

May 24, 2007

It's a Lost, Lost World

by

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EXT. OCEAN – DAY

The vast expanse of the ocean. Seagulls swoops and caw overhead. Land can just be seen in the hazy distance.

A title reads: “Off the southern coast of Chile, 1916, during World War I.”

Suddenly, a brass periscope rises up out of the waves directly in front of us. The lens turns, then stops abruptly. We can see the reflection of a battleship in the periscope’s lens.

Our view moves down the periscope, and under the crashing waves . . .

EXT. UNDER THE OCEAN – DAY

A World War I German U-boat with it’s periscope up slowly cruises past. It’s identification number and name are painted on the hull: *U-2: Achtung Baby*.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

At the periscope is CAPTAIN WOLFGANG VON SCHMÜTZ, wearing his captain’s hat backward. He sees a huge British battleship cruising through the sunlit waves.

CAPTAIN

(with a German accent)

Load torpedo tubes one and two.

A slim LIEUTENANT with a waxed mustache speaks into a brass tube.

LIEUTENANT

(German accent)

Load torpedo tubes one and two.

Four burly men standing a few feet away nod and say . . .

BURLY MEN

Ja wohl, mein Herr.

Two men take one greasy torpedo, two men take another, then they have to go right past the main crew and the periscope, all of which are in their way. The torpedoes rub against everything making it black with grease, including the periscope eyepiece.

The two torpedoes are taken to the open torpedo tubes and loaded in.

Captain Von Schmutz lowers his eyes to the eyepiece and sights in.

CAPTAIN

Fire one and two.

LIEUTENANT

Fire one and two.

The Lieutenant pushes a red button, then pushes another red button.

EXT. UNDER THE OCEAN – DAY

A torpedo fires out of the submarine and speeds off through the dark water, then another torpedo follows right after it.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

The Captain looks up from the periscope binoculars with greasy black rings around his eyes. He says to the Lieutenant.

CAPTAIN

It will take exactly thirty-one seconds
for the torpedoes to travel to the British
battleship, and for the sound to return to
us . . .

The Lieutenant looks at his watch, and the seconds tick off . . .

EXT. OCEAN'S SURFACE – DAY

The British light cruiser, *Birmingham*, moves through the ocean waves. On her foredeck a SAILOR with binoculars spots the torpedoes.

SAILOR
(hollers)
Incoming torpedoes!

INT. COMMAND CABIN – DAY

The brass handles controlling the ship's speed are jammed forward, accompanied by ringing bells, to "Full Speed Ahead."

EXT. OCEAN'S SURFACE – DAY

The *Birmingham* moves quickly out of the path of the oncoming torpedoes. As the big battleship moves away it reveals behind it a smaller steamship, with "Dingaling Bros. Burnum and Beate Bailey's Circus" written on the side.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

The Captain orders . . .

CAPTAIN
Dive, dive!

The Lieutenant repeats the order and pushes a big button, which begins to *honk* loudly.

LIEUTENANT
Dive!

A crewman pulls a brass handle and bells begin to *ring*.

Another crewman pushes a big button and a horn begins to *whoop-whoop*.

Yet another button is pushed which causes a *boi-oi-oing* noise.

Another button causes a loud *fart* noise.

EXT. UNDER THE OCEAN – DAY

The submarine dives down to the depths of the sea.

EXT. OCEAN'S SURFACE – DAY

The two torpedoes slam into the side of the circus ship and it explodes. Lions, tigers and giraffes go sailing through the air. A hippopotamus comes splashing down into the water, as well as some sad-looking clowns, all of whom are quickly eaten by ravenous sharks.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

The crew of the submarine hears a distant metallic clonk, and they all begin to cheer. The Captain smiles and nods, then realizes he has grease around his eyes.

EXT. OCEAN'S SURFACE – DAY

The circus ship finishes sinking, disappearing beneath the waves with a *glub-glub-glub*.

In the water is RICHARD “DICK” CHALLENGER, a tall, handsome, dark-haired man, who is presently attempting to save his own life by swimming toward a lifeboat, past elephants, chimpanzees and clowns. When he gets to the lifeboat Challenger finds that it already has a big, ferocious, growling lion in it. Luckily, Challenger has his enormous .50 caliber hunting rifle strapped around his neck. He climbs on the back of a hippopotamus and takes aim with his big hunting rifle, fires and shoots the lion off the lifeboat.

CHALLENGER

(sort of like Kirk Douglas)

*Damn lions! I'll kill every damn one of
'em! I swear to God!*

Challenger is a pretty intense guy. He leaps from the hippo to the boat, turns and shoots the hippo, which goes down in a cascade of bubbles.

CHALLENGER

Damnable hippos! You're too fat to live!

A moment later another person swims up to the side of the boat, and a hand comes over the gunwale. Challenger helps the person in and finds that it's an attractive

female, DR. IRIS OGLETHORPE, botanist, zoologist and chemist. She lands in the bottom of the lifeboat, a soggy mess. She comes face to face with a large Boa Constrictor and gasps.

Challenger's hand pushes Iris safely back. He levels the rifle and blows the snakes head off.

CHALLENGER

Damn snakes! I'll kill all of them, too!

(to Iris)

It's okay now, it's dead.

Iris sits up and waves away the blue smoke.

IRIS

It certainly is.

CHALLENGER

I guess I just saved your life. It could've bit you and killed you with it's poison venom. In some cultures you'd belong to me now.

IRIS

Actually, it was a constrictor, they don't have poison venom.

CHALLENGER

They're even worse. I *really* hate them. So, you're that scientist woman, eh?

IRIS

Yes. And you're that great white hunter, Dick Challenger, am I correct?

CHALLENGER

That's me.

IRIS

Why do they say "white"? Are most great hunters black?

Challenger looks blank.

CHALLENGER

Uh, I don't know, actually. That's just what they say.

Iris nods skeptically.

They hear a lion roar, turn and see a ferocious male lion on top of some wreckage. Challenger immediately levels his rifle and takes aim.

IRIS

What are you doing?

CHALLENGER

I'm gonna kill him.

IRIS

Why?

CHALLENGER

Why? 'Cause he's sick. I'll be putting him out of his misery.

IRIS

He's not sick!

CHALLENGER

He's homesick, look at his eyes.

Iris grabs the barrel of Challenger's rifle and lowers it.

IRIS

Do you have to kill everything?

Challenger thinks for a second, then nods.

CHALLENGER

Yeah, most everything. And please, call me Dick.

IRIS

With pleasure, but why, pray tell, do
you enjoy killing so much?

Challenger rubs his chin and considers the question.

CHALLENGER

Well . . . I guess it's because I never feel
more alive than when I've just killed another
living creature. Why, with all the things
I've killed, I'd say I'm more alive than
anyone except maybe God. You oughta
see my trophy room back home . . .

Challenger tilts his head back and smiles . . .

DISSOLVE:

INT. CHALLENGER'S TROPHY ROOM – DAY

It's a huge wood-paneled room, with the mounted heads of various creatures covering almost every foot of space. We move down the row of heads: an elephant, a rhino, a bear, a lion, a tiger, a giraffe's neck (the head is out of frame), a crocodile, etc., then we begin moving even faster down the long row . . .

CHALLENGER

(V.O.)

Yeah, I imagine I've killed just about
everything that walks or crawls, or slithers
or swims, runs, jumps, gallops, prances,
flies, squirms . . .

As we near the end of the wall, we're down to smaller heads: gophers, squirrels, chipmunks; and finally insects: we see the tattered remains of a mounted butterfly, bullet holes through it's wings.

CHALLENGER

(V.O.)

. . . waddles, wades, skips, hops . . . did I
say 'gallops'?

EXT. OCEAN'S SURFACE – DAY

Challenger and Iris are in the lifeboat.

IRIS

Yes, I'm sure you did. And let me tell you that I am revolted. You disgust me, sir, and the sooner we're back home and I'm rid of you, the happier I'll be.

Challenger looks at her dumbfounded.

CHALLENGER

Say, what's eatin' at you, anyway?

Iris shakes in astonishment.

IRIS

Eating at *me*? Of all the . . .
(changes subjects)

So, Mr. Challenger, do you think the Germans hate the circus, or do you suppose that this war has just put them in a bad mood?

Challenger holds his rifle and looks around intently.

CHALLENGER

If I see any damn Germans I'll kill 'em!
I swear, I hate those dirty Huns worse than lions!

Just then the German U-boat comes rising to the surface of the ocean directly behind Challenger. The hatch on top of the sub opens and a big machine gun pops out. The gunner aims his weapon at Challenger. The Lieutenant appears beside the gunner.

LIEUTENANT

Drop your weapon, if you please.

Challenger doesn't lower his rifle.

CHALLENGER

Damn! I hate it when submarines sneak up on me like that!

Dr. Iris Oglethorpe smiles her most charming smile.

IRIS

Guttentag, mein herr.

The submarine's machine gunner cocks the bolt of his weapon. Challenger grimaces and begrudgingly lowers his rifle.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

Iris and Challenger are hustled into the submarine. The Lieutenant leads them down a very thin corridor.

LIEUTENANT

Captain Von Schmutz will see you in the stateroom.

They stop before a door and the Lieutenant knocks. Captain Von Schmutz's voice comes from within.

CAPTAIN

(O.S.)

Eintrenten.

Iris and Challenger go inside.

INT. STATEROOM – DAY

The room is literally four feet by four feet, with a table at the center, although there's no way to pull the chairs out from under the table.

CAPTAIN

Sit. Relax. Feel at home.

Iris and Challenger both try to pull out a chair and sit down, but it's very difficult. The Captain, who smokes a big, low-slung pipe, shrugs. The room is rather smoky.

CAPTAIN

Yes, it is tight, but it's a submarine, you know.

(he offers Challenger a cigar)

Cigar?

Challenger takes one.

CHALLENGER

Thanks.

The Captain ignites a match and lights Challenger's cigar. They both puff for a second enjoying their smokes, and very quickly the room fills with smoke. The Captain looks at Iris, then shrugs apologetically.

CAPTAIN

I'm so sorry . . . would you care for a cigarette?

He holds out a pack and Iris takes one.

IRIS

Thank you, *Herr* Captain.

He lights her cigarette for her.

CAPTAIN

So, what is a circus ship doing off the coast of Chile in wartime, guarded by a British light cruiser, eh?

Challenger points his cigar at the Captain.

CHALLENGER

I could ask you the same thing, couldn't I?

CAPTAIN

My mission is to sink Allied vessels.

CHALLENGER

Well, mission accomplished. There won't be a circus this year. The children of America thank you.

CAPTAIN

The Kaiser sends the children of America his apologies. So, you catch the animals, I presume?

CHALLENGER

Yes, I catch them. Sometimes I kill them, too.

CAPTAIN

But if you kill them then you don't get paid, *ja*?

CHALLENGER

Ja. I just kill things for fun.

CAPTAIN

Aren't you the lucky one.

(turns to Iris)

And what about you? What do you do for the circus?

IRIS

I don't work for the circus, I was just hitching a ride back to America on their boat. My name is Dr. Iris Oglethorpe. I am a chemist, a botanist, a zoologist, and a certified public accountant—it was a fall-back position in case the science career didn't pan out. I was here studying a tribe of Chilean Indians who have had almost no contact with civilized man.

(cont.)

IRIS (cont.)

(she takes a rolled-up map

out of her pocket)
The most interesting thing was this map.
It had been passed down from generation
to generation, and was revered as the most
sacred object of their culture.

CAPTAIN

Then how did you get it?

IRIS

Let's just say they'd never met a white
woman before.

(she winks)

The map also contains written text even
though the Indians themselves had no
written language. I've been translating
it, and supposedly the map leads to a hidden,
or "lost," world, if you will. A land where
time has apparently stood still. Also, there
are supposed to be ancient tribes of
humans, which is what I'm most interested
in. Primitive man is my specialty.

(she looks Challenger up
and down)

But the map also says that there is a highly-
evolved tribe of women, and their leader is
a beautiful Goddess named *Her-Who-Lives-
Forever*. It's just a myth, of course, but a
darned fascinating one.

Challenger's eyebrows raise up.

CHALLENGER

A beautiful Goddess, eh?

CAPTAIN

And how does she live forever?

IRIS

No one knows, but I sure would like to
find out. The island is supposed to be in
this general vicinity, too.

CAPTAIN

Really? There are no islands listed on
the map around here.

IRIS

(nods)

I know.

The Captain and Challenger both rub their chins and contemplatively puff their
smokes.

EXT. OCEAN – DAY

The submarine, with it's conning tower above water, glides through the waves. The
Captain, Iris and Challenger are all out on top and peer closely through
binoculars. The Captain lowers his binoculars, unscrews an eyepiece and a takes a
discreet swig. He quickly screws the cap back on and pretends to be looking through
them. Iris spots something.

IRIS

There! That's the smoke of a volcano,
but there's no island on the map there.

The Captain speaks into the brass tube.

CAPTAIN

Hard a-port.

EXT. OCEAN & ISLAND – DAY

The submarine circles the island. The Captain, Iris and Challenger all look through
binoculars at the island. Iris finally spots something.

IRIS

There! Hot water is pouring out of
that tunnel. Look. There's a hot,
volcanic body of water inside the crater.

The Captain and Challenger both look and see a stream of steaming hot water pouring out of a tunnel in the rocks and into the cool ocean water, creating a steaming whirlpool.

The Captain speaks into the brass tube.

CAPTAIN

Prepare to dive.

As the three climb through the hatch, the diving sound effects begin again, *honk-honk, whoop-whoop, boi-oi-oing*, then the *fart* noise. The submarine submerges.

EXT. UNDER THE OCEAN – DAY

The submarine cruises under the ocean, heading toward the rock wall split with a crevasse that has hot water pouring out. The submarine goes right into the crevasse, which is just wide enough to allow it to enter.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

Challenger and Iris stand behind the Captain, who peers through the periscope. The crew of the submarine silently goes about their business as they make their perilous way through this tunnel. An Edison cylinder machine plays a recording of Rossini's opera "William Tell," and many sailors listen. One sailor is busy shaving with a straight razor looking into a tiny mirror. The sailors manning the torpedo tubes are attempting to reload.

EXT. ISLAND – DAY

The volcano on the island rumbles, spewing lava, ash and smoke into the air, causing the whole island to shudder. Small avalanches of rocks roll down the sides of the mountain and splash into the ocean.

EXT. UNDER THE OCEAN – DAY

Rocks cascade down through the water and begin bouncing off the top of the submarine, causing it to shake.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

The needle on the Edison cylinder scratches across the grooves. The sailors listening all wince.

The Captain tries to keep his eye to the periscope.

Iris falls into Challenger's arms. He happily takes a hold of her, and she tries to pull free, but there's too much turbulence.

The sailor shaving nearly cuts his own throat, and manages to chop off a clump of the hair on his head. He looks down at the razor with the hunk of hair on it in horror.

The sailors loading the torpedo completely miss the torpedo tube and clonk the detonator on the tip of the torpedo into the bulkhead, but luckily it doesn't explode. The sailors all exhale and grab their hearts.

EXT. UNDER THE OCEAN – DAY

The submarine continues making its way through the rocky crevasse. Rocks keep falling on the sub, clonking off the metal top. One particularly large boulder makes a direct hit on top of the periscope, shoving it down.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

Iris and Challenger, still holding onto each other, both look down with pained expressions. The Captain, meanwhile, is pinned to the floor by the periscope. He speaks through clenched teeth.

CAPTAIN

Help.

EXT. JUNGLE LAKE – DAY

A fetid, swampy jungle lake in the middle of the lost world. Suddenly, the surface of the water begins to boil, then the submarine surfaces in the middle of the lake, all covered with seaweed, giant leeches and gooey barnacles.

The hatch on the conning tower opens and one by one out step the Captain, Challenger, and Iris. They are all in total awe, utterly incredulous, as they see—a steaming tropical jungle, with twisting vines and bubbling swamps. A pterodactyl flies through the sky cawing loudly. Woolly mammoths, a brontosaurus, and a herd of raptors all go by.

They see a small, fish-like creature walk out of the swamp on its fins. It looks around and sees a green and brown stick, which reveals itself to be a camouflaged insect. The insect pounces on the fish and eats it. Then an enormous bird, which screams and

caws, swoops down and eats the insect. The bird takes a moment to digest the large bug, when suddenly a huge dinosaur's head reaches down, gobbles up the bird and walks away.

Then a 100-ton Brontosaurus comes clomping by, knocking down trees in its path. It stops for a second, lifts one of its back legs and gives it a shake. A flattened caveman falls off the bottom of its foot and flops to the ground, then the huge dinosaur keeps walking.

Then they see the heads of two Apatosauri (a large, four-legged dinosaur) poking out from above the treetops. The two heads are snapping at each other, like they're fighting. The heads move forward revealing it to be a two-headed Apatasaurus fighting with itself.

Challenger turns to Iris and the Captain.

CHALLENGER

So then I'd guess this is probably that "lost world" you were talking about.

IRIS

Yes, it's almost like a, a . . . land that time forgot, or something.

CAPTAIN

It certainly is a mysterious island, that's for sure.

CHALLENGER

Do you suppose we're near the Earth's core?

Iris looks at him very seriously, sighs and shakes her head sadly.

CHALLENGER

What?

The Captain looks through his binoculars, shakes his head and mumbles.

CAPTAIN

What a stupid question.

Challenger can't believe it.

CHALLENGER

Hey! I was just asking is all. Jeez!

DISSOLVE:

EXT. JUNGLE – DAY

A point-of-view moves stealthily through thick jungle undergrowth, accompanied by loud, wheezing breathing. The light in the jungle is pale and diffused, as though the ground were steaming. Beams of light catch in the steam.

The POV moves forward until it gets to a puddle and looks down into the water. We see the reflection of OÖ-POÑGO, who has a protruding brow and a somewhat confused expression. He is an earlier form of man, and he's clothed in animal fur. Oo-Pongo admires his reflection and straightens his hair a little. He looks good and he knows it. He walks away doing a Travolta-like strut from *Saturday Night Fever*.

Oo-Pongo hears something approaching, his eyes darting around. The whole world begins to shake as something truly humongous approaches. Oo-Pongo ducks down and hides behind a bush.

A giant Tyrannosaurus Rex steps out from behind a ridge. Oo-Pongo sees it and freezes. The dinosaur's nostrils flare, it cocks its head, raises one eyebrow, then turns and looks straight at Oo-Pongo. Oo-Pongo turns and runs for his life, the two-legged behemoth giving chase, the ground shaking with every step. Suddenly, the Tyrannosaurus Rex abruptly stops. Oo-Pongo also stops, turns and sees the dinosaur just standing there, then it begins backing up, then finally turns and runs away. Huh? Oo-Pongo contemptuously kicks dirt and spits at the fleeing dinosaur.

Oo-Pongo smiles. Suddenly it begins to rain. Oo-Pongo grabs a palm frond and covers his head. His smile turns to confusion as he notices that the rain is yellow. Oo-Pongo slowly looks up and realizes he's standing underneath a really, *really* big dinosaur. Oo-Pongo tries to creep away from under the giant monster. Just when it looks like he's going to escape, a mountain of dinosaur crap lands on Oo-Pongo, completely burying him. The really, really big dinosaur slowly walks away with earth-shaking steps.

The 300-pound pile of dinosaur poop sits there steaming in the jungle heat. In the poop we can make out monkey skeletons and corn cobs. Suddenly, there is some

movement in the poop, then an area caves in and Oo-Pongo comes clawing his way out, gasping for air. As he crawls out of the giant pile of crap he is a severely filthy, horrible mess. He gets to his feet and staggers away.

As Oo-Pongo wanders away he grabs a small, furry lemur-like mammal from a tree branch, and begins using it to wipe the shit off himself. He discards it when it becomes too soiled.

Oo-Pongo's forward progress is suddenly impeded. He looks down and realizes that his feet are stuck in thick sticky goo oozing from the center of a flower—an huge Venus Flytrap! As he tries to dislodge his feet, he sees that the flower is rapidly closing its petals up around him. Oo-Pongo panics, grabs a hold of his legs and pulls as hard as he can, but he can't get his feet loose, and now his hands are stuck, too. The Venus Flytrap's petals close up completely, utterly engulfing the helpless Oo-Pongo.

Suddenly, the Venus Flytrap coughs, gags, then spits Oo-Pongo out. He hits the ground covered in shit and sticky goo, and quickly runs away. The Venus Flytrap continues to spit out the shitty aftertaste, then starts to retch.

EXT. EDGE OF THE JUNGLE – DAY

Oo-Pongo slows down as he gets further from the carnivorous plant. He hears the sound of waves crashing against the shore, and sees blue sky through the trees. Oo-Pongo hears a muffled shouting voice and follows the sound.

EXT. SEASHORE – DAY

Oo-Pongo comes to the edge of the trees, beyond which lies the vast ocean. A bit further down the shore are rocky cliffs dropping into the crashing waves. At the top of the cliff is the distant silhouette of a thin, bearded old man dressed in furs, with very long hair. His long beard and hair whip around in the wind and he bends down and busily does something.

EXT. CLIFF – DAY

The OLD MAN is rolling up a sheaf of papers and trying to stuff them into a large wine bottle, but they don't really want to go in. He keeps pushing on the pages until they do go in.

OLD MAN

I may never get off this island, but at

least my story will be known. Do you hear me, God? This is my story and the world will know it!

The old man jams the cork into the bottle tightly, and with a mighty heave throws it off the cliff. The bottle spins through the air . . .

DISSOLVE:

EXT. ROCK TRIBE CAVE – DAY

Oo-Pongo returns to his home, the Rock Tribe cave. The entire Rock Tribe, who are all dark-haired, fur-clad, dirty, with slightly protruding brows, consists of 50 men, women and children. They cook, clean and play out in front of their cave, which is located on a cliff overlooking a river. They communicate with grunts and gibberish. CAVEMAN #1 picks up a spear and says . . .

CAVEMAN #1

Oo-Loo.

A subtitle reads: “Spear.”

CAVEMAN #2 holds up a sharp rock.

CAVEMAN #2

Oo-Noo-Noo.

A subtitle reads: “Rock.”

CAVEMAN #3 holds up a flat rock covered with steaming vegetables.

CAVEMAN #3

Moo-Goo-Gai-Pan.

A subtitle reads: “Delicious vegetable dish.”

Oo-Pongo comes walking up and is greeted by a CAVEPERSON.

CAVEPERSON

Obla-Dee-Obla-Da.

A subtitle reads: “Hail, fair traveler.”

OO-PONGO
(smiles and nods)
Goo-Goo-Ga-Joob.

A subtitle reads: “Greetings, friend, and well met.”

Oo-Pongo comes walking up and the other cavepeople wrinkle up their noses at his aroma and step away.

A pretty, dark-haired cave girl, I-POD, steps up to Oo-Pongo and wipes some of the shit and goo off of him. Oo-Pongo ignores her. She touches his chest.

I-POD
Oo-Pongo.
(she touches her own chest)
I-Pod.

She puts her hands together and grasps them tightly. Oo-Pongo looks completely confused, doesn’t know what she’s talking about and walks away. I-Pod looks after him, longingly.

Oo-Pongo stoops down by the fire and reaches in for some of the cooking meat. He is immediately pushed away from the fire by OO-GONZO, the big, bearded leader of the Rock Tribe. Oo-Pongo doesn’t like being pushed. He pounds his chest with his fist.

OO-PONGO
Oo-Pongo!
(he rubs his belly)
Lub-Lub.

A subtitle reads: “I, Oo-Pongo, have a tremendous yearning to ingest protein.”

Oo-Pongo steps back toward the fire. Oo-Gonzo blocks his path, shaking his head.

OO-GONZO
Rama-Lama-Ding-Dong!

A subtitle reads: “Be that as it may, oh little one, this animal flesh belongs to me, and to those whom I bestow it upon, and you are not included in that elite group, so scram!”

Oo-Pongo is incensed. He picks up a stick, and so does Oo-Gonzo. They square off.

OO-PONGO
(threateningly)
Doo-Wah-Diddy!

A subtitle reads: “Defend yourself, you overgrown tree sloth!”

OO-GONZO
(retorts)
Dum-Diddy-Doo!

A subtitle reads: “Oh, yeah? Tree sloth, eh? How dare you! I look nothing like a tree sloth!”

They fight with their sticks. Oo-Gonzo is not only bigger, but a better fighter, too, and quickly knocks the stick out of Oo-Pongo’s hand, then knocks him off the cliff edge. Oo-Gonzo yells after Oo-Pongo . . .

OO-GONZO
Papa, Oo-Mau-Mau!

A subtitle reads: “Take that! And if you ever come back you’ll get some more. Tree sloth? The audacity.”

I-Pod is shocked at seeing Oo-Pongo knocked off the cliff. A tear appears in her eye and she looks sad. She waves her hand.

I-POD
Nah-Nah Hey-Hey.

A subtitle reads: “Goodbye.”

EXT. RIVER – DAY

Oo-Pongo falls off the cliff and splashes into the water of a twisting, meandering river. He bobs up to the surface.

EXT. ROCK TRIBE CAVE – DAY

I-Pod sees Oo-Pongo floating down the river and runs after him.

EXT. RIVER – DAY

Oo-Pongo grabs a fallen log and floats down the river with the current.

I-Pod runs along the riverbank following the drifting Oo-Pongo. As she tries to keep up with him she gets hit in the face with branches.

EXT. RIVER IN JUNGLE – DAY

The semi-conscious Oo-Pongo floats down the river hanging onto the fallen log. He passes giant snakes curled around tree limbs, huge crocodiles sunning themselves on the river banks. The volcano rumbles and the whole island shakes. Oo-Pongo looks up at the volcano, then passes back out.

EXT. VOLCANO – DAY

The volcano rumbles and sputters, spewing smoke and lava into the air.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BASE CAMP – DAY

Challenger, Iris, the Captain, the Lieutenant, and ten sailors stand in front of the lagoon and the docked submarine. They all look up at the erupting volcano. Challenger leads the way into the jungle.

In front of them stretches the endless vista of primordial jungle, with pterodactyls flying through the sky. Captain Von Schmutz waves the sailors forward toward the endless vista.

CAPTAIN

Lieutenant, you and the men spread out
and form a perimeter, but for God's sake,
whatever you do, keep your heads below
the matte line!

The men spread out, making sure to duck down and stay below the matte line to the endless vista.

Challenger surveys this strange, ancient world. Iris steps up beside him, her eyes wide with wonder.

IRIS

Fascinating, powerful, awesome!

CHALLENGER

(nods)

Thank you.

IRIS

(disgusted)

Not you, the landscape.

CHALLENGER

(nods)

I knew that. I was doing a thing you've probably never heard of before called . . .

(he makes the quote signs
with his fingers)

“. . . joking.” We humans also call it . . .

(makes the quote signs)

“. . . humor,” or . . .

(makes the quote signs)

“. . . levity.”

IRIS

(irritated)

Okay, just knock it off. You think you're cute, but you're not.

Challenger grins his most dashing grin.

CHALLENGER

Oh yes I am, and you know it.

Capt. Von Schmutz steps up looking concerned.

CAPTAIN

We're almost out of petroleum. If we ever want to leave this island we'd better think of a way to get more fuel.

Challenger sees the German sailors setting up a mechanical boiler contraption.

CHALLENGER

(points)

What's that?

CAPTAIN

It's our own little brewery. The men get the chance. It lightens things up a bit. A mug of lager beer, a little Oompah music, and before you know it the war is far way, *ja?*

CHALLENGER

(sighs, dazing off)

Ah, the Oompah music . . .

(shakes his head)

Look, what if we boil down the blubber from a few of these fat, overgrown lizards and extract the oil, you think that might work?

CAPTAIN

(frowns)

It sounds very messy, and then how would we make our beer? No, no, let's think of something else.

IRIS

(nods; impressed)

But it just might work. Challenger, you're not as dumb as you look.

CHALLENGER

(nods humbly)

Aw, that's what everyone says.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RIVER BANK – DAY

Two cavemen from the Shell Tribe are fishing at the riverbank. They are similar to the Rock Tribe, except they are blond, tanned, and wear cleaner furs. The taller of the two men is YA-YAS, a particularly handsome caveman. As he casts his fishing line into the river, he sees Oo-Pongo floating downstream towards them and points him out to his companion, GA-GA.

Ga-Ga picks up a rock and throws it at Oo-Pongo, barely missing him. He picks up another rock and winds up, but Ya-Yas stops him from throwing it. Ya-Yas casts his line out toward Oo-Pongo, misses, and then casts again. With the second cast, his curved bone hook catches Oo-Pongo in the mouth, and Ya-Yas begins pulling him to shore.

The pain from the hook digging into his lip causes Oo-Pongo to start waking up, his eyes fluttering open. As he nears shore, Ya-Yas and Ga-Ga grab him under either arm and pull him up onto the sand. Oo-Pongo wakes with a start and immediately springs into a crouching defensive posture.

OO-PONGO

Un-Gawa!

YA-YAS

(extending his open hand)

Obla-Dee Obla-Da.

OO-PONGO

(cautiously extends his hand)

Goo-Goo Ga-Joob?

They shake hands and Ya-Yas taps his chest with his thumb.

YA-YAS

Ya-Yas.

A subtitle reads: "He of the Enlarged Testicles."

Ya-Yas hooks his thumb toward Ga-Ga.

YA-YAS

Ga-Ga.

A subtitle reads: "Blonde Caveman # 2."

Ya-Yas points at Oo-Pongo's chest.

YA-YAS

Nu?

Oo-Pongo thumps his chest proudly.

OO-PONGO

Oo-Pongo!

A subtitle reads: "Alphonse!"

Ya-Yas looks confused.

YA-YAS

Oh-Bongo?

OO-PONGO

(enunciating clearly)

Eau-Pawn-Gyoh.

YA-YAS

Ew-Pon-joe, Kaja Goo-Goo.

A subtitle reads: "Oo-Pongo, please accompany us to our humble village."

Ya-Yas points to a trail behind them, and then he and Ga-Ga begin walking up the trail. Oo-Pongo follows cautiously.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF RIVER BANK – DAY

On the opposite side of the river, I-Pod watches from behind the cover of the jungle foliage. She slowly steps out and looks up and down the river in search of a crossing.

EXT. SHELL TRIBE VILLAGE – DAY

Several fur tents are arranged in a semi-circle around the central fire-pit. All the members of the Shell Tribe are blondes with golden tans. The women are tanning hides and preparing food around their tents.

Oo-Pongo enters with his two newfound friends and looks around in wonder at this new culture. He sees several men pulling a wooden cart loaded with oversized prehistoric vegetables. As they drag it forward into the village, he sees it has square

stones for wheels. The men drag it by brute force, and occasionally, a “wheel” will catch on a rock in the ground and begin to turn on its axle, before slamming down onto a flat side again, to be dragged through the dirt.

Oo-Pongo rubs his chin thoughtfully. Two small sticks appear above his head and rub together, sparking a flame—an idea!

EXT. CITY – DAY (FANTASY)

It’s modern-day Manhattan, filled with thousands and thousands of cars, all of which have square wheels and are being dragged by their owners with ropes. Men, women and cabbies, all dragging square-wheeled cars, create traffic jams in intersections and they all yell at each other.

EXT. SHELL TRIBE VILLAGE – DAY

Oo-Pongo comes out of his daydream just as the cutest cavegirl he’s ever seen goes walking past. She has long blonde hair and wears a tiny fur bikini which barely covers her lovely figure.

OO-PONGO

Hubba-Hubba!

A subtitle reads: “Hubba-Hubba!”

Oo-Pongo is smitten with desire and begins to walk after her. He picks up a large wooden club near a tent doorway, raises it overhead, and is just about to bring it down on the pretty cavegirl’s head when Ya-Yas grabs his arms and stops him. The cavegirl turns at the sound of the commotion.

YA-YAS

Doo-wop?

A subtitle reads: “What are you doing?”

OO-PONGO

Diddly diddly diddly dee, doodly
doodly bop!

A subtitle reads: “This is my tribe’s traditional mating ritual, and our women have never complained.”

Oo-Pongo thinks back on his tribe, remembering . . .

EXT. ROCK TRIBE CAVE – DAY (FLASHBACK)

A Rock tribesman sneaks up behind a cavegirl, bashes her in the head with a huge club, and then drags her off by her hair. Several other Rock tribe women shuffle about with misshapen heads, open-mouthed and drooling, obviously suffering from severe head trauma. Rock Tribe Caveman # 1 observes them, and then turns to his friend.

ROCK TRIBE CAVEMAN # 1
Banana-Rama Ding-Dong?

A subtitle reads: “Ever notice how stupid women act after they’re married?”

EXT. SHELL TRIBE VILLAGE – DAY

Oo-Pongo comes out of his reverie confused, but the pretty cavegirl is smiling at him. Oo-Pongo pounds on his chest with his fist and coughs.

OO-PONGO
Oo-Pongo!

A subtitle reads: “Alfonse.”

The cute girl places her open hand against her breasts.

GIRL
Ta-Tas.

A subtitle reads: “These are my breasts. Behold.”

TA-TAS smiles at him. Oo-Pongo puts his open hand against his own chest.

OO-PONGO
Oo-Pongo.
(he then puts his hand
on her breasts)
Ta-Tas?

She nods and smiles. Ya-Yas taps Oo-Pongo on the shoulder and points out a young caveboy approaching a young cavegirl.

YA-YAS
Gichy-gichy Yah-yah Ga-ga.

A subtitle reads: "Observe our Tribe's Mating ritual."

Oo-Pongo watches as the caveboy, dressed in a suit of feathers, does a bizarre chicken dance around the cavegirl, and finishes by presenting her a basket of fruit.

OO-PONGO
Zippity do-da?

A subtitle reads: "You give her food?"

YA-YAS
Zippity eh.

A subtitle reads: "Food must be given."

Oo-Pongo looks around quickly until his eyes spy some coconuts stacked by a tent behind Ta-Tas. He steps over and picks up two of them, then steps back and extends them as an offering to Ta-Tas. She grabs them with a frown and hugs them to her chest.

TA-TAS
Oo-oo-la Ta-Tas!

A subtitle reads: "These are Ta-Tas!"

Oo-pongo stares at the cleavage behind the coconuts.

OO-PONGO
Oo-la-la.

A subtitle reads: "Yes, they are."

Ya-Yas is talking to him.

YA-YAS
Zippity do-da, Oo-Pongo, Zippity eh.

A subtitle reads: "Oo-Pongo must gather his own food to give."

OO-PONGO

Oo-Pongo bo-diddly. Ta-Tas sha-na-na,
gabba gabba hey!

A subtitle reads: “Oo-Pongo is a Great Hunter. Ta-Tas come with me, and I will catch you real meat food!”

Hiding in the foliage at the edge of the settlement is the cute, dark-haired Rock Tribe girl, I-Pod. She watches Oo-Pongo and Ta-Tas closely, a frown creasing her face. I-Pod mimics their smiles, then spits.

Oo-Pongo looks up. He hears something. It’s the shriek of a dinosaur. He grabs a spear and goes after the sound, into the jungle. Ta-Tas watches him go with a concerned expression on her pretty face, then goes after him.

I-Pod sees the two of them leave and follows.

EXT. JUNGLE – DAY

Oo-Pongo steps forward with his spear in his hand. He sees a mighty Triceratops with its three horns and armor-like skin. Oo-Pongo stealthily moves forward. The Triceratops stops and eats foliage. Ta-Tas steps up in the background and watches.

Oo-Pongo moves closer and closer, then leaps on the creature . . . At which point we realize it’s a miniature Triceratops, the size of a pig. Oo-Pongo wrestles the creature for a moment, then it gets away and runs off into the jungle. Grunting in anticipation, Oo-Pongo quickly pursues it.

EXT. WATERFALL – DAY

The mini-Triceratops runs around the edge of a lake, then goes right underneath a big waterfall and disappears. Oo-Pongo’s arrives one second later but can’t find the creature. Oo-Pongo looks all around, but it’s gone. Oo-Pongo shakes his head in primordial confusion. The foliage at the edge of the jungle rustles. Oo-Pongo raises his spear and cautiously steps forward. He grabs the greenery, pulls it aside and reveals Ta-Tas, who smiles sweetly at him. Oo-Pongo grabs her arm and pulls her out of the shrubbery.

Just then the volcano looming above them begins to smoke and rumble, causing the whole island to shake and shudder. Oo-Pongo and Ta-Tas both fall to their knees. Suddenly, the animals of the jungle come fleeing past and around them, then

they all go under the waterfall and disappear. Oo-Pongo and Ta-Tas' overhanging brows go up and their eyes widen in astonishment. What the . . . ?

Oo-Pongo and Ta-Tas step into the waterfall, then through it and finds a passageway under the crashing water leading somewhere. They both cautiously step into the dark passageway.

EXT. LOST, LOST VALLEY – DAY

There is a crack in the rocks in the side of a mountain. First the little Triceratops comes running out, then a moment later a menagerie of other animals run out, then finally Oo-Pongo and Ta-Tas step out of a crack in the rocks, and into a lush, verdant valley.

Oo-Pongo and Ta-Tas look around in utter astonishment.

DISSOLVE

E:

EXT. LOST, LOST VALLEY – DAY

With an astonished expression, Oo-Pongo and Ta-Tas make their way into the lush, overgrown, misty, magical lost valley. Giant dragonflies with three-foot wingspans flutter past. They hear female laughter and singing. Oo-Pongo and Ta-Tas crouch down and crawl toward the sounds, through some thick foliage.

EXT. FOREST LAKE – DAY

Oo-Pongo moves a shrub out of the way and he and Ta-Tas see a beautiful lake. The lake is filled with thirty gorgeous naked young women splashing, swimming, singing and laughing. Oo-Pongo's eyes widen until they nearly bug out. The fur of his loincloth begins to slowly rise up. Oo-Pongo and Ta-Tas both glance down and look at his rising loincloth. They're both impressed at how much it's elevating. Finally, he yanks away the fur revealing a big, flat-headed cobra rising up between his legs.

Oo-Pongo screams, jumps to his feet, backs away from the snake and directly into the waiting clutches of two beefy women warriors. Two more warriors grab Ta-Tas. The head WARRIOR WOMAN steps up before Oo-Pongo and deftly cracks him over his enlarged skull with a wooden club.

WARRIOR WOMAN

Take them to the pens and lock them up.

The two other warriors drag the unconscious Oo-Pongo and the squirming Ta-Tas away. The Warrior Woman slaps the club into her hand.

WARRIOR WOMAN

Men, when will they ever learn?

EXT. LOST, LOST VALLEY/ VILLAGE – DAY

Oo-Pongo is taken into the village by the two warrior women. Ta-Tas is taken away in a different direction. She and Oo-Pongo exchange a pained glance until she disappears around a corner.

The village is constructed of Frank Lloyd Wright-like architecture: low, two-story buildings made of natural woods, with waterfalls burbling through them. Pretty girls in diaphanous white gowns walk to and fro and mill around. A rhythmic drumming beat can be heard. Oo-Pongo can't believe what he's seeing; it's all too much for his un-evolved, primordial brain to comprehend, so he begins to drool uncontrollably. One of the warrior women sees this, is utterly disgusted, takes out a rag and throws it in Oo-Pongo's face.

WARRIOR WOMAN

Clean up, caveman, this is an important service.

Oo-Pongo is taken into the building from which the music is coming.

INT. MEETING HALL – DAY

The meeting hall is packed with beautiful women in white gowns. They are all swaying to the beat of drums. Some of the girls are dancing, others are beating drums. As we look closer we see that all of the women aren't young. There's a whole contingent of attractive older women in white gowns seated in long rows. They too are swaying and clapping.

At the very center of the room, in the middle of all of these women, are five cavemen with their hands bound to a pole. Oo-Pongo is brought forward and he is also bound to the pole. He looks at the other guys, and they all shrug their hairy shoulders and raise their jutting eyebrows.

Just then a phalanx of twenty buff Warrior Women push their way through the crowd, creating a pathway. The women in white all begin screaming hysterically, crying, falling to their knees and tearing their hair out. The warrior women hold the crowd back.

The drummers pound harder on their drums.

A female ANNOUNCER stands up and announces.

ANNOUNCER

Yes, that's right, the time is here. Ladies and . . . ladies, without further ado, let us all rise and join me in welcoming the Number One Queen on the Scene; the Goddess in the bodice; The Lady Who Needs No Name, But Has One Anyway—
Her-Who-Lives-Forever!

HER-WHO-LIVES-FOREVER enters the hall. She is a stunning woman of thirty-five with huge, mesmerizing eyes and long straight hair. The crowd of women burst into cheers. *Her* comes striding up the pathway, between the screaming girls, and up to a podium. She wears a long feathered cape. As she comes forward it becomes apparent that it's actually a cape of live peacocks, each peacock holding onto the one in front of it with its beak. When she arrives on stage, she claps her hands loudly, startling the peacocks who all fly away.

HER

Thank you. Thank you very much.
No, really, thanks a lot.
(points at one of the girls)
Is that a new dress? It looks new. Okay, let's all just settle down.
(the girls quiet down)
Good. We have a big agenda, so let's get right down to it. All you gals here need to rape those men there—
(she points at the men)
—until they die, and then we may even have to get some more. I know it's disgusting, but it's necessary.

Oo-Pongo whispers to one of the other men . . .

OO-PONGO

Dah Doo-Run-Run, Hey, Dah Doo-Run-Run?

A subtitle reads: “Do you know what she’s saying?”

One of the other CAVEMEN whispers back.

CAVEMAN #1

Doo-Lang Doo-Lang Doo-Lang.

A subtitle reads: “Of the many tongues I both speak and understand, this is by far the most absurd-sounding gibberish I’ve ever heard.”

HER

We must keep our race going at all costs! You get me? So sadly men are the only answer, even if they are horribly un-evolved and backward specimens like these. But, no matter! For I shall remain young forever, and that’s all that really matters, isn’t it? So that I may continue to wait for Him . . .

Her points at a ten-foot-tall statue embedded in the wall. It looks just like Dick Challenger, except that it has a silly pageboy hairdo. *Her* takes a deep breath.

HER

. . . Him-For-Whom-I-Wait. For you must all remember, I am Her-Who-Lives-Forever. I am eternity, infinity, forever. I am yesterday, I am today, I am tomorrow—but I’m not next Thursday because I’m taking a personal day. Now, are there any questions before we begin the mating ceremony?

A young girl raises her hand and stands.

YOUNG GIRL

How come we have to mate with these monkey-men, but you don't have to?

Her puts her hands through her hair and sighs impatiently.

HER

As I've explained before, since I drink of the Fountain of Forever, if I were to mate with these creatures, or any mortal man, I would age a thousand years in a hundred minutes, and any way you add that up it's gonna be ugly. I would be a huge pile of putrescent bile. I mean, who's gonna clean up that mess? You? Y'know, that's not gonna come out of the royal red carpet. Think about it. And that is why I must wait for the return of the one man who has also been cleansed by the waters of the Fountain of Forever, Him . . .

Her points at the statue of Him. An OLDER GAL in a white gown raises her hand and calls out . . .

OLDER GAL

But why can't we live forever, too?

HER

Because if we all drank of the Fountain of Forever, then no one could mate with mortal men, or in this case, mortal monkey-men. As it is now, more than half our children are born as un-evolved half monkey primitives.

There are a small group of monkey-children in the stands, segregated and wearing servant's clothes, aprons and cook's whites. They all look up as *Her* gestures to them.

HER

They're too stupid to do anything but menial housework, and we have to kill

them before puberty so they don't pollute
the gene pool.

Several of the monkey-children look up apprehensively at this.

HER

(condescendingly to them)

Not you good little children, of course,
I'm talking about the very bad children
on the other side of the valley.

The monkey-kids breathe a sigh of relief, smile and wipe their brows.

HER

So if no one could mate, our race would
die out in a generation.

OLDER GAL

But why can't we all bathe in the Fountain?
Then we'd all be young forever and our
race would never die out.

Her considers this question for a moment. Meanwhile, one of the Warrior Women has quietly stepped up behind the Older Gal, and at a nod from *Her* the Warrior deftly chops the Older Gal's head off with a scimitar. The head hits the floor with a *thunk*. The Older Gal's torso spews blood for a second, then it collapses to the floor.

Her shrugs and nods.

HER

Good point. Why can't you all remain
young forever, just like me?

(she gets furious)

Because you can't, that's why! I'm the
only one who gets to, and since I know
the secret and you don't, you can all just
shut up! Look, this is a Monarchy, okay?
When I ask, "Are there any questions?"
it's a traditional formality, I don't mean
it literally. So, are there any questions?

The crowd is exceedingly quiet.

HER

Good. Well then, we're all in agreeance that for the good of the city, you must mate with the monkey-men, and I must wait for Him. Does everyone get that?

The women all call back.

WOMEN

Yo!

Her glances up at the statue longingly and sighs deeply.

HER

And so I wait and wait, seemingly for all of eternity . . .

The statue stares blankly back at her.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL – DAY

Dick Challenger steps up into exactly the same position as the statue, peering into the distance, his rifle raised. He walks stealthily up the jungle trail searching all around for game. Iris steps up behind him, busily inspecting all of the flora she encounters. She reaches out to touch a nasty-looking, twisted plant and it snaps at her fingers. Iris recoils. The next person in line is the Captain with a rifle slung across his back, followed by two crewmen.

Challenger raises his hand and the others stop behind him. They all turn and see a 50-ton Tyrannosaurus Rex come thudding by, each of its steps shaking the earth. Everybody is astonished to see an enormous, extinct dinosaur. Iris gasps.

IRIS

The Tyrannosaurus Rex has been extinct for a million years.

CHALLENGER

Oh, yeah? Tell him that.

Challenger raises his rifle and sights in. Iris is horrified.

IRIS

You don't actually intend to shoot that dinosaur, do you?

CHALLENGER

No. I'm going to make friends with it. I think it would make a nice pet, don't you? Remember, we need it to make fuel, I'm not just killing for fun. Now just let me do my job, lady, okay?

IRIS

(nods)

Okay.

Challenger fires the huge .50 caliber rifle with a big recoil and a cloud of blue smoke. A hole is blown straight through the temple of the T-Rex's head, leaving a big hole which you can see right through. But the hole in it's head doesn't seem to have bothered the

T-Rex very much. It scratches the side of it's head, looks at it's clawed hand, doesn't see anything, then goes clomping off in the jungle and mistakenly bumps into a tree.

Challenger is surprised by this turn of events, shrugs and keeps going. Iris rolls her eyes in disgust. The safari continues along the jungle trail.

The safari comes up behind a gigantic 100-foot-long Apatasaurus. It's tail is 50 feet long! They all walk along beside the dinosaur, past it's big fat body, and Von Schmutz raises his rifle. Challenger whispers to him . . .

CHALLENGER

Remember, wait for the head-shot.

CAPTAIN

Of course. What do you take me for?
A fool?

CHALLENGER

Just calm down, Herr Captain.

They all keep walking along beside the huge Apatasaurus, past it's long neck which oddly leads to yet another tail—it has no head!

CHALLENGER

Huh? That's one of nature's crueller jokes. Well, get the tail-shot, we need the blubber.

The bullet hits the two-tailed Apatasaurus in the tail. It becomes enraged and attacks. They all run for their lives as the dinosaur whips it's two tails around and around in a frenzy. It finally goes around in circles so many times that it gets dizzy and falls over.

CAPTAIN

You men haul that dinosaur back to the ship. *Mach schnell!*

The two crewmen exchange befuddled glances, then shrug. The safari keeps snaking its way through the jungle. Iris stops and looks at a pretty red flower with spiky leaves.

IRIS

Ah, the *Floraluna Lhasa Apso*. Very rare. Thought to be extinct. Highly toxic.

Challenger picks one of the red flowers and looks at it, looking somewhat unimpressed.

Captain Von Schmutz picks one of the red flowers and and takes a strong whiff of it, inhaling red pollen. His eyes light up, it smells good. He gives it a lick for good measure and it tastes pretty good, too.

DISSOLV

E:

EXT. LOST, LOST VILLAGE – DAY

Warrior Women have Oo-Pongo and the other men, and some other women have Ta-Tas, too. They are separated and taken off in different directions.

INT. MATING STABLES – DAY

The Warrior Women push Oo-Pongo and the other cavemen into a darkened building.

WARRIOR WOMAN

Get into the Mating Stable, monkey-boy!

Oo-Pongo and the other slaves are led into the stables, with two long rows of stalls on either side of the center aisle. The WARDEN, a butch lady in leather, stands at the entrance and assigns a stall to each captive as their leg irons are unlocked.

WARDEN

This one . . . stall sixteen, him, stall twenty.

The next captive in line is a female member of the cave tribe, with short hair and a dirty face, but definitely a girl.

WARDEN

How did she get in here? Have her washed and sent to my quarters, I'll take care of her personally.

Oo-Pongo is next in line. His leg irons are removed and he steps up to the Warden.

WARDEN

(eyeing Oo-Pongo)

He looks fairly sturdy, put him in stall twenty-four.

Oo-Pongo is led down the rows of stalls. Some stalls are empty, others hold emaciated cavemen lying spread-eagled on wooden pallets, their wrists and ankles secured to the four corners by leather straps. As he passes them, Oo-Pongo notices they all have big, dopey smiles on their faces. One BONEY MAN turns to Oo-Pongo with a dying grin.

BONEY MAN
Bop Sha-doobie-doobie Bop.

A subtitle reads: "Oh, man, I'm shattered."

Oo-Pongo is pulled over to his stall, he's pushed onto a bed of wooden slats. The Guard secures his wrists to the top slat, and his ankles to the bottom slat. He hears the Warden talking to the young women who just arrived.

WARDEN
(O.S.)

All right, ladies, ready to fulfill your destinies? Well, it's time to close your eyes and take one for the team. Red, you're in stall sixteen, Blondie, you're "man" is waiting in stall twenty.

From his position on the bed, Oo-Pongo can only see the hall directly in front of his stall. He's straining to see what's happening, and sees RED, a gorgeous redhead with long legs, stride past on her way to stall sixteen. Oo-Pongo becomes excited anticipating what is in store for him. Then BLONDIE, a lovely blonde girl, walks through his line of sight heading for stall twenty. Ooo-Pongo's eyes widen with anticipation

WARDEN
(off-screen)
Slim? I've got a prime specimen for you, stall twenty-four.

Oo-Pongo is straining to see the next girl. An enormously obese girl dressed in a diaphanous gown that barely contains her overflowing flesh, steps up to the entrance to his stall. She is the FAT CHICK. Oo-Pongo emits a shriek as she approaches and begins climbing on top of him.

FAT CHICK
Oh, he's shy, isn't that cute. Don't worry, little fella, I know just what to do, you just sit back and enjoy yourself.

As the Fat Chick climbs on top of him, we hear the bed's wooden slats creaking toward the breaking point, as well as the cracking of Oo-Pongo's bones. His frightened whimpering is abruptly muffled.

EXT. JUNGLE – DAY

Challenger, his rifle at the ready, Iris and Captain Von Schmutz make their way single file through the jungle. Von Schmutz takes the red plant and crams it into his pipe. He toasts it up and pulls in a big hit. *Holy-moly!* This shit's strong! The Captain's eyes cross as he blows out the smoke.

EXT. WATERFALL – DAY

Challenger, Iris and Von Schmutz arrive at a waterfall. We've actually seen this waterfall before because this is where Oo-Pongo disappeared. Iris kneels down and puts her hand in the refreshingly cool water. Captain Von Schmutz sees the water and his bloodshot eyes light up.

CAPTAIN

Wunderbar! Why don't we stop and take a swim?

IRIS

Actually, a swim does sound refreshing.

Von Schmutz tosses his pipe, hat and rifle and dives right in.

Iris steps behind a bush and begins to strip down. She reappears wearing just her silky undergarments and jumps into the water.

Challenger, meanwhile, is suspiciously looking all around, clutching his rifle tightly.

CHALLENGER

I don't like going anywhere without my rifle.

IRIS

How about when you bathe or shower?

CHALLENGER

At home I've got water-proof models I

take with me in the shower or bath. But this one's only water-resistant, it's not submersible. You see my dilemma.

Iris and Von Schmutz both nod.

IRIS

You're right, you probably shouldn't

CAPTAIN

Ja. Better safe than sorry, that's what we always say in Germany.

IRIS

Really? We say that in America, too.

CHALLENGER

Oh, all right. Just a short little dip. To cool off.

He sets down his rifle, strips down to his boxer shorts and jumps in.

All of sudden, eight Warrior Women step out from behind the waterfall, surround our trio and grab Challenger's rifle.

CHALLENGER

(aggravating)

You see, this is exactly why I don't like letting go of my rifle.

WARRIOR WOMAN #1

Well, what have we got here? Get them dressed, *Her* will want to see them immediately.

The Warrior Women take Challenger, Iris and Von Schmutz, get them dressed and hustle them underneath the waterfall.

EXT. LOST, LOST VALLEY – DAY

Challenger, Iris, and Von Schmutz are marched into the lost, lost valley. As the women see Challenger they immediately begin whispering amongst themselves, then go running ahead into the village.

IRIS

I don't think these women have ever seen a man before.

CHALLENGER

Certainly not a *real* man, that's for sure.

Iris points at Captain Von Schmutz.

IRIS

Oh, you must mean a military man, right?

CHALLENGER

Careful, sister, I get the punchlines around here.

A brawny muscular WARRIOR WOMAN punches Challenger in the mouth.

WARRIOR WOMAN

Shut up! How's that for a punchline?

Challenger holds his aching mouth and nods.

CHALLENGER

Good one. Nice delivery.

EXT. LOST, LOST VILLAGE – DAY

Challenger, Iris and Von Schmutz are marched through the center of the village. As they pass and the girls see Challenger they are now all going wide-eyed, gasping, screaming and fainting. Challenger shrugs.

CHALLENGER

Huh? I didn't know my Edison cylinder of "O Solo Mio" was released this far south. We're at the top of the charts in Ecuador, y'know.

Iris is looking all around, her brow furrowed confusion.

IRIS

This is so odd, there are absolutely no men here.

Challenger looks around, then shrugs.

CHALLENGER

Huh, what do you know about that. All pretty gals and no men. Not a bad set-up, eh, Von Schmutz?

CAPTAIN

No, not bad at all.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING – DAY

Our trio is led up the wide stairs of the village's main building. Girls crowd in behind them, then follow them inside.

INT. MATING STABLES – DAY

No one can be seen over the stall partitions, but the sounds of women breathing heavily and moaning, mixed with the grunts and hoots of the monkey-men can be heard coming from most stalls.

In Oo-Pongo's stall, the Fat Chick's hand suddenly grabs the top of the partition as she pulls herself up and begins bouncing vigorously up and down. Oo-Pongo grimaces and expels a burst of air each time she comes down on him. As she becomes more energetic in her bouncing, all of the wooden slats of Oo-Pongo's bed begin to break. She builds to a frenzy, grabbing Oo-Pongo by the ears and slamming his head up and down in sync with her bouncing.

The Warden quickly enters the stable, waving her hands excitedly.

WARDEN

Everyone, listen! It's Him! He's here!

RED

(lifting her head above

the partition)
Him who?

WARDEN

Him-For-Whom-She-Waits has come
again! Her is going to meet him at the
Parade Grounds.

Girls begin popping up over the stall partitions, straightening their gowns and fixing their hair. They start filing out of the stables, heading to the Parade Grounds. As the Fat Chick leaves Oo-Pongo's stall, he moans a big sigh of relief.

Oo-Pongo is sunken into the broken slats of the bed. He slips the straps free of the broken slats, looks up and all around—the stable is completely empty of women.

INT. MAIN BUILDING/ CORRIDOR – DAY

Challenger, Iris and Von Schmutz are lead by the Warrior Women down a long corridor to two big doors. The doors are opened with loud creaking, then our trio is pushed inside.

INT. THRONE ROOM – DAY

The throne room is gigantic, with lines of women leading up to a set of stairs. At the top of these stairs is a throne made of tusks. Seated upon the throne is *Her*. Standing beside *Her* is an old female PRIESTESS.

Our trio reaches the base of the stairs. The Warrior Women force them all down to their knees.

WARRIOR WOMAN #1

On your knees before the Queen, scumbags!

Her sees Challenger, then looks up to the statue embedded in the wall behind her, then looks back at Challenger. She can't believe her eyes. It's Him! She rises to her feet in astonishment.

HER

It's you, you're back.

Iris sees the statue and pokes Challenger in the ribs.

IRIS

Look, that statue looks just like you, but
with a silly haircut.

Challenger looks at the statue and can't believe his eyes. *Her* stands and points down
at him.

HER

Why? Why have you been gone so
very, very long? Two hundred years,
three months, six days to be exact.

Challenger looks stuck. He turns to Iris and she whispers in his ear.

IRIS

She's delusional, play along with her.
Our lives may depend on it.

Challenger looks up at *Her*.

CHALLENGER

Well, this is a pretty hard place to find.
It's not even listed on the map.

HER

But you left me all alone.

CHALLENGER

What about all of these girls everywhere?

HER

(angry)
You know what I mean.

CHALLENGER

Oh, *that*. Look, I think you're definitely
mistaking me for someone else. Sure,
that statue sort of looks like me. Heck,
I even used to wear my hair that way in
college for a while, but it was the style
then, okay? I assure you that I'm nowhere
near 200 years old, why in the right light

I can still get the student discount at the theatre. But no one has ever said I look any older than, say, thirty-five.

HER

I don't know why you toy with my affections. Do you think of me as nothing but a plaything?

Challenger looks her up and down, admiring what he sees.

CHALLENGER

I don't, but I could, under the right circumstances, that is.

(Iris elbows him in the ribs)

What? Hey, I'm just sayin' is all.

Her turns and walks away up the stairs and through a doorway. She waves her hand.

HER

Him shall come to my chambers.

The old Priestess looks horrified.

PRIESTESS

But he'll have to go through the "Forbidden Door."

Her stops her assent and thinks for a second.

HER

"Forbidden Door" is just the wrong name for it, and always has been. From now on let us just rename it the "Restricted Door," okay? Now, get moving.

Her steps through the door and disappears from view.

Challenger looks from Iris to Von Schmutz, then is grabbed by the Warrior Women and hustled up the stairs. He is taken through the door and out of sight. Von Schmutz points at the statue.

CAPTAIN

It is an uncanny likeness, *nein*?

IRIS

Nein. I mean, no. I mean, yes. I don't know what I mean, but it does look like him. What do you suppose is going to happen to him in their?

Iris points up.

CAPTAIN

I can't say for sure, but in German we say *schtupping*, you know what I mean?

Iris looks relieved.

IRIS

Whooh! For a second I thought they might be getting intimate.

The wise old Priestess steps forward.

PRIESTESS

If it turns out he's not who she thinks he is, that could become an issue.

IRIS

Meaning what?

PRIESTESS

Meaning, look out.

INT. HALLWAY – DAY

Her and Challenger walk up a hallway to a big door with ornate gold trim around it. Challenger points.

CHALLENGER

Is this the "Forbidden Door"?

HER

You heard, it's now been renamed the

“Restricted Door,” so that just means no Jews.

CHALLENGER

(sighs)

Whoo, that’s good.

They both go inside.

INT. HER BEDROOM – DAY

As soon as they’re inside and the door is shut, *Her* tears off her dress revealing a black leather bikini beneath.

HER

I’ve been waiting two hundred years for you to get back. Two hundred years without any of the good thing. You know I can’t do it with any of those un-evolved males, that’s why I let you drink of the Fountain of Forever. Now you get to live forever, but I get something in return, and you know what it is.

CHALLENGER

(confused)

What?

She steps forward, puts her body against his and reaches down. Challenger’s eyes widen.

CHALLENGER

Oh, yeah, that.

HER

Don’t you love me anymore? You used to.

CHALLENGER

Wait a minute, let me think.

(scratches his head)
No. I don't even know you. You're definitely confusing me with someone else. But I must say you do look tantalizing in that outfit.

HER
(smiles)
Why, thank you. It's my own design.

Challenger feels the material of her top.

CHALLENGER
Is that silk?

HER
No, spider webs.

CHALLENGER
Clever.

HER
You just don't remember because it was two hundred years ago.

CHALLENGER
Sister, I got news for you, I wasn't born two hundred years ago. Hell, I'm only . . .
(lies)
. . . thirty-nine now.

HER
But how could this be? Two men who look exactly alike find their way into my hidden, lost valley? That's highly improbable, don't you think?

CHALLENGER
On the list of improbabilities I've seen lately, that one wouldn't rank very high. There is a story in my family about my great-great-great-great grandfather who

disappeared about two hundred years ago,
and was never seen again.

HER

How did he disappear?

CHALLENGER

The story goes that he was an inventor, and
a balloonist. He disappeared in a balloon
over the ocean, never to be seen again.

HER

(eyes light up)

He-For-Whom-I-Wait arrived in what he
called a “balloon.” They could well be
one in the same man.

CHALLENGER

Perhaps they are. You know, it was because
of him that I tried that hairdo in college, and
it did not go over very well, let me tell you.

HER

(shrugs)

Huh, I liked it.

CHALLENGER

I did, too, but the reaction was terrible.
So, what happened to this, He-For-Whom-
You-Wait?

HER

It's not He-For-Whom-*You*-Wait, it's
He-For-Whom-*I*-Wait. Well, all was
going very well, and our love was greater
than all other loves ever, combined.

CHALLENGER

Baby, that's a whole lotta love.

HER

Our love was so strong that I allowed

him to drink from the Fountain of Forever. Then one day he said, "I need some cigarettes, I'll be back in a little while," and I haven't seen him since. That was two hundred years ago.

CHALLENGER

Cigarettes must be hard to find around here. And you're still waiting?

HER

I am if you're not him, but who says you're not?

CHALLENGER

Me.

HER

Yes, but that's just you. You might have forgotten. Perhaps I can arouse your memory. Do you remember this?

Her pushes up against Challenger, grabs his face and gives him a big kiss.

CHALLENGER

That's a kiss, right? You know you might be right. It's all coming back to me now. What else did we do?

Her takes Challenger's hands and plants them firmly on her buttocks, then she grabs his face and gives him a big kiss. Challenger squeezes her buns. Challenger comes up for air.

CHALLENGER

Oh, yeah, now I remember.

HER

I thought you would. What was that cockamamie story about a great-great-great grandfather?

CHALLENGER

Hell, 'spect me to remember. I don't think I even had a great-great-great grandfather.

Challenger gives her a big kiss back.

A loud gong is heard. *Her* backs off, coughs and straightens her hair.

HER

Damn, I told them to prepare a ceremonial feast tonight in your honor and we all have to get ready. So, we'll just have to wait until later to pick this back up where we left off. We've waited two hundred years, what's a few more hours?

CHALLENGER

It would really just be a few more minutes.

HER

No, I must prepare. I'll see you later.

He turns with a silly grin on his face and walks into the wall.

CHALLENGER

I meant to do that.

Challenger exits.

EXT. LOST VALLEY AMPHITHEATRE – SUNSET

A long ceremonial feast table is set up beneath the half-dome of the amphitheater, at the top of the steps leading to the open parade grounds. *Her* sits on her throne at one end of the table and an ornate chair made of ivory tusks (oddly, they're all angled inward toward the seat) is at the other end. Several valley girls sit in some of the other seats arrayed around the table.

Challenger and his group are led into the half-dome. They are cleaned up and more crisply groomed than when they entered the Lost Valley. *Her* stands and greets them.

HER

All rise and welcome our guests. We celebrate the arrival of Him-For-Whom-I-Wait, returned to fulfill the prophecy of our shared destiny. Him shall be seated in the Chair of Supreme Happiness . . .

Her gestures for Challenger to be seated in the ivory tusked chair. Two servants quickly slide it back from the table for him.

CHALLENGER

Please, call me Dick. Everyone does.

Iris whispers to Von Schmutz.

IRIS

Even people who don't know his name.

CHALLENGER

(smiling)

Say, you're not jealous, are you?

Iris snorts derisively as Challenger seats himself in the chair, careful to avoid the pointy tips of the tusks. Two of the points extend down over each of his shoulders and if he moves his head too far in either direction, they poke his ears. The armrests are tusks that curve upward, so that if he fully rests his arms on them, his palms sit on the pointy tips. He tries to make himself comfortable. Iris and the others seat themselves around the table.

Iris whispers to Challenger.

IRIS

Why does she still think you're this Him-For-Whom-She-Waits?

CHALLENGER

(whispering)

I told her I wasn't, but she wouldn't believe me. You see, she had this really terrific outfit, and—

IRIS

(snorts)

—Men. You're a disgrace to our species.

Challenger shrugs and gets poked by an elephant tusk.

Her clears her throat and gets everyone's attention.

HER

We begin the ceremonial feast with
Brain-of-Monkey Soufflé.

Her snaps her fingers and the service begins. Dishes are set before everyone at the table. Iris grimaces.

IRIS

Uh, no Monkey brains for me, thanks.

HER

I think you misunderstand. The recipe
came from the brain of our monkey
chef.

Her points to the kitchen doorway, where a chimpanzee in a chef's hat and apron waves his spatula and grins at them, baring his teeth. Challenger turns to look and pokes his eye on a tusk. *Doink!*

HER

We should probably change the name,
it has caused much confusion.

CHALLENGER

(sotto voce to Von Schmutz)

They should change the name of this
chair, too. Utmost Pain is more like it.

Challenger and the others taste the soufflé.

IRIS

It's quite a unique flavor. My compliments
to the monkey.

HER

Yes, the dish is actually prepared with
Tyrannosaurus testicles garnished in
butter.

Challenger involuntarily spits out his mouthful, and takes a swig of wine. The monkey Chef gets furious, reaches into the back his shorts and throws a handful of shit at Challenger. A clump of poo hits him in the face. Challenger wipes it off.

CHALLENGER

Well, excuse me.

(he keeps eating the soufflé)

So, Her-Who-Lives-Forever, what do
your friends call you when you let your
hair down?

HER

I don't let my hair down.

IRIS

(horrified)

Not even to wash it?

HER

No.

IRIS

Yuk!

HER

My true name may not be spoken by
mere mortals.

CHALLENGER

I'll let that 'mere' crack go, but just to
save time, how about if I call you "Sugar
Puss"? You look like a Sugar Puss to me.
Y'know, you've got a swell set-up here,
Sugar Puss, plenty of cute dames and no
men, I like that in a lost jungle city.

The Lost Valley Girls are gasping and whispering to each other, shocked by Challenger's impudence towards *Her*. They all look to see *Her's* reaction. *Her* addresses Challenger sternly.

HER

The long years away have dulled your memory, but do not test my patience further, you will address me in the proper manner.

CHALLENGER

Look, Sugar Puss, I keep telling you, I'm not this 'Him' you've been expecting, with the prophecy and the fulfilling destiny and what-not. So, come on, Sugar Puss, what say we start from scratch here?

HER

(rising angrily)

Enough of your impudence, we will settle this now in mortal combat. Him-For-Whom-I-Wait is the only one who has ever bested me in a duel, if you are truly not Him, you will die at my hands. So, we duel to the death in the Dome of Doom at dusk.

(stops and thinks about it)

Is that right? Yes, exactly!

A group of Warrior Women have suddenly emerged from the shadows and surround Challenger's group with spears held at the ready.

CHALLENGER

Yeah, that sounds fun and all, but, see, I *never* fight girls.

HER

You shall duel or you and all your companions will be fed to the God of the Volcano.

CHALLENGER

Did I say "never?" I meant I *usually* don't

fight girls, but I can see you've got your heart set on this. But I'm warning you—you go up against Dick Challenger, and you're going down on Dick Challenger!

HER

Silence! Take them to the Gladiatorial chambers. We will meet in combat in one of your earth hours, and if you are not Him, you *will* die.

Challenger whispers to Iris.

CHALLENGER

Aren't we even on Earth anymore?

IRIS

(exasperated)

No, we're really at the Earth's core.

CHALLENGER

(his eyes light up)

I knew it.

The Warrior Women lead the group out of the amphitheater.

INT. GLADIATORIAL CHAMBERS – NIGHT

Challenger stands in front of a rack full of various weapons, examining the different spears, swords, pikes and maces. Iris is pacing the floor behind him, and Von Schmutz sits on a bench behind her.

IRIS

You're not actually planning on fighting this woman, are you?

CHALLENGER

You heard what she said. Do I have a choice? But you don't have to worry about me, babe, there's not a dame alive that can take me in a fair fight. Heck, I

may tie one hand behind my back, just to make it interesting.

Challenger takes down a set of steel bolos and swings them around.

IRIS

So you're going to kill her?! And what do you think all her loyal subjects will do to us then?

CHALLENGER

Hadn't given it much thought. I guess they'll have to crown me King. I think it may take the first few weeks of my reign just to pick the girls for my harem. There're a lot of subjects to choose from.

IRIS

You idiot! If you kill their Queen, they'll kill us all.

CHALLENGER

Hey, waitaminnit . . . maybe I could organize some kind of competition, or pageant or something to help pick the best candidates?

IRIS

(with an exasperated sigh)

Brilliant idea . . . If you need me for anything, I'll be the loudest person in the Queen's cheering section.

As she turns to leave, female GUARDS enter with spears raised.

GUARD # 1

Ten minutes to the duel. Him will come with us now.

Challenger looks at Iris and begins to exit. Iris runs up to him and kisses his cheek.

IRIS

Good luck, Challenger.

CHALLENGER

Say, you're a little bit of all right. I might have a Special Science Advisor position for you in my harem.

Iris slaps him angrily and storms out. Challenger looks at the Female Guards.

CHALLENGER

Dames, y'know what I mean?

The Female Guards both smile warmly, promptly bludgeon him with their clubs, then drag him away.

EXT. AMPHITHEATRE GROUNDS – NIGHT

Many of the Valley Girls sit in chairs on the dais beneath the half-dome, where the feast table had been set earlier. Benches have been set around the parade field grounds as well, and more women fill those seats. A hush falls over the crowd as Challenger is lead out to the center of the parade field at spear point.

The SERGEANT-AT-ARMS raises her right hand and shouts loudly.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Lower Eastern dome-half!

Above Challenger's head, the eastern side of the dome begins lowering, slowly and with much noise.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Lower at double speed!

At the edge of the already lowered western half-dome, another GUARD shouts into a small wooden building.

GUARD # 1

Double lowering speed!

INT. HALF-DOME GEAR ROOM - NIGHT

Inside the building a 2nd GUARD hears the order. Behind the 2nd Guard, we see the dome is being lowered by a group of chimpanzees pushing handles attached to a large wheel in the center of the room. As they push the wheel around, peanuts drop down from above and are immediately gobbled up by the chimps.

2nd GUARD

(calling back)

Double the speed?! I can't go any faster without more peanuts! We need more peanuts!

Some of the stations seem to be dropping fewer nuts, and as the chimps pass these stations, they grow irritated. The 2nd Guard cracks a whip at their backs, and several chimps turn and throw their shit at her.

2nd GUARD

(yelling up stairs; pleading)

For Goddess' sake, we need more peanuts! It won't go any faster without more peanuts!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MATING STABLES – NIGHT

Oo-Pongo sticks his head cautiously out of the stable's entrance. The hallway is empty, and so he begins edging along the wall, sneaking towards the exit at the end.

The Fat Chick and Red come back in through the exit doors, sending Oo-Pongo scurrying for the nearest hiding place. He runs in the nearest doorway and immediately realizes he's in the Ladies bathroom. Sinks line the wall to his left and three stalls are located directly to his right. Hearing the girls approach, Oo-Pongo quickly ducks into the center stall. He hears the girls outside.

FAT CHICK

I've got to use the bathroom.

RED

Again? You've already gone three times in the last hour.

FAT CHICK

I'm on the All-Mango Diet and it really loosens me up, y'know what I mean?

Oo-Pongo jumps up on the toilet seat so his feet won't be seen. He hears the door open and the girls enter. They go in to the stalls on either side of him and accommodate themselves.

RED

You really need to shower, I can still smell that monkey-man on you.

FAT CHICK

It's not that bad. Besides, I thought he was kinda cute.

RED

(grossed out)

Eeeewwww!

Oo-Pongo slips on the seat and falls through the opening into the waste pit below the toilet. The girls hear the loud splash in the waste water below.

RED

Wow! All mangos, huh?

FAT CHICK

That wasn't me, that was you.

RED

Right. As if.

INT. LATRINE PIT – DAY

Oo-Pongo is in the shit now. He stands up, wipes his eyes and hears the girls talking above.

FAT CHICK

(O.S.)

Oh, yeah. There we go. Goodbye mangoes.

Oo-Pongo looks up and is hit in the face with liquid mango shit. Oo-Pongo wipes his face, looks around and sees a runoff tunnel at the side of the pit. He crawls through the filth and squeezes himself into the tunnel. The filthy monkey-man squirms through the small tunnel, heading for the light at the far end.

EXT. HALF-DOME AMPHITHEATRE – NIGHT

The western half of the dome is still lowering as Challenger is lead to the center of the parade grounds. Guards at the side of the field grounds part and *Her* strides in to face Challenger. The crowd erupts into applause and cheers. *Her* is dressed in a sexy, scintillating, bodice and black leather bikini outfit. Challenger eyes *Her* appreciatively.

The ANNOUNCER speaks to the crowd.

ANNOUNCER

All rise and join me in singing our National Anthem.

Everybody stands and covers their hearts with their hands. They all sing.

EVERYBODY

(singing)

Him-For-Whom-She-Waits
Is now the one she hates
That rotten dumb son of a bitch
Is Him-For-Whom-She-Waits

Her leans over and says to Challenger . . .

HER

Catchy, huh? I wrote it myself.

Meanwhile, the loud grinding and scraping of gears drowns out their voices as the dome finishes lowering.

HER

So, are you ready to die?

CHALLENGER

(snorts derisively)

Oh, come on. I could take you with one hand tied behind my back.

Her turns to two Warrior Women.

HER

Tie his hand behind his back!

The two Warrior Women grab Challenger and roughly tie his hand behind his back.

CHALLENGER

I actually meant it euphemistically. But literally, I could still take you with one leg tied behind my back, too.

HER

And tie his leg behind his back, too. You just don't know when to shut up, do you? But just to make it fair, I'll tie one hand and one leg behind my back, too.

Challenger and *Her*, both with a leg and arm tied behind their backs, hop out into the ring. They both take a few hops and fall down, then cannot figure out how to get back up. *Her* removes her arm and leg from the binding.

HER

Okay, skip that. That was stupid.

Challenger stands unimpeded, wielding the set of steel bolos. He swings them around over his head, faster and faster and faster, until he loses control and they wrap around his neck and knock him over. *Her* comes after him with the big sword. With no weapon, Challenger crawls away from *Her*, who advances menacingly.

Iris watches with great concern. Finally, she grabs a spear from a nearby Warrior Woman and tosses it to Challenger.

IRIS

Dick! Here!

CHALLENGER

What?

He turns just in time to get hit in the forehead with the shaft of the spear, knocking him back down. *Her* continues to advance. Challenger picks up the spear, stands and attempts to defend himself. He spins the spear around like a cheerleader with a baton, then thrusts it forward. *Her* deftly chops off the point of the spear, then chops off the spear's shaft bit by bit until Challenger only has a foot-long piece of wood in his hand.

Captain Von Schmutz grabs a sword from the Warrior Woman beside him and tosses it to Challenger.

CAPTAIN

Herr Challenger! Take this!

Challenger turns to Von Schmutz.

CHALLENGER

Huh?

The handle of the sword hits Challenger in the face, knocking him back down. *Her* keeps swinging her sword. Challenger grabs the sword, jumps to his feet with the sword held out in front. He and *Her* square off.

CHALLENGER

Think you've got something really special going on here, huh?

HER

(nods)

Yes, I do. And I certainly can't let outsiders destroy it, or tamper with it in any way. I foolishly thought you were He-For-Whom-I-Wait, but you're not! You're He-For-Whom-I-Don't-Give-A-Crap, and for that you shall die.

CHALLENGER

(grins)

Shall I? Shall I really?

He spins around, amazingly ends up behind her and smacks her hard on the ass with the flat part of his blade. *Her* yelps.

HER

How dare thou smack the royal fanny!

Her now really attacks, slashing her sword back and forth, running full speed at him while screaming a mighty war cry. Challenger points up.

CHALLENGER

What the hell is that?

Her glances upward just as Challenger knocks the sword out of her hand, then trips her, knocking her to the ground.

Challenger has *Her* pinned down on the ground with a sword pressed into her throat. Challenger looks at the crowd. *Her* also looks up toward the crowd. All of the women raise their clenched fists and extend their thumbs upward. *Her* sighs, grinning in relief. Suddenly, all of the thumbs simultaneously turn downward. *Her's* eyes widen in disbelief.

HER

(mutters)

My people, folks.

(shakes her head)

Loyal subjects, my ass!

The crowd begins to chant.

CROWD

Kill her! Kill her! Kill her!

Challenger looks from *Her's* squinting, fearful eyes, to the chanting, excited crowd, to Iris's pleading expression. Challenger removes the point of the sword from *Her* throat.

CHALLENGER

No! I won't kill her. I've given up killing. I'll never kill again.

Challenger throws the sword away. It flies through the air and it goes into the wooden wall of the Dome control room, where it embeds itself between two wooden slats.

INT. DOME CONTROL ROOM – NIGHT

The sword has gone through the wooden wall and impaled three monkeys, all of which hang limply and twitch. The other monkeys jump around holding their heads, shrieking and doing anguished back-flips.

INT. AMPHITHEATER – NIGHT

Challenger stands there looming over *Her*. Iris watches.

CHALLENGER

Killing is wrong.

Challenger reaches down and takes *Her's* hand. He helps her up. *Her* brushes off her bum. She mumbles under her breath.

HER

Well, that was reasonably humiliating.
So, why didn't you kill me when you
had the chance?

CHALLENGER

I guess I'm just a softy at heart. I mean,
I really should've. Your head would look
just Jake next to the Orangutan's. That's
if it was well-mounted and properly stuffed,
of course.

HER

Now what do you suggest that we do?

CHALLENGER

I was thinking maybe you could, uh, make
me king. I mean, seriously, I'd be a just
and wise ruler, and I wouldn't think of taking
advantage of the situation in any way, y'know,
just 'cause you're all women, and I'd be the
only man.

Her nods her head and considers.

HER

Hmmm . . . Yes, well, I could make
you king. However, on the other hand, I
could just as easily banish you. So that's
what I'll do. You're banished!

CHALLENGER

You sure you don't want to think about
the king idea a little longer? It's got some

very positive aspects to it. I really do think it could work.

HER

Take them away!

Warrior Women step up, grab our heroes and take them away. *Her* brushes herself off, then looks up at the crowd, who are all looking away in shame.

HER

That's okay, no problem. Just because you all voted for me to die doesn't bother me at all. I forgive you.

Her turns away and grimaces.

EXT. WALL OF THE CITY – NIGHT

A sewage pipe juts out from the exterior wall of the city, just down from the main entrance. Oo-Pongo squeezes himself out of the pipe with a sickening slurping sound. He stands up and tries to wipe some of the filth off himself, but he's completely coated.

OO-PONGO

Ramma-lamma Ding-dong!

A subtitle reads: "My star-sign must be in retrograde because today is just not my day."

EXT. CITY'S MAIN GATE – SUNSET

The large doors swing open and Challenger's group is led out at spear-point.

Oo-Pongo hears the commotion and sneaks nearer, to watch from behind the jungle foliage.

Challenger, Iris and Von Schmutz walk away from the main gate, *Her* steps up behind them. Challenger is given back his rifle.

HER

For offenses against Her-Who-Lives-

Forever, you are banished from this city
for all of Eternity, or the length of your
life, whichever comes first.

CHALLENGER

But after that we can come back for a
visit?

HER

Scram!

Challenger and the others walk away up the trail leading to the hidden valley entrance. *He* turns and re-enters the city. Two Warrior Women remain on either side of the gate watching Challenger's group leave the valley.

Oo-Pongo watches Challenger from the bushes, his jutting brow furrows as he remembers the statue of Him. He hears something in the bushes behind him and turns to see Oo-Gonzo and a group of twenty Rock Tribesmen led by I-Pod approaching, brandishing clubs and spears, ready for battle.

Oo-Pongo looks around for somewhere to hide, but he's caught between the Warrior Women in front and the cavemen behind. He becomes very agitated and finally gives out a little yelp and just drops to the ground, curling up into a fetal ball. The Rock Tribe comes up the trail until they're standing right over him. Oo-Gonzo winces.

OO-GONZO

(holding his nose)

Eee-Eye Eee-Eye Oh.

A subtitle reads: "Careful, don't step in that big stinky pile of dino-poop."

The cavemen all walk around the curled-up, shit-covered Oo-Pongo. They make their way to the city wall and sneak alongside it until they're beside the Main Gate. Several men jump forward and grab the Warrior Women guarding the entrance. The Rock Tribe warriors rush into the city, screaming and grabbing fleeing girls.

Oo-Pongo gets up and sneaks over to the Main Gate. He looks inside and sees the Rock Tribe pillaging and grabbing girls. Oo-Pongo sees a grinning Rock Tribesman exit a building with Ta-Tas slung over his shoulder. She screams and beats him on the back, but he doesn't even notice. Oo-Pongo turns and glances back up the trail and see the receding forms of Challenger's group heading out of the valley. He then

looks back at the commotion inside the city. Oo-Pongo doesn't know what to do, his un-evolved brain is bursting.

EXT. MAIN GATE – SUNSET

As Oo-Pongo watches from the bushes, he sees Oo-Gonzo leading his men from the city with a long line of bound and gagged girls, among them are *Her* and Ta-Tas. Oo-Pongo sneaks after them through the underbrush on the side of the trail.

EXT. JUNGLE – NIGHT

Challenger leads the group through the primeval jungle, making his way back towards the submarine by moonlight. Iris notices a single coconut hanging from a vine in a small clearing just off the trail ahead. She walks over to it.

CHALLENGER

Iris, don't touch that.

IRIS

I'm thirsty, because someone got us kicked out of—

CHALLENGER

—It's a trap.

As Challenger speaks, Iris grabs the coconut and pulls it from the vine. She is immediately enmeshed in a closing net that jerks her up into the air.

CHALLENGER

What did I just tell you?

IRIS

Oh, quit with the "I-told-you-so's" and get me down.

CHALLENGER

Well, there might be back-up traps, we need to be very careful—

As he's talking, Challenger steps across a trip-wire, and a rope snare cinches around his ankles and yanks him into the air upside down.

IRIS

You were saying?

CHALLENGER

Von Schmutz, you'll have to cut me
down from the tree branch.

Von Schmutz is at the base of the tree, inspecting some mold growing on the north side of the tree. He's just giving it a lick and looks up.

CAPTAIN

Of course.

As Von Schmutz takes a step, a spear flies down from the tree branches and sticks in the dirt at his feet. Everyone looks up.

A figure is silhouetted against the moonlit night sky. It's an OLD MAN, wearing animal furs, with long, tangled hair and a long white beard. This is the same old man we saw earlier at the seashore. The old man pounds his chest and throws his head back to emit the call of the wild.

OLD MAN

Aarraugh-huk! Koff! Koff!

The old man is overcome by a coughing fit and falls from the tree. He's surprisingly spry for his looks, and he springs quickly to his feet, draws his knife and faces off with the German. The Old Man steps back cautiously and eyes Iris, licking his lips at the sight of her.

IRIS

My God! He's a cannibal! Get me
down!

OLD MAN

I am not a cannibal! It was just the
one time, and I threw up most of him
anyway!

IRIS

You speak English?!

OLD MAN

Used to speak French, too, but I've forgotten it over the years, because I only understand English, so now when I talk to myself in French I don't know what I'm saying.

The old man walks over to Challenger, who is still hanging upside-down. They examine each other's faces carefully, baffled by the resemblance.

OLD MAN

You remind me of someone, but I can't think of who . . .

CHALLENGER

It's weird, it's kind of like looking in a dirty old mirror.

The old man's wrinkled old eyes light up as he points at his ear.

OLD MAN

I've got a bump on my ear, too. You think it's cancerous?

Iris can't believe it. She points at the old man.

IRIS

It's *Him!* He's the man that Her-Who-Lives-Forever is expecting!

OLD MAN

Her-Who-Lives-Forever is *expecting*? Well, you can't prove it's mine! I haven't even seen that woman in hundreds of years, let alone . . . Did she send you to bring me back? I won't go, I tells ya, I won't!

CHALLENGER

Relax, old man. We're no friends of *Hers*. She kicked us out of the valley and we can't go back. Say, what's your name, anyway?

OLD MAN

My name is Lemuel Challenger, Jr. You can just call me Junior, everyone does.

CHALLENGER

Hey! My name is Challenger, too.

JUNIOR

Well, that's a helluva coincidence. And it's not that common of a name, either, although it is a common adverb.

IRIS

You two must be related.

JUNIOR

What do you know about that.

CHALLENGER

You know, if you get me down from here, we can help you get off this island.

Junior throws his knife at the rope tied to the tree branch, slicing it and sending Challenger falling to the ground headfirst.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL – NIGHT

Oo-Pongo runs along through the underbrush following the line of Rock Tribesmen carrying their pillage of booty and bound and gagged girls, including *Her* and Ta-Tas, back to their cave.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING – NIGHT

Junior leads Challenger, Iris, and the Captain out of the jungle and into a small clearing. Junior gestures towards an enormous tree ahead of them.

JUNIOR

Well, there it is, home sweet home.

CHALLENGER

A tree? You live in a tree?

JUNIOR

No, in the house *in* the tree, fool. It's camouflaged, of course.

Junior walks forward and steps into the vegetation behind the tree. He steps back out holding a rope in one hand which leads up into the leaves behind him. As he gets out into the clearing, an Apatosaurus steps out of the foliage behind Junior, the rope leash tied around his neck. Junior uses a stick to tap the dinosaur on the knee.

JUNIOR

Open, sez me!

The Apatosaurus raises its head to the tree and takes a vine in its mouth. It lowers its head and the vine acts to pull up a wall of leaves, revealing an elaborate tree house behind the false façade. When the dinosaur rests its head on the ground, Junior takes the vine and stakes it to the ground. He then steps up onto the top of the dino's head.

JUNIOR

Well, what are you waiting for? An invitation?

Challenger helps Iris onto the dino's head, then steps up, followed by Von Schmutz. Junior taps the dino on the head with his stick.

JUNIOR

Ungawa! Ungawa!

The Apatosaurus slowly raises his head, lifting the humans towards the tree house. They are pushed into branches and almost thrown off when the dinosaur stops to munch some leaves.

JUNIOR

Sorry about that, it always stops at the second floor. Ungawa, damn your eyes!

He smacks it with a stick. The dinosaur continues lifting its head until it's even with the balcony of the tree house, where Junior taps it again and steps off. The others follow him onto the landing and into the house.

INT. TREE HOUSE – NIGHT

They enter Junior's tree house and find it to be surprisingly complete. There are chairs and small tables, shelving filled with jungle bric-a-brac, and in the corner is an archaeopteryx, a colorful dinosaur bird with a large wingspan, sitting on a perch. Suddenly a small raptor darts in from the back room. It stops in front of Challenger and begins barking at him. Challenger pulls his pistol and takes aim. Junior smacks Dick's hand with his stick.

JUNIOR

Don't shoot, that's my guard dog.

CHALLENGER

Dog?

JUNIOR

(giving the raptor a small bone)

Well, guard-whatever, he's a good little doggie, isn't he? Yes hims is. Good doggy.

The raptor takes the bone and goes to the corner to chew it.

JUNIOR

Let me turn on the fan.

He goes over to the perched sleeping bird, lights a candle set in the lower bar of the perch, then activates a small weighted gear system which slowly rotates the candle at its base. When the flame reaches the top of its rotation, it's almost touching the Archaeopteryx' ass, causing the bird to awaken, squawk and begin flapping its wings. The candle slowly spins down, and the bird slows its flapping until the flame again gooses it to fan the room.

JUNIOR

There, that's better. Please, sit down.

Let me get you something to drink.

Junior goes into the backroom as Iris takes a seat and they all admire the surroundings.

CAPTAIN

The old man has done pretty well for himself, *nein*?

CHALLENGER

Yeah, all the conveniences.

Junior comes back in with four half-coconut shell cups held in the fingers of one hand, and a corked gourd in the other. He gives a cup to each of his guests, uncorks the gourd and begins filling their cups.

JUNIOR

This is so exciting, I haven't had guests in over two hundred years! You know, my dinosaurs all laughed at me when I made these extra cups for company, but their not laughing NOW, are they?! Cheers!

The others all raise their glasses and take drinks. Iris spits hers out, while Challenger and Von Schmutz grimace but gulp it down like men.

JUNIOR

It's fermented pterodactyl milk. I developed my own all natural fermentation process.

Junior points to a corner where a pelican has many coconuts stuffed in his lower beak. The bird is cross-eyed and wobbling on it's feet. Next to Iris' chair is a flat tabletop mounted on the back of what appears to be a small stuffed anklyosaurus, a waist-high Armadillo-like creature. She sets her cup down on the flat surface, but since the cup has no base, it rolls over and spills coconut milk. Junior jumps to his feet.

JUNIOR

Coasters! I forgot the coasters! Where are my manners?

He quickly gets palm frond coasters.

Meanwhile, the spilled milk runs over the side of the table onto the anklyosaur, who wakes up and begins to slowly saunter away, giving Iris a start. The dino-table walks right out the door.

JUNIOR

I've been meaning to tie that end table
down, he leaves for days at a time. But
he always comes back, you wait and see.

Outside, we hear the anklyosaur scream and the sound of it crashing through branches, then a loud thud.

JUNIOR

Do you need napkins? Let me just
clean that mess up.

Junior opens a closet and pulls out a three foot long dinosaur that was hanging inside. The dinosaur has a flat lower lip-plate, almost like a dustpan. Junior takes it over to the spill, where he holds it like a vacuum over the spilt milk. A long tongue comes out and begins sweeping the spill into it's mouth. The fermented milk begins making it slightly dizzy.

IRIS

Excuse me, but did you say it was two
hundred years since you've had company?
How old are you, exactly?

JUNIOR

I sorta lost track of *exactly* how old I am,
but I was born in 1680 in a log cabin, just
outside New Bedford, Massachusetts, back
in the days when—

DISSOLVE:

EXT. LOG CABIN – DAY

A log cabin sits in the thick woods. Iris's voice cuts in, stopping the dissolve halfway through.

IRIS

—I don't think we need to start *that*
far back.

INT. TREE HOUSE – DAY

We're back in the tree house. Junior shrugs.

JUNIOR

Oh, really? All right then. Where should
I start?

IRIS

How about, when and how did you get
here?

JUNIOR

Well, let's see . . . that would've been in
the year of Our Lord, 1714 . . .

DISSOLVE:

EXT. NEW BEDFORD – DAY

New Bedford, Massachusetts is a tiny little pre-colonial hamlet on the Atlantic coast. We can see the masts of schooners and fishing boats moored at the wharf.

EXT. GRIST MILL – DAY

An old run-down grist mill sits on a stream running into the ocean. Lemuel, who is now 34 years old, and wears the silly pageboy hairdo, is busily stitching large squares of colorful fabric together.

JUNIOR

(V.O.)

I lived in an old grist mill, and I was the first man in the thirteen colonies to experiment with balloons. I spent ten years working on my first balloon, which I called "Prototype Number One." It took

me a year just to think the name up. Ah,
it was a lovely sight to behold . . .

Lemuel now has the balloon mostly inflated with hot air directed into the balloon from a wood fire. It is indeed a very pretty, colorful balloon.

JUNIOR

. . . But, I didn't have all the bugs worked
out right away . . .

When the balloon has enough hot air inflating it, a gust of wind lifts it up and takes it away, right out of Lemuel's hands. Lemuel and several of his neighbors just stand there and watch the balloon float off into oblivion over the Atlantic Ocean.

INT. TREE HOUSE – DAY

Lemuel sips his drink. He goes to set it on a dinosaur table, but his table has also crawled away.

JUNIOR

You'll never guess what I called my next
balloon—

IRIS

(cutting in)

—Let's see, "Prototype Number Two"?

JUNIOR

(suspiciously)

Yeah, how did you know?

IRIS

I hate to remind everyone that there's
a nearby volcano that's about to erupt.

CHALLENGER

Let him tell his story, otherwise we'll
be here all day.

JUNIOR

You kids these days, no patience at all.
Okay, now where was I—

Iris waves two fingers at him.

IRIS

—Prototype Number Two.

JUNIOR

(nods)

Only Number Two, huh?

Iris is starting to panic.

IRIS

For God's sake, how many prototypes were there?

JUNIOR

(thinks)

Hundreds, actually.

IRIS

Well, which one got you here?

JUNIOR

I believe it was Prototype Number Seven, if I'm not mistaken.

IRIS

Then let's just skip right to that one, shall we?

Lemuel strokes his long beard.

JUNIOR

Ah, Prototype Number Eleven—

IRIS

(cuts in)

—You said it was seven.

JUNIOR

No I didn't.

Challenger grabs Iris's arm.

CHALLENGER

Will you let him tell this story. What's wrong with you?

Iris crosses her arms and sighs.

IRIS

Fine. Go ahead.

JUNIOR

All right then, so the whole town came out to watch . . .

EXT. GRIST MILL – DAY

Lemuel has another colorful balloon nearly inflated. Ten or twelve people stand around impatiently watching. This time he sits in a chair in a woven basket affixed below the balloon. Suddenly, the balloon lifts off, taking Lemuel with it. He waves to the people, and they wave back.

JUNIOR

(V.O.)

I must say, it all went beautifully. I rose higher and higher into the air. Soon, the people were as small as ants, the whole town shrunk to the size of a toy, then I arose into the clouds and lost sight of everything. This is when it struck me, I had devised no method for coming down. In fact, in my excitement to show everyone my balloon, I had failed to take anything with me—no food, no water, no books, only this—

(he holds up a wooden chair)

—this chair. I've kept it for all of these years. It's the only remaining artifact from my old life.

Challenger sits in the chair and it immediately collapses, breaking into kindling. Challenger jumps to his feet.

CHALLENGER

Whoops! Sorry about that. So, you were saying . . .

JUNIOR

Well, anyway, so I'm up in my beautiful balloon, rising higher and higher. Suddenly, a big gust of wind caught me and blew me southward. I don't know how long I floated south—days, weeks, maybe a month.

IRIS

With no water you would have died of thirst in less than a week.

JUNIOR

I drank rain water.

IRIS

What did you collect it in?

JUNIOR

(irritated)

Will you let me tell this.

IRIS

(waves her hand)

Sorry, go ahead.

JUNIOR

Anyway, the next thing I knew I was coming down in the ocean, only at the last possible moment an island appeared out of nowhere—this island—and so I landed here, in this land that time forgot.

CHALLENGER

Which is near the Earth's core, right?

JUNIOR

No, I don't think so. So, I wandered around for weeks, eating grubs and roots and hiding from predators. Then, one day I was bathing in a waterfall when I was abducted by several very strong women, who dragged me before Her-Who-Lives-Forever, a crazy woman who lives in the lost valley.

CHALLENGER

We've met her.

JUNIOR

Then you know. She's mad!

CHALLENGER

She was upset, I'll tell you that.

JUNIOR

She's certainly a good-lookin' gal, but that personality needs some work.

IRIS

If she's been alive forever and still hasn't worked out her personality issues, I'd say she never will.

CHALLENGER

So, *Her* said that two hundred years ago you went out for a pack of cigarettes and never came back.

JUNIOR

(grins)

Pretty good, huh? But she had already gotten me to drink from the Fountain of Forever, so here I am, two hundred years later, living with my little babies . . .

(he looks at his "doggy")

. . . Whom I love very much. Don't I? Yes I do. But, listen to me, prattling

on like a schoolgirl. Well, I guess that's to be expected, having no one to talk to for so long except my pets. It's not easy carrying on an intelligent conversation with a creature whose brain is no larger than a pea. I mean, I've tried, Lord knows I've tried.

The vacuum dinosaur, still lapping at the milk, begins dropping small turd pellets on the floor.

JUNIOR

Oopsy-daisy. I've got a hand-held one for this type of mess.

Going back to the closet, he hangs the vacuum-a-saur back up, then opens a small cupboard above it. Inside is a nasty looking, evil smelling little reptile. Junior takes it over to the soiled carpet and puts its face over the pellets. The small dinosaur begins eating the turds, then looks up, shrugs and squawks. A subtitle reads, "It's a living."

The little pet raptor, Lassie, sits in front of Dick Challenger wagging its tail on the floor. Von Schmutz is pouring himself another cup of fermented pterodactyl milk.

CAPTAIN

Gott und himmel, this is good stuff!

Challenger reaches down and hesitantly pets Lassie the dino on the head. The little raptor immediately jumps onto Dick's leg and begins humping it vigorously. Challenger is mortified.

CHALLENGER

Hey, uh, Junior, a little help here. Your "doggy" is trying to mate with my leg.

JUNIOR

Oh, don't mind him, he'll be done in a few seconds. I've got another dinosaur that'll clean up that mess.

Challenger stands and tries to shake the animal from his leg. He gets it off his leg and it growls at him with razor sharp teeth.

CHALLENGER

Well look, this is very homey and all, but the volcano's about to blow and we've got to get back to our ship.

JUNIOR

You have a ship? But there is nowhere to dock, the island is surrounded by sheer cliff walls all around.

CAPTAIN

It's a submarine.

JUNIOR

No, it's an island.

CAPTAIN

(slightly drunk)

The vessel is a submarine.

JUNIOR

The trestle is a sun machine? What the hell does that mean? You kids with your slang words.

CHALLENGER

A submarine . . . oh, never mind. Look, we've got a way off this island, are you coming or not?

JUNIOR

Coming? You mean going? And leave all my jungle friends? Whom I've loved so dearly for so long?

CHALLENGER

Yes.

JUNIOR

(grins)

Well, I . . . HOT DAMN! I'm going home! Yee-hah! Give me two seconds to

pack my things.

The Junior goes over to a shelf and takes two brass buttons down and puts them in his loincloth, and takes the small dino-vac, too.

JUNIOR

All righty, let's go.

Iris points at the little hand-held dinosaur.

IRIS

What's that for?

JUNIOR

(shrugs)

Oh, you know, spills, crumbs, small messes, that sort of thing.

They all leave the tree house.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH – DAY

A path winds off into the steamy jungle. Suddenly, the two fakest, phoniest, cheapest Tyrannosaurus Rexes walk up the path, and seem to be fighting with each other. Next come two more fake Rexes that are slapping each other, then a line of Rock Tribe people wearing masks, which is when we realize that the cheap dinosaurs are really crude outfits.

EXT. VOLCANO – DAY

There is a thin winding path through the jungle leading to the volcano, then around the base of the hill and up to the rim. A long procession of Rock Tribe cavemen make their way up the path toward the angry, spewing volcano. They have a whole line of pretty girls from the lost valley bound and gagged, among them is Ta-Tas.

EXT. CLIFF-TOP – DAY

Oo-Pongo stands on a nearby cliff-top watching the procession snake past below him as they approach the volcano. He rubs his chin and dances around in worried confusion.

EXT. VOLCANO – DAY

In the Rock Tribe's procession they have *Her* gagged and tied to a pole on the back of one of the square-wheeled wagons which they're having the usual difficulty hauling up the mountain.

EXT. CLIFF-TOP – DAY

Oo-Pongo sees Ta-Tas and begins jumping up and down in anguish

EXT. VOLCANO – DAY

Meanwhile, the procession continues onward toward the volcano with *Her* squirming on the back of the cart, as well as the line of girls with Ta-Tas.

There is a set of stairs made of bamboo and twine that's a million steps long that encircles the mountain and leads up to the rim of the volcano. Rock people in dinosaur outfits line the stairs.

EXT. BASE CAMP – DAY

Challenger, Iris, Von Schmutz and Junior all return to the base camp. The German sailors are busily boiling down dinosaur blubber into oil. They all wear face masks because it stinks so bad.

CAPTAIN

The processing, it goes well, *ja*?

The Lieutenant turns around and his face is also covered with a rag.

LIEUTENANT

Dinosaur blubber stinks, let me tell you that! I sure wish we were making beer.

IRIS

Have we got enough fuel to leave?

LIEUTENANT

Nearly. But I'll never get the smell out of this uniform, and it's my favorite.

EXT. CLIFF-TOP – DAY

Oo-Pongo watches the procession of Rock Tribesmen leading *Her* and Ta-Tas and the other girls up the trail towards the mouth of the volcano. Oo-Pongo looks around in

agitation, he doesn't know what to do. He's wringing his hands and dancing from one foot to the other. Suddenly, part of the outcropping gives way, and he falls over the side of the cliff.

He bounces off the rock wall a couple of times, before jolting to a sudden stop, his legs astride the neck of a pterodactyl perched on the cliff face. The force of Oo-Pongo landing on it's back causes the creature to pitch forward, emitting a loud "*Skronk*." The bird-like reptile flaps it's wings furiously, trying to gain control of it's fall. Oo-Pongo throws his arms around the creature's neck, holding on for dear life.

EXT. SKY – DAY

The pterodactyl is starting to gain control, but now Oo-Pongo's tight grip is suffocating it, and the flying reptile begins to pass out and goes into a free-fall. Oo-Pongo sees it's eyes closing and loosens his hold. The monkey-man slaps at the pterodactyl's face gently and it opens it's eyes and regains control of it's flight. Oo-Pongo is terrified as they fly low over treetops. Slowly though, Oo-Pongo begins to enjoy his first taste of flight.

He looks down at the jungle below, a smile slowly spreading across his face. He extends one hand, then the other, waving them in the rushing wind. He let's his mind wander and begins to imagine the possibilities, as two sticks appear over his head and rub together igniting a flame . . .

EXT. JUNGLE SKY – DAY (FANTASY)

Oo-Pongo rides a saddled pterodactyl, a rope bridle over it's beak, with the reins running back to Oo-Pongo. He holds them nonchalantly in his right hand; with his left hand, he waves to a crowd of cave-people on the ground, watching him in awe and wonder. The crowd "oohs" and "ahhs" as he steers the pterodactyl around in a figure eight. Then he does a loop-de-loop and the crowd goes wild.

EXT. SKY – NIGHT

Back in reality, Oo-Pongo smiles at the thought, and continues to imagine . . .

EXT. CLIFF-TOP – DAY (FANTASY)

Oo-Pongo stands on a cliff-top with his saddled Ptero in front of a sign that says in hieroglyphics—there is a crude drawing of a pterodactyl with a guy riding it, an equals sign, then a drawing of one banana.

He takes a banana from a waiting caveman and puts it on a growing pile, as the caveman mounts the dino-bird which takes off with him on it's back and goes flying off into the sky.

A second pterodactyl and passenger lands behind Oo-Pongo, who takes a banana from the next person in line, but then he suddenly looks suspicious and stops the guy. Oo-Pongo makes the caveman raise his arms while he waves a stick around him. Oo-Pongo makes the caveman take off his fur boots, which blend with the fur of his legs. The caveman removes his fur boots and shakes them showing nothing is hidden within. Oo-Pongo nods and waves him on to his flight . . .

EXT. SKY – NIGHT

Oo-Pongo shakes his head and pops out of his daydream. In the near distance, he sees the light of Challenger's campfire, beside the lake and the docked submarine. He points the pterodactyl's head in that direction, and it begins flying toward the firelight.

EXT. BASE CAMP – NIGHT

Challenger, Iris and several members of the crew are gathered around the campfire, drinking coffee. Other crewmembers load supplies onto the sub, while others pour dinosaur blubber oil into the submarine's gas tank. Iris looks excited.

IRIS

Once we're back, we can organize a return expedition. We can get the top paleontologists and botanists.

CHALLENGER

Yeah, we'll want to bring bigger guns, too. Maybe a Howitzer or a Big Bertha.

IRIS

Challenger, this island is the greatest discovery of modern science. These creatures were thought to be lost from the face of the earth eons ago. I won't allow you to hunt them to extinction again.

CHALLENGER

Who's talking about extinctifying them?

I just want one head of each, for my Trophy Room. Jeez throw a hairy fit, why don't you.

There is a commotion among the crew. The Lieutenant points up into the sky.

LIEUTENANT

Look, up in the sky!

The Pterodactyl flies towards the camp. One of the SAILORS says . . .

SAILOR # 1

It's a bird.

The pilot on the reptiles back becomes visible.

CAPTAIN

It's an auto-gyro!

Oo-Pongo is waving his arms at them as the pterodactyl flies lower.

IRIS

No, it's a monkey-man riding a pterodactyl!

EXT. JUNGLE SKY – NIGHT

Oo-Pongo hangs on as the pterodactyl swoops low over the campsite. Sailors run for cover. As the flying dinosaur heads toward the lake, Oo-Pongo slides from its back, diving toward the water.

EXT. BASE CAMP – NIGHT

Challenger and the others rush over, as Oo-Pongo misses the water and splats on the shore. He gets up groggily and falls backwards into the water. The water revives him, and he pulls himself up onto shore. The crowd surrounds him as he stands up and shakes the water off himself like a dog. The crowd backs away as they're splattered with water.

Oo-Pongo is speaking rapidly, waving his arms around and trying to communicate with the others.

OO-PONGO

Hey na, hey na! Shama lama ding dong!

Papa Oo Mau Mau, Chaka Kahn Chaka
Kahn!

CHALLENGER

What the heck is he talking about?

IRIS

I'm afraid I don't speak this dialect of
gibberish.

Oo-Pongo grabs a stick and begins scratching images in the dirt.

IRIS

He's trying to show us with pictures.

Oo-Pongo scratches a triangular shape in the ground.

CHALLENGER

Is it a hat? You want a pointy hat?

Oo-Pongo shakes his head in frustration. He drags the stick across the top point of the triangle, and then scratches lines shooting out from it. He points off in the direction of the volcano.

IRIS

It's the volcano, he's saying the volcano
is going to blow.

CHALLENGER

Well, you don't have to be a Neanderthal
to figure that out. Okay, now it's my turn.

Challenger takes the stick from Oo-pongo and begins scratching out a picture.

CHALLENGER

It's bigger than a bread box, but smaller
than a brontosaurus.

He is drawing what looks like a palm tree, when Iris grabs the stick away.

IRIS

Challenger, stop being so childish.

Challenger grabs the stick back.

CHALLENGER

No, you stop being so childish!

IRIS

I think he's trying to tell us something important.

He hands the stick back to Oo-Pongo, who now begins drawing the shapely curves of a female form.

OO-PONGO

(grunting)

—Her, Her! Ta-Tas! Ta-Tas!!

CHALLENGER

(cuffing Oo-Pongo on the head)

Hey, watch it, there's a lady present, you dirty little—

IRIS

(she gets it)

—Her-Who-Lives-Forever?

Oo-Pongo nods his head vigorously and draws a crude stick figure with a spear poking the female form. He pantomimes a caveman jabbing her with a spear, and then draws a line from the female form to the top of the volcano image. Again he pantomimes a caveman poking with spear, this time followed by his impression of a girl being thrown in, then he points at the volcano image again making a line into it's mouth.

IRIS

Oh good lord! I think *Her* has been captured, and whoever has her intends to throw her into the volcano. It's probably some primitive ritual designed to appease their heathen Gods.

CHALLENGER

Well it's time we taught those toad-sucking primitives how to treat a lady. Von Schmutz, can we count on your help?

CAPTAIN

Ja, sure, what the hell, right?

EXT. JUNGLE – DAY

Challenger, with his big rifle held in front, and the safari behind, whack their way with machetes through the dense jungle, toward the smoking volcano. We follow along beside the line of people with a vista and the volcano behind them.

CHALLENGER

Be extra careful, everyone, and for God's sake keep your heads down, this is a traveling matte.

EXT. VOLCANO'S RIM/ PLATFORM – DAY

At the top of the volcano, a bamboo walkway leads up along the inside rim to a large ceremonial platform, which extends out over the volcano's mouth. *Her* is flailing and squirming as the cavemen carry her up to the platform. The gag in *Her* mouth comes off. She attempts to communicate with the Rock people.

HER

I don't know what your language is.

Uh . . . Yabba-Dabba-do?

(no response)

Do be do be do?

(no response)

Abodie-O-doh?

(nothing)

Look, you're all my children, everyone on the island is, even the dinosaurs. I'm your queen, and the one thing you don't ever want to do is anger me. That would not only be bad for you, but for everyone, see? So, I'll just close my eyes . . .

(she closes her eyes)
. . . And when I open them, you'll untie
me. Okay, I'm going to open my eyes
now. One, two, three . . .

She opens her eyes, but no one is untying her.

Meanwhile, more and more Rock people crowd up onto the platform as the ceremony begins. They all start chanting "Wimoweh" and dance around the pole with *Her* at the center. The entire platform doesn't seem safe, and sways ominously, and the twine holding it all together creaks.

Four cavemen dressed as dinosaurs take hold of the thrashing flailing *Her* and take her to the edge of the volcano.

HER

I could still forgive all of you and we
could just forget that any of this ever
happened, what do you say? Uh . . .

(tries to speak in their tongue)

Ooh-ee-oo-ah-ah Ding-dang Walla-
walla bing-bang?

EXT. BASE OF VOLCANO – DAY

Challenger, Iris, Junior, Oo-Pongo and the others arrive at the base of the volcano. They all look up and see the ritual on the platform, and *Her* being held at the edge. Challenger raises his rifle and takes aim. Iris reaches out and tries to lower the rifle's barrel.

IRIS

Challenger, what are you doing?

CHALLENGER

You got a better idea?

IRIS

Talk to them, negotiate with them.

CHALLENGER

I'm tired of negotiating.

IRIS
(incredulous)
Who have you ever negotiated with?

Challenger points in her face.

CHALLENGER
With you, and I don't like it.

IRIS
But you said you weren't going to kill
anymore.

CHALLENGER
I'm not going to kill anyone, I'm just
going to ruin their party.

Challenger raises his rifle, takes aim and fires several times. The .50 caliber weapon goes off like a canon.

Big bullets hit the struts in the corners of the bamboo and twine platform causing the twine to snap. Bamboo slats roll into the volcano as the platform unravels and begins to collapse. The four guys holding *Her* all lose their footing, drop *Her* on the platform and the four dinosaur-clad cavemen fall screaming into the volcano, disappearing in bursts of flame.

Challenger, Iris and the others see this and wince.

CHALLENGER
Oops.

Meanwhile, the entire platform is falling to pieces and many other cave people lose their balance and fall into the volcano. Still bound, *Her* rolls in the opposite direction away from the crater's edge, bowling a few people over, trying desperately not to roll into the volcano or the other way, off the edge.

Challenger takes off running toward the long set of stairs leading up the mountain to the platform. Iris and Von Schmutz watch him go.

IRIS
Challenger, be careful.

But he's already gone. Iris watches him go, a look of concern on her face. Von Schmutz looks at Iris, then sighs and shakes his head.

EXT. VOLCANO – DAY

As Challenger runs up the stairs they crumble and fall apart right behind him. The Rock people standing there on the steps he passes each plummet to their deaths. Challenger just keeps running, the primitive bamboo structure collapsing just behind him.

EXT. PLATFORM – DAY

The remaining bamboo strut supporting the platform snaps and the platform smashes down against the inner crater wall, hanging precariously by the ropes still securing it to the volcano's upper rim. *Her* manages to grab onto the ropes lashing the poles together, barely maintaining her grip as she is slammed down against the bamboo platform. The Rock Tribesmen on the platform plunge into the mouth of the volcano, and the other cavemen begin running back down the bamboo walkway towards Challenger.

Challenger sees *Her* hanging over the smoking volcano. He looks about desperately for a way to save *Her*. He bends down and grabs the outside rope lashing the walkway together in his left hand. He puts the barrel of his rifle against the rope behind him and fires, shredding the hemp rope. He holds on as the rope breaks free and begins sliding off the ends of the bamboo planks, swinging him out across the maw of the volcano. As the rope pulls loose from the walkway, the planks are unlashd like a row of dominoes, sending the Rock Tribesmen flailing into the pit.

EXT. BASE OF VOLCANO – DAY

Iris sees Challenger and the cavemen above him seemingly all fall into the volcano's crater. Iris, Von Schmutz and the others all turn their heads and look away from the volcano, believing they have just seen both Challenger and *Her* fall into the volcano and die. A tear wells up in Iris's eye, and she sniffles.

IRIS

Even though he was an asshole, I'll miss him.

Captain Von Schmutz and the Lieutenant both nod.

CAPTAIN

Ja, you always miss the asshole when the asshole is gone. Ironic, no?

All the rest of the Sailors nod in agreement. The volcano gives off an extra loud eruption and everything shakes.

CAPTAIN

We'd better get back to the submarine.

Iris, Von Schmutz and the others all sadly turn away and leave.

EXT. THE VOLCANO'S CRATER – DAY

Challenger, meanwhile, swings past the dangling platform, grabbing *Her* off it and sending them both swinging into the smoke rising from the far side of the volcano.

Challenger and *Her* swing towards the crater's interior wall, where, just at the very last second when it seems inevitable that they must crash into the wall and fall into the lava, there appears a fissure in the rocks, and they miraculously swing into it.

The last ropes securing the platform snap, and it plunges down into the lava below.

INT. FISSURE – DAY

Challenger and *Her* land in the fissure. He lets go of the rope just as it's pulled down with the platform. Now there's no way to climb out of the fissure. Challenger unties *Her*'s bonds. *Her* looks at Challenger like he's a hero, her savior, He-For-Whom-She-Waits.

HER

You saved my life. Perhaps you truly are Him-For-Whom-I-Wait.

CHALLENGER

No, I actually met Him, and he is my great-great-great grandfather Lemuel, who oddly likes to be called "Junior."

Her eyes light up.

HER

Yes! He liked to be called Junior.
Isn't that silly?

CHALLENGER

I think so. So, look, Sugar Puss—

Her's eyes widen and her jaw muscles clench.

HER

—Don't call me that.

CHALLENGER

Sweetie Pie?

HER

(shakes her head)

Uh-uh.

CHALLENGER

Honey-bunch?

HER

Uh . . . No.

CHALLENGER

What do you suggest?

HER

How about, Your Majesty?

CHALLENGER

All right then, Your Majesty, my feet
are getting kind of hot here, how about
yours?

HER

Yeah, pretty hot.

CHALLENGER

Let's get outta here!

They both quickly crawl deeper into the fissure and disappear from view, as lava flows in behind them.

EXT. BASE OF VOLCANO – DAY

Von Schmutz and his crew, along with Iris and Oo-Pongo stand at the base of the volcano waiting. Oo-Pongo sees Oo-Gonzo in a dinosaur suit beside a wagon with Ta-Tas tied to it.

Oo-Pongo comes running up and confronts Oo-Gonzo. Ta-Tas sees him and sighs in relief. Oo-Pongo grabs the handle of the cart, pulls it off and swings it around like a fighting staff. He steps toward Oo-Gonzo in a threatening way.

OO-PONGO

Bebop a Lula! Shoop! Shoop!

A subtitle reads: “Defend yourself, Tree Sloth! Vengeance shall be mine!”

Oo-Gonzo grabs the handle of another cart, pulls it off and swings it around.

OO-GONZO

(furious)

Wham bam thankyamam!

A subtitle reads: “That’s the last straw! Now we fight to the death! And stop calling me a Tree Sloth ‘cause that really burns my ‘nads!”

Oo-Pongo and Oo-Gonzo fight. They smack each other back and forth with their sticks. Oo-Gonzo gets cracked in the head and falls to the ground. Oo-Pongo shoves the staff into Oo-Gonzo’s face.

OO-PONGO

Wom-bomma-loobomp bawomp-bam-boom!

A subtitle reads: “Logically, I really ought to kill you, but being a reasonable man I will spare your life.”

Just as the volcano erupts again, causing a huge crack in the ground to run right under Oo-Gonzo, who disappears screaming into the fiery abyss. Oo-Pongo shrugs, turns and unties Ta-Tas, who looks at him adoringly.

Then another crack opens up between Iris, Von Schmutz and the crew and Oo-Pongo and Ta-Tas, who disappear from view in a cloud of steam. Von Schmutz turns to Iris.

CAPTAIN

(to Iris)

Well, at least the monkey-man rescued his girl before they fried to crisp.

IRIS

Yes, that was sweet, in a ghastly sort of way.

CAPTAIN

We can't wait any longer, we must get back to the sub.

They turn around and begin heading down the sloping rocks, when a voice is heard above them.

CHALLENGER

(O.S.)

Iris! Iris!

The group looks up the hill to see Challenger and *Her* emerging from a narrow tunnel opening. Iris and the others run up to them. Junior hangs back, squinting at *Her* as she emerges behind Challenger.

JUNIOR

(to himself)

Her?

Iris rushes up to Dick and throws her arms around him.

IRIS

Oh, Dick, we thought you were dead.

CHALLENGER

Nope, not this time.

Her sees Junior, still standing further down the hill. She slowly approaches him.

HER

Is it really you? My beloved Junior?

JUNIOR

A little the worse for wear, but you . . .
you haven't changed a bit, you're as
lovely as the day you captured me.

HER

Well, that is one of the benefits of not
aging. You look . . . not *too* . . . bad.

She turns away and bites her fist.

JUNIOR

I guess I would have had to bathe in
the Fountain regularly to keep up my
looks.

IRIS

Have you really been here on the island
all these years? Why did you never come
back to me?

JUNIOR

It was my damned foolish pride that
stopped me from returning . . . that and
about seventy years ago I forgot where
the entrance to the valley was, then about
fifty years ago I began having bouts of
explosive flatulence, then about thirty
years ago—

HER

(cuts him off)

—But we're together again now, that's
all that matters.

JUNIOR

You're right! I've been a fool! Nothing
will ever separate us again!

Suddenly the volcano erupts again, spewing rock and ash. The ground rumbles and shakes, and then splits open, forming a large fissure directly between *Her* and Junior. Junior looks down into the fiery crack.

JUNIOR

Well, I stand corrected.

Smoke belches up from the depths of the fissure and the gap between *Her* and Him grows wider.

HER

NOO!! I won't lose you again!

Her takes a few steps back, then runs straight at the gaping crevice and leaps over it, landing on the far edge. *Her* teeters on the edge off-balance for a second, then Junior grabs her hand and pulls her to him in a tight embrace. The opening in the ground continues to widen as Challenger and Iris stand at the edge on the opposite side as *Her* and Junior.

Von Schmutz and his men begin heading back into the jungle.

CHALLENGER

It's too wide, you'll have to circle down around it below and join up with us in the jungle.

HER

No, I won't flee from the mountain God. My place is with my people. My absence would only cause needless confusion.

JUNIOR

And my place is by her side, I've been a fool for too damn long.

CHALLENGER

Well, hold on to that love, it's the only thing worth living for in this crazy, mixed-up lost, lost world.

Iris takes hold of his arm.

IRIS

Oh, Dick, that's so true.

CHALLENGER

(brushing her arm off)

Dammit, woman, will you stop crowding me.

Her and Junior head off toward the Lost City.

JUNIOR

(calling out)

Good luck and Godspeed, son!

CHALLENGER

(calling back)

Until we meet again, old man!

Challenger and Iris turn and head down the side of the volcano. Von Schmutz and the others are quite a ways ahead, and suddenly another crevice opens ahead of them, blocking their way. Lava is flowing down towards them from above.

IRIS

Oh, Dick, at least we can die in each other's arms.

CHALLENGER

Will you stop with the death stuff?
Follow me.

Challenger grabs Iris's hand and leads her back toward the mountain.

EXT. FISSURE – DAY

Challenger and Iris run into the fissure, just as lava pours over the opening.

EXT. VOLCANO BASE – DAY

Von Schmutz and crew look up as Challenger and Iris disappear behind a cloud of sulphurous smoke blowing off the lava.

CAPTAIN

Quickly, men, we must launch the

sub before this whole island is covered
in lava.

INT. FISSURE – DAY

Challenger and Iris race back into the fissure, just ahead of the smoke and lava. The lava pours over the fissure opening, throwing sparks up the tunnel. Challenger and Iris get a safe distance away and turn back to see the lava cooling and solidifying over their exit. They're lit by the orange glow from the molten hot lava, which slowly fades as it cools. They cover their mouths and cough from the noxious fumes.

CHALLENGER

Well, it looks like this is it for us, Iris.
Sorry I've been so hard on you, I guess I
was afraid to admit how you made me feel.
You know, I think you're pretty swell.

IRIS

Just hold me. I can face the end, if you'll
just hold me.

The scene starts to fade-out. Challenger looks around.

CHALLENGER

Shit, a fade-out! Now we're *really* in
trouble.

The scene goes to black.

CHALLENGER

(V.O.)

Waitaminnit! I've got an idea!

A match is lit, and the flame illuminates the couple. The match flame flickers slightly, bending back towards the rear of the fissure.

CHALLENGER

The flame should be bending towards
an air vent, it can point the way out of
here.

Now the scene begins to ‘Iris Out’, a black circle constricting down around the match flame, until the iris closes completely, snipping off the match head and causing the flame to fall down in front of a black frame.

CHALLENGER

Damn! Now an Iris out!

IRIS

I’m trying to get out. I can’t see a thing!

CHALLENGER

What? No, an iris, it’s a circular—oh,
never mind.

(pause)

Wait . . . that glow, do you see that warm
glow?

IRIS

Oh, Dick, I’m always flushed around you,
I didn’t think you’d noticed.

CHALLENGER

I hadn’t, but I’m talking about that golden
glow behind you. Head toward it.

They crawl toward the golden glow.

INT. GOLDEN CHAMBER – DAY

Challenger and Iris crawl out of the rock fissure and into a glowing golden chamber with octagonal walls. It’s about ten feet square, the walls are like golden membranes with light coming through them. Challenger begins to dig through the waxy membrane with his nails.

CHALLENGER

It’s okay, we’ll be safe in here. Let’s just
see what’s out there.

Challenger digs a hole through the membrane. He and Iris both peer out the hole.

EXT. GOLDEN CHAMBER – DAY

We can see Iris and Challenger's faces peering through the hole in the golden membranous wall of the chamber. Our view rapidly widens until we can see that the chamber with them in it is but one of many thousands of chambers making up a veritable golden honeycomb. And what could have created such a thing? Giant bees the size of elephants, which we see come into view busily flying back and forth in their nest.

INT. GOLDEN CHAMBER – DAY

Challenger and Iris sit in the octagonal golden chamber looking out the hole.

IRIS

Those are big bees.

Challenger nods.

CHALLENGER

You can say that again.

Challenger crawls back to the chamber's entrance, looks out and sees lava pouring into the fissure where they just were, sealing it off. Can't go that way. Challenger turns back to Iris.

CHALLENGER

We're sort of stuck. I don't see a way out

IRIS

You mean we're going to die here?

CHALLENGER

(sighs)

Maybe so.

EXT. GOLDEN CHAMBER – DAY

One of the enormous bees spots the damage Challenger created digging the hole. The bee flies up to the hole and fixes it.

INT. GOLDEN CHAMBER – DAY

As the face of the behemoth bee appears in the hole behind Challenger and Iris, with a very loud buzzing and wing-flapping noise, Challenger takes Iris in his arms and

holds her tightly. The Bee fixes the hole with goo in no time, then flies off leaving Iris and Challenger sealed in. They both look back and see that that way is sealed off, too. Now they're *really* stuck. Iris sticks her finger in the fresh golden goo and licks it. Her face lights up.

IRIS

Honey!

Challenger turns around and takes Iris in his arms.

CHALLENGER

Aw, Sugar, it's okay. I've known you were in love with me from the very first minute I saw you there in the lifeboat. I could see it in your eyes. And you know what? I've grown to love you, too. Sure, you're a know-it-all, and kind of pushy, and you've got sort of a bad temper, your eyes are set too close together . . .

(catches himself)

. . . but somehow you make it work for you.

Iris shakes her head and sighs.

IRIS

You know, it's strange, but I guess I do love you, Challenger, although I don't really know why. Maybe it's my fascination with primitive man.

CHALLENGER

Baby, you want to see primitive, you ain't seen nothin' yet.

Challenger grabs Iris and they kiss, deeply and passionately. While they're kissing the volcano rumbles around them. When they come up for air, Iris says . . .

IRIS

Hold me, Challenger, and kiss me like it's the last time!

They kiss again.

EXT. GOLDEN CHAMBER – DAY

We can see the silhouette of Challenger and Iris kissing through the golden membrane. Our view quickly moves back to lose them among the thousands of other honeycombs. Giant bees fly through the foreground.

EXT. ISLAND – DAY

The volcano erupts. Fire, burning lava and black smoke spew hundreds of feet into the air. As ash and fire begin raining down on the jungle, lava overflows the lip of the crater, then pours down to the jungle below . . .

EXT. JUNGLE – DAY

The jungle is shaking as the volcano erupts. Ash and smoke fill the air. Every living thing in the jungle is running as fast it can away from the volcano. A herd of Raptors passes a lumbering Diplodocus, then cuts it off at an intersection. The Diplodocus looks back to see what else is coming and runs smack into a giant Sequoia tree with a crunch.

Captain Von Schmutz and company are all hauling ass through the jungle back toward the submarine. Fleeing dinosaurs pass them in the background and foreground.

EXT. JUNGLE LAKE – DAY

The submarine is where they left it, and the remaining crewmen are busily refueling the vessel with dinosaur blubber oil. As they near the sub, the Captain yells . . .

CAPTAIN

Start the engines!

A SAILOR atop the conning tower salutes.

SAILOR

Jawhol, mein Captain.

The crewman disappears inside the sub. We hear the engines start up.

They all arrive at the sub and start to run across the gangplank.

They all see something and glance up into the sky. It's a hot-air balloon descending from the clouds, the basket overloaded with struggling passengers.

Looking more closely they see that in the basket of the balloon are: the Wizard of Oz, Dorothy holding Toto her little dog, the Cowardly Lion, the Tin Man, and the Scarecrow. The balloon is quickly losing altitude and heading down toward a particularly nasty-looking section of a jungle swamp, burping methane gas, with big green tentacles rising from the muck.

WIZARD

We've got to lighten the load!

Suddenly, Dorothy and Toto are thrown screaming overboard. Dorothy and Toto splash into the swamp, and are immediately devoured by a horrible prehistoric octopus creature. The balloon begins to gain some altitude, but not much.

WIZARD

But we're still not light enough!

A moment later the Tin Man is also tossed overboard. He too is immediately consumed by a terrifying swamp creature. The balloon floats away.

The Captain and the others shake their heads, then go through the hatch inside the submarine.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

The crew all gets inside the sub, the hatches are closed and sealed. The Captain yells .
..

CAPTAIN

Dive! Dive! *For God's sake, CRASH
DIVE!!*

LIEUTENANT

(repeats)
Crash Dive!!

He hits a large button and a loud *honking* begins.

Another button is pushed and the *clanging* begins.

Yet another button which emits the *farting boi-oi-oing* noise.

EXT. JUNGLE LAKE – DAY

The submarine lowers very slowly into the swampy green muck with a loud gurgle. The jungle shakes as the volcano continues to erupt, smoke and black soot raining down.

Burning lava engulfs the island. Everything in the lava's path is consumed, including slow-moving animals and humans. Dinosaurs of all varieties, big and small, run past, fleeing the oncoming wall of burning lava.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

Everybody looks closely at the depth gauge. The needle is moving slowly from 0 to 1.

EXT. JUNGLE LAKE – DAY

As lava begins to pour into the jungle lake the submarine continues to submerge, we see all kinds of dinosaurs sitting on the deck of the submarine—a Diplodocus, a Brontosaurus, a Tyrannosaurus Rex, as well several Raptors hanging onto the conning tower. As the submarine submerges, each dinosaur goes under one by one, leaving nothing but bubbles and fond memories.

EXT. UNDER THE WATER – DAY

As the submarine begins to travel under the lake, with dinosaurs dislodging and floating away, we see the lava pouring into the water, still bright orange and burning even though it's underwater.

The submarine is just staying ahead of the oncoming lava flow.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

Captain Von Schmutz barks the order . . .

CAPTAIN

Full-speed ahead! Give her everything
she's got!

Oddly, the ENGINEER is a heavy-set Scotsman with a thick Scottish accent, in a German naval uniform, of course.

ENGINEER

I'm doin' my bloody best, Captain. But the diesel turbines got to adjust to this new dinosaur blubber fuel. I don't think I can get more than 7,500 RPMs out of them no matter what I do.

CAPTAIN

Engineer, I *need* that power!

ENGINEER

(salutes)

Aye-aye, Captain.

Captain Von Schmutz turns his cap around, snaps down the handles and peers through the periscope.

CAPTAIN

We must get to that crevasse before the lava flow does, otherwise we're cooked. Literally.

EXT. UNDER THE WATER – DAY

The submarine moves toward the crevasse in the rocks, as the lava flow bears down on it from behind, chasing after it.

EXT. ISLAND – DAY

The volcano is erupting so intensely that it's blowing the mountain to pieces. Avalanches crash down the side of the mountain.

EXT. UNDER THE WATER – DAY

Giant boulders float down through the water, just missing the submarine. Lava continues rushing toward them. The submarine cruises toward the crevasse.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

It's shaking like hell inside the sub. The Lieutenant glances at the thermometer and it's past 90 degrees. He wipes his forehead, then grabs a handrail and burns his hand.

The Captain is knocked to the floor. He glances down into his shirt pocket and sees the red flower he picked earlier. He smells it, puts it in his pipe, lights it and gives it a big hit. His eyes open wide—it's good!

EXT. UNDER THE WATER – DAY

The submarine makes it into the crevasse. A moment later the lava reaches the crevasse and begins to back up.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

The Captain is looking through the periscope back from whence they came.

CAPTAIN

We've made it! By God, we've made it!

Everyone aboard the sub cheers. Captain Von Schmutz turns from the periscope and his eyes are bloodshot and slightly crossed. He takes a big puff on his pipe and holds it in, a little smoke escaping from his nose. He blows out a big hit in a long stream.

CAPTAIN

Lieutenant, break out the ice cream!

The Lieutenant points at the thermometer.

LIEUTENANT

But Captain, it's over 95 degrees Fahrenheit.

The Captain pounds his fist on the steel bulkhead with a loud *clong*.

CAPTAIN

God damn it, Lieutenant, I said break out the ice cream! Do you hear me, man?

The Lieutenant salutes.

LIEUTENANT

Jawhol, mein Captain.

EXT. CREVASSE – DAY

The submarine cruises through the thin, craggy crevasse. Lava continues to pour into the water behind them heating it up.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

Everybody in the submarine crew now holds a melting ice cream cone, including the Lieutenant, and the Captain. The thermometer reads 100 degrees. Everyone has ice cream on their face. The Captain raises his ice cream cone above his head.

CAPTAIN

To Kaiser Wilhelm II!

The Lieutenant raises his cone.

LIEUTENANT

To the Kaiser!

Everybody raises their melting ice cream cones, and they all simultaneously melt to soup and run down their arms.

Captain Von Schmutz hungrily eats the cone. His eyes are going around in circles.

CAPTAIN

Mmmm, good.

(looks around)

Have we got any nuts? Pretzels?

Anything salty?

EXT. UNDER THE WATER – DAY

The submarine comes out of the crevasse back into the open ocean waters.

EXT. ISLAND – DAY

The volcano continues erupting, spewing smoke, ash and lava into the air. The periscope rises up out of the water, followed by the rest of the submarine which surfaces in the foreground. The hatch pops open and out climbs Captain Von Schmutz and the Lieutenant, both of whom have binoculars. They both watch the volcano blow it's top.

LIEUTENANT

It's a shame about Dr. Oglethorpe and Challenger. And the others, too.

CAPTAIN

Ah, what can you do? Easy come,
easy go, you know. The Lord giveth
and the Lord taketh away. Here today,
gone tomorrow. C'est la vie.

Just then a dark object can be seen in the sky, accompanied by a low-pitched buzzing sound. The Captain and the Lieutenant raise their binoculars and look.

They see a giant bee flying out to sea from the island, and it's coming right toward them. As it gets closer they see that sitting on the giant bee's back are Iris and Challenger, riding it like a flying horse. They spot the submarine and wave their arms.

The Captain and the Lieutenant wave back. The bee swoops in over the submarine and both Iris and Challenger dive off into the ocean. The submarine sends out a life boat for them.

Captain Von Schmutz lights his pipe and his face lights up, there's still some of that red flower in there. He pokes around with the stick match as it burns and he gets a big hit. The Captain blows out a long stream of blue smoke, then grins.

Iris and Challenger get out of the lifeboat, climb up the conning tower and greet the Captain.

CHALLENGER

Good to see you again, Captain Von
Schmutz.

IRIS

Yes, it's good to be here.

CAPTAIN

(shakes his head)

Now that was a big bee.

CHALLENGER

You can say that again. But as friendly
a bee as you'll ever meet.

Just then the volcano completely explodes, blowing the whole island to pieces. Everyone on the sub watches in silence as the island begins to sink beneath briny waves.

EXT. TREE HOUSE – DAY

Her and Junior come racing up to his tree house. They climb up into the tree house and hold onto each other as the whole island sinks beneath them. The water keeps rising and rising, then stops directly below the tree holding up the tree house. Now it's a very little island with one tree.

Her and Junior let go of each other. They both sigh, then finally take a look at one another.

HER

Boy oh boy, the years have *not* been good to you.

JUNIOR

Hey, thanks! That's because I haven't been bathing in the Fountain of Forever, like you have. But you won't be anymore, either, so we'll just see how you look in a little while.

HER

And what was that little stunt about saying you were going to get some cigarettes and then never coming back, huh?

JUNIOR

You're not going to bring that up every five minutes, are you?

HER

Maybe I am. What of it?

JUNIOR

(disgusted)
Oh, shut up!

HER

Don't tell me to shut up! You *never* tell me to shut up!

JUNIOR

Oh, yeah? Well, shut up!

HER

No, *you* shut up!

Our view moves rapidly away from the tiny little island with it's one tree, and thankfully the voices fade away.

EXT. OCEAN – DAY

We travel backward across the surface of the ocean. Suddenly, things begin popping up out of the ocean waves, and we quickly realize that it's dead dinosaurs floating up to the surface, then bobbing around. First a Brontosaurus, then a Triceratops, then a few Raptors.

EXT. SUBMARINE – SUNSET

We arrive back at the submarine. Challenger, Iris and Von Schmutz stand on the watch deck of the conning tower looking out over the ocean. Von Schmutz puffs on his pipe.

CAPTAIN

(grins)

Hey, how about some ice cream?

Iris and Challenger look at each other and smile.

CHALLENGER

Ice cream sounds swell.

They all climb down the ladder into the sub.

INT. SUBMARINE – DAY

Everybody is enjoying their ice cream cones very much, which luckily aren't melting this time. Someone puts a new cylinder on the Edison cylinder machine, switches it on, places the needle against the cylinder and it's Challenger's recording of "O Solo

Mio.” Sadly, he’s not a very good singer, but it is, nevertheless, quite a spirited performance.

CHALLENGER

It’s number three in the Yucatan, and moving up with a bullet.

Iris sighs deeply.

IRIS

I sure wish I had some evidence of what we saw there on that island.

CHALLENGER

Like one of those flowers that’s been extinct for a million years?

IRIS

(nods)

Right. Like one of those.

Challenger reaches into his shirt pocket and removes one of the red flowers and hands it to Iris. Iris’s eyes light up.

IRIS

Ya know, Challenger, you’re some kind of all right yourself.

Iris throws her arms around Challenger’s neck, gives him a big kiss and mistakenly dumps her ice cream cone down his back.

Meanwhile, Captain Von Schmutz also sees the flower and his eyes light up, too.

CAPTAIN

May I inspect that flower, please?

Iris hands it to him without looking.

IRIS

Of course, Captain.

Captain Von Schmutz takes the flower, grins devilishly and crams it into his pipe.

Challenger and Iris continue to kiss.

EXT. OCEAN – SUNSET

The submarine zigzags it's way across the ocean, occasionally going around in circles. Challenger's scratchy recording of "O Solo Mio" continues to play.

Just then coming through the foreground, riding on a wave, is the extremely long-necked turtle, and riding on the turtle's back is Oo-Pongo with Ta-Tas behind him holding on. They ride the turtle off into the sunset.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SEASHORE – DAY

An old FISHERMAN with a white beard and a pipe in his mouth walks along the seashore. The strong wind blows the Fisherman's beard around, and the smoke from his pipe curls off behind him. As the tide runs out it reveals a bottle stuck in the sand. The Fisherman picks up the bottle and brushes it off.

He sees that there is something inside in the bottle. He pulls out the cork, sticks his fingers in and retrieves a thick stack of crinkly crisp pages. Sadly, without his glasses he can't see a thing. The old Fisherman fumbles excitedly under his sweater for his glasses.

FISHERMAN

Why, this could be the greatest discovery
of all time—

(just then he loses his grip
on the pages and they all
blow out of his hand and
into the sea)

Whoops!

The old Fisherman makes a feeble grab for the pages, but they're gone. He looks momentarily embarrassed and coughs.

FISHERMAN

But, probably not.

He tosses the bottle in the water and walks away up the shore.

Challenger's scratchy recording of "O Solo Mio" continues to play.

THE END