

# KING KONG

BY

Bo Goldman

September 15, 1975

SCRIPT FOR UNIVERSAL VERSION..... NEVER FILMED

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## BLACK SCREEN

There is a HUM, a sense of presence, that we are in a LIVE place, a CHIRP, then a HISS, then unmistakable CHATTER, not human, but almost human, a WHISTLE, a SPLASH of water, a swing SWINGS, the RATTLE of a chain, and now as the LIGHT starts coming UP, the SOUND of human voices, dim at first, but now growing clear... "Ooh, look Harriet, he's sharing," "Over here, Joe, c'm'on, fella, over here," "Git up there sonny, can y'see?" "Look at his pee-pee, Daddy"...

The light is bleeding through now, a window, a grate behind it, shafts of mottled sun, bars, cages, shadows, the reflection of a trapeze against the light, the SPLASH of a hose, and the sound seems to die down for an instant, it is still there, but there is not the PRESENCE. Through the light and shadows, the reflection of a tree.

## SUPER TITLE

### AN OLD ARAB PROVERB

"And the prophet said: And lo, the  
Beast looked upon the face of Beauty  
And stayed its hand from killing  
And from that day it was  
as one dead."

As the TITLE comes out, the sun bursts through, ignites the place.

## MONKEY HOUSE - CENTRAL PARK ZOO

A torrent of activity, chimps, orangutans, capuchins, gibbons all together in one cage in a corner, a KEEPER hosing down their droppings, the primates CHATTERING and ROARING all at the same moment, trying to avoid the water, swinging and brachiating as if they were in some Asian jungle, a crowd out front, fastened on the performance.

## SUPER TITLE

'NEW YORK - 1933'

The KEEPER is playing with one chimp in particular, offering him a banana then taking it away from him, the CROWD going with the show. "Go get it, Joe." "Hey, look at that, he's got his hat!" and sure enough JOE has stolen the Keeper's hat and is swinging about with it, the threadbare piece of olive drab almost covering the chimp's eyes, a lot of amusement from everyone in the crowd.

Except one.

2.  
ANN DARROW

In her mid-twenties, a lean and delicate beauty to her, a cloche and a permanent frazzled at the edge, a dickie and a shirtwaist and a faille skirt whose hem sags slightly, the run-down edges of a depths-of-the-depression lovely whose hollow cheeks and black circles reveal not a model, but an actress who hasn't eaten for a day.

She keeps looking at the banana.

#### 'JOE' AND THE KEEPER

The Keeper wants his hat back, the rest of the apes are HOWLING something fierce now, Joe refusing to give up the hat until he has the banana, the Keeper just as stubborn, holding tight to the banana until he has the hat. Now as Joe swings past, his attention is caught by Ann and he turns back towards her too hurriedly, the cap falls, the Keeper catches it, slams it on his head, squirts the cage once more. The crowd CHEERS, good sport that he is, the Keeper throws Joe the banana. Joe perches and starts peeling it delicately. He takes a bite, the crowd starts to break up, there are only a couple left now, watching these apes pick and groom themselves, munch on apple peelings. And Joe slowly eat the banana.

Ann swallows. Joe looks at her, stops eating.  
Ann smiles. But Joe keeps watching her.

#### EXT. MONKEY HOUSE

Ann coming out into the sunlight, she blinks, pauses for a moment to watch a balloon blown up from a helium tank, there is the SQUAWK of sea lions down in their pool, but she ignores them and makes her way to the cool benches under the Arsenal. She sits down beside a discarded crackerjack box, picks it up, peers inside, a few crumbs fall out which she eats, and a tiny whistle. Absent-mindedly she turns the whistle over, blows it, a little Scottie comes running up to her, licks at her shoes.

ANN

Ooh, fellow, that's cold.

She reaches down to take her shoe off, somebody yells from somewhere "C'm'on Angus!" The Scottie runs off, Ann is left turning over her shoe, a half-dollar size hole in the bottom of it. She blows through it, the people walk by, the crowd oblivious on this spring afternoon. Now she removes the wrappings from the crackerjack box, fashions a sole from the cardboard, fits it into her shoe.

She gets up and starts along the walk, her shoulders back a bit, perked up, passing Angus now who is defecating by a cornice of the Arsenal, his owner, a Society Lady who disclaims responsibility for her dog's toilet habits by staring deep into middle distance.

ANN

(with a good Scotch burr)  
Well hello there, Angus.

The Society Lady yanks Angus away.

ANN

Tch-tch.

She laughs, but then the laugh sticks in her throat as she sees one of the Parks Dept. gardeners squatting by a fence, opening up a waxpapered sandwich. It doesn't look expensive, but good, oozing with Italian meats on a roll. The gardener takes a big bite, and washes it down with a thermos of coffee. Ann swallows again - moves on quickly out the 64th Street entrance. Beside the gate, there is a row of six, seven men in overcoats and fedoras, selling apples. She hurries past them.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARNEGIE HALL - DAY

Ann walking by the posters which read "Paderewski," "New York Philharmonic, A. Toscanini, Conductor," "Tuesday, Mary Baker Eddy Lectures" and still another "Journey to Adventure with Carl Denham," a banner "Today!" pasted across the last.

On the corner, by the newstand, stands WESTON, a theatrical agent, slashing through a copy of Variety he has just bought. He is a typical Broadway character of the thirties, busy, preoccupied now with checking the grosses, and finding out what he wants, he tosses Variety into a mesh trash basket, hustles through the Carnegie Hall stage door.

Ann waits until Weston has cleared, rescues Variety from the basket, straightens it, folds it under her arm and heads down Seventh Avenue.

CUT TO:

INT. CARNEGIE HALL

In the darkness and through the RUSTLE, a voice BOOMS off a movie screen competing with frenetic music scoring the death duel between a cobra and a mongoose.

DENHAM

(o.s.)

"And so this remarkably agile little mammal gets its prey again. He darts in for the kill..."

It is a stunning duel, something today's audiences are long used to, but the footage is good, the exposures are clean, and the camera is in close. But the music underlines every bite and wriggle.

DENHAM

(o.s.)

"The hapless cobra spreads its hood one last time, the mongoose strikes just below the sac where the reptile is most vulnerable, and it is all over."

The dead cobra is circled by the mongoose, now he picks him up, scurries off with the snake in its mouth, the camera TILTS up to the Himalayas, the sun makes a last hilation, and THE END flashes and bleeds out.

The audience applauds and the spotlight comes up once again on the host, CARL DENHAM, standing, beside a podium, wearing a bush jacket, safari jodphurs, puttees. There is an air of authority about Denham, a man born macho, but not overbearing, just single-minded in the pursuit of whatever he wants.

DENHAM

(to the audience)

And it is all over for us too, ladies and gentlemen, for this season. I have enjoyed your company and I hope you have enjoyed mine, and that of my friends from parts unknown.

(waves)

See you next year on our Journey to Adventure!

He exits, the spotlight goes out, the house lights come up, and the tepid crowd, not sparse, but by no means full, files out. Persian lamb coats, little boys in melton jackets, a private school group in pinafores and corduroy knickers.

CUT TO:

#### TREASURER'S OFFICE

The back of the box office, racks of tickets all around, through the door cut in the mesh, the Box-Office Lady can be seen selling tickets. But the place is private, only the hum of action around the ticket window, "Two for Paderewski for Saturday afternoon," "Two fifty or a dollar twenty-five?" "Fifty-five," "That's two in the fifth balcony for..."

The Treasurer is at a table with the stubs neatly rubber-banded in front of him, marking tallies on a sheet. Weston is hanging over him.

TREASURER

Thirty-two fifty, thirty-two seventy-five, thirty-three hundred.

Denham comes in.

DENHAM

I heard that. Hellow, Eddie.  
And stop moaning. Burton Holmes  
and John J. Fitzpatrick didn't  
break two thousand.

TREASURER

You had empty seats, Carl. Like  
Eddie says, you ought to spruce  
it up a bit.

DENHAM

Like Eddie says, "Let the cobra  
win for a change!"

Denham laughs as Weston and the Treasurer look at him glumly.

DENHAM

(to Weston)

Did you set up the audition, Eddie?

WESTON

Fred's waiting over at Variety Arts.

DENHAM

What about Warner Brothers?

WESTON

They bought the Indian stuff.

DENHAM

And the Bali footage?

WESTON

They went for that, too. They  
want you to make two-reelers out  
of both of them.

DENHAM

See, Eddie, things aren't so bad.  
And I promise you when I come back  
from this trip, you're going to  
whistle a different tune.

Instantly and in tandem, Weston and the Treasurer start whistling the Funeral March. Denham smiles tolerantly but then he is out the door, Weston hurrying to catch up to him.

CUT TO:

INT. VARIETY ARTS

A rehearsal studio on West 46th Street. A low-ceilinged room catacombed with pillars, bare light bulbs and the inevitable upright. FRED, a casting director in scarf, shirt, sailing pants and clipboard, stands by the piano. There is an ACCOMPANIST at the piano, and a hopeful SINGING.



BETTY LOU

(singing)

"I like the likes of you  
I like the things you do  
I mean I like the likes of you.

I like your eyes of blue  
I think they're blue, don't you?  
I mean I like --"

Denham nods to Fred.

FRED

Thank you, Betty Lou.

BETTY LOU

Thank you, Mr. Denham. I sure  
enjoyed "Journey to Samoa."

Another hopeful comes in, blonde and a trifle dour.

FRED

This is Lynne Lewis, Carl.

LYNNE

I'd like to sing "Easter Parade"  
for you.

DENHAM

Miss Lewis, I'm going on a voyage  
halfway around the world, I'm going  
to cross three oceans, fight deep  
jungle, encounter hostile natives.  
It's going to be tough and it's  
going to be dangerous. Why ever  
would you want to sing "Easter Parade"  
for me?

LYNNE

All right, how about "Did You Ever  
See A Dream Walking?"

(sings)

"Did you ever see a dream walking?  
Well, I did!

Did you ever hear a dream talking?  
Well, I did!

Did you ever have a dream thrill you --"

Denham nods, the Accompanist stops and so does Lynne.

FRED

Thank you, Lynne.

She hurries out as Denham stands up.

DENHAM

I don't want Lillian Gish, I don't want Constance Bennett, I just want a nice, clean wholesome girl. Nothing spectacular, who can react to events and surroundings like a human being.

FRED

We've been trying, Mr. Denham.

DENHAM

Well try harder. We're going to feature length, Eddie. We're going to pack Radio City and we're going to turn this goddamn town on its ear. And I'm leaving in the morning to do it. Now go get me a goddamn girl!

Denham goes. The door slams and both Weston and Fred stand there looking at it.

FRED

As a judge of talent, he's a mongeese.

WESTON

- goose.

FRED

Fuck it.

CUT TO:

HARBORMASTER'S OFFICE - HOBOKEN - DAY

A bustling place on the docks, merchantmen moving in and out, liners and freighters through a window, through another, the 1930's skyline, the Chrysler and the Empire State. The bellowings of harbor traffic, a telegraph key, typewriter CLATTER.

With the Harbormaster is JACK DRISCOLL, good-looking, burly, bearded, a man who's been around the sea all his life but a fine touch about him, something sensitive, as if this were a by-way to other things. They are standing in the outer office.

HARBORMASTER

No go, I'm sorry.

Driscoll follows him into his office, closes the door.

HARBORMASTER

Look Jack, I can't authorize it.  
You've got explosives on board.  
You got trichloride gas. You've  
got a 9-knot tramp steamer loaded  
down with twice the crew she normally  
takes. You sail and the Insurance  
Company has my ass tomorrow, and the  
Fire Marshall the day after.

DRISCOLL

Okay, then we don't sail.

HARBORMASTER

Wait a week maybe we can work some-  
thing out.

DRISCOLL

Wait a week and the Indian Ocean  
turns into a tornado.

HARBORMASTER

Sorry, Jack.

Driscoll starts out, then reaches into his pocket, pulls out a  
little Polynesian doll.

DRISCOLL

Denham told me to give you this.

The Harbormaster takes the doll, looks it over. Five \$100 bills  
fall out from under the grass skirt. Pocketing the money, he  
looks up at Driscoll.

HARBORMASTER

You know Hoboken's only half the  
price of New York.

DRISCOLL

And twice as pretty.

The Harbormaster signs the papers.

HARBORMASTER

I want the Venture out of here by  
six o'clock in the morning.

CUT TO:

INT. AUTOMAT

A window flies open, the brass-framed glass all shiny, Denham  
extracts a sandwich, a KITCHEN HELPER immediately appears to  
stuff the slot, Denham peers at her through the little frame,



then walks over to draw a coffee from one of the gargoyles in the wall. He drops a nickel in, the coffee flows, he moves his cup out of the way and a MAN behind him snakes a cup under to catch the overage from the spout.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACY'S - MID-AFTERNOON

Denham elbows past the ranks of apple-sellers and pencil peddlers on Herald Square, no discernible faces, all men, hats and coats pulled tight. Denham takes a position near the door facing the Square, watches the stream of shoppers go by, the cloth coats and worn-down pumps of shopgirls, one looking hungrier than the next.

Denham looks, moves on.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

It has gotten dark now, Denham moving down the steps of the El, across the square in front of City Hall. He looks up at the Bridge, starts up the ramp across it.

CUT TO:

BROOKLYN BRIDGE - ANOTHER ANGLE

The wooden walkway creaks a bit, but the view is still paralyzingly beautiful, the boat traffic below moving like slow tracers in the night, only an occasional car or taxi passing on the roadway, down the way the BMT chugs across the Williamsburg Bridge. Denham finds himself caught up in the view, until the SOUND of footsteps catches his attention. It is Ann, coming from the Brooklyn side, he gives way, and she keeps on coming, barely noticing him, walking purposefully towards the Manhattan side.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOWERY - WOMEN'S HOME MISSION

A line waiting for the door to open to get fed. Ann goes to the last woman on the line.

ANN

What's on for tonight?

WOMAN

Lamb shanks pig's foot and Vienna roast.

The doors open on this misty April night, the mendicants hustle in.

WOMAN

But they're off. So it's sinkers  
and coffee.

Ann turns away.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON MARKET - NIGHT

Denham making his way through the stalls, racks of fruit and produce, lettuce bursting from crates, oranges piled like ammunition.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ann moving through the untouchable cornucopia, starting to breathe a little heavily now, she sees the STAND ATTENDANT move away to take care of a customer. She reaches for an apple, and in an instant a steely Hellenic hand is on hers.

GREEK

Put it back.

Ann rummages in her purse, comes up empty.

GREEK

Beat it.

He goes to spray water on grapes, turns away from Ann when Denham, who has been watching, speaks up.

DENHAM

Five pounds of apples.

GREEK

What apples?

DENHAM

Those apples.

Ann looks up, watches the Greek start counting out the apples with Denham keeping a close eye on him. The Greek throws them on the scale, Denham takes the package and hands them to Ann. She looks at Denham, he looks at her.

They are blocking the Greek's way.

GREEK

Hey, c'm'on, git outa here.

DENHAM

Hold your horses, friend.

The Greek pushes Denham and Ann, reaching past them for a bunch of grapes.

DENHAM

Now wait a minute, fella -

GREEK

I said git outa here and take that whoor with you.

Denham takes the apples and slams them on the man's head, he rips the scale off its chain and flails him across the face, blood flies from an eye and now Denham reaches for an enormous eggplant, swats the Greek across the ear and he goes down screaming.

Somebody yells "POLICE!" from an adjacent stand, a whistle BLOWS, Denham grabs Ann and they start running. They fly around the corner. Denham hails a cab and throws her into it, piles in after.

CUT TO:

EXT. FULTON FISH MARKET - NIGHT

Ann and Denham moving through. Crates at a stand, the fish stacked up like a frozen lake, they come to a big one.

DENHAM

(to Ann)

Sea bass...

Ann's eyes open wide and Denham throws it on the scale.

FISH MAN

Twelve pounds at four cents a pound.

He wraps it in newspaper and hands it to Denham.

FISH MAN

That's forty-eight cents.

CUT TO:

INT. SLOPPY LOUIE'S - SOUTH STREET

Denham and Ann walk back to the kitchen, Denham unrolls the fish.

DENHAM

Throw that on, Louie.

The cook tosses it on the grill. Ann is getting woozy, the smells of the kitchen, the heat.

DENHAM

Let's sit down.

CUT TO:

INT. SLOPPY LOUIE'S - DINING ROOM

Mirrors, wooden tables, a gathering place, fishermen and dealers, thick smoke, traffic moving in and out. There is a plate between Denham and Ann, the bones of a fish.

DENHAM

We were hungry.

ANN

I was hungry.

Ann falls silent for a moment, Denham offers her a cigarette. They look at their coffee, sip it in silence.

DENHAM

What happened after the Astoria studios closed on you?

ANN

I couldn't go back to Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

DENHAM

Why not?

ANN

They wouldn't understand.

DENHAM

Why aren't you down on Broadway knocking on producers' doors and haunting casting agents?

ANN

The doors won't open and I don't like casting agents. Or is it because I don't like casting agents.

Ann looks away for a moment as Denham stares at her.

DENHAM

I saw you on the bridge.

ANN

I saw you see me on the birdge.  
I was coming from the "Y".

DENHAM

In Brooklyn?

ANN

I swim at the "Y" over on the Heights.

(laughs)

Don't worry. I wasn't going to pull a Brody. I don't even have guts enough to put two relief checks together and take the train home.

DENHAM

More coffee?

ANN

No, no more coffee. And no more kind words. Just answer me a question.

DENHAM

What?

ANN

What's the angle?

DENHAM

No angle.

ANN

You follow me off the Brooklyn Bridge, you defend my honor with an eggplant, you stuff me full of fresh fish, I've never known a producer in my life to buy me dinner unless he wanted one of two things.  
A) Get me to work for nothing, or  
B) Pinch my behind.

DENHAM

Neither, I'm looking for a girl. The geniuses say they like my movies but if I had a girl in them I'd really do big business. They say Denham should have a woman. Okay, I'll get a woman. Okay, you're the woman. Our boat sails in the morning - six months work, ten dollars a day, three square meals. I can't promise what's going to happen when we get there because I don't know myself.

Ann doesn't say anything, she just stares at him, keeps staring at him.

ANN

You're kidding.

DENHAM

I don't have time to fool around, Ann.  
I'm offering you a job. Do you want  
to work for me?

Ann is silent, she reaches for the plate with a fork, pokes at  
a non-existent piece of fish, puts the fork down, looks up,  
trying to smile.

ANN

You buy the waif a treat then  
you slip her a mickey.

The crinkles around the edge of Ann's eyes fill with tears.

ANN

Did you say - "a job?"

CUT TO:

EXT. "VENTURE" - HOBOKEN DOCK - DAY

A bright morning, the wind whipping New York harbor, the Venture  
perched at her dock, ready to pull out. Ann on deck.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE

Driscoll stands waiting with a megaphone, CAPTAIN ENGLEHORN  
beside him, a barnacle of a man. There are deckhands below  
ready to haul on the main lines, and down on the dock stevedores  
prepare to release them.

Englehorn checks around, the deck, the dock, the HELMSMAN beside  
him and Driscoll, the First Mate.

ENGLEHORN

All right, Jack, take her out.

DRISCOLL

(through the megaphone)

Take in one!

The first line is released off the bow.

DRISCOLL

Take in three!

A line is let go amidships.

CUT TO:

ANN

Standing on the deck, looking up towards the bridge, watching Driscoll.

EXT. BRIDGE

DRISCOLL

Take in four!

The stern line is released and hauled aboard.

DRISCOLL

(to the Helmsman)

Left engine ahead a third.

The Helmsman moves the engine order telegraph, the bell rings, the ship starts swinging away from the pier, the stern coming first, the bow still held by a line.

DRISCOLL

(through the megaphone)

Take in two!

The last line is released and the ship swings clear.

CUT TO:

ANN

Looking up towards the bridge.

CUT TO:

BRIDGE - DRISCOLL

Looking down, he sees Ann.

ENGLEHORN

Set your course, Jack.

Driscoll is still looking down.

DRISCOLL

Zero-nine-zero.

The Helmsman turns the wheel.

HELMSMAN

Coming right to zero-nine-zero.

Driscoll looks ahead now, New York rising, skyscrapers, the lower bay, the Statue of Liberty.



DRISCOLL

All engines ahead a third.

The engine order telegraph moves forward and the Venture moves out.

DECK - ON ANN

Looking up towards the bridge she waves at Driscoll, he waves back. A sailor beside Ann, his name is TIM, is coiling a rope around a capstan, she speaks to him.

ANN

Who's that man up there?

TIM

(looking up)

That's Jack Driscoll, our first mate. Best mate in the whole merchant fleet.

A tug BLASTS below, then TOOTS.

TIM

We're off.

ANN

How's that?

TIM

I said 'we're off!'

Ann smiles, waves at Driscoll on the bridge.

INT. VENTURE - STORAGE ROOM

Denham is moving through it with MULLINS, another member of the crew. There are crates and boxes everywhere, in the center a rifle rack.

Mullins opens the door off the storage room, a tub, some developing chemicals stacked in the corner, a string of lights, a processing belt, Mullins flashes a red darkroom light.

MULLINS

We set you up in here like last time, Mr. Denham...

They move through the storage room, Mullins pointing as he goes.

MULLINS

Akeley...tripods...magazines...  
raw stock -



DENHAM  
Thirty thousand feet?

MULLINS  
You got it.

DENHAM  
What about the trichloride?

MULLINS  
Over there.

They move to a stack of crates in the corner. Denham jimmies one open with a crowbar, pulls out what looks exactly like a hand grenade.

DENHAM  
I never thought I'd see one of these again.

CUT TO:

INT. VENTURE - MESS

Tables, benches where the crew eats, in the corner a round table for the Captain, seated with him is Denham, Driscoll and Ann. The tables for the crew are nailed with tin surfaces, sugar bowls, wax flowers on the captain's table and an oilcloth tablecloth, the whole place civilian Navy.

DENHAM  
It was at Ypres, April 22nd, 1918. The Germans released a lethal cloud of trichloride, the French were taken unawares, five thousand were killed, ten thousand injured. There was a four mile gap in the front line. If the Germans had followed it up, they could have gone right through to the English Channel.

ANN  
And the Germans would have won the war?

DENHAM  
I'm not saying that. I was a kid then, a cameraman for Pathe'. But I won't forget that gas. You couldn't see it, you couldn't smell it, but there'd be this little puff of smoke from the explosive -- and they went over like tenpins.

There is silence now, the other three looking at Denham who is within himself. Driscoll clears his throat.

DRISCOLL

Do you play darts Miss Darrow?

CUT TO:

INT. WARDROOM

A couple of tables with crewmen playing cards, smoke, beer bottles, dog-eared magazines. In a corner, Ann and Driscoll tossing darts at a faded cork target.

Captain Englehorn's voice comes in OVER.

ENGLEHORN (O.S.)

We'll head down the coast past Florida...

AS THE CAPTAIN CHARTS THE COURSE IN THE SPEECHES WHICH FOLLOW, ANN AND DRISCOLL NEVER LEAVE THE DART GAME. THEIR CLOTHES CHANGE WITH THE WEATHER, THEIR HAIR BLEACHES, THEIR SKIN TANS.

ENGLEHORN (O.S.)

Through the Cayman Trench past Cuba and Haiti, into the Panama Canal and out, southwest at a course of two hundred degrees.

CUT TO:

EXT. PANAMA CANAL

The familiar canal banks passing by. A lock opening.

CUT TO:

INT. WARDROOM

Ann hits five bullseyes and Driscoll awards her with a wax rosette from the Captain's table.

ENGLEHORN (O.S.)

Past Samoa, through the Coral Sea, into the Taurus Strait between Australia and New Guinea.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND

A kangaroo hops under a palm.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM

Denham and Mullins are loading magazines with raw stock, Denham checks out a lens box, tries some filters in his Akeley, goes back to loading the magazines.

ENGLEHORN (O.S.)  
Into the Sea of Timor and the  
Java Trench.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN OCEAN

The sea rolls in endless waves, open, vast, landless.

CUT TO:

INT. WARDROOM

Ann and Darrow drinking coffee, chairs tipped against the wall, lobbing darts across the room. CHARLEY, the Filipino Orderly is baking. A pet capuchin monkey plays on his shoulder hops off now and then to scamper over to Ann, who opens the milkpot for him, then taps some sugar down his mouth. She lobs another dart, it hits square in the bullseye.

A bell RINGS, CHARLEY picks up the tube, puts it down.

CHARLEY  
(to Driscoll)  
The Captain wants you.  
(to Ann)  
Mister Denham wants you.

Driscoll throws one last dart, hurtling a bullet, the cork board splinters, falls on the floor and breaks into a thousand crumbs. The capuchin starts nibbling at them.

As Driscoll and Ann go up --

ENGLEHORN (O.S.)  
Past the Christmas Islands directly  
south of the Bay of Bengal....

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK

Denham is holding a hand camera, an ancient version of the Bolex, big and unwieldy.

Ann poses by the rail.

DENHAM

Look up...Look down...All right,  
cross to the rail...That's good...  
Look up again...

She looks up towards the bridge.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE

Driscoll and Englehorn stand by the Helmsman.

ENGLEHORN

'Way west of Sumatra', he says.

DRISCOLL

Way West of Sumatra is water.  
You give him a deadline.

ENGLEHORN

Where?

DRISCOLL

2 South, 90 East. Over the  
East Indian Ridge.

Driscoll looks down on the deck where Charley is playing with  
his monkey, it runs over to Ann.

ON DECK - ANN AND DENHAM

As Denham reloads his camera, Ann stoops to the Capuchin and  
it jumps up on her back.

Ann tries to remove the monkey.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE

Driscoll still looking down.

DRISCOLL

(to the Helmsman)  
Come right to two-seven-zero.

HELMSMAN

Coming right to two-seven-zero.

The Capuchin jumps down off Ann's shoulder, scampers off.

D. L. C. Co.

DRISCOLL  
 (to Englehorn)  
 Carl was better off with rampaging  
 baby elephants and man-eating tigers.  
 'Beauty and the Beast'. That terrible  
 old chestnut.

HELMSMAN  
 Rudder answering.

CUT TO:

DECK - ON ANN AND DENHAM

Denham shuts down his camera.

ANN  
 Billy at Astoria liked the planes  
 in my face from the left. You  
 know I was background for Pola  
 Negri --

DENHAM  
 It doesn't make any difference.

ANN  
 What do you mean it doesn't make  
 any difference?

DENHAM  
 I don't think we'll have time to  
 decide.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Driscoll, Denham and Englehorn are over a map, Englehorn  
 indicating with dividers.

ENGLEHORN  
 We're at the position, 2 South,  
 90 East. Where do we go from here?

DENHAM  
 Southwest.

DRISCOLL  
 Southwest where?

DENHAM  
 Southwest here.

He removes a pouch from his pocket, unfolds two maps.

DENHAM

This island.

ENGLEHORN

What's the position?

Englehorn examines the map.

ENGLEHORN

You've got no quadrants marked.  
The chart doesn't show it.

DENHAM

It's not on the chart. A Norwegian skipper told me about it. A canoe full of natives from this island was blown out to sea. When my friend picked them up, they were all dead but one -- he died, too - but before he died the Norwegian got a description of the island and a good idea of where it was. He sketched it on this map.

DRISCOLL

How did you get a hold of it?

DENHAM

Last year in Singapore, coming home from our trip. I paid him for it.

DRISCOLL

What does he think?

DENHAM

I don't care what he thinks. I know the island's there.

Denham opens up the second map.

DENHAM (O.S.)

A long, sandy peninsula. The only possible landing place is through this reef. The rest of the shore line is sheer cliff, several hundred feet high. Beyond that, a mountain shaped like a skull. Across the base of the peninsula, cutting it off from the rest of the island, is a wall.

CUT TO:

DENHAM, DRISCOLL, ENGLEHORN

DENHAM (cont'd)

A stone wall. Built centuries ago.  
Like the ones in Angkor or Yucatan.  
But this wall is as strong today as  
it was then. The natives keep the wall  
carefully. They repair it. They  
watch over it. They need it.

DRISCOLL

Why?

DENHAM

There's something on the other side.

Denham folds the maps up. Driscoll and Englehorn wait.

DENHAM

Did you ever hear of 'Kong'?

ENGLEHORN

A Malay thing. A superstition.  
A god or a spirit or something.

DENHAM

That's right. Not man. Not animal.  
But terrifying, powerful -- and it's  
still living.

Suddenly Driscoll bursts out laughing.

DRISCOLL

Oh come on Carl! This isn't  
Carnegie Hall! You haven't brought  
us out in the middle of the goddam  
Indian Ocean to mumbo-jumbo us  
about 'higher civilizations' and  
a legend that's 'neither beast nor  
man'.

Denham doesn't budge, looks at Englehorn, looks at Driscoll.

DENHAM

Every legend has a basis of truth.  
That's what the trichloride's for.

DRISCOLL

Jesus Christ we're going to fight  
World War I on a Malay Island!

DENHAM

I've chartered this ship and I've  
chartered this crew. And I'm going  
to find my island.



He puts the maps in his pocket.

DENHAM

I'm going down to the lab to look  
at that footage.

He goes.

Driscoll checks a chart, uses the dividers.

DRISCOLL

Come right to two-seven-zero.

HELMSMAN

Ahead two-thirds.

The ship slows in answer to the engine telegraph order, and the  
Helmsman whips the wheel.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE ROOM

The SOUND of a projector running, on the wall, film flickers,  
and sound. Ann and Denham sit on either side of the projector.

DENHAM

I'll stay long on you, we're going  
to have to dub most of the sound,  
Mullins will grab what he can.

ANN

Do you like my voice, Mr. Denham?

DENHAM

What does it sound like when you're  
frightened?

ANN

What do you mean, Mr. Denham?

DENHAM

I mean do you scream when you're  
frightened.

ANN

I still don't understand what you're  
saying, Mr. Denham.

Denham doesn't answer. He is watching Ann move back and forth  
on the screen, smiling, posing, the harsh light from the  
projector bulb profiling them.



DENHAM

Your man in Astoria was  
correct. Your left side is  
your good side.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The fog is thick, a LEADSMAN is working a line, calling off fathoms, Denham, Englehorn and Driscoll are watching from the bridge.

LEADSMAN

Thirty, no bottom!

DRISCOLL

If we don't find it tonight,  
I think we ought to get the  
hell out of here.

DENHAM

We're going to find it.

ENGLEHORN

We've quartered here, Carl. If  
we don't see it when the fog lifts,  
I think we should head back to  
Sumatra.

LEADSMAN

Bottom! Twenty!

DRISCOLL

All engines stop.

HELMSMAN

Aye, aye, all engines stop.

DENHAM

What does she draw, Captain?

ENGLEHORN

Four - she draws four.

A sailor yells from the foc's'le.

LOOKOUT

Breakers ahead!

The leadline swings again. The group on the bridge watches closely.

LEADSMAN

Ten, bottom at ten!

Driscoll moves forward, waits for the ship to drift, then yells back up to the fo'c'sle.

DRISCOLL

Let go.

The anchor flies off the winch, SPLASHES below.

ENGLEHORN

We'll never get in tonight, Carl.  
The surf's too strong. We'll lay  
at anchor, then go in the morning.

DENHAM

The breakers sound like drums.

DRISCOLL

They are drums.

CUT TO:

STORAGE ROOM

Mullins serving out rifles to the crew.

CUT TO:

EXT DECK

Boats going over the side, winches SQUEAKING, davits RATTLING, Denham watching as the CREW move the boxes of trichloride and camera equipment into the boats.

Driscoll is looking through his binoculars.

DRISCOLL

I don't see anything -- there's  
a couple of boats...outriggers  
-- no people.

The SOUND of the drums comes clear now as the fog begins to lift. Now the island comes into view, the great wall rising in the distance, and far above it, a mountain.

The crew falls silent. The activity on the deck stops, the Venture eases against its chains, the longboats WHAP against the ship.

DENHAM

There it is.

ENGLEHORN  
Your Norwegian was right.

DENHAM  
Where's Ann?

DRISCOLL  
She's below.

DENHAM  
Get her. She'll go in with us.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG BOAT

There are three pairs of oars, six members of the crew are rowing, Englehorn and Denham are in the bow, Ann with Driscoll in the stern. The Crewmen who are not manning oars have slung rifles, gear is stacked with a tarp pulled tight over it.

Another boat moves behind them, manned by six more crewmen.

The LIGHT is starting to come up now, and as the lead boat draws closer, the SOUND of the drums comes stronger, along with that of a GONG, playing against the drums, the WHANG of them strong.

ANN  
What's that?

DRISCOLL  
Gamelans. Gongs. They play them all over these islands.

ANN  
They're strange.

DRISCOLL  
You get used to them.

ANN  
You've been here before?

DRISCOLL  
Djakarta. I spent a year in Djakarta.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKULL ISLAND BEACH

Rows of canoes, their sails furled, bumping in the water, moored to the sand by ropes.

CUT TO:

## EXT. LONG BOAT

Approaching the beach. Denham and Englehorn looking over the bow, seeing canoes as their boat comes alongside.

DRISCOLL

'Djukungs'. They use them in Bali.

DENHAM

They look like outriggers.

DRISCOLL

They're faster, quieter. They can go upriver in these and catch fish with their bare hands.

The DRUMS and GAMELANS are really stirring now, the long boats beach; the crews work smoothly unloading the gear. Tim carries the camera, Mullins pulls the tripods, a chain is set up and the crates of trichloride are passed to the beach.

Denham and Englehorn jump off, Driscoll jumps off. Ann jumps, lands in about a foot of water, moves up on the beach. Two crewmen stand by the boat as the rest move on to the island. The SOUND echoes now, and with the sun coming up, there is a feeling of power and ritual coming through from beyond the undergrowth. And now a chant begins, rhythmic, but one word, a monosyllable inexorably mingling and separating from the sounds of the drums and gongs. It is unmistakable. And human.

DENHAM

'KONG'. 'KONG'.

ENGLEHORN

That's what it sounds like.

DRISCOLL

That's what it is.

ENGLEHORN

But where are they? There's no one on the beach, the outriggers look like they've been pegged there for days --

DRISCOLL

It's a feast of rank. It's given by the chief and his queen to increase their prestige with the gods. It blesses them. It blesses the tribe.

ENGLEHORN  
Then why are they shouting 'Kong'?

DRISCOLL  
I've never heard it. At least  
never in Nias. That's six hundred  
miles from here.

DENHAM  
You speak Nias?

DRISCOLL  
I do.

CUT TO:

#### A GIANT BANYAN TREE

Driscoll points up it, a platform has been built of rattan and vines. It is unoccupied.

ENGLEHORN  
Everybody goes to the feast.  
The Chief sees to that. He  
takes no chances with the gods.

Driscoll looks around, grabs a handhold on the tree, there is no way up.

DENHAM  
(pointing up to a platform)  
There's another one.

ENGLEHORN  
And there's another one up there.

There are a rim of platforms, all made of rattan and vines, a perimeter. Driscoll moves to another tree, a platform above. Tim passes him a rope ladder. Driscoll slings it over his shoulder, and he shinnies up one of the trees.

He drops the ladder down, Denham holds it tight for Ann. She swings up it. Denham and Englehorn follow. The crew fans out.

The SOUND is deafening, a powerful, throbbing riff-like chant, the GONGS and DRUMS going against it.

CUT TO:

#### PLATFORM

Englehorn and Denham and Ann and Driscoll look down. Over the trees, past the growth, to the base of the wall...

CUT TO:

## EXT. VILLAGE - BELOW THE WALL

Five hundred natives are massed around an altar. Some carry spears and shields, others wear hornbills. Grouped around them are terraces made of stone, megaliths, giant mushroom shapes with gargoyles growing out of them and around the edges pillars, crowned with figures of deer and rhinoceros birds.

There are sarcophagi everywhere, coffins on top of these megalithic stones, on the coffins figures of birds and lizards. On the altar in the center is the Chief and his Queen, and a slave bound to a bench, stretched out. A Priest moves around.

The chant of 'Kong, Kong' bounces off the walls of the clearing and against the giant, mountain-high stone embankment with a gate cut in the center of it. There are LeGong dancers moving ceremonially about the altar, young girls trained in the art. Serrated around the edges of the altar are ranks of native men bending from the waist, their foreheads touching the ground. They hiss as they come up, then they bend again. They are tranced.

The Priest moves towards the slave.

CUT TO:

## EXT. PLATFORM

Denham and Driscoll and Ann are riveted on the sight. Denham loads his camera, starts shooting.

## DRISCOLL

They're going to sacrifice that girl. But first they're going to try the jewelry on her that was made for the queen. Whoever wears new jewels will die. Once the slave is killed, the jewels are safe for the queen.

The 'Kong' chant keeps coming, the gamelans play, the Legong dancers move around the border, the rows of native men keep hissing, falling tranced to the ground. There is a terrible SQUEALING and a mass of pigs snort into the clearing, HERDSMEN beating and driving them.

## DRISCOLL

They'll die too. A hundred head of pigs, that means a hundred hams is the offering. The Priest is putting the jewels on the slave now - a file, an earring and a necklace.

## ANN

Will they kill her?

DRISCOLL

Now.

A sword is brought to the Priest. The Chief and his Queen are raised up on sedan chairs. The CHANT is unbearable, the noise a THUNDER and suddenly it stops.

CUT TO:

PLATFORM

Denham looks up from his camera, and from below they see heads swivel towards them, everybody looking at Driscoll and Denham and Ann. The bodies rise from the 'ketjak', trance, an army of natives facing them from below.

DRISCOLL

Get down.

Ann goes first, they move down the ladder, at the base of the tree they walk towards the clearing. The crew of sailors tries to surround Driscoll and Denham and Ann to protect them.

But the Chief has climbed down from the sedan chair, the Queen has been carried off, and a path clears for the Chief as he moves forward with the Priest.

CHIEF

Bado! Bado!

ENGLEHORN

It's Nias -- isn't it?

Silence. Both sides watching each other.

DRISCOLL

(shouts up)

Tabé! Bale kum nono hi! Bala!

CHIEF

Bala reri! Tasko! Tasko!

DRISCOLL

I said we were his friends. He doesn't want friends, he says. Get out!  
Get out! He says.

DENHAM

Tell him we are his friends. We'd like to stay.



DRISCOLL

Bala! Bala!

PRIEST

Punya bas! Punya!

There is a great stamping of spears, a shaking of hornbills, now the women among the gathering, led by the queen, begin to file out.

DRISCOLL

The Priest says we've ruined the ceremony.

PRIEST

Saba Kong!

The mass of Islanders rise up now and chant 'Kong! Kong!'  
The place thunders with the SOUND.

DRISCOLL

The Chief has sought favor with Kong and we have ruined it and we will have to make it good.

CHIEF

Malem ma pakeno.

DENHAM

What is it?

DRISCOLL

I don't know -- I can't understand.

CHIEF

Knog was bisa! Kow bisa para KONG!

The GAMELANS SOUND, a DRUM, a LeGong dancer moves around Ann.

DRISCOLL

They want Ann.

(to the Chief)

Bala! Bala!

(to Ann)

Just start walking backward with me, talking to me, like I'm your friend, like you belong to me --

DENHAM

Tell him we'll come back tomorrow.

DRISCOLL

You tell him.

Driscoll starts walking backwards with Ann. Denham following.



ANN

(to Driscoll, as they back)  
 I belong to you, you're my friend.  
 Port. Starboard. Stern. Bow.  
 Lillian Gish. Joan Bennett.  
 John Gilbert, John Barrymore,  
 Douglas Fairbanks...

DENHAM

Tell him - tomorrow!

They keep going, the crew moving with them.

DRISCOLL

Dulu hi tego! Bala! Dulu!

There is a cry from the mob, 'KONG!', but the little crew keeps moving.

DENHAM

What did you say?

DRISCOLL

I told him you'd be back tomorrow.

They move into the boat, Tim and Mullins shove them off, just then there is a cry from the altar.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Ann is sitting on a storage chest on deck, a wind-up Victrola beside her. A record spins. Driscoll sits on a gangway opposite her, listening.

Beyond them, a sailor, the Bow Watch, snoozes.

ANN

(singing)

'Don't blame me  
 For falling in love with you  
 I'm under your spell, but how can I help it  
 Don't blame me.

Can't you see  
 When you do the things you do  
 If I can't conceal the thrill that I'm feeling  
 Don't blame me.

I can't help it if that doggoned moon above  
 Makes me need someone like you to love

(continued)

ANN (cont'd)

Blame your kiss  
As sweet as a kiss can be  
And blame all your charms that melt in my arms but  
Don't blame me.'

Ann smiles. So does Driscoll.

ANN

I'll never make a singer. But I've  
got to do something to stop the  
trembling. That shot of brandy you  
gave me has me two sheets to the wind.

Driscoll is looking at her, transfixed for the moment.

DRISCOLL

You did fine today.

ANN

I'd say you did a lot better.

Driscoll keeps looking.

DRISCOLL

You remind me of someone.

Ann snaps the Victrola shut.

ANN

I remind everybody of somebody!  
George White says I look like  
Bebe Daniels. Ken Murray says I  
look like Jean Harlow. Now you're  
going to tell me I look like  
Little Orphan Annie!

DRISCOLL

You do.

Driscoll walks over to Ann, puts his arms around her.

ANN

And I suppose you're Daddy Warbucks.

She shrugs him off. Driscoll opens the Victrola, turns the record  
absent-mindedly.

DRISCOLL

In Djakarta, I lived with a Legong  
dancer. She was the most famous  
Legong dancer in all the East Indies.  
I saw her one night - in the temple in  
Djakarta - it was a story about a king  
who fell in love with a girl. But he  
couldn't marry her. And the king died.

ANN

And the girl?

DRISCOLL

She went on forever, never at peace,  
chasing the shadow of her soul.  
It was the most refined and elegant  
thing I ever saw.

ANN

Was she beautiful?

DRISCOLL

She was.

ANN

How old was she?

DRISCOLL

Fourteen.

ANN

You're lucky they didn't get you  
on the Mann Act.

Driscoll looks at her.

ANN

I'm sorry. I make jokes when  
I'm nervous. The jokes are lousy  
and so am I.

DRISCOLL

(going on)

None of the Legong dancers can be  
older. They banished her when she  
came with me -- but then she wanted  
to dance, and I wanted to sail again,  
and that was the end of it.

ANN

And here we are. In the middle of  
nowhere. Parked beside an island  
you can't even find on a map.

DRISCOLL

We're on the top of a ridge here.

ANN

I don't see it.

DRISCOLL

It's there, but it's underwater.  
And there's probably a lot more.  
Like the tip of an iceberg. There's  
a theory you know -- that all the  
continents were one once. That Africa  
broke off from South America, that  
North America broke off from Europe --  
India bumped into Asia and that's what  
formed the Himalayas -- we're all drifting  
they say -- for millions of years -- the  
older the island, the farther away it  
drifted -- who knows what this island is,  
or what's on it -- probably sits in the fog  
most of the time, never been seen, been  
mixed up with all the islands of the Indies  
-- there's thousands of them -- if you  
laid them over the Atlantic, they'd  
stretch from New York to Africa --

He smiles, kisses her.

DRISCOLL

I liked that.

ANN

You should have seen me when I was  
fourteen.

ENGLEHORN

(calling down)

Jack! Get up here will you?

Driscoll starts to go.

DRISCOLL

Wants me to take a star-sight.

Makes a telescope with his hand.

DRISCOLL

Looking at a first magnitude right now.

He smiles, goes. She puts the phonograph on again, starts  
singing.

ANN

'Don't blame me  
For falling in love with you...'

She hums along. Over on the Bow, the Watch has fallen asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENTURE

Pulling alongside the longboat are three outriggers, the Priest jumps out over the long boat, and up the net.

CUT TO:

DECK - ON ANN

Watching the record spin, still humming, an occasional lyric coming out 'If I can't conceal the thrill...'

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - ANN

Ann. is leaning against the bulwark now, still singing. The Priest yokes her, another warrior grabs her arm and they lift her off the deck.

CUT TO:

LONG BOAT

The third WARRIOR grabs her legs as they silently drag her across the long boat and into the outrigger.

CUT TO:

OUTRIGGERS - VENTURE'S POV

Gliding through the night, noiselessly, the Priest standing over Ann as the other Warriors tie her up.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

Driscoll taking a sight through a telescope, Englehorn watching him, Denham checking the chart.

Driscoll folds it up.

DRISCOLL

I don't trust this. We'll do it in the morning. I'd rather come off the horizon.

ENGLEHORN

I want to mark our position. I want to know exactly where we are.

Driscoll checks through the telescope again, lowers the telescope.

Englehorn raises his binoculars, the SOUND of the gamelans comes from the distance.

Driscoll caps up the telescope.

DRISCOLL

Let's think about it in the morning.  
Goodnight, Carl. Goodnight, Captain.

He goes. Denham moves to the rail.

DENHAM

Looks like election eve. Torches  
going through the village.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK

Driscoll moving to Ann's cabin. He knocks on the door.  
No answer.

CUT TO:

DECK - CHARLEY

Walking along the deck, he has the capuchin on a leash.  
He is watching it jump along, suddenly it pokes at an object.

Charley picks it up - a shell bracelet. He looks over the edge,  
towards the torches on the shore, now he takes off for the bridge,  
the monkey scampering after him, the bells of the leash  
banging against the deck.

CUT TO:

GANGWAY - CHARLEY

CHARLEY

On deck! On deck!

NOISE and CONFUSION rise immediately. Hands fall out of  
bunks, the gangways and hatches jam, as the crew rushes towards  
the bridge.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGE

Charley gives the bracelet to the Captain.

Driscoll comes running in. Englehorn shows him the bracelet.

DRISCOLL

Where's Ann?!

The crew is pushing towards the bridge, the faces are jammed in the doorway.

DRISCOLL

(to Englehorn)

What do you say, skipper?

ENGLEHORN

All right, let's go.

In an instant, the crew is moving.

A Chief serves out rifles in the store room. A bos'n and two other deckhands start lowering the boats. They move quickly, but in some confusion, shoving and bumping into each other. Driscoll tries to keep control.

DRISCOLL

Move it now! Lower away! Timmy  
get on that winch there.

Denham grabs Mullins.

DENHAM

Get the camera.

Mullins goes as the rest of the crew clambers over the side, filling up the boat moored to the ship and a second boat lowered from the davits. They hit with a SPLASH.

DRISCOLL

Go! Move!

Oars are manned. They start pumping then.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE

A thousand torches, torches burning everywhere, this clearing against the massive wall lit up like a skyscraper, the drums rapping a THUNDER, the hiss of the trance coming through it, a sense of rising and inexorable pressure, the sounds and the movement feeding on each other.

A scaffolding has been built up to the wall, a latticework of bamboo and palm, and the HISSING of the trance stops and suddenly the men have fallen back like the petals of a flower, the circle opens up, and they are scampering up the rattan trellises like fireflies, a torch in one hand, grabbing rungs with another.

CUT TO:



ALTAR - ANN

Lying on the megalith as the slave had early in the day. Her arms and legs are bound with rattan, a gold filet has been placed in her hair which has been wrapped like a native's. There are gold bracelets on her wrists and ankles, a gold chain around her waist.

CUT TO:

TOP OF THE WALL

A great gong stands at the top of the wall, the Chief in front of it, his spear planted beside him. He looks down the scaffolding towards Ann.

CUT TO:

ANN - ON TERRACE

She waits looking out. She doesn't struggle, but watches, waiting, not panicked, stunned.

CUT TO:

SCAFFOLDING

Torches flying upwards as they are lobbed towards the top of the wall. Arcs of light pirouetting up, the natives clambering towards the top, the whole top of the wall a ridge of flickering light.

CUT TO:

GONG - CHIEF

He waves his spear in front of the gong, a great semaphoric motion which is answered from below.

CUT TO:

GATE

The massive handles, yards high, are fastened by a stone latch, another megalith, writing and pictures drawn on it. - The gate men fight and jabber with each other, nudging the latch through the great gate handles. Foot by foot it moves, and then falls out of the latch into the ashes of the torches, dust rising.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

The gate SWINGS OPEN slowly, a massive CREAKING as the rattan hinges give, this is a wall seventy-five feet high, the gatemen, ten of them, have to fight to push it open. It swings.

CUT TO:

ANN

Turning, her head swivelling behind her, seeing only the blackness beyond.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - ANN

A sedan chair is brought for Ann. She is lifted into it, carried from the terrace, through the gates, out into the darkness beyond the wall.

CUT TO:

ALTAR BEYOND THE GATES

Ann being carried up to a place rarely used. Leaves and fallen branches all about, the place thick with the refuse of vegetation, branches are cleared away and Ann is fastened to another megalith, an osa, a carved animal, a gargoyle on the end of a stone pillar. She is tied up again.

CUT TO:

ANN'S P.O.V.

The natives scurry back through the gates to safety. Above them the wall, the torches burning along it, the chief almost astride the GONG, supernumeraries beside him, holding lances wrapped with fronds to beat the gong.

CUT TO:

ANN

Bound to the megalith. Torches burn at each corner of the altar. A branch catches fire, then flares out. The jungle is alight.

CUT TO:

GATE

The latch being shoved and tugged and pulled through the gate handles, dust rising again as the massive hinges swing closed.

Ann is alone.

CUT TO:

## FROM THE TOP OF THE WALL

The Gatemen clambering up the scaffolding, waving torches themselves, fighting for places on top of the wall.

CUT TO:

## THE WALL - FROM THE BASE

Every foot of space is crammed at the summit now, a WALL of LIGHT matched by a WALL of SOUND, with drums beating, the gamelans WHANGING now, the torches pumping into the air.

CUT TO:

## ANN - AT THE ALTAR

She does not pull, she watches, she waits. She kicks at a frond in front of her, it catches fire, she pulls her foot back. Now she pulls once at the fronds that bind her, but nothing gives. There is a JANGLE from her jewelry, the filet and the bracelets, the gold chain CLICKS. She falls silent. The torches CRACKLE.

CUT TO:

## TOP OF WALL - CHIEF

He raises his spear. Instantly the place falls SILENT, nothing, not a movement, not a cry, only the sound of the torches.

He raises his arms to the blackness beyond Ann.

CHIEF

Kara Ta ni, Kong. O Taro Vey Rama Kong.

A title SUPERS

We call thee, Kong. O Mighty One, Great Kong.

The Chief raises his spear once more.

CHIEF

Wa saba ani mako, O Taro Vey, Rama Kong

A title SUPERS

Thy gift is here, O Mighty One, Great Kong.

Now the GONG is beaten by the supernumeraries beside the Chief. It is like a cannon, sounding and resounding in the blackness beyond. And now, like the drums themselves, the army on top of the wall raise their torches.

TRIBE  
KONG! KONG! KONG!

They fall silent suddenly. They hear something. They look ahead. The Chief looks beyond the wall. Some subliminal SOUND has been made heard to them, not audible to anyone but them. They wait for it to come again.

And now it can be heard.

Branches BREAK, and now the CRACKLING grows stronger, it CRASHES now, and now the CRASHING becomes rhythmic, a THUD, almost sonic, the sort that would make windows crack and chimneys topple, a terrible, terrible rhythmic POUNDING, and the jungle responding with the crash of trees and branches and growth, and now coming with it, a SOUND almost unearthly, and yet weirdly human, a GRUNT which is like a bomb hitting the ground and not exploding, a THUD, a CRASH.

CUT TO:

ANN - ON ALTAR

Waiting, watching. She looks towards the gate.

CUT TO:

GATE AND WALL

PANNING UP the gate to the top of the wall, the villagers stand catatonic, their torches frozen in their hands. The chief holds his spear like a crossbow in a reflex of protection.

CUT TO:

KONG'S FOOT

A foot the size of a car. It plows through the brush like a bulldozer kicking growth and saplings aside, crushing one, splintering another.

CUT TO:

KONG'S HAND

A tree blocks its path, it is ripped out, shredded, tossed aside, the fingers each one an earth-mover, like a giant construction machine, backhoes in the palm, the fingers steamshovels. The banyan tree cracks as if lightning hit it.

CUT TO:

## KONG'S CHEST

It covers the screen, a heaving mass like a football field in December mud, growth clinging to it, branches and weeds and clods of earth. But something beautiful about it, as it breathes in and out like a Bessemer bellows, heaving with life, but massive, monolithic, a skyscraper that falls and fills like a human. Powerful and black and terrifying and unseeable.

Incomprehensible.

CUT TO:

## KONG'S FACE

A simian colossus. Wells for eyesockets, nostrils set in the skull like howitzers, ears that flare from the head like trees, and a mouth like a volcano, mandibles that come down like granite towers and a jaw like a Himalayan cliff. But it is the eyes that give him away, eyes that see, eyes that feel, eyes that betray every emotion that goes on in the massive id of a brain, that wants, that eats, that feels, that weeps. With all the massive other-worldliness of this creature, it is his eyes that are the great anomaly -- like that of a sensitive, retarded over-sized boy, every giant who has ever lived in fiction from Lenny in 'Of Mice and Men' to Gulliver. Ignorant of its own strength, powerful as a city -- as feeling as a child.

CUT TO:

## KONG - FULL VIEW

Another tree is ripped out and now Kong comes closer, the altar is in view. He sees Ann.

CUT TO:

## CLOSE-UP - ANN

She freezes, she doesn't move a muscle. Not a blink. She cannot believe what she sees, and she cannot see what she believes.

CUT TO:

## KONG - FULL VIEW

The SOUND is powerful that emanates from his chest, it is human and searing and needful. And terrifying.

He makes the gorilla-motion - he touches his breast with each hand. But it is not proudful or arrogant - as if feeling his way, as if finding out where he is.

Now he moves closer. His hand which is the size of Ann brushes away the branches next to her. He lifts a torch, it catches hairs on his chest, brush fires start on his body, they flame, he pounds, the fires are crushed in smoke. He doesn't blink, and now he touches the pillar Ann is tied to, and it crashes, and then SILENCE again. Ann is alone on the altar. Kong watches her, he waits. She starts to move, his hand goes up like a wall. She waits, he watches her curiously. Not a mouse, but a flower beside a railroad train.

CUT TO:

KONG AND ANN

Now he lifts her up. His hand closes around her, the distillation of every nightmare in every dark soul. Darkness and dense smell and all the animals of every civilization that have ever walked this earth close around her and she is alone.

CUT TO:

KONG AND ANN - ANOTHER ANGLE

Kong raises Ann up towards the wall, he is acknowledging the offering.

CUT TO:

THE WALL

The natives wave their torches. They are in terror, they barely move, they cannot run. The Chief waves his spear in a great circular motion. An exchange of ritual.

CUT TO:

DRISCOLL AND DENHAM

Driscoll runs to the gate, looks through the gaps in the giant teak logs which have formed it.

DRISCOLL

Jesus God.

He signals the men.

And now they move, these Liliputians, wordlessly it seems as if a signal is passed between them. A block-and-tackle is thrown over the great latch, they heave to it and pull it out. The giant gates swing open.

Driscoll dives through with Denham following, another dozen men with them. Englehorn stays behind, the rest of the crew with him. Two sailors silently man the open gates, keeping them open, lashing them back with ropes.

CUT TO:



ENGLEHORN

Standing with his group of men watching Driscoll and Denham and their platoon go off into the darkness.

CUT TO:

TOP OF WALL

The Chief leans forward, trying to see into the darkness. He hears the clank of rifles and equipment, he stares in disbelief as the group of white men vanish in the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAWN

The LIGHT is just coming through the dense undergrowth. It is more than dense, thick with vines and leaves, a choking kind of growth, no air to breathe, no room to move, Driscoll in the lead with Denham, picking trails and openings.

And the trail is unmistakable. A tree dislodged, the bank of a stream caved in, gaps in the growth which could only be made by some tank or earthmover, Driscoll moving quickly, picking up the track.

Now SOUNDS start to come up, but not the SOUNDS of dawn we are accustomed to, but SCREECHES and WHACKS and HISSES, not all at once, but singly, apart, occasionally the SOUND of a bird, but cacophonous, like a duck CALL or a macaw's SQUAWK.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - CREW

Moving through the growth, a platoon, like some antecedents of Corregidor or Vietnam, spread out, an eye always on the point man, Driscoll, who stops every few steps, picks up the trail listens, and in the distance, far, remote, something CRACKS, something SPLINTERS, and they keep moving.

CUT TO:

ON DRISCOLL

Lost for a moment, the crew spreading around, suddenly Mullins takes off for the brush, he stumbles, falls over an embankment and into Kong's track. He yells for them 'Hey! Hey! Over here!' and they run over and look down.

CUT TO:



## MULLINS - POV CREW

They herd around him. He has sunk into the whole print, and the print itself is as large as his body. Mullins looks at the sides of the wall made by this giant depression, suddenly Driscoll reaches down for him.

DRISCOLL

Let's go. Let's move.

CUT TO:

## JUNGLE - ANOTHER PART

The thickets seem to be opening for a moment, clearings here and there, the vines not so thick, and now the light starts to come up, angling through and as they WHACK past one more piece of growth, it is as if they have arrived somewhere, as if a destination has been achieved.

And they are there. In the GLADE

CUT TO:

## GLADE

The Garden of Eden, a lushness beyond dreams, moss and willows hanging, soft ferns branching overhead, the rich and elegant etching of a Dore print, haloes made by the sun, gentle breadfruit and monkey-pods around, a place untouched it seems, the hollow of some sacred forest.

## ON MEN

They are silent, looking around, trying to pick up the SOUND of Kong, but nothing comes forward. They wait. Denham raises his camera, he aims it towards the gap in the glade and then he lowers it as there is a SOUND in the growth beyond, the SWISHING of moss, whole branches of trees being devoured, some eating machine moving through the woods and the vegetation like a Boeing taxiing. The SOUND comes closer, the CRACKLING like a forest fire, and there in front of the, masking the whole entrance to the glade, like a star performer who has found his light, is a creature from 120 million years ago, the STEGOSAURUS, the "roofed lizard," plates down its back, alternating and twitching like clams, a head too small for its hippo-like body, its back legs tree trunks, its undeveloped front probing and pawing for its next step.

And on the tail, two pairs of horns which whip like a threshing machine combing, cutting a trail behind as it moves.

CUT TO:

## CREW

They are profiled in front of this massive tableau, the Stego-saurus filling the clearing, the men frozen, as if on pedestals, mouths open, eyes fastened on what faces them.

CUT TO:

ON DRISCOLL

DRISCOLL

God.

Denham watches, the men start fanning out, Denham grabs for Mullins, reaches into the pack which has been rigged to hold the trichloride grenades.

CUT TO:

STEGOSAURUS

Wheeling now, turning like a bull in the corner of the ring, wheeling, wheeling, wheeling, and now suddenly straightening out and charging like a rhinoceros right at them. They fire, every pathetic World War I model 1903 Springfield and the rounds bounce off the armor-plated hide like drops until Denham lets go with trichloride, lobbing it expertly, it arcs over and explodes and the charging beast drops, rears, drops again, stunned, the ground shakes with its fall and Denham moves in now.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - STEGOSAURUS

Its head, too small for its body, looking icily towards the sky, an eyelid blinks like a tarpaulin being drawn over an infield and now Denham's rifle comes into frame. He aims into the pupil, the beast's brain explodes, it rises up once and then falls.

CUT TO:

DENHAM AND DRISCOLL AND THE CREW

They are silent for the moment, they watch what is in front of it, there is no sense of celebration, only a terrible awe. They go nearer, the body seems to steam, moisture oozing from its pores, they travel the length of the corpse and suddenly Driscoll screams --

DRISCOLL

Lookout!!

The tail has switched, the great horns almost decapitating Denham as he flattens himself, this last involuntary death rattle murderous, the horns slam a tree to the ground, a boulder comes unloosened. Tim, the sailor dives out of the way, and then suddenly the beast is quiet.

Dead.

CUT TO:

DENHAM AND DRISCOLL

DRISCOLL

What is it?

DENHAM

A stegosaurus. A dinosaur. Any kindergarten child could tell you about it.

DRISCOLL

What do you mean?

DENHAM

I mean they were extinct 70 million years ago.

DRISCOLL

Where are we?

Denham looks at Driscoll now down at the beast. He looks at the men.

DENHAM

I don't know.

He looks around to the men, they are cut loose, floating free, drugged on what they see before them. Their weapons seem useless, their proportions strange, the dimension between them and the world they are in an anomaly.

And then suddenly, in the distance, there is a thunderous crash, the PLODDING and yet rhythm SOUND of Kong moving through the distant brush, and then a SPLASH of water, another SPLASH, the SOUND of something like a ship going down from drydock.

They move on.

CUT TO:

MARSH - DARKNESS

There is still daylight, but now it is closing in, thick mists forming, steam rising from the bog around them. Reeds and fox-tails and cattails growing everywhere, rushes, the place biblical and wet and seductive and they tumble into another PRINT of Kong's and another, these depressions in the muck like mortar craters.

CUT TO:

## ANOTHER ANGLE - MARSH

The reeds clearing now, the wetness underfoot getting thicker and suddenly beyond them opens a great dark lake, like something in the hill country of Ireland, Yeats-like, too placid, the end of it cannot be seen.

CUT TO:

## LAKE EDGE

The track disappears along the edge of the water. Driscoll looks one way and then the other, there is only growth on the banks in either direction, no gaps, no trail broken, no sign of Kong. There are fallen trees along the lake beach, the straight trunks of cypresses. Wordlessly, the men fall to, Denham leading them, lengths of rope drawn from the equipment they carry, and they start building a crude raft, the cypresses lashed with rope and vines, the crevices packed with mud.

CUT TO:

## RAFT - ON LAKE

They seem almost at home, proceeding warily, poling with hand-made oars.

DRISCOLL

More to starboard. Keep coming.  
That's it.

And they seem to traverse well, the stillness breaking by them and in the distance the occasional CRACK of a branch as their prey comes into earshot.

CUT TO:

## LAKE - ANOTHER ANGLE

Lying there in black placidity, the mists rising over it like the moisture from a cauldron, and now there is the sound of a pair of ships moving in tandem, and then the SOUND erases itself and rising up sixty-seven feet in the air is the head of a Brontosaurus, its giant mastodon legs planted in the water, its bulk 30 tons, the tiny head grotesque and beautiful at the same moment, the nostrils blinking above the eyes like twitching gills, this Jurassic behemoth is feeding on the lake bottom, feeding continually, eating night and day to fuel the furnace of a body that was the largest ever to survive on this earth.

CUT TO:

## RAFT - CREW

Their voices floating over the water, oblivious of the army-in-one that had already spotted them, their matey shouts of "Keep digging" "Pull, Pull!" "Over to port now!" ludicrous in the face of the danger they cannot see.

CUT TO:

## BRONTOSAURUS

Moving slowly through the lake, its giant legs seeking a grip on the lake bottom, it seeing the foreign bodies that lie ahead of it.

A plant eater, a coward in its surroundings, fleeing ponderously from any meat-eater that might come its way, still it has a sense of its size, like a hippo or a rhinoceros, herbivores themselves but known to charge something smaller when threatened. It plants its great legs firmly, and sinks its thirty-yard neck under water until it disappears.

CUT TO:

## RAFT - ANOTHER ANGLE

The Crew paddling close to the shore, still unaware of the silent behemoth that lies underneath them and now explodes out of the water, the neck shooting up like a graceful nightmarish reed.

They see it rising over them now, their paddles are suddenly frozen, they look at this apparition blocking the sky, Driscoll raises the old Springfield and fires, another fires, Denham reaches for the trichloride but it is too late, the Brontosaurus has submerged again.

CUT TO:

## RAFT - ANOTHER ANGLE

Paddling once more, wordlessly, thinking the danger is gone, the horror a bond between them, making for the safety of the shore beyond.

CUT TO:

## RAFT ON THE WATER

Ripples, ripples not formed by their own paddles, giant ripples coming from somewhere underneath and now the Brontosaurus has raised up and its weak head and neck, a pathetic appendage to the monstrous body, are trying to lift up the raft and they do.

CUT TO:

## RAFT

Going over, toppling, Denham and Driscoll sliding off, the camera equipment, everything sliding into the blackness of the lake.

CUT TO:

## BRONTOSAURUS

Going down again, going down because that is how it feeds, up and down, poring over the marsh bottoms, and now coming up again for the human plants that are swimming for their lives, trying to make it to the shore but the monstrous thing makes waves like the ocean, it is hard to go against the breakers.

CUT TO:

## SAILORS

A couple left behind, struggling, the Brontosaurus comes up with marsh grass, and still feeding on the same swoop he raises up a sailor, and the flesh tasting strange, he flings him back to the water, all 30 tons applied to the thrust and the Crewman hits the surface dead, as if he were shot from the cannon.

Others are going under now, they cannot make it to the shore, and still others swimming furiously.

CUT TO:

## BRONTOSAURUS

After Mullins now, he has Mullins and he heaves him up and spits him out, and Mullins goes down, his body plummeting to the bottom; his backpack of trichloride going down with him. And with it, the camera.

CUT TO:

## MARSHES

Driscoll and Denham leading the escape, cutting their way through the reeds, the ponderous sauropod following them, taking one step for every ten of theirs. They cannot move out of his path. He is not chasing them, just feeding, just cutting his swath and these alien plants are in his way.

CUT TO:

## TIM

He has been left behind. He is struggling to catch up. Driscoll turns for him but the beast is too fast, he is on Tim's heels.

CUT TO:



## ANOTHER ANGLE

Tim falling, now clambering up a dead tree trunk, agile, terrified, holding on to a branch, climbing higher, twenty, thirty, forty feet, several stories high.

CUT TO:

## BRONTOSAURUS

Crashing through the marsh, now twenty yards away from Tim, and not taking another step, just leaning forward to the branch as if he were a leaf, taking him in his soft functionless jaws, gumming the pathetic man like a fruit, now dropping him. Tim dead, less from the fall and the masticating, than the horror.

CUT TO:

## DRISCOLL

Looking, starting back, now the men turn and flee and Driscoll and Denham follow.

CUT TO:

## BRONTOSAURUS

Plodding off, giant steps, the marsh swirling about its feet, disappearing into the mists.

Still feeding.

CUT TO:

## DRISCOLL, DENHAM CREW

Still running, pulverized with fear, now tripping on to higher ground, getting more sure-footed, getting a hold of themselves.

They come to another opening, like the glade, picturesque and seductive as another Eden but grown thicker, coarser, the habitat more wild and threatening, and then they see a chasm separating the two sides of the clearing, an almost endless gorge, a precipice dropping a hundred yards, a fault in the earth which drops away to nothingness. Across the chasm is a log, and they cross it and then suddenly rising above them on the other side, roaring, pounding his chest in fury and pride is KONG. He carries Ann close, almost protecting.

CUT TO:

## CREW

Slamming backwards now towards the log, running for their lives, their SHOUTS enraging Kong, but he is restrained in his movement, he has to carry Ann carefully. They reach the log, Denham in



the lead, Driscoll close behind, a terrible panic upon them all as Kong advances upon them inexorably, a fury upon him, a sense of challenge from these gnats, and fear of retribution for the prize he holds carefully in the minefield that is his hand.

CUT TO:

KONG AND ANN

His movements are constricted, what is usually a graceful loping gait for him is hampered by his prize and now coming on a giant dead evergreen mangrove tree, its center hollowed out, he sets her carefully beside it, protected by it, and now he moves towards his imagined enemy.

CUT TO:

CREW

Just making it to the log now almost abreast of it, it had been a giant cypress and it straddles this ravine like a colossus, room almost for two to go across at a time, but Kong is close behind them. Denham gets caught on the stump of a branch, they are clogged up behind him.

CUT TO:

KONG

On the edge of the ravine, he opens his arms to some unseen God, now he pounds his breast in victory and fury, a terrible SOUND, the mud flying off his chest and the leaves blowing and now he reaches down for the tree trunk.

CUT TO:

CREW ON LOG

Kong lifts, he cannot budge the log for an instant, then like a great derrick his paws lift and surge and the trunk gives way and he holds the men above the ravine like worms on a twig and slowly, inevitably, he turns the trunk vertically and they start to slide, one, then another, then another, then another.

CUT TO:

DENHAM

Grabbing for the other bank, he has caught the sprigs of grass that come over the edge, flung too far by Kong's first pitch of the log.

CUT TO:

KONG

Still rocking the log, bodies falling off it like termites, one after the other.

CUT TO:

BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE

Rock, mud, slime, a watery and dark grave, a bottomless pit which consigns the men to oblivion. Nothingness, rock slides, dust and boulder, all the detritus of a tropical paradise turned into a great bog, a sewage of darkness.

CUT TO:

DRISCOLL

On the log with the last two men, and as Kong turns to throw them off, rocking the log, Driscoll is swung to the opposite bank from Denham, into the side of a ledge, and he falls to the floor of some rock outcroppings and scrambles into a shallow cave.

CUT TO:

KONG

Roaring now as one last obstacle blocks his path, one lone sailor remains on the log, the poor Bow Watch who fell asleep when Ann was abducted. He is a doughty soul, and Kong shakes and he falls, but still the Sailor grabs hold of the bottom of the log, dangling like some exclamation point over the ravine, and now improbably clambering up again. Kong shakes and the sailor flies, flies into space and down into the ravine, his screams mingling with those disappearing below

SILENCE falls over this clearing, a terrible and empty silence SHATTERED now by Kong pitching the great tree trunk over his head and then throwing it down after the dead, a marker for them, a wooden monument to their muddy grave. The log bounces off the sides of the ravine and lands with a thud at the bottom, crushing one last sailor reaching for the sky from the mud.

Kong beats his breast, he turns to Ann. But first he hears something

CUT TO:

## DRISCOLL - CAVE

Peering out, trying to catch sight of Ann

CUT TO:

## KONG

He sees Driscoll now, he moves to the edge of the ravine, reaches down towards the cave, his great hand covering the mouth of the cave almost, too big to reach in to Driscoll, Kong leans over the edge but Driscoll backs into the cave, just eluding Kong.

CUT TO:

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Kong changing his position, leaning in another direction, his fingers jointed like three footballs strung together, trying to move up on the ledge to get Driscoll, he is really close now and Driscoll reaches in his belt for a rigging knife. Driscoll waits, he backs to the floor of the cave now, he strikes at Kong's finger. Driscoll cuts, cuts deep, a slash and a gutting which could kill two men. He rips at the knife and it flies out.

CUT TO:

## KONG

Jumping back, and when he jumps, the earth shakes next to him, the dust flies, there is a kind of reverberation and then a silence falls as he sits now beside Ann and he examines his finger curiously, this sting, this itch on his finger, it amuses him almost, puzzles him, he has been hurt before, but nothing so curious.

CUT TO:

## ANN - TREE

She has found herself a hollow, she huddles there, her dress is torn, her shoes long gone, looking like some highway hitchhiker now, all spackled with mud and scratches. But there is some fascination in what she sees, in this creature who stands stories high sitting across from her, looking at the scratch on his finger, like a boy who has cut himself on glass at the playground.

CUT TO:

## DRISCOLL IN CAVE

Beaten, lying a wreck now with fear, the knife just a lump of gore lying a few paces from him. He leans back against the wall of the cave, trying to pull himself together, his strength sapped, his body wasted.

A vine hangs outside the cave. It seems to move. He watches it absent-mindedly.

CUT TO:

VINE - DIMETRODON

Eleven feet long, a three-foot sail arching up from its back, like some giant ice-boating crocodile, making its way up the vine towards Driscoll. It has seen the body up there, and it has moved towards the sun, the sun which feeds its sail and warms its body, it moves upwards and upwards, towards the heat and the light and the food.

CUT TO:

DRISCOLL

Waiting, watching, and now the vine is almost swinging, Driscoll pushes himself to his feet, he reaches for the gore that is his knife, he grabs for the vine, the Dimetrodon is moving fast for his eleven feet, almost to the top, and Driscoll is sawing, sawing hard at the green knotted hemp, this cluster of mangrove and evergreen, and he saws THROUGH.

CUT TO:

DIMETRODON

Dropping down, falling, down into the precipice below.

CUT TO:

KONG

On his feet now, attracted by the splatter of the Dimetrodon, he takes a massive swipe at the cave and Driscoll ducks back once more. Falls against the side of the cave, sinks to the floor, OUT.

CUT TO:

ANN

Getting to her feet now, she is ready to make a move, she tries to budge the dead mangrove log out of her way, to give her purchase on the ravine edge, but it falls back and traps her. She struggles with it, but she is pinned, slipping under it.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - ANN

Looking heavenwards, a SOUND coming to her, a SOUND rising over all the other SOUNDS of this prehistoric wasteland, a SOUND

still poking at Driscoll, which overrides the great GRUNTS and ROARS of Kong, the sound of an express train coming through this jungle, a train with three cars, flying at the speed of a jet it seems, terrifying, hissing like a steel factory, cutting a swath through the jungle like a quake.

CUT TO:

# TYRANNOSAURUS REX

Coming at Ann like a giant racing car, at a speed of over 60 mph, head down not up like it always is in pictures, its tail straight back like a spike being used for balance, its infant front legs poised for equilibrium, a force, an active predator, a meat-eating opportunistic animal who lives by the luck of whatever falls in its way, will chew it up, jerk it away, its teeth a row of three-foot needles, yank it and swallow it whole, massive, terrifying, the cruelest living thing to ever walk this earth.

And all fifty feet of it are coming at Ann now. Going like sixty.

CUT TO:

# ANN - UNDER THE TREE

She tries to move, the train is coming and it is as if she were tied to the track. The speed is building in the Tyrannosaurus, it is a thing of grace, live, organic, fluid, not the creaky upright, arthritic robot that it has been depicted. She cannot scream, she cannot move, her lips part, nothing comes out, it is the nightmare beyond the nightmare. And the fear and the panic that issue from her reaches Kong.

CUT TO:

# KONG - BY THE RAVINE

He turns, looks back once at Driscoll in his cave, and now as he sees the thunder approaching, he moves towards Ann, a roar comes up from him, from his bowels, from the center of him, it is emotion unfettered, a sense of love and fear all at once.

CUT TO:

# ANN

The Tyrannosaurus has hit, the tree has rolled away, he has swept Ann upright and is about to sink down on her with his mouth. The jawbone drops open, wide open, a mandible three feet long, a head like a cliff, and then the head swivels.

It sees Kong, Drops Ann.



# TYRANNOSAURUS AND KONG

The Tyrannosaurus charges and Kong is hit, off-balance, shuddering to the earth, Kong falling like a redwood.

CUT TO:

## TYRANNOSAURUS - CLOSE

The great jaw falling open, about to tear at Kong's flesh, about to jerk off shards from this great head, when Kong reaches up and like some benighted Sumo, grabs the Tyrannosaurus around the neck. But the Tyrannosaurus is slashing at him and he must give way.

CUT TO:

## TYRANNOSAURUS - KONG

Farther away, the clearing visible, the light shining through like a Dore' again, Kong reaching out with his great hand to punch, to jar, to get a grip, Ann frozen like a child who has been told not to move, not to breathe, or she will die. Not a breath, not a whisper, not a blink.

CUT TO:

## KONG

Making his rush now, ducking the strange anomalous front feet of the Tyrannosaurus, they cannot move, they wave. Kong gets inside of them and reaches for his jaw, to grip the upper and lower bones, to spread the jaw and break it.

CUT TO:

## ANOTHER ANGLE

The Tyrannosaurus falling now, Kong falling on top of him, twenty tons falling on thirty tons, but the Tyrannosaurus has all the whippy flexibility of a lizard in his sixteen yard long body, and he throws Kong off, his tail switching like a helicopter blade, coming dangerously close to Ann.

CUT TO:

## KONG AND TYRANNOSAURUS

Kong dives under the Tyrannosaurus, grabs his foot, throws him over his shoulder, the Tyrannosaurus springs up and savages Kong's neck. Kong falls back, a tree falls under him, Ann goes with it, trapped again under the tangle of vines and branches and hanging moss.

CUT TO:

ANN - KONG'S POV

Kong sees Ann trapped, and now he sees the Tyrannosaurus racing for her. Kong is enraged all over, provoked beyond his strength, offended and challenged and fighting for his life and the strange scented gift that has been given him from beyond the wall. His arm reaches in a great swing, as if a wrecking ball were hitting the side of a building, and the Tyrannosaurus goes down, Kong dives for his neck, pulls his jaws apart.

CUT TO:

ANN

Trying to dig out from under the tree, trying to get free when there is the sound of a CRACK, like lightning, then a THUD.

CUT TO:

TYRANNOSAURUS

His jaw flopping open like the wings of a bat, blood pouring through the jawbone like some black gusher, spouting and spraying the trees like some hallucination, Kong dives in once more, he slams the jaws open farther, like a fly-trap, and the Tyrannosaurus is finished.

CUT TO:

KONG

Coming to his feet, almost stately, with great dignity he turns to the forest and pounds his chest, the QUACK and HISSES and CAWS of this unearthly forest answer back, and now he turns to Ann, faces her, and he touches his chest gently.

CUT TO:

ANN

Seeing, almost accepting this gesture, there is some sense of CONTACT made at this moment, as if he had reached her and then she shrinks back. Kong moves to her, his log of a finger almost touches her and she can't move, still under the tree, looking away, looking everywhere but towards him.

CUT TO:

KONG

He places his foot on the Tyrannosaurus, he faces Ann proudly, seeking some acceptance. There is the gentlest of GRUNTS from him, now his cheek moves involuntarily towards his shoulder, he rubs it, the blood of where the Tyrannosaurus reached him comes off, he rubs again, he licks, he tends himself, he grooms, he moans, he reaches for breadfruits and bananas from the tree



above him, and he swallows them as if they were sweet pebbles. He reaches for more fruit around him, he spills it in front of Ann.

CUT TO:

ANN

Looking at the squashed and mangled fruit in front of her. She reaches out to touch a mango, it is pulpy and sweet. She holds it against her cheek. She doesn't touch it. She starts to crawl now from under the tree, but she cannot move. Kong heaves the tree up and she crawls out quickly.

CUT TO:

KONG

Watching her go, amused almost. He eats more, he steps over the Tyrannosaurus, he reaches for Ann, he plucks her up.

CUT TO:

KONG AND ANN - ANOTHER ANGLE

Moving into the great Garden behind them, the sun setting now, Kong's neck black with dried blood, Ann in his hand, the scent of overripe fruit about both of them.

CUT TO:

TYRANNOSAURUS

A terrible SCREECHING goes up and the scavengers of the Jurassic Age move in, the Archaeopteryxes, the first bird, tiny vultures, three claws on each wing, their teeth sharp as spikes. They move for the open wounds around the jaw first.

CUT TO:

CAVE - DRISCOLL

Swinging out, belaying himself out over the rock with the shred of vine that remains. Inching himself up, now gaining hand-holds and foot-holds, the vine dropping away, studying the side of the rock wall like a chessboard, picking his spots, hand hold, toehold, then gaining the top. He moves towards the edge of the ravine, and now a BRUSHING, a sound of a body moving, he looks through the scrim of ferns and sees a shape moving on the other side of the drop.

CUT TO:

DENHAM

Peering around, his rifle ready, waiting, hunting.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - DRISCOLL AND DENHAM

Facing each other across the ravine. They do not speak. They just look at each other. For an instant, Driscoll wants to turn to move away, as if there were some unspeakable bond between them.

Denham throws a rock across, as if to hail this stranger. It bounces at Driscoll's feet.

DENHAM

How do I get across?

DRISCOLL

Don't.

DENHAM

She's gone, isn't she?

Driscoll looks beyond Denham, only the dense woods, thickets, razor shafts of light.

DRISCOLL

Where are the rest?

DENHAM

All gone.

DRISCOLL

All gone?

DENHAM

Gone. Dead. They're dead.

Driscoll picks up the stone that Denham threw, pitches it, it falls down the ravine. There is not a SOUND back. There is nothing.

Now from the distance, far away, the distant BELLOW of Kong, a bird SQUAWKS, something scurries through the brush.

## DRISCOLL

Go back, get the rest, come back  
with the trichloride and the men,  
I'll track him.

Driscoll

And / is gone, darting into the wilderness. Denham moves back, turns around once, fires his rifle in the air as if to assure himself that he is alive.

Nothing answers, nothing moves. Denham starts running back towards the village.

CUT TO:

## GLADE - DRISCOLL

The clearing again, the sun shining through, the trees and brush an insanely ornate Victorian frame to the centerpiece of the Archæopteryx feeding on the Tyrannosaurus. It is peaceful, serene, the birds moving sedately and purposefully over the carcass like ferrying ants.

Driscoll watches for a moment, but the birds do not see him, or if they see him, they ignore him. The Tyrannosaurus' head lies like a monument, its body a ship attached to it. Only the sound of claws, moving over it.

Driscoll plunges down the trail.

CUT TO:

## FIELDS AND MARSHLAND

Tall grass and wild wheat, a wierdly cultivated place, nonsensical in this prehistoric world, but there it is, serene and beautiful, only mountain outcroppings along the side, and then, now rising out of the mist and the sunshine is Skull Mountain.

CUT TO:

## SKULL MOUNTAIN

Not a skull, but more just massive, threatening, an enormous geological monstrosity, yet beautiful, with its indentation and accidents of convex and concave contours, openings and closing all about, secrets everywhere.

And now, moving along the perimeter of the meadows at the base of it, through this rich pasture, is Kong, Ann cradled gently in his arm. As he moves, he snatches patches of grass, munches them as he goes. But they seem far away, a distant team, refugees from the forest, heading now for the high country.

In the foreground, Driscoll, moving doggedly, whipped by the nature of this place, not at one with it like Kong.

CUT TO:

# VILLAGE - GREAT WALL

Sailors guarding the open gates, looking out past the empty altar, into the jungle beyond.

CUT TO:

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Denham crouched around a fire with Englehorn and the remains of the party.

DENHAM

We'll go in the morning. We'll have to rig a bridge over the ravine, we'll pick up the trail there. Keep the watch up..

ENGLEHORN

The Malays stay in those huts, there's not a sound from that scaffolding. But I know they're there. And I know they're watching.

Denham looks around, the remains of the crew are watching him.

BRIGGS

(a petty officer)

The men don't want to go. They want to sail out of here.

Denham looks around.

DENHAM

They'll go.

The men look to Englehorn.

ENGLEHORN

(to the petty officer)

Briggs, take the watch.

Briggs looks at Denham. Englehorn cocks his rifle. Briggs moves off with a mate. They replace the others at the Great Gate.

CUT TO:

## INT. KONG'S CAVE

He enters with Ann under his arm.

CUT TO:

## CAVE - KONG'S POV

A vision from Dante, mists rising over a bottomless pool, the cavern thrusting overhead like a great airplane hangar, the walls arching in parabolas, the light fighting its way through, trying to illuminate the place from the openings at the bottom and the top, soaring buttresses inside, yet mostly shadow, cool shadow, a cool, dark, safe place.

CUT TO:

## KONG AND ANN

Profiled against the entrance to the cave. Way past them, in the meadows beyond, a dot -- Driscoll.

CUT TO:

## CAVE

Kong moving by the pool, he sets Ann down, splashes water on his face, drinks. He stands up, reaches into a crevice in the wall, coconuts and mangoes and palm leaves fall. He mashes a coconut against the cave, drinks.

CUT TO:

## ANN

Watching him, she has a wierd sense of safety now, a sense he won't hurt her, but the terror is always there, numbing, she is the one that seems robot-like -- but at this instant, as he keeps smashing coconuts and drinking, he seems strangely human.

CUT TO:

## KONG

He looks down at Ann, his great paw holds out twenty coconuts to her, she sees them all pulverized, the meat a mash of white-wash spilling over his hand. She turns away. He looks at her, he swallows the whole pulpy mass in his hand.

CUT TO:

## ANN

Looking upwards to the shafts of light admitted through the top of the cave, now back at Kong, leaning down to drink. She huddles against the side of the cave, she rubs her arms, her teeth begin to chatter, the cold is getting to her. She lies down, she pulls her chin to her chest, like some soldier in Korea who has given himself up to the snow, she goes against the moss and icy drop-pings of the cave, a little shelter where she can die.

CUT TO:

## ANGLE ON KONG

Watching her, looking at her, then away, at himself, grooming himself, picking at pieces of mud and flea, grooming more, the thousands of insects that live off this mammoth body, scurrying here, scurrying there, itching himself, scratching, biting at almost unreachable places.

Now looking up again, seeing Ann shiver, looking away then back at her. There are giant banana leaves in corners of the cave, which is more like a lair here, leaves and mud packed for insulation, and stockpiles of coconuts and mangoes and breadfruits. Kong reaches for some banana leaves which are wedged into a corner like newspapers and awkwardly, shambling, he brings them around to Ann and now he lays some on her, covering her body with these green immense blankets.

## ANGLE ON ANN

She freezes as he comes close, this reflex which is more involuntary than anything, the smell of him is like the earth under a thousand gardens, every move is accompanied with the noise of joints and breath and heartbeat, it is humanity unfettered, distilled, too much to take in at once and now as he moves away and as he gives in to these periodic fits of grooming and self-examination suddenly Ann's shivering stops, she looks at the shattered coconut which lies beside her, the meat wet, the shell cracked and ready to be picked. She reaches for it.

## KONG - SITTING UP

He watches her, waits for her to eat, he is very still now, waiting to see if she will share anything with him.

CUT TO:

## ANN - UNDER BANANA LEAVES

She turns the shattered coconut over in her hand, she smells it, and then suddenly and crazily she licks the meat, getting the drops of juice and now she bites it, the pieces flying over her face, she keeps eating, hungrily, with a kind of ravening desire until she is full.

Now she sinks back, falls on to the great leaves, sleeps.

CUT TO:

## KONG - SITTING UP

Watching her still, he takes a whole coconut in his hand, crushes it in his teeth, sucks the juice out of it.

CUT TO:



ANN

Waking on the sound, watching him, fascinated by the great jaws working. She reaches for another bite of coconut.

They eat together.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - KONG AND ANN

Ann falling back on the banana leaves again, prone, curling against the little overhang, drawing the stems up around her.

Kong, still watching her, sitting up, his great eyelids fall like curtains, he fights to stay awake, to watch her, but they drop inexorably and he sleeps.

And so does Ann. They sleep together.

CUT TO:

KONG - ANOTHER ANGLE

Showing the pool behind him, now rising from it, an ELASMOSAURUS, thirty-four feet long, the prototype of the great dragons which haunted medieval literature, an enormous snake with flippers, three anacondas sewn together, with great oar-like fins which propel it through the water.

It rises now behind Kong, a specter in the mists, a wraith curling upwards from the black pool, crystal ripples bouncing gently against the banks, lapping, and now as the Elasmosaurus leans back to get leverage to strike, to wrap itself with the speed and strength of 10-G force, the silence of the tomblike cave is shattered by Ann's SCREAM - nothing girlish, or hysterical, but deep and powerful, a SCREAM that comes from her toes, the leaves scattering, the particles of coconut running down her chin, Kong leaping up with the warning but too late, the Elasmosaurus is around his neck, Kong gasping, pulling at the coils as if he were on a gallows.

ON ELASMOSAURUS

Coiling, coiling, coiling, loops upon loops, squeezing the life out of its prey, the tissue constricting like a noose, the flippers at the end of the body flapping wildly, the hair and the mud and the leaves on Kong's body blowing as if a helicopter were over it.

ON KONG

Fighting to get free, he pulls an arm out, snatches at the tail, flails at it, punches helplessly like a man striking at the wind,



but no sooner does he reach out than the Elasmosaurus pulls tighter, the tail finding new niches in the body to coil itself around.

CUT TO:

KONG - ANN IN THE BACKGROUND

As he fights, she is almost capable of watching, the leaves drawn up around her like a curtain, edging into the hollows of the cave, falling for an instant on a rug of coconut juice, gaining her balance, holding on now.

CUT TO:

KONG'S HAND

This great hook, this enormous instrument with its opposable thumbs, reaches, gropes for the tail which is wound around his body like a noose, and now finding a grip, moving his hand up and down the tail like a wrestler, he finds his grip, his other hand searching out the head and suddenly Kong squeezes himself, the tail loosens for an instant, and Kong snatches the Elasmosaurus away from his body, and holds it in the air, the Elasmosaurus writhing, coiling to get free, its flippers at its base gyrating like wheels.

CUT TO:

ANN - WATCHING

Looking away now, sinking down, but reaching out at the same time.

CUT TO:

KONG

Teeth chomping down now on the Elasmosaurus' head, severing its neck and then in one ebullient gesture, slamming it against the rocks where it breaks into a thousand pieces, the cartilage and the tissue and the blood oozing into the black pool until it vanishes as if it never existed.

Kong climbs up on the embankment of the pool, he hits his chest, he roars with self-approval, he looks at Ann, now down at the pool, then back at Ann, proud, puffed up with his own strength, his mouth opening and closing for the air the Elasmosaurus denied him.

CUT TO:

MOUTH OF THE CAVE

Driscoll crouching in the tall grass, watching, and as Kong ROARS, he ducks his head, the echo almost too strong for his ears.

CUT TO:

## KONG AND ANN

Kong lifts her up now and he begins his climb up the cave, a great trail winding around towards the opening up top, the rocks crushed by his feet, lava-like, as if they had been pounded by a hundred horses, the darkness of the cave going to blackness now, nothing can be seen. Suddenly Kong's great simian profile is lit up, and Ann's hair and they are at the top, the oxygen rushing into their lungs, a buoyancy taking hold of them.

CUT TO:

## KONG'S EYRIE

A clearing which might have been built by some giant eagle, cut out of the side of the mountain, the sun blazing in on it, the LIGHT full and triumphant, and feeling the beauty and the uplift of the morning, Kong puts Ann down and now he beats his chest, the SOUND resounding all over the island, and he steps to the edge of the eyrie.

CUT TO:

## KONG'S POV

The whole island can be seen, the dense growth, the clearing at the village, the Indian Ocean beyond, and down below, a shimmering lake, the sun catching it, light waves, beaches beyond, all the paradise of Eden below him and he is moved again to ROAR and beat his breast and Ann now is standing up and looking down, seeing the impossible vista before her, her breath caught, moved by the beauty of this place, untouched, breathless, evanescent. .

Kong turns to her, he moves towards her.

CUT TO:

## ANN

Backing against the edge, now sliding down, and falling gently, fluttering like feathers coming down to rest, she goes OUT. Unconscious not from fear, but the impossibility of the situation, her terror and the exaltation of the moment.

CUT TO:

## ANOTHER ANGLE - KONG AND ANN

Kong sitting down again, picking at himself proudly, his head erect looking over at Ann, feeling her unconsciousness, and now he touches her. He brings his finger back, as if he had been shocked, and then just as quickly he touches her again. Her dress, a shred of cotton, the straps hanging loosely, the hem hanging, spattered with mud and grass, comes loose. Kong

pulls it looser, he smells the dress, he covers his nostrils with it, he tosses it away and now he touches her again. She comes awake, too terrified to scream, and now as he touches her again, all that is left of her dress is a piece, a shift covering her breasts and her pelvis and he looks at her, watching, waiting.

Ann does not move, she swallows, she looks into those great eyes and they look back, giant orbs, all-seeing, breath soft, brown jewels set in a head too big for any canvas - she keeps watching and he stares at her, he smells his hand again, he MOANS. She is very still, trying to control the strength and the urges she feels issuing from him - a spell over the two of them - some kind of sexual standoff - yet tantalizing, almost reachable, palpable, but the moment is SHATTERED by the SOUND of a rock falling.

CUT TO:

DRISCOLL - BELOW

He has shaken the rock loose, he darts back into a crevice of the cave.

CUT TO:

KONG

His head swivelling, moving to his feet, stepping back into the cave.

ANN - ANOTHER ANGLE

From above, unseen to her, a giant PTEROSAURUS has spotted her and is about to take off. An extraordinary reptile, a wingspan like a jet, some seventy feet, waiting at the top of the mountain like a hang-glider, waiting for a gust of wind to carry it up and out, and now the wind comes with a WHOOSH, and off it goes, sailing down gracefully.

CUT TO:

KONG - INSIDE THE CAVE

Suddenly, the light starts to close, like a shutter on the camera, he looks up and now he is in darkness, the mouth of the cave blocked by the shadow of the great PTEROSAUR. Kong ROARS in the darkness, heads back again for the mouth at the top of the cave.

CUT TO:

## ANN - PTEROSAUR

The winged reptile lifts her gracefully and silently with his claws, the great nails wrapping around her body like rings and then Kong, SPITTING, FUMING like a maniac, appears on the eyrie.

CUT TO:

## KONG - PTEROSAUR

This incredible airplane starts to WHOOSH away, this amphibian who spanned whole riverbeds in Utah and Texas, lifts upwards with the wind. It is not awkward, but slow, having to glide with the current because its wings are too big for its pelican-like body.

Kong lunges for it, snatches it out of the air, Ann falls to the edge of the eyrie. It is over in an instant for the great winged bird, Kong has torn its wings from its body, and is ripping its jaws apart defiantly.

CUT TO:

## DRISCOLL

He scoops Ann up, they run for the edge of the eyrie, where banana and palm vines twist down to the lake.

CUT TO:

## KONG

Oblivious, his jaws crunching down on the Pterosaur, now lifts it out of his mouth, and pulls the jaws farther apart.

CUT TO:

## DRISCOLL AND ANN

Driscoll going over the edge, Ann on his back, Driscoll lowering them down on the vine.

CUT TO:

## KONG

Still dispensing the Pterosaur, its wings folding as if it were going into a hangar now, Kong looking up and around, he sees Ann is gone.

Kong throws the remains of the Pterosaur over the edge, it scatters like ashes in the wind and now he moves to the vine and starts reeling it up.

CUT TO:

## VINE - DRISCOLL AND ANN

Going upwards, inevitably, they cannot move, they are stuck to this rope, Ann holding tight to Driscoll, her legs wrapped around his neck.

CUT TO:

## KONG

Swinging them up, and now they bounce against the wall of the mountain like climbers beating their way to their top, but they do not make it to the top. Kong swings them too hard. And they fall off.

And they go down. And down.

CUT TO:

## LAKE

Ann hits first, Driscoll about twenty feet away, they have jumped from cliffs higher than over the Colorado, they are stunned.

CUT TO:

## UNDERWATER - DRISCOLL AND ANN

Ann floating free, fighting for the surface, Driscoll swimming for her, trying to pull her up.

Now in the distance, an AMMONITE, a predatory mollusk, an immense chambered nautilus six and a half feet in diameter, a wall of pearl starts moving towards them, its tiny feet moving its body like a house across the ocean floor.

CUT TO:

## DRISCILL AND ANN

He drags her to the surface, he cups her chin, he starts paddling furiously for the shore, the Ammonite after them.

CUT TO:

## KONG - ON THE EYRIE

He pounds his chest in rage, his great arms flail towards the sky, he calls out with a great hunger, he peers down towards the lake, his arms reach out for Ann, he HOWLS again and now he turns and moves back into his cave.

## ANN - DRISCOLL

Ann looking back, Driscoll pulling her on, into the great forest, past the glade.

The sun sets.

CUT TO:

THE GREAT GATE - THE TOP OF THE WALL

Two sailors, standing watch, waiting, peering out into the night.

CUT TO:

BASE OF THE WALL

Denham and Englehorn with the remains of the crew, they are bearded, tattered, wasted, the remains of a pig hangs from a spit over a fire. They chew away at chunks on sticks, eating silently, nothing between them.

Waiting.

CUT TO:

TOP OF THE WALL - GONG

Sailor, looking down, he jumps up.

SAILOR  
(waving down)  
It's Driscoll! DRISCOLL!

CUT TO:

ANN AND DRISCOLL

Making the last leg now, Driscoll carrying her, he falls, lies flat out.

CUT TO:

DENHAM AND ENGLEHORN

Running to the gate, the crew heaves on the latch, the gate swings OPEN.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE GATE

Denham and Englehorn running towards Ann and Driscoll, they lift them up, Englehorn pours water on Ann's face, forces it down her throat. She holds on to the canteen.

She looks around for Driscoll, she holds on to him.

DRISCOLL  
Let's go. Let's get out of here.

Englehorn grabs Driscoll, lifts him, two of the crew members get a hold of Ann.



DENHAM  
What about Kong?

DRISCOLL  
Let's get out of here. I  
want to go --

DENHAM  
I'm not leaving here without Kong. I came to  
make a movie. And I'm going to make one.

DRISCOLL  
You'll never find him.

DENHAM  
He'll come.

ENGLEHORN  
Let's go, Carl, let's get out  
of here --

DENHAM  
We'll stay -- and Kong will come.

He turns to Ann.

DENHAM  
He'll come for you. He wants you.

There is a ROAR from the blackness beyond the wall. It SOUNDS  
again.

SAILOR  
(from the top of the wall)  
Kong! Kong!

The Sailor hits the gong with the great wand. Natives appear  
out of their huts, start running.

The Sailor drops from the wall, chickens and pigs and farm animals  
scatter from his fall.

Driscoll picks up Ann again, the group outside the wall run back  
through the gate. The gate closes. Natives are flying every-  
where through the village, the Priest and the Chief running away  
from the wall, Denham and Englehorn firing rifles above their  
heads, they turn back towards the wall as Kong bounces off the  
gate.

CUT TO:

GREAT GATE

From behind, Kong heaving his weight against it, the Natives  
joined with Englehorn and Denham and Driscoll now, trying to  
hold the gate. The gate keeps giving way, it splinters.

CUT TO:



ANN - WATCHING

She moves towards the scaffolding of one of the huts, she looks out towards the wall, sees the gate giving way, bending, holding, giving way again.

ANN  
(quietly)  
Kong. Kong

CUT TO:

GREAT GATE

Giving way now and the natives fly and looming up over it, omniscient, biblical, straddling the gate and the walls, his teeth bared, his chest breasting the opening, is Kong, whanging his chest with his fist, now ROARING, towering over the village, entering this civilization for the first time in his life.

He bellows, mad with fury.

CUT TO:

DENHAM

Yelling orders at the crew, trying to keep the band together, then turning and running for the beach.

CUT TO:

KONG

Running amok as the Malays do, seized by a frenzy, smashing huts, natives spilling out of them, Kong picking them up and flinging them against the wall, the whole native population running in every direction, bodies spilling out into the streets, mothers snatching them up from in front of the giant's feet - a cluster of natives mounting the scaffolding, flinging their bamboo spears at him, he plucks them from his hide like toothpicks, they keep throwing them, he keeps pulling them, and when their weapons are expended, he picks up a great fig tree in the center of the square and swipes at the scaffolding and the whole thing topples like a giant pueblo, the natives crushed under it.

The survivors start running, he picks up one last survivor, brings him to his mouth, the man struggles as if he were in the jaws of a whale and then he is thrown, pitched like a penny over the wall. The pigs are SQUEALING now, there are sheep running and chickens everywhere, a farmer runs out of his house, trying to drive his pigs, he sees Kong, he falls, and Kong steps on him, the imprint of his foot so great and so heavy, that the native is safe within the cave Kong has dug for him with his foot. But Kong looks down, sees him still alive and grinds him into an instant grave, twirling on the ball of his foot with rage.

Kong hurls a torch. The huts catch fire, they are all on fire now. The village a blaze. An apocalypse.

CUT TO:

## BEACH

The remains of the Crew launching the boats, some scattering into the waves, Englehorn pulling Ann towards the boats, but she won't go, she turns, sees Denham reaching into a canvas bag for his grenades. She runs towards him.

ANN

Don't! Just leave! Let's leave!

But too late. As Kong bears down on the beach, Denham lobbs the shell, it explodes, Kong stops in his tracks, a locomotive hitting a stone wall.

CUT TO:

KONG - CLOSEUP

Choking, he pulls at a spear in his side, he grasps at his throat, he ROARS with agony, he brushes at his eyes.

CUT TO:

ANN

Running towards him, she is in danger of falling under him. Driscoll takes off after her, tackles her in the sand.

CUT TO:

KONG

Coughing and sputtering like twenty machine guns, but he won't go down.

CUT TO:

DENHAM

Pulling the pins on two more shells.

CUT TO:

ANN

Getting up, yelling to Driscoll.

ANN

Stop him!

But Denham lobbs the last two shells rapid fire and Kong goes DOWN.

CUT TO:

KONG

Hitting the sand, now rising up like some great dust storm, all sand and eyes, a ghost, a mummy, moving down the beach towards Ann, coughing, choking, pulling at his neck, pulling at spears that are still stuck in his ears.

CUT TO:

DENHAM

Letting go with his last trichloride.

CUT TO:

KONG

again,

Hitting the sand /a powerful THUD, he rolls over, he is out. But his hand twitches involuntarily, it reaches out towards Ann, but then stops just short of her. She stands by his hand, looking into that great face, all thick with sand, the teeth like pyramids.

Now Driscoll comes to take hold of her. And she holds on to him. They look down at Kong. Denham walks up on Kong's chest.

DENHAM

We got him.

ANN

Get off of him!

Denham freezes.

ANN

I said get off of him.

DENHAM

What's the matter with you?

ANN

OFF! GET OFF!

She watches Denham clamber off of him. Denham moves now to one of the boats that was left behind. He gets out another tripod and camera, one of the crew moves with him. He sets up the tripod, and starts shooting.

CUT TO:

ENGLEHORN

Supervising the men as they start building a barge. The palms fall together, they are lashed by vines and banana roots.

CUT TO:

## THE GREAT WALL

The natives lined up on top of it, they raise their spears.

CHIEF

Kong! Kong!

CUT TO:

## POV NATIVES - TOP OF THE WALL

The Venture moves out to sea, a tow line stretching behind it, a barge attached to the towline.

CUT TO:

## BARGE

Kong - some of the sand dusted off of him now, tight in anchor chains, strapped on his back to the barge, his eyes closed, the sand spitting into the wind.

CUT TO:

## ANN

Hanging over the stern, looking towards Kong, the sand flying off Kong brushed at by her hand. She blinks her eyes.

CUT TO:

## DENHAM

On the bow, having rigged himself a position, shooting away. Rolling film.

ENGLEHORN

Will that chain hold him?

DENHAM

Until we get to Djakarta. Then we'll get the Dutch to forge us something stronger.

ENGLEHORN

You're not going to troop this thing all over the world.

DENHAM

I sure as hell am. That's the movie we're toing to make. And we'll publicize it. Kong the Eighth Wonder of the World!!!

CUT TO:

# PANAMA CANAL

The sunlight streaming down, the Venture put-putting through the locks, the tow rope now a cable, and the barge of cypress trees now a proper vessel, all creosoted and buttressed like a coal barge, but flat, Kong's great hulk filling the surface to its very edge, the sand blown off him now, chains upon chains draped over and around him, grappling hooks and heavy duty equipment strapping him down.

DENHAM (O.S.)

I've got three reels, Eddie.  
The capture, winching him on  
the barge, transferring him at  
Djakarta..yeah, yeah, we can pad  
it out to six...any stuff...stuff  
on monkevs...stuff on gorillas...  
anything. The thing to do is find  
a way to sell it.

CUT TO:

## ATLANTIC OCEAN - FLORIDA COAST

Ann and Driscoll looking over the stern, Driscoll checking the tow line. He has a pair of binoculars with him. He swings them away towards the shore.

DRISCOLL

Key West.

ANN

We're home.

DRISCOLL

What's "home?"

They look down over the stern, sea birds, sea gulls and plovers are perched on Kong's chest, still picking at the insect life which teems under the great mat of his chest. His eyes are closed.

DENHAM (O.S.)

...We want the whole Garden, Eddie..  
The whole Garden, I'll guarantee it...  
it's a party for Kong...it's a party  
for "The Eighth Wonder of the World"...  
You know, you fill out the rest. Blah,  
blah. -- Terrific! Blah, blah. --  
Stupendous!

CUT TO:

## STATUE OF LIBERTY

The Venture sailing past, Kong in tow.

CUT TO:

## EAST RIVER

The Williamsburg Bridge, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Queensboro Bridge, spanning the river. There is the SOUND of police whistles, boat whistles, fire boats, PAN DOWN to the SOUND, the fireboats are gushing their hoses, the River is clear as the Venture steams up it, Kong in tow.

CUT TO:

HOTEL LINCOLN - 8th AVENUE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A body profiled against the window looking down. The light of the Hotel illuminates her. We see hair, breasts, a slim waist.

ANN

They're pouring in.

DRISCOLL

Don't look.

As Driscoll speaks, he can be seen, he is bare, too, lying on top of the covers.

Ann crosses to the bed, lies down beside him.

DRISCOLL

It's ten thousand dollars. With ten thousand dollars we have a stake.

ANN

I keep seeing his face. I remember in Djakarta when they winched him up -- the look on his face --

DRISCOLL

You won't have to see it after tonight. We take Denham's money and we go away.

He gets up, takes a tuxedo off a closet door.

CUT TO:



EXT. MADISON SQ. GARDEN - MARQUEE

The marquee reads "KING KONG EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD, CARL DENHAM FILMS." Taxis are arriving, the street is jammed, the cops are fighting to keep the flow moving, King Kong pennants, King Kong balloons, King Kong hats.

WALTER WINCHELL (O.S.)

Good evening Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea. Tonight Carl Denham has done it. He kicks off a nationwide booking of his film "King Kong, the Eighth Wonder of the World" with a party for his star at Madison Square Garden no less, eighteen thousand lucky people have received invitations and not since the second Dempsey-Tunney fight has there been so much excitement in Baghdad-by-the Subway...they had to break the seats down in the whole Ninth Avenue end of the arena to get the monster in... co-starring with the great ape are Ann Darrow and Jack Driscoll, the supporting players in this preposterous story which has brought this county back to life...

CUT TO:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

A great tent rigged in the center, the arena full, tanbark on the floor, an apron curves out in front of the tent opening, and all of it is filled with Legong dancers, elbows and hips and tensed hands, moving gracefully to a Gamelan orchestra.

There is a lot of movement in the aisles, all the lights are still UP, no one paying much attention to what is going on onstage. The entire audience is in evening clothes, a circus atmosphere as vendors move up and down the aisle.

VENDOR

Git your Kold Kong beer here!

2nd VENDOR

Peanuts! Peanuts to feed the Great Ape!

3rd VENDOR

Git yet Kong face! Git yer rubberized Kong face and make friends with the big fella!

Someone reaches over to buy a beer. The Vendor hands it to him.



VENDOR

No charge. It's all for the price  
of the party. But don't forget to  
buy a ticket for the movie.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

A SHOWGIRL with her boyfriend is craning her neck.

SHOWGIRL

Ooh, honey, look there -- it's  
Harry Richman. Harry! Harry!

Harry waves.

SHOWGIRL

And Jean Harlow! Hi, Jean!  
Over here, Jean!

Jean waves over an ermine stole.

The Showgirl keeps scanning the Arena for famous faces.

SHOWGIRL

So what is this thing, honey?

BOYFRIEND

They say it's sort of a gorilla.

Just then a large man passes through and steps on her foot.

SHOWGIRL

Gee ain't we got enough of them  
in New York.

CUT TO:

WINGS - BACKSTAGE

KONG is mounted on a platform, buckled by a great steel belt  
around his waist and handcuffs which are chained to a great  
crosspiece behind him. He seems tranquilized, somnolent. There  
is great activity around him, stage hands moving back and forth,  
lights being set, Ann and Driscoll in the wings trying to stay  
out of the way.

ANN

I can't look at him.

DRISCOLL

He's not looking at you.

ANN

Where's Carl?

DRISCOLL  
Talking to the Mayor or the  
President or something.

ANN  
Who's President?

DRISCOLL  
Who's Mayor?

He holds on to her, she looks over his shoulder towards Kong.  
A stagehand flashes a spot on Kong, he blinks once, now looks away.

SOUND of applause as the gamelan band ends and the pit picks up  
"Fine and Dandy", vamp circus music, the rustle of the crowd  
building, the Stagehands moving into position to raise the tent  
ropes.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Denham pursued by Reporters and Photographers. He whips around  
on them.

DENHAM  
Just give me a chance with my  
cast here -- just one minute,  
fellas...

They wait, looking up at Kong. Denham comes up to Ann and  
Driscoll.

DENHAM  
Can you believe this? No one's  
got a nickel to rub together  
and this place went clean at ten  
dollars a head?

ANN  
Congratulations.

DENHAM  
They say the three reeler's  
going to clean up. This is  
the greatest publicity stunt  
since Barnum and Tom Thumb.

DRISCOLL  
You had more to work with.

The Reporters are bearing down on them. "What do you say, Carl?"  
"Let us at them, Carl."

DENHAM

All right, look pretty, act nice. Like Flash Gordon and Tess Truehart.

DRISCOLL

Whatever you say, Carl.

Denham leads them forward.

DENHAM

All right, fellas. Here they are. Ann Darrow, Jack Driscoll.

1ST REPORTER

Jack rescued you from the ape, is that right Ann?

ANN

He found me. All the crew that were with him was dead.

2ND REPORTER

So you were alone with him?

ANN

Yes, I was alone with him.

3RD REPORTER

How did that feel?

ANN

I don't know what you mean.

DENHAM

It was terrifying! Incredible! It's miraculous that she's alive.

DRISCOLL

It was Carl and his trichloride that did it.

1st PHOTOGRAPHER

Get between them, Carl.

DENHAM

No, it's Ann and Kong, that's your story. That's what's going to sell tickets.

REPORTER

Beauty and the Beast.

DENHAM

Good angle, fella. Beauty and the Beast.

Denham moves out in front of the audience. The curtain behind him, the band taciting.

DENHAM

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you  
for coming to Carl Denham's party  
for King Kong.

They applaud, shout, whistle. Denham raises his hand for quiet.

DENHAM

It was a strange and beautiful time  
in the East Indies. And no stranger  
and more beautiful than this magnificent  
creature whom we have brought home to  
show to you. Terrifying, yes - twelve  
members of our group are dead - but at  
the same time still magnificent, awe-  
inspiring, the creation of a kind and  
benevolent God who at the same time is  
stern enough to remind us of the terrors  
that await us in this world.

CUT TO:

WINGS - ANN AND DRISCOLL

Driscoll looking out towards Denham, Ann watching Kong, who seems  
half asleep, his head nodding against his chest, every breath  
he takes making the top of the tent billow.

CUT TO:

DENHAM

-- And now ladies and gentlemen,  
he was a king in the world he knew, but  
now he comes to civilization, a slave -  
New York City, I give you KONG, the  
Eighth Wonder of the World!

The band hits a FANFARE, the tent flies, the whole front and the  
top revealing the stage in depth and Kong pinned to the cross  
behind him, his steel stocks gleaming in the colored arena lights.

Ann comes out with Driscoll. The Photographers follow.

DENHAM

And now the first pictures of  
Kong in captivity...

The Photographers position themselves.

DENHAM

(to the audience)  
Ladies and gentlemen, Miss Ann Darrow.

And they applaud again, and Denham moves her across the stage, positioning her in front of Kong. As Denham holds her, there is the first GRUNT from Kong, this sleeping giant is alive, he looks down, the GRUNT comes again and as Denham releases her, Kong stops.

DENHAM

All right, get in front of him, Ann.

Ann turns. The first flasbulb goes off. Kong ROARS.

DENHAM

Let's get it over with. Get out there, Jack.

Another flashbulb goes off, Kong roars again.

1ST PHOTOGRAPHER

Put your arm around her, Jack.

Driscoll puts his arm around her.

DENHAM

All right, let it all go at once.

The flashbulbs start POPPING, Kong starts to roar, he struggles against the chains. The Photographers look up.

2ND PHOTOGRAPHER

Let's get in close. Then let's get out of here.

They bend in front of Ann and Driscoll, ANGLING up towards Kong. All the flashbulbs go at once, a BLAZE of light, the crowd roaring, Kong roaring back at them, he looks down at Ann blinking, frightened by the LIGHT and the SOUND, Kong ROARS back, and now the cross that he is chained to begins to buckle, he GRUNTS, he ROARS, a terrible HOWL now, and SUDDENLY he has broken LOOSE.

CUT TO:

WINGS - BACKSTAGE

Kong moving down from his platform, SHRIEKS everywhere, the audience running to get out of the way. SCREAMS and PANIC, the orchestra converging on the audience, the exits jammed, Driscoll grabs Ann, and they take off out the stage door.

CUT TO:

KONG

Awake now and wild, he beats his chest once, it is as if he were up on his eyrie again, he ROARS, he GRUNTS and now he takes off after Ann. He goes right through the side of the Madison Square Garden.

CUT TO:

CAR -

Coming up 50th Street, the wall goes out, the Driver swerves to avoid the building, goes into another building across the street.

CUT TO:

KONG

Stepping majestically through the side of Madison Square Garden, people running everywhere. The sound of SIRENS, SEARCHLIGHTS hit the sky. Kong's attention is caught by the car. He reaches into it, grabs the Driver, lifts him to his mouth, chews on him, throws him aside to the street like a piece of gum.

CUT TO:

HOTEL LINCOLN - DRISCOLL AND ANN

Diving through the revolving door of the hotel.

CUT TO:

KONG

Across the street, savaging a bus and two cars, sweeping cars out of his way, cars smashing up for blocks, reaching for the hotel, lifting the marquee off its hinges as if it were an erector set, throwing it across the street, through a restaurant window, food and patrons go flying, glass SHATTERING, the place a wreck.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - POLICE EMERGENCY DESK

SERGEANT

All units -- all units - Fire  
Police -- all units -- 111  
-- 111!

The Cop looks at the board, he pulls the plugs, he blinks at the board. A Patrolman next to him, starts putting in plugs, repeating.

PATROLMAN

111!-- 111!-- Madison Square  
Garden --

CUT TO:

HOTEL LINCOLN - WINDOW

A woman moves to the window to look down. Kong sees her, she is dressed in white, he moves for the cornice of the building.

CUT TO:



21ST PRECINCT

Police pouring out.

CUT TO:

PRECINCT GARAGE

Motorcycles roaring through the garage door as it lifts.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER PRECINCT - GARAGE

Open police cars pouring out, police with tommyguns, SIRENS screaming.

CUT TO:

FIRE STATION

A hook and ladder swinging out, HOWLING sirens, lights glaring, the hook and ladder ripping around the corner.

CUT TO:

HOTEL - KONG

Kong moving up the side of the hotel, the joints of the cornice giving him footholds, pieces of it dropping away, jungle animals that have been sculpted, LIONS and TIGERS and GREAT SNAKES, molded to the side of the building, dropping away and crashing to the street.

CUT TO:

THROUGH HOTEL WINDOW

The Woman at the window, now asleep in bed.

CUT TO:

REVERSE ANGLE

Kong looking at her, his face, the great incisors covering the whole verticle of the window. His teeth bared. He thinks he sees Ann.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kong reaching through the window, he grabs the girl and the bed and the rug under it all at once. The girl is frozen, now she SCREAMS, her SCREAM mingling with those of the crowds below.

CUT TO:

TOWARDS STREET

Thousands milling below, as if waiting for a jumper, hooks and ladders, police cars, searchlights PLAYING everywhere, a mob scene, a disaster, a tickertape parade, the thousands of New York who will pour out for anything jammed building to building across 8th Avenue.

CUT TO:

KONG

He looks at the girl, he searches her face, he wants recognition from her. It is not Ann, it is Ann that he wants and now he drops the girl like some discarded coin.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

The girl falling, plummeting, screeching down, the crowd parts as she hits the street.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

The SOUNDS of the mobs SCREAMING, Ann with Driscoll, in the same room they were in before, the hotel lights flashing on and off.

ANN

He'll find me.

DRISCOLL

Never.

ANN

He knows where I am. He'll find me.

CUT TO:

## KONG - ON HOTEL

Climbing the facade, his great eyes taking in whole floors at a time, people leaning out of windows, people huddling under beds, in closets, a poker game going on oblivious, and now Kong rises a floor and he sees Ann.

CUT TO:

## KONG'S POV

Looking down at the crowds again, a searchlight finds him against the building, it blinds him for a moment, the crowds are screaming for blood, a riot squad fires once at him, aimlessly, before they are called off. Kong looks in now through the window of the hotel room and he SMASHES the window.

CUT TO:

## DRISCOLL

Picking up whatever's at hand, a chair, a light, he strikes pathetically at the hand, Kong swipes at him and he goes down.

CUT TO:

## ANN

Looking at Kong, she is backed up against the corner of the room, waiting.

CUT TO:

## KONG'S FACE

Looking at her, almost swallowing, a moment it seems he has been waiting for, and now he reaches for her and takes her.

CUT TO:

## EXT. HOTEL FLOOR

Kong hanging from the building, swinging Ann over the street like a rag doll. The crowds are SURGING below, getting bigger, more fire engines, police cars, official cars, the noise is DEAFENING now, windows CRASH.

CUT TO:

## KONG'S FACE

He looks down, at the monstrosity below, teeming ants, lights playing, he looks up towards the familiar night sky, he starts climbing for it.

CUT TO:

DRISCOLL

Coming to, running to the window, looking up.

CUT TO:

DRISCOLL'S POV

Kong, Ann under his arm, moving up the building, swinging from corner to corner, moving quickly, using the cornices of the building like branches.

CUT TO:

HOTEL CORRIDOR

Driscoll running out, Denham coming through.

DENHAM

He's got her.

DRISCOLL

She's gone. She's gone!!

He dives into a stairwell, Denham following, they start sprinting up the steps.

CUT TO:

ROOFTOP - HOTEL

First Kong's hand fills the frame, then his head, and now his whole body as he hangs over the edge, holding Ann. He puts her down for a moment, he breathes in, the sense of being pursued gotten to him, he tries to breathe, he ROARS once, a terrible ROAR of fury and fear all at once. He looks down, more searchlights, the street and the sky above it a crosshatch of light and blackness, almost like the glade again but the light crisscrosses and finds him and loses him again. Some kind of dizziness seems to come over him. He looks to Ann.

CUT TO:

ANN

Backed against one of those rooftop hatchways, a skylight coming through, her dress torn and blowing, she waits, she does not move for an instant, she seems to hold out her hand to him, but then she withdraws it.

CUT TO:

KONG

Picking her up, moving to the edge of the roof, looking about wildly, not knowing where to turn, looking for branches, shade, trees, anyplace, some spire that will be his own.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

The tower picked up by a searchlight, piercing the night sky.

CUT TO:

KONG WITH ANN

He begins to move, straddles another building, disappears.

CUT TO:

DENHAM AND DRISCOLL

Bursting out on the roof, running to the edge.

DENHAM

We'll never catch him.

Driscoll suddenly grabs Denham by the throat, he starts to choke him.

And they sink to the ground together

CUT TO:

THIRD AVENUE ELEVATED

Kong moving down the street towards it, it blocks his path momentarily.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - ELEVATED

Kong lifting up the stanchion, ripping the tracks, the whole mess of steel and concrete and wooden ties flipping apart like an erector set.

CUT TO:

KONG

Climbing up on the elevated now, moving down the track, then swinging below it.

CUT TO:

ELEVATED TRAIN

Hustling down the track, jittering along at a feverish pace.

CUT TO:

KONG UNDERNEATH TRACKS

He pulls them apart, the SOUND of the approaching train seeming to enrage him.

CUT TO:

ELEVATED TRAIN

Coming closer.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATED CAR

Straphangers reading newspapers, looking listlessly at the ads. One of the ads "See Carl Denham's Eighth Wonder of the World - Kong!"

CUT TO:

ELEVATED LIGHT

The lead car, bulleting through, catching a reflection in Kong's eye, the pupil the size of the elevated light.

CUT TO:

ELEVATED CAB

The engineer peers down the track, he sees the tracks mangled and all in pieces, he tries to hit the brake.

CUT TO:

TRAIN

Going over the side of the track, dangling over Third Avenue.

CUT TO:



INT. CAR

The straphangers go dark.

CUT TO:

ELEVATED TRAIN

Still chugging ahead, the back cars, pouring into the gap made by Kong's pulling the tracks apart.

CUT TO:

FULL FACE - KONG

Peering through the windows of the elevated train, his eyes on a level with them, looking inside, the whole view Kong's massive head.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Everybody decked, sprawling, windows SHATTERING, legs and arms going every which way, SCREAMS of panic. Total hysteria.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVATED - KONG

Pulling the train down, lifting it off the track, every car.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

People tilted as if in a crazy house, pouring downwards, scrambling, screaming to get upright, but falling, falling out the bottom.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVATED

Kong lifting the last car, banging it against the track and stanchion, every scream from inside provoking him further.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

The last of the people climbing over each others' backs, slipping falling under each other, crushing each other to death.

CUT TO:

## POLICE CAR

Elaborate radio equipment inside, a Police Inspector manning it, all gold braid, Driscoll and Denham, both wrecks, collars torn, their coats ripped, Denham's neck blue from Driscoll's attack, a Sergeant next to the Inspector, in radio contact.

## SERGEANT

He's heading for the Empire State Building.

## DRISCOLL

Call Floyd Bennet. Get some planes.  
Get that Navy fighter squadron --

## DENHAM

You'll never get him there.

## INSPECTOR

He's going to the top.

CUT TO:

## FLOYD BENNET FIELD - LONG ISLAND

Four Navy fighters taking off, in the background, the Manhattan skyline.

CUT TO:

## AIRPLANES

Banking, heading for Manhattan.

CUT TO:

## EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

Kong climbing, Ann in his hand, floors at a time, making it to the deck on the 86th floor.

CUT TO:

## OBSERVATION DECK

Kong perched on it, looking around, the air seeming to ease him, the height giving him courage, he holds Ann by one foot, he seems unaware of her for the moment, she swings 86 floors above the street.

CUT TO:

## GROUND FLOOR ENTRANCE

The beautiful art deco entrance, banks of revolving doors.  
Denham and Driscoll and the police brass looking up.

CUT TO:

## GROUND FLOOR POV

The planes appearing over the mast of the Empire State.

DENHAM

Here they come.

DRISCOLL

I'm going up.

The Inspector grabs Driscoll.

INSPECTOR

Go up and you'll kill her.

But Driscoll moves into the building

CUT TO:

## PLANES

Coming into formation, setting up a battle pattern.

CUT TO:

## KONG

Looking out, moving up further, climbing the mast to the 102nd floor.

CUT TO:

## PLANES - ANOTHER ANGLE

Appearing in background to the mast and Kong. Kong seeing the planes for the first time.

CUT TO:

## KONG

Climbing as high as he can, right to the very top, to the little cupola that surrounds the mast.

CUT TO:

## PLANES

Buzzing the tower, getting a fix on Kong.

CUT TO:

## INT. AIRPLANE

The fighter-pilot and machine gunner, the wind whipping past their faces, their squinting to get a sight.

CUT TO:

## EMPIRE STATE MAST

Kong, holding Ann, almost protectively.

CUT TO:

## CLOSE-UP ANN

Looking towards the planes.

CUT TO:

## CLOSE-UP PILOT

Looking towards Kong and Ann.

CUT TO:

## AIRPLANE

The pilot leaning back to the machine gunner, pointing towards Ann. The Machine-gunner nods.

CUT TO:

## PLANES

Buzzing closer to Kong now, trying to intimidate him.

CUT TO:

## KONG ON MAST

Putting Ann down on the ledge now, taking up the challenge. He straddles the tower now, he lets out a roar that is swallowed up by the nothingness over the city. He beats his breast, the power pouring out of him, he raises his arms to the sky.

CUT TO:

PLANES

The Commander pointing, down, he peels off.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - PLANES

One by one they peel off and head towards the mast of the building, head towards Kong. They come dangerously close, provoking Kong who waves at them, tries to hit at them, they elude him.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kong profiled against the sky, raging against the heavens, his teeth bared in anguish.

CUT TO:

SQUADRON LEADER

Making a new pass, machine gunning away, the bullets spraying, shattering glass. Kong waves at him, tries to reach him, can't come near.

CUT TO:

SQUADRON LEADER

Doubling back again, firing, Kong reaches, misses.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER PLANE

Making a pass, banking in, firing away, Kong reaching, missing.

CUT TO:

THIRD PLANE

Banking, firing, eluding Kong.

CUT TO:

FOURTH PLANE

Banking, firing, really zipping close, and Kong hits at it, a wing jars loose, the pilot loses control, it spins crazily, starts smoking, zooms downward.

CUT TO:

## ANOTHER ANGLE - KONG

Almost a delayed reaction, reaching for his throat now.

CUT TO:

## SQUADRON LEADER

Banking in now, and shooting, pumping the rounds into Kong, the others jumping in, pouring in the lead, Kong starting to bleed now.

CUT TO:

## KONG

Poking at the wound in his throat, curious for a moment, looking at the blood on his hand.

CUT TO:

## PLANES

A new formation, coming in for the kill now, the three remaining in tight formation, machine guns smoking.

CUT TO:

## KONG

Reaching for them all at once, all of them eluding him, and as they peel by, still firing at him.

He reaches to the open sky now, hundreds of feet between him and the planes, the great chain from the Madison Square Garden appearance, still dangling from his wrist.

He rubs at his eyes, he cannot see, the blood is pouring over them, he staggers like a punch-drunk fighter, he looks down at the ledge, he looks at Ann.

CUT TO:

## ANN

Standing up now, looking right at him, not denying him. Finally, carefully, with the utmost hesitation and apprehension, she takes a step towards him.

CUT TO:



KONG

Receiving her, wanting her, reaching down for her, picking her up carefully, cradling her, showing her to the world, looking out towards the planes who are banking once more.

Now he holds her out over the city, as if he is going to topple with her, she arches backwards, then he brings her back in, and sets her down on the ledge.

CUT TO:

KONG AND ANN

Kong seems to sit for a moment, beaten, exhausted, he looks like a target now at a military base, riddled with holes, blood pouring from all of them, his neck wreathed in blood, his head in agony. He looks over to Ann. He tries to reach for her but he cannot make it. He looks longingly at her, his head swivels as the planes zoom by, his head wobbles, almost lifeless, he looks back towards her once more.

CUT TO:

ANN

Watching him, seeing him blink, seeing him look at her. Now she moves towards him, inexorably, the memories of the cave and the cold and coconut and the banana leaves surfacing, she moves towards him, she comes next to him, her hand reaches out towards his neck, the hand is immediately covered with blood, but she ignores it, she climbs up on the ledge towards his head, and her hand touches his forehead, an indescribable gesture, of great delicacy and understanding, he blinks, he seems to nod, he looks towards her, this MOAN seems to ooze out of him and now with his last drop of strength he climbs once more to the mast, he looks back once towards Ann, and then goes to the top.

CUT TO:

KONG - LONG SHOT

Just straddling the mast with his legs like a circus performer, the planes coming close, he raises his arms as if he were imploring the sky for something, the heavens, some far-off place of his unconscious, some God he worships, and now his whole body is exposed and the planes swoop in for the kill, hammering, hammering at him, he seems to topple, but then he is upright, one last time.

CUT TO:

102.  
ANOTHER ANGLE - KONG

He beats his breast, he roars, he looks at Ann.

Now he topples.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

Kong going down, hitting the side of the building, once, twice, three times.

CUT TO:

34th STREET

Kong hitting the street, the pavement cracks open, the whole street explodes, gushers of water, a tangle of wires, the whole thing like the innards of a human body and finally he comes to rest, in this grave below the street, trapped in telephone and electrical cable, the water running over him from broken pipes. A fire flashes from an electrical conduit, it sears his eye, the blood boils, he is dead.

CUT TO:

DOME

Driscoll and Denham coming up with the Inspector. They find Ann, her white dress covered with blood, pieces of hair all around, Ann in shock, spreadeagled against the side of the building.

She doesn't move. Denham doesn't move. Nobody moves.

DRISCOLL

Leave me alone with her.

Denham and the Inspector back off. Driscoll waits. Ann and he watch each other warily.

CUT TO:

STREET

Crowd around Kong's concrete grave. Cops with arms linked trying to hold the crowds back.

Denham tries to push through.

DENHAM

Let me through, Officer, I'm  
Denham.

The Cop looks at him, calls to an officer.

COP

Hey, Lieutenant --

Denham pushes through.

DENHAM

Lieutenant, I'm Carl Denham.

CUT TO:

LIEUTENANT

(recognizing him)

Carl Denham . . .

The onlookers buzz, as way is made for Denham to the great hole in the street. Denham comes abreast of the Lieutenant now, a ring of cops have circled the grave.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - KONG

Lifeless, his eyes looking skywards, forklifts moving in, fire engines dropping ladders, bodies climbing over the body.

CUT TO:

DENHAM AND LIEUTENANT

LIEUTENANT

Well, Mister Denham, the airplanes  
got him.

DENHAM

Oh no - it wasn't the airplane.  
It was beauty killed the beast.

DISSOLVE

SUMATRA - WEST COAST

A house in a clearing, a beautiful serene spot in the forest, banyan and banana trees, lattice over the windows, the house built up like a Batak house.

Mosquito netting around the windows and the porch. On top of the porch, a sign 'JOHN DRISCOLL, GAME WARDEN, SUMATRA, MALAYSIA'. A child drops off of Ann's lap. Ann is twenty years older. Driscoll sits down beside Ann. It is the end of a long day, the child playing near them with a Capuchin monkey. A Batak places a drink down for Driscoll, he sips it.

ANN  
(to the child)  
Careful, Evie.

The child reaches down gently, picks up the monkey, it sits around her neck. Evie trips down the stairs, the monkey holding tight.

Driscoll and Ann just sit there, looking out into the Indian Ocean twilight, there is CHATTERING of monkeys, bird calls, but a deep and almost powerful serenity to the place.

ANN  
You're thinking about him tonight,  
aren't you?

DRISCOLL  
Yes.

ANN  
Do you ever hear him?

DRISCOLL  
Sometimes I hear him.

Driscoll's hand reaches over for Ann's, she takes it. Driscoll looks at her but she doesn't see him. Ann keeps peering out into the distance, the sun is setting fast now and in the clouds hanging low, in the indigo dusk, in the terrible fires of the Indonesian twilight there seems to be an island out there, something rising up out of the great sea, and over the gentle slapping of the waves which seems to combine and grow until now there is a POUNDING, there is a MOAN from somewhere, and now the MOAN seems to get stronger for an instant, it seems to be a ROAR and then even that terrible SOUND is capped by the POUNDING, the POUNDING of fists on a chest.

And then suddenly SILENCE.

ANN  
Me too. I hear him too.

They are quiet.

DRISCOLL  
Dinner?

ANN

What?

DRISCOLL

I said, 'Dinner.'

ANN

Yes. Let's go inside.

But we don't see them as they disappear.

FADE OUT