

APACHE RIDGE

An Original Screenplay

by

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APACHE RIDGE

FADE IN

EXT. HOUSTON DOCKS - NIGHT

"Houston - 1979"

Dust flies from the huge funnels pouring grain into the holds of a Soviet freighter. The ship lies low in the water.

EXT. ACROSS THE CHANNEL - NIGHT

On a deserted dock, two FROGMEN check their gear. The ship is behind them. Each man clips a flat, round canister to his chest straps. One pats the other's shoulder. They don masks and slip into the water and submerge.

EXT. FREIGHTER BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Russian CAPTAIN smokes a cigarette by the outshore railing. He observes the other ships, flicking the butt into the black water.

EXT. CHANNEL WATER - NIGHT

The cigarette hits the water. The water is bubbling. There is a line of bubbles crossing the channel, headed for the ship.

EXT. FREIGHTER BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Russian captain sees the bubbles.

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN

Hey!

The Russian FIRST MATE looks to where the captain is pointing. He runs into the control room and reappears with two hand grenades. The mate pulls the pin of one just as we hear a metallic CLINK! from under the water. The grenade is dropped into the water and explodes. From the onshore side of the ship, another CLINK!, unheard by the Russians.

EXT. CHANNEL WATER - NIGHT

A frogman's body bobs to the surface. It bumps along the hull with the tide.

EXT. FREIGHTER DECK - LATER

Coast Guard CREWMEN fish the body from the channel as the USCG CAPTAIN and State Department TRANSLATOR talk to the Russian captain, who claims sabotage. Elsewhere on deck, the Russian CREWMEN are smug as they close and seal the hatchcovers. Eventually the American authorities shake hands with the Russian captain and leave. The Russian cheer. Their cheers are broken by two explosions at either side of the ship.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - DAY

The freighter's deck is under water. All of the crew are stranded on the bridge, forlorn. The captain glares at the small CROWD alongshore. LONGSHOREMEN, the authorities and bystanders gawk at the sunken ship, which is making creaking and groaning noises. In the small crowd is JACK REYNOLDS. The US authorities and two FBI AGENTS cross over on a makeshift gangplank.

LONGSHOREMAN 1

Hey, when the water soaks that wheat,
she'll bust wide open!

The crowd looks down. The US authorities look down and the Russians look down at the hatch covers just under the water. The covers are closed and sealed but they are swelling. Bubbles seep out with popping noises.

LONGSHOREMAN 2

We're gonna need an Environmental Impact
Statement!

LONGSHOREMAN 1

Nah! It's fish food!

The longshoremen laugh and heckle the Russians. From the water there is a muffled BANG! and then another.

LONGSHOREMAN 2

There she goes!

EXT. CHANNEL WATER - DAY

Side plates of the freighter burst with the swollen wheat, which pours into the channel.

EXT. SHIP'S BRIDGE - DAY

The Russians are more forlorn. The US authorities soothe the raging captain.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack Reynolds sits in an easy chair, drink in hand. The floor is strewn with newspapers. He is dejected. The doorbell rings. Resignedly, Jack gets up and goes to the door. The FBI agents from the docks are there. One holds a warrant.

FBI AGENT

Jack Reynolds? FBI!

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The FBI agent sits in the witness stand. The PROSECUTOR shows him a black wetsuit (no dialog). The agent nods. He is then shown SCUBA equipment and the FBI agent points at Jack.

LATER

The Russian captain sits in the witness stand with the State Department translator. They are questioned (no dialog).

Jack sits at the defense table with his ATTORNEY. He is relaxed and dignified. His attorney is tense but waves his hand casually at the Russian, who steps down.

LATER

The prosecutor talks to the JURY.

PROSECUTOR

Conspiracy, ladies and gentlemen, is an agreement in words or deeds by which two or more persons confederate to do an unlawful act... We have shown that the defendant, a former SEAL frogman, a former blower-up of ships, a friend of the deceased, a man of whom witnesses have testified as being openly hostile to the Soviet Union and to trade with the Soviets, that this man, ladies and gentlemen, must be found guilty of conspiracy.

The prosecutor sits. The defense attorney rises and addresses the jurors.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

The prosecution... has shown precisely... nothing. Oh, we have been given an interesting portrayal of an interesting man. We have NOT been shown that Jack Reynolds was anywhere near the scene! He knew the deceased! He is a former Navy diver! Mercy! He is not fond of the Soviet regime. Tsk, tsk. Ladies and gentlemen, I shall not dignify this travesty with -

The JUDGE raps his gavel.

JUDGE

Counsel! Strike that.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Ladies and gentlemen. The prosecution has not only failed to prove this case, the prosecution has failed to make a case at all!

LATER

The jurors listen to the judge.

JUDGE

... and with these instructions in mind, you will now retire and then deliver a fair verdict.

The judge adjusts his papers as the jurors continue to sit there. They look at each other as the BAILIFF tries to get them going toward the jury room. The foreman looks at each juror, each one shakes his or her head.

BAILIFF
Okay, folks - this way...

The foreman stands.

FOREMAN
Uh, your Honor?

JUDGE
(startled)
Yes?

FOREMAN
He's not guilty, your Honor.

The packed courtroom erupts in noise. The judge raps his gavel. Jack stands and stoically shakes hands with his attorney. In the BG, an attractive WOMAN watches, then gets up and exits courtroom.

INSERT

"HUMAN TORPEDO ACQUITTED!"

"SOVIETS LODGE UN PROTEST"

CUT TO:

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

Jack boards MacNair Oil helicopter, which takes off and head south.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The helicopter flies Jack and some OILFIELD WORKERS out over the Gulf of Mexico. A huge semi-submersible drilling rig is visible. It is a bizarre sight in the early morning expanse of water, one hundred miles offshore. The helicopter circles and lands on the helipad of the massive rig.

EXT. DRILLING RIG - DAY

The passengers deplane. Jack is met by the DRILLING FOREMAN.

INT. RIG DINING ROOM - DAY

Jack and the drilling foreman sit a table and drink coffee.

DRILLING FOREMAN
Damn surface pipe's got a hole in it this big.

He indicates his fist. They are joined by the DIVING BOSS. A rugged but weary man, he brings a coffee cup and sits.

DRILLING FOREMAN (cont'g)
Pete, this is Jack Reynolds, MacNair's
new troubleshooter.

DIVING BOSS
Good t'meetcha.

DRILLING FOREMAN
Show him our problem.

The diving boss draws a picture for Jack.

DIVING BOSS
We got a five-inch hole eighty feet below
the waterline.

JACK
How'd that happen?

DIVING BOSS
Damned if I know. But we got a six-
knot current running. Hole's downstream.
My guys are give out.

JACK
You been in the water?

DIVING BOSS
I got an ear infection.

Jack nods.

JACK
I'm going to take a look.

EXT. RIG FLOOR - DAY

The DRILLER and ROUGHNECKS work the drillpipe. Jack stands in a black wet
suit and galoshes. He looks down at the sea through the metal grid floor as
he dons the helmet ring and jock strap.

JACK'S POV

Huge waves crash against the 48-inch casing rising out of the water. Brown
drilling mud can be seen swirling up in the blue-green water a hundred yards
down-current.

EXT. RIG FLOOR - DAY

The drilling foreman looks down along with the diving boss.

DRILLING FOREMAN
We're losing our damn drilling mud.

As Jack bends his knees to have the lightweight diving helmet put on by a
TENDER, his eyes narrow. He sees MICHELE MACNAIR, the woman in the courtroom.

JACK'S POV FROM THE HELMET

Michele MacNair walks across the rig floor. She is mildly curious as she passes out paychecks to the drilling hands.

EXT. RIG FLOOR - DAY

As the air is blown into the helmet and Jack begins to breathe, the rubber helmet boot around his throat swells and shrinks like that of a mating grouse. The tender snugs the helmet down on Jack's shoulders by tugging hard on the jock strap. Jack grunts and straps on the weight belt.

JACK'S POV

Jack motions for the tender to pay out the air hose. The tender pays out yards and yards of slack through the hole in the floor. The diving boss hands us a makeshift canvas strap, eight feet long. The tender motions us toward the stage, a platform designed to transport the divers to and from the sea, sixty feet below. We ignore the stage and step into the void.

We fall sixty feet and hit the water up-current from the casing.

EXT. RIG FLOOR - DAY

The tender holds Jack by the air hose as he is immediately swept against the casing. He quickly grabs it and attempts to wrap his canvas belt around it, finally succeeding. Over the squawk box, he pants and grunts as he struggles in the current.

JACK (VO)

Okay... slack.

The tender gives him slack and he disappears under the pounding sea.

UNDERWATER - JACK'S POV

We go down into the quickly-darkening sea, into the leaking drilling mud and our vision is obscured. Jack's breathing is regular as he searches for the leak. It grows dark and then black. Jack's breathing is deeper and more deliberate.

EXT. RIG FLOOR - DAY

The men look down, listening to Jack's breathing.

JACK (VO - cont'g)

Okay, here it is... Whew! I see what you mean about this current. Okay. Send down a welding tool. Keep the drill pipe moving and shut off the mud pumps.

DRILLING FOREMAN

Hey, Drill! Shut the pump off and keep the string moving!

The driller complies. The foreman and diving boss help each other get the welding equipment. They loosely chain it to the casing and let out slack in

the power cord. It speeds down and hits the sea, disappearing.

UNDERWATER

The welding tool drifts down the casing into the blackness.

JACK (VO)

Got it.

The blackness explodes into bright and flickering blue light. Jack is now visible, straining to stay in position. The belt is stretching away from the casing in the strong current.

EXT. RIG FLOOR - DAY

Jack's breathing becomes more labored over the intercom. The tender puts the hose down momentarily and pushes the intercom button, which is too far away from where he has to stand.

TENDER

How you doing?

JACK (VO)

Gettin' it. This belt's stretching out.
I'm gettin' too far away from my work.

The tender nods to himself and picks up Jack's air line. Michele sits on a pile of rope, listening to Jack's labored breathing. She glances around the rig, observing the scene.

MICHELE'S POV

We follow Jack's air line from the sea's surface up to the tender's hands, down the main deck to the air pump and filter. The Diesel engine pumps fresh air into huge air chambers, providing a supply of air to the diver. Hundreds of feet of diving hose lie coiled near the compressor.

We look up. The rig crane, towering a hundred feet over the main deck, is swinging a load of awkward metal objects up from a supply boat down on the rough water. The wind has come up and the load swings wide. The OPERATOR lets the load down toward a space near the diving hose. On the main deck, a ROUGHNECK shouts at the crane operator to wait for him to guide the load to the spot.

QUICK CUT

The operator's face shows a curious lack of expression.

MICHELE'S POV

The load is lowered directly onto the stretched air hose, a sharp edge cuts the hose.

EXT. RIG FLOOR

Jack's breathing sounds stop. The tender puts down the hose to turn up the intercom. Nothing. The tender smacks the squawk box instead of picking up

the hose, which begins slithering down the gaping hole, pulled by the current. It is so unexpected that no one reacts to the silently escaping hose. Michele shouts and dives for the cut end as it whips past her. She flops on her stomach but manages to hold onto it.

DIVING BOSS

(to tender)

Get me some gear up here!

CRANE OPERATOR'S POV

The tender runs down to the main deck and retrieves a Desco mask and air hose. He runs back up the ladder and begins helping the diving boss. Within seconds, the diving boss dons the mask and jumps through the hole.

UNDERWATER

Jack struggles to ascend. He makes it to the dark green water and is just visible, pulling himself up by the welding hose, trapped by the canvas strap to the casing. His movements are not panicked, but the stale air is suffocating him. His breathing is very rapid.

FARTHER UP

The diving boss surges downward, balancing on the up-current side of the casing, headfirst.

FARTHER DOWN

Jack's breathing has stopped. His body is strained against the canvas strap. The diving boss reaches Jack, loses his grip on the casing and is taken by the current but just manages to grab Jack's air hose. Frothy, live air hose in one hand, Jack's dead one in the other, he pulls himself to Jack, twisting his helmeted head at a grotesque angle. Upon reaching Jack he jams the frothy air hose under Jack's rubber throat boot. The helmet immediately leaks bubbles. Jack recovers and holds onto the new hose. The diving boss unsheathes his belt knife, pulls sharply on his own hose four times and cuts Jack's canvas strap.

EXT. RIG FLOOR - DAY

The tender feels the hose jerk four times. He begins pulling hard.

TENDER

Lower the stage!

The metal platform rushes down almost to the surface and rests on the water.

EXT. SEA SURFACE - DAY

The two men surface and are pulled to the stage by the tender sixty feet above. They clamber onto the stage and are lifted to the rig floor.

EXT. RIG FLOOR - DAY

Jack lies on the rig floor. He tries to sit up.

DRILLING FOREMAN

That damn crane operator damn near killed you!

Jack looks up at the crane.

DIVING BOSS

Miss MacNair made a hell of a grab for that cut hose. I'da probably missed you if she hadn't.

Michele sits on the rope pile, applying Band-Aids to her skinned knees. Jack feebly salutes her. Michele grins back.

EXT. RIG HELIPAD - DAY

The helicopter rests with the rotors winding up. The diving boss accompanies Jack and Michele to the pad.

JACK

Your divers can patch that hole in a half hour or so... But make sure they have knives to cut that strap! Good work savin' my butt. I appreciate it.

DIVING BOSS

Damn riggers think divers make too much money! Like we get paid enough to drown.

JACK

Still can't figure how that surface pipe got a hole in it.

Jack and Michele board the helicopter. Just as the door is drawn closed, the crane operator makes his way onto the helipad. He jerks his head at the pilot, who opens the door. The crane operator boards.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Jack and Michele stare at the crane operator. He sits and stares back.

CRANE OPERATOR

I just got run off! Say, I'm sorry about that accident. I was just tryin' to set that load down.

Michele stares suspiciously. Jack looks out the window.

CRANE OPERATOR (cont'g)

Honest!

JACK

Sure.

EXT. HOUSTON HELIPAD - DAY

The three get out of the helicopter. Jack and Michele go one way. The crane operator glances briefly at them and goes another. Michele impulsively takes Jack's arm.

MICHELE

Let's go see our doctor.

JACK

Aw, I'm all right.

MICHELE

Do you know who I am?

Jack regards Michele's beauty.

JACK

You're the boss.

MICHELE

Not really. But I'll do.

Jack nods solemnly.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

The DOCTOR listens to Jack's breathing.

DOCTOR

You didn't take in any water?

JACK

I had on headgear.

DOCTOR

How long were you without air?

JACK

Don't recall...

MICHELE

Almost a minute!

The doctor examines Jack's eyes.

JACK

This has happened before. It's okay.

DOCTOR

Well, you're very strong. I would like to observe you overnight.

Jack frowns.

MICHELE

I will observe him overnight.

Both men look at her and raise their eyebrows. Michele laughs.

MICHELE (cont'g)
I've had your first aid course and I'll
make sure his lips don't turn blue.

Jack stops breathing. He gazes at Michele. She gazes back. The doctor smiles.

DOCTOR
Well...

JACK
She's not the boss...
(gets off table)
but she'll do.

Jack points at Michele's legs.

JACK (cont'g)
Have a look at those.

The doctor, taken off guard, looks at Michele's legs. The doctor sees the Band-Aids.

DOCTOR
Oh! What happened to your knees?

Michele looks down and pulls up her skirt, revealing great legs.

MICHELE
Skinned 'em.

The doctor pats the exam table.

DOCTOR
Have a seat.

JACK
Excuse me. I can't stand the sight of
blood.

Michele makes a face at him as she gets on the exam table.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHELE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack wanders about the tastefully furnished apartment. Michele has her back turned to him as she makes a couple of drinks at the bar. Hands in pockets, Jack studies a wall of floor to ceiling pictures and paintings. Watercolors and etchings. He is visibly jarred to see, right in the middle, an exquisitely framed color photo of his scuttled Soviet grain ship, complete with news stories, also framed. Michele crosses the room. In a knit dress without her coat, her figure is stunning. She hands Jack his glass.

MICHELE

Do you like them? They're originals.

Jack regards her figure discretely. She is irresistible. He cocks an eyebrow.

JACK

They'll do.

Michele clinks his glass.

MICHELE

Welcome to MacNair Oil.

JACK

Thank you.

MICHELE

Tell me about you.

JACK

You already have me at a disadvantage.

MICHELE

The Human Torpedo?

Jack looks at her.

JACK

Not guilty, your Honor.

MICHELE

(clinks glass again)
Here's to good attorneys.

JACK

A good man is hard to find.

MICHELE

(giggles sweetly)
Something like that.

Jack smiles at her.

MICHELE (cont'g)

Hungry?

JACK

Yep.

CUT TO:

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jack and Michele study their menus.

MICHELE

You must be disappointed.

JACK
(good natured)
How so?

MICHELE
You think I can't cook.

Jack studies his menu.

LATER

A WAITER removes the dishes. Coffee is served.

JACK
Why do you need a troubleshooter?

Michele's eyes twinkle.

JACK (cont'g)
Why does MacNair Oil need a troubleshooter?

MICHELE
There are troublemakers and there are
troubleshooters.

JACK
Okay.

MICHELE
Simple.

JACK
So, who are the troublemakers?

MICHELE
Do you believe in the boogyman?

JACK
As a matter of fact, I do.

Michele laughs happily.

Jack signs the bill. They rise to leave. Jack assists her.

INT. MICHELE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They share a nightcap. Jack gazes at her loveliness.

JACK
You know a lot more about me than I know
about you.

MICHELE
Well, we can fix that...

Jack clears his throat.

JACK

Got any hobbies?

This triggers a laugh from Michele.

JACK (cont'g)

Hmmm.

MICHELE

Actually, I like hunting.

JACK

Oh, yeah? What?

MICHELE

(laughs)

Boogymen.

JACK

Oh, man.

MICHELE

(serious)

I was at the trial.

JACK

...YOU were?

Michele nods.

JACK (cont'g)

How'd I miss YOU?

MICHELE

It was easy. You never turned around.

Jack sighs. He moves toward her and takes her in his arms. They gaze into each other's eyes.

JACK

Well... we can fix that.

He turns them in a circle and kisses her.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW MEXICO - DAY

Jack drives up to a drilling rig at a desolate location. A MacNair DRILLING FOREMAN approaches as Jack parks.

DRILLING FOREMAN

(concerned)

You Jack?

They shake hands.

JACK

Jack Reynolds. How're you?

DRILLING FOREMAN

Well, Jack - we might not be movin'
this rig.

Jack cocks his head. The foreman takes a paper from his shirt.

DRILLING FOREMAN (cont'g)

Some kid handed me this at the café.
Says we gotta have a government inspection
of the Apache lease before we rig up.

JACK

Is the location built?

DRILLING FOREMAN

I haven't even cut a road. But I thought
we had all the permits.

Jack nods.

JACK

Let me see that.

Jack reads the order.

DRILLING FOREMAN

Kid said something about the lease being
an Indian territory... He's going out there
today - kinda look around.

They both get in Jack's truck and head for the MacNair-Apache lease.

INT. JACK'S TRUCK - DAY

Jack turns off the pavement, bumping onto a rough dirt road.

JACK

(mutters)

Indian territory? Whole damn country used
to be Indian territory.

EXT. LEASE ROAD - DAY

The truck passes a weather beaten sign:

APACHE RIDGE
MACNAIR-APACHE LEASE
MACNAIR OIL CO.

FARTHER UP THE ROAD

The truck is parked. Jack and the foreman get out. The foreman points at colored stakes among the sagebrush.

DRILLING FOREMAN

We'll cut the road through here... Location's up on that flat.

Jack considers this. Behind them, there is vehicle noise. They turn to see a white sedan approach. The door reads:

BUREAU OF THE ENVIRONMENT

A bearded YOUNG MAN gets out. He inspects the ground. Jack and the foreman approach him.

JACK

Hi.

The young man nods sullenly.

JACK (cont'g)

What's goin' on?

YOUNG MAN

I'm going to make a preliminary inspection.

JACK

What are you looking for?

YOUNG MAN

Arrowheads, pottery, Indian artifacts... Stuff like that.

JACK

Yeah? What if you find something?

YOUNG MAN

(smiles)

Then we shut you down.

JACK

--Just like that?

YOUNG MAN

Just like that. Excuse me.

The young man walks out into the sagebrush.

QUICK CUTS

The young man's intent face as he walks the proposed drilling site.

THE SUN

THE DESOLATION

LONG SHOT OF YOUNG MAN KICKING THE SANDY DIRT

JACK'S DUBIOUS EXPRESSION

The drilling foreman shakes his head and gets in the air-conditioned truck.

INT. JACK'S TRUCK

From foreman's POV, Jack leans against the fender. The young man returns.

EXT. LEASE - DAY

JACK

Find any artifacts?

YOUNG MAN

Not today.

JACK

Well, that's good.

YOUNG MAN

That doesn't mean there aren't any out there. We'll keep looking.

JACK

Tell me, are you with the Bureau of the Environment?

YOUNG MAN

No. I go to the university, at Clovis.

Jack considers this.

JACK

You've got a lot of authority for a college student.

YOUNG MAN

The Bureau has us do the leg work...

JACK

I guess your class comes out here on field trips...

YOUNG MAN

As a matter of fact, no.

JACK

But you'd be coming out here to find pots and stuff, right?

The young man looks around and chuckles.

YOUNG MAN

I doubt that very much.

JACK

Let me get this straight: You mean you'd never even come out here to dig around if we didn't want to drill here?

YOUNG MAN

God! Who'd want to come out here?

Jack stares at the young man. The drilling foreman gets out of the truck.

DRILLING FOREMAN

Hey, we already got our federal and state permits.

YOUNG MAN

New regulations.

DRILLING FOREMAN

Yeah.

JACK

(distracted)

Well, we'll be moving the rig in here next week—

YOUNG MAN

Maybe you will, maybe you won't. I have more inspections to make. It could take several weeks...

DRILLING FOREMAN

Hey, that's twelve thousand dollars a day for that rig, son!

JACK

Don't you think you can hurry this a little?

The young man glares defiantly.

YOUNG MAN

If you want to dispute my findings, there are proper channels!

JACK

I don't want to dispute you, fellah - I want to move that rig in here next week.

YOUNG MAN

We'll see.

Jack and the drilling foreman are pensive as they get in the truck.

DRILLING FOREMAN

Hell, what's he care? It's only money.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOBBY AIRPORT - DAY

Jack exits a small twin-engined airplane. He waves to the pilot and goes to his company car and drives away.

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

We drive through downtown Houston. We see cars parked, waiting in gas lines. We pull into a Petram gas station, that is, into a gas line.

EXT. GAS LINE - DAY

Jack pulls into the gas line. He stops the car and gets out and leans against the door and eventually up walks an IRATE DRIVER.

IRATE DRIVER

Can you believe it? An oil shortage in Texas!

JACK

(preoccupied)

Yep.

IRATE DRIVER

Damn environmentalists! Damn the government! I tell you, buddy, big oil and the government are conspiring against us. It's a damn conspiracy to get us in those damn buses! I hate buses!

Jack's car telephone rings.

IRATE DRIVER (cont'g)

But I gotta buy that gas.

JACK

Excuse me.

(answers phone)

Hello, Reynolds here...

INT. MACNAIR OFFICE - DAY

Michele speaks into her phone.

MICHELE

Hello, Darling.

JACK (VO)

Hello there, Boss.

MICHELE

How was Apache Ridge?

JACK (VO)

(pauses)

I might have met a boogyman.

MICHELE

Did you shoot him?

JACK (VO)

I felt like it.

MICHELE

Where are you?

JACK (VO)

I'm in a gas line.

Michele laughs.

MICHELE

That trouble-shootin' oilman's in a gas line?

JACK (VO)

Not so loud. This fellah here isn't too high on oilfield personnel.

MICHELE

(laughing)

Who's that?

JACK (VO)

Fellah in the gas line with me. He says it's a conspiracy.

MICHELE

He's right, Darling.

EXT. MACNAIR OIL OFFICE - LATER

Jack drives up to MacNair offices. He parks and goes inside.

INT. MACNAIR OFFICE

The RECEPTIONIST ushers Jack into the office of Mitchell MacNair, Michele's father and head of MacNair Oil. Michele sits on a couch.

MACNAIR

Thank you, Sally. Hello, Reynolds.

Jack nods. Michele smiles as she sees him.

JACK

We've got problems at Apache Ridge.

MACNAIR

Now what?

JACK

The Bureau of the Environment has shut us down to look for arrowheads.

MACNAIR

What?!

JACK

Maybe it's just temporary. The kid couldn't find any this afternoon.

MacNair hits the intercom button.

MACNAIR

Sally. Get me Isaac Poe at the Bureau of the Environment in Washington.

They wait for the call. MacNair looks at Jack. He looks at Michele. He drums his fingers.

MACNAIR (cont'g)

Arrowheads!

JACK

Arrowheads. Pots.

SALLY (VO)

Mr. MacNair, Mr. Poe is on the line.

MACNAIR

Poe! What the devil is going on!

INT. POE'S OFFICE - QUITTING TIME

ISAAC POE, the BOE director, looks at his watch, then at the speaker.

POE

I don't know what you're talking about.

MACNAIR'S OFFICE

MACNAIR

I've got to move a drilling rig into Apache Ridge next Friday. One of your damn kids has threatened to stop us!

POE'S OFFICE

POE

Our orders are clear, MacNair. A federal judge has ordered us to inspect the area for cultural relevance.

MACNAIR (VO)

Cultural WHAT?

POE (VO)

Some concerned citizens, "The Friends of the Apache," have litigated in federal court. This is the result.

MACNAIR

Who the hell are the "Friends of the Apache!"

POE (VO)

You'll be receiving a letter from us.

MACNAIR

There are no Apaches on Apache Ridge!
There's nothing out there but sand and
sagebrush!

POE (VO)

MacNair, if there is culturally relevant
evidence on Apache Ridge, it is probable
that the Bureau will convert it into a
federal cultural preserve.

MACNAIR

You'll WHAT?

POE (VO)

We'll condemn it.

MacNair becomes apoplectic.

MACNAIR

You son of a -

POE (VO)

Come on. You can write it off. I gotta go.

There is an audible click.

JACK

Now I've heard everything.

MICHELE

David Bancroft is trying to tell you
something, Father.

MacNair looks at his speakerphone. He shakes his head bitterly.

MACNAIR

David Bancroft... everything is David
Bancroft.

MICHELE

Just about.

MACNAIR

(gently)

I know. It's all a conspiracy.

MICHELE

David has invited you to dinner Friday.
Are you going?

MACNAIR

Why?

MICHELE

I want Jack to meet him.

Jack raises an eyebrow.

MACNAIR

Michele. It's the Federal Advisory...

MICHELE

Is it secret?

MACNAIR

Of course not. But it's private,
after all.

MICHELE

The Federal Advisory makes our foreign
policy, our domestic policy, our energy
policy, but it's private?

MACNAIR

Nonsense. The Advisory does not... it
merely...

MICHELE

Advices?

MacNair sighs. He looks at her resignedly and shakes his weary head.

INT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE UP

An indecipherable abstract painting, entitled

"Aphrodisia"

A PARTYGOER comments:

MAN (OS)

David! It's magnificent!

MOVE BACK

A group of MEN and two WOMEN admire the painting. The ladies wear formal
gowns, the men black tie. DAVID BANCROFT looks briefly at a man and smiles.

BANCROFT

Thank you.

In the background, Michele, her father and Jack are admitted. The BUTLER
takes their hats and coats. MacNair nods at some of the men, shakes one or
two hands. Michele sees Bancroft, takes Jack's arm and makes her way toward
him. Bancroft turns as the men look at her.

BANCROFT (cont'g)

Michele.

He kisses her hand.

MICHELE

Mr. Bancroft... Mr. Reynolds.

They shake hands.

MICHELE (cont'g)

Mr. Reynolds is in oil.

BANCROFT

How nice. So am I.

Jack is forced to smile as he sizes up Bancroft.

MICHELE

Oh, what a nice painting.

Bancroft turns and gestures with an effeminate manner.

BANCROFT

Yes, it's new...

Michele peers at the brass plaque.

MICHELE

"Aphrodisia..."

(straightens)

Isn't that the wonderful thing about abstract art? You can't tell if it's good or bad!

She smiles brightly at Bancroft. The atmosphere cools.

BANCROFT

Still the delightful tease. And your dear father, is he here?

Michele's eyes point to her father across the room.

BANCROFT (cont'g)

Oh, good. Tell me, my dear, is the life of the Carburetor Queen as glamorous as it sounds?

MICHELE

David, darling. In my own little way, I'm just trying to help.

BANCROFT

Of course.

Michele indulges his feigned ignorance.

MICHELE

Your environmental protectors have made oil so scarce and your government regulators have made it so expensive, why, I'm stepping on the accelerator as if it's squirting Channel No. 5. But then, that's the plan, isn't it, David?

Some of the men move away.

BANCROFT

Michele, you slay me.

Michele smiles. Jack takes her arm.

JACK

Excuse us, won't you?

Bancroft bows. Jack turns them and grabs two glasses from a WAITER'S tray. HERMAN LOWELL stands by the hors d'oeuvres table, which they approach.

JACK (cont'g)

What was that all about? Who's the Carburetor Queen?

MICHELE

I am. Why, here is Dr. Lowell! Jack Reynolds, meet Herman Lowell, director of our National Security Bureau.

Jack is taken aback. Lowell declines to shake hands. He is powerful but subdued in the presence of David Bancroft, who is near.

MICHELE (cont'g)

Dr. Lowell has been making the world safe for David Bancroft for, lo, these many years. Any spontaneous popular uprisings planned this month, Herman?

(to Jack)

It's always nice to have inside advice when planning one's vacation...

LOWELL

These aren't nice things you say, Michele.

MICHELE

Herman is so sensitive. Herman, Jack is MacNair's new troubleshooter.

LOWELL

An appropriate escort.

MICHELE

We have been having some problems, Herman, at MacNair... little acts of sabotage... purely spontaneous... but I shouldn't bore you with business problems.

LOWELL

The industry's problems are the nation's problems.

MICHELE

So true, so true. But sabotage has so many faces, Herman. Isn't that right, Jack? Jack knows sabotage when he sees it.

Jack looks sternly at Michele.

LOWELL

I dare say he does.

Jack quietly clears his throat. Isaac Poe appears at the table, picking amongst the crackers and dips.

MICHELE

Congratulations, Isaac. Or do they call you "Geronimo" these days? This is Jack Reynolds.

Poe looks at Michele, ignoring Jack.

MICHELE (cont'g)

The Friends of the Apache and the Bureau of the Environment make a good team.

POE

These are enlightened times. Someone must stop you rapists.

MICHELE

Tell us, Isaac - who are the Friends of the Apache? Who is their spokesman?

Poe motions to a tall, foppish MAN across the room, who is talking to an attractive WOMAN. This is RICHARD FENWICK.

POE

Richard Fenwick.

Michele and Jack turn and look.

MICHELE

Why, Richard, of course. Good, solid Apache family.

POE

The Indians need help from many quarters to avoid exploitation.

JACK

I know some Indians who'd dispute that.

MICHELE

Never take Isaac literally, Darling. He's

not talking about real Indians. There are no Indians on Apache Ridge. There are no Indians in the Friends of the Apache. There's just Richard Fenwick.

They watch as Fenwick enjoys a huge joke with the woman. Fenwick and the woman are joined by David Bancroft, who has overheard them. He laughs, too. Poe looks at Jack.

POE

Who're you?

JACK

Scalp hunter.

Michele looks at Jack.

MICHELE

Richard is the chairman of the Bancroft Foundation. We could ask Richard if the foundation is contributing to our Apache friends. Or would that be overdoing it?

POE

You've been overdoing it for a long time. You're fighting History.

MICHELE

Ah, History. You know, you're such a well-rounded, all-purpose bureaucrat, Isaac. With you, I can discuss not only the affairs of MacNair Oil but also the social aspects of high-mileage carburetors.

(to Jack)

Isaac's bureau oversees life in general.

Poe eats a canapé.

POE

The environment IS life in general. Your carburetor is pie in the sky, a pipedream.

Jack frowns.

JACK

Carburetor?

MICHELE

The Novak Carburetor gets 120 miles per gallon from a V-8. 250 from a four-cylinder. It runs on fumes.

JACK

What?!

POE

Horse manure. It would never pass

emission tests.

MICHELE

Not with you as examiner. It has virtually no emissions.

Poe makes a belittling gesture with his hand.

JACK

Do you own this carburetor?

MICHELE

I'm financing the inventor.

Poe watches. Jack turns to Poe.

JACK

And you don't like this invention?

POE

It is socially irresponsible. The people must get used to less.

JACK

But if it gets this good a mileage...

POE

There are no easy solutions, no simplistic answers.

MICHELE

Welcome to Never-never Land, Darling. Let's go annoy Mr. Fenwick.

As Michele and Jack move toward Fenwick, David Bancroft smoothly buttonholes Mitchell MacNair, neatly avoiding the two interlopers.

MICHELE (cont'g)

Richard Fenwick, meet Jack Reynolds. Richard is the head of the Bancroft Foundation, which sounds like some rather majestic underwear.

FENWICK

Quite. How do you do?

JACK

(nods)

That's tax-exempt, isn't it?

FENWICK

That's right.

MICHELE

Richard, I hear you are the Friend of the Apache.

FENWICK

One of many, actually.

MICHELE

Uh, huh. And is Friend of Apache going on warpath?

FENWICK

(smiles)

Let's say we can hear tom-toms.

JACK

How does this tax-exempt thing work?

FENWICK

Why? Thinking of starting a foundation?

Jack considers his sarcasm.

JACK

More like ending one.

Fenwick bristles.

MICHELE

The Bancroft Foundation works like this: Petram's oil profits are put into David Bancroft's foundation with great tax savings. The money can then be given to needy charities such as

(waves hand at room)

the Federal Advisory, the Friend of the Apache--

FENWICK

--That's friends, plural--

MICHELE

Of course, Richard. What do your Apache friends call you, Shitting Bull? And then the Friend of the Apache whispers to the Bureau of the Environment, Isaac here, and before you can say Little Big Horn, poof! Apache Ridge no longer exists as a threat to Petram. The oil price structure stays intact. Barely.

FENWICK

I don't hear Mitchell MacNair complaining about high oil prices.

Fenwick gestures toward MacNair, who listens to Bancroft with a skeptical look on his face.

MICHELE

My father may not complain about high oil prices but I'll bet he would prefer 50 cents

per gallon and no windfall profits tax.

FENWICK

Your all-purpose solution: carry us back to the 1950s.

MICHELE

No, Richard. I propose change. Real change.

Up walks PAUL DEVEREAUX, drink in hand, grinning. He jingles his coins.

DEVEREAUX

I've got change! Who needs change? Why, yes! I think it is! It's - the Carburetor Queen! And, if I'm not mistaken, you're Jack Reynolds, the Human Torpedo.

MICHELE

And this is Paul Devereaux, the biggest liar on the face of this earth.

Jack wipes his eye.

DEVEREAUX

Tsk, the things you say!

MICHELE

Paul publishes the New York Tribune and all the news that fits the party line, which is decided here. Will tonight's meeting be in the paper tomorrow, Paul?

Devereaux turns to Jack.

DEVEREAUX

Your Soviet grain ship caper sold a lot of newspapers.

JACK

You must have me mistaken for someone else.

MICHELE

Do you really want to sell a lot of papers, Paul? Why don't you tell about the Great Environmentalist discussing his portfolio of oil stocks with the Great Rapist? Don't you think that Big Oil and Big Ecology and Big News and Big Government belonging to the same club is news? Why don't you tell the people?

Devereaux smiles evenly.

DEVEREAUX

You tell them.

MOVE IN

to Mitchell MacNair and David Bancroft.

BANCROFT

Michele hasn't changed..

MACNAIR

She does carry on, David - I'm sorry.

BANCROFT

My shoulders are broad, Mitchell. I was surprised to see outsiders here tonight.

MACNAIR

Yes... Well, she was rather insistant. After all, Michele will be running the company one day.

BANCROFT

She's rather an alarmist, don't you think?

MACNAIR

Michele tends to, ah, overemphasize your role in the, ah, scheme of things.

BANCROFT

There are those who will grasp for the simplistic answers.

MACNAIR

Not to change the subject, David, but have you heard of a group that calls itself The Friends of the Apache?

Bancroft is bland, expressionless.

MOVE TO

Isaac Poe and Herman Lowell move together.

LOWELL

This carburetor. Is it anything?

POE

Perhaps.

LOWELL

The implications are enormous.

They stare at Michele. Over the general noise of the party, Mitchell MacNair's voice thunders:

MACNAIR

RICHARD FENWICK????!

MacNair plunges through the crowd and finds Fenwick, who stands with Michele, Jack and Devereaux. He rushes up to Fenwick and punches him in the nose. Fenwick drops.

MACNAIR (cont'g)

(to Michele)

I'm leaving.

MICHELE

(to Jack)

Seen enough?

JACK

I've enjoyed all of this that I can stand.

The three retrieve their coats and hats and depart by the penthouse elevator. Just as the doors close, Michele looks at her father.

MICHELE

You hit the wrong one, Father.

David Bancroft, Herman Lowell and Isaac Poe have a discreet parlay. Someone helps Fenwick up and examines his nose.

BANCROFT

This is a disappointment...

POE

Let him rave. We can lock up Apache Ridge permanently.

BANCROFT

Do we have an update on that preposterous carburetor?

POE

It will never reach the market.

BANCROFT

But does it work?

Herman Lowell watches and listens.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

A prisoner, FRANK HAMILL, types at a table in cell in this minimum security prison. A PRISON GUARD appears at his cell door.

GUARD

Attorney visit, Mr. Hamill.

Hamill looks at the guard somewhat uncertainly.

INT. PRISON VISITOR ROOM - DAY

Hamill's LAWYER looks through wirelined glass at Hamill. Each holds a telephone. Hamill looks at his.

HAMILL

Think this was Sing-Sing.

LAWYER

Frank, you're going before the parole board. I got you an unscheduled hearing.

HAMILL

Aren't you about three years early?

LAWYER

(whispers)

Don't screw around, Frank. Go through the motions with these guys.

HAMILL

What gives?

LAWYER

Help these guys, Frank. They're going to turn you loose. Don't be a smart-ass, okay? And give me a call when you get out. I'll pick you up.

The lawyer hangs up his phone and nods at Hamill, who sits and looks at him.

INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The MEMBERS of the parole board sit at their long table. Hamill faces them.

MEMBER 1

How will you support yourself on the street, Frank?

HAMILL

I already have an offer for my memoirs.

Some of the other members chuckle despite themselves.

MEMBER 1

They should be something to read..

Hamill nods.

MEMBER 2

Yes. Well, Frank, based on time served and the good behavior, Judge Roberts and we concur that you have learned a lesson out of this..

Hamill surveys the members blankly. Only his mouth gives away his cynicism.

MEMBER 2 (cont'g)

Therefore, it is the decision of this

board to grant Frank Hamill a parole-

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL - LATER

Hamill gathers his typewriter and papers. The guard watches.

GUARD

Hope everything's been okay, Mr. Hamill.

HAMILL

First class.

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - NIGHT

The huge gate opens. Frank Hamill steps out carrying his typewriter and briefcase. The lawyer sits in his limo.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The lawyer eyes Hamill's typewriter.

LAWYER

How's the play, Shakespeare?

HAMILL

Cut the crap, Louie. What gives?

LAWYER

What the hell you think? The fix is in.
You're working.

HAMILL

I took early retirement.

LAWYER

You took the Fifth. You're working,
Frank.

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY BUREAU - NIGHT

Frank Hamill sits before the desk of Herman Lowell, Director NSB.

HAMILL

I don't want my job back, Herman.

LOWELL

It's not being offered. No GS number,
just money.

HAMILL

Money, hell. I can write a book. I can
get money.

LOWELL

How do you spend money inside? Toothpaste?

Soap?

HAMILL

I'm out in less than three.

LOWELL

You're out now, Frank. If you elect to go back in, "less than three" could be eternity.

Hamill pauses and considers.

HAMILL

What kind of money?

LOWELL

More than any book could bring.

HAMILL

Are you going to set me up again, Herman?

Lowell ignores the question.

HAMILL (cont'g)

Herman?

LOWELL

You are not a milkman.

HAMILL

Ask a dumb question.

(sighs)

What gives?

Lowell hands him some papers. Hamill peruses Jack's service record.

INSERT

Picture, combat record, decorations. Newspaper articles of Jack's sabotage of the Soviet freighter. Hamill nods.

HAMILL (cont'g)

Oh, yeah - this guy. So what?

LOWELL

He's troubleshooting for an oil company.

HAMILL

Major or independent?

LOWELL

Independent.

Hamill has a wry look.

HAMILL

Hmm. He's the troubleshooter and you're the troublemaker. And I'm the trouble-shooter for the troublemaker.

LOWELL

The man is very dangerous.

HAMILL

Hell. They're all dangerous, Herman, as soon as they decide to act.

Herman Lowell hands Hamill more papers.

LOWELL

He's only as dangerous as those who pay him.

Hamill laughs.

HAMILL

Yeah, you oughta know. Uh, huh-- MacNair. Now, THIS is dangerous.

Hamill holds up a news photo of Michele in all her glory.

LOWELL

At this time, MacNair Oil is dangerous to the order of things.

Hamill continues to admire Michele's photo.

HAMILL

Yeah.

INT. FENWICK'S OFFICE - DAY

In his office at the Bancroft Foundation, Richard Fenwick, nose bandaged, sits at his desk behind which is a large portrait of David Bancroft. The intercom buzzes.

SECRETARY (VO)

Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Devereaux on line 2.

Small click.

FENWICK

Hello, Paul.

INT. NEW YORK TRIBUNE - DAY

Paul Devereaux and his EDITORS sit at a conference table. Devereaux addresses a speaker phone on the table.

DEVEREAUX

Richard, how shall we handle the Friends of the Apache, and the MacNair business?

FENWICK (VO)

As straight news.

Devereaux chuckles.

DEVEREAUX

Right, Richard. But what role are you playing in this thing?

FENWICK (VO)

Call me "a spokesperson."

DEVEREAUX

Uh, huh. Are we to use your name?

FENWICK (VO)

No. Just "a spokesperson."

DEVEREAUX

So, the Bancroft Foundation should not be named..

FENWICK (VO)

Heavens, no.

DEVEREAUX

How do you anticipate the story will go?

FENWICK (VO)

(pauses)

I expect the Bureau of the Environment will condemn the MacNair-Apache lease.. At any rate, Paul, I don't see much of a story here.

The editors look at each other uncertainly.

DEVEREAUX

Back page stuff?

FENWICK (VO)

I should think so, Paul. It should not dominate anyone's thinking.

DEVEREAUX

We'll downplay it.

FENWICK (VO)

Good.

Devereaux looks at the editors for acknowledgment.

DEVEREAUX

Right, Richard. Ta, ta.

INT. FENWICK'S OFFICE

Richard Fenwick disconnects.

MOVE BACK

to show Fenwick's desk. There are two little flags. One is the American flag, the other is the Soviet flag.

CUT TO:

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY BUREAU ARMORY - NIGHT

Frank Hamill pushes a shopping cart down an aisle between racks of weapons. In the cart are a few handguns. He looks from rack to rack as if shopping for soup. A civilian ARMORER accompanies him. Hamill stops at a rack of submachine guns. He considers Grease Guns. The armorer indicates silenced Ingrams. Hamill takes one and examines it then puts two in the cart and pushes on to the rifle rack. Hamill removes an accurized M-14 with a range-finding telescope and puts it in the cart.

HAMILL

Whaddya got for the nighttime?

The armorer motions to a rack of M-14s fitted with Starlight night vision scopes. Hamill removes one and hefts it.

HAMILL (VO)

Okay. I want these two fitted with suppressors, right?

The armorer nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

An old car drives up to an ivy-covered building. The DRIVER stays in the car, writing on a clipboard, as Jack and Michele saunter up to the car.

MICHELE

Hello there, Mad Scientist!

The driver, PETER NOVAK, in his late twenties, looks up and smiles.

NOVAK

(gets out)

Michele!

They hug.

MICHELE

Peter, meet Jack Reynolds. How's the mileage on this old bomb?

Jack and Novak shake hands. Then Novak checks his figures.

NOVAK

Uh, well - around one hundred twenty.

Jack looks at the old car.

JACK

Come on.

Novak is good-natured. He opens the hood and points at the carburetor.

NOVAK

It is not too remarkable. It's really just a refinement of the old Pogue carburetor. This was all done fifty years ago...

JACK

(dubious)

What's it do?

NOVAK

The gasoline is heated here... turned into a vapor. The car literally runs on fumes. Would you like to drive it?

INT. OLD CAR - DAY

Jack drives with Novak in the passenger seat.

NOVAK (cont'g)

There is actually a gain in performance.

Jack tentatively accelerates. Then he floors it. They are pushed back in their seats.

JACK

What engine is this?

NOVAK

(checks)

This is... a 383 cubic inch engine.

Jack is incredulous.

JACK

This is wild.

They drive back to where Michele waits.

EXT. CAMPUS

Michele grins as they get out. Jack closes the door and shakes his head.

JACK (cont'g)

How dey do dat?

NOVAK

Ve haff vays!

The three walk to Novak's office.

INT. NOVAK'S OFFICE - DAY

The three have coffee cups. Jack stands by a file cabinet.

NOVAK

I think we're in business. I found a warehouse that suits our purposes...

MICHELE

(to Jack)

We're going into production!

Jack chuckles and nods.

JACK

Great!

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jack and Michele exit taxicab. Jack pays, buys a newspaper and they enter. Jack folds the Tribune and doesn't look at it.

INT. MANHATTAN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

As Jack and Michele enter elevator,

MICHELE

After last night, Father will probably close the New York office.

JACK

I wouldn't let 'em run me out of town.

Michele looks quickly at Jack.

INT. ELEVATOR

JACK (cont'g)

In fact,

(reads her mind)

"Death to Boogymen!" My motto.

Michele takes a deep breath and looks away.

INT. MACNAIR NYC OFFICE - DAY

A sober Michele enters her father's office. Jack unfolds the evening Tribune and without looking at it, drops it on the RECEPTIONIST'S desk. He enters MacNair's office. Michele is behind her father.

MacNair sits, ruefully looking at his daughter.

MACNAIR

Well? Where is it?

MICHELE
(smoothes his hair)
Where is what, Dear?

MACNAIR
That ten-pound crow you have for me
to eat.

Michele pats his silver hair lovingly.

MICHELE
You're so stubborn! And I'm such a
paranoid!

MacNair winces and holds his hands up.

MACNAIR
Okay! I surrender! The question now
is, where do we go from here?

Jack and Michele are silent. Jack goes to the far wall and examines the
photos of old drilling scenes.

JACK
Maybe Poe will go ahead and approve the
Apache.

MACNAIR
(nods)
Maybe so, maybe so.

MICHELE
And if he doesn't?

Jack moves from photo to photo.

JACK
Ah, we'll just go ahead and drill one
anyway.

MacNair looks at his daughter. Michele looks back and smiles.

MACNAIR
This is our troubleshooter?

MICHELE
Isn't he marvelous?

MacNair sighs and gets up to join Jack. They look at the same B&W photo.

MACNAIR
That was the big one, MacNair No. 7.
Lucky Seven. I hocked everything including
her mother's ring, to drill that one. I'da
probably gone to selling shoes...

JACK

She blew in.

MACNAIR

The bad old days. That's me, covered
in oil.

JACK

If I did that, you'd run me off.

MACNAIR

Hmm. Well, a little oil never hurt anyone,
for very long.. It's just these damned idiots!

MICHELE

They are not idiots, Father.

The door opens. The receptionist enters with the Tribune, folded to an
inside page. Wordlessly, she hands it to MacNair. He looks.

INSERT - NEWS STORY

BOE FORBIDS DRILLING

The Bureau of the Environment
today announced the cancellation
of drilling permits to MacNair Oil
Company of Houston, Texas for their
proposed operations in SE New Mexico.
Bureau chief Isaac Poe cited a pending
lawsuit brought by Friends of the
Apache, a group of concerned citizens,
as "a major factor" in his decision.
A spokesperson for Friends of the
Apache expressed satisfaction with
the ruling.

OFFICE

Mitchell MacNair sighs. He hands the paper to Jack, who is joined by
Michele. They read the story as MacNair goes to his desk and sits. He
appears calm. As Michele finishes the story and starts to say something,
MacNair's head hits the blotter with a sickening CLUNK. Jack rushes to him.

JACK

Get an ambulance!

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

MacNair lies in intensive care. A heart monitor blips. Jack and Michele
watch pensively from the doorway. A NURSE nods professionally and
reassuringly. The door is shut in their faces.

INT. NYC TV STUDIO - NIGHT

AARON STERN stands before a TV camera, script in hand. A DIRECTOR watches
the studio clock and points at Stern.

STERN

(at camera)

This is Aaron Stern. Friends, there are gas lines in Texas! Stick around..

A commercial is run. Stern checks his script. Jack and Michele enter the studio door. Stern notices and waves. Michele puts on a brave face.

DIRECTOR

Ten seconds...

The director points at Stern. Stern's speech is rapid-fire.

STERN

Yes, friends, you heard correctly. No, your ears are not playing tricks. There are gas lines in Texas. In Houston and Dallas, motorists are lining up just as they did in Los Angeles and New York. In Texas! Does this mean that Texas has run out of oil? Has the North Pole run out of snow? No, friends - not exactly. I flew to Washington DC this morning, and, from a certain congressional source, learned why Texas motorists are lining up for gas. You see, friends, the gasoline allocation for Texas has been held up! How's that again? Friends, we are learning all the time... Most of us do not know that all gasoline is put into a federal allocation pool. On paper, of course. The federal government controls the allocation of all gasoline to each state. And if the government wants a certain state to suffer a shortage, it simply withholds its gasoline allocation! It's that simple! And it's the same with home heating oil, or Diesel. Friends, is there any excuse for the government to withhold gasoline for our cars or heating oil for our homes? We are told that a cutback is necessary due to a shutoff in the Middle East. What has caused an oil shutoff in the Middle East? You know the answer. Regular listeners to this broadcast know that our government's planned destabilization of the entire Middle East has led to revolution and chaos. You also know that revolution and chaos have given us shortages and shortages have given us high prices. It is not a pretty picture, friends, when certain elements of business use government to drive up the prices of their products. There is a word for this practice, friends: The word is "fascism." I'll be right back...

Another commercial. Stern takes a deep breath. He raises his eyebrows at Michele. Michele smiles encouragingly. Stern looks at the director. The director points.

STERN (cont'g)

When the fascistic elements of business and government join forces, there can be only one result. And that result, friends, is War. Be with me tomorrow for more...

Stern steps down from the raised dais. He opens his arms to greet Michele.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The three have paper coffee cups. Stern is desolated.

STERN (cont'g)

This is terrible! Terrible! Will he be all right?

Michele bravely shrugs and looks down. She can't talk.

JACK

He's had a real strain...

STERN

Well, that's exactly what I've been saying!

Jack is thoughtful.

JACK

Why are you allowed to make this expose' broadcasts?

STERN

I'm not hurting them enough. The program is syndicated only to a few local stations. If I ever create real awareness of them - really expose them - well, frankly, I'd probably have an accident. They don't need a martyr now. When my audience grows - if - well, they would then have to make a decision.

JACK

The Federal Advisory?

Stern nods.

JACK (cont'g)

They could just stop your program.

STERN

They will ignore me for the time being. Their main problem is that I am dealing in truth, and the truth tends to make more sense than lies over the long run.

JACK

The long run. How long do we have?

Stern shrugs.

STERN

The Advisory has been accumulating power
for many decades...

JACK

What will your audience do if they hear
you and they believe you?

STERN

They must realize, Jack, that these...
people... cannot be removed from power by
the voters... No matter who is elected,
the Federal Advisory runs the show. No,
this is a cancer and cancer sometimes
requires surgery.

Jack nods.

JACK

That's what I've been thinking.

Stern rubs his face.

STERN

They're quite mad, you know.

CUT TO:

INT. NOVAK'S OFFICE - DAY

Novak sits at his desk. He addresses a visitor whose back is toward us.

NOVAK

I see... How did you find me?

VISITOR

I'm in R&D myself. It didn't take a private
eye to find Professor Novak! After all the
papers you've written...

NOVAK

Yes. Well, what can I do for you?

MOVING SHOT

The visitor is Frank Hamill.

HAMILL

Professor, what if someone offered, say,
a million dollars for this invention of
yours? What would you say?

NOVAK

Who would offer me so much money? You?

HAMILL

Would you sell it?

NOVAK

It is not mine to sell. Besides, this... person - what would he do with the carburetor after he has paid so much money for it?

HAMILL

Perhaps he would help you with research, or enable you to work on other projects.

NOVAK

I see. But - what is your name?

HAMILL

Peters.

NOVAK

Mr. Peters, I failed to mention that I already have private financing. So! There is no need for the million dollars.

Hamill sighs. His PR face is slipping.

HAMILL

Okay.

(gets up)

Think it over. The million dollars is just for openers. You could just about name your price.

NOVAK

Thank you. As I said, it is not mine to sell.

Hamill takes a last look at Novak.

HAMILL

Sure?

Novak smiles and nods.

Hamill winks and departs. Novak goes about his business.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAWN

The birds are chirping. It is a peaceful scene with the colorful leaves on the trees lining the campus drive, the dew on the grass glistens.

LONG SHOT

A small figure on a bicycle approaches. There is no traffic, no noise. The rider comes at us head on, down the tree-lined road. As he draws nearer, it is Professor Novak. Head down, watching the road, he is preoccupied.

A white car turns the corner behind him and starts our way, approaching Novak from behind. He does not seem to hear it and it doesn't make much noise.

The car approaches, draws even and passes him. It turns a corner at an intersection in front of us and passes out of view. Novak keeps coming. As the car noise dies down, we can now hear his pedaling and breathing.

There is a new noise. An accelerating noise. A car must be accelerating toward the intersection in front of us! Novak has no stop sign. He pedals toward us. The acceleration noise increases. Novak pedals into the intersection. He hears the car, looks to his right in disbelief as a dark sedan plunges into the intersection.

THUNK!

LATER

At the intersection, an ambulance pulls away slowly. A POLICEMAN takes measurements. Jack and Aaron Stern stand at the scene. Michele sits in Stern's car. She shakes as she cries.

Jack and Stern walk to a bloody patch on the road. They look at it briefly and look away.

STERN

I have overdiagnosed the problem.

INT. STERN'S CAR - LATER

Stern drives. Michele is in the middle, Jack by the door. Michele's eyes are red.

STERN (cont'g)

These bastards must know there is a risk involved in what they do.

MICHELE

They only understand one thing.

STERN

It will be extremely dangerous, of course.

JACK

It's pretty dangerous already. But, that's life: no one gets out alive.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACNAIR-APACHE LEASE - DAWN

Huge trailer trucks drive over the hilly, dusty lease road, carrying the giant segments of a drilling rig.

DRILLING LOCATION - LATER

Jack Reynolds stands on a bulldozed section of ground watching as the rig is trucked in. He watches with the drilling foreman.

JACK

Everybody gets triple pay but nobody
leaves the location.

FOREMAN

A real tight hole!

JACK

Probably the tightest ever drilled. A
total secret.

The foreman nods.

FOREMAN

Who're we going to surprise?

JACK

The feds.

The foreman has an uncertain, uncomprehending look.

QUICK CUTS

The huge rig is assembled. Finally, the 100' mast is raised upright.

LATER

More trucks arrive on location with giant telephone poles and stacks of
lumber.

QUICK CUTS

Poles being erected around the rig. The long boards are nailed to the poles.
Slowly the rig becomes hidden by the barricades.

Two ROUGHNECKS paint the silver mast tan and brown and green, camouflaging
it. Finally, artillery netting is hoisted over the top of the barricade,
leaving only space to bring in equipment. The rig is all but hidden from
casual view in the gorge in which it is located.

EXT. RIG FLOOR - DAY

Jack, the foreman and the DRILLER stand on the rig floor. The driller smokes
a fat stogie. He lets up on the brake handle, the drill bit and drill
collars disappear down through the floor.

DRILLER

Turn 'er to the right?

JACK

Turn 'er to the right!

The driller kicks in the clutch. The rotary table lurches and begins
spinning in a clockwise direction.

EXT. ON THE GROUND - LATER

With the Kelly spinning behind them, Jack and the foreman confer.

JACK (cont'g)

Well, I'm going to get to my rat-killing..

FOREMAN

Okay... We'll be running surface pipe on morning tour...

Jack nods and shakes hands. He gets in his truck and departs.

LATER

Drilling operations are progressing.

QUICK CUTS

The drilling Kelly spins as it descends. The brown drilling mud pours out of the conductor pipe and into the mud pits to be reconditioned.

The driller chews his stogie.

NIGHT

The roughnecks change shifts. The work goes on around the clock. Off-duty roughnecks go into trailers on location. A catering truck delivers food. Casing is being run into the hole. The foreman confers with the CEMENTER.

FOREMAN

Harvey, this is a real tight hole.

CEMENTER

Sure thing.

FOREMAN

I mean, it's something you just can't talk about.

CEMENTER

Hell, I don't talk about 'em anyway. Don't worry about it.

RIG FLOOR

The drillpipe is back in the hole. The driller, hand on the brake, gently lets the drillstring down. He kicks the rotary table into gear.

DRILLER

Let's make hole!

The table slams into motion. The Kelly spins at 100 rpm.

EXT. POE ESTATE - DAY

Isaac Poe comes out of French Provincial house dressed in a red warm-up suit and tennis shoes. He runs through a few calisthenics, push-ups, etc. Breathing a little hard, he enters garage and comes out pushing an Italian racing bicycle. He puts a clip on his pants leg and climbs on, placing his

feet in the toe clips of the pedals. He balances expertly in place as he adjusts the gear levers.

As Poe heads down the long, tree-lined drive to the road, his CHAUFFEUR-BODYGUARD follows in the Bureau's black limo. Poe rides briskly down the eighth-mile long drive on which are planted tall Italian cypress trees. He reaches the road and turns left.

ON THE ROAD

Poe rides along the country road, tailed by the limousine. Cars pass him. Poe glares at them suspiciously.

POE ESTATE - LATER

Poe returns to his estate drive.

LONG SHOT

of Poe riding up the long drive. The limo pulls in and follows him.

CLOSE UP

An Italian cypress. Is someone behind it?

LONG SHOT

of Poe. He passes the fifth pair of cypresses, puffing. One hundred feet behind him, the first pair of cypresses have their trunks BLOWN by explosives. Poe flinches and wobbles, turning around to look just as the trees crash down across the driveway. The limo runs into the trees and must stop. The next pair is blown. And the next. Poe stares long enough to see another pair blown and he starts pedaling. He pedals as hard as he can. He really steams toward the upper end of the drive.

Another pair is blown. Another. The explosive charges are nearing him. They explode just as he passes them. The falling trees are falling just behind. He is really racing now. The explosions are ahead of him. He doesn't have far to go to get past the trees. The chauffeur-bodyguard far behind shouts and waves for him to stop.

He ducks and is just missed. The drive is like a war-zone behind him. He strains and ducks just as a pair of trees comes crashing down, crushing him.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

Aaron Stern appears on the screen.

STERN

This is Aaron Stern. The nation's most famous environmentalist has been killed - by a tree! Stick around.

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Stern glances at the director as the commercial runs.

STERN (cont'g)

How's that?

DIRECTOR

Good... ready...

He points.

STERN

Yes, friends, you heard correctly. A tree has killed Mr. Isaac Poe, director of the Bureau of the Environment. Poe, long known as the head of the radical Friends of the Lodgepole Pine, was felled today by an Italian cypress. Witnesses said Poe was bicycling on his posh Maryland estate and that as he entered the drive leading to his mansion, "the trees just started exploding around him." Two of them did fall on Poe and he was crushed. Whether this means that Poe should have planted junipers, your reporter doesn't know—

INT. STERN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stern sits at his office desk. His coat is off, he is wearing a .38 Special in a well-worn shoulder holster. He studies some papers, then pushes them aside and rises. As he puts on his coat and turns out the office light, he pats the snub-nose.

STERN (cont'g)

Register evergreens, not firearms.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Mitchell MacNair lies in his bed, an oxygen mask over his nose and mouth. The nurse pokes her head in.

NURSE

Mr. MacNair, you have visitors... Please be brief, gentlemen...

MacNair blinks awake. David Bancroft and TWO MEN enter. The nurse adjusts MacNair's mask and plumps his pillow. Bancroft smiles at the nurse and at MacNair. Bancroft carries flowers.

BANCROFT

Surely... Hello, Mitchell, old fellow. How are you feeling?

MacNair looks at Bancroft through sleepy, suspicious eyes.

MACNAIR

(muffled by mask)

David..

He eyes the two strangers. Bancroft dismisses them and they exit.

BANCROFT

Well! You've had us all pretty worried!

MACNAIR

(muffled)

Since when have you needed bodyguards?

Bancroft strains to hear him. He looks closely at MacNair.

BANCROFT

It has become a dangerous world. Mitchell, aside from your health, I've come to ask if you are still... a team player?

MacNair removes his oxygen mask.

MACNAIR

Meaning what?

The nurse re-enters with a vase.

BANCROFT

Thank you, Nurse... Quite simply, Mitchell, we in business have reached a delicate stage in our long drive for a new order... We are so near... However, the slight-

MACNAIR

What's wrong with the old order?

BANCROFT

--the slightest misjudgment at this time--

MACNAIR

You mean, for instance, a major oil discovery?

BANCROFT

A major oil discovery would not be in the country's best interest just now...

MACNAIR

And why the hell not?

BANCROFT

It would create a false impression... Energy supplies are just not unlimited. People would draw the wrong conclusions.

MACNAIR

And your price structure would collapse!

David Bancroft withdraws and busies himself with the flowers. He fills the vase with water and arranges the roses.

BANCROFT
Aren't they lovely?

MACNAIR
Michele was right.

His weakened fingers drop the mask. It falls on the floor.

BANCROFT
Mitchell, the people simply must lower their expectations. Our standard of living must be cut back.

MACNAIR
(disbelief)
Your standard of living?

BANCROFT
Some of us will not feel the impact as soon as others...

MACNAIR
Michele was right...
(motions at the floor)
My mask...

Bancroft moves toward the mask.

BANCROFT
Ah, Michele... You know, Mitchell, it would be very foolish to just hand over MacNair Oil to her, willy-nilly...

MACNAIR
Michele knows the business... My mask!

Bancroft takes his time.

BANCROFT
Michele is impulsive, Mitchell. She is not a team player.

MacNair's face is changing color.

MACNAIR
David, the oxygen!

Bancroft bends over and picks up the mask. He holds it absentmindedly.

BANCROFT
The oil business can be very rough. Perhaps too rough for a woman.

MacNair's lips are turning blue, he breathes fast and reaches for the mask. Bancroft doesn't seem to notice.

BANCROFT (cont'g)
The MacNair-Apache lease, for instance...
There is no telling how impulsively she
might act if she were just given control
of your company!

As if just realizing he has it, he turns the mask over to MacNair. MacNair sucks deeply on the oxygen and looks fearfully at Bancroft.

BANCROFT (cont'g)
Well, Mitchell?

MacNair continues to breathe until he is more comfortable.

MACNAIR
What is it you could possibly want, David?
Why are you doing this? Surely, it's not
just the money...

Bancroft watches MacNair.

MACNAIR (cont'g)
Over the years... what people have said
about you... I've defended you! You're a
businessman, just like me!

BANCROFT
Competition is a sin, Mitchell.

MacNair is shocked.

BANCROFT (cont'g)
The people must get used to less. They
are too comfortable.

MACNAIR
But you! You of all people! You have
all the money you could possibly—

BANCROFT
Don't fight History, Mitchell.

MACNAIR
What?!

BANCROFT
There is an inevitability... the fittest
must survive.

MACNAIR
"Survive?" You're not talking about
survival - it's domination! Michele IS
right! You—

BANCROFT
That brings us back to Michele.

MacNair's eyes narrow.

MACNAIR
You're mad.

BANCROFT
For her sake—

MACNAIR
You're mad! Get away! Get OUT!

David Bancroft takes a deep breath.

BANCROFT
Mitchell... Your heart...

MACNAIR
My heart hell! You Bolshevik bastard!
Get out of here!

Stung but expressionless, Bancroft exits room.

CUT TO:

INSERT

B&W photo of Isaac Poe's ruined drive, with Poe's body in foreground.

INT. HERMAN LOWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank Hamill sits before Lowell's desk. He looks at the photo.

HAMILL
Gotta admit, Herman— the guy's got a
certain style.

LOWELL
Mr. Hamill... You have not been given your
freedom in order for me to entertain you.

HAMILL
Okay, Herman - the guy is dangerous. No
question.

MOVE BACK

A third man sitting before Lowell's desk. Hamill addresses him.

HAMILL (cont'g)
Think you can get back on that rig?

It is the crane operator, GOREN, who cut Jack's airhose. He is well-dressed.

GOREN

(winces)
I was lucky to get off that rig, in one piece.

HAMILL
Haven't you got a union or something?
(hands up)
Okay, okay, Herman...
(to Goren)
Say you get back on the rig, what can you do? Push him in the water, he could care less. Goddamn frogman.

Goren thinks.

GOREN
I really blew my best chance.

HAMILL
Yeah, well... Let's have Goren here try to get back on the rig. I'll figure something out from my end.

Lowell nods at Goren, who exits room.

HAMILL (cont'g)
Tell 'em your kids are starving!

Hamill looks at the B&W photo, patting the top of his head.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STATION - DAY

Aaron Stern removes his coat as he sits down. He sees a note on his desk and reads it as he unconsciously shifts his shoulder holster. He thinks.

He dials the phone and waits.

STERN
(into phone)
Ahem. Mr. James Macmillan, Secretary of Energy, would like the opportunity to respond to my broadcast inaccuracies.

INT. MACNAIR NYC OFFICE

Michele is on her private line.

MICHELE
You're kidding.

STERN (VO)
Come with me. He won't expect you.

MICHELE
When?

STERN (VO)
We can just catch the 2:10 to DC.

MICHELE
Phooey. Let's take the company plane.

STERN'S OFFICE

STERN
I've just got to jack up my ideas!

MICHELE (VO)
You just love me for my airplane. I'll be right over.

Stern hangs up. He picks up Macmillan's message and reads it again.

EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY

Stern and Michele exit her car and board the MacNair company jet.

STERN
I could learn to enjoy this.

EXT. DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY - DAY

Stern and Michele get out of taxi. As they head up the steps, Stern marvels at the edifice.

STERN (cont'g)
This is a ghost town in reverse. Yesterday, nothing - today, it thrives.

MICHELE
And for what?

STERN
THAT is the question!

INT. SECRETARY'S OFFICE

A RECEPTIONIST greets Stern and Michele.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Macmillan will see you, Mr. Stern...
(looks at Michele)

MICHELE
Mr. Macmillan knows me... I'm Michele MacNair.

RECEPTIONIST
Very well.

INT. SECRETARY'S OFFICE

MACMILLAN stands as Stern and Michele enter. He is off-balance from Michele's presence. They all sit. Stern inspects his briefcase and takes out a recorder.

MACMILLAN

May I get you something?

MICHELE

No, thank you, Jim.

Stern looks at Michele and silently chuckles at her familiarity with the Secretary of Energy.

STERN

No, thanks. Do you mind if I turn on my tape recorder?

Macmillan looks at it.

MACMILLAN

I think, Mr. Stern, it would be better if you did not.

Stern puts it away.

STERN

Very well. I will not waste your time or mine. I would like you to confirm or deny the allegation that your department did block the gasoline and heating oil allocation for the state of Texas.

Macmillan smiles.

MACMILLAN

So, it is an "allegation." Your statement indicated that it was fact.

STERN

Mr. Secretary, that information was given to me by a source within the Senate Energy Subcommittee.

MACMILLAN

It is a rumor.

STERN

Is it a true rumor or a false rumor?

MACMILLAN

Mr. Stern. The country is facing a severe energy shortfall. The people simply do not believe it and when it hits them in the face, they will not be prepared.

STERN

Are you attempting to prepare them with

contrived shortages?

MACMILLAN

Mr. Stern. In fanning the flames of fear and suspicion in the minds of your audience you do the country a tremendous disservice.

STERN

Mr. Secretary, can you confirm or deny the report?

MACMILLAN

Mr. Stern, as a friendly gesture, I should point out that the country has for over a year now been under a state of national emergency. Do you understand the implications of that?

STERN

The implication is "censorship."

MACMILLAN

A harsh word, but it could be in the national interest to prevent needless alarm.

STERN

Mr. Secretary, are you a member of the Federal Advisory?

MACMILLAN

A matter of public record. The Advisory is not a secret organization, as you and those like you contend. It is simply a study group.

STERN

To what extent does the Federal Advisory influence the energy policy of this country?

MACMILLAN

Many concerned citizens and scholars give input to those in the public sector.

Stern sighs.

STERN

Mr. Secretary, your department's budget is larger than the combined profits of the major oil companies. Would you say that all this tax money has helped us or hurt us?

MACMILLAN

Well--

Michele chimes in.

MICHELE

Have you people produced one barrel of oil?

Macmillan stands.

STERN

One last question, Mr. Secretary: Is your assignment to create an energy crisis?

MACMILLAN

That, I think, will be all for today.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIRGINIA HILLS - DAY

Early in the morning, in front of a stately Colonial house, foxhounds are sniffing the ground, impatient to be off. RIDERS, in scarlet or black coats, assemble at the meet. The HUNTSMAN controls the hounds. The MASTER OF FOXHOUNDS confers with the HUNT STAFF. GENTLEMEN tip their hunt caps for the master, who is polite but dignified.

Richard Fenwick, in a scarlet coat, on a big black hunter, flirts with some LADY RIDERS. He amuses them and one laughs.

LADY RIDER

Oh, Richard!

The huntsman sounds his horn and shepherds his pack of playful and frisky hounds down a winding trail, heading for a likely spot for a fox to be hiding. The field follows behind, novices keeping politely to the rear.

The FIELD MASTER opens a gate and lets everyone through, closing it behind them. The riders begin a trot to warm up the spirited horses.

The field emerges onto more open terrain, a rough clearing with clumps of thickets and brambles. The hounds fan out, casting, relatively quiet as they dart about, tails wagging. The poke into every thicket and clamber over a stone wall. The riders are quiet and attentive.

One of the hounds barks in short yips. The huntsman takes note and sounds his horn. He calls to the other hounds:

HUNTSMAN

Hark to Cookie! Get to him, boys!

The pack converges, barking, and heads away toward a large post and rail fence. The field moves off behind the pack, slowly at first, being careful not to override the hounds. The pack skips through the rails of the fence and the riders wait until the pack is clear of the obstacle.

They break into a canter and take the jump. The field moves at a moderate pace, down a slope through tall grasses, over a stone wall, a hedge and a ditch. At another stone wall, a lady rider has trouble and falls off. Several riders rush to her aid and catch her horse.

The pace begins to quicken. Several fallen logs are jumped. The pack is starting to bay strongly. The trail opens onto a meadow of fenced pastureland. The hounds race ahead in full cry. The fox is sighted!

RIDER

Tally ho!

MASTER OF FOXHOUNDS

Gone away!

The huntsman shouts to his pack, calling them to his side, setting them on the fox's new line. He blows quarter and half-quarter notes on his horn. The pack is off at full speed, the entire field of followers stretched out behind, galloping hard. The fox is in sight, bounding, sprinting, leaping on ahead in fear of the pack closing in.

EXT. STREAM

The fox appears on the trail, running hard. He enters the stream which cuts across the trail, and swims downstream. Within seconds, the pack appears and arrives at the stream. The hounds pause and scurry around, checking for the scent. Several hounds check downstream and begin baying, taking off that way. The rest of the pack follows.

The first riders negotiate the water hazard successfully. Then, a horse refuses. A rider is down. Noise of hooves and stirrups and coaxing of horses by riders.

Richard Fenwick appears on the trail, coming fast. He lines up his hunter, trying to avoid the milling, balking horses. He avoids the traffic and just as his horse begins its jump, a high-powered compound bow is raised in front of our eyes! The bow is drawn tight, the arrow lined up on Fenwick and released! The arrow is shot at Fenwick and catches him in the chest. He falls off, into the creek.

Fenwick thrashes around in the water, slowly waving his arms. One rider thinks he's just fallen.

RIDER

I say, Fenwick's come a cropper!

The other thrown rider rushes to his aid, and then stops as he sees the creek water, which is pink with Fenwick's blood. Fenwick dies in the creek, as other riders stop and dismount.

RIDER (cont'g)

What the bloody hell?!

INSERT - TV SCREEN

Aaron Stern is giving his nightly report.

STERN

Has the worm turned, friends? This morning, down in Virginia, a fox hunter was mysteriously shot and killed by an arrow through his heart. Mr. Richard Fenwick,

chairman of the tax-exempt Bancroft Foundation, who also lent his name to the Friends of the Apache, died almost instantly in this spectacular fashion. Witnesses said at one moment he was jumping a stream and the next he was thrashing in the water with an arrow through his heart. To add further mystery, a forensic specialist in Washington has identified the murder weapon as an authentic Apache arrowhead affixed to a modern shaft. What this means, your reporter doesn't know. Whether this means that opponents of fox hunting have registered their disapproval, your reporter doesn't know. Whether this means that Richard Fenwick was not, in fact, a friend of the Apache, your reporter doesn't know...

EXT. STREAM - DAY

Frank Hamill and TWO MEN poke around the scene of Fenwick's killing. Hamill is non-plussed. He looks into the stream.

HAMILL

This guy's a real smart-ass.

INT. MACNAIR NYC OFFICE - DAY

Michele and Stern are in her father's office.

STERN

The cat is among the pigeons!

(looks out window)

It's one thing talking about it, and another thing doing it...

MICHELE

Do you think they have an idea...?

STERN

They probably think it's you!

MICHELE

I've made some powerful enemies...

STERN

You two ought to lam out of here for a while. Lay low. Why don't you take that fancy airplane and go out to the Coast? Let things cool down a little.

Michele nods as she thinks about it.

EXT. GEORGETOWN - DAY

A black Energy Department limousine cruises through a rich neighborhood in the early morning.

INT. MACMILLAN MANSION - DAY

James Macmillan and his WIFE finish breakfast. The television is on.

TV ANNOUNCER (VO)

We interrupt this program for an Area Alert: Residents of parts of Washington this morning can expect to experience temporary power brownouts due to fuel shortages at the Henderson power plant...

Mrs. Macmillan clicks off the remote switch.

MRS. MACMILLAN

Oh, James! You and your shortages! My bridge club meets here this afternoon.

Macmillan sees the limo drive up. He gets up and is helped with his coat and hat by the BUTLER.

MACMILLAN

War is hell.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

The garage door opens and the limo is driven in and parked. The garage door closes. The DRIVER turns off the engine and the radio is still on.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Macmillan goes to the elevator. His wife follows.

MRS. MACMILLAN

You shouldn't take the elevator if there is going to be a blackout. You might get stuck! Take the stairs, James.

Macmillan hesitates.

MACMILLAN

Too cold. George is already inside the garage, waiting for me. I can't get in from the outside.

The elevator door opens. Macmillan steps in.

MACMILLAN (cont'g)

And it's not a blackout. It's a brownout.

The doors shut.

MRS. MACMILLAN

(sour)

Wonderful.

INT. ELEVATOR

Macmillan checks his watch as the elevator descends to the assault-proof garage.

INT. GARAGE

The chauffeur sits in the lighted garage with the radio on.

INT. ELEVATOR

Macmillan stands as before, waiting, unconcerned. It takes long enough to suspect a brownout will get him. The elevator stops at the garage level.

INT. GARAGE

The doors glide smoothly open. Macmillan steps out. The chauffeur sees him and starts the engine. At that moment, there is a power brownout. The garage lights flicker, go out and back on. Macmillan hesitates and the lights go out. Pitch blackness.

MACMILLAN

Turn your lights on!

The chauffeur turns on the headlights.

QUICK CUTS

People in Washington DC experiencing power failures.

INT. GARAGE

The chauffeur clicks the garage door opener. Nothing happens.

CHAUFFEUR

Door won't open, Mr. Secretary.

Macmillan turns and looks at the half-open elevator doors.

CHAUFFEUR (cont'g)

Mr. Macmillan...

The chauffeur gets out of the limo and goes to the garage door. He jiggles the latch but it is totally electric.

The driver's car door slowly falls shut from the engine vibration.

The chauffeur shakes the solid garage door.

The driver's door latches shut.

CHAUFFEUR (cont'g)

I'd better shut the car off...

He returns to the car and finds the door is latched shut and locked with the engine running.

QUICK CUTS

WASHINGTONIANS trying to turn on televisions, smacking toasters. Nothing is working. A radio studio TECHNICIAN fiddles with his switches and shakes his head at an ANNOUNCER. The power is temporarily gone.

INT. GARAGE - HEADLIGHTS

Macmillan stands transfixed. The chauffeur pounds on the windows and hurts his hand.

CHAUFFEUR (cont'g)
Mr. Macmillan! Mr. Macmillan! We've got
to turn off the engine! Mr. Macmillan!

Macmillan slowly approaches the car and begins shaking the door handles, then beats on the windows.

The chauffeur finds a shovel and uses it on a window. He puts it down.

CHAUFFEUR (cont'g)
They're bullet-proof.

As the chauffeur runs to the tailpipe, Macmillan backs away from the deadly vehicle. He backs to the elevator and edges through the jammed doors. The chauffeur takes off his uniform jacket and attempts to stuff it in the tailpipe. He holds his breath but soon weakens and then keels over. In the elevator, Macmillan is just visible as he tries to hide from the gas.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTEREY AIRPORT - DAY

The MacNair jet lands at Monterey Airport.

Jack and Michele deplane. A rental car is nearby.

EXT. HIGHWAY ONE - LATER

Jack's rented car wends its way down Highway One.

EXT. VENTANA INN DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The car turns in the hotel drive just after sundown. It goes up steep hill.

INT. VENTANA INN - NIGHT

Jack and Michele enter hotel and are greeted by the MANAGER.

CUT TO:

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY BUREAU - NIGHT

Frank Hamill talks on the telephone.

HAMILL
Yeah, a Falcon jet registered to MacNair
Oil, tail number N771425...

INT. KENNEDY CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT

An AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER consults a list.

ATC

Okay, Mr. Peters... MacNair's jet filed
St. Louis, Denver, Monterey, California.

HAMILL'S OFFICE

HAMILL

Monterey? That's the end?

ATC

That's right, Mr. Peters...

HAMILL

Hey, thanks a lot.

Hamill hangs up.

MOVE BACK

THREE MEN, well-dressed and professional-looking, are in Hamill's office. Hamill looks at them, pulling his lip, thinking. He points at one man.

HAMILL (cont'g)

Murphy. Monterey. Take the two pieces.
Fly to Frisco and drive down. We don't
even know who was on the plane, but it
was probably the dame.

EXT. VENTANA TERRACE - DAY

On the open terrace of the hotel, which is nestled on a bluff overlooking the blue Pacific, the mountains behind look near enough to touch.

A flock of sheep grazes on the nearby hillside. The sun beats down.

It is lunchtime and there are PATRONS at several tables. The hanging vines on the redwood trellises cast dramatic shadows on Jack and Michele. Jack sips his wine, contemplating the ocean.

Michele peruses the newspaper's front page.

MICHELE

(startled)

Good Lord!

Jack is snapped out of his reverie.

JACK

What?

Michele hands him the front page story of James Macmillan's death.

MICHELE

But how on Earth did you do that?

Jack reads the story.

JACK

Hmph!

MICHELE

There wasn't time...

JACK

It was an accident, looks like.

MICHELE

Of course, Darling. But how did you do it?

JACK

I mean, it was an accidental ACCIDENT.

Michele peers at Jack.

JACK (cont'g)

It was an accident.

MICHELE

You have an accomplice!

JACK

Accident!

The other patrons glance at them. Jack and Michele are quiet. They look at each other, considering the implications of Macmillan's death.

REVERSE SHOT FROM MOUNTAINSIDE

Looking down on the hotel from the mountain above, with the vast expanse of the Pacific beyond, the tiny forms of the patrons can be seen on the terrace.

The sheep graze nearby, to our right. They bleat quietly.

The scenic wide-angle shot suddenly switches to a view through a telescopic rifle sight. The cross-hairs have measured increments. The sight quickly scans the terrace, framing Michele and then Jack, as if we are deciding whom to shoot first. Jack is partially obscured by a redwood and vine trellis. Michele is more exposed.

TERRACE

On a table, a patron's butter is melting in the sun. The WAITER is bringing an umbrella to give him some shade.

TELESCOPIC VIEW

The cross-hairs have settled on Michele. Just then, a woolly sheep blocks our vision. We only see a wall of gray wool in the round sight picture.

NORMAL SHOT

of mountainside. The sheep moves out of the way as it grazes.

TELESCOPIC VIEW

No sheep. The shooter sights in on Michele. The cross-hairs settle right on her pretty head just as a cheerful umbrella blooms and fills the sight picture. The sight moves left and right. Jack and Michele are hidden.

TERRACE

Jack and Michele are under the trellis.

MICHELE

Aaron and I were talking to him day
before yesterday...

Jack smiles grimly.

JACK

Good. Now Stern's a suspect. I need
all the patsies I can get.

Michele looks at the article.

MICHELE

There is justice, after all.

Jack nods.

JACK

Ironic as hell, when you think about it.
Hoist on his own brownout petard.

MICHELE

What is a petard?

Jack shrugs.

JACK

Sounds painful.

The waiter brings the check. Jack signs it. They get up.

TELESCOPIC VIEW

The sniper is taken by surprise as Jack and Michele emerge from behind umbrella. He hastily traverses the sight to Michele's chest but the waiter catches up and passes in front of her just as they enter the lobby. The cross-hairs center on the dark doorway.

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY BUREAU - DAY

Herman Lowell holds a telephone to his ear. He takes a deep breath.

LOWELL

We are following up.

INT. BANCROFT PENTHOUSE - DAY

David Bancroft speaks into a French telephone.

BANCROFT

"Following up?" War has been declared
and "We are following up?"

NSB OFFICE

Lowell glances at Frank Hamill, who sits before him.

LOWELL

We are certain that Macmillan's death was
an accident.

Hamill sighs.

BANCROFT (VO)

Well, you are certainly an expert at
"accidents," Herman, so I'll take your
word for it. Nevertheless, you are
reacting. You have lost the initiative.

Lowell clears his throat. He looks at Hamill meaningfully.

LOWELL

We should have results soon.

BANCROFT

That's right, Herman. You should.

Lowell gently hangs up. Hamill raises an eyebrow.

HAMILL

Who was that?

Lowell studies his blotter.

HAMILL (cont'g)

Never mind. It could only be one guy.

Hamill gets up and goes to the window.

HAMILL (cont'g)

That damn frogman's a magician.

EXT. VENTANA INN - NIGHT

In the light of the full moon, steam rises from a hot tub set low in the
redwood decking. The tub is empty. A door opens. Artificial light flares
briefly. Two figures emerge, both wrapped in fluffy white towels.

The steam is heavy and obscures Jack and Michele as they drop their towels
and slip into the hot water.

MICHELE

Brrr! California nights!

JACK

Ahh, that's better.

They move around in the neck-deep water, looking up at the mountains. They look down at the ocean. The moonlight is dramatically bright, but not nearly as bright as

REVERSE SHOT FROM MOUNTAINSIDE

The view is now through a "Starlight" night vision telescopic rifle sight. We can plainly see the redwood deck of the hotel and the steaming hot tub, though the scene is bathed in an eerie, greenish light from the scope. The hot tub is awash in steam and the two heads flicker in and out of view.

MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

The shooter is Murphy, casually dressed, aiming an M-14 rifle with a long silencer tube on the muzzle, topped by an ungainly, oversized and awkward "Starlight" night vision sight. It is much bigger than a normal telescopic sight and requires the shooter to take an unnatural grip on the rifle. He adjusts the bipod in the strong moonlight. The rifle's finish is dulled. Murphy is expressionless.

STARLIGHT VIEW

The steam is very bright in the sensitive telescope. It does not help us much in the steam. The cross-hairs search for a target. It is almost too bright.

MOUNTAINSIDE

Murphy pulls away from the sight and rubs his eye.

HOT TUB

Jack and Michele have a few giggles. They move around the tub. Time passes.

A sheep bleats in the night, up on the mountainside. Jack instinctively glances up the mountain. He moves toward the edge of the tub.

STARLIGHT VIEW

Jack's head emerges from the steam and he looks seemingly right into the shooter's eye. He is at the edge of the scope and just as Murphy brings the cross-hairs onto Jack's mouth, he disappears in a cloud of steam.

HOT TUB

JACK

This is really great, but something is giving me the creeps.

MICHELE

What?!

JACK

I don't know.

Another sheep bleats. And another. Soon the whole flock is upset and bleating. Jack and Michele look up on the moonlit mountainside.

MICHELE

Can you see them?

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

Too much steam. There must be something up there bugging them. Maybe a lion.

The sheep continue to bleat and carry on.

MOUNTAINSIDE

The sheep are frightened and are moving across Murphy's field of view.

MURPHY

Damn sheep!

STARLIGHT VIEW

The cross-hairs search out Jack and Michele, who are now moving in the tub, floating in and out of view. The cross-hairs cannot center in time.

MOUNTAINSIDE

Murphy pulls his eye away again. He shakes his head and rubs his eye.

HOT TUB

In the steam, Jack speaks quietly.

JACK

What do say we adjourn?

MICHELE

Oh, Jack. It feels so good.

JACK

Something's wrong. I don't know.

They move through the water to the edge. Jack pushes out of the water.

JACK (cont'g)

Hold on.

He wraps a towel around himself, takes Michele's hands and pulls her up from the tub.

STARLIGHT VIEW

In the eerie green light, we see the nude figure of Michele being wrapped in the fluffy white towel by Jack. The cross-hairs center on her head, from the side. Just as Murphy squeezes the trigger, Michele slips on the wet redwood and ducks her head. The scene jumps from the rifle's recoil.

There is hardly a sound from the silenced rifle but when the scope is brought back on target, Jack violently ducks from the sonic boom of the bullet. He looks into the scope from the hotel deck. He seems to shout at Michele and pushes her backward into the safety of the steamy hot tub.

HOT TUB

Jack jumps in the tub.

JACK (cont'g)
Get down! Get under the water!

UNDERWATER IN HOT TUB

Barely visible in the moonlit water are the naked Jack and Michele, both underwater. Jack gets between the shooter and Michele as they both surface.

HOT TUB

They surface for air.

MICHELE
(gasps)
What is--!

Jack pulls her under as two bullets zip into the water.

UNDERWATER

Jack propels them to a different position. They surface.

HOT TUB

They surface for air. Jack is between Michele and Murphy.

JACK
Sniper! He can see in the dark!

Bullets zip and zap around them as they go under.

Seconds pass.

They surface again. Jack shouts.

JACK (cont'g)
HEY! HEY IN THE HOTEL! HEY! HEY!

They submerge. Bullets hit the redwood edge and deck, ricocheting. Jack alone surfaces and shouts.

JACK

HEY! HEY IN THE HOTEL! HEY!

STARLIGHT VIEW

Murphy is guessing where Jack and Michele will surface next. Jack jumps up and appears to be shouting toward the hotel. The scene jumps twice, we hear mainly the action of the bolt as it automatically reloads from the magazine.

Steam still obscures the hot tub.

Just as Jack and Michele surface for air, Murphy guesses just right! The cross-hairs center right on Michele's temple and the hotel door opens, casting bright light into the night vision scope, blinding us and Murphy!

HOT TUB DECK

In the bright lobby light, the hotel manager looks out and cries,

MANAGER

What's going on? What's the matter out there?

Jack calls from the steam.

JACK

Leave the door open! Turn on all the lights!

MANAGER

What?!

There is no gunfire. Jack pushes Michele, stark naked, out of the tub and gets out between her and the sniper. They begin a mad dash toward the stunned manager.

MOUNTAINSIDE

Murphy jerks his eye away from the white-hot glare of the sensitive scope. He forces his eye back to the eyepiece and squints, trying to track.

STARLIGHT VIEW

In the overexposed, bright-green light, Jack and Michele run for the door, Jack protecting Michele, pushing her from behind, waving his arms at the manager. The scene jumps as Murphy fires desperately.

HOT TUB DECK

Bullets hit the deck, the walls of the hotel, but not Jack's exposed back as he and Michele dive into the lobby, pulling the manager in with them.

MOUNTAINSIDE

Sheep bleating all around him, Murphy puts the rifle down and rubs his eye and his whole face. He looks at the sheep.

MURPHY

Oh, shut up!

Murphy gets up, gathers up the weapon and gear, and departs.

INT. VENTANA INN LOBBY

Jack and Michele are given two raincoats. The manager helps them and tells the porter

MANAGER

Call the sheriff! There's a nut out there with a gun!

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Jack and Michele are let into their room by the manager. The door is shut.

JACK

We better go. Call the pilot and tell him to get to the airport.

Michele nods and picks up the telephone.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

Murphy hurries downhill, carrying his equipment.

EXT. VENTANA INN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jack and Michele exit hotel, carrying luggage. Jack puts it in the trunk of the rental car. He takes a Colt .45 automatic from a suitcase and stuffs it in his waistband.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

They get in. Jack cocks and locks the .45 and starts the car.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The car is driven down the steep drive to Highway One.

HIGHWAY ONE

The rental car turns north for Monterey.

INT. RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Jack's eyebrows go up and he turns to Michele.

JACK

No more Mr. Nice Guy.

Around the bend in front of them comes a sheriff's patrol car, red lights flashing. It passes them with no siren at high speed.

JACK (cont'g)

Hope you catch him, buddy.

(watches mirror)
But I doubt it.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

Murphy reaches the bottom of the mountain and rushes to his rental car, gets in and drives onto Highway One, headed north.

EXT. VENTANA INN DRIVE - NIGHT

Murphy and the deputy approach the drive from south and north. The patrol car turns up the drive. Murphy parks.

INT. MURPHY'S CAR - NIGHT

Murphy waits and thinks.

INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT

They speed north. Jack watches the mirror.

INT. MURPHY'S CAR - NIGHT

Murphy looks up the driveway, then starts his car and accelerates north.

EXT. MONTEREY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jack's rental car drives onto apron at Monarch Aviation. The MacNair PILOT waves at them from the lighted cockpit as they park and get out.

Michele skips up the jet's stairs and the pilot takes the luggage passed up by Jack. Jack boards hurriedly and closes the door.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - NIGHT

The jet taxis, turns and takes off.

INT. MACNAIR JET - NIGHT

Michele buckles her belt and relaxes. Jack does the same.

JACK (cont'g)
Where's the safest place for you to hide
out...

CUT TO:

EXT. MACNAIR-APACHE LEASE - DAY

The cigar-smoking driller stands on the rig floor with his hand on the brake handle. The spinning Kelly slowly descends. The roughnecks go about their business of maintenance, tallying casing, etc.

Drilling mud pours into the mud pit from the wellbore. The derrickman watches the flow.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

One of the roughnecks, a big, burly FELLOW, knocks on the trailer door. He has wildflowers in his hand. The door opens and Michele stands in the doorway.

MICHELE

Why, good morning!

The roughneck tips his hard hat. He hands her the flowers.

ROUGHNECK

Mornin', ma'am.

MICHELE

Oh, thank you! They're so pretty.

ROUGHNECK

Yes'm. Ever'thang's goin' just fahn, ma'am.

MICHELE

Well, that's good!
(reaches inside)
Here, have a donut.

The roughneck pats his stomach.

ROUGHNECK

Aw, no ma'am - mah girlish figger!

MICHELE

(laughs)
Go on!

The roughneck takes a donut.

MUD PIT

The derrickman shouts as he peers into the mud pit.

DERRICKMAN

Hey! We got us a gas kick! Hey, Drill!

RIG FLOOR

The driller abruptly hits the brake, changes gear and lets the brake up. the drillpipe lifts a few feet. He chains down the brake handle. Suddenly, brown mud spurts up from the wellbore, straight into the air. It spurts again. The rig floor turns muddy brown. The driller and the roughnecks scramble to the mud pit.

MUD PIT

Water is turned on into the tank. Everyone cuts open sacks of dry mud material, pouring them into the mud system, making mud. Mud blows out of the wellbore in the background.

DRILLER
(worried but calm)
Let's don't burn this rig down, boys.

They feverishly cut and pour the sacks into the mud pit.

NEARBY

Michele watches the drama, just out of range of the blowing mud. She heads for the mud pit.

MUD PIT

The roughnecks are brown with blowing mud. Michele has on a borrowed hardhat. She weighs the mud with equipment and scales. She speaks to the driller.

MICHELE
Fourteen pound mud to kill this kick!

DRILLER
Yes ma'am. We'll get 'er.

MICHELE
Heavier than that, Driller, we might damage the zone.

The driller is plainly worried by the violence of the gas kick.

DRILLER
Yes ma'am! We'll circulate 'er on out, don't you worry.

RIG FLOOR - LATER

The driller is at his post, weathering the mud storm. He glistens with drilling mud. His dead cigar glistens with mud, but he keeps chewing it. He watches the activity around the mud pit.

MUD PIT - LATER

The roughnecks keep making mud. Michele observes from atop the pit, mud scales in hand. From time to time she dips the beaker into the mud and goes through the routine of weighing the mud.

She nods at the men who pour the sacked material. She looks up at the driller on the rig floor. The driller waves at Michele.

DRILLER (cont'g)
I think we got 'er, ma'am! I think we got 'er!

MUD PIT

The potential blowout is averted. Michele waves at the driller and congratulates the crew. She removes her hardhat and heads for the trailer.

INT. DRILLER'S PICKUP TRUCK - LATER

A muddy Michele drives down the lease road and turns off on a ranch road. Through the windshield we see a windmill and water tank.

EXT. WATER TANK - DAY

Michele gingerly removes her muddy clothes and slips into the water tank. The windmill creaks and groans above her as she gets clean and unwinds. She swims around in the deep water and submerges to wash her hair.

FLASHBACK - NIGHT

For an instant, we are back at Ventana, being shot at. Bullets zip and zap into the dark water. Michele holds her breath as long as she can. She surfaces, screwing up her face.

WATER TANK - DAY

It is all right. There are no gunshots. Michele gets out, dresses and leaves the windmill.

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY YACHT CLUB - DAY

A 70 foot racing sloop, the "Printer's Devil," is at dockside. Paul Devereaux and the Tribune editors prepare to get underway. There are good-natured shouts and banter as the big sailboat is prepared for castoff.

LATER

The red sloop is underway and headed out, towing a dingy.

EXT. SLOOP'S DECK - DAY

The sails are hoisted by power winches. The wind puffs them out. The sloop accelerates through the water. Devereaux checks the speedometer near the steering wheel. An editor is impressed with the sloop's performance.

EDITOR 1

How are we doing?

Devereaux looks up at the sails and checks the speedometer.

DEVEREAUX

Should be better...

INT. SLOOP CABIN - DAY

Devereaux and the three editors sit at a cramped dining table in the cabin. the fourth editor is above, at the helm. They drink beer.

DEVEREAUX (cont'g)

(laughing)

Seriously, we do have some business to go over... That's why you editors are out here today.

The editors groan.

DEVEREAUX (cont'g)

Okay. As we know, Richard Fenwick is no longer with us.

The editors examine their beer bottles.

DEVEREAUX (cont'g)

He was involved in some rather important work. Richard was very aware of his social responsibilities, and one of those was the Friends of the Apache..

One of the editors is cynical.

EDITOR 2

You mean, there was more than one of them?

DEVEREAUX

That's the problem, actually - there wasn't.

The editors look at Devereaux.

DEVEREAUX (cont'g)

I want a story on the Friends of the Apache. There will be a new director. I want copy and more copy. This is one issue the readers must get.

EDITOR 3

We do not want any oil wells drilled on that land, is that the idea?

DEVEREAUX

(nods)

That is the idea.

The editors look at each other and shrug.

EDITOR 2

That's it?

DEVEREAUX

It's extremely important.

EXT. SLOOP'S DECK - LATER

Devereaux and the editors are on deck, admiring the sea and the weather. Devereaux checks the speedometer, which registers eight knots. He looks at the sails and wind-vane.

An editor, seated aft, adjusts his cushion.

EDITOR 1

Say, Paul. Who will be the new director of the Friends of the Apache?

DEVEREAUX

It might be me... You know, there must be
a hell of a lot of barnacles on this hull!

Devereaux moves to the railing and looks over the side. He shakes his head in puzzlement.

UNDERWATER

In the green, streaming water, a FROGMAN holds on to a piton which he has secured to the red keel. The regular escape of bubbles indicates he is breathing normally.

CHESAPEAKE BAY - LATER

US Coast Guard cutter approaches the "Printer's Devil." The dingy is no longer behind the sloop. An OFFICER holds a bullhorn to his mouth.

USCG CAPTAIN

Ahoy! Printer's Devil! Ahoy!

The cutter pulls alongside. USCG CREWMEN grapple and board the sloop.

EXT. SLOOP'S DECK - DAY

The Coast Guard crew search the sloop. Nobody home. A crewman makes his way forward and finds a line tied off to a cleat. The line disappears down the bow into the water. The crewman tugs on the line but it doesn't budge.

CREWMAN 1

Hey! See where this line goes!

Another crewman heads aft and finds a line tied off to a stern cleat. He tugs on the line. It is hard and fast. As the crewman looks down into the water, the face of Paul Devereaux drifts into view.

CREWMAN 2

Cut that forward line!

The other crewman cuts the line.

INT. CUTTER'S BRIDGE - LATER

As the covered bodies are brought aboard the cutter, the BOSUN'S MATE confers with the captain.

BOSUN'S MATE

Keelhauled, Captain!

The captain observes from the open door.

BOSUN'S MATE (cont'g)

Those lads were keelhauled!

CUT TO:

EXT. MACNAIR-APACHE LEASE - DAY

On the drilling rig floor, Michele, the drilling foreman and the driller watch the depth counter as the driller mans the brake. The spinning Kelly bounces.

CLOSE UP of the depth counter: 7,200 feet.

FOREMAN
(to driller)
That's it!

The driller nods.

DRILLER
Circulate two hours, wipe hole and come
out for logs?

FOREMAN
Right. How's the hole?

DRILLER
Slicker 'n hell.

FOREMAN
Let's look at the mud, Miss MacNair.

MUD TANK

The foreman and Michele inspect the mud. It has a thick coating of greenish-black oil.

FOREMAN (cont'g)
Bet we got an oil well here.

Michele nods expectantly.

DRILLING LOCATION - LATER

Scenes of running the production casing into the hole, of the cement truck furiously pumping cement down the hole, men shouting and darting around.

LATER

A wireline explosives truck is parked near the well. The wireline men rig a long torpedo-like device with explosive charges. Signs read:

EXPLOSIVES!
NO SMOKING!
NO RADIO TRANSMISSIONS
WITHIN 200 YARDS

The device is lifted into the air, up to the rig floor and inserted into the wellbore. It is lowered down the hole, out of sight, by the line which slowly unwraps from a huge spool on the back of the enclosed truck.

INT. WIRELINE TRUCK - LATER

The foreman and Michele sit in back. In front is the OPERATOR who turns around to the foreman.

OPERATOR

Where are we going to shoot the holes?

FOREMAN

From 7050 to 7175.

OPERATOR

Two shots per foot?

FOREMAN

That's a big ten-four.

LATER

The depth indicator inside the wireline truck reads 7175'. The operator makes last-minute checks and looks at the foreman. The foreman nods.

OPERATOR

There it is.

FOREMAN

Okay. Shoot it.

The operator calls to his assistant outside.

OPERATOR

Grab it!

Through the back window, we see the assistant grab the taught wireline. The operator pushes two buttons at once and the wireline jumps. The assistant nods out of habit. The operator grinds the spool's gears and starts the device out of the hole.

EXT. LOCATION - LATER

The screen is orange. There is a powerful WHOOSHING noise.

MOVE BACK

to show a big orange 500 barrel test tank. It rocks slightly. Iron tubing is attached from the well bore to the test tank. It jerks and throbs. Oil mist floats out of a hatch atop the tank.

Near the test tank are Michele, the foreman, the driller and the roughnecks. all appear stunned at the ferocity of the oil pressure and flow.

DRILLER

Ma'am, we're gonna need another test tank real fast.

FOREMAN

We'll have to shut 'er in...

MICHELE

How fast is it flowing?

FOREMAN

About five hundred barrels an hour!

Michele shakes her head. The roughnecks whistle and exclaim.

MICHELE

Let's get some more tanks.

The foreman rubs his neck.

FOREMAN

We might get some unwelcome attention.

MICHELE

We have to see if there's real volume...

The foreman turns to the driller.

FOREMAN

Okay, let's shut 'er in and I'll get a bunch of tanks in here. Miss MacNair, we can't start hauling this much oil out of here, you know...

MICHELE

I know. There's really nowhere to take this much, and there aren't enough trucks around here to haul it. We'll have to build a facility right here.

INT. ROADSIDE CAFÉ - LATER

The young Bureau of the Environment/student sits in the café eating a sandwich. He looks out the window from his table and, as he munches, a flatbed truck goes by with a big orange test tank on the trailer. He pays no attention. It is followed by another one. He munches. When a third one goes by, he is piqued. He finishes and pays the bill. He goes outside.

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY

The young man opens the door of his truck when a fourth trailer truck roars past in a cloud of dust. He gets in and follows the orange test tank.

EXT. MACNAIR-APACHE LEASE - DAY

A line of four trucks with orange test tanks comes rumbling up the lease road like a military convoy. Some distance behind is the young man in his pickup. The pickup stops atop the last hill before the rig.

The young man gets out with a pair of binoculars. He sights on the trucks.

BINOCULAR VIEW

We see the trucks and sweep ahead of them. In the distance is something we can't quite make out. We see the drilling site and the longer we look, the more apparent does the camouflaged rig become.

CLOSE UP

The young man's face shows consternation, incredulity!

EXT. CAFÉ - LATER

The young man is at a pay phone by the café. He speaks into the phone.

YOUNG MAN

Hello? Give me Poe! Aw, I forgot -
he's dead. Give me - oh, I don't care -
whoever's in charge! Hurry.

He waits.

YOUNG MAN (cont'g)

Hello? This is Robinson in New Mexico.
Hey, they're drilling on the Apache lease!
That's right! I don't know, it must be
MacNair! They've got the rig camouflaged!
...Yeah. I don't know, I guess we arrest
them. They've got so many test tanks
going in there, they must have hit Saudi
Arabia! I think we're too late.

EXT. WINDMILL & WATER TANK - DAY

In the early morning, Michele is in the water tank, having her bath. She swims around dreamily.

Over her shoulder, the first of a line of gray autos raises dust on the road behind her. No sound. Michele splashes and submerges as the cars go past. She is oblivious.

THE CARS

have lettering on the doors:

US GOVERNMENT
INTERAGENCY MOTOR POOL

MICHELE

looks up from the tank and sees the dust, several hundred yards away, hovering over the road. She briefly considers it.

EXT. DRILLING LOCATION - DAY

The roughnecks are dismantling the drilling rig as the government AGENTS storm the location. The roughnecks stop what they are doing.

An AGENT gets out of each of the five cars. The young man, Robinson, also gets out of the lead car. They all gawk at the camouflaged rig.

The drilling foreman approaches the first agent.

FOREMAN

What the hell are you doing here?

AGENT

(flashes badge)

You're all under arrest.

FOREMAN

What for!

AGENT

Trespass, for starters.

FOREMAN

Nuts. You're trespassing.

AGENT

You going to cooperate, or do we get rough?

FOREMAN

You are going to get rough?

The agent opens his coat and reveals a holstered revolver.

AGENT

Yeah.

The five armed agents order the drilling personnel to line up against the vehicles for searches. The roughnecks grumble but comply.

They are all searched and handcuffed.

EXT. WINDMILL - LATER

Michele still swims and relaxes. She hears the government cars coming from the location. She peeks over the rim of the tank as they barrel past.

DRILLING RIG - LATER

Michele drives up in the driller's pickup. The location is deserted.

INSERT - NEWS HEADLINES

OUTLAW DRILLING SCANDAL!

OIL HEIRESS IMPLICATED, DISAPPEARS!

INT. AARON STERN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stern sits in the living room of his modest NYC apartment. He reads the newspaper story of the drilling scandal. He makes sympathetic noises.

STERN

For God's sake!

Stern's wife, SHELLY, enters with a little cake. A candle burns in the center. Shelly is a pretty brunette.

SHELLY

Tra-la! My husband, the television star!

On the cake is printed:

RELAX, JUST THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING!

Stern hugs Shelly, in spite of his concern for Michele.

STERN

Just what I need to set my mind at ease.
What's the candle?

SHELLY

One year on television!

STERN

Ah!
(takes bite)
Here's to our second year.

They both eat cake.

SHELLY

Mostly, I just like cake... What are you
reading about?

The telephone rings. Stern answers it.

STERN

Stern here.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Michele lies on an elegant king-size bed, holding the telephone.

MICHELE

Would you like to interview an outlaw?

STERN (VO)

I already have an outlaw scheduled, but
you sound more fascinating.

Shelly is surprised.

SHELLY

Is that Michele?

Stern covers the phone.

STERN

Uh, huh.

(listens)
Are you in the city?

SHELLY
God, Aaron - she's in danger!

STERN
Shelly says you're in danger.
(to Shelly)
Michele says my ratings will go up.

SHELLY
Ratings? What ratings?

STERN
Where's Jack? You need him here... I see.

SHELLY
Your insurance rates are going up, that's
what. Michele's, too!

HOTEL ROOM

MICHELE
Try to get a special time slot. We must
tell this story.

STERN'S APARTMENT

STERN
All right, I'll arrange something. But
you must get Jack here. We need backup!

SHELLY
(calls)
I love you, Michele! Be careful!

INT. TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

Aaron Stern is seen through the glass wall of the manager's office. The
STATION MANAGER appears to be listening to Stern's persuasive argument.

The harried manager turns to examine the big time slots on the wall. Looking
at the slots for the next evening's programming, he finally nods.

The station manager rises and removes a long card from the 10:00pm slot which
reads

WTVT NIGHTLETTER

He puts in a blank one and writes on it

AARON STERN - SPECIAL REPORT

EXT. OFFSHORE DRILLING RIG - DAY

In the afternoon, the rain and wind blow hard. A helicopter approaches, scuttling over the rough Gulf of Mexico waters.

It lands in the high winds, buffeting as Jack Reynolds steps out. A gust of wind blows it sideways, off the helipad, almost catching Jack's foot. It goes off the edge sideways and disappears.

Jack looks behind him in disbelief. It must have crashed in the rough water!

The pilot manages to recover and zooms up over the helipad, giving Jack a "Mama Mia!" gesture.

Jack waves and fights the wind getting off the helipad. The drilling foreman meets him halfway.

DRILLING FOREMAN

Bad storm coming! We got to run casing in this wind! Thought you oughta be here!

Jack grips the foreman's shoulder in agreement. They make their way below.

They pass the pipe racks on which are stacked thousands of feet of seven-inch casing to be run in the hole. ROUGHNECKS measure each joint of casing in the high wind with a long tape, which is hard to control in the gale force wind.

One of the roughnecks is Goren, the NSB agent. He watches Jack as he passes.

CUT TO:

INT. NYC HOSPITAL - day

In the late afternoon, Michele visits her father. Mitchell MacNair sits up in bed, well-groomed, feeling better. Michele is drawn, showing the strain, but she looks at her father lovingly.

MACNAIR

I learn slow but I learn good. David was here.

Michele bites her lip.

MACNAIR (cont'g)

Oh, no problem.. You know, it all makes sense, now... I guess.

Michele smiles with her eyes closed.

The telephone rings. MacNair answers.

MACNAIR (cont'g)

Hello, MacNair speaking... Yes, she is!

Michele takes the phone.

MICHELE

Hello?
(listens)

Sorry - Over!

INT. OFFSHORE RIG - SAME TIME

Jack speaks into the radio phone.

JACK

Hello, my love! I got your message!
Over!

HOSPITAL

MICHELE

Jack! You've got to get here tonight!
I'm going on Aaron's show - you've got
to be here! By ten o'clock - over!

MacNair looks at his daughter.

DRILLING RIG

JACK

(pauses)

Michele, there's a bad storm on the way.
The helicopters can't fly. I'll try to
get a crew boat, but-

MICHELE

The jet will be at Galveston in an
hour or so... Over!

JACK

Yeah-okay... over...

HOSPITAL ROOM

Mitchell MacNair worries for his daughter.

MACNAIR

Television tonight? Protection? From
what?

Michele takes her father's hand, and a deep breath.

MICHELE

Dear, we have had some experiences...

EXT. OFFSHORE DRILLING RIG - DAY

In the raging wind, casing is being run into the hole. The roughnecks steady the big pipes as they are picked up and screwed together, one by one. A roughneck guides each 40' joint from a makeshift plank halfway up the derrick, a belt tied to him for safety. He struggles as gusts blow the joints out of control.

Jack observes the job from the rig floor. He steadies himself in the gale. The drilling foreman pulls himself up the ladder and shouts in Jack's ear.

FOREMAN
Crew boat's on the way!

Jack nods. They observe the casing job.

EXT. IN THE GULF - DAY

A low-slung, powerful crew boat crashes through the rough seas.

INT. CREW BOAT CABIN

The SKIPPER holds on as he speeds to the rig, which can be seen in the stormy distance. Driving rain almost defeats the wipers. The MATE holds on, too.

SKIPPER
Man! It's like nighttime!
(into transmitter)
Okay, Gulf Torpedo to Caranza rig, come in!
(to mate)
This oughta be good..

EXT. RIG

The rain and wind are torrential. Visibility is near nil. The DRILLER catches sight of the crew boat's lights, several hundred yards from rig. He motions to the foreman.

The foreman pats Jack's shoulder and points. Jack looks and nods, heading for the ladder.

MAIN DECK

The drilling foreman helps Jack put on a cork life jacket. The foreman calls and motions for a crane operator to get up to the controls.

Goren, on the casing rack, sees his chance. He makes for the ladder to the crane. As he reaches it, the new CRANE OPERATOR, behind him, yells.

CRANE OPERATOR
Hey, what the hell are you doin'?

Goren ignores him and starts climbing.

The crane operator grabs Goren and pulls him down.

CRANE OPERATOR (cont'g)
Get outa here, you goddamn idiot!

Goren looks at the crane operator as he climbs the ladder, and then at Jack on the main deck. He heads for the deck.

MAIN DECK

The crew basket line is made taught by the crane operator. The wind and rain are blowing so hard that the tiny crew boat is seen only by its headlight, which disappears in the high seas.

The foreman steadies the ring basket by the netting as Jack steps in.

INT. CREW BOAT CABIN

The awesome rig dominates the scene, lights twinkling in the blowing storm. The basket is not visible in the bad light.

CRANE OPERATOR'S POV

Jack steps in the basket, the basket is hoisted. The drilling foreman turns and heads back to the rig floor. A third man runs for the basket and jumps in just as it clears the main deck, swinging out over the sea. (The basket is an 8' ring with a canvas floor laced to it, supported by netting up to the crane cable.)

The orange life vests hanging on the netting obscure our view of the inside.

EXT. CREW BASKET

Goren stabs Jack and the knife is stuck in the cork vest. The basket swings out over the rough sea. Goren unsticks his dagger from the vest and attacks again. Jack kicks, holding onto the wet netting, fumbling for his work knife under his soaked work coat.

Jack produces his knife and Goren momentarily withdraws, holding onto the netting.

The wind blows the basket wildly, to and fro. It rotates uncontrollably. The rig is behind us, then the sea and occasionally the valiant crew boat churning away, trying to get beneath the basket.

Goren stabs and slashes at Jack, cutting some of the netting. The hanging life vests get in the way. Jack retaliates, lunging for Goren, but the pitching basket upsets his balance and he sits down, off-balance. He swings his razor-sharp knife and accidentally cuts more netting. The basket drops slightly. Goren and Jack convulsively grab at the netting.

Jack stabs at Goren's leg, cutting it. Goren jumps back and steps outside the basket, considering his next move.

Jack regains his footing and faces Goren, who has moved around the outside and stabs at Jack, but cannot get a good swipe at him.

Goren reaches in and grabs a life vest and, with it as a shield, lunges in at Jack, going for his throat.

There is a tangle of vests, hands, knives and netting and they both fall backward together through an opening in the netting! Each grabs netting and saves himself from falling in the sea. Each circles around the outside and then re-enters the basket for another go.

Jack crouches and hits Goren in the groin with his knife. Over the noise of the wind and rain, Goren shrieks and stabs at Jack, plunging the knife into the cork vest again, then wrenching it free.

Goren, seriously wounded, retreats to the outside of the netting.

Below, the crew boat powers under the basket.

INT. CREW BOAT CABIN

The skipper talks into his radio.

SKIPPER

Okay, crane operator, bring 'er down easy.

CRANE OPERATOR (VO)

Comin' down easy. Hey, you gotta tell me, man - I can't see a thing in this rain!

SKIPPER

C'mon down easy...

(to mate at stern)

How'm I doin'?

MATE (VO)

Hold it! Hey! They're fightin' in the basket!

EXT. CREW BASKET

Jack and Goren regard each other from opposite sides of the basket. Then, Goren painfully climbs his side, as quickly as he can.

Jack reacts and enters the basket to stab at Goren but Goren simply begins cutting the netting overhead which supports the basket, which drops wildly with each rope cut.

Jack loses his footing on the tilted, wet canvas floor and drops to the bottom of it. Overhead, Goren cuts and slashes.

Jack hangs on the bottom and can't get back up to stop him.

The basket is lowered by the operator and the high seas bring the crew boat perilously up and down, making a big difference for a jump.

Jack dangles from the ruined basket, and below, the mate waves his arms to catch him. Goren saws away on the ropes, knife dulling.

The basket hangs by just a couple of ropes.

The crew boat is taken by the seas! It powers back into position.

The mate grapples for Jack's feet and legs as they come swinging into the scene. Jack crashes into the mate, sending him sprawling.

Goren saws the last rope and Jack falls into the stern, Goren misses the boat and falls into the sea, disappearing.

SKIPPER

What in the wide world of sports is going on?!

The mate picks himself up, looking into the sea. He shouts to the skipper.

MATE

It's okay - go!

The mate pulls the eight-foot basket floor off Jack, tossing it overboard. He helps Jack to get to his feet and down below.

MATE (cont'g)

Man, when you drop in, you don't fool around!

ON THE SEA

The powerful crew boat crashes full speed through the high seas.

INT. CREW BOAT CABIN

The skipper glances back at the passenger compartment at the mate helping Jack off with his coat and examining his knife wound.

JACK

How's the time?

SKIPPER

Four-thirty!

MATE (cont'g)

You don't see something like that everyday...

JACK

No, that was definitely a first.

MATE

Damn roughnecks are getting' ornery!

Jack sighs and nods.

SKIPPER

Galveston lights!

EXT. GALVESTON DOCKS - DAY

Jack pats the mate on the shoulder and jumps to the dock, heads for his car.

PARKING LOT

Jack gets in his rental car and tears out of the parking lot.

EXT. GALVESTON AIRPORT - DAY

In the stormy half-light, Jack's car roars onto the private aviation apron and up to the MacNair jet.

INT. JET COCKPIT

The pilot sits at the controls, listening to the worsening weather report.
The tower cuts in.

TOWER (VO)

Hey, there, MacNair - if I were you I'd
forget flying today.

The winds buffet the jet.

PILOT

I'm with you. Maybe we can laugh this off.

EXT. AIRPORT APRON

Jack gets out hurriedly and runs around back, opens trunk, reaches in and
withdraws a big white bag with a red cross and lettering. He shuts the
trunk, heads for the jet.

Jack knocks on the jet's door and stands back. The co-pilot opens the door
in the high wind. Jack jumps in.

INT. JET COCKPIT

The pilot feels the plane shift with Jack's boarding. He takes off his
headphones and gets up.

INT. JET CABIN

In the casually-arranged cabin, Jack sits in an easy chair. The long white
bag reads

JOHNSON & JOHNSON

FIRST AID KIT

Jack places the bag in front of him on the deck and unzips the zipper,
running it all the way around and opens the cover. Inside the kit is a
Thompson M1A1 submachine gun, with several loaded magazines.

Jack takes the Thompson from the bag and attaches the wood butt stock, then
puts a magazine in the receiver.

The pilot enters the cabin and is greeted by a weather-beaten and bloodied
man holding a submachine gun.

PILOT

(deadpan)

Where do you want to go?

JACK

New York, New York.

PILOT

How'd ya get that through passenger
check-in?

JACK

Airport security's gone all to hell.

The pilot turns toward the cockpit, then remembers

PILOT

Buckle up for safety.

EXT. GALVESTON AIRPORT - STORMY

The jet takes off in rough weather.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DUSK

Rain drips at the window. Mitchell MacNair is frustrated. Michele sits at his side.

MACNAIR

What can I do? Just when you need me -
I'm..

Michele squeezes his arm.

MICHELE

Don't retire!

MACNAIR

Oh, but you need me NOW!

MICHELE

We both need to stay in this fight, dear.
There'll be plenty of fighting when you
get out of here...

MacNair sighs. Michele looks out the window.

MICHELE (cont'g)

I'll need an umbrella.

MACNAIR

You need a bulletproof vest!

MICHELE

I need Jack. I must go now.

She kisses her father.

MACNAIR

Dammit, be careful! And wait for Jack!

Michele exits, blowing a kiss.

EXT. HOSPITAL STEPS - DUSK

Michele skips down the steps in a light drizzle. She heads up the street toward a luggage store.

ON THE STREET

A dark sedan starts and pulls away from the curb, following Michele.

INT. LUGGAGE STORE - LATER

Michele enters and stamps her wet feet. The proprietor greets her.

PROPRIETOR

Don't tell me! You want to buy an...
umbrella!

MICHELE

Are there any left?

He presents one with a flourish. It is bright yellow.

MICHELE (cont'g)

Is there anything less, uh-

PROPRIETOR

Last one!

MICHELE

Okay.

EXT. LUGGAGE STORE - DUSK

In the gentle rain, Michele exits store, opening her bright yellow umbrella. She walks up the street, toward her hotel.

INT. AUTOMOBILE - SAME TIME

We see Michele on sidewalk with her yellow umbrella.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - DUSK

Michele walks down street with some traffic in it. The cars all look alike. At a corner, she crosses. She gets into the crosswalk, traffic jerks to a halt. Taxi cabs blare their horns. She looks nervously at them and continues down a different street.

INT. AUTOMOBILE - LATER

LONG SHOT

Michele disappears and reappears in the crowds of pedestrians but the yellow umbrella is always visible. Michele crosses another street.

CLOSE UP

Tires spinning, accelerating on wet pavement.

DRIVER'S POV

We accelerate around cars in front, but Michele has already crossed the street.

We slow to stalk her.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET

Michele walks with the crowd, nervous but unaware. The cars move by her slowly and they all look the same. None is sinister. All are sinister.

Michele approaches another intersection.

INT. AUTOMOBILE

DRIVER'S POV

Michele is going to cross a half-block ahead. The yellow umbrella is at the curb, above the crowd.

CLOSE UP

Spinning tires.

INT. AUTO

The yellow umbrella is in the cross-walk.

EXT. MICHELE'S POV

Across the intersection is a group of SCHOOLCHILDREN, crossing from the other side. Dressed in little school uniforms, holding little red umbrellas, they are laughing and joking.

DRIVER'S POV

The car accelerates rapidly and takes a bead on Michele, who now walks into the group of schoolchildren. The driver swings the wheel to the right. The car slides sideways into the intersection.

The schoolchildren and Michele look, the umbrellas scatter, the children scatter, screaming.

OVERHEAD

Michele and the children scatter from the intersection. Little red umbrellas and a big yellow one lie in the intersection.

DRIVER'S POV

Michele's horrified glance at the driver as she backs away from the intersection, into the crowded sidewalk. She keeps looking back as she blends into the crowd. She is gone.

EXT. STREET

Frank Hamill sits behind the wheel, the car is stalled sideways. He looks at the disappearing Michele.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

The CAMERAMAN lines up for the DIRECTOR. Aaron Stern sits at the studio prop desk, submitting to the MAKEUP GIRL. The director nods, the makeup girl withdraws.

CLOSE UP TV SCREEN

The national news ANCHORMAN signs off.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

The news was brought to you tonight by
Petram, serving the nation's energy needs,
into the future.

(pause)

Stay tuned for a special edition of the
Aaron Stern Report...

INT. STUDIO

The director holds a finger up. He points.

STERN

(to camera)

Friends, the Energy Crisis is over.
Stick around...

A dog food commercial plays on the monitor. Stern watches.

STERN (cont'g)

(to director)

Hey, do you think Petram might like
to sponsor us?

The director watches the clock.

DIRECTOR

Sure. Get ready...
(points)

STERN

You heard correctly, friends. The
criminal fraud known as the Energy Crisis
is over. And those responsible will be
accused on this station tonight!

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY BUREAU

Herman Lowell dials his telephone. The television in his office is on.
Stern is on the screen.

Lowell waits. Someone's voice answers.

LOWELL

I suggest you turn on your television...

INT. BANCROFT PENTHOUSE

Bancroft picks up his TV remote, holding phone.

BANCROFT

What channel?

He remotely switches channels until we see Aaron Stern's face on screen.

STERN

(on screen)

...which controls our government and giant corporations and which has designed this shortage to get us out of our cars and into their total control. This is admittedly incredible but unfortunately true. tonight, at 10 pm on a special report, you will see, live, one individual who so threatens this energy conspiracy-

INT. LOWELL'S OFFICE

LOWELL

She'll be there, tonight...

BANCROFT (VO)

Yes...

On Lowell's television, Stern continues

STERN

(on screen)

... we have had such a massive discovery in New Mexico that the fraud can no longer be sustained. The country is awash in oil, friends, but our billionaire socialist rulers have even more shortages planned.

INT. BANCROFT PENTHOUSE

BANCROFT

Who the hell put him on the air? How many people watch this program?

LOWELL (VO)

I don't know - it's new. The point is, David, Michele MacNair will be on tonight.

BANCROFT

Well, I don't want her on television!

LOWELL (VO)

That's why I called.

BANCROFT

No, I don't want her on television, Herman.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Michele lies on her big bed, watching Stern's program end.

CUT TO:

INT. JET COCKPIT - NIGHT

The pilot sits at the controls as the MacNair jet flies through the night.

INT. JET CABIN - NIGHT

Jack lies on the short couch, sleeping. The co-pilot covers him.

CUT TO:

INT. NATIONAL SECURITY BUREAU - NIGHT

Herman Lowell is on the phone.

LOWELL

Person call to Mr. Peters...

EXT. NYC TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

The studio AUDIENCE stands in the rain, waiting at the studio door.

INT. STATION DOOR - LATER

The USHER opens the door with a BANG! In comes the audience.

INT. STAIRWAY

The stairway is cramped and narrow. From the side, feet slowly step upstairs. The audience climbs the stairs to the studio.

INT. TV STUDIO - LATER

The Aaron Stern Special Report stage is set. Two chairs are on the darkened dais. In one is Aaron Stern, who is tense. Michele has not arrived.

DIRECTOR

Okay - lights.

The stage lights blink on. The cameraman moves in and frames Stern.

DIRECTOR (cont'g)

Makeup!

The makeup girl moves in and pats Stern's upper lip with powder.

THE CLOCK

shows 10:00 pm.

The theme music begins to play.

The announcer cuts in

ANNOUNCER (VO)

The following is a WTXT presentation.
This is the Aaron Stern Special Report.
Here is Aaron Stern...

Stern addresses the camera.

STERN

Friends, good evening. As you know from
my regular broadcasts, our shortage of
energy exists only in government propaganda.
The reason—

INT. STUDIO CONTROL ROOM

The telephone rings. The station manager answers.

STATION MANAGER

... Yeah, boss. No, she's not here. He's
adlibbing!

STUDIO STAGE

Stern kills time.

STERN

...and it's not in your gas tank because
of government rules and regulations—

EXT. TV STATION

Michele opens the door.

INT. DOOR

The door bangs open. Michele enters from the rain.

STAIRS

Michele's feet skip up the stairs.

INT. STUDIO

Michele enters and heads for the stage. The director and makeup girl stop
her and she applies powder to kill the rain and shine from her face.

Stern spots her through the lights.

STERN (cont'g)

(to camera and audience)

Ah! Friends, excuse me... this is live!

Stern stands and greets Michele onto the set. They sit.

STERN

(to camera)

Friends, my guest on tonight's Special Report is Michele MacNair.

(to Michele)

Good evening.

MICHELE

Good evening.

STERN

Miss MacNair...

(chuckles)

... and people call ME crazy!

(to camera)

Friends, this is quite unbelievable! In this day and age of government domination, a brave WOMAN has defied the all-powerful Bureau of the Environment. You have all read the papers, you've seen the TV coverage... Miss MacNair, who is behind this? Is it the oil industry? The oil giants?

Michele pauses.

MICHELE

Not exactly. A few individuals, of course...

STUDIO AUDIENCE

In the third row of the audience sit Frank Hamill, Murphy and two henchmen. They watch, stone-faced.

STAGE

MICHELE (cont'g)

... but these few men are themselves members of a deadly conspiracy.

STERN

Many people laugh at the mention of "conspiracy."

MICHELE

It takes a lot of money to make people laugh at such serious word.

STERN

For example?

MICHELE

Well, my experience, for example. All that you know is that I have drilled an illegal oil well. Do you know anything more?

Stern looks at his audience.

STERN

As a matter of fact - no.

MICHELE

We have made a tremendous discovery.
Around twelve thousand barrels per day,
from one well!

STERN

Good heavens!

MICHELE

(shrugs)

Why haven't you heard about it?

STERN

Twelve thousand..

(to camera)

Friends, can the Energy Crisis be long
for this world?

STUDIO AUDIENCE

The four chairs where sat the hit-men are empty.

STAGE

STERN (cont'g)

If your MacNair-Apache can be developed,
how might it affect, say, the price of oil?

Michele thinks.

MICHELE

The price couldn't stay up even without
discoveries such as ours... MacNair-Apache
is just an indication... Imagine what is
locked up in federal hand?

STERN

And you believe a conspiracy is the cause?

Michele nods.

INT. BANCROFT PENTHOUSE

David Bancroft watches the Aaron Stern Special Report.

He shakes his head.

CLOSE UP of Bancroft's television.

STERN

(on screen)

Who are "they?" What do they want?
Money? Power?

MICHELE

(on screen)

"They" are the Federal Advisory.

They wait.

Stern looks around.

STERN

(to camera)

Well, lightning hasn't struck! Friends,
I am not alone! Here is living proof!

The audience chuckles nervously.

MICHELE

(on screen)

They don't want money. They print money.

STERN

(on screen)

It's power, then.

Michele nods.

MICHELE

Total power.

MOVE BACK

David Bancroft loses interest. He clicks off the television.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Mitchell MacNair watches from his bed.

CLOSE UP of his television screen.

STERN

(on screen)

Well. The obvious question then is,
"If these people are so wicked and so
powerful, then how is Aaron Stern, for
example, allowed to broadcast?"

On the TV screen, Stern and Michele talk. Directly behind them, looming up
out of the darkness, appear Frank Hamill and one of his henchmen.

MICHELE

(on screen)

Your audience probably isn't-

DIRECTOR (VO)

Hey! Get out!

Stern and Michele look behind them. Hamill has his gun drawn.

Hamill steps up to the dais and grabs at the overhead boom microphone, swatting it away.

Michele tries to open her purse but in one neat motion, Hamill grabs it from her and bashes Stern over the head with it as Stern draws his snubnose .38.

Stern shoots at Hamill but hits the henchman, and falls over backward in his chair.

Hamill quickly shoots Stern as he is upended backwards.

As we watch on television, Hamill turns and shoots us!

STUDIO STAGE

Just as Hamill shoots the camera lens, it shatters and the cameraman drops.

In the background, the studio audience ducks for cover behind the seats.

HOSPITAL ROOM

MacNair's television is now blacked-out, but the sound is on.

MACNAIR

Hey! Hey! For God's sake!

Voices come from the screen.

MURPHY (VO)

Shoot her, dammit!

HAMILL (VO)

No!

STUDIO STAGE

Hamill grabs Michele by the wrist and forces her to follow. She struggles and as they head for the door, Stern fires another shot at the last gunman.

The bullet misses but they all flinch as they plunge through the exit door.

HALFWAY TOWARD STAIRS

Hamill pulls Michele down the hall toward the stairs followed by Murphy and the third gunman. They reach the top of the stairs and start down the narrow stairway. Michele still pulls back and struggles.

DOWNSTAIRS

The door bangs open. In from the rain steps Jack Reynolds, submachine gun in both hands. Jack sees the stairs and looks up at the four people, raising the gun.

ON THE STAIRS

Michele dives head-first down the stairs toward Jack. Hamill loses his grip on Michele's wrist as she dives past him.

His and the others' guns come up in surprise. Hamill, in the way of Murphy's silenced Ingram submachine gun, seems to hesitate.

Murphy fires the quiet gun and hits Hamill from behind.

BOTTOM OF STAIRS

Jack blasts the gunmen with the Thompson as Michele slides down toward him.

ON THE STAIRS

The gunmen are hit and tossed around. Hamill is shot from both directions and pitches forward. Murphy drops the Ingram and just sits. The third gunman is knocked back up the stairs. Hamill falls and slides down the stairs, bumping into Michele.

BOTTOM OF STAIRS

Michele gets up and hugs Jack as he replaces a magazine.

JACK

Are there any more?

MICHELE

I don't know! Aaron's shot!

They bound upstairs.

INT. STUDIO STAGE

Jack peeks in, sees the studio audience crowded around the dais. He enters.

As the people see him with the Thompson, they begin to scatter.

JACK

It's okay!

Reassured, the people of the audience begin exclaiming over the past few minutes. The cameraman sits up, holding his wounded head.

The fourth gunman lies in a heap.

Jack makes his way to the dais, where Stern's chair is still knocked over. Stern's feet stick up. Michele follows Jack.

Jack reaches the chair and looks at Stern, who is still on his back in the tipped-over chair, shot through the upper shoulder. He waves his gun around.

He looks up at Jack as if this were completely normal.

STERN

Hey! Paisan!

Jack and Michele sigh with relief.

STERN (cont'g)

I am experiencing technical difficulties.

EXT. TELEVISION STATION - NIGHT

In the rain, Jack and Michele exit the station and get in Jack's car. He puts the Thompson on the back seat and they tear out of the parking lot just as an ambulance and police cars come into view up the street.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Mitchell MacNair shouts into the telephone.

MACNAIR

Where is my daughter! Is she-

The door opens. Michele and Jack enter.

MACNAIR (cont'g)

Good Lord!

He hangs up as Michele runs to his bed and hugs him. MacNair holds out his hand to Jack, who shakes it.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY CLUB - DAY

GENTLEMEN in formal attire exit limousines and enter the staid, Fifth Avenue private men's club. It is late afternoon.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLUB - LATER

The gentlemen leave their topcoats with the PORTER. They move to the elevators across the lobby.

INT. BANQUET ROOM - LATER

Formal dinner in progress. The guests chat as they eat. David Bancroft laughs heartily at someone's joke.

LATER

A GENTLEMAN in black tie stands at a podium in front of the assembled guests. On the podium front is the global insignia of the Federal Advisory. Dinner is over.

GENTLEMAN

Good evening.

There is a polite silence.

GENTLEMAN (cont'g)

Happy May Day. I will simply present
our chairman, David Bancroft.

The guests applaud politely, chuckling at the MC's considerate brevity.
David Bancroft makes his way to the podium.

AT THE PODIUM - LATER

Bancroft is finishing his address.

BANCROFT

... and if the Federal Advisory is to guide
America through the coming decade of the
1980s, towards a New World Order, we must
set realistic goals. Everything that the
Soviet and the American leadership choose
to do in the coming decade will be affected
by the other's power. No significant
domestic goals can be achieved without
reference to the relationship between these
two great powers. This locks us into
inevitable partnership with the Soviets.

REVERSE SHOT

The guests listen intently. No one flinches.

BANCROFT (VO) (cont'g)

Combined research and the sharing of
discoveries in new fields or arenas of
common interest make sense on both
economic and political grounds.

PODIUM

BANCROFT (cont'g)

For example, we at Petram are in the
process of developing the huge
Vozrosdenya oilfields in the Soviet
Union. This will help us meet our
energy needs in the coming decade, thus
supplementing our dwindling domestic
supplies.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACNAIR-APACHE - DAY

An orange 500-barrel test tank jolts and rocks as the high-pressured oil
shoots into it.

BANCROFT (cont'g)

The New World Order will of course
result in a cutback of the American
standard of living... The concept of
nationhood as we know it will wither
and die, for the expansion of our

consciousness to the global level offers mankind perhaps the last real chance to build a world order less coercive than that offered by the nation-state.

PODIUM

Bancroft looks up from his notes.

BANCROFT (cont'g)

Finally, America must prepare to surrender her national sovereignty to an international body.

Bancroft nods to the applause.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLUB - LATER

In the lobby of the third floor, the guests gather at the elevators to go down and home.

David Bancroft enjoys a laugh with a fellow member. The elevator doors open. Bancroft graciously allows others to get in first, and as he himself enters,

A HAND

pats his shoulder from behind. Bancroft turns to see a smiling Jack Reynolds, also in black tie.

REVERSE SHOT of Jack smiling.

As the elevator doors start to close, Jack winks.

JACK

Tag. You're it.

The doors close.

EXT. HOUSTON SHIP CHANNEL - DAY

LONG SHOT of massive supertanker, Petram Merchant, plowing through the narrow channel. Closer shot shows a man watching the ship go by. When the ship passes out of the picture, the man walks away. Closer shot shows that it is Jack Reynolds.

FADE OUT