

Scene opens in Douglas' office.

Captain Prevost, your Excellency.

CROWLEY

(Demandingly):                      Prevost,                      DOUGLAS  
Is it true that American troops have landed?

(sighing) Yes.                      I arrived with Major DeCourcy and found an army, the Ninth,  
a force of about 60 men. Captain Pickett is in command and he has stringent orders--  
he's to resist any retaliatory action.                      PREVOST

(shocked) (then angry). (Snaps): An army? Sixty men? (laughs sardonically).  
Is Pickett aware that we have five ships and 2000 men? British Royal Marines?                      DOUGLAS

His orders require him to protest a superior force, sir.                      PREVOST

(grim) His "protest" would not mean much, I'm afraid, my dear Prevost.                      DOUGLAS

But Admiral Baynes is away, sir.                      PREVOST

Exactly, and when he's gone, I am Admiral in his stead. Baynes would agree with me,  
of course.                      DOUGLAS

But, your Excellency, public opinion would not agree--so large a force against so few  
men.                      PREVOST

What side are you on? Britain's or the United States?                      DOUGLAS

(laughing) I'm a boundary commissioner, your Excellency. (soberly) Unfortunately,  
recommending war is not one of my choices.                      PREVOST

General Harney seems to have made the choice for us. And the Queen? The Queen's  
peace?                      DOUGLAS

PREVOST

Much disturbed, I'm afraid. But she will have to sail 12,000 miles to get here.

DOUGLAS

Are you saying our national honor is worth less than that? Prevost, it's no wonder the boundary issue has taken so long to settle. Get Captain Hornby here. Do you think he will condescend to sail 12 miles for the honor of the British Empire?

PREVOST

Yes, sir. (Hastily). Yes, your Excellency. Good day, sir.

(leaves hastily)

BLACK OUT

//S

Scene opens at a secluded site at Ft. Victoria.      OVERLAY: FT, VICTORIA

FIRST MINER

The Ninth has landed on San Juan. The United States Army.

SECOND MINER

That outta' teach the English to keep their pigs at home.

FIRST MINER

English pig. American potatoes. I wonder what 'ees going to happen next?

SECOND MINER

Ya' wanta' know? ~~I heard Douglas and the captains are conferrin'.~~

FIRST MINER

So dat 'ees next. ~~Well, ya' wanta' know what's comin' after dat?~~

SECOND MINER

Yeah, an explosion.

FIRST MINER

Then we start our own explosion. We go over tonight. We help San Juan. Wanta' come?

SECOND MINER

(reflects a second). Yah, I'll come (more enthusiastically) and I'll get more men.  
(Pause) (In a low voice): Meet here at ten tonight?

FIRST MINER

Yeah.

(Second miner leaves hurriedly.)

(alone) English pig. American potatoes. Now, we're in the pot. Vat a stew!

*Pig Tale*

Scene opens in ship's quarters. Prevost has arrived at The Tribune to summon Hornby.

PREVOST

My dear Hornby, His Excellency wants to see you.

HORNBY

What now? I just came back from San Juan. Pickett wasn't there. Did you find out his orders?

PREVOST

(slowly) He's to protect the American settlers from conflicting interests of the Hudson Bay Company . . . and the Indians . . . of course.

HORNBY

The Indians . . . of course! What excellent camouflage. (slowly) But, Prevost, if Pickett can land forces to protect Americans, we are entitled to land our forces to protect the British --well, protect Griffin--from the conflicting interests of . . . of the Americans, that rabble.

PREVOST

And the Indians . . . of course.

HORNBY (ironically)

And do it all without disturbing the amicable relations England is supposed to have with the United States. (Pause--thoughtfully): Well, you look worried, Captain. ✓

PREVOST (anxiously)

Captain Hornby, Pickett has orders to prevent an inferior force from landing, to fight an equal force, and to protest a superior force. \*

HORNBY

(slowly) Fight an equal force. That sounds like war. (very slowly) Are . . . we . . . ready for war?

PREVOST

Douglas is. And we could tolerate a short war. But we have no way to sustain it. We're dependent on the United States for supplies and they'll block our harbors. \*

HORNBY

We could return the compliment . . . in advance . . . and, as for dependency, the United States needs our capital and technical resources.\* We'll block their harbors. Take the Satellite back, Prevost.

PREVOST

(with a sigh). I'm sure that's just what Douglas would like to hear.

BLACK OUT



At Pickett's tent.

AID

Mr. Paul Hubbs, sir.

PICKETT

(without preamble). Hubbs, it's good of you to come. I need to ask you . . . to ask you if you (slowly) would consider commanding a volunteer regiment. We had problems with volunteers in Mexico . . . but your men seem unusually well armed . . . and . . . the Satellite is expected back. (Firmly) Hubbs, we need your welcoming force.

HUBBS

Certainly, Captain. I'd be honored. The men, as well. They're already organized.

PICKETT

(wryly) All sixteen of them?

HUBBS

More. They're filtering in from Vancouver Island--ex-miners. And more will come. A contingent is due tomorrow morning.

PICKETT

(somewhat slyly) Is Lyman Cutlar going to participate?

HUBBS

I've sent your orders, sir. But he commands his own regiment--himself.

(Just now, an aid comes in.)

AID

Excuse me, Captain Pickett, but Mr. Crosbie of Whatcom County has just arrived.

PICKETT

Hubbs, remain if you wish. (To aid) Send him in. (To Hubbs) Crosbie is an old friend. He's now the American magistrate on the mainland.

(Crosbie walks in.)

PICKETT

(Surprised and delighted.) Crosbie. What brought you?

CROSBIE

I heard a British magistrate had landed; therefore, I must land to maintain the civil authority of the Americans . . . although I may have to protect the British as well. The sheriff of Whatcom County wants to tax the British troops--if they land.

PICKETT

That threat alone should prevent them from coming. The mainland still talks of Sheriff Barnes' raid! (All laugh.)



PICKETT

Let me introduce his local successor, Paul Hubbs, U.S. Customs.

CROSBIE

I'm honored, Hubbs.

HUBBS

And I, as well. And I'll assist you if the British land. They have to clear customs, you know.

(The men chuckle.)

CROSBIE

I see we're all well-protected.

PICKETT

Quite. You are protecting the Americans; DeCourcy protects the British. Prevost . . .

HUBBS

. . . is protecting the boundary--if he can find it. (laughter)

CROSBIE

And who, may I ask, is protecting your vegetables, Captain?

PICKETT

General Harney. My vegetables were part of his orders. A vegetable is gold out here.

CROSBIE

It's no wonder Cutlar protected his potatoes. (getting serious). By the way, Pickett, we need a quick trial for Cutlar--a mere formality, you understand, but we need to appease the British--quickly.\* (He looks outs.) Those guns are a little less appetizing than your vegetables, Pickett . . . and Admiral Baynes' ship will soon be in port.

PICKETT

Those guns would be very appetizing if they belonged to me. As for Cutlar. This entire army is here to protect his rights, and I have not seen the man. He's in hiding.

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CROSBIE

Find him. I heard representatives from the Hudson Bay Company were at his house three times. And DeCourcy is out to get him. His orders.

HUBBS

Douglas did more than hand out orders. He came himself.

PICKETT

(a bit frightened at the implication). (very firmly) Get me, Cutlar . . . and . . . and and 2,000 more men . . . like him.

HUBBS

(also firmly): I'll get you Cutlar.

CROSBIE

Your troop is equal to the rest, Captain.

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Scene in Douglas' office.

CROWLEY

Your Excellency, Captain Geoffrey Hornby.

DOUGLAS

(starts abruptly). Captain, I have reviewed this startling situation and I must order you to land troops on San Juan.

HORNBY

Land, your Excellency?

DOUGLAS

I order you to land an equal force to sustain British honor, to exert control over the Indians, and protect British subjects. You are not, however, to provoke a conflict. \*

HORNBY

(thinks this over.) Your Excellency?

DOUGLAS

Yes.

HORNBY

While I agree we must give no land to the United States, I am certain you are aware that landing the Marines generally provokes conflict. I need your permission to use my discretion in this matter. Pickett will fight.

DOUGLAS

You. You, too? You and Prevost. (snapping) Yes, my dear Captain, if you think you possess the quality of discretion--yes, you may use it. As for Pickett, you could swallow him in one bite. \*

HORNBY

(now angry). Certainly, I could, your Excellency, but I can assure you that that bite would be most indigestible to the Queen's stomach.

Good day, your Excellency. (Leaves without a formal adieu.)

DOUGLAS

(Alone). And I thought I had military defense. Bah!





*Pickett's Camp.*

*Scene shortened.*

AID

(excitedly) Captain Pickett, news from the mainland . . . and Vancouver Island.

(Hands him a paper.)

PICKETT

(Stops what he is doing and goes to his chair.) Aid stands by.

Let's see. The Olympia Pioneer and Democrat says: The occupation was necessary. Since all attempts to solve the water boundary have failed, General Harney has decided to settle the issue himself.

I hope the president agrees with that.

AID

And here's the article in the British Colonist. (points)

PICKETT

(reading aloud) Any attempt on the part of the U.S. authorities to trespass on lands of the Hudson Bay Company should be repelled by civil process if possible, but that failing, by the naval and military forces at our command.

(thoughtfully) I tore up DeCourcy's summons. H'mm. I guess that leaves the navy and British Royal Marines.

(Lapses in his chair and continues reading.)

(In seconds another aid comes in.)

AID

Captain Pickett, another letter . . . it's from Charles Griffin. (Gives letter.)

PICKETT

I wonder what took him so long? (starts to open letter.)

AID

Perhaps, sir, he ran out of pens.

PICKETT

(smiles) begins to read:

PICKETT

Sir:

I have the honor to inform you that the island of San Juan on which your camp is pitched, is the property, and is in possession of the Hudson Bay Company, and to request that you and the whole party who have landed from the American vessel will immediately cease to occupy the same. Should you be unwilling to comply with my request, I feel bound to apply to the civil authorities.

Awaiting your reply,  
I have the honor to be  
CHARLES GRIFFIN, Agent  
Hudson's Bay Company \*

PICKETT

Obviously, DeCourcy has not quite given up.

AID

How does Griffin expect us to leave. The Massachusetts is gone.

PICKETT

Let's hope he does not learn our only ship is one whaleboat. (Pause) Sergeant, I'll have my answer immediately.

AID

I'll wait, sir.

Pickett sits down to write his reply when another aid comes in.

AID II

Captain Pickett, Mr. Hubbs sent a message that Cutlar has consented to the trial by the American magistrate.

PICKETT

(still writing--looks up). Consented? Sergeant, (slightly sarcastically), did Mr. Cutlar intimate when he will consent to be tried.

AID

Yes, sir. He told Mr. Hubbs he would appear . . . when he had a new shirt to wear.

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PICKETT

(Amazed). Shirt? Tell him if he doesn't appear soon, he'll be wearing a whole new country.

AID

Yes, sir. I'll convey the message. (leaves smiling).

PICKETT

CAMERA OTS:

(Writes) Sir:

Your communications of this instant has been received. I have to state in reply, that . . .

ANOTHER AID

(comes in hurriedly). Captain Pickett, a report has come that a boatload of people from Vancouver Island is coming tomorrow. Not the Royal Marines. Tourists. They want to see (impressively) the seat of war!

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PICKETT

(Looks up from his letter): Tourists? (Pickett suddenly becomes thoughtful.) Seat of war?  
(Then rather excitedly): That would mean then the English do not intend to fire--  
tomorrow. (Pause). Tell Hubbs it is imperative that Cutlar be here  
by tomorrow. We can have his trial--and possibly delay our execution by the  
British.

AID

Yes, sir.

(Pickett continues writing): that . . . I do not acknowledge the right of the Hudson  
Bay Company to dictate my course of action. I am here by virtue of an order from  
my Government, and . . .

ANOTHER AID

(Comes in.) Captain Pickett. (Pickett looks up.) Captain Pickett, I have bad news.  
The only boat here--the whaleboat--is out . . . of commission.

PICKETT

Thank you, Sergeant. (Frowns - continues writing).

and . . . shall remain here until I am recalled by the same  
authority.

I am, Sir, Respectfully,  
GEORGE E. PICKETT  
Captain, U.S. Army \*

Pickett folds the letter.

PICKETT

(With finality) My reply is ready. Deliver this immediately to Charles Griffin.

FADE OUT

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Scene opens at Cutlar's hiding place. There is a sound of a horse trotting, Ent appears carrying a shirt.

ENT

Cutlar, It's me, Ent. Hubbs sent me over with a new shirt for you--for the trial. You have to come tomorrow.

(Gives shirt to Cutlar who immediately tries it on.)

CUTLAR

Shirt. Man. A new shirt! And whatcha' got there? (Looks at the horse.) She's beautiful.

ENT

(modestly) Yeah. First mare on the island. (more enthused) First American mare.

CUTLAR

(looks back at shirt.) Heh, I think I'll shave, too.

ENT

Shave? That's practically illegal out here.

CUTLAR

I think I'd like to feel a razor on my face once more - - - before . . .

ENT

You get it on your neck. Well, you've got one more day. By the way, McKay sent a message.

CUTLAR

Yah, well give it ta' me.

ENT

He said for you ta' git your semantics in right pretty shape--you'll need them for the trial tomorrow. He thinks you'll be charged with startin' a war--or two wars.

CUTLAR

(somewhat indignantly): Why cain't they blame the pig?

(Starting to mount his horse): (Laughs): Pig. Everyone would object to that. Whoever heerd of an animal startin' a war. (Horse begins to snort, neigh and kick.)

CUTLAR

(As Ent rides off at a gallop, Cutlar mutters sardonically to himself): Well, you ain't. But just ask the Trojan Horse.

*Pause*  
then Cutlar looks at razor.

BLACK OUT - STATION BREAK SUGGESTED



On blacked out screen . . .

AUDIO ONLY

Fife and drum with breakfast call

And VERY SLOW DISSOLVE INTO FOLLOWING SCENE



(Scene opens at American Camp, the next day.) (Crosbie and Pickett are chatting in the tent presumably waiting for their breakfast.)

AID

Good morning, Captain Pickett.

PICKETT

Good morning, Lieutenant. What is on the breakfast menu?

AID

Reinforcements, Captain!

PICKETT

Well done?

AID (excitedly)

Yes --- We have heard that General Harney is so worried, he has written to San Francisco for more troops. He's afraid Washington Territory will not have enough. (Pause): Especially if they move the civil war up here.

PICKETT

Uh--Ah--- What news is there from the territorial governor?

AID

They say . . . the governor of Washington Territory is analyzing his weaponry. He's got 850 muskets, 150 rifles and four 12-pound mountain howitzers. And there's not a shell or cartridge for any one of them. He's asking for supplies. \*

PICKETT

Is there a chance that we could change the menu, today, sir?

AID

Not a chance.

(Just now, a fair amount of commotion is heard outside the tent and an excited group of men walk in: Crosbie, the American Magistrate, Charles McKay, Paul Hubbs, possibly others, and lastly, Lyman Cutlar. Cutlar is shaven, clean and smiling. All are making comments about the incident.)



HUBBS

Good morning, Captain Pickett, May I present Lyman Cutlar.

PICKETT

You may. (He looks at Cutlar rather surprised.) (Moves forward and both shake hands.)

MC KAY

Captain Pickett, you gotta' hear what happened.

All the men begin talking at once.

OAKS

It was this way. Hubbs was escortin' Cutlar down the path when who should be comin' up but the British magistrate--he was headin' for Cutlar's house. \*

MC KAY

Yeah, and he didn't even stop Cutlar.

HUBBS

Cutlar didn't look the way he'd been described.

(All the men laugh.)

CROSBIE

Gentlemen, gentlemen, we are here to conduct a hearing for Lyman Cutlar. Please come to order. And Mr. Cutlar, please step up.

CUTLAR

(Does so.)

CROSBIE

Lyman A. Cutlar, did you or did you not shoot a property of the Hudson Bay Company on or about June 15, 1859? \*

CUTLAR

I so did.

CROSBIE

(Not expecting such a frank reply is temporarily taken off guard.) Is there no defense?

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CUTLAR

I warned the pig. And I talked to . . . well, I shouted at Griffin about it. (defensive lv): Sir, maybe', maybe' there would be a footprint of the hog on the 'tater' plants.

(Everyone laughs.)

CROSBIE

Then, Mr. Cutlar, you admit you shot the property?

CUTLAR

I so admit.

CROSBIE

(In a regretful voice). Then I must find you guilty of willful damage to the Hudson Bay Company.\* I must fine you . . . (voice trails off as he watches Cutlar who has taken his pouch out and is scrambling in it for a nugget. Cutlar finally finds it and gives the nugget to Crosbie.)

Crosbie weighs it with a practiced hand. (Then gravely): Mr. Cutlar, at \$11 an ounce, the weight is not enough. The hog was very heavy. Over 600 pounds.

(Snickers from men.)

CUTLAR

(Quite quietly--rather pleadingly): I offered Griffin \$10.

There is a movement as McKay fumbles for his pouch--takes out his big nugget and puts it on the table.

CROSBIE

(As men murmur, he picks it up - weighs it in his hands). The fine is paid.

CUTLAR

(In relief): Can you try the hog, sir, in absencia . . . for trespassing?

(All laugh. Congratulate Cutlar. Cutlar claps McKay on the back. Joyous scene.)

At this juncture, Pickett is seen talking to Crosbie in whispers. Crosbie nods "yes." Pickett calls for order.

PICKETT

Gentlemen, you are aware that visitors and other civilians have been here. Since Mr. Crosbie is present to officiate, I have requested him to appoint constables to keep the peace on San Juan Island.

CROSBIE

Mr. Cutlar, stand before me. (Cutlar walks to him amazed.)

By the authority vested in my office, I hereby appoint you, Lyman A. Cutlar, a constable for the Washington Territorial government.\* (Crosbie takes a badge and pins it on Cutlar.)

There are more congratulations and clamour. Then Crosbie calls out: Charles McKay.

Just as McKay steps forward (also surprised), an aid rushes in.

AID

Captain Pickett. Captain Pickett, the passenger boat left but another British warship has been sighted. We believe it is the Plumper.

PICKETT

(again discouraged) Griffin's pointed response to my response, no doubt. (Pause ).

(Suddenly nervous): (shouting): Convey the order. If they fire, we fire!

Rev. 9-25-85

~~13a~~

13a

WDA 500770 8-2-1857 *Tag Tale* Ft. Victoria

Scene opens at Ft. Victoria. Two miners are talking in conspiratorial tones.

FIRST MINER

"We're mobilizing. Douglas has called for Hornby to land.

SECOND MINER

Yeah, well I heerd Hornby's got a mind of his own. Besides there's more of us Americans here than the Brits.

FIRST MINER

Yah, so I heerd. And someone's sure goin' to be surprised. We're taking Victoria at the first shot the British fire on San Juan.

SECOND MINER

Well, it'll be Douglas that'll be surprised, Imagine him waking up and findin' himself an American.



Rev. 8-31-84

Scene opens again at Pickett's tent. Aid, Pickett and Hubbs are milling about.

AID

No firing, yet, sir.

PICKETT

(somewhat cynically) I think I would have heard.

ANOTHER AID

(rushing in.) Sir, another ship is coming, The Tribune.

HUBBS

(shocked): The Tribune? That's Hornby and . . . 31 guns!

PICKETT

(looks out tent door.) (Barks). Hubbs, get back to the woods. (Shouting):  
Pick them off as they land.

AID and HUBBS

(Rush out.)



Scene opens at Ft. Victoria, Douglas' office.

Douglas and Griffin have been having a heated discussion. Dissolve into:

GRIFFIN

(incredulous) You call me another McLoughlin because I gave a mutton to Webber?  
(still vehemently) Actually, that I would be considered in his category is of great pleasure to me, your Excellency.

DOUGLAS

Griffin, I did not mean it as a compliment. Dr. McLoughlin was probably responsible for much of the American immigration to the west. And why? Because he fed them. He fed our enemies.

GRIFFIN

(more placatingly) Your Excellency, Britain will win--our troops and numbers are so superior.

DOUGLAS

Our troops and numbers, yes. Our sense of pride, our national honor, (emphatically) no!

FADE OUT



(American Camp. Pickett is pacing the floor.)

PICKETT

(Wearily): What time is it now? When did I send the message?

AID

Captain, it's 1400 hours. We've waited four hours, sir.

PICKETT

I've done my best. I've given them a chance to respond. (Pause) Are their fires still stoking?

AID

(Goes to tent door.) Yes . . . (looks again). (Excited) Captain Pickett, Captain, they are lowering a boat.

PICKETT

(Big sigh of relief.)

PURCHASED FOOTAGE,  
if possible

Panning scene.

AID

But their guns are still positioned broadside. And with the Satellite out there, that's 52 guns altogether.

PICKETT (Nervously)

Well, they can't fire on their own captains. We've got a few hours . . . .

Inform Hubbs to hold his fire.

(Aide rushes out.)

BLACK



(Scene opens at American Camp; same tent.)

2nd AIDE

They're coming. It's not just Hornby. There are three captains. And look at that braid.

PICKETT

(At tent door.) It's all display, Sergeant.

AIDE

Why doesn't the U.S. Army give us more braid?

PICKETT

(speaking deliberately) Sergeant, most of the braid of the U.S. Army always has been in our stomachs. (Emphatically, roughly) Our guts. But (slower, a bit wistfully), I must say it looks better on the outside.

AIDE

(Looks at Pickett's plain uniform - then face. Says:) Your moustache is superior, sir. . . . They're coming. They're coming!

DISSOLVE FROM QUICK SHOT OF PICKETT'S Moustache to his plain buttons and fuse with fancy buttons of the British captains as they slowly approach the tent.



Video fuse to British captains' buttons, then uniforms, as they approach the tent.  
When at the door:

AIDE

(Loudly): Captain Hornby, Captain Prevost and Captain Richards of her Majesty's Navy.

PICKETT

(Coming forward to meet them.) I'm honored, sirs.

HORNBY

(Slightly sarcastically, but softly): Captain Pickett, may I ask why we have the honor of your military presence on San Juan?

PICKETT

I am here at the request of my commander, General Harney.

HORNBY

Are you possibly aware of the correspondence initiated by your country in 1855 from your Secretary of State Marcy to your Governor Stevens in which he stated territorial officers should not do anything on disputed grounds which might provoke conflict? \*

PICKETT

I am aware of the correspondence. I am also aware that it was issued fully four years ago. Much has happened . . . (voice trails off.)

HORNBY

Much has happened, I quite agree, chiefly your occupation of this island. May I ask on what authority you acted? \*

PICKETT

I believe General Harney is acting under the orders of the government, sir.\*

HORNBY

May I show you Governor Douglas' letter to General Harney? (shows letter. Pickett reads it.)

PICKETT

(firmly) Captain Hornby, that is Governor Douglas' opinion. I, a captain, in the United States Army will obey my superior officer. \*

HORNBY

(becoming more angry). Captain Pickett, your actions in occupying a disputed island by military force and without notice constitutes an act of aggression by the United States.\* It is our privilege to respond by initiating the same action. Are you prepared for the consequences?



PICKETT

Sir, I am under orders. I must resist any military action you may initiate. \*

HORNBY

Then I would suggest a joint occupation until our governments can decide the boundary issue. \*

PICKETT

I do not have discretionary power. I cannot allow a joint occupation--any occupation--until I communicate with and hear from General Harney. \*

HORNBY

Then I reserve the right to act as I see fit for the protection of British subjects and property, or of British claims to sovereignty of the island until such claims are settled by the Northwest Boundary Commission, now existing (turns to Prevost and Richards), or by the governments of Britain and the United States. \*

PICKETT

(anxiously) I then urge you, Captain Hornby, not to take any action until I can communicate with General Harney. Should you see fit to act otherwise, you will then be the person who will bring on a most disastrous difficulty and not the United States. \*

HORNBY

I shall send you my report, Captain Pickett. Good day.

(Hornby and party leave immediately without further formalities.) (Ushered out by aide.)

Pickett urgently reaches for paper and begins writing.

As he writes, the aide returns with:

AIDE

Captain Pickett, Paul Hubbs, sir. And Charles McKay.

(Hubbs and McKay come in.)

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PICKETT

Gentlemen, sit down. (Pickett pauses a minute.) (Very quietly). I'm requesting reinforcements from General Harney. Their force is so superior to mine, I will be a mere mouthful for them. I've staved them off so far, but this state of affairs cannot last. In order to maintain our dignity we must occupy in force -- or (pause) allow them (slowly) to land an equal force. \*

HUBBS

(Sighs. Then:) Captain Pickett, how are you going to send the message?

PICKETT

How? How? By the whale . . . I forgot, the whaleboat -- it's inoperative.

HUBBS

(quietly) Yeah.

PICKETT

(suddenly frightened): This message has got to get out.

HUBBS

(slowly) We have the one rowboat--the one McKay and I used to row to Bellingham . . . for the flag.

PICKETT

(shocked): One rowboat? (All animation is gone.)

MC KAY

Captain, I'll take the message.

PICKETT

You?

HUBBS

McKay's a blacksmith, Captain. And his hands are iron. He got us to Ft. Bellingham. He'll get the message to Harney.

PICKETT

(exhausted). Get the boat. (Picks up his pen and frantically continues writing.)

FADE OUT (Last shot on pen.) TO BLACK.

AUDIO

Ticking clock.

From Black (with clock) to  
slow dissolve into next  
scene.

(Scene opens in The Tribune. The three captains are sitting in chairs. All silent. Only a clock ticks.)

HORNBY

(Very slowly): Our forces are so superior that if I land . . . it will unite public opinion against us.

PREVOST

Pickett will undoubtedly call for reinforcements.

HORNBY

And his men will take to the woods--I saw them--and damage more Hudson Bay Property.

RICHARDS

(hopefully); Britain will formally suggest the middle channel as a compromise boundary again--later this month, Captain. \*

HORNBY

(cynically) And the United States will formally reject it later this year. (Pauses) But, when the boundary issue is being studied right now, it would be undignified for me to land and imitate the Americans. In using restraint, I, at least, am keeping the Marcy Crampton agreements \* . . . that the United States wrote.

(Silence - clock ticks).

HORNBY

(Tone of finality--slowly). Gentlemen, I shall choose to exercise my right of discretion. I shall disregard Governor Douglas' orders to land. . . . I'll wait for Admiral Baynes to return.

(Pause. Then, in a crisp, businesslike tone.) Captains?

PREVOST AND RICHARDS

Yes, sir.

HORNBY

You will keep the Satellite and Plumper here. Keep the fires stoked -- and the guns broadside. I will return.

PREVOST AND RICHARDS

Yes, Sir.

All men rise to leave.

FADE OUT



(Scene opens in Douglas' office. He is alone.)

Voices swirl around him.

- o They've closed the banks.
- o They put the money on ships.
- o San Juan commands a magnificent military position in the channel.  
Why aren't we defending it?
- o San Juan is worthless.
- o You can apprehend anyone who disturbs the Queen's peace.
- o We want troops to uphold the honor of our country and our Queen.
- o This fort is named Victoria. Victoria. God save the Queen.
- o Americans landed to protect Americans.
- o Why didn't the British land to protect us?
- o Instead of fighting, her majesty's captains take to diplomacy.

(Then way in the background is the voice of Dr. John McLoughlin): These people are not my enemies.

(Then an echo: Douglas' voice in 1843): They are our enemies -- our political enemies.

There is a knock on the door.  
Crowley enters.

CROWLEY

(excitedly) Your Excellency, Admiral Baynes has arrived.

Douglas gets up hurriedly, just as Baynes walks in.

DOUGLAS

(Exuberant). Baynes! (In stentorian tones filled with suppressed anxiety). DRIVE THE AMERICANS OUT!

BAYNES

Out? What do you mean, your Excellency?

DOUGLAS

Get them out. Get them off San Juan.

Baynes looks puzzled. Douglas continues.

Baynes, I spoke to some of the legislators. I've assured people a military force will be landed. The people want their country's honor vindicated. \*

BAYNES

(shocked) Honor vindicated? Over a pig? Sir, I have spoken to Hornby. Your Excellency, a military force will not be landed.



DOUGLAS

(in despair): But . . . but . . . Baynes, the people want action.

BAYNES

Action? They'll get action but if I land it won't be the kind they want. (Again in stentorian tones): Do you know there is a plan to take VICTORIA at the first shot we fire?\* And there are more Americans on Vancouver's Island than British. Do you know that, Governor?

DOUGLAS

(equally wrathful). You have 2000 men, Admiral.

BAYNES

2,140 men, Governor. And I want the same number, tomorrow. I'd rather shed tears than blood over a mere pig. \*

DOUGLAS

(contemptuously): I thought you were a military man, Baynes.

BAYNES

And I thought you were a civil authority.

DOUGLAS

(suddenly chastened): What am I going to say to the people -- to the legislative assembly -- to the papers?

BAYNES

(still almost shouting): You will say that we will leave this to our governments. If the crown orders me to fire on those Americans, I will obey, but not 'til then. \*

DOUGLAS

(shocked. His mouth opens but he does not speak.)

BAYNES

(still angry and turning to leave.) What I will do, Govenor, is order a blockade. Pickett will get no more reinforcements until the water boundary is settled. \*  
GOOD DAY! (Leaves).

DOUGLAS

(Drops his head on his desk in anguish.) Baynes!

BLACK

(Scene at American Camp. Pickett is nervously arranging and rearranging anything there is available.)

An aid rushes in.

AIDE

(jubilant). Captain Pickett, word has just been received that even before Mr. McKay arrived at the post, General Harney had ordered reinforcements. Colonel Casey is coming . . . and Major Haller. Captain, there will be 350 more men.

(Aid suddenly notices that Captain Pickett doesn't look happy as he should.)

Captain, what's wrong?

PICKETT

(very slowly). Sergeant, they'll have to disembark at the Hudson Bay Wharf. Under the guns of the British. How . . . many ships are there now?

AIDE

(suddenly serious). Three, sir. (slowly) All the fires are still going.

Notify Hubbs of the message, sir. And Sergeant. (Looks: FOOTAGE: bay with ships)

Sir?

AIDE

Convey the order. We fight to the last man. \*

AIDE

(slowly). Yes, Sir. (turns to leave).

PICKETT

One more . . . I'll have one more dispatch, Sergeant.

AIDE

Yes, sir?

PICKETT

A letter . . . a letter . . . to my son.



Scene opens: Juan de Fuca and Steve are both standing up (at same rocks as in their last scene).

Juan de Fuca's sword is drawn, ready to plunge.

Steve is standing with a gun aimed, ready to fire.

Suddenly both look at each other.

STEVE

(roughly) Whose side 'ya on?

JUAN DE FUCA

(indignant) Side? The right side, of course.

BLACK

Without showing deFuca, use scope motif widening to following.



OVERLAY: WHITE HOUSE, September 3, 1859

Scene opens at the steps of the White House, Washington City.

President Buchanan is slowly walking up the steps (outside).

An aid is running toward him, panting for breath.

AID

Mr. President . . . Mr. President (gasping for breath). Mr. Pres . . .

(President Buchanan turns toward him.)

AID

Mr. President, the newspapers are reporting an invasion of the Northwest (gasp)--  
Washington Territory.

PRESIDENT

Invasion? By the British?

AID

No, by the Americans.

PRESIDENT

(Indignant and frightened.) We have no dispatches on that. How . . . (stops).

AID

It's over the water boundary, sir. (still out of breath). American troops have  
landed on San Juan Island. (gives him paper.)

PRESIDENT

(almost shouting) Notify the British Ambassador that this did not originate from  
the White House.

Get me my records -- the Treaty of 1846 -- Polk's administration. Now.

And I'll get the secretary of War.

AID

Yes, Sir. (frantic. Rushes off.)

PRESIDENT

(Grabs outside pillar. Almost shakes it.) War? Over a small island. And I didn't  
even know about it. (Almost in despair): Polk? (Anger): Damn. ✓

Rushes inside.

