

STOMP!

By

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INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The OLD MAN sits in his squalid apartment

He clumsily turns on his cell phone.

Dials a number

Gets a voicemail and frowns.

OLD MAN

Son, it me. The shit is real. He's
real. I don't know how much time I
have left.

The old man almost says something else. Shakes his head.
Shuts off the phone.

OLD MAN

The hell with you then.

Thump! A loud rumbling noise outside. The room shakes.

Followed by a knock at the door.

The old man opens his front door.

The OLD LADY is frantic.

OLD LADY

Oh, God. Let me in, please! We're
going to be killed!

OLD MAN

Shut up and get inside.

He pulls her in. Slams the door.

Opens the blinds

OLD LADY

No, keep the window shut! He might
see us. Oh, I don't want to see
him!

Rumble. Thump. Thud.

The room shakes again

OLD MAN

I knew this day would come. My pop
fought in World War Two and knew he
was real. Fuckin' Godzilla. Nobody
believed him.

OLD LADY
He's getting closer!

OLD MAN
This is it, God dammit.

OLD LADY
Don't say that.

She spies his cell phone

OLD LADY
You've got to record my last will
and testament

OLD MAN
The hell with that. I'm going out
there to face that God damn far
east menace.

OLD LADY
You're crazy. You can't be serious.

OLD MAN
Watch me.

He opens the door and runs outside

The old lady screams

OUTSIDE

The old man runs down the street losing his balance as the
ground shakes

OLD MAN
I ain't a-scared uh you God dammit.

He stops in his tracks. Looks up. A giant shadow casts over
him

OLD MAN
We had the bomb. We made you. And
now you're gonna-

Stomp! A giant green foot slams down on him.