

King Kong

King Kong as a middle aged Italian man (balding heavily, wearing a string vest with stains, loads of body hair, sour grumpy face, big beer belly and wildly gesturing body language) sits in an old stained arm chair watching TV with a beer can in hand and a remote control in the other. On screen is a show of first the old Godzilla, and then the new Godzilla. King Kong grunts annoyed and throws a sad glance in the direction of an old worn King Kong movie poster.

A combination of flashbacks and artifacts found in the room tells the story of King Kong's once promising career. At the peak King Kong overconfidently turned down the lead role in the Donkey Kong series of games from Nintendo. And he basically hasn't had a date since Jessica Lange back in the 1976 movie.

Sad King Kong shakes his head and mumbles something inaudible. He changes the channel on the TV and now The Matrix is playing on the TV. A devious sly smile spreads on King Kong's face as he gets an idea!

Early morning long distance shot of a clearing in a forest. Over the edge of the horizon/tree line peaks King Kong, eyes moving from side to side as he scans the horizon. King Kong sneaks on tip toes through the landscape. Being a giant monster, he towers above the trees, as he tries to make his way unseen through the landscape. He is headed to a clearing in the woods, which is a stomping ground/Monsters' gym thing.

Next thing King Kong is in the centre of the clearing/dojo doing a rusty version of the kung-fu chi-gaining opening pose. Next he jumps up, freezes in mid air in the crane kick pose as the camera spins around him Matrix style. His eye twitches, and his face distorts in nervous anticipation – he can't do this – and he falls to the ground. Grabbing and holding his hurt leg he curses in agony.

From the distance he hears the noise of two other monsters approaching for an early morning gym session. Embarrassed he scrambles limping, dragging his hurt leg, back to the forest.

As King Kong tries to hide in the forest (the trees hardly covering a fraction of his body). He is lying on all fours with his bare red/purple backside sticking in the air, well above the tree line.

Onto the stomping grounds come two monster buddies (who have either a cult following or recent movies to their names) to work out. They are in high spirits and oblivious to the huge ape's backside towering above the trees. They take turns throwing huge boulders at each other, which the other in turn boxes, head butts or kicks away. They are oblivious to the fact that these boulders, when

deflected always hit King Kong's backside. King Kong tries to hold back his groans of agony.

As King Kong enters his house all depressed, Peter Jackson, the movie director of Lord of the Rings fame, is calling on the phone. He is shooting a new King Kong picture, and he wants to cast King Kong for the movie.

Once off the phone King Kong rushes to prepare for the casting, dressing up in his best; Prancing around the house like a lovesick teenager, as he puts on an a different colored toupee, his best Hawaii shirt, and tweezes out a few hairs from his amply haired chest. Then he is off in high spirits to the casting.

Behind a closed door King Kong is in Peter Jackson's office, where these words are heard: "Of course. We can't shoot the picture without you. I have just the part for you!"

We are now on the set of the movie. In the streets of New York, a man is standing around in a monkey suit with the head under his arm waiting. Zoom out with crane shot up to the huge King Kong towering over the skyline of New York, dressed as a little school girl extra, complete with a golden pig tailed wig and a lollypop. Zoom in on King Kong's sour face.

Finito.

I love the idea, that King Kong and Godzilla once were buddies and peers. Godzilla had a few lucky breaks in his career, whereas King Kong turned down a few critical roles (the original cameo role in Donkey Kong for example), and wound up forgotten and rejected. He hasn't had a date since Jessica Lange in the 70's. This idea is heavily influenced by a genius cartoon by Gary Larson titled "Giorgio Armani at home", where Giorgio Armani (who normally is the epitome of style and cool) sits in a dirty string vest, beer in hand and watches TV in dirty old apartment with dirty dishes in the sink and so on...

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