

A Boy and his Monsters
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The roar of a ferocious beast breaks through the black screen.

INT. DREAM CHICAGO - DAY

A Giant, Birdlike Reptile lets out another cry, followed by what appears to be some sort of beam weapon

A building is hit by the beam, and crumbles.

Civilians flee in terror. An unlucky few are crushed under the falling debris.

A young boy walks forward, through the crowd.

DANA (12) looks up to the sky.

He sees it. The giant beat knocks down buildings on either side of him. is destroying Downtown Chicago.

The creature sees him as well. It prepares another blast.

INT. DANA'S HOUSE - DANA'S ROOM - DAY

The Alarm goes off.

Dana is laying on his side, knees bent upwards. Next to his bed is a desk, and next to the desk is another bed, where his brother PATRICK (9) sleeps. Dana turns from one side to the other, ignoring the machine.

BEAT.

He opens his eyes. Something should have happened by now.

He stands, and walks to the doorway.

DANA
Wake up.

PATRICK
I don't want to go to school.

DANA
I don't think we have to.

Dana exits.

INT. DANA'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM- DAY

RICHARD (Their father, forties) sits on the chair by the window pane, a burning-cigarette is between his fingers. On the window pane is a line of burnt-out cigarette butts.

Dana enters, with Patrick just a few steps behind him.

DANA

Do we have to go to school today?

Richard stirs in his chair. He's been woken from a very lite sleep.

RICHARD

I have no way to get your there.
Your mother's still not back. She's
got the car.

PATRICK

What if she doesn't come back this
time?

Dana turns him around, towards the TV.

DANA

Relax. It's only been three days.
She's been gone longer than this
before.

PATRICK

Where's she always going?

Dana puts a VHS in the machine. The image of a giant prehistoric monster takes up the frame.

DANA

I don't know. Shut up.

RICHARD

I've called up work. Figured I'll
watch you today.
(beat)
So, I think I'm going to walk up to
McDonalds for some breakfast. What
do you guys want?

PATRICK

Pancakes!

Richard gets up, and walks past his sons.

DANA
Yeah, Pancakes would be fine.

Dana's eyes become fixated on two monsters clashing. A large, dinosaur-like beast takes up the majority of the screen.

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

The image of the two monsters clashing has been rendered in pencil on a sheet of Notebook paper.

Dana continues working on his sketch, ignoring the works of his TEACHER (female, forties), whose voice sounds off in the distance.

His eyes lift from the sheet of paper just enough to avoid suspicion.

The bell rings.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Dana is walking outside the school, with Patrick running up to him to join him.

DANA
Mom's not here.

PATRICK
Are we supposed to walk home?

DANA
We walked here didn't we?

Dana shows Patrick the sketch book.

PATRICK
Awesome!

DANA
It's okay. Hopefully, one day I can make something awesome.

PATRICK
Why not now?

DANA
Right now, this is the best I can do.

Patrick runs ahead.

DANA
Where are you going?

Patrick stops in his tracks.

PATRICK
Aren't we going to Sheila's?

DANA
Why?

PATRICK
We were going to play Hockey with
Mike and Jim.

DANA
Mike and Jim are bullies. Besides,
we always lose.

PATRICK
Today we might win! Besides, mom
might be there.

DANA
Dad rode past there last night, he
said he didn't see anything.

PATRICK
We don't know that! And I don't
want to walk home.

Dana groans. He grabs Patrick by the hand.

DANA
Alright, alright.

EXT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - DAY

SHEILA (13) stands alone, with nothing but a hockey stick.
She looks back, and sees Dana and Patrick.

SHEILA
It's about time you show up! First
Period was supposed to start twenty
minutes ago

Dana picks up a Hockey stick, and stands next to Sheila.
Patrick takes his place in Goal, with a Hockey stick and a
catcher's mitt instead of a Goalie glove.

MIKE (13) and JIM (13) stand with four other players. They
all sport impressive youth Hockey gear, and are lined up in
the center of the street.

SHEILA

You still got two more guys than us.

MIKE

Not our fault you don't have enough friends!

SHEILA

I want Matthew over here, playing on our side. He's your weakest player, you can spare him.

DANA

Let's just get this over with.

SHEILA

No, this isn't fair!

MATTHEW (11) stretches in his chalk-outlined goal.

MATTHEW

Are we playing or not?

JIM

Yeah, let's go.

SHEILA

Fine.

Just as soon as she opens her mouth, the little rubber ball that stands in for the puck hits the ground. Mike is the first to strike it, rolling it over to Jim.

Jim runs with it all the way to the goal, and could easily tap it in. Instead he goes for a huge sweeping slapshot.

Patrick runs down the block to retrieve the ball.

The ball hits the ground again. This time, Sheila's able to recover it. She shows a certain amount of skill, being able to dodge noticeably larger opponents. Still, the goal is unreachable.

The ball is passed to Dana, but slips between his legs. He's able to recover it, but it's violently stolen by the opposing team. The player teases him, playing keep away with the ball, before passing to Mike.

Mike takes the ball back to the goal. Another point for him.

And another.

And another.

Dana has the ball, and finds that it's time to at least attempt to make a stand. He manages to bring himself to the goal, finds Matthew unable to let it pass.

He sweeps it over to Sheila, who distracts the goalie for just a second, faking him out. Dana takes the ball from her, and rolls it in.

Dana and Sheila rejoice for just a second, until they are interrupted by Mike.

MIKE

Didn't count!

DANA

What are you talking about? It went in?

MIKE

No, it rolled right passed the side. It's not in!

SHEILA

Everyone can tell that! Right, Matt?

MATTHEW

I didn't see it.

JIM

I saw it just roll to the side walk...

DANA

If we had an actual net, it would have easily been counted in!

MIKE

It would have bounced of edge of the goal!

DANA

Bullshit!

JIM

What does it matter? Not like you guys are going to win anyway.

Dana jumps at Jim, pushing him. Jim hits him back, harder as hell. Dana hits the ground.

Sheila blocks Jim from getting in a hit on the fallen kid.

A car's horn prompts Dana to get up, and the teams move to either side of the road.

The car drives by slowly, but ignores the site of the injured boy.

INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

SHARON (Late Thirties, Sheila's mother) openly smokes a joint a table with DALE (Thirties, her Husband) and CATHY (Forties, Dana's mother), playing Gin.

Sheila walks past, holding a can in her hand.

SHARON
What have you got there?

SHEILA
It's just a soda.

SHARON
We got plenty of drinks downstairs.
We're busy.

SHEILA
The ones up here are cold.

SHARON
Alright...

Sheila exits into the basement.

CATHY
You know that wasn't a soda.

SHARON
Yeah, I know. Better have her
drinking it in our basement than
out in the streets where she could
get into some trouble.

Sharon draws from the deck.

INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - EVENING

Dana and Patrick are sitting on a couch, watching a Japanese Monster movie. Sheila walks in with a beer, and takes a sip. It's clear she doesn't like it, but takes another sip anyway.

SHEILA
You're Mom just came in.

PATRICK
Where was she?

SHEILA
Out with my mom. Probably up at
Harpers.

PATRICK
What's Harpers?

SHEILA
It's a bar.

She looks at her beer, denying herself another sip from it.

She gestures offers the beer to Dana, who gestures to turn
it down.

SHEILA
What is this shit, anyway?

PATRICK
It's not shit!

Dana lightly slaps Patrick's hand.

DANA
Patrick, no swearing.
(to Sheila)
It's Gamera vs. Zigra.

SHEILA
Gamera?

DANA
He's a Giant Fire breathing Turtle.
He fights evil space monsters.

SHEILA
What happens when he has to take a
crap?

DANA
Well, he lives under water. So I
guess it sort of biodegrades under
the ocean naturally.

SHEILA
Nerd.

DANA

Of course, he's radioactive, so I wonder if people might get sick from sailing too close to it. Like how in the first Godzilla, if you got too close to him you got Radiation poisoning.

SHEILA

That's awesome. Like a living nuclear weapon.

Dana pauses the video.

DANA

Well, that's the thing. Godzilla couldn't control it. He just caused destruction by accident. It's not his fault. After a while, he decided to use his great power to help the people of Earth. So did Gamera.

SHEILA

As long as they destroy a few cities while they are at it, I guess.

DANA

That's what the bad monsters do. And the good monster always wins.

SHEILA

What about Freddy? He's alive at the end of all those movies. You can't kill the bad monster always.

DANA

Well, I would think what they need is another Monster like Freddy, but one that wants to save people instead of hurt people. People can't fight monsters, only other monsters can. Because-

Dana is interrupted by a splash on his face. He looks to Sheila, who crushed her still- full beer can in a wall-mounted can crusher.

Dana laughs. Him and Patrick go over, investigating it.

PATRICK
What is it?

SHEILA
It's a can crusher.

PATRICK
A what?

Sheila grabs a can from a nearby 24 pack, and puts it in. She pulls down the lever, and the can bursts all over the place.

The three delight in the destruction of the entire twenty four pack over the next couple of hours.

Dana and Patrick find themselves passed out on the couch and a nearby chair respectively. Sheila is asleep on the floor.

INT. DANA'S ROOM- NIGHT

Dana opens his eyes, and sees the figure of his father leaving his room. He closes his eyes. He hears the sounds of yelling

RICHARD
(O.S.)
What the hell were you thinking
keeping them out so late, this is
school night for them.

CATHY
(O.S.)
I did not keep them out. They went
to a friends house. You never
picked them up from school.

RICHARD
(O.S.)
No more games. Where the hell have
you been?

The sounds of his parent's yelling become almost inaudible at first, and slowly turn into the high pitched shriek of a giant monster.

EXT. DREAM CHICAGO - DAY

Dana opens his eyes, and looks up. A giant, bird like creature is destroying building in Downtown Chicago with what looks like a cutting laser.

People frantically run past him, but never come close to trampling him, as he steps forward.

He reaches to his belt instinctively, but is still somewhat shocked to find a small device on his belt.

He unhooks it, and connects it to a strange bracelet on his arm.

Dana is now in some sort of bio Armor. he is stunned, but only for a second.

He looks at the monster, who is pulling a small child out of a building.

Dana makes his move, tackling the creature. The creature's hand opens, the child runs away, free from harm.

The monster kicks Dana off of him, and proceeds to kick him when he's down. Violently, repeatedly.

Dana is stuck. He seems to accept his fate.

No. The Good Monster always wins.

The monster lets out his cutting beam, but Dana turns to his side. He kicks at the creature, who falls back.

Dana gets up, and punches the monster in the face.

Twice.

The monster takes a spill. Dana waits for it to get back up. Instead, the creature blasts through his shoulder with it's beam.

This sets Dana back, as the creature tries to escape.

Not a chance. Dana makes a motion with his hands, before outstretching them. A beam comes out, blasting his opponent.

The city is ruins, but it seems to be safe. Dana stands victoriously over the creature.

INT. DANA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The image of the Triumphant hero Dana becomes nothing but a small action figure, not at all similar, stuck to the table with putty. Dana stands behind with a camera.

He stops the camera, puts it down, moves the figure's hand, and returns to the camera, only to put it back down again. He needs to move the foot of another toy.

CATHY (His mother, Forties) comes in.

CATHY

You know, you should ask your father for some help. He was film student you know.

DANA

Yeah. Thanks mom.

Dana record for a few more seconds. He moves the hand of the monster, and the hero starts to fall.

DANA

Dammit! No, no....

CATHY

I'm heading out now, make sure you do your homework.

DANA

When will you be back?

CATHY

Well, that's up to your father, isn't it?

DANA

Yeah, I guess.

Dana adjusts the hero, making it clear her was not paying attention. He realizes what he just said, and tries to catch up with her.

DANA

Mom, I know you and him were fighting again, but do you have to leave already? You've been gone for like a week. Patrick keeps asking where you are always going. I don't know what to tell him.

He honestly doesn't know.

CATHY

Out.

DANA

Out where?

Cathy exits.

Dana composes himself, and returns to his action figures, which are falling down once again. He frantically tries to readjust them.

DANA

Crap, crap, crap....

INT. SHEILA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - EVENING

The image of the action figures fighting takes up the television screen. It's choppy, doesn't match up, and the images are only animated in the loosest sense of the world.

Sheila and Patrick watch on with him. Patrick finds the whole thing fascinating.

PATRICK

Whoa, it's like Nightmare.

SHEILA

Except really bad looking.

DANA

I don't know how Harryhausen does it....

SHEILA

Who?

DANA

Ray Harryhausen. He was a special effects- Forget it.

Dana turns the TV off, leaning back.

SHEILA

Just make it like that dream you had...

DANA

Don't think I could have made anything like it. It was vivid. Giant monsters in Chicago, man. New York has King Kong, Tokyo has

DANA
Godzilla, Chicago has got to be the
only major city without a monster.

PATRICK
What about the Grasshoppers?

DANA
That was stupid.

SHEILA
How did they do that Gamera one we
watched? They didn't do it like
Nightmare.

DANA
That was with guys in suits.

SHEILA
How about you try to make a movie
with guys in suits?

DANA
I don't know how to make costumes.
Besides, it's not going to look
like a movie. A real one, anyway.

SHEILA
My Stepmom could make some
costumes. I don't think they will
look like a real movie, but I don't
think it'll be too bad.

DANA
Yeah, I guess.

SHEILA
It's your first movie. It doesn't
have to be perfect. As long as it's
not bad.

Dana shrugs. Patrick goes over to the can crusher, and puts
in a beer can.

SHEILA
STOP THAT!

Patrick stares at Sheila, in shock. He fights to keep
himself from crying.

SHEILA
(To Patrick)
We're not allowed to touch that.

(to Dana)
Do you have a script?

DANA
How do I make a script out of a dream I have? The dream was like, five minutes. And nobody said anything.

SHEILA
How about just draw it then? I know you can do that.

DANA
No, it needs to be longer. Otherwise, you wouldn't be able to tell who the good guy is.

Sheila's mother calls from up the stairs.

SHARON
(O.S.)
DANA! PATRICK! Your mother says you have to leave within the hour!

DANA
Okay!

PATRICK
Mom's not going to drive us home?

DANA
Yeah, she's going to stay here with Sheila's mom.

PATRICK
Why can't we stay?

SHEILA
It's best if you don't.

PATRICK
Why not?

SHEILA
Because it's boring grown up stuff.

DANA
How do you supposed we build the city anyway? I mean, if we do do this?

SHEILA

Same way you made the other one.
Except bigger. and this time, paint
it.

DANA

But won't that-

SHEILA

You over think this. It's just
monsters fighting.

DANA

No it's not! That's the problem,
it's more than that! Godzilla
wasn't about a monster, but the
threat of Nuclear Weapons. Gamera
isn't about a monster fighting,
it's about protecting those you
care about!

SHEILA

What's yours about?

DANA

I'm not doing it.

SHEILA

Not if you don't know what it's
about.

INT. DANA'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Richard sits at the black TV screen, smoking a cigarette,
as usual.

Dana and Patrick come in.

RICHARD

Where's your mother?

DANA

She's still at Sheila's house.

RICHARD

I see. I should probably go and get
her.

Richard gets up, out of his seat.

DANA
No, no, it's alright.

RICHARD
No, a boy needs his father and his
mother.

DANA
Come on, stay, somebody needs to
cook dinner

PATRICK
We already had dinner.

RICHARD
I'll pick something for you guys
when I'm out. Probably a sack of
cheeseburgers.

Dana shooshes Patrick, and Richard makes it to the door.

DANA
I want you to help me make a movie.

Richard stops.

RICHARD
What do you need help with?