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# It Came from Beneath the Sea

By George Worthing Yates

**NARRATOR:**

on a Navy drawing board,  
through the months of secret field  
experiments out on a western desert,  
then through  
the desperate search  
for new metals with properties she needed,  
she was designed to be man's  
greatest weapon of the seas,  
the atom-powered submarine.  
Her engines were to be a  
miracle of speed and power,  
her sides strong enough  
to withstand any blow,  
her armament and firepower  
of greater force  
than the worst enemy  
she might encounter.  
The mind of man had  
thought of everything,  
except that which was  
beyond his comprehension.

(HAWAIIAN MUSIC PLAYING)

All right, Griff,  
I'll take over.

Good morning, Captain.

Had breakfast?

Yep. Orange juice,  
bacon, eggs, coffee.

How we doing?

I can't get used  
to this thing.

Just like an automatic elevator.

Speed, 18. Steady on course.

Quite a bit of difference between this  
and the old-fashioned iron lung, huh?

Roomy? My gosh, this conning  
tower is just like a ballroom.

Take it easy, Griff.

It's still a submarine.

Aye, aye, sir.

How about the men?

They should complain.

All they do is eat and sleep,  
press a button when there's  
some work to be done.  
How about you, Captain? Satisfied?  
Down scope.

Why shouldn't I be satisfied?  
Three world records in the bag  
on our first shakedown cruise.  
Listen to that music.

All we need is some  
champagne and dancing girls.  
Shall I have the chief  
change the record, sir?  
Yeah, you'd better, before  
we start chasing mermaids.  
All right.

MacAninch, something a little  
more salty, if you please.

Salty, sir?

Yeah, let's get off  
this Hawaiian kick.

It's even demoralizing  
the captain.

Aye, aye, sir.

Eight.

Pair of fives.

Pair of tens.

(BIG BAND MUSIC PLAYING)

Whoa.

What's going on?

Yeah, what?

Que pasa? I dig that.

(SONAR BEEPING)

There's another beep from  
the sonar equipment, sir.

Target bearing, 1-8-0.

Range, 1-5-0-0.

There's nothing back there.

**GRIFF:**

Bearing?

It's dead astern, submerged  
about as deep as we are.

Looks like it could be

following us.  
Whales sometimes get playful  
out here in the Pacific.  
Scans bigger than a whale.

**PETE:**

**GRIFF:**

than a sub.  
It's closing in on us, Captain.  
You'd better take a look at this.  
Conning Tower to Control.  
Left 20 degrees rudder.  
New course, 3-0-0.

**OFFICER:**

New course, 3-0-0.  
The rudder is 20 degrees left, sir.  
What would you call that?  
Probably a short circuit in our sonar  
system showing up as an echo.  
Check it.  
I just did, Captain. It's working all right.  
Shall I check it again, sir?  
Never mind.  
It's really gaining on us, whatever it is.  
Getting closer, huh?  
As close as 500 yards.  
Conning Tower to Maneuvering.  
All ahead flank.  
All ahead flank, sir.  
Give those atoms a poke.  
Give me everything you've got.  
Aye, aye, sir.  
Are we losing it?  
No, sir. He just gained  
another 200 on us.  
Give me a sonar image. I want to  
see what this thing looks like.  
Griff, man battle stations.  
Man battle stations!  
(ALARM BLARING)

**OFFICER:**

Man battle stations!  
Man battle stations!  
Man battle stations!  
Go to Control and take the conn.  
I want a zigzag course and  
the usual escape pattern.  
Aye, aye, sir.  
Now let's see what you got here.  
What do you call that?  
It's no whale, sir, that's for sure.  
It's no ship, either.  
Let me check that wiring again.  
Keep me informed.  
Come left 3-5-0.  
Left 3-5-0.

**OFFICER:**

okay, Captain.  
Bearing, 1-2-0.  
Range, 5-0-0.  
Can't seem to lose it, Captain.  
Range, 4-0-0.  
What happens when it  
catches up with us?  
When you're in command of \$55  
million worth of submarine,  
you don't gamble.  
Range, 3-0-0.  
Stand by to take her deep.  
Aye, aye, sir.  
Range, 2-0-0.  
Take her deep.  
Full dive on the bow plane, please.  
Full dive on the bow plane, sir.  
10 degrees down bubble..  
10 degrees down bubble.  
All planes are at full  
dive, sir. Very well.  
Resume course.  
Steer 3-3-0.  
3-3-0, sir.

**OFFICER:**

to get a range now, sir.

Conning Tower to Maneuvering. All stop.  
We're getting a radiation warning  
signal. Where's it coming from?

**GRIFF:**

It must be. Recheck your reactor.  
Reactor shield okay. Engines  
okay. Nothing hot in here, sir.  
What happened to us?  
I don't know.  
All you men okay?  
Okay, but let's find out  
where that radiation is  
coming from before we all fry.  
It's coming from outside the ship. Look!  
I don't figure it.  
I can't either, sir.  
Haven't got time to try now.  
Our sonar system's out. Fix it.  
Maneuvering.  
Let's pull out of here!  
All ahead full!  
All ahead full, sir!  
But we're standing still!  
That's not  
the engine's fault, sir.  
Keep pouring it on.  
You okay, Griff?  
Okay here, sir.  
Surface!  
(ALARM BLARING)

**CREWMAN:**

Still no luck, Captain.  
We're fouled tight.  
Hand me that thing.  
I want two Aqua-Lung  
volunteers to blast the sluice.  
Get in your gear and stand by the  
escape hatch. Take a demolition charge.  
I'll take over.  
Aye, aye, Captain.  
(CRASHING)  
Anybody hurt?

Mac took an awful crack  
in the head here, Captain.  
Come on, Mac.  
How do you feel, Mac?  
All right. What's a  
fractured skull, anyway?  
(GEIGER COUNTER TICKING)  
Is that damn thing still going?  
Not afraid of a little  
radiation, are you, Mac?  
I've heard it makes you so  
you can't have children, sir.  
Mac was married just before  
we left port, Captain.  
Congratulations, Mac.  
Thanks, Captain. We're  
counting on a family, sir.  
We won't hang around down here  
any longer than we can help it.

**OFFICER:**

are ready now, sir.  
Hand me that thing.  
I'm gonna rig in the bow diving plane  
to see if that will free us.  
If it won't...  
Just cross your fingers.  
Rig in bow diving planes.  
Aye, aye, sir.  
That's doing it. Full  
rise on the stern planes.  
Full rise on the stern planes. Aye!  
We're loose, Captain!  
Speed's increasing.  
We're coming up, sir.  
Phew. That's a relief.  
Stand by to surface.  
Stand by to surface.  
Aye, sir.  
What's on your mind, Griff?  
Stern planes are fouled.  
Show signs of radioactivity.  
Tell those swimmers  
to stay clear?

I did, sir.  
What did you find down there?  
A chunk of stuff caught in  
the stern diving plane, sir.  
What kind of stuff?  
Rubber-like, Captain.  
What'd it look like?  
We didn't get too close  
because of what the exec  
said about the radioactivity.  
Looked more  
like a fish to me.  
It was more like a barrel.  
A barrel?  
Yes, sir.  
I believe it's stuck there  
till we get into dry dock.  
She's jammed solid, sir.  
All right, you men go below  
and get yourselves some coffee.  
Aye, aye, sir.  
Aye, sir.  
What's your guess, Griff?  
I was just gonna ask you, sir.  
Privately?  
Privately,  
I'm keeping my mouth shut  
and I'm advising you  
to do the same.  
The next time I cruise  
in these waters,  
I'm gonna have torpedoes  
onboard and warheads on them.  
How about officially?  
Officially?  
Shakedown cruise completed, X- ray.  
Struck submerged object, X- ray.  
Damage minor. Putting  
into Pearl for repairs.  
Have it coded and  
passed on to Operations.  
Aye, aye, sir.  
And just hope that  
that's the end of it.



**NARRATOR:**

only the beginning.

When Commander Mathews brought the atomic submarine into Pearl Harbor for repairs, the Defense Department found itself confronted with a problem beyond the scope of Navy manuals.

What was the nature of that nameless substance found caught in the damaged diving planes?

A substance so strange, so inexplicable and alarming that the best minds in the nation had to be called upon to solve the problem.

Behind the guarded door where the secret lay hidden, and for the first time in their lives, three people met. Couldn't be a mistake.

You think so, Professor?

It's tissue, all right.

Where'd it come from?

Some living creature.

You mean all that hunk came from one living creature?

That's right.

You mean that's not all one animal? There's more to it?

A great deal more.

Well, it would be dead now, wouldn't it?

I doubt it.

Must be pretty big.

Enormous.

Doctor, what kind of a sea beast would be that large?

What do you call it, so I can stop calling it "it"?

I have no idea.

Nor have I.

Well, how do we find out?

That will take time and research.

I'll wire the university right  
away to get a leave of absence.

The Navy will take care of that,  
Doctor. You can get started immediately.

How about you,  
Professor?

Working with Dr. Carter is  
every marine biologist's dream,  
but my school needs me.

You can get along  
without me, I'm sure.

Can we, Doctor?

No.

Forgive my ignorance, Doctor,  
but what makes her so unique?

Professor Joyce is  
head of Marine Biology

at the Southeastern  
Institute of Oceanography.

I would say she's probably the  
outstanding authority on marine biology,  
with the possible exception  
of Vanderhume himself.

Then we'll get him.

Before you start looking,

I may as well tell you  
Vanderhume is dead.

Oh.

Professor Joyce.

Yes?

I'll have to ask you  
to stick around.

Why, Commander?

Because the...

The Navy would appreciate it.

I'm sure the Navy's able  
to get along without me.

Well, now, Dr. Carter  
seems to think otherwise.

Dr. Carter's perfectly

able to speak for himself.  
I'm speaking for him.  
I'm expected at a board of  
regents meeting on Tuesday.  
It's about the appropriations  
for our coming academic year.  
Are those appropriations  
that important?  
To my school, very much so.  
You know, Professor Joyce, this thing  
that may be running loose in the Pacific,  
that could be important, too.  
I'm sure of it.  
Perhaps not in the way you think.  
I'm a scientist, Commander.  
I don't have to be reminded that your  
objectives are not necessarily my own.  
Our objectives have nothing to  
do with the situation, Miss Joyce.  
The Navy will see to it  
that you're not penalized  
for your absence from the institute.  
Arrangements will be made.  
Well, I feel like I'm being drafted.  
You are.

**NARRATOR:**

the world to know what was going on  
behind that closed door.  
Only a handful of men in high  
places heard reports of progress made  
(PHONE RINGS) and waited  
impatiently for the final conclusion.  
Mathews speaking.  
Oh, yes, Admiral.  
Hold on a minute, sir.  
They're still making tests, sir.  
There's nothing really  
conclusive to tell you.  
I'll call you the minute anything happens.  
Yes, sir. Good night, sir.

**NARRATOR:**

nights nothing was certain.

You people work hard.  
It's our job.  
I didn't realize  
how hard.  
What are you trying  
to do? Apologize?  
In a way.  
It's not necessary.  
I think it is.  
Let me explain something to you.  
A, I have been privileged to  
classify an unknown sea specimen.  
B, I have the honor of working with  
the great John Carter of Harvard,  
the inventor of analytical biology.  
And, C, my mind just isn't attuned to  
discuss things on your level, Commander.  
I don't think you're being  
entirely fair, Miss Joyce.  
Look, I have been working  
for almost two weeks now  
without a decent night's sleep.  
I'm tired!  
I read your book  
on marine biology  
and your plankton theory  
in tracing surface currents.  
Strictly in the line  
of duty, of course.  
I'm sorry, Commander.  
Well, I'll tell you, I'll forgive  
you if you call me Pete.  
All right, Pete, but you have  
to let me get back to my work.  
Why don't you take a break?  
I have a reason.  
The Navy always has a  
reason. That's right.  
All right, maybe you're right.  
Tell me,  
he's a pretty nice guy, isn't he?  
He's wonderful.  
You're pretty fond  
of him, aren't you?

Fond?

Why, he's magnificent.

He's a brilliant scientist.

His techniques are creative.

What are you driving at?

Oh, I just thought I'd clear the atmosphere.

Oh, you mean romance.

(CHUCKLES)

Now you tell me something, Commander.

Pete.

All right. Pete.

When you're driving that  
atomic submarine of yours,  
do you have much time for romance?

Well, even if I did admit

I had the time,

where would I find

the opportunity?

You know, women aren't  
allowed aboard a submarine.

Poor boy.

I thought the Navy was  
equipped for every emergency.

For the record, are you tied up?

I see what you mean.

That mean you're not?

A girl has to have some  
secrets, doesn't she?

Do you have the results  
of the iodide solution?

What?

What's the matter, Leslie?

Don't you feel well?

Well, I don't know.

I guess it's just lack of sleep.

You'd better get some rest.

No. No, I'll be all right.

Here are your results.

**NARRATOR:**

of the 13th day,

Dr. Leslie Joyce was taking  
the results of her last test.

John! John, I think you'd

better take a look at this.  
What's going on?  
There's no doubt about it now.  
No doubt about what?  
Thanks to Professor Joyce, we've  
discovered the nature of your monster.  
What a gal.  
John!  
Naval Intelligence.  
Admiral Burns, please.  
Well, Admiral, it's happened.  
Carter and Joyce  
have got news for you.  
Yes, sir.  
Very well, sir. I'll tell them.  
An assistant secretary of the  
Navy, Mr. Robert David Chase  
is coming out here,  
and Admiral Norman  
wants to be in on it, too.  
He's the commander-in-chief  
of the entire Pacific area.  
He'll see us the first  
thing in the morning.  
Here, gentlemen, is your villain.  
It'd take an enormous number of  
those to disable a Navy submarine.  
Or just one of enormous size, Mr. Chase.  
There's a squid on exhibit in the  
American Museum of Natural History  
just under 100 feet in length.  
It came from the waters  
off the coast of Maine.  
Our Navy has never encountered  
one of those marine monsters before.  
How do you account for that?  
They only live at the extreme  
depths of the sea, Admiral.  
They almost never come up  
unless they're disturbed.  
Disturbed?  
By what?  
Hydrogen bombs.  
H - bombs have been blamed for

every freak accident that's happened  
since, up to and including  
marine monsters being disturbed.  
Not disturbed,  
Mr. Chase, hungry.  
Six days ago, we gave this  
fellow here a radioactive meal.  
Not a fatal dose, however.  
Now, here is what he likes best,  
his regular diet of small fish.  
Now watch.  
Ordinarily, cephalopods are not  
timid about catching a good meal.  
This fellow seems to be  
having difficulty, however.  
Why? We checked our answer  
with Professor Imoto in Tokyo.  
He concurs.  
Certain species of fish  
seem to be gifted  
with their own natural Geiger counter.

**NORMAN:**

knows when it's coming and swims away?  
In that case, he'd starve  
to death very quickly.  
Unless he finds some  
other creature to live on.  
What creature, for instance?  
Some higher form of life.  
Animals, possibly.  
Or even man.  
Gentlemen, let's put together a  
hypothesis from what we know.  
In this area lie the Marshall Islands,  
where the H-bomb  
experiments took place.  
Wind and north  
equatorial current  
account for a drift of  
radioactivity in this direction,  
contaminating marine life  
on the way.  
Here lies the great Mindanao Deep,

a chasm in the floor of the ocean  
so vast it has never been explored.  
This is where our monster  
must have lived until recently,  
when he became radioactive  
and began to warn  
his natural prey  
out of the surrounding waters.  
He had to find other food or die.  
Forced to rise to the surface,  
he hunted along  
the Japanese current.  
There is evidence that he  
was swept in this direction.  
What evidence?  
Well, you may have read  
it yourself in the papers.  
About a month ago, part of the Japanese  
fishing fleet disappeared in these waters  
without a trace.  
Siberian seal fishing has been  
reported unaccountably bad.  
But the Japanese fishermen may  
have gone down in a typhoon.  
Who knows what's really  
happening in Siberia?  
There was an encounter here with  
Commander Mathews's submarine.  
Or are you going to  
question that as well?  
I have to question all of it.  
Perhaps Professor Joyce has  
another opinion to advance.  
No, I'm afraid not.  
We've had too little sleep  
in the last few days.  
If there's anything further you  
want to discuss, let me know.  
That won't be necessary. Thank you.  
You've given us enough  
to think of as it is.  
Before you go, do you mind giving us  
your reaction to our findings?  
That'll be taken under



advisement. Mr. Secretary.  
It's been very enlightening.  
Thank you for all you've done.  
Good night.  
Good night, sir.  
Well, that's letting us down easy.  
Oh, you're just tired.  
So what?  
So I'm tired.  
They didn't even believe us.  
Well, they have to be cautious.  
Of course.  
We understand.  
Does that mean that  
we're free to go now?  
Just as soon as your release  
comes through, just a few days.  
John, you can make the  
Science Congress. Mmm-hmm.  
If you play your cards right,  
I can meet you in Cairo.  
I was never very much  
good at playing cards.  
I'm awfully tired. I think  
I'll go to the hotel now.  
We can all go over together.  
All right.  
I'll just change.  
She's a wonderful girl.  
Sure is.  
And you are a lucky man.  
Lucky?  
Don't we make our own luck, Commander?  
Well, it isn't everyone  
that can vacation in Egypt.  
Vacation? Oh!  
No, Leslie and I have  
published contrary viewpoints  
on the sinking nature of  
the coast of the Red Sea.  
We're going to investigate  
via Aqua-Lung.  
The loser is going to  
publish a retraction.

Sounds ideal.  
Nothing like mixing  
pleasure with work, huh?  
Work?  
Oh, yes. That is your work, isn't it?  
Well, I'm ready.  
Fine.  
Well, good night.  
He's an interesting man.  
Isn't he?  
Stand by to abandon ship!  
40 minutes, 13 seconds west.  
I'm repeating our position.  
Forget the signal.  
Come on, men.  
Over the side! Come on!  
Move it!  
Come on, fellows. Get over!  
Get over there! Hurry!  
(HAWAIIAN MUSIC PLAYING)  
Nice of him to throw this  
going away party for us.  
Probably comes off of  
his expense account.  
You sound bitter.  
Well, if he's giving us a going  
away party, why isn't he here?  
He's probably at a meeting of some kind.  
What's the trouble, Leslie?  
Oh, I don't know.  
Just let down, nervous.  
As nervous as a bride  
left waiting at the altar.  
Don't be a fool.  
On the contrary.  
I've been a sober professor  
for so many years,  
I feel I'm entitled to one  
night of foolishness.  
May I have this dance, Doctor?  
Do you consider that  
part of your foolishness?  
Good evening.  
I have your transportation passes

and releases signed,  
sealed and delivered.  
You'll be leaving  
in the morning.  
Believe me, in the Navy  
that takes some doing.  
Thanks, Pete. You've been  
swell about everything.  
He's probably glad  
to get rid of us.  
I'm glad you didn't wait.  
I'll have the same.  
Oh, and if the waiter  
happens to wander by,  
would you order me a T-bone,  
rare, and some humble red wine?  
Mmm-hmm.  
Where are you going?  
We, my dear doctor,  
are going to dance.  
With your permission, sir.  
Live it up, children.  
But you haven't  
even asked me.  
That's the way we do it  
in the Navy.  
But I haven't even had my dinner.  
Would you order  
another T-bone, Doctor?  
I don't like T-bones  
and you're being a fool.  
Don't believe her, Pete. She  
says that to all the boys.  
You're both being fools.  
Just because you're men,  
you think that...  
Do you like lobster?  
Yes. Broiled with garlic  
butter and parsley?  
Yes.  
Got it?  
Got it.  
It's so balmy here.  
Is it always like this?

Yes.  
Don't you miss the rain?  
No.  
I like the winter  
and the snow.  
Snow is cold.  
I'm taking an awful chance.  
What do you mean?  
You're going to accuse me  
of being a man.  
Oh, my. I haven't eaten  
that well in years.  
I guess your appetite kind of  
depends upon your state of mind.  
Don't you think?  
Oh, I've been thinking  
about a lot of things.  
About your trip tomorrow,  
for instance.  
Isn't it wonderful?  
You mean you're still leaving?  
Of course she's leaving.  
Why shouldn't she?  
Well, I thought...  
I'm sorry.  
Hey, what's going on here?  
It was just something I said  
and Pete misunderstood.  
I am sorry, Pete.  
Do you mind if I make a mental  
comment upon the nature of women?  
Excuse me.  
Pete, please, I...  
Well, hello.  
What am I gonna do?  
Perhaps I could help you if you'd  
brief me on the background.  
He kissed me.  
Did you enjoy it?  
Yes.  
That seems like a normal reaction.  
He didn't even ask me.  
That's hardly relevant.  
But I don't know him, who he is.

What's he like?

Doesn't seem to have the  
same reservations about you.

In any case, my darling,  
tomorrow we'll be on a plane,  
and I'm quite convinced that,  
clinically speaking,  
no irreparable damage  
has been done.

Sir, you know Professor Joyce  
and Dr. Carter.

Of course I do.

Please be seated.

Thank you.

Admiral Norman's compliments.

And will you please come to his  
office first thing in the morning?

He asked me to apologize  
for rescinding your release.

Rescinding it?

A tramp steamer

Honolulu-bound from Vancouver  
has been lost at sea.

It's considered possible that  
there may be some connection  
between this incident  
and our problem.

We'll know more definitely  
if we find any survivors.

The area is being searched now.

Life raft. Men in it.

I'll set her down and bring them in.

Over and out.

Tell Admiral Norman the Polar  
Empress survivors are checking in.

You boys had a rough time,  
from what I hear.

Take a deep breath.

I have to check you over.

What happened?

It grabbed us, that's all.

What do you mean,

it grabbed you?

I mean something came up

out of the water  
and grabbed our ship  
and pulled it under.  
Just like that.  
Another breath, please.  
You kidding me?  
Why would I be kidding you?  
Something came up  
out of the water.  
Something like what,  
for instance?  
Something like...  
Well, like those.  
Only big.  
The biggest you ever saw.  
Ain't I right?  
They'll tell you.  
And then another one  
came up at us  
and grabbed the ship,  
and another one.  
And a whole lot of them,  
and they dragged it under.  
Just like I told you.  
I keep seeing those things  
coming up at us.  
Been drinking?  
What do you find to drink on  
a life raft outside of water?  
A blow on the head,  
anything like that?  
I'm all right!  
Don't you believe me about those?  
Of course I believe you about those.  
Why shouldn't I?  
Yost.  
I want you to go along  
with this fellow.  
He's just going to take you  
down the hall.  
There's a man there with a  
white smock just like mine.  
I want you to tell him  
all about those.

See that he gets to Doc.  
All right, you're next.  
How about you?  
Having any trouble  
with things like this?  
Who's this Doc character?  
He's one of the staff here.  
I ain't seen anything like that.  
You can tell Doc for us  
we ain't seen nothing.  
I know he's lying  
as well as you do,  
but I have to account  
to Washington.  
And am I justified in spending  
a half a million dollars  
searching the Pacific  
on the strength of these lies?  
(PHONE RINGING)  
Burns speaking.  
Thank you.  
It's the infirmary.  
Doc says the patient's as  
bad as any of these boys.  
He's recanted his original story  
and now he won't say  
anything else.  
Can he be released?  
I think it's my turn now.  
Tell them to let him go.  
But not till after I get there.  
Send in Hall, please.  
And don't come back unless  
I call you. Yes, ma'am.  
Hello.  
Got a match?  
Yeah, sure.  
Let me light it for you.  
Care for one yourself?  
Sure would.  
Maybe you can tell me  
where I can find Doc.  
Doc?  
Mmm-hmm.

He's through there,  
down the hall.  
What do you want him for?  
Oh, well, that's kind of personal.  
Besides, I don't think you'd  
believe me even if I told you.  
I'd believe anything you told me.  
Sit down.  
No, over here.  
Well, it's kind of funny,  
but I saw the strangest thing.  
All I can say is stay  
away from Doc. Why?  
He'll make out you're sick,  
sick in the head.  
That's ridiculous.  
Why should he do that?  
No kidding.  
That's what he thinks I am.  
Have you been seeing things?  
Me? Seeing things?  
Don't be silly.  
Well, sort of.  
Tell me what.  
I'm not telling nobody. You want me  
to get bounced back to Doc again?  
What sort of things did you see?  
I asked you first.  
Okay, but if you say I said  
this, I'll say I didn't.  
You won't believe this,  
but something happened  
to a ship I was on.  
She went down with all hands,  
except me and a few others.  
I saw it happen with my own two eyes.  
Know what did it?  
It was a giant octopus.  
Well?  
I guess it's up to you now, Admiral.  
Take whatever steps  
are necessary.

**NARRATOR:**



which followed,  
the North Pacific was closed  
to all shipping.  
The sea trade between three  
continents came to a standstill.  
There was hardly a nation in  
the world that failed to demand,  
through its government and press,  
the reason for such drastic steps.  
It was officially announced  
that the United States Navy  
was engaged in secret maneuvers,  
while in reality,  
the strangest search in  
history was taking place.  
Any news from the fleet?  
So far they've found nothing, sir.  
That's from the State Department, sir,  
and they want an immediate reply.  
Thank you.  
Let's say we do find your beast.  
What will you do to it then?  
That's the next point  
for us to consider.  
Torpedoes if we find your  
monster on the surface.  
Depth charges if it's below.  
And if you miss your first shot?  
We'll get it with the second.  
It may not wait for you.  
The Navy is not entirely incapable  
of speed, Professor Joyce.  
We'll chase it.  
I think you underestimate him, Admiral.  
The body of the largest  
cephalopod is like a giant sack  
which he can fill with sea  
water and empty suddenly  
when he's disturbed or alarmed.  
Let me show you, Admiral.  
Now watch.  
Even the best of your ships  
are comparatively old-fashioned  
compared to the cephalopod.

He's jet-propelled.  
We'll have to rip him to  
bits with the first shot.  
The State Department  
wants to know how soon  
we plan to raise our blockade.  
Australia, Canada and Peru  
are protesting to the U N,  
unless we do it at once.  
Why don't we come right out  
and tell them the whole story?  
Washington makes those  
decisions, not us.  
This stays top secret until  
the thing is definitely sighted  
and confined to a limited area.  
How much longer will that take?  
It should've happened by now.  
When you start a job like this  
again, where do you begin?  
With Naval Intelligence, I should think.  
If you mean me, I'm afraid I can't  
give you a very hopeful send-off.  
My department has sifted all the  
information made available to us  
during the last 10 days,  
and this is what it boils down to.  
One, three bathers missing  
from Australian beaches.  
Sharks, probably. Anything else?  
Unusually high waves breaking on Midway.  
Possible marine disturbance.  
That's worthwhile investigating.  
It is being, at this time.  
I'll have the reports within three hours.  
Marine weather station  
off the coast of Canada  
is out of radio contact with land.  
Anything more?  
Deep-sea fishermen along  
the northwestern US coast  
are complaining because  
of the poor fishing there.  
And that's all.

Any one of these may well  
be the clue we're seeking.  
Now I suggest that we  
take the one most likely,  
the weather ship  
out of touch with land.  
Can you fly me there?  
Admiral Burns will have a flight  
ready for you and accompany you.  
Thank you.  
Yes, sir.  
Good luck.  
May I take the next most likely,  
the unlucky fishermen  
in the Northwest?

**NORMAN:**

worth considering?  
I think so.  
I can be ready in 10 minutes  
if you'll have a plane for me.  
I'll see to it.  
Thank you.  
Sir, my exec is  
aboard the submarine.  
He's perfectly capable  
of relieving me.  
I can't spare you to go hunting  
needles in a haystack,  
particularly a haystack  
3,000 miles in expanse.  
You'll have to stand by, Mathews.  
That haystack may be a lot  
smaller than we thought, Mathews.  
Be on the flight deck in  
20 minutes. Yes, sir.  
Well, there she is.  
How'd the car get turned over?  
Well, the way we see it, they must  
have parked the car up the beach a bit.  
There where it's steep.  
Yeah.  
Brakes worked loose,  
rolled down, hit this soft sand,

over she went.  
The ignition's still turned on.  
Hey, don't that beat it all?  
Nobody ever noticed that.  
Any reports since then of  
whales or sea serpents?  
Sea...  
You mean she wasn't kidding?  
She wasn't kidding.

**LESLIE:**

What would you say made  
those marks, Officer?  
Why, the beach was covered with  
those marks a couple days ago.  
Commander Mathews to  
Sheriff's Station. Over.  
Sheriff's Station.  
Go ahead, Commander. Over.  
Relay this message to  
the 12th Naval District.  
Have them notify  
Dr. John Carter.  
You got that? Carter, that  
he's wanted here at once.  
This has top priority.  
Over and out.  
Where are they?  
Oh, fishing.  
Seems they can't get  
enough fishing, them two.  
How's their luck?  
Not good at all.  
Say, you mean to tell me the Navy sent  
you down here in one of those jets  
just so you could go fishing?  
That's about it.  
Hadn't you better  
tell them I'm here?  
Yeah. Yeah, sure.  
Oh, by the way, where's that  
imprint you were telling me about?  
Down there behind those rocks.  
Thanks.

Yeah, sure.

No, Pete.

**JOHN:**

It's John.

I'd better get my robe.

Hello, Leslie.

Hello, John.

Hi, John.

Howdy, ma'am.

Any sign of that whale?

Still kidding, huh, Commander?

This is no kidding.

Yeah, I know. Flying saucers?

No, Bill. Something that came from  
the sea. And please be careful.

Look, Dr. Joyce, don't give me  
that sea serpent business, huh?

Look, you just be careful  
and keep a sharp lookout.

You understand?

Yeah.

(CHUCKLING) Sea serpent.

Saves a lot of argument.

Well, Doctor?

As Leslie probably told you,  
it's the imprint of a giant  
octopoda bidranchiata.

Did you get photographs?

Yes. I sent them to Admiral Norman.

I hope he can believe his eyes.

Something must have  
convinced him

because he's setting up headquarters  
in San Francisco right now.

Deputy tells me that fishing  
is rather poor in these parts.

Haven't had a single bite  
in the last 12 hours.

Every sign is positive.

It definitely has been here and  
it probably hasn't gone away.

Maybe you can help me convince her  
that she ought to beat it and

let the Navy take over this job.  
Beat it? What does she say?  
What's the difference  
what she says?  
Look, Pete, you don't see many  
women in the seagoing Navy.  
Are you kidding?  
Oh, shore-side women, sure.  
But there's a whole new breed  
who feel they're just as smart  
and just as courageous as men.  
And they are.  
They don't like to be overprotected,  
they don't like to have their  
initiative taken away from them.  
A, you'd want me to miss the  
opportunity to see this specimen,  
one that may never come again.  
B, you'd be making up  
my mind for me.  
And C, I not only don't  
like being pushed around,  
but you underestimate my  
ability to help in a crisis.  
My sympathies are  
entirely on her side.  
Didn't take me very long to  
lose that argument, did it?  
(SCREAMING)  
Help! Help! Help! It's coming!  
(SCREAMS)

**NARRATOR:**

incident on the Oregon coast  
reached throughout the world.  
By order of the Defense Department,  
shipping took refuge in the harbors  
and all beach areas were closed.  
The coastal waters of  
the Pacific were mined.  
From Panama to the Arctic Circle,  
the western coast of America made ready.  
I've been asked what the Navy  
is doing in this emergency.

Inasmuch as operational headquarters have been set up here in San Francisco, we will use this area as an example.

Offshore minefields, together with radar and sonar warning devices set up on Golden Gate Bridge should be more than adequate to keep the monster out of the Bay Area.

A submarine net has been hung from Golden Gate Bridge itself, completely blocking the only entrance from the sea.

Now, this is primarily a warning device, but it's also capable of taking a charge of thousands of volts of electricity, which we've been advised, will repel any form of marine life, if it doesn't kill it.

Now, is there anything I haven't touched on?

You say that the monster could attack us in coastal waters, and that it's dangerous to human life.

What's being done to attack it?

Professor Joyce will tell you.

Our first problem, of course, is to locate the monster again.

We're trying to do that now.

Operations to John Carter.

Have you seen anything yet?

Over.

Nothing. It's slow out here. Over.

Professor Carter, this is Lieutenant Adams.

Where are you? Over.

Patrolling coastal waters. Over.

What if you don't find anything? Over.

We'll find something.

We've baited the surface out here with dead shark.

The beast is bound

to come up to eat.  
We've got several hundred  
planes watching for it in relay.  
We'll find it, all right. Over.

**ADAMS:**

happens? Bomb it from the air? Over.  
No, we've decided not to.  
We have good reason to believe  
that its destruction must be  
complete and instantaneous.  
We risk complete failure with a  
near miss or if we merely wound it.  
The monster has only one  
vulnerable spot, one fatal target,  
its brain.  
We're going to try to take  
advantage of that in a certain way.  
Will you put Professor Joyce back on? Over.  
Go ahead, John Carter. Over.  
Leslie, take the newsmen down  
to the San Francisco Navy Yard  
and show them the weapon.  
That's all for now. Stand by,  
Operations. Over and out.  
Looks like any other torpedo,  
doesn't it? But it's not.  
You see, this has no propeller.  
It's jet-propelled.  
The Navy doesn't quite know  
what to make of it.  
Perhaps you'll explain to the  
boys where you got the idea.  
I spent all day yesterday  
at the Seamen's Institute  
talking to retired whaling men.  
This is the result.  
A warhead patterned after a  
harpoon is encased in the nose.  
Instead of exploding on contact,  
it's designed to penetrate  
and remain fixed in the monster's flesh.  
By means of spreading barbs.  
And what's going to



destroy the thing?

The explosive is sufficient to do that.

The difference is that, in this case,

we set it off electronically

once we're certain

it's dead on its target.

Attention on deck!

Another thing, Captain. The men want

to know if they can go on liberty.

I know how bright Market

Street looks from here,

but we're standing by for orders.

Aye, aye, sir.

Nobody leaves the yard.

Carry on!

**OFFICER:**

I see they picked an atom sub  
to go out and fight this thing.

Why is that, Commander?

Could be because of the new  
electronic equipment or her speed.

Was she ordered back here  
from Hawaii just for that?

That's right.

You think it's as bad  
as that, do you?

I think we're lucky she's here.

Very lucky.

We have records of a monster like this one  
that appeared in the 13th century.

It ravaged the coastal towns  
of Denmark and Holland.

Of course, they didn't have  
our modern weapons.

It was in those waters  
for over 30 years.

Here's another piece of evidence.

A monster was disturbed by volcanic  
eruptions on the floor of the ocean.

It happened in the same year  
as the Vesuvius disasters.

Gentlemen, I think that's  
all we have to tell you.

We're certainly obliged.  
Thank you, Commander.  
Thank you.  
We gave you a break,  
now you give us one.  
It all depends on you how  
the public takes this news.  
We want them to have all the facts,  
but we don't want a  
panic on our hands.  
Any last questions?  
Just one.  
Where did you say  
the monster came from?  
From the Mindanao Deep in the Pacific.  
Are there any more  
from down there?  
Probably.  
How many?  
I don't know.  
What do we do about them?  
I don't know that, either.  
If you don't, then who does?  
Thank you. I was just  
wondering, that's all.

**NARRATOR:**

alerted the entire San Francisco area.  
They were waiting and  
watching for some sign  
of the approach of the monster.  
Electric minefield. Contact.  
Operations wants a check. Radar.  
Sonar.  
Radar. Sonar.  
Both still blank.  
Let's get a cup of coffee. Come on.  
(SONAR BEEPING) MAN: Stand  
by. Sonar signal coming in.  
Stand by. Sonar signal coming in.  
Unknown object coming this way.  
Wait. Range, 6-0-0-0.  
Range, 6-0-0-0. Moving fast.  
Moving fast.

New position.  
Entering minefield.  
Number 40, south.  
Range, dead on.  
Fire!

**OFFICER:**

Fire!  
Stand by number 38 mine.  
Fire!  
No luck. Approaching 32, south sector.  
Approaching 32, south sector.  
Fire!  
Fire!  
Ready number 31 mine!  
Fire!  
Fire!  
Ready number 12, south.  
Fire!  
Number 12, south! Fire!  
Ready number six. Fire!  
It's coming on through.  
That's the end of our first  
line of defense, Miss Joyce.  
Then the red alert.  
Right.  
Red alert for Operation Sea Beast.  
Get traffic off the Golden Gate Bridge.  
Red alert for Operation Sea Beast.  
Get traffic off the Golden Gate Bridge.  
Golden Gate Bridge.  
This is Billings, and there's contact.  
Contact with our net.  
Give me instructions.  
Over to you, Operations.  
All right, Billings. Let's see  
what the high voltage can do.  
Close your switch.  
Get John Carter for me, please.  
It's not going to be me, after all, sir.  
I might as well be at the bridge.  
Go ahead.  
Wait a minute.  
I'm going to go with you.

Hello, John.

It struck.

**JOHN:**

Golden Gate Bridge.

I thought we had this thing figured out. What happened?

I can't tell yet.

Instead of being driven off, it attacked.

Maybe it wants to fight.

(SIREN WAILING)

**OFFICER:**

personnel on the Golden Gate Bridge.

You can do nothing more where you are.

You're to abandon your posts at once and not sacrifice your lives needlessly.

These are Captain Stacy's orders.

Aye, aye, sir!

(SIREN WAILING)

What's going on out there?

I don't know.

I threw the voltage into her, and up she came.

When you threw the switch.

Is it still on? Yes, sir.

Where do you think you're going? Out on the bridge.

What for? To pull the switch.

It's causing the beast...

Oh, no, you're not.

Do you wanna get killed?

Besides, everyone has to be cleared by Captain Stacy, Carter or Joyce.

All right, clear me. I'm Carter.

Okay.

Okay, Chief.

John.

Hold onto her!

John, this way!

And a good, good evening,

friends. This is Sam Hayes.  
I've got news for you.  
As you probably know by now,  
our city has suffered disaster.  
As a result, a marine monster  
is at large in this vicinity,  
perhaps even inside the Bay Area.  
The federal authorities are doing  
everything possible to locate it,  
and together with the city government  
are taking every step  
proper and possible  
to end this danger.  
You are advised by the officials in charge  
to remain in your homes.  
This beast is dangerously radioactive.  
Do not cause confusion.  
Go about your ordinary pursuits.  
Police officers will advise you if  
you must move to another place.  
It will take some time  
before the congestion  
on the roads south along  
the peninsula can be cleared.  
Do not take these roads.  
The Oakland Bay Bridge also is  
blocked, according to reports coming in.  
The ferry boats are not running,  
so stay away from the Ferry Building.  
I repeat, the ferry boats  
are not running.  
(CLAMORING)  
This would put it approximately here.  
Have they cleared that area yet?  
Not yet.  
They must.  
They have a tentative position for it  
in the bay near the Ferry Building.  
This confirms it.  
We want total and immediate evacuation  
of the Embarcadero  
and Ferry Building area  
by order of the commandant, 12th  
Naval District. Go to work on it.

(SIRENS WAILING)

Get those cars out of the foot of  
Market Street. Everybody back.

Go west on Market Street.

This area is in danger.

Everybody leave.

This area is in danger.

Everybody leave.

(ALL SHOUTING)

Look out!

My submarine is ready  
at Hunters Point, sir.

As you know, Admiral, I haven't the  
authority to order a submarine captain.

Go ahead. You're commissioned to  
take any steps that seem proper.

Aye, aye, sir.

You coming, John?

Absolutely.

We'll get in touch with you  
as soon as we get aboard.

Alert the Alameda area.

Station to

the maneuver at once.

On the double, Griff.

**GRIFF:**

in three. Take in the brow.

(SCREAMING)

I believe it's actually lifting  
itself out of the water, Pete.

What do we do about that?

Pete, get me Leslie.

Com 12, this is Sea Beast. Over.

This is Com 12. Over.

Hello, Leslie, I would like to find something  
that would drive it back underwater.

How about heat? Over.

**LESLIE:**

Hold it.

Ask Captain Stacy to contact  
the Army for flamethrowers. Over.

He's doing it.

Tubes forward. Stand by.

**GRIFF:**

How can you torpedo it from here  
with all those ships in the way?  
This is a submarine, John. If it can go  
underwater, it can go under ships, too.  
This is a deep channel. Better run  
below if you don't want to get wet.  
We'll dive.

Try to get in close enough  
for a clear shot.

When the sonar picks up the  
beast, let me know immediately.

(ALARM BLARING)

(SCREAMING)

What do you see?

This should do it, sir.

We're clear to shipping now.

Range?

8-0-0.

All back full.

All back full!

**OFFICER:**

Stand by, forward torpedo room.

All stop.

All stop!

All stop, sir.

We're in too close for my  
taste, but it can't be helped.

We'll just have to fire  
our torpedo, run for it,  
and explode it after we're out of range.

We'll let those flamethrowers  
have a whack at it first.

We need a better target.

(SCREAMING)

(SIREN WAILING)

(ROARING IN PAIN)

That's it.

Number one torpedo, fire!

Fire!

**OFFICER:**

We're caught fast, sir.  
This is where we came in.  
What do we  
do now, sir?  
We stay and explode our torpedo  
and get blown apart ourselves  
or we think faster than  
we've ever thought before.  
I want a man to stand by  
the escape hatch.  
Break out an Aqua-Lung and some of  
that plastic explosive we were issued.

**GRIFF:**

you're calling for volunteers, sir.  
This is a personal matter, Griff. I'm  
reserving that pleasure for myself.  
Maneuvering, are we  
still backing full?

**OFFICER:**

all she's got, sir.  
Very well.  
As second in command,  
it's my turn to try.  
No, it's mine.  
You don't know where the monster's  
vulnerable. It happens I do.  
I'm sorry...  
You want to argue about it,  
or you want to get free right away?  
And don't waste time.  
I'll need some explosive and  
a harpoon gun if you got one.  
Hanson, diving suit and  
harpoon gun, on the double.  
Aye, aye, sir.  
Fuse. Timer to set  
for as long as you need.  
That's all there is to it.  
Mmm-hmm.  
Thank you very much.  
Whatever he did, he knew his stuff.



It worked.

When the range opens up,  
set off the torpedo.

**OFFICER:**

there, sir, and that other fellow, too.

I know it.

I'm obeying the captain's last orders.

You'll do as much for mine.

**OFFICER:**

Fire!

No trace of them.

Yes, there is!

There they are. Get them in sight.

Aye.

Left full rudder.

Starboard ahead two-thirds.

The Army and the Navy and our  
gallant police and fire departments,  
these have all received the honors  
they deserve from a grateful city.

But there are three others

who served San Francisco

who also must not be forgotten.

And, therefore, a memorial plaque today  
has been presented

to those unsung heroes,

the Civilian Defense volunteers,

the crossing guards,

and street railway employees of this city.

Well, I guess that's it.

The sub's been ordered on patrol.

We'll be on sea duty

for a few months.

I'll be seeing you, John.

Soon, I hope.

Will I be seeing you, Leslie?

You mean when I

get back from Cairo?

I mean women can change,

move away, get married,

have families.

Well, there is that possibility,

but, A, there isn't time  
for that to happen to me.

B, I can be reached at the school.

And, C, how would you like to  
collaborate with me on a book?

How To Catch a Sea Beast.

Say, Doctor, you know you were  
right about this new breed of women.

**BJ:**