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JUMANJI

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STORY SUMMARY:

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

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

DR. MCNAMARA, a large, mustached man addresses his students from a podium.

DR. MCNAMARA

So, our protagonist in "The Most Dangerous Game" finds himself being hunted like a wild animal by the antagonist.

He crosses to the whiteboard and writes down some notes.

DR. MCNAMARA

So we've got... "man versus man..."
"man versus nature..." and "man versus self."

The students don't seem to be paying much attention. One in particular, ERIC RITTER (18), appears more depressed than bored. He idly fiddles with a paperclip and a rubber band.

DR. MCNAMARA

Now, the first two themes are fairly easy to identify, but who can give us some more information on the last one?

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

DR. MCNAMARA (O.S.)

Michelle?

MICHELLE (O.S.)

Rainsford is fighting to keep his head while he's in the jungle.

DR. MCNAMARA (O.S.)

Both figuratively and literally.
Very good.

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

DR. MCNAMARA

Rainsford has to fight with himself
to keep his sanity even though his
life is in danger.

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

DR. MCNAMARA (CONT'D)

He knows it's a struggle for survival,
and if he doesn't think clearly
he'll end up Zaroff's trophy!

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

ERIC

Ow!

The entire class (including Dr. McNamara), shifts its attention to Eric. Some of the students laugh as Eric rubs his eye.

DR. MCNAMARA

Stick with texting, Eric.

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

A SCHOOLBELL rings.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

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

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

KRYSTYL

Hey, you.

Eric turns, and his dull face brightens.

ERIC

Hey, Krystyl. What's going on?

KRYSTYL

Not much. Haven't seen you, lately...

ERIC

(Defensive)

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

KRYSTYL

Oh, don't be so dramatic. Are you coming to Lisa's party next weekend?

ERIC

Yeah, probably.

KRYSTYL

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

Eric immediately gets that look again. Krystyl is concerned.

KRYSTYL

Eric, what's the matter?

She reaches out and rubs his arm gently.

KRYSTYL

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

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

KRYSTYL

How can you not be?! I mean, two months left of high school, then you have the summer, and then at the end of August, fwoosh!

She makes a dramatic SWEEPING motion.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

You're off to bigger and better things at Penn State! I should be depressed; School's not going to be the same without you and the others.

ERIC

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

Krystyl playfully PUNCHES Eric on his shoulder.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm serious! No more senior pranks, no more halcyon days of youth... no more adventure.

KRYSTYL

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

Eric nods, but does not seem entirely convinced.

ERIC

I guess.

KRYSTYL

God, for a senior, you are so grim.

ERIC

And you are way too enthusiastic for a sophomore.

Krystyl giggles. A slight pause follows.

KRYSTYL

So, um... any plans this weekend?

ERIC

(shrugs)

Might work on my car a little.

KRYSTYL

(let down)

... Oh.

ERIC

Why?

KRYSTYL

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

ERIC

Just us, you mean?

KRYSTYL

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

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

ERIC

Sounds fun. How's tomorrow?

KRYSTYL

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

She catches herself and stops short.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

Or presentable; whatever.

Eric smiles and nods.

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

Awesome. See you then!

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

KRYSTYL

(calling)

Eric?

ERIC

(turning his head)

Yeah?

KRYSTYL

I meant what I said about adventure.
College, life... It's a jungle out
there!

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

After a moment of thought, he opens his locker and pulls out his
Biology book.

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

ERIC

(to himself)

A jungle... right.

CLOSE UP on the picture.

The picture DISSOLVES into the actual setting.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

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

SUPER: AFRICA, 1895

INT. JUNGLE - DAY

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

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

MAN (O.S.)

(whisper, to himself)

Oh, yes...

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

The hog swivels its head to SNIFF at the ground.

MAN (CONT'D, O.S.)

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

A finger readies to pull a trigger...

MAN #2

No! Don't!

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

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

ALISTAIR

(in a rage)

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

The second man, TIMOTHY VAN ALLSBURG (early 30s) rises from the bushes, righting his askew glasses.

TIMOTHY

I specifically asked you to refrain from shooting anything unless it were absolutely necessary to our survival. We've been lucky not to have run into many dangerous creatures thus far.

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

ALISTAIR

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

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

TIMOTHY

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

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

ALISTAIR

And what is our destination, sir? Where is it that we're all heading? What are we trying to find? After all, trekking through uncharted territory in s savage, hostile land populated by equally savage and hostile natives, I should think that our rewards would certainly be worth the risks that we've taken upon ourselves.

TIMOTHY

As I already explained-

ALISTAIR

(losing his composure)

Why are we here, Professor? What is
the blasted point?!

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

TIMOTHY

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

Alistair rolls his eyes and mops his brow.

There is a wild RUSTLING from the foliage. Timothy looks
terrified, but Alistair readies his gun.

ALISTAIR

Stay down! Don't move!

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

NIGEL

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

Timothy calms down at the sight of the duo.

TIMOTHY

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

NIGEL

Oh, that's a relief. Hasani?

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

NIGEL

(to Timothy)

He thought you'd encountered a
leopard.

ALISTAIR

If only...

The foliage RUSTLES again. Alistair raises his gun again.

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

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

TIMOTHY

Ah, Felix. Perfect timing.

ALISTAIR

(lowering his gun; sotto)

Might need something larger for this one.

FELIX

Nothing the matter, I hope?

NIGEL

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

TIMOTHY

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

ALISTAIR

(to Felix)

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

FELIX

Frivolous? What well-to-do collector wouldn't be intrigued by strange oddities and mementos from a world practically unknown?

Alistair shakes his head in disbelief.

FELIX (CONT'D)

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

NIGEL

Help Hasani with our supplies, won't you, Felix?

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

ALISTAIR

I can tolerate being in a jungle with *Mowgli* there, but why did you and Professor Dawson have to bring that duffer, as well?

TIMOTHY

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

Timothy turns to face Alistair one on one.

TIMOTHY

Colonel, I realize this is not the manner to which you are accustomed, but we all have our own roles to fill on this expedition.

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

FELIX

And sir, I can think of *no* better leader for such an incomparable voyage as this one. The perfect liaison between us and the... er... what is this tribe called, again?

Timothy gently disengages Felix's arm from his shoulders.

TIMOTHY

They call themselves Jumanji, Felix.
Jumanji.

They gathers up their gear and march onward into the jungle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

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

ERIC

So, how's Chicago been treating you?
(beat) Right... Right... (beat) Well,
I'll bet Grandma's happy to have her
kids there. (beat) Hey, that's our
family for you. (beat) I did want
to come with... (beat) Right, I know;
senior year, can't miss anything..

He sighs, uncertain.

ERIC (CONT'D)

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

Eric rolls his eyes.

ERIC (CONT'D)

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

Eric looks to a bare corner of the living room.

ERIC (CONT'D)

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

Eric barely turns off the phone when the doorbell RINGS. He hastily pockets the rubber band and stands.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - FOYER - AFTERNOON

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

She has changed out of her lacrosse clothes and into a designer hoodie and jeans. Her fire-red hair has been tied into a ponytail. She carries her duffel bag and lacrosse stick over a shoulder.

ERIC

Hey.

KRYSTYL

Hey, yourself. Sorry I brought my stuff, but I never like to just leave it in a car.

ERIC

No worries; come on in.

Krystyl enters and he shuts the door.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - AFTERNOON

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

KRYSTYL

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

ERIC

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

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

ERIC

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

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

KRYSTYL

Ready?

ERIC

Uh-huh.

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

ERIC

Easy...

KRYSTYL

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

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

KRYSTYL

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

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

ERIC

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

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

KRYSTYL

What is it?

ERIC

There's something in here.

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

KRYSTYL

What's that?

ERIC

I don't know...

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

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

ZOOM IN on the game in Eric's hands.

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

EXT. JUNGLE - ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

INT. JUNGLE - ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

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

ALISTAIR

Kauffman! What in blazes are
you doing?

Felix motions for him to come closer.

FELIX

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

He scrutinizes Alistair and gives him a hard look.

FELIX

Word to the wise, Colonel, you may
wish to schedule a bit of grooming
this evening. Your moustache looks
a bit uneven.

Before Alistair can respond, Hasani throws the ivory dice.

CLOSE UP on the game.

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

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

FELIX

Well! The battle has been won!
Forty-five paces systematically
explored, divided and conquered!
You shame me, my friend. You... are
the master.

Felix tips his hat for dramatic effect.

ALISTAIR

Enough with the theatrics! What is
this rattletrap?

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

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

FELIX

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

He eagerly rubs his hands together in anticipation.

FELIX (CONT'D)

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

ALISTAIR

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

FELIX

(excited)

Not in the *least*!

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

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

TIMOTHY

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

ALISTAIR

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

FELIX

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

Felix begins to stand while Alistair begins to turn away.

TIMOTHY

I'd like to tell you about Jumanji.

The Colonel and Felix freeze in their tracks, then turn to him.

ALISTAIR

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

TIMOTHY

In the interest of our safety and
cooperation, I think it's best we
all understand what we may encounter.

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

ALISTAIR

Well?

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

TIMOTHY

As you know, my father was a
schoolteacher. One of his students
was a boy named Thomas whose family
had fled the South years earlier...
fled the Confederacy, I should say.
Most of his ancestors were prolific
storytellers and of all tales, myths
and lore they passed down from
generation to generation, none
captivated my father as much as that
of the Jumanji.

He pauses, gathering his thoughts.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

The Jumanji were very secluded; few tribes within Africa even knew of their existence. They were shrouded in mystery, and deeply feared.

ALISTAIR

Feared? Whatever for?

TIMOTHY

Supposedly, the Jumanji were capable of acts that could only be described as occult. They were rumored to be able to tame the wildest of animals, control the weather to their preference and even turn day into night.

Alistair shoots Hasani a brief, strange look.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Although the Jumanji were unusual, they were not known to be aggressive, so long as everyone left them undisturbed. For centuries they lived and grew in absolute isolation; never mingling with any other tribe; not even for trade.

Felix sighs and shakes his head despondently.

TIMOTHY

Eventually, European colonists began to arrive. There were certain... incidents between the Jumanji and the white men whom they eventually came to despise.

FELIX

(munching loudly)

What's not to like?

TIMOTHY

The Jumanji feared that they were in danger of losing their home and all its history, but they lacked the proper weapons to successfully defend themselves against invaders. In desperation, they sought the help of something known as a "pepo."

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

ALISTAIR

What's that, a shaman?

NIGEL

The literal translation is... "demon."

TIMOTHY

Yes. And they say that this... this demon put a type of curse on the Jumanji people; one that would seal them off from the rest of the world. That way, the tribe could continue to sustain itself while remaining safeguarded from those who may have wished to harm them or exploit their land.

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

ALISTAIR

What happened?

TIMOTHY

The Jumanji... vanished.

ALISTAIR

What?

FELIX

Vanished?

TIMOTHY

Gone without a trace. No one ever saw any hint of Jumanji's existence ever again. Its people, all of its architecture, all of its animals... gone. It is said that the "Curse of Jumanji" is still in effect to this day, and it is precisely what is hiding them from the rest of the world.

The fire casts an ethereal glow on his face.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

And anyone who attempts to find or conquer the lost tribe of Jumanji... will suffer the same fate.

There is a long silence.

FELIX

That is a fantastic story.

ALISTAIR

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

TIMOTHY

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

NIGEL

The tales that this man has shared with me are identical to those which I have deciphered in ancient writings concerning the folklore and history of central Africa. Also, the land and locations of tribal villages divulged by young Thomas are concurrent with the old, hand-drawn maps left by previous explorers who either died trying to find Jumanji... or were never heard from again.

TIMOTHY

Once I was satisfied that there might be some degree of truth to the story, I enlisted Professor Dawson as our de facto linguist and folklorist. So... knowing what you do now... do you wish to continue?

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

FELIX

You will adhere to our original agreement?

NIGEL

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

FELIX

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

TIMOTHY

You're quite sure?

FELIX

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

TIMOTHY

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

Alistair thinks long and hard. Finally, he nods.

ALISTAIR

A discovery of this magnitude would all but completely ensure immortality for us; the one thing any man yearns for.

FELIX

Well, then! In that case...

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

Timothy stands and places his hand atop Felix's.

TIMOTHY

For Jumanji.

NIGEL

(standing and joining)

For Jumanji!

FELIX

For Jumanji! Colonel?

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

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

They are examining the Jumanji game intently.

ERIC

"Jumanji." Huh.

KRYSTYL

What do you think it is?

ERIC

It's... "Jumanji," apparently.

KRYSTYL

Kind of sounds like a children's book.

ERIC

Or a cartoon show. I wonder how long it's been in the attic?

KRYSTYL

More importantly, who put it there?

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

Inside?

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

(in awe)

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

ERIC

Why don't we find out for ourselves?

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

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

ERIC

Ready?

KRYSTYL

Ready.

ERIC

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

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

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

KRYSTYL

It's a board game!

ERIC

I... guess it is.

KRYSTYL

Check out these cool game pieces!

She holds up two carved IVORY FIGURINES: a Centaurus beetle and a parrot.

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

And look! Dice!

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

ERIC

This must have belonged to someone
who used to live here.

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

KRYSTYL

Let's play!

ERIC

(caught off-guard)

What?

KRYSTYL

Let's play a game!

ERIC

Now? Are you serious?

KRYSTYL

Come on, it'll be fun! We could be the only two players this game has had in years! Besides...

She playfully KICKS at his foot under the table.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

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

Eric looks at her and finally relents with a smile.

ERIC

Okay, one game.

KRYSTYL

I call parrot!

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

ERIC

How do we even play...?

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

ERIC (CONT'D)

(reading the instructions)

Okay..."Players take turns rolling the dice. The first player to reach the center is the winner." Hmm. Simple enough.

KRYSTYL

I like these kinds of games.

ERIC

Why's that?

Krystyl SHRUGS.

KRYSTYL

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

ERIC

Why you?

KRYSTYL

(haughtily)

Because the girl *always* goes first.

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

She rolls a THREE and a SIX, totaling NINE.

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

ERIC

It's moving! How's it doing that?

KRYSTYL

I don't know... Maybe magnets
underneath?

ERIC

(unconvinced)

Maybe...

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

KRYSTYL

Oh, I guess I have to read this.

Krystyl and Eric lean in closer.

KRYSTYL

(reading)

"With tails that sting
and claws that pinch,
they skitter about.
Don't move an inch."

They both just stare at the game, puzzled.

ERIC

This is a weird game.

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

ERIC

(startled)

What?

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

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

ERIC

(jumping up)

Whoa!

KRYSTYL

(hysterical)

Kill it! Kill it! Kill it!

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

ERIC

There's another one!

Krystyl looks at the floor. Another SCORPION is crawling near her foot. She SCREAMS and jumps up onto the chair.

KRYSTYL

Help me!

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

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

She leans back, and the entire chair topples over to the floor.

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

Krystyl shuts her eyes tightly, waiting for the sting.

A VACUUM CLEANER is heard starting up.

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

Eric stands with the vacuum.

ERIC

Where are they?

Krystyl points behind him.

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

Eric shuts off the vacuum, breathing hard.

ERIC

"Who you gonna call...?"

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

KRYSTYL

(sobbing)

I... hate... bugs.

A tearful pause follows.

ERIC

Scorpions aren't bugs; they're arachnids.

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Krystyl is on her hands and knees inspecting every edge and corner of the room. Eric is seated, SCROLLING through something on his smartphone.

KRYSTYL

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

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

KRYSTYL

I didn't think Pennsylvania even *had* scorpions.

ERIC (O.S.)

It doesn't. Check it out.

Krystyl walks over.

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

KRYSTYL

Eww... that's them, all right.

ERIC

Tanzanian Red Claw scorpions.

(reading)

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

KRYSTYL

No kidding!

ERIC

(reading)

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

KRYSTYL

Africa?

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

KRYSTYL

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

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

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

She sits in her chair and picks up the dice.

ERIC

(worried)

Krystyl, maybe you shouldn't-

KRYSTYL

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

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

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

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

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

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

Eric rolls a FOUR and a ONE, totaling FIVE.

KRYSTYL

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

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

KRYSTYL

It's just magnets underneath the
game.

ERIC

(matter-of-factly)

Ivory is not magnetic.

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

ERIC

(reading)

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

They take a moment to reflect on this clue.

ERIC

What's "vex?"

KRYSTYL

It means to annoy.

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

(thinking hard)

Troupe... Wait; isn't that-?

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

ERIC

That came from my room!

They leap up and run out of the room.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - STAIRS - AFTERNOON

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

KRYSTYL

I know what a troupe is!

ERIC

Not the time!

KRYSTYL

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

ERIC

KRYSTYL! Not now!

KRYSTYL

A mob is a group of kangaroos...

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS FOYER - AFTERNOON

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

KRYSTYL

But a troupe is a group of-

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

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

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

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

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

And about a dozen of the hairy creatures are jumping up and down
on his bed.

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

ERIC

Let go! Let go!

The mandrill PULLS harder, and Eric loses his balance.

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

ERIC

Get them off my bed!

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

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

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

Eric and Krystyl place their hands over their ears.

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

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

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

KRYSTYL

So, anyway... that's a "troupe."

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - STAIRS - AFTERNOON

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

ERIC

Those monkeys came from the game!

KRYSTYL

But they couldn't have!

ERIC

What other explanation is there?!

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

Eric slowly sits down and carefully examines the game.

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

Do you think it's... magic?

ERIC

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

He stands and leaves the room.

KRYSTYL

Where are you going?

ERIC (O.S.)

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

We never read this other part.

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

KRYSTYL

(reading)

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

They stand in silence, interpreting these words.

ERIC

What the hell does that mean?

Krystyl stands and looks Eric in the eye.

KRYSTYL

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

Eric looks at her like she's insane.

ERIC

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

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

KRYSTYL

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

ERIC

Not my problem!

KRYSTYL

It is so your problem! You brought them here!

ERIC

Well, it's your fault!

KRYSTYL

My fault?!

ERIC

You started the game! You wanted to play, well guess what? Game over!

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

KRYSTYL

We have a responsibility, here!

ERIC

Krystyl, let go!

KRYSTYL

You let go!

ERIC

We're not playing, anymore!

KRYSTYL

(tugging)

Stop... being... so... selfish!

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

ERIC

NO!!!

KRYSTYL

Omigod!!!

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

ERIC

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

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

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

KRYSTYL

(reading)

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

The dice begin to VIBRATE.

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

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

KRYSTYL

Uh-oh.

With a SMASH, the closet door explodes into splinters.

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

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

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

The pig SNORTS and sizes Eric up.

ERIC

Easy there, Pumbaa. Easy...

The pig readies to charge...

In a flash, Krystyl tears off her hoodie, revealing a white lace bra. She jumps on top of the pig and wraps the hoodie around its head, blinding it.

KRYSTYL

Yeehaw!

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

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

ERIC

We've got to get to the basement!

KRYSTYL

Wait! The game!

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

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

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

KRYSTYL

Oh, jeez...

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

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

KRYSTYL

Are they gone?

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - AFTERNOON

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

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

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

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

ERIC

I found something.

He spies something on the floor and picks it up. It's Krystyl's lacrosse stick, miraculously undamaged.

KRYSTYL

Hey... my lacrosse stick.

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

ERIC

Give me the game. Now.

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - AFTERNOON

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

He studies the bent-up remote carefully, trying to light the fire. It has dozens of nearly identical buttons.

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

ERIC

I've got to destroy it!

KRYSTYL

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

Eric ignores her and keeps pushing random buttons. The TV suddenly flickers on.

KRYSTYL

There are plenty of other people out there! You and I started this game, so now we have to finish it!

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

ON TV:

It is a live news report coming from town.

It is absolute disarray. The mandrills are terrorizing the citizens, causing them to flee for cover. The wild pigs are ramming into cars, trapping people inside.

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

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

REPORTER

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

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

REPORTER (CONT'D)

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

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

REPORTER (CONT'D, O.S.)

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

The screen goes blank as the camera cuts off.

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

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

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

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

He holds the dice in his palm, looking terrified.

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

KRYSTYL

We'll finish the game? No matter what?

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

ERIC

No matter what.

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

ERIC

(reading)

"Savage hunters
are on the prowl
without a trace,
but for their growl."

(to Krystyl)

I don't like the sound of that.

KRYSTYL

What do you think the game's going
to conjure up?

ERIC

(not moving)

Hmmm.

KRYSTYL

Well shouldn't we take cover
before it conjures up *something*?!

ERIC

Hmmm.

Krystyl is perturbed at Eric's sudden demeanor.

KRYSTYL

Why are you ignoring me?!

ERIC

(slowly and carefully)

Because if I look away, it's going
to pounce.

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

KRYSTYL

(hoarse)

What do we do?

ERIC

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

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

ERIC (CONT'D)

Now slowly stand up...

She does. Eric FOLDS up the game.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Easy... don't make any sudden moves.

Now, carefully move toward the door.

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

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

It lands hard on the floor, fighting to unwrap itself.

KRYSTYL

That won't hold it for long!

ERIC

We're not done, yet! The clue said
"hunters." There's more than one!

On the floor, the leopard THRASHES and SNARLS.

ERIC

Come on! Downstairs!

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

ERIC

Upstairs!

He slams the door shut. They turn around and bolt upstairs. After a second, the leopard SMASHES through the door.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS FOYER - CONTINUOUS

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

KRYSTYL

Look out!

A third LEOPARD wanders out of the bathroom.

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

KRYSTYL

Where do we go?!

ERIC

The attic!

He points to the door on the opposite side of the foyer.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS FOYER - CONTINUOUS

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

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

KRYSTYL

We're surrounded!

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

KRYSTYL

What's going on?

ERIC

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

The leopards FIGHT with greater intensity.

KRYSTYL

I'm... flattered?

They carefully inch their way to the attic door.

KRYSTYL

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

ERIC

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

He opens the door and they enter the attic. As they slam the door, the leopards continue their melee.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - DUSK

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

KRYSTYL

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

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

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

No, no; I mean, I think I know how it works. At first it started small. The scorpions... they were creepy, but they didn't really cause any damage. You just... you know... sucked them up.

Eric watches her, musing over her words.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

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

ERIC

"Frenzied beasts are at your heel..."

KRYSTYL

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

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

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

Eric considers this, and realizes she is right.

ERIC

It knows.

KRYSTYL

What?

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

Then the game is... alive?

ERIC

Why not? It's definitely sentient.

KRYSTYL

But why doesn't it want us to win?

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

ERIC

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

He stares at his beetle figurine on the game.

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

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

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

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

The girl shakes her head.

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

The girl hesitates, but then shakes her head.

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

The girl watches, amazed. She eagerly nods.

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

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

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

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

FELIX

Look at these! Aren't they
magnificent?! Genuine ivory!

ALISTAIR

(not looking)

Fascinating.

FELIX

Cost me a brand new Pitkin pocket watch, but at least I didn't have to give up one of my "magical amulets" to make the trade.

He chuckles; Timothy looks suspicious.

TIMOTHY

"Magical amulets?" Felix, what are you selling to these people?

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

FELIX

In most cases, one of these little beauties here is enough to convince an average customer of the Negroid persuasion to part with anything! A simple demonstration of its abilities upon an ordinary nail, and the deal is made!

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

NIGEL

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - DUSK

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

KRYSTYL

I'm ready.

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

ERIC

You can do this, Krystyl.

KRYSTYL

My last turn, the entire first floor was destroyed.

ERIC

And you didn't even technically roll the dice...

He smiles weakly; Krystyl is still uneasy.

KRYSTYL

What could be worse than leopards?

ERIC

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

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

KRYSTYL

Eric... earlier before, when I... called you selfish... Well... I'm sorry. That wasn't fair of me. I don't think you're selfish, I was just... you know...

ERIC

(smiles)

It's okay, Krystyl.

KRYSTYL

Are you sure?

ERIC

I'm sure.

Krystyl laughs nervously.

KRYSTYL

Good.

She resumes SHAKING the dice.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

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

She throws a ONE and a ONE, totaling TWO.

ERIC

What the hell?!

KRYSTYL

Seriously?!

Her figurine moves the pitiful two spaces.

The CLUE SWIRLS...

KRYSTYL

Okay, whatever...

(reading)

"An armless embrace
held after a climb.
Too much of its love
will kill you each time."

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

KRYSTYL

What was that?

An ominous RUSTLING sound is heard.

ERIC

Something's in here.

Pieces of furniture are knocked over with a CRASH.

KRYSTYL

Something big.

Eric and Krystyl stand up and look around.

ERIC

Where's it coming from?

KRYSTYL

I don't-

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

Eric bolts around the table, stops short and pales.

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

KRYSTYL

It's got me!

ERIC

NO!

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

KRYSTYL

Get it off me! Hurry!

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

KRYSTYL

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

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

The snake HISSES, and begins to release Krystyl.

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

ERIC

(letting go)

GET OUT OF HERE!

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

The snake slithers along the attic floor, never deviating.

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

He glances between the approaching snake and the beam.

ERIC

What do you weigh, Kaa? Two, three
hundred pounds?

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

KRYSTYL

What are you (gasp) doing?!

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

ERIC

Timber.

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

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

He PULLS her into a tight embrace.

ERIC

Are you alright?

They break apart and look at each other.

KRYSTYL

Yeah... I'm fine.

(dreamy)

You bit an anaconda for me...

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

ERIC

(killing the mood)

Python.

KRYSTYL

...Huh?

ERIC

That was a python.

KRYSTYL

A python?

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

...I see.

There is an uncomfortable silence. They very slowly and awkwardly part from their embrace.

KRYSTYL

Well, it's your turn... do you think you can still play?

Eric swallows, nods his head and speaks with determination.

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

How so?

MONTAGE: PREPARING FOR BATTLE

- A) Eric tears open a box labeled "Tools."
- B) He hands Krystyl a large, sharp MACHETE. She inspects it.
- C) Eric takes a few practice swings with a HATCHET.
- D) Krystyl retightens her ponytail, looking badass.
- E) Eric switches his sneakers for some hiking boots.

MONTAGE ENDS.

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

KRYSTYL

Ready?

ERIC

As I'll ever be.

He snatches up the dice, rattles them and tosses them onto the board. He rolls a TWO and a FIVE, totaling SEVEN. His figurine moves and his clue is given:

ERIC

(reading)

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

KRYSTYL

They're inside the room!

They stand back to back with their weapons raised.

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

ERIC

Nothing's happening.

Krystyl is confused, as is Eric.

KRYSTYL

That's weird.

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

Yeah... maybe.

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

ERIC

Wow... It's k-kind of c-cold up here.

KRYSTYL

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

ERIC

(shaking worse)

K-Krystyl, I'm... f-f-freezing!

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

KRYSTYL

Eric?

(hysterical)

Eric?!

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

KRYSTYL

What is it?! What's happening?!

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

KRYSTYL

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

He cannot. Krystyl tries to hold his head steady.

CLOSE UP on Eric's eye:

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

KRYSTYL

Worms! Oh my god...

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

KRYSTYL

No! We can't lose those!

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

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

KRYSTYL

NO!

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

KRYSTYL

No, no, no! Not again!

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

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

KRYSTYL

(reading)

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

Eric has lost consciousness by this point.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

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

(thinks hard)

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

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

FELIX

Nonsense!

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

KRYSTYL

Who are you?!

FELIX

(tipping his hat)

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

He nods toward Eric on the floor.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Servant to the downtrodden.

Krystyl stares, unsure.

KRYSTYL

Are you... from Jumanji?

FELIX

Pittsburgh, originally. But indeed,
with just a mere roll of the dice,
you have successfully enlisted the
products and services all contained
within...

He turns, revealing a massive wooden emporium.

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

FELIX (CONT'D)

My fantastical emporium!

He walks into the store and appears behind the counter.

KRYSTYL

What do you sell?

FELIX

Everything and anything. So...!

He claps and rubs his hands together in anticipation.

FELIX (CONT'D)

What might you be in the market for
this fine evening?

Krystyl looks toward Eric, then back at Felix.

KRYSTYL

Can you help my friend, here?

FELIX

That would depend heavily on what
your friend would need.

KRYSTYL

He's sick! He's filled with worms!
He needs medicine, or... something!

FELIX

Worms! Oh, dear; that's rather
serious. But not to worry! Any of
Jumanji's many, many endangerments
are very easily negated by the one
and only Felix J. Kauffman!

He RUMMAGES under the counter. He takes out a small glass
bottle filled with bright blue liquid.

FELIX

May I present to you, Felix J.
Kauffman's Homemade, All-Natural,
Anti-Parasite Tonic! One hundred
percent guaranteed to rid the body
of any and all unwelcome organisms!

KRYSTYL

(hopeful)

That'll cure him?

FELIX

For the right price...

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

KRYSTYL

Would this be enough?

Felix looks at the bill in pleasant surprise.

FELIX

Why if it isn't "Old Hickory;"
champion of the small business
proprietor. I'm sorry, but this
wouldn't fetch nearly an acceptable
sellback price for those with a
penchant for more... *exotic* wares.

He hands it back. Krystyl extricates more items from her wallet.

KRYSTYL

I don't suppose you take Visa...?

FELIX

Vis-à-vis what?

KRYSTYL

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

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

FELIX

Good heavens! Such wild, untamed
crimson; the color of fire itself!
My dear, is this... *natural*?!

KRYSTYL

Yeah... why?

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

FELIX

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Krystyl, now with a very short haircut, is tilting Eric's head
back, pouring the last of the tonic down his throat.

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

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

FELIX (O.S.)

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

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

FELIX (CONT'D)

So, are you the parrot or the beetle?

KRYSTYL

Parrot.

FELIX

Twenty-five spaces... I must say, I'm
impressed. I didn't think any player
could survive beyond the first two or
three turns.

KRYSTYL

We almost didn't.

FELIX

(eyeing her)

No?

KRYSTYL

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

FELIX

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

Krystyl crosses her arms and glares.

FELIX (CONT'D)

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

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

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

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

KRYSTYL

You're definitely from the game?

FELIX

The name Kauffman is synonymous with honesty.

KRYSTYL

Then I want to buy something else from you.

FELIX

And what might that be?

KRYSTYL

Information.

Felix stands up straight, as does Krystyl.

FELIX

About what, exactly?

KRYSTYL

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

FELIX

Which of those questions would you like me to answer?

KRYSTYL

ALL OF THEM!

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

KRYSTYL

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

Felix considers her request.

FELIX

I will do so only on one condition.

KRYSTYL

What's that?

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

FELIX

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

Eternal seconds pass. Finally, Krystyl nods her head.

KRYSTYL

I promise.

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

FELIX

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

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

FELIX (CONT'D)

Although I wasn't too concerned with our mission. My mind's eye saw only negotiations and profits.

CLOSE UP on the compass.

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

INT. JUNGLE - CLEARING - DAWN

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

FELIX

We're still heading east.

TIMOTHY

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

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

NIGEL

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

TIMOTHY

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

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

ALISTAIR

Talk, talk, talk...

Alistair quickly carves an entranceway. Timothy readies for his finest hour. He turns to the others.

TIMOTHY

Alright, everyone. I don't know what we may find in there, but please know that I am forever indebted to you all for your cooperation. Now... let us see the legend for ourselves!

The party charges through the opening into the strange land.

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI RUINS - DAWN

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

CUT TO:

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

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

TIMOTHY

No... This cannot be. What... What happened here? Where is everything...? For that matter, where is *anything*?

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

NIGEL

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

ALISTAIR

What disgusting excuse for a jungle is *this*?!

TIMOTHY

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

FELIX

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

The group stares at him, astonished.

NIGEL

I didn't know you studied biology, Felix.

FELIX

That, sir, was economics.

Timothy is dumbfounded. Alistair has had enough.

ALISTAIR

(enraged)

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

TIMOTHY

NO! No! Colonel-

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

A *pointless* journey, *wasted* opportunities, and not a single thing to show for it!

TIMOTHY

Colonel, there's got to be *something*..

He looks around in desperation.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

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

ALISTAIR

I will not-

TIMOTHY

(losing it)

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

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

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI RUINS - DAWN

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

ALISTAIR

I should never have left England.

FELIX

Don't despair, Colonel.

ALISTAIR

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

FELIX

We'll find something.

ALISTAIR

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

Felix stops walking and points.

FELIX

Perhaps there?

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

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI CAVE - DAWN

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

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

A couple of DECOMPOSING SKELETONS are nearby.

For the first time, Alistair looks uneasy.

ALISTAIR

What sort of devilish trickery is this?

FELIX

The profitable sort, I hope.

Slowly, they approach the glowing crystal ball.

ALISTAIR

This must have belonged to the natives at one time.

Felix gestures to the skeletons.

FELIX

What, them?

ALISTAIR

Well, the ancient Egyptians were very often buried with their belongings and pets... it's not so farfetched. What do you suppose this is?

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

FELIX

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

ALISTAIR

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

He looks in closer and squints his eyes.

ALISTAIR

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

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

FELIX

Colonel?

ALISTAIR

(hoarse)

By all that is holy and pure...

FELIX

What is it? What do you see?

Alistair turns and presents the ball to Felix.

ALISTAIR

Look.

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

CLOSE UP on the crystal ball.

INSIDE THE CRYSTAL BALL:

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

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

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

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

ALISTAIR

(frightened whisper)

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

FELIX

But... but how did...?

ALISTAIR

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

FELIX

(catching on)

One that would seal them off from the rest of the world! That's it! The shaman or demon or whatever it was must have cast a curse of sorts that sealed off the Jumanji, and their land, and their animals, into this orb! An entire world all to themselves contained in something no larger than a grapefruit!

ALISTAIR

Incredible! Completely hidden for all these centuries!

FELIX

... until now.

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

FELIX

We mustn't tell the professor of this! He would try to donate it to his precious university. Bah! He couldn't appreciate the rarity of such a treasure! You heard his promise: I claim all treasures, and this is no exception! Just got to make some room for it...

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

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

Alistair continues staring into the ball and at its contents. Suddenly, the sky within the ball turns from bright blue to an ominous black. A GREEN MIST begins to swirl like a tornado, spinning faster and faster!

ALISTAIR

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

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

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

CLOSE UP on Alistair and Felix.

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

ALISTAIR

What is... happening?!

FELIX

Jumanji! It's... absorbing us!

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

EXT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI RUINS - DAWN

Timothy, Nigel and Hasani hear the trembling and screaming.

TIMOTHY

What's that sound?

NIGEL

It's coming from over there!

TIMOTHY

Felix and the Colonel! They're in trouble!

They take off running toward the direction of the sound.

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI CAVE - DAWN

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

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

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

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

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

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI RUINS - DAWN

Timothy, Nigel and Hasani approach the collapsing cave.

TIMOTHY

They're trapped in the cave!

NIGEL

Colonel! Mr. Kauffman!

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

TIMOTHY

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

NIGEL

Heaven help us...!

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI CAVE - DAWN

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

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

CAMERA PANS OUT on the game and destroyed cave.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

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

FELIX

I've been trapped within the game ever since. Over one hundred and twenty years... but I don't think I've aged one day.

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

KRYSTYL

I'm so sorry, Mr. Kauffman.

Felix gives a very sad smile.

FELIX

It's funny... one of my associates claimed that immortality is what any man yearns for. Well, he was only half-right. Man does not yearn for immortality. With delusions of grandeur, he mindlessly pursues it in a selfish, attempt to avoid death; something he considers beneath him.

Felix begins to breathe more heavily, his anger rising.

FELIX

Every day it's the same routine. I awake to a *false* sunrise and set up shop. I never have any customers, mind you, but it's a routine I seem to have fallen into. After I close the store, I must spend the rest of my free time searching for *more* materials to never trade, and then listen to a cacophony of bats, insects and ungodly rituals within an artificial, glass-domed world! I see the moon, too. A moon that never waxes, that never wanes, that I know ISN'T EVEN REAL!!!

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

Felix pants heavily, until finally calming down.

FELIX

Forgive me.

KRYSTYL

It's alright... But why didn't Jumanji just... suck us in instead of letting us play?

ERIC (O.S.)

Because we've challenged it.

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

KRYSTYL

Eric!

ERIC

Careful; I stink.

They part from their embrace.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hey... you cut your hair?

KRYSTYL

It'll grow back.

FELIX

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

ERIC

Much better. Thank you.

KRYSTYL

How much of his story did you hear?

ERIC

Enough.

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

ERIC

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

Krystyl slowly nods.

ERIC (CONT'D)

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

FELIX

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

Eric walks to the table and sets down the game.

ERIC

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

He picks up the dice.

ERIC (CONT'D)

One of us has to win.

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

KRYSTYL

I'm ready.

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

ERIC

You were right.

KRYSTYL

About what?

Eric shuts his eyes and takes a deep breath.

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

Why?

Eric looks her in the eyes.

ERIC

Because I don't want to change. I don't want to forget. I don't want to forget about everything that I've done and achieved and experienced. After everything I've been through, how can I just leave?

KRYSTYL

Because, in a way, you're not. I mean, how many of your experiences are you going to take with you when you go? How many of your adventures will still have meaning and value, even when you move on?

Eric stares.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

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

Eric nods.

ERIC

Everything.

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

ERIC (CONT'D)

(reading)

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

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

KRYSTYL

A storm.

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

Totally. No worries at all.

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

KRYSTYL

(reading)

"A small attraction
thrives and grows.
What once were still
become your foes."

ERIC

An attraction?

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

ERIC

I don't get it.

Krystyl shakes her head, and then frowns. She notices a small paperclip on her right thigh.

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

ERIC

I'll get that.

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

KRYSTYL
(afraid)

What...?

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

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

ERIC
(realizing)
Krystyl, you're magnetized!

KRYSTYL
WHAT?!

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

ERIC
Look out!

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

KRYSTYL
No!

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

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

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

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

With her free arms, Krystyl PUSHES the table over in front of her. The tools sink deep into the wood and remain still.

Eric and Krystyl give great sighs of relief.

KRYSTYL

What does magnetism have to do with
a jungle?!

Felix looks rather guilty.

FELIX

I... haven't the slightest idea.

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

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

FELIX

Kauffman's Magnetism Neutralizing
Powder.

Eric looks skeptical.

FELIX

Deus ex machinas are my specialty.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

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

KRYSTYL

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

Eric picks up the dice and blows on them.

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

ERIC

(reading)

"He sets his sight
and takes his aim.
He is the player,
and you, the game."

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

KRYSTYL

Who's "he?" What game?

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

ERIC

The game..

In an instant, he knows. The color drains from his face.

ERIC

(scared stiff)

Oh no.

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

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

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

He raises his gun to fire..

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

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

ERIC

We've got to get out of here!

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

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

FELIX

Colonel, no! Let them finish the game!

Alistair turns back to Felix briefly.

ALISTAIR

You have your occupation, Kauffman;
Leave me to mine.

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

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

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

KRYSTYL

He's gonna kill us!

ERIC

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

Alistair appears at the window and raises his gun.

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

ALISTIAR

You cowardly urchins!

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

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

But... but what about you?!

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

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

The sliding glass doors open in the background. Eric grips her
shoulders tightly.

ERIC

(screaming)

GET OUT OF HERE!

He pushes her away and runs in the opposite direction.

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

ALISTAIR

Yes... run.

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

Krystyl watches the scene unfold before her. She turns and
stares at the house, mustering her courage.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

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

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

ALISTAIR

Do you take me for a fool, boy?
There's no better hunter in either
world.

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

ALISTAIR

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

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

ERIC

Please don't kill me.

Alistair's face almost softens, but not quite.

ALISTAIR

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

ERIC

Why not?

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

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

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

ALISTAIR

(whispers)

You know what.

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

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

He follows his quarry into the foliage.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS FOYER - NIGHT

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

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

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

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

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

An engine REVS UP over the thunder.

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

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

INT. CAR - NIGHT

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

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

INT. CAR - NIGHT

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

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

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

Alistair gives a rather effeminate SCREAM as the car plows into the brambles. The sounds are lost in the distance.

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

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

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

KRYSTYL

My turn.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

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

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

ERIC

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

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

ERIC (CONT'D)

He... tried to kill me.

KRYSTYL

We can't give up. There are people counting on us... Even if they don't know it. We have to keep playing.

FELIX (O.S.)

Best to get on with it, then.

Eric and Krystyl turn at the voice.

ERIC

Huh?

KRYSTYL

Mr. Kauffman?

Felix, as well as his entire emporium, stands in a corner.

ERIC

How did you get here?

FELIX

(shrugs)

I go wherever I am needed. Mustn't keep my customers waiting.

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

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

KRYSTYL

(reading)

"Your footpath betrays you.
The ground, it doth shift.
A quag will consume you
unless you are swift."

(to Eric)

What does any of *that* mean?

ERIC

...I have no idea.

They remain still, contemplating.

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

KRYSTYL

The floor!

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

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

ERIC

It- It's liquid! It's-

KRYSTYL

QUICKSAND!!!

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

KRYSTYL

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

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

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

ERIC

I can't reach!

KRYSTYL

This is it! It's over!

ERIC

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

KRYSTYL

This is the end...

ERIC

Mr. Kauffman! Help us!

Felix shakes his head mournfully.

FELIX

I cannot help you that way. That's
not my role in the game.

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

They are almost up to their necks.

KRYSTYL

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

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

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

KRYSTYL

(breaking apart)

I... I lo-

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

ERIC

KRYSTYL!!! KRYSTYL!!!

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

ERIC

MR. KAUFFMAN!!!

Felix darts his eyes left and right, as if to make sure no one
is watching.

FELIX

(clears throat loudly)

Is it not your turn?

He nods toward the sinking game.

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

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

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

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

Eric's panicked face disappears into the bog.

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

CLOSE UP:

The clock's minute hand moves two minutes backwards.

CUT TO:

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

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

KRYSTYL

(reading)

"Your footpath betrays you.
The ground, it doth shift.
A quag will consume you
unless you are swift."

(to Eric)

What does any of *that* mean?

ERIC

...I have-

Eric looks ill as he gets an ominous sense of déjà vu.

Eric grabs her arm and pulls her toward him. He ROLLS her out of the danger zone. The box and game immediately begin to sink...

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

KRYSTYL

What the-?

She looks to the game and understands:

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

Quicksand! Whoa, good instincts, there! I would never have figured that out!

FELIX

No, I don't imagine you would..

Eric looks to Felix, who smiles knowingly.

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

KRYSTYL

I tell you, we never know *what* to expect with this game.

Eric looks like he is seeing Krystyl for the first time.

ERIC

No... we don't.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Eric and Krystyl once again kneel to play, the game resting on the floor. Outside, the rain, thunder and lightning continue.

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

ERIC

(grave)

It's not my turn.

KRYSTYL

(confused)

Yes, it is. I just rolled, so-

ERIC

Roll again.

KRYSTYL

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

ERIC

Uh...

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

ERIC (CONT'D)

You just have to trust me on this.

She studies the game board, grabbing the dice.

KRYSTYL

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

ERIC

What about me?

KRYSTYL

(counting)

You just need... eight.

ERIC

(choked up)

Please be careful.

KRYSTYL

Hey, I'm not dead yet.

Eric grimaces. Krystyl rolls the dice...

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

KRYSTYL

(disappointed)

No...

ERIC

So close...

KRYSTYL

(counting)

Seven... eight... nine. Okay Jumanji,
bring it on.

Her clue takes a little longer to materialize...

KRYSTYL

(reading)

"An endless tribe
so long concealed,
is born again;
its fate revealed."

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

ERIC

Do you hear that?

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

KRYSTYL

(listening)

It sounds like...

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

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

"An endless... tribe..." OH, MY GOD!

She leaps up and grabs Eric's arm.

ERIC

What is it?!

KRYSTYL

Jumanji!

ERIC

What's it sending?!

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

KRYSTYL

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

The garage door leading to the house SMASHES open.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

Jumanji!

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

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

All natives wear a crude wooden mask, each one modeled after a different animal. Most of them hold bizarre, wood-and-stone weapons.

The CHIEFTAIN (80s), a man in a tribal leopard-skin cloak with a leopard mask, points to Krystyl and screams something in his language.

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

KRYSTYL

Get away from me!

Eric throws himself in front of her. A native simply grabs his throat and SHOVES him aside.

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

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

ERIC

Krystyl!!!

(to Felix)

What are they doing to her?!

FELIX

Roughly translated, the chieftain there intends to light a pyre and sacrifice your copper-haired companion to the heavens.

ERIC

They're going to kill her?!

FELIX

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

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

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

Krystyl remains bound and gagged, restrained by two natives.

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

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

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

ALISTAIR

The game's over, boy.

He cocks his gun, slowly moving toward Eric.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

(grins evilly)

Welcome to Jumanji.

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

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

ALISTAIR

Blast it!

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

ALISTAIR

No, you don't!

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

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

ALISTAIR

(freeing his foot)

Eh? Get away from me, you filthy apes!

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

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

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

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

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

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

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

One lands on the concrete floor. A small, furry hand CATCHES the other one just before it hits the ground.

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

ERIC

Hey!

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

ERIC (CONT'D)

Give me that!

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

Eric takes off after the monkey.

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

Alistair has fought his way out of the quicksand and follows Eric into the house.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

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

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

ERIC

Stop! I need that!

As they round a corner, Eric charges straight into a native. They are knocked to the ground. In the struggle, Eric snatches away the native's spear and throws it at the mandrill.

The spear grazes the mandrill. It DROPS the dice and runs away in fright.

Eric frees himself from the native and crawls toward the dice.

ALISTAIR (O.S.)

No!

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

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

ERIC

Oh, come on!

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

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Six of the larger Jumanji natives have WRENCHED the wooden door of its hinges. They carry it over to the now-burning pyre.

Three other natives carry Krystyl and begin to tie her around the door with vines. She is shrieking and struggling frantically, but the natives are too strong.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Eric wildly looks around the ravaged kitchen. The pigs are at the overturned refrigerator, hungrily eating its spilled contents.

Eric turns over dishes, trash, etc. looking for the dice.

CLOSE UP on one of the hogs.

The hog is eating when it suddenly stops. It shudders, gives a few convulsions, then VOMITS up the contents of its last meal.

On top of the pile of vomit lies the missing dice. Eric stares with revulsion.

ERIC

... Of course.

He dives at the dice. The hogs trot away.

A vicious SNARL is heard.

ERIC turns, and sees another black leopard watching him.

ERIC

Nice kitty...

The leopard SWIPES a paw at him, flinging the dice off screen.

Eric slowly starts to get up, never taking his eyes off the leopard.

Just as the leopard readies to pounce, it sniffs the air and turns its head.

A trio of pigs is nearby, drinking water from the leaking sink.

The leopard instantly ROARS and pounces toward the hogs, instead. Their frightened squealing is heard.

Eric shudders, then once again lifts himself up.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The chieftain raises his arms and pronounces something loudly. The natives shout in approval.

Krystyl, still tied to the door, is carried by the natives toward the fire.

From his emporium, Felix shuts his eyes and turns his head, unwilling to watch the ritual.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Eric races into the dining room, then freezes.

Thousands of scorpions are now swarming over the floor, walls and table in the room. The dice is lodged in a corner, as is Krystyl's lacrosse stick.

For a moment, Eric is paralyzed.

KRYSTYL (O.S)

ERIC!!!

Eric snaps back to attention and, with jerking movements, sidesteps around the scorpions to get to the dice.

As he bends down to flick away some scorpions, Alistair appears in the doorway, aiming his gun.

ALISTAIR

Hold it!

Eric pauses, then slowly turns around.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

I've had quite enough of this.

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

ERIC

I'm still game!

He YANKS the tablecloth directly up, sending a shower of scorpions upon Alistair.

Alistair screams and thrashes about, trying to get the scorpions off him.

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

A mandrill's SCREECH is heard.

The mandrill has recollected the dice, and is holding it on top of an overturned chair.

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

ERIC

Hey!

He chases after it.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The natives gently lay the door down onto the fire, which has grown into a roaring blaze. They begin to chant even louder.

Krystyl, still blindfolded, is struggling to free herself from the vines.

KRYSTYL

Eric! Mr. Kauffman! Anybody!

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

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

Krystyl starts to RUB her right hand back and forth, grinding the vine against the edge of the wooden door.

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

ERIC

Okay, Rafiki... just be a nice monkey
and give me the dice.

Alistair appears at the entranceway and takes aim..

BLAM! The bullet hits Eric's lower back and bloodily explodes out the other side.

Eric begins SCREAMING and falls to the floor. The mandrill SCREECHES and runs away, dropping the dice in the process.

CLOSE UP on Krystyl's arm.

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

Natives are chanting. The fire rages. It is absolute chaos. The game seems to be lost.

Through his pain, Eric opens his eyes and casts one last look at his friend. Krystyl locks eyes with him, a desperate, pleading look etched on her face.

Eric looks around and sees the missing dice several feet away.

ERIC

(through gritted teeth)
We'll... finish the game.

Eric SWINGS the lacrosse stick around and uses it as a net to capture and pull the mandrill's dice toward him.

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

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

ERIC (CONT'D)

No... matter... what!

Eric releases the rubber band. The dice FLINGS across the room and smacks straight into the other dice, causing them to ROLL about.

Alistair stomps over to Eric's crippled body and cocks his gun.

ALISTAIR

You just never learn, do you?

Meanwhile, the dice stop rolling and land on FOUR and FOUR, totaling EIGHT.

Eric painfully turns his neck to watch his game piece move...

Alistair grabs Eric by his throat and partially lifts him up off the floor.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Courage can only take you so far.
Look around; the game is lost. You
and the girl will soon expire.

The piece still moves...

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

And your spirits shall spend all of
eternity trapped within the game...
as my prey.

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

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Any last words, boy?

"JUMANJI" swirls in green letters.

He has won.

Eric looks Alistair straight in the eye with a manic grin.

ERIC

JUMANJI!

In an instant, everything stops. The natives freeze and look toward Eric. The burning pyre is immediately extinguished. Smoke billows upward.

Numb with shock, Alistair momentarily looks toward the game before returning his attention to Eric.

ERIC

(in pain; smiling)

Good game.

CLOSE UP on the game.

The black orb in the center twists with a SCRAPING. There is a rusty SNAP, and the orb splits open, revealing a GLOWING GREEN ORB.

All eyes are on the orb as it LEVITATES into the air.

A low HUMMING begins to grow louder and louder. Small hairline cracks start to form in the orb.

ALISTAIR

What is this?!

Felix begins to laugh and cry out of sheer ecstasy.

FELIX (CONT'D)

It's victory! He's beaten the game!

In an instant, the glass orb SHATTERS! A wave of tremendous green mist begins to expand and envelop the entire room.

Alistair lets Eric drop to the ground with a THUD. He lets out one final SCREAM of agony.

ALISTAIR

No! You cheated! You must have!

He aims his gun at Eric's head, but as he attempts to fire, he (and his gun) vanish in a burst of green energy. His roar of defeat echoes and dies away.

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

In the chaos, Krystyl leaps off the wood pile and runs to Eric. She kneels down and places her hands on his shoulders.

KRYSTYL

You did it! You won...!

She notices blood pooling underneath him.

KRYSTYL (CONT'D)

Oh, my God; you've been shot!

ERIC

Krystyl-

KRYSTYL

YOU'VE BEEN SHOT!

Eric is beginning to fade from loss of blood. He slowly raises a hand and caresses Krystyl's face. She receives his hand and becomes silent.

ERIC

Thank you.

Krystyl gives a tearful smile. Eric smiles weakly in return.

Meanwhile, Felix laughs as he leaves his emporium and closes the enormous shutters in front. He turns to Eric and Krystyl.

FELIX

Thank you! To the both of you!

KRYSTYL

But... we destroyed your world!

Felix smiles sagely and shakes his head.

FELIX

No. You have freed me! And in
doing so, you kept your promise.
I never doubted either of you!
Not for an instant!

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

FELIX (CONT'D)

Farewell, my friends! Though your
adventure is at its end, kindly
remember the products and services
offered to you by the one and only
Felix J. Kauffman!

Felix tips his hat one last time. An instant later, he too
disappears into the swirling mist.

The tornado is at its maximum strength. Eric and Krystyl are
the only two discernible objects left.

The duo is dissolved by the sheer brilliance of the green light.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Eric and Krystyl lay in a tangled heap on the floor. The sun is
streaming through the window. Everything is peaceful and quiet.

A clock is heard TICKING in the background.

As if coming out of a dream, Eric and Krystyl groggily open
their eyes.

They slowly turn their heads to look at each other.

KRYSTYL

... What happened?

Eric shakes his head.

Suddenly, he sits upright and lifts his shirt. His bullet wound
is completely gone.

Shocked, he experimentally moves his legs. Everything works.

KRYSTYL

You... you're alright! Your back...!
Your legs!

ERIC

(pointing)

Your hair!

Krystyl raises a hand to her scalp. Her hair is back to its shoulder-length and in a ponytail.

KRYSTYL

But... but how did this happen?!
Everything was all crazy, and then...
Wait... wasn't it night a minute ago?

ERIC

(incredulous)

Yeah, it was! But...

He stops and looks at his surroundings.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Krystyl, look at the house!

Krystyl looks around, her eyes widening. Eric's house is back to normal. There is no hint of any damage or activity at all.

Eric gets up and runs off. His footsteps can be heard running from one room to another, checking for damage.

Krystyl shakily gets to her feet and inspects the living room.

She lets her gaze linger on a wall clock.

The time is 2:34pm.

Eric's FOOTSTEPS can now be heard running upstairs.

Krystyl looks around in confusion. Then she notices the Jumanji game, still on the coffee table. It has been folded up.

She carefully reaches down and opens the flaps. The game has reverted to its pre-Jumanji self. Unaltered, and the glass orb in the center has vanished.

KRYSTYL
(to herself)

The curse...

Eric rounds a corner and steps back into the room.

ERIC
Everything's back to normal!
There's no damage, no animals, no
natives, no hunter... nothing!

Krystyl continues to stare at the game.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Krystyl?

Krystyl turns to face him, her face full of relief and wonder.

KRYSTYL
You won! You beat the game! You
broke the curse! Remember; "the
exciting consequences...?" Everything
that happened as a *consequence* of us
playing the game has disappeared!
Including the amount of time we
spent playing! Look at the clock!

ERIC
What about Mr. Kauffman, and...?

KRYSTYL
Their spirits are finally free!
Jumanji is gone! Look!

Eric is speechless for a moment. Then, he begins to laugh.
Krystyl smiles and wipes away some tears.

They immediately wrap their arms around each other in a tight
hug. Neither one wants to let the other go.

ERIC
Game over.

As they hug, the CAMERA pans down to the Jumanji game.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUNGLE - JUMANJI RUINS - DAY

Timothy and Nigel stand in front of two crude piles of stones with a makeshift cross embedded in each, engaged in prayer.

Behind the two men, the collapsed cave looms ominously. Hasani is still digging through the rubble.

TIMOTHY

"...We ask it in your name, amen."

NIGEL

Amen.

A few moments of silence pass.

TIMOTHY

It's all my fault, Nigel.

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

TIMOTHY

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

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

TIMOTHY

...What's he got there?

NIGEL

He says he found it buried under some rocks. It's something Felix had with him earlier.

Timothy takes the folded game and studies it.

TIMOTHY

"Jumanji?" But how did...?

(realizes)

Of course... Felix must have been designing this in preparation for if we ever found the lost tribe.

NIGEL

What will you do with it?

TIMOTHY

Keep it, I suppose; as a memento of
my fruitless quest. After that,
perhaps just hide it away somewhere.

Timothy takes out a cloth bag and slips the game inside of it.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Let us leave this miserable place,
Professor Dawson. I daresay it is
time for me to put my explorer ways
behind me.

Nigel nods in understanding. He motions for Hasani to follow.

The three walk back to the hole in the brush from before.
Hasani makes a gesture with his hand toward the grave markers,
then at the sky. A prayer, of sorts.

Before Timothy exits, he casts one last look at the desolate
wasteland that was once a prospering society.

TIMOTHY

Perhaps some things are just best
left unfound.

The three leave the ruins forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - AFTERNOON

A fire has been lit in the now undamaged fireplace. The Jumanji
game has been set ablaze and is slowly burning away to nothing.

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

Eric is frowning, apparently trying to psych himself up.

Krystyl notices his consternation and gently nudges his
shoulder.

KRYSTYL

Hey. Something on your mind?

Eric turns to look at her. There is a pause. Suddenly, Eric leans over and captures her mouth in a long, slow, passionate kiss. Krystyl is caught off-guard for a moment, but her eyes soon flutter shut.

Finally, they break the kiss. Krystyl is shocked and blushing.

ERIC
(stunned)

Wow...

Krystyl doesn't respond. Eric starts to look worried.

She soon gives an impish grin and elbows Eric in his side.

KRYSTYL
What took you so long?

Eric and Krystyl snuggle up a little more closely on the sofa and once again stare at the incinerating game. She leans her head on his shoulder.

KRYSTYL
You know what?

ERIC
What?

KRYSTYL
Maybe a game *can* have two winners.

Eric smiles and kisses her cheek.

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

FADE TO BLACK

THE END