



Written by

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PIG TALE

... the story of the arbitration of the Northwest Water Boundary encompasses the period between 1842 and 1872; it was the last colonial conflict between England and the United States.

A TELEPLAY

by



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German Translation by
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FULL AERIAL of San Juan spectrum. . . (POV Juan de Fuca with spyglass) zooming in to beach and cave, narrowing to Mr. 20th Century who is sitting quite reflectively near a rock. He has a stack of books, a pad and pencil and writes--also reads. Occasionally (as introductory credits roll) he is stumped and gazes out at the beautiful view.) Nearby are a bulging backpack, a bicycle. (Bibliography may run here--during study time, or at the end.)

When credits have been completed, "Steve" consults a map--one indicating the Strait of Juan de Fuca prominently. There is also a picture of this 16th century explorer.

As Steve is studying the map of the Strait and the picture intently, fog begins to roll in. Suddenly, Steve is aware of it and gets up--he is transfixed.

need map

POV of Steve to see an apparition appearing from the fog, a 16th century captain dressed in a plumed hat, knee-high swashbuckler boots, sash and a sword.

black vest

magnificent

Gasp of breath.

STEVE

DE FUCA
(Approaching)

(Totally at ease, De Fuca first takes a scroll out of a cape cavity, puts it on a nearby rock, flamboyantly throws off cape, puts spyglass in his belt; when completed looks up at Steve, the latter who is trying to regain his wits.)

no excuse - it's sunny

(Mutters half to himself): Ach, jerky navigation. One degree off again -- and it's my own strait! (Juan de Fuca now notices that Steve is discombobulated.) I beg your pardon,

(formally) Allow me to introduce myself. (typical 16th century bow with flourishes)

Juan de Fuca

I am Captain Apostolos Valerianos, commissioned by the Viceroy of Mexico. . . . appointed to find the maritime grail--the Northwest Passage. . . and anything else that might be in the way. King Philip of Spain commissioned the Viceroy, of course.

STEVE

(somewhat taken aback): My name is Steve, ordinary guy. No commission by any King.*

DE FUCA

(looks at him questioningly) Steve?

STEVE

Yeah, Steve. Steve. (Looks again at Juan de Fuca). Steve. Stephen. Ah . . . Stefano.

DE FUCA

Ah, Stefano.

STEVE

But I hope you do not find me in the way.

DE FUCA

On the contrary, I am delighted to find you in the way. It's been a long time since I was here . . . and now I've been allowed to come back. But I might need some help in directions -- not that north has changed that much lately . . . but still (smiles).

STEVE

But Captain A . . . Ap . . . Apos . . .

DE FUCA

~~Apostolos Valerianos~~ . . . from Greece . . . via Mexico . . . via Spain . . . via . . . (voice trails off).

* Indicates a direct quotation.



STEVE

Captain Valerianos. You look so familiar. (Camera moves to pan picture in book.)
You look like . . . but you couldn't be.

DE FUCA

(asserting his dignity): Why could not I be?

STEVE

Be what?

DE FUCA

Whatever thou thinkest I am not.

STEVE

(resigned): OK, Captain, you say your name is Valerianos. But you look like . . .
you look like . . . Juan de Fuca. He discovered these waters.

DE FUCA

(Expansively): I am Juan de Fuca. The king would not allow me to use my real name.
He was an ascetic--pouring over books at the Escorial. God first, Spain second.
Of course, in his mind, there wasn't too much difference.

STEVE

Juan de Fuca! I can't believe it. But let me shake your hand. (Both advance, shake hands.)

(Steve finds de Fuca's hand warm and believable. Looks at his own hand--it's still there. Shakes his head.) You are Juan de Fuca.

DE FUCA

Didst thou expect any other? I am at your service. (another bow).

STEVE

You're just what . . . I mean whom I need . . . for authenticity. I've been studying
(has pad still in his hand) the history here . . . but you're the authority.
(Puts pad or book down). You discovered this strait in . . . in . . .

DE FUCA

In the year of our Lord, 1592.*

STEVE

(bewildered again): Yeah, but that's . . . that's 400 years ago. Are you that old?

DE FUCA

Where I come from, man has no age.*

STEVE

(Puzzled). I see . . . although I don't know what.

DE FUCA
(Fingers his spyglass.) You will. Retrospect has good eyes.

STEVE
So what has it shown you?

DE FUCA
That I should never have left lovely isle. But I was harrassed by the aborigines . . .

STEVE
Indians?

DE FUCA
Indians. A ferocious group. Long canoes - 60 feet. But my canoe was longer. I got away. But that is the tragedy.

STEVE
(surprised) To escape?

DE FUCA
No, the fact that I could not return--until now. In the meantime, look who's been here.

STEVE
(Musingly): The English . . . with Captain Vancouver. 1792 (Pause) (rather cynically) . . . in the year of your Lord.

DE FUCA
(Surprised but continues) Two hundred years after me. (Pause) And then the Russians -- they're after me, too --in the year of their Lord. And, then the Americans are after the Russians . . . or is it vice versa?

STEVE
(chuckles) And now the tourists have it.* (Suddenly): Captain, I hear voices-- but with an accent--English accent.

AUDIO
LOW MURMUR OF VOICES IN THE
BACKGROUND

DE FUCA
(Puts a hand to his ear): (Then takes his glass and looks quickly south.)
No, it's the Americans--that swarm. (Anxious voice): A savage lot.
(Puts down glass, takes out sword.) (Sharp voice:) They're heading west.

STEVE
(Looks at De Fuca and his glass in amazement.) (Chuckles): Sheath your sword. I'm an American. Besides we use guns now. (Pause) But say, how come you had to use your glass? I thought you saw everything from . . . up . . . up there . . . or wherever you came from.

2A

DE FUCA
(a bit indignantly) Up is correct, sir. But we don't always look down--the lateral view is quite competitive. I think I last looked down here in the year . . .

STEVE
of your Lord . . . ?

DE FUCA
Yes . . . 1842.

STEVE
Well (looks at his watch) (rather surprised): It's 1844^{now}? (squints--also southerly). Let's move up on the bluff for a better view.

They walk a few steps and Steve squints again. (Shocked) I'm seeing things!

DE FUCA
Allow me, sir. I believe I can secure a better focus. (De Fuca picks up the glass, scene narrows in circular form to a tiny dot; then expands in circular motif to: *

* All deFuca glass shots will do the same, unless noted.

Circle of spyglass widens on fort gates slowly opening, pans over encampment scene with bustling activities. In the distance, a scout is seen, running frantically toward the camp. Camera swings to focus on stockade, then upper window, then POV inside stockade tower.

OVERLAY: FT. VANCOUVER, 1844

AIDE (Crowley)

Great excitement: Dr. McLoughlin, doctor! (FOOTAGE: Wagon train in distance.)

Another wagon train. (Looks, squinting). (Anxiety) It is another train.

MC LOUGHLIN

(Stepping anxiously up): Allow me, please. (Looks through port.) (Stands erect and sighs.) I had hoped the immigration trains would stop. (more sighing). One thousand Americans here now. Now more. They seem to thrive on hardship.

AIDE (somewhat ironically)

They thrive on the Hudson Bay Co., too. They've heard about you, Doctor. They know you're kind and you will help. (Looks again.) Sir, the wagon train -- it looks in terrible condition. (PURCHASED FOOTAGE USE).

MC LOUGHLIN

(who has leaned against the wall in shock): Terrible condition? After 2,000 miles overland, that's one thing we can count on. (Then rather suddenly). They will be starved, sick. (Hastily). Americans or not, order the graineries opened. The same portions as before: 25 pounds of flour to small families, 50 to large.

AIDE

Yes, Sir. (Takes one more look.) Ah, Mr. Douglas is coming. (Aid hastily starts down the ladder.)

CAMERA follows him to the top of the steps. CAMERA then POV from the bottom of the ladder. Dr. McLoughlin starts down, his black cape brushing the step tops. Just as the young man nears the bottom, there is a knock at the door.

AIDE

Nods at Douglas and runs off.

MC LOUGHLIN

(Has now reached the bottom of steps.)

DOUGLAS

(begins without preamble). Doctor, a scout reports another wagon train. (Almost angrily). McLoughlin, how many Americans are you going to allow to settle here?

MC LOUGHLIN

Douglas, I am not the authority here. Ask Lord Aberdeen . . . in England. Or better yet, ask the American president in Washington City. I think you will get two different answers. (less vehemently): I never would have believed this.

DOUGLAS

Believed what, may I ask?

MC LOUGHLIN

The Americans. Getting out here--2,000 miles overland. That's six months, Douglas.

DOUGLAS

But you're helping them settle this territory for the United States. Even their children say they're coming to rule . . . rule Oregon. What will England say?



MC LOUGHLIN

England? They'll have to quarrel with heaven.* I am Chief Factor here, not a murderer. I cannot allow these immigrants to starve. I regret this state of affairs, But the Bible tells me if my enemy is hungry, I must feed him. And these immigrants are not my enemies. Should I do less for them?

DOUGLAS

(rather suavely): They are our enemies, our political rivals for Oregon.

MC LOUGHLIN

(placatingly) Douglas . . . that's true. But there is a law of mercy. That law supersedes justice.

DOUGLAS

(heatedly) With your mercy, the United States will supersede Britain—and Britain was here first.

MC LOUGHLIN

(chuckling) Well, if you use that premise, the Indians were here first . . . and the animals before them. Who is encroaching on whose skin?

DOUGLAS

(somewhat sharply) That's over. The Americans are encroaching on us . . . now.

MC LOUGHLIN

(placatingly): Douglas, you cannot disregard the past. England has monopolized the fur trade. We profited; the Indians profited. But it can't last. A country is not built on trade alone, but settlement. And Americans are settling here. Douglas, (slowly) if Indians sense conflict between the whites, they will massacre both of us.

DOUGLAS

(more resigned) But you have been so liberal.

MC LOUGHLIN

I use the same creed for all men. (Pause): We have merely traded with the Indians. Our interest is economic. But the Americans . . . the Americans . . .

DOUGLAS

Will take their land.

MC LOUGHLIN

Yes.

DOUGLAS

Do you think there will be war?

MC LOUGHLIN

Very possibly. The Indians against the whites -- or the whites against the whites. If an ambitious president gets control of the United States, I'm afraid the Americans will get the Oregon Territory. (Pause) (Reflectively). Douglas, it's fortunate for you that you were asked to establish the new fort on Vancouver Island. You will be out of the area of conflict.

DOUGLAS

And our supplies safe from the new predator around here--(bitterly)--the American! (McLoughlin laughs and when he thinks about it so does Douglas) AUDIO

FAINT SOUND OF BAGPIPES

MC LOUGHLIN (relieved to hear the sound)

Ah, the pipes. Douglas, let's offer these weighty issues to the politicians -- on a silver platter. I'll gladly supply the platter if they'll supply the decisions. (Looks at Douglas invitingly) A cup of tea?

DOUGLAS

(chuckling) Tea? That's all we get now after you restricted liquor sales to the Indians. Tea? (contemptuously) Will that solve anything? AUDIO: BAGPIPES CRESCENDO

TO END OF SCENE.

MC LOUGHLIN

(laughing) I'll order it made strong! (Both men leave the stockade and start walking away toward the residence. McLoughlin is smiling, but Douglas is still struggling with the implications of the discussion.)

CUT TO:

5a

Rev. 8-31-84

AUDIO: POUNDING

Scene opens as aid is pounding on grainery door.

Open the stores. Wagon train. (Shouting) Wagon train.

Pounds again.

Open up. Open up. (Door to open slightly).

Twenty-five pound sacks and 50 pounds sacks. It's a wagon train.

Aid rushes on to the next building.

Scene dissolves with shouts of Wagon train and sounds of pounding.



MC LOUGHLIN

(Brings out cups): I fear this tea may not be strong enough after all. (Pause)
Douglas, we'll have our toast, at least. Perhaps you'll get a permanent assignment
to the new fort--away from . . . all this.

DOUGLAS

Doctor, the fort is going to be beautiful. If I become factor, I'd name it Fort
Victoria--after the Queen. There is a bay . . . for a fleet . . . and a harbor . . .
for Hudson Bay trade. (Enthusiastically): And right across the channel, there is a
group of islands. I'll claim those for England.

MC LOUGHLIN

We thought the west coast would be safe from the Americans. But islands . . .
Islands? (laughing). That's one place a wagon train can't get to, Douglas.

AUDIO OVERLAY

Aid's voice shouting: Americans.
Open the gates.

(McLoughlin continuing. Holding his cup high.) (Formal tone): May I propose a
toast. (Douglas lifts his cup smiling.) To Queen Victoria . . . and to Fort Victoria.
Douglas, may you have every success . . . and every island.

The toast . . . after which McLoughlin leaves quickly with the aide. Douglas is
at first appeased, then when the door closes, strikes the table with his fist.

From his angry expression . . .

CUT TO:

8

DISSOLVE In to settler running to the big gates crying - - pounding on the woods.

SETTLER

(almost falling). Help. Help.

Gates open very slowly. McLoughlin walks hastily to the settler . . .

Screen slowly narrows to tiny circle (spyglass).



Scope narrows to tiny circle as Juan de Fuca lowers his glass.

This temporary DE FUCA
(Shakes his head); mortality has still fogged my memory. Kind sir, I would be honored to see a map, and get a further briefing. The trip . . . (looks a bit disoriented).

STEVE (Eagerly)
(Takes a map from among his collection of books.) I'll show you what happened after you left. Your King Philip claimed all land to the 54th parallel. The Russians claimed everything north and whatever they could get southward. (Indicates with his finger what is happening.) But then the United States and England persuaded both countries to let go. Spain went south to the 42nd parallel and tried to hang on to California. After Russia finished thawing out in California, it drew its boundary line at 54-40 back north.

DE FUCA
So, it's this land, the land in between, that's up for grabs? (Points at territory)

STEVE
Yeah, the Oregon Territory. No one is too sure if it has anything or not. But they still want it.

Missing section

STEVE
(Also looking) He wants California, too. The whole west coast. Says the United States needs it to get to China.

DE FUCA
China? Does he want that, too?

CUT

OVERLAY: SAN JUAN ISLAND, 1846

Glass targeted on James Douglas' head, then widening to full screen showing Douglas and his aid, Crowley, trudging up a hill headed for a high bluff. Crowley carries the Union Jack.

CROWLEY (panting)

Sir, it was a stormy day to come.

DOUGLAS (also breathing heavily, pauses in the walk). (Bitterly): Stormy? Crowley, the political winds are even more stormy. Polk's been elected president and he wants the whole west coast below the 49th -- so he can get to China.

CROWLEY (aghast)

China?

DOUGLAS

Yes, China . . . for trade, we assume . . . although with the Americans (his voice fades out . . . then): Polk's going to terminate the joint occupancy treaty and it will be pen or sword. Either we get a new treaty quickly or it will be war -- quickly. (Starts climbing again urgently).

CROWLEY (from behind him)

(anxiously) What about Fort Victoria? What about us?

DOUGLAS

(sarcastically): By the magnanimous generosity of the United States, we get it. But Americans are swallowing up everything else below the 49th -- including Dr. McLoughlin.

CROWLEY

(shocked). Dr. McLoughlin? (They have reached the top of the bluff now and both pause.) (Crowley looks for a place for the flag--finds one ready made and both pause.)

DOUGLAS

Yes, McLoughlin. (Somewhat bitterly). He's become an American. (Crowley is even more shocked and Douglas goes on.) He lost his job with the Hudson Bay -- for helping the Americans -- for being compassionate. (Longer pause): But I shall not make the same mistake. (Douglas is ready to plant the flag.) These islands will remain British.

(Then dramatically placing the flag): In the name of her Britannic Majesty, Queen Victoria, I claim San Juan Island for Great Britain.

FADE OUT ON RIPPLING FLAG AND CROWLEY'S SHOCKED FACE.

BLACK

Scene opens again on bluff.

STEVE

Queen Victoria? Now, wait just a minute, here.

DE FUCA

(looks with glass): I wouldn't wait even that long. Look. Look.

STEVE

Look where? (rather frantic) Where?

DE FUCA

Toward England, of course. (Then somewhat frantic himself.) President Polk . . . did terminate the joint occupancy treaty. And both countries are preparing for war . . . ah, (looking) wait, they're going to try the pen first. I believe that's Lord Aberdeen, I see, and . . . oh, oh, Undersecretary Addington. But I can't decipher the date.

STEVE

(Looks at a digital watch.) It's May, 1846.

DeFuca looks surprised, then quick scope from small to wide circle, focus: London.



Scene has widened to establishment shot (rock exterior and window) to inside hallway. Addington is coming down the corridor to give Lord Aberdeen his notes when the latter steps from his office.

ADDINGTON

Lord Aberdeen, may I present the notes on the treaty research.

ABERDEEN (motions for Addington to follow him in.)

(Sit down): Addington, after 25 years of negotiation, we must conclude an agreement, and I would prefer an agreement (drily) without a war first. What do you think? (Looks at notes.)

ADDINGTON (unrolling map and pointing)

The border set at the 49th parallel is clear enough. Polk will have to give up his 54-40 idea. But (and Addington takes out Vancouver's map) Vancouver's map does not clearly indicate where the boundary line should be drawn when it reaches the Gulf of Georgia. (shows Aberdeen the map). England will get Vancouver Island . . . but there are islands nearby--there's more than one channel to the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

ABERDEEN

We're in somebody's straits right now. What then do you suggest? I must get the draft to Washington.

ADDINGTON

If we did not name the channel, then there would be difficulty in deciding which of the channels was meant but, at the same time, it would not delay the matter. There could be trouble later, but this consideration is of less importance than the signing of the treaty.*

ABERDEEN

It seems like a small matter. Perhaps I could insert a phrase "in the middle of the channel that separates the continent from Vancouver's Island." That should suffice.

ADDINGTON

(slightly sarcastically) That should be sufficiently ambiguous, your Lordship.

ABERDEEN

(looks at him sharply). Addington, we must conclude this tug of war with the United States. If I draft the treaty to indicate a middle line, the result should be reasonable. And in accord with international law. (Pause). Are we going to include a map? ✓

ADDINGTON

No, your Lordship. We know Vancouver's map is already defective--and these few islands it shows-- or tries to show -- can be of no consequence.

ABERDEEN

A few islands. Addington, Great Britain is an island and I consider it of the highest consequence. (slower) You do maintain tho' that the islands to which you refer here have no value?

ADDINGTON

(shrugs) Value? To the animals, perhaps.

ABERDEEN

If you say so, Addington. If I must choose between ambiguity and war, I shall choose the former.

ADDINGTON

(Shrugs again). Colonies! Worthless. (Prepares to leave and Aberdeen turns back to his desk, picks up the notes and takes paper from a supply cupboard.)

SI QU! DISSOLVE



Scene opens in library with Lord Aberdeen scratching his pen across the pen. He is speaking carefully as he writes:

ABERDEEN (stops to look at map)

"From the point on the 49th parallel of north latitude . . .
the line of boundary between the territories of her Britannic
Majesty and those of the United States shall be continued
westward along the 49th parallel of north latitude to . . .

(Here Aberdeen pauses, thinks, and finally bends down to
continue writing.)

DISSOLVE



Scene dissolves to an open shot of water (channel) with islands fringing the edges.

A printed overlay appears and Aberdeen's voice continues.

ABERDEEN (audio only)

"the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of said channel, and of Fuca's straits to the Pacific Ocean . . . "

AUDIO AND VISUAL FUSION DISSOLVE TO . . .

(continue audio to achieve smooth edit)

"Provided, however, that the navigation of the said channel and straits, south of the 49th parallel



OVERLAY: WHITE HOUSE, 1846

Scene fusion from previous shot: Dissolve into interior of White House with President Polk and Buchanan seated on opposite sides of a large desk. Buchanan has the map and is reading the treaty.

BUCHANAN

(Reading slowly and carefully): (checking with map as he reads):

westward along the 49th parallel of north latitude to the middle of . . . the channel . . . which separates the continent . . . from Vancouver's Island, and thence southerly through the middle of said channel, and of Fuca's straits to the Pacific Ocean.

POLK

So that's the problem . . . ?

BUCHANAN

That's the ambiguous part. The remainder of the treaty is clearly written--the 49th parallel -- that is in accord with international law--dividing unoccupied territories equally. The United States did get the land north of the Columbia -- those Hudson Bay posts--everything, but England will get Vancouver Island. But, Mr. President, it's these islands in the middle that are the problem. The wording does not actually name a dividing channel. We know very little about that remote area.

POLK

Was not a map attached?

BUCHANAN

No, an odd omission. This is Wilkes' map (picks it up and moves over to show President.) It shows there could be three channels. It means, Mr. President, that this treaty is capable of more than one interpretation.

POLK

Oh. (Immersed in thought): What did Ambassador McLane say?

BUCHANAN

McLane wrote on May 18th that the boundary line would probably go through Haro Channel, but Haro isn't named in the treaty wording. It could be any of the three channels. (crescendo to suppressed panic): We could lose territory.

POLK

(Pondering) Humph. Must have dipped their pens in fog. (Thinks.)

(Pause): Buchanan, we're in a difficult situation. The Senate has finally acknowledged that we're at war with Mexico. But if this treaty--odd tho' it is--is not signed, we'll also be at war with England.

BUCHANAN

(Emphatically): But the English should know the folly of leaving a channel unnamed. We'll simply take whichever channel gives us the most territory.

POLK

(Slowly and emphatically). I was elected to work--work for the people. I tried to get the 54th parallel. I'm losing it . . . but I'm not going to lose anything else. We will make a claim for those islands; we'll keep Texas . . . and add California and the land north of Mexico later. Monroe formulated his doctrine. I will apply it. . . now . . . to these islands.



(Background noise: people are now waiting to see the president and there is activity in the outer lobby.)

BUCHANAN

(wryly): Mr. President, just get a fighting general in the melee like Harney, and you'll have all that and both continents to go with it.

POLK

(chuckles) Harney believes in "manifest destiny," too. And I'd take both continents. (Pause) But right now, I just want those islands, ~~in question~~.

AIDE

(Knock on the door): Excuse me, Mr. President. Your constituents . . . (voice fades).

POLK

(Sighs): Buchanan, I must see the public -- their visits have increased tremendously.

BUCHANAN

Because of the Oregon question . . . or the Mexican question?

POLK

Both, Buchanan. War with Mexico I want. More debate, no. And Oregon is predicted to cause the longest debate in the Senate's history. (Polk assumes a thinking posture.) (Then rather slowly). Mr. Buchanan, ordinarily, I would not permit a treaty with this obscure wording to be put before the Senate, but we must get it signed.

BUCHANAN

Before word reaches England that we're at war with Mexico.

POLK (Standing)

Exactly. We're vulnerable as it is. (Pause): Buchanan, do not make any alterations in the draft. I shall inform the Senate I will concur with whatever decision it makes. Now, we're at war with Mexico . . . over a river. If this treaty is not ratified, we'll be at war with England . . . over an anonymous channel. *We've got to get the west coast in our belly before England cuts us off from China.*

FADE OUT GRADUALLY TO BLACK - CIRCLE LAST ON POLK

From wide scope, scene narrows back to a tiny circle (last focus on Polk) and then to Juan de Fuca half lowering the glass with a puzzled expression on his face.

DE FUCA

Shakespeare tutored me before I left. Carefully. He said that English and the new vernacular for Americans was the same language.

STEVE

With some modification, it is.

DE FUCA

(looks at him): Well, I intend to do some language modification myself -- but Then why can't England and the United States understand their treaty.

STEVE

Semantics are treacherous. Grammar even more so. And punctuation is worth hours of debate.

DE FUCA (resigned)

Leastways, you have a beautiful heroine to fight over.

STEVE

Heroine? Punctuation?

DE FUCA

No, this island, San Juan.

STEVE

(Looks at the map.) She may be beautiful, but her figure is not.

DE FUCA

The United States and Great Britain think so. Those coves have quite a few military curves to them. (Pause) (Rather optimistically) Stefano, do you want to place bets?

STEVE

(Thinks) Bets? The odds are too . . . odd. No. (Picks up de Fuca's glass and looks through it.) Captain, the glass works for me, too. The Senate just ratified the treaty . . . but they are already squabbling over the semantics. (Hands it back to de Fuca.) *approved*

DE FUCA

(Looks.) Ah. Palmerston is foreign secretary in London now. (Scene is narrowing down to black.)

STEVE

Palmerston? That pompous . . .

BLACK



✓ Again, the two diplomats meet in the hallway. (Sharp, acerbic scene)

PALMERSTON

Mr. Addington, there have been complaints on the research and drafting of the treaty of 1846 already. Would you kindly deign to tell me which channel was meant to separate the American continent from Vancouver Island.

ADDINGTON

(innocently) Was there a problem, Lord Palmerston?

PALMERSTON

There was . . . and there is. Addington, the channel was not named. The United States is now claiming it was the Haro Channel; we claim Rosario Channel. Notes found now show that Lord Aberdeen consulted Sir John Pelly just two days before the treaty was drafted--he said it should be Rosario. Why did not the name appear?

ADDINGTON

(slightly sarcastically) Because there was confusion, your Lordship. But a mere definition should solve the problem.

PALMERSTON

A mere definition? Kindly then honor me with one.

ADDINGTON

(speaking very superciliously). All that is required is a definition of what "channel" means. If the United States and Britain agreed that "channel" meant navigability, then two naval officers could decide which of the channels most conforms to the wording of the treaty. If "channel" meant the whole water area, then we need a commission.* It's really very simple, your Lordship.

PALMERSTON

What is not simple is that the United States and Britain seldom agree on anything. We are going to need both naval officers and a commission to solve this problem.

ADDINGTON

That should cover all exigencies, your Lordship.



PALMERSTON

(sharply) Yes, it should if there's time. Addington, we could lose even more territory to the United States--an island of military value. Your definitions are a little late.

ADDINGTON

It's only a colony, sir. A small, Hudson Bay post. And a governor only half British.

PALMERSTON

And a governor totally loyal (looks at Addington significantly) . . . much more loyal than many totally British. And, Addington, those insignificant islands guard the approach to the Pacific Ocean. (stalks off.)

ADDINGTON

(Spits.)

SCOPE NARROWS TO BLACK

THEN WIDENS TO DE FUCA

SEGMENT END

Spyglass motif narrows again to a small circle--Juan de Fuca taking it away from his eyes.

DE FUCA

(spits) Queen Elizabeth should have given me funds. I would have claimed this for England in 1600.

STEVE

(teasingly) Or, if King Philip hadn't been such a mystic . . . you could have claimed it for Spain.

DE FUCA

Yes . . . a mystic . . . with an armada.

STEVE

You know, you haven't really told me your story.

DE FUCA

But it hasn't yet ended.

STEVE

How about the beginning then? The story of this strait?

DE FUCA

Ah, this strait. I was almost a degree off in my latitude reckoning--one reason why I am considered a fable. And Spain wanted more than the Northwest Passage--she wanted gold and silver. So I put that in my report--we always had to decorate our reports with silver and gold or Spain wouldn't read them.

STEVE

And that made you more fabled?

DE FUCA

Exactly. And after I left this strait, I went back to Greece to get funds to vindicate my discovery. On the way, I met Lord Douglas in Italy. He introduced me to English Consul Lok, who introduced me to Sir Walter Raleigh.

STEVE (Impressed)

Sir Walter Raleigh?

DE FUCA

None the less. He asked Queen Elizabeth for approval to finance another voyage here. (lost in thought)

STEVE

And . . . ?

DE FUCA

The approval came . . . but the funds did not. The Queen was frugal with her purse. My expedition was scrapped. It was more important to save England from Spain -- and for the Queen to keep her wardrobe up.



STEVE

And then?

DE FUCA

I went back to Cephalonia--Greece--and died--in the year of my Lord, 1602.

STEVE

I didn't know you indulged in such mundane activities.

DE FUCA

I don't consider death mundane. (Face lights up) And for me, it was upwardly mobile. A great improvement.

STEVE

(looks at him, says nothing.) (Then at his digital watch.) Captain! While we've been talking, we've become part of a new territory, Washington. And a governor has been appointed, Isaac I. Stevens. It's . . . why, it's 1853.

DE FUCA

(Scrutinizes situation another direction with glass.) And James Douglas has become governor of Vancouver Island. He's put a fish hatchery here . . . and sheep. (Slowly) But sheep can't hold an island for Britain.

STEVE

Unless those sheep get a shepherd. (Squints) Governor Stevens seems to have noticed Douglas' additions. He's extending the tax territory of U.S. Customs Collector, Colonel Ebey.

DE FUCA

~~I don't think Douglas will put coins in the fishes' mouths for Ebey -- but the~~ nets are certainly out. Let's have a look.

GLASS BEGINS NARROWING, THEN WIDENS TO

NEXT SCENE

22

OVERLAY: FT. VICTORIA, 1853

Scene opens as James Douglas is pacing the floor, deep in thought. (Sighs). Then aloud to himself:

DOUGLAS

So the Oregon legislature has appropriated the San Juan Island under its jurisdiction. Hm'm. And appointed a governor for Washington Territory.

(Suddenly rings a bell by his desk.)

CROWLEY

(comes in): Your Excellency?

DOUGLAS (anxious)

Crowley, I'm going to need someone on San Juan Island to establish residence-- something besides my sheep. Is it true that John Charles Griffin has just arrived here from Ottawa?

AID

Yes, Your Excellency. He's waiting for his new Hudson Bay assignment. A very practical man, I hear--his father was a doctor -- his brother is in the postal service.

DOUGLAS

H'm. No doubt, some of the medicine rubbed off on him -- and he must be accustomed to the art of correspondence. Have you met him, Crowley?

CROWLEY

Yes, I have. Very congenial, businesslike. Typical Hudson Bay characteristics.

DOUGLAS

Would you ask him to meet me? He might take the offer. And . . . Crowley?

CROWLEY

Yes, Sir.

DOUGLAS

When is the next ship due to arrive from the Sandwich Islands?

CROWLEY

Why, your Excellency, there is one in now.

DOUGLAS

(elated). Would you please send the agent to me, then, immediately.

CROWLEY

(surprised). Of course, your Excellency.

DISSOLVE



* Scene dissolves into: Steve and Juan de Fuca both staring across the water (no glass).

DE FUCA

I believe I see the agent--he's just leaving the ship.

STEVE

And I believe I see Griffin. (Takes de Fuca's arm). Look, over there. He's walking quite quickly. He must want this post.

FOLLOWING AUDIO ONLY: SEE NEXT PAGE FOR GRIFFIN INTRODUCTION

DE FUCA

(Looks). Ah, what a jacket. How'd he make that?

STEVE

Hudson Bay, you know. Those men really know how to make the fur fly.

(Camera follows Griffin who walks rapidly to Ft. Victoria gates--and gates close.)

DISSOLVE



Rev. 8-31-84

VISUAL ONLY

(to combine with audio overlay on previous page.)

GRIFFIN

At the door of Douglas' office (still wearing jacket)

DISSOLVE



Scene opens in Governor Douglas' office room: fireplace, furs, rustic elegance.

CROWLEY

(at door). Charles Griffin, Esquire, your Excellency.

DOUGLAS

(Pleased to see him.) Please sit down, Mr. Griffin. (Waits for him to sit.)

Mr. Griffin, I have a special assignment I trust you will consider. You probably know that the United States just appropriated the San Juan Islands under its jurisdiction. Unfortunately, I already appropriated them under my jurisdiction-- in 1845 - with the approval of the Colonial Office, of course.

GRIFFIN

Your Excellency, I am aware of the situation.

DOUGLAS

Then you may guess that I am hoping you, as a Hudson Bay employee, will establish residence there--on San Juan Island itself. I will be able to give you some inducements. You'll have a staff - I intend to take some Kanakas from off the next ship from the Sandwich Islands. Undoubtedly, there will be at least one with management ability.

GRIFFIN

What are my precise duties, sir?

DOUGLAS

Officially, your commission will be as keeper of the sheep. I'll be getting more from Dr. Tolmie's stock at Ft. Nisqually--there will be about 1300 when you arrive. But (pause) I also want you to be keeper of the Queen's peace.

GRIFFIN

I see. That will be a little more difficult.

DOUGLAS

Exactly. Griffin, I must speak plainly. I don't want any Americans settling on the islands, San Juan, in particular. I hear a U.S. customs agent has already been assigned.

GRIFFIN

And if they come, your Excellency.



Herd them off.

DOUGLAS

May I ask with what? (Derisively): The Hudson Bay Company does not permit any forcible action against an American. Americans!

GRIFFIN

Write to me, Griffin. You'll have a canoe, a good one.

DOUGLAS

(thoughtfully). It does appear to be quite an assignment. Challenging. I am only worried about my defense equipment.

GRIFFIN

Defense equipment?

DOUGLAS

It appears that I have access to a canoe . . . and a pen. I will accept the position, but I must insist that the pen have a sharp point on it--similar to a bayonet, perhaps.

GRIFFIN

(looks at him thoughtfully). Mr. Griffin, I will be the point.

DOUGLAS

Same office interior. Griffin is just leaving - says a few polite words to Crowley.

The shipping agent walks in.

CROWLEY

Your Excellency, Mr. Thompson.

DOUGLAS

I'm pleased to meet you, sir, and I'm glad your ship arrived safely. I have heard that Kanakas have been signing on our ships in the Sandwich Islands.

THOMPSON

Yes, and they seem to do well. We must have substitutes for our deserters--our own crewmen seem attached to the tropical flavor there--if you understand me.

DOUGLAS

Too well, I'm afraid. However, I need settlers here and I would welcome a certain number of the Kanakas, particularly on San Juan Island. My new agent, Mr. Griffin - who just left - will be moving there in November. The Kanakas would assist him in managing the Hudson Bay post. You may know that no British subject has accepted my offer of 500 acres to reside there.

THOMPSON

The ownership of San Juan and other islands is in dispute, tho', is it not?

DOUGLAS

Not in the Crown's opinion and certainly not in mine.

But until the matter is settled by the governments, I want settlers to maintain Britain's possessory rights.

THOMPSON

I see, your Excellency. Are there any Americans there at all now?

DOUGLAS

None at all. And I intend it to stay that way.

THOMPSON

Very astute of you, sir. I will endeavor to collect a few Kanakas on my next voyage then.

DOUGLAS

It would be a service to the crown, sir. And to me. Thank you.

