

Scene opening: McKay is bending over a forge, looking at it reflectively. Hubbs walks in.

MC KAY

(Surprised) Why, how do ya' do, Mr. Hubbs. I'm pleased to see ya."

HUBBS

(chuckles) So, I'm Mr. Hubbs, again. Things must have calmed down a bit.

MC KAY

Yeah. Cutlar's out of the way. But the rumor is that Douglas is still out to get him. (Seriously): All we need, sir, is another one of Griffin's letter and . . .

HUBBS (Interrupting)

And the Queen will frown, I know. (More lightheartedly): I didn't know you were a blacksmith.

MC KAY

Yeah (modestly), it was my trade in Nova Scotia. When I heerd about Ent's mare comin', I figured it would need all the hospitality it could get. Our first mare! So, I'm startin'. 'Spent almost all my gold ta' get the forge started, but I'm thinkin' iron's more reliable anyway.

HUBBS

(Shocked): Almost all your gold?

MC KAY

(Takes out his last nugget--a beauty--and shows it to Hubbs.) But I kept this one. Maybe I should get a stallion to keep the mare's nationality in place. We don't want it associatin' with Griffin's stock.

HUBBS (laughs)

(then seriously) Yeah, we don't want to ruffle that bird, Griffin's feathers any longer either -- (pause) --) what we need around here is a diversion, McKay.

MC KAY

(thinks): Someone suggested we celebrate the fourth of July this year. They did it once at Victoria.

HUBBS

So I heard. Once!

MC KAY

I suppose the idea is a little political. . . . ?

HUBBS

But very diverting. (Smiles broadly)



MC KAY

Sir, we could do it. (crescendo in excitement): We'll get . . . we'll get a flag. We'll get an American flag.

HUBBS

Where?

MC KAY

(enthused): I'll row to Ft. Bellingham myself.

HUBBS

But we have no flagstaff.

MC KAY

But we have trees --and men. I'll even get white paint! (Then elation subsides-- much more slowly): Then what about rufflin' the Griffin?

HUBBS (slowly but deliberately)

That bird flies the Hudson Bay Company flag.

MC KAY

(hopefully) So, he'll get over it?

HUBBS

Yeah--or send the British fleet.

BLACK

Scene of rowboat with McKay hard at it--a bundle on one seat, Hubbs on the other, peering at the shore.

Scene continues with superimposition of Steve watching the two. Boat touches shoreline. McKay leans over in exhaustion. Hubbs lifts bundle out carefully. One side is somewhat torn and part of the American flag may be seen.

MC KAY

(slowly because he's exhausted): I'll be gittin' over to Cutlar's hidin' place with the news. (Leans over oars.)

Hubbs takes bundle and starts off down the shoreline.

BLACK

needs separation scene

Scene opens at Cutlar's hiding place. Cutlar has made a sort of camp site for himself and is working on it.

McKay comes walking in.

MC KAY

Cutlar, 'brought ya' some grub. Venison. (Hands it to him.)

CUTLAR

(snorts) Just what I aimed to live on--venison and 'taters. (Pause) Any news, McKay?

MC KAY ^{could} - how about pork? C- Mutton, gift rather that I took off him - Been any more?

News? (Slowly, trying to delay): News? On venison or the 'taters?

CUTLAR

Taters. (Defensively): Damn, if Polk wanted China, I oughtta' git my own potato patch.

MC KAY

(slowly). Mebbe you will. Hubbs has posted a guard at your house. He's expectin' (slowly) re-tali-a . . .

CUTLAR

. . . tion! (Thinking). (Sarcastically): Like a war?

MC KAY

(Gravely): Mebbe . . . But we're goin' ta' celebrate the fourth of July--flag 'n everything. Hubbs and I rowed to Bellingham and got it -- saw the fort, even met Pickett. Man, I wish we had their guns.

CUTLAR

Ain't we supposed to have a general around here somewheres to protect us? Harney! That's his name. (laughs) And I heerd Douglas wanted a fort on this island--to protect the British from us Americans -- all sixteen of us.

MC KAY

(suddenly thoughtful): Yah, all sixteen of us.

BLACK

Station break?



STEVE

Scrambles up from a lounging position. (He had also dozed off.)

Captain, wake up. Stand up. (As deFuca rouses and stumbles to a standing position):
Oh, sorry; I forgot you weren't an American.

DE FUCA

I can stand up even if I'm not, sir. (shakily) What time is this, may I ask?

STEVE

(excitedly): It's the 4th of July -- 1859. (Salutes).
Look.

DISSOLVE TO GROUP WALKING OUT TO FLAGSTAFF.

Scene opens with the group of men all walking. Hubbs and McKay carry the flag. There are only murmurs.

When the group reaches the flagstaff, they unfold it and slowly hoist the flag. There is silence.

It reaches the top and everyone cheers and shouts. (phase out shouts gradually) to hear the voice of

MC KAY

Let us all make a speech. (Murmurs - shouts)

WELSHMAN (above the noise)

Speech makin', ya' say. Then, if we're gonna' make speeches, let's be declarin' our independence of bloody Great Britain. This is beautiful country. Let's have our own government.

More cheers - applause.

CAMERA ON FLAG with a slow dissolve.

SUPERIMPOSITION WITH GRIFFIN LOOKING VERY ANGRY.

FADE OUT TO



FADE IN

Superimposition of Griffin looking very angry. (Flag shot continues, lighter superimposition.)

GRIFFIN

Fist on table. Then to himself:

Douglas, you told me to keep the Americans off. You wanted provocation. We got it. But get me something more than a mutton dinner for support.

Griffin rises and slowly walks to a window, idly looks out, then shocked:

My God, what bloody ship is that?

FOOTAGE IF POSSIBLE: U.S.S. Massachusetts or very similar.

CUT

Scene opens with Hubbs staring out his window. McKay is nearby. (Flag continues waving.)

MC KAY

(anxiously) What do ya' think it is?

HUBBS

FOOTAGE INSERT when he looks out window.

(looks again). I'd swear it was the U.S.S. Massachusetts only that ship hasn't been in these waters for two years--not since the Indian wars.

MC KAY

I ain't never seen the likes. I bet it's the English fleet.

HUBBS

(suddenly anxious)

My God. Get whoever you can.

McKay runs out.

BLACK

AUDIO: Lapping water against ship

MUSIC

SLOW FADE IN



Scene opens on the water. Cut to General Harney who is shown looking over the water with a glass. Suddenly:

HARNEY

(Excitedly) Captain, isn't that the American flag? (Superimposition of flag throughout scene.)

CAPTAIN (Looking at blur)

General, it's probably the Hudson Bay flag.

HARNEY (Flag focuses sharply into view)

(looks again). Shouts: What, don't you recognize your own flag when you see it? Put this steamer into the island until I see what this flag means!

SLOW DISSOLVE

Scene without verbage: Vignettes with men picking up their guns in a hurry-- great anxiety on their faces. Fade into forest.

Scene opens on a trail of men filing out of the woods as the dinghy is landing. Two or three more will enter during scene. (May not exceed 14 men altogether.)

General Harney climbs up on the wharf and as soon as he is vertical starts bluntly:

You Americans?
HARNEY

(hesitantly) Yeah.
CROWD

Is that your flag?
HARNEY

(more firmly) Yes.
CROWD

What are you doing here?
HARNEY

Uncertain babble of voices:
CROWD
We're farming. We're ex-miners. We're hunting.

HUBBS
Just before the pause becomes awkward, Hubbs finally steps up--makes a motion of caution to the men and says:

Paul K. Hubbs, Jr., U.S. Deputy Collector of Customs, sir. Welcome to San Juan Island.

HARNEY
Brigadier General William S. Harney of the United States Army, Commander of the Department of Oregon. At your service.

CROWD
Murmurs:
Harney? (incredulous). United States Army? UNITED STATES ARMY. Hoorah.

HARNEY
(looks around questioningly.) Hubbs steps closer.

HUBBS
General Harney, you have come at a most propitious time.



HARNEY

(somewhat confused): And what is that, may I ask?

HUBBS

Sir, about three weeks ago, an American resident shot a property belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. The British have attempted to arrest him. He refuses to oblige.

HARNEY

I would think so. But you said "property"? Of the Hudson Bay Company? What property?

HUBBS

(Pauses) A . . . a . . . pig, sir.

HARNEY

A pig?

HUBBS

An English pig.

HARNEY

Ah, a pig with political aspirations.

HUBBS

Exactly. The pig wanted Cut-- wanted more American territory. Naturally, we do not intend to give up this land. The resident in question shot him . . . for destroying American property.

HARNEY

What American property?

HUBBS

Ah . . . sir, ah, potato plants. The Hudson Bay authorities intend to try him under British law.

HARNEY

No American here is going to be tried by any English court.

HUBBS

Then you agree, sir.

Naturally. What country do you think you're in, do you suppose? You act as though
you're in a foreign land.

HARNEY

We are. This island's ownership is in dispute.

HUBBS

Dispute? This is United States territory -- and I intend to . . . (voice trails off.)

HARNEY

(hopefully): Help us?

HUBBS

101a

HARNEY (As tho' he did not hear Hubbs)
(more to himself) Odd. Very odd. (Then to Hubbs.) I just came from my
official territorial visit to Governor Douglas. He did not mention this
incident at all.

(Men exchange glances).

Sir, whom did you say tried to apprehend the man?

HUBBS
British authorities . . . ah, the men were Dr. Tolmie, Mr. Dallas and a
reporter.

HARNEY
Tolmie? He's an expert in American disputes that occurred at Ft. Nisqually.
From his accounts, that's all Americans did--shoot cattle, break fences and . . .

HUBBS
And . . . ?

HARNEY
(reluctantly) Be general nuisances. At one time, the English sent armed
steamers -- anticipating violence.

HUBBS
Tolmie's group came in an armed steamer. Otherwise, we contend with Griffin's
canoe--it's just as effective. But, General, is violence likely to happen . . .
over this?

HARNEY
The boundary dispute is ready to ignite, sir. The south, as well. What
better food than a . . . a pig? I would say there is excellent potential here
for . . . (his voices dies out).

HUBBS
Averting a civil war?

HARNEY
(looks at him sharply). There is that danger. You probably know the South is
trying to get out of the Union.

HUBBS

(Laughs ironically): And we're trying to get in. (Pause) So we could be a useful decoy.

HARNEY

(nods uncomfortably) 'Might as well fight England instead of ourselves.

HUBBS

(seeing an opportunity) Then, General, you will give us protection?

HARNEY

Do you think I would allow any British authority to apprehend an American citizen? Protection? (strokes his beard) (Suddenly): Bye old glory, yes, I'll protect you. Get me a petition with 25 names and I'll get you . . . a war.

CROWD

(Astonished).

BLACK

END OF SEGMENT II STATION BREAK?

102a

Scene opens inside Griffin's house. OTS shot of Griffin furiously writing.

Camera follows wording. (Note is partially finished)

Your Excellency, I find that my inventory on pens is extremely low. Kindly give Mr. Friday a supply having very sharp points.

Your esteemed servant,

Charles Griffin

Just as Griffin is folding the letter, Mr. Friday comes rushing in:

FRIDAY
(in panic): Mista' Griffin! Military pig in Hudson Bay Company patch. Big pig. with big knife. (more panic) Sword, Mista' Griffin!

GRIFFIN
Take this (hands him letter). Get it to
Govenor Douglas immediately.

BLACK OUT

Scene opens as Hubbs is shown completing the petition. Adds a last flourish.

HUBBS

It's ready, Oaks. (Hands it to him.) Get as many signatures as you can.

But Hubbs, how're we goin' ta' get 25?

HUBBS

We won't have 25--I figure 21, maybe 22. If the three Americans sign it that work for Griffin that'll help. And I'm bringing my father and brother over, too.

OAKS

(sotto voce): Say, you know, maybe McKay could forge a few with his new iron.

HUBBS

(laughs) We'd all be branded then for sure. (Pause) Maybe we'll get some company.

OAKS

(snorts): Company? If Harney's goin' ta' get us a war, we'll have company all right. (Then anxiously and confidentially): But ain't that a little bit sophisticated for us?

HUBBS

War doesn't discriminate. Harney is sure there's going to be war in the south--if he can divert it up here, he'll be a hero. I've heard he wants to run for president.

OAKS

President? Well, he could certainly run up here--on Griffin's roads. He'd get 21 votes!

HUBBS

(laughs): Harney ran on a lot of roads in the Mexican war . . . and would have kept going if he hadn't been stopped. He was commended by one superior . . . and almost court martialed by another . . . insubordination. That could happen here, too, especially on disputed territory.

OAKS

(Looks at petition thoughtfully): Maybe we oughtta' ask Douglas to protect us from Harney.

HUBBS

(laughs) We've already asked Harney to protect us from Douglas.

OAKS

(looks at petition again): Hubbs, what did you use for a . . . a . . .

HUBBS

Pretext?

OAKS

Yah, pretext? That sounds official.

HUBBS

The Indians.

OAKS

They sure are useful around here.

HUBBS

(smiles) Finally. Four murders this past year -- and we still have sporadic raids from the north. The awkward situation is that . . . that the Hudson Bay Company protected us from those raids, yet, now, I'm asking for protection from the Hudson Bay Company.



OAKS
(consolingly) Ah, Harney may not even read it.

HUBBS
I doubt that he'll wait for it to arrive.

OAKS
"Pretexts" are valuable things.

HUBBS
(laughs) So are signatures. Have you talked to Cutlar? Is he going to sign it?

OAKS
Sign? He's ready to do all 25.

HUBBS
Ah, then I won't have to go to the forge . . .

FADE

short Griffin scene inserted.

Scene opens with Cutlar at his hiding place busily shaving something with a knife. As footsteps approach, he grabs his musket.

McKay comes into view.

CUTLAR

Oh, it's you. (relief) McKay.

McKay walks in -- all smiles.

MC KAY

Here it is -- look at all those curlicues Hubbs did--and Oaks already got four on it.

CUTLAR

(Puts gun down). Yeah, Give me the pen.

MC KAY

Ain't you gonna' read it?

CUTLAR

Naw (starts to sign). (Angrily): Damn. If Polk could get Oregon, Texas and California, I don't know why I cain't git my potato patch.

MC KAY (laughs) (then seriously)

The only thing is . . . the Indians got scalped again.

CUTLAR

Whaddya' mean?

MC KAY

Hubbs had to have an excuse for summoning protection so he had to use . . . the Indians--the northern Indians.

CUTLAR

That's OK as long as it ain't our San Juan Indians. (signs petition). They're helping me. (Hands it back to McKay.) (Smiles): So it won't be just us.

MC KAY

Us? They're gettin' ya' the United States Army. First, tho', they'll accuse ya' of startin' a war with England . . . but if that don't work . . . you'll be accused of aiding and abetting a war with the south.

CUTLAR

(Scratches his head): ^{But} How can a war that's supposed to be in the south happen up here in the north? (pause) And if England says San Juan belongs to it and they fight--it'll be destroying their own land. Semantics. What a bane. If somebody would just figure out what that treaty said.

... well look at the pig that started it.

MC KAY

(Snorts) Treaty? They don't understand 13 words--and have had 13 years to work on them. That's one year a word. And you say "semantics." Where didya' get it? It's bad enough with Oaks comin' out with "pretext."

CUTLAR

I picked it right out of Hubbs' dictionary. If Oaks can use "pretext", I can use "semantics." (Pause) McKay, you don't suppose Hubbs is going to add to our troubles by tryin' ta' educate us, do ya? He's out of Harvard, ya' know.

MC KAY

Hubbs wouldn't do that, would he? Gettin' educated? That's worse than havin' a war. Naw, he's too busy teachin' Griffin's sheep to multiply.

CUTLAR

(thoughtfully) War. (Suddenly serious). Locks again at petition: McKay, how many signatures did Hubbs say he could git?

MC KAY

He reckons the most he can legally git is 21--unless we have company. See, (points) he brought in his brother--he signed right above ya'.

CUTLAR

That's one thing he can count on for sure -- company.

SOUNDS OF MUFFLED DRUMS
FAR AWAY
SLOW INCREASE IN VOLUME
AND TEMPO AS SCREEN DARKENS
TO Black and beating drums.

On the bluff, de Fuca and Steve have both dozed off. The sounds of drums grows louder. Suddenly, de Fuca wakes, looks below, and jolts Steve.

Drums are now beating loudly and rapidly.

DE FUCA
Stefano (urgently). Wake up! We've both been on a siesta . . . for two weeks!

STEVE
(rousing sleepily, then jerking awake). Uh . . . what? (Looks below.) (Looks at watch.)
Yikes! It's July 27th . . . 1859. (Looks). Captain Pickett has landed!

DE FUCA
During the night!

STEVE
The place is crawling with . . . soldiers. (Counts): 1, 2, 3, 4.

DE FUCA
(Holds out a computer): 58 altogether.

STEVE
(Looks at him in amazement). The 16th century wasn't so bad, was it?

DE FUCA
It was my promotion that was good.

(Both look back quickly to the scene):

DE FUCA
I haven't had the pleasure of meeting the captain.

STEVE
Pickett? (Looks in book.) West Point, 1846. In the Mexican War with General Harney.
(Pause) Hm'm. He was sent here from California to protect the residents on the mainland from the Indians. (Pause) Pickett, George S. . . from Virginia.

DE FUCA
And now he's to protect the islanders from the . . . Griffin. By the way, what's Griffin doing?

STEVE
(glances another way): Eating a crumpet. Seems quite serene...

DE FUCA
(excitedly) He won't be . . . when he finds an army camped on his land.

AUDIO; Sound of bugle
STEVE
(glances back). (excitedly) Griffin's coming to the window.

DE FUCA
(looking the other way) And Captain Pickett . . . to the tent door.

STEVE
It looks as tho' there's going to be a siege. Let's get to the rocks. (Steve picks up a sack and Juan de Fuca takes his sword out of its sheath.) Both start running.



Scene: Background with tents, soldiers, general activity and hurried. A few civilians are also there: Hubbs, McKay, Oaks, and others.

Pickett walks out of his tent, holds the petition high and begins to read: (shout)

PICKETT

All the inhabitants of the island are required to report at once to the Commanding Officer in case of any incursion of the northern Indians so that he may take such steps as he may deem necessary to prevent any further occurrence of the same. This being United States territory, no laws other than those of the United States, nor courts except such as are held by virtue of said laws will be recognized or allowed on this island. Inhabitants are to protect and respect all property of settlers on the island, British or otherwise. *

General talking in response to petition:

MC KAY

Didy'a hear that? We're now in the United States.

OAKS

Wonder how long we get to stay?

HUBBS

At least until Douglas hears about it.

CUT TO GRIFFIN



Scene opens with Griffin just completing a letter. Mr. Friday is hovering nearby.

GRIFFIN

(Hurriedly and almost in panic).

Mr. Friday, take the fastest canoe. Take this letter to Govenor Douglas. American troops have landed.

FRIDAY

Yes, Sir.

BLACK OUT

But possible superimposition of canoe and Friday paddling feverishly over part of next scene.



7-27-57

Pig Tale

landing. McCade believes no arrest was planned.

*Ft. Victoria**landings on some date appear to be coincidental*

Scene opening: Douglas' office.

DOUGLAS

Captain Prevost, I have been thinking how I could resolve the problem of . . . of the recent damage to Hudson Bay property on San Juan.

PREVOST

I heard about the official visit.

DOUGLAS

(Disgusted) Cutlar committed an abominable insult to Britain. Then he was not even there. No sense of courtesy at all. Hiding. Humph!

PREVOST

Of course, the man hardly wants to be arrested.

DOUGLAS

Prevost! I think that pig was more loyal to Britain than most of my subjects. I want you to know that Cutlar will be arrested-- He's got to come out of hiding and I intend to help him. I want you to take the Satellite over to San Juan with Major DeCourcy as stipendiary magistrate. (emphatically). He . . . is . . . to find Cutlar . . . and arrest him.

Knock - Joe Friday, your ex.

FADE OUT



Scene opens at American Camp. General military activity. Voices in the background:

VOICES

The redoubt would best be here. Start the trenches. Have we found Pickett's vegetables?

HAULING SOUNDS

PICKETT

(shown inside his tent)

An aid walks in.

SERGEANT *

Captain Pickett, a British warship has been sighted.

PICKETT

(excited) (a little panicked) Order the men to dig faster. If the ship fires . . . Those trenches must get deeper. . . (Shouting) Dig!

SERGEANT

Yes, Sir. (Starting to run off . . .)

PICKETT

(Just before he's gone) Sergeant? How many guns?

SERGEANT

Hubbs, the Customs Collector saw it first. He said 21. Crew of 325. It's the Satellite! Sir, it's coming in. The guns are broadside.

PICKETT

At tent door. (Despairingly) Are the six howitzers in place?

SERGEANT

They're rolling them up the hill now. I'll get the commands out. (leaves in a rush.)

Another officer comes in.

2ND OFFICER

Captain Pickett, (excitedly) the ship is lowering a boat.

PICKETT

(sigh of relief). (Looks himself.) One officer. Douglas' welcoming committee, I assume. (slumps back into chair.) (Looks at sergeant): A lot better than firing those 21 guns.

BLACK OUT

Scene opens as Douglas' aid, Crowley, rushes into his office.

CROWLEY

(excited): Your Excellency, Mr. Friday of San Juan Island just came. He's brought a message--a preposterous message. Your Excellency, American troops have landed on San Juan.

DOUGLAS

What? And I just sent Captain Prevost over there to arrest one man. Send a message back with Mr. Friday. Major DeCourcy is to arrest the whole contingent.

Slams fist on table.

BLACK OUT



Scene opens at American Camp.

AID

(Loud, impressive tones.) Captain James Prevost of her Majesty's Royal Navy.

PICKETT

(Nervous but firm): I'm honored, Captain Prevost. I've heard of your work on the boundary issue.

PREVOST

Boundary issue? It seems that you, also, are working on the issue. Is that the reason for your presence on this island?

PICKETT

I am here by the order of Brigadier General William Harney, Department of Oregon. I am to protect American citizens from any conflict resulting from acts of the Hudson Bay Company, and from any attack by Northern Indians. *

PREVOST

Are you aware that you are committing an act of aggression by landing troops on disputed grounds without notice? *

PICKETT

I must obey my orders, sir.

PREVOST

May I ask if General Harney is acting on orders from the United States government? *

PICKETT

I assume so.

PREVOST

What are your orders?

PICKETT

To prevent an inferior force from landing, to fight an equal force, and protest a superior one. *

PREVOST

(taken aback): Well, I am landing one man (sternly), the British Magistrate, Major DeCourcy. I will assume, Captain Pickett, that you will not consider one man acting in a civilian capacity an inferior force?

PICKETT

He may land, but only to protect British civilians' rights.

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Pickett/Prevost

PREVOST
Yet, you have landed an entire force for one man.

PICKETT
My orders are to protect the rights of American citizens and it appears that it will take an army to do that.

(Pickett nods indicating that the interview is over.)

(Prevost nods even more stiffly and walks away.)

FADE OUT

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Scene continues at American Camp.

PICKETT

Captain Prevost has landed a British magistrate on the island. Find Mr. Hubbs. Tell him, Lyman Cutlar must be found and placed under protective custody.

AID

Yes, Sir.

PICKETT

After Mr. Hubbs has delivered the message, ask him to see me, please.

AID

Yes, Sir. (leaves)

A second aid comes in.

AID

Captain Pickett, a summons, sir.

PICKETT

Summons? (Opens envelope and reads the note.) Hah . . . from Major DeCourcy . . . already. I am guilty of trespassing on British land. Devil take it. Does he expect to arrest the whole army?

(Throws it down.)