

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

Flittering, unintelligible noises.

Rustling. Branches snapping. A sniff, a grunt, a ROAR followed by a GUNSHOT.

MURPHY
Goddam fucking lizards.

EXT- JUNGLE - DAY

The blackness, the inside of a RAPTOR'S MOUTH falls away to reveal the business end of a smoking shotgun barrel, held by RHETT MURPHY. Murphy stands an even 6', razor sharp and tan, sun glinting off his smiling eyes nestled under his safari hat. The stale jungle air shifts his sweat stained drab Hawaiian shirt. He quickly spins to his right, cocking the shotgun as he moves.

CORVALIS
Murphy, how many times do I have to tell you...

She turns and aims her twin barrel sawed off elephant gun at Murphy. Her close cropped blonde hair only helps to accent her diminute stature. Her body is taunt, compact and unmistakably feminine under the skintight outline of her dirty white T-shirt and cargo pants. His eyes go wide as her gloved hands pull the trigger...

BLASTING another raptor directly behind him.

CORVALIS
Do NOT take the Lord's name in vain.

Murphy tips his hat, drops to his knees and cuts down another carnivore.

MURPHY
Corvalis! Left, Two o'clock.

Corvalis pivots to her left and fires as she drops, catching an airborne raptor full in the chest. As the beast comes down, she kicks it over her head, just missing a fatal swipe of its foreclaw. She snaps to her feet. Two raptors rushing simultaneously do not afford her the opportunity to shoot one before the other is upon her. A deft TWIST of her weapon and a two and a half foot long steel bayonet SPRINGS from each end of the elephant gun. A sharp cut and slice, drop and roll, a pulled trigger and two more raptors lie dead and bleeding. Murphy fires his shotgun one last time into one of the fallen dinosaurs before abandoning it and resorting to twin .45s.

He and Corvalis drop into formation back to back steeling themselves. The remaining raptors now circle their intended prey warily. The attack comes swiftly and with no prelude.

MURPHY

Here comes Momma.

A SMASHING of tree branches and an EIGHT FOOT FEMALE BULL stomps her way into the clearing.

Corvalis reaches behind her back and pulls out a short stubby pistol with an overlarge barrel and a thick front grip. She cocks the weapon and FIRES.

CORVALIS

'Night Mom.

The GRENADE lodges firmly in her underbelly and explodes as Murphy and Corvalis dive for cover.

The dust settles, the remaining raptors scatter screaming into the jungle and Murphy and Corvalis roll over wiping away pieces of blood and dinosaur entrails.

MURPHY

Subtle, Corvalis. Real subtle.

The two stand and inventory their weapons and injuries, Murphy taking special note of Corvalis' torn trousers.

MURPHY

Bad?

CORVALIS

Third pair this week.