

FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE RIVER -- AFTERNOON

A yellow inflatable raft with three occupants glides down a jungle river. The first person is a middle-aged man, MARSHALL, wearing a khaki brown safari ensemble. The second is WILL, a young man of about 17 with curly brown hair, sideburns, and a bowie knife clipped to his belt. And the third is HOLLY, a 12-year-old chipmonk-faced girl with braided pigtails and a red plaid shirt. All of them are lounging about the raft as it drifts along with the current.

WILL

A routine expedition, my ass!

MARSHALL

Shut the frick up! I swear, one more peep out of you and I'm going to smack you back to the land that time forgot.

HOLLY

Daaaad. I have to pee again.

WILL

This sucks! You got us lost, you idiot! I mean, where in the hell are we?

MARSHALL sticks his hand into a cooler and pulls out a cold beer.

MARSHALL

(to Holly)

Can you hold it? I mean you just went like 20 minutes ago!

(to Will)

And you... we're not lost okay. Like I said, this is a routine expedition. I've done this like, what?, a bazillion times?...

WILL sulks and starts playing with his bowie knife.

WILL

(under his breath)

Mom would have never taken us out to this malaria-ridden hell hole...

MARSHALL crushes the now empty beer can in his fist.

MARSHALL

Oh yeah? Well, let me tell you a little something about your mother. She's a crack-whore.

(MORE)

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

A dirty, filthy crack-whore. Of course she wouldn't have taken you out to this part of... the world. She'd be strung out on the boulevard, turning tricks for a dimebag...

HOLLY

Would you two stop it? Gosh. You shouldn't talk about Mom like that. Besides, she's in treatment now and... hey, a monkey!

HOLLY excitedly points to the trees along the shore.

MARSHALL

Holly, that's a squirrel, honey. Did you take your Ritalin this morning? Please tell me you took your Ritalin.

HOLLY lies down on the floor of the raft and pokes at her cheeks with her finger.

HOLLY

I had cereal this morning. Lots of cereal. Silly rabbit, Trix are for kids. My shirt looks like a table cloth...

She trails off, lost in her own world. MARSHALL sighs. WILL suggestively rubs his bowie knife against the rubber raft.

MARSHALL

Don't even think about it, numb-nuts!

WILL

Why? You think drowning would be any worse than slowly starving to death on this little boat?

MARSHALL

Hey! It was YOU that wanted to come out here in the first place. You said you wanted a water adventure, remember?

WILL

Dude, I suggested wind-surfing in Maui. Not poaching crocodiles in this... god-forsaken place...

MARSHALL

Poaching pays the bills, you ungrateful little bastard!

(MORE)

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

You'd do well to remember that! Who do you think pays for your little skateboards and playstations?

HOLLY excitedly points again to the shore.

HOLLY

Look! Leprechauns!

MARSHALL and WILL turn, and they see a group of jungle tribesmen with painted faces and blow guns.

MARSHALL

Shit! Honey, get down! Those aren't leprechauns!

A dart whizzes by MARSHALL's head, then another. He ducks and starts paddling the boat with his hands. A third dart punctures the side of the raft. Holly reaches over and starts pulling it out.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Honey, no!

The dart pops out and there's a slow, audible hiss coming from the raft. Holly licks the end of the dart. MARSHALL snatches it away.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Don't do that! It's probably poisoned with frog piss or something...

HOLLY

It's magically delicious.

The tribesmen watch from the shore and appear to laugh, before disappearing in the trees.

WILL

Nice going, DAD! I told you you shouldn't have defiled their village!

MARSHALL

I didn't defile anything. Look, I was only havin' a little fun...

WILL

You smudged a Hitler moustache on their idol worshipping thingie...

MARSHALL

(defensively)

Well... It WAS doing that little Heil Hitler...

(doing a nazi salute)

with the arm...

Before he can finish, the trees start shaking. Birds fly into the air in giant colorful clouds. The sound of the forest erupts with animal and bird chatter. Everything around them is trembling. Rocks and boulders break away from the embankment and splash into the water.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

I... I think it's an earthquake!

WILL

No shit, Sherlock!

HOLLY

My hand smells like cheese.

Just then, a large rocky cliff in front of them breaks away, with huge rocks splashing to the left and right. The river channels towards the new opening and the current starts moving rapidly. We can see this new opening has exposed an enormous waterfall.

MARSHALL

This is it kids! Hang on!

WILL

Dad?... I'm scared!

HOLLY

(with a completely  
calm expression on  
her face)

I don't have to pee anymore.

MARSHALL

Okay. Just hang on! Come here and hang on! We're going to get through this, okay? We're all going to be just fine. And we this is all over, I want to promise you kids one thing. I'm going to stop being such a... such a... caveman.

WILL

I love you, Dad!

MARSHALL

I love you too.

HOLLY

I love Fruity Pebbles... and Cocoa Pebbles... and...

Her voice trails away as the tiny raft disappears over the waterfall. No splash. No sound other than that of rushing water.

Except, off in the distance, we hear the loud grumbling roar of a grumpy animal. It sounds like a dinosaur.

FADE OUT