

PACIFIC RIM

by

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## PREFACE: LEXICON

*(A supplementary guide to pertinent terms and jargon...)*

- **Anteverse.** the older, parent universe on the other side of the Interstice
- **bruiser.** (*slang*) Jaeger gunner
- **BTB.** brain-to-brain interface (*see* PONS *or* DRIFT)
- **conn-pod.** the Jaeger's detachable cockpit module; sometimes called a Conn
- **COSDEC.** Pacific Rim Combined Special Defense Corp
- **drift.** (*slang*) a joint vision shared by Jaeger crew members while directly linked via the Pons; triggered by subconscious stimuli, a generally involuntary but seldom debilitating phenomenon
- **drivesuit.** the Jaeger/pilot interface suit designed to monitor vital signs and to translate nerve signals to piloting input
- **ghost-drift.** (*slang*) a kind of quasi-telepathic vision shared (by parties with a pre-existing Pons connection) without the aid of a hard neural interface; commonly triggered by stress, physical proximity, or coinciding REM sleep patterns
- **headspace.** (*slang*) virtual space inside the O/S in which crew telepresences interact (*see* PONS *or* DRIFT)
- **HUD.** the Jaeger's perceptual heads-up-display; projected inside the subject's brain
- **The Interstice.** the rift between our universe and the anteverse; in the mid-Pacific at a depth of about 5 miles
- **Jaeger.** specialized threat response mech; piloted by a two-person crew via direct neural linkup
- **KJ.** (*slang*) kaiju
- **Kodiak.** main campus of the Cosdec Defence College

- **leftover.** (*slang*) the surviving crewmate of a Jaeger operator who is KIA (exceedingly rare; in the majority of incidents, both crew members perish)
- **LOCCENT.** short for Local Command Center, command and dispatch for local operations
- **Midway.** highly classified research facility and surveillance station; HQ for COSDEC's ultra-secret Science Division
- **Osaka Exclusion Zone.** formerly the city of Osaka; rendered uninhabitable from radiological and biological contaminants of first kaiju attack
- **Pons.** the BTB server specifically designed to facilitate the direct neural interface required to operate the Jaeger
- **The Precursors.** the unofficial Sci-Division code name for the hypothetical entities on the other side of the Interstice
- **Science Division/Sci-Division.** an ultra-secret research arm of COSDEC (*see* MIDWAY)
- **Trespasser.** reporting name for the first kaiju; known from the November 9th attack on Osaka
- **V-50 Jumphawk.** the VTOL tiltrotor aircraft used for Jaeger deployment
- **wetport.** direct neural interface prosthesis; an outlet behind the ear by which the Pons can port directly into the user's temporal lobe

BLACKNESS.

A deep, thunderous BOOM, like a mountain hitting the ground.

A garbled radio VOICE laughs triumphantly.

VOICE (FILTERED)  
Game on! That sonuvabitch is down!

INT. CONN-POD ZUMA-1 -- DUSK

We're tight on a young man's face -- his square jaw tense; his short, dirty blond hair damp with sweat; his eyes focused and urgent. He's RALEIGH ANTROBUS (23), a rare sort of pilot.

We don't see much. It feels dark, cramped, and busy. Perhaps a cockpit. We're dimly aware of Raleigh's view reflected on the glass visor of his helmet -- a flat, blue horizon.

RALEIGH  
Stand by for confirmation...

VOICE (FILTERED)  
Rals! We got him! Nothing gets up  
from a hit like that!

Raleigh's tension starts to ease, but just as a smile of relief begins to creep across his lips, we see something move in the reflection on his helmet --

A shape; distorted, out of focus, monstrous, vast... Alive. Chilling in its size and obscurity as it rises to darken the reflection. We hear a bone-shuddering ROAR.

Raleigh's smile melts away. His game-face quickly takes hold.

RALEIGH  
Look sharp, Yance! He's getting up!

INT. COUNSELOR'S OFFICE -- DAY

Raleigh wakes on the couch (a year older). He unplugs a wire from a port behind his ear and quickly sits up.

His COUNSELOR, a calm man in uniform, unplugs his own wire, disconnecting from the Pons brain-to-brain server.

Raleigh perches anxiously on the edge of the couch. The Counselor gives him a second. Raleigh scratches the data port discreetly embedded in the flesh behind his ear lobe.

RALEIGH  
I need to get this damn thing taken  
out. I'm not a driver any more.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COUNSELOR

I know you've had a rough go at it so far, but the port can actually be useful in therapy --

RALEIGH

Sharing headspace with my own brother was crowded enough. I don't wanna make room for anyone else.

COUNSELOR

Alright. We can do it the old fashioned way. Talk it out...

RALEIGH

No. Listen. I don't want to relive that day. Okay? I want to bury it.

COUNSELOR

But you can't avoid the triggers. This is the world we live in now.

Raleigh stands up to leave. The Counselor catches him, putting a hand on his shoulder and confiding earnestly.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

This is a dagger in your heart, man. The deeper you bury it, the harder it hurts. You'll feel it every time you hear about another attack and you won't know why...

RALEIGH

I can tell you why -- because I'm helpless. And nothing you can say will ever change that...

INT. LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh passes the reception area on the way out. A handful of uniformed PERSONNEL are glued to the news on a wall-mounted tv. Raleigh stops. He can't help himself.

On the news, we see shots of toppled buildings, upturned cars, and splintered Japanese billboards. The label at the bottom of the screen tells us it's Tokyo.

CNN ANCHOR (FILTERED)

-- the second attack in four months, up from last year --

(beat)

Just a moment...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the chaotic rubble, we pull back from a "hill" that turns out to be the flank of some vast carcass, entrails spilled across the fractured streets like sagging hot air balloons.

We see also the wreck of a heavily-armored, human-shaped mech -- a *Jaeger*. MEN drag the distraught GUNNER from the wreck, a young Asian girl in a form-fitting drivesuit (more later).

CNN ANCHOR (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

We're seeing the gunner now. And officials are confirming that tragically her crewmate, pilot Aki Seto, has died in the attack.

Raleigh shakes himself from the grim news and promptly exits.

EXT. SHINAGAWA -- NIGHT

A cluster of tents amidst heaps of rubble. The wrecked Jaeger and kaiju carcass still looms in the background. Helicopters circle overhead, throwing light down on the mess.

SUPER: *Shinagawa Incident Zone -- Tokyo, Japan*

INT. MEDICAL TENT -- CONTINUOUS

The improvised field hospital swarms with DOCTORS treating the CASUALTIES of the attack.

The gunner from the news footage, MAKO MORI (22), sits catatonic, her arm in a sling. Her hair hugs her face in a helmet-like Chinese bob. She has firm and quiet bearing.

A man in uniform spots her. STACKER PENTECOST, a black Briton with a face that is at all times the very picture of confident serenity. He tries to get her attention.

(NOTE: Hereafter, italicized dialogue indicates "spoken Japanese with English subtitles.")

PENTECOST

*Lieutenant Mori... Lieutenant...  
Lieutenant... Mako...*

Finally, she looks up.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)

*They've cleared you to go.*

MAKO

*How's the Jaeger?*

PENTECOST

*The core's fried.*

He takes a seat beside her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PENTECOST (CONT'D)  
*Aki was a hero, Mako. He saved the  
 city. He saved your life.*

She doesn't react.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)  
*You can go now. You know that,  
 right? You don't have to stay.*

Slowly, she turns to him.

MAKO  
*Where can I go? My Jaeger is  
 broken. My winger is gone. What am  
 I now? Who am I?*

EXT. JAEGER-MEISTER'S BAR & GRILL -- NIGHT

A dive bar fronting a small, gravel parking lot off a dark  
 seaside highway -- an island of neon in the night.

SUPER: *Jaeger-Meister's Bar & Grill -- Port Hueneme,  
 California*

FLICK (PRE-LAP)  
 So does our source have a name?

INT. COMPACT CAR -- CONTINUOUS

The dive's neon sign casts a lurid glow on the windshield.

In the driver's seat, FELICITY "FLICK" KINCAID. A clever girl  
 in faded denim and paisley cotton, a canyon bohemian flavor.  
 She tucks her rambunctious blonde curls behind her ear.

A series of brief, cryptic emails, fanned out in the  
 passenger seat. She speaks to her IT guy (JIM) through a  
 bluetooth headset as she takes notes.

JIM (FILTERED)  
 I couldn't crack the remailer, but  
 I pinged the dropbox and got a hit.  
 It's a cpo.org server.

FLICK  
 CPO -- ?

She scribbles notes, glancing up at the PATRONS leaving the  
 bar, most in standard-issue jumpsuits from the nearby Jaeger  
 base. She's expecting someone.

JIM (FILTERED)  
 Calixto Particle Observatory. Peru.  
 Just outside of Lima.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLICK

Yeah? What do they observe?

JIM (FILTERED)

Quarks, bosons, tachyons -- you know, stuff no one's heard of.

FLICK

So our guy's a particle physicist.

JIM (FILTERED)

You're not going to Peru, right?

Already, she's surfing her smartphone for airplane tickets.

FLICK

Not as far as you know.

JIM (FILTERED)

I'm lying to your editor again?

FLICK

He won't understand.

JIM (FILTERED)

That your leaving the country instead of emailing the guy?

FLICK

I send him questions. His replies are vague and infrequent. If he's got the answers he claims to have, I need to meet him.

JIM (FILTERED)

You don't know how solid he is.

FLICK

I will when I shake his hand.

JIM (FILTERED)

You'll spook the hell out of him. He wants to be anonymous.

FLICK

It's not me he's scared of. If it is, he's screwing with me.

She spots Raleigh staggering out of the bar and quickly wraps up her conversation.

FLICK (CONT'D)

I have to go. Thanks, Jim. I owe you one.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

She grabs her stack of e-mails and gets out of the car.

EXT. JAEGER-MEISTER'S BAR & GRILL -- CONTINUOUS

Flick chases after Raleigh.

FLICK  
Raleigh.

He spots her, and keeps walking, indifferent. She follows.

FLICK (CONT'D)  
I've been trying to get a hold of  
you. Ever check your messages?

RALEIGH  
I'm not going on the record, Flick.

FLICK  
I'm not looking for an interview.

RALEIGH  
Oh? You're not? You've finally  
given up that tired dead end story?

FLICK  
(defensive)  
There's a region off Midway that's  
been spitting out giant monsters  
for over a decade. How can it still  
be such a goddamned mystery? --

RALEIGH  
I dunno, but the ocean floor is  
like five miles deep out there.  
It's not the easiest place to know.

FLICK  
So COSDEC's just clueless?

RALEIGH  
Probably not, but it's all rumors  
by the time it gets to us jocks.

He gets to his car and unlocks the door. Flick drops her ace.

FLICK  
Do they call it the *Interstice*?

He stops -- they obviously do.

FLICK (CONT'D)  
Yance let that word slip every once  
in a while.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLICK (CONT'D)

I didn't even remember until I got this anonymous email:

(reading)

"They know what the Interstice is."

RALEIGH

We shouldn't be talking about this.

FLICK

What is the Interstice?

RALEIGH

I thought this wasn't an interview.

She relents; she knows why she really hunted him down.

FLICK

It's not. I'm just -- Jesus, it's been like a year since we've talked at all... I was his fiancée. We're like family. Friends at least...

RALEIGH

Exes?

FLICK

Ex-what? I was never sure...

(no answer)

You ever have a nightmare too awful to talk about, Rals?

He ignores the question.

FLICK (CONT'D)

I saw how close you and your brother were. I did a piece about it. What you and me had, it felt so -- small. I never thought you cared enough to miss it... Yance said you were cool with me and him.

RALEIGH

If Yance said it...

FLICK

But you never did. You never said anything. You just avoided us... And I wonder if he'd be alive if not for me. I wonder if I screwed up the bond that drove the machine.

RALEIGH

Goddamn, Flick. Today of all days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLICK

Sorry, but I've been living with --

RALEIGH

He was my brother, Flick!

FLICK

It's my nightmare! Okay? And when I wake up screaming...

(trailing off)

You won't call me back, Raleigh...

She closes her eyes and pinches the bridge of her nose, embarrassed, collecting herself. She can't meet his eyes.

RALEIGH

You know how the Pons works? Two Jaeger pilots driving the rig with their brains, all those thoughts bleeding between them... Every time me and Yancy plugged in, I had a front row seat. All those intimate moments. I've walked in on you two more times than you even know. It was torture driving that Jaeger with him. Just torture.

Flick stares at him, frozen, tears welling up in her eyes.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)

So you want me to tell you none of that colored my judgment; that I put it aside and did all I could?

(pausing to reflect)

Well, I'm sorry Flick, but I dunno... Probably not.

Tears spill from her eyes. She can find no words. Finally, she SLAPS him as hard as she can.

He watches her storm back to her car. She throttles it out of the gravelly lot, ripping plumes of dust in her taillights.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Raleigh staggers into his small mobile home.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh splashes water on his face and meets his reflection in the small mirror, fractured as if by bare knuckles some fitful night not so long ago.

He steels his cold expression and nods slowly -- *Yes, this is who you are, Raleigh.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His brow cracks and he collapses over the toilet puking up every shred of the stony facade he's been holding, revealing the raw anguish and self-doubt, red-faced and heaving.

Through his GASPING he almost doesn't hear the KNOCKING at his front door...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh takes a deep breath before he opens the door to find a uniformed military officer on his doorstep, LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER ROSCOE CALHOUN. He gives Raleigh a familiar grin.

CALHOUN  
Hey, Raleigh... Got a minute?

EXT. RALEIGH'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The mobile home overlooks the seaside strawberry fields off a dark stretch of the PCH. Raleigh sits on the tailgate of his old pickup as Calhoun smokes his cigarette.

In the distance, the Point Mugu Air Station, where the silhouettes of the LA Strike Group's two Jaegers tower in the ocean fog, waiting, red caution lights blinking placidly.

CALHOUN  
Tokyo's down one Jaeger. It's the biggest city on the Rim. It's COSDEC headquarters. The brass wants redundancy. They want a crew covering that second Jaeger.

RALEIGH  
And you think I know somebody?

Calhoun knows Raleigh sees it coming, so he gets to it.

CALHOUN  
They just need some understudies, at least until the rooks graduate this summer. A few months tops. You'll go to Tokyo all expenses paid, you'll eat some sushi, and you'll be back in time for June gloom. It's a cushy gig.

RALEIGH  
The attacks are coming faster --

CALHOUN  
There's no evidence of long-term --

RALEIGH  
You don't shoehorn two burnt-out leftovers into a Pons and call it a Jaeger crew if you're not expecting some new kind of trouble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CALHOUN

(leveling with Raleigh)

We don't know what to expect...  
Look, you lost your winger and the  
weight of the whole damn city fell  
on your shoulders; and for seventy-  
seven seconds you carried it, and  
you finished the fight.

A silence passes as Raleigh reflects on the proposition.

RALEIGH

Who's your other sucker?

CALHOUN

Another survivor...

RALEIGH

Not the girl from the news?

CALHOUN

Name's Mako Mori. She's a little  
thing, but she's tough as nails.

RALEIGH

I'm a mess and lost Yance over a  
year ago. She lost hers today...

CALHOUN

(sighing, a surrender)

Hell, I dunno. I've never tried on  
that skyscraper suit.

They stare out towards the two distant Jaegers, looming like  
industrial colossuses in the silver murk of the marine layer.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

You know, I always wanted to ask --  
What's it feel like?

Raleigh turns to him, brow furrowed, not sure if he's  
serious. He is. Raleigh turns and stares at the Jaeger's  
silhouette for a while before answering.

RALEIGH

There's things you just can't  
fight. Acts of God or whatever.  
Like you see a hurricane coming,  
you just have to get out of the  
way, you know? But when you're in a  
Jaeger, suddenly you can draw a  
line in the sand. You can fight the  
hurricane -- and you can win.

Calhoun nods quietly, he gives Raleigh a moment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CALHOUN

I'm sorry to bother you, Raleigh.  
You take care of yourself, okay?

He starts away. Raleigh watches him go, dwelling on that final thought. He finally speaks up.

RALEIGH

I never said I wouldn't do it.

Calhoun turns and raises an eyebrow.

INT. FLICK'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Flick packs a suitcase, her eyes still red, her hands still shaking slightly.

She has to stop and take a seat at the edge of the bed. Her eyes meet a frame on the wall.

A VANITY FAIR cover: Raleigh and his brother in their pilot gear, standing arms crossed before the silhouette their Jaeger, "*HEART OF THE TANK: The Antrobus Bros. Reveal What Drives the Men Who Drive the Jaeger -- by Felicity Kincaid.*"

Flick folds herself up on the bed beside the half-packed suitcase. She rests her head on the pillow and locks her raw eyes on the framed picture.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT POND -- NIGHT (DREAM)

A pool hemmed by sandstone boulders bristling with sage. A man stands naked on the rocks, covered in blood. He falls. Flick runs. But she doesn't catch him.

She perches at the overhang, looking down. The man breaks the surface and throws his head back, suddenly okay.

The man is Yancy Antrobus, Raleigh's brother. We see the resemblance, but he's more carefree than his younger brother, an assured soul with the charm of a barefoot troubadour.

Wisps of red spread from him, turning the pool to blood.

YANCY

Come on in, Flick.

FLICK

I can't, Yance.

YANCY

Well you can't stay out there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flick looks back to see a wildfire sweeping over the scrub around her. Something stirs beyond the flames; something huge and alive, as if part of the horizon itself was waking up.

Its shape rises high and obscure behind the swirling cinders, towering over the desert; a vast behemoth shadowed in smoke and night, rearing up to blot out the stars.

Yancy flashes Flick reassuring smile as he treads blood.

YANCY (CONT'D)  
Jump in, babe. Come on. There's  
nothing for you out there...

Behind her, the pitch-dark kaiju BELLOWS; a dull, bestial grumble made loud and bone-shuddering by the sheer size of the beast. The THROBBING ground announces its every step.

Hundreds of feet overhead, it's jagged jaws glow furnace-like from within. Ignescant saliva drips from it's teeth like molten napalm, fueling the encroaching wildfire.

An AIR RAID SIREN wails and Flick steps back, unconsciously inching away from the blazing heat -- until her last step finds only air, and she falls into the pool of blood.

INT. FLICK'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

The AIR RAID SIREN becomes the nasal BLEATING of an alarm clock. Flick wakes with a start, still in her clothes, exactly where we left her the previous night.

She looks at the clock. It's been going off for a while. She's running late. Without changing, she puts on her shoes, zips up her suitcase, and rushes out.

EXT. CENTRAL COMMAND COMPLEX -- DAY

A causeway extends to a man-made island in Tokyo Bay where stands a small city of sleek, robust buildings: crew dormitories, administration, and SuperCom.

The largest structure, a series of arching petals ringing the launch area like the rim of an artfully broken dome, a modern flourish that lends the facility its nickname -- Shatterdome.

*SUPER: Pacific Rim Combined Special Defense Corps Central Command -- Tokyo, Japan*

EXT. THE GREEN -- CONTINUOUS

An SUV emblazoned with the COSDEC shield pulls up and lets Raleigh out on the rolling, carefully-manicured lawn.

He's cleaned up: groomed, shaved, and in uniform. He hoists a duffle bag over his shoulder and searches the UNIFORMS millling on the grass. A voice calls after him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PENTECOST (O.S.)  
Sub-Lieutenant Raleigh Antrobus?

Commander Pentecost approaches with intimidating poise.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)  
Lieutenant-Commander Stacker  
Pentecost.

RALEIGH  
Good to meet you, sir.

He indicates for Raleigh to follow him.

PENTECOST  
I'll be conducting your training.

RALEIGH  
Due respect, sir, but I've been  
through training.

PENTECOST  
With whom?

RALEIGH  
Sir?

PENTECOST  
Who was your winger? Was it your  
best mate? Your girlfriend?

RALEIGH  
It was my brother, sir.

PENTECOST  
Well I'm sure you know Sub-  
Lieutenant Mori is not your  
brother. And that COSDEC's  
preference for crews who share a  
history is not at all arbitrary.

RALEIGH  
Yes sir.

PENTECOST  
What you don't know is how hard it  
will be to share headspace with a  
stranger. It'll be like you've  
never driven a Jaeger in your life.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Mako towels off her sweat, numb and weary. Her slim frame  
might seem girlish in street attire, but her sports bra and  
shorts utterly fail to hide her long, taut ninja's physique.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Another Japanese girl enters, surprised to find Mako. KAORI JESSOP (22), a pilot for the second Jaeger -- taller than Mako with longer, curlier hair.

KAORI

*I hate that they're making you do this. So soon after...*

MAKO

*I volunteered. There's like three other loners in the world and none of them give a shit about Tokyo. It's my hometown. I signed up as soon as I heard they were looking.*

She changes into casual attire as Kaori gets into her gym clothes, eying her with friendly concern.

KAORI

*Are you sure you're okay?*

MAKO

*It's been two weeks. I passed the psych evaluation.*

KAORI

*Sure, I just thought you might want to talk about it.*

Mako says nothing. Kaori surrenders the conversation. About to close her locker, Mako spots a photo of her and Aki. She touches the corner as if about to peel it off, but stops.

MAKO

*You know what the worst part is? The silence. You don't even remember what silence is until it comes flooding back.*

A long moment. Finally Mako looks up at Kaori. She shuts the locker and sits on the dressing bench. A deep breath.

MAKO (CONT'D)

*The American's here?*

KAORI

*I saw Pentecost showing him around.*

MAKO

*What's he like?*

KAORI

*From a distance? Maybe an eight.*

Mako shakes her head and half snickers. Kaori grins warmly and leaves her to finish dressing.

INT. LOCCENT GALLERY -- LATER

Pentecost leads Raleigh through an observation gallery overlooking a mission control center buzzing with OFFICERS.

PENTECOST  
Here's our LOCCENT. Much like your  
own back at LASG, no doubt.

A plethora of consoles fan out from an incomprehensible mosaic of holographic data filling the dome-shaped screen that encompasses the command center's front wall.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)  
It's a drill.

Raleigh lingers, squinting at the officer at the center of the action: a broad shouldered Japanese man in a crisp uniform -- COMMANDER KAZ TAKADA (50).

PENTECOST (CONT'D)  
Commander Takada...

RALEIGH  
I thought that was him. Why's he  
running drills in LOCCENT?

PENTECOST  
The Supreme Commander doubles as CO  
of the Tokyo Strike Group.

INT. SHATTERDOME -- DAY

Pentecost leads Raleigh onto the mezzanine overlooking the main floor of the Jaeger launch bay.

Below - the wide floor of the launch bay. Sunlight spills through the open top of the partial dome onto the mammoth machines and giant equipment needed to service the Jaegers.

The nearest Jaeger stands at its docking tower: A Mark-2 dubbed TACIT RONIN. Lean and nimble, his streamlined armor flecked with stark digital camo - steel blue on cool grey. An ultra-modern twenty-six story kickboxer.

PENTECOST  
There's Tacit Ronin. And -- ah,  
yes, her crew's actually over here.

Two Jaeger jocks sit on the edge of mezzanine platform, a young couple in matching track suits.

We've already met Kaori Jessop. The man is her husband - DUC JESSOP (23). Korean-Australian. An Asian face, but the bleached hair and drawl of an Aussie surfer. The flashy boots he wears with his jumpsuit testify to his love of Westerns.

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PENTECOST (CONT'D)  
Lieutenant Kaori Jessop and Sub-  
Lieutenant "Duck" Jessop.

Kaori smiles and nods a wordless greeting. Duc shakes his head and tightens his lips.

DUC  
Do not listen to this Limey! It's  
"Duke!" Not "Duck." "Duke!" As in -

He jumps down from the scaffolding and strikes a cowboy pose, aiming his finger like a pistol as he slips into John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn (startlingly good).

DUC (CONT'D)  
"Fill your hand, you son of a  
bitch!"

He smiles broad and opens the pistol to invite a handshake. Raleigh takes it and nods firmly.

DUC (CONT'D)  
(to Pentecost)  
He met his scrap heap yet?

Raleigh tries to get a clear look at the second Jaeger, standing at the distant end of of the bay, partially hidden by scaffolding and cranes.

PENTECOST  
Hey yours will be lucky to last as  
long as that "scrap heap" the way  
you treat it.

DUC  
That's goddamn right!

Pentecost leads Raleigh into a nearby

CAGE ELEVATOR

and shuts the door. As they ride it down, Raleigh doesn't take his eyes off the second Jaeger. The lift bottoms out on

THE MAIN FLOOR

where Pentecost and Raleigh exit. Raleigh narrows his eyes at the obscured mech: something about the color intrigues him.

RALEIGH  
Hey, what did he mean "scrap heap?"

PENTECOST  
No one told you? She's a Mark-1.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Raleigh starts to walk faster, almost jogging across the wide, busy floor to get a clear look at the Jaeger.

Finally, a huge repair crane rolls away, revealing the Jaeger. Raleigh's mouth gapes at the sight of it.

RALEIGH  
(reverent)  
Gipsy Danger...

GIPSY DANGER -- Less humanoid than the Mark-2, burlier, more bestial, with back-bending t-rex legs. A monster for the monsters. Armor mottled smoky green and charcoal, bearing the proud scars of all the fights that failed to bring her down. A dinosaurian gladiator; mighty, iconic.

PENTECOST  
You know it?

RALEIGH  
Are you kidding? I was fifteen. I knew all their names...

Pentecost crosses his arms with a smirk as he watches Raleigh stagger closer, in an awed trance.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)  
This was LA's first Jaeger. This was the reason we got to sleep at night. The reason I am what I am.

He lays his palm on the armor, and cranes his neck to marvel at her history, blazed in decals like a soldier's tattoos: a US flag, a Bear Flag, the Rising Sun, the flag of Tokyo, even retro nose-art -- a buxom gypsy pinup riding a bomb.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)  
I can't drive this. This is like Apollo. She's a monument. She should be in a museum.

PENTECOST  
They tell me she's got one or two more fights left in her... Do you?

Raleigh smiles earnestly with an awed chuckle, but before he can answer, a Japanese voice calls out.

MAKO  
*Is that the American?*

Raleigh and Pentecost turn to find Mako standing on a catwalk above. She leans on the rail, warily scrutinizing Raleigh. Pentecost answers in Japanese.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PENTECOST

*Yes. This is Raleigh Antrobus.*  
(to Raleigh)  
Your gunner -- Mako Mori.

RALEIGH

Hi. Good to meet you.

Mako eyes him, and crosses her arms.

MAKO

*Is he talking to me, Sensei?*

PENTECOST

*You want to come down and say  
hello, Lieutenant?*

It hits her -- He doesn't speak Japanese.

MAKO

*Would it make any difference what I  
said to him, Sensei?*

Pentecost sighs. He has no response. Mako gapes at him, astonished by the implications of this oversight.

MAKO (CONT'D)

*What are we even doing here?*

Pentecost is at a loss. Mako turns and speeds away. Raleigh stares into the empty space where Mako had just been standing, daunted by the realization --

RALEIGH

She doesn't speak English...

Pentecost sighs and throws Raleigh a wry, told-you-so grin.

EXT. DOJO -- NIGHT

The old-style pagoda stands in contrast to the other futuristic structures of the command complex, perched near the edge of island, overlooking the Bay and Tokyo beyond.

PENTECOST (PRE-LAP)

Language is not thought.

INT. DOJO TRAINING HALL -- CONTINUOUS

A high atrium-ceiling over a gleaming hardwood floor, painted with a deep scarlet circle throwing red slashes out across the pale brown planks, evoking Japan's "rising sun" emblem.

On the circle, Raleigh and Mako stand opposite one another in their standard-issue track suits as Pentecost muses, alternating between English and subtitled Japanese.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PENTECOST

You don't speak the same language.  
So what? You're brain-to-brain in  
the Pons. You're in, where thoughts  
happen. Don't sweat the doorman.

RALEIGH

So should we log some Pons time?

PENTECOST

Walk before you run, Lieutenant.

LATER -- FIRST EXERCISE

Blindfolded, Mako and Raleigh stand on opposite sides of a table on which sits a scale precariously balanced with neatly stacked weights on each tray. Pentecost watches.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)

The Jaeger's a huge machine. It  
takes two brains to move her. Like  
a dinosaur. Every step, every  
gesture is a concert of two minds.

With their right hands they meticulously maneuver a new weight to their respective trays; their left hands hold their partner's wrist tracking the opposite weight's progress.

Simultaneously, they gently deposit their weights. The balance wobbles slightly, but holds.

They each pick up the next weight. The movements play out as before, but this time Raleigh arrives slightly early.

The scales teeter and fail, spilling the weights.

Mako removes her blindfold and sighs, frustrated.

LATER -- ANOTHER EXERCISE

Mako and Raleigh stand a good distance apart, juggling a pair of sake bottles between them.

Pentecost shouts a signal and after they both nod, he tosses a third bottle into the stream.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)

*You must be willing to blur the  
seams between your souls.*

(to Raleigh)

You must become more than partners.  
You must become a mosaic. A union.

They manage to keep all three in the air (clearly, this is some version of an exercise they've each done before).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Pentecost signals another bottle. Raleigh affirms just as Mako refuses, and when the bottle enters the stream, Mako misses the catch. Several bottles SHATTER on the floor.

Mako paces away in frustration and circles back to reprimand Raleigh in Japanese.

MAKO

*What's wrong with you? Did I look like I was ready?*

RALEIGH

What'd she say?

STILL LATER -- LAST EXERCISE

Pentecost opens a weapons trunk. Mako mutters.

MAKO

*This isn't working, Sensei. Wash-out cadets have more chemistry. What else can be done?*

PENTECOST

*You will acquaint yourselves as warriors have for centuries...*

He opens a trunk. He smiles and tosses them each a staff.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)

Just like the Academy. Let's spar.

He crosses his arms. Raleigh and Mako tentatively turn to each other. Mako throws the first strike, a formal move. Raleigh blocks. Pentecost talks as they spar.

Raleigh swings. Mako doesn't block in time. He connects with her shoulder. She glares at him. He seems a bit surprised.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)

Easy. It's a dialogue. Not a fight. Get in her head.

(to Mako)

*Watch him. What's he thinking?*

The bout goes on, slow at first, each taking turns -- strike, block, strike, dodge. Pentecost circles them as he speaks.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)

There's a vocabulary here. Remark. Reply. Pay attention.

(to Mako)

*You're learning his reflexes, Lieutenant. His instincts.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Mako swings and HITS Raleigh's shin before he can jump. Raleigh glances at Pentecost who just smirks and shrugs.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)  
Even I saw that one coming.

Mako's intensity escalates with each blow -- each a little faster and harder than the one before.

Mako unleashes a flurry of attacks on Raleigh. He struggles to parry. Pentecost notices the wild look in Mako's eyes.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)  
*You're fighting him, Mori.*

She JABS her staff into his gut. He doubles over. She swings and CRACKS it across Raleigh's face, loosening his balance.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)  
*Lieutenant Mori, stand down!*

She spins the last strike into a KICK that sweeps Raleigh's legs out from under him, knocking him to the ground. She pulls back, ready to drive her staff through his skull.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)  
Mako!

She finally stops, standing over Raleigh, her staff clenched his her white knuckles, tears streaming from her angry eyes.

EXT. DOJO -- LATER

Mako sits on a bench overlooking the water, staring at Tokyo's glittering skyline across the harbor. Raleigh staggers up, holding an ice pack to his eye.

She only glances as he sits beside her, quickly turning back to the skyline before her guilt runs away with her.

RALEIGH  
Might be a good sign. My brother used to kick my ass all the time.

After a long silence, Mako finally speaks. They don't understand one another, but Raleigh just lets her talk.

MAKO  
*I keep telling myself to try harder, but I've never had to try. It just worked... It's not like Aki and I were kin or lovers. (He had a bit of a crush on Duc actually.)*  
(beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MAKO (CONT'D)

*He was just the neighbor's kid --  
until one day I turned around and  
he was the only friend I'd known my  
whole life... I never had to try.*

Raleigh pulls the ice pack off his eye and Mako finally turns to him, grimly astonished to see the shiner she left him.

RALEIGH

Is it bad? It's bad, isn't it?

MAKO

(laughing)  
*Holy shit, we are going to die.*

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD -- DAY

A rusty truck plies a muddy lane carved into a sheer cliff.

INT. TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Flick sits in the back seat, huddled away from the precipice. The cab JOSTLES along the jagged contours of the road.

The engine SNARLS with effort as the implacable DRIVER pushes it ever upward into the shifting alpine fog.

Flick cranes her neck to steal a peek out the cliff-side door, careful not to shift her weight.

Outside the tires skirt the ragged ferns clinging to the edge, where the ground plunges down into a soup of clouds.

EXT. CALIXTO PARTICLE OBSERVATORY -- LATER

The truck pulls up to a cylindrical, windowless building rising above the misty, lichen-crusting rocks. The Driver lets Flick out at the oddly plain-looking structure.

SUPER: *Calixto Particle Observatory -- Lima Region, Peru*

The truck HONKS a farewell to Flick and drives away. Flick holds her jacket close. It's not raining, not exactly, but the thick mountaintop mist drenches her as if it were.

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Flick enters the dim hallway, relieved to be in from the cold. No sound save for the BUZZ of fluorescent lights and the ghostly CROONING of the wind outside.

She spots a man come out into the hallway and linger, engrossed by his clipboard. He wears headphones, listening to music. He hasn't noticed her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's NEWT GOTLIEB (33) -- a lanky, unkempt academic with scruffy brown hair and an impish grin. Geekishly cute in his own peculiar way. Flick attempts to get his attention.

FLICK

Excuse me...  
 (he doesn't hear)  
 Excuse me!

Finally he looks up and takes off the headphones.

FLICK (CONT'D)

I got an e-mail from someone here  
 in reference to an article I'm --

NEWT

You're Felicity Kincaid.

FLICK

You can call me Flick... And you  
 must be gotlieb@calixto.org?

NEWT

No. No, I'm not.

She glances at nametag on his lanyard: "Gotlieb." He relents.

NEWT (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

FLICK

You e-mailed me. "I have info  
 relevant to your investigation."  
 That's what you said.

NEWT

I figured you probably got stuff  
 like that all the time.

FLICK

I don't. How substantial is it?

NEWT

I don't know. But I know COSDEC's  
 got it too, and I know they don't  
 talk about it.

FLICK

All the more reason to have this  
 conversation in person, right?

He turns to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEWT

Stay here. I'll be right back.

Don't touch any--

(beat)

No. Actually, could you follow me  
for a sec?

INT. RESEARCH OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

In the messy office space, we find Newt whispering with a stout, bespectacled scientist, MYRON TOYNBEE. Flick waits.

TOYNBEE

You e-mailed a reporter?

NEWT

I don't know what I was thinking.

After a moment, Toynbee grudgingly confesses --

TOYNBEE

I'm glad you did.

NEWT

They haven't taken this public.  
They'll know where it came from.

TOYNBEE

We don't know that it's classified.

NEWT

We don't know it isn't.

FLICK

Guys. I've been on this for almost  
a year and I'm in the weeds. You're  
my only lead. You know it's  
important. Please, just gimme  
something I can start from, some  
shred of a foothold. Or I'm stuck.

INT. ARCHIVES -- DAY

Big supercomputer cabinets HUM as a SKIRLING dot matrix printer spits out endless sheets of data. Other spools of tractor-feed paper line the wall-to-wall shelves.

Flick and Toynbee wait as Newt climbs a ladder to retrieve a particular roll from the top shelf. Flick takes notes.

NEWT

Eleven years ago, I was interning  
here, under Doctor Ivo Czerny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOYNBEE

Czerny was running a big quantum gravity survey.

NEWT

And one day, we found this...

He pulls out the spool he was looking for, climbs down the ladder, and unrolls the paper for Flick to see.

The paper is covered with row after row of numbers. One row near the middle of the sheet is highlighted, but it's hard to see why. Flick shakes her head.

FLICK

What am I looking at?

NEWT

The hottest graviton signal ever detected.

FLICK

Is that strange?

Newt rolls a whiteboard up to draw a broad circle. He draws concentric waves radiating from the circle.

NEWT

It's the kind of exotic matter we search the cosmos for. This just materialized in our own backyard.

He flips the board over to a dry-erase world map. He writes a question mark in the middle of the Pacific and circles it with widening concentric waves.

NEWT (CONT'D)

A huge dark matter footprint right in the middle of the Pacific. It was practically screaming at us.

TOYNBEE

There was nothing there that could put out a signal like that.

FLICK

When you say *signal* --

NEWT

Like how radio waves carry radio signals, but written in gravity.

He flips the board to draw an RKO-style radio tower beside the circle. He draws radio waves spreading from the top of the tower and points to the waves spreading from the circle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLICK

But somebody built the radio tower...

Newt and Toynbee exchange a weighty look.

TOYNBEE

There was an almost artificial regularity to it. Czerny called it some alien intellect.

FLICK

Aliens?

NEWT

Not in the sense you're thinking. Not aliens from somewhere out in the universe. Aliens from another universe. A parallel universe.

TOYNBEE

There was a logarithmic pattern embedded in the transmission -

FLICK

Okay, let's try to remember I don't have a degree in this...

NEWT

It was like a countdown.  
(beat)  
And it ended on November 9th, 2012.

FLICK

Osaka...

NEWT

Exactly! The very first kaiju! And suddenly there was a gaping hole smack in the middle of the Pacific, at the exact epicenter of the signal we'd been tracking!

TOYNBEE

How fast do you think Czerny got COSDEC's attention with that one?

NEWT

He gets a call one day. Drops everything and goes out to Midway.

FLICK

He works for Sci-Division?

TOYNBEE

Worked for Sci-Division.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NEWT

They exiled him to the middle of  
the Australian Outback.

FLICK

I don't understand. What happened?

NEWT

Nobody knows what happens at  
Midway. But last time we spoke, he  
dropped some hints that he was  
close to a breakthrough. Said it  
would turn the tide...

FLICK

What kind of a breakthrough?

NEWT

Couldn't say. Whatever it was, it  
never made it up the chain of  
command. They locked it down... I  
dunno -- Maybe they didn't get it.  
Maybe they didn't believe him.  
Maybe he was wrong...

FLICK

You don't think he was wrong...

NEWT

Without knowing what he was working  
on or what he found --  
(reconsidering his answer)  
He was never wrong.

A bold statement. Flick takes a deep breath.

FLICK

If you're right, these things were  
sent here. It's not an accident.  
It's a war. They're coming faster.  
(leaning forward)  
And somewhere out in the world is a  
man you think knows how to stop it?  
Why didn't you tell anyone?

NEWT

I just did...

EXT. HOTEL MIRAFLORES -- NIGHT

Flick gets out of a cab and heads into her hotel.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Flick walks to her room, thinking. She stops and takes a few  
steps back. She sees the newspaper on the floor outside one  
of the rooms. She reaches down to pick it up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The headline: "*Los Angeles Pilot to Drive Tokyo Jaeger...*"

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Flick is already on the phone.

FLICK

Newt. It's Flick. Hey, where exactly did you say Czerny was?

NEWT

Well, I dunno how far you wanted to go for this article, but --

FLICK

It's not an article. Not any more.

EXT. MIRAFLORES -- DAY

Atop seaside bluffs, the high-rises and parks of Lima's affluent coastal district glow in the warm sun.

INT. HOTEL MIRAFLORES -- DAY

Flick stands at the reception desk beside her bags. Her shoulder presses her mobile to her ear as she tries to check out and buy plane tickets at the same time.

FLICK

Yeah, something came up. I'm checking out early.

(into phone)

Sydney. Or Melbourne. Just -- I need a flight to Australia.

Across the lobby, Newt enters off the street, looking lost. He cranes his to scan the casual crowd of GUESTS. He searches and finally spots Flick at the front desk. He beams.

NEWT

Hey! I caught you.

Finished with both her transactions, Flick hangs up and turns, a bit surprised to see Newt.

FLICK

What are you doing here?

NEWT

Well, I was thinking -- You're going to need some help.

FLICK

You're bold all of a sudden.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWT

I got you into this. I feel like I need to own up to that.

FLICK

I got myself into this.

NEWT

I held the door open.

EXT. HOTEL MIRAFLORES -- DAY

The front of the hotel overlooks the Pacific from the top of the seaside bluffs. Newt follows Flick out through the outdoor cafe that spills onto the sidewalk.

FLICK

I absolve you of accountability.

NEWT

Thanks. I'm still tagging along.

FLICK

Newt. I know you're worried about me. And that's sweet, but --

NEWT

Look, I'm going to see my old friend, Czerny. If that's where you're headed, you're going to have a hard time avoiding me.

The long BANSHEE WAIL of a siren stills the carefree air. DINERS and PEDESTRIANS begin to scatter in all directions. Flick and Newt stand frozen in their tracks.

NEWT (CONT'D)

The kaiju siren.

FLICK

A drill -- It can't be an

NEWT

No. It's real. Flick, listen.

NEWT (CONT'D)

It's okay. Listen. I've got a scooter. We're getting out of here.

The traffic outside the cafe locks up. Impatient DRIVERS leave their cars and run, clotting the thoroughfare with abandoned autos. Newt leads Flick to his Vespa.

EXT. MIRAFLORES STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Newt threads the Vespa between the derelict traffic on the bluff-top road. Flick holds on and watches the ocean.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

A mile or so out, the sea bulges unnaturally. Flick unconsciously tightens her grip on Newt. Her mouth opens but she has trouble forming the words.

FLICK  
(whispering)  
It's coming...

The water breaks as the kaiju rises, distant but huge -- ten, twenty, then thirty stories tall. Flick can't look away.

Reporting name: DENGUE. Arachnoid legs bristling with hairs. Scores of black eyes above a wide reptilian grin. Some unholy fusion of tarantula and dragon. An obscene, alien spectacle.

It stalks towards the shore in a slow but enormous gait that closes the distance unexpectedly fast.

NEWT  
Holy shit!

But it's not the kaiju he sees. It's something up ahead. Flick doesn't hear the ROAR of the V-50 Jumphawks until they pass over, dragging a wide shadow. Flick looks up.

We don't see their huge payload at first, only the massive shadow it casts over Flick and everything around her as the Jumphawks lift it into position a few blocks away.

The choppers release their cables and let the thing drop a short distance to the ground. Its weight THUNDERS the street, SHATTERING windows and tripping CAR ALARMS.

And as the dust settles, finally we see the titan, rising behind the nearest high-rises, a new feature in the skyline: the Mark-2 Jaeger, PUMA REAL. Armor, mottled khaki/field-grey urban camo. The Peruvian flag emblazoned on its shoulder.

The colossus comes alive as giant motors flex its joints with a DEAFENING GROAN like a thousand cellos, preparing.

Dengue answers with a SAWMILL SNARL too loud to sound like any animal. The kaiju comes ashore, crossing the beach in a few wide steps before effortlessly cresting the bluff.

Its towering spider legs scabble for purchase on the bluff's edge, pulling down chunks of land (whole condos and all) as the mountain of flesh hauls itself up to confront Puma Real.

The kaiju swats the air with its long, arachnid forelimbs, flinging off a cloud of bristly hairs. Most settle on the Jaeger, prickling the armor like a forest of splinters.

Some of the cloud breezes past the Jaeger, sailing towards us. It seems harmless at first, just a haze of drifting hairs

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

But as they fall closer, they look less and less like hairs, and more like a dense volley of arrows.

FLICK

Look out!

They fall as a lethal hail of ragged bio-spears on the crowded street -- THUNK THUNK THUNK -- stabbing the pavement, lancing auto hoods, skewering bystanders mid-step.

Newt clumsily weaves the Vespa between the falling spears, narrowly missing a few.

Up ahead, a DESPERATE MAN steps from his skewered car, his eyes raw with animal fear as he trains a pistol on Newt who has no other choice but to stop the scooter.

The Desperate Man shouts in staccato Spanish, thrusting his gun. Newt tries to calm him down in more uncertain Spanish, but the Man has all the patience of a frayed powerline.

FLICK (CONT'D)

Drive! Just go!

Newt pulls Flick off and surrenders the scooter to the Man -- who ZIPS away, leaving Newt and Flick to flee on foot.

FLICK (CONT'D)

Why did you do that?

Newt pulls her down the chaotic street, shouting as they go.

NEWT

We were a heartbeat from dead!

FLICK

We still are!

Flick looks over her shoulder as Newt drags her. She watches Dengue circle to a position between Puma Real and the street, back to the crowd, a block or two closer than before.

She almost trips over a dead body and has to look ahead. She doesn't see the Jaeger launch a volley of missiles.

A handful EXPLODE on the kaiju. The rest STREAK over the road to blow out the top floor of a condo a couple miles ahead.

Flick turns again, still running.

A deafening BOOM as Puma Real lands a hard blow across the kaiju's skull, throwing up a fine red mist of gore.

The gossamer red cloud drifts and falls in a torrential downpour on the streets below; utterly soaking Newt, Flick, and everything around them in blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Dengue staggers back, demolishing the very hotel Flick had just been inside. The cascade of rubble reminds her just how close the battle is drifting.

FLICK (CONT'D)  
They're getting closer!

Newt turns and stops, shocked by the proximity of it. He runs to the bluff's edge and motions for Flick.

The air festers with NOISE: the SCREAMS, the HOWLING car alarms, the GROANING clamor of the Jaeger's vast machinery, the window-rattling SNARL of the beast.

NEWT  
Come on!

He leads her sliding partway down the bluff, stopping where a wide, concrete pipe yawns open. Newt takes Flick's hand and lifts her into the drainage pipe.

They find countless other BYSTANDERS huddled in the concrete cave, crammed back into the darkness.

The pipe SHUDDERS and JOLTS, dust spilling from its seams. Terrified SCREAMS echo in the darkness, eclipsed by the unthinkable NOISE of the battle overhead.

Some suicidal curiosity tugs Flick towards the opening where she cranes her head out and looks straight up, catching a humbling view of the fight - the impossible scale of it.

The machine and the monster. Towering. Godlike. Their feet, too close, pulverizing cars on the street; their heads, impossibly distant, three hundred feet straight up.

She's close enough to see the kelp and plastic flotsam tangled in the spike-hairs of its soaring arachnid legs.

High overhead, Dengue opens his skyscraping jaws to loose a ROAR like Niagara Falls. Puma Real aims its cannon down the monster's throat and fires a THUNDERCRACK shot.

The back of the kaiju's head EXPLODES -- just as Newt grabs Flick and pulls her back into the safety of the pipe.

Outside, a hail of meat and blood falls, then a brief quiet.

A great wall of flesh blurs past the pipe, briefly filling the view as the dead kaiju falls off the bluff.

As relative silence settles, Flick staggers out of the pipe with Newt following closely after. Below, the body of Dengue sprawls at the foot of the bluff

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Atop the bluff, Puma Real stands impossibly tall, its shoulders and head fading into the glare of the sun. It powers down, becoming once again as inert as a statue.

The V-50's arrive, hovering over the Jaeger, preparing the airlift. Shaken bystanders spill out of the concrete pipe.

Flick scrabbles up to the street. SIRENS and LOUDSPEAKERS begin to bleed into the silence of the aftermath.

She looks over what was once the traffic jam, now flattened by scores of huge, deep footprints; metal packed and pressed into the sagging, fractured concrete.

Her eyes follow the path of the devastation up the steet where the twisted remains of high-rises slump under smoke-filled gaps in the once lovely skyline.

She stands in the devastation, soaked in blood, trembling, hollowed out by the shock of it - the capricious scale of this urban scar. Newt lays a comforting hand on her shoulder.

INT. AEROPUERTO INTERNACIONAL JORGE CHÁVEZ -- NIGHT

A crowded terminal, bustling with TRAVELERS desperate to get out of Lima. Every TV plays news reports of the attack.

Flick sits at the gate, staring ahead, dead-eyed. She's changed into clean clothes, but faint traces of dry kaiju blood fleck the edge of her scalp.

Newt passes Flick a cup of coffee as he sits beside her.

NEWT

You okay?

FLICK

Hm? Yeah. I'm fine.

She doesn't want to talk about it and Newt doesn't want to wear out his welcome, so he clams up and opens a book. Flick shakes her head; apparently it wants to be talked about.

FLICK (CONT'D)

It's -- It's kinda ridiculous...  
I've never seen it happen. Just in  
tapes. I've never been there in  
person. Can you believe that?

(a chill)

It's like the world isn't the place  
you thought it was...

She trails off, losing herself to her thousand yard stare. Her attention drifts to a nearby TV, where a graph starkly illustrates the sharp rise in attacks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANCHOR (O.S.)  
 -- unprecedented rash of recent  
 incidents has the whole hemisphere  
 fearing the next kaiju may be just  
 around the corner...

FLICK  
 What time is it in Tokyo?

NEWT  
 Ten in the morning...

Flick pulls her phone out of her bag and stands up -- she's  
 been putting this off, but she can't any longer.

FLICK  
 I've got to make a call.

INT. RALEIGH'S ROOM -- MORNING

His phone rings. Raleigh answers without looking.

RALEIGH  
 Yeah...

FLICK (FILTERED)  
 Raleigh?

INTERCUT FLICK/RALEIGH

RALEIGH  
 Flick... Where are you?

FLICK  
 An airport... I'm in Lima.

RALEIGH  
 Jesus... Are you okay?

FLICK  
 I'm fine... I'm going to Australia  
 to meet this scientist...  
 (changing the subject)  
 I read you were deployed to Tokyo.  
 Central Command, right?

RALEIGH  
 That's right.

FLICK  
 So your CO's the Supreme  
 Commander...

RALEIGH  
 (realizing)  
 Listen, Flick, I really can't --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLICK

No, it's not about an interview --  
 (getting to it)  
 Raleigh, if I came to you and said  
 I'd found a way to stop the  
 attacks, would you believe me?

Raleigh looks puzzled. Flick waits for an answer. The silence stirs her own doubts, until --

RALEIGH

I'd believe you...

EXT. FREEWAY -- DAY

A thick fog. Cars pulled to the shoulder, hastily abandoned. A 5-stack interchange tangles over the empty lanes. We see a hulking shape looming over the road, obscured by fog.

RALEIGH (FILTERED)

Roma-1 to LOCCENT. Gipsy Danger in position. Motor active in three - two - one.

On the one count, the shape comes alive -- joints FLEXING mechanically, as if bracing itself.

PENTECOST (FILTERED)

Roger, Roma-1. Target is a Cat-3 KJ. Reporting name: Slattern. Three miles west, inbound. You are clear to engage on sight. Happy hunting.

INT. CONN-POD 1 -- CONTINUOUS

The cockpit; a seat in a nest of cables. Raleigh sits in a shoulder harness, signal lines ported into his drivesuit, his body embedded deep in the seat's gel-filled shock padding - almost cozy, in an intensely claustrophobic way.

His arms, tucked deep into hefty drum-like control-sleeves flanking the seat. A bundle of fibre optic wires trails like raw nerves from a port just behind his ear lobe.

Ahead of him, we see what he sees - a wide, IMAX view of the outside world (projected straight into his brain), as if the pod has no front wall:

The sky, the interchange, and the freeway hundreds of feet below, translucent data drifts through the augmented reality: gauges, dials, and digital targeting geometry.

GHOSTLY VOICES and DREAMY ECHOES haunt the air: familiar and unfamiliar; Japanese and English; fractured conversations in the aether. Ambient thoughts, always there on some level.

Raleigh squints into the fog, frustrated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALEIGH  
Visibility low. It's all soup.

INT. CONN-POD 2 -- CONTINUOUS

Mako's pod looks basically identical to Raleigh's. She listens as Pentecost repeats Raleigh in Japanese.

PENTECOST (FILTERED)  
(subtitled)  
*Visibility low. It's all soup.*

She nods and replies in Japanese (no subtitle; we'll hear Pentecost's translation).

INT. CONN-POD 1 -- CONTINUOUS

PENTECOST (FILTERED)  
(translating Mako)  
Thermal spectrum up.

RALEIGH  
Thanks. Read my mind.

An infrared filter opens over the IMAX-view, showing the heat gradients of the surroundings. All seems dark (cold) - except for a glowing heat source behind the tangled freeway ramps.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)  
Got him. He's behind the stack.

Suddenly, something huge plows through the interchange, collapsing the tangled ribbons of freeway, a spectacle of muscle surging towards us through billowing concrete dust.

We see Raleigh's right arm tense in its control sleeve.

INT. CONN-POD 2 -- CONTINUOUS

Mako's arm does the same -- a sympathetic reflex.

EXT. FREEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Gipsy Danger swings her right arm to SLAM the charging kaiju aside before we get a clear look at it.

INT. CONN-POD 2 -- CONTINUOUS

Mako watches the monster in her IMAX-HUD...

SLATTERN boasts a shape like an armless carnosaur: a thick, serpentine body on mighty raptorial legs. A head vaguely like a moray eel. A long tail, barbed at the end.

It draws patient predatory circles around us, lean and powerful as a panther, scales shifting between jet black and iridescent blue in the fog-stifled light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Seeming almost too agile to be so big, but the haze in the air; the highway and the abandoned cars, small as toys -- remind us of its titanic size.

Mako watches and her mind wanders. The GHOSTLY VOICES swell.

EXT. ACID GEISHA WRECK -- DAY (DRIFT)

*(NOTE: This happens in the Pons headspace, DRIFTS -- memories or dreamlike figments shared between two Jaeger operators. They unfold in their own time, though they occur at the speed of thought. Drifts should look urgently different from "real world" action: blown-out colors and/or lomographic blurs.)*

Mako, just as we saw her in the newscast at the beginning, trying to wrestle past the men pulling her from her ejected conn-pod, desperately reaching for the wrecked Jaeger.

The sounds of a radio exchange overlay the imagery.

MAKO (V.O.)  
*Containment breach! Core critical!*

AKI (V.O.)  
*I've got him! Eject! That's an order, Mako!*

MAKO (V.O.)  
*I'm not leaving you!*

AKI (V.O.)  
*Initiate emergency override. Eject conn-pod 2...*

Tears stream down her face. Her mouth opens in a silent wail.

INT. CONN-POD 1 -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh blinks away the swell of foreign emotions.

RALEIGH  
*Stay with me, bruiser. We got this.*

INT. CONN-POD 2 -- CONTINUOUS

MAKO  
*Don't patronize me.*

PENTECOST (FILTERED)  
*Lock it down, Roma-2.*

RALEIGH (FILTERED)  
*What did she say?*



INT. CONN-POD 1 -- CONTINUOUS

PENTECOST (FILTERED)  
Nothing. Stay focused, Roma-1.

RALEIGH  
Alright, Mako, I'm setting you up  
for an IR burst. Get ready.

MAKO (FILTERED)  
*Ready.*

EXT. FREEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

A barrage of missiles SCREAMS from the Jaeger's hips to pummel the ground at Slattern's feet. Tumescant clouds of smoke and dust erupt to engulf the beast.

INT. CONN-POD 1 -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh gapes at the smoky stew.

RALEIGH  
What the hell, Mako? IR! Not  
missiles! IR!

INT. CONN-POD 2 -- CONTINUOUS

Mako shouts at him in furious Japanese. We hear Pentecost translate for Raleigh, in a much cooler tone.

PENTECOST (FILTERED)  
You routed her to missiles.

INT. CONN-POD 1 -- CONTINUOUS

RALEIGH  
The hell I did!

PENTECOST (FILTERED)  
Log confirms it, Roma-1.

He shakes his head and watches his targeting pipper drift helplessly over the wall of smoke, unable to find a lock.

RALEIGH  
Lost him... Shit...

INT. CONN-POD 2 -- CONTINUOUS

RALEIGH (FILTERED)  
Too much particulate noise.

Mako stares, transfixed by murk stirred up by the missiles. The oily black smoke swirls and billows in the fog, a formless curtain hiding the giant monster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALEIGH (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
 Brace yourself. He's going to  
 charge us. I can feel it.

Mako listens to Pentecost's translation, her wide eyes lost to fear. We hear a quickening HEARTBEAT and the memory of something she said earlier.

MAKO (V.O.)  
*We're going to die.*

INT. CONN-POD 1 -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh feels her fear as the HEARTBEAT speeds up. Sweat beads on his brow as he strains against it.

RALEIGH  
 Any second... Any second...

A SECOND HEARTBEAT joins the first, faster and out of sync -- a chaotic, senseless rhythm. The voices become more frantic.

YANCY (V.O.)  
 He's charging!

We hear a little girl SOBBING between GASPS of air...

INT. OSAKA PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT (DRIFT)

Raleigh suddenly finds himself in a dark penthouse, high above a twinkling city. He hears SOBBING and GASPING and finds a small Japanese girl huddled behind the couch.

RALEIGH  
 Mako, is that you?

It is, YOUNG MAKO, nine years old. Speaking Japanese he can't grasp, she doesn't look at him.

YOUNG MAKO  
*My dad's coming back soon...*

RALEIGH  
 Where are we?

YOUNG MAKO  
*He just went out for a minute...*

Outside, the distant sounds of CHOPPERS, SIRENS, and a throbbing RUMBLE. Young Mako tentatively approaches the tall windows overlooking the city.

Distant choppers train searchlights on something lumbering through the skyline. Behind it, the city bleeds columns of smoke from the light-less scar of its wake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRESPASSER, the first kaiju. We see only its head above the buildings -- long and crocodilian, scabrously armored with rugged scales and scutes.

RALEIGH

Osaka? You were in Osaka?

Young Mako presses her small hand to the window pane.

YOUNG MAKO

*My dad said monsters weren't real.*

She looks over her shoulder to Raleigh, her eyes quivering.

YOUNG MAKO (CONT'D)

*He's not coming back, is he?*

In the distance, Trespasser throws his head back and roars, silent as a distant flash of lightning.

We see the soundwave spread over Osaka, shattering windows as it speeds towards us, even after the beast closes its jaws.

Finally the delayed ROAR blows out the windows and THUNDERS through the apartment, throwing Young Mako back.

EXT. FREEWAY -- DAY (PRESENT)

Suddenly, Slattern lunges from the smoky curtain before the Jaeger can react. The mech falls and CRATERS the asphalt. Slattern perches atop the fallen mech and RIPS into his prey.

INT. CONN-POD 2 -- CONTINUOUS

On the wraparound projection, we see Slattern standing right on top of us, his barbed tail jabbing down like a scorpion until the whole IMAX view flickers to static.

Red lights flash. ALARMS go off. Mako lets her head fall back, strangely more frustrated than terrified.

INT. CONN-POD 1 -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh shakes his head at the field of static as ALARMS go wild. He reaches behind his ear to disconnect the Pons.

The instant he unplugs the wire, the dome of static dissolves into the blank front of the cramped cockpit.

INT. THE MOCK-PIT -- CONTINUOUS

Pentecost enters the barrel-shaped chamber with a clipboard under his arm. A big steel hemisphere fills the center of the floor, with cables and pistons rising to the ceiling.

Hydraulics lift the dome, uncovering the two cockpits, back-to-back, sunken into the floor. It was all just a simulation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Raleigh and Mako peel their helmets off. They remain seated, staring in opposite directions, frustrated and drained.

He squats, about to impart his feedback, before realizing the futility: they both already know how bad they did.

PENTECOST

We'll go again in an hour.

INT. SECRETARIAT CORRIDOR -- DAY

Pentecost walks briskly down the hall to a security checkpoint. The GUARDS salute him and opens the door.

INT. COMMITTEE CHAMBER -- CONTINUOUS

General Takada sits at a microphone before a small panel of civilian DELEGATES from a handful of Pacific Rim nations -- LETHBRIDGE, BENVENISTE, JIAO, and half a dozen others.

Pentecost waits at the back of the room.

BENVENISTE

(reading)

One-hundred-seventeen. Eighty-three. Twenty-nine... Do these numbers mean anything to you?

TAKADA

They are the attack intervals.

LETHBRIDGE

You see why this pattern is somewhat alarming... The latest incident in Lima came just seventeen days after Tokyo.

TAKADA

I share the panel's concern.

JIAO

Is the offensive escalating?

TAKADA

Our enemies are on the far side of the Interstice. I have no way of anticipating their strategy.

JIAO

Were there not reports that a Doctor Ivo Czerny had a way to eavesdrop on the the other side?

TAKADA

Czerny was dangerously unstable. He's no longer with Sci-Division.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENVENISTE

And his research? Did he have a way to see through the Interstice?

TAKADA

It's not clear his test subjects (the ones that survived) grasped what it was they were seeing.

LETHBRIDGE

Commander, the bottom line for this panel is ensuring that COSDEC is working towards a strategic end. Bearing that in mind, in your own words -- What is victory?

TAKADA

The Mark-3 will --

LETHBRIDGE

The Mark-3 program is over-budget and stalled in development. Again, General, what is the end game?

TAKADA

We fight until they're gone. I'm sorry I can't be more encouraging.

Before the panel can gather its wits to ask another question, the General stands to dismiss himself.

TAKADA (CONT'D)

Gentlemen...

INT. SECRETARIAT LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Pentecost follows the General across the wide marble floor.

TAKADA

What did you need, Stacker?

PENTECOST

It's Roma team, sir.

TAKADA

Mori and Antrobus?

PENTECOST

It's not going well. Can we not graduate a pair of cadets early?

TAKADA

You're assuming any cadets will graduate. Pairs of quick-witted soulmates with Olympic stamina don't grow on trees. We're lucky to find one crew per year.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PENTECOST

They don't speak the same language.

TAKADA

I'm not surprised. Leftovers are rarer still. In the world, I can count the odd-men-out on one hand. And no two have anything in common.

PENTECOST

You know what all the survivors have in common? The last time they drove a Jaeger, it was on the worst day of their life... These are broken people, sir.

TAKADA

Well you need to un-break them. The way our downtime keeps shrinking, things could turn ugly any minute.

INT. SHATTERDOME -- DAY

Raleigh and Duc play basketball at a goal that's been wheeled out onto the floor. Sunlight bathes the Jaegers behind them.

DUC

How's swim lessons with the shark? I hear you guys plugged in.

RALEIGH

Not fun. We're a tactical mess. And the drifts are confusing as hell.

DUC

You ghost-drifting yet?

RALEIGH

Like outside the Pons? No. I'm not even sure that's possible. Has a crew been any more mismatched?

Duc shoots. The ball BOUNCES off the rim -- and hits an ordinance on a passing cart. TENDO CHOI, the chief engineer, shouts at Duc from behind the wheel.

TENDO

*We'd be dead if these had juice. You're lucky they're just kinetics.*

DUC

*Sorry Tendo.*

TENDO

*We don't have a gym?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUC  
*Not with these views. What can I  
 say? You keep the girls so pretty.*

He turns and gets back into the game, trash-talking Raleigh.

DUC (CONT'D)  
 Well he keeps mine pretty... What  
 do you see in that old Mark-1?

Raleigh makes a basket. He tucks the ball under his arm and  
 gestures towards Gipsy Danger.

RALEIGH  
 I dunno... That's pretty cool.

A crane lifts Tendo's bloc of projectiles and SNAPS it to the  
 gun barrel on the mech's arm -- a context that reveals them  
 to be not missiles but rather giant person-sized bullets.

DUC  
 What? No. All that shit slows you  
 down. The Mark-2's all gigawatts.  
 Light as a thunderbolt.

Raleigh smirks and checks the ball to Duc.

RALEIGH  
 So she's from Osaka?

DUC  
 Mako? She was in Osaka.

RALEIGH  
 The first kaiju attack...

Duc scores a goal and snatches up the ball, taking a break to  
 paint Raleigh the picture.

DUC  
 Get this -- her dad goes to the  
 store at 7:00; at 7:46 -- shit hits  
 the fan. She never sees him again.

They resume the game, talking as they play.

RALEIGH  
 Jesus... I've never met a survivor.

DUC  
 There aren't a lot a lot of them.

RALEIGH  
 How many kills does she have?

DUC  
 Mako? None, technically.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RALEIGH

That was her first live run?

DUC

She's a beast. I promise you. You should see her sim runs. Textbook. Nobody screwed up out there. It was just one of those things.

RALEIGH

She's hard to connect with.

DUC

Takes two to tango, right?

He shoots. The ball SWISHES into the basket.

PENTECOST (PRE-LAP)

The waltz, actually.

INT. DOJO TRAINING HALL -- NIGHT

Raleigh and Mako gape at Pentecost as he sets up a turntable.

PENTECOST

Tonight, you dance the waltz.

MAKO

*What?*

RALEIGH

You're kidding.

PENTECOST

*Dancing, Lieutenant. You've heard of dancing, right?*

(beat)

Control. Rhythm. Intimacy. Wordless rapport. Is it not relevant?

MAKO

*I have crewed a Jaeger! --*

RALEIGH

Wouldn't our time be better spent --

PENTECOST

Doing what, Antrobus?

RALEIGH

Running sims? Sparring?

PENTECOST

We ran five sims. You died. And you can't spar without making a brawl of it. You're better at fighting each other than fighting KJ's.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RALEIGH

It's a long damn way from fighting  
KJ's, Sensei.

PENTECOST

You're a long way from fighting  
KJ's. A KJ thinks with one mind.

MAKO

*Sensei, please. This is  
humiliating. A first-week recruit  
doesn't have to play these games.*

PENTECOST

*It's not a problem first week  
recruits have, Lieutenant. They  
already come in pairs.*

(beat)

You two are strangers. It's not  
your fault. But it will get you  
killed if you're still strangers  
when the siren sounds.

He slides a record from its sleeve.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)

You need to get close.

He drops the needle and a song spills into the air --  
Siouxsie and the Banshees, "The Last Beat of My Heart."

He holds her lower back and she clutches his shoulder as they  
clasp hands and follow the footprints. The slow music makes  
it easy, but they keep their eyes on the steps.

Spare and spectral. Low drums. Haunting accordion. Siouxsie  
plaintively sings, "*In the sharp gust of love / My memory  
stirred / When time wreathed a rose / A garland of shame...*"

We hear drifting voices from memory as they dance.

YANCY (V.O.)

I don't know what to tell you,  
Rals. I fell for her. I'm sorry.

This is what happens when crewmates experience a drift  
outside the Pons. It's called a ghost-drift.

EXT. LEO CARRILLO STATE BEACH -- NIGHT (GHOST-DRIFT)

Waves slap the ragged rocks. Raleigh and Yancy stand on the  
precipice above, in the blazing headlights of a parked truck.

RALEIGH

You fell for her. Like an anchor. I  
guess the guy at the end of your  
chain just has to hold his breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YANCY

What do you need me to do, Rals?

RALEIGH

I need you to get out of my head!

He spins to face his brother - only to find Yancy is not there. Raleigh stands alone on the rocks.

BACK TO PRESENT

Mako's hand tightens on his shoulder, a reflex. She winces but keeps dancing. Neither dares to meet the other's eyes.

The ethereal music leads them in tense, wandering circles. The ghost-drift sweeps over them in a storm of images and sounds, fragments chaotically tumbling over one another.

MONTAGE -- GHOST-DRIFT

-- The Jaeger COYOTE TANGO stands in the shallow surf near the Santa Monica Pier. Blood-red dusk spreads from the setting sun. Gore-stained water streaks the wide beach.

FLICK (V.O.)

You ever have a nightmare too awful  
to talk about, Rals?

-- Further out, something rises. Bloody seawater streams down its craggy back like water off a mountain.

-- In Osaka, Young Mako stands at her window, watching the kaiju Trespasser ravage the city.

YOUNG MAKO

*He's not coming back.*

-- In his old mobile home, Raleigh stares into his bathroom mirror, his eyes red and ragged with despair.

-- Raleigh pulls his fist back and punches the mirror, leaving the fracture we remember.

-- Off the Santa Monica Pier, TORTUGA faces Coyote Tango. Hulking and turtle-like, carapace studded with jagged rows of bony plates. It opens its trifurcated beak and SCREAMS.

YANCY (V.O.)

What do you need me to do, Rals?

RALEIGH (V.O.)

I need you to get out of my head!

-- In the ruined streets of Tokyo, Mako strains to squirm free of the Men in HAZMAT suits holding her back. No sound.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAKO (V.O.)  
*The silence... That's the worst.*

-- Silent, slow motion. Tortuga charges Coyote Tango, plowing up an angry foam that hangs in the air.

MAKO (V.O.)  
*You don't remember what silence is  
 until it comes flooding back.*

-- Tortuga opens his three-part beak and from his throat a harpoon-sharp tongue launches like a viper to stab deep into the Jaeger's mechanical chest.

RALEIGH (V.O.)  
 You wanna know I did all I could?

-- Again, we see Mako reaching for the wrecked Jaeger.

RALEIGH (V.O.)  
 I dunno... Probably not.

BACK TO PRESENT

Raleigh stares into space as they dance, dwelling on his guilt. He glances down and notices Mako looking right up at him, her eyes softened with an empathic sadness.

They keep dancing, and without a word, Mako rests her head on Raleigh's shoulder as the band sings, "*Til the last beat / Til the last fleeting beat / Of my heart...*"

Pentecost watches from the shadows. He nods to himself and lets out a small sigh of relief.

TO BLACK:

INT. DOJO CORRIDOR -- NIGHT (GHOST-DRIFT/DREAM)

From Raleigh's POV, we drift down the dark, wood-floored hallway, passing opaque paper windows.

INT. DOJO TRAINING HALL -- NIGHT (GHOST-DRIFT/DREAM)

Raleigh finds Mako alone in the training hall, dancing by herself, as if with an invisible partner.

She looks up from the footsteps on the floor and sees Raleigh. She speaks perfect English...

MAKO  
 We should practice the steps. We'll  
 be tested soon.

Raleigh replies in subtitled Japanese. Nevertheless, they seem to comprehend each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALEIGH

*I'm no good with tests. I used to  
cheat off my brother.*

MAKO

That's not cheating. That's just  
depending on someone.

She reaches out her hand.

MAKO (CONT'D)

Dance with me.

Raleigh takes her hand and the music swells, not Siouxsie, a  
deep BASE PULSING like a heart.

SIREN VOICES trace strange Japanese harmonies, chased by the  
PERCUSSIVE PLUCKING of a shamisen (an old Japanese lute).  
Dreamy and sharp; a tense, sensual rhythm.

They hold each other, as if waltzing, but without seeing  
their feet it seems as if the room is spinning around them.

RALEIGH

*It's not quite right...*

MAKO

We should be closer.

RALEIGH

*It only works when we're close.*

They look deep into each other's eyes as they draw closer.

Tight on their faces as their bodies touch. Each draws a gasp  
of surprise, without looking down. They don't have to.

We see why -- their clothes are suddenly gone. Skin to skin.  
Their intimacy hidden, pressed between them. Goosebumps  
prickle their bare torsos.

MAKO

Is that too close?

He shakes his head as the dojo spins and finally becomes

A GROVE OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS

stirred by an heavy storm clouds. Silent lightning cracks the  
sky. Falling petals course through the whirling veins of  
wind. They hold one another's gaze, oblivious to all else.

RALEIGH

*We'll be tested soon.*

MAKO

We'll be ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Their lips touch and open. A kiss, slow and cool. The world spins faster around them. The wind strengthens.

The trees shed pale pink petals, twirling through the air in urgent eddies to envelope the two kissing bodies, blurring with a glow that swells to bleach the whole scene

TO WHITE:

INT. RALEIGH'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Raleigh opens his eyes, startled awake by the dream.

INT. MAKO'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Mako jolts up, holding her chest as she catches her breath.

INTERCUT RALEIGH/MAKO

Raleigh sits on the edge of his bed, planting his feet on the floor, wondering -- *Was that both of us or just me?* He glances up at his door as if expecting a knock.

Mako sits in bed, taking stock of the dream.

Raleigh gets out of bed and heads for his door.

Mako presses her eye to her peephole.

Raleigh opens his door to find Mako's door closed.

Mako watches him through her peephole.

Raleigh lifts his knuckles, about to knock on Mako's door.

Mako can't help but smile to herself as she watches him pause, just inches away.

Raleigh stops. He rethinks it and finally folds his arms. Unsure of what he might say. He turns back to his room.

His indecision teases a snicker from Mako's growing smile - a small sound, but Raleigh stops mid-step, and she quickly stifles her amusement - *Did he hear that?*

Raleigh glances over his shoulder to take one last look at Mako's door - *He thought he heard something.* He waits and finally retreats to his room.

Mako rests her back against the door.

FADE TO:

DARKNESS, punctuated by a blur of multi-colored lights.

FLICK (V.O.)  
Such a perfect day...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We hear dreamy CARNIVAL MUSIC as the lights sharpen --

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- SUNSET (DREAM)

Huddled close together, Yancy and Flick ride the seaside Ferris wheel.

FLICK  
I remember it so clearly.

YANCY  
Yeah? What happened next?

FLICK  
You had the guy stop us at the top  
so you could ask me...

The Ferris wheel stops just as their gondola reaches the pinnacle. The sunset paints the Pier and the ocean in dazzling shades of purple and orange. Flick smiles.

YANCY  
And you said?

FLICK  
I couldn't say anything. I just  
kissed you.

YANCY  
I took it as a yes.

FLICK  
What if I said no?

YANCY  
Oh, he wasn't going to let us down  
without my signal. I was pretty  
sure I could talk you into it.

They both laugh and Flick cozies up to him. Her smile starts to fade as some part of her begins to realize it's not real.

FLICK  
I used to love this place. I  
haven't been back since --

She hears a deafening ROAR and turns to see another memory playing out in the water just off the Pier --

Two vast figures clashing in the surf: the kaiju Tortuga charges the Jaeger Coyote Tango.

Dread washes over Flick's face as she watches.

The kaiju opens its three-part beak and launches its harpoon-tongue. The moment the speared tip sinks into the mech's armor, the whole vista freezes. Time stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flick can't look away from the tragic instant.

FLICK (CONT'D)  
Make it stop, Yance.

YANCY  
Only you can make it stop.

FLICK  
How?

YANCY  
Just get off the ride.

He smirks and vaults out of the gondola. She lunges for him, but as she reaches over the edge --

-- he's gone. Not falling. Not on the ground. Just gone. Flick looks around and realizes the whole Pier is deserted.

Stranded atop the Ferris wheel, her searching eyes fall again on that frozen moment out in the still water, Tortuga stabbing the Jaeger, and her desperation mounts.

FLICK  
Yancy!

She calls after him as she leans over the edge of the gondola, frantically searching the ground, so far below.

FLICK (CONT'D)  
Yancy... Where are --

The gondola door suddenly pops open under her weight. She falls through the air --

TO BLACK:

We hear a RHYTHMIC CLATTER in the dark.

NEWT (O.S.)  
Flick? Are you okay?

Newt turns on the lights and we find ourselves --

INT. SLEEPING CAR -- NIGHT

Flick rubs her head and looks up from the floor of the small rail-car as Newt climbs out of his berth.

NEWT  
You fell out of your bunk.

FLICK  
It was a nightmare...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Newt gently as helps her into a chair. He plants himself on the floor in front of her, and roots through a first aid kit. He tucks her hair aside to get a look at the cut on her head.

NEWT

Doesn't look too bad.

He soaks a cotton in peroxide and dabs it on her forehead, a tenderness Flick seems to resent.

NEWT (CONT'D)

What was it about?

FLICK

(lying)

I can't remember...

She watches him, hard and close. He doesn't notice. She tries to remain silent, but finally her thoughts just spill out.

FLICK (CONT'D)

It's never going to happen, Newt.

NEWT

What's never going to happen?

She gives him a look -- "*You know exactly what.*" He looks down from the cut, meeting her eyes and catching her meaning.

He doesn't reply right away. He just gingerly adheres the bandaid to her forehead, careful to hold her hair out of the way. He turns to pack up the first aid kit.

NEWT (CONT'D)

I'm just trying to help.

He doesn't look at her. He puts the first aid kit away and finds in the cabinet a mylar bag of something. She watches him load the coffee maker, puzzled.

FLICK

Coffee? It's 3AM.

NEWT

Yeah, but you shouldn't go back to sleep. You might have a concussion or something. I was gonna stay up.

Flick nods, frowning. She looks away, ashamed of herself.

FLICK

Where are we?

NEWT

Basically nowhere.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Flick stares out into the jet-black landscape of the Outback, unmarred by the frailest shred of city light.

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- DAY

A battered old jeep negotiates the red dust of a neglected highway crossing the arid landscape.

SUPER: *On the outskirts of Loongana -- Nullarbor Plain, Western Australia*

INT. JEEP -- CONTINUOUS

Up ahead, Newt spots a cluster of old clapboard houses and Quonset huts, a mummified husk of a former mining settlement.

FLICK  
This can't be it...

They both spot the sign dusted with red earth hanging over the front gate: "*THE ESCHATON INSTITUTE.*"

NEWT  
No, this is it.

EXT. THE ESCHATON INSTITUTE -- CONTINUOUS

A man waits in the shade of what looks like an old bus stop just outside the entrance to the settlement. He stands as the jeep pulls up, watching Newt and Flick climb out.

IVO CZERNY (77) a silver-haired academic with weary eyes and a charismatic smile, august and articulate, suspiciously devoid of any obvious eccentricities.

CZERNY  
I was worried you'd gotten lost.

Newt smiles and approaches his former mentor. Czerny opens his arms to embrace Newt in a warm, back-slapping bear-hug.

CZERNY (CONT'D)  
Good to see you! And this must be --

NEWT  
Felicity Kincaid --

FLICK  
Flick. Good to meet you, Doctor.

CZERNY  
Seeker of truth, yes? You've come a long way to find it. I don't intend to disappoint. Now then -- let's get out of this merciless sun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes their bags and leads them through the front gate onto the grounds of a rundown outback plantation. They head towards a sagging, dust-stained Victorian house.

CZERNY (CONT'D)  
I must say, your timing is somewhat serendipitous.

INT. MAIN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A TV plays in the musty parlour. Flick, Newt, and Czerny gather around.

Between the hiccups in the temperamental reception, we catch glimpses of the live footage: a Jaeger battling a kaiju.

FLICK  
This isn't live, is it?

NEWT  
Where is it?

CZERNY  
South Korea.

Flick shakes her head.

FLICK  
But it's only been two weeks...

CZERNY  
Thirteen days. Since Lima.

Czerny nods and mutters under his breath.

CZERNY (CONT'D)  
It's happening.

RALEIGH (PRE-LAP)  
What's happening?

INT. LOUNGE -- DAY

Duc perches on the edge of his seat, watching a different news report on the same attack. Raleigh has just wandered in.

DUC  
There was an attack. South Korea.

On the TV, we see the kaiju -- a mountain of crustacean armor, like an outsized mole crab or woodlouse.

It sits motionless at the end of an arrow-straight trail of destruction cutting into the city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALEIGH

Is it over?

DUC

Well they slammed it with energy volleys - ion pulses, wave lasers, the works, but...

He trails off, listening to the news. But Raleigh can't glean the thrust of the non-English report.

RALEIGH

But what -- ?

DUC

Sorry. It blew out this huge EMP like it had been sucking up every gigawatt. Knocked out power all over Busan, their Jaeger included. Which was fine when it looked like it killed itself in the process, except now there's some kind of --

Raleigh steps closer to the TV, his brow furrowed.

RALEIGH

What the hell is that?

On the tv, the news chopper frantically zooms in, trying to focus on the kaiju. Under its semi-translucent carapace, something writhes and shifts.

DUC

There's something alive inside it.

RALEIGH

Another KJ?

The monster's armored back starts to bulge and split open. Long spindly legs force their way out. The thing inside lets out a chilling SCREAM as it starts to squirm free.

Suddenly, alert klaxons BRAY urgently in the halls and Duc bolts for the door --

DUC

Saw that one coming...

But he stops in his tracks when he hears the announcement --

LOUDSPEAKER (FILTERED)

Roma Roma Roma - condition red.  
Repeat - Roma Unit to ready stations. This is not a drill.

Duc turns to Raleigh, who can scarcely believe it himself.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh bursts out into the hall just as Mako pokes her head out a few doors down. They exchange a deeply stunned look -- *Holy shit, that's us...*

Without exchanging a single word, they both scramble down the hall as the KLAXONS blare.

INT. CHANGEROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mako and Raleigh quickly undress, much too anxious to be bashful or titillated. Mako mumbles to herself.

MAKO

*We can do this. We've trained for this. You trust me, I think.*

They pull on their drivesuits: single-piece, form-fitting neoprene jumpsuits laced with intricate webs of fiber optics and studded with an array of data ports.

MAKO (CONT'D)

I trust you.

Raleigh turns. To him (and to us), she just spoke English.

RALEIGH

What did you say?

She looks at him, uncomprehending.

MAKO

*What? What's wrong?*

RALEIGH

Sorry... I just -- I thought I heard something.

INT. JAEGER LAUNCH BAY -- DAY

Duc follows Pentecost across the catwalk. The main floor swarms with activity.

DUC

It should be us suiting up --

PENTECOST

It's not Tokyo. It's Busan --

DUC

I know it's Busan, but they're not ready. They're going to --

PENTECOST

They'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUC  
We'd be finer.

Pentecost enters the

CAGE ELEVATOR

and turns to spell it out for Duc.

PENTECOST  
You'd go to Busan and leave COSDEC  
command and thirteen million  
Tokyoites in the care of the crew  
you didn't think was ready?

DUC  
You can't send them out there!

PENTECOST  
It's not my call, Lieutenant!

He slams the door on Duc and rides the cage down to

THE MAIN FLOOR

where he bursts out and jogs to Gipsy Danger.

He finds Raleigh and Mako climbing into their conn-pods at  
the foot of the docking tower.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)  
Don't sweat it. You'll have audio  
translation in the ear and text on  
the HUD. I'll be in LOCCENT.

They both nod nervously as TECHNICIANS connect cables to the  
ports on their drivesuits. He tosses them both a pill.

RALEIGH  
What's -- ?

PENTECOST  
Arocin. For the rads. The Mark-1's  
pretty much a giant, walking  
nuclear reactor.

They both swallow their anti-radiation drugs.

PENTECOST (CONT'D)  
Keep those subroutines straight.  
The IR beam's --

RALEIGH  
-- On the beta channel.

PENTECOST  
*Mako, that temper of yours --*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAKO

-- *Yes, Sensei.*

PENTECOST

No showboating! Your job is to keep that KJ busy! And stay alive!

(beat)

*You hear me, Mako? Don't try to impress anybody! This isn't a test!*

(beat)

You've got this! Okay?

RALEIGH

Thank you, Sensei.

MAKO

*Thank you, Sensei.*

They both strap on their helmets and give the signal. The canopy on the conn-pods slides closed, sealing them in their self-contained control capsules.

The loading arms CLATTER up the tower, hoisting the conn-pods up to their loading positions on the Jaeger.

The lower arm swings to deposit Mako's pod on the Jaeger's spine, which hangs out like a ramp to draw the pod inside the torso before closing over it. The armor BUCKLES shut.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

Without the display activated, the cockpit is cramped and dark. Mako shuts her eyes and breathes deep as she feels the pod SHUDDER and LOCK into place.

INT. JAEGER LAUNCH BAY -- CONTINUOUS

The upper arm deposits Raleigh's pod into the Jaeger's open neck. As the pod sinks into the mech, the Jaeger's head GROANS back into place and LOCKS closed over the slot.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh nervously hums "Reaching for the Moon" as he runs through his pre-launch checks.

INT. JAEGER LAUNCH BAY -- CONTINUOUS

The Jumphawks lower cables to the Jaeger where TECHNICIANS in safety orange vests, so small on the machine's mighty shoulders, hook the ends to latches on the mech's armor.

The Jumphawks rise, their engines ROARING to full power, and the lift-cables go taut, straining until the incredible machine begins to lift off the ground.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

A friendly TONE precedes a soothing DIGITAL VOICE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIGITAL VOICE  
Pons initialized. Input ready.

Just as Raleigh plugs the Pons's mainline into the port behind his ear, the front of the cockpit melts away to the three-sixty projection of the outside.

All of Tokyo unfolds below him as the Jumphawks lift the Jaeger out of Shatterdome.

He feels Mako wire into the Pons with a shrill FEEDBACK SQUEAL and a swell of AMBIENT VOICES. Their anxiety fuels the dissonant cacophony of memories MURMURING in the background.

INT. LOCCENT -- DAY

Pentecost puts an earpiece in his ear as he enters and quickly moves to stand over the communications console.

At the console, two DISPATCHERS (one English; one Japanese) and two PROXIES. Proxy-1 explains their role to Mako in Japanese as Proxy-2 explains in English for Raleigh.

PROXY-2  
Roma-1, this is your translation  
Proxy. Hereafter, I'll be relaying  
Roma-2's chatter in English. Copy?

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

Mako shakes her head, suddenly daunted by the lunacy of trying to drive a Jaeger like this.

MAKO  
*Copy, Proxy-1...*  
(laughing grimly)  
*If we get out of this alive --*

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Proxy-2 translates the rest for Raleigh.

PROXY-2 (FILTERED)  
-- remind me to buy an English  
dictionary.

RALEIGH  
Proxy-2, please tell me that was  
Mako.

PROXY-2 (FILTERED)  
Affirmative.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

General Takada stands behind a central dais from where he coordinates LOCCENT's complement of various OPS OFFICERS, TECHNICIANS, and TELEMETRY SPECIALISTS.

TAKADA  
Is the Pons hot?

OPS OFFICER  
Yes, sir. They're both plugged in.

TAKADA  
On the masterboard.

A new insert pops up on the wide front-screen; two waveform patterns zigzagging wildly out of sync -- not that we can read it, but we see the reactions of the people who can:

Pentecost turns to glare at the General, but Takada ignores him, just scowling at the screen. Kaori gasps and covers her mouth. Duc runs his fingers through his hair.

KAORI  
(whispering to Duc)  
*We have to do something...*

DUC  
*There's nothing we can do.*

EXT. KOREA STRAIT -- DAY

The ROARING Jumphawks fly in formation over choppy seas, carrying Gipsy Danger into rough weather ahead.

DISPATCH (FILTERED)  
Roma-1, Your target is a cat-3 kaiju. Reporting name: Invidia. Has demonstrated the capacity to absorb and reconstitute directed energy volleys. Recommend you limit your attacks to melee and solid projectiles. Invidia is moving inland from Haeundae Beach. Drop zone will put you one klick West to intercept. ETA: three and a half minutes. Good hunting.

EXT. BUSAN COAST -- DAY

A heavy, tropical rain clouds the shapes of the cluttered towers and high-rises along the water's edge. Columns of smoke rise to tangle with the low storm clouds.

SUPER: *Haeundae Beach -- Busan, South Korea*

Gipsy Danger WHOOSHES past as the V-50s bring her in.



EXT. HAEUNDAE BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

The rain pours as the kaiju INVIDIA stalks through the fresh devastation. A spindly, mantid shape; tall as a skyscraper.

She twists her viper-like head to HISS at a squad of fighter jets. She lashes out with her mantis-arms as the jets SCREAM by, unloading a hail of BOMBS that only annoy the beast.

With the shape of Gipsy Danger growing larger and darker in the rain-smearred sky, the jets bank away, leaving the fight to the pros.

The V-50s swing around to drop the Jaeger up the street from the kaiju. The road SHUDDERS as Gipsy Danger's weight hits.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

RALEIGH

Okay, Mako. Motor active in three.  
Mako, confirm.

PROXY-2 (FILTERED)

Confirmed.

RALEIGH

Three, two, one -- motor active.

EXT. HAEUNDAE BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

Invidia turns to face this new challenger, cocking her head. She unfolds a set of long translucent wings.

Her wings beat so fast that they seem to wave very slow, not enough to get the monster off the ground, but enough to make her more nimble than something of her size should be.

Her THRUMMING wings VIBRATE the buildings like a tuning fork and stir up transient vortexes, strong as tornados, flinging cars and buses about before dissipating.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

The tension in the command center spikes as they witness the kaiju's astonishing speed. We hear Mako's Japanese on the radio a few seconds before the Proxy starts to translate.

PROXY-2

Raleigh. Autocannon.

EXT. HAEUNDAE BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

RALEIGH (FILTERED)

Autocannon hot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Jaeger's huge Gatling gun SPEWS a steady stream of rounds, each big enough to SHATTER a car, CUTTING a swathe of devastation as it swivels to track the kaiju.

But Invidia evades the fire, dancing around the plumes of shrapnel with the aid of her BUZZING wings.

The gun ROARS, punching craters in the street and slicing through an office building, but not catching the fleet-footed Invidia before she FLITS out of sight, too fast.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

Mako curses in Japanese as Invidia slips away.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

RALEIGH

Goddamn it! It's those wings. She's too fast for a Mark-1.

EXT. HAEUNDAE BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

Out of sight, the DRONE of the monster's wings provide the only hint of her trajectory.

Gipsy Danger shuffles her huge mechanical legs to track the supposed path of the kaiju; built for brute strength and naked power, simply too slow to match the beast's movements.

The DRONING grows, SHUDDERING nearby buildings -- Invidia is getting closer.

A few blocks away, she draws a predatory circle around Gipsy Danger, skittering over and between the boxy urban terrain.

The Jaeger turns slowly clockwise, trying to zero in on the sound as Invidia remains easily outside the periphery.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

MAKO

*LOCENT, I need a bird's eye from one of the V-50s.*

An aerial view of the battle area opens up on her wraparound display. On it, she spots Invidia coming to a position just behind the Jaeger, preparing to pounce.

MAKO (CONT'D)

*Raleigh, she's on our six!*

On the aerial, Invidia lunges for the Jaeger's back, her mantid arms open for the kill.

MAKO (CONT'D)

*Incoming! Get down! Down! Down!*

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh hears Mako's frantic Japanese and feels her anxiety, unnerved by the translation delay.

PROXY-2 (FILTERED)  
Raleigh, she's on our six! Incom--

EXT. HAEUNDAE BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

Gipsy Danger crouches just as Invidia soars over -- her taloned legs GRAZING the Jaeger's shoulders.

The kaiju alights in the road ahead and turns to face the Jaeger. She rears up SCREECHING, and throws her mantid arms open to tower over Gipsy Danger; an intimidation display.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh catches his breath, utterly daunted.

RALEIGH  
We're -- we're too slow...

The MURMURING voices in the Pons swell, spilling over each other in tense fragments.

MAKO (V.O.)  
*Silence...*

RALEIGH (V.O.)  
Like an anchor...

MAKO (V.O.)  
*Comes flooding back...*

RALEIGH (V.O.)  
Dragging me down... Drowning...

MAKO (V.O.)  
*I've never had to try before...*

EXT. LEO CARRILLO STATE BEACH -- NIGHT (DRIFT)

Raleigh and Yancy stand atop the sea-battered rocks.

MAKO (V.O.)  
*I don't know how...*

YANCY  
What do you need me to do, Rals?

MAKO (V.O.)  
*I don't know what to do...*

RALEIGH  
I need you to get out of my head!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maddened by the noise in his head, Raleigh finally spins to face his brother, finding himself --

INT. OSAKA PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT (DRIFT)

Young Mako stands at the tall windows, watching Trespasser's rampage. She looks over her shoulder to Raleigh.

YOUNG MAKO  
*He's not coming back, is he?*

She turns back to watch the monster.

YOUNG MAKO (CONT'D)  
*I don't know what to do...*

Trespasser throws open his jaws in a silent roar and Raleigh sets his jaw and marches towards Young Mako with purpose.

Outside, the roar's sound-wave rips through high-rises as it spreads closer.

Raleigh stands beside Young Mako at the window and offers his hand. She looks up at him, uncertain, but finally she takes it, a critical connection --

-- just as the ROAR blows out the windows. But it doesn't throw either Raleigh or Young Mako back. Their hands clasped, it washes over them -- a baptism of THUNDER.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- DAY (PRESENT)

Mako's eyes shoot open with urgent clarity... and when she speaks, it sounds like English to us.

MAKO  
Raleigh, I need you to --

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

It sounds like English to Raleigh too, but he doesn't have time to be astounded. They have a job to do.

MAKO (FILTERED)                      PROXY-2 (FILTERED)

RALEIGH  
Shut the hell up! I heard her!

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

Pentecost catches it first. He looks up at the Pons readouts on the masterboard. Proxy-1 starts to translate "*Shut the hell up*" into Japanese, but Pentecost interrupts him.

PENTECOST  
Stop translating. Cut the com.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROXY-2  
You want us to leave them --

PENTECOST  
Look at the interlace!

TAKADA  
Commander?

PENTECOST  
He "heard" her.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

RALEIGH  
He can absorb energy --

MAKO (FILTERED)  
The wings are too thin. I think we  
can burn them and --

RALEIGH  
-- slow him down! Right right!  
Okay, IR beam is up.

EXT. HAEUNDAE BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

Gipsy Danger's chest opens up to reveal an elaborate array of lenses and mirrors that begin to glow white hot.

A heat beam, invisible to the naked eye but for the shimmering ripples of heat. The torrential rain boils away where ever it crosses the channel of superheated air.

Invidia recoils in pain, SHRIEKING. Her thin wings curl and melt, finally turning to cinders in the wind.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

The control room listens, amazed. To their ears, Mako speaks frenzied Japanese and Raleigh replies in English.

RALEIGH (FILTERED)  
Right on. My thoughts exactly.

KAORI  
(to Duc, whispering)  
*They understand each other?*

Duc just shrugs and shakes his head, speechless.

OPS OFFICER  
Interlace is ninety percent and  
climbing. Limbic resonance optimal.  
Oxytocin and vasopressin spiking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PENTECOST  
 (to self)  
 That's it. Now you're dancing.

EXT. HAEUNDAE BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

Invidia trembles as the rain STEAMS from her scorched wings.

RALEIGH (FILTERED)  
 Setting you up for a railgun firing  
 solution. Ready?

MAKO (FILTERED)  
 Hit me.

Gipsy Danger raises her left arm and trains the long, arm-mounted cannon on Invidia.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

Mako focuses on her wraparound vista, willing the drifting targeting pipper to LOCK onto Invidia.

EXT. HAEUNDAE BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

We hear the magnetic drivers inside the barrel SPIN UP to finally launch a kinetic round with a deafening SONIC BOOM.

The supersonic bunker-buster SLAMS into one of the kaiju's mantid arms, splintering the exoskeleton and leaving the devastated limb hanging by a sinew.

In a delirious rage, Invidia RIPS the useless arm off and flings it at Gipsy Danger.

It falls short, SMASHING into a mall.

The kaiju lets out a bone-shuddering SCREAM at her attacker, before launching into a full-on charge.

Raleigh watches Invidia charge, slavering and savage. She seems to slow down as she draws closer.

Time itself seems to be grinding to a halt. The heavy rain seems to hang in the air.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- DUSK (DRIFT)

Tortuga charges through the water in slow motion.

MAKO (V.O.)  
 Raleigh. Raleigh.

INT. DOJO TRAINING HALL -- NIGHT (DRIFT)

Raleigh and Mako dance alone on the dojo floor. Raleigh stares past Mako, into space.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALEIGH

He's charging... Too fast...

MAKO

Look at me.

His eyes lower and focus on her. She smiles.

MAKO (CONT'D)

We got this. You know why?

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- DAY (PRESENT)

Invidia now fills the wraparound display, charging in what Mako and Raleigh perceive to be ultra slow motion. We hear their telepathic dialogue continues --

RALEIGH (V.O.)

Why?

Raleigh watches the kaiju with a frozen expression.

MAKO (V.O.)

It's my favorite, Raleigh -- the Mark 1 has a sword. Isn't that just the coolest thing?

A grin of realization slowly crosses Raleigh's face.

EXT. HAEUNDAE BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

A heavy, chain-like whip SPILLS from Gipsy Danger's gauntlet; a length of razor-sharp metal segments threaded with a thick cable. The chain's weight PULVERIZES the asphalt.

An instant later, the cable draws taut, pulling the interlocking metal segments tight together -- RATA-CHINK -- stiffening the chain-whip into a sword.

It barely takes a second for the Jaeger to deploy the weapon and, in one fluid motion, pull back and swing --

-- RIPPING clear through Invidia's neck. Her head falls off. Her monstrous body scrambles and convulses before finally TOPPLING onto the street.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

The whole room shoots to its feet, erupting in CHEERS and APPLAUSE. The Ops Officer shouts over the excitement.

OPS OFFICER

Kaiju Invidia has been neutralized!  
Repeat -- threat neutralized!  
Jumphawks rendezvous at Gipsy  
Danger and prep for return!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duc pumps his fist in the air and hugs Kaori. Pentecost laughs in sheer relief. The General smirks and nods.

INT. SHATTERDOME -- DAY

Gipsy Danger stands by her docking tower. The loading arms bring the conn-pods down as a crowd of riotously APPLAUDING PERSONNEL starts to swarm around the Jaeger.

The canopy of Raleigh's conn-pod opens, he's on his feet, disconnecting his driveskin.

He sees Mako's canopy open and points to her, shouting over the jubilant noise.

RALEIGH

You! You can understand me??? You know what I'm saying???

She beams and shouts back.

MAKO

Yeah! Can you understand me?

RALEIGH

Yes!

*(NOTE: When she speaks, Mako's lips move out of sync to the words we hear -- like a dubbed movie. The discrepancy gradually ebbs as their relationship develops. Eventually she seems to be speaking naturally.)*

They each finish unhooking their drivesuits and vault out of their conn-pods.

The CHEERING crowd parts for them to find each other. They embrace in an enthusiastic hug. Raleigh laughs from his soul as he picks her up off the ground, spinning her around.

He turns to the crowd and lifts her arm up for the crowd, pointing at her.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)

First kill! First kill!

The crowd goes berserk, WHISTLING, CLAPPING, CHEERING. Mako laughs, blushes, and nods a graceful "thank you."

INT. TORABURU KARAOKE BAR -- NIGHT

Packed with SHATTERDOME PERSONNEL; still in their uniforms; drinking, celebrating, and singing under blacklights.

The whole dance floor is a giant flatscreen playing flashy action clips from mecha anime like Gundam, Mazinger, Evangelion, Voltron, and others.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

We find Mako and Raleigh sitting at a booth overlooking the action, with Duc fawning over them both.

DUC

We thought you guys were dead! That was amazing! You can understand each other? Right now? Because to my ears, she's speaking Japanese.

RALEIGH

I hear it in English.

DUC

(to Mako, subtitled)  
*And you hear him in Japanese?*

She nods.

DUC (CONT'D)

What if I speak English to you?

Mako looks at him with a blank look, then to Raleigh.

RALEIGH

He wants to know if you understand what he's saying.

MAKO

Oh. No, I don't.

DUC

(laughing, amazed)  
That's the weirdest thing. Must be like a ghost-drift, but I've never heard of anything like it.

RALEIGH

Heard of any crews who didn't speak the same language to begin with?

DUC

Fair point...

Kaori comes up with a drink for her husband. She sets it on the table and bends down to whisper something in his ear. He looks up as if to say -- "Really?" She nods.

DUC (CONT'D)

Hang on. You'll love this.

He hops up and scruffs Mako's hair as he shouts to the crowd.

DUC (CONT'D)

First kill!

The crowd cheers and Duc makes his way to the stage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAORI

*You two make a cute couple.*

Mako turns to playfully smack Kaori, who laughs and winks at her, before following her husband into the crowd.

RALEIGH

What did she say?

MAKO

She said -- she had to -- go down there for some reason...

They beam at each other across the table, giddy and shy, like a pair of school-kids.

Duc's voice spills from the sound system as he gets the mic.

DUC

This one goes out to the odd couple that saved Busan...

We hear a wispy synth riff and he begins to sing --

DUC (CONT'D)

Let's dance in style, let's dance  
for a while / Heaven can wait,  
we're only watching the skies /  
Hoping for the best but expecting  
the worst / Are you gonna drop the  
bomb or not? --

Alphaville's "Forever Young." The crowd cheers him on and he hams it up. Mako rolls her eyes.

RALEIGH

I got you something.

MAKO

You didn't.

RALEIGH

First kill, right?

He hands her a present. She cocks an eyebrow.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)

Nothing huge, but it's the only thing you ever said you wanted.

She tears into the package -- a Japanese/English dictionary. She laughs. Raleigh shrugs.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)

We made it out alive, didn't we?

She looks off into space for a moment, having a thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MAKO  
It's really loud... I'm thinking  
about heading back to base.

RALEIGH

MAKO

RALEIGH  
Oh -- would that be cool?

MAKO  
I feel like now that we can talk --

RALEIGH  
-- we should be getting to know  
each other. Right. Me too.

MAKO  
Yeah, we can talk on the train.

RALEIGH  
I'm game. Lead the way, gunslinger.

INT. DORMITORY HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Raleigh and Mako come down the empty hall (everyone still out partying). Raleigh glances down at his watch.

RALEIGH  
Earlier than I thought.

They stop just outside their respective quarters.

MAKO  
I'm not that tired. Maybe I'll  
brush up on my English.

RALEIGH  
Yeah, I've been trying to learn  
some Japanese off TV Tokyo...

MAKO  
Yeah? How's that going?

RALEIGH  
Not good.

MAKO  
Well I'm --

RALEIGH  
Right. I'll just let you --

He trails off as they both turn to go into their rooms.

MAKO  
Hey Raleigh? Sweet dreams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smiles impishly.

RALEIGH  
I knew it! I knew it!

Mako cracks up, doubling over. Raleigh turns beat red. She manages to stop laughing long enough to say --

MAKO  
Sorry. I couldn't resist. It's cool. Really. I barely remember it.

RALEIGH  
You don't?

MAKO  
Who can remember a dream? Do you?

RALEIGH  
Only vaguely.

They smile at each other -- a lie agreed upon.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)  
It happens, right?

She nods. They both lean in their doorways. Neither can think of anything else to say, but neither wants to go.

MAKO  
Well... Goodnight, Raleigh.

Finally she backs into her room and starts to close her door. Raleigh does likewise.

RALEIGH  
Night, Mako.

INT. MAKO'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She shuts the door -- and hesitates with her hand on the doorknob, chewing her lip, thinking.

INT. DORMITORY HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Mako opens her door just as Raleigh opens his.

They both chuckle awkwardly as they stare at one another across the hall, a thought on the tip of their tongues, unsure of how to phrase it.

Simultaneously, they realize there's no point in trying to phrase it, and they let themselves collide in the middle of the hallway, kissing hungrily.

Without breaking Mako backs Raleigh into his room and kicks the door closed behind her.

EXT. THE ESCHATON INSTITUTE -- NIGHT

A bonfire swells, spitting embers into the starry night sky as Czerny heaps more kindling onto the blaze. Flick sits across the fire. Newt stands, arms crossed, wary.

CZERNY

The Interstice is a gateway to another universe. An older universe. A dying universe...

He chuckles and gets a distant look in his eyes as he gazes into the bonfire. His smile fades.

CZERNY (CONT'D)

I read an article about how a particle accelerator could create a new universe. Nonsense, right? Technology far beyond us.

(beat)

The Anteverse, across the Interstice, is home to a civilization eons older than Man.

FLICK

Newt? -- What's he saying?

CZERNY

They created our universe, to escape the death of their own. And we are merely an infestation to them. Rats on their life raft.

NEWT

A while ago, you told me you were on the verge of a breakthrough. Something that could turn the tide?

CZERNY

That's why you're here? You want to know how to stop them?

FLICK

I've got a contact at Central Command. Whatever you have, Doctor, I can put it in front of the brass.

He scratches his chin, a baffled grin on his face.

NEWT

What were you working on? What did you see in the Interstice?

CZERNY

Not something in the Interstice. A way to look through the Interstice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWT

How?

CZERNY

Are you having nightmares, Miss Kincaid? Worse than usual?

NEWT

We're trying to ask you --

CZERNY

And I'm trying to tell you. They're coming from the Interstice -- the nightmares. It's broadcasting nightmares. Psychic pamphlet bombs.

(whispering)

I found a way to use that signal to see into the Anteverse...

Newt stands up. He's heard enough.

NEWT

This is ridiculous. Psychic signals, Ivo? Really?

CZERNY

Midway has technology beyond your wildest dreams. We mapped the Interstice's geometry. We discovered states of matter --

NEWT

You mapped the Interstice?

CZERNY

It can't be closed, Newt, it --

NEWT

But it has to have a weak point, right? A targeted detonation --

This catches Czerny, it takes him a moment to cut Newt off.

CZERNY

-- would just open it wider.

NEWT

I want to see the map...

CZERNY

The map isn't important.

NEWT

No, psychic transmissions are what's important.

(shaking his head)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEWT (CONT'D)

What happened to you? You used to be a scientist.

Czerny shakes his head and sighs. He stands and calmly rests his hand on Newt's shoulder with a smile.

CZERNY

I'm tired, Newt... We can talk more tomorrow if you feel like listening...

Newt and Flick watch him shuffle up towards the main house.

NEWT

I'm sorry, Flick. I didn't know he was this far gone.

Flick watches Czerny with suspicion in her eyes.

FLICK

He's hiding something.

NEWT

Maybe. But what can we do?

FLICK

We can find it. Go see if you can get into his study. I'm going to check out that Quonset hut.

INT. QUONSET HUT -- CONTINUOUS

Flick steals into the darkened storage hut, finding it full of unlabeled crates.

Without turning on the lights she drags one out into the middle of the floor and strains to pry open the lid with her bare hands -- she doesn't know what kind of time she has.

Finally getting it loose, she tosses the lid aside and claws through the packing material. Finally she pulls out -- a generic bottle of water.

She looks around at all the crates and her imagination relents, letting their secrets become canned goods.

About to leave, she notices the corner of a doorway at the back wall, partially concealed by a stack of palettes on a dolly. She pushes the dolly away and tries the door.

It's locked. With a twisted old paperclip, she probes the keyhole, finessing the lock with a practiced hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, the fluorescent lights flicker on above her. She drops the paperclip and whirls around to find Czerny.

CZERNY

Now what made you think this modest little hut had secrets?

FLICK

Look... I'm sorry but --  
(anger flaring)

If you'd just talk! Without couching your answers in bullshit riddles! I'm so tired of running around in circles! I'm sorry...

CZERNY

I'm not angry. I know what it is to be willing to chase the answers even into the darkest abyss.

FLICK

I've come so far to see the things you say you've seen. If you can't tell me what, at least tell me how.

CZERNY

There's a telepathic area of the kaiju's brain. It's tuned to the signal from the Anteverse.

FLICK

See? This is what I mean. You can't just expect me to believe you can peek into a kaiju's thoughts.

CZERNY

See for yourself.

He heads to the locked door and fumbles for his keys.

FLICK

How?

CZERNY

You know what a drift is?

He clumsily unlocks the door.

FLICK

The visions Jaeger pilots have when they're in the Pons...

He opens the door.



INT. BACKROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Czerny turns on the lights as he leads Flick inside. She stops at the threshold, daunted by the sight:

Beside an examination table, a 200 gallon aquarium, wherein a wrinkled coil of meat hangs in aspic-colored liquid, peppered with electrodes. Big as a man, it can only be kaiju's brain.

And then she notices what looks like a rough-hewn Pons on the floor between the table and the vat...

CZERNY

Well, you're about to have a drift  
with a kaiju.

INT. MAIN HOUSE -- NIGHT

Newt moves through the darkened hallway.

INT. CZERNY'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

In the dark, Newt searches the rustic outback office. He turns on a flat wall monitor -- "no signal." So he follows an AV cable from the monitor to a nearby cabinet.

Opening the cabinet, he finds a hard drive stamped with COSDEC's seal, and a menacing anti-theft warning from Sci-Division. Jackpot. He grins and flicks it on.

The "no signal" message vanishes from the monitor, but nothing else comes up -- just an empty pale glow.

Frustrated, Newt keeps searching. He looks in the closet. He opens desk drawers. He crouches to look under the desk -- and on the floor, level with the top of the desk, he stops.

We see what's caught his attention: a pair of humble reading glasses, but lined up with the glowing wall monitor, we see in the lenses shapes and colors that aren't there.

Newt carefully puts the reading glasses on, and

THROUGH THE LENSES

clearly sees a 3D projection hanging in the air before the glowing monitor: a hidden holographic interface, invisible without the reading glasses.

Finding he can manipulate the data with his hands, Newt opens folders, probing deeper and deeper into Czerny's database...

INT. BACKROOM -- NIGHT

Flick lies on the examination table. Czerny tightens the straps around her wrists and ankles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLICK

I don't have a wetport.

CZERNY

We'll have to do it how we did it  
before the implants.

He shows her the end of a data transmission cable. In place of a mundane connector, the wire terminates in a three inch gold needle, a little thicker than a hypodermic needle.

FLICK

You're going to stab that into my  
brain...

CZERNY

Carefully.

FLICK

Could this kill me?

CZERNY

How badly do you want to see it?

Without saying anything, she rests her head on the table. Czerny secures her head, neck, and shoulders in a metal brace designed to keep her skull steady for the delicate procedure.

He flips on a small video screen -- on it, he sees a grainy ultrasound image of her brain. He dabs a topical numbing agent on the soft patch of skin behind her ear.

CZERNY (CONT'D)

I'm numbing you, but it's going to  
hurt. Just keep still. I'm aiming  
for a specific spot. If I miss, you  
might forget the letter R or you  
might become a vegetable. Ready?

She nods and Czerny lines up the needle. He pierces the skin and gingerly pushes the needle in. She fights to contain her reflexes as her limbs strain against the leather straps.

Her face tenses with pain as he guides the needle deeper, watching its progress on the ultrasound, finally finding the targeted section of her brain. The needle, all the way in.

He twists a dial on the makeshift Pons.

CZERNY (CONT'D)

I'm sending a test signal. You  
should smell chocolate. Do you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

When she speaks, she can't hide her pain. Her words spill out slurred and desperate.

FLICK

Yuh-yuh-yes. I smell it.

CZERNY

Alright. Then you're good to go live with the specimen.

He flips a switch on the Pons. In the tank, the disembodied brain shivers. Flick gasps. She speaks, oddly loud, as if trying to be heard over music only she can hear.

FLICK

Voices... I think I see -- something... Oh god... Where am I?

He rests his palm on her forehead and answers her quietly, knowing she can't hear him. Her mind is elsewhere.

NEWT

The other side, child.

And with that, he departs, leaving her alone on the table.

INT. CZERNY'S STUDY -- NIGHT

Newt surfs Czerny's holographic database and finally spots a promising file: "interstice.model."

A 3D projection materializes before him: an abstract, fluid shape resembling a funnel cloud, slithering and stretching itself randomly -- the throat of the Interstice.

Newt circles the eerie projection, utterly rapt, carefully examining every angle. He leans close, narrowing his eyes on a point near the center. Curious he tries to touch it...

Suddenly, the funnel shivers and breaks at its thinnest point, like an over-stretched bubble finally splitting.

Not intending to collapse the projection, Newt curses his clumsiness... But the implications begin to dawn on him.

He brings the projection up again. He touches random points; the throat ripples and flexes with his touch, but he can't seem to find the spot he touched before...

INT. BACKROOM -- NIGHT

In the tank, the kaiju brain quivers as the web of electrodes harvests its synapses and feeds them into the Pons, where they cross the wire stabbed into Flick's skull.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She lies on the table, pale and shivering, horrified.

We transition to her vision not in one clean cut or smooth dissolve, but in a broken, helter-skelter succession of frames stuttering into an uneasy view of

THE ANTEVERSE

as Flick sees it. The images have a jittery quality. And the sound, drowned and THROBBING with TINNITUS, clots like syrup in our ears. It feels intrinsically unstable.

We find ourselves suddenly perched at a vertiginous height. Miles below us, a dark and bitter alien world.

The wind tosses frosty veils of hoarfrost under a blank sky -- a wide and star-less pall, black as pitch.

A dead sun hangs over the horizon like a bare lightbulb -- an ashen sphere, cracked by rivers of cold, cruel light.

An expanse of frigid ocean, divided into wide sunken pens, clear to the horizon -- like an inconceivably vast fish farm. The wide sea steams with desperate breaths.

Nightmarish life SEETHES in the water, packed tight as entrails. Clambering talons, slithering tentacles, jaws GASPING. The sea steams with their ragged breaths.

Kaiju. All kaiju. Far as the eye can see. An unfathomable mass of monstrous violence.

A fine grid of walkways overlays the pens, upon which we glimpse the PRECURSORS from afar. Spare, skeletal figures, like the rarefied inhabitants of an architectural sketch, minuscule against the vast Darwinian chaos below them.

BACK IN THE BACKROOM

Flick tenses with shivering convulsions, glistening with sweat, tears trailing from her eyes...

INT. CZERNY'S STUDY -- SAME

Newt watches the holographic Interstice whip and flow like a liquid sculpture. He randomly stabs at it with his finger, hoping to duplicate the action that collapsed it.

Suddenly, the study lights come on. Newt tears off the glasses and turns.

Czerny glares at him. He approaches without a word and offers his hand expectantly. Newt surrenders the glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Czerny puts them on to see what Newt had been looking at. He frowns and shakes his head as he puts the glasses in his shirt pocket. Newt interjects.

NEWT

I think there's a way to close the Interstice. If we just looked at --

CZERNY

You can't blow up a hole.

NEWT

It has a structure. I touched something. I made it collapse.

CZERNY

You can't pinpoint a weak spot! It's too fluid! It's impossible!

NEWT

That's not true... What did you tell COSDEC? That closing the it was implausible -- or impossible?

CZERNY

What difference does it make?

NEWT

We are fighting for our lives!

CZERNY

... and we will lose.

NEWT

Why did they send you here?

CZERNY

Because I had to be quarantined. I looked into the abyss. I'd been infected with the truth -- that this is the end of us. We are the vermin of the gods. There's no point in putting up a fight...

He shuffles to the closet and slides the doors open.

NEWT

What are you doing?

CZERNY

I'm finishing this...

He pushes the clothes aside and pulls a chain. A naked lightbulb illuminates a warhead, a Jaeger-sized munition.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CZERNY (CONT'D)

A thermobaric warhead. You know what that is? A seismic bomb. For the Mark-3. Powerful enough to blow a category-5 kaiju in half.

He huddles over a control panel wired up to the bomb. Newt strides over to pull Czerny away from the weapon.

Czerny swats him away with an unexpected burst of force that knocks Newt to the ground.

He steps back. The clock ticks down -- 2:00, 1:59, 1:58...

NEWT

Have you lost your mind?

CZERNY

Did you not listen to a word I said? They aren't just coming here! They made here! Their universe is dying! It's raw survival! You'd stand against the Creators of the universe? And I'm insane?

Again, Newt scrambles for the bomb. Czerny grapples the boy in his arms. They struggle in desperation as the bomb's clock ticks -- 1:46, 1:45, 1:44...

Their clumsy skirmish draws chaotic pirouettes, SLAMMING Newt into the wine cabinet. Finally, Newt catches his footing and pins Czerny against the wall.

NEWT

We can solve this! There's hope!

CZERNY

Hope fails! It lifts you up and it drops you! I'm not going to let you poison the world with hope!

And with that, Czerny grabs a nearby letter opener and jams the dull blade into Newt's ribs.

Newt recoils as the bloody blade CLATTERS to the floor. Newt drops to his knees in pain.

Czerny throws him down, wrapping his fingers around Newt's neck. Wild-eyed, he tries to wring the life out of Newt.

1:29, 1:28, 1:27...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CZERNY (CONT'D)

I'm doing you a favor. You don't  
wanna be around when they get here.  
Ask your friend...

Newt breaks Czerny's grip and takes him by the collar.

NEWT

What did you do to her???

Czerny only chuckles through a blood-slick sneer. Newt drops him and takes a step towards the bomb, but Czerny grabs his ankle. Newt falls to the floor, and kicks his feet free.

He grabs the flatscreen off the wall and drops it on Czerny's head. The scientist falls limp.

Newt clumsily gathers his bearings. He glances at the bomb's control panel.

1:14, 1:13, 1:12...

Quickly, he opts to find Flick and get out.

EXT. MAIN HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Newt bursts out the door and bolts for the Quonset hut.

INT. BACKROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Flick twitches on the table, lost in the drift, her eyes locked on some horrid sight in some other universe.

INT. QUONSET HUT -- CONTINUOUS

Newt bursts inside. He hears screaming and quickly spots the back door. He tries it -- locked. He pounds and shouts.

NEWT

Flick! Open the door!

INT. BACKROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Shivers course through Flick's muscles. Her lip quivers. Hopeless tears spill from her wide eyes.

INT. CZERNY'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

On the floor, Czerny smiles as he squints at the clock --  
:57, :56, :55...

INT. QUONSET HUT -- CONTINUOUS

Newt kicks at the door, again and again, time running out.

INT. BACKROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The door splinters open and Newt rushes in to find Flick drenched in sweat and so pale, almost blue. He pulls the needle out of her brain and unfastens the straps.

The drift seems to linger in her mind.

FLICK  
So cold. Can't breath...

NEWT  
Breathe! You have to breathe!

FLICK  
It hurts. Ice in my lungs.

INT. CZERNY'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

The clock ticks -- :44, :43, :42...

EXT. THE ESCHATON INSTITUTE -- CONTINUOUS

Newt cradles Flick in his arms. Her head lolls as she stares at the sky, seeing another sky, some other place.

FLICK  
No stars. The sky is dead...

He briskly carries her to

THE JEEP

and straps her into the passenger's seat, before climbing in, twisting the ignition, and throttling it so hard that

THE REAR WHEELS

spin up plumes of red dust, before catching and launching the vehicle up the road.

INT. JEEP -- CONTINUOUS

Newt's frantic eyes dart between the twisting desert road and the compound's gate, shrinking in his rearview mirror.

Flick gags. Her body convulses in her seat. Her back arches as if her spine wants to break her in half. She falls limp. Newt reaches over to feel her pulse as he drives.

NEWT  
No no no! Gimme a pulse, Flick!

He can't stop to give her CPR. He knows he's not far enough from the blast yet. He floors it. Her head lolls with the sharp turns, lifeless as a doll.



EXT. OUTBACK ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The jeep bobs and weaves along the tortured road. We pull back to see the escape in context -- the jeep's meandering headlights too slow and still too close to the compound.

INT. CZERNY'S STUDY -- CONTINUOUS

The final seconds -- :06, :05, :04, :03...

EXT. THE ESCHATON INSTITUTE -- CONTINUOUS

The pavilion goes up in a mighty CRACK of light followed by a flame-less blast and an incredible shockwave that RIPS through every building in its path, levelling the compound.

It speeds out, warping the air and rippling the ground.

The wave SLAMS the jeep and tosses it careening end over end.

INT. JEEP -- CONTINUOUS

Newt steadies Flick's limply flailing body as the jeep rolls.

EXT. OUTBACK -- CONTINUOUS

The battered jeep finally settles on its side. A moment later, Newt crawls out the sun roof. He turns and pulls Flick's body out after him.

He drags her a safe distance from the wreck and checks again for her pulse. Finding nothing, he begins performing CPR as the compound burns in the distance.

Cycle after cycle. Compressions, breaths, repeat... Our hearts sink, but Newt doesn't let up. He doesn't shout or lose it; he just keeps at it, like a machine.

Suddenly, Flick jolts with a fit of coughing. She weakly pushes Newt away and rolls over to puke. At first, it seems such a fragile miracle, he dares not touch her.

She gasps and winces, cradling her CPR-cracked ribs. Weak words spill out of her mouth.

FLICK

Why did you save me?

NEWT

What did he do to you?

FLICK

I did it, Newt! It was my decision!

She turns away from Newt, coughing. She holds her ribs gingerly and succumbs to her trembling legs, sitting in the dust. She watches the compound burn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLICK (CONT'D)

I saw the other universe... You should have let me die, Newt.

Newt runs his fingers through his hair, crushed to hear her talk like this. He has nothing to say...

FLICK (CONT'D)

The Interstice is stabilizing. More are coming. In numbers we can't imagine.

Newt has a sudden thought.

NEWT

What did you say? About the Interstice?

FLICK

It's stabilizing...

NEWT

Are you sure? How do you know?

FLICK

I know because they know.

Newt starts to smile. He can barely get the words out.

NEWT

Flick... I know how to close it. I know how to close the Interstice.

EXT. PUDONG, SHANGHAI -- NIGHT

A futuristic riverfront skyline, crowded with record-smashing supertall skyscrapers, all blazing with neon color.

Gipsy Danger stands in the street, poised to fight an oncoming kaiju -- as if in a neon jungle, the titanic pair dwarfed by Pudong's orbbed spires and stark, glass edifices.

Kaiju OOLONG, a chitinous crab-like dragon with black exoskeletal armor and giant pincers. The behemoth hauls itself up the wide freeway on the tips of its huge crab-claws, reminiscent of a knuckle-walking gorilla.

Gipsy Danger lifts her arm. The armor opens to expose a row of electrical transformers. Without cutting to the conn-pods, we hear Raleigh and Mako's radio traffic.

RALEIGH (FILTERED)

Electrolaser hot.

MAKO (FILTERED)

Let's feed him some thunder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The air HUMS with electricity as she trains an emerald green targeting laser on Oolong.

CRACK – in the searing blink of an eye, a jagged bolt of lightning flashes between the transformers and the kaiju.

Oolong recoils, smoke SIZZLING from the flashpoint.

MAKO (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
Damnit! Weapons short!

RALEIGH (FILTERED)  
We'll do it the old-fashoined way.

Oolong grabs Gipsy Danger in his black claw and drives the Jaeger back, her iron feet GRINDING gullies into the asphalt.

The kaiju slams the Jaeger into the two-thousand foot Shanghai Tower. The lower floors SHATTER and COLLAPSE.

The soaring glass helix falls, PULVERIZING a quarter-mile of dense city blocks, its pinnacle SMASHING into the river.

The throbbing city lights stain the settling dust in lurid color. We see Oolong still bearing down on Gipsy Danger.

The beast squeezes the mech in his pincer. But, Gipsy Danger pushes back, prying the it open...

RALEIGH (FILTERED) (CONT'D)  
Push push push!

In a sharp outburst of effort, the Jaeger opens the claw so far that the joint CRACKS.

Gipsy Danger RIPS off the lower half of the giant claw, and JAMS the chitinous skewer into Oolong's eye.

Oolong SHRIEKS and thrashes his dragon-like head.

Gipsy Danger grabs the kaiju by the jaws and twists. Finally, Oolong's neck SNAPS.

The dead kaiju teeters and CRASHES to the ground.

INT. THE MOCK-PIT -- CONTINUOUS

Hydraulics lift the lid of the simulated conn-pods as Pentecost enters, carrying his clipboard.

PENTECOST  
Well the tower puts your property  
damage in the red...

RALEIGH  
Want us to go again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PENTECOST

You kidding? You beat the time by half. Take the night off.

RALEIGH

But the property damage...

PENTECOST

It's Pudong. Four of the region's tallest buildings in four square miles. It's always in the red.

(beat)

Seriously, call it a night. You ripped through all my scenarios. I need to cook up a new one.

Pentecost makes notes on his clipboard as Raleigh and Mako unstrap their helmets and climb out of the pit.

RALEIGH

Dinner?

MAKO

You go on. Save me a spot in line.

He goes. She lingers, ringing her hands as she waits for Pentecost to look up from his clipboard. She finally speaks.

MAKO (CONT'D)

*Sensei. You should know... Raleigh and I have been --*

Pentecost answers brusquely without looking up.

PENTECOST

*I'm afraid we're approaching the limits of my expertise, Lieutenant.*

MAKO

*Yes, Sensei. Sorry.*

She starts out, embarrassed. Pentecost sighs.

PENTECOST

*It's new. You don't know what it is yet. I wish I could tell you. Cadets enlist in pairs. Old souls. The work's done. The bonds are cooled and set. Like granite. What you have, it's magma. No one can tell you what shape it will take...*

She pulls herself together and nods.

MAKO

*Thank you, Sensei.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PENTECOST

*Are you happy?*

She dwells on it, until a smile cracks her lips.

MAKO

*I am, yes.*

PENTECOST

*Well that's a start, isn't it?*

INT. RALEIGH'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Swathed by tangled bedsheets, Mako and Raleigh laze in post-coital contentment. She rests her head on his heart.

MAKO

Should we be doing this?

RALEIGH

We're supposed to be bonding...

MAKO

Ah, like maybe we have to do this.

RALEIGH

Right, for the good of mankind.

Their laughter trails, but the thought sticks...

MAKO

Back at Kodiak, most of the teams that were sleeping together washed out in the first round...

RALEIGH

Not Duc and Kaori...

She turns to face him, propping her chin on her arms.

MAKO

It can get complicated. Even for normal people...

Raleigh's mind wanders. His eyes look past Mako and we hear the drifting voices of his memory.

FLICK (V.O.)

Did I screw up the bond that drove the machine? --

RALEIGH (V.O.)

Look sharp, Yance, he's coming up.

Mako hears it too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAKO

(kind)

Raleigh... Stop. You did all you could. He was your brother. You couldn't not...

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- DUSK (GHOST-DRIFT)

The kaiju Tortuga rises from the water, bloody and battered, but not finished. Coyote Tango stands ready to fight.

BACK TO PRESENT

RALEIGH

What if -- my reflexes stopped me?

MAKO

That's not how reflexes work.

RALEIGH

Isn't it?

MAKO

There's a part of us that wants to care about other people...

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- DUSK (GHOST-DRIFT)

Tortuga shakes the sea of his asperous armor, and lets out a full-throated ROAR.

MAKO (V.O.)

And in times of crisis, for some people, that part takes over. It just sweeps all the petty crap away and grabs the wheel...

INT. CONN-POD ZUMA 2 -- CONTINUOUS (GHOST-DRIFT)

The Jaeger's arm wanders into Yancy's view as Raleigh unconsciously has the Jaeger cover its front.

YANCY

Guarding! Get that arm up and give me a firing solution!

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- CONTINUOUS (GHOST-DRIFT)

Coyote Tango lifts her arm-mounted cannon to take aim at the kaiju. Tortuga crouches, tense, ready to charge.

RALEIGH (FILTERED)

He's gonna rush us, Yance!

YANCY (FILTERED)

Don't drop your aim!

INT. CONN-POD ZUMA 2 -- CONTINUOUS (GHOST-DRIFT)

Tortuga shifts his massive bulk as the sea breeze tosses curtains of mist of his hide. Yancy concentrates but can't make the targeting pipper find a lock.

INT. CONN-POD ZUMA 1 -- CONTINUOUS (GHOST-DRIFT)

Raleigh watches as Tortuga plows his weight through the surf, surging towards us. The Jaeger's aim flinches as Raleigh stops himself from bringing the arm down to block.

YANCY (FILTERED)  
Keep it steady, Rals!

RALEIGH  
He's charging!

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- CONTINUOUS (GHOST-DRIFT)

Tortuga bulldozes towards the wading Jaeger, but Coyote Tango holds her aim steady.

Tortuga opens his trifurcated beak and launches his harpoon-tongue. The serpentine muscle punches through the Jaeger's chest armor like a bunker-buster.

BACK TO PRESENT

RALEIGH  
How do you know I'm one of those people?

MAKO  
Because it's the part that hurts when you can't.

INT. CONN-POD ZUMA 1 -- CONTINUOUS (GHOST-DRIFT)

Raleigh feels the very instant his brother dies, and for the first time, we see his reaction... Furious, devastated tears in his eyes, he snaps. His words come out like thunder.

RALEIGH  
No! Yancy! --

Pangs of grief twist his face, choking the words in his throat. His veins stand tight as wires on his temples.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- CONTINUOUS (GHOST-DRIFT)

Coyote Tango grabs the harpoon tongue and RIPS the muscle out of the kaiju's jaws, by the ragged root.

The Jaeger gathers its other hand in a fist and lands a SKULL-CRACKING blow that sends Tortuga toppling into the shallows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Coyote Tango drives her armored fists, one after the other, in an endless siege of mighty freight-train PUNCHES.

He doesn't stop. Not even as the PUMMELED sea turns red with gore. Not even as Tortuga's limbs stop twitching.

Smoke begins to spill from the Jaeger's over-taxed muscles; blow after blow reduces its fists to bloody, crumpled knots of machinery -- but still it HAMMERS the lifeless carcass.

INT. CONN-POD ZUMA 1 -- CONTINUOUS (GHOST-DRIFT)

Raleigh glares through hot tears, his jaw tight with animal rage, utterly consumed by raw anguish.

RALEIGH

That was my brother you son of a bitch! That was my fucking brother!

Through the fog of ALARMS and SHUDDERING machinery, a radio voice calls out to him.

DISPATCH (FILTERED)

Zuma 1, target subdued. Stand down.

But Raleigh shows no sign he hears the command.

DISPATCH (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

Remote shutdown in 5, 4, 3...

BACK TO PRESENT

The NOISE of the memory echoes as Raleigh pulls himself up to sit on the edge of the bed, his face in his hands.

MAKO

You did all you could, Raleigh. You loved him.

He pulls his hands from his face and sits in the dark, thinking. Mako just watches.

RALEIGH

Then it's not a mistake -- This. Us. We're not a mistake...

She sits up and folds her arms around him.

EXT. MIDWAY -- DUSK

A robust city-sized complex of practical but modern buildings covers the once-desolate spit of land.

SUPER: *COSDEC Science Division, Primary Interstice Monitoring Station - Midway Atoll*



INT. MONITORING STATION -- CONTINUOUS

A dimly lit control center. A COMMANDER oversees rows of TELEMETRY SPECIALISTS dutifully manning their data terminals. An ALARM goes off. The mood instantly tenses.

TELEMETRY SPECIALIST  
Density spike! Something's coming  
through the Interstice!

COMMANDER  
Mass estimate?

TELEMETRY SPECIALIST  
Standy-by... These numbers don't  
make sense...

COMMANDER  
Lieutenant... How big is it?

The Telemetry Specialist just shakes his head, confused.

INT. JETLINER CABIN -- DUSK

A full flight. Flick and Newt chatter quietly.

FLICK  
Are you sure it will work?

NEWT  
Sure enough to try.

He turns and looks out the window; a dry, matter-of-fact determination in his voice.

NEWT (CONT'D)  
I don't care if they are the  
creators of the universe. I like  
the universe.

She leans her head on the seat and watches him with a pining look in her eyes. He turns to add with a chuckle --

NEWT (CONT'D)  
And I'm not a creationist.

-- and turns back to the window. She smiles but doesn't laugh, lost in thought, her gears turning wistfully.

NEWT (CONT'D)  
Is that Mount Fuji? Incredible...

OUT THE WINDOW: Mount Fuji's snow-capped volcanic cone rises from a rippled sea of clouds, stained gold and pink by the sinking sun -- a breathtaking vista.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But Flick doesn't give it a glance. She just looks at him looking out the window, gradually realizing something about this odd fellow. Something important. He turns.

NEWT (CONT'D)

If that's Fuji, shouldn't we be --

She cups his cheek in her hand and kisses him, suddenly but softly. After a startled flinch, he gives himself to it.

The moment draws out. Gossamer and earnest, almost timid -- until finally, Flick gently pulls away.

Newt narrows his eyes at her, as if not sure he's awake. Saying nothing, she just smiles. Newt opens his mouth to speak, but is interrupted --

PILOT (FILTERED)

We're hearing a kaiju warning has been issued for Tokyo Bay...

Newt cranes his neck to look out the window as if expecting to see the monsters. Flick stares dead ahead, anxious.

PILOT (FILTERED) (CONT'D)

We're being diverted to Toyama...  
We'll be landing very shortly.

Newt notices Flick's white knuckles gripping the armrest. He takes her hand. Their fingers interlace, clinging tightly.

EXT. MINATO MIRAI -- NIGHT

The city lights scintillate on the water as swarms of Jumphawks hoist Tacit Ronin across Tokyo Bay.

DISPATCH (FILTERED)

Your target is designated KJ  
Komodo. Category-4.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Duc toggles his pre-fight switches.

DUC

(sarcastic)

Oh, is that all?

(to Kaori)

*Hey sweetie, did you hear? --*

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-2 -- CONTINUOUS

We see Kaori in her own conn-pod, a bit uneasy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUC (FILTERED)  
*A cat-4. If that doesn't sound fun,  
 I don't know what does.*

She lets out a nervous/excited laugh.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh meets up with Mako, who's already watching from the back of the bustling control room.

RALEIGH  
 Did they say cat-4?

She nods, her brow furrowed. Raleigh whistles.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)  
 What is that, like the third cat-4  
 anyone's ever seen?

MAKO  
 Fourth... They killed the third.

DISPATCH  
 Tracking stations report both he's  
 entered Tokyo Bay and is headed for  
 the Minato Mirai waterfront. ETA in  
 less than ten minutes.

EXT. MINATO MIRAI -- NIGHT

SIRENS sound as EVAC COORDINATORS flag panicked CIVILIANS away from streets clotted with spontaneously abandoned cars.

Behind the stark, modern skyscrapers and the three-hundred foot Ferris wheel purling with shifting emerald greens, purples, and reds -- the two Jaegers approach.

The Jumphawks maneuver the mechs to their positions. Tacit Ronin's escorts lower the Mark-2 near the Ferris wheel.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

DISPATCH (FILTERED)  
 Meiji team, Komodo inbound a half  
 klick northeast. Clear to engage.

DUC  
 Roger LOCCENT. We have visual.

EXT. MINATO MIRAI -- CONTINUOUS

Ahead of Tacit Ronin, hills of water rise to spill across the street as the kaiju's bow wave heralds its approach. The huge beast hauls itself from the water, onto shore.

A long, lizard-like creature called KOMODO. Rows of teeth curl sloppily from his jaws. A baroque frill of coiled and braided horns embellishes his head. He scrabbles on six splayed legs; tail terminating in a spiked thagomizer.

He is -- markedly larger than the Jaeger and (as a category-4 kaiju) the largest of any we've yet seen. He shakes the water off his scales and ROARS.

Tacit Ronin stands in the shifting carnival light of the towering Ferris wheel, ready for battle.

Komodo lumbers onto the street ahead of Tacit Ronin, turning to face the Jaeger.

The kaiju rears up on his four hind legs, brandishing his taloned forelimbs. The reptilian monster towers a full head taller than the Jaeger.

He throws his head back, RETCHING, and with a neck-snap, SPEWS a wad of noxious bile. It SPLATTERS short of the mech.

The sludge BOILS and SEETHES on the cars and pavement below, dissolving anything it touches.

Tacit Ronin charges in to engage Komodo hand-to-hand. Her style is different from Gipsy Danger's; less primal and rugged; more like Bruce Lee, nimble and precise.

With lethal grace, she assails Komodo's scaly hide with a storm of kicks and chops -- taekwondo on an epic scale.

Her knifehand strikes cut the air like fighter jets, tracing wingtip vortices off her fingertips.

She finishes the combo with a roundhouse kick, a jaw-dropping maneuver for a machine of her unparalleled size.

As her feet hit the ground, we hear the metallic GROAN of her settling weight as her frame protests the unorthodox move.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

A small alert BUZZES.

OFFICER  
Actuator stress warning...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Raleigh and Mako watch, stunned. It was a reckless move.

EXT. MINATO MIRAI -- CONTINUOUS

In the instant it takes Tacit Ronin to regain her balance, Komodo charges, slashing and snapping.

His talons score shallow scars across the Jaeger's armor. Tacit Ronin staggers back, barely dodging his SNAPPING jaws.

The monster pivots to swing his spiked tail.

The Jaeger dodges the spikes on the first pass and catches them on the second, clutching the tail in an iron grip.

Komodo pulls and thrashes angrily, but Tacit Ronin holds tight. Finally he quivers, HACKING and RETCHING.

The Jaeger barely dodges the knot of acidic bile that sails past -- to SPATTER the side of a nearby skyscraper.

The glass FESTERS and DRIPS away, exposing more and more of the stacked floors inside, until they can no longer hold the tower's weight, and the whole edifice quivers and COLLAPSES.

Again, Komodo rears up on his hind four legs, towering high over Tacit Ronin.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

DUC

*Cutlass laser. Full power. Three second burn.*

KAORI (FILTERED)

*Three seconds will sap the reserves.*

DUC

*Gimme three seconds and we won't need the reserves.*

EXT. MINATO MIRAI -- CONTINUOUS

A compartment on Tacit Ronin's forearm opens to deploy a deceptively modest-looking array, and IGNITES a beam of energy that meets Komodo's exposed chest.

A vector-straight line of searing light bores clear through the kaiju's body in an instant to slice across the sky, an oddly bright laser-light show.

With a swing of her wrist, Tacit Ronin pulls the laser up, cleaving Komodo's torso up the middle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The laser turns off. The air around the array still ripples with cosmic heat as the armor folds up to reclaim the weapon.

Komodo's balance holds his dead body up for a brief moment, before his mighty bulk falls.

The top third of the beast butterflies open, exposing a macabre cross section of his body cavity, neat as a textbook diagram. The laser-sliced edges still SIZZLE.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

APPLAUSE fills the room as the kill is officially confirmed.

DISPATCH

Kaiju Komodo is down.

An ALARM sounds, triggering a confused hush.

OFFICER

The harbor sensors... It must have hid in Komodo's wake.

TAKADA

Report! What is it?

OFFICER

It's another hostile, sir. Inbound to Tacit Ronin's position.

Raleigh and Mako whisper.

RALEIGH

Two in a row? Is that even doable?

MAKO

I've never even heard of back-to-back simulations without someone going into nuerogenic shock.

Takada paces, his impatience mounting.

TAKADA

Talk to me! Give me a target brief!

OFFICER

Displacement -- ten-thousand seven hundred metric tons...

Silence. He turns.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

It's a category five...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Raleigh and Mako exchange glances and bolt out of the room.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Sweat drips from Duc's stunned face. He's just heard the news. It takes him a moment to grapple with it.

DUC  
Copy that, LOCCENT...

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-2 -- CONTINUOUS

Kaori sits, aghast.

KAORI  
*Our reserves are empty. Our  
actuators are over-stressed...*

She trails off, shaking her head. Her thoughts speak.

KAORI (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*It took them days to drop the last  
cat-5... What do we do?*

DUC (V.O.)  
*We fight.*

EXT. MINATO MIRAI -- CONTINUOUS

DISPATCH (FILTERED)  
Meiji team, weapons free. You are  
clear to engage kaiju Fulcrum.

A chaotic shape looms from the dark bay.

Tentacles hide his jaws. Longer tentacles trail from his taloned arms. A scourge of tails whips the air behind him.

He is kaiju FULCRUM -- an alien chaos of tentacles and dinosaurian limbs, his movements fluid and menacing, as much like a predator stalking primeval jungles as like a kraken prowling sunken ruins. He glisters with bioluminescence.

He climbs ashore and rises to his full height -- almost a third bigger than the Mark-2.

He lashes out with one of his long tentacles. The mech dodges and as the tentacle rakes past us, we see the rows of cruel, hooked claws running the length of it.

It whips through the hundred meter Ferris wheel like balsawood, cleaving the neon spokes in a fit of sparks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The kaiju slings his arm, launching some sort of projectiles from tubules on his wrist.

The fleshy projectiles SMACK Tacit Ronin's armor -- BERSERKERS, delirious little tentacled creatures, prying at any seam they can find, until their bodies bloat and BURST.

The few stray Berserkers miss the Jaeger and fall into the choked traffic of a nearby highway.

There, they enthusiastically dismember whatever they land on, RIPPING the engines out of stalled cars, TEARING bystanders limb from limb, bloating and BURSTING like grenades.

The Mark-2 dodges a tentacle and as it rakes past us, we see the rows of cruel, hooked claws running the length of it.

The tentacle cuts the hundred meter Ferris wheel like balsawood, cleaving the neon spokes in a giddy fit of sparks.

With a sweep of his arm, Fulcrum LASHES the Jaeger with his longest tentacle; the clawed suckers TEAR a ragged gash in Tacit Ronin's armor. The mech staggers to catch her balance.

Fulcrum slings another wave of Berserkers. A few alight on the mech's gashed armor, RIPPING bundles of thick cables out before swelling and BURSTING.

Mid-action, Tacit Ronin locks up (the Berserkers having apparently severed some critical connection).

Frozen in this unstable posture, the Jaeger tilts and starts to fall into the side of a high-rise.

The wall collapses around the paralyzed Jaeger, but the rest of the building holds.

The machine slides to an uneasy rest, leaning into the sagging floors of the building's exposed interior. Papers from countless offices and cubicles spill into the wind.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Duc radios for help as Fulcrum skulks closer on the HUD.

DUC  
LOCCENT, we are motor cold --

KAORI (FILTERED)  
*It's no use, Duc...*

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-2 -- CONTINUOUS

She eyes a blinking, red indicator light, defeated.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KAORI

*... Long range com is out.*

EXT. MINATO MIRAI -- CONTINUOUS

Fulcrum steps closer and closer to the crippled mech.

He finally descends on the fallen Jaeger, twisting his powerful tentacles around her limbs, his jaws ravenously searching for purchase on the armor.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Duc watches suckered tentacles press against his IMAX vista, growing resigned -- there's nothing more they can do. He sends his thoughts across the Pons to Kaori.

DUC (V.O.)

*Kaori... Close your eyes...*

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-2 -- CONTINUOUS

The tentacles bloom open to reveal -- Fulcrum's maw, barbed mandibles and rows of teeth, rolling like the cutting chain of a chainsaw. The hungry mouth fills the three-sixty HUD.

Kaori closes her eyes. She hears Duc's voice in her mind.

DUC (V.O.)

*I regret nothing. If fighting  
monsters was the price of knowing  
your soul, I'd fight a thousand.*

She smiles and replies out loud.

KAORI

*I know.*

He starts to sing to her over the radio -- a Japanese oldie with a familiar melody ("Sukiyaki" to Westerners).

DUC

(singing; not subtitled)  
Ue o muite aruko --

She joins in, as they share in some drift we can't see.

KAORI

- namida ga kobore naiyouni --

DUC (FILTERED)

- namida ga kobore naiyouni --

A third voice suddenly interrupts on the radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALEIGH (FILTERED)  
Roma-1 to Meiji-1, you guys better  
not be saying your goodbyes.

EXT. MINATO MIRAI -- CONTINUOUS

Fulcrum turns from his prey as the Jumphawks carry Gipsy Danger into view.

RALEIGH (FILTERED)  
Because you will live to kiss this  
*scrap heap's* heels, so help me god.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Duc grins ear to ear, and laughs with a surge of adrenaline.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh watches as Fulcrum tracks the mech's descent with cold eyes as the Jumphawks lower Gipsy Danger to the street.

RALEIGH  
Hey Mako, you know there's only  
ever been one other cat-5, right?

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

Mako wears a grim look.

MAKO  
Osaka...

RALEIGH (FILTERED)  
Can you handle this?

She nods slowly, and we know --

MAKO  
I was born to handle this.

EXT. MINATO MIRAI -- NIGHT

Gipsy Danger deploys her chain-sword. The retracting cord pulls the interlocking links together -- CLANK CLANK CLANK -- to form the stiff, segmented blade.

Fulcrum SNARLS and stalks towards the Mark-1 Jaeger.

His tentacles hoist a piece of the broken Ferris wheel to fling it at Gipsy Danger. It SHATTERS against the mech.

As he advances, he picks up buses and garbage trucks, hurling them at the Jaeger one after another.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The vehicles CRASH against the heavy armor as Gipsy Danger swats them away.

Fulcrum moves away from

TACIT RONIN

letting the hovering Jumphawks drop lines down to the disabled Jaeger. REPAIR TECHS slide down the cables. They scramble across the sprawl of armor to reach the damage.

Behind them, the tentacled kaiju approaches

GIPSY DANGER

spoiling for a fight. Fulcrum lunges for Gipsy Danger. The Jaeger seizes him by the tendrils and diverts the attack's momentum, hurling the kaiju into a high-rise.

The impact JOLTS the tower off its foundation to SMASH it against the building next door, demolishing both.

Fulcrum pulls himself up from the rubble, shaking off the debris -- twisted rebar, splintered furniture, and dead bodies fall like dust from the colossal kaiju.

Fulcrum spots the cluster of activity on the fallen Jaeger's torso and slings a batch of Berserkers towards

TACIT RONIN

where FLASHING torches light the hectic repair efforts.

The human-sized Berserkers scramble for the vulnerable men, barbed tentacles lashing out for them, but the Techs continue working, trained to tune out the danger.

The Jumphawks circling above shred the monsters with heavy gunfire, just barely getting the last Berserker before it gets within reach of the workers. Behind them

GIPSY DANGER

grabs Fulcrum's monster-spewing tubule, pinching it closed. The siphon-like organ swells until the Jaeger RIPS it from Fulcrum's arm. The kaiju SHRIEKS.

His wound spills half-formed Berserkers to street below -- sloppy heaps of sickly twitching tentacles dissolve before they can become anything remotely lethal.

The towering cat-5 kaiju lashes out, thrashing his tentacles at the Jaeger in a chaotic frenzy that threatens to consume the mech -- a dozen taloned whips cracking at once.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

But somehow she's holding the hurricane of tentacles at bay, HACKING away with her chain-sword.

Meanwhile, her shoulder-mounted autocannon, like a cannonball-spewing Gatling gun, swivels to RIP through whatever tentacles the sword misses.

Like a medieval hun she fights the thing back.

Until finally it SNAGS her arm, then her other.

The machine struggles as Fulcrum coils what remains of his ragged, powerful tentacles around the Jaeger.

We hear the GROANING of bowed metal as Fulcrum squeezes.

A THROBBING PULSE of deep sound ripples the air SHUDDERS the cars in the streets like an earthquake.

Fulcrum releases Gipsy Danger, shaking his head as if trying to shake the noise out of his ears.

Nearby, Tacit Ronin stands. The Jumphawks scatter. The Mark-2's jaws hang open -- emitting a crippling ULTRASONIC PULSE. Fulcrum turns to rush Tacit Ronin.

DUC (FILTERED)

We're back, but don't go thinking  
we got the power to do more than  
scream at him.

Gipsy Danger WHIPS her chain-sword loose and snares it around Fulcrum's neck, choking him back from the Mark-2.

RALEIGH (FILTERED)

I've got an idea. Get ready to vent  
your coolant.

The chain retracts. The razor-edged links CHEW through Fulcrum's neck as they rip back into the Jaeger's arm.

Fulcrum's tentacled head falls off --

-- but the massive body charges blindly ahead to tangle Tacit Ronin in its crushing grip.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

A burst of movement on the street below draws Mako's attention from Tacit Ronin's struggle.

Fulcrum's head wriggles with an angry spark of life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAKO  
Raleigh! The head!

EXT. MINATO MIRAI -- CONTINUOUS

Tentacles thrashing, the head fitfully scrambles for Gipsy Danger, smearing a blood-slick across the street.

The Jaeger lifts her foot and STOMPS the hateful thing into oblivion. A short distance away

TACIT RONIN

wrestles with Fulcrum's headless body. A billowing white cloud HISSES from a spur on the Mark-2's forearm, unfurling to engulf the monster.

The icy plumes dissipate -- leaving the kaiju a brittle, frost-crusting husk. Tacit Ronin SNAPS free of the flash-frozen coils of muscle and steps back.

The frozen colossus tips and falls, SHATTERING to lifeless pieces in the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOCCENT -- NIGHT

Pentecost retrieves his coat. The control room is empty, but the massive main screen glows with a collage of newsfeeds.

He spots Takada watching the news; a glass and a bottle of whiskey nearby. Pentecost goes over to check on him.

TAKADA  
All these questions... Are the attacks increasing? Are we at war? It's like they're daring us to scare the shit out of them...

PENTECOST  
They're asking for cause to hope.

TAKADA  
I don't have it... We all know it's a siege. What can I say they don't already know? We call the enemy the Precursors... I may as well tell the world the gods want us dead.

PENTECOST  
Maybe we should level with them.

TAKADA  
It was two tonight. What happens when it's three? -- or four?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAKADA (CONT'D)  
 -- every forty-eight hours? How  
 long could we fight that fight?

He turns to Pentecost who lowers his eyes; he has no answer.

TAKADA (CONT'D)  
 Combined Special Defense Corps...  
 It's always defense. We're always  
 defending. It's their game to win.  
 Does the world want to hear that?

He takes a couple of stimulants with a swig of his drink.

PENTECOST  
 It's been a long night, sir. I  
 wouldn't lose any sleep to cable  
 news. We all need the rest.

TAKADA  
 Sleep isn't rest, Stacker. Not with  
 nightmares like mine...

EXT. MINATO MIRAI -- DAY

The previous night's combat zone, strewn with mountains of  
 bloodied rubble. Convoys of heavy COSDEC trucks collect the  
 shattered pieces of kaiju Fulcrum.

Up the street, swarms of flies revel on the cross-sectioned  
 carcass of kaiju Komodo, bisected and laid open like a  
 colossal anatomical diagram.

CREWS in hazmat suits hose the body with riot foam, billowing  
 to envelop the carcass in clouds of rock.

MAKO'S POV -- THROUGH BINOCULARS

We watch squads of Jumphawks hoist the foam-encased carcass.

MAKO (O.S.)  
 Jesus. They need seven V-50's just  
 to get that thing off the ground...

EXT. THE GREEN -- CONTINUOUS

Mako and Raleigh sit on a knoll overlooking Tokyo Bay.

RALEIGH  
 Two category fives...

She passes him the binoculars, and spots a GUIDE leading a  
 group of TOURISTS down the footpath. She turns quickly away.

MAKO  
 Tour group.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALEIGH  
They spotted us?

MAKO  
Not yet.

She glances over her shoulder as the group wanders by, shedding a straggler Mako recognizes from Raleigh's drifts.

MAKO (CONT'D)  
Raleigh...

He turns to see Flick, holding a nervous distance of several paces. Newt lingers behind her. Raleigh's eyes ask the obvious -- "*Have you found it?*" Flick nods.

PENTECOST (PRE-LAP)  
Is this how you think it happens?

INT. LOCCENT GALLERY -- LATER

His arms crossed, Pentecost leans on the rail by the windows overlooking the control room, considering Raleigh's news.

PENTECOST  
Some clod waltz's up to the front desk and gets five minutes with the Supreme Commander?

RALEIGH  
He's a physicist from the Calixto Particle Observatory...

PENTECOST  
We've got experts on the payroll.

RALEIGH  
Fine. If they've got a plan, there's no reason to talk to him. But if they're at wit's end, why not bring some fresh wits into it?

Pentecost eyes Raleigh, recognizing a good point.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)  
It's not some clod. This is a scientist telling us he's got it. How often does that happen?

INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- NIGHT

In the seats, the ranking officers on-site: Mako, Raleigh, Duc, Kaori, Pentecost, and Takada -- and COSDEC civilian leaders: Secretary Lethbridge and Undersecretary Jiao.

Newt stands at the front, manipulating a projection of the Interstice's internal structure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWT

The throat of the Interstice. This is a three-dimensional analogue of a hyper-dimensional structure that exists outside conventional spacetime. I've done the math and --

TAKADA

Doctor Gotlieb, you say you know how to close the Interstice. Let's start there...

NEWT

The Interstice is gradually stabilizing. That's why it's been able to accommodate more kaiju. And it's how we can collapse it.

LETHEBRIDGE

You just said it was *stabilizing*.

NEWT

I did. That's its weakness.  
(no one gets it)  
Think of it like this: you can't break water, but you can break ice.

He gestures to the projection -- the funnel-shaped internal structure of Interstice whips and flows erratically.

NEWT (CONT'D)

It's always had a chokepoint, the shape was just too fluid to ever isolate it, but --

He tweaks some dials and the motion slows down. It undulates sluggishly, settling on a comfortable shape.

NEWT (CONT'D)

-- as the structure "solidifies," the chokepoint slows down, comes into sharper focus...

He points out the narrow bottleneck in the throat, suddenly become plain as day. Takada leans forward.

TAKADA

You're saying --

NEWT

The Interstice is more vulnerable now than it's ever been.

He touches the chokepoint and the projection collapses.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

TAKADA

I'm guessing that's something bigger than a standard ordinance.

NEWT

Much bigger. Probably nuclear.

DUC

It was that easy? We just chuck an a-bomb down the chute?

NEWT

It's not easy. See -- time in the Anteverse is different from ours. A year to us might be just an hour to them. So there's no objective time within the Interstice. Which rules out any remote detonation. Our timeframe wouldn't agree with the bomb's timeframe. Whatever it is, it has to be triggered on site -- by a live, subjective observer.

Commander Takada looks skeptical.

TAKADA

If I'm going to have someone riding a bomb into the Interstice, I'd like to be certain it will work...

NEWT

Run my math by Sci-Division. I promise it will hold up.

LETHBRIDGE

It doesn't matter. There can't be a bomb. We're past peak uranium...

JIAO

He's right. The mines have all but dried up. We have no single source that could provide enough material.

Raleigh speaks up from the back.

RALEIGH

Yes we do. The Mark-1's. That's what we did with the last of the uranium. We used it to power the first Jaegers. Like Gipsy Danger...

INT. CORRIDOR -- MOMENTS LATER

At the end of the hall, Raleigh and Mako face one another, holding hands. Raleigh speaks; Mako nods; we don't hear the conversation. We're with Pentecost and Takada, watching.

PENTECOST

You can't order them to do this...  
They've both lost so much. They  
were broken when I got them --  
broken and scattered into the wind.  
I didn't even think it was  
possible, but by god, they are  
putting themselves back together.  
You cannot make them to do this...

TAKADA

You think I want to? We have here a  
chance to end this.

PENTECOST

We may be indulging an artificial  
sense of urgency here. What if it  
is just a random spike in attacks.

TAKADA

It's not.

PENTECOST

We don't know who this Kincaid  
woman is. How do we know the  
Anteverse she saw is real?

TAKADA

It is. I was the project C/O at  
Midway when Czerny found a way to  
see through it.

PENTECOST

I heard you tell the Secretariat  
Czerny's work was nonsense.

TAKADA

It's not. I saw it, Stacker. I saw  
it myself. And I shut him down.  
Because I knew the things he could  
show us would break our will...  
They are coming for us.

PENTECOST

It didn't break you, sir.

TAKADA

I'm a fighter, Stacker. I don't  
know how to be anything else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Down the hall, Raleigh and Mako cling together as they exit.

PENTECOST

You can't order them to do this...

TAKADA

I won't order them... But as the only active Mark-1 crew, they know they're first on the list. And I won't stop them if they accept.

INT. SHATTERDOME -- NIGHT

Quiet, empty. The two Jaegers standing in the moonlight.

On top of Gipsy Danger, we find Raleigh and Mako lying side by side, looking up at the crescent moon and universe of stars beyond the dome's open roof.

MAKO

I've never been someone to think about the future. Not since Osaka. It always seemed like I died there.

(beat)

There's so much we haven't seen. I wanted you to show me the Big Sur. The fog and the cliffs.

RALEIGH

Ryuzu Falls in autumn...

MAKO

Oh, the leaves... They're so red. I can't even tell you.

RALEIGH

I've seen it in your memory.

MAKO

Just weeks ago I wouldn't have cared to leave it all behind.

RALEIGH

It doesn't have to be us.

MAKO

It has to be someone who loves the world enough to want to be in it. I can't make someone else --

She turns to face Raleigh, tears in her eyes.

MAKO (CONT'D)

I think it does have to be us...  
What do you think?

Raleigh dwells on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALEIGH

I think when you create a universe,  
you never imagine the people who  
live there are gonna rise up and  
slam the door on your ass.

He turns and smiles; she smiles back -- an accord.

TIME LAPSE: The night passes over the two Jaegers. The sky brightens. Technicians and equipment dart about the floor. The sun pours light into the now bustling launch bay.

Amidst the hustling Techs preparing the Jaeger, we meet Newt on the floor standing in front of Gipsy Danger with schematics in his hands. Tendo looks over his shoulder.

NEWT

You bypassed all the safeties? It  
needs to go prompt critical.

TENDO

Trust me. She's a bomb.

NEWT

(on the schematics)  
What's this?

TENDO

The crew wanted to cross their  
eject switches...

NEWT

His ejects hers; vice versa?

Tendo nods. A human detail, it brings it home for Newt.

NEWT (CONT'D)

Jesus...

INT. CHANGEROOM -- DAY

Mako pulls on her drivesuit and turns for Raleigh to zip her up. He plants a kiss on the nape of her neck, before slowly pulling the zipper up. No kaiju; no rush.

RALEIGH

Do you think we'd have happened if  
we'd met any other way?

MAKO

I don't, actually.

Raleigh pulls the torso of his drivesuit up to thread his arms through the sleeves. Mako zips him up.

MAKO (CONT'D)

Not every miracle happens --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RALEIGH

-- A lot of 'em have to be built.

He turns. They face each other. For a long moment, neither says anything -- just quiet, bittersweet smiles.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)

You ready to save the world?

INT. SHATTERDOME -- DAY

Everyone on the floor watches as Raleigh and Mako cross towards Gypsy Danger, helmets tucked under their arms.

They spot their sister crew, Duc and Kaori, watching from the mezzanine level. They salute one another.

FLICK

Raleigh!

He turns and sees her running across the floor. He nods at Mako and she gives them some space. But now that Flick has his attention, she doesn't know what to say.

RALEIGH

When you asked me if you hadn't gotten with Yance --

FLICK

You don't have to --

RALEIGH

I did all I could. It just wasn't enough. I hated that it wasn't enough. What I said at the bar --

She nods. She's had it all sorted out.

FLICK

Is this -- Are we saying goodbye?

RALEIGH

The plan is to eject at the last second.

FLICK

So you're coming back?

He can't look her in the eye. Finally, an uncertain frown.

FLICK (CONT'D)

It doesn't have to be you...

RALEIGH

It has to be someone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hugs him, holding tight -- the goodbye she never got to give his brother.

FLICK

You give em hell, Raleigh. You show em what we're made of.

They let go and Raleigh walks the home stretch to join Mako and Pentecost at the pods. Pentecost keeps his emotions bottled in with last minute formalities.

PENTECOST

You'll have a live map on your HUD. It'll take a moment for the core to go critical so you'll be prompted to trigger it just before the chokepoint. That'll give you about a second to eject...

RALEIGH

Tendo crossed the pods?

PENTECOST

Just like you asked.

He grips their shoulders in either hand, and looks between the two of them. There's really nothing to say.

They both nod. He pats them and steps back as they climb into their conn-pods.

By now, everyone has stopped what they were doing. Across the floor, all eyes fall on Mako and Raleigh.

As the loading arms raise the conn-pods, Mako and Raleigh look down from their open canopies.

Everyone on the floor stands at silent attention. Pentecost shouts, and they all salute at once.

Raleigh and Mako savor the poignant moment for as long as they can bear. Then they buckle their helmets and shut the canopies -- It's game time.

TAKADA (PRE-LAP)

Yes, Gipsy Danger has been deployed. We are not under attack. We are the attackers. To clarify --

INT. PRESS ROOM -- NIGHT

Takada stands at the front. A glut of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS crowd the room, raising their hands and shouting at once. The Commander silences them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAKADA

A Jaeger will be dropped into the Interstice. Whereupon the crew will detonate its power core and collapse the anomaly.

Flashes POP as a flurry of cries rises up. Takada points.

REPORTER 1

Is this a suicide mission?

TAKADA

It's risky. Let's leave it at that.

REPORTER 2

Your tone suggests COSDEC is ready to admit we're at war...

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

The conference plays on the main screen. Pentecost folds his arms and nods. Flick and Newt watch from the back.

TAKADA (FILTERED)

We were at war. It ends tonight.

INT. RESEARCH OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Newt's colleague, Doctor Toynbee watches on a tiny screen at Calixto Particle Observatory.

REPORTER 3 (FILTERED)

COSDEC believes the success of this operation will end the attacks?

TAKADA (FILTERED)

We all believe it.

EXT. SHIBUYA CROSSING -- CONTINUOUS

The conference plays on a big LED screen over the bustling Tokyo intersection. PEDESTRIANS stop on the sidewalk.

TAKADA (FILTERED)

I believe today, not Osaka all those years ago -- today will be the day you tell stories about.

INT. JAEGER-MEISTER'S BAR -- CONTINUOUS

All the ENLISTED PATRONS in the run-down bar watch. Pico the bartender pauses in the middle of washing a glass.

TAKADA (FILTERED)

Because you will see two bone-weary understudies in a ragged old mech -- save the world.

INT. SHATTERDOME -- CONTINUOUS

All the Techs on the floor watch on the giant screen.

TAKADA (FILTERED)  
Spread the word. Today, we are  
kicking the monsters out. Today...

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN -- DAY

The reddening sun sinks towards the sea. The V-50 Jumphawks carry Gypsy Danger over the wide water.

TAKADA (FILTERED)  
We are canceling the apocalypse.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

On the main screen, we see footage from the V-50's trained on the Jaeger at the end of their cables, and a map displaying their position in relation to the Interstice.

Flick stands to the side, biting her nails. Newt joins her.

NEWT  
They crossed their eject triggers.

FLICK  
What does that mean?

NEWT  
Either would save the other sooner  
than leave them behind. They've got  
like a second to hit the eject.  
This way, they won't hesitate.

The SERGEANT-AT-ARMS announces the Commander's entrance. The whole room rises in applause. Takada motions them to quiet.

TAKADA  
ETA?

OFFICER 1  
Two hours six minutes to drop zone.

A second Officer puts down a radio to get Takada's attention.

OFFICER 2  
Commander... It's Midway.

TAKADA  
An attack?

OFFICER 2  
Multiple hostiles...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TAKADA

Overlay.

A red blip pops up on the map; followed by another; and another... A cloud of red dots forms around the Interstice -- literally dozens of kaiju spreading out from the epicenter.

NEWT

We're scaring them.

TAKADA

Alert all Strike Groups! Mobilize all Jaegers!

MONTAGE -- MOBILIZING THE JAEGERs

-- The dense towers and steep, foggy hills of Hong Kong. V-50s carry the city's two Jaegers in.

-- The Sydney Opera House and the Sydney Harbor Bridge rise in the background. Dust stirs in the immediate foreground as a squad of Jumphawks lower Sydney's Jaeger into view.

-- Night on the Golden Gate Bridge. Cars stop. ONLOOKERS run to the rail, pointing. They cheer and applaud as the V-50s fly San Francisco's Jaeger over the Bridge.

-- One of LA's Jaegers stands on Venice Beach, her lights blazing over the night-cloaked sea. In the distance, her sister Jaeger stands near the Santa Monica Pier. Both wait.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN -- DAY

The Jumphawks hoist Gipsy Danger through the crisp blue sky, nothing but the wide sea beneath them.

DISPATCH (FILTERED)

Thirty minutes to drop.

Suddenly, a huge WORMLIKE KAIJU breaches, rearing high to SNAP his crocodilian jaws at Gipsy Danger.

The Jumphawks evade as gravity pulls the monster back down. He SLAMS back into the water throwing up plumes of water.

Gipsy Danger sways on her cables as the Jumphawks clumsily regain control of her weight.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

The ocean sways on Raleigh's HUD. He watches the huge shape surge away, just under the water.

RALEIGH

Whoa! Mako, did you see that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCH (FILTERED)  
 You're passing a wave of heightened  
 KJ activity. Should be a clear shot  
 to the site from here.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

Mako tries to keep her cool.

MAKO  
 They can handle it...

EXT. ODAIBA -- NIGHT

Tacit Ronin stands amidst the modern skyline of the newly developed district. The inverted pyramids of Big Sight. The Fuji TV building. Newer, even more idiosyncratic structures.

We can see the now-familiar buildings of the Shatterdome complex in the middle distance, just across the water.

An angry thunderhead blackens the sky over the bay, lurking closer every second. The Jaeger stands as pristine and still as a building. The wind tosses litter past her feet.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

DISPATCH (FILTERED)  
*Meiji-1... We've got three category-5 KJ entering Tokyo Bay.*

A long pause. Duc isn't sure he heard right.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-2 -- CONTINUOUS

Kaori looks equally stunned.

DUC (FILTERED)  
*Meiji-1 to LOCCENT, say again.*

DISPATCH (FILTERED)  
*Three category-5 hostiles inbound... Reporting names -- Scunner, Pharaoh, and Tengu...*

Silence. Everyone is speechless.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

On the map, Gipsy Danger's blip has reached the Interstice.

OFFICER 1  
 Gipsy Danger is at the drop site.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN -- DAY

The Jumphawks release their cables, dropping the Jaeger.  
Gipsy Danger falls.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

The free-fall lifts Mako against her harness.

EXT. UNDERSEA -- CONTINUOUS

Gipsy Danger CRASHES through the surface. She drifts down.  
The blue, sunlit water around her darkens as she sinks.

EXT. ODAIBA -- CONTINUOUS

Tacit Ronin waits. Lightning. THUNDER. The rain begins to  
fall in wind-blown torrents.

They rise from the storm-darkened tide one by one, less than  
a mile between, climbing ashore to surround the Jaeger.

Kaiju TENGU -- A horrific skein of dozens of viper heads on  
long sinuous necks erupting from a body like a naked bat.

PHARAOH -- Something between a scarab and a bull, with  
vicious mandibles and long horns like a rhino beetle.

SCUNNER -- Beige-hued skin lends it a disturbingly human  
look; but grotesquely misshapen, joints bulging and twisted.  
A skull-like face, jaws over-crowded with jagged teeth.

The raging wind throws the sea off their towering bodies in  
fine, misty clouds.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-2 -- CONTINUOUS

Kaori's daunted eyes flit from one to the next.

DUC (FILTERED)

*Alright... We're all there is  
between three cat-5's and a city of  
twenty million people.*

KAORI

*Let's put up a fight.*

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

Takada eyes the kaiju on the screen, morbidly astonished.

TAKADA

Gipsy Danger?

OFFICER 1

Six hundred meters...

EXT. THE INTERSTICE -- CONTINUOUS

A gap, not in the ocean floor, but in space, just above the ocean floor. A yawning wound in reality, bleeding crimson and electric violet light into the blackness of the deep.

In the shafts of otherworldly light and meandering arcs of coronal plasma, we see Gipsy Danger drifting ever down towards the opening, small as a moat of dust.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

The blazing rupture swells across the wraparound HUD, filling the dim conn-pod with unearthly light. We hear it HOWLING outside. Raleigh's face betrays a mounting dread.

EXT. ODAIBA -- DAY

Kaiju Pharaoh slams into Tacit Ronin, but the Jaeger manages to hold her ground. Monsoonal sheets of rain slash the combatants. Lightning CRACKS the sky.

Pharaoh bears down with slavering mandibles, Tacit Ronin strains to hold him at bay.

Buildings collapse as their struggle careens through Odaiba, as Tengu and Scunner slowly converge on the sloppy fray.

Finally, Tacit Ronin gets the advantage long enough to throw Pharaoh back. The Jaeger deploys her continuous-wave laser.

She lights the beam and sweeps it to slice Pharaoh right across the middle. A moment of stillness.

Pharaoh's torso slides off his legs along the neat, diagonal cut. The halved kaiju THUNDERS to the ground, dead.

Behind the body, the tops of the high-rises slip loose, revealing the same hairline vector that cleaved the kaiju -- the laser had cut through the beast to the skyline behind it.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

The kaiju's fall and collapsing buildings are close enough to SHUDDER the floor. The room chatters with urgency.

Breathless, Flick stares at the main screen where a blip falls through the digital map of the Interstice's throat.

EXT. THE THROAT -- CONTINUOUS

The Jaeger falls through the twisting vortex like a sky diver. Curling eddies of plasma stream by. The unworldly HOWL of the Interstice surrounds them.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

On her HUD map, Mako spots a bogey rising to intercept.

MAKO  
Raleigh! Incoming!

EXT. THE THROAT -- CONTINUOUS

A solid shape "falling" in the opposite direction COLLIDES with Gipsy Danger, a feral KAIJU.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Raleigh bares his teeth, jumping into his fight response.

EXT. THE THROAT -- CONTINUOUS

The mech and monster cling to one another, spinning chaotically as they both fall. The Kaiju claws at the Jaeger. Gipsy Danger slugs the beast repeatedly.

The mech grabs the beast's head and twists, SNAPPING its neck. It falls away -- and two additional Kaiju hurtle up from the depths to pile into the free-falling Jaeger.

EXT. ODAIBA -- DAY

Tacit Ronin throws a punch at kaiju Scunner.

Scunner catches the strike in his mighty claws and squeezes. The Jaeger strains against him, but Scunner is too strong.

He CRUMPLES the mech's fist and RIPS it off the Jaeger's arm, leaving a stump of frayed cables and twisted metal.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Duc screams in pain from the sensory feedback.

EXT. ODAIBA -- CONTINUOUS

The Jaeger quickly sprays gobs of riot foam at the kaiju's hands. The foam bulges and quickly hardens, cementing the kaiju's arm to the ground in a petrified cumulous cloud.

Scunner ROARS, yanking to free himself. Before Tacit Ronin can engage the trapped monster, kaiju Tengu is upon her.

Tengu's multitude of heads whip and strike at staggered intervals -- SNAP SNAP SNAP -- each hit sinking fangs into the Jaeger's armor. An overwhelming blitz.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Tengu's fanged heads dominate the IMAX-scale vista. Duc watches the storm of HISSING jaws coming right at us on the HUD in endless succession.

DUC  
*Flash freeze!*

KAORI (FILTERED)  
*And empty our coolant?*

DUC  
*We can't defend against this!*

EXT. ODAIBA -- CONTINUOUS

As Scunner pulls at the knot of rock cementing his arm to the ground, Tacit Ronin turns her coolant hose on Tengu.

Tengu vanishes in a cloud of icy vapor as Tacit Ronin empties her coolant reservoirs.

The vapor clears, leaving Tengu's frosted husk. Tacit Ronin starts to turn back to Scunner.

The remaining kaiju pulls and the hardened foam starts to crack. Finally, it BREAKS off from the ground.

With most of the tumor of rock still encasing his arm, he swings it like a club and SMASHES it against Tacit Ronin's torso, a devastating blow that shatters the hardened foam.

Tacit Ronin teeters and falls on her back.

Scunner climbs atop the fallen Jaeger and lifts his fists high into the air.

Like a crazed chimp, he SLAMS his long arms down.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-2 -- CONTINUOUS

The hit BUCKS the pod, knocking the wind out of Kaori and kicking off a cacophony of ALARMS.

Looking up at the kaiju as he raises his arms for another blow, Kaori fights to catch her breath.

KAORI  
*Structural integrity compromised!*

EXT. ODAIBA -- CONTINUOUS

Scunner plunges his arms straight down with a primal burst of strength, SLAMMING his fists down into Tacit Ronin's abdomen.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-2 -- SAME

A split second -- the pod JOLTS hard, like a high speed car crash, flinging Kaori against her harness; the HUD crashes to static and plunges to black.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Duc feels Kaori's sudden absence from his mind.

DUC  
*Kaori? Kaori, come in!*

Nothing. No ambient drifting voices. Just silence.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

The room THUNDERS with each of Scunner's strikes. The lights flicker. Static skitters across the main screen. Plaster bits fall from the ceiling. Chaos grips the room.

PENTECOST  
Did we lose Kaori -- ?

Flick remains tuned out to the chaos, focused on Gipsy Danger's falling blip.

EXT. THE THROAT -- CONTINUOUS

Gipsy Danger falls deeper into the anomaly, wrestling her Kaiju attackers all the way down.

Space seems to distort -- as if viewed through a hyper-exaggerated fish-eye lens. The focal distance shifts. Even the grain seems different.

We are falling through the transition between the conflicting physics of two universes.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

Mako winces as she struggles against the Kaijus.

MAKO  
There's too many!

RALEIGH (FILTERED)  
Mako...

MAKO  
They're going to tear us apart!

INT. DOJO TRAINING HALL -- NIGHT (DRIFT)

Mako stands in the dark hall with her sparring stick. Wild-eyed and dripping with sweat, she fights an endless host of face-less, black-clad ENEMIES closing in on her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAKO  
We can't fight them!

A hand catches her stick. She whirls about to find Raleigh. The Enemies are gone. It's just the two of them.

RALEIGH  
We don't have to. We're close now.

MUSIC starts to spill from the turntable.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)  
All we have to do is fall.

A calmness settles over her as they start to dance.

EXT. ODAIBA -- DAY (PRESENT)

Scunner raises his fist high over the Tacit Ronin -- and SLAMS them down again.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Trying in vain to raise Kaori, Duc starts to shut down.

DUC  
*Kaori... Please. Come in.*

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-2 -- CONTINUOUS

The darkened conn-pod jolts with each blow, but inside we find Kaori bloodied but still alive.

She desperately fumbling to get her Pons cable plugged back into the port behind her ear. It must have come out.

The moment she does, the HUD comes back to life.

KAORI  
*I'm here! I'm okay!*

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-1 -- CONTINUOUS

Duc laughs with relief to hear her voice and thoughts. Tears spill from his eyes. A calm strength falls over him.

DUC  
*Let's finish this...*

EXT. ODAIBA -- CONTINUOUS

Scunner raises his fists for another strike, but never makes the down-stroke.

With her one good hand, Tacit Ronin grabs Scunner's throat.

She sinks the jagged metal stub into the kaiju's gut.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

And slowly she rises, gradually lifting the kaiju up -- raising the creature's body over her head.

The wind and rain lash her. A flash of lightning. A CRACK of thunder. For a moment she holds the hulk of flesh.

We hear her frame GROANING under the beast's weight, but before it can give way, she throws the monster.

He smashes through Tengu's frozen body and hits a building.

Tacit Ronin's pulse cannon rises from her back to its shoulder-mounted firing position.

Scunner pulls himself up from the rubble.

INT. CONN-POD MEIJI-2 -- CONTINUOUS

DUC (FILTERED)  
*Do you have the shot?*

The targeting pipper locks onto Scunner's head.

KAORI  
*I do...*

DUC (FILTERED)  
*Take it.*

EXT. ODAIBA -- CONTINUOUS

Scunner opens his jaws to roar --

The cannon FIRES a pulse of charged plasma clean through his skull, cutting him off.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

On the main screen, the Tacit Ronin feed shows Scunner fall in a flourish of dust. The room SHAKES. The lights flicker.

All eyes turn silently to the blip falling through the Interstice, anxious to see if the last monster has fallen.

EXT. THE THROAT -- CONTINUOUS

The Jaeger falls, beset by monsters, chewing through her limbs, prying off her armor.

She sheds battered parts and shreds of armor as she falls. Ripped cables whip and SPARK. She's being torn apart.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

Hellish NOISE fills the cockpit. The baleful WAILING of the Interstice itself. The ROARS of the monsters outside. The TWISTING of metal. The various ALARMS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mako's eye stares, calm and unblinking, at the Interstice map on her HUD. She sees it, but her mind is elsewhere...

INT. DOJO TRAINING HALL -- NIGHT (DRIFT)

Empty, quiet, and peaceful. Raleigh and Mako dance on the hardwood floor. They hold one another, their eyes locked.

RALEIGH

I love you... You can feel it,  
can't you?

INT. OSAKA PENTHOUSE -- NIGHT (DRIFT)

The shattered windows come back together as the shock wave lifts Young Mako off the floor, and the roar retreats, going back into Trespasser's jaws.

INT. DOJO TRAINING HALL -- NIGHT (DRIFT)

Still dancing, she gives him a warm smile and he knows she feels it too. The hall seems to spin around them.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER -- DUSK (DRIFT)

Kaiju Tortuga pulls back from Coyote Tango. His charge rewinds back through the surf in slow motion.

EXT. DOJO TRAINING HALL -- NIGHT (DRIFT)

They dance with smiles of peace, gratitude, and resolve.

MAKO

Whatever happens. This was our  
choice...

RALEIGH

The right choice...

MAKO

For the world... It's time.

They pull one another close and kiss.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-1 -- CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

The prompt RINGS. A holographic dial hangs in the air in front of the HUD.

Half of his consciousness still in that final kiss, Raleigh reaches out to twist the dial and activate the self-destruct.

INT. CONN-POD ROMA-2 -- CONTINUOUS

Mako does the same -- twisting the holographic dial and quickly reaching out to touch the flashing EJECT hologram.

EXT. THE THROAT -- CONTINUOUS

We see armor explode away for the emergency eject. We see the pods jettison --

-- but a blinding flash of light overwhelms us before we can see if they've made it.

An EXPLOSION so deep and thunderous, we almost can't hear it.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN -- DAY

Battleships wait on the surface. A FLASH briefly lights the depths, like underwater lighting.

A moment later, the ocean surface bulges, a huge hill of displaced water, and drops, sending out over-sized ripples. The ships roll on the sloping waves.

INT. LOCCENT -- DAY

Takada, Pentecost, and all the control Officers watch the Interstice map on the main screen.

Still rattled by the seismic shaking of the attack, hiccups of static briefly stutter the graphics on the screen. The fleeting POPS and HISSES are the only sound in the room.

OFFICER 1

Direct hit! The Interstice has collapsed! The Interstice has collapsed!

Everyone is on their feet -- applauding, laughing, weeping, embracing -- before he finishes the sentence. Everyone except for Flick. Newt holds her as she waits with baited breath.

TAKADA

Do we have the pods?

Everyone quiets down as the Officer listens.

OFFICER 1

Nothing yet... Standing by...

EXT. BATTLESHIP -- CONTINUOUS

CREWMEN gather at the edge of the deck, searching. Rescue helicopters draw wide circles in the sky overhead.

INT. LOCCENT -- CONTINUOUS

A short time has passed -- enough for the hope to begin to deflate. Personnel begin to take their seats. Some hang their heads. Pentecost furrows his brow and sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flick keeps her lips tight, but we see her chest and throat quiver with bottled-up sobs. Her tears fall as Newt puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

Suddenly, the Officer stands up.

OFFICER 1

Sir, I've got something... It's one of the pods!

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN -- CONTINUOUS

Near the ships, a conn-pod breaches in a fit of salt spray. It rolls and finally settles. The canopy opens. Thick steam bleeds from the open pod. We can't see who it is.

As the vapor quickly dissipate, we find Raleigh inside. He quickly unhooks himself and climbs out onto the pod.

He shades his eyes and scans the horizon. He spots the rescue ships and keeps searching.

He sees no sign of the second conn-pod.

We slowly pull back across the water, back from the drifting pod and the ships behind it. It seems final.

Suddenly, in the foreground, the second conn-pod heaves up through the surface and settles to bob on the water.

Raleigh plunges into the water and swims for the second pod.

He climbs on as the canopy opens, spilling plumes of steam into the clear ocean air. He tries to claw the steam away.

Finally, he sees Mako tucked down in her cockpit, unbuckling her harness and yanking the cables from her drivesuit.

She looks up and sees him. They laugh giddily, wiping tears from their eyes. She reaches up and lets him pull her out.

They linger atop the floating pod, holding tight to one another, not daring to let go.

We pull back, letting the blue ocean unfurl under us. The ships slowly approach the embracing pair. They never let go.