

AMEEICAN HERO - GARRETT MORGAN

Written by

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INT. BANQUET ROOM 1960'S GARRET MORGAN AWARDS

The room is filled with people listening. The speaker at a podium, drones on and on. An old man sits in a chair bent over due to his age and aches. He's staring straight forward with a slight smile on his face. His eyes have a white film due to cataracts. He is reminiscing as the speaker drones on.

EXT. DAY SUMMER 1887 FARM IN KENTUCKY

From the shade of the porch, a man in a wide brimmed hat can be seen plowing the field, as the shimmering heat of the afternoon emanates from the ground. The horse drawn plow battles the unforgiving field as both man and horse are slather with dirt crusted sweat.

GARRETT MOTHER

(in a southern drawl)

Garrett, take some water out to your father, boy. Lord knows he needs it in this heat. Tell him mama says take it easy or she'll take the switch to ya.

Young Garrett devised a leather pouch he wore as a back pack to carry water out to his father.

YOUNG GARRETT

(In a southern drawl)

Ok mama. I'll tell him.

Young Garrett fills his pouch with water and clambers over the plowed furrows toward his father. As young Garrett approaches his father, he takes off a wide bowl attached to his water back pack and fills it with water as he removes a cloths pin from the spout at the bottom of the water pouch.

YOUNG GARRETT (CONT'D)

Mama says to bring you and Nellie some water. And mama says you better take it easy or she's gonna take a switch to ya.

With a smirk on his face.

GARRETT FATHER

(in a deep southern drawl)

Thank you son. Yo mama is a good woman.

Garrett watches his father gulp the water, tipping the bowl to the sky with his muscular arms and big hands glistening from sweat.

GARRETT FATHER (CONT'D)

Now go give Nellie some water...and  
don't stand behind her or she's  
liable to give ya a swift kick.

Nellie's mouth is foaming in anticipation of water. Young Garrett fills the bowl several times as the horse drinks it's fill of water.

Garrett's father watches as the horse drinks. There's a smile on his face.

GARRETT FATHER (CONT'D)

Your a good boy Garrett. Yo mama  
and I are very proud of you boy.  
With the good lords help, you'll  
grow up to a better life so's you  
won't have to do this. God has  
made you smart Garrett. Use it to  
do good son and good things will  
happen.

Young Garrett's chest swells with pride.

GARRETT FATHER (CONT'D)

Your were born a free man Garrett.  
Be thankful to the lord that you  
won't have to put up with what your  
mama and I had to.

YOUNG GARRETT

Praise Jesus papa, praise Jesus.

GARRETT FATHER

Praise Jesus son. Now go back and  
help your mama with the chores.

EXT. DAY-TOWN

Young Garrett and his brother are scurrying about town, looking to do any odd job to make some money. Suddenly they hear a single female voice screaming

Help me. Fire. Fire. Help me.

Then an increasing volume of voices begin to scream.

Fire. Fire. Get the buckets. Get  
the buckets. Someone call the fire  
department. Fire. Fire.

Garrett and his younger brother, FRANK run toward the fire between men scurrying with buckets in hand. They see heavy black smoke coming from the barn and an attached house. The screams of horses neighing can be heard behind the closed barn doors.

YOUNG MOTHER

My babies are in there, my babies  
are in there. Oh god please no.

Chaos rules the street as men and women run in all directions.

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)

Save my babies. Oh god no, please  
no. Please help me save my babies.

The young mother runs to the front door, calling out her children's names.

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)

Sam...Becky. Answer me. Sam,  
Becky come to mama. Come to mama.  
Follow me voice.

Confusion and chaos reign as people run in all directions, screaming commands with no one listening.

Finally the barn doors are forced opened with a whoosh of air. Men run into the barn, below the heavy black smoke to save the horses. A steady stream of wild eyed horses and men materialize out of the smoke. Then, all of a sudden, two children can be seen behind an iron barred window screaming

SAM AND BECKY

Mama, mama.

Their arms can be seen flailing behind the iron bars on the window with wisps of wind temporarily revealing scared faces of two children frozen in terror. The clanging of fire bells can be heard in the distance as men throw up ladders to the window where the children are. Their tiny hands grasping the arms of men trying to rip the iron bars from the windows to no avail.

SAM AND BECKY (CONT'D)

Help me, help me. Mama, mama.

The young mother runs to the street and looks up at her children. A terrified face of the mother looks up, fist in her mouth.

YOUNG MOTHER

Mama's coming, Mama's coming.

The young mother, eyes desperate, runs to the front door again and flings herself into the thick black smoke.

The open barn doors let in much needed oxygen the fire needs and flames begin to appear. The clanging bells of the fire engine are getting louder and the screams of the trapped children become more terrified and urgent. Men begin to fling themselves into the smoke, first rescuing the unconscious mother and themselves.

The fire engine and ladder company appear in the distance. The teams of horses galloping at full speed. Their bobbing heads, wide flared nostrils and flowing mane showing the effort of man and beast. Sparks from the fire engine boiler spew into the air, leaving a trail of smoke. Bells clanging get louder as the flames become larger.

As the fire engine pulls up to the scene, the barn is nearly engulfed in flames. A line of men and women have formed a bucket brigade passing water from a horse trough to the fire. The FIRE CHIEF O'DONNELL begins to take command, yelling orders through his megaphone

FIRE CHIEF O'DONNELL

Gimme a two and a half through the front door. Gimme a second two and a half to the rear. Give me an ax to the second floor windows and get these fucken bars off.

The heat from the flames emanating from the fully engulfed barn has forced everyone off the ladders. Firemen continue to throw themselves into the curtain of black smoke only to be rescued unconscious. The screams of the children are becoming more frantic as flames can be seen coming from the peak of the house.

A light appears behind the children and the black smoke begins to dissipate. The children can be seen desperately reaching out. Firemen continue to throw themselves into the curtain of smoke, only to be dragged out by their comrades. Their screams of terror have become high shrill screams of pain. The hair on their head begins to burn. Both bodies fall from sight. Soon their screams weaken and then cease. Only the crackling of wood can be heard.

INT. KITCHEN EVENING

The two Mason boys come running into the kitchen.  
Mama, mama, mama. There was a  
fire.

GARRETT MOTHER

Settle down now, settle down.  
Lordy, lordy. You boys smell like  
you've been in a campfire.

MASON BOYS

Mama, there was a fire in town.  
Two kids were in the house.

Garrett's mother stops what she is doing to listen to what the boys are saying. Her hand covers her mouth and tears form in her eyes.

GARRETT MOTHER

JIM, get in here and help me settle  
these boys down.

Cassius's father walks into the kitchen and both boys latch onto him like magnets, speaking simultaneously.

MASON BOYS

There was a big fire in town papa.  
And two kids were trapped in the  
house and couldn't get out. They  
got burned up papa. The firemen  
kept trying to get them papa. The  
fire burned them up papa.

Garrett's fathers muscular arms wraps both boys. A sense of security is displayed on their faces.

GARRETT FATHER

Now, now boys. I's here now.  
Don't be afraid. Tell me what  
happened.

Both boys, with frantic eyes and flailing arms describe what they had witnessed in town.

YOUNG GARRETT

There was a fire in a house next to  
Henson's barn and two kids got  
burned up papa.

FRANK

We seen'em papa, we seen them.  
They were trapped on the second  
floor.

YOUNG GARRETT

Yeah, we seen them papa. There was  
iron bars on the window and they  
couldn't get out.

FRANK

The men tried to get the bars off,  
but couldn't.

YOUNG GARRETT

Yeah, the men couldn't get the bars  
off the windows and the kids got  
burned up.

Garrett's father, eye brows furled up, holds the boys close.  
Cassius's mother stopped what she was doing to listen. Her  
hand to her mouth.

GARRETT MOTHER

Now ya'll know why you don't play  
with fire. See what can happen?

Garrett's mother looks up

GARRETT MOTHER (CONT'D)

Lord, bless those children who were  
in the fire today. And, watch over  
our children and keep them safe  
from harm.

Garrett's father looks down at the boys.

GARRETT MOTHER (CONT'D)

Now you know why yo father and I  
tell you don't play with fire!  
What if you or one of your brothers  
or sisters got burnt up? DON'T  
PLAY WITH FIRE!

GARRETT FATHER

Now tell me what do you do if our  
house catches on fire?

YOUNG GARRETT

We get out of the house and make  
lots of noise!

FRANK

And we goes to the safe spot, right  
papa, we goes to the safe spot.

GARRETT FATHER

That's right. Do you go back in to  
save you brothers and sisters?

BOTH BOYS

No papa. We stays in the safe  
spot.

GARRETT MOTHER

That's right. If your not in the safe spot, your father and I have to go back in the burning house to look for you.

The Garrett's mother turns, pointing a wooden spoon at the boy.

GARRETT MOTHER (CONT'D)

And what am I gonna do to you if I catch you playing with fire?

YOUNG GARRETT

You gonna whoop our...behinds with a switch to an inch of our lives.

GARRETT FATHER

Come on and sit down. Your mama's slaved over this fine supper and I don't want it to get cold.

Garrett's father snickered and Garrett's mother giggled when he said the word "slave". The family holds hands around the diner table and bows their heads.

GARRETT FATHER (CONT'D)

Lord, blessed is the gifts we are about to receive. And lord, bless those two children who died today in that fire. We are thankful that their suffering is over and now with you lord. And lord, protect our children. Their good children. Amen.

As the family digs into supper, both boys can be seen talking at the same time in a hurriedly fashion. The mother, father and rest of the family quietly listening.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN EVENING

Young Garrett is a teenager. He's taking on his father's build...broad shoulders, strong muscular arms, large hands. Young Garrett has a smile that runs from ear to ear and a twinkle in his eye that is contagious to anyone in sight. Garrett is a gentle soul everyone loves to be around.

A strawberry blond teenage girl named MARY SUE spots Garrett and speaks in a contagious drawl. Looking over her shoulder at Garrett.



MARY SUE

Hi Garrett. What y'all doin? I just wanna thank you for building that rain water catch. How'd you ever think of that? You just don't know how many trips you have saved me from goin down to the stream for water.

With hands behind his back, in a bashful posture, looking sideways at her. His bright white teeth flashing and a twinkle in his eye.

GARRETT

That was my pleasure Mary Sue. I'm happy to help you any way I can.

MARY SUE

Who ya'll here with Garrett?

YOUNG GARRETT

I come by myself. Just lookin around. You by yourself Mary Sue?

MARY SUE

My two cousins and papa lookin at some horses.

YOUNG GARRETT

That's a real purty dress you have there Mary Sue.

Mary Sue pirouettes, fluffing her dress out as she twirls and running her hands along her figure.

MARY SUE

I just love the way it fits. Don't you?

An elderly male voice is heard.

(V.O.) Mary Sue. Who you talking to Mary Sue?

Three men walk around the corner of the building. The father of Mary Sue and two young men in their twenties.

YOUNG MAN 1

What you doin around here nigger boy?

YOUNG MAN 2

Yeah. Don't you know what happens around here to nigger boys who talk to white girls? Do you boy?

MARY SUE

Watch your mouth! That's my friend.

YOUNG MAN 1

Yeah, he looks like a friend. You a friend nigger boy?

The two men begin to surround Young Garrett and Garrett begins to back away.

MARY SUE'S FATHER

Go on home boy. Git! Before you get yourself into a peck of trouble.

GARRETT

I ain't look'in for no trouble sir.

Garrett backs out and begins to walk away. He can't help but look back over his shoulder and with an ever so slight smile at Peggy Sue.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

See ya around Peggy Sue

PEGGY SUE

Bye Garrett.

YOUNG MAN 2

(with a snarling voice)

That's right nigger boy. You git before I tie you upside down on a post and split you in two.

INT. NIGHT BEDROOM

Garrett is in a deep sleep and awakened by the chickens squawking in the coop. Then, a light shines into the bedroom window. As he puts his pants on, Garrett looks out the window to see a burning cross in front of his house.

(v.o.) Hey nigger boy.  
I'm gonna rip your balls  
off nigger!

INT. NIGHT LIVING ROOM

The Mason family huddles in the back of the living room below the window level, frightened, each holding a knife. The father whispers instructions over the background voices of men in WHITE HOODS.

A group of men with white hoods are screaming, as if they were screaming in a cave with all their might.

(v.o.) Go back where you  
come from nigger.

GARRETT FATHER  
Ok, you know where our safe spot  
is. Go there and wait for me.

WHITE HOODS  
(v.o.) I'm gonna get you  
nigger boy.

Garrett's mother, in a barely contained whisper.

GARRETT MOTHER  
Oh, Jim, I'm scared. I can't do  
this without you. Come with us.

WHITE HOODS  
(v.o.) I'm gonna fuck your  
wife like she's never  
been fucked before  
nigger.

GARRETT FATHER  
We's talked about this. I can't  
get away until you and the children  
are safe. Now go out the back and  
go to the safe spot, like we talked  
about. I'll be there shortly.

Garrett's father turns to his two boys.

GARRETT FATHER (CONT'D)  
You two boys protect your mother  
and your little brothers and  
sisters. Go's to the safe spot.  
If they catch you, fight! Fight  
like you never fought before. You  
know what they'll do to you and  
your mother.

With the precision of military squad, the mother and children scurry out the back door without a sound.

WHITE HOODS  
I'm gonna fuck you in the ass  
nigger boy.

From a low rumble to a roar of a lion, pronouncing the k with  
a distinct crack.

GARRETT FATHER  
Well come get it then cracker.

As the family quietly flees out the back to the safe place,  
the voices begin to fade.

WHITE HOODS  
Comin for you nigger.

GARRETT FATHER  
Well com-on-in peckerwood. I got's  
something for your white ass.

EXT. MORNING CROSS ROAD

At a dirt cross roads stands a huge oak tree surrounded by  
fields of tall corn stalks. Garrett has climbed a tree,  
looking for his father and any trouble coming. Suddenly he  
see's his father's head pop out from a row of corn stalks.

YOUNG GARRETT  
Daddy, daddy. Over here. Over  
here.

Garrett's father looks at Garrett with an angry frown on his  
face putting his finger against his lips to shush young  
Garrett. Looking down the cross road he stealthily crosses  
the road from one row of corn stalks to the other. The  
family huddles under Garrett's fathers strong arms, laughing  
and hugging.

GARRETT FATHER  
Shhh, shhh, shhh. Hush now.  
Quiet.

YOUNG GARRETT  
Can we go home now papa?

Garrett's father looks at his wife as he says

GARRETT FATHER  
We can never go back home. They  
killed the live stock and burned  
everything down. I hurt a couple  
of them ELIZABETH...real bad. Lord  
forgive me.

GARRETT MOTHER

Oh Jim, what are we gonna do?

GARRETT FATHER

We're going north. Supposed to be work up north. Where a man can raise a family and have a chance. Ain't nothing in Paris, Kentucky for us anymore. Maybe this is the lords way of showing us a promise land. Did you bring the money?

GARRETT MOTHER

I has it right here.

Garrett's mother pulls out a red handkerchief filled with coins. The family is seen counting the coins.

EXT. CLEVELAND OHIO FAIRGROUNDS-JULY 24TH, 1916-NOON

Looking at a blue sky, Indian war drums are beating as the camera slowly descends to the face of an Indian chief wearing a war bonnet of feathers. A stern face with folded arms brings the crowd to an excited point of interest, pointing fingers and talking amongst themselves. A white man, with enthusiasm, is hawking the new smoke hood to a crowd of uniformed and civilian people. War drums beat in the background.

WHITE HAWKER

Ladies and gentleman. Observe the latest invention of modern man. Created in the laboratories of Washington D.C., using the latest technology I present to you...the smoke hood.

The Indian war drums abruptly stop after the word smoke hood is said. On a table is a number of material type hoods with long tubes attached.

WHITE HAWKER (CONT'D)

This magnificent piece of equipment will save your life...it will save the lives of your loved ones...it will save the lives of your firemen. It will allow them to reach women and children trapped fires. Trapped miners in the bowels of the earth.

(MORE)

## WHITE HAWKER (CONT'D)

Used in the most inhospitable environments, this extraordinary piece of equipment, a product of 20 years of development by scientists from Washington D.C., Will allow even the most primitive of us the ability to go into these poisonous atmospheres like a walk in the park.

The white hawker raps several times on a table with smoke hoods with a long wooden poker stick

## WHITE HAWKER (CONT'D)

It looks complicated to put on. It looks confusing to use. But...it's as easy as 1,2,3.

Pointing to Garrett with the poker, the white hawker continues.

## WHITE HAWKER (CONT'D)

So easy to put on. So easy to use, a simple savage can do it. Observe ladies and gentleman, as Big Chief Mason from the Walpole Indian Reservation in Canada dons, with ease, this amazing device of modern technology.

The white hawker taps Garrett on the shoulder, directing him to the table with the smoke hoods. With the same menacing steady gaze, Garrett slowly walks over to the table grunting his acknowledgment of the instruction.

## GARRETT

Humph

Frank, Garrett's brother comes out from the tent to assist his brother with removing his war bonnet. Garrett majestically removes his war bonnet and hands it to Frank. Frank gently places the war bonnet on the table with the smoke hoods. Frank picks up one of the smoke hoods and attempts to put it on Garrett's head but is stopped with the outstretch of his arm.

## WHITE HAWKER

No help needed here ladies and gentlemen, no assistance wanted. It's as easy as one, two, three. One, simply put it on, two start breathing, three go in and save the damsels in distress.

The white hawker points out a man in a uniform as he continues his sales pitch

WHITE HAWKER (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen, may I present  
to you...Cleveland's very own, fire  
chief McClennan. Give him a hand  
everyone.

The crowd politely claps. Chief McClennan turns a bit red with embarrassment, slightly bowing to the crowd and tipping his hat.

A teepee in the background is puffing huge amounts of black smoke as thick as a rug. The white hawker points to the smoke filled teepee.

WHITE HAWKER (CONT'D)  
Chief McClennan sir, will you  
please inspect yonder teepee? And  
will you tell the crowd if that's  
not the most rankest, nastiest,  
blackest smoke you can encounter at  
a fire?

Chief McClennan walks to the teepee and flips the flap open and sticks his head for a quick moment.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN  
Yup, that's some nasty stuff.

Garrett grabs one of the smoke hoods on the table and places it on his head and quickly strides to the smoking teepee. Before entering the teepee he turns to the crowd and forward salutes before quickly entering the smoke filled teepee. The Indian war drums begin to beat the moment he enters the teepee.

FORWARD 20 MINUTES LATER

All eyes are on the teepee. The crowd is beginning to get fidgety. A low rumble of people talking and pointing. The Indian war drums are still beating and getting louder.

The crowd had not noticed four more drummers quietly joining the Indian drummers.

Then the drums abruptly stop, the flap of the teepee is flung open and Big Chief Mason steps out to the cheering crowd.

WHITE HAWKER  
Ladies and Gentlemen I present to  
you...The smoke hood!  
(MORE)

## WHITE HAWKER (CONT'D)

Please stop by the table to examine  
the smoke hoods and put your order  
in today and receive a genuine  
David Bowie knife, free of charge.

Unbeknownst to anyone's notice Chief Mason and his little  
drummers begin to fade into the background as people surround  
the table of hoods.

EXT. CRIB YARD NUMBER FIVE-JULY 24TH, 1916-NOON

The construction yard of crib number 5 is a beehive of  
activity, jammed with small sheds, rail road tracks and rails  
neatly stacked up, bulldozers, cranes, piles of material,  
dumpsters, etc. Three sides of the yard bordered the streets  
of Cleveland. The sounds of horses hooves clip clopping on  
cobble stone streets of is heard. Competing for your ear is  
Lake Erie's waves, sloshing about the pier of side four.

Being interviewed by D.P. Clevens of the Cleveland  
Engineering Society is the crib superintendent John Johnston  
and Construction superintendent Gus Van Duzen. The three men  
are walking around the yard of crib number five.

D. P. CLEVENS

I want to thank you both for  
allowing me to report on this water  
works project. It's really a  
marvel of modern science.

JOHN JOHNSTON

You bet'cha. Thank you for coming  
out Mr. Clevens.

D. P. CLEVENS

My friends call me D. P.

JOHN JOHNSTON

Well D P. We are proud of this  
project. When done, we will be  
able to provide cleaner water to  
the citizens of Cleveland with  
water intakes five miles from  
shore.

GUS VAN DUZEN

The new age of science is upon us  
D.P.. Electricity is replacing  
steam engines. Cars are replacing  
horses. Telephones instantly  
deliver information over long  
distances. The comingling of the  
two ages is everywhere.



As the three men are walking around the yard. D.P. Clevens is writing notes, trying not to trip.

D. P. CLEVENS

Is see.

JOHN JOHNSTON

Safety is a big issue. Thirty nine men lost their lives when they built the water intakes to crib four in the late 1890's and 1900's. Since this project has begun in 1914, we haven't lost a single soul.

D. P. CLEVENS

Impressive. Can you tell our readers why this is so?

GUS VAN DUZEN

The way we build water intake tunnels are completely different now. In the old days we dug by hand and used pillar and posts to support the tunnel then bricked in the walls. Lots of cave-ins and gas pockets. Now we have pneumatic powered tools and engines that dig automatically that run on compressed air.

JOHN JOHNSTON

Yeah, all through the use of pneumatic tools and inside a piece we call the shield tube. We dig in front and lay in concrete walls reinforced with fifteen inch wide concrete metal bands.

D. P. CLEVENS

The shield tub huh. What's that?

GUS VAN DUZEN

It's a twelve foot wide steel tube that is fifteen feet long and it protects the miners as they dig. All the work required to build the tunnel is done in one shot. We dig in front of a pneumatic engine on a flat bed that rides a track.

JOHN JOHNSTON

Inside the tube seats the forward end or the cutting edge.

(MORE)

JOHN JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

This is what does the digging.  
When we make, what the miners refer  
to as a "shove", we have twelve  
hydraulic jacks exerting seven to  
ten tons of pressure per square  
inch.

D P Clevens is furiously writing on his note pad in short  
hand.

D. P. CLEVENS

Cutting edge?...A Shove.

GUS VAN DUZEN

The cutting edge moves forward,  
rotating ever so slowly. So  
gradual is the motion that only by  
watching the ever widening space  
between the last tunnel ring and  
the shield frame is the only way  
you know it's moving.

JOHN JOHNSTON

The cutting edge slices off great  
slabs of clay. The miners then  
remove slabs of clay onto a  
conveyer belt. The conveyer belt  
brings it back to a miner who  
heaves them into waiting mud cars.  
Each one of these cars hold a cubic  
yard of clay and weighs, when  
loaded about three thousand pounds.

GUS VAN DUZEN

We expect each shift to build nine  
feet of tunnel or attach six tunnel  
rings.

JOHN JOHNSTON

We have chemists regularly taking  
air samples in the tunnel. I don't  
know if you know this but you can't  
smell or see methane gas. Bad  
stuff. Highly flammable.

The three men walk around the yard and D P Clevens is  
furiously writing in his note pad as Gus Van Duzen points out  
electrical power lines. Gus has to talk a little louder  
because of the noise of horses hooves and automobiles on the  
cobblestoned street next to the yard fence.

GUS VAN DUZEN

We have electricity coming into the yard here and into the distribution box over there. From the distribution box we send electrical power all over the yard and out to the cribs four and five. That's about five miles out from shore.

Gus Van duzen points to tiny structures out in Lake Erie.

JOHN JOHNSTON

We the use tugs to transport men, material and equipment out to cribs four and five.

The three men look up and follow the high electrical wires to a large box inside an open shed. The box had switch levers, knobs of glass and wires all over the box like a web of a spider.

GUS VAN DUZEN

The electrical lines come in here, where we distribute power to different locations. Electricity powers the lights in the yard as well as in the tunnel.

D. P. CLEVENS

How do you get electricity out to the cribs?

GUS VAN DUZEN

We run a insulated line, laid atop of the lake bed.

Gus Van Duzen points to a pipe that disappears into the water of Lake Erie.

GUS VAN DUZEN (CONT'D)

See that six inch pipe there?

JOHN JOHNSTON

We found that an air pressure of fifteen pounds per square inch is sufficient to keep it dry in the tunnel.

D.P. Clevens busy writing on a note pad as the men talk.

D. P. CLEVENS

Tunnel pressure huh.

GUS VAN DUZEN

The air is compressed on shore and comes through that six inch pipe to crib four and five. There's an air lock to the tunnel to create pressure.

JOHN JOHNSTON

Because of these safety features and modern science, we haven't had a single death in the two years we've been in operation.

GUS VAN DUZEN

You wanna take a tour of the tunnel?

D. P. CLEVENS

Would I! You bet'cha.

JOHN JOHNSTON

I'll leave you two now. Here's my business card. You feel free to call me, anytime.

John Johnston hands D.P. a business card and gives them both a bon voyage salute. D.P. is studying the business card closely.

D. P. CLEVENS

Do you have a phone number?

JOHN JOHNSTON

Not yet. I'm on the list to get one.

EXT. AFTERNOON, PIER OF CRIB FIVE SUPPLY YARD.

D P Clevens and Gus Van Duzen get on a tug boat via a ramp from the pier. Cranes move material and machines onto the rising and falling tug boat created by the waves of Lake Erie.

D. P. CLEVENS

How long does it take to get to the crib?

GUS VAN DUZEN

Depending on which crib, twenty to fifty minutes on a nice day.

D. P. CLEVENS  
Which crib?

GUS VAN DUZEN  
Yeah. Crib four is a little under 2 miles from shore. Crib five is a little under five miles away. We're getting off at crib 4. So far, to date, we've tunneled about three miles. We have about another half mile to go before we can link up to another tunnel we're building from Crib five.

D. P. CLEVENS  
A second tunnel? From crib five?

The tug approaches crib four cautiously. The crib is a built up brick and metal building surrounded by a deck. The waves of Lake Erie are a little rough. The bobbing of the tug on the water makes it difficult for cranes to remove supplies from the deck. D P Clevens and Gus Van Duzen get off the tug onto Crib four. Gus points out the various engines that run the pneumatic lines, gauges that monitor the air pressure

GUS VAN DUZEN  
We gain entry to the tunnel by taking an elevator one hundred and forty feet below the surface of the lake. An air lock below lets us into the tunnel.

It's a beautiful day, with the sun shining. A cool breeze blows across the water on this hot summer day. As D P Clevens is writing he hears the sea gulls as they fly overhead. He and Gus Van Duzen enter crib four building.

#### INT. OF AN OPEN CAGED ELEVATOR

Gus Van Duzen and D. P. Clevens walk to the entrance of the elevator. It's an open metal cage with stairs next to the elevator shaft. The damp air of the tunnel drifts up. A slight smell of sewer gas is detected. As the caged elevator descends, D P Clevens and Gus Van duzen continue the interview.

GUS VAN DUZEN  
One of the leading causes of accidents when digging a tunnel is a methane gas. You can't smell or taste methane, so to speak. It's highly explosive.  
(MORE)

GUS VAN DUZEN (CONT'D)  
If it doesn't cause an explosion,  
the lack of displaced oxygen causes  
you to pass out.

With a little apprehension.

D. P. CLEVENS  
I thought you said you test the  
air?

GUS VAN DUZEN  
Yeah, we do everyday for the safety  
of the miners. The safety of the  
miners is paramount D. P.. Miners  
have to decompress when they come  
up.

D. P. CLEVENS  
Decompress? Like divers?

GUS VAN DUZEN  
Yup. Otherwise, if they don't  
decompress gradually, they get the  
bends, just like divers. Come on,  
I'll show you the whole operation.

The iron caged door of the elevator opens into a large dimly  
lite room. At the end of the room is a iron gated air lock  
whose forbidding appearance is well established to inspire  
terror in those unfamiliar with methods of underwater  
construction.

D. P. CLEVENS  
What's that a door to? Hell?

GUS VAN DUZEN  
That's the door to the 13,300 foot  
pressure section we're digging  
toward crib five. There's another  
1,500 foot tunnel from crib five  
digging toward us.

D. P. CLEVENS  
Your confident that you can hook up  
the two tunnels?

GUS VAN DUZEN  
With today's modern science, like a  
straight line.

D.P. Clevens, Gus Van Duzen and a little man named FRANK THE  
BUG step into a room. Clad in a rubber coat and hat, Frank  
the Bug slams the airlock door shut.

FRANK THE BUG

No locks on doors needed down here  
sonny. Hehehe.

Frank the Bug slowly turns a wheel above. A hissing sound is heard coming from a valve. An uncomfortable feeling in the ears is felt.

GUS VAN DUZEN

What Frank is doing is increasing  
the atmospheric pressure to match  
that of the tunnel.

D. P. CLEVENS

Increase in pressure. Is that  
what's making my ears hurt?

GUS VAN DUZEN

Yes. And we do the reverse when we  
leave and decompress in this room.  
Otherwise the miners get what they  
call, the bends.

D. P. CLEVENS

The bends?

GUS VAN DUZEN

When decompression is not done  
properly, the bends draws up the  
muscle at the joint, causing  
excruciating pain and sometimes  
death.

D.P. Clevens is looking a little nervous and in a little pain.

FRANK THE BUG

Swallow sonny. It equalizes the  
pressure in your ears. He,he,he.

D.P. Clevens swallows and the pressure in his ears is relieved.

INTERIOR OF THE TUNNEL AT THE DOOR LOCK

D.P., Gus and Frank step out of the airlock, into the dimly lite tunnel. D.P. is moving with a little energy in his step.

D. P. CLEVENS

Not bad down here. I feel good.

Gus Van Duzen chuckles

GUS VAN DUZEN

The exhilaration your feeling is produced by the comparatively large amount of oxygen present in compressed air.

As the men walk to a low locomotive, D.P Clevens remarks

D. P. CLEVENS

Pretty dry down here for being under a Lake.

GUS VAN DUZEN

One of the pluses of a high atmospheric pressure. Keeps water out and gas from leaking in.

Frank the Bug crouches on a plunging seat of his compressed air locomotive and D.P. Clevens and Gus Van Duzen jump in one of the empty mud splattered cars. Frank the Bug, head silhouetted sharply over the heavily riveted plates of the boiler, as we begun its ride on shiny tracks through the scantily lighted tunnel. As the locomotive gains speed, the twinkling lights speed by faster and faster. All other sound is lost in the ear splitting clamor of steel on steel reverberating through the dense air as the train hurtles its way through 13,300 feet of tunnel. In the dimly lite tunnel ahead, the narrow passageway seems to close in on the struggling lights, gradually appears a greater space. The train lessens it's speed and the stops with a jerk. The shift boss, MAHONEY, meets us.

SHIFT BOSS MAHONEY

Welcome to the crib four tunnel Gentleman. How ya feel'in?

D. P. CLEVENS

I'm feeling GREAT.

GUS VAN DUZEN

I already explained about the added oxygen levels under compressed air.

SHIFT BOSS MAHONEY

He, he, he. I never have to drive these fellas.

Shift boss Mahoney points to the fifteen inch wide concrete rings which line the tunnels.

SHIFT BOSS MAHONEY (CONT'D)

They know that when six sets of those rings have been put in, they then can quit for the day.

(MORE)



## SHIFT BOSS MAHONEY (CONT'D)

All I have to do is keep them good  
natured.

We followed the energetic Irishman and after squeezing past a string of empty muck cars, came to the steel shield at the face of the working.

INT FACTORY OFFICE 17:00 HRS.

The office is a bee hive of activity. Garrett is at his corner desk with war paint still on his face, answering questions and reviewing figures on a paper. Leroy Brown, Garrett's foreman in his sewing machine repair shop, is asking Garrett.

LEROY BROWN

Mr. Mason? Mr. Mason. Mr. Goldstein wants to know if he can drop off twenty five sewing machines...so we can attach the torsion wheels on them. And he wants know if he can get them by Monday.

GARRETT

(looking up into his  
memory)

Tell him we can and then do it. You fire that kid Hayward if he doesn't come in again. And start looking for somebody else.

ALISIA CUMMINGS, a chemist who works for Garrett's hair straightening business. Also asking Garrett questions.

ALISIA CUMMINGS

MR. MASON...MR. MASON. We have to order 120 pounds of calcium hydroxide. Who should I bill this to. Mason Sewing Industries or C.A. Mason Hair Refining Company?

Garrett thought about the question with a furrowed brow as his son was tugging on his shirt sleeve.

GARRETT

Is that enough to polish the needles AND create how many pounds of cream?

ALISIA CUMMINGS

Twenty four cases, 32 jars per case.

GARRETT

Make it one hundred and sixty pounds and charge it to Mason Hair Refining Company.

Garrett furrowed brow melted into a calmness and slight smile

GARRETT (CONT'D)

What is it son?

Cosmos and Garrett Mason Jr. came in with their mother, MARY ANNE (Hasek), a well built blond women from Bulgaria. She came in with a purpose and walked straight to the desk of her husband, Garrett.

MARY ANNE

(WITH A EUROPEAN ACCENT)

Garrett, your better make it home in time for supper tonight. I'm having those pork chops you like.

Cosmos still tugging on the shirt sleeve

COSMOS

Did me and Junior play good today dad?

MARY ANNE

(teaching)

Junior and I Cosmos, Junior and I.

COSMOS

Did we dad, did we?

GARRETT

You guys did. Your and Junior were terrific. Better than Geronimo himself.

MARY ANNE

And take that damn paint off your face before you come home for supper. You look ridiculous with paint on your face at the dinner table.

The office door slams open and the white hawker comes rushing in, glee in his voice. Everybody in the office stops what they're doing to see what the commotion is about.

WHITE HAWKER

Garrett. We sold twenty five units today. Twenty five units! Can ya believe it?

As if he was on center stage as a preacher in a Baptist church.

WHITE HAWKER (CONT'D)

We made some money today my man.  
We made some hard cash-a-roonies today.

Frank comes rushing into the office, tip toe dancing to Garrett's desk.

FRANK

(sung in a little jingle)  
We got da money. We got the money.

In an excited voice Frank looks at his brother.  
Did he tell you...twenty five units!

Garrett's fatherly smile turn to one that went to ear to ear and that contagious twinkle in is eye flashed. Then with seriousness Garrett looks at the white hawker and asks.

GARRETT

Did the Cleveland Fire Department order any?

WHITE HAWKER

No, but they were very interested.

Garrett in deep thought. His eyes looking up at the ceiling, visualizing what he had to do.

GARRETT

Frank, how many units do we have now?...Besides The four we have here?

FRANK

We have an additional six at the warehouse that have to be put together.

Mary Anne turns to leave the office with both boys in tow, talking to Garrett as she leaves.

MARY ANNE

Just make sure you get home at 6:30  
for supper...and wipe that damn  
paint off your face, dear god.

INT. 19:00 HRS. EVENING AT THE DINNER TABLE

Garrett, his wife Mary Anne and his 3 boys sit around the  
dinner table holding hands. A servant is bringing out dishes  
of food placing them in on the dinner table.

GARRETT

Lord, thank you for these gifts we  
are about to receive. Lord, we  
thank you for all the good and  
bountiful things that are happening  
to us. May you bless this family  
and keep us from harm. Amen.

The family repeated  
Amen.

EXT. EVENING-PIER ON SHORE 20:00 HRS.

IRISH FOREMAN

(with a thick Irish  
accent)

Adolf, you dirty bastard, what do  
you have to report this evening.  
Are we working in crib five  
tonight?

ADOLF

(in a thick German accent)

Ya, we are still getting that of  
smell gas as of yesterday. I did  
not get a stay of work order by the  
chemist so it must be ok to work  
tonight. The pumps seem to be  
working. You be careful. Nobody  
has worked in that tunnel for three  
days. Try to keep a straight  
heading this time.

IRISH FOREMAN

Don't you be telling me how to keep  
a straight heading. Anyone want to  
work overtime in your crew?

Adolf barks to his crew

ADOLF

Anyone want to put in another shift in?

IRISH FOREMAN

Time and a half lads. Easy money.

One of the German tug tenders raises his hand to volunteer to work another shift.

GERMAN MINER

Ya. I vill work.

IRISH FOREMAN

Ok, that makes eight. We got's a college boy with us tonight. Vokes or something like that.

A young man comes walking up to the group at the pier.

Harry Volks

Good evening gentleman. Harry Vokes, assistant superintendent. I'll be with you tonight.

IRISH FOREMAN

Evening governor. We're loading up the tug as we speak. The lads should be ready in a short while.

1900 HOURS INTERIOR CRIB FIVE MINE SHAFT

The elevator is seen going down. The moist walls of the tunnel, dripping of water and the echoed clanging of the elevator door as the miners descended. As the elevator reaches the bottom of the tunnel a familiar face pops out of the air lock door.

IRISH FOREMAN

Frankie! You work'in tonight?

FRANK THE BUG

Yeah. They didn't have anyone so they asked me to work tonight. Just getting everything up and running. Nobody's been out here for three days.

HARRY VOLKS

Ok gentlemen. Let's get going. We're behind schedule.

The crew exits the air lock and a row of electrical lights that went on forever are seen lighting the tunnel. The trickle of water is ever so present, running the sides of the tunnel floor in a small trench on either side. Most of the miners jump into small cars used to haul the muck of the tunnel to the topside. The rest begin to walk the tunnel 1,500 feet from the entrance of the air lock, making small talk.

#### INTERIOR OF THE MINE SHAFT OF CRIB FIVE-2130 HOURS

All the miners are working, performing their specific jobs. One miner is seen working on a mine wall with a pick ax. The echo of his tool at work is heard. The noise of hydraulic machines drowning out all other noises. A small piece of the wall falls out and a slight hiss begins. The miner working does not hear it at first over the echo's of tools chipping away. The sound of the hiss becomes louder and the miner suddenly stops his pick ax mid air. He is frozen in his posture. His face is frozen with concern as he attempts to locate the sound of the slight hiss. He immediately recognizes his light headedness of the displacement of oxygen by methane gas. The sound of the hiss begins to get louder and gain more force. Suddenly, he turns, drops his tools and begins to run.

Gas, gas, run for your lives.

The miners stop working, straining their ears until they recognize the word gas. A bustle of sounds erupts as men begin to run to the entrance to mine shaft number five. The hiss of gas begins to get louder until it is roaring out of the pocket that becomes deafening. The methane gas quickly fills the tunnel. A spark in the tunnel lights ignites the gas in perfect mixture of air and methane gas with a momentary explosive thump. As quickly as flames flashed, they disappeared. The percussion of the explosion, knocked men out, ripping limbs from their bodies. The tunnel collapses with the heavy thuds of concrete wall collapsing and the tunnel is plunged in total darkness. Total darkness with the moans of men in pain. The cry of miner trapped under debris close to the airlock door is heard and begins to wane.

Mama, mama, mama, mama,

Very soon miners who were not killed by the blast or tunnel wall collapse begin to die for lack of oxygen. Chests begin to heave as the human bodies strain to breathe. Mouths wide open, eyes bulging, as they gasp to breath an atmosphere lacking oxygen. Pitched in total darkness, each man disorientated in total blackness and the effects of the explosion. They recognize the effects of gas.

All that can be hear is the roar of escaping gas. Soon the surviving men begin to vomit. Their breathing becomes more rapid. The heaving of their chest becomes more rapid until it stops.

EXT. CRIB NUMBER FIVE-2130 HOURS

It's a hot sticky moonless July night. Topside of crib number five, men are working, conversing with each other. Suddenly, a loud thud is heard coming from the tunnel of crib five, quickly followed by the shaking of the building and ground. A huge sparking display of the electrical wiring contacts showers everyone near it. Moments later a silent cloud of dirt is spewed from the entrance of crib five. Then crib five goes dark. There is confusion everywhere. Men are running and tripping in the darkness.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
What the hell happened?

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
Something must have happened in the tunnel.

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
Where's the candles?

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
Someone fix the electricity.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
Come' let's get down there and see  
What happened.

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
How the fuck are we gonna get down  
there when we can't see.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
There's got to men down there. We  
got to see what happened.

CRIB5 WORKER 3 carefully runs to the entrance of the tunnel shaft. The shaft is totally dark. He yells down to anyone who can hear him.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
Helloooo. Is anyone down there?  
Helloooo.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
Where did they put the candles?

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
Try the foot locker next to the  
sink.

Crib5 worker 1 goes in the direction of the kitchen, banging  
around in the darkness. CRIB5 WORKER 2 runs to the entrance  
with CRIB5 WORKER 3.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
Did ya hear anything? Think we  
should go down there?

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
Fuck no. We don't have any lights.  
They ain't paying me enough to go  
down there without no equipment.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
How we gonna get help? Is there a  
phone here?

CRIB5 WORKER 2 just looks blankly at CRIB5 WORKER 3

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
It's on order. I'll be right back.

CRIB5 WORKER 2 cautiously walks/runs back to the kitchen  
area. The noise of falling pots and pans can be heard in the  
background.

INT. KITCHEN 2150 HRS.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
Here they are. Lots of candles.  
Got a match?

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
No. I don't smoke.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
How the fuck are we gonna light  
these candles? With our dicks?

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
Let's go see if CRIB5 WORKER 3 has  
a match

Both workers stumble back to the entrance of the tunnel in  
the darkness, each holding a bunch of candles.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
Hey CRIB5 WORKER 3. You got any  
matches?



CRIB5 WORKER 3  
No.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
Fuuuck.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
Try the foreman's desk. I know he  
smokes a pipe.

Crib5 worker 1 stumbles in the darkness toward the foreman's office. He could be heard fumbling around in the desk.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
(v.o.) Got'em!

The crib workers begin to light a number of candles to give them light.

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
What are we gonna do?

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
God, that sewer gas really stinks.

CRIB5 WORKER 3 leans down over a railing yelling

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
Helloooo, is anyone down there?  
Hellooo.

CRIB5 WORKER 3 turns to the other two crib workers with a determined look.

CRIB5 WORKER 3 (CONT'D)  
We gotta go down there. There's  
men down there that need our help.  
Come'on, who's with me.

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
Fuck that. We gotta get help out  
here. We don't have the equipment  
or know what we're do'in. I say  
let's get some help out here first.

Without paying any attention to CRIB5 WORKER 2, CRIB5 WORKER 3 begins to cautiously descend the straight ladder leading down to the tunnels.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
Hellooo down there. Can anybody  
hear me? Call out and I'll come  
get you. Hellooo.

As CRIB5 WORKER 3 looks down the elevator shaft the candle he holds begins to go out. He becomes a little wobbly and appears dizzy. Crib workers 1 and 2 race to worker 3 before he falls over the railing and helps away from the elevator shaft.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
You ok CRIB5 WORKER 3? Ya ok  
buddy?

Both crib workers 1 and 2 have a concerned look on their faces as they look at CRIB5 WORKER 3.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
I'm ok. Just a little dizzy.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
Yeah I'm a little dizzy too.

CRIB5 WORKER 2 angrily grabs the shirt collar of CRIB5 WORKER 3 and comes nose to nose.

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
You motha'fucker. Don't you ever  
pull another stunt like that again.  
Next time you do that, I'm not  
com'in to get ya. Got that!

With a blank expression on his face CRIB5 WORKER 3 replies

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
I won't expect you to. Thanks for  
com'in for me.

CRIB5 WORKER 3 turns to crib5 worker 1 with a smile on his face.

CRIB5 WORKER 3 (CONT'D)  
You too you little shit.

There's a smile and a look of relief on crib5 worker 1 face.

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
Com'on. Lets get out into the open  
air. Sewer gas is getting to all  
of us.

All three men stumble out of the crib building. The wind blows out the candles the men had and once again they are in total darkness on this moonless night.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
What are we gonna do? Is there a  
phone here?

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
I don't think so.

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
Yeah, leave it to the company to  
leave us out here up a creek  
without a paddle.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
We got to make contact with  
someone. Maybe we can start a  
fire.

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
Who the fuck is going to see a  
fire. We're five miles from shore.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
Yeah, but we're 2 miles from crib  
4. They might see it.

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
Alright, lets go inside and open  
the windows, light some candles and  
look around to see what we can  
burn.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
OK, crib5 worker 1 you go open the  
windows. I'll check the back  
supply room and CRIB5 WORKER 2,  
start look'in around the foreman's  
office and kitchen for things to  
burn. Who got the matches?

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
I got'em.

All the men move forward with purpose, each lighting their  
candles inside the crib house, each moving to their  
assignments. Sounds of furniture moving and cupboard doors  
slamming are heard as the men search for things to burn  
bright. CRIB5 WORKER 3 finds lanterns and cans of lantern  
fuel piled in a corner.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
Hey, I found some lanterns.

Crib workers 1 and 2 rapidly move toward the storage room  
where CRIB5 WORKER 3 is. They come into the room brightly  
lite with the newly discovered lanterns.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
Alright!

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
Get some of those lanterns going.  
The fuel is over in that corner.

CRIB5 WORKER 3 is still busy looking into the boxes when he makes his next discovery.

CRIB5 WORKER 3 (CONT'D)  
Eureka! Lookie what we have here.  
Distress flares!

All three men gather around the box.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
Fireworks.

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
Distress flares for ships. Yeah,  
they'll see this from shore. We'll  
just keep firing them off until  
someone does.

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
They'll definitely see them at crib  
4. Come-on. Lets go to the point  
and fire them off.

CRIB-5 EXT. ISLAND POINT, NIGHT

The men can be seen lighting the rocket flares one after another up into the pitch black sky.

CRIB-4 EXT. NIGHT 2230 HRS.

Men working topside on crib 4 stop working and look at the distress flares shooting high into the sky.

CRIB4 WORKER 1  
Hey, did ya see that?

CRIB4 WORKER 2  
Distress flares. Go get the  
foreman. Probably some ship in  
trouble.

One of the crib4 workers runs to the house to alert the foreman. The foreman is seen looking out his window and immediately to the telegraph in his office.

INT. CRIB4 OFFICE

Several of the crib4 workers are in the office of crib4 foreman as he steadily taps out a message in Morse code.

CRIB4 WORKER 1  
What's he tapping out?

Crib4 worker 3 is concentrating on the taps of the key as he translates

CRIB4 WORKER 3  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday. Distress  
flares seen east by northeast of  
crib 4. Sender unknown. Distress  
unknown. Mayday, Mayday, Mayday.

EXT. 11TH STREET YARD PIER 2240 HR.S

Tug boat Gillmore leaves shore to respond the Mayday distress call. All hands on deck with motor running at full throttle. Distress flares can be seen from shore off in the distance. The captain is seen with binoculars in the bridge of the tugboat.

INTERIOR CRIB4 OFFICE

Crib4 worker 3 is still deciphering the messages for everyone in the office.

CRIB4 WORKER 3  
This is the Gillmore. Coming to  
you at full speed. What is your  
location? What is your emergency?

Then silence as they wait for a response. The distress flares are firing off at a steady speed.

CRIB4 WORKER 3 (CONT'D)  
This is the Gillmore. Coming to  
you at full speed. What is your  
coordinates. What is your  
emergency.

INT. OFFICE OF 11TH STREET SUPPLY YARD 2300 HR.S

The office is full. Men are intensely listening to the telegraph key pound out messages. Yard worker 1 is quietly deciphering the dots and dashes. Then a message comes in that freezes everyone in the office.

YARD WORKER 2

Gillmore to base. Distress flares coming from crib 5. No lights present. Docking to investigate.

Everybody then knew what had happened.

YARD WORKER 1

Get the super, fast, I think there was an accident in tunnel five.

Men are scrambling about the yard. Indecision is rampant and the yard interim foreman JOEL KERR, a young man of 22, is frozen where he stands, unsure of what to do next. Joel Kerr instructs yard worker 2 to go get crib superintendent John Johnston.

JOEL KERR

Hurry. Go get the super.

YARD WORKER 2

Who, Johnston?

JOEL KERR

Yeah, go get'em, hurry!

YARD WORKER 2

How do I get him? Where does he live?

Meanwhile the yard electrician is simultaneously reporting to Joel.

ELETRICIAN

Joel, the generator operating the lights and air pumps are out. Short circuited. What do you want to do?

Joel's mind is racing on what to do next. He grabs yard worker 2 by his shirt.

JOEL KERR

Go get the super. His address is on the board in the office. Run, damn you, run.

The BOILER FIREMAN operating the steam pumps comes reporting to Joel as he is instructing yard worker 2.

BOILER FIREMAN

Joel, the pumps are still working. Air is still being pumped out. What do you want me to do?

JOEL KERR  
I told them they should have a  
telephone put here.

BOILER FIREMAN  
Why, Johnston doesn't have a phone  
in his house.

JOEL KERR  
What should I do next? What should  
I do next?

BOILER FIREMAN  
Hit the siren.

Joel calls out to the electrician across the yard.

JOEL KERR  
Hit the siren, hit the siren.

BOILER FIREMAN  
Get the cops.

Men are running in all directions, each with their own plan  
of action.

YARD WORKER 3  
Get the fire department.

JOEL KERR  
Sound the fucken siren, damn you.

ELETRICIAN  
I can't. The generator's fried.  
No lights, no siren. Nothing.

Joel is pacing back and forth. Running a few steps then  
stopping. Then running in the other direction a few steps  
and stopping. Men are running up to him asking him what he  
wants them to do.

JOEL KERR  
(He asks the electrician)  
Um, umm. Should I call the cops?

Meanwhile, yard men are running around, running up to Joel  
Kerr. Asking if they can do something. This is a scene of  
complete chaos.

Joel grabs one of the passing young yardman.

JOEL KERR (CONT'D)  
You, go get a cop.

YARD WORKER 3

Where?

JOEL KERR

How the fuck do I know? Just go  
get one.

The boiler fireman is yelling across the yard, waving his  
arms, trying to get Joel's attention.

BOILER FIREMAN

Joel. Joel! Joel Kerr.

Joel runs over to the electrician.

JOEL KERR

What!

BOILER FIREMAN

We got an air horn. Want me to  
blow it?

Joel thinks briefly, debating the pros and cons.

JOEL KERR

Yeah, blow the fucken thing. Blow  
the air horn.

ELETRICIAN

I'll blow SOS. Three short, three  
long, three short.

JOEL KERR

I don't care if you blow Yankee  
doodle. Just blow the fucken air  
horn.

The steam pumps air horn begins to blow SOS.

Yard worker 4 turns to Joel, looking him into his eyes,  
looking for direction.

YARD WORKER 4

What do you want to do Joe?

JOEL KERR

Uhhh. Uhm. Is the super here yet?

Joel turns to three men grouped together, pointing a finger  
at them.



Joel looks around. With a cry for help look on his face. Meanwhile the blasts of the air horn are adding tension and attention to the situation. A Cleveland cop comes strolling into the yard.

COP 1  
(in an Irish brogue)  
What in the living blazes is going  
on here? Who's in charge?

Cop 1 points his baton at a yard worker running by.

COP 1 (CONT'D)  
You there lad. Who's in charge of  
this crazy mess?

The yard worker stops and points to Joel Kerr. The cop briskly walks over to Joel Kerr.

COP 1 (CONT'D)  
You there lad. You in charge?

JOEL KERR  
Yeah. We got an incident...I  
think. There's men on Crib 5  
shooting distress flares. The  
lights are out.

COP 1  
Jesus mother of Joseph. Shut that  
fuck'en horn off. Your waking the  
living dead. Men trapped you say?  
When?

The cop is looking into the eyes of Joel Kerr. His nose wrinkles when he sniffs for a tell tale scent of alcohol. Joel Kerr's looks like a man, barely keeping his control, looks back at the cop with a yearning for approval.

JOEL KERR  
I sent for the superintendent of  
the yard. He should be here soon.

COP 1  
Shut that fuck'en horn off. I'm  
going to me box to alert  
headquarters. Why me? Why me?

The cop directs one of the yard workers as he's briskly walks to his call box.

COP 1 (CONT'D)  
You lad, go pull the fire  
department box on the corner.

The cops takes off out of the yard. A crowd begins to form  
outside the yard.

INT. LIVING ROOM 2300 HRS.

John Johnston has settled in his chair, reading a newspaper,  
smoking a cigar and gently sipping a glass of brandy. As  
he's sipping his brandy he hears a series of blasts from an  
air horn. His head tilts to the direction of the sound.

His wife HAZEL JOHNSTON comes into the parlor with a  
quizative look on her face.

HAZEL JOHNSTON  
John you hear that? What in the  
world is that?

JOHN JOHNSTON  
I don't know.

HAZEL JOHNSTON  
Is that coming from the yard?

Then both hear clacking of footsteps running and a young man  
calling out for John Johnston.

YARD WORKER 2  
Mr. Johnston, Mr. Johnston.

The young man runs up the stairs pounding on the front door  
and continues.

YARD WORKER 2 (CONT'D)  
Mr. Johnston, Mr. Johnston

John Johnston opens the door, calming down the young man. He  
knows something happened at the yard.

JOHN JOHNSTON  
Calm down young man, calm down.  
Now why are you pounding on my  
front door? What happened?

The young man is out of breath. He is blurting out between  
heavy breathes

YARD WORKER 2

There's been an...accident. Crib  
five...no Lights...fire works in  
the sky...Joel Kerr...you gotta  
come.

John Johnston is shocked and has a serious look on his face.  
Thoughts can be seen racing through his mind.

JOHN JOHNSTON

Ok. Go get Van Duzen and tell him  
what happened and tell him get his  
ass over there.

Yard worker two is listening and breathing hard.

YARD WORKER 2

How do I get him? Where does he  
live?

Johnston yells back at his wife.

JOHN JOHNSTON

Hazel, get Van Duzen's address and  
give it to this young man... Hurry!

Johnston runs back into the house to gather clothing and  
equipment he'll need when he arrives at the yard. Yard  
worker two waits at the door. As he is gathering his  
equipment he's yelling to his wife.

JOHN JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Hurry Hazel, hurry.

HAZEL JOHNSTON

Where the hell did you put his  
address?

JOHN JOHNSTON

On my desk on the right side. It  
might be under some papers.

Hazel yells from the study.

HAZEL JOHNSTON

Got it.

Johnston is loading up his car with equipment as his wife  
comes to the door to hand the address of Van Duzen to yard  
worker two. She has a worried look on her face.

HAZEL JOHNSTON (CONT'D)  
Here you are young man. John, is  
everything ok? What time will you  
be home?

JOHN JOHNSTON  
How the fuck do I know? Don't  
worry about me.

The young man takes the written address of Van Duzen from  
Hazel Johnston. Let's out a gasp of air in frustration and  
off he goes running to Van Duzen's house.

HAZEL JOHNSTON  
Don't talk to me like that. I just  
asked you a question.

John Johnston is running past her with his arms full of  
equipment. Throws the equipment in the car. He is looking  
for his keys to the car.

JOHN JOHNSTON  
Where's my keys.

HAZEL JOHNSTON  
On the hook by the  
refrigerator...where they always  
are. Are you gonna be at the yard  
all night?

John Johnston runs past her toward the kitchen.

JOHN JOHNSTON  
I don't know.

HAZEL JOHNSTON  
Well, when are you gonna know?

John Johnston runs past her to his car.

JOHN JOHNSTON  
I don't know.

John Johnston is seen starting his car with a front hand  
crank. Jumping in and driving away.

HAZEL JOHNSTON  
Be careful.

John Johnston is seen driving down the street.

EXT. NIGHT 11TH STREET YARD GATE

A crowd had gathered in front of the yard entrance. John Johnston is honking his horn moving through the crowd only to be blocked by an unmanned squad car.

JOHN JOHNSTON

Where's the fucken cop who belongs  
to this car? Get this fucken car  
out'a here.

YARD WORKER 5

I'll get'em Mr. Johnston. I think  
he is the radio shack.

Yard worker 5 runs in the direction of the radio shack. To add to the confusion at the entrance gate, several types of fire department units arrive ranging from horse drawn to motorized vehicles with bells and sirens mixing in the chaos of the air horns within the yard.

John Johnston grabs a yard worker ordering him

JOHN JOHNSTON

You there. Go and stop those damn  
airs from blowing by orders of John  
Johnston.

A FIRE CHIEF O'DONNELL runs up to the gate

FIRE CHIEF O'DONNELL

Where's the fire? Did something  
happens here?

John Johnston turns to the chief

JOHN JOHNSTON

I'm the superintendent of this  
project chief. Something happened  
at one of our water cribs out in  
Lake Erie. I don't know what's  
happened yet, but there's no fire.

A cop is seen walking in a fast pace toward the squad car, looking for his keys. The FIRE CHIEF O'DONNELL turns to his driver and orders companies back in service.

FIRE CHIEF O'DONNELL

Keep the still companies here.  
Return everyone else back to  
quarters. Well, OFFICER PETERS,  
Why aren't I surprised your soup-  
taker's ass in in the way...again!

OFFICER PETERS  
Watch your Mickish tongue your  
Irish bastard before I lock you in  
irons.

Chief O'Donnell cracks a slight smile at Officer Peters

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Where is everybody?

Officer Peters motions to the crowd around the shack as he  
moves the squad car.

OFFICER PETERS  
Over there where everybody is  
standing you dumb mick.

Chief O'Donnell turns to his driver

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Tell all companies to stand down  
until I find out what's happening.

John Johnston drives into the yard toward the communications  
shack where the crowd has formed followed by Chief O'Donnell  
on foot.

INT. 2330 HOURS. 11TH STREET SUPPLY YARD COMMUNICATION SHACK

John Johnston walks into a over crowded room as the telegraph  
keys are tapping in messages. Joel Kerr walks over to john  
Johnston.

JOHN JOHNSTON  
What's going on? Who are you?

JOEL KERR  
Interim foreman Joel Kerr, Mr.  
Johnston. We're getting reports  
from the tug Gillmore that all  
power had been lost at crib five  
and a possible accident might have  
occurred.

JOHN JOHNSTON  
What kind of accident?

JOEL KERR  
Information is still coming in from  
the Gillmore, Sir.

Both John Johnston and Joel Kerr walk over to the telegraph key at an hurried pace. A steady stream of taps are coming over the telegraph key. Joel Kerr picks up the last telegraph message and reads out loud.

JOEL KERR (CONT'D)

No power to crib five. Three topside workmen found alive. Reports of explosion in tunnel. No response of any survivors in tunnel. Send help now.

JOHN JOHNSTON

(turns to the telegraph operator)

Tell the Gillmore to stay on the scene for communications and render any aide needed. Help is on the way.

Cleveland fire Department Chief McClellan walks into the crowded communications shack as John Johnston is giving an order to Joel Kerr using his finger to point him out.

JOHN JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Get another tug in here. Is Van Duzen here yet?

JOEL KERR

Not yet. We have another tug on it's way as we speak.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

What's going on here. Who's in charge?

JOHN JOHNSTON

I am. I'm the super here. Seems we've have an accident that occurred on crib five. The crib lost all power. We don't know to what extent the damage or if there's casualties.

As Chief McClellan is listening to John Johnston Chief O'Donnell walks in to the shack.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

That's all the information you have? Chief O'Donnell front and center.

Chief O'Donnell in one giant step through the crowd in front of Chief McClellan.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Sir.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

Tell my driver to order the fire boat to this location. Take a truck and engine with a full compliment of equipment. Be prepared to take on any emergency. Give me a full report once you get there. Use the fire department telegraph key on the fire boat.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Yes sir chief.

Chief O'Donnell walks out of the shack. Both drivers of the chiefs are there talking to each other outside. Chief O'Donnell orders district Chief McClennan driver

CHIEF O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

By orders of Chief McClennan, order the fireboat here. Possible tunnel collapse. We'll be using them as communication and transport to crib five.

CHIEF MCCLELLAN'S DRIVER

Where's the nearest box with a telegraph key?

CHIEF O'DONNELLS DRIVER

Corner of 9th and Erie side. If you go over the rail road tracks you went too far.

Meanwhile John Johnston begins to organize his own expedition of men and materials to crib five. Pointing at Joel Kerr.

JOHN JOHNSTON

Mr. Kerr, gather a group of volunteers at time and half. I need electricians and mechanics.

John Johnston then grabs senior yard worker by his shirt and quietly asks.

JOHN JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Do we have any Davey Lamps or hard hats?



YARD WORKER

No, we don't Mr. Johnston. Not as far as I know.

JOHN JOHNSTON

When Gus Van Duzen arrives ask him if he has any of that equipment.

Just then, Cleveland police Captain Shanahan bursts into the communication shack. In a thick Irish accent

POLICE CAPTAIN SHANANHAN

What the the fuck is going on here? Who's in charge of this cluster fuck?

JOHN JOHNSTON

Ok, who ever doesn't belong in here get out. All non-essential personnel, get out.

Meanwhile fire chief McClellan updates police chief Shanahan.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

Seems something happened out on crib five.

POLICE CAPTAIN SHANANHAN

Crib five? What, we have babies in trouble?

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

No. Water in-take station five. Seems they lost power. They can't contact the miners below.

Meanwhile John Johnston has cleared the shack of people and walks up to McClellan and Shanahan.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN (CONT'D)

I've got the fire boat on it's way now. We'll get a full report as soon as it makes it to water intake five.

JOHN JOHNSTON

I've got another tug on it's way now. As soon as I get to crib five, I'll find out what's going on. I think we have everything under control.

Just then Joel Kerr pops his head in at the door of the communication shack.

JOEL KERR

Almost here Mr. Johnston. I got about fifteen volunteers ready to go at the pier. Tug should be docking in about five minutes.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

Think we should alert the mayor?

POLICE CAPTAIN SHANANHAN

I'm going to wake the mayor now? We don't know what we have or if we even have an emergency. All we know now is that they lost power.

JOHN JOHNSTON

No sense waking anyone. We have everything under control. No need to worry.

Both Chief McClennan and police Captain Shanahan look at each other and walk out of the communications shack. Once outside and by themselves they strategize what to do next.

POLICE CAPTAIN SHANANHAN

This motherfucker isn't gonna tell us shit.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

I'll send a chief with them when they go out. That'll give us a clear picture of what we're looking at.

POLICE CAPTAIN SHANANHAN

I'll send a couple of cops too.

11TH STREET PIER 2245 HR.S

John Johnston is coordinating men onto the tug. Chief O'Donnell is carefully watching everything as men load onto the tug. He yells out to John Johnston.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Where's your equipment?

JOHN JOHNSTON

Don't worry. We have everything under control.

As chief O'Donnell and his driver attempt to get onboard the tug, John Johnston stops them.

JOHN JOHNSTON (CONT'D)  
There's no more room. Come out on  
the next tug.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Fuck you. Make room.

JOHN JOHNSTON  
Chief, I swear, we're full. We  
can't take you on this trip. You  
can come out the next trip.

Chief O'Donnell motions to the two officers who begin to walk up the gang plank, drawing out their batons. The crowd moves as the two officers, Chief O'Donnell and his driver board the tugboat. The tugboat is seen moving away from shore in total darkness.

EXT. 2325 HR.S TUGBOAT HAS DOCKED AT CRIB FIVE.

As the tugboat prepares to anchor to the pier, John Johnston jumps onto land and runs up to the crib house. He finds a group of men outside.

JOHN JOHNSTON  
Whos' in charge here?

CRIB WORKER 3  
I don't know. Who are you?

JOHN JOHNSTON  
I'm superintendent Johnston, the  
person in charge of this operation.  
What happened.

CRIB WORKER 3  
I don't know sir. We were working  
when we heard a large pop.

CRIB WORKER 2  
Then the ground shook and the  
lights went out.

CRIB WORKER 3  
We tried to go down to see what  
happened but we got dizzy and had  
to come back up.

CRIB WORKER 2

Can't see shit down there. No lights.

CRIB WORKER 1

We called down the shaft, but we got no answer. We were using candles for light, but they keep going out when we tried to go down.

CRIB WORKER 3

Yeah we had to open the windows to let out the sewer gas. It's really strong.

People from the tug boat have come in mass. Chief O'Donnell and his driver followed by the two police officers lead the mass.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Who's in charge here? You there, tell me what happened.

Chief O'Donnell points to the three men who were talking to John Johnston.

JOHN JOHNSTON

We have everything under control chief.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

You three men, over here.

John Johnston walks to the mass of people coming up from the tug boat and begins to issue orders.

JOHN JOHNSTON

Where's the electricians? Get the power back on. Men, we have about twelve miners trapped down there. We have to get'em if they're still alive...Who's with me?

The men mill around, talking to themselves.

JOHN JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Your getting paid time and half. I'll add a fifty dollar bonus for those who go down with me.

Slowly a man raise's his hand. Then another. Then another, until thirteen men volunteered to go into the tunnel.

JOHN JOHNSTON (CONT'D)  
 Good lets get some light in here.  
 You electricians, lets get the  
 power restored.

As the electricians, under candle light, go to work on the distribution panel, Chief O'Donnell walks out of a room where he was debriefing the three crib tenders. Sparks momentarily illuminate the room of men whose faces display a variety of expressions. Some undecided, some determined, some scared.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
 STOP! What the fuck are you guys  
 doing?

ELETRICIAN  
 What the fuck you think we're  
 doing? We're getting the lights  
 back on.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
 You stupid mother fuckers want to  
 blow us up? Stop what your doing.  
 Immediately.

Chief O'Donnell then motions to his driver to send the message back to shore. The driver runs outside, cautious of the treacherous footing in the complete darkness, toward the tug tied to the pier

ELETRICIAN  
 We were just doing what we were  
 told.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
 Who told you?

ELETRICIAN  
 Mr. Johnston.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
 Well stop what your doing. You'll  
 blow us all up.

Under candle light, men can be seen quietly talking to each other. A few then begin to filter out of the building. Chief O'Donnell walks up to John Johnston, who is busy coordinating men preparing to go down the shaft.

JOHN JOHNSTON  
 Chief, we have all the windows  
 open. We can restore power without  
 blowing us up.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Can you restore power to the island  
and keep it off down below?

JOHN JOHNSTON  
Yeah. We'll simply disconnect it  
from the tunnel.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Ok. But be careful...and no more  
sparks.

Chief O'Donnell is seen walking away mumbling to himself

CHIEF O'DONNELL (CONT'D)  
Fucken circus.

Suddenly the lights come on and the island is lit up. Men  
are quietly cheering and a bustle of activity renews with a  
vigor. A group of men are gathering around John Johnston at  
the elevator.

CHIEF O'DONNELL (CONT'D)  
Hey, What the fuck are you getting  
ready to do?

JOHN JOHNSTON  
I'm going to get my men trapped  
down there. You come'in?

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
No I'm not. And I highly advise  
you not to either.

JOHN JOHNSTON  
You can't stop me chief. You have  
no authority here. We're going.  
You men with me?

Some of the men enthusiastically reply.  
Come on, lets go. We're not  
scared.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
You men. You go down there, I  
can't come down there to get you.  
I don't have the equipment or the  
man power. You go down there, you  
go on your own.

JOHN JOHNSTON  
Come on men. Lets go get them.

John Johnston steps into the caged elevator followed by twelve volunteers. The rest of the men just mill around and watch. Concerned frowns on their faces. The sound of the caged elevator door clangs shut and elevator motor hums as the men are lowered into the shaft.

INT. 0040 HR.S COMMUNICATION SHACK OF TUGBOAT

Chief O'Donnell's driver reads from his notes the message to the Gillmore Telecommunicator.

CHIEF O'DONNELLS DRIVER  
Emergency, Emergency, Emergency.  
Explosion in crib five tunnel.  
Eight to twelve miners in tunnel.  
No evidence of survivors. No power  
to crib. Suspected high levels of  
gas. Send that.

The Gillmore Telecommunicator taps out the message. Looks up at Chief O'Donnell's driver.

GILLMORE TELECOMMUNICATOR  
Anything else?

CHIEF O'DONNELLS DRIVER  
Yeah...Requesting ten thousand feet  
of 3/4 inch work line and ten  
thousand feet of one inch life  
line, explosion proof lanterns and  
need to have gas levels determined.  
Use Crib four as staging point.  
Will use the Gillmore for  
communications until relieved by  
fire boat.

As the Gillmore Telecommunicator taps out the message, he asks Chief O'Donnells driver.

GILLMORE TELECOMMUNICATOR  
What the hell is a explosion proof  
lanterns? That's all I'm hearing  
tonight.

CHIEF O'DONNELLS DRIVER  
It's a lantern the miners use in  
explosive atmospheres.

Just then a message is being received from the fire boat. The Gillmore Telecommunicator reads the message out loud as he writes it.

GILLMORE TELECOMMUNICATOR  
 Ten thousand feet of three quarters  
 inch work line, ten thousand feet  
 of one inch line. Crib four  
 staging point. Message received.

INT 11TH STREET PIER COMMUNICATIONS SHACK 0040 HRS.

POLICE CAPTAIN SHANANHAN  
 Holy mother of Jesus. So we do  
 have trapped miners and an  
 explosion. I gotta call the  
 commissioner.

Chief McClennan motions to his driver.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN  
 Have the still companies report to  
 the pier with their equipment and  
 bring all the three quarters inch  
 work line and one inch life line  
 they have. Have another still  
 response stand by in the 11th  
 street yard. Contact the  
 commissioner and up-date him of the  
 circumstance.

CHIEF MCCLELLAN'S DRIVER  
 Ok Chief.

EXT. 11TH STREET PIER 0100 HRS.

The tug boat Sebastian is just taking off from the 11th  
 street pier with superintendent Gus Van Duzen and about a  
 dozen men. The Tug boat Sebastián is seen disappearing into  
 the darkness.

INT. MINE SHAFT CRIB FIVE

Men are seen looking down into the dark abyss of the elevator  
 shaft leading down 120 feet. Sounds of men talking begin to  
 become more distant. Crib five worker 1 and 3 are looking  
 down the shaft.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
 I wonder what they'll find?

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
 How the fuck would I know. Can't  
 see shit down there with no lights.



CRIB5 WORKER 1  
Think the miners are dead?

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
I do. And I think anyone going  
down there now will be soon dead  
too.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
I can't hear anything . Think  
they're ok?

Crib5 worker 2 simply shrugs his shoulders with a concerned look on his face looking down the elevator shaft. Just then, Chief O'Donnell's driver walks in.

INT. NIGHT BEDROOM

The phone is ringing in the kitchen of Mayor Harry L. Davis. A dark figure is seen stumbling toward the phone, clumsily answering in a slurred voice.

MAYOR DAVIS  
Who the fuck is calling me at this  
time of night.

POLICE COMMISSIONER  
Your honor, this is the police  
commisioner. We've had an accident  
at one of the water works intake  
tunnels.

MAYOR DAVIS  
(sleepily)  
How bad is it?

POLICE COMMISSIONER  
Information is still sketchy and  
coming in. Looks like about a dozen  
killed or injured.

MAYOR DAVIS  
(wide awake)  
Send a car over to pick me up. And  
pick up my chief of staff. Where's  
my fire commisioner?

POLICE COMMISSIONER  
He'll be on the scene your honor.

MAYOR DAVIS

Pick up Superintendent Johnston too. You can get his address from my chief of staff.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

We'll get a car over to you right away sir.

Mayor Davis is seen hanging up the phone and turning on the lights in his home. He walks into his bedroom, turning on the lights. His wife Maggie sits up in bed rubbing her eyes.

MAGGIE DAVIS

What's wrong? What happened?

MAYOR DAVIS

An accident happened at one of the waterworks tunnels. Go back to sleep. Where's my overhauls?

MAGGIE DAVIS

Bottom drawer on the left side. What time will you be home?

MAYOR DAVIS

I don't know.

MAGGIE DAVIS

Will you be home by tonight? We have a dinner date with the Hancock's tonight.

MAYOR DAVIS

I don't know. I'll let you know later.

MAGGIE DAVIS

When?

MAYOR DAVIS

How the fuck do I know. Damn it woman. Give me a break! Where's my fucken boots?

MAGGIE DAVIS

Don't talk to me like that. Find your boots yourself.

EXT. 0200 HRS. 11TH STREET YARD ENTRANCE

At the 11th street yard, police have the entrance cordoned off.

Mayor Davis is in a police car that is slowly moving past a small crowd of people. The crowd is a mix of reporters, spectators and family members of miners. As the police car rolls through the crowd, a reporter recognizes Mayor Davis in the back seat.

REPORTER

Mayor Davis, Mayor Davis. What can you tell us about an reported explosion in one of the tunnels under lake Erie?

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Mayor Davis, what can you tell us about any injuries or fatalities?

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Your honor, why are you here in the middle of the night.

The police car drives past the crowd to the communication shack. Mayor Davis is seen exiting the car and entering the communications shack where the police and fire commissioners are.

INT COMMUNICATIONS SHACK

MAYOR DAVIS

Ok gentlemen. What's the situation?

FIRE COMMISSIONER

Seems there was an explosion last night between 9 and 10 at crib five. Anywhere from 8 to 12 miners were in the tunnel. One rescue team has descended into the tunnel. No solid information as to casualties. We have men station at crib four and at crib five.

At that moment, Mayor Davis's chief of staff, MIKE BROWN and his assistant walk into the communication shack.

MAYOR DAVIS

Mike, it looks like we have a real developing problem here. We've got about a dozen miners in crib five trapped or dead. A rescue team went down to get them. No word yet of what they found.

FIRE COMMISSIONER

Your honor, there's more. They closed the tunnel in crib 5 because of high levels of natural gas.

The fire commissioner starts counting with his fingers

We need to have the air tested for explosive and poisonous atmospheres. We need a variety of equipment such as explosion proof lanterns for light we don't have, at the site. We also need medical equipment and personnel. We need to contact the U.S. Bureau of Mines.

MAYOR DAVIS

What, we have no contingency plans for stuff like this?

FIRE COMMISSIONER

We don't your honor.

MAYOR DAVIS

Well, how about the water commission?

Everyone in the room just shrugs their shoulders and looks at the mayor with blank faces. The mayor simply shakes his head in disbelief.

MAYOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

Mike, you give the press conference. Tell them that we have about 12 miners involved in an accident. We have a rescue team down there assisting them as we speak. We have everything under control. Tell them that I am personally going to the accident site to take control.

Chief of Staff Brown is furiously scribbling notes as the Mayor is talking.

MAYOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

I taking your assistant with me. Do we have a boat for me?

POLICE COMMISSIONER

We have a motor boat at the pier waiting for you your honor.

EXT. CRIB FIVE DOCK 0200 HRS.

The tug boat Sebastian is pulling into the dock of crib five next to the tug boat Gillmore, which is a hub of activity. Gus Van Duzen is at the bow, impatiently waiting to disembark. He begins to issue orders to his men on the tug boat.

GUS VAN DUZEN  
Move this equipment to the intake  
house. Meet me up there.

Gus Van Duzen jumps onto the pier and carefully runs up the dark walkway to the intake house.

INT. COMMUNICATION CABIN OF TUGBOAT GILLMORE.

CHIEF O'DONNELLS DRIVER  
Rescue party of superintendent  
Johnston and a rescue party have  
descended into the tunnel. No  
communication received as yet from  
the rescue party. Have lost  
contact.

The Gillmore telecommunicator is busy sending the message.

GILLMORE TELECOMMUNICATOR  
What the hell is going on up there?

CHIEF O'DONNELLS DRIVER  
A big cluster fuck. We got no  
power in the tunnel, couple a dozen  
people in a hole, no equipment and  
we don't know anymore than we knew  
when we first came up here. Send  
this too. Need specialized  
equipment for rescue...lights.  
Need a chemist to test air quality.  
Need medical equipment and  
personnel.

INT. CRIB 5 INTAKE HOUSE

Gus Van Duzen is seen rushing into the room of the intake house. A group of men are looking down the entrance to the tunnel elevator shaft, occasionally yelling down. Chief O'Donnell looks up from a corner of the room at the sudden disturbance of Gus Van Duzen entrance.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Who the fuck are you?

GUS VAN DUZEN  
Superintendent of the Cleveland  
waterworks project.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Another superintendent? A guy  
named Johnston came by here saying  
he's the superintendent.

GUS VAN DUZEN  
Johnston was here? Where is he?  
He's my boss. I'm in charge of  
construction.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Your boss went down the hole with a  
bunch guys about an hour ago. I  
told him not to go, but he went  
anyway.

Just then a group of men burst into the room. Everyone in  
the room turns to look at the group of men.

CRIB5 WORKER 2  
Who that fuck are these guys, the  
7th Calvary?

Gus Van Duzen waves his men to the elevator shaft. He  
motions to have the elevator raised. The hum of the motors  
working is the only sound at this moment as everyone in the  
room looks at the group of men at the elevator shaft.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Tell me your going down there. Are  
you out of your fucken mind? Your  
boss and a bunch of his men went  
down there about an hour ago and we  
haven't heard a peep from that  
hole.

GUS VAN DUZEN  
Yes we are chief. Time is of the  
essence. We're going to get our  
men.

Just as Gus Van Duzen finishes his sentence, he motions to  
have the Davies lamps lit.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
Get those fucken lanterns outta  
here. You trying to blow us up?

GUS VAN DUZEN

It's ok chief, it's ok. These are special lanterns that can be used in explosive atmospheres. I'm a miner. I went to school for this stuff.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Yeah? Where?

GUS VAN DUZEN

U.S. Bureau of Mines. Trust me chief. I know what I'm doing. We're going down to see what's happening.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

I'll tell you what I told the other guy...I'm not coming down there to get you. It's too dangerous. You men think twice before you go down there.

Just at that time the elevator comes to a stop at their level. The men open the door and begin to climb in with about a half dozen Davies lanterns. A very distinct event happens once they get into the elevator. The flames of the Davies lamps begin to ever so slightly, turn blue.

CHIEF O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

Last chance men. I am strongly advising you, don't go down there. I cannot guarantee someone will come and get you.

Gus Van Duzen motions to lower the elevator,

GUS VAN DUZEN

Come on men. We have miners that need us. Follow me.

Chief O'Donnell motions to his driver to come over to him and whispers.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Wire back that a second rescue team has descended into the tunnel against the advice of the fire department. Possible victims increased to approximately to 30.

CHIEF O'DONNELLS DRIVER

Why can't we stop this circus chief? You got two cops here.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Cause we're not in the city. We  
have no authority out here in the  
lake.

As the elevator starts to descend, the flame on the Davies  
lamps begin to burn blue. Everybody on the elevator noticed  
the change in color .

RESCUE PARTY2 - 1

Look at that. Its burning blue.  
The flame is getting bigger. Wow.  
Everything looks kewl.

GUS VAN DUZEN

Steady men. Follow me when we get  
to the bottom.

As the elevator descends, the smooth walls change to earthen  
walls braced with beams. Moisture increases. The flames of  
the Davies lanterns burn pure blue and begin to decrease in  
intensity. When the elevator reaches the bottom, the  
lanterns are nearly out. As the men move out of the  
elevator, drops of water can be heard echoing in the tunnel.

GUS VAN DUZEN (CONT'D)

Steady men. Follow me. There's  
miners that need our help.

Men can be seen moving along the wet walls. The lanterns  
have extinguished themselves. Men are grouping along the  
walls on wobbly legs in the darkness. With out notice in the  
darkness several of the rescue party succumbs to  
unconsciousness without notice when Gus Van Duzen reaches the  
decompression chamber. The doors of the chamber are severely  
damaged.

GUS VAN DUZEN (CONT'D)

Come on men, they're just beyond  
this door. Don't give up.

As the last of the rescue party loses consciousness, the  
hissing of the air supply delivered from shore is heard. Gus  
van Duzen reaches a leg of someone before he loses  
consciousness. Silence dominates the scene except for the  
hissing of the air pipes. The vision of men chests heaving  
is seen, as their bodies strain to get enough oxygen to  
survive.

INT. CRIB 5 INTAKE HOUSE

Mayor Davis and a large contingent of uniformed people burst  
into the room. The suddenness surprises everyone in the.



Chief O'Donnell and the two police officers approach their respective commissioners. Fire commissioner engages Chief O'Donnell.

FIRE COMMISSIONER

Report.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Chief O'Donnell, 1st district sir. At 2250 hrs., we received a call of an emergency at the 11th street yard. Full still response. At the scene we discovered there had been an explosion at the crib five tunnel. They had lost power due to the explosion. I responded to crib five with a full still response team fully equipped. The tugboat Gillmore was commandeered as a communication center.

MAYOR DAVIS

Come on, come on. Get on with it. What happened?

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Upon arrival on the scene, we discovered that there had been an explosion and we suspected high concentrations of gas. There were anywhere from 8 to 12 miners in the tunnel at the time of the explosion.

MAYOR DAVIS

You don't know how many miners were in the tunnel?

CHIEF O'DONNELL

No sir. We discovered no record of who was in the tunnel at the time of the explosion. I began to request rescue equipment, chemist to test the air quality, medical equipment...

MAYOR DAVIS

What? No equipment? What kind of circus is this?

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Superintendent Johnston and about a dozen volunteers went down as a rescue party about an hour and half ago. We have not heard from the first rescue team since they went down.

MAYOR DAVIS

What? First rescue team? Are there more than one rescue team?

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Yes your honor.

MAYOR DAVIS

Oh my God. The press is gonna crucify us. How many rescue teams are there?

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Two.

The Mayor has an exasperated look on his face.

MAYOR DAVIS

Two! Why didn't you stop them? Why aren't you with them?

Chief O'Donnell replies in a slightly louder voice directing his replies to the mayor.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

I am not sending my men down there without proper equipment or support. I am not sending my men into a poisonous situation. Now I told them not to go.

FIRE COMMISSIONER

Ok, calm down chief.

MAYOR DAVIS

Why didn't you stop them!

Chief O'Donnell replies in a defensive voice and stance.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Because I don't have the authority to stop anyone from doing anything. This is not Cleveland out here.

In a calm voice the fire commissioner directs Chief O'Donnell's attention back to him.

FIRE COMMISSIONER  
Continue your report Chief.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
I told them not to go down there  
sir. I told them I couldn't come  
get them. A second rescue team of  
about eight men went down about ten  
minutes ago.

MAYOR DAVIS  
Eight more? My career is finished.

FIRE COMMISSIONER  
Continue chief.

CHIEF O'DONNELL  
The second rescue team was led by a  
guy named Gus Van Duzen or Dozen or  
something like that.

MAYOR DAVIS  
Where's this elevator shaft at?

Chief O'Donnell points to the shaft opening. The entourage  
moves to the elevator shaft as a whole. The mayor and  
several others peer down the black hole.

MAYOR DAVIS (CONT'D)  
Aww Jesus. That really stinks.  
What is that sewer gas?

FIRE COMMISSIONER  
Yeah, that's gas of rotting things.  
You can't smell or taste poisonous  
or explosive gases such as methane  
gas.

The mayor leans over the railing and yells down the hole.

MAYOR DAVIS  
Hellooooo down there. Can anyone  
hear me? Hellooooo.

Dead silence is heard. The group all have a concerned looks  
on their faces as they peer down the hole. The mayors face  
shows questions searching for answers.

MAYOR DAVIS (CONT'D)  
Let's get away from this hole. It  
stinks. What the fuck ae we gonna  
do?

As the group moves away from the elevator shaft, Chief O'Donnell grabs the fire commissioners sleeve and motions him to the side. Chief McClennan joins in with the fire commissioner and Chief O'Donnell along with the drivers for the respective chiefs.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Commissioner, this Gus Van duzen stated he went to school for this stuff at the U.S. Bureau of Mines. Maybe we should reach out to them.

The fire commissioner is pondering possible solutions and nodding his head in agreement.

FIRE COMMISIONER

Yeah, that's a good idea. I remember them when we had previous accidents about ten years ago. I'm reaching out to them now.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Also, the lanterns they were using were supposed to be explosion proof. I don't see any evidence of light down there. I don't think there's enough oxygen down there for fire.

Fire commissioner motions to his driver

FIRE COMMISIONER

Let's locate some of those too. Kenny, Have we reached out to the US Bureau of Mines?

FIRE COMMISIONER'S DRIVER

Yes sir. We're waiting for a response of when they'll be here. They've been notified though.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

Commissioner, the other day I witnessed a new piece of equipment called a smoke hood. An Indian went into a smoke filled teepee for a half hour and came out fresh as a daisy.

FIRE COMMISIONER

Yeah?

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

Yeah. The guy said the hood could overcome any smoke or poisonous fumes. Something may we should maybe look at.

Just then, Mayor Davis angrily calls the fire commissioner to the group.

MAYOR DAVIS

Commissioner, if it's not to much trouble, would you mind joining us? I've got thirty men down in a tunnel, no rescue plan, no equipment.

FIRE COMMISSIONER

Yes your honor.

MAYOR DAVIS

The fucken newspapers are gonna crucify me. Why me, why me?

FIRE COMMISSIONER

We've reach out to the U.S. Bureau of Mines. They have the expertise and equipment to get those men out of the tunnel. We're waiting for a time they'll arrive.

MAYOR DAVIS

Yeah, ok. Lets get them out here ASAP.

The fire commissioner motions to Chief O'Donnell's driver to make a phone call.

FIRE COMMISSIONER

Tell Kenny to call to the US Bureau of Mines again.

The Mayor crosses his arms and stares at the fire commissioner.

MAYOR DAVIS

Now how we gonna get those men out of the tunnel?

There's a uncomfortable moment of silence before the fire commissioner speaks up.

FIRE COMMISSIONER  
Sir, there is a new piece of  
equipment that may allow us to  
enter the tunnels.

The mayor's full attention is now on the fire commissioner.

MAYOR DAVIS  
What? Tell me more. What is it?

FIRE COMMISSIONER  
Chief McClennan can tell you more  
sir.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN  
I was at the fairgrounds when an  
Indian put on a hood with long  
tubes. He walked into a teepee  
filled with black smoke for about a  
half hour.

MAYOR DAVIS  
Sounds like a carnival trick to me.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN  
No, it was legit. The guy had me  
check out the teepee before he went  
in. It was some rotten stuff in  
there.

FIRE COMMISSIONER  
Did you get a name?

CHIEF MCCLENNAN  
I did commissioner. I thought it  
was something we should look into.

MAYOR DAVIS  
Ok then. Commissioner, get this  
guy and his equipment here as soon  
as possible. We'll use my speed  
boat to get there and back. We may  
save the day yet.

FIRE COMMISSIONER  
Yes sir. We'll move on it  
immediately. Chief O'Donnell, you  
stay here to maintain the scene.  
We'll use crib four as a staging  
point.

MAYOR DAVIS  
The police commissioner you will  
maintain security here.

(MORE)

MAYOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

No one, I repeat no one will be allowed to go down without MY permission. Got that?

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Yes sir. No one allowed into the tunnel shaft.

The mayor and his entourage move toward his motor boat and there is noticeably more people present on the island. As soon as the Mayor appears outside crib five structure a crowd of reporters converge on the mayor, all shouting questions.

REPORTER

Mayor, what can you tell us about the disaster?

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Mayor, is there any casualties? What is the condition of the reported rescue operations?

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Your honor what is the city doing to rescue the trapped miners? How many miners are in the tunnel?

MAYOR DAVIS

Everything that is humanly possible is being done right now. We are monitoring the situation and organizing a rescue party using the latest technology available. We will get ALL those men out.

REPORTER

Can you tell our readers how this disaster started? Can you also tell our readers why it seemed we were so unprepared for this disaster taking into consideration of the past disasters?

MAYOR DAVIS

I can tell you this, a full investigation into this accident will be conducted and all those responsible will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

REPORTER

There's rumors that a rescue party has already went down into the tunnel. Can you tell our readers the progress of that rescue team?

MAYOR DAVIS

What I can tell you, we are doing everything possible to get those miners out safely.

The mayor walks briskly away with the group of reporters following, screaming out questions. The police commissioner details two police officers to hold back the swarming reporters to allow the mayor to board his boat.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF A HOUSE 0300 HRS.

Two policemen are pounding on a door.

POLICE OFFICERS

Police. Open up. Open the door.

Lights are going on within the house. Someone peeks through the front window.

POLICE OFFICERS (CONT'D)

Police. Open the door.

A frightened, sleepy eyed person answers the door.

WHITE HAWKER

What's wrong?

POLICE OFFICERS

You the person who invented some type of smoke hood?

WHITE HAWKER

No. That was my boss. Garrett Mason.

POLICE OFFICERS

Your boss? How can we contact this Garrett Morgan? Where does he live?

GARRETT'S HOUSE NIGHT

Two police officers are seen banging on the front door of a house.



POLICE OFFICERS

Police. Open up.

Lights are coming on within the house. Dogs barking. The voices of women, children can be heard behind the door. The door is cracked open and a black face is seen peeking out.

GARRETT

What's wrong? What do you want?

POLICE OFFICERS

We're looking for Garrett Morgan.  
Do you know where he's at?

GARRETT

I'm Garrett Morgan. How can I help  
you officers?

Both police officer's look at each other in amazement.

POLICE OFFICERS

You the guy who invented some type  
of hood?

GARRETT

The smoke hood. Yes I am.

The door is wide open now. The face of a white women is seen looking over the shoulder of Garrett. Light colored skin of children is seen in the background. The police officers look confused. The younger officer takes the initiative to speak.

POLICE OFFICERS

Mr. Morgan. There's been a terrible  
accident where, we hope, you hoods  
can help rescue a large number of  
trapped men.

GARRETT

Where?

POLICE OFFICERS

There was an explosion in a tunnel  
under Lake Erie.

GARRETT

Tunnel? Under Lake Erie?

POLICE OFFICERS

Yeah. They're building tunnels  
under Lake Erie to bring fresh  
clean water to Cleveland.

The older police officer, in a matter of fact way adds

POLICE OFFICERS (CONT'D)

Look. We got orders to bring you  
in, one way or another. Let's go.

Garrett thinks for a brief minute before he orders his oldest son to go get his uncle.

GARRETT

Go get your uncle next door. Tell  
him he's needed for an emergency  
right now.

COSMOS

Ok Papa.

EXT. NIGHT 11TH STREET PIER

Garrett and his brother can be seen climbing into the mayor's motor boat, still in their pajamas and slippers. Police officers are carrying their equipment. The mayor comes to the loading point passing the brothers, looking around.

MAYOR DAVIS

Are these the hoods? Kinda looks  
like an elephant head. Where's the  
guy who made this?

The police officers point toward the brothers on the mayor's motor boat. The mayor walks toward the bow, passing Garrett and his brother Frank, pointing with a quizzical look.

MAYOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

Where? I don't see nobody.

The mayor walks to the bow of the boat looking around. Garrett responds with a bit of indignity.

GARRETT

That would be me.

The mayor looked at Garrett and then at everyone on the boat with a slack-jawed look on his face. The slack jawed look changed to a questioning leer.

MAYOR DAVIS

You made this? Come on, where'd  
you get this?

GARRETT

Who are you?

With an astonished look the mayor replies.

MAYOR DAVIS

Why, I'm Mayor Davis. The mayor of Cleveland.

GARRETT

Well I'll tell ya mayor what ever you name is, I don't appreciate being dragged out of bed in the middle of the night against my will and then being questioned about my devices.

Garrett nods to his brother to get off the boat and the two begin to walk to the gang plank.

MAYOR DAVIS

Look, sorry. I didn't intend no disrespect to you. It's just that you caught me by surprise I wasn't expecting black man. Please stay. We got 30 people trapped underground. We need you.

GARRETT

What happened?

MAYOR DAVIS

It appears there was an explosion. Two rescue teams have gone down to get them but we have not heard anything from either rescue teams.

GARRETT

So what do you expect me to do?

MAYOR DAVIS

We want you to get them. They say you go into a smoke filled teepee with one of these things for and hour or two.

Medical personnel and equipment are now being loaded onto the mayor's boat. The boat is now jammed with people and equipment.

GARRETT

I don't know.

MAYOR DAVIS

Take a ride with us. Let talk about this on the way out there.

The mayor yells instructions to his chief of staff on shore.

MAYOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

Tell the reporters we're doing everything humanly possible to get those miners out. And get more police out here to control this circus on the water and at the gate of the yard. And where's that fucken chemist?

As the motor boat leaves the 11th street pier, the waters have become noticeably crowded with other water craft. Reporters are yelling questions at the mayor from the other boats.

MAYOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

Now where were we?

GARRETT

Mayor, my smoke hood works on certain principles that I don't know exist in that tunnel.

MAYOR DAVIS

Won't you give it a try at least? What do you want? Anything.

GARRETT

It's not a matter of what I want, it's that my smoke hood works on certain principles. I don't know if it can work down there.

MAYOR DAVIS

Look, if this works, you'll sell hundreds of them...and it won't matter what color your skin is. Let's talk facts here now. Cleveland will buy 100 units immediately.

Garrett briefly raises an eye brow and looks at his brother.

GARRETT

That's all and fine mayor but this smoke hood operates on principles that may not exist in the tunnels. If I should die and become injured, who will take care of my family?

MAYOR DAVIS

Why, the city of Cleveland will take care of all your medical needs.

(MORE)

MAYOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

And if you should die, your family will be taken care of. I give you my word.

GARRETT

I don't know mayor. History is full of promises broken. Look at the Indians.

MAYOR DAVIS

I'm giving you my word. Your family will be well taken care of if anything happens to you. There's thirty men who need you.

GARRETT

Let me talk with my brother.

MAYOR DAVIS

Ok. You do that. The same guarantees apply to him as well.

Garrett and his brother walk back to the stern of the boat.

FRANK

What's going on? I'm hear bits and parts you and the mayor are talking about.

GARRETT

There was an explosion and about thirty men are trapped down in a tunnel below the lake. I don't know Frank. These hoods weren't made for atmospheres with no oxygen. We'll have to see when we get there. Looks like no one knows what exactly is going on.

FRANK

And what if something happens to us. Who's gonna take care of our families?

GARRETT

The mayor said the city would take care of all our injuries and our families if we should die.

FRANK

You gonna take the word of a white man? Are you nuts?

GARRETT

If we pull this off, we'll sell hundreds of these units. We'll be rich.

Frank is silent, thinking deeply.

FRANK

I'm your brother Garrett. You know I'm with you.

Garrett looks deeply into his brothers face and agrees with a shake of his head. Garrett walks back to the mayor.

GARRETT

I'm not promising you anything but we'll give it a try.

MAYOR DAVIS

Great. That's all I ask. That's all I ask. I'll make you famous. You'll sell thousands of these things. Thank you.

GARRETT

Mayor Davis, I want those guarantees in writing.

MAYOR DAVIS

You got it!

The mayor walks to his group of advisors at the bow. The water is sprinkled with red, green and white lights on the dark water.

MAYOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

Alright, let's hope this guy can rescue the miners. We may save the day yet. We've got to find out the whole story. How did we get here? What could have been done to prevent this from happening again?

ADVISOR 1

If these hoods work, we're going to have a problem with these two being niggers.

Mayor Davis looks at the advisor with a troubled look.

MAYOR DAVIS

We'll cross that road if and when it comes up. Who's talking to the media?

ADVISOR 1

Your chief of staff your honor.

MAYOR DAVIS

Tell him to continue to hold the position that everything is being investigated at this time.

EXT. EARLY DAWN PIER OF CRIB FIVE

As the mayor's motor boat approaches, the pier of crib five is crowded with boats of all sizes and people. The light of dawn is just beginning to peek on the east horizon. The police commissioner begins yelling instructions to officers on shore.

POLICE COMMISSIONER

You men. Clear out a spot for the mayors boat.

The police officers begin to clear out a spot to the mild protests of the boat owners. As the spot on the pier is cleared there is a rush of reporters. The police commissioner orders the men on the pier.

POLICE COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

Clear a path to the house.

He the directs the policemen, like a director of an orchestra, on the mayor's boat to clear the pier and control the crowd around the mayor.

POLICE COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)

You men...clear the pier and keep those reporters at bay. We have the mayor and equipment to get up to the house.

As the mayor's boat docks and the gangplank is laid, there is a rush or reporters, all yelling questions. Like ants, men begin to move equipment from the mayor's motor boat up the narrow stairway leading to Crib five house. No one notices two black men in pajamas and house slippers moving within the group moving equipment up to the house.

REPORTER

Your honor, what is the status of the miners in the tunnel?

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Mayor, what is the city doing to get those miners out?

REPORTER (CONT'D)  
Your honor, who is at fault for  
this accident?

REPORTER (CONT'D)  
Why wasn't the city of Cleveland  
better prepared for this accident?

Mayor Davis calls his advisor over and instructs him to  
address the reporters on the pier.

MAYOR DAVIS  
You tell the reporters that we are  
doing everything humanly possible  
to get these miners out. Tell them  
I will hold a press conference at  
noon today.

ADVISOR 1  
Yes, your honor. Is there anything  
else I can tell them?

MAYOR DAVIS  
No. Just hold them off until I can  
find out what exactly is going on.

The advisor disembarks the mayor's boat and calls the  
reporters to him. They all rush over like bees to honey.  
The mayor joins into the train of people carrying equipment  
up to the house and disappears.

INT. CRIB 5 INTAKE HOUSE

Garrett and his brother are in a corner in their pajamas,  
hesitantly preparing to don their equipment.

MAYOR DAVIS  
The city of Cleveland will not  
forget this.

GARRETT  
Now I want to get this straight  
mayor. If anything happens to me  
or my brother, the city of  
Cleveland will care for our  
families.

MAYOR DAVIS  
You have my word on it.



FRANK

And if me or my bother becomes  
injured you will take care of our  
medical bills and care?

MAYOR DAVIS

Yes, yes, my god yes. I give you  
my word. You two will be heroes.  
You'll be famous. I'll make sure  
you two get everything coming to  
you both.

Frank gives his brother Garrett a leery glance of "sure, I  
believe him".

GARRETT

Ok mayor. We need some help in  
putting this equipment on. I  
brought four units. My brother and  
I will wear one. We need two more  
volunteers.

Groups of workers murmur amongst themselves

CRIB WORKER

Yeah, right, I'm going down there.  
Right...

CRIB WORKER (CONT'D)

I'll be damned if I'm going to put  
my head into something that a  
nigger wore.

CRIB WORKER (CONT'D)

Fuck that. No one's come up from  
that hole.

CRIB WORKER (CONT'D)

Fucken suicide to go down there.

The mayor begins to help Garrett and his brother when no one  
steps up and is soon followed by his aides. As he's helping  
Garrett he motions with his head to a couple of police  
officers to come over to help. The head piece is placed over  
the head and the chest plate is comfortably placed onto the  
trunk of the body. Long tubes flow down the body to the  
floor. There is a comical look to the scene with each man  
wearing his pajamas and slippers. Garrett looks at his  
brother, Frank, and with a muffled voice.

GARRETT

You ready?

Frank nods yes and they proceed to the elevator. One of the crib workers brings a couple of lit Davies lamps and hands them to the brothers.

CRIB WORKER 1  
These are meant to be used in  
explosive atmospheres. Don't  
worry.

Garrett at first looks untrusting of the offer.

CRIB WORKER 1 (CONT'D)  
I wouldn't hurt you. Good luck.

Both brothers climb into the elevator with the Davies lamps and the elevator begins the slow descent into the elevator shaft. As the elevator descends the flame of the Davies lamp begins to burn a blueish hue, giving the texture of the wall an eerie look. Frank begins to get nervous with the Davies lamps blue hue.

GARRETT  
Steady Frank, steady as she goes.

The elevator descends, the Davies lamps burn bluer and the concrete walls change to wet, muddy walls the last thirty feet.

FRANK  
Garrett, I'm getting a little  
dizzy.

GARRETT  
Steady Frank. This gas is lighter  
than air. We should be ok once we  
hit the ground level.

The blue light of the Davies lamps begin to burn with less intensity and begin to flicker. The light they illuminate is poor at best, showing shadows and eerie outlines of unknown bulges in the floor and walls. Garrett and his brother cannot see anything farther than four feet. Silence allows the echo of drops of water hitting the floor. As the two men look around a hiss is heard off in the distance.

FRANK  
(concerning voice)  
What is that.

GARRETT  
What?

FRANK  
That hiss I think.

GARRETT

I don't know.

Both men remain in the elevator, cautiously look around. Silence reigns except for the drip of water drops and a hiss off in the distance. Frank picks up one of the Davies lanterns and the flame immediately begins to flicker out. Garrett motions with his hand.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Put it down, put it down.

Frank listens and immediately puts down the lantern. The flickering light picks up slightly in intensity.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Ok. As I thought. The air is at the floor. You still dizzy?

FRANK

A little. Not like when we were coming down.

GARRETT

Look Frank. Fire needs the same amount of air to burn as we need to breath. These masks should be ok. Lets move slow and keep one of the lanterns at the elevator. This way we can find our way back incase the other lantern goes out.

FRANK

Ok Garrett. Let's go get'em.

Both men move out of the elevator slowly, keeping the lone lantern as close to the floor as possible. Approximately fifty feet from the elevator they discover a wall with a single door bent ajar. The steady hissing is getting a little louder. The men's feet run into something soft. Cautiously they feel with their hands and discover a body.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I got one. I got one Garrett.

Garrett replies in the dark

GARRETT

I got one too.

Both men laboriously begin drag the two victims toward the elevator. It's hard work and they have to stop to get their breath and rest their arms.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Ready?

FRANK

Yeah I'm ready.

GARRETT

Ok lets go.

They drag the victims onto the elevator. Both men lean against the elevator walls, exhausted from the work. Garrett pushes the lever and the elevator begins to go up slowly. As they near the surface they can hear a lot of people. As they near the surface a huge cheer goes up. Flash bulbs explode. Garrett and his brother appear with the victims held in their arms. The hoods thrown back. Their skin glistening in sweat. Both men are barefoot, loosing their slippers in the tunnel. As soon as the elevator reaches ground level the crowd swarms them in jubilation.

MAYOR DAVIS

Great job men, great job.

People are patting the Morgan brothers on the back. Medical personnel are removing the first two rescued miners to clear air and respirators. Reporters are taking pictures. Flash bulbs and flash pans were flashing continuously. The mayor separates the Morgan brothers from the crowd as he and his assistants debrief them.

MAYOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

How's it look down there?

GARRETT

You can't see much. The lanterns don't burn bright and the light is blue. Can't bring the lantern much higher than the floor or it goes out.

MAYOR'S ASSISTANT

That's because the tunnel is filled with gas.

FRANK

There's a hissing sound in the tunnel. Scared the shit out of us.

MAYOR'S ASSISTANT

Hissing sound? Was it loud? I think that's the shore pumps. We kept them operating.

GARRETT

Shore pumps? You mean we're  
pumping fresh air in the tunnel?

MAYOR'S ASSISTANT

Yeah. We use it to increase the  
pressure in the tunnels to help  
keep the tunnels dry.

Garretts mind is working putting what he seen and what he has  
heard.

GARRETT

So that's the purpose of that room.  
By the way the door has been blown  
open and bent out of shape. And we  
need better light.

Mayor Davis points to one of his assistants to take what is  
needed down. The light of dawn is beginning to show. The  
light of dawn reveals dozens of boats and hundreds of people.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Ya ready Frank? Come'on. Lets'  
go. Mayor, did ya get any  
volunteers?

The group walks toward the elevator. The mayor's assistants  
are pointing, issuing orders. The mayor looks at his police  
and fire commissioners

MAYOR DAVIS

Who do we have?

FIRE CHIEF O'DONNELL

I'll go.

CRIB5 WORKER 1

I'll go. I know this tunnel.

The fire commissioner quickly picks Chief O'Donnell and crib5  
worker 1, ahead of the police commissioner.

FIRE COMMISSIONER

Your two, over there.

The fire commissioner points to a corner. The Mayor shouts  
to no one in particular, waving his arm.

MAYOR DAVIS

You men move out of there.

The police commissioner points to a few officers and the  
officers use their batons to move the crowd back.

Flash pans spill and cameras become crushed, photographers and reporters swearing in the confusion. Garrett , in an excited voice, points to the other two breathing units

GARRETT

Bring those other two breathing devices over here.

The entire room stops. No one says a word. The wind of Lake Erie is heard.

MAYOR DAVIS

Get those fuckin machines over here. NOW!

Fire and police personnel jump to action and people begin to move around the room. Flashes from the cameras begin, recording the event as it unfolds.

GARRETT

Hey mayor. I don't think those flashes are a good idea with all this natural gas and all. Just a thought.

Mayor Davis orders his police commissioner, waving his arm over the crowd of men.

MAYOR DAVIS

Stop these guys from using their flashes. They're gonna blow us up.

The policemen disperse into the crowd ordering anyone with a cameras not to use their flashes. Garrett turns his attention to the crews preparing the masks to be placed onto the two volunteers. Frank, his brother is directing the crews on placement of the units.

GARRETT

Ok now, its get a little claustrophobic in there. Just be calm. Lights a little weird down there too because of the oxygen levels.

One of the mayors assistants excitingly adds.

MAYOR'S ASSISTANT

We can turn up the oxygen flow.

GARRETT

Yeah. Turn it all the way up .  
Mayor Davis, ya gotta get these  
flashes out of here before they  
cause an explosion.

The mayor, police commissioner and the mayor's assistant look dumb founded. The fire commissioner confirms Garrett's statements.

FIRE COMMISIONER

That's right Your Honor. He's got  
a real good point with all these  
flashes.

The fire commissioner points to all the reporters. Mayor Davis looks around the room. His eyes show him debating the pros and cons of the media. He then walks directly to the exit door yelling

MAYOR DAVIS

Ladies and gentlemen of the press  
follow me out side.

Then Mayor Davis whispers to the police officers as he walks to the exit doors.

MAYOR DAVIS (CONT'D)

Secure the doors let nobody in  
after I leave.

INT. ELEVATOR

The elevator is seen descending full of equipment, ropes and additional lanterns. It's dark. Chief O'Donnell and Crib5 worker1 are grabbing the walls of the elevator, eyes wide open.

GARRETT

(quiet, calming voice)  
Easy now, easy. The dizziness will  
pass once we reach the lower level.

Th elevator comes to an abrupt stop. The sound of the elevator gates sliding up echoes. The blue light of the scattered lanterns cast strange shadows. Garrett calls the team together and the huddle up. Garrett's voice is muffled in the smoke hood.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Okay. Listen up. Frank and I are going to run a life line between the elevator and the compression chamber. DO NOT LET GO OF THE LIFE LINE!

Garrett looks at each man's eyes and gets an approval of a nod from each.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

It's hard to see down here so you'll probably feel the bodies when you come up on one. Grab'em and move to the blue lights. Chief, you and the kid are a team. My brother Frank and I will be the second team. You two stay behind us.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

How do ya know where the compression room is? Can't see shit down here.

GARRETT

See that blue light out there?

Chief O'Donnell peers into the darkness in the direction Garrett is pointing.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Oh yeah.

Meanwhile crib5 worker1 is beginning to panic. His eyes are wide and erratically looking around.

CRIB5 WORKER 1

(nervous voice)

What am I supposed to do? Where am I going?

CHIEF O'DONNELL

(assuring voice)

Easy kid. Easy. Stay with me. Do as I tell ya. Okay?

Crib5 worker1 nervously nods his head yes, looking around as he does it. Suddenly Chief O'Donnell lightly smacks crib5 worker1 hood.

CHIEF O'DONNELL (CONT'D)

(stern voice)

Hey! Eyes on me! Pay attention.



GARRETT

All right. Let's move out.

The group of four moves away from the elevator toward the distant weak blue light. Ten paces out, Frank is heard.

FRANK

I got one, I got one.

GARRETT

Chief, you and the kid take this one to the elevator.

Chief O'Donnell moves to take the head and directs crib5 worker 1 to take the feet. It's hard to see in the dark and the kid stumbles moving to where he thinks the feet are.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Get his feet kid. Take it easy.  
Keep your hands on his body. Don't let go of him.

Crib5 worker1 hands follow the body down towards his feet

CRIB5 WORKER 1

(nervously)

I can't see nothing!

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Don't let go him. You work here, what's behind you?

CRIB5 WORKER 1

(heavy breathing thinking)

Um. It's a storage area.

Suddenly crib5 worker1 is frantically reaching down

CRIB5 WORKER 1 (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey! I got another one!

CHIEF O'DONNELL

You got another one? Bring him up.  
Head toward the blue lights

Both men struggle, dragging dead weight. Their breathing is heavy and rapid.

INT. FURTHER UP THE TUNNEL

Chief O'Donnell and crib5 worker 1 can be heard as the Morgan brothers move toward a blue light.

FRANK

Got another one Garrett.

GARRETT

Ok. I'm gonna tie the rope up at that blown up room. It's about another thirty feet up. Where that blue light is.

The blue light of the Davies lantern burns ahead. Frank can be heard breathing hard as he drags the found victim.

INT. FURTHER UP THE TUNNEL

As Garrett is tying the rope, his foot hits another body. Reaching down he feels a body that is light in weight.

GARRETT

Finally, a little guy.

Garrett picks the body up and heaves him onto his shoulders and walks along the taunt rope toward the blue lights of the elevator. On his way his foot hits another body. He reaches down and grabs the second body by his belt loops. Garrett is breathing hard. His face glistens with sweat.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Frank, give me a hand

Frank and crib5 workr1 rush over to take the body from Garrett. They drag the body to the elevator with Garrett walking on right behind them. Everyone falls to the ground, exhausted from the strenuous work and low oxygen. The elevator rises and a rush of medical personnel rush the rescued victims. The hoods are removed and flipped back. All the heads are dripping with sweat.

CHIEF O'DONNELL

Give me some fuck'en water.

No sooner as he said that, someone brings two buckets of water with cup like dippers dangling from the buckets. The clanging of metal cups against the metal water buckets create a clatter. Attendees quickly bring water to the four rescuers

FRANK

I'm beat Garrett. I can't lift my arms. I gotta take a break.

As if shot out of a cannon, Chief O'Donnell's driver volunteers to take his place.

CHIEF O'DONNELLS DRIVER  
You and me chief, you and me. Give  
me a hand boys. Let's get this  
thing off of this fella here.

GARRETT  
That's ok Frank. You did good.  
Take charge up here in helping  
these guys with the equipment.  
That ok with you mayor?

Mayor Davis breaks from the fire and police commissioners,  
looking at Garrett.

MAYOR DAVIS  
Ok Garrett. You got it.

Mayor Davies directs his assistant with a nod of his head to  
help Frank. Crib5 worker 3 moves to crib5 worker 1

CRIB5 WORKER 3  
Need a break kid?

Crib5 worker 1 hesitates as he weighs the pros and cons.

CRIB5 WORKER 3 (CONT'D)  
Ya did good kid. Come on. Gimme a  
crack.

Crib5 worker 1 begins to take off the smoke hood with a  
showing of relief.

CRIB5 WORKER 1  
Control your breathing. It's real  
easy to over work down there. Stay  
by the rope. Can't see down there  
very good. The light's real bad.

Garrett moves to the center of the elevator.

GARRETT  
Ok everyone. Listen up. Listen up

The mayor in a loud voice.

MAYOR DAVIS  
Everybody SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Everybody turns their head and give the mayor and Garrett  
their attention.

GARRETT

Ok everybody. We're going back down. You may feel a little claustrophobic. Just be kewl. Control your breathing. Follow the rope. Don't leave the rope. If you do lose the rope, head toward the lanterns. Everybody got that?

Everybody shakes their head in agreement.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Ok. Let's go.

The elevator goes down with all four men are against the walls. Frank Garrett rises to his feet, a little unsteady. Frank asks the mayor's assistant

FRANK

Do we have anything to eat? These guys are gonna need some nourishment.

CRIB5 WORKER 2

We got a cooler box where everyone stores their lunch.

MAYOR DAVIS

Radio shore and tell them to bring some food and drink.

FRANK

And fruit too. Apple, oranges.

Then a commotion is heard outside and a loud speaker can be heard

LOUD SPEAKER

Ahoy there. Ahoy. Move away from the dock. Move away from the dock.

Boats of all sizes, as thick as peas begin to move, swearing at each other as they jostled out of the way. A coast guard cutter is anchored outside with two tenders full of people and equipment motoring to the dock. The large contingent of men move with authority up the steps of crib5. The door to crib5 abruptly opens with a group of men entering. The leader of this group was a large shouldered older man dressed in work cloths named BILLY MALONE.

BILLY MALONE

Who's in charge here?

MAYOR DAVIS

Who the fuck are you?

BILLY MALONE

Billy Malone from the U.S. Bureau of mines, Regional rescue team of the Great Lakes. You in charge here?

MAYOR DAVIS

Yes, Mayor Davis. We have rescue teams right now bringing up victims of this fucken mess.

BILLY MALONE

Rescue teams? How many?

MAYOR DAVIS

Chief McClennan, can you help update this guy on what we're doing. Maybe we can use some of his equipment and men.

BILLY MALONE

Use some of our equipment? We're taking over this operation.

MAYOR DAVIS

Yeah, says who?

A lawyer type person steps out of the crowd and identifies himself.

THEODORE MONTIGUE

My name is THEODORE MONTIGUE and I am here representing the state of Ohio Governor's office. The federal government has full authority here in lake Erie and supersedes the authority of Cleveland.

And with that statement THEODORE MONTIGUE hands the mayor papers. The mayor hands them to his assistants without looking at them.

MAYOR DAVIS

What do ya think?

MAYOR'S ASSISTANT

Papers look ok. If we let the government take over the incident, it washes our hands if anything goes wrong.

MAYOR DAVIS

Mr. Montigue, Mr. Malone, what ever we can do. Chief McClellan is filling you in. My assistants are at your service.

A group of men are busy setting up equipment and tables.

BILLY MALONE

Ok fill me in. What happened?  
Where's the elevator?

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

There was a cave-in last night. We have a rescue team retrieving the first two rescue teams as we speak.

BILLY MALONE

What? Are you fucking nuts? Two teams go down and you send a third? What kind of gas reading are you getting?

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

Gas reading? Umm. I don't know. We didn't get one yet.

BILLY MALONE

(in an exasperating way)  
Joe, go get a reading. Where's that fucking elevator.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

The rescue team is down there. This is their third trip. We got hoods that let them breathe. There's Frank. He knows how they work.

Chief McClennan motions Frank and crib5 worker 2 over.

BILLY MALONE

Who was here when this collapse happened? Joe, did you get a reading? Fred, set up zone outside this building to gear up a rescue team. Get those lights ready.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

Mr. Malone, here's a workman who was here during the collapse.

BILLY MALONE

Alright, what happened.

CRIB5 WORKER 2

Well, me and my mates were working topside when we heard and felt a big "voomp" and the electrical panel shorted. Lights went out and dust came up from the tunnel. We tried to go down, but we didn't have any light.

JOE

We got a high gas reading. We're getting a reading of 17% plus at the elevator. This place can go up.

Just then the elevator begins to come up.

MAYOR'S ASSISTANT

They probably got victims. Can we get medical teams in here?

BILLY MALONE

Yeah, get them in here.

FRANK

They need water and food too. These masks we have make you sweat. It takes a lot of energy to work in one of these.

BILLY MALONE

Yeah. Move everybody out though. Out of the building. Joe, contact the cutter and send some food over here.

The elevator rises with six victims and four rescuers with smoke hoods. Billy Malone's examines them.

BILLY MALONE (CONT'D)

I'll be damned. Ok, move everybody out. Let's gear up.

I/E. EARLY MORNING, SUNSHINE, CRIB5 HOUSE

Chief McClennan and his driver switched smoke hoods with Chief O'Donnell and his driver. Crib5 worker 2 switched with crib5 worker 3. Billy Malone is gearing up with a hard hat, gloves and a great big hand held light near Garrett.

BILLY MALONE

You make that?

GARRETT

The smoke hood? Yeah. You can breathe with it down there. But you sweat like a bitch in it.

Franks is feeding Garrett some oranges shaking his head in agreement.

FRANK

Yeah. You can breathe in smoke and everything.

GARRETT

What's that big light bulb you got?

BILLY MALONE

Its a hand light. It's battery powered. You'll see. You like it.

GARRETT

Good, cause you can't see shit down there. The lanterns burn blue.

BILLY MALONE

I'll show you mine if you show me yours?

And with that both men heartily laugh.

BILLY MALONE (CONT'D)

Ok, turn on the lights.

All the hand lights click on.

BILLY MALONE (CONT'D)

(in a musical way)

Let's go get it.

Eight men can be seeing enter the structure then the elevator. Four with hard hats, large bright lights and an array of equipment, four others with smoke hoods. As the elevator is going down

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

Wow. These lights are bright.  
Where did you get these?

As the elevator comes to a rest the whole cavern is exposed to light. A couple of bodies can be seen in the distance. Wide crevices' can be seen in the ceiling.

GARRETT

I tied a rope from the elevator to the pressure chamber.



Billy Malone and his rescue crew are low and nearly crawling.

BILLY MALONE

What's that hissing?

GARRETT

That's fresh air from shore being pumped.

BILLY MALONE

Wow. You can stand up huh? You got to show me these hoods. You guys get the bodies and my crew will go forward to the decompression chamber.

JOE

We're getting some real dangerous levels of gas Bill.

BILLY MALONE

Move forward.

The men in the smoke hoods go about retrieving the bodies strewn in the direction of the decompression chamber. The federal rescue team moves into the decompression chamber. The damage is severe. The door to the chamber is partially blown off. There are three bodies on the floor. The tunnel is full of debris. Billy Malone yells into the collapsed tunnel.

BILLY MALONE (CONT'D)

Hellooo. Can anyone hear me.  
Hellooo.

The ground can be felt heaving with heavy thuds. The rescue crews becomes jittery. Dirt begins to fall from the open crevices'.

FRED

Let's get out of here. This place is ready to go.

BILLY MALONE

Yeah. Come one let's get the fuck out of here. Grab the bodies.

The crew begins to drag the bodies and breathing hard.

BILLY MALONE (CONT'D)

Figures I get the fat-ass.

As Billy Malone and his crew begin to move the three bodies from the decompression chamber.

Garrett and his crew of four were just finishing placing five more bodies onto the elevator floor.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

Come one. Let's give the federal boys a hand. Garrett you stay here with the bodies. You haven't had a break since you started.

With a look of relief, Garrett slumps to the floor.

GARRETT

Thanks Chief. I'm beat. I don't think I can lift my legs.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN

(slapping garrett on his shoulder)

Good job.

The three hooded men walk over to four federal rescue team members, looking down at them as they crawled with their victims.

CHIEF MCCLENNAN (CONT'D)

Hey, government boys. How ya doing?

BILLY MALONE

Fuck you, Give me a hand.

Chief McClennan and his driver take the big fella from Billy Malone and drag him to the elevator. Crib5 worker2 grabs a body and throws him over his shoulder. The federal team begins to crawl to the elevator breathing hard for air with the remaining body. Suddenly the earth shakes from great weight collapsing. The wide crevasses over their heads rain debris. All the men scramble onto the elevator and go up.

EXT. CRIB5 SUNNY MORNING

BILLY MALONE

By the authority of the Bureau of mines I am closing down the this site mayor. It's too dangerous for anyone to go down until we relieve the gas in the tunnel.

MAYOR DAVIS

Well, we retrieved the first two rescue teams. For anyone down there, may God have mercy on their souls.

INT. BANQUET ROOM 1960'S GARRET MORGAN AWARDS

The old man is sitting in a chair as the speaker introduces Garrett Morgan.

SPEAKER

And it is with great pleasure I  
introduce the one, the only, hero  
of the 1916 Water Works collapse  
Garrett Morgan.

The entire room erupts in clapping. Two young ladies get on each side of him and walk him up to the dais.