

# Dinosaurs in the Hood

*By Danez Smith*

Let's make a movie called *Dinosaurs in the Hood*.  
*Jurassic Park* meets *Friday* meets *The Pursuit of Happyness*.  
There should be a scene where a little black boy is playing  
with a toy dinosaur on the bus, then looks out the window  
& sees the T. Rex, because there has to be a T. Rex.

Don't let Tarantino direct this. In his version, the boy plays  
with a gun, the metaphor: black boys toy with their own lives,  
the foreshadow to his end, the spitting image of his father.  
F\*\*k that, the kid has a plastic Brontosaurus or Triceratops  
& this is his proof of magic or God or Santa. I want a scene

where a cop car gets pooped on by a pterodactyl, a scene  
where the corner store turns into a battle ground. Don't let  
the Wayans brothers in this movie. I don't want any racist sh\*\*  
about Asian people or overused Latino stereotypes.  
This movie is about a neighborhood of royal folks —

children of slaves & immigrants & addicts & exiles — saving their town  
from real-ass dinosaurs. I don't want some cheesy yet progressive  
Hmong sexy hot dude hero with a funny yet strong commanding  
black girl buddy-cop film. This is not a vehicle for Will Smith  
& Sofia Vergara. I want grandmas on the front porch taking out raptors

with guns they hid in walls & under mattresses. I want those little spitty,  
screamy dinosaurs. I want Cicely Tyson to make a speech, maybe two.  
I want Viola Davis to save the city in the last scene with a black fist afro pick  
through the last dinosaur's long, cold-blood neck. But this can't be  
a black movie. This can't be a black movie. This movie can't be dismissed

because of its cast or its audience. This movie can't be a metaphor for black people & extinction. This movie can't be about race. This movie can't be about black pain or cause black people pain. This movie can't be about a long history of having a long history with hurt. This movie can't be about race. Nobody can say n\*\*\*a in this movie

who can't say it to my face in public. No chicken jokes in this movie. No bullets in the heroes. & no one kills the black boy. & no one kills the black boy. & no one kills the black boy. Besides, the only reason I want to make this is for that first scene anyway: the little black boy on the bus with a toy dinosaur, his eyes wide & endless

his dreams possible, pulsing, & right there.