

# SAURHEADS

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*The sun sets on a vast primordial valley as an Ornithomimus zigs and zags through a forest to evade the ferocious Spinosaurus in hot pursuit. A recent wound is taking its toll on the ostrich-like herbivore, and the carnivore is gaining ground. It's not long before the smaller animal loses its footing and tumbles into a thicket. Entangled in vines, its underbelly exposed, the Ornithomimus trembles as the Spinosaurus moves in for the kill...*

*Then suddenly, a clarion call that sounds like a primeval foghorn pierces the air. The predator abruptly halts its attack in mid-lunge. The massive jaws snap shut on empty air.*

*And just like that—they're done.*

*The Ornithomimus is relaxed now. Mellow. The Spinosaurus has suddenly turned docile. Polite. Predator and prey no longer, the carnivore offers a limb to help the herbivore out of the thicket. Neither of them makes any reference to the life-and-death drama that just transpired. After exchanging small talk like two casual acquaintances, they bid one another good day and then go off on their separate ways.*

Welcome to **Deep Valley**, nestled deep in the heart of **The Headlands**. The Late Cretaceous Era, 65 million years ago. There was no getting around the fact these were the final, triumphant days of the dinosaurs... but as the encounter above suggests, the denizens of The Headlands lived an “alternative life-style” markedly different from our usual perceptions of prehistoric life.

This was primarily due to **The Law**. Some time ago the carnivores and herbivores in the Valley came to an extraordinary understanding—a unique pact that has enabled them to co-exist in relative peace and harmony *six days* a week. For those six days and nights—which became known as **Off-Time**—carnivores abstained from hunting and eating. But every seventh day was “open season”, when any creature in the Valley large or small became fair game. Carnivores were free to devour any prey they could bring down. During these periods most herbivores relied on safety in numbers and stuck close to their vast herds, while certain plant-eaters equipped with extensive natural armor were quite adept at self-defense.

The weekly hunting interval came to be known as **Game Day**. It began and ended with the setting sun. One dinosaur, a duly appointed “Watcher”, would stand atop Summit Point, the highest perch in the Valley. The unobstructed view enabled the animal to let out a *signal* the exact moment the sun disappeared below the horizon. This task usually fell to one of several species adorned with a head-crest massive enough to generate a truly deafening call. (The “primeval foghorn” heard in the opening sequence.)

The Law proved mutually beneficial for several reasons. Off-Time made it possible for plant-eaters to disperse and circulate freely without fear of becoming some creature's dinner. The meat-eaters, vastly outnumbered and forced to be ever-alert for stampedes and rival predators, also welcomed the chance to kick back and relax. Since most of them were

already accustomed to feeding sporadically, six-day fasts were not a hardship. Such was life in the singular world of DeepValley. Carnivores and herbivores could be at each other's throats one day... sharing drinking water and discussing the weather the next.

The Valley was also frequented by **Wingdings**, **Humpbacks** and **Hairballs**. "Wing-dings" was slang for the *flying reptiles*. Highly mobile and not limited to one hunting ground, they observed The Law while in the Valley. "Humpbacks" were the *marine reptiles*. Though they considered themselves far removed from the laws of land animals, they abided by a strict, arcane code all their own. "Hairballs" was slang for the *mammals*. The conniving, furry little rodents were universally despised, due in no small part to their craving for dinosaur eggs—which they would snatch from unattended nests at every opportunity. But the eggs aside, mammals had little use for the dinosaurs, whom they regarded as an oversized, inbred, inferior species. They had a slang term for them as well:

#### **SAURHEADS.**

Carnivore Saurheads came to be known as **Chompers**. Herbivore Saurheads were called **Munchers**. Despite The Law, the détente that prevailed during Off-Times was a tenuous peace at best. Little wonder. With every new Game Day, a number of Munchers were certain to fall prey to hungry Chompers—an ongoing status quo that held little incentive for the two groups to socialize or trust each other. Thus these "two households, both alike in dignity" were always aware that their "ancient grudge" could at any moment "break to new mutiny."

As Chompers went, there was no species more impulsive than the raptors. What they lacked in size they made up for with sheer tenacity... along with the formidable weapon that was unique to their species—the big, retractable sickle-like claw mounted on each of their middle toes. Fiercely competitive, they were scrappy fighters and ruthless predators who preferred to hunt in pairs or packs. But unlike large carnivores, these creatures had to contend with smaller stomachs and quicksilver metabolisms.

Which brings us to the prickly **GRODO** and his steady squeeze **VUMP**. Their failure to make any kills during the previous hunting period has left these two raptors more ravenous than usual. And with the next Game Day still a full three sunsets away, VUMP is fit to be tied. Three more days of hunger pangs? No thank you. She tells GRODO she needs to sink her teeth into someone *today!* She's going off on a hunt—with or without him! And she knows better to even ask **SLOMO**, GRODO's younger brother.

He's sitting on his favorite nearby perch—but as usual, his mind is elsewhere. (When he's

deep in thought like this SLOMO assumes a pose eerily similar to Rodan's "The Thinker"). GRODO interrupts his brother's meditation and orders him to join them on the hunt. VUMP throws a tantrum, complaining the *clawless wonder* will only slow them down.

To be fair, SLOMO *is* "predatorily challenged." Born with only one sickle claw—which broke years ago when he stubbed it on a rock—it has been worn down to a useless nub. He was also cursed with a broken tail, a shortcoming that impairs his balance and makes him a bit of a klutz. Bad enough he has to live with his odd blue-hued coloring and clownish spots. But lately he's had to contend with strange fuzzy stalks (feathers) growing out of his forearms, which he secretly plucks out before anyone notices them. With so many defects he's always felt like a freak of nature—and a supreme loser. And he seems to have come up short when they were handing out predation genes as well; try as he might, SLOMO has never been able to muster much of a killer instinct. To avoid starvation he's often had to rely on other Chompers' leftovers.

Despite VUMP's indignation, SLOMO is still leery of breaking The Law. So GRODO placates his brother with a promise: if he'll come along and serve as their lookout, they'll set him up on a date with VUMP's sexy cousin. "Isn't that right, VUMP?" (Annoyed, the female raptor nods through gritted teeth—anything to shut SLOMO up.)

And so the trio sets out on the furtive hunt. They stick to high ground, better to see any stragglers or small groups of Munchers who may have strayed from the herds. It's not long before they're making their way single-file along a narrow ridge when SLOMO, trailing behind as usual, loses his footing and tumbles head-first down a steep slope. By the time VUMP and GRODO realize he's missing, the raptor has passed out of their sight.

SLOMO ends up at the bottom of a ravine, dazed and dirty. He brushes himself off and begins to climb back up... when he hears a cacophony of strange sounds emanating from the adjacent forest. Curious, he decides to investigate. The noise, sounding a bit like a chorus of syncopated panpipes, draws him to a small field on the far side of the woods.

There he spies a group of mostly-overweight Munchers engaged in a synchronized aerobics routine (the dino-version of a workout video.) As it turns out, their deep breaths—exhaled through their head-crests—is the source of the panpipe-like honking sounds. Leading the group is **TULIA**, a female duckbill dinosaur in her youthful prime, toned and tight in all the right places.. When some of the older, flabby herbivores complain they can't keep up, TULIA reminds them how vital it is they keep fit, for the sake of the herd and the children (several of whom are frolicking nearby.) She suggests picking up the pace with their new



“workout chant.” On her cue, the sounds from their head-crests blend to create a multi-part harmony accompanied by a funky backbeat of heavy breathing.

*(Their exercises morph into a precision dance routine, like something out of a music video... only instead of MTV extras, the back-up dancers are herbivore dinosaurs.)*

Enjoying this spectacle from the cover of nearby trees is a spellbound SLOMO, his eyes riveted on TULIA. Her fetching snout, her curvaceous form, the alluring dance moves, it all has a most profound effect on him... awakening stirrings deep within the young raptor that have little to do with an empty stomach...

GRODO and VUMP have forgotten SLOMO, now that they’ve chanced upon a quartet of Munchers sunning themselves in a small clearing up ahead... and not a single pesky witness in sight. An ideal opportunity to eat and run! Slowing to a stroll, the two Chompers casually approach, trading banal patter and trying just a bit too hard to appear laid back. By now the herbivores have spotted them, but it’s Off-Time so they remain relaxed, even wave. GRODO and VUMP wave back, flashing Cheshire cat grins.

But as the pair draws closer, one Muncher notices the raptors licking their chops and *salivating* profusely! Red flag! A honk of alarm causes the plant-eaters to bolt. Busted, GRODO and VUMP drop their act and mount a full-out chase.

We rejoin SLOMO, still captivated watching TULIA’s melodious aerobics session. Then without warning, a Wingding (*flying reptile*) swoops down and seizes one of the nearby Muncher offspring. TULIA and the adults react frantically, yet there’s little they can do. But the sight of a helpless juvenile being carted off prompts SLOMO to take action! Startled to discover a Chomper in their midst, the Munchers watch the raptor leapfrog out onto the branch of a tree jutting from the slope above them, hurtling himself at the flying reptile. But SLOMO’s poor balance betrays him yet again and he misses the target by inches, plunging instead into a nearby mud bank. The fleeing Wingding laughs raucously as he looks back at the upside-down raptor... just before slamming his own head into the *overhanging branch* directly in his path. The stunned predator and his catch plummet into a lush thicket. Without hesitation TULIA jumps in and retrieves the youngster. While the woozy reptile tries to recover, she hurries the rest of her group into the forest in search of better cover.

SLOMO manages to extricate himself a moment later. Slathered head to toe with mud, he finds no sign of TULIA or the others. But he breathes a sigh of relief when he sees the hungry Wingding woozily flying away with empty talons.

Meantime GRODO and VUMP are gaining on the quartet of fleeing herbivores, chasing them over a nearby ridge. When the raptors charge over the ridge, however, suddenly *they* become the ones on the defensive—the lush meadow on the other side is occupied by a herd over *fifty* animals strong. GRODO and VUMP attempt to backstep, but retreat is not an option once they're surrounded by a throng of three-horned bull soldiers. **OLGON**, the elder Muncher leader, confronts the carnivores and condemns their misbegotten hunting attempt. Then **TRONIO** chimes in. The imposing white bull commander says he's weary of these blatant displays of Chomper defiance. To deter other meat-eaters from breaking the Law, he recommends making *harsh examples* of these two. Murmurs of accord ripple through the herd. GRODO and VUMP are scared spitless. OLGON huddles with his soldiers to discuss the pair's fate, but before he can announce his decision —

A chorus of bone-chilling *roars* echoes across the meadow. All heads turn to see three large Chompers charging out of the trees. In the lead is **BASH**, the hot-tempered young T-Rex who is the son of the Chomper King. He demands to know why a Muncher herd is “harassing” two raptors. As OLGON cites their breach of The Law, BASH and TRONIO glare at each other. Both warriors bear the scars of battles fought on previous Game Days.

For their part, GRODO and VUMP swear this is just a simple misunderstanding; they were only “playing, not preying.” But the four rattled, out-of-breath plant-eaters tell a different story. And so it's a stand-off. The tension mounts...

*(A musical number here could help establish the long-running “blood-feud” between the two families, in the spirit of Sharks vs. Jets from “West Side Story”; in place of gang members snapping their fingers we have Chompers snapping their jaws, etc.)*

OLGON has the presence of mind to defuse the situation before it escalates any further. He allows GRODO and VUMP to rejoin their Chomper brethren (over TRONIO's objections.) As the meat-eaters depart from the meadow, OLGON advises BASH he should urge his father to strongly discipline the two raptors. The only response: a rude growl. Cooler heads may have prevailed this time, but the dustup is a reminder of how strained and fragile the peace between the two families has become...

A few days later, SLOMO chances upon TULIA alone in the forest. She sees him—and bolts. He calls out but she keeps running. A frenetic chase ensues, but SLOMO's broken tail and lack of coordination slow him down more than once. It's only after TULIA snags her leg on a vine that he's able to catch up. Yet the sight of SLOMO makes her quiver

uncontrollably. He can't understand why she's afraid of him... and then he remembers:  
*Today is Game Day!*

SLOMO finally convinces the Muncher he's not much of a hunter—and Game Day or not, his intentions toward her are strictly non-carnivorous. Eventually he persuades her to join him for a leisurely stroll. He comments how much he enjoyed her harmonious exercise routine. Blushing, she remarks how most Chompers *hate* the sound of duckbill honking. SLOMO replies he's not like most Chompers. TULIA says she realized that the moment she saw his heroic efforts to rescue the little Muncher. Heroes don't fall on their heads, he says. She tells him his heart was in the right place—and that's what really matters. As the walk-and-talk interlude continues, they head for higher ground to avoid prying eyes... and the scores of hungry predators who are now on the hunt...

A fast-paced montage illustrates what goes on between sunsets during a typical Game Day. Brief cutaways provide fleeting glimpses of assorted carnivores stalking various species of herbivores as the Valley's Chompers and Munchers resume their designated roles as predator and prey. *(Any actual predation or kills could take place off-screen, or at most be only hinted at by discreet long shots, silhouettes, or shadows.)*

During these hunting cycles, the Hairballs (mammals) have their own agenda. Highly organized and efficient to a fault, they routinely dispatch "observers" throughout the Valley during the course of a Game Day. The furry little creatures hide under rocks, in trees, behind bushes, etc.—any vantage that can provide an unobstructed view of the action. For every clash between a Chomper and a Muncher, odds are a mammal is somewhere close by watching, keeping score. At the end of the Day, they compare notes and make a list of the Saurheads who won't be returning to their broods—which invariably adds up to a sizeable number of unhatched eggs, just waiting to be poached! Is it any wonder Hairballs are so reviled!

Once the sun sets and the signal is heard, all predation ends. Off-Time resumes. That evening, the customary "Game Day Banquet" is held. The carnivores who got lucky during their hunts gather in a large grove, their leftovers in tow. The surplus meat is laid out, buffet-style, for any predators who may still be hungry or haven't yet partaken of a meal.

First to be served is always **CALIBAN**, the Chomper King. A towering T-Rex plagued by arthritis and rotting teeth, old age has made it difficult for him to hunt. These days he relies on younger predators (like his son BASH) to supply him with a regular diet of carrion.

Though the Banquets usually include a “salad bar” offering a variety of ferns and shrubs for guests of the herbivore persuasion, few elect to attend. But there are exceptions. Take **ZELIUS**—the aged, acerbic Muncher who is regarded as the elder sage of the Valley. Due to the bony mantle of kevlar-like armor that cloaks his back, Chompers usually don’t mess with him, even on Game Days. Prim and pompous, ZELIUS prides himself on being a visionary. Because he’s always focused on the “big picture,” he remains above the petty squabbles and turf wars that often flare up among Saurheads. Which may explain why he serves as a confidant to the leaders of *both* families; he has often been called upon to settle disputes.

Also in attendance this evening is **PORTENCE**, a matronly Muncher who proudly displays an extravagant horned head-crest. Unlike ZELIUS, she has no body armor; but she needs none. King CALIBAN put the word out to all Chompers: PORTENCE is off-limits. She has *spells*—spells that enable her to receive “messages” from the future! (*It turns out PORTENCE is the world’s first psychic, pre-dating Nostradamus, Jean Dixon, and Edgar Cayce by sixty-five million years.*) Of course, no one can be sure anything she says is truly prophetic—although ZELIUS has managed to persuade everyone in the Valley she is a genuine oracle. And since the old Muncher staunchly believes “everything that happens happens for a reason,” he has convinced himself that every prophecy PORTENCE delivers is intended to help him better understand those reasons.

When PORTENCE channels, her eyes roll up into her head and her entire demeanor changes, as if she’s possessed or speaking in tongues. During her spells—which can come over her without warning—just about *anything* may pop out of her mouth... a line from Shakespeare, a TV jingle, the Gettysburg Address, a Martha Stewart recipe... the possibilities are virtually endless. (*Of course, no one has any way of knowing how far off the mark ZELIUS’s interpretations of her pronouncements usually are.*)

Inferior hunters like SLOMO can rarely afford to pass up a Game Day Banquet. But tonight GRODO notices his brother seems reluctant to join in the feast. SLOMO blames a bout of indigestion...but in truth, after the idyllic day he spent with TULIA, the sight of Muncher leftovers leaves him cold. The fact that he wasn’t personally acquainted with any of the week’s catches-of-the-day is small comfort.

Between courses the King has ordered GRODO and VUMP brought before him. Informed of their run-in with the Muncher herd, he scolds them for violating The Law.

BASH speaks up in their behalf. “Chompers are forbidden to hunt six days a week while Munchers get to gorge themselves green day and night! The Law is unjust and should be

abolished—“ but the King cuts him off. He abhors such traitorous talk, especially from “a disloyal son who seems intent on demonstrating he’s an unworthy heir.” A perturbed and agitated CALIBAN sends everyone away so he can resume gumming down his meal.

BASH stomps off, humiliated. He tells fellow Chomper TYRONE that he’s fed up with his father and the infernal *Law!* “It’s time we all went back to the only law that ever really mattered—the law of survival!” TYRONE points out that no one in the Valley will dare go up against his father and the old guard. BASH nods. “Right. No one *in the Valley...*”

All heads turn when a group of uninvited guests drop in on the Banquet: **QUETZA**, the Queen of the Wingdings, has just arrived, flanked by five winged reptiles. But a confrontation results when they are denied access to the buffet. The King is hastily summoned.

CALIBAN proves to be a stern monarch. He reminds the Queen that one of her soldiers tried to snatch a Muncher juvenile during Off-Time. According to The Law, her entire flock must now forfeit this week’s Banquet. QUETZA asks for leniency. The Wingdings at her side are young and inexperienced hunters, near starvation for lack of meat. But the King is not moved.

ZELIUS steps forward with a proposal. Why not summon the Chomper who thwarted the poaching attempt. If he recognizes the guilty party, the culprit can be punished. If he doesn’t, the King can display his noble magnanimity by allowing the group of Wingdings to dine.

As usual, CALIBAN opts to follow ZELIUS’s advice. SLOMO is called over and the five Wingding soldiers are ordered to form a line-up. Sure enough, the perpetrator is among them... but at close quarters he looks so emaciated and pathetic, SLOMO doesn’t have the heart to rat him out. He claims not to recognize anyone.

The grateful Queen and her entourage are granted permission to join the feast. As the hungry reptiles dig in, SLOMO quietly slips away. But it’s no accident he is leaving the Banquet on an empty stomach. Wandering through the woods alone, he has a life-altering epiphany. Starting tonight, he’s going to give up meat for good! He’s going to *convert* to the ways of the Munchers and become a full-time plant-eater!

*(An opportunity for SLOMO to have a big solo ballad here. The lyrics could expand on his vow to “to never again eat anything that has a face...” but the song is really all about how there is no sacrifice too great if it’s in the name of love, etc., etc.)*

Days later. SLOMO and TULIA are strolling through a meadow just outside the Valley. Suddenly he clutches his stomach. What’s wrong? Hunger pangs, he says, baring his dagger teeth. TULIA is taken aback; after all, her beau is still a Chomper. When he charges,

she recoils—but he lunges right past her, only to pounce on a nearby blossoming bush. Attacking the plant with savage ferocity, the raptor devours it to the roots like a living weed-whacker. A beaming SLOMO then looks up and informs TULIA of his conversion to Muncher-hood... grinning wide to reveal a mouthful of *green-stained* teeth...

BASH has also ventured outside the Valley, braving the vast Outland to journey to **Shadow Canyon**, a foreboding ebony black landscape marked by jutting outcrops, towering buttes and wide mesas. Here a fearsome Chomper known as **RAZAR** has long been the big kahuna. In the same weight class as a T-Rex, with six-foot-long crocodile-like jaws and razor sharp teeth, RAZAR is a master hunter and ruthless predator. Half sensei, half sadistic drill sergeant and truly fearsome to behold, he is one nasty-looking brute—a Chomper who “loves the smell of entrails in the morning” and only lives for the kill. And he believes all other Chompers should aspire to follow in his tracks. For years, young carnivores from far and wide have made the arduous trek to his fortified domain, hoping for the opportunity to hone their hunting skills under the master’s tutelage. Those gifted enough to make the cut have become known as “Razar’s Rogues.”

Once he enters the canyon, BASH locates the large mesa currently serving as a dojo. Class is in session. A dozen Chompers of various species squat on their haunches in a wide circle. After choosing a teenage carnivore to be his guinea pig, RAZAR demonstrates the most efficient way to deliver a throat bite. No blood is drawn, but his brutal technique leaves the young Chomper bruised and humiliated. Yet none of the students dare complain.

After the class, a young Rogue escorts BASH to his master’s open-ceiling lair. The cavern floor is ringed with dozens of Wingding skull-crests. “Trophies of my hunting prowess,” RAZAR boasts. (Flying reptiles are regarded the most difficult kills because they so rarely touch ground). “Not very good eating—but excellent practice.” He rates his pupils according to the number of Wingding skulls they rack up. Naturally, RAZAR himself holds the record.

When BASH reveals where he is from, the predator bristles. RAZAR lived in Deep Valley once, but he was banished years ago—for violating Off-Time. To him The Law was an abomination, a Muncher conspiracy to keep Chompers in their place by stifling their natural instincts. BASH insists he feels the same way, but there is only so much *one* Chomper can do. A major revolt, on the other hand—a well-orchestrated *group effort*—just might be what it takes to depose his father, overturn The Law, and restore disorder. RAZAR can see where the young T-Rex is going with this. “Aside from some long overdue revenge, what would be

in it for *me?*” BASH smiles, purring he’s sure “something” can be worked out...

Life goes on in Deep Valley as the clandestine romance continues. Whenever SLOMO and TULIA manage to steal a moment for themselves, they find excuses to slip away and meet in secret. The rest of the time they do their best to carry on with their normal routines.

When she’s not serving as the herd fitness trainer, TULIA tutors a mixed class of young Munchers and Chompers, instructing them on The Law and Valley life. Well aware the rest of her herd would never approve of SLOMO, she unburdens herself to her only confidant—the one Muncher who has always been like a big brother to her—TRONIO. The three-horned bull receives the news with his usual stoicism. He tells TULIA if she is really serious about this Chomper, he won’t stand in her way. And he promises to keep her secret.

SLOMO also knows he’s on thin ice. He dreads what the other Chompers might do if they knew one of their own was involved with a Muncher. Or worse, if they found out he’d done the *unthinkable* and given up meat! So he goes to great lengths to prevent GRODO, VUMP, BASH and the others from noticing the radical change in his diet. He scarfs down power-snacks of ferns and cones when no one else is around. He brushes his teeth with twigs three times a day. And when someone offers him carrion, he always insists on “taking it to go”. So far, no one’s the wiser... except his good friend **KUDU**. The bantam-sized carnivore is the only member of the Chomper family whom SLOMO has entrusted with his secret.

Days later, SLOMO and TULIA are lolling next to **The Green Lagoon** that lies below the cliff at the tip of the Valley. Slomo is professing his undying love & loyalty to Tulia as heavenly sunbeams filter down through the cracks in the ceiling of the cathedral-like cave. The lovers only have eyes for each other, and don’t notice the large air bubbles breaking the surface of the lagoon. Suddenly the head and neck of a huge Humpback (*marine reptile*) thrusts out of the water, glaring at them with jaws open wide. Their first instinct is to run—but they notice the beast’s neck is writhing spasmodically. SLOMO realizes the animal is *choking* on something lodged in his throat. Before TULIA can stop him, he jumps onto the back of the giant’s neck. Holding on tight, he uses his forelimbs to execute a Heimlich maneuver and — *voilà* — a giant clam is ejected from the beast’s mouth! But when the neck spasms cause SLOMO to lose his grip, he plunges head-first into the water. Unable to swim, he sinks like a stone! Without hesitation TULIA dives in. A moment later she’s pulling him

ashore. Sputtering water, he berates himself for “screwing up” again. You did just fine, she says. The huge reptile seconds that opinion, introducing himself as **GARLOO**. He thanks the raptor for saving his life: “Most Chompers wouldn’t lift a hind leg to help an old Humpback like me.” SLOMO is not like most Chompers, TULIA says. GARLOO then makes the raptor a solemn promise: “We Humpbacks do not believe in your Law, but we believe in settling our debts. One day I shall repay your kindness.” And with that he leaves, slipping away into the lagoon depths.

Soon TULIA and SLOMO are sharing a single strand of seaweed. A send-up of the classic spaghetti-sharing scene from “Lady and the Tramp,” the two dinosaurs nibble at the strand from opposite ends until their mouths meet in a sweet kiss.

But while they’re nuzzling, TULIA notices a single orange feather protruding from SLOMO’s elbow—as well as budding ‘sprouts’ along the rest of his forearm. “What’s this?” she asks. It seems SLOMO has been so preoccupied of late he’s neglected his usual plucking routine. He confides in her about his “condition”; he’s embarrassed so he’s been trying to hide it from everyone else. But TULIA thinks the feathers look great on him and she encourages SLOMO show his true colors and be just be himself. He should be proud of his differences, they are what make him special.

Panning up the steep cliff that overlooks the lagoon we see TRONIO. The white bull warrior has observed the entire interlude, but judging by his grim demeanor he does not approve. And he’s not alone. Hunkered behind some foliage near the lagoon is a pair of mammals who have also been getting an eyeful, their mouths agape. A Chomper and a Muncher, “rubbing snouts”? Yecch! Thoroughly grossed-out, the mangy duo scurries off.

That night, ominous music underscores the stealthy infiltration of the Valley by a squad of Razar’s Rogues. One by one the carnivores quietly slip past the big herds without being seen. And even though Off-Time is in effect, they all appear to be in stalking mode—*looking for prey...*

Like most mammals, the pair at the lagoon were inveterate gossips. Soon the entire Valley is abuzz with news of the illicit Chomper-Muncher romance. As expected, neither family reacts well. TULIA gets little support or understanding from her own kind. When she visits *The Powder Patch*—a cluster of fragrant flower beds where the females in the Valley bask when they want to freshen up—her so-called “sisters” from the herd snub her and



exchange catty whispers behind her back. VUMP is no comfort either. Extracting her swollen snout from a nearby beehive (the secret of her sensual “bee-stung lips”), she can’t resist adding her two cents: “If you had to fall for a Chomper, did you have to pick such a *loser?*”

News of the romance has been particularly tough on OLGON and his spouse DROMIDA, who have been close to TULIA ever since she was orphaned (it’s rumored her parents were eaten by Razar) years ago. Though he loves her like a daughter, OLGON is also the Muncher leader, so he takes a hard line—or at least tries to. But TULIA cajoles him into agreeing to meet SLOMO before passing judgment on him. Warily he asks when and where. Her answer: “Guess who’s coming to dinner!”

Meanwhile SLOMO has been having an even tougher time of it. After getting the silent treatment from his brother GRODO among others, BASH openly confronts him with dozens of Chompers looking on. The T-Rex remarks “Isn’t it odd how SLOMO never eats with his pack anymore?” The raptor comes up with some lame excuse but BASH persists—offering him a dried strip of meat and inviting him to “have a chew.” SLOMO hems and haws, tries changing the subject... but BASH is relentless. So finally he just blurts out the truth—he’s given up meat for good! He’s strictly a *plant-eater* now, and proud of it! The other Chompers are appalled, ashamed, disgusted. They can’t understand how SLOMO could reject the family’s values... not to mention the indescribable joy of eating meat! They start to razz him and give him all kinds of grief. Satisfied, BASH retreats and lets the mulch hit the fan...

As the scandalous gossip about SLOMO spreads, it is soon eclipsed by a matter far more serious. Over the past few days, several more Off-Time Muncher kills have been discovered in various parts of the Valley. Nevertheless, the Chompers use every opportunity to reassert their innocence. (*By now the audience should suspect this is the work of Razar’s Rogues, surreptitiously hunting behind the scenes.*)

The mounting tensions prompt CALIBAN and OLGON to call a rare meeting between the families. Numerous Chompers and Munchers are in attendance, including ZELIUS and PORTENCE. Heated exchanges and short tempers abound. Both sides turn to ZELIUS for counsel, but this time not even his sage advice does much to ease the tension. And PORTENCE certainly doesn’t help matters when she lapses into a trance to make a troubling pronouncement, shouting at the top of her lungs: “*A plague on both your houses...*”

Now that he’s been outed as a Muncher, SLOMO decides to accept TULIA’s invitation to dine with her herd. He confides to his friend KUDU that he’s composed a song to express his

feelings. But when he sings some of it, KUDU winces and covers his ears. SLOMO is way, way *off-key!* But why? That never happened before! Then it dawns on him: he never tried singing to *someone else* before. On a whim he dashes behind a tree and hums in perfect pitch. But when he resumes singing for KUDU—once again he’s way off tune. Now what. If he sounds this lame in front of TULIA, his song will be a complete disaster. Then KUDU gets an idea: if SLOMO can’t *sing* about what he’s feeling, why doesn’t he do the next best thing... and *talk* his song instead! *Talk* the song? SLOMO mulls this over. “Hmmm. A *talking* song...”

Sunset, the next day. On his way to the big dinner, SLOMO is accosted by a small gang of Chompers. They berate him for being a “veggie-lover”, “going green”, “turning Muncher”, etc., as they take turns roughing him up like playground bullies. Panning over we see TRONIO, who happens to be passing by on a nearby knoll. Once again cast in the role of silent observer, the sight of SLOMO getting slammed elicits only disdain from the big bull. Shaking his massive head, he goes on about his business...

When SLOMO finally shows up at the Muncher dinner circle, he’s late. And sporting a black eye. Things only go downhill from there. DROMIDA is serving a heavy meal of cycads and fichus—a menu a bit rich for a novice plant-eater. SLOMO strives to be a witty dinner guest, but his attempts at casual banter are thwarted by his chronic burping, not to mention OLGON’s cold stares. When SLOMO’s queasy stomach causes him to spit up his entire dinner, that’s the last straw. An irate OLGON ejects the raptor from the herd, tossing him out on his bent tail. TULIA, reduced to tears, dashes off in shame and embarrassment .

Hours later. The Munchers have bedded down for the night. A despondent TULIA wanders along a nearby ridge. Torn between her love for SLOMO and her loyalty to the herd, she starts to sing a sorrowful ballad, only to be startled by a familiar voice calling her name. She looks down and there’s SLOMO... planted in the flowerbed below, gazing up at her in earnest. He starts his *talking song*—doing what amounts to a “*rap version*” of his new love song. Taken aback at first, TULIA soon warms to the strange form of courtship and responds in kind. They take turns... she sings a verse of her ballad to him, he raps a verse of his song back at her. (*A riff on the Romeo and Juliet balcony scene, this number introduces the concept of “Raptor Rap”... which would probably sound a lot like current hip-hop.*) The duet ends. But before the young lovers get a chance to embrace, they hear DROMIDA’s voice in the distance calling for TULIA to rejoin the herd. Gently she urges

SLOMO to leave. He agrees, but only if she promises to hook up with him the next day. Happily she consents.

Early the next morning. After chowing down a green breakfast, SLOMO emerges from a thicket to be confronted by a pair of three-horned Munchers. “Someone wants to see you”. They escort him to a meadow where the rest of the bulls are entrenched. A grim TRONIO growls he is far from pleased to see him, making it clear he strongly disapproves of the raptor’s involvement with TULIA. Wary of ending up impaled—or worse—SLOMO attempts a discreet exit...only to find himself suddenly face to face with two small, gazelle-like Munchers who display brightly colored feathers that are far more prominent than Slomo’s. Respectfully, they bow their heads. “Meet TYGA and DOOL. They hail from a distant land where they are known as **master warriors.**” SLOMO is skeptical; these two clawless, wimpy-looking creatures are warriors? TRONIO invites the raptor to “test” them. Reluctantly, SLOMO makes a half-hearted lunge for TYGA. The diminutive Muncher bursts into action with lightning speed—and before SLOMO knows what hit him, he’s been decked and laid out flat on his back!

CALIBAN and ZELIUS are “sharing a steam” in the lava-rock heated cave that serves as the king’s sauna. The old T-Rex confides that he’s heard the gossip about SLOMO and TULIA. He can understand why OLGON opposes the romance, but he wants ZELIUS to persuade the leader to change his mind. But the venerable Muncher admits he is also opposed to the bizarre union. He brings up PORTENCE. “Her prophecies give us reason to believe that Saurheads will be ruling the world for eons to come.” (*ZELIUS and PORTENCE have always assumed everything she senses originates with a future **dinosaur race**; the notion of a future **human race**, evolved from “lowly mammals”, is simply beyond their comprehension.*)

But if a Chomper and a Muncher were to breed, ZELIUS goes on—think “big picture” and imagine what might happen. Their spawn would be neither meat-eater nor plant eater, but some manner of beast *in between*. The same would be true for *their* spawn... and *their* spawn’s spawn. Should such deviant creatures continue to multiply, after a few generations they might upset the balance of nature—maybe even disrupt the entire food-chain. And if that happens, one day our descendents could face *extinction!* The King’s response? That’s *their* problem!

Back to SLOMO. The raptor watches TYGA and DOOL take on three huge duckbills at

once. Using their wings to hover and spin in mid-air, and their tails as counter-weights and whips, in a dazzling ballet of moves that suggest a combo of jujitsu, tai-chi and tae-kwon do, the duo demonstrates they can bring down creatures many times their size without drawing a drop of blood. TRONIO says their unique fighting style is called “*thumping*”. It enables them to turn any opponent’s own strengths and weapons against them—including Chompers’ long teeth and claws. All very impressive, says SLOMO... but why show me? “I don’t understand what TULIA sees in you,” TRONIO replies, “but if it’s you she wants, then you must be able to defend her properly. The time has come for you to unlock your hidden potential.” And with that, SLOMO’s combat training officially begins!

The confab between CALIBAN and ZELIUS has shifted to the mineral spring which also serves as the royal hot tub. The Chomper King reiterates: his only concern is the present. With the poachers still at large, tensions in the Valley are at an all time high. If the situation festers much longer, there could be an uprising. The Law might be compromised! Perhaps even abandoned entirely!

SLOMO and TULIA could turn out to be the Valley’s saving grace, he goes on. If they become a couple and breed, their union might go a long way toward mending the rift between families while bringing everyone closer together. ZELIUS remains wary. The King reminds the old herbivore *who* The Law has benefited the most: “We who are long-in-the-tooth.” Life is always hard, but beyond the Valley where there is no Off-Time, life is even *harder*—for us seniors especially. Past a certain age even heavily-armored Munchers become easy prey. Old Chompers don’t fare much better, often succumbing to young predators looking to prove themselves. Let’s face it, he says. Without The Law their bones would have been rotting in the ground years ago. After agreeing to ponder the matter, ZELIUS takes his leave ...

ZELIUS doesn’t need much time to conclude that CALIBAN has a point—saving their own necks in the here and now trumps abstract concerns about future generations. So he sets out to convince OLGON that it’s his duty to “put the needs of the many before the needs of the few”. The task is not difficult. Munchers are still being poached during Off-Time, and the vigilant leader is well aware that peace in the Valley has never been more precarious. While the prospect of having a Chomper son-in-law still rankles him, for the sake of the herds and The Law, he agrees to join CALIBAN and support the relationship.

In the meantime, SLOMO’s training regimen continues. Taking the teachings of TYGA and DOOL to heart, he becomes an ardent student of “*thumping*”—a discipline which teaches

far more than self-defense. As he learns the secrets of attaining harmony between mind and body, he comes to realize *why* his carnivore drive had always been low: plants, not meat, were his true dietary preference all along! And he discovers it wasn't a broken tail that made him a klutz all these years, but a lack of confidence and self-esteem. Empowered by these spiritual growth-spurts, SLOMO begins to grasp his full potential, which in turn unleashes the "kick-ass inner warrior" hidden deep within. He lets his feathers grow out, now that he understands they're a *gift*—when he extends his arms they help stabilize him, so he never loses his balance.

Training montage: as Munchers begin to notice SLOMO practicing under Tyga and Dool's tutelage, a few of them join in... then a few more... and then even more. By the time the montage ends, dozens of Munchers of various species flank SLOMO, all of them practicing the same katas and combat moves in synchronized unison.

Between training sessions SLOMO continues to court TULIA. Bolstered by his new-found confidence, he convinces her they should pursue their relationship in the open... and if the families don't like it, tough! But once they go public, the dirty looks and snide remarks all but cease. Some Chompers and Munchers even wish them *well*. The sudden turnaround is a mystery... until they find out both CALIBAN and OLGON have openly endorsed their union. Elated, SLOMO can't think of a better time to formally ask TULIA for her forearm in "saurhood" (the Saurhead equivalent of marriage.) Her answer, of course, is a resounding *yes!*

The next morning, a troubled PORTENCE seeks out ZELIUS. She's had a most disturbing vision: "a *huge dark cloud that threatens the future of the entire Saurhead race...*" As usual, she's hazy on the details and can't be more specific. But ZELIUS has heard enough. He concludes the vision was a dire *omen* that can only mean *one thing*: his fears about SLOMO and TULIA were on the mark! Should the couple achieve saurhood and spawn, it will be the beginning of the end. Their descendents will wreak havoc on the food-chain, setting the stage for the Saurhead race's eventual doom! Some *dark cloud* indeed!

ZELIUS clings to one hope. "If SLOMO and TULIA never get the chance to mate, they'll have no spawn, no progeny. Breaking up this romance may be our only hope of avoiding extinction." Without another vision, PORTENCE can't say for sure one way or the other. But she does ask ZELIUS how he intends to keep the young lovers apart, seeing as how both CALIBAN and OLGON have blessed the union...

Late that night, BASH shows up at a deserted grove where ZELIUS awaits. He demands to know the reason for this meeting. ZELIUS says he examined a few of the illicit Muncher kills; he could tell the bite-patterns were the work of predators far more adept at hunting than any local Chompers. He believes the Valley has been infiltrated by “outside agitators”—and he strongly suspects BASH is somehow involved.

The young T-Rex pleads ignorance, but ZELIUS doesn’t believe him. Suddenly, from behind the trees who should emerge but the Master Predator himself: RAZAR! It doesn’t take ZELIUS long to add two and two. “What did BASH promise you—a chance to rule at his side after he deposes his father?” In a heartbeat the huge carnivore is all over the old-timer, flipping him over and pinning down his clubbed tail. Flat on his back and defenseless, ZELIUS persists in berating the two meat-eaters. No doubt they were hoping to create enough strife to overturn The Law, but their efforts backfired; they only succeeded in driving the families closer together. So close that OLGON and CALIBAN have conspired to do the unthinkable—bestow their blessings on the union of a Chomper and a Muncher!

RAZAR has heard enough; he’s ready to silence this old fart permanently. But before he can deliver a coup de grace, ZELIUS cautions the two Chompers it would be unwise to do him in. *And why is that?* He says that fate has brought the three of them together *for a reason*. He’s about to make them an offer they can’t refuse. A “master plan” that will enable everyone here to get exactly what he wants...

The next morning, SLOMO and TULIA stop by the Green Lagoon for a sad occasion. GARLOO—the long-necked Humpback they saved from choking—has passed away from natural causes. SLOMO wonders why all the other Humpbacks are floating on their backs, head to tail, forming one humongous circle. TULIA speculates it could be some kind of ritual for honoring the dead; their customs may seem strange, but let’s face it, the Humpback Code has been around a lot longer than The Law. As they pay their respects they are careful to keep their distance... lest one of the huge marine reptiles might suddenly get the urge for a quick snack.

Hours later, SLOMO and TULIA encounter KING CALIBAN and his entourage crossing a plain frequented by Muncher herds. As usual, the herbivores bow subserviently and separate to form a path for them. But when one ungainly female—a member of TULIA’s workout group—is a bit slow to move, BASH unceremoniously knocks her to the ground.

TULIA steps up to tell BASH he owes the Muncher an apology. The T-Rex laughs in her face and tries to swat her with his tail. Big mistake. SLOMO comes to his sweetheart’s

defense and goes “Cretaceous” on BASH’s ass, waylaying him with a dizzying barrage of “*thumping*” maneuvers. In a matter of seconds, the bully is flat on his back—looking up at SLOMO’s open jaws poised over his exposed neck—not only a display of dominance but a grave insult to any predator. Enraged, BASH scrambles to his feet, ready to go another round...

But when CALIBAN orders an end to the brawl, BASH has no choice but to obey. As the entourage moves on, the deferential nod the King gives SLOMO suggests he didn’t mind seeing his son taken down a notch. TULIA, however, has definitely *not* been amused.

That night, TULIA brings up what has been troubling her all day. The SLOMO she fell in love with was a kind and gentle soul, not a warrior. But after the way he took down BASH today, his jaws over his throat, teeth bared... for the first time since they met, TULIA has *doubts*. She wonders if it’s really possible for a Chomper and a Muncher to ever be united in saurhoodness. What if he starts craving meat again? What if all his training has only unleashed his killer instinct? The *next* time he bares his teeth—what if his jaws are at *her* throat? SLOMO tries to assuage her concerns, but to no avail. She says she needs time, time “to think.” After an awkward goodbye, the distraught duckbill sets out to rejoin her herd.

But it’s not long before TULIA is accosted along the way by a pair of strangers: two Chompers she has never seen before. Panicking, she spins around and attempts to flee, only to slam head-on into a third Chomper who towers over her...

Morning. OLGON and DROMIDA are concerned because TULIA didn’t return to the herd last night. At first they assume she was with SLOMO... that is, until the unsuspecting raptor shows up, asking for her. No one seems to know where she is. Then a mammal pipes up—his cousin said he saw TULIA being herded out of the Valley last night by three Chompers. *Chompers!?!* The herbivore leader goes on a rant, venting all his rage at SLOMO. “Other members of your family still oppose this union. And who can blame them? A Chomper taking up with a Muncher—it’s a crime against nature! This is all your fault! If you hadn’t come into her life, our TULIA would still be here with us, safe and sound!” For the second time, OLGON kicks SLOMO out of the herd on his bent tail.

SLOMO wanders aimlessly, mired in the depths of despair. “Maybe OLGON is right. I *am* to blame for what happened to TULIA. All because I was gullible enough to believe I could ignore what I am... that I could make myself into something I was never meant to be...”

At that moment, who should cross his path but TYGA, one of the saur-fu senseis. He comments that the raptor “looks troubled”. Talk about bad timing. All the rage, despair, and frustration welling up inside SLOMO causes him to suddenly *lose it!* He pounces on TYGA, pinning the diminutive Muncher to the ground, his slender throat laid bare. But just as it looks as if SLOMO is about to give in to his basest instincts and revert to carnivore behavior...

At the last minute he summons up the resolve to hold back. Once his fury subsides, he helps TYGA—who still retains his Zen-like calm—to his feet. He begs his teacher’s forgiveness. “I could’ve killed you. Why didn’t you stop me?” The sensei replies it was necessary for SLOMO to *stop himself*. It was the only way to get him to realize *how far* he had evolved. Most Chompers kill for any number of reasons: hunger, instinct, anger, revenge. But not a true warrior. He only takes life when it is absolutely necessary. SLOMO has just passed his most difficult test.

Just then the other sensei DOOL approaches, accompanied by the mammal who witnessed TULIA’s abduction. They tell SLOMO there’s something he needs to *hear*...

An incensed OLGON confronts CALIBAN about the Chompers who kidnapped TULIA. He demands that she be returned at once. The King is taken aback; he knows nothing about any kidnapping. And besides, if OLGON’s only witness is a mere *Hairball*...

Suddenly a Wingding perched on the tree above them makes his presence known. Since Queen QUETZA has forbidden the flock from meddling in Saurhead affairs, the jittery reptile confides he is speaking at his own risk. But he confirms the mammal’s story. Just before dawn, he spotted TULIA being taken out of the Valley by three Chompers. “They were headed north—but you never heard it from *me!*” And with that he flies off.

Losing patience, OLGON repeats his demand to CALIBAN: he wants TULIA returned to the herd! But the King remains adamant—he had nothing to do with any abduction. By now a crowd has gathered. Chompers growl. Munchers honk. Tempers flash. The deadlock is growing uglier by the second, and neither side has any intention of backing down.

Watching quietly from the sidelines is BASH, barely able to suppress a grin. Everything is proceeding according to plan, just as ZELIUS predicted. The families are practically at each other’s throats. It won’t be long now before The Law is abandoned and the Valley becomes as savage as the Outland that surrounds it. But then, a new voice shouts to be heard:

SLOMO!

The raptor leaps onto a boulder to get everyone’s attention. Something here doesn’t add



up, he says. He's just spoken with the Hairball who witnessed TULIA's abduction. And guess what—the mammal didn't recognize the three Chompers who snatched her. Which means the kidnappers must have been *outsiders*. But if the King didn't send them, who *did*?

For the first time, the Chomper TYRONE speaks up. He informs the crowd he saw an outsider creeping out of the Valley a few days ago. An outsider he recognized: RAZAR!

RAZAR! As everyone knows, RAZAR was banished from the Valley years ago after he refused to obey The Law. CALIBAN speculates he wouldn't be surprised if the rash of Muncher kills turned out to be the work of Razar's Rogues—maybe the very same predators who snatched TULIA! They were seen heading north. OLGON points out that Shadow Canyon, RAZAR's stomping ground, also lies to the north. Coincidence? What are the odds. RAZAR becomes the most likely culprit. It all makes sense. If he could provoke the families into going to war, the Valley would be plunged into chaos. The Law would be history. And RAZAR would finally have his revenge.

SLOMO seizes the moment to deliver an impassioned speech. Compelled to save the Muncher he loves, he proves he has the makings of a born leader. His stirring rhetoric—equal parts Henry the Fifth and Patton—raises the fervor of the crowd. When RAZAR's minions kidnapped TULIA, they violated The Law. The sanctity of the Valley. And for that there must be retribution. But beyond the Valley there *is* no Law. Their only recourse—a one-time *truce!* If Chompers and Munchers pledge to unite and fight side-by-side, together they just might be able to bring down RAZAR and his Rogues. The vote is unanimous. A truce it is!

Volunteers from both families begin assembling a small army. CALIBAN, too frail to participate, expects BASH to lead the Chomper contingent...until his son shows up *limping*, using a branch for a crutch. Claiming he "twisted his knee," BASH begs off. He wishes his fellow carnivores good luck and a safe return. The King is disgusted. Not because he has any inkling his son is in league with RAZAR, but because he knows he's a coward.

After the rescue team departs, a livid BASH corners ZELIUS. So much for his "master plan." The Munchers were supposed to blame the Chompers for TULIA's abduction and then go to war. Instead, they've joined forces to hunt down RAZAR. An unfortunate turn of events, ZELIUS concedes; who would've thought one little raptor could persuade both families to put their differences aside and declare a truce. But, he adds, any Saurheads foolish enough to join SLOMO in this folly are doomed. RAZAR and his Rogues will wipe

them out.

PORTENCE, who has been silent up till now, suddenly tenses up and closes her eyes. ZELIUS announces she is having another one of her spells and they should expect a prophecy. Which is what she delivers, in a manner of speaking: *“O, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive...”*

The vast Outland. As the posse reaches the halfway mark on its journey to Shadow Canyon, they encounter two formidable Munchers: a huge female sauropod with a serpentine neck and tail, and a male stegosaur sporting a row of triangular armor plates along his spine. The pair cannot believe their eyes: dozens of meat-eaters and plant-eaters marching in step, side-by-side? OLGON calls out to them. He explains they’ve declared a truce to rescue one of their own from RAZAR’s clutches. *RAZAR!* Both animals bristle at the sound of his name. His blood-thirsty Rogues have claimed the lives of many dear friends. They ask if they can join the cause. Before OLGON can answer, TRONIO vigorously nods in the affirmative.

Shadow Canyon. Night. A crater 30 feet wide and 20 feet deep, its smooth glassy walls unassailable and inescapable. It is here we find TULIA—alive but limping, a result of an injury sustained during her forced march. She sees RAZAR leering down at her from the crater’s rim. She asks why his soldiers haven’t made a meal of her yet. The master predator replies that he forbids eating before a battle. The hungrier the predator, the fiercer the warrior. *A battle?* He tells her his advance scouts have seen a large group of Saurheads headed this way. They will arrive tomorrow. Who thought we’d ever see a day when Chompers and Munchers would be crossing the Outland side by side? But he also tells her hope is futile. He’s trained his army of Rogues to be the toughest, baddest, meanest predators around. Which means none of her friends will ever leave Shadow Canyon alive... *(This could be the slot for RAZAR’s solo number. He struts around his domain, reveling in “the joys of villainy,” singing the praises of his lean and mean minions. He goes from Rogue to Rogue like some manic, mad general, overseeing and celebrating his troops.)*

Miles away, the Saurhead army has stopped for the night to rest up before the big battle. A cadre of duckbill Munchers sit in a circle, their head-crests harmonizing wistfully, like Civil War soldiers playing harmonicas and fiddles around a campfire. But not everyone is taking it easy. Nearby several armored Munchers are engaged in combat practice, thrashing and parrying with their weaponized, spiked tails.

GRODO seeks out SLOMO to make amends. The raptor is ashamed he turned his back on SLOMO when he needed his support the most. If giving up meat and living the Muncher life-style is what makes his little brother truly happy, then that's okay with him. Whatever happens tomorrow, he'll be proud to fight at SLOMO's side. Even VUMP, not known for her tact, tries to mend fences and expresses regret over the shoddy way she treated TULIA.

OLGON and TRONIO share a private moment as well. If not for the Truce, the new Game Day would have commenced at sunset. But the fate that awaits them tomorrow may well be far more perilous. They both agree there is no alternative. RAZAR must be taken down.

Shortly after dawn, the Saurheads reach the perimeter of Shadow Canyon. No doubt the opposition has seen them coming by now but all they can do is forge ahead. As they march through the narrow pass that leads into the foreboding interior, they encounter no resistance. Their enemy, it would seem, prefers to wage war from within the walls of its own domain.

But once they're inside the canyon, all hell breaks loose. Emerging from the cover of rocks, caves, crevices—the enemy Chompers mount a multi-pronged assault to defend their home. They attack hard and fast and fight down and dirty, just the way RAZAR trained them.

But the Saurheads are far from defenseless. Because they're outmatched one-on-one, they tag-team team the opposition in twos and threes. Other Rogues single out the herbivores who lack armored hides, expecting little resistance... only to get their butts kicked, ill-prepared for Munchers...who have mastered the art of thumping). Prominent among them is SLOMO, whose modest girth in no way impedes his ability to waylay opponents several times his size. Elsewhere, the stalwart TRONIO and his bull soldiers demonstrate their horns and hooves are a match for carnivore teeth and claws. The stegosaur and the other armored Munchers prove to be impressive combatants as well, wielding their spiked tails like saurian samurais.

It's not long before RAZAR himself leaps into the fray to help his beleaguered warriors regain their advantage. True to his reputation he's a juggernaut. He cuts a swath through the opposition, taking down Valley Chompers and Munchers alike. The Rogues, emboldened by their leader's unbridled display of brute force, start to rebound...

By now the Saurheads have gained considerable ground—and that includes the crater serving as TULIA's prison. SLOMO and TRONIO are relieved to find her alive but they can

see she's injured. Since the crater's smooth walls would ensnare anyone who went in after her, the question becomes how to get her out. When they notice the huge sauropod nearby, swatting several Chompers aside with a swipe of her serpentine tail... they get an *idea*.

A moment later the giant Muncher has backed up to the crater rim to extend her 30-foot tail down toward TULIA. When the tip is within reach the duckbill climbs on. Using the tail as a life-line, she starts crawling up its enormous length to escape the confines of the crater.

The rescue does not go unnoticed. By the time TULIA has climbed her way to the sauropod's enormous back, enemy forces surround them, determined to bring the giant down. SLOMO, GRODO, TRONIO and other Saurheads do their best to fight them off... but more Chompers are joining in—too many to hold at bay. Things look bad. There is a limit to the amount of punishment even a humongous sauropod can endure. And then—just when it appears the Rogues are about to topple the behemoth—an immense *dark cloud* blots out the entire eastern sky, moving toward the canyon at an unsettling rate. As the ominous mass steadily advances, however, it quickly becomes apparent it's not a "cloud" at all...

It's a *colossal fleet of winged reptiles!* The imperious QUEEN QUEZTA is in the lead, flanked by swarms of Wingding soldiers flying in formation like a squadron of World War II bombers. They've come to join the battle, and they've come armed—each reptile clutches a sizeable *rock* in its talons! Swooping over the canyon in waves, they start releasing their payloads. Torrents of plunging rocks strike their intended targets with amazing precision. The Rogue Chompers begin to topple. As more and more of them are knocked out or dazed senseless, the tide of the battle begins to shift in the Saurheads' favor once more.

In the meantime, TULIA has safely dismounted from the sauropod giant. She and SLOMO share a tender embrace, but the reunion is brief. Despite her injured leg, TULIA wants to join the fight. SLOMO forbids it and TRONIO backs him up. Using his horns like a forklift, he gently places the duckbill on the back of the brother he's chosen to transport her to safe ground. He sends two other Munchers along as reinforcements. VUMP volunteers to take point.

By now scores of Rogues have succumbed to the aerial assaults and still others have fled. But the battle is not over yet. Among the combatants still remaining is RAZAR! And he's making a bee-line for TULIA, determined to thwart her escape. That is, until TRONIO runs interference and blocks his path. He tells everyone to stay back. "RAZAR is *mine!*"

And so the white warrior bull and the master predator circle each other tentatively, like heavyweight contenders who have just entered a ring. Suddenly, they lunge simultaneously.

They go at each other with savage fury, raising clouds of dust that obscure everything but fleeting glimpses of teeth and claws, horns and hooves.

The frenzy ends a moment later. They disengage. A deep gash now brands RAZAR's belly. TRONIO's left horn is severed off at the base. But the wounds they've inflicted only fuel the fight. They go at each other again. Consumed by the heat of battle, neither of them notices how perilously close they're coming to the edge of the big crater. And then—

A small section of the crater rim suddenly crumbles under the weight of RAZAR's right foot. He's thrown off-balance for only a heartbeat, but long enough for TRONIO to lean into him with his massive bulk. RAZAR falters, tries desperately to regain his equilibrium, but it's too late; he can't stop himself from *falling in!*

The predator slides all the way to the bottom of the crater, but refuses to stay down. Defying the smooth basalt walls, he starts to claw his way out. Only he doesn't get very far—not after QUEEN QUETZA shrieks a command. In response dozens of her Wingding soldiers converge and descend into the crater—jaws, teeth, and talons extended. What transpires next takes place below camera level, but it's a sure bet the vile predator meets the grisly and ignominious end he deserves. For the Queen, helping the Saurheads achieve their victory today was a golden opportunity for her flock to exact revenge long overdue. Payback for all the fallen Wingdings needlessly sacrificed for “practice” by RAZAR and his cold-blooded minions.

While TRONIO, SLOMO, and the other Saurheads deal with the few Rogues who still remain, we rejoin the burly horned bull carrying TULIA. With VUMP in the lead and two Munchers at the rear, the group crosses the crevice-riddled pass that leads out of the canyon. But no one notices the lone Rogue lurking atop the steep wall overlooking the pass. Straining with all his might, he manages to dislodge a large boulder teetering on the edge of the precipice. As it cascades down the steep cliff it dislodges enough rocks to trigger an avalanche! Alerted by the rumble, the Munchers look up and scatter for cover. But VUMP is struck by one of the first rocks and dazed senseless. TULIA reacts without hesitation despite her injury. She leaps from the bull's back to land next to the groggy raptor. With a swat of her ample tail, she boosts VUMP to safety. But the selfless act doesn't leave the duckbill Muncher enough time to escape the brunt of the avalanche. In scant seconds she is interred beneath tons of rocks. Alerted by the noise, several Wingdings spot the lone Chomper atop the wall. They swoop in and take him out. But sadly, not in time to make any difference to poor TULIA.

Inside the canyon, it's not long before the last of RAZAR's Chompers has either fallen or fled. Most of the Saurheads left standing are bruised and battered, licking their wounds...but the battle is won. All things considered, OLGON observes, they are fortunate to be walking away with so few casualties. But by the time the victors reach the canyon pass, they see the haphazard jumble of fallen rocks. The grim looks on their comrades' faces. Something is very wrong. A crestfallen VUMP steps up to relay the grim details...

TULIA's death is a difficult blow. A solemn OLGON remarks that the young Muncher wasn't the only Saurhead they lost this day, but her gentle spirit touched everyone who knew her; she will be profoundly missed. GRODO and VUMP try to comfort SLOMO but he is inconsolable. The news takes a heavy toll on loyal TRONIO as well.

Soon the Saurhead army is ready to depart for Deepvalley. OLGON has taken the grieving SLOMO under his wing, assuring TRONIO he'll see that the raptor gets home safely. As for the horned bulls, they're staying behind to finish what the avalanche started—they're going to dam up the rest of the pass. By permanently sealing off the canyon they hope to prevent another RAZAR from using it as a stronghold or killing ground.

It's not long before a few Wingdings drop by the Valley ahead of the returning army. ZELIUS, expecting news of a brutal defeat, is taken aback when he hears how SLOMO and TRONIO led the Saurheads to victory, roundly defeating RAZAR and his Rogues. It's only after TULIA's tragic fate is relayed that the old plant-eater breathes a private sigh of relief. Her death will suffice. Thank the stars it occurred before she and SLOMO had the chance to spawn. As far as ZELIUS is concerned, nothing else matters.

At the entrance to Shadow Canyon, TRONIO and the other bulls toil away, making steady progress damming up the pass. Like a troop of living bulldozers, they use horns and muscle to redistribute rocks both large and small. But they're so focused on the task at hand no one has yet heard the faint *cries for help* emanating from beneath the strewn rocks...

When the Saurhead army reaches the Valley, the mood is low-key; everyone is aware their victory cost the lives of friends and neighbors. SLOMO is mute, still unable to cope with the prospect of life without TULIA. That doesn't stop ZELIUS from offering his condolences through crocodile tears: "What a sad, sad day this is—" But he is interrupted when one of CALIBAN's minions steps up to inform SLOMO the King wants to see him...

Shadow Canyon. The bulls are still toiling mightily when TRONIO steps away to catch his breath. It's only then that he finally *hears* it—the barely audible cries emanating from below. A cutaway view of the rocks beneath reveals TULIA—conscious and still breathing—huddled in the *small crevice* she dropped into just before the avalanche struck. But we can see she's struggling to breathe; the air pocket around is her almost depleted. A frantic TRONIO alerts his fellow bulls. Pulling together they work feverishly to clear the remaining debris in time to reach the rapidly fading voice. Finally their combined efforts break through the last layer of rubble. But the duckbill isn't moving. Has fresh air arrived too late to revive her?

Deep Valley, the next morning. The sky is overcast. A morose SLOMO has ignored CALIBAN's repeated requests, so the King has sent two big Chompers to escort the raptor to Summit Point, the highest landmark in the Valley. A large table of flat rock situated high above the Green Lagoon, the summit is an arduous climb and used for only formal occasions. So why does the King want to meet him there? SLOMO arrives to find a sizeable crowd of Chompers and Munchers alike assembled. Among the Saurheads flanking CALIBAN he sees OLGON, ZELIUS, PORTENCE, GRODO, VUMP, etc. Now the raptor is even more mystified; what's this all about?

On the open plain, the armored bulls are heading home at full gallop. The one-horned TRONIO is in the lead, with a fully-revived TULIA straddling his shoulders, clinging to his massive head-crest for dear life. Just beyond the next rise... Deepvalley.

Meanwhile, the King showers praise on SLOMO for his heroic actions on and off the battlefield. Not only did he inspire hoards of Munchers to learn self-defense, but his rare leadership abilities convinced both families to declare the historic truce that led to the demise of RAZAR and his Rogues. The old T-Rex laments all the brave Saurheads who were lost in battle—TULIA included—but he tells SLOMO he has to get on with his life. And by *get on*, he means accept his higher calling. *Higher calling?* CALIBAN makes it official: SLOMO is “the chosen one”. When he steps down he wants the raptor to succeed him as the next Chomper King!

Gasps and whispers ripple through the crowd, but no one is more shocked than SLOMO. Never in his wildest imaginings had he ever thought of himself as a king. As the entire Summit awaits his answer, he has a momentous decision to make. But before he can utter a word—

BASH jumps out from the rear of the crowd. Betraying no trace of the “limp” that supposedly kept him out of the big battle, he knocks SLOMO off his feet with a swipe of his muscular tail. The young T-Rex can barely contain his outrage and humiliation as he challenges his rival to a duel. Not only should *he* be the rightful heir... but to be passed over for a pint-sized Chomper *freak* who doesn't even have a taste for meat? Though other Saurheads offer to intervene, CALIBAN waves them off. The time has come for these two to settle their differences once and for all.

The fight is fast and furious. Unlike their previous clashes, this time only one animal will walk away. An experienced warrior who has taken down his share of raptors, BASH is out for blood. But SLOMO proves equal to the challenge, drawing upon his arsenal of *thumping* techniques to evade and counter the larger carnivore's razor-sharp teeth and claws. Soon the fierce struggle brings the combatants within spitting distance of the cliff overlooking the Green Lagoon. When BASH makes a sudden maneuver that would leave other adversaries open to a crippling bite, SLOMO deftly avoids the fearsome jaws by pivoting on his bent tail. The swift countermove causes BASH to lose his balance. He lands on the ground splayed on his side. SLOMO seizes the advantage. With a foot and blunted claw firmly planted across his opponent's neck, he opens his jaws...

Yet he *hesitates* a moment, still haunted by TULIA's reaction the last time BASH brought out his killer instinct. But a moment is all the T-Rex needs to regain the upper hand. Ramming his feet into his opponent's midriff, he uses his legs to catapult SLOMO over his head... to send him hurtling over the edge of the cliff! The raptor plummets hundreds of feet, flailing all the way until he splashes into the waters of the Green Lagoon below.

The other animals rush to the cliff's edge. GRODO shouts that his brother can't swim! Not that it matters much once the hungry Humpbacks converge on the unexpected meal. As the feeding frenzy turns the water to an ominous crimson, a huge snaggle-toothed reptile raises his head, leering up at the distraught onlookers. He gloats that Chompers and Munchers are always “welcome” down here in their domain.

After witnessing SLOMO's tragic end, the enraged Saurheads surround a defiant BASH and drag him before CALIBAN. The King proceeds to disown his son right then and there, branding him a disgrace to the family. He proclaims he is henceforth forever banished from Deepvalley. On his command, two big Chompers take BASH away, dragging him by the tail...

At that moment, TRONIO and his bull soldiers arrive on the scene with their surprise passenger. Elated to see TULIA “back from the dead,” the other Munchers welcome her into



the fold. But she's looking for her sweetheart, asking where SLOMO is. No answer—just awkward silences and furtive glances. Something is terribly wrong. With a heavy heart, OLGON recounts the cruel twist of fate that claimed SLOMO's life just moments ago. Upon hearing the gruesome details she rushes to the cliff, hoping for some sign the raptor might have survived. But all she sees is foaming water still teeming with hungry Humpbacks. The two-faced ZELIUS has the temerity to express his condolences yet again... offering TULIA the same empty platitudes he had foisted on a grieving SLOMO: "What a sad, sad day..."

By now the two Chompers have dragged BASH to the Valley perimeter. Swats from their tails send him bouncing down an embankment. Bruised and battered, he staggers to his feet. They haven't seen the last of BASH, he snarls. He vows he'll be *back* one day. And when that day comes, every Saurhead in the Valley will *bow down before him*...

TULIA remains huddled atop the cliff, transfixed, overwhelmed by a sorrow too profound for tears. A sympathetic PORTENCE looks on. Silent up until now, she closes her eyes and begins channeling, seized by a most prescient spell:

*"A glooming peace this morning with it brings;  
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head...  
For never was a story of more woe...  
Than this of Tulia and her Slomo."*

A week passes. Enough time for TULIA's leg to heal... but her heart is another matter. She has reached a difficult decision. In order to get on with her life, she's leaving Deepvalley to make a fresh start. Somewhere new, far removed from so many painful memories. She's chosen **Big Basin**, a large community situated at the southern tip of the **Blue River**. The Saurheads who reside there have recently initiated their own Law.

TRONIO remains devoted to his bull soldiers, but he has volunteered to escort TULIA across the Outland wilds to her new home. They must leave before dusk because a new Game Day is due to commence at sunset. After exchanging tearful goodbyes with OLGON, DROMIDA, and the rest of her friends, the pair begins their journey out of the Valley.

ZELIUS and PORTENCE meanwhile are making the trek to higher ground to evade the Chompers who will soon be on the hunt. Between labored breaths, the old Muncher confesses he's satisfied with the way things turned out. TULIA's unexpected survival would have spelled disaster, had it not been for the fortuitous twist of fate that caused SLOMO to perish in her place. And so the "needs of the many" have prevailed after all. Now both

families can be secure in the knowledge the Saurhead race will survive and endure for eons to come.

Nevertheless, PORTENCE remains troubled. Last night she had another disturbing dream about “the dark cloud.” It seemed more foreboding than ever. So *big* it blotted out the sky and so *dark* it turned day to night! She says she can’t predict *when* it will come. Tomorrow... a thousand tomorrows... perhaps a million tomorrows from now. But coming it is, of that she is certain.

ZELIUS has a snit-fit. After all the pains he took to ensure the survival of future generations, he can’t understand it. He still clings to the notion that everything that happens happens for a *reason*—even in the twilight realm of Portence’s dreams. If the dark cloud wasn’t a dire warning to keep Chompers and Munchers from procreating—then *what was it?* What is her dream trying to tell us?

If PORTENCE has an inkling of the true nature of the apocalypse that will end the reign of the dinosaurs one day, she doesn’t let on. Although she does leave ZELIUS with one unsettling observation: “Sometimes a dark cloud *really is* a dark cloud...”

Nine words that will haunt the old Muncher for the rest of his days.

The sun sets. A crested Saurhead’s clarion call harkens the start of a new Game Day. A final panorama of Deepvalley reveals roving bands of Chompers and vast herds of Munchers as they resume their roles as predator and prey, rejoining the food chain that has fueled the reign of the dinosaurs for millions upon millions of years...

TULIA and TRONIO have been making good time following the winding path of the Blue River. With Big Basin just a few hours away now, they select a lush spot to rest. While the white bull grazes close by, TULIA rinses her hooves in the riverbank... unaware she is about to become *lunch* for a giant Cretaceous crocodile lurking beneath the waters just a few feet away! With no warning the reptile slingshots toward the riverbank at lightning speed—but just as its jaws are about to snap shut on a startled TULIA, the beast is *stopped short* in mid-air, its teeth just inches from its prey. A wider view reveals why: the croc’s tail is stretched taut and clamped in the jaws of an even *larger beast*—the immense snaggle-toothed Humpback we recognize from the SLOMO feeding frenzy! With an abrupt turn of his massive head, the croc is yanked out of the water by the tail and sent hurtling through the air. It careens into the trees on the far side of the river!

Reckoning the Humpback only saved TULIA so he could have her to himself—TRONIO places himself in front of the duckbill and lowers his head, ready to defend her. But the

water-monster maintains his intentions are not hostile. Quite the opposite, in fact. TRONIO is skeptical; Humpbacks are famous for preying on Saurheads every chance they get. The reptile responds by directing them toward the several other Humpbacks approaching from upriver. TRONIO and TULIA have a look, but they can't believe their eyes—sitting astride a long-necked Humpback is a very familiar-looking passenger with a *missing claw* and a *bent tail!*

When SLOMO calls out, the inimitable voice confirms it's really him. The Humpback says TRONIO was correct—his kind often does prey on Saurheads. But the day SLOMO plunged into their midst, they made an *exception*. They had no choice. Their fins were tied.

Why? The Humpback Code. The late GARLOO made certain everyone in the lagoon knew the story of how SLOMO saved his life... including the vow he made to repay the raptor one day for his kindness. Not even death, it turns out, can prevent a Humpback from keeping his word. Any debts or promises the deceased leaves behind are passed on to his friends and neighbors—so says the ancient Code. Thus, despite GARLOO's sudden passing, the other denizens of the lagoon still owed SLOMO a "good deed." The debt had to be repaid...

A flashback reprises the moment SLOMO plunged into the lagoon, the wounds BASH inflicted seeping blood into the water. But what looked like a feeding frenzy from above was actually an underwater *rescue operation*. A swarm of marine reptiles quickly surrounded the raptor, taking turns administering mouth-to-mouth to keep him breathing as they transported him across the lagoon to a secluded cove. There SLOMO recuperated while his wounds healed, nourished by plants and seaweed provided by the Humpbacks. And in keeping with his wishes, they made sure no one found out he was alive.

Why all the secrecy? As long as everyone in the Valley goes on believing SLOMO perished, they'll have to find someone else to be the next Chomper King—someone who really wants the job. As for the raptor, all he wants is TULIA... assuming she'll still have him. The look of love on the duckbill Muncher's face leaves little doubt the feeling is mutual.

The long-necked Humpback allows SLOMO to step onto the riverbank where TULIA awaits. The lovers embrace, vowing to spend the rest of their lives together. Somewhere where they can make a fresh start and raise a family. Somewhere new... like Big Basin.

The reptiles announce that GARLOO's debt has now been paid in full—which means Saurheads are back on the menu. "From here on out, should any of *you* ever cross paths with any of *us* again..." TRONIO cuts him off with a jaded "been there, heard that" response. A brusque snort from the snaggle-toothed leader signals it's time to go. And with that all the

Humpbacks depart, slipping out of sight beneath the river waters.

Soon it is TRONIO's turn to say goodbye. After TULIA gives him a big hug, the bull turns to SLOMO. He commends the raptor for nobly acquitting himself both on and off the battlefield... proving beyond all doubt he is worthy of TULIA's love—as well as his fellow warriors' respect and admiration. *Fellow warriors?* Beaming, the raptor bows his head in a return gesture of respect.

As the lovers stroll off into the sunset, SLOMO wonders aloud what their offspring might turn out to be—Chompers or Munchers. TULIA suggests that perhaps they should let their children decide for themselves; “We'll love them just as much either way...”

*(This could segue into a big finale number, a la “Circle of Life.” The lyrics could extol the virtues of peace and love, not only between Chompers and Munchers, but all disparate groups... Capulets and Montagues, Crips and Bloods, Arabs and Jews, Christians and Muslims, gays and straights, Democrats and Republicans, hawks and doves, etc.)*

At some point during the song, we pan over to a nearby cliff—and the steadfast TRONIO. He's taken a moment for a wistful look back... to get a final glimpse of the star-crossed lovers as they set out on their new life together.

And for once, the one-horned warrior is smiling.



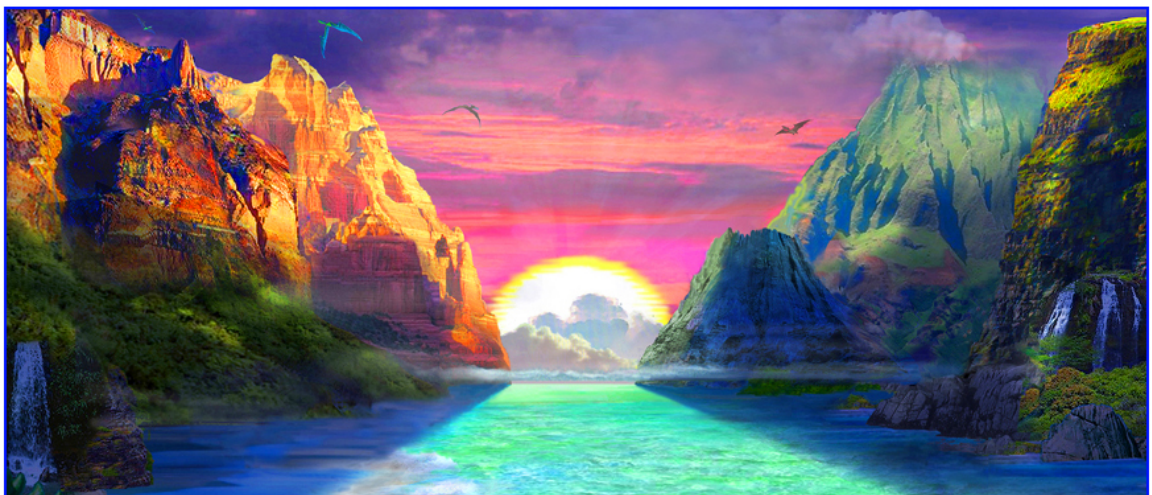
THE END



## OVERVIEW

Although our characters could easily be adapted to any number of plot scenarios or formats, our ideal vision could be summed up this way:

- *The world of SAURHEADS is an Epic Fantasy realm reminiscent of the Tolkein, Narnia or Guardians of Ga'Hoole books, mixed with classic jungle adventure films like King Kong and Tarzan — while simultaneously satirizing both genres. Within this dinosaur world-that-never-was unfolds our tragicomic tale of “two star-cross'd lovers” whose forbidden union will alter the destiny of the entire SAURHEAD race.*





## THEMATIC "HOOKS"

### 1st Hook: Hopeless Love

SAURHEADS' three main plot 'hooks' are, we believe, very strong -- the primary one being the time-tested *Romeo & Juliet/West Side Story* format: Forbidden Love that overcomes all obstacles, combined with the 'strange bedfellows' angle of *Lady and the Tramp* or *Shrek* and the class distinctions/prejudice theme of *My Fair Lady* or *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*.



### 2nd Hook: The X-Factor

It turns out our lead, **SLOMO**, is not just another loser/klutz turned winner/hero. He is in fact a *mutant*—and (perhaps!) the evolutionary link between dinosaur and bird. When strange fuzzy stems keep sprouting from his arms, he plucks them out to hide his affliction from others — at first ashamed and believing they're yet another sign that he's defective, a mistake of nature. But then mentors **TYGA** and **DOOL** show him the light, and convince him to 'let his freak flags fly' — his rudimentary wings, which ultimate give him the power of semi-flight and gliding (which he uses as a fighting tool). The *X-Men* and *Twilight Saga* franchises are two recent examples of the proven appeal of alienated misfits with hidden powers, especially with young audiences.



### 3rd Hook: Sauring

The third major theme is flight – and all that flying symbolically implies: freedom, reaching for the heights, spiritual evolution, evolution itself, or just the age-old human dream of soaring through the sky. The fact that **SLOMO** and **TULIA**'s union produces, in effect, the first birds, opens up innumerable plot possibilities for sequels ("*Sauheads II: Spawn of Slomo*") featuring offspring who will be the first raptors to reach Full Flight.

### POIGNANCY AND PATHOS:

Even though the idea of vegetarian and carnivore dinosaurs in love is comically absurd on the face of it – and offers plenty of fodder for humor – the forbidden romance between Slomo & Tulia also presents opportunities for genuine emotional impact as well, ala’ films like *West Side Story*, or *Up*.



### 3-D ACTION:

Whether running, flying, swimming, leaping, dancing, or just plain ol’ fighting, it goes without saying that there’s unlimited potential for fast-paced dynamic action amidst breathtaking scenery, on land, sea and in the air.



### DANCES WITH DINOSAURS:

There are possibilities for groundbreaking musical numbers throughout, two examples being Tulia’s ‘jazzercise’ classes for overweight herbivores and **SLOMO’S** ‘raptor rap’ love ballad.

Endless opportunities for clever choreography are also here, especially with the flamboyantly hued **TYGA** and **DOOL**, who are masters of their own unique ‘ritual dances’ — as well as their species’ strange fusion of acrobatics and martial arts, known as “Thumping”.





# CHARACTER GUIDE

## THE FOUR TRIBES



### SAURHEADS

The **dinosaurs** who reside in Deep Valley. They are divided into **CHOMPERS** (carnivores) and **MUNCHERS** (herbivores). Since The Law went into effect, they have been able to coexist in relative peace for six days a week. But since they can never fully escape their roles as predator and prey, relations between members of the two families are understandably strained.



### WINGDINGS

All the various **flying reptiles** (Pteranodon), who dwell primarily in the vast ranges of castle-like cliffs along the Black River. Thanks to their “upward mobility” they are free to roam the vast Outland plains whenever they get an urge to hunt for prey other than fish. However, when visiting Deep Valley they usually abide by The Law.



### HUMPBACKS

The **marine reptiles** who frequent The Green Lagoon that borders the southern tip of the Valley, accessible to the ocean via labyrinthine underwater caves. Humpbacks have always considered themselves, and their realms, to be beyond Saurhead Law. But they remain fiercely devoted to their own ancient Code.



### HAIRBALLS

The evolving **mammals**, who favor residence in the thickets and charred remains of a conifer forest known as Wormwood. These creepy, craven and conniving reptilian weasel prototypes are universally despised, due in no small part to their fondness for dinosaur eggs – which they snatch from unattended SAURHEAD nests at every opportunity.

# CAST OF CHARACTERS

## CHOMPERS

### **SLOMO**

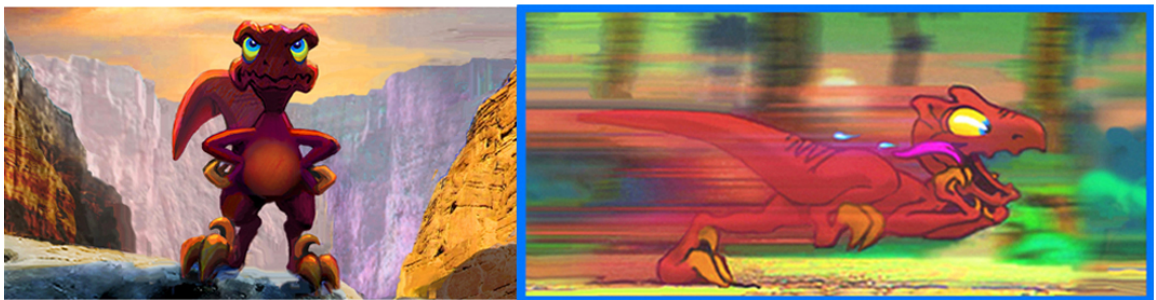
(Carnivore / Species: **Deinonychus**)



Born with a broken tail and a missing claw, **SLOMO** has always been “predatorily challenged”, which sets him apart from other Chompers. When he falls in love with **TULIA**, a member of the rival Muncher (herbivore) clan, his momentous decision to give up meat and become a plant-eater has profound implications for both families — and the future of the Saurhead race.

### **GRODO**

(Carnivore / Species: **Deinonychus**)



An aggressive alpha-male predator with an insatiable appetite, **GRODO** is fast but impulsive, fearless but foolhardy. At first he is dead set against his younger brother **SLOMO**'s romance with **TULIA**, especially after he learns of his conversion to Muncher-hood.

### **VUMP**

(Carnivore / Species: **Deinonychus**)



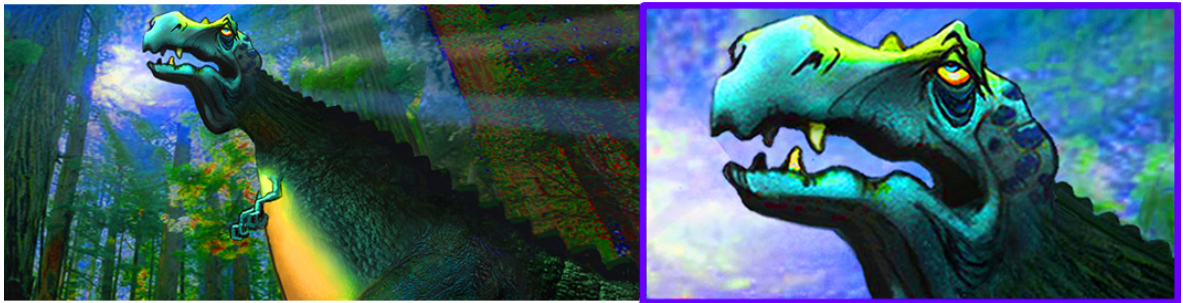
She may be a ruthless predator, but **VUMP**'s vanity would put most super-models to shame. Eons before collagen and Botox, she developed her own method of maintaining her 'bee-stung lips' -- she begins each day by poking her snout into a beehive. Romantically involved with **GRODO**, although he's a distant second to the one true love of her life — herself!



# CHOMPERS (cont.)

## CALIBAN

(Carnivore / Species: Tyrannosaurus Rex)



The King of the Chompers. Long in the tooth and fragile, he can no longer hunt for himself. But this austere T-Rex still wields enough authority to keep a tight rein on the meat-eaters in the Valley, insisting that all Chompers obey *The Law* — much to the growing displeasure of his rebellious son **BASH**.

## RAZAR

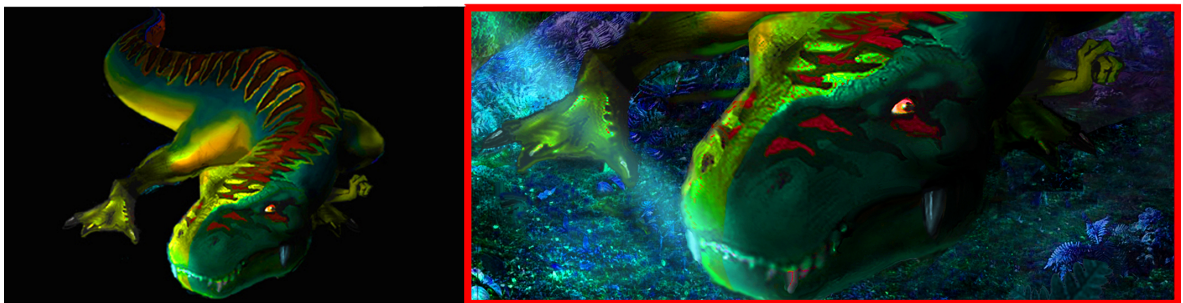
(Carnivore / Species: Suchomimus)



He “loves the smell of entrails in the morning” and lives for the kill. In the same weight class as a Tyrannosaur, with six-foot crocodile-like jaws and razor sharp teeth, **RAZAR** is a master hunter who runs a school for young carnivores who seek to improve their predatory skills. Dwelling along the banks of the foreboding, Stygian *Black River*, **RAZAR** hates *The Law*, and was banished from The Headlands years ago for defying it.

## BASH

(Carnivore / Species: Tyrannosaurus Rex)



**KING CALIBAN'S** arrogant, morally-challenged Bad Boy son. Possessing an uncontrollable temper, he lets it out by smashing things with his powerful tail: rocks, trees, boulders — or whoever gets in his way. **BASH** considers himself next-in-line to rule the Chompers, even though he and his father have never seen eye to eye on much of anything... including *The Law*.

# MUNCHERS

## **TULIA**

(Herbivore / Species: **Hadrosaur**)



**TULIA** is a free and gentle spirit, musical, athletic, beloved by all who know her. But she can also be headstrong and determined, something the other Munchers in the herd learn the hard way when she ignores their objections to her romance with **SLOMO**. Her closest confidant is **TRONIO**.

## **TRONIO**

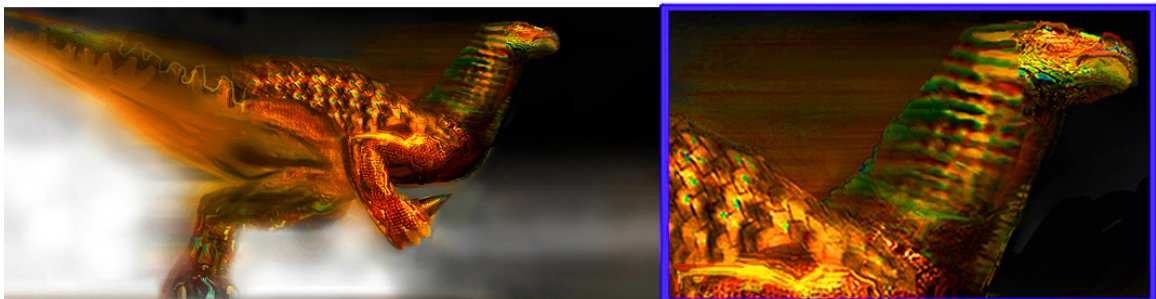
(Herbivore / Species: **Torosaurus**)



A veteran warrior, **TRONIO** commands the ceratopsians (horned, armored, rhino-like dinosaurs) who protect the Muncher herds from hungry predators. He's also **TULIA's** closest friend and confidant, and thinks of her as a little sister. He's not thrilled about her romance with **SLOMO**, but out of loyalty to her, he doesn't interfere.

## **OLGON**

(Herbivore / Species: **Iguanodon**)



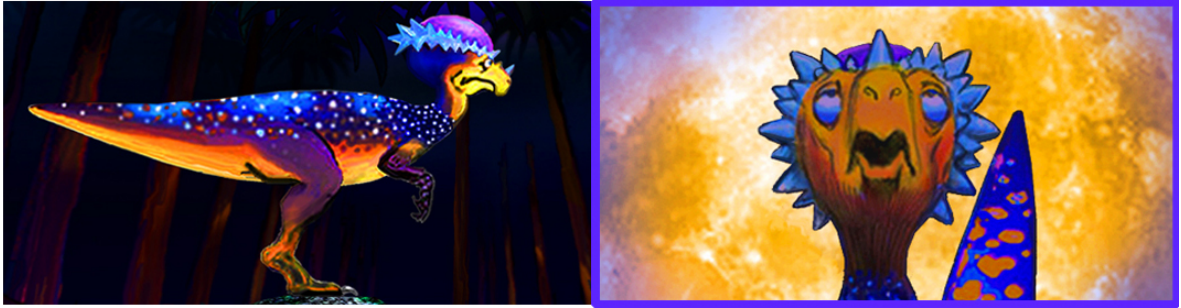
A venerable leader of the Muncher herds. Like **TRONIO**, **OLGON** is also a veteran soldier (a "Knight of the Realm") and staunch supporter of The Law, with a reputation for being fair and judicious. He and mate **DROMIDA** became a surrogate parents to **TULIA** after she lost her real mother and father.



## MUNCHERS (cont.)

### PORTENCE

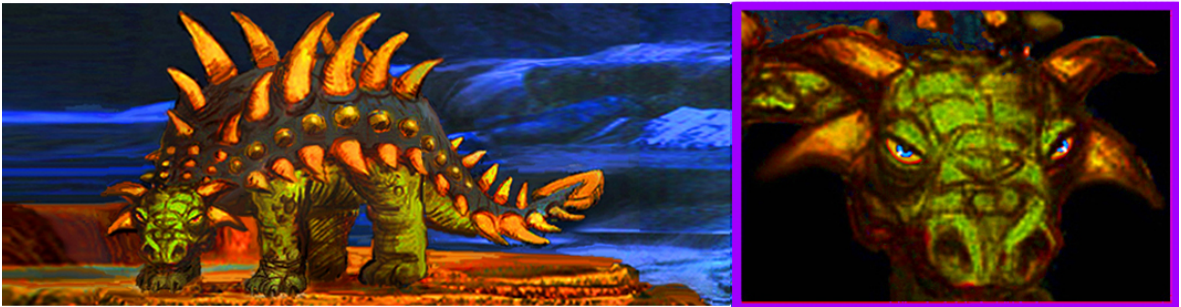
(Herbivore / Species: Homalocephale)



The world's only psychic dinosaur. Attuned to random future events when she 'trances out,' just about *anything* can pop out of her mouth — Shakespeare, Confucius, a TV jingle, a food show recipe... **ZELIUS** sees her prophecies as evidence Saurheads will rule the world for eons to come. It never occurs to either of them that it's not glimpses of a future *dinosaur* civilization **PORTENCE** is channeling, but a *human* civilization evolved from the lowly "Hairballs" (mammals) they so despise.

### ZELIUS

(Herbivore / Species: Ankyosaur)



A zealot who considers himself a visionary, **ZELIUS** is obsessed with preserving the longevity of the Saurhead race and its place in history. An influential Muncher elder, and a Machiavellian plotter, he will do whatever he deems necessary to achieve that "greater good" — even if it requires sacrificing a few lives along the way.

### TYGA & DOOL

(Herbivore / Species: Hypsilophodon)

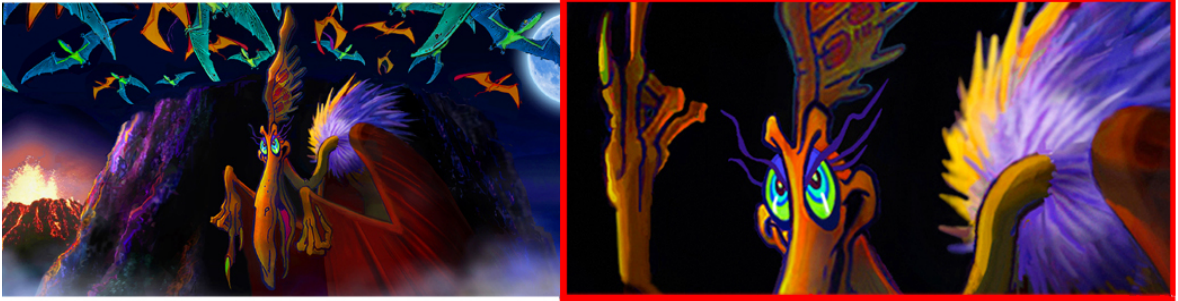


Diminutive and slight, but uber-agile and cobra-quick, these two Muncher denizens of The Big Bombu forest (bamboo trees reached 250 feet in the Cretaceous) are masters of a unique form of bloodless combat called "thumping" — combining aerial gymnastics, diversion, and jiu jitsu. **TYGA** and **DOOL** not only train **SLOMO** in self-defense, but mentor him on the path to self-realization.

# WINGDINGS

## **QUETZA**

(Carnivore / Species: **Quetzalcoatalus**)

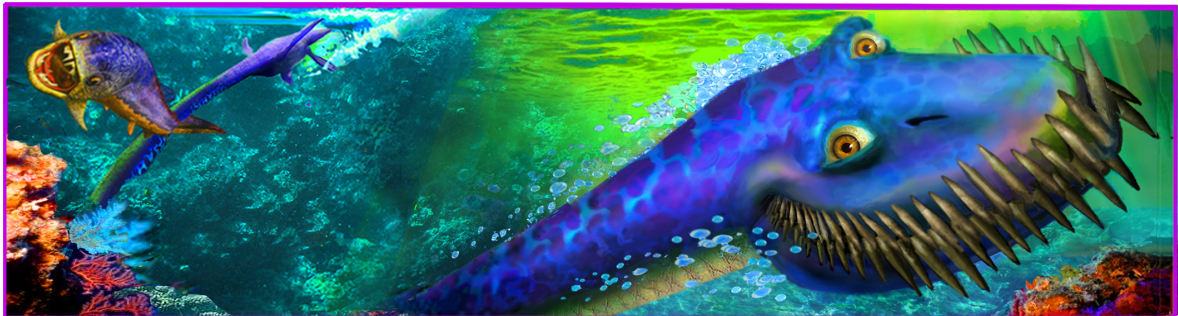


The imperious Queen of the Wingdings. Ambivalent toward the Saurheads, **QUETZA** has ordered her flock to steer clear of their affairs. But they harbor an intense hatred for **RAZAR** and his Rogue Chompers, who have long preyed on Wingdings for pure sport.

# HUMPBACKS

## **GARLOO**

(Carnivore / Species: **Thalassomedon**)



This fearsome-looking yet good-natured giant, one of the most respected of the **HUMPBACKS** (marine reptiles) dwells among the labyrinthine underwater caves of The Green Lagoon. In a time of need he is befriended by **SLOMO**, who risks his own neck to save **GARLOO**. According to the tenets of the ancient Humpback Code, the debt must be repaid.

# HAIRBALLS

## **(VARIOUS)**

(Omnivore / Species: **Oligokyphus**)



The evolving species of MAMMALS who dwell in the foothills of The Headlands. Mangy, hyperactive and twitchy (with serious drooling and shedding issues) these creepy, craven and conniving reptilian weasel prototypes are universally despised, due in no small part to their fondness for dinosaur eggs -- which they snatch from unattended SAURHEAD nests at every opportunity.

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(END CHARACTER GUIDE)

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**NOTE:** SAURHEADS character designs are constantly 'evolving'.  
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See the complete SAURHEADS character sheets, with extensive background material, as well as the latest additions, revisions and updates, at:

**[www.communicomics.com/sometimes.html](http://www.communicomics.com/sometimes.html)**