

Scene opens to Juan de Fuca and Steve still on the bluff.

DE FUCA

(looking down, rather amused). I say, we will not need the glass for awhile.

STEVE

(also pleased). The view is excellent. (looks further out.) Griffin just moved in. What a job description: keeper of the sheep . . .

DE FUCA

And the Queen's peace.

STEVE

I wonder if his pen will see active service?

DE FUCA (looking another way)

(Aghast): His pen? Colonel Ebey has just used his to write Douglas a letter to announce his arrival.

STEVE

Ebey? Ah, the U.S. Collector of Customs. (looks anxiously) I'd warn him if I could. He's supposed to tax sheep not Hudson Bay Company wolves.

DE FUCA

(also peering). (Amused) It looks like Douglas is planning quite a reception for Ebey.

STEVE (also watching)

Reception? I'd call it a deception.

30

*Super? of
Ebey writing?*

lamb.



Scene opens in Douglas' office. He is shown pacing the floor, reading a letter.

Mr. James Sangster, your Excellency:

CROWLEY (somewhat hurried)

DOUGLAS

Mr. Sangster, I've called you in to inform you that I just received a letter from Colonel Ebey, U.S. Collector of Customs. He intends to take an inventory of Griffin's stock . . . and tax him. (laughs).

SANGSTER

Inventory? Tax? Who does he think he is?

DOUGLAS

A couple of things, if you want to know. When the treaty of 1846 was signed, he was appointed to appraise all Hudson Bay Property in the Oregon territory. Naturally, he valued it much lower than its worth and we were not adequately compensated. Now, he's the U.S. Collector of Customs and he is planning to assess Griffin's sheep. But I have other plans, Sangster. I want you over on San Juan Island when he arrives. You, (each word emphatic) the British Collector of Customs will welcome the American Collector of Customs . . . with a warrant for his arrest.

SANGSTER

(Mouth agape)

BLACK OUT



JUAN DE FUCA

(thoughtfully). Douglas is certainly cut from a different cloth than McLoughlin.

STEVE

You know (looking at de Fuca's costume) we're not exactly cut from the same cloth either.

DE FUCA

(looks at Steve's jeans, shirt, tennis shoes, etc.) I should say not, young man. If you had been on my crew, you would have been in irons.

STEVE

But . . . but, sir, Captain Valerianos, our generation needs tough stuff. We have to get into the 21st century and it's rough.

DE FUCA

(softer voice). I know. We had to climb into the 17th century. I used my soft silks to slide through. And . . . having a sword helped.

STEVE

Guns helped us. That's how Americans solve most of their problems.

DE FUCA

(looks at his sword). I only use this to open letters now and then, but I've certainly admired the rifles I've seen here.

SOUND OF Gun Cock

STEVE

Rifles? Didn't you just hear a gun being cocked?

DE FUCA

No. But I understood customs officials could not use guns.

STEVE

Yeah, but it doesn't say their henchmen can't. Look, Ebay's boat has docked already. And those sailors don't seem cut from the same cloth as Ebay, either.

DE FUCA

Not on the outside. But on the inside, Ebay's just as determined. I say, he's going to warm the U.S. treasury with some of that wool.

DISSOLVE



Camera does pan of henchmen making camp in nearby woods as Ebey strolls to Griffin's door.
Knocks. When Griffin opens it:

EBEY

Mr. Griffin, I presume?

GRIFFIN

You presume correctly. Please come in. (Camera pans to Sangster somewhat hidden, then back):

EBEY

(clearing his throat, stuttering slightly): I'm C--Colonel Ebey, U.S. Cus--customs Collector. May I present the compliments of the United States on your arrival. . .

GRIFFIN

(Says nothing.)

EBEY

(clearing his throat): T-th-ere's just a little difficulty here--your sheep. They have not cleared U.S. Customs. I can perform this small formality now, and you may reimburse the United States government. Otherwise, I regret to inform you that they are liable to seizure. Another formality, you understand.

GRIFFIN

Coloney Ebey, I must regretfully inform you of another formality--the sheep. They are British stock--from Ft. Nisqually. I also regret that I must inform you that you are liable to seizure--you are trespassing on property of the Crown.

(James Sangster - who has been hovering in the background now gets up.)

GRIFFIN

Colonel, may I present James Sangster, English Collector of Customs--with a warrant for your arrest.

'Sangster moves forward to apprehend Ebey.)

EBEY

(Draws in his breath). Then w-wh-ile I am being arrested, I will inform you that this has been declared United States Territory and I will station a deputy collector here--regardless of my fate.

SANGSTER

(quickly) Who is he?

EBEY

My quartermaster, Captain Webber.

SANGSTER

Fine, I'll just arrest him instead.

EBEY

You may not. He has no c--co-mission yet.



Scene 24, page 2
Griffin/Ebey/Sangster

SANGSTER

I shall wait for you to write one. I'll anticipate meeting Captain Webber tomorrow,
(pause) or, do you wish to apologize for this intrusion into British territory?

EBEY

Certainly, I shall apologize -- to the sheep. I shall also inform our territorial
officials of this courteous welcome. Good day, gentlemen. (stalks off).

BLACK OUT

Scene progression partly taken from Pig War Islands by David Richardson, Eastsound, WA.
Used with permission.

(Back inside Griffin's house).

GRIFFIN

(half laughing) Mr. Sangster, this is not quite what we planned. (more serious).
Governor Douglas expects an arrest.

SANGSTER

(Grimly) He'll get an arrest--tomorrow. Or there will be no United States interlopers
on this island.

GRIFFIN

I think that would satisfy His Excellency.

SANGSTER

Mr. Griffin, I could do with a little satisfaction myself. We'll take a posse of your
Kanakas . . . and they'll take this Captain Webber -- tomorrow.

GRIFFIN

Well said. I'll give you my best man, Joseph Friday.
(Rings bell.)
How about some mutton for supper?

SANGSTER

Sounds fine.

GRIFFIN

(Smiling) Eat all you can -

Joseph Friday appears answering the summons.

GRIFFIN

Mr. Friday, mutton, please.

(Friday nods with a big grin).

DISSOLVE



Scene opens at temporary camp site where Captain Webber has been waiting for Colonel Ebey.

Ebey rushes in - not waiting for courtesies.

EBEY

Captain Webber, I almost got arrested . . . for t-t-tr-esspassing. I wrote to Governor Douglas as a common courtesy to announce my arrival. And he sent the British Collector of Customs to arrest me.

WEBBER

Arrest you?

EBEY

Now, you, tomorrow. And I must -- we must leave the island today. Captain Webber, my apologies for this . . . abominable . . . plan. The sheep are British.

WEBBER

Not this sheep. Colonel, I hadn't planned on that type of hunting tomorrow . . . but, don't worry, I'll chance it.

EBEY

(In amazement). You'll stay?

WEBBER

Certainly, I'll stay. This is United States territory.

EBEY

My gratitude. But I have to write your commission . . . otherwise, Mr. Sangster cannot arrest you.

WEBBER

Write it. I'll go back to the boat and get supplies and (softly) guns.

EBEY

I really pulled the wool over the wrong eyes this time.

WEBBER

Never mind, Colonel. Get me a commission and . . . include an arrest warrant . . . for Sangster. He's trespassing on United States territory.

EBEY

(Smiling) That's an order I'd like to fulfill. (Reaches for pen and paper).
Webber!



WEBBER

Yes.

EBEY

When you return, pitch your tent near Griffin's post. It'd be better to be arrested,
than scalped.

WEBBER

And I'll be more convenient to arrest. (Strides out.)

BLACK OUT

CUT

JUAN DE FUCA

Some quartermaster. I could have used him on my crew.

STEVE

How many guns did he bring back?

DE FUCA

I can't be sure. (Pause) What confidence. He's been sleeping for quite some time--
-- just a few hundred feet from Griffin's complex.

STEVE

(looks at watch): I say, it's almost morning. (looks down). Captain Valerianos,
wake up Webber. The posse is coming.

DE FUCA

Captain Webber. (shouts) Captain . . .

DISSOLVE

to Webber rousing from sleep - drowsily arranging guns.

AUDIO ONLY FOR NARRATION

DE FUCA (shouting urgently)

Captain Webber!



Scene opens with Webber getting and sitting up.

Camera cuts to moving posse. Carry knives, not guns.

SOUND OF MARCHING FEET

WEBBER

(jolted to full wakefulness--grabs guns--decks himself out.)

SANGSTER

(to himself) Either he'll be gone or . . .

The posse comes to a sudden halt. Fear grips them. There on a rock sits Webber, very composed, three guns nearby, and one aimed directly at Sangster.

WEBBER

(each word emphatic) One more foot, Sangster, and you're a dead man.*

SANGSTER

(shocked). Turns back to posse and shouts, Disarm him!*

The posse does not move, then pulls back, each man frightened. Sangster is horrified.

WEBBER

Mr. Sangster, I'm here by the authority of the United States. Americans have as much right on this island as Griffin, and I will not recognize your right to issue any process against me. (Walks up to Sangster who pulls back. Webber pulls out his warrant and says): I'm issuing a warrant for your arrest -- trespassing on United States territory. **

SANGSTER

(frightened) (bubbles) His Excellency said . . .

WEBBER

(Interrupts) Governor Stevens can talk, too. I'm going back to the mainland for supplies. BUT I will return. Kindly give Governor Douglas my compliments and tell him a Deputy Collector of Customs will be taking residence on San Juan Island.

BLACK OUT

End of segment II

* Selected quotations from Pig War Island (used by permission)

** From official documents.

Back to Juan de Fuca and Steve.

DE FUCA

(Pacing). I thought the Kanakas were loyal to Britain.

STEVE

Not loyal enough to get killed.

DE FUCA

What about the Indians?

STEVE

The Clallums? They're integrating--on this island. But it's the northern Indians that send their raiding parties down that are feared.

DE FUCA

What about Webber? He'll be by himself. Is a raid scheduled soon?

STEVE

(snorts) They don't exactly announce their raids with a letter like Colonel Ebey did.

DE FUCA

(looks another direction). I see Webber isn't announcing his return either.

(Both look that way.)

DISSOLVE



Scene opens: Webber is walking up to Griffin's door - at ease. Knocks and the door is opened by Griffin.

GRIFFIN

(looks at him) Captain Webber?

WEBBER

I have that honor. And you must be Charles Griffin. May I tender the compliments of the United States that Colonel Ebey failed to complete. I understand there was an interruption.

GRIFFIN

Captain Webber, you were under arrest--for trespassing.

WEBBER

My agenda for that day did not include an arrest, Mr. Griffin. However, my circumstances have changed and I find I need a free trip to Ft. Victoria. Therefore, I would consider being arrested . . .

GRIFFIN

Free trip? (sputtering). You--you've disturbed the Queen's Peace enough already. Pay your own way.

WEBBER

(Surprised) But am I not to be arrested?

GRIFFIN

Governor Douglas graciously informed me that you may remain as a private citizen, courtesy of the British Crown and under British jurisdiction.

WEBBER

His kindness is gratifying, however, I am not certain my superior will agree to those terms.

GRIFFIN

Whether he agrees or not is irrelevant. When the Crown talks, there is no further discussion. But here ... here, I have extra meat today--would you have a mutton?

WEBBER

Of course. I shall accept it -- as the U.S. Deputy Customs Collector. Mr. Griffin, it's one less sheep you'll have to pay taxes on. As a courtesy of the United States government, I'll exempt it from my inventory of your stock. (Griffin speechless).



JUAN DE FUCA

(Mops his brow with a glistening scarf).

STEVE

(Wipes his with his hand; a black streak appears on his forehead.)

DE FUCA

Quite a taste of American diplomacy.

STEVE

Yeah, Americans don't worry about protocol. That always delays things.

DE FUCA

(Looking anxiously about.)

STEVE

What's on the horizon now?

DE FUCA

It doesn't look too good. I'm afraid Griffin's going to get it again. The Washington Territory just put these San Juans under Whatcom County jurisdiction.

STEVE

(looking) *That* means (slowly) Sheriff Ellis Barnes . . . and his henchmen. The United States is tightening the net.

DE FUCA

(looking also) And Griffin is filing his pens.

BLACK OUT



Scene opens in a rustic shed in Whatcom County. Sheriff Barnes and the "boys" are just assembling.

BARNES

OK, fellah's, I need your help. Joe -- Joe didy'a hear me?

(Joe who is drunk slumps further down in his chair.) Barnes shakes his head and goes on.

You know the legislature just put the San Juan Islands under Whatcom County jurisdiction, and the Commissioners want some money out of Griffin. I've already been up there--he won't pay and I issued a sale notice - no answer. The Commissioners want their money and I aim to get it.

GREG

Ah, he'll never pay. You know that. All Webber ever got out of him was his inventory and mutton. Mutton, all the time. Then Webber got harrassed by the Indians. He was lucky to get out. Griffin just ain't payin', Sheriff.

BARNES

This time, he's goin' to pay. Webber gave me his inventory and I figure he's worth \$80 bucks. C'mon, men, give me an idea.

GREG

(Looking at Clem): Ya' wantan' idea? There's your idea. (Points to Clem who is taking a drink.)

BARNES

He don't look like no idea to me. He looks like jus' more trouble.

GREG

Yeah? Well, Clem here can do more than get inta' trouble. He'll auction off Griffin's stock so fast, you . . .

BARNES

(Face lights up) Yeah, that's it. That's it. Clem'll do the auctioneering' and we'll be the bidders. I heerd around that Griffin thinks his stock is worth \$50 to \$100 bucks a head.

GREG

Griffin thinks? Always inflatin' his stock. He thinks a lot of things, like he owns the whole island.



BARNES
Yeah, well, he'll find out different. C'mon, Clem - ring it out.

CLEM
(Does auctioneering cadenza. As he does, Greg and Barnes forget it's only pretending and start bidding. The bidding will go up until the sheriff bids 80. Then Clem shouts:)

Going . . . going . . .

JOE
(Loudly) Two cents -- the whole thing's only worth two cents.

CLEM
Gone . . . to the lowest bidder. I just saved your hide, Sheriff.

SHERIFF
(Wipes his brow with his hand). That was too close. (Pause) Joe . . . (louder).
Joe, get the guys.

JOE
(half rising). Yeah, Sheriff (slurred words). I'll get the guys. Bring your own muskets.

BLACK OUT

OPTIONAL: PURCHASED FOOTAGE WITH APPROPRIATE SOUND:

Ship floundering in rough seas - dark - cattle swimming about.

Possible superimposition over next scene.

Scene opens in Griffin's house. Griffin is sitting down looking rather woeful.
Joe Friday enters.

JOE

(in panic) Mista' Griffin. Mista' Griffin. (out of breath). (Every word is an effort.) My men not do. Knife not good. Guns. (voice rises) Guns.

GRIFFIN

Mr. Friday, it's all right. I did my best.
(sighing) Tomorrow, count the cattle -- (slowly) the rams. I think they got the breeding rams.)

JOE

Yes, Mista' Griffin. Sorry. I help, tomorrow. My men - help. (Leaves).

GRIFFIN

(Alone). Slams fist on table HARD.



AUDIO INSERT

(to be superimposed over the writers in the scene following: Griffin, Douglas, a British Lord, and Secretary of State Marcy.)

SHERIFF BARNES

(confidently). Man, that should fix Griffin for sure. The Commissioners are goin' to be real happy. We got 34 rams.

JOE

I ain't so sure who got who. We were three days on the water -- and look at that boat.

SHERIFF

Ah, Joe, what's a little damage anyway? But say, one thing -- you sure got over your drunk.

JOE

Yah, Sheriff, I git sober for special occasions -- and this sure was one. ✓

(See next page):

At this point, Secretary of State Marcy should be beginning his letter and be saying:

The president has instructed me to

Audio insert then completed.

Scene 1 of 4 writing scenes, over which audio segment previously listed will run.)

GRIFFIN

(at desk) (furiously writing). No verbage.



OVERLAY: FT. VICTORIA

Scene 2 of 4.

DOUGLAS

(picks up his pen) OTS of:

"This is going to lead to bloodshed,"



Scene 3 of 4: (London foreign office)

OVERLAY: LONDON

PALMERSTON

(Reading Douglas' letter, angry, sitting down to write one of his own.)



Scene 4 of 4: *White House interior.*

OVERLAY: THE WHITE HOUSE

(Slowly and regretfully picks up his pen.) (Audio segment should not be over.)

MARCY

Marcy writes and says somewhat sternly:

"The president has instructed me to tell you that . . . "



OVERLAY: WASHINGTON TERRITORIAL OFFICES, 1855

Scene opens in office of the governor. He is reading a letter. There are two pages to it. (Governor's seal, if possible).

Voice fusion with previous scene:

STEVENS

"Officers of the Washington Territory should abstain from all acts on the disputed grounds which are calculated to provoke any conflict without implying concessions to Britain."

(Stevens:)

What? (Then looks at second page). (Shocked).

A damage claim for \$15,000? Raid of Sheriff Barnes? (angrily) Marcy, I told you I needed more information on the border issue. All right, I did not authorize this raid . . . but I will certainly defend it.

Don't provoke. We won't. Then, we don't tax. But that inventory will pile right up at the capitol.

Mr. Griffin, that means your assessment. You are on United States property.

May use glass motif, if desired.

Optional

Visual only to coincide with Indian interlude: Juan de Fuca and Steve.

PURCHASED FOOTAGE: Indians fighting whites. To begin after first dissolving to Juan de Fuca next scene. Insert where Steve begins "No, on our behalf." Dissolve out after "they turned into massacres."

Second scene after: De Fuca says: "What is happening?"
Impressionistic slaughter only. Terminate when Steve says:
"A head for a head." Note that an Indian chief was killed first.

deleted



JUAN DE FUCA

So that's your new Governor. He's certainly marking out more turf for you.

STEVE

Yeah, he marked out turf from the Indians, too. Negotiated all the treaties for Washington territory. (Picks up glass and begins to look around.)

DE FUCA

(sarcastically) On their behalf, I presume.

STEVE

No, on our behalf. The treaties were barely signed and war broke out. You think the Indians are savages. They're not. Very sophisticated. They just got tired of beads, that's all.

DE FUCA

You mean, they hung them too tightly around their necks.

STEVE

Yeah -- so tightly, they turned into massacres. (Puts his hand over his eyes.)

DE FUCA (Urgently)

What is happening?

STEVE

(Sadly): An Indian chief was just killed. (Looks again). Oh. In retaliation, the northern tribes have killed Colonel Ebey.

DE FUCA (sadly)

An eye for an eye.

STEVE

No, a head for a head--Colonel Ebey's. Here (hands de Fuca the glass). Look.

DE FUCA

I cannot -- I'm not allowed to see death.

STEVE

(Looks at him strangely but says nothing). (Pause). It's over. Captain. The Indians have agreed to stay on the reservations. (Looks intently again): And Governor Steyens has graciously agreed to remain at his mansion at the capitol.

END OF SEGMENT - BLACK STATION BREAK, IF DESIRED.



OVERLAY: CANADA, 1859

Scene opens up from a dissolve to a pan swirling with sediment. Miner picks at it anxiously.

CUTLAR

Drat it. This gold ain't pannin' out. (more frantic). My claim's runnin' out. Look what I got?

MINER

(Bitterly) Look what you didn't get. Yah, Spain did the right thing.

CUTLAR

Spain?

MINER

Yup, Spain. Spain came - no gold - Spain left. 'Course, England helped her exit.

CUTLAR

So Spain left, did she? Well, I'm leavin', too.

MINER

Leavin for where?

CUTLAR

'Fer Victoria. Where else? Gotta' pay Douglas his monthly cut. He's got it all figgered out.

MINER

You American?

CUTLAR

Uh. Huh.

MINER

I hear the United States Territorial government sent some surveyors to San Juan Island. They want settlers there--American settlers.

CUTLAR

Yah, you mean the place of the boundary dispute. But what they got to offer--besides arguments?

MINER

Oh, 160 acres . . . deer . . . fish.



(Brings out bag of gold thoughtfully). CUTLAR
Where is this here nugget?

Nugget? MINER

This, this golden San Juan Island. CUTLAR

East of Ft. Victoria -- 10, maybe 15 miles. MINER

That makes a big difference in a canoe. CUTLAR

Yup, it does. And out there, ya' sure paddle 'yer own. MINER

(Starts picking up his supplies.) (Suddenly, takes out a nugget from his pouch and
throws it to the miner.) Thanks, pard. CUTLAR

BLACK OUT

Scene opens at Ft. Victoria near the wharf. Two exhausted miners are sleeping on sacks. Douglas's aid walks in pacing the area, waiting for Griffin, with an occasional glance at the miners.

Finally, Griffin arrives slightly out of breath.

AID

Mr. Griffin, you're later than expected.

GRIFFIN

Sorry, old chap, the currents were strong today. Mr. Friday is still with the canoe. He's struggling with something. We should wait a few minutes.

AID

(chuckling). There are more strong currents waiting for you. His Excellency's . . .

GRIFFIN

(chuckling). They're always strong . . . but then he's Britain's greatest patriot out here. (Looks at sleeping miners.)

Don't they ever go home?

AID

Most are doing just that. But do you know by his revenue collections, that His Excellency estimates more than 30,000 have been here. He just wishes the British miners would stay and the Americans would go . . . somewhere else.

GRIFFIN

But aren't some Americans taking up land on Vancouver Island?

AID

Yes, too many, in His Excellency's opinion. He needs settlers. But he didn't want this variety. You understand what I mean? (looks at miners again).

GRIFFIN

Too well, that's one reason I've come over. There are about 15 of them now . . . on San Juan.

AID

(now shocked) Fifteen - on San Juan. His Excellency's peace will be disturbed -- even more than the Queen's, I would suppose.

GRIFFIN

Exactly. But the Colonial Office gave him authority to eject any American squatters on the islands - until the boundary is settled.

AID

It's impossible to expel Americans. They're everywhere.

GRIFFIN

(chuckling) They must think they had a special dispensation from the Garden of Eden . . .

AID

And plan to multiply here (both laugh).

GRIFFIN

Well, I must find out how His Excellency intends to throw them out. (Thoughtfully)
You know, he could use a flaming sword.

AID

(looks startled). Sword? Did you know Governor Douglas just hired the services of a personal swordbearer? Between the Indians and the Americans--
--he's jittery. We even have constables now--they rake the streets of undesirables every night at 7 o'clock. And I can tell you there are lots of undesirables.

GRIFFIN

(softly) A swordbearer . . . constables. And Douglas gives me a pen.

AID

I beg your pardon.

GRIFFIN

Nothing. Nothing at all.

AID

(After a short, polite pause). By the way, how is your road construction coming?

GRIFFIN

Very well - we've laid out three major sites -- (somewhat bitterly) -- just in time for the American surveyors to take advantage of the calculations.

AID

Surveyors?

GRIFFIN

In February. I might add they were excessively polite. Just after that, those Americans started arriving -- all ex-miners -- and they are not polite. That's why I'm here -- to get . . . help.

AID

Well, Her Majesty may be able to give you just that. Captain Hornby's ship, The Tribune, is due in. How about 30 guns -- (cheerfully) thirty flaming guns -- two for each settler.

(Aid takes Griffin's arm to lead him off.) Mr. Friday must be delayed, Griffin. We should be off.

GRIFFIN

(looks back). I don't see him. Well, he knows the way. (As they walk away, Griffin mumbles to himself). The Tribune. He's already got the Satellite and Plumper. (louder) And I get a canoe. What does he expect?

AID

You. He's expecting you. We should be off. Friday will get there on his own.

Same scene. McKay and Oaks continue to slumber by their sacks. Seconds after Griffin and Douglas' aid have left, Cutlar stamps in. Sees miners sleeping and throws equipment down. McKay and Oaks continue to sleep.

Finally, Cutlar pokes McKay with his rifle.

MC KAY

(rousing shakily). Man, whaddya' mean? Can't you see we're asleep?

CUTLAR

Sorry, I just saw 'ya got supplies and that must mean you're goin' somewhere. I just came in and I'm goin' out, too, but I need a canoe. Can ya' help me?

MC KAY

(looks at Oaks). Do we want to help?

OAKS

(Looks up half asleep - looks Cutlar over). I reckon so. (Puts head back down on sack).

MC KAY

Are you mighty particular about where you're goin'?

CUTLAR

Yah, San Juan Island. I hear they're ladling out 160 acres.

MC KAY

San Juan, huh? That's were we hail from. 'Just staked our claim. But I tell ya', mister, if you want ta' go there, you'd better walk real delicate like. Charles Griffin is there.

CUTLAR

Who's Charles Griffin?

MC KAY

Agent of the Hudson Bay Company. He's supposed to herd British sheep on the island but what he really does is herd Americans off.

CUTLAR

H'm. Well, I was thinkin' of joining the American flock.



MC KAY
There's only fifteen head of us Americans there. We could use 'ya. *They say Polk*
wanted us to hold the land so he could get to China.

Can't
CUTLAR
~~Then~~ count me in on the canoe. I gotta' get some supplies.

China? all I want is a potato patch.

MC KAY
Yeah, but
~~Say~~, man, if you're comin' with us, ya' better hurry. We're leavin' on the next tide.

BLACK OUT