

Prehistoric City

Prehistoric City

By

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Late Cretaceous Period

Approximately 66 million years ago

Western Continental United States

The full-grown Triceratops Horridus could barely raise its frill rimmed head to push the last of its offspring into the hole it dug in the mud. The small, shallow opening would provide little comfort for the four infant Triceratops Horridus in the raging snowstorm, but the parent was simply following instinct. Dinosaurs had no way of knowing how to counteract a major American winter blizzard and like any cold-blooded animal the frigid temperatures and the lack of vegetation would spell doom for the Triceratops Horridus family.

Just a few weeks ago, the Triceratops Horridus family were feeding on lush ferns growing in vast numbers on the plains that would later become Hell Creek, Montana. Now everything was gone –all plant life, all insect life. It was replaced by an ice sheet several inches thick and a seemingly endless gray fog that never lifted. Snow had started suddenly a few days after and continued to rain several inches per hour.

The weakened adult Triceratops Horridus pushes through the snow to inspect the four infants in the mud hole. They cry out for food that she does not have to give them. She pushes through the deep snow accumulation and finds a tiny piece of brown, frozen grass. Using her bony beak, she uproots the dead foliage and holds it out to the four infants. They take turns nibbling at it while she holds it in her beak.

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A sound coming from within the thick fog makes her turn. Suddenly, another Triceratops Horridus appears moving towards her and the nest. The second Triceratops Horridus does not seem to be as old as her and its frill is partially shattered from the cold temperatures. He spots the nest and begins to move towards it. The older Triceratops Horridus immediately rises from her position near the infants, makes a loud, bird-like croaking sound and moves forwards to block the younger Triceratops Horridus from the nest.

Suddenly, the older Triceratops Horridus falls over completely overcome by the frigid temperatures. There is a large gash on the creature's side which is oozing fresh blood. There is another bird-like sound which sounds more like a clicking and then a Nanotyrranus emerges from the ice induced fog and heavy snowfall. He appears severely weakened by the cold but musters enough strength to bite into the dead Triceratops Horridus. The Nanotyrranus shakes his head and backs away from the frozen carcass unable to bite through the solid, cold flesh.

He suddenly turns towards the nest.

The Triceratops Horridus does not wait a second. She uses her last ounces of strength to push herself towards the Tyrannus. The bipedal carnivore just barely moves out of the way as the Triceratops lunges. With surprising speed despite her weakened condition, the Triceratops Horridus whips her frill around, slicing through the Tyrannus's right leg. The carnivore howls in pain as blood spurts from the deep wound, staining the snow red.

The Tyrannus rushes the Triceratops Horridus and attempts to bite him behind the bony frill only to encounter hard bone. The Triceratops moves forward and the Tyrannus backs away from the two razor-sharp horns. The three horned dinosaur moves forward driving the Tyrannus further away from the nest.

The Tyrannus bends down and sinks his twin sets of six-inch dagger-like teeth into the stubby right leg of the Triceratops Horridus. Blood runs down the herbivore's leg as the

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Tyrannus releases his grip and backs away again. The Triceratops Horridus knows it will soon die between the extreme frigidness and the wounds it has sustained so, like a bull at the matador, it runs towards Tyrannus.

Just before the Triceratops Horridus reaches his adversary, the ground they are on collapses from their combined weight. Both creatures fall some five hundred feet to a frozen lake below. Because of the heavy frill of the Triceratops Horridus, the four legged herbivore sinks into the frothy ice water without a trace.

The Tyrannus struggles for a few seconds to keep his mouth above the icy water. He emits what sounds like a dying condor or eagle then sinks beneath the ice.

One of the Triceratops Horridus' offspring looks down from where the two titans fell. Shivering in the cold, the tiny Triceratops Horridus hurries back to the nest which now slowly becomes obscured in heavy snowfall.

New York City

Present Day

December

Judge McCellan exits his private quarters and hurries up to the bench. He has examined the day's schedule and sees he only has one case today. Two archaeologists suing each other who are also in the midst of a bitter divorce settlement. No children for either side. Judge McCellan smiles to himself a bit. This should be an easy hearing and perhaps he will be able to leave court early to start the Christmas holiday.

"All rise", the Bailiff calls out.

The people in the courtroom stand up as Judge McCellan takes his seat. Then, they sit down.

At the front of the room, John Righton is seated with his lawyer. On the opposite side of

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the courtroom is his wife, Lisa Righton.

Judge McCellan flips through some papers.

“I understand that the two of you are married, but filing for divorce in a different court case”, Judge McCellan states.

“Yes,” both lawyers reply almost in unison.

“But this case is not about that. You are suing each other over...let me get this right... fossils you discovered while married. And these fossils are of...what ?” The Judge states confused.

John Righton’s lawyer speaks up.

“Is it okay if I allow my client to speak for himself”, the lawyer inquires.

“I will permit that”, Judge McCellan replies.

“They are dinosaur fossils, your Honor”, John states.

Suddenly, Lisa Righton speaks up.

“Yes, my area of expertise is in Triceratops fossilizations your Honor”, Lisa states.

“And my area is in Tyrannosaurus Rex”, “ John replies.

Judge McCellan groans slightly.

“And the dispute is...” McCellan begins to state.

Both John and Lisa Righton talk at once.

Judge McCellan holds up his hand.

“One at a time...one at a time please!”

They continue to talk over each other,

Judge McCellan bangs his gavel. Both become silent.

“Miss Righton...your side first”, the Judge declares.

“Your honor...”, Lisa begins.

“Whenever we’re in court, she’s allowed to speak first”, John yells out.

“Mr. Righton please. You will get your turn”, John’s lawyer states.

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“Mr. Righton there are to be no outbursts. I will hold you in contempt”, the Judge states firmly.

“Now what is the nature of this lawsuit ? Mr. Bradley why don’t you inform the court”, the Judge asks of Lisa Righton’s attorney.

“Yes. Thank you your Honor. John and Lisa Righton, as you know, are currently in divorce court. Legal issues have arisen because in archaeological digs, Lisa Righton has discovered Triceratops fossils as well as Tyrannosaurus skeletons. To locate the two creatures in a dig site is quite common since they frequently fought each other in prehistoric times and died together from their wounds. Am I correct Ms. Righton ?”

Lisa Righton nods yes.

“And Mr. Righton ?”

“Yes. So far you are correct”, he confirms.

“Mr. Bradley please get on with it”.

“Yes, your honor. Given that, many sites that the couple worked in contained some bones of each creature. Ms. Righton discovered Tyrannosaurus bones in her sites and Mr. Righton found Triceratops bones in his sites. Neither party can complete their skeleton without some fossil pieces from the other. Museums will not pay for incomplete displays.”

“Get to the point, Mr. Bradley”, the Judge demands.

“Neither party will give the other the missing fossil pieces. Now that they are embroiled in a pardon the cliched expression...a “bitter divorce”...each side is seeking monetary damages for the bones that the other is keeping from them.”

The Judge rolls his eyes at the bench.

“I knew...I just knew when I read the docket this morning that this case was too easy to be true!” The Judge exclaims.

The Judge pauses for a minute. He exhales loudly.

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“This is what I am going to do. Dinosaurs and fossils are not my area of expertise. But, what I will do is forward this case.”

“What do you mean”? inquires John’s attorney.

“I know a lawyer who oversees all the legal work at the American Museum of Natural History here in Manhattan. I am going to ask him to collaborate with both parties. As these...bones...fossils whatever...are gone through by the two disputing parties...if problems arise...he will determine which fossils go with which side. The Court will schedule another hearing six months from today to see how everything is progressing.”

The Judge bangs his gavel and both parties begin to pack up and leave.

The Judge calls the Bailiff over.

“Bailiff...its awfully hot in here.”

“Building management had the heat going full steam starting at 6AM. It was only ten degrees out. But suddenly its seventy-five out.”

“Seventy-five degrees ?! On December 24th! The Judge states excitedly.

“Must be global warming,” the Bailiff responds.

“I tell the building guys to turn up the AC,” the Bailiff adds.

“I’m going to take lunch. When is my next case ?”

“1:20. Housing court.”

The Judge rushes to his chambers, grabs the remote, and turns on a small, flat panel TV on a bookshelf.

A newscaster sits at a studio desk.

“Hey Artie...what’s going with this weather ? Santa’s going to need sunscreen I can tell you that. “

“You are right about that, Ken. Unbelievably we went from twenty degrees this morning with a wind chill of ten to seventy-five at noon and we anticipate the mercury to hit eighty-five by rush hour.”

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“Eighty-five?” The Judge exclaims as he bites into a hamburger he ordered.

The TV weathercaster continues.

“Our viewing audience is not going to believe this, but weather satellites have picked up a huge warm air mass coming from the south. We expect that in the next couple of days... now don’t faint anyone...we could hit ninety-degrees or possibly higher.”

“Maybe I should buy the kids bathing suits for Christmas. This is insane!”, the Judge exclaims as he wolfs down the burger.

John and Lisa Righton exit the Courthouse. John removes his winter coat.

“Can’t believe how hot it is!”

“You always get your way”, Lisa states as he hails a yellow cab.

“What is that supposed to mean?”, John presses.

“You do. Now a court appointed supposed dinosaur expert lawyer is going to go through all our stuff...and most likely determine that is all belongs to you”, Lisa states.

“Well, I didn’t know he was going to rule that way.”

John pauses and states at her.

“How is that me always getting my way?”

Lisa throws up her arm.

“Because...I had someone at the museum..and old friend who is also a law clerk who would have done it for us, but you didn’t want her. You gave no reason why.”

“Well, here’s the reason.

John begins to walk towards a subway station. He shouts to her.

“I don’t trust you or your friend the law clerk who knows about fossils. Okay?”

“What ?!”

Lisa shouts back at him as he walks down the subway stairs.

“Oh but you trust some court appointed dummy at the Museum.”

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John throws up his arms.

“I have to now don’t I?”

Lisa begins to speak.

John cuts her off.

“This conversation is violating the court order you placed against me that I am not to talk to you or come within a certain distance of you while the divorce proceedings are going on.

Remember?”

John disappears down into the station.

Lisa shrugs.

“What a jerk you can be, John”, she mutters to herself as he gets into the back of a cab.

Montana. A farmer, Will Blakely, looks with concern while several construction workers dig on his property. A pickup truck park nearby reads: O’SULLIVAN SEPTIC TANKS MAINTENANCE AND CLEAN-OUT. One of the men diggings hears a sharp bang when he drives his shovel into the ground. He hears it repeatedly.

“Hey Mitch. Hittin’ somethin’ hard here. Feels likes a pipe”, the worker states.

“There used to be a small house on this end of the property, My granddaddy said that the owner rented it out in the summer months to people travelling cross country. After he passed, my father had it torn down –it was full of termites. That could be the old piping from it your hitting”, Wil Blakely informs.

Mitch O’ Sullivan, owner of the septic tank business, walks over to the hole and looks in.

“You guys...bring your shovels over here. Tom a hand here. Dig around where he’s shoveling...let’s see what he’s hitting’.

Ten more men go into the excavation and begin moving dirt. In a few minutes, part of the object begins to be revealed. Tom runs his leather work gloved hand over it; the surface is glass smooth and his glove is damp.

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“Mitch your gonna think we’re losin’ it, but this is a hunk of ice!”

“Are you kiddin’ me?” Mitch states while looking in the dig site.

“Looks to be pretty big too”, another worker adds.

“How big would you say?” Mitch asks

“I’d say at least twenty feet across”, another worker states.

“I know my father had the water all shut down when they tore down the place”, Wil states.

“Could be an underground stream...but I’m surprised the water would freeze up like that so far down”, Mitch adds.

One of the diggers kneels down and puts his eyes right up to the ice block they unearthed.

“Hey Mitch...I can’t be certain, but it looks like there’s an animal frozen inside of there. I can see what looks like a hand with claws.”

“An animal?” Wil states worriedly.

“Could be some hedgehogs got caught up in there,” Mitch explains. He thinks for a moment.

“If we’re gonna get to the septic tank, we have to got to get that block of frozen rodents outs there,” Mitch exclaims.

One of the workers bangs his shovel repeatedly on the ice block producing a clanging sound.

“I don’t think we can lift it out,” the worker states.

“No no you guys can’t do it. I’ll call for the winch truck.”

Mitch rushes to the pickup truck, reaches into the passenger side, and retrieves his cell phone from the car’s glove box.

One of the worker looks closely at the ice block.

“That don’t look like the paw of no hedgehog to me.”

Mitch comes back.

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“Lenny’s coming with the winch. Gonna be a while on account he’s over at Mildred’s place pulling a tree out form her tank.”

Several hours pass and the sun begins to go down when the winch truck finally arrives.

“By the time you got here, the ice block was about to melt,” Mitch states sarcastically as Lenny Rooney, the winch and flatbed truck driver, hauls the ice block out of the hole.

Wil Blakely kneels down to take a closer look at the ice block.

“There’s animals frozen up in there for sure, but I don’t think there no rodents,” Will states.

The ice block falls down onto the flatbed truck with a loud bang.

Mitch hands Lenny some cash.

“Take it into town...take it to the skating rink. I already called them. They’ll keep in there temporarily. I’m going to notify the sheriff’s office.”

The next morning John Righton’s 1980’s style retro alarm goes off at 5:00 AM. He slowly rises, flips on the TV, then goes into the bathroom. The news is on.

“This story has just come in from one of our affiliates. A farmer in Montana unearthed a block of ice that scientists from the Montana Natural History Center believe contains the frozen bodies of two dinosaurs...perfectly preserved for over 60 million years.”

John rushes out of the bathroom while brushing his teeth.

“Will Blakely was having a local plumber clean out his septic tank when the workers discovered a nearly thirty-foot block of solid ice approximately twenty feet under the ground. The workers noticed that the ice appeared to have animals frozen in it. The block was taken to the Montana Center of Natural History where scientists there used a sonogram machine much like the ones used in hospitals to examine what the ice contained. Shockingly, they discovered that the ice contains what appear to be two dinosaurs perfectly frozen.”

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“I—I can’t believe it! John exclaims.

“Montana center stressed these are not fossils nor bones...but the undecayed dinosaur bodies in suspended animation. However, scientists are unable to determine the genus of the two dinosaurs. According to authorities, one dinosaur appears to be laying on top of the other, frustrating sonogram examinations.

John grabs his cell phone and starts to dial his ex-wife, then stops.

“Oh I forgot. I can’t call her...the court order,” he states to himself.

Just as John put the phone down, it rings. He sees it is his ex-wife, but then before he can answer the call cuts off.

“She must have realized the same thing.”

The newscast continues and John turns back to the TV.

“We just go this in from our affiliate WKKT in Montana. The ice block is currently on its way to Manhattan via a refrigerated semi. The truck is due in New York in about three hours. Details are sketchy right now, but our affiliate says that the Museum of Natural History has been working through the night to secure a location near the Museum where the truck can remain with the ice block inside. The block will remain in the refrigerated truck until archeologists at the Museum can decide how to proceed.”

“Well, that’s just the most unbelievable story,” another anchorman states.

“And given the unusually freakish warm weather in New York City, its going to be an added challenge to keep that ice from melting,” another newscaster chimes in.

John shuts the TV, grabs his phone and a notebook, and rushes form his apartment.

Meanwhile, in Brooklyn, Lisa Righton dashes from her Greenpoint apartment and runs to the subway.

The scene in and around Manhattan’s iconic American Museum of Natural History is pure chaos. Nothing like it has ever been seen in the streets of New York City. Police

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officers rush to close streets ahead of the convoy which is made up of several Montana state police cars, a sheriff's SUV, an Army APC, unmarked government sedans, and the Kenworth refrigerated truck housing the ice block. The convoy crawls through the thronged city streets as inquisitive New Yorkers struggle to get a look or snap a photo. Several onlookers stand in the middle of the street snapping photos. A cop runs up to them.

"People you can't stand here...please. Get back on the sidewalk behind the metal dividers," the cop demands.

The convoy begins to slow as it approaches the Museum of Natural History. Standing around the Museum's perimeter are a veritable army of New York Police officers, National Guardsman, firefighters, EMS, and legions of news reporters. The Museum is barely visible behind a wall of fire trucks, police cars, and news vans.

Overhead, police choppers hover as well as several Blackhawk copters.

A small red Renault car screeches to halt. A French journalist leaps out and heads towards the oncoming convoy holding a digital SLR camera.

A cop rushes over and grabs him by the arm.

"Hey, where do you think you're going?"

"I want to snap a few shots as the convoy approaches the Museum.," the journalist states

"I'm sorry you'll have to take them behind the perimeter gates," the cop demands.

"I have credentials," the man states as he holds up a badge.

"I don't care what you have...you take your picture behind the fence," the cop recoils.

Angrily, the man jumps back into his Renault and zooms away.

The cop leads the convoy in.

The lead vehicles stop by the Museum's west side. On the grounds of the Museum, workers stand alongside a gargantuan freezer box built on the grounds of the institution. Four massive compressors are connected to the giant refrigerated box with power cable

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hooked to ten Con Ed portable generators.

A few feet from the giant walk-in box, the Museum has a massive circus-like tent erected. A number of Museum workers are standing under the tent waiting for the

the convoy to arrive and for the Museum crew to transfer the ice block from the tractor trailer to the giant walk-in refrigerator box.

Just as the Kenworth truck housing the ice block begins to get near the walk-in box, an equally large oil tanker begins to advance down a side street directly in line with the Kenworth.

A number of police officers jump in front of the tanker.

“What are doing, buddy ?!”, the first cop yells out.

“Back it up. How’d you get here ? All the side streets are blocked”, another cop shouts out.

The tanker driver leans out the window.

“I went around the barrier. Listen, I drove all night from Amarillo to get this gas here. They told me you’ve got to get there by Christmas Eve. Well, I’m here. I’ve got to deliver this today because I have to pick up another shipment in Atlanta tomorrow.”

“Turn it around or we impound your truck”, a more senior level police officer dressed in a white shirt yells out.

When the driver does not respond, several National Guardsman leave the APC behind the Kenworth and walk up to the tanker truck.

“Okay...okay...I’m going!”

“All we do is worry about dinosaurs in this country. What about the working man”, the annoyed truck driver mutters to himself.

“I don’t care. When there’s no more oil, go rob it from the Arabs!”, he shouts out the drivers side window.

He guns the trucks diesel engine and lurches forward passed the Kenworth truck. Just

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as he passes the truck containing the ice block, the photographer driving the Renault zooms by trying to snap a picture of the National Guardsmen with their rifles drawn.

The tanker driver spots the small car too late and swerves wildly to avoid T-boning the tiny vehicle.

The tanker clips the rear bumper of the Renault, sending pieces of rear light lenses, the rear bumper, and one of the back fenders flying in every direction. The tiny French sedan spins around several times until it comes to a stop smashed up against a NYPD van.

The tanker cab smashes into an unmarked police cruiser, crumpling the sedan under its front wheels while the tanker portion of the truck jackknifes.

In a split second, the tanker detaches from the cab and falls onto another NYPD car, compacting it flat.

The tanker truck cab careens onto the sidewalk with the smashed patrol car underneath. It strikes a lamppost sending it crashing down and comes to a complete stop.

The French photographer leaps from the Renault enraged. The back portion of the car is completely missing and the side crumpled like tin foil.

He glances at the damage.

“Look what you’ve done to my car you American fool”, the French photojournalist shouts out.

The tanker truck driver launches from the cab and head towards the French photographer, ignoring the tanker lying on its side.

“Just look what you caused here! Now how am I going to tell my boss about this. This gas is due at the station and then I’ve got --

The police begin to move in when there is suddenly a loud sound of metal tearing. Without warning, gas begins to pour out from one of the covers along the top part of the tanker. It gushes out and in just a few seconds begins to fill the street with gasoline.

“Everyone clear the area! Get away from here...we’ve got a gasoline leak!”, one of the

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cops yells out.

People who were calmly lining the streets near the Museum of Natural History to see the arrival of the frozen prehistoric creatures begin screaming for their lives.

A number of onlookers throw over the police barricades and metal fencing. Another group jump on top of police cars and run towards the sidewalk.

“Hey, what about my truck ?”

Two officers grab the truck driver and pull him away from his damaged cab.

“Your going to the station house, buddy”, one cop mutters angrily.

Numerous fire and EMS vehicles descend onto the scene as the gasoline spills from the severed tank. Like a river, it runs towards the Museum.

One of the Museum workers rushes from the tent set up next to the refrigerated walk-in box to one of the Con Ed portable generators nearest the on-rushing gasoline.

“Get out of there. Some crazy guy jackknifed his tanker truck. The gasoline is coming out”,

he shouts through the van’s rear doors.

Two Con Ed workers rush out.

The river of gas continues under the refrigerated walk-in box, standing ready for the Museum to place the ice block in. Another separate stream of gasoline runs in the opposite direction till its pools under a number of police cars, vans, and the truck containing the ice.

More people scream and run from the scene.

Just then, John Reighton runs out of subway station directly across the street from this. He threads through numerous police cars, EMS ambulances, and National Guardsmen Humvees. As he approaches, a National Guardsmen rushes up to him.

“ No one allowed past this point!” The Guardsmen shouts out.

“My name is John Righton. I am a certified paleontologist and I work part-time and

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freelance for the Museum”, he states slightly out of breath.

John holds up an ID.

“I’m sorry sir...absolutely no one is allowed past this point. I suggest you get back on the subway and head home”, the Guardsmen demands.

John struggles to look over the crowd. He hears the screams and sees people running.

“What’s going on over there?”

“We’ve got a serious situation. A tanker truck overturned near the Museum. It’s leaking gasoline.”

John rolls his eyes.

“Oh my God. Is the ice block is any danger?”

Before the Guardsmen can respond, Lisa Reighton comes running from the subway.

She rushes up to John.

“You’re here already!” Lisa blurts out.

“You’ve got to be first in New York”, John states.

“You’re too close! Remember...the restraining order”, Lisa reminds John.

“I could say the same thing to you”, John hits back.

Lisa looks around.

“What the heck is going on? Where’s the truck carrying the ice block ?”

“A gas tanker truck turned over. There is hi-test spilled all over the place”, John informs her.

Before anyone else can speak, the gas near the portable generator van goes up with a loud whoosh. A second later, the van’s gas tank erupts and the van is hurled six feet into the air and then comes crashing down.

The various tributaries of gas catch fire.

Another one heads right for the tractor trailer containing the frozen dinosaurs.

Another few moments go by, then the gas tank on the tractor trailer blows. The force

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of the explosion blows apart the refrigerated section housing the ice.

The piece of ice with the dinosaur bodies inside is thrown from inside the truck. It impacts the street with such force it shatters like an ice cube dropped on a hot city blacktop.

Shards of ice scatter everywhere. The two dinosaur carcasses are clearly visible now, but still blurred by sheets of frozen H₂O around them. The intense fire right next to the remaining ice is causing the ice to melt rapidly as legions of fire fighters take positions around it.

“Oh my God!” John states excitedly.

“I can’t see what species they are, but there’s definitely something in there. If they don’t douse those flames, the bodies are going to be burnt to a crisp beyond recognition,” Lisa demands as she attempts to get a closer look.

The National Guardsmen moves in front of her.

“Well, what do you expect them to do, Lisa. There’s been an accident. Remember when you had your car accident,” John states sarcastically.

Lisa ignores John.

“They shouldn’t have brought the ice block into the city. They should have left it at the Montana Museum,” Lisa concludes.

John wipes his forehead with his sleeve.

“Can’t believe how hot it is for December. Must be close to a hundred out,” he states.

A news copter hovers over the scene.

Inside the copter, a cameraman leans out of the copter’s side door, taping the chaotic scene below.

“This is Walt O’Mally from News Night. We are currently over what has become pandemonium outside the Museum of Natural History. Sources on the ground tell us that a tanker truck seeking to get through the traffic to deliver gasoline to a nearby

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station jackknifed, causing the one of the tanker's ports to rupture. Gasoline that poured out came in contact with one of the portable generator vans powering the refrigerated box the Museum was hoping to put the two frozen specimens in.

The generator blew at about 5:17 PM and then a few seconds later flames spread to the truck bringing the dinosaur bodies into the city, " the newscaster states.

"It's just utter chaos down there," the other newscaster seated in the chopper states.

"But, firefighters have hit the flames with a special fire-retardant foam and it looks like they have it under control," the other journalist states excitedly.

"I can see the dinosaur bodies slightly better now that some of the ice melted, but I can't make out what type they are nor how many," the cameraman interjects.

Dozens of the Museum's staff drag a heavy tarp over the exposed dinosaur bodies to protect them as a huge tow truck pulls the truck cab away from the scene.

Just as the Museum staff anchor down the tarp, there is movement underneath the thick canvas.

The Museum staff rush away.

Suddenly, one of the formerly frozen prehistoric creatures now freed from his icy prison tears through the tarp.

What emerges is what appears to be a dinosaur a strong resemblance to a Tyrannosaurus Rex, but somewhat smaller.

The dinosaur slowly pokes his head through the tear in the tarp as Museum workers, police, fire fighters, and National Guardsmen form a perimeter around the creature.

Lisa is astonished.

"That can't be possible! My God ---it's alive! It's free and it's alive!"

John uses a pair of mini binoculars he has in his shoulder bag.

"This is incredible...it must have been in a complete state of suspended animation. It

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must have fallen in the ice during the early part of the Ice Age before the weather was cold enough to kill them," John remarks.

"Surrounded by the ice completely, he was freeze dried instantaneously like a TV dinner... the body, skin, everything perfectly preserved," Lisa adds.

John looking through the binocs.

"I can't be absolutely sure from this distance, but it looks a lot like a Nanotyrranus," John informs.

"Well he's right up your alley," Lisa kids.

The Nanotyrranus leaps from what is left of his icy prison and lands on the roof of a nearby police van. The van's roof buckles slightly from the weight. It makes a croaking sound similar to a swamp frog followed by a series of loud hisses as it peers down at the events around it.

Suddenly, the tarp moves again and another saurian is freed.

John smiles to himself and hands the mini binoculars to Lisa.

"I think he...or maybe she...will look familiar to you," John jokes.

Lisa grabs the glasses.

"I'm not supposed to talk to you...the restraining order...remember," Lisa states.

"So don't talk...just look," John returns fire.

Lisa squints through the glasses.

"My God...it's a Triceratops Horridus," Lisa observes.

As John and Lisa watch mesmerized by what they are witnessing, the National Guardsman makes a quick call on his shoulder-mounted radio.

"They must have been fighting before they fell into the ice. He has a tear on his right front leg. It's still bleeding," Lisa states in utter shock.

Just then a Hummer pulls up and a number of National Guardsman emerge.

"Officers, my name is John Reighton. This is my wife...I mean...my soon to be ex-wife

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and we are paleontologists. These animals are our area of expertise an—”

One Guardsman knocks the binocs out of John’s hands.

Two more Guardsman hold him while a third binds his hand with wire cuffs. With a shove to his back, he is led to the Hummer.

A woman soldier pulls Lisa’s handbag from her shoulder, tearing the strap in the process.

“Hey!” Lisa exclaims.

The woman soldier hands the bag to another soldier.

“Check this,” the female soldier demands.

The female Guardsman leads Lisa by the arm to the same Hummer John went in. The Hummer threads through the traffic and chaos of the area by the museum as it heads towards a camouflage Army trailer parked near the Museum.

As this goes on, the now free Triceratops Horridus confronts the Nanotyrranus. The Nanotyrranus emits what sounds like a series of ear-piercing bird squawks directed at the Triceratops Horridus. He jumps down from the van’s roof and begins to walk rapidly towards the Horridus.

“They’re going to fight,” Lisa states.

“They’re going to finish here in New York City what they started 66 million years ago,” she adds coldly.

John stars out the Hummers back window as they move towards the Army command trailer passing hundreds of fire fighters, police officers, Army troops, FBI agents, etc.

Just as Lisa predicts, the Horridus charges the Nanotyrranus.

At the last second, the mini-Tyrannosaurus leaps out of the way of the charging Horridus. The Horridus collides with an EMS vehicle, sending it hurtling several hundred feet until it crashes down.

The Nanotyrranus whips around and attempts to sink its teeth into the Horridus’ exposed back. The Horridus cries out as the Nanotyrranus tears some flesh. The Horridus

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moves it heavy bones shield to the left away from the Nanotyrranus, then swings it hard to the right. When the bony ridge shield makes contact with the Nano, the reduced version of the Tyrannosaurus Rex is thrown a few feet.

The Nano gets up and hisses at his foe.

The Horridus prepares to charge again, but an Army APC skids to a stop right in front of the animal. The Nano bits furiously at the APC thinking it to be another saurian attempting to steal his meal. A Marine emerges from the top hatch, fires a pistol in quick succession, then retreats back into the armored .

The Nano frightened by the popping sounds of the gun backs away.

“No bullets!” John shouts out from the Army Hummer as they driven away from the scene, but can still see the action.

The Horridus bends his legs providing him with force and lunges at the armored car.

He hits it, but the APC barely moves. Backing up, the Horridus hits it again. A sizeable dent appears on the vehicles side and a few tools bolted to the top fly off. The Horridus backs up and hits the APC again except this time one of his three horns skewers the front tire, exploding it.

The Nano begins to advance on the Horridus again, but the Horridus, somewhat exhausted, from its encounter with the Army vehicle proceeds to run away.

The Horridus runs down one of the side streets leading up to the Museum. Onlookers panic as the Horridus crashes through a series of parked police cars and rushes into Manhattan traffic.

The Nano leaps onto car, sees the Horridus, and takes pursuit.

A number of surviving police cars chase them. One of the Blackhawk helicopters veers away from the Museum and heads off in the direction of the dinosaurs.

The Horridus smashes headlong into traffic. Sedans, SUVs, yellow taxi cabs, delivery Sprinter vans and mopeds are tossed and pushed in every direction.

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Behind the three-horned saurian, his prehistoric foe attempts to catch up to him.

Inside the leading patrol car, Office Rosario swerves from side to side to avoid the tons of automobile debris flying like a storm in front of him. Tires, bumpers, broken glass, and other pieces pelt his patrol car.

Rosario grabs the car's radio.

"This is Officer Rosario. I am trying to keep up with them, but –

He throws the steering wildly from side to side to miss a hailstorm of car parts.

Rosario can see the Horridus head towards the sidewalk. He pulls out from a line of battered cars to maintain pursuit. The Horridus plows through a series of Citi bikes which are hurled into air and rain down on Rosario's car. The Nanotyrranus is struck with a few bikes and pauses to examine where the bikes hit him.

A number of rats run out from under the bike dock.

In the blink of an eye, the starving Nanotyrranus consumes a number of them as they scurry about.

Two of the Citi bikes fall onto Office Rosario's cruiser shattering the windshield. He pulls up onto the sidewalk. Three more patrol cars stop behind him. The Horridus has run down a side street.

Office Rosario jumps from his car and approaches the Nanotyrranus. The dinosaur completely ignores Rosario and sniffs the pavement for more rodents. He finds a series of trash pails that have gotten knocked over and begins to eat the garbage inside. He tears a dark green Hefty bag with his front claws, pulls out a piece of fried chicken, and eats it.

Rosario does not wait for the other officers. He draws his taser gun, aims, and fires.

The twin wires shoot out and embed themselves in the Nano's thick skin.

The Nano squeals as he receives a jolt of electricity. He grabs at the wires with his teeth, severing them.

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Ignoring Rosario and the other police, he runs into the intersection. A small panel truck swerves to avoid the saurian. In the last-minute move, the truck driver hits a parked sedan in the back rupturing the car's gas tank. The resulting fire is small, but the thick black smoke of burning gas is enough to cloud the officer's view. They rush into the intersection, scanning for the two creatures.

Disgusted, Rosario holsters his taser and uses the walkie-talkie on his shoulder.

"Base...this is Rosario. I'm at the corner of 34th and Broadway. You're not going to believe this, but I lost them."

The walkie-talkie crackles back.

"How could you lose two dinosaurs?"

"Don't ask. I can tell you that they're headed for Times Square...and they're hungry!"

Back at the chaos surrounding the Museum, the Humvee carrying Lisa and John stops and they are taken out.

Another man dressed in a suit approaches.

"Who are they?"

"Two more we caught trying to get photos. I told them to leave, but they refused," the lead National Guardsman states.

"Put them in the bus with the others," the suited man replies.

The Guardsman start to lead Lisa and John to a city bus filled with people arrested at the Museum.

"Now hold on it a second!" John yells.

"We're not just some crazies that came to make trouble...we're licensed paleontologists," Lisa cuts in.

The man who appears to be a superior waves his hand at the Guardsman escorting the couple.

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“Wait...wait,” he tells the Guardsman. The Guardsman removes the wire cuffs

John fishes for his smartphone. He shows it to the superior.

“My information. I work part-time for the Museum,” he states as he rubs his wrists where the cuffs were.

“So do I,” Lisa adds as she attempts to repair her snapped handbag strap.

“This is my wife...I mean ex-wife...I mean..uhh...soon to be ex-wife...Lisa and my name is John,” he replies.

“My name is Bill Flanagan. I’m a civilian employee of the National Guard. Usually, I only handle hurricanes, floods, and civil unrest. This dinosaur stuff is all new to me. All I know about them is what I remember reading in my books from Scholastic as a kid growing up in Kansas,” he states.

“Please...don’t send us away...we can help,” Lisa tells Bill.

“I’ve got two dinosaurs loose in New York City. Unless you know a way to kill them...”

“It’s not as bad as it could be,” John states to Bill.

“The Nanotyrannus is not nearly as big as a T-Rex. In fact, its very name means small or pygmy Tyrannosaurus. When the first skeletons were discovered in Montana in the 1940’s, archaeologist mistakenly thought they had come upon juvenile T-Rexes,” John reassures Bill as he draws on his extensive knowledge of dinosaurs.

“Horridus is your basic Triceratops. He’s slow moving,” Lisa adds.

“Tell your men not to use weapons. We want them captured alive,” John demands.

“I’m not sure I can do that,” Bill states.

“You have to! They can’t be harmed...we’ve never had anything like this to study. Two living dinosaurs!” John cannot contain his excitement.

Another National Guardsman walks over to Bill.

“Sir...it’s Aerial Unit 2,” the Guardsman states as he hands Bill a sat phone.

“This is Flanagan.”

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“Police on the ground said they were heading towards Tie Square, but we’re over 42nd and Broadway now and there is not sign of them,” the Blackhawk pilot states.

“They’re most likely looking for food. Your men don’t have to be afraid, Bill. I don’t believe they pose any harm to people. They’ve woken up from a 66-million-year sleep to find themselves in a completely alien world from what they knew. How would you react ?” John replies.

“Proceed with caution. We have an expert here who says they are probably looking for food,” Bill adds.

The Blackhawk pilot looks over to the copilots seat and sees a number of Subway sandwiches in a cardboard carton that then men were going to eat. He takes the box, hurls it out of the pilot’s side window, then guides the Blackhawk to slightly higher over the street so as to reduce the sound of the helicopter’s rotors.

A few minutes go by.

The pilot looks around the copter’s front window.

“I don’t see any---”

Suddenly, the Nanotyrranus rushes out and begins eating the cold cuts from the sandwiches.

“Got the one that resembles the Tyrannosaurus. He was hiding behind a parked bus,” the pilot states.

Without checking with his superior, the pilot maneuvers the Blackhawk and opens up with the copters machine gun.

The sound of machine gun fire is heard through the sat phone.

“Tell him not to use the guns. The noise will scare them away before he can get a bead on them. It will result in---” John begins.

Just as John predicted, the Nanotyrranus grabs a mouthful of turkey slices then runs away just as the bullet rake across a line of parked vehicles.

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“—a great deal of collateral damage,” John finishes.

Large caliber bullets tear apart a series of cars in Times Square. People scream and rush from inside the stores and eateries. Glass and metal fragments fly about.

“Stop firing!” Bill shouts into the sat phone.

The pilot releases the gun control.

“He ran before I could even target him.”

“Just hover and keep an eye on him for now. We have experts here now who say gunfire won’t do the trick. They move too fast,” William yells.

Down the block from this, the Triceratops Horridus gets scared as well and goes headlong into a Wendy’s.

Employees scream. They run out of the fast-food store as the Triceratops plows through the seating area, the counter, and hits into the produce freezer in the rear of the store.

The freezer door is thrown from its hinges and dozens of heads of ice-cold lettuce pour out.

The Triceratops grabs ten heads at a time and consumes them.

A police car sees the melee at Wendys and screeches to a halt in front of the store.

As customers and staff rush out, he goes it with weapon drawn. He stops several feet from the Horridus as he feasts on the lettuce.

The cop fires a number of shots at the Horridus.

The bullets simply bounce off of the Horridus’ bony shield.

Spooked by the gunfire, the Horridus exits the Wendy’s completely smashing the police car as he exits.

John checks what he has in his shoulder bag. He checks both a 35mm SLR camera and a compact digital camcorder.

“You’ve got to get us close to them. It’s the only way,” Lisa demands as she loads film

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into a small 35mm plastic camera.

“I had someone look up both of you...you’re married...well...at least you *were*.”

The report says your locked in a ---

Lisa and John speak in unison.

“---bitter divorce.”

“It says you both have restraining orders against each other. You’re not supposed to get within 500 feet of each other,” the Guardsman commander continues.

“I think it’s actually 300 feet, but that’ll be good for the next time John eats garlic pizza at Tuduro’s in Little Italy,” Lisa quips.

“Or when Lisa buys that cheap perfume at L’Eclipse,” John shoots back.

“Oh yeah...how bout when you stunk up our house...when we had a house...with that half-dead Komodo dragon you found that had been hit by a bus,” Lisa rebuts.

“I was doing work for the Museum,” John quickly states.

“Work..huh...when did you do any work ? The best work you could have done was turned that thing into a handbag,” Lisa fires back.

“Could the two of you cut it out, please?,” the Guardsman states, highly annoyed.

Lisa and John stop and exchange angry glances.

“In case you haven’t noticed, we have two wild animals that have not eaten a decent meal longer than any other animal in recorded loose in this city. We haven’t even had a chance to do a full, official evacuation.”

Bill jabs his finger in the air.

“There are people trapped in those office buildings afraid to come to the street level. Now, so far we’ve been lucky that in all this melee no one has been killed, but something tells me are lucky is soon to run dry.”

Bill pauses and catches his breath.

“I’ll have one of my pilots fly you there against my better judgement, but you have

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to try to work together...for the time being, at least,” Bill pleads.

Lisa and John don't speak. They just nod.

“Meyer!” Bill calls over a Guardsman.

“Have O'Reilly fly these two to the site where Flannagan just radioed. Do whatever it is they suggest.”

Meyer rushes off.

Bill turns to Lisa and John.

“Well, you two are going to get a firsthand look at our two unwelcome visitors. I hope you can stop fighting long enough to help us out, “ Bill quips as he walks away.

John and Lisa give each other threatening looks.

A couple of hours later, a two Blackhawk helicopters take off from near the Museum and head towards Times Square. Two U.S. Army Cobra copters fly shotgun alongside.

Bill's voice is heard over the headsets.

“I hope you two can figure out some way to stop them...trap them...anything. It's going to be dark soon. I presume dinosaurs go to sleep when it gets dark. Am I right, Mr. Righton?”

Bill states.

“It's hard to say, Bill. We only have real lizards to go buy. With all of the excitement, they may not rest. They have no nest...home place to go. This crazy hot weather is making them extra active.”

“That's not really the answer I was hoping to hear,” Bill cuts in.

John exhales as he thinks.

“If we don't get them soon, they may leave the city looking for tundra similar to where they lived originally,” John states ominously.

John pauses and looks at Lisa. She nods approval.

“I know this sounds insane Bill, but if they get out of the city limits we...we may never find

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them. They could go into an underground tunnel somewhere...come out once in a while for food.”

“That’s still not what I wanted to hear,” Bill states.

John thinks again.

Lisa puts on the headset.

“We’ll see what we can do,” Lisa adds.

The pilot turns around to face them.

“We’re coming up on the last point Flanagan said he saw them,” the pilot states.

The four copters hover over Time Square as people run for cover.

Suddenly, the Nanotyrranus emerges from one of the traffic clogged side streets.

“We’ve got one!” Lisa shouts over the whine of the Blackhawk’s rotors.

The Nanotyrranus grabs an abandoned hot dog vending stand by the bright Sabrett’s pole, tilting it over. Dozens of frankfurters spill out amidst the scalding salty water. The Nanotyrranus oblivious to the Blackhawk hovering just a few feet over him voraciously eats the hot dogs, pretzels, and rolls. He gobbles some of the relish and sauerkraut, but spits it out.

“Guess he’s not much for spicy food,” the pilot states.

“Uh-oh,” Lisa adds.

“Here comes the other guy,” she continues.

The Triceratops Horridus slowly approaches the Nanotyrranus as he cross a street jammed with abandoned vehicles and buses.

John looks around the helicopters panoramic front window. Just across the street from where New York City’s prehistoric tourists are about to duke it out, he spots a number of construction workers getting ready to view the battle. Behind them John can see an enormous hole with digging equipment ringing the dig site.

“Do you have a PA on this thing?” John inquires.

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The pilot reaches up and flips a switch.

“You’re on the air, my man!”

“Listen...you men at the construction site. We need your help! Please!”

The Nanoyarns and the Horridus are distracted by John’s booming voice and look up at the Blackhawk.

“I need you guys to get inside those digging machine and dump trucks. We’ll lead them over to you and when I give the order, you push them into the hole. We’ll take it from there. Understood ?”

The construction workers all give John a thumbs up.

“John do you think that’s such a good idea –they might injure them,” Lisa states concerned.

“We’ve got no choice Lisa. We’ve got to get them off the street now or that Guardsman commander is going to give the order and turn them into handbags.”

“But in the close proximity of that hole they’ll kill each other in a matter of minutes,” Lisa adds.

“I’m one step ahead of you,” John replies.

“Do you have tear gas on board?”

The pilot points to a compartment between the seats.

“We have a gun or we can fire a rocket from the pod,” the pilot replies as he jabs a finger at the nose of the copter.

“When they are both in the hole you fire it from the pod. As much as you can. I don’t know if it will work. There’s no way to know if it will affect them the same way it affects people, but it will at least create a fog that will keep them off each other for a minute.”

“And then what ?” Lisa asks.

John shrugs.

“I don’t know. I’m hoping that after they’ve eaten a lot and with the tear gas...maybe...”

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just maybe...they'll go to sleep. If it wasn't so damn hot the wintry weather would surely subdue them. They've been running around the city for almost six hours now...they've got to be pretty tired."

"How are we going to get them over to the dig?" Lisa asks as she leans out of the open copter door, watching the two saurian and shouting over the deafening rotor.

John thinks for a moment.

"Well, they seem to have both acquired a taste for New York hot dogs...let's give them John states with a bit of humor.

John scans the area through the copters windows.

He points.

"There!" Across the street on the corner right in front of Sephora. Let's grab it!"

The pilot positions the Blackhawk right over the hot dog stand abandoned on the corner of 45th and Broadway. He lowers a winch; grabs holds of the stand latching the hook onto the stands portable generator and swiftly lifts it high into the air.

"Quickly, take it over the dig site!" John yells

As the hot dog cart is jostled upward, it tilts over slightly, spilling its contents onto the street. As the copter lifts it towards the site, hot dogs, rolls, salty pretzels, relish, freshly cut lettuce and tomatoes, sliced onions, bottles of Poland Spring water, Hershey's chocolate bars, small bags of Wise potato chips, and cans of Coca-Cola spill out.

Smelling the food and the steaming, salted water, the two saurians forget each other and rush to consume the cart's contents. The Nano makes quick work of the dozens of spilled frankfurters both cooked and raw.

The Horridus grabs the mounds of cole slaw and sauerkraut.

Both dinosaurs follow the trail and head towards the massive hole. Every so often, the Nano hisses at the Horridus and then continues to follow the copters. The Horridus

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responds with a bird-like squawk and goes uninterrupted eating the tons of tomatoes rolling along the street.

Seeing the approaching titans, the construction workers scatter. Some are already waiting in their truck's cabs for John's signal.

The Nanotyrranus leaps the wooden fence around the site. He continues to look up at the raining storm of food falling from the dangling hot dog cart and is distracted enough not to see the massive dump truck heading for him.

The Blackhawk pilot hands John the microphone.

"Okay boys. You know what to do. Easy does it!"

When the truck is right behind him, the Nanotyrranus whirls around. He hisses, squawks, and emits loud clicks, but with the massive Mack dump truck ahead of him and the pit behind him he has nowhere to go.

The dump truck driver watches out his window as he nudges the huge truck forward ever so slightly towards the startled Nanotyrranus. The Nano backs up a few inches.

"C'mon you prehistoric salamander...get in the pit or I'll turn you into a pocketbook!"

The truck driver yells out.

He guns the engine. As the truck lurches forward, the Nanotyrranus hisses loudly and leaps onto the front of the truck, grasping the grill with his claws.

"Hey, don't scratch my chrome!" The truck driver shouts.

John looking down from the copter's open side door.

"Oh great. Well, this wasn't such a clever idea...maybe you were right Lisa."

The Nano begins to crawl up over the cab. He stops on the cab roof and attempts to climb the back half of the truck.

The truck driver slams down on the center of the steering wheel.

Four horns bundled together right near the Nano's head blast The Godfather theme.

The Nanotyrranus, completely stunned, leaps from the cab roof, slips down the hood of

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of the truck and falls down into the pit.

The Nano tries to crawl out.

“Not so fast!” The truck driver yells out.

He inches right up to the Nano and give him the horn again. The startled saurian leaps away, sliding all the way down the pit, uselessly clawing at the soil as he descends.

The Horridus crashes through the wood structure surrounding the site. Planks and splinters of wood fly about.

A heavily weathered front loader pulls up to the Horridus.

“Let me handle this guy, Eddie. He’s libel to puncture the radiator on your beauty.”

The front loader driver says kiddingly from the vehicle’s open cab.

“Yeah but with all those horns, he’s gotta be good luck!” Eddie yells back.

“If it wasn’t that they wanted him alive, I’d like to cook him on the gas grill. Boy what they would say on Hylan Boulevard to those shanks of meat!” The front loader calls out.

Seeing the front loader approaching, the Horridus’ instinct’s take over – an enemy approaching which means –charge. He picks up speed quickly and rams the front loader’s shovel. A loud bang is heard, but the Horridus’ horns are useless against the machine.

“In you go!”

The driver lowers the shovel and it scoops up the Horridus. In a second, the driver manipulates a series of levers and the shovels drops downward. The Horridus falls right down into the pit.

Both creatures meet at the bottom and once again 60 millions year old instincts take over and they are about to do battle...again.

Lisa hits the back of the pilot’s chair.

“Now...hit’em with the tear gas! Now! Now!”

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The pilot grabs a stick at the center console. He aims the front mounted gun and fires several tear gas cannisters right into the pit.

The canisters land dead center between the two warring beasts; thick, grey smoke envelops both creatures just as they begin combat.

“Take me down...I want to get a closer look,” John asks the pilot.

The pilot touches down just at the edge of the construction site. John throws open the side door. The pilot hands him two gas masks.

“Put these on. It may blow back,” the pilot states.

John helps Lisa out of the Blackhawk, they slip on the gas protectors, and they rush to the edge of the dig site. The construction workers are watching as well.

“Good work guys. You guys could work in the circus,” John tells them kiddingly.

“Well they can’t fight if they can’t see each other, but I don’t know if that stuff is going to make them sleep or –”

Lisa is suddenly cut off when a powerful wind gust practically blows her, John, and the laborers off their feet.

“What the heck --? John states as he looks up at the sky.

The late day sun is suddenly blacked out by heavy storm clouds. Hail and snow begin to fall.

“I’ve lived in this city my whole life and I’ve never seen weather like this,” one of the construction workers states.

“Look at the temperature...up there on the side of the building,” one worker points out.

John and Lisa turn to look behind them.

A digital clock and temperature gauge several stories on a Times Square office building displays: 99 degrees Fahrenheit. In an instant, the digits drop to -10.

The cold is so intense, so sudden that John and Lisa can barely stand up.

The wind blows away the tear gas cloud; the two prehistoric Big Apple visitors are once

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again eye to eye in combat mode. Despite being virtually immobile due to the tremendous temperature plunge, the Nanotyrranus summons enough power to rush the Horridus and clamp his powerful jaws down on the four-legged sauropods back.

The Nano's dagger-like teeth sink deep and blood shoots out of the wound. He stands up after delivering the deadly bit his mouth dripping with the Horridus's blood. Summoning her last ounce of strength and remembering her lost offspring, the Horridus pushes her two horns into the Nano's belly then pulls them out. Blood gushes from the two punctures.

John starts down the side of the dig site.

"I've gotta go down there...see if I can save them," John yells over the wind.

Lightning begins striking around the site; a bright white bolt finds the tip top of a construction crane sending sparks flying.

"John...you can't go down there! John you'll be killed! Leave them---they're finishing what they began 66 million years so! You can't stop it! It has to run its course!" Lisa yells over the wind, hail, and electrical storm.

Just as John starts down the dig site wall, the ground begins to shake violently. John is thrown onto the ground and begins to slide down.

"John! Lisa cries out.

One of the construction workers grabs John just before he slides down the dig site wall.

He picks him up, carries him up, and places him down on the ground.

"What are crazy man! You almost got yourself killed!" The worker tells him.

"I think I broke my ankle," John states calmly.

The ground continues to shake. Scaffolding on a nearby theatre collapses.

The pilot rushes up to Lisa.

"C'mon help him up. We've gotta get out here before I won't be able to fly the chopper out!" The pilot exclaims.

A number of workers help John into the Blackhawk. Lisa jumps in and it rises into the

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air.

Another Blackhawk lands and the construction team jumps in. It also takes off and the two copters veer sharply away from the area.

Exhausted and dying from their fatal wounds and frozen nearly to death by the sudden Ice-age like subzero temperature change, the Nanotyrannus and the Triceratops collapse on top of each other covered in each other's blood.

The ground beneath them buckles and their two inert bodies fall into the abyss. Tons of dirt, boulders, and constructions equipment topple into the massive sinkhole.

In the chopper, John holds his ankle and winces in pain.

"We would have been better if we had let the National Guard kill them. At least we would have their bodies to study," John laments.

"Nature won out, John. Nature always does," Lisa states as she begins to cry. She hugs John close.

"You're forgetting the restraining order," John reminds her.

Lisa laughs.

"Taking you right to the ER at Lenox Hill, Mr. Righton," the pilot states.

Both copters fly further uptown leaving behind nature's fury.

Manhattan Catering Hall

Six Months Later

John and Lisa stand under a flowered canopy. John leans on one crutch as he attempts to sip from a champagne glass. People mill about balancing cocktail hour plates while some dance to a DJ's music. John limps on the solitary crutch towards a makeshift microphone set up in the front of the hall.

"I'd like everyone's attention please," John states.

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The room quickly quiets down.

“My wife, Lisa, reminds me everyday what we witnessed in this great city of ours just six short months ago, “ John continues.

Lisa comes next to him, smiling.

“What we saw...what we all saw and experienced in those few hours was something no human on the Earth has ever witnessed...or experienced. It’s something that no human will ever again see...I think I can attest to that, “ John states as he tries to hold back tears.

“I can’t explain what we saw...the live dinosaurs, the strange change in weather, and the bizarre storm. It’s just proves that Nature is larger than us all and that we never will know what she has in store for us.”

John pauses.

“We have some photos of what transpired...though many experts around the world that I’ve sent them too have written them off as done with CGI...or some AI software package. Instead of international notoriety, Lisa and I have been labelled con artists and frauds.”

Lisa glances at the floor when John says this.

“But Lisa and I don’t care. We know what we saw as do many of you.”

“Despite this, we are so happy you have come to our small second wedding, “John replies and Lisa laughs a bit.

“Don’t forget, John.’

“What Lisa ?”

“The toast ?”

“Oh yes. Please all of you if you would raise your champagne glasses.”

The audience abides.

“To to the day when we didn’t travel to the lost world as in Arthur Conan Doyle’s classic adventure, but to the day when the lost world came to New York City.”

All of the people cheer and applaud.

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As John and Lisa sip their champagne, the hall staff roll out the wedding cake.

Atop the cake are plastic figures of Nanotyrannus and Triceratops Horridus facing off against each other.

THE END

