

**SHOOT HER!**  
**A STROLL THROUGH JURASSIC PARK**

Adapted for the stage by  
Dina Kelberman

**MAIN CAST:**

GRANT  
SATTTLER  
HAMMOND  
MALCOLM  
NEDRY  
LAWYER  
MULDOON  
TIM  
LEX  
SAMUEL L. JACKSON

**EXTRA CAST:**

DODGESON  
WAITER  
PANTOMIME BRONTOSAURUS  
GENERIC DINOSAURS  
MR. DNA  
HAMMOND #2  
ASSORTED FILMSTRIP PARTICIPANTS?  
DR. WU  
T-REX  
DILOPHOSAUR

**SCENE 1: WE GOT DODGESON HERE**

***A caption advises us that this scene is taking place in SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA***

***NEDRY sits at a small table stuffing his face. He is wearing a tropical shirt and he is a fat fuck. There are palm trees around and stuff. Maybe there is another guy onstage at another table, eating***

*and ignoring things. Maybe there are more than just one guy doing that. Who can say?*

**DODGESON** *enters wearing a tropical shirt and straw hat and sunglasses. He is looking sneaky.*

NEDRY: Dodgeson! Over here!

*Dodgeson sits down at the table.*

DODGESON: You shouldn't use my name.

NEDRY: Dodgeson! Dodgeson! We got Dodgeson here!!

*Nobody cares.*

NEDRY: See? Nobody cares. Nice hat. What are you trying to look like? A secret agent?

DODGESON: Here. I brought you this attaché case full of money.

*He hands the attaché case over to NEDRY, who squeals with piggy delight. What a fat fuck. He is giggling himself stupid.*

DODGESON: Look, I have also brought this can of shaving cream which, although it looks perfectly real, is in fact a super-stealthy embryo containment unit. I brought it for you to steal the embryos from Jurassic Park with in it. It's all a part of our sinister plan because we want to start our own park without having to do any research or anything.

*NEDRY continues to squeal. Eventually his squealing dies down and he squirts some shaving cream on his hand, and then puts it on the serving of pie which is in front of him. He starts eating the pie.*

NEDRY: Ha! This is going to be a real kick in the pants to that old tightwad Hammond, who is already having problems with getting his park open! Did you hear how a velociraptor fucking ate some guy at Isla Nublar?? Now he has to have some special scientists and some kids and a lawyer come inspect the island. Velociraptor.

*A WAITER brings the check. NEDRY looks at DODGESON expectantly.*

NEDRY: Don't get cheap on me, Dodgeson. That was Hammond's mistake. His mistake was getting cheap on me. Don't make that same mistake.

*Somehow a brilliant and elegant transition is made to*

## SCENE 2: MEET THE CAST

*HAMMOND, GRANT, SATTLER, MALCOLM, and LAWYER are in a helicopter, flying high in the wispy air. They hold an introductory conversation, exactly as depicted in the movie, Jurassic Park.*

MALCOLM: So you two dig up, dig up dinosaurs?

*SATTLER laughs to herself.*

GRANT: (whispers) Try to.

*Malcolm laughs a weird chortling guttural laugh. Like he's kind of choking but laughing, it's weird.*

*Hammond turns around annoyed.*

HAMMOND: You'll have to get use to Dr. Malcolm! He suffers from a deplorable excess of personality, especially for a mathematician!

MALCOLM: Chaotician! Chaotician, actually!

*Hammond SNORTS, not even bothering to cover his contempt for Malcolm.*

MALCOLM: John doesn't subscribe to Chaos, particularly what it has to say about his little science project!

HAMMOND: Codswollop! Ian, you've never been able to sufficiently explain your concerns.

MALCOLM: No, no, no. Because of the behavior of the system in phase space!

*Hammond just waves him off.*

HAMMOND: A load, if I may say so. of fashionable number crunching, that's all it is!

MALCOLM: *(poking at Hammond's knee)* John, John.

HAMMOND: *(pushing him away)* I do wish you wouldn't do that!

MALCOLM: Dr. Grant, Dr. Sattler -- you've heard of Chaos Theory?

SATTLER: *(shaking her head)* No. This is the first time any of us have heard of Chaos Theory.

MALCOLM: No? Non-linear equations? Strange attractions? Dr. Sattler, I refuse to believe that you are not familiar with the concept of attraction!

*Grant just rolls his eyes as Malcolm gives her an oily grin, but SATTLER smiles, enjoying Grant's jealousy. Hammond turns to LAWYER and gives him a dirty look.*

HAMMOND: I bring scientists -- you bring a rock star.

*Hammond looks out the windshield, and CLAPS his hands excitedly.*

HAMMOND: There it is!

*Swelling of wonderful music ensues as the cast reacts to the beautiful view of ISLA NUBLAR, which a caption identifies as "ISLA NUBLAR, 120 MILES WEST OF COSTA RICA". The beautiful and moving overture theme is played loudly and someone sings the lyrics beautifully and gallantly. Beautiful scenes are slide-projected onto two screens on either side of the helicopter, showing the majesty of Jurassic Park. This majesty includes depictions of lush forests and trees, volcanoes, people hugging dinosaurs, surfing dinosaurs, and angel dinosaurs. This is the most wonderful place in the universe. The screens are carried from either side of the stage as the helicopter recedes into the back of the stage and is obscured by the screens. Also the words "JURASSIC PARK" are someTIMES*

*projected maybe really quickly like subliminally. Or not. The projections stabilize on a scene showing a wide expanse of lush tropical island.*

### **SCENE 3: THERE ARE DINOSAURS HERE**

HAMMOND, SATTLER, GRANT, MALCOLM, AND LAWYER walk onto the stage. SATTLER is carrying a giant weird-looking leaf, which she is staring at intently and inspecting and stuff.

LAWYER: Fence, moats, motion-sensing tracking system . . .

*He is cut off by HAMMOND.*

HAMMOND: Shut up!

*HAMMOND points dramatically at something offstage.*

SATTLER: Alan --

*But GRANT's not paying attention. He's staring offstage.*

SATTLER (cont'd): *(still staring at the leaf)* This shouldn't be here.

*GRANT stares and backs away as a huge pantomime BRONTOSAURUS (I don't care if they're not real, it's a BRONTOSAURUS) enters. It stands triumphantly and is stunning.*

SATTLER (cont'd) *(still looking at the leaf)*: This species of vermiform was been extinct since the cretaceous period. This thing --

GRANT, never tearing his eyes from the BRONTOSAURUS, reaches over and grabs SATTLER's head, turning it to face the animal.

She sees it, and drops the leaf.

SATTLER: Oh -- my -- God.

*GRANT lets out a long, sharp, HAH -- a combination laugh and shout of joy.*

*GRANT and SATTLER walk over to the BRONTOSAURUS and are mesmerized by it. The BRONTOSAURUS stands around.*

GRANT: THAT'S A DINOSAUR!

*HAMMOND walks over to GRANT and SATTLER and appears pleased with himself.*

HAMMOND: It's a brontosaurus.

MALCOLM: *(stares at the dinosaur but hangs back)* You did it. You crazy son of a bitch, you did it.

SATTLER: This thing doesn't live in a swamp!

The BRONTOSAURUS raises up on it's hind legs to grab a leaf or maybe just to look even more majestic and amazing.

LAWYER: *(Stares at the BRONTOSAURUS and has actual money signs in his eyes)* We're gonna make a fortune with this place.

GRANT: How fast are they?

HAMMOND: *(Bragging)* Yeah, we pretty much clocked the T-rex at thirty-two miles an hour.

SATTLER: You've got a T-rex!? You said you've got a T-rex??

GRANT: *(clutches HAMMOND's shoulders and stares him in his old Scottish eyes)* Say it again.

HAMMOND: We have a T-rex!

*Grant feels faint. He starts to look like he's going to pass out.*

SATTLER: Honey, put your head between your knees, and breathe.

*Hammond walks in front of them and looks out onto the audience, who he addresses thusly:*

HAMMOND: Dr. Grant, my dear Dr. Sattler. Welcome to Jurassic Park.

*They turn as a group of three or four **GENERIC DINOSAURS** walk in front of them, casually chatting. They pass slowly and ignore the scene, as if far away. The scientists gaze at their every move.*

GRANT: They're moving in herds. They do move in herds!  
(to Hammond): How did you do this?!

HAMMOND: I'll show you. *Perhaps he winks at the audience coyly.*

#### **SCENE 4: SCIENCE**

*The screens at the back of the stage are ironically removed so that a live-action version of a projection may be performed. What a switch-up! Oh boy! The five sit to face the stage. Maybe they sit in the front row down by the audience, or maybe they set up chairs at the front of the stage. Well, there's going to be action in front of them so you better figure it out.*

HAMMOND: Here, watch this!

*A crappy explanatory film starring HAMMOND CLONE and MR. DNA is pantomimed by performers as a NARRATOR performs from offstage. Virtual Reality is included as necessary for some reason.*

HAMMOND CLONE: Hello, John!

HAMMOND (to the group): Say hello!  
(then, fumbling with his three by five cards): Oh, I've got lines.

*He scans them, looking for his place. The screen Hammond continues without him,*

HAMMOND CLONE: Fine, I guess! But how did I get here?!

HAMMOND (stage): Uh -- (finding his place)  
"Here, let me show you. First I'll need a drop of blood. Your blood!"

*The screen-Hammond extends his finger and the stage-Hammond*

*reaches out and mimes poking it with a needle. Or maybe a sword.*

HAMMOND CLONE: Ouch, John! That hurt!

HAMMOND (stage): "Relax, John. It's all part of the miracle of cloning!"

*GRANT, MALCOLM, AND SATTLER talk to each other wildly and they think this is all crazy.*

GRANT: Cloning from What?! Loy extraction has never recreated an intact DNA strand!

MALCOLM: Not without massive sequence gaps!

SATTLER: Paleo-DNA? From what source? Where do you get 100 million year old dinosaur blood?!

LAWYER: Shhhhh!

HAMMOND CLONE is joined by another figure, another HAMMOND CLONE. MR. DNA appears. He is a happy-go-lucky strand of DNA and he is bouncing around all over the goddamn place.

HAMMOND: Well! Mr. DNA! Where'd you come from?

MR. DNA: From your blood! Just one drop of your blood contains billions of strands of DNA, the building blocks of life! A DNA strand like me is a blueprint for building a living thing! And someTIMES animals that went extinct millions of years ago, like dinosaurs, left their blueprints behind for us to find! We just had to know where to look!

A hundred million years ago, there were mosquitoes, just like today. And, just like today, they fed on the blood of animals. Even dinosaurs!

*A mosquito bites a dinosaur and sucks it's blood. Then it flies away and gets stuck in some sap on a tree. The sap fossilizes into amber and the mosquito is stuck in it.*



Sometimes, after biting a dinosaur, the mosquito would land on a branch of a tree, and get stuck in the sap! After a long time, the tree sap would get hard and become fossilized, just like a dinosaur bone, preserving the mosquito inside!

*The film scene switches to a laboratory with scientists examining amber under microscopes and such. They drill into the amber and suck the blood out of the mosquito with sophisticated technology apparatus.*

MR. DNA: This fossilized tree sap -- which we call amber -- waited millions of years, with the mosquito inside -- until Jurassic Park's scientists came along! Using sophisticated techniques, they extract the preserved blood from the mosquito, and --

-- Bingo! Dino DNA!

*Mr. DNA jumps down in front of DNA data as it races by at headache speed. He holds his head, dizzied by it.*

MR. DNA (cont'd): A full DNA strand contains three billion genetic codes! If we looked at screens like these once a second for eight hours a day, it'd take two years to look at the entire strand! It's that long! And since it's so old, it's full of holes! That's where our geneticists take over!

*Scientists continue to display their startling technological breakthroughs.*

MR. DNA: Thinking Machine supercomputers and gene sequencers break down the strand in minutes --

*One SCIENTIST, in the back has his arms encased in two long rubber tubes. He's strapped into a bizarre apparatus, staring into a complex headpiece and moving his arms gently, like Tai Chi movements. This is fucking ridiculous.*

MR. DNA (cont'd): -- and Virtual Reality displays show our geneticists the gaps in the DNA sequence! We use the complete DNA of a frog --

*We see an actual DNA strand, except it has a big hole in the center, where the vital information is missing. Mr. DNA bounds into the frame, carrying a butch of letters in one hand.*

*He puts it in the gap and turns back against it, GRUNTING as he shoves into place.*

MR. DNA (straining): -- to fill in the -- holes and -- complete -- the -- (finally getting it) -- code! Whew!

*He brushes his hands off, satisfied.*  
Now we can make a baby dinosaur!

HAMMOND: All this has some dramatic music -- da dum da dum da dum dum -- march or something, it's not written yet, and the tour moves on --

*The MR. DNA/HAMMOND CLONE stage is pulled offstage to simulate the movement of the audience. This simulation is achieved perfectly. A second stage, featuring scientist DR. WU and a nest of robotically-tended dino eggs, which he is taking notes about.*

MR. DNA: Our fertilization department is where the dinosaur DNA takes the place of the DNA in unfertilized emu or ostrich eggs -- and then it's on to the nursery, where we welcome the dinosaurs back into the world!

LAWYER: This is overwhelming, John. Are these characters auto . . . auto-erotica?

HAMMOND: No, we don't have any animatronics here. These are the real miracle workers of Jurassic Park!

The DR. WU stage slowly continues to be pulled across the stage.

GRANT: Wait a minute! How do you interrupt the cellular mitosis?!?

SATTLER: Can't we see the unfertilized host eggs?!

MR. DNA: Our control room contains some of the most sophisticated automation ever attempted in – –

*GRANT strains to watch the DR. WU stage as it continues to move.*

GRANT: Can't you stop these things?!

HAMMOND: Well, it's kind of a ride!

GRANT: (to Malcolm) Let's get outta here!

GRANT, MALCOLM, and SATTLER jump up from their chairs and catch up to DR. WU's stage, which stops moving.

LAWYER: Hey, you can't do that! Can they do that?

*They all surround the egg hatching station.*

GRANT: Holy crap! Look!!

*One of the eggs is about to hatch.*

DR. WU: Oh, perfect timing. I'd hoped they'd hatch before I had to go to the boat.

HAMMOND: Why didn't you tell me? I insist on being here when they're born.

*HAMMOND coos and coaxes the baby dino out of it's shell as WU and MALCOLM continue to discuss the points.*

DR. WU: We control everything and they can't reproduce in the wild because all the animals in Jurassic Park are female.

MALCOLM: But again, how do you know they're all female? Does someone go into the park and, uh – – lift up the dinosaurs' skirts?

DR. WU: No, we genetically engineer them that way. You idiot.

*MALCOLM thinks.*

HAMMOND: (to Malcolm) Your silence intrigues me.

MALCOLM: John, the kind of control you're attempting is not possible. If there's one thing the history of evolution has taught us, it's that life will not be contained. Life breaks free. It expands to new territories. It crashes through barriers. Painfully, maybe even.. dangerously, but and...well, there it is.

DR. WU: You're implying that a group of composed entirely of females will breed?

MALCOLM: I'm simply saying that life – – finds a way.

HAMMOND: Whatever.

GRANT: What species is this?

DR. WU: Uh, velociraptor.

GRANT: You bred raptors?

DR. WU: (to audience) YES. VELOCIRAPTORS.

## SCENE 5: THEY SHOULD ALL BE DESTROYED

*The DR. WU set is pulled completely offstage, followed by our cast. Some trees or something are brought out to let us all know that now we are outside. A large cage sits off to one side of the stage, containing a riled up **VELOCIRAPTOR**.*

*THE GANG walks onstage, opposite the cage. They look in, intrigued, as usual.*

HAMMOND: Alejandro is preparing a delightful meal for us. A Chilean sea bass, I believe. Shall we?

*A whole, living goat is lowered from above or just tossed into the cage with the **VELOCIRAPTOR**, who immediately begins tearing the fucking shit out of it. This continues throughout the scene, until the goat is annihilated beyond all recognition and belief. They all stare in horror/awe.*

HAMMOND: These bad boys are gonna be REALLY popular.

MULDOON: (swaggering onstage) They should all be destroyed.

*When Muldoon talks, you listen.*

HAMMOND: Robert. Robert Muldoon, my game warden from Kenya. Bit of an alarmist, I'm afraid, But he's dealt with the raptors more than anyone.

GRANT: What kind of metabolism do they have? What's their growth rate?

MULDOON: They're lethal at eight months. And I do mean lethal. I've hunted most things that can hunt you, but the way these things move –

GRANT: Fast for biped?

MULDOON: Cheetah speed. Fifty, sixty miles per hour if they ever got out in the open. And they're astonishing jumpers.

HAMMOND: Yes, yes, yes, which is why we take extreme precautions.

*HAMMOND and SATTLER take up a conversation that the audience cannot hear or care about as GRANT and MULDOON continue.*

GRANT: Are they intelligent?

MULDOON: Extremely intelligence, even problem solving intelligent. Especially the big one. We bred eight originally, but when she came in, she took over the pride and killed all but two of the others. That one – –when she looks at you, you can see she's working things out. That's why we have to feed 'em like this. She had them all attacking the fences when the feeders came.

SATTLER: But the fences are electrified!

MULDOON: That's right. But they never attack the same place twice. They were testing the fences for weaknesses. Systematically. They remember.

*The VELOCIRAPTOR screams with delight as she continues to destroy the goat. Hammond claps his hands together excitedly.*

HAMMOND: Who's hungry?

## **SCENE 5: DIN-DINS**

*The outdoor scenery is removed. A long table is set up with tasty foods on it for the actors to eat. Several large pictures of potential Jurassic Park rides are displayed on easels behind them. The table is set with plates and silverware, all of which bear the Jurassic Park logo. The actors eat continuously throughout the scene, probably speaking their lines through mouthfuls of food. Although there are no visual cues to indicate this, we know they are eating dinosaur meat and drinking dinosaur blood.*

HAMMOND: None of these attractions are ready yet, of course. The park will open with the basic tour you're about to take, and then other rides will come on line after six or twelve months. Absolutely spectacular designs. Spared no expense. Spared no expense. Spared no expense!!!

LAWYER: And we can charge anything we want! Two thousand a day, ten thousand a day – – people will pay it! And then there's the merchandising – –

HAMMOND: Lawyer, this park was not built to cater only to the super rich. Everyone in the world's got a right to enjoy these animals.

LAWYER: Sure, they will, they will. *(laughing)* We'll have a – – coupon day or something. *HE IS EVIL.*

*HAMMOND laughs weirdly.*

MALCOLM: The lack of humility before nature that's been displayed here staggers me.

LAWYER: Thank you, Dr. Malcolm, but I think things are a little different than you and I feared.

MALCOLM: Yes, I know. They're a lot worse.

LAWYER: Now wait a second --

HAMMOND: Alright Donald, alright, but just let him talk. I want to hear all viewpoints. I truly do.

MALCOLM: Don't you see the danger, John, inherent in what you're doing here? Genetic power is the most awesome force ever seen on this planet. But you wield it like a kid who's found his dad's gun.

LAWYER (*interrupts*): It's hardly appropriate --

If I may . . .

The problem with scientific power you've used is it didn't require any discipline to attain it. You read what others had done and you took the next step. You didn't earn the knowledge yourselves, so you don't take the responsibility for it. You stood on the shoulders of geniuses to accomplish something as fast as you could, and before you knew what you had, you patented it, packaged it, slapped in on a plastic lunch box, and now you're selling it, you want to sell it.

*He bangs on the table when he says this and it's great.*

HAMMOND: You don't give us our due credit. Our scientists have done things no one has ever done before.

MALCOLM: Your scientists were so preoccupied with whether or not they could that they didn't stop to think if they should!!

HAMMOND: Condors! Condors are on the verge of extinction -- if I'd created a flock of them on the island, you wouldn't have anything to say.

MALCOLM: Hold on -- this is no species that was obliterated by deforestation or the building of a dam. Dinosaurs had their shot, and nature selected them for extinction.

HAMMOND: I simply don't understand this Luddite attitude, especially from a scientist. How could we stand in the light of discovery and not act?

MALCOLM: What's so great about discovery? It's a violent, penetrative act that scars what it explores. What you call discovery I call the rape of the natural world!

SATTLER: The question is – – how much can you know about an extinct ecosystem, and therefore, how could you assume you can control it? You have plants right here in this building, for example, that are poisonous. You picked them because they look good, but these are aggressive living things that have no idea what century they're living in and will defend themselves. Violently, if necessary.

*Exasperated, HAMMOND turns to GRANT, who looks shell-shocked.*

HAMMOND: Dr. Grant, if there's one person who can appreciate what I'm trying to do . . .

GRANT: The world has just changed so radically. We're all running to catch up. I don't want to jump to any conclusions, but look – –

Dinosaurs and man – – two species separated by 65 million years of evolution – – have just been suddenly thrown back into the mix together. How can we possibly have the slightest idea of what to expect?

HAMMOND: I don't believe it. I expected you to come down here and defend me from these characters and the only one I've got on my side is the bloodsucking lawyer!? Ha!

LAWYER: Thank you.

*HAMMOND gets a call on his cell phone. His ring is the Jurassic Park theme song. He has a brief conversation about the arrival of his grandchildren, ending with:*

HAMMOND: okay, spared no expense. Bye. *(to the others)* Ah – – they're here. Our target audience!!



## SCENE 6: OUR JOURNEY BEGINS

*We are back outside. That means bring those trees back I guess. There are two jeeps bearing Jurassic Park logos. The gang walk onstage and HAMMOND is greeted with big hugs and smiles and such from LEX and TIM who run onstage from the opposite side.*

LEX & TIM: Grandpa! We loved the presents! We love presents!!

HAMMOND: *(gestures towards the jeeps)* Aren't they glorious! Spared no expense!

*LEX gets in the jeep and starts fucking with something on the dashboard.*

LEX: It's an interactive CD rom! You just touch the screen! And look, a laser-disc! And a zip drive!

*TIM stands in GRANT's way as he tries to get into one of the jeeps.*

TIM: I read your book.

GRANT: Oh, yeah -- great.

*Grant heads for the rear car. TIM follows.*

TIM: You really think dinosaurs turned into birds? And that's where all the dinosaurs went?

*Grant opens the door of the rear car and climbs in. TIM follows.*

GRANT: Well, uh, a few species -- may have evolved, uh -- along those lines -- yeah.

*TIM is right behind Grant, so Grant keeps moving, across the back seat of the car and out the other door. But TIM follows.*

TIM: Because they sure don't look like birds to me. I heard a meteor hit the earth and made like this one hundred mile crater someplace down in Mexico --

GRANT: Listen, ahh – –

TIM: Tim.

GRANT: Tim. Which car were you planning on –

TIM: Whichever one you are.

*GRANT goes to the front car again, opens the rear door, and holds it for TIM, who climbs in the back seat, rattling on and on.*

TIM: Then I heard about this thing in OMNI? About the meteor making all this heat that made a bunch of diamond dust? And that changed the weather and they died because of the weather? Then my teacher told me about this other book by a guy named Bakker? And he said the dinosaurs died of a bunch of diseases.

*SLAM! GRANT closes the car door on TIM. He turns and heads for the rear vehicle – – and bumps right into LEX.*

LEX: She said I should ride with you because it would be good for you.

GRANT: Well fuck that!

*GRANT pulls a dodge-and-weave psyche-out move to get past LEX and dives into the rear jeep. LEX gets into the front jeep. (The front jeep now contains LAWYER, LEX and TIM. The rear jeep contains MALCOLM, SATTLER, and GRANT.)*

MALCOLM: God help us, we're in the hands of engineers. Hey, whadda they got in there, Godzilla? Mothra?? *(the others are non-plussed and/or put out by this joke)*

*An area offstage or perhaps on the corner of the stage or somewhere is now brought to our attention as being the Control Room. In it are MULDOON, SAMUEL L. JACKSON, NEDRY, and now HAMMOND enters. The place is full of technological jiggery-pokery, and NEDRY's desk is an incredible mess. He is a fat, disgusting pig.*

MULDOON: National Weather Service is tracking a tropical storm about seventy-five miles west of us.

*HAMMOND sighs and looks over SAMUEL L. JACKSON's shoulder.*

HAMMOND: Why didn't I build in Orlando?

MULDOON: I'll keep an eye on it. Maybe it'll swing south like the last one.

HAMMOND: (a deep breath) Samuel L. Jackson, start the tour program.

*He punches a button on the console.*

SAMUEL L. JACKSON: Hold onto your butts.

*With a loud noise the jeeps lurch off and the tour begins. Two large doors with flaming pires atop them and the words "Jurassic Park" like in the movie are carried across stage on either side of the jeeps, opening to allow them through. "ooh"s and "aah"s abound and everyone is excited about the tour because they love dinosaurs. The jeeps continue offstage as do the doors.*

## **SCENE 7: THE TOUR SUCKS**

*Our attention is drawn back to the control room, where the tour is being monitored.*

SAMUEL L. JACKSON: Vehicle headlights are on and don't respond. Those shouldn't be running off the car batteries.

*He signs and reaches for a clipboard hanging next to his chair and jots this down.*

SAMUEL L. JACKSON (cont'd): Item one fifty-one on today's glitch list. We've got all the problems of a major theme park and a major zoo, and the computers aren't even on their feet yet.

*HAMMOND looks accusingly at NEDRY.*

HAMMOND: Dennis, our lives are in your hands and you have butterfingers.

NEDRY: I am totally unappreciated in my time. We can run the whole park from this room, with minimal staff, for up to three days. You think that kind of automation is easy? (*slurps his soda like a pig*) Or cheap? You know anybody who can network eight Connection Machines and de-bug two million lines of code for what I bid this job? Cause if you can I'd like to see them try!

HAMMOND: I'm sorry about your financial problems. I really am. But they are your problems.

NEDRY: You're right, John. You're absolutely right. Everything's my problem.

HAMMOND: I will not get drawn into another financial debate with you, Dennis. I really will not.

NEDRY: Hardly any debate at all . . .

HAMMOND: I don't blame people for their mistakes, but I do ask that they pay for them.

NEDRY: Thanks, Dad.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON: Dennis --the headlights.

NEDRY: I'll de-bug the tour program when they get back. Okay? OKAY?? It'll eat a lot of compute cycles; we'll lose part of the system, there's only a finite amount of memory, can't use it for everything, it's gotta compile for about a half an hour . . .

*MULDOON, who has been hovering near the video monitors as always, turns towards them, annoyed.*

MULDOON: Quiet, all if you. They're approaching the tyrannosaur paddock.

*The two jeeps enter from offstage. Everyone seems bummed out. A large sign is hung on a fence which reads "Tyrannosaurus Rex."*

*There is no Tyrannosaurus to be found. There is instead, a goat chained to the fence with a sign on it reading "Tyrannosaurus Food". This tour is the most disappointing experience of their lives.*

MALCOLM: *(speaking into a speaker in the jeep, which transmits to a live feed onto a screen in the control room with a big dumb fisheye lens, as everyone in there is reacting to his cutting jab):* Uh, you do plan to have dinosaurs on your dinosaur tour, right? Hello?

MALCOLM *(to SATTLER)* You see? The tyrannosaur doesn't obey set patterns or park schedules. It's the essence of Chaos. *(he begins drumming on his legs like an idiot)*

SATTLER: I'm still not clear on Chaos. I have never ever heard of Chaos theory.

MALCOLM: It simply deals with unpredictability in complex systems. The shorthand is the Butterfly Effect. A butterfly can flap its wings in Peking and in Central Park you get rain instead of sunshine.

*SATTLER gestures with her hand to show this information has gone right over her head. This amazing the audience as every single one of them and every 10 year old child they have ever met is familiar with this rudimentary concept.*

MALCOLM: I made a fly by, I go too fast. Here. Give me your glass of water.

*He dips his hand into the glass of water. He takes SATTLER's hand in his own.*

MALCOLM (cont'd): Make like hieroglyphics. Now watch the way the drop of water falls on your hand.

*He flicks his fingers and a drop falls on the back of SATTLER's hand.*

MALCOLM (cont'd): Ready? Freeze your hand. Now I'm going to do the same thing from the exact same place. Which way is the drop going to roll off?

SATTLER: Same way?

MALCOLM: It changed. Why? Because tiny variations – – the orientations of the hairs – –

SATTLER: Alan, look at this.

*GRANT gives her the finger and continues to stare out the window in a bored manner.*

MALCOLM: – – on your hand, the amount of blood distending in your vessels, imperfections in the skin – –

SATTLER: Imperfections?

MALCOLM: Microscopic, microscopic – – never repeat, and vastly affect the outcome. That's –

SATTLER: Unpredictability.

*GRANT throws the door open and bolts out of the moving car, running offstage.*

MALCOLM: There, there see?! Who could have predicted that Dr. Grant would suddenly jump out of the car and run off?

SATTLER: Alan?

*SATTLER jumps out of the car and runs off following GRANT.*

MALCOLM: There's another example! See? Here I am now, by myself, talking to myself – –that's Chaos Theory!

TIM: This blows!

*Our attention is drawn back to the control room.*

SAMUEL L. JACKSON: Well, this blows. The cars are broken.

MULDOON: How many times have I told you we need locking mechanisms on the vehicle doors!!

SAMUEL L. JACKSON: It could have been worse, John. It could have been a lot worse.

*Dennis Nedry stands up. He's shaking in his shoes, but trying like hell to be casual.*

NEDRY: Anybody want a Coke? Anybody want some from the machines? Or a soda or something? I had too many sweets I thought I'd get something salty you know . . .

*HAMMOND and SAMUEL L. JACKSON shake their heads. Nedry starts to leave, then turns back with an afterthought that is so rehearsed it's almost obvious.*

NEDRY: Oh, I finished de-bugging the phones, but the system's compiling for eighteen minutes, or twenty. So, some minor systems may go on and off for a while. There's nothing to worry about. Simple thing....

HAMMOND: Okay, okay, okay, okay, that's enough! Ahh!

*NEDRY presses a button, synchronizing his watch at the same time. A large light on top of his computer (or the computer screen itself) is bright red and reads "EXECUTE." He runs out of the room looking shifty as hell. Maybe we see NEDRY stealing embryos off in a corner of the stage or something? That would be cool.*

*We look back to the main stage as GRANT returns alone, walking downtroddenly. He gets back into the jeep with MALCOLM.*

GRANT: Well, it seems that Dr. Sattler is more interested in shoving both her arms into a giant pile of shit than hanging out on this crap tour. You got any kids?

MALCOLM: *(drinking from a flask)* Me? Oh, hell yes. Three. I love kids. Anything at all can and does happen. Same with wives, for that matter.

GRANT: You're married?

MALCOLM: Occasionally. I'm always on the lookout for a future ex-Mrs. Malcolm.

*Back to the control room!*

HAMMOND hovers over SAMUEL L. JACKSON's shoulder while he works at NEDRY's terminal. SAMUEL L. JACKSON MUTTERS to himself as he tries another command.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON: What the fuck did that fat fuck do?  
Everything's shutting down! -- access main program grid --

*He punches a button, but a BUZZER sounds and a little cartoon image of Nedry appears on the screen and waves its little finger disapprovingly.*

CARTOON NEDRY: "You didn't say the magic word!"

SAMUEL L. JACKSON: God damn it! I hate this hacker crap!

*He SMACKS the top of the monitor, furious. Back we go to the main stage. Whee!*

GRANT: Well now that the power's out I guess we're stuck here.

MALCOLM: Do you think the kids are okay?

GRANT: Why wouldn't they be?

MALCOLM: Kids get scared.

GRANT: What's to be scared about? It's just a little hiccup in the power.

MALCOLM: I didn't say I was scared.

GRANT: I didn't say you were scared.

MALCOLM: I know.

GRANT: Fine.



*MALCOLM turns and looks out at the driving rain, and the fence that stands between them and the tyrannosaur paddock. He is scared.*

## **SCENE 8: SHIT GOES DOWN**

*Everyone is still hanging out at the Tyrannosaur paddock bored stupid. TIM hides in the front seat and then bursts out with a roar, which scares LEX. He laughs and climbs into the rear of the jeep, and she hits him with her hat.*

LEX: Don't scare me.

*TIM finds something under the seat and sits up abruptly, holding what looks like a heavy-duty pair of safety goggles.*

LAWYER: Hey! Where did you find those things?

TIM: In a box under my seat.

LAWYER: Are they heavy?

TIM: Yeah.

LAWYER: Then they're expensive. Put them back.

*TIM makes a jerking off motion and puts the goggles on, and stares out of the jeep.*

TIM: Cool! Night vision!

*A loud thudding sound is heard in the distance as the theater goes completely dark. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. The lights go back on and LEX sits up, alarmed. She and TIM look at each other.*

TIM: Did you hear that?

*BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. The thuds get louder, and are again accompanied by the lights going out and back on. Tim looks to the front of the jeep. The sound and lights thing happens again, but this time a spotlight is thrown on a plastic cup of water. As the*

*thuds come again, we see concentric rings caused by the tremors. The lights come up again, everyone is fucking terrified. They look to where the food goat once was. It is now gone. OH FUCK!*

*Suddenly a bloody piece of goat is thrown violently at their jeep from offstage! Everyone screams! And then you know what happens? A huge T-REX comes onstage screaming and carrying on! It's somebody in a costume, but it's still big as shit. Everyone screams their fucking heads off in terror. The lights go out again and a strobe light is on T-REX. It carries the remains of the goat and hoists it above it's head, tearing it apart dramatically and bellowing and just being generally threatening. The lights come back on as LAWYER jumps out of the car and runs offstage like a giant pussy. LEX and TIM watch him, horrified.*

LEX (*freaking out*): He left us! He left us!

*The lights go out again and the strobe light is back on, as T-REX roars his way over to the front jeep where LEX and TIM are just beside themselves in terror. LEX desperately searches the jeep and finds a flashlight as the strobe is turned off and the stage goes black again. LEX turns on the flashlight, pointing it out the window of the jeep, and a giant T-Rex eyeball, which has suddenly appeared directly behind them, is illuminated by it.*

TIM: Turn it off, Lex! Turn it off!

LEX: Where's the button??

*They fumble with the flashlight as the T-REX stares at them menacingly. They finally turn it off and the lights come back on just as the T-REX picks up the jeep and flips it over! The kids flip over likewise and are now stuck under the upside-down car as the T-REX continues to freak them out and roar.*

*MALCOLM and GRANT, who have just been watching frozen in fear, suddenly spring into action.*

MALCOLM: Oh my God!

GRANT: There's gotta be something --

*Grant looks around, climbs over the seat. He tears apart the back area, searching – and finally finds a metal case. He opens it, finding flares. He grabs one and jumps out of the jeep, waving the flare in the air to attract the attention of the T-REX.*

GRANT: Hey! Hey! Over here!

*It works, it looks over at him like “Whazzup?” He waves the flare and throws it. The T-REX starts off towards the flare as MALCOLM now springs out of the jeep, also holding a flare above his head, waving it.*

GRANT: Ian! Freeze!! Get rid of the flare!

MALCOLM: Get the kids!

*The T-REX eyes MALCOLM with interest and as MALCOLM runs offstage the T-REX follows. GRANT runs over to the jeep and begins to try to pull LEX out from under it. From offstage we hear MALCOLM scream and a loud thud sound. We then hear LAWYER scream, but his screams are louder and more painful sounding, and are then cut off. The T-REX returns to the stage, eating and tearing apart a dummy LAWYER, as LEX is finally pulled from the car. She sits up and pauses a moment, before letting out a giant bloodcurdling scream. GRANT quickly grabs her and slaps his hand over her mouth.*

GRANT: Shhh! Don't move! It can't see us if we don't move.

*They try to remain perfectly still, but are quaking in terror as the T-REX approaches. It goes right up to them, stomping around menacingly, but they stay perfectly still. It sniffs at their faces and, like a schoolyard bully, flips GRANT's hat off his head. GRANT and LEX remain motionless and silent.*

*The T-REX moves on and begins knocking the car around and around, spinning it in circles as TIM remains inside, cowering in fear. GRANT and LEX move around and around trying to keep to one side of the car. They end up almost falling off the front of the stage, where they are trapped between the car and the edge. Two light ropes, which hang innocuously from the back of the stage and over the front to reach the ground, are suddenly illuminated. One*

*is directly at the feet of GRANT and LEX, the other near the middle of the stage. GRANT grabs the one at his feet and LEX holds onto his back as he “climbs” down it onto the floor in front of the stage. The T-REX begins to edge the car off the stage with TIM still in it. GRANT and LEX, afraid they will be crushed by the falling car, look to the other rope and try to swing towards it.*

GRANT: Grab the wire!

*They swing back and forth as the T-REX continues to edge the car off the stage. Just as he is about to complete this task, LEX succeeds in grabbing the other wire.*

LEX: Got it!

*LEX and GRANT pull themselves to the side just as the car comes crashing down off the front of the stage, and TIM goes with it.*

LEX: Timmy!!!

*They look down towards the car, as the T-REX roars and roars, a truly menacing monster indeed. The lights go out.*

## **SCENE 9: NEDRY BITES IT**

*It is a dark and stormy night. NEDRY appears driving a jeep frantically, the shaving cream can conspicuously perched on the dashboard. This driving is achieved by NEDRY’s jeep remaining still stage left while background scenes whoosh past. Eventually, mud is splashed on the hood of the jeep and a cockeyed background scene indicates that the car has crashed into a ravine. NEDRY gets out of the car desperately attempting to get the car out. He stumbles around, his glasses are missing.*

NEDRY: Where are my glasses? Forget it! I can afford new glasses!

*He takes a cord attached to the front of the jeep and drags it across the stage to tie it around a tree at stage right. As he does this, a hunched and small-looking **DILOPHOSAUR** appears and hoots at him from behind the tree. Nedry looks around one side of the tree – nothing. It pops up on the other side, hooting again. And NEDRY*

*looks again. Nothing. It seems like a friendly game of hide-and-seek. But NEDRY begins to get rattled.*

NEDRY: That's nice. Gotta go!

*NEDRY turns around and heads back to the car, but the DILOPHOSAUR pops up ahead of him and hoots again, staring at him.*

NEDRY: Oh. Uh – – nice boy. Nice boy. Oh, I thought you were one of your big brothers. You're not so bad. Okay. Run along. Go on, get out of here. What do you want? Food? You want food? I don't have anything. Here, you want a stick? Here, go fetch!

*NEDRY throws a stick offstage. The DILOPHOSAUR watches the stick fly away and turns back to stare at NEDRY some more.*

NEDRY: No? Ah, no wonder you went extinct. I'm gonna run over you when I come back down!

*NEDRY clamors back towards the car, but the DILOPHOSAUR gets in his way again suddenly.*

NEDRY: What? What are you do –

*The DILOPHOSAUR stands up tall now, still staring at NEDRY and now hissing aggressively. Suddenly, brightly colored flaps on the side of it's neck fan open like an umbrella and flare wildly. The hissing grows louder and the DILOPHOSAUR spits thick, black goo all over NEDRY's now frightened face.*

NEDRY: Aaaaargh!

*NEDRY scrapes some of the goo off his face to look at it and another splat hits him right in the eyes.*

NEDRY: AAAAARRRRRGGGGHH!

*NEDRY clumsily gets back into the jeep and wipes the sludge out of his eyes. He looks up to discover that the DILOPHOSAUR has also entered the jeep. He screams as the DILOPHOSAUR pounces on him. Their struggle knocks the shaving cream can out of the car*

*and into the mud. The lights are cut as NEDRY continues to scream.*

## **SCENE 10: THE END PART II: THE BEGINNING**

*The NEDRY scene has been removed and replaced with a tall tree concealing a ladder, at the top of which is the jeep, still containing TIM. GRANT and LEX are at the opposite side of the stage, where the rope lights now hang from the ceiling, as though GRANT and LEX have just climbed down them. LEX is still freaking out.*

GRANT: Shhh – – I'm right here, Lex. I'm going to look after you. I'm going to help your brother. I want you to stay here and wait for me, okay?

LEX: He left us! He left us!

GRANT: But that's not what I'm going to do.

*GRANT approaches the tree and climbs the ladder to the top as LEX watches.*

GRANT: Tim? Tim?

*TIM looks over at him slowly.*

TIM: I threw up.

GRANT: That's okay. Listen, give me your hand.

*Tim doesn't move.*

GRANT: Tim, I won't tell anybody you threw up. Just give me your hand, okay?

*The two climb down to the ground.*

GRANT: My, that was easy!

TIM: No problems there!

GRANT: Come on, gang!

*The three link arms and trot offstage.*

## **SCENE 11: T-REX CHASES THE CAR**

*The set is returned to the T-Rex paddock scenery. MALCOLM lies motionless and under some rubble off to the side of the stage. MULDOON and SATTLER arrive in a jeep and jump out to inspect him.*

MULDOON: Crikey!

SATTLER: Ian! Are you dead?

*SATTLER shakes MALCOLM awake and he slowly comes to. SATTLER and MULDOON drag him out from under the pile and his leg is covered in blood.*

MALCOLM: (groggily) Hey. I forgot my mantra.

*SATTLER and MULDOON put him in the back of the jeep and continue looking around the site. MULDOON is looking at something on one side of the stage as SATTLER examines something at the opposite side.*

MULDOON: I think this was LAWYER.

SATTLER: I think this was too.

*They are grossed out.*

*A low thud is now heard in the distance. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. The lights flicker and go out. A spot is on a cup of water somewhere on stage. Those old concentric tremor circles are at it again! The lights go back up and MALCOLM is panicky.*

MALCOLM: Gotta move, gotta get out of here. Let's go – we gotta go, we gotta get out of here, right now! Go, go! Let's hurry, let's get out of here!

*SATTLER and MULDOON run back and get into the jeep as the BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. Is heard again, louder this time. They “peel out” in the jeep, swerving into the center of the stage, with MALCOLM facing out. A bright white light (blank projector?) illuminates the back of the jeep as MALCOLM screams in horror and points at the implied T-REX. The BOOMS are coming fast now, and a shadow puppet cast over MALCOLM and the jeep depicts the T-REX as it chases them. This goes on until the T-REX gives up and the projector light goes off and MALCOLM looks relieved.*

MALCOLM: Think they'll have that on the tour?

## **SCENE 12: FLEA CIRCUS ICE-CREAM GORGE**

*We are brought back inside by the return of one of the Jurassic Park ads from the earlier dinner scene, and the long dinner table is returned. HAMMOND sits at one end, with a gallon of ice cream sitting in front of him. He has a spoon, and throughout the scene he eats as much of the ice cream as he is physically capable of stuffing into his body. SATTLER enters and sits at the opposite end of the table. The mood is that of people whose loved ones may have been eaten by dinosaurs.*

HAMMOND: It was all melting.

*SATTLER nods.*

SATTLER: Malcolm's okay for now. I gave him a gram of heroin.

HAMMOND: They'll all be fine. Who better to get the children through Jurassic Park than a dinosaur expert?

*He is totally stuffing his face full of ice cream and it is muffling his words and destroying the mood.*

HAMMOND: You know the first attraction I ever built when I came down south from Scotland? Was a Flea Circus, Petticoat Lane. Really quite wonderful. We had a wee trapeze, a roundabout – – a merry-go – – what you call it?

SATTLER: Carousel.



HAMMOND: A carousel – – and a seesaw. They all moved, motorized of course, but people would swear they could see the fleas. "I see the fleas, mummy! Can't you see the fleas?" Clown fleas, high wire fleas, fleas on parade...

But with this place, I – – I wanted to give (show) them something real, something that wasn't an illusion, something they could see and (feel) touch.

SATTLER: But it's still an illusion!

HAMMOND You're absolutely right. Yes, you're right. Hiring Nedry was a mistake, that's obvious. We're over- dependent on automation, I can see that now. But that's all correctable for the next time around.

SATTLER: John, it's still the flea circus! Can't you see that??

HAMMOND: Once we have control again --

SATTLER: You can't control it John, that's the illusion!! Now, I was overcome by the power of this place! But I made a mistake too. I didn't have enough respect for that power, and now it's out. The only thing that matters now are the people we love.

*HAMMOND continues to stuff himself. SATTLER also eats the ice cream.*

SATTLER: It's good.

HAMMOND: Spared no expense.

*They eat all the remaining ice cream.*

### **SCENE 13: TOLD YOU SO**

We are back outside in the wild. A pile of recently hatched dino eggs sits onstage. GRANT, LEX, and TIM enter. GRANT notices the eggs and bends down to examine them.

GRANT: You know what this is? It's a dinosaur egg. The dinosaurs are breeding.

TIM: But – – grandpa said all the dinosaurs were girls.

GRANT: Amphibian DNA.

LEX: What's that?

GRANT: Well, on the tour – – the film said they used frog DNA to fill in the gene sequence gaps. They mutated the dinosaur's genetic code and blended it with that of frogs. Now, some West African frogs have been known to spontaneously change sex from male to female, in a single sex environment. Malcolm was right! *(He looks at the audience meaningfully)* Life finds a way.

#### **NEXT 14: THE FUNNY CONTINUES**

*The control room comes back into play. SATTLER, MALCOLM, HAMMOND, and SAMUEL L. JACKSON are gathered around discussing the options.*

HAMMOND: This is just a delay, that's all this is. All major theme parks have had delays. When they opened Disneyland in 1956, nothing worked, nothing.

MALCOLM: But, John. But if the Pirates of the Caribbean breaks down, the pirates don't eat the tourists.

HAMMOND: Shutting down the system is – –

SAMUEL L. JACKSON: I will not do it. You'll have to get somebody else, because I will not.

HAMMOND: – – shutting down the system is the only way to guarantee wiping out everything he did. If I understand correctly, all the system will come back on their original start-up modes correct?

SAMUEL L. JACKSON: Theoretically, yes, but we've never shut down the whole system. It may not come back at all.

SATTLER: I'll go with Muldoon to switch on the breakers. You two walk us through it.

*MULDOON enters dramatically.*

MULDOON: The raptors have escaped.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON: *(Slamming his fist on the table in frustration)*  
I'm getting *tired* of these motherfuckin' *dinos* in this motherfuckin' *park!!*

## **SCENE 15: STUFF**

*Back to GRANT, TIM and LEX.*

GRANT: The visitor's center should be just about a mile beyond that rise. If we keep --

*Behind them a herd of Gallimimus can be seen approaching. Perhaps these Gallimimus are portrayed by marionettes or something. Or by like 3 people dressed in Gallimimus costumes just running around and around. They are running in a flock-like herd, proving even further how similar dinosaurs were to birds.*  
**DINOSAURS = BIRDS**

GRANT (cont'd): What is that? Tim, can you tell me what they are?

TIM: Galla -- Gallimimus.

GRANT: That's right! Look at the wheeling -- the uniform direction change! Like a flock of birds evading a predator!

TIM: They're flocking this way.

LEX: Yikes!!!

*The three of them dive under a nearby log just in time as the T-REX bursts onstage and eats one of the Gallimimuses! The other Gallimimus have escaped though.*

LEX: I wanna go -- now!

*But Grant and Tim are transfixed, watching the T-rex.*

GRANT: Watch how it eats!

LEX: Please!

GRANT: Bet you'll never look at birds the same way again!

*Tim nods in fascination. The T-rex pauses in the middle of its meal and ROARS.*

LEX: Let's go!

GRANT: Okay. Keep low. Follow me.

*She turns and takes off, running as fast as she can, across the open plain. GRANT tears himself away and follows LEX.*

TIM: Look at all it's blood!

*GRANT grabs TIM and they all walk off. They walk for about a half a mile and come upon one of the perimeter electric fences. It's off - FOR NOW!*

GRANT: It's a bit of a climb. You guys think you can make it?

TIM: Nope.

LEX: Way too high.

*Grant grabs a stick and climbs up on the ledge. He looks at the warning light on the fence. It's out. He pokes the wire with a stick. No sparks fly*

GRANT: Well, I guess that means the power's off.

*Still not trusting the fence, he taps it with his foot. He moves in slowly and lays both hands on a cable and closes his fingers around it. Grant's body shakes! He SCREAMS. The kids SCREAM! He stops, and turns around slowly...and smiles wickedly.*

LEX: That's not funny.

TIM: That was great!

*Far in the distance, the T-rex ROARS. Without a second's delay, both kids leap to their feet and they all start climbing the fence. They are getting close to the top, the kids are making obnoxious kid comments to each other about who will get to the top first, when the warning light that the fence is about to turn back on starts flashing and beeping and such.*

ALL: Fuck!

LEX and GRANT manage to make it down but TIM is still way up high.

GRANT: Jump, Timmy! Jump!

TIM: Are you crazy?? No way!

GRANT: Come on, Tim!! Come on, jump, jump, jump!!

*The beeping gets louder and louder until it's REALLY REALLY loud like deafening. The beeping gets all crazy and threatening sounding and is really weird and you just know something bad is about to happen! GRANT makes a finger motion and yells although we can't hear him over the sound of the crazy beeping we know he is saying "One, Two . . ." and then TIM is BLOW THE FUCK OFF THE FENCE! By the electricity!! He falls to the ground all fried looking and GRANT and LEX rush to him and try to revive him. LEX is freaking the fuck out and GRANT is doing CPR and perhaps all is lost but then TIM coughs and they and we realize he is still alive!*

TIM: Three.

*LEX and GRANT laugh and embrace TIM.*

## **SCENE 16: CLEVER GIRL**

*MULDOON and SATTLER are making their way through the jungle towards the breaker shed.*

MULDOON: C'mon on, this way.

SATTLER: I can see the shed from here! We can make it if we run!

Muldoon walks slowly, as if he heard something.

MULDOON: No. We can't.

SATTLER: Why not?

MULDOON: Because we're being hunted. From the bushes straight ahead.

SATTLER: Oh my god.

MULDOON: Go!

*SATTLER runs toward the shed falling all over and tripping over logs and in puddles and stuff. She makes it to the door and runs inside, slamming it shut.*

*ROBERT MULDOON stays behind and creeps slowly through the jungle foliage, tracking his prey. He follows a rustling sound up ahead of him.*

*He can see just a trace of the RAPTOR'S gray flesh as it moves behind the bushes up ahead, staying camouflaged enough to deny him a decent shot. Thinking he's got a moment, MULDOON extends the back handle of the gun and clicks it into place. He prepares to take aim.*

*The eye of the RAPTOR just in front of him is suddenly visible through the foliage. MULDOON sees it. He raises his gun.*

*Instead of running away again, the raptor rises slowly out of the brush, fully revealing itself to MULDOON, Hissing at him.*

*The corners of MULDOON'S mouth twitch up into a smile. He draws a bead on the animal.*

*His finger tenses on the trigger. Suddenly, his smile vanishes, both eyes pop open, and a terrible thought sweeps across his face. His eyes flick to the side – –*

MULDOON: Clever girl.

*- - which is where the attack comes from. With a roar, another RAPTOR comes flashing out of nowhere and pounces on him. The gun blasts, but wildly, and the RAPTOR'S claws through MULDOON'S midsection.*

*MULDOON screams and falls back, the RAPTOR locked on top of him, all tooth and claw all of a sudden.*

*As the second raptor makes the kill, the first raptor strides slowly forward and watches approvingly.*

*It throws its head back and snarls.*

## **SCENE 17: ICE SCREAM**

*GRANT, TIM, and LEX come into the restaurant where HAMMOND and SATTLER were arguing before. Grant carefully sets TIM in a chair at one of the tables. LEX across from him.*

GRANT: Big Tim, the human piece of toast. You guys stay here, I'll be right back.

*TIM and LEX sit for a moment in the restaurant and then notice the large table covered in delicious food. They look at each other and then rush to the table, grabbing as much food as they can stuff in their greedy little mouths.*

*They eat contentedly at the table for a bit, when TIM looks up from his food and notices LEX, sitting frozen, holding a spoonful of jello in her hands mid-eating. Her hand and the jello are trembling furiously.*

TIM: What?

*TIM turns around to notice the silhouette of a raptor behind them in the visitors center! Oh fuck! They both freak out and run offstage.*

*The set is quickly changed to reflect the kitchen of the restaurant. TIM and LEX run back onstage, looking frantically for somewhere to hide. TIM limps down an aisle and hides behind some big metal thing while LEX runs and shuts the door and turns off the lights. She joins him and they are both scared.*

*A RAPTOR'S head pops into view, visible through the round window in the middle of the restaurant door. It just looks for a moment, its breath steaming up the window.*

*Offstage, GRANT sees SATTLER across the room. GRANT waves to SATTLER trying to get her attention. He does.*

SATTLER: Run! (She says this all breathy and weird)

*They run into each other's arms and embrace.*

SATTLER: Where are the kids? The raptors have escaped! I locked one in the breaker shed for killing Samuel L. Jackson!

GRANT: So there's just the other two then? You're sure the third one's contained?

SATTLER: Yes, unless they figured out how to open doors.

*Back in the kitchen, TIM and LEX stare in horror as the RAPTOR opens the door handle and steps inside. TWO RAPTORS enter the room, one snapping at the other as if to say "keep your distance", apparently.*

*The RAPTORS split up, taking either side of the aisle. TIM and LEX crawl away, down another aisle, moving away from the RAPTORS. The RAPTORS clang some pots and pans around and unwittingly dump them on the kids, who keep quiet despite the terrifying circumstances.*

*The kids continue to try to get away, but stupid wounded TIM accidentally knocks some utensils to the ground, which make a big clanging sound and alert the RAPTORS to what's up. One of the RAPTORS jumps up on the big metal things and the other starts rounding the corner towards TIM, who is too tired and fucked up to move. Suddenly, a tapping noise from the other end of the aisle is heard. It's LEX, tapping a ladle on the ground to distract the RAPTORS!*

*LEX continues to clang, which distracts the RAPTORS, who head towards her. She crawls inside a sliding door in a metal thing. LEX tries frantically to close the door as the RAPTORS get closer and closer, they run towards her and she can't get it closed but then they just slam into the other metal thing that was reflecting LEX the whole time! HUZZAH!*

*LEX and TIM both run into a big walk-in freezer. The RAPTORS follow them but they slide around and TIM and LEX manage to get out before*



*them and shut the door, locking it from the outside. HUZDAH! They begin to run offstage and run into GRANT and SATTLER, returning.*

LEX: It's in there!

SATTLER: Control room.

### **SCENE 18: HACKER BULLSHIT**

*SATTLER, GRANT, LEX and TIM all rush into the Control Room where HAMMOND and MALCOLM are hanging out. They are telling fart jokes. The RAPTORS follow them closely behind, apparently they have somehow gotten out of the freezer I can't remember how. Throughout this scene, HAMMOND and MALCOLM hug each other in a scaredy-type way and don't do anything to help. They are probably crying.*

GRANT: Oh, no! The door locks – – Ellie! Boot up the door locks! Boot up the door locks!

*SATTLER rushes to the computer, but is baffled by its complexity.*

SATTLER: Fucking motherfucker!!!

The RAPTORS start bashing against the door, GRANT struggles to hold it closed.

GRANT: Son of a fucking slut bitch!!!

SATTLER: Alan!!

*She rushes to help him hold the door closed against the RAPTORS, which they are just barely accomplishing.*

GRANT (to Ellie): Ellie – – get back and boot up the door locks!

SATTLER: You can't hold it by yourself!

*LEX sits at the computer terminal. She appears at peace with herself for the first time of this whole ordeal.*

LEX: This is a Unix system. I know this. It's the files for the whole park. It's like a phone book – –it tells you everything.

*– – and then her fingers start to fly over the keyboard. Tim*

*watches, amazed, as the computer starts to respond to Lex's commands.*

LEX (cont'd): I've got to find the right file. Oh no, this isn't right. This might be right, no this isn't it.

TIM: C'mon, Lex! C'mon, Lex! Go, Lexie!

*Reaching another menu, Lex spots a box on the screen that reads "LOCK OUT RAPTORS." She reaches out and touches it. The screen BEEPS –*

LEX: There it is, I got it! This is it, I did it. Yes, yes!

*– – and the door latch panel BUZZES. Grant and Ellie put everything they have into it and finally the door SNICKS shut, locking out the RAPTORS.*

GRANT: What works?

LEX: Phone security systems, everything works. You ask for it, we got it!

GRANT: Let's get out through this air duct! Come on!

*He stands on a chair and points upward. They begin to follow him. The stage goes black.*

## **SCENE 19: GETTING OUT NOW**

*The lights go up slightly to reveal HAMMOND, MALCOLM, TIM, LEX, GRANT, and SATTLER are crawling through a small air duct. Occasionally a RAPTOR head darts up through the floor of the shaft and scares everyone, but they get away. The shaft opens up and they realize they are above the T-REX skeleton in the big lobby place. They start to climb down the bones of the skeleton, swinging on broken wires and it's very dangerous and exciting to watch. This is probably accomplished by them holding big foam bones and pretending to swing around on them and I bet that will look pretty funny. As they reach the ground the RAPTORS suddenly appear again, on either side of them. The gang freezes and is all scared and then suddenly HUZAH! The real life T-REX comes out of*

*fucking nowhere and eats the RAPTORS!! The gang all cheer happily and applaud as the T-REX kills both RAPTORS and bellows loudly. The gang run out of the lobby. GRANT pauses to deliver a clever line.*

GRANT: Mr. Hammond, after careful consideration I've decided not to endorse your park.

HAMMOND: So have I.

*They leave and the T-REX continues to bellow, and a beautiful banner that reads "WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH" gracefully falls from the sky.*

*The theme song is now sung again, summarizing what we al just watched and how it made us feel.*

**THE END OF JURASSIC PARK**