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VelociRapture

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VelociRapture

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
University of New Orleans
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts
in
Film and Theater Arts
Creative Writing

by

Katheryn Warzak

B.F.A. New York University, 2008

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FADE IN:

EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT

Black water, purple sky. A shimmer in one is reflected in the other as shooting stars arc through the night. Their glow illuminates mangrove trees, cypress knees and:

A RICKETY HOUSE

The only man-made thing in this Louisiana swamp. Spanish moss drips from its eaves, tangled with sparkling fleur-de-lis charms. WATER laps at the beams beneath its porch.

BEATRIX BOUDREAU, 60s, fishes off the porch edge. Her hair is long, gray and wild, all we see of her from behind. A gas lamp mounted to the shack provides flickering human light.

Beatrice HUMS a sad Cajun tune.

The porch planks are weathered and worn. We cross them slowly, moving toward Beatrice. A CREAK and our motion stops.

Beatrice does not turn. She twitches her rod. A PLOP as her lure drops back into the water. We move toward her again.

AN ALLIGATOR

Creeps toward her from the shadows of the porch. Another stealthy step... and it lunges for Beatrice.

She spins and SHOTS, her fishing rod actually a rifle with string tied to the end.

The alligator falls to the deck, thrashing. Beatrice SHOTS it again. It stops. She GRUNTS in satisfaction.

She unhooks the gas lamp and brings it closer.

This alligator is big, its snout wide. Its legs are longer than they should be. Strange.

The charms on her house TINKLE like bells. She glances at the nearby trees. They are not moving. There is no breeze. Beatrice licks a finger and holds it up to confirm. Nothing. Her eyes widen, then narrow.

A PULLEY WHEEL

Cranked quickly by Beatrice. In a hurry now, she draws an ice chest the size of a refrigerator up from the swamp floor. Opening this, she tips out a dozen frozen animal carcasses.

REPTILE FLESH

Slapped by Beatrix's hands. Her feet SCRABBLE on the porch planks before she finds enough purchase to heave the alligator-thing inside the freezer. She PANTS from exertion.

FLOATING BARRELS

Drawn in by Beatrix from out on the water. She chains them to the freezer and pushes it into the swamp. Now it floats.

A PIROGUE

The bayou canoe. Beatrix ties the chest to it.

She slides the pirogue into the murky water, loads it with her gun and sets out into the night, towing her cargo through the swamp.

The camera hovers above her head, then flies in front of Beatrix, rapidly outpacing her as it travels:

THROUGH TREES

Gnarled and slimy and crowded close together. Barely time to hear the frogs croak before the trees thin and we break onto:

THE MISSISSIPPI

As the sun rises. Over sparkling water, we soar toward:

NEW ORLEANS

Stately southern mansions give way to shotgun houses, painted brightly and set so close together their residents sit out on the street, laughing and drinking.

THE FRENCH QUARTER

Unmistakable iron balconies above restaurants where waiters slap down plates of sizzling red crawfish. Sunlight glints off brass instruments in Jackson Square.

The camera slows behind tourists wearing bright beads, as if it's stuck in the bottleneck of the entrance to the:

NEW ORLEANS MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

A street musician we'll soon know as DANTE SAVOY, 20s, plays just outside, his trumpet case open for tips. The camera's hold up allows us a few seconds of his JAZZ.

Once through the door, the camera glides over tourists, docents and dinosaur skeletons, coming to rest on:

LOLA ROBICHEAUX

At camera level because she's up a tall ladder. In her late 20s but with the cynicism of someone three times her age, Lola works with a POSTOSUCHUS skeleton.

The crocodylian dinosaur hangs from chains near the ceiling. Its jaw is as long as Lola's arm. She reaches inside, fitting a prosthetic tooth into an empty socket. Her sharp cheekbones round when she smiles as it CLICKS into place.

LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)
The New Orleans Museum of Natural
History is closing for the day.
Please make your way to the exits.

The ladder is bumped. Lola corrects without looking down. She stands on one foot to rub a spot off the skull, supremely balanced. A child SCREECHES and Lola doesn't startle.

DR. TALBOT (O.S.)
Lola!

Now she jumps. She grabs the ladder and looks down.

DR. HUBERT TALBOT, 50s, looks up. A patrician white man in a rumpled lab coat, what little hair he has is carefully teased over a bald spot.

DR. TALBOT (CONT'D)
I read your draft on the
postosuchus evolution.

He nods to the skeleton.

DR. TALBOT (CONT'D)
You know collected wisdom holds
that it walked on four legs.

LOLA
But the hind legs were sufficiently
longer than the front two to
suggest a bipedal motion more in
line with a velociraptor than with
its descendant, the crocodile.
It's not a new theory, but based on
my research I can prove -

DR. TALBOT
I read it, I said, no need to quote
at me. And... I think it's great.

LOLA
Really? You do?

DR. TALBOT

Yes. Where are you submitting?

LOLA

"Paleobiology," "Journal of
Morphology," "Journal of
Paleontology," "Revue de
Micropaléontologie..."

She pronounces the French with a slight Cajun accent.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Maybe "Current Biology" as my long
shot.

DR. TALBOT

Oh, I think you should shoot
higher. Maybe... "Nature."

LOLA

(laughs)

"Nature" wouldn't publish me.

DR. TALBOT

They might with my name on it.
Add me as second author, and I'll
make a few calls.

He's too far away to see the doubt on her face.

LOLA

Oh. Would you? Okay. That sounds
great! Yeah. Thanks! I'll send
it out this week.

DR. TALBOT

Keep my name on it for the other
journals too. Consistency.

LOLA

Of course.

DR. TALBOT

Publish or perish!

Dr. Talbot pats the ladder and walks away. Lola watches him
cut through the dwindling number of tourists exiting the
nearby Space Exhibit.

LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)

The New Orleans Museum of Natural
History is now closed. Thank you
for visiting. Please come again.

Lola looks back at the postosuchus skeleton. Its eye sockets stare back at her, black with shadow. The exhibit sways, though there is no breeze. Absently, Lola steadies it, then climbs down the ladder.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

Tourists straggle out onto the street.

Dante plays a few desultory notes, watching the door. THREE FEMALE TOURISTS look him over. He's attractive, casually athletic, and uninterested. The female tourists move on.

Dante's worn boots tap a rhythm on the sidewalk next to the grass. Yellow dandelions nearby seem to bounce in time.

Lola steps out the front door.

Dante smiles. He turns off a small speaker, cutting off his accompaniment, and stuffs it in a backpack along with handfuls of dollar bills and loose change from his case.

Lola strides right past him. She does not look over.

Dante slams the case shut, spilling a dozen coins. He shrugs on his backpack and hurries after her. We stay with the coins as they roll into the grass.

Sunlight shines off the nickels and dimes, a bright, sunny day. But the dandelions beside them twist now, curling into themselves. They sense a storm.

DANTE

Catches up to Lola. Steps behind, he puts the trumpet to his lips and begins a cheerful solo. Dante is a talented player, but Lola winces, turning.

LOLA
Will you cut that out?

DANTE
Will you go out with me?

LOLA
No.

DANTE
Then no.

This time he plays scales. Lola scowls. She walks faster.

EXT. THE DARBY BAR - DAY

Rainbow flags fly from its eaves. GAY MEN of all types and ages loiter outside, smoking, drinking and engaging in general vice.

At least, that's how XANDER HIBBLE sees it. White, straight, 40s, Xander scowls at the spectacle from across the street. He clutches his Bible tightly.

Bravely, he starts forward to spread the Good News.

INT. THE DARBY BAR - DAY

Disco and glitter, a Studio 54 vibe. GO-GO BOYS in tighty-whiteys dance in small cages on small stages. MORE GAY MEN populate the dance floor, having a great time.

Xander storms through the door. It's hard to hear him over the MUSIC, but he SHOUTS, giving it his all.

XANDER

Repent! Sinners, it is not too late! It is never too late to embrace Jesus. Save your souls! The kingdom of heaven is at hand!

A few men look at Xander, puzzled and amused. One GO-GO BOY blows him a kiss.

DANCER #1, 20s, neat and petite, DANCER #2, 40s, all in leather, and DANCER #3, 20s, tall and scruffy, gyrate nearby.

XANDER (CONT'D)

Man shall not lie with man nor woman with woman. But there is yet time!

DANCER #1

Time?

DANCER #2

Get a load of this guy! Thinks the world is gonna end!

XANDER

No. The rapture is not the apocalypse. It's -

DANCER #1

A crock!

DANCER #3
(playfully mishears)
Where?

Xander is briefly the center of a dance circle.

XANDER
Repent, I say unto you -

DANCER #2
Get laid, closet case!

DANCER #1
Jesus loves me!

He knows it's true. Xander scowls.

XANDER
But you must also love Him. Repent
and confess! Truly, you must -

Dancer #1 glitterbombs Xander just as the song changes.
Xander SNEEZES, brushing furiously at the glitter now coating
him. The dance floor swells with people.

Shoved to the periphery, Xander thrusts brochures into a few
hands before making his way to the bar.

TOMMY SQUIRES, 20s, sways his hips behind it. The bartender,
he is dressed in black, his eyeliner expertly applied. Tommy
salts a glass, tossing excess salt over his left shoulder.

Xander slides onto a stool in front of Tommy. He doesn't
notice, but JIM, 60s, sips whiskey right beside him. Jim
does not register Xander's presence. He doesn't register
much of anything anymore.

TOMMY
Hey, sailor. Can I recommend a
screaming orgasm?

XANDER
Excuse me?

Tommy winks and gestures to the drink specials. They are
chalked on a board between two televisions, currently muted.

XANDER (CONT'D)
I don't drink.

TOMMY
We've got coke.

XANDER
But do you have Jesus?

TOMMY
Come again?

Xander pulls some pamphlets from his bag. He holds one out to Tommy. A good-natured guy, Tommy takes it.

INSERT - PAMPHLET

Jesus prays on the cover, a chorus of angels behind him.

BACK TO SCENE

Tommy turns it over.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Gee, thanks.

XANDER
Today could be the day of days.
The hour of reckoning is at hand!

TOMMY
You're here to save us?

XANDER
Only Jesus can save your soul.

TOMMY
Those poor sad Buddhists. Screw
enlightenment, am I right?

He tries to hand the pamphlet back to Xander. Xander refuses it. He slides another one to Jim across the bar. Jim doesn't notice, but Tommy pulls it toward him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
No harassing the customers.

He sets the pamphlets down and begins drying glasses. Xander tries to pick glitter out of his hair. He SNEEZES again. Tommy passes him a bar napkin to use as tissue.

XANDER
I am saving your customers. The
sinner can reform. Repent, now,
while there is still time, and you
too may join the elect in ascending
into heaven.

TOMMY
The end is nigh, eh?

XANDER

We will not know the day nor the hour.

TOMMY

So what are we talking here?
Wailing and gnashing of teeth?
Because if you're into that, you should come back on Friday.

XANDER

No.

TOMMY

What, then?

XANDER

First, the world will go black.

The lights cut out.

EXT. EDGE OF FRENCH QUARTER - DAY

TOURISTS carouse on a busy street. Cars HONK. A horse NEIGHS, its carriage carrying drunk PASSENGERS.

A FIDDLER plays music on one corner, a BUCKET DRUMMER bangs out a rhythm on another. A TRUMPET player bridges the two. All nod to Dante as he passes, still following Lola.

Lola puts her hands over her ears to block out Dante's trumpet. A high PEAL O.S., fiercely loud.

LOLA

Damn it, Dante!

DANTE

That wasn't me.

Darkness slides over the earth, as if from an eclipse. In seconds, it's pitch black.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Lola!

LOLA

Stay calm!

SCREAMS, CRIES and CRASHES in the sudden night.

A WHITE GLARE

As the sun comes back. Lola shields her eyes. Dante squints. This is why they don't immediately see:

A SPORTS CAR

Zooming toward Dante. Lola leaps to push him out of the way. They tumble to the ground. The car CRASHES into a building a few yards away. Its ALARM blares.

LOLA (CONT'D)

What was that darkness? Did you see that? Are you okay? What was that driver thinking? Dante, are you okay?

Lola pushes herself off Dante. She helps him rise. Dante GRUNTS and collapses back down.

DANTE

No. You broke my leg, woman. Just like my heart.

LOLA

Your leg isn't broken.

She squats beside him, pulls up his cuff and runs her hands over his ankle. Dante YELPS.

LOLA (CONT'D)

All the ankle bones are intact. It's probably a sprain.

DANTE

You sprained my heart.

LOLA

You'll recover. Get up. We should get the driver's insurance information.

THE SPORTS CAR

Is empty. A pile of men's clothes in the driver's seat. Lola reaches across these to pull the key from the ignition. The ALARM dies.

Lola looks at the clothes, too angry at the man's absence to register the strangeness, or the silence. Behind her, Dante turns to the street, his eyes growing wider and wider.

LOLA (CONT'D)

He ran? I can't believe he ran so he wouldn't have to pay up.

(MORE)

LOLA (CONT'D)

This is a hit and run, Dante. We should call the police. Do you see any?

DANTE

Uh, no. I don't see... anybody.

LOLA

What?

She looks around for the first time.

Both tourists and locals are gone. Instead there are piles of clothing. Spilled drinks. A skateboard rolls to a stop.

The horse NEIGHS and bolts, carriage CLATTERING.

DANTE

Hello? Hello!

No response but a distant SCREAM. Dante steps closer to Lola. She takes a few steps in the direction of the scream.

DANTE (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

LOLA

Hello? Hey! Hey, where is everybody? Hey!

A FIDDLE

On the sidewalk a few paces away. Dante steps forward. His fingers close on its neck. He picks it up.

DANTE

Akil?

Dante bends to retrieve the bow, fallen to the asphalt next to some worn yellow sneakers. His eyes slide to a trumpet on the pavement down the street, then to the bucket beyond that. One drum stick is still rolling. As he watches, it stops.

LOLA

Who's Akil?

DANTE

This is his fiddle. And them's his shoes. Akil!

LOLA

Maybe we're on a movie set and don't know it.

DANTE

This wasn't a movie set a minute ago. Willie! That's his trumpet. Casey! Them's his sticks.

LOLA

Watch out!

INT. EMPTY SEDAN - DAY (TRAVELING)

Empty heels on the floor beside the gas and brake pedals. An empty pantsuit in the seat. The RADIO on, the window open.

Through this window we see Lola and Dante duck as we roll past them, too close. A tree. We hit it. The airbag POPS.

EXT. EDGE OF FRENCH QUARTER - DAY

The car's CRASH shakes down a whirlwind of leaves. The song on its radio ends, but nothing replaces it. STATIC.

Dante flings the fiddle and bow onto the grass. He rubs his hands on his pants and backs away, limping.

DANTE

What the hell is this? Did you see that? There was nobody in that car!

LOLA

Calm down.

DANTE

Calm down? Everybody been abducted by aliens or some shit!

LOLA

Please. I'm sure there's a reasonable explanation.

DANTE

Crop circles!

LOLA

Are made by human beings walking on planks of wood so as not to leave footprints. Come on, you need to go to a hospital.

DANTE

I just need some ice. And some whiskey over it.

LOLA
You need a doctor.

DANTE
You're a doctor. You fix me.

He bends to retrieve his trumpet. He brushes his fingers over it, checking for dents, but it's fine.

LOLA
Having a PhD in paleontology
doesn't mean I can set human bones.

DANTE
But it ain't broke, right? Just a
sprain? Wrap it up. You can do
it. Mebbe you have to. Mebbe
you're the last woman on Earth.
Thank God you got the wild in you.

LOLA
If by "the wild" you mean "a
rudimentary knowledge of first aid
and medical supplies I keep at home
in case of hurricane" then yes, I
have "the wild."

DANTE
You got the wild.

Lola sighs.

EXT. BAYOU - DAY

Beatrice paddles her pirogue with swift, sure strokes. Ahead of her, the trees thin. Sunlight is bright beyond them.

Beatrice breaks the tree line. Across a glimmering stretch of water, the New Orleans skyline.

Now that it's bright we can see her dress is multicolored and many layered. A few tiny pouches, gris gris bags, are looped around her waist, and other charms glitter across her dress.

A SPREADING BLACKNESS

On the horizon. It engulfs her.

Distant SCREECHES, the swamp a sudden cacophony. Beneath it, the steady STROKE of Beatrice's paddle in the water.

When the sun returns moments later, Beatrix hasn't missed a beat. She continues toward New Orleans, towing the freezer behind her.

INT. THE DARBY BAR - DAY

Empty - the dance floor. MUSIC pumps over piles of clothes.

Empty - the cages. All that's left are tighty-whiteys.

Empty - the bar. Except for Tommy, Xander and Jim.

It takes Tommy a moment to notice. He dries a glass, shouting to be heard over the din.

TOMMY

Well, that was dramatic. Lucky for you our wiring is fifty...

He trails off. The MUSIC is still loud, but the ambient noise is gone, because the people are. Jim does not register anything amiss. He continues to drink and stare.

XANDER

The time has come! The Lord - sing his praises! The rapture has come to pass! See what your doubt has wrought, sinner! You have been left behind.

TOMMY

Behind? Behind what? What are you talking about? Where did everybody go?

XANDER

They were taken!

TOMMY

Who took them?

He points his dish rag at Xander, angry.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What is this, some sort of conservative terrorism? Bring back my friends!

XANDER

Only Jesus can -

TOMMY

Oh, screw it.

He slams the glass down and stalks out from behind the bar.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
George Robert! Nico! Rashawn!

He kicks at the clothing on the floor.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
This is funny. It's funny, guys!
You got me! Jacob! Jake! Jake,
I'm just waiting for you to pop up
naked, honey. You know how I love
that.

Tommy reaches the Go-Go Boy cages. He is eye level with their floors. He stares at the underwear. A hand on his shoulder. Tommy spins. It is Xander. Tommy shakes him off.

XANDER
They're not here anymore, son.

TOMMY
I'm not your son. Thank God.

XANDER
Praise the Lord, indeed.

That was almost sarcasm. Tommy looks at Xander suspiciously.

XANDER (CONT'D)
These men have been saved.

TOMMY
You just said they were sinners.

XANDER
Even the sinner may -

TOMMY
You are a crazy person. You are a
literal. Crazy person. Wait, do
you have a gun? Are you armed?

XANDER
The Lord is my shield and my
portion. Cloaked in righteousness,
I may wander the valley of -

TOMMY
Right then.

He punches Xander, knocking him to the ground.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Where. The hell. Is everybody?

XANDER
Raised up. The rapture is -

TOMMY
Shut up.

He returns to the bar. Tommy snaps his fingers under Jim's nose a couple of times.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Jim? Jim!

The merest grunt is Jim's response. Tommy pauses. He withdraws his hand and hunches into himself. He stares at the empty bar. MUSIC pulses over their tableau.

The television flickers.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
You stay there.

He points at Xander, just now rising to his feet. Tommy pulls a remote from beneath the bar. He mutes the music and unmutes the television. At first it's STATIC, then SPORTS.

ON TELEVISION:

TWO MALE ANNOUNCERS, 50s, in a booth overlooking a stadium. Two thirds of the seats behind them are empty. The two men are visibly flustered. The camera angle is off kilter.

TV ANNOUNCER #1
The Saints seem to have vanished.
The Patriots are left standing on
the field.

TV ANNOUNCER #2
Let's see it again. Where did the
intern go? I don't know which
button... maybe this -

Instant replay:

A Patriot defensive end breaks through the pocket, launching himself at the Saints' quarterback.

The quarterback pops out of existence and the Patriot tackles an empty black and gold jersey. He slams into the ground.

Again, the camera pans the stands. Empty fan jerseys and spilled beer. Pandemonium from those that remain.

BACK TO SCENE

Tommy sucks in a breath. Xander nods.

XANDER

See? Of course the Patriots were left behind.

TOMMY

You're telling me Jesus hates the Patriots.

He digs out his cell phone.

XANDER

Yes, my son. Jesus hates the Patriots.

TOMMY

Oh, really? Why don't you see if the Yankees are still around?

Tommy slams the remote down and shoves it toward Xander. Xander flips through channels while Tommy tries numbers.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Mom? Come on, Mom, pick up.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER (STREETS) - DAY

Smoke curls from a lit cigarette among the cobbles. A pack of American Spirits pokes out from a pile of clothes nearby.

Glass SHATTERS. A FEW LOOTERS break the windows of an electronics store, just for fun. They emerge with flat screen televisions and expensive computers.

DANTE AND LOLA

Stay on the other side of the street. Lola supports Dante. His bad foot catches on blue material.

DANTE

Ow! Damn it.

He kicks the material away. It is a police uniform. Dante nudges a fold of clothing away from the holster. The gun that belonged to this police officer is gone.

Dante and Lola look at each other, then toward the looters.
GUNSHOTS, very close. RUNNING feet and SHOUTS.

THE DARBY BAR

Is a few steps away. Lola and Dante hurry toward it.

INT. THE DARBY BAR - DAY

The television flips from static, to news, to sports, to programming. Xander keeps it going, enthralled.

Tommy ignores it, tries number after number on his phone.

TOMMY
Nobody is answering!

XANDER
Of course not. They are all gone.

TOMMY
Heaven has shitty reception, is that it?

CREAK, the door opening. Tommy glances over.

Lola and Dante hustle inside. They shut the door behind them, and lock it.

DANTE
Are you open?

TOMMY
The last bar in hell, apparently.
Fireball?

DANTE
Whiskey. On ice.

Lola kicks some leather clothing out of the way. She deposits Dante on a bar stool.

LOLA
Do you have a medical kit?

Tommy pours the drink for Dante, then pulls a white plastic medical kit from beneath the bar and hands it to Lola.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Thanks.

Lola opens the medical kit. As always, it's mostly band-aids. Lola scowls as she pokes through it, looking for something more useful. She won't find it.

Tommy pours a shot for himself. Dante holds up his glass. They CLINK. Tommy downs his shot and pours another.

Xander stares at Dante's trumpet.

XANDER

"And He shall send his angels with
a great sound of a trumpet, and
they shall gather together his
elect from the four winds..."

Dante pulls his trumpet into his lap, away from Xander. He taps the valves in time to the music but does not play. He looks at the empty clothes on the ground.

DANTE

I don't want to sound, you know,
but is ever'body who was here
havin' an orgy somewhere? All
naked?

TOMMY

(nods to Xander)
If this guy is to be believed...

XANDER

Xander Hibble. The missing men
have been taken up to heaven.

TOMMY

So, orgy, yes.

XANDER

Blasphemer.

GUNSHOTS O.S. A car ALARM.

TOMMY

What is going on out there?

LOLA

We saw looters, and an empty police
uniform missing a gun. We saw lots
of clothing -

DANTE

Jus' layin' on the ground, like
aliens sucked the people up right
out they clothes.

TOMMY

Did you see it happen? The lights
went out in here.

DANTE

No. The world went black.

XANDER

As foretold.

LOLA

Maybe we all blacked out.

TOMMY

While everyone else got naked and
ran away?

DANTE

I've had worse black outs.

Tommy snorts. He jams his phone back in his pocket.

TOMMY

Cell service just cut out. I
swear to God -

XANDER

Not a good time for that, my son.
It's the rapture.

LOLA

The rapture is a fairy tale. It
doesn't happen in real life.

XANDER

The rapture does happen and has
happened. This is it. The
salvation of the elect.

DANTE

The elect? Elected?

TOMMY

Congress are all still there.

He gestures to the television, now on C-SPAN. It looks
disorganized and frantic, but not underpopulated. Aides rush
to and fro. Everyone who isn't yelling is crying.

XANDER

Of course they are.

(to Dante)

The elect are the good people.
Only the good people are raptured.

TOMMY

The good people, huh? Then why are you still here? Hmm?

Xander is momentarily silent.

XANDER

To... preach to the unfortunate few that remain for the tribulation! Yes. Yes, they said it would come like a thief in the night...

TOMMY

It's day time.

He points the remote again. CLICK.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TELEVISION COVERAGE

- A) A low angle from a camera on the ground. The lens is cracked, as if it had been dropped. A MALE CORRESPONDENT SHOUTS incoherently. Looting behind him.
- B) An empty school. Cars in fender benders in front of it.

FEMALE V.O.

The school appears to be empty. A mass kidnapping is suspected... Reports coming in of empty schools all across the country... Too early to tell how many are missing.

- C) Some kind of fashion show. A puddle of couture at the end of the runway, a fainted model toward its middle.

BACK TO SCENE

Tommy looks at Xander. Xander looks smug. Lola scoffs.

LOLA

Please. Some invisible, all-powerful being did not just snap his fingers and take all the good kids away. Human beings look for patterns where there aren't any. It's why you see faces in clouds when all that's actually there is condensed water vapor. It's why you see Jesus on toast. It's called a "type one error." There must be a reasonable explanation. There is always a reasonable explanation. For example, maybe this is a prank.

TOMMY
Elaborate freaking prank.

A SCREAM O.S., then a CRASH. The lights flicker.

LOLA
(to Dante)
You should still go to a hospital,
Dante.

He looks again at all the clothes on the ground.

DANTE
Aliens, rapture, unless the big
naked party is happenin' at the
hospital, I ain't goin'.

LOLA
(sighs)
I can bind your ankle at my place,
but it won't be as good.

DANTE
Good enough for me.

Dante pulls himself off the bar stool. As soon as he puts
weight on his right leg, he YELPS.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Damn it!
(to Tommy)
Can I get that whiskey to go?

TOMMY
Can I come?

LOLA
Why?

TOMMY
Because if we're the last people in
the world, I don't want to be stuck
alone with this guy.

Xander looks back at him, wild-eyed.

LOLA
Fair enough.

TOMMY
Yay. I'll grab the tequila too.
And the whiskey. And the bourbon.
And the rum. And the -

LOLA

Um...

TOMMY

Tommy.

LOLA

Tommy. That's a lot of booze.

TOMMY

Yes, but, um...

LOLA

Lola.

TOMMY

Lola. Honey. Do you want to face the apocalypse sober?

DANTE

Throw in some rye.

LOLA

This is not the apocalypse.

XANDER

Correct. This is the rapture. The apocalypse will follow shortly.

TOMMY

Stay tuned!

LOLA

Won't the bar's owners miss all that alcohol?

TOMMY

Not as much as all the customers. I'll add some vodka.

Dante swings his backpack onto the bar and unzips it. Tommy loads it with alcohol. Jim still doesn't notice.

XANDER

I shall accompany you.

TOMMY

You are not invited.

Tommy nudges a stool to beneath the top shelf whiskeys. He steps up and pulls one down. Dante reaches for it.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

No.

(to Jim)

Jim? Jim? We're leaving now. Do you want to come, Jim? You'll be all alone here. Jim? Jim?

No response. Tommy slides the whiskey in front of him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(gently)

On the house, Jim.

Tommy picks up Dante's backpack. He glances from Xander, preparing to follow, to Lola, now wedging herself under Dante's arm. She shrugs. Tommy sighs.

EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER - DAY

Beatrix fights a slow current. She approaches an empty motorboat. Swimsuits are strewn about its deck.

BEATRIX

Hello, the boat!

No answer. Beatrix draws astern. The keys are in the ignition. A man's swim trunks behind the wheel, an empty bikini beside these. Champagne open and on ice.

Beatrix scans the water.

BEATRIX (CONT'D)

Hello? Anyone overboard? Nekkid? Don't be shy, I seen it all.

Nothing but the caw of a lonely SEAGULL.

Beatrix looks from the motorboat to the New Orleans skyline.

THE KEY

Twisted in the ignition. Beatrix MOTORS toward New Orleans, swigging the champagne. The freezer bobs wildly, tethered and towed behind, while the pirogue drifts away.

EXT. THE DARBY BAR - DAY

An empty street. Nothing but piles of clothing. Sticky drinks on uneven cobbles are already attracting FLIES.

Lola, Tommy, Dante and Xander step outside the bar.

A dog SNAPS at them, pulling on a leash tethered to a pole. Its owners are gone, puddles of leather on the ground.

TOMMY

I thought all dogs went to heaven.

LOLA

We can't just leave it tied up.

Lola squats. When the dog leaps for her she claps her hands around its jaws. Its YIPS are muffled as it struggles. Lola nods to Tommy.

Tommy sets his things on the table and crouches. He unhooks the dog's leash from its collar.

Lola releases the dog. She snaps her fingers and points.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Go!

The dog darts away.

The four humans move in the opposite direction.

Behind them, the dog returns to the table. It noses its owners' clothing, and WHIMPERS. We stay with the dog until the humans turn a corner.

A deep GROWL O.S. and the dog looks up. It BARKS and BARKS at a looming shadow.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER STREET - DAY

Tommy comes out of a tequila bar. He shakes his head at the others, waiting in a cluster on the street. Hope dies on their faces.

TOMMY

Nobody. Again.

A DAINTY BOUTIQUE

Small curios displayed behind glass. A WOMAN, 40s, trips out its door, sprawling in her long dress. She hyperventilates.

Xander moves to help her, but she backs away. Scrambling to her feet, she runs SCREAMING down the road.

Xander looks at the others. They shrug.

"GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!"

A neon sign, stuttering light over the four of them.

A LECHER, 50s, stumbles out of the door beneath the sign. Tommy steps in front of Dante so the lecher won't collide with him. The man clutches at Tommy's shirt instead.

LECHER

Where did all the strippers go,
man? They just disappeared, man!
Where did they go?

TOMMY

Get off!

LECHER

I was trying, man!

TOMMY

Ugh.

Tommy pulls himself from the lecher's grip.

XANDER

Repent, sinner! The righteous have
been saved. Damned be them as
remain for the tribulation!

DANTE

I don't like the sound of that.

In the distance, a reptilian SCREECH. Someone SCREAMS.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Or that.

TOMMY

(to Lola)

How far is it to your place?

EXT. LOLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A black baby carriage unattended on the sidewalk.

The building behind it is three stories tall and narrow.
Each apartment has a wrought iron balcony. Nobody in sight.

Lola, Tommy, Xander and Dante pause several feet from the
carriage. It sways. So do the palm trees above it,
RUSTLING.

The four look at each other. Lola starts forward.

DANTE

Don't. Rosemary prolly gonna be
right back.

Gingerly, Lola lowers the hood of the bassinet. A car ALARM.
Everyone jumps, but the carriage is empty.

Lola shudders. She pulls out her keys.

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lola opens the door to an elegant and modern one-bedroom. A
place for everything and everything in its place.

DANTE

I can't believe it took a broken
ankle to get me into your place.

LOLA

It's just a sprain.

TOMMY

Where's the bathroom?

Lola points to a door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

No telling how long the toilets
will keep flushing, right?

DANTE

Huh. Yeah. We should take
showers.

TOMMY

Together? For safety?

He grins and moves off.

Xander moves to the window. He stares out, absently brushing
glitter off his clothing. Beyond him we see empty cars,
piles of clothes. Distantly, we can hear someone SOB.

Lola lowers Dante onto the couch.

LOLA

Stay here.

DANTE

Nowhere else I'd rather be, girl.

Lola opens a closet. She drags out a trunk. Inside is a well organized medical kit. Splints, bandages, sterile syringes and even some drugs.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Damn.

LOLA

I was taught to be prepared.

She sits in front of Dante.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Give me your foot.

She eases off his shoe and begins to bind his ankle.

LOLA (CONT'D)

You don't really think the world is ending, do you?

DANTE

No. You're still here, so my world is complete.

Lola snorts. A FLUSH O.S.

Tommy opens the door from the bathroom. He looks around at the seating options, then flops on the couch.

TOMMY

So, uh, do we just wait to vanish? What happens if we don't?

XANDER

The tribulation. And then for a lucky few, another chance at paradise.

Muffled SCREECHING and GRUNTING from beyond the walls.

TOMMY

Guess the neighbors are making their own paradise.

LOLA

We need to find out what is happening. We should go to a shelter or something. City Hall, maybe.

TOMMY

Or the Superdome, right? Please.

LOLA
Have you tried 911?

TOMMY
Just my family before service cut
out. It's gone. So are they.

He bites his lip.

LOLA
Try again. Please. Prove the
theory.

Tommy dials his phone.

XANDER
Only God has the answer. We must
attend church.

TOMMY
Nothing but dial tone. They're all
gone if this whackjob is right.
Cubicle after cubicle of empty
headsets...

A CRASH beyond the door cuts him off. Another THUMP, running
FEET and the sound of GUNSHOTS.

Everyone is silent. Dante tries to draw Lola onto the couch.
She resists, standing.

The knob on her front door jiggles.

LOLA
Hey!

FEET run away. A distant THUMP. Then quiet.

LOLA (CONT'D)
I don't know how long we can stay
here.

TOMMY
Your door might hold.

LOLA
But for how long, and against what?

Distant SHOUTS O.S. A CRASH.

A DRAGGING outside the door, then a knock that's more like a
SLAM. Another SLAM.

The men draw back. Lola does not. She stands tall as someone breaks down the door. The most fearsome apparition of all:

BEATRIX

Disheveled from the journey, but standing proud and fierce. She holds her rifle at the ready. A small fishing lure still dangles from one end.

Dante, Tommy and Xander SHOUT. Lola sighs.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Bonjour, Mère.

DANTE
That yo' mama?

TOMMY
That's her mother?

XANDER
A sinner if ever I've seen one.
Witch!

DANTE
(to Xander)
Now that jus' ain't polite.

Beatrice surveys the men, unimpressed. She focuses on Lola, resting the rifle on her shoulder.

BEATRIX
Something is coming, *ma fille*.

XANDER
Yes. The Lord.

BEATRIX
Not unless he looks some passing strange.

LOLA
Mère, what are you talking about?
And what are you doing here?

BEATRIX
I brought you something.

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT (LOBBY) - DAY

The freezer from the swamp drips murky water all over the nice tile floor. Lola surveys it.

LOLA
You shouldn't have.

Beatrice stumps over to it. The men follow.

TOMMY
This is going to be a dead body.
Oh my god, it's a dead body, isn't
it? I've aligned myself with
psychos. Again.

Beatrice throws open the cooler.

JAWS

The men YELP. Steam rolls around the big alligator's jaw.
It has fallen open in transit. Tommy pinches his nose.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Ugh. It sure smells dead.

Lola bends over it. She wrinkles her nose but is otherwise
undeterred by the odor. She traces the scales.

LOLA
It is. *Mère*, when did you find
this?

BEATRIX
Last night during that star shower.
Tried to git me. Got it instead.
Mebbe you want to come home, see if
there's more?

LOLA
This can't be what it looks like.

DANTE
Which is?

LOLA
A postosuchus.

TOMMY
A which-a-what-us?

A THUMP O.S. Then ANOTHER. A DEEP SNIFF.

Everyone turns with horror-movie slowness.

AN EYE

The size of a soccer ball blinks from the door. It belongs
to a BRACHIOSAURUS.

Lola stares. Everyone else jumps back. They press themselves against the wall. Beatrix raises her rifle.

LOLA
A dinosaur.

TOMMY
What? What? What? What? No.

XANDER
Demon!

Dante grabs Tommy by the shoulder. He shakes him.

DANTE
What did you give me to drink?

TOMMY
Whiskey.

DANTE
Whiskey?

TOMMY
Whiskey!

Dante releases him, staring at the dinosaur.

DANTE
Feels more like absinthe.

TOMMY
No. It's just a float. A really realistic float for a parade we didn't know was happening today.

DANTE
A parade that ends with a big naked party?

TOMMY
If we're lucky.

Lola notices her mother, about to pull the trigger.

LOLA
Don't shoot it! It's harmless!

Beatrix lowers her rifle.

The three men all in a line, still staring.

Dante feels out of frame, then brandishes a whiskey bottle.
Tommy feels out of frame, then brandishes a cell phone.
Xander feels out of frame, then brandishes his Bible.

Lola rises and steps toward the dinosaur. Beatrix follows her, but we stay with the men.

XANDER

"The great dragon was thrown down,
that ancient serpent, who is called
the devil and Satan, the deceiver
of the whole world. He was thrown
down to the earth, and -"

TOMMY

Oh, get off it, Pope Weird.

He fiddles with his phone, then points it at the dinosaur.

EXT. LOLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lola presses back against the building, looking up.

LOLA

This the thing that was coming?

BEATRIX

Must be.

Tommy and Dante join them. Tommy leans out to get a close-up of the brachiosaurus, then positions himself for a selfie with the dinosaur in the background. Dante peers around.

DANTE

No float.

TOMMY

And no naked men.

LOLA

Pity.

Dante looks at Lola in surprise. She grins.

Xander edges out, holding his Bible. He yanks a cross from the folds of his clothing and thrusts it at the dinosaur.

XANDER

REPENT, SERPENT!

The dinosaur regards him placidly. The other humans turn to him a moment, then resume their own conversation.

LOLA

There must be a scientific explanation. The eclipse we all seemed to experience, or that star shower. It's just possible that the collected mass of those stars induced a gravity change such that time itself warped -

BEATRIX

Why we all still here then, and other people ain't?

LOLA

Conservation of mass suggests -

The brachiosaurus turns to the humans. It WHEEZES.

Lola, Beatrix, Dante and Tommy dart inside.

Xander holds up his cross. Glitter trembles off his clothes as he stands firm and forthright.

The brachiosaurus SNEEZES, showering Xander in green snot.

INT. LOLA'S APARTMENT (LOBBY) - DAY

The others flinch away from the glass door. Through it, they see Xander lower his cross. He scrapes at his clothing.

TOMMY

Ha! How's that for karma, Preach?

Lola crouches to examine gobs of dino-snot on the window.

LOLA

Amazing.

DANTE

Now it's amazing? What happened to it all bein' a prank? Movie sets and sudden naked parties?

TOMMY

New Orleans is a helluva town.

Lola steps to a landline mounted by the stairs. Getting out her phone, she looks up a number and starts to dial, then puts it back on the hook. Tommy notes her frustration.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What?

LOLA

I was going to try Dr. Talbot but I only have his cell phone number.

TOMMY

Who is Dr. Talbot?

DANTE

Some snooty old dude who never gives me any money.

LOLA

Dr. Talbot is a distinguished paleontologist, one of the greatest scientific minds of our time. I'm doing a post doc at The New Orleans Museum of Natural History. He's my advisor. He'll be there. I mean, if he's still here.

TOMMY

He wouldn't go home?

LOLA

No, he'd stay where the media could find him. And there's a *postosuchus* skeleton there too. I'd like to take some comparative measurements.

BEATRIX

At the museum? Absolutely not.

LOLA

Mère. There's a *brachiosaurus* outside my apartment. There may be a *postosuchus* in your freezer. We need to find out what's going on.

She heads for the front door. Beatrix tugs on Lola's arm.

BEATRIX

You could get eaten, honey. We should just git home. Come home.

LOLA

Back to the swamp? Please, *Mère*. I'm going to get some answers. Who's with me?

Tommy looks at Dante.

DANTE

I go where she go.

Beatrice sighs. She hefts her rifle.

Xander sticks his head in the door. He sloughs off dino-snot, now mixed with glitter. The others lean away.

XANDER

I must go where my preaching can do
the most good. I shall follow, as
the little child follows the -

LOLA

Fine, fine. Wait a second.

She hurries up the stairs. The rest look between each other and the brachiosaurus while her DOOR opens and shuts. Her FEET on the stairs and she's back with a tape measure.

Lola crosses to the freezer and crouches beside it. She extends some tape and begins to measure.

LOLA (CONT'D)

(to Tommy)

Take some pictures, will you? For
reference?

TOMMY

Aye, aye, captain.

Tommy takes pictures of the postosuchus.

EXT. LOLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lola eases the front door shut behind her. She keeps her eyes on the brachiosaurus. Completely oblivious, the brachiosaurus crushes the baby carriage under its foot.

The rest follow her out, Beatrice bracing up Dante.

LOLA

(points)

The museum is that way.

Lola heads back toward the French Quarter. A SCREECH O.S. Xander jumps. He looks to Tommy for support. Tommy scoffs.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - DAY

Another BRACHIOSAURUS lumbers down a quieter street. Most HUMANS scatter, SHOUTING, but some are too drunk for fear.

One such DRUNK squats by a leaking keg that seems to have fallen off a truck. Its owner must have vanished.

A STEGOSAURUS shuffles up to the puddle as the drunk scoops beer into a go-cup. The drunk is not cowed by the stegosaurus' gigantic presence.

DRUNK

Geroff! Shove off, s'mine!

He pushes at the dinosaur's head. The stegosaurus WHUFFS like a large dog and pushes back. The drunk rocks onto his butt but does not spill his drink.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

Asshole! Fuel m'car...

The stegosaurus bends to the pool of beer. It SLURPS it up.

Tommy grins, recording it on his phone. He looks at Lola. She is smiling. Beatrix is not. She keeps twisting around, watching out.

Lola nods toward the dinosaur.

LOLA

Stegosaurus. Late Jurassic.
Western North America, mostly.
Some in Europe.

TOMMY

So how did they get here?

LOLA

They've been here for millions of years, underneath.

DANTE

As bones. What brought them back?

XANDER

Jesus.

LOLA

Not Jesus. A time warp is possible, or a change in tectonic plate dynamics could, when coupled with rising carbon levels...

BEATRIX

You jus' makin' that up.

LOLA

That's what developing a theory is, *Mère*. And then you test it, and that's called "science."

DANTE
Stegosauruses... herbivores?
(off Lola's nod)
So... where are all the carnivores?

LOLA
On Bourbon Street, if there's any
justice.

She grins at Dante. He smiles. Only Xander nods, serious.

EXT. BOURBON STREET - DAY

The group peers around the edge of a building, expecting danger. There is none. Few people seem to have vanished.

Male and female DRUNKS stumble down a street strewn with Mardi Gras beads and empty beer cans. FRAT BOYS help themselves to unattended kegs.

A SCALY CLAW

Slides up the back of one while the Frat Boy isn't looking.

A VELOCIRAPTOR

Leaps over the keg. It attacks the boy. Everyone SCREAMS.

Our group runs past the distracted velociraptor, and then past the stegosaurus, which stumbles and topples over. The drunk man settles against it, and falls asleep too.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE FRENCH QUARTER

- A) TWO VELOCIRAPTORS in the window of Cafe du Monde, huffing powdered sugar like addicts. One sneezes.
- B) STEGOSAURUSES chewing on brass instruments, making awful SQUEAKS in Jackson Square.
- C) An empty wedding dress next to an empty tuxedo. One VELOCIRAPTOR gets a bowtie stuck around his neck.

BACK TO SCENE

Xander yells at TOURISTS taking pictures of the dinosaurs.

XANDER
They are spawn! Demons! Repent
and you may yet join the angels in
heaven. See the demons and -

One velociraptor, TALON, turns at the shouting. Talon has gray-green skin, sharp teeth and jet black talons. He HISSES at Xander.

XANDER (CONT'D)
Back! I say back!

Talon gets closer, other RAPTORS falling in behind him. Talon sniffs at Xander, then SNORTS sharply, expelling the bad smell from his lungs.

Xander SWATS Talon in the face with his Bible, then leaps away. Talon scrapes at the glitter and dino-snot now on his nose, HISSING at Xander. He gathers himself to jump.

BLAM! Beatrix shoots at Talon. She just misses.

Talon CLACKS. The velociraptors scatter down the street.

BEATRIX
Move it, Preach!

XANDER
May God strike you down, demon!

Xander dashes after everyone else. Talon turns to watch.

Lola is ahead of them both. She points.

LOLA
Look, the streetcar is running. We
can take it all the way there!

EXT. NEUTRAL GROUND - DAY

A grassy road within a road, the neutral ground is where the streetcar runs. Electricity SNAPS off the wires that connect it to the power cables above.

The top of the car is scored with claw marks.

Lola and the rest don't see this. They pound up to the stop. Dante winces as he settles onto the bench. Lola spares him a glance, concerned.

TOMMY
Phew.

The streetcar slows and stops. The doors fold open.

A VELOCIRAPTOR turns to look at them from the driver's seat. It CLACKS. Bloody beads swing from its neck.

LOLA
Never mind.

TOMMY
Run!

They dash down the street. SPUTTERING, the streetcar continues on without them.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

The parking lot is still full of cars, but there are no people. A lonely ALARM wails.

Broken glass CRUNCHES under Lola's boots as the group leaps up the few steps to the main entrance. Dante slams his shoulder into the door, expecting it to give. It doesn't.

DANTE
It's locked!

A CLACKING behind them. The humans turn. Talon and THREE OTHER VELOCIRAPTORS approach.

Tommy grabs a large shard of glass. Beatrix cocks her rifle.

Lola pushes past Dante. Keys JANGLE in her hand.

A huge shadow sweeps them, a pterodactyl landing on the roof of the museum. It peers downward.

XANDER
(to raptors)
Be gone, beasts! Purge yourselves
of evil, lest you partake not of
righteousness but of excrement -

A big glob of white poop drops onto Xander. He SHOUTS.

ON THE ROOF

The pterodactyl's bottom before it turns back around. It refolds its wings, getting comfortable. It peers downward.

XANDER

Shakes a fist at it. Now covered in glitter, dino-snot and dino-poop, he remains undeterred in his mission.

XANDER (CONT'D)
"Many are the afflictions of the
righteous, but the Lord delivers
him out of them all."
(MORE)

XANDER (CONT'D)
He guards all of his bones; not one
of them is broken!"

The velociraptors HISS, getting closer.

Lola forces the door open.

LOLA
Move, move!

She waves everyone in, just making it herself before the
velociraptors attack the door, SLAMMING themselves into it.

INT. NEW ORLEANS MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

The five humans turn, pressing the door shut to keep the
dinosaurs out. The door CREAKS under the strain.

DANTE
Lock it! Lock it!

LOLA
I'm trying!

Another SLAM at the door. Jet black talons in the gap.
Beatrix WHACKS them with the butt of her rifle. From
outside, a SCREECH.

Lola waits a beat for a lull in the attack, then SLAMS one
deadbolt home, then another and another. The door secured,
she turns her keys again in the lock.

A CREAKING sound though, as if the door is opening. It is
not. Slowly, the humans turn.

Behind them, a POSTOSUCHUS oozes drool like Alien. Bigger
than any crocodile, like a dragon without wings, the
dinosaur's jaw CREAKS as it opens its mouth. Bloody beads
drip from teeth like daggers.

But one tooth is not like the rest.

Lola squints at this tooth, prosthetic, off-color. As she
watches, the postosuchus shakes its head to dislodge the
tooth. It SKITTERS to her feet. The postosuchus ROARS.

TOMMY
God damn it.

XANDER
Do not take the Lord's name in -

LOLA

Run!

The postosuchus lunges forward. The humans scatter.

INT. MAIN HALL - DAY

The five dodge exhibits as the postosuchus ROARS behind them. Wide door frames lead to other halls and other rooms. Through these we glimpse other dinosaurs, other carnage.

The postosuchus crashes into an electronic display. Sparks shower Lola, Dante and Tommy, running ahead of Beatrix and Xander. Beatrix turns and SHOOTS. The postosuchus BELLOWS.

LOLA

Head for the space exhibit!

TOMMY

Where the hell is that?

LOLA

How do you not know?

TOMMY

Museums are boring!

LOLA

Follow me!

She turns a corner.

SPACE EXHIBIT

Lola slams her hand on an "open" button. Futuristic plexiglass doors slide open. The group tumbles through. She slaps the panel on the opposite side and the doors shut.

The postosuchus SLAMS into them.

The door holds, but the lights go out. SCREAMS in the darkness, the screams of more than six people.

DANTE

Lola!

LOLA

I'm here! *Mère!*

BEATRIX

With ya!

Emergency lights flicker on near the floor.

The postosuchus SLAMS into the door again. Still it holds. The dinosaur shakes its head. It GROWLS and lumbers off.

TOMMY

The hell is this door?

Lola points to a sign. "These doors can withstand almost unlimited pressure - they were made for space!"

DR. TALBOT (O.S.)

Lola?

Lola turns.

Dr. Talbot steps out from behind a space suit, smoothing his hair. He still wears his lab coat, though it's dirty now.

LOLA

Dr. Talbot!

More lights, weak and cold, flicker to life around doorways and exhibits. They illuminate TWENTY OTHER PEOPLE cowering against the walls.

INT. SPACE EXHIBIT - DAY (LATER)

A few of the twenty people TALK amongst themselves. Most are silent, ignoring Xander preach.

XANDER

Yea, and though we suffer in tribulation, the Lord may yet lift us up...

Beatrix rummages through her dress and comes up with a small mirror, which she hands to Tommy, and a lighter, which she CLICKS sporadically. Tommy begins reapplying his eyeliner.

Beside them, Dante has his trumpet out and fingers notes without playing. A dinosaur SQUEAL O.S., and Dante absently shifts the tuning slide. A different SQUAWK and he shifts another slide. He presses the valves but does not play.

Lola and Dr. Talbot talk theory beside them.

DR. TALBOT

Approximately sixty percent of guests vanished, leaving their clothes and belongings behind. Another ten to twenty were subsequently... devoured. Ahem.

LOLA

By dinosaurs. People vanished and dinosaurs appeared. The star shower could have caused a catalytic space-time reaction -

DR. TALBOT

A theory I, too, have posited -

BEATRIX

Bet the only posin' he's been doin' is behind that zoot suit.

She CLICKS her lighter absently. Dr. Talbot bristles. Lola plucks the lighter from her mother's fingers and pockets it.

LOLA

But that would not wholly explain the dinosaurs we see here... Tommy, where are those pictures?

Tommy unlocks his phone and hands it over.

TOMMY

Whatever you do, don't swipe left.

Lola shows a postosuchus picture to Dr. Talbot. He takes the phone, swiping right. He'll continue to do this until he reaches the end, at which point he'll scroll backward.

LOLA

My mother found this in the swamp last night.

DR. TALBOT

Your mother?

He looks from Lola to Beatrix and back again. He frowns. Lola reddens. She does not look at Beatrix, though Beatrix gazes steadily at her.

LOLA

Um. In the bayou. The postosuchus' preferred habitat would be swamp by now -

DR. TALBOT

Good gracious.

He holds the phone away from him, shocked. Tommy grins.

TOMMY

Toldja not to swipe left.

Dr. Talbot scrutinizes a photo we do not see. He hands the phone back to Tommy.

LOLA

And the presence of dinosaurs even within the museum, a closed structure, instead suggests a rapid stimulation of DNA remaining in existing dinosaur bones. The postosuchus that chased us appeared to be the one whose skeleton I worked on this morning. Spurred by a catalytic gravity/time event from the star shower, we could be seeing a DNA regrowth -

XANDER (O.S.)

A resurrection.

Xander approaches. He puts his hands together.

XANDER (CONT'D)

The resurrection. "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

Xander crosses himself, then makes the sign of the cross above the others for good measure. They lean away from a light splattering of glitter, snot and poop. Dante covers his trumpet.

XANDER (CONT'D)

I just never thought the risen dead would be these demon beasts. Truly, the Lord our God has brought about the rapture in a most surprising way.

DR. TALBOT

The rapture? Lola, are you working on such a hypothesis?

LOLA

No. Every Biblical plague has a scientific explanation. The Nile was full of toxic algae that turned it red. The frogs and bugs and boils were all results of that same catalyst. The firstborns ate bad grain, and this is not the rapture.

XANDER

Just because you can explain it
with science doesn't mean it's not
a miracle.

LOLA

Just because you can explain it
with magic doesn't mean it's not
science.

XANDER

It is neither magic nor science.
It is the Lord. It is the rapture.

Lola sighs. Dante pats her shoulder, comforting.

BEATRIX

Makes you wonder what you might'a
did to get left though, don't it?

LOLA

No.

SHORT WOMAN (O.S.)

Yes.

The SHORT WOMAN, 40s, pushes away from the wall. Next to her
is a TATTOOED GUY, 20s. Near them a meek BUSINESSMAN, 50s,
suit, also pays attention. Other people sit or lean nearby.

SHORT WOMAN (CONT'D)

I hate my sister. That would be my
sin. Last week I keyed her car.

TATTOOED GUY

I lied on my resume. I don't have
experience in sales.

BUSINESSMAN

I killed a man once just to watch
him die. I also have some unpaid
parking tickets.

Tattooed Guy and Short Woman shift away from Businessman.

LOLA

Presses her phone to her ear. From her face, we can tell
there is still no service.

LOLA

Have you heard anything from
elsewhere? A landline call from
the Smithsonian, maybe?

DR. TALBOT
No. And nothing from my
colleagues.

BANGING and SCREECHING O.S.

People press themselves against the walls.

TATOED GUY
Oh my God, we're all going to die!

SHORT WOMAN
Better than living here, now.

Beatrice pumps her rifle. She holds it at the ready.

BEATRIX
Get them back, Lola!

LOLA
One gun is not going to take out a
dinosaur, *Mère!*

BEATRIX
Tell that to the which-a-what-us in
my freezer!

Dante pulls Lola against the wall. Tommy joins them.

SLAM against the door. A loud SCRABBLE.

DANTE
T-Rex?

LOLA
No, their arms are too short. A
raptor, maybe.

TOMMY
Is there another way out?

LOLA
There are other ways into the
museum but not into this room. We
should be safe here. The door...
hey! Hey!

Short Woman is lifting her hand to the opening panel. She
turns to Lola.

SHORT WOMAN
For our sins.

LOLA

No!

Short Woman hits the panel. The doors slide open. Talon leaps through with his three friends. Talon chomps Short Woman immediately. The other velociraptors spread out.

People SCREAM. As the unlucky are taken down, Lola, Dante, Beatrix and Tommy hustle through the door. Xander follows them. Tommy notices.

TOMMY

Hey! I thought God was your shield.

XANDER

Well, uh. Best not to tempt Him.

Xander dodges a raptor. He brandishes a cross as he goes. Dr. Talbot scoffs, but doesn't want to be left behind.

DR. TALBOT

Wait for me!

He ducks out the door.

INT. NEW ORLEANS MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

Our heroes careen through the main hall. Broken glass CRUNCHES under their feet. Dinosaur SQUALLS behind them. Lola looks back in time to see the Businessman meet the business end of a raptor's jaw. CRUNCH.

Lola eyes the signs near the ceiling:

- "Ancient Fossils <="

- "Food Court =>"

- "Evolution of Man"

The last gives her an idea. Her eyes light up.

LOLA

Follow me!

She ducks through an open door. A frieze of apes evolving into men covers the lintel. Beatrix, Dante and Tommy follow her. Xander scoffs at the sign. He keeps running.

INT. EVOLUTION OF MAN EXHIBIT - DAY (LATER)

Thus far untouched by the chaos, this room is large and dimly lit. Tableaus of apes, Neanderthals and cave men line the walls. They hold plastic clubs and build paper fires.

Silence.

Talon inches into the room, his nostrils flaring.

Beatrice is frozen in an exhibit on Neanderthals. She holds her rifle above her head like a club. Not moving her body, she shifts her eyes across the room.

Lola and Dante hide behind some cave men circling a paper fire. Lola meets her mother's eyes and then looks for Tommy.

The far end of the room showcases "Modern Man." Tommy has his arm around a jaunty, suited dummy. Tommy sweats.

CLATTER O.S. - Talon has attacked one of the humanoid apes. He GRUNTS, stalking down the middle of the room.

LOLA'S DISPLAY

Talon noses his way in. He is feet from Lola and Dante.

BEATRIX (O.S.)

Oy!

Talon turns at the sound.

Lola flicks Beatrice's lighter, touching it to the paper fire. It catches quickly, catching Talon. He SQUEALS, flailing.

Lola and Dante jump from their exhibit.

LOLA

Run! Now!

Beatrice and Tommy dart out of their exhibits.

Talon flails on the ground, dropping and rolling out of instinct. The fire on him goes out. SQUALLING, he follows the humans, who are almost at the door.

INT. NEW ORLEANS MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

The humans dart through the door. Beatrice trips on her dress, dropping her rifle. It skitters down the hall. Lola leaps to pull the door shut, but it is a heavy safety door, and swings slowly. Talon gets his nose through the gap.

Beatrice stands and yanks a gris-gris bag off her dress. She smashes it into Talon's nose. Powder POOFS out of it. Talon SNEEZES, withdrawing his head.

BEATRIX

Ha! Gris gris bag got him! See, the world ain't all about science, Lola.

LOLA

They're powdered herbs, *Mère*, not magic. You know it. That's why you carry a gun, too.

BEATRIX

Well.

She picks up her rifle.

The four of them are safe, but only for a moment. Down the hall, the *postosuchus* ROARS.

BEATRIX (CONT'D)

Which-a-what-us! We got to get out of here!

They run, but we stay with the door. SCRABBLING on its other side. After a moment, its handle turns.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

Fleeing people burst through the doors and stumble down the steps, velociraptors and other dinosaurs on their heels.

Teeth GNASH inches from Tommy's back. He SHOUTS and stumbles, taking Dante and Lola down with him.

The velociraptor behind them leaps to pounce.

But it is SHOT in midair. Pops of GUNFIRE all around. The velociraptor collapses, thrashing in death throes.

Xander hops over its tail as it goes down.

XANDER

Death becomes you, sinner!

A DOZEN POLICE OFFICERS

Shoot out of car windows or from behind car doors.

The rest of the dinosaurs flee, SCREECHING.

BOOTS, bloody and army-style, stomp to a stop in front of Lola, Tommy and Dante. They look up.

HARPER JONES, 40s, surveys them. An imposing woman with an eye patch, she flips a knife over and over in one hand.

People stream around them, rushing to safety behind the police. Dr. Talbot is among this number, unharmed.

DR. TALBOT

Thank God.

HARPER

I go by Harper.

She smiles, but there's no mirth in it.

Lola pushes herself to her feet. She and Tommy pull Dante up. Beatrix and Dr. Talbot come to stand beside them.

LOLA

Thank you.

HARPER

It was on my way.

Harper flips her knife once more, then turns to go.

DR. TALBOT

Wait, on the way to where?

HARPER

U.S. Coast Guard Base New Orleans.
In the East.

DR. TALBOT

Why there?

HARPER

Low population density, wide open spaces. Easy to see what's coming.

XANDER

Only God knows what is to come. We wait to be taken up with Him.

HARPER

You have fun with that.

She turns away. The other police get back in their cars. FRANKLIN YOUNG, 40s, cold and hard, passes the group on his way back to the cruiser he shares with Harper.

DANTE

What will happen when the bullets
run out?

Franklin doesn't break his stride.

FRANKLIN

I'm saving one just for me.

XANDER

Suicide is a mortal sin.

FRANKLIN

Look around, buddy. We're already
damned.

HARPER

Let's move out!

DR. TALBOT

What about us?

HARPER

What about you?

DR. TALBOT

You can't just leave us here!

HARPER

You're dead weight.

A SCREECH as a velociraptor bolts toward the humans.

The police open fire, BLASTING it with bullets. It's a
carcass in seconds. Blood flicks over Dr. Talbot's shoes.

Harper starts to walk away. Tommy hurries to catch up. He
gets in front of Harper and points to Lola.

TOMMY

She's not dead weight. She's a
paleontologist. She knows
dinosaurs. Handy, right?

Harper looks at Lola. Lola nods. Dr. Talbot puffs up.

DR. TALBOT

Excuse me, but Lola has not yet
completed her post doc. I am the
South's foremost vertebrate
paleontologist. I've been on CNN.

Harper looks between Lola and Dr. Talbot.

TOMMY
Take them both! Lola can be the
spare!

LOLA
Thanks for that.

Beatrix shoulders her rifle.

BEATRIX
My daughter ain't goin' nowhere
without me.

DANTE
Or me.

HARPER
I like this idea of spares.
(to Franklin)
Load 'em up!

FRANKLIN
Who?

Harper waves a hand at Lola, Dr. Talbot, and a few other
museum people still hanging around.

LOLA
Dante should stay with me. He's
injured.

Dante hides his surprise by exaggerating his pain.

HARPER
You said you were a paleontologist,
not a doctor.

LOLA
I know about bones.

HARPER
Fine. You're with me. The rest of
you, if you can find a space, you
can keep it.

Beatrix smiles to herself and follows Dr. Talbot to a police
car. She pulls Xander along with her.

HARPER (CONT'D)
(to police)
Follow our car with the useless
ones.

She strides toward her own car. Tommy follows.

LOLA
She is not very nice.

XANDER
(as he passes)
All the nice people are gone.

Lola turns toward Harper's car, only to find Dante waiting with a hopeful grin. Lola narrows her eyes.

LOLA
It's only because you're injured.
And it's just a sprain. I was just
saying that.

She steps around him.

DANTE
(watching her)
Wild.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY (TRAVELING)

Lola, Dante and Tommy in the back. Tense, they peer through the grate that separates them from Franklin, driving, and Harper, in the passenger seat.

They ease past a COELOPHYSIS, a type of raptor.

Harper points to it.

HARPER
What is that?

LOLA
A coelophysis. It used to eat
large insects.

HARPER
Let's not give it a chance to taste
humans.

Harper rolls down her window and SHOOTs. It takes four body shots before the dinosaur dies, WAILING.

Lola presses her hands against the window as the car passes. She watches the coelophysis GASP, breathing its last breath. She lowers her head.

Dante nudges a bottle of tequila into her hands. Lola holds it, but just stares out the window. Harper points again.

LOLA
Sauropholus.

HARPER
Dangerous?

LOLA
Carnivore.

HARPER
(into radio)
Kill it.

Moments later, GUNFIRE O.S. Lola winces as the dinosaur collapses. It spasms on the ground.

LOLA
You didn't have to kill it.

HARPER
No reason not to.

She points to a STEGOSAURUS.

FRANKLIN
Stegosaurus.

Harper looks at him, then to Lola. She nods.

HARPER
(to Franklin)
You know dinosaurs too?

FRANKLIN
"The Land Before Time" was my son's favorite movie. He's gone. So is my wife.

TOMMY
Preacher man would say you did some kind of wrong, if they were taken and you were left.

HARPER
Preacher man sounds like a psycho.

THUMP THUMP O.S.

FRANKLIN
What is that?

Now frantic HONKING. Harper reaches for the radio.

Dante and Lola twist in their seats. Through the back window they see the KING OF THE DINOSAURS, gaining fast.

LOLA
Tyrannosaurus Rex!

HARPER
Well, I know that one!

She loads a clip into her gun and leans out her window.

INT/EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY (TRAVELING)

The T-Rex's jaws are almost as big as the car. It's only a length away. Harper is undaunted. She aims and SHOTS.

A SQUEAL as the bullet cuts through the T-Rex. The dinosaur doesn't slow. Another SHOT hits the mark and it BELLOWS.

DANTE
You just makin' it mad!

HARPER
Shut up! These bullets are too small caliber. Do we have anything bigger?

FRANKLIN
In the trunk.

HARPER
Damn it!

She leans out and SHOTS again. The T-Rex SNAPS its jaws, missing her only because she ducks inside.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Evasive maneuvers!

FRANKLIN
Ya think?

He cuts the wheel to the left. Asphalt burns on the pavement. The T-Rex runs a few steps in the wrong direction.

Another police car shoots past. The T-Rex stomps on it.

LOLA
Mère!

DANTE
No, no, that wasn't her car.

He doesn't look sure. Through the back window, we see that car flattened. Lola presses her hands to her mouth.

The T-Rex BELLOWS. It sideswipes another car. That one careens off a guard rail and flips, landing with a CRASH. Another police car SLAMS into it.

The T-Rex keeps after Harper's car. It gains.

LOLA

It's not going to stop! We look like prey!

HARPER

It will stop when we kill it.

POPS from O.S. gunfire. Harper reaches for the radio.

HARPER (CONT'D)

(into radio)

This is Harper, over. The nine millimeter is too small, I repeat, the nine millimeter is too small!

A CRASH O.S. Lola, Dante and Tommy peer out the back.

Another police car bursts into flames. T-Rex keeps coming.

HARPER (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Does anyone have anything bigger?

STATIC in response.

HARPER (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Who's got the old guy? Repeat: who's got the old guy? Over.

RADIO

Got him. On your tail, Harper, over.

HARPER

(to Franklin)

Stop the car.

FRANKLIN

What?

HARPER

Do it!

Franklin slams on the breaks. Harper points her gun at Lola, Dante and Tommy.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Get out.

DANTE

What? No!

THUMP THUMP O.S. The dinosaur is getting closer.

HARPER

This is why we have spares.

She presses her gun to the grate.

Dante hunches over Lola, shielding her against the window. Their faces near the glass glow suddenly red - a FLARE, screaming past the car.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The flare just misses the T-Rex. Its eyes cross as it tries to get a fix on it. The T-Rex GRUNTS in confusion.

INT/EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY (TRAVELING)

Franklin steps on the gas. The car jerks forward. The disoriented T-Rex STOMPS its foot down mere inches from it. The car rattles, dodging.

The T-Rex follows.

Harper SHOOTS again.

The T-Rex CHOMPS near their car. Another FLARE and it SNAPS its teeth, confused.

HARPER

(into radio)

Who's got the flares? Over!

RADIO

Harris here. The old lady would not shut up unless I tried it. Over.

Harper looks at Lola. Lola smiles, relieved.

LOLA

That's my Mama.

HARPER
(to radio)
Do it again!

Another car SHOOTs a flare toward the T-Rex. It SCREECHES and tries to bite it in the air.

Franklin guns the engine and bursts ahead. Lola peers out the back window. Two other cars follow, all that remain.

One of these pulls up alongside. Through its window, we see Beatrix yelling at the driver. She pauses long enough to wave to Lola, grinning madly.

Dante squeezes Lola's hand. She lets him.

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

A once-busy street. Now dozens of empty cars litter the asphalt. A lone bicycle lays upturned, one wheel spinning. Small fires burn. SQUALLS of dinosaurs in the distance.

Three police cars nose their way through the wreckage. The sun has set, but darkness has not yet fallen.

A CRUNCH as Franklin eases past another car.

FRANKLIN
We can't make it through this.

HARPER
Just ram them.

FRANKLIN
We can't ram ourselves all the way to the East. The highway is going to be even worse. We won't even get up the ramp.

HARPER
Not with that attitude.

FRANKLIN
Not with this car.

He flips on his headlights. The brightness startles a POSTOSUCHUS away from its human meal. It HISSES.

HARPER
(to Lola)
What is it?

LOLA
Postosuchus. Specimens found in
Texas, mostly, until now. They
apparently favor swamps and museums
for habitat.

HARPER
Dangerous?

LOLA
Obviously.

Harper leans out her window and SHOOTs at the dinosaur.

The postosuchus ROARS, then heaves itself onto two legs and
lumbers into the shadows.

Lola sits up, excited.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Two legs! I knew it! They can
walk on their hind legs or on four!

DANTE
Like a parlangua.

TOMMY
What's that?

DANTE
Half man, half gator. Been
prowlin' the bayou for a hundred
years.

LOLA
Don't let my mother hear you say
that.

DANTE
Why?

LOLA
She might like you.

Dante grins. He drinks from a whiskey bottle.

TOMMY
Maybe the dinosaurs aren't rising
then. They've been here all along.

Lola shakes her head. She swigs the tequila. The police
radio CRACKLES, car-to-car communication.

RADIO

No answer. That's half. Over.

LOLA

Half what?

HARPER

Half my superiors ain't picking up.
Act of God, apparently.

TOMMY

Do you even realize the magnitude
of that statement? "Act of God."
God. Could that putz be right?

LOLA

Stop it.

DANTE

Yeah. Because then we all screwed.
And what 'bout the dinosaurs?

HARPER

Yeah, paleontologist. What about
them?

LOLA

It is my belief that either the
star shower last night altered our
gravity, imperceptibly, thus
altering time -

TOMMY

Way perceptibly.

LOLA

Such that dinosaurs slipped into
our reality through a gap in the
space-time continuum, or that the
collective gravity of those stars
induced a change in pre-existing
bones at the DNA level, causing
those bones to regenerate in an
unprecedented way. Either theory
will be difficult to prove.

HARPER

I bet.
(to Franklin)
Pull up there.

She points.

Nightmare creatures seem to guard a structure we can't quite discern. These seem almost alive in the fading light.

LOLA
You're kidding.

HARPER
(to Franklin)
Do it.

FRANKLIN
You're the boss.

He leads the caravan into a wide parking lot. A warehouse sits at its end: Mardi Gras World.

EXT. MARDI GRAS WORLD - DAY

Corrugated metal siding gleams in the headlights. The warehouse stretches long and ominous into the darkness.

Police cars pull up in a line. One by one, they kill their lights. Now the siding is dull beneath the moon.

Harper and Franklin step out of their car. Franklin opens the back. Lola slides out and helps Dante after her.

A BANGING.

Harper looks around.

COP #1 and COP #2 stand near their car, failing so hard at looking innocent they may as well be whistling nonchalantly.

HARPER
Let them out.

COP #1
Aw, boss.

HARPER
Do it.

He sighs and unlocks his backseat.

Beatrice pops out. She shakes her fist at Cop #1.

BEATRIX
...would not last a second in the bayou, I'll tell you that much! Flares are the least of it. Come to the swamp, gator'd chomp you right -

DR. TALBOT

(emerging)

...far too dignified for this sort of thing. Fleeing from dinosaurs at my age. I am a Rhodes Scholar! Imagine what the press would make of my emerging from such a vehicle -

XANDER

(emerging)

...must repent! Repent, sinner, that you too may be one day lifted up. The tribulation shall end and the remaining chosen shall -

COP #1

(to Harper)

Can I shoot 'em?

HARPER

Not yet.

COP #2

Shut up, the lot of ya!

Beatrice thrusts her nose in the air. She makes her way toward Lola and Dante.

DANTE

I see where you get it.

LOLA

Ugh.

TOMMY

(re: Beatrice)

Love her.

Xander scurries after Beatrice. Dr. Talbot follows.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Them, not so much.

Beatrice cranes her neck to look up at the floats. Covered in bunting and feathers, with huge papier-mâché heads, wings and other decoration, they are an odd sight.

BEATRICE

What is this place?

LOLA

It's where all the big floats are stored when it's not Mardi Gras.

Xander cringes away from a float covered in lewd drawings.

XANDER
A warehouse of sin.

TOMMY
No, honey, that's a club in the
Bywater.

ENTRANCE

The civilians cluster behind the police. Each cop aims their gun at the door, wide like the entrance to an airplane hangar. Franklin leads the approach, Harper behind.

The door slides open at his touch. A yawning blackness.

HARPER
Hello? This is the NOPD!

DANTE
Oh, yeah. That'll make 'em feel
safe.

INT. MARDI GRAS WORLD - NIGHT

The white circle of a flashlight sweeps a plaster wall. It passes and then returns to a light switch with a decorative plate - a devil face, with the switch its tongue.

Harper tries it. Nothing.

HARPER
No power. Spread out. Case it for
dinosaurs.

TOMMY
"Case it for dinosaurs."

He appreciates the absurdity of the phrase. Harper doesn't.

HARPER
You too.

TOMMY
What? We don't have guns. If we
find dinosaurs, we'll get eaten.

HARPER
And then the rest of us will know
where they are.

She shines her flashlight in his eyes.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Be sure to scream loud.

LOLA AND DANTE

Move along one wall. They pass a cluster of life-sized plastic figures. Above them dark shapes loom, some floats two-stories high, black specters as melancholy as our heroes.

LOLA
...proof of the postosuchus, the parlangua thing? That it walked on two legs. Dr. Talbot was going to put his name on it and I was going to get published in "Nature!"

DANTE
His name? But he didn't work on it.

LOLA
Privilege of seniority, I guess. I could have been in a bunch of scholarly journals. If only this had happened a few months from now instead. If I'd gotten my theory out there earlier, maybe people...

DANTE
Would have read yo' article in that fancy magazine? Ain't likely.

FANGS

Dante leaps backward, pushing Lola out of the way.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Run!

Lola regains her balance and steps around him. She touches the teeth. They are plastic, set into a dragon head made of papier-mâché.

HARPER (O.S.)
What? What?

LOLA
False alarm!

She smiles at Dante. He tries to look cool.

HARPER (O.S.)
Civilians.

LOLA
Thanks anyway.

DANTE
Just, you know, looking out.

LOLA
Why?

DANTE
Why?

LOLA
Why for me?

They walk again.

LOLA (CONT'D)
And don't say "the wild." That
doesn't mean anything.

DANTE
You got the light behind your eyes.

LOLA
That's just as bad.

DANTE
Only if you ain't tryin'.

He pulls her to a stop. A window above them lets in the faintest of night light.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Some people got the light. They
smart. You're smart. I see it in
you, like a light.

LOLA
Well, I am smart.

DANTE
But what I like best about you is
yo' humility.

Lola punches him in the arm.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Hey, girl. I already got a broken
ankle.

LOLA

It's just a sprain. There are a lot of smart girls out there, Dante.

DANTE

Well, you're pretty too. And you got the wild. Rare combo, that. Like two trumpets in a jazz quartet.

LOLA

I'm like two trumpets.

DANTE

Yeah.

Lola smiles. Dante pushes her hair away from her face.

DANTE (CONT'D)

But now you're sad. 'Bout them dead dinosaurs?

LOLA

It's stupid. I know it's stupid. I should be worrying about all the missing people.

DANTE

People who are gone stay gone. Ain't no use crying over it.

Dante glances away from Lola.

LOLA

Is your... family gone?

DANTE

For years. Pop first. Mom was sick... for awhile.

LOLA

Oh. Hospitals.

Dante nods. She reaches for his hand.

LOLA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

DANTE

People who are gone stay gone. Ain't no use crying.

Dante shrugs. They stand together beneath the window.

INT. MARDI GRAS WORLD - NIGHT (LATER)

Harper, Franklin and the few remaining police warm their hands around a small fire in the middle of the warehouse. They speak in low voices.

Beatrice, Tommy, Xander and Dr. Talbot can't quite hear them. They sit together some yards away, the firelight they can see but not feel sending strange shadows dancing off the floats closest to them. Xander is especially tense.

XANDER

I feel we have wandered into the hornet's nest. Truly, we are not safe in this company of sin.

TOMMY

Can't believe I agree with preacher-man, but I do. They would've killed us in the car before.

DR. TALBOT

Well, I feel safer with all the guns around.

XANDER

But who's holding those guns?

DR. TALBOT

Cops?

XANDER

Police officers left behind after the rapture. Bad cops.

They all look to Harper. She smiles back.

EXT. MARDI GRAS WORLD - NIGHT

The door has been pulled mostly shut. Cop #1 leans against the frame, snoozing.

Light from within casts his shadow on the ground. We see his shadow head jerk as Cop #1 wakes. Cop #1 SNORTS and checks his gun. Moments later, his head droops again.

Effectively asleep, Cop #1 does not see the fanged shadow that has joined his. Nor does he hear the low HISS. We stay with the shadows as Cop #1 nods back to sleep.

Fanged shadow creeps closer. The man's shadow head pops up. He SNORTS. Fanged shadow pauses. The man's head droops.

Fanged shadow leaps just as the man's shadow head pops up again. This time the head keeps going, because the fanged shadow rips it clean off.

Fanged shadow creeps inside. Several other shadows follow.

INT. MARDI GRAS WORLD - NIGHT

A float with a love theme. Its siding is red and pink. Paper hearts are pasted all over the flatbed.

LOLA (O.S.)
I am not sleeping there.

Lola and Dante pass it by.

DANTE
It's romantic.

LOLA
It's simplistic and maudlin.

DANTE
I chose a cold, cold woman. How about that one?

He points to a float: a swamp theme with regal overtones. The alligators wear crowns.

LOLA
No. I moved to New Orleans to get away from the swamp. That one?

DANTE
But that cold woman loves me.

Musical notes curl up the sides of the float. A papier-mâché trumpet dangles over its front end.

LOLA
No, it's just easy to get on. For your ankle.

She points to a ramp leading from the float to the floor.

DANTE
Yeah, sure.

Dante starts up the ramp. Lola does not follow. He doesn't realize this until he's aboard.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Aren't you coming?

LOLA
I should check on my mother.

She walks away. Dante watches her go. After several seconds, she turns to look back at him.

DANTE
Ha! You love me.

LOLA
Go to sleep.

AT THE FIRE

The police have fallen asleep. Not soldiers, they spread out, in no position to defend themselves. Harper and Cop #2 are the only ones awake. They poke at the fire.

COP #2
And, like, Europe and stuff too?
Man. I always wanted to go there.

HARPER
Just dead people and live dinosaurs
now, like everywhere else. Go
relieve Harris.

COP #2
Who died and made you queen?

HARPER
The president, for all you know.
Now go.

Cop #2 gets up. He grabs his gun and stalks away.

He passes the collection of life-sized plastic figures.

Cop #2 does not see Talon and three other raptors hiding inside this collection. One raptor begins a HISS. Talon HISSSES back, and the first raptor falls silent.

Cop #2 pauses.

COP #2
Hello?

No answer. Talon lets him pass.

Cop #2 approaches the bloody remains of Cop #1.

COP #2 (CONT'D)

Harris. Harris, you better not be sleeping on the job. Queen Harper will have your ass.

His boot tracks through blood. Cop #2 shines his flashlight over a slick red patch with shreds of blue.

AT THE FIRE

Harper prods at the embers. Directly behind her, the glow of reptilian eyes. When the fire goes out, all we see is the eyes. They're getting closer.

AT THE DOOR

Cop #2 draws his gun.

COP #2 (CONT'D)

Harris! Help! Hey!

AT THE FIRE

Harper leaps to her feet just as Talon leaps at her throat. They tumble over each other for one desperate second before Harper draws her gun. She FIRES, hitting Talon.

Everyone wakes up, CURSING and scrambling.

Talon HISSES, leaping away. Flashlight beams cut through the darkness. They find Harper. She is gashed down one side. Bleeding profusely, she still manages to scowl.

HARPER

Don't point them at me! Point them at it! Damn it -

A beam finds a raptor just as the raptor finds Harper. She SCREAMS. The wet SMACK of bullets landing on reptile flesh.

FRANKLIN

Empties his gun into the velociraptor attacking Harper. The flash of his bullets illuminates his face for brief, blinding seconds, like a strobe light. With each flash we see:

TALON

Closing in behind him.

FRANKLIN

Harper? Harper! Har-

With the flash from Franklin's last bullet we see Talon's jaws close on Franklin's neck. Franklin is dead before he can shout, but others SCREAM in the darkness.

LOLA

Shines her own flashlight over human and dinosaur bodies. Harper lies lifeless, her one eye open and dull. Bloody velociraptor footprints lead us to:

TALON

Who pauses in dragging Franklin's body toward a collection of bloody blue uniforms by the wall, the rest of the cops. Talon turns to HISS at Lola's flashlight.

LOLA

Raptors!

DANTE (O.S.)

Lola, get out of there!

LOLA

Run! They hunt in packs! They got the police!

BEATRIX

Pulls Dr. Talbot to his feet.

DR. TALBOT

What is all the commotion? As if it's not bad enough to be sleeping on the floor -

BEATRIX

Move it, doc. We got company.

LOLA (O.S.)

Raptors!

Beatrix kicks Dr. Talbot in the pants to get him going.

BEATRIX

Follow me!

Tommy and Xander are much quicker on the uptake. They follow Beatrix as she scrambles up a ladder onto a heavy duty float.

Dr. Talbot gets his lab coat twisted around the bottom rung. CURSING, he pulls out of it, falling to the floor.

TALON stares down at him.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Hey! Hey!

Tommy pelts Talon with beads from the float. Talon twitches, distracted. He HISSES at Tommy.

Dr. Talbot scrambles backward, toward a float sponsored by the University of New Orleans. Giant diplomas hang off of its sides. Dr. Talbot cowers behind one as big as he is.

Tommy hits Talon with more beads. Xander and Beatrix join in. Talon is shortly draped in several strands.

Tommy hits Talon in the face with a bag of beads. He YOWLS. Talon darts into darkness, beads around his neck CLACKING.

DR. TALBOT

Where did it go? I can't see it!

BEATRIX (O.S.)

Doc! Doc! Get up here!

DR. TALBOT

Where? And where did it go? I can't see it!

BEATRIX (O.S.)

Shut up then and use your ears!

Silence. Dr. Talbot closes his eyes. He hears a soft CLACKING. It gets louder.

Talon tears through the diploma, beads swinging. Dr. Talbot YELLS. Talon snaps at him, grabbing a shoulder.

Another velociraptor leaps from the darkness. It bites Dr. Talbot's leg. He YELLS.

DR. TALBOT

Help!

WHOOSH - Light. Headlights, of a forklift barreling toward him. Lola is behind the wheel.

LOLA

Dr. Talbot!

She zooms at him, parallel to the float such that she corrals the two raptors between the tines. They are pushed backward.

Lola slams on the gas. She aims for the wall.

BEATRIX (O.S.)

Lola!

Lola jumps clear just before the forklift hits the wall. One headlight SHATTERS. The other flickers. One raptor is skewered. It GASPS and goes still.

Talon SNAPS at it, trapped. His beads CLACK as he hisses.

Lola jumps to her feet, running back the way she came.

DANTE (O.S.)

Lola!

LOLA

I'm okay! Dr. Talbot!

BEATRIX (O.S.)

Lola. It ain't pretty, honey.

BEATRIX

Crouches over Dr. Talbot. One of her shawls is pressed to his neck. She makes a tourniquet on his leg of another.

His breathing is ragged. There is a lot of blood.

ON THE FLOAT

Tommy covers his eyes. Xander murmurs last rites, repeatedly crossing the air above Dr. Talbot.

DR. TALBOT

Closes his eyes. Beatrix shakes him. Lola crouches.

LOLA

Dr. Talbot! Doctor! Hubert!
Hubert, stay with us!

Dr. Talbot opens his eyes. It is a struggle.

DR. TALBOT

Lola. La-la-la-la-la Lola.

Delirious, he sings a few bars of The Kinks. Lola wipes away tears. Beatrix ties the tourniquet.

A CLACKING. Beatrix leaps to her feet, grabs her gun and fires. The spark of the shot provides just enough light to see Talon escape out the open warehouse door.

Dr. Talbot doesn't notice.

LOLA

That's me. Lola. I'm here.

DR. TALBOT
La-la-la-la-la Lola. Lola! You
were right about the postosuchus.
I saw it!

LOLA
Wow! It stood on two legs?

DR. TALBOT
It did! It did!

LOLA
I'll put you in our article as a
witness. First-person!

DR. TALBOT
Your article, Lola. I'm sorry... I
had you put my name on it. It
should be just Lola. La-la-la
Lola...

He closes his eyes for the last time. Lola CRIES quietly.
Outside, morning breaks.

EXT. MARDI GRAS WORLD - DAY

Watery light pours over the pavement. The warehouse looks
like a mausoleum. Lola and Xander step out of it, carrying
Dr. Talbot's body wrapped in a big diploma.

Tommy walks beside them, carrying two shovels. Dante
shuffles behind him. He plays TAPS on his trumpet. Beatrix
brings up the rear. She holds new guns, and keeps watch.

AN OLD OAK TREE

Spreads shade over Tommy and Xander as they dig a grave.
Lola leans against Dante. Beatrix keeps her hands on her
guns and her eyes on a TRICERATOPS and a STEGOSAURUS grazing
near the warehouse.

LOLA
I didn't like Dr. Talbot, but he
didn't deserve this.

XANDER
Yes, he did. For he was left
behind -

TOMMY
So were you, Preach, so shut the
hell up.

He steps out of the hole. Xander follows, quiet.

Beatrice and Lola lower Dr. Talbot in.

LOLA

Maybe one day someone will discover
you, Dr. Hubert Talbot. Rhodes
Scholar, renowned paleontologist.
Rest in piece.

She casts a handful of dirt onto the grave. Beatrice follows
suit. One by one, each remaining person will do the same.

TOMMY

What now?

XANDER

To ascend, we must repent.

TOMMY

Shut up! We didn't do anything!
There's no reason why we're here
and other people aren't!

Tommy flings down his handful of dirt. He turns to Dante.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Dante? Are you a thief?

DANTE

No.

TOMMY

Murderer?

DANTE

No.

TOMMY

Rapist?

DANTE

No! Man, please. The worst thing
I ever did was tag some shit.

TOMMY

I cheat on my taxes, I've run with
bad crowds, I've watered down
drinks. Should I go to hell for
those things, Xander? Well?

XANDER

The Lord never wants anyone to go
to hell.

(MORE)

XANDER (CONT'D)

But neither must we second guess
him. There must be a reason you
have been left. Repent.

Tommy throws his hands in the air. Some excess dirt lands on
Xander. Tommy sees this and shakes more dirt at him.

Beatrice sighs. She turns to Lola.

BEATRIX

I'm sorry I never supported yer
science. I didn't want you goin'
to them fancy schools. I didn't
want them lookin' down on you,
'cause of me.

She looks down at her stolen guns and wild clothes. Lola
frowns, surprised. She pushes away from Dante to put her
hands on her mother's shoulders.

LOLA

Mère. I didn't know you felt that
way. That's...

BEATRIX

True, ain't it?

LOLA

A little bit. I'm sorry for being
embarrassed when I should have been
proud. I love you, Mère.

She hugs her mother. They smile.

LOLA (CONT'D)

But if Xander was right, we'd pop
out of existence right now, right?
Casts some doubt on that rapture
theory, doesn't it?

She looks expectantly at Xander. He looks thoughtful.

XANDER

There is precedent for the innocent
in the Book of Job. Job did
nothing to displease the Lord and
yet was beset by calamity after
calamity. Perhaps we are all Job.

TOMMY

Or maybe we all have a very rare
blood type that's immune to the
vanishing disease. And that's why
everybody else vanished but not us.

LOLA

There is already a brain-eating amoeba in the Southern Louisiana water supply. Who's to say it didn't develop a taste for flesh? With a rapid, very rapid, decomposition process, which is why the clothes are left.

DANTE

It eats people and pukes dinosaurs?

BEATRIX

Hey, she jus' developing a theory. Then she gonna test it. 'Cause that's science.

LOLA

I still think the time warp is more likely... or a DNA event. I could try to test for both theories.

TOMMY

Where would you do that?

LOLA

We could...

She looks at Beatrix. Lola ruefully shakes her head.

LOLA (CONT'D)

We could go to the swamp.

BEATRIX

Really?

LOLA

My mother knows it better than anybody. It's away from these man-made things the dinosaurs don't seem to like. I could set up a lab there. Maybe.

XANDER

Will there be sinners in the swamp that I may preach to?

LOLA

I don't know.

DANTE

I don't know how we'd get there, neither.

TOMMY

Is it too obvious to say "drive?"
Because, "drive."

DANTE

The dinosaurs attack cars.

BEATRIX

Maybe it was them police lights.
We could take some other car.

LOLA

No... carnivores will attack
anything and I think it will happen
every time. Cars aren't natural,
but they're the right size to look
like a threat and yet not big
enough to scare dinosaurs away.

BEATRIX

So what you need is something big?

She turns to look back at Mardi Gras World. Sunlight pours
over the floats. The big, bright floats.

LOLA

Hmm.

DANTE

Those are flatbeds. They need to
be pulled. By cars.

TOMMY

Which the dinosaurs will attack.

The triceratops SQUALLS O.S. Our heroes turn to look. It
nudges the stegosaurus away from a patch of weeds. It eats.

BEATRIX

I have an idea.

EXT. MARDI GRAS WORLD - DAY

Beatrice braids a charm into a rope. Lola rolls her eyes at
this, but says nothing. The rest crouch against the side of
the warehouse.

LOLA

Get this wrong and you'll be gored
to death.

BEATRIX

I been lassoin' gators since before
you were born.

She steps away from the building as the triceratops
approaches. Beatrix twirls the lasso above her head.

DANTE

Your mama is cool.

LOLA

Yes. She is.

Beatrix throws the rope. It arcs through the air, blue sky
behind it, and lands on the front horn of the triceratops.
Beatrix GRUNTS in satisfaction.

BEATRIX

Now we got a way to pull them
floats.

TOMMY

No, you have a dinosaur on the end
of a rope.

The triceratops shakes its head back and forth, then ducks it
toward the ground, trying to dislodge the loop.

BEATRIX

Uh oh.

She yanks, tightening the knot. The tug jerks the dinosaur's
head toward them. It BELLOWS and charges.

LOLA

Run!

The humans scatter. Lola and Dante run together but Dante
slows her down. He can't run very fast on his ankle.

LOLA (CONT'D)

Keep up!

DANTE

I can't!

The triceratops is right on their tails.

Lola shoves Dante as hard as she can. He SHOUTS as he falls.
Rather than help him, Lola veers away.

LOLA
(at triceratops)
Hey! Hey! Here! You! Look at
me! Come on!

The triceratops thunders past Dante, narrowly missing him.
It focuses on Lola.

DANTE
Lola, no!

Lola skids around the corner of the warehouse. The
triceratops can't take the turn as fast. Lola slips in a
side door while it lumbers around.

INT. MARDI GRAS WORLD - DAY

Lola leans against the wall, then thinks better of it. She
pushes herself away and dives to the floor just as CRASH -
the triceratops SLAMS into the building.

Lola looks up to see:

A TRICERATOPS HEADPRINT

Pushed out of the siding like Han Solo in carbonite. A GRUNT
O.S. as the dinosaur extracts itself. FOOTSTEPS as it
lumbers away.

Lola falls back, resting in relief.

EXT. MARDI GRAS WORLD - DAY

Beatrice yanks Dante to his feet. He winces.

DANTE
Did you see her? Did she get away?

BEATRIX
Don't you worry about my girl.

But she looks worried. Xander wedges himself under Dante's
other arm.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Hey!

He's near the building, up a tree. They hurry toward him.

UNDER THE TREE

The triceratops opens and shuts its mouth, trying and failing to reach the leaves.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Dinosaurs can't climb trees, right?

LOLA (O.S.)
Right.

She comes up behind them. Dante crushes her in a hug. Beatrix smiles.

DANTE
I git it now. You push me to show you care. Like a kid on the playground.

LOLA
I'm just a fast thinker.

But she smiles.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Um, hello? A little help here?

Lola watches the triceratops for a moment.

LOLA
Hmm.

EXT. MARDI GRAS WORLD - DAY (LATER)

All but Tommy have gathered several yards from the tree. Lola ties a bunch of palm tree fronds together. She lashes them to a pole as the others watch.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Is there a plan? I hope you are all gathered about a plan!

DANTE
Do you really think this will work?

Lola looks at Dante, then past him. The triceratops has tired itself out. It PANTS in the shade beneath the tree.

LOLA
I intend to test the theory.

XANDER
I should do it. The Lord is my shield. I am cloaked in righteousness.

LOLA
Then stay back and protect our Plan
B. It may fear loud noises.

She looks at Dante. Xander moves in front of him. Dante rolls his eyes and steps around, holding up his trumpet.

DANTE
Ready.

UNDER THE TREE

The triceratops watches Lola approach. She holds the pole over one shoulder like a fishing rod. The triceratops flicks an ear, eyeing the plant bunch.

Lola carefully swings it in front of her.

The dinosaur WHUFFS. It lumbers to its feet. The rope still attached to its horn drags over dry ground. Lola eyes this.

LOLA
Come on. Here, girl. That's a
good... good girl.

The triceratops looms over her. It lowers its horns. Lola will be skewered if it charges. It BREATHES.

DANTE (O.S.)
Lola?

LOLA
I'm fine.

She dangles the plants in front of the triceratops. Its jaws open wide. They SNAP on the plant. Lola flinches.

She edges to the side, picking up the rope as she goes.

DANTE

Has his fingers on the trumpet valves. Xander and Beatrix stand in a line with him, watching Lola closely.

LOLA

Cranes her neck, looking up at the dinosaur, then past it, to Tommy. He lays along a tree branch.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Jump on it.

TOMMY
"Jump on it?" Jump on the
dinosaur? That's your plan?

LOLA
Yep. Try to land lightly.

TOMMY
You're as nutty as the one-eyed
cop!

LOLA
We don't just need to get it away
from you, we need it to pull the
floats. We'll need to ride it
eventually. She's distracted now.
It's a good time to start.

TOMMY
Absolutely not.

LOLA
Do it!

TOMMY
No.

LOLA
(hisses)
Jump!

TOMMY
Ugh.

He slides to the end of the branch. Lowering himself until
he's hanging just by his hands, he takes a deep breath.

And lets go.

Tommy lands on the dinosaur's back with all the grace of a
sack of potatoes. The triceratops WHUFFS, rearing. The
THUMP as the dinosaur lands back on all fours knocks Lola to
the ground. She SHOUTS, dropping the pole.

TRUMPET O.S. BA DA BAAA DA! The sound that starts every
second line parade.

DANTE

Has the trumpet to his lips. BA DA BAAA DA! He backs away.

THE TRICERATOPS

SQUALLS, the call mimicking the last of Dante's notes. The TRUMPET O.S., again. Another matching SQUALL. The dinosaur drops back to all fours. It WHUFFS.

Lola grabs the pole.

LOLA
I'll lead it toward the warehouse.

DANTE

Plays JAZZ. Xander and Beatrix stay behind him. The triceratops continues to mimic the last note of every phrase.

LOLA

Joins them, holding the pole. She moves ahead of the group and into the warehouse but the dinosaur does not follow. It stays near Dante, mimicking his notes.

Lola looks from the pole full of plants to the trumpet, then sets the pole down.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Dante! Come inside! I think it's following the music!

DANTE
Oh, so now you want to hear me play?

Dante smiles and puts the trumpet back to his lips. He walks toward the warehouse door. A HIGH NOTE.

The triceratops SQUALLS another note, high pitched, and follows. A GROAN O.S. is deeper and almost matches key.

A STEGOSAURUS peers around the edge of the warehouse. Dante plays a note. The dinosaur answers, deeper. It approaches.

Xander watches it warily.

XANDER
The Lord works in mysterious ways.

INT. MARDI GRAS WORLD - DAY

Dante continues the JAZZ. The triceratops and stegosaurus sway in front of him. They are so entranced they don't notice Beatrix, Tommy and Lola trussing them up to the dragon float and the swamp float.

A few shriveled brown balloons hang from the latter's plastic palm trees, imitation coconuts. The dragon float boasts blow up plastic dolls as bawdy sacrificial maidens.

Tommy kicks away a box full of uninflated, spare balloons.

TOMMY

Why these floats, again?

LOLA

They're biggest. The swamp float, with its nature theme, might blend, and the dragons look enough like dinosaurs that actual dinosaurs might leave us alone.

BEATRIX

We can pull 'em apart when we get to the swamp, too. New buildin' material.

Tommy looks at Lola. She nods.

TOMMY

If you say so.

EXT. MARDI GRAS WORLD - DAY

Dante perches on the back of the triceratops, playing JAZZ. Lola rides behind the frill. Tommy sunbathes on the swamp float it pulls.

The stegosaurus follows behind. Beatrix peers from among its plates, ever wary of attack. Xander stands astride the dragon float, preaching.

XANDER

"It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord -"

DANTE

(calls)

Wish you would put that breath to better use and play some dang thing. I'm tired over here.

(to Lola)

We need to find us some more musicians.

LOLA
You can't throw a rock in New Orleans without hitting one.

DANTE
Throw some rocks, then. They's probably all gone.

XANDER
Maybe not! They say the devil has all the best tunes!

LOLA
(to Beatrix)
Mère! How about a little detour?

INT. SHOTGUN HOUSE - DAY

Sunlight slices through slats of closed shutters. The weakened beams find a hardwood floor, the edge of a couch and two pairs of bare feet, one male, one female.

Distant THUMPING, the sound of dinosaur movement. The female feet draw up to the fetal position. Following them, we see the sun glint off a saxophone leaning on the couch, and JESSICA and MARTIN, in their 40s, looking shell-shocked.

TRUMPET O.S., Dante's jazz. Jessica sits up.

JESSICA
Do you hear that? Sounds like a parade.

MARTIN
Ain't no parade. Everybody dead and gone but us.

Jessica slides off Martin. She grabs her saxophone and walks toward the shutters.

INT. CREOLE COTTAGE - DAY

The sloped ceiling of a creole cottage bedroom. A single window provides a single rectangle of light, which AMOS, 20s, avoids. He rocks back and forth in a corner, clutching drumsticks until his knuckles are white. He smokes.

He winces away from a TRICERATOPS squall, but the note carries, and becomes a TRUMPET solo. Amos can't believe it. He hesitates, then crawls toward his window.

INT. APARTMENT (KITCHEN) - DAY

Three people sit around a chipped table. IDA LEE, 60s, hums to herself as she stirs her tea. MELBA and JULIUS, both 20s, sit silently. Both are bruised, as if they survived attack.

The table is covered in cans and bottles, survival food. Melba keeps trying her phone, with no result.

JULIUS

Ain't no service, Melba. Prolly ain't anybody left.

IDA LEE

Let the girl try.

Ida Lee resumes HUMMING. After a moment, a MUSICAL counterpoint rises from outside.

MELBA

You hear that?

The three of them turn toward their front door. It's been boarded up. The door shakes, from a dinosaur STEP. But a TRUMPET wails. Melba rises. She steps forward.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET - DAY

Dante's trumpet shouts notes into a blue sky. Lola stands behind the triceratops' frill, scanning the street.

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOINING THE PARADE (1)

A) Jessica throws open her shutters.

B) Amos peers out his window.

C) Melba cracks open her door.

BACK TO SCENE

Lola waves at them. Xander beckons as well.

LOLA

Join us!

XANDER

We journey to the promised land.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Ignore him. But bring booze, if you've got any!

Tommy rolls onto his stomach, and stands up. He spots Amos, clutching his drumsticks. Tommy grins.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for, sailor?
We need rhythm.

SERIES OF SHOTS - JOINING THE PARADE (2)

- A) Jessica grabs her saxophone. Martin rolls off the couch.
- B) Amos climbs out his window. He reaches back for a bottle of rum and a second set of sticks.
- C) Melba pushes the door wide. Julius sweeps the supplies off the table and into a camping backpack. Ida Lee's HUM broadens into a happy SONG.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - DAY

An ANKYLOSAURUS lumbers around a corner. An armadillo-like dinosaur twenty feet long and six feet tall, it skids to a stop when the triceratops BELLOWS at it.

Dante matches the sound on his trumpet.

The ankylosaurus THUMPS its club tail on the ground. The stegosaurus GROANS in time. The ankylosaurus follows them.

By now the floats are full of PEOPLE. Those that can, play music, those that can't, LAUGH and SING.

A reptilian SCREECH O.S. stops the song abruptly.

TALON

Noses his way out of a garage. TWO MORE VELOCIRAPTORS follow him. Talon's beads CLACK ominously. A few people SCREAM.

Behind the dinosaurs, a Ferrari's white leather interior is stained with blood. An ostentatious SUV is also destroyed.

The velociraptors HISS.

SWAMP FLOAT

Tommy and Amos have paused the sharing of the rum. Tommy looks at the bottle, at Talon, and then to Amos.

TOMMY

Was this all that expensive, dear?

AMOS
No, it was not.

Tommy rips off a strip of his T-shirt, or tries to. He just ends up pulling the cloth.

TOMMY
Damn it! It's so easy on TV!

He pulls the whole thing off. Shirtless, he stretches the garment over a rough ridge on the float. It TEARS. Tommy stuffs a strip of cloth in the bottle.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(to Amos)
Got a light?

Amos hands over a lighter.

Lola sees.

LOLA
Great idea! But wait a second!
Wait for them to close in as a
pack! Dante!

Dante braces himself and WAILS a note on the trumpet. The triceratops answers, then the stegosaurus. The ankylosaurus THUMPS the ground.

The velociraptors close in. Talon gathers himself to leap.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Now!

Tommy hurls the bottle at Talon as he jumps. The bottle shatters, dousing Talon in fire, but he is already airborne.

TALON ON FIRE

Leaps through the air, SNAPPING jaws that are aflame. He is inches from Dante and Lola when a bag of beads SMACKS him in the face, knocking him off course.

Talon falls to the ground, HISSING. Another bottle SHATTERS on his flank, then a handful of beads SMASH into his neck. The other velociraptors fall beside him, also burning. They CLACK in panic, writhing on the ground. Talon glares upward.

TOMMY

Above him, pelts Talon with more beads. The rest of the people on the float join in. Talon, still burning, SCREECHES as he is covered by a cairn of carnival.

TOMMY
Happy Mardi Gras, bitch!

The humans CHEER.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

The caravan leaves the buildings behind. Water glitters in the near distance.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Waves lap the shore. A small bird CHEEP-CHEEPS as it hops, leaving tiny footprints in the sand. WHUMP, a dinosaur foot flattens the bird.

WHUFF - the triceratops shies at the water, rearing back. Its nostrils flare in alarm.

LOLA
Easy, girl. Dante!

Dante switches to COOL JAZZ. A calming melody rolls across the rocky beach.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Hmmm.

Lola notes her dinosaur calming down. The others do too. Beatrix calls from the back of her stegosaurus.

BEATRIX
Do they swim?

LOLA
That one doesn't. At least, fossil records suggest it doesn't. I had planned to go overland. We can follow the river a good long way.

Xander leans off the dragon float to smack the stegosaurus in the rump. Glitter shakes onto the dinosaur as it GRUNTS and wades into the water. Xander thrusts his cross into the air.

XANDER
"We ourselves will cross over armed in the presence of the Lord into the land of Canaan, and the possession of our inheritance shall remain with us across the Jordan."

BEATRIX

This is the Mississippi.

TOMMY (O.S.)

And floats don't float! Stop!

The stegosaurus drags the front end of the dragon float into the water. It tips with a SPLASH, spilling Xander into the river. The other people scramble backward, their weight tilting the front of the float back out of the water.

Lola waves her hands to get their attention.

LOLA

Dante, stop it moving! You guys,
stay still! Balance it!

Dante SHRILLS a note on his trumpet. The stegosaurus stops in the water. It dunks its head down and then up, playing with the waves.

The people cluster on the dry end of the float, balancing it upward like a seesaw.

IN THE WATER

Xander pops up from beneath the waves. He stretches toward the heavens, ecstatic.

XANDER

Clean at last!

Tommy hops down from his float nearby.

TOMMY

Thank God.

Lola slides off her triceratops. She surveys the scene.

LOLA

Well, this won't do. How are we
ever gonna get them back to the
swamp?

Lola looks at Beatrix, then back at the floats. She looks especially carefully at the swamp float, with its shrivelled balloon coconuts.

THE BOX OF BALLOONS

On the floor of the float. Lola looks at it, and at her mother. Beatrix acknowledges the glance, then shifts her focus to the dragon float, with its handy blow up maidens.

The two women share a smile.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (LATER)

Beatrice holds an inflated blow up doll against the side of the dragon float. Lola ties it on. Standing back, they admire their handiwork.

The dragon float is covered in so many blow up dolls and balloons you can hardly see the flatbed anymore.

Tommy comes around the other side, dusting off his hands.

TOMMY

I keep wanting to make a joke about
"blowing" but it's just too easy.
You really think this will work?

BEATRIX

Yes.

LOLA

Let's test the theory. All aboard!

Xander leads the small crowd onto the dragon float, now trussed to the triceratops.

XANDER

To the promised land!

BEATRIX

First time I ever heard the bayou
git called that.

THE TRICERATOPS

Stands calmly as Lola and Beatrice mount. Dante joins them.

LOLA

Can you swim?

DANTE

Why you askin'?

LOLA

There's no literature on whether
triceratops can swim, and the
Mississippi gets deep.

DANTE

Do you think they can swim?

LOLA
Elephants do.

DANTE
Let's find out.

He raises his trumpet and calls to the band.

DANTE (CONT'D)
Okay, people. One, two, one two
three four!

MUSIC begins. The triceratops wades into the water. It wades and wades until it is swimming.

LOLA
Yes!

She pulls her feet out of the water. Lola wraps her arms around Dante's waist. He smiles.

The stegosaurus and ankylosaurus BELLOW from the beach in cheerful harmony, watching them go.

EXT. WATERWAY - DAY

From water-level, we watch the procession. The triceratops paddles, towing a flatbed covered in inflatables.

UNDERWATER

Big dinosaur legs churn. We move close, then pass them. A rectangular shadow is the float from below. Small brown things dangle off it. We move toward these.

ON THE FLOAT

Melba wiggles her toes in the water, sunbathing. She does not register the alarmed WHUFF O.S. from the triceratops.

JAWS

SNAP out of the water with a splash. An alligator latches onto her feet. Melba SCREAMS as she is pulled under.

BEATRIX

Runs the length of the float, rifle in hand.

BEATRIX
Gator! Out the water, out the
water!

She SHOOTs into the river. A POP as her bullet grazes a balloon. Another POP makes her turn.

A second alligator SNAPS at a blow up doll. Its claws POP several more balloons as it climbs onto the flatbed.

Julius backs away from it. His grasping hands find a loose plank on a fake tree. He yanks this off. Running forward, he WHACKS the alligator on the nose. It HISSES and slides back into the water, POPPING more balloons as it goes.

TOMMY

Pulls other people higher onto the float. He is the first to see the PACK OF ALLIGATORS now surrounding them.

TOMMY

Get up! Get out! There are more!
A dozen at least!

DANTE

Twists on the triceratops, trying to see and play at the same time. He loses his balance and falls into the water. The music stops.

The triceratops panics, thrashing. Lola can barely hang on. She reaches for Dante with her other hand.

LOLA

Dante!

His hand SLAPS into hers a moment before an alligator SNAPS at his shoes. We follow the shoes up the side of the triceratops as Lola yanks Dante out of the water.

DANTE

You keep savin' me.

Lola kisses him fiercely.

LOLA

Well. I got the wild. Play!

Dante PLAYS a few waterlogged notes. It's no good.

POP POP POP

Alligators CHOMP balloons left and right. SCREAMS as more people drop into the water, now red with blood. The float is listing. It's going to sink.

Beatrix, Tommy, Xander and the rest cling to its other side to balance the weight. Julius kicks at the alligators.

XANDER
Be gone, you vile things!

TOMMY
Shoot them!

BEATRIX
I'm out!

BIGGER JAWS

Let out a great ROAR. A POSTOSUCHUS, big as the float, emerges in the midst of the alligator pack.

It arcs into the air and then down, crushing those alligators it does not BITE.

The water churns red. It goes still. The humans are silent.

POSTOSUCHUS eyes lift above the waves.

Xander takes a breath to yell. Tommy SLAPS a hand over his mouth, stifling him. Nobody moves. Except Beatrix, who stands slowly. The postosuchus eyes her. She glares back.

The postosuchus sinks slowly beneath the waves. Beatrix smiles. The rest of the humans CHEER.

Tommy collapses onto the deck. He rolls his head to look at Lola and Dante on the triceratops.

TOMMY
Are we there yet?

Lola smiles and points. The bayou tree line is close.

EXT. BEATRIX HOUSE - NIGHT (ONE WEEK LATER)

Black water, purple sky. A campfire between the two, floating on the swamp like a pyre. Sparks CRACKLE and POP, arcing over the water in red and white streams. LAUGHTER.

The fire bobs between Beatrix's house and the float. Ida Lee, Jessica, Amos and the other recent refugees sit around its edge, careful to stay a few feet from the water. They eat grilled fish with their hands, happy.

THE TRICERATOPS

Dozes on a patch of dry land. Mud cakes its flanks.

A SIZZLE

As Beatrix slaps a just-skinned fish onto a cast iron pan. She leans it out over the fire. Beatrix HUMS a happy Cajun tune. She smiles at Lola beside her.

Lola holds Beatrix's fishing rod rifle. She smiles back, and pulls up another catfish. It jerks on the line.

Dante settles beside her, holding his trumpet. He grins.

DANTE

Wild.

She kisses him on the cheek. He gently turns her face in for a full kiss.

TOMMY (O.S.)

You two are precious!

He reclines on Beatrix's deck. An empty plate beside him holds a few fish bones. He picks one up and dangles it from the side of his mouth like a toothpick.

He catches his reflection in a shiny charm on Beatrix's house and tilts the charm more toward him. He examines his reflection in it, shifting the bone around.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Fish every day for a week. Fish every day forever, I guess. At least the look works for me.

BEATRIX

We can make you a necklace of gator teeth too. Catch us one tomorrow.

LOLA

Mère does a mean gator onna stick.

DANTE

Yum.

TOMMY

Fab. At least that's something we can look forward to.

DANTE

Positively paradise. Right, Preach?

The four of them look over at Xander. Xander munches fish at the far end of the deck, facing the fire but looking beyond it, out toward the darkness of the swamp. He turns.

XANDER

Oh, no. This is a respite in the
desert, not paradise. Did you
think the tribulation was over?

The fire POPS loudly. Sparks shoot over the water, a few
white streaks that become more and more. A reflection of
something else.

THE SHINY CHARM

Near Tommy trembles as if blown by the wind. He frowns at
it, and then looks upward, past the wildly TINKLING charms to
the night sky. Filling with:

SHOOTING STARS

Tommy winces.

TOMMY

Let's not do the time warp again.

THE TRICERATOPS

Awakens with a SNORT and lumbers to its feet. It BELLOWS.

TWO FANGS

In the trees. Feline fur. A sense of size. A GROWL.

Lola lifts Beatrix's rifle. Beatrix gets her own guns. She
puts her back to her daughter's. Dante readies his trumpet.
The other humans draw together, pulling back onto the float.

XANDER

Demon!

DANTE

Dinosaur?

LOLA

Just another article for "Nature."
Publish...
(cocks the rifle)
Or perish.

She raises the rifle, ready. Together, all watch:

THE TREES

Just as they are about to part:

CUT TO BLACK.

Vita

Katheryn Warzak was raised in Omaha, Nebraska. She received a National Merit Scholarship to New York University's Tisch School of the Arts, from which she graduated with honors in 2008 with a B.F.A. in film and television production. Her undergraduate thesis was a series of public service announcements targeting the youth vote. These aired on mtvU prior to the 2008 presidential election. Subsequently, she worked as a producer on the feature documentary "Bible Quiz" which won the Grand Jury Award at the Slamdance Film Festival in 2013 and is currently available on Netflix. Katheryn worked for several years as an assistant at the prestigious entertainment law firm of Schreck, Rose, Dapello & Adams LLP in New York City before joining the University of New Orleans Creative Writing Workshop in 2013. There she received the Uddo Screenwriting Scholarship in addition to the Master's Award Scholarship and Privateer Graduate Award.