

ATTACK OF THE GIANT CLAMS

by

ANDREW GINGERICH

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INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - 1973 - NIGHT

The room is dark and filled with smoke. High-ranking military personnel bustle about in preparation for the president.

NSA Director SAMUEL PHILLIPS approaches Secretary of Defense JAMES SCHLESINGER.

PHILLIPS

Soon?

SCHLESINGER

Any minute now.

Schlesinger sighs.

SCHLESINGER (cont'd)

This on top of Agnew and Watergate.

PHILLIPS

Well, I don't mind telling you that I have my doubts as to whether he can handle it.

SCHLESINGER

He'll be fine.

PHILLIPS

If you say so.

Schlesinger takes a deep breath.

SCHLESINGER

Mr. Phillips, you are the director of the National Security Agency, I am the Secretary of Defense, and in a moment we're going to be briefing the President of the United States about giant clams. Let's not make this more difficult than it has to be.

At that moment, the doors open and RICHARD NIXON enters. Everyone stands.

Nixon takes his seat, and the panel of advisers sit.

NIXON
Evening, Jim.

SCHLESINGER
Good evening, Mr. President.

NIXON
How's your golf game?

Chief of Staff HENRY KISSINGER interrupts.

KISSINGER
Mr. President, with all due respect, we should--

PHILLIPS
Mr. President, I am going to be blunt.

NIXON
By all means.

PHILLIPS
We're being attacked by an army of gigantic, indestructible clams from the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

Nixon is stunned.

NIXON
I'm sorry, I think I misunderstand you.

SCHLESINGER
No sir, I don't believe you do.

NIXON
...clams?

SCHLESINGER
This is a very serious threat.

PHILLIPS
Since August, the NSA has received over a hundred reports of American citizens being attacked, often fatally, by...

He clears his throat.

PHILLIPS (cont'd)
...by enormous shellfish.

NIXON

...why?

SCHLESINGER

Our best guess is for food, sir.

KISSINGER

Mr. President, the American
people--

NIXON

The American people are being
attacked and eaten by clams?

PHILLIPS

As far as we know.

EXT. SHORE OF THE POTOMAC - NIGHT

It is the shore of the Potomac river, by the Jefferson
Monument. Lit by the moonlight and distant city lights, we
can see something large and round sitting perfectly still by
the water.

WALTER and ZEKE, national guardsmen, walk toward the object.

WALTER

Ed!

The guardsmen get closer.

ZEKE

Ed, we're here to relieve you! Your
shift's over!

The guardsmens' well-honed instincts tell them that
something is amiss.

WALTER

Wait a minute...! You're not Ed!

The guardsmen are now right next to the object. Zeke leans
in close...

ZEKE

What have you done with Ed? Why are
you--AAAUGH!

The clam attack is merciless. In seconds all that remains of
Zeke is a bloody stump. Walter is dumbstruck.

A large group of clams are now visible on the shore.

Walter flees in terror.

INT. WHITE HOUSE SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

SCHLESINGER
--resistant to conventional
explosives.

NIXON
And you say they're converging
here?

Phillips puts a map of the United States up on the projector. There are a few hundred points marked on the map, and indeed they do seem to be converging on Washington, D.C.

PHILLIPS
This is what our statistical
analysis suggests. Our dataset
isn't perfect, but we're guessing
either Capitol Hill or... here at
the White House.

NIXON
Great God in heaven.
(beat)
What are our options?

SCHLESINGER
Emergency services have been put on
alert and the National Guard have
been mobilized, but strategical
analysis shows only one effective
means of defense.

NIXON
And what is that?

PHILLIPS
Tactical nuclear strike.

SCHLESINGER
A direct hit with a fifty-megaton
warhead has a 94% chance of killing
one of these things.

NIXON
But that's absurd!

PHILLIPS
Those are the numbers.

NIXON

I guess I just don't see how these things can be so dangerous. Can't we just... you know... airlift them back out to the ocean?

SCHLESINGER

Believe me sir, we've tried that.

NIXON

But how--

A loud CRASH is heard somewhere above, and the lights flicker.

KISSINGER

We need to get to the bunker, sir.

Nixon appears to be in shock.

NIXON

Yes, I... Is that them? The clams?

Schlesinger nods.

NIXON (cont'd)

Ah...

They all stand and enter a previously-unseen elevator, which begins to descend.

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - NIGHT

Walter enters, running, terrified.

WALTER

Ed! Mike!

Walter runs further down the street. He tries his radio.

WALTER (cont'd)

Captain!

All he hears in reply is static.

He stops running and looks around.

He is the only living human being in sight, and he is surrounded by carnage and hundreds of giant clams.

He raises his rifle and fires at the nearest one, but the bullet ricochets harmlessly off its shell. He fires a few more times, to similar results.

He turns to run, but there is now a clam right behind him.
He drops his gun.

WALTER (cont'd)
Shit.

INT. BUNKER BENEATH THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

Nixon and his advisers now sit in a small bunker,
illuminated by glowing screens and blinking lights.

NIXON
How many are there?

PHILLIPS
Approximately four thousand, mostly
on the Atlantic coast.

NIXON
And you say we need a warhead for
each one?

SCHLESINGER
Yes sir.

NIXON
If there's no other way...

Nixon ponders tensely.

NIXON (cont'd)
Send the go code.

One of the generals nods and flips a few switches.

NIXON (cont'd)
Are we safe down here?

KISSINGER
Safer than anyone else.

Schlesinger checks his watch.

SCHLESINGER
I figure we've got about three
minutes until they hit.

NIXON
May God have mercy on our souls.

EXT/INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

Walter, though bleeding copiously, has miraculously escaped the horde of clams and now stands at the base of the Lincoln Memorial.

He spots a lone clam--the largest one yet--seated squarely in the lap of Abraham Lincoln.

WALTER

What do you want!?

He begins climbing the steps.

WALTER

You come here, you... THING... and you defile our nation's capitol! You think you can just snatch it out from under us and take our place! Well I think you'll find it takes a lot more than a spine to separate man from mollusk! You're just primordial scum!

INT. BUNKER BENEATH THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

SCHLESINGER

One minute.

A palpable silence has fallen over the group.

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

WALTER

You haven't got the *grit* and the *integrity* and the...

Walter is now standing directly in front of the clam.

WALTER

I may not be able to kill you myself, but rest assured you will be fried to a crisp by the United States Armed Forces!

INT. BUNKER BENEATH THE WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

SCHLESINGER
Twenty seconds.

NIXON
Ok, alright. I admit it. That whole
Watergate thing. I did that.

The others stare blankly at Nixon.

SCHLESINGER
Ten seconds.

NIXON
And the Kennedy assassination. I
fixed that up.

SCHLESINGER
Five seconds.

INT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - NIGHT

A light appears on the horizon. At first it appears that the
sun is rising, but then a second sun appears. Then there are
three, twenty, a hundred or more suns rising in all
directions.

Walter looks up at the clam and grins.

WALTER
Here it comes.

CUT TO WHITE

THE END