

G.I. JOE

"Cobra Stops the World"

Script

By

STEVE GERBER

(Note: "R" Symbol in Left Margin Indicates Revision)

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THE OIL RIGS

X On the cut the rockets impact---and EXPLODE! Workers
X leap from the drilling platforms to safety in the sea,
X as monstrous columns of orange-and-blue flame WHOOSH
straight up from the oil rigs, illuminating the scene.
As the flames shoot skyward, the Rattlers, again seen
from back, ROAR INTO FRAME. The Rattlers fly between
the columns of flame and disappear into the night.

COBRA COMMANDER (VO) (CONT.)
...have reduced your off-shore
drilling stations to rubble.

WIPE TO:

EXT. MIDDLE EASTERN DESERT - DAY

The crest of a dune. We HEAR O.S. TANK TREADS CRUNCHING
SAND. Suddenly, a battalion of COBRA HISS VEHICLES,
rises into view over the top of the dune, CANNONS THUN-
DERING. Over this:

COBRA COMMANDER (VO) (CONT.)
In the middle east, our Hissss
battalions...

WIDE ANGLE - DESERT OIL FIELD

Workers drop what they're doing and rush OUT OF FRAME
in a panic (SFX: SHOUTS AND SCREAMS OF WORKERS) as the
cannon fire LANCES INTO FRAME, striking the metal skeletons
of the oil wells.

COBRA COMMANDER (VO) (CONT.)
...have halted production at
every major oil field.

The metal girders BLAST into splinters! Flames WHOOSH
skyward from the wells! The towers totter and fall!

QUICK CUT - A WORKER

running by one of the oil rigs, just as the rig is struck
by a CANNON BLAST.

QUICK CUT - LOW ANGLE - THE OIL RIG

is falling straight toward him (and TOWARD CAMERA)!
SFX: CREAK AND GROAN OF BENDING METAL!

QUICK CUT - BACK TO PREVIOUS ANGLE

The Worker rushes OUT OF FRAME, just as the massive beams
of twisted metal CRASH DOWN INTO FRAME where he had stood!

WIDE ANGLE - THE HISS BATTALION - TRACKING

It RUMBLES THRU FRAME, through the blazing devastation it has wrought.

WIPE TO:

EXT. GREY ALASKAN SKY - DAY

Cobra FANG COPTERS emerge from the clouds, firing their rockets DOWN OUT OF FRAME.

COBRA COMMANDER (VO) (CONT.)
We have ssssevered vital links...

THE ALASKAN OIL PIPELINE

on the ground below. On the cut: the rockets DESCEND INTO FRAME, striking the pipeline and EXPLODING!

COBRA COMMANDER (VO) (CONT.)
...in the Alaskan pipeline...

WIPE TO:

EXT. A WEST COAST OIL REFINERY - WIDE SHOT - NIGHT

With its silver rim lights, it looks like some kind of futuristic city. Half-a-dozen COBRA CLAWS swoop INTO FRAME in f.g., flying straight at the refinery.

COBRA COMMANDER (VO) (CONT.)
...and devassssted oil refineries
and petroleum reserves...

QUICK CUT - THE COBRA CLAWS

launch their "Flashfire"-bombs OUT OF FRAME at the refinery.

COBRA COMMANDER (VO) (CONT.)
...on both American coasts.

QUICK CUT - STORAGE TANK

On the cut: the Flashfire bombs impact, and the tank goes up like an EXPLODING sun!

WIDE ANGLE - THE REFINERY

A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS spreads the flames, engulfing the entire refinery and lighting the night sky a hellish orange! The Cobra Claws fly THRU FRAME in f.g., leaving behind the scene of destruction. As the Claws exit:

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE CARIBBEAN - A FLEET OF SUPERTANKERS AERIAL SHOT
- TRACKING

COBRA COMMANDER (VO)
And now, lest you doubt Cobra's
power...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a squadron of Cobra Claws
flying above the tankers, pacing them.

COBRA COMMANDER (VO) (CONT.)
...observe! This fleet of tankers,
carrying Venezuelan oil to the
U.S. --

LOW ANGLE - COBRA SOLDIERS PILOTING THE CLAWS

The COBRA SOLDIERS launch their Flashfire bombs DOWN
OUT OF FRAME. Over this:

COBRA COMMANDER (VO) (CONT.)
-- will never reach its desssstination.

QUICK CUT - TWO CREWMEN ON TANKER DECK

leap behind a bulkhead as the Flashfire bombs impact
and EXPLODE on the deck.

THREE CLAWS - TRACKING

Piloted by three Cobra Soldiers whom we'll call FIRST,
SECOND, and THIRD CLAW PILOTS. They descend toward the
ship. CAMERA HOLDS as the Claws alight at the hatch
of the wheelhouse. MOVE IN on First Claw Pilot. He
slips out of the Claw harness and reaches for

A GRENADE

on his belt. He unhooks the grenade.

QUICK CUT - WHEELHOUSE HATCH

On the cut: the grenade flies INTO FRAME and BLASTS the
hatch off its hinges!

INT. WHEELHOUSE

The CAPTAIN, MATE, and NAVIGATOR of the ship all back
away from the ship's controls, startled, as the Cobra
Soldiers come rushing in.

COBRA SOLDIERS
Cobraaaaaa!!

ANGLE - CAPTAIN, MATE & NAVIGATOR

back up into a corner of the wheelhouse, hands held above their heads.

CAPTAIN

This is an outrage! We're unarmed!
We--

CAMERA YANKS BACK to include First and Second Claw Pilots in f.g., covering them with 'futuristic ray-rifles.

FIRST CLAW PILOT

(interrupts)

Shaddup, sailor-boy -- or you'll
be breathin' through a new pair
o' gills!

ANGLE - HELM OF SHIP

Third Claw Pilot takes control of the helm.

THIRD CLAW PILOT

Claw Unit to Cobra Commander!
Helm secured!

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET COBRA BASE - CLOSEUP ON COBRA COMMANDER

He snaps a little salute to his troops far away.

COBRA COMMANDER

Ex-sssssellent! And now...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal he is standing near a STRANGE DEVICE that looks like a hybrid of a radio-telescope and a laser cannon with an immense diamond as its core. His hand moves to a switch on the controls of the device.

COBRA COMMANDER (CONT.)

...witnesssss the final phase
of Cobra's plan to sssstop the
world!

He throws the switch! Instantly, violently CRACKLING energy surges through the circuitry of the device. CAMERA PANS RAPIDLY along the energy's path, through the diamond, which amplifies it...and on skyward as it FLASHES from the system's antenna-like dish.

CUT TO:

THE CARIBBEAN - ON THE TANKERS

As the energy DESCENDS INTO FRAME and spreads like a semi-transparent blanket over the tankers. The ships'

outlines seem to "dissolve" in the brilliant light!
An instant later, that light fades...and the tankers
are gone!

CUT TO:

INT. SECRET COBRA BASE - ON COBRA COMMANDER

He extends a hand, palm up, toward CAMERA.

COBRA COMMANDER
Governmentsss of the world...the
choice is yours.

MOVE IN CLOSER on Cobra Commander.

COBRA COMMANDER (CONT.)
Sssssurrender control of your
nations to Cobra --

His hand closes menacingly in a fist.

COBRA COMMANDER (CONT.)
-- or face the nightmarish prossspect
of a new Dark Age!

WIPE TO:

THE COBRA INSIGNIA

red-on-black, as before. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal:

INT. GI JOE HEADQUARTERS - COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - DAY

The Cobra insignia is a video image on a communications
console. As the image begins to FADE, SPARKS---who's
seated at the console---frantically manipulates the con-
tols. SFX: ASSORTED BEEPS AND CLICKS. COLONEL SHARP
stands behind Sparks's chair.

COLONEL SHARP
Could you trace the transmission,
Sparks?

ANGLE - SPARKS

stops his button-pushing, sighs.

SPARKS
(disconsolate)
Sorry, Colonel. I tried...but
Cobra bounced it off a sattelite.

COLONEL SHARP
Then their base could be anywhere
in the world...!

CUT TO:

EXT. A SKYSTRIKER - TRACKING - DAY

Streaking through the sky at top speed. Over this:

X COLONEL SHARP (VO) (CONT.)
(filtered)
Did you receive the transmission,
Duke?

Streaking through the sky at top speed. As CAMERA PUSHES
IN on the plane, we HEAR:

X DUKE (VO)
X Loud, clear, and ugly, Colonel
X Sharp.

INT. SKYSTRIKER COCKPIT - DUKE AND ACE

Ace is in the pilot's chair. Duke is seated behind him.
He speaks into his headset.

DUKE (CONT.)
Sparks! What about the tankers
-- where'd they go?

CUT TO:

INT. JOE HEADQUARTERS - SPARKS

punches a few more buttons (SFX: BEEPS & CLICKS) to no
avail.

SPARKS
Search me, Duke! Either they
just evaporated, or --

CUT TO:

EXT. A RAM CYCLE - TRACKING

As she speaks, PUSH IN on SCARLETT, riding the cycle
down a stretch of interstate, leaving the rest of the
traffic far behind. She speaks into a com-set in her
helmet.

SCARLETT
(finishes the thought:)
-- or Cobra's got a cloaking
device that makes them invisible --

CUT TO:

✕ INT. JOE HEADQUARTERS - ANGLE PAST SPARKS TO COLONEL SHARP

SCARLETT (VO) (CONT.)
(filtered; thru speakers)
-- even to our most sensitive
instruments!

✕ PUSH IN on Sharp, visibly shaken at this notion.

COLONEL SHARP
Those tankers were the world's
last hope.

CUT TO:

INT. SKYSTRIKER COCKPIT - ON ACE

Listening in grim understanding.

COLONEL SHARP (VO) (CONT.)
(filtered; thru headset)
Without the oil they're carrying,
civilization will grind to a
halt.

PAN BACK to FRAME Duke.

COLONEL SHARP (O.S.) (CONT.)
Every industrialized nation will
be paralyzed! Millions will
suffer...!

DUKE
Not if G.I. Joe can help it,
Colonel!
(beat)
✕ Scarlett -- we located a Cobra
✕ safe house on the West Coast.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - THE RAM CYCLE - TRACKING

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Scarlett's cycle, as it continues
to weave in and out of the freeway traffic at top speed.

DUKE (VO) (CONT.)
(filtered)
✕ Rose garden, white picket fence
✕ -- you'd never figure it for
✕ a Cobra hideout.

ANGLE - SCARLETT - TRACKING

MOVE IN CLOSE on her. She nods in response to Duke's
orders.

DUKE (VO) (CONT.)
(filtered)
R If there's a lead to those tankers
there, I want it!

SCARLETT
R (mildly sardonic)
R And I like a man who knows what
R he wants.

GROUND LEVEL SHOT - THE CYCLE

rushes STRAIGHT TOWARD AND PAST CAMERA, and on OUT OF
FRAME.

SCARLETT
Yo, Joe -- !!

CUT TO:

INT. SKYSTRIKER COCKPIT - DUKE AND ACE

Duke again speaks into his helmet's microphone.

DUKE
Sparks --

INT. JOE HEADQUARTERS - ON SPARKS

Still at his communications console.

DUKE (V.O.) (CONT.)
(filtered)
--patch me in to Deep Six and
Torpedo.

CUT TO:

QUICK CUT - INT. JOE HEADQUARTERS - ON SPARKS

He deftly punches a sequence of buttons. SFX: BEEPS
AND CLICKS.

DUKE (VO)
(filtered)
Leader Joe to Sharc-One...!

CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - ON GI JOE SHARC - TRACKING - DAY

It zips along over the waves. CAMERA PUSHES IN on the
Sharc as we HEAR:

DUKE (VO) (CONT.)
(filtered)
You fellas catch Cobra's little
TV show?

INT. SHARC - ON DEEP SIX AND TORPEDO

seated at the controls. TORPEDO speaks into his headset.

TORPEDO
Yah. Lousy acting -- but the
special effects weren't bad.

DEEP SIX turns his head slowly, stares expressionlessly
at Torpedo. The whole notion of humor seems almost alien
to him.

DUKE (VO)
(filtered)
Can the comedy, Torpedo.

CUT TO:

INT. SKYSTRIKER - ON DUKE

Speaking into his headset:

DUKE (CONT.)
Cobra's got a floating base fifty
miles due south of your present
position. Take it out!

CUT TO:

INT. SHARC - DEEP SIX AND TORPEDO

DUKE (VO) (CONT.)
(filtered)
And find me a clue to those missing
tankers!

Deep Six nods in stolid acknowledgement. Torpedo grins
broadly.

TORPEDO
Hey! Piece o' fishcake, Duke.
Leave it to me --

CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT on Deep Six. His face is a mask
of stern unamusement.

TORPEDO (O.S.) (CONT.)
-- an' "Mr. Warmth" here!

Deep Six narrows his eyes, stares piercingly at Torpedo.

DEEP SIX
(his voice rumbles like
ocean waves)
You have a peculiar sense of
humor, mister.

EXT. SHARC - TRACKING

As it zooms along the water---and lifts off into the
air. Over this:

TORPEDO & DEEP SIX (VO)
Yo, Joe!!

CUT TO:

INT. HEADQUARTERS - ON SPARKS

He sighs, rests his chin in his hand.

SPARKS
(with a sigh)
And I get to sit here and do
nothing, as usual...

DUKE (VO)
(filtered; thru speakers)
Do nothin', my eye!

Sparks almost tumbles backward out of his chair, taken
off-guard. As he regains his balance:

DUKE (O.S.) (CONT.)
Put your college education to
work an' penetrate that cloaking
device!

SPARKS
Right, right...!

CUT TO:

INT. SKYSTRIKER COCKPIT - DUKE AND ACE

Duke taps Ace on the shoulder.

DUKE
Okay, Ace -- point this baby
at Venezuela, and step on the
gas!

EXT. SKYSTRIKER

As it rockets over the horizon:

DUKE & ACE (VO)
(voices fade as
plane flies off)
Yo, Joe!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

X EXT. ISLAND OFF THE TIP OF PATAGONIA - WIDE SHOT - DAY

CAMERA MOVES through the twisted spires of volcanic rock to find a very well-hidden Cobra base: a single tower, the top of which is shaped like the hooded head of a Cobra. The ground at the base of the tower is covered by a circle of riveted metal with seams that divide it into wedges. (This will be important later.) PUSH IN on the top of the the tower, as:

COBRA COMMANDER (VO)
I commend you, Dessstro...

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER - COBRA COMMANDER AND DESTRO

stand near the strange device. Cobra Commander is jubilant. DESTRO is much more restrained.

COBRA COMMANDER (CONT.)
Your cloaking device has assured
Cobra's complete and final victory.

DESTRO
So it seems. But do not proclaim
our triumph prematurely.

CLOSE - DESTRO

He raises a finger in warning at o.s. Cobra Commander.

DESTRO (CONT.)
X Even now the forces of G.I. Joe
X may be moving against us.

CLOSE - COBRA COMMANDER

COBRA COMMANDER
(psychotic laughter)
X Ah! But first, Destro, they
X must find ussss!

He turns and EXITS FRAME.

ANGLE - COBRA COMMANDER - TRACKING

As he strides confidently across the room, toward a doorway.

X COBRA COMMANDER (CONT.)
X And how long can they ssssearch
X the globe...
X Destro GAINS INTO FRAME, a couple of steps behind Cobra
Commander.
X COBRA COMMANDER

stops and whirls around to face Destro.

COBRA COMMANDER (CONT.)
...before their own fuel is gone?
(more psychotic laughter)

DESTRO

Cobra Commander's LAUGHTER CONTINUES O.S. Destro nods
---impressed, but still wary.

DESTRO
You display considerable cleverness.
More than I have come to expect.

ANGLE - THE DOORWAY

Cobra Commander's LAUGHTER ABRUPTLY HALTS, as Destro
brushes past him and moves through the doorway:

DESTRO (CONT.)
But Destro does not celebrate
until his wars are won.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EST. SHOT - COBRA SEA BASE - WIDE SHOT - DAY

It's a floating platform---about the size of a city block
---enclosed in a transparent, bulletproof dome. A giant
Cobra insignia is inscribed on the surface of the dome.
Under the dome are several futuristic metal structures:
laboratories, command center, etc. The base of the plat-
form, at and below the waterline, is equipped with gun
ports.

At the very top of the dome is a smaller transparent
enclosure not unlike a tailgunner's bubble. Four Cobra
Soldiers (whom we'll call NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, and WEST
GUNNERS), each manning a double-barrelled anti-aircraft
gun, sit within this smaller bubble.

We take in the sight for a beat or so...

Then the Sharc, with Deep Six and Torpedo aboard, makes
a SCREAMING dive down from the sky, into the IMMEDIATE
FOREGROUND!

ANGLE - THE SMALLER ENCLOSURE ATOP THE DOME

The gunners react, alarmed!

NORTH GUNNER
(shouting)
Attack! Attack! Open fire!

ANGLE - TWIN BARRELS OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN

spewing bullet-like laser-bursts o.s. at

THE SHARC - TRACKING

It negotiates a zigzag course through the laser barrage toward the dome.

INT. SHARC - ON DEEP SIX AND TORPEDO

Deep Six at the controls, Torpedo getting out of his chair, about to stand up.

DEEP SIX
Stay in your seat...funny man.

QUICK CUT - THE SHARC

suddenly noses straight up and climbs OUT OF FRAME.

INT. SHARC - EXTREME TILT SHOT

as it continues to climb straight up, and Torpedo goes reeling against the back wall of the cabin. SFX: THUD!

DEEP SIX
I tried to warn you...!

ON TORPEDO

Centrifugal force presses him against the back wall of the cabin. He shouts to Deep Six:

TORPEDO
(shouting)
Take us back down -- low over
the water -- and drop me off!

DEEP SIX

glares back over his shoulder at Torpedo.

DEEP SIX
While I flit around up here like
some turbo-charged pelican? No.

SHOT WIDENS to include Torpedo, struggling to make the uphill climb to the front of the cabin.

DEEP SIX (CONT.)
I'm a diver, also. I'm more
at home fifty fathoms down.

TORPEDO
Yah, well, that's where we'll
wind up permanently if we don't
co-operate!

ANOTHER ANGLE - DEEP SIX AND TORPEDO

Deep Six shrugs.

DEEP SIX
Fine. We'll try it your way.

EXT. SHARC

It does a giant loop and plunges DOWN OUT OF FRAME!

THE SURFACE OF THE WATER

The Sharc DIVES INTO FRAME, levels off just above the
crest of the waves, and, amid a hail of laser-fire, flies
on toward

THE PLATFORM OF THE COBRA BASE

Its gun ports drop open, and a dozen or so rifle barrels
spit BURSTS OF AUTOMATIC LASER FIRE---just as the Sharc,
seen from back, ENTERS FRAME!

SHARC - TRACKING

With the bursts of laser fire whizzing past. CAMERA
HOLDS as Torpedo dives out the bay doors of the Sharc's
underside. The Sharc EXITS FRAME, as Torpedo vanishes
beneath the waves. (NOTE: Torpedo is holding his harpoon
rocket launcher.)

QUICK CUT - CLOSE - THE GUN PORTS

The N.D. COBRA SOLDIERS manning the guns gape out the
ports in panic.

QUICK CUT - THE SHARC - POV THRU GUN PORTS

is headed on a collision course, straight for them.

REVERSE ANGLE

The Cobra Soldiers hastily abandon their posts, as the
Sharc, seen from back, flies INTO FRAME, straight at
them.

COBRA SOLDIERS
(AD LIB. SHOUTS OF ALARM)

At the last possible moment, the Sharc turns its wings perpendicular to the water and veers off OUT OF FRAME.

INT. SHARC - DEEP SIX

looks back at the Cobra base. Tiny grin at one corner of his lips.

DEEP SIX
(deadpan)
Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER - TORPEDO - TRACKING

As he swims toward the base. He stops mid-stroke, and we ZOOM IN on his startled expression.

TORPEDO
(startled)
Oh, no...!

WHAT HE SEES

The base is like an iceberg: there's an even larger structure below the waterline---equipped with launching tubes for real torpedos. On the cut: half-a-dozen of these destructive little babies come WHOOSHING menacingly, one after another, out of the tubes!

TORPEDO

dives, CAMERA TRACKING, as he avoids a trio of the real torpedoes. They EXPLODE O.S.! The shockwaves send him tumbling fins over tea kettle toward the bottom.

TORPEDO
(MUFFLED GROAN)

CAMERA HOLDS as he stops tumbling and tries to gain control over his movements again.

CLOSE - TORPEDO

looks o.s. in the direction of the base to see

THREE MORE REAL TORPEDOES

coming straight at him!

BACK TO PREVIOUS ANGLE

He ducks, avoiding the torpedoes by a hair! They also EXPLODES o.s., hurtling Torpedo toward the Cobra base.

CLOSE - TORPEDO - TRACKING

The sea is roiling! He's being tossed around like a wet rag! He takes aim with the harpoon-rocket launcher ---and fires a missile OUT OF FRAME!

ANGLE - ONE OF THE TORPEDO TUBES

The harpoon-rocket meets a torpedo on its way out! Both EXPLODE! Churning water and fragments of something FILL THE FRAME.

CUT TO:

THE SURFACE - WIDE ANGLE ON FLOATING BASE

The Sharc is flying THRU FRAME above the dome, still under fire from the anti-aircraft gunners, when the dome CRACKS, and the entire platform heaves and rocks with the explosion!

INT. UNDER THE DOME

Water is pouring in through the crack in the dome. Cobra Soldiers abandon the buildings, rushing in all directions.

COBRA SOLDIERS
(AD LIB. SHOUTS OF PANIC)

INT. ANTI-AIRCRAFT BUBBLE

The gunners are thrown from their chairs as the base rocks to and fro!

NORTH GUNNER
(shouting)
Evacuation procedures! We're
goin' down!

They scramble on their hands and knees to open a hatch in the floor.

INT. SHARC - DEEP SIX

glances down out at the base, nods approvingly.

DEEP SIX
Good. The comedian did his job.

He shoves the stick forward, and CAMERA TILTS as the Sharc noses precipitously downward.

WIDE ANGLE - THE FLOATING BASE

Various Cobra air and sea craft are fleeing the rapidly sinking base. The Sharc DESCENDS THRU FRAME in f.g., diving beneath the surface with a CRASH of water!

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER - THE COBRA BASE

As the Sharc, seen from rear, ENTERS FRAME moving toward it. A gaping hole has been blown in the side of the underwater portion of the base.

SHARC - TRACKING

CAMERA HOLDS as the Sharc halts its forward motion and its gull-wing canopy opens. Deep Six, now in full diver's gear, leaves the canopy, swimming OUT OF FRAME toward

THE HOLE IN THE WALL OF THE BASE

Torpedo is already inside, waving to Deep Six to join him.

CLOSER - TORPEDO

As Deep Six swims up to him.

TORPEDO

(filtered)

You're late, pal. Party's breakin' up. Everybody's leavin'.

X Suddenly, a couple of HARPOON ARROWS slice through the water (SFX), narrowly missing Torpedo and Deep Six. Deep Six points o.s.

X

DEEP SIX

(filtered)

X

Not everybody.

X CAMERA PANS in the direction he's pointing to HOLD ON THREE COBRA FROGMEN swimming toward them.

X CLOSE - COBRA FROGMEN - TRACKING

X As they take aim with their rifle-weapons and fire---not X harpoons this time, but SONIC BLASTS, represented visually X as concentric circles moving outward through the water X from the rifles' ribbed lower barrels, and audially as X a SUSTAINED HIGH-PITCHED WHINE.

X ON TORPEDO AND DEEP SIX

X On the cut: the concentric circle effect ENTERS FRAME and envelops the Joes. Both instinctively put their

hands to their ears as they go limp, start to topple backward.

TORPEDO

X (filtered; agonized)
X Sonic rifles -- my brain's --
doin' a hula -- !

CLOSE - DEEP SIX

Wincing in pain, yes---but more than that, he looks like this particular form of attack offends him!

DEEP SIX

X (filtered; pained growl)
X I -- hate -- loud noises -- !

CAMERA MOVES with him as he swims directly into the concentric circle effect, toward its source!

DEEP SIX (CONT.)

X I -- like it --

X
ON THE FROGMEN

On the cut: Deep Six swims INTO FRAME, grabs the sonic rifle out of one Frogman's hands and swings it back over his shoulder like a baseball bat. He's totally enraged!

DEEP SIX (CONT.)

X -- quiet down here -- !

X
CLOSER ANGLE - THE FROGMEN

As the sonic rifle in Deep Six's hands arcs ACROSS FRAME, BASHING the Frogmen's breathing masks to pieces! A profusion of air bubbles pours from the Frogmen's masks!

DEEP SIX (CONT.)

X I said -- quiet!!!

X The Frogmen drop their weapons in alarm. The WHINE CEASES, as they swim UP OUT OF FRAME.

FROGMEN

(STARTLED GULPS)

X ANGLE - DEEP SIX

X watches the Frogmen swim away for a beat. Then he breaks the sonic rifle in his hands over his knee. SFX: KRRRACK!

DEEP SIX

X (filtered)
X That's better.
X

SHOT WIDENS as Torpedo swims INTO FRAME next to him.

R TORPEDO
R (filtered; relieved)
Thanks, pal. I owe you one.

R DEEP SIX
R (filtered)
R No big deal. Forget it.

R They start to swim side-by-side into the Cobra base,
CAMERA TRACKING.

R DEEP SIX (CONT.)
R Come on. Maybe they left behind
R a clue to those missing tankers.

As they GAIN OUT OF FRAME...

R DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AERIAL TRACKING SHOT - DUKE AND ACE'S SKYSTRIKER
- DAY

CAMERA PUSHES IN on the plane, soaring over the densely-
forested interior of Venezuela, near where the tankers
disappeared.

R ACE (VO)
Talk about your long shots...
R why're we scouting for tankers
over the Venezuelan jungle?

INT. SKYSTRIKER - ACE AND DUKE

R DUKE
They were hit by Cobra Claws
R -- strictly short-range transport.
Cobra had to have a base nearby.

ANGLE - PAST DUKE THRU CANOPY WINDOW

We see the jungle landscape whizzing past outside.

DUKE (CONT.)
Besides, Venezuela produces oil
and diamonds...and you saw the
sparkler on that cloaking devi--
(breaks off as:)

TORPEDO (VO)
(filtered)
Sharc-One to Leader Joe!

CLOSE - DUKE

adjusts his headset.

DUKE

Go ahead, Torpedo. I read you.

TORPEDO (VO) (CONT.)

Remember that floating Cobra base? It makes a real nifty aquarium.

Duke grins.

DUKE

Find anything on the tankers?

ACE

As Torpedo replies, Ace fidgets with his instruments. His radar-scanner shows two blips---at ten and two o'clock.

TORPEDO (VO)

(filtered)

Zilch. Even the goldfish swear they know nothin' about it.

Ace glances at the blips...then looks straight out his windshield and reacts with alarm!

ACE

(shouting)

Holy cow...!

ACE'S POV - THRU WINDSHIELD OF SKYSTRIKER

TWO COBRA FIGHTERS are coming out of the sky, converging on the Skystriker from opposite directions as indicated on the radar screen. Over this:

ACE (O.S.) (CONT.)

✕ Cobra fighters! Closing fast!

QUICK CUT - FIRST COBRA FIGHTER

launches a rocket from under its wing.

QUICK CUT - SECOND COBRA FIGHTER

does likewise!

ANGLE - THE SKYSTRIKER

coming straight TOWARD CAMERA. The rockets, seen from rear, ENTER FRAME, converging on Duke and Ace's plane.

It---and they---are about to be blown to atoms! On that
image of impending doom...

FADE OUT

END, ACT ONE

CREDITS

From the collection of David Thornton

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