JUMANJI

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STORY SUMMARY:

An original film adaptation of the book by Chris Van Allsburg. Two high school friends find a mysterious board game and begin to play. As each roll of the dice summons bizarre, terrifying creatures, the game’s sinister origins are revealed.
FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

DR. MCNAMARA (late 40s), a large, bespectacled, mustached man addresses his students from a podium.

DR. MCNAMARA
So, our protagonist in “The Most Dangerous Game” finds himself being hunted like an animal by the antagonist.

He crosses to the whiteboard and writes some notes.

DR. MCNAMARA
We have... “man versus man...” “man versus nature...” and “man versus self.”

Most of the students aren’t paying much attention. One in particular, ERIC WILLIAMS (18), appears more depressed than bored. He idly fiddles with a paperclip and a rubber band.

DR. MCNAMARA
Now, the first two themes are fairly easy to identify, but where is “man versus self” exemplified?

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

DR. MCNAMARA (O.S.)
Maddy?

MADDY (O.S.)
The protagonist is fighting to keep his head while he’s being hunted.

DR. MCNAMARA (O.S.)
Both figuratively and literally; good.

Eric stretches the rubber band between his left thumb and right index finger, and carefully inserts the paperclip like a slingshot.
DR. MCNAMARA
This guy has to fight with himself
to keep his sanity and not give into
fear even though his life is very
much in danger.

Eric takes aim on a trash can and pulls the paperclip back...

DR. MCNAMARA (CONT’D)
He knows it’s a struggle for survival,
and if he doesn’t think clearly, he’s
going to end up over a mantel!

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

ERIC
Ow!

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

DR. MCNAMARA
Stick with texting, Eric. Less
collateral damage.

The class laughs harder as a whole; Dr. McNamara chuckles good-
naturedly. Eric gives a little embarrassed smile.

A SCHOOLBELL rings.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Students are chatting, milling about or walking in and out of
classrooms. Eric is standing with his locker wide open
exchanging books for his next class.

As he SLAMS his locker shut, KRYSTYL WOLFE (16) is revealed to
be leaning against the other lockers, smirking. She is a short,
slender girl with brilliant red hair; the same color as a
freshly minted copper penny.

KRYSTYL
Hey, you.

Eric turns, and his dull face brightens.
ERIC
Hey, Krystyl. What’s going on?

KRYSTYL
Not much. Haven’t seen you, lately.

ERIC
Hey, we seniors have to tie up loose ends before we’re thrown into the “real world,” kicking and screaming...

KRYSTYL
Oh, don’t be so dramatic. Are you coming to Liz’s 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 in the fall!

Eric immediately gets that look again. Krystyl is concerned.

KRYSTYL
Eric, what’s the matter?

She reaches out and rubs his arm gently.

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

Eric shrugs. Krystyl lets go of his arm and gesticulates.

KRYSTYL
How can you not be?! I mean, what—less than a month of school, then you have the summer, and then at the end of 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 the same without you and the others.

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

Krystyl playfully PUNCHES Eric on his shoulder.

ERIC (CONT’D)
I’m serious! No more teenage idealism, no more halcyon days of youth... no more adventure.

KRYSTYL
You can find adventure anywhere as long as you still want to!

Eric nods, but does not seem entirely convinced.

ERIC
I guess.

KRYSTYL
God, for a senior, you are so grim.

ERIC
And you are way too chipper for a sophomore.

Krystyl giggles. A slight pause follows.

KRYSTYL
So, um... any plans this weekend?

Eric shrugs, nonchalantly.
ERIC
Homework, mostly.

KRYSTYL
(let down)
... Oh.

ERIC
Why?

KRYSTYL
Well, I don’t know; I thought... maybe if you weren’t busy or anything, we could hang out.

ERIC
Just us, you mean?

KRYSTYL
Why not? I think you could use the company. Let’s get together; just the two of us. What do you say?

She SMILES, hopeful. Eric thinks it over before nodding.

ERIC
Okay, how about tomorrow?

KRYSTYL
Yeah! I have lacrosse practice at ten, so how about I come by after that? You know, as soon as I make myself a little prettier-

She catches herself and stops short.

KRYSTYL (CONT’D)
Or presentable; whatever.

Eric smiles and nods.

ERIC
Sounds great. We can get a pizza, watch a movie and forget about reality for a while.
KRYSTYL
(grinning)
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. It’s a jungle out there!

She turns and leaves. Eric watches her go into the throng of students.

After a moment, he opens his locker and pulls out his Biology book. He flips through it until he finds a picture of a literal jungle.

ERIC
(to himself)
A jungle... right.

CLOSE UP on the picture.

The picture DISSOLVES into 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.

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

    MAN (O.S.)
    (whisper, to himself)
    Oh, yes...

A finger readies to pull a trigger...

    MAN #2
    No!

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

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.

    TIMOTHY
    If you’d shot that hog, it would put the smell of blood in the air and might attract predators! I specifically asked you to conserve your ammunition unless it were necessary to our survival. We’ve been lucky so far...

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

    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 expertise until we’re closer to our destination.

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

**ALISTAIR**
And what is our destination, sir? 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. Why else do you think I agreed to finance this ridiculous expedition?

**TIMOTHY**
As I already explained—

**ALISTAIR**
(losing his composure)
Why are we here, Professor? What is the blasted point?!

Alistair calms himself down a little; Timothy clears his throat.

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

Alistair rolls his eyes and mops his brow.

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 stumble two panicked men. The first is NIGEL DAWSON (30s), the other is HASANI (mid 20s), an African native guide.

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

Timothy calms down at the sight of the duo.

TIMOTHY
Yes, yes. Everything is fine. The Colonel just got a tad overzealous.

NIGEL
Oh, that’s a relief. Hasani?

Nigel speaks a few words in Hasani’s language to him, who nods.

NIGEL
(to Timothy)
He thought you’d encountered a leopard.

ALISTAIR
If only...

The foliage RUSTLES again. Alistair raises his gun again.

Out steps FELIX J. KAUFFMAN (late 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.

TIMOTHY
Ah, Felix. Perfect timing.

ALISTAIR
(lowering his gun; sotto)
Might need something larger for this one.
FELIX
Gentlemen. Nothing the matter, I hope?

NIGEL
No, no. No worries. We’re at the right angle; we just need to head South for another day. After that, Hasani says we should reach the Za’ru’a village.

TIMOTHY
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 well-to-do connoisseur wouldn’t be intrigued by such 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, won’t you, Felix?

Felix, Nigel and Hasani begin gathering up their gear. Alistair wanders over to Timothy.
ALISTAIR
Why did you have to bring that…
duffer along, as well?

TIMOTHY
Nearly every piece of equipment we have in our possession was donated by that man. It was too good an offer to pass up.

Timothy turns to face Alistair one on one.

TIMOTHY
Colonel, I realize this is not the manner to which you are accustomed, but 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 I can think of no better leader for such an incomparable voyage as this one. The perfect liaison between myself and the… er… what is this tribe called, again?

Timothy gently disengages Felix’s arm from his shoulders.

TIMOTHY
They call themselves Jumanji, Felix. Jumanji.

They gather up their gear and march onward into the 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 wooded acres of land.
INT. ERIC’S HOUSE – FAMILY ROOM – DAY

Eric is seated on a beanbag, talking into his smartphone. He stretches and twists a rubber band in his free hand.

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) Hey, that’s our family for you. (beat) I did want to come with... (beat) Right, I know; senior year, can’t miss anything...

He sighs, uncertain.

ERIC (CONT’D)
Krysyl might come over today. (beat) No, Krysyl; the redhead. (beat; annoyed) Mom, she’s just a friend. (beat) She was just trying to be nice! (beat) I do get it!

Eric rolls his eyes.

ERIC (CONT’D)
Whatever. Okay, so what time are you coming back tomorrow? (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)
Eric barely turns off the phone when the doorbell RINGS. He hastily pockets the rubber band and stands.

INT. ERIC’S HOUSE – FOYER – AFTERNOON

Eric opens the door and comes face to face with a grinning Krystyl, wearing a designer hoodie and jeans. Her hair has been tied into a ponytail, and she carries her duffel bag and lacrosse stick over a shoulder.

ERIC
Hey.

KRYSTYL
Hey, yourself. Sorry I brought my stuff, but I didn’t want to just leave it in a hot car.

ERIC
It’s fine; come on in.

Krystyl enters and he shuts the door.

INT. ERIC’S HOUSE – ATTIC – AFTERNOON

Eric and Krystyl trudge up the creaky stairs. Eric flicks on the light. It’s 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 this, 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…

Eric and Krystyl position themselves at either end of the table.

KRYSTYL
Ready?
ERIC

Uh-huh.

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

ERIC

Easy...

KRYSYL

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.

KRYSYL

Oh, no! 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 chunks 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.

KRYSYL

What is it?

ERIC

There’s something in here.

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

KRYSYL

What’s that?

ERIC

I don’t know...

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

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.

ALISTAIR
Kauffman! What in blazes are you doing?

Felix motions for him to come closer.

FELIX
I’m testing out a new product on our native friend, here.

He scrutinizes Alistair and gives him a hard look.

FELIX
Word to the wise, Colonel, you may wish 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 counts in his language and moves his piece to the center.

FELIX
Well! The battle has been won!
You shame me, my friend. You... are the master.

Felix tips his hat for dramatic effect.

ALISTAIR
Enough with the theatrics! What is this rattletrap?

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 mango.

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

FELIX
My latest invention! Two players simply place whatever they wish to wager into this glass orb, here. They take turns rolling the dice until one fortunate reaches the center 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 and gorilla pelts.

FELIX
(excited)
Not in the least!

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

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

TIMOTHY
Colonel, Felix, would you two sit down for a moment? There is something I’d like to discuss.

ALISTAIR
Professor, 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 I 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, then turn to him.

ALISTAIR
You’ve caught me rather off-guard, Professor. Tell me, what brought about this little change of heart?

Timothy pauses, searching for the right words.
TIMOTHY
In the interest of our safety and cooperation, I just think it’s best that we all understand what we may encounter.

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

ALISTAIR
Well?

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

TIMOTHY
My father was a schoolteacher. One of his students was a boy named Thomas whose family had fled the South years earlier... fled the Confederacy, I should say. His ancestors were prolific storytellers and my father was particularly intrigued by the legend of the lost tribe of Jumanji.

He pauses, gathering his thoughts.

TIMOTHY (CONT’D)
The Jumanji were very secluded; 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 performed acts that were... 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 unusual, they were not known to be aggressive, so long as everyone left them undisturbed. For centuries they lived and grew in absolute isolation; never mingling with any other tribe; not even for trade.

Felix sighs and shakes his head despondently.

TIMOTHY (CONT’D)
Eventually, European colonists began to arrive. The Jumanji feared they were in danger of losing their land and its history, but they lacked the proper weapons to successfully defend themselves against invaders. In desperation, they sought the help of something known as a “pepo.”

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

ALISTAIR
What’s that, a shaman?

NIGEL
The literal translation is... “demon.”

TIMOTHY
Yes. And they say that this... this demon put a type of curse on the Jumanji people; one that would seal them off from the rest of the world. That way, the tribe could continue to sustain itself while remaining safeguarded from those who may have wished to harm them or exploit their land.
Alistair can no longer hide his burgeoning interest. He looks at Timothy very seriously with any former contempt gone.

ALISTAIR
What happened?

TIMOTHY
The Jumanji... vanished.

ALISTAIR
What?

FELIX
Vanished?

TIMOTHY
Gone without a trace. No one ever saw any hint of Jumanji’s existence ever again. Its people, its architecture... gone. It is said that the “Curse of Jumanji” is still in effect to this day, hiding this tribe from the rest of the world.

The fire casts an ethereal glow on his face.

TIMOTHY (CONT’D)
And anyone who attempts to find or conquer the lost tribe of Jumanji... will suffer the exact same fate.

There is a long silence.

FELIX
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.
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. Also, the land and locations of tribal villages divulged by young Thomas are concurrent with the old, hand-drawn maps left by previous explorers who either died trying to find Jumanji... or were never heard from again.

TIMOTHY
So... knowing what you do now... do you wish to continue?

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

FELIX
You will adhere to our original agreement?

NIGEL
Yes, Felix. Just as I promised before we left America: in return for your generous contributions, you may claim any treasures we encounter to keep for stock in your stores.

FELIX
Then I am pleased to say that you may continue to rely on the full cooperation of the one and only Felix J. Kauffman! After all, 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 thinks long and hard. Finally, he nods.

**ALISTAIR**
A discovery of this magnitude would ensure immortality for us; the one thing any man yearns 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)
Jumanji!

**FELIX**
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...” what is that?

**KRYSTYL**
Sounds like the name of a children’s book... or a cartoon show, maybe.
ERIC
I wonder how long this was hidden up there. I mean, this house was built in like, 1920.

KRYSTYL
So... this belonged to someone who used to live here?

ERIC
Must have... I think the original owner was a teacher, or something... what do you think’s inside?

KRYSTYL
Inside?

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

KRYSTYL
(in awe)
Hey, if this thing is from the 1920s, there might be something really valuable inside!

ERIC
Let’s find out.

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.

ERIC
Ready?

KRYSTYL
Ready.

ERIC
On “Three.” One... two... three!
They open the hinged doors. Krystyl’s excitement turns to curiosity, while Eric’s turns to confusion.

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
I... guess it is.

KRYSTYL
Check out the cool game pieces!

She holds up two carved IVORY FIGURINES: a monkey and a parrot. Eric studies them, intrigued.

ERIC
Those look hand-carved to me.

KRYSTYL
And look! Dice!

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

ERIC
This must have been a family heirloom.

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!

Eric looks at her and finally relents with a smile.

ERIC
Okay, one game.

KRYSTYL
I call parrot!

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

ERIC
Oh, so you’re gonna make a monkey out of me, huh? How do we even play…?

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

ERIC (CONT’D)
(reading the instructions)
Okay… “Players take turns rolling the dice. The first player to reach the center is the winner…” I guess that’s all there is too it.

KRYSTYL
I like games like this.

ERIC
Why?

Krystyl regards the game thoughtfully.

KRYSTYL
There’s no gray area. Someone has to win, and someone has to lose. Can I go first?

ERIC
Why you?

KRYSTYL
(haughtily)
Because the girl always goes first.
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.

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

ERIC
It’s moving!

KRYSTYL
There must be… magnets underneath.

ERIC
(unconvinced)
Maybe…

The figurine stops. Within the black orb, GREEN LETTERS begin to SWIRL and MATERIALIZE.

KRYSTYL
Oh… I guess I have to read this.

Krstyl and Eric lean in closer.

KRYSTYL
(reading)
“With tails that sting and claws that pinch, they skitter and strike and make you flinch.”

They both just stare at the game, puzzled.

ERIC
This is a weird game.

Krstyl nods her head. Suddenly, she sees something off-screen and SHRIEKS.

ERIC
(startled)
What?!
Krystyl claps 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.

KRYSTYL
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 near her leg.

She leans back, and the entire chair topples over to the floor. Krystyl scoots back until she is braced against the wall. The scorpion is on her stomach, slowly crawling closer to her face.

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 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.

    ERIC
    “Who you gonna call...?”

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

    KRISTYL
    (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, scrolling through something on his Android phone.

    KRISTYL
    I don’t know how they got in.

Eric doesn’t respond. He scrolls through his phone more slowly.

    KRISTYL
    I didn’t think Pennsylvania even had scorpions.

    ERIC (O.S.)
    It doesn’t. Check it out.

Krystyl walks over.
Eric points to a picture on his phone of the scorpions they just dealt with.

KRYSTYL
Eww... that’s them, all right.

ERIC
Tanzanian Red Claw scorpions.
(reading)
“About four inches long, red-black in color, highly aggressive-”

KRYSTYL
No kidding!

ERIC (CONT’D)
(reading)
“-Popular among advanced hobbyists, their natural habitat is confined to the tropical rainforests of Africa.”

KRYSTYL
Africa?

Eric and Krystyl slowly 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! That’s... that’s crazy!

ERIC
“Tails that sting, claws that pinch,” and then exotic arachnids pop up in my living room? It’s a heck of a coincidence!

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
Krystyl, maybe you shouldn’t-
KRYSTYL
It’s okay! Look, we’ll deal with those *arachnids* 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 pockets his phone and focuses on the game.

Krystyl hands him the dice. He cups them in his hands, shakes and rolls them onto the game. They read FOUR and 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
It’s just magnets.

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 the troupe that loves to vex.”

They take a moment to reflect on this clue.

ERIC
“The troupe that loves to vex...”
What’s “vex?”
KRYSTYL
It means to like... annoy someone.

ERIC
Oh... So, what’s a “troupe?”

KRYSTYL
(thinking hard)
“Troupe...” Wait; isn’t that a-?

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

ERIC
That came from my room!

They leap up and run out of the room.

INT. ERIC’S HOUSE – STAIRS – AFTERNOON

They race up the stairs. More CRASHING and RUMMAGING sounds are emanating from Eric’s room.

KRYSTYL
I know what a troupe is!

ERIC
Not the time!

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!

KRYSTYL
A mob is a group of kangaroos...

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.

CUT TO:

A troupe of monkeys is wildly ravaging Eric’s room!

Several are rummaging through Eric’s closet, tearing his clothes off hangers and ripping them to shreds. One is hanging onto his ceiling fan as it spins faster and faster, and a dozen of them are jumping up and down on his bed.

Eric bolts into the room, not sure which problem to address first. He tries to wrestle a shirt away from one of the monkeys.

ERIC
Let go! Let go!

The monkey 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 monkeys off his bed, but they SWIPE at him with their hands.

One of the monkeys on the bed loses its footing, and falls off the bed, landing hard on an iPod dock player.

The player blasts Pseudo Echo’s “His Eyes” at full volume. This causes the already crazed monkeys to panic and SCREECH.

The largest monkey 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 iPod dock player is knocked to the ground, silencing the music.

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
So... yeah. That’s a “troupe.”

The monkey 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... they couldn’t have!

ERIC
What other explanation is there?!

INT. ERIC’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Eric and Krystyl storm into the room and stop. They stare at the Jumanji game, apprehensive of getting too close.

Eric slowly sits down and carefully examines the game.

ERIC
This game... whatever clue it gives you when you roll the dice... it somehow... creates it.

KRYSTYL
How...? Is it... magic?

ERIC
It has to be. This game is cursed, or... something!
He stands and leaves the room.

**KRYSTYL**

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 figure out what to tell my mom when she 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.

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

**KRYSTYL (CONT’D)**

(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
Well, you started the game! And now we’re going to stop!

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
(tugging)
Stop... being... so... selfish!

Krystyl YANKS the game away from Eric. 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
No! That doesn’t count! That doesn’t count!

It does. Instead of the piece moving, the game itself MOVES underneath the piece in order to gain the appropriate spaces.

New letters SWIRL in the center. Realizing she has no choice, Krystyl leans in and cautiously reads her clue.

KRYSTYL
(reading)
“Frenzied beasts
are at your heel
with tusks much sharper
than their squeal.”

The game and dice begin to VIBRATE.

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

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

KRYSTYL
Uh-oh.
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. A random hoof lands on Eric’s phone, shattering it to pieces.

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 hoodie, revealing a red lace bra. She jumps on top of the pig and wraps the hoodie around its head, blinding it.

    KRYSTYL
    Yeehaw!

The pig violently rampages and throws her off. It quickly becomes lost in the chaos of its brethren.

Krystyl reclaims her hoodie and helps Eric up. After a split-second glance at her breasts, Eric takes her hand and pulls her along with him.

    ERIC
    We’ve got to get to the basement!

    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 huddled close and breathing heavily as the sounds upstairs continue.
KRYSTYL

Oh, jeez…

She sheepishly pulls her hoodie back on. Eric steals another quick glance.

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

KRYSTYL

Are they gone?

INT. ERIC’S HOUSE – VARIOUS – AFTERNOON

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

INT. ERIC’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – AFTERNOON

The kitchen is destroyed. The sink is dented up and leaking, the refrigerator has been overturned and the cabinets are smashed up, spilling food and dishes everywhere.

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

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

ERIC

I found something.

He spies something on the floor and picks it up. It’s Krystyl’s 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

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.

He studies the bent-up remote carefully, trying to light the fire. 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 ignores her and keeps pushing random buttons. The TV suddenly flickers on.

KRYSTYL
There are plenty of other people out there! 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 TV:

It is a live news report coming from town.

It is absolute disarray. The monkeys 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 in critical condition. Once again, the police are warning viewers to stay in their homes.

She is briefly startled into hysterics as a few pigs charge by.

REPORTER (CONT’D)

Local zoos and wildlife refuges are being contacted in a desperate attempt to pinpoint the source of this bizarre and chaotic outbreak. I’ve been told-

She is cut short as a monkey 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 somewhat 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 finish the game... 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. His clue SWIRLS…

ERIC
(reading)
“Savage hunters are on the prowl without a trace, but for their growl.”
(to Krystyl)
I don’t like the sound of that…

KRYSTYL
What do you think it means?

ERIC
(not moving)
Hmmm.

Krystyl is perturbed at Eric’s sudden demeanor.

KRYSTYL
Well… what are we going to do; just sit around and wait?

ERIC
Hmmm.

A beat.

KRYSTYL
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 hard on the floor, fighting to unwrap itself.

KRYSTYL
Really?! A leopard?!

ERIC
There’s more than one! The clue said “hunters!”

On the floor, the leopard THRASHES and SNARLS.

ERIC
Come on! Downstairs!

They run out of the room and race toward the basement. Eric flings open the door. Two cat’s eyes can be seen in the distance. Bestial GROWLING is heard.

ERIC
Never mind! Upstairs!
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 – CONTINUOUS

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

KRYSTYL

Look out!

A third LEOPARD wanders out of the bathroom.

The second leopard SNARLS behind them. Eric’s eyes dart off to the opposite side of the foyer.

KRYSTYL

What do we do?!

ERIC

The attic!

INT. ERIC’S HOUSE – DINING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

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

INT. ERIC’S HOUSE – UPSTAIRS FOYER – CONTINUOUS

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 first leopard joins the other two, crowding around them.

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’s going on?

ERIC

I think they’re fighting over which one gets to eat us!
Eric and Krystyl carefully inch their way to the attic door.

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

ERIC
I’m willing to bet this game is a lot more exciting than most things.

They enter the attic as the leopards continue their melee.

INT. ERIC’S HOUSE – ATTIC – DUSK

Eric is setting up the square table in the center of the room. Krystyl is seated cross-legged on the floor, examining the game.

KRYSTYL
You know, I think there’s more to this game than we realize.

Eric gives her an “are you an idiot?” look.

KRYSTYL
No, no; I mean, I think I know how it works. At first it started small. The scorpions were creepy, but they didn’t really cause any damage. You just sucked them up in the vacuum and problem solved. Then you rolled the dice and the monkeys came out. They were annoying, but not dangerous. Then things got a little more... well...

ERIC
“Frenzied beasts are at your heel...”

KRYSTYL
Exactly. Those boars caused even more damage and we had to actually... do something in order to avoid getting hurt. Then you just took your turn now and we had freaking leopards chasing us-
ERIC
I know, Krystyl; I was there.
What’s your point?

KRYSTYL
Don’t you see? The more we play the game, the more dangerous it becomes!
Each turn sends out something worse than the last one!

Eric considers this, and realizes she is right.

ERIC
It knows.

KRYSTYL
What?

ERIC
The game is getting harder because it knows we’re getting closer.

KRYSTYL
Then the game is... alive?

ERIC
In a way, maybe.

KRYSTYL
But why is it trying to kill us?

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

ERIC
Maybe it’s trying to protect itself.

He stares at his ivory monkey figurine on the game.

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

A native GIRL (9) holds the monkey 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 offers a spare derby, much too large for her. The girl hesitates, but then shakes her head.

Felix takes out a silver pocket watch and demonstrates how it works. Amazed, the girl 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

Nigel and Hasani sit with a NATIVE (30s), slowly engaging in conversation. Timothy and Alistair stand nearby, the latter looking impatient. Felix saunters up, completely oblivious of the distrusting stares from onlookers.

FELIX
Look at these! Aren’t they magnificent?! Genuine ivory!

ALISTAIR
(not looking)
Fascinating.

FELIX
Cost me a brand new pocket watch, but at least I didn’t have to give up one of my “magical amulets” to make the trade.

TIMOTHY
“Magical amulets?” Felix, what are you selling to these people?

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

FELIX
In most cases, one of these little beauties here is enough to convince a customer of the Negroid persuasion to part with anything! A simple demonstration of its abilities upon a nail, and the deal is made!
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. This could be it... Are we ready?

INT. ERIC’S HOUSE – ATTIC – DUSK

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

KRYS TYL
I’m ready.

Eric hands her the dice and smiles weakly. She takes a deep breath, still uneasy.

KRYSTYL
What could be worse than leopards?

ERIC
I don’t know, but we’ll deal with them together. No matter what happens, I’ll be right here with you. We’ll finish this game; I promised.

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

KRYSTYL
Um... earlier before, when I... called you selfish... 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
I’m sure.

Krystyl laughs nervously.

KRYSTYL
Good.

She resumes SHAKING the dice.

KRYSTYL
Okay… need a big number… Come on, big number!

She throws a ONE and a ONE, totaling TWO.

ERIC KRYSTYL
What the hell?! Seriously?!

Her figurine moves the pitiful two spaces. The CLUE SWIRLS…

KRYSTYL
Fine; be that way…
   (reading)
   “An armless embrace
   held after a climb.
   Too much of its love
   will kill you each time.”

A nearby stack of boxes suddenly TOPPLES over, startling Eric and Krystyl. 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?

KRYSTYL
I don’t-

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

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

Eric frantically looks around the attic for something he can use. He spies a large box labeled “Tools.”

He races toward it, tears open the box, hurriedly rummages around and takes out a large, sharp machete.

Krystyl’s eyes begin to roll in back of her head...

Fueled by desperation, Eric charges toward the snake and wildly swings the machete, hacking at parts of its body.

The snake HISSES, and begins to release Krystyl, who gasps for breath. Furious and now bleeding, it sets its sights on Eric, rearing up to strike.
The snake STRIKES! In a single, manic moment, Eric swings the machete as hard as he can, lobbing the snake’s head clean off.

The snake’s body quivers and jerks for a few moments before going deathly still.

Eric stares at the dead snake for a moment, 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.
(in awe)
Wow… that was… kind of cool. Man versus anaconda…

They look deep into each other’s eyes as 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. They very slowly and awkwardly part from their embrace.

KRYSTYL
Well, it’s um... it’s your turn, now. Are you ready?

Eric shakes his head.

ERIC
Not yet.

Eric looks around the attic, taking in the boxes and supplies.

ERIC (CONT’D)
If Jumanji’s going to get tougher, then so are we.

KRYSTYL
What do you mean?

MONTAGE: PREPARING FOR BATTLE

A) Krystyl holds the bloody machete and inspects it.
B) Eric rummages further in the “tools” box.
C) Krystyl retightens her ponytail, looking badass.
D) Eric takes a few practice swings with a hatchet.
E) Krystyl takes a box cutter, tests the blade and pockets it.
F) Eric switches his sneakers for some hiking boots.

MONTAGE ENDS.

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

KRYSTYL
Ready now?

ERIC
As I’ll ever be.

He snatches up the dice, rattles them and tosses them onto the board. He rolls a TWO and a FIVE, totaling SEVEN. His figurine moves and his clue is given:
ERIC
(reading)
“You cannot run
nor can you hide
from that which lurks
and grows inside.”

They immediately leap up and stand back to back with their weapons raised. They await any danger, but nothing appears. Krystyl slowly lowers her machete.

KRYSYTL
Nothing’s happening.

A beat.

ERIC
What’s going on…?

KRYSYTL
Maybe the game’s just trying to scare us… you know, so we’ll stop playing.

They stand for a while longer. Eric’s teeth begin to chatter. Soon, his whole body starts to shiver. Krystyl turns around.

KRYSYTL (CONT’D)
Seems to be working.

ERIC
N-N-No, it’s j-just… k-kind of…
c-c-cold up here.

KRYSYTL
Cold? What are you talking about— it’s the end of April. It’s got to be seventy-five degrees, at least!

ERIC
(shaking worse)
K-K-Krystyl, I’m… f-f-freezing!

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

Eric’s eyes roll back and he collapses to the floor, 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! P-Parasites!

Eric spasms, kicking over the table. The dice tumble away.

KRYSTYL
No! We can’t lose those!

Krystyl grabs the dice just as Eric spasms again, inadvertently kicking the dice right out of her hand.

The dice land on FIVE and ONE, totaling SIX. Her piece moves...

KRYSTYL
No! Oh God, not now!

Her clue SWIRLS. Eric continues to shake and twitch in pain. Krystyl alternates between monitoring him and reading her clue.

KRYSTYL
(reading)
“Merchandise, wares and... trinkets galore.
Peruse his... selection.
Caveat emptor.”
Eric has lost consciousness. Krystyl’s mind races.

KRYSTYL (CONT’D)
“Caveat emptor...” That’s Latin. It means... “let the buyer beware.”

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

FELIX
Have I got a deal for you!

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

KRYSTYL
Who are you?!

Felix arches an eyebrow, adjusts his vest and tips his hat for effect.

FELIX
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
Are you... from Jumanji?

FELIX
Pittsburgh, originally. So...!

Felix turns, revealing a massive wooden emporium, decorated with jungle foliage and seeming to contain infinite items on its shelves and walls.

He walks into the store and appears behind the counter. He claps and rubs his hands together in anticipation.
FELIX (CONT’D)
What might you be in the market for this fine evening?

Krystyl stares, unsure.

KRYSTYL
What do you... sell?

FELIX
Everything and anything.

Krystyl looks toward Eric, then back at Felix.

KRYSTYL
Anything...? Can you help my friend?

FELIX
That would depend heavily on what your friend would need.

KRYSTYL
He’s sick! He’s filled with worms! He needs medicine or... something!

Unconcerned, Felix rummages under his counter.

FELIX
Not to worry... Jumanji’s many, many endangerments are very often quite easily negated by the one and only Felix J. Kauffman. Ah! Here we are.

He takes out a small glass bottle filled with bright blue liquid and holds it out to Krystyl.

FELIX
May I present to you, Felix J. Kauffman’s All-Natural, Homemade Anti-Parasite Tonic! One hundred percent guaranteed to rid the body of all unwelcome organisms!
KRYSTYL
(hopeful)
That’ll cure him?

FELIX
Your satisfaction is my guarantee.
Of course, I do generally tend to show priority for paying customers...

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 in pleasant surprise.

FELIX
Well! If it isn’t “Old Hickory,” himself. I’m sorry, but this wouldn’t fetch nearly an acceptable sellback price for those with a penchant for more... exotic wares.

He hands it back. Krystyl extricates more items.

KRYSTYL
I don’t suppose you take Visa...?

FELIX
Vis-à-vis what?

KRYSTYL
No, I mean... forget it. Well, how about some genuine snakeskin? We have a stash, now-

She turns her head, and Felix’s jaw drops. He seizes her ponytail and examines it thoroughly. Krystyl looks annoyed.

FELIX
How utterly exotic! The color of copper itself! My dear, is this... natural?!
KRYSTYL
Yeah... I’m Irish; what’s it to you?

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, 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 still 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 examining it in his hands.

FELIX
Now, are you the parrot or the monkey?

KRYSTYL
Parrot.

FELIX
Impressive... I didn’t think any player could last beyond two or three turns.

KRYSTYL
We almost didn’t.

FELIX
(eyeing her)

No?
KRYSTYL
So far, we’ve had to deal with scorpions, leopards, wild pigs, a room full of crazed monkeys—

FELIX
Oh, it’s hard not to like them.

Krstyl crosses her arms and glares.

FELIX (CONT’D)
... But I take it you found a way.

Krstyl 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.

Krstyl stands and walks to Felix’s store. She rests her elbows on the counter. Felix still smiles.

KRYSTYL
You’re definitely part of the game?

FELIX
The name Kauffman is synonymous with honesty.

KRYSTYL
Then I want to buy something else from you.

FELIX
And what might that be?

KRYSTYL
Information.

FELIX
About what?

Stunned, Krystyl straightens up and throws up her arms in a huge, grandiose shrug.
KRYSTYL
Jumanji! What is it?! Where did it come from?! Who created it?!
What makes all the animals appear?!
Why’s it trying to kill us?!

A beat. Felix smiles, amused.

FELIX
Which of those questions would you like me to 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 Jumanji 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 do so only on one condition.

KRYSTYL
What’s that?

Felix’s smile slowly vanishes. He motions for her to come closer, leans in and drops his voice to a whisper.

FELIX
You must promise me that one of you will win the game.

He extends a hand. Eternal seconds pass. Finally, Krystyl nods and shakes it.

KRYSTYL
Deal.

Felix takes a deep breath and begins to tell his story.
FELIX
It was the year 1895. My associates and I were traveling through the ever-foreboding 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. My mind’s eye saw only negotiations and profits.

CLOSE UP on the compass.

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

INT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - DAWN

The party is trekking up an incline, overgrown with foliage. Timothy is brimming with excitement.

FELIX
We’re still heading east.

TIMOTHY
Excellent! Shouldn’t be long, now...

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

NIGEL
This is it; the “wall of life,” exactly where the legends said.

TIMOTHY
We’ll need to find a safe way of entering to not disturb the native-

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

ALISTAIR
Talk, talk, talk...

Alistair quickly carves an entranceway. Timothy readies for his finest hour. He turns to the others.
TIMOTHY
Alright, everyone. I don’t know what we may find in there, but please know that I am forever indebted to you all for your cooperation. Now… let us see the legend for ourselves!

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.

CUT TO:

It is a barren, desolate wasteland without even a single blade of grass. The ground is muddy and putrid.

No people or animals of any kind can be seen or heard. The atmosphere reeks of abandonment.

TIMOTHY
No… No; this cannot be. I… I’ve heard of ecological blights, but… what could have killed everything off so quickly?

FELIX
This didn’t happen recently; there are no remnants of trees steadily decaying, which means they had considerable time to decompose. Furthermore, it would take many generations of 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 dying ecosystem, and simply went extinct. Without any resources being derived, the humans who depended on them would eventually die out themselves.
The group stares at him, astonished.

NIGEL
I didn’t know you studied Biology.

FELIX
That, sir, was Economics.

Timothy is dumbfounded. Alistair has had enough.

ALISTAIR
Well! Thus ends the glorious expedition of Timothy Van Allsburg!

TIMOTHY
NO! No! Colonel-

ALISTAIR (CONT’D)
A pointless journey, wasted opportunities, and not a single thing to show for it!

TIMOTHY
Colonel, there must 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
SCOUT THE GODDAMN AREA! 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, which he does reluctantly.

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI RUINS - DAWN

Alistair and Felix walk along the bleak grounds.

ALISTAIR
I should have just gone on another safari and shot another blasted rhinoceros.

FELIX
Don’t despair, Colonel. We may find something, yet...

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

Felix stops walking and points.

FELIX
Perhaps there?

Alistair looks. There is an onyx black, stone cave.

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI CAVE - DAWN

An unseen source of light illuminates the entrance. The cave is open and barren. Felix and Alistair turn a corner and enter an alcove. They stop and stare, entranced.

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

A couple of DECOMPOSING SKELETONS lay nearby.

For the first time, Alistair looks uneasy.

ALISTAIR
What sort of devilish trickery is this?
FELIX
The profitable sort, 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 precariously picks up the ball and inspects it closely. It seems to glow a little brighter.

FELIX
You may look Colonel, but remember: all treasures are to be turned over directly to me.

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

He looks in closer and squints his eyes.

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

Alistair begins to grow terrified as he realizes...

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. He leans in.
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 roam the trees and floor. Tiny natives, each one no larger than a flea, are gathering, hunting, and chanting around a fire in a tribal village.

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

FELIX
But... but how did...?

ALISTAIR
Remember the professor’s story? He said the natives sought the help of a creature that would protect them!

FELIX
(catching on)
One that would seal them off from the rest of the world! That’s it! The shaman or demon or whatever it was must have performed some sort of incantation that sealed off the Jumanji, their land and everything else into this orb! An entire world all to themselves! An entire world... no larger than a grapefruit!

ALISTAIR
Completely hidden for all these centuries...

FELIX
... until now.
Felix drops to his knees and shrugs off his rucksack. Trembling in excitement, he opens it and begins tossing things out.

**FELIX**

We mustn’t tell the professor of this! He would try to donate it to his precious university. Bah! He wouldn’t appreciate the... the significance or the rarity of such a finding! You heard his promise: I claim all treasures as my own, and this is no exception! 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 ivory monkey and parrot figurines scatter onto the unfolded game.

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

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!

They take off running toward the direction of 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 stalactite 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

They’re trapped in the cave!

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

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. Nearly one hundred and twenty-five years... and yet I don’t think I’ve aged one day.

Astounded, Krystyl tries to blink back her tears.

KRYSTYL
I’m so sorry, Mr. Kauffman.

Felix gives a very sad smile.

FELIX
Funnily enough, 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 attempt to avoid death; something he considers beneath him.

Felix rests his palm atop the game’s black orb, and sighs.

FELIX
The Jumanji certainly did.
KRYSTYL
But... but why didn’t the game just absorb us too instead of letting us play?

ERIC (O.S.)
Because it wasn’t always a game.

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

KRYSTYL
You’re alright... thank God.

ERIC
Hey... you cut your hair?

Krystyl half laughs, half sobs.

KRYSTYL
I kind of like it. It’s... sporty.

They part from their embrace. Eric walks over to Felix’s store and picks up the game.

ERIC
I think I get it... If Jumanji were just a world, then it would have absorbed us. But it’s not just a world, anymore... Maybe when Jumanji combined with a game... it absorbed the concept of what a game... is.

Which explains why the game has become harder with every turn, and why everything will disappear if we finish it. It’s giving us a fair chance at this... isn’t it?

FELIX
According to legend, the curse laid down by the “pepo” may only be lifted if a foreigner like yourself successfully “conquers” Jumanji.

Eric walks to the table and sets down the game.
ERIC
We have to keep playing, Krystyl.

He picks up the dice.

ERIC (CONT’D)
One of us has to win.

Krystyl casts a glance at Felix; he nods. She goes and kneels across from Eric at the table.

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

ERIC
You were right.

Krystyl tilts her head questioningly. Eric shuts his eyes and takes a deep breath.

ERIC
I’m afraid. I’m afraid of graduating... I’m afraid of leaving... I’m afraid of... of the world that’s out there.

KRYSTYL
Why?

Eric looks her in the eyes.

ERIC
Because I don’t want to forget everything that I’ve done and experienced. After everything I’ve been through, how can I just... leave?

Krystyl smiles sympathetically.

KRYSTYL
Because, in a way, you’re not. I mean, how many of your experiences are you going to take with you when you go? How many of your adventures will still have meaning and value, even when you move on?
Krystyl reaches out and rubs Eric’s arm.

KRYSTYL (CONT’D)
We all have to live in this world; it doesn’t make sense to be afraid of it. And besides... right here, right now we still have each other. That counts for something, right?

Eric stares, then nods encouragingly.

ERIC
Everything.

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

ERIC
(reading)
“A raging storm disrupts the night.
The sky’s aglow with bolts of light.”

A FLASH of lighting illuminates the attic, followed by a tremendous CLAP of thunder which shakes the room and startles the duo.

ERIC
Okay... a storm. We can deal with that.

KRYSTYL
Yeah... totally.

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

KRYSTYL
(reading)
“A small attraction thrives and grows. What once were still become your foes.”
There is a very tense pause as they reflect on this clue.

ERIC
What do you think?

Krystyl shakes her head, and 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 offscreen. After a second, the paperclip flies right back and reattaches itself to Krystyl.

KRYSTYL
What...?

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

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, but the machete cuts his arm a little. He grimaces.

KRYSTYL
No!
The previously discarded “Tools” box rumbles and explodes, sending a wave of nails and screws flying toward her.

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

Eric tries to catch what he can, but in doing so the hatchet and machete slip out of his grasp and soar toward Krystyl.

ERIC
Look out!

With her free arms, Krystyl picks up the table and uses it as a shield. The tools sink deep into the wood and remain still.

Eric and Krystyl give great sighs of relief.

KRYSTYL
What the freak does magnetism have to do with a jungle?!

Felix looks rather guilty before shrugging slightly.

FELIX
That is a puzzlement.

Krystyl tries to pick the metal objects off herself, but they immediately stick fast to her skin.

A purple satchel that appears to be filled with sand lands at Eric’s feet. Eric glances at the bag, then at the merchant.

FELIX
Felix J. Kauffman’s freshly made Magnetism Neutralizing Powder.

Eric looks skeptical.

FELIX (CONT’D)
Deus ex machinas are my specialty.

INT. ERIC’S HOUSE – ATTIC – NIGHT

Eric and Krystyl again kneel at the table. Krystyl brushes the last of the powder out of what’s left of her hair.
ERIC
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 to seek the danger of his game.”

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

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

ERIC
Danger... of his game... Dangerous...
(realizes)
Oh no.

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.

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

He raises his gun to fire...

Krystyl snatches up her machete and flings it at him. It grazes his shoulder, 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, no! Let them continue!

Alistair turns back to Felix briefly.

    ALISTAIR
    That is not my role in the game.

Felix watches helplessly as Alistair takes aim from 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!

BLAM! A hole appears in the trunk of the tree, less than a foot away from Eric’s head. He loses his grip but recovers.

    ALISTAIR
    You cowardly 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.

EXT. ERIC’S HOUSE – BACKYARD – NIGHT

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

    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 doors on the back porch open 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.

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

Krystyl watches the scene unfold before her. 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.

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

Alistair suddenly turns and FIRES his gun. The tree limb is blown off. Eric falls hard on the ground.

ALISTAIR
Really, now... a tree?

Terrified, Eric tries to get up, but Alistair presses his boot firmly against his chest.
ERIC
Please don’t kill me.

Alistair looks Eric over and sneers in contempt.

ALISTAIR
If it were up to me, I suppose I wouldn’t. But I don’t have a say in such matters.

ERIC
Why not?

ALISTAIR (CONT’D)
Because I am a hunter. Jumanji has declared me an eternal hunter. And what does a hunter do?

Alistair cocks his gun and aims it at Eric’s head. His finger readies the trigger.

ALISTAIR
(whispers)
You know what.

A bolt of lightning STRIKES nearby, startling and blinding Eric and Alistair in a flash. Alistair flinches and stumbles.

Eric gets up and bolts through some bushes. Alistair blinks his eyes and 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 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 slowly and carefully climbs the stairs. A scorpion skitters out of the way of her shoe.
EXT. BACKYARD – NIGHT

Eric crashes through some brambles, terrified and with some cuts on his face. He sees his house in the distance, and his gaze falls on the garage.

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 is barely clinging to life.

Krystyl runs past the leopards 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 jogs at a brisk pace toward the house, readying his gun.

An engine REVS UP over the thunder. Alistair pauses, confused.

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 sounds 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 was... hunting me.

KRYSTYL

We can’t give up. There are people counting on us... even if they don’t know it.

FELIX (O.S.)

Best to get on with it, then.

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. Mustn’t leave my customers dissatisfied.

Krystyl picks up the dice and grips them, ready to play. Eric nods. She shakes the dice in her hands...

She rolls a THREE and a THREE, totaling SIX. The parrot moves...

KRYSTYL
(reading)
"Your footpath betrays you.
The ground, it doth shift.
A quag will consume you
unless you are swift."
(to Eric)
What does any of that mean?

ERIC
... I have no idea.

They remain still, contemplating.

Suddenly, Eric and Krystyl’s bodies start to sway, as if being compelled to move. Both are startled.

KRYSTYL
The floor!

Eric looks down. A six foot circle of the concrete floor has transformed into a semisolid pit.

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

    KRYSTYL
    I can’t get out!

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

    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
    This is the end...

    ERIC
    Mr. Kauffman! Help us!

Felix shakes his head mournfully.

    FELIX
    That is not my role in the game.

Krystyl’s lip trembles. Using her one free hand, she KNOCKS the box aside. The game falls into the liquid, but the dice tumble along the floor, hit the side of Felix’s store and remain still.

They are almost up to their necks...

    KRYSTYL
    I’m sorry! I’m sorry I wanted to play! I didn’t mean for this to happen! I... I...
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)
I lo-

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

**ERIC**
KRYSTYL!!! KRYSTYL!!!

Eric looks around, the “quicksand” almost at his chin.

**ERIC**
MR. KAUFFMAN!!!

Felix momentarily frowns before raising his brow in realization.
He slowly reaches under his counter and takes out a handmade
broom. He lethargically begins to sweep up.

**ERIC**
What are you doing?! Help us!
Please!

Felix continues to sweep around his store. He makes his way to
the front and spots the discarded dice.

He very forcibly SWEEPS the dice into the pit.

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

Only the black orb of the game is visible, and a CLUE SWIRLS…

Eric’s mouth is covered, so he can only read:

> Choices alone
decline your fate.
A second chance
may 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. Krystyl reads her clue...

KRYSTYL
(reading)
“Your footpath betrays you. The ground, it doth shift. A quag will consume you unless you are swift.”
(to Eric)
What does any of that mean?

ERIC
... I have-

Eric and Krystyl look ill as they get an ominous sense of déjà vu. They lock eyes, suddenly terrified.

KRYSTYL
MOVE!

ERIC
NOW!

They rapidly crabwalk out of the danger zone just as the box and game begin to sink, confused and nearly speechless.

ERIC
How did we...?!

KRYSTYL
I don’t know! I don’t know... I just... knew.

Eric looks to Felix, who shrugs innocently.
FELIX
Perhaps your instincts are just... that keen.

Eric turns back to Krystyl. Both look like they are trying to remember something.

KRYSTYL
Eric... Did I...? I mean, did we...? Did something just happen?

ERIC
I don’t know... I just don’t know.

EXT. ERIC’S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT
Lighting illuminates a gruesome scene. The Volkswagen is crushed and in a ditch. Small trees have been knocked over, and the ground is dug up.

It begins to rain; slowly at first, then picking up in intensity.

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

INT. ERIC’S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT
Eric and Krystyl kneel to play in another corner of the garage, the game resting on the floor. Outside, the rain, thunder and lightning continue.

Eric rolls and throws the dice onto the board. Nothing happens. He tries again and again, but his piece remains stationary.

ERIC
It’s not moving.

KRYSTYL
But it’s your turn... isn’t it?

ERIC
Yeah, it should be; you just rolled.
Did I lose a turn?

Eric looks beyond Krystyl at Felix, who smiles conspiratorially.
FELIX (CONT’D)  
Let’s just say Jumanji makes deals too, sometimes.

ERIC  
(to Krystyl)  
Well... here; just roll again.

He hands her the dice. She studies the game board thoroughly.

KRYSTYL  
... Okay, if you say so. If I can roll at least eleven, then I win.

ERIC  
What about me?

KRYSTYL  
(counting)  
You just need... eight.

ERIC  
(choked up)  
Please be careful.

KRYSTYL  
Right...

She gently tosses the dice onto the board. They land on FIVE and FOUR, totaling NINE. The parrot moves...

KRYSTYL  
(disappointed)  
No...

ERIC  
So close...

KRYSTYL  
(counting)  
Seven... eight... nine. Okay Jumanji, bring it on.

Her clue takes a little longer to materialize...
KRYSTYL
(reading)
“An endless tribe,
so long concealed
is born again.
Its fate revealed.”

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

ERIC
Do you hear that?

The drums grow louder, along with a deep, resounding CHANTING.

KRYSTYL
(listening)
It sounds like...
(figuring it out)
“An endless... tribe...” 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. All 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. They hold bizarre, wood-and-stone weapons.

The CHIEFTAIN (80s), 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. A native simply grabs his throat and SHOVES him aside.

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

A native clamps a hand over her mouth. Several of the men begin to tie vines around her hands and feet.

          ERIC
          (to Felix)
          What are they doing to her?!

          FELIX
          Roughly translated, the chieftain there intends to light a pyre and sacrifice her to the heavens.

          ERIC
          Sacrifice?!

          FELIX
          I’m... making the assumption that she is a virgin...?

Natives are tearing wooden shelves off the walls, breaking them into smaller pieces and throwing them into a large. Two natives are furiously trying to start a fire with sticks.
ALISTAIR
The game’s over, boy.

Eric pales and turns around. Alistair, bruised, scarred and furious, marches inside. He cocks his gun.

Eric raises his hands and backs 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 it!

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

ALISTAIR
No, you don’t!

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 apes!

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

Krystyl’s hands and ankles are completely bound together by now. 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.

KRUSTYL (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 the dice. He shakes and 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 monkey, the same one from the ceiling fan earlier, now holds the die, 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 monkey, but it runs through his legs and through the door into the house! Eric takes off after it.

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

Alistair has fought his way out of the quicksand and 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 monkey scurries on two legs and an arm, still clutching the die 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 monkey.

The spear grazes the monkey. It DROPS the dice and runs away in fright. Eric frees himself from the native and crawls toward the die.
ALISTAIR (O.S.)

No!

BLAM! A shot from Alistair’s gun puts a bullet hole in the floor. The explosion ricochets the die several feet away.

Several feral hogs charge over it. The dice CLATTERS across the hall and into the next room.

ERIC

Oh, come on!

He gets up and runs after it. Alistair cocks his gun, smugly.

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 turns over dishes, trash, etc. looking for the die. The pigs are at the overturned refrigerator, hungrily eating its spilled contents.

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 die. Eric stares with revulsion.

ERIC

... Of course.

He dives at the die. The hogs trot away.

A vicious SNARL is heard.

ERIC turns, and sees another black leopard watching him.
ERIC

Nice kitty...
The leopard SWIPES a paw at him, flinging the die 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 shout in approval.
Krystyl, still tied to the door, is carried by the natives toward the fire.
Felix shuts his eyes and turns his head, unwilling to watch.

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 die is lodged in a corner, as is Krystyl’s lacrosse stick.

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)

I’ve had quite enough of this.

Eric notices the tablecloth still on the floor, now swarming with the arachnids.

ERIC

I’m still game!

He YANKS the tablecloth directly up, sending a shower of scorpions upon Alistair, causing him to scream and thrash about.

Eric whips back around and grabs for the dice, only to find that it’s disappeared.

A monkey’s SCREECH is heard.

The monkey has recollected the die and is holding it on top of an overturned chair.

Eric picks up the lacrosse stick and tries to use it as a net. The monkey sees it coming and scampers out of the way.

ERIC

Hey!

He chases after it.

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!

As the smoke enters her lungs, she begins to GASP and COUGH. Felix shakes his head sadly.

The monkey scurries through the doorway back into the garage. Eric follows in hot pursuit.

Krystyl bucks her hips off the door a few times until the box cutter slides out of her hoodie’s front pocket.
She manages to grab hold of it, unsheathe the blade and start cutting one of the vines binding her.

Eric has backed the monkey into the corner. He is gripping the lacrosse stick, waiting for the monkey’s next move.

ERIC
Okay, monkey… We can do this the easy way or the hard way.

Alistair appears at the entranceway and takes aim...

BLAM! The bullet hits Eric’s lower back and bloodily explodes. He begins SCREAMING and falls to the floor. The monkey screeches and runs away, dropping the die in the process.

CLOSE UP on Krystyl’s arm.

She manages to cut the vine and free her right arm. She yanks off her blindfold and gazes toward the direction of the gunshot.

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 looks around and sees the second die near the Jumanji game on the other side of the garage.

ERIC
(through gritted teeth)
We’ll… finish the game.

Eric SWINGS the lacrosse stick around and uses it as a net to capture and pull the first die toward him.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out the rubber band.

He slides the die into the band and takes careful aim...

ERIC (CONT’D)
No… matter… what!
Eric releases the rubber band. The die FLINGS across the room and strikes the other one, causing them to ROLL about.

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 FOUR and FOUR, totaling EIGHT.

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)
Foolhardiness can only take you so far. Look around; the game is lost. You and the girl 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.

Eric looks back to the game. His game piece has moved directly onto the center of the orb.

ALISTAIR (CONT’D)
Any last words, boy?

“JUMANJI” swirls in green letters.

He has won.

ERIC
JUMANJI!

In an instant, everything stops. The natives freeze and look toward Eric. The burning pyre is immediately extinguished. Smoke billows upward.
Numb with shock, Alistair momentarily looks toward the game before returning his attention to Eric.

ERIC

Good game.

CLOSE UP on the game.

The black orb in the center twists with a SCRAPING. After a rusty SNAP, 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 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.

ALISTAIR

No! You cheated! You must have!

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.

All of the Jumanji creatures (human and animal) erupt into a frenzy of screaming. One by one, they disappear in bursts of green light.

Krystyl leaps off the wood pile and runs to Eric. She kneels down and places her hands on his shoulders. She notices blood pooling underneath him.

KRYSYTL (CONT’D)

You’ve been shot! YOU’VE BEEN SHOT!

ERIC

Krystyl...

Eric is fading from loss of blood. He slowly raises a hand and caresses Krystyl’s face. She receives his hand and gives a tearful smile. Eric closes his eyes and becomes still. His hand drops limply to the floor.
Meanwhile, Felix laughs as he leaves his emporium and closes 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 upheld your end of the bargain. I never doubted either of you! Not for an instant!

Felix gives one final Cheshire Cat grin as his emporium vanishes in a burst of green 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 one last time. 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.

They are soon dissolved by the sheer brilliance of the 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 window. Everything is peaceful and quiet. A clock steadily ticks in the background.

Eric and Krystyl groggily open their eyes and turn their heads to look at each other.

KRYSTYL
... What happened?
Eric shakes his head.

Suddenly, he sits upright and feels his lower back. 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**

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, the house!

Krystyl looks around, her eyes widening. 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.

She lets her gaze linger on a wall clock: 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
The curse...

Eric rounds a corner and steps back into the room.

ERIC
Everything’s back to normal!
There’s no damage, no animals, no natives, no hunter... no anything!

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 beat the game! It said “the exciting consequences” would disappear, right? Everything that happened as a consequence of us playing the game has disappeared! Including the 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 piles of stones with a makeshift cross embedded in each, engaged in prayer. Behind them, the collapsed cave looms ominously. Hasani is still digging through the rubble.

    TIMOTHY
    “... We ask it in your name, amen.”

    NIGEL
    Amen.

A few moments of silence pass.

    TIMOTHY
    It’s all my fault, Nigel.

Nigel looks like he wishes to speak, but remains silent.

    TIMOTHY
    We couldn’t even find their bodies to give them a proper burial.

Hasani walks up, holding the Jumanji game. He speaks to Nigel.

    TIMOTHY
    What’s he got there?

    NIGEL
    He found it buried under some rocks. Says it belonged to Felix.

Timothy takes the folded game and studies it.

    TIMOTHY
    “Jumanji?” But how did...? (realizes)
    Of course... Felix must have been designing this for if we ever found the lost tribe.
NIGEL
What will you do with it?

TIMOTHY
Keep it, I suppose. After that, perhaps just hide it away somewhere.

He 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 wasteland.

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.

Eric and Krystyl are seated on the sofa, watching the fire burn. They each hold their ivory figurines as souvenirs of their adventure.

Eric turns to Krystyl, studying her features. She notices.

KRYSTYL
Something on your mind?
He leans over and captures her mouth in a long, slow, passionate kiss. Krystyl is caught off-guard for a moment, but her eyes soon flutter shut.

Finally, they break the kiss. Both are shocked and blushing, breathing heavily.

ERIC
(stunned)
Wow. That was...

KRYSTYL
(stunned)
... Yeah.

Krystyl suddenly frowns in concentration.

KRYSTYL
Have we... done that before?

Eric likewise furrows his brow, but soon gently shakes his head.

ERIC
I think we’d remember if we had.

Krystyl doesn’t respond at first, but soon gives an impish grin and elbows Eric in his side.

KRYSTYL
Yeah, you’re right- I’m being silly.

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. Eric kisses her cheek.

The CAMERA PANS to the Jumanji game, slowly smoldering into nothingness.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END