TRESPASSER:

JURASSIC PARK

Script: John Hammond

DREAMWORKS INTERACTIVE

JUNE 25, 1997

NOTES ON THE TEXT:

THIS IS THE VOICEOVER SCRIPT FOR THE ROLE OF JOHN HAMMOND IN *TRESPASSER: JURASSIC PARK*. THE TEXT IS WRITTEN TO BE READ ALOUD AS A PIECE OF PROSE RATHER THAN A DRAMATIC SCRIPT. THE APPROPRIATE PERFORMANCE WILL BE AN EVEN-TONED, UNDERSTATED, ALMOST MECHANICAL ONE, AS IF READING FOR THE AUDIO VERSION OF A NOVEL.

TRESPASSER TAKES PLACE ROUGHLY A YEAR AFTER THE EVENTS OF *THE LOST WORLD*. THE TEXT SHOWN HERE COMES FROM TWO SOURCES - THE MAJORITY COMES FROM A MEMOIR HAMMOND PUBLISHED SHORTLY AFTER *THE LOST WORLD*, AND THE REMAINDER (SHOWN IN *ITALICS*) IS FROM A PERSONAL DIARY HE KEPT IN 1949, DURING HIS DAYS AS A RISING ENTREPRENEUR IN LONDON.

IN THE GAME, THE SPOKEN TEXT WILL BE PLAYED IN VOICEOVER AS AN ACCOMPANIMENT TO THE ACTION. AS THE PLAYER JOURNEYS THROUGH THE LANDSCAPE OF ISLA SORNA, THE MAIN CHARACTER. A YOUNG WOMAN NAMED ANNE, RECOLLECTS WHAT SHE HAS READ OF HAMMOND'S LIFE, AND HEARS IT ONCE AGAIN IN HER MEMORY, IN HAMMOND'S VOICE.

ORGANIZATION:

THIS DOCUMENT IS ORGANIZED TO FACILITATE EASY AND SWIFT RECORDING. THE LINES OF THE SCRIPT ARE GROUPED INTO SECTIONS ACCORDING TO THE MANNER OF THEIR DELIVERY - ONCE WE HAVE ARRIVED AT THE RIGHT MOOD AND PACE FOR THE LINES IN A GIVEN SECTION, IT SHOULD BE POSSIBLE TO PROCEED THROUGH IT RELATIVELY QUICKLY.

THE MOST IMPORTANT LINES OF THE SCRIPT ARE SHOWN IN BOXES. THOSE SHOWN IN PLAIN TEXT ARE OF SECONDARY IMPORTANCE, AND MAY OR MAY NOT BE RECORDED, DEPENDING ON WHETHER TIME ALLOWS.

INTRODUCTION

This text will play over the game's graphical opening sequence. It begins dispassionately, like a history lecture, but the final phrase has a sudden vehemence - something bitter from Hammond's past.

[Anne: From the writings of John Hammond, founder and chief executive of the InGen Corporation.]

HAMMOND

By 1989, International Genetic Technologies had succeeded in their design, to genetically recreate the dinosaurs. It was an unprecedented accomplishment, the pinnacle of 20th-century science, a work to rank with the ~~work~~ of Galileo, or Einstein

But it was not all so easy or so simple as it appeared. One seldom hears the true history of such events - what happened at the place where the world changed. How it began, what were the reasons, what was the cost.

MYSTERY

These passages should be spoken with some seriousness - Hammond is introducing a story of importance - in a sense, he is giving testimony, speaking for the record.

HAMMOND

My name is John Parker Hammond. I was born on March 14, 1928.

HAMMOND

What follows is a record of certain events in which I took part, between the years 1980 and 1997, on an island I will call Site B.

HAMMOND

Site B was not to be a theme park, but a research station. This was where we did the real work.

HAMMOND

…the greatest discovery of the 20th century…

HAMMOND

Sooner or later, someone will come -- Biosyn or American intelligence, or some godforsaken treasure hunter. Our research data has become unthinkably valuable.

HAMMOND

A Nobel Prize, or a financial empire awaits somewhere in a darkened room, in a dirty derelict building somewhere in the Pacific.

HAMMOND

A forest this wild, this unknown, has not been seen by any human since the great hunters of the early Pliocene.

HAMMOND

I can picture them moving cautiously through the dusty rooms in bulky biohazard gear, clutching rifles,

poring over our records, reading our files.

HAMMOND
Our computers are obsolete, and our network links are down. If they want it, they will have to come for it. But I believe it is too well hidden, and in far too dangerous a place.

HAMMOND
The mysterious John Hammond - shady investor, multimillionaire, jovial mad scientist.

HAMMOND
The technology, the real trick of it is still in there. In a darkened room, in an empty building with a dirty floor, it waits. The flashpoint, the origin of Jurassic park.

HAMMOND
The lab I showed them in Jurassic Park was too good to be true. I had to do the dirty work elsewhere.

HAMMOND
The main laboratory and administrative buildings. This was where we made our discovery, where the real magic trick happened. When they come to dig up our secrets, they will come here.

HAMMOND
This was to be the center of my empire, a gigantic spidery lattice of money, science, and shadowy agreements.

THE STORY OF INGEN

This set of lines lays out, in fragments, the history of InGen, and needs a brisk delivery, a sense of Hammond's excitement and pride at his accomplishments.

HAMMOND

An idea brought me awake one morning in New York. I almost didn't write it down

HAMMOND

It was 1979, and the biotech industry was just beginning to boom. Genetech and Biosyn were making hundreds of millions.

HAMMOND

I took my idea to two Stanford geneticists, Norman Atherton and Henry Wu. Norman was tops in the field, a man of my generation; Henry, his protégé.

HAMMOND

Sunlight angled down through the dusty air of Norman's office. I leaned against a solid oak table as I outlined my plans for International Genetic Technologies.

Object with Japanese writing

HAMMOND

I met with a group of Japanese investors, Hamaguri and Densaka. In the end, only the Japanese had the patience for my 8-year plan.

HAMMOND

It was the flowering of an ambition born 50 years ago - 50 years of struggle come to this.

HAMMOND

In early 1980 I surveyed a number of small islands in the Caribbean and Pacific. As I peered from the window

of a survey plane, Isla Sorna came into view, untouched since the Spanish Colonial era.

HAMMOND

Isla Sorna. Costa Rica lay to the east, a quiet neighbor. To the west, open water and the shipping lanes of the Pacific.

HAMMOND

The southern beach looked out over trackless ocean. Down past Peru, all the way to Antarctica.

HAMMOND

A few weeks after we first landed, we went to the summit to put up a crude satellite link.

HAMMOND

We went up by helicopter. Young technicians scrambled to set up the dish as the wind howled. High-speed uplink...state of the art.

HAMMOND

If we succeeded, the InGen technology would be historic. We were planning to conquer time's power over life, its power to extinguish and erase. It would change all of our lives, as profoundly, as irrevocably as the atomic bomb.

HAMMOND

We built our main buildings inland, to hide the extent of our operation.

HAMMOND

We began the secondary roads and walls. From our first encampment, the complex spread out in great circles or waves.

Beginning of southern road

HAMMOND
The first trees fell. Meter by meter, we pushed our way through the jungle.

HAMMOND
1982. Robert Muldoon I already knew. Dennis Nedry I found in Cambridge - despite his ~~social deficiencies~~, he was years ahead of his competition.

In control room, dealing with Nedry's sabotaged computer

HAMMOND
Dennis fancied himself quite the hacker. He had his own locks for his door. His office decorations were quite outside company regulations

Henry Wu's house

HAMMOND
Henry Wu was an only child, from Ohio. A prodigy, he gained early attention for his undergraduate thesis at MIT.

HAMMOND
3 Cray-XMP's moved more data, faster, than any computer center in the Americas.

HAMMOND
In 11 months, Site B became the most powerful genetics facility in the world.

HAMMOND
In a quiet, locked room, the extinction of species, the history of life on earth is being methodically reversed.

HAMMOND

The first task was genetic recovery -- acquiring Jurassic or Cretaceous amber, extracting preserved DNA, and reassembling the completed sequences. "Bringing it up the well," we called it.

HAMMOND

Jurassic DNA is rather thin on the ground in our times - and in 1980 there was no way to be sure it existed at all.

At ruined plantation house gate

HAMMOND

I spared no expense, permitted no failures.

HAMMOND

My agents brought insect-bearing amber from the shores of the Baltic Sea, from African bazaars, from museums in Warsaw and Leningrad, even New Jersey.

HAMMOND

By 1983

~~By 1983~~ we held 13 new patents.

HAMMOND

I began to have my first inkling of the seriousness of our work - how deep the well was. This was life from 65 or 100 million years before mankind.

HAMMOND

By the end of the second year, there was a buzz, a tiny buzz in the highest academic circles. No definite word, nothing published. But they knew something was happening.

HAMMOND

November 1985. Test fertilization of an artificial ovum. My hands shook as I held the tiny eye dropper. One drop, two drops. There! The genie was out of the bottle.

HAMMOND

We had gone beyond CalTech, beyond Stanford or Princeton. There was no precedent, no reference point in the field.

HAMMOND

The raptor took shape inside its egg. I watched it on the ultrasound monitor. It looked like a ghost, or a puff of smoke.

HAMMOND

1986. The first dinosaur to prove viable in the modern age was a small albertosaur, revision three-oh-eight. It had behavioral quirks, and a chronic skin infection, but it lived.

Approaching walls

HAMMOND

Dinosaurs do not thrive in captivity. They grow vicious and stop eating, pacing their cages. We had no choice but to release them into the wild.

Near Town Wall

HAMMOND

We released the first raptor on April 22, 1986. It wandered back and forth near the wall for four minutes and twenty-two seconds, before hearing a noise which drew it further off into the brush.

At Main gate

HAMMOND

Our preparations were exhaustive: concrete moats; seismic sensors; 24-hour guard; electrical fencing, video monitors…

HAMMOND

In the jungle, the forest, and the mountain three raptor tribes staked out territory. Albertosaurs and the seven T-rexes chose their dominions. Uneasy borders drawn around forests, ridges, and ponds.

HAMMOND

Not all the original species survived. In the end, only a few adjusted to the new world. These became dominant.

HAMMOND

A third tribe of raptors took the mountain for their territory. A leaner, tougher breed, quick, living on birds and tiny lizards.

On picking up a proximity detector

HAMMOND

We tagged the most dangerous animals with radio collars that transmitted a warning signal. Workmen carried little boxes that played a tone when a tagged animal came near…at which point the ~~workers~~ would panic and flee in terror.

HAMMOND

I fired one, twice, thrice. The raptor thrashed in the dust.

HAMMOND

By 1987, the first of them had reached full size. The ecosystem of another era began to reassert itself.

Anne faces a big raptor

HAMMOND

1988. The raptor watched me through the reinforced glass of the holding room. This was the alpha female. It seemed to know me. Its partner in a nameless, endless, conflict.

At pond

HAMMOND

The raptor padded in towards sundown. It drank nervously, careful of the dangers of the Jurassic waterhole.

At sewer pipe

HAMMOND

Several hours later, we discovered that it had come in through the sewage pipes.

Pile of tools, half-built jetty

HAMMOND

When the alarm sounded, workers threw down their tools and fled. Muldoon went into the field to investigate.

Sighting of scarred, huge T-rex

HAMMOND

For four months we had monitored it while it preyed on herds in the southern forest. We never knew why it grew so large. In the summer of 1988 it began moving north.

On stairs, 3rd landing

HAMMOND

We retreated, landing by landing. Robert stood at the third level, coolly aiming and firing.

At remains of southern road

HAMMOND

The workmen sweated and complained in the sun. Armed guards stood round, pacing warily, and we drove the road south.

HAMMOND

1988. Workers from the mainland were pouring concrete supports, for a rail system running north to the settlement.

HAMMOND

May, 1989. We began laying foundations on the south beach for a hotel for visiting scientists and businessmen. A year hence, I thought, the island would be quite famous.

Hallway

HAMMOND

Bankruptcy! I leaned against the wall. My whole body shook.

Broken InGen mug

HAMMOND

I dropped the mug. It shattered. I let it lie there. We would be leaving soon anyway.

HAMMOND

When it became known that I was bankrupt, workers simply dropped their tools and walked away.

HAMMOND

Economics! The bankruptcy struck Site B with more force than the hurricane.

HAMMOND

Buildings were stripped of anything valuable.

HAMMOND

We sealed off the town, save for a few crucial gates -- southward to the lowlands, eastward to the power plant and laboratory.

Entering town area

HAMMOND

Later that day we closed the Eastern gate permanently. I retained a passcode, of course, and left it in a hidden place.

Approaching Eastern gate

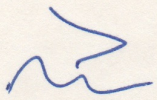
HAMMOND

The last of the worker team came in, and we rushed to shut the gate behind them.

Near star map

HAMMOND

Before we left, we sealed the Eastern Gate for the last time. Gazing from my study window, I hit on a simple mnemonic for the passcode.



Like Metry, I felt I needed to keep a back door open.

On road to Eastern gate

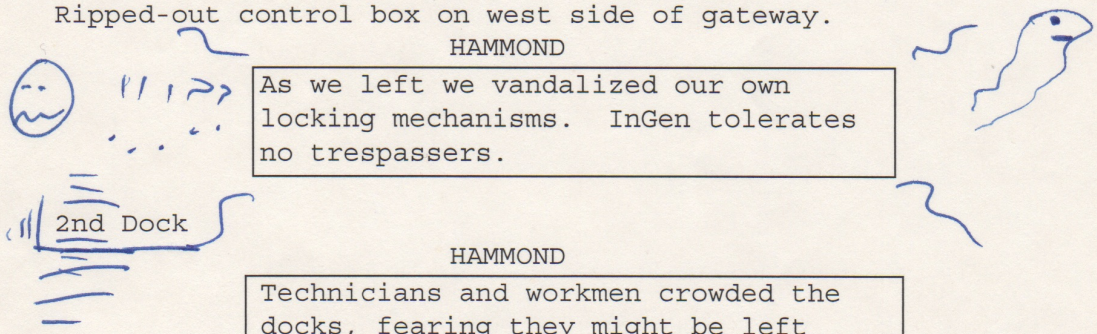
HAMMOND

We drove east with a heavy escort, in a light rain -- no one felt safe in on the plains any more.

Ripped-out control box on west side of gateway.

HAMMOND

As we left we vandalized our own locking mechanisms. InGen tolerates no trespassers.



HAMMOND

Technicians and workmen crowded the docks, fearing they might be left behind when the security ring collapsed. Armed guards stood watch.

On pier

HAMMOND

Two German technicians were accused of conspiring to walk out with crucial research materials.

HAMMOND

David Graff and Hans Tubke were caught at midnight by the waterfront. In the hysteria of the final days, they were nearly shot.

Briefcase with tools and a gun, found behind rusted hidden panel

HAMMOND

They had planned to breach the main computer vault and remove some of the data stored there. No proof was ever found.

HAMMOND

Fortunately the Bowmans settled out of court, but the damage had been done.

HAMMOND

October, 1996. The InGen corporation is taken out of my hands, by a vote of the board of directors. My nephew dispatches his team.

HAMMOND

The hunters landed on May 13, 1997, deep in the island's southwest. Most of them had worked at my African parks for years. They never stood a chance.

Near hunter camp

HAMMOND

The InGen hunting party carried the passcodes for our perimeter fences.

At hunter camp -- signs of chaos

HAMMOND

The hunters scattered, their prearranged hunting routes forgotten. Only a third of their number appeared at the rendezvous.

HUSHED, QUICK MOMENTS OF INTENSE SENSORY DETAIL

These passages are spoken quietly and quickly, but somewhat dispassionately - narrating an intense sensory memory as it comes.

HAMMOND
A sea like glass…

HAMMOND
In May the rains began. The smell of the jungle was everywhere.

Rusting metal rails and wood piled by the side of the tracks

HAMMOND
As I journeyed south along the coast, the air grew moist and heavy. Metal and concrete lay rotting in the sun and rain.

HAMMOND
1981. I stumbled out of the helicopter, already beginning to sweat, and looked around at the lush forest, the wet leaves.

Edge of cliff

HAMMOND
I stood on the lip of the cliff, the wind blowing my hair. It might have been a morning in the early Jurassic.

HAMMOND
The jungle canopy hung over us. There was an utter silence. Far away I could hear a jeep engine idling.

Road area with dynamited rock

HAMMOND
A clap of thunder -- ancient predators looked up to see dust rising from a dynamite explosion.

First sight of a series of giant pillars in the jungle

HAMMOND

In the winter we began building the supports for an elevated transit system that would unify the island. Concrete towers rose through the jungle canopy.

HAMMOND

The sky at noon was like nothing in Europe. Hot, tropical, a new world.

HAMMOND

The forest smelled of wet leaves, damp earth, rotting wood.

Ruined building interior, water-damaged

HAMMOND

Water seeped into everything.

Outside café

HAMMOND

As I write this, tiles are cracking, smeared with windblown dirt and animal tracks. Thick tree roots are pushing up through asphalt. The island settles itself, beginning to erase all trace of us…

Bedroom

HAMMOND

Waking to the smell of the jungle, the distant call of an apatosaur.

HAMMOND

On the plain the heat was extraordinary, like a solid wall.

Stepping into Forest

HAMMOND

When I was little I dreamed of a time when the entire world was covered by an ancient first-growth forest. Great hunters stalked in the cool

darkness, among silent, huge columnar trees - oaks, and sequoias.

A point by the roadside

HAMMOND

I stepped out of the jeep and stretched my legs. The two guards attended to the wheel, and just for an instant I stood alone, unprotected in the Jurassic wilderness. I felt the air currents around me, heard a single tree rustle.

A shadowed bowl of forest

HAMMOND

The party took shelter in the shade, by a still pool under a rock cliff. We had been hiking most of the day.

Pickup yellow crates in jeep

HAMMOND

…cameras, and seismic instruments in yellow crates. They set them in the dust as the helicopters rose.

HAMMOND

The gorge was shadowed even at midday.

Activating pumps

HAMMOND

The steam pipes hissed and spat. Water pumped deep into the earth came back superheated.

On pier

HAMMOND

Chinese sailors singing in a curious keening falsetto as they unloaded the synthetic polymer eggs.

HAMMOND

…the smells of salt water and gasoline.

End of pier

HAMMOND

Far out to sea we would sometimes glimpse the US Coast Guard units assigned to observe our activity.

Find hunting rifle

HAMMOND

He focused on the distant raptor, sighted down the barrel with his clear, perfect eye.

On a pier:

HAMMOND

I would often walk out on the piers when we received shipments. The mingled languages, the salt of the sea air, the burnt-oil smell of industry…

HAMMOND

It was strange to move from the field, the hot sun, dirt on one's trouser-cuffs, into the cool, sterile darkness of the lab.

Damaged stair

HAMMOND

On my last visit the iron was beginning to rust, and part of the stairway had cracked and fallen away.

HAMMOND

The sharp tang of the preservative chemicals. The coolness and hush of the sterile chamber. The daily ritual of decontamination.

HAMMOND

The centrifuge whirred night and day. The slow alchemy of genetic replication.

Genetics Lab

HAMMOND

The clear fluid held a cloudy layer of DNA strands.

Chunk of amber

HAMMOND

The tiny amber jewel held an ancient world.

Scientist office

HAMMOND

The scientists fascinated me - each working alone in the night, seeming to seek some central revelation. Acolytes of a strange, lonely, futile passion.

Computer lab

HAMMOND

Keyboards rattled into the early morning. Ranks of green CRT screens displayed collated genetic data.

At Nedry's desk

HAMMOND

Dennis was playing a dungeon game of his own devising, running it at fantastic speed on our network. Walking corridors sketched in lines of light, stealing treasures from ancient kings.

In computer lab

HAMMOND

We worked long into the night. Feeling at times as if the whole of the earth had fallen away outside, leaving only the darkness, the work, the endless questing into the past.

HAMMOND AS TOUR GUIDE

Here it should sound literally as if Hammond is giving the player a walking tour of the island, and has opted to point out and describe some notable feature.

At old stone gate

HAMMOND

Two old stone pillars, with a cryptic monogram. We opted to let them stand.

Near stone wall

HAMMOND

A failed coffee plantation of the 1860's. Fields were marked out by stone walls. To the west, the ruins of the plantation house still stand.

Once through the gates

HAMMOND

We took a shortcut south to reach the site -- west along the stream, until a tall tree shows itself, with a cluster of boulders at its base.

At the tall tree

HAMMOND

Then walk northward, until the path appears.

Uncover shotgun

HAMMOND

Workers smuggled in weapons for their own protection.

Map

HAMMOND

The power station was situated on the western coast, residences were southeast and inland.

In front of Hammond's personal computer

HAMMOND

Some of my personal papers had been transferred to diskette.

Locked File cabinet

HAMMOND

Requisitions for laboratory supplies; personnel uniforms; amber samples; prefabricated housing; trucks; kilometers of fencing…

First sight of plains

HAMMOND

In the plains to the northeast, we cultivated a different style of ecosystem.

HAMMOND

The Albertosaurs took to the open fields like lions to the Serengeti.

HAMMOND

The battery would last at least 20 years and wear like iron.

Pylon

HAMMOND

The pylons ran for kilometers, one every hundred meters or so. I built them to last. Running east from the plant, they climbed the valley, before descending south into the plains.

Reservoir

HAMMOND

A tank of greenish water, tinted by an algae-killing chemical, ~~circulated through the massive cooling tower~~. ~~This reservoir~~ was filled from a pump in the valley, some ways away.

HAMMOND

The main harbor for Site B.

HAMMOND

The docks were the lifeblood of Site B. Amber, synthetic eggshell, and livestock came from all over the Pacific Rim.

At the docks

HAMMOND

The US watches its imports and exports too carefully for my purposes. We dealt mainly with China and Russia, trading on the grey market.

Boat

HAMMOND

The "Emily" was a tug for bringing in the bigger freighters. Occasionally we took it out to observe specimens from offshore, or to sweep the tide for traces of our operation.

On board

HAMMOND

It was scuttled in 1989, as a quarantine measure soon after I gave the government my testimony.

Jeep tracks

HAMMOND

InGen Standard Safari Vehicle. State of the art.

On picking up a dart gun

HAMMOND

Lindstradt air guns, by the way. Swedish-made. Unbeatable for accuracy and rate of fire.

Reception area

HAMMOND

InGen Reception. I had planned that someday visitors - scientists and politicians - would be welcomed here.

Genetic equipment

HAMMOND

The Hamachi-Hood gene sequencers were fat boxes in dirty white casings, terribly heavy and damnably expensive.

Inside computer building

HAMMOND

Site B was fully centralized and computer-controlled. The same design that became the Achilles heel of Jurassic Park.

Massive door to computer system

HAMMOND

Diagnostics, communications, security all ran through the computer. Accordingly, computer security was paramount, the tightest on the island.

At electric fence marked by lightning-bolt

HAMMOND

Left to itself, the facility reverts to minimal power -- chiefly battery-powered security systems. It can sustain itself almost indefinitely.

HAMMOND

A few days after the landing, Robert and I hiked south through the jungle. Over the years, the summer rains had carved deep channels in the volcanic rock.

Road

HAMMOND

Site B was not a zoo, like Jurassic Park. It was more of a colony in a dangerous wilderness. Our buildings were outposts in another era.

Near wall w/graffiti

HAMMOND

The residential protective wall was a Site B institution. As it was under constant observation, it was a prized target for graffiti artists.

Dam

HAMMOND
The third dam in a planned system of five, which would have regulated the flow of water throughout the island. The only one ever built.

HAMMOND
Building the town was hard. Costa Rican contractors were competent people, but they had to be transported, fed, housed, and afterwards, bound to silence.

HAMMOND
The biotechnicians were compensated for living in exile. High pay, luxury housing. Dennis wanted computer time, and money; Henry wanted his state of the art entertainments. These were the elite, who could have gone anywhere to work. I had to keep them here.

HAMMOND
Once the island was made known to the world, it would be a permanent settlement, perhaps even a sovereign island.

Security bunker

HAMMOND
The security officers formed their own social group, swapping war stories and discussing reaction speeds.

HAMMOND
A passcode let us control access to the valley and the power station beyond.

HAMMOND
Curving up out of the southern basin, the Atherton Causeway would bring visiting scientists north from the southern beach.

Near base of mountain, old bridge

HAMMOND
The mountaintop uplink was vital to our operations. To maintain it, we blasted a road winding clockwise up the eastern face.

Pre-Columbian Settlement

HAMMOND
We shared the island with the crumbling remains of a vanished Mayan splinter civilization.

HAMMOND
The buildings followed a scheme I only vaguely understood, marking seasons, the lunar year, and the movements of the stars…

At the Mayan Temple, at an inscribed slab of stone.

HAMMOND
Oddly, an inscription read, "…and there they will raise the temple of the moon, and its roots shall know the depths of time…"

HUNTER LIST

A roster of the hunters from the InGen hunting party - their names, descriptions, and fates. The list itself should be read clinically, dispassionately. The descriptions have a more conversational tone.

HAMMOND
A mere lad from Ontario, where he had enjoyed some success controlling wildlife overpopulation in the national parks. He was out of his element on Isla Sorna.

HAMMOND

An ex-policeman from South Africa, a sort of soldier-of-fortune character.

HAMMOND

Known as "The Maharajah" to his fellows, highly skilled but only works alone. He was meant to radio for pickup from the comm station.

Corpse found with Biosyn equipment

HAMMOND

I was unable to find any records whatsoever on Michael Sullivan, beyond the sole fact that his flight to the rendezvous originated in Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

HAMMOND

LaSalle was a disciple of Roland's. A sometime poacher, fancied himself a master hunter.

HAMMOND

Marden, A. S.: still missing.

Karamcheti, V.: still missing.

Sullivan, R. M.: still missing.

LaSalle, P.: still missing.

Van Horn, S. T.: still missing.

Lystrata, A. L.: deceased.

DINOSAUR LIST

A roster of the major dinosaurs of the island. Read as briefing someone - throwing out a few quick details.

HAMMOND

Albertosaur. A loner, fast and strong, eking out a living between the seven Tyrannosaur and the three raptor tribes.

First sight of Gallimimus

HAMMOND

Gallimimus, "chicken-mimic." Fastest runner on the island, an eater of insects, eggs, and small mammals.

Sighting of raptors

HAMMOND

Velociraptor, a small theropod. Native to China and Mongolia. Pack-hunter, quite vicious, and quite intelligent.

HAMMOND

The fossil record shows raptors living like wolves or lions, hunting in groups. Ours did the same - perhaps a genetically coded social trait.

First sight of brachiosaur

HAMMOND

Brachiosaur - oldest of our re-creations by 50 million years. The only true Jurassic native.

Approach brachiosaur

HAMMOND

One of the largest creatures ever to live, the brachiosaur moved like planets among the smaller species.

First sight of Tyrannosaur

HAMMOND

Tyrannosaurus Rex. Tyrant lizard, they reigned for 25 million years. We grew 7 of them, the 7 rulers of the island.

HAMMOND

Despite what we had been led to believe, the T-rex was not a scavenger after all. We clocked one at 50 kilometers an hour.

First sight of Triceratops

HAMMOND

Triceratops. With the Tyrannosaur, one of the last dinosaurs to live naturally on our planet.

HUSHED AWE

These passages narrate the moment of discovery, in which the genetic code was first retrieved - the first true contact with the Jurassic past. Hammond's voice is low and excited.

HAMMOND

It was in the last days of genetic recovery, and at this point nothing was certain. Was the DNA there? Could we bring it back, up the well?

By Coke machine in hallway

HAMMOND

It was 3AM. The room was strewn with soda cans. For the hundredth time we ran the extraction sequence.

For a moment, sound fades in – the clatter of keyboards, people talking in low tones, the hum of hard drives - we are reliving a moment.

HAMMOND

[whispered] Dennis? What are we looking at here?

HAMMOND

All my life I had waited for something great, something extraordinary.

HAMMOND

And right then it opened up. The code read true. The barrier of time was, for an instant, opened. Nedry and I stared into the monitor, straight back through 65 thousand centuries.

As Anne breaks the final puzzle, enters computer chamber

HAMMOND

As Nedry typed, the world seemed to hold its breath. For a moment we stood at the turning point between two great planetary eras - the million-year reign of man, and the age of the dinosaurs.

DIARY ENTRIES

These lines are excerpts from a diary Hammond kept in his mid-twenties, and they have a vivid directness that contrasts starkly with all the rest of the text. Although they have an adolescent, self-indulgent quality, they should reflect an emotional pain that is sincerely felt. As with all the text, they should be pronounced simply, with a natural and understated feel.

Anne finds HAMMOND's diary (Anne says,"1949. This stuff is way old!". After she has seen it, we begin to hear fragments of it - the lines shown in italics.

HAMMOND

She would not answer me at first. I asked her again.

HAMMOND

Lord Darley's charity luncheon, a society event, £200 a ~~plate~~. A bit of a step up for me, socially. I was seated with a very pleasant young woman.

ticket

HAMMOND

I would gaze at her, at dinner parties, in moments when she was distracted.

HAMMOND

The hair on her upper lip. The way she exhaled ~~after taking a drag~~ from the cigarette.

Memsahib.

HAMMOND

I stammered, I was not certain what I should say. She laughed, though, and seemed charmed. She asked me to call again tomorrow.

HAMMOND

At two AM I called again. She had not come home, nor did they know where she was. I didn't leave my name.

me

still

HAMMOND

She would not answer me at first. I asked her again. Partygoers glanced curiously in my direction. Candle light blurred in my vision.

HAMMOND

I will never forget this, and I will never forgive, I swear it. This is the last time.

LYRICAL EPIPHANY

These passages form a monologue. It begins conversationally, Hammond describing his legal downfall following the events of *Jurassic Park*. When he is asked to explain his actions, there is a break, and what comes to mind is the beauty of the woman he lost. He recalls it, then, describes the way in which his love for her drove him into his solitary ambition. The passage at the end should be spoken as if in a dream or trance. There is a strange, cold wonder to the realization.

HAMMOND

I'm sure you've heard the rest of the story. On the television news, or in the tabloids.

HAMMOND

In 1989, the park was nearly complete. Our investors demanded on-site approval. I, idiotically as it turned out, believed we were ready.

HAMMOND

I left in the morning for Choteau, Montana, buoyant and slightly desperate. I would find Drs. Grant and Sattler, get a statement of some sort.

HAMMOND

The debacle of August 27, 1989, is now quite well known. The legal consequences were as you may imagine rather extensive.

HAMMOND

October 3, 1989. I sat on a wooden bench in the waiting room in Washington, DC. A government panel put me on the stand.

HAMMOND

As my name was read out, the session-room went silent. I walked up the aisle toward the stand. I was being called to account. But I had no clear explanation to give.

HAMMOND

Save that…in her voice or her walk, there was a world of grace and sophistication that I knew I was forever barred from.

HAMMOND

I gave myself over to the strange, lonely discipline of the market -- investment strategies and profit. I stood apart, master of codes and lost worlds, of heat and cold and the sleep of a hundred million years.

HAMMOND

My work lies where I left it, if there is anyone brave enough and clever enough to take it and return - the keys to time, perhaps the foundation of a new empire.

HAMMOND

On the last day, I stood apart from the rest of them. The helicopters were setting down.

Before me the jungle spread out, and I saw that a savage, primal age had begun again.

As spoken to the pilot of his helicopter, when Hammond abandons the island.

HAMMOND
(quietly)

Come on, son. Get us out of here.

THE PAST

These passages are all part of Hammond's account of his youth and rise to success.

Schoolroom

HAMMOND
In school they showed me a picture of a swamp, with giant lizards fighting. They said, "This is the way the world once was, long ago."

HAMMOND
I left home at 15, with the rather romantic idea of seeking my fortune. I remember the train ride south, in my best clothes, eating an apple. The entire world before me.

HAMMOND
When I came to London I had neither fortune nor education nor connections. Nothing!

MUSINGS

These passages have a more personable, conversational tone, and are often amused or . They vary in emotional emphasis though, and may require individual direction.

HAMMOND

A "Lost World" is a sort of scientific myth. An evolutionary scenario in which an ecosystem is isolated and preserved. The rest of the world changes, leaving a tiny, fragile pocket where ancient species survive.

HAMMOND

American-made tranquilizer darts. The effects change with the target's body mass, temperament, and mood. I believe the phrase is, "Results may vary."

HAMMOND

Who had decided to build a plantation on this lonely island, so far out to sea? What were the circumstances of their departure? We were never to find any answers. It is a chilling thought that someday the same questions will be asked about our town, our lab, our power station.

At ruined building foundation

HAMMOND
(vehemently)

Creation is an act of sheer will. Next time, it'll be flawless!

Dinosaur Pens

HAMMOND

Occasionally we brought a specimen in for observation. I regret to say a sort of dinosaur rodeo would often develop.

At the cemetery, Hammond keeps a conspicuous silence, until one leaves

HAMMOND
Never again.

Henry Wu's

HAMMOND
Doctor Wu's laboratory was a mystery to me. I never finished my schooling -- I had a child's idea of science. Test tubes, explosions, and miracles.

A small, fancy revolver

HAMMOND
At first it was only an affectation, a plaything. I hardly expected to be involved in gunplay.

HAMMOND
For some reason no one has ever explained to me, the Jurassic and Cretaceous periods bred a surplus of large, aggressive carnivores. By '88, the flat land east of the town was a veritable Olympic Games of predation.

Various places on the plains

HAMMOND
Hunting dinosaurs is quite tricky business. I recommend helicopters, if you've got them.

HAMMOND
Muldoon did some ground hunting by jeep. Even with military hardware, it was a messy enterprise.

HAMMOND
A T-Rex wins against anything except a brachiosaur, or several triceratops, or a good jeep on a good road.

HAMMOND
Mankind is no match for the dinosaur. To be caught out alone on the plains -- no one survives that.

Crashed plane

HAMMOND

We were neither the only covert business to thrive in Central America, nor the most dangerous.

HAMMOND

I picture the Americans searching our wreckage. Awash with that particular feeling that comes from a ruin. The physical remnant of a lost world.

Raptor on steps

HAMMOND

The raptor preened itself, utterly confident of its right to be there. Absolutely no consciousness that it was not the sovereign ruler of this earth.

Dinosaur Pastoral

HAMMOND

They saw the first mornings of the world, and lived through the closing of the first great age.

In a hidden corner of the plains

HAMMOND

I had an odd dream, of a mighty wizard who lived his life alone.

HAMMOND

What if a mosquito sucked the blood of a dinosaur, one hundred million years ago. The insect is then covered in tree sap which, over millennia, becomes amber.

HAMMOND

The insect is preserved, perfectly. But -- you see, here's the clever part -- wouldn't the dinosaur blood be preserved as well?

HAMMOND

The blood holds DNA, a tiny spiral of genetic code. Abra cadabra!

At a Security keypad

HAMMOND

I still believe Nedry left himself a backdoor -- something about the hobbits or god knows what.

HAMMOND

Understand, we were attempting to read a code far older than humanity itself.

HAMMOND

The darkness of the laboratory at night seemed like home to me. The intricate structure of the DNA, the interplay of markets and corporate holdings, the pixels on a computer monitor. It is something one can become lost in.

Inside Town Hall, at the podium

HAMMOND

(making speech)

We must all of us be conscious that we are creating the future. We will be remembered for this forever.

GREENWOOD

A short story of an adventurer who comes to grief, told in a conversational tone, as if in an interview.

Anne finds campsite in cave: floppy disks, a broken radio

HAMMOND

I first met Harold Greenwood in 1992. He was an American, introduced to me as a former Green Beret. He asked a number of questions about the disposition of the InGen Technology.

HAMMOND

Harry claimed to be a friend of my former son-in-law. I liked him -- he was confident, dashing.

HAMMOND

Sources say Harry later attempted to penetrate to the interior of the island. His plan was to reactivate the geothermal plant, then to gain access to protected data at the main lab.

Anne finds opened security gate, with a box attached to the security monitor

HAMMOND

Greenwood carried some sort of electronic device, which we are told he built himself, based on plans he found on the Internet.

Anne finds dead dino, pile of automatic pistol clips, empty

HAMMOND

A background check on Harry Greenwood revealed nothing out of the ordinary: a community college education, a gun permit.

Standing at the floodgates, once opened

HAMMOND
Some effort was made to track Mr. Greenwood, but we never discovered what happened to him.

Inside, body is found huddled in a niche, to one side, above the water. Quite dead. An Uzi.

HAMMOND
He thought he would be a hero, an explorer, a Lawrence of Arabia braving danger. He did not understand what danger really is, how easily and unexpectedly death can come.

READ ALOUD

Certain passages are simply read aloud by Hammond from other sources.

Library

HAMMOND

In Greek myth, Daedalus was a master artificer. The king of Crete commissioned from him a great labyrinth. Daedalus labored for 10 years to produce this thing. It was so bewildering that one could not take a single step inside without losing one's way. Having built the maze, Daedalus himself became entrapped within it.

Afterword

HAMMOND

Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said - "two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert…. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings,
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

In church, at pulpit

HAMMOND

"And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be

an habitation of dragons . . ."
Isaiah 34:13

In the chemistry building, a whispered background

HAMMOND
Adenine. Cytosine. Thymine.
Guanine. Uracil.