

## *Short Outtakes*

*Here are just a few short outtakes that got lost in the editing process.*

Tara stopped in mid-sentence. A whirring, grating sound filled the room. I could feel the floor shaking. I looked around but could not see what was causing the noise.

“Woof, woof!” Sparky barked and ran over to the door worriedly.

“Look out!” Floppy cried.

Crack. The stone tiles under the table splintered. Tara and I jumped back in surprise. Sparky shot out of the door in terror. It felt like an earthquake had hit!

A small tunnelling machine broke through the floor. It was about a metre long and pencil shaped, with a rotating drill face.

“It’s just one of the moles gone astray again,” Professor P said as he picked it up.

“Is this the kitchen, Professor P?” the mole asked.

“Yes,” he replied with a sigh.

“Oh, then I think I’m lost,” it said sadly.

Professor P made a few adjustments to the mole and put it back on the floor.

“Thanks, bye,” it said, disappearing quickly down the hole.

“I need a bigger basement for all my experiments,” Professor P explained. “So I invented the moles to dig it out.”

“I programmed them,” Floppy added proudly.

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Brains opened the box and peered inside.

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“Now, Brains,” Floppy continued, “I want you to solder one of the chips into the computer.”

Brains switched on the soldering iron and picked it up.

“Ow!” he cried. “It’s hot!”

“You picked it up by the wrong end!” Floppy chided him.

“Brains,” Floppy ordered, “get the digital oscilloscope and the signal analyser down from the shelf and then take the back off the computer.”

Brains looked around confused. “What was that bit in the middle?” he asked.

Tara and I watched as Brains fumbled with the screwdriver, trying unsuccessfully to fit it into the head of the screw.

“Do you want me to do it,” I offered.

“Yes, please!” Brains replied. “My fingers don’t seem to work properly. I’m better with pickaxes!”

Floppy appeared as a rabbit wearing a white doctor’s coat and holding a stethoscope.

“Yes, I do, Brains,” Floppy replied. He winked at us and added, “it has computer-itis!”

“Computer-itis,” Brains repeated, stepping away from the computer. “It’s not catching is it?”

“No,” Floppy replied seriously. “I think you’ll be quite safe.”

Tara looked at me and giggled. Floppy had such a great sense of humour sometimes!

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### ***Computer personality***

*Please select a Computer Character -*

- 1. Brian Brainbox*
- 2. Jimmy Joker*
- 3. Helen Helpful*

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“All of Professor P’s new computer chips have character,” Floppy explained. “I don’t know why.”

“Let’s try the first one,” Tara said eagerly.

She selected *Brian Brainbox* and clicked on the *Try Me* button.

“I am your new super supercomputer!” the computer announced proudly. “I can perform a million zillion calculations per second. I’m faster and better and quicker and... and did I say faster...”

“I can’t stand it!” Floppy burst out. “It’s even more conceited than me!

“Than I am,” the computer corrected.

“Switch it off, Tara,” Floppy cried. “Quick!”

“OK,” Tara replied. “I’ll try the next one.”

She quickly selected *Jimmy Joker* from the menu and clicked on the *Try Me* button.

“Would you like a joke?” the computer burst out.

“OK,” Tara replied, nodding.

“You’ll love this one!” the computer cried. “How do you get four dinosaurs into a car?”

“I don’t know,” Tara giggled, “how do you get four dinosaurs into a car?”

Tara looked at me expectantly. We knew this one!

“Two in the front and two in the back!” it cried. “What about another one? You’ll really like this joke, I made it up myself. How do you get six dinosaurs into a car?”

“I don’t know,” Tara began, playing along, “how do you...”

The computer interrupted before she had time to finish. “Two in the front, two in the back and two in the boot!” it said, bursting into fits of laughter. “What a brilliant joke, I’ve made up lots more dinosaurs jokes, do you want to hear them, how do you get eight dinosaurs...?”

“I think I’ve had enough of that one too!” Tara said with a sigh.

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She selected *Helen Helpful* and pressed the *Try Me* button.

“Hello, children,” the computer said in a kindly voice. “My name is Helen. What are your names?”

“I’m Tara and this is Peter,” Tara replied.

“A pleasure to meet you both,” the computer said. “I just want you to know that I’m here to help. No problem is too small.”

“I like this one,” Tara said as she pressed the *Set Personality* button.

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“Hi, Professor P, hi, Sleepy,” Tara said as she let them in. “I’m so glad you got here early – we really wanted to ask you something!”

“Early?” he said puzzled, “I thought I was on time.”

Floppy suddenly appeared as a white rabbit sitting on Professor P’s shoulder. “I said you were early,” he quipped smugly.

“It’s my fault Professor P,” his purple watch piped, “I told you the time was an hour later than it really was, because you’re usually about an hour late, but you were only half an hour late, so you’re now you’re half an hour early.”

“Watch,” he said patiently. “I would be grateful if you would not do that again.”

“Sorry, Professor P,” it said quietly.

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“What are you doing here, Brains?” Professor P asked. “I thought I asked you to stay at home and work in the basement.”

## JURASSIC ISLAND DELETED SCENES

“Sorry, Professor P,” Brains said quietly. “But I wanted to talk to Floppy. You see, I want to be like him. I want to be a phil, a philos, what’s the word, Floppy, I can’t remember?”

“A philosopher!” Floppy said, pleased.

“Yes, that’s right,” Brains nodded. “A philosopher. I want to discover the meaning of life.”

“I think you’d better go home, Brains,” Professor P said. “You’ll scare all the guests at the party if you stay. We can talk about philosophy later.”

“All right then, Professor P,” Brains nodded. He turned round, took a few steps and then stopped. “How do I get home?” he asked puzzled.

“Go to the end of the estate, turn right up the hill...”

“Right,” Brains interrupted. “That’s the opposite of left isn’t it?”

“I’ll take you home, Brains,” Professor P sighed. “Be back in half an hour, Tara, can I leave Sleepy with you?” he added.

“Sure,” Tara replied, “she’ll be fine.”

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We were in the middle of the herd of diplodocus, surrounded by the huge creatures towering above us. Brains had been thrown out of the car and was lying a few metres away. He sat up slowly and looked around.

There was a sudden sharp cracking sound and the car lurched forwards and to the right.

“Oh, no!” Professor P cried. “The wheel.”

The front wheel of the car had come off! We watched helpless as it rolled away, between the feet of the enormous diplodocus.

“I’ll get, Professor P,” Brains cried as he sprang up and ran after it.

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“Careful!” Professor P called out.

Brains ran between the legs of the diplodocus, chasing the wheel as it rolled away. The wheel hit one of the diplodocus’s feet and glanced off at a tangent. Brains ran after it, ducking quickly to avoid one of the lethal swinging tails. He skilfully dodged between the feet and finally caught hold of the wheel.

“I’ve got it, Professor P!” he cried.

“Well done, Brains!” Professor P replied.

Brains held the wheel proudly above his head and walked towards us. After a few steps, he stumbled over the rough ground and dropped the wheel.

“Oops, sorry, dropped it,” he said.

The wheel rolled away, hit a bump, wobbled and then fell flat. Brains ran straight towards it.

“Look out, Brains!” Professor P cried.

Brains stopped just in time. One of the diplodocus’s feet hammered down in front of him, narrowly missing him. The huge foot landed directly on the wheel. A moment later when the foot lifted I could see the wheel was squashed flat. Brains picked it up and looked at it.

“It got squashed, Professor P,” he called out.

“I can see that, Brains.”

Brains came over to the car and gave the wheel to Professor P.

“Sorry, it’s a bit flat,” he apologised.

“That’s all right, Brains,” Professor P replied. “You did your best. Thanks for trying.”