

KING KONG

by

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"KING KONG"

FADE IN ON:

- 1 EXT. DOCK AND JETTY - NIGHT - (LOC. LOCATION) - seen from HIGH UP, dark and quiet but for floodlit activity around a ship tied at far end of quai.

INDONESIAN PORT POLICE - patrolling the quai. Signs on chain-link fence warn in various languages: "CLOSED DOCK. ABSOLUTELY NO TRESSPASSING! - The Petrox Corp. (Indonesia Division)".

- 3 THE SHIP AT QUAI - being loaded with supplies by sweating Oriental DOCK WORKERS. She is compact and super-modern, with much radar and such. Stern indicates she is the "SS PETROX EXPLORER", out of Houston, Texas. A house flag in the rigging shows an oil well straddling a globe which has "PETROX" inscribed around its equator.

- 4 FOREDECK OF SHIP - where things are being gotten ready for pushing off. Lines are being secured. Men are checking the tie-down and tarps over a pair of BULLDOZERS.

ANGLE TO two guys at a deck-load of pipes. JOE PERKO, cigar-smoking foreman of drillers. BOAN, one of his crew, huge black with shaved head and great muscles. Joe shakes his head in a bothered way at clipboard, is about to start aft when he sees someone wave. It is ROY BAGLEY, an oil geologist.

JOE

Hey, Bagley! Something's hay-wire -- they only loaded me enough pipe to push one test-hole less'n two thousand feet!

BAGLEY

It'll be enough.

BOAN

You gotta be kiddin'! On Bongatong we didn't come in till past twenty-six thousand feet!

BAGLEY

Take my word, fellas -- this hole proves out within two thousand or it's a write-off!

- 5 EXT./INT. SURABAYA WATERFRONT DIVE - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - smokey, noisy, crowded with SAILORS of many nations. In f.g. a drunk AMERICAN clings to an EURASIAN GIRL in a near-stationary dance. His jersey bears Petrox emblem. Draining rum drink over girl's shoulder he whistles at passing WAITRESS.

SAILOR

One for the road -- chop chop!

- 6 ANGLE OFF - to a man at the bar, watching this sailor. He is JACK PRESCOTT, in his 30's, perhaps a nice beard, certainly a face far too intelligent for this rotten joint. Waitress brings up the Sailor's empty glass, puts it down. BARTENDER looks questioningly at Prescott.

Prescott peels off a \$50 bill. Bartender quickly pockets it, lowers Sailor's glass out of sight. Then he produces a small vial of clear liquid, uncorks it, pours a few drops into the glass.

- 7 INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT - (STUDIO - TELEPRINTER - CLACKING out weather report. Read a snatch about "... extremely low pressure center moving NNE thru Banda Sea, winds of Force 6 with accompanying...").

- 8 ANGLE UP - TO FRED WILSON reading that too. Wilson looks like what he is: a pretty slick and tough oil executive from Petrox HQ in New York.

CAPTAIN ROSS comes in from the deck, the vessel's skipper with four-stripe tabs on his tropical shirt. He sees Wilson reading the report.

CAPT. ROSS

My advice is, we stay here in Surabaya another forty-eight hours...

WILSON

The hell with the weather. Every hour we hang around gives Shell or Exxon a chance of beating us to the island.

CAPT. ROSS

How could they? I thought we're the only ones who --

WILSON

Captain, we'll sail. Soonest.

Without awaiting an answer, Wilson exits.

CAPT. ROSS

(murmur)

You'll be sorry.

9 EXT. DOCK AND JETTY - NIGHT - (LOC. LOCATION) - AN OLD TAXI - rattling up to dock area gate. Prescott lurches out, drunk, sea-bag over shoulder. He is also now wearing Petrox-emblemmed jersey of Sailor who got the knock-out drops. Prescott wobbles up to PORT POLICE, fumbles for his wallet. As he gets it out, a wad of currency "accidentally" comes out, too, falls to the ground. Prescott seems unaware of that, and of the cop's foot which instantly covers it. Prescott has hardly gotten sailor's ID CARD out before he is passed through the gate.

10 FIRST MATE CARNAHAN - on bridge with bullhorn, calling:

CARNAHAN

Roll the gangplank ashore!
Dock hands ready on the bow!

11 PRESCOTT ON THE QUAI - crouched behind crates, totally sober as he watches Indonesians scurrying to obey the orders. Suddenly he sprints through light and shadow toward the stern of the ship, jumps from dock and catches a line dangling down there. Prescott swings there with sea bag, then starts inching precariously up.

well back

12 SHIP AND QUAI - as bi-lingual COMMANDS are relayed from HARBOR PILOT now up on bridge with Captain Ross. Lines are cast off. Engine telegraph RINGS. The SCREWS thrash up dirty harbor water. Slowly ship warps out against last spring-line, then that too is free. More water boils up astern as "SS Petrox Explorer" starts ahead.

13 WILSON AT RAIL WITH BAGLEY - watching dock slide away. The exec's eyes are bright with contained excitement as he lifts a cool gin and tonic.

WILSON

Here's to the Big One.

MAIN TITLE OVER:

13A THE SHIP - NIGHT - TRANSITION TO DAY - with SUPERED CREDITS, as it goes out to sea, and drops the pilot finally, and is alone in the Pacific. The CREDITS END.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 UPPER DECK OF "PETROX EXPLORER" - DAY - lashed with warm tropic RAIN which flies almost horizontal as the ship pitches in weird yellowish gloom of a typhoon's fringe. Tarpaulin over lifeboat in f.g. is raised slightly from inside. SEE Prescott, his face greenish, sick, fit to die. CAMERA MOVES to window of radio room behind. Through water beating on the glass you see the CHIEF and 2nd OPERATORS at powerful radio panels.

14A CHIEF OP - tensely trying to tune in something from a mess of WHISTLING STATIC. Then quite clearly:

RADIO VOICE
(accented English)
-- Mayday! -- Mayday! -- This
is the --

Accented voice FADES into static. Chief looks across to Second at DIRECTION FINDER panel, gets a headshake.

15 INT. DINING SALON - DAY - (STUDIO - ROCKERS) - CAPTAIN ROSS - eating heartily in rolling dining saloon. Down the table, not hearty at all, is Wilson. Ross sees the exec pause over a forkful, his eye fixed hypnotically on a SWINGING light fixture.

CAPT. ROSS
I'm reminded of Amsterdam, for
some reason. Ever eat a raw
herring chased with beer and a
scoop of ice cream?

Wilson gulps and rises, bolts out into the tempest. As Ross resumes eating, faintly pleased, phone on bulkhead BUZZES. Ross gets up, takes handset.

CAPT. ROSS
(continuing)
Skipper.

CHIEF OP'S VOICE
We picked up an SOS. Low power
signal, it faded before we could
get vessel or its bearing.

CAPT. ROSS
Check with Singapore Center,
keep listening, Let me know
if you get anything.

Wilson comes back in as Ross hangs up phone. He looks awful. Though he was out but a few seconds, he is drenched. Capt. Ross watches him sit again, feels slight compassion.

CAPT. ROSS
(continuing)
We could get out of this stuff
by backtracking around Timor
Island. The hitch is, it'd
cost us a couple of days.

WILSON
Keep on course, Captain. I'm
fine.

Wilson stiffly forces a forkful of food into his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CAPT. ROSS

I got to say, for a New York
desk guy, you have some guts.

WILSON

Guts, hell -- I have my neck on
the block. I peddled this one
to the board. If that island
doesn't produce huge, I'll be
wiping off windshields.

16 THE SEA - FROM ABOUT A MILE HIGH, the storm now passed. The
"Petrox Explorer" is a toy ship on the blue, leaving behind
it an arrow-straight wake.

17 OMIT

18 A FORWARD HATCH - where Joe and Boan sit playing pinochle
with Seamen TIMMONS and GARCIA. The well-worn deck of cards
is one of those with nude calendar-type girlies on the back.
Joe pauses, considering his next play.

JOE

I kinda hate to let this beauty
go --

Joe shakes head, tosses her into center where she is in-
stantly pounced on by Boan. Suddenly the guys become aware
of something. SHUDDERING below as rudder is put over, ship
begins steady turn to starboard.

BOAN

What are we swinging south for?

TIMMONS

I dunno. That island we're
headed for is due east.

Soft alerting BONG from ship's P.A. speakers, and then:

CAPT. ROSS

(from P.A.)

All hands -- this is Captain
Ross. All drillers and ship's
crew not on watch, assemble in
the mess room for an announcement
of interest. Thank you!

Another BONG, and silence. Boan makes a face.

BOAN

Oh, man. I bet we've been sold
to Howard Hughes and we're in
the CIA. Shee-yit!

19

INT. CROWDED MESS ROOM - DAY - (STUDIO) - air very informal, many of the men just in shorts. Room is partly darkened as Wilson stands by a ready slide projector and talks:

WILSON

WILSON

We'd have told you before, but I couldn't risk anyone talking until we were on high seas. Men, we may be sailing into the history books., I believe we're headed for the biggest oil strike ever -- right here in the magic circle --

Wilson CLICKS the slide projector.

On screen appears projection of an ocean chart, almost totally blank except for depth-shadings and submarine contours. A course line is drawn along a heading of 174 degrees, nearly due south, terminating near bottom of chart in a drawn circle.

MURMURS from around. ANGLE to SUNFISH, a part-Cherokee driller from Oklahoma.

SUNFISH

POX #4 (That's magic, all right!) We gonna find oil under 2,000 fathoms of deep blue sea?

WILSON

That's what the charts put there, yes -- just deep blue sea. Now look at a low-level photo of the area --

20

PHOTO ON SCREEN - an old black and white, showing nothing but a long low fog bank hanging over the sea, with a pattern of distinctive wisps rising over one end.

WILSON

This one was taken in 1943, we dug it out of Navy files. As the charts say, no sign of land -- just a fog bank you wouldn't look at twice. Here's another picture from precisely the same camera angle, we took it from a company plane two weeks ago. Same area of ocean, over a quarter century later --

CLICK as slide changes. New photo is amazingly like the first except for being in color. Even those towery wisps rise in a near-identical pattern. HEAR more MURMURS from the room, a couple of low WHISTLES.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

WILSON

(continuing)

Amazing, huh? A bank of fog that doesn't change a hair in thirty-five years. Fan-tas-tic. But still nothing for us to explore except for one reason --

21 WILSON - knowing he has audience in his pocket, loving it:

WILSON

-- an NSA spy satellite went way off course and photographed it by mistake. Correction -- for two reasons. The second is that I personally got hold of these super-classified pictures via a donation I made to someone in Washington, D.C. No names, but I think he lives on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Some LAUGHING and CLAPPING at that.

WILSON

(continuing)

Roy Bagley? Would you take over with the science?

As Bagley moves to projector, ANGLE to door from deck. It opens briefly, someone enters. It is Prescott. The door shuts, he is lost in shadows at the rear.

BAGLEY

That satellite was supposed to be analyzing exhaust gases of a Chicom missile test, so it was loaded with two special kinds of film. First, the infra-red...

22 PROJECTION ON SCREEN - now showing a vari-colored but sharply defined mass shaped roughly like a human skull.

BAGLEY

"The different colors represent different surface temperatures --

JOE

You mean there's land behind that fog?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

BAGLEY

Correct, Joe. An island hidden by a perpetual fog-bank -- never seen by human eye nor walked by human foot. Those infra-red patterns aren't like any I ever saw. Even more surprising, though, is what the spectrograph picked up.

Another CLICK and screen now shows brilliant color bands, overlapping and melting into each other.

BAGLEY

(continuing)

Chemical composition of our mysterious low fog-bank --

(pointing to bands)

Free Hydrocarbon radicals -- excess nitrogen -- carbon dioxide far above normal -- not poisonous but very damned curious. This must result from vapors seeping up through the ground. I'll add my guess to that -- seeping up from petroleum deposits.

ANGLE to Wilson, stepping out with an expression of near-fanatical intensity.

WILSON

Guess, hell -- that island is the tip of a huge underground tank, just waiting for us to twist the cap off. I'm betting everything I got on it.

PRESCOTT

I'll take fifty cents of that.

23 PRESCOTT - somewhat backlit by window in the darkened room, so he is not easy to make out clearly:

PRESCOTT

There's all kinds of things that might account for the excess CO-2, for example. One would be animal respiration.

BAGLEY

What?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

PRESCOTT

Animal breathing. I also got to question that human feet have never walked that island. In 1605 Pero Fernando de Quieros was blown south from the Tuamotu Archipelago. He wrote in his log of "piercing the White Veil" -- that's the cloud, obviously -- and landing on "the Beach of the Skull" where he heard the "roar of the Greatest Beast". The rest of that log entry, unfortunately, was suppressed by the Holy Office in Rome.

WILSON

What are you talking about? Who are you?

Prescott ignores that, walks forward as he keeps talking in a quiet but spellbinding manner:

PRESCOTT

In 1749 a waterlogged lifeboat was picked up in this same area. It was empty. But drawn in blood on a thwart was a likeness of some huge slouchy humanoid thing, and this strange warning: "from thy full-moon wedding with the creature who touches heaven, Lady, God preserve thee". I also heard of a note in a bottle written by a dying Japanese submariner in 1944, but I haven't been able to track that one down.

24 WILSON - consternated, burning to Carnahan:

WILSON

Who in hell is this joker?

CARNAHAN

Don't ask me.

WILSON

What? -- He's wearing one of your crew jerseys!

PRESCOTT

Take it easy -- I'll pay any fair amount for my passage.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

Wilson has whirled, almost speechless.

WILSON
You're a -- stowaway?

PRESCOTT
(nodding)
Jack Prescott, I'm from Princeton.
Department of Primate Paleontology.

WILSON
Department of -- you lying
bastard, you're from some other
oil company! How did you get
wind of this?

Startled by the vehemence, Prescott takes a step backward. Wilson moves after him, suddenly becomes aware of all the crew watching him.

WILSON
(continuing)
Okay, men. The meeting's over.
That's all.

25 INT. DINING SALON - DAY - (STUDIO) - CAPT. ROSS - unpacking Prescott's sea bag on table. Clothes, books, camera equipment... nifty Nikon with motor-drive, long lenses, all the goodies. ANGLE to Wilson standing over Prescott, looking at his U.S. passport. In b.g., Garcia and Sunfish wait in doorway. A beat, then Wilson throws down the passport scornfully.

WILSON
Hell, it doesn't mean a thing.
Gulf or Exxon could fix you a
phony passport so neat even
Kissinger couldn't spot it.
(touch)
For the last time -- who in
hell are you?

PRESCOTT
I'm Jack Prescott. I admit I'm
interested in your island --
but not to do with oil.

WILSON
Jack, you're not even a fair
country liar. There is NO WAY
you could've found out in Surabaya
where we were headed.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

PRESCOTT

You bought charts.

WILSON

Come on. Don't make me get rough.
Who did you pay off in Washington,
the crooked son of a bitch?

PRESCOTT

They hadn't sold charts for this
area in years. When a friend of
mine tipped me, I figured I'd take
a chance.

CAPT. ROSS

You know, he's right -- I did
pick up charts in Surabaya.

WILSON

So what? He'd guess that.

(turning)

Take this lousy spy below and
lock him up till he's hungry
enough to quit spouting ape-shit.

Garcia and Sunfish move forward.

26 EXT. SHIP DECK - DAY - (MOTION - LOC. LOCATION) - as Garcia
and Sunfish escort Prescott like a prisoner. Suddenly
Prescott halts, his eye caught by something out over the
sea. He stares, points.

PRESCOTT

Look out there --

GARCIA

What's the point of games, amigo?
You can't swim a thousand miles.

PRESCOTT

Honest to God -- please look
out there --

27 THE SAILORS - touch his elbows to hustle him along. Prescott
suddenly breaks and dashes up a companionway to the bridge
level above. Pursued, he runs out to end of bridge wing
where Timmons is lounging around on watch. Again he
points.

PRESCOTT

Use your glasses -- about ten
o'clock and wait for a swell!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

Timmons looks at him oddly, lifts his binoculars and peers off just as Garcia and Sunfish arrive to grab Prescott.

TIMMONS

What am I looking for?

PRESCOTT

I don't know exactly, I just thought I --

SUNFISH

Nothin' is what you're looking for --

(to Prescott)

Now come on!

Sudden reaction by Timmons. PUSH IN on him.

TIMMONS

Son-of-a-bitch. It's a raft.

28 RAILS OF SHIP - lined with most every soul on board. Prescott is not among them. The men are all gazing off and downward in a near religious way. ANGLE AROUND to what they are seeing.

An orange rubber lifeboat drifts about 50 feet off. In the wet bottom is sprawled an UNCONSCIOUS GIRL. An arm trails over the rubber into the warm sea. She wears a very clinging and revealing evening gown. Naturally her clothing and coiffure are a mess. Despite that, or perhaps because of it, she looks absolutely terrific.

29 THE SHIP - almost dead in the water nearby. Stairs have been lowered along the side, with Carnahan and Joe and Boan and some others poised on the platform at bottom, holding boathooks. Capt. Ross is watching from bridge wing, calls to the wheelhouse.

CAPT. ROSS

Steady as she goes! Dead slow astern on the starboard screw!

RING of engine room telegraph. The ship bears down side-wise on the raft, slow and easy. Boathook snags the raft. Everybody on platform is willing, to say the least, but Boan gets there first. The Girl is lifted. Sort of gingerly, Carnahan touches a hand to the warm breast and then calls up to the ship:

CARNAHAN

She's alive!

30

INT. CAPTAIN ROSS'S CABIN - DAY - (STUDIO) - as Ross opens door and stands aside. Boan carries the Girl in, followed by Joe and Carnahan... and would be followed by another ten guys pursuing in the corridor if Ross did not stand in their way. The Girl is placed down on berth.

JOE

I've had First Aid training.
If you'll all clear out, I'll
examine her.

CAPT. ROSS

I guess you'll have to undress
her, huh?

JOE

It's usual, sir. In case of
-- uh -- internal injuries and
multiple shock syndrome?

CAPT. ROSS

Get outta here.

The skipper's thumb indicates the door. The guys exit quick. Ross shuts the door as Carnahan gently rolls girl on her side, turns out seams of her nearly backless gown till he finds a label. Wilson enters.

CARNAHAN

I. Magnin, Beverly Hills. No
gross injuries that I can see.

Carnahan is rolling her back and starting to take pulse when Capt. Ross notices something in gown's pocket. Takes it out. Waterlogged paper of matches, on cover a string of colored marine code-flags. Ready them:

CAPT. ROSS

C-y-n-a-r-a. Cynara. Yacht,
sounds like.

WILSON

Boy. You'd sure have to be a
careless yachtsman to lose this
one overboard.

CAPT. ROSS

We heard an SOS, remember?

31

THE SHIP - NIGHT - brightly lighted, rushing through a phosphorescent sea.

31A

INT. PRESCOTT'S CABIN - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - CLOSE IN on a porthole not far above waterline. See Prescott in a small lousy cabin, vainly POUNDING on locked door.

32 INT. RADIO ROOM TELEPRINTER - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - knocking out a long printed sheet. You read a line or two: titles of scholarly articles by one J.F. Prescott on "Early Gorilla Remains in Tanganyika", and the like. ANGLE to see Wilson reading it too, as Bagley stands beside him, watching the slowly turning cylinder of a radio facsimile receiver.

BAGLEY

I guess you can stop sweating,
Fred -- here comes a copy of his
U.S. Navy records, with a set of
fingerprints. The guy's kosher.

WILSON

Yeah. And I know just how to
use him, too.

33 INT. PRESCOTT'S CABIN - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - PRESCOTT ON BUNK - in that lousy cabin, which vibrates like it is right over prop shaft. SOUND of key in lock outside. Prescott turns his head. Door opens. Wilson.

WILSON

The skipper thinks she's about
to wake up. She could be
hysterical so follow me.

Prescott staring at him.

WILSON

(continuing)

One year of med school before
you switched to zoology, right?

PRESCOTT

'What've you got? Crystal balls?

WILSON

Jack there is nothing I haven't
checked about you. I know the
day and hour you first jerked
off. Come on.

33A PRESCOTT - rises, follows Wilson OUT. As they walk down corridor toward a companionway up:

WILSON

What we gotta figure now is
some way for you to work off
your room and board...

(stops, like
struck by a
sudden idea)

Say... you're pretty good with
that camera junk of yours, eh?

(CONTINUED)

33A CONTINUED:

PRESCOTT

I've snapped a few monkeys.

WILSON

That's it. Congratulations, you are now this expedition's official photographer.

PRESCOTT

"Fred Wilson Brings In The Big One". Cover of the next Annual Report, right?

Wilson starts a slow grin, suddenly wipes it off.

WILSON

You dumb jerk. I'm just thinking of the history books.

34 THE GIRL - lying on her back in the same gown on Ross' berth. Wilson and Ross watch from b.g. as Prescott breaks an ammonia ampule, waves it in general region of her nose. The Girl stirs, makes some unclear SOUNDS, then her eyes flutter open.

PRESCOTT

Hello. There's nothing to worry about. You're safe and well on an American merchant vessel.

Silence. The Girl's eyes flick around as she is making a tremendous effort at thought.

THE GIRL

Where's Harry and everyone?

Nobody says a word.

THE GIRL

(continuing)

You mean they're -- gone.

PRESCOTT

Do you remember anything?

THE GIRL

No. Yes. I was up on deck by myself and then --

(dazedly, wondrous)

-- I was swimming to a star.

CAPT ROSS.

To a light.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

PRESCOTT

Why not let her call it a star?

CAPT. ROSS

By a miracle, a life raft was blown overboard near you. It was self-inflating, with an automatic flare.

WILSON

I'm afraid the yacht didn't last long after getting off her SOS. Radio Singapore reports someone has already found a charred piece of her hull.

The Girl's eyes suddenly flood with moisture.

CAPT. ROSS

We're terribly sorry.

THE GIRL

Me, too. Harry had discovered me, he promised to put me in a movie he was making in Hong Kong.

PRESCOTT

Bum luck.

THE GIRL

I guess I won't complain. When you're adrift alone in the South Pacific and someone --

(eyeing Ross)

Who spotted me, by the way?

CAPT. ROSS

He's standing right over you.

Dwan looks directly up at Prescott. Eyes meeting.

THE GIRL

How can I ever thank you?

Prescott looks at her, then down at his feet. The Girl understands.

THE GIRL

(continuing)

I'm Dwan.

Blank incomprehension.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED (2):

THE GIRL

(continuing)

D-W-A-N, Dwan, that's my name.
Like "Dawn" except I switched two
letters -- to the more memorable?

PRESCOTT

I'm a mere Jack.

DWAN

You're kidding, Jack. How could
someone who saved my life ever be
mere to me?

PRESCOTT

(awkwardly)

Come on -- let's clear out of
here and let her have a rest.

DWAN

Boy, I haven't had a good one
of those in years. Are we headed
back to Singapore?

CAPT. ROSS

Not directly, ma'am.

DWAN

That's okay, I'm not in a rush.
Probably Harry wouldn't have put
me in a picture anyway, he --

(stops, struck by
an amazing thought)

My God. What a meaningful miracle
-- I owe my life to a movie!

WILSON

Is that so.

DWAN

I swear to God. Harry was showing
a movie I refused to watch -- that's
why I was up on deck when the yacht
blew up. Ever met anyone before
whose life was saved by "Deep Throat"?

There is no answer to that. Dwan smiles. What with her
still moist eyes, it is as radiant as a rainbow.

DWAN

(continuing)

Hey. Maybe my luck's changed!

DISSOLVE TO:

- 35 MONTAGE SEQUENCE - DAY - showing little vignettes as ship plows along and courseline creeps southward over SUPER-IMPOSED MAP:
- A) Dwan outfits herself in shirts and jeans belonging to smallest member of crew, the Chinese cook, and alters them deftly with needle and thread.
 - B) Captain Ross shoots the sun with his sextant.
 - C) Prescott cuts bait for Dwan as she fishes off the stern and seabirds fight for garbage in the wake.
 - D) Drilling gear is checked by Joe and his guys.
 - E) A strange thing is going on: Seaman Timmons is at the rail, holding Garcia upside down over the side by his ankles, and Garcia in turn is holding Sunfish upside down by his ankles -- and the end of this human chain is Sunfish's upside-down face at a porthole of cabin below, looking IN. Then CAMERA CLOSES IN and you see why. It is the porthole of Dwan's cabin, and inside she has just come from the shower and is toweling herself off in nothing but the wisp of bikini panties she had on under the gown she was rescued in. ANGLE UP to Prescott, walking along the deck. He sees Timmons, does a sudden take as he realizes what is going on. Prescott walks up behind Timmons, gives a sudden YELL right at his ear. Timmons jumps. SPLASH! Garcia and Sunfish go dropping into the Pacific. And as the "Man overboard!" cry is given and the drill started,

MONTAGE DISSOLVES INTO:

36
thru 40A OMITTED

- 41 EXT. SEA AND FOG - DAY - (LOC. LOCATION) - THAT LOW CLOUD OVER SEA - recognizable from the photos. The towery wisps of fog, the shape -- everything unchanged. First rays of DAWN SUN strike the top, pour down over it and across the ocean like molten metal.
- 42 THE SHIP - against the rising sun, moving very slowly in this direction.
- 43 WING OF BRIDGE - where Wilson and Ross and Prescott are all gazing fixedly ahead through binoculars.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

WILSON

(hushed)

I always wondered how Cortez felt when he first saw the Inca treasure. El Dorado.

CAPT. ROSS

Me, too.

PRESCOTT

Actually, it wasn't Cortez -- it was Pizzaro. And he died busted.

43A THE SHIP - CLOSER - passing BELOW CAMERA, all kinds of interesting activity on its decks. Anchors are being cleared, shore boats unleashed for launching, and so on. See radar antennas spinning. HEAR faint RINGING of the engine room telegraphs. Water boils up behind, the ship's forward motion being rapidly checked as bow anchors RATTLE out and hit the water with huge splashes.

44 INT. BRIDGE - DAY - (AT ANCHOR - LOC. LOCATION) - RADAR SCREEN IN WHEELHOUSE - where OPERATOR is adjusting the fine-tune as Wilson and Bagley watch. Now a green BLIP starts tracing a repeated irregular line which rises to a high point toward the right before zagging down and leveling off. As he tunes that in:

RADAR OP

Here we go. Solid land, all right -- you're looking at its profile, east to west --

BAGLEY

Typical Pacific formation, it looks like --

(pointing it out)

This'd be the slope up from the beach -- mountainous sector here at the west --

Suddenly something different on the screen. Near that mountainous rise the BLIP is outlining some REARING SHAPE which rises a tiny bit ABOVE the regular line, MOVES for an instand and then is VANISHED.

44A THE MEN'S FACES - as they watch, and Op fiddles with knob.

WILSON

What the hell was that?

(CONTINUED)

44A CONTINUED:

RADAR OP

Just a glitch. False echo.
Off a flock of seagulls, maybe.

Prescott APPEARS in doorway, loaded with camera things.

PRESCOTT

Spot anything unusual?

WILSON

Not a thing, Jack --

PRESCOTT

Look at the screen.

Wilson does, sees nothing, then understands. Prescott has the Nikon ready. Keen-eyed, Wilson watches the radar as Prescott CLICKS pictures.

45

EXT. DECK - DAY - (AT ANCHOR - LOC. LOCATION) - DWAN - paused on a companionway and looking at her reflection in a window, arranging her hair just a tiny bit. Satisfied, she runs on up. She has cut off a pair of jeans very short and frayed the edges, which with legs like hers, is only sensational. Emerging on the deck above, she hurries past busy sailors who pause and WHISTLE at her. She is pleased by that, cheerfully WHISTLES back at bare-chested Boan. Near top of the gangway stairs which are slung outboard to motor launch in water below, Dwan finds Wilson and others getting ready to go down. She smiles, does a modelish turn.

DWAN

Bonjour! How's this for beach wear?

WILSON

Fantastic. But I'm afraid --

DWAN

Hey, wait a minute -- I'm going ashore in the first boat.

CAPT. ROSS

You really should wait till we get a recon done, ma'am.

DWAN

The hell I will!

(going seductively
up to Wilson)

You want full coverage of this landing, baby, you want me in it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

DWAN (cont'd)
A healthy American girl?
Saved from an exploding yacht
by "Deep Throat"?

Dwan throws an arm around Wilson's neck, presses her cheek to his and smiles big toward Prescott as he CLICKS off a bunch of shots with the motor-driven Nikon.

WILSON
Hey, don't print those -- I'm a married man!

PRESCOTT
Smasheroo. Guaranteed cover of "People" magazine. ~~✗~~

WILSON
Well, print just one.

DWAN
Come on, Mr. Wilson, I need the break and you owe it to me -- I am the holder of a Petrox credit card! -- Dammit, I am. Radio your computer and ask.
(under his stare)

Okay, so my payments are a few months overdue. You're biting me eighteen percent interest plus the late charges.

WILSON
Ms. Dwan, you have fought and clawed your way into my hard heart. Climb aboard.

Dwan kisses Wilson warmly on the cheek, turns to Prescott.

DWAN
Maybe it's him. I had my horoscope done before I flew out to Hong Kong -- it said I'd take a trip over water and meet the biggest person in my life.

46 MYSTERIOUS SWIRLING WHITE - which is the seaward edge of the low cloud bank. ANGLE OFF to see ship's motor launch approaching. Prescott is snapping pix. Timmons and Garcia are up in the bow, Carnahan and Wilson at mid-ship control post, with Bagley and Joe and Boan toward stern. Reducing speed, the launch DISAPPEARS into the white fog.

- 47 LAUNCH IN THE FOG - ghostly and unearthly, moving very slow now. Bagley watches gauges of a weather instrument, with sensors in the air and over the side in water.

BAGLEY

Interesting. We're in a lateral surface-current eighteen degrees cooler than the air.

WILSON

Interesting why?

BAGLEY

The fog began exactly at the edge of it. It might lift when we get through.

CARNAHAN

(watching indicator)

Crossing twenty fathoms -- shallowing rapidly!

GARCIA

(calling from bow)

This soup's thinning out ahead!
I think I hear breakers!

Instand HUSH. Carnahan knocks prop to neutral, cuts engine to idle. Very faint, HEAR waves on rocky shore.

- 48 EXT. BEACH - DAY - (KAUAI) - THE VIEW AHEAD - as boat's momentum carries it on. The fog lightens. Then as if by magic, an ISLAND SHORE appears at some distance. Dark and mysterious, looming black cliffs, beating waves around one distinct crescent of white sand. Carnahan picks up mike of radio, pushes the talk-button.

CARNAHAN

Shore boat to Explorer --

- 49 EXT. SHIP - AT ANCHOR - DAY - (LOC. LOCATION) - FOREDECK OF SHIP- where those aboard are all stopped still and listening to Carnahan's CONTINUING VOICE which is carried over P.A. SPEAKERS:

CARNAHAN

-- It's not so much a cloud as a curtain around the island. We just broke through into the clear and there's a landing beach dead ahead. In two words -- no problems. Out for now.

Some clapping and whistling. Capt. Ross grins up on bridge, continues on into wheelhouse.

50 EXT. BEACH - DAY - (KAUAI) - THE LAUNCH - entering breakers, yawing through them as Timmons and Garcia jump down with lines followed by Joe and Boan in the stern. The guys lean on lines against the backwash. Prescott swings over the side. He holds out his hands. ANGLE to Dwan, leaping into his arms. Prescott catches her. FOLLOW them as he wades through the wave ends. Dwan kicks her legs in the air.

DWAN

Hey, put me down -- it's been
three weeks since my tootsies
touched dry land!

PRESCOTT

You're gonna be surprised.

Dwan does not know what he means. He puts her down and she discovers quick. Dwan staggers and reels with sea legs unaccustomed to steady ground.

DWAN

Wow! Far out. Man, I'm like
to get busted from drunk walking!

She does a big staggering turn and falls hilariously flat on the dry beach, which she kisses as Prescott takes a picture.

WILSON'S VOICE

I'm coming ashore, Jack!

ANGLE to Prescott, turning. He looks out, makes slight face, lifts his Nikon and aims it out from the beach.

51 VIEW THROUGH NIKON - as it comes INTO FOCUS. Wilson is clear of the launch in water up to his thighs. He pulls cap down, marches toward the beach. In his khaki pants and shirt, visored cap, even low-slung pistol belt with .45 automatic in it, he is the spit and image of General MacArthur doing his famed cornball I-have-retained wade ashore on Leyte. WHIRRING CLICKS as the motor-drive rips off a few dozen frames. You SEE Wilson stop and turn, HEAR him call to Carnahan still in stern of boat:

WILSON

Let's not get eaten alive on
this island -- bring the mosquito
spray!

52 BAGLEY NEAR BACK OF BEACH - walking along and looking UP as CAMERA PANS AROUND the gigantic cliffs looming above beach. He carries a clipboard with a map made of those infra-red photos. He halts beside Joe Perko, who is eyeing natural archway in rocks at end of sand.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

JOE
At least we don't have to wonder
which way to go...

BAGLEY
(with map)
Yeah, and we'll hit a stream
about a half mile west. We'll
push up it.

JOE
You wanta start setting seismic
charges this morning, huh?

BAGLEY
Absolutely. Can't do anything
until we've mapped the underground
geological structure.

Wilson appears in b.g., calling cheerfully to the others
and waving them on:

WILSON
Come on, everybody -- get your
rear in gear! Through the magic
archway!

53 FROM OTHER DIRECTION - through the huge arch, as the tiny
figures start this way. HEAR Dwan's voice as she RUNS on
ahead...

DWAN
Hey, that's a waterfall ahead!
Last one to get a drink from it
is a rotten egg!

54 DWAN RUNNING AHEAD - she with her land-legs now, reaching a
waterfall and taking a drink from it as Prescott catches up
with her.

PRESCOTT
Dont' go running off on any
more solos.
(as her head swivels
to him in surprise)
Just do me a favor -- stick
with me, huh?

CAMERA CRANES UP. See the waterfall and a v-shaped gorge,
a pathway into the mysterious interior with its clouded
rocky crags.

- 55 IN THE GORGE - the little figures picking their way in and up, coming over some low barrier or rocks or around some corner as CAMERA CLOSES DOWN on Carnahan and Wilson in the lead. Suddenly they are both slowing down, amazed at something coming into view ahead.
- 56 AN ENORMOUS WALL APPEARING AHEAD - mythic in scale. It looks like it is a hundred feet high, made of earth and stone and timber, obviously man-made but as rugged as the terrain from which it springs.
- 57 THE SHORE PARTY - awed, as they emerge from tendrils of mist and gaze at structure looming above them.

WILSON

Holy Mother. That looks as old
as the Great Pyramids of Egypt!

PRESCOTT

Yeah, it could be. Difference
is, the Pyramids weren't repaired
six months ago.

Eyes all jump to him. Prescott is putting wider-angle lens
on the Nidon.

PRESCOTT

(continuing)

You'll notice there's earth
chinking those timbers. That
would have to be replaced after
each monsoon season.

CARNAHAN

You saying there are people on
this island?

PRESCOTT

Yes, I am. What's more, I'll
characterize them. Scared
people.

WILSON

Scared of what?

PRESCOTT

I don't know exactly. But it
apparently requires a wall of
this scale to keep it shut out.

WILSON

(eyeballing him)

Jack, let me straighten you out
about a couple of things.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

57 . CONTINUED:

WILSON (cont'd)

One: this wall is an ancient
ruin. Two: the island is not
inhabited...

Immediately there is a SOUND. From the interior, echoing along this side of the wall, the BOOM BOOM BOOM of DRUMS. Reactions. Fred Wilson whips out his .45, Carnahan quickly slips carbine off his shoulder.

PRESCOTT

Three: there's an uninhabited
German beer-hall in there with
a mechanical band.

- 58 EXT. WALL - DAY - (RANCH) - AN ABORIGINE DRUMMER - beating away. The SOUND, however, is much too loud for this single drum. CAMERA PULLS UP. There are about FIFTY DRUMMERS. Scene is around a pair of enormous gates which run the full height of the wall. They are secured shut with a wooded bolt about five times the size of a telephone pole.
- 59 SHORE PARTY - making its way cautiously forward through foliage along the wall. The DRUMS CONTINUE, sounding quite close. Atop a slight rise, Prescott and Wilson in the lead react to something, drop to the ground, signal to those behind to do the same. Bagley creeps up with two pairs of binoculars, gives one to Wilson as Prescott is looking through camera which now has telephoto lens on. Suddenly high-pitched FEMALE CHANTING is HEARD.
- 60 A PROCESSION - emerging from jungle. ABORIGINE WOMEN are CHANTING as they carry a bamboo platform on their shoulders. On that kneels a GIRL, 16 or so, dressed in a fantastical gown of bird feathers and dyed skins. Her head is crowned with flowers. Then over the women's voices you HEAR deeper MALE VOICES. PAN AROUND FAST to a MALE PROCESSION coming from jungle at another angle, converging with women toward side steps leading up to raised area before the gates. In front are painted dancing JU-JU MEN. The males are all CHANTING too.
- 61 WILSON AND BAGLEY AND PRESCOTT - up in front, looking at the spectacle ahead and slightly below them. Prescott is looking through camera, taking pictures all the time.

BAGLEY

Fred, swing your binocs a bit
to the left -- you'll see kind
of a funny pool.

Bazley

27.

62 VIEW THROUGH BINOCES - as they are moved over the show, then
HOLD on a smallish dark pool in slight depression.

WILSON (V.O.)

You think it could be?

BAGLEY (V.O.)

Surface seems viscous. It sure
as hell could be oil.

62A WILSON'S FACE - sort of transfigured.

WILSON

Sweet Jesus D. Rockefeller.

63 THE ABORIGINE WOMEN - converging with their men, changing
their ritual chant. All you can pick out is one syllable
which is repeated very often: "KONG!... KONG!... KONG!".

64 DWAN - crawling up beside Prescott with binoculars and fo-
cusing them down.

DWAN

Hey. It looks like a wedding.

PRESCOTT

Good guess. You can bet it's
scheduled for tomorrow night
when the moon is full.

DWAN

Where's the groom?

Prescott touches her binocs, aims them slightly.

65 ANOTHER JU-JU MAN - SEEN THRU BINOCES, as he dances into
view in a crazy ape mask. He also wears high platform foot-
gear to increase his height and paw-like skin gloves.

PRESCOTT (V.O.)

See the one in the ape-mask?
You might say that's the groom's
stand-in. The actual groom is
on the other side of the wall.

66 DWAN - fascinated, focuses her glasses better.

DWAN

Far out! Like you mean it's bad
luck if they see each other before
the Wedding March --

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

PRESCOTT

Ghastly luck -- for the whole congregation.

Dwan looks at him questioningly. Sudden NATIVE SHOUT and the chanting and the drums cease. The Americans all freeze.

67 THE ABORIGINES - every face now turned this direction. Three Ju-Ju Men, towering Ape Mask in middle, start to walk up the slight rise. One gives another SHOUT and a number of men with spears fall in behind them.

68 THE AMERICANS- just watching this scene come toward them.

WILSON

You want to talk for us, Jack?

PRESCOTT

I'll try.

WILSON

What if they aren't buying?

PRESCOTT

We shoot -- in the air only.

69 THE JU-JU MEN - coming up and stopping about 15 feet away as the guys and Dwan rise to their feet. The spearmen halt too. Prescott steps forward a little, half raising his open-palmed hands to show he is weaponless. Ape Mask points to the area below, makes gestures like everything being knocked over, then SHOUTS at Prescott in his weirdo language, obviously very angry.

WILSON

Can you figure the beef?

PRESCOTT

Only the tone. He's probably saying we've contaminated their magic --

Ape Mask suddenly sees Dwan, standing slightly defensively behind the front fellows. He stares at her. Quick WORDS between Ape Mask and his mates, the others nod. Majestically, Ape Mask points at Dwan with fully extended arm. She makes a big smile.

DWAN

Hi!

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED:

Ape Mask's arm and hand gesture that she will come with them. Dwan firmly shakes her head, ever smiling.

DWAN
(continuing)
I like you, too, but not that way.

Moment of silence. Ape Mask turns and SHOUTS down.

70 SIX ABORIGINE MAIDENS - walking forward from the group and then stopping in a line, with downcast eyes.

71 APE MASK - directing a bit of pantomime at Prescott.

PRESCOTT
He wants to deal. Six of them for Dwan.

DWAN
Tell him I'm awfully flattered but as a charter subscriber to "MS" magazine I could never be a party to such an arrangement.

A moment of silence. The spearmen behind Ape Mask take a step forward in an ominous purposeful way.

PRESCOTT
In the air -- now.

Wilson's .45, Carnahan's .30 caliber carbine. BOOM BANG BANG BOOM BANG.

72 JU-JU MEN AND SPEARMEN - scared shitless, SCREAMING and running away.

73 THE INTRUDERS - backing cautiously, guns covering until it is seen that there will be no pursuit, then they start to run also.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 EXT. SHIP AT ANCHOR - NIGHT - (LOC. LOCATION) - Very clearly over the water comes the SOUND of Archie and Edith Bunker's VOICES, followed by MALE LAUGHTER.

75 INT. CREW ROOM - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - The guys are watching "All In The Family", projected from color tape onto big screen.

- 76 INT. SHIP'S RADIO ROOM - NIGHT - (LOC. LOCATION) - Where Operator is working a keyboard, translating gibberish 5-letter code groups onto a punched tape for transmission.
- 77 EXT. SHIP AT ANCHOR - NIGHT - (LOC. LOCATION) - DWAN ON UPPER DECK - alone, reading some horoscope mag from crew library. She gets out a cigarette, but has no match. She walks forward and enters.
- 78 INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT - (LOC. LOCATION) - DIM-LIT CHART ROOM - looks around, spots a paper of matches. A gold glow touches her face.
- 78A INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - ANGLE - to window, SEE a spectacular moon just rising. Radar screen, below the window. As if woken by that same rush of golden moon-arrows a shape is rising. The green BLIPS show it rearing, starting to MOVE.
- 78B INT. BRIDGE - NIGHT - (LOC. LOCATION) - ANGLE UP TO DWAN - watching that with idle curiosity as she lights her cigarette. It has no meaning for her. She wanders out, restless-looking.
- 79 EXT. SEA NEAR CLOUD BANK - NIGHT - (LOC. LOCATION) - A PAIR OF OUTRIGGER CANOES - moving over moonlit water. In each are eight painted Aborigines, their paddles slicing the sea with barely a sound. Beautiful, scary, they vanish into dense low cloudbank.
- 80 INT. DINING SALON - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - There is a meeting going on. Smokey air, drinks, sandwiches, hum of air conditioning. Prescott, who has drunk some, glares angrily at Wilson.

PRESCOTT

The 19th Century is over, man.
You can't just waltz in and grab
their island!

WILSON

Thanks, Jack -- I'll check that
with the United Nations. In the
meantime, Phase One -- we scare
'em into the boondocks with a
Fourth of July number.

(to Bagley)

Your guys ready to march in and
set charges for the seismograph?

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

BAGLEY

No problem.

Short harsh LAUGH from Prescott. He bangs his glass three times on the formica table top.

PRESCOTT

Kong. Kong. Kong.

(a beat)

You heard them chanting it. He exists. You saw the wall. Who do you think they're planning to give that girl to?

WILSON

It's some nutty religion. Some priest dressed up like an ape gets his ashes hauled.

(turning to Bagley)

However, we'll humor Jack here. When you go inland, take plenty of TNT. Any sign of a monkey bigger than four feet, send it bang bang.

Prescott jumps to his feet, almost trembling.

PRESCOTT

You wouldn't.

WILSON

Bet me.

PRESCOTT

Even an environmental rapist like you -- even you wouldn't be asshole enough to murder a unique new species of animal! Why, kids would burn every Petrox gas station from Maine to California!

Giving Wilson a look of unspeakable contempt, Prescott is gone. Uneasy silence. Capt. Ross looks at his cigar smoke.

CAPT. ROSS

He's probably right.

81 EXT. SHIP AT ANCHOR - NIGHT (LOC. LOCATION)

BOTTOM OF GANGWAY STAIRS - alongside the ship. Several boats are tied to boom there: main launch, a rubber Zodiac dinghy, a Boston Whaler and so on. Dwan is sitting in the Whaler, which is the outside craft, fishing and sipping a can of beer.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

Some small SOUND, she looks up. ANGLE to include Prescott, hurrying down the steps with a stuffed duffelbag in his arms. It blocks his view, so he has put it down in the bottom of the Zodiac dinghy before he sees Dwan looking at him.

DWAN
What are you doing?

PRESCOTT
Getting ready to steal a boat.

DWAN
Seriously.

PRESCOTT
Look at my face.

She looks. His face is serious indeed.

DWAN
You're going ashore?

PRESCOTT
Soon as I've swiped some more supplies. I'm going on a camera hunt in the interior.

DWAN
That sounds horribly dangerous.

PRESCOTT
It's a chance that comes once in a lifetime, baby. You grab it or you're dead meat.

He starts up steps again.

DWAN
Jack, wait a minute!
(as he turns)
You really shouldn't go ashore tonight. It's not a good night for Aries like you.

PRESCOTT
You read that up in the sky, huh?

Dwan sticks fishing pole between her knees, pulls out that horoscope book from her jeans. Tilts it to catch the light from top of stairs, reads:

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED (2):

DWAN

"Aries. In evening, steer clear of unconventional activities. A surprise with unpleasant aspects may be in store for you."

She looks up at him, anxiously. Prescott smiles.

PRESCOTT

You're terrific. What do you call midnight fishing from a parked boat in the South Seas?

DWAN

I call it fun. Why?

PRESCOTT

I call it a very unconventional activity.

Prescott winks at her, hurries up the stairs for another load of gear.

82 DWANS'S FACE - as she thinks about that. She looks at her book again. Little faint splashing SOUND from o.s. behind her, she is about to swivel her head when there is a jerk on her fishing line. Dropping book, she grabs her pole from between knees and eagerly starts reeling in. Suddenly out of nowhere... out of the night... there is a painted native face gliding up alongside her in the prow of a canoe. It is simply shocking in its suddenness. A dark forearm with a ringlet of feathers clamps around her throat, a hand claps over Dwan's mouth.

83 INT. DINING SALON - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - The Radio Operator waits as Wilson reads a message sheet and Bagley watches. Wilson scribbles an initial at the bottom.

WILSON

Okay, send it out. Leave me the clear-text copy --

RADIO OPERATOR

Roger.

He leaves copy and goes. Bagley looks at it.

BAGLEY

Listen, I said that pool could be oil. We won't know until I get a sample and test it.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

WILSON

Think positive. Guys who think negative don't get very high up the Petrox Tower.

BAGLEY

(reading copy)

"No problem at all." Well, I guess you know what you're doing.

- 84 EXT. SHIP AT ANCHOR - NIGHT - (LOC. LOCATION) PRESCOTT - hurrying down outboard steps with another bag of gear for his tomorrow's expedition. He chucks it into the Zodiac dinghy, sees that Dwan is not in the Whaler outside it. Her rod lying there. Tipped-over can of beer. Prescott picks up the rod. The tip section is broken. Funny. He looks up at the ship looming above. Lights. Now some TV SPORTING EVENT HEARD from crew's room, guys CHEERING and WHISTLING. No Dwan. Slightly baffled, Prescott starts up the stairs. Gets up just four or five when he stops dead still. PUSH IN on his face like he is struck by something -- a terrific delayed-reaction take. He turns.
- 85 BOTTOM OF BOSTON WHALER - where Dwan used to be. Something there. Feathered native ringlet. Prescott's hand comes INTO SHOT and picks it up. SEE Prescott's face. A terrible dawning understanding. Horror.
- 86 EXT. WALL - NIGHT - (RANCH) DWAN'S FACE BY TORCHLIGHT - against jungle b.g. There is constant SOUND of women chanting and drums and strange pipes playing. Her face is dreamy. She wears a garland of flowers on her brow. Women's hands force her mouth open, tilt her head back. Dwan offers no resistance as a drugged potion is poured down her throat from a shell. Now Dwan's face seems to rise as CAMERA PULLS BACK. She is discovered kneeling on same bamboo platform the native maiden was seen on this afternoon, everything decorated with flowers, being lifted by the women.
- Dwan wears that same fantastical gown of feathers and brightly-dyed thin leathers. The feeling is joyous -- a happy bride escorted by her maids. Now CAMERA IS RISING. The chanting women carry Dwan toward the area in front of those giant closed gates. Ahead of her the DRUMS are beating, torches and fires flickering on the wonderfully-painted torsos of dancing warriors and Ju-Ju men.
- 87 RISING MOON - over the jungle. Ethereal light through leaves in f.g. that are just a little bit different from any you have ever seen.

95 CONTINUED:

Everybody freezes for an instant. ANGLE to Prescott and Boan, latter with radio set slung over shoulder, jumping from bow of the first boat and sprinting ahead into the jungle along the wall.

96 EXT. WALL - NIGHT - (RANCH) - TOP OF THE WALL NEAR GATES - now solidly lined with natives, as the horn is blown again. And as it echoes:

EVERYBODY
Kong! Kong! Kong!

97 DWAN'S FACE IN MOONLIGHT - as she only vaguely hears the ape call blown again, the unison chant:

EVERYBODY
Kong! Kong! Kong!

98 STRANGE MOVING P.O.V. SHOT OF JUNGLE - as seen by a creature who is MOVING rapidly at treetop level or slightly above. These eyes clearly are not human: different color perception, distortion around edges, and these ears are HEARING with some kind of sound-distortion too. SOUNDS OVER: the creature's great breathing, the distorted approaching chant from the wall, the crashing of treetops which are SEEN being pushed aside like blades of grass at bottom of Kong's field of vision.

99 NATIVES ATOP WALL - as they HEAR the jungle CRUNCHING and CRASHING. Their frenzy becomes indescribable as the "Kong ... Kong... Kong!!" thing is coming so fast and overlapping from their throats it is one continuous cry.

100 KONG'S MOVING P.O.V. - as he CRASHES on through the moonlit jungle, faster and faster. Trees are SMASHED to left and right, the CAMERA HALTS. Dead ahead is the wall, the natives on top, shimmery and distorted at the edges. Another tremendous long cry of "Kongggggg!"

100A ANGLE DROPS DOWN ON DWAN - SEEN from Kong's great height, like the bullseye of a target. She is in a prismatic halo: the whiteness of her face and limbs is effulgent, seems to shine. Kong's BREATHING pauses.

101 DWAN'S P.O.V. - which is up but UNFOCUSED, little more than a moving shape occluding the moon.

- 102 KONG'S VIEW OF HER - as he EXHALES held breath. Dwan is riffled by a wind.
- 103 KONG'S PAW - suddenly comes DOWN AND AROUND INTO SHOT. The scale of it! Paw and arm move to Dwan, the huge but mobile fingers WRAP around her, LIFT her up.
- 104 DWAN'S EYES - as they focus and see.
- 105 WHAT THEY SEE - just a flash of the most fearful ape-face in the whole world.
- 106 DWAN'S FACE - as she shuts her eyes hard in disbelief, and opens them again, and then shrieks.
- 107 KONG'S P.O.V. OF HER - about ten feet away from his face, in the giant paw, she shrieking. But the SOUND of that which carries through the CUT, is not displeasing from his aural P.O.V. -- clearly his ears are not sensitive to the piercing higher frequencies. He brings her CLOSER to him. Mercifully, Dwan faints.
- 108 ECSTATIC NATIVES - streaming down this side of the wall to celebrate the placation of their Scourging Beast with the usual saturnalia. ZOOM IN on the bamboo platform in front of gates. Ape-Mask Ju-Ju man is up alone on it, doing a crazy dance, basically like he is running in place. Then as he does a whirl you notice what he is holding in one ape-paw glove -- a little puppet girl, a doll dressed like Dwan was dressed, the head daubed with some kind of white dye.
- 109 PRESCOTT AND BOAN - on their knees by the wall in the same area from which the expedition viewed the natives earlier today. Prescott is gazing through night glasses as Boan is poised with radio. Prescott lowers his glasses with a cold haggard expression, says into radio mike:

PRESCOTT

We're too late. She's outside the gates. Set off the show!

- 110 WILSON AND OTHERS - racing up jungle trail, Wilson with a radio transceiver slung over shoulder and a little earphone plugged in. Wilson shouts back to those behind:

WILSON

Fourth of July!

Wilson aims a flare-pistol up and fires.

111 MONTAGE

- A) AREA IN FRONT OF GATES, as there is a little POP HEARD way up in the air and the whole scene is bathed in a flickery red glare. Stillness and silence falls over the cavorting celebrants, every head swivels up.
- B) A red magnesium flare hangs on its little parachute. There are POPS and half a dozen more flares blossom overhead, green and red and purest dazzling white.
- C) The natives gape, and then from the jungle along the wall there is a fusilade of GUNFIRE in the air, and Americans YELLING like it was the last round-up, and the natives come to life and you never saw a wild party bust up so fast.
- D) As natives flee into the bush, wailing and howling in fear, Prescott and Boan are already sprinting down into the area and climbing up to that ledge from which the bolt is operated.
- E) They are just up there, trying in vain to get the bolt moving, when the vanguard of the crew and riggers comes streaming down with guns and equipment and super-bright battery lights.

PRESCOTT

Help us, someone!!

112 WILSON - shouting at couple of guys nearest him:

WILSON

Get up there, help them on the bolt!... Carnahan, cover the gates!

CARNAHAN

Aye aye --

(turning and
calling)

Weapons into position! Lay your dynamite, Perko! Timmons, you ready on the lights?

112A JOE AND TIMMONS AND PEOPLE - moving into position, following the drill which must have been laid down on the trip ashore. Smooth and efficient. Lights trained on gate. Joe Perko sets prepared blasting charges, runs back with fuses wired to detonators. About fifteen other crewmen and riggers range themselves in a semi-circle back of Joe and his detonators, assorted rifles and pistols and shotguns all trained on the gate. ANGLE UP to Prescott, who yells down as the bolt comes back:

(CONTINUED)

112A CONTINUED:

PRESCOTT

If he's still out there, the
lights will hold him back!
Don't shoot!

113 THE GREAT GATES - swinging inward. Lights blaze through.
Stone pedestal. Jungle. No person, no great animal.

114 PRESCOTT - already slid down from ledge, running out ahead
of the others. His flashlight stabs up at top of stepped
pedestal as Wilson appears behind him.

PRESCOTT

He's taken her.

WILSON

(skeptical)

Someone's taken her.

PRESCOTT

Who in hell do you think went
through there -- some guy in an
ape suit?

Prescott swings his light. HOLD on great swath through
rain forest, trees flattened to left and right.

115 WILSON - staring at that evidence. He walks slowly ahead.
Then he stumbles, with a little yell falls forward out of
the glaring lights. Quick reactions, lights and weapons
swinging all whichways. Prescott runs up, then his light
finds Wilson. The exec is picking himself up, brushing off
mud in a depression he tripped into.

WILSON

It's okay, I just fell into this
goddamn hole.

PRESCOTT

No, you didn't.

WILSON

Whattaya mean I didn't? Look
at me!

PRESCOTT

You're not in a hole -- that's
a footprint.

Nobody says a word. Just see faces.

DISSOLVE TO:

116 EXT. JUNGLE HILLSIDE - NIGHT - (KAUI) - MOONLIT JUNGLE HILLSIDE - where six men slog up another swath of knocked-down trees. Prescott and Carnahan, Boan, Joe, Timmons and Garcia. They are armed, carry heavy backpacks and lights. MOVE DOWN on Prescott and Carnahan at front of the file, Carnahan talking into microphone of radio strapped on back of Boan, who is tramping alongside:

CARNAHAN

I reckon we've done a little over two miles -- still no sign of her at all. Of course that's better than spotting blood or -- uh -- remains.

INTERCUT WITH:

117 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - (KAUAI) - WILSON - at radio panel, where comfort of his set-up is in marked contrast to the patrol. Canopy tent, cots and camp furniture, big distant generator providing juice for lights, small refrigerator, etc. In b.g. floodlights watch edge of jungle, where couple of armed sailors patrol perimeter of this tiny foothold of civilization. Capt. Ross lounges with a drink, listening to Wilson and answering voices from radio speaker. Chinese Cook from ship takes a wok of small egg roll tidbits off a brazier, passes them to Capt. Ross as Wilson is saying into microphone:

WILSON

Yeh -- unless it means he's gobbled her down completely.

Wilson pops an egg roll into his mouth as Prescott in the jungle has heard that remark from speaker, grabs the microphone to answer sharply:

PRESCOTT

I've told you -- most jungle apes eat only fruit.

WILSON

Most jungle apes don't leave a size ninety footprint either.

Behind them Garcia trips, slides downhill and yells:

GARCIA

Madre mia! How in hell far we goin' tonight??

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

CARNAHAN
 (taking back mike)
 The guys have had it. I'm
 gonna pitch camp at the first
 level ground.

PRESCOTT
 You damn old ladies! We're
 just getting our second wind!

WILSON
 Say again, Jack? You mean
 you're still not past the area
 where he might have dropped her
 out of panic?

A beat. Prescott takes mike, bit reluctantly:

PRESCOTT
 I guess you're right. It
 makes sense to stop until dawn.

WILSON
 Okay, Carnahan, pitch camp. You
 know the drill?

CARNAHAN
 Yessir. We plant seismic charges
 for mapping purposes and fire a
 rocket so the ship can plot our
 position.

WILSON
 Correct.

CARNAHAN
 Say, there'll be someone on the
 radar all night, won't there?

WILSON
 It's a promise. Any large
 furry blips spotted moving in
 your direction, you will know.
 Sweet dreams and out.

118 (OMITTED)

119 WILSON ON BEACH - hanging up microphone, turning radio OFF.
 Thoughtfully, he dips another egg roll tidbit into mustard
 and sweet sauce, pops it into his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

WILSON

That footprint I fell into
measured out at six feet, four
inches. If it's for real, how
high would that make him?

Capt. Ross makes a footprint of his own in the sand, eyes
it and calculates.

CAPT. ROSS

Multiply by around eight, I'd
guess.

Wilson ponders, looks up in the air as if at a 50-foot-high
creature. He whistles softly. Capt. Ross grins.

CAPT. ROSS

(continuing)

He'd make a helluva commercial,
wouldn't he?

WILSON

Commercial?

CAPT. ROSS

You know. The battles we at Petrox
fight to fill your gas tank, blah
blah blah.

Ross sips his gin and laughs. No laugh from Fred Wilson.
Cortez on that peak in Darien...

120 EXT. JUNGLE CAMP SITE - NIGHT - (KAUAI) - JUNGLE PARTY -
pitching camp for the night. They are setting up a peri-
meter with watch-fires and booby traps and such. MOVE OVER
scene to Prescott and Carnahan, erecting the lightweight
screened shelter-tent they will share. The First Mate has
a look like something is on his mind, bothering him.
Abruptly:

CARNAHAN

If he's not gonna eat her, why
did he take her?

PRESCOTT

Apes are highly territorial.
He's carrying her to his turf.

CARNAHAN

What for?

(getting no answer)

Joe and the guys said you said
the ape was gonna marry her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

CARNAHAN (cont'd)
Is that some kind of joke? Or
did you literally mean that huge
ape is gonna --

PRESCOTT
I'm as ignorant as you are! Stop
bugging me with so damn many dumb
questions!

The men's eyes meet an instant. Prescott quickly averts his, but the look in them and the tone of that outburst have answered Carnahan's questions. Prescott's face is suddenly bathed in sweat as he bends over, slams down tent pegs. Just slams them into the earth.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

121A EXT. JUNGLE GLADE - DAY - (STUDIO) - A STRANGE MOIST SHINY THING - which you cannot figure what in hell it is. Early morning light shimmers on it, causing curious reflections.

112B PULL BACK - a bit. Realize the thing is an enormous eye.

122 DWAN ASLEEP IN JUNGLE GRASS - supine, an arm tossed over her eyes. She stirs, her expression suggesting some not unpleasant dream, flops her arm off her face and opens her eyes. Disbelief.

123 ANGLE - UP FAST and HOLD on Kong's face over her, looking down. There was just that subliminal moonlit flash of it before, this is the first time it is really seen. It is terrifying! Now Kong parts his lips slightly. Oh, Jesus, those teeth!

124 DWAN - too terrified even to make a sound. She shuts her eyes and rolls over as if still asleep. She starts to crawl away, very slowly and unobtrusively, on her elbows and knees. Whammo! Suddenly from no where! Suddenly from no where a cage comes down over her.

125 PULL BACK - The "cage" is the fingers of KONG'S PAW. You see Dwan and Kong in perspective together. The beast is on his haunches in a jungle glade. The sun has just risen. There are flowers all around, as splendid as the Garden of Eden.

- 126 DWAN - screams. Slowly, experimentally, Kong lifts the cage of arched cupped fingers from over his captive. Dwan darts away. She must have covered all of five feet before Kong's cage-fingers pounce on her again.
- 127 DWAN UNDER THERE - on her knees, shrinking and trembling. With a tremendous effort, she puts her head out through the hairy bars and looks up.
- 128 KONG LOOKING DOWN - in that terribly serious way. He moves his free arm up into the air, suddenly BEATS his chest and lets out a stupendous ROAR.
- 129 DWAN - pulling her head back in and screaming, but not a sound of that comes through over the beast's continued CHEST-THUMPING and ROARING. The tumult STOPS. Again, the cage-paw is lifted.
- 130 A FOREFINGER - touches her. Dwan takes a step backward. It touches her again. She turns to run and immediately falls into the palm of Kong's other paw, which he has placed flat right behind her.
- 131 DWAN - before she knows it, she is being lifted up into the air on that hairy living platform. She sways, puts her head out and looks down over the edge.
- 132 THE GROUND - SEEN RECEDING rapidly.
- 133 DWAN ON PAW-PALM - still going UP. She desperately holds onto soft black hairs, turns and yells toward Kong.

DWAN
I can't stand heights!!

The upward motion CEASES abruptly. Dwan is flabbergasted. Perhaps she is emboldened by the unlikely success of her plea, perhaps she simply wants to hear the sound of a human voice. But anyway:

DWAN
(continuing)

Honest to God, I can't! When I was ten years old and taken up the Empire State Building, I barfed in the elevator! With no offense, I can't stand the smell of a zoo monkey-house either! Is it fair to persecute a person for something they can't help??

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

Kong studies this curious noise-making thing briefly at arm's length, then starts bringing it in for a better look. Dwan sees the terrible face coming closer...

134 KONG'S P.O.V. - as he brings her in. The wonderful gleaming whiteness of the girl in middle of field of vision, those concentric halos of astigmatism around her. The little mouth opens in another SCREAM -- but again, distortions from the ape's P.O.V. are always aural as well as visual, so what would be a piercing shriek to your ears is heard as melodious to his.

135 DWAN - hands over eyes as she awaits her final moment. The motion STOPS. She opens her eyes. ANGLE QUICK to the godawful ape face barely three feet away.

136 PULL BACK A LITTLE - No motion. Kong just breathing, staring at her, holding her there like on a platter in front of his horrendous mouth. Suddenly Dwan cannot take this tension. She snaps. She springs up to front of the paw, yelling incoherently and flailing wildly at Kong's face, punching around the nose region with both fists. She pauses and yells hysterically:

DWAN

You goddamn chauvinist pig
ape, what are you waiting for??
If you're gonna eat me, EAT ME!

No response.

DWAN

(continuing)

Eat me! EAT THE WHOLE THING!!
CHOKER ON ME!!

She slams him again. The negligible blows seem to fascinate Kong rather than anger him. Dwan winds up for another wallop, suddenly freezes in utter horror at what she has been doing. She shrinks backward, drops to her knees and gasps.

DWAN

(continuing)

I didn't mean that! -- I swear
I didn't! -- Sometimes I get
too physical, it's a sign of
insecurity, you know? Like when
you knock over trees?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

DWAN (cont'd)
 (almost purring)
 Nice ape -- nice monkey --
 nice monkey -- oh, such a nice
 sweet nice sweeeet monkey --
 (making her face
 into a smile)
 We're going to be friends --
 I'm a Libra -- what are you?
 -- Don't tell me -- you're an
Aries! Of course you are --
 I knew it! Oh, how wonderful!
 How neat!

She starts to laugh, ripplingly, only about 90% hysteric.

137 KONG'S FACE

gazing at her. It twitches slightly, again exposing great
 fanglike teeth.

138 DWAN - seeing that, her laughter segueing without a break
 into screaming, and she is moving again through the air, the
 paw CLOSING on her again, then sudden rush of foliage tear-
 ing her exposed head, her kicking legs. She is through
 that, in a region of shade. Paw OPENS. An ape-finger
 nudges her, as a kid would nudge a frog, Dwan jumps and
 finds herself off Kong's palm, clinging in the nexus of
 high twined tree branches.

139 KONG - letting out one brief ROAR at her and withdrawing
 from sight.

140 DWAN - holding on, watching him go. She looks down. It is
 a strange variety of tree: this umbrella of ferny fronds
 at the top, then some 70 feet of smooth shiny trunk, bare,
 not a handhold.

DWAN
 (with everything)
 HELLLLLLP!!

Startled birds CRY raucously. Just birds. Some help.

141 EXT. JUNGLE AND SPECTACULAR VISTA - DAY - (KAUAI) -
 CARNAHAN - holding flare pistol pointed up. The terrain
 is quite different from last night's campsite -- flatter,
 thinner foliage. Prescott and the others lie around,
 taking a break. Carnahan watches his wristwatch, then
 FIRES.

- 142 EXT. CLOUD BANK AT SEA - DAY - (LOC. LOCATION) CLOUD BANK OVER ISLAND - changeless, as a thin smoke trail comes up from the top, bursts into brilliant green flare.
- 143 EXT. SHIP AT ANCHOR - DAY - (LOC. LOCATION) SAILOR ON BRIDGE - getting a bearing on that with an optical instrument.
- 144 INT. BRIDGE OF SHIP - DAY - (LOC. LOCATION) RADAR OPERATOR - in wheelhouse, watching his screen. Same phenomenon seen before -- the BLIP off some moving shape which looms just above the profile-line of the continuous terrain scan. Radar Operator reaches for telephone.
- 145 INT. SHIP LAB - DAY - (STUDIO) BAGLEY - a small cabin laboratory jammed with fascinating gadgets. He is looking through eyepiece of some analyzer at sticky DROPLETS of oil-like liquid filtering down through a tube. A beat, then he straightens up and turns the gizmo off. Bagley laughs. He opens a drawer, gets out a bottle of bouron, uncaps it with one hand as he pushes a button and speaks into intercom:

BAGLEY
Bagley speaking. I want a beach boat -- pronto.

- 146 EXT. BEACH - DAY - (KAUAI) WILSON ON BEACH - at radio. He shirtless, shaded by canopy as in b.g. the Chinese cook fella is laying out Wilson's elaborate shaving and toilet stuff. To mike:

WILSON
Radar reports they had him on the screen for about thirty seconds, 3.6 kilometers west of your flare...

INTERCUT WITH:

- 147 EXT. JUNGLE AND SPECTACULAR VISTA - DAY - (KAUAI) PRESCOTT AND CARNAHAN IN JUNGLE - holding microphone as they squat by radio set and HEAR Wilson continuing from the speaker.

WILSON
... he was reported moving in a random manner.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED:

CARNAHAN

You sure of that, huh? He
wasn't moving in our direction?

WILSON

Affirmative. Random. Like in
a circle.

PRESCOTT

Maybe he's lost her.
(thinking)
She got away -- he's searching
for her.
(urgent; to
Carnahan)
Let's get going!

WILSON

Wait a minute! Carnahan!
Have you set seismic charges
at this stop?

CARNAHAN

They're setting 'em now, sir.

WILSON

Don't move until it's finished.
That's an order.

PRESCOTT

Are you nuts? There's a girl
out there who might be running
for her life from a gigantic
turned-on ape!

WILSON

I know how you feel, Jack.
I feel the same. But there's
a national energy crisis which
demands that we all rise above
our selfish private emotions.

Wilson flicks his channel selector as Prescott yells:

PRESCOTT

You hypocritical bastard! All
you're thinking about is your
stock options and your --

Carnahan reaches out, slaps a hand over microphone.

CARNAHAN

Save the wind, Prof -- he
signed off.

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED (2):

A beat, then Prescott whirls and shouts across to where Joe and Boan are boring a hole in the ground with a post-hole digger.

PRESCOTT

Hurry it up!

Boan laughs and shouts back:

BOAN

Ain't bustin' mah black ass
fo' no white comp'ny, white
massah!

PRESCOTT

Okay, take your time! Who
gives a shit that radar has
the ape headed our way!

One second. Then the digging gadget is spinning like a merry-go-round.

- 148 EXT. TREES NEAR GLADE AND NEARBY WATERFALL - DAY - (STUDIO)
KONG - browsing around in a grove of trees. He snatches a whole stalk of bananas from one, bites off a couple. They are not to his taste, apparently, for he immediately spits them out and throws the stalk away. He moves on and sniffs at a cluster of mangoes. Must be something wrong with these, too; again he moves on, sees another cluster, this time a red apple-like fruit. Experimentally, Kong pops a couple, like you would pop a grape out of its skin.
- 149 DWAN - making her way down that very tall, bare tree trunk. It is painful and difficult: slide a couple of abrasive feet, then catch with knees and elbows, and so on and so on. Dwan is well down now, resting one more time, starting to slide again, when she freezes in reaction.
- 150 PAN AROUND - KONG - coming up over ridge, carrying branch of those red fruits. Kong stopping as he sees her, too. PUSH IN on his face. The lips curl back, he lets out a ROAR of the utmost outrage.
- 151 DWAN - as she simply drops the last six feet or so to the ground and lands already running. She goes about twenty-five yards, zig-zagging, when there is another ROAR and a great dark shadow covering her. Zagging out of it, she trips over a vine and goes sprawling headlong down a damp embankment.

- 152 KONG ABOVE HER - as furious an ape as you ever saw. He lifts that branch of fruit like a club.
- 153 DWAN COWERING - whimpering with terror, as the branch is swung and slammed into a rock-face just above her. She is showered with pulpy debris. Kong ROARS and STAMPS his feet. He hurls boulders around her. One last ROAR and the violence subsides, but Dwan has her eyes shut and hands jammed over her ears. Trembling, she suddenly feels that great paw CLOSING around her, LIFTING her up into the air.
- 154 DWAN IN THE PAW - being carried somewhere fast, being swung with the ape's natural arm motion so that earth and heaven is a revolving BLUR, with a RUSHING SOUND rising, and then suddenly there is water pouring over her.
- 155 KONG HOLDING DWAN - under a crystal waterfall. He turns her this way and that, washing off the mud. When this is done, he lifts her and drops her into the jungle stream just above the lip of the falls. Whooooopsie! Over she glides, then maybe twenty feet or thereabouts down on the face of the silvery fall. Splash! At the bottom.
- 156 DWAN UNDERWATER - in a firmament of bright bubbles, as sudden dark paws DESCEND around her.
- 157 KONG'S FACE - serious, reflected on the surface of the pool beneath the falls.
- 158 DWAN BEING LIFTED FROM WATER - fished out in Kong's cupped paws. He parts his fingers slightly, letting the water run out. Dwan gasps and sputters. Many of the feathers of her sacrificial gown have been torn away. Those that remain and the super-thin skins beneath are plastered to her like a second skin.
- 159 KONG'S EYES - drinking in the vision.
- 160 KONG'S VIEW OF HER - cupped there, that whiteness in the center of shimmery rainbow rings of color and wetness. Suddenly SOUND of a wind, and it seems to buffet Dwan.
- 161 KONG'S FACE - as he is blowing downward.

- 162 DWAN - kneeling under this ultimate hair and dress dryer. She is on her knees, eyes shut, head bent forward under the sensuous wind. Her hair streams behind. Her attitude is drowsy, stupefied.
- 162A KONG'S FACE - blowing, blowing, then suddenly he STOPS. He turns his head, elevates it slightly. PUSH IN TIGHT on him. Kong sniffs the air, sniffs again. He scents something.
- 163 EXT. BEACH - DAY - (KAUAI) WILSON - watching Bagley walk up to the tent area from where a Boston Whaler has just landed. Bagley is a little drunk. He reaches Wilson and grins.

BAGLEY

Well, I finished testing the samples from that pool. It'll be real great oil.

Terrifying slow grin on Wilson's face.

WILSON

Sonofabitch. Fred Wilson is crazy, is he? Oh, boy! Wait till those candy asses in New York who lined up against me get the word on this one -- wait till I turn the screws on them and --

Wilson stops suddenly, eyeing Bagley. The geologist has hauled out his flat pint of bourbon, is taking a slug.

BAGLEY

Like I said, it will be great oil -- when Ma Nature is done cooking it a little longer. Bit more aging.

WILSON

Like how much?

BAGLEY

Shit, hardly a tick of the clock as geological time goes. Say, ten thousand years.

(as Wilson gapes)

Till then, you'd get better mileage filling up your Cadillac with mule piss.

WILSON

Oh my God.

He sits down heavily, shuts his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

BAGLEY

I hate to kick a fella when he's
dead, but I did tell you --
you should not have radioed New
York you were bringing in the
Big One.

164 WILSON'S FACE - as his eyes open again.

WILSON

The Big One. Jeezus. Who
said I ain't gonna?

Wilson wheels to his radio, picks up mike, barks into it:

WILSON

Get me a clear channel to the
company at Surabaya -- I got to
arrange an air drop right away!

165 EXT. ROUGH INLAND TERRAIN - DAY - (STUDIO) - as the party
plods along. Joe jogs up alongside Carnahan, who is with
Prescott in the lead.

JOE

Who gets the skin?

CARNAHAN

Gets what?

JOE

The moneky skin -- it oughta
be worth a fortune for stuffing.
We been talkin' it over and we
think it oughta be equal shares
for all us hunters.

PRESCOTT

We're not hunters, Joe -- we're
trying to rescue a girl. I'll
give you two seconds to get out
of range before I punch you in the
nose.

Prescott's look. He means it. Joe goes on back as Prescott
shakes his head. They come around a shoulder of rocks.

166 AHEAD OF THEM IS A RAVINE - very deep but not wide, a chasm
of no more than 75 feet across, bridged by a huge log, the
trunk of a fallen tree. Everyone stops. Prescott walks up,
tries the log with his foot. It seems secure.

SUNFISH

You go first, Jack!

167 PRESCOTT - poising himself, then heading across the log. He does it swift and sure, jumps off at far end where the tree-bridge is wedged into an earth embankment. He holds onto protruding roots there, turns and calls back:

PRESCOTT
Solid as rock!

CARNAHAN
Okay, single file -- after me!

168 ANGLING OFF - to Carnahan and the men, starting over. They are ALL out there on the log when suddenly they freeze with such expressions as are difficult to put into words.

169 PRESCOTT - against the embankment, looking back at them.

PRESCOTT
Come on! What's the matter?

A terrific ROAR.

170 THE RAVINE - as SEEN FROM BEHIND the men. Kong is looming up on the far side, Dwan in his hand, Kong coming closer. Prescott, against the bank, looking back this way, cannot see him. Kong surveys the frozen men on the log curiously.

GARCIA
Holy Joseph and Mary!

In a reflex of terror, Garcia swings his carbine wildly up and FIRES.

171 KONG - not hurt but hugely pissed off. He bares his teeth and ROARS. Dwan screams as she is swished through the air and deposited in a tree top.

172 PRESCOTT - reacting to that. He scrambles up for a look over edge of embankment. Just one flash of Kong wheeling back and down, then Prescott is diving headlong for those roots.

173 ANGLE UP - to see Kong emitting another ROAR and bending to edge of ravine with his dangling arms.

174 THE MEN ON THE LOG - paralyzed with terror as Kong's paws CLOSE around the far end of it. He rubs his paws back and forth, making the thing rotate. They dance and scream and fight for balance. Boan manages to jump backwards, catches a root on the safe side of the ravine as Carnahan and Joe and Timmons and Garcia are dislodged one by one and PLUMMET screaming, hundreds of feet down to their green deaths in the chasm.

175 SAME SCENE - Another ROAR. Prescott slides, swings backward into an overhung cave just as Kong STOMPS his foot on the ground above. Again. Earthquake. The whole lip of embankment crumbles, taking Sunfish and Garcia down under thousands of tons of earth and rock.

176 KONG TRIUMPHANT - DRUMMING on his chest. He ROARS. He whirls, retrieves Dwan from tree top, lumbers fast away.

177 PRESCOTT IN THE CAVE - ashen, hearing SOUNDS of Kong's retreat. He pushes away debris, emerges from cave mouth. The bridging tree has gone down with everything else. He sees Boan across the ravine, on the side from which they came, his huge trembling body pressed into the earth like he wants to become a part of it. Prescott calls across:

PRESCOTT
Try to make it home! Tell Wilson
I went on!

No response from Boan. But he must have heard. Prescott starts climbing up.

178 EXT. OPEN SEA AND SHIP - DAY - (LOC. LOCATION) CARGO PLANE IN FLIGHT - at about a thousand feet over the ocean. Beside open fuselage doors you see the Petrox Corporation insignia. The plane banks. Now see the "SS Petrox Explorer" at anchorage below, couple of barges stooging around. Suddenly a bunch of steel drums comes out of plane, painted bright yellow, each with a flotation collar. Vivid parachutes blossom, the big containers float down.

179 EXT. BEACH - DAY - (KAUAI) WILSON'S BEACH AREA - where Wilson is picking up a bullhorn as Bagley turns from radio.

BAGLEY
Air drop done. On target.

WILSON
Terrific.

180 ANGLE OFF - Down the beach a ways, the two big bulldozers from foredeck of "Explorer" are being moved off barges, throwing up sand and water as they thrash up onto solid sand. Wilson lets go at them, full volume:

WILSON

Move it! Haul your asses! Get that equipment up to the wall and working!

(lowering bullhorn
seeing Bagley's
face)

You think I'm loco.

BAGLEY

You said it, pardner. Not me.

WILSON

So what the hell if we had found oil -- we just end up pooling it with the Texaco mob anyway. But not this one, chum. Kong is all Petrox -- a Fred S. Wilson exclusive.

BAGLEY

You sure that's gonna ring the bell? You promise oil and bring back a monkey?

WILSON

Remember the old Exxon ad campaign -- "Put A Tiger In Your Tank"? It was a smash success, sold zillions -- with just a damn paper tiger going for it.

Wilson laughs shortly, goes back to radio panel, flicks channel selector, whistles into mike and then:

WILSON

Beach Green to Carnahan -- return to base immediately for regrouping. Do nothing that might endanger Kong -- repeat, nothing. Acknowledge.

Just STATICKY HUM from speaker.

WILSON

Carnahan! Do you read me?

181 EXT. CLIMBING UP TO HIGH GLADE - DAY (KALLAI) - where a weird LOW SUN is seen reddish through the mist, just touching the horizon of exotic highland foliage. Prescott climbs a steepish slope, slipping, dirty with sweat and dust. He is slowing down, panting, when he spots part of a great ape footprint. It sends him pushing on with even greater determination.

182 EXT. ROCKY AREA - DAY (STUDIO) - KONG'S EYES - cast downward. ANGLE to include Dwan, in a high glade, sitting under that steady gaze. Around her are spires of balanced boulders, many colors, great looking. Silence for a bit, just Kong's steady BREATHING, the girl's eyes locked with the ape's.

DWAN

Come on, man, forget about me
-- this thing is just not going
to be, don't you see? If
nothing else, you're too big
for me --

Hopefully she pantomimes the concept: huge him, tiny her. Kong picks her up and starts moving again.

183 EXT. WALL - DAY - (RANCH) - AREA BEHIND GATES IN GREAT WALL - where there is great NOISE and activity. Two bulldozers dig an enormous pit below the closed gates. Crewmen are dragging up nets, while nearby welders are making some kind of steel frame. In the b.g., SCREECHING chain saws hack branches off trees.

184 CAMERA CRANING UP - over this feverish activity to find Wilson on top of the wall, with a coil of wire, THROWING one end down.

WILSON

Stretch it out! Hook it up!

Captain Ross climbs up a ladder near Wilson, his face tight.

CAPT. ROSS

There's still no contact with
Carnahan.

WILSON

So their radio's on the blink.
Don't sweat it.

CAPT. ROSS

I want to take a search party.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

WILSON

Sorry, Captain, there's not a man I can spare.

CAPT. ROSS

There are six guys cut off in the jungle and you're building monkey-traps! Jesus, Wilson, you're playing with their lives!

WILSON

Whatcha think I'm betting on my own?

Their eyes meet. It is Ross who blinks, starts down the ladder. Suddenly Wilson SEES something out beyond the wall.

185 BOAN - exhausted, coming this way out of the jungle. PAN UP to Wilson on the wall. He waits a beat, yells:

WILSON

Where's the others?

186 BOAN MAKING A GESTURE - stopping, drawing a hand across his throat.

187 WILSON ON THE WALL - shocked.

WILSON

Jesus Christ.

He hauls a flask out of his hip pocket, drinks.

188 EXT. HIGH CRAGGY AREA #1 - NIGHT (STUDIO) - KONG AND DWAN - in silvery blue light, as he carries her through dark sylvan shadows in a high craggy area. It is NIGHT now. Dwan is limp in the great paw, not kicking or making noise, just looking up into the huge moist eyes.

189 EXT. HIGH CRAGGY AREA #2 - NIGHT (STUDIO) - PRESCOTT - struggling upward over very similar terrain. He stumbles in the near darkness, curses, keeps going.

190 EXT. HIGH CRAGGY AREA #3 - NIGHT (STUDIO) - KONG AND DWAN - as he comes up over a rise and sees something. It is a FULL MOON, just risen clear into his view over the curtain of mist that surrounds this island. Kong stops, gazing at it.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

Then he slowly looks down at Dwan and starts emitting a SOUND quite unlike any you have heard from him before: a low vibrant RUMBLING CROONING, from deep down inside him. His eyes seem to glow with lambent interior fire.

191 DWAN IN THE PAW - looking up at Kong's face and hearing that CROONING -- which on the deepest level both terrifies and fascinates her.
ANGLE UP to Kong, looking down at her. He lifts his eyes.

192 HIS P.O.V. - sweeping up to a summit of crags. Silhouetted against the moon are a cluster of rocky spires, grouped together like a cardboard cut-out of Manhattan skyscrapers. The silver-blue moon, the velvet sky. Seeing this place, Kong's CROONING becomes more intense. He moves on.

193
thru (OMITTED)
207

208 EXT. HIGH GLADE - NIGHT (STUDIO) - amidst those crags. The floor is of moss, strewn with orchids and even rarer blossoms. Wisps of mist hang sensuously. Kong APPEARS, carrying Dwan up into his bower, great dark shape looming against this really extraordinary painted sky.

209 DWAN IN KONG'S PAW - as the other paw starts stroking the back of her head with astonishing delicacy, back and forth, the long ape-hairs playing black on her white neck. Dwan begins to tremble uncontrollably.

210 EXT. CLIMBING UP TO HIGH GLADE - NIGHT (STUDIO) - PRESCOTT CLIMBING and stumbling with weariness. As he rests on his face a moment, he HEARS something. It is that CROONING of Kong's but so low and distant that it is barely perceptible, perhaps an auditory illusion. Prescott lifts his head. ANGLE UP to a glimpse of that same unforgettable cluster of spires.

211 PRESCOTT - gazing at that, trying to fix the sound, then starting upward again.

212 EXT. HIGH GLADE - NIGHT (STUDIO) - DWAN IN THE PAW - held and stroked. She cannot pull her eyes from Kong's hypnotic gaze. She continues trembling. She is not in control of her muscles. The paw holding her gently TURNS and OPENS, so now she is kneeling on a platform in the air.

- 213 KONG'S FACE - so goddamned ferocious, but the light of his enormous eyes is soft. The tempo of his low vibrant LOVE-CROON becomes faster.
- 214 DWAN - kneeling there, as ape fingers DESCEND and again STROKE her. Once, twice, back and forth -- then they PLUCK AWAY a piece of her robe. Another piece of her robe. Her mouth opens in a "Nooo!" but she cannot make any sound. She is as if drugged, perhaps by the sheer unspeakable sensuality of this situation. The gentleness and precision of the ape's actions are extraordinary. He has her bare to the waist now, her skin-and-feather gown stripped down and falling about her lower parts. The black ape-hair moves across her breasts.
- 215 KONG'S FACE - the lips slightly parted to reveal those ghastly unspeakable teeth, the CROONING RUMBLE seeming to come from the very depths of his being.
- 216 DWAN - as she is rolled off the ape's palm into the moss. See her eyes, following Kong above her as in them you see mirrored every nightmare and fantasy of womankind. With a soft moan, she flops her face to the side, away from the thing over her. Her eyes change. She is seeing something not believable PAST THE CAMERA.
- 217 A SNAKE IN THE MOSS - its head barely visible.
- 218 DWAN'S FACE - paralyzed, and then CAMERA PULLS UP GENTLY to bring her and this snake into the SAME SHOT and you comprehend its scale. Enormous! It LIFTS its head clear and you realize it is the same terrifying monster that hit the men in the swamp. The head is just striking DOWN at Dwan, as it did at Carnahan, when the reptilian blur is intercepted by a swinging APE PAW, and the other paw SWEEPS UP Dwan.
- 219 THE SNAKE - HISSING and CURLING up around Kong's arm in an effort to reach Dwan out at the end of it. Kong ROARS and WHIRLS, keeps CHOPPING at the snake-head to keep it just barely back from getting Dwan, finally manages to deposit Dwan in a crevice of rock. As he leaves her there and WHIRLS again, the snake anchors its tail around a spire of rocks and with the energy of an express train SNAPS A COIL around Kong's neck.
- 220 PRESCOTT'S FACE - as he comes up over the rim of this high amphitheatre and sees the primeval battle going on below. There is such ROARING and HISSING you think the sky must fall. Mesmerized, he reaches for the Nikon at his belt.

- 221 THE SNAKE AND KONG - locked in their struggle, rising and falling and rolling together like one creature. The snake is not losing, keeps throwing coil after coil over the ape.
- 222 DWAN IN THE CREVICE - agonized with the ape's agony. She cannot help it. Her eyes wet with tears. The very earth shudders from the battle, some rocks come falling around her. She shrinks back, looks up. SHIFT ANGLE. Prescott is above her, looking down at the same instant. They see each other.
- 223 KONG ENCOILED - the serpent now around his legs and torso and arms all at once, almost a duplicate of that classic piece of statuary -- Laocoon & The Serpent.
- 224 PRESCOTT - ripping loose a mass of vines, dropping them to Dwan some twenty feet below. She twines them around her lovely wrists, starts climbing up against the steep rock face as Prescott pulls.
- 225 KONG AND THE SNAKE - the ape in extremis. Suddenly he sees something through the tightening coils of death.
- 226 DWAN AND PRESCOTT - as she gets up to the rim and throws herself into his arms.
- DWAN
Oh, my god -- Jack! Mere Jack!
- Such a ROAR from below, their heads spin.
- 227 KONG AND THE SNAKE - the ape given an enormous shot of adrenalin by the sight of his bride in the arms of this Princeton fellow. Kong gets his paws together, manages to seize the repulsize reptile-head by both its jaws and literally RIPS it in half.
- 228 DWAN AND PRESCOTT - racing down from the outer slope of the amphitheatre, getting into the edge of rain forest.
- 229 KONG COMING UP OVER RIM - that pale semi-daylight moon in the mist above him, letting out a ROAR.
- 230 EXT. DOWNHILL THRU RAIN FOREST - NIGHT (STUDIO) - DWAN AND PRESCOTT - running through the rain forest.
- 231 KONG - smashing aside trees. Really MOVING.

- 232 EXT. EDGE OF PRECIPICE - NIGHT (STUDIO) - DWAN AND PRESCOTT - breaking out of trees into the open. Almost immediately they are on the edge of a precipice. Dwan and Prescott jam on the brakes, cling together and look down. Dwan gives a little laugh.

PRESCOTT

You're game to try it?

DWAN

Hell yes -- I took a silver in the high dive at the "Y"!

Dwan laughs again and faints dead away. Prescott catches her, holds her, looks back over his shoulder. His face. That ROARING and CRASHING. Clutching Dwan tight, Prescott jumps over the edge.

- 233 EXT. DOWN ANGLING TO RIVER - NIGHT (KAUAI) - THE CLINGING FIGURES - receding down and down toward a turgid river, heaven knows how far below. At last there is a SPLASH, but before the sound can reach up here it is lost in a ROAR.

- 234 EXT. EDGE OF PRECIPICE - NIGHT (STUDIO) - KONG - looking down over the edge. His expression is one of absolute fury and frustration. An instant, then his face VANISHES from SHOT as he WHEELS from the precipice.

DISSOLVE TO:

- 235 EXT. WALL - NIGHT (RANCH) - PUBLIC ADDRESS SPEAKER - tied up in a tree. It is night, but there is some reflected light.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

(from speaker)

Radar update -- monkey plotted eighteen hundred yards west by northwest --

- 236 CAMERA IS ANGLING OFF THAT SPEAKER - see closed gates in the great wall, and the area just this side of it. Men are working in terrific haste, finishing covering over that huge pit seen being excavated earlier. The covering is of cargo netting and tarpaulins, which are being scattered with tree branches and dirt. One corner is open, with the end of a ladder sticking up. Speaker VOICE continuing.

RADIO OPERATOR (V.O.)

-- heading zero eight niner --
velocity two-two miles per hour,
estimated monkey time to your
position, five minutes or less --

237 CAPT. ROSS COMES RUNNING UP AND SHOUTS:

CAPT. ROSS
Okay, everybody -- clear out!
Get down to the beach -- CLEAR
OUT!

No second invitation needed. Men are already running like hell, jumping aboard moving bulldozers which are CLANKING up along wall toward beach. Ross dashes on to that ladder sticking up from pit, calls down through open corner:

CAPT. ROSS
(continuing)
How you doing, Logan?

238 GLOOMY UNDERGROUND PIT - where those big drums dropped from the airplane are ranged in a row in a gallery cut into earth wall. They are in a jerry-built steel frame, pivoted at both ends so the whole bunch can be tipped forward simultaneously to dump the contents. A DRILLER is working on one end of the long frame with a welding torch. Instead of regular welder's hood, he is wearing a gas mask. He yells back up:

LOGAN
Almost finished -- one minute
more!

239 WILSON AND BAGLEY ON TOP OF THE WALL - maybe a hundred feet along from the gates. They squat on their heels, watching Boan fiddling with a detonator box. The big black man is all scratched and battered from his jungle ordeal, but he made it back alive. A wire from the box droops in a curve toward the covered pit. A little ruby ready-light glows "on" in the box.

BOAN
Okay. It's hot now.

WILSON
You sure he'll be able to bust
the gate-bolt out of that ring?

ANGLE to Boan's face. The deep dark eyes that have seen Kong. He just makes a sound that could be a laugh.

240 EXT. JUNGLE SECTION APPROACHING WALL - NIGHT (STUDIO) - DWAN AND PRESCOTT - running and stumbling through jungle, following that swath in the trees made by Kong previously. They are wet, scratched, disheveled, out of breath utterly. Dwan trips over a vine, falls heavily forward. She just lies there, face in the earth.

PRESCOTT
Get up.

(CONTINUED)

240 CONTINUED:

DWAN

No way -- I've had it -- go on,
Jack -- have a drink for me at
the Brown Derby --

Sudden bizarre SOUND through jungle: radio Op's VOICE
from a P.A. speaker:

RADIO OP'S VOICE

Radar update -- monkey at 900
yards -- niner zero zero and
he is moving!

As echo of that dies ahead, from behind comes a distant
but familiar ROAR. Prescott yanks Dwan to her knees.
She starts to topple again. He picks her up and throws
her over his shoulder, goes staggering forward.

241 EXT. WALL - NIGHT (RANCH) - THE UNDERGROUND PIT - where
Logan turns off and throws away his welding gear. He runs
along row of drum in that frame, knocking off loose lids,
sending them BANGING to earthen floor. Glimpse some clear
liquid filling each. He scrambles up the ladder.

242 LOGAN EMERGING - chucking off gas mask, barely pausing
to flip netting over corner aperture before he is racing
off toward beach as CAMERA ANGLES to the wall. Captain
Ross is rapidly climbing ladder toward where Wilson is
perched over detonator. Semi-distant familiar ROAR from
the jungle.

243 PRESCOTT - with Dwan in his arms, lurching up, stopping.
He looks up, calls a single near-breathless syllable:

PRESCOTT

Help.

244 CAMERA SWINGS AROUND - the looming Wall. ZOOM UP to Wilson
and Bagley on the top, seeing this apparition.

WILSON

It's them! Open the gate!

245 INSIDE OF GATES - as Bagley and Boan come sliding down
vine-ropes from top of wall to bolt ledge, are joined
by Capt. Ross climbing ladder from below. They hurl
their weight at the bolt, get it sliding.

- 246 PRESCOTT ON THE OUTSIDE - dwarfed, holding Dwan, throwing his own weight at the enormous portals. One starts to swing inward. Prescott lurches through, stops and pushes back with might and main to stop its swinging, to get it going closed again. Capt. Ross comes sliding down to help him. It moves the other way and shuts.
- 247 BOAN AND BAGLEY - on the ledge, forcing the bolt in again. They stop with it only half-way home, in the first great wooden ring. Prescott sees that, screams up at them:

PRESCOTT
He'll smash that! Get it all
the way!

But they are fleeing. ROARING from Kong, closer. Prescott takes a few staggering steps to side, drops Dwan. Capt. Ross grabs them both, hauls them away from the area in front of gates, into comparative darkness.

- 248 WILSON ATOP WALL - over the detonator-box. Approaching CRASHING and ROARING. See Wilson's face, smitten with sudden disbelief as he at last sees Kong.
- 249 WHAT KONG IS SEEING - which is the frozen executive right in the bullseye center of his distorted shimmery vision. A terrific ROAR. Wilson seems to be moving very rapidly TOWARD LENS as Kong is lunging toward him, and then at the very last instant Wilson VANISHES.
- 250 WILSON - snatching detonator with one hand, with the other grabbing hold of rope which extends down and jumping over. Wilson slides down an agonizing skin-burning ten feet or so, manages to stop fall, swings there and looks up. SEE what he sees -- ENORMOUS PAW as it SWEEPS along top of wall, SWIPES empty air Wilson just vacated.
- 251 INSIDE OF WALL - as Kong is HURLING himself against the outside. Everything SHUDDERS, pieces FLY off. The shock sends Wilson SWINGING out like a pendulum. Now Kong has moved along slightly, is HURLING himself at the gates. More debris. SPLINTERING sounds. ZOOM IN on the loops that hold bolt, starting to come apart.
- 252 CAPTAIN ROSS - as he screams up at Wilson who is frozen on the rope.

(CONTINUED)

252 CONTINUED:

CAPT. ROSS
Blow it, god damn you! Dump
the chloroform!

- 252A ZOOM IN ON WILSON - Like in a dream, Wilson pushes down handle of detonator box he still clutches.
- 253 ROW OF STEEL DRUMS - in the pit, as there is a low THUDDD of charge behind them and the entire frame tips forward. About a thousand gallons of pure chloroform pours out, the volatile fumes swirl up instantly, making the SCREEN ALL WAVERY.
- 254 THE GATES - as Kong HITS them again with all his weight. The single ring holding the bolt gives way and he HURTLES through amidst flying debris -- it really should be seen in SLOW MOTION to be fully appreciated. Kong is just about to regain his balance when he reaches the covered pit. He CRASHES through INTO it.
- 255 GAPING FACES - watching. Wilson, Bagley, Ross, Prescott. More ROARING and THRASHING.
- 256 KONG'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS, rising from the pit amidst those swirling fumes of anaesthetic. His bellow SOUNDS choked. His arms rise and drop again. Kong FALLS BACK out of sight. The only sound is a muddy SPLASHING, as he beats feebly around in the chloroform puddles under him. Just a SPLASHING.
- 256A CAMERA STARTS PULLING UP HIGH - A surprising thing takes place. NATIVES are coming out of the bush on all sides, from where you had no idea they were hidden... As if at a signal, they all fall to their knees, and touch their foreheads to the ground, and let out a long dreadful WAIL.
- DISSOLVE TO:
- 257 EXT. SUPERTANKER AT SEA - DAY (LOC. LOCATION) - WATER CASCADING OVER SCREEN - and then CAMERA PULLS BACK a bit and you understand that you are seeing a SHIP'S BOW WAVE.
- 258 SHIFT ANGLE - to look along the waterline and it is simply mind-blowing -- this mother looks about a mile long.

- 259 SUPERTANKER AT SEA - plowing right TOWARD CAMERA, about to pass BELOW it. Fantastic size! In actual fact, its displacement is 476,292 gross tons, its length 1243 feet.
- 260 FEW LITTLE FIGURES - seen on deck are like toys. MOVE DOWN and SEE familiar Petrox house flag fluttering in the wind.
- 260A INT. LARGE TANK - DAY (STUDIO) - AN ENORMOUS DARK CAVERN OF STEEL - with a mix of SOUNDS: water rushing along hull plates, throb of ship's engines, roaring air blowers. This is one of the supertanker's oil storage tanks, big enough to hold Notre Dame Cathedral. It is empty and scoured out.
- 260B ANOTHER ANGLE - Way up high is an open grillwork through which you can see blue sky. MOVE DOWN off that. Down and down, following a slanted beam of sunlight. Suddenly Kong's eyes JUMP UP INTO SHOT. He is a great dark shape lying on his back on the vibrating floorplates, eyes fixed on that patch of blue sky way up there.
- 261 EXT. SUPERTANKER AT SEA - DAY - (LOC. LOCATION) - FOUR SAILORS - walking forward along deck, dwarfed by the size of it. Probably they are Pakistani or Panamanian, as are most of the crewmen of these ships. They carry a huge basket of bananas and other fruits. They reach edge of OPEN GRILLWORK which has been welded into place over an opening cut in deck, put down their basket, kneel and peer down.
- 262 KONG'S FACE - The men's SHADOW falling over the eyes. Then a movement. ANGLE to a clenched paw, RISING about ten feet and SLAMMING DOWN on the floorplates. Again! It BOOMS and RINGS and ECHOES like the hammers of hell!
- 263 THOSE SAILORS - as they hastily dump that fruit through the grill and run. The ANGLE SHIFTS. Up above, on terrace of mid-level deck where the Officers' and owners' posh suites are located, FIND Dwan and Prescott staring down this way as Kong's fist RESOUNDS with another muffled boom.
- 264 DWAN AND PRESCOTT - turning their attention back to a backgammon board between them.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED:

Dwan finishes a can of beer, pops open another one. Prescott shakes his dice. Their faces are somber, guarded -- you get the feeling there is a secret compact between them not to speak or even think of what is below deck. Fred Wilson walks up, his mood as good as can be. He hands Dwan a telex sheet.

WILSON

Congratulations.

A little blank, she takes the sheet and starts to read it. PUSH IN on Dwan's face. She rises. She glows. Her whole bearing and demeanor undergoes a subtle change. Reading the sheet, she walks a little way along the deck in a regal manner, then turns and eyes Prescott.

DWAN

Do I look different?

PRESCOTT

Yes. You shine.

DWAN

That's right. I'm a star.

Prescott looks questioningly at Wilson.

WILSON

It's all set, Jack. We open in Shea Stadium, backed by The Beach Boys for sure and probably Nureyev and Fonteyn.

Short derisive laugh from Prescott.

WILSON

(continuing)

I'm not kidding -- a Beauty and the Beast bit, they flipped over the idea. If we can land Balanchine to choreograph, it's a deal.

PRESCOTT

Monstrous.

WILSON

Kong-wise, that's a good word for it.

(little chuckle,
then:)

Any chance of you two getting married?

(CONTINUED)

264. CONTINUED (2):

A moment. Dwan smiles.

DWAN

This is so sudden.

WILSON

I mean at Shea, opening night.
You do it out there around
second base, we figure some way
of Kong giving away the bride.

(seeing Prescott's
face)

Okay, just asking. Marriage
is probably an old-fashioned
image anyway.

DWAN

I don't necessarily agree. Do
you, Jack?

Sudden ECHOING CLANG from down there. Dwan's face changes.
She crumples the telex violently.

DWAN

Christ. After all these years
of rising above personal
catastrophes, I'm gonna wind up
at last with a shrink. How can
I ascend to stardom on the back
of someone stolen off a gorgeous
island and shut up in a lousy oil
tank?

WILSON

He's not "someone". It's an
animal. A beast. It tried to
rape you.

DWAN

Fred, that's a lie! He risked
his life to save me from a huge
serpent!

WILSON

He tried to rape you, honey.
And before you cry a lot, you
oughta ask the natives on that
island what they thought of
losing Kong.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED (3):

PRESCOTT

Actually, they'll miss Kong a lot.

WILSON

Yeah -- like leprosy.

PRESCOTT

You're dead wrong. He was the mystery and terror of their lives -- and the magic. In a year that will be an island of burnt-out drunks. When we took Kong, we kidnapped their God.

That was impressive. Dwan shudders, her tone hushed:

DWAN

What a scary thought. It's like there's a curse on us --

WILSON

(turning on
Prescott)

Damn it, I've had enough of you trying to confuse this girl's mind. It's her big chance, and yours too. There are stars at Princeton just like in Hollywood, Jack. You want out? You want me to cable Harvard and Yale and get Kong another keeper?

PRESCOTT

Shea Stadium. Rock bands. It's a grotesque farce!

WILSON

Your move, Professor -- just say the word and your contract is torn up. Now!

Silence. Dwan's eyes on Prescott, appealing to him. Prescott picks up his Bloody Mary or whatever from beside the backgammon board. He drinks. Prescott drinks -- but he does not say the word.

WILSON

(continuing)

See ya in Shea Stadium.

Wilson is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

265 SUPERTANKER AT NIGHT - vast bow wave foaming brightly in the moonlight.

266 DWAN AND PRESCOTT - walking on a high outside deck. He is puffing on a cigarette, frowning intensely. Suddenly he stops, throws down his butt and looks at Dwan. In the moonlight she is terrific.

PRESCOTT

God, I'm so tired of thinking.
The ape had the right idea.

DWAN

Which?

He seizes Dwan and kisses her. It goes on a little longer than either of them had expected. They come up for air. Dwan makes a CROONING SOUND at him. They go under again in another kiss. MOVE IN as Prescott's hand comes up on the back of Dwan's head. A kerchief she is wearing around her neck is inadvertantly detached and falls off into the breeze.

267 THE SCARF - blown along the deck, tumbled over an edge. It lands on the open grillwork over Kong's prison, hangs and flutters there a moment, then VANISHES from sight.

268 KONG'S FACE - as he sleeps. His eyes are closed. In the ambient moonlight see a wisp of silk fluttering down and landing near the nostrils. Kong BREATHES, inhaling the perfume of Dwan's kerchief. There is a TREMOR through the great hulk. Suddenly an eye OPENS WIDE, seeming to glow with interior blue fire.

269 KONG'S HAND - plucking the kerchief off his face and holding it where he can see it. He sniffs it. He lets out a sort of TORMENTED GROAN, lifts a fist and SLAMS it down on the floor plates and ROARS.

270 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE A STATEROOM - where Prescott is holding Dwan and kissing her, at the same time fumbling key into lock behind him, as that echoing SLAM and ROAR is heard from the bowels of the ship. Again. Prescott has the door open now, is hurrying Dwan inside when there is another POUNDING and tormented ROARING. Dwan stiffens, breaks from Prescott.

DWAN

(anguished)
He's hurting himself.

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED:

PRESCOTT

Come on --

Another ECHOING SLAM from below. Dwan winces as if she had taken the blow in her own heart. Prescott reaches for her hungrily but Dwan turns abruptly, starts down corridor away from the stateroom door.

- 271 KONG REACHING UP - trying to CLIMB the interior wall of his prison. The metal is smooth, the task of course impossible. Kong moves back through beam of moonlight from grill above. He pulls his fist back, SWINGS it ferociously at a transverse bulkhead.
- 272 SMALL CREW CABIN - apparently directly on other side of where Kong's blow CRASHES bulkhead like a pile-driver. The metal wall BULGES in, partly detaching an upper bunk. A sleeping Pakistani sailor is hurled onto deck.
- 273 KONG ROARING - which in the enclosed metal place is like the sound of hell, then he MOVES quickly along and aims another terrific WALLOP at another section of bulkhead.
- 274 A WALL CABINET - flying OPEN from that crashing wallop behind it, sending a shower of crockery out. SHIFT ANGLE to see that this is the crew galley. Another THUMP. The Cook watches open-mouthed as a big coffee urn is bumped from its moorings. Live steam HISSES out of severed pipe.
- 275 KONG - pulling back for another SWING.
- 276 and 277 (OMITTED)
- 278 THICK ELECTRICAL CONDUITS - as blow lands on bulkhead above them. The sheaths buckle. Crackling sparks and smoke. Yellow emergency lights come on. Another BLOW. Hear gushing SEA WATER and then the accelerating WHINE and SUCK of automatic pumps.
- 279 PILOT HOUSE - lit mostly with soft red lights like an airplane cockpit. On these supertankers, the pilot house resembles control room of a nuclear power plant rather than conventional ship.

(CONTINUED)

279 CONTINUED:

OFFICER on watch sees several warning-panels ILLUMINATE and HEARS low-toned bells and buzzers. As he moves toward phone the TANKER CAPTAIN hurries in, pulling on clothes.

TANKER CAPTAIN
What's the damage?

OFFICER
Minor electrical fire, it's out.
One leak in the safety hull,
the pumps are handling it.

Skipper shakes his head, WHISTLES in disbelief.

280
thru (OMITTED)
286

287 CREW GALLEY - where Kong's HAMMERING now BULGES IN the bulkhead plates. Water SPOUTS from busted pipes, live steam continues HISSING. A whole row of storage cabinets topples forward, spewing out food of every sort.

288 IN THE PILOT HOUSE - lights going on in the warning panels as the Officer and the Captain watch.

TANKER CAPTAIN
If that bulkhead gives he'll be
in the engine room.

OFFICER
Yeah -- after a twenty foot drop.
He'd probably go right through the
hull.

Wilson comes racing in, furious.

WILSON
What's got into him? That wog
crew of yours been pissing on
his head or something?

Another blow SHAKES the pilot house. The Captain turns to his Office.

TANKER CAPTAIN
Prepare to flood the zoo. Drown
him.

WILSON
Wait a minute -- you can't!

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED

Another ECHOING SLAM from below. Dwan winces as if she had taken the blow on her own heart. Prescott reaches for her hungrily, but Dwan steps back, touches him on the cheek in an easy way.

DWAN

Wait for me. I'll be back in a minute.

She is GONE down the corridor before he can say a word.

271 KONG REACHING UP - trying to CLIMB the interior wall of his prison. The metal is smooth, the task of course impossible. Kong moves back through beam of moonlight from grill above. He pulls his fist back, SWINGS it ferociously at a transverse bulkhead.

272 SMALL CREW CABIN - apparently directly on the other side of where Kong's blow CRASHES bulkhead like a pile-driver. The metal wall BULGES in, partly detaching an upper bunk. A sleeping Pakistani sailor is hurled onto deck.

273 KONG ROARING - which in the enclosed metal place is like the sound of hell, then he MOVES quickly along and aims another terrific WALLOP at another section of bulkhead.

274
thru (OMITTED)
277

278 THICK ELECTRICAL CONDUITS - as blow lands on bulkhead above them. The sheaths buckle. Crackling sparks and smoke. Yellow emergency lights come on. Another BLOW. Hear gushing SEA WATER and then the accelerating WHINE and SUCK of automatic pumps.

279
thru (OMITTED)
289

290 EXT. DECK - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - Dwan walking slowly forward toward grill over Kong's prison, almost dreamlike in the moonlight. Another ROAR and CRASH from below. Somewhere an ALARM BELL starts ringing steadily. Then a laconic VOICE over a P.A. SPEAKER:

(continued)

290 CONTINUED:

P.A. VOICE
Sea water pumps to full pressure!
Prepare to flood tank 4! Prepare
to drown the animal!

DWAN
(whisper)
Nooooooooooooooooo.....

She scampers out onto the grillwork, bends and calls DOWN:

DWAN
Hey, Big Boy. You dumb ugly ape.
Kong!

291
and
292 OMITTED

293 KONG - arm drawn back for another mighty blow. He HALTS. A low WHISTLE from above and then:

DWAN'S VOICE
Remember me? Your blind date?

The terrible face swivels UPWARD. Nostrils SNIFF. PUSH IN on the eyes, glinting, made by the blue moonlight into a pair of flickering sapphires.

294 KONG'S VIEW - Dwan shining on the grillwork in a fantastic shimmering HALO of moonlight.

295 ON DECK - PRESCOTT - appears in a lighted doorway, stops short and reacts and YELLS:

PRESCOTT
You damn fool, COME BACK HERE!
He's gone berserk!!

DWAN
Stop! Come any closer and I'll jump!

Prescott STOPS.

296 KONG REACHING UP - extending his arms. But the tank is very deep -- in actual fact, when this ship is fully laden she draws 91 feet of water -- and Kong's pawtips fall some fifteen feet short of Dwan above them. Her VOICE comes down to him, soothing, ECHOING slightly in the cavern:

DWAN

Take it easy -- easy -- stop
waking up sleepy people -- no one
is gonna hurt you -- you're just
going to America to be a star --

297 KONG - reaching, letting out a sort of TORTURED GROWL. He suddenly CROUCHES slightly, then LEAPS UPWARD. The leap still leaves him short of the enticing vision above, but oh jeezus! -- fifteen tons going up and then CRASHING DOWN on the hull plates.

290
thru (OMITTED)
304

305 DWAN ON THE GRILL - as the whole thing shudders from Kong's landing, and she SLIPS, and suddenly she is THROUGH one of the three-foot squares and HANGING by her hands and her grip is GIVING WAY.

(continued)

Revised 3/2/76

270 CONTINUED

Another ECHOING SLAM from below. Dwan winces as if she had taken the blow on her own heart. Prescott reaches for her hungrily, but Dwan steps back, touches him on the cheek in an easy way.

DWAN

Wait for me. I'll be back in a minute.

She is GONE down the corridor before he can say a word.

271 KONG REACHING UP - trying to CLIMB the interior wall of his prison. The metal is smooth, the task of course, impossible. Kong moves back through beam of moonlight from grill above. He pulls his fist back, SWINGS it ferociously at a transverse bulkhead.

272 SMALL CREW CABIN - apparently directly on the other side of where Kong's blow CRASHES bulkhead like a pile-driver. The metal wall BULGES in, partly detaching an upper bunk. A sleeping Pakistani sailor is hurled onto deck.

273 KONG ROARING - which in the enclosed metal place is like the sound of hell, then he MOVES quickly along and aims another terrific WALLOP at another section of bulkhead.

274
thru 277 OMITTED

278 THICK ELECTRICAL CONDUITS - as blow lands on bulkhead above them. The sheaths buckle. Crackling sparks and smoke. Yellow emergency lights come on. Another BLOW. Hear gushing SEA WATER and then the accelerating WHINE and SUCK of automatic pumps.

279
thru 289 OMITTED

290 EXT. DECK - NIGHT --(STUDIO) - Dwan walking slowly forward, almost dreamlike in the moonlight. Another ROAR. Dwan pauses, grips a stanchion to brace herself for the deck-shaking CRASH which follows from below. Instantly a BELL starts ringing somewhere and there is a VOICE heard over SPEAKER SYSTEM, sounding inhuman and mechanical like some pre-recorded message:

(continued)

290 CONTINUED

SPEAKER VOICE

Alert. Ecological alert! Oil
escaping from tanks 1 and 3! Oil
leaking into marine environment,
rate ten cubic meters per second!

Dwan continues forward to edge of grillwork over Kong's prison. As she reaches it there is another CRASH and now a HONKER starts up over the continuing Environmental Alert bell, and a SECOND VOICE is heard over the speakers:

SECOND VOICE

This is the Captain! Sea water
pumps to full pressure! Prepare
to flood Tank 4 -- I am ordering
the ape DROWNED!

DWAN

(whisper)

Nooooooooooooo.....

She scampers out ONTO grillwork, bends and calls DOWN:

DWAN

Hey, Big Boy -- you dumb ugly ape.
Kong!

291
and
292 OMITTED

293 KONG - arm drawn back for another mighty blow. He HALTS. A low WHISTLE from above and then:

DWAN'S VOICE

Remember me? Your blind date?

The terrible face swivels UPWARD. Nostrils SNIFF. PUSH IN on the eyes, glinting, made by the blue moonlight into a pair of flickering sapphires.

294 KONG'S VIEW - Dwan shining on the grillwork in a fantastic shimmering HALO of moonlight.

295 ON DECK - PRESCOTT - appears in a lighted doorway, stops short and reacts and YELLS:

(continued)

295 CONTINUED

PRESCOTT

You damn fool, COME BACK HERE!
He's gone berserk!!

DWAN

Stop! Come any closer and I'll
jump!

Prescott STOPS.

288 CONTINUED:

TANKER CAPTAIN
Mr. Wilson, I can do anything
I want. I deem my vessel to be
in danger.

WILSON
A HALF MILLION TON SHIP IN
DANGER FROM ONE APE??

OFFICER
(at switches)
Ready to flood, Captain.

289 (OMITTED)

290 OUT ON THE DECK - Dwan walking forward slowly toward the
grill over Kong's prison, almost dreamlike in the moon-
light, as Prescott follows her. Another ROAR and CRASH.
Dwan stops. Wilson comes running out above, YELLS down
wildly:

WILSON
Jack, they're gonna drown him!
THINK OF SOMETHING!!

Hollow VOICE from P.A. SPEAKERS:

P.A. VOICE
Flooding tank four. Sea water
pumps up to full pressure...

DWAN
(whisper)
Noooooooo...

A warning SIREN and BELLS. Suddenly Dwan scampers out
onto the grillwork bars.

291 PRESCOTT - shouting after her:

PRESCOTT
You damn fool, COME BACK HERE!
He's gone berserk!!

292 DWAN - as Prescott is about to start after her.

DWAN
Come any nearer and I'll jump.

Prescott halts. She drops to her knees. Calls down.

(CONTINUED)

292 CONTINUED:

DWAN

Hey, Big Boy. You dumb ugly
ape. Kong!

293 KONG - arm drawn back for another mighty blow. He HALTS.
A low WHISTLE from above and then:

DWAN'S VOICE

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landing, and she SLIPS, and suddenly she is THROUGH one of
the three-foot squares and HANGING by her hands and her
grip is GIVING WAY.

(CONTINUED)

305 CONTINUED:

DWAN

Oh, my God -- Big Boy, I'm coming!!

So saying she YELLS and DROPS. A swiftly darting PAW catches her.

306 PRESCOTT ON DECK - screaming up at the bridge and running forward:

PRESCOTT

She's in the tank! Don't flood!

He looks down through the grill.

307 (OMITTED)

308 KONG HOLDING DWAN - gazing at her, moving her closer to his fearful face.

309 ON DECK - Wilson and the Captain and various crewmen all coming up and looking down at the edge of the grill, some of the men with powerful FLASHLIGHTS. They are hushed, fascinated and terrified for the beautiful girl in the grip of the ugly beast.

310 DWAN - who is pretty scared herself but trying not to show it. She reaches out and touches Kong's face. He makes a strange LOW SOUND. He moves backward in the bluish gloom, reaches a corner of the storage tank, slides DOWN along it till he is squatting on his haunches. He looks UPWARD.

311 KONG'S VIEW - the strange lens JUMPING around the periphery of the grillwork. Weird light and shadow from the lights on FACES OF MEN gazing down at him. They are almost like something from a German expressionist painting -- harsh and grotesque -- as terrifying to him as Kong's face is to you. Distorted SOUNDS of their voices, grating, filled with obscure menace. Kong's P.O.V. DROPS. Dwan. As soft and shiny in his eye as the men are dreadful. Complete contrast.

312 DWAN - IN KONG'S PAW - as she is lowered. He releases her on the battered floor plates. Those SOUNDS which are eternal down here: THROB of engines, the propellor shafts, air blowers and RUSHING WATER beyond the hull. Dwan stands there, between the enormous thighs. Without anything specific being seen, the sexuality here blows your skull. Kong GAZES DOWN at her. Dwan retreats a bit, HALTS. The ape just gazes and BREATHES, the sound of the latter growing quieter, as if it pacifies him merely to know that she is here and near to him in his incomprehensible captivity.

- 313 DWAN - MOVING AGAIN - backing away, but always meeting Kong's gaze. There are climbing irons on inside surface of tank. Slowly, watching him, Dwan climbs.
- 314 KONG'S EYES - watching her.
- 315 DWAN - NEAR TOP RUNG - as hands reach down to help her. She pushes them away. She looks directly down at Kong and makes a gesture -- perhaps a thumbs-up, maybe blows a kiss.
- 316 KONG'S EYES - as they close.
- 317 DWAN - pulling herself up onto deck. There is a reaction. She staggers a few feet, grasps a stanchion and clings to it, her whole body heaving. There is an enormous feeling of isolation about her this instant -- aloneness -- she has returned from some place where nobody but her has ever been. Her experience cannot be shared. Prescott comes up and holds her, but she is far away.
- 318 KONG DOWN THERE - seen through the grill. Moonlight on the great dark hulk. Extinguished closed eyes. Slow breathing, like a child. The hugeness of him crouched down in a corner, so quiet it is mystical. Darkness and magic. SOUNDS of the ship's engines. Throbbing. Kong's heartbeat. Quiet rushing water. Magic and mystery.

GO SLOW TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

- 319 EXT. STADIUM, NEW YORK - NIGHT - GIRL HIGH SCHOOL BAND - marching out from dark portal into a blaze of SPOTLIGHTS. "Stars & Stripes Forever"! Teen-age flesh, majorettes, batons. Glittery sequins over tits spell out "KONG" and "PETROX"!
- 320 GOODYEAR BLIMP IN NIGHT SKY - as SOUND of band drifts up faintly. Moving lights around the blimp spell out bright message... "THE BIG APPLE LUVS THE BIG GUY!"
- 321 SHEA STADIUM SEEN FROM BLIMP - a big SPLASH OF LIGHT in the midst of Queens. SNAKES of HEADLIGHTS all around are the Long Island expressway system.

321 CONTINUED:

ZOOM DOWN somewhat. High school band is making words -- first arranging themselves in "KING KONG," then quickly marching around so that the second word becomes "PETROX".

322 (OMITTED)

323 INT. HUGE GAS PUMP - NIGHT - SOME DARK CONFINED SPACE - impossible to tell where it is except that it seems to be base of some covered steel framework. BAND MUSIC in b.g. The SHOT is super-dramatically lit by FIRE of a welding torch. HOODED WELDER works on a huge heavy chain which seems to be around a great hairy ankle. ANGLE OFF. In sputtery glare you see a N.Y.F.D. CHIEF INSPECTOR who has just stuck his head in to talk to a CIVILIAN in Petrox coveralls who is watching the welding.

INSPECTOR

What's that chain tested to?

CIVILIAN

Thirty tons -- same as all the frame welds.

(handing him
paper)

Here's the lab certification --

324 INT. HOTEL SUITE (N.Y.) - NIGHT - WILSON - entering brightly lighted quarters where MAKEUP MEN and STYLISTS are working on Dwan, who is zipped into the sexiest dress you ever saw. Banks of TV MONITORS show prelim activities at the stadium: crowds arriving, the Girl Band, and so on. Wilson walks toward where Dwan is getting the treatment, the exec wearing a safari outfit which is creased and stained like it has been up and down Kilimanjaro a few times. A GAY STYLIST gives him a low sexy wolf-whistle.

STYLIST

Take it off, honeybunch!

Wilson whirls on him furiously. Stylist says nothing, just twists sleeve of Wilson's beat-up safari jacket. On cuff is brand new Abercombe & Fitch price tag. The Stylist laughs. Somewhat egg-faced, Wilson rips off the tag.

325 DWAN'S FACE - as MAKEUP MAN gives final touch of eyeliner. He steps back. He gives Dwan a hand mirror to see herself. Wilson walks up.

(CONTINUED)

325 CONTINUED:

WILSON

Fan-tas-tic. If we hadn't fished
you out of the sea we'd have had
to invent you.

DWAN

I think maybe you did.

Suddenly Dwan's face changes as she sees something in
the mirror.

326 PRESCOTT - behind her, as Dwan's head turns. He is
wearing jeans and a shirt.

DWAN

You're not dressed!

PRESCOTT

I'm sorry. I can't go through
with it.

WILSON

What??

PRESCOTT

I was wrong. It's not a farce,
it's a tragedy.

WILSON

Why you little nobody, we'll
sue you until you don't know fat
meat from greasy! You signed
with us!

PRESCOTT

Here's my advance back.

(giving envelope)

I'm joining the U.N. campaign
to have Kong taken from you and
returned to his home. I expect
I'll be able to reveal quite a
few interesting facts.

(turning)

Dwan --

She jumps up, throws her arms around him, clings to
him.

DWAN

Don't leave me tonight! Please!
My horoscope says I'll --

(CONTINUED)

326 CONTINUED:

Gently he has stopped her mouth.

PRESCOTT

Dwan, shut up. I love you.
Come with me right away. Now.

Her eyes hold his a moment, then shift to Wilson.

WILSON

Go ahead. Except I promise
you, you'll never get a booking
in your life. You won't even
tap dance at a Weight Watchers'
reunion party.

He means it. Dwan looks back at Prescott with terrible
appeal. Anguish.

DWAN

Jack! Don't you understand??

PRESCOTT

Yes. I'm sorry. Stay well.

He smiles, is gently out of her arms and walking away
before she knows it.

DWAN

Jack!!

She would run after him, but Wilson catches her. Prescott
is out.

WILSON

It's the old story. When you
go up, baby, there's always some
guy that can't cut it who you
have to leave at the bottom of
the stairs. There'll be lots of
them.

Long beat. Dwan understands this reasoning. Bravely,
she stands straight and composes herself.

327 EXT. STADIUM - NEW YORK - NIGHT - PLATFORM IN SHEA STADIUM -
around 2nd base region, where SPOTLIGHTS converge on a pair
of BALLET DANCERS doing a pas-de-deux against a stylized set
representing a tropic island. As CAMERA MOVES DOWN on it,
you HEAR the music and a RICH VOICE from stadium speakers:

(CONTINUED)

327 CONTINUED:

VOICE

-- And Beauty rose from the sea, like Venus! And Beauty tamed the Beast! And the Beast followed her fearlessly from the inviolate fastness of his isle!

- 328 EXT. HOTEL HELIPAD - NIGHT - NEW YORK - HELICOPTER ON PAD - waiting, rotors already slowly turning. It has "PETROX" on it in huge letters and is all tarted up with metallic glitter paint and reflectors. PHOTOGRAPHERS are waiting, perk up suddenly. ANGLE to see Dwan and Wilson coming. In b.g., hurrying toward the chopper. Dwan stops and smiles in a barrage of flashbulbs.
- 329 EXT. STADIUM - NEW YORK - NIGHT - KIDS AT SHEA - dancing and going mad to LOUD ROCK MUSIC in aisles and front box area. BURNS MEN and PINKERTONS are struggling to hold them back.
- 330 LIVE ROCK GROUP - which has replaced ballet pair on platform. Funk and flash and glitter, a really great performance as the LEAD SINGER does a special number about King Kong.
- 331 INT. HUGE GAS PUMP - NIGHT - KONG'S FACE - just barely visible in near total darkness as the ROCK MUSIC CONTINUES through CUT. A bit flashlight beam comes up from below and reflects off flat metal ceiling barely two feet over his head. Part slides open. As ROCK MUSIC is HEARD LOUDER, a couple of men in Petrox coveralls lean in and drop something onto Kong's head. It is a crown. Zircon-studded letters in an arc around front: "P-E-T-R-O-X". A glimpse of that before roof hastily shuts again and the light beam from below goes out. In moment of blackness -- one LOW GROWL.
- 332 EXT. STADIUM - NEW YORK - NIGHT - ROCK GROUP AND KIDS - continuing to whoop it up.
- 333 A PETROX GASOLINE PUMP - just like the ones in any service station. Suddenly footlights come on around base. A guy walks INTO SHOT to adjust lights and you get a surprise -- this normal-looking pump is about fifty feet high.
- 334 HIGH SCHOOL BAND - those cute sequinned girls, now back under stands and jiggling around to the ROCK MUSIC which carries through, smoking joints and all. Someone calls to them:

VOICE

Places!

- 335 A MAN IN STADIUM PORTAL - looking at his watch. He lifts a flare gun and FIRES it. ANGLE UP. A single RED ROCKET goes up and BURSTS overhead.
- 336 ROCK GROUP - as leader sees the signal rocket. They segue right into a spectacular arrangement of "Hail To The Chief".
- 337 THE CROWD - loving it, going nuts.
- 338 THE BAND MARCHING OUT - the pert sexy girls also doing a jazzed-up version of "Hail To The Chief".
- 339 LONG ROW OF FIREWORKS MORTARS - tended by moonlighting N.Y.C. Firemen. One touches main fuse with his cigar. It sizzles, then BOOM BOOM BOOM as they go off.
- 340 EXT. FIREWORKS IN SKY - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - sensational, words "KONG" and "PETROX" cascading down in waterfalls of fire.
- 341 EXT. STADIUM - NEW YORK - NIGHT - A HUGE SOMETHING - appearing at end of stadium. It is that 50-foot Petrox gas pump mounted on the flat-bed of an immense tractor-drawn transporter. It has been decorated like a Rose Parade float to resemble a tropic isle. It is moving.
- 342 INT. STADIUM - PRESSBOX - NIGHT - where REPORTERS are banging away at their portables and drinking and enjoying the spectacle. Sudden commotion as Prescott comes pushing in, dragging an outraged STADIUM COP.

STADIUM COP

Hey, c'mon, you can't --

1ST REPORTER

Wait a minute! Isn't that the monkey guy? Prescott?

Reactions. Heads swiveling from Prescott to the photos in the press kits and back again. Reporters are up and crowding around him.

2ND REPORTER

What are you doing up here? The handout says you're part of the act!

PRESCOTT

I was. I've quit.

(CONTINUED)

342 CONTINUED:

3RD REPORTER
What's the story, Jack?

PRESCOTT
Quite a long one. It starts
with Fred Wilson getting a lead
to Kong's island by bribery in
Washington, D.C. --

Reporters are electrified. Sudden ROAR from field.

- 343 EXT. STADIUM - NEW YORK - NIGHT - THE HUGE DUMMY GAS PUMP -
moving out into lights. The sides and top suddenly are
knocked away from within as there is a familiar ROAR which
can be heard even OVER the billion-decibel music.
- 344 ZOOM IN - It is KONG in there, wearing his awful crown of
zircons. The frame of that dummy gas pump constitutes a
cage -- not obtrusive, its steel members hidden by festooned
vines and jungle flowers. His chained ankles have been
strewn around with branches, hiding the massive links. He
ROARS again, gripping verticals of the cage structure with
both jaws.
- 345 FACES IN THE CROWD - in very quick succession, hundreds of
them it seems, in an ecstasy of awe and delight. The ROCK
MUSIC and the BAND are still going together, people start
spontaneously dancing "The Kong" -- which is going to be
some rage in the discos. Gyrating young mothers hold up
their tots so they can get a good view of the field show.
- 346 KONG'S FACE - under the Petrox crown, as he twists and
turns, trying to make out what in hell all this is.
- 347 KONG'S VIEW - nothing quite making sense, as lights dazzle
his sensitive eyes, and certain tones from the 'rockers'
instruments are so piercing he could go bananas.
- 348 A COUPLE OF DARING KIDS - jumping from the stands as
kids will and sprinting out toward Kong. Cops and Shea
Stadium Guards pursue them.

(CONTINUED)

348 CONTINUED:

They zig-zag around, elude Cops and jump up on edge of the transporter. The crowd CHEERS. Kong eyes the kids with mild interest, watches as the Cops haul them away. The crowd BOOS.

349 THE GAUDY PETROX HELICOPTER - glittering up in the air in criss-cross searchlight beams as slowly it descends. It touches ground. It is barely on ground before doors have opened and Dwan and Wilson are out in blaze of light.

350 ZOOM IN ON DWAN - Now she has a sash over her terrific chest -- a pair of reflective sequin hearts with an arrow through them, one heart labeled KONG and the other DWAN.

351 THE ROCK GROUP - explodes into some song in her honor. A good one would be The Beach Boys' "Californis Girls".

352 INT. STADIUM PRESSBOX - NIGHT - PRESCOTT - suddenly turning from excited Reporters around him, looking down at the field. Dwan shining in lights.

REPORTERS

Come on!... Keep talking!...
What kind of satellite photo??
... CIA or NSA??

Ignoring them, Prescott reaches for a pair of binoculars.

353 EXT. STADIUM - NEW YORK - NIGHT - WILSON AND DWAN - holding hands and waving as he leads her at a run the twenty yards or so to the moving transporter. With perfect timing they mount low red-carpeted steps at side which bring them up into the phony tropic island, at foot of and just ahead of Kong's cage.

354 KONG'S VIEW - as he looks down. Dwan's face is there, as she turns her head and looks directly back and up at him. It shines in strange field of vision. HEAR Kong's low rumbling CROON.

355 KONG'S PAWS - as they tighten on a crosspiece of cage. Garlands of flowers fall off here and there, revealing steel wrist-chains below. ZOOM IN on one weld as a crack runs across it. ANGLE DOWN to Dwan, as she sees that.

357 DWAN - swivels her head to Wilson, but before she can say a word:

WILSON
(doing it great
himself)
Smile.

357 INT. STADIUM PRESSBOX - NIGHT - PRESCOTT - tensing slightly with binoculars, not sure if he saw what he thought. He adjusts the focus.

358 EXT. STADIUM - NEW YORK - NIGHT - OPEN CAR - pulling up alongside the transporter. It is crammed with CAMERAMEN, both print and TV, with batteries of lights and cameras. As it gets in close, several of the Cameramen climb aboard and around Dwan. Yelling over the sea of noise:

CAMERAMEN
Lean out over the side, luv,
we'll get you up against his
face!... Lean way out, I'll
hold you!... Smile!!!... Hold
her out, Pete...!

Before she knows what is happening, one of the guys has ducked down so he will be out of the shot, grabbed Dwan by her thighs and pushed her backwards out over the edge while he holds her for dramatic low-angled pix from car alongside.

359 INT. STADIUM PRESSBOX - NIGHT - PRESCOTT - frozen over his binoculars, suddenly shouting futilely into the din:

PRESCOTT
You damn fools -- he'll think
you're trying to hurt her!

359A EXT. STADIUM - NEW YORK - NIGHT - DWAN - losing her balance, twisting in the hold.

360 KONG'S VIEW DOWN - as somebody grabs for her, and at the same instant all the Cameramen do their low-angled stuff. Dwan twisting, and electronic flashes going off at her like space men's lazer beam, making Dwan jerk her head back and swing an arm.

- 361 KONG ROARING - his very loudest, and then a SNAPPING SOUND. The CAMERA DROPS. With another ROAR, Kong has broken his wrists free of the disguised restraints.
- 362 GREAT PAW - as it swipes at nearest Cameraman. Misses, but fellow yells and loses his balance, falls backward from car as it veers away real quick.
- 363 INT. STADIUM PRESSBOX - NIGHT - PRESCOTT - coming to life, dropping binoculars and taking off like a rocket for pressbox exit.
- 364 EXT. DIRECTORS BOX - NEW YORK - NIGHT - FRONT ROW STADIUM BOX SECTION - draped with patriotic bunting and a big banner which says: "THE PETROX CORPORATION -- BOARD OF DIRECTORS". Behind this are about fifteen DIRECTORS and their WOMEN, in gala evening dress. They are sort of still, enthralled as they are HEARING:
- WILSON'S VOICE
(from stadium
speakers)
Ladies and gentlemen, there is
nothing whatever to fear! --
- 365 EXT. STADIUM - NEW YORK - NIGHT - WILSON AND DWAN - on the moving "island", he holding hand microphone as he goes on:
- WILSON
-- Hidden by these flowers is
an escape-proof cage constructed
under supervision of the New York
City Department of --
- ROAR from Kong is picked up and amplified into loudest FEEDBACK ever. Through it, what could be CRUNCHING and SNAPPING of steel. Wilson and Dwan looking back and up. Their faces. Enormous UNISON GASP from throng.
- 366 QUICK ANGLE TO KONG - He is just standing there, but cage frame is utterly smashed, almost entirely clear of Kong, hanging down and dragging on ground in pieces.
- 367 PRESCOTT - running like hell down toward field level.
- 368 WILSON AND DWAN - as he says quick and sidewise to her:

WILSON
Take it easy... his feet are
chained... when we get near the
chopper we hop off and move...
Smile!

- 369 CAB OF TRACTOR - as Crew sees in side mirrors what has happened behind them. They touch the air brakes and jump out both sides.
- 370 KONG'S FEET - ankle-chained under that crappy jungle dressing, as he is thrown slightly off balance by the braking. Little shuffle-step like O.J. picking his hole in the line. DWONG. CLANK. Massive links around his ankles are snapped.
- 371 PRESCOTT - wrestling with a Cop as he tries to get out onto field, the pair of them falling and rolling on dugout roof.
- 372 KONG - stepping off transporter. There is almost total silence from the throng, just the occasional SHRIEK of fear or the "Far out!" and "All right!" shouted by some stoned kid. Very clearly, you can hear ONE BABY CRYING as Kong stands and looks around.
- 373 DWAN AND WILSON - jumping off other side of transporter. They back away, then start to run for the parked Petrox helicopter which brought them. They have only gotten a few yards when the chopper takes off and is gone up into the darkness. Wilson whirls, sees the rock group up on the platfor, paralyzed.
- WILSON
Play something!
- It brings them to life. The rockers abandon their instruments and mikes and take off. Sudden MUSIC and SINGING is HEARD, however. PAN AROUND. It is that corny GIRL HIGH SCHOOL BAND, who are courageously standing their ground and making with "Let The Sunshine In".
- 374 KONG'S P.O.V. - all weirdo as usual, as he starts MOVING. He is SEARCHING. Dazzle of lights, GLIMPSES of the Girl Band. FLASH of Dwan, but just at that instant the CAMERA is BLINDED by lights and you HEAR an erratic POPPING like tiny firecrackers.
- 375 BUNCH OF COPS AND PINKERTONS - out on the field near the rock group platform, FIRING at Kong with their .38's.

- 376 KONG - very angry as he seems to be BRUSHING OFF gnats. He ROARS and MOVES.
- 377 A PINKERTON - as a great paw ENFOLDS him. He is brought UP through light beams. He wiggles and yells.
- 378 KONG'S JAWS - as they OPEN and SNAP SHUT on the Pinkerton man, biting him punitively in HALF.
- 379 SCREAMING FACES IN CROWD - Panic will be continuous from now on. A few drop down and pray, but not a whole lot.
- 380 DWAN AND WILSON - faces of pure horror, turning and dashing for the stands. Dwan collides with a fleeing Pinkerton and goes down half stunned.
- 381 WILSON RACING ON - vaulting up over the front railing into nearest seats.
- 381A EXT. DIRECTORS BOX - NEW YORK - NIGHT - This happens to be the box occupied by the Petrox Board of Directors, who are vacating these premises as fast as possible. Wilson stops short as he sees them, realizing that perhaps he will be in some disfavor just now, then he has a better idea. As the younger Directors flee ahead, an Older One is trying to climb over back rail of box. He is the CHAIRMAN, an old-type wearing a top hat, all wizened and aged like John D. Rockefeller Sr. in his latter years. Wilson rushes up to his side, helps him over the rail, pushes other people roughly aside as he assists the Chairman up toward nearest exit tunnel, yelling all the time:

WILSON

Okay... make way!... Come on...
let him through... make way... !!

CHAIRMAN

(puffing)

Thank you, young man... I'll
remember this... what's your
name?

WILSON

Fred S. Wilson.

- 382 THE CHAIRMAN - wheels. He looks at Wilson, he recognizes him. The ancient granite face turns sort of purple.

(CONTINUED)

382 CONTINUED:

CHAIRMAN
 You... you!... why you!...
 (starting to beat
 on Wilson with
 his gold-head
 cane)
 This will cost us billions!...
 You can run, Wilson, but you
 can't hide!... No matter where
 you go in the world we'll find
 you, I don't care if you go to
 the moon we will find you
 and -- !!

Wilson, staggered by the blows, gets away and slips backward toward the field.

383 EXT. STADIUM - NEW YORK - NIGHT - PRESCOTT - helping Dwan up, pulling her by the hand through the crazed throng, half dragging her in a run for the seats.

384 KONG'S FACE - as he ROARS and MOVES.

385 EXT. AISLE AND EXIT TUNNEL - NIGHT - DWAN AND PRESCOTT - stumbling up through front row boxes toward an Exit Tunnel a ways above. They pass Wilson, who is standing there, holding onto a railing like the captain of a sinking ship holds onto the bridge rail as the waters close over him. Wilson nods at them distantly, as if they were people he met once a long time ago. He stares back at the field and suddenly sits down.

386 KONG COMING ON - real fast, ROARING.

387 WILSON SITTING THERE - amidst the shrieking panic all around, watching Kong APPROACH. A STONED YOUTH sits down next to him, puffing on his joint. Wilson's eyes rise slowly to the looming SHADOW OF DEATH getting closer. He accepts it with resignation, almost a sort of nobility, as he makes no effort to escape. This is it. It will be much better this way. The shadow is on them. The Youth looks up and gives a mellow laugh.

STONED YOUTH
 Dy-no-mite.

(CONTINUED)

387 CONTINUED:

Wilson shuts his eyes hard. Kong's enormous foot comes down and brushes Wilson, CRUSHING the Youth, and then is PAST. Wilson opens his eyes again. It seems unbelievable to him that he has survived. He starts to cry.

WILSON

Some days you can't win.

388 EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR EXIT TUNNEL - SHEA STADIUM - DWAN AND PRESCOTT - come from tunnel and run to Prescott's car, climbing in amidst scene of panic.

388A OMITTED

389 EXT. TOP AISLE OF STADIUM - NIGHT - A LITTLE CHILD - sitting up at very top of aisle, abandoned, WAILING on the cement steps. Dark SHADOW. The child looks up, stopping its crying in wonder. Great APE FOOT comes DOWN and brushes the innocent with death, missing by less than a yard. The child laughs, turns to watch Kong going on UP.

390 OMITTED

391 COMPOSITE - EXT. STADIUM - NEW YORK - STUDIO MINIATURE - NIGHT - RIM OF STADIUM - as Kong SWINGS over top to climb down outside. Constand SCREAMING from behind him. A full moon is rising.

392 EXT. PARKING LOT - NEW YORK - NIGHT - PARKING AREA EXIT - a jammed bottleneck. It sounds like every CAR HORN in the world is BLARING at once. ANGLE OFF to see Prescott and Dwan, jumping out of his car and running.

393 KONG'S HEAD - turning, searching.

394 HIS MOVING P.O.V. - People running, helter-skelter. Suddenly around a corner into view: Dwan and Prescott. FLASH of them looking right UP INTO LENS, then a ROAR from Kong and they are fleeing.

395 EXT./INT. PEDESTRIAN UNDERPASS - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - DWAN AND PRESCOTT - dashing down steps into the safety of a pedestrian underpass.

(CONTINUED)

395 CONTINUED:

It is dimly lit. Dwan is gasping, trembling all over. Prescott holds her, rocks her, whispers:

PRESCOTT

Take it easy -- it's not your fault.

DWAN

They'll kill him, won't they?

PRESCOTT

Well, I don't think they'll run him for Mayor of New York.

(slight pause)

Though come to think of it --

(little laugh

bit crazy, then

sobers)

It's not your fault.

DWAN

I calmed him down on the boat. What if I went to him now?

PRESCOTT

It's a full moon tonight.

Her eyes on him, not understanding.

PRESCOTT

(continuing)

You don't remember? The last time he had you under a full moon -- what he was about to do?

Dwan's eyes grow immensely distant. She trembles again. Prescott holds her closer. Suddenly there is a muffled but familiar ROAR from the street above. A terrific THUD on the surface above, shaking everything. Another. Part of the ceiling collapses. Prescott pulls Dwan by the hand, running toward the far end.

396 EXT. CRACKED STREET - NIGHT - (STUDIO MINIATURE) - KONG BENT OVER - sniffing violently at a cracked street surface. He straightens up and looks around and ROARS.

397
thru
409 OMITTED

410 EXT. STREET AND ELEVATED SUBWAY - NIGHT - (LOC. AND STUDIO) - A DARK QUEENS STREET - Prescott and Dwan jogging along, looking into parked cars in the hope of finding one with doors unlocked and key in ignition. Hear RADIO VOICES crackling from dimly seen passing trucks of police:

RADIO VOICES

What's the latest on the tanks?
... Last I had, they were moving
up the Jersey Turnpike past
Trenton. Also a unit moving
south from Connecticut...

CAMERA IS CLOSING DOWN on Prescott and Dwan as she stops, out of breath, leans on the car where he is vainly looking for an ignition key.

DWAN

Can't you do a hot wire?

PRESCOTT

Sorry.

DWAN

Man, you are really uneducated.

SPEAKER VOICE from a cruising cop car:

SPEAKER VOICE

Keep moving, this is a closed
sector -- keep moving!

(and then very
loud, as Prescott
hesitates)

This means YOU -- MOVE IT ON!

They continue RUNNING. A distant ROAR in the b.g. and some screaming. They stop and look back. Orange glow of fires here and there behind them. Smoke. Sirens. Another SOUND from another direction. A noisy CLATTERING. They turn again. About a block to the side there is an elevated subway station. A train is approaching from the east.

411 DWAN AND PRESCOTT - running like hell up the steps, jumping the turnstile, getting onto the train just as it is pulling out. As the train starts moving, ANGLE OFF. Down the dark street, Kong. Kong looking this way... he MOVES.

- 412 EXT. ELEVATED SUBWAY - NIGHT - (LOCATION AND STUDIO) - ELEVATED SUBWAY TRAIN - rounding a curve, headlight shining. ZOOM IN on Motorman's face in front glass. He is gaping out and slightly up with the most staggered disbelief.
- 413 HIS P.O.V. - Kong in the headlight, as he faints. His letting go of throttle immediately activates the brakes, just as at same moment Kong's PAW comes across front of train, stopping it like a bumper at end of track.
- 414 PASSENGERS BEING THROWN AROUND - picking themselves up with typical good natured New York curses. A woman is yelling that somebody has swiped her purse. ANGLE to Prescott and Dwan, picking themselves up with the rest. Suddenly Dwan's eyes get gigantic. Speechless, she pokes Prescott.
- 415 KONG'S FACE - moving IN to look into this car, just a FLASH GLIMPSE of that.
- 416 PRESCOTT SEEING KONG - leaping into action. He seizes up some heavy package and throws it as hard as he can into the glass where Kong's eyes are pressed, and screams:
- PRESCOTT
Run, everybody -- run for your
lives!!
- 417 KONG'S P.O.V. - The glass in front of him mysteriously turning white and opaque as the object strikes it. Hear his ROAR.
- 418 END OF CAR - as it TILTS, and Prescott and Dwan come out in the tumble.
- 419 KONG - sniffing at the car, then RIPPING OFF the whole roof and looking in.
- 419A KONG'S P.O.V. INTO CAR - a GIRL sprawled there, on her face, so you just see her back. That familiar old deception of someone seen from behind: the figure, the hair, just like someone you think you recognize.

- 419B KONG'S PAW - picking her up, turning her, inspecting her. Not Dwan. He THROWS her away through the air.
- 420 PRESCOTT AND DWAN - on structure, that supports tracks, as he swings Dwan down to the street, starts to shinny down after her.
- 421 KONG WITH THE TRAIN CAR - infuriated, Dwan again has eluded him. He has no use for this toy. He PUSHES it violently off its tracks. It fall down on a corner Petrox gas station, which BLOWS UP in flames.
- 422 PRESCOTT AND DWAN - sprinting away into darkness. Some kid comes this way on a Honda mini-bike. He sees the lurid explosions ahead, hears the ROAR. He jumps off his bike and runs, leaving the Honda on its side, running.
- 423 EXT. 59TH STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT - (LOC.) - Manhattan end. Roadways are blocked with fire trucks, topped by cops with machine guns. A searchlight unit plays its beams along the bridge toward Queens. CAMERA MOVES over this to a command area where there are LOW-SQUAWKING radios and lots of police and fire department brass. Member of group is talking to handset:

CHIEF INSPECTOR

We've got Queensboro Bridge
buttoned up tight -- how's
the situation at the Brooklyn?

RADIO VOICE

I'll make ya a bet -- I sell
that monkey this bridge before
he crosses it.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Harry, guess what two things
in the world I most would not
want to be right now.

RADIO

I give up. What two things?

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Petrox Corp. and its insurance
company.

- 424 EXT. MAJOR DEEGAN EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT - A column of Army tank transporters with tanks aboard is rolling toward the Holland Tunnel. Helmeted troops lounge around aboard, smoking and what-not. Ahead looms the brilliant night skyline of Manhattan.
- 425 EXT. 59TH STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT - PRESCOTT AND DWAN - on the Honda mini, heading up onto the 59th Street bridge, Manhattan-bound, too, but from opposite direction. Suddenly a blinding searchlight beam hits Prescott in the eyes, dazzling him, making him skid to a SCREECHING stop. AMPLIFIED VOICE comes booming at him:

VOICE

This bridge is closed to all traffic! The vehicular roadways are mined!

Prescott and Dwan abandon the Honda, start jogging along the footway at side. Another BOOMING VOICE bombards them from overhead, disembodied and awesome:

2ND VOICE

Clear all streets! Proceed to the nearest underground shelter and remain there! --

ANGLE UP with their eyes, SEE a police helicopter with lights bathing its insignia and that VOICE continuing from powerful speakers in its belly.

2ND VOICE

(continuing)

-- Repeating, clear all streets! Any person found looting may be shot without warning! Without a warning!

- 426 QUEENS END OF THAT BRIDGE - The searchlight beams splashing light all over. PAN OFF. The riverfront dark jumble of warehouses and the occasional apartment building. Suddenly out of nowhere: KONG'S FACE, as he stands on waterfront and looks UP at the bridge. His instinct tells him that the dazzling lights are danger. Approaching CLATTERING NOISE from air. Kong moves with quick elegant grace, FLATTENS himself against the wall of a warehouse. He stands still as a statue, barely breathing, as there is a quick pass of lights from overhead. Then DARKNESS again. Kong starts moving. Under the bridge, toward the river.

427)

428) OMITTED

429)

430 EXT. SUTTON PLACE AREA - NIGHT - (LOC) - Creepily deserted.
FIND Prescott and Dwan wearily jogging south. Dwan abruptly
quits, leans back on a building.

DWAN

How about buying me a drink?

PRESCOTT

Come on -- only ten blocks
more and we've got the key to
a great apartment.

DWAN

What's the hurry? We've put
a river between us. Bridges
are mined and apes don't swim --
your own book said so.

(again; as he
is hesitant)

Buy me a drink. There --

Dwan points. Prescott turns his head. There is a nice-
looking bar across the street, lights on, with MUSIC
coming from it.

PRESCOTT

Okay.

MOVE WITH THEM across the street. In the middle, Prescott
stops suddenly, looking downtown and up in the air at
slight angle.

DWAN

What's the matter?

PRESCOTT

Deja-vu. That feeling I've
been here before...

He shakes his head, they go enter the bar.

430A INT. BAR - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - It is deserted. Drinks still
on bar, even patrons' hats and coats, the juke box PLAYING,
but not a soul in view.

431 EXT. RIVER FRONT NEAR 59TH ST. BRIDGE - NIGHT -
(LOC & STUDIO) - QUEENS BANK OF EAST RIVER - where fire
engines and ambulances are SIRENING north. PAN AROUND
OFF them. The East River, silent below the searchlight
beams stabbing across from east side Manhattan rooftops.
Moonlight on the water, a flicker of light and moving
shadow.

- 432 ZOOM IN - on one shadow. It is Kong. Apes do not swim, but if they are big enough, they can WADE. Kong is big enough. Suddenly he pauses.
- 433 KONG'S HEAD - above the river, as he looks UPWARD toward Manhattan. TIGHTEN on his eyes.
- 434 KONG'S P.O.V. - which is the tops of group of midtown skyscrapers in silhouette against the full moon. It is a deja-vu, all right -- just exactly the profile of those craggy spires around the Pacific island eeyrie where he carried Dwan.
- 435 KONG'S FACE - looking at that. He makes a curious SOUND, sort of a combined WHIMPER of yearning and the rumble of that CROONING, begins to move FASTER through the river.
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PRESCOTT
Sounds like Bloomingdales --

Dwan has blank look.

PRESCOTT
(continuing)
The upper middle class rises,
loots Bloomindales' windows --

GUNFIRE from about same distance as the breaking glass.

PRESCOTT
(continuing)
They pay the price. Tough.

As Dwan reaches for her cognac.

PRESCOTT
(continuing)
Wait a minute -- we don't
wanta get shot as looters.

He finds his American Express card, props it up on the cash register.

(CONTINUED)

436 CONTINUED:

PRESCOTT
(continuing)
Go ahead. Get drunk.

DWAN
How about that nice offer you
made me when you quit the team?
Still stand?

PRESCOTT
I'd like it to, but it depends
on Kong.

DWAN
C'mon, bartender -- don't tease
me, huh?

PRESCOTT
If Kong makes it, we're okay.
If he doesn't -- we'd remind
each other too much.

Dwan staring at him.

PRESCOTT
(continuing)
Every day of our lives, we'd
be reminded. We could never
get away from it.

Long beat. Dwan lifts her glass.

DWAN
Ya big bum. Make it.

437 EXT. MANHATTAN WEST SIDE DRIVE - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) -
Army tanks and personnel carriers go RATTLING north.
ANGLE OFF tail of convoy to the river. Kong across to
this bank now, his head and nose just about level with
the water, his glittery black eyes WATCHING the menace
recede.

438 KONG RISES - dripping; moves to the embankment, reaches
UP for a hand-hold, which happens to be on a riverfront
Con Ed switching station. He GRABS a wire. Sudden blue
flash, he YANKS his paw back. Slight smoke from burned
hair on his mitt. Kong is really aggravated. He grabs
a highway light stanchion, SNAPS it off and HURLS it into
maze of wires in the station house yard.

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Man, you are really uneducated.

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Keep moving, this is a closed
sector -- keep moving!

(and then very
loud, as Prescott
hesitates)

This means YOU -- MOVE IT ON!

They continue RUNNING. A distant ROAR in the b.g. and some screaming. They stop and look back. Orange glow of fires here and there behind them. Smoke. Sirens. ANGLE OFF as Prescott and Dwan VANISH around corner.

410A LONG SHOT - DOWN QUEENS STREET - KONG - rounding into view around another corner. MOVING this direction.

410B STREET UNDER ELEVATED TRAIN STATION - QUEENS - police and firemen hastily setting up a strongpoint: stringing barbed wire, making a wall of trucks, setting smoky oil fires in empty drums as other Tactical Police pile OUT of buses. Semi-distant ROAR. Men set to work with redoubled energy. Prescott and Dwan come jogging INTO SCENE, out of breath, stop and lean panting on one of the steel pillars. A cop SEES them.

(continued)

410B CONTINUED

COP
Move it on! No loitering!

A closer ROAR. Prescott and Dwan are forgotten.

410C KONG - coming this way.

410D QUICK INTERCUTS - KONG AND POLICEMEN - the cops firing their revolvers without apparent effect, the ape oncoming down middle of the street.

410E A YOUNG POLICEMAN - coming to life, running forward and jumping into one of the big idling buses which brought out the tactical troopers. He REVS it up and hits it into gear, starts it MOVING down the street.

410F IN THE BUS - that policeman JAMMING the throttle wide open and DIVING OUT into the street.

410G KONG'S POV - THE RACING BUS - coming right at him in a sea of NOISE and a BLAZE of demented headlights.

410H KONG'S FOOT - being quickly extended.

410I THE BUS - as it HITS the huge foot, and JUMPS and VEERS crazily at an angle. It smashes into a corner Petrox gasoline station and the whole shebang EXPLODES.

410J UNDER THE EL STATION - police and firemen abandoning their position and FLEEING.

410K PRESCOTT - BEHIND EL PILLAR - taking Dwan's hand, about to flee after the cops, when he SEES something. It is a police officer's MOTORCYCLE AND SIDECAR, abandoned, engine running. They DASH out to it. Dwan leaps into sidecar as Prescott is on the saddle. He twists the throttle, swings in a near tip-over arc and TAKES OFF with burning rubber.

410L KONG'S FACE - lit by lurid flame-light as he SEES something from corner of his eye, turns his head that way and ROARS over the sound of the receding motorbike with sidecar, and MOVES PAST THE CAMERA.

411
thru 422 OMITTED

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(continued)

425 CONTINUED:

2ND VOICE

Clear all streets! Proceed to
the nearest underground shelter
and remain there! --

ANGLE UP with their eyes, SEE a police helicopter with lights bathing
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belly.

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river.

427

428

429

OMITTED

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Prescott and Dwan wearily jogging south. Dwan abruptly quits, leans
back on a building.

DWAN

How about buying me a drink?

PRESCOTT

Come on -- only ten blocks more
and we've got the key to a great
apartment.

DWAN

What's the hurry? We've put a river
between us. Bridges are mined and
apes don't swim -- your own book said
so.

(again; as he is
hesitant)

Buy me a drink. There --

(continued)

430 CONTINUED:

Dwan points. Prescott turns his head. There is a nice-looking bar across the street, lights on, with MUSIC coming from it.

PRESCOTT

Okay.

MOVE WITH THEM across the street. In the middle, Prescott stops suddenly, looking downtown and up in the air at a slight angle.

DWAN

What's the matter?

PRESCOTT

Deja-vu. I don't know when, but I have a feeling I've seen this view before --

He shakes his head, they go enter the bar.

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PRESCOTT
Sounds like Bloomingdales --

Dwan has a blank look.

PRESCOTT
Looting has begun. The upper
middle class rises, loots
Bloomingdales' windows --

GUNFIRE from about same range as the busting glass.

PRESCOTT
They pay the price., Tough.

Dwan quickly reaches for her cognac.

PRESCOTT
Wait a minute -- we don't wanta
get shot as looters.

He finds his American Express card, props it up on the cash register.

PRESCOTT
Okay, go ahead -- get smashed.

DWAN
How about that nice offer you made
me when you quit the act? Does it
still stand?

Prescott stares at her longingly a beat, comes around the bar. Some jet-set beauty fled these premises so fast she abandoned a sable wrap on her stool, a jeweled tiara on the bar. Prescott tosses the terrific fur over Dwan's shoulders, plops the tiara at a fetching angle on her head.

PRESCOTT
Sable looks great on you.

DWAN
Wow -- does it ever feel great
too!

(continued)

436 CONTINUED:

Dwan rubs her fingers through the rich stuff, almost visibly glows as she admires herself in the bar mirror.

PRESCOTT

That's one of our problems. Shut your eyes and guess what an associate professor earns.

DWAN

You think I need furs?

Prescott lifts her hand, looks at the palm.

PRESCOTT

I read faster music, stronger wine.

(gently)

My God, Dwan, think what you've been through since you sailed on the yacht with Harry. It's in your blood like dope -- you're going to need new fixes I can't give you.

DWAN

You're a dumbell, Jack. Kiss me--

Dwan turns her face up. Prescott moves his mouth toward hers, halts just an inch away.

DWAN

Kiss me --

Prescott's lips move closer yet. Suddenly he turns away, GRABS up his own drink.

PRESCOTT

I'm a working man. I can't afford to get hung up on a rising star and a doomed ape --

437 EXT. MANHATTAN WEST SIDE DRIVE - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - Army tanks and personnel carriers go RATTLING north. ANGLE OFF tail of convoy to the river. Kong across to this bank now, his head and nose just about level with the water, his glittery black eyes WATCHING the menace recede.

438 KONG RISES - dripping; moves to the embankment, reaches UP for a handhold, which happens to be on a riverfront Con Ed switching station. He GRABS a wire. Sudden blue flash, he YANKS his paw back. Slight smoke from burned hair on his mitt. Kong is really aggravated. He grabs a highway light stanchion, SNAPS it off and HURLS it into maze of wires in the station house yard.

439 BIG TRANSFORMERS - EXPLODING

440 A SWITCHING GRID WAY OUT IN DARK COUNTRYSIDE - as it BURSTS into flame.

441 INT. BAR - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - DWAN AND PRESCOTT - in the bar, as the lights flicker out, the jukebox eerily slows and stops. Darkness but for glow of a cigarette, then emergency battery lights come on here and there, casting a weird orange-yellow luminescence.

Prescott

Flash. National Guard fires bazooka at looter on 125th Street, blows every fuse from Main to Florida.

(at Dwan's sudden high laugh)

It wasn't that funny.

DWAN

Remember that blackout they had here once? All the little babies born exactly nine months after that night?

PRESCOTT

(nodding)

So what?

DWAN

(lifting glass)

To all the future little babies born nine months from tonight. To the sons and daughters of King Kong!

PRESCOTT

That's not funny either.

DWAN

Dumbbell. Why ya think I got tears in my eyes??

(continued)

441 CONTINUED:

Eyes moist, Dwan scornfully tosses the sable wrap onto the floor, casts the tiara over the bar.

DWAN

Nuts to furs and diamonds -- does that nice offer you made me still stand?

PRESCOTT

It depends on Kong. He's bigger than both of us.

DWAN

Quit teasing me!

PRESCOTT

I'm dead serious, luv. If Kong doesn't make it, he'd be a curse on us every day of our lives.

DWAN

You're really impossible, Jack. I wish to hell I was back on that damned island!

Prescott is about to reply when he suddenly goes dead still, struck by some thought. PUSH IN TIGHT on him as he murmurs:

PRESCOTT

Jesus. Of course I know where I saw that view before --

(then)

Wait a minute! Don't move!

Like a flash, Prescott is DASHING OUT to the street.

440 A SWITCHING GRID WAY OUT IN DARK COUNTRYSIDE - as it
BURSTS into flame.

441 INT. BAR - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - DWAN AND PRESCOTT - in the
bar, as the lights flicker out, the jukebox eerily slows
and stops. Darkness but for glow of a cigarette, then
emergency battery lights come on here and there, casting
a weird orange-yellow luminescence.

PRESCOTT

Flash. National Guard fires
bazooka at looter on 125th
Street, blows every fuse from
Main to Florida.

(at Dwan's sudden
high laugh)

It wasn't that funny.

DWAN

Remember that blackout they
had here once? All the little
babies born exactly nine months
after that night?

PRESCOTT

(nodding)

So what?

DWAN

(lifting glass)

To all the future little babies
born nine months from tonight.
To the sons and daughters of
King Kong!

PRESCOTT

That's not funny either.

DWAN

Dumbbell. Why ya think I got
tears in my eyes??

Suddenly, she does and shivers as SIRENS WAIL distant.

DWAN

(continuing)

God, this city's got so
primitive again -- it's like
we're all back in the jungle --

PUSH IN on Prescott, suddenly struck by something.

PRESCOTT

Wait a minute! Don't move!

He is over the bar and dashing for the street.

442 EXT. BAR SUTTON PLACE AREA - NIGHT - (LOC.) - STREET
OUTSIDE - as Prescott comes out. He turns and looks
downtown and upward as he did before.

443 EXT. MOON AND SKYSCRAPERS - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - HIS
P.O.V. - The skyscraper profile which looks exactly like
that place in the jungle. The deja-vu he has before but
now he places it. The crag-like things against the moon.

444 INT. BAR - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - DWAN IN THE BAR - as
Prescott comes rocketing back in.

PRESCOTT

I think we've got a chance,
luv -- sit tight while I make
a phone call!

Prescott is gone already, back toward where the sign
says rest rooms and phone are that way and downstairs.

445 EXT. 59TH STREET BRIDGE COMMAND AREA - NIGHT - (LOC) -
now dark but for battery lights. Dimly seen, a column
of tanks idles THROATILY on the avenue as a MAJOR and
the Police Chief Inspector stand nose-to-nose.

MAJOR

Whattaya mean I can't advance
down First Avenue? He's been
reported seen on the riverbank!

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Like he's been reported seen
in East Jockstrap, Missouri,
too!

MAJOR

My tanks are moving out and
if we spot him we fire!

CHIEF INSPECTOR

(soft, weary)

The power is out, there is no
water pressure -- you want to
burn up what little is left
of this sad once-proud city?

(loud)

Over my dead body you'll shoot
your cannons in Manhattan!!

(wheeling to
Sergeant on
switchboard)

What's with my call to HQ,
for chrissake??

(CONTINUED)

445 CONTINUED:

SERGEANT

Still on with one ahead of
you, sir.

446 INT. NEW YORK CITY CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT - (STUDIO) -
THE MEN WHO RUN NEW YORK - in a big room. Politicos,
bankers, commissioners, labor bosses -- the whole gang,
augmented on this occasion by a couple of Army generals.
They are all very still, listening intently to a smooth-
looking MAN in evening dress, with a fine cigar and a
carnation in his buttonhole, who is talking toward a
speakerphone:

MAN WITH CARNATION

You say you know where Kong is
headed --

PRESCOTT'S VOICE

(from speaker part)

Yes.

MAN WITH CARNATION

Where?

INTERCUT WITH:

447 INT. BAR - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - PRESCOTT ON PHONE - in booth
downstairs in bar.

PRESCOTT

It's a place you can trap him
without danger. Can you get a
couple of big helicopters? Some
steel blasting nets to drop on
top of him?

The Man looks around. Army General nods.

MAN WITH CARNATION

(toward phone)

Sure -- no problem. Where is
he headed, Professor Prescott?

PRESCOTT

We deal for that. You promise
to trap him without injury,
then I tell you where.

Silence in Conference Room. Cold stone faces in a
smoke-filled room.

- 447A DWAN - sipping her cognac, perplexed. She looks toward back of bar, then toward street. What in hell was it Jack Prescott saw out there. Impulsively Dwan rises from her stool. She goes out toward street.
- 448 EXT. BAR SUTTON PLACE AREA - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - DWAN EMERGING FROM BAR - turning and looking South and up as Prescott did that time. She cannot see anything, she backs against dark shadowed wall of a building for a better look. She becomes aware of a SOUND - - kind of like a very special wind. A breathing. Dwan goes very still a beat, then turns. She looks up.
- 449 PULL BACK FAST - That shadowed wall. Kong's leg. ANGLE IN on his face. Him looking down. Very, very low, Kong starts that CROONING.
- 450 DWAN LOOKING UP - hypnotized. She is someone in the grip of an inevitability - like the old legend of the Appointment in Samarra. She does not run. She does not scream. Dwan just stands there, looking into the fiery black eyes. Great paw comes DOWN and enfolds her in Sutton Place.
- 451 INT. NEW YORK CITY CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - where the smooth man is looking around at the others for a consensus.

PRESCOTT'S VOICE

Damn it -- do we have a deal?

MAN WITH CARNATION

Yes. Where is Kong headed?

PRESCOTT'S VOICE

There's one place in Manhattan that looks exactly like a certain part of his native habitat. Let him through to it and trap him there --

- 452 INT. BAR - NIGHT - (STUDIO) - PRESCOTT - in bar phone booth.

PRESCOTT

Let him climb up to the top of the World Trade Center.

A distant sound, like DRUMBEATS. Prescott reacts. He drops phone, leaves receiver dangling as he RACES for the stairs up.

453 THE BAR ABOVE - as Prescott comes in from the rear where he was phoning. No Dwan. Again, that DRUMMING SOUND from outside. He dashes toward street door.

454 EXT. BAR SUTTON PLACE AREA - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - PRESCOTT COMING OUT - turning out and seeing something.

PRESCOTT
Oh, Jesus Christ.

455 KONG CARRYING DWAN - with the other fist DRUMMING on his chest. Glimpse of moonlight on her tattered sequins as the ape carries her around a corner. That LOVE-CROONING.

456 EXT. ARMY HELICOPTER FIELD - NIGHT - (LOC) - THREE ARMY HELICOPTERS - on a darkish field, rising up into the air together.

457 EXT. 1ST AVE - NIGHT - (LOC) - PRESCOTT - running down First Avenue. From the dark streets around, echoing but unseen, are HEARD many motors and the metallic clanking of treads.

458 EXT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - DWAN IN KONG'S PAW - being crooned at, being borne past the dark facade of the St. Regis Hotel toward 5th Avenue. MOVE IN on a room window. A beautiful woman, older than Dwan, holds a candle and watches the beast go by, with a sort of yearning.

459 EXT. 1ST AVENUE AND CROSS STREET - NIGHT (LOC) - PRESCOTT - turning from the avenue onto a cross street. He spots a bicycle in a doorway, grabs it and jumps on.

460 EXT. FRONT OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - Moonlight shining off the great bronze doors. Organ MUSIC and CHANTING from inside: a Dies Irae. It is medieval, like a service in some great city in the grip of the Black Death. One lone priest stands on the steps.

461 ANGLE - SOUND OF GALLOPING HOOVES. Charging down Fifth Avenue in terror come a couple of those hansom cabs from in front of the Plaza, driverless, riderless.

462 ANGLE - They are PAST and then a great looming approaching SHADOW. Kong and Dwan. The priest starts CHANTING in Latin as he shakes Holy Water from a censer. It has no visible effect on the CROONING beast.

463 EXT. FRONT OF 42ND STREET LIBRARY - NIGHT - (LOC) - STONE LION ON LIBRARY STEPS - where a MILITARY OFFICER crouches in shadow. Looking North up Fifth Avenue he speaks quietly into microphone:

MILITARY OFFICER
He's crossing 42nd Street, on
plotted schedule --

Suddenly the lights of the library behind him come ON. The Officer looks around, speaks again into the mike:

MILITARY OFFICER
The power's back on. Keep it
quiet -- get in the shadows!

464 EXT. STREET LEADING TO WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT - It is jammed with idling tanks and personnel carriers and police and soldiers. Every vehicle light goes out, every idling engine stops. Men move back into the shadows. You never saw so many people and vehicles so quiet.

465 EXT. NINTH AVENUE IN THE 30'S - NIGHT - (LOC) - PRESCOTT - bicycling like mad down a deserted block.

466 EXT. STREET LEADING TO WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - KONG AND DWAN - as he carries her along. MOVE IN on the captive girl. She cannot take her eyes off Kong's as he carries her toward her destiny. Her mouth is slightly open, her pulse accelerated. She is in some mental space beyond terror, beyond horror, beyond everything.

467 EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER TOWERS - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - soaring up against the night sky, twin monoliths like some present-day Stonehenge. The moon is a silver disc balanced precisely on the South Tower. WHIP DOWN IT to the street. Kong is there, looking UP. See his face as it turns DOWN to street level. His back to the building, he looks around in all directions.

- 468 GLIMPSES FROM HIS P.O.V. - empty streets, dark buildings, parked cars.
- 469 KONG - baring his fangs and ROARING, sensing with his sure instinct that there is menace here, crouched somewhere, but he cannot locate it. He WAVES his free fist threateningly at the empty streets. Nothing. He ROARS again. Dwan comes out of her trance and SCREAMS. It ECHOES.
- 470 EXT. AVENUE ABOVE WORLD TRADE CENTER - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - PRESCOTT ON HIS BIKE - peddling fast when he sees something. He skids to a stop. His face. PAN AROUND FAST and HOLD. Kong has just bashed in a window as high as he can reach. Using it as a handhold, he starts to CLIMB. Another SCREAM from Dwan.
- 471 PRESCOTT - cupping his hands and yelling:
- PRESCOTT
Hold on! Shut your eyes! They're
coming with helicopters to net him!
- 472 EXT. TRADE CENTER TOWER - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - KONG AND DWAN - as he CLIMBS. Her eyes are tightly shut.
- 473 PRESCOTT - bicycling right up into the deserted Trade Center plaza, dropping his bike and dashing into the South Tower.
- 474 INT. TRADE CENTER - NIGHT - (LOC) - PRESCOTT IN GROUND LEVEL LOBBY - racing to an express elevator. He plunges in, leans on the highest "up" button. The doors shut.
- 475 EXT. TRADE CENTER - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - KONG AND DWAN - ON SIDE OF TOWER - climbing near the top. There are SOUNDS below now, but the ape pays no heed. ANGLE OFF and look DOWN. Way way below there are tanks and soldiers and police coming from every direction to crowd the plaza around the base of the towers. Mobile searchlights send beams shooting up.
- 476 INT. TRADE CENTER - NIGHT - (LOC) - PRESCOTT IN ELEVATOR - as doors open on the topmost floor. He jumps out and his eye is instantly caught by something visible in window.

476A PRESCOTT'S POV - IN WINDOW - just a FLASH GLIMPSE of Kong's foot going UP past it.

476B PRESCOTT - TOP FLOOR OF TRADE CENTER - NIGHT - (LOC) - as he dashes to find some way up to the roof level.

477 EXT. ROOF OF TRADE CENTER - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - as Kong reaches it. The moon. God, it is so bright this night! Kong holds his beloved, starts to STROKE her the way he did under that other full moon halfway across the world. Dwan opens her eyes. Kong CROONS.

477A INT./EXT. TRADE CENTER - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT - (LOC) - as Prescott is racing around the deserted area, trying in vain to find some way up.. Suddenly he stops short as he SEES something in a window.

PAN FAST to it. One of those mechanical window-washing scafoolds is going past OUTSIDE the window, moving UP the side of the tower. SEARCHLIGHT BEAM from below garishly lights up three or four uniformed U.S. MARINES crouching on it, with some biggish piece of equipment.

477B EXT. TRADE CENTER PLAZA - NIGHT - (LOC) - as the ranking ARMY GENERAL seen earlier in the conference room is looking UP through binoculars and cursing softly and vehemently to AIDE at his side:

ARMY GENERAL

Oh those U.S. Marines, didn't they get the plan?!

AIDE

Sure they got it. You know the U.S. Marines --

477C INT. TRADE CENTER - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT - (LOC) - as Prescott is at that window, disquieted, trying to get a view up but can see nothing above the fixed glass. Suddenly he HEARS a peculiar WHOOSHING sound from above.

477D EXT. TRADE CENTER ROOF - SOUTH TOWER - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - as those bastard gung-ho U.S. Marines come over edge of the roof and ignite their FLAME THROWER.

- 477E QUICK ANGLES - KONG AND DWAN AND MARINES - as the roaring JET OF FIRE shoots out like the flame of hell, and Kong roars and bellows with the primaeval terror that all animals have of fire, but even in this terror he always remembers to shield Dwan as best he can. The courageous Marines advance. Kongs moves backward, backward toward the edge of the tower. He CROUCHES as the fire shoots just over him, singeing his rich pelt, and then -- jesus! -- he has JUMPED.
- 477F KONG IN THE AIR - with Dwan clinging to the fur of his neck - arching through space toward the North Tower of the Trade Center complex.
- 477G CAMERA SHOOTING UP - glimpsing the fantastic spectacle from a thousand feet below.
- 477H UPTURNED FACES - watching this as raptly as they might see Lucifer leaping across the heavens.
- 477I EXT. TRADE CENTER - ROOF - NORTH TOWER - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - Kong landing and just making it over the abyss. He has barely gotten his feet under him before he rips some air-conditioning equipment off the roof and smashes it up. Dwan is still clinging to his furry shoulder, Kong whirls and roars and starts pitching the metal chunks across the gap he has just leaped.
- 477J EXT. TRADE CENTER - ROOF - SOUTH TOWER - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - The marines cowering behind their flame-thrower fuel tank as Kong's missiles rain across, which is not a very smart idea. WHOOOOOSH! KERBLOOM! The tank is struck and blows up, incinerating the men in a spectacular fire bomb.
- 477K KONG WATCHING THAT -- Beating his chest in triumph.
- 477L EXT./INT. TRADE CENTER - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT - (LOC) - PRESCOTT'S FACE - pressed against the glass as he has heard the explosion above him, and sees the reflected glare of the fireball and Kong's chest drumming, and understands what has happened. He is hard put to repress a cheer.

- 478 EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT - (LOC) - HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT - one of those military jobs seen taking off. Following it through the night are its two mates. They cross the moon like bad witches.
- 479 EXT. ROOF OF TRADE CENTER - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - KONG AND DWAN - him crooning and stroking her, she near faint with the emotion and relief of the fantastic leap through space, and then Kong HEARS A CLATTER. Turns his head. ANGLE to the three choppers angling IN and taking up a circular path around top of building.
- 480 CHOPPER PILOT - a full, Air Force Bird-Colonel, with many combat ribbons on his tunic, saying into his microphone:

THE COLONEL

He's still got the girl. Follow
me into a real tight waiting
pattern, about fifth feet above.
'em --

- 481 HELICOPTER COMING CLOSER - its waist door open. Moonlight glints on something. It looks much more like a machine gun than a steel net. There is a GUNNER standing behind it, him also a decorated veteran.
- 482 DWAN IN KONG'S PAW - seeing that glint, as the ape turns his back to the helicopters, which interest him hardly at all. He starts to LOWER her toward deck. Dwan comes out of her far, remote place and screams at him.

DWAN

Don't put me down!!
(still being lowered)
Hold me or they'll kill you!!
DON'T PUT ME DOWN!!

Of course, the words mean little to Kong. He puts her DOWN. Dwan clings to his wrist, tries to climb back up him, clutching the hair, but gently he finally manages to ROLL her free of him.

- 483 THE COLONEL'S LIPS - gigantic, barely moving in a single word to his microphone.

THE COLONEL

Now.

484 MACHINE GUN MUZZLE - monstrous, as it SPITS fire right in your face.

485 KONG - struck, ROARING with surprise and pain as he tries to BRUSH OFF these painful sharp stings.

486 DWAN - covering her face, moaning.

487 OMITTED

488 EXT./INT. TRADE CENTER - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - Prescott at window of South Tower top floor, SEEING circling helicopter letting go a burst of GUNFIRE.

PRESCOTT

Traitors! Bastards! ROTTEN
DIRTY STINKING COWARDS!!!

489 EXT. TOP OF TRADE CENTER - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - KONG - as the choppers blaze at him in short bursts and he ROARS and swipes vainly at them. ANGLE TO Dwan, who is desperately trying to climb up his furry body. Kong SEES her, plucks her UP in his paw.

490 MACHINE GUNNER - getting a crazy glimpse through his gun sight of the girl in the ape's paw, swinging out over the void, yells into his mike:

MACHINE GUNNER

Wait -- he's got her again!

491 DWAN IN THE PAW - pleading with the ape over the dreadful circling NOISE.

DWAN

Hold me! -- Hold me! -- Oh,
Big Boy -- Hold me forever!!

But the paw is moving her, putting her DOWN in a corner of the parapet where she will be protected. Dwan tries to hold on, but that HAMMERING GUNFIRE is resumed and he is SLAMMED AWAY from her grasp.

- 492 KONG HIT AGAIN AND AGAIN - staggered. His wonderful rich pelt is DARKENING REDLY now in many patches. He WIPES some off, looks at it in wonder. He has never seen his own lifeblood before. Turning, he ROARS and SWIPES out far -- way, way OUT from the deck.
- 493 HELICOPTER - as it is tipped. It slides away and seems to gently touch side of building. At once it EXPLODES.
- 494 KONG TRIUMPHANT - his lips curled back, as he ROARS and BEATS on his chest. The last hurrah. HAMMERING GUNS. Kong shudders all over, and REELS and crashes backward on the parapet. Dwan leaps up and rushes to him. His huge eyes right ON DWAN'S, without a sound he ROLLS OVER edge of the parapet.
- 495 KONG FALLING - this dark thing coming directly TOWARD THE CAMERA. There is a THUD that seems to shake the earth.
- 496 EXT. TRADE CENTER PLAZA - NIGHT - (LOC & STUDIO) - KONG'S P.O.V. - a very strange image. It is aimed STRAIGHT UP from him, lying on his back, not quite dead yet. Everything is MORE DISTORTED than usual, barely perceptible, and the only SOUNDS are from within his own body: leaky whistling rush of blood, uneven breathing of a great heart. FACES APPEAR and then VANISH excitedly. TV CAMERAMEN are actually climbing on him. FLASHBULBS. All the attentions given to any overnight celebrity. The BEATING of the heart grows SLOWER. His vision is now losing definition, turning into mere SHAPES and PATTERNS.
- 497 SUDDENLY ONE MOMENT OF FOCUS - Dwan's face over him, as she looks right down and sobs. Crystal tears drop onto the lens, and everything goes SOFT at the same instant the HEART STOPS and the image FLICKERS TO BLACK.
- 498 STREET SCENE AROUND KONG - as the whole city seems to be converging. Endless SIRENS and lights and police and soldiers and all kinds of well-dressed people, everybody wanting to get in on this historic scene. In the b.g., get a glimpse of a lady in mink bending down and dipping a corner of her handkerchief into Kong's red blood.
- END CREDITS BEGIN TO ROLL.
- 499 OMITTED

500 FIND DWAN AND PRESCOTT - seeing each other through the chaos. The smooth Man with the Carnation, the one from the city Conference Room, is whisked through by police, up beside Dwan to be photographed with her. He puts an arm around her and smiles toward the TV cameras. Dwan knocks him down and vents her anger on him.

501 ANGLE - Her eyes go back to Jack Prescott. He nods at her, approving her treatment of that shit, but then he nevertheless turns away and is lost in the crowd. Dwan in the TV lights, weeping. A weeping, sequined star.

FADE OUT.

- THE END -