

JURASSIC PARK

Written by  
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Based upon the novel by  
Michael Crichton

And on the adaption by  
Michael Crichton  
Malia Scotch Marmo

**EXT JUNGLE NIGHT**

An eyeball, big, yellowish, distinctly inhuman, stares raptly between wooden slats, part of a large crate. The eye darts from side to side, alert as hell.

A legend tries to place us - -

ISLA NUBLAR

120 MILES WEST OF COSTA RICA

- - but to us it's still the middle of nowhere.

It's quiet for a second. A ROAR rises up from the jungle, deafening. The trees shake as something very, very large plows ahead through them, right at us. Every head gathered in this little clearing snaps, turning in the direction of the sound as it bursts through the trees.

It's a bulldozer. It drops its scoop and pushes forward into the back end of the crate, shoving it across the jungle floor towards an impressive fenced structure that towers over an enclosed section of thick jungle. There's a guard tower at one end of this holding open that makes it look like San Quentin.

The bulldozer pushes forward into the back end, the crate THUDS TO THE FLOOR. A door slides open in the pen, making a space as big as the end of the crate.

Nobody moves for a second, A grim-faced guy who seems to be in charge (Robert Muldoon, although we don't know it yet).

MULDOON

Alright now, pushers move  
in. Loading team move it.

The movement as agitated whatever is inside the crate, and the whole thing shivers as GROWLS and SNAPS come from inside. Everyone moves back.

MULDOON

(cont'd)

Alright, steady. Get back in  
there now, push. Get back in  
there, Don't let her know  
you're afraid!

The men go back to the crate and begin to push it into the slot. The crate THUDS UP AGAINST THE OPENING. A green

light on the side of the pen lights up, showing contact has been made.

FROM INSIDE THE CRATE,

we get glimpses of what's on the other side of those wooden slates - - jungle foliage, MEN with rifles, searching searchlights. The view is herky-jerky as the crate put into position.

MULDOON

Well locked; Loading team,  
step away. Joffrey, raise  
the gate.

A WORKER climbs to the top of the crate. The search lights are trained on the door.

The RIFFLEMEN throw the bolts on their rifles and CRACK their stun guns, sending arcs of current CRACKING through the air.

The WORKER gets ready to grab the gate when all at once -  
-

A ROAR from the inside the crate, and the panel flies out of his hands and SMACKS into him, knocking him clear off the crate.

Now everything happens at once. The WORKER THUDS to the jungle floor, the crate jerks away from the mouth of the holding pen flash, an alarm BUZZER sounds - -

- - and a claw SLASHES out from inside the crate. It sinks into the ankle of the WORKER. dragging him toward the dark mouth between the crate and the pen. The WORKER SCREAMS and paws the dirt, leaving long claw marks as he is rapidly dragged toward the crate.

Muldoon SHOUTS orders:

MULDOON Tasers get in there, Goddamn it!

They FIRE their guns - the wood of the crate SPLINTERS.

Muldoon runs in and grabs the WORKER, trying to pull him free.

The wild arcs of currents from the stun gun flash and CRACK all around, but in a second - -

- - the WORKER is gone.

CUT TO: