

"JUMANJI"

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OVER BLACK

We hear the ominous POUNDING OF TRIBAL WAR DRUMS.

FADE IN ON:

A CRUMBLING DYSTOPIA

A rain-swept city-scape of harrowing urban rubble.

We MOVE THROUGH, on-the-stealth. In a SUBJECTIVE POV that suggests a FIRST-PERSON SHOOTER game-- then the GLISTENING BLACK BARREL of our weapon appears before us.

Suddenly, from behind the frame of a burned-out garbage truck, come a legion of-- SINISTER SERPENTINE SIMIANS on a *rampage!* They wear World War I-era gas masks, as they RUN at us, firing enormous CONCUSSION RIFLES. We dodge, weave, RETURN FIRE--

--the Sinister Simians take what we serve, their heads BURSTING, as they FLOP to the dirt.

And, oddly, we hear the VOICE of a 15-YEAR-OLD BOY--

SPENCER (O.S.)

"... so while Benjamin Franklin first broached the subject of Manifest Destiny, Jefferson, Monroe and Adams all shared his expansionist dreams."

INT. SPENCER'S BEDROOM ROOM - DAY

Then we see the speaker-- SPENCER GILPIN - a young and small 15 years old, less than enviable posture, a child carrying around enough neurosis for a full-grown man.

Spencer is multi-tasking - playing a VIDEO GAME on his TV console, while proof-reading a term paper on his desktop computer, reading aloud--

SPENCER

"And Westward Expansion - this desire for national exceptionalism - quickly became one of the climacteric cornerstones of the creation of modern America."

Just then, he gets an INSTANT MESSAGE at one corner of the screen. It's from "FRIDGE". And it reads: "YOU GOT IT?"

Spencer types back. "JUST FINISHED." FRIDGE: "MEET IN FRONT OF FREAK HOUSE. DON'T MAKE ME HURT YOU."

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Charming...

He responds, speaking as he types--

SPENCER (CONT'D)
"Ok. Really looking forward to it"...
 (then to himself, sarcastic)
 I love doing your homework for you. It's
 an honor... jerk.

This interaction has taken his attention off the VIDEO GAME MONITOR, where a Sinister Simian fires on us-- direct hit. As "GAME OVER" flashes across the screen, a GROWLING VOICE bellows: "YOU. ARE. DEAD!" over and over.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 (to the game)
 I get it, I get it...

Spencer turns off the console, grabs his backpack, pumps a few squirts of the HAND SANITIZER that sits on his desk-- and heads out to begin his day.

MUSIC OVER THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE, as we meet our heroes--

INT. JOHNSON HOUSE - DAY

ANTHONY "FRIDGE" JOHNSON walks out of his bedroom, reading a text on his phone. Fridge is 17 years old, African American... and he was given the same nickname as William Perry, for the same reason-- he's enormous. Tall, strong and heavy. And accordingly, he plays football, wears his practice Jersey.

He passes a bookshelf that serves as a make-shift display case for an almost absurd number of trophies and awards-- a monument to his older brothers, whose names we see engraved on the trophies' plaques: "CLYDE JOHNSON" and "EDDIE JOHNSON".

Texting, Fridge doesn't notice as he knocks over a basket of laundry-- too big for most spaces.

INT. KITCHEN - JOHNSON HOUSE - DAY

Fridge walks into the kitchen, where his mother ELIZABETH is at the stove and his father ROY sits at the table. Fridge takes his plate, which is piled high--

FRIDGE
 Thanks, Momma.

FRIDGE'S MOM
 You ready for the Homecoming tomorrow?

From the table---

FRIDGE'S FATHER

I think you need to make a mental adjustment, Anthony.

FRIDGE

What are you talking about?

FRIDGE'S FATHER

I'm talking about-- *something's wrong*. A body like that, you should be starting. Johnsons don't come off the bench.

FRIDGE'S MOM

He needs encouragement, Roy.

FRIDGE'S FATHER

I've tried that, it doesn't seem to work. His grades are terrible. His game is terrible...

FRIDGE'S MOM

Roy!

FRIDGE

It's all pretty terrible, huh Pop?

FRIDGE'S FATHER

You're just not trying hard enough. Which is why you gotta make a mental adjustment.

After a tense beat--

FRIDGE'S MOM

Can't you at least say "good morning" to each other before you start into all this?

FRIDGE

Later.

Fridge heads for the door.

CUT TO:

An iPhone-- on the display, a "candid" Instagram shot of an effortlessly beautiful 16 year old girl, in sultry, dramatic repose, on her bed. Perfect light, perfect filter, perfect lip position, t-shirt hanging off shoulder...

INT. BETHANY'S BEDROOM - DAY

CUT WIDE to see that the iPhone is at the end of a selfie stick, and the whole operation is being carried out by the girl herself-- BETHANY WALKER.

And there is in fact a *lot* of effort going into this-- the curtain has been clamped into place for the light, the sheets are staged, and we get the sense that this is her 10th attempt at this photo.

She scrutinizes it, to herself--

BETHANY

Cute, right...?

Understatement. Probably the prettiest girl in school, in fact. She captions the photo-- "**Just rolled out of bed. Ugh mornings. #nofilter #lovemylife #youdoyou**"-- then posts it-- and then *immediately* seems worried.

Her 11-year old sister Kylie enters--

KYLIE

Did you post a pic?

BETHANY

Yeah.

KYLIE

How many likes does it have?

BETHANY

What? I don't know. Who cares?

She does, a lot. She glances at her phone, and sees that in the time it's taken to have this conversation, she has --

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Like, 7 "likes" and... 3 comments.
Whatever. Who cares.

INT. KITCHEN - SPENCER'S HOUSE - DAY

Spencer enters, backpack over his shoulder. His MOTHER Judy is drinking her coffee and looking frazzled-- not just now. Pretty much always.

SPENCER

I gotta run. I have a thing.

SPENCER'S MOM

Well, drink your orange juice, at least. I don't want you to get sick. It's cold season...

SPENCER

I know. Everyone at school is sniffing. It's a nightmare.

SPENCER'S MOM

Nightmare. Hey, Denise and I are having a Words-With-Friends tournament tonight...

SPENCER

You're having a "tournament", just the two of you?

SPENCER'S MOM

And you, if you're interested...?

His phone BUZZES, he glances down-- "**FRIDGE: Yo. You better be walking.**"

SPENCER

I better be walking.

As he's about to leave, she takes his face in her hands--

SPENCER'S MOM

Ok. Remember-- the world is terrifying. Be careful of everything, all the time. And I love you more than life itself.

SPENCER

You're making me into a crazy person. I can *feel* you doing it. I love you, goodbye.

She smiles; he kisses her cheek and he's gone.

EXT. BRANTFORD STREETS - DAY

Spencer walk/runs quickly through the suburban streets, in a hurry.

EXT. THE VREEKE HOUSE - DAY

Spencer arrives at his meeting place-- a LARGE HOUSE near the end of a fairly sparse street, looming like a drunken gargoyle. Dark and foreboding, the house is surrounded on all sides by a rusting, wrought-iron FENCE.

As he arrives, a few BULLIES, around his age, approach, doing their best menacing bit. They're all bigger than Spencer and look a little older, even though they are probably about his age--

BULLY 1

(doing a voice)

"Gilpin! It's Gilpin!"

Spencer is worried-- he's about to be messed with-- but tries not to show it. As he pulls a term paper from his backpack--

SPENCER
Guys. Good morning.

BULLY 1
"Oh yes. Good morning."

SPENCER
Just meeting somebody.

BULLY 1
(sort of mimicking, so
annoying)
Oh really? You're "meeting somebody"?

SPENCER
(annoyed)
Yes... I'm meeting somebody.

One of the other guys GRABS the backpack from his hand and SKY-HOOKS it over the fence, into the spooky Vreeke yard. They laugh.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
What the... Why'd you do that, Max?!

BULLY 1
"Why'd you do that, Max?!"

SPENCER
(quietly)
That bit never gets old for you, does it?
The repeating me thing? Just as funny
every time?

Which leads to a full stand-off-- the three Bullies poised like hyenas around an antelope. The kid FAKES A PUNCH, Spencer COWERS. When--

FRIDGE (O.S.)
Yo.

Fridge has appeared from around the corner-- the Lion in this particular wilderness, seemingly twice the size of anyone else. The three bullies FREEZE.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)
Get outta here.

The three bullies instantly FLEE, trying not to run like the scared kids they are.

SPENCER
Excellent timing.

FRIDGE

Shut up. Where's my paper at?

Spencer, still a little shaky from the standoff, hands it over--

SPENCER

Here you go...

Fridge scrutinizes it--

FRIDGE

You're sure this shit is B-level, right?
'Cause if it's lower than that, I fail.
But if it's too good, I'll get busted.
Gotta be B-level.

SPENCER

B-level it is. Accurate but not too...
interesting or anything.

FRIDGE

Good.

SPENCER

(cautiously)
You headed to school?

FRIDGE

What do you care? Don't make me hurt you.

As he heads off--

SPENCER

Haaa... Yeah. We have fun...
(quietly, to himself)
Dick.

Spencer looks over at his backpack on the ground, on the other side of the fence. And up at the spooky house. He has no choice--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Okay. Very quietly, very quickly...
Careful of sharp objects...

He tries to gingerly OPEN the gate but it CREEKS loudly-- he STARTLES then BOLTS to his bag, but TRIPS landing face first in the overgrown weeds--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Oh mother of--!

He reaches for his bag, when he sees-- *a pair of filthy, old BOOTS.*

Spencer SHRIEKS and rears back, falling on his ass. Because standing above him, is OLD MAN VREEKE, 60s, a little scary.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
I-I'm sorry, sir. My duffel bag got tossed--

INT. BETHANY'S MOM'S CAR - DAY

In a Mercedes, stopped at the light by the Vreeke House, Bethany and her MOM (wealthy, beautiful but trying too hard) can see Spencer and Old Man Vreeke mid-chat.

BETHANY
That guy is super weird.

BETHANY'S MOM
Well, a tragedy will do that to a person. So awful what happened to those people...

BETHANY
I'm talking about *the kid*.

In the backseat, Kylie laughs--

KYLIE
Yeah, he's so weird!

EXT. VREEKE HOUSE - DAY

Spencer gets slowly to his feet.

OLD MAN VREEKE
You should be more careful. The world swallows up kids like you...

SPENCER
Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir...

And, trying not to totally lose it, Spencer RUNS OFF.

EXT. BRANTFORD HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Students stream into a large brick high school, in the middle of the once-quiet little town, which has fallen off a bit in the last many years.

INT. BRANTFORD HIGH SCHOOL/ HALLWAY - MORNING

MARTHA KAPLY enters, carrying a huge bookbag-- visibly bright, heavy-set, dresses like a girl who doesn't want to be noticed. High school is not going to be the best period of her life-- luckily she knows this.

Fridge walks in behind her, headphones on, and inadvertently BUMPS her with his backpack, but doesn't notice and doesn't stop--

MARTHA

Excuse me! Girl with stuff! Watch where you're going!

(sotto)

Alright. Friday.

She takes a deep breath and heads into her day.

INT. CLASSROOM - BRANTFORD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

STUDENTS are taking a quiz, hunched over their papers in concentration.

Fridge stares down at his test-- clearly at a complete loss. Frustrated. Then he hears someone whispering--

-- it's Bethany. Who is currently Facetiming with a FRIEND, on her phone--

BETHANY

It's been over two hours since I posted it and he like hasn't commented, hasn't even *liked* it? I mean, you saw it...

BETHANY'S FRIEND (ON FACETIME)

Gorge'. Seriously, I don't know what his problem is.

BETHANY

Thank you. I mean, whatever, it's a vibe I'm putting out there. And it's not like I post *all the time*. Just enough to stay relevant. But it's at least cute enough for Noah to *like it* and you know... reconsider his decisions.

BETHANY'S FRIEND

(distracted)

Huh?

BETHANY

Are you even listening to me?

BETHANY'S FRIEND

Sorry, I got a text from Ryan... So lame.

Across the room, a BOY is staring at her, clearly smitten but also distracted. Bethany mouths "sooorryyy" and smiles, then bites her lip, coy-- a little move she picked up somewhere. *This is her oxygen-- male attention.*

BETHANY'S FRIEND (ON FACETIME)
(CONT'D)

(whispers)

Hey, there's some rando behind you.

Bethany's TEACHER is standing over her-- a birdish woman in her early 40s.

BETHANY

(to her friend)

Hold on.

She puts the phone down, but *doesn't hang up*.

TEACHER

Bethany, did you just make a call *during* a quiz?

BETHANY

Facetime. But I finished the quiz already.

TEACHER

Ok, but you may notice that *other people* haven't?

BETHANY

So...?

TEACHER

Let me back up, you are aware that there are other people in the world?

Fridge hears this--

FRIDGE

You just blew her mind.

Which gets a small snicker from a few students.

TEACHER

(pointed)

Fridge, why don't you focus on the quiz?

BETHANY

(oddly patronizing)

Look... I'm kinda dealing with something right now? I'm no happier about it than you are. I'm having a crisis. Lucinda is supporting me, as a woman. And it feels like maybe you should too.

TEACHER

Hang up the phone.

BETHANY

Two minutes and we're done.

TEACHER

That's detention.

INT. GYMNASIUM - BRANTFORD HIGH - DAY

A huge multi-purpose gym, currently hosting two gym classes-- a BOYS CLASS, shooting baskets, and a GIRLS CLASS, which is climbing rope.

Bethany is in line, waiting to climb, in a foul mood, right in front of-- Martha. While Bethany has somehow rigged her gym uniform to show off her figure, Martha's sweats make her look and feel like a sack of potatoes-- and she's clearly terrified that she's going to have to climb this rope. As another girl descends, the GYM TEACHER calls out--

GYM TEACHER

Bethany!

Bethany approaches the rope and starts to CLIMB.

On the other side of the gym, a bunch of GUYS check her out. She notices and it changes her posture a bit. (In the jungle, this would be some kind of mating behavior...)

Martha see the whole thing-- and realizing there are guys watching makes all of this that much worse.

Spencer and his equally diminutive friend FUSSFELD are among the gawkers. Their class is picking teams-- and they will be the last ones picked. Fussfeld is mesmerized by Bethany--

FUSSFELD

She's like... a different species. I heard she broke up with that football player guy.

SPENCER

(very sarcastic)

This could be your opening, Fussfeld.

FUSSFELD

She's actually really nice.

SPENCER

No, she's not. She just wants everyone to *think* she's nice. But you can't trust girls like her. Believe me.

FUSSFELD

Because you're such an authority on women?

SPENCER

(lying)

At camp, I was like a chick magnet.

FUSSFELD

At math camp?

Bethany reaches the top and then easily *descends*. Martha watches, nervously.

GYM TEACHER

Okay, Martha. You're up! Let's do this, this time.

In a flash, *Martha's fear converts to anger--*

MARTHA

No.

GYM TEACHER

Sorry?

MARTHA

No, I'm not doing it.

GYM TEACHER

Why are you even here if you're not gonna try?

MARTHA

It's a requirement.

GYM TEACHER

Can you at least *pretend* to try?

MARTHA

Why? It's gym.

A couple of obnoxious GIRLS are watching, snickering to each other. We can't hear them but can tell they are making fun of her weight. Bethany surreptitiously checks her phone, oblivious to Martha's drama.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Gym class is not going to get me into Princeton.

(referencing the boys on the other side of the gym)

I don't understand the obsession with throwing a ball into a hoop. "Ooh, touchdown, five points!"

Across the room, Spencer watches, amused.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

When in my life, as a civilized human being, am I going to need to climb a rope? It's totally *insane* that we would even be asked to!

GYM TEACHER

Ok, Martha... let's settle down. I get that this makes you uncomfortable...

MARTHA

I want to do something that actually matters. We only have a certain amount of time in this life and I personally don't want to waste it being, like...a gym teacher.

GYM TEACHER

Aaaand that's detention.

MARTHA

That came out wrong.

GYM TEACHER

Yeah, it really did.

-- Back at Spencer, shocked by her gutsiness.

FUSSFELD

That got real.

MALE GYM TEACHER (O.S.)

Spencer Gilpin!

See that the GYM TEACHER is standing with a plain-clothes kid, who has come with a message...

INT. PRINCIPAL BENTLEY'S OFFICE - BRANTFORD HIGH - DAY

Spencer enters. To see a furious Fridge sitting in front of PRINCIPAL BENTLEY, 50s, baldish. MISS MATHERS is also here.

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY

Have a seat, Mr. Gilpin.

Spencer takes a seat beside Fridge, who doesn't look at him-- though they are only a couple years apart, sitting next to each other, they look like a man and a child.

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY (CONT'D)

Miss Mathers?

MISS MATHERS

In my 20 years of grading term papers, I have come across the word "*climacteric*" in a grand total of three of them. And *all three* of those papers were written by you, Mr. Gilpin. Until today at lunch, when I came across it for the *fourth* time. In *Anthony's* paper on Westward Expansion.

SPENCER

(very high voice)

Oh... really? That's so... interesting...

MISS MATHERS

Is it?

SPENCER

I mean... *I* think so.

MISS MATHERS

And what do you think the *interesting* part is, exactly...?

SPENCER

Just that we would have such similar thoughts about... Westward Expansion, was it...?

Fridge can't believe how terrible Spencer is at this, intervenes--

FRIDGE

What are you tryin' to say?

MISS MATHERS

We've discussed this, Anthony. You can't rely on sports to get you through life. Your brothers always understood that.

FRIDGE

Maybe I'm not like them.

MISS MATHERS

Look, you don't have to get all A's, but this?! Cheating? You're not even trying.

FRIDGE

I didn't cheat.

MISS MATHERS

Do you even know what "*climacteric*" means, Anthony?

A seemingly interminable pause-- he has no idea.

MISS MATHERS (CONT'D)

I'm waiting...

Spencer grimaces, can't stand it... Then explodes--

SPENCER

It was my fault! I made him do it!

Fridge drops his head-- this idiot.

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY

Oh yeah? How'd you do that exactly?

SPENCER

(weakly)

I can be... very... compelling...?

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY

I'll bet. Detention. Both of you.

INT. DETENTION CLASSROOM - AFTER SCHOOL - DAY

They're all here-- Spencer, Fridge, Bethany and Martha. Sitting silently.

Detention.

SPENCER

(whispers)

Fridge, I just... I panicked, okay? I've never really gotten in trouble before--

FRIDGE

Shhh-shhh-shhh. You're dead.

SPENCER

Right... I figured.

FRIDGE

Shhh-ssh! Dead people don't talk.

The Principal enters--

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY

Well, this is a fun group. Welcome to detention.

BETHANY

Principal Bentley, *all I did* was make a--

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY

Bethany, please. You're all here for a reason and you know what it is.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY (CONT'D)

But this is what you *really* need to think about -- you need to think about *who - you - are -* at this moment in time, and who you want to be. You get one life. You have to decide *how* you're going to spend it.

(lets this hang a beat)

And there's no better place for self-reflection... than detention.

The four look at each other, slightly skeptical.

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY (CONT'D)

Get up. Everyone. Let's go.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - BRANTFORD HIGH - DAY

Principal Bentley marches them through the bowels of the school. Dark and dank and unfinished. Boilers and water heaters.

Spencer is a little spooked. To the principal--

SPENCER

Have you tested the air quality down here, like, in the last decade? A lot of basements have dangerous radon levels--

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY

You'll be fine, Spencer.

As the Principal moves up ahead, Spencer HEARS, very faintly, *those tribal DRUMS pounding*. To Bethany, who is closest--

SPENCER

Do you hear that...?

BETHANY

(terrible mood)

What?

He completely SHRINKS-- up close, she's just too intimidating.

SPENCER

Nothing... sorry.

And he fades back, away from her. Principal Bentley leads them into--

INT. STORAGE ROOM - DAY

A large, low-ceiling storage room-- a veritable grave yard of old AV equipment, banker's boxes, and old files on tilting shelves.

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY

We are turning this into a new computer center. But before we do, it has to be cleaned out.

In the center of the room are a DOZEN LARGE BINS stacked with OLD MAGAZINES. There must be thousands of them.

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY (CONT'D)

All these old magazines are bound for the recycling plant. But they have to be properly prepped before they go. All of the staples must be removed.

BETHANY

That. Sucks.

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY

Whatever you don't finish, you finish tomorrow--

ALL OF THEM

What?!/No!/Tomorrow's Saturday!

MARTHA

Because I wouldn't climb a rope?!

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY

--so I suggest you get to work.

Principal Bentley holds up a tray, upon which are four JAW-STYLE STAPLE REMOVERS.

PRINCIPAL BENTLEY (CONT'D)

Choose your weapons.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - LATER - DAY

Spencer, Fridge and Martha have begun removing staples from magazines. Bethany is staring at her phone, agitated--

BETHANY

Shit balls. No reception.

MARTHA

Are you gonna help or are you too pretty?

BETHANY

(returning fire)

I would, but you're doing such a good job already.

Martha rolls her eyes-- she can't stand girls like this.

Fridge wanders over to the crowded shelves against one wall. He picks up a bowling ball--

FRIDGE

What was the *bowling ball* for?

Spencer looks at Martha, as they continue removing staples.

SPENCER

Um... I saw you tell off Coach Web. I thought you were making some very good points. About why PE sucks.

Martha looks down, *a little self-conscious when talking to Spencer--*

MARTHA

Thanks...

SPENCER

Spencer.

MARTHA

I know who you are.

SPENCER

You do?

Maybe she wishes she hadn't said that, moves quickly past--

MARTHA

It was stupid. I should have just shut up and said I was on my period. Is this gonna go on our transcripts?

SPENCER

(worried)

I don't think so...?

FRIDGE

Hey Gilroy.

SPENCER

Gilpin... Yeah?

FRIDGE

What is this?

Fridge is holding up -- AN OLD VIDEO GAME CONSOLE. Attached to it are FOUR OLD-SCHOOL CONTROLLERS. Spencer heads over to check it out--

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

An old Nintendo or something?

SPENCER

I don't know. I don't recognize it. And there's no logo or anything.

FRIDGE
Seems like the kind of thing you would
know about.

SPENCER
(sarcastic)
Hilarious.

He spots a battered TV MONITOR perched on another AV rack.

FRIDGE
Put this thing on eBay.

Spencer plugs in the console. A POWER LIGHT illuminates.

MARTHA
Um, staples? Anyone...?

SPENCER
Just one sec...

Spencer finds A CORD and hooks the console up to the old
monitor. The screen lights up! *It's slightly damaged and
fuzzy* but TEXT appears--

SPENCER (READS) (CONT'D)
*"A GAME FOR THOSE WHO SEEK TO FIND... A
WAY TO LEAVE THEIR WORLD BEHIND."*

Then the title: **JUMANJI - A WILD JUNGLE ADVENTURE**

And a quick animation -- 90's style, so good, not great -- of
various ANIMALS LUNGING at us-- ALLIGATORS, RHINOS, SNAKES--
and weird BAD GUYS on MOTORCYLCES. Against a 2-D jungle
backdrop. *A quick animated montage of some of the game's key
imagery.*

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Whoa, this is "JUMANJI"!

FRIDGE
What's "JUMANJI"?

SPENCER
It's kind of mythical among gamers.
Supposedly, all the copies were destroyed
because people would just get too... into
it.

FRIDGE
"Too into it"?

SPENCER
Like people thought it was dangerous or
something? This was a long time ago.
(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Like in the nineties. During all that parental warning crap. People were paranoid.

A new graphic appears: "**CHOOSE YOUR CHARACTERS**". FIVE AVATAR NAMES APPEAR ACROSS THE SCREEN, with descriptors below each name. Four of the names BLINK, one is GREYED-OUT.

FRIDGE

What are those?

SPENCER

Avatar names. You pick a character and then you're that person in the game.

Bethany wanders over, more out of boredom than interest.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Want to play?

Spencer offers Fridge a controller--

FRIDGE

Five minutes. Then you're unstapling enough magazines for you *and* me.

(re: the avatars)

Which one do I pick?

SPENCER

I don't know. I've never played before. It probably doesn't matter that much.

Fridge looks at the screen. The greyed-out name is:

JEFFERSON "SEAPLANE" MCDONOUGH

Pilot - Scoundrel

But the other four blinking names are:

DR. XANDER BRAVESTONE:

Archeologist - International Explorer

FRANKLIN "MOOSE" FINBAR:

Expert in Weapons and Zoology

PROFESSOR SHELLY OBERON:

Cartographer - Code-breaker - Curvy Genius

RUBY ROUNDHOUSE:

Fighter - Killer of Men

Across the room--

MARTHA

Staples, people! Staples!

Fridge tries to click on--

SPENCER

Jefferson "Seaplane" McDonough. Pilot and scoundrel...

FRIDGE

It's not working.

SPENCER

Try another one.

Fridge clicks on-- *Franklin "Moose" Finbar-- which is a little blurry on the old monitor.*

FRIDGE

Franklin "Moose" Finbar... Sounds like a bad-ass.

SPENCER

And a *zoology* expert... which is awesome.

FRIDGE

You pick.

Spencer selects--

SPENCER

"Dr. Xander Bravestone"...

FRIDGE

(to Bethany)

Hey, Hot Girl-- pick.

BETHANY

(faux-offended)

Hey "Big Dude", I would but I don't play video games because I don't spend my life staring at a tv screen.

FRIDGE

No, you spend your life staring at a phone.

BETHANY

Touche.

Fridge hands her a controller, which she reluctantly takes--

BETHANY (CONT'D)
 Fine... I'll be the curvy genius.

She selects *Doctor Shelly Oberon*.

FRIDGE
 Makes sense.
 (to Martha)
 Staples, you're up.

MARTHA
 I don't think so.

SPENCER
 Just one game? It will be fun. Then we'll
 go back to work.

Martha looks at him for a beat-- then walks over, takes a controller.

And selects the last avatar remaining: *RUBY ROUNDHOUSE*.

Once she does, all four chosen character names PULSE on the monitor. And then, on-screen, appears: "*WELCOME TO JUMANJI*".

BETHANY
 This might be the lamest thing I've ever
 done.

MARTHA
 I doubt that.

SPENCER
 It's supposed to be pretty intense
 actually.

SUDDENLY, as if on cue, from the game console comes that ominous POUNDING of TRIBAL WAR DRUMS and a disturbing, Tesla-coil of a CRACKLE-- then a series of blinding TITANIUM-SAPPHIRE LASERS appear-- and seem to actually SCAN THE KIDS, from head to heel.

BETHANY
What's going on?!

SPENCER
I think it's shorting out!

Spencer HITS the power button. Nothing. So he YANKS the cord out of the wall socket. But the CRACKLING increases in volume; as do the TRIBAL DRUMS-- Spencer frantically PRESSES any button he can find on the console. When suddenly --

HIS FINGERTIPS begin to FLICKER, to lose shape, to be transformed -- into THOUSANDS OF TINY 1'S AND 0'S.

RUGGED MAN (CONT'D)

Eeeech! Oh my God!

His eyes anxiously dart back and forth now. His jaw quivering, as --

WHOMP! WHOMPP!-- behind him, TWO MORE PEOPLE tumble into the swampy water--

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, late 20s. Toned, gorgeous and clad in a tight, midriff-baring top, shorts and lace-up boots. What Lara Croft might look like if she were a track and field star. And --

A VERY FREAKED OUT MAN, 30s, African American, on the short side, in thoroughly worn and tattered safari gear, wearing a MASSIVE backpack--

SHORT MAN

What *the hell*, man?! What kind of stupid ass--

He notices and approaches the Rugged Man--

SHORT MAN (CONT'D)

Who are you?!

RUGGED MAN

Who are you?

They are both completely disoriented -- when they simultaneously notice the Beautiful Woman and her... beautifulness. She's sort of frisking herself, confused.

SHORT MAN

Who is *she*?

Just then-- *WHOMPP!* AN OVERWEIGHT MAN (40s, full beard, suspenders, Wellington boots) CRASHES INTO the short man, KNOCKING HIM back into the brackish water. *Oof.*

CHUBBY MAN

OhmiGod! I am totally suing the-- What's wrong with my voice...

But then he clears the mud from his eyes, looks around--

CHUBBY MAN (CONT'D)

WHERE AM I?

The Short Man climbs out from beneath the Chubby Man--

SHORT MAN

Get the hell off me!

He looks down at his body, baffled and losing it a little--

SHORT MAN (CONT'D)

What happened to... the rest of me?!

PUSH ON-- the Rugged Man, wheels turning--

RUGGED MAN

Oh my god... Fridge?

The Short Man turns--

RUGGED MAN (CONT'D)

You're... Fridge.... aren't you?

SHORT MAN

Yes, I'm Fridge! Who are *you*?

RUGGED MAN

It's me! Spencer!

Nothing about this man looks or sounds like Spencer.

SHORT MAN

What?! What are you talking about?!

RUGGED MAN

I'm Spencer.

SHORT MAN

The hell you are! What is going on?!

RUGGED MAN

I think... *somehow*...

The Rugged Man looks from the Short Man to the Beautiful Woman to the Chubby Man.

RUGGED MAN (CONT'D)

I think... we're... in the game.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

What?!

CHUBBY MAN

What are you talking about?!

RUGGED MAN

Jumanji. I think we're in it.

(still trying to process)

Somehow, I don't know how, but-- somehow we were like... *sucked* into the game.

And... *we've become the avatars we chose.*

(spooked)

So... it's me, Spencer, who writes your papers. Except I look... *and sound*... like Dr. Xander Bravestone.

SHORT MAN/FRIDGE

Can you hear what you're saying, right now? You're telling me you're Gilroy?!

RUGGED MAN/SPENCER

Gilpin. Yes. And you're... "Moose" Finbar.

(to Beautiful Woman)

And Martha, you're Ruby Roundhouse. And-

(to Chubby Man)

... Bethany, you're Professor Shelly Oberon. Only... I guess "Shelly" is short for *Sheldon*.

The Beautiful Woman looks down at her body. In shock.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN/MARTHA

Oh my god. He's right.

The Short Man looks at the Rugged Man, unbelieving--

CHUBBY MAN/BETHANY

And - you're... Spencer?

(re: the Rugged Man's body)

You?

RUGGED MAN/SPENCER

Yes! I'm telling you...

Just then, a MONKEY shrieks as it swings past overhead. Spencer instinctively COWERS.

RUGGED MAN/SPENCER (CONT'D)

Oh my god!! Monkey!

SHORT MAN/FRIDGE

Yep. That's Spencer.

CHUBBY MAN/BETHANY

So, that means... you're telling me... ?

She looks around, spots a still lake at the edge of the marshy grass.

(NOTE: ALTHOUGH SHE IS NOW A GUY, FOR CLARITY BETHANY WILL BE REFERRED TO AS "SHE". AND ALL FOUR CHARACTERS WILL BE REFERRED TO BY THEIR REAL NAMES).

Bethany runs over to the lake, looks down into HER REFLECTION. Her eyes WIDEN IN FEAR --

BETHANY

I'm an overweight middle-aged man.

She turns away from the sight of herself--

BETHANY (CONT'D)
But... I picked the "curvy genius"!

MARTHA
That's what people usually mean when they say "curvy".

FRIDGE
I picked "Moose"! Do I look like a "Moose" to you? But let's back the hell up for a second-- WHAT. IS. HAPPENING?!!

BETHANY
Wait a second!

They all stop--

BETHANY (CONT'D)
WHERE is my PHONE?

They all look at her for a beat, then return to more urgent business, as they examine their new bodies. They each have a small METALLIC CUFF on their bicep, with 3 GLOWING STRIPES.

Spencer attempts to pull the hunting knife from his belt, but it won't come out--

SPENCER
Weird...

MARTHA
Okay, okay. Let's just... Think. Don't panic. There has to be some way out of this...

She trails off, noticing Spencer and Fridge are gaping at her.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
What? What are you looking at?

SPENCER
Uh... a... bird.

FRIDGE
Your boobs.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)
You've got some amazing boobs.

BETHANY
(girl-compliment)
You *do* have really nice boobs. And I look like a living garden gnome. WHERE'S MY PHONE?!

FRIDGE
That's what you're worried
 about right now?!

MARTHA
 We're in different people's
 bodies!

SPENCER
 It's true, it doesn't seem like the most
 pressing... concern... at this moment?

BETHANY
 This doesn't seem to you like a good
 moment to make a call?! Or text somebody?
 Or update your status to "stuck in a
 freakin' video game"!?!

SPENCER
 I'm just saying, I don't have any
 Claritin and I'm allergic to almost
 everything.

FRIDGE
 I DON'T HAVE THE TOP TWO FEET OF MY BODY!

BETHANY
 This can't actually be happening. We're
 all... in a coma.

MARTHA
Together?!

BETHANY
 I guess! That old game machine must have
 electrocuted all of us and now--

WHEN SUDDENLY-- A GIGANTIC ALLIGATOR emerges from the water
 and, *with incredible speed*, SNATCHES Bethany by the waist and
 YANKS HER BACK INTO THE BOG!

*(For efficiency, assume that all animals henceforth described
 as "giant", "gigantic", "enormous" are about 50% larger than
 the actual animal. So this Alligator is the biggest Alligator
 ever -- but it's not Godzilla. And he looks and feels as real
 as can be-- which is terrifying. Considering that--)*

In a flash, BETHANY IS GONE, her SCREAMS swallowed up as she
 disappears beneath the surface!! The others stand there,
 dumbfounded, then --

MARTHA
 She's gonna die! Someone do something!!

Fridge pushes Spencer forward--

FRIDGE
 Get the hell in there and help her!

SPENCER

Me? Why *me*?

FRIDGE

Because you're... huge.

But Spencer is frozen-- terrified.

SPENCER

I, I, I...

The water settles-- *she's gone*.

THEN-- an odd electronic PING that seems to come from the sky itself. They all turn toward the sound as --

The Chubby Man (Bethany) FALLS FROM ABOVE. As if dropped from the heavens. To CRASH onto the marshy grass with a hard *THUD!* She sits up, gagging in disgust...

BETHANY

Owwwww!

They all try to comprehend what the hell just happened-- but they are all speechless. Finally--

FRIDGE

WHAT THE HELL?!

Spencer and Martha RUN to her--

SPENCER

Bethany?!

MARTHA

Are you... Okay?

BETHANY

(quietly)

That was so intense.

FRIDGE

What... *WHAT JUST HAPPENED TO YOU?*

BETHANY

I got *eaten* by a crocodile. And then fell like a thousand feet from the sky.

SPENCER

Yeah, that's what it looked like.

FRIDGE

It wasn't a crocodile, it was an alligator. Crocodiles have a more V-shaped mouth and tend to live in-- HOW DO I KNOW THIS?

MARTHA
 (realizing)
 You're an expert in zoology.

FRIDGE
 What?!

He's coming apart a little bit-- as one might.

BETHANY
 (feels her beard)
 I'm still an old fat guy, right?

SPENCER
 I am afraid so.

BETHANY
 Just making sure.

FRIDGE
 WHY IS EVERYBODY OKAY WITH THIS?!

He turns to Spencer--

FRIDGE (CONT'D)
 WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO TO US?

SPENCER
 You're blaming this on *me*?!

Fridge SHOVES him-- and Spencer STUMBLES, off balance and *not fully in control* of this massive body--

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 Can we just *talk* about this like
 rational...

MARTHA
GUYS!

They all turn toward Martha's panicked voice. And see--

Another GIANT ALLIGATOR CRAWLING from the lake. IT SKITTERS
 TOWARD MARTHA, AND --

WHAM! Martha instinctively-- *and expertly*-- ROUNDHOUSE KICKS
 the alligator in the head--

FRIDGE
 Whoa!

SPENCER
 Holy...

She stares wide-eyed as the gator FLIES fifteen feet through
 the air to LAND back in the swamp with an enormous SPLASH--

--the displaced water *hovers in midair* for a beat forming the words-- "**From the Deep**"-- before becoming liquid again.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

"From the deep...?"

MARTHA

(amazed)

I just did that!

Then the sound of THE DRUMMING returns-- as suddenly A HALF DOZEN GIANT ALLIGATORS EMERGE FROM THE LAKE!

BETHANY

Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!
You do *not* want to get eaten by one of
those things. The landing blows.

FRIDGE

(turns to Spencer)

You! "*Dr. Bravestone*"! Do something!

PUSH ON SPENCER-- as a million thoughts tick through his mind. He sees them staring at him, awaiting his guidance--

SPENCER

RUN!!! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!!

They do-- Fridge RUNS as fast as he can, but Martha easily PASSES him and Bethany, who had a big head start... then SPENCER ENTERS FRAME - *bolting past her - blazingly fast* -- on his face, we see that *he is SHOCKED* -- and a little *freaked out-- by how fast he is.*

SUDDENLY-- a dented and ancient WILLYS MILITARY JEEP BLASTS OUT OF THE BRUSH. Screeching to a stop in front of them...

Spencer skids to a stop, eyes wide, when--

DRIVER

Ah, Dr. Bravestone! There you are!

With his prim, North London accent and exuberant manner, this is NIGEL WALMSLEY, a British Indian expedition guide, straight from Central Casting (khakis, vest, jungle boots)--

NIGEL

Don't just stand there! In you go!

They don't need to be told twice. They all leap in and the Jeep RACES OFF, leaving the alligators behind.

INT. NIGEL'S JEEP - MOVING - DAY

Nigel expertly downshifts over the bumpy terrain, as Spencer instinctively looks to his lap, Nigel turns to him, a broad smile on his face--

NIGEL

Doctor Xander Bravestone! Famed archeologist and international explorer, known across the seven continents for his courageous exploits!

SPENCER

Is there a seat belt?

NIGEL

I can't tell you what an honor it is to finally meet you! And, I'm not embarrassed to say, you're even more dashing in person!

SPENCER

Um... thanks.

MARTHA

Who are you?

NIGEL

Nigel Walmsley, at your service, Ruby Roundhouse! Welcome to Jumanji! I have been so anxious for your arrival! As you know, Jumanji is in *grave danger*. We are counting on the four of you to lift the curse...

SPENCER

Curse? What *curse*?

BETHANY

Am I in a coma? Are you a doctor and I'm, like, hallucinating?

NIGEL

Doctor? No! Nigel Walmsley, at your service, Professor Sheldon Oberon. Welcome to Jumanji! I have been so anxious for your arrival--

BETHANY

(whispering)

What's with this guy?

SPENCER

I think he's an N.P.C.

BETHANY

A what?

SPENCER

A "Non-Player-Character". He's part of the game. Whatever we ask him, he only has his programmed series of responses.

In the backseat, Fridge turns to Martha, points to Bethany, stuck on this--

FRIDGE

Did you see that? He... I mean, *she*... got eaten by an alligator and fell out of the sky.

NIGEL

Ahh, hello! Godfrey "Mouse" Finbar. Welcome to Jumanji!

FRIDGE

It's "Moose". Not "Mouse".

NIGEL

No, good sir. I'm quite sure it's "Mouse".

FRIDGE

Mouse?!

SPENCER

A nickname given for your diminutive stature and adorable manner! I knew you'd be here! Doctor Bravestone never goes anywhere without his trusty sidekick!

FRIDGE

"Sidekick"?!?

Spencer shrugs, mouths "Sorry".

NIGEL

Ever since Doctor Bravestone rescued you from the clutches of a Warlord in the jungles of Peru, you've never left his side. And your vast knowledge of so many fields-- including Weaponry and Indigenous Species -- has availed you both brilliantly!

SPENCER

Can we go back to the thing about the curse?

DRIVER/NIGEL

It was all documented in the letter I sent you, Doctor Bravestone. Perhaps you should read it aloud.

SPENCER

I don't have a lett--

Suddenly, Spencer is holding an old-school AIRMAIL LETTER.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Right.

(beat, he begins to read:)

"Doctor Bravestone, My name is Nigel Walmsley and I am the sole survivor of Professor Van Pelt's expedition. We need your help at once!"

As he reads, our heroes fade away as we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DENSE JUNGLE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Thwack! A machete clears away dense brush revealing a TEAM OF FRENCH EXPLORERS followed by a half dozen all-terrain EXPEDITION VEHICLES. As they pass camera, we HEAR:

BETHANY (V.O.)

What's happening? What is this?

SPENCER (V.O.)

I think it's a cut scene. A lot of games have them. It's like a little movie to tell you the backstory.

BETHANY (V.O.)

Can you guys real quick check your pockets for my phone? Just in case maybe you accidentally...

FRIDGE (V.O.)

YOUR PHONE'S NOT HERE!

SPENCER (V.O.)

I'm going to keep reading.

The VO transitions to Nigel's voice--

NIGEL (V.O.)

"... As you may have heard, your old nemesis, Doctor Van Pelt, recently arrived in Jumanji."

In the passenger seat of the last vehicle is an effete man, 40s, with a bookish air-- DOCTOR RENE VAN PELT.

SPENCER (V.O.)

"Van Pelt had come to lead an expedition, looking for the fabled Jaguar Jewel Of Jumanji. Legend tells that the ancient gem is able to fulfill one's innermost desires."

As the expedition starts through the jungle...

SPENCER (V.O.)

"They needed an experienced guide who was familiar with the jungle. They found one..."

We see that it is Nigel, himself, leading them.

SPENCER (V.O.)

"And, I'm afraid, after a four day trek, I led them right to the Jaguar Temple..."

Seeing something, Van Pelt's eyes widen. Excitedly, he indicates for the driver to STOP as we ANGLE AROUND to see:

AN ANCIENT TEMPLE. Built into the base of a TOWERING VOLCANO, ashy steam chuffing from its crater, staining the blue sky above.

SPENCER (V.O.)

"Situated at the base of Mount Mlilo, the only active volcano in Jumanji..."

And, carved on the temple's facade is a one-eyed JAGUAR. And serving as the eye of the cyclops jaguar is A LARGE SPARKLING EMERALD.

Van Pelt climbs from the ATV. He stares at the jewel. In a thick FRENCH ACCENT --

VAN PELT

Well, well, well. What have we here?

QUICK CUTS: Van Pelt's MEN scramble up the side of the temple... They begin PRYING the jewel loose...

SPENCER (V.O.)

"I was told that they wanted to behold it's beauty. What I did not know, was that Van Pelt intended to take it for himself!"

The men have the jewel loose. Handling it with reverence, they offer it to Van Pelt --

And instantly... THE JEWEL GLOWS, pulsing with some kind of supernatural energy.

SPENCER (V.O.)

"The Jaguar's Jewel imbued Van Pelt with its malevolent power. Van Pelt assumed dominion over all of Jumanji. And a terrible curse befell this once placid land... "

Van Pelt's body GROWS six inches, his hair turns shockingly white, as suddenly, a shadow spreads across the trees.

The ground seems to COME ALIVE as CREATURES race toward Van Pelt-- rats and roaches and snakes. They SCURRY up his legs, as if attracted to the jewel. The bearing of his expedition party turns darker, as the curse overtakes them as well.

BETHANY (V.O.)

This. Is so. Nasty.

Van Pelt closes his coat. He turns toward us, grinning an EVIL GRIN as...

SPENCER

"And so that the curse could never be reversed, Van Pelt intended to destroy the jewel. To hurl it into the crater of Mount Mlilo, where it would be swallowed by its molten lava..."

Nigel watches as Van Pelt, holding the jewel, looks up to the gnarly peak of the volcano...

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. ANCIENT TEMPLE - NIGHT

Where Van Pelt and his men have set up camp. And there is much drinking and rollicking...

SPENCER

"They caroused into the night..."

Nigel watches from the treeline. Horrified.

EXT. ANCIENT TEMPLE - LATER - NIGHT

Van Pelt and his men are passed-out drunk. Van Pelt snores, clutching the jewel in one clawed hand...

SPENCER

"But when they finally slept, I made my move..."

Nigel emerges from the woods. And tip-toes over to Van Pelt, then gently extracts the jewel from his dozing clutches.

DRAGOON (O.S.)

Hey--

Nigel turns to see a pair of Van Pelt's men, explorers-turned-Dragoons, reaching for their rifles--

SPENCER (V.O.)

"...and then I ran."

-- caught dead-to-rights, he *DASHES* off, disappearing into the jungle. The dragoons try to catch up--

DRAGOON

THE JEW-ELLLLLLLLL -- !

But Nigel is long gone. As the *SCENE FADES*. And we are --

EXT. NIGEL'S JEEP - MOVING - BACK TO PRESENT - DAY

Spencer finishes reading...

SPENCER

"And so I write to you, and beg for your assistance."

He looks up... At Nigel... They all do, as, with a twinkle in his eyes --

NIGEL

It's even more magnificent in person.

With that, he reaches into his satchel... and removes the Jewel. They all look at it, sunlight gleaming off its dazzling surface. He hands it to Spencer, who takes it gingerly--

NIGEL (CONT'D)

With the invaluable help of your associates, working together, you must use your complimentary skills to restore the jewel to its rightful place and lift the curse.

Very daunting. Nigel comes to a *STOP* at the edge of the dense jungle, and is suddenly, almost mechanically cheerful again--

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Ahh, here we are! I'm sure you want to get started right away!

SPENCER

Um... actually...

NIGEL

Wonderful! Out you go!

Our heroes have fallen silent, staring at the thick jungle.
But Nigel continues happily as suddenly, the DOORS POP OPEN.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

And remember: "*The Goal For You I Will
Specify / Return The Jewel To The
Jaguar's Eye/ If You Wish To Leave The
Game / You Must Save Jumanji And Your
Good Name.*"

Reluctantly they get out. Bethany reassures herself, softly--

BETHANY

It's okay, you can handle this. In real
life, people love you, you could hook up
with anyone you want...

MARTHA

Is that what you tell yourself when
you're scared?

BETHANY

Can you not judge me for like 2 seconds?!
God! I broke up with Noah, turned into a
guy and I *cannot find my phone*. I'm
allowed to be upset.

As Nigel puts the jeep in gear, something occurs to Spencer--

SPENCER

Nigel, do you have anything else to give
us? Like a clue or something?

Nigel hands a ROLLED UP DOCUMENT to Spencer.

NIGEL

I almost forgot! Here's a map of Jumanji!
You must find The Man With One Eye. He
will tell you the *secret mantra* you must
utter upon returning the jewel to the
jaguar...

MARTHA

Like a password?

SPENCER

The Man With One Eye... Where
do we find him, Nigel?

NIGEL

Cheerio. Off you go!

Nigel DRIVES OFF--

NIGEL (CONT'D)

And remember: "*If You Wish To Leave The
Game / You Must Save Jumanji And Your Good
Name...*"

They watch, as the jeep vanishes in the distance. Spencer turns to Fridge, re: the jewel and Fridge's backpack--

SPENCER

You want to... uh... put this in there?

FRIDGE

(takes it)

So... we take this map... and use it to find a guy with one eye... who I'm guessing is not on the map, because he's a guy. Not a place. And then he tells us a *secret password*... So that we can... do what exactly...?

MARTHA

We return the Jewel to the Jaguar Temple. Say the password. And go home. No problem.

FRIDGE

While being chased by possessed animals.

BETHANY

Can't we just, like, leave?! Stop the game? Without doing *all this stuff*?

SPENCER

No. I think we have to... "save Jumanji". Unfortunately.

He wanders off a bit and stares into the landscape, contemplative, stoic... Which is a lot more picturesque on this strapping action hero than it would be on Spencer himself. Bethany notices, quietly to Martha--

BETHANY

Damn. That is a *man*, right there.

Martha looks away-- clearly thinking the same thing.

ON SPENCER, talking to himself--

SPENCER

Don't cry, don't cry, don't cry.

He takes a deep breath. A mosquito lands on him and he STARTLES, swats it. Talking to himself--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

So many diseases out here... And *so hot*. Humid...

He steels himself and turns back to the group --

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Okay, this is going to be *fun*. I'm good at games like this. This is what I do. All the time. It's the *main thing* I do. There's going to be levels that we have to win, using our skills. The alligators were the first level. They probably get harder as we go. In order to finish the game, you have to complete all the levels. Now, I think we each have three lives. These metal cuff thingys...?

He displays his own, with it's three glowing stripes, strapped around his massive bicep-- and gets momentarily distracted by his own arm--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Man, will you look at that thing...?

FRIDGE

You were saying?

SPENCER

Sorry... I think these stripes are our lives. Bethany got eaten by the alligator, so now she only has two.

She checks her cuff-- sure enough, two stripes.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

See?

MARTHA

What happens if we use up *all* our lives?

SPENCER

Well, usually that would be... game over.

They're all a little spooked by this.

FRIDGE

I'm sorry, are you saying we could *die* in here?!

SPENCER

I mean, I don't know for sure... but...

FRIDGE

You "don't know for sure"? Mr. Video Game genius...?

SPENCER

Well, I've never been stuck in one before, ok?

(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

So I'm not certain, but yes, I'm afraid we could die! That is my... large fear here.

Quiet for a beat. Then, fortifying herself--

BETHANY

We better find the One-Armed man, then.

SPENCER

Eyed.

MARTHA

The One-Eyed Man.

Spencer opens the map--

SPENCER

There's nothing on here.

He shows them the map. It's just a blank piece of paper.

BETHANY

What do you mean, there's nothing there?
It's a map. Just like he said.

And it's true: when Martha, Spencer or Fridge look at the paper, it is indeed BLANK. But from BETHANY'S POV--

BETHANY (CONT'D)

It's a map of Jumanji.

They look at her. Not understanding. Then:

MARTHA

Oh...

SPENCER

"Cartography".

BETHANY

What's that?

MARTHA

The study of maps. It was one of Professor Oberon's skills.

SPENCER

Remember, when we picked our characters? We all have different skills. Which means... there should be some way to... access our skill profile.

Spencer examines his body, patting various body parts--

SUDDENLY, *PPFFTTTTT*: A SCROLL DOWN MENU APPEARS. It seems to emanate directly from Spencer's body, three-dimensional letters hanging in the air beside him.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

There it is!

The others REACT, as Spencer regards his skill set--

STRENGTHS:

Fearless
Speed
Climbing
Smouldering Intensity
Chopper
Boomerang

WEAKNESS:

Passion

FRIDGE
 (incredulous)
 "Strengths-- Fearless, Speed, Climbing,
 Smouldering Intensity?!"

Spencer looks away, bashful.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)
 Weakness-- Passion?! That's your *only*
 weakness?

SPENCER
 I'm too... passionate, I guess...?

He pulls at his knife again; still, it doesn't come out--

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 You'd think "knife" would have been a
 good one for this guy... but I guess it's
 just part of the look.

MARTHA
 How'd you do that? That list?

SPENCER
 I think right breast. I just kinda
 pressed on it.

Martha looks down at her body--

FRIDGE
 Hey. Lemme get that for you--

MARTHA
 That's okay--

Martha pushes away Fridge's hand, then gently presses her
 breast... and *PPFFTTTTT*: her skill profile appears --

STRENGTHS:

Karate
T'ai chi
Jujitso
Dance Fighting

WEAKNESS:

Venom

MARTHA (CONT'D)
 "Dance Fighting"? Is that even a
 thing...?

Bethany presses her chest, and *PPFFTTTTT*:

STRENGTHS:
Cartography
Archaeology
Paleontology

WEAKNESS:
Endurance

BETHANY
 Seriously...? Paleon...tology... what
 does that even mean?

MARTHA
 Study of fossils, I think. That's kind of
 cool...?

BETHANY
 Says the gorgeous karate badass to the
 old fossil guy with no endurance.

Fridge presses on his chest. *PPFFTTTTT--*

STRENGTHS:
Expert
Weapons Valet
Cranial Assault

WEAKNESS:
Cake
Strength
Speed

FRIDGE
 Are you kidding me?! Those are my
 strengths?!

MARTHA
 What's "Cranial Assault"?

FRIDGE
 Head-butts. They're illegal in football--
 and every other sport in the world--
 because *they HURT LIKE HELL!* So I'm good
 at -- head-butts. And my weaknesses are --
 "cake". Of course. Oh and also strength
 and speed. *Strength* is my weakness. And
 I'm sure I'm not going to need *speed* when
 I'm being chased through the jungle by
 enormous killer zebras or some shit! I'll
 just head-butt them!

MARTHA
 (helpful)
 You're also a good weapon valet...?

FRIDGE

What's that?

SPENCER

Um, I think it means... you carry my weapons? And give them to me, if I need them...?

FRIDGE

I swear, I'm gonna kill you.

MARTHA (O.S.)

Um... you guys?!

They turn to see what she sees--

--in a nearby clearing, *massive flaming letters*-- "**The Mighty Roar**"-- followed by the *building sound* of that TRIBAL DRUMMING.

BETHANY

(reading)

"The Mighty... Roar"...?

SPENCER

Where'd that come from?!

MARTHA

What is that? Lions...?

When suddenly... *PHWOOM-BAM!* A tree beside them *EXPLODES!*

They turn to see: A HALF DOZEN TRICKED-OUT EXPEDITION MOTORCYCLES **ROARING** AT THEM, slaloming between trees--

Riding the cycles are Van Pelt's **MERCENARIES**. They wear fascist regalia: long, leather dusters, jackboots, snap collars, etc. And *they carry GUNS-- which they are FIRING ON OUR HEROS. PHWOOM! PHWOOOOOMM!* NEON TRACERS BULLETS NARROWLY MISSING--

BETHANY

There are *people* trying to kill us too?

FRIDGE

What is this game?!

SPENCER

Van Pelt must be trying to get the jewel back!

BETHANY

And the little English guy couldn't have mentioned that?!

SPENCER

GO! GOGOGO!!!

They TAKE OFF as Van Pelt's Men give chase: the cycles darting through the tangle of trees and hanging vines --

We INTERCUT between our heroes -- all RUNNING hard -- pure fear and confusion as tracers zip past MARTHA, who surprises herself as she adroitly dodges them, as --

PHWOOM-BANG!! A tracer hits a tree which EXPLODES right in front of BETHANY. She SCREAMS as mud and moss splatters her face --

BETHANY

So! Not! Cool!

FRIDGE'S legs pump like mad as he stumbles through THICK TANGLED ROOTS -- trying to lose his PURSUER-- panting hard. SPENCER effortlessly races up beside him, *freaking out*--

SPENCER

Those guys have guns! HUGE guns!

FRIDGE

Oh really? Is that what those are?!

SPENCER

Ohmygod, whatdowedo, whatdowedo--?! Maybe check the backpack!

FRIDGE

What?!

SPENCER

Your backpack! I think you have my weapons!

As they run, Fridge slings off his backpack, looks inside -- sure enough, he withdraws-- *a boomerang*.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Boomerang... That's one of my powers!

FRIDGE

This?

He hands it to Spencer as -- *PHWOOOOOMM!* a tracer bullet zzzips past Spencer's head, he flinches--

SPENCER

Oh GOD!

FRIDGE

You're gonna use *that* to kill *him*?!

SPENCER

I mean, it seems ridiculous, I know...

He spins, HURLS THE BOOMERANG-- and it *misses by a mile*.

FRIDGE

Nice work. Maybe I have a hacky sack in here, too.

-- BUT THEN the boomerang ARCS in the sky, angles around and SLAMS the merc square in the head!! The out of control merc hits a massive exposed root-- PINWHEELS into the sky and SMASHES into a giant tree trunk --

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Whoa!

But the relief is short lived because seemingly out of nowhere, ANOTHER MOTOR-MERCENARY FLIES right at them-- they DROP to the ground, barely DODGING the front wheel of the enormous Motorcycle--

SPENCER/FRIDGE

AAAAAAHHH!!!

In an instant, the Mercenary has turned the bike around again, and is BEARING DOWN ON THEM-- when SUDDENLY-- MARTHA SAILS into frame with a crazy FLYING SIDE-KICK -- NAILS the Mercenary in the chest, KNOCKING him off his bike.

SPENCER

Yes!

But the Merc STANDS UP!

FRIDGE

What?!

SPENCER

I think you have to hit them in the head!

MARTHA

RUN!

They DO--

--as the Mercenary gets back on his bike-- we HEAR a thunderous "DING"!! 3D LETTERS appear above the fallen rider-- "**MULTIPLY**". And SUDDENLY the Mercenary and his Motorcycle SPLIT INTO THREE BIKES AND RIDERS. Carbon copies.

FRIDGE

They can do that?!

SPENCER

Yeah. It's kind of a *thing*. If you don't kill them properly--

FRIDGE

--*THEY TURN INTO THREE GUYS?!*

The three Motorcycles COME AT THEM-- which is when - PHWOOOOOM! - the sound of an incoming tracer-- Fridge TURNS and - WHAM! - the tracer *hits him in the chest!* Fridge SLAMS back against a tree, struggling for breath.

Spencer is frozen, freaked-out as tracer bullets fly by. PUSH IN ON HIM, then-- he gets down and awkwardly *PICKS UP Fridge*. Who, though dying, HATES THIS--

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

What are you...?! Put me down!!

Spencer sort of SLINGS him over his back, then TAKES OFF ON THE MOST AWKWARD, INTENSE PIGGY-BACK RIDE EVER. Martha FOLLOWS.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Put me down or I will beat the living...

Despite the terror in his eyes-- and the man on his back-- Spencer moves with balletic athleticism. Running, leaping, dodging tracers. *He just can't believe what he's doing.*

ELSEWHERE-- With Bethany, as she BURSTS from the treeline, then SKIDS to a halt, scared--

BETHANY

Are you kidding me?!

Martha and Spencer emerge from the trees, Fridge still on his back; they STOP SHORT--

FRIDGE

THIS SUCKS.

POP WIDE-- to see they all stand atop a ridge, just above -- A HUNDRED-FOOT HIGH WATERFALL.

Behind them, the SOUND of the motorcycles approaching.

MARTHA

We have to jump!

BETHANY

Are you out of your mind?!

SPENCER
I would literally rather do *anything*
else...

The motorbikes *BURST* from the trees--

MARTHA
Jump!

SHE JUMPS off the ridge, her legs bicycle-- Bethany FOLLOWS,
much less graceful.

And we PUSH IN on Spencer, as he looks to the water below--

SPENCER
We don't even know how deep that is...

--as Martha, who has somehow converted this into a perfect
DIVE, breaks the surface, followed by Bethany who lands ugly,
ass first.

TRACER BULLETS WHIZ BY-- but Spencer can't jump. Finally,
Fridge FLICKS HIS EAR, SCREAMS--

FRIDGE
JUMP, YOU WUSS!

-- *Spencer STARTLES AND goes FLYING over the edge*, Fridge
still on his back.

SPENCER
AAAAAWWWWHHH!

The Mercs skid to a stop at the edge of the cliff, as --

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE WATERFALL - DAY

WHOMPPP! Spencer and Fridge hit the water-- Spencer in a
perfect military-style landing and Fridge as a lifeless
corpse. They disappear underneath. Spencer BURSTS up, gasping
for breath...

SPENCER
Gahhh!!! I think I'm having a coronary.
I'm serious. Palpitations... Took in a
lot of water...

Spencer drags Fridge's body from the water and flops down on
the sandy shore, coughing and choking and sputtering--

SPENCER (CONT'D)
I hope I don't get giardia. I had that
once and it sucked...

But he trails off as he sees Martha and Bethany standing over Fridge, who lays there, unmoving-- fear in their eyes.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Just give it a minute.

Just then-- that odd electronic PING! from above-- and WHAM-- Fridge's avatar FALLS FROM THE SKY AND SLAMS ONTO THE SAND at high velocity.

FRIDGE

Ooowww!

Spencer, Bethany and Martha look back to dead Fridge's body-- *which is now gone.*

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Aaah man, that hurts!!

He checks his METALLIC CUFF-- which now displays only two glowing stripes.

SPENCER

See? It makes sense.

That sits there a moment.

FRIDGE

Does it?! Does it make sense, Spencer?! That I get killed by a laser gun by some Mad Max asshole on a motorcycle and then I fall out of the sky and I'm *alive*?! Do you know how much that hurt?! I'm a Defensive Tackle and that hurt!

(pulling himself up)

And just for the record, if you ever try to pick me up again, I will murder your ass. I don't care how big your fake body is.

Spencer stews, to himself--

SPENCER

Dick...

FRIDGE

We gotta get the hell out of here. Now.

Bethany pulls out the cryptic map and studies it. Then points:

BETHANY

There's a village on the other side of this mountain.

(points)

(MORE)

BETHANY (CONT'D)
 Maybe somebody there knows where we can
 find The One-Eyed Man.

EXT. RAIN FOREST - SWITCHBACKS - DAY

Hazy sun cuts through the trees as Bethany leads our gang
 across a series of narrow switchbacks that lead up a sharp
 rise overlooking A STEEP, ROCKY CLIFF.

SPENCER
 Careful of the ground. It's a little
 uneven and it would be a real bummer to
 turn an ankle. I did that once, hiking at
 camp and--

He drifts off at the sight of Martha's body up ahead-- Fridge
 is also mesmerized.

Martha notices them checking her out and gets self-conscious,
 to Bethany, who's panting hard (no endurance!)--

MARTHA
 Can I borrow your jacket?

She takes it off, hands it to Martha, who wraps it around her
 waist for modesty.

BETHANY
 What are you doing?

MARTHA
 Just...

FRIDGE
 You're ruining the only good part of this
 game.

Spencer looks away, embarrassed to have been caught.

BETHANY
 What's wrong with you? That bod is
 insane.

MARTHA
 You don't get it.

BETHANY
 That's what Noah always tells me.

MARTHA
 Your *boyfriend*?

BETHANY
 Once and future, yes.

MARTHA

So... the guy you're trying to get *back together with* is always telling you that you don't get it?

BETHANY

Just, like... when he's in a bad mood, he'll be like "just shut up and look pretty".

MARTHA

Ewww.

BETHANY

Whatever, he's totally kidding. He has a really dark sense of humor...?

Martha is clearly troubled by this.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

But seriously, you've got the package. Give it a spin. Rock it while you've got it.

FRIDGE

Are you hitting on her... as a *dude*?

BETHANY

I'm not hitting on her, I'm giving her some good advice, woman to woman.

MARTHA

What if she *were* hitting on me? So what? Maybe her sexuality is on a continuum. Also-- my body is not just *some object* for you to look at!

FRIDGE

Who says I just want to "look" at it? And for the record, it's not *your* body. It's a loaner.

MARTHA

At least in my body I don't have to deal with little skeeves *perving* out on me all the time!

She hustles up ahead. Spencer laughs-- *she kind of cracks him up*.

FRIDGE

What are you laughing at?

SPENCER

What, I can't *laugh* now?

FRIDGE

Shut up. It's your fault I'm in this stupid situation. You're the one who made us play the stupid game! You're the reason I got detention in the first place!

SPENCER

(not quite buying that)

Well...

Fridge stops and tries to get in Spencer's face in a way that would be very intimidating in his own body, but really isn't now, since Spencer towers over him--

FRIDGE

You got something to say?

SPENCER

You're the one who has me writing your papers! That wasn't *my* idea!

FRIDGE

You write my papers, I don't kick your ass. That's the deal. I even try to stop *other people* from kicking your ass! Which is not easy, because you're one of the most ass-kick-able dweebs in history.

SPENCER

Am I? Am I *really*, "Fridge"?

Stand-off. *Neither guy quite knows quite what to make of this sudden role-reversal.* The girls come RUNNING back to see--

FRIDGE

You think just cause you're 6 foot five, 270 pounds of muscle I'm afraid of you?

SPENCER

Maybe...?

FRIDGE

You're still the same Gilroy.

SPENCER

Gilpin. My name is Spencer. Gilpin. And who are you? "The Refrigerator".

(getting carried away)

More like... Mini-Fridge.

He's not good at this.

FRIDGE

What'd you call me?

SPENCER

Mini-Fridge.

FRIDGE

Call. Me. Mini-Fridge. One. More. Time.

Beat.

SPENCER

Mini-Fridge.

Fridge tries to figure out how to hurt him-- but it's not obvious.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

(turns away, to himself)

Dumbass...

But Fridge HEARS--

FRIDGE

What'd you call me?!

And in a flash, Fridge CHARGES and *PUSHES SPENCER OFF the side of the cliff!*

MARTHA/BETHANY

Noooo!

Spencer PLUMMETS toward the rocks, hundreds of feet below.

FRIDGE

Oh, chill. He'll be back.

Indeed. After a beat -- PING!-- Spencer FALLS FROM ABOVE-- THUMP! -- but unlike the others, he lands in a cool action hero crouch. Realizes what's just happened... He looks at his CUFF, now down to two stripes. Then, he RISES, a new look in his eyes... *A much tougher look.*

Fridge sees this and it gives him pause, immediately less confident--

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Don't call me a dumbass...

SPENCER

Don't push me.

FRIDGE

Or what?

SPENCER

Or... I'll push you back.

Taking the challenge, Fridge **SHOVES** him again, as hard as he possibly can. Which has no effect at all. After a beat, Spencer **PUSHES** back-- and Fridge goes **FLYING** back, maybe 15 feet. **LANDS** on his ass-- a little stunned. So are the girls. So is Spencer--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Wow.

Fridge springs to his feet--

FRIDGE

Get ready for the head-butt!

He tucks his head into "butting position" and **CHARGES** at Spencer-- who easily *stops his head with his palm-- then PUSHES* Fridge again, and again he goes **FLYING**, landing hard.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Owww!!

BETHANY

Whoa!

SPENCER

That's your big head-butt power?

Growing frustrated, Fridge **SPRINGS** up again-- he **RUNS** at Spencer, *winding up a huge roundhouse punch--* this time, Spencer easily sidesteps at the last second, and Fridge goes *flying toward the edge of the cliff*. Then, at the last possible moment, Spencer **GRABS** his shirt, saving him. He pulls him back and *drops him on the ground--*

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Okay, are we done?

Fridge just glares at him--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

We can't waste lives. Nigel said --
 "Working together, you must use your
 complimentary skills". I'm pretty sure
 that means we all have to survive, in
 order to get out. Like it or not...

(then, with sudden

"smouldering intensity")

We have to do this together.

FRIDGE

Whatever, man. You're still the same
 dude.

SPENCER

Maybe. But until we get out of here...
I'm *this guy* too.

There's a new sheriff in town. Off to the side, Bethany turns to Martha, mouths "Oh My God!" and tugs at her shirt-- "so hot". Martha smiles, taking him in...

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

A bivouac has been hacked into the dense jungle growth. Tents, a cooking area, weapons cache. Over this, we HEAR:

VOICE (O.S.)

Bravestone.

PAN DOWN to find Van Pelt.

He has morphed even more since we last glimpsed him in the cut-scene: taller, wider, and his body seems to quiver beneath his clothes.

One of those Mercenaries stands before him, speaks in a bit of Cockney--

MERC

Him and that whole lot. The little guy.
And the puffy professor. And that right
lovely bird with the fierce left hook.

VAN PELT

You are certain?

MERC

Saw 'em meself.

The Mercenary watches, trying to hide his revulsion as a fat BEETLE crawls out from the sleeve of Van Pelt's coat. Van Pelt grabs the beetle in one hand.

VAN PELT

Then this is no longer about sending the
creatures and the soldiers to do my
bidding, is it then?

MERC

How you mean, sir?

As his mad eyes bore into the terrified Mercenary.

VAN PELT

I mean, get me my biggest guns; get me
my sharpest knives; and get me the
fastest jungle bike in the fleet...

And, to their horror, Van Pelt pops the beetle into his mouth.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

I mean, I am going to find him - and kill him - myself.

EXT. GROVE - DAY

Now on flat land, Spencer leads the pack into an idyllic orchard of perfect *banana trees*. All four are tired from the hike, Bethany actually panting, exhausted. She approaches a tree--

BETHANY

Are these bananas?

Something clicks for Spencer-- he spots a nearby coconut tree, a perfect bunch of coconuts clustered at the top.

SPENCER

Yes. And coconuts, up there. We should probably eat a lot of them. We have to keep our health up.

He walks over and SHAKES the tree-- nothing falls. Then something occurs to him-- and he starts CLIMBING the coconut tree-- his powerful arms pulling him up, up...

On the ground, the girls are taken. Martha swoons. Bethany bites her lip and twirls her beard--

MARTHA

This guy...

BETHANY

Mm-hm.

Spencer reaches the coconuts, and starts picking them--

MARTHA

Here!

She puts her hand out and he TOSSES one down to her, which she CATCHES, one-handed-- no problem. Then another and another. On her face, see that she is still stunned -- and sort of delighted -- by this sudden physical prowess.

Finished, Spencer simply JUMPS down, landing in his trademark cool crouch-- he too is enjoying this part. *They share a smile -- don't even need to say it.*

SPENCER

Fridge, come here...? We have to put as many of these as possible into your bag.

FRIDGE

(annoyed)

Sure, no problem! Just pick as many as you can, then I'll carry 'em around.

SPENCER

You're the only one with a backpack.

BETHANY

(eating a banana)

Yeah, that's kind of one of your powers...?

FRIDGE

Yeah, that sounds about right.

(points to Spencer)

Him-- "running, jumping, climbing trees"... Me-- "has a backpack".

Then Spencer spots some words, etched into a tree--

SPENCER

"The Slither Queen".

Then-- HEAR the DRUMMING-- *they FREEZE, full of dread.*

BETHANY

Oh no...

FRIDGE

Maybe a snake?

MARTHA

(worried)

Snake...?

SPENCER/FRIDGE/BETHANY

SNAAAAAKE!!!!

-- as they SEE A BLACK MAMBA, SLITHERING up Martha's leg INSANELY FAST-- on it's way to her NECK. In an instant, she REALIZES what's happening and manages to GRAB IT just beneath its head, holding it at arms length-- and it gives a CRAZY, TERRIFYING SQUEAL HISS! *Martha SCREAMS, terrified!*

SPENCER

Snake! Snake! Snake! Snake! Snake! Snake!
Snake!

As the VERY LONG BLACK AND WHITE SNAKE TWISTS and WRITHES in her hand, MOUTH OPEN, tiny soulless eyes straining to bite her-- TERRIFYING -- they all FREAK--

SPENCER/FRIDGE/BETHANY

Get rid of it!/ Kill it! /EAAAAAA!

Unsure what to do, Martha simply HURLS it-- and it FLIES about 50 feet. Momentary silence and then they all SCREAM--

MARTHA

Venom is my weakness!

THEN in the distance, where the snake landed-- PING! -- and the 3D letters-- "**Multiply**".

FRIDGE

Oh no...

SUDDENLY-- TEN MORE MAMBAS APPEAR in the grass at their feet-- *surrounding them!*

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

They're Black Mambas! A quarter milligram of their venom is enough to kill an adult. You'll feel a tingling sensation in your mouth and extremities, followed by tunnel vision, fever, foaming at the mouth, ataxia, which means loss of muscle control... WHY DO I KNOW THIS?!

(then)

OH MY GOD!

ONE OF THE SNAKES IS SLITHERING UP HIS BACK-- he GRABS ITS HEAD, clamping its mouth shut-- *just in time* -- IT HISSES AND SQUEALS -- he TOSSES it away.

As one of the snakes RUSHES at Spencer and he MANAGES to STOMP its HEAD-- which *only pisses it off--*

SPENCER

EEEEEEAAH!

He KICKS it into the distance-- just as ANOTHER comes up BEHIND HIM. Spencer tries again to pull his knife; it still won't come out--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

What is this for?!

Bethany RUNS AROUND in circles, trying to evade them but *losing steam--* endurance fail-- she spots the banana in her hand, takes a huge bite and immediately FINDS A NEW GEAR... Seeing that this worked, *she finishes the banana.*

Martha manages to GRAB another SNAKE just as it's about to bite her-- TOSSES it twenty feet behind her--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

MARTHA!!

She has failed to see AN ENORMOUS MAMBA RACING UP BEHIND HER-- this is the QUEEN. Terrifying.

Martha TURNS to fight but *it's too late*-- the snake RISES UP and SPRINGS AT MARTHA, BITES her hard, right in the jugular. She falls to the ground.

It releases, then RACES at SPENCER--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Okaaay... I can do this....

-- and against all his instincts, he *stands his ground!* Assumes a WARRIOR POSE.

FRIDGE

WHAT are you doing?!

SPENCER

I don't know!

The snake DIVES for Spencer's leg and he manages to GRAB it! But as the wildly SNAPPING MAMBA strains against his grip, it's clear that *he has no idea what to do next.*

And then it occurs to Fridge-- *he DOES know what to do!*

As Spencer holds the WRESTLING RABID SNAKE with both hands, Fridge comes up behind the snake--

FRIDGE

We gotta de-fang it!

-- he REACHES in and PULLS it's mouth back--

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Pull its mouth back from the blind spot to disorient-- *very careful* of the venom gland and the exposed secondary venom duct-- and then-- you *snap* its teeth out of its head! HOW *THE HELL* DO I KNOW THIS?

--and he deftly SNAPS out it's two UGLY, DRIPPING SEMI-TRANSLUSCENT FANGS!

The Snake GOES LIMP-- suddenly DOCILE. Spencer THROWS it as far away as possible-- about a football field.

SUDDENLY all of the other snakes STOP in their tracks-- then turn and RETREAT.

Spencer and Fridge are *still stunned*--

SPENCER

Thanks.

Fridge can't believe what just happened-- but he's ecstatic!

FRIDGE

That's one win for zoology, right there!

Spencer runs over to Martha, lying on the ground, fading in and out of consciousness, one of the two remaining stripes on her metal cuff, *flickering in and out*--

SPENCER

Martha...

JUST THEN-- the DEAFENING SQUEAL HISS of a hundred of those Black Mambas, in the distance, perhaps organizing their next offensive. Our heroes FREEZE.

FRIDGE

Let's go! Now! Now! Now!

BETHANY

Let's get out of here!

Spencer SCOOPS a dying Martha into his arms-- and they FLEE.

AS THEY RUN-- Fading, Martha looks into Spencer's eyes, swoons-- then DIES. After a beat, she just *disappears*. Then -- THWACK!-- lands next to him, IN MOTION, RUNNING FLAT OUT-- down to two stripes-- ON THE MOVE--

SPENCER

Welcome back!

MARTHA

Thanks.

They emerges from the woods to find themselves, surprisingly--

-- right on the outskirts of what looks like A ROMANTICIZED, BERBER CITY IN THE VEIN OF CASABLANCA.

BETHANY

This must be the village.

EXT. BAZAAR - DAY

A bustling market. VENDORS hawk their wares out of stalls separated by ribbons of silk curtains.

Our team makes their way through--

FRIDGE

What are we looking for again?

SPENCER

The Man with One Eye.

FRIDGE

I know that, but do we think we're just gonna run into him? Should we be counting everybody's eyes?

SPENCER

I'm sure it's not that simple.

An elderly WOMAN VENDOR, selling scarves, RUNS UP to Martha, *grabs her violently--*

SCARF VENDOR

Beware The Dragoons!

MARTHA

(spooked)

What's a... Dragoon?

SPENCER

I think it's like a soldier or something.

SCARF VENDOR

Beware The Dragoons!

MARTHA

Do you know where we can find the Man with One Eye?

SCARF VENDOR

Beware the Dragoons!

FRIDGE

Thinking that's all she says.

BETHANY

Yeah, she's "beware the Dragoons" lady.

SPENCER

Look...

-- he points to an arched and balustraded STRUCTURE. The large sign says "*RICK'S BAR*"-- *and they hear the DRUMMING.* Which can only mean one thing-- Rick's bar is the "level".

INT. RICK'S BAR - DAY

A JUKEBOX blasts. Brass lighting and large potted plants cast luminous shadows on white walls.

Our team enters. The place is packed with an assortment of dangerous and shady NPCs -- BIKERS, COCKTAIL WAITRESSES, GAMBLERS-- a bit of a mash-up.

They approach the BARTENDER-- a big, bearded biker-type.

BARTENDER

I'm Rick. This is my bar. What'll it be?

SPENCER

We are looking for The Man With One Eye.

RICK

I'm Rick. This is my bar. What'll it be?

MARTHA

Should we just ask around?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Tu siempre has tenido unos cojones.

They turn to-- a DROP-DEAD STUNNING SPANISH WOMAN, in a cocktail dress-- staring daggers at Spencer.

SPENCER

Um... excuse me?

WOMAN

(in subtitled Spanish)

I should never have trusted you. I should have known not to believe a word that came out of that beautiful face.

She walks up close-- half-tough, half-seductive. Fridge, Martha and Bethany watch closely, fascinated...

RICK

Fiona, you know this guy?

Then in English--

WOMAN/FIONA

Yes... *I know him.*

SPENCER

Uuummmm... Good to... see you again...?

FIONA

Don't give me that. After what you did to me.

SPENCER

Right... um... sorry... about that? What did--

She SLAPS him across the face, then pulls him close enough to KISS him.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Oww!

FRIDGE

I know *exactly* what you should do here.

SPENCER

I think this might be why passion is my weakness. 'Cause I'm having some... pretty strong feelings here...

BETHANY

(whisper-coaching)

Maybe try a little smouldering intensity.

SPENCER

Right... good thought...

He gathers himself, then squints into her eyes--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Fiona, usted debe escuchar a mi.

(eyes go wide)

What the hell?!

FRIDGE

Wait, you speak Spanish?

SPENCER

No! I mean... I guess I do...?

MARTHA

You're an "International Explorer".

SPENCER

Is *that* what that means?

FRIDGE

That you speak Spanish? No, I don't think that's what "International Explorer" means.

BETHANY

Keep going...

SPENCER

(in Spanish, with subtitles)

Fiona, I'm sorry I hurt you. What we had was... so real. And what I did-- was unforgivable.

Fiona visibly softens.

FRIDGE

I can't watch this.

SPENCER

(now in English, still
"smouldering")

But now... *I need you.* I need you to help
me find the Man with One Eye.

And then, *upon hearing these words*, Fiona-- a la Nigel-- lays
out the rules in a rhyming verse--

FIONA

*"I shouldn't help you / After you made me
cry/ But you May Ask Six Questions / To
Find The Man With One Eye."*

BETHANY

(so obvious)

Okaaay... how 'bout-- where's the Man
with One Eye?

SUDDENLY-- a jarring *THUNK!* The CEILING LOWERS and the WALLS
CLOSE IN. Our four STARTLE--

FIONA

*"I shouldn't help you / After you made me
cry/ Now You Have Five Questions / To
Find The Man With One Eye -- "*

MARTHA

Wait, you mean...

Spencer surveys the room. The stakes have just become clear--
if they ask the wrong questions they will be crushed--

SPENCER

Careful! Don't waste a question. Let's
just look around for clues.

(to Fiona)

I'll be right back.

FIONA

Don't you give me that. After what you
did to me.

She SLAPS him again.

SPENCER

(forgetting to smolder)

I said I was sorry!

Martha can't help herself--

MARTHA

You know, whatever happened between you
two-- and I'm sure it was "*amazing*"-- I'm
also sure it's not *all* his fault.

(MORE)

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Like, I'm sure you're *"really fun"* or whatever, but you use your sexuality in a really weird, intense way and it's very manipulative.

SPENCER

Martha, she's not a real...

MARTHA

You ever think about *that*?

SPENCER

Wait, that's a question!

THUNK!-- The walls and ceiling CONTRACT again--

MARTHA

Sorry!

(whispers)

I don't like her.

FIONA

(a little bitchy?)

"Now you have four questions/ To Find the Man with One Eye."

The scary-looking PATRONS all stare menacingly-- seemingly annoyed that our people keep making the room shrink. Our heroes wade cautiously into the crowd.

Spencer walks up to two particularly LARGE AND NASTY FELLOWS, engaged in a game of DICE.

SPENCER

Hi.... um... Excuse me.... gentlemen. Do you know how we find the Man With One Eye?

THUNK. AGAIN-- the ceiling LOWERS, the walls CLOSE IN.

WRONG THING TO SAY-- the Two Nasty Fellows JUMP to their feet to FIGHT Spencer-- all of them crouching slightly, because the ceiling is too low to stand straight.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Oh boy.

FIONA (O.S.)

"Now you have three questions..."

One of them THROWS A PUNCH-- which Spencer DODGES-- GRABS the guy's arm and sends him FLYING into his friend.

SPENCER

Rad.

And now it's a bar fight-- three more NPCs come at Spencer-- Martha RUNS over to join-- *two on five*.

AN ENORMOUS BIKER GUY stands to confront Fridge--

BIKER GUY
Get ready to die, little guy.

FRIDGE
That's what I always say.

He RUNS at FRIDGE who DODGES, just in time. The guy TRIES again, THROWS A MASSIVE PUNCH-- Fridge DUCKS LOW-- short guy advantage-- and the guy TUMBLES.

Martha and Spencer are now *holding off a dozen NPCs*. Martha is especially efficient in this increasingly cramped space, sweeping legs, working low to the ground.

Spencer DISPATCHES another GUY with a leveling DOUBLE-PUNCH-- which, while unsurprising in a video game, is *totally startling in real life--*

SPENCER
Holy... I'm kicking ass!

ACROSS THE BAR-- Bethany is terrified as another BIKER approaches--

BETHANY
So I'm supposed to beat this guy with my *knowledge of fossils?!*

THUNK. The ceiling and walls continue to close, knocking down the "RICK'S BAR" sign and splintering the jukebox.

FRIDGE
Hot chick!

FIONA
*"Now you have two questions/
To find the man with one
eye."*

BETHANY
Sorry! I'm sorry!

Unsure what to do, she PUNCHES the guy-- and *much to her surprise*, he GOES DOWN.

Fridge is still going head-to-head with the same Enormous Guy, who keeps lunging at him. Fridge DODGES again and LANDS in the lap of A COCKTAIL WAITRESS, who *whispers in his ear--*

COCKTAIL WAITRESS
Use your head.

Fridge pops up--

FRIDGE

Head-butt... I'm supposed to head-butt
that guy?!

SPENCER

No, Fridge--

THUNK. The room continues to COMPACT. Everyone is *doubled over* now.

MARTHA

NOBODY ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS!!!

The Enormous Guy prepares to COME AT Fridge again-- Fridge cringes-- "this is gonna hurt"-- and lowers his head into "butting position"-- THEN TAKES A RUNNING CHARGE, leading with his HEAD, like a bull! At the last minute, *the Guy puts his own head down--* resulting in a horrible skull-to-skull COLLISION. Fridge goes down--

FRIDGE

OOOOWWWWWW!!!

--THE WORLD SLOWS DOWN. He spots the COCKTAIL WAITRESS on the other side of the bar, who once again mouths--

COCKTAIL WAITRESS

Uuuse yooouuour heeeaaad.

On the ground, holding his head--

FRIDGE

Use my head...

Then, he notices something--

-- the fallen "RICK'S BAR" sign-- the "i" in "RICK" now protrudes brokenly from the sign.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Man with one... "i"... The letter "I"!
(to the others)
I got it! I got it!

SPENCER

You have to be sure. We're out of questions... If you're wrong, we'll die!

FRIDGE

I'm sure! I'm an expert!

MARTHA

In zoology!

FRIDGE

And some other stuff too! Whatever, I'm the smart one here... *I used my head.* I'm asking!

Fridge RUSHES to Rick, crouching behind the wrecked bar--

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Rick, are you The Man With One "I"?!

Bethany SCREAMS. They all shut their eyes, expecting to be crushed. But *nothing happens*. Then they hear:

Victorious TRUMPETS! Signaling a victory. The walls and ceiling return to their normal width and height. The sign returns to its place on the wall. The jukebox restarts.

SPENCER

(to Fridge)

That must be a "Cranial Assault"!

Fridge smiles, as he takes this in-- he used his head.

Fiona gets in Spencer's face again--

FIONA

Adios, *Doctor Bravestone*.

--and then sashays out of the room.

EXT. BAZAAR - DAY

We see as, beyond the bazaar, Van Pelt's DRAGOONS race up in trucks and motorcycles. Vendors notice. Anxiously shutter their stalls. Others scurry off.

A large central Jeep pulls to a stop, out of which steps-- Van Pelt himself, his vermin body pulsing disturbingly under his long coat. He surveys the bazaar, then to his minions--

VAN PELT

Find them.

INT. RICK'S BAR - LATER - DAY

Bethany watches through a window, *horrified*--

BETHANY

Holy-- You guys! You guys!

Spencer runs over to see--

-- as outside, Van Pelt and his men aggressively search the bazaar, roughly interrogating vendors.

RICK
That's my mother's famous pound cake.

They all freeze--

FRIDGE
It looked like bread...

MARTHA
But... that's your weakness!

FRIDGE
(still in a hurry)
It was one bite. I'll be fine. How can
one bite of cake possibly--

SUDDENLY-- *FRIDGE BLOWS UP IN A HUGE FIERY EXPLOSION.*

The others DROP to the floor-- *knocked on their asses from the blast.*

EXT. RICK'S BAR - SAME

Van Pelt and the Dragoons STOP *in their tracks*-- the bar now on fire. Then-- PING!-- AS A TINY FRIDGE DROPS out of the sky, into the blaze. They RUN AT THE BAR--

INT. RICK'S BAR - SAME

Behind the bar, Rick is directing our heroes down *through a secret trap door*-- an escape hatch. As they make a break for it--

RICK
Good luck. You're gonna need it. Beware
the Albino Rhinos!

FRIDGE
Couldn't have given me a heads up on the
pound cake?

As Rick CLOSES the hatch behind them, HEAR him address the arriving Dragoons--

RICK (O.C.)
Good afternoon, Gentlemen. What'll it be?

EXT. CANYON - DAY

A small wooden shed. About the size of an outhouse. The door OPENS and out step our four heroes. A bit disoriented by the sudden *radical* shift in geography, as they are now--

--at the edge of a vast and steep-sided CANYON, dozens of miles wide. Just MASSIVE.

The valley bottom, hundreds of feet below, is lush and green-- and very intimidating. Beyond it, a mountain range.

MARTHA
Wow.

SPENCER
That is some trap door.

FRIDGE
So *this* is the canyon we need to cross?

BETHANY
Yep.

SPENCER
We have to figure out how to get down.

FRIDGE
(resigned)
I gotta take a leak.

BETHANY
(somber)
I've been dreading this moment all day...
but so do I.

EXT. FLATIRON ROCKS - CANYON - DAY

We're with Fridge, half-hidden behind the flatiron rock formations. Bethany is nearby, behind another rock. She steels herself--

BETHANY
Okay. How do we do this?

FRIDGE
Easy. Unzip. Take it out. Fire away.

Off-camera, Bethany unzips and STARTLES a little at what she sees. As if talking to a dangerous person--

BETHANY
Hello... I'm Bethany... nice to meet you.

FRIDGE
That's the first you've seen it?

BETHANY
Yes! I didn't want to look!

FRIDGE
I checked mine literally within the first two minutes of getting here. And I'm happy to report to that *I was* able to bring one thing from the outside world.

BETHANY
Now what do I do?

FRIDGE
Just aim and fire.

She does, amazed--

BETHANY
Wow... WOW!

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Spencer and Martha scan the area near the canyon rim, trying to find a way down--

SPENCER
There must be a trail head somewhere...

He heads into a wooded patch, when something catches his eye--
--a tangle of branches are arranged to block an opening in one of the rocks. *A man-made lair?* And then... *CLICK.*

Spencer SPINS to find himself staring into a GUN BARREL.

Behind the gun is a MAN, 30s. Puka-shell necklace, Hawaiian shirt, ripped cargo shorts and flip-flops. Semi-automatic rifle-- like a Jimmy Buffet fever dream.

MAN
Don't move.

SPENCER
Okay...

MAN
Hands up. Nice and slow.

BETHANY (O.S.)
(approaching)
That is so much more convenient, it's
crazy. Actually it's super-unfair...

The Man whirls at the sound of her voice... Seeing the gun, Bethany SCREAMS.

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Martha HEARS the scream, TAKES OFF, RUNNING to it.

EXT. FLATIRON ROCKS - CANYON - DAY

The Man holds the gun on them, re: Fridge and Bethany--

MAN

You don't look like Van Pelt's usual brand of psychotic fascist scumbags.

SPENCER

We're not with Van Pelt...

Martha appears, stops short--

MAN

Whoa. How many of you are there?

(to Martha)

OVER HERE. SLOWLY. KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN --

He trains the gun on Martha. Spencer sees an opportunity, grits his teeth-- *and, in a sudden blur of motion, easily disarms him, points the gun back at him.*

MAN (CONT'D)

Whoa. Take it easy, dude... This doesn't have to be, like... a whole *thing*...

Spencer hears the way he's talking and realizes *something is different about this guy--*

SPENCER

Wait a minute... are you the pilot? "Seaplane"--something?

MAN

Maybe, maybe not.

BETHANY

You *know* this guy?

SPENCER

No.

MARTHA

You mean...?

FRIDGE

You're the character that was already taken. You're playing the game too!

The man considers that a moment. Then his mouth breaks into a big, puppy dog smile.

MAN

Yes! Oh my god... soooo stoked!

Spencer lowers the gun-- they all smile, still a little cautious--

MAN (CONT'D)

Actual people?! Are you *kidding* me?
(reeling)

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

When did you guys get here?! Oh, man, I have so many questions... I'm Alex!

SPENCER

Spencer. This is Martha, Fridge, and Bethany.

ALEX

"Bethany"? You're... *a girl?*

BETHANY

(rolls her eyes)
Enchanted.

FRIDGE

In real life, you'd probably want to hit that.

Bethany smacks his arm, half-playful.

ALEX

"Fridge", was it?

FRIDGE

Short for Refrigerator.

MARTHA

So to speak.

ALEX

Right...

FRIDGE

Been a weird day, man.

ALEX

What am I doin'? Come in, come in!

INT. ALEX'S CAVE - AFTERNOON

Whirrr: A BLENDER stirs a frothy concoction.

SPENCER

What is that?

POP WIDE: our heroes have joined Alex inside his cave, which he has transformed into a beachcomber's hideaway. Music plays on a BOOM BOX--

ALEX

Margaritas. It's one of my strengths. That and piloting. Although I got shot down by a couple of Orangutans in fighter jets, so maybe not *that great* at it...?

SPENCER

Margaritas are one of your strengths?

ALEX

Well, blended cocktails. Yeah.

Alex pours the drinks into five glasses.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Cheers!

They all sip-- Spencer's eyes go wide.

SPENCER

Mmmm. This is really good!

MARTHA

How long have you been in the game, Alex?

ALEX

I'm not sure. Time is funny here. Few months at least.

BETHANY

A few months?

ALEX

Yep. I just can't seem to make it past the transportation shed level.

MARTHA

The transportation shed?

ALEX

It's the next one. First time, my hot air balloon wouldn't even take off. Then the whole plane thing that I mentioned... And once I was down to my last life, I found this cave and decided to just park it. Lay low. Been here ever since.

He pulls up his sleeve to reveal the single stripe on his bicep cuff.

ALEX (CONT'D)

But man, it is sooo good to meet you guys! You have *no idea* how long it's been since I've talked to a person who has more than like four things they can say! So which characters are you? I don't even remember who the other ones were...

MARTHA

Ruby Roundhouse.

BETHANY

Shelly Oberon.
 (bitter)
 The curvy genius.

FRIDGE

And I'm Mouse-something. Zoologist and
 backpack guy.

SPENCER

I'm Dr. Xander Bravestone.

ALEX

Wait... *you're* Bravestone?

SPENCER

Yep. And I have to say, this margarita is
awesome. Can I get seconds?

FRIDGE

Have you ever even had alcohol before?

SPENCER

(lying)
 Yes.

ALEX

Dude! I've heard *so - much -* about you.

SPENCER

You have?

ALEX

Everybody talks about you, man. I just
 figured you were part of the game! This
 chick I was hanging out with for a while,
 Fiona...

SPENCER

Yeah. I think she's my ex...?

ALEX

You really messed her up, man. It's
 literally *all* she talks about.

MARTHA

Yeah, we noticed.

ALEX

We dated for a while, but it ran out of
 gas pretty quick. She has this sick pad
 though...

BETHANY
 (impressed)
 You tapped that?

ALEX
 (confused)
 "Tapped?" What do you mean?

BETHANY
 Like, you know...

She does a little eye brow thing-- "sex". He stares back, blankly. Spencer makes a mental note, something turning in his mind.

FRIDGE
 So you've just been sitting in this cave *for months?! What have you been doing?*

ALEX
 What else could I do? I went back to the transportation shed, *for the third time*, and I had a full-on panic attack. I'm down to one life. I get killed again... that's it, I *actually die*. Like... dead.

MARTHA
 What does that mean exactly?

ALEX
 It means... a vulture drops you in the Volcano. And you *never get out of the game*. You're dead.

This sits there for a minute. Upsetting.

SPENCER
 Can you show us where the shed is?

ALEX
 Oh man... I don't know... It's pretty messed up, out there. At least here I'm safe.

BETHANY
 Maybe the reason you couldn't do it before was because... you needed us.

ALEX
 Maybe...

SPENCER
 (feeling the booze,
 thoughtful)
 (MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

And maybe *you're* the guy that we needed to find.

(meaningful, powerful)

We'll protect each other. We'll help each other... Join us, Alex. Together we can beat the game.

Alex considers this, clearly very worried. Then, sweetly--

BETHANY

Please?

He smiles at her. She smiles back-- she likes this guy.

ALEX

I'll get you to the shed. But that's as far as I'm going.

After a beat--

SPENCER

Can I get one more of those?

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Our team, now including Alex, crouches behind a rock, hiding--

ALEX

(having a flashback)

There it is. The transportation shed.

-- AN ENORMOUS HANGAR-LIKE STRUCTURE. With the words "TRANSPORTATION SHED" in fading paint-- *the name of the level.*

TWO OF VAN PELT'S DRAGOONS stand before it, rifles slung over their shoulders.

ALEX (CONT'D)

There's all sorts of vehicles inside. It's where I got the plane. And the balloon. And those guys... are Dragoons.

MARTHA

So *those* are Dragoons...

ALEX

Yeah. And they're total dicks.

Spencer laughs.

FRIDGE

What are you laughing at?

SPENCER

What? Nothing...

MARTHA

Are you *drunk*?

SPENCER

No... Just a little tired. And warm. And dizzy.

MARTHA

He's drunk.

Spencer turns to her, emboldened by his buzz--

SPENCER

Hi there.

She *blushes* a little, rolls her eyes--

MARTHA

Hi.

SPENCER

You're so cool!

She giggles-- despite herself.

FRIDGE

(no time for this)

Smooth. Okay, what do we do here?

ALEX

You need a vehicle to get across the canyon.

MARTHA

But how do we get past the guards?

ALEX

I don't know. They weren't here last time. Maybe there are more obstacles because there are more players...?

SPENCER

Can I just say -- *you guys are the best.*

FRIDGE

(shakes his head)

Ok, there might be another door somewhere, but we need to distract those guys.

He looks around, searching for an idea--

BETHANY

I've got it.

They all turn to her.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

It's not that hard to distract guys.

That's, like, the main thing I do.

(re: Spencer)

He plays video games, I distract guys.

FRIDGE

Yeah, but how do I put this-- right now,
you don't exactly have *the tool kit*...

Then he understands-- they all do-- and suddenly, all eyes
are on Martha.

MARTHA

What?

BETHANY

We need you to hot the place up. Go in
there, show a little skin, draw them away
from the shed. Then we sneak in, get some
kind of armored... *jungle tank* or
something and we blow them away, head for
the mountain range.

MARTHA

(terrified)

No! That is the... dumbest...

ALEX

It's a pretty good idea, actually. Some
of the Dragoons are kind of...

BETHANY

Horny?

ALEX

Yeah.

MARTHA

I'm not a girl who *uses* her body...

BETHANY

Yes, we know. That's not your thing and
that's why you hate me.

MARTHA

I don't hate you.

BETHANY

You don't?

MARTHA

No. I just think you live in the hot popular girl bubble, where everybody either treats you like a princess or like an object. And maybe it makes you a little... self-absorbed or something...?

Bethany considers this, hard to read, then--

BETHANY

That's fair. But right now, we need a hot person and I'm having what might be the *worst* bad hair day in history. So you're gonna have to step up.

Martha steps away, nerves eating her. Spencer follows, still sweetly uninhibited--

SPENCER

What's the matter?

MARTHA

I don't think I can do this. I'm not *this* girl.

SPENCER

What are you talking about? You're awesome!

MARTHA

(referencing her body)

You mean *she* is...

SPENCER

No, I mean *you* are. You're smart and funny and tough. You can do... anything! You just have to believe that you can.

They lock eyes-- she smiles at him, emboldened, grateful... smitten. He smiles back. Then, to Bethany--

MARTHA

Alright. Show me how it's done.

EXT. TRANSPORATION SHED - SAME

THE DRAGOONS stand guard, filthy, dangerous. One chews on the end of a cigar. An old '90s BOOMBOX, like Alex's, PLAYS.

EXT. CANYON - SAME

Back with the girls, now tucked behind a tree, out of sight. Bethany steps back, sizing up Martha--

BETHANY

Okay, the key is to make them check you out without letting them know *that you know* that they're checking you out. You're just like, *whatever...* "I'm doing me". Then when they try to talk to you, you play it one of three ways-- dumb, fascinated or nasty. Which one you pick depends on what kind of guy you're dealing with...

MARTHA

This is like my dream and my nightmare, all at one time.

BETHANY

I won't take that personally.

-- **ELSEWHERE**

The guys are stealthily circumnavigating the shed--

FRIDGE

Hope she can pull this off.

SPENCER

She can do it.

FRIDGE

She's into you, man.

SPENCER

(full teenager)

What?! *Me?* Seriously? You think so...?
No! *Really?* I mean... *seriously?!*

Fridge shakes his head, then--

FRIDGE

There! Door!

They get low, staking out--

A side door-- still in view of the guards, but not as close.

--BACK AT THE GIRLS

Bethany's "lesson" continues, as she demonstrates the following--

BETHANY

--arch your back a little bit, shoulders even with your body-- *not rolled back*-- that's a common mistake.

(MORE)

BETHANY (CONT'D)
 Leave your lips *slightly* parted-- not
 gross, just relaxed -- and touch your
 tongue to the roof of your mouth--
 (trouble talking)
 --*li- dis.*

It all looks ridiculous on Bethany; Martha awkwardly tries to
 mimic her--

BETHANY (CONT'D)
 No offense, you're not great at this.
 Maybe it's harder than I thought. I don't
 give myself enough credit.

MARTHA
 Maybe I should just try this my way.

BETHANY
 (worried)
 Ok... be careful.

Martha steels herself and then heads off toward the shed.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
 Just don't lecture them about what
 they're doing wrong!

--BACK AT THE BOYS

Bethany joins them, waiting--

ALEX
 This may work. She's pretty fine. And
 these guys don't meet a lot of new
 people.

FRIDGE
 "Fine?"

ALEX
 I mean, not like Cindy Crawford-fine. But
 for Jumanji? Total 10.

The others exchange a look-- even in Spencer's inebriated
 state, he can tell something is off here.

BETHANY
 Cindy Crawford...?

FRIDGE
That's your go-to...?

ALEX
 You don't think *Cindy Crawford's* hot?

SPENCER

Alex... what year do you think it is?

ALEX

What do you mean?

FRIDGE

(dawning on him)

No - shit.

ALEX

It's 1995.

Fridge's eyes nearly pop out of his head.

SPENCER

(solemn)

You're Alex Vreeke, aren't you?

ALEX

(confused)

Yeah... That's right.

BETHANY

You mean... *Freak House*?

Spencer nods, sadly.

ALEX

What are you guys talking about? How do you know me?

SPENCER

Alex... I don't know exactly how to tell you this--

FRIDGE

YOU'VE BEEN IN HERE FOR LIKE 20 YEARS, DUDE!

SPENCER

--that's probably not how I would have done it.

ALEX

What?! What are...? You're messing with me...

BETHANY

(sadly)

We're not. Alex Vreeke. Everyone in Brantford knows about you. You're the kid who disappeared. Twenty years ago.

Alex reels, stunned by what he's just heard, mind racing.

FRIDGE
Cindy Crawford's like fifty, bro.

SPENCER
(spots Martha)
There she is.

He points to Martha, hiding near the tree line. Spencer gives her the "go" sign--

AT MARTHA-- As she EMERGES from the woods, *somehow wet, skin glistening* -- immediately gets the Dragoons' attention--

MARTHA
Hey! You guys? Can you help me?

She flips her hair, like a music video-- the guards walk straight over, *away from their posts*.

BACK WITH--

SPENCER
(notices)
Is she wet? Is it raining over there...?

BETHANY
That's genius.

AT MARTHA-- As they approach, Martha tries to hide her fear--

DRAGOON 1
(creepy)
What are you doing out here, all alone?

She's going for "sexy damsel in distress", but it's a little awkward--

MARTHA
I'm so glad I found someone. My *motorcycle*... broke down... ran out of gas. Down by the river. So I went skinny dipping. Because I... love to party and I'm a lot of fun. Which is why I went skinny dipping, as I mentioned. With...
(riffing now)
...my twin sister! She's still down there. Naked. Can you guys help me?

DRAGOON 2
Hello, little lady.

DRAGOON 1
What are you doing out here, all alone?

MARTHA
 (deep breath)
 Oookaay...
 (one more time)
 My motorcycle...

BACK WITH THE OTHERS-- With the guards occupied, this is their opportunity--

SPENCER
 Let's go.

And they RACE to the shed.

INT. TRANSPO SHED - DAY

Where they find, as promised, a VAST ARRAY OF VEHICLES: jeeps, motorcycles, boats, a helicopter, a dilapidated school bus.

Alex's anxiety is rising--

ALEX
 This brings back some really bad memories.

Bethany is struggling to start a motorcycle-- it TIPS OVER onto another-- CLANG!. She JUMPS out of the way.

EXT. TRANSPO SHED - DAY

The Guards HEAR the noise from the shed-- turn to it-- then back to Martha, suddenly suspicious; she plays through--

MARTHA
 So, anyway... my twin sister... did I tell you about her?

JUST THEN -- the Dragoon's BOOMBOX starts BLARING a BALLAD from the 90s-- (placeholder-- Chris Isaak's "Wicked Game").

Martha is a little thrown, it's so loud--

DRAGOON 1
 Care to dance?

--and she *realizes what's going on*--

MARTHA
 I'd love to.

And though she has no idea how she's doing it-- she starts dancing closely -- and very provocatively -- with the Dragoons-- both of them-- switching between them...

UNTIL SUDDENLY, one of them DIPS her low, and she SWINGS her LEGS up to *KICK the other in the HEAD*-- then TRANSFORMS it into a BACKFLIP and lands on her feet.

INT. TRANSPO SHED - SAME

Through the window, Spencer sees what's happening. He TAKES OFF to help her--

EXT. TRANSPO SHED - CONTINUOUS

--but when he gets outside, he sees that she is doing just fine-- DANCE FIGHTING-- DANCING BEAUTIFULLY and KICKING ASS, in the process.

She does a little SPIN that turns into a *lightning-quick SPINNING-BACK-KICK* to one of their heads... A graceful arm-extension that turns into a *blistering PALM-HEEL STRIKE* to the other's face-- and she's *loving it*.

INT. TRANSPO SHED - CONTINUOUS

Fridge and Bethany watch from the window, amazed--

BETHANY	FRIDGE
GO MARTHA!	Kill that dude!

EXT. TRANSPO SHED - CONTINUOUS

As she finishes off her opponents, she SPOTS Spencer--

MARTHA
I guess this is Dance Fighting!

SUDDENLY-- in the distance -- a FLEET of MOTORCYCLE DRAGOONS appears, to back-up Martha's opponents.

She sees-- then RUNS for the TRANSPO SHED.

INT. TRANSPO SHED - DAY

Fridge turns away from the window--

FRIDGE
WE GOTTA GO, MAN!

Martha arrives, exchanges a meaningful look with Spencer--

SPENCER
You did it!

MARTHA
I did!

BETHANY

That was amazing!!

MARTHA

Thank you!

FRIDGE

We've got those motorcycle freaks coming!
We need to fly! Seaplane, you're the only
pilot! We need you!

They turn to Alex-- *who is now bent over, hyperventilating.*
Full panic attack--

ALEX

No. No way... You guys go without me.

BETHANY

You picked the plane and the hot air
balloon. Maybe you were supposed to pick
the helicopter?

ALEX

I can't do it. I'm freaking out. I don't
want to die...

FRIDGE

I'm not seeing a lot of other options
here, Vreeke!

SPENCER

Choppers!

They all turn to Spencer, standing next to the helicopter--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

That's one of my strengths! I can pilot
it!

Spencer jumps into the helicopter, *still clearly drunk.* He
GRABS one of the controls, and... *A piece breaks off.*

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Come on. Get in!

But they all stay put--

MARTHA

No.

BETHANY

No way.

FRIDGE

You're hammered, man.

They all exchange looks-- we're screwed. The ROAR of the
MOTOR-DRAGOONS approaching...

ALEX

Ahh, hell. Move over!

EXT. TRANSPOR SHED - DAY

The Dragoon Guards leap off their motorcycles, unsling their rifles and race for the shed, when *VA-WHOOM!* -- the door BURSTS outward and the helicopter ROCKETS OUT!

The 'copter banks, just a half dozen feet off the ground as it ZIPPPS past the Guards.

The Guards recover and FIRE their rifles, JUMP back on their motorcycles, giving chase as--

Alex pilots the craft toward the edge of the Canyon!

INT. CHOPPER - SAME

Martha, Bethany, Fridge and Spencer strap themselves in as--

-- the chopper BLASTS over the edge of the cliff.

EXT. MOUNTAIN GULLY - DAY

-- ZOOOOM! The front tilts downward as the craft PLUMMETS toward the canyon floor!

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Alex struggles with the controls-- *something's wrong.*

ALEX

It's not working! Something's broken!

Alex fights the controls-- at the very last instant, *just before they hit the ground*, the chopper WAGGLES AND RIGHTS ITSELF, racing through this narrow mountain gully--

SPENCER

Woo-hoo! That was awesome!

EXT. MOUNTAIN GULLY - DAY

The chopper rockets along. Alex slaloms between rock formations that rise from the canyon floor. As he realizes --

ALEX

It's the pitch control. Spencer broke it.

SPENCER

Huh?

ALEX

That piece you broke off?
 (points to the roof)
 It controls a plate up there which
 controls the tilt of the rotors. It's how
 we go up and down.

BETHANY

But, we're okay, right? We're still
 flying --

He WHIPS around a turn in the canyon, barely clearing--

ALEX

Oh my god!

The instrument panel DINGS. On a digital display, the word--
 "Stampede".

ALEX (CONT'D)

"Stampede"?!

FRIDGE

Oh no...

THE TRIBAL DRUMMING SOUNDS-- Which is when from the caves
 that line the side of the cavern, come THUNDERING--

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

The Albino Rhinos!

And they are ENORMOUS and VERY FAST. Bleached white, devoid
 of pigment. And mad about it. Scary.

The albino rhinos STOMP for the 'copter, racing headlong for
 it. Everyone SCREAMS!

MARTHA

Fridge, what do you know about them?!

FRIDGE

(losing it)

They're indigenous to Jumanji, they're
 huge, white, angry, stupid and they eat
 people! Also they're invincible. You
 can't kill them!

SPENCER

That doesn't make sense, there must be
 some way to defeat them!

FRIDGE

You defeat them by *getting the hell out
 of their way!* Fly, Vreeke, fly goddamit!

Alex BANKS the craft and it zips along one of the canyon walls (a video game maneuver, if ever there was one)!

SPENCER

The tilt of the rotors? That's what makes us go up?

Alex toggles the control, shows Spencer.

ALEX

Yeah. Up and down. But it's shot!

MARTHA

Can't this thing go any faster?

The rhinos are *hot on their heels*. Grunting and charging.

Alex maneuvers the chopper around a sharp turn in the canyon--

ALEX

Oh, God!

--because he sees *the sheer cliff face up ahead*. The others see it too. Bethany GASPS. But then, they hear--

SPENCER (V.O.)

Try it now!

And they all turn to see --

Spencer is hanging out the side of the chopper. Standing on the skid as he stretches up to the roof and adjusts the swash plate that controls the tilt of the rotors...

MARTHA

Spencer! No!

BETHANY

What is he doing?

SPENCER

Sort of regretting those last couple margaritas right now! Very dizzy!

Spencer is straining with all his might!

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Try it!

As the chopper is RACING for the sheer cliff wall, the rhinos *gaining ground*--

Alex PULLS on the control and the helicopter ZOOMS UPWARD... A crazy steep bank... Spencer nearly loses his balance, but Martha *grabs* him and yanks him inside, as...

VROOM! SPARKS FLY as the underside of the skids SCRAPE the rocks, as the chopper *just clears the lip of the cliff*--

--Alex gently SETS IT DOWN.

Our heroes just gape. Spencer in particular is too stunned to speak. They get out--

BETHANY
OhmiGod... OhmiGodOhmiGodOhmiGod!

MARTHA
Spencer, you did it!

SPENCER
I did it!

FRIDGE
No more margaritas for you.

WHEN SUDDENLY, *out of nowhere*-- A SABRE TOOTH TIGER BOLTS OUT from the tree line and CHOMPS Alex--

ALEX (O.S.)
AAAAAAHHH!

--*THEN TOSSES him 20 feet!!*

In a blur, Martha CHARGES at it, WRESTLING it to the ground-- THRASHING MADLY then-- both Martha and the Sabre Tooth *ROLL OVER the edge of the cliff!*

FRIDGE
Whoa!!!!

SPENCER
There weren't even any drums or anything... The game is getting harder.

FRIDGE
It's like it's *trying* to kill us.

SPENCER
It is. We must be getting close.

Then PING!-- and Martha LANDS, right next to them, in hero pose.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Nice work.

MARTHA
Thanks.

BETHANY (O.S.)
You guys...

See that she is crouched over Alex, WHO LAYS THERE-- DEAD.
She pulls up his sleeve to reveal his cuff-- *no more stripes.*

Our gang stand there a beat, hoping for the familiar PING...
but it doesn't happen.

FRIDGE

Game Over?

Their faces fall-- a long beat as they all contemplate this.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

We made him come with us... He didn't
want to, and we made him.

And suddenly they all feel terrible.

SPENCER

He's been stuck in here for 20 years...
And now...

MARTHA

Look--

Far over head-- A VULTURE CIRCLES.

FRIDGE

Oh no...

SLOW PUSH ON BETHANY--

BETHANY

Can I give him one of mine?

FRIDGE

You mean... a life?

BETHANY

Is that possible?

SPENCER

I don't know. Maybe? In *CONTRA*, players
can transfer lives to each other...

MARTHA

But... what if you need it for yourself?

BETHANY

(shrugs)

I want Alex to come home too.

MARTHA

Wow.

BETHANY

What?

MARTHA

That's really... generous.

We see that Martha's approval means something to Bethany.

BETHANY

Ok. How do we do this?

SPENCER

I... have no idea. Maybe try the old-fashioned way? Like... mouth to mouth?

FRIDGE

Tilt chin up. Pinch nose closed. Full lip lock-- one breath -- two breaths -- then release-- and repeat. I'M AN EXPERT IN CPR TOO?!

Bethany kneels down beside Alex--

BETHANY

Hoo-kay...

She awkwardly pinches his nose, puts her lips to his and starts breathing into his mouth. Nothing. She does it again--

On Alex's cuff-- *a stripe begins to faintly flicker*. Bethany lowers her lips to his again, breathes into his mouth... and Alex's eyes OPEN! He gasps for breath. Coughs.

SPENCER

It worked!

Bethany sits back, thrilled-- her cuff now at one stripe.

BETHANY

I kinda nailed that.

ALEX

What happened...?

Bethany stands, then notices Spencer and Fridge gaping at her.

BETHANY

What? What are you looking at?

SPENCER

A... bird.

FRIDGE

Your boner.

Bethany looks down-- sure enough. She looks back up at the guys--

BETHANY

These things are *crazy!*

Off to the side, Alex tries to do the math on all of this.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN RANGE - DUSK

The next hurdle. Simultaneously beautiful and terrifying. And also weirdly symmetrical-- the real life manifestation of a simplistic graphic.

EXT. WOODS/STREAM - DUSK

A small clearing in the woods. Alex skips a pebble into a stream, a far off look in his eyes as he tries to process.

Bethany approaches unseen, leans against a tree, watches him for a beat--

BETHANY

Sorry about that before... the um...

She gestures to her crotch.

ALEX

Oh, that's... cool? It happens...

He makes a face-- odd conversation to be having. He skips another stone.

BETHANY

Twenty years, huh?

ALEX

I guess so.

She can see that he's troubled, comes closer--

BETHANY

Well... at least we're going home soon?

ALEX

(unsure)

I hope so.

BETHANY

You'll be like a total celebrity, when we get out. *Everyone* will wanna insta snap your ass. Your phone will be *blowing* - up for, like, weeks.

He has *no idea* what she's talking about. Slightly worried--

ALEX

My... phone's gonna blow up?

BETHANY
 (realizes)
 You've missed some stuff, babe.

He shakes his head, looks off--

ALEX
 I just keep thinking about my poor
 parents. What they must have been
 through... And *why*? Because I couldn't
 finish the game?

BETHANY
 That's not your fault. You didn't know
 how to.

ALEX
 But I should have at least *tried*.
 Instead, I was just... hanging out, in my
 little cave. Because I was too scared to
 risk it. Without even thinking about how
 it was affecting *them*... or anyone else.
 I mean... how incredibly *selfish* is that?

This hits her. She watches him, feels his distress. He sees
 her caring face, pulls himself together--

ALEX (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry... I don't need to lay all this
 on you. For some reason, you're just
 like... easy to talk to.

BETHANY
 It's easy to get so focused on your own
 stuff, that you forget other people have
 problems too.

ALEX
 (genuine)
 That's really deep.

BETHANY
 Thanks. I feel like since I lost my
 phone, my other senses are kind of
 heightened.

He's confused by this, but he laughs and flashes his sweet
 GRIN-- she kind of digs this guy.

ALEX
 You guys are so cool. It's awesome how
 you all take care of each other. You have
 good friends.

She thinks about the oddness of this for a moment--

BETHANY

Yeah... the funny thing is, in real life, we don't hang out. We barely even know each other.

ALEX

Seriously?! No way. I just thought... because you're all so great together. But it's different out there, I guess.

This resonates with her.

BETHANY

What are you like? In the real world? What's your vibe?

ALEX

(smiles wide)

Full metal head. A drummer. Like my dad.

She smiles back-- bitter-sweet.

EXT. WATERFALL - DUSK

By the edge of the river, near a magnificent waterfall, Spencer JUMPS down from a tree with an armful of coconuts, when something catches his eye--

--he moves to the water and peers down at his own reflection-- only *it's not Bravestone. It's actual Spencer, the child*, staring back at him-- baby faced and tiny, nothing like the action hero *he's been today*. And he's not sure how he likes that little guy, right now.

MARTHA (O.C.)

Hey.

He turns to her-- gorgeous in the fading light. Smiles.

SPENCER

Hey.

MARTHA

What are you doing?

SPENCER

Um...

They look at each other a moment-- it's loaded.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I...

MARTHA

Yeah...?

SPENCER

There's something I want to say... And I want to say it now... just in case the next time we have a minute to, you know... *talk*... I'm no longer brave.

MARTHA

Spencer...

SPENCER

And no longer cool. And no longer able to...

(smouldering)

...smoulder.

Which *always works*-- she is enthralled.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

(full-smoulder)

I like you, Martha. I, like, *like* you. Like... I'm *into* you.

Her breath catches--

MARTHA

You're just drunk...

SPENCER

I'm not. I'm clearer than I've ever been... I'm just really into you.

MARTHA

I'm into you. Spencer.

(doesn't want to say it)

I've been into you for a long time.

SPENCER

You have?!

MARTHA

Mm hm. You're smart and sweet. Cute. You just never noticed, I'm not sure why...

SPENCER

Maybe because... it never occurred to me that such a thing might be possible.

MARTHA

(she relates to that)

Yeah. Well... guess what? It is.

Spencer looks at her-- this is the moment. He takes a step closer and, hesitantly, like the teenager he is, *kisses her*.

And it may just be *the ugliest kiss in cinema history* -- despite the fact that these are two perfect physical specimens, *neither has any idea what they're doing*. They separate--

SPENCER
I don't think we're...

MARTHA (CONT'D)
I know... I've never...

SPENCER
Me, neither.

MARTHA (CONT'D)
...really?

SPENCER
I mean, I know it's not obvious.

Martha laughs. And, suddenly buoyed by their equal lack of confidence, *she kisses him*-- it's tender. Sweet. Then--

SPENCER (CONT'D)
That was so much better!

MARTHA
So much!

SPENCER
Our learning curve is like...

MARTHA
...so steep!

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Fridge stands in the high grass, peeing and whistling a bright little melody. And as he happily relieves himself...

We ANGLE DOWN to see his backpack in the foreground... as a feral little RAT skitters out of the brush, and disappears into the backpack.

In the b.g., Fridge jiggles a bit, then ZIPS as... *the RAT EMERGES, carrying the JEWEL, and disappears off into the jungle.*

EXT. WATERFALL - CONTINUOUS

Back with Spencer and Martha--

SPENCER
I was thinking about something.

MARTHA
What?

SPENCER
What if we... didn't go back?

MARTHA

What?

SPENCER

We're so... *cool* here. I've been playing video games my whole life. Now I'm actually living one and... I'm good at it! And you are too! Like... awesome! Maybe *this*... is who we really are! And I was just thinking, what if... after we finish the game...

(then)

What if you and I stay here for a while? Like Alex did. Except... together?

Martha just stares at him a moment.

MARTHA

Spencer...

SPENCER

You don't have to answer now. Just think about it...

Just then, they hear a CRASHING in the trees. They spin as -- Fridge emerges from the thick brush, panting, scared.

FRIDGE

WE GOT JACKED!

SPENCER

What?

FRIDGE

ROBBED! THE JEWEL! IT'S GONE!

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

As our five heroes emerge from the tree line to find themselves standing at the edge of --

--a *bottomless ravine*, maybe three hundred yards across, over which hangs a MAZE OF ROPE BRIDGES. Hundreds of them. *All at slightly different altitudes*. And not connected to each other. Wildly unstable and swaying in the wind.

BETHANY

It's them!

She points out across the bridges -- *where VAN PELT AND A DOZEN OF HIS DRAGOONS hustle across, carefully dropping from bridge to bridge... they are about forty yards away -- which, given the maze-like need to jump from bridge to bridge, is an almost insurmountable lead.*

FRIDGE

And they're heading for *that!*

Spencer's heart drops to his knees...

SPENCER

Oh, no.

Because he sees where the bridges lead-- *Mount Mlilo, THE VOLCANO* from the CUT SCENE at the beginning of the game. The bridges end about fifteen yards below the CRATER of the volcano. The Temple of the Jaguar is carved into the base far below.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

He's going to drop the jewel into the volcano --

MARTHA

Where it can never be recovered...

FRIDGE

And then we're stuck here forever!

They all exchange a crestfallen look.

Spencer looks out on the obstacle course of bridges-- and the deadly drop below. In his eyes, we see his fear competing with his new found sense of capability. Finally--

SPENCER

No. Nonono -- we've come too far to lose now.

(then, determined)

I've played a lot of games that have stuff like this. You just pick a route...

As he says this, he quickly CLIMBS A TREE--

ALEX

How does he do that?

FRIDGE

Climbing is one of his strengths.

ALEX

I see.

FRIDGE

Cake makes me explode.

He surveys what's ahead from the high vantage point--

SPENCER

We can cut him off. We can get to him before he gets to the volcano. *If* we take our time and make careful decisions...

--then he JUMPS DOWN to one of the starting options-- a few feet below the ground level...

And Fridge JUMPS-- landing on the first bridge.

FRIDGE

Okay. We should hurry.

He starts quickly across, passing Spencer, who is about to help Bethany down onto the bridge, when a look crosses his face... He turns, looks to Fridge--

SPENCER

Fridge! Wait!

Fridge stops, looks back.

FRIDGE

What?

SPENCER

How do we cut off Van Pelt?

FRIDGE

You're asking *me*?! I don't know!

SPENCER

You see things.

FRIDGE

What things?

SPENCER

Things. Things the rest of us don't. Just like back at Rick's. Your mind... It works differently...

FRIDGE

Last I checked it was *working differently* into four D's and a C minus...

SPENCER

I'm telling you. Think. Visualize. How do we cut him off? What's the path? There must be a way for us to win. What is it?

Fridge looks at the bridges. Stares at them for a long moment. Then he turns back, a small smile on his lips.

FRIDGE
I got it! Follow me!

And Fridge hustles off, moving as quickly as he safely can-- JUMPING to the next BRIDGE, a couple feet BELOW.

Spencer JUMPS down to the second bridge. Behind him, on the cliff, Alex FOLLOWS, jumping out onto the first bridge. Martha FOLLOWS, then Bethany.

Fridge leads the way-- jumps down to another bridge-- and sure enough he's picked the right path and they are closing the gap to Van Pelt and his dragoons-- when Fridge SEES suspended over the bridge ahead-- a SIGN: "**BRIDGES**".

FRIDGE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
"Bridges." Well... yeah, no shit.

Which is when he hears THE DRUMS-- which transition into A LOUD MECHANICAL GRINDING and SUDDENLY ALL OF THE BRIDGES START TO MOVE. *Up and down. Left and right. Closer and farther.*

And now Fridge sees, as the sign is revealed by the sliding bridges, it actually reads: "**MOVING BRIDGES**"... *and, indeed, they do.* As if on some elaborate fly system. *Now it's a video game!*

Fridge turns to warn the others --

FRIDGE (CONT'D)
Hey! Be carefu--

But he sees that Spencer hasn't realized that the bridges are moving -- and has already taken a RUNNING START as he PROPELS himself off the end of his bridge with a nifty Parkour-esque flourish --

But the bridge he was going to land on is no longer there....

Spencer FALLS into the bottomless ravine -- SCREAMING as he disappears from sight.

MARTHA
Spencer -- !

On the others: Holy shit!

BING-- Spencer DROPS FROM THE SKY, landing hard right beside them-- only one stripe glowing now on his metallic cuff.

ALEX
You okay?

SPENCER
 (a little shaken)
 Yeah...

MARTHA
 But now you're down to one life.

BETHANY
 Just like the rest of us.

Spencer nods, grimly. As Alex looks to the bridges. Sees Van Pelt getting away.

ALEX
 We better hurry.

Spencer nods in agreement. But if we're looking carefully, we see the nervous look in his eyes now-- *his acquired confidence suddenly missing.*

MARTHA carefully leaps onto a moving bridge. Lands nimbly.

Bethany SCREAMS as the bridge she jumps to suddenly LOWERS, receding. She JUMPS, LANDS hard.

BETHANY
Seriously with this?!

BACK TO FRIDGE-- he LEAPS across the wide space between two moving bridges. He turns back -- to see Spencer --

FRIDGE
 Ok, just wait for it to come back down...

SPENCER
 (scared to death)
 Okay... Okay. I'll wait...

But when the bridge returns, Spencer just remains there, clinging to the rope support.

FRIDGE
 Spencer--

SPENCER
 I can't.

FRIDGE
 What do you mean, you can't?

Fridge JUMPS off the bridge and LANDS at his side--

SPENCER
 I can't!
 (spiraling)
 (MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

I mean, who was I kidding?! I'm not an adventurer. I'm not *actually* brave. I'm scared of everything!

FRIDGE

Ten minutes ago, you were hanging out of a flying helicopter! *You're brave!*

SPENCER

No!

(points to himself)

He is! Bravestone! Not me! I'm afraid of puppies! I'm afraid of un-manicured lawns!

(looking at his cuff)

It's easy to be brave when you have lives to spare... It's a lot harder when you only have one life.

Fridge takes a deep breath, realizes what he needs to do--

FRIDGE

Spencer, this is not easy for me to say... *at all..* but we need you. *I need you.*

Spencer looks up-- hears this.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

We *always* only have one life. That's how it works. That's all we get. The question is-- how are you going to live it? Which guy are you going to decide to be?

(realizes)

Did I just quote our principal?! *What is this game doing to me?!* We gotta get outta here!

Spencer looks up ahead where the others are all watching him, then back at Fridge. Then, as if to convince himself--

SPENCER

Okay...

FRIDGE

Okay?

SPENCER

(sure now)

Okay. We got this.

FRIDGE

That's what I'm saying. *We got this!*

He looks back to Van Pelt and his men -- sees that they have opened up a lead again. They are a bit more than half way across the bridges. Van Pelt is at the lead of the pack.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

Okay, Spencer, you're the distraction -- you take out the dragoons. The rest of you help me cut off Van Pelt.

MARTHA

I'm going with Spencer.

Spencer looks at her.

SPENCER

You sure about that?

MARTHA

If everything goes according to plan, then I'm only gonna have this body a little bit longer. I might as well take it out for one last spin.

Fridge nods, it's a plan. But Spencer's eyes NARROW --

Because he sees, FLYING UP behind Fridge-- an enormous VAMPIRE BAT. Which kind of looks like a small rabid cat with wings. Shimmering teeth and strong bony wings. Ugliest little asshole you've ever seen--

SPENCER

Duck!

Fridge hits the DECK-- as the bat FLIES just over head, STRAIGHT AT SPENCER, who PUNCHES IT OUT OF THE SKY-- IT SAILS back to where it came from-- DEAD.

They recover for a beat, when they hear, far, far away, the distant and dreadful-- PING!-- *which can only mean one thing.* As his bridge LOWERS beneath Bethany's --

SPENCER (CONT'D)

COME ON!!!

Bethany takes a running START and LEAPS DOWN-- but MISSES, SCREAMING-- but Spencer GRABS her hand and PULLS her back UP.

Which is when he sees, COMING UP BEHIND THEM a veritable CLOUD OF VAMPIRE BATS.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

RUN!!!

AND THEY DO-- RUNNING AND JUMPING, approaching Van Pelt and his dragoons. Bethany sees the distant flying BLUR--

BETHANY

What is that?!

FRIDGE

(quickly)

Vampire Bats! They eat your blood! THEY -
EAT - YOUR - BLOOD! GO! GO!

BACK AT SPENCER AND MARTHA-- as they reach the first of Van Pelt's dragoons -- Spencer YELLS, to get their attention --

SPENCER

Hey! Brain dead!

-- the Dragoon turns and LEVELS HIS RIFLE AT SPENCER -

But Spencer yanks it out of the guy's hand -- and in one swift motion he SLAMS the dragoon with the rifle butt -- sending him over the side of the bridge and into the ravine -- then spins and BLASTS a DIVE BOMBING BAT out of the sky!

At which point, with a horrific CHITTERING, all the bats turn tail and angle away. Sparing off into the sky. Spencer lets out a small smile, as --

MARTHA

Brain dead? That's the best you could think of?

SPENCER

I was in the moment. It just came to me.

And now, a handful of dragoon are coming at Spencer and Martha -- Spencer punches while Martha spins and kicks in a frenzied ballet!

WITH VAN PELT-- moving at the head of his men, he drops from one bridge to another, he's about fifty yards from where the bridges end at the volcano. He steals a glance back to see Fridge, Bethany and Alex all pursuing on different bridges --

VAN PELT

Stop them!

BACK AT BETHANY AND ALEX-- when suddenly bullets streak through the air-- chewing up bits of the bridge just ahead of them --

Bethany SHRIEKS as Alex REACTS QUICKLY, he drops to another bridge, which swings up beside an on-rushing dragoon--

ALEX

Hey!

The dragoon SPINS -- and is met by Alex's fist! Alex grabs the Dragoon's rifle, shoots him in the chest, and --

The Dragoon *EXPLODES*, like Fridge did in the bar.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(stunned, then ELATED)

These guys don't multiply! If you hit them with their own weapons, they don't multiply!

BETHANY

Behind you --

Alex SPINS, just in time, as a dragoon lands on the bridge behind him-- Alex FIRES, the dragoon EXPLODES--

Alex snatches up the dragoon's fallen rifle as-- he hears something on the bridge swinging up beside him-- he SPINS, about to fire-- but it's Bethany.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Give me a gun...

ALEX

... No. It's too dangerous. You gave up a life for me, I owe you. Just stay down until it's over.

BETHANY

"One for all and all for one."

(then)

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES".

ALEX

(smiles)

"THREE MUSKETEERS". But I appreciate it.

BETHANY

(flirty)

Thaaank you.

(then very intense)

Now gimme a goddam gun!

He hands her a rifle. Which she instantly raises right in his face -- BOOM! Alex's eyes go wide with shock as the dragoon that was sneaking up behind him explodes and body bits rain down into the ravine!

BACK WITH SPENCER AND MARTHA-- fighting back to back as a wave of dragoons come at them, kicking N.P.C. ass. And there is that moment, when it is oh, so apparent--

SPENCER
 (while fighting)
 You have to admit, we make a pretty
 dynamic duo here, right?!

She does. She nods. And knocks the crap out of two more
 dragoons... As--

BACK WITH VAN PELT-- he's nearing the end of the bridges,
 twenty yards from the volcano and victory when --

WHOMP! Fridge drops down onto the bridge right in front of
 him. A cocky look on his face.

FRIDGE
 I'll take that jewel back now.
 ("f" you)
 Please.

Van Pelt looks at him a moment, then reaches into his
 jacket... and pulls out his gun. Aims it at Fridge.

VAN PELT
 Don't think so, tiny. I think this is
 where the game ends.

And he is about to pull the trigger. When --

SUDDENLY, Martha FLIES INTO THE SCENE-- in a forward
 somersault, FLYING AT Van Pelt --

-- who FIRES AT HER. But the bullet goes harmlessly over her
 tumbling body as she HITS him with a *KICK to the head.*

Followed by a blistering combination of fists and kicks.
 Finally finishing him off with a dazzling spinning-heel-kick
 that knocks the wind out of Van Pelt.

And causes the JEWEL TO FLY FROM HIS HAND and tumble to the
 ground.

Fridge watches as it skitters across the bridge -- Oh, no --
 but in the instant before it falls into the ravine, it stops
 on the edge of the bridge. *Thank God.*

Fridge moves to retrieve it. Picks it up, just as--

BETHANY (O.S.)
Help!

Fridge and Martha look up toward the sound of her voice. And
 whatever they see, it causes their faces to fall.

BACK WITH SPENCER -- standing amidst a bevy of unconscious
 dragoons. He sees it too. *Oh, no--*

ON THE HIGHEST BRIDGE-- four dragoons have captured Alex and Bethany. They've reached the end of the bridge and are carrying Bethany and Alex roughly up the last few yards to the rim of the volcano!

WITH MARTHA AND FRIDGE-- as Van Pelt looks back at them, and grins maliciously.

VAN PELT

Here's an idea. How about a trade? The jewel for your friends' lives.

Fridge looks at Martha. Then back to Van Pelt. What choice does he have.

VAN PELT (CONT'D)

Now, please, tiny. I'm not a patient man.

FRIDGE

Stop calling me that.

VAN PELT

Tiny tiny tiny. The jewel please.

Van Pelt extends his hand.

FRIDGE

You know what you are, Van Pelt?

VAN PELT

Illuminate me, tiny.

FRIDGE

You're a bully. And there's no place for bullies in Jumanji...

VAN PELT

Be that as it may. The jewel. Or you can watch your friends get parboiled...

UP ON THE RIM OF THE VOLCANO. Walking at gunpoint, Bethany and Alex stare down into the churning caldera, the hot magma churning below. The dragoons have their hold on them. Bethany turns to Alex--

BETHANY

If this is how I die... then I will have spent way too much time thinking about stuff that really doesn't matter at all. Like Noah... It's kind of embarrassing.

ALEX

It's not embarrassing. You're a gorgeous, intelligent, popular teenage girl...
(still hard to imagine)
(MORE)

ALEX (CONT'D)
 ...I'm told. But you're also a killer
 person. And whoever this Noah dude is...
 he doesn't deserve you.

She smiles at him-- crushed out-- then instantly remembers
 their awful predicament.

BACK WITH SPENCER-- looking from his bridge up at Alex and
 Bethany, only a few strides from the lip of the volcano...
 then he looks down to Martha, Fridge and Van Pelt on the
 lower rope bridge...

*When something occurs to him-- he looks down at the Temple of
 the Jaguar, several hundred yards below... then down to the
 ROPE handrail beside him-- then to that KNIFE that he's never
 been able to remove--*

*He grasps the hilt of the knife, and tugs... and, like
 Excalibur in the Stone, this time it easily slips from the
 sheathe.*

SPENCER
 So *this* is what this is for!

Spencer *GRIPS* the knife-- but then we see as, for just a
 brief moment, that Spencer Gilpin anxiety creeps back into
 his eyes...

But he *shakes it off*, his eyes narrow in determination--

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 Don't give it to him! Don't give him the
 jewel!

Fridge looks up. Sees Spencer looking at him. Huh?

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 WHEN I SAY NOW, THROW IT TO ME.

FRIDGE
 Spencer --

SPENCER
 JUST TRUST ME! Ready --

And with one hand Spencer grabs the rope support beside him,
 the other hand lifts the knife high in the air-- and SWINGS
 IT DOWN HARD--

SPENCER (CONT'D)
 NOW!

And the knife CLEAVES the rope-- the bridge breaks in half--
Spencer SWINGS out clutching the other side of the rope, like Tarzan on a vine-- looking eagerly at Fridge, but Fridge hesitated--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Now! NOW!

AND FRIDGE HURLS THE JEWEL -- IT SOARS IN THE AIR -- A PERFECT PASS --

AND MARTHA WATCHES, AMAZED... AS --

SPENCER SWINGS TOWARD THE JEWEL, *CATCHING IT* IN HIS FREE HAND, *SWINGING* DOWN TOWARD THE TEMPLE OF THE JAGUAR --

VAN PELT

Nooooooooo -- !

-- as, jewel in his outstretched hand, Spencer SWINGS through the air, in an insanely dizzying 75 foot trajectory to the base of the volcano...

And Van Pelt knows exactly what is happening--

AS SPENCER SWINGS TOWARD THE JAGUAR STATUE-- HIS FACE SET IN A HEROIC GRIMACE, AND HIS EYES CATCH *HIS REFLECTION* IN THE GLEAMING JEWEL --

AND HE SEES STARING BACK AT HIM: *15 YEAR OLD SPENCER GILPIN, HIS TEENAGE FACE NOW SIMILARLY SCREWED UP IN A LOOK OF HEROIC DETERMINATION--* and where before the sight of his old self was enervating, now it buoys him--

SPENCER

This one's for you, pal.

-- AS SPENCER JAMS THE JEWEL INTO THE HOLLOW EYE SOCKET OF THE JAGUAR.

A frozen beat. Spencer CLINGS to the rope, swinging like a pendulum, beside the Jaguar. *BUT NOTHING HAPPENS.*

Spencer turns to see Van Pelt, *who smiles* that still malevolent smile...

PUSH IN ON-- Spencer as he realizes--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

... call out its name...

(then yelling)

CALL OUT IT'S NAME! EVERYONE...

They all remember and then, as one, our gang SHOUTS--

ALL

JUMANJI!

And Van Pelt's smile dies.

SUDDENLY, AS IF FROM THE HEAVENS, A FANFARE BEGINS TO PLAY. LIGHT STREAMS THROUGH THE CANOPY OVERHEAD AS THE CURSE IS LIFTED.

FRIDGE

Check it out!

Van Pelt has been restored to human form. His white hair gone back to brown. His body now free of vermin.

The dragoons carrying Bethany and Alex set them gently down beside the mouth of the volcano, as if confused as to what they are all doing there--

DRAGOON

Sorry, mate.

The remaining Dragoons have reverted back to Van Pelt's original exploration party.

As if seeing Spencer and the others for the first time--

VAN PELT

Dr. Bravestone, welcome to Jumanji!

But before they can respond, the TREES RUSTLE-- AND A WILLYS MILITARY JEEP BLASTS OUT OF THE BRUSH BELOW-- *IT'S NIGEL.*

NIGEL

Well done, intrepid adventurers! You've lifted the curse!

BETHANY

We did, didn't we? My mains!

FRIDGE

We lifted *the shit* out of that curse!

NIGEL

Your work here is done! And so, sadly... this is where we part.

(then, to Alex)

Goodbye, Seaplane.

And, instantly, Alex's body begins to flicker as it is transformed into THOUSANDS OF TINY 1's and 0's. As Bethany reacts--

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Adieu, Professor Oberon.

--her body begins to transform, she looks down at it, one last time--

BETHANY

Later, dude.

NIGEL

I may miss you the most, Little Mouse...

FRIDGE

GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

He too starts *to go binary code*-- his backpack falls to the ground. Spencer picks it up and realizes-- this is happening, *right now*.

He turns to Martha, a meaningful look passes between them--

NIGEL

Farewell, Ruby Roundhouse!

MARTHA

Spencer... we... I...

As her body begins to shimmer, Nigel turns to Spencer:

NIGEL

All of Jumanji thanks you, Doctor Bravestone--

SPENCER

Wait.

Nigel looks at him, surprised. Martha watches, concerned--

MARTHA

Spencer, come ho--

--but then she's gone.

Then there's silence.

NIGEL

Yes, Doctor?

Spencer turns back to Nigel, mind-spinning...

SPENCER

I'm just wondering...

He looks down at his body... and then at the empty spaces that used to contain his now disappeared friends. And then he DECIDES-- he hands Nigel the magic backpack.

SPENCER (CONT'D)
Here you go, Nigel. I'm ready.

NIGEL
You won't be needing this in your further adventures?

SPENCER
I think I've got what I need for my further adventures.

And just like that-- Spencer begins to transform into 1s and 0s.

NIGEL
Farewell, my good man!

SPENCER
(to himself)
See ya later, Bravestone.

And he's gone.

Those remaining look up at the Jaguar-- the brilliant jewel that SPARKLES as it catches the light...

VAN PELT
Well, well, well. What have we here?
Fetch that, men, yes?

Nigel shakes his head--

NIGEL
Oh, dear.

Because here we go again.

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - BRANTFORD HIGH - DAY

The game console WHINES and CRACKLES-- and SPITS OUT those STREAMS OF 1s AND 0s--

--which materialize into *Spencer. Fridge. Bethany. Martha.*

BETHANY
Thankgod! Thankgod! Thankgod!

She pats down her cute figure, making sure all her original parts are accounted for--

BETHANY (CONT'D)
I will never complain about my body again! OHTHANKGOD!

Fridge stands tall-- very tall-- looks around...

Spencer and Martha are more stunned than ecstatic, examining they're restored frames--

SPENCER

Whoa...

MARTHA

You came back.

SPENCER

Yep.

They share a little smile.

BETHANY

Where's Alex?

They all look around-- indeed, he's not here. And we can see on Bethany's face that she's a little disappointed.

EXT. BRANTFORD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

It's a grey, blustery day. School has been out a few hours.

They emerge from the building, stand there-- the hulking football player, the prettiest girl in Brantford, the roundish smarty pants and the little gamer guy-- and it's a little weird. They've been through so much together... *but now they're back.*

MARTHA

What do we do now?

BETHANY

Go home, I guess?

SPENCER

(remembers)

I have a chemistry test Monday.

BETHANY

(equally weighty)

And Homecoming is tomorrow.

FRIDGE

(deep breath)

Yeah, it is.

And they all start walking. Fridge hangs back for beat, staring up at the big sign announcing "Homecoming!"--

SPENCER

You okay?

Fridge takes a deep breath, a little melancholy.

FRIDGE

I liked who I was in there. I liked being smart.

Spencer regards him for a beat-- he relates.

FRIDGE (CONT'D)

I've never said this out loud... I don't even like football that much.

SPENCER

Fridge... you *are* smart. The *knowledge* came with the game. But the *smart*? That was you. You can become an expert in anything you want.

(realizes)

It's just about who you decide to be in your one life.

Fridge smiles.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

A very wise sidekick once told me that.

Fridge laughs and they start walking. On their backs, Fridge rolls his shoulders--

FRIDGE

I *don't* miss the backpack. That thing was heavy.

EXT. BRANTFORD STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Our four heros walk together, taking in their neighborhood anew-- not talking, but they look like... *friends*. Then something catches Spencer's eye and he DOUBLE-TAKES--

SPENCER

Look!

--up ahead, at the end of the block, *the Vreeke house*. Except it's *it looks totally different*. No longer run-down, no longer ominously gated, no longer freaky at all-- rather a lovely house, on a charming street, which itself is no longer weighted with all that darkness.

They all stop and stare, processing--

SPENCER (CONT'D)

You think...

BETHANY

That means... maybe...

They all gravitate towards the house. And then-- as if on cue, a minivan PULLS UP and PARKS. The sliding door OPENS and a three-year old GIRL JUMPS out and runs up the path to the house. Her MOTHER gets out of the passenger seat--

MOTHER

Hiiiiii...

And we see who she's talking to-- standing in the door to receive his little grandchild-- *it's old man Vreeke*. Except he also is no longer run down. In fact, he looks like he may have been golfing today-- healthy and vital. He SCOOPS his little granddaughter into his arms--

MR. VREEKE

Hello Bethany, my sweet...

On our kids-- putting it all together; Bethany realizing-- *this little girl's name is Bethany also...*

Which is when the Driver's door OPENS-- and out steps a MAN in his 30s, suburban father wearing a *Metallica t-shirt*--

BETHANY

(sotto)

Alex...?

The man calls to Mr. Vreeke--

MAN

Hey Dad, can you grab the cake out of the back seat?

And they all realize at once-- *it's him*.

He opens the door behind him, reaches in and pulls out-- a BABY, in a car seat, one of those snap-and-go things with a handle. And as he starts to head for the house... HE SPOTS OUR GANG, watching him-- and FREEZES-- *Could it be...?*

Then timidly, Bethany waves. And suddenly Alex knows-- he waves back.

As his father grabs a cake box and a bunch of baby gear from the car--

ALEX

I'll be right there...

He wanders over to our group, baby in hand. A silent moment, as nobody is sure what to say, then--

ALEX (CONT'D)

Bethany...? Spencer? Martha... And you must be Fridge.

They all nod-- he figured it out.

BETHANY

You made it back.

ALEX

I did. It spit me out, right where I started. 1995.

SPENCER

And your parents... your house...?

ALEX

All good, bro.

After a beat.

BETHANY

You're an adult. You have a family.

ALEX

I do.

(re: baby)

This is Andy. And my little girl... is named Bethany.

He smiles at her-- sweet.

ALEX (CONT'D)

She's named after the girl who saved my life.

Bethany grins, proud.

INT. SPENCER'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Spencer enters his bedroom, where we started the movie, and looks it over-- his natural habitat. He stands there a minute, taking it in-- it's been a *very big day*. He looks over at his game console, picks up the controller, which seems so small now... he sets it down. No more games for a while.

SPENCER'S MOM (O.S.)

Spence?! Is that you?

SPENCER

Yeah, it's me!

She appears in the doorway, always happy to see him-- and though she'll never know it, he is just *so happy* to see her.

SPENCER'S MOM

What are you doin', babe? You're a little late. I was worried. Everything ok?

SPENCER

Um... yeah.
 (realizes)
 Everything's ok.

SPENCER'S MOM

So how was your day...?

He thinks about how on Earth to answer that... Comes up with--

SPENCER

Good, actually. How 'bout you?

INT. FRIDGE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Fridge sits across from his parents, on their couch, with dumb struck expressions on their face. Then--

FRIDGE'S FATHER

You're not gonna play football anymore?

FRIDGE

That's right.

FRIDGE'S FATHER

But... *why?* I mean, *look* at you.

FRIDGE

I just realized... I've gotta protect my head.

His mother can see the quiet confidence in his decision-- and though she might not say it aloud right now, she's proud.

INT. BRANTFORD GYM - THE HOMECOMING DANCE - NIGHT

In progress. EVERYONE is dressed up for the occasion-- in some cases well, in some cases quite awkwardly. Only a few dance, most stand around in little packs, as the music plays.

AT THE REFRESHMENT TABLE-- Spencer, in an ill-fitting suit, pours and then awkwardly picks up three cups of punch. He turns from the table and finds himself face-to-face with--

-- the three bully guys from the opening.

BULLY 1

(same annoying impression)
 "Gilpin! It's Gilpin!"

They look down at the three cups precariously balanced in his hands-- just begging to be knocked out of his grip.

BULLY 2

Need some help, Gilpin?

Spencer just stands there. Staring at them. *Intensely*. It's a little awkward... but also oddly disconcerting.

And after a *long beat*-- the disoriented bullies WALK AWAY. A tiny smile crosses Spencer's face-- he's still got it.

IN A CORNER-- Bethany, much lighter than when we met her and radiant in her homecoming dress, stands with her Facetime friend from the opening, who stares at Bethany as though she's grown a second head--

BETHANY'S FRIEND

Backpacking? Like... *in nature*?

BETHANY

(laughs)

Yes! Next summer. Somewhere *amazing*. What do you think?

Her friend doesn't even know where to begin... THEN--

GUY (O.S.)

Yo Beth, wassup?

She turns to-- NOAH. As soon as we see him, it all makes sense-- he's *really* good-looking. And clearly a douche bag.

NOAH

Where you been, girl? You look *good*.

And Bethany realizes-- *she couldn't care less*.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You want to... *hit it*?

BETHANY

Naw... I'm good.

He's clearly confused by this.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

I'll see you later, Noah.

After a beat, he turns and LEAVES, stunned by his sudden loss of power.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

The curse is lifted.

BETHANY'S FRIEND

Huh?

But something has caught Bethany's eye--

--on stage, where a BAND is setting up to play-- THE DRUMMER. Cute indie rock guy, adjusting his cymbal. He sees--

--Bethany looking at him. Which totally discombobulates him. Then, maybe out of habit-- *she bites her lip*. The guy DROPS his cymbal. She smiles-- very likely her next boyfriend.

Spencer arrives, delivering plastic cups, gentlemanly--

SPENCER

Here you go...

BETHANY

Thank you, sir.

BETHANY'S FRIEND

(looking at her phone,
disturbed)

Thanks... I'm having an issue here. It's kind of *life or death*... Excuse me.

She walks away, in a hurry. Bethany and Spencer exchange a loaded look--

SPENCER

"Life or death"?

BETHANY

Really...?

They laugh together-- *something that never would have happened a few days ago*. Then--

SPENCER

Is Martha's coming?

BETHANY

I don't know. I was texting with her...
(delicately)
Did you call her?

We see on his face-- he didn't. Still nervous about this part.

Fridge approaches--

FRIDGE

And how's everyone doing this fine evening? On Earth?

SPENCER

Hey!

BETHANY

Fiiine, you look cute.

SPENCER

So, how was your first day as a non-player?

FRIDGE

Hm. It was pretty... climacteric,
actually.

SPENCER

That kind of works!

FRIDGE

Yes, it had "extreme or far-reaching
implications". Looked that up, as soon as
I got home.

BETHANY

Hey look...

And having just walked in-- Martha. Dressed up, adorable.

Spencer *lights up* when he sees her. Bethany sees-- *she knows that look.*

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Go get that girl. *Doctor Bravestone.*

--AT MARTHA

Up close, we see her discomfort, walking in here alone. Until she sees--

-- Spencer approaching. In his suit. Coming for her.

MARTHA

Hi...

SPENCER

Hi.

MARTHA

I wasn't sure I was gonna...

SPENCER

I'm so glad you did. I've been afraid to
call you... I don't know why...

MARTHA

I get it. It's kinda weird being back and
not knowing... What?

She's caught him staring at her... *smouldering at her--*

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Oh my.

That's all he needs-- he KISSES HER. And she kisses him. And this time, despite being back to their ungainly teenage selves, *it's a kiss worthy of the movies.*

Afterwards they look at each other, glowing with excitement, unsure what to say, then--

MARTHA (CONT'D)

Let's dance!

SPENCER

Okay!

MARTHA

It turns out I'm a really good dancer!

He smiles and she follows him out onto the dance floor--

--where they really do DANCE-- Martha letting loose in a way that even she probably didn't know was possible. Spencer right there with her.

After a moment, Fridge and Bethany join them-- all of them having fun together-- *still, happily, in their own world.*

As the MUSIC swells, WE CRANE OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. SUB-BASEMENT - BRANTFORD HIGH - NIGHT

We can still HEAR the music, just barely, as it plays upstairs.

MOVE ACROSS-- the stacks of magazines, past the retired AV equipment, the storage boxes, finally LANDING ON---

--the GAME CONSOLE. The power light FLICKERS, *as though trying to wake up*-- and then goes out again.

Then a CRACKLE-- and SUDDENLY it spits out a small STREAM OF 1s AND 0s-- which then take the form of--

--ONE OF VAN PELT'S RATS.

A little disoriented from it's journey, it CRASHES INTO A RACK-- the rack where Fridge had found that BOWLING BALL-- which comes loose and DROPS ONTO THE RAT from five feet high-- CRUSHING IT!

Except there is that familiar-- DING -- and those 3D LETTERS appear: "**MULTIPLY**".

THE END