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King Kong

By James Ashmore Creelman

SURABAYA:

INDONESIA:

-OK Boan, how much you got here?

-About 1,800.

-What's going on?

-There's Bagley.

Mr. Bagley! Something haywire.

We haven't loaded enough pipe.

-Less than 2,000 feet.

-That'll be enough.

On Huangatan, it didn't come
until we were past 26,000 feet.

This hole proves out within 2,000,
or it's a write-off.

How are you this evening?

All right.

The barometer is still falling.

It's a lousy forecast all right.

We should stay here
another 48 hours.

Every hour we delay gives others
a chance of beating us to the island.

-I thought only we knew...

-We'll sail right away.

You'll be sorry.

All right, Mr. Carnahan,
ready to let go.

-Stand by fore and aft.

-OK, haul the gangway ashore!

Let it go.

-Roy.

-Fred.

Well, here's to the big one.

MAIN TITLE:

Mayday, mayday.

Mayday.

I'm reminded of Amsterdam.

Ever eat a raw herring with a beer
chaser and a scoop of ice cream?

-Captain here.

-I picked up a mayday call.

-It faded before I could get a fix.

-Keep listening.

Let me know if you get anything.

Like you said:

"The hell with the weather."

We can get out of this

by backtracking around Timor.

-It'll only cost us a few days.

-Keep on course, I'm fine.

I gotta admit, for a New York
desk guy, you got a lot of guts.

I sold this one to the board.

If that island doesn't produce huge,
I'll be wiping windshields.

Men.

Carnahan.

I'd have told you earlier,
but I couldn't risk any talk.

Men, we may be sailing into
the history books. Hit the lights.

I believe we're headed for
the biggest oil strike ever.

-Here in the magic circle.

-It's magic all right.

Are we supposed to find oil
under 2,000 fathoms of sea?

Just sea is what the charts say.

Now let's take a look a low angle.

This was taken in 1943.

This wake was left by the ship
that took the photograph.

No sign of land. Here's a fog bank
you wouldn't look at twice.

Let's look at another picture.

This is taken from precisely
the same angle.

Same area, same fog bank.

This was taken two weeks ago.

A bank of fog that doesn't change
a wisp in 35 years. Fantastic.

Still nothing to explore,
except for one reason.

A spy satellite photographed it

by mistake.

I got hold of the classified pictures
via a donation to someone.

No names, but he lives
on Pennsylvania Ave.

OK, fellas.

Roy Bagley, would you take over
and let science make the point?
The satellite was to analyse
exhaust gases from a missile test.

So it was loaded with
two special kinds of film.

No, first the infrared.

The different colors represent
different surface temperatures.

-You mean there's land there?

-Correct, Joe.

An island,
hidden by a perpetual fog bank.

Never seen by human eye
nor walked by human foot.

The infrared patterns aren't like
any I've ever seen.

More surprising, though, is
what the spectrograph picked up.

Chemical composition
of our mysterious fog bank.

Free hydrocarbon radicals,
excess nitrogen, carbon dioxide.

And, not poisonous
but very damn curious...

This has to be caused by vapors
seeping up through the ground.

-Vapors from petroleum deposits.

-Yes!

That island is the tip of a huge
underground tank just waiting for us.

-I'm betting everything I've got.

-I'll take 50 cents of that.

The excess CO₂ might also be
accounted for by animal respiration.

-Turn the lights on.

-Animal breathing.

Are you crazy?

And I'm not so sure human feet
have never walked the island before.
In 1605, Fernando De Queres
was blown south from Tenotang.
He wrote of the piercing the
white veil. That's the cloud bank.
And landing on the beach of the skull,
where he heard the roar -
-of the greatest beast...
The rest of that log entry
was suppressed by Rome.
In 1749, a water-logged lifeboat
was found in the same area.
It was empty,
but drawn in blood on the port -
-was a likeness of a huge,
slouchy humanoid thing.
And this strange warning:
"From thy wedding with the creature
who touches heaven, lady, -
-God preserve thee."
I also heard of a note in a bottle
from a dying Japanese in 1944...
What the hell are you talking about?
Who is this joker?
-Beats me.
-He's wearing a crew jersey.
I'll pay any fair amount
for my... passage.
-You're a stowaway?
-Jack Prescott. From Princeton.
-Dept. Of Primate Paleontology.
-You lying hippie!
You're from another oil company!
The meeting's over.
He's got one of our T-shirts.
This doesn't mean a thing. Gulf
or Exxon can fix a fake passport.
-Who the hell are you?
-I am Jack Prescott...
My interest in your island
has got nothing to do with oil.
You're not even a good liar. You
couldn't find out where we're going.

-You bought charts!
-Come on. Who'd you pay off?
They hadn't sold charts for this area
in years. A friend tipped me.
I did pick up
some charts in Surabaya.
Take this spy below till he's hungry
enough to stop spouting ape shit.
Let's go. Come on.
-There's something out there.
-Oh, come on!
-Honest to God, look!
-Quit horsing around.
Come back here!
There's something out there!
About 2 o'clock. Use your glasses.
Son of a bitch, it's a raft!
All stop.
She's alive!
Gently.
I've had first-aid training, Captain.
Will you all clear out of here?
-You have to undress her, huh?
-It's usual.
In case of internal injury
or shock syndrome.
-Get outta here!
-Clear out.
Eye Magnate. Beverly Hills.
There's no sign of
injuries anywhere.
C-Y-N-A-R-A. Sounds like a yacht.
-Careless yachtsman, to lose this.
-Remember that mayday call?
You can stop sweating. Navy
record's clean, it all checks out.
Fingerprints.
The guy's kosher.
I know just how to use him, too.
The girl's about to come to. She
could be hysterical, so follow me.
-Can I get a cheeseburger here?
-You went to medical school, right?
What have you got, crystal balls?

There's nothing I haven't checked.
I know the day and hour
you completed your toilet training.
Now we gotta figure a way for you
to work off your room and board.
-You're pretty good with a camera.
-I've snapped a few monkeys.
Congratulations.
You're now our official photographer.
Hello. Everything's fine.
You're safe and well
on an American merchant vessel.
Where's Harry and everyone?
-You mean they're gone?
-Do you remember anything?
No. No.
Yeah...
I was on deck and then...
-Then I was swimming to a star.
-To a light.
Let her call it a star.
The life-raft was blown over board
near you. It had an automatic flare.
I'm Fred Wilson, I'm in charge.
The yacht didn't get very far
after the SOS.
The radio reported that someone
found a piece of charred hull.
We're sorry, ma'am.
So am I.
Harry had discovered me.
He was going to put me in a movie
he was making in Hong Kong.
Dumb luck.
But I guess I really can't complain.
When you're alone adrift
in the Pacific and somebody just...
-Who spotted me, by the way?
-That young fellow.
How can I ever thank you?
I'm Dwan.
D-W-A-N. That's my name.
Like Dawn, -
-except that I switched two letters

to make it more memorable.

-I'm a mere Jack.

-You must be kidding.

How could anybody

who saved my life be mere to me?

You need some rest.

I haven't had a good one of those
in years.

-Are we headed back to Singapore?

-Not directly, ma'am.

I guess it doesn't matter.

I'm in no rush.

Harry probably wouldn't have
put me in that movie anyhow.

Oh, my God!

What a meaningful miracle!

-I owe my life to a movie.

-Is that so?

I swear to God.

Harry was showing

this film that I refused to watch.

That's why I was up on deck
when the yacht exploded.

Did you ever meet anyone whose
life was saved by "Deep Throat"?

Come on, men, let her rest.

Maybe my luck has changed.

You know something?

I always wondered how Cortes felt
when he first saw the Inca treasure.

It was Pizarro,
and he died busted.

Here we go...

Solid land all right.

This is its profile east to west.

Typical Pacific formation...

This would be the slope at the beach,
the mountainous sector at the west.

Let's get in closer.

-What was that?

-Just a glitch.

-False echo off a flock of birds.

-Spot anything unusual?

-Not a thing.

-Look at the screen, Fred.
All those going ashore,
report to the companionway.
Hi there.
How do you like this for beach wear?
Fantastic. I'm afraid
you can't come ashore, though.
Wait a minute.
You said I could come
on the first boat.
You should wait
till the recon is gone.
You want full coverage
of this landing, don't you?
I must be in it. The all-American
girl saved from a yacht -
-by "Deep Throat".
-Don't print those, I'm married.
-Guaranteed to be on People Magazine.
-Print just one.
-Really, Mr. Wilson...
I need a break,
and you owe it to me.
Because I am a holder of
a Petrox credit card. I really am!
Ask your computer.
I may be late on my payments, but
you take 18%% % interest plus charges.
Dwan, you come ashore with us.
Captain, she'll come ashore.
Good luck. As soon as you get
through, get on the horn.
Hey, Jack? Maybe it's him.
Fred Wilson.
I had my horoscope done
before I flew to Hong Kong.
-It said that I was...
-Here you go.
It said that I was going to cross
over water -
-and meet the biggest person
in my life.
That's interesting. The current is
-What does that mean?

-The fog might lift at the edge.
Crossing 20 fathoms.
Shallowing rapidly.
Standing up ahead.
I think I hear breakers.
Shore boat to Explorer.
There's a curtain around the island.
We just broke through.
There's a beach dead ahead.

In two words:

Let me get down! I haven't
touched the ground in weeks.
That's good.
Jack! I'm coming ashore.
Wait, hold it. All right.
Beautiful.
Let's start getting a line on this
island. Bring the mosquito spray!
We won't have to start wondering
which way to go.
You want to start setting
seismic charges this morning?
-Yes. Got to knock the structure.
-All right, move out!
There's a waterfall ahead!
Last one to get in
is a rotten egg.
Don't go running off anymore.
We'll wait here for them.
Just stick close by me, OK?
Holy Mother!
That looks as old as the pyramids.
Could be. But the pyramids
weren't repaired six months ago.
There's earth on those timbers. It has
to be replaced after each monsoon.
Are you telling me
there's people here?
What's more, I'll characterize them.
Scared people.
-Scared of what?
-I don't exactly what it is.
But apparently, they thought

they needed a wall to keep it out.
Let me straighten you out
on a couple of points.

One:

Two:

And three:

German beer hall in there.
Let's go.
Fred? Look down there.
Take your binoculars.
-What?
-Down there, that pool.
-Do you think it could be?
-The surface seems viscous.
It sure as hell could be oil.
Sweet Jesus! Rockefeller!
-Maybe it's a wedding.
-A good guess.
It's scheduled for the night
when the moon's full.
Where's the groom?
See the one
in the ape mask?
You might say
that's the groom's stand-in.
The groom is
on the other side of the wall.
You mean it's bad luck if they
see each other before the wedding?
Ghastly luck
for the whole congregation.
Oh, Christ!
You want to talk for us?
I'll try.
Shoot in the air only.
What's he bitching about?
He's probably telling us we've
contaminated their magic.
No.
Remember, in the air.
What is it?

He wants to make a deal.
Six of them for Dwan.
Tell them that I like him, too,
but not that way.
In the air!
-You'll have trouble with the chief.
-I will buy the chief.
What have we got
that wogs go for?
Radios, pots and pans,
all sorts ofjunk.
This is no longer the 19th century.
You can't just grab their island.
I'll check that with the UN.
In the meantime -
-we scare them into the boondocks
with a July 4th number.
Are your men ready
to set the charges?
Kong! Kong!
You heard him chant.
He exists. You saw the wall.
Who do you think they were planning
to give the girl to?
It's some nutty religion.
A priest dresses up and gets laid.
We'll humor Jack.
Take plenty of TNT.
Any sign of a monkey bigger
than four feet, send it bang-bang.
-You wouldn't.
-Bet me.
Even you wouldn't be asshole enough
to wipe out a unique new species.
The kids would burn every
Petrox gas station in the country.
-He could be right.
-Kong, Kong, Kong...
-What are you doing?
-I'm going to steal a boat.
-Seriously?
-As soon as I've swiped supplies.
-I'm going on a camera hunt.
-That sounds dangerous.

It's a chance of a lifetime. You either grab it or you're dead meat. You shouldn't go ashore tonight. It's not a good night for Aries. How did you know I was an Aries? By the shape of your ears. All right, I asked Fred Wilson. He knows everything about you. -I really wish you wouldn't go. -Is it better to watch an old movie? There's nothing else to do. Use your imagination. is a mile. We could jog. I guess my camera hunt can wait a couple of hours. Excuse me, I'll just finish stealing in the galley. You'll disappoint me if you're here when I get back. -What do you mean? -I hope you'll wait in your cabin. Here you are, son. Get it out right away. All right. I said that pool might be oil. We can't be sure... Think positive. Guys who think negative don't get far at Petrox. "Has to be the biggest ever. No problems at all." -Well, you're the boss. -Don't worry about it, Roy. Help! Help me! No! We're too late. Set off the show. -Help him with that bolt. -Cover the gate. Get on the other side! Pull! Open that gate! The lights will hold him back! Don't shoot.

-He's taken her.
-No one's taken her.
Who do you think went through
there, some guy in an ape suit?
-You all right?
-I just fell in a Goddamn hole.
No, you didn't.
You're not in a hole.
That's a footprint.
Carnahan here. We've gone over two
miles. There's still no sign of her.
-It's better than finding remains.
-Unless he's gobbled her down.
Give me that thing.
Mostjungle apes eat only fruit.
Mostjungle apes don't have
a size-90 foot.
The men have had it.
I'm going to pitch camp.
Are you a bunch of old ladies?
Come on.
Keep moving.
Carnahan's right.
It makes more sense to stop.
All right, Carnahan.
You know the drill.
We'll plant seismic charges
for mapping and fire rockets...
-Right, right!
-Will somebody be on the radar?
Any large, furry blimp seen moving
in your direction, you'll know.
That footprint measured 6.4 feet.
If that were for real.
How high would that make him?
Multiplied by about eight, I guess.
He'd make a hell of a commercial.
"The battles we at Petrox fight
to fill your tank."
If he's not going to eat her,
why did he take her?
Apes are very territorial.
He'll probably take her to his turf.
What for?

Joe said you said that the ape
was going to marry her.
-Is that some kind of joke or...
-I don't know, Carnahan!
I'm as ignorant as you. Quit asking
me so many dumb questions.
I can't stand heights.
Honest I can't. When I was ten I got
sick in the Empire State Building.
Put me down!
You put me down!
You put me down!
Put me down.
Please put me down.
You Goddamn chauvinist pig ape!
What are you waiting for?
You wanna eat me?
Then go ahead! Do it!
Go ahead and eat me!
Go ahead! Choke on me!
I didn't mean that.
Sometimes I get too physical.
It's a sign of insecurity,
like when you knock down trees.
Such a nice ape.
Such a nice, sweet monkey.
We're going to be great friends.
I'm a Libra, what sign are you?
No, don't tell me.
I'll bet you're an Aries.
Of course you are.
I think that's just wonderful.
Help me!
Help me!
Radar had him on the screen.
He moved in a random manner.
-Not in our direction?
-Affirmative. Random. Like a circle.
Maybe he's lost her. She got away
and he's searching for her.
Carnahan! Wait a minute!
-Have you set seismic charges?
-The men are doing it now.
-Don't move until it's finished.

-He's nuts.
The girl might be running for her life
from a gigantic turned-on ape.
I know how you feel.
But there's an energy crisis.
We must all rise above
our self-interests.
-You hypocritical bastard...
-Save your wind, he's signed off.
Let's get going.
I ain't busting my ass for no whites.
OK. Who gives a shit that
the ape's headed in our direction?
-There's Roy.
-Well, Fred...
I finished testing the samples
from that pool.
-It'll be real great oil!
-Son of a bitch!
Fred Wilson is crazy, is he?
Wait till those candy-asses
in New York hear about this.
-I'll grind them...
-Like I said, it will be great oil.
As soon as Mother Nature
finishes cooking it a little longer.
How much longer?
Hardly a tick of clock, in geological
terms. Say 10,000 years.
Till then you'd get better mileage
filling your Cadillac with mule piss.
Oh, my God!
I hate to kick a fella when he's dead,
but I told you.
You shouldn't have told New York
you were bringing in the big one.
The big one. Jesus!
Who says I ain't gonna?
Wilson to Explorer.
Get me a channel to Surabaya,
I want an engineer drop.
OK, Jack, you go first.
-Come on, it's solid as a rock.
-OK, let's go.

-Stop firing!
-Jack!
Boan! Try to make it back.
I'm going on.
All hands, stand by for recovery.
-Over and out.
-Recharge the batteries.
-Air drop done, right on target.
-Perfect. Haul your asses.
Get that equipment working.
-You think I'm crazy?
-You said it.
If I had found oil, Gulf, Shell, Exxon
would be crawling all over here.
Not this one, pal.
Kong is all me and Petrox.
A Fred S. Wilson exclusive.
Move your ass, Shorty.
You think it'll ring the bell?
Promise oil, bring back a monkey?
Look at Exxon's
"We'll Put a Tiger in Your Tank".
Beach green to Carnahan.
Report back immediately.
Do nothing to endanger Kong.
Acknowledge.
Carnahan, do you read me?
Do you read me?
Give us a hand over here.
Wilson!
Still no contact with Carnahan.
-The radio's not working. No sweat.
-I want to take out a search party.
-I can't spare any men.
-Six guys are cut off in the bush.
And you're building monkey traps.
You're playing with their lives.
Don't worry about it.
Boan!
Where's the others?
Come on, Kong, forget about me.
This is never going to work.
Can't you see?
Jack!

We've got to do it.
Are you ready?
Radar update. Monkey spotted
-heading 0-89,
velocity 2.2 miles per hour.
Estimated time to your position,
five minutes or less.
Kill the lights.
Everybody clear out!
-Logan, how are you doing?
-Almost finished. One minute more.
-That's enough.
-All set, Mr. Bagley!
-Ready, Boan?
-OK. It's hot now.
Are you sure that monkey will
be able to bust through that gate?
Pull back the bolt halfway.
-Come on.
-I can't.
Open the gate! Help!
-Help!
-Jack!
It's Prescott, open the gate.
Come on!
Close the bolt!
Wilson, blow the Goddamn thing!
Still want to play?
Dwan! Congratulations.
Hey, Jack.
Do I look different?
-Yeah, you shine.
-That's right.
-I'm a star.
-It's all set.
Coast-to-coast tour. We open in
New York. Lights, cameras, Kong!
And probably Nureyev and Fontaine.
I want Balanchine to choreograph
"The Beauty and the Beast".
Any chance of you two
getting married?
I don't know.
This is so sudden.

We could think of some nutty way
of Kong giving away the bride.
It'd be tough to get him to do it.
Probably just old-fashioned, huh?
I don't know.

What do you think, Jack?

Christ.

After all these years,
I'll finally end up with a shrink.
How can I become a star
because of someone -
-that was stolen off that gorgeous
island and locked up in that tank?
It's not someone. It's an animal
that tried to rape you.

That's not true.

He risked his life to save me.

He tried to rape you, honey.

Ask the natives what they thought
of losing Kong.

-They'll miss him a lot.

-Like leprosy.

You're dead wrong. He was the
terror, the mystery of their lives.

A year from now, the island
will be full of burned-out drunks.

When we took Kong,
we kidnapped their god.

It's like there's a curse
on all of us.

I'm tired of your trying to confuse
this girl.

This is her big chance. And yours.

There's stars at Princeton -

-just like in Hollywood. You want
me to get Kong another keeper?

Coast-to-coast tours?

"Beauty and the Beast"? It's a farce.

Just say the word and your contract
is torn up. Tell me right now.

See you opening night.

Oh, God,

I'm tired of thinking.

-The ape had the right idea.

-What's that?
Wait a minute.
I'll be right back.
All hands on deck!
Fire detail,
report to the control room.
This is the captain.
Sea water pumps to full pressure.
Prepare to flood tank No. 4.
I'm ordering the ape drowned.
Hey, Kong! Here I am.
Do you remember me?
Remember your blind date?
You haven't forgotten, have you?
Dwan! Come back here!
He's going berserk.
-Stop, or I'll jump.
-Dwan, please.
-You can't help him now.
-Don't come any closer.
OK.
Hey, Kong? Why are you waking up
all these people?
No one's going to hurt you.
You're just going to be a star.
Don't flood the tank! She fell in.
You could've...
Jack! I'm so glad to see you.
-What is it? You're not dressed.
-That's right.
I was wrong when I called this
thing a farce, it's a tragedy.
-I'm quitting your circus, Fred.
-You signed a contract.
-You took an advance.
-I donated it in your name.
To the SPCA Fund for Sending
Kong Home. Here's your receipt.
-Sue me.
-Don't leave me tonight, please.
-My horoscope says...
-Shut up. I love you.
Come with me right now.
The hell with the contract.

Go ahead. But I promise you
you'll never get another booking.
You'll end up tap-dancing
at rotary clubs.

-Don't you understand?

-Yeah...

I do. Sorry.

Stay well.

Ladies and gentlemen
of our TV-satellite audience, -

-you are seeing this
live around the world-

-as it is happening
here in New York City.

You have better seats than these
Lucky King Kong contest winners.

Thus, Beauty set foot on the
forbidden island and was seized.

Great was the fear
as Beauty was lashed -
-to the dreadful bridal altar
of the Beast.

Now the earth booms.

Kong's power!

Superpower!

Hail the power!

That's the power of Kong,
and Petrox!

No! Don't push her around!

Ladies and gentlemen,
there is nothing to fear!

That is an escape-proof cage
certified by the city government.

Come on out! Easy.

His feet are still chained.

It's all right. Come on.

We're in position.

The Queensboro Bridge is buttoned
up. What's the situation at Brooklyn?

I'll tell that monkey to spread
before he crosses it.

Come on, there's a train coming.

Hit the lights.

This is a message to all traffic.

Clear all streets.
Proceed to shelters.

Repeating:

person found looting will be shot.

Keep running.

Jack! Buy me a drink, will you?

Come on, buy me a drink.

Ten more blocks and we've got
the key to a great apartment.

We've put a river between us.

The bridges are mined, and apes
don't swim. Your book says so.

Please, buy me a drink.

Buy me a drink over there.

OK.

What's the matter?

Dj vu. I don't know where,
but I've seen this view before.

Here.

We don't want to get shot as looters.

OK, get smashed.

How about that nice offer

you made me? Do you still want me?

Look, chinchilla.

Looks great on you.

I asked you a question.

-You know what I earn?

-Do you think I need furs?

Yes. Excitement is in your blood
like dope.

You're going to need new fixes

I'm not able to give you.

Don't be stupid.

It's OK.

Probably some National Guardsman
ran his tank into a powerhouse.

Do you remember that black-out?

And all the babies born
exactly nine months later?

Well, here's to all the future
sons and daughters of King Kong.

I'll drink to that.

The hell with furs. Tell me,

does that nice offer still stand?
It depends on Kong. He's bigger
than both of us, know what I mean?
Don't tease me, I'm serious.
Of course. I know
where I've seen that view before.
I think we've got a chance. Sit tight,
I've got to make a phone call.
Keep it down, everyone.
What do you think?
Is he flipped out or not?
Hello? Hello...
Excuse me, Professor. You say
you know where Kong is headed.
Yes.
You can trap him without danger.
Get some helicopters and
blasting nets on top of him.
No problem. Where is he headed,
Professor Prescott?
Promise me to capture him
without injury and I'll tell you.
-Do we have a deal?
-Yes, Professor.
Where is Kong heading?
A place in Manhattan that looks
exactly like his natural habitat.
Let him climb to the top of
the World Trade Center.
Jack!
He's coming down Fifth Avenue
on schedule.
The power is back on.
Keep quiet, get in the shadows.
No.
Hold on! Close your eyes!
The helicopters are coming
to net him!
Hold on!
Kong...
What are those men doing up there?
Didn't they get my orders?
The rotten bastards!
He's still got the girl. Follow me

in a tight holding pattern.
No! Don't put me down.
Hold on to me.
Hold on to me, or they'll kill you.
Now!
Oh, God.
Wait.
Hold on to me.
Please don't let me go.
Don't kill him!
Don't kill him!
Assholes!
Kong.
Dwan!
Jack!
Jack!