

BLACK:

Sounds of boat rowing through water.

FADE IN:

EXT. GULF SEA - DAY

It's a beautiful day. Not a cloud in the sky.

A scraggly MAN in a small boat rows out to sea. His boat pulsing forward with each stroke of his oar. Behind him an old wooden vessel.

There is no land as far as the eye can see into the distant horizon.

An oil soaked oar cuts down into think reddish black water. Oars come up dripping thick brown oil. He is determined. His simple boat lurching ahead with each stroke of the oar.

The oars go still as the boat sloshes through the oily thickness. He stairs intently ahead, as if in a trance.

Slowly, the man stands and squints, one hand over his eye brows shading the bright sun from his eyes. He scans the ocean surface. Small thick clumps bob up and down.

He bends down slowly to get a closer look. A clump floats past. It has eyes and gills. He looks out farther into the distance. There is nothing but more clumps of dead fish and an oil soaked bird frantically flapping its wings.

He grabs the oars, and rows as if on a mission of some kind.

The nose of the boat glides up to the struggling bird. A yellow rubber gloved hand snags the bird and scoops it up.

Inside the small row boat it's like a surgeon working frantically to save a patient. He whips off his shirt and uses it to pat down the bird's feathers in an attempt to soak up the oil. Soon the shirt is soaks. He chuck's it to the side.

An ages spotted hand jets into the cooler and comes out with a large sponge. More frantic wiping and dabbing. The birds flaps its wings slower. Its breathing slowing.

The sponge is no match for the oil. He quickly discards the sponge and yanks out a large turkey baster. With one hand he hold the birds beak open and inserts the baster to suck out oil.

Nothing is working. The birds struggles more. He drops everything and gives the bird CPR. The bird dies. A tear rolls down his cheek against his stoic expression.

He thrusts the dead bird into the air in his yellow rubber gloved hand and wails out.

MAN

Twelve hundred and fifty-five! Twelve
hundred and fifty-five!
(voice trailing off)
Twelve hundred and fifty-five innocent
birds.

He drops into the bench of his boat. His head hung and the limp lifeless bird still in his hands.

A BEAT

He snaps out of it and grabs a burlap sack at the front of the boat. He stuffs the bird carefully into the sack and draw it closed.

The boat rows back toward the wooden vessel. A vast gulf of brownish red oil as far as the eye can see.

INT. BOAT - KITCHEN STOVE - NIGHT

A large metal pot of water bubbles and boils, spitting steaming water onto the stove top.

The man steps up to the pot. He is cleaned up, hair combed, and wearing a bow tie. The burlap sack in hand. He unties it and pulls out a cleaned and feathered bird still black from oil residue. Slowly he lowers it into the pot and watches it sink into the water.

He reaches over, selects a wine, uncorks the bottle and pours some into a tin cup.

The man sips from his cup and gnaws on a hunk of bread. He continues to be mesmerized by the boiling bird. A film of thin oil bubbling to the top of the pot.

He stirs the mucky mess with a wooden spoon and taps excess water and oil on the edge of the pot.

TABLE - LATER

The man pours more wine and rips off another hunk of bread. He tears a bite from the hunk, while staring at a wooden pine coffin with small peek-a-boo door at head level standing on end across from him.

MAN
Are you ashamed of yourself.

Another bite of bread.

MAN
What destruction. What death you have brought to the innocent creatures of the air and water. What utter selfishness.

He flings the wine bottle at the box. A loud whimper comes from the box.

MAN
You... You... Let's see the face of a killer.

The man unties his bow tie and opens the peek-a-boo door, exposing sunken cheeks, dark circles around two coal black eyes, and a mouth bound by grey duct tape. This is the face of CHARLES KING, former CEO of the oil behemoth BG or Black Gold Oil.

Tossed in a glass pyrex pan is the boiled bird. It has a green tint to the boiled meat. The head and eyes still attached.

MAN
Mmmm. Dinner.

CHARLES
(muffled)
No. No more bad bird. No more.

MAN
Shhh. Shhh. Shhh. You need to eat.

He rips a wing from the bird.

MAN
This will give you the strength you need to clean up this mess. All by yourself!

The man shoves the bird wing at Charles, poking him in the face. Charles resists and turns his cheek away. The man slaps Charles in the face with the wing leaving a greasy black oil stain.

The man rips the tape from Charles mouth.

MAN
Oh you're gonna eat this.

CHARLES

I will...

The man shoves the entire wing into Charles mouth. He chokes and spits. This irritates the man further. He rips off a large chunk of meat and stuffs it forcefully into Charles mouth.

MAN

Eat it. I said eat!!... Um. Taste the oil. So good for you. So healthy. More. Eat more.

He continues to shovel hunks of tainted bird into Charles mouth. Charles continues to spit and resist.

The man reaches down and dips his tin cup into a plastic bucket of oil soaked water.

MAN

Here you go. Let's wash it all down with this rich petroleum water.

The man pushes the box down on the...

FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Charles is on his back now. He pours the water at Charles mouth. More dips of the tin cup into the water.

MAN

Wasn't that delicious? Hey time to get busy cleaning up this mess.

CHARLES

It wasn't my fault.

MAN

Shut up. You just shut up. It was your fault.

CHARLES

No...

MAN

Yes!!

He shoves an accusing finger into Charles face, then scans the kitchen wall eyeing a butcher knife, a hand cranked egg beater, a meat tenderizing hammer, and finally his eyes land on a claw hammer on the counter.

He walks to the kitchen, snatches up the hammer and returns to the pine box.

Charles screams.

CHARLES
Help! Help! He's crazy. He's
craz...

The man rips off a good sized strip of duct tape and slaps it over Charles mouth. He continues scream out behind duct tape.

MAN
That'll be just about enough out of you liar.

A crazed smile and then the claw hammer slams repeatedly into the side of the pine box ripping holes into it.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

An early morning orange sky lights the sky. Fog dangles across the oily water.

The man rows his boat out into the gulf away from the wooden vessel. A pine box evident in the front of the boat with two arms dangling outside each side of the box. It looks like a robot.

The sun rises into the sky as the man rows farther out.

MAN
It's time to clean.

He slides the box into the water. It drifts along sinking little by little. He smiles, slides on a yellow rubber glove and scoops up a choking bird covered in oil.

With a final bubble the box goes under.

INT. BOX - DAY

Wide frightened eyes stare forward. Oily water rises inside the box. Charles thrusts and screams to no avail. It covers his chin, then mouth, and finally rises above his eyes.

INT. OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

A box rockets toward the bottom of the ocean through globs of floating oil. It hits the bottom with a thud just to the side of a cracked pipe spewing black oil.

FADE OUT: