the tomb of some dead Egyptian - the poor guy's happily enjoying the afterlife when suddenly his shit gets stolen by a bunch of light fingered limeys!

ANN

Tell me, Mr Driscoll - is it a requirement of the forestry business that you have to be as thick as the trees you cut down?

LORD DARROW

Ann!

LORD DARROW steps forward - JACK backs away in MOCK HORROR.

JACK

(theatrical)

Holy God! The mummy walks!

ANN

(yelling)

How dare you? My father is the British Museum's most respected archeologist!

JACK

(yelling)

Do they have him on display at the weekends?

CLOSE ON ANN'S MAP, on a table with OTHER SKETCHES. PEEK calmly grabs it and heads away. EVERYONE is distracted by the ARGUMENT that continues ...

ANN

(yelling)

God, you're so obnoxious! Our work happens to be of great anthropological value!

JACK

(yelling)

Value? ... Value?

JACK grabs an ancient EARTHENWARE POT off a table of ARTIFACTS ...

JACK (CONT'D)

You couldn't get ten cents for this thing! It's cracked!

He tosses the POT over his shoulder, SMASHING it!

BEHIND JACK ...

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!!! MILITARY VEHICLES roar into the camp ... 100 SUMATRAN SOLDIERS spill out of several TRUCKS - they stream through the site, YELLING and PULING PEOPLE FROM TENTS.

SOLDIERS
(yelling)
Out of your tents! Out of your tents!

JACK looks around, totally confused.

LORD DARROW
What is the meaning of this???

The Sumatran COLONEL IN CHARGE steps up.

COLONEL
We are closing you down! No more permit! You go home!

TENTS are being TORN DOWN ... ARTIFACTS swept into SACKS. BOOKS and PAPERS are thrown into a pile and DOUSED WITH PETROL.

LORD DARROW
You can't destroy these things ... They're part of history.

COLONEL
Some things better left alone.

WHROOOSH' The FIRE roars into life.

A SUDDEN YELL - RANDELL PEEK is thrown to the ground by TWO SOLDIERS.
He is clutching ANN'S MAP!

SOLDIER
He was caught trying to escape!

The COLONEL unrolls the MAP ...

ANN
(very tense)
That's mine.

COLONEL
Burn everything.

He hands the map to a SOLDIER 1 ... ANN tries to rush forward, but is RESTRAINED by SOLDIER 2.

LORD DARROW sees SOLDIERS streaming away from the KONG STATUE.

LORD DARROW
(distressed)
We're shipping that back to England -

COLONEL
That won't be necessary.

KABOOM!!! The KONG STATUE is BLOWN INTO A 1000 PIECES!!!

LORD DARROW
(quietly)
God forgive you.

DARROW sinks to his knees, CLUTCHING HIS CHEST.

ANN
(horrified)
Father!!!

ANN rushes over as LORD DARROW gently pitches forward onto the ground.
She cradles her father's head in her lap.

ANN (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Somebody help me! Help me!

JACK kneels over LORD DARROW ... shakes his head.

JACK
I'm sorry ...

ANN
(shocked)
No!

ANN bursts into tears ... falls on her FATHER'S BODY, SOBBING with
GRIEF. The COLONEL takes her arm.

COLONEL
Everyone under our protection. You and your father's body will be
escorted to airfield in the morning for plane home. No more permit!

The COLONEL attempts to PULL ANN away from her father's body. JACK
roughly shoves the COLONEL away.

JACK
Leave her alone for Chrissake!

SOLDIER 2 CLUBS JACK with his RIFLE BUTT! JACK falls to the ground ...
SOLDIER 2 snatches LORD DARROW'S FOB-WATCH as a trophy.

SUDDENLY! JACK rockets up, GRABBING SOLDIER 2'S RIFLE. He rams the butt
into the COLONEL'S stomach, smashes SOLDIER 2 across the chin ... The
FOB WATCH falls to the ground. SOLDIER 1 is by the FIRE, about to burn
ANN'S MAP - HE RAISES HIS RIFLE ... In a flash, JACK throws the RIFLE
at SOLDIER 1, knocking him into the FIRE! ANN'S MAP flutters to the
ground.

CONFUSION ERUPTS! SOLDIERS SHOOT wildly at JACK as he disappears into
the darkness ... ANN stands alone by her father's body - ZOMBIE-LIKE.

CLOSE ON The FOB-WATCH ... ANN picks it up. A PIECE OF PAPER blows at
her feet - she looks down at THE MAP.

CLOSE ON PEEK watching her.

CUT TO

JACK dodges a flurry of GLOFIRE and leaps into his TRUCK. He guns the
engine and ROARS OFF down the JUNGLE TRACK.

EXT. JUNGLE TRACK - NIGHT

CLUNK! SOMEBODY jumps onto the TRAY of his TRUCK before he gains much
speed. JACK plants boot and SWERVES VIOLENTLY, trying to THROW THEM
OFF. The INTRUDER nearly rolls out - JACK looks into his SIDE MIRROR
...

ANN'S only just clinging to the side, still CLUTCHING THE MAP ... She

stares ANGRILY INTO THE MIRROR.

ANN

For Godssakes it' s me!

JACK slows enough to allow ANN to clamber into the CAB through the PASSENGER DOOR.

SMASH! A BULLET shatters the REAR WINDOW as TWO SUMATRAN MILITARY CARS speed up behind them'

ANN (CONT'D)

They're gaining on us!

The CHASE ACCELERATES out of the jungle, and down a narrow MOUNTAIN ROAD ... A SHEER 300ft DROP on one side. JACK throws his TRUCK around corners with recklessness. The STONY TRACK is barely wide enough for a vehicle -not one sliding around TIGHT CORNERS ... at times ONE WHEEL hangs out in space. ANN clings to her seat.

JACK has gained on the MILITARY VEHICLES as they reach the bottom of the hill, racing on a DIRT ROAD beside a MUDDY RIVER ... JACK looks back - FAILING TO TAKE A CORNER ...

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The TRUCK flies off the road, SPLASHING INTO THE RIVER!

JACK and ANN brace themselves as the TRUCK lurches to a halt ... It lies HALF SUBMERGED in the RIVER beside an old WOODEN PIER. The WATER LEVEL is just above the bottom of the TRUCK'S WINDOWS. Within seconds the WATER fills the CAB up to THEIR NECKS.

The FIRST MILITARY VEHICLE roars past ... but the SECOND STOPS. Our old friends - SOLDIERS 1 & 2, get out and approach the PIER.

JACK

(whisper)

Get out ... Stay under the pier.

BEFORE THEY CAN MOVE A large CROCODILE suddenly LUNGES AT ANN! It's SNAPPING JAWS thrust in through her SIDE WINDOW.

ANN falls back into JACK'S LAP ... The CROC'S shoulders are too wide for the window - it gets wedged, SNAPPING at ANN, inches short of her nose! MORE CROCODILES descend on the TRUCK, CLAWING AT JACK'S WINDOW and the WINDSCREEN - it threatens to break under the strain.

A FLASHLIGHT BEAM plays on the car ... the TWO SOLDIERS approach holding RIFLES.

JACK (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Shoot them!

MORE CROCS scramble onto the TRAY, snapping through the broken REAR WINDOW! JACK and ANN huddle together, their mouths at water level, TEETH SNAPPING ALL AROUND THEM. JACK can see the TWO SOLDIERS through the SIDE MIRROR .. they're ENJOYING THE SHOW - cracking a private JOKE.

JACK (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Come here!

The TWO SOLDIERS don't respond.

JACK (CONT'D)

(yelling)

I said come here! I don't have a will and I've got twenty grand stashed in a Singapore Bank. I want you to have it!

As JACK speaks, he is GASPING FOR AIR and SPITTING OUT WATER ... The TWO SOLDIERS WARILY APPROACH, their rifles trained on JACK.

JACK (CONT'D)

I know you guys aren't sadistic, evil scum. I know you're really good boys at heart, and I want you and your families to get some pleasure from my lifetime of hard work.

JACK'S POV The TWO SOLDIERS edge closer along the PIER -totally prepared for any trick JACK might pull ... Behind them - A HUGE FAT CROC has climbed the river bank and is WAITING STEALTHILY onto the pier!!!

JACK (CONT'D)

Royal Bank of Singapore ... Ask for Mr Sanyun Khan. For Christsake, don't get him mixed up with Sulkin Khan - the guy works at the next desk and is a total asshole. Won't give you anything!

THE SOLDIERS NOD . The FAT CROC is getting near, but moving VERY SLOWLY.' ANN too is watching the approaching CROC through the MIRROR.

A SNAPPING CROC nips JACK'S shoulder DRAWING BLOOD. He gasps...

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll give you the account number. You should write it down ... One ... Seven ... Guys! I'm real worried you're going to forget this! I've got enough stress at the moment - write the damn thing down!

SOLDIER 1 lowers his rifle and pulls a NOTE-PAD out of his pocket - just as ...

THE FAT CROC CHARGES! He covers the last few feet moving at LIGHTENING SPEED. He takes SOLDIER 2 in his JAWS and with a FLICK of his TAIL, sweeps SOLDIER 1 INTO THE WATER! ALL THE CROCS leave the TRUCK and descend on the THRASHING SOLDIER like a PACK OF PIRANHAS.

ANN grabs the floating MAP, pushes the door open ... she and JACK quickly wade to the bank the water behind them a CHURNING MAELSTROM!

The SOLDIER'S VEHICLE ... JACK races up to it and leans in - NO KEYS!

JACK (CONT'D)

Damn!

He does retrieve a PISTOL from the back seat. He tucks it into his belt.

CUT TO

EXT. SUMATRAN ROAD - NIGHT

ANN and JACK are walking along a road. PADDY FIELDS on one side, JUNGLE on the other ...the LIGHTS OF PALEMBANG are glowing about 3 miles ahead.

CAR HEADLIGHTS appear behind them. They quickly duck into the

UNDERGROWTH.

ANN

(excited)

It's Dougie's car!!

JACK hurries to the middle of the road, WAVING at the car. It slows down ...

SUDDENLY ACCELERATES, BOWLING JACK!! He rolls across the hood, landing in a heap on the ground.

ANN (CONT'D)

(shocked)

Jack!

ANN runs over to him ... the CAR stops and RANDELL PEEK hops out!

PEEK

Oh God! I didn't see him!

JACK'S EYES FLUTTER OPEN - he looks up to see ...

PEEK suddenly club ANN! She topples over and PEEK snatches the map, an "it's my lucky night" look on his face. JACK tries to get up, but he's too stunned and can only watch as PEEK jumps back in the car and speeds away.

CUT TO

EXT. PALEMBANG HARBOR - DAWN

The "Venture" is STEAMING AWAY from the DOCKS - SMOKE shoots out of it's FUNNEL as the boiler pressure rises ... The ORANGE LIGHT of DAWN fills the sky.

CUT TO

EXT. PALEMBANG DOCKS - DAWN

JACK and ANN run onto the DOCK ... They look filthy, bruised and very tired. ANN watches in despair as the "VENTURE" leaves the HARBOR MOUTH.

ANN

(urgent)

Where do I charter a boat?

JACK

There's nothing fast enough to catch that. Forget it. It's over.

ANN

(angry)

I not doing this for me, Jack! It's for my father. This is possibly the greatest anthropological discovery of the last two hundred years! It belongs to him! I'm going to that island ... nothing's going to stop me!

JACK glances at a NATIVE DUG-OUT.

JACK

You might have some luck with that ... if you paddle as fast as you talk.

JACK turns and walks away, DUCKING INTO THE SHADOWS as a MILITARY

VEHICLE cruises past in the distance.

ANN (O.S.)

Jack.

JACK turns ... ANN is looking at the OLD 2-SEAT FLOAT-PLANE, beached on the muddy bank. It is a TOTAL WRECK - broken wings, rudder hanging by one hinge, control wires snapped and tangled.

ANN (CONT'D)

(hopeful)

Can you fly?

JACK

Are you kidding?! That heap of junk will never leave the ground!

He turns and carries on walking ...

JACK (CONT'D)

Besides, I've given it away. I ain't flown since the war. I ain't ever flying again.

CUT TO

EXT. SUMATRAN COAST - MORNING

The "VENTURE" is a couple of miles off the Sumatran coast, and heading out to sea.

INT. VENTURE BRIDGE -- MORNING

CAPTAIN ENGLEHORN is steering the ship. DENHAM is pacing anxiously while KURT studies ANN'S PENCIL RUBBING. He is marking a course on a MODERN MAP.

KURT

Here!

DENHAM watches with excitement as KIURT makes a CROSS in the middle of a vast empty ocean.

KURT (CONT'D)

It says the island is surrounded by salak-pur ... a fog bank.

DENHAM

How many days?

ENGLEHORN

(adement)

There's no island there. We're wasting our time!

DENHAM

(angry)

I'm chartering this vessel,Engelhorn - how many days?

ENGLEHORN

(sullen)

Two... maybe three.

The SOUND of an approaching PLANE!!!

EXT. VENTURE DECK - MORNING

DENHAM and KIURT come out onto the deck, scanning the sky for the plane

...

KURT
Mr Denham!

KURT is pointing at the SEA.

DENHAM
(confused)
What the -

CRASH CUT TO

EXT.

SUMATRAN COAST - MORNING

The OLD FLOAT-PLANE, is speeding along the SURFACE OF THE WATER! The engine is belching BLACK SMOKE, but is still propelling the wreck at a far rate of knots. The floats show signs of HASTY REPAIR to keep them watertight.

CLOSE ON JACK in the FRONT COCKPIT, with ANN behind him ... SEA SPRAY is showering them. JACK is keeping an eye on the GAUGES.

CRASH CUT TO

JACK
(yelling above noise)
I'm gonna pull along side. I can't cut the engine - she'll never start again.

EXT. VENTURE/OCEAN - MORNING

Most of the CREW are lining the DECKS, watching with AMUSEMENT as the FLOAT-PLANE pulls up along side. ENGLEHORN has cut the engines.

DENHAM groans when he recognizes ANN.

ANN
(yelling)
I'm coming onboard! Throw down a ladder!

DENHAM
(yelling)
You're outta your depth here, Miss Darrow!

ANN
(yelling)
There's no hard feelings, Mr Denham! I just want to come to the island with you!

DENHAM
(yelling)
Does this look like the "Queen Mary"?? We don't take passengers! Full steam ahead, Captain Engelhorn!

DENHAM walks away.

JACK
(sarcastic)
Well, that was certainly worth the effort! Whaddy do for an encore?

ANN suddenly reaches forward, SNATCHING THE PISTOL out of JACK'S belt!

DENHAM and ENGELHORN head toward the BRIDGE ... BANG! BANG! ... GUNSHOTS! They race back to the side ...

BANG! BANG! ANN is PUMPING BULLETS into the plane's FLOATS! It immediately starts SINKING!

ANN
(yelling)
Are you going to stand there and watch us drown, Gentlemen?

ENGLEHORN (O.S.)
(orders)
Throw down a ladder ... Quick now!

CLOSE ON ... DENHAM.

DENHAM
(muttering)
Shit!

CUT TO

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

WIDE SHOT ... The "VENTURE" steaming towards the horizon.

INT. ANN'S CABIN - DAY

ANN is shown into a SMALL, FUNCTIONAL CABIN by KURT.

ANN
Thank you.

EXT. VENTURE DECK - DAY

KURT closes ANN'S door ... JACK is holding a BUNDLE OF DRY CLOTHES. Standing outside,

KURT
'Fraid Miss Darrow' s taken the last cabin. I could put you -

JACK
(interrupts)
I'll take care of myself. Thanks.

JACK heads towards the FRONT OF THE SHIP. He approaches an OPEN DOOR ... A PAIR OF FEET protrude from beneath the door.

JACK suddenly kicks the door! With a SCREAM, RANDELL PEEK drops to the deck, clutching his BLEEDING MOUTH!

JACK (CONT'D)
Sorry! I didn't see you there.

JACK walks on.

EXT. STERN DECK/VENTURE - DAY

CLOSE ON A GOLF BALL sitting on a TEE.

WHACK! DENHAM hits the ball OUT TO SEA ... He is aiming at a small raft with a GOLF HOLE & FLAG that is being towed a 100 yards behind the ship! He wears a CAP and PLUS FOURS.

ANN (O.S.)
Mr Denham ...

DENHAM glances at ANN as he tees up again. She is wearing a borrowed set of MEN'S CLOTHES.

ANN (CONT'D)
Can I see the map? My father spoke of references to a Beast God ...

DENHAM
(interrupts briskly)
Kong is a myth, nothing but a native superstition, Miss Darrow. All we're going to find on that island are some primitive people in grass skirts. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm trying to reduce my handicap.

DENHAM swings at the ball ...

ANN
Have you considered a personality transplant?

DENHAM misses the ball.

EXT. FORE-DECK - DAY

HERB is CLEANING HIS CAMERA in the sunshine - it lies on a blanket IN PIECES. His SHOULDER is still BANDAGED from the TIGER ATTACK. ANN is relaxing beside him.

HERB
I know he can be a little crass, but Mr Denham's basically a good guy ... put both my kids through school.

HERB lifts the CAMERA BODY and WINCES.

ANN
ANN How's your shoulder?

HERB
Shoulder's fine ... It's this -

HERB pulls up his sleeve - ANN flinches at the sight of an UGLY SCAR on his arm.

HERB (CONT'D)
(matter-of-fact)
Sea Lion up in Nova Scotia. No hospitals ... it was stitched up by an Eskimo housewife using penguin gut. The sinew never really mended.

ANN
That's terrible!

HERB
(misunderstanding)
No, no - we got the shot. Mr Denham won an award for that picture. Personally I'm more proud of "Animal Love in the Rockies" -I got some wonderful footage of a pair of Grizzlies - er, you know ... mating. Excuse my language!

HERB pulls up his TROUSER LEG, revealing AN ARTIFICIAL LIMB!

HERB (CONT'D)
Cost me my leg - but as Mr Denham says ... "Pain is temporary, Film is forever"

ANN looks appalled.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

ANN emerges from the door, walks past a COVERED LIFE BOAT and leans on the RAIL. KURT is hunched on a box, playing a VIOLIN.

It is a HEAVY SEA, and SPRAY mists over ANN, her BLONDE HAIR blows in the wind ... it is a LYRICAL MOMENT.

ANN

(to KURT)

Do you know "Brahm's Lullaby"?

KURT

(shakes head)

Can't say I do, Miss Darrow.

ANN

When I was little and away from home, father would sing it to me when I got scared ...

(singing softly)

"Lullaby and good-night, Go to bed and sleep tight ..."

KURT recognizes the TUNE and JOINS in with his VIOLIN ... ANN continues singing, withdrawing her father's SILVER FOB-WATCH from her jacket.

ANN (CONT'D)

(singing softly)

"Close your eyes, start to yawn, Pleasant dreams until dawn."

ANN releases her father's WATCH and it disappears into the churning sea ... She wanders away down the deck.

VOMIT SOUNDS ... ANN JUMPS WITH FRIGHT as the LIFEBOAT COVER suddenly lifts up and JACK leans out, THROWING UP! He glances at ANN with BLEARY EYES.

JACK

Haven't found my sea-legs yet. I'm not a good sailor ... bur's who's complaining? I'm on a wonderful cruise with first class accommodation ... and a beautiful babe has just walked into my bedroom.

JACK rolls back in the LIFEBOAT ...

JACK (CONT'D)

Yeah! Life's looking pretty damn good at the moment.

ANN

I don't know what happened to you, Jack ... but I can't believe you were always this much of a bastard.

JACK

(shrugs)

When this boat finally reaches Jakata, I'll be first off. You'll never see me again ... and believe me - that day cannot come soon enough.

I've got no problem with you ignoring me for the rest of the voyage.

ANN turns and walks away ... to the SOUND of the SOULFUL VIOLIN.

INT. ANNE'S CABIN - DAWN

ANN wakes to the SOUND of VOICES and RUNNING FEET.

EXT. DECK - DAWN

ANN emerges from her cabin, hurriedly pulling a SWEATER on. KIURT runs past, heading for the BRIDGE.

KURT
(excited)
We've arrived!

INT. BRIDGE - DAWN

A SWEEPING PAN of the HORIZON ...
... NOTHING BUT EMPTY SEA.

DENHAM, ENGLEHORN, KURT and ANN are standing BRIDGE, looking in ALL DIRECTIONS.

ENGLEHORN
(smug)
I guess that answers your questions. There's no island on these co-ordinates - not even a lousy fog-bank.

DENHAM
(angry)
Well, that was a monumental waste of time! I pay good money, only to be taken on some wild goose chase!
(to KURT)
I made the mistake of trusting my idiot translator!

JACK arrives in the doorway ... He glances at the CHARTS.

ANN
It has to be here! It was on the map!

ENGLEHORN
I'm turning this ship around. We're charting a course for Jakata!

ANN
No! This is my father's discovery! You can't just abandon the search.

DENHAM
I have to apologize, Miss Darrow. It seems we've all been badly misled. Kurt! I want you to take this the right way - you're a genuine moron!

ANN BREAKS DOWN INTO SOBS ... JACK looks at her - MAKES A DECISION ...

JACK
We're further south than this.

He's pointing at the CROSS marking the island. ANN looks at him, a flicker of HOPE crosses her face. DENHAM raises his eyebrows ...
ENGLEHORN FROWNS.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'd guess we're at least half a degree below the charted course. The island's a couple of hundred miles north-west.

ENGLEHORN
Impossible!

JACK
I know how to navigate, Captain Englehorn. You've made a mistake.

ENGLEHORN

(flustered)

This is lunacy! He's talking nonsense.

DENHAM

(darkly)

Steer a course north-west, Captain Englehorn.

EXT. DECK - DAWN

JACK is walking away from the bridge ... ANN runs after him.

ANN

Jack!

JACK pauses ...he turns. She wipes the LAST OF HER TEARS AWAY

ANN (CONT'D)

I want to thank you.

JACK

It's ok.I know what you were feeling.

ANN

I can't imagine you crying.

JACK

Relax ... it was fifteen years ago. I don't do it now.

JACK turns and walks away.

CUT TO

INT. DENHAM'S CABIN - NIGHT

DENHAM hosting dinner for JACK and ANN. He is in a relaxed, jovial mood. He reaches under the TABLE and produces a GIFT-WRAPPED PRESENT ... he hands it to ANN - she is surprised.

DENHAM

It's time to smoke the peace pipe - as we say back in America.

(gestures at gift)

I bought it in Singapore for the wife, but I'd like you to have it.

ANN holds up a PALE SATIN NIGHTDRESS and QUILTED DRESSING GOWN. JACK raises his eyebrows.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

I hope it fits ... Mrs Denham's a big lady.

ANN

(being polite)

It's ... lovely.

DENHAM

Miss Darrow ... I've been thinking. I would very much like to dedicate this motion picture to the memory of your father. It's a great shame he wasn't able to join us on this adventure. Truly a wonderful man.

JACK and ANN exchange a look.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

I thought that with your assistance we could have the premiere at the

Albert Hall. We'll take out a full page ad in Variety - "The Lord Darrow Benefit screening". We'll invite the King of England - hell, we'll get the whole Royal Family along! It'd be good for them and good for us!

ANN

(pause)

To be quite honest, Mr Denham ... I find the whole idea to be quite reprehensible.

DENHAM grins and lights a CIGAR ...

DENHAM

Thank you! I thought it was quite clever myself!

AT THAT MOMENT The SHIP'S ENGINES SUDDENLY STOP.

DENHAM frowns.

EXT. DECK/VENTURE - NIGHT

DENHAM leads the way onto the deck, followed by JACK and ANN ... ALL THREE STARE IN AWE ...

WIDE SHOT The "VENTURE" sits on a FLAT SEA, DWARFED by nearly vertical TOWERING WALT. OF FOG ... It rises hundreds of feet into the air, lit by an EERIE MOONLIGHT.

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON ENGLEHORN knocks back a GLASS OF SCOTCH. He sits alone in the BRIDGE ... the ship has stopped, the wheel abandoned.

DENHAM, ANN and JACK race into the BRIDGE.

ENGLEHORN

I can take you no further, Denham.

Is trembling with fear. KURT arrives on the BRIDGE.

DENHAM

Kurt! Take her into the fog. Nice and slowly.

KIURT pushes the lever to "Slow Ahead" and MANS THE WHEEL as the "VENTURE" starts to crawl towards the fog.

ENGLEHORN downs ANOTHER SCOTCH.

ENGLEHORN

Seven years ago I picked up a castaway - the skipper of a Norwegian barque.

The GROUP listen to ENGLEHORN in SILENCE.

ENGLEHORN (CONT'D)

I have never seen a man so mentally ravaged. He had gone blind, not through any injury -but because his mind could no longer deal with the terrible sights he had witnessed. I sat with him during his last night on earth, listening to his fevered whisperings. He spoke of sailing into a thick fog and of running aground on an uncharted island. He spoke of a huge wall, built by a long forgotten civilization and of a creature - neither man nor beast - that lived behind that wall. Of the thirty crewmen who made it ashore, he was the only one who looked into the eyes of the Beast and survived.

ANN instinctively grasps JACK'S HAND.

ENGLEHORN (CONT'D)

If we sail into that fog, it will be the death of us all.

LOW ANGLE DENHAM - the WINDOWS of the bridge behind him.

ENGLEHORN (CONT'D)

I'm not a man who easily succumbs to fear, Captain Englehorn.

As DENHAM talks, the FOG swirls over the WINDOWS, encapsulating the "VENTURE" in a MILKY SHROUD.

CUT TO

EXT. FOG BANK - NIGHT

The "VENTURE" glides silently through the fog.

EXT. VENTURE DECKS - NIGHT

MONTAGE ... TENSE FACES ANN ... JACK ... DENHAM ...ENGLEHORN. Nobody talks, just stares ahead into the gloom ... CREW line the front of the boat, looking for rocks ... The PROPELLERS push the ship forward ...The PROW cuts through the water.

ANN

There's a light up ahead.

JACK

Sun's coming up ...

(checks watch)

We've been in the fog for six hours.

The FOG now glows a SICKLY YELLOW as the "VENTURE" glides on.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAWN

The "VENTURE'S" HULL scraps against a CORAL OUTCROP.

EXT. VENTURE DECKS - DAWN

A SAILOR calls from the prow ...

SAILOR

(yelling)

Eight fathoms!

KURT is manning the wheel ... he glances at DENHAM, who is staring intently ahead.

DENHAM

Hold her steady ...

ANN GASPS!

The FOG is suddenly clearing ... within seconds the spectacular sight of S ISLAND materializes in front of them! ... About 7 miles long by 1 mile wide, STEEP CLIFFS rising from the sea, DENSE JUNGLE growth across it's interior. The island has several JAGGED RIDGES, dominated by a tall, sheer MOUNTAIN at the far end.

ANN is looking through BINOCULARS.

ANN
(exited)
I can see the wall!

JACK takes the BINOCULARS ...

BINOCULAR POV At the closest end, the island forms a NARROW PENINSULA ... jutting above the canopy of TREES, JACK can make out the top of a HUGE STONE WALL., seemingly cutting the peninsula off from the rest of the island. OTHER RUINS are visible ... At the foot of the peninsula is a SANDY BEACH, the only visible LANDING SITE.

DENHAM has been conspicuously SILENT ... he is leaning against the rail, ENTRANCED by the island.

CLOSE ON DENHAM.

DENHAM
(quietly)
We've hit paydirt ...

CUT TO

EXT. SKULL ISLAND -- DAY

Of the LONGBOATS is rowing towards the island. DENHAM, JACK, ANN, ENGLEHORN, KURT, HERB, PEEK and TWO SAILORS are on board. With the exception of ANN, JACK and HERB, everybody carries RIFLES. The "VENTURE" is moored in the background. HERB is FILMING from the prow.

They row through jagged rocks ... past the WRECK of a wooden coastal schooner - possibly the NORWEGIAN BARQUE, ENGLEHORN referred to. The SKELETAL SHIP is a creepy sight - particularly the row of STRANGE BIRD-LIKE CREATURES perched along a rotten mainspar.

The BOAT rounds an OUTCROP of rocks, and lines up for the shore ... An EERIE PHENOMENA suddenly occurs - The distant MOUNTAIN, a mid range RIDGE LINE and foreground ROCKS all line up - providing an abstract, but distinct image of a HUMAN SKULL ... visible only from that one position.

ANN
(captivated)
Skull Island ...

CUT TO

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The BOAT is washed onto the beach. HERB jumps out, CAMERA & TRIPOD on his shoulder. KURT jostles PEEK who is struggling with his TAPE RECORDER.

PEEK
(angry)
Watch the tape recorder! You wanna buy me a new one?

DENHAM
Let me go first ... Roll camera!

HERB films as DENHAM wades ashore, playing to the camera.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

(to cameras)

This is a historic moment as Carl Denham becomes the first white man to set foot on virgin soil!

ANN bounds excitedly up the beach.

ANN

Look!

Runs towards the edge of the JUNGLE ... STONE STRUCTURES become visible, half buried in VINE STREWN JUNGLE. The style of stonework is unusual - As advanced as the INCAS or EGYPTIANS, but with flowing GAUDI-like lines and the strange mixture of STONE, BRONZE and BONE seen earlier.

ANN heads towards an ARCHWAY, set into a cliff. It is clearly the ENTRANCE to a tunnel. She is so excited, like a little girl at a picnic ... JACK realizes she's unstoppable and runs after her, calling back to the others.

JACK

Everybody stay close!

KURT and PEEK follow JACK, but DENHAM no intention of compromising his film.

DENHAM

Get a shot of me discovering the ruins, Herb!

HERB sets up.

INT. TUNNEL/CRYPT - DAY

ANN is leading JACK, KURT and PEEK into the tunnel. It is man-made, and ORNATELY DECORATED. LIGHT FILTERS in through cracks in the roof and occasional areas where STONES have fallen in.

The TUNNEL suddenly widens out to a large CHAMBER ... The GROUP collectively GASP at the sight of over a hundred MUMMIES lining the walls! They are all neatly arranged in alcoves and are dressed in some kind of CEREMONIAL clothing ... A HUGE STATUE of KONG stands sentry at the far end of the chamber - which clearly carries on through another archway. The place has the atmosphere of a Cathedral.

ANN picks up a SMALL. BRONZE FIGURINE of KONG ...

ANN

(exited)

It's the same image - Kong!

JACK

Leave it, Ann.

OLD DRIED FLOWERS adorn the MUMMIES, arranged in garlands ... JACK frowns as he approaches one MUMMY, decorated with BRIGHTER THAN USUAL flowers ... he touches them.

JACK (CONT'D)

These are fresh ...

EXT. BEACH/JUNGLE - DAY

DENHAM is onto his third take of a shot which involves him pulling vines away from a statue and reacting in terribly theatrical manner.

HERB'S VIEWFINDER POV DENHAM pulls vines away and REACTS ... he suddenly looks past CAMERA and REACTS with GENUINE ALARM as SPEARS enter HERB'S SHOT! They are pointing at DENHAM.

CLOSE ON HERB, his eye to the eyepiece as we sense FIGURES gathering BEHIND HIM.

DENHAM
(tense)
Keep rolling, Herb.

ENGLEHORN and the TWO SAILORS close in behind DENHAM, RIFLES at the ready.

WIDER A steadily increasing GROUP of SKULL ISLAND NATIVES are emerging from the thick undergrowth between the ruins. DENHAM'S EYES flick left and right as he becomes aware that his small party is becoming surrounded.

The SKULL ISLAND NATIVES are similar to Solomon Islanders Their skins are very dark, their features broad - but that is where the Melonesian likeness stops ... Like the architecture, their dress, head-wear and weapons suggest an INCA or EGYPTIAN level of culture, but with a fierceness, or even violence suggested in their design. This is not afro and grass skirt territory - these people are SCARY ... we will refer to them as "NATIVES" ...

The NATIVES have their WEAPONS poised ... a TENSE MOMENT, it could go either way. DENHAM offers his hand to the LEAD NATIVE.

DENHAM (CONT'D)
Hi, Carl Denham ... how's it going? Do you boys mind if we do a little filming?

The LEAD NATIVE raises a knife ... DENHAM blanches ... fingers TIGHTEN on TRIGGERS ...

The LEAD NATIVE produces a leather GOURD and stabs it -MILKY LIQUID flows out. He takes a mouthful and offers it to DENHAM.

ENGLEHORN
(tense)
Take a drink, Denham.

DENHAM drinks a mouthful and passes it to ENGLEHORN and the SAILORS. DENHAM wipes his lips, relieved at this gesture of friendliness. He clamps a hand on the LEAD NATIVE'S shoulder.

DENHAM
Sir ... How would you like to star in a major motion picture?
(belches)
... I can offer you some net points!

CUT TO

INT. TUNNELS/CRYPT - DAY

JACK, ANN, PEEK and KURT are in the MUMMY chamber when the DRUMS START ... accompanied by a LOW MOANING, almost TRANCE-like.

ANN leads the way further up the tunnel complex - towards the SOUND.

PEEK

This is crazy! We gotta go back to the ship - get more guys!

The OTHERS ignore him and continue their WARY journey ...

INT. SKULL CHAMBER - DAY

JACK, ANN, KURT, followed by PEEK - too scared to head back by himself - walk into a large chamber, about the size of a squash court. DAYLIGHT FLOODS IN through openings carved in the representation of the EYES, NOSE and MOUTH of a SKULL ... The MOUTH being the doorway which leads straight into the heart of the NATIVE CITY. The RITUALISTIC SOUNDS are very LOUD.

The GROUP hurry across the chamber and peer out Of the doorway, careful to remain concealed ... They stare in WONDERMENT at the sight ahead ...

EXT. NATIVE CITY -- DAY

SPECTACULAR RUINS surround an open square ... It is FILLED with NATIVES - in the midst of a WEIRD RITUALISTIC CEREMONY ... A YOUNG WOMAN sits bedecked in flowers atop AN ALTAR in the center of the square ...

... DWARFING ALL ELSE is the WALL. It rises directly from the square, towering 5 stories into the air. A STONE structure, with ORNATE CARVINGS and decorated with HUGE TUSK-like BONES and BRONZE KONG figures. In the center of the wall is an ENORMOUS 40 foot WOODEN GATE, strongly built and very old. From the vines and weeds that grow from cracks, it has clearly not been used for many years. The wall is not vertical on this side - it slopes like the pyramids, allowing quick access to the top.

JACK frowns ... DENHAM, ENGLEHORN, HERB and the TWO SAILORS are TAKING PART in the CEREMONY!! They are totally out of it - DENHAM is stripped down to his BOXER SHORTS and GARTERED SOCKS! He is in a frenzied dance with 2 NATIVE GIRLS, drinking greedily from the GOURD, milky fluid spilling down his chest ... ENGLEHORN is on his knees in some kind of FERVOR, MAIDENS smearing paint over his bare chest, a WITCH-DOCTOR piercing his nose with a ring! HERB and the TWO SAILORS are in similar states of DRUG INDUCED DELIRIUM.

PEEK

Holy shit!

The NATIVES suddenly drop to their knees, all facing the YOUNG WOMAN who remains STRANGELY SERENE. They start CHANTING softly ... "KONG ... KONG ... KONG"

ANN

(whispering)

She looks like a bride ... Is it a wedding?

KURT

It's a sacrificial ceremony. They're gonna kill the girl.

ANN looks at him ... HORRIFIED.

JACK

(sudden urgency)

She's not the only one!

From JACK'S position he can see YOUNG NATIVE MEN armed with SPIKED CLUBS quickly closing in on DENHAM, ENGLEHORN, HERB and the TWO SAILORS

- who are still off their faces, oblivious to their own impending deaths.

JACK turns to PEEK.

JACK (CONT'D)
Give me your gun!

PEEK
(worried)
What for?

JACK
(yelling)
Give it to me!

JACK wrenches the RIFLE out of PEEK'S grasp ...

TOO LATE! SAILOR 1 is clubbed to the ground] JACK targets ANOTHER NATIVE about to kill ENGLEHORN ...

BANG! The NATIVE is shot off his feet! ... The CEREMONY SUDDENLY GOES QUIET! Without the incessant noise, we can clearly hear DENHAM SINGING a MUSIC HALL TUNE.

JACK steps out into the SQUARE, SWINGING the RIFLE from SIDE TO SIDE ... The LOUD GUNSHOT has stunned the NATIVES, but JACK knows they haven't got much time.

JACK (CONT'D)
(urgent)
We're heading back to the ship. Grab them!

KURT and PEEK step into the square ... followed by ANN.

The NATIVES GASP! They stare at her ... She looks around nervously, GOLDEN HAIR swirling in the SUNLIGHT. NATIVES resume their chant "KONG ... KONG ... KONG" - except this time it's DIRECTED AT ANN!

ANN, KURT and PEEK quickly steer DENHAM, ENGLEHORN, HERB and SAILOR 2 back through the RUINED CITY towards the beach. They have to herd them like sheep ... DENHAM is staring at his fingers like someone who has never seen a hand before ... ENGLEHORN is GIGGLING at some private joke.

A NATIVE starts rising ... JACK fires into the air, and they back away EN MASS. PEEK puts his hands over his ears as over 100 NATIVES suddenly emit a strange PIERCING SCREECH like a pack of frightened monkeys.

JACK (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Go ... Go!

ANN pushes DENHAM, drags ENGLEHORN by the hand ... KURT has LIFTED HERB over his shoulder ...

EXT. RUINED CITY/JUNGLE - DAY

The GROUP hurrying through the last of the RUINS ... nearing the BEACH. NATIVES are following them, stealthily slipping behind RUINS and UNDERGROWTH ... ALL EYES ON ANN. JACK is covering their retreat, occasionally shooting over the NATIVE'S HEADS if they get too close.

PEEK is roughly shoving SAILOR 2 along - he suddenly STOOPS DOWN,

snatching up DENHAM'S discarded RIFLE ... He spins around and starts shooting straight at the NATIVES!

PEEK

(screaming)

Get back you bastards ... Back!

The NATIVES suddenly FRENZY at the sight of their comrades FALLING DEAD ... THEY CHARGE!

JACK

(yelling)

Run!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

ANN races across the sand, pushing DENHAM and ENGLEHORN ... KURT staggers towards the boat, carrying HERB. He spins around, FIRING HIS RIFLE one handed ... JACK is FIRING ... PEEK runs past, heading for the boat -having abandoned SAILOR 2 to his fate ... he falls under a sea of NATIVE CLUBS and SPEARS.

KURT reaches the boat, dumping HERB on top of PEEK. He pulls ANN, DENHAM and ENGLEHORN in as the NATIVES flood across the beach. JACK pushes off and clambers into the boat ... They rapidly head out to sea, leaving the NATIVES SCREAMING on the beach.

CUT TO

INT. DENHAM'S CABIN/VENTURE - NIGHT

DENHAM is slumped across the table, holding his head ... EYES BLOODSHOT, SALIVA hangs in a drop from his chin ... It's the hangover from hell! KURT/RT is fussing around ... he offers DENHAM a GLASS OF LIVER SALTS.

The CABIN DOOR swings open and ENGLEHORN stands there, supporting himself in the doorway. He looks worse than DENHAM, mainly due to the RING PIERCING HIS NOSE - the whole area has come up in a NASTY BRUISE. It is now NIGHT ... clearly several hours having passed since their return to the ship.

ENGLEHORN

(gasping)

They're stoking the boilers. As soon as we've got some steam, we're outta here.

DENHAM

(slurred)

We should never have come! I pay you good money, only to have my life endangered. You'll be hearing from my lawyer!

ENGLEHORN gives DENHAM a parting SCOWL, and staggers away...

EXT. VENTURE DECKS - NIGHT

ENGLEHORN lurches down the deck.

ENGLEHORN

(gasped yell)

Prepare the ship for sailing!

JACK is leaning against the rail, looking at Skull Island. ANN hurries

over.

ANN
(worried)
Jack!

JACK
We're leaving.

ANN
But . . . we can't Jack, I need time to collect artifacts ... make sketches ... gather evidential information.

JACK
(sighs)
Ann ... you're father is dead. You have nothing to prove anymore.

ANN'S hand TIGHTENS on something in her pocket. JACK frowns and gently pulls her hand out ... she's clutching the small KONG FIGURINE!

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh Jesus ... you took it.

ANN
Jack! This is the archeological find of the century!

JACK
(angry)
This shit is bad luck! Don't you understand? You treat it like a game - two men have already died!

JACK grabs the FIGURINE.

ANN
(angry)
Give it back!

JACK
I'm not sailing with this thing on board!

ANN
(horrified)
No! Don't!

JACK THROWS IT OVERBOARD!

ANN (CONT'D)
(furious)
You bastard!

ANN tries to STRIKE JACK - he GRABS HER WRISTS.

JACK
Don't blame me if something bad happens, coz I ain't gonna be around to save you!

ANN pulls away.

ANN
(yelling)
Save me? Is that what you think your role in life is? You've been out of circulation far too long! Things have moved on since Tarzan and Jane! You poor, puffed up little peacock of a man - you're pathetic!

Storms off ... JACK looks HURT.

INT. ANN'S CABIN - NIGHT

POV from ANN'S PORTHOLE The PENINSULA on SKULL ISLAND is AGLOW with an ORANGE LIGHT ... DRUMS and CHANTING can be heard ...

PULL back into ANN'S CABIN. She is sitting on the bed, hugging her knees ... looking at the island.

The "VENTURE'S" ENGINES start HUMMING, drowning out sounds from the NATIVES. ANN looks THOUGHTFUL ...

EXT. VENTURE DECK - NIGHT

ANN steps onto the DECK, hugging the coat around her shoulders. She looks around ...

The TARPAULIN on JACK'S LIFEBOAT moves. ANN approaches it...

ANN

Jack? About those things I said ... I didn't mean it. Jack, I'm sorry.

KURT (O.S.)

(yelling)

Weigh the anchor!

LOW ANGLE from inside LIFEBOAT looking up at ANN She sighs, leans against the boat ...

SUDDENLY! TWO NATIVES RISE BEHIND ANN!!! They grab her, clamping a hand over her mouth!

WIDER SEVERAL NATIVES are silently creeping over the -VENTURE"! They lift ANN over the side ... she STRUGGLES helplessly as they PASS HER DOWN into a NATIVE DUG OUT.

WITHOUT A SOUND, THE NATIVES slip back into their CANOES and paddle away towards SKULL ISLAND!

JACK (O.S.)

(alarmed)

ANN!!!

JACK is running along the DECK, having just CAUGHT A GLIMPSE of the CANOES before they VANISH into the GLOOM.

The "VENTURE'S" ENGINES WIND UP and she starts MOVING AWAY towards the FOG BANK!

INT. DENHAM'S CABIN - NIGHT

JACK bursts into DENHAM'S cabin ...

JACK

They've taken Ann!

DENHAM grunts and reaches for his clothes.

EXT. VENTURE DECK - NIGHT

JACK runs along the ship, yelling at the WHEEL-HOUSE.

JACK

Stop the ship!

ENGLEHORN emerges from the wheel-house.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ann's been taken!

DENHAM strides down the deck.

DENHAM

(yelling)

All hands on deck! I want volunteers!

SAILORS flood out of doorways.

CUT TO

INT. VENTURE ARMORY - NIGHT

DENHAM is in the bowels of the ship ... He is unlocking a HEAVY PADLOCKED DOOR while about JACK and 20 SAILORS crowd in behind him.

DENHAM

A man's gotta have a little insurance in a job like mine ...

DENHAM throws the door open ... 25 brand new THOMPSON SUB-MACHINE GUNS are neatly lined up in racks. Complete with 70 round drum magazines, the TOMMY GUN is the Chicago gangster's weapon-of-choice.

DENHAM swings around, clipping a DRUM into his TOMMY GUN ... a FAT CIGAR in his mouth.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

Carl Denham Productions has lust declared war on Skull Island!

CUT TO

EXT. NATIVE CITY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON ANN ... She is being prepared for SACRIFICE! NATIVES are holding her arms ... A BRIDAL HEAD-DRESS is placed on her head, COVERING HER HAIR. She is in the middle of the CROWDED SQUARE, lit by FLAMING TORCHES.

She closes her eyes ... STRANGELY SUBDUED.

The WITCH-DOCTOR DANCES in front of her, FLICKING OILS from a small pot over her body.

ANN SUDDENLY LASHES OUT She kicks the WITCH-DOCTOR in the NUTS, simultaneously PULLING HER HANDS FREE and RUNNING through the crowd towards the beach'

She only gets 5 paces ...

ANN is TACKLED and ROUGHLY HOISTED ONTO the ALTAR. HER HANDS are tied securely to 2 ornately carved pillars. TEARS flood into her eyes.

"KONG ... KONG ... KONG" THE CHANT begins.

NATIVES start TURNING a HUGE WHEEL and the ALTAR STARTS TO CLIMB the slope towards the TOP OF THE WALL, moving on tracks like a primitive cable car.

CLOSE ON NATIVE FACES, screaming and Chanting, building up to a FRENZY. They climb the WALL behind ANN, carrying FLAMING TORCHES.

NATIVE SOUNDS FADE AWAY ... BEAUTIFUL, SAD MUSIC drifts in, giving the sequence an ETHEREAL ATMOSPHERE.

EXT. WALL./JUNGLE - NIGHT

ANN is weeping as the ALTAR reaches the top of the wall. For the first time, we get a glimpse of the OTHER SIDE ...

The WALL falls away vertically into a ROCKY GROTTO that leads into the DENSE TANGLED JUNGLE of S ISLAND.

The ALTAR stops ON TOP OF THE WALL.. Over 100 natives arrive just behind ANN, and spread out along the parapet. 2 NATIVES in CEREMONIAL COSTUME kneel beside the ALTAR, quickly and expertly adjusting BOLTS AND LEVERS. They signal back down to the SQUARE ...

ANN gasps as the ALTAR suddenly lurches out OVER THE EDGE OF THE WALL! It is being slowly SWUNG OUT over the GROTTO by a pair of cantilevered arms, hinged at the base of the wall.

CLOSE ON NATIVE torches LIGHT POOLS OF OIL contained in cavities at the top of the wall. SMALL DAMS are released, allowing the FLAMING OIL to flow down CHUTES and CHANNELS, cleverly cut into the cliffs on either side of the grotto.

The FLAMING OIL ignites LARGER POOLS in HUGE HOLLOWED OUT CHAMBERS within the cliffs - carved into the shape of SKULLS. The SKULLS burst into GLOWING LIFE - just like 40 foot high HALLOWEEN PUMPKINS!

WIDE SHOT ANN looks TINY atop the ALTAR which has almost reached the ground ... The ENORMOUS GLOWING SKULLS illuminating her ... The WALL TOWERING UP BEHIND HER. NATIVES line the top of the wall, holding FIERY TORCHES. The ALTAR settles into neatly CARVED RECESSES.

THE HUGE GONG STARTS TOLLING ...

ANN is facing the INKY BLACK JUNGLE ... She is PANTING hard, trying to face her death with as much composure as she can muster.

A LOUD SPLINTERING SOUND comes from within the JUNGLE -something VERY BIG is moving towards the GROTTO!

NATIVES CHANT "KONG ... KONG ... KONG"

ANN instinctively pulls at her bonds - to no avail. She can now see a DARK SHAPE approaching her. OILY SMOKE from the FIRES drifts across, OBSCURING HER VISION ... she can now only hear the FOOTSTEPS. It is a HUGE CREATURE, BREATHING HEAVILY ... It stops in front of her - SMOKE still blocking her vision ... She looks down - a GIANT LEATHERY FOOT is visible! She looks up into the murk ... TEARS ROLL DOWN HER CHEEKS...

The NATIVES suddenly go SILENT.

KONG! ... a 25 foot SILVER-BACK GORILLA.A. His fur is MATTED, ANCIENT SCARS mark his body - evidence of life and death struggles with unknown beasts. His face is AGED - SILVER HAIR predominant. He is resting on his KNUCKLES.

KONG rises on his hind legs and BEATS HIS CHEST ... ANN SCREAMS!!!

ALL the NATIVE'S launch into their piercing MONKEY SCREECH ... It WINDS KONG UP! He leans down, ROARING only inches from ANN'S FACE, then suddenly starts PACING FURIOUSLY from SIDE TO SIDE - like a caged animal. He ROARS at the NATIVES atop the WALL.

KONG suddenly CHARGES at the WOODEN GATE! He crashes against it, causing the ENTIRE WALL TO SHUDDER violently ... A NATIVE loses his balance and topples off! He THUDS INTO THE GROUND at KONG'S FEET ... KONG quickly scoops him up and BITES HIS HEAD OFF in a PG 13 kinda way!

The NATIVES ROAR like spectators in a gladiator's arena.

KONG leans over ANN ... The strength suddenly drains out of her legs and she SLUMPS between the pillars. KONG reaches forward and with an almost delicate touch, he lifts her in his hand. She SCREAMS as she rises into the air ... TOWARDS HIS MOUTH. He ROARS at her, and turns abruptly back to the JUNGLE.

The NATIVES CHANT "KONG ... KONG ... KONG"

SUDDENLY! BAM! BAM! BAM! NATIVES topple in a BURST OF GUNFIRE!

EXT. NATIVE CITY - NIGHT

JACK is leading the charge into the RUINED CITY! 40 GUYS - most armed with TOMMY GUNS - are blazing in all directions! The NATIVES flee in a MAD PANIC as JACK runs straight for the GATE.

He rushes up to a small OBSERVATION GRILL ...

JACK'S POV KONG disappearing into the JUNGLE clutching ANN - she is SCREAMING and KICKING.

JACK turns back to the SAILORS ...

JACK
(urgent)
Ann's alive! Quick!

JACK backs away from the wall, and starts FIRING his TOMMY GUN at the BOLT securing the WOODEN GATE. OTHER SAILORS join in, SPLINTERING the TIMBERS in a HAIL OF LEAD.

Ail 40 SAILORS push the HUGE GATE and it slowly OPENS, exposing the JUNGLE beyond. DENHAM runs up, SWEATING AND PANTING.

DENHAM
Did you see her?

JACK
Yeah, I saw her ... she was carried into the jungle by ... an animal.

DENHAM
(worried)
What was it, Jack?

JACK HESITATES ...

JACK
An ape ... some kind of ape.

DENHAM sighs with relief ... He turns to the SAILORS.

DENHAM

(heroic)

Did you hear that, boys? We're looking for a monkey! Englehorn -stay here with twenty men. Keep the natives at bay. The rest of you, follow me!

(to HERB)

Cut! Was that great or what?

HERB has been FILMING DENHAM!

HERB

GREAT, MR DENHAM'

JACK grabs DENHAM'S ARM.

JACK

Listen buddy! Cut the crap! We're looking for Ann, not making a Goddamn movie!

DENHAM

Jack ... You get to save the girl and I get my third act! It's gonna be good for you and good for me!

JACK

You better not slow us down, Denham!

JACK hurries through the gates towards the JUNGLE, followed by DENHAM, PEEK, HERB, KURT and 20 sailors.

JACK (CONT'D)

Single file - never lose sight of the man in front!

CUT TO

EXT. SKULL ISLAND JUNGLE - NIGHT

Beyond the GREAT WALL., SKULL ISLAND is like no place you've ever seen before ...

The VOLCANIC ROCKS form a JAGGED, TORTURED LANDSCAPE of DEEP ASSES and TOWERING CLIFFS. The vegetation is THICK, the JUNGLE DARK. ANCIENT KNARLED TREES twist out of the ground, thick LICHEN and long MOSSES hang from branches and TANGLED VINES. STEAM RISES from festering SWAMPS[PS ... DEEPER into the island, the steam is VOLCANIC - hissing out of FISSURES and BUBBLING MUD POOLS. The way light and contrast plays on the landscape is reminiscent of the etchings of 19th century artist Gustave Dore.

It is into this "Jurassic Park from Hell" that JACK leads DENHAM and the party of TWENTY SAILORS. HERB is limping along with the heavy CAMERA & TRIPOD on his shoulder.

DENHAM suddenly loses his footing and SPRAWLS ON THE GROUND ... his EYES WIDEN at the sight of the deep KONG FOOTPRINT he has just stepped in.

DENHAM

Holy shit! Look at the size of that!

JACK

That's your monkey, Denham.

DENHAM

Kong ...

DENHAM'S EYES meet JACK'S - he is scared. So are the SAILORS ... everyone suddenly has their FINGERS ON THE TRIGGER, eyes nervously scanning the THICK JUNGLE.

A NOISE! Cracking BRANCHES ... heavy FOOTSTEPS The SAILORS PANIC! The start FIRING in ALL DIRECTIONS, the flashes from TOMMY GUNS and RIFLES, blinding in the darkness.

JACK
(yelling)
Hey! Stop! Cut it out!

SILENCE ... Smoke drifts away from the guns as the GROUP listens for SOUNDS ...

Like a pair of mighty trees being felled, Two DEAD prehistoric creatures - 30 foot tall LAMBEOSAURS -suddenly topple out of the gloomy foliage and THUD TO THE GROUND in front of the startled SAILORS!!

They warily approach the DEAD DINOSAURS ...

DENHAM
Hey! I thought these things were supposed to be extinct!

JACK
(dryly)
They are now.

JACK and the SAILORS look in awe at the bodies of the HUGE BEASTS. JACK pulls a LEAFY BRANCH out of a LAMBEOSAUR's MOUTH.

JACK (CONT'D)
They were just tasting the berries.

DENHAM
(grunts)
Yeah? ... Well, I gave 'em a taste of American lead ... and I don't see 'em coming back for seconds!

CUT TO

EXT. NATURAL AMPHITHEATER - NIGHT

KONG climbs down into a ROCKY HOLLOW - a vine-strewn natural AMPHITHEATER. He DROPS ANN TO THE GROUND, and stands over her, poised on his knuckles.

ANN Looks up at KONG ... She doesn't move ... He leans over her and ROARS! ANN suddenly scrambles to her feet and RUNS! Within seconds KONG has

OVERTAKEN HER and blocked her path ... ANN turns and runs in the other direction. Again KONG blocks her path - it is clear that he is playing CAT AND MOUSE.

ANN trips on something and falls over - A HUMAN RIB-CAGE juts out of the MUDDY GROUND. ANN sobs as she SEES ALL AROUND HUMAN BONES, some still encased in the remnants of BRIDAL DRESS and HEAD-WEAR ...

This place is KONG'S KILLING GROUND!

KONG scoops ANN up ... lifts her TOWARDS HIS MOUTH! She SCREAMS and

struggles in his grip. His MOUTH OPENS and she KICKS and BEATS HIS FINGERS in a seemingly hopeless attempt to fight for her life.

Suddenly ... The NATIVE HEADDRESS FALLS OFF. Her LONG BLONDE HAIR falls onto her shoulders.

KONG suddenly pauses ... ANN is frozen - she is looking into KONG'S EYES, trying to anticipate his next move.

ANN
(scarcely audible)
"Lullaby and good night, Go to bed and sleep tight ...

KONG TOUCHES HER HAIR, as if mesmerized ...

ANN (CONT'D)
Pleasant dreams until dawn."

KONG'S LIPS peel back, exposing HUGE TEETH and PINK GUMS.

KONG suddenly pulls ANN PROTECTIVELY to his breast, ROARS FierCELY and DISAPPEARS into the DARK JUNGLE.

CUT TO

EXT. SKULL ISLAND VISTA - DAWN

The SUN rises over the ROCKY CRAGS of SKULL MOUNTAIN.

EXT. PINNACLE VALLEY - MORNING

CLOSE ON KONG'S FOOTPRINT ... in a SANDY dried-up stream bed. JACK looks up at the direction KONG has taken ...

The tracks head towards a SHEER CLIFF on the side of a NARROW, DRY VALLEY, an area deep in the heart of SKULL ISLAND, dominated by spectacular PINNACLES of STONE, jutting out of the ground like giant fingers. The VALLEY is less than 75 feet wide, flanked by sheer, seemingly unscalable cliffs.

JACK wipes the sweat from his brow, looking for a possible route up the cliff. Further down the valley, DENHAM and the SAILORS are grouped around the camera ...

CLOSE ON An ANKYLOSAUR is being PELTED WITH STONES ...

HERB is filming, whilst DENHAM and the SAILORS try to coax some action out of the slow-witted, cow-sized DINOSAUR ... It staggers around in confusion.

DENHAM
(frustrated)
People'il think it's a Goddamn guy in a suit!

DENHAM suddenly gets an idea ...

DENHAM (CONT'D)

HEY! I GOTTA GREAT IDEA! WE COULD TURN THIS PLACE INTO A HUGE AMUSEMENT PARK SORTA LIKE CONEY ISLAND WITH DINOSAURS!
(excited)
It's a goldmine! I'll cut you boys in for twenty percent! We're gonna be rich!

The SAILORS CHEER.

JACK
Hey!

JACK is yelling from up the valley, waving for the group to join him.

JACK (CONT'D)
This way! Come on

Frowns at JACK.

DENHAM
Let's keep this between ourselves...asshole's are not included!

SAILORS LAUGH.

AT THAT MOMENT ... The GROUND TREMBLES!

The SAILORS look around - ALARMED. JACK almost loses his footing as the ground under him literally BOUNCES. He looks up the WINDING VALLEY ...

A DUST CLOUD suddenly spills out from around the next corner ... immediately followed by the BREATHTAKING SIGHT of a herd of TWELVE BRONTOSAURS, RUNNING in a WILD PANIC, down the narrow valley!! A PACK of 15 CARNOTAURS - 9 foot tall MEATEATERS - are PURSUING THEM.

Spectacular TRACKING SHOT With the STAMPEDE ... A CARNOTAURUS leaps onto the back of a FLEEING BRONTOSAUR, causing the it to falter and slide against the cliff. TWO MORE CARNOTAURUS leap onto the ailing BRONTOSAUR as the rest of the pack stream past.

JACK turns and starts running! The STAMPEDING DINOSAURS are stretched across the valley behind him, less than fifty yards away and closing! JACK runs down the rocky slope towards DENHAM and the SAILORS - who seem to be frozen in fear!

JACK
(yelling)
Run!

EVERYONE TURNS and FLEES! GUNS and EQUIPMENT are abandoned ... HERB hoists the TRIPOD & CAMERA on his shoulder and limps after the others!

JACK is running as fast as he can ... he glances over his shoulder - the WALT. Of THUNDERING BRONTOSAUR LEGS are about to ENGULF HIM! JACK changes direction slightly, to make sure he is BETWEEN DINOSAURS ... They overtake JACK and he suddenly finds himself in a SEA of HUGE LEGS -like wildly pounding Redwood trees! The CARNOTAURS are snapping and snarling at the LEGS ... They see JACK! His only hope of survival is too stay WITHIN THE STAMPEDE, out of reach of the MEATEATERS!

PEEK is running faster than the others He is way ahead, still clutching his TOMMY GUN ... as the STAMPEDE engulfs DENHAM and the OTHER SAILORS.

QUICK IMAGES 20 SAILORS in the SEA OF LEGS ... A SAILOR trips and is CRUSHED UNDER FOOT. A COUPLE OF SAILORS lump clear of the BRONTOSAURS - only to be set on by the CARNOTAURS. DENHAM .. HERB . . . SAILORS, everyone is running madly, dodging 'BRONTOSAURS, CARNOTAURS and trying not to trip'

A CARNOTAUR focuses on JACK ... It skillfully weaves IN BETWEEN and UNDER BRONTOSAURS and emerges right behind JACK, it's SNAPPING JAWS

inches away from his head! JACK suddenly SIDE-STEPS, bringing the CARNOTAUR right along side ... he SHOULDER-BARGES it SIDEWAYS - under a BRONTOSAURS LEGS. The CARNOTAUR is instantly trampled!

PEEK is managing to stay ahead of the stampede - possibility RUNNING FASTER than any human before him! A CARNOTAUR races out in front of the stampede and bears down on PEEK with incredible speed! PEEK desperately waves the TOMMY GUN back towards the CARNOTAUR ...TOWARDS THE STAMPEDE!

JACK sees it coming ...

JACK (CONT'D)
(yelling)
NO!!!

PEEK FIRES, missing the CARNOTAUR ...

... but he hits the LEAD BRONTOSAUR in the chest. The BRONTOSAUR COLLAPSES AT FULL SPEED! It CARTWHEELS OVER, it's huge NECK and TAIL thrashing out. The OTHER BRONTOSAURS PLOUGH INTO IT, tripping and rolling!

JACK, DENHAM and the SAILORS suddenly find themselves in the middle of an amazing FLESHY FREIGHT TRAIN PILE-UP! SAILORS are crushed as BRONTOSAURS come down on top of them! A CARNOTAUR is squashed when TWO BRONTOSAURS slam together.

JACK throws himself onto the ground, rolling against a rock as MOUNTAINS of BRONTOSAUR TUMBLE all around him. The space of seconds, the MIGHTY HERD of BEHEMOTHS is reduced to a VAST PILE of DEAD or WOUNDED ANIMALS ... The CARNOTAURS immediately go to work, leaping onto BRONTOSAURS, ripping into fleshy stomachs.

Amazingly JACK, DENHAM, HERB and at least 9 SAILORS have survived ... however, they must now escape from the blood crazed MEATEATERS.

JACK crawls past huge HEAVING BELLY'S and TWITCHING LEGS ... he looks around for some escape route ... He spots PEEK - desperately scrambling up a steep rocky slope. It leads to a narrow fissure in the cliff - a possible way out.

JACK staggers out of the DINOSAUR PILE-UP ... he turns back at the SOUND OF LOUD HISSING - A Carnotaur is climbing over a DEAD BRONTOSAUR, intent on JACK ... he can do nothing! The CARNOTAUR leaps ...

BAM! BAM! BAM! The CARNOTAUR is suddenly riddled with BULLETS and falls DEAD at JACK'S FEET!

KURT hurries towards JACK clutching his TOMMY GUN!

KURT
I'LL keep the bastards at bay'.

JACK nods ... he waves at SURVIVING SAILORS that are emerging from the PILE-UP.

JACK
(yelling)
This way!

SURVIVING SAILORS scramble past JACK and head up the steep slope. DENHAM puffs his way past - not looking at JACK - totally focused on personal survival. By some miracle, HERB limps out of the PILE-UP,

covered in DUST -but still carrying the CAMERA & TRIPOD on his shoulders!

KURT blasts at a CARNOTAUR'S - it TOPPLES BACKWARDS. He turns to JACK ...

KURT
Go Jack!

JACK heads up the slope. KURT backs away ... TWO CARNOTAURS suddenly charge at him. He fires the TOMMY GUN, shredding them with bullets, but cannot react fast enough when a THIRD ATTACKS from the other direction!

KURT SCREAMS BRIEFLY as he falls to the ground, under CLAWING FEET and SNAPPING JAWS.

The FOUR SURVIVING CARNOTAURS head up the slope!

JACK
Hurry !

JACK and the OTHERS are desperately scrambling up the STEEP SHALE SLOPE - LOOSE STONES that are impossible to get a grip on ... SAILORS start sliding backwards in their panic. The CARNOTAURS are sliding too, but their powerful legs are working furiously, propelling them closer and closer to the flailing SAILORS!

A SAILOR loses his footing completely ... he rolls past TWO CARNOTAURS before being grabbed by the JAWS of THE THIRD.

The SAILORS grab hold of WEEDS, ROCKS ... ANYTHING, to get away from the DINOSAURS. They move into a network of NARROW FISSURES between PINNACLES ... The CARNOTAURS can barely squeeze through.

ONE SAILOR is trying to escape up a sheer rock face ... he slips and falls back into the CARNOTAUR'S CLUTCHES.

The SAILORS REACH SAFETY ... a narrow fissure - too small for the CARNOTAURS - leads into STEAMY JUNGLE/ beyond the VALLEY. JACK looks back ...

HERB is struggling, a CARNOTAUR'S snapping at his heels. JACK climbs back down the slope to help pull him up. The CARNOTAURUS lunges at HERB, grabbing his FOOT in it's JAWS! HERB screams and rolls over on his back, the camera on his chest. The CARNOTAUR is CRUSHING HIS ANKLE between it's TEETH!... Luckily it's HERB'S ARTIFICIAL LEG!

DENHAM looks at the frantic struggle ...

DENHAM
(yelling)
Roll camera!

HERB flicks the switch, aiming CARNOTAUR'S head, only inches away! The CAMERA at the

HERB
(screaming)
Speed !

Another CARNOTAUR is scrambling up behind the first ... JACK rushes forward, scooping up a LARGE BOULDER. He smashes it down on the CARNOTAUR'S head! It releases HERB'S FOOT and rolls away down the

slope, collecting it's BUDDY on the way!

JACK and another COUPLE OF SAILORS grab HERB and the CAM-ERA GEAR and scramble to SAFETY through the FISSURE.

EXT. EDGE OF SWAMP - DAY

JACK, DENHAM, PEEK, HERB and the 7 surviving SAILORS are a bedraggled GROUP ... CUT, BRUISED, COVERED in DUST, SOAKED in SWEAT. PEEK has the only TOMMY GUN left between them. They collapse into a NARROW CLEARING on the edge of MISTY SWAMP-LIKE LAKE. Cliffs rise out of the swamp on both sides ... the only way forward is ACROSS. DEAD TREES jut out of the water ... some have fallen onto the shore.

JACK is still driven with URGENCY.

JACK

Let's strap these trees together ... build rafts. Hurry!

The SAILORS set to work.

DENHAM is slumped on the ground ... PEEK approaches him.

PEEK

Mr Denham, I have some concerns about personal safety ... I'm really starting to feel that this particular assignment is not for me.

DENHAM looks up a PEEK ... his eyes are glazed - there is a real danger that DENHAM is starting to lose it.

DENHAM

(growling)

You walk out on a Carl Denham picture, you walk out of a career. You will have no money to feed your wife and kids!

PEEK

I don't have any kids.

DENHAM grabs PEEK by the collar and pulls him close ...

DENHAM

(threatening)

And I will personally guarantee it stays that way!

CUT TO

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

TWO MAKESHIFT RAFTS drift silently across the surface of the SWAMPY LAKE. HERB, PEEK and SAILORS are in the first, JACK, DENHAM and 3 SAILORS in the second.

JACK is punting his raft along using a LONG BRANCH. The SWAMP is creepy ... DEAD TWISTED TREES stick out of the surface ... a thin film of FOG hangs in the air. SMALL FLYING LIZARD-type things flit about from tree to tree.

The first raft reaches the SHORE - a narrow SANDY BEACH leading into GLOOMY DENSE JUNGLE.

JACK and DENHAM'S RAFT is still 20 yards off shore.

DENHAM

(yelling)

Set up the camera boys! Get a shot of me comin' ashore!

JACK

Forget it, Denham ... for Godssake

DENHAM suddenly stands up, causing the unstable raft to ROCK in the water. Me the pole, Driscoll! Seems to be on the verge of a BREAKDOWN ... he steps towards JACK, nearly tipping the raft over! JACK throws the pole at him and tries to balance himself.

DENHAM

(yelling)

Roll camera! I said roll camera! I want this on film!

DENHAM thrusts the pole into the SWAMP, and pushes ... the RAFT spins around. JACK and the SAILORS cling on as it ROCKS VIOLENTLY! DENHAM pushes on the pole, again and again, growing more FRANTIC. He starts HYPERVENTILATING ..

JACK sees a ROW OF BUBBLES moving rapidly towards the RAFT!

JACK

(alarmed)

Denham!

ANGLE Looking down on the RAFT ... THREE HUGE SHAPES glide in the MURK below the surface of the SWAMP. They RISE beneath the RAFT ...

TIPPING IT OVER!

EXT. BENEATH WATER - DAY

The SWAMP is about 8 ft deep ... The JACK, DENHAM and the THREE SAILORS fall STRAIGHT TO THE BOTTOM as if weighted.

STRINGY 5 foot WEEDS rise from the bottom like tentacles. JACK looks around ... the WATER is DARK and MURKY. The SAILORS are trying to kick back up to the SURFACE, with no luck ... for some reason this water has zero buoyancy.

SUDDENLY a TERRIFYING CREATURE emerges from the gloom! It is some kind of PREHISTORIC AXOLOTL-type thing with WIDE TEETH. It is about 25 foot long - the size of a huge White Shark.

With a frightening grace, the AXOLOTL sweeps a SAILOR up in it's JAWS!

TWO MORE giant AXOLOTL'S glide out of the gloom! ANOTHER SAILOR tries to run, but is taken by the SECOND AXOLOTL.

The third AXOLOTL comes straight at JACK! He throws himself down, and the CREATURE glides over the top of him. JACK gets back on his feet - he does the only thing he can to escape - run for the shore along the swamp bed. Pushes through the THICK FOREST of WEED, his cheeks bulging as he struggles to retain his air. Suddenly something GRABS HIS ANKLE!

JACK looks down at DENHAM ... he is desperately clinging onto JACK'S FOOT! An AXOLOTL suddenly sweeps by, causing JACK to duck. He grabs DENHAM'S arm and starts dragging him through the WEEDS.

EXT. SWAMP BEACH - DAY

JACK and DENHAM stagger onto the beach. SAILORS pull them other SAILOR survivor from the clear of the water ... the raft crawls onto the beach

too. HERB has his tripod set up and is filming it all.

JACK is gasping for air ... DENHAM lies moaning.

An AXOLOTL ROCKETS OUT OF THE WATER'. These things have legs and it scuttles towards the GROUP with incredible speed' Within seconds it has grabbed the SAILOR survivor in it's JAWS and disappears back into the swamp !

ANOTHER AXOLOTL charges out of the swamp ! It comes straight at HERB, who has no choice but to abandon his CAMERA and quickly back away ... The AXOLOTL lunges at the CAMERA & TRIPOD, SWALLOWING IT with one gulp!

BAM BAM! BAM! PEEK blasts the AXOLOTL with his TOMMY GUN. It slumps to the ground DEAD . . . it's mouth hanging open.

There is a stony silence as DENHAM lurches to his feet. He GLARES AT HERB ...

DENHAM

(yelling)

Jesus, Herbert! How could you be so careless? Do you know how much those things cost?

TEARS well in HERB'S eyes ... the man is deeply hurt by this criticism.

HERB

I'll be pleased to cash in my life insurance, Mr Denham. Buy you a new camera, sir.

Is having a TANTRUM.

DENHAM

(yelling)

I don't want a new camera! Herb ... I want you to crawl into the fish and recover my equipment!

HERB

Right you are, Mr Denham!

HERB removes his jacket and cap ... he takes his glasses off and puts them in his pocket. He crawls into the mouth of the AXOLOTL ... DENHAM holds his feet and PUSHES HIM DOWN the CREATURE'S THROAT.

HERB (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Just a bit further, Mr Denham ...

I can see the pan handle!

DENHAM pushes him further in ... only his knees are sticking out of the AXOLOTL' S MOUTH ... The creature' s TORSO is BULGING GROTESQUELY as HERB wrestles to free the camera.

HERB (CONT' D) (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Ok! Pull us out' Hard now - the Magazine's stuck in the pancreas!

AT THAT MOMENT ...

The AXOLOTL'S JAWS CLAMP SHUT! It was ONLY STUNNED!!!

A MUFFLED SCREAM emits from DEEP INSIDE the creature as it REARS UP.

DENHAM

Holy shit!!!

The AXOLOTL PULLS AWAY, and VANISHES INTO THE WATER!

DENHAM turns back to the SHOCKED GROUP ... he is holding HERB'S ARTIFICIAL LEG.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna dedicate this movie to Herb Cooper - the world's greatest cameraman!

He thrusts the LEG at a SAILOR.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

Make sure this gets back to his wife and kids.

The SAILOR NODS.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

I'm calling a wrap. We're heading back to the ship.

JACK

What?

DENHAM

The girl's dead, Driscoll. There's no point continuing on.

JACK addresses the SAILORS.

JACK

Who's With me? NOBODY steps forward.

SAILOR 1

You're mad, Driscoll.

SAILOR 2

It's hopeless.

JACK

Come on. Fellas. Come on!

PEEK

In it for you? ... is she that good in bed?

JACK punches PEEK to the ground! He has one last scornful look at the DENHAM and the SAILORS ... then turns and heads into the JUNGLE ALONE.

DENHAM

Dinosaur munchie traveling!

The SAILORS chuckle.

EXT. JUNGLE GLADE - DAY

A PACK OF UTAHRAPTORS are feasting on a DINOSAUR CARCASS, intent on stripping every last piece of flesh off the bones. A RAPTOR suddenly looks up, alarmed by a NOISE ...

WHACK! KONG'S FIST smashes down on his head, KNOCKING HIM OUT! The other RAPTORS turn to flee ...

WHACK! KONG'S FOOT stamps down on another ... He grabs another by the

head, SNAPPING IT'S NECK with a quick flick.

The surviving RAPTORS scurry into the JUNGLE ... KONG sits down, placing ANN on the ground. She looks and frightened and exhausted. KONG starts eating the DEAD RAPTORS like someone with a KFC craving!

EXT. LOG CHASM - DAY

WIDE SHOT KONG hungrily eating in the distance ... ANN is visible at his feet.

JACK crawls into the FG! He peers out from behind a bush ... KONG is about 150 feet away, on the other side of a NARROW CHASM. A HUGE TREE has fallen across the CHASM ... creating a LOG BRIDGE.

JACK hurries towards the LOG, carefully staying low and ducking from bush to bush.

The CHASM is deep, maybe 100 feet to the bottom - a VINE ENTANGLED MORASS. JACK carefully starts to cross the LOG BRIDGE ... it is covered in wet moss and quite slippery. He is totally vulnerable ... He watches KONG carefully, but the Gorilla is seemingly focused on his RAPTOR finger food.

JACK is over halfway across when KONG casually GLANCES IN HIS DIRECTION ... JACK throws himself forward on the log, trying to stay out of sight behind a bulky lichen covered STUMP. He carefully sneaks a look at KONG ... who is still peering over towards the LOG.

EXT. SWAMP BEACH - DAY

DE, PEEK and the last 4 SAILORS are still on the SWAMP BEACH, gathering what remains of their equipment together.

They TURN IN UNISON ... as a TRICERATOPS lumbers towards them along the beach! These are 30 foot long Rhino-like DINOSAURS. DENHAM and the SAILORS step back warily as the TRICERATOPS slowly wanders past them ... not paying them any attention.

CLOSE ON The TRICERATOPS innocently steps on PEEK'S TAPE RECORDER, instantly CRUSHING IT.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The TRICERATOPS FAT.T.S DEAD ... PEEK advances forward, his TOMMY GUN smoking ... a look of disbelief on his face as he looks at the MANGLED REMAINS of his beloved EQUIPMENT!

PEEK

That cost me seventy-five bucks!

PEEK kicks the DEAD TRICERATOPS.

AN ANGUISHED BELLOW.LOW! WHIP PAN onto 3 more TRICERATOPS, including a LARGE BULL, ROARING WITH GRIEF!

DENHAM and the SAILORS react with horror as the TRICERATOPS CHARGE! ... They move with surprising speed ... HUGE HORNS lowered for the kill!

BAM! BAM! BAM! PEEK fires, but the bullets RICOCHET off the BONY FRILL that surrounds the TRICERATOPS'S head!

The GROUP turns and flees into the JUNGLE!

EXT. JUNGLE GLADE - DAY

KONG and react to the sounds of GUNFIRE and MEN YELLING. KONG SNARLS ... he scoops ANN up and places her HIGH in the BRANCHES OF A DEAD TREE, some 30 foot off the ground.

KONG bounds away towards the CHASM!

EXT. LOG CHASM - DAY

JACK is still clinging to the LOG ... he turns at the SOUNDS of the APPROACHING SAILORS ...

PEEK rushes out of the JUNGLE first, followed by DENHAM, the SAILORS and 3 ANGRY TRICERATOPS! A SAILOR trips and is immediately ENGORGED by a TRICERATOPS'S HORN!

PEEK races onto the LOG in a blind panic, followed by the 3 surviving SAILORS and DENHAM ... PEEK only just realizes JACK is in his way and almost collides with him ... PEEK looks up suddenly and SCREAMS!!!

WHIP ONTO

KONG STANDING at the end of the LOG BRIDGE, towering above PEEK! He beats his chest, ROARING FIERCELY! The SAILORS are trapped on the LOG BRIDGE between the enraged TRICERATOPS on one side and the enraged KONG on the other!

KONG reaches Dow and LIFTS his end of the LOG BRIDGE. JACK, DENHAM and the 3 SAILORS cling on for dear life ... PEEK desperately leaps from the LOG and CLINGS onto VINES hanging over the cliff on KONG'S side of the CHASM.

KONG vigorously TWISTS and SHAKES the LOG, bucking the MEN into the air. JACK manages to hang onto the STUMP, but behind him SAILORS are FALLING OFF!

BOTTOM OF CHASM SAILORS PLUMMET to the bottom ... ONE SAILOR crunches onto rocks, but the OTHER TWO have their falls broken by a THICK NETWORK of VINES, and appear to land relatively UNHURT.

JACK and DENHAM cling on ... KONG ROARS with FRUSTRATION and HURLS the END OF THE LOG into the CHASM! DENHAM - who is close to the far side - manages to LEAP TO THE BANK, but JACK RIDES THE LOG DOWN!

CRASH! The LOG SMASHES INTO THE ROCKS and JACK flies off it ... He bounces off vines and lands on the ground, STUNNED.

A SAILOR is crawling along the ground with a SPRAINED ANKLE ...

SUDDENLY!!! A ROUND DIRT LID - larger than a manhole cover - POPS OPEN and a HUGE DOOR SPIDER DARTS OUT!! It grabs the SAILOR and drags him SCREAMING into it's LAIR, the LID neatly closing again!!

JACK scrambles to his feet! Ail around, MONSTROSITIES OF NATURE emerge from DANK BURROWS and crawl towards him and the LAST SURVIVING SAILOR ... These are HUGE INSECTLIKE THINGS - combinations of SPIDERS, CRABS, MANTISES and CENTIPEDES!

JACK snatches up a LONG STICK and uses it like a SPEAR to fend these CREATURES off. He looks on helplessly as the SAILOR attempts to CLIMB THE WT.T. out of the CHASM, but slips in the PINCERS of some CRAB/SPIDER THING!

A GROUP of SPIDERS with 7 foot LEG SPANS close in on JACK! Behind them

hangs a LONG VINE, leading directly up to the top of the CHASM ... JACK charges at the SPIDERS, LEAPING as HIGH as he can. He lands on the BACK of the FIRST SPIDER, and using the bounce, he propels himself onto the back of the NEXT, and the NEXT - like a series of MINI-TRAMPS!! He leaps off the LAST and GRABS HOLD OF THE VINE, pulling himself away from the FRENZIED SPIDERS!

JACK is climbing HAND OVER HAND ...

SUDDENLY! He starts RISING FAST ...

KONG is perching on the EDGE of the CHASM, pulling the VINE up ... like a FISHERMAN reeling in a CATCH!!

JACK is HELPLESS!!

EXT. JUNGLE GLADE - DAY

ANN looks around FEARY from her PERCH - HIGH in the BRANCHES of the ROTTEN TREE ... she has heard the SCREAMS, but has seen nothing.

A HUGE SHAPE moves beneath her ... ANN freezes at the sight of an ALLOSAUR. Entering the clearing. This is a 25 foot tall MEATEATERS - SKULL ISLAND'S most fearsome predator!

The ALLOSAUR snatches a DEAD RAPTOR off the ground and crunches it in POWERFUL JAWS ... It pauses, as if SNIFFING. The ALLOSAUR'S head is only a FEW FEET below ANN ... she is too scared to breathe!

The ATJOSAUR suddenly looks up ... straight at ANN! He immediately CIRCLES THE TREE in big powerful strides ... ANN shifts her position to keep the ALLOSAUR in sight ... it is clearly getting very AGITATED!

With an almost delicate movement, the ALLOSAUR nudges the TRUNK with it's head ... the TREE lurches dramatically! ANN hangs on desperately ... The ALLOSAUR pushes HER, sending the tree TOPPLING TO THE GROUND!

ANN rolls away from the tree, jumps to her feet and RUNS!!

She races through the JUNGLE, dodging TREES, leaping over FALLEN LOGS, smashing through BUSHES ... The ALLOSAUR POUNDING AFTER HER! It' s BREATH RASPING . . . FOOTSTEPS THUMPING. The HUGE JAWS open - only INCHES FROM ANN'S HEAD !

SHE SCREAMS!

EXT. LOG CHASM - DAY

KONG has almost REELED JACK IN when he hears ANN'S SCREAM.

He immediately DROPS THE VINE, sending JACK PLUMMETING back down the CHASM! Fortunately the COILS of LOOSE VINE at the top of the chasm TANGLE, stopping JACK with a jerk about HALF WAY DOWN.

KONG RUSHES OFF towards the SOUNDS of ANN'S SCREAMS.

EXT. DENSE JUNGLE - DAY

ANN is stumbling ... the ALLOSAUR positions it's HEAD for the FINAL LUNGE - JAWS OPEN ...

From out of the DENSE JUNGLE - KONG CHARGES! He meets ANN and the ATJ.OSAUR HEAD-ON at FULL SPEED! KONG swings his fist, smashing into the ALLOSAUR'S HEAD ... ANN has to throw herself against a tree as the

DINOSAUR SPRAWLS onto the ground beside her ... In a flash, KONG is ON TOP of the ALLOSAUR, POUNDING HIS FIST DOWN ...

The ALLOSAUR lies still ... ANN'S legs turn to jelly and she COLLAPSES. KONG is clearly startled ... he gently takes her in his hand ...

AT THAT MOMENT! The SECOND ALLOSAUR ATTACKS!!! He comes charging into shot, grabbing KONG'S ARM in his JAWS! KONG ROARS, ripping free just as the THIRD ALLOSAUR strides into the CLEARING! The FIRST ALLOSAUR scrambles back to it's feet! KONG holds ANN protectively as he braces himself for the FIGHT OF HIS LIFE. The THREE ALLOSAUR'S CIRCLE around him.

THEY ATTACK KONG and ANN! ... What follows is a BREATHTAKING FIGHT TO THE DEATH. KONG fights like a madman ... not only does he have to do battle with the ALLOSAUR, he is also PROTECTING ANN - constantly transferring her from ONE HAND to THE OTHER as the ALLOSAUR SNAP AT HER throughout.

KONG punches and smashes with his fists, but he also uses wrestling-style headlocks and flips ... for a brief moment, ANN rolls free on the ground and has to dodge 25 foot DINOSAURS and the GORITJ, as the frenzied fight THUNDERS all around her.

The FIRST ALLOSAUR. Is taken out when KONG PULLS a LARGE JAGGED TREE TRUNK out of the ground and RAMS IT into the ALLOSAUR'S MOUTH, PUSHING it out the BACK OF IT'S HEAD!

The SECOND ALLOSAUR he kills by grabbing it in a HEADLOCK, FLIPPING it over his shoulder, but REVERSING DIRECTION suddenly - BREAKING IT'S BACK with a sickening CRUNCH!

ANN is suddenly GRABBED by the LAST ALLOSAUR! She is taken in his JAWS ... It BITES DOWN - JUST as KONG GRABS HIS JAWS in BOTH HANDS. He rolls the ALLOSAUR onto it's back, ANN still wedged in it's MOUTH! The razor sharp TEETH dig into her as KONG desperately uses all his strength to force the ALLOSAUR'S MOUTH OPEN ... ANN slides out, raking her back against the teeth.

KONG forces the JAWS OPEN until they RIP APART at the HINGE! The ALLOSAUR sprawls back DEAD.

KONG is PANTING HEAVILY ... he has been BITTEN, RAKED and CUT. He puts his foot on the LAST ALLOSAUR and BEATS HIS CHEST TRIUMPHANTLY!

ANN is HURT ... BLEEDING ... KONG carefully picks her up and HURRIES INTO THE JUNGLE.

EXT. LOG CHASM - DAY

JACK is clinging onto the VINE, trying to pulling himself onto the TOP OF THE CHASM ..- but his strength is weakening - just below the edge.

PEEK leans over ... he looks TERRIFIED, still gripping his TOMMY GUN

JACK
(urgent)
Peek!

For a moment you'd think PEEK is actually considering the idea of kicking JACK back down into the CHASM! ... He reaches down the PULLS

JACK TO SAFETY.

DENHAM (O.S.)
(loud whisper)
Hey Jack!

DENHAM is on the other side of the CHASM ... looking VERY JUMPY.

JACK
Denham! Go back to the wall ... Tell'em to give me twelve hours to get back with Ann!

DENHAM
(panicked)
I can't get back to the wall! I'll get eaten!

JACK suddenly snatches PEEK'S TOMMY GUN.

PEEK
(alarmed)
Hey! Whadda ya doing?

JACK hurls the TOMMY GUN across the CHASM.

JACK
They've gotta keep the gate open for me.

DENHAM clutches the TOMMY GUN, as if holding a newborn baby.

DENHAM
Twelve hours, Driscoll. Good luck!

JACK heads into the JUNGLE.

PEEK
(angry)
You're insane! You'll be killed!

JACK keeps going ... PEEK alone... and runs after JACK. Suddenly realizes he's

EXT. JUNGLE/MOUNTAIN - DAY

ANN'S POV ... upside down shot WHIPPING through FOLIAGE with long LOPING STRIDES.

ANN is DRAPED in KONG'S HAND as he POWERS THROUGH the JUNGLE at HIGH SPEED. She is weak ... her EYES GLAZING, SWEAT DRIPPING from her brow.

ANN'S POV ... becomes MORE FEVERED.

KONG climbs out of the JUNGLE, SCALING a nearly SHEER CLIFF ... he uses ONE HAND to climb - the OTHER HOLDS ANN to his breast.

As KONG climbs HIGHER AND HIGHER, ANN drifts into UNCONSCIOUSNESS ... her last FEVERED POV being that of the VERTIGO INDUCING drop down the face of the CLIFF.

EXT. KONG'S LAIR - EVENING

FADE UP ...

ANN'S FEVERED POV KONG pacing ANXIOUSLY ... He leans down towards , ROARING nervously. Behind him the sky his bathed in an ORANGE SUNSET.

WIDE KONG is in his LAIR - a LARGE ROUND CAVE with a LEDGE that juts out high over SKULL ISLAND ... in fact his CAVE is one of the "eyes" of the SKULL visible from the coast. Over the ledge is a DIZZYING DROP of at least 1000 feet down to the JUNGLE.

The "VENTURE" can be seen - moored off the TIP OF THE ISLAND, some 3 miles away.

Sinister BAT-TYPE CREATURES hover in the SKIES ... these have 8 foot wing spans and TALONED FEET. Their faces are more reptile than bat.

ANN is lying on a BED OF STRAW in an ALCOVE on the LEDGE ... ONE of the BAT-THINGS swoops in ...

ANN'S FEVERED POV ... Large FLAPPING BAT WINGS fill her vision.

KONG snatches the BAT-"THING out of the sky and rips it's wings off. He gently lifts ANN and retreats further inside his cave.

EXT. WALL/RUINED CITY - NIGHT

ENGLEHORN puffs on his PIPE ... SAILORS armed with RIFLES and TOMMY GUNS are patrolling the WALL.... the area is effectively CORDONED OFF. Everyone is relaxed.

SENTRY SAILOR

(yelling)

Hey! Somebody's approaching!

SAILORS rush to pull the GREAT GATES open ...

DENHAM staggers in and COLLAPSES. He is even more disheveled than when we saw him last. His clothing is TORN ... blood seeps from CUTS ... he's lost the GUN.

ENGLEHORN gives him a drink from a CANTEEN. DENHAM is GASPING heavily.

ENGLEHORN

Just take it easy .-- Where are the others?

DENHAM

(panting)

They' re dead.

ENGLEHORN

(shocked)

Oh my God ... Ann?

DENHAM pauses ...

DENHAM

(quietly)

She's dead ... Driscoll too. We've gotta get back to the ship!

ENGLEHORN nods.

ENGLEHORN

(yelling)

Prepare to break camp, men! We're heading back to the Venture'.

There's a SENSE OF RELIEF amongst the CREW. TWO SAILORS lift DENHAM up and support him between them.

AT THAT MOMENT! A ZIPPING SOUND fills the air ... a VOLLEY of ARROWS, DARTS and SPEARS fly towards the SAILORS! Within SECONDS 7 SAILORS fall dead, including the TWO supporting DENHAM. He runs with incredible speed and throws himself behind a wall. ENGLEHORN and the 12 SURVIVING SAILORS take shelter and FIRE WILDLY in all directions.

DENHAM

(panicked)

We've gotta get outta here!

(grimly)

That's going to be more difficult than you think ...

NUMEROUS HEAVILY ARMED NATIVES are fleetingly visible ... darting behind RUINS and TREES - cutting the SAILORS off from the beach.

EXT. KONG'S LAIR - NIGHT

ANN'S FEVERED POV SURREAL IMAGES of KONG STATUES ... of FLAPPING BAT-THINGS --- of ALLOSAUR JAWS ... of FIERY CARVED FACES ..- and finally of KONG'S EYES - staring LOVINGLY at her.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. KONG'S CAVE - EARLY MORNING

CLOSE ON ... ANN. She wakes up, looking rested and calm

IT IS CLEAR THAT HER FEVER HAS PASSED.

WIDER ... ANN is CRADLED in KONG'S HAND. He is lying on his side, ASLEEP ... holding ANN close to his face like a child would sleep with a teddy bear. KONG stirs, suddenly opening his mouth in a HUGE YAWN. He opens his eyes, and for a few quiet moments, he and ANN stare at each other.

KONG sits up, placing ANN on the ground ... They are deeper into KONG'S CAVE. ANN can see that the back of the cave leads to a way out as DAYLIGHT streams in. A SMALL, but DEEP LAKE fills part of the CAVE, surrounded by smaller ROCK POOLS.

KONG sits on his haunches, looking for all the world like the king of his domain. A SHADOW flutters over ANN as a BAT-THING makes an attempt to GRAB HER ... KONG reaches forward and snatches it out of the air. He bites the head off the BAT-THING ... RIPS OFF one of it's LEGS ... drops the BLOODY LEG on the ground in front of ANN!

ANN looks aghast at the OFFERING as KONG eats the rest of the BAT-THING with a certain amount of RELISH. She backs away from the MEAT ... KONG leans forward and pushes it closer to her. ANN steps away and SHAKES HER HEAD.

ANN

No ... thank you.

KONG SHAKES HIS HEAD! ... and pushes the MEAT closer. ANN holds her nose and P A FACE. KONG puts a FINGER UP TO HIS NOSE and PULLS A FACE'. He pushes the meat closer ... ANN takes a big step backwards and ... trips over a rock' KONG looks ALARMED for a moment.

ANN (CONT'D)

I'm ok ... see ...

ANN stands and with GREAT DRAMATICS, she deliberately falls over! KONG

gets excited ... he SLUMPS BACKWARDS against the WALL. ANN stands up and with a SQUEAL, she goes into a FORWARD ROLL! KONG is HIGHLY EXCITED! He ROLLS FORWARD on his side!

ANN LAUGHS at him ... she does a CARTWHEEL! KONG paces from SIDE TO SIDE like an over-excited kid. He suddenly turns and disappears out of the back entrance of the cave.

ANN is a little nervous ... she clutches her shoulders against a cold rush of morning breeze ... she hears a FLUTTERING OF BAT-THINGS WINGS.

KONG hurries back into the cave he holding a TINY OBJECT between his THUMB and FOREFINGER. With great DELICACY, he drops a RIPE MANGO at ANN'S FEET! ANN bites into it, suddenly realizing how hungry she actually is.

ANN (CONT'D)
(eating)
Good! More? More?

KONG acts COYLY at this praise ... he rushes out of the cave again ... returning with the ENTIRE MANGO TREE, which he drops at ANN'S feet! ANN laughs and KONG ROLLS FORWARD ... out onto the LEDGE.

In the distance we can see the "VENTURE" and just HEAR the distant SOUND of SPORADIC GUNFIRE from the NATIVE CITY.

KONG SNIFFS the MORNING AIR ... He FROWNS ... suddenly gets AGITATED. KONG looks up ...

... over 20 BAT-THINGS are MASSING on the CLIFFS above the LAIR, clearly preparing an ATTACK to get ANN!

KONG races into the CAVE, just as another 20 BAT-THINGS flutter in through the BACK ENTRANCE!! He scoops ANN to his breast, ROARING DEFIANTLY at them.

CLOSE ON A NARROW FISSURE in the VOLCANIC ROCK towards the back of the cave. JACK and PEEK are HIDDEN from view as BAT-THINGS flutter above them. PEEK looks around terrified ... JACK spies on KONG and ANN.

The BAT-THINGS suddenly ATTACK EN MASS!! They swoop on KONG and ANN like a swarm of giant Bees. KONG ROARS and THRASHES OUT at them in the FRENZY! With, every sweep of his ARM, several BAT-THINGS are KNOCKED TO THE GROUND. KONG keeps moving, twisting and turning, to make it harder for them to get at ANN ... she presses herself close to KONG'S CHEST. BAT-THING TALONS strike at her, slashing KONG'S FINGERS instead.

With the BAT-THINGS totally occupied, JACK takes his chance to get closer to ANN ... He leaves the shelter of the FISSURE and hurries across the CAVE, ducking into the shadows on the far side. He crouches behind a rock, but is TOTALLY VULNERABLE.

SEVERAL BAT-THINGS are gripping and CLAWING KONG'S BACK in an effort to weaken the huge ape ... He suddenly POUNDS HIS BACK against the WALL. Of the CAVE, SQUASHING THEM All.

The BAT-THINGS wheel away from KONG, HISSING ANGRILY ... 16 lie on the cave floor STUNNED or DEAD. They FLUTTER AROUND preparing their NEXT ATTACK. KONG swipes at BAT-THINGS that get too close.

PEEK hears a NOISE ... he turns and WHIMPERS at the sight of a BAT-THING PEERING AT HIM through a crack in the ROCK. The BAT-THING

SCREECHES ... attracting others! They can't reach PEEK, but that doesn't stop him dissolving into a FRIGHTENED PANIC! Sweat spills down his face ... he claws at the floor of the ROCK FISSURE ... PICKS UP A ROCK.

PEEK THROWS THE ROCK ACROSS THE CAVE TOWARDS JACK!

PEEK
(panicked whisper)
Get him!

The ROCK CLATTERS at JACK'S feet! SOME BAT-THINGS react to the NOISE ... they SWOOP towards JACK!

JACK runs across the CAVE ... TALONS REACH FOR HIS HEAD ... JACK suddenly throws himself forward ...

... diving into a deep ROCK POOL!

UNDERWATER JACK holds himself under the water, as TALONS claw at the SURFACE, a couple of feet above his head.

The BAT-THINGS are working themselves into a FRENZY, diving at the ROCK-POOL ... diving at KONG and ANN.

PEEK is left alone ... he sees his chance to escape! Quietly climbing out of the FISSURE, PEEK turns to flee out the back entrance of the CAVE ...

He runs straight into the ENORMOUS JAWS of an ELASTOMOSAUR - a LARGE SEA-SERPENT DINOSAUR, with a LONG NECK!!

The ELASTOMOSAUR has emerged FROM THE LAKE, having crawled up onto the SHORE ... It lifts PEEK high into the air! He S as the JAWS crunch his TORSO.

ALL THE BAT-THINGS instantly dive towards PEEK ... In a frustrated BLOOD-FRENZY they RIP INTO PEEK and the ELASTOMOSAUR!!

KONG SNARLS ... he places ANN on the CAVE FLOOR - under an overhang - and CHARGES at the BAT-THINGS!

KONG thunders past the ROCK POOL just as JACK surfaces, gasping for air ... he scrambles out, racing towards ANN!

ANN
(amazed)
Jack!!!

JACK EMBRACES ANN!

There's not much time - KONG is preoccupied swatting BAT-THINGS at the BACK OF THE CAVE ... JACK desperately looks around for an ESCAPE ROUTE ... NOTHING but a 1000 foot drop off the LEDGE into the JUNGLE below! They are TRAPPED!

AT THAT MOMENT! A STUNNED BAT-THING beats it's wings and lifts off the CAVERN FLOOR ... JACK RUNS, LEAPS and GRABS IT'S FEET!

JACK
(urgent)
Ann! Grab my shoulders!

ANN hesitates ... The BAT-THING flaps furiously, trying to lift JACK'S

weight off the ground ... It DRAGS JACK TOWARDS THE LEDGE!

JACK (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Jump on !

KONG SEES JACK ... HE CHARGES TOWARDS THE LEDGE!

ANN is TORN ... she looks at JACK ... looks at KONG ...

JACK (CONT'D)
(yelling)
ANN!!!

ANN runs towards JACK and throws herself forward -HANGING ONTO HIS
WAIST ... just as KONG REACHES OUT FOR HER !

JACK hangs onto the TALONED FEET as he and ANN sail out into space, the
BAT-THING FLAPPING MADLY above them ... They descend rapidly ... about
twice the speed of a parachute. ANN buries her face into JACK'S waist -
not wanting to look back at KONG ROARING WITH GRIEF FROM THE LEDGE.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The BAT-THING wobbles crazily in the sky, rapidly LOSING ENERGY ...
JACK looks down a FAST FLOWING RIVER is 50 foot below. He RELEASES HIS
GRIP!

ANN SCREAMS as she and JACK fall into the RIVER ... They are
immediately picked up by the current and SWEEPED AWAY. JACK grabs ANN
under the arms and hangs onto her tightly.

In the distance ... AN ENRAGED KONG is quickly descending from his
mountain lair!

CUT TO

EXT.WALL/NATIVE RUINS - DAY

A BATTLE raging at the NATIVE CITY ... BODIES are strewn around -
dozens of NATIVES, SAILORS empaled with spears and arrows. It's like a
scene from the movie "Zulu".

A SMALL T. GROUP of SURVIVORS from the ship are holed up behind STONE
BLOCKS atop the GREAT WALL. DENHAM, ENGLEHORN and THREE SAILORS are
looking EXHAUSTED and DEFEATED. DENHAM fires at a group of NATIVES with
a TOMMY GUN ... it EMPTIES.

ENGLEHORN
(grimly)
That was the last of our ammo.

Suddenly points across the TREETOPS.

DENHAM
(excited)
They're coming!!

POV TWO BOATLOADS OF REINFORCEMENTS from the "VENTURE" are rowing
towards the beach!

ENGLEHORN
It's too late ...

A MASSIVE TIDE of 300 NATIVES are advancing towards the WALL! DENHAM, ENGLEHORN and the SAILORS reach for whatever WEAPONS they can find.

AT THAT MOMENT!

The GATES SWING OPEN ... JACK and ANN come racing in! In his panic, JACK doesn't notice the BATTLE DEBRIS ... He pushes the GATES closed, yelling for imagined help ...

JACK
(urgent yelling)
Barricade the gates! Quick!

ANN
Jack!...
(louder)
Jack!

JACK turns ... is confronted by the sight of 300 NATIVES, closing in around them ... The NATIVES have abandoned the attack - ALL EYES are on ANN. They murmur in AWE ... "KONG ... KONG ... KONG". The WITCH-DOCTOR recites some complex INCANTATION.

DENHAM and ENGLEHORN stare in DISBELIEF.

ENGLEHORN
They think Ann's a demon.

JACK and ANN are backed right against the GATES. The NATIVES are pushing closer and closer to them ... they RAISE THEIR SPEARS, ready to thrust them into JACK and ANN.

KONG ROARS!!! JACK hears his FOOTSTEPS pounding towards the GATES at HIGH SPEED! JACK grabs ANN and pushes her ALONG THE WALL, just clearing the GATES as ...

KONG CRASHES THROUGH! The GATES are SMASHED OFF THEIR HINGES ... 7 story tall gates - weighting 35 tons - land on the NATIVES with a sound like someone stepping on eggshells!

KONG strides into the SQUARE, BEATING HIS CHEST and ROARING.

DENHAM
Holy shit!

The SURVIVING NATIVES scatter! KONG rampages after them, STOMPING ON THEM and BITING THEIR HEADS OFF ... in a scene that not only gets a PG 13, but is PRAISED by the MPAA for it's sensitivity!

DENHAM, ENGLEHORN and the SAILORS take their chance to slip away towards the beach.

JACK pulls ANN away from the GATES, slipping behind cover to avoid being seen by KONG ... They run through the GIANT CARVED HEAD ... into the TUNNEL COMPLEX that leads to the beach. JACK snatches a NATIVE SPEAR off the ground on the way.

A few brave NATIVE WARRIORS hurl SPEARS at KONG ... but they either bounce off, or only just penetrate the skin.

KONG picks up a LARGE BRONZE "KONG" STATUE and hurls it at a GROUP of SPEAR THROWERS perched atop a STONE BUILDING.

INT. MUMMY CHAMBER - DAY

JACK and ANN are racing through the MUMMY CHAMBER when the STATUE smashes through the roof! ANN stumbles and ROLLS. KONG ROARS as he SEES HER through the DEMOLISHED ROOF. He reaches for her, SWEEPING MUMMIES onto the floor with his GROPING HANDS.

JACK pulls ANN further down the TUNNELS ...out of KONG'S REACH.

EXT. RUINED CITY - DAY

KONG heads TOWARDS THE BEACH, his way suddenly BLOCKED by 50 NATIVES throwing SPEARS and SHOOTING ARROWS. They thud into his chest ... he pulls them out, CHARGING THE NATIVES in a FURY!

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The "VENTURE'S" REINFORCEMENTS arrive on the beach lust as DENHAM, ENGLEHORN and the 3 SAILORS come running out of the JUNGLE. Behind them KONG can be seen smashing his way towards the beach!

DENHAM THROWS HIMSELF in one of the BOATS.

DENHAM

(screaming)

Get outta here!

JACK and ANN race out of the TUNNELS and onto the BEACH ... just as KONG CHARGES UP BEHIND THEM! They get halfway across the sand before KONG scoops ANN up triumphantly! He strides past JACK ... Without hesitation JACK THROWS THE SPEAR with all his might ... into the BACK of KONG'S LEG, just behind the knee!

KONG ROARS in pain as his leg collapses , sending him SPRAWLING on the sand ... still clutching ANN protectively.

DENHAM leaps out of the BOAT, brandishing a new TOMMY GUN. Staying out of reach, he aims at KONG'S HEAD ... squeezes the trigger ... ANN SCREAMS!

DENHAM HESITATES - as if a sudden thought enters his head. He swings the aim onto KONG'S KNEES ... and FIRES!

KONG ROARS! He releases ANN onto the beach. SAILORS leap out of the BOATS as DENHAM starts CLUBBING KONG with the GUN-BUTT.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

Don't kill him, boys ... knock him out cold! I want him alive!

The SAILORS attack KONG, clubbing him on the head with GUN-BUTTS and OARS.

ANN

(screaming)

Stop! No! Leave him.'

ANN rushes towards the SAILORS. JACK grabs her ... pulls her away.

ANN (CONT'D)

(pleading)

Stop them Jack! ... NO! ! !

KONG'S POV ... ANN being restrained by JACK, TEARS streaming down her face. GROTESQUE FLASHES of SAILOR'S FACES filled with hate - clubbing ... Distorted sound of YELLING ... CLUBBING ... SOUNDS FADE - except

for ANN'S VOICE ...

ANN (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

I'm sorry ... I'm so sorry ...

A FILM OF WATER washes over KONG'S POV ...

SLOW FADE TO BLACK.

CLOSE ON DENHAM ... lights a CIGAR.

The SAILORS are surrounding the UNCONSCIOUS KONG on the beach.

DENHAM

(triumphant)

Well done boys! We came to shoot a motion picture, but we're taking back something far greater than any movie you could imagine! I can see it now ... his name in lights! "King Kong - the Eighth Wonder of the World"!

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. BROADWAY/NEW YORK - NIGHT

"KING KONG - the EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD" in HUGE NEON LIGHTS on the marquee of a large Broadway THEATRE.

The STREET is busy, with a LARGE CROWD flocking outside the THEATRE ... TAXI'S unloading PEOPLE in TUXEDOS and EVENING DRESS. The GLITTERATI of NEW YORK have turned out for this one. SCALPERS are selling tickets outside the door.

INT. THEATER AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The AUDIENCE are settling in their seats ... USHERS working the aisles. It is a GRAND OLD THEATRE with spectacular DECOR and a capacity of about 1200. Tonight is a FULL HOUSE.

An USHER shows an ELDERLY LADY to her seat.

ELDERLY LADY

Is this one of Mr Denham's cute little animal pictures?

USHER

This is not a motion picture, Madam. It's more in the nature of a personal appearance.

A COUPLE are sitting together ... The HUSBAND has clearly come under duress ...

HUSBAND

(checks watch)

The Yankees'il be in their second innings. This had better be worth it!

INT. DENHAM'S OFFICE/THEATRE - NIGHT

TWO BURLY SECURITY GUARDS deliver the BOX OFFICE TAKING'S in cash to DENHAM ... He is dressed in a TUX and looks much rested since his Skull Island adventures.

DENHAM

Thanks fellas.

DENHAM loads the cash into HIS SAFE.

JACK (O.S.)
Hey, Denham!

JACK is standing in the office doorway, UNCOMFORTABLE in his TUX.
Looking very

JACK (CONT'D)
Payment in advance. That was the deal.

DENHAM stuffs a WAD OF CASH into an ENVELOPE.

DENHAM
Two grand, Jack. You'll be able to retire on that!

Slips the ENVELOPE into his TOP POCKET.

JACK
Not me. Thought I'd head out west ... get into some Redwood country.

DENHAM
How about Ann? Is she going with you?

JACK shakes his head.

JACK
Haven't seen her - not since we got back.

DENHAM
She's got a bit of an attitude, that girl. She's turned down a bunch of money. Too bad ... it would've been a great angle - "Beauty and the Beast".
(shakes head)
I must be getting old - I thought you two had something going there.

JACK shrugs ...

JACK
I don't need anyone tagging along with me.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

DENHAM and JACK are walking through a BUSY BACKSTAGE AREA. A PRESS OFFICER runs up to DENHAM.

PRESS OFFICER
The press are clambering to come backstage, Mr Denham! Take some photos of Kong.

DENHAM
Let'em wait. They'll have their opportunity when the curtain goes up!

DENHAM pats JACK on the back.

DENHAM (CONT'D)
Are you nervous Jack?

JACK
Nab- Let's get it over with.

CUT TO

INT. THEATRE AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The THEATRE is packed ... The AUDIENCE HUSH as the LIGHTS DIM. A GIANT CURTAIN covers the STAGE, with just a single MICROPHONE to one side.

ANNOUNCER (O. S)

(loudspeaker)

Ladies and gentlemen ... Mr Carl Denham!

MUSIC strikes up and the CROWD APPLAUD as DENHAM strides onto the stage in the GLARE of the SINGLE SPOTLIGHT. He steps up to a MICROPHONE.

DENHAM

(amplified)

Ladies and gentleman ... If anybody here is of faint disposition, or weak heart I suggest you take this opportunity to leave the auditorium.

The CROWD MURMUR NERVOUSLY ... but of course, NOBODY leaves!

DENHAM (CONT'D)

(amplified)

We all hear tales of adventure we scarcely believe ... but seeing is believing, and tonight you will see Kong - the living proof of our adventure! An adventure in which thirty-six of our party met terrible deaths! Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to introduce you to you the man who felled the mighty beast armed only with a native spear! Mr Jack Driscoll!

BIG APPLAUSE as another SPOTLIGHT finds JACK stepping onto the stage ... His earlier bravado has vanished - he looks VERY NERVOUS! He joins DENHAM at the MICROPHONE.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

(amplified)

Well, Jack ... what is it like to risk your life to save a beautiful woman?

JACK looks out over a sea of 1200 faces ... he hesitates. DENHAM'S smile wavers as he realizes JACK has dried up with stage fright!

DENHAM (CONT'D)

(amplified)

Did you fear for your life?

JACK

(long pause)

Yeah.

The AUDIENCE CHUCKLE.

DENHAM

(amplified)

It must have been terrifying?

JACK

(long pause)

Yeah.

The AUDIENCE LAUGH. DENHAM puts his hand over the MIC and whispers angrily at JACK.

DENHAM

(whispers)

Grand a word! Thanks for nothing, pal!

DENHAM turns back to the AUDIENCE ...

DENHAM (CONT'D)

(amplified)

Ladies and gentleman! It is now time to see for yourselves ... One who was a King and a God of the world he knew, but who now comes to civilization as a captive - as an exhibit to gratify mankind's insatiable curiosity. Ladies and gentlemen ... Look upon Kong - the Eighth Wonder of the World!!!

With a dramatic flourish, DENHAM waves his arm at the CURTAIN ... It slowly rises, as MUSIC strikes up.

KONG is REVEALED ... His SITS SLUMPED, HEAD turned away from the AUDIENCE. This is a BOWED, BROKEN SPIRIT ... not the mighty ape we were expecting to see.

His WRISTS are MANACLED, attached by long lengths of THICK CHAIN that lead to the BEAM of the BIG STEEL SCAFFOLD he sits on. Other MANACLES and CHAINS secure his AN/ANKLES and WAIST.

There is BIG GASP from the AUDIENCE. KONG'S sheer size is SPECTACULAR.

DENHAM looks a little ANXIOUS at KONG'S LETHARGY.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

Don't be alarmed, Ladies and Gentleman Those chains are made of chrome steel!

KONG continues to SIT ... he picks at his TOES. DENHAM steps past JACK, towards the WINGS, WHISPERING to STAGEHANDS...

DENHAM (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Get him on his feet!

INSERT HUGE ELECTRICAL WINCHES start GRINDING BACKSTAGE ... winding in KONG'S WRIST CHAINS onto big drums.

KONG'S ARMS are pulled up towards the STEEL BEAM ... He is hauled to his feet, arms out-stretched - to APPRECIATIVE MURMURS from the CROWD. His HEAD is slumped.

DENHAM strides towards KONG ... armed with a LONG POLE with a sharp METAL BARB. He prods KONG in the stomach ...

KONG ROARS ... The AUDIENCE LAUGH and APPLAUD. JACK looks uncomfortable.

DENHAM jabs him in the SIDE ... KONG ROARS and rattles the CHAINS. The AUDIENCE CHEER.

DENHAM edges towards closer, TOUCHING KONG'S LEG.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

Am actually laying my hand on the twenty-five foot gorilla. Ladies and gentlemen! I am touching the beast!

ANN

(angry yell)

Take your filthy paws off him -you ignorant pig!

DENHAM looks ALARMED as ANN strides down the AISLE from the BACK of the

THEATRE.

KONG RECOGNIZES ANN! He ROARS and pulls on his CHAINS.

DENHAM races over to the MIC in an attempt to pass this off as part of the show.

DENHAM

(amplified)

Ladies and gentlemen! Miss Ann Darrow ... the bravest girl I have ever known!

The CONFUSED AUDIENCE starts to APPLAUD ...

ANN

(angry yell)

Show's over everybody! Go home !

The APPLAUSE dies away.

ANN (CONT'D)

(angry yell)

What are you waiting for? You've seen the big monkey humiliated. Go on ... go home!

Nobody moves.

ANN (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Get the hell out of here.!!

DENHAM

(amplified nervous chuckle)

Now Ann ...

SOME PEOPLE STAND and STEP into the AISLES, but nobody actually leaves ... all eyes are on ANN as she bounds up ONSTAGE ...

ANN

You're hurting him - let him down

JACK steps forward ...

JACK

Ann!

ANN pushes JACK away.

ANN

(yelling)

Let him down!

ANN hurries over to KONG ... he is VERY AGITATED. She gently STROKES HIS LEG.

ANN (CONT'D)

(gentle)

It's ok. You're going to be ok. I'm not going to let them hurt you.

DENHAM whispers BACKSTAGE.

DENHAM

(excited whisper)

Jet the press in . . . This is great!

ANN has EYE CONTACT WITH KONG ... he is CALMING DOWN.

NOISY MOB of 50 JOURNALISTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS suddenly stream onto the STAGE.

DENHAM (CONT'D)

Here's your angle, boys "Beauty tames the Beast"!

FLASHBULBS POP ... A BABBLE OF QUESTIONS are thrown at ANN!

JOURNALIST' S BABBLE

Smile Ann'. Have you got a pet name for the monkey? What does he eat?
Come a little closer, Miss Darrow!

ANN

(yelling)

Bugger off!

DENHAM grabs her arm ... Without breaking his GRIN, he hisses in her ear ...

DENHAM

(angry whisper)

Just a couple of photos, you
Ungrateful little bitch!

DENHAM drags ANN away from KONG! He ROARS! FLASHBULBS POP! ANN starts crying ..- KONG is getting ANXIOUS .. flinching against the CONSTANT FLASHES. DISTORTED JOURNALIST'S FACES ...

JOURNALISTIC BABBLE

Smile Ann! ... Smile!

DENHAM

Come on Ann - Snap out of it'.

DENHAM SLAPS HER ON THE CHEEK ... ANN FLINCHES

A DEAFENING ROAR!!! DENHAM looks up AWE-STRUCK as KONG STARTS TEARING FREE of his CHAINS in SLOW MOTION!!!

The AUDIENCE SCREAM and PANIC ... The JOURNALISTS SCATTER, sweeping ANN off the STAGE, into the STALLS.

With a MIGHTY FLOURISH, KONG rips off the WAIST RESTRAINTS and IS FREE!
The AUDIENCE are BLOCKING the EXITS in their PANIC ... The THEATRE is PACKED!

The STAGE has cleared apart from DENHAM who stands mesmerized by KONG ... he steps back fearfully, falling on his bottom. KONG BEATS HIS CHEST, ROARS ... and STEPS ONTO DENHAM!! DENHAM'S ARMS and LEGS SPASM beneath KONG'S FOOT as he is GROUND INTO OBLIVION!

KONG LEAPS from the stage into the FRONT ROWS ... He STOMPS and RIPS UP SEATS - with people still in them!

ANN is in danger of being CRUSHED BY THE CROWD who are FLOODING TOWARDS a SIDE EXIT DOOR ... She falls under feet ... JACK suddenly pulls her up and hugs her as the TIDE pushes them towards the door.

KONG is below the BALCONY LEVEL ... He uses AMAZING STRENGTH to PUSH THE BALCONY UP, sending DOZENS OF PEOPLE plummeting into the STALLS. He THROWS a HUGE PIECE of BALCONY at a CROWD OF PANICKING PEOPLE.

KONG sees ANN and JACK stream out of the EXIT DOOR to the street beyond
...

EXT. BROADWAY - NIGHT

JACK pulls ANN - CRYING and PROTESTING - down the SIDEWALK.

Behind them, the VAST THEATRE WALL explodes onto the street, showering
PEOPLE and CARS with BRICKS and STEEL ... KONG strides into the MIDDLE
OF THE ROAD!!!

CARS drive into KONG'S LEGS ... he smashes his fists onto ' their
ROOFS. OTHER ... pile into each other ... into SHOP FRONTAGES - it's
MAJOR PANIC TIME.

CAR WINDSCREEN POV ... KONG STOMPS on the CAR in FRONT, LIFTS FOOT and
STOMPS over CAMERA.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

JACK hurries down an ALLEY., still towing ANN. She is ANGRY ...
TEARFUL.

ANN

Jesus Christ ! How could you do this to him? How could you do this?

JACK

(agitated)

Come on, come on! We gotta keep moving!

ANN

(sobbing)

He's gonna die! They'll kill him!

JACK

(angry)

Take to look out there ..- Have you seen what he's done? You're talking
about a crazy animal!

ANN

(screaming)

You're the animals - all of you!

She pulls away from JACK.

ANN (CONT'D)

I'm going to him!

JACK blocks her path.

JACK

I can't let you do that ...

JACK socks ANN on the JAW ... she collapses into his arms!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

JACK runs - with ANN SLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER - towards a CAB in the
middle of A BUSY STREET - TRAFFIC is snarled up due to KONG'S rampage a
couple of blocks away -although there is no sign of KONG on this
street.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

JACK slides ANN into the CAB.

JACK
(urgent)
Get the hell outta here!

CAB DRIVER
Listen buddy ... I can only go as fast as the guy in front!
(honks horn)
What is this ... Is the president in town?

JACK
There's a twenty-five foot gorilla on the loose.

Looking from the BACK SEAT as the CAB DRIVER turns to JACK.

CAB DRIVER
And I'm Rudolph Valentino!

KONG STRIDES INTO THE STREET AHEAD!

CLOSE ON CAB DRIVER'S face as he sees KONG! Without hesitation, he leaps out of the CAB and flees into the night!

POV from BACK SEAT OF CAB ... As KONG comes closer -OVERTURNING CARS and SMASHING HIS FISTS on them. PANICKED DRIVERS PILE into each other. JACK desperately tries his door, but they are WEDGED IN by CARS either side.

KONG LIFTS THE CAR directly in front - HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD, throwing it into a BUILDING.

JACK clammers over the FRONT SEAT ... as KONG leans over his CAB - LIFTING IT UP!

KONG'S HUGE EYES glance in the WINDOW as he prepares to THROW THE CAB ... He sees ANN!

EXT/INT. STREETS/CAB - NIGHT

ROARING with TRIUMPH, KONG gently lowers the CAB down.

CLOSE ON JACK'S FOOT depresses ACCELERATOR.

WHEELS are SPINNING WILDLY at the moment the CAB touches down on the STREET ... In a CLOUD OF BURNING RUBBER, the CAB rips free of KONG'S GRIP, speeding down the ROAD, weaving in and out of the path cut by KONG'S DESTRUCTION.

KONG BOUNDS AFTER THE CAB, running on FOURS with incredible speed.

JACK crosses an INTERSECTION, driving up on the SIDEWALK to get a CLEARER DRIVING LANE ... PEDESTRIANS scatter - not only from the CAB, but from KONG who is in HOT PURSUIT.

The CAB SLEWS across the STREET, disappearing up a TINY ALLEY., only just wide enough for the CAB, but TOO NARROW for KONG.

JACK glances back at KONG ROARING with frustration at the ALI.ALLEY ENTRANCE.

EXT/INT. HERALD SQ/CAB - NIGHT

JACK speeds out of the ALLEY and CROSSES the TRAFFIC FLOW, causing much BRAKING and HORN action. He gets SLOWED in THICK TRAFFIC ...

KONG LEAPS from a 7 STORY BUILDING onto the street ... RIGHT IN FRONT OF JACK'S CAB!!!

JACK SWERVES onto the SIDEWALK, accelerating straight through a PLATE GLASS DISPLAY WINDOW into...

INT. MACYS - NIGHT

MACYS DEPARTMENT STORE!!!

ANN groggily WAKES ... as JACK steers the CAB wildly through AISLES of CLOTHING, scattering SHOPPERS in all directions!

KONG CRASHES INTO the SHOP in PURSUIT! The 15 foot height is too low for him to stand, but he BOUNDS ALONG on his KNUCKLES.

JACK sends the CAB into a couple of TIGHT TURNS ... at the speed KONG is traveling, he SLIDES on the POLISHED FLOORS at each turn, wiping out an area the size of a tennis court before regaining his grip.

JACK rounds a bend and DRIVES straight into a CAMPING EQUIPMENT DISPLAY! TENTS collapse - covering the CAB, before it. SLAMS into a WALL.. JACK and ANN are thrown forward on IMPACT.

KONG slides around the corner and BOUNDS PAST THE COVERED CAB ... He desperately looks around for JACK and ANN ... getting ANXIOUS and ENRAGED! KONG smashes his way out of MACYS, into 35th STREET.

ANN rises in the back seat.

JACK

It's ok, we're safe. He's out on the street ... What are you doing?

ANN climbs out of the car and HEADS TOWARDS THE STREET!

ANN

Goodbye Jack ...

JACK runs after her.

JACK

Are you nuts? Come on - I'm not gonna let you get killed!

EXT. 35TH STREET - NIGHT

ANN walks into the middle of the road ...

ANN

He won't harm me ...

(yelling)

Kong !

KONG is 50 yards away ... he sees ANN, ROARS and WALKS TOWARDS her on his KNUCKLES.

JACK runs up to ANN. Go ... Please Ann, I ...care about you! Ann love you.

ANN stares at him for a long moment ... KONG is looming up behind her.

ANN (CONT'D)

Jack ... you don't know what love is.

KONG'S HAND gently lifts her up ... without breaking his stride, KONG walks straight past JACK.

JACK

Ann ... Ann!

ANN

It' s alright Jack ... it' s alright.

JACK watches ANN disappear into the night ... TEARS well up in his EYES ... for a moment he angrily fights them off . . .

JACK STARTS CRYING. They are the tears of a 17 year old boy alone in the battlefield ...

JACK slides down the wall of the EMPTY STREET, head in hands, SOBBING LOUDLY.

EXT. MID-TOWN/STREETS & ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

KONG is moving along a ROOFTOP - about 10 STORIES HIGH. He is holding ANN close to his breast. He looks down at the STREETS - now largely DESERTED. All around him the MANHATTAN SKYLINE resembles some GAUDY PRIMEVAL LANDSCAPE.

SUDDENLY . . .

BAM! BAM! BAM ... HEAVY MACHINE GUN FIRE RICOCHETS all around. KONG ROARS ... ANN clutches his FINGERS as he BOUNDS along the ROOFS at HIGH SPEED! A SEARCHLIGHT suddenly swings onto KONG from BELOW ...

ARMY VEHICLES are RACING along the QUIET STREETS ... An ARMORED CAR is firing at KONG ... followed by a TRUCK carrying a MOBILE SEARCHLIGHT.

The STREETS are TEEMING with these VEHICLES as the ARMY spreads out across town in the hunt for KONG.

As BULLETS WHIZZ around him, KONG LEAPS ACROSS THE STREET - 10 stories high! He LANDS on the opposite ROOFTOP and BOUNDS AWAY ...

ANOTHER SEARCHLIGHT FINDS HIM! ... And ANOTHER! The ARMY are closing in. MACHINE GUN FIRE rips past him as he LEAPS another GREAT DISTANCE across the STREET. ANN clings on, her EYES TIGHTLY SHUT.

ARMORED CARS and MOBILE SEARCHLIGHTS coverage on KONG ... He has RUN OUT OF ROOFTOP ... ahead of him, across the CAVERN of 34th STREET, rises the SHEER WALL of the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!!!

KONG leaps across the CHASM, crashing into the SIDE of the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING! GLASS RAINS DOWN 12 STORIES TO THE STREET as KONG uses WINDOWS for HAND AND FOOT HOLDS. He is ONE-HANDED - his other hand still holding ANN protectively to his CHEST.

FOUR SEARCHLIGHTS swing onto KONG ... A MOBILE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN screeches to a HALT on 34th STREET -this is obviously the army's KILLING WEAPON OF CHOICE. Within seconds the LARGE GUN TARGETS KONG ...

POV Looking up CROSS-HAIRS at KONG, high on the side of the building - a total SITTING DUCK.

GUNNER

Ready to fire, sir!

COMMANDER

How many points do we get for a big monkey?

The GUNNERS LAUGH ... the COMMANDER raises his BINOCULARS to watch the spectacle.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Stand by ...

AT THAT MOMENT ... KONG ROARS DEFIANTLY at the SOLDIERS, swinging ANN out over the street.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

(shocked)

Hold your fire! He's carrying a woman!!

The ORDER is shouted down the STREET to the ASSEMBLING SOLDIERS.

SERGEANT

(yelling)

Hold your fire!!!

KONG carefully places ANN on his BROAD SHOULDER ... she GRABS HOLD OF HIS FUR.

The MILITARY watch helplessly as KONG starts climbing the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.

CUT TO

EXT. 39TH STREET - NIGHT

JACK is several blocks away, unaware of the situation at the Empire State Building.

He wanders down an EMPTY STREET ... a few ABANDONED CARS are dotted around, but all is QUIET. His shoulders are slumped, his stride falters ... he looks like a BROKEN MAN.

A VEHICLE APPROACHES ...

JACK turns as a MILITARY POLICE CAR pulls up along side him.

MP

For Chrissake buddy! Get your ass inside - there's a goddamn gorilla on the loose!

JACK doesn't react ... he keeps on walking.

MP (CONT'D)

(angry)

Hey! Did you hear me, mister?

A 2nd MILITARY POLICE VEHICLE pulls up ...

2ND MP

Hey Bill ... you gotta hear this! The stupid ape's climbing up the Empire State Building carrying a goddamn woman on his shoulder! Naval planes are being dispatched from Wrights Field at dawn. Guess the boys want a little target practice! Orders are to blow the son of a bitch away as soon as he puts the girl down!

The 2nd VEHICLE ROARS AWAY ...

CLOSE ON JACK, still walking as the 1st MILITARY POLICE VEHICLE cruises up along side ...

MP
Ya want a tip, buddy? Get down to Fifth Avenue ...they blow that ugly shit off building there's gonna be bits gorilla all over the street! It'll take the sanitation department a week to clean it up!

The MP LAUGHS LOUDLY as the VEHICLE ROARS AWAY, leaving JACK alone in the street. He is outside a CINEMA -showcasing some new epic movie about World War One Flying Aces. An overly romanticized POSTER features a Jean Harlow type in an embrace with a pilot.

The STREETS are wet ... LIGHTS glisten off the surface. JACK pauses - glancing at the reflection ...

POV WET STREET ... the UNDERSIDE OF AN AIRPLANE is reflected in the water!

JACK slowly looks up ...

TWO OLD AIRPLANES have been strung high across the street to promote the movie ... a FOKKER TRIPLANE ... and a SOPWITH CAMEL!

CLOSE ON JACK'S REACTION ...

CUT TO

The SOPWITH CAMEL lands with a bounce on the street! JACK has released the support ropes ... he hurries over to the PLANE, quickly assessing it's condition.

KID (O.S.)
That thing can't fly, mister!

JACK is surprised to see a little AFRICAN-AMERICAN KID -about 8 years - emerge from the shadows. He is clearly a HOMELESS URCHIN.

KID (CONT'D)
They wouldn't hang it on wires if it was still working.

JACK is peering into the cockpit.

JACK
I'm not so sure, kid.

CUT TO

EXT.EMPIRE STATE BUILDING/MANHATTAN - PRE DAWN

WIDE SHOT ... KONG climbing the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, silhouetted against the LIGHTENING SKY. He is nearing the top.

LOOKING DOWN ... ANN clings to KONG'S SHOULDER, a DIZZYING 1000 foot drop to the street below.

KONG scales the final 130 feet of the Empire State Building - the airship mooring mast - and CLIMBS ONTO the STEEL DOME AT the TOP. He gently places ANN down on the LIP and STANDS on TWO LEGS ...

WIDER ... KONG BEATS HIS CHEST, ROARING DEFIANTLY!

WIDER ... KONG is a SPECK on the summit of the HUGE building,

surrounded by the vista of MANHATTAN ... his ROAR echoes over the city.

EXT. 39TH STREET - DAWN

KONG'S ROAR REACHES JACK ... HE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT, THEN HURRIES TO THE PLANE, CARRYING A CONTAINER OF PETROL HE HAS JUST SIPHONED FROM A CAR.

KID
They used to fly these in the war, mister.

JACK
Is that right?

JACK pours PETROL into the plane's GAS TANK.

KID
Are you gonna start it up?

JACK
Yeah.

KID
Why?

JACK
Coz of something I lost.

KID
What's that?

JACK
Compassion.

KID
What's compassion, mister.

JACK kneels down in front of the KID ...he takes the KID'S HAND and presses it against his chest.

JACK
It's this. When you grow up, bad things may happen, but you don't ever wanna lose touch with your heart. Now go and give the propeller a turn - nice and slowly.

The KID runs around to the propeller ... JACK reacts to the sound of DISTANT PLANE ENGINES.

EXT.EMPIRE STATE BUILDING/MANHATTAN - DAWN

Looking at MANHATTAN from the HARBOR ... The Empire State Building rises from the MIDTOWN area like a giant solitary finger, reaching for the heavens.

SIX NAVAL BIPLANES suddenly ROAR INTO SHOT, sweeping low over the DOWNTOWN BUSINESS DISTRICT ... and closing in on KONG. These are TWO-SEATERS, armed with TWIN MACHINE-GUNS for the PILOT, and a flexible MACHINE GUN for the OBSERVER.

A COLD WIND blows ANN'S hair as she stands on the lip of the dome, watching the PLANES approach. KONG is UNEASY about these BUZZING PREDATORS as they CIRCLE above him.

CLOSE ON NAVAL PLANE COCKPIT ... the LEAD PILOT talks to the others via

an RT.

LEAD PILOT

(over RT)

Here we go, boys! The NAVAL PLANES peel off into an ATTACKING DIVE at KONG.

DOWN GUN-SIGHTS ... drifting left and right as KONG grows in size ...
LOCKED ON!

CLOSE ON PILOT'S FINGER on trigger.

KONG is suddenly FEARFUL ... he INSTINCTIVELY REACHES FOR ANN, holding her protectively!

LEAD PILOT (CONT'D)

(over RT)

Pull out! Pull out! He has the girl!

The PLANES split to either side of KONG, ZOOMING close by with a deafening roar.

EXT. 39TH STREET - DAWN

CLOSE ON .. The SOPWITH CAMEL'S Gnome rotary engine SPINS, COUGHS and DIES.

JACK is at the FRONT of the PLANE, desperately SPINNING the PROPELLER with both hands, trying to kick the plane into life. The KID is sitting in the cockpit.

JACK

(urgent)

Flick the switch again!

JACK SPINS THE PROP ... the engine COUGHS, blows out a CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE ... and ROARS INTO LIFE!!

JACK lifts the KID out and clambers into the cockpit! The engine NOISE is LOUD ... propeller wash blasts his hair and clothes.

KID

(yelling)

Hey mister! You dropped this!

The KID picks up JACK'S ENVELOPE - containing the 2 grand- off the road. He offers it to JACK.

KID (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(yelling)

You wanna be more careful.

JACK hesitates ... he SMILES at the KID.

JACK

(yelling)

It's your lucky day, kid! Stand back!

The KID steps back, clutching the ENVELOPE as JACK OPENS THE THROTTLE. The ENGINE WINDS UP and the SOPWITH CAMEL starts moving down 39th street!

It BUILDS UP SPEED VERY QUICKLY, racing past ABANDONED CARS and BUILDINGS ... The TAIL LIFTS OFF THE GROUND ...

SUDDENLY!

A MILITARY VEHICLE DRIVES across an INTERSECTION directly in front of the PLANE! JACK pulls back on the stick and the SOPWITH CAMEL LURCHES INTO THE AIR! It SKIMS over the VEHICLE, CLIMBING into the air rapidly!

EXT.EMPIRE STATE BUILDING/MANHATTAN - DAWN

KONG is getting ANGRY at the BUZZING PLANES around him ... He puts ANN DOWN on the DOME! Circling

ANN

(yelling)

No! Pick me up! Kong!

KONG ROARS at the PLANES, as if issuing a CHALLENGE.

The LEAD PILOT waves to the OTHER PLANES.

LEAD PILOT

(over RT)

Ok ... this time! Here we go ...

The NAVAL PLANES PEEL AWAY for the ATTACK ... They dive towards KONG ... lining him up in their sights ...

KONG ROARS at them ... ANN is screaming ...

ANN

NO!!!

AT THAT MOMENT ... JACK'S SOPWITH CAMEL zooms right past KONG and ANN, flying STRAIGHT AT THE NAVAL PLANES!!! JACK is VISIBLE in the cockpit, HAIR BLOWING in the wind.

ANN (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Jack!!

The NAVAL PLANES are forced to SCATTER in ALL DIRECTIONS as the tiny SOPWITH CAMEL meets them HEAD-ON!!

JACK TURNS TIGHTLY and flies at the REGROUPING NAVAL PLANES, sending them into disarray!

LEAD PILOT

(over RT)

Ignore the cowboy ... Go for the ape! Go for the ape!

The SIX NAVAL PLANES fly at KONG from different directions! MACHINE GUNS START FIRING! JACK throws his plane around like a MADMAN, trying to deflect their AIM.

KONG ROARS, and SNATCHES at the NAVAL PLANES as they ZOOM by ... he FLINCHES as he is HIT BY BtU-LETS! ANN SCREAMS!

JACK DIVES at a NAVAL PLANE, causing it to TURN SHARPLY -straight into KONG'S GRIP! KONG grabs the NAVAL PLANE, RIPPING IT'S WINGS OFF! He hurls it down towards the street!

JACK nearly hits the LEAD PILOT, who desperately veers away!

LEAD PILOT (CONT'D)

(over RT)

Let's take this guy out!

The NAVAL PLANES OPEN FIRE on JACK ... he DODGES around the SKY, avoiding STREAMS OF TRACER FIRE ... nearly hitting the TOP of the CHRYSLER BUILDING!

JACK'S LUCK runs out ... The SOPWITH CAMEL shudders as BULLETS SMASH INTO IT'S ENGINE. BLACK SMOKE streams out as JACK quickly loses control.

JACK knows it's all over ... he GRIMLY STEERS his CRIPPLED PLANE straight at a NAVAL PLANE attacking KONG ...

With a CRUNCH, JACK'S WHEELS clip the NAVAL PLANE'S WING, sending it spinning out of control! The NAVAL PLANE SMASHES into the side of the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!

JACK'S SOPWITH CAMEL flips on it's BACK ...

CRUUMMP!!! KONG GRABS JACK'S PLANE! He waves it above his head JACK FALLS OUT OF THE COCKPIT! He slides down KONG'S' out-stretched arm, rolls on his shoulder and just manages to GRAB THE FUR ON KONG'S BACK - preventing a 1000 foot fall to the street!

ANN

(shocked)

JACK!!!

JACK dangles and swings as KONG continues to SWAT at the ATTACKING PLANES! MACHINE GUN FIRE strikes KONG in the BACK, just below JACK'S FEET. KONG SLUMPS, giving JACK the chance to ROLL OFF HIS BACK ... JACK lands on the DOME, SLIDING TOWARDS THE EDGE!!

ANN REACHES OUT, grabbing his HAND. She pulls JACK to safety!

AT THAT MOMENT ... KONG PICKS ANN UP. JACK can only watch as KONG TENDERLY HOLDS HER ... the great ape is WEAKENED by BULLET HITS and clearly in PAIN ... yet he looks mesmerized at ANN as her long blonde hair blows in the wind.

The NAVAL PLANES are regrouping in the distance ... The FOUR remaining PLANES turn towards KONG and form a straight line.

LEAD PILOT

(over RT)

We are ignoring the girl! I repeat ... ignore the girl. She's going down with the ape! Here we go!

The NAVAL PLANES start their ATTACK RUN!

JACK can see what's coming ...

JACK

(desperate yell)

Ann! They are going to shoot! Ann!

KONG looks down at JACK ...

He very gently lowers ANN and returns her to JACK. JACK HOLDS ANN tenderly as she starts SOBBING.

KONG looks FEARFULLY AT THE APPROACHING PLANES ... He is BREATHING in GASPS ... very DISTRESSED.

ANN

Kong'. Look at me ... please

KONG looks at ANN ... He gently touches her hair. She clutches his FINGERS, hugging them, trying COMFORT HIM. TEARS STREAM DOWN HER FACE ...

ALL. SOUND FADES AWAY ... except for a gentle breeze ...

ANN (CONT'D)

(singing softly)

Lullaby ... and good-night, Go to bed and sleep tight ...

The FEAR leaves KONG ... he looks at ANN with TENDERNESS and LOVE. She fights back the urge to burst into tears.

ANN (CONT'D)

(singing softly)

Close your eyes, start to yawn, Pleasant dreams until dawn.

CLOSE ON KONG ... he SUDDENLY WINCES SOUND CRASHES BACK IN ... with the DEAFENING ROAR of the PLANES flying past.

For one last precious second ANN HUGS KONG'S HAND ... he slowly topples back ... disappearing off the side of the building.

ANN SOBS with GRIEF ... JACK gently takes her in his arms ... she buries her face in his chest.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - MORNING

CROWDS are gathering to STARE at KONG'S BODY ... we only see his HAND on the edge of frame.

A POLICEMAN ushers people away ...

POLICEMAN

Come on folks ... it's all over. The airplane's got him.

PUSH IN ... to an OLD LADY standing in the crowd. She shakes her head sadly ...

OLD LADY

It wasn't the airplanes ... it was beauty killed the beast.

The OLD LADY turns and slowly walks away from CAMERA.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END