

Scene opens at Douglas' office. Griffin has just arrived.

AID

Mr. Griffin, Your Excellency.

DOUGLAS

Ah, Griffin. I hope you have some good news. I could use a bit of that.

GRIFFIN

Your Excellency, I saw some good news on the way in. Mr. Crowley showed me the new construction, even a parliament building.

DOUGLAS

Yes, my legacy from the gold rush. I'm very proud of Ft. Victoria now--that is--what the ex-miners will leave intact. There have been so many killings and so much thievery, I had to secure the services of a swordbearer. But enough of problems. How is the crown's possession on San Juan?

GRIFFIN

That's why I'm here, Your Excellency. The crown could do better. There are now 15 American ex-miners settling there. That's my legacy from the gold rush.

DOUGLAS

(shocked) Fifteen Americans? What do you intend to do?

GRIFFIN

I came to find out what you intend to do.

DOUGLAS

Griffin, San Juan Island is an indispensable military barrier between Vancouver Island and the mainland. We cannot permit Americans to settle there. The Colonial Office gave me the authority to expel the squatters, but not the method. Do you have any suggestions?

GRIFFIN

Certainly, your Excellency, a few batteries -- strategically aimed . . .

DOUGLAS (sighing)

An excellent idea - but the Foreign Office would not approve of that. I am bound to wait for the report of the commissioners which should soon be completed. Let us hope the Americans do not think of a few batteries -- strategically aimed. That's all it would take to control the entrance and exit to the Pacific. (Sighs) Is there anything good at all to talk about? (Pause) The roads, your roads?

GRIFFIN

The roads . . . Sir, the 1.8 mile section to be named after you is almost completed--the Americans are gratified! They use it frequently.



DOUGLAS

(shocked again) Griffin, I do not know how many more insults I can tolerate from this American rabble. (Pause) Can't you get the aid of the new U.S. Collector of Customs, Hubbs? He ought to have some control.

GRIFFIN

Your Excellency, Hubbs does. He is diplomatic and he's conciliatory with the new settlers and me. But he plans to keep his scalp. Webber only lasted one year. Hubbs has been on San Juan two. He knows how to get along with the Indians.

DOUGLAS

He's the only civilized American there, I presume.

GRIFFIN

That's correct. The rest look and act like desperadoes. But Hubbs is a Harvard graduate; he's a lawyer and he knows how to count.

DOUGLAS

(Perplexed) Count?

GRIFFIN

Yes, count. Hubbs is deadly efficient -- if I want an accurate assessment of my stock, I ask him. But I doubt he is keeping a record of American insults.

DOUGLAS

It's obvious that he will be of no help. What we need is sufficient provocation . . . something to justify Britain's intervention. (looks thoughtful) Griffin, how about some further discussion over dinner? And you can try out the new quarters overnight.

GRIFFIN

Dinner? Your Excellency, I would be delighted.

DOUGLAS

(Rings bell). Aid appears.

Mr. Crowley, show Mr. Griffin to his quarters. He'll be staying the night. Ah . . . and Crowley?

CROWLEY

Yes, sir.

GRIFFIN

Prepare chambers for the boundary commissioners. They arrive early tomorrow morning.

CROWLEY

Yes, Your Excellency.

MERGE WITH NEXT SCENE

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Continuation of scene outside Douglas' office.

GRIFFIN

I say, Crowley, what are we having for dinner?

CROWLEY

Didn't you know? That's what took Mr. Friday so long in coming. He had to untangle the mutton he dragged after the canoe. We're having the finest fresh mutton -- from San Juan.

GRIFFIN (exasperated)

Mutton!

BLACK



I foresee a provocation.

JUAN DE FUCA (laughing)

STEVE (chuckling)

If Griffin's dining, we'd better, too. Don't know how long it's going to take to solve the boundary line.

JUAN DE FUCA

You said it started ?

STEVE

McLoughlin said in 1818 - with Adams . . . for joint occupancy.

DE FUCA

And Douglas said . . . for joint trouble.

STEVE

Then Polk signed it into effect in 1846. (Thinking and looking at his watch again): And it's 1859 now! That makes it . . . 41 years *already*

DE FUCA

How many sandwiches do you have?

STEVE

We could probably hold out until 1872 . . . trouble is, some of mine are mutton.

DE FUCA

(Stops chewing - puts his sandwich down thoughtfully): We've got to get some action going. (Picks up glass): Ah, a provocation -- made to order.

STEVE (squinting)

What?

DE FUCA

The new miner is staking a claim.

STEVE

They all stake claims.

DE FUCA

But not on Griffin's land.

STEVE

(Excitedly) Joint trouble for sure.



DE FUCA

Is Griffin still at Ft. Victoria?

STEVE (looks with glass another direction)

He's just leaving -- but the boundary commissioners are on their way to Douglas' office.

DE FUCA (Looking down)

I believe they may have some competition. (Looks at sandwich): (mumbles)
Musn't be too piggish.



OVERLAY: SAN JUAN ISLAND, April 1859

AD LIB SCENE

Scene opens. Cutlar has arrived and checked out the island. He looks about at this latest location. Is jubilant. He reaches for his gold pick and tosses it down in the soil.

He picks up the loam, looks at it carefully and suddenly says decisively.

CUTLAR

This is it. I'll mine potatoes instead of gold.

(Expresses additional thoughts . . . including)

The 160 acres.

All his.

I'll build a cabin.

Live high on the hog.*

I don't care about a boundary line.

DISSOLVE

* Line by Lynn West (Lyman Cutlar)



Scene opens again in Douglas' office.

CROWLEY

(With much more display than usual).

Your Excellency, the boundary commissioners, Captain James Prevost and Captain George Richards.

DOUGLAS

(said expansively). I've been expecting you. Welcome, gentlemen. Please sit down.

(But Prevost and Richards do not sit down. Prevost walks the floor. Finally . . . :)

DOUGLAS

(hesitantly) You have your reports for the Foreign Office, I presume.

PREVOST

Yes, your Excellency, but (speaking hurriedly) but I regret to inform you that our case is not as strong as we supposed.

DOUGLAS

What do you mean? Gentlemen, we've used Rosario Strait since Captain Vancouver came. And it does separate the continent from Vancouver's Island.

PREVOST

I interpret the treaty that way. But the Americans argue that Haro Channel separates the continent from Vancouver's Island. And Your Excellency, use may not even be a factor in the argument. We did hope that navigability of the channels would be considered. Captain Richards, please give the particulars.

RICHARDS

Your Excellency, the soundings for Rosario Channel are not as deep as those for the Haro Channel. Also, Rosario is narrower and it has two large rocks and extremely strong tides. In short, your Excellency (slows down) the report indicates that Haro Channel is the most navigable.

DOUGLAS

(Head in hands). What then?



RICHARDS (Showing and delineating channel on a map)
I have charted the middle channel. It is narrow, but it is navigable and what is more important, it is a compromise between the two. In addition, it is almost exactly in the center of the totality of waters--all the waters from the Gulf of Georgia to the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Therefore, it would be legally correct. If the United States would accept our offer of this compromise channel--which is most generous--this division would secure San Juan Island for Great Britain--as well as Waldron and Stuart. As you know, this channel was suggested 3 years ago--as a compromise.

DOUGLAS
We must have San Juan. It's a good military cushion for Vancouver Island. The United States does entirely too much punching. But will the United States agree? They veto all our suggestions.

PREVOST
(Cheerfully) Your Excellency, that's how they chip out new territory.

DOUGLAS
Well, then, gentlemen, this is one chip they must not secure. Send the report.

BLACK

Scene opens with Cutlar happily spading in a field. McKay wanders in, looks the situation over, then suddenly says:

Cutlar? MC KAY

Yah? CUTLAR

What are ya' doin', diggin' on Griffin's land? You're right on his best sheep run. MC KAY

Yah? We'll I'm choosin' this for my 160 acre claim. I'll have a cabin up directly and I'm rowin' over to Dungeness for 'tater plantins' right away. CUTLAR

(At this juncture, Boris ambles in.) BORIS

Get away. Get off my land. CUTLAR

That's a Hudson Bay Company hog. (chuckling). It'll git your 'tater plantins' sure. And Griffin'll git ya' for trespassing. MC KAY

(Pauses to thing that over.) You think so. Well, Griffin ain't registered his land under Washington Territory law. And I have. So it's him . . . and his pig . . . what's trespassing on my land. CUTLAR

My God. MC KAY

BLACK



One brief cut:

Juan de Fuca still have the sandwiches in their hands, but scramble to their feet and look astonished.

No verbage.

BLACK



Scene opens in the interior of Paul K. Hubbs, Jr's house. He is peacefully writing figures in a book. It is very quiet.

Suddenly, McKay bursts in without waiting to give a greeting:

MC KAY

Mr. Hubbs, Lyman Cutlar has staked his preemptive claim right on Hudson Bay Company land;

HUBBS

(Not unduly alarmed). I know. But that claim was surveyed by the Americans. And he's going to start a cabin right away. Improve the property.

MC KAY

(thoughtfully) Improve? And Griffin. What's Griffin goin' to say? What's he goin' to do?

HUBBS

Griffin. He'll probably "bloody up" his English quite a bit. As for doing, I imagine we'll see that canoe making a trip to Ft. Victoria quite soon.

MC KAY

(seeing that Hubbs isn't too upset). Yah, I suppose so. Say, whatta^h you doin^t, Mr. Hubbs?

HUBBS

As a matter of fact, I'm calculating Griffin's inventory. I wonder what he's going to say about his assessment.

MC KAY

(interested) What is it?

HUBBS

Eighteen servants (they're not taxable, of course) but he has (said impressively) 4500 sheep, 40 cattle, 5 yoke of oxen and 40 hogs, and they are taxable.

MC KAY

Yeah. But Griffin ain't payin'.

HUBBS

Of course, he won't, but think of the assessment I can turn into the capitol. Right now, he owes \$935. (Pause) By the way, McKay, what's your inventory?

MC KAY

Now, wait, Mr. Hubbs, you can't assess the little lamb Oaks just gave me.

HUBBS (teasingly)

Ah, but the British Collector of Customs might be interested.

MC KAY

If Griffin's not payin' taxes, us Americans certainly ain't goin' ta' either.

BLACK

Scene 46-A

FADE

Scene open with pastoral view: Cutlar busy spading in his garden. He does not see pig at first.

Suddenly, he hears it and turns around.

CUTLAR

(Another ad lib scene to include:)

Get out, or anything to get the pig to run away.

Away from my 'tater plants.

Get out, you English pig. You're on American territory.

As pig runs away, Cutlar follows it on the way to Griffin's house. CAMERA FOLLOWS CUTLAR as he disappears.



Scene opens in a typical Hudson Bay Company room. Prevost and Richards are talking together, just terminating a conversation. (Ship's quarters may be used.) Prevost is at bar.)

PREVOST (Uncorking bottle)

Well, Richards, the final report is on its way. Perhaps Lord Russell is a better negotiator than Palmerston.

RICHARDS

- And Lord Lyons a better diplomat. And there's a new administration in Washington City. But I doubt the philosophy is any different. The United States wants land and San Juan Island in particular.

PREVOST (pouring)

The latest thing I heard was that the United States wants to annex all of Canada.

RICHARDS

(laughs) Amazing! Well, they won't get British Columbia. That's part of the Crown and Douglas aims to keep it there.

PREVOST (serving)

How about a toast to your report. (dramatically) God save the Queen and San Juan Island.

RICHARDS (Holding his glass high)

For us.



Scene opens with Cutlar at the door of Griffin's house. Griffin has just been looking at the outside of his house.

GRIFFIN

Ah ... Mr. Cutlar, I presume. I have heard you're squatting on my land.

CUTLAR

You are on my land . . . and your pig has been there as well. Mr. Griffin, I rowed 40 miles to git my 'tater plants and I jus' suggest you keep your pigs at home.

GRIFFIN

My pig is at home - on his own land. I would suggest that you keep your potatoes out of my pig.

CUTLAR

(more angered at the sarcasm). Mind you, if that pig comes one more time . . . I'll shoot it.

GRIFFIN

I'd say that's pretty strong language. It would help if you'd keep your bloody fences repaired.

CUTLAR

Yah? Well, next time, it won't be just my fences that are bloody. It'll be your pig.

(Cutlar turns and marches off.) Griffin, slightly shaken, heads for his door.

BLACK



(The English lords are dining: a formal but intimate scene). Waiter arrives with potatoes:

LORD LYONS

(Helping himself to two steaming potatoes):
late you on winning the election.

Lord Russell, may I congratulate you on winning the election.

LORD RUSSELL

(As waiter arrives at his elbow).

(dryly): You may . . . (Surveying the potatoes) And what are these may I ask? The leftover hot potatoes.

LORD LYONS (chuckles)

LORD RUSSELL

(Picks one up): Napoleon is one -- he's liberating Italy again. But, if he loses, we'll have to liberate him. (Musingly): Why couldn't France and Austria and Italy have agreed with our proposal? Simultaneous disarmament of all three powers?

LORD LYONS

Maybe France and Italy had their own agreement -- a secret one.

LORD RUSSELL

Possibly. But Austria agreed to disarm. (Pause) Of course, it had little to disarm-- nothing but outdated weapons.

LORD LYONS

(Somewhat amused): Austria spent the defense budget on dashing uniforms. I hear the young emperor does not like blood.

LORD RUSSELL

Humph. Franz Joseph will have to look at it or he is going to lose a province . . . and the uniforms, too. (Pokes at another potato): Well, even if we support Italy, Italy will have to work out its own salvation.

LORD LYONS

(Again amused): That shouldn't be too difficult . . . with the pope so near. Of course, in the past . . .

LORD RUSSELL

(Interrupting): 'Are you implying the pope is now politically as well as religiously infallible? (Lyons chuckles and Russell picks up a glass filled with liquid, twists it): It's fortunate, Lyons, that England has its own channel of communication.

LORD LYONS

England has too many channels right now. (Stabs a potato and holds it up to Russell.) There are three channels in the San Juan dispute.

LORD RUSSELL

(sighing): (Looks at the potato but doesn't accept it): That left over . . . and from 1818. (Lyons puts the potato back, then Russell looks at it again and picks it up to scrutinize it.). Lyons, the boundary commissioners' report is due but this is one issue, in my opinion, that can wait a little longer. If Napoleon should lose, we'll have to fight here . . . and if there are unforeseen elements in the San Juan struggle, we may have to fight there.

LORD LYONS

My God.

LORD RUSSELL

Unfortunately, Lyons, he's not just your God. The French, Austrians and Italians claim him, too. And what if the Americans should start praying again?

LORD LYONS

(Startled): My God!

LORD RUSSELL

Mon Dieu, Mein Gott, Mio Dio. (Scene fades as waiter walks in bearing a roast piglet.)



Scene opens again in Cutlar's potato patch. All the potato plants are growing well.

An ad lib scene solo with Cutlar to include the following elements:

The pig is again in the potato patch.

Cutlar walks in, shouts again.

Pig starts to lumber off. Cutlar runs for his rifle, chases the pig, and shoots it. By this time, he is off his "own" property and on Hudson Bay land.

The pig is dead.

Cutlar's temper is also dead and all the anger is out of his system.

He lowers his rifle, walks slowly back to his property and sits down.

OPTIONAL SCENE:

CUTLAR (leaning against his house)

I might as well have it out with Griffin.

Consarned pig.

Consarned England.

Damn.

Cutlar reluctantly puts his rifle down and slowly starts for Griffin's house.



Scene opens in Griffin's house. Griffin is sitting at his table absently filing his pen.

Mr. Friday comes slowly in another door with a steaming platter.

Griffin hears him and without turning his head, says:

GRIFFIN

What do we have for supper today, Mr. Friday?

FRIDAY (long face)

(every word an effort). Mutton, Mista' Griffin. Mutton.

GRIFFIN

Again - oh --

FRIDAY

(Hopefully) You want I kill pig, Mista' Griffin. Then we have pork.

GRIFFIN (helping himself to a serving)

No, we only have 40 hogs.

FRIDAY

Yesterday, I see Mista' Cutlar. He say pig in potatoes.

GRIFFIN (knife in air)

Mr. Friday, those are not his potatoes. That property belongs to us -- to the Hudson Bay Company. My pig can eat its own potatoes if it so desires. Do you understand?

FRIDAY

(hesitantly) Yes, Mista' Griffin.

Just then there is a knock at the door. Mr. Friday opens it - looks aghast.

FRIDAY

Mista' Griffin!

Possible fuse with Cutlar's "Griffin."



Cutlar at Griffin's door (continuation of scene before) (Griffin is holding fork.)

CUTLAR
Mr. Griffin, ah, uh, Griffin, I shot your pig. (defensively) It was in my potato patch.

(Griffin starts to move. Cutlar says quickly)

I am sorry. I shot it in a moment of irritation. I'll pay. I'll pay \$10.

GRIFFIN
Ten dollars! (gets wrathful). \$10? That was my prize boar. He's worth \$100!

CUTLAR
(now getting angry) \$100? See here, your prize boar was hoggin' my prize potatoes.
(Amazed) \$100? You're the pig.

GRIFFIN
You Americans are a pack of intruders. You're invading this island. You're all pigs.

CUTLAR
(wrathful). Yah? Then you're the prize boar of the British.

GRIFFIN
That's the last straw. Get out. Get out and stay out . . . before I . . . I . . .

CUTLAR
I'm gittin' - I'm gittin' (starts to move away) (looks back to say) but I'm shootin', too.
I'm shootin' anymore British pigs that git on my land. (giars) And that means you, too!

GRIFFIN (clutching knife)
(almost screaming) Your land! Get out before I

FUSE WITH DE FUCA'S SWEARING (Following scene)



Cut from previous scene to de Fuca and Steve:

Expletives (in a foreign tongue.) DE FUCA

What? You speak in tongues, too. STEVE

(more foreign expletives). (Then in English): Bloody, bloody, I say. Very bloody. DE FUCA

Opens his mouth to say something, but doesn't get a chance. STEVE

DISSOLVE TO NEXT SCENE



Scene opens as Griffin rushes into his house, goes to his desk, finds some paper and picks up a pen, tests the point, and begins to write:

OTS of Griffin:

"I beg to inform your Excellency that an outrage was committed here today . . . "

BLACK OUT

Station Break



FADE IN

to Noil Ent proudly cantering up to Hubb's house with his new mare.

*back.
to McKay r*

So, Ent, your mare has arrived.

HUBBS (at doorway-- smiling)
And you have just arrived yourself. ✓

An American mare, Mr. Hubbs. Please add it to your inventory. Add me, too. ✓

ENT

Of course (writes in book). Do you realize it will be the first American mare on the island.

HUBBS (going in and coming back with book)

That's one thing I'm worried about, Mr. Hubbs.

ENT

Yes?

HUBBS

If that mare mates with an English stallion, what citizenship will its colt be?

ENT

(laughs). We'll have to call in the American boundary commissioner. (Pause) Although we seem to have too many commissioners working on the boundary : ... when even the animals get involved. (Pause) By the way, Ent, the mare is taxable.

HUBBS

But I heard the policy out here was not to provoke conflict. Taxes, assessments, that's conflict.

ENT

That policy was reserved for actions between the Americans and the British. We Americans can have all the conflict we want. And . . .

HUBBS

(Just then, McKay rushes in.)

MC KAY (frantic)

Hubbs, I heard shootin'. I went to investigate--it was on Hudson Bay land. Mr. Hubbs, I met Cutlar comin' back from Griffin's. He's shot an English pig!

(Just now, two other settlers rush in -- open their mouths to speak)

BLACK OUT



Scene opens as Steve is hastily taking a gun out of his sack. Then he hesitates but slowly, somewhat reluctantly loads it. De Fuca looks on rather amazed.

DE FUCA

Isn't this the age of peace?

STEVE

It's the age of rhetoric of peace. . . as always. (Lower voice). Captain, would you see what the British lords are going to do? (Lowers gun.) Or not do?

DE FUCA

(Quickly picks up glass, and scene narrows to):

*-we need
a drink* *give us some wine?*

*start
movement ✓*

Scene opens in the Foreign Office in London.

LORD LYONS

(Gnarled manner): The final report has just been received from the northwest boundary commissioners, Lord Russell.

LORD RUSSELL

And what does it say -- this time?

LORD LYONS

That they do not expect the case for Great Britain to be very strong.

LORD RUSSELL

(deflated): Oh - Ah.

LORD LYONS

And a dispatch from Douglas is included. He reports settlement of some of the surrounding islands - but by Americans.

LORD RUSSELL

(dryly): Were there any productive suggestions?

LORD LYONS

(more excitedly) They suggest a compromise. They said they believe Rosario Channel will not fulfill the requirements of the treaty, but feel the middle channel has merit. Captain Richards charted it and determined that it is navigable.

LORD RUSSELL

But can we navigate through a compromise situation? The Americans don't know the meaning of the word. Still, we've not tried it on the new administration in Washington. (Pause . . . then firmly): Her Majesty's government must, under any circumstances, maintain the right of the British Crown to the island of San Juan. No other arrangements made will be accepted.*

LORD LYONS

San Juan is Britain's point of honor. (In a rush): We'll go to war to prove it.

LORD RUSSELL

Not while Napoleon is still in Italy. And I was wrong about the Austrians. They are shedding blood--right over their fancy dress uniforms.

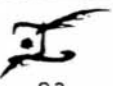
LORD LYONS

My God!

LORD RUSSELL

(very sarcastically) A better choice than the pope. *Bloody* (Pause): Or maybe we should invoke the name of Douglas. If anyone can hold San Juan . . . (voice fades out with scene):

DISSOLVE



Scene opens with McKay, new settler, Ent and perhaps others all clustered around Hubbs' office. All talking about the pig shooting and Cutlar. It's the next day.

Oaks arrives out of breath.

OAKS

Hubbs, Cutlar just shot the pig yesterday and Douglas has already sent three men over there. They threatened to take him to Victoria for trial. He ain't goin'.

HUBBS

(sighs) I saw the steamer. It was armed . . . And those men were no less than Govenor Douglas' son-in-law, a reporter, and Dr. William Tolmie--he's the problem. He was Chief Factor at Ft. Nisqually; now he's on the board of the Hudson Bay's Western Division.

OAKS

Well, Cutlar ain't goin' anywhere with the British. Either he or they'll be dead first.

HUBBS

What did the group ask him?

OAKS

(Sarcastically) Ask him? There was no askin' there. They told him if he didn't pay the \$100 they would take him to Victoria escorted by their posse. And I don't suppose they would be armed with knives, this time. (Pause) Then they asked him if he thought he was on American territory.

HUBBS

So, what did Cutlar say?

OAKS

Same thing he's always said. Washington Territory said so.

HUBBS

Unfortunately, what Washington Territory and Washington City says isn't always the same thing.

ENT

Yeah, the big guys. It takes them quite a time to say anything at all. Mr. Hubbs, will they take Cutlar?

HUBBS

Not alive, I warrant. And the British cannot try him on American soil. And if they take him to Victoria, American lawyers cannot represent him in court there.

OAKS

Well, Cutlar ain't goin' to Victoria. He'll shoot first.

ENT

What's goin' to happen?

MC KAY

Plenty, I'm afeerd. I'm gittin' over to Cutlar's. (McKay leaves.)

HUBBS

(very businesslike) How much ammunition do you have, Oaks?

OAKS

About enough for those three officials and Douglas.

(Hubbs quietly folds up his portfolio.)

HUBBS

(very quietly). Men, Douglas has four ships in the harbor. Admiral Baynes is on his way back. They've got 2140 men. I'll have to get the count--of guns.

OAKS

(even quieter): That's already enough, Hubbs.

HUBBS

I would say, it's too much.

FADE OUT

Scene opens at Cutlar's potato patch. The plants are quite dead. Cutlar is leaning on his spade feeling really low.

McKay comes up anxiously.

MC KAY

Cutlar, whatta we goin' to do? Oaks just came down to Hubbs and told us about the three Hudson Bay men. Cutlar, we ain't got no defense.

CUTLAR

(wipes his hands nervously). Griffin came, too. He even asked me if he'd ever insulted us before.

MC KAY

Whaddya' say?

CUTLAR

Not until yesterday. But that yesterday sure makes up for any insults he missed in the past.

MC KAY

I cain't figure it out. I heerd over at Ft. Victoria they have murders everyday -- and here, a pig is an (slowly) international incident. Man, the Chief Factor and everybody.

CUTLAR

Chief Factor?

MC KAY

That's what Hubbs said. Said three guys came to see you. Tolmie was one. Now, he's factoring up here. Board member, or somethin'.

CUTLAR

Tolmie. They said if I didn't pay the \$100, they would take me to Victoria, and I tole' them my friends would resist. But Tolmie, McKay, I've gotta' do somethin'. (Cutlar nervously picks up his gun.)

MC KAY

If you shoot, there'll be war.

CUTLAR

Whatta ya' expect me to do? Get locked up over a hog?

MC KAY

Then hide, man, hide.

(Just now, Oaks comes rushing in.)



OAKS

Cutlar, ya' gotta do something. Hubbs is worried. He's askin' how much ammunition we all got.

MC KAY

(trying to pacify the situation.) Cutlar, you've gotta' hide. That should calm the waters.

OAKS

Not if Douglas wants to make somethin' out of it.

CUTLAR

How many ships does he have over there?

OAKS

Hubbs said four, and a fifth is coming.

CUTLAR

Well, I've still got my gun and I'm using it.

OAKS

They've got 2,000 men -- 2,000 muskets.

CUTLAR

There'll only be 1,999 if they try anything.

MC KAY

You ain't studied enough 'rithmetic, Cutlar. There'll only be 1984. We're 16 men and we're goin' to fight. But war . . . war.

*↓
for you*

CUTLAR

McKay, I'm sorry. But, I told ya, I ain't gettin' locked up over a hog.

OAKS

Ya don't think Great Britain would declare war over a hog, do ya'?

CUTLAR

Not Great Britain, but Douglas would. He'll say I've disturbed the Queen's Peace.

MC KAY

~~Beyond repair, I'd say.~~ *More likely, The Queen's dinner*

Chuckle but then

(All three men get serious, get in a huddle and speak about a location in low tones.)

BLACK

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Scene opens at Douglas' office. Griffin is already there.

DOUGLAS

Griffin, that was a nice job. You got your provocation.

GRIFFIN

I didn't need to make that one up. But I thought it was you that wanted the provocation.

DOUGLAS

(a little provoked himself): Does it matter who's provoked? It was an "outrage" and I shall make the most of it.

GRIFFIN

That should be quite a bit, sir.

DOUGLAS

(Has mouth open in astonishment as CAMERA fades out.)

Gun previously loaded is stacked or will sit nearby--in camera view.

STEVE

(Rather weakly). Captain?

DE FUCA

Senor?

STEVE

What do you suggest we do? (Stands up nervously)

DE FUCA

I suggest . . . I suggest you sit down. (yawns). As for me, I haven't even had a siesta since 1843. (stays seated.)

STEVE

(Looks down.) Ah . . . they're getting their composure back.

DE FUCA

And your composure is over here on this rock. (Hands it to him.)

STEVE

Uh-h. Thanks. (Steve starts to sit down.) (Looks down . . . and smiles).

Ah, exactly what we need. (looks relieved). A diversion. McKay in irons. ✓

Turns to see how de Fuca responds and finds him fast asleep.

DISSOLVE