

10/10/2005

NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION

FINAL DRAFT

JURASSIC PARK IV

By

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IF FOUND, PLEASE RETURN TO:
Steven Spielberg
c/o Dreamworks SKG,
c/o Universal Studios,
Smiley Town,
Sunshine State,
USA

JURASSIC PARK IV

UNIVERSAL LOGO

The Universal Studios logo triumphantly does its thing, whirling around like the happy little planet Earth it is. We zoom in on the globe, breaking through the atmosphere. We can see America, now we can see California, now we can see Los Angeles, now we can see...you get idea. Eventually we arrive at:

EXT. UNIVERSAL STUDIOS – DAY

We make our way through the studio lots, passing the magical sights and sounds of Tinsel Town, including:

- A trailer where a young starlet is being spit-roasted by two Hollywood executives. The young girl would cry “I’m going to be a fucking big movie star!” if only her mouth wasn’t full.
- Angela Lansbury and a picket line of 10 old people campaigning for her Murder, She Wrote, interactive show to be reinstated at the theme park section of Universal Studios.
- A recently married big-name Hollywood actor performing fellatio on a dog. A male dog. A gay male dog. Eww! You touched a penis! That makes you gay! Homo! Homo! Likes it up the bumhole!

Finally, we arrive at our destination; a small shack on the edge of the studio. It’s definitely seen better days, but as those AIDS-riddled but oh-so-tuneful tykes in Rent would have us believe, there’s no day but today, so we move inside to:

INT. LOT #156, UNIVERSAL STUDIOS

A sparsely decorated shack this is. Type like Yoda I can. Better chance of winning Academy Award than The Phantom Menace already this script has. Folding chairs are set around a cheap table, decorated with stale donuts and cold coffee.

Familiar faces occupy the, well, occupied chairs. DR. GRANT, the rugged but reluctant hero of the good Jurassic Park movies, sits trying to ignore DR. IAN MALCOLM, the stuttering, annoying mathematics guru who Johnny Cash seems to have forgotten to ask for his wardrobe back from.

Also in the room is DR. RUTH. She’s doing something sexual, the naughty little midget. Oh, sorry, I didn’t mean midget. I meant height disadvantaged cripple child. They all seem to be waiting for something. Anything. That’s when anything goes.

The door to the shack flies open, and GEORGE LUCAS and STEVEN SPIELBERG walk in, holding hands. SPIELBERG is clutching a script, and as he holds it in the air, he gives himself a paper cut, bleeding cash all over the floor. The doctors leap hungrily to the floor, but SPIELBERG and LUCAS put them back in their seats.

SPIELBERG

Please! There's no need to fight each other anymore. I've got the money maker we've all been waiting for...right here.

DR. GRANT

[sighs]

Fine. If it means money.

DR. GRANT gets on his knees, waddling like a penguin over to SPIELBERG. He starts to unzip SPIELBERG's trousers. SPIELBERG steps back.

SPIELBERG

Hell no! Not that!

DR. GRANT breathes a sigh of relief and takes his seat.

SPIELBERG

[quietly to DR. GRANT]

Though maybe later, princess.

[loudly, to the group]

The reason you are all here is in my hand...my latest genius...the script for Jurassic Park IV!

DR. GRANT

Another one? Screw that. The third one was pushing the bounds of stupidity, but a fourth? I heard a rumor you were going to include dinosaurs that can talk and hold guns. Just how pathetic do you think I am to get involved in --

SPIELBERG

It means a seven-figure payday.

DR. GRANT, MALCOLM and DR. RUTH jump up and high-five each other in slow motion. Of course, DR. RUTH can't reach as high as the two men, so she just massages their groins gently while SPIELBERG continues.

By the way, while all this is happening, LUCAS is busy feeding himself on the stale donuts. I mean, he's got to keep up that ring of fat he calls a neck somehow.

SPIELBERG

Is everyone ready to go to the island? AGAIN?!

MALCOLM

Uh, may I, uh, suggest we calculate our numbers and realize, uh, that if it's us versus the, heh, the big creatures, and we're talking, uh, we're talking really big, like dinosaur big, that, uh, maybe we want to add a few more numbers, uh, to our side, to increase our odds of survival?

Suddenly, the door to the shack is kicked open from the outside. Standing in the entrance is VINCE VAUGHN, looking morose, in need of a sleep, buffed-up and uncannily resembling an unwanted character.

VINCE

Hi-o! Vince is back, and ready to over-act!

DR. GRANT

[to MALCOLM]

Remember when I said you were the biggest loser in the room? I take that back.

Silence. DR. RUTH looks around, MALCOLM looks at the floor.

VINCE

YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! And this time, baby, Vince brought someone along for the ride!

A PRECOCIOUS KID (you can tell by his looks he's an annoying prick) enters the room, popping his chewing gum and dreaming up how he's going to raise the money to pay for the new Linkin Park CD.

VINCE

Vince's kid brother!

GEORGE LUCAS

[instantly, a reflex action]

Great idea, Steve!

SPIELBERG

Thanks!

The two directors skip around the room, holding hands and singing.

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DR. GRANT

[to VINCE]

Wait a minute... weren't you killed off in the Lost World?

VINCE

Nu-uh. They even said they were going to bring Vince back in the third movie! Boo-ya!

DR. GRANT

That'd have been such a bad idea.

VINCE

It'd have been money! GET IT? MONEY! Because Vince was is in this movie called Swingers, playing this jackass role that Vince has been repeating ever since. And my character said everything good was "money". Get it? So when Vince says money now, Vince is --

DR. GRANT rolls his eyes. Into space!

VINCE

[to DR. RUTH]

Hey, foxy lady, what's your sign?

DR. RUTH

Who invited this guy?

PRECOCIOUS KID

Who invited you, midgetfuck?

VINCE slaps his younger brother in the head. Hard!

PRECOCIOUS KID

Ow! What was that for?

VINCE

Being a precocious kid!

PRECOCIOUS KID

But that's my name in the script! Moron.

VINCE slaps his younger brother in the head. Again!

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PRECOCIOUS KID

Ow! Again!

VINCE

Don't make Vince bring on more pain than Gus Van Sant's Psycho!

The kid shuts up. He knows just how much pain that can be.

DR. RUTH

[to the PRECOCIOUS KID]

Please, tell me about this midgetfuck. Do you enjoy sex with small people? Do you masturbate frequently while imagining your sister and your mother lap-dancing for you?

VINCE [to DR. RUTH]

Want to have sex? YEAAAAAAAAAH, BABY!

DR. RUTH

Ho, ho. I dislike you greatly, but I like your upfront attitude to sex. Let's trade rude words.

VINCE

Cock.

DR. RUTH

Fanny.

VINCE

Tits.

DR. RUTH

Anus.

VINCE

Penis.

DR. RUTH

Cunt.

VINCE

Ooh...good one.

DR. GRANT

[interrupting]

Stop calling yourself Vince! Vince is your real name, idiot!

VINCE

But Vince forgot Vince's character's name, so Vince is sticking with Vince. It's easier to remember – every time Vince forgets, Vince just looks on the label stitched into Vince's pants.

DR. GRANT sighs, pulls a gun out of his jacket, and blasts VINCE in the head.

MALCOLM

Uh, thanks, I just, uh –

DR. GRANT points the gun at MALCOLM.

MALCOLM

[to himself]

Must shut up now. Must definitely be quiet.

PRECOCIOUS KID

You killed my brother, you medieval dickweed!

DR. GRANT

[putting the gun away]

He was annoying. Now keep your mouth shut and behave, or you'll be joining him in Deadsville.

DR. RUTH

Hmm. One down already. You know, that reminds me of a sexual therapy session...

DR. GRANT shakes his head, reaching into his jacket again.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOT #156, UNIVERSAL STUDIOS – LATER

Two body bags – one marked 'Vince', the other 'Dr. Ruth' – are being wheeled into a waiting ambulance. Why are body bags always taken in ambulances, anyway? It's not like the person inside is going to come back, is it? Ah, well.

SPIELBERG is angrily confronting DR. GRANT.

SPIELBERG

I cannot believe you already got rid of two of the actors!

DR. GRANT

They were asking for it.

SPIELBERG

You realise this leaves just us with just George, Malcolm and that precocious kid?

DR. GRANT

[whispering]

Yes, and I'm planning to ditch you all on the island.

MALCOM barges into the argument.

MALCOLM

What, uh, whatever happened to – to that Laura Dern, uh, chick I guess you could call her, but – but I'd, um, in the natural selection process she's classified as, uh, a female of the species, so, uh –

DR. GRANT

Shut up.

MALCOLM

No, I'm just asking – um – trying to find out what, er, what happened to you and, ah, you and her. I thought, that is, I thought at the end of the – uh – third movie you two would, um, get back – back together and, ahm, I -

DR. GRANT

Malcolm, shut up.

MALCOLM

I'm only – er – asking, but, uh, I'm a jumpy kind of – ahm – guy who, uh, speaks in, ah, broken sentences and, um, uh, um, buh?

MALCOLM breaks into a spontaneous, 60-minute scat session. When it's finished, he takes a bow to zero applause, before DR. GRANT finally explodes with rage. Ooh, he's so sexy when he's angry.

DR. GRANT

No, really, shut up! I've had it! I just can't take it any more! I was in that fucking piano movie, you know! And the one about the satellite dish! I'm a thespian! A real life, sexy thespian, and I don't have to put up with this crap!

[beat]

Steven, I'm sorry, but I refuse to do this. You've picked a terrible cast, without even reading past page one, I can tell that the script is appalling, and the public just aren't going to believe my character would be fooled into going to Jurassic Park for a third time. You will never, ever, ever get me back on that island. EVER!

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN GATES, JURASSIC PARK, ISLA SORNA – ONE DAY LATER

DR. GRANT

[triumphantly]

Ah! Jurassic Park! It is good to see you again!

DR. GRANT walks up the gates of Jurassic Park, now covered with overgrowth and grime. He uses his elbow to wipe clean a small window in one of the gates, and suddenly catches his reflection in the glass.

DR. GRANT

[staring at reflection]

Look at yourself. You don't need the money. You've done two of these damn dinosaur movies already. You're a good actor. But here you are with a bunch of dropkicks and a stuttering fuckwit who keeps inter-

MALCOLM

Ah, Dr. Grant, I – I think it's probably, yes, it's probably a good idea to, um, this time round, get as far away from – er – being dead as possible. Before it happens. So, uh, don't go climbing any, heh, electric fences this time round. Just a suggestion, uh, okay.

We hear coughing, and pan round to reveal a cinema audience. A fat black girl is talking on her cell phone during the "Please switch off your cell phone" message, while a fat, balding ex-jock is busy munching popcorn loudly and burping during the quiet parts of the movie.

We move through the crowd and focus on a MAN and WOMAN looking very confused. They may be on a date. They may just be a homo and his fag hag. Either way, they don't really know what's going on. Ever get that feeling?

MAN

Wait, I'm confused. Are we on the first Jurassic Park island or the second one?

WOMAN

What do you mean?

MAN

Well, these merry assboats --

[points to DR. GRANT and MALCOLM]

-- were together on the first island, where the theme park originally was. But then a new cast, stuttering chimp included --

[MALCOLM nods and smiles]

-- who were all pretty lame, went to a magic second island that was never mentioned before.

WOMAN

That sounds like a cheap plot contrivance.

SPIELBERG

[dollar signs flash in his eyes]

CHING CHING!

MAN

But then they made Jurassic Park III, which either took place on the first or second island, or both. So now I'm wondering if we're on the theme park island, the island of mystery, or some convoluted plot twist of a third island.

Pan back to the action on the island, where our questions may be answered. For no real reason, MALCOM and DR. GRANT are now in a grounded helicopter. LUCAS and SPIELBERG are busy making out with their piles of cash. The PRECOCIOUS KID was actually a 99-year-old man with that weird-ass disease that makes people look forever young. You know, Colemanitis.

Anyway, that leaves us with the two doctors (doctors of what, it's not clear) sitting in the helicopter. DR. GRANT starts the engine up and the blades begin to turn.

MALCOLM

I, um, I'd like to – like to venture a guess at, buh, what our present location is. I think, that is, I think I, er, I...

DR. GRANT

Oh, fuck off, Malcolm!

DR. GRANT pushes MALCOLM out of the helicopter before locking the doors and taking off. As a herd of some computer-animated dinosaurs head hungrily for MALCOLM's face, DR. GRANT takes one last look down at the island and smirks.

The helicopter then explodes.

THE END