

Dinosaur City

By

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SUPERIMPOSE: "One need moves all."

SUPERIMPOSE: "*Food.*"

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DUSK

An empty street in a war-torn city. A breeze blows some papers. The sound of tin cans CLANGING against the concrete.

Total silence sans the soft whispers of the wind. The orange haze of sunset provides the only light.

In the distance, a small CLANKING of a tiny cart. A RAGGED HOBO makes his way down the abandoned street, searching for scraps.

He stops occasionally, turning over scraps on the ground, ever searching.

His cart is full of odds and ends, most notably his few small, cracked dishes. A scrap of meat, a wedge of moldy cheese, a dirty glass of water.

The Hobo looks starved.

A loud CRASH. The SCURRY of footsteps.

Two RAIDERS dressed in tattered body armor of varying levels of effectiveness.

The have large shotguns and they begin SHOUTING at the Hobo.

RAIDER #1  
(pointing his gun)  
Hey! What's in the wagon, old man?

RAIDER #2  
(pointing his gun)  
Give us your scraps or I'll blow  
your fucking brains out!

The Hobo cringes and holds his fingers up to his lips, begging the two to silence themselves.

Raider #1 is not interested in heading warnings.

RAIDER #1  
Listen you scabby shit, I haven't  
eaten in days!

(CONTINUED)

RAIDER #2  
Me neither!

RAIDER #1  
Gimme what you got, I ain't asking  
twice!

A ROAR rings out. Echoes bounce off brick walls.

The Raiders are startled.

RAIDER #1  
(turning toward sound)  
The fuck...?

RAGGED HOBO  
(whispering)  
This is not a good place. We are  
not alone here.

The three of them are wary now. The two Raiders whirl  
around, pointing their guns at nothing in hopes of seeing  
the source of the sound.

RAIDER #2  
If it's a small one, no worries.  
These are twelve gauges!

RAIDER #1  
(trailing to a whisper, now  
scared)  
What if it's a big one?

RAIDER #2  
Ain't nothing bigger'n two barrels  
of hot buck lead.

RAGGED HOBO  
(whisper)  
You boys aren't from uptown. They  
get big here. You need to stop  
shouting. Now.

The two Raiders turn again toward the Hobo.

RAIDER #2  
No, old man, you need to start  
giving me that meat. You're  
starting to make me angry.

A low RUMBLE.

(CONTINUED)

RAIDER #1  
I'm half dead. We gave up  
everything to get these guns and  
now they're finally paying off.

Suddenly, the Hobo's eyes widen to something behind them,  
but they are not the wiser.

RAIDER #2  
So what's it going to be, you tramp  
piece of shit? It's eat or get  
eaten.

Behind them stands a towering, twenty foot tall  
Tyrannosaurus Rex. It bends down, preparing to lay claim to  
its prey.

The Raiders are none the wiser when Raider #1 is scooped up  
into the mighty jaws of the Rex, a RIP and TEAR of flesh as  
his upper half is devoured in one mighty chomp.

The force of the Rex's bite into the three pushes the Hobo  
to the ground. He scrambles into some nearby debris,  
underneath an overturned green, industrial garbage bin. He  
can peer out from beneath to witness the carnage before him.

His cart is thrown asunder, plates and things CLAMORING to  
the ground.

Raider #2 immediately pulls his gun and begins laying fire  
into the Rex. The BLAST of the shotgun rings, bathing the  
Raider in a glow of muzzle-flash.

He catches some of the flesh on the Rex's face, but it does  
not stop it.

The Rex shrugs off his attacker with nothing but a small  
wound. It is too late. The Raider desperately and  
instinctively makes a grab for another couple of shells to  
load into his empty shotgun.

As the Hobo watches from his hiding spot, the Rex devours  
the second Raider. Something in front of him catches his  
eye, his small scrap of meat.

He almost pushes himself out to grab it, but he thinks  
better of it and remains hidden from the Rex.

He watches the scene with horror, wishing desperately to  
grab his meat, but instead the disembodied arm of the Raider  
lands just in front of it, soaking it with blood.

The Rex ROARS.