

A L L I G A T O R S
Orgy of Destruction
by
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EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A Ford Focus hatchback pulls out of the parking garage and onto the street. A sign that reads, "Slade Pharmaceutical Parking Garage B, No Visitors," is clearly visible on the garage. The Ford Focus heads down the busy city street.

INT FORD FOCUS - CONTINUOUS

The driver, STOCKTON BARONE, is frantically writing on a handheld computer he has pinned against the steering wheel. Stockton is young and nervous, wearing wrinkled chinos and an ugly tie given to him by his mother. His shirt collar still has the cardboard packaging insert sticking out of it. He is obviously somebody's assistant. He glances up at the traffic, then back down to the handheld computer.

CLOSE UP ON HANDHELD COMPUTER

It is a "to do" list for Stockton's boss. It reads:

To do's for Mr. Maplethorpe

- Update day planner
- Dry cleaning
- Order lunch
- Return calls list
- Organize board presentation
- Have IT fix email
- Kittens

All items on the list are checked off as completed, except for the last item, "Kittens".

Stockton guns the engine of his Ford Focus, which makes a metallic whining noise and lurches.

EXT ST. LOUIS CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Stockton's Ford Focus races down the streets of St. Louis. The gleaming Gateway Arch is visible in the distance.

EXT BUY 'EM AND FEED 'EM PET STORE - CONTINUOUS

The Ford Focus screeches to a halt in the parking lot of the "Buy 'Em And Feed 'Em" pet store. The place is a dump, with crumbling walls and strips of tape holding together window cracks. The sounds of screaming birds wail from the open doorway. Stockton gets out of his car and rushes inside, nearly knocking over a NUN carrying her dachshund, RUDY. The dog snarls viciously at Stockton.

INT BUY 'EM AND FEED 'EM PET STORE - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the pet store looks worse than the outside. The walls are cracked and water-damaged, the floor is a mess of broken tile and urine stains, and the fish tanks are so cloudy you can barely make out the fish. None of the animals look very happy.

Stockton rushes up to the counter where two employees, HARLEY THORTON and CHESTER BRONSON, stand playing the hand-slap game. Harley is addicted to prescription drugs, which makes him useless as an employee, even though he earnestly tries to help. Chester is as slow as they come, always has a wad of tobacco in his mouth, and scratches at his crotch incessantly.

STOCKTON
(to the pair)
All right, let's have them.

Harley and Chester stare at him.

STOCKTON (CONT'D)
The kittens! The kittens!

HARLEY
(remembering, sort of)
Oh...yeah!
(to Chester)
Dude, give me a hand.

Harley and Chester disappear into the back. Stockton stands at the counter, foot tapping impatiently. He checks his watch.

Harley and Chester emerge from the back of the store, carrying a large cardboard box.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
(continuing a conversation
started in the back)
...but why?

HARLEY
Because that way she forgets about her
panties. eBay, dude. eBay.
(to Stockton)
Here ya go, mon-sig-nor.

They dump the box on the counter. Stockton hands over a corporate credit card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STOCKTON

Fantastic! Fantastic! Put it on the account.

HARLEY

Three hundred dollars for thirty alligators.

Stockton, who has gotten his arms around the box, stops.

STOCKTON

What?

HARLEY

(points at box)
Dude, the alligators.

CHESTER

The alligators.

Stockton looks at the two for a moment, then opens the box. Inside is a pile of baby alligators. They spit and hiss.

STOCKTON

What the hell is this? I asked for thirty kittens! Kittens!

Harley and Chester stare at him.

HARLEY

I thought you said alligators.

CHESTER

Alligators.

STOCKTON

No, you--no! Oh, my God, I was supposed to have had thirty kittens an hour ago! What the hell am I going to do with a box of alligators?

HARLEY

(sympathetic)
Dude.

STOCKTON

Don't you have any kittens?

HARLEY

No.

STOCKTON

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARLEY
(shrugs)
Died.

STOCKTON
What?!

HARLEY
Dude, these are premium gators. Very aggressive. See?

Harley holds up a hand, which is covered in band-aids.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
You're getting a real good deal.

CHESTER
Good deal.

Stockton stares at them, speechless.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - LATER

The Slade building is a new addition to the St. Louis skyline. At 15 stories it is one of the taller buildings in the area of 9th and Olive, but it is still shorter than a few of the nearby structures. The Slade building itself is a dark steel gray with black windows. It looks more like a prison than a place of research.

MAPLETHORPE (O.S.)
(continuing a speech already in progress)
...which is why I want to thank you, the heart and soul of Slade Pharmaceutical.

INT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL R&D LABS - CONTINUOUS

The Research & Development division of Slade occupies the entire 13th floor of the building. It is divided into laboratory areas and cubicle farms. A throng of SLADE EMPLOYEES stand in an open lab area listening to CECIL MAPLETHORPE III, Vice President of R&D, prattle on.

Maplethorpe is a classic lower-echelon executive slimeball who has clawed his way into upper-management by shitting all over the people beneath him and taking credit for their hard work.

MAPLETHORPE (CONT'D)
It's you, the front-line troops, that are making big things happen around here.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAPLETHORPE (CONT'D)

When I told Big Man Freeley that I wanted to streamline the R&D department, to give you guys room to stretch out and hit that five-run homer, he said "Go for it, Cecil!" And that's just what I did! For you!

Maplethorpe pauses for applause. There are a few scattered claps.

R&D EMPLOYEE #1

(aside, to another employee)
He did it by firing half the R&D staff and cutting everybody else's salaries. What an asshole.

MAPLETHORPE

(not missing a beat)
Because at Slade, employees are number one!

Behind Maplethorpe, Stockton can be seen carrying a small box filled with his personal effects. He is flanked by two security guards. He tries to get Maplethorpe's attention, but the security guards drag him away.

MAPLETHORPE (CONT'D)

That's the message we want to send. We also want to send the message that Slade Pharmaceutical is compassionate.

(he takes a dramatic pause,
pretending to be thoughtful)

Now, I'm sure everybody here has heard about the recent trouble with the animal rights groups. And I'm sure we all know that the People for the Ethical Protection of Animals is planning a big rally right here in front of Slade corporate headquarters in just a few weeks. Well, we want to get the word out that Slade has nothing but warm, fuzzy feelings for all animals. And to do that, I'll need some help from my new assistant. Vendela?

VENDELA, Maplethorpe's incredibly hot new assistant, wheels the cardboard box full of alligators in on a cart.

MAPLETHORPE (CONT'D)

I'm sure everybody knows Vendela, formerly from the mailroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The crowd degenerates into applause and catcalls as Vendela moves the box in front of Maplethorpe. Some of the straight women hoot and holler as well. Vendela is THAT hot.

IDIOT IN THE BACK
VEN-DA-LAAAA!

Maplethorpe puts his hand on the box.

MAPLETHORPE
As I was saying, Slade wants to show by example how much each and every employee cares for the well-being of all of the Earth's precious creatures, so line up everybody!

The crowd lines up in front of the box, slightly confused. Maplethorpe opens the box and the first employee in line reaches inside.

MAPLETHORPE (CONT'D)
What better way to show we care about the warm and fuzzies, than to give everybody in R&D their very own--

The employee holds up a baby alligator. It snaps at his fingers.

R&D EMPLOYEE #2
Baby alligator?

MAPLETHORPE
(unapologetic)
They were supposed to be kittens.

Another employee at the end of the line turns to a colleague.

R&D EMPLOYEE #3
What the fuck are we supposed to do with a baby alligator?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT VARIOUS SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL BATHROOM STALLS - CONTINUOUS

One by one, each Slade employee flushes their baby alligator down the company toilets.

INT SEWERS BENEATH SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL

A throng of baby alligators wander the sewers in search of food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Occasionally, another baby gator is ejected from a pipe to join them. They disappear into the darkness. Fade to black.

INT SEWERS IN DAVID'S DREAM

Blackness fades into a strange and foreboding sewer tunnel. The main tunnel is large and twisting, with hundreds of smaller tunnels branching off into an Escher-like maze. A bizarre collage of muffled screams, splashes, and hissing can be heard in the distance.

DAVID MADISON walks into the center of the large tunnel. He is in his early 60s but looks ten years younger. His normally laid-back and sardonic manner has been overcome with fear and panic. There is something in these tunnels he fears more than anything else.

DAVID
(calling out into the tunnels)
Marisa! Marisa!

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
(echoing from the distance)
David!

David's head snaps in the direction of the voice. He starts to run, splashing through the sewer water.

DAVID
Where are you?!

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
Here! I'm here!

David crawls through the twisting tunnels into a large open basin. At the base is the source of the voice, MARISA KENDALL, David's wife. She is also in her early 60s but still looks sharp and vital, a woman of obvious intelligence. Her leg is submerged in a pool of water.

MARISA
David! Thank God! My leg, it's trapped
under a pipe!

DAVID
It's all right! I'm coming down!

David starts to climb down into the basin.

MARISA
David, hurry!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David reaches the bottom of the basin and turns to face Marisa. Suddenly, a giant ALLIGATOR appears from a nearby tunnel and rushes Marisa. She sees the monster and screams.

DAVID

No! NO!

David is too far away to reach her in time, and the alligator tears her in half. David's voice catches in his throat as the alligator turns on him. It's eyes narrow, reflecting David's image on their black surface, and it surges forward. David, frozen in fear, can't even scream as the monster opens its huge jaws and slams them shut on his--

INT DAVID AND MARISA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

David sits bolt upright in bed and screams. Sweat pours down his face. Marisa is startled awake and embraces him, a familiar action for her now in the middle of the night.

MARISA

Are you all right?

DAVID

I think so.

MARISA

Was it the dream again?

DAVID

(pause)

Yes.

Marisa holds him tightly for a moment.

MARISA

We need to get you some help.

EXT CHICAGO POLICE ACADEMY - DAY

David walks through the well-manicured grounds of the police academy. He sees a sign pointing to the east that says "Chicago Police Academy Health Offices". He heads off in that direction.

INT DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL'S OFFICE - DAY

David is reclined on a sofa, looking confused and uncomfortable. DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL, late sixties and wearing coke-bottle glasses, is playing with an elastic band and staring at David, fascinated. David is just looking back at him, waiting for him to say something.

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CONTINUED:

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL

So, let me get this straight. You dreamt you were a cop in Chicago, and your partner was eaten by a gigantic mutated alligator.

DAVID

No, no. That's what really happened to me. I've been dreaming that I'm back in the sewer and the alligator eats my wife.

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL

But didn't you say your partner in St. Louis was in this dream as well?

DAVID

Dammit, Doc, no. I don't know how I can be more clear about this. When I was a cop in St. Louis, my partner was killed, and everyone thought it was my fault, so I left.

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL

And the alligator followed you to Chicago? That's uncanny!

DAVID

(getting pissed off)

There was no gator in St. Louis, my partner was shot in the Hotel Baldwin incident!

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL

You were involved in the Hotel Baldwin incident?

David ignores him.

DAVID

The mutant alligator appeared in the Chicago sewer and ate my new partner.

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL

That's a lot of partners. How difficult for you.

DAVID

Yeah.

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL

So, you founded the People for the Ethical Protection of Animals with your wife after the incident in Chicago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

Yes, yes.

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL

That wasn't in the dream, either.

DAVID

No, that's real.

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL

Why would you found PEPA after the mutant alligator attacked Chicago? I'd think the last thing you'd want to do after that is protect animals.

DAVID

I don't want it to happen again! This company, Slade, was dumping dead animals filled with chemicals into the sewer--illegally--and the alligator ate them. That's why it got so huge. We're going down to St. Louis in a few weeks to protest outside of Slade's corporate headquarters.

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL

Ah.

DAVID

So what about these dreams, doc?

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL

I would say being plagued by nightmares after doing battle with a giant mutant alligator is completely natural. But they should go away before long.

DAVID

It's been over twenty years.

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL

Hmmm.

DAVID

(agitated with disbelief)

Hmmm?

The elastic band flies from the doctor's hands and hits David in the cheek. The doctor barely acknowledges the accident and gets up to retrieve the elastic band.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL
Honestly, I don't think there is anything wrong with you. It's post-traumatic stress, completely normal, I see it here all the time.

The doctor goes behind his desk, opens a drawer, and pulls out a bottle of pills. He throws them to David, who catches them.

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Take one of these if you have trouble sleeping. They're tranquilizers. Very strong.

The doctor gives a wink and a "thumbs up" to David. David, wordless, leaves. On his way out, the doctor says:

DR. BRYCE CAMPBELL (CONT'D)
Maybe you should take it easy a while!

INT DAVID AND MARISA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

David and Marisa are preparing a delicious stir-fry dinner together. They are in mid-conversation.

MARISA
Well, we need to get you a real doctor.

DAVID
We can't afford one, you know that. I'll be all right.

MARISA
Maybe we shouldn't go to St. Louis, David. It's too much at once.

DAVID
Marisa, they're just dreams, okay? We're going to St. Louis. If anything is going to help my nightmares, it's seeing Slade go down in flames.

MARISA
Careful what you wish for.

David pulls the bottle of tranquilizers out of his pocket.

DAVID
Hey, you want to get stoned and make love?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARISA
I'm too old for that.

DAVID
No, you're not.

She wraps her arms around him.

MARISA
The stoned part, anyway.

They kiss passionately.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

It is a gorgeous day in downtown St. Louis, but inside the Slade building, evil is afoot. The daily executive board meeting is well underway...

BROCK T. FREELEY (V.O.)
I assume that everyone is still satisfied with their salaries, health and pension plans, holiday bonuses?

INT SLADE EXECUTIVE CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BROCK T. FREELEY, a hulking monster in an expensive Italian suit with scraggly, long grey hair, is berating his employees, something in which he obviously takes great pleasure. He blinks his eyes violently whenever he looks directly at someone, a bizarre tic.

The twelve executives, including Cecil Maplethorpe III, all just sit and stare back at him, fear all over their faces.

BROCK T. FREELEY
Well?

They all nod, and mutter about being very happy with their positions.

BROCK T. FREELEY (CONT'D)
If these fucking PEPA fuckers have a successful little protest and get lots of favorable media attention we're going to look like the devil incarnate up here! Do you have any cuntin'g idea what that will do to our stock?

He yells this last question right into the face of the one FEMALE EXECUTIVE sitting at the table. She begins to cry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROCK T. FREELEY (CONT'D)
 Oh, no! Are you sad? Do you feel like
 you're about to get fired? Well, I can't
 fire you, you're a girl! A wimpy, little
 girl!

She starts crying much harder. Brock turns away from her, and
 smiles happily at his incredible power.

BROCK T. FREELEY (CONT'D)
 And I'll get sued for discrimination if I
 give you what you deserve, you little
 bitch! But guess what, the guy sitting
 next to you is a white man, so...

He looks at the WHITE MIDDLE-AGED EXECUTIVE sitting next to
 the female exec. The poor guy cringes in fear, wincing.

BROCK T. FREELEY (CONT'D)
 You're fired, you fucking traitor! Get
 your shit and get out! Traitor!

The white exec, without the slightest protest, hurriedly
 shuts his briefcase and runs from the room.

MAPLETHORPE
 But he didn't--

BROCK T. FREELEY
 Shut the fuck up, whore!
 (then, to everyone)
 So, what are we going to do about it?

Everyone just stares at him, afraid to move.

BROCK T. FREELEY (CONT'D)
 Goddammit! Get to work!

Everyone leaves in a rush except for Maplethorpe.

MAPLETHORPE
 (deathly afraid)
 Sir?

BROCK T. FREELEY
 Yeah? Slut?

MAPLETHORPE
 The Argentums are asking for an increased
 budget. A lot of the animals are dying a
 lot quicker than they had originally...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BROCK T. FREELEY

Stop talking. Get out of my face, and give them what they need. They've got to get this thing ready or I won't be able to buy a new fleet of '57 Chevies for my daughter.

Maplethorpe just stands, listening to his boss.

BROCK T. FREELEY (CONT'D)

(screaming)

I SAID GET THE FUCK OUT!

Maplethorpe runs out, nearly crying. After he is gone, Brock has himself a hearty laugh.

INT ST. LOUIS SEWER TUNNEL - DAY

A twenty-something SEWER WORKER is trudging through the knee deep water of the tunnel, looking for something. He shines a high-powered flashlight in front of him, and he is carrying a crow bar. He finds a clogged drain pipe that is supposed to be emptying run-off into the tunnel.

SEWER WORKER

There you are.

He takes the crow bar and starts yanking junk out of the drain pipe. He pulls out a huge hunk of muck, and water comes flowing from the pipe. He steps out of the way, and watches the water cascade to make sure it doesn't start clogging again.

SEWER WORKER (CONT'D)

That was easier than I thought. Must be my lucky day. Fortune cookie was right. Huh.

Then, baby alligators start pouring out of the drain pipe into the tunnel.

SEWER WORKER (CONT'D)

What the hell are these things?

He goes to pick one up, and it bites him.

SEWER WORKER (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

He pulls his hand away, concerned and confused. A gator bites him on the thigh. He grabs his thigh in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEWER WORKER (CONT'D)

What are you?

He shines his flashlight down at the water. He sees a baby alligator.

SEWER WORKER (CONT'D)

Alligators in the sewer?

He shines his flashlight all around him, and realizes he is surrounded by the baby alligators. He turns and starts to move as fast as he can back down the tunnel, but he is too slow. The alligators keep perfect pace with him, and bite at him like bloodthirsty piranha.

He screams in pain as his legs become covered in his own blood. He stumbles and falls into the water, several gators immediately latching onto his face. He struggles up to his feet, yanking the gators from his cheeks and nose.

SEWER WORKER (CONT'D)

This doesn't make any sense!

A gator grabs his hand and bites off a finger. Blood spurts from the wound. The sewer worker screams again and falls back to the water. This time, the team of baby killers descend on him simultaneously and begin tearing off his flesh in a feeding frenzy.

The sewer worker's screams become more unbearable as he is devoured alive. Soon, his screaming is choked by the gurgling blood in his throat. Several of the gators have torn open his skull and are feasting on his brain.

The sewer worker becomes quiet, no longer breathing. The alligators continue to enjoy their meal.

INT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL R&D LABS - DAY

Cecil Maplethorpe is standing with PERCY and BRIAN ARGENTUM, identical twin thirty-something brothers wearing lab coats.

MAPLETHORPE

So? What's the hold up?

PERCY

Hold up? Hold up? We're experimenting in uncharted territory here. We told you we can't operate on a time table, this has never been done before!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAPLETHORPE

Look, doctor, you got your extra money,
we expect results.

BRIAN

It's not like we're taking the money
home. It's for the lab animals. Poor
little bastards.

PERCY

Look, if you want a super-development
drug that creates healthier, heartier
livestock that grow faster and reproduce
more to make more food for all your
customers, you're going to have to be
patient.

MAPLETHORPE

I'm fine being patient, but you haven't
come up with shit! And I got Freeley
breathing down my neck for results. I
need to show him something!

BRIAN

What do you mean, no results? We've
created the drug, we just need to iron
out the kinks!

MAPLETHORPE

Side-effects that include being unable to
control reproduction rates are not mere
"kinks".

BRIAN

So, it makes the animals horny, big deal.

MAPLETHORPE

Not horny. Insatiable.

Maplethorpe then looks over at a giant pile of dead animals
in the corner of the lab.

MAPLETHORPE (CONT'D)

And on top of that, it doesn't seem like
any of the animals last too long on high
doses of the stuff.

PERCY

That's not true. We did some tests on
geckos, and they had no problem.

MAPLETHORPE

Where are they?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He points to another corner of the lab, where there is a huge pile of dead lizards.

BRIAN

We had to kill them. They were multiplying too fast and getting too big for their tanks. Something about being a lizard or something makes them immune to the dying thing.

PERCY

I got half a mind to quit this job. I'm tired of killing puppies.

MAPLETHORPE

Sure. Go ahead. Your luck at the track finally turning around? You've found some other company that will hire you two despite your well-publicized gambling problem?

BRIAN

(violently defensive)
We're getting help, Cecil!

MAPLETHORPE

That's Mr. Maplethorpe to you!

BRIAN

Why should we remember that? We've been here five years and you still don't know our first names!

MAPLETHORPE

They're not important! Now get all these dead animals out of here, we don't want those PEPA people seeing them during their tour!

BRIAN

They won't be here for a couple weeks.

MAPLETHORPE

And I want this place sanitized well before then. Fucking spotless. Get rid of the animals now.

PERCY

Disposal people aren't here until next week.

MAPLETHORPE

Then go dump 'em yourselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BRIAN

Where?

MAPLETHORPE

I don't know. The sewer.

He turns and leaves the lab, grumbling to himself:

MAPLETHORPE (CONT'D)

Why do I have to think of everything?

PERCY

What an asshole.

BRIAN

I wish we'd kept the geckos, we could have fed him to them.

Brian opens a drawer in a lab table, and a monkey hops out and into his arms.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

At least you love me, huh, Commander?

The monkey hugs him.

PERCY

You better not get caught with that thing.

They start to gather the animal corpses.

EXT ALLEYWAY - LATER

Percy and Brian stand at the end of the alley, flanking an open manhole. Two wheeled laundry baskets full of dead lab animals, including the geckos, are beside them. They are throwing the animal corpses into the sewer. Brian is complaining. Commander the monkey peeks out of his lab coat.

BRIAN

But why now?

PERCY

The sooner we get rid of these animals, the sooner Maplethorpe gets off our backs about the problems with the drug.

BRIAN

But we're missing the Rams game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERCY
 (very serious)
 You know we're not supposed to watch
 football. You know what that leads to.

They finish dumping the animals and Percy replaces the manhole cover. They walk back down the alley.

BRIAN
 Hey, can I take some pictures of
 Commander pretending to drive the van?

PERCY
 No. Why'd you bring him, anyway?

BRIAN
 He comforts me.

The two climb into a Slade Pharmaceutical van parked on the street. The van does a u-turn and passes the "Buy 'Em and Feed 'Em" pet store, only yards away from the alley. Then it moves off towards the Slade building, which is visible just a few blocks away.

INT SEWERS BENEATH ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The pile of dead lab animals sits alone for a few moments, but soon the HISSING sounds of the baby alligators fills the sewer air. One by one, the throng of baby alligators descends on the pile of corpses and starts to hungrily devour them.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY, TWO WEEKS LATER

A large protest of several hundred animal-rights activists demonstrate in front of Slade Pharmaceutical corporate headquarters. They hold signs printed with various slogans ("End Animal Testing Now!", "Slade Murders For Profit!", "Slade = Nazis", "Slade is Silly and Wrong", etc.).

CROWD
 (chanting)
 Down with Slade! Down with Slade! Down
 with Slade! Down with Slade!

The title Two Weeks Later appears, then fades away.

Bob and Marisa can be seen talking to a NEWS CREW in front of the crowd. A REPORTER speaks into the camera.

REPORTER
 (in mid-report)
 ...which places the crowd estimates in
 the hundreds.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER (CONT'D)

I have with me here the founders and co-directors of the People for the Ethical Protection of Animals and organizers of today's demonstration, Doctor Marisa Kendall and her husband, David Madison.

(turns to Marisa)

Dr. Kendall, can you tell us why you're here today?

MARISA

(to Reporter, mid-conversation)

We're here to show all the big pharmaceutical companies that the American people are sick and tired of their "profit at all costs" attitude, and that we're not going to take it anymore!

REPORTER

And why target Slade?

DAVID

Because Slade is the biggest and worst of them all! They've been profiting off the torture of research animals for the last twenty years, and the government turns a blind eye whenever there's a disaster or accounting cover-up! So it's time for the American people to stand up and say, "enough!"

The crowd CHEERS.

The front doors to the Slade building open and Brock T. Freeley emerges, flanked by Maplethorpe and a throng of executives.

The crowd BOOS.

The Reporter and camera crew shift their focus to Brock. David and Marisa move to confront him.

REPORTER

Mr. Freeley! How do you respond to the PEPA allegations of animal mistreatment and general improprieties?

BROCK T. FREELEY

(wide, sharklike smile)

I'll say what I said when I first heard of it several weeks ago: Slade Pharmaceutical has a proud history of caring for the animals, the environment, and the people in its community. Slade is a people company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The crowd HISSES at Brock.

DAVID
(butting in)
What about the experiments you've got going on in this very building, Freeley?

BROCK T. FREELEY
We've got nothing funny or dangerous going on here at Slade, Mr. Madison. Nothing to hide. In fact, why don't we visit the R and D lab right now, so I can put your worries to bed.

DAVID
(motions to the Reporter)
How about them, too?

BROCK T. FREELEY
Absolutely. Like I said, Slade has nothing to hide.

Reluctantly, David and Marisa accompany Brock and his executives inside the building. The Reporter and camera crew follow. The crowd CHEERS.

EXT PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

A group of adorable CHILDREN climb on monkey bars and play on swings. There are no responsible adults watching them because a free street concert is blaring loud music just past the playground. The Slade building is visible in the distance. An ominous-looking sewer grate sits in the ground near the children.

INT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL R&D LABS - CONTINUOUS

Freely, David, Marissa, Maplethorpe, and the news crew tour the R&D floor. Most of the lab equipment from earlier is gone and there is no trace of the dead lab animals - or any animals whatsoever. Everything has been replaced with shiny new computers and banks of machines with blinking lights.

BROCK T. FREELEY
(motioning around at nothing in particular)
As you can see, nothing funny going on up here. Just good, clean research.

MARISA
What kind of research? You've got nothing up here to suggest a lab at all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROCK T. FREELEY
 (starting to get bored with
 having to put up with this)
 Maplethorpe, explain your division to
 them.

INT SEWERS BENEATH PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

POV OF FULLY-GROWN ALLIGATOR

as it approaches the sewer grate, GRUNTING and HISSING. Its sounds are joined by the sounds of more and more adult gator noises - a huge crowd. It reaches the grate and sees the children on the playground beyond.

INT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL R&D LABS - CONTINUOUS

Maplethorpe, having taken over the tour, has led the group into the sparkling clean lab of the Argentums. Percy and Brian stand at attention. Commander the monkey is stuffed inside Brian's lab coat.

MAPLETHORPE
 (continuing lecture to
 Reporter, David, and Marisa)
 So you see, our Research and Development
 department here at Slade headquarters is
 itself a cutting edge experiment:
 everything is modeled on computer, there
 is no animal testing whatsoever. It's
 really remarkable stuff!

MARISA
 (doesn't buy a word of it)
 Really?

Marisa turns to Brian.

MARISA (CONT'D)
 So what do you use for 3D rendering and
 molecular analysis?

BRIAN
 (terrified, knows nothing about
 computers)
 Um...I...a Tandy?

Commander the monkey peeks out from under his lab coat. No one catches this except for Brock. Brock instantly springs into action, ushering everyone out of the lab.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROCK T. FREELEY

All right, I think you've seen what you
came to see. Let's call it a day, folks.

Marisa looks suspiciously at Brian's coat as she is ushered
out of the room. Brock leans over to Brian, and speaks under
his breath:

BROCK T. FREELEY (CONT'D)

Lose the monkey, or I'll give your face
its first period, you drippy slut.

EXT PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

At least a dozen fully-grown ALLIGATORS have pushed their way
out of the sewer grate and make their way towards the playing
children. The street concert beyond the playground continues
to play, music building to a big finish.

A ball flies over the head of a LITTLE GIRL. She runs to pick
it up. When she stands up, she is face-to-face with a vicious
alligator. The music stops. The Little Girl opens her mouth
to scream. WILD APPLAUSE on the street breaks out, covering
the Little Girl's shriek as the alligator swallows her whole.

The other alligators rush onto the playground, devouring the
children as the band strikes up another song.

INT TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

David and Marisa drive away from the rally. David is furious.

DAVID

I can't believe that smug bastard! He had
the nerve to try and pass off that
sanitized floor as an actual research
lab!

MARISA

And they were ready for the news cameras.
They made it look real good.

DAVID

You don't actually think that fooled
anybody, do you?

MARISA

Us? No. Our people? No. But the average
T.V. viewer doesn't have our experience.

DAVID

That Freeley and Maplethorpe made us look
like crazy old activists!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARISA

Take it easy! It was just a battle, not the war. We'll get 'em. Let's go back to the hotel and regroup.

DAVID

You go. I need to run an errand.

He takes out the bottle of tranquilizers.

MARISA

David, who are you going to see?

DAVID

An old friend.

He pops a pill.

EXT POLICE STATION - LATER

A few patrol cars pull in and out of the station.

DAVID (O.S.)

What do you mean, "no"?

INT ROBBERY/HOMICIDE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

David stands at the desk of DETECTIVE MIKE PIERSON, an old buddy of David's from back in the day, and the only cop who didn't blame David for the death of his partner all those years ago. Pierson wears an ancient 70s suit coat with giant lapels and chews on a Metamucil bar.

PIERSON

I mean I can't help you, Dave. You know I can't.

DAVID

Dammit, Mike, I'm not asking you to shoot somebody for me, I just need access to the records for a while.

PIERSON

So you can do background checks on Slade executives. Do you know what kind of trouble that could get me in? Me, six months from my pension?

Pierson's phone rings. He picks up.

PIERSON (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Robbery homicide.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIERSON (CONT'D)
 (pause)
 Yeah.

Pierson starts to write on a notepad.

PIERSON (CONT'D)
 (on phone)
 Yeah, got it. On my way.

He hangs up.

PIERSON (CONT'D)
 (back to David)
 Caught a case. Wanna tag along? For old times sake?

DAVID
 (pause)
 Sure. Why not?

David joins Pierson as he walks out of the station. Pierson holds up the Metamucil bar.

PIERSON
 Sure you don't want one of these? Keeps you regular as a swiss watch.
 (overcome with a sudden desire to visit the toilet)
 Hang on, gotta blow some mud.

Pierson disappears into the bathroom. David waits for him.

INT HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Marisa sits in a far corner of the hotel lobby with several ACTIVISTS, holding an impromptu meeting.

MARISA
 (in mid-speech)
 ...so the trick is to not let the press trap us into saying this was a defeat for the cause.

ACTIVIST #1
 But is was a defeat, wasn't it? I mean, there's no way Slade is ever going to let us back inside again. We're never going to get the evidence we need to bring them down.

WADE HAWKES, a twenty-something activist with a braided Fu-Manchu moustache looks up from his laptop computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

I've said before I can get whatever information we need. These giant heartless corporations always keep lots of tasty data floating around on their servers that really should be kept more secure.

MARISA

I think everybody appreciates your enthusiasm, Wade, but everything we do as representatives of PEPA has to be legitimate and legal. Otherwise, we lose credibility.

WADE

I'm just saying...nobody would ever know I was there.

ACTIVIST #1

This really isn't getting us anywhere, is it?

MARISA

No, I'm afraid not. All right, everybody, you've got your assignments. Let's get to it.

The activists stand and begin to file away.

MARISA (CONT'D)

Wade, hold on a moment.

Wade stops and rolls his eyes as the last of the activists walk off, out of earshot.

WADE

Look, Dr. Kendall, I'm sorry I--

MARISA

(completely serious)

When you said no one would ever know you had been inside Slade's computers, how much of that was male ego bullshit?

Wade smiles.

EXT PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

It's the same playground near Slade where the alligators attacked the children earlier. The street fair in the background has been shut down, and the band sits quietly on the stage waiting for permission to go home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Yellow crime scene tape encircles the playground and giant plastic tarps cover the ground, hiding little mounds. Blood is spattered all over the playground equipment.

A generic American car with a gumball police light rolls to a stop. David and Pierson get out. Detectives MCCLANE and CALLAHAN and various POLICE PERSONNEL are already on the scene. Both detectives are old veterans of the force, same age as Pierson and David.

MCCLANE

(to Pierson)

Mike, you are not gonna believe this one,
I tell you.

PIERSON

Hey, McClane. Callahan.

Callahan notices David getting out of the car.

CALLAHAN

(genuinely surprised)

Well, I'll be God-damned! Dave Madison.

(suddenly cold)

I never thought I'd see you in this town
again.

David sees McClane and Callahan and becomes very uncomfortable.

DAVID

(to Callahan)

John.

(glances at McClane)

Harold. I thought you two would have been
retired by now.

CALLAHAN

We're both on our last six months.

MCCLANE

Yeah, looks like we each made it to
retirement without getting our partner
killed.

DAVID

What the hell does that mean?

PIERSON

All right, that's enough. Now that I'm
here, why don't you two go see if anybody
saw anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALLAHAN

Fine. Let's go, Harry.

The two old detectives give David a condescending look and walk off. David follows Pierson to the playground.

DAVID

Thanks for sticking up for me.

PIERSON

Hotel Baldwin was a long time ago. People need to learn to forgive and forget.

DAVID

(to himself)

Forgive, anyway.

Pierson approaches the MEDICAL EXAMINER on the scene. She stands over one of the tarps, writing in a notebook.

PIERSON

What do you have?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Mass killing of children, apparently all under the cover of the street concert, because nobody seems to have seen anything.

PIERSON

How many victims?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

About a dozen is my best guess.

PIERSON

Best guess? Don't you guys have to pass a test to get this job?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Funny. This is why I have to guess.

She yanks back a tarp to reveal piles of bloody human remains, completely unidentifiable. Pierson holds back the urge to puke while David has a much stronger reaction. The last time he saw gore like this was in his alligator dreams.

PIERSON

Holy Christ! What the hell did this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MEDICAL EXAMINER

My first thought is an animal of some kind. The flesh looks like it was torn away from the body.

David's legs buckle and give way. He falls to the ground. Pierson notices him and runs over.

PIERSON

Jesus, Dave! Are you okay?

Pierson helps him up.

DAVID

Yeah, yeah. It's just been a while since I've seen something this bad.

PIERSON

Yeah, me too, buddy. Why don't you go wait in the cruiser?

David nods and walks away. Pierson returns to his conversation with the M.E. David reaches the car and climbs in. He pulls the bottle of tranquilizers from his pocket and downs a couple.

DAVID

(trying to reassure himself)
That can't be what I think it is. It can't.

Pierson suddenly jumps into the car, turning his cell phone off. He starts the car.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What's going on?

PIERSON

(serious)
Just got another multiple homicide call.

DAVID

Who is it this time?

PIERSON

Teenagers.

Pierson hits the siren and the car speeds off.

INT CYBER-GEEK CAFE AND SMOKE SHOP - THE NEXT DAY

Wade is at a computer terminal, furiously typing and smoking a giant cigar. Marisa stands over his shoulder, watching the screen anxiously.

WADE

So, what'd you tell the old man we were doing?

MARISA

David thinks we're updating the web site.

WADE

He loves writing his blog. How'd you keep him from tagging along?

MARISA

Didn't have to. He went back to see his cop buddy at the police station.

WADE

Does he really think there's a gator loose in St. Louis? Has he gone completely mental?

MARISA

I know, it's ridiculous, but we need the time away from him so you can commit various felonies in the name of the cause. What's taking you so long?

Wade smacks his computer monitor.

WADE

This thing is a dinosaur! My rig would be so much faster.

MARISA

We don't want anyone tracing this back to you.

WADE

I know. But cyber cafes suck, man, they just suck.

(he takes a bite of a pastry)
And this biscotti is for shit.

Wade suddenly takes off his shirt, revealing a giant tattoo of Ian McKellan as Gandalf from "The Lord of the Rings" on his back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARISA
What are you doing?

WADE
It's hot in here.

Marisa looks at him strangely.

WADE (CONT'D)
And that chick looks a lot like Madeleine
Stowe.

He nods at a GIRL THAT LOOKS LIKE MADELEINE STOWE sitting at
a terminal in the corner of the cafe.

WADE (CONT'D)
Keep an eye on her, make sure she checks
my tattoo.

MARISA
Wade, focus.

WADE
Right. Sorry. I've got a real thing for
Stowe...

He looks at the screen, suddenly victorious.

WADE (CONT'D)
I am Jesus. I'm in.

He starts shooting the mouse around at lightning speed and
clicking on it like he's playing a fast-paced video game.
Windows of information start popping up on the monitor,
showing the inner-workings of the Slade computer system.

WADE (CONT'D)
And what is this? What is this? Our buddy
Maplethorpe has a corporate account at a
pet shop just down the street from Slade.
According to this, they've spent over one-
hundred grand on animals over the last
year alone. That's a lot of pets for one
evil corporation, don't you think?

MARISA
Print me out the address. I'll go check
it out, you keep hunting.

WADE
Done and done.

EXT BUY 'EM AND FEED 'EM PET STORE - DAY

Marisa parks their Honda hybrid car in front of the pet store, and she and David get out.

DAVID

I can't believe you had Wade break into the Slade computers! Do you have any idea what kind of damage illegal bullshit like this will do to PEPA?

MARISA

Desperate times, David. We'll just have to make sure it doesn't get out. Only you, me and Wade know, anyway. And it gave us a lead.

She feeds the meter and heads inside. He follows.

DAVID

I don't like it.

INT BUY 'EM AND FEED 'EM PET STORE - CONTINUOUS

Marisa and David walk through the front door. She looks around at the unkempt place, and grimaces at the horribly depressed animals caged in the shop.

MARISA

See? Look at this place. This is going to pay off.

DAVID

Okay, okay.

HERNANDO BERNSTEIN, a very sweaty man aged beyond his years, is standing behind the service counter, pouring Pepto-Bismol into a Pokemon tumbler. He adds Alka-seltzer.

DAVID

Is the owner here?

HERNANDO

You're looking at him.

DAVID

We want to ask you some questions.

Marisa looks at his cup of medicine.

MARISA (CONT'D)

Are you sick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HERNANDO
Is seven ulcers sick?

DAVID
(moving on)
You do a lot of business with Slade
Pharmaceutical, don't you?

HERNANDO
I surely don't know what you're talking
about.

Marisa looks over at the fish tanks. The fish are all belly-
up.

MARISA
You're surely not going to bullshit us,
are you? We've got a direct line to the
press.

HERNANDO
(unmoved)
Any publicity is good publicity.

Harley and Chester come up from behind Marisa.

HARLEY
We'll take care of 'em, boss.

HERNANDO
Easy, fellas.

CHESTER
(overly eager)
No, we want to.

David turns to look at Hernando's two employees.

HARLEY
What's with the questions?

DAVID
I'm just a concerned member of PEPA.

Harley and Chester charge.

HARLEY
Fuck PEPA!

David sidesteps Chester, and grabs his throat. He uses
Chester's forward momentum to throw him into Harley, and the
two guys go smashing into a fish tank. The tank smashes to
the ground, glass and water and dead fish covering the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARLEY (CONT'D)
(getting up)
You killed the fish! Some PEPA person!

DAVID
They were already dead, dumb-ass.

Harley charges Marisa, and she easily manages to get him in a police hold. He yelps as she squeezes, and then pisses himself in fear. Chester, still on the floor, is beside himself.

CHESTER
You peed!

Harley is also crying.

HARLEY
Let me go! It hurts too much!

Marisa shoves him to the floor, and turns to face the dumbstruck Hernando.

HERNANDO
Look, I inherited the business from my father, and then the block went bad. I've got no business. It was Slade or living on the streets...

Marisa's eyes turn to slits of rage. But just as she is about to rip him a new one:

CHESTER
(getting up)
Holy shit!

Everyone turns to look out the front door. Easily a dozen alligators are coming into the store. Hernando turns to run out the back, but screams and jumps over the counter when he sees two more alligators behind him. He grabs Marisa.

HERNANDO
You gotta help us!

MARISA
What do you expect me to do?

DAVID
(surveying the situation)
Oh, no, this is much worse than last time.

He pops a tranquilizer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Here we go.

Chester is backing away from the closest alligator, and he bumps into Hernando. Hernando, panicked, shoves him back towards the gator.

Chester slips on some of the dead fish, and falls into the waiting jaws of the leading alligator. The alligator clamps down on his mid-section, and Chester screams and spits blood. Another gator bites down on his legs, and the two gators fight over Chester like two rabid dogs in a tug of war. Chester is torn in half.

Chester's upper half screams for a few more moments until he dies from massive blood loss.

HARLEY

(re: Hernando)

You fucker!

Harley, enraged, punches Hernando in the mouth. Hernando tackles him. The two slip and slide across the wet floor.

DAVID

What the hell are you doing?!

Harley and Hernando realize they have just sealed their own doom. They struggle to get up, but it is too late. The alligators descend upon them, tearing them to pieces. Marisa screams and David grabs her by the wrist, moving for the front door. The gators are preoccupied with eating the pet store clerks, and David and Marisa are able to get out the door. One gator, however, turns to see them go, and gives chase.

EXT BUY 'EM AND FEED 'EM PET STORE - CONTINUOUS

David and Marisa jump onto the roof of their car, barely avoiding the alligator's angry bites. The gator starts growling and slamming against the car, trying to climb onto the roof. Marisa is about to jump down on the other side, when she notices several more alligators approaching her.

MARISA

(stupefied with fear)

Itsa lotta gators.

DAVID

Keys!

She pulls her keys out of her pocket, and gives them to David.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches over the side of the roof to unlock the driver's side door. He opens it. He jumps into the car without touching the pavement, and then helps her into the car. As she slams the door closed behind her, another alligator slams into it.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You wanna drive?

She takes the keys, starts the car, and peels out, rolling over four alligators like speed bumps.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

A throng of gators emerge from the sewers in the alley right next to the Slade building and head inside.

INT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL DATA ENTRY GUY'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

A DATA ENTRY GUY is talking on the phone in his cubicle, shirking his duties.

DATA ENTRY GUY
Nah, don't worry about it. I talk on the phone all goddamn day. I don't think I've made a single entry in months. I'm so way over-qualified for this bullshit.

He doesn't see the over-sized alligator sitting in the entrance of his cubicle. As he yammers away, a WOMAN WITH GIANT GLASSES walks past his cubicle, papers in hand. She stops and looks at the gator, unsure of what she is seeing.

WOMAN WITH GIANT GLASSES
Peter?

DATA ENTRY GUY
(annoyed)
What?

He spins in his chair to see the alligator. He takes a deep breath for a scream, but before he can make a sound, the alligator has jumped and swallowed him whole. The alligator thrashes around, destroying the cubicle. Everyone in the office is suddenly screaming and panicking.

EXT POLICE STATION - DAY

David and Marisa's Honda is parked directly in front of the station, actually on the front steps. The doors are open. A meter maid is writing a ticket, and shaking her head.

INT ROBBERY/HOMICIDE OFFICES - SECONDS LATER

David, Marisa in tow, heads for Pierson, who is standing by a desk talking to McClane and Callahan.

MCCLANE
(points at David)
I thought you got rid of this guy?

Pierson has no response.

CALLAHAN
(non-plussed)
Swell.

David stops in front of Pierson, and is about to speak.

PIERSON
I don't have time right now, David. I've got multiple homicides here.

DAVID
I just solved your case, Mike. We were just attacked by a herd of alligators just down the street from Slade Pharmaceutical.

The three detectives just stare at them like they're insane.

MARISA
It's true! They ate everyone who worked at the pet store! I can't believe we're alive.

McClane and Callahan start to snicker.

PIERSON
Come on, Dave, I know you had some kind of alligator run-in in Chicago, but an army of alligators running around St. Louis? That's ridiculous.

Suddenly, all the phones in the office start ringing. Detectives and officers are answering calls, then grabbing their coats and guns and taking off. The phone next to Pierson rings, and he answers.

PIERSON (CONT'D)
What the hell is going on?

He listens for a moment, then hangs up and grabs his gun off the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIERSON (CONT'D)
 (can't believe he's saying
 this)
 Alligators are attacking the Slade
 Pharmaceutical building.

McClane and Callahan, no longer laughing, spring into action.

DAVID
 We're going with you.

PIERSON
 No, you're not.

MARISA
 Yes, we are. You're going to need an
 alligator expert.

DAVID
 You'll need two.

Marisa and David follow Pierson out of the office.

MARISA
 (to David)
 You're not an alligator expert.

DAVID
 They don't know that.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL BUILDING - DAY

We see an establishing shot of the upper half of the
 building, giant Slade sign at the top.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOFTOP POOL - CONTINUOUS

"SLADE" is written in giant lettering across the bottom of
 the pool. An inflatable alligator child's float is in the
 water. A real alligator slips into the pool, and attempts to
 mate with the inflatable toy. The toy bursts and deflates.
 The real alligator is still.

CUT TO:

INT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL BATHROOM - SAME TIME

A RED-HEADED FEMALE EXECUTIVE is sitting on the toilet. She
 is having a difficult time with her bowel movement. Suddenly,
 her high level of concentration comes to an abrupt stop and
 she lurches in pain. She lets out a startled squeal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RED-HEADED FEMALE EXECUTIVE

Huh?

She lurches again, this time screaming in agony. She lurches a third time, and finally gets up off of the toilet. There are three baby gators attached to her backside.

She madly twists herself back and forth, trying to see what's on her ass and shake them off at the same time. They don't let go. She slips and crashes through the stall door. She comes face to face with an adult alligator. She screams.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOFTOP POOL - DAY

A GUY IN A BATHING SUIT is walking out onto the roof for a swim. He takes off his thick glasses and lays them down with his towel on a lounge chair. He heads for the diving board. He does a beautiful dive and lands directly on the alligator.

The alligator begins to death roll the poor, confused bastard.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL MAIN ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

The building is surrounded by alligators. Slade employees are running frantically around the front pavilion, doing anything possible to get away from the pursuing beasts. A MAN IN A PIN-STRIPE SUIT has his legs bitten off at the knees. A MAILROOM CLERK is chased by one gator directly into the jaws of another. A BIKE MESSENGER is about to get on his bike and take off when a giant alligator tail sends both he and his bicycle flying thirty feet in the air.

A WOMAN WITH A LARGE CARPET BAG is beating a mid-sized alligator in the head, keeping him at bay. Another gator comes up behind her, and she unknowingly backs into it, trips and falls. The alligator she was beating immediately jumps on top of her and bites her head off, cutting a scream short.

Just then, a huge assortment of thirty or more emergency vehicles (squad cars, ambulances, S.W.A.T. trucks, etc.) come to screeching halts in front of the building. Pierson's unmarked car is among these.

Cops and S.W.A.T. guys all jump from their vehicles. ONE COP, terribly confused, looks at a S.W.A.T. guy standing next to him.

ONE COP

What do we do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

S.W.A.T. GUY
(practically screaming)
Open fire!

Everyone, hearing this command, immediately begin firing at the alligators. For every one they kill, it seems five more take its place. The alligators range from baby-sized to tank-sized. The gators all start charging the battalion of law enforcement.

A COP WHO RUNS OUT OF BULLETS is devoured by alligators while he tries to reload.

Pierson's car is behind several rows of emergency vehicles, and he, David and Marisa can only stand by the car and watch in awe at all the carnage. Pierson is on his police radio.

PIERSON
Get me every available back-up officer at the Slade building now! Goddamnit, now!

He throws the mic back into the car.

DAVID
You're going to need more than cops.

PIERSON
Where did they all come from?

DAVID
How should I know?

PIERSON
You guys are supposed to be the experts!

MARISA
Well, obviously it has something to do with Slade.

PIERSON
You can't say that for sure.

DAVID
Pierson, for crissakes, where are we right now?

PIERSON
The Slade building.

DAVID
And what's it surrounded by?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In front of the building, a S.W.A.T. member fires a flame thrower at an alligator. The alligator bursts into flames and begins to writhe and howl in pain. Still very much alive, the burning gator charges the S.W.A.T. member and bites him in half. The burning gator then staggers into a patrol cruiser, which explodes in a giant fireball.

PIERSON

I see your point.

DAVID

Slade's done this same exact thing before!

MARISA

Although on a much smaller scale. This time it's more than a growth hormone, there's got to be something with their reproduction rate...

Her cell phone rings. She takes it out of her pants pocket and answers.

MARISA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Wade? What else you got?

She listens intently as David and Pierson wait anxiously. After a few moments, she speaks.

MARISA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I'm at Slade now, I'll see what I can do. Sit tight, wait for my call. Oh, and watch out for alligators.

She listens for a second.

MARISA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

No, I'm not kidding. Watch out for alligators.

She hangs up, and turns to David and Pierson who can barely contain themselves.

MARISA (CONT'D)

(pointing at the Slade building)

The answers are in there.

DAVID

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MARISA

Wade couldn't hack in deep enough. He said there must be a computer somewhere in the building that isn't hooked up to the regular network. We'll have to go inside and find it.

PIERSON

What good will that do?

MARISA

If we can find out what experiment caused all these alligators, then maybe we'll find out how to stop it.

PIERSON

That sounds a bit thin.

DAVID

You want to go into an alligator infested high rise? To sit at a computer?

MARISA

Well, we could just let the alligators eat all of downtown St. Louis.

DAVID

I hate this town.

He pops another tranquilizer. A YOUNG ROOKIE cop runs up to Pierson, wide-eyed with fear.

YOUNG ROOKIE

There's too many of them! No way we can contain them ourselves! We need the army! Get the goddamn army!

PIERSON

Calm down, boy!

YOUNG ROOKIE

Fuck you, calm! There's alligators comin' out of my ass!

The Young Rookie takes off.

DAVID

(to Pierson)
Pop your trunk.

PIERSON

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DAVID
Open the trunk.

Pierson does so. David pulls out a shotgun and tosses it to Marisa.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Glad you still keep this shit back here.

He pulls out a shotgun for himself, and puts a handgun in his belt.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Come on, Marisa. Let's go find that computer.

Marisa and David start towards the entrance to the building. Pierson grabs a shotgun of his own, shuts the trunk, and follows them.

PIERSON
If you're going to be an idiot, I'm going to have to...be an idiot, too. Serve and protect, that's my bit.

The three of them begin making their way through the sea of haphazardly parked emergency vehicles towards the entrance to the Slade building...and the front lines. Just before reaching the pavilion, they pass McClane and Callahan, who are both madly firing shotguns at the alligators.

CALLAHAN
Pierson, where the fuck are you going?

PIERSON
To put a stop to this nonsense! Time to earn your keep, boys! Flank me, give us cover!

MCCLANE
(beside himself)
Fuck off!

CALLAHAN
Seriously!

An unseen alligator jumps from underneath the car that McClane and Callahan are using for cover. The gator gets a fast hold on McClane and yanks him under the car. Callahan lets out a little yelp of surprise, then jumps up to follow Pierson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DAVID

Aim for the eyes!

Marisa and David, in the lead, find their path through the carnage blocked by a gigantic alligator. David aims and nails the reptile right in the eye. The gator's eye explodes, and when the creature opens its mouth to scream in pain, Marisa shoots it in the mouth, blowing out its brains. The giant gator slumps, dead.

MARISA

Now I know why you insisted on taking me to the shooting range all those years!

CALLAHAN

(while firing his gun wildly)
Why are we going in?

Pierson opens his mouth to answer, but before he can say a word, Callahan is tackled by four medium-sized gators who tear him apart like a rag doll. Pierson starts firing on the gators, taking two of them out.

David (who has already switched to his handgun at this point) and Marisa each take out several more moderately sized alligators before reaching the electric revolving door entrance. David and Marisa both run out of bullets. Pierson is basically walking backwards, covering them from behind. A baby alligator bites Pierson in the foot, and he then crushes it like a cockroach.

The three of them all get into one compartment of the revolving door...and an alligator gets into the compartment just behind them.

INT ELECTRIC REVOLVING DOOR - CONTINUOUS

David, Marisa and Pierson stare through the glass at the alligator in the next compartment. The alligator, wedged in an uncomfortable position with its head smashed against the glass, stares back.

INT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

David is first out, and he yanks Marisa and Pierson out behind him. As the gator comes around towards them, David smashes it in the nose with the butt of his shotgun. The gator lurches back into the compartment and winds up spinning back towards the outside. Pierson jams a lobby chair into the door, trapping the gator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David and Pierson smile at each other, pleased with a job well done. Marisa has already moved on, and is looking towards the elevator bank.

MARISA

Shit.

David and Pierson turn to see the elevator bank is blocked by three huge gators.

DAVID

Time to reload!

They all begin to frantically reload their weapons.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey, I think those tranquilizers are finally starting to kick in.

EXT ST. LOUIS ARCH - MOMENTS LATER

The graceful metallic Arch stands at the edge of the city, blocks from the massacre at the Slade building. It appears to be a calm, sunny day.

INT ST. LOUIS ARCH OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS

Tourists happily mill about the deck, looking out the windows at St. Louis below. A troop of BOY SCOUTS heads towards the elevators. A SCOUT MASTER counts them, making sure he has everybody accounted for.

SCOUT MASTER

--nine, ten, eleven, that's everybody.
Okay troops, who wants ice cream?

The Boy Scouts CHEER as the Scout Master herds the troop in line for the elevator. The indicator above the doors shows an elevator on its way up.

At the observation window, two TOURISTS stare down at the city below. A plume of black smoke rises from the Slade building.

TOURIST #1

(points at the smoke)
Now that's odd, Margaret. I wonder what caused that.

The elevator reaches the observation deck, a bell DINGS, and the doors open. Several fully-grown alligators spring out of the elevator, jaws snapping, and fall onto the line of people waiting for the elevator. Everybody SCREAMS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A gator chomps on a FAT WOMAN IN A FLORAL DRESS, spilling her guts on the floor and getting the dress caught around its head.

Another gator plunges into the troop of Boy Scouts, trampling them as it bears down on the Scout Master. The gator grabs the Scout Master by the legs and starts to death roll him amid the trampled Boy Scouts. A lone Scout crawls under the information desk and holds his head in his hands as he watches the carnage.

SCOUT
(hysterical)
Always be prepared...always be
prepared...always be prepared...

The last gator bears down on the Tourist standing in front of the observation windows.

TOURIST #1
(sees the gator coming)
This is bullshit!

The gator plows into the man at full steam, sending both of them into the window. The glass shatters and the gator and victim fly out of the Arch. They plummet to the ground below, the gator chomping at the man the whole way down.

CUT TO:

INT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL EXECUTIVE BOARD CONFERENCE ROOM -
CONTINUOUS

It is a scene of recent devastation. Rampaging alligators have obviously been through this room before: the conference table is broken in half, the stuffing is torn out of the chairs, and a scale model of downtown St. Louis has been knocked off its pedestal and is scattered in pieces on the floor. A tiny alligator, foaming at the mouth, crawls under the miniature Arch. Seconds later, the gator and Arch are crushed by David's boot.

DAVID
All right, the computer with the gator data is probably in that lab we were in a couple weeks ago. It should be through this room, down the hall to the right, and up a floor.

MARISA
Honey, I think it's to the left and up two floors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

I remember where the lab is.

MARISA

Why don't we just ask somebody?

An OFFICE WORKER runs past the conference room screaming, followed seconds later by a ravenous alligator.

DAVID

I think they're busy.

MARISA

(exasperated, to Pierson)

He's always like this, can't admit when he's lost.

PIERSON

She's got a point, Dave. You're terrible with directions.

DAVID

Oh, okay, fine! To the left, then!

The trio make their way into the hall and turn left.

INT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL R&D LABS

Several alligators chase and terrorize a group of RESEARCHERS on one end of the lab, destroying equipment and starting small fires.

At the other end of the lab, inside a small room with a heavy metal door and large reinforced window, Brian and Percy Argentum are being screamed at by Brock, who is oblivious to the carnage going on behind him. Maplethorpe watches the alligators in terror.

BROCK T. FREELEY

(in mid-rant)

You unbelievable shit-stains! Do you have any idea what this is going to do to me? Me?! You've destroyed everything you little brown-eye licking bastards!

An alligator hits the reinforced window behind Brock and is deflected. Everybody cringes except for Brock, who keeps screaming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROCK T. FREELEY (CONT'D)

I am personally going to kill both of you, skull fuck you, grind your traitor corpses up into hamburger, grill you and eat you with a little A-1, just so I can have the pleasure of shitting you into my solid gold toilet! Then, I'm going to--

Gunshots ring out in the labs. Brock and the others turn to see David, Marisa, and Pierson dispatching the alligators. The freed researchers run.

David sees Brock behind the glass.

DAVID

(pointing at Brock)

You.

David approaches the room and tries the door, which is locked tight.

BROCK T. FREELEY

Oh, this is just what I need right now, the Animal Boo-Hoo Squad. Look, the door is locked, there's no way you're getting in here.

Brock pounds on the glass.

BROCK T. FREELEY (CONT'D)

This whole room is designed to contain whatever goes wrong in the lab. You can't even shoot through this glass.

DAVID

Freely, you son of a bitch, do you have any idea what you've done?

BROCK T. FREELEY

Me? I've done nothing. I'm afraid Maplethorpe here has exceeded his mandate in an effort to claw his way to the top.

MAPLETHORPE

What?! You're the one who put me on this project in the first place!

BROCK T. FREELEY

Oh, I don't think so, blood fart. At least I'm sure there's no paper trail connecting me to this project in any way. I'm afraid you and the Argentums will have to take the fall for this one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRIAN

Now that's uncalled for.

PERCY

We told you this whole thing was a disaster from the beginning.

MAPLETHORPE

Both of you shut up!

DAVID

All of you shut up! What we need right now is to find the computer with the project data on it.

BROCK T. FREELEY

Why?

MARISA

So we can find a way to stop the alligator breeding.

BROCK T. FREELEY

Oh, now the felching tree-huggers want to find a way to kill off their precious animals?

DAVID

Since you've turned them into homicidal maniacs that can reproduce exponentially, we don't have much of a choice, do we?

BROCK T. FREELEY

Well, I guess you're shit out of luck, Mr. O'Whorebag. The computer's in here and I'm the only guy with the door code.

MAPLETHORPE

What are you talking about? I just buzzed myself in half an hour ago.

BROCK T. FREELEY

I changed the *exit* code today.

MAPLETHORPE

You are a complete asshole!

BROCK T. FREELEY

Yep, but an asshole that is going to wait out the disaster in this room.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BROCK T. FREELEY (CONT'D)

As soon as the coast is clear, I'll climb into my helicopter on the roof and be in Barbados before you can say "underage hookers". So everybody can just FUCK THE FUCK OFF!

MARISA

(to David)

What are we going to do? We need to get at that computer.

David looks at the heavy window, then around the lab. He gets an idea and walks off. He returns wheeling two freon tanks on a cart. He stops the cart in front of the window.

BROCK T. FREELEY

What the fuck are you doing?

DAVID

I'd step away from the window if I were you.

David unscrews the valve on one of the tanks, which spews freon gas on the window, covering it with frost. David escorts Marisa and Pierson to the far end of the lab and they take cover behind a heavy table.

PIERSON

You're not going to do what I think you're--

David aims his pistol at the other tank.

DAVID

Yep.

He fires and the tank explodes, shattering the giant window.

David, Marisa, and Pierson climb through the shattered window to find Brock, Maplethorpe, and the Argentums dazed but alive. Marisa points at Brian.

MARISA

You. Get up and show me the computer.

BRIAN

I'm really bad with computers.

Marisa points at Percy.

MAPLETHORPE

You.

Brock struggles to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BROCK T. FREELEY
Don't you do a God-damn thing!

David gets in Brock's path.

DAVID
Why don't you do everyone a favor and
pipe down!

David punches Brock in the face and he sails across the room
into some shelves, completely knocked out.

MAPLETHORPE
(to himself)
God, that was beautiful.

Percy has brought up the files on the animal growth project
on a computer terminal.

MARISA
We need to get your project data out of
here.

PERCY
I'm copying all our files to a DVD. It'll
take a few minutes.

MARISA
Is there a way to cancel the growth and
reproduction in these gators?

BRIAN
No, but there may be a way to target the
animals with a pathogen that will only be
lethal to them. It worked with our
geckos. It's all in our research.

PERCY
(to himself, but out loud)
I'd hate to think this whole thing is
happening because I can't stop
gambling...

Marisa opens her mouth to respond, but a loud CRASH behind
them cuts her off.

Three huge alligators have arrived in the labs and are
awkwardly crawling over the equipment and tables towards the
group.

PIERSON
This is a terrible day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARISA

We've got to get out of here.

BRIAN

The data isn't finished copying.

Commander the monkey squirms and sticks his head out of Brian's coat. It sees the approaching alligators, SCREAMS, and leaps into the air.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Commander, no!

The monkey runs up a pipe on the wall and vanishes behind a ceiling tile. On his way up he defecates, catches it in his hand, and hucks it at the alligators.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

My monkey!

DAVID

Everybody spread out! Don't let those things box you in!

David, Marisa, and Pierson scramble through the broken window and take up defensive positions behind heavy lab tables. Maplethorpe scrambles after Pierson. Percy tries to drag Brian away, but Brian is trying to climb the walls after Commander.

The gators charge.

The first gator lunges across the table at David, who drops underneath it and fires straight up into the wood. The bullets penetrate the counter top and slam into the belly of the alligator.

The second gator gets itself stuck underneath Marisa's table, and she jumps on top of the table to avoid the beast's snapping jaws. She holds onto the counter like a rodeo cowboy as the gator tries to death roll back and forth but is stopped by the legs of the table.

The third gator runs right into the table Pierson and Maplethorpe are hiding behind, knocking it loose from the floor and sending it crashing into the pair. Pierson loses his gun as he and Maplethorpe hit the ground and slide across the lab.

Marisa's gator kicks its head back, snapping it free from the table and sending Marisa flying across the lab. She lands in a pile of cardboard boxes, unmoving. From under his lab table, David sees her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Marisa!

He empties the rest of his gun into the gator above, killing it. He scrambles from under the table and runs toward Marisa, reloading his pistol.

Marisa's gator, now free from the table, continues in the direction it was heading - straight towards the broken lab window. Inside, both Argentums are oblivious to the approaching gator. Brian is still trying to reach the ceiling and Percy is still trying to get him down.

BRIAN

We can't leave him! We can't just leave him to be eaten like a common alligator snack!

PERCY

Forget the monkey! We are leaving!

The computer beeps and ejects the completed DVD disc. Percy picks it up.

PERCY (CONT'D)

We've got the data! Now what do you bet me I find a cure before you do?!

BRIAN

(turning to his brother)

Well, if it's a wager you're interested in--

Marisa's gator appears behind them and opens its jaws, hissing viciously.

Pierson's gator is across the lab, stalking Pierson and Maplethorpe. Both men scramble to Pierson's gun and fight over it.

PIERSON

Give me my gun, you stupid sonofabitch!

MAPLETHORPE

(hysterical)

Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God!

David reaches Marisa. He grabs boxes that have fallen on top of her and throws them away.

DAVID

Marisa! Marisa! Talk to me! Dammit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

He puts his hand on her neck, checks her pulse, and sighs with relief. She stirs.

MARISA

Gator...under table...

She sits up and suddenly there are terrible SCREAMS. David and Marisa look to the broken lab window, where Marisa's gator is attacking both Argentums. Gouts of blood fly into the air.

Before they can react there are more SCREAMS, this time from across the lab. Pierson's gator has fallen on Pierson and Maplethorpe. Blood spurts in all directions across the lab floor.

A loud, electric flash and SIZZLE bring David and Marisa's attention back to the lab window, where all is still and a cloud of black smoke rises from the gator.

Several GUNSHOTS ring out from the other side of the lab. David and Marisa turn to see Pierson's gator lying still in a pool of expanding blood. A human leg twitches underneath the gator's body.

DAVID

Mike!

David runs over to Pierson's gator and sees the twitching leg is actually resting next to the gator - not attached to a body. On the other side of the gator David finds Pierson. He's intact to the waist, but below he's missing a leg up to the hip and his stomach is torn open. Pierson spits blood.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus, Mike!

David tears off his jacket and tries to stop his friend's bleeding, but it is a lost cause.

PIERSON

(coughing up blood)

These gators...mean sonsabitches, hey?

DAVID

Yeah.

PIERSON

Where's that...Maplethorpe asshole?

David looks around and sees Maplethorpe staring at them from under a nearby lab table. He is nearly catatonic with fear, but otherwise unharmed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

DAVID

He's alive.

PIERSON

Well, then...job well done.
(coughs, pulls himself
together)
Dave...gotta tell you...

DAVID

Take it easy, Mike. We gotta get you some help.

PIERSON

No...not a chance...but gotta tell you...Hotel Baldwin...not your fault...

DAVID

(confused)
What?

PIERSON

It was...me...accident...I...shot your partner...could never...admit it...sorry...

Pierson dies. David sits by him, bewildered by what he just heard.

Marisa climbs through the broken lab window to find a roasted alligator body on top of the mangled bodies of the Argentums. One of Brian's hands holds an electrical conduit that was ripped from the wall. Near the bodies lies Percy's severed hand, still holding the DVD disc. Marisa gingerly picks it up, then notices Brock is missing.

MARISA

David! Freely's gone!

DAVID

That son of a bitch! He's going to take the 'copter and leave us all behind!

Marisa comes running across the lab.

MARISA

I've got the disc. We've got to get to him before he takes off!

David and Marisa run for the lab doors. Maplethorpe, from under the table, calls after them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

MAPLETHORPE

There's no need to hurry.

DAVID

What are you talking about, Maplethorpe?
We need that helicopter to get out of
this deathtrap!

MAPLETHORPE

Freeley's not going anywhere in that
helicopter.

DAVID

Why the hell not?

Maplethorpe holds up a set of helicopter keys.

MAPLETHORPE

Because I took his keys.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Brock is cornered by several drooling alligators, each
snapping its jaws at him.

BROCK T. FREELEY

(trying to intimidate the
gators)

Do you fuckers have any idea who I am?
I'm your fucking boss - you work for me!
Me! Now, BACK OFF BEFORE I TURN THE LOT
OF YOU INTO LUGGAGE!

This enrages the gators, who move in for the kill just as the
Slade corporate helicopter flies overhead. Freeley shakes his
fist at it.

BROCK T. FREELEY (CONT'D)

MAPLETHORPE! YOU PUS CUNT COCKSUC--

The gators are on him before he finishes and tear him to
pieces.

INT SLADE HELICOPTER COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Maplethorpe flies the helicopter while David and Marisa watch
Freeley being torn to shreds.

DAVID

That guy was a bastard, but nobody
deserves that.

Marisa touches David's arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARISA

I'm sorry about Mike.

David closes his eyes and leans against her.

MAPLETHORPE

Well, we're out, but Jesus, look below.
There's gator's everywhere!

They look out the window and see hundreds of gators roaming the streets around the Slade building.

MAPLETHORPE (CONT'D)

What the hell are we going to do now?

David shrugs.

DAVID

Call out the National Guard?

The helicopter flies past the Arch, over the Mississippi River.

INT PLAIN MILITARY OFFICE - DAY

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON sits behind a desk that has nothing on it save a small lamp and two phones, one red and one black. A PRIVATE sits on the other side of the desk, looking ashamed.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

So, a bit of violence down at the watering hole?

PRIVATE

Yes, sir.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

These things happen. Do you know why?

PRIVATE

Well, the details are fuzzy, but I was really loaded...

The red phone rings.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Hang on. I gotta get this, it's the red phone.

Blanston picks up the phone.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Colonel Frank Blanston. How can I help?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He listens for a moment, then hangs up.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON (CONT'D)
Son, we'll have to deal with this when we
get back.

PRIVATE
Where are we going?

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
St. Louis. Apparently there's some kind
of problem with the alligator population.

PRIVATE
St. Louis has an alligator population?

EXT EDGE OF ST. LOUIS, NEAR THE ARCH - DAY

In the background is downtown. In the foreground, a fleet of
National Guard trucks are arriving.

INT CONFERENCE ROOM, ST. LOUIS POLICE DEPT. - AFTERNOON

Colonel Frank Blanston walks into the room with a confident
stride, all business. Marisa and David are standing in front
of a plasma screen television. They both seem a bit nervous,
as several military leaders and police officials gather
around the large round conference table. Colonel Blanston
sits down right in front of them.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
(kindly)
How you two doing? Hanging in there?

DAVID
You could say that.

The CHIEF OF POLICE, an older Asian-American with a bad
cough, steps in front of David and Marisa as everyone settles
into their seats.

CHIEF
I want to thank everyone for getting here
so quickly to help me, uh, us...with our
little problem here in downtown St.
Louis. We've got a great town, here, I
don't want any of you to think otherwise.
This is not a normal thing. And I'd just
like to say in reference to the
military's quick response, that the
United States--

David interrupts him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Chief! Every minute we're sitting here, one more resident of your great city is being devoured by a prehistoric monster.

CHIEF

(glad to be off the hook)
Good call. David Madison and Dr. Marisa Kendall. She's a good doctor.

David takes the reigns.

DAVID

Here's the deal. Due to biological--and highly illegal--experiments done by the labs at Slade Pharmaceutical, we've got a major alligator problem. The drugs that the alligators have ingested are causing them to reproduce at an unprecedented rate.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

(interrupting)
Colonel Frank Blanston. I'm sorry, what does "unprecedented" mean in terms of actual numbers?

MARISA

Can I get Figure One up on the monitor?

The lights go down. A map of downtown St. Louis pops up on the plasma display. The Slade Pharmaceutical building is in the center of the map. Two cartoon alligators are positioned under the building.

MARISA (CONT'D)

This is how many gators there were last night.

The map changes to show more alligators around the Slade building.

MARISA (CONT'D)

This is how many there were by this morning.

The map changes to show a huge green blob of alligators around the Slade building, and several dozen more moving out into the rest of downtown.

MARISA (CONT'D)

Mid-day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The map changes to show all of downtown littered with the cartoon reptiles.

MARISA (CONT'D)

Now.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

When will this reproduction slow down, exactly?

MARISA

It won't.

The map changes from the city of St. Louis to the entire state of Missouri. The cartoon gators, now crudely animated, spread and multiply until they cover the whole state. Everyone in the room watches the cartoon in horror. Then, the map changes to the entire United States. Again, the cartoon gators take over the whole map. Then, the television shuts off and the lights come back up.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

It's a virus.

DAVID

Actually, no, Colonel. It's just a whole lot of hungry, aggressive alligators. They have to be contained.

A MILITARY OFFICIAL in the back of the room stands up.

MILITARY OFFICIAL

We'll have to drop a nuke on the city. It's the only way!

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Calm down. We've got human lives to take into account, here. We don't want to use nukes, for crissakes. You've been watching too much Dennis Miller. He's an asshole. I'm sure our scientists here have come up with a better solution.

He gives the floor back to Marisa and David.

DAVID

I'm just a cop. Retired cop.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Whatever. What's your solution?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DAVID

Marisa has developed a neutralizing agent.

Marisa wheels in a tall cart with a large mechanical device on top of it, looking a bit like an engine.

MARISA

This is an explosive device. The agent is inside. It's like a giant roach bomb, really. Once exploded into the air, the alligators will breathe it in, ingest it, and die.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

And the agent has no effect on humans.

DAVID

Whoa, whoa. She didn't say that.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

It's not lethal to *us*, is it?

DAVID

Well, not everybody. But most everyone will get sick. Nauseous. The elderly and small children may be seriously hurt.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

We'll evacuate.

MARISA

There's no time.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Why not?

MARISA

Those projections on the map, of the country. That is estimated population growth for the end of the week. If we don't stamp this out now, we won't get another chance. It'll be out of our control. Completely.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

(grumbling to himself)

And we stopped for a meeting?

(then)

Fine. What do you need from us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DAVID

We need a helicopter ride to the Slade building. We've got to set this thing off at the alligator epicenter.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

You don't need to go.

MARISA

I built the bomb. I know how it works. There's no time for training.

DAVID

And where she goes, I go. End of story.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

I'm not going to argue with you. My guys will get you where you need to go.

(to a nearby aide)

All right, Barry, let's set up a command post on the river to keep those tragic monsters from getting upstream or downstream or whatever.

(then to the room)

And the rest of you get into town and start killing gators.

Everyone springs into action. The Colonel leads David and Marisa out of the room, a few of his soldiers pushing the alligator bomb out behind them.

EXT DOWNTOWN ST. LOUIS SKYLINE - MINUTES LATER

The sky is quiet at first, then is suddenly littered with military helicopters. Colonel Blanston's bird is in the lead, David and Marisa sitting behind him as he is sensitively encouraging and gently giving orders to the Rangers in the other copters.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

All right, fellas, this is what we trained for...you don't need me anymore! This is about you, you are all grown-up and you are your own individuals!

CUT TO:

INT COLONEL BLANSTON'S BIRD - CONTINUOUS

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON (CONT'D)

Boys, we're not just Rangers! We're a family! A very functional family! I'm proud of you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Colonel Blanston, in the front seat of the helicopter, can barely contain his pride. The Private (that he was talking to earlier in his office) is flying the helicopter. David is looking strangely at the Colonel, unable to figure out his behavior. Marisa is looking out the open side of the helicopter, her only concern getting to the Slade building with the gator bomb. The bomb sits in between she and David, a series of straps and roped tied around it so it can be lowered onto the building using a pulley device.

Everyone is strapped to the nines with weaponry, including David and Marisa who are holstered with two sidearms and have large shotguns slung over their backs.

David looks back toward the Arch, the river just beyond. Military searchlights from the Casino Queen riverboat sweep the water. David turns back to Colonel Blanston.

DAVID

Colonel, why did you set up your command post on the Casino Queen?

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

I've always loved riverboats!

(to his Rangers)

All right, Rangers, let's do what we're here to do!

CUT BACK TO:

EXT DOWNTOWN ST. LOUIS SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

The helicopters following Blanston's bird break off and scatter. Most of them begin a dive down towards the streets which are covered in alligators and panicking people. Several of the copters begin to fire rockets at the gators, and the rockets explode against the ground, sending gator parts scattering.

Blanston's bird stays the course, straight on 'til the Slade building.

EXT ALLEYWAY BETWEEN TWO TALL BUILDINGS - SAME TIME

A YOUNG MAN and his TWO CHILDREN are trapped in the middle of the alleyway by several alligators. A Ranger helicopter swoops in and pelts the reptiles with rapid fire bullets. The young man drops to the ground, shielding his children from the onslaught. When the gators are dead, the helicopter takes off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The young man picks up his kids and runs as fast as he can out of the alleyway. The children appear to be having a wonderful time.

EXT PINE STREET - SAME TIME

DOZENS OF PEOPLE run from gators as several helicopters swoop down over the street, shooting at the hungry beasts. VOICES warn the civilians about the gator bomb at the Slade building from loudspeakers on the helicopters. The voices instruct that everyone get as far away from Slade as possible.

EXT OLIVE STREET - SAME TIME

A helicopter cruises just above the street, also warning people of the bomb on loudspeakers while shooting at the alligators covering the street. A station wagon, swerving to avoid a HOMELESS DUDE running from a couple of the alligators, smashes into an oncoming dump truck which turns over on its side.

A city bus speeds toward the dump truck. Somehow an alligator has gotten on board and is snapping its jaws at the PASSENGERS, who bail out the windows, leaving the BUS DRIVER alone with the alligator.

INT - CITY BUS - SAME TIME

As the gator bears down on him, the poor sap sobs uncontrollably.

BUS DRIVER

Don't talk to the driver. Don't talk to the driver. Don't talk to the driver.

The gator bites the Bus Driver in half, covering the front of the bus in a slippery mix of blood and guts. The gator slips forward and gets stuck in the bus driver's seat - with its giant chin against the windshield and front legs flailing at the steering wheel.

The driver's right foot is still firmly planted on the acellerator, as his lower torso remains in his seat. The bus lurches forward.

EXT OLIVE STREET - SAME TIME

The bus swerves back and forth as the alligator spins the steering wheel with its front legs, but it remains on a collision course with the dump truck.

It smashes into the overturned trash collector at full speed, which kicks the back end of the bus straight into the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Ranger helicopter, flying low to the ground, can't pull up in time and smashes into the bus thus creating a huge explosion.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Colonel Blanston's helicopter arrives at its destination and hovers above the building.

INT COLONEL BLANSTON'S BIRD - CONTINUOUS

MARISA

This is it. Get over the roof and we'll lower this bomb.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

You heard the lady.

The Private steers the copter towards the top of the Slade Building.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON (CONT'D)

You're doing very well.

He pats the Private on the shoulder. The Private throws a side glance at him, then rolls his eyes slightly. The Colonel is oblivious.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Blanston's bird flies over the pool, and the giant gator floating in the water jumps and snaps at it uselessly. The helicopter then hovers over the rooftop landing pad which is also, of course, covered in alligators. A strong wind keeps the helicopter from hovering steadily.

INT COLONEL BLANSTON'S BIRD - CONTINUOUS

PRIVATE

Windy as hell up here! I can't hold her steady!

DAVID

Just keep it over the pad, all we need to do is get the bomb down there and we'll get out of here.

The Colonel climbs back to join David and Marisa in pushing the bomb towards the edge of the helicopter floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

When it is at the edge, David and the Colonel drop it out gingerly while Marisa holds the lever to the pulley system. The copter lurches and stutters in the wind.

Once the bomb is out of the helicopter and hanging by the straps and ropes, Marisa starts to lower it slowly. David moves to help her while the Colonel leans out the door to keep an eye on the gator bomb.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The bomb, swaying back in forth in the wind, inches its way down to the roof top. When it hits the roof, it topples over on its side. As it does so, the straps and ropes snap under the pressure.

INT COLONEL BLANSTON'S BIRD - CONTINUOUS

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Shit!

MARISA

What?

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

It fell over!

Marisa and David move next to the Colonel in order to see.

MARISA

Uh-oh.

DAVID

Uh-oh? What's uh-oh?

MARISA

The remote might not work. It fell over on the transmitter.

DAVID

Well, shouldn't we try it?

MARISA

We need to get further away.

The Private starts to steer the bird away from the building top.

PRIVATE

How far are we talking?

MARISA

Well, the explosion is going to be pretty big...

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter moves a good distance from the roof.

INT COLONEL BLANSTON'S BIRD - CONTINUOUS

MARISA

This should be good.

DAVID

Should be?

Marisa ignores him and pulls a remote out of her pocket. She pulls up the antennae and hits the remote's singular big red button. The light over the button comes on, but there is no explosion.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The bomb remains on its side, still. The helicopter moves back over the building, again knocked around by the wind.

INT COLONEL BLANSTON'S BIRD - CONTINUOUS

David almost falls from the copter, but Blanston catches him just in time.

DAVID

Thanks.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

You and me need to get down there and turn that thing over.

David nods. Marisa looks unhappy, but does not argue. The Colonel immediately fixes David and himself up with grappling gear. David just stands and watches as the Colonel works at lightning speed. In seconds, he is done.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON (CONT'D)

Do as I do.

The Colonel lowers himself out of the swaying helicopter.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

David follows Blanston down the rope, both of them swinging in the wind. Blanston lands on his feet, and immediately unholsters two large hand guns and starts blasting approaching alligators. When David hits the roof, he falls on his ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David then scrambles to his feet to help Blanston in battle. But by the time David is up, all the alligators, save two, are dead. The Colonel puts his guns back in their holsters, unhooks a couple grenades from his utility belt, pops the pins and chucks them. The grenades both land perfectly in the mouths of the two remaining reptiles...their heads are blown to smithereens.

DAVID
You're very well trained.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
Ah, thanks, friend. Nothing like being appreciated!

With some struggle, they manage to push the bomb upright. David looks at the radio transmitter box and sees that it is smashed to bits.

DAVID
(yelling up to Marisa)
It's destroyed!

INT COLONEL BLANSTON'S BIRD - CONTINUOUS

PRIVATE
What's happening?

MARISA
Unforeseen complications. I need to get down there.

PRIVATE
There's more grappling gear behind you.

Marisa picks up the grappling gear and puts it on as best she can. When she's done:

MARISA
Is this right?

The Private, struggling to keep the helicopter still, can't look away from his controls.

PRIVATE
Ahh...

MARISA
Nevermind.

She jumps out of the helicopter.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Marisa slides down the rope and smashes into David, and over they topple. They both get right up and move to the bomb.

DAVID
(re. Marisa's crash landing)
You're good at that.

MARISA
Yeah, well.

Marisa looks at the bomb. She is horrified.

MARISA (CONT'D)
This is ruined. I can't fix this!

DAVID
What are we going to do?

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
(inspecting the bomb)
This is a fairly simple device. I can probably rewire it, use my wristwatch as a timer.

MARISA
Well, okay, then. Get to it.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
You two get back in the helicopter.

At that moment, a huge gust of wind pushes the helicopter towards the neighboring skyscraper.

INT COLONEL BLANSTON'S BIRD - CONTINUOUS

The Private struggles to regain control.

PRIVATE
Shit, shit, shit!

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

David, Marisa, and the Colonel watch as the helicopter nearly crashes into a window. Just at the last second, the Private regains control.

INT COLONEL BLANSTON'S BIRD - CONTINUOUS

PRIVATE
Yeah! Woo-hoo!

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
Nice work, private!

Just as everyone is allowing themselves to breathe a sigh of relief, the skyscraper window next to the helicopter shatters as several gigantic alligators break through it. The gators fall through the air towards the helicopter.

The first two gators hit the spinning rotors and are pulverized, turning them into a rain of red salsa. The shock from the gator-blending sends the helicopter rolling sideways, allowing the third gator to fall into the side of the helicopter, where it eyes the Private hungrily.

INT COLONEL BLANSTON'S BIRD - CONTINUOUS

The Private looks at the voracious alligator just next to him in the cockpit.

PRIVATE
This is impossible!

The alligator lurches at him, burying its teeth in his chest. He screams and lets go the controls.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter, out of control, slams into the side of the skyscraper and explodes in a giant fireball, then crashes to the street below.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
Goddammit!

He immediately takes off his watch and turns to rewire the bomb. As he does so, the rooftop access door smashes open and three good-sized gators pour out onto the pad. Blanston doesn't even look up.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON (CONT'D)
Those are yours.

Without taking a breath, David and Marisa pull their shotguns from their backs and start firing. Marisa drops the one on the left without much trouble. David, however, is a bit panicked and has to fire at the one on the right quite a bit before it slumps. The one in the middle charges them and is about to make a snack of David when Marisa fires a round right into its mouth, killing it instantly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David, brow drenched in sweat, looks at her apologetically. She smiles at him reassuringly, then can't resist:

MARISA
You're good at that.

DAVID
(with a slight smile)
Yeah, well.

The Colonel stands up from the bomb, finished with his work.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
Done! We've got twenty minutes to get out of the vicinity!

Just as he finishes talking, a half dozen more alligators pour out from the rooftop access door.

DAVID
Fuck! We don't have enough time! We're going to be killed!

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
I don't understand!

DAVID
Just fighting off these guys might take twenty minutes, never mind getting to the ground floor and as far away as possible!

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
So?

DAVID
In twenty minutes the bomb goes off!

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
I'll just reset the timer. It's no problem.

David looks at him, a bit sheepish.

DAVID
Oh. I just assumed it was a no going back type of a deal.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
No, no, not at all. What do you want? Thirty? Forty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARISA

Make it forty. And follow me, I've got an idea.

David cocks his shotgun, readying for another fight.

MARISA (CONT'D)

Nevermind them, David, follow me!

He does as he's told. She leads them over to the side of the roof, and looks over the edge.

MARISA (CONT'D)

We'll get down this way.

She points at a window washer's platform hanging just over the edge of the roof.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Good thinking.

DAVID

(unhappy)

Yeah, this is great.

CUT TO:

EXT SIDE OF THE SLADE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

David, Marisa, and the Colonel are all on the window washer's platform, slowly lowering towards the street (the Colonel is holding down the control button). David is doing his best to keep from looking down. He slips for a second, and when he sees just how high up they really are, he has to concentrate to keep from losing his cookies. Marisa looks at him sympathetically.

MARISA

Beats fighting the alligators, doesn't it?

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

(peaceful)

Helluva view, really. I gotta tell you both, working with you has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life.

He looks out over St. Louis, thoroughly enjoying the moment. David and Marisa exchange a glance: this guy is out of his gourd.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL ROOF - SAME TIME

The alligators are meandering about, confused as to where the people disappeared. Slowly, they begin to wander back towards the access door.

EXT SIDE OF THE SLADE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The window washer's platform continues its slow but steady journey to the ground. David looks at Marisa.

DAVID
How close are we?

She looks down for him.

MARISA
About half way.

DAVID
Good. Good.

Suddenly, an alligator explodes from a window next to the rig, barely missing it and plummeting to smash on the pavement below.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Not good.

Another gator smashes through a window on the other side of the platform, also missing. Then another, this one coming out of a window just below them. And another, from just above them, and this one's tail smashes into the platform before the beast falls. The platform rocks back and forth. All three people grab something to brace themselves.

David forgets about his fear of heights and looks over the side to see that they still have a ways to go.

DAVID (CONT'D)
This thing needs to go faster.

Before the Colonel can tell him that is impossible, an alligator crashes through the window directly behind them and lands directly on the platform. It growls hungrily at Marisa. Without missing a beat, David yanks out his guns and lunges into the alligators side, weapons first. He pulls the triggers, and the force pushes the alligator off balance.

But before the alligator completely loses its footing and falls, its giant jaws clamp down on the cables.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The weight of the alligator rips the cables lose, and the platform capsizes, one end swinging downward.

Marisa falls, and David having barely grabbed onto something himself, manages to grab her by the wrist just in the nick of time. He looks at her, her face overtaken with terror, and he does his best to be comforting.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're good, lady. We're almost there.

(then, looking up to the Col.)

Why aren't we moving?

The Colonel hoists himself back up to the control button, gets a strong hold with one hand to keep from falling, and uses the other one to depress the button. The rig starts lowering again.

EXT SLADE PHARMACEUTICAL MAIN ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

The lopsided window washing platform finally reaches the ground, Marisa's hanging feet landing first. Marisa helps David and the Colonel down as they come. The ground around them is littered with the smashed alligators that were jumping from the windows.

MARISA

We need to find cover.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Where's the closest shelter we can get into do you think?

Down the block, a few medium-sized gators approach. None of the three seem to be bothered by this, really.

DAVID

Nearest public building I know of is the mall.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Lead the way.

Without a breath, the Colonel fires three rounds from a handgun and drops the three gators. Then, without a word, the three begin to move, weapons poised.

EXT LOCUST STREET - MOMENTS LATER

David, Marisa, and the Colonel walk down the center of the street, firing their weapons at the gators that are now following them down the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Colonel is emptying all his weapons and throwing them to the ground when they are empty. David is down to only a handgun and Marisa has only her shotgun left. Marisa fires, and nothing happens.

MARISA

I'm out.

The gators are closing in around them. While the St. Louis Centre Shopping Mall is within throwing distance, it is still too far out of reach with all the reptiles surrounding them.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

(chucking down last two
handguns)

Done!

David first his last two shots, then hucks his weapon at an alligator, hitting it in the head. The gator yowls.

DAVID

We're in serious trouble again!

Then, suddenly, two of the gators explode. Four more are shot dead. Seemingly out of nowhere come two Rangers. The first, an African-American with a winning smile named JULIAN, is blasting away at the scaly beasts with a gigantic machine gun. The other, a pasty white guy named EDMUND, is repeatedly lighting and throwing dynamite sticks at the alligators.

JULIAN

Need some help, Colonel?

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Julian! Edmund! Good to see you guys!

EDMUND

Good to see to you, Colonel Blanston!

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

We need to take cover in the mall!

JULIAN

Stick close!

Julian and Edmund deliver David, Marisa, and the Colonel safely to the mall entrance. David opens the door, and they all go inside.

INT MALL ENTRANCE, FIRST FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

As he closes the door, Edmund throws his last stick of dynamite, taking out a cluster of three gators.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDMUND

I'm a genius!

JULIAN

Nice, kid.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

How are you guys on ammo?

EDMUND

That was it for me.

JULIAN

I've got a couple rounds, maybe.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

We need to find a sporting goods store.

David and Marisa are already looking at a giant map, which is partially covered in blood.

MARISA

Second floor, fellas.

They walk around the huge map, revealing that the entire first floor of the mall is littered with the ravaged bodies of mall shoppers. No one is alive. There are body parts all over the place, some unidentifiable. A ways down the huge hallway, a few smaller alligators can be seen tugging at bodies, getting their fill.

DAVID

The sooner the better.

Marisa and David lead the way up a stopped escalator.

INT TOP OF MALL ESCALATOR, SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

As David and Marisa reach the top, a huge alligator stops them with a mighty growl. Julian jumps in between them and fires at the monster, killing it with two shots. Another alligator approaches from the right, and Julian turns to fire, but he is out of bullets.

JULIAN

I'm out!

DAVID

We need to run!

The group all sprint in a cluster away from the alligator.

INT JUST OUTSIDE THE SPORTING GOODS STORE - SECONDS LATER

The gator is in hot pursuit. David, in the lead, gets to the sporting goods store and bolts in. The others follow.

INT SPORTING GOODS STORE - CONTINUOUS

David runs down an aisle, the rest of his crew behind him, and the hungry alligator behind them. Julian and Edmund take up the rear, knocking down anything and everything off the shelves behind them in an attempt to slow up the monster. It doesn't really help.

At the back of the store, David finds the hunting section. Here there are tons of shotguns, hand guns, knives, crossbows, and all the ammo you could need. David leaps across the counter, grabs a shotgun, busts open a box of shells, loads up, and aims at the alligator. A tad late, however, as the alligator has already gotten a hold of Edmund.

The alligator tears off Edmund's left leg. Edmund screams. David kills the alligator.

The Colonel immediately ties a makeshift tourniquet around Edmund's severed leg. Edmund is sweating profusely and talking nonsense.

EDMUND

I like hotcakes. Hotcakes, I want hotcakes! Get me my syrup!

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

(to the others)

I'll take care of him! You gather the weapons! Move!

Everyone leaps into action, collecting a ridiculous amount of weaponry. They strap the guns, knives, and crossbows all over themselves. When they are all loaded, the Colonel joins them, and they help him collect and strap on his own collection of weapons.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON (CONT'D)

(to Julian)

Go get a shopping cart for Edmund!

Julian takes off. David, Marisa and the Colonel take a moment to look at each other and all the weapons they have.

DAVID

Thank God Michael Moore didn't get to this place, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julian returns with a shopping cart. He picks up Edmund, who is still mumbling about hotcakes, and gingerly puts him into the cart.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Let's move.

MARISA

Where are we going?

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

First floor. I saw a Humvee down there.
They must be having some kind of raffle.

They all move out, David taking up the rear this time. He looks at Marisa.

DAVID

A raffle.

Marisa shrugs as they head down an aisle.

INT TOP OF MALL ESCALATOR, SECOND FLOOR - SECONDS LATER

The Colonel takes the lead, heading down the escalator with his weapon poised. Julian pushes Edmund onto the escalator, and Edmund grunts each time the cart drops onto a step. Marisa and David take up the rear.

INT FIRST FLOOR OF THE MALL - CONTINUOUS

The Colonel gets off the escalator and rounds the corner, heading down to the other end of the mall.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

This way!

All follow him, in a full run, Julian pushing the cart as fast as he can. At the other end of the mall is a big black Humvee up on a display stage. The alligators still nibbling on the remains of shoppers look up from their snack to see the oncoming humans.

The Colonel blasts one, killing it. Dave and Marisa get one each. There are still several more on the floor, but they aren't in the path to the Humvee stage. All pick up their pace, Julian now really struggling to push Edmund. The other gators on the floor take chase behind them. David and Marisa use their crossbows to shoot out some alligator eyes. It seems they will make it to the Humvee before the gators can get them, until...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hearing the raucous, a number of other gators begin to pour out from stores around the Humvee stage.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON (CONT'D)

Shit!

The Colonel tries to stop dead in his tracks to keep from running into one of the alligators, but the mall floor is slippery with blood and guts, and he falls to the ground. Julian is pushing Edmund full tilt, and can't stop before running into the Colonel. The Colonel yelps in pain as the cart trips right over him. Julian lets go, and the cart catapults Edmund into the waiting jaws of an alligator. In mid-flight, Edmund screams.

EDMUND

Hotcakes!

The alligator bites his head off. Julian can only look on in stunned horror.

JULIAN

(to himself)

That's not what I meant to do.

The Colonel jumps to his feet, giving Julian a smack on the shoulder.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Wake up, Ranger!

Julian immediately jumps into action, pulling two shotguns off his back and repeatedly firing at the oncoming alligators. The Colonel joins him with two handguns. David and Marisa continue to take up the rear, now having thrown down the crossbows and graduated to shotguns themselves.

They drop the alligators like flies, all having become quite adept with killing the beasts at this point. They reach the Humvee, and jump inside.

INT HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

The Colonel is at the wheel, Julian next to him, and David and Marisa in the back. They all instinctively lock the doors as alligators ram into the side.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON (CONT'D)

(suddenly overcome with
emotion)

Edmund was a good man. I'm going to miss him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

David puts a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

DAVID

You're right, Colonel. But we need to go now.

The Colonel swallows his tears, turns the key, and hits the gas.

INT FIRST FLOOR OF THE MALL - CONTINUOUS

The Humvee runs over a bunch of alligators and barrels down the giant mall hallway. The giant automobile takes out several displays, runs over dead bodies like they were nothing, and picks up speed all the while as it heads for the huge glass doors of the main entrance.

EXT LOCUST STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Humvee bursts through the glass of the mall's entrance, and screeches onto the street.

INT - HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Now you'll have to give me directions back to the river. This is my first time in St. Louis.

DAVID

Just go left as soon as you can and floor it!

EXT 7TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Humvee speeds off down the street through a mass of ravenous alligators chasing hapless citizens.

The Humvee passes Rudy the dachshund, who trots down the street BARKING at the giant alligators, which ignore him in favor of larger game.

Rudy hears a high-pitched SQUEAL and looks up to see Commander the monkey on a fire escape, hanging above the carnage. Commander HOWLS at Rudy, who responds with a resounding BARK.

Commander climbs down and hops on Rudy's back. The two trot off into the distance, leaving St. Louis far behind.

EXT FURTHER DOWN 7TH STREET

The black Humvee barrels down the street, swerving to avoid the snapping jaws of gators and occasionally running them over.

DAVID (V.O.)
There, there! Left on Olive!

The Humvee's tires screech as the truck makes a sliding left turn onto Olive street, where it is stopped by a pile-up of cars covered in gators. The gators are chewing off the roofs of the cars to get at the screaming people inside.

INT HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

David, Marisa, Colonel Blanston and Julian stare at the carnage.

DAVID
Let's try the next street.

EXT 7TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Humvee backs up and continues down 7th street. The truck makes another left on the next street and is confronted by a MOB OF PEOPLE fighting off alligators with crude weapons like shovels and baseball bats. It's a complete free-for-all.

The Humvee does an about-face and continues down 7th street.

It turns onto the next street, Chestnut, and everything looks clear.

INT HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

MARISA
This looks good.

JULIAN
(looking straight up through
windshield)
Um, stop the car, Colonel.

EXT CHESTNUT STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Humvee screeches to a halt just as a Blackhawk helicopter, covered in gators, falls to the street in front of them. It explodes on contact, sending fiery bits of gator flesh spattering across the Humvee windshield. The wipers come on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The street collapses under the weight of the 'copter, creating a crater from which another gigantic fireball explodes.

INT HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

DAVID
Christ, they must've hit a gas main!

EXT CHESTNUT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jets of flame start to blow off manhole covers in the street, each one getting closer to the Humvee.

DAVID
Uh, Colonel--

Colonel Blanston puts the Humvee in gear and starts to back up towards 7th street.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
I hate to start complaining, but this situation is truly becoming ridiculous.

EXT 7TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Humvee hits 7th, straightens out, and peels away just as a flame jet erupts from a manhole behind them.

INT HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

David watches the flame jets eject manhole covers behind the Humvee.

DAVID
We've got to get off the road!

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
I know! But all the southbound streets are blocked. Maybe we can get to the freeway.

MARISA
I saw gators at the on ramps eating homeless people on the flight in.

JULIAN
I should never have joined the Army.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
Don't say that, son. You're part of a fine American tradition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIAN
Homicidal alligator fighting?

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
No! I mean--
(spies something ahead)
Hey, is that a stadium up ahead?

DAVID
It's Busch Stadium. Why?

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
I have a plan.

He guns the engine.

EXT BUSCH STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

The Humvee barrels full speed into the stadium, crashing through the front gates and narrowly avoiding a jet of flame from the street.

INT BUSCH STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

The Humvee swerves through the stadium, smashing into concession stands and racks of souvenirs. It runs headlong into an entrance to the stands where it jams into the narrow hallway and is stopped cold - stuck.

INT HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, everybody recovers from the jarring stop.

DAVID
Wreck the car, that was your plan?

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
It didn't work out quite the way I had envisioned, I'll grant you that.

Julian holds his bloody face.

JULIAN
I think I broke my nose.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
(unbuckling seat belt)
Son, I can't tell you how sorry I am about that, but right now we've got to keep moving.

Blanston kicks out the windshield and everybody piles out.

INT BUSCH STADIUM FIELD

The quartet emerge from the tunnel and into the stands of the baseball field. As they walk into the stands, the sounds of SCREAMING become audible

DAVID
(looking out at the field)
Sweet Christ...

The baseball field is swarming with alligators, which are attacking and eating both teams. The stands are at about half capacity and the gators start making their way after the fans, who are panicking and running in every direction.

DAVID (CONT'D)
They ate the Cardinals!
(squints)
I think they were playing the Mets.

MARISA
This was a really bad idea. Let's get the hell out of here.

They turn and run back towards the Humvee.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
(calling after Marisa)
I'm really sorry about all this.

INT BUSCH STADIUM

The four climb over the stuck Humvee and right into a crowd of ESCAPING CIVILIANS being chased by a group of gators. The gators have obviously crashed through a souvenir stand and are covered with Cardinals merchandise.

JULIAN
Cardinals fans!

He starts shooting at the gators. David, Marisa and Colonel Blanstion turn to help but it is too late: the gators descend on Julian.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
You want some of this! Come get some!
Come get some! That hurts!

He continues firing his shotguns as the gators devour him.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
NO!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blanston rushes forward but is stopped by David.

DAVID
Colonel, no! He's gone! You can't help him!

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
He was so polite.

DAVID
I know, but we have to get out of here or we're next.

Marisa waves at them from further down the hall, in the direction the people were running.

MARISA
Guys! I think I found some transportation!

CUT TO:

The bloody souvenir-covered alligators feast on Jullian's body when the sound of three whiny motors REV. The gators look up from their meal as the sound fades away, then they return to tearing apart the corpse.

EXT BROADWAY STREET

David, Marisa, and Colonel Blanston ride down the street on pastel colored Vespa scooters as people rush from the stadium behind them, gators in hot pursuit.

DAVID
I don't fucking believe this.

MARISA
What? Don't you remember when we rented these and rode them all over Paris? It was wonderful!

David looks at Marisa like she's out of her mind.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON
Oh, I love Paris in the springtime!

The trio passes Walnut Street, which is blocked by an overturned refrigeration semi-truck that has spilled tons of meat onto the street. Gators chew hungrily at the frozen food.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

The old courthouse is just up ahead. We turn right and it will take us straight through the Arch and to the river.

The Vespa trio turns right.

EXT OLD COURTHOUSE

As they round the corner they see that the courthouse and surrounding streets are covered in gators.

DAVID

Oh, hell--look out!

The concentration of gators in the streets forces the trio to split up and each swerves their Vespa in a different direction to avoid snapping jaws. Colonel Blanston is forced down 4th Street, Marisa swerves towards Luther Ely Smith Park, and David manages to keep in a fairly straight line down Market Street.

Marisa rolls into the park. She swings her shotgun over the front of her Vespa and starts dispatching gators in her path.

David stays on Market Street parallel to her and drives up onto a line of alligators. He rolls across their backs, bouncing up and down as they snap their jaws at him.

MARISA

How are you doing, honey?

DAVID

Oh, I'm just great!

(then)

Where the hell is the Colonel?

Colonel Blanston appears from around the Drury Plaza Hotel, snarling gators in his wake, waving.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

I'm ok! I'm ok!

The trio link up again as they buzz past the Old Cathedral and pass under the Gateway Arch. The area seems free of alligators. It looks like smooth sailing to the river.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON (CONT'D)

Well, that was pretty exciting, wasn't it? Looks like we're just about out of the woods, though.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

I wish you hadn't said that.

Suddenly, the ground rumbles and there is a huge ROAR behind them. David, Marisa, and the Colonel look over their shoulders to see a gigantic monster alligator, a good 40-feet in length, climb out of the small lake near the Old Cathedral. It's eyes zero in on the three and the gator starts moving toward them - fast.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh, crap! Let's pour it on, people!

The three gun their Vespa engines, causing them to make SHRILL WHINING noises. The scooters barely speed up as the giant gator picks up speed. David looks over his shoulder at the gator, then back to the river.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Please don't let us die on these fucking Vespas...

As the three pass under the Arch, Colonel Blanston's Vespa SPUTTERS, CHOKES, and emits a plume of black smoke. It rolls to a halt and the motor dies.

David and Marisa stop and turn back as the Colonel pushes over his Vespa and kicks it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Colonel, come on! Get on!

The Colonel turns to David and Marisa.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

Don't be crazy. These tin contraptions will barely push one person around, let alone two. Get back to the riverboat. I'll take care of this monster. It was lovely meeting both of you.

The giant gator has almost reached the Arch and is SNARLING.

MARISA

David...

David sits for a moment, weighing his options. He realizes he has none.

DAVID

Dammit.
(to Marisa)
Go. Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She looks at him as if to speak, but the giant gator ROARS again. Marisa snaps into action and the two gun their Vespa engines and head to the riverbank.

Colonel Blanston stands under the Arch and watches them go, a smile on his face.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON

They're such nice people.

He turns to the giant gator, which has arrived directly in front of him, and draws his pistols.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON (CONT'D)

Normally I would try to find some sort of nonviolent solution to our problem. However, it's been a very stressful day, so I'll just say DIE YOU MISERABLE SONOFABITCH!

He opens fire, emptying his guns in rapid-fire succession. Little spots of red blossom on the gator, which recoils and HOWLS.

The Colonel runs out of bullets and he stands in front of the giant gator, empty guns smoking. The monstrous alligator realizes it's not hurt and looks down at the Colonel with cold black eyes.

COLONEL FRANK BLANSTON (CONT'D)

Well, at least I got to see St. Louis.

The giant gator BELLOWS and closes its jaws on the Colonel. It sweeps him into the air, snaps him in half and swallows him. Blood covers its jaws and it HISSES.

Down at the riverbank, David and Marisa watch the gator in horror as a rubber boat full of COMMANDOS arrives.

COMMANDO

Let's go! The bomb's about to go off!

(sees giant gator)

I knew we should've nuked this place.

David and Marisa climb into the raft, which speeds off towards the Casino Queen riverboat.

EXT CASINO QUEEN RIVERBOAT

David and Marisa are pulled aboard the Casino Queen by ARMY SOLDIERS. The casino riverboat has been converted into the military's base of operations for the alligator crisis.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Power cables run across the deck to computer stations and armed guards patrol the multi-leveled boat.

MAJOR CLAYTON FINNEGAN, Blanston's bespectacled second-in-command, meets the two on deck.

MAJOR FINNEGAN

My God, you two look awful! Where's the Colonel?

DAVID

He didn't make it.

MARISA

He gave his life to save us.

MAJOR FINNEGAN

From what?

David points to the opposite shore, where the giant alligator is heading into the water and towards the Casino Queen.

DAVID

From that.

MAJOR FINNEGAN

That is one big gator. Any ideas how to stop it without killing it?

MARISA

You're kidding, right?

MAJOR FINNEGAN

Ok, then.

(to the soldiers around him)

Men, there's a giant alligator approaching the command post. Please direct your fire at the monster. Aaaaand...commence firing!

The soldiers on board train their weapons and open up with a fantastic volley of automatic weapons fire. Bullet hits cause fountains of water to jet up around the approaching gator but don't slow it down. It starts to take hits from the soldiers weapons, but these seem to anger it and make it swim faster towards the riverboat. David leads Marisa to the other side of the boat.

DAVID

This doesn't look good. All that hardware isn't even slowing it down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARISA

I don't even want to think about what it ate to get that big and angry. What are we going to do?

DAVID

I don't know.

Back on the other side of the riverboat, the giant gator swims full steam at the soldiers.

SOLDIER

Jesus, it's not stopping! It's gonna hit--

The gator slams into the side of the riverboat, rocking it and sending everyone on board off balance. The gunfire stops.

Major Finnegan is thrown to the deck.

David and Marisa steady themselves on a railing.

DAVID

Let's see if we can find anything inside.

They head inside the riverboat.

Major Finnegan scrambles to his feet to see the giant alligator is climbing up the side of the riverboat, its feet punching holes in the hull. Soldiers fire down at the beast, but it just HOWLS and snaps its jaws at them. One by one, soldiers fall into the mouth of the monster and are mashed into red pulp.

MAJOR FINNEGAN

Fall back! Fall back, damn it!

Major Finnegan scrambles towards the aft of the riverboat as the giant alligator climbs up on deck. It spies Finnegan and heads in his direction.

MAJOR FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

He backs away from the gator as it bears down on him. Just as the monster is about to swallow him whole, Finnegan backs into a railing and falls over the aft of the ship. He is caught in the cylindrical riverboat paddle and swept down into the river.

AFT OF RIVERBOAT

Major Finnegan emerges from the water clutching a plank of the cylinder and is surprised by his good fortune.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAJOR FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Dear God, I'm alive!

The motion of the cylinder carries him back up to the top deck of the riverboat, where the giant alligator snatches him up and chews him to pieces.

INT CASINO QUEEN RIVERBOAT MAIN GAMBLING FLOOR

David and Marisa walk into the main floor of the riverboat. It is a full-fledged casino, complete with roulette tables, slot machines, and thousands of colored lights. The army has set up computers and other olive-drab equipment all over the place, marring the party atmosphere. A candy apple red Dodge Viper sits on a giant pedestal of slot machines at the far end of the gambling floor.

Soldiers run all over the place, attempting to form a defense against the giant alligator.

MARISA

I really think we should get the hell off this boat.

DAVID

How much time until the bomb goes off?

Marisa checks her watch.

MARISA

About five minutes.

DAVID

Let's see if we can grab one of those rafts.

As they head into the casino, the wall behind them explodes and the giant gator appears. Splintered wood and glass showers nearby soldiers as the gator HISSES and lunges at the closest people.

Automatic gunfire erupts as the gator wades into the center of the casino, its jaws snapping soldiers in half and its tail whipping them across the room. The soldiers are obviously fighting a losing battle.

A soldier is hit by the giant gator's tail, flies across the casino, and lands next to David and Marisa. The impact breaks the soldier's neck and blood pours from his mouth. David spies a cluster of grenades on the dead soldier's webbing. He looks at the nearby Viper, then grabs the grenades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARISA

What the hell do you think you're doing?

DAVID

Get out of here. I'll be right behind you.

The giant gator has nearly finished killing all the soldiers in the casino.

MARISA

Are you out of your mind?

DAVID

There's no time! We have to kill that thing and guns just won't do it! Get out and get one of those rafts ready!

Marisa reluctantly gets up to leave.

MARISA

You better be right behind me, old man!

DAVID

I'll be there before you know it, old woman.

She kisses him and runs.

David turns and sees the giant alligator has cornered the last few soldiers under the roulette table and is trying to get at them. He climbs up on the slot machines and into the Viper, pulling the visor down to find the keys. David starts the engine and guns it with a ROAR.

The alligator turns at the noise and spies David in the car. It HOWLS and charges at him.

David hits the accelerator but keeps the brake on. The Viper's back tires spin in place and smoke.

The giant gator continues to charge. It opens it's jaws.

David releases the brake and the Viper launches forward. The car flies off the slot machines and into the air. It smashes into the open mouth of the gator and knocks it into a sunken area of slot machines, which all tip over. The gator struggles on the floor, buried in the Viper and slot machines.

David struggles out of the Viper and holds on as it bounces under the struggling gator. He pulls out the bundle of grenades and looks at the remaining soldiers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Get the hell out of here! Run for it!

The soldiers waste no time in collecting themselves and staggering out of the casino floor.

David pulls the pins on all the grenades and tosses them onto the floorboards of the Viper. The giant alligator SNARLS.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Later, 'gator.

(then)

I can't believe I just said that.

He jumps off the car and lands on the other side of the slot machine pile. David picks himself up and runs, limping, toward the end of the casino and dives behind a row of heavy slot machines.

The grenades go off and the car explodes in a fireball, destroying the alligator and leaving a huge gaping hole in the top of the riverboat and little fires everywhere.

David looks up at the devastation from behind the slot machines and they pay off - dumping change on his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ow! Damn it!

Marisa and a group of soldiers re-enter the casino and stare in bewilderment at the destruction. David stands up, dumping change all over the place.

MARISA

David!

She runs to him and they embrace.

Soldiers crowd around the giant alligator carcass.

SOLDIER #2

Way to go, man! You blew it's head clean off!

Everybody CHEERS. A soldier looks out at the river and turns back.

SOLDIER #3

Oh, hell. It's not over yet, people!

David, Marisa, and the soldiers look out to the water.

EXT MISSISSIPPI RIVER FACING ST. LOUIS

A SWARM OF ALLIGATORS has reached the riverbank at the Arch and hit the water, heading straight at the Casino Queen.

INT CASINO QUEEN RIVERBOAT MAIN GAMBLING FLOOR

DAVID

Oh, crap.

Marisa is looking at her watch.

MARISA

Wait a second.

EXT MISSISSIPPI RIVER FACING ST. LOUIS

In the distance, at the Slade building, there is an explosion and an orange jet of smoke shoots into the sky. Then orange smoke races past the city buildings, through the Arch, and across the river where it sweeps over the swimming gators.

INT CASINO QUEEN RIVERBOAT MAIN GAMBLING FLOOR

The fast-moving orange cloud hits the riverboat and envelops everyone in an orange dust storm. David, Marisa, and the soldiers are overcome by intense coughing fits as the cloud sweeps around them and dissipates. Slowly, they recover. A soldier looks out at the river.

SOLDIER #3

Hey, look! It worked! It worked!

David and Marisa run out on deck and look down at the water. One by one, the approaching gators slow, vomit into the water, and roll over belly up. The soldiers on the riverboat CHEER. A soldier runs up next to David and Marisa, looking green.

SOLDIER #3 (CONT'D)

I don't feel so good.

He throws up over the edge of the boat.

MARISA

Yeah, that's gonna happen to some people.
You'll be ok in a couple hours.

More soldiers become ill and soon dozens are vomiting over the rails. David looks out at the city and turns to Marisa.

DAVID

I'm never coming back to this town.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts his arm around her and they look back at the city,
framed under the Arch, as the sounds of RETCHING echo across
the river.

THE END