

Disney



———— Pictures & Television ————

DINOSAURS

(PILOT)

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FIRST DRAFT
12/03/90

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCEEXT. JUNGLE

(A SINGLE HAND-HELD CAMERA, LOW TO THE GROUND,
MOVES THROUGH THE DENSE UNDERBRUSH.

PRIMITIVE TRIBAL PERCUSSION: THE SOUNDS OF
BEATING ON LOGS, DRUMS, BUILDING, BUILDING,
UNTIL A HUNDRED ANCIENT VOICES JOIN IN CHANT,
GROWING IN TENSION, FEAR, DREAD, VOLUME.

FINALLY A GIGANTIC DINOSAUR FOOT SLAMS DOWN
ONTO THE GROUND, HEADING AWAY FROM US. WHOOM!
THE VERY FABRIC OF THE JUNGLE IS RIPPED
ASUNDER BY THE DINOSAUR'S TERRIBLE FOOTSTEPS.
WHOOM! THE DINOSAUR'S OTHER FOOT SHAKES THE
EARTH. WE HEAR JUNGLE BIRDS AND OTHER NATIVE
DENIZENS SCREAM IN FEAR AND RUN FOR THEIR VERY
LIVES. THE PERCUSSION AND CHANTING REACHES A
FEVER PITCH AS WE PAN UP THE DINOSAUR'S LEGS
AND SEE THAT HE CARRIES A LUNCHBOX, WEARS A
HARDHAT AND SPORTS A STUBBY CIGAR IN HIS
MOUTH. THE POUNDING CACOPHANY OF SOUND
SUDDENLY AND COMPLETELY STOPS)

EARL

Honey, I'm home!

WE SLAM CUT TO EARL'S POV: HIS HOUSE WITH A
MAILBOX OUT FRONT THAT SAYS 'SINCLAIR'. THE
MUSIC COMPLETELY CHANGES STYLE TO HAPPY,
BREEZY DINOSAUR SITUATION COMEDY AS WE FOLLOW
EARL THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND INTO THE
HOUSE, INTRODUCING HIS WIFE, FRAN, AND HIS TWO
TEENAGE CHILDREN, ROBBIE AND CHARLENE. EARL,
THE KING OF HIS CASTLE, SETTLES INTO HIS
FAVORITE CHAIR, PICKS UP A REMOTE CONTROL AND
TURNS ON HIS TELEVISION AS OURS BLACKS OUT)
END OF OPENING TITLES.

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

(TIGHT ON DINOSAUR NEWSCASTER)

NEWSCASTER

... A meteor, three times the size of
Earth, is heading toward us on a
collision course that will result in
the extinction of all life on this
planet.

(ANOTHER DINOSAUR'S HAND PUSHES A SHEET OF
PAPER AT THE NEWSCASTER. PROFESSIONALLY,
WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT, HE PICKS IT UP AND
READS)

This just in: No, it's not.

(HE SETS THE PAPER DOWN AND SMILES GENIALLY)

Now here's Dwayne with sports.

(THE CHANNEL CHANGES BY REMOTE CONTROL AND
ARRIVES AT THE DINOSAUR HOME SHOPPING NETWORK)

SHOPPING ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...Next up...Calling all gals! Your fashion favorite since the beginning of time, the original "Fuzzy Pink Sweater", with the pterodactyl jumping rope silhouette.

(A FETCHING, LONG LASHED, DINOSAUR MANNEQUIN DRESSED IN A FUZZY PINK SWEATER, WITH A PTERODACTYL JUMPING ROPE SILHOUETTE -- SLOWLY ROTATES ON A PEDESTAL. FLASHING BENEATH IT ARE "\$49.95" AND "CALL NOW!")

CHARLENE

Mom!

FRAN

No, Charlene.

(CHARLENE SINCLAIR IS A TWELVE YEAR OLD MATERIAL GIRL. HER MOTHER, FRAN, IS IN THE KITCHEN, MAKING DINNER. PRESENTLY, SHE IS STIRRING A LARGE STEW POT. A BUG-EYED CREATURE LOOKS OVER THE TOP OF THE POT AND TRIES TO ESCAPE. FRAN KNOCKS HIM BACK IN WITH THE SPOON.)

CHARLENE

But they keep showing me all these things I don't have! And they're gonna bring up another thing and I'm gonna want that, too. I don't see why I just can't have whatever I want.

FRAN

(SMILES)

I think, young lady, you'd better learn the difference between what you want and what you need.

CHARLENE

I need to be in a family that can afford to get me everything I want.

FRAN

Charlene Anastasia Sinclair --

CHARLENE

Oh God, my whole name...

FRAN

Your father works his tail off every day to provide you with a roof over your head and a secure home.

CHARLENE

If I had a tv in my room I wouldn't have to listen to this.

FRAN

So when he comes through that door you say, "Thank you, Daddy, for my very life," and you do not bother him to spend his hard-earned paycheck on some silly thing you saw on tv.

CHARLENE

(AS SHE TRUDGES OFF TO HER ROOM)

Geez, it's like I'm spoiled rotten and
I don't even have anything.

(SHE'S OUT. FRAN TURNS BACK TO THE STEW POT,
BEGINS TO STIR, NOTICES THERE'S NO CREATURE IN
THE POT. SHE TURNS TO FIND THE LITTLE BUG-
EYED CREATURE SITTING IN EARL'S CHAIR, WATCHING
TV, EATING POPCORN. SHE CROSSES TO GET HIM AND
PUT HIM BACK IN THE POT, BUT IS STOPPED BY:)

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Housewives... Tired of chasing dinner
all over the house?

(FRAN LOOKS AT THE CREATURE SITTING NEXT TO
HER. IT SMILES AND OFFERS HER POPCORN)

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Then you'll want this beautiful
thirty-two piece cookware set
featuring the new "creature screen"!

(ON THE TV, WE SEE A STEW POT COVERED WITH A
SCREEN. INSIDE IS A SMALL CREATURE WHO RIFLES
A TIN CUP ACROSS THE SCREEN'S BARS LIKE A
PRISON INMATE)

FRAN/CREATURE

(NOD, IMPRESSED)

Ahhhh!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

All thirty-two pieces, just \$299.95!

(FRAN IS CAPTIVATED. BEHIND HER, THE FRONT
DOOR BANGS OPEN AND EARL SINCLAIR ENTERS FROM
WORK)

EARL

Fran! I'm home, I'm hungry and I'm
stuck in the door again.

FRAN

(POINTING AT THE TV)

Earl, they're selling the most
wonderful thing here on tv --

EARL

Why is there no dinner on the table,
Fran?

(AT THIS THE LITTLE BUG-EYED CREATURE JUMPS
OFF THE CHAIR AND SCURRIES OUT THE DOOR
THROUGH EARL'S LEGS. EARL LOOKS AT FRAN
SUSPICIOUSLY)

Was that dinner? Did dinner just run
outta here through my legs?

FRAN

They've got these new pots and pans
with creature screens. If you love me
you'll get them for me. Do you love
me?

EARL

I just got home.

(LOOKS INTO THE POT)

(MORE)

EARL (CONT'D)

There's nothing in here. What do you need with new pots when there's nothing in the old pots? I don't see dinner, I don't see vegetables --

FRAN

Dinner ate the vegetables.

EARL

Dinner ate the vegetables? And then just left like that? Without coffee? Well, he's never coming back.

(GAZES LONGINGLY OUT THE WINDOW)

Look at him. He's up in the tree having a mint.

(CHARLENE ENTERS)

CHARLENE

(SWEETLY)

Hi, Daddy. How was your day?

EARL

Not a dime, Charlene!

CHARLENE

Daddy, can't I even say hello without you thinking I want something?

(EARL JUST LOOKS AT HER)

A sweater. I just want a sweater.

EARL

And I just want dinner and it don't look good for either one of us.

FRAN

(GOES TO THE REFRIGERATOR)

You can have a frozen dinner, Earl.

We've got a frozen dinner right here.

(SHE OPENS THE FREEZER DOOR AND TAKES OUT A
SOLID BLOCK OF ICE WITH CREATURE ARMS STICKING
OUT THE SIDES AND FROZEN BUG-EYES PEERING OUT.
SHE DROPS IT INTO THE POT)

EARL

Oh, that's great. I come home to a
frozen dinner on today of all days.
Obviously you forget what today is, Fran.

FRAN

It's paycheck day.

EARL

PAYCHECK DAY! My once a week reminder
that I am a working stiff who can't
afford to get his family absolutely
everything they want absolutely all
the time. Now who here would like to
be the next one to rub that in?
(HE LOOKS TO CHARLENE TO SEE IF THIS HAS HAD
ANY EFFECT)

CHARLENE

I'm sorry, Daddy. I'll set the table.

(EARL KISSES HER ON THE FOREHEAD)

EARL

You're a good girl, Charlene.

(CHARLENE MOVES TO THE DINING ROOM. EARL SMILES, SATISFIED, AND TURNS TO HIS WIFE)

EARL

And your apology would go, how?

FRAN

(NOSE TO NOSE WITH HIM)

Pots and pans. Did I ask for jewelry? Did I ask for a new house? No. I asked for cookware, Earl. To cook your dinner with. Dinner for you. Gee, I hardly know where my apology should begin.

(EARL AND FRAN STARE EACH OTHER DOWN. FRAN IS UNBLINKING STEEL. EARL HUFFS AND PUFFS AND CRUMBLES LIKE A TEDDY BEAR)

EARL

C'mon, honey, you know I'd buy you the moon.

FRAN

I just want the pots.

EARL

No. Uh-uh.

FRAN

Why not?

EARL

Because for once there is something I want. That's right. It's unbelievable. I actually want to spend my money on something for me. Something I no longer feel I can be without.

FRAN

What's that?

EARL

A satellite dish.

FRAN

A satellite dish?

EARL

You heard me.

FRAN

What are you going to do with a
satellite dish?

EARL

I'm gonna eat off it, Fran! I'm gonna
beam in dinner from another planet
since I don't seem to be able to get
any here!

(WHIPS OUT A BROCHURE)

And, look at the great deal I get on
this baby. Hundred dollars down,
hundred dollars a month.

FRAN

How many months?

EARL

What, I'm supposed to ask the guy a
million questions?!

FRAN

Earl Snead Sinclair!

EARL

Oh God my whole name...

FRAN

I am your wife! --

EARL

And I am the mighty megalosaurus! King
of the dinosaurs! The Thunder Lizard!
And if the Thunder Lizard wants a
satellite dish, then he's gonna get a
satellite dish so what do you have to
say about that?!

FRAN

The Tyrannosaurus Rex is the king of
the dinosaurs.

EARL

That's debatable!

FRAN

No, it's not. I dated one in high
school.

(THE DOOR OPENS AND ROBBIE SINCLAIR ENTERS. HE
IS EARL AND FRAN'S 14 YEAR OLD SON)

ROBBIE

(BRIGHTLY)

Hey, Mom and Dad, you'll be interested
in this. I'm an idiot. Know how I know?

(HOLDS UP A NOTE)

School says so.

FRAN

What's this, Robbie?

ROBBIE

It's a deficiency notice from school.

It says I'm deficient in math. You sign here to acknowledge that you agree that I am indeed an idiot, and of course you will, because you're parents and they're the school and parents and school exist in perfect harmony to crush the spirit of all youth. Or... you could surprise me and take my side for once. I'll be up in my room while you consider your position.

(HE STARTS FOR HIS ROOM)

EARL

(BELLOWS)

SIDDOWN!

ROBBIE

(IMMEDIATELY)

I knew it.

(HE SITS.)

EARL

(LOOKS OVER THE DEFICIENCY SLIP)

Says here you don't apply yourself.

Says here you have potential.

ROBBIE

That's a lie!

(STANDS)

Potential is this word they use when they want to make you think you're nothing now but if you study all your life and if you do what they say --

EARL

SIDDOWN!

ROBBIE

(IMMEDIATELY)

I knew it.

(HE SITS)

FRAN

You're a very bright boy, Robbie. Why are you having trouble in Math?

ROBBIE

I just have a hard time with numbers and dates.

EARL

Why?

ROBBIE

Because if this is the year twelve million and three, why is next year twelve million and two? Why are we counting backwards? What are we waiting for?

FRAN

(READING THE NOTE)

It says we should consider hiring
Robbie a tutor.

ROBBIE

Could we get Sheila SanGiacomo?
Because I would be motivated to study
with her.

FRAN

C'mon, Earl. How much could a tutor
cost?

EARL

Exactly the same price as a satellite
dish, Fran, because that's the way my
life works! And I'm not giving up my
satellite dish just because he's not
working up to his potential!

ROBBIE

I am begging you to understand I have
no potential.

FRAN

Look Earl, sometimes the parents have
to make sacrifices for the children.

(EARL GRUNTS)

Now, I'm willing to sacrifice my new
pots and pans.

EARL

(LOOKS AT HER)

Oh, there's a noble gesture, Fran.
Giving away something you don't have
and wasn't gonna get. While you're at
it, why don't you give up your diamond
collection?

FRAN

C'mon, Earl. You know the right thing
to do.

(SHE WALKS OFF)

EARL

(DISGUSTEDLY)

The right thing to do.

ROBBIE

(DISGUSTEDLY)

Potential.

(THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, AND WE:)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO

EXT. SWAMP -- THE NEXT MORNING

(CLOSE ON A LARGE SIGN: "THIS REDWOOD FOREST
TO BE RAZED FOR MODERN TEN THOUSAND UNIT TRACT
HOUSING. WESASO DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION. SALES
OFFICE." AN ARROW POINTS TO A TRAILER OFFICE.
NEXT TO THE OFFICE IS A TIME CLOCK WHERE A
COUPLE OF DINOSAURS PUNCH IN THEIR CARDS.)

DINOSAUR

Morning Ed.

DINOSAUR

Hello Sid.

(ANGLE ON EARL, WEARING WORK CLOTHES,
PREOCCUPIED. HE APPROACHES A TREE AND SIZES
IT UP)

EARL

(MISERABLY)

Why is 'the right thing to do' always
the one where I have to spend all my
money on nothing I get? Why does
life have to be like this?

(HE KNOCKS THE TREE OVER AND TOSSES IT ONTO A
PILE OF KNOCKED-OVER TREES. REVEAL EARL'S
BEST FRIEND AND CO-WORKER ROY HESS, A
TYRANNOSAURUS)

ROY

Yeah, well, wake up and smell the Mesozoic Era, pally-boy. Where some dinosaurs settle down and have a family, such as you, and other dinosaurs live a life of untamed savagery in the wild wilderness, such as me.

EARL

You live in a condominium in the Marina.

ROY

Yeah, but we got a wilderness lithograph on the wall in the card room.

EARL

I'm forty-three years old and I can't afford to buy the wife pots and pans... let alone even consider getting something for myself ever.

(HE KNOCKS DOWN ANOTHER TREE. A PTERODACTYL WHO, UNTIL THAT MOMENT LIVED IN THE TREE, COMES SWOOPING DOWN)

PTERODACTYL

Hey, this is my house here!

EARL

(SHOOS HIM AWAY)

Go on, this is progress!

(MORE)

EARL (CONT'D)

(TURNS TO ROY)

How could I have worked so hard all
these years and have so little to show
for it?

ROY

You got a house.

EARL

Don't own it.

ROY

You got a wife.

EARL

No cash value.

ROY

Well, at least you know when you get
home every night there's dinner on the
table.

EARL

(BLOWS UP)

Alright, that's enough!! I would just
for once like to have some money in my
pocket after my family spends it all!

ROY

Then you better march yourself into
that trailer and ask Richfield for a
raise.

EARL

(NERVOUSLY)

I don't normally talk to Mr. Richfield.

ROY

Why not?

EARL

Well, I'm just a regular tree-pusher
and he's the executive supervisor and
have you recently seen the size of his
teeth?

ROY

Well, that's as may be, Earl, but this
is for your family now. For your
future.

(EARL CONSIDERS THAT. ROY PULLS A PACK OF
CIGARETTES FROM HIS POCKET, OFFERS ONE TO
EARL, AND THEN NOTICES SOMETHING. IN THE
DISTANCE IS A CAVEMAN AND HIS MATE. HE IS
BANGING TWO ROCKS TOGETHER, TRYING TO CREATE
FIRE. HE GETS A SPARK OR TWO AS HIS MATE
WATCHES IN AWED WONDERMENT.)

(WE CUT BACK TO ROY, WHO LIGHTS HIS CIGARETTE
WITH A TORCH-LIKE FLAME FROM A BUTANE LIGHTER)

ROY

(OFF THE CAVEMEN)

Idiots.

(ROY, BEING A TYRANNOSAURUS, DOESN'T HAVE ARMS LONG ENOUGH TO REACH THE CIGARETTE TO HIS MOUTH, SO HE HAS TO BEND HIS MOUTH TO THE CIGARETTE. THIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN A SOURCE OF EMBARRASSMENT FOR HIM, BUT HE AWKWARDLY MAKES DO)

EARL

You really think the boss'd give me a raise?

ROY

I think you put in twenty hard years for this company. How much you make when you started out?

EARL

Four dollars an hour.

ROY

And how much you make now?

EARL

Not one cent less.

ROY

But you got a wife and kids now.

You got more expenses.

EARL

Yeah! Seems only right I should get a raise.

ROY

Yeah! You gave this company the best years of your life!

EARL

Yeah! Well maybe not the best years,
but certainly the least miserable years
of a generally crummy time I'm havin'.

ROY

Hey, that's the spirit!

EARL

I'm goin' in there right now!

(ROY WALKS UP THE TRAILER STEPS AND OPENS THE
SCREEN DOOR FOR EARL)

ROY

Allow me to hold open the door for
you, Mister 'Stand Up To The Boss'
Sinclair!

EARL

I'm gonna give that guy what's what!

ROY

You're gonna tell him where to get off!

EARL

Yeah!

ROY

Yeah!

EARL

Wanna come in with me?

ROY

No. Big teeth.

(HE SHUTS THE DOOR ON EARL, AND WE;)

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE THREE

INT. RICHFIELD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

(A LONG, SCARY, TUNNEL-LIKE ROOM. AT THE FAR
END IS A DESK BEHIND WHICH SITS MR. RICHFIELD,
A FEROCIOUS, GIGANTIC, THREE-HORNED TRICERATOPS.)

EARL

(FULL OF FIGHT)

Excuse me, Mr. Richfield!

(RICHFIELD LOOKS UP AT HIM IN ALL HIS AWESOME
TERRIBLENESS. THE FIGHT IS OVER)

Oh, God...

RICHFIELD

Why aren't you out there knocking
trees down?

EARL

You're right. I should...

be...trees...Mr...

(HE STARTS TO LEAVE THEN, FINDING HIS COURAGE,
TURNS BACK TO RICHFIELD)

I have a family, Mr. Richfield. I
can't afford to get my wife a present
and I can't afford to provide my
children the things I'd like to. Now
I've been clearing land for this great
company for twenty years and... Roy
thinks I'm due a raise.

RICHFIELD

Tree pushers get four dollars an hour.

EARL

(LOOKS AT RICHFIELD AND FROM SOMEWHERE
MUSTERS SOME DEGREE OF AUTHORITY)

I need a raise.

(RICHFIELD STARES AT HIM IN WIDE-EYED
SURPRISE. EARL IS HORRIFIED AT WHAT HE'S
DONE. AFTER A MOMENT RICHFIELD SMILES)

RICHFIELD

Sinclair! You dog! Twenty years you
work here and I never woulda figured
you had it in you to come in here and
take me on. But take me on you do!
Mano a mano. One on one.

EARL

Huh?

RICHFIELD

That's guts ball, Sinclair. I like
a guy who plays guts ball. Like it!

EARL

Oh, well, thank you sir.

RICHFIELD

So, I'm just gonna have to take your
little ultimatum seriously, aren't I?

EARL

I appreciate that, sir.

RICHFIELD

'Cause a guy comes in here and puts a gun to my head --

EARL

Uh, I meant no gun, sir.

RICHFIELD

-- Must be prepared to back up his threat... So, now I'm gonna ask you -- you want a raise, OR WHAT?!

EARL

(VERY NERVOUSLY)

Uh... or not.

RICHFIELD

What puts you in a position to come in here with your slate of demands!?

EARL

I've got a wife and family...

RICHFIELD

Where is this my fault?

EARL

I'm not blaming you --

RICHFIELD

Then why do I have to pay for your family?

EARL

I just need more money...

RICHFIELD

The way I see it, you don't need more money, you need less family.

EARL

But I love my family.

RICHFIELD

Well, obviously you do, since you're ready to quit your job for 'em.

EARL

What?

RICHFIELD

You face me down, demand more money, I ain't gonna give it to you, so you got no alternative but to look me in the eye and say --

EARL

I'm sorry.

RICHFIELD

I quit.

EARL

I quit?

RICHFIELD

Oh. Well, sorry to lose you. All these years.

EARL

But, sir, I like this company. I thought I would go somewhere with this company.

RICHFIELD

Go where, Sinclair? Go home at five o'clock because you got a family to get home to? I need wild guys, wilderness guys, no family, stay here all night. Those are guys who'll go somewhere. Not you.

EARL

But I have dreams of someday --

RICHFIELD

Don't dream, Sinclair. No dreams for you. You are what you are and that's all you're ever gonna be. Except not with this company. Best thing for you to do is realize that now. Best thing in the world. You'll thank me.

EARL

Sir, if I --

RICHFIELD

THANK ME!

EARL

Thank you. Ever so. Mr. Goodbye.

(EARL TURNS, CONFUSED AND DEFEATED, AND WE:)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE FOUR

INT. SINCLAIR LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

(FRAN IS BUSTLING ABOUT THE LIVING ROOM AS
EARL DRAGS IN FROM WORK)

FRAN

(SWEETLY)

How was your day, dear?

EARL

Compared to what, Fran? Compared to
walking off a cliff, falling ten
thousand feet but living just long
enough to see the first vulture swoop
down to pick out my eyes? It's a tie.
Gimme a beer.

(FRAN MOVES TO THE REFRIGERATOR AND CAUTIOUSLY
OPENS THE DOOR A CRACK. TWO DOZEN CREATURE
ARMS AND LEGS REACH OUT TRYING TO ESCAPE. FRAN
QUICKLY GRABS A BEER AND SHUTS THE DOOR)

FRAN

(MOVES LOVINGLY TO EARL. GIVES HIM THE BEER)

Aren't you going to ask me how my day
was?

EARL

I'm forty-three years old and I knock
down trees for a living.

(MORE)

EARL (CONT'D)

That's all I ever did, Fran. And if I live to be a hundred I'll never knock them all down. I'll be gone, there'll still be trees and I never had a real dinosaur life!

FRAN

What's a real dinosaur life?

EARL

I'm done raising the kids, Fran!

FRAN

What?

EARL

(RATIONALIZING LIKE CRAZY)

They're twelve and fourteen. They're done. I figure whatever they're gonna be, they're gonna be with me or without me.

FRAN

Well, actually Robbie still needs his father's guidance into manhood, and Charlene has that father/daughter carnivore festival --

EARL

No! So, now that I got the kids raised, and you got your spice rack complete and you're all happy, stop me if you think I'm being selfish, but from now on I'm living my life entirely for me! Okay, Dear?

FRAN

You really should ask me about my day,
Earl.

EARL

Look, this is what I'm talking about
Fran. Now, I say this with all love
and everything but, I don't give a
damn about your day.

FRAN

(NO NONSENSE)

Ask me about my day.

EARL

Francis, nothing that happened in your
little day has any impact on how I'm
gonna live the next part of my life!

FRAN

Oh yeah?

(FRAN SIMPLY STEPS STEPS ASIDE AND POINTS WITH A
FLOURISH TO THE KITCHEN TABLE. ON THE TABLE IS A
DINOSAUR EGG SETTLED IN A NEST. ALL COLOR DRAINS
FROM EARL'S FACE. HE TURNS FROM THE EGG TO HIS WIFE)

EARL

That better be breakfast.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE ONEEXT. SINCLAIR HOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER

(A PTERODACTYL IS IN A TREE. A SMALL, PREHISTORIC SQUIRREL-LIKE ANIMAL IS IN THE FRONT YARD. THERE IS A WHISTLING SOUND AND A SHADOW FALLS OVER THE ANIMAL, WHO IMMEDIATELY DARTS AWAY. A METEOR FALLS HARD TO THE EARTH AND SMOKES FROM THE GROUND. WE SEE A FEW OTHER ASSORTED METEORS SPRINKLED THROUGH THE FRONT YARD. THE PTERODACTYL, UNFAZED, HAVING SEEN METEORS BEFORE, FLIES LAZILY FROM THE TREE AND PERCHES ATOP A CAVEMAN LAWN JOCKEY. THE PTERODACTYL LOOKS TOWARD THE HOUSE, AND WE:)

CUT TO:INT. SINCLAIR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

(TIGHT ON THE EGG. REVEAL ROBBIE, CHARLENE AND FRAN GATHERED AROUND IT)

ROBBIE

So, Mom, stop me if I'm being, like,
insensitive or anything, but you and
Dad can still have children?

FRAN

(KNITTING THREE-TOED BOOTIES. SMILES)

Looks like you're just going to have
to stop thinking of your father and me
as a couple of old dinosaurs, huh?

CHARLENE

Did you and Daddy really want
another baby, Ma?

FRAN

Charlene, we feel the same way about
this little egg as we felt about
Robbie and you.

(REVEAL EARL, OFF TO THE SIDE)

EARL

How the hell could this have
happened??

CHARLENE

(LOOKING AT THE EGG)

Does this mean I'm not going to be
your cuddle pumpkin anymore, Ma?

FRAN

(TAKES HER HAND)

You will always be my cuddle pumpkin.

(MORE)

FRAN (CONT'D)

But you're not going to be the baby of the family anymore, and I've read that that readjustment can sometimes be difficult on the middle child. So, whatever you're feeling, I want to know.

CHARLENE

Well, I'm feeling, if I play my cards right, I should be able to pull some substantial sympathy gifts out of this.

FRAN

(NODS)

Good. No discernible change in you so far.

(CHARLENE GIVES THE EGG A PAT)

CHARLENE

Thanks, egg.

(SHE EXITS. ROBBIE HAS MOVED TO EARL)

ROBBIE

(PATS HIS FATHER ON THE BACK)

So, congratulations, Dad.

(EARL MAKES A LURCH-LIKE GUTTERAL RESPONSE)

Gee, just when you've almost got Charlene and me out of the house, you go ahead and have another baby.

(MORE)

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

(EARL SMILES WEAKLY, AND HIS COUNTENANCE SEEMS
TO LOSE ALL MUSCLE TONE THROUGH THE FOLLOWING)

And this baby won't be leaving for
college 'til it's 18 --which, effectively,
pretty much covers your allotted life
span, so, you gotta be either the most
dedicated father in the world, or --

(EARL TURNS TO ROBBIE, OPENS HIS MOUTH AND
ROARS FEROCIOUSLY. THE SPIKES ON ROBBIE'S
HEAD BLOW BACK)

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

-- not...

(ROBBIE EXITS QUICKLY. EARL WHEELS ON FRAN WHO
IS PREOCCUPIED THROUGH THE FOLLOWING WITH HER
KNITTING)

EARL

In my sixties, Fran... I'm gonna be in
my sixties before I get my life back...

(STOPS)

...Unless there's nothing in that egg!

FRAN

What?

EARL

Have you held it up to the light yet?

FRAN

Don't be silly.

EARL

Then how do you know this egg isn't a dud? It happens. Happens all the time. We had three duds before we got Charlene.

FRAN

No, we had two duds and Robbie.

EARL

I'm saying.

(LOOKS TO THE EGG)

I'm having an anxiety attack here, Fran! I'm having an absolute anxiety attack and maybe I don't need to, because maybe there's nothing in here!

(MOVES TO THE EGG)

And if there's nothing in here, then I could dedicate myself to a new kind of job where I can put in lots of hours and climb that ladder of success and be somebody.

(LOOKS AT HIS WIFE, KNITTING)

Not that I'm saying anything bad about the virtues of family life, but aw geez, ya killed me, Fran.

(TAKES THE EGG)

What I'm trying to say is that life holds such enormous possibilities... as long as there's nothing in here --

(HE HOLDS THE EGG UP TO A LAMP. THE SHADOW OF
THE BABY INSIDE WAVES AND BLOWS A KISS.
EARL'S FACE COLLAPSES)

FRAN

(KNITTING)

Earl, would it be asking too much if
we turned your den into a nursery?

EARL

(PUTS THE EGG BACK INTO THE NEST)

No, no, go ahead. And while you're at
it, why don't you turn my side of the
bed into a museum, because I don't
think I'm gonna be there for awhile!

(HE STRIDES PURPOSEFULLY OUT THE FRONT DOOR)

FRAN

(KNITS. OBLIVIOUS)

Sweetheart, what do you think of doing
the walls of the baby's room in a cute
little "dancing caveman" motif? You
know how cavemen are all the rage with
the little ones, right Sweetheart?

Earl?

(LOOKS UP)

Earl?

(BUT HE IS GONE, AND WE;)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE TWO

INT. TAVERN - LATER THAT EVENING

(OPEN ON A TELEVISION SET OVER THE BAR. ON IT WE WATCH A CLIP FROM "THE LOST WORLD" -- TWO STOP ACTION RAY HARRYHAUSEN DINOSAURS ARE LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT. AND OVER THIS WE HEAR FROM THE TV:)

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

-- And the Challenger is taking a terrible beating! He seems like he's lost all confidence.

COLOR ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(CHUCKLES)

And a sizable chunk of his right leg, huh, Jerry?

(PULL BACK FROM THE TV TO REVEAL EARL AND ROY AT THE BAR)

EARL

Ya work twenty years for your family and then ya get fired because ya got a family. So, what's the point of having a family if they're just gonna turn around and bite ya in the butt?

ROY

(LOOKS TO THE STOOL EARL IS SITTING ON)

And a mighty big target they got
there, Pally boy.

EARL

Hey! Hey!

ROY

Me, I never saw the point to it, Earl.
Yep, yep, it's the rampaging bachelor
life for me. That's why the Earth
still shakes with my every move!

(TURNS TO A FEMALE DINOSAUR WHO'S TAKEN THE
SEAT NEXT TO HIM. SEDUCTIVELY)

And so can you, if you play your cards
right, hot stuff.

(SHE TURNS TO REGARD HIM, SMILES SLIGHTLY,
AND WE SEE HER TAIL WRAP AROUND THE BASE OF
ROY'S BARSTOOL AND EFFORTLESSLY TEAR THE
ENTIRE STOOL OUT OF THE FLOOR AND THROW IT
ACROSS THE ROOM. ROY HOVERS IN THE AIR FOR A
MOMENT AND THEN DROPS IN AN UNDIGNIFIED HEAP
TO THE FLOOR. SHE LEAVES, SMUGLY. ROY CALLS
AFTER HER)

Thrill of the chase, huh?

(HE TURNS BACK TO EARL, WHO IS LOST IN
CONTEMPLATION)

EARL

Maybe we weren't meant to mate for
life, Roy. Maybe we were meant to
roam free, unbounded and unwifed.
Maybe that's our true nature as
dinosaurs, and I went against it.

ROY

Y'know, I don't think she was wearing
a brassiere.

EARL

After nineteen years of married life,
I just have to ask the forbidden question.
(GETS OFF HIS STOOL, ADDRESSES THE BAR PATRONS)
You're all married guys. You all fell
in love, settled down, raised
children. What I want to know is:
Have we all made a terrible mistake?

THREE DOZEN BAR PATRONS (O.C.)

YES!

ONE LONE VOICE (O.C.)

Why do you think we're in here,
drinkin'?

EARL

(TURNS TO ROY. PUTS A HAND ON HIS SHOULDER.)

I won't be going home tonight, Roy.
Because my home is not my home. My
home is in the wild. Write me care of
Big Sky Country.

ROY

What do you want me to tell Fran?

EARL

(AT THE DOOR, WISTFULLY)

Tell her goodbye. Tell her I'm sorry
it didn't work out. But that's the
risk you take when you try to cage a
wild one.

ROY

And if she cares where you went?

EARL

Just tell her -

(A FLOURISH)

-- Out there... where my spirit always
was, and my soul will find the comfort
it has yearned for.

(AND WE:)

OPTICAL FLIP TO:

ACT TWOSCENE THREEEXT. SWAMP - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

(EARL IS STUCK IN A DARK, DESOLATE LANDSCAPE -
- NOTHING BUT ROCKS AND TREE STUMPS)

EARL

GEEZ, it's cold!!

(SLAPS HIS ARMS AGAINST HIS SIDES TO WARM
HIMSELF)

I could sure use to be warm-blooded
about now.

(LOOKS ABOUT)

Okay, this is it. The wilderness of
my ancestors. Wild, free, no rules. I
can do whatever I want!

(CHECKS HIS WATCH)

Hooo. Sack time.

(LOOKS ABOUT, THEN CHUCKLES)

Hey, what am I looking for? A bed?

(LAUGHS DERISIVELY)

The ground is my bed.

(MORE)

EARL (CONT'D)

(LIES DOWN AWKWARDLY ON THE GROUND)

The rocks are my pillows. And my
blanket is the freezing air.

(SEVERAL MOMENTS PASS. EARL SQUIRMS, TRYING
TO MAKE HIMSELF COMFORTABLE. FINALLY, HE
OPENS HIS EYES AND SITS UP)

This is nuts. How could wild
dinosaurs get any sleep out here? They
must've known about some secret plant that
grows in the shape of, like, a Motel 6.
Boy, I'm hungry. And not just normal
hungry. I mean, I'm beginning to understand
how my grandfather could actually just
rip the back legs off an antelope. Of
course the fact that he did it in our
living room during dinner parties used
to annoy the hell out of Fran...

(A RUSTLING SOUND TO ONE SIDE STARTLES HIM)

Okay, halt! Who goes there?

(WITH FALSE BRAVADO)

Just come out with your hands up and
offer to me your meaty portions because
you have unwittingly stumbled into the
lair of the mighty megalosaurus! The
Thunder Lizard! The... you!

(EARL FINDS HIMSELF FACING THE CREATURE WHO
ESCAPED LAST NIGHT'S DINNER POT.)

CREATURE

Do we know each other?

EARL .

(SMILES)

Yeah, we know each other. In fact, my main course last night was supposed to be "you stew", but right now, I'm going to settle for "come as you are, tartare!"

CREATURE

(MOVES TO EARL)

Oh, well, if you plan on eating me, please go ahead. You'd be doing me a favor, actually.

EARL

(BENDS DOWN AND REGARDS THE CREATURE
SUSPICIOUSLY)

Whaddaya mean?

CREATURE

I used to live here. Right on this spot. There used to be a tree here and I lived in it with my family. Now, some idiot knocked over these trees, I know my insurance doesn't cover that, I don't know where my family went...

(CLIMBS INTO EARL'S HAND)

Look, just eat me and get it over with, willya?

EARL

Well, that's awfully sporting of you... uh...

CREATURE

Arthur.

(STICKS OUT HIS HAND)

Arthur Rizzic.

EARL

(SHAKES IT)

Earl Sinclair.

CREATURE

How ya doin'?

EARL

Glad to know ya.

(SOFTENS)

Y'know I'll let you in on something,
there, Rizzic... you're better off rid
of your family.

CREATURE

Yeah?

EARL

Oh, sure. Family's one of
civilization's worst ideas. You end
up working to support them and giving
them all your money for no good
reason... putting food on the table...
no offense there, Rizzic... and what
do they do for you?

(MORE)

EARL (CONT'D)

They get you passed over for promotion
and put out to pasture with the soft,
family dinosaurs. Well, I'm not soft!
(HE KNOCKS OVER A TREE. THE CREATURE STARES
AT HIM.)

CREATURE

You knocked down all these trees?

EARL

(PROUDLY)

Yep. All by myself. Sorry, about your
house there, but we're clearing the
way for dinosaur houses so that a
bunch of idiots like me can plunk down
every cent they have for five rooms
and a thirty-year fixed rate mortgage
that'll pretty much suck any dream of
ever owning your own satellite dish
right out of your head! So you tell
me, Rizzic, aren't we better off
without our families?

CREATURE

Look, Earl, maybe I've just got a
different perspective from my place
in the food chain.

EARL

What do you mean?

CREATURE

Well, if I was a big dinosaur like you
and everybody respected me, and
listened to me -- everybody listens to
you, right?

EARL

(IMMEDIATELY)

Oh sure, yeah...

CREATURE

Well then maybe I wouldn't need a
family. But to tell you the truth, my
family is all I have that listens to
me. My house is the only place in
this world where I'm the boss.

EARL

(ABSORBS THIS)

So, then, without your family --

CREATURE

I'm completely nothing. Just alone
out here in the cold. Of course, your
kind rules the world, so you wouldn't
understand.

EARL

(REFLECTIVELY)

Of course not. I rule the world.
I am the... uh... mighty... uh...
whatever.

CREATURE

So, why don't you just devour me, and
let's call it a night.

EARL

(STARING BLANKLY)

Yeah. Yeah, okay.

(HE PUTS THE CREATURE TO HIS MOUTH, LOOKS AT
HIM, PUTS HIM DOWN.)

Get outta here.

CREATURE

Huh?

EARL

(COMPLAINS)

Get outta here. I'm too tired to eat.
There's no ketchup. There's no
beverage. This stinks!

CREATURE

C'mon! Eat me! I got nothing to live
for!

EARL

Hey, Arthur. You'll find your family
someday. The point is, you're gonna
live through the night. That's the
best you can do. Live for that.

CREATURE

(CONSIDERS THAT)

Well, you give me something to think about. Thanks Earl. Maybe someday I can do something for you.

(HE STARTS OFF)

EARL

Yeah, sure. Well, keep your sunny side up... Let a smile be your umbrella.

(THE CREATURE DISAPPEARS. EARL SMILES, WAVES GOODBYE, TURNS TO HEAVEN)

Okay, would you just please kill me now?

(LAYS DOWN)

I'm ready to die because I am just a total disgrace to my ancestors. So, it's time to die, at -- twenty after nine... I'm missing Monday Night Football.

(SNIFFS)

What's that? It smells like --

(SNIFFS. TURNS HIS HEAD. SEES A CASSEROLE DISH)

It is! It's a tuna noodle casserole.

Out here in the woods! I'm saved!

(HE LUNGES FOR THE DISH, BUT IT MOVES.)

Hey!

(MORE)

(THE CASSEROLE IS REELED IN BEHIND A TREE, AND
DISAPPEARS. EARL, THE MIGHTY HUNTER, STALKS
IT, CAUTIOUSLY. IT STOPS. FRAN STEPS OUT
FROM BEHIND THE TREE. SHE HOLDS THE CASSEROLE
DISH. SHE LOOKS AT EARL, WHO LOOKS SHEEPISHLY
AT HER. FRAN EXTENDS HER HAND TO EARL, AND
WAITS. EARL LOOKS AT HER HAND AND THE
CASSEROLE DISH, AND THEN TURNS TO REGARD THE
WILD. HE TURNS BACK TO HIS WIFE AND TAKES HER
HAND. THEY START OFF FOR HOME.)

EARL (CONT'D)

And for dessert?

FRAN

Chocolate cake at home.

EARL

I coulda made it out here.

FRAN

Of course, Dear.

(AND WE:)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOSCENE FOURINT. RICHFIELD'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

(EARL IN FRONT OF RICHFIELD'S DESK.)

EARL

Uh... Mr. Richfield... pursuant to the matter of severing me from my job, I thought there might be the matter of... severance pay... if you will.

RICHFIELD

Get back to work, Sinclair.

EARL

I'm reasonably certain I don't have any work, Sir, if you'll check your notes...

RICHFIELD

Are you calling me a fool, Sinclair?

EARL

I would never, Sir, and live.

RICHFIELD

Only a fool would fire his single best tree pusher, Sinclair. Only a fool would get rid of a guy with experience, loyalty and a terrific low center of gravity.

EARL

You've had a change of heart, my captain?

RICHFIELD

No, I've had a report from my new assistant.

(THE CREATURE, ARTHUR RIZZIC, ENTERS, PENCIL BEHIND HIS EAR, HOLDING A SHEAF OF PAPERS. EARL STARES DUMBFOUNDED)

CREATURE

Excuse me, Mr. Richfield, these are the building specifications for our latest housing project detailing the substandard materials used plus a full listing of code violations. Shall I shred them?

RICHFIELD

Yeah. Did you put Sinclair's name back on the active roster?

CREATURE

Yes, Mr. Richfield. And I also put him down for a raise in salary.

(EARL'S JAW DROPS IN DISBELIEF)

RICHFIELD

How much?

CREATURE

Imperceptible.

RICHFIELD

Done.

(MORE)

(THE CREATURE SMILES AT EARL)

RICHFIELD (CONT'D)

(TO EARL, OFF THE CREATURE)

No family. Here all day and night.
Nowhere else to go. Perfect executive
material... But he informs me we need
guys like you, too, Sinclair. Family
guys, who may just have some idea how
to help us bamboozle... not
bamboozle... swindle, other family
guys buying family homes.

(RICHFIELD TURNS TO HIS WORK. EARL WALKS TO
THE DOOR WITH THE CREATURE.)

EARL

You were going to be my dinner. Now
you're my boss's assistant. I have to
treat you with respect. And
deference. And I can't really eat you
at all. Kinda funny, huh?

CREATURE

Get back to work, Sinclair.

EARL

(OBEDIENTLY)

Yes sir, Mr. Rizzic.

(HEADS OUT THE DOOR)

What a world...

(AND WE:)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE FIVE

INT. SINCLAIR HOME - LATER THAT DAY

(EARL BURSTS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR)

EARL

Fran, I'm home, I'm hungry and I'm
stuck in the door again.

(HE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE DOOR AND WALKS
PAST THE COUCH WHERE ROBBIE AND SHEILA
SanGIACOMO, THE MATH TUTOR, ARE MAKING OUT
LIKE CRAZY.)

(EARL STOPS, AND TURNS AROUND. ROBBIE AND
SHEILA ARE NOW SITTING PROPERLY WITH
TEXTBOOKS.)

SHEILA

... So that's why the square root of
64 is 8.

ROBBIE

(SCHOLARLY)

Ah. Now I grasp the concept.

(EARL TURNS FROM THEM AND HEADS TO FRAN, IN
THE KITCHEN.)

(ROBBIE LOOKS UP TO SEE THAT HIS FATHER IS OUT
OF THE ROOM AND BEGINS MAKING OUT WITH SHEILA
AGAIN. AND WE:)

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

EARL

(SNIFFS. A DELIGHTED LOOK COMES ACROSS HIS
FACE)

I smell dinner. What's for dinner,
Fran?

FRAN

Your favorite.

EARL

Too much?

FRAN

Mm-hmn.

EARL

Hey Fran, take a look at this!

FRAN

A paycheck!

EARL

(WITH PRIDE)

Note the imperceptible raise.

FRAN

I thought you lost your job.

EARL

Well, it turns out, there's always a
place in the world for us family guys.

FRAN

Does that mean you're happy with being
a family man?

EARL

I think I am, Fran. Because now I realize what's special about being the head of the household.

FRAN

What's that dear?

EARL

(BELLOWS COMMANDINGLY AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS)

ROBBIE!! CHARLENE!! GET YOUR TAILS
IN HERE!! THIS IS YOUR FATHER
TALKING!! KING OF THE WHOLE HOUSE!

(TURNS CALMLY)

You see Fran, I learned something during my time in the woods. No matter how low you are in this world, as long as you have a family to come home to, well... they're lower.

FRAN

It isn't often I get to see the sentimental side of you, Earl.

EARL

Hey, you know, a guy is so busy getting yelled at by his boss all the time, that sometimes he forgets why he had a family in the first place.

(ROBBIE AND CHARLENE ENTER.)

SIDDOWN!

(MORE)

EARL (CONT'D)

Look. I'm gonna say this one time.
It's only natural in a dinosaur's
life to go off alone one day and
wonder what things would be like if he
had traveled a different road. But
you know what? I take a look at all
of us, and I hope nothing ever happens
to change the way we are.

SFX: EGG CRACKING SOUNDS

Oh God.

(EVERYONE TURNS TO LOOK AT THE EGG WHICH IS
NOW COVERED WITH CRACKS.)

Oh God.

(EARL LEANS IN. THE EGG POPS OPEN AND EARL
FINDS HIMSELF NOSE TO NOSE WITH --
BABY SINCLAIR.)

EARL (CONT'D)

(STARTLED)

AHH!

BABY

(STARTLED)

AHH!

(THE BABY TRIES TO ESCAPE BUT DOESN'T HAVE MUSCLE
CONTROL YET, SO IT FALLS OFF OF THE TABLE.)

FRAN

(LOOKING AT THE BABY ON THE FLOOR)

Oh, it's adorable.

BABY

I'm on the floor!

(BABY'S P.O.V.: DINOSAUR FEET)

Lots of feet! Can't get up!

(ANGLE ON BABY, CHECKING ITSELF OUT. SUDDENLY:)

I'M NAKED!! Who's the Mama? Where's
the Mama?

FRAN

(SCOOPS IT UP)

C'mere you sweet thing.

BABY

(HAPPILY)

There's the Mama.

(FRAN HOLDS THE BABY AS ROBBIE AND CHARLENE
GATHER AROUND, AND COO AT THE BABY.)

BABY (CONT'D)

(TO ROBBIE AND CHARLENE)

Hi. Howareya? Howyadoin'? Wow, you
can hold up your heads. I can't.

(IT'S HEAD FLOPS OVER)

Whooaaa...

(FRAN NOTICES THAT EARL IS SEPARATED FROM THE
GROUP. SHE MOVES TO HIM.)

FRAN

Earl, this is your new baby.

(HOLDS THE BABY OUT TO EARL)

Baby, this is your Daddy.

BABY

Hi. I'm the baby. Brand new. Just
out. Gotta love me. C'mon. Gotta
love me.

(THE BABY STOPS JABBERING AND JUST LOOKS AT
EARL WHO IS LOOKING BACK. AND THEN:)

BABY (CONT'D)

(AWKWARDLY HOLDS IT'S ARMS OUT TO EARL)

Daddy.

(EARL SMILES IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, AND REACHES
OUT FOR HIS CHILD.)

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

TAG

EXT. HILLSIDE - SUNSET

(THE SKY IS STREAKED WITH COLOR. EARL AND FRAN STAND ON THE HILLSIDE, WITH ROBBIE AND CHARLENE. EARL HOLDS THE BABY.)

EARL

(TO THE BABY)

Someday all of this will be yours.

Because you were born a dinosaur, and dinosaurs rule the world. And I guess its a pretty good world after all.

Anyway, it's ours. And it's going to be ours --

(PULL BACK TO REVEAL CAVEMAN. HE IS SCULPTING THE WHEEL. IT IS PERFECTLY ROUND AND HE PUNCHES OUT THE MIDDLE. HIS MATE LOOKS ON, APPROVINGLY. THE CAVEMAN TAKES THE WHEEL AND SENSES HE HAS CREATED SOMETHING OF EXTREME IMPORTANCE. HE HOLDS IT UP TO HEAVEN.)

CAVEMAN

Awhooo! Awhoooo!!

(HE PUTS IT OVER HIS HEAD, AROUND HIS WAIST
AND GYRATES. THE WHEEL WILL NOT ARRIVE FOR
SEVERAL YEARS, DELAYED BY THE INVENTION OF THE
HULA HOOP.)

(WE MOVE BACK TO EARL, WHO HAS TAKEN THIS IN.)

EARL

(TO THE BABY, CONFIDENTLY)

-- It's going to be ours forever.

(THE DINOSAURS LOOK OUT OVER THE HILLSIDE AS
THE SUN SETS AND A METEOR ARCS ACROSS THE
NIGHT SKY, AND WE:)

FADE OUT

END OF SHOW