

DISCLAIMER

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But it's pretty fucking great.

# Opposite Jurassic Park

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EXT. Jungle - Day

We open on a peaceful shot of a thick, green jungle. Huge vines hang from the exotic trees, and the faint buzz of insects is heard. A large mosquito lands on a thin branch, and flutters its wings. Faintly, we hear a new sound. An engine. It gets louder and louder until suddenly a jeep crashes through the jungle and obliterates the branch.

From inside the jeep, we see the mosquito, crushed against the windshield. The driver turns on the wipers, and it becomes a sickly yellow smear across the screen. Ahead, small trees and plants are being destroyed by the grill of the jeep as it swerves to avoid huge roots and thick tree trunks.

The driver turns around to look behind her, and we see her face. She is CHRISTIANNIA, and she looks panicked but determined.

We cut to a reverse shot of the jungle behind, where larger trees are falling, and over the sound of the jeep's engine we can hear the familiar, terrifying stomps of something running. She is being chased.

She turns back to face forward just in time to see she is headed for a giant fallen log, with a space underneath it. She ducks down in her seat and the jeep JUST manages to squeeze underneath. She sits back up, the windshield now completely torn off. A bug flies into her mouth.

We cut back to the fallen log, just in time to see her pursuer burst through it, smashing it into pieces. It is a Tyrannosaurus Rex. It roars ferociously as it runs, each stomp shaking the ground. Various glasses of water around the jungle ripple.

Christiannia twists the steering wheel violently as the car lurches over hulking roots and through overgrown plants. Suddenly, we see the edge of the jungle - and a cliff. Ahead of them is a deep canyon 100 feet wide, and on the other side is a huge area of clear land. Christiannia sees a sloped rock that looks like a ramp, and puts her foot down. Behind her,

the T-Rex is getting closer, roaring again to show off it's scary teeth.

Eyes closed, she hits the rock, and the jeep soars into the air. There is silence as it sails over the canyon, which is so deep that we can't even see the bottom. She looks behind her again, and sees the T-Rex skid to a halt, almost falling in. She grins and gives it the finger, when suddenly the jeep jolts to a stop in mid-air.

The vehicle is suspended in a gigantic butterfly net, right at the edge of the other side. Holding it, is another T-Rex, wearing a jacket, pants and a baseball cap with 'SECURITY' written across it. Another T-Rex stands beside him, wearing the same. They look back across the canyon at the other T-Rex, who is standing looking embarrassed.

SECURITY GUARD T-REX

Jesus Christ Frank, put some fucking clothes on.

CUT TO: Opening credits

As the credits play, we see the two security guards driving in a giant T-Rex sized jeep of their own along a dusty road in a grassland. Christianna is on the back of the jeep in a cage, dejected and exhausted. They arrive at the gates of the park, where the impressive sign above tells us the name of the movie: OPPOSITE JURASSIC PARK.

The jeep drives through a security gate and out of view, as we focus on the park itself. Various species of dinosaurs, all wearing tourist-type clothes with sunglasses and disposable cameras, walk around taking pictures of humans in enclosures. A family of gallimimus gather around an enclosure excitedly to see the person inside, a human SURFER, posing on a surfboard while waves painted on boards are moved around in front of and behind him. He gives them a thumbs up and they scream.

DINOSAUR TOUR GUIDE

They say that this is the very island where the human race first started. Isn't that interesting kids?

Dinosaurs are buying toy humans from a gift shop, eating candy floss in the shape of various limbs and body parts, putting their heads through holes with human bodies painted under. There is a line at a ticket stand.

EXCITED VISITOR

Are there any tickets left for Bane Cook?

TICKET SELLER

Only standing.

PLESIOSAURUS

(Behind in the queue)

Oh, what the hell?

That's pretty funny if you know dinosaurs. Anyway,

CUT TO: INT - Large Stadium

A man walks out on stage and all the dinosaurs cheer and clap. Amidst the clapping, we see a T-Rex holding two sticks with hands on the end, happily slapping them together.

BANE COOK is a slim but muscular human man, with the Bane mask on his face. He waves, and does the 'alright, settle down' motion.

BANE COOK

(muffled)

How's everybody doing?

The crowd cheers.

BANE COOK (Cont'd)

Good, good. Look at this crowd.

(pointing to one in particular)

Nice mouth herpes. What species are you? A cold-saur?

The crowd erupts into laughter.

BANE COOK (Cont'd)

The land that Carmex forgot over here.

CROWD DINOSAUR

(As everyone else is screaming laughing)  
I can't understand what he's saying. What is he saying?

CUT TO: EXT. - Park

Outside the stadium, a group of dinosaurs are standing at a fence, looking through binoculars. Through their binoculars, we see herds of children running through the grass.

CUT TO: INT. - Kandy's enclosure

Kandy, an old human lady with an eyepatch, is sitting watching her stories, while families stand outside watching in amazement. Suddenly, a door slides up behind her, and a Dilophosaurus in a security uniform nervously enters the room holding a plate of food. He looks terrified.

DILOPHOSAURUS

(screaming fearfully)

I'M JUST BRINGING YOUR FOOD, GIRL. RELAX. TAKE IT EASY.

KANDY

(Not getting up)

Alright, dear.

DILOPHOSAURUS

(Putting the plate down on a table about ten feet away from her, shaking)

IT'S JUST FOOD. I'M JUST GIVING YOU SOME FOOD.

KANDY

(Not looking away from the screen)

Thank you dear.

The Dilophosaurus scrambles out the room, almost in tears with fear. Kandy does not move at all, smiling at the television innocently.

CUT TO: INT. - ELIJAH WOOD'S enclosure.

ELIJAH WOOD, dressed in a cheap Frodo costume, walks in circles around a very shitty recreation of middle earth. The Lord of the Rings score plays on speakers behind him.

A YOUNG ANKYLOSAURUS bashes on the glass with its tail.

YOUNG ANKYLOSAURUS  
Look mommy, it's Frobo!

ELIJAH WOOD  
That's not even the character's name.

CUT TO: INT.- LABORATORY

We are inside a large laboratory, full of bubbling test tubes and workstations with diagrams and spreadsheets all over them. We close in on DR HELEN DINOSAUR, lead scientist at Opposite Jurassic Park, looking through a microscope. She jots down some notes, and looks up towards the door.

HELEN  
Welcome, MEGHYN.

HELEN motions to a MEGHYN, who is walking through the doorway toward her.

HELEN  
I've heard so much about you. You went to the same university I'm an alumni of.

MEGHYN looks away and slowly turns her head.

MEGYHN  
You mean... Dinosaur Yale?

HELEN  
Yes. In fact, my, ahem, colleague, is also from Dinosaur Yale.

A rumbling occurs like an earthquake.

MEGYHN  
What... What's that??

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX bursts through the wall of the lab. He lets out a loud roar that shakes the room. MEGYHN is terrified.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

Did somebody say Yale?

T. SEX walks over the broken bricks. A water pipe breaks in the ceiling and dumps sewage behind him. T. SEX drinking from a paper bag with liquor in it.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

All right, I'll say it! My father's a senator! That's the only way I got into Dinosaur Yale.

T. SEX sniffles.

MEGYHN

Are you crying?

T. SEX has tears streaming down his face. MEGYHN slaps him across the face.

MEGYHN

Get yourself together, man! You're a damn T Rex! Don't you have... something to kill right now?!

T. SEX stands up proudly.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

You know what, you're right. I can accept that we're conscious in a cold, unfeeling universe that is full of an endless amount of suffering!

MEGYHN

Yeah! That's the spirit! Hey. I didn't even catch your name but yet, we had this intense emotional moment just there. I mean--

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

They call me... "TYRANNOSAURUS SEX!"

MEGYHN

Why do they call you that? Is it a joke?

(T. SEX is laying on a piano while a pianist is playing romantic music.)

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

I really don't know...



T. SEX unbuttons the top three buttons on his shirt which reveals an excessive amount of chest hair.

HELEN  
Ahem.

HELEN stands behind them with her hands on her hips.

HELEN  
Shall we get to business?

HELEN turns around.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX  
I'll say!

T. SEX winks at nothing in particular.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX (CONT'D)  
I really did go to Yale. I got a degree in family law.

INT. IN ANOTHER ROOM OF THE LAB

HELEN  
TYRANNOSAURUS SEX just implemented this new technology in our lab.

HELEN reveals a hologram of the earth with one bright light shining from it in a single region.

MEGYHN  
What is it?

HELEN  
This is Earth. The light represents the first Jurassic Park.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX  
That hole in the wall?

HELEN  
That "hole in the wall" is where your ancestors were born.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX  
No, I mean the literal hole in the wall. Look, I tried to get through the doorway. I thought you were talking about that.

T. SEX points to a sideways dinosaur silhouette hole where the doorway was. A picture falls off the wall.

HELEN

No... I'm talking about the hologram in front of us. Please concentrate.

HELEN motions to the hologram again.

HELEN (CONT'D)

When Jurassic Parks opened worldwide, and our ancestors broke free from their enslavement by humans due to evolving a superior intelligence, every human being on earth was wiped out... almost. A small number of humans were collected - those with some cultural significance or interesting background.

MEGYHN

And then you opened...

HELEN

That's right...

HELEN looks deep in MEGYHN's eyes.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Opposite Jurassic Park.

T. SEX is rifling through the fridge.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

You got any snacks left? Where did all those meat pudding cups go?

HELEN

(exacerbated)

I don't know where YOU put them!

T. SEX stops for a moment, looks at the fridge, and then eats the entire refrigerator in two bites.

MEGYHN

(to HELEN) So why is the park so controversial?

HELEN

(HELEN roars) It's not human enslavement, it's justice!  
(MEGYHN's skin blows back due to the G force of the roar)

MEGYHN

(frightened) I didn't say anything.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

You'll have to excuse Dr. Dinosaur. She gets really touchy about Opposite Jurassic Park being criticized by so many other dinosaurs.

MEGYHN

(to T. SEX) Are you talking about Dino USA? They're trying to shut down the park?

HELEN

(roars again) They'll never shut down Opposite Jurassic Park!

HELEN knocks over a bunch of paperwork that was on a desk and then eats the office plant angrily

MEGYHN

(to T. SEX, whispering) I'm just so curious, wouldn't putting humans in a park lead to even more uprising and even possibly... war?

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

Of course not! Don't be silly!

T. SEX pours hot water into two delicate looking cups.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX (CONT'D)

Earl Grey?

MEGYHN

Um, yes, please.

T. SEX tries to hand her a cup of tea in a teacup but his claws are spilling it everywhere and MEGYHN tries to get the tea cup with her claws but it's really awkward and takes a long time to pass the tea to her.

HELEN

Listen, I trust you, MEGYHN. I have something to tell you. It's why I brought you here.

MEGYHN

What is it?

HELEN

My mentor, Marv, has a... secret bunker.

MEGYHN

Why? Things are fine.

HELEN

Something tells me they won't be for much longer... Which is why I brought you here. You went to Dinosaur Yale and researched time. I need all the information I can get from you. I have a theory I'm working on.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

Oh this again!

HELEN

Jurassic Park ended with the dinosaurs escaping and being victorious over humans... but, I wonder if it won't last forever... Something, something's out there..

MEGYHN

Like what?

HELEN

Natural disaster. Leading to... to..

A pager beeps so loud all the windows in the room shatter. T. SEX turns around and his tail knocks over a lamp that lands in the recycling in bin, causing a fire in the basket that nobody notices.

HELEN

Oh, I'm getting paged, let's go.

T. SEX excitedly stomps out of the room. MEGHYN and HELEN follow. Behind them the entire lab has caught on fire.

INT. TERRY'S OFFICE

Terry's office looks just like a regular boss's office except the ceilings are about 40 feet high to make room for Terry's neck (as he is a brontosaurus).

Helen opens the door to Terry's office nonchalantly.

HELEN

What's the problem, Ter-

She stops. Sitting in Terry's chair is SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP, a Spinosaurus and slimy politician. He has his hair slicked to the side and an fake smile. TERRY DACTAL, a friendly brotosaurus, stands next to his desk, concerned.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Senator.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

Hello, Dr. Dinosaur.

HELEN

It's DEE-no-saur.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

Whatever -- and why? -- Your friend Terry here has just filled me in on the whole operation you have going on here, and I've gotta say - I'm impressed.

HELEN

(whispered, to Terry)

How could you?

TERRY DACTAL

He threatened to destroy my furby collection!

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

(menacingly)

Oh, come on Terr'. Don't spoil all the fun.

Senator Chompychomp picks up the coffee mug on Terry's desk and takes a drink. He spits out the liquid immediately.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP (CONT'D)

Awgh! It's that Diet Dr. Pepper?

TERRY DACTAL

Yes.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

Why is it in a coffee cup?

TERRY DACTAL

I like the mug.

Senator Chompychomp turns the mug around. It features a Brontosaurus and the caption, "Stick Your Neck Out For Others." Senator Chompychomp throws it against the wall, smashing it. Terry gasps.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

Terry, I am the junior Senator from the state of Florida -- you do not want to make an enemy out of me.  
(he turns to Helen)  
And as for you, Ms. DEE-no-saur-

HELEN

(mumbled under breath)  
It's 'Doctor'... That's pretty sexist.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

--you seem to think that you are above the law that states that KEEPING HUMANS IS ILLEGAL.

HELEN

That law is bullshit and you know it.

Senator Chompychomp gets in her face.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

You're lucky I'm cold-blooded or else I'd be pretty heated right now.

He retreats back and stares out the window behind the desk.

HELEN

Senator, you don't understand. The research we are doing here is invaluable.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

Yes, I agree. It is invaluable. As in, it has no value.

HELEN

No, that's not what that word means. It means that it is so valuable, one cannot put an appropriate value on it.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

Then what word am I thinking of?

TERRY DACTAL

Unvaluable.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

Are you sure?

TERRY DACTAL

Not really.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

So is this one of those flammable/inflammable things?

HELEN

Kind of. Except "valuable" and "invaluable" don't mean exactly the same thing.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

And to think I used to go on Reddit and tell kids that English degrees were useless. Huh.

After this epiphany, Chompychomp shakes his head and puts his scowl back on.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP (CONT'D)

In any case, I didn't get elected to promote research that will ensure a safe and happy future for the citizens of the great state of Florida. I got elected to get things done. And something I will get done is shutting down this god

damn park.

TERRY DACTAL  
Like hell you can!

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP  
Just watch me.

Chompychomp pulls out his cell phone.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP (CONT'D)  
With just one phone call, I'll have  
all of your asses sent to prison.

HELEN  
And what about the humans?

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP  
Hahaha. Them? They'll be sent  
straight to hell. And what's in it  
for me, you ask?—

HELEN  
No, I didn't.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP  
--people across the nation will learn of the heroic actions  
taken by one junior Senator from Florida. How he risked his  
health and safety to protect his constituents from a  
group of rogue scientists who seek to raise an army of humans  
to destroy dinosaur kind.

HELEN  
That's not what we're doing here!

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP  
Who are they going to believe? You?  
A convicted felon who's only about  
a 6? Or me? The fresh-faced  
candidate for president.

TERRY DACTAL  
You wouldn't.



SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

I would.

Senator Chompychomp heads for the door. Terry stands in his way and puffs out his chest.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP (CONT'D)

Mr. Dactal, assaulting a Congressman is a federal offense. You wouldn't want life in prison would you? For your daughters to grow up only seeing their father through two inches of plexiglass. And your wife. She loves you, but she gets lonely. And her boss, Frank, is newly divorced, and... well... He's there. And he and the girls get along so well. Of course, at first it's innocent -- just a few dinners and drinks. But soon, your wife finds herself growing attached. She spends the night over at his place. She introduces him to her parents. All the while, you're stuck in an 8-by-10 cell reading a book on elementary Mandarin. Next thing you know, it's Frank who walks your little girls down the aisle when they get married. Is that what you want, Terry? Is it?!

A long beat. Chompychomp's eyes are filled with water and he has lost his composure.

HELEN

Did that happen to someone you know? Because that is really specific and personal.

Terry moves out of the way, shaken. Chompychomp straightens himself up.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

No, no. Of course not. I... have an active imagination. As you were!

Chompychomp leaves and slams the door behind him.

HELEN

What are we gonna do about that?

TERRY DACTAL

Do you think my wife is  
sleeping with Frank?

INT. BUNKER

A lone dinosaur samurai stands in the centre of an empty room.  
A butterfly lands on the hilt of his sword and is halved from  
the sharpness.

He steps out of the shadows. It's MARV.

MARV

I am the war that brings the peace.

He throws his sword at a computer screen, smashing it.

MARV

The calm before the storm.

A cardboard cutout of a dinosaur ninja falls from the ceiling.  
Marv looks up, widens his jaw, and spews fire at it.

MARV

The flame that burns when all other lights are out!

Helen enters the room. Marv sheathes his sword.

MARV

Helen. What news from the overworld?

A potted plant EXPLODES. The sparks turn into electrical bats  
who shoot streaks of lightning as they disappear into the  
rafters. The room's walls far apart until Marv and Helen  
remain standing in the FORMLESS VOID.

HELEN

One word.

Screamo music begins to play at one second intervals.

HELEN

Chompychomps.

The music stops.

MARV

He wants to close the park?

HELEN

He wishes. I don't know how to stop him.

MARV

It's an ancient proverb, from the Dino-Celts.

Time begins to move really fast. Civilizations rise and fall in the background. A child's laugh can be heard in the background.

MARV

He who wishes to close the opposite Jurassic park...must first close the opposite Jurassic park within his heart.

HELEN

What?

MARV

You heard, you dumb roaster

Helen sighs.

HELEN

I just don't know what to do.

MARV

Take a day to yourself. Go to the exhibits and find something that makes you happy.

Marv pulls her in close and whispers in her eyes.

MARV

Prepare for the worst. Find Ian Malcolm and talk to him.

HELEN

Wh-wh

MARV

Citizens of the world unite. You have nothing to lose but your dino chains.

HELEN

I'm - I'm gonna go

INT. MONOPOLY ENCLOSURE

A human sized family of FIVE and HELEN are sat around a human table. A monopoly table sits between them, with several pieces already in play. Helen rolls the die and moves a top hat onto DINO BOARDWALK.

HUMAN BOY CHILD

Pay up!

HELEN

I don't have any money.

HUMAN BOY CHILD

Rent is rent, toots. And Dino Boardwalk is the richest rent of all.

HELEN

You think I can afford rent for Dino Boardwalk? All I have are the dinosaur browns and the dinosaur oranges!

HUMAN MAN DAD

I'll lend you the money.

HELEN

I couldn't. The dinosaur beauty pageants are barely keeping you afloat

HUMAN GIRL CHILD

Has monopoly not become an avatar of the very system it disparages?

HUMAN MAN DAD

I'm the banker. I've been taking money all game when I need it.

HUMAN GIRL CHILD

See, this is what I mean. The game was created as an insult to the concept of monopolies and big banking, but here we see a perfectly normal man corrupted by the power of one in order to resist the never-ending march of the other. Money and power corrupt.

HELEN

Wait. You've been stealing money?

HUMAN BOY CHILD

What the fuck, Phil?

HUMAN MAN DAD

You'll address me as father.

HUMAN BOY CHILD

My real father left months ago.

HUMAN GIRL CHILD

I think...maybe capitalism ruins everything that touches it. Monopoly wandered into the surf to break the wave, and for what? It got caught up in the tsunami. Brand after brand, UK Monopoly, Star Wars Monopoly, Monopoly on your phones - a

parody of corruption corrupts itself, eventually. Capitalism kills itself, as they say.

HELEN (via walkie-talkie)  
Move the guests away from the exhibit.

We see several dinosaurs behind a pane of glass, looking in on the monopoly enclosure. Several dinosaur guards begin to usher them away.

DINO GUARD

Sorry folks. 'Fraid the humans are displaying Wokeness again. Helen exits via a door in the side as the human family starts to make signs. The girl and boy hold up pieces of cardboard saying "OCCUPY WALL STREET" and "BERNIE WOULD HAVE WON" respectively.

As Helen moves to another exhibit a Dino Guard approaches her.

DINO GUARD

They keep doing that.

HELEN

They'd only do it once if you let them keep the monopoly.

DINO GUARD

Helen, I told you. They're only supposed to have snakes and ladders.

HELEN

The fuck's a snakes?

DINO GUARD

I don't know.

HELEN

Huh.

They stare into the nearest exhibit. A group of tubby white males are hunched around a laptop.

TUBSTER #1

Ok...what about a meatball sub?

TUBSTER #2

Bike jousting!

TUBSTER #3 (Extremely jacking off voice)

a basketball game

Helen sighs.

HELEN

Have you seen Beef?

DINO GUARD

Last I heard he was by the...you know where.

HELEN (rolling her eyes judgementally. You know what? I hate this shit. Every comedy ever all the so-called 'friends' treat any sort of erratic behaviour from the others as some shitshow. They're you're fucking friends. You're supposed to encourage their fun side and make them better people. Don't insult what makes them then. Fuck)

Thanks.

INT. DINOBOY'S BATHROOM

Beef is sat reading the newspaper inside a cubicle. He frowns at the headline; "stocks in opposite Jurassic park plummet", all lowercase. You think dinosaurs are gonna waste time trying to put on capslock with those huge fingers and tiny arms? Fuck you buddy

He attempts to readjust on his seat as the unmistakable sound of a turgid dino dump hitting water echoes from the bowl. The seat cracks, and Beef looks down.

BEEF

Aww man

He sits up and his tail knocks the top half of the toilet off. What's that part called? The cistern? Point is, water starts to gush everywhere

BEEF

Aww man. No. Oh no

He tries to turn around and smashes down the walls of the cubicle in the attempt. Several other dinosaurs jump up in protest as the water sprays everywhere.

DINO JERK

Come on Beef!

DINO ASSHOLE

Beef you fuck!

They start to run out. Beef turns around helpless, reaching out at them. His tail wipes out the sinks.

BEEF

For the love of Jesus-Rex! Guys! Help!

Helen marches in.

BEEF

Aww, Helen, jeez, don't look at me! My jeans are down!  
He bends over to pull up his JNCO Jeans, which rips his shirt.

BEEF

Jeez no, aww man, for the love of the Dino God -

His jeans are TORN IN TWAIN™ as he readjusts his stance.

HELEN

At ease, Beef, you pathetic ripshit. Do you have the keys to  
the Malcolm exhibit?

BEEF

Ah, err, yeah, there -

He points down at a key in the puddle of water. Helen picks it  
up with her tail and pockets it.

HELEN

Fab. Come on, Beef.

They leave the bathroom.

EXT. MALCOLM EXHIBIT - THREE HOURS LATER

Beef is clad in barbaric warrior gear. Helen is wearing a  
crown.

HELEN

Can you believe the adventure we just had?

BEEF

Sure can't, boss. It's amazing what happens when you least  
expect it.

HELEN

Yeah. I really thought there was a completely different story  
in play for the past few hours, then BAM! That happens. Really  
shows that not every story has its own time to shine.

BEEF

Yeah. I wonder if movie characters have adventures in the runtime that we don't see. Like did Bruce Willis get sidetracked at some point helping a ghost that was haunting Nakatomi Plaza? Did E.T. invent the bike when he arrived back on his home planet?

HELEN  
We'll never know.

They look inside the exhibit. Thousands of dinosaurs look through the glass at a huge, empty, white room. A plinth rises twenty meters high in the middle, with a shirtless male doing the Macarena at the top. That male is ~~Jeff Goldblum~~ DOCTOR IAN MALCOLM.

HELEN  
He's still doing the Macarena?

BEEF  
He says it gives him visions into the spirit realm.

IAN  
Rawr. Meoooooow. I'm a sexy, sexy man. Rawr rawr rawr.

BEEF  
Hypnotic. Sometimes I come here...at night.

HELEN  
Why, Beef?

BEEF  
Just...I like the way he grooves. Day and night. It's never ending.

Beef turns to Helen.

BEEF  
Until you talk to him.

HELEN  
Doctor Malcolm is a good man. You know his PhD is in 'Being Cool and Groovalicious'?

DOCTOR IAN MALCOLM'S BACKUP SINGERS  
Groov-a-licious!



A sexy bass begins to play. This bass continues for the remainder of the script unless stated otherwise. Helen opens a small window labelled "The Malcophone" and sticks her head into the enclosure.

HELEN  
Ian!

Ian looks down at her and nods sexily, but respectfully, as he is woke.

IAN  
Helen! Come on in, my dude. I've got twelve more hours of the Malcorena before I start krumping.

HELEN  
I'll bop my head, but that's it.

IAN  
Cool!

Helen bops her head to the bass. They groove in silence for sixty seconds. Nobody speaks during this time.

HELEN  
So, hey, I was wondering something.

IAN  
Lay it on me.

HELEN  
It's the Senator. I saw him earlier.

IAN  
That wet blanket? He - wait, hang on a second.

Ian SWATS a fly that landed on his thick hairy chest and fist pumps.

IAN  
Take that, nature! Chaos theory is my bitch, my bitches!

DOCTOR IAN MALCOLM'S BACKUP SINGERS  
Ain't no scientist cooler!

IAN  
Let me guess. He wants to shut down the rec centre?

HELEN

The park, yeah. I'm not gonna let him, obviously.

IAN

Good! So what do you need me for?

HELEN

Nothing. I'm just giving you a head's up.

IAN

For what?

HELEN

Dino Jesus H Dino Christ, human Ian. Things are gonna get dangerous! As my token human friend it only seemed fair that I warned you.

IAN

(barely listening, really into his music)

How dangerous?

CUT TO: Wide shot of the park, two security guards walking side by side, with small strides separating them. Children as well as adults pass them without issue, guards smiling at them - nothing is out of the ordinary. On their left, huge trees that cover enclosure gates with electricity-laden barbed wire, dangerous animals not to be influenced. To their right, the sweeping walkways from each destination - a tunnel system essentially supplanted with aesthetically pleasing tracks for park guests to walk on. The two security guards stop at the water hole, placed near the employee waiting room - primarily used just to keep cool in these balmy days.

SECURITY GUARD #1

I know this is probably dumb, but do you ever get so bored on security that you wish things would actually go wrong? Like a horrible accident or something? I'm not sure that I'm stable enough to have this job now that I mention it.

SECURITY GUARD #2

Well, I need to preface this question with another question... first: why would you tell me that?

SECURITY GUARD #1

I'm kind of just in a really weird place in my life.

SECURITY GUARD #2

Alright, that's confusing to me as basic concept, because we rarely talk at work, and when we walk home and go our separate ways, you essentially ignore me and I'm fairly confident I've

heard you hiss at me when I ask you anything too personal. For an Ankylosaurus you really have absurdly thin skin.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
I actually take offense to that.

SECURITY GUARD #2  
I don't want to seem so rude as to assume that you don't like me, but are we friends?

SECURITY GUARD #1  
I'd say we're friends. Just because we don't talk often doesn't mean we aren't friends.

SECURITY GUARD #2  
I guess that's fair. I'm sorry I jumped down your throat like that, it was pretty peaceful before I got in my own head about what you said to me.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
It's okay. I know you didn't mean to --

Suddenly, as they turn the corner around the human-shaped shrubbery, the two security guards see a rush of dinosaurs heading for the exits. The only sound they both hear are the screams, wails, and other dinosaur-esque noises one would expect from a raucus crowd of terrified lizards.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
If there's an emergency... wouldn't the alarms go off?

Both of the dinosaurs look at each other with confusion, tilt their heads, and turn back to the crowd - seconds before a deafening siren coats the sound layers that dinosaurs can hear, or whatever. SECURITY GUARD #2 turns to SECURITY GUARD #1 with a gaze of fear neither has seen out of the other. After two to three seconds of standing, they bravely run TOWARD the crowd instead of away! The dinosaurs run past almost like a blur to the men, as they focus on their pathing to the nearest enclosure. They arrive to three CHILDREN, stoicly playing with a soccer ball in a triangle pattern. Kick after kick they make no noise, no movements other than one foot, and they don't look toward the security guards. SECURITY GUARD #1 and #2 confusingly look toward the glass, the emergency locks, the crowd, and back to the KIDS.

SECURITY GUARD #2  
Are you guys trying to escape? Were there more than three of you?

KIDS (in unison)

No, we like it here.

SECURITY GUARD #2

Well... that's probably not true.

SECURITY GUARD #1 quickly corrects #2s language to the kids, realizing they don't have much time. You can see him pacing inside of his head - his eyes switching from station to station, from his partner to his watch (on his dinosaur claw, remember this isn't actually a guy, it's a dinosaur.)

SECURITY GUARD #1

You're coming with us.

SECURITY GUARD #2

What?!

SECURITY GUARD #1

We can use them as... human... bait? What's the word? WHATEVER! If we use the kids to distract the humans... don't they have some sort of motherly - parental sense? In their human brains? They're going to see the kids and stop revolting. We still don't even know who's escaped! What if it's -

KIDS (in unison)

It was Christiannia! She's the smart one.

SECURITY GUARD #1/#2 TOGETHER

Oh no.

The two GUARDS turn toward the pathway that would lead the guests to Christiannia's enclosure. The area is still having guests pour out, afraid for their lives. As the two GUARDS run to the area, the voice on their walkie-talkies speaks up --

WALKIE-TALKIE VOICE

You need to make your choices NOW, guards!

SECURITY GUARD #2 (into the walkie-talkie, which looks extremely goofy as hell in his dinosaur hand)

Do we worry about the humans or the guests, ma'am?!

WALKIE-TALKIE VOICE

FIND CHRISTIANNIA NOW.

A few seconds of silence occurs, both guards are standing entirely still. Their eyes shift back and forth from each other to the walkie-talkie.

WALKIE-TALKIE VOICE

OVER.

BOTH GUARDS  
Yes Ma'am!

The two GUARDS run to CHRISTIANNIA'S enclosure, the glass is shockingly intact - for an emergency situation, the inside and the structure seems to be eerily calm. The GUARDS use their flashlights to scour the outside and the safety measures and technology on the outside and inside of the enclosure. Inside - CHRISTIANNIA! She sits peacefully on her styrofoam dinner chair, behind another styrofoam dinner table. Apparently humans really only deal with styrofoam in their cages. This is weird. I should probably look into this. She holds her phone, but it's like a childrens phone that doesn't connect to the internet. She just plays Angry Birds.

CHRISTIANNIA  
Why is everybody running around? Is something going on?

SECURITY GUARD #1  
They're worried... okay, we're probably both confused.

As he says this, the GUARDS look coyly at each other.

SECURITY GUARD #1  
Are you not... breaking out?

CHRISTIANNIA  
Why would I break out? Outside of my enclosure is an absurd amount of dinosaurs. As a girl, a human girl at that, I'd be pretty fucked. Do you know how big dinosaurs are compared to me? Seriously, both of you tower over me. If you wanted to kill me, knock me out, anything! I'd be fucked!

The two GUARDS turn their backs with a swiftness, attempting to whisper to each other behind CHRISTIANNIA's gaze.

SECURITY GUARD #2  
Why is the alarm going off if CHRISTIANNIA is still here?!

SECURITY GUARD #1  
What if it's a fake CHRISTIANNIA?

SECURITY GUARD #2  
By implying that this CHRISTIANNIA is fake, that would imply that you know who the real CHRISTIANNIA is, which I'm not entirely sure we know at this point. We're in such a confusing state of mind at the moment that when it comes to what's real and what's fake, I'd refer to Ni-

SWING, CRACK! The two security guard dinosaurs have their

heads whipped by a large object. They lay on the ground, out cold, above them: a shadow of a human body, holding a surfboard. It's revealed to be SURFER! Behind him is BANE COOK, and ELIJAH WOOD.

SURFER

You wanna get outta here, brah?

CUT TO outside of CHRISTIANNIA's enclosure, the humans are running amok throughout the park. The alarms are still blaring over the air, dinosaurs are still tripping and trampling each other to escape in a timely fashion. Behind the crowd, the HUMANS appear. ELIJAH WOOD, CHRISTIANNIA, SURFER, and BANE COOK walk side by side toward each human's enclosure, letting them out one by one. Cut to the HUMANS arriving at the KIDS. They stare at each other waiting for one of themselves to talk first.

KIDS (in unison)

We would like to leave.

The HUMANS that are free continue looking back and forth and the kids and back to each other, SURFER smashes the glass with his surfboard and the kids hold hands as they hop a single foot from their enclosure to the ground.

KIDS (in unison)

We would not be surprised if the United States sends it's soldiers in to deal with us.

Now all of the HUMANS look to each other. Much to their chagrin, they know that they don't have much time to escape and form their rebellion of every park human and others abroad. They turn to the kids, CHRISTIANNIA leans down to one knee to come face to face with the kids.

CHRISTIANNIA

Do you know how to get everybody else out? They put you behind glass because you're... you know. Kids.

SMALLEST KID (quips)

Hey!

CHRISTIANNIA

Look, we need a way into the other cells. There are a lot of good humans wasting away, the rebellion is almost in full swing --

ELIJAH WOOD

KANDY?!

The HUMANS and KIDS turn to see KANDY wearing a dinosaur security guards head around her neck, she's holding his severed hand as well, which is used for DNA identification into each enclosure. Covered in blood, KANDY doesn't say a word, her visible eye widened in a thousand yard stare. Every human stands silently for a few seconds, extremely uncomfortable at the grizzly look of KANDY, she looks down at the floor, ashamed. The KIDS have their mouths agape in fear. The only noise heard are the alarms of the park.

KANDY  
We should go.

The humans continue to stand frozen in fear, the gruesome scene too much to bare. SURFER throws up onto the ground.

CHRISTIANNIA  
O-Okay.

Their pace slows considerably, they stride to free the other humans. SURFER trembles.

INT: SOME BUNKER, This is a very dimly lit bunker, something like you see in movies with war rooms and stuff, there is a flashing red light in the background. Aside from the light and a telephone sitting on a desk in the center of the room, everything is gray or olive green. SEN. CHOMPYCHOMP is standing in the room, he looks moist, the audience can't be sure weather this is sweat or just like grease or something. CHOMPCHOMP's comb over sail is split a bit so he looks disarrayed.

SEN. CHOMPYCHOMP  
(brushing his dinosaur hand thru his sail)  
This is very much not good, we need to stop this revolt immediately, and I know just who to call to handle this.

SEN. CHOMPYCHOMP grins, the camera only shows the edge of his mouth as the edge slowly extends to form this grin. We cut to his hand as he reaches for the bright red phone on the desk. The camera tracks the phone as CHOMPYCHOMP brings it up to his ear(?).

UNKNOWN VOICE  
(moaning)  
DADDYYYYYYY~~!!

CUT TO

EXT: OUTSIDE HUMAN ENCLOSURES. Hordes of children and maybe like four adults are running out the gates of a particular enclosure. Some trample others. The camera focuses on an Apple iPhone being crushed beneath their feet, beginning along the ground, the camera slowly arcs over to focus on the screen that is getting more and more cracked. We see that it is open to Twitter, with a draft tweet reading "gosh, I hate capitalism so much!"

The iPhone is picked up by one of the Guard Dinos after the children had dispersed. We see him reach for his radio.

INT: BUNKER. A Guard Dino barges in.

GUARD DINO

(panicked)

Sir, you have to see this.

He runs over to SEN. CHOMPYCHOMP holding a heavy, glossy piece of paper up. We see that it is a photo of the iPhone screen.

SEN. CHOMPYCHOMP

My god, it seems some of them are,,, woke.

Cut to a group of guards and generals(?) behind him, all with shocked expressions on their faces after hearing this terrible news.

OTHER GUARD

Wait, are they verified, tho?

GUARD DINO

What?

OTHER GUARD

The kids, you said they were on Twitter, but are any of them verified?

SEN. CHOMPYCHOMP

Why would that even matter? Who cares, all the matters is that they're starting a got dang revolution down there and they need to be stopped.

OTHER GUARD

WELL IT'S IMPORTANT TO ME! I HAVE 30.7K FOLLOWERS AND I'M NOT EVEN VERIFIED! Do you have any idea how long I've been on this fucking app? EIGHT YEARS, I've been on it longer than those children have even been alive. So, please, tell me: are any of those frickin' kids verified?



GUARD DINO

Uhh,,, ok. I'mma level with you here. I don't give a damn if any of them are verified. The important part is that they're all organizing, likely using this app, being woke all over the place, we can't control them.

OTHER GUARD

Ok, remain ignorant, behind the times, not understanding that being verified on Twitter is like being knighted but if people actually cared and it wasn't just in a singular xenophobic country.

GUARD DINO

Anyway, what do we do now, Senator?

SEN. CHOMPYCHOMP

I already called in the Dinosaur USA Army Troops, from the Dinosaur USA. They're on their way already, so there's no way of reaching them. Only Dinosaur god, which is like an anthropomorphized god but in the image of us Dinosaurs, can help them now.

GUARD DINO

Actually, in that case, I do have an idea.

INT: ARMORY. This is another very dark room, the kind that makes your mother yell at you to close the blinds because there's too much glare to see anything, but it's probably just a blank black screen for the most part.

CHRISTIANNIA

(muffled)

Can you fucking believe this!?

EXT: OUTSIDE THE ARMORY. CHRISTIANNA is looking at her phone angrily, while ELIJAH WOOD stands there doing nothing but wearing a Christmas sweater.

CHRISTIANNIA

They removed all the Tweets from the Opposite Jurassic Park NPS Twitter account. They're gagging them. Fer fricks sake, the scientists were helping us take down the suddenly fascist government that want to kill off our entire ~~race~~ species! What do we do now?

ELIJAH WOOD

Don't worry, I've been preparing for this since 1999. Doomsday. The day all out technology dies,,, no, turns *against* us. We need beans, lots and lots of canned beans, raise our own chickens in our

basement, and most of all: a militia's worth of weaponry. As concerned as I am about the beans, and trust me I'm always thinking about them beans, it seems most convenient to acquire the weapons given that we are already at the armory.

CHRISTIANNIA

Right, you keep thinking about those beans, which are really important, so important that they will probably occur several more times throughout this story marking pivotal moments in our struggle to overcome the oppressing dinosaur regime. Meanwhile, I'll get us some weapons.

CHRISTIANNIA runs up to the door, and tries to open it by pulling it. Further inspection reveals that the handle is labeled "Push," but this doesn't work either as the door is, in fact, locked.

CHRISTIANNIA

(frustrated)

How are we supposed to properly revolt now? We can't get into the weapons storage thing.

ELIJAH WOOD

I have an idea,,,

FLASHBACK: We see riots in the streets of some populated human city during Y2K. This could potentially be very expensive to shoot, so just use footage from recent events and add a subtitle saying "Actual footage from Y2K."

INT: ARMORY. The camera is centered on the door. At about a 5 second interval, there is a loud banging on the door, this goes on for about ten to forty minutes. Finally, the door bursts into the room, with a pile of groaning children pouring in behind it. CHRISTIANNIA and ELIJAH WOOD step over the children the way somebody would step over spilled sauce on the floor.

CHRISTIANNIA

Wait, if this is the armory for a park where they just have humans to control, wouldn't they only have, like, tranquilizers and weapons for humans?

The lights turn on, revealing crates laying around overflowing with ammunition, and racks upon racks of AK-47s and RPGs. This is basically like a Taliban hideout.

ELIJAH WOOD

Holy shit, it's just like back when the Millennium Bug sent the Middle East to invade New Amsterdam.

The camera pans to one of the kids, sitting next to one of the crates. He takes apart one of the AKs, cleans every part, puts it back together, and begins loading up clips. CHRISTIANNIA walks over and takes the gun from his hands.

CHRISTIANNIA

That'll do kid. That'll do.

The kid looks up to her, with a look of absolute disdain. He begins visibly shaking, the camera beginning to zoom in closer to his face. The screen fades slowly to scenes of riots, flying black flags, fires burning whole buildings. A distressed noise fills the background. With a snapping noise, cut to next scene.

EXT: ABSOLUTE CHAOS. The children are taking down the dinosaurs with sheer numbers, like that part in the Lord of the Rings, prompting the adults to wonder why they even bothered having all these weapons.

The camera hovers above the crowds for a little while, letting the audience take in the magnitude of the situation. Cut to some raptor guards emerging from an office. This should have dramatic music in the background. Preferably this would be directed like the newer Godzilla movie, showing very little of the raptors at a time, just glimpses to keep the audience invested.

Jump to a group of children running by the raptors vision. One of the kids stops and turns to look at the raptor. She pulls out a machete. Cut to a pile of random bits of raptor laying on the ground in massive pools of blood, a couple of children still chopping at the bits with machetes.

ELIJAH WOOD

Oh.

CHRISTIANNA

Umm,,, maybe, just maybe, we should try to, like, take some of them alive?

KIDS (IN UNISON)

(sighing)

Aye, ma'am.

CHRISTIANNA pulls out some rope, as do some of the children, intending to tie down some of the staff.

ELIJAH WOOD

(mumbling)

Fuck me, mommy.

INT. WAREHOUSE. Most of the staff is all tied up, lining the walls and creating lines within the empty space in the middle, showing that the sheer amount of disposable children easily overpowered a large quantity of powerful dinosaurs. Several dinos lay dead towards the corner, with a single bullet wound in the forehead and their hands tied behind their backs, implying these were executions.

One of the dinosaurs is duct taped to a table in a curtained off area in part of the warehouse. He has a rag over his face, and there are two children standing over him each holding a bucket of water.

KID #1

Who do you work for?

KID #1 begins dumping the water over the dinosaur's face. There is really loud gurgling as this is a dinosaur.

KID #2

Not gonna talk, eh?

There is a brief moment where the dinosaur is able to breath, with a bit of struggle he mutters:

WATERBOARDED DINOSAUR

What the fuck, you not even lett--

He is cut off my KID #2 dumping more water in his face. There is a visible excitement on the two children's faces.

KID #1

TELL US WHO IS PULLING THE STRINGS!

KID #2

Or do you want more water?

WATERBOARDED DINOSAUR

Ok, ok, I'll tell yo--

The dinosaur is once again cut off by having more water dumped onto his face. Cut to a shot outside of the curtains, there is more gurgling and yelling audible. The camera slowly zooms out, eventually settling with a single dinosaur sitting next to a wall filling the right third of the screen.

SHAKING HEAD DINOSAUR

(shaking her head)  
Just like Jeffrey used to do.

A tear rolls down her cheek as she remember her ex that was brutally slaughtered by a conglomerate of rabid children.

ELIJAH WOOD is sitting on a foldable chair with a piece of paper taped to his christmas sweater reading "Hostage Guard." There is a pile of cans next to him, he is eating a can of beans with a fork. When the can is empty, he tosses it aside and looks around.

ELIJAH WOOD  
(mouth full of beans)  
Fuck, we need more beans.

CUT TO: INT. - The Lab

Helen is lead into the lab by Christiannia, holding her at gunpoint. With them, are the other humans and some of the staff members of the park, including T-SEX, BEEF and MEGHYN.

The lights blink on, with one or two taking a few seconds longer. The LAB is now illuminated, it's a classic lab scene, with computers, vials, and a centrifuge. The walls are adorned with safety posters such as 'DON'T FORGET TO WEAR DINO GOGGLES', 'SAMPLES ARE NOT FOR EATING', and 'IF YOU SMELL GAS, IT'S PROBABLY NOT YOUR ASS - REPORT IT'. As the characters look around in awe they soon fall back to arguing with each other.

CHRISTIANNIA  
Alright, Doctor. What did you want to show us? This better not be a trick or so help me god I will FUCK this lab.

MEGHYN  
Humans in our lab! don't let them touch anything.

ELIJAH has already upturned a waste basket full of TRASH onto the lab floor and his best shoes.

MEGHYN  
DON'T. Let them touch anything. Honestly. All these years of research can't go soiled by these sticky warm blooded hairy beasts.

ELIJAH drops the basket and it rolls towards HELEN.

ELIJAH

Why do you have such an issue with us. We  
aren't messy! You treat us like animals!  
You t-

ELIJAH sneezes snot down his chin and shirt. He scowls at  
MEGHYN.

DR. HELEN

GUYS! This is an emergency! I will tear  
your arms off if you keep squabbling! Ugh.  
I brought you here for a reason. Crap.  
CRAP! Stop it!

SURFER

Don't blow a dookie Doc! This place is rad  
safe. Look at that door, ain't nobody not  
getting through there no way man. Legend.

The HEAVY DOOR is next to a single pane glass window with a  
crack in it.

DR. HELEN

No. No that's wrong, and incorrect. I  
brought you here to show you all something.  
T-Sex, can you grab me that camera on the  
shelf...

T-SEX

What, this? Does it even work?

T-SEX picks up the polaroid camera and an audible click  
sounds through the lab. A wall starts to slide creating a  
PASSAGEWAY. As it moves, the shelves of vials and jars of  
preserved animals slide off and smash on the floor. It is a  
MESS of glass and organs.

T-SEX

OH GOD. AUGH. GOD IM SORRY. GEE REX! THE  
SMELL - AURRGH!

Everyone starts gagging from the smell of formaldehyde and guts.

ELIJAH  
GUYS, fresh air!

ELIJAH runs ahead, a crash soon follows.

ELIJAH  
GUYS, a stairs!

MEGHNY  
I hope he died.

ELIJAH  
Sorry to burst your bubble you piece of  
shit scientest.  
...you science-shit.

ELIJAH continues to laugh at his ICE BURN, though he is clearly horribly injured.

MEGHYN  
Fucking hell.

DR HELEN  
Look, come on, follow me... this is what I  
wanted to show you...

The group all file into the dark PASSAGEWAY, muttering and arguing amongst themselves.

ELIJAH  
(MUFFLED) ...science shit haha...

A blue cave like room is visible. The characters silhouettes are easy to make out, as are a couple of desks and cabinets. The profile of DR HELEN walks across the room toward the generator which she flicks on.

SURFER  
WHOAAAA!

A generator starts whirring and the lights switch on - showing a messy room with rock walls. Along the top are photos attached to a line. Everyone stops arguing and looks at the walls.

DR HELEN

I thought that might shut you up. Look. I know we don't get along but we need to work together. I don't expect you all to get on board with this immediately but I'm going to start from the top

SURFER

I'm on board. I get it! I'm with you dude.

DR HELEN

Appreciated, but least let me finish. My mentor, Marv did some adventuring in his youth and collected these ph-

SURFER

Totally bloppo!

Without missing a beat DR HELEN picks up SURFER without looking and him and stores him sideways on a high shelf.

DR HELEN

...and collected these photos from various areas on this very island. Recognise this? It's an aged photo of a park but with dinosaurs as the attraction

CHRISTIANIA

What the SHIT!?

CHILD VELOCIRAPTOR

WEARING A PROPELLER HAT

Also what the SHIT!

His mum smacks him upside the head

MUM VELOCIRAPTOR

Language, VelociraPeter.



DR HELEN

There was once a park with us as the attractions. And it's not the only time this has happened. These images were taken tens of thousands of years apart

DR HELEN places various photographs and etchings on the table, they show different types of Jurassic Parks for different eras.

DR HELEN

All the parks vary slightly. Here's a Big Fat Butt Jurassic Park, where all the dinosaurs have Big Fat Butts...

ELIJAH

...They've all got big fat butts!

DR HELEN

Indeed.

She places another photo down. It's the original Jurassic Park, off of the popular movie film of the same name.

DR HELEN

This one is a Park populated entirely by ladies.

MEGHYN

So fucked up.

DR HELEN

And sexist. But they were all destroyed in the end.

MEGHYN

No ...I meant that.

She gestures at T-SEX, who is using the polaroid camera from the LAB to take a photo of his ASS.

DR HELEN

Wow. Anyway, MARV figured out that time is

a loop. Jurassic Park will happen again and again until we learn from our mistakes.

CHRISTIANIA

And Opposite Jurassic Park is revenge for when humans enslaved the dinosaurs! It makes sense.

DR HELEN

No, that's just it. Dinosaurs enslave humans, humans enslave dinosaurs. It's cyclical.

DR HELEN puts some more photos on the table

DR HELEN

MARV found evidence of Opposite Jurassic Parks on this very island. Here's one with Roman Gladiators. We made them fight. There's also this park of daytime TV presenters. We also made them fight. I'm not proud. Time is cyclical... and now the USA wants to kill us all, making the same mistake again and making sure we never learn.

ELIJAH

...AND I THINK THEY JUST ARRIVED.

ELIJAH points to an unbroken lab sample on the desk. The formaldehyde ripples every two seconds. A low rumble sounds.

MEGHYN

What are we going to do?! WHAT A-

MEGHYN turns around to see the ripples are caused by T-SEX fucking a vending machine.

T-SEX:

I am fucking a vending machine.

T-SEX dismounts. The rumbling starts again. T-SEX joins the rest of the group. In the background the vending machine

spurts out a of packet of cigarettes.

IAN

This information is very uhh, how do I, it's uhh, highlyhmm, yes, interesting, but uhh.. what does it change about our situation?

HELEN

This time loop. It's the reason I fight for Opposite Jurassic Park. The reason I have fought so long to keep it here. A natural disaster... or whatever wipes us out, seems to be inevitable. We die and the humans re-evolve from apes and the whole thing starts again.

SURFER

We evolve from apes? Every time? My bitch...

HELEN

You must do. If it weren't for Opposite Jurassic Park, all the humans would die out. Apes, however, are fucking everywhere. A dinosaur's favourite pet is an ape.

She gestures towards a poster on the wall, with a T-Rex playing with an ape, and it reads 'A DINOSAUR'S FAVOURITE PET IS AN APE'.

BEEF

True. So True.

IAN

Then it's... it's millions of years.

HELEN

Don't you see? Jurassic Park keeps us in this cycle. You humans bring an end to yourselves again and again and again by creating Jurassic Park. I'm trying to keep you alive to break the loop. I'm trying to stop hundreds of thousands... maybe millions of years of pain and suffering for dinosaurs and humans alike.

Ian

Rawr. Ha ha, hmm. Rawr.

HELEN

What's he doing?

Christianna

I think he's trying to say... you're not so bad.

They all smile.

CUT TO: EXT. FIELD

100 giant sized helicopters, like big enough to hold 10 dinosaurs each, come from all directions and black out the sky. They land and an army of soldiers begin to file out.

Terry stands to the side, nervously wringing his hands and trying to smile pleasantly.

Captain Dinomite steps forward from the swarm of dinosaurs and marches up to Terry.

CAPTAIN DINOMITE

I'm Captain Napoleon and I'm here to kill all the humans because I hate them.

TERRY

Well, I do have some moral hesitations about this, but I'm also a coward and former bigot, so go nuts guys.

CAPTAIN DINOMITE

Great, thanks Terry.

TERRY

Alright, see you later alligator.

Captain Dinomite begins sweating profusely.

CAPTAIN DINOMITE

What the fuck? Why would you call me an alligator?

TERRY

It's just a saying man, relax.

CAPTAIN DINOMITE

Oh right, back atcha Terry, you bitch.

Captain Dinomite pulls a machete out of his belt and raises it in the air, roaring (or whatever sound dinosaurs ((alligators)) make) loudly. The soldiers follow him toward the humans, ready to do some killing.

CUT TO: A T-Rex holding a polaroid camera. It's held at chest height, because he can't hold it up to his face because of his stupid little arms.

T-REX STAFF  
Say opposite cheese!

Camera cuts to group of humans and dinos standing in front of 'Opposite Jurassic Park' sign.

HUMANS AND DINOS AND GROUP OF KIDS  
Opposite Cheeeessseeeee

T-Rex staff snaps the photo, at chest height. The camera cuts to the polaroid leaving the camera, the picture is fucking awful. The tops of the guests' heads are cut off, the dinosaurs are just arms and legs, one dino is blinking

STUPID ADULT DINO MOM #1 WITH SOCCER MOM HAIR CUT FROM JOHN  
AND KATE PLUS 8  
[Nasal] I was blinking!!! You have to retake the photo this is  
a disaster!!!!11

T-REX STAFF  
Oh... uhh okay ma'am, everybody say opposite cheese!

HUMANS AND DINOS AND GROUP OF KIDS  
Opposite Cheeeessseeeee

T-Rex staff snaps the photo, at chest height. The camera cuts to the polaroid leaving the camera, the picture is still fucking awful. The tops of the guests' heads are cut off, the dinosaurs are just arms and legs, a different dino is blinking.

ANNOYING DINO DAD #1  
Hey buddy what's the big idea taking a photo while I was blinking?! You fuckin god damn motherfuckin' two timing two bit twenty percent skill one hundred percent concentrated power of will lousy photographer, this is some Andy Warhol shit, why I oughtta-

STUPID ADULT DINO MOM #1 WITH SOCCER MOM HAIR CUT FROM JOHN  
AND KATE PLUS 8

[Shrieking] OH I LOOK AHHMAAAAAAZING. LOOK HOW GOOD I LOOK  
HONEY LOOK AT MY HIGHLIGHT OH MY GOOD GOD MY BROWS ARE ON  
FLEEK, THOSE WINGS COULD CUT A BITCH YAAAASSS SLAY

ANNOYING DINO DAD #1

Honey, this photo needs to be destroyed immediately. I can't  
have this photo be publicized when I run for opposite school  
board. I'll lose all opposite political credibility I'll-

STUPID ADULT DINO MOM #1 WITH SOCCER MOM HAIR CUT FROM JOHN  
AND KATE PLUS 8

Oh dear, you look fine just look how good I look, that's all  
that matters. We all know I'm a trophy wife. [With pride] I  
can't read.

KIDS (in unison)

What's a trophy wife? Am I a trophy child? I won a trophy for  
my opposite YMCA Junior soccer league, I won it for  
participation. I am opposite Tomi Lahren's opposite America.  
[the camera flash goes off once more, and a third photo gets  
printed out, it's fucking awful, truly a disaster]

T-REX STAFF

And that concludes our tour for today. Now kids, can you tell  
us what we learned today?

KIDS (in unison)

The humans of the bygone era were actually covered in  
feathers, and also cooed or quacked like ducks instead of  
being scaly and roaring like popular media has portrayed  
because the media are liberal bastards

RANDOM SCALY DINO #1

Sounds like some bullshit to me

.The sound of helicopters is heard in the distance, the  
M\*A\*S\*H theme plays quietly. T-REX STAFF gets a call on a  
Motorola flip phone, but instead of the Motorola M, it's a  
dinosaur claw. Also the phone is really long because small  
arms and all.

T-REX STAFF

You're speaking to THE junior senior assistant to the director of tour investigations and procedures, as well as former JV opposite soccer captain, Peter Parker

VOICE ON PHONE

Hey honeyyyy, I hope your first day as the junior senior assistant to the director of tour investigations and procedures is going well. I am just SO proud of you. Have you opened the lunch I packed for you? I included a special note for my snookums.

T-REX STAFF PETER PARKER

Sugar bunny, I told you not to call me at work. And yes I opened your lunch and saw the note, I can't wait to ravage you tonight, mommy. [T-REX STAFF PETER PARKER listen on phone for a while] love you too, bye bye

[T-REX STAFF PETER PARKER hangs up phone, moments later, it rings again]

T-REX STAFF PETER PARKER

I TOLD you not to call me at work, lover. I told you we'd fuck later but you never lis-

T-REX STAFF PETER PARKER pauses, listening.

T-REX STAFF PETER PARKER

Oh yes, mr. Terry Dactyl, of course

Helicopter sounds grow louder. M\*A\*S\*H theme does not.

T-REX STAFF

oh my god oh my goodness oh no oh boy oh great oh wonderful oh my sun, moon and stars, oh this is most certainly not good at all this is very bad and not woke. Fuck.

T-REX STAFF hangs up comically large phone, throws it into a bush. The phone explodes and starts a fire. A semi-transparent photo of opposite Smokey the dino bear appears on the screen, crying.

T-REX STAFF

[To the kids] I need you all to play a game with me. It's called opposite hide and seek. The rules are the same, but you're dinosaurs. Except I'm not going to be looking for you.

An opposite elite death squad with weapons designed for efficient and painful killing will be looking for you. But it's a game, a fun game. Also if you lose you will get shot.

But it's a game.

[To adults, loudly whispered] guys, you're super fucked

The KIDS seem unbothered by this, and immediately run, quacking, into the inferno caused by the Motorola flip phone explosion. Many of them don't make it, it's really bad. A lot of them burn to death. A plethora of children continue running past their now burned-to-a-crisp peers, quacking off into the horizon.

STUPID ADULT DINO DAD #1

Look I pay taxes that fund this park. [gesturing wildly] As a lawful tax payer, I demand some respect from the opposite USA government. It's a violation of my rights to be forced to hear these kinds of things. This is supposed to be a family friendly park and I would just like to say that I very much do not appreciate this. You can expect a strongly worded letter to your superiors. Actually, let's do this now. [rolls up sleeves] I'd like to speak to the person in charge.

STUPID ADULT DINO MOM #1 WITH SOCCER MOM HAIR CUT FROM JOHN AND KATE PLUS 8

[Nasal] Yeeeeeah, let me speak to your manager, FUCKO!

T-REX STAFF PETER PARKER

[nervously] I- uhhhhh... Well... uh geez wow uhmmmmmm..... I guess I uhh...

T-REX STAFF PETER PARKER runs into the blazing inferno, grinning widely. He moves into the distance, the flames licking his scaly skin. The three polaroids from the earlier group photos fly into the air, carried by the warm air drift of the fire, and they fill the screen. The top left corners are singed, tastefully and identically. Who knows where these six halves will end up. Maybe if you shut up and just keep reading you'll find out you bitch. The photos slowly burn away, interrupted only by a frustrated shriek from stupid



adult dino mom #1 "THE MANAGER", to reveal the beginnings of the next scene, tinged with smoke.

INTERIOR: MIDDLE EARTH REPLICA ROOM

The OJP STAFF are having a meeting discussing what to do about the SOLDIERS who have announced that they are going to kill all the humans

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

This is some major bullshit. I mean this is some extreme Order 66 shit. I can't believe this. We must do something to stop the soldiers from killing the humans.

MEGHYN

I just hope that some celebs speak out on this. Dinosaur Taylor Swift has been silent on this issue so far, which I think is extremely fucked up

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

I know what you mean, Meghyn. And as disappointing as it is when the celebrities we created don't act how we want them to, we also have to remember that these celebrities have power, and all true revolutions start as grass roots movements against that power.

MEGHYN

I hope she writes a song about this

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

Did you not listen to anything that I just said

MEGHYN

I love dinosaur Taylor Swift so much

Just then a loud crash happens at the door and the SOLDIERS led by CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE storm into the room, destroying the shire section of the room with their big military boots.

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

Captain! You ca-

She is cut off by CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE who wants to deliver an evil monologue.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

Not so fast "Helen"...

He does air quotes with his tiny claws on his tiny arms as he says "Helen", but no one notices, because of how small his claws are.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

...you'll get your chance to speak soon enough. But first I need to deliver my monologue.

The rest of the OJP STAFF all roll their eyes and sit back, awaiting a very lengthy speech from the terrible CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

When I joined the military, I had 3 things in mind. Does anyone know what those three things happened to be?

BEEF

Ian Malcolm?

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE (visibly taken off guard)

Wha- no. It was a rhetorical questi- no. Wait regular Ian Malcom or Dinosaur Ian Malcom. Or wait, actually the dinosaur version of Ian Malcom would be the one I consider to be regul- It doesn't matter. No. Not fucking Ian Malcom. What the hell. Who is this guy. Shit. That really fucking threw me off dude. I forgot like most of my monologue. That was really rude. I- you- gee fucking whiz dude. I clearly didn't want an actual answer. It was a dramatic setup. And you fucking ruined. God Damn. And what even was that answer. Like did you actually think that maybe that was one of th- ok you know what forget it. Moving on.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE looks back over his shoulder at his SOLDIERS and nods

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

Ok boys, thanks to this dumb-shit, we're skipping the monologue. Get in positions.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE starts pacing the room as his soldiers also slowly advance into their positions

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

EAZY GEEZY, hit it!

A member of the CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE's crew, apparently named EAZY GEEZY, pulls up a jukebox and hits the button.

Music plays out of the jukebox and also somehow through the speakers in the room, even though they clearly didn't set it up to do so. Maybe it was Bluetooth or something, but even

then you'd have to pair the device first. We don't really know how, but somehow the music plays through the building speakers. It's strangely similar to "Take On Me" by A-Ha, but with enough differences that it would ne defendable in Dinosaur Copyright Law Court.

CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE and his SOLDIERS all start doing a synchronized dance on par with a Beyonce music video through the Gondor section of the MIDDLE EARTH REPLICA ROOM, as a SOLDIER starts to sing.

UNNAMED SOLDIER ONE (Singing)  
We'lllllllll killlllllll youuuuuu

SOLDIERS IN UNISON (Singing)  
We'll kill you!

UNNAMED SOLDIER TWO (Singing)  
And the huuuuuumaaaaaaaans tooooooo

SOLDIERS IN UNISON (Singing)  
The humans too!

A soldier who has a name-tag that says "Brad" on it emerges from the middle of the group.

SOLDIER NAMED BRAD (Singing)  
You'lllllllllll beeeeeee gooooooone

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE is lifted up by the SOLDIERS as the carry him closer to the STAFF and he prepares to hit the high note. We see an overhead shot of him being carried and then a cut to a front shot of the SOLDIERS setting CAPT him down.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
In a (deep breath) DAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!!!!

He hits the high note. I mean really fucking hits it. It's so badass. Everyone whose arms are large enough to clap, clap. Those who can't still look pleased.

MARV (as he stops clapping)  
Wait did you just say you're going to kill us?

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
That's right, "Marv"

He does the finger quotes thing again. Once again, it goes unnoticed.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

Well, maybe not allllll of you. We just want to make sure that no one will stop us in our mission to kill these humans and ensure the safety of Dinosaur-kind.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE stops for a brief moment. A flashback happens where we see him being sworn in. His commanding officer says "Do you swear to protect dinosaur-kind"? He says "yes." We see genuine care in his eyes. It's a pretty lame flashback, but it will help us humanize (dinosaur-ize in this case) our villain in a way that allows him to be complicated rather than just evil. It's 2017 baby, nothing is black and white. This shit has layers, bitch.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
Alright, let's start the questioning

The SOLDIERS tie up all the STAFF in the firey section of Mordor in the room. There's a bit of a struggle, but the STAFF realizes that they stand no chance, and comply.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
Ok, let's start wiiiiith...YOU

He points to Garfield

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
Garfield. Do you agree with us that the humans must be eradicated for the greater good of this planet.

GARFIELD  
(Thinking about how jealous he is that the popular meme Grumpy Cat stole his spotlight a few years ago)  
No.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
Well then we must make an example of you. Soldiers!

The SOLDIERS untie GARFIELD and carry him a few feet over. They hold him over the section of the room that represents Mount Doom. It's poorly constructed but you can still tell what it's supposed to be in context.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
I hope they serve lasagna in hell, bitch.

The SOLDIERS drop GARFIELD into the Mount Doom replica. It's actually over an active volcano. GARFIELD gets his ass fried. As he sizzles into oblivion he mutters three words.

GARFIELD (sizzling into nothing)  
I hate Mondays.

TERRY DACTYL

Noooooo!!!! Garfield was my only friend! How could you do this!

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

So I take it that you agree with him?!

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE pulls out a butterfly knife and starts doing tricks with it as he approaches the fear-ridden Terry. The butterfly knife tricks are actually pretty impressive, given the size of this guy's hands. Terry continues to be just a real fucking pussy about it as the CAPTAIN gets closer and closer. He's shaking in his damn boots.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

You're a real fucking pussy, Terry. And your name sucks ass.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE stabs the shit out of Terry.

The surviving DINO SCIENTISTS—HELEN, MARV, BEEF, T-SEX, and MEGHYN—are tied up. CAPTAIN NAPOLEON paces back and forth while his SOLDIERS cover them with rifles.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

We warned you scientist assholes that it was too dangerous to keep these monsters alive. But you wouldn't listen. And now—you're all going to die.

HELEN

Are they the monsters? Or are we?

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

They are.

HELEN

Or! Are we?

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

No. They are. I already told you.

MARV

No use trying to expand his mind, Helen. A mind can't expand when it's under a captain's helmet.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

Shut up! Soldiers, kill these lab-coated bitches now.

SOLDIER 1

Kiss your tails goodbye.

T-SEX

How about I kiss Meghyn's tail goodbye?

MEGHYN

We're about to be murdered. How are you thinking about my ass right now?

T-SEX

I use sex as a coping mechanism when I'm in a stressful situation.

The huge picture window shatters as the HUMANS burst into the building, with the children dressed as an adorable guerrilla army. Costume designers, think of a cross between Rambo and the orphans from Annie.

CHRISTIANNIA

Not so fast, Mister Captain!

The CAPTAIN and his SOLDIERS stare goggle-eyed, confused by this turn of events.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

Huh-say-whaa?

BEEF:

Dr. Ian!

MEGHYN:

What are you doing here?

IAN

We're here to save you! Right, kids?

CHILDREN  
[in unison:]  
Yeah!

IAN  
Quick! Untie them!

The HUMANS rush to untie the DINO SCIENTISTS' bonds.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
Don't just stand there! Shoot them!

The SOLDIERS shoot in various directions, missing wildly, like the Storm Troopers in Star Wars.

SOLDIER 1  
It's too hard to aim at the humans!

SOLDIER 2  
They're so tiny!

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
So shoot harder!

HELEN, now untied, grabs her science journal. She narrates aloud as she writes in the journal.

HELEN  
"The humans came to rescue us. They feel—loyalty. Perhaps they really are kind creatures after all."

MARV  
For once, this is no time for scientific conclusions! Let's get out of here!

CHRISTIANNIA  
Follow me! We have a secret route through the jungle.

CHRISTIANNIA leads the way through the shattered window, out of the building and down a steep hill to where the jungle lies.

IAN

Children, come with me.

IAN and the CHILDREN follow CHRISTIANNIA, and then the DINO SCIENTISTS. Last of all, the SURFER lays down his surfboard and prepares to slide on it down the hill and into the jungle.

SURFER

See you later, alligators!

SURFER exits on board, zooming down the hill and into the jungle after the others.

CAPT NAPOLEON DINOMITE

We're not—we're not alligators. NO ONE HERE IS AN ALLIGATOR!

Our Characters are running through the woods, you can hear lots of gunfire and Dinosaur Roars. It's as scary as the acting in Josh's Halloween Episode Of "Now We're Talking" Shia Leboeuf joins our heroes in the running.

BEEF

Wait, that one wasn't with us before. [Gestures head to SHIA LEBOEUF]

SHIA LEBOEUF grins widely and winks. He then turns and jumps 21 feet into the air at the pursuing dinosaurs, SHIA takes large bites out of the pursuing American Dinosaur Troops. Three stay behind to kill SHIA and the rest press on.

ELIJAH WOOD

Holy Shit!

The characters are running and jumping over logs and shit. Some troops come into their path.



ALL  
FUCK!

[The gang turns right and keeps running against a chorus of Roars and Gunfire. The gang continue to run through dark forestry, jumping over roots and ducking under branches. Even More Roars And Gunfire.

SHIA LEBOEUF jumps over head from one tree to the next. Guess what else there is... Roars and Gunfire.

MEGHYN  
What The Patrick Swayze is going on!?

HELEN  
We need to find somewhere to hide!

T SEX  
Yeah, go ahead and shout about it!

CHRISTIANNIA  
You're shouting too.

T SEX  
There's Gunfire and Roars, I don't think they can hear us. A "Da Fuq" look comes across ELIJAH WOOD's face.

US DINO TROOP  
Freeze right there, MotherFuckers!

This TROOP is holding a Fucking\_Bazooka\*TM.

US DINO TROOP  
You're all coming with-

A Swarm Of Danny DeVitos come out of nowhere and devour the TROOP within seconds.

TERRY  
Lucky break

Roars and Gunfire, but quieter.

DR. MALCOLM  
Look, a warehouse. We can hide there.

T SEX

What are we, Abraham Lincoln's shooter?

DR. MALCOLM

How would you know about that? That was like 4200-

BANE COOK

Blaze it

DR. MALCOLM

-years ago.

SURFER

Just shut your faces and go!

EXT - Jungle, late at night. The cricket-dinosaur hybrids are chirping violently, almost to the point where you can barely hear the dialogue

KANDY

Jesus Christ, you guys, that was a scary situation that just happened, I'm assuming.

BEEF

You're telling me.

KIDS (In unison)

I know! I barely thought I was going to make it out alive!

ELIJAH

Why are you doing that?

KIDS (in unison)

Doing what?

ELIJAH

Talking in unison like that... It's weird. You guys are weird.

KIDS (in unison)

Oh yeah? You fucking hack? You wanna talk weird? How about we talk about your goddamn face? You look like if Daniel Radcliffe got the life force sucked out of him. You look like

a satyr but if all traces of magic and childlike wonder were completely thrown out the window. I have half a mind to fucking rip your throat out right now for acting like we're somehow the worst for talking in unison, oh BIG WHOOP! I hope you die. I hope you're the first one to die in Y2K. I hope that when the computers become sentient, or whatever,

ELIJAH (sheepishly)  
That's not what's gonna happen-

KIDS (in unison)  
Oh yeah? Like I give a shit. I'm fucking 6, you asshole. You get so worried about dying in Y2K as if Wilfred ALONE didn't prove to the world that you were done giving anything of value to it.

The obscenely large amount of children unexplainably seems larger throughout this monologue.

KIDS (In unison)  
I hope when your weird flimsy body rots in hell, you're forced to watch your own boring, overhyped, Lord of The Rings extended editions. I hope when satan first sees you arrive at the 9<sup>th</sup> circle of hell, he recognizes you from your 1994 film North, which has been called one of the worst movies of all time, and realizes that the 9<sup>th</sup> circle of hell is too good for you, and then builds ANOTHER fucking circle of hell just for you.

ELIJAH  
I was 12 when I made that, guys. Cut me some slack.

KIDS (In unison)  
Kathy Bates was in fucking brownface, Eli! You don't think that was a red flag for you during filming?

ELIJAH begins to audibly sob

KIDS (in unison)  
Oh god... I'm sorry. I- I didn't mean all that. It's just... it's been a stressful year for me. I just quit cigarettes and I'm a bit on-edge. Plus, all that running from the soldiers really made me panic. I hope you can forgive me.

CHRISTIANNIA

Why do you keep on referring to yourselves in the singular?

KIDS (in unison)

Oh you typical fucking leftists, claiming you're so "tolerant" of everything, but the moment I, I mean we, do something that might imply that we are but merely a vessel for a fallen demigod whose punishment for betraying the moral code of our one true creator, Plummix, was being stuck in multiple mortal bodies for all of our lifetimes, you act all "Oh these children are creepy! Get away, creepy children!" Bullshit!

HELEN

Children! Can we please calm down? One more intense long out-of-sync monologue from you, and you're getting grounded, I mean it!

Bane Cook begins building a fire as all of this happens.

KIDS (in unison)

Sorry, Dr. Helen.

HELEN pulls a guitar out from behind a bush and puts it in her lap, ready to play

HELEN

Now, who wants to hear a song?

KANDY

Ooh, I do!

MALCOM

I guess a little song couldn't hurt. How about a classic? Do you know Camptown Races?

HELEN

Why, sure!

HELEN begins to attempt to play the guitar only to realize she is a dinosaur and her hands can barely reach the strings.

HELEN

Oh, bother

KANDY

Give me that! I know some real music. Allow me to sing you a song I sang to my grandchild as they were being born.

KANDY begins strumming slowly and begins playing the original song "Kandy's Song (Fly, Fly, Fly, Fly, Fly, Fly, Take These Wings And Learn To Fly, (Please Take These Wings (please (I do not need them))))" as written by Left At London

KANDY (singing)

My little baby, you must never cry  
Take these wings and learn to fly  
Your grandma brought you wings  
And now your grandma sings  
So take these wings I brought you, learn to fly

Please do not ask me where I got the wings  
You mustn't know where I get the gifts I bring  
Point is that I brought you wings  
And now your grandma sings  
Take these wings I brought you, learn to fly

Fly, fly, fly  
Please get born already, it's been quite some time  
If I'm late for work again, they'll fire me  
And frankly, I'm already pretty poor

KANDY (no longer singing)

And I haven't seen my grandchild since... I was late for work,  
and the government took my eye for being too poor... damn you  
and your oppressive regime, President Barrymore.

MEGHYN

That song... I recognize it from somewhere. No... it couldn't be...

Meghyn and Kandy stare at each other for quite some time

SURFER

Welp, this is weird. I'm pretty tired from a lack of lines, so  
I'm gonna head off to bed.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX (under breath)

Speaking of head, I'm about to give you some...

SURFER

What?

T SEX (Yelling)

I SAID SPEAKING OF HEAD, I'M ABOUT TO-

Helen clears her throat, and T Sex slouches back into his chair.

Surfer walks toward his tent, only to drop his wallet.

T SEX

Oh perfect! An excuse to follow them into their tent and seduce them!

T SEX walks into SURFERS tent

T SEX

Oh hey, Surfer, you dropped your wallet

SURFER

That's okay, legal tender isn't exactly the most necessary thing to have in this apocalyptish scenario.

As SURFER is talking, T SEX is looking through SURFERS wallet, which shows SURFERS license, and his full legal name "SURFER S. HUNTER." Eyes: HAZEL. Twitter account: NONE. Sex: MALE, (BUT WOULD LOOK CUTE AS FEMALE).

SURFER

Plus, there's no money in there even. Just hug coupons.

T SEX

Mind if I use one of those hug coupons on your thick and short penis?

SURFER

Oh yeah sure - wait a second, are you trying to bang me?

T SEX

I dino-might be!

Authors note: When I came up with this joke, I didn't know that the enemy's name was going to be Napoleon Dinomite. This lack of foresight makes this joke weird.

SURFER

Well I guess it's time to bang! Are you ready to fuck me, my bitch?

BANE COOK

Hell yeah we are!

Pan to Bane Cook who had been there the whole time, thinking he was being hit on as well. SURFER stares at T SEX as if to say "did you know he was here?" and T SEX looks back as if to say "be nice, and just fuck. I don't want him to feel left out"

BANE COOK

Time to fuck, bros!

BANE takes off his coat, while SURFER takes off his floaties. Bane slowly slides his penis inside Surfers penis until they are a manmade Chinese finger trap for dicks. They hoist back and forth like the worlds sexiest penis saw, sawing at the worlds most sexy tree; Tyrannosaurus Sex's plump dinosaur ass.

BANE COOK

I'm bout ta burst!

SURFER

I swear on my mum, this nut shall pop!

T SEX

It's time, you daddies!

They simultaneously cum, at the same time. Bane cums so hard part of his foreskin rips off. The cum collides at the center, making a large cummy splash, that covers them all in cum. It's like the sexiest fruit gusher's commercial, but instead of fruit, it's all cum.

SURFER

Welp, now that's over. Good job, guys.

Everybody's excitement sort of just goes back to normal immediately and everybody gets in to bed, ready to sleep. Surfer is already asleep.

T SEX

Damn, I can't believe I just had sex with two human males. I guess now I'm a homosaurus

AUTHORS NOTE: the person who wrote that joke is gay, so it's not homophobic. However, if the person who plays T SEX is a filthy heterosexual, it is extremely homophobic and you should dox the bastard immediately.

BANE COOK

Hey... Tyrannosaurus Sex?

T SEX

Yes, daddy?

BANE COOK

Well, son, I wanted to ask you a question if you don't mind

T SEX

Ask away

BANE COOK

Was I..... good at sex?

T SEX

You were adequate.

BANE COOK

Would you say I'm..... better than Surfer?

T SEX

Well, that's a hard decision. (T Sex looks directly into the camera, breaking the fourth wall) Audience, what do you think?

Text BANE to 5709 to vote for Bane Cook, or text SURF to 5709 to vote for Surfer! Again that number is 5709, you can text BANE or SURF to it to vote on who you thought was better at sex! Text now before the end of the movie to find out who won!

BANE COOK



I guess I'll find out... At the end of the movie!

Fade to black.

INTERIOR: A CAVE IN THE WOODS

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

Everyone, stop your suckin' and fuckin' and huddle around this fire. It will keep you warm, especially for us cold-bloodeds.

BEEF

You warm-blooded skin bitches don't need this fire. Leave it to BEEF and the rest of us scaleys.

CHRISTIANNA

Woah, that's fucked up and offensive, BEEF.

KANDY

You're a racist ass racist, BEEF.

BEEF

It's just the way BEEF was raised, ma'am.

BEEF spits into a spittoon that is in the cave for some reason. It makes a "ding" sound and spins around slowly before stopping.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

He's from a different time. A fucked up, racist time- the Triassic. Don't worry about him. Let's distract ourselves from our guaranteed, imminent deaths by swapping some campfire stories or urban legends.

A hush falls over the camp. The crackling of the fire is all that can be heard.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

A long time ago, in a land before time, there were dinosaurs, just like us.

KIDS (in unison)

Just like us?

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

Shut the fuck up. I'm telling a story.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR pushes one of the dinosaur children into the campfire, where it burns and dies. Death is not instant, and the child's screams can be heard for the remainder of the scene.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

Anyway, what was I saying. Oh right, in the forest there lived a strange creature. It was like us, but more fucked up and unevolved.

KIDS (in unison)

Oh damn.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR pushes another kid into the fire. The flame gets brighter and more ominous. Her face glows threateningly. Is threateningly a word? Fuck it. I don't care. I'm Shakespearing this bitch.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

But instead of being large and in charge like us.....this dinosaur had.....it had.....

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR pauses for a moment, flipping over the children in the fire to give them an even crisp all around.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

It had small feet.

The KIDS all gasp. One even vomits just thinking about it.

BEEF

Oh, come on. You're not talking about Smallfoot, are you? That's just an old wives' tail, which is a play on words of "old wives' tale," as we are dinosaurs.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

I am indeed talking about Smallfoot.

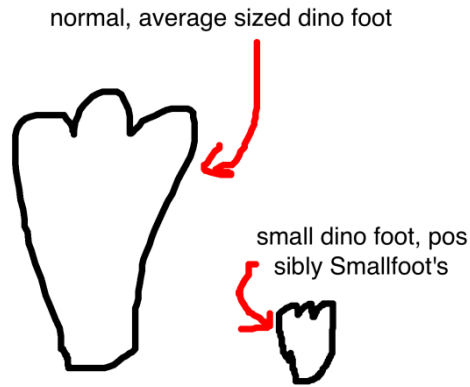
BEEF

BEEF was told that there was no proof for that in his public schooling.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

Oh yeah? Why don't you look at this graph I made?

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR pulls out a diagram from her dinosaur pocket, the dinosaur equivalent of a pocket. It is shown below for the reader's convenience. Enjoy.



BEEF

Oh shit, Doc. You're right. BEEF guesses there is a Smallfoot after all.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR pushes another kid into the fire, just for fun this time.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

That's right. And Smallfoot is a sin against nature. A spit in the face of Dinosaur God, the dinosaur equivalent of God. If we see it out here in these woods, I will kill it dead.

BEEF

BEEF has never seen a hotter dinosaur woman in his life. DR. HELEN DINOSAUR, BEEF has a confession to make.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

What is it?

She looks BEEF straight in his eyes and tosses another child into the fire.

BEEF

BEEF loves you. Will you marry BEEF and make him Mr. Dr. Helen Dinosaur?

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

Sure.

Anyway, they have a wedding here. I'm not sure how to write a wedding scene, because the only wedding I've ever been to was my parents' when I was 5 days old and I don't remember it. And it was a courthouse wedding. Alright fuck it. The dinosaurs get married in a courthouse that is for some reason in this cave. They also have a 5-day old son with them they never wanted.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

I do.

BEEF  
BEEF does.

They kiss and it's hot.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
Now for the honeymoon ;)

The two dinosaurs climb into a green and yellow painted Ford™ Explorer® with a sign that says "Just Dinosaur Married" and start getting busy in the backseat. A glass of water on the dashboard starts vibrating suddenly.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
Look at that water. It's shaking.

BEEF  
That's just from our sensual lovemaking.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
But it's still going. What if..

The other dinosaurs haven't been paying attention to the two of them this whole time, and are still around the campfire. KANDY is cooking a hot dog on a stick. The camera pans up and you hear slow, lumbering footsteps approaching. A grenade gets tossed near the camp and explodes.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
Mustard gas!

KANDY  
Good, I needed some for this hot dog.

KANDY's dumbass walks towards the mustard gas, flailing her hotdog around in the fumes.

KANDY  
Ah, damn. This hurts and sucks.

A soldier breaks through the trees and shoots her in the eyepatch.

KANDY  
Ow, my eyepatch. You bastard. I'm dead now you piece of shit.  
Fuck.

Before she can finish her sentence, CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE and the rest of the SOLDIERS show up and there is a fucking massacre.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
Ahhh fuck. It's a fucking massacre. Fuck.

SURFER  
You fascist bastards will never take us alive. This is not the America I used to know- this is Trump's America, right girl?

SURFER looks around the camp, his long, blond hair flowing in the moonlight. Let's do a slow-mo shot here I think.

SURFER  
Sparky? Where are ya?

The camera cuts to a dead dog lying on the ground, with a collar that reads "Sparky, the Surfer's dog and friend".

SURFER  
Noooooooooo! My man! My bitch!

By now, BEEF has hopped out of the Ford™ Explorer® and is just wailing on some Dinosaur soldiers.

SURFER  
Stop! We must not fight them. Can't you see that if we use violence against these fascists, we are no better than them?

Surfer gets shot in the face, but he's just wounded.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
There, there, girl.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR bends down to a different wounded human, who is moaning in agony. She pets its head and feeds it a sugar cube out of the palm of her hand. The human licks her hand clean before going limp. DR. HELEN DINOSAUR tosses its body along with the others. The death toll is uncountable. Estimates put it around a dozen.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
Wait, where is my husband? Where is the BEEF?

Immediately after this line, we recreate the entire Wendy's commercial "Where's the Beef!?" that originally aired on January 10, 1984 shot by shot but with dinosaurs instead. The commercial plays like 3 or 4 times in a row and we generate enough ad revenue from Wendy's to finance the entire movie. The script for it is shown below.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
It certainly is a big bun.

MEGHYN  
It's a very big bun.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX  
A big fluffy bun.

MEGHYN  
It's a very big, fluffy bun.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR lifts the top hamburger bun to show a very small patty beneath it, along with a pickle.

MEGHYN  
Where's the beef?

NARRATOR DINOSAUR  
Some hamburger places give you a lot less beef on a lotta bun.

MEGHYN  
Where's the beef!?

NARRATOR DINOSAUR  
At Wendy's, we serve a hamburger we modestly call a single. And Wendy's single has more beef than the Whopper or Big Mac. At Wendy's you get more beef and less bun.

MEGHYN  
Hey, where's the beef!?

NARRATOR DINOSAUR  
You want something better. You're Wendy's kind of people.

The commercial ends and it cuts to us, the writers, just flushed with cash.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
Oh no, BEEF!

BEEF is dead. He is holding his wedding ring up to his heart, along with a note.

BEEF'S NOTE  
My dearest. My sweet DR. HELEN DINOSAUR. You must move on and find another man. BEEF cannot be there for you anymore, as BEEF am dead. Please don't mention us being married for the rest of the movie. This isn't to fix a plot hole; this is just

because BEEF wants you to move on. BEEF loves you. Signed  
BEEF.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
Damn, that's not chill.

MEGHYN  
We need to find a way out of here, fast!

DR. IAN MALCOM  
Look! Up in the sky!

Suddenly a biplane flies overhead. It's carrying a sign behind  
it that reads "Bernie would have won."

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
We're saved!

The camera zooms in to show the pilot, Bernie Sanders himself,  
who gives a thumbs up before doing a barrel roll and crashing  
into the side of a mountain.

Bernie Sanders  
Ahhh. Damn.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
Quick, everyone into the Ford™ Explorer®!

MEGHYN  
There's not enough room!

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
You're right. We'll have to leave some of the cargo behind.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR cocks a shotgun and kills like twenty or  
thirty of the KIDS. The rest of them hop into the car and  
speed away through the forest.

The gang is riding away in a Ford Explorer, taking in what had  
just happened. T-Sex is driving.

BANE COOK  
(catching his breath)  
Jesus Christ, who let him drive?

T-Sex is clearly struggling to get a grip on the wheel.  
Because he's a T-Rex. He also has poked a massive hole through  
the roof of the car. Because he's a T-Rex.

CHRISTIANNIA  
(looking at/tending to Surfer's wound)

Malcom, take over.

Dr. Ian Malcom gets a grip of the steering wheel from the passenger's seat.

T-SEX

Well now this is just uncomfortable.

DR. IAN MALCOM

T-Sex please we don't need comfort we just need to get to safety.

T-SEX

(trying to cross his arms)

No I get it! It's okay! I'm fine! Totally not getting my space violated!

DR. IAN MALCOM

Christ

Dr. Ian Malcom pulls over. He and T-Sex struggle to swap seats. Because T-Sex is a T-Rex. They finally manage to swap, and T-Sex is hunched over uncomfortably.

DR. IAN MALCOM

(staring at T-Sex)

T-SEX

(staring at Malcom)

DR. IAN MALCOM

(yells)

Sit up man! Christ! Fuck!

T-SEX

(slowly starts to sit up, the roof of the car bending until he punches another hole in the roof.)

Everyone in car stares at T-Sex, Dr. Ian Malcom begins to drive again. They continue driving until they reach a large cavern. They decide to get out and set up camp, hoping they've found temporary safety. They know they have to plan their next move.

Dr. Helen Dinosaur, Marv, and Meghyn are all scoping out the area with Christianna. Bane Cook is sitting Indian style against a wall of the cave. He's trying to eat an Airhead. Nobody knows where he got the Airhead. He's just aggressively shoving it against his mouthpiece. Elijah Wood is trying to tie his shirt around Surfer's head to halt some of the



bleeding. T-Sex is snackin on a tree. Dr Ian Malcom is standing with his arms crossed, looking around at everyone. The Kids are just. Everywhere

ELIJAH WOOD

Pretty big.. Uh.. hole you got there. Surfer.

SURFER

(staring at Elijah's chest)

Pretty gnarly set of pecks you got there... dude.

Elijah is still trying to fasten his shirt around Surfer's head wound. They're both looking into eachother's eyes at this point. Surfer has a grip on Elijah's thigh.

Cut to Dr. Ian Malcom, who approaches T-Sex, who is still munching on a tree.

DR. IAN MALCOM

I can't believe you're hungry at a time like this.

T-SEX

(shrugs)

Big boy's gotta eat.

DR. IAN MALCOM

(squinting)

Don't you eat like, meat.

T-SEX

Well yeah but I mean, I like to keep an uhm. Balanced diet. You know get my greens in inbetween things.

DR. IAN MALCOM

(squinting intensifies)

T-SEX

I mean, get my greens in INBETWEEN EATIN' THAT PUSSY AYYYYYE!  
(holds hand out as best as he can for a high five)

DR. IAN MALCOM

(still squinting, walks away)

T-SEX

(internal monologue, suddenly his voice is British)  
If only they knew. The trouble that lies within. The inner machinations of this ever-struggling mind. The delicate tango between sex-machine and fragile soul we dance every forsaken night. If only they knew. If only they could know. (T-Sex munches on more leaves, and blinks slowly.)

Dr. Ian Malcom approaches Dr. Helen Dinosaur, Marv, Meghyn, and Christiannia. The kids all run around him, giggling.

DR. IAN MALCOM  
So, what are we thinkin'?

CHRISTIANNIA  
We probably have a good hour left of safety before the sun starts to rise. They're surely looking for us by now. Dinomite, that bastard.

DR. IAN MALCOM  
So we need a plan.

CHRISTIANNIA  
We need a plan. Fast.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
(squinting into cavern)  
Oh my god are Elijah and Surfer... bare backing?

MARV  
Helen! We need to focus!

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
(looks away from cavern)  
Right, right. You're right sorry. (looks back at cavern) God they are REALLY just GOING. AT IT.

MARV  
Helen!

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR  
(shakes head)  
You're right, you're right I'm sorry. We need to make a move. No amount of consensual gay sex is going to save us at this point.

BANE COOK  
(approaches the group) (his Airhead is almost gone at this point)  
Are you saying at some point, an amount of consensual gay sex *could* have saved us?

Everyone stares at Bane Cook.

DR. IAN MALCOM

Bane Cook, you rat bastard. Where did you find a blue raspberry Airhead?

BANE COOK

Where does anyone find anything? (The Airhead is finished now. Nobody knows how he actually ate it, but nobody questions it.)

MARV

Everyone! Please! We need a plan before morning comes. Now Christiannia and I were talking, and we decided we need to-

CHRISTIANNIA

-We need to attack.

MARV

(nods)

CHRISTIANNIA

We need to attack. Big time.

DR. IAN MALCOM

Ok. And how are we going to attack "Big time"? We're down three. Surfer is injured. All we have is a couple of idiots, a sex crazed Tyrannosaurus Rex, and a whole bunch of (The kids all run by, still giggling. They're always just fucking giggling) fucking kids.

BANE COOK

Hey!

DR. IAN MALCOM

My apologies Bane. You're not an idiot. You're a-

BANE COOK

No I was just gonna say we have more Airheads, too. (Bane holds up bag of Airheads)

DR. IAN MALCOM

Oh! Fantastic! (Looks at Christiannia, Dr Helen Dinosaur, and Marv) We're fucked.

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

We're not fucked. We're foreplayed.

DR. IAN MALCOM

(cocks eyebrow at Helen)

DR. HELEN DINOSAUR

(closes eyes, shakes head) No, no, no. What I'm saying is. We're not fucked yet. We still have a fighting chance. We just have to play with our strengths.

MARV

We need to catch them in a place that we know better than them.

Everyone looks up, knowing exactly what Marv's saying  
CHRISTIANNIA, DR. IAN MALCOM, AND DR. HELEN DINOSAUR ALL AT  
ONCE  
The park.

BANE COOK  
(late) The park.

Everyone looks at Bane Cook

BANE COOK  
(peeling open another airhead) Excuse me for wanting to be a part of something.

DR. IAN MALCOM  
(shakes his head) (yells) GENTLEMEN! CHILDREN!

T-Sex and the kids all stop and stare at Malcom. Elijah and Surfer are loudly and aggressively having sex inside the cave. All everyone can hear is Elijah literally crying and Surfer loudly calling out surfing terms.

DR. IAN MALCOM  
(Rolls up his sleeves, marches into cave. Drags both Elijah and Surfer out by their ears. Elijah's shirt is completely soaked through with Surfer's blood around his head. Elijah is in his underwear [Tidy whities], Surfer is in a pair of swim trunks. Dr. Ian Malcom aggressively lets go of their ears) Ladies. Gentleman. Sticky children. Get ready. Today. We get our park back.

Everyone looks up, smiling. Hopeful and optimistic.

BANE COOK  
That's all the speech we get? I expected more. Like something from a Shakespeare. Or something. (T-Sex smacks Bane with a large branch from tree. Bane goes flying into the bushes. His bag of Airheads goes everywhere) Sorry.

The gang gets ready for war. "Taking Care of Business" plays in background. The kids are sharpening sticks. Bane comes and gives them tiny machine guns instead. Elijah and Surfer are holding hands while Elijah puts mud on Surfer's cheeks as

warpaint. T-Sex is trying on different ball-gags. Christianna, Dr. Ian Malcom, and Marv are all strategizing. Dr. Helen Dinosaur looks at everyone, with an optimistic and mischievous grin. It's time. The gang loads back into the Ford Explorer. T-Sex tries to get in the front seat again, but is quickly pushed out by Bane Cook. Dr. Ian Malcom drives again, and daylight is approaching. They head towards the park.

Scene cuts to an overview of the park. Bird's eye. Then a sign that says OPPOSITE JURASSIC PARK. "The Park" is written at the bottom of the screen like in a shitty spy movie so the audience knows they're at the park. Maybe cue some Agent Cody Banks tunes here

MYSTERIOUS HACKERMAN

We're in

MYSTERIOUS HACKERMAN #2

No, shithead, c'mon Dan, you haven't even pressed the button yet, my bitch.

MYSTERIOUS HACKERMAN presses the button. The outermost park gate opens and light comes through, revealing MYSTERIOUS HACKERMAN to be ELIJAH WOOD. MYSTERIOUS HACKERMAN #2 is SURFER, but that was kind of a given, since, you know, he said his catchphrase just then. Whatever. You can show his face too, it just wouldn't be that great of a dramatic reveal. Especially since he kinda got fucking shot there. But what do I know, director's choice.

ELIJAH WOOD

What's with the laptop you used to do all that decrypting, by the way? Shit looks like Wall-E.

SURFER

Oh, yeah, I just kinda picked it up along the way. I think I stole it from a dinosaur? I was high

ELIJAH WOOD

The dinos actually made a working computer?

SURFER

[chuckles] [and such a verb is not used often] You're behind, man. 'Saur technology surpassed us ages ago. Like...lil'

fuckers were taking over Apple by 2420, they pissed on Steve Job's grave, they-

ELIJAH WOOD

Wait, what did you just say?

SURFER

You mean 2420, which was not the literal last thing I just said but what clearly would have most piqued your interest, allowing me to use my colloquial knowledge to presume what part of my statement needed further clarification? Yeah, dude, it's been a couple thousand years since we were frozen, or, as I like to call it, "squirreled". Since it also happened to the squirrel in Ice Age. And because "frozen" reminds me too much of what happened to my Neopets account when I was a kid

SURFER clenches his fist, the traumatic memory crashing through his head like the sands of Mavericks. Surfer joke there haha if you don't know what Mavericks means google it kook bitch

ELIJAH WOOD

Holy shit. Thousands of years? Everyone I knew is dead now. Every idol I ever had is dead. Do you know what this means? I have so many fucking tweets to make right now. Give me that laptop

SURFER

[trying to close several tabs of porn at once] Hold on. [system stops responding; tabs freeze and do that thing where when you drag them it creates a million of them, SURFER's desktop completely covered in tabs of a paused, blurry, sandy dong belonging to GOLDBLUM] Wait. [He slams laptop shut, breaking it] We have to stay on task.

ELIJAH WOOD

Ahhhh. That's right. The task

FLASHBACK START

ELIJAH WOOD

I will do it! I will go. I will destroy the Power Station.

BANE COOK

You have my Bane Mask

THE KIDS (in unison)  
And you have our youth

CHRISTIANNIA  
And the extra consonants in my name

SURFER  
And my board

FLASHBACK ENDS

SURFER  
Dude...you know what scene that was just like?

ELIJAH WOOD  
What scene what was just like?

SURFER  
The thing I was just remembering. When you said you were gonna  
destroy the Power Station and we established a sort of  
fellowship.

ELIJAH WOOD  
Oh, yeah. Sure, I see the parallel.

SURFER  
Yeah. It was exactly like in Harry Potter when your character  
thinks his dead dad is alive but it's actually just him from  
the future.

ELIJAH WOOD  
What? No! Th-

A HUGE-ASS BOMB explodes in the distance, but like, close  
enough to be pretty alarming

SURFER  
Sweet Christ!

CHRISTIANNIA  
[COMES FROM OUTTA FUCK NO WHERE] You called?

SURFER

Yeah. We gotta decrypt the inner lock system so we can get in the Employee's Only part of the park.

CHRISTIANNIA

Pffft. Have you tried just opening the door?

CHRISTIANNIA turns the handle of the door labelled EMPLOYEES ONLY, but it is in fact locked

CHRISTIANNIA

Hmmm, usually that works

ELIJAH WOOD

The surfer managed to -

SURFER

Oh please, just call me Surfer

ELIJAH WOOD

...Surfer managed to decrypt the first lock with his computer, so he can probably get this one done too

SURFER

About that

SURFER looks at the broken shards in his lap, the remains of a true war hero. Elijah Wood and Christiannia glance at it, exchanging uncomfortable glances, not because their best bet at getting into the heart of the park was now shattered but because one of the broken pieces still displayed the image of a blurry sandy dong. That shouldn't still be there. It should have went black when the laptop broke. This is why Dinosaur Technology fucking sucks

SURFER

Yeah it got a virus

ELIJAH WOOD

We're fucked! I need to get to the Power Station!

SURFER

Wait! Daniel! You have a computer! Or at least a smart phone. We can use that, brah. We are good as guac.



CHRISTIANNIA  
Who's Daniel?

ELIJAH WOOD  
[giving up on the whole damn name thing] What? Surfer, mine is from Y2K thousand. It's been frozen in my back pocket for thousands of years!

SURFER  
Squirreled. And just try it, sunshine. Or else we all die. And you know, you gotta be the "boy who lived" haha

ELIJAH WOOD  
How many times do I have to tell you I'm not Harry Potter?

SURFER  
Well, duh, but you played him so just pretend really hard to have magic.

CHRISTIANNIA [has already taken the phone, is messing with some weird Matrix lookin' app]  
Got it. Ironically, their security system was actually woven within the lock system, which would have been impossible to get into with the modern computers. Only the 2000 had the now-nonexistent backdoor technology to this

ELIJAH WOOD  
Hell yeah. Y2K thousand decrypted them both. Good thing I brought that thing along. Just can't beat the Millennium Bug

CHRISTIANNIA  
You know you can just say 2000. And 2K thousand is redundant and Millennium Bug is the worst thing I've ever heard.

SURFER  
But like...that's gnarly convenient.

CHRISTIANNIA  
Yeah. Anyway, we should stop talking about hacking before it becomes even more apparent how little knowledge about the topic went into these lines

ELIJAH WOOD

Still, though. Not bad for a first timer.

CHRISTIANNA

Yeah, we actually nailed this first try, which is almost hard to believe. Divine intervention, maybe? It really feels like there's gonna be a catch. But seriously, I'm impressed. [TO ELIJAH] Thanks.

SURFER

[giving the 'shaka', but the way the locals do it, like his palms are facing himself. He's not doing it the shit tourist reversed way] Livin' up to the first part of your last name. Rad.

ELIJAH WOOD

I'm telling you, I'm not -

ANOTHER HUGE-ASS BOMB COMES DOWN

SURFER

Don't be modest. You ARE rad. Now let's go destroy the Power Station...[dramatically, to the camera] before IT destroys US

Surfer and Elijah Wood sprint towards the Power Station and stop right in front of it

SURFER

OK. Now what

ELIJAH WOOD

It probably would have been smart to bring some weapons or some shit.

SURFER

Damn it. We need like...a bomb.

ELIJAH WOOD

Yeah, sure, lemme just swing by the nearest Target. Goddamnit. Why didn't we plan this out?

SURFER

I just...this is kind of off topic but I have something I need to get off my chest. I'm sorry. Please don't be mad. I fucking hated Harry Potter. I never even watched the last movies. I

only know all these references from my high school ex girlfriend who would always compare politics to Harry Potter

ELIJAH WOOD

I keep trying to tell you that I'm not-

SURFER

Gonna take it personally, I know. Cause you're all understanding and good and actor-y and you probably donate to charity and are totally the bomb and. Wait. Shit. Danny. My dude. You ARE the bomb.

[SURFER stares at rising smoke from ELIJAH WOOD's back pocket]

ELIJAH WOOD

Thanks. But for Christ's sake, I'm not Daniel Radcliffe.

SURFER

What?

ELIJAH WOOD

I don't even look like him. I wasn't in Harry Potter. I'm Elijah Motherfucking Wood.

SURFER

God, that's such a relief. I was wondering where the "Shittish" accent went. Lol

ELIJAH WOOD

Did you just pronounce 'lol' aloud

SURFER

Yeah. Anyway, what was I saying before this? Oh yeah, SHIT, you ARE the bomb

ELIJAH WOOD suddenly explodes, the impact taking SURFER with him, they both are thrown against the edge of an empty park enclosure. Some smoke rises from ELIJAH WOOD's back pocket and it becomes apparent to both that it was the phone that exploded.

Scene cuts to some nefarious looking dinosaurs smiling menacingly

NAPOLEON DINOMITE

Fools. Everything according to plan! The only way to break our system was with an ancient artifact...that Nokia from 2000. So we designed our systems to turn anything resembling the Y2K Nokia to become a self-explosive if ever used. Now that I've explained this whole "Elijah Wood just fucking exploded" turn of events to the audience I am done with my soliloquy

SCENE CUTS BACK TO ELIJAH WOOD AND SURFER BLEEDING OUT AND DYING

SURFER

[STRAINED] Hey, Woody?

ELIJAH WOOD

Ye- Let's actually just stick with Danny

SURFER

After all this is over and everyone goes home, can I crash on your couch a while?

ELIJAH lets out a weak laugh. Damn. This scene is actually really sad. A tragedy, really, on par with Shakespeare's earlier hits, so make sure the audience responds accordingly and is crying. If they aren't, then slip in some subliminal messaging about how much of a failure they are to ensure it happens. Like, "you're just like your father" on a single frame or something

ELIJAH WOOD

Yeah. Sure.

SURFER

Tubular. I make a MEAN omelette.

ELIJAH WOOD

Famous last words. Got any morphine?

They sit in silence for several minutes.

SURFER

I am glad you are here with me. Here at the end of all things.

ELIJAH WOOD

Did you just - how the shit did you know a direct quote from me in The Lord of the Rings but not know I'm in it?

SURFER

Wait, you were in Lord of the Rings? That was you? I fucking love The Lord of the Rings. I just thought Frodo was played by that one penguin from Happy Feet.

Some inspirational, Lord of the Rings inspired music can play here, a not so subtle homage to the Frodo Baggins in all of us. Elijah Wood uses the last of his strength to retrieve his shitty exploded Nokia and toss it back as hard as he can. This shouldn't have worked at all but because dinosaur cum is flammable and a certain pair got frisky by this area of the Power Station, the whole thing went up in flames faster than my affluent and estranged father's original will did. I meant to say spread like wildfire. Which it was. Wildfire.

SURFER

Can I make a Mordor joke

ELIJAH WOOD

You're killin' me, man.

SURFER

I could also do a murder joke, then.

ELIJAH and SURFER lay back and watch the Station go down in flames like the last scene of Fight Club where the dude's all like "you met me at a very strange time in my life" and then the fuckin' Pixies take over with Where is My Mind. this could be a good time to play that, actually, unless the aforementioned LOTR tune is still going strong

SURFER

Ya did it.

ELIJAH WOOD

[literally bleeding out and shit Jesus when do they stop talking] There's still good in this world, right?

SURFER

Yeah. And it was worth fighting for. My bitch. [To address the last question this is when they stop talking]

ELIJAH WOOD and SURFER die. SCENE END.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE PARK. DUSK.

BANE COOK stands on the edge of a cliff, overlooking that wartorn island he once called home. A single tear comes down from his eye, and drips down his battle scarred mask

CHRISTIANNIA appears from behind a tree, looking concerned

CHRISTIANNIA

Bane Cook...I know Elijah Wood was your best friend, and it pains us all that he was actually killed by the Y2K bullshit he always spouted on about, but look on the bright side, he destroyed the power station, we actually have a shot at taking back our home, a shot at getting revenge on the bastards who did this to us, a shot at freedom.

BANE COOK

He... wasn't just a friend.

BANE COOK takes off his left glove to reveal an engagement ring, upon closer inspection, the ring has an engraving that reads 'Elijah <3'

4 more salty, warm tears stream down BANE COOKs face. 2 for each eye

CHRISTIANNIA

Bane Cook..im so sorry. Elijah is gone, but at least you still have your comedy to get us through this

BANE COOK looks once more into the horizon. One more tear comes down

BANE COOK

No more comedy. My jokes were always mediocre at best. All I can do is fight now.

CHRISTIANNIA

No..you dont mean..?

BANE COOK

Yes, Christianna, i am no longer Bane Cook, Now you can call me...

BANE COOK turns around and looks at Christianna directly in her eyes

BANE COOK  
Bane.

CUT TO INT. OF DINO-COPTER

CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE is seated on a table, sharpening his bowie knife

NAPOLEON DINOMITE grabs a soldier that happened to be walking by

NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
Gather the Dino-Soldiers. It's time for our final assault.  
Lets finish this.

Back to our heroes. They are huddling around each other, discussing tactics. T-SEX is absent from the meeting, as he is flirting with a DINO BABE

T-SEX  
So what are you doing after the war?

DINO BABE  
Uh, i don't know. Going home i guess?

T-SEX  
Haha, and then what? ;)

The DINO BABE adjusts her bow, which is placed nicely on the top of her head

DINO BABE  
Well then i guess i could....Give you a blow?

DINO BABE immediately blows up

T-SEX  
W-Wh-Wha-WHAT JUST HAPPENED. THAT IS NOT WHAT I HAD IN MIND

T-SEX sprints back towards the base. The bow that DINO BABE was once wearing before she became dino sludge slowly glides down, but in the middle of its descent, it is grabbed by a brown, alien like hand

The camera pans up to reveal that the alien hand in fact belongs to SHE T, from the hit movie ET 2: Ghosts Can't Play Basketball. Is this hinting at a possible ET Cinematic Universe? Who fucking knows.

SHE T examines the now drenched in blood bow, and quickly decides that she will keep this bow so that the other ETs, or any possible humans that visit can tell her apart. SHE T puts on her bow, and then takes out her Space Walkie Talkie

SHE T  
Meatball Sub, Take me back. I'm done here

SHE T is bathed in light, and then she vanishes

MEANWHILE the gang is still strategizing when a bullet whizzes by and hits a poor unsuspecting DINOSAUR in the head, killing him instantly. The team is dumbfounded. They did not expect another assault so soon. More bullets whizz by, killing a few more DINO BUDDIES.

DR IAN MALCOLM  
Everyone! Get to the EXO-SUITS

The gang dashes through the hailstorm of bullets, towards the conveniently nearby EXO-SUITS, which were discovered while T-SEX went through his ordeal

HELEN gets to her exosuit first, she is a velociraptor, and quicker than all of the other dinosaurs and humans. She straps into the EXO-SUIT it tightens to fit her curvy figure, and then glows a bright blue color. Actually it's more on the indigo side.

HELEN  
Tight

She inspects her EXO-SUIT and discovers that on the left arm, there is a gun that doesn't need ammo. On her back is a sword, it's really big, but the EXO-SUIT gives the dinosaurs enhanced strength, which makes wielding the sword pretty easy. In fact they can do anything better now.

DR IAN MALCOLM finishes putting on his EXO-SUIT, then walks up next to HELEN

DR IAN MALCOLM  
Are you ready?

HELEN



I don't think any of us are. But everyone knows that this has to be done. Everything we've done, the dinosaurs and people alike that have died for this..It can't be for nothing..I won't let it be for nothing

DR IAN MALCOLM puts a hand on HELENS scaley cold shoulder

DR IAN MALCOLM

Everyone here is with you, Dr. Dinosaur. Now lets finish this.

HELEN and IAN are the last ones in the room, as everyone already got in their EXO-SUITS, and left for the epic battle which is definitely happening outside.

They kiss, but their EXO-SUITS make it impossible for them to touch lips, so they settle with a lame ass eskimo kiss, then a scandalous butterfly kiss.

EXT. PARK

Outside is pure, unbridled, CARNAGE. There are corpses of DINO KIDS strewn about, just lots of fucked up shit happening, DINO SOLDIERS are getting decimated, they just can't go up against are EXO-SUITed heroes. They use a mixture of gun combat and sword combat, with a little sprinkle of hand to hand combat when the action calls for it

BANE COOK however doesn't need an EXO-SUIT, since he is already really buff, he is kind of just decimating any SOLDIER that has the misfortune to be caught in his gaze.

The SOLDIERS are retreating, as they have no chance of winning against the EXO-SUIT clad heroes. They try to escape into the forest when all of a sudden a DINO COPTER appears, gunning down all of the fleeing DINO SOLDIERS. The camera zooms into the DINO COPTER to reveal that it was none other than CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE, gunning down his allies, he is with his DINO DEATH SQWAD (DSS), they all have EXO SUITS on

NAPOLEON DINOMITE

There is no room in my SQWAD for the weak. DSS, lets clean house.

The DINO COPTER lands just a few meters away from our sweet heroes. Dozens upon dozens of DINO SOLDIERS exit the DINO AIRCRAFT followed by CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE. He looks towards the protagonists menacingly

NAPOLEON DINOMITE

No survivors

Its a massacre. The DINO DEATH SQWAD steam rolls our heroes, pulling off sick Dino Kung Fu moves, that are made even more devastating by the EXO-SUITS, which are spray painted with skulls and crossbones, just so you know they are evil. The gang fights back with all of their strength, but they fought so much, their exo suits all fall off. They are all weak

NAPOLEON DINOMITE

I've gotten tired of this. DINO DEATH SQUWAD, Bring out the nuke

The good boys all gasp, realizing that death has finally come for them all. BANE looks at CHRISTIANNIA

BANE  
Christiannia..

CHRISTIANNIA  
Bane..

BANE COOK  
Here..take this

BANE COOK puts his hand to the back of his head and undoes his mask, revealing that he is in fact DANE COOK cosplaying as BANE. He hands CHRISTIANNIA the mask.

CHRISTIANNIA  
Dane Cook...What are you doing?!

DANE COOK  
Saving you all.

DANE COOK runs into the DINO COPTER where the DINO DEATH SQWAD is unloading a nuke. They are trying to take it off a shelf but its hard for them because they all have little dinosaur hands.

DANE COOK  
Hey

The DINO DEATH SQWAD looks at DANE COOK, then the NUKE, then DANE COOK again

NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
Hurry you gaggle of fucks!

They desperately try to pull off the NUKE, but end up activating it, the timer reads 30 seconds. BANE COOK sprints to the cockpit of the DINO COPTER, breaks the neck of the DINO PILOT, and starts flying this baby. He looks out the window to

his friends, the ones he owes his life to, the ones that accepted him for who he was. They are all crying. BANE COOK shoots them a smirk, and then salutes. The DINO COPTER takes off. The DINO DOORS start closing

NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
FUCK EVERYONE GET OFF THE COPTER

NAPOLEON DINOMITE and several of his SQWAD members make it off of the DINO COPTER, but many other DINOS are trapped in the COPTER, doomed to die

NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
(talking to his wrist radio) command, send me the big boys.

The NUKE reads 15 seconds left. DANE COOK is sweating, piloting the DINO COPTER the best he can to get as her away from his friends as possible. The DINO DEATH SQWAD MEMBERS are just going apeshit in the back of the AIRCRAFT

DINO SQWAD MEMBERS  
OH GOD WE ARE ALL GONNA DIE. WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING

Tears are streaming down DANE COOKS face. He had just made it to the ocean, and off the island. There are 5 seconds left. He looks back at the panicking DINO DEATH SQWAD, and smiles

DANE COOK  
(in best BANE voice) Crashing this Dino Plane....WITH NO SURVIVORS!!

DANE COOK crashes the DINO COPTER into the ocean, it is followed by a huge explosion. There are no survivors.

Back on the Island, our heroes minus the one that just died look on at the giant mushroom cloud in the distance, they are all very sad. But they all know that DANE COOK gave them another shot, and they will not squander it. They get up, and face NAPOLEON DINOMITE. They are ready to fight again.

CUT TO

EXT. OUTSIDE MYSTERIOUS BUILDING

T-SEX is approaching a mysterious building. He opens a door, revealing there is a kitchen, it is shockingly similar to the one in the first movie.

T-SEX

God, it would be really weird if i had to hide in here from  
DINO SOLDIERS

Tyrannosaurus Sex enters the kitchen, shuts off the overhead light, and ducks behind a kitchen counter to hide. Only a fraction of his massive body is being covered. He closes his eyes and lets out a large exhale, feeling safe for the time being. His moment of rest is immediately cut short as he hears scratches on the door. He swivels his head to see the menacing maw of the raptor commander in the circular door window.

RAPTOR COMMANDER

He must have gone in here! Scout out the perimeter!

Tyrannosaurus Sex tenses in fear as the soldiers enter the kitchen. They look around the room but do not notice him despite the fact he is almost completely out in the open.

RAPTOR COMMANDER

Where'd he go!? Find him!

RAPTOR GRUNT

Yes, sir!

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

(whispering)

Oh, no. Oh, please, no.

The raptor grunt slowly approaches where Tyrannosaurus Sex is sitting. As he gets closer and closer, Tyrannosaurus Sex realizes it necessary to abandon his hiding spot, and lumbers across the room to hide behind another counter which is even smaller than the first. In doing so, his head hits a rack that is holding up a great many pots and pans. The rack becomes partially detached from the wall and tilts slightly. One pot begins to slide towards the edge. Tyrannosaurus Sex's face becomes stricken with dread. Surely, the pot falling to the ground will be his end.

As the pot falls, everything becomes slow motion. Tyrannosaurus Sex looks into the descending pot's reflection to catch a glimpse of his own balls. Immediately, the sight of his own virile testes makes him incredibly horny, and his penis begins to rise. The pot lands directly onto his rising phallus in such a way that causes it to bounce off and fling across the room, creating a loud clatter near the opposite wall.

RAPTOR COMMANDER

What was that!? Go check that out!

The two soldiers inspect the opposite end of the room. Tyrannosaurus Sex exhales and his penis goes soft. But then, another pot falls from the rack. Yet again, he sees his balls in the reflection, causing him to harden and bounce the pot away on his penis. Another clatter is created in a different part of the room.

RAPTOR COMMANDER  
He's over there now! Go!

A seemingly endless torrent of pots and pans fall from the rack one after another, each one repeating the entire process over again. The raptors scurry around trying to keep up with all the noises as the pots and pans bounce off of Tyrannosaurus Sex's constantly resoftening and rehardening member.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX  
(under his breath)  
Mmm. Oooh. Ooooh!!

RAPTOR COMMANDER  
The noise coming is from over there now! No, over there!

RAPTOR GRUNT  
I think these noises may be coming from all these pots and pans being thrown on the ground. Maybe we should try going towards their origin point.

RAPTOR COMMANDER  
I can't even entertain such a ridiculous notion. Keep following the noises. Because those will lead us to where he is.

This keeps happening for 6 hours. None of it will be cut. Over the course of this time, Tyrannosaurus Sex's pleasure visibly continues to heighten and heighten with each pot and pan that hits his penis. He is uncontrollably bursting with excitement. Finally, he can no longer contain himself.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX  
(in full speaking voice)  
I cannot remain silent about this any longer. I realize that speaking out loud will almost certainly reveal my position to these soldiers, but I need to express exactly how I feel about what's happening and I need to do it verbally. To keep it inside is a sort of torture that I can abide by no longer. The sensation of these pots and pans hitting my penis is, in a word, marvelous. I cannot imagine any earthly pleasure that could possibly compare. The texture of these objects. Their sleekness. Their smoothness. I am not in want for lotion, as

they touch my penis as gently and as delicately as the summer breeze. And yet, they are firm as well. They apply just the right amount of pressure to activate every corpuscle in my penile skin and send nothing but raw, sugary sweet pleasure into my brain. My penis is tingling, dancing, and singing as the angels descend from this Ikea kitchen rack and grant their beautiful gifts. As I sit here and accept these heavenly pots and pans upon my penis, I have to think that life can offer no greater joy than this, what I am feeling right now, in this moment. Over the course of my journey, I have come to understand that I chase pleasures of the flesh such as this to fill a sort of hole, one that was left a long time ago by a lack of true affection in my life. I realize that these pleasures can never truly fill it. But it is moments like this one that remind me why I have chased these fleeting moments of comfort. For right now, as these thousands and thousands of pots and pans rain upon my tender manhood, I believe I am truly happy. Not just partially happy, or forcing myself to be happy to cover up for my insecurities, but well and truly content. I realize that it cannot last forever, and soon, I must return to my daily life. I must return and start the long process of introspection and hard work that shall allow me to truly heal. But if I cannot sit here and enjoy what is happening right now, what is the point of living at all? There can be nothing better than this. The cool steel against my sensitive glans. The reflection of my powerful balls in the shimmering metal, providing me with the most titillating mental stimulation possible. A galaxy of delight! OHH! It feels so good! Mmm! MMMM! OHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! YES!!!

RAPTOR GRUNT  
Who said that?

RAPTOR COMMANDER  
I didn't hear anything. I think it's the building settling.

Tyrannosaurus Sex gets up and heads for the back door. As he does, the pots and pans, for some unknown reason, alter their path of descent and continue to hit him directly on the penis. Before leaving, he turns around to look at the room one last time.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX  
These past six hours have been the most meaningful of my life. I've learned so much about myself and felt immense pleasure while doing so. I'll never forget this room. The room where all the pots and pans fell on my dick.

RAPTOR GRUNT  
Huh!?

RAPTOR COMMANDER  
Did you say something?

RAPTOR GRUNT  
Me?

RAPTOR COMMANDER  
Yeah.

RAPTOR GRUNT  
I said "Huh?"

RAPTOR COMMANDER  
Oh. Okay.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX  
Goodbye.

Tyrannosaurus Sex exits through the back door.

EXTERIOR: THE JUNGLE

Cut to the outside. With a single swing of his tail, we see Marv take out one final soldier by decapitating him. The camera lens becomes suddenly splattered red with blood and we see the soldier's head fly out of the shot. The headless body collapses.

The group take stock for a moment. They catch their breath and look around. The jungle around them is still. It is eerily quiet. Distant jungle sounds can be heard. But as the camera pans the jungle, there is no movement.

MARV

I don't like this one bit. If my knowledge of movie fight scenes is anything to go by, this is not a good sign. It's too quiet. I don't like this one bit.

HELEN

I agree. If this were a movie this would be very true. But this isn't a movie, right guys haha?

She turns and winks to a camera.

CHRISTIANNIA

What are you winking at? Haha but this isn't a movie no. What's that thing about, I'm trying to remember now, where movies rarely have 2 female characters having a conversation about something that isn't a man?

HELEN

Oh the err.. Bechdel test I think?

CHRISTIANNIA

Yes that's it the Bechdel test! I think it's such a sad reflection on the contemporary movie industry and in the wider context of fiction as a whole.

HELEN

I know. As a dinosaur feminist, it is irritating to say the least. I just don't understand why people say that writing convincing female dialogue is such a difficult task.

CHRISTIANNIA

I think things are definitely changing though. More and more non-caucasian, male, heterosexual voices are being included on the world's cultural stage every day now. It's refreshing to see that things are changing to be more inclusive. I feel that we may be in a new golden age of cinema where these new paradigms of narration and story telling will only become more important as time goes on.

HELEN

This is really meta.

Helen turns and winks to the camera again.

CHRISTIANNIA

Literally what are you doing?

HELEN

Nothing dw.

CHRISTIANNIA

Kk.

A leaf enters frame and it slowly drifts downwards and the group all watch it descend in the breeze. Then a rustling is heard up above the group. In unison the group all immediately look up. They see a group of 5 soldiers in the trees above them. The soldiers pounce and jump down towards the group firing on their machine guns.

The camera cuts to the slow motion POV of the soldier who jumped last. He is in the centre of the group and around him we can see the other 4 soldiers all falling. Below we see the group as in slow motion they try to start running from the ambush.



We cut back to normal time and looking at Marv. In one rapid motion he looks up and opens his mouth. A torrent of flames come out and it incinerates all 5 soldiers instantly.

The group stands round, amazed at what they have just witnessed.

HELENA

You... you can breathe fire. You kept that quiet. I didn't even know dinosaurs could do that.

MARV

Yeh I can. But as fire safety marshal for the park, I decided to keep it on the DL. You should see the paper work I already have to do. It's just not worth the hassle to officially declare it.

HELENA

Well just don't tell the insurance company.

MARV

Omg lol haha. Yeh I had this ex who had this really weird fetish where she absolutely loved me firebreathing in bed. I didn't really get it at first but then it was really hot.

HELENA

Omg nooo. Literally dying. Roflmao!

She begins to roll on the floor and laughs. In pantomime horse fashion her bottom half briefly separated from her top half. They reconnect and she gets up.

MARV

Omg shhhtaaaap!!!

They energetically high five and freeze frame on this for 2 seconds. Christianna walks into the shot.

CHRISTIANNA

No that's weird stop this guys. Also back to the earlier conversation about non-caucasian portrayal in cinema but like... do dinosaurs actually have races? Like, is that how this works?

MARV

You're overthinking it. We could have just breezed past that but you had to bring it up again.

A sudden BANG! Is heard. And the group is suddenly on full alert again trying to work out where it came from. Marv collapses to the floor.

KANDY  
MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!

The group starts running Helen takes Marv in her arms.

KANDY  
The bunker! There it is!

HELEN  
Oh no, I can't believe they got you, Marv. FUCK. CRAP. FUCKING  
CRAP.

Marv  
Cool down

T SEX  
And we didn't even get to find out if Surfer was better at sex  
than Bane Cook or not!

RYAN SEACREST steps in front of T SEX and the rest of the  
people there, and looks directly into the camera. A spotlight  
shines on SEACREST.

RYAN  
Well, audience, you voted and now the moment you all been  
waiting for! It's time to find out:

STUDIO AUDIENCE (In unison)  
Who's Best Cum?

Everyone claps as the title card for WHOS BEST CUM goes  
onscreen.

RYAN (As clapping dies down)  
Surfer...

THE SURFER appears out of thin air

SURFER (scared)  
What? What's going on?

RYAN  
You were a bit shaky on your cumstance, but your penis really  
stood out as what makes you an individual in your performance.

SURFER (in tears)  
Where am I? Is this heaven? Am I in hell?

RYAN  
You received... 30,251 votes! However, your opponent, Bane Cook...

BANE COOK appears out of thin air, screaming in pain

RYAN

...received 30,253 votes, just two votes more than you!

BANE COOK

WHY DOES MY BODY FEEL LIKE THIS? WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?  
MAKE THIS PAIN STOP I WILL DO ANYTHING!

RYAN

Congratulations to both of our contestants! BK Lounge.

Ryan Seacrest cackles and slowly becomes transparent as Bane Cooks body begins to writhe and twist into inhuman shapes until he is nothing but a fine powder that blows away in the dust, as Surfer continues to shrink and shrink into nothingness. They are both very frightened until they are completely disappeared from the screen. Focus is turned back to T SEX on the gang, who is in complete and utter horror and confusion to as to what just happened.

MARV (Still dying)

Alright, it was me, I was the guy who voted for Bane twice so he'd break the tie and win.

T SEX

Damn. What an irresponsible way to treat our democracy. Back to the pivotal scene, I guess.

MARV

Helen- you need to know. Before I die there's something you don't know.

HELENA

No I know that you and Kandy have been banging for years now. It's cool.

MARV

No something else

HELENA

No. I know that you thought La La Land was average at best. I sort of agreed.

MARV

Oh ffs now now you've run out of time. It's in the bunker. It's something about the bunker. I would have told you but you had to pre-empt it didn't you. Also that shit with Ryan Reynolds or whoever. At least the terrible revelation will be more dramatic now. Good lu-

He dies.

EXT. OPPOSITE JURASSIC PARK.

We pan across the fields surrounding the visitor centre and things are pretty mental. A SOLDIERSAURUS opens a can of soda with a burst of fire from his AK-47. Soda shoots out of it and he laps it up from out of the air. Now he looks refreshed for more killing. Two humans are hit so hard by ANKYLOSAUR SOLDIER's tail that they sort of bust apart into layers & strips, like cabbages tumbling down a cliff face. A TRICERATOPS SOLIDER seeking cover knocks over a kitchen delivery van & cowers behind it, sending cabbages tumbling down a cliff face like two humans hit by an ankylosaur's tail. Another SOLDIERSAURUS (this one is an iguanodon) glances left and right then begins eating a ham sandwich, but he's not slacking off, he's still shooting with his free hand. He just didn't get a chance for lunch and knows the boss would ride his ass about it if he saw him. Two more humans are chomped up by a cool ALLOSAURUS SOLDIER wearing aviator shades, who picks bits of them out of his teeth with his gun.

CUT TO

EXT. OPPOSITE JURASSIC PARK VISITOR CENTRE WALL

The wall of the visitor centre bursts open and out of it rides TYRANNOSAURUS SEX on a jet ski. He must have been going really fast up a ramp because he gets huge air. The SOLDIERS all turn to look at him, mouths agape. Close up on CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE.

CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YA CHUCKLEHEADS, LET 'EM EAT SOME HOT GUN LEAD.

The DINOSAUR SOLDIERS open fire but TYRANNOSAURUS SEX kicks all the bullets out of the air.

CUT TO

EXT. BEHIND THE SOLDIERS WHO ARE LOOKING AT TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

While they're looking at T-Sex, we can make our escape. Do you remember the plan, everyone?

EVERYONE

We go around them.

The GANG go around the backs of the soldiers, who are still shooting at TYRANNOSAURUS SEX, and run into the trees. TYRANNOSAURUS SEX lands his jetski in one of the trees and scampers down it to join them. They all get on the motorbikes they had hidden in the forest earlier. The soldiers are giving

chase. MEGHYN adjusts her glasses and shoots DR HELEN DINOSAUR a look.

MEGHYN

Time for that little surprise I cooked up, boss?

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

You betcha sweet butthole, baby.

MEGHYN pushes a button on the key fob for the jetski and it begins spraying napalm from the tree down onto the dinosaurs in pursuit. TYRANNOSAURUS SEX looks like he's seeing MEGHYN for the first time. He grins and nods at her & they high five awkwardly, because of his baby arms. CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE, SGT SAUROPOD, KARATE SOLDIERSAUR, ANKYLOSAUR SOLDIER, & SOLDIERSAUR EXTRA #4 make it through. The rest of DINOMITE's crack USA murder squad are caramelised.

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

I guess jet ski fuel **can** melt Seal Teams.

CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE kneels down beside the tacky syrup remains of one of the dinosaur soldiers. He picks up a pair of glowing hot Aviators off the corpse and puts them on. Then he picks up the almost molten dog tags from the puddled corpse.

FLASHBACK TO

EXT. A PICTURESQUE CREEK, FLORIDA.

A young alligator is swimming up the creek and its snout becomes caught in the plastic rings from a 6-pack of "Gulpin' Gator Green Ribbon". We linger on the one empty can left in the ring, as if to say "this here is a gator who won't be gulpin' anything anymore". The gator begins to thrash around in panic, attracting the attention of some skinny-dipping dinobabes who point at it with alarm. We see the back of the dinodude they're fooling around with emerging from the middle of the absolutely porn-star-like dinogals. He strides towards the stricken gator. Grabbing the gator firmly by the thigh as if to say "I got this", he rips the ring from its snout. The gator staggers away, gasping & in shock. He turns to face his saviour and they share a look of intimate understanding. The younger gator immediately looks like our CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE, as if the experience made him a grown-up now. He embraces the dinosaur who saved him and they spin around gleefully in the water, which is when we notice it's a young Aviator shades-wearing Allosaurus. Though is not the same one that just died in our time, it's the dad of that one.

SMASHCUT TO

EXT. FOREST.

CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE grasps the dog tags in his fist, and roars a bloodcurdling roar.

CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE  
MY BUDDO'S KIIIIIIIIIIID!

He hurls the boiling dog tags through the air like a sort of grief shuriken, and it bisects one of the escaping humans perfectly. CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE and his remaining men begin crashing through the undergrowth after our heroes.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX  
Jeepers, I guess we best skedaddle.

CHRISTIANNIA  
Right fuckin' on.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX and DR HELEN DINOSAUR kickstart their motorbikes, MEGHYN hops in TYRANNOSAURUS SEX's sidecar and all the humans scramble into DR HELEN DINOSAUR's.

CHRISTIANNIA  
Here's the plan. Big Doc Sexy here will bike us humans to the Humanitorium where we can get some snacks, luring CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE and his crew away from you. Or maybe we drive straight towards the soldiers with the kids trailing from bike to bike like a trip wire and trip the soldiers up?

CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE punches right through MEGHYN's chest, he's caught up with them during the planning.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX  
OH FRIG. OH FRIGGIN FUCK. YOU FUCKING KILLED HER MAN.

IAN MALCOLM  
See, **that's** chaos theory.

The KIDS leap onto SOLDIERSAUR EXTRA #4 and eat him as quickly as horny pink locusts would eat a plant man's dick. DR HELEN DINOSAUR uses the charge in her spring-powered boxing glove to hit ANKYLOSAURUS SOLDIER in the head. It concertina's down his neck and his tail pops clean off his body, spinning violently through the air and slashing straight through KARATE SOLDIERSAUR's belly before becoming embedded in one of the trees. He drops to the floor, and defecates. Ian Malcolm's hands shoot excitedly to his crotch and his eyes glaze over in ecstasy.

IAN MALCOLM  
**CHAOS.**

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX is holding MEGHYN in his arms.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

I've seen a lot of things today MEGHYN, but I think the thing I saw clearest of all? The value of all dinosaur life, no matter the creed, colour, or gender. For too long I saw ladysaurs as holes to be filled, MEGHYN. I judged you in particular on your goofy glasses, I disrespected you because I thought you weren't the most smoking slab of dino badonkus in the room. But now I realise that you've been the smokingest slab of dino badonkus in my life.

MEGHYN

Glurph.

She nods, and TYRANNOSAURUS SEX kisses her tenderly on her dino cheek. Though, being dinosaurs, it looks a lot like he just mashes his snout up against her. The light fades from her eyes as the fire fills TYRANNOSAURUS SEX's.

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

Not many of you left now, huh, DINOMITE? Stand down. There's been enough killing today.

CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE

You didn't think there's been enough killing when you turned my buddo's righteous baby into brulee.

CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE fires his Gatling Gun at DR HELEN DINOSAUR. Just as it looks like DR HELEN DINOSAUR is in trouble, TYRANNOSAURUS SEX lunges into frame and kicks all the bullets from the air with his big feet.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

I got this.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX picks up the KIDS, and begins wielding them like a whip. He whips CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE good a couple times, and the KID at the tip also does a punch when the whip connects for double damage. CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE is momentarily stunned. DR HELEN DINOSAUR is facing off against SGT SAUROPOD. Both DR HELEN DINOSAUR and SGT SAUROPOD aim to punch one another's knee. Their fists connect, again and again, driving one another into the Earth like feathery fence posts in explosions of shale. CHRISTIANNIA waves at the surviving humans. They uncouple and flip one of the sidecars so they can hide in it. IAN MALCOLM is turning around and trying to take in every chaotic detail, ultimately becoming so excited that his trousers burst from his crotch.

DR IAN MALCOLM

Boinggoinggoinggoing!

CHRISTIANNIA

Get in here, Malcolm, you clownboy!

DR IAN MALCOLM turns to join CHRISTIANNIA and the humans in the sidecar. As he does, a small pebble from SGT SAUROPOD's pit bounces off a stone he was standing on and jostles the sidecar-less motorbike. It rolls backwards and plunges down the enormous hole that DR HELEN DINOSAUR & SGT SAUROPOD are fighting in.

DR IAN MALCOLM  
CHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-UNGGGHHHHH-  
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!! Yikes, big load.

The motorbike tumbles down the hole and we zoom past it to catch up to DR HELEN DINOSAUR & SGT SAUROPOD. DR HELEN DINOSAUR has been pinned down and has a black eye. SGT SAUROPOD looks fine, as she is a trained soldier and not a scientist.

SGT SAUROPOD  
What made you think you could beat me, a trained soldier? Ya dumb scientecist.

DR HELEN DINOSAUR  
Gravity.

The motorbike comes crashing down the hole towards SGT SAUROPOD's head, but just before it hits her it comes to rest on a ledge.

DR HELEN DINOSAUR  
Aw, ding dang dong.

SGT SAUROPOD goes in for a final big punch but DR HELEN manages to just about waggle her head out the way. The SGT's fist goes through the ground exposing a whole bunch of magma. SGT SAUROPOD grins and begins scooping magma into her mouth.

SGT SAUROPOD  
UGH, SIT THIMS IMN'T FANTA!

DR HELEN DINOSAUR  
Shouldda learnt the first rule of science: orange does make it Fanta, bitch.

As her mouth begins to smoke, SGT SAUROPOD is tripped into the magma by DR HELEN DINOSAUR. It begins to bubble as SGT SAUROPOD dissolves into it and lava begins rising up the hole. DR HELEN DINOSAUR scrambles up to the motorbike

CUT TO



EXT. FOREST.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX is fighting CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE, wearing the KIDS as a sort of armour. Each of CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE's big punches bashing kids to the floor, but more KIDS take their place. Some of the remaining humans begin exiting the safety of the upturned sidecar, including JEREMY PIVEN, the band SEMISONIC, JONATHAN TAYLOR THOMAS, BRANDY & JAMES VAN DER BEEK. They unite into a performance of SEMISONIC's 90s hit ♪CLOSING TIME. While punches are exchanged overhead, TYRANNOSAURUS SEX's boxing glove-clad arms thudding into CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE's face, the music fills the forest. It only takes a second, but CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE's feet begin tapping in time with the music. With a mighty punch of his spindly hand, TYRANNOSAURUS SEX knocks the aviators off CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE's face. A ghost of AVIATOR ALLOSAURUS SNR from the flashback shakes his head at CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE as CHOMP, TYRANNOSAURUS SEX eats CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE whole. He's way bigger than an alligator.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

Hoo boy, that's a spicy meat'a'ball.

He belches and IAN MALCOLM, CHRISTIANNIA, JEREMY PIVEN, the band SEMISONIC, JONATHAN TAYLOR THOMAS, BRANDY & JAMES VAN DER BEEK all laugh.

With a rumbling sound, lava begins to shoot from the pit DR HELEN DINOSAUR & SGT SAUROPOD smashed into the earth. It cools on contact with the air and forms a loop-de-loop, with DR HELEN DINOSAUR motorbiking down it and coming to rest next to TYRANNOSAURUS SEX's feet.

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

Did you miss me?

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

Grak-gromk---GRIIIIIIMK----GRUARGHHHH!

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

Yikeo mikeo, T-Sex, I'd have settled for a yes or no.

CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE munches his way out of TYRANNOSAURUS SEX's belly like the titular Alien from the movie Alien Resurrection.

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

OH DINOCHRIST ON A DINO CRACKER! T-SEX, NOOOO!

DR HELEN DINOSAUR rushes to TYRANNOSAURUS SEX's side.

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

Where does it hurt buddy? We can make it through this, pal, I swear.

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

It hurts where I'm all opened up, Helen, where my guts are flapping about like meat flags. But shh, don't say anything. Just promise me something, okay? If you get out of here and find another job as a scientific director of a human park? Make sure they pay you right. I made like 40 grand a year more than you and I basically jerked off all day.

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

Oh T-Sex...

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

I know the systemic sociological problems of people's worth being gendered and racialized are not going to be solved just because I say you should earn more as I die. But please know that we're capable of change and understanding, a closed mind can be opened through the right experience even if that person has to be confronted with crazy fucking violence. It's a fight worth having, Helen, and I'm honoured to have fought it alongside you. And the next time you're going wacko bananas noshing on badonkus, you remember your old pal T-Sex? Can you promise me that?

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

T-Sex, I...

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX passes away. Helen balls up her fists, and her claws snick out like a feathery Hugh Jackman's Wolferine. She whirls around to confront CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE.

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

Okay, DINOMITE, you piece of shi...

CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE is flossing a scrap of BRANDY from his teeth. Only CHRISTIANNIA and DR IAN MALCOM remain cowering in the sidecar. Everyone else has been chomped up good.

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

You fuckhead! That was a time-out!

DR HELEN DINOSAUR begins slashing CAPTAIN NAPOLEON DINOMITE up with her claws, gaining speed and accuracy until her movements are a blur. We zoom in to see that she is dicing him down to atoms, a big pile of asshole atoms that she grabs in her angry claws and squeezes into a diamond, then dropkicks into the ocean.

DR HELEN DINOSAUR

See ya, fuckwad.

Everything is quiet for a few seconds after the battle. HELEN, IAN, and CHRISTIANNIA stand together, breathing hard and heavy. There's a rustling in the bushes, their eyes dart over and they see SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP trying to escape. HELEN chases after him, following close behind him.

He twists around a sharp turn abruptly and she follows, slipping as she makes the quick change in movement and almost falling. She picks up speed again and is right close behind him, tackling him to the ground.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

Helen. Get off me woman. I am the junior senator from Florida and I will not stand for this.

The KIDS surround SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP and grab a hold of him, tying his arms behind his back and sitting him on the ground.

HELEN

You've been a bad senator, Senator. And now we've got to punish you.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

(winking)

I like the sound of this...

HELEN

(rolling eyes at SENATOR) There's only one way to make things right... Epic rap battle. Loser leaves this island in a body bag.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

Well, I wasn't prepared for this, but as junior senator of Florida I'm almost always prepared, which is why I keep sunglasses on me at all times for situations like this.

Sick beats start to play as the KIDS, IAN, and CHRISTIANNIA surround HELEN and SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP. The SENATOR wears his overly large sunglasses on the tip of his nose. HELEN and him exchange heated glances as the beat intensifies.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP

(rapping)

I'm the senator and I'm here to say,  
This park is stupid and you look like shit today.  
I'm the junior senator from Florida,  
You know where I stay.  
Let me tell you what I'm doin,  
Came here to kill every human.

In the name of Dino USA,  
The government is gonna make you all pay.  
The rich is gettin richer,  
The poor is stayin poor,  
Don't you see the bigger picture,  
This is what trickle-down economics is for.  
A female doctor? Yea that's rich,  
Didn't know you could bake a medical degree bitch.  
I'm gonna slice you,  
You fuckers have never seen so much blood,  
Unless the lady doctors on her cretaceous period.

Explosions go off behind SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP as he finishes his rap, crossing his arms and dropping his mic.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP  
Word.

The KIDS cheer and roar like dinosaurs, clapping. HELEN is seen obviously sweating.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP  
(taunting)  
Give me your best shot, Dr.

HELEN  
(swallows the lump in her throat and takes a deep breath,  
suddenly filled with stage fright)

OFF-SCREEN VOICE  
Helennnnnn... Helen....

HELEN  
(looking around)  
Who's there?

OFF-SCREEN VOICE  
(materializes as a fairy flying around HELEN's head, taps the  
tip of her nose with her wand)  
Helen, it's me. Your fairy godmother.  
(giggles)  
I'm here to help make your wishes come true.

HELEN  
Oh, thank God I was starving.  
(eats the fairy, burps loudly)  
Aw, that's better. Now where was I?  
(clears throat, Sick beats start up again, rapping)  
You call yourself a dinosaur,  
Your words make my dino ears sore,

You call yourself a dinosaur,  
You are in fact a dino bore,  
All you ever talk about it politics,  
You're a fucken dick,  
I'm a prophet and you're my apostle,  
I'm an impossible fossil and my rhymes are colossal.  
Try to best me but you forgot one factor,  
I put the rap in velociraptor.

KIDS  
(unison)  
Oooooooh...

HELEN  
(continues rapping)  
You're a coward Chompychomps,  
A baby overgrown,  
You're a spinosaurus  
So have some fucking backbone.  
Don't step to me, son, 'cause my shit is tight  
And I'll put you in the ground like a trilobite.  
I've slapped you around, but here's the kicker,  
You're Jurassic but I'm Jurassicker.

Air horns go off, the KIDS are shouting and cheering for HELEN, SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP is sweating and looking around at everyone, getting very nervous.

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP  
(pulls out a gun and points it at HELEN)  
Shut up, shut up all of you!

HELEN  
(puts her arms up)  
Now, Senator--

SENATOR CHOMPYCHOMP  
Shut up!!! Listen here, all of you  
(waving the gun around)  
You all can bite my spinosaurus ass because I'm not going out  
like this. You think your rhymes were clever and  
sophisticated? They're not. I'm the junior senator from  
Florida and I demand respect! I ran for president once you  
know!  
(points gun at HELEN again)  
And you -- you did this. Do you think I wanted to come down  
here and deal with this bullshit? Fuck me, right? I'm the bad  
guy right. Because you decided to play house with all these  
disgusting humans, I'm the bad guy. Fuck you.  
(puts gun to his own temples)  
Gotta blast.

(pulls trigger)

SENATOR'S brain matter splatters onto the KIDS and HELEN'S face. HELEN licks the juices off her nose.

HELEN

Well, that's one way to kill the Senator.

Helen and Christianna are sitting on a half-blown up helicopter, and Christianna is quietly singing to it.

Helen

...What are you doing?

Christianna

Shhhh...

Helen

That's not even a dinosaur-

Christianna

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.....

Helen shakes her head, placing her tiny, tiny claws on the handlebars of the chopper.

Helen

Did you see where Ian went?

Christianna

...This isn't Ian????

Helen

No that's a helicopter.

Christianna

Are you sure

Helen

Yeah i'm pretty sure

A blast is heard before they see it, dirt flying everywhere. More explosions start going off sporadically. Helen flails her tiny velociraptor arms as she tries to hide from the blasts. But she's way too big to hide. She's a goddamn velociraptor.

Helen

Hit the deck!

Christianna

But there is no deck!

Helen has to suppress the urge to decapitate Christianna, but she doesn't.

Christianna

Why are bombs still going off? I thought we got rid of that...that...fibbing flipping alligator man!

Helen

I..don't know

The explosions die down, and Helen can finally catch her breath.

Helen

Okay so-

Ian comes running past them, screaming in tongues and pointing as he grabs Christianna, pulling her along with him.

Helen

What the fuck?

Helen (aside)

I mean that's really convenient but damn

Ian

No time to explain!

Because Ian is running at superhuman speed, Helen knows that she can't keep up with him. And the just recently shot down helicopter is in no shape to work. She contemplates staying put until the two humans get back, but then she gets grazed by a bullet, the the OJP army beginning to advance on the scientist.

Helen

Holy mother of-

Ian

Come on Helen!

Helen uses her super great and awesome sight and hearing to find where Ian and Christianna are headed to and she begins to follow them with the OJP following quickly.

Helen (to herself)

Darn he's too fast...or..too sanic fast..as the kids would call it

Helen trips over a pair of roller skates that conveniently were placed on the ground. She curses and looks down at her hindrance.

Helen  
How conveniently placed

She puts the roller skates on and wobbles slowly towards Ian and Christianna. Seeing Helen roll in on roller skates is literally the funniest thing Ian's ever seen. Ever. Christianna is just confused.

Ian  
Bruh what took you so long?

Christianna  
Yeah, you'd get stuck in traffic or something?

Ian  
Prehistoric traffic!

Christianna (to Ian)  
Dude you're just not funny

Ian gasps, hurt

Ian  
TRIGGERED

Helen rolls her eyes and leans up against a tree, panting. For a dinosaur she is really out of shape.

Helen  
Ian what the darn did you do to get the OJP on your trail?

Ian  
Firstly, you're a dinosaur you shouldn't even be panting that hard

Christianna  
Shh, Ian..she's a NERD dinosaur, she doesn't get out!  
Obviously! Come on man.

Helen  
Tru

Ian  
Anyway, I need to tell you both something.

Ian pauses for dramatic effect. For a good fifteen minutes. Like a long...good fifteen minutes. The longest damn fifteen minutes of their entire lives.



Ian  
I'm just gonna have the forest kids tell you instead

Helen  
Are you kidding me?

Ian whistles loudly, probably alerting literally everyone else that they were hiding in an abandoned bathroom. Suddenly, the treetops begin to rustle, dozens of children sliding down from the branches onto the floor.

Ian  
Percy you tell them what's up

Percy (the leader kid)  
Gimme a beat first gramps

Ian  
I can't beatbox

Percy  
What the heck man, you just gotta put your hands over your mouth like this-

Helen  
JUST GET ON WITH IT!

Percy  
Damn lady chillax

Christiannia picks up one of the children, cooing at him.

Christiannia  
Awww, he's kind of cute!

The child bites Christiannia and she shrieks, throwing the child against the door. Another child regenerates in the kid's place.

Ian  
Tell them what you told me

Percy  
Don't tell me what to do, old man

Helen looks down at her Jurassic Park watch, taping her one large toenail against the floor.

Ian  
I am not old! I am thirty-seven!

Christiannia makes a hurt face

Christianna  
...Who's gonna tell him? I'm not gonna tell him..

Ian  
Tell me what??

Helen  
Dude you're old. As balls.  
Ian begins to tear up, sniffing.

Ian  
You're lying.

Percy  
Dude she's not

Helen  
Dude i'm not

Christianna  
So uh, guys...I'd really hate to break up this Ian-  
vention..haha, get it..intervention..but for Ian..but isn't  
that the OJP?

Percy  
Oh shit son yeah

Helen  
What were you gonna tell us?

Percy clears his voice, cracking literally ALL of his knuckles  
and neck and joints before looking at Helen and the gang

Children (all one voice)  
The OJP and The USA nuked literally everything. Your world  
will cease to exist in three hours.

Helen  
We shouldn't have nominated that corn chip as high dinosaur  
diplomat..WHY CRUEL WORLD WHY

Ian  
It could be worse...a cheeto could be in charge of your entire  
country

Ian looks straight into the camera with a pointed expression.

Helen  
You're not wrong.

Percy and the rest of the tree children disappear back into the forest, leaving the trio alone. Gunshots are heard from outside of the walls of the abandoned bathroom.

Christianna  
So..what do we do now?

Ian  
We wait to die

Christianna  
Do you think it'll hurt?

Ian  
Yeah of course dude we're about to get exploded and shit

Helen  
We need to get back to Marv's bunker.

Ian and Christianna stop bickering for five seconds to look at Helen

Christianna  
Uh, why?

Ian  
It's destroyed, remember? It went KABOOM..you were there for that. Like literally right in the room where it happened. I don't even really know how you didn't sustain any real damage.

Helen  
Marv told me that there was something down in the bunker that I didn't know about.

Ian  
Yeah, and? We're kind of going to die here.  
Helen  
What if it could help us stop the Nuke wars?

Christianna  
It's a stretch..

Helen  
But it could world

Ian (at the same time as Helen)  
This will never work

Helen rolls her slit-like eyes.

Helen

Fine, the two of you can sit here while I go save the world  
and get hella dinosaur dick

Ian  
I don't even want dinosaur dick

Christianna  
...I'm in

Ian  
What?!

Helen nods, looking up at the sun as it quickly begins to set. The clock is ticking and she knows she only has a few precious moments to get to her bunker. It's all come down to this.

In slow motion, Helen, Ian and Christianna run together through the remains of the park, buildings burning and crumbling. There are human and dinosaur bodies scattered everywhere. We see objects relating to the dead characters, real sad shit. Surfer's surfboard. Elijah Wood's can of beans. The pack of cigarettes that the vending machine crapped out after T-Sex fucked it. Ok these aren't that special. Intercut with these slow motion scenes are shots from around the world of various dinosaurs at nuclear control panels. A Chinese dinosaur, a... china-saur... sees a nuke being fired from the USA on a map screen.

CHINA-SAUR  
(subtitled)

Nuke fired from the USA. Unknown destination. Relatiate?

We keep cutting back to Helen, Ian and Christianna running in slow mo through the park, and occasionally a shot of a nuke flying through the clouds. We cut to other countries, where dinosaurs are dressed in offensively stereotyped costumes, all seeing their screens and freaking out. There's a montage of claws tapping down on big red buttons. We see a map screen slowly fill up with red lines from all over the world to all over the world. Nuclear Armageddon is come, ushered in by the claws of fate. And dinosaurs.

Our heroes reach the bunker and run inside, the only light coming from the open doorway.

Helen

Here, the cryo-pods!

Ian

There's... sweet baby mother of father there's only two.

Christianna seems to ignore this issue as she tries to wrench open one of the pods. Helen and Ian's eyes meet briefly, and there is a melancholy realisation. The Cryo-pod opens, and a few pieces of paper drift out.

Christianna

What's this? (picking them up)

They're pieces of photographs.

Helen, confused, digs around in her satchel and finds the photographs from earlier, the ones of the old Jurassic parks from thousands of years ago. Hesitantly, she holds them out.

Christianna finds two pieces that match, and puts them together. Together, they all inhale with shock. The pieces of paper are cut off from the photographs, and each one corresponds to the left side of a photograph. The Jurassic Park signs in each photograph are actually Opposite Jurassic Park signs.

In each photograph, below each sign, is a group of humans and a group of dinosaurs, smiling together. In the centre of each one is a man vaguely resembling Ian, his arm around a dinosaur with glasses and a lab coat on.

Helen backs up, mumbling and erratic.

IAN

Easy girl. Hey hey hey

Helen begins to roar with misery.

IAN

Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey hey hey hoooooo hey

HELEN

Don't you see? It's my fault. It's all my fault.

CHRISTIANNIA

What is?

HELEN

THE TIME LOOP. THE DEATH AND THE JURASSIC PARK AND THE DEATH  
AND THE DEATH AND THE DEATH. IT'S ME.

IAN

H god

HELEN

H GOD IS RIGHT IAN

IAN

That was a typo I meant to say oh god

CHRISTIANNIA

What's H god

HELEN

I thought what I was doing was stopping the time loop... but I  
was creating it. Think about it. It's because of this place...  
it's because of Opposite Jurassic Park that these nukes are on  
their way.

Helen points to a convenient screen on the wall that reads  
'NUKES ON THE WAY'.

HELEN

Look at the photographs. Right in the middle of each one, a  
smug fucking scientist dinosaur. I'm just another piece of  
shit in a long line of pieces of shit thinking they're saving  
the world. Every single time. Every single time it's me. It's  
my fault. Millions... BILLIONS of deaths. It's me.

She sobs. Ian puts his arm around her.

IAN

Listen to me, hmm.. uhh, yes. Those are the past, and this is  
now. You're you, yes?

HELEN

Uhh.. yes?

IAN

Sure. So do something different. Do something they... those other, uhh what did you call them, uhh, pieces of uhh shit?  
Yes, so something they didn't do.

CHRISTIANNIA  
I think she already did.

Helen looks up.

CHRISTIANNIA (Cont'd)  
She figured it out.

IAN  
He-hey! Something to celebrate, do we.. do we have champagne

HELEN  
You're right. I did. We can end it here.

Christiannia smiles, and helps Helen up.

HELEN  
Well, almost. We can't stop these nukes now, but we can stop it happening again.

Helen opens the second cryo-pod.

HELEN  
Both of you. Get in.

CHRISTIANNIA  
What? What about you?

HELEN  
You two... you can survive this. You'll be the only two left alive. And you can start again. A new Adam and Eve for the next age of the earth. No more Jurassic Parks.

CHRISTIANNIA  
I don't...

HELEN  
You KNOW. Both of you know about this. Jurassic Park, Opposite Jurassic Park, all of it. Start a new civilisation and pass down this warning. Never to make these parks.

IAN

A new civilisation? Us two? That means... (he looks over at Christiannia, a big grin on his face) hmm... huh huh... mmm, rawr  
haha hmm

CHRISTIANNIA

(to Helen)

You'll die.

HELEN

I will. But I'll be the last one. The last dinosaur to be caught in this cycle of death.

CHRISTIANNIA

(starts to cry)

Thank you.

Ian and Christiannia climb into the pods. Helen gives Ian one final kiss, with a lot of tongue. Then she closes the pods and watches the two humans drift gently to sleep. An alarm blares from the wall, 'NUKES INCOMING' flashing on the screen. Helen walks to the door, and seals it shut behind her. There is a thunderous roar, and the lights fade off in the bunker.

FADE IN: INT. - Bunker

A caption on the screen reads SIXTY YEARS LATER

The pods hiss open, gas pouring from them. After a few seconds, a naked male foot slaps down onto the concrete, and then another, and then they walk forward. Female feet do the same in the background.

As the two figures move towards the bunker door, a message is flashing on the Cryo-pods.

WARNING

MALFUNCTION IN STASIS

BRAIN DAMAGE PROBABILITY: 96%

The door of the bunker swings open, and a naked Dr Ian Malcolm and Christiannia stumble out. They look around at the island,



where there is no longer any sign of Opposite Jurassic Park, only some trees, and a vast expanse of ocean over the cliffs before them.

Ian looks to his partner, and places his hand on her cheek.

CHRISTIANNIA

F...f...fluhh...

IAN

Buhhhhh

The cryo-pods have taken what brilliance Dr Ian Malcolm once had, what determination and strength Christiannia once had, and turned their brains to goo. They're useless pieces of shit, mentally. They can't communicate, or even remember their lives before now. Maybe their children will develop language, or their grandchildren, but not them. There is no trace of Opposite Jurassic Park left, except for the bunker. Back inside, we see the cryo-pods begin to close, with only a few pieces of paper inside.

Okay it's end of the movie montage time. Ideally the song 'We'll Meet Again' by Vera Lynn is playing but if this gets recorded for the internet, then its an original song in the same vein. If you're reading this, put that song on though, for atmosphere.

A caption appears on the screen which reads FIFTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

We see a scientist dinosaur leading two humans into a bunker, finding photographs, placing them into the cryo-pods, and walking outside, as the door shuts.

A caption now reads FIFTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO and the door bursts open once more, this time a different scientist dinosaur, and two slightly different humans. They do the same things, the door shuts, and then FORTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO. We see the same scene play out in montage every ten thousand years until we reach

TEN THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW

A scientist dinosaur leads two humans into the bunker, opens the cryo-pods and finds the clippings.

The three of them begin to put the photographs together until they finally arrive on the last one.

In the photograph, Dr Helen Dinosaur, Dr Ian Malcolm, Christianna, and all the other dinosaurs and humans we grew to love, stand smiling in the group picture they took together.

Then they find one last photograph.

It's a photo of Tyrannosaurus Sex's ass.

THE END