

GODZILLA

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"Now I am become death, the destroyer of worlds."

J. Robert Oppenheimer,
Father of the Atomic Bomb

FADE IN, gliding above the surface of a still blue ocean. It could be a photo, nothing moves. Nature is at peace. Then.

EXT. SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN - BIKINI LAGOON - DAY

The JAWS OF A MONSTER slice through the peaceful surf --

-- it is the carved wood prow of a CANOE; one of hundreds like it, lashed together in a ceremonial flotilla, draped in flower leis. A grand festival is in progress.

Tattooed ISLANDERS row to the rhythm of deep bass drums. WOMEN and CHILDREN chant joyously from the pristine ATOLL BEACH... Celebrating this life in Paradise. But slowly --

AN ENORMOUS SHADOW CRYSTALLIZES UNDERWATER

The dark form of some leviathan. Women and children spot the beast and shout from shore. But it is too late --

-- the whole LAGOON BEGINS TO CHURN AND BULGE as the DARK FORM RISES... Canoes list violently and CAPSIZE, as panicked islanders are dragged under by the maelstrom.

Then the SOURCE of the bulge reveals itself:

THE *USS NAUTILUS*

BREACHES the surface with a BLAST OF SPRAY. A massive, nuclear-powered submarine. Its TOP-HATCH swings open --

-- and up flies a flag: the Stars and Stripes.

SUPERIMPOSE: ***BIKINI ATOLL, MARSHALL ISLANDS - 1954***

EXT. BIKINI ATOLL STILT VILLAGE - SHORTLY LATER

Pandemonium, as US SAILORS storm the peaceful village, barking broken Marshallese on megaphones... Islanders are dragged from shanties. The tiny village is being evacuated.

EXT. SANDBAR JETTY - DAY

More hurried work. Caged "TEST ANIMALS" are off-loaded to the shore; sheep, horses, cattle, pigs. TECHNICIANS in lab coats prep equipment, directing the installation of --

A STEEL-FRAME "DETONATION" TOWER

SHIRTLESS SAILORS hoist up a huge aluminum cylinder, then bolt it into place: THE BOMB.

A Geiger counter starts to CLACK, as a BOMB TECHNICIAN aims its sensor out to sea... Something is coming from the ocean.

BOMB TECHNICIAN
Hurry up, hurry up!

INT. USS BAIROKO - FLAG BRIDGE - DUSK

The USS BAIROKO, an escort carrier afloat several miles away. From here, Bikini Atoll is just a smudge on the horizon.

OFFICERS and CREW gather tensely around a SONAR SWEEP-SCREEN. A LARGE GREEN DOT is closing in upon the Atoll.

EXT. BIKINI ATOLL - DUSK

Geiger counters are clacking faster; DIALS spike to red. The ground RUMBLES ONCE, in the distance. Then a second time. The caged test animals can sense what's coming... Horses whinny in terror, cattle snort, hogs scream in rising dread.

BOMB TECHNICIAN
Okay, let's go, let's go!

With the installation finished, Technicians crowd onto a SIOUX CHOPPER. The tiny island is left deserted.

ANGLE ON THE BOMB

As its BEACON blinks from green to yellow, armed... We notice a crudely PAINTED DECAL on its side: the shape of a GIANT LIZARD standing in a set of cross-hairs.

SHIPBOARD SPEAKERS (V.O.)
*It is now thirty seconds to zero
time, please put on goggles...*

EXT. USS BAIROKO - DUSK

The DECK CREW straps on UV goggles...

SHIPBOARD SPEAKERS
Fifteen seconds...

A TIMER NEEDLE sweeping down --

SHIPBOARD SPEAKERS
Minus ten...

EXT. BIKINI ATOLL - DUSK

The animals are going wild. Geiger counters are spiking off the charts. The steady RUMBLES are getting louder, closer.

TINNY SPEAKERS

Fiver, four, three...

As the whole lagoon LIFTS upward with a massive swell --

TINNY SPEAKERS

Two, one...

GODZILLA RISES LIKE A LIVING WATERFALL,

completely SHROUDED by a torrent of cascading surf. We can only barely, briefly glimpse his silhouette, before --

A FLASH OF BLINDING LIGHT consumes us. Silence. Whiteness.

Then slowly, almost gracefully, an epic MUSHROOM CLOUD unfurls into Nature's pure blue peaceful sky.

It is a long, strangely quiet moment before -- the BONE-RATTLING SHOCK-WAVE CRASHES IN, obliterating our entire POV.

TITLE CARD: **G O D Z I L L A**

Then a BLIZZARD OF ASH ENGULFS THE TITLE, as we MATCH CUT:

EXT. SIBERIAN TUNDRA - NIGHT

The whiteout of a blinding snowstorm. A UNITED NATIONS HELICOPTER is making its way across the windswept steppe. In the distance looms a sprawling subarctic MINING CAMP.

SUPERIMPOSE: **KRASNOKAMENSK, SIBERIA - TEN YEARS AGO**

ANGLE ON PROFESSOR HONDA (40s),

Riding in a cockpit. An austere Japanese man with a pensive, almost brusque demeanor. He carries a small BRASS POCKET WATCH, fiddling with it absently as he studies the horizon:

BLACK SMOKE billows to the sky. The camp is a disaster site.

EXT. DEVASTATED MINING CAMP - NIGHT

A LOCAL RESCUE CREW is already here, scouring the wreckage: CORRUGATED HANGARS crunched like tin cans; decimated MEGA-DOZERS; gigantic DRILL-BORES, snapped like twigs... At least a dozen RECOVERED FROZEN CORPSES lay chilling in the snow.

The new arrivals are a UNITED NATIONS "MUTO" RESEARCH TEAM of international origin. Some wear uniforms with an IDENTIFYING EMBLEM we will come to recognize. They chatter in a MULTI-LINGUAL BABEL as they unload SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT --

But their leader, Honda, does not say a word. A man of science, at once captivated and unnerved by what he sees.

INT. MINING HANGAR - NIGHT

Half the ROOF has been shorn away by violent force, giving onto a sky of frigid wind and moonlight. An EXPERT (DR. STABLER, 30s) leads the way with a HALIDE FLASHLIGHT.

DR. STABLER

The Russians were surveying for uranium ore and found a radioactive hot-spot. But when they started drilling, it wasn't uranium they found... Our Geneva office got the call this morning.

Honda follows close at hand. Still not a word.

RUSSIAN RESCUE WORKER (SUBTITLE)

Over here! This one is conscious!

A surviving MINER is hunkered in the corner. Bug-eyed, catatonic, still shuddering from hypothermia and terror.

RUSSIAN RESCUE WORKER (SUBTITLE)

What was it? What did this?

But Honda silences the RESCUE WORKER, kneeling to face the traumatized survivor. He takes the miner's shaking hand.

RUSSIAN MINER (SUBTITLE)

(amid pained breaths)

One -- was -- alive --

The miner is staring blankly at the BLOWN-OUT ENTRANCE TO A MINE SHAFT. Repeating the same phrase over and over again.

HONDA

(to Rescue Worker)

Take us in, please.

INT. UNDERGROUND CAVERN - DAY

THREE ROPES DROP IN FROM ABOVE, as Honda and his team absail down into a vast, hollow chamber in the earth.

Several dozen RESCUE WORKERS are already here, flashlights sporadically illuminating what seems to be a kind of giant nest. Hardened secretion surrounds TWO ENORMOUS OVAL SPORES. One appears to be intact. The second has already "hatched."

Honda studies it all with measured fascination, noticing a set of DEEP GROOVES in the rocky wall. Claw marks?

DR. STABLER

The rescue workers found it like this. One spore is still intact. The other, well --
(indicates wreckage)
-- must have been what did this.

Cr-unch! Honda has stepped on something brittle. He crouches to inspect the GREEN-GRAY ROCK underneath his foot. It pulverizes to dust at the touch of a finger. Exposing:

DR. STABLER

And then there's that.

A COLOSSAL ANIMAL BONE. Honda, eyes wide in astonishment, slowly pivots the beam of his flashlight upwards to reveal:

THE ENTIRE CAVERN IS RIDGED WITH BONES. It is no cavern at all. They have dug inside a GIGANTIC, HOLLOW RIB-CAGE.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE MINING CAMP - HELICOPTER VIEW - DUSK

Later. The EXCAVATION CREW has now arrived and is getting to work, like so many tiny ants -- busying about the vague dark SILHOUETTE OF A GARGANTUAN FOSSIL FROZEN UNDERNEATH THE ICE.

TWO OTHER, SMALLER SHAPES surround the LARGER ONE, entwined. As if all THREE CREATURES WERE SOMEHOW FROZEN IN MID-BATTLE.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - HOKKAIDO, JAPAN - DUSK

Cherry blossoms line a quiet street of traditional Japanese homes. In the distance, the sloped COOLING AND REACTOR TOWERS of a nuclear power plant loom, venting steam.

SUPERIMPOSE: **SHAKOTAN PENINSULA, HOKKAIDO, JAPAN**

A UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA POSTER

has been tacked up on a *shoji* door. The house is traditional *fusuma* style. But the residents are pure *gaijin*, American.

As the door slides open.

LINDA

Ford?

LINDA MADDOX (40) surveys the room with a mother's true despair. Apart from the poster, some BATMAN COMICS and a FOOTBALL on the bed, the rest of the room is STILL IN BOXES.

She exhales a weary sigh.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DUSK

NATHAN BRODY (40) is tying his necktie in the mirror, dressing for an evening out. Or trying to. The ungainly tangle of a knot seems to have swallowed his pinky finger.

LINDA

Have you seen Ford?

BRODY

Little help here? I think this tie is developing a taste for flesh. I'm more a shorts and sandals guy.

Linda ably undoes the knot. Re-tying it as she continues.

LINDA

He isn't in his room. I told him he was grounded until he got those boxes unpacked, and all he does is put that U.C. poster on his door. Lift your chin.

BRODY

Can you blame him? He got in. He's excited about college.

LINDA

No, he's hoping all of this is temporary.

BRODY

I get it. He's a high-school senior whose mom just moved him half-way around the world to follow some guy.

LINDA

Is that what you are?

BRODY

Give him time.

LINDA
You're a saint. Me, he hates.

She starts to thaw. Then her eyes snap, noticing:

LINDA
(her EMPTY PURSE)
And those were my car keys.
Where's Elle? I swear, if he took
her out again, I'll --

Just then, Brody SEES MOVEMENT OUT THE WINDOW: the FAMILY STATION WAGON is backing down the driveway...

As Linda's eyes begin to dart, Brody quickly KISSES HER. Holding it until the station wagon pulls off up the street. As the kiss ends. Linda, on a cloud. In love. Regards him. The necktie has fallen, untied to their feet.

BRODY
You were saying?

EXT. BRODY-MADDOX HOUSE - DUSK

The FAMILY STATION WAGON is doing wobbly figure eights up and down the cul-de-sac, veering erratically...

FORD (PRE-LAP)
Watch it, watch it!

INT. STATION WAGON - DUSK

FORD MADDOX (17) is an all-American teen in a well-worn UC Berkeley sweatshirt. He sits in the passenger's seat, trying to mind the road ahead as his little sister --

-- ELLE MADDOX (11), sits beneath the wheel, blind to the road ahead. She strains her tiny feet to reach the PEDALS.

ELLE
Which one's on the left again?

FORD
Clutch, clutch, press it!

Elle taps the gas instead. The engine GRINDS AUDIBLY.

ELLE
"Clutch-oo."

FORD
Your other left.

ELLE
That's how you say most stuff in
Japanese. Just put a "oo" at the
end. Like "*aisu kurimu*."

FORD
Watch the road.

ELLE
That's ice cream.

Then suddenly --

FORD
Look out!

Brody has stepped out right in front of the moving car. Ford
grabs the steering wheel, swerving hard. The wagon hops a
curb and JOLTS TO A STOP. Bumper pinched against a tree.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DUSK

Brody barely bats an eye. As Ford and Elle pile out.

ELLE
Woops...

FORD
(to Brody, wrists up:
"Guilty as charged")
You can go tell mom now.

But instead, Brody pulls out his wallet, PEELS OFF A BILL and
holds it out. Ford just stands there a beat. Confused.

BRODY
(smiles)
It's your tip. Take it.

FORD
(hesitates, suspicious)
For denting the bumper?

BRODY
For cleaning your room.

FORD
I haven't --
(then it hits him)
Oh.

BRODY
Bingo.

Ford reaches for the bill -- but Brody grips it tighter.

BRODY

Plus the living room and the dishes. Just make the house look nice for when we get back from this opera or ballet, or whatever it is -- which, I'm not gonna lie, I'd rather stick around and watch the ball-game... But I won't. Because this move has been as hard on your mom as it has on anyone in this family, and right now she just needs a little love. Deal?

Ford nods, reluctantly. Brody lets go of the bill.

INT. BRODY-MADDOX HOUSE - ENTRY - DUSK

Moments later. Ford and Elle shuffle in with Brody. Linda has been waiting; looks up from the PORTABLE PHONE, dismayed.

LINDA

It's the plant. I tried to tell them we have tickets, but --

BRODY

(understanding)

It's my night on safety. Don't worry about it, probably a sector reboot. We'll stop by on the way.

He takes the phone and speaks rapidly IN JAPANESE. Gathering his coat as Linda puts on her evening shawl. Regarding Ford.

LINDA

You still hate me?

FORD

(weakly)

No.

LINDA

Then aren't you forgetting something?

Ford squirms reluctantly and mutters something.

ELLE

(the peanut gallery, knows the drill by heart)

Louder.

FORD
(still barely audible)
Love you.

LINDA
(smiles)
Prove it.

Ford hugs his mother limply. Then, per-time-tried family ritual, she watches in mock-sternness as he does the same to Elle, who squeezes tightly. For all their faults, a family.

EXT. JANCORP NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The plant occupies a few flat hectares of oceanfront. Its huge cooling towers billow steam above a MULTI-LINGUAL LOGO:

"JAPAN-AMERICA NUCLEAR - UNLEASHING THE POWER OF NATURE"

INT. JANCORP NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - GLASS WAITING AREA - NIGHT

A LARGE GLASS WALL gives onto the plant control room, where uniformed ENGINEERS attend to a dizzying matrix of monitors and dials occupying every inch of wall-space. Among them, Brody is in evening wear. Carrying on what seems to be an increasingly heated conversation about an on-screen readout.

Linda can hear none of it. She sits on a couch, staring up at a FLUORESCENT CEILING LIGHT. It FLICKERS with a band-like rolling pattern. Something about the sight unnerves her.

BRODY (O.S.)
Sorry this is taking so long --

Brody has emerged from plant control. Steps up.

BRODY
There's been shaking in Sapporo.
An underground line went down.

LINDA
Shaking? Is everything okay?

BRODY
Yeah. Fine. Just a couple tremors. But you should probably go on ahead. I'll take a cab. Maybe make it there by halftime?

LINDA
Intermission.

Brody spreads an easy smile. Something slightly forced?

LINDA
You sure everything's okay?

BRODY
Of course. I designed this place,
didn't I?

After a beat, Linda eases. Brody pecks her on the cheek.
Then withdraws back through the GLASS DOORS, into:

INT. PLANT CONTROL - NIGHT

Brody turns his back to the glass, and instantly the man
transforms. His face a sudden mask of DEEP CONCERN.

BRODY
What's the status on that signal?

A seated engineer (TAK) responds from a nearby station.
Studying A PATTERN OF SPIKES ON AN OSCILLOSCOPE DISPLAY.

TAK
Major magnetic interference. Same
signature as a nuclear detonation,
but Okinawa says they aren't testing.

BRODY
How about the North Koreans?

Suddenly, the spikes shoot higher triggering a WARNING ALERT.
The engineers instantly erupt in JAPANESE. Tak, concerned.

TAK
It could be our shielding. Should
we power down the plant, sir?

A beat. A hard decision. Brody makes it.

BRODY
No. It's gotta be an anomaly.
(a beat, resolved)
All systems go, we'll ride it out.

Brody is too busy studying the signal pattern to notice --
Linda is still standing behind the large glass wall.
Watching their activity with a growing measure of concern.

Seeing her, Tak flips a switch that turns the retro-
reflective glass OPAQUE. Shutting Linda out.

INT. VIDEO GAME ARCADE - NIGHT

A high-decibel neon maze, teeming with JAPANESE TEENAGERS. Ford is firing a PLASTIC M-16 at the ON-SCREEN MONSTERS of a "first-person shooter" game. Then his avatar gets stomped. Game over. He hooks the rifle. Noticing --

A GROUP OF TEENAGE JAPANESE GIRLS, giggling at him in a high-pitched hormonal squeal. He smiles back. Elle notices.

ELLE

How come you don't try learning Japanese?

FORD

Don't have to. Six months from now, I'll be in college, playing ball and partying on weeknights.

He winks roguishly. But the teenage girls JUST GIGGLE LOUDER. Chattering in Japanese.

ELLE

That doesn't help you now, though.

FORD

(a beat, she's right)
Alright, you win, gimme something.

Elle thinks a moment, then WHISPERS SOMETHING IN HIS EAR. Ford listens, then steps over to the giggling teenage girls. And REPEATS THE LINE ALOUD IN JAPANESE --

Instantly, the giggling girls GO SILENT. Then: ONE GIRL smacks Ford hard across the cheek. They all stalk off.

Elle doubles-over, CACKLING at her prank.

FORD

You are so dead!

He takes off RUNNING AFTER HER.

EXT. BUSY MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Ford and Elle burst out past OTHER PATRONS, laughing as they go, until at last Ford corners Elle and pins her, tickling furiously until she keels over to the sidewalk, LAUGHING HERSELF TO TEARS. Neither of them noticing at first --

-- a SMALL PUDDLE OF WATER BUBBLING from a THIN CRACK in the pavement. Slowly, the crack itself is SPLITTING WIDER.

ELLE
 (sees it, breathless)
 Ford --? Wait, wait!

Then suddenly -- the GROUND RUMBLES SLIGHTLY WITH A TREMOR.

ELLE
 Look!

The tiny crack is BRANCHING UP THE SIDEWALK in the direction of the distant reactor towers. Oddly, the night sky above the towers glows with a HAZE OF GREENISH AURORAL LIGHT.

Ford and Elle look on for a beat, transfixed. Then -- HIS CELL PHONE BUZZES. Call from: "**MOM.**" Ford answers.

LINDA (PRE-LAP)
 Ford? Are you there --?

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Outside the REACTOR TOWERS. The tremor has stopped. PLANT WORKERS glance about, then hustle off with purpose. As Linda returns to the station wagon, on her phone. Looks anxious.

LINDA
 I tried the house line. Are you guys okay?

EXT. BUSY MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Ford has helped Elle to her feet. Distracted by the strange "northern lights" in the sky above the distant plant.

FORD
 What? Yeah. Just stepped out into the yard... Mom, are you still at the plant, what's going on?

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Linda tries to start the car. But the ignition REVS AND CLICKS strangely.

LINDA
 Of course, yeah. Brody says it's not a big...

The ignition suddenly STARTS UP WITH A REV, as her CAR KEYS BEGIN TO CLATTER TOGETHER. As if magnetically attracted.

LINDA
(unnerved)
I'm coming home.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Ford snaps to attention. Home? Already? Grabs Elle.

FORD
'Kay mom, seeya in a minute.

He starts to hang up.

LINDA (ON PHONE)
Hey.
(this stops Ford)
Aren't you forgetting some-

The word cuts off as THE LINE GOES DEAD.

FORD

Mom?

Suddenly, THE GROUND SHAKES MASSIVELY.

INT. PLANT CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Pandemonium. The entire matrix of control panels instantly GOES HAYWIRE.

TAK	BRODY
Lost power to reactor two!	Shut down, shut down!

Then the entire building RUMBLES. And out the window behind
Brody -- THE GIANT REACTOR TOWERS SHIFT ON THEIR FOUNDATIONS.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Ford and Elle watch as the reactor towers on the horizon
SHIFT AGAIN, UNLEASHING A FORCEFUL SHOCK-WAVE.

MOM!

FORD

THE TOWERS DROP FROM VIEW into a cloud of billowing debris.

SMASH TO:

TELEVISION FOOTAGE

Rescue helicopters circle high above the devastated nuclear power plant -- now the site of a GIANT SINKHOLE IN THE EARTH. The CONTROL BUILDING still stands at the rim of the giant pit, but the REACTOR TOWERS HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY SWALLOWED UP. On a split-screen, a JAPANESE SPOKESMAN speaks to press.

SPOKESMAN (ON TV)

...No evidence to substantiate rumors of unnatural causes. But our investigation is looking into possible human error...

A MAP GRAPHIC indicates a 20 mile "MELTDOWN QUARANTINE ZONE." MORE FOOTAGE: UN TROOPS erect ROADBLOCKS and TALL FENCING around the QUARANTINE BORDER, evacuating CITIZENS from homes; INJURED VICTIMS are carted out by PARAMEDICS IN HAZMAT GEAR; the exhausted SAFETY TEAM pushes past a throng of REPORTERS. Brody is among them, covering his face to avoid the CAMERAS.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - DAY

A TV is tuned to the FOOTAGE. JAPANESE FAMILIES have been here all night, waiting on their loved ones. Ford sits with Elle, as Brody paces anxiously. Linda is not here.

Brody averts his gaze as the FOOTAGE of him comes up. But some OTHER VIEWERS here have begun to notice. And stare.

ELLE

Why are they looking at us like that? Brody?

She is too young to understand. But Ford can read their glares. These people blame Brody for what happened. Then:

JAPANESE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Mr. Brody?

Heads turn to the inner doorway, where the DOCTOR has emerged alongside a polished CORPORATION LAWYER in a suit.

BRODY

(snaps to attention)
Yes, is my wife okay?

LAWYER

(puts up a hand and cuts in, fields this)
My name is Mr. Rye, I'm an attorney for the company. I'd like to talk to you about the accident.

BRODY

It wasn't our fault, you have to believe me, something strange --

LAWYER

Why don't we have a word in private?

Brody glances back to Ford and Elle. Then follows the Doctor and Lawyer through the doorway, into an inner hall --

As the door seals shut behind them. Ford steps to the glass.

ELLE

(not tall enough to see)
What is it? Is mommy okay?

ANGLE ON BRODY, THROUGH THE GLASS

Joining THREE OTHER MEN IN SUITS. Among them, stands BAYER, 50. White hair, patrician. We'll meet him later.

FORD HEARS NO DIALOGUE -- as the Doctor begins by breaking the news to Brody. Instantly, Brody starts to weep in grief.

ON FORD, staring back through the glass with welling tears. He knows what this means; his mom is dead.

HIS POV: the Lawyer steps up to Brody, brandishing a LEGAL FORM. Brody reacts in anger. But the Lawyer TALKS HIM DOWN. Gesturing back through the glass -- at Ford and Elle. Brody sees them, and knows what he must do. Relenting.

As the Lawyer offers back the legal form. Uncaps a pen.

EXT. HOSPITAL STEPS - DAY

Shortly later. A shell-shocked Ford emerges with a tear-streaked Elle, following Brody and the Lawyer onto the steps - where a SWARM OF PRESS AWAITS. FLASHBULBS. Microphones.

Brody tries to shield the children from the onslaught -- glancing to the Lawyer, who steps forward.

LAWYER

Mr. Brody has resigned pending a full inquiry into the cause of yesterday's meltdown.

Instantly, the PRESS CRUSHES IN WITH SHOUTED QUESTIONS.

REPORTER 1

Were there design flaws in the plant?

REPORTER 2

Did your team cause the meltdown?

LAWYER
 (holding them at bay)
 We do believe operator error played
 a role, but like I said, the
 investigation is ongoing. Now if
 you'll please excuse us --

TIGHT ON FORD

Hearing this. He casts a look of shock at Brody.

BRODY
 Ford, it's not how it sounds --

But as Brody steps and reaches for Ford and Elle -- the CROWD
 PRESSES IN BETWEEN THEM, separating him from them.

Ford does not move. Just grips Elle close, protectively.

BRODY (O.S.)
 Ford --?

As we PUSH IN TIGHT ON FORD in utter anger and betrayal. The
 cacophony of shouted questions. The glare of camera flashes.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINE CORPS TRAINING FACILITY - PRESENT DAY - DAWN

The same face. Older. Zen calm. Focused.

FORD, now 27, is running hard along a gravel path. He has
 grown tall, handsome. In the workout gear of a US Marine.
 TIGHT SHOTS as he climbs ropes, scales walls, wriggles under
 concertina wire. Never pausing for a breath until --

He slaps a stopwatch, checks his time. And now we see:

Ford is all alone on the training course. Not another marine
 in sight. He has been racing himself. Running from nothing.

SUPERIMPOSE: ***OUTSIDE SAN FRANCISCO - PRESENT DAY***

INT. LOCKER AREA - DAWN

Ford towels off after a shower. His body is lean, well
 muscled, a perfect marine. And yet --

PFC FLACO (PRE-LAP)
 Remind me why you work this office
 gig again, sir?

INT. MARINE RESERVES OFFICE - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

PFC FLACO (20s) occupies one half of a desk in a downtown San Francisco office with windows onto the city. Ford has just arrived in uniform, and sets his gym bag by his desk.

PFC FLACO
Fit tests like yours, you'd make
Spec Ops in a cinch. Why not see
the world?

Ford sits down and looks at a PHOTO ON HIS DESK: EARLY-20s ELLE at her COLLEGE GRADUATION. She went instead.

FORD
Lance Corporal, I just did three
tours in two years. Right now it's
just nice to be home.

Ding. The door chimes as a PIMPLY NEW RECRUIT walks in.

PIMPLY RECRUIT
Private First Class Murphy, sir,
here to register for duty.

FORD
We're happy to have you, PFC,
welcome to the Corps.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DUSK

Ford parks his '75 Camaro at the curb. Kills the engine and climbs out with a BAG OF GROCERIES. Then stiffens, seeing --

Brody, now 50, with many miles on the same kind face. He is waiting on the stoop of FORD AND ELLE'S VICTORIAN ROW HOUSE.

FORD
(after a beat)
Elle's not home.

Ford moves past him to the door. Unlocking it.

BRODY
Actually, I came to see you.

Ford looks back from the door. Clearly less than thrilled by the prospect. Then walks in. Leaves it open.

INT. FORD AND ELLE'S APARTMENT - DUSK

A warm space, clearly furnished with Elle's touch. Ford sets the groceries in the adjoining kitchen, as Brody steps in. Noticing a few framed FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS on the credenza.

FORD
Bourbon, is it?

BRODY
Just some water.

Ford reacts to this. Brody not drinking. That's a new one.

Ford begins to fix a cup of water from the faucet. As Brody lingers in the foyer with the photos. He takes them in.

FRAMED PHOTO: 18-YEAR-OLD FORD, in dress blues at his basic training graduation, along with a smiling 13-YEAR-OLD ELLE.

All the photos post-date the Hokkaido years. Linda is in none. Brody regards a recent portrait of Ford in uniform.

BRODY
Double chevron. What's that, a sergeant now?

FORD
Corporal.

BRODY
Right, Ellie told me. She's so proud. Your mother would be, too.

Ford tenses a bit. Then sets the water on the counter.

FORD
You want to tell me why you're here, Brody?

A beat. A deep breath. He approaches the ADJOINING KITCHEN.

BRODY
Right.
(trying to find the words;
he digresses, re: photos)
They evacuated us so fast, you know
I don't even have a picture of your mom?

FORD
(not having it)
Look, Brody --

BRODY

I lied.

Just like that. This is what he came to say. The headline, anyway. It takes a beat to formulate the rest. Struggling.

BRODY

I lied, Ford. They made me sign something saying it was my fault... But it wasn't.

FORD

What are you talking about?

BRODY

It wasn't normal. There was an anomaly, a signal. They tried to tell me it was nothing, but I know what I saw... And now it's happening again.

FORD

What is?

BRODY

It doesn't matter. Look, I put some money aside for you guys. In this account.

He pulls out a BANK LETTER. Ford - not this again.

FORD

We don't need your money, Brody.

BRODY

Please, I promised your mother. Family was everything to her. I just need you to have it now, in case I don't come back.

This throws Ford off-guard. A first hint of concern.

FORD

Hang on, back from where?

But just then -- *Ding-dong-ding-dong!* THE DOORBELL RINGING.

FORD

(to Brody, forceful)
Wait right here.

He moves to the front door, opening it to find --

ELLE, 21

wearing the scrubs of a TRAINEE NURSE, while her affable friend REGGIE (30s) waits in a RUNNING CAR at the curb. She BARGES PAST FORD IN A HURRY. Talking fast on the run.

<p>FORD</p> <p>Um --</p>	<p>ELLE</p> <p>Hey, sorry, Reg is waiting in the car! I just came to change, we're meeting some friends for drinks...</p>
--------------------------	---

FORD

Elle, wait!

But Elle makes it into her REAR BEDROOM and shuts the door. We HEAR the sounds of RUSTLING CLOTHES as she hollers back.

ELLE (O.S.)

I know, I know, keep your phone on and call if you're gonna stay out late... Thanks mom.

She continues on like this, as Ford rushes back to the kitchen to find --

Brody's bank letter resting on the counter. But Brody is nowhere to be seen. The back door swings open on its hinges.

FORD

Shit!

ELLE

How do I look?

As Elle at last appears behind him in her dress. Oblivious.

ELLE (PRE-LAP)

How could you just let him leave?

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Ford follows Elle up the porch of a DILAPIDATED MOBILE HOME. Newspapers are piled on the steps, perhaps a week's worth.

ELLE

(pounds the door)

Brody? Brody, it's Elle!

FORD

I don't know, it's crazy, he said he was going somewhere, then you came home and he was gone.

Elle tries the door. It's locked.

ELLE

BRODY!

(tries the door again)
Break it down.

FORD

What, are you kidding? I'm not --

WHAM! Elle kicks in the door.

INT. BRODY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Moonlight filters in, illuminating PILES OF UNOPENED MAIL on the floor. Return addresses from places like **"Pan-Pacific Seismic Centers"** and **"HAM Radio Alliance of Nevada."**

There are DOZENS OF BOTTLES OF PRESCRIPTION PILLS. Unopened.

ELLE

(horrificed)
Lithium. This is an anti-manic. I
had no idea...

But Ford has just seen something else, eyes wide in shock --

FORD

Uh. Elle...?

An entire wall is tacked and pinned with a dizzying mosaic of DATA SHEETS and PRINTOUTS. Seismic readings. Radio signals. At the center is A MAP OF THE WORLD MARKED UP WITH PUSH PINS. Each pin corresponds to a neatly printed number; they lay in two main clusters: "HOKKAIDO, JAPAN" and "NEVADA, USA."

Around this are HEADLINES and PHOTOS clipped from tabloids or printed out from blogs: **"HOKKAIDO COVER-UP!" "WHAT IS THE UN'S SECRET 'MUTO' UNIT?" "WHAT ARE THEY BUILDING IN THERE?"**

ELLE

He's going back.

She is holding a PRINTOUT. ITINERARY for a flight to Japan.

ELLE

Japan Air. Left an hour ago.
(turns to Ford)
We need to stop him.

FORD

Elle, come on...

ELLE
Fine, I'll go myself.

She moves off, but Ford grabs her wrist.

FORD
He's not your dad.

ELLE
(spins back)
Neither are you!

This stings. Ford drops her wrist.

ELLE
He's the only family I have.
(instantly regrets it)
Ford, you know what I mean. You
aren't even around half the time,
you're overseas.

But Ford has turned his back. Walking out.

ELLE
Ford!

INT. '75 CAMARO - NIGHT

As Ford parks the car outside their row house. Kills the engine. They have driven home in silence. A long moment passes.

FORD
(calmly as he can)
You know why I was overseas, Elle?
You know why I wasn't around? For
you. So you could go to school.
Because you're the only family I
have.

And with that, simply, he gets out. Shutting the door before Elle has a chance to speak.

INT. FORD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ford is up late. Mulling over the PHOTO OF ELLE AT HER GRADUATION. He has taken it from its frame. But now UNFOLDS THE EDGE TO REVEAL -- Brody is standing in the picture, too. His arm around Elle, beaming proudly. Her family, her dad.

Ford sighs. He knows what he must do.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ford moves down the hall, DUFFEL on his shoulder. He pauses at Elle's open door, regards her momentarily. Fast asleep.

Then Ford moves on, walking out.

INT. SAPPORO AIRPORT - HOKKAIDO, JAPAN - NIGHT

A CUSTOMS AGENT inspects an OPEN PASSPORT. Glances up. At Brody. Smiling back. The agent stamps the book.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS AGENT
Thank you, Mr. Brody, welcome to
Japan.

EXT. SHAKOTAN PENINSULA COASTLINE - NIGHT

A tall ELECTRIC FENCE skirts the rocky coastal ridge. Sheer bluffs plunge down to a cave-like OCEAN INLET --

SUPERIMPOSE: ***QUARANTINE ZONE PERIMETER - HOKKAIDO, JAPAN***

Where a SMALL SKIFF is tied up, idling. As Brody climbs out with an EQUIPMENT BAG. A GRUFF SMUGGLER pockets cash. Then revs the engine and motors off into the night. Calling back.

JAPANESE SMUGGLER (SUBTITLE)
One hour.

As Brody unzips his equipment bag.

EXT. DESERTED OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The SOUND OF GAS MASK BREATHING. Brody treks along the long-deserted rural highway in a HAZMAT RADIATION SUIT. He carries a CLICKING GEIGER COUNTER and a TELEPHOTO CAMERA.

Abandoned trucks and cars still jam the road, long-since overgrown by weeds and vines. Frostbitten sunflowers have sprouted up through DEEP CRACKS in the pavement. Brody plucks one and seals it in a jar. Tucking away the specimen for further study. This world has been reclaimed by nature.

EXT. COASTLINE - NIGHT

As the SPOTLIGHT of a PATROL BOAT sweeps the rocky shore. Passing right over the CLIPPED SECTION OF ELECTRIC FENCE...

INT. BRODY-MADDOX HOUSE - NIGHT

A FLASHLIGHT pans the dark, deserted house. Apart from a layer of dust and cobwebs, the home appears exactly as we saw it last. Still stuck in time. Brody warily steps in.

INT. FORD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brody's flashlight illuminates Ford's room, still in boxes, except that University of California poster on the door, now half-peeled and filmed in dust. An old dream, long lost.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brody's flashlight settles on a spot on the floor. His necktie, still right where Linda left it. A FRAMED PHOTO has fallen on its face beside it. Brody kneels to retrieve it --

It is a WEDDING PHOTO of the family. Linda in her gown and Brody in his tux beside her. Along with a beaming 8-YEAR-OLD ELLE and a somewhat surly-looking TEENAGE FORD. Brody slides the photo it from its frame. Regarding it for an extended beat. Everything he lost. Tears welling in his eyes.

When suddenly, the PICTURE FRAME STARTS RATTLING. Shifting slowly at first, then skittering fast across the floor -- into the base of a METAL LAMP. It clamps there. MAGNETIZED.

All at once, THE LAMP BEGINS TO FLICKER WITH LIGHT.

LINDA'S HAIR DRYER whirs to life. Attracting nearby HAIRPINS with the same magnetic force. Around the room, every electrical object in sight has strangely become MAGNETIC.

Brody goes still, unnerved.

EXT. DESERTED SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Brody emerges from the house to find the entire street of homes is affected by the phenomenon. Long decrepit street-lamps flicker. Cars in driveways REV THEIR ENGINES. TELEVISIONS and RADIOS blurt staticky bits of programming.

Over the horizon where the nuclear plant once stood, the night sky glows and swirls with GREENISH AURORAL LIGHT.

Captivated for a moment, Brody forgets himself. Then remembers his Geiger counter: it's oscilloscope is spiking wildly. He PULLS OUT A NOTEBOOK, capturing the pattern. As:

Click! The BARREL OF A RIFLE levels at his temple. Aimed at the other end by a UNITED NATIONS GUARD IN HAZMAT GEAR. THREE MORE GUARDS converge as well. They wear EMBLEMS with the same insignias we saw on the experts in Siberia.

CUT TO:

Brody sits cuffed and hooded in the back seat of an ARMORED HUMVEE as it rattles down a SCRUB-COVERED ACCESS ROAD...

EXT. MUTO BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Where the Jancorp Nuclear Power Plant once stood. The sinkhole that swallowed its reactors is now surrounded by an immense MATRIX OF SCAFFOLDING. FLOODLIGHTS illuminate a STAGING AREA OF UTILITY BUILDINGS, abuzz with EXPERTS and TECHNICIANS in Hazmat gear, wheeling equipment to and fro.

AMONG THEM,

Honda, now 50, moves with purpose. Accompanied by several colleagues we recognize from the mine disaster in Siberia.

DR. STABLER

The charge is fluctuating heavily,
wild swings. Bayer has transport
waiting for the containment island.

Honda furrows his brow with concern.

HONDA

Let's just hope containment is an
option.

GUARD 1 hustles up to catch them.

GUARD 1

Dr. Honda, we have a situation.

INT. UTILITY BUILDING - NIGHT

Brody has been locked behind a pane of one-way glass. He paces agitatedly. Hollering at his unseen captors --

But all we hear is MUFFLED SHOUTING. As Honda sorts through BRODY'S WALLET and effects: ID card; a PHOTO of Elle in nurse's scrubs; another of Ford in uniform.

GUARD 1

He's been like this since we
brought him in. Says he used to
work here, safety engineer...

But Honda stops him. Intrigued by BRODY'S NOTEBOOK. Flips past the FAMILY PHOTO FROM THE ABANDONED HOUSE to find -- a schematic map of the world, with DATA POINTS IN UNITS HERTZ.

HONDA

He seems to know the signal. He's been recording it. But look here --

A second schematic map with similar data points. But this one is not of Japan. It centered on the desert of Nevada.

HONDA

(concerned)

-- he shows the same pattern coming from Nevada?

Just then, a KLAXON on the PA sounds.

LOUDSPEAKERS

Please take positions...

Honda grabs the rest of Brody's data. Rushing off.

HONDA

Tell the guards to hold him here!

EXT. MUTO BASE SCAFFOLDING - NIGHT

Scientists hurry about the VAST SCAFFOLDING erected above the site of the former nuclear plant. Where now we see:

THE HALF-SUNKEN REACTOR UNITS

are ensconced in a GARGANTUAN ORGANIC COCOON of yellowish uranium glass. The shell is half-translucent, PULSING WITH A BIOLUMINESCENT LIGHT from deep within that causes all electrical equipment inside of 20 meters to RATTLE AND SURGE IN RHYTHM. It is like this thing is breathing electricity.

Among the scientists, some work with tuning forks and sound equipment; others with oscilloscopes; ENGINEERS attend to a complex pulley system of HIGH-TENSILE CABLES. All involved are busily preparing for what seems to be the big event.

INT. CROW'S NEST CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

Panoramic windows give onto the bustling activity below. ANALYSTS attend to monitors showing various INFRARED ANGLES of what seems to be a TWISTED, EMBRYONIC FORM.

A LABEL marks the monitors: **"HOKKAIDO MUTO (HOK-MUTO)"**

ANALYST 1	ANALYST 2
Gamma rays are plummeting.	Absorption levels are off the
It's drinking it like water.	chart. We need more fuel.

Eyes turn to Bayer, the man we saw only in the background at the hospital in Hokkaido. Same white hair, same eyes of ice.

BAYER
Add ten kilos of plutonium.

Honda rushes in behind him, carrying Brody's data sets.

HONDA
Have we picked up any signals
coming from Nevada?

BAYER
(distracted)
Hm? Can't this wait, Mr. Honda?

DOWN BELOW THEM ON A FOOTBRIDGE,

TECHNICIANS in full biohazard suits load CANISTERS OF PLUTONIUM GAS into a HYDRAULIC INJECTION PORT drilled into an excavated section of the cocoon wall. They are "feeding" it.

The cocoon glows brighter as the canisters go in.

HONDA
This is important.

BAYER
(marvels at THE COCOON)
Admire our work, professor. We've
doubled its dosage twice in the
last thirty-six hours, but the
temperature is dropping. Do you
know what this could mean?

HONDA
No, Mr. Bayer, none of us knows
anything about the ramifications of
what we're doing. That's the
problem.

BAYER
You biologists. Can't appreciate a
gift from nature.

HONDA
You speak of "nature" like you are
not a part of it.

BAYER
Please.

HONDA
This was a prehistoric species, evolved to photosynthesize background radiation. Instead, for ten years we've been feeding it concentrated doses --

BAYER
(cuts him off)
And it's done with them what no lab could achieve in over sixty years. Cold fusion, Mr. Honda. That could power the world, feed millions. And you'd have us, what, stop now? Before we even see what it's become?

HONDA
We should have destroyed this when it came here. Instead, you've put it on steroids. And now we might not have the chance.

BAYER
And if Fleming had sterilized his Petri dish, he'd never have discovered penicillin. You worry too much, Honda.

An indicator BLEEPS behind them.

MUTO ANALYST 1
We've got movement on the T-rays, sir.

Bayer moves off. Honda is left alone. He steps out to --

A RAILED BALCONY suspended high above the COCOONED FORM IN THE PIT. And for a moment awe supplants his dread. Whatever else this monstrosity may become, it is sublimely beautiful.

INT. UTILITY BUILDING - NIGHT

Brody has been left alone inside his cell. He notices a FLUORESCENT CEILING LIGHT. It FLICKERS with a band-like interference pattern. Just like the one ten years ago.

A herald of something coming. Yet Brody knows not what.

EXT. MUTO BASE SCAFFOLDING - NIGHT

ALERT KLAXONS begin to sound. Fascinated scientists and guards peer from catwalks. Catching glimpses of:

THE MUTO COCOON

as it PULSES FASTER with its inner glow, briefly silhouetting the gigantic twisted embryo within. Its limbs SHIFT, like a hatchling in its shell. Ready to awaken.

LOUDSPEAKERS

All personnel, please clear the first perimeter.

Some technicians back away. Others are too rapt to move.

SKRRRIT! A CRACK SPIDERWEBS THE TOP OF THE COCOON, spraying huge chunks of hardened yellow shell.

Technicians stagger back on all the catwalks. But still they stare. Not a soul can peel his eyes away.

As A LONG, PREHENSILE LIMB SHATTERS FROM THE SHELL. And then, in a single surge, the CREATURE EXPLODES UPWARDS from its cocoon. About to engulf the catwalks high above --

But before it can, EXPLOSIVE BOLTS unleash a HUGE WIRE CAST NET, ensnaring the ENORMOUS ANIMAL. HIGH-TENSILE CABLES snap taut from a hundred points. Trapping it. As POWERFUL FLOODLIGHTS clank on, illuminating:

THE HOKKAIDO MASSIVE UNIDENTIFIED TARGET ORGANISM,

AKA: "THE HOKMUTO," writhing and HISSING ANGRILY beneath its net... STATIC ELECTRICITY ripples across its hide. But the animal has been captured; a giant, mutant specimen contained.

ON THE SCAFFOLDING,

scientists and technicians erupt in CHEERS. Trading handshakes, backslaps, marveling at their "catch."

INT. CROW'S NEST CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

But high above them, Honda is on edge. As a confident Bayer beams with pride.

BAYER

Magnificent. Prepare to stun.

The technicians amp a set of voltage dials.

ANGLE ON THE HOKMUTO

As a POWERFUL ELECTRIC CHARGE jolts through the wire snare, electrocuting the creature in its net. The animal SCREECHES LOUDLY, then ERUPTS IN ANGER, straining at its bonds. Far from stunned, the creature seems even stronger now. High-tensile CABLES STRETCH TAUT AGAINST THEIR WINCHES.

ANGLE ON HONDA

Looking on in rising dread.

HONDA
It's absorbing the electricity.
Just like the gamma spectrum.

BAYER
Go to full power.

But as ANOTHER JOLT OF ELECTRICITY ripples through the netting, THE HOKMUTO REARS UP ON ITS HIND LEGS AND GLOWS WITH BIOLUMINESCENCE, as if charging some internal capacitor --

THEN IT SLAMS DOWN WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING HOWL so powerful it splits the air like lightning, generating a SHOCK-WAVE OF AURORAL LIGHT THAT SHORTS OUT EVERY CIRCUIT IN THE BASE CAMP.

INT. UTILITY BUILDING - NIGHT

As the loud SNAP echoes, the lights go out. Guards quickly rush outside, forgetting --

Brody, still behind the one-way glass. The MAGNETIC DOORLOCK to his cell has lost its power, too. Its LED blinks out.

EXT. MUTO BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Brody emerges to find a scene of chaos. He has put back on his Hazmat suit and the ECHO OF ITS GAS MASK BREATHING muffles the ALARM KLAXONS and DESPERATE SHOUTS, as DROVES OF TECHNICIANS AND GUARDS COME FLEEING FROM THE SCAFFOLDING.

A HUGE APPENDAGE SMASHES THROUGH THE NEAREST CATWALKS, obliterating them in a frightening hail of twisted steel. Brody is knocked to the ground and trapped beneath the rubble. Injured, but still conscious, he looks up to see --

The Hokmuto, towering high above on six gigantic, articulated limbs. And as the mutant monster SMASHES THROUGH THE CAMP...

INT. JAPAN AIRLINES 747 - FLYING - NIGHT

A fasten seat-belt sign lights up with a gentle *"Ding!"*

Ford's eyes flutter open as PASSENGERS jostle to their seats. A JAPANESE BOY, 8, is making "shooting noises" as he aims a finger gun at Ford across the aisle. Just the normal chaos.

JAPANESE BOY
Ban-ban-ban! Ban-ban-ban!

Ford strains to hear the announcement on the PA SPEAKER.

PA SPEAKER (V.O.)	FORD
<i>Due to events on the ground</i>	(confused, to
<i>at our destination, we will</i>	STEWARDESS)
<i>be making an unplanned</i>	Wait, what? Already?
<i>landing in Honolulu. Please</i>	
<i>remain seated with your...</i>	

INT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - ARRIVALS TERMINAL - NIGHT

The large arrivals terminal is in a state of utter bedlam. GROUNDED TRAVELERS crowd around the customer service desk, barking questions at a single harried EMPLOYEE.

AIRLINE EMPLOYEE
(for the umpteenth time)
It was an earthquake, all flights
to Japan have been diverted.

Ford is angling for attention.

FORD
Earthquake? Where in Japan?

But other travelers press closer to the desk in front of him. Ford steps back, unsettled. Noticing:

A FLAT SCREEN TELEVISION ON THE WALL

has just cut to BREAKING NEWS. EMERGENCY VEHICLES speed past the Hokkaido Quarantine Zone border. A scrawl announces:
"9.0 EARTHQUAKE ROCKS JAPAN... HOKKAIDO Q-ZONE HIT AGAIN..."

Off Ford, a look of deep concern.

CUT TO:

STRETCHERS MOVING PAST and loaded onto a MEDEVAC HELICOPTER --
WHERE WE FIND an unconscious Brody, alongside DOZENS OF OTHER
INJURED VICTIMS FROM THE REACTOR BASE. Shutting the doors.

NAVY MEDIC
 (shouts above the rotors)
 We've got beds waiting on the base
 at Pearl Harbor, go, go!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The MEDEVAC CHOPPER lifts off the REAR LAUNCH DECK of a US NAVY HOSPITAL SHIP, plying the waters of the North Pacific. It is a big ship, surrounded by a large fleet of MILITARY VESSELS. Two destroyers, a missile cruiser, and a Nimitz-class nuclear-powered SUPERCARRIER: *USS Harry S. Truman*.

SUPERIMPOSE: ***USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN***

EXT. *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN* - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

A KESTREL EXECUTIVE TRANSPORT HELICOPTER has just landed on the flight deck, rotors spinning down, as an entourage of HIGH-LEVEL MILITARY BRASS is hustled out, led by:

ADMIRAL STENZ, 50, Vice Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He carries a "TOP SECRET" BRIEFING BOOK.

The CAPTAIN salutes him, which the Admiral waves off brusquely. Already walking fast towards the TOWER BRIDGE. Words cannot be heard above the HELICOPTER ROTOR BLAST.

INT. *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN* - TOWER SUPERSTRUCTURE - NIGHT

ADM Stenz and his CSO (LT CMDR HAMM) are on the move, talking fast as they follow the captain up ladders, entourage in tow.

ADM STENZ
 Earthquake? How the hell long do
 we expect to keep that cover?

LT CMDR HAMM
 The Hokkaido zone was already
 quarantined, so the creature
 burrowed to the ocean without
 passing through a population
 center. This battle group has been
 following its last known course
 since then, heading East towards
 Hawaii, but the thing plays broke-
 dick with our sonar.

They arrive at a bulkhead hatch, ducking into --

INT. *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN* - TAC-OPS CENTER - NIGHT

The large briefing room is packed with haggard EXPERTS from the reactor base, all arguing loudly across the table.

BAYER
Our fault? That kind of
electrical attack is
unprecedented.

DOCTOR STABLER
No it isn't. Pistol shrimp
emit a static charge strong
enough to short a circuit.
Extrapolate that out to
something this size and
imagine what it can do.

BAYER
Look, we planned for every
predictable contingency.

HONDA
But disasters are the contingencies
we can't predict.

ADM STENZ
(entering)
GENTLEMEN!

ADM Stenz silences the clangor with a TWO-TONE WHISTLE, as he steps through the door. Followed by his staff.

ADM STENZ
Who's in charge here?

Bayer rises to his feet, imperiously. Extends a hand.

BAYER
Professor Bayer, director of the
United Nations' Special MUTO Unit.
That's "Massive Unidentified..."

ADM STENZ
(cuts him off)
"Target Organisms," I know what it
is. It's the Black Ops black hole
that's been swallowing my budget
for the last ten years.

BAYER
Longer, actually. Evidence of
large-scale pre-Jurassic organisms
predates the current --

ADM STENZ
I read the briefing. Stick to this
one... "Hok-muto."

BAYER

For Hokkaido. It burrowed there from Siberia ten years ago after a crew of uranium miners discovered its spore inside a much larger carcass in the ice.

MONITORS DISPLAY ARCHIVE FOOTAGE as they talk. We glimpse bits as the scene proceeds: the Siberian mining camp from high above. An EXCAVATION CREW busies about the vague dark shape of a GARGANTUAN FOSSIL IN THE ICE.

PARTIAL VIEWS suggest the larger creature's features: maple leaf-shaped dorsal fins, extended tail.

MORE CUT FOOTAGE: SCIENTISTS examine the REMNANTS of the one hatched spore; as the SECOND INTACT SPORE is crane-lifted out of the huge carcass in the Siberian ice.

BAYER

DNA confirmed the spores were laid inside the larger creature - by these smaller animals.

VIEWS show TWO SMALLER FOSSILS (ADULT "MUTOS," MALE AND FEMALE), entwined around the massive creature in the ice. All three fossils are extremely decomposed, but on the "FEMALE MUTO" we may glimpse -- WHAT LOOK LIKE WINGS.

Honda breaks in for the first time.

HONDA

We believe the MUTOS killed the larger creature to use its body as a host for their young.

BAYER

(beleaguered)
Admiral Stenz, meet Professor Honda.

HONDA

And parasites are host-specific. So the Hokmuto will be hunting for another like it.

ADM STENZ

Like the --
(motioning to the larger fossil)
What's it called?

HONDA
 "Jira," after the Japanese for
 "whale."

ADM STENZ
 Fine.
 (bungles the
 pronunciation)
 But these "Zilla" things are all
 extinct?

HONDA
 Maybe not. There was one, sixty
 years ago. First sighted after the
 bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.
 We believe the nuclear radiation
 affected him somehow. He became
 the bane of your atomic fleet. At
 first, you thought it was the
 Russians, they thought it was you,
 eventually both countries made a
 pact to kill it. All those nuclear
 tests in the South Pacific? They
 weren't tests.

BAYER
 (chimes in; old news)
 But that creature was killed at
 Bikini Atoll in *nineteen fifty-*
four. There's been no sign since.

Honda quickly leaps in, correcting him.

HONDA
 There have been "bloops," deep
 ocean hydrophone recordings.
 Japanese fishermen reported
 sightings. The Oto islanders still
 worship him as a god. "Go-jira."

ADM STENZ
 (intercedes)
 Worst case scenario. If this...
 God-zilla is still out there.

HONDA
 The Muto's sole purpose is to
 reproduce. And for that, it needs
 a host. If Gojira is alive, it
 will call to him. And lure him up.

Just then, LT CMDR HAMM looks up from the GROWLER PHONE.

LT CMDR HAMM
Admiral, a boomer sub just went
silent off Pearl Harbor.

CUT TO:

A HEART MONITOR FLAT-LINES with a sonorous beep.

ER DOCTOR (PRE-LAP)
Call it.

INT. SF GENERAL HOSPITAL - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Halfway round the world in San Francisco. An ELDERLY PATIENT has just deceased. The ER NURSE snaps off latex gloves, passing a CHART to her trainees, Elle and Reggie.

ER DOCTOR
Please inform the family.

Reggie quickly slaps the chart to Elle.

REGGIE
You're up.

THE PATIENT'S FAMILY

sits huddled in an annex down the outer hall. They are a FATHER, MOTHER, SON and LITTLE GIRL of maybe 10 years-old.

Elle stops cold as she sees them. Whispering to Reggie.

ELLE
Come on, I'll trade you one more
shift.

REGGIE
No way, no thank you.
(then)
Besides, old gramps like that,
they're probably expecting it.

ELLE
She's not.

The little girl. Elle cannot bring herself to tell her. Reggie sees it. Of course he knows the reason.

REGGIE
(takes the CHART)
You owe me a Margarita.

As Reggie approaches the huddled family to break the news, Elle slips off quickly down the hall. Not noticing --

-- her CELL PHONE, forgotten at the NURSE'S STATION. It BUZZES WITH AN INCOMING CALL. The CALLER ID reads: **"FORD"**

EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - MONORAIL PLATFORM - NIGHT

The crowded platform of the AIRPORT MONORAIL. Stranded travelers press in, waiting for the train. Ford has his phone to his ear. A look of momentary relief, but then:

ELLE (ON PHONE)
(recorded)
*You missed Elle. Leave me
something beautiful.*

Ford fades. He has reached her VOICE MAIL.

FORD
Oh, hey. Um, it's Ford. Just
wondering if you, uh...

He trails off a moment. Unsure how to say it, what to say.

FORD
Well if you heard from Brody, yet.
I dunno if you've seen the news - I
guess there's been some kind of...
(beat, a pang of guilt)
Look, I'm sorry how we... Anyway,
I'll find him, okay? I --

ANOTHER VOICE MAIL BEEP.

<p>FORD -- <u>promise</u>.</p>	<p>RECORDED VOICE (ON PHONE) <i>If you are satisfied with your message, you may hang up now. To review your message, press one. To erase and rerecord, press seven.</i></p>
------------------------------------	---

Ford wavers a beat. Then PRESSES SEVEN.

RECORDED VOICE (ON PHONE)
Message erased.

Ford HANGS UP. As the MONORAIL TRAIN APPROACHES.

JAPANESE BOY (O.S.)
Ban-ban-ban! Ban-ban-ban!

It is the Japanese boy from the plane. He is firing his finger guns at Ford as his PARENTS bicker over a hotel map nearby, while tending to a SWADDLED INFANT DAUGHTER.

Ford "draws" a finger gun of his own and fires back a couple rounds, ducking behind a stanchion before he "takes a hit" with a dramatic gut-clutch, and staggers backwards into:

INT. MONORAIL TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

The just-stopped train. Ford slumps "dead" to a seat as the ELECTRIC DOORS GLIDE SHUT. Then opens his eyes to see:

The Japanese boy (ICHIRO) has followed him aboard. Giggling. Indifferent to his PARENTS STILL OUTSIDE ON THE PLATFORM.

JAPANESE BOY/ICHIRO

Ban-ban!

FORD

(leaps up, realizing)

Whoa! Wait --!

Outside, on the platform, Ichiro's parents have just noticed his absence. Seeing him inside. They POUND THE DOORS. But the TRAIN IS ALREADY MOVING FORWARD ALONG THE ELEVATED TRACK.

Ford signals to the frantic parents through the window.

FORD

Don't worry! I'll bring him back!

He turns to the giggling boy. Still firing his finger guns.

FORD

Gimme those, you're under arrest.

CUT TO:

NIGHT-VISION FOOTAGE as a PLATOON OF NAVY SEALS treks past us through a tangle of dense Hawaiian jungle.

LT CMDR HAMM (PRE-LAP)

Our SEAL team has a location on the lost transponder, sir.

INT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - TAC-OPS CENTER - NIGHT

The military brain-trust, along with Honda and Blum, are gathered around a BANK OF VIDEO MONITORS showing SEVERAL SEAL TEAM HELMET FEEDS from the jungle mission.

SUPERIMPOSE: *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - OFF THE COAST OF HONOLULU*

EXT. HAWAIIAN JUNGLE - NIGHT

The SEALs move warily through the underbrush. Kitted out with biohazard gas masks and NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. Several carry Geiger counters, which CLACK FASTER AND LOUDER as they proceed. The LEADER lifts a hand to signal "halt."

The SEALs crowd around A LARGE OBJECT ENCRUSTED IN SECRETION. Flashlights illuminate a STENCILED RADIOACTIVE HAZARD SYMBOL. As a bright HELICOPTER SEARCHLIGHT SLAMS DOWN FROM OVERHEAD:

A GIANT NUCLEAR-POWERED BALLISTIC MISSILE SUBMARINE, the *USS Alabama*, is hanging from the trees above them, as if dropped in from the sky. It drips with HARDENING SECRETION.

SEAL LEADER

Holy...

FROM THE NAVY CHOPPER CIRCLING ABOVE,

the PILOT and CO-PILOT look on in dumbstruck awe. Their spotlight has revealed much more than the stranded sub.

THE HOKMUTO

is towering above the jungle canopy. Its body balanced like a mountain peak on six gigantic legs. Saliva oozes from its underside, encasing the sub with a glowing, bioluminescent enzyme. Somehow, this animal is "feeding."

PILOT

(finishing the sentence)
...shit.

INT. *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN* - TAC-OPS CENTER - NIGHT

LIVE HELICOPTER FEEDS show the same footage of the Hokmuto. As Honda casts an accusatory glance at Bayer.

HONDA

You taught it to feed.

BAYER

Admiral, the creature is still contained outside a population center. If we end this now, cover can be preserved. My team can continue its work with an autopsy.

The Admiral, even after all the talk and briefings, is unnerved to actually see this monster in the flesh.

ADM STENZ
Let's go in hot.

EXT. CARRIER BATTLE GROUP - NIGHT

The supercarrier and its battle group of escort ships ROTATE HUGE ARTILLERY GUNS TO FACE THE RUGGED JUNGLE SHORE.

EXT. *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN* - FLIGHT DECK - NIGHT

FLIGHT CREW scramble for cover as an F-18 SUPER HORNET FIGHTER JET screams off the runway with a blast of air.

UP ON THE TOWER WATCH PLATFORM,

Honda steps out for a view, but quickly turns away to shield his face from BLISTERING EXHAUST. Then he pauses. Seeing --

HIS POV: Out to sea, A DARK POINTED OBJECT IS SLICING THROUGH THE SURF. Approaching us. Honda narrows his eyes.

EXT. WAIKIKI RESORT - BEACHFRONT - NIGHT

A YOUNG FAMILY OF MAINLAND VACATIONERS (FATHER, MOTHER, 6-YEAR-OLD SON) stroll the sand, past a hotel Luau pit.

Then a HARSH WIND BUFFETS DOWN as FOUR SH-60 SEAHAWK HELICOPTERS fly past with a cargo of HEAVILY ARMED MARINES.

FROM THE HELICOPTERS,

MARINE SNIPERS belay down ropes onto the HOTEL ROOFTOPS OF THE RESORT. Taking up positions, they aim their HIGH-POWERED SNIPER RIFLES out upon the nearby jungle fringe.

FROM BALCONIES AND ROOFTOP POOLS,

TOURISTS GATHER to point and stare at the strange invasion. Some snap Facebook photos. All just a curiosity. For now.

INT. MONORAIL TRAIN - NIGHT

Ford and Ichiro occupy a window bench waiting for their stop. The boy still in blissful ignorance of the worried parents he left behind. While Ford tries, fumblingly, to distract him.

FORD
 What's your, um --
 (trying to recall his
 Japanese)
 Anata no - uh, name, what's your
 name? I'm Ford.

ICHIRO
 Goon, goon!

FORD
 "Goon?"

But the word means "army." The boy is POINTING OUT THE WINDOW, where THE SUPER HORNET FIGHTER ROARS ACROSS THE SKY. Right past Honolulu Airport, heading for the jungle fringe.

Ford registers surprise. Training flights at this hour?

INT. F-18 SUPER HORNET COCKPIT - NIGHT

The VIEW OUT THE COCKPIT as the jet crests the MOUNTAIN RIM.

SUPER HORNET PILOT 1
 Niner-niner, coming... Jesus.

THE HOKMUTO

comes into view above the trees. Still motionless -- yet as the jet approaches, a RIPPLE OF STATIC FLITS ACROSS ITS HIDE.

The pilot aims his CROSS-HAIRS at the creature, but they bounce and waver off, somehow unable to "lock on" target.

SUPER HORNET PILOT 1
 Getting a missile guidance error.
 Switching over manual.

The pilot FLIPS A SWITCH to aim his cross-hairs manually.

DOWN ON THE JUNGLE FLOOR BELOW,

the Hokmuto shifts slightly on his giant limbs, snapping trees like twigs underfoot. This causes the Navy SEALs below to pedal back a ways. Their rifles locked and loaded.

Then the fighter approaches high above.

THE HOKMUTO PIVOTS FAST

as threads of static twitch across its hide like signals, locating the jet by a kind of ELECTROSENSITIVE PERCEPTION.

And as the jet comes in.

THE HOKMUTO REARS BACK ON ITS FOUR HIND LEGS, RAISING UP ITS TWO GIGANTIC FORELIMBS. Its entire body GLOWS LUMINESCENT. As clouds of AURORAL LIGHT begin to swirl the sky above -- as if it's charging the air itself.

INT. F-18 SUPER HORNET COCKPIT - NIGHT

The pilot has his aim. SQUEEZES HIS RED TRIGGER.

SUPER HORNET PILOT 1
Eagle One, away.

AN AIR-TO-GROUND MISSILE

drops from a wing and sparks to life, afterburners blazing on. But just as it flies off towards the Hokmuto --

-- THE HOKMUTO SLAMS HIS FORELIMBS DOWN, generating a SHOCK-WAVE JUST LIKE THE ONE IN HOKKAIDO that SPLITS THE AIR.

The missile shudders and flames out, spiraling off-course.

ON THE JUNGLE FLOOR BELOW,

the SEAL team dives for cover from the MASSIVE FIREBALL.

EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - NIGHT

Simultaneously, LIGHTS GO OUT across the tarmac.

INT. MONORAIL TRAIN - NIGHT

The monorail drifts to a stop as its MOOD LIGHTS FLICKER OUT. Leaving the entire cabin in pitch darkness. Except for the ORANGE GLOW OF AN EXPLOSION from the distant jungle hills.

Ichiro has fled, wide-eyed, to the window, pressed up against the glass. Instinctively, Ford pulls him close.

EXT. WAIKIKI RESORT - BEACHFRONT - NIGHT

Back at the luau. The family of vacationers has heard the distant explosion. BLACK SMOKE RISES FROM THE JUNGLE CANOPY.

AMERICAN BOY
Mommy, daddy, look!

But the BOY is pointing in the opposite direction, at their feet. Where SEVERAL FISH FLOP STRANDED ON THE SAND. Looking back, the entire BEACH IS STREWN WITH COUNTLESS FLOPPING FISH. The ocean tide is rapidly RETREATING FROM THE SHORE.

Something else is coming. From the ocean.

EXT. HAWAIIAN JUNGLE - NIGHT

THICK BLACK SMOKE begins to clear, as the SEAL team gets its bearings, rifles at the ready...

BUT THE ENTIRE JUNGLE HAS BEEN FLATTENED,

in a STRAIGHT PATH over the hillside towards the coast, where the city of Honolulu lies in wait. The Hokmuto has escaped.

EXT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - WATCH PLATFORM - NIGHT

ADM Stenz follows Honda to the platform. Peering out at the ocean through a PAIR OF BINOCULARS to get a closer view of:

THE DARK POINTED OBJECT MOVING THROUGH THE SURF,

as it rises, joined by TWO SMALLER POINTS ON EITHER SIDE. They are not three separate objects at all, but the GIGANTIC MAPLE-LEAF SHAPED DORSAL FIN OF A SINGLE, MASSIVE CREATURE. And it is swimming directly towards the fleet.

Wonder turns to horror as the FLIGHT CREW braces for impact. The INBOUND CREATURE DIVES RIGHT UNDER THE CARRIER FLEET.

Then.

GODZILLA!

BURSTS UP from the ocean right beneath them. As:

INT. ELEGANT BEACHFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

PIANO MUSIC tinkles softly. A COUPLE clinks glasses at a quiet, mood-lit window seat. They neither hear nor notice --

GODZILLA, RISING LIKE A WATERFALL OUTSIDE THEIR SEASIDE WINDOW. Engulfing THE NAVAL FLEET in a torrent of cascading surf. His giant jaws unhinge in what can only be a MASSIVE, ANGRY ROAR TO THE HEAVENS. But we hear none of it. Not yet.

As a TSUNAMI WARNING ALERT begins to blare.

OUTSIDE, A LEASHED DOG

is tied to a seaside bike rack. Barking and lashing out in terror as the OCEAN BULGES. Then finally its COLLAR SNAPS. The DOG GALLOPS INLAND. As A MASSIVE TIDAL WAVE CRASHES IN.

EXT. WAIKIKI STREET - NIGHT

TERRIFIED VACATIONERS scramble inland, as the FLOOD-TIDE CRASHES THROUGH. CHURNING CARS and SNAPPING POWER CABLES, block-by-block. Leaving all of Waikiki in TOTAL BLACKOUT.

Silence follows.

Tourists huddle in the darkness on their hotel balconies. Listening to the DEEP BASS GROAN OF GIANT FOOTSTEPS. The HYPNOTIC, CHURNING RUMBLE OF THE CREATURE'S BREATHING. Then.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS FROM THE HOTEL ROOFTOPS,

as the Marine snipers open fire. TRACER BULLETS SPLIT THE DARKNESS, sporadically highlighting glimpses of Godzilla's giant, passing form: THREE ROWS OF MAPLE-LEAF SHAPED DORSAL FINNS; TWO GIGANTIC THREE-CLAWED HANDS; A LONG, SPINED TAIL.

Gunfire hails in endlessly. But the barrage has no effect at all. SMOKE CLEARING TO REVEAL: just the very tip of Godzilla's giant tail, as it SMASHES through an OFFICE TOWER. Leaving a TRAIL OF UTTER DESTRUCTION, heading inland.

EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - NIGHT

The AUXILIARY POWER KICKS IN, lights returning to the tarmac.

INT. MONORAIL TRAIN - NIGHT

The TRAIN'S SYSTEMS WHIR TO LIFE. Mood lights flicker on. Momentarily relieved, Ford loosens his grip on Ichiro.

RECORDED VOICE (ON PA)
*Please remember to stay clear of
all automatic doors...*

OUT THE WINDOW, UP THE TRACK,

SKYWARD LIGHTS COME BACK ON, illuminating the elevated track ahead. One after the next. All clear. But then:

A SPOTLIGHT HITS THE HOKMUTO

The gigantic parasite is straddling the track ahead.

INSIDE THE MONORAIL CABIN,

passengers SCREAM IN TERROR as the automated train resumes its journey, gaining speed. Heading for the Hokmuto.

RECORDED VOICE (ON PA)
*While standing, please continue to
 hold onto the silver handrails...*

Passengers scramble desperately for the rear of the train. Ichiro is swept away from Ford.

FORD
 Goon!

HIGH-CALIBER MACHINE GUN FIRE

slices through the air outside. Ford sees it coming right before it hits and, on instinct, TACKLES ICHIRO TO THE FLOOR. As BULLETS SHATTER THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF THE TRAIN CAR.

EXT. HONOLULU AIRPORT - NIGHT

An AH-64 APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTER has opened fire on the creature with a 30-MM CHAIN GUN and a battery of ROCKET PODS.

THE HOKMUTO REACTS

with a swipe of its enormous forelimbs, CRASHING THROUGH THE ELEVATED TRACK DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE INBOUND MONORAIL. The train FLIES RIGHT OFF THE EDGE WITHOUT STOPPING -- then CATCHES AND HANGS from the shattered section of the track.

INT. MONORAIL TRAIN - HANGING VERTICALLY - NIGHT

DOORS GLIDE OPEN AUTOMATICALLY, causing PASSENGERS TO TUMBLE OUT. Ichiro slides, screaming towards the OPEN DOORS --

RECORDED VOICE (ON PA)
Please watch the gap...

At the last moment, FORD GRABS THE CHILD BY THE WRIST and yanks him back. Clutching tightly to a silver handrail.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - NIGHT

The Hokmuto senses something. Completely forgetting the Apache chopper peppering its hide. The Hokmuto turns across the tarmac. To the darkness. THE SOUND OF GIANT FOOTSTEPS.

The Hokmuto hunkers back, as if unnerved. Then REARS UP ON ITS HIND LEGS, summoning another charge of bioluminescence. Auroral lights swirl through the sky above. THEN IT SLAMS DOWN, unleashing a BLOOD-CURDLING CHALLENGE HOWL AT ITS FOE.

The STATIC SHOCK-WAVE SPLITS THE AIR LIKE LIGHTNING, causing the Apache chopper to lose power and SPIN OUT OF CONTROL into A ROW OF JETLINERS PARKED WING-TO-WING ON THE TARMAC.

THE JETS EXPLODE IN A CHAIN OF MASSIVE FIREBALLS.

The billowing fire lights the darkness. Illuminating:

GODZILLA,

towering above the conflagration, through REFRACTION WAVES OF HEAT. He stands at 600 FEET, dwarfing the smaller Hokmuto. AND THEN WITH A DEAFENING BLAST OF AIR, GODZILLA ROARS!

ANGLE TIGHT ON FORD

clutching Ichiro to his chest, as the child SCREAMS -- and the CREATURES CLASH TOGETHER RIGHT BEHIND THEM.

SMASH CUT TO:

Quiet. Nothing. As a hand flips on the light switch.

INT. FORD AND ELLE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

It is before dawn. Elle is just off shift, still in scrubs. First thing, she powers on the TV, VOLUME MUTED. It is on commercial. She moves off into the adjoining kitchen, opening the freezer for a TV-dinner. Then pauses, remembering -- her phone. She left it at the hospital.

ELLE

Shit.

All the while, what she doesn't notice is the MUTED TV still on behind her. No longer on commercial. Now on to BREAKING NEWS, reporting from Hawaii. It is FOOTAGE OF THE MONSTER BATTLE THAT WE CUT AWAY FROM. Taken from a distance by what seem to be amateur handheld cameras, possibly a cell phone. OBSTRUCTED ANGLES glimpse Godzilla thrashing the Hokmuto to a pulp. Then towering above the fallen parasite to unleash a final blow. BLUE FLAMES SPARK FROM GODZILLA'S GAPING MAW...

As Elle obliviously walks past the TV, blocking it from view.

It is the money shot we've all been waiting for. But for the moment, it plays out in silence on a small TV in the corner of a room three-thousand miles away. As Elle microwaves her dinner. Rinses up. Changes into an oversized nightshirt.

By the time that Elle returns, the MONSTER BATTLE IS OVER. TELEPHOTO FOOTAGE shows Godzilla returning to the ocean, dropping back beneath the waves. Then FOOTAGE CUTS TO THE ANCHOR AT HIS DESK -- as Elle arrives and changes it without a look. Settling in to watch some late night monster movie. Mindless entertainment. She starts to eat her TV dinner.

EXT. DEVASTATED HONOLULU - DAWN

The FALLEN CARCASS OF THE HOKMUTO lays in cinders, amid the rubble of the Honolulu Airport terminals. FIREMEN douse flames with water cannons, rescuing SURVIVORS. CITIZENS from all across the city perch on roofs and balconies to stare.

EXT. MARINE CORPS BASE HAWAII - DAWN

The nearby Marine base has been converted to a makeshift triage site. RED CROSS MEDICS attend to INJURED SOLDIERS. As a harried RELIEF WORKER strides fast with a clipboard. Ford keeps up, holding Ichiro in his arms.

RELIEF WORKER

This way. If his parents survived the battle, they'll be waiting.

Ford notices the armband of an injured soldier. The MUTO Unit emblem. Perhaps it rings a bell. From some of the blog posts and conspiratorial photos tacked up in Brody's trailer.

FORD

Excuse me, these soldiers, they're not American, who are they?

RELIEF WORKER

(checks clipboard)

Them? UN, or something. They were on the base before those things came. Airlifted from Japan, I think, the earthquake.

This strikes Ford. Resonates. Brody must have known.

FORD

You mean Hokkaido? Do you have names on that list, I had a...

(a father?)

(MORE)

FORD (CONT'D)

...a person I think was back there
when it happened. Nathan Brody?

Ford sets Ichiro down, as the worker scans his clipboard.

RELIEF WORKER

Did you say "Brody?"

The worker confers with a RED CROSS MEDIC. Ford can only hear the murmurs, see the head shakes. Growing panicked.

FORD

What? What is it?

ICHIRO'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Ichiro, Ichiro!

Ichiro's parents have seen him from the crowd. Rushing up with tears of joy, relief. They snatch him up and carry him away. As Ichiro waves back to Ford. Who's now left alone.

RELIEF WORKER

Please come with me, sir.

INT. LARGE MEDICAL TENT - DAY

A VITALS MONITOR beeps above a body on a cot: it is Brody. Hooked up to IV drips, only semi-conscious. But alive.

RELIEF WORKER

Is this your relative?

FORD

(after a beat, dazed)

Yes. Is he going to be okay?

RELIEF WORKER

Should be, yeah, he's just sedated.
He was medevaced from Japan a
couple days ago. We tried to
contact next of kin, but then,
well, this happened.

Ford just stands there in a fugue, overcome with relief. Almost in shock, he reaches out and touches Brody's hand.

INT. FORD AND ELLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Elle has passed out on the sofa. There's a KNOCK at the door. Her eyes flutter open.

A MOMENT LATER

Reggie is standing in the doorway. Holds out her PHONE.

REGGIE

You gotta be nuts, not having your
phone at a time like...

(then, looks in to see the
MONSTER MOVIE ON TV)

Don't tell me you haven't seen it.

He barges past her, rushing in to change the channel.

ELLE

(still wiping sleep)
Seen what, I'm sleeping.

REGGIE

This.

The TV NEWS. Continuous looping footage of the disaster in
Hawaii. The aftermath. The carnage.

CNN NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

*...no official statement yet, but
experts recording radiation levels
at the site are wondering if
there's any connection to
yesterday's nuclear containment
breach in Hokkaido, Japan...*

REGGIE

Hang on, wait'll you see the
pictures of these things.

But Elle is already reeling from the news, her mind spinning
with impossible connections. Brody? Ford? She remembers
the phone in her hand. Sees the: **"VOICE MESSAGE FROM FORD"**

Elle quickly presses send. Phone to her ear now, pacing.

FORD (ON PHONE)

(recorded, GARBLED)

*Elle? Listen, reception's lousy,
I'm in Hawaii, I found... Brody,
I'm... Back to you, I...*

THE CONNECTION DIES. Elle quickly CALLS HIM BACK. It rings.

ELLE

Come on, come on, pick up...

There's an answer. But instead --

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The CARRIER BATTLE GROUP has been reduced by several ships.
Those that remain trek the waters of the North Pacific --

Following a DARK SHAPE moving beneath the water up ahead.
Three rows of jagged dorsal fins, a whip-like tail:

GODZILLA IS SWIMMING EAST,

as UAVs skim just above the surface, like a flock of seabirds
dogging an Orca. The naval fleet follows at a safe distance.

SUPERIMPOSE: *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - 500 MI EAST OF HAWAII*

LT CMDR HAMM (PRE-LAP)
The creature has been swimming due
East for the last twelve hours.

As the Kestrel transport touches down upon the flight deck.

INT. *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN* - TAC-OPS CENTER - DAY

MONITORS display the view of Godzilla swimming up ahead.

ADM STENZ
And we're sure this is the same one
we nuked at Bikini --
(buckles it again)
What was it, God-zilla?

BAYER
Gojira. Yes, Admiral. It matches
all the size data in our records.

During this, Honda sits apart. With BRODY'S NOTEBOOK AND
EFFECTS. He flips past: PHOTOS of Elle in scrubs; Ford in
uniform; the FAMILY PORTRAIT. Finding the SIGNAL DATA:

It is a map showing the "**INCIDENCE OF EXTREMELY LONG WAVE
SIGNALS.**" One cluster in Hokkaido; the second in Nevada.
Each signal bears a TIME AND DATE. Honda studies these.

ADM STENZ
But I don't get it, I thought the
Hokmuto would lure it as a host.
Instead, it got its tail whipped.

BAYER
The fossil records in Siberia
suggest this Muto species usually
hunts in pairs. This one was alone
- clearly just out-matched.

ADM STENZ
Thank god for that.

Honda has begun to scribble on a pad. Under the header "**MUTO SIGNALS**" he labels two columns: "**HOKKAIDO / NEVADA.**" And begins to COPY THE MUTO SIGNALS. Ordering them by date --

First one in Hokkaido... Next one in Nevada... Then Hokkaido... Then Nevada... Hokkaido... Nevada...

Honda flags down Dr. Stabler, showing him the data.

HONDA
It's a second set of signals.

DR. STABLER
Where'd you get this, that guy at the plant? He was a quack.

HONDA
No, it's a pattern, look. The Hokmuto's signal from Hokkaido... Then another from Nevada, the next day. It goes on like that.

DR. STABLER
(realizing)
Like a call response.

HONDA
(nodding, "yes")
A conversation. Starting the same week that the Hokmuto roused from hibernation.

DR STABLER
You think there's a mate?

HONDA
(leaps up, urgently)
Mr. Bayer!

But Bayer is busy briefing Stenz across the way.

BAYER
Just a moment, Mr. Honda.

HONDA
I need to know where we disposed of the second MUTO spore.

BAYER
(distracted)
In the desert. Why?

HONDA
Where in the desert?

BAYER
 It was radioactive, Honda, we put
 it...
 (a beat, as the terrifying
 realization dawns)
 In the same place we store all our
 nuclear waste.

Their eyes lock. The awful gravity of this sinking in.

CUT TO:

A CARAVAN OF GOVERNMENT VEHICLES speeds along a DESERT
 HIGHWAY, past a FADED ROAD SIGN:

**"WELCOME TO NYE COUNTY, NEVADA
 BIRTHPLACE OF THE ATOMIC BOMB"**

The desolate SANDSTONE FACE OF YUCCA MOUNTAIN rises over the
 horizon. Razor wire surrounds more SIGNAGE: **"KEEP OUT!"** A
 GUARD BOOTH sits abandoned. Cold coffee on a desk.

SUPERIMPOSE: **AREA 25 - NEVADA NATIONAL SECURITY SITE**

EXT. YUCCA MOUNTAIN CONTAINMENT FACILITY - DAY

As the CARAVAN ARRIVES, a CREW OF CONTAINMENT PERSONNEL in
 Hazmat gear rush out to find --

The SECURITY GUARD, slumped outside the OPEN HATCH TO THE
 CONTAINMENT TUNNELS -- clearing trying to escape from
 something inside. One HAZMAT CREW MAN checks his pulse;
 deceased. As the rest TRACK THE TRAIL OF BLOOD back into --

INT. YUCCA MOUNTAIN CONTAINMENT FACILITY - DUSK

The MASSIVE STEEL HATCH is already half-ajar. It groans in
 with a swirl of desert sand, as the Hazmat crew steps in.
 Their Halide flashlights illuminate dank tunnels up ahead.

ANOTHER SIGN announces:

"NO FURTHER ACCESS - PROJECT CLOSED"

MOVING DEEPER THROUGH THE TUNNELS

Huge store rooms are stacked with COLD WAR NUCLEAR WEAPONS.
 One MAN NEARLY SKIDS ON A SLICK OF YELLOWISH SECRETION.

There is a SHARP NOISE up ahead. The men stop short. Then their FLASHLIGHTS ILLUMINATE THE GLOWING EYES OF AN ANIMAL.

It is just a coyote.

The coyote has been drinking from a PUDDLE on the ground. It now darts off into darkness, deeper down the tunnel. The men follow, but as they do, the darkness itself evaporates into:

A BLINDING WALL OF SETTING SUNLIGHT,

where a massive hole has been blown out through the opposite side of Yucca Mountain. The half-digested remnants of nuclear warheads lay strewn amid LAYERS OF MUTO SALIVA. Coyotes lap the WATER POURING from a broken main.

There is an ENORMOUS GAPING BURROW HOLE, beyond which the DESERT BASIN HAS BEEN GOUGED BY FISSURES STRETCHING TO THE FAR HORIZON. There, the City of Las Vegas stands in wait.

EXT. MARINE CORPS BASE TARMAC - NIGHT

Back in Hawaii. A RED CROSS TRANSPORT PLANE is waiting on the tarmac. As MEDICS load in INJURED SOLDIERS -- Brody is wheeled up on a gurney. Ford is pleading with a MEDIC.

FORD

Please, my sister's a nurse in San Francisco, that man's our step... Our dad. I need to stay with him.

MEDIC CHIEF

Sorry, we're full up with injured, right now. You're gonna have to hitch a different ride.

FORD

Please, he's family.

MEDIC

So's everybody.

FORD

Okay, just please make sure he goes to San Francisco General.

REAR DOORS SHUT on the giant plane. Ford left behind. Sees -
- a PLATOON OF MARINES moving to a C-17 TRANSPORT PLANE.

FORD

Hey, where's this bird headed? I'm active duty, can I get a ride?

INT. CASINO FLOOR - LAS VEGAS, NEVADA NIGHT

The glare and clatter of Sin City. GAMBLERS sit at slot machines, feeding in their salaries. When suddenly --

CHA-CHING! A fruit-machine spits COINS INTO A CUP.

GAMBLER 1

Jackpot!

Heads turn. But just then, unbelievably, ANOTHER SLOT MACHINE pays out. And then another. And another... All down the line. Every machine in the casino is paying out.

Then all at once, the LIGHTS IN THE CASINO DIM AND FLICKER. A moment later, there is a DISTANT HOWLING ROAR.

EXT. OUTDOOR PEDESTRIAN ARCADE - NIGHT

OUTDOOR MUSIC drowns the roar. SPECTATORS are gathered below a VAULTED SCRIM, as a DAZZLING LASER LIGHT SHOW plays across the starry sky. But then: THE LIGHTS AND MUSIC STOP.

The spectators are left in darkness, silence. But just as an impatient murmur starts -- THE DAZZLING LIGHT SHOW RESUMES. Filling the entire sky above them. Brilliant colors, brighter than before, so bright the spectators must squint.

Because it's not the show at all. It is THE BIOLUMINESCENT UNDERBELLY OF ANOTHER GIANT MUTO STRADDLING THE STREET ABOVE.

A FEMALE MUTO ("THE FEMUTO"),

even larger than the last. And as SHE ROARS --

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Every single light on the Las Vegas strip GOES OUT.

INT. FORD AND ELLE'S APARTMENT - SAN FRANCISCO - DUSK

Elle is pacing on the phone, Reggie still glued to the TV, still tuned to CNN. Where FOOTAGE CUTS to the Nevada desert.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)

*Live to Nevada, just moments ago,
where multiple reports are...*

But Elle shuts it -- as her call rings through to VOICE MAIL.

FORD (ON PHONE)
(recorded)
This is Ford. Leave one.

Elle, exasperated, tosses down the phone.

REGGIE
Hey. You know it's just the tower
down. He'll be okay, babe.

ELLE
He wouldn't have gone if not for
me. I pushed him into it. It's my
fault, after everything he's --

Just then, RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW ON THE STREET BEHIND HER --
WHAM! FOUR CARS smash together in the intersection.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERSECTION - DUSK

Elle and Reggie sprint out down the sidewalk, as the four
cars SPIN TO A STOP in a shower of broken glass. The DRIVERS
stagger to their feet, a few cuts and bruises but intact.

DRIVER 1	DRIVER 2
What are you, nuts, you had a red?	So did you, the lights went out!

Indeed, EVERY TRAFFIC LANTERN IN THE AREA IS BLINKING RED.

ELLE
(rushing up)
Is everyone okay?

But the drivers are suddenly distracted by something up above
-- A MILITARY HUMVEE SLOWLY PARACHUTING FROM THE SKY.

Thunk! The humvee creaks down at the center of the junction.
Its enormous parachute gently floating in. And now we see:

DOZENS OF SOLDIERS

parachuting into downtown San Francisco. They hit the street
and quickly arm themselves while stunned PEDESTRIANS look on.

The war is coming home.

LT CMDR HAMM (PRE-LAP)
We just lost Nellis on the comm,
the creature is bearing west.

INT. *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN* - TAC-OPS CENTER - NIGHT

SCREENS show FOOTAGE of THE FEMUTO at Nellis Air Force Base outside Vegas. As CHOPPERS and FIGHTER JETS unleash a hell-storm of ammunition... But nothing seems to faze the thing. It OBLITERATES A TANK.

ADM Stenz can take no more, stands up and turns away.

SUPERIMPOSE: *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - 900 MI WEST OF CALIFORNIA*

ADM STENZ

Someone please explain this to me.
If we knew these things could feed
on radiation, why the hell did we
bury it in a nuclear waste dump?

BAYER

With all due respect, sir, we
believed that spore was dead.

HONDA

Dormant. It's not the same.

ADM STENZ

Obviously not.
(a beat, collects himself)
If the last one lured Godzilla as a
host, will this one do the same?

Honda indicates a GEOSPATIAL MAP tracking the progress of
Godzilla from Hawaii, in a straight line towards California.

HONDA

He's already headed towards
California. I'm guessing he's
heard her call.

ADM STENZ

Hang on, "her" call? You're saying
this one's a female?

HONDA

I'm not sure...

PULLS UP IMAGES of the Siberian carcasses in the ice. The
Adult Male and Female MUTOs. One of them HAS WINGS.

HONDA

I would have expected it to have
wings - given the earlier specimen.

ADM STENZ
Well, let's be glad it doesn't.
Where's it going?

Bayer brings up a GEOSPATIAL MAP. Tracking the progress of the Femuto -- following A ZIG-ZAG PATTERN WEST.

BAYER
This is the new Muto's course so far. Now if we bring up nuclear site locations on the GIS...

RADIATION HAZARD SYMBOLS POP UP ACROSS THE MAP, indicating each nuclear facility. The Femuto's course lines up exactly.

ADM STENZ
She's following the radiation.

HONDA
Except here, this is wrong.
(indicates a RECENT TURN)
If she continued on a straight path, she'd reach the nuclear plant at Morro Bay. Instead she turns to the north. Into the mountains.

Honda traces the path still farther. To a GRAYED OUT SECTION OF THE MAP DUE EAST OF SAN FRANCISCO. A LABEL READS:

"NORAD - RESTRICTED ZONE"

The military brass trade knowing, troubled looks.

HONDA
What are you keeping here, Admiral?

LT CMDR HAMM
Sir, the contents of that facility are highly...

ADM STENZ
(cuts him short, doesn't care)
We've got two hundred and fifty ballistic missiles in that arsenal.
It's not exactly public record.

This hangs a beat.

HONDA
Well it is to her.

ADM STENZ

(to Hamm)

Get those missiles out of there and
get techs working to shield the
electronics against these things.

EXT. TWENTYNINE PALMS MARINE BASE - TARMAC - DAY

The C-17 has landed. Marines deplane. As Ford checks his cell phone for a call from Elle: **"NO SERVICE."** Approaching a SERGEANT (WALTZ) waiting by a CHINOOK TRANSPORT CHOPPER.

SUPERIMPOSE: ***TWENTYNINE PALMS MARINE BASE - CALIFORNIA***

FORD

Corporal Maddox, sir, I'm looking
for a transpo up to San Fran?

But SGT Waltz is busy on his radio. Receiving orders.

SGT WALTZ

Yessir. Platoon of reserves just
got here...

(grabs Ford)

You got cammies in that bag,
marine? Get in the chopper.

FORD

Sir, I'm not deployed, just headed
home.

SGT WALTZ

If we don't do this job, soldier,
you may not have a home to head
back to.

A beat. Ford glances back at the cell phone in his hand -- then shoves it back in his pocket and snaps to attention.

FORD

Yes, sir.

AIR RAID SIRENS start to sound, as SGT Waltz moves off to corral the rest of the platoon. They have a mission.

INT. MGM GRAND HOTEL SUITE - LAS VEGAS - DAWN

A gilded, marble suite. Relaxing MUSIC plays from inlaid speakers. It is a picture of serenity and peace. Until.

A WHOLE BRIGADE OF FIREMEN steps past us, gazing out in dumbstruck awe -- AT THE BLOWN OUT WALL OF THE HOTEL SUITE.

As the CHINOOK TRANSPORT CHOPPER whisks past the gaping void.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - HELICOPTER VIEW - DAY

A DEEP CHASM cuts across the entire Vegas Strip, where the Femuto must have burrowed through beneath the earth. Crowds of TOURISTS gather far below as RESCUE CREWS attempt to help.

New York-New York has been demolished. Its EMPIRE STATE BUILDING crunched to sticks, its STATUE OF LIBERTY disembodied. The facade of faux-America has been laid ruin.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SIERRA MOUNTAIN FOOTHILLS - DAY

The battle has come and gone, CITIZENS evacuated. There is a LOW DIN OF ARTILLERY SHELLING in the distance. As the Chinook transport helicopter TOUCHES DOWN.

Ford climbs out IN UNIFORM with a PLATOON OF REINFORCEMENTS. TROOP CARRIER TRUCKS have just rumbled to a stop. Carrying HUNDREDS OF BLANK-EYED SOLDIERS just back from the "front."

The shell-shocked soldiers stagger out in silence. Heading for the chopper. Ford and the reinforcements are here to take their place. Some hesitate. But there's no time to waste. SGT Waltz hollers above the rotor roar.

SGT WALTZ

Alright, double-time, hop in and grab some spares!

SGT Waltz holds out a BAG FULL OF ELECTRICAL FUSES. Ford takes one then hands the bag to ANOTHER MARINE (TRE, 19).

TRE

What are they?

FORD

Fuses.

Ford and Tre move past the dead-eyed veterans, unnerved. Climbing into the bed of a waiting transport truck.

TRE

(to SGT Waltz)

Hey, how come those guys get the choppers?

SGT WALTZ

No air cover where you're goin'.
Big thing sends off some kinda
shock-wave when it howls, fries out
all electric. No biggie in a
truck. Big problems in a chopper.

The SGT gestures out upon A DESERT LANDSCAPE DOTTED WITH
CRASHED MILITARY AIRCRAFT. SMOKE PILLARS billow to the sky.

On Ford and Tre and all the others, as the TRUCK PULLS OFF.

EXT. RAIL DEPOT - DUSK

It is almost nightfall now. As the transport trucks pull up
alongside a COMMERCIAL RAILROAD PLATFORM.

SGT WALTZ

Alright, marines, look alert!
Rifles up! In formation! Go!

The troops pile out into a WORLD OF LOW HANGING SMOKE FROM A
NEARBY FOREST FIRE. The SOUND OF SHELLING IS LOUDER HERE.
The SGT signals caution. As the platoon converges on:

THE PLATFORM

Barely anything is visible around the nearest bend. Ford and
the other troops form a hard line, taking aim into the haze.
There is a GROAN OF RUMBLING FROM THE SHROUDED DISTANCE.

Ford clenches his rifle tightly. Sweat beads forming on his
brow. Not a soul stirs. As the groan becomes a HOWL... AND
A LONG TRAIN WHINES AROUND THE BEND, HEADED INTO STATION.

It is transporting DOZENS OF ENORMOUS ICBM MISSILES. This is
what the platoon has come here to protect.

SGT WALTZ

Let's go, let's go!

Ford and the other soldiers climb aboard the flat-beds. As
the train chugs back off into the smoke-filled dusk.

CUT TO:

The thick of an ungodly traffic jam. A rural highway packed
with the cars and trucks of evacuating citizens. We are --

INT. FAMILY STATION WAGON - DAY

The car is piled with CLOTHING and BELONGINGS. HORNS BLARE outside as a MOTHER and FATHER bicker in the front seat.

FATHER (O.S.)
I'm trying, I'm trying! No one's
moved an inch...

Their YOUNG DAUGHTER clutches a TEDDY BEAR in back. The first to hear the CHIME of RAILROAD WARNING BELLS. Then --

The RAILWAY CROSSING GATE ARM lands directly on their windshield. Their car is on the tracks. As the ICBM FREIGHT TRAIN rounds a nearby bend -- bearing in.

The Father slams the gas, but his TIRES SPIN IN MUD. As OTHER PASSENGERS abandon their cars entirely. *Ding-ding-ding-ding!* The train is closing in. But just as it does --

The tires grab and the car BUCKS FORWARD, clearing the inbound train by inches as it SCREAMS PAST THE LEVEL CROSSING -- smashing through the other cars abandoned on the tracks.

ANGLE ON FORD

Standing guard aboard the ICBM arsenal train. As it speeds past the highway, affording him a brief full view of the exodus -- a line of vehicles, stretching to the far horizon.

Ford and Tre trade looks as the gravity sets in. The train drawing past a veil of trees, leaving the exodus behind.

EXT. ARSENAL TRAIN - DUSK

BLACK SMOKE looms above the dense sequoia forest on either side of the tracks, as the TRAIN WINDS UP A MOUNTAIN SIDE. WEAPONS TECHNICIANS are working on ONE ICBM WARHEAD. They have an access panel open. They are retro-fitting it.

WEAPONS TECH 1
(shouts to his team)
Alright, this one's shielded.
Close her up and let's get to the
next one!

Ford and his platoon stand guard alongside the GIANT ICBM, reacting nervously to the POUND OF ARTILLERY in the distance.

SGT WALTZ
Don't look so worried. They're
modding-up these things to
withstand Armageddon.

To prove his point, the SGT POUNDS HIS RIFLE BUTT against the giant ICBM FUSELAGE. It clangs harmlessly. Echoing.

Yet Ford and Tre trade looks, uneasy.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

SCREECH! The train jolts as it brakes to a stop outside a NARROW RAILWAY TUNNEL through the rocky mountainside ahead. The SOUNDS OF BATTLE are closer now. Dense smoke hangs low.

The SGT leans over to his RADIO OPERATOR.

SGT WALTZ

What's the status on the track ahead?

The radio operator tweaks his dials, scanning through WAVES OF INTERFERENCE. A few crisp VOICES come through:

VOICES (ON RADIO)

(filtered, distorted)

Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!

Then the SOUND OF SCREAMING. Then silence. Even the shelling in the distance stops. A long beat passes. Then:

STATIC SNAPS THE AIR LIKE LIGHTNING, causing the TRAIN'S LAMPS TO GO DARK. The radio shorts out, too, leaving us in silence, darkness. The soldiers tense their bodies.

Ford has been through this before. Instinctively, like a child in a lightning storm, he starts counting softly:

FORD

One-Mississippi, two-Mississippi, three-Mississippi...

Tre, a city boy, just watches him, unnerved.

TRE

What'cha doin', man?

FORD

Summer storms. Mom used to say you could tell how far away it was by counting off between the lightning and the thunder.

TRE

So how far is it?

THE FEMUTO'S CHILLING HOWL

echoes from the distance, RICOCHETING FROM SIDE TO SIDE ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN PASS. Soldiers stiffen, aiming their M16s in all directions. Uncertain where it came from.

Tre glances at Ford, jittery. Then STATIC SNAPS THE AIR AGAIN. This time, Tre joins in counting with him.

TRE
One-Mississippi, two-
Mississippi, three-
Mississippi...

FORD
One-Mississippi, two-
Mississippi, three-
Mississippi...

THE FEMUTO'S HOWL CUTS THEM OFF AGAIN. Louder this time.

FORD
It's close.

Ford regards the flashlight on his rifle. Smoke threads from its BURNED OUT FUSE. Ford uncaps it, replacing the burned fuse with his spare. The light comes on. Tre does the same.

SGT WALTZ
(rushes up to them)
Corp. You saw these things before.
Choose a friend and follow me.

INT. DARK RAILWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

The train waits back outside the tunnel, its ENGINEERS busy replacing fuses in the engine. As a FIRE-TEAM OF 4 MARINES stalks cautiously into the pitch-dark tunnel: the SGT and a RIFLEMAN lead the way; Ford and Tre bring up the rear.

The SGT signals for alert as his men arrive at the opposite end of the tunnel, stepping out onto:

EXT. TALL TRESTLE BRIDGE - NIGHT

A narrow STEEL-FRAME VIADUCT built high above a riverbed below. The bridge fades off into a thick haze up ahead, its other end not visible. Down below, SOUNDS of RUSHING WATER can be heard, but the river itself is shrouded in the mist.

SGT WALTZ
(to Ford and Tre)
Fire, Assist, you check the tracks.
(to Rifleman)
Ready, come with me.

The SGT and Rifleman hop a side-rail and cautiously descend a STEEP PATH DOWN THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE TO THE RIVERBED BELOW.

Ford and Tre glance ahead, uncertain. Behind them, a CRAGGY MOUNTAIN PEAK LOOMS WITHIN THE HAZE.

TRE
(at Ford, half-kidding)
Some friend.

They step forward slowly through the fog. Wide gaps stretch from slat to slat beneath their feet, giving onto nothing but MIST BELOW. A broken slat causes Ford to stumble slightly. His flashlight clatters off and spins down into darkness.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

HUGE SEQUOIA TREES stand rooted firmly in the river banks. As the SGT and his Rifleman move cautiously between them -- Ford's flashlight SMACKS the riverbed, causing the Rifleman to flinch. The SGT does not react. Noticing something else.

Up river, A BRIGHT LIGHT FLICKERS THROUGH THE MIST. It is moving, coming towards them. Both men take aim, as the light looms brighter, closer. Then the LIGHT bursts from the mist:

A FLAMING ABRAMS TANK

FLOATS PAST THEM IN THE RAGING CURRENT, borne away downstream. The SGT and Riflemen dive aside, looking on in shock -- as MORE FLAMING MILITARY WRECKAGE drift right by.

EXT. TALL TRESTLE BRIDGE - NIGHT AWAY

Ford and Tre have come to a stop. Hearing the commotion down below. Ford WHISTLES ONCE then waits a beat. Then a REPLY WHISTLE comes up from below. Ford nods to Tre. All clear.

They continue on through thickening haze, each step a test of nerves. Uncertain what may lay ahead. Until at last:

The OPPOSITE MOUNTAIN RIDGE comes into view before them. The bridge is still intact. Ford and Tre exhale relief.

TRE
(into RADIO)
All clear, repeat, all clear.

They do not yet turn back to notice through the fog -- as THE CRAGGY MOUNTAIN PEAK BEHIND THEM SHIFTS IN PLACE AS IF ALIVE.

INT. LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

CONTROL PANELS LIGHT BACK UP, as the ENGINEER replaces a final fuse. Tre's "All clear" filters in over the radio.

ENGINEER

That's an all clear. Remember this thing senses electricity. Build up some steam then coast the bridge with the engines off. Lights out.

EXT. ARSENAL TRAIN - NIGHT

The massive Diesel engines churn to life. Marines astride the ICBM missiles pass the order verbally:

MARINES

Lights out! Lights out!

Flashlights and radios are switched off. The train CHUGS FORWARD, picking up a head of steam, as it ENTERS THE TUNNEL.

INT. RAILWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Then THE ENGINES CUT. The train coasts through the tunnel in total darkness, just the SPARKS OF WHEELS ON TRACK. Soldiers tense as the train slowly glides on toward the fog ahead.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The SGT and Rifleman look up as the bridge BEGINS TO TREMBLE with the train's approach. Then suddenly, the SGT pauses.

Something JUST MOVED inside the nearest stand of trees. The two men duck for cover behind a huge sequoia. But then THE ENTIRE TREE UPROOTS ITSELF FROM THE GROUND. Looking up, we realize it was no tree at all, it was THE FEMUTO'S GIANT LEG.

SGT WALTZ

HOT ZONE! TAKE COVER!

THE GIANT BEAST ABOVE THEM

trundles through the river toward the trestle bridge.

EXT. TALL TRESTLE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ford and Tre freeze stock-still, laying on their backs in perfect silence. As the Femuto dips in right below them. Her SENSORS GLOW with luminescence as she "SNIFFS" the air.

Sensing their electric currents.

Tre's FLASHLIGHT FLICKERS. Terrified, he grips his rifle tighter. Preparing to roll over for a shot -- but Ford reaches out and stops him with a hand. THEN SHUTS THE LIGHT. Putting a finger to his lips to signal silence. Stay cool.

After a moment, the Femuto seems to lose their scent. She backs her head out from under the bridge. Instead, she RISES TALLER ON HER GIANT LEGS -- and STEPS RIGHT OVER THE BRIDGE ITSELF. Straddling it. ONE HUGE LUMINESCENT SPORE hangs just above Ford's head. Then the Femuto starts to move off.

But the BRIDGE BEGINS TO RATTLE LOUDER. The train is coming from the tunnel. THE FEMUTO PIVOTS QUICKLY, sensing it.

EXT. ARSENAL TRAIN - NIGHT

Marines clench their M16s as the train emerges from the tunnel into a peaceful world of mist. They all look forward. Failing to notice THE GIANT SILHOUETTE GLIDING IN ABOVE THEM.

EXT. TRESTLE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Ford and Tre take off running towards the fog-bank.

FORD	TRE
STOP THE TRAIN!	LOOK OUT!

But A HUGE ROAR drowns their shouts. Followed by the POP AND FLASH OF GUNFIRE within the fog. All hell has broken loose.

Then suddenly. The RUNAWAY TRAIN COMES CHARGING TOWARDS THEM, flames pluming from its burning engine as the huge Femuto ravages the rail cars from above, snatching up the ICBM MISSILES like so many giant pick-up sticks.

Ford and Tre take off running from the train -- but Tre's boot catches in a gap between the slats, just as a GIANT LIMB SWIPES THROUGH, OBLITERATING THE SECTION WHERE HE STOOD.

With nowhere to go and the train barreling in, FORD LEAPS --
OFF THE BRIDGE,

and PLUNGES TO THE CHURNING RIVER DOWN BELOW, as an entire rail car stacked with ICBMs crashes down behind him. Ford can only glimpse the carnage before the CURRENT DRAGS HIM UNDER. The last SOUND he hears is THE FEMUTO'S HELLISH HOWL.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The *USS Harry S. Truman* and its battle group trail behind -- Godzilla, still swimming due East across the North Pacific. As CHOPPER SPOTLIGHTS illuminate his jagged dorsal ranges.

SUPERIMPOSE: ***USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - 500 MI WEST OF CALIFORNIA***

LT CMDR HAMM (PRE-LAP)
Godzilla seems to be correcting
course with each adjustment by the
female Muto --

INT. *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN* - TAC-OPS CENTER - NIGHT

The bad news registers with all concerned.

LT CMDR HAMM
At this rate, they'll both reach
San Francisco Bay by sunup.

HONDA
And they will fight. And if she
kills him, she will use his body as
a host to reproduce.

ADM STENZ
What are my options, gentlemen?
We've already seen what damage one
of these can do...

BAYER
Our nukes are much stronger these
days than they were at Bikini
Atoll.

HONDA
Are you insane? Nuclear weapons
started this. They won't end it.

ADM STENZ
(adds, confused)
And I thought these things ate
nukes for breakfast.

BAYER
The radiation, yes. But given a
direct hit, the blast itself might
well decimate them physically.

LT CMDR HAMM
Both these things play havoc with
our guidance systems.
(MORE)

LT CMDR HAMM (CONT'D)
 We fire off a nuke at them, it's
 just likely to come back and land
 on us.

BAYER
 Not if we get in close enough on
 land. If we can somehow insert a
 hardened warhead on a timer --

ADM STENZ
 Are you actually suggesting we
 detonate a nuke on our own soil?

BAYER
 Depending on wind-speed and
 direction, and with a fast
 evacuation --

HONDA
 (interrupts)
 This is madness. Never mind the
 human risk, we're talking about the
 balance of nature. *Gojira* is an
 alpha predator. Without him, there
 is no telling what else may come.

ADM STENZ
 So you're suggesting what, we just
 sit back and hope he wins?

BAYER
 And suppose he does. Then what?
 We cheer and wait for him to swim
 away? What if he doesn't?

HONDA
 We *made* this mess by tampering with
 Nature. It needs to right itself.

LT CMDR Hamm looks up from the comm. His face pale.

LT CMDR HAMM
 Sir, the train carrying our
 shielded arsenal has just gone
 missing. We have teams scouring
 the area... But we don't have time
 to retrofit another nuke.

ADM STENZ
 (as this registers)
 Get that city cleared regardless.
 And keep looking.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

ADM STENZ (CONT'D)
And patch me through to NORAD and
the White House.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Elle and Reggie are fast at work, triaging an influx of
INJURED CITIZENS sent back from the "front."

MEDIC CHIEF
I'm looking for a Maddox, Elle?

Elle barely hears it above the frenzied bustle.

ELLE
(without looking up)
Little busy here.

But the Medic Chief calls back to his PARTNER --

MEDIC CHIEF
Looks like we got next of kin!

ELLE
Next of --?

Elle suddenly turns pale, looks up, as the MILITARY MEDICS
wheel in A BODY ON A GURNEY.

ELLE
(rushing up)
Ford?

MEDIC CHIEF
Just got back here from Hawaii...
He woke up on the medevac.

And now we see: It isn't Ford at all. It's Brody. Smiling
weakly. But swelled with joy to see her.

ELLE
Brody! I was so worried...

As she embraces him.

BRODY
It was Ford, he found me there.

ELLE
(a look of concern)
I haven't been able to reach him.
Where is he now?

BRODY
 (a beat)
 I don't know.

AN EMERGENCY ALERT SOUNDS on the PA system.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

A PLATOON OF ARMED NATIONAL GUARDS has just arrived.
 Attempting to evacuate the hospital. As Elle emerges.

ER DOCTOR
 What's this about, I have patients!

NATIONAL GUARD SGT
 We have orders, ma'am. The city is
 being evacuated. Critical patients
 will be medevaced, everyone else,
 including staff, is being moved
 down into subway tunnels.

The GUARD SGT corrals Elle by the elbow. She tugs away.

ELLE
 My father's in there, I'm not
 leaving him.

NATIONAL GUARD SGT
 Sorry, ma'am. Ambulance drivers
 and paramedics only.

Reggie gives Elle a look, then steps in, thinking fast.

REGGIE
 Let her go. She's my paramedic.
 We drive a rig.

A beat. A lie. But what do they know.

NATIONAL GUARD SGT
 Alright, then hurry up, you need to
 get that patient out of here.

EXT. FARALLON ISLANDS - NIGHT

A craggy island several miles off the shore of San Francisco.
 SIGNS WARN: "**SHARK INFESTED WATERS!**" But then the DORSAL
 FINS OF SEVERAL GREAT WHITE SHARKS -- part aside in haste.

As GODZILLA SWIMS PAST, tailed by the carrier battle group
 and a SQUADRON OF A-10 "WARTHOG" JETS...

The fog of San Francisco Bay looms up ahead on the horizon.

SUPERIMPOSE: ***FARALLON ISLANDS - 27 MILES FROM SAN FRANCISCO***

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - VARIOUS - NIGHT

All across the FOGBOUND CITY, NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS escort CIVILIANS down stairwells into BART SUBWAY TUNNELS --

LOUDSPEAKERS (V.O.)
*This is not a test. A mandatory
 evacuation has been issued by the
 Federal Emergency Management Agency
 for the San Francisco Bay Area...*

The guards pile SANDBAGS, dispensing LEAD-LINED BLANKETS.

LT CMDR HAMM (PRE-LAP)
 The BART was built back during the
 Cold War, so the tunnels were
 designed to withstand a blast.

INT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - TAC-OPS CENTER - NIGHT

LIVE NEWS FOOTAGE covers the San Francisco evacuation.

ADM STENZ
 And the fallout?

RADIAL DIAGRAMS map radioactive fallout projections over San Francisco Bay. With a hypocenter on Alcatraz Island.

BAYER
 Presuming we insert the weapon at
 the center of the Bay, the
 radiation should drift out to sea.

HONDA
 "Should?" Please, Admiral. It
 would be a terrible mistake!

ADM STENZ
 (a heavy heart)
 I don't know what other chance we
 have, doctor. And right now... We
 don't even have a nuke to blow.

EXT. RIVER DELTA - NIGHT

A HELICOPTER SPOTLIGHT SCANS the muddy river delta, strewn with military hardware and trestle parts like Lincoln Logs. The BODY OF A MAN lays lifeless, half-buried, caked in mud.

And then his eyes blink.

Ford has washed up on the shore. He squints at the helicopter spotlight up above him. Opening his mouth to speak, but nothing comes except a raspy, sandy whisper.

FORD

Help...

But before the word is out, the spotlight has passed him by -- ILLUMINATING an ICBM MISSILE lodged in the muddy delta bank.

A CHINOOK TRANSPORT HELICOPTER LANDS

and a RECOVERY CREW sprints out. BOOTS SPLASH RIGHT PAST Ford as they rush to the ICBM. This is what they came for.

RECOVERY CREW 1

We got a live one!

Ford slowly staggers to his feet to get their attention, but just then freezes. Noticing. A FAMILY STATION WAGON buried upsidedown inside the muck. The TEDDY BEAR inside it. The family from the railroad crossing.

MOMENTS LATER, NEARBY

The recovery crew has secured the ICBM inside the chopper. As Ford's ghostly form steps up, caked in mud. They see him.

RECOVERY CREW 1

Quick, get a medic!

INT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - STATEROOM - NIGHT

Honda slams the door in visible frustration. Brody's notebook and effects are open on the desk. Along with FILES from Hokkaido. He regards it all a beat. Then gets to work:

Rifling past Brody's PHOTOS OF THE FAMILY: Ford in uniform; Elle in scrubs; all of them as they once were, with Linda. Honda studies Brody's data sets. Comparing them to his own. Then ARCHIVE PHOTOS of the MUTO COCOON, the SIBERIAN CARCASS, the FALLEN CORPSE OF THE HOKMUTO IN HAWAII. This last one captures his attention. Something here is not quite right.

CUT TO:

A SHIPBOARD NAVIGATION SYSTEM flickers strangely.

MAERSK NAVIGATOR (PRE-LAP)
What the hell.

INT. MAERSK NORD CABIN - NIGHT

The NAVIGATOR taps the screen. Then the flickering stops.
He glances at his COORDINATES CHART: THE CONTAINMENT ISLAND.

MAERSK CAPTAIN
Problem?

The navigator shrugs. Guess not.

SUPERIMPOSE: **MAERSK NORD - PACIFIC OCEAN, 48°52'S 123°23'W**

EXT. MAERSK NORD - SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT

It is the same large cargo ship that left Hawaii. The HUGE CHARRED CORPSE OF THE HOKMUTO has been tied and battened to the deck of the gigantic freighter. Tarpaulins flap in the cold night wind, revealing glimpses of the carcass.

A SAILOR in a pea coat stands the watch, swigging a belt of fortifying whiskey. He does not notice as A LARGE CHUNK OF THE CREATURE'S OUTER SKIN SLOUGHS OVERBOARD INTO THE WATER.

Pieces of the outer shell are hardening and shedding off.
The flesh beneath it GLOWS FAINTLY WITH BIOLUMINESCENCE.

LT CMDR HAMM (PRE-LAP)
Our crew just found an ICBM, sir.

INT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - TAC-OPS CENTER - DAWN

All conversation stops. ADM Stenz can feel his heart sink.

LT CMDR HAMM
The techs believe the shielding's still intact. It seems to be the only one the female didn't get.

This is good news. And yet.

ADM STENZ
Get me a status on the evac. I need to know that city's clear of every civilian when we insert that nuke.

MONITOR FOOTAGE: Godzilla swims on, disappearing into the EARLY MORNING FOG outside the GOLDEN GATE OF SF BAY.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAWN

The bridge is hopelessly snarled with EVACUATING VEHICLES. DRIVERS blast their horns, jostling futilely for inches.

As a COAST GUARD HELICOPTER hovers in above.

HELICOPTER VOICE (ON PA)
*Please leave your vehicles and
 clear the bridge, immediately.*

National Guards drag drivers from their vehicles. The civilians struggle, kicking and shouting. Until suddenly. An AWFUL SCREECHING ECHOES FROM THE FOG-BANK OUT TO SEA.

Then A GIANT FLOCK OF SEAGULLS FLIES SCREECHING FROM THE FOG, SMACKING INTO WINDSHIELDS. But they just keep flying. Desperate to escape. And then we HEAR the reason why.

THE RUMBLING THUNDER OF FOOTSTEPS UNDERWATER. BOOM! BOOM!!!

AIR-GROUND MISSILES scream past overhead, vanishing within the fog-bank. Then after a beat. THE MISSILES EXPLODE IN A FIREBALL within the fog-bank that briefly silhouettes:

GODZILLA, AS HE ROARS,

escorted by the swarm of A-10 WARTHOGS, already peppering his hide with BARRAGES OF ARTILLERY. But the onslaught barely slows his stride, as Godzilla surfaces in the direction of --

THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE ITSELF

DRIVERS stare captivated for a beat too long, because: the Bay is not deep enough to accommodate the standing giant. As Godzilla rises higher above the water, chest, arms, torso.

Terrified drivers desert their cars, STAMPEDING left and right until -- GODZILLA TEARS THROUGH THE BRIDGE MID-SPAN.

Thousands of abandoned cars spill into the Bay, along with giant segments of the roadway. Then the MASSIVE CABLES supporting the rest of the bridge-span snap in turn, PULLING DOWN THE HUGE STEEL TOWERS in a catastrophic domino effect.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAWN

As Godzilla wades on, unimpeded, into San Francisco Bay.

The Bay is shrouded in a DRIZZLING MORNING FOG. Little visibility within it. Godzilla hesitates a moment, trailing a mess of concrete and twisted steel. He senses something.

Then.

A HUGE SHELL sails up, whistling, from the foggy Bay. BAM! The shell impacts Godzilla with a powerful concussion. And now we see, emerging from the fog-bank all around him:

THE ENTIRE BAY IS RINGED WITH US NAVY WAR SHIPS. They open fire all at once. Sending up a SALVO OF POWERFUL ARTILLERY.

Godzilla HOWLS IN ANGER as small explosions pock his chest. His progress halted, Godzilla pivots for an angle of escape --

-- but TWO GUIDED MISSILE CRUISERS now block the path behind him. A FULL VOLLEY OF TOMAHAWK MISSILES EXPLODE from the topside launch tubes, arcing up and racing towards him.

Godzilla has just enough time to ROAR. Before the missiles connect and EXPLODE IN AN ENORMOUS CONFLAGRATION. And then ANOTHER HELLISH ROAR. As Godzilla emerges from the inferno, battle-scarred and angry, but very much alive.

With nowhere else to go, Godzilla lumbers onto the fog-bound shore of ALCATRAZ. Trapped. As gunfire keeps raining in.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

A SERIES OF MEDEVAC CHOPPERS are taking off -- as AMBULANCES below are being loaded up with patients from the hospital. Brody sits half-upright in his gurney as Reggie drives up in an ambulance and quickly gets out of the cab to help.

Looking out upon the foggy Bay -- Godzilla's silhouette, enshrouded in the smoke and mist. As HE ROARS MIGHTILY.

BRODY

Are you sure I'm still conscious?

ELLE

(utter disbelief)

I'm not sure I am.

She wheels him into the ambulance and Reggie shuts the doors.

INT. CHINOOK TRANSPORT HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

The ICBM MISSILE has been strapped down inside the transport cabin. Ford sits beside it, caked in mud. Staring at --

THE FRESH-FACED SOLDIERS here to guard it. We recognize -- the same PIMPLY RECRUIT we met at Ford's reserve office. No more than a week in uniform. Both men stare in silence.

No words could possibly suffice. This is what it's come to.

EXT. *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN* - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

As Ford's transport chopper spins down on the flight deck. EXPERTS SWARM THE ICBM, preparing it for quick deployment.

Ford is left alone, ignored. The city of San Francisco looms through the fog on the horizon. Distant sounds of SHELLING.

SUPERIMPOSE: *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - OUTSIDE SAN FRANCISCO*

SEVERAL MEDEVAC CHOPPERS have just landed nearby. PARAMEDICS unloading EVACUATED CIVILIAN HOSPITAL PATIENTS on stretchers.

FORD

Are all these people from the city hospitals?

PARAMEDIC 1

Critical only, other patients went out in buses, and everyone else is in the subway tunnels. Things were built to withstand Russian nukes, so let's just hope they can survive our own.

This resonates on Ford. He hadn't realized.

FORD

We're using a nuke in San Francisco?

PARAMEDIC 1

I'm just a paramedic, man, you're the soldier. But I do have eyes.

He nods across the deck, where A TEAM OF WEAPONS TECHS has boarded the transport with the ICBM. Already lifting off.

As Ford looks on in rising dread.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY

The recovered ICBM is lowered in by winches from the Chinook Chopper onto the deck of an AMPHIBIOUS TRANSPORT VESSEL.

WEAPONS TECH 2

Easy, easy!

Hundreds of SAILORS and MARINES look on from other warships.
As artillery continues to hail down on Godzilla in the Bay.

LT CMDR HAMM (PRE-LAP)

The nuke is on a hardened timer.

INT. *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN* - TAC-OPS CENTER - DAY

Adm Stenz paces in anticipation.

LT CMDR HAMM

Once set, our fleet will have forty-five minutes to make its way out of the Bay. And with a hypocenter on Alcatraz Island, the civilians in the tunnels should be spared.

A beat. Turns back, solemnly.

ADM STENZ

You realize what we're doing here.

LT CMDR HAMM

I'm trying not to, sir.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY

The ICBM transport converges in towards Alcatraz, surrounded by DOZENS OF TROOP CARRIER LANDING CRAFT. Up ahead from this POV, Godzilla is mostly shrouded from view by FOG AND SMOKE.

ABOARD THE ICBM TRANSPORT,

weapons techs busy about the MISSILE on the deck. Its CONE TIP has been opened on a massive hinge -- giving access to the TRUNK-SIZED WARHEAD WITHIN. The techs dictate redundant protocols as they tweak DIALS, ENTERING THE LAUNCH CODE:

WEAPONS TECH 2

(methodically)

Six - niner - beta - zed --

WEAPONS TECH 3

(repeating)

-- six - niner - beta - zed

INT. *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN* - STATEROOM - DAY

Honda is still poring over data sheets and CLOSE-UP PHOTOS of the Hokmuto's corpse. Using a felt-tipped pen to CIRCLE FOUR STRANGE FEATURES ON ITS HIND LEGS.

He compares this to AN IMAGE OF THE ADULT MUTO CARCASSES FROM SIBERIA -- THE ONE WITH FOUR WINGS IN PLACE OF ITS HIND LEGS. His eyes widen.

INT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - TAC-OPS CENTER - DAY

As Bayer and the other brass follow the events in the Bay on VARIOUS MONITORS WITH LIVE FEEDS. Honda bursts in, abruptly:

HONDA

We need to reach the ship that was transporting the Hokmuto...

Heads turn. Honda brandishes his photos of the Hokmuto.

HONDA

The outer shell began to shed too quickly. This is far more radical than normal decomposition, it must be a chrysalis.

BAYER

What makes you think --?

ADM STENZ

A chrysalis?

HONDA

Like a pupal stage in larval insects. The "carcass" in Hawaii was a stage of metamorphosis. A cocoon.

ADM STENZ

So you're saying the male MUTO is still alive?

HONDA

Yes. And now it's fully grown.

LT CMDR Hamm looks up from an analyst station.

LT CMDR HAMM

The Hokmuto's freighter just turned up in Barrow, Alaska...without him.

ON MONITORS: The giant cargo ship, *Maersk Nord*, has run aground on a ROCKY ALASKAN BEACH. ONLOOKERS crowd around -- but the Hokmuto's "carcass" is nothing but an EMPTY SHELL.

ADM STENZ

Get me the ICBM transport, now.

EXT. ICBM TRANSPORT VESSEL - DAY

The ICBM transport glides up onto Alcatraz island's shoals. Accompanied on both sides by landing crafts of ARMED MARINES.

The weapons techs are almost finished with their task.

WEAPONS TECH 2
Prepare to engage.

WEAPONS TECH 3
Prepare to engage.

They stop. Their eyes meet. No turning back from here...
Then they TURN THEIR KEYS IN UNISON. A DIGITAL TIMER STARTS:

45:00:00... 44:59:00... 44:58:00...

WEAPONS TECH 2
Alright, get this cone locked on,
and take this eagle in, we have T-
minus forty-five to clear the Bay!

The techs quickly refasten the missile cone. Locking the warhead deep within its giant rocket casing. None noticing -- the INTER-SHIP COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM, which sputters static.

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

FLASHLIGHTS flicker, too, as Marines trek deeper inland from their landing craft. The shelling has stopped. Godzilla has gone silent. His HUGE FORM COMPLETELY SHROUDED IN THE HAZE, from the perspective of those on the ground looking up.

MARSOC LEADER
We've lost visual, stay tight.

As they proceed, a DARK FORM TAKES SHAPE INLAND, THROUGH THE FOG. The marines clutch their rifles, taking aim. Then the dark shape resolves into dozens of smaller shapes:

It is ANOTHER MARINE PLATOON converging from the opposite side of the island. Confused, they lower their weapons. As dense mist parts TO REVEAL THE RUBBLE OF THE FORMER PRISON. But no Godzilla... The creature has escaped back to the Bay.

MARSOC LEADER
(stops short)
What the...

Suddenly. There is a SNAP OF STATIC THROUGH THE AIR. Their RIFLE BARREL-LIGHTS GO OUT. And a moment later --

EXT. OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE - DAY

Both levels and all ten lanes have been closed to outside traffic. ARMORED HUMVEES escort a LONG MOTORCADE OF EVACUATION AMBULANCES. Crawling East like ants across a log.

Then all at once, their ENGINES JOLT TO A STOP on the bridge.

INT. ELLE AND BRODY'S AMBULANCE - DAY

The ENGINE DIES AND DOME LIGHTS BLINK OUT. The ambulance has stalled in the middle of the bridge. For a moment, there is silence. Raindrops pattering the rear bay windows.

BRODY

Look!

The entire ELECTRIFIED SKYLINE OF SAN FRANCISCO BLACKS OUT. And just then, finally -- A MUTO'S DISTANT HOWL ECHOES IN.

INT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - TAC-OPS CENTER - DAY

THE VIDEO FEEDS from San Francisco SPUTTER OUT.

LT CMDR HAMM

(into COMM)

Flag ship, come in, come in!

Interference whines on every channel. They lost the fleet.

HONDA

It's the Muto.

ADM STENZ

Already? I thought we had more time.

BAYER

(re: GIS MAP, confused)

We should. Our seismic stations are reporting activity on the Calaveras fault line, East of Oakland. The female isn't here yet.

ADM STENZ

Well something is.

LT CMDR Hamm gets word nearby.

LT CMDR HAMM
We're picking up a radar anomaly by
Bolinás Bay.

ADM STENZ
Tell our subs to form a hard line.

HONDA
(but that's the thing)
It won't be in the water.

EXT. OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE - DAY

All along the bridge, PARAMEDICS are out on foot, replacing
BLOWN OUT FUSES. Reggie works the engine on their rig.

REGGIE
(calling back to Elle)
Alright, hit it!

INT. ELLE AND BRODY'S AMBULANCE - DAY

But Elle is studying the pedals in consternation. The
ambulance is a stick shift. She never learned.

ELLE
Which one's the clutch again?

BRODY
(from behind her)
Left pedal.

REGGIE
(from outside)
On the left!

Ambulance by ambulance, the convoy is coming back to life
behind them -- while theirs remains stalled in its lane.

Elle finds the left-most pedal.

ELLE
Okay, try again!

Just then: *Whoosh!* A SQUADRON OF F-18 SUPER HORNET JETS
COMES SCREAMING PAST THE BRIDGE ABOVE. Heads turn in awe.

EXT. CLOUDY SKIES ABOVE THE BAY - DAY

The squadron flies in tight formation through DENSE CLOUDS.

SUPER HORNET PILOT 2 (ON RADIO)
CAG, my nose is cold. Repeat, lost
radar.

INT. F-22 RAPTOR COCKPIT - DAY

As a SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE SKY ABOVE THEM --

SQUAD LEADER (ON RADIO)
Um, I don't think you'll need it.

THE GARGANTUAN UNDERSIDE OF AN ENORMOUS FLYING CREATURE: THE HOKMUTO, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR ON FOUR GIGANTIC WINGS, where once its hind legs were attached. It is the ADULT MALE MUTO.

As the jets rise up from below like mid-air escorts -- THE HOKMUTO'S BODY STARTS TO CHARGE WITH A BIOLUMINESCENT GLOW. The sky around it swirling with a green auroral light.

SQUAD LEADER (ON RADIO)
Right wing, prepare to engage.

But just then -- THE CONTROLS IN THE COCKPIT FLICKER.

INT. ELLE AND BRODY'S AMBULANCE - DAY

VROOM! Elle's ignition catches and the engine roars to life.

BRODY
That's it, you got it!

OUTSIDE ON THE BRIDGE AHEAD,

Reggie gives a thumbs up and shuts the hood. Winding up his jumper cables to return them to ANOTHER AMBULANCE ahead.

REGGIE
Just a second, keep it running!

But Brody sits up in his cot. Seeing something --

BRODY
Elle?

JUST OUT THE WINDOW: A FIGHTER PILOT FLOATS DOWN IN AN EJECTION SEAT. Parachuting slowly, a captivating sight. Elle turns to look. But before there's time to process:

THE HOKMUTO FLIES OUT FROM THE CLOUDS ACROSS THE BAY.

ELLE
Oh my...

ANGLE ON REGGIE

Drops his jumper cords. Agape. And just then --

REGGIE

...god.

A FIGHTER JET SLAMS DOWN INTO THE BRIDGE BESIDE HIM, obliterating Reggie and the other ambulances where he stood.

INT. ELLE AND BRODY'S AMBULANCE - DAY

Elle screams as the fireball plumes toward her windshield.

ELLE

REG!

THE ENTIRE FIGHTER SQUADRON IS RAINING FROM THE SKIES.

EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY

Marines dive aside as the JETS MEET GROUND, shelling the island in a bone-rattling succession of FIREBALLS.

EXT. ICBM TRANSPORT VESSEL - DAY

A jet hits the FLIGHT TOWER, launching a spray of flaming wreckage onto the fuselage of the ICBM on the deck.

Weapons techs scramble to protect the FRAGILE MISSILE CONE. But just then a SHADOW LOOMS ACROSS THEM FROM ABOVE. They look up just in time to see:

THE HOKMUTO PLUMMETING DOWNWARD with its jaws agape, like a dive-bombing predator. He PLUNGES right down through the vessel -- VANISHING WITH IT UNDERNEATH THE WATERS OF THE BAY.

A long beat passes. The Bay is left in silence.

Then the Hokmuto EXPLODES UP FROM THE BAY like a bird with its prey, CLENCHING THE GIANT ICBM MISSILE IN ITS JAWS. And emits a PIERCING, HOWLING CALL. It soars back into the sky.

INT. ELLE AND BRODY'S AMBULANCE - DAY

The ENGINE GRINDS as Elle struggles to get it into gear. She is still in shock, tears streaming. Just trying to focus.

The vehicles behind her HONK and jostle in a panic -- but her ambulance just revs its engine, stuck in its lane. Up ahead, the wrecked jet burns across the lane divide not twenty yards ahead. Flames lick the INTACT MISSILES ON ITS BROKEN WING.

ELLE
 Come on, come on, dammit Ford!
 (the gears connect)
 GO!

But the rig lurches BACKWARD. She has put it in reverse. Elle quickly slams the brakes. But now the traffic behind her has just enough space to squeeze right past, RAMMING HER AMBULANCE ASIDE AS THEY SWERVE AROUND ONTO THE BRIDGE AHEAD.

ELLE
 Wait! Help!

But just then, the INTACT MISSILES ON THE FIGHTER JET IGNITE. BOOM! The explosion swallows up the fleeing vehicles ahead -- causing a HUGE SECTION OF THE BRIDGE TO PANCAKE BACKWARDS.

Elle is already in reverse. She floors it, chased by the collapsing roadway, back towards San Francisco.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

A deserted downtown intersection. A shadow falls from above. Then the ICBM MISSILE crashes down onto the junction. It has been placed there by the Hokmuto, who has alighted. And now unleashes a DEAFENING, BLOOD-CURDLING HOWL TO THE SKIES.

He is calling to his mate. This missile is her dowry. A long beat of silence passes. Then the GROUND RUMBLES.

INT. BART SUBWAY PLATFORM - BELOW THE CITY - DAY

As the Hokmuto's howl echoes through the darkened tunnel. FLARES illuminate HUDDLED MASSES OF EVACUATED CITIZENS.

All eyes pan upward in suspense. DUST FLUTTERS from the ceiling. The Hokmuto is right above them. So it comes as a surprise -- when the ENTIRE PLATFORM BUCKLES UNDERNEATH THEM.

Something else is rising from below.

EXT. CHINATOWN STREET - DAY

A parachute dangles from a lamppost. As a DOWNED PILOT unbuckles his ejection seat, dropping to the sidewalk.

The deserted street has been decked out with ASIAN LANTERNS and ELABORATE PAPER DRAGONS for some interrupted festival.

But there is no one left. The city is completely quiet.
Then: A POLICE CAR ROLLS PAST THE NEAREST INTERSECTION.

DOWNED PILOT
(sees it, shouts)
Hey! Over here!

He takes off chasing it around the corner --

EXT. COLUMBUS-BROADWAY INTERSECTION - DAY

But the police car swerves out of control and jumps a sidewalk, crashing to a pole. The pilot races up, confused -- BUT THE POLICE CAR IS COMPLETELY EMPTY. It slid here.

And now the pilot glances up the street to see MORE ABANDONED VEHICLES sliding towards him, some fishtailing, skidding sideways as the STREET ITSELF BULGES LIKE A WAVE.

Spooked by this, the pilot backs away. Sees:

THE WAVE IS TRAVELING TOWARDS THE GIANT ICBM MISSILE,

HUGE CRACKS SPIDERWEB THE ASPHALT underneath it as the wave arrives. And the entire intersection DIPS DOWN LIKE A BOWL. Then starts to fracture. Swallowing the ICBM FROM BELOW.

FROM HIGH ABOVE THE INTERSECTION,

The Hokmuto is perched between TWO HIGH-RISE OFFICE TOWERS, his wings wrapped around them like a pair of flimsy stilts. HUGE CHUNKS OF CONCRETE dislodge, crashing to the street below. And as THE HOKMUTO UNLEASHES ANOTHER HOWLING CALL.

THE DOWNED PILOT CLAMBERS TO FLEE,

but the GROUND GIVES WAY BENEATH HIM, swallowing the entire ICBM in A GIANT SINKHOLE. Dust and debris blast upward --

And then THE FEMUTO RAISES HER ENORMOUS BODY FROM THE VOID, with the ICBM in her MASSIVE JAWS. She HOWLS UP AT HER MATE!

EXT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

Medics assist a MASS OF NEWLY ARRIVED HOSPITAL EVACUEES, as Ford presses through, searching desperately for Elle.

FORD
Excuse me, excuse me?

The ER Doctor is too busy to look up. Tending to a patient.

FORD

Are you from San Francisco General?
I'm looking for my sister, she's a
nursing student there, Elle Maddox?

ER DOCTOR

Yeah, yeah, she wasn't on a
medevac. She and Reggie took her
dad out on a bus.

FORD

Her dad, Brody? Did they get out?

ER DOCTOR

I don't know, my guess is, if she
made it off the bridge, she's still
trapped in the city.

On Ford, the utter horror of this sinking in. And just then -
- AIR RAID SIRENS BLARE. SOLDIERS sprint across the deck.

LOUDSPEAKERS

*All soldiers, please report to the
hangar bay. Repeat...*

INT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - HANGAR BAY - DAY

The soaring hangar bay is crammed with TROOPS OF EVERY BRANCH
AND STRIPE. ADM Stenz is mid-way through his briefing. Next
to him, Honda projects images of the GIANT OVAL MUTO SPORES.

ADM STENZ

(gravely, shaken)

As some of you may know, a plan to
detonate a warhead in San Francisco
Bay has gone SNAFU. The missile's
now located in Downtown San
Francisco. And we need a weapons
crew down on the ground, stat, to
pull the plug. That crew needs
backup...

As Ford jostles in along with several others AT THE REAR...
MURMURS AND REACTIONS periodically ripple through the crowd.

A PROJECTED SATELLITE FEED shows THE RUBBLE OF CHINATOWN,
where A SUPERIMPOSED CIRCLE DENOTES the ICBM's location.

FORD

(whispering)

What's happening?

ARMY SOLDIER

Flying thing dragged the nuke to shore. It goes off, so does the whole city.

NAVY SEAMAN

They're HALO jumping in a bunch of techs to disarm it. They need boots for cover.

Ford pushes closer to the front.

ADM STENZ

...Truth is, for most of you, this could be a one-way ticket. Some of you have families. Not a soul here will look askance if any of you men decide to walk away right now. But make no mistake.

(a beat)

Your courage has never been more needed than it is today.

A long beat. Not a soul in the hangar moves an inch.

FORD

(for Elle and Brody)

Where do I sign up, sir?

Then, following Ford, OTHER TROOPS step forward, too...

Up ahead, Honda observes Ford with a look of recognition.

EXT. *USS HARRY S. TRUMAN* - FLIGHT DECK - DAY

A V-22 OSPREY TILT-ROTOR is being readied for its take-off. NAVY CHIEFS collect A SINGLE DOG TAG from each VOLUNTEER. Just in case. As Ford deposits his in the GROWING PILE.

HONDA (O.S.)

Mr. Brody?

Ford turns. Honda hustles up across the deck. Holding out --

HONDA

Is he your father?

The PHOTOS from Brody's things: one of Ford in uniform; the other from Hokkaido, of the entire family as it once was.

FORD

(sees it, stunned)

Where'd you get this?

HONDA
 He had it in Japan. I believe he
 came to warn us.
 (then)
 I am sorry we did not listen.

As the Navy Chief corrals the final troops into the Osprey.

NAVY CHIEF
 Hurry up, let's go!

FORD
 (takes the PHOTO)
 Thank you.

Honda nods. Deep wells of regret, compassion. Looking on,
 as Ford boards the plane. Honda calls back to him.

HONDA
 Soldier.
 (Ford turns)
 Your father would be proud of you.

Ford nods back from the plane. As its rear hatch slams shut.

EXT. EMBARCADERO - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

They've left the ambulance behind. Elle is hurrying a weak-
 kneed Brody up the ramp to the ENTRANCE OF THE BART STATION --

BRODY
 Elle, I'm sorry about your friend --

But she's on a mission. Moving fast to keep the pain at bay.

ELLE
 (cuts him off)
 We have to keep going.

They reach THE DOORS -- TO FIND THEM BARRICADED SHUT.

ELLE
 (tries it, hopelessly)
 No! No!

BRODY
 We can head inland. Some of the
 old buildings may have shelters.

Just then -- SOMETHING GROWLS AT THEM FROM BEHIND. Elle and
 Brody turn back to see A WHOLE PACK OF RUNAWAY DOMESTIC DOGS.
All of them growling in the direction of the Bay...

But before the fear can even set, something much worse rises up behind them, soaring high above the TRANSAMERICA TOWER --

THE WINGED HOKMUTO

CALLS OUT TO THE BAY WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING CHALLENGE HOWL. Causing the pack of dogs to skitter off in terror.

BRODY

Uh oh.

Then a BASS ROAR RUMBLES BACK FROM DEEP WITHIN THE WATER. As the BAY ITSELF BEGINS TO BULGE. Elle grabs Brody by the arm.

ELLE

Let's go, let's go!

And A LIVING WATERFALL EXPLODES UP behind them as:

GODZILLA RISES FROM THE BAY,

responding to the Hokmuto's challenge with a DEAFENING, UNHOLY ROAR. Godzilla has come to make his final stand.

ELLE AND BRODY

race full-tilt across the Embarcadero -- as the concussive impact of GODZILLA'S FOOTFALLS SENDS BRODY STUMBLING HEADLONG. Elle stops to help him to his feet.

BRODY

Go without me!

But now she looks him in his eyes. Tears in her own.

ELLE

Not a goddamn chance!

HIGH ABOVE THEM, THE HOKMUTO

is swooping in to meet Godzilla. Godzilla quickens his pace, almost RUNNING TO ENGAGE THE FLYING PARASITE. And just as Elle and Brody are caught between the two --

INT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER LOBBY - DAY

-- they dive through the doors of the TRANSAMERICA TOWER. As the CREATURES CLASH TOGETHER RIGHT OUTSIDE BEHIND THEM.

HARD CUT TO:

THE FAMILY PHOTO Brody rescued from Hokkaido. Tattered, but still somehow intact. Ford holds it in his fist.

INT. V-22 OSPREY JUMP PLANE - DAY

Then he tucks it in the Velcro pocket of his JUMP SUIT. The plane is FILLED WITH SOLDIERS IN HALO JUMP GEAR. All of them performing similarly sentimental rituals. Only the DRONE OF ENGINES CAN BE HEARD as a PRIEST shouts prayers from a Bible.

But a JUMP SGT is repeating orders, drowning out the prayer:

PRIEST	JUMP SGT
And he will send his angels with great trumpets!	One more time! No chute release until below one thousand feet! Locate the ICBM! Cover the techs while they deactivate the warhead!

A DEAFENING BLAST OF AIR cuts this short, as the REAR BAY DOORS glide open. It is shockingly loud. JUMP MASTERS guide the HALO JUMPERS, one-by-one out into the great beyond.

Ford reaches his turn and just begins to INTAKE A BREATH -- when the JUMP SGT SHOVES HIM OUT THE BAY BEFORE HE CAN.

EXT. 25,000 FEET ABOVE THE CITY - DAY

Instantly, the world goes quiet. Just the peaceful whistle of thin air above the clouds. Hundreds of SOLDIERS FREE-FALL FROM THE SKY. As Ford sails down past DENSE CLOUD COVER --

THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

draws into view below. From Ford's POV, the damage wrought is mind-boggling. Fires blaze through plumes of smoke.

A HUGE WAKE OF DESTRUCTION cuts across the Embarcadero and up Telegraph Hill -- where THE FEMUTO SITS IN HER "NEST." As GODZILLA AND THE HOKMUTO BATTLE amidst the city's high-rises.

It is a fair fight, but not an even one. Godzilla is far stronger. Pestered by the flying parasite, yet hardly fazed. As the Hokmuto dive-bombs for Godzilla -- Godzilla lashes out with an agile tail-whirl, smacking his opponent from the sky.

THE HOKMUTO TUMBLES DOWN BROADWAY IN A SWATH OF DEVASTATION.

MEANWHILE, PARACHUTING IN ABOVE THEM,

Dozens of soldiers have pulled their chutes too soon and are drifting down right on top of the fighting monsters. Some are smacked aside or sliced in half by flailing talons.

As Ford looks on in horror, still 10,000 feet above the city.

EXT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - VULTURE'S ROW - DAY

ADM Stenz has stepped out to find Honda standing at the rail -
- gazing out upon the SMOKE-FILLED SKIES OF SAN FRANCISCO.
The MONSTER BATTLE IS ONLY VAGUELY VISIBLE THROUGH HAZE.

Honda holds his OLD BRASS POCKET WATCH. A rail conductor's
time piece, its glass face cracked. His fingers work it
automatically. Winding and winding it in endless turns. But
THE HANDS HAVE LONG SINCE STOPPED. They tell a time: "8:15"

HONDA

It was my father's.

ADM STENZ

(sees it, knows the time)
Eight fifteen in the morning. That
was the time of the Hiroshima
blast.

Honda continues gazing out. Remembering.

HONDA

It was noon when he came to. Lying
on his back under the summer sun.
Bodies everywhere he looked,
scattered across what used to be
the school yard. Blue fires were
flying in the air... Phosphorus
from all the burning bones. He
said it was the only color in the
world, anymore. Everything else
was black. Black and burned and
filled with unimaginable death. He
shut his eyes, wishing it was a
dream. And when he woke again it
was night.

(pause)

At first he thought a snow had
fallen. Everything that had been
black was white now. And moving.
And then he felt them. All up and
down his legs, the burnt flesh.
There were maggots, millions,
everywhere, covering the city like
a winter snow. He told me in that
moment he knew that it was nature,
life, rising back from death. From
one hundred and fifty thousand
women and children and men.

(looks to Stenz)

That day we burned the world. That
night, nature took it back.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Ford touches down with a not-too-graceful stutter-step at the center of the rubble-strewn Financial District. He quickly ditches his parachute and hustles round a corner to find --

A dozen soldiers already assembled, with FOUR WEAPONS TECHS. The JUMP SGT signals fast to follow him. No time to wait.

JUMP SGT
This way, this way!

They move off briskly, as Ford readies his rifle on the run.

EXT. COLUMBUS-BROADWAY INTERSECTION - DAY

The site of the sinkhole is now a crater piled with debris. The Femuto is burrowed in her "NEST." Secretion oozes, encrusting the ICBM and HER BIOLUMINISCENT SPORE.

Eerily, electricity around the female sparks and flickers with sporadic life. A CAR RADIO sputters out discordant pop.

MORE SOLDIERS

are now converging from all sides of the wide intersection. Trading forlorn looks. Ford glances to the SGT: What now?

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Godzilla pins the Hokmuto against a LARGE, MULTI-STOREY CAR-PARK, pummelling him brutally -- until the structure collapses, burying the parasite in rubble.

Looming over the Hokmuto, Godzilla opens his mouth as wide as it will go, emitting a turbulence current of shimmering thermal waves. There is just enough time to register LIGHT SPARKING within his cavernous maw, and then as he ROARS --

-- something happens we have not yet seen in person:
GODZILLA VOMITS OUT A FOUNT OF BLINDING BLUE-WHITE FIRE!

INT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER LOBBY - DAY

Elle holds Brody close as -- GODZILLA'S ATOMIC BREATH BLISTERS DOWN LIKE NAPALM ON THE STREET OUTSIDE.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

The Hokmuto flaps up into the air to escape Godzilla's brutal incendiary assault -- but FREEZES MID-TAKE-OFF. Godzilla's JAWS HAVE CLAMPED DOWN ON ONE OF ITS FOUR SMOLDERING WINGS.

The Hokmuto HISSES, then FLUTTERS INTO A FRENZY, trying to loose its wing. The animal BUCKS and TWISTS, pelting the area with BROKEN SCALES and SALIVA -- but Godzilla holds.

Enraged, the Hokmuto FLINGS ITSELF AWAY IN PAIN -- WITHOUT ONE WING! The massive appendage, shed clean, REMAINS IN GODZILLA'S MOUTH. Godzilla drops the wing, which is still WRITHING. He SNARLS at the Hokmuto: "I DID THIS TO YOU."

The Hokmuto HOWLS DEAFENINGLY IN AGONY.

EXT. COLUMBUS-BROADWAY INTERSECTION - DAY

The creature battle is audible from here, but the Femuto remains motionless. Still crouched above the ICBM. Until suddenly: THE HOKMUTO'S HOWL OF PAIN ECHOES across the city.

THE FEMUTO SPRINGS TO ATTENTION,

quickly lifting her enormous frame on her four hind legs and trundling off in the direction of her pained mate's call...

Ford and the other soldiers dive aside to dodge her CRUSHING FOOTFALLS, several unsuccessfully --

But with the Femuto gone, the "nest" is left unguarded. Four weapons technicians immediately descend the crater towards the ICBM, wedged in next to the Muto's GIANT SPORE.

They get to work as Ford and the other troops surround the burrow, standing watch. The SGT checks his stop-watch:

08:34:00... 08:33:00... 08:32:00...

INT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - TAC-OPS CENTER - DAY

The same TIMER COUNTING DOWN. As Honda and Stenz return to look on, breathlessly. Along with Bayer and the others. No adversaries, anymore. Everyone just praying for survival.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

Godzilla FURTHER BULLIES a downed Hokmuto, body-checking and tail-lashing the grounded parasite until, finally, he stands above his soon-to-be vanquished opponent.

Fury flashes in Godzilla's eyes. But this time as Godzilla unhinges to unleash a final, fatal blast of atomic fire --

THE BLUE FLAMES SNUFF OUT COMPLETELY. The ignition current in his throat SHORT-CIRCUITS with a FEEBLE CLICK-CLICK.

ANGLE ON GODZILLA

Smoke seethes from his nostrils. But now he is confused. Turning slowly back to see --

THE FEMUTO HAS ARRIVED; it was her magnetism that shorted out his flame. She HISSES ANGRILY -- while the Hokmuto flaps up behind Godzilla on his three remaining wings, incensed.

Godzilla is trapped between them.

FEMUTO SLAMS DOWN HER GIANT FORELIMBS, as HOKMUTO CLAPS HIS MASSIVE WINGS -- generating a COMBINED SHOCK-WAVE so intense it STUNS GODZILLA where he stands. He staggers, dazed.

Then BOTH MUTOS POUNCE.

EXT. COLUMBUS-BROADWAY INTERSECTION - DAY

Ford and the other troops stiffen on their rifles, LISTENING to the monstrous cacophony. It is clear even from a distance that the tide has turned. While down in the "nest" --

THE WEAPONS TECHS

are dismantling the CONE TIP OF THE ICBM TO EXPOSE -- THE INNER NUCLEAR WARHEAD. They carefully LIFT IT BY ITS HAND-HOLDS and slide it from the larger missile tube.

Its COUNTDOWN TIMER ticking down:

06:55:00... 06:54:00... 06:53:00...

As the techs continue on their work; a long, complex process.

ANGLE ON FORD

Glimpsing the monster battle through the smoke beyond. A growing aspect of concern.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

GODZILLA PIN-BALLS DOWN THE RUBBLE-LINED STREET, choking on a blizzard of swirling ash -- but THE HOKMUTO AND FEMUTO allow no respite, out-matching him from land and air.

THE FEMUTO SINKS HUGE FANGS INTO HIS TAIL. *Payback for her mate.* Godzilla lets out a PAINED ROAR as electricity ripples his body, preventing him from summoning his atomic breath.

HONDA (PRE-LAP)

The female is shorting out *Gojira's* heat release.

INT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - TAC-OPS CENTER - DAY

SATELLITE FEEDS provide partial glimpses of the action.

HONDA

If they keep him on land long enough, his body could go into meltdown.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

The combined efforts of the Mutos bring Godzilla to his knees. The Hokmuto GOUGES FROM ABOVE, as the Femuto twines her massive limbs around Godzilla's throat, choking him out.

Godzilla struggles mightily, but his efforts are diminishing.

INT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER LOBBY - DAY

Elle and Brody brace with each concussion from outside. The lobby swirls with dust and smoke. But then they notice:

BRODY

Look!

THOUSANDS OF TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS are floating through the air like falling leaves. Elle looks across the lobby to see the money is fluttering from the open doors of a BANK VAULT.

She hoists Brody to support him and they take off running.

EXT. COLUMBUS-BROADWAY INTERSECTION - DAY

Back at the female's nest. Weapons techs continue their methodical work, sweat pouring down their brows. As they fire up ELECTRIC DRILLS to unscrew a COMBINATION PANEL --

-- the NEARBY MUTO SPORE ripples with STATIC ELECTRICITY. As if sensing the electric charge. Ford notices. Then sees:

THE FEMUTO, IN THE DISTANCE,

reacting to the signal from her spore. It distracts her, momentarily. Like a spider sensing a disruption of her web.

Ford rushes to the spore and POUNDS IT WITH HIS RIFLE BUTT -- more static ripples its surface. The Femuto reacts again.

FORD

Come on, gimme a hand with this!

The SGT and some other TROOPS rush up to join him. All pounding at the shell. Ford retrieves a PAIR OF BOLT-CUTTERS from his back-pack and JAMS THEM THROUGH THE HARDENED SPORE --

-- ELECTRIC SPARKS EXPLODE FROM THE SHATTERED SHELL!

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

The female reacts in shock, sensing the destruction of her spore. She swivels back, momentarily forgetting Godzilla --

Who seizes the brief advantage, and as the Hokmuto dive-bombs for another three-winged attack -- THIS TIME GODZILLA LASHES OUT AND SNAPS HIS JAWS AROUND THE CREATURE'S THROAT. BITING DOWN SO HARD HE CRUSHES THE HOKMUTO'S GIANT SKULL.

THE FEMUTO SPINS BACK

in utter fury. As her mate, the Hokmuto, flops lifeless to the ground. She REARS UP AND CHARGES AT GODZILLA -- driving his body right through the TRANSAMERICA TOWER.

INT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER LOBBY - DAY

The entire building QUAKES MASSIVELY from the fatal blow. Columns buckle, shards of concrete hailing down... Elle and Brody have not quite made it to the BANK VAULT, when --

EXT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER - DAY

The entire skyscraper COLLAPSES IN UPON ITSELF -- completely entombing Godzilla (and Elle and Brody) in debris.

EXT. COLUMBUS-BROADWAY INTERSECTION - DAY

Ford and the other troops are thrown from their feet by the resulting shock-wave. Then a CLOUD OF CONCRETE DUST BLASTS THROUGH, ENSHROUDING THE ENTIRE AREA in blinding smoke.

The SOUND alone has a concussive impact, temporarily TOPPING OUT OUR AUDIO TRACK. All we can hear is a shrill, tinnitus ringing. Dust and debris consume us.

ANGLE ON FORD

He is trapped beneath a pile of brick and twisted rebar. Writhing soldiers surround him on all sides. The warhead rests ten yards away. Its LIGHTS STILL BLINKING, counting down. Several weapons techs lay dead beside it.

Ford struggles, but his boot has been impaled by rebar. He quickly yanks and tugs it off, freeing his foot. He crawls to the warhead. By now, THREE MORE SOLDIERS have come to, gathering around. None with any clue of what to do.

JUMP SGT

The techs are gone... It's over.

Just then, the SOUND of a massive INHALATION up above them. The dust cloud itself begins to CHURN. Offering vague glimpses of THE FEMUTO'S TERRIFYING SILHOUETTE --

AS SHE UNLEASHES A BLOOD-CURDLING HOWL!

A hurricane force blast of air blows right through the dust and smoke, clearing the sky above the intersection. Then:

THE FEMUTO POUNCES

on her burrow. Dozens of soldiers open fire futilely, as she swipes and stomps them. Finding her spore destroyed. The ICBM tube is empty -- its warhead has been removed.

FORD'S POV: A SWATH OF BUILDINGS has been flattened, giving onto a clear path to San Francisco Bay, just down the hill.

He looks to the warhead. The Femuto hasn't seen it yet.

4:22:00... 4:21:00... 4:20:00...

FORD

(to OTHER SOLDIERS)

Quick! The Bay!

Ford and THREE OTHER SOLDIERS hoist the warhead by its hand-holds, two-to-a-side. Hurrying down the steep, debris-strewn hillside towards the Bay...

THE FEMUTO

quickly pivots on her feet. Sensing the escaping radiation of the warhead.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - DAY

Sparks fly off the bottom chassis of the warhead, as Ford and the soldiers drag it, bumping down the PIER and onto --

THE DECK OF A "SEE-THE-BAY TOURS" BOAT

tied up in a slip. Ford runs into the cabin. The key hangs in the ignition. The ENGINE REVS to life. Ford jams the throttle -- but the boat just LURCHES FORWARD TO A STOP.

It is still hitched to its DOCK LINE!

EXT. WHARF DOCK - DAY

Ford leaps out, scrambling for the dock line, but just then, the tour boat's ENGINE SHORTS OUT WITH A SIZZLING SPARK.

The dock line goes lax.

THE FEMUTO

has arrived, towering above the wharf. STATIC FLICKERS across her hide, shorting out the tour boat's engines.

ON THE TOUR BOAT,

the other soldiers open fire, unloading their M16s in a final, futile hail of glory --

But the Femuto casually CLEARS THEM ALL WITH A SINGLE, FATAL SWIPE, shearing the covered top clean off the tour boat.

FORD IS LEFT ALONE,

stranded on the dock. His M16 RUNS OUT OF AMMO. Then he drops it limply, and slumps, exhausted to his knees.

The battle is over.

THE FEMUTO LOWERS IN,

her enormous head sniffing at him. Sensing Ford by electro-receptivity. Saliva oozes from her fangs.

Ford has no place left to go, nothing left to do but face this monster nose to nose. And glare. But just then...

Ford's expression shifts. Almost the hint of a smile. Sensing something there behind her.

FORD
 (to himself, in disbelief)
King of the fucking monsters.

AND AS THE FEMUTO UNHINGES HER UNGODLY, SLAVERING JAWS TO ROAR --

-- THE ROAR OF ANOTHER MONSTER CUTS HER OFF, INSTEAD, drowning out her feeble howl with a deafening, commanding bellow accompanied by blistering waves of heat.

IT IS GODZILLA, KING OF THE MONSTERS!

Swaying on his feet behind the female, bleeding and battered, many of his dorsal plates cracked or broken off completely. Like a twelfth-round boxer, ready for his final stand.

And if the Femuto could make an "Oh, shit" expression, it would be right now, as --

WHAM!!!

GODZILLA SWIPES CLEAN THROUGH THE FEMUTO with a single, fatal blow, SNAPPING THE HEAD CLEAN OFF HER NECK. The enormous parasite crumples, crashing to the wharf -- deceased.

Then the great Godzilla drops to a knee, exhausted.

INT. BART SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

The massive tremor echoes from the street above, as terrified citizens huddle in the darkness. But then, unexpectedly:

ELECTRICITY FLICKERS BACK throughout the station. LIGHTS COME ON AGAIN. With the MUTOs dead, the power has returned.

INT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - TAC-OPS CENTER - DAY

SATELLITE FEEDS return as well, as ADM Stenz, Honda and the rest look on. The COUNTDOWN TIMER IS STILL TICKING:

00:45:00... 00:44:00... 00:43:00...

EXT. WHARF DOCK - DAY

From his position on the dock, Ford watches as ELECTRICITY RETURNS, block-by-block across the San Francisco skyline.

Then suddenly.

Vroom!!! The tour boat's engines whir to life! The boat jolts forward, pulling taut again against its DOCK LINE.

Ford, startled, reaches out and slips the dock line free.

AND THE TOUR BOAT

shoots out onto the waters of the Bay, racing fast away from shore. Carrying the warhead. But will it be fast enough?

INT. USS HARRY S. TRUMAN - TAC-OPS CENTER - DAY

On the GEOSPATIAL MAP, a RED DOT follows the location of the warhead as it travels out into the Bay. Its BLAST RADIUS creeps out with it, receding towards the city's edge. But still encircling the downtown area of San Francisco, as:

00:19:00... 00:18:00... 00:17:00...

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - DAY

Godzilla has COLLAPSED TO A PILE OF RUBBLE, completely spent. HIS BREATH WHEEZES PAINFULLY with every exhalation.

ANGLE ON FORD

He slumps back, too. Barely strong enough to turn his head. But his eyes allow one final look upon Godzilla. Somehow, unexpectedly, his comrade in arms.

Then Ford remembers something. He reaches for the Velcro pocket of his jump suit. And exactly then --

The COUNTDOWN TIMER DETONATES IN A FLASH OF BLINDING LIGHT.

Silence. Whiteness.

Then.

Gradually. Ever so faintly, colors coming into view. The outlines of shapes resolving. Faces in a picture. It is the Maddox-Brody family portrait. Ford grips it tightly in his fist. Shielding his eyes from the light...

As the last whiteness gradually dissolves to reveal AN EPIC MUSHROOM CLOUD, billowing up across the Bay.

Ford is alive. The city has been spared. And now --

Godzilla's great chest heaves slightly, then almost seems to stop... Ford's eyes shut, too. And at last HE PASSES OUT.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - VARIOUS - DAY

A new day. A city in ruins. But slowly coming back to life.

Fire crews douse flames.

Red cross workers help citizens from BART tunnels.

Bucket brigades of volunteers scour wreckage for survivors.

Officials and civilians have come to gather near the fallen body of Godzilla. Honda and Stenz are among them. Standing above the ailing King, as National Guards keep civilians back.

TV NEWS REPORTERS deliver their take to cameras:

TV REPORTER 1

In a city spared from fallout
by prevailing winds, many
feel another force of nature
protected them today --

TV REPORTER 2

Gathering here to witness the
fallen creature in what may
well be its dying throes --

INT. VA HOSPITAL - DAY

The same reporters on TVs. As INJURED SOLDIERS watch them. Veterans are being bandaged up. Ford sits among them, battered, bruised, but still intact. And yet for him, the worst may not be over. He is on his phone. It is RINGING.

He is trying to reach Elle.

ELLE (ON PHONE)

(recorded)

*You missed Elle. Leave me
something beautiful.*

Beep. But Ford has no words left. HIS TEARS BEGIN TO FALL.

RESCUE WORKER 1 (PRE-LAP)

(shouting)

QUIET!

EXT. WRECKED FINANCIAL DISTRICT - DAY

A bucket brigade is scouring the wreckage.

RESCUE WORKER 2
Quiet!

RESCUE WORKER 3
Quiet!

Silence falls.

And then we hear it. Faintly. From beneath the rubble --
The BUZZING OF A PHONE.

INT. VA HOSPITAL - DUSK

Later. OTHER VETERANS have FAMILIES at bedsides. Grateful, emotional reunions are underway... But Ford has not stopped calling Elle. And yet, still nothing. Silence on the line.

RECORDED VOICE (ON PHONE)
*If you are satisfied with your
message, you may hang up now. To
continue recording, press one. To
erase and rerecord...*

Ford, at last, hangs up. Gives up.

And shuts his eyes.

Then.

ELLE (O.S.)
Hey.

She is standing in the doorway. Next to Brody, beaming back.

Ford leaps to his feet and the family crashes in together.

No words are spoken. None are needed.

Tears fall, as they embrace. A family again.

VOICES (PRE-LAP)
Look! He's moving!

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - DUSK

DEBRIS tumbles aside as Godzilla suddenly EXHALES A MASSIVE BREATH. His chest heaves. He is awaking.

The crowd of onlookers staggers back. Gaping on in awe. As Godzilla slowly rises from the rubble. Standing tall.

Honda watches from below. In wonderment and awe. This perfect avatar of Nature, resilient after all.

ALL ACROSS THE CITY,

citizens make their way out onto half-caved rooftops and piles of smoldering debris. Holding hands. Watching. Some even rousing in a CHEER.

As Godzilla trudges towards the Bay. The ground rumbles with each EARTHSHAKING FOOTSTEP. *BOOM! BOOM. Boom...*

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - DUSK

The SAME FOOTAGE broadcasts live on TV NEWS. As DOCTORS and PATIENTS and FAMILIES gather close to watch.

Every eye in the hospital is rapt.

Except for Ford and Elle and Brody.

Theirs are shut too tightly. As they continue to embrace. Nothing outside that could possibly be more important.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DUSK

Godzilla's mountainous silhouette sinks back beneath the surf, swallowed by a brilliant orange sunset.

The churning waters settle back to stillness. It could be a photo, nothing moves. We are left where we began.

Nature is at peace.

BLACKNESS.
CREDITS.

THE END