

The jeeps wind their way along a mountain road.

IN THE LEAD JEEP,

Ellie stares off to the right, fascinated by the thick tropical plant life around them. She tilts her head, as if something's wrong with this picture.

She reaches out and grabs hold of a leafy branch as they drive by, TEARING it from the tree.

IN THE REAR JEEP,

Hammond watching Grant, signals to his Driver .

HAMMOND

Just stop here, stop here. Slow, slow.

He slows down, then stops. So does the front jeep.

IN THE FRONT JEEP,

Ellie stares at the leaf, amazed, running her hand lightly over it.

ELLIE

Alan - -

But Grant's not paying attention. He's staring too, out the other side of the jeep.

Grant notices that several of the tree trunks are leafless - just as thick as the other trees, but gray and bare.

ELLIE (cont'd)

(still staring at the leaf)

This shouldn't be here.

Grant twists in his seat as the jeep stops and looks at one of the gray tree trunks. Riveted, he slowly stands up in his seat, as if to get closer. He moves to the top of the seat, practically on his tiptoes.

He raises his head, looking up the length of the trunk. He looks higher.

And higher.

And higher.

That's no tree trunk. That's a leg. Grant's jaw drops, his head falls all the way back, and he looks even higher, above the tree line.

ELLIE (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 brachiosaur, reaches over and grabs Ellie's head, turning it to face the animal.

She sees it, and drops the leaf.

ELLIE (cont'd)

Oh - - my - - God.

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

He gets out of the jeep, and Ellie follows. Grant points to the thing and manages to put together his first words since its appearance:

GRANT

THAT'S A DINOSAUR!

- - a dinosaur. Chewing the branches. Technically, it's a brachiosaur, of the sauropod family, but we've always called it brontosaurus. It CRUCHES the branch in its mouth, which is some thirty-five feet up off the ground, at the end of its long, arching neck. It stares down at the people in the car with a pleasant, stupid gaze.

Ellie looks up at the sauropods in wonder.

They're pretty light on their feet - a far cry from the sluggish, lumbering brutes we would have expected.

Hammond gets out of his jeep and comes back to join them. He looks like a proud parent showing off the kid.

Ian Malcolm looks at Hammond, amazed, and with an expression that is a mixture of admiration and rapprochement.

MALCOLM

You did it. You crazy son of a bitch, you did it.

Grant and Ellie continue walking, following the dinosaur.

GRANT

The movement!

ELLIE

The - - agility. You're right!

In their amazement, Grant and Ellie talk right over each other.

GRANT

Ellie, we can tear up the rule book on cold-bloodedness.

It doesn't apply, they're totally wrong! This is a warm-blooded creature. They're totally wrong.

ELLIE

They were wrong. Case closed. This thing doesn't live in a swamp to support its body weight for God's sake!

Several of the top branches are suddenly RIPPED away. Another sauropod, reaching for a branch high above their heads, stands effortlessly on its hind legs.

GRANT

(to Hammond)  
That thing's got a what, twenty-five, twenty-seven foot neck?

HAMMOND  
The brachiosaur? Thirty.

Grant and Ellie continue to walk.

GRANT  
- - and you're going to sit there and try to tell me it can push blood up a thirty-foot neck without a four-chambered heart and get around like that?! Like that!?

(to Hammond)  
This is like a knockout punch for warm-bloodedness.

HAMMOND  
(proudly)  
We clocked the T-rex at thirty-two miles an hour.

ELLIE  
You've got a T-rex!?  
(to Grant)  
He's got a T-rex! A T-rex! He said he's- -

GRANT  
Say again?

HAMMOND  
Yes, we have a T-rex.

Grant feels faint. He sits down on the ground.

ELLIE  
Honey, put your head between your knees, and breathe.

Hammond walks in front of them and looks out.

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

They turn and look at the view again. It's beautiful vista, reminiscent of an African plain. A whole herd of dinosaurs crosses the plain, maybe a hundred that we see in a quick glance alone.

GRANT  
Ellie, they're absolutely - - they're moving in herds. They do move in herds!

ELLIE  
We were right!

GRANT  
(to Hammond)  
How did you do it?!  
(or)  
How did you do this?!

HAMMOND

I'll show you.

Finally, we notice Gennaro, who was sort of faded into the background while the others reacted. He's just staring, a look of absolute rapture on his face.

He speaks in a voice that is hushed and reverent.

GENNARO

We are going to make a fortune with this place.