

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

MRS. DIETRICH, a short, chipper woman in her early 30s dressed in a pantsuit, addresses her students. The television still flickering, her smile never leaves her as she scans the class.

MRS. DIETRICH (CONT'D)

Dana, would you get the lights
for me, please?

With a click, the fluorescent lights flicker on. Many GROANS are heard.

MRS. DIETRICH (CONT'D)

Okay! Let's talk.

She sets down the remote and points to the frozen screen.

MRS. DIETRICH (CONT'D)

Now, in this clip you've just seen
how certain animals have taught
themselves certain actions that are
better suited to their survival. Now,
when I say "actions," I don't mean
just knowing how to eat, drink, sleep
and repro...

She stops short as most of the class laughs at the last word. One student in particular, ERIC ROBBINS (18), is busy fiddling with a paperclip and a rubber band. He is of medium height with a lean build, and appears more depressed than bored.

MRS. DIETRICH (CONT'D)

How mature my lovely students are... No,
when I say "actions," I mean specific
traits that help them better live in
their environment. Who can tell me the
difference between instinct and
behavior?

A few students raise their hands. Eric glances around briefly, then returns to what he was doing.

MRS. DIETRICH (O.S.)

Michael?

MICHAEL (O.S.)

An instinct is something that you're automatically born knowing, and a behavior is something you have to learn over time through experience.

MRS. DIETRICH (O.S.)

Perfect!

Eric stretches his rubber band between his left thumb and right index finger, and carefully inserts the paperclip like a makeshift slingshot.

MRS. DIETRICH

An instinct is an action that you never have to think about, because it's so ingrained into your DNA, it happens unconsciously.

Eric sets his aim on a nearby trash can and pulls the paperclip back...

MRS. DIETRICH (CONT'D)

But a behavior is much more complex. It's something that has to be experienced, attempted, and ultimately perfected. Otherwise, if an animal is without certain knowledge, it may injure itself if left alone.

The rubber band slips off Eric's thumb and snaps back, hitting him in the eye.

ERIC

Ahh!

The entire class, including Mrs. Dietrich, shifts its attention to Eric. Some of the students laugh as Eric rubs his eye.

MRS. DIETRICH

Oh... Looks like Eric's a little sad to be graduating, soon!

The class laughs harder as a whole. Eric gives a little embarrassed smile.

MRS. DIETRICH (CONT'D)

Now, of all the ecosystems we've studied so far, probably the most intricate and complex of all would be a jungle. A jungle, also known as a tropical rainforest, has some of the most unique plants and animals we've ever seen. And we've only seen maybe sixty percent of what it actually contains!

Eric looks morose, but is still paying attention.

MRS. DIETRICH (CONT'D)

With carnivorous plants over four feet tall that feed on frogs and rats-

Many girls GROAN with disgust.

MRS. DIETRICH (CONT'D)

...Animals that have organized themselves into cooperative societies, and even environmental catastrophes that we couldn't survive, jungles have developed themselves into highly varied, interconnecting actions that exist as a world all of their own!

(slower and graver)

In some ways, a jungle and everything in it could even be classified as a single, enormous organism; the ultimate form of life on this planet.

Eric stares, intrigued by her words.

A SCHOOLBELL rings.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

The halls are packed with activity. Students of every conceivable stereotype are talking with friends, milling about or walking in and out of classrooms.

Eric is standing with his locker wide open exchanging books for his next class. He sighs.

He drops a book to the floor. Picking it back up, it flips open to an illustration.

CLOSE UP on the book.

It is a scene from "The Most Dangerous Game" in which Zarkov is hunting Rainsford.

Eric raises his eyebrows and puts it back in his locker.

As he SLAMS his locker shut, KRISTYL SHEPERD (16) is revealed to be leaning against the other lockers, smirking. She is a short, slender girl with tranquil green eyes. Most notable is her brilliant red hair; the same color as a freshly minted copper penny.

KRISTYL

Hey, you.

Eric turns, and his dull face brightens.

ERIC

Hey, Krystyl. What's going on?

KRISTYL

Not too much. Haven't seen you in a while...

ERIC

(Defensive)

Hey, we seniors have a lot to do. Got to tie up all loose ends before I'm thrown out into the "real world" all kicking and screaming...

KRISTYL

Oh, don't be so dramatic about it. Are you coming to the party next weekend?

ERIC

Yeah, probably.

KRYSTYL

"Probably?" You have to! We all have to spend as much time together as we can before half the group leaves for college!

Eric once again assumes a dour look. Krystyl looks concerned.

KRYSTYL

Eric, what's the matter?

She reaches out and rubs his arm gently.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

I feel like you're avoiding us. And every time somebody mentions graduating or college or whatever, you always get that look on your face. What's wrong; aren't you excited?

Eric takes a deep breath and shrugs his shoulders. Krystyl lets go of his arm and gesticulates.

KRYSTYL

How can you not be?! I mean, two months left of high school, then you have the entire summer to party, and then in August, fwoosh!

She makes a dramatic SWEEPING motion.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

You're off to bigger and better things at Penn State! I should be depressed... School's not going to be as fun without you- I mean, you and the others around.

ERIC

Okay, so I'm off to Penn State, but then what? Krystyl, college is just four years of limbo between having fun when you're young and being thrown into the corporate world. Besides-

Krystyl playfully PUNCHES Eric on his shoulder.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm serious! No more senior pranks, no more playing hooky... no more adventure.

KRYSTYL

Eric, you can find adventure anywhere as long as you still want to!

Eric nods, but does not seem entirely convinced.

ERIC

I guess so.

KRYSTYL

God, for a senior, you are so grim.

ERIC

For a sophomore, you're too enthusiastic.

Krystyl giggles.

A slight PAUSE follows. Krystyl looks uncomfortable.

KRYSTYL

So, um... any plans for the weekend?

ERIC

(shrugs)

Yeah, I might work on my car a little.

KRYSTYL

(let down)

...Oh.

ERIC

Why?

KRYSTYL

Well, I don't know; I figured... maybe if you weren't busy or anything, we could hang out.

ERIC

Just us, you mean?

KRYSTYL

Why not? I mean, we only see each other in our little group of friends. Let's get together; just us. I think you could use the company. What do you say?

She SMILES, hopeful. Eric thinks it over.

ERIC

Sure. That does sound like fun. Why don't you come over tomorrow?

KRYSTYL

(eagerly)

Sure! I- I mean, I have lacrosse practice at eleven, so how about I come by around two or three? You know, after I make myself a little prettier-

She catches herself and stops short.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

I- I mean, presentable.

Eric smiles and nods.

ERIC

Sounds great. We can watch a movie, get some pizza, and forget about reality for a while.

KRYSTYL

Awesome. See you then!

Krystyl leaves and Eric goes back to his locker. After a few steps, she pauses and turns back to face him.

KRYSTYL

(calling)

Eric?

ERIC

(turning his head)

Yeah?

KRYSTYL

I meant what I said about adventure.
Just because you'll be leaving high
school doesn't mean it's over.
College, life... It's a jungle out there.

She smiles and leaves. Eric watches her go into the throng of students. After a moment of thought, he opens his locker and pulls out his Biology book.

He flips through the pages until he finds a picture of a literal jungle.

ERIC

(to himself)

A jungle... Right.

CLOSE UP on the picture.

The scene DISSOLVES until the picture becomes the actual setting.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

It is a hot, sweltering tropical rainforest, with thick foliage completely obscuring the ground from view.

SUPER: AFRICA, 1895

INT. JUNGLE - DAY

A large feral hog is trotting along the jungle floor, brushing through foliage noisily.

The hog stops at a stream, lowers its massive head, and begins to DRINK.

MAN (O.S.)

(whisper, to himself)

Oh, yes...

Nearby, the sight and barrel of a large gun pokes out of some bushes.

The hog swivels its head to SNIFF at the ground.

MAN (CONT'D, O.S.)

Hmm... Tusks aren't particularly impressive, but in the interest of a successful kill, I suppose we could overlook that. A trophy is a trophy, I always say...

A finger readies to pull a trigger...

MAN #2

(frantic)

No! Don't!

The man in the bushes is pushed aside, causing the gun to shoot off-course. The hog panics and runs away.

From out of the bushes, the first man stands up, angrily brushing leaves off his clothes. He is COLONEL ALISTAIR JOHNSTON (late 40s); a blonde, British big game hunter dressed in common hunting garb.

ALISTAIR

(in a rage)

You miserable bungler! That was a near-perfect shot!

The second man, TIMOTHY VAN ALLSBURG (early 30s) rises from the bushes, righting his askew glasses. He is tall and thin with black hair.

TIMOTHY

I specifically asked you to refrain from squandering your ammunition unless it was absolutely necessary to our survival.

Alistair glares daggers, not happy to be told what to do.

TIMOTHY

We've been lucky not to have run into many dangerous creatures thus far. And as we know, in the jungle there's very little luck to go around.

ALISTAIR

When you're a hunter, it's best not
to rely too much on luck.

He cocks his gun threateningly. Timothy doesn't even flinch.

TIMOTHY

Conceding that, it would be most
prudent to save your, ah... expertise,
until we're closer to our destination.
We don't know what strange creatures we
may come up against.

At first, Alistair looks ready to shout again. Instead, he
adopts an oily, condescending tone.

ALISTAIR

And where is our destination, Mister-...
Oh, pardon me! *Professor* Van Allsburg?
Where is it that we're all heading?
What are we trying to find? After all,
trekking through uncharted territory in
a savage, hostile land populated by
equally savage and hostile natives, I
should think that our rewards would
certainly be worth the risks that we've
taken upon ourselves.

TIMOTHY

Colonel-

ALISTAIR

Particularly since I have not been
allowed the privilege... No, the *right*
to fire a single shot and let perfectly
adequate game go to waste!

TIMOTHY

As I explained before-

ALISTAIR

(losing his composure)
What is it that we seek, sonny Jim?
Where are you leading us?!

Alistair calms himself down a little. Timothy takes a deep breath.

TIMOTHY

I understand your frustration, Colonel, but as I explained before we all left America, this is a search to find a *lost* tribe.

ALISTAIR

When I agreed to finance this ridiculous expedition, I did so only under the pretenses that I would be permitted to shoot and claim the rarest, most sought after trophies seen by the eyes of man!

TIMOTHY

And so you shall be. But not until we've found what I'm looking for.

He takes out a tattered old map from his pocket and studies it.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

If we just keep heading southeast for another day or two, we should find some clues that will assist us. If the legends are true, that is.

Alistair rolls his eyes and mops his brow.

ALISTAIR

So, with you as leader, we've been traveling all this time within *unknown* territory in who knows *what* direction for the *chance* to uncover some *alleged* clues which *might* assist us in finding a people that might *not* even exist? Just so I'm perfectly clear.

Timothy opens his mouth to protest, but suddenly there is a wild RUSTLING from the foliage. Timothy looks terrified, but Alistair readies his gun.

ALISTAIR

Stay down! Don't move!

From out of the foliage stumbles two men, both are looking panicked. The first is NIGEL DAWSON (30s), a man of medium height with a lean build. The other is HASANI (mid 20s), an African native guide. He is short, but with a gymnast's build.

NIGEL

Good heavens, is everything alright?
We heard a gunshot!

Timothy calms down at the sight of the duo.

TIMOTHY

Yes, yes. Everything is perfectly fine. The Colonel just got a tad overzealous; that's all.

NIGEL

Oh, that's a relief. Er... Hasani.

Nigel briefly speaks a few words in Hasani's native language to him, who nods in understanding.

NIGEL

(to TIMOTHY)

Poor lad... he thought you'd encountered a leopard.

ALISTAIR

If only...

The foliage RUSTLES again, and Alistair once again raises his gun.

Out steps FELIX J. KAUFFMAN (early 30s); a tall, overweight man with light brown hair concealed under a derby. He wears a vest that is bulging from countless items stuffed into its pockets.

Although Felix is breathing heavily, his Cheshire Cat grin remains constant.

FELIX

Hello, all. Nothing the matter, I hope.

ALISTAIR

(lowering his gun; sotto)
Might need something larger to
take this one down...

NIGEL

No, no. Actually, we're all ready to
continue on our way.

(to all)

Hasani and I have just scouted the area
where the river meets those cliffs we
saw earlier. We're at the proper
angle, so we just need to continue on
a straight path for another day. After
that, Hasani says we should reach the
Za'ru'a village. Once there, we can
reconnoiter and regroup.

TIMOTHY

Splendid. Let's make sure we have
everything we need to avoid delay.

ALISTAIR

(to Felix)

We'd avoid delay a lot more if you
didn't keep scuttling off to search
for your frivolous little keepsakes!

FELIX

Frivolous? What renaissance man of the
United States wouldn't be intrigued by
strange oddities and mementos from a
world practically unknown?

Alistair shakes his head in disbelief.

FELIX (CONT'D)

And as I have said before and will say
again, Felix J. Kauffman never trades
less than his best!

NIGEL

Help Hasani with our supplies, alright?

Felix, Nigel and Hasani begin gathering up their gear. Alistair wanders over to Timothy.

ALISTAIR

(to Timothy)

I can tolerate being in a jungle with two Yankees and... *Mowgli* there, but why did you and Nigel have to bring that duffer?

TIMOTHY

Nearly every article and tool we have in our possession was very generously donated by that man. He did not even request any remuneration after our journey.

Timothy turns to face Alistair one on one.

TIMOTHY

Colonel, I realize this is not the manner to which you are accustomed, but try to remember: You've been promised your rewards, just as he has been promised his. We all have our own roles to fill on this expedition.

Felix suddenly appears at Timothy's side and drapes an arm around his shoulders, smiling unctuously. Alistair sneers.

FELIX

And sir, I can think of *no* better leader for such an incomparable voyage into the heart of Africa. The perfect liaison between us and my soon-to-be newest customers, the...

(frowns)

Er... what is this tribe called, again?

Timothy gently disengages Felix's arm from his shoulders.

TIMOTHY

They call themselves Jumanji, Felix. Jumanji.

The group gathers up their packs of gear, and marches onward into the eerie, rampant jungle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

It's a medium-sized house with an attached two-car garage. The house sits in the center of two spacious, wooded acres of land.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Eric is seated on a leather recliner, talking on a headset phone. He stretches and twists a rubber band in his hands.

ERIC

So, How's Chicago been treating you?
(beat) Right... Right... (beat) Well,
I'll bet Grandma's happy to have her
kids there. (beat) Well, that's our
family for you. (beat) You know, I
wanted to come with... (beat) Right,
right; I know. Senior year, I can't
miss anything....

He sighs, uncertain.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Krystyl might come over today. (beat)
No, Krystyl; the redhead. (Eric looks
annoyed) Mom, she's just a friend;
that's all. (beat) She was just trying
to be nice! (beat) I do get it!

Eric rolls his eyes.

ERIC (CONT'D)

If you say so. Okay, so you're
coming back what time on Sunday?
(beat) Okay. (beat) Alright, that's
fine. (beat) Tell Grandma "Happy
Birthday" for me. (beat) Yes, I'll
call her then. Alright, have a nice-
... what?

Eric looks to a bare corner of the living room.

ERIC (CONT'D)

The square, wooden table? Yeah, I brought it up to the attic last winter. (beat) Alright, alright; I'll bring it down. Anything else? (beat). It's no problem. I'll see you Sunday. (beat; smile) No wild parties; gotcha. Okay. (beat) Love you, too. Bye.

He turns off the phone and pockets the rubber band.

The doorbell RINGS.

ERIC

Speak of the devil.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - FOYER - AFTERNOON

Eric opens the door and comes face to face with a grinning Krystyl.

She has changed out of her lacrosse clothes and carries her duffel bag and lacrosse stick over a shoulder. Her fire-red hair has been tied into a ponytail, tucked under a baseball cap.

ERIC

(smiles)

Hey.

KRYSTYL

(smiles back)

Hey, yourself. Sorry I brought my equipment, but I never like to just leave it in a car. So, what do you want to do first?

Eric thinks for a moment.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - AFTERNOON

Eric and Krystyl trudge up the creaky stairs. Eric flicks on the light. It is a medium-sized attic; organized and free of clutter.

KRYSTYL

Whew... It's like an oven up here.

ERIC

Yeah, I know. I just want to bring this table down now so I don't forget. After that, we can watch our movie.

He spies the wooden table in a corner of the attic.

ERIC

Here we go. I'll grab this end, here...

Eric and KRYSTYL position themselves at opposite ends of the table.

KRYSTYL

Okay, I've got it.

They lift the table and start walking. However, it is cumbersome and difficult to hold up.

ERIC

Easy...

KRYSTYL

I've got it... I've got it...

She loses her balance and the table falls hard on the floor, cracking an old floorboard in half.

KRYSTYL

Oh, no! Eric, I'm so sorry! I'm such a klutz...

Eric pushes the table out of the way and inspects the damage. He starts to pull out chinks of wood from the hole.

ERIC

It was an accident. Let me just-... huh?

He stops short. Frowning, he reaches further into the hole and feels around.

KRYSTYL

What is it?

ERIC

There's something in here.

Slowly, he PULLS a cloth bag out of the hole, tattered and yellowed with age.

KRYSTYL

Whoa... What's that?

ERIC

I don't know.

He unties the cloth bag and extracts its contents. Both he and Krystyl stare, perplexed.

KRYSTYL

Cool.

It is a folded, wooden board game. The word "JUMANJI" is clearly displayed in white letters across the front.

ZOOM IN on the game in Eric's hands.

The screen BLURS and DISSOLVES to a night, full of bright, shining stars.

EXT. JUNGLE - ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

The CAMERA PANS DOWN to show the explorers' campsite in the middle of a clearing. Tents are pitched and gear is strewn around a campfire that seems to be losing strength.

INT. JUNGLE - ENCAMPMENT - ALISTAIR'S TENT - NIGHT

Alistair is holding a small hand-mirror and trimming his moustache by the light of a lantern. He appears satisfied with his progress.

Felix's loud, boisterous LAUGHTER suddenly echoes, causing Alistair to flinch and trim too much. He snarls and FLINGS his tools to the ground. He STOMPS out of the tent, livid.

INT. JUNGLE - ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Felix and Hasani are seated by the fire, engaged in some sort of game. Dice are heard being ROLLED.

FELIX

Well done, my friend! One last turn
and you may indeed be the victor,
this evening!

Hasani, not understanding Felix's words, merely smiles and continues to roll the dice.

ALISTAIR

Kauffman! What in blazes are
you doing?

Felix motions for him to come closer.

FELIX

(quietly)

I'm testing out a new product on
our native friend, here. But don't
let Nigel tell him that.

He scrutinizes Alistair and gives him a hard look.

FELIX

Word to the wise, Colonel, you may
find it in your best interest to
schedule a bit of grooming this
evening. Your moustache looks a
tad uneven.

Before Alistair can respond, Hasani throws the ivory dice.

CLOSE UP on the game.

It is a hinged game with a black orb directly in the center. Leading to the orb are two sets of game tiles in a spiral pattern, with two small wooden pyramids as the game tokens.

Hasani slowly counts in his language, and moves his piece to the center orb.

FELIX

Well! The battle is over, the fight has been won, and to the victor go the spoils! Forty paces, each one systematically explored, divided and conquered! You... are the winner.

Felix tips his hat for dramatic effect. Alistair's frustration is replaced by utter confusion.

ALISTAIR

Enough with the damn theatrics, Kauffman! He can't understand a word you're saying! He lacks the mentality.

FELIX

Ah, but to Felix J. Kauffman, a customer is a customer.

ALISTAIR

What exactly is this rattletrap of yours?

Felix grins and presses his thumbs and index fingers around the orb's rim and gives it a little TWIST. The orb SPLITS open down the middle, revealing a pomegranate.

Hasani eagerly snatches up the fruit and begins devouring it. Felix nods with approval.

FELIX

My latest invention! Not of a very complex design, yet as you can plainly see, quite effective. Two players simply place whatever they wish to play for into the glass orb. They take turns rolling the dice until one fortunate reaches the center. Then, the winner merely unlocks the orb and claims his prize!

He eagerly rubs his hands together in anticipation.

FELIX (CONT'D)

In this land, where the trading is good and the natives are enamored by even the *slightest* representation of Western culture, I'll sell *thousands* of them!

ALISTAIR

So long as you don't mind being paid in shrunken heads.

FELIX

(excited)

Prime trading material!

Timothy and Nigel exit a tent, talking amongst themselves. Felix quickly packs up the game and stuffs it into his rucksack.

FELIX

Tell no one!

Nigel speaks to Hasani and points to the fire. Hasani finishes his fruit and begins tending to the fire.

TIMOTHY

Colonel, Felix, would you two sit down for a moment? There is something I'd like to share with you. Something of... considerable importance.

ALISTAIR

Van Allsburg, it has been a long and trying day. Whatever you wish to share may wait until morning when we are refreshed.

FELIX

Regrettably, I am inclined to agree. A trader's mind must be kept rested and sharp. Sleep is a luxury Felix J. Kauffman cannot afford to sacrifice.

Felix begins to stand while Alistair begins to turn away.

TIMOTHY

I'd like to tell you about Jumanji.

The Colonel and Felix freeze in their tracks; they were not expecting that.

They glance at each other briefly, before turning back to Timothy.

ALISTAIR

So... the United States' greatest explorer has decided that we are worthy enough to be privy to such information. Tell me, Van Allsburg, what brought about this little epiphany?

TIMOTHY

Well, according to Nigel, we should be getting closer to our destination. In the interest of safety and cooperation, I think it's best that we all have a clear understanding of what we may encounter. I know that I haven't been as forthcoming as you may have preferred, and despite that you've both been very patient with me; especially you, Colonel. I'd like to tell you the legend of Jumanji in the hopes that you will better understand why I've brought us all here.

Felix, already seated, begins to munch on some trail mix. The Colonel stands, contemplating, before finally sitting down on a log by the fire.

ALISTAIR

Well?

Timothy and Nigel take their seats around the fire. Everyone takes a moment to get comfortable. Hasani continues his work.

TIMOTHY

As most of you know, my father was a teacher. It was a very small school in rural Pennsylvania. I don't think you could have ever met a kinder, warmer man than him. He not only sought to educate his pupils, but he also challenged them emotionally; to adhere to their beliefs, confront their fears, and realize that they could accomplish anything that they set their minds to. One of his students was a young boy whose family had fled the South years earlier... fled the Confederacy, I should say.

He pauses, gathering his thoughts.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

This child, who was named Thomas, was one of my father's most gifted students; always hungry for information of any sort. Over time, Thomas would share some stories that had been passed down in his family for generations. His original ancestors from Africa, some of whom originated not far from our present location, were prolific storytellers. So, naturally, Thomas would share all he knew with those he felt closest to. Of all tales, myths and lore he spoke of, none of them captivated my father as much as the legend of Jumanji.

Felix continues to eat his snack, captivated by Timothy's story so far.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

The Jumanji people, according to legend, were a most unusual tribe. Very secretive; few tribes within Africa even knew of their existence. They were shrouded in mystery, and deeply feared.

ALISTAIR

Feared? Whatever for?

TIMOTHY

Supposedly, the Jumanji were capable of acts which other tribes could only describe as... unnatural. They were rumored to be able to tame the wildest of animals, control the weather to their preference, and even turn day into night.

Alistair shoots Hasani a brief, strange look.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Although the Jumanji were feared, they were not known to be aggressive, so long as everyone left them alone to their own space. They claimed ownership of an area... oh... about three miles and everything in it. For centuries they lived and grew in absolute isolation; never mingling with any other tribe; not even for trade.

FELIX

(sadly)

Some people just have no business sense at all.

TIMOTHY

Eventually, European colonists began to arrive. As you can imagine, the Jumanji were... uneasy at the prospect of a totally foreign culture in their land. There were certain... incidents and altercations between them and the white men who they eventually came to despise.

FELIX

(munching loudly)

What's not to like?

TIMOTHY

The Jumanji feared that they were in danger of losing their home and all its history, but they lacked the proper weapons to successfully defend themselves against intruders. In desperation, they sought the help of a... "Kah-Kho-Toh-Rah."

Hasani immediately looks at Timothy, afraid. He slowly steps back into the shadows and darkness.

ALISTAIR

What's that, a shaman?

NIGEL

The best translation would be... "sorcerer."

TIMOTHY

Yes. And they say that this... sorcerer... put a type of curse on the Jumanji people; one that would seal them off from the rest of Africa, from the rest of the world, from the rest of... all that could ever exist. By doing so, the tribe could continue to sustain itself for all time while remaining safeguarded from those who may have wished to harm or exploit them or their land.

Alistair can no longer hide his burgeoning interest. He looks at Timothy very seriously; any former contempt gone.

ALISTAIR

What happened?

Timothy takes a dramatic pause.

TIMOTHY

Jumanji... disappeared.

ALISTAIR

What?

FELIX

Disappeared?

TIMOTHY

Gone without a trace. No one ever saw any hint of Jumanji's existence ever again. All of its people, all of its architecture, all of its animals... as if they have never been. They say that the alleged "Curse of Jumanji" is still in effect to this day, and it is precisely what is hiding them from the rest of the world.

The fire casts an ethereal glow on his face.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

And they say that anyone who attempts to find or conquer Jumanji... becomes a *part* of Jumanji itself, and in turn vanishes forever.

There is a long silence.

FELIX

Sir, that is a fantastic story.

ALISTAIR

That's all it is, though; a story.

TIMOTHY

I thought so, too. That is, until I began my job at the university and met Professor Dawson, here.

NIGEL

The tales that this man has shared with me are identical to those which I have deciphered in ancient writings concerning the folklore and history of central Africa. In addition, the land

NIGEL (CONT'D)

and locations of tribal villages divulged by young Thomas are completely concurrent with the old, hand-drawn maps left by countless explorers who have tried to find Jumanji and have died trying... or disappeared.

TIMOTHY

Well, gentlemen, there you have it. Once I was satisfied that there might be some degree of truth to the story, I enlisted the professor here for his ability to translate most of the languages we would encounter. Now that you understand why we have come here... do you wish to continue?

Alistair and Felix are silent, contemplating. Felix rubs his chin thoughtfully.

FELIX

You will still adhere to our original agreement?

NIGEL

We will indeed, Mr. Kauffman. Just as we promised before we left: in exchange for your material assistance to us, you may claim any items and treasure we encounter along the way as yours to keep for stock in your stores back in the United States.

FELIX

Well gentlemen, I am pleased to say then, that you may continue to rely on the full cooperation of the one and only Felix J. Kauffman!

TIMOTHY

Are you quite sure?

FELIX

Certainly! My merchandise would double in value were it obtained from a mystical, previously unknown culture!

TIMOTHY

Excellent. Happy to have you with us, Felix. And you, Colonel?

Alistair stares into the fire, not moving an inch.

TIMOTHY

Colonel?

Alistair thinks long and hard. Finally, he nods.

ALISTAIR

I don't think you'll last long without my skills. And besides, I am paying for-

FELIX

Well, then! In that case...

He stands and places his hand in front of him palm down to "cement a deal."

Timothy stands and places his hand atop Felix's.

TIMOTHY

For Jumanji.

NIGEL

(standing and joining)

For Jumanji!

FELIX

For Jumanji! Colonel?

After a pause, Alistair gives an ambitious half-smile and SMACKS his hand down on the others'.

The four hands cemented in a deal by the fire is instantly replaced by-...

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Eric and Krystyl are sitting on chairs with a coffee table in between them.

They are examining the Jumanji game intently.

ERIC

"Jumanji." Wow...

KRYSTYL

What do you think it is?

ERIC

It's... "Jumanji," apparently...
Whatever that is.

KRYSTYL

It kind of sounds like a TV show.

ERIC

How long do you think this has been
in the attic?

KRYSTYL

More importantly, who put it there?

ERIC

And even *more* importantly, what's
inside?

KRYSTYL

Inside?

ERIC

Yeah. See these little hinges here?
This box opens up.

KRYSTYL

(in awe)

Say, if this thing is as old as we
think, there might be something really
valuable in there!

ERIC

Why don't we see for ourselves?

He picks up the game and gives it a tantalizing little SHAKE. Something is heard RATTLING. He grins.

Krystyl eagerly smiles back and nods. Eric sets the game down, and he and Krystyl grab an opposite end to open.

ERIC

Ready?

KRYSTYL

Ready.

ERIC

On "Three." One... two... two
and a half... three!

They open the hinged doors. Krystyl's excitement turns to curiosity, while Eric's turns to confusion.

KRYSTYL

Wow...

ERIC

What the hell?

It is Felix's hinged game with the same black orb directly in the center, but the game appears different... altered. On either hinged flap, there are written instructions.

KRYSTYL

It's a board game!

ERIC

A board game... huh. Pre-modern
Parker Brothers with an organic theme.

KRYSTYL

Hey, check out the cool game pieces!

She holds up two carved IVORY FIGURINES. A centaurus beetle and a parrot, respectively.

ERIC

Those look hand-carved to me...
Totally authentic.

KRYSTYL

And look! Dice!

She points to two IVORY DICE on the game's surface.

KRYSTYL

I can't believe someone would try to
hide something like this.

They stare at the game for a moment. Krystyl suddenly looks
straight at Eric, grinning.

KRYSTYL

Let's play!

ERIC

(caught off-guard)

What?

KRYSTYL

Let's play a game!

ERIC

Are you serious?

KRYSTYL

Come on! It'll be fun! We could be
the only two players this game has
ever had! Besides...

She KICKS at the carpet with her foot.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

We may never get to hang out like this
again when you leave...

Eric looks at her and finally relents with a smile.

ERIC

Okay, one game.

KRYSTYL

Great! I call parrot!

She takes the parrot figurine and places it on her end. Eric
takes the beetle for himself.

ERIC

How do we even play...?

He rotates the game slightly to better read what is written.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(reading the instructions)

Okay... "Each player rolls the dice. Doubles do not receive an additional turn. The first player to reach the center is the winner." Hmm. Simple enough.

KRYSTYL

I like these kinds of games.

ERIC

Why's that?

Krystyl SHRUGS.

KRYSTYL

There's no gray area. You have one winner, and one loser. Can I go first?

ERIC

Why you?

KRYSTYL

(haughtily)

The guy always lets the girl go first. It's called being polite.

She picks up the dice and SHAKES them in her hand. She TOSSES them onto the board.

She rolls a THREE and a SIX, totaling NINE.

Krystyl reaches to move her game piece, but THE FIGURINE BEGINS TO MOVE ALL ON ITS OWN! Eric and Krystyl stare, amazed.

ERIC

Hey... it's moving!

KRYSTYL

I can see that...

ERIC
It's still moving!

KRYSTYL
(uneasy)
... There must be magnets underneath...

ERIC
(unconvinced)
Maybe...

The figurine stops. Within the black orb, GREEN LETTERS begin to SWIRL and MATERIALIZE. Krystyl and Eric lean in closer.

KRYSTYL
(reading)
"With tails that sting
and claws that pinch,
they skitter about.
Don't move an inch."
(to Eric)
What's making those words appear?

ERIC
I don't know... I didn't think
technology went hand in hand with
antiquated wood. This is a weird game.

Krystyl shakes her head. Suddenly, she sees something off-screen and lets out a SHRIEK.

ERIC
(startled)
What?! What is it?

Krystyl clamps a hand over her mouth and jumps out of her chair. She frantically POINTS to something.

Eric looks down. Mere inches away from his hand is a reddish black SCORPION moving closer.

ERIC
(jumping up)
Whoa!

KRYSTYL
(hysterical)
Kill it! Kill it! Kill it!

Eric backs away from the table, and then points to something on the ground.

ERIC
There's another one!

KRYSTYL looks at the floor. Another SCORPION is crawling near her foot. She SCREAMS and jumps up onto the chair, paralyzed with fear.

KRYSTYL
Eric! Help me!

Eric quickly surveys the situation and runs out of the room.

Krystyl is bracing herself against the back of the chair. She spies a third SCORPION on the chair's arm.

She leans back, and the entire chair topples over backward with a CRASH.

Krystyl scoots as far back as she can, until her back is braced against the wall. The SCORPION is on her stomach, slowly inching its way closer to her face.

CLOSE UP on Krystyl's face. Her bottom lip is trembling; TEARS have begun to form in her eyes.

The SCORPION is just below her neck. It readies its tail to strike.

Krystyl shuts her eyes tightly, waiting for the sting.

A VACUUM CLEANER is heard starting up.

A tube attachment appears and SUCKS up the scorpion off of Krystyl. She opens her eyes and breathes a sigh of relief.

Eric stands with the vacuum.

ERIC
Where are they?

Krystyl points behind him.

Eric turns and SUCKS up the first scorpion on the table and the second one on the floor underneath his chair. CLATTERING is heard as they tumble into the vacuum cleaner's bag.

Eric shuts off the vacuum, breathing hard.

ERIC

"Who ya gonna call...?"

He helps Krystyl to her feet. She immediately WRAPS her arms around him in a tight hug. He holds her close.

KRYSTYL

(sobbing)

I... hate... bugs...

A tearful pause follows.

ERIC

Scorpions aren't bugs; they're arachnids.

Krystyl looks up at him, upset that he has spoiled the moment.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Krystyl is on her hands and knees inspecting every edge and corner of the room. Eric is seated, PAGING through a book ("Arthropods of the World").

KRYSTYL

Eric, I don't see how they could have gotten in. There are no cracks for them to sneak in through.

Eric doesn't respond. He pages through his book more slowly.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

I didn't think there were any scorpions native to Pennsylvania, anyway.

ERIC (O.S.)

There aren't.

He sets down the book. Krystyl walks over.

Eric points to a picture of the scorpions they just finished dealing with.

ERIC

Look.

KRYSTYL

Eww... that looks like them.

ERIC

Those were Tanzanian Red Claw scorpions.

(reading)

"About four inches long, red-black in color, highly aggressive..."

KRYSTYL

No kidding!

ERIC

(reading)

"...Popular among advanced hobbyists, their natural habitat is confined to the tropical rainforests of Africa."

KRYSTYL

...Africa?

Eric and Krystyl glance at the Jumanji game, then at each other. They are thinking the same thing.

KRYSTYL

...No! No way! Not a chance! No! That's crazy! Eric... that's crazy!

ERIC

"Tails that sting, claws that pinch..."
and then scorpions pop up in my living room? It's a hell of a coincidence, Krystyl!

KRYSTYL

But that's all it is! A coincidence!
Here, I'll show you...

She sits in her chair and picks up the dice.

ERIC

(worried)

Krystyl, I don't think you should-

KRYSTYL

It's okay! Look, we'll deal with
those bugs later.

She nods toward the vacuum cleaner in the corner. RUSTLING is heard from within.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

Let's just finish our game. Go on
and take your turn. It's fine.

Eric gives a worried SIGH, but puts his book aside and focuses on the game.

Krystyl hands him the dice and he cups them in his hands, shakes them, and rolls them out on the game.

Eric rolls a FOUR and a ONE, totaling FIVE.

KRYSTYL

Five. Guess I didn't have to go
first after all.

She laughs weakly. Eric stares at his now-moving figurine.

KRYSTYL

Relax; it's just magnets. Magnets
underneath the game.

ERIC

(matter-of-factly)

Ivory is not magnetic.

The GREEN, SWIRLING WORDS appear in the orb. Eric leans closer.

ERIC
(reading)
"Into the jungle,
your party treks.
Beware this troupe
which loves to vex."

They take a moment to reflect on this clue.

ERIC
What's "vex?"

KRYSTYL
It means to annoy.

ERIC
Okay... What's a "troupe?"

KRYSTYL
(thinking hard)
Troupe...

A tremendous CRASH is heard from upstairs, rattling the chandelier and startling Eric and Krystyl.

ERIC
That came from my room!

They leap up and run out of the room.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - STAIRS - AFTERNOON

The duo races up the stairs. More CRASHING and RUMMAGING sounds are emanating from Eric's room.

KRYSTYL
Eric... I know what a troupe is!

ERIC
Not the time, Krystyl!

KRYSTYL
I learned it in English class! See,
a herd is a group of cows, a school
is a group of fish, a pack is a group
of wolves-

ERIC

KRYSTYL! Not now! We have a situation,
here; there's something in my room!

KRYSTYL

A murder is a group of ravens...

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS FOYER - AFTERNOON

Eric and Krystyl arrive at the door to Eric's room. He grips
the doorknob...

KRYSTYL

But a troupe is a group of-

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ERIC'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Eric FLINGS open the door. Their jaws drop in shock.

A troupe of monkeys, specifically mandrills (*Mandrillus sphinx*),
is wildly ravaging Eric's room!

Several mandrills are rummaging through Eric's closet, tearing
his clothes off of hangers and ripping them to shreds...

A young mandrill is hanging on to his ceiling fan as it spins
faster and faster...

About a dozen of the hairy creatures are jumping up and down on
his bed, CHATTERING excitedly...

And one mandrill is sitting on Eric's desk, chewing through his
computer's cables.

KRYSTYL

Monkeys!!!

Eric is still in a state of shock and not moving. He blinks a
few times, trying to comprehend what he is seeing.

ERIC

(realization)

There are monkeys in my room!!!

He bolts into the room, not sure which problem to address first.

He tries to wrestle a shirt away from one of the mandrills.

ERIC

Let go! Let go!

The mandrill PULLS harder, and Eric loses his balance.

Krystyl follows, dodging random articles of clutter being thrown at her.

ERIC

Get them off my bed!

He tries to SHOO the mandrills off his bed, but they SWIPE at him with their hands, causing him to flinch.

A mandrill JUMPS off of the desk and bumps into Krystyl, knocking her to the ground.

It is complete pandemonium. The mandrills are out of control. Eric's room is barely recognizable anymore.

One of the mandrills on the bed loses its footing, and falls off the bed, landing hard on a CD player.

The player blasts Bon Jovi's "Raise Your Hands" at full volume. This causes the already crazed mandrills to panic and SCREECH.

Eric and Krystyl place their hands over their ears.

The largest mandrill charges at the nearest window. With a SMASH, he plows right through the glass, sending shards everywhere.

The rest of the troupe follows him. During the chaos, the CD player is knocked to the ground, silencing the music.

Within a matter of seconds, all of the mandrills have escaped through the window, except for the one still riding the ceiling fan.

Eric stands, shocked and numb at the sight of his now-destroyed bedroom. Krystyl gets up and timidly places a hand on his shoulder.

KRYSTYL

...Eric?

The mandrill on the ceiling fan loses his grip and hits the wall hard. He falls to the floor and scampers out of the room.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - STAIRS - AFTERNOON

Eric charges down the stairs, looking afraid and determined. Krystyl follows, unsure of what's happening.

ERIC

Those monkeys came from the game!

KRYSTYL

But... but they couldn't have!

ERIC

You have a better explanation?!

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Eric storms into the room and stops. He stares at the Jumanji game, apprehensive of getting too close.

KRYSTYL

(finally admitting)

... The scorpions... the monkeys...
they really did come from the game,
didn't they?

Eric sits down and examines the game.

ERIC

(gravely)

Yeah... this game... whatever clue
it gives you when you roll the dice...
that's what it creates.

KRYSTYL

Well... if that's true, then what
makes it do that? Do you think
it's... magic?

ERIC

It has to be. We're going to stop
right now before anything else comes
out of it!

He stands and leaves the room.

KRYSTYL

(calling)

Wait, where are you going?

ERIC (O.S.)

I'm getting that burlap sack I found it in, and then we're putting it back in the attic! After that, I'm going to hope to God I can think of an explanation before my mom gets home tomorrow night. She might not buy the old "haunted board game" excuse.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Eric walks back into the room with the cloth bag and finds Krystyl crouched over the game.

ERIC

What are you doing?! Don't roll the dice!

KRYSTYL

Eric, we never read this other part.

ERIC

What other part?

Krystyl turns, showing Eric the other hinged flap of the game with more written instructions.

KRYSTYL

(reading)

"Warning! Do not begin playing unless you intend to finish. The exciting consequences of this game will not disappear until a player has reached the center of Jumanji and called out its name."

They stand in silence, interpreting these words.

ERIC

What the hell does that mean?

Krystyl stands and looks Eric in the eye.

KRYSTYL

I think it means... that if we finish the game, everything that comes out of it will go back into it. It'll all disappear!

Eric looks at her like she's insane.

ERIC

Krystyl, you saw what that, that... "troupe" did to my room! The damage is already done!

He reaches for the game, but Krystyl grabs his arm.

KRYSTYL

Wait a minute- We can't let those monkeys run wild! They'll destroy the town!

ERIC

Not my problem!

KRYSTYL

It is so your problem! You brought them here!

ERIC

Yeah, well it's your fault!

KRYSTYL

My fault?!

ERIC

You started the game!

(imitating Krystyl)

Eric, let's play a game! It'll be fun!

(normal)

You wanted to play, well guess what?

The game's over! We lost!

He **SHOVES** her aside and grabs the game. He folds it back up, but Krystyl grabs an end of it and doesn't let go.

KRYSTYL

We have a responsibility, here!

ERIC

Krystyl, let go!

KRYSTYL

You let go!

ERIC

We're not playing, anymore!

KRYSTYL

Stop being so selfish!

ERIC

Selfish?!

Krystyl **YANKS** the game away from Eric. Unfortunately, the momentum flings open the flap and causes the dice to **TUMBLE** and **ROLL**. They land on **FOUR** and **THREE**, totaling **SEVEN**.

ERIC

NO!!!

KRYSTYL

Omigod!!!

Eric takes the game, slams it down on the table and places his hand flat over Krystyl's game piece.

ERIC

That doesn't count! That doesn't count!

Unfortunately, it does. Instead of the piece moving, the game itself **MOVES** underneath the appropriate spaces.

KRYSTYL

Oh, my God... Oh, my God... Eric, the game thinks I rolled!

ERIC

I know!

(beat)

What do you mean, "The game thinks?"

New LETTERS SWIRL in the center. Realizing she has no choice, Krystyl reads her clue.

KRYSTYL

(reading)

"Frenzied beasts
are at your heel.
Their tusks are sharper
than their squeal."

The dice begin to VIBRATE.

Slowly, the entire house begins to tremble and shake. Pictures fall off the wall. Veins of cracks run up the walls of the room. Krystyl looks around fearfully.

ERIC

This... might be bad.

From behind the hall closet door, bestial SQUEALING is heard, becoming louder and louder.

KRYSTYL

(backing into a corner)

What's that sound?

ERIC

(following)

If I had to guess... I would say
frenzied beasts.

With a SMASH, the closet door explodes into splinters.

A wild horde of feral bush pigs pours into the house, charging rampantly and destroying anything in their path!

Furniture is crushed beyond recognition and rugs are torn up. The NOISE is deafening.

A pig charges into the living room and runs directly at Eric. It runs through his legs and knocks him to the ground.

The pig SNORTS and sizes Eric up.

ERIC

Easy there, Pumbaa. Easy...

The pig readies to charge...

In a flash, Krystyl tears off her hooded sweatshirt, revealing a black tank top. She jumps on top of the pig and wraps the sweatshirt around its head, blinding it.

KRYSTYL

Yeehaw!

The pig shakes its head violently and throws her off. Still blinded, it charges away, enraged.

Krystyl helps Eric to his feet. He takes her hand and pulls her along with him.

ERIC

We've got to get to the basement!
It's our only chance!

KRYSTYL

Wait! The game!

She quickly folds up the game and tucks it under her arm.

Dodging pigs, they hurriedly make their way to the basement door. They run inside and SLAM the door shut.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Eric pulls on the light's chain. He and Krystyl are breathing heavily as the sounds upstairs continue to echo.

Finally, after a minute, the sounds subside and die away. It's too quiet, now.

KRYSTYL

Are they gone?

Eric doesn't respond.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

It looks as though a bomb went off on the first floor. It is impossible to say which room is which.

Eric is inspecting the damage, trying to find something salvageable.

He spies something on the floor and picks it up.

Krystyl appears from behind the overturned refrigerator, looking guilty and concerned. Eric is barely containing his anger.

ERIC

I found something.

He holds up her lacrosse stick, miraculously undamaged.

KRYSTYL

Hey... my lacrosse stick.

He FLINGS it over his shoulder. It clatters into the dining room. He walks over to Krystyl, who won't look him in the eye.

ERIC

(teeth gritted)

Give me the game. Now.

Krystyl doesn't move. Eric SNATCHES the game away from her and leaves. Krystyl follows.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - AFTERNOON

The fireplace is missing some bricks. The floorboards are smashed, and the television is turned over on its side.

Eric stands with the bent up remote, trying to light the fire.

He studies the large remote carefully. It has dozens of nearly identical buttons.

Krystyl stands close to him, obviously upset. He notices.

ERIC

I've got to destroy it!

KRYSTYL

You know, you're not the center of the universe! It's not always all about you! Oh gosh, you don't want to go to college, you don't want to leave, you're afraid of life, poor pitiful you!

ERIC

(pushing random buttons)

Shut up.

The TV flickers on.

KRYSTYL

You know what- there are plenty of other people out there! People you apparently don't care about! You and I started this game, so now we have to finish it!

The fire ignites. Eric readies to throw the game in. Suddenly, the sound of an AMBULANCE from the TV catches his attention.

ON THE TV:

It is a live news report coming from town. It is absolute disarray. The mandrills are terrorizing the citizens, causing them to flee for cover.

The wild pigs are ramming into cars, trapping people inside.

People on STRETCHERS are being loaded into ambulances with various injuries. Windows are demolished; a fire is raging.

The REPORTER (late 20s) looks terrified as she gives her report.

REPORTER

-an area of about two miles. As of now, twelve people have been taken to the hospital with multiple injuries, most of which are listed in critical condition. Once again, the police are warning viewers to stay in their

REPORTER (CONT'D)

*homes. Local zoos and wildlife
refuges are being contacted in a
desperate hope to try and pinpoint
the source of this chaotic and...
bizarre outbreak. I've been told-*

*She is cut short as a mandrill TACKLES her from behind. Her
screams echo.*

REPORTER (CONT'D, O.S.)

*Mitchell! Put down the camera! Ow!
Get it off me! Get it off-*

The screen goes blank as the camera cuts off.

Eric stares at the screen, conflicted. He looks to Krystyl, who is wiping away tears at the carnage she has just witnessed.

Eric looks at the game in his hands. He LIFTS up the flap and reads the second set of instructions again.

CLOSE UP on the words "unless you intend to finish."

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

The table has been righted up, and Eric places the game on top of it. He and Krystyl sit across from each other.

He holds the dice in his palm, looking terrified.

Krystyl places her hand atop the black orb in the center of the game.

KRYSTYL

We'll finish this game, Eric. No
matter what?

The atmosphere is tense, but Eric places his hand over hers.

ERIC

No matter what.

Eric grips the dice carefully. He RATTLES them and rolls a TWO and a SIX, totaling EIGHT.

ERIC
(reading)
"Savage hunters
covertly prowl.
Prepare to flee
upon their growl."
(to Krystyl)
I don't like the sound of that.

Eric freezes. His gaze is now focused beyond Krystyl.

KRYSTYL
What do you think the game is
going to throw at us this time?

ERIC
(not moving)
Hmmm.

KRYSTYL
Well, shouldn't we take cover
before these... "hunters" show up?!

ERIC
Hmmm.

Krystyl is perturbed and upset at Eric's demeanor.

KRYSTYL
Eric, why are you ignoring me?!

ERIC
(slowly and carefully)
Because if I look away, it's
going to pounce.

Slowly, Krystyl turns around. A large BLACK LEOPARD is perched on the sideboard, sizing them up. Its tail twitches excitedly.

KRYSTYL
(hoarse)
What do we do?

ERIC

Whatever you do, don't look away.
Try not to even blink.

The leopard shifts its weight from one leg to the other.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Now slowly stand up...

She does. Eric FOLDS up the game.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Easy... don't make any sudden moves.
Now, carefully move toward the door.

The leopard GROWLS. Krystyl flinches and instinctively puts her hands up.

The leopard POUNCES! Krystyl ducks down out of its way. The leopard lands on the table. It SLIDES off the other side, along with the tablecloth.

It lands in a tangled heap on the floor, fighting to unwrap itself from the cloth.

KRYSTYL

Wow... that was too close!

ERIC

We're not through, yet! The clue didn't say "hunter." It said "hunters." There's more than one!

On the floor, the leopard THRASHES and SNARLS.

KRYSTYL

It's going to get out of there!

ERIC

Come on! Downstairs!

They run out of the room and race toward the basement. Eric flings open the door. Bestial GROWLING is heard from below.

ERIC

Did I say downstairs?

KRYSTYL

Uh-huh.

ERIC

My bad.

He slams the door shut. They turn around and bolt upstairs.

After a second, the leopard SMASHES through the door.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS FOYER - DUSK

Eric and Krystyl reach the top of the stairs, panicked.

KRYSTYL

Eric, look out!

A third LEOPARD wanders out of the bathroom.

The second leopard SNARLS behind them. Eric's eyes dart off to the side.

KRYSTYL

There's no place left to go!

ERIC

The attic!

He points to a door on the adjacent side of the foyer.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

The first leopard tears itself free of the tablecloth and lithely climbs up the stairs.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS FOYER - LATE AFTERNOON

Eric and Krystyl race toward the door, but are quickly cut off by the third leopard. The duo is soon backed into a corner.

The second and third leopards join the first and crowd around them.

Krystyl is gripping Eric's arm so tightly that her knuckles have begun to whiten.

KRYSTYL

We're surrounded!

As LEOPARD 1 charges, LEOPARDS 2 & 3 tackle it. The three felines begin to fight amongst each other with much CLAWING and SNARLING. Eric and Krystyl stare, almost entranced.

KRYSTYL

What... What's going on?

ERIC

I can't believe it... They're fighting over which one gets to eat us!

The leopards FIGHT with greater intensity.

KRYSTYL

Sibling rivalry...

They carefully inch their way to the attic door.

KRYSTYL

You have to admit, this is a lot more exciting than watching a movie.

ERIC

Well, you know, three ferocious leopards will probably make any day a little less boring.

Eric opens the door and they enter the attic.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - DUSK

The light is on, and Eric is setting up the square table in the center of the room.

Krystyl is sitting cross-legged on the floor, examining the game more thoroughly.

KRYSTYL

You know, I think there's more to Jumanji than we think.

Eric gives her an "are you an idiot?" look.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

No, no; I mean, I think I know how it's progressing.

ERIC

Really?

Krystyl stands and PACES the room.

KRYSTYL

Yeah. See, at first it started small. With the scorpions, I mean, they were creepy, but they didn't really cause any damage. You just sucked them up in the vacuum and that was it.

ERIC

Okay...

KRYSTYL

Then you rolled the dice and the monkeys came out. They were more challenging to deal with, but they were all contained in one room. But then things got a little more... complicated.

ERIC

"Frenzied beasts are at your heel..."

KRYSTYL

Exactly. The wild pigs caused even more damage, and it was at that time... or turn, I should say, that we actually had to take action in order to avoid getting hurt... or killed. Then you took your turn again and we had freaking *leopards* trying to *kill* us-

ERIC

I know, Krystyl. I was there. What's your point?

KRYSTYL

Don't you see? The more we play this game, the more dangerous it becomes! Each turn sends out something worse than the previous turn!

Eric considers this, and realizes she is right.

ERIC

It knows.

KRYSTYL

What?

ERIC

The game *is* getting harder because Jumanji knows we're getting closer and doesn't want us to finish. It doesn't want either of us to win!

KRYSTYL

Then the game is... alive?

ERIC

Well, it's definitely sentient, so in some ways it *could* be.

KRYSTYL

But why doesn't it want us to win?

Eric takes the game, sets it on the table and unfolds it.

ERIC

Maybe it's trying to keep something protected. Maybe there's some secret that it doesn't want us to uncover.

He stares at his beetle figurine on the game.

CUT TO: The beetle figurine, now in the palm of a child's hand.

INT. JUNGLE - ZA'RU'A VILLAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

A native GIRL (9) holds the beetle figurine in one hand and the parrot figurine in her other. She arches an eyebrow.

Felix stands in front of her, rummaging through his overstuffed vest. He produces a small metal WHISTLE and demonstrates.

The girl shakes her head.

Felix smiles, charmed. He offers a spare derby, much too large for her.

The girl hesitates, but then shakes her head.

Bemused, Felix takes out a silver POCKET WATCH and winds it up, demonstrating how it works.

The girl watches, amazed. She eagerly nods.

Felix gives a Cheshire Cat grin, and exchanges the items. She runs off, holding her new treasure. He trots off with his own.

INT. JUNGLE - ZA'RU'A VILLAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Za'ru'a villagers have crowded around the strange foreigners in their land. Most of them look afraid, some even angry.

Nigel and Hasani sit with a NATIVE (30s), slowly engaging in a conversation. Timothy and Alistair stand nearby, the latter looking impatient.

Felix SAUNTERS up, oblivious of the distrusting stares by onlookers.

FELIX

(on the figurines)

Look at these! Aren't they magnificent?! This is genuine ivory, you know!

ALISTAIR

(not looking)

Fascinating.

TIMOTHY

Those are remarkable... who did you get them from?

FELIX

A particularly shrewd little girl who, by now, is showing off her brand new Pitkin pocket watch to her associates. Courtesy of the insurmountable one and only, Felix J. Kauffman!

TIMOTHY

You've been doing quite a bit of trading since we arrived... what else are you giving these people?

Felix grins and takes a HORSESHOE MAGNET from out of his front pocket.

FELIX

In most cases, one of these little beauties here is enough to convince an average customer of the African persuasion to part with his or her belongings. A simple demonstration of its abilities upon an ordinary nail, and voila!

ALISTAIR

Will you keep it down?! We're trying to get out this... *place* as quickly as possible!

Nigel and the Native have finished their discussion. They stand up and shake hands. Nigel and Hasani rejoin their group.

NIGEL

Alright, gentlemen. From what I've gathered, the ruins of Jumanji are several miles due South. After that, we may have a slope to climb, and then... well, we shall see if this legend is indeed based on fact.

FELIX

Ah! Most excellent!

NIGEL

(to Timothy)

This could be it... Are you ready?

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - DUSK

Eric and Krystyl kneel across from each other with the game.

KRYSTYL

I'm ready.

Eric hands her the dice. She takes a deep breath.

ERIC

(putting his hand on hers)

You can do this.

KRYSTYL

My last turn, the entire first floor was demolished.

ERIC

And you didn't even really roll the dice.

He smiles weakly; Krystyl is still uneasy.

KRYSTYL

What if it releases more bugs?

Eric pauses and thinks.

ERIC

Then we'll deal with them together. We just have to take things one turn at a time. Just handle each little surprise as it comes up.

Krystyl is far from convinced.

ERIC

And no matter what happens, I'll be right here with you. We'll finish this game together; I promise.

Krystyl nods and clutches the dice. She is slightly more at ease. She's about to begin to roll, but then stops.

KRYSTYL

Eric, wait.

Krystyl looks like something is on her mind.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

Um... earlier before, I... I called you selfish... Well, I... I just wanted to say that I'm sorry. That wasn't fair of me. I don't think you're selfish, I was just... you know...

ERIC

(smiles)

It's okay, Krystyl.

KRYSTYL

Are you sure?

ERIC

That's in the past; time to move on.

Krystyl laughs and adjusts her baseball cap.

KRYSTYL

Good.

She resumes SHAKING the dice.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

Okay... need a big number, here...
Come on, big number!

She throws a ONE and a ONE, totaling TWO.

ERIC

What the hell?!

KRYSTYL

Seriously?!

Her figurine moves the pitiful two spaces.

The CLUE SWIRLS...

KRYSTYL

Okay...

(reading)

"A forked tongue
detects for you.
Its armless grip
will turn you blue."

A nearby stack of boxes suddenly TOPPLES over. Eric and Krystyl are startled.

KRYSTYL

What was that?

An ominous RUSTLING sound is heard.

ERIC

Something's in here.

Pieces of furniture are knocked over with a CRASH.

KRYSTYL

Something big.

Eric and Krystyl stand up and look around.

ERIC

Where's it coming from? I don't see anything.

KRYSTYL

Me neith-

Something YANKS on her foot, sending her to the floor. She SCREAMS bloody murder.

ERIC

KRYSTYL!

He bolts around the table, stops short and pales.

An enormous SNAKE, almost thirty feet long, has slithered out from the corner and is slowly wrapping itself around Krystyl.

KRYSTYL

It's got me!

ERIC

NO!

He frantically GRABS at the snake's coiling body, to no avail.

KRYSTYL

Get it off me! Hurry!

The snake has almost coiled itself around her entire body. She begins to gasp for breath as it tightens its grip.

KRYSTYL

Eric... (gasp) help... (gasp)

Fueled by desperation, Eric grabs the snake's head, and savagely BITES down on its neck as hard as he can.

The snake HISSES, and begins to release Krystyl.

Once she is uncoiled, Krystyl PANTS in and out quickly.

ERIC

(letting go)

GET OUT OF HERE!

The snake, furious and now bleeding, sets its sights on Eric, who is backing away.

The snake slithers along the attic floor, never deviating.

Eric has backed into a support beam. He glances at it, a light bulb going off in his head.

He glances between the approaching snake and the beam.

ERIC

What do you weigh, Kaa? Five,
maybe six hundred pounds?

The snake STRIKES! Eric runs around the support beam over and over again. The snake follows, coiling itself around the beam.

KRYSTYL

Eric! (gasp) What are you (gasp)
doing?!

By now, the snake has wrapped its entire body around the beam, trying to get Eric. The wood begins to CRACK...

ERIC

Timber.

The beam BREAKS off and falls, due to the snake's weight. They both CRASH down right through the floor.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The snake-wrapped beam FALLS through the ceiling and continues to CRASH through the already weakened floor into the basement. A HISSING is heard dying away.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Eric stares at the hole in the floor for a second, then runs over to Krystyl, who has recovered.

He PULLS her into a tight embrace.

ERIC

Are you alright?

They break apart and look at each other.

KRYSTYL

Yeah... I'm fine.

(starry-eyed)

You bit an anaconda for me...

There is a pause. They stare into each other's eyes, seeming to forget about their predicament. Their heads begin to move closer together. Krystyl starts to PUCKER her lips...

ERIC

(killing the mood)

Python.

KRYSTYL

...Huh?

ERIC

That was a python.

KRYSTYL

A python?

ERIC

Yeah. Anacondas live in the Amazon. You know, in South America. This game is based on the jungles of Africa, so a snake that size would have to be a python.

KRYSTYL

... I see.

There is an uncomfortable SILENCE. Eric has loosened his hold on Krystyl, but she does not return the favor.

ERIC

Well, I guess it's my turn, now...

KRYSTYL

Do you think you can still play?

Eric swallows, nods his head and speaks with determination.

ERIC

Absolutely. We've come this far, haven't we? But if Jumanji's going to adapt, maybe we can, too.

KRYSTYL

What do you mean?

MONTAGE: PREPARING FOR BATTLE

- A) Eric tears open a box labeled "Tools."
- B) He hands Krystyl a large, sharp MACHETE. She inspects it.
- C) Eric takes a few practice swings with a HATCHET.
- D) Krystyl ties off her tank top, giving the appearance of a sports bra.
- E) Eric switches his sneakers for some hiking boots.

MONTAGE ENDS.

Eric and Krystyl stand, fully armed and ready to play Jumanji.

KRYSTYL

Ready to roll?

ERIC

Let's go.

He reaches down and snatches up the dice. He rattles them and tosses them on the board.

He rolls a TWO and a FIVE, totaling SEVEN. His figurine moves and the clue is given:

ERIC

"One cannot run,
nor can one hide.
These creatures dwell
and grow inside."

KRYSTYL

They're inside the room!

They stand back to back with their weapons raised.

ERIC

We knew that much, didn't we?

They await any possible danger, but nothing appears. Everything is perfectly silent and undisturbed. Eric slowly lowers his hatchet.

ERIC

Nothing's happening.

Krystyl is confused, as is Eric.

KRYSTYL

That's weird.

ERIC

Maybe the game is just trying to scare
us... you know, make us all paranoid,
so we'll stop playing.

KRYSTYL

Yeah... Jumanji must be toying with us.

They stand for a while longer. Eric's teeth begin to CHATTER. His whole body starts to shiver. Krystyl turns around.

KRYSTYL

Are you okay?

ERIC

Yeah. It- it's just k-kind of cold
up here.

KRYSTYL

Cold? It's the middle of April.
It's got to be seventy-five degrees,
at least!

ERIC

(shaking worse)
K-Krystyl, I'm... f-f-freezing!

He DROPS the hatchet and wraps his arms around himself. Krystyl grips his shoulder.

KRYSTYL

Eric?
(hysterical)
Eric?!

Eric's eyes roll in back of his head and he COLLAPSES to the floor, shaking violently and writhing in agony. Krystyl drops to her knees and examines him.

KRYSTYL

What is it?! What's happening?!

Her eye catches something. She leans in closer to Eric's face.

KRYSTYL

Oh, my God... Hold still; hold still!

He cannot. Krystyl tries to hold his head steady.

CLOSE UP on Eric's eye:

A TINY, WHITE WORM slithers across the inside of Eric's eye, disappearing into the other side. Krystyl is horrified.

KRYSTYL

Worms!

ERIC

(writhing)
Wor... Wor... Worms...?

KRYSTYL

Tiny, parasitic worms... I think
you're filled with them!

ERIC

The... creatures...

KRYSTYL

... are dwelling and growing inside
of you!

Krystyl covers her mouth with her hand. She doesn't know what to do.

Eric SPASMS, knocking over the table along with the game. The dice tumble away.

KRYSTYL

No! We can't lose those!

She grabs the dice and holds them tight in her fist.

ERIC

Krystyl... it hurts! Make it stop!

KRYSTYL

I DON'T KNOW HOW!

Eric SPASMS again, grasping onto Krystyl's wrist. In shock, she DROPS the dice on the floor.

KRYSTYL

Oh, God, NO!

The dice read FOUR and TWO, totaling SIX. Her token moves...

KRYSTYL

No, no, no! Not again!

Her clue SWIRLS. Eric continues to shake and twitch in pain.

Krystyl reads her clue, and her fear morphs to confusion.

KRYSTYL

What the heck?

(reading)

"Merchandise, wares
and trinkets galore.
Peruse his selection;
caveat emptor."

Eric has lost consciousness by this point.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

"Caveat emptor..." That's Latin.

(thinks hard)

It means... "Let the buyer beware."

A plump arm appears and DRAPES around Krystyl's shoulders. It is followed by none other than Felix J. Kauffman!

FELIX

"Buyer?"

Krystyl SCREAMS. Felix lets go and straightens up, never losing his Cheshire Cat grin. Eric is completely oblivious.

KRYSTYL

Who are you?!

FELIX

(tipping his hat)

Felix J. Kauffman, seller of items,
purveyor of goods, and ah...

He nods toward Eric on the floor.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Servant to the downtrodden.

Krystyl stares, unsure.

KRYSTYL

Are you... from the game?

FELIX

Indeed. With just a mere roll of
the dice, you have successfully
enlisted the products and services
all contained within...

He turns, revealing a massive wooden emporium.

It is decorated with jungle foliage and seems to contain infinite items on its shelves and walls.

FELIX (CONT'D)
My fantastical emporium!

He walks into the store and appears behind the counter.

KRYSTYL
Okay... What do you sell?

FELIX
Everything and anything. So...!

He leans both arms on the counter and raises his eyebrows.

FELIX (CONT'D)
What might you be in the market for
this fine evening?

Krystyl looks toward Eric, then back at Felix.

KRYSTYL
Well... can you help my friend, here?

Felix rubs his chin thoughtfully.

FELIX
Perhaps... what ails him?

KRYSTYL
He's sick. He's filled with worms.
He needs medicine.

FELIX
Ah! A precocious player, pursuing
plentiful prospects potentially
pertaining to prosperity, presently
perilously plagued by problematic
parasitic protozoans... I presume.

Krystyl stares at the odd, droll man.

FELIX (CONT'D)
But not to worry! Any of Jumanji's
many, many endangerments are very
easily negated by the one and only
unsurpassed, Felix J. Kauffman!

He RUMMAGES under the counter. He takes out a small glass bottle filled with dark green liquid. The label reads "TONIC."

FELIX

May I present to you, Felix J. Kauffman's Homemade, All-Natural, Anti-Parasite Tonic! One hundred percent guaranteed to rid the body of any and all organisms which do not belong!

KRYSTYL

(hopeful)

That'll cure him?

FELIX

For the right price...

Krystyl reluctantly leaves Eric's side and approaches the store. She takes out her wallet and hands over a twenty dollar bill.

KRYSTYL

Would this be enough?

Felix looks at the bill and sneers.

FELIX

Well, if it isn't "Old Hickory," himself. Sorry, but that's a face I should like to forget. No sale.

Krystyl extricates more items from her wallet.

KRYSTYL

Well... how about a credit card? Do you take Visa?

FELIX

Vis-what?

KRYSTYL

Well... is there anything in this attic that you like?

She turns her head, and Felix's jaw drops. He seizes her ponytail and examines it thoroughly.

FELIX

My goodness! Such wild, untamed crimson! Such a perfect, delicate texture. My dear, is this... *natural*?!

KRYSTYL

Yeah... why?

Felix grins, and takes out some SCISSORS from his vest pocket.

FELIX

I do believe we may be able to work out a transaction.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Krystyl, now with a very short haircut and no cap, is tilting Eric's head back, pouring the last of the tonic down his throat.

Eric is fading in and out of consciousness. He is soaked with sweat and his breathing is labored.

Krystyl lays his head down onto an old cushion, and sighs.

FELIX (O.S.)

The tonic works very quickly, but he'll need time to rest and build up his strength.

Krystyl looks to where the game was, but discovers it is missing. She turns and spots Felix admiring it in his hands.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Tell me: are you the parrot or the beetle?

KRYSTYL

Parrot.

FELIX

Twenty-five spaces... I must say, I am impressed.

KRYSTYL

Really?

FELIX

(nods)

I didn't think any player could survive beyond the first two or three turns.

KRYSTYL

We almost didn't.

FELIX

(eyeing her)

No?

KRYSTYL

So far, we've had to deal with scorpions, wild pigs, leopards, a room full of crazed monkeys-

FELIX

Oh, the mandrills. It's hard not to love them.

Krystyl crosses her arms and glares.

FELIX (CONT'D)

... But I take it you found a way.

Krystyl seems overwhelmed with her situation. She casts her gaze on Eric, sleeping peacefully.

Something changes in Krystyl. Her quirkiness and naiveté disappear. She becomes deadly serious and determined.

Krystyl stands and walks to Felix's store.

She rests her elbows on the counter. Felix still smiles.

KRYSTYL

You're definitely from the game?

FELIX

The name Kauffman is synonymous with honesty.

KRYSTYL

In that case, I want to buy something else from you.

FELIX

And what might that be?

KRYSTYL

Information.

Felix stands up straight, as does Krystyl.

FELIX

About what, exactly?

KRYSTYL

(obvious)

Jumanji! What is it?! Where did it come from?! What makes all the animals appear?! Why's it trying to kill us?! Who created the game?!

FELIX

Which of those questions would you prefer I answer?

KRYSTYL

ALL OF THEM!

Eric stirs and moans. Krystyl quiets herself down a bit.

KRYSTYL

Mr. Kauffman, you're the first thing that's come out of the game that I think we might be able to trust. Please, I'm asking you, help me understand what we're up against.

Felix considers her request.

FELIX

I will sell you the information you desire, but in return I require a service of yours.

KRYSTYL

What?

Felix's smile slowly vanishes. He leans in close and drops his voice to a whisper.

FELIX

You must promise me that either you,
or your convalescing counterpart, will
win the game.

Eternal seconds pass. Finally, Krystyl nods her head.

KRYSTYL

I promise.

Felix takes a deep breath, and begins to tell his story.

FELIX

It was the year 1895. My associates
and I were marching through the most
inaccessible and jungles of Africa...

He takes out a small, metal COMPASS and studies it in his hands.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Although I wasn't too concerned with
our mission. I saw only negotiations
and profits in my mind.

CLOSE UP on the compass.

CUT TO: The same compass in the same hand, circa 1895.

INT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - DAWN

Felix stands holding his compass, nodding affirmatively. The party is trekking up an incline, overgrown with foliage.

FELIX

We're still heading East.

Hasani and Nigel lead the group, followed by Felix and Timothy, and with Alistair bringing up the rear. Timothy is brimming with excitement.

TIMOTHY

Excellent! Gentlemen, we're almost there! Imagine! The first ever to discover the lost ruins of Jumanji!

The group stops at a "wall" of trees, vines and creepers.

NIGEL

This is it. The alleged "wall of life," exactly where the legends said it was! That tribesman said his people were too fearful to approach it...

TIMOTHY

We'll need to find a safe way of entering so as not to disturb the native-

Alistair marches up to the "wall" and savagely begins HACKING away at it with a machete.

ALISTAIR

This works equally well, professor.

FELIX

A man of action. I like that.

Alistair has carved an entranceway. Timothy readies for his finest hour. He turns to the others.

TIMOTHY

My friends, this is it. Now, I don't know what we may find in there, but just know that I am forever indebted to your patience, your cooperativeness, and your overall bravery in navigating this strange, wonderful land. And now, let us claim our rightful spoils!

The party charges through the opening into the strange land.

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI RUINS - DAWN

The men step into the ruins, and their faces promptly turn to shock, disappointment and despair. Alistair looks furious.

ALISTAIR

You are most assuredly indebted
to me.

CUT TO:

It is a barren, desolate wasteland. Absolutely no plants have grown; not even a blade of grass. The ground is muddy and putrid.

No animals of any kind can be seen or heard. There are no insects on the ground, no birds in the sky and the entire atmosphere reeks of abandonment.

TIMOTHY

No...

FELIX

Well, this is rather disappointing.

TIMOTHY

What... What happened here? Where is everything...? For that matter, where is *anything*?

Hasani looks apprehensive and uneasy. He turns to Nigel and they exchange some conversation.

NIGEL

Hasani says we ought to turn back.
He's a little uncomfortable, not seeing any plant life.

ALISTAIR

We will do no such thing! I was promised great rewards, and I intend to claim them! I will not leave empty-handed!

TIMOTHY

I... I've heard of ecological blights, but what could have killed every plant and animal so quickly?

FELIX

This didn't happen recently. If it had, there would be some remnants of trees steadily decaying. There are no remnants in sight, meaning that they had considerable time to decompose into nothingness. Furthermore, it would take many generations of patient trial and error before who knows *how* many species of animal life decided they weren't up to the challenge of adapting to survive in a forsaken ecosystem, and simply went extinct. Without any resources being derived from plant or animal material, the humans who depended on those plants and animals would follow suit, and eventually die out themselves.

The group stares at him, astonished.

NIGEL

I didn't know you studied Biology, Felix.

FELIX

That sir, was Economics.

Timothy is dumbfounded. Alistair has had enough.

ALISTAIR

(enraged)

Well! Thus ends the glorious expedition of Timothy Van Allsburg! A *pointless* journey, *wasted* opportunities, and not a single thing to show for it!

TIMOTHY

NO! No! There... Colonel, there's got to be *something*...

He looks around in desperation.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

If... If we can just prove that a civilization existed here at one time, then that should be all the university would need! Now... Now we'll just have to pair off and scout the area!

ALISTAIR

I will not-

TIMOTHY

(losing it)

SCOUT THE AREA! For God's sake, I will not be made a laughingstock! Colonel, you go with Felix! Nigel, you and Hasani are with me! We'll walk the perimeter, then meet back here at the hole in the brush!

He marches off, muttering to himself. After a second, Nigel shrugs and motions Hasani to follow.

Alistair and Felix glance at each other.

FELIX

Mad as a hatter.

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI RUINS - DAWN

Alistair and Felix walk along the bleak grounds. Felix is scanning the area, but Alistair is too preoccupied to care.

ALISTAIR

I should never have left England.

FELIX

Don't despair, Colonel.

ALISTAIR

I should have saved my funds and just gone on another hunting trip. An expedition in India, Argentina... Even the United States would be preferable to this!

FELIX

We'll find something.

ALISTAIR

Look around, you fool! There is nothing here! Where would we even begin to look?!

Felix stops walking and points.

FELIX

Perhaps that odd cave, there.

Alistair looks. There is an onyx black, stone cave with various tribal markings around it.

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI CAVE - ENTRANCE - DAWN

An unseen source of light illuminates the entrance. The cave is open and barren.

Felix and Alistair approach the entranceway.

ALISTAIR

You think the Jumanji constructed this?

FELIX

This certainly isn't a natural occurrence.

ALISTAIR

What makes you say that?

Felix points up at the sky.

FELIX

If the sun is rising in the East, directly to our left, then what is illuminating this cave from within?

Alistair ponders this, and has no explanation.

ALISTAIR

Let's find out.

They enter the cave.

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI CAVE - DAWN

The light is brighter; Felix and Alistair turn a corner and enter the alcove. They stop and stare, entranced.

A glowing crystal ball is set atop a wooden pedestal. It gives off an ethereal, intense yellow light.

A couple of DECOMPOSING SKELETONS are nearby.

For the first time, Alistair looks uneasy.

ALISTAIR

What sort of devilish trickery is this?

FELIX

The profitable kind, I hope.

Slowly, they approach the glowing crystal ball.

ALISTAIR

This must have belonged to the natives at one time.

Felix gestures to the skeletons.

FELIX

What, them?

ALISTAIR

Well, the ancient Egyptians were very often buried with their belongings and pets... it's not so very farfetched.

(shrugs)

Slaves were killed by the pharaoh to ensure the burial's secrecy. What better way to keep something under wraps?

He precariously picks up the ball and inspects it closely. It seems to glow a little brighter.

FELIX

You may look Colonel, but remember: all material possessions are to be turned over directly to me for use in my shop's inventory.

ALISTAIR

What is producing this light, though?
Fire, phosphorous powder, or...?

He looks in closer and squints his eyes.

ALISTAIR

Wait a minute... I think I see
something. It looks like...

Alistair begins to grow terrified as he realizes what he is
seeing.

FELIX

Colonel?

ALISTAIR

(hoarse)
By all that is holy and pure...

FELIX

What is it? What do you see?

Alistair turns and presents the ball to Felix.

ALISTAIR

Look.

Felix leans in, and after several seconds his jaw drops and his
eyes bulge.

FELIX

My God.

CLOSE UP on the crystal ball.

INSIDE THE CRYSTAL BALL:

The yellow light is being emitted from a miniature sun, about
the size of a dime and suspended in midair amidst a blue sky.
Tiny clouds, the size of cotton balls, breeze by.

Beneath the sky, a lush, green, vibrant jungle is growing. Tiny
cliffs with a tiny, gushing waterfall are seen in the distance.

Lilliputian animals (monkeys, pigs, etc.) are roaming the trees and floor.

TINY NATIVES, each one no larger than a flea, are gathering, hunting, and chanting around a tribal village.

It is Jumanji, all contained within this glass ball!

ALISTAIR
(frightened whisper)
Jumanji.

FELIX
... What?

ALISTAIR
Jumanji! The lost tribe of Jumanji!
We've found it!

FELIX
(disbelieving)
But... Jumanji? How did... what
did...?

ALISTAIR
Remember the professor's story? He
said the natives sought the help of a
sorcerer... one who would protect them!

FELIX
(catching on)
... One who would seal them off from
the rest of the world! That's it,
then!

ALISTAIR
What's it?

FELIX
The sorcerer must have performed some
sort of incantation that sealed off the
Jumanji people, and their land, into this
orb! An entire world, all to themselves,
contained within something... no larger
than a grapefruit!

ALISTAIR

(flabbergasted)

Incredible! Completely hidden for all these centuries!

FELIX

Yes... Completely hidden... until now.

Felix drops to his knees and shrugs off his backpack. Trembling in excitement, he opens it and begins tossing his belongings out.

FELIX

We mustn't tell the professor of this! He would want to donate it to his precious university. Bah! They don't appreciate the rarity of such a treasure! I was promised material possessions on this expedition, and that is what I intend to claim! Just got to make some room for it...

He tosses out his hinged, wooden board game. It lands several feet away and unfolds upon impact. The wooden game tokens scatter away.

A second later, the two IVORY FIGURINES scatter onto the unfolded game.

Alistair continues staring into the ball and its contents. Suddenly, the sky within the ball turns from bright blue to an ominous black.

ALISTAIR

What's happening?

FELIX

(oblivious)

I'm just trying to lighten the load a bit.

Within the ball, a GREEN MIST begins to swirl like a tornado, spinning faster and faster!

ALISTAIR

Kauffman! What did the professor say
about those who try to conquer Jumanji?

Alistair throws the ball back onto the pedestal and backs away
in terror. Felix perks his head up.

FELIX

(uneasy)

They become part of Jumanji... Why?

A massive, GREEN TORNADO explodes out of the crystal ball,
enveloping the room in pure energy.

CLOSE UP on Alistair and Felix.

They are screaming in terror as their bodies begin to DISSOLVE
into the twister.

ALISTAIR

What is... happening?!

FELIX

Jumanji! It's... absorbing us!

The cave begins to TREMBLE and SHAKE. Rocks and stalactites
fall from the ceiling.

EXT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI RUINS - DAWN

Timothy, Nigel and Hasani hear the trembling and screaming.

TIMOTHY

What's that sound?

NIGEL

It's coming from over there!

TIMOTHY

That's Felix and Alistair! They're in
trouble!

They take off running toward the sound.

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI CAVE - DAWN

Alistair and Felix finish dissolving into the swirling tornado. Their screams continue to ECHO as the tornado is sucked back into the Jumanji crystal ball.

A rock falls from above and chips the edge of the pedestal, knocking it over.

The crystal ball FALLS directly into the center of Felix's hinged game. The black glass compartment SNAPS shut.

The game PULSATES and TREMBLES with GREEN ENERGY as the game and crystal ball become one.

The game SNAPS shut. The word "JUMANJI" slowly appears in white letters on the front.

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI RUINS - DAWN

Timothy, Nigel and Hasani approach the collapsing cave.

TIMOTHY

Dear God! They're trapped in the cave!

NIGEL

Colonel! Mr. Kauffman! No!

Hasani has already thrown himself onto the pile of rubble, frantically picking up rocks and throwing them aside. Timothy and Nigel join in.

TIMOTHY

Quickly! If we can get to them in time...

NIGEL

Heaven help us...

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI CAVE - DAWN

The shaking has stopped. Much of the cave floor is covered by pieces of rubble much too large to lift.

The Jumanji game lays half-buried. It gives off a single spark of green energy.

CAMERA PANS OUT on the game and destroyed cave.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Felix stares at the Jumanji game, lost in his own memories.

FELIX

I've been trapped in the game ever since.

Krystyl is completely astounded at Felix's tale. She tries to blink back her tears.

KRYSTYL

I'm so sorry, Mr. Kauffman.

Felix gives a very sad smile.

FELIX

I've been living within the Jumanji jungle for a hundred and fifteen years, but I don't think I've aged one day. You know, one of my associates said that immortality is what any man yearns for. Well, he was only half-right. Man does not yearn for immortality. With delusions of godhood, he mindlessly pursues it in a selfish, futile attempt to avoid death; something he apparently considers beneath him.

Felix begins to breathe more heavily, his anger rising.

FELIX

Every day it's the same routine. I awake to a *false* sunrise and set up shop. I'm lucky if I am able to make a trade with one or two human beings per day. After some foul local cuisine, I must spend the remainder of my free time searching for *more* materials, for *more* trading, and then listen to a chorus of bats, insects and ungodly native rituals within an artificial,

FELIX (CONT'D)

glass-domed world as I try to get some sleep! I see the moon, too. A moon that never waxes, never wanes, that I know ISN'T EVEN REAL!!!

He SLAMS his fists on the counter, rattling the shop's items and making Krystyl jump.

Felix pants heavily, until finally calming down.

FELIX

Forgive me, child. Retrospective errors in judgment and bad memories churning around inside me like so many mashed pill bugs...

KRYSTYL

It's alright; I understand. But why didn't Jumanji just suck us in like it did to you, instead of letting us play?

ERIC (O.S.)

Because we've challenged it.

Krystyl spins around. Eric is standing upright, his clothes soaked with sweat. She runs to him and hugs him tight.

KRYSTYL

Eric!

ERIC

Careful; I stink.

They part from their embrace.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hey... you cut your hair?

KRYSTYL

It'll grow back.

FELIX

Good to see you up and about. Feeling better, I hope?

ERIC

Much better. Thank you.

KRYSTYL

How much of his story did you hear?

ERIC

Enough.

He walks to Felix's store and picks up the game.

ERIC

I think I finally understand. If Jumanji was a world of its own, then it *would* have just absorbed us. But Jumanji isn't just a world anymore... It's also a game. Maybe when that glass orb fell into the black orb of the game... maybe they... combined, somehow. And ever since it got trapped in a game, then maybe over the years it actually started to behave like one. We know the game's alive... maybe it really does understand what we're doing.

Krystyl slowly nods.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Which would explain why the game has not only become harder with every turn, but why everything will disappear if we finish it. It's giving us a fair chance at this. If we're taken out by something it throws at us, then we'll be trapped in the jungle. But if we finish... What happens then?

FELIX

According to legend, the curse laid down by the "Kah-Kho-Toh-Rah" may only be lifted if an adventurer like yourself successfully "conquers" Jumanji. Or, in this case, wins at it.

Eric walks to the table and sets down the game.

ERIC

It's why we have to keep playing,
Krystyl.

He unfolds the game and picks up the dice.

ERIC (CONT'D)

And it's also why we have to win.

Krystyl takes a long, slow gazing look at her friend. Finally, she casts a glance at Felix. He nods once.

Krystyl kneels across from Eric at the table.

KRYSTYL

I'm ready.

Eric stares at the game, squeezing the dice in his hand.

ERIC

You were right.

KRYSTYL

About...?

Eric shuts his eyes and takes a deep breath.

ERIC

I was afraid. I was afraid of
graduating... I still am. I'm afraid
of going on to college, and I'm afraid
of the great big world out there.

KRYSTYL

(gently)

Why?

Eric looks her in the eyes.

ERIC

Because I don't want to forget. I don't
want to forget about everything that I
achieved in high school. I don't want
to forget this town I grew up in... I

ERIC (CONT'D)

don't want to forget my friends. And I really don't want to forget you. After everything I've been through with growing up and fitting in, how can I just leave?

KRYSTYL

Because, in a way, you're not going far. I mean, how many of your past experiences are you going to take with you when you leave? How many of your adventures will still have meaning and value, even when you live somewhere else?

Eric stares.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

We have to live in this world; we can't hide away in fear from it. Adventure starts the day you're born, and it never ends. This game is living proof of that. And don't worry; I know you won't forget me.

(smiles)

I'll make sure of it.

Eric smiles and nods, all fear suspended for the moment.

ERIC

Let's play.

KRYSTYL

Your turn.

Eric rolls the dice. They land on SIX and FOUR, totaling TEN. His beetle figurine moves...

ERIC (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Atmospheric conditions are right. The sky is alive with bolts of light."

A FLASH of lighting illuminates the attic, followed by a tremendous CLAP of thunder which shakes the room. This continues frequently. No rain; just thunder and lightning.

KRYSTYL

It's storming outside.

ERIC

That's okay... we can deal with that.

KRYSTYL

Absolutely. No worries at all.

She shakily takes the dice, rolls and throws them. They land on THREE and ONE, totaling FOUR. Her clue is given.

KRYSTYL

(reading)

"A small attraction
thrives and grows.
Common objects
are now your foes."

ERIC

An attraction?

They stare at each other. Krystyl blushes a little, then averts her gaze.

ERIC

Krystyl, that clue doesn't make
any sense.

Krystyl nods, then frowns. She notices a small paperclip on her right thigh.

She tries to flick it off, but the paperclip remains there. Eric notices and tries to help.

ERIC

I'll get that.

He plucks it off and tosses it over his shoulder. Less than a second later, the paperclip ZIPS past him and reattaches itself to Krystyl.

KRYSTYL

(afraid)

What...?

PING! A tiny, rusted metal screw flies onscreen and sticks to her bare shoulder.

WHAP! Felix's scissors and compass soar out of his pocket, graze Eric's arm and stick flat to Krystyl's stomach.

More and more small, metal objects "jump" onto Krystyl. She is looking confused and terrified.

ERIC

(realizing)

Krystyl, you're magnetized!

KRYSTYL

WHAT?!

The HATCHET and MACHETE on the floor begin to shake. They leap towards Krystyl.

ERIC

Look out!

He throws himself in front of her and manages to catch the tools. The machete CUTS his arm a little. He cries out in pain.

KRYSTYL

No!

A rusty old chain wraps around Krystyl's feet. She topples over backwards onto the floor.

The previously discarded "Tools" box rumbles and explodes, sending a wave of nails, screwdrivers and hammers flying toward her.

A huge box marked "Gardening" falls over and BURSTS open. Trowels, spades and pruning shears fly out at lightning speed.

Krystyl screams and curls up into a ball, assuming the "duck & cover" position.

Eric KICKS the table over in front of Krystyl. The tools sink deep into the wood and remain still.

Krystyl uncovers her face and looks around. Eric gives a sigh of relief.

KRYSTYL

What the hell does magnetism have
to do with being in a jungle?!

Felix looks rather guilty.

FELIX

I... haven't the slightest idea.

Eric starts to untangle Krystyl from the chain, but the magnetic pull is too great.

A purple satchel labeled "Kauffman's Magnetism Neutralizing Powder" lands at his feet. Eric glances at the merchant.

FELIX

I'll just put it on your tab for
the moment.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Eric and Krystyl again kneel at their table with the game.

KRYSTYL

We're almost there! It's anyone's
game, now!

Eric picks up the dice and blows on them.

He rolls a THREE and a FOUR, totaling SEVEN. He reads his clue...

ERIC

(reading)

"He sets his sight
and takes his aim.
Prepare to play
a different game."

Felix immediately tenses up and, for the first time, looks genuinely afraid.

KRYSTYL

"A different game?" What game?

Eric is nervous. The words seem strangely familiar to him...

ERIC

A game...

In an instant, he knows. He leaps to his feet.

KRYSTYL

What is it?!

ERIC

The worst possible thing that could have come out of Jumanji.

BLAM! A bullet shoots through the table. Krystyl screams hysterically and jumps up.

From out of the shadows steps... Alistair! He is still in his hunting garb and holds his enormous elephant gun.

ALISTAIR

(grinning evilly)

New quarry, at last! Not what I'd expected, but a trophy is a trophy I always say...

Something has changed in Alistair's demeanor. He is beyond logic, mercy or reason. He has two goals: hunt and kill.

Alistair raises his gun to fire...

Krystyl flings her machete at him with all her strength. It clips the barrel of his gun, causing the shot to go wild.

Eric grabs her hand and pulls her toward the attic window.

ERIC

We've got to get out of here!

He KICKS the large window open and pushes Krystyl out onto the roof. He follows.

Alistair cocks his gun to fire and crosses to the window.

FELIX

Colonel, stop! Let them finish the game!

Alistair turns back to Felix briefly.

ALISTAIR

You have your livelihood, Kauffman;
I have mine.

Felix can only watch helplessly as Alistair steps out of the window.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Lightning illuminates Eric and Krystyl as they leap from the roof to a tall tree nearby.

KRYSTYL

He's gonna kill us!

ERIC

Not if he can't find us! Keep climbing and don't look down!

Alistair appears at the window and raises his gun.

BLAM! A hole is blown through the trunk of the tree, less than a foot away from Eric's head. He loses his grip, but manages to recover.

ALISTIAR

Hold still, you meddlesome urchins!

BLAM! BLAM! Two more holes appear in the tree, sending a shower of bark and leaves around Eric and Krystyl. They have descended the tree, lost in the darkness.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

You have no idea of what power you're up against!

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Eric and Krystyl drop from the tree, wide-eyed.

KRYSTYL

Now what?!

ERIC

You've got to go for help! Get the police! Get anybody!

KRYSTYL

But... but what about you?!

ERIC

I'll draw him away from you! Now get out of here before he-

KRYSTYL

I'm not leaving you! We're in this together!

The sliding glass door opens in the background. Eric grips her shoulders tightly.

ERIC

(screaming)

GET OUT OF HERE!

He pushes her away and runs in the opposite direction.

Alistair steps out into the dark and stormy night, watching Eric's retreating form.

ALISTAIR

Yes, run... It makes the chase all the more exciting.

He cocks his gun and sets off at a hearty pace.

Krystyl watches the scene with worry and fret. She turns and stares at the house, mustering her courage.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Alistair's boots are CRUNCHING on the ground atop twigs and pinecones. He stops; he seems to sense that his prey is near.

His eyes dart from left to right. His mustached lip twitches.

Lightning FLAHSSES. Eric is seen above in a tree, clinging to a limb. The scene is identical to that of "The Most Dangerous Game."

CLOSE UP on Eric's terrified face.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Do you take me for a fool? You thought that, just by dividing you and your companion, that you would outwit me? I'm a little more learned than that, sonny Jim. There's no hunter more skilled than I.

Alistair suddenly turns and FIRES his gun. The limb Eric was clinging to is blown off. Eric falls hard on the ground. Alistair stands over him.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

I've had a long time to practice.

Eric tries to get up, but Alistair presses his boot firmly against his chest.

ALISTAIR

So you're the dunce who's decided to challenge Jumanji, eh?

ERIC

(terrified)

Please... don't kill me.

Alistair's face almost softens, but not quite.

ALISTAIR

If it were up to me, I suppose I wouldn't. Unfortunately, I don't have a say in the matter.

ERIC

Why not?

ALISTAIR

Because within Jumanji, every plant, animal and human being has a vital role to play in the perpetuation of its existence and prosperity. That unctuous Kauffman is a trader, so he is allowed to assist you. But I...

He cocks his gun and aims it at Eric's head.

The wind begins to pick up; thunder constantly rumbles.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

I am a hunter. Jumanji has declared me an eternal hunter. And what does a hunter do?

His finger readies the trigger.

ALISTAIR

(whispers)

He hunts... and kills.

In one swift motion, Eric kicks hard at Alistair's kneecap, causing him to cry out in pain. He stumbles backward.

Eric gets up and bolts through some bushes. Alistair watches him go with an evil glare.

He follows his quarry into the foliage.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Lightning illuminates Krystyl sneaking through the house, wary of any potential danger.

A chunk of the floor beneath her foot gives out, causing her to stumble. She gets up and continues, bracing herself against the wall.

She feels her way to the stairs, gripping the banister.

She carefully puts one foot in front of the other, and slowly climbs the stairs. A scorpion skitters out of the way of her shoe.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Eric crashes through some bramble bushes. He is terrified and he has some cuts on his face.

He sees his house in the distance, and his gaze falls on the garage.

He glances back in Alistair's direction, the back at the garage. He has an idea.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS FOYER - NIGHT

Krystyl has made it to the top of the stairs. She cautiously peers around the corner.

Lightning FLASHES. Two of the leopards are lying dead in a pool of blood. The third has been viciously mauled, and is barely clinging to life.

Krystyl runs past the leopard and flings open the attic door. She ascends the steps.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Alistair has made it through the bushes. The lights go on in the garage. Alistair grins; he has located his target.

He jogs at a brisk pace toward the house, readying his gun.

An engine REVS UP over the thunder.

Alistair pauses, confused. He has never heard that sound before.

A VOLKSWAGON BEETLE CRASHES out of the garage, driven by Eric.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Eric is wildly steering the car. Sweat pours down his forehead.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Alistair looks stunned for a second, then fires his gun.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A bullet SMASHES through the safety glass and out the back windshield, narrowly missing Eric's throat. Eric grips the steering wheel tighter.

Just as the car is about to collide with Alistair, Eric opens the door and BAILS out, rolling over in the grass.

The car strikes Alistair's shins and propels him upward so that he is on the roof of the car, heading back into the bushes at breakneck speed.

Alistair gives a rather effeminate SCREAM as the car plows into the brambles, the engine and screaming are lost in the distance.

Eric is on his knees, emotionally drained. He puts his face in his hands, almost crying.

After a few tense moments, a hand is placed on his shoulder. Eric spins around and finds Krystyl looking serious. She holds the Jumanji game.

She offers a hand and helps Eric to his feet. They stare at each other for a moment.

KRYSTYL

My turn.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Eric and Krystyl step through the large car-sized hole into the garage. It is a two-car structure with some clutter and a concrete floor.

Eric places a cardboard box on the floor and the game on top of it. They kneel across from each other to play.

ERIC

I don't know how much more of this
I can take.

He takes a deep breath, trying to steady his nerves.

ERIC (CONT'D)

He... He tried to kill me.

KRYSTYL

We can't give up. There are people counting on us... Even if they don't realize it.

ERIC

We never really know what we're going to encounter next.

FELIX (O.S.)

You think *I* did?

Eric and Krystyl turn at the voice.

ERIC

Huh?

KRYSTYL

Mr. Kauffman?

Felix (as well as his entire emporium) stands in a corner.

ERIC

How did you get here?

FELIX

(shrugs)

I go wherever I am needed. I think I can still be of some service to you.

(to Eric)

My boy, let me give you some advice. No charge, of course. Whether you want to have an adventure, or play a game, it's all about chance. Life, business, friendship... it's all a great gamble. Opportunities sprout like dandelions in a field every waking hour of every day! You think I had all the answers when I was trekking through Africa? You think I knew this would happen to me?

ERIC

Of course n-

FELIX

Of course not! We never know what any of us are ever up against! But you two have something I didn't have.

KRYSTYL

What's that?

FELIX

A friend. I merely had associates. You are each traveling down a road overwhelmed with uncertainty, danger and horror! But you are not alone. If you are with another whom you truly care for, then there is no challenge that you couldn't possibly overcome!

Eric and Krystyl lock eyes.

FELIX (CONT'D)

That is what makes life so enjoyable. That is why people never cease in their quests to learn and discover. And...

He nods toward Krystyl.

FELIX (CONT'D)

That is why I know you will adhere to your promise.

Krystyl picks up the dice and stares at them.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Good luck.

Krystyl grips the dice. She is ready to play. Eric nods.

She rolls a FOUR and a TWO, totaling SIX. The parrot moves...

KRYSTYL

(reading)

"The game is lost.
All hopes are dashed..."

She and Eric exchange a brief, worried look.

Felix frowns, puzzling this latest clue.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Your chance to win
is sinking fast."

ERIC

(confused)

...We've lost?

KRYSTYL

How could the game just decide that?
What's it up to?

They remain still, contemplating. Eric frowns in thought.

All of the sudden, Eric and Krystyl's bodies start to shift, as if being compelled to move. Both are startled.

KRYSTYL

Eric! The floor!

Eric looks down. A six foot circle of the formally concrete floor has transformed into liquid cement.

For all intents and purposes, Eric and Krystyl are in the middle of a circle of quicksand.

ERIC

It's wet! It- It's liquid! It's...

KRYSTYL

QUICKSAND!!!

Since they were on their knees, they have sunk up to their waists. The cardboard box has also started to sink, along with the game.

KRYSTYL

I'm stuck! Eric, I can't get out!

She wriggles around, but only manages to sink faster. One of her arms becomes trapped in the liquid.

Eric is no better off. He tries to reach the edge of the "circle," but it's just too far away.

Krystyl is so hysterical that she has begun to cry.

ERIC

I can't reach!

KRYSTYL

This is it! It's over!

ERIC

No! It can't be! We can't lose!
Not now!

KRYSTYL

(crying)

This is the end...

ERIC

Don't say that! Mr. Kauffman! Help us!

Felix shakes his head mournfully.

FELIX

I can't help you that way. Jumanji
will not allow me.

Krystyl's lip trembles. Using her one free hand, she KNOCKS the box aside. The game falls into the liquid.

They are almost up to their necks.

KRYSTYL

(breaking down)

I'm sorry! I'm sorry I wanted to play!
I didn't mean for this to happen!

She grabs Eric's shirt and pulls him toward her. She plants a desperate, passionate KISS right on his lips.

Eric is surprised at first, but then closes his eyes to enjoy his last moments. Her hand entwines in his hair.

KRYSTYL
(breaking apart)
Eric! I... I lo-

She sinks completely into the ground. A few air bubbles escape.

ERIC
KRYSTYL! NO!

Eric looks around, the "quicksand" almost at his chin. He spies the Jumanji game, almost submerged.

ERIC
MR. KAUFFMAN!!!

FELIX
Take a chance, Eric.

He nods toward the sinking game.

After a second's hesitation, Eric plucks up the dice and throws them onto the game.

The dice are submerged and his game piece is no longer visible, but a CLUE SWIRLS...

Eric's mouth is covered, so he can only read...

Choices alone
decide your fate.
A second chance
will set things straight.

Eric's panicked face disappears into the bog.

On one of the garage's walls, a clock steadily TICKS.

CLOSE UP:

The clock's minute hand moves two minutes backwards.

CUT TO:

Eric and Krystyl kneel at the box as they did moments ago.

Eric shakes his head, stunned at what has happened. Meanwhile, Krystyl reads her clue...

KRYSTYL

(reading)

"Your chance to win
is sinking fast."

ERIC

We've...

He stops short as he gets an ominous sense of déjà vu.

KRYSTYL

How could the game-

Eric grabs her arm and pulls her toward him. He ROLLS her out of the danger zone.

No sooner have they moved aside, than the box and game begin to sink...

Krystyl lies on top of Eric, who shudders as the memories come rushing back to him.

KRYSTYL

What the-?

She looks to the game and understands:

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

Quicksand! Whoa, good instincts,
there!

FELIX

(airily)

Very good, indeed.

Eric looks to Felix, who smiles knowingly.

Krystyl climbs off Eric and carefully picks up the game. She walks off to another corner of the garage and sets it back down.

Eric follows, but is unable to take his eyes off of Krystyl. It is as if he is seeing her for the first time.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Lighting illuminates a gruesome scene. The Volkswagen is crushed and in a ditch, smoking and on fire. Small trees have been knocked over, and the ground is dug up.

It begins to rain; slowly at first, then picking up in intensity. The flames are extinguished.

Alistair's gloved hand pushes a tree off of himself. The hand clenches into a fist, furious.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Eric and Krystyl once again kneel to play, the game resting on the floor.

Outside, the rain, thunder and lightning continue.

ERIC

(grave)

I don't think it's my turn.

KRYSTYL

(confused)

Yes, it is. I just rolled, so-

ERIC

Roll again.

KRYSTYL

I don't understand... Did you already take a turn? Your piece hasn't moved.

ERIC

Well...

Eric looks beyond Krystyl at Felix, who shakes his head. Eric decides not to tell her of her alternate timeline-related demise.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Sort of. You just have to trust me on this.

She studies the game board, grabbing the dice.

KRYSTYL

Okay, I trust you. If I can roll a six, then I'll win.

ERIC

What about me?

KRYSTYL

(counting)

You just need... three.

ERIC

(choked up)

Please be careful.

KRYSTYL

Hey, I'm not dead yet...

Eric grimaces. Krystyl rolls the dice...

She rolls a FOUR and a ONE, totaling FIVE. The parrot moves...

KRYSTYL

Hey, you were right.

(realizes)

Hey, I'm one short!

ERIC

The game's just trying to keep things going...

KRYSTYL

I know.

(chuckles nervously)

Damn.

Her clue takes a little longer to materialize...

KRYSTYL

(reading)

"With these people
you cannot plead.

A sacrifice

has been decreed."

Before she has finished the last word, the distant sound of DRUMS beating has begun.

ERIC
What's that sound?

KRYSTYL
The thunder?

ERIC
No, not that sound...

The drums grow louder. And now a deep, resounding CHANTING has begun.

ERIC (CONT'D)
That sound!

KRYSTYL
(listening)
It sounds like drums and... people?

Since the start of their game, Krystyl is finally the one to piece it all together.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)
"With these people..." "A sacrifice!"
OH, MY GOD!

She leaps up and grabs Eric's arm.

ERIC
What is it?!

KRYSTYL
Jumanji!

ERIC
What's it sending?!

The drums and chanting intensify. The word "Jumanji" is being shouted rhythmically.

KRYSTYL
That *is* what it's sending! That's the clue!

The garage door leading to the house SMASHES open.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

Jumanji!

From beyond the doorframe, dozens of JUMANJI NATIVES pour into the garage.

Their skin is coal-black, and each native stands tall and muscular. Many of them wear animal pelts around their waists, with teeth and/or claw chains around their necks.

All natives wear a crude wooden mask, each one modeled after a different animal. Most of them hold a stone-tipped spear.

The CHIEFTAIN (50s), a man in a tribal leopard-skin cloak with a leopard mask, points to Krystyl and screams something in his language.

The DRUMMING starts up again. The natives begin chanting "Jumanji" and move toward Krystyl.

KRYSTYL

Get away from me!

Eric throws himself in front of her.

ERIC

Back off!

The native grabs his throat and simply SHOVES him aside. He falls to the ground.

The natives have seized Krystyl's struggling frame. The chieftain once again pronounces something.

KRYSTYL

Eric! Help me! They're going to-

She is cut short as a native clamps a hand over her mouth. Several of the men begin to tie vines around her hands and feet.

Eric is back on his feet, but a few natives stand guard with their spears.

ERIC

Krystyl!!!

(to Felix)

What are they doing to her?!

FELIX

I would think that obvious, even to a foreigner. Roughly translated, the chieftain there intends to light a pyre and sacrifice your copper-haired companion to the heavens.

ERIC

They're going to kill her?!

FELIX

A common occurrence within the Jumanji culture, unfortunately.

Natives have begun tearing wooden shelves off the walls and breaking them into smaller pieces.

The pieces are thrown into a large pile in the center of the garage. Two natives are furiously trying to start a fire with sticks.

Krystyl remains bound and gagged, restrained by two natives.

Eric notices a DOOR behind the chaos. He darts his glance between the door and the huge hole in the wall.

Deciding to try a rescue attempt, he runs to the hole. Before he's outside, he stops short.

Alistair, bruised, scarred and furious, marches inside. He aims his gun at Eric...

ALISTAIR

The game's over, boy.

He cocks his gun, slowly moving toward Eric.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

(grins evilly)

Welcome to Jumanji.

Eric TURNS as he is backing away. Alistair follows and readies the trigger.

As he is about to shoot, he stumbles. He and Eric look down. Alistair has stepped directly into the pool of quicksand!

ALISTAIR

Blast!

He struggles to free his foot. Eric uses this moment to escape.

ALISTAIR

No, you don't, sonny Jim!

Alistair fires, but since he's struggling, the shot goes wild and grazes a native's arm.

Some of the natives begin to shout angrily and move toward Alistair.

ALISTAIR

(freeing his foot)

Eh? Get away from me, you filthy savages!

He tries to fend off the natives with the butt of his gun, but they start to overwhelm him.

Eric notices that the Jumanji game is now completely unguarded.

Krystyl's hands and ankles are completely bound together by this point. A native wraps a large leaf over her eyes.

Two natives are still furiously twisting sticks in the pile. A few wisps of smoke begin to form.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

Eric! Take your turn! Finish the game! It's our only chance!

Eric bolts toward the game and dives onto the ground. He frantically grabs for the dice.

He shakes and throws them, but due to his agitation he throws them with too much force.

One lands on the concrete floor.

A small, furry hand CATCHES the other one just before it hits the ground.

A mandrill, the same one from the ceiling fan, is now holding one of the two dice, examining it.

ERIC

Hey!

He looks at the game. Since both dice were not rolled, his game piece hasn't moved.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Give me that!

He grabs at the mandrill, but it runs through his legs and through the door into the house!

KRYSTYL

What's happening?!

ERIC

I'll finish the game! Trust me!

He takes off after the monkey.

Meanwhile, a native is carefully blowing on the glowing embers, officially starting a fire.

KRYSTYL

Eric, hurry!

Alistair has fought his way out of the quicksand and is holding the natives at bay with his gun.

ALISTAIR

The hunt begins anew...

He follows Eric into the house.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

It is absolute pandemonium. NATIVES swarm the house, sifting through the rubble, chanting and shouting.

The mandrill scurries on three legs, still clutching the one dice in its fist.

ERIC

Stop! I need that!

As they round a corner, Eric charges straight into a native. They are knocked to the ground. In the struggle, Eric snatches away the native's spear and throws it at the mandrill.

The spear lands directly in front of it. The mandrill DROPS the dice and runs away in fright.

Eric extricates himself from the native and crawls toward the dice.

ALISTAIR (O.S.)

No, you don't, boy!

BLAM! A shot from Alistair's gun puts a bullet hole in the floor. The miniature explosion ricochets the dice several feet away.

Several feral hogs charge over it. The dice CLATTERS across the hall and into the next room.

ERIC

(pounding the ground)

Damn it!

He gets up and runs after it. Alistair cocks his gun, looking determined.

ALISTAIR

You can't defeat Jumanji! I won't allow it!

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Six of the larger Jumanji natives have WRENCHED the wooden door of its hinges. They carry it over to the now-burning pyre.

Three other natives carry Krystyl and begin to tie her around the door with vines. She is shrieking and struggling frantically, but the natives are too strong.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eric wildly looks around the ravaged kitchen. The pigs are at the overturned refrigerator, hungrily eating its spilled contents.

Eric turns over dishes, trash, etc. looking for the dice.

CLOSE UP on one of the hogs.

The hog is eating when it suddenly stops. It shudders, gives a few convulsions, then VOMITS up the contents of its last meal.

On top of the pile of vomit lies the missing dice. Eric stares with revulsion.

ERIC

... Thanks.

He dives at the dice. The hogs trot away.

A vicious SNARL is heard.

ERIC turns, and sees another black leopard watching him.

ERIC

Not good...

The leopard SWIPES a paw at him, flinging the dice off screen.

Eric slowly starts to get up, never taking his eyes off the leopard.

Just as the leopard readies to pounce, it sniffs the air and turns its head.

A trio of pigs is nearby, drinking water from the leaking sink.

The leopard instantly ROARS and pounces toward the hogs, instead. Their frightened squealing is heard.

Eric shudders, then once again lifts himself up.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The chieftain raises his arms and pronounces something loudly. The natives begin to chant "Jumanji" rhythmically.

Krystyl, still tied to the door, is carried by the natives toward the fire.

From his emporium, Felix closes his eyes and turns his head, unwilling to watch the ritual.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Eric races into the dining room, then freezes.

Thousands of scorpions are now swarming over the floor, walls and table in the room. The dice is lodged in a corner, as is Krystyl's lacrosse stick.

For a moment, Eric is paralyzed.

KRYSTYL (O.S)

ERIC!!!

Eric snaps back to attention and, with jerking movements, sidesteps around the scorpions to get to the dice.

As he bends down to flick away some scorpions, Alistair appears in the doorway, aiming his gun.

ALISTAIR

Hold it!

Eric pauses, then slowly turns around.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Stand up nice and slow... no sudden movements, now.

Eric notices the tablecloth still on the floor, now swarming with the arachnids.

ALISTAIR

(grinning triumphantly)

The game is over, boy.

ERIC

Too bad.

He carefully begins to raise his hands, as if surrendering.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Because I'm not done playing, yet!

He YANKS the tablecloth directly up, sending a shower of scorpions upon Alistair.

Alistair screams and thrashes about, trying to get the scorpions off of him.

Eric whips back around and grabs for the dice, only to find that it's disappeared.

ERIC

Where'd it go?!

A mandrill's SCREECH is heard.

The mandrill has recollected the dice, and is holding it on top of an overturned chair.

ERIC

Not you again!

Eric picks up the lacrosse stick and tries to use it as a net. The mandrill sees it coming and scampers out of the way.

ERIC

Hey!

He chases after it, cursing.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The natives gently lay the door down onto the fire, which has grown into a roaring blaze. They begin to chant even louder.

Krystyl, still blindfolded, is struggling to free herself from the vines.

KRYSTYL

Eric! Mr. Kauffman! Anybody! H-

As the smoke enters her lungs, she begins to GASP and COUGH.

The mandrill scurries through the doorway back into the garage. Eric follows in hot pursuit.

ERIC

Krystyl!

KRYSTYL

Er- (cough) Eric!

ERIC

I can fix this! You have to trust me!

KRYSTYL

(cough) I do! But (cough) hurry!

The mandrill, by this time, has wandered into a corner of the garage, close to the Jumanji game.

Krystyl starts to RUB her right hand back and forth, grinding the vine against the edge of the wooden door.

Felix is watching Eric, clenching his fists in anticipation.

FELIX

After over a century of imprisonment...
could this mean my release?

Eric has backed the mandrill into the corner. He is gripping the lacrosse stick, waiting for the mandrill's next move.

ERIC

Okay, Rafiki... just give me the dice
and no one gets hurt!

Alistair appears at the entranceway and takes aim...

ALISTAIR

Die!

He fires his gun. The bullet hits Eric's lower back and explodes out the other side in a messy, bloody explosion.

Eric begins SCREAMING and falls to the floor. The mandrill SCREECHES and runs away, dropping the dice in the process.

CLOSE UP on Krystyl's arm.

She manages to SNAP the vine and free her right arm. She yanks off her blindfold and gazes toward the direction of the gunshot.

The door is on fire, now. The flames are getting closer to her body...

Natives are chanting. The fire rages. It is absolute chaos. The game seems to be lost.

Through his pain, Eric opens his eyes and casts one last look at his friend.

Krystyl locks eyes with him, a desperate, pleading look etched on her face.

Eric sees the other missing dice several feet away.

ERIC

(through gritted teeth)

We'll... finish the game.

He SWINGS the lacrosse stick around and uses it as a net to capture and pull the mandrill's dice toward him.

Alistair sees what he's doing and looks agitated.

Eric reaches into his pocket and takes out the rubber band.

He slides the dice into the band and takes careful aim...

ERIC (CONT'D)

No... matter... what!

ALISTAIR

No!

Eric releases the rubber band. The dice FLINGS across the room and smacks straight into the other dice, causing them to ROLL about.

ALISTAIR

That's cheating!

FELIX

No, Colonel. That's being resourceful!

Alistair stomps over to Eric's crippled body and cocks his gun.

ALISTAIR

You just never learn, do you?

Meanwhile, the dice stop rolling and land on ONE and FIVE, totaling SIX.

Eric painfully turns his neck to watch his game piece move...

Alistair grabs Eric by his throat and partially lifts him up off the floor.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Well, courage can only take you so far. Look around; the game is over, you and your friend will soon expire.

The piece still moves...

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

And your spirits shall spend all of eternity trapped within the game... as my prey.

Krystyl tries to free her other arm, but she is restrained by the chieftain.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Any last words, boy?

Eric looks back to the game. His game piece has moved directly onto the center of the orb.

"JUMANJI" swirls in green letters.

He has won.

Eric looks Alistair straight in the eye with a maniacal grin.

ERIC

JUMANJI!

In an instant, everything stops. The natives freeze and look toward Eric. The burning pyre is immediately extinguished.

Smoke billows upward. Krystyl is amazed.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

With the natives distracted, Krystyl is able to wriggle herself out of the vines and sit up on the door.

Numb with shock, Alistair momentarily looks toward the game before returning his attention to Eric.

ERIC

(in pain; smiling)

I win.

CLOSE UP on the game.

The black orb in the center twists with a SCRAPING. There is a rusty SNAP, and the orb splits open, revealing a GLOWING GREEN ORB.

All eyes are on the orb as it LEVITATES into the air.

A low HUMMING begins to grow louder and louder. Small hairline cracks start to form in the orb.

The natives begin to panic; they know what is coming.

ALISTAIR

What is this?!

FELIX

He's beaten the game...

Felix begins to laugh and cry out of sheer ecstasy.

FELIX (CONT'D)

He's beaten the game! The curse is finally broken!

In an instant, the glass orb SHATTERS! A wave of tremendous green mist begins to expand and envelop the entire room.

Alistair lets Eric drop to the ground with a THUD. He backs away, shielding his face from the mist.

He lets out one final SCREAM of agony.

ALISTAIR

You wretched Yankee!

He aims his gun at Eric's head, but as he attempts to fire, he (and his gun) vanish in a burst of green energy.

His roar of defeat echoes and dies away.

The mist spins round and round, as if in a tornado. Miniature lightning begins to strike.

All of the Jumanji creatures (human and animal) erupt into a frenzy of screaming. One by one, they disappear in bursts of green light.

Amidst the disarray, Krystyl leaps off the wood pile and runs to Eric.

She kneels down and places her hands on his shoulders.

KRYSTYL

Eric! You did it! You...

She notices blood pooling underneath him.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

Oh, my God; you've been shot!

ERIC

Krystyl-

KRYSTYL

YOU'VE BEEN SHOT!

ERIC

Krystyl!

Eric is weakening now from loss of blood. He slowly raises a hand and caresses Krystyl's face. She receives his hand and becomes silent.

ERIC

Thank you.

Krystyl gives a tearful smile. Eric smiles weakly in return.

Meanwhile, Felix's jovial laughter can be heard.

Felix has left his emporium and is closing the enormous shutters in front. He turns to Eric and Krystyl.

FELIX

Thank you! To the both of you!

KRYSTYL

But... we destroyed your world!

Felix smiles sagely and shakes his head.

FELIX

No. You have freed me! And in
doing so, you kept your promise.
I never doubted either of you!
Not for an instant!

ERIC

(fading)

What... happens now?

Felix gives one final Cheshire Cat grin.

FELIX

You have won the game, young man.
And to the victor go the spoils!

Felix's emporium vanishes in a green burst of energy.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Farewell, my friends! Though your
adventure is at its end, kindly
remember the products and services
offered to you by the one and only
Felix J. Kauffman!

Felix tips his hat and laughs. An instant later, he too
disappears into the swirling mist.

The tornado is at its maximum strength. Eric and Krystyl are
the only two discernible objects left.

KRYSTYL

Eric!

ERIC

(slipping away)

K-...Krystyl...

She lays down and rests her head against his chest, waiting for
it to end.

Eric and Krystyl are dissolved by the sheer brilliance of the green light.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Eric and Krystyl lay in a tangled heap on the floor. The sun is streaming through the windows. Everything is peaceful and orderly.

A clock is heard TICKING in the background.

As if coming out of a dream, Eric and Krystyl groggily open their eyes.

They slowly turn their heads to look at each other.

KRYSTYL

... What happened?

Eric shakes his head.

Suddenly, he sits upright and lifts his shirt. His bullet wound is completely gone.

Shocked, he experimentally moves his legs. Everything works.

KRYSTYL

You... you're alright! Your back...!
Your legs!

ERIC

(pointing)
Your hair!

Krystyl raises a hand to her scalp. Her hair is back to its shoulder-length and in a ponytail.

KRYSTYL

But how did this happen?! Everything
was all crazy, and then... Hey...
Wasn't it night a minute ago?

ERIC

(incredulous)
Yeah, it was! But...

He stops and looks at his surroundings.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Krystyl, look at the house!

For the first time, Krystyl notices. Eric's house is back to normal. There is no hint of any damage or activity at all.

Eric gets up and runs off. His footsteps can be heard running from one room to another, checking for damage.

Krystyl shakily gets to her feet and inspects the living room.

CLOSE UP on a wall clock.

The time is 2:34pm.

Eric's FOOTSTEPS can now be heard running upstairs.

Krystyl looks around in confusion. Then she notices the Jumanji game, still on the coffee table. It has been folded up.

She carefully reaches down and opens the flaps. The game has reverted to its pre-Jumanji self. Unaltered, and the glass orb in the center has vanished.

KRYSTYL

(to herself)

The curse...

Eric rounds a corner and steps back into the room.

ERIC

Krystyl, everything is back to normal!

There's no damage, no animals, no natives, no hunter... nothing!

Krystyl continues to stare at the game.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Krystyl?

Krystyl turns to face him, her face full of relief and wonder.

KRYSTYL

You won! You broke the curse!

Remember; "the exciting consequences...?"

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

Everything that happened as a result
of us playing the game has disappeared!
Including the amount of time we *spent*
playing! Look at the clock!

ERIC

What about Mr. Kauffman, and...?

KRYSTYL

Their spirits are finally free!
Jumanji is gone! Look!

Eric is speechless for a moment. Then, he begins to laugh.
Krystyl smiles and wipes away some tears.

They immediately wrap their arms around each other in a tight
hug. Neither one wants to let the other go.

ERIC

Game over.

As they hug, the CAMERA pans down to the Jumanji game.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI RUINS - DAY

Timothy and Nigel stand in front of two crude GRAVE MARKERS.
They are little more than piles of stones with a makeshift
wooden cross embedded in each.

Timothy has his eyes shut, engaged in prayer.

Behind the two men, the collapsed cave looms ominously. Hasani
is still digging through the rubble.

TIMOTHY

"...We ask it in our Lord's name,
amen."

NIGEL

Amen.

A few moments of silence pass.

TIMOTHY
It's all my fault, Nigel.

NIGEL
Professor-

TIMOTHY
(breaking)
All I wanted was to prove a legend true! Now we have nothing to show for it and two men are DEAD! We... we couldn't even find their bodies to give them a proper burial. They've undoubtedly been crushed into oblivion... all because of me and my foolishness.

Nigel is at a loss for words. Hasani walks up, holding the Jumanji game. He speaks to Nigel.

TIMOTHY
...What's he got there?

NIGEL
He says he found it buried under some rocks. It's something Felix had with him earlier.

Timothy takes the folded game and studies it.

TIMOTHY
"Jumanji?" But how did...?

His confusion gives way to a sad smile.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
Of course... Felix must have been designing this in preparation for if we ever found the lost tribe. He must have planned to market and sell these when we returned.

NIGEL
(sadly)
A strange, charming, creative man, that Kauffman... what will you do with it?

TIMOTHY

Keep it, I suppose; as a memento of my
fruitless quest. After that, perhaps
just hide it away somewhere.

Timothy takes out a cloth bag and slips the game inside of it.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Let us leave this miserable place,
Professor Dawson. I daresay it is time
for me to put my explorer ways behind me.

Nigel nods in understanding. He motions for Hasani to follow.

The three walk back to the hole in the brush from before.
Hasani makes a gesture with his hand toward the grave markers,
then at the sky. A prayer, of sorts.

Before Timothy exits, he casts one last look at the desolate
wasteland that was once a prospering society.

TIMOTHY

Perhaps some things are just best left
unfound.

The three leave the ruins forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - AFTERNOON

A fire has been lit in the now undamaged fireplace. The Jumanji
game has been set ablaze and is slowly burning away to nothing.

Krystyl and Eric are seated on the sofa, watching the fire burn.
She sighs and shakes her head.

Eric turns to her.

ERIC

Are you alright?

KRYSTYL

Yeah... I'm alright.

A beat. Krystyl sits back, staring into the fire.

After a moment, she turns to look at Eric.

KRYSTYL

Eric?

ERIC

Yeah?

There is a pause. Finally, Krystyl leans over and pulls Eric into a long, slow, passionate kiss. Their eyes flutter shut.

Finally, they break the kiss. Krystyl is shocked and blushing.

ERIC

(stunned)

Wow.

Krystyl suddenly starts to giggle.

KRYSTYL

My first kiss...

ERIC

(sotto)

Second.

Eric and Krystyl snuggle up a little more closely on the sofa and once again stare at the incinerating game. She leans her head on his shoulder.

KRYSTYL

You know what?

ERIC

What?

KRYSTYL

Maybe a game *can* have two winners.

Eric smiles and kisses her cheek.

The CAMERA PANS to the Jumanji game, slowly smoldering into nothingness.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END