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# On Deadly Ground

By Ed Horowitz

1

I want every one of you guys

over there now! Now!

Welcome to Valdez, Alaska, sir. Rig 59  
in sight. Looks pretty hot down there.

Heads up.

Thank God.

What's cooking?

Goddamn it, Forrest,

this is a disaster here!

It's totally out of control.

I got four guys down.

And all because of your goddamn pal

Jennings' lousy...

Your goddamn pal Jennings' lousy what,  
Hugh?

Come on, the crane's all loaded  
with explosives for you.

Hey, Forrest is here.

I'm telling you, Forrest,

those goddamn preventers caused this.

I told Jennings they weren't up to spec,  
but he made me use them anyway.

Come on, Hugh...

how'd he make you do anything?

Hugh's been getting sloppy lately,  
hasn't he?

Certainly has, Mr. Jennings.

Certainly has.

You don't believe me, do you?

You think I'm makin' this up.

I can't figure out why someone'd  
do that to his own rig.

It doesn't make sense.

He's really paying you that much money?

Now you believe him over your friends?

Why don't you fall back

before you say something stupid?

You used to be a good man.

Now you're nothin' but a whore.

For \$350,000...

I'd fuck anything once.

Where's my shield?

Hot enough for you in there?

Brand-new preventers!  
Don't make sense!  
The chain, it's caught!  
You! Look at me!  
Down!  
Bring it down!  
What the fuck?  
Shit!  
Get back!  
Very impressive, Forrest, as always.  
I'll expect your full report  
on my desk by morning.  
- You'll have it.  
- I look forward to it.  
All right, go on!  
Get that goddamn diverter up there!  
So, what did he say?  
I don't know,  
something about faulty preventers.  
Nothing to do with it.  
It was human error all the way, as usual.  
As in almost every fire or spill  
you've ever seen.  
Am I right, Forrest?  
Preventers were not the problem.  
And the human error in this case  
is Hugh Palmer.  
He's the rig foreman, it's his responsibility.  
And his burden to pay the penalty.  
My oil is flowing all over the ocean...  
instead of into my refinery,  
where it's worth money.  
I'll have Eskimos and environmentalists...  
probing all the orifices of my body  
for the next two weeks.  
Now, why the hell would I do that  
to myself on purpose?  
I don't know. I asked him the same thing.  
It doesn't really matter now, does it?  
I sort of blew up all the evidence, didn't I?  
I guess you did.  
I got Tonto with his fish breath  
busting my balls.  
Don't touch me.

Cochise, you want some money?  
Take this!  
Animal.  
Hey, don't bust my balls. I'm warning you.  
Buy a drink?  
Listen to me, you yellow-snow-eating...  
welfare-collecting...  
redskin piece of shit.  
Get the fuck out of here!  
You want a smoke too?  
"Dances With Whiskey."  
Hey, I warned him.  
Hey, Cupcake, what the fuck you think  
you're looking at?  
Oh, shit.  
Nothing much at all.  
Fuck him up, Forrest!  
Pussy!  
Right about that. Fuckin' pansy.  
I haven't seen you here before.  
Sit down.  
Don't sneak up on me, I might shoot you.  
Just don't hit me, that's all.  
How you doing, Bubba?  
Look, I might have been out of line before.  
You were wrong about something.  
I know you're no whore.  
You were right about that.  
You were just wrong when you thought  
I was a good man once.  
Jesus, you sound as bad as me.  
What's eating at you?  
I'm just under a lot of pressure.  
Three of my men are dead...  
including your pal, Lorenzo.  
You don't know what's going on.  
Don't you even give half a shit?  
You still don't believe me...  
that those preventers are bad?  
I believe you.  
They had stress cracks all over.  
If those were new, something's funny.  
Goddamn right, somethin' funny.  
That's what I keep tellin' you.

And if you still can't figure out  
why Jennings made me use them anyway...  
check out the requisition file on Aegis-1.  
Go ahead.  
You got the clearance.  
I can't get in there, but you can.  
Check it out, then we'll talk.  
Listen to me.  
I left my daypack and some weapons  
at your place.  
I think I'll pick them up  
and go up into the hills.  
They're in the closet, just get them.  
- Upstairs closet?  
- Yeah.  
Hey, Mike. Check it out: Cupcake's date!  
Come on, Cupcake.  
Don't cry. What happened?  
Did your boyfriend leave you?  
You know, Pocahontas is still available.  
Cupcake's dream date!  
Geronimo!  
Cochise!  
This way.  
You still want that brew? I'll get it for you.  
No hard feelings?  
Come on.  
Buck up for the suds, pal.  
All right, here.  
Mutt, get out. You piece of shit.  
Come on.  
Now, who're we gonna play with now?  
Don't break anything, understand?  
You wanna play with me?  
You want a piece of this?  
I'm afraid I'll fuckin' kill him.  
Let's get outta here. Come on.  
Oh, shit!  
Jesus!  
I've got you!  
Well, let's see, that's Natives: 8,

**and Oil Workers:**

Anybody else want to play with Cupcake?

Take him on.  
My nuts!  
Hey, buddy.  
Don't be fucking with oil workers.  
My balls!  
You're a man, right?  
This guy doesn't have a fuckin' clue.  
Are you a man?  
Oh, Jesus.  
Am I a man?  
Yeah. I got a big pair of balls  
right between my legs.  
Did you use those to beat up  
on this little native man?  
Big balls, okay.  
We'll play a little game,  
the hand-slap game.  
One man leaves the circle.  
I miss, you get a shot.  
You miss, I get a shot.  
All right, I'll play your game...  
if you play my game.  
I'll play your game afterwards,  
if I'm still standing.  
Because you're a tough guy...  
and you got big balls.  
All right.  
Don't hurt him, Forrest!  
Here we go, Mr. Big Balls.  
- I'm ready.  
- Okay.  
You gotta be quick.  
Why don't you just take  
your best shot, pal?  
This is the man's man.  
I'm the cupcake.  
One man leaves, here we go.  
You're a man, right?  
You're a man, right?  
Here we go, "man"!  
Put your hands up!  
Put your hands up!  
Shit.  
That's disgusting. What is that, halibut?

"Buck up for the suds, pal."  
Maybe he ate that at Maggie's.  
You're a man, remember?  
Big balls between your legs. Here we go.  
Come on.  
Did you see that?  
What does it take?  
What does it take to change  
the essence of a man?  
I need time to change.  
Time.  
I do too.  
I do too.  
Where do you live? I'll give you a ride.  
Thank you, brother.  
You are about to go on a sacred journey.  
This journey will be good for all people.  
- But you must be careful.  
- Right.  
- Give me the bottom line.  
- ABC and CBS are leading with it at 7:00.  
Local environmentalists want  
investigations by the EPA...  
OSHA and the Department  
of Environmental Concerns.  
Why all the heat? It's a small oil spill.  
Accidents happen.  
That's why we arranged for a commercial  
and bought time on the in-state nets.  
We can run it in the back.  
Mike him that way.  
Put it on another circuit  
and bring it up to half.  
- That's okay?  
- Okay.  
Yeah. Okay.  
Go get 'em.  
Thank you.  
Ready?  
We start with an out-of-focus world.  
We pull back to one twig...  
one branch...  
and then the whole pristine forest.  
Listen...

you have any great ideas...  
just keep them  
to your fucking self, okay...  
and leave this shit to me.  
Now, where do I stand?  
Right over there.  
All right, guys, we're ready to go.  
Speed.  
Marker.  
Action!  
Lift the cards up.  
I can't see them down there.  
"Every year...  
"hundreds of thousands  
of Porcupine caribou...  
"make their way down  
from the Ogilvie Mountains...  
"to the coastal plains of Alaska.  
"They come to feed  
off the tundra grasses...  
"and to have their children.  
"Children like these little guys...  
"right here.  
"You see, we at Aegis Oil believe...  
"in protecting our natural treasures.  
"We believe in keeping them safe...  
"for future generations to enjoy.  
"After all...  
"the earth is our home too.  
"Who cares?  
"We do, at Aegis Oil."  
Cut!  
Fuck, these animals stink!  
Bring me a washcloth!  
Take that.  
Tell me more about the fire.  
What exactly did we lose?  
We lost the rig.  
- File a claim with Lloyd's of London.  
- Already done.  
There were three fatalities.  
We'll know about two others today.  
- All roughnecks?  
- Yes, sir.



Offer the standard settlement.  
Bruce, would you get the fuck out of here,  
please?  
Sir, I glanced at the standard settlement  
recently...  
and I think that the long-term benefits  
for the surviving spouses are...  
unnecessarily generous.  
Now you know why I love this woman.  
Amend the settlement as you see fit.  
What's the position on Aegis-1?  
Surely you understand that  
on any substantial construction project...  
particularly one of this size,  
there are inevitable delays.  
How long do they say now?  
Twenty-one days.  
Goddamn it, we have 13 days!  
Thirteen!  
Sir, we have two crews working full-time.  
Put on a third crew!  
Why is this so hard for you to understand?  
Get out of here!  
I don't give a shit! Let me explain...  
- You look ten years younger.  
- Get out!  
Aegis-1 is going to be the biggest rig  
and refinery...  
on the face of this planet.  
And if it is not on-line and operational  
in 13 days...  
then the oil rights will revert back  
to the goddamn Eskimos.  
That is not going to happen.  
There's something else.  
A friend of mine at the EPA says he hears  
that they have an unnamed source...  
making noises  
about substandard equipment...  
at Aegis-1.  
There was discussion  
of faulty preventers, specifically.  
Hugh...  
Palmer.

Now, wouldn't that be lovely?  
We'd lose the oil rights...  
worth billions of dollars a week.  
I don't need that kind  
of problem right now.  
You're the people I hired...  
to help me get rid  
of these kinds of problems.  
Life goes on.  
Sure does.  
Holy shit!  
Sir, security alert in progress.  
I'll take it on the box.  
Nothing major, but you'd red-flagged  
Forrest Taft for security access.  
Yes, of course.  
Well, he's into an Aegis-1 requisitions file.  
He used his security code to gain access  
to the main computer?  
That is correct.  
Well done.  
It seems your friend, Forrest Taft...  
has gained access  
to a restricted Aegis-1 file.  
A requisition file...  
that includes the purchase  
of all preventers.  
That is a problem.  
If I might...  
I'd like to be the first to volunteer  
to take care of that problem as well.  
I suggest you take care  
of the Hugh Palmer problem first.  
He's the immediate threat.  
He certainly is.  
And change the access code.  
Hugh?  
Hello? Anybody home?  
- Shit!  
- Hugh?  
Hugh Palmer.  
There you are.  
Good morning. How are you?  
Otto and I...

came to offer you a ride  
to Mr. Jennings' press conference.  
It starts in a few hours.  
He'd like you to be there with him  
just to clear up a few things.  
What kind of things?  
Well....  
Actually, why don't we sit down?  
Yeah, please, it's your home.  
For starters, Hugh...  
that spill in the cove the other day  
was actually nobody's fault but your own.  
And all this business  
about substandard equipment...  
has nothing to do with anything, does it?  
You tell Jennings...  
I've rolled over for you bastards  
long enough.  
If he uses those same preventers  
when Aegis-1 goes on-line...  
there'll be a goddamned disaster.  
And I don't want any part of it.  
It's just one guy talking, but I gotta tell you  
that's a very poor attitude on your part.  
Here's what we're gonna do.  
Let's skip the press conference  
all together?  
Good.  
Because if this is what you truly believe...  
I just don't see how your being there  
will help Mr. Jennings in any way.  
I am, however, gonna have to ask you  
for your pipe tally books.  
I'm certain you know  
which ones I'm talking about.  
They were the ones that you promised  
to supply the EPA with.  
Listen!  
Stupid shit!  
Tie him up!  
You with me?  
I've got nothing here!  
You consider yourself a modern guy?  
Sometimes modern guys...

are a little too modern  
for their own fucking good.

- What the...

- Shit.

Which I think is going to be the case here...

because most modern guys put a logbook  
under their computer.

Only thing is...

your computer's been downloaded.

I'm afraid that's a problem.

That's your problem.

Oh, yeah.

Why don't we cut through all this rat shit?

At present count,

you only have ten fingers.

I honestly don't want to have  
to ask you ten times.

Where are your books?

I want the disks and I want those books.

I'm telling you, I don't have them!

Have you listened to yourself lately?

Have you?

Everything with you is "l, l, l."

There is no "l" in "team."

It is T-E-A-M.

Team!

Better quit while you're ahead.

You know what I'm saying?

While you can still play marbles.

Where are the disks?

Where are the books?

Fuck you!

Fuck me? No, fuck you!

Hugh.

Go to hell.

Okay.

Okay, I'll go to hell.

Hugh, you want to talk

about faulty equipment?

I want to see how faulty this pipe cutter is.

It's about the end of the line for you.

God, no! Otto, what are you doing?

Aegis Oil has now determined...

that what little spillage there was

in this accident...  
was contained so effectively  
by our environmental-impact crews...  
that only minimal disruption  
of the area's ecosystem will result.  
What do you mean by "minimal"?  
According to our analyst,  
the presence of petroleum by-products...  
and other toxins in Inulat Cove  
will be back down to acceptable levels...  
according to EPA guidelines...  
within three months.  
So, by the time your next fishing season  
starts, the cove will be back to normal.  
- There'll be a written statement.  
- Wait.  
Things won't ever be the same.  
Aegis Oil always wants to talk about...  
acceptable levels of this  
and acceptable levels of that.  
But the people want to talk  
about the poisons in their environment...  
that weren't here  
before Aegis Oil came to town.  
We want to talk about the increased rates  
of skin cancer...  
women who fail to ovulate.  
And when they do,  
they give birth to abnormal babies.  
That's what the Tribal Council wants  
to talk about.  
Is this the same Tribal Council...  
who sold its oil and mineral rights  
to my company 20 years ago?  
Thank you very much.  
The same Tribal Council  
that will get those rights back...  
12 days from today when you don't make  
the start-up deadline for Aegis-1.  
We'll make the deadline.  
We'll see about that, Mr. Jennings.  
Is that a threat?  
Blood of our people is upon you,  
Mr. Jennings.

- What is it, Liles?  
- It's oil.  
Thank God.  
This is a new fucking suit!  
You see that insane woman?  
Ruined a perfectly good suit.  
I'm just appalled at these people.  
They're animals.  
They're not crazy about you either.  
The hell with the goddamn Eskimos.  
I make my deadline,  
I'll be in the driver's seat.  
You know, I did a little snooping around  
the other day.  
I went over to Aegis-1...  
and checked out the latest  
requisition file. I understand now...  
why you're using  
the substandard preventers.  
If you wait for the next shipment,  
you'll never make the deadline.  
I gotta say, I'm a little ashamed of you.  
I'd just like to ask you something.  
How much is enough?  
How much money is enough?  
I've got to get out of these clothes.  
I'll talk to you later. Okay, Forrest?  
Stick around.  
Goddamn it, there's been another accident.  
A substation on the north slope.  
I know we've had our disagreements...  
but can you do  
this one last thing for me?  
I thought we were gonna have a little talk.  
After this.  
Can you help us out with this, Forrest?  
You're the only one with the expertise.  
All right, I'm gonna go check it out,  
see what I need.  
If you smell anything, get out of here.  
Don't worry. We know what we're doing.  
Your turn, Mr. MacGruder.  
Ladies and gentlemen, please.  
We now have evidence

that both the Inulat Cove spill...  
and the explosion yesterday  
at Substation 101...  
were the result of sabotage.  
We have tentatively identified  
at least two of the conspirators...  
as former Aegis employees who appear  
to have died in the latest explosion:  
Forrest Taft and Hugh Palmer.  
I hope that this brings to an end...  
these wanton acts of destruction...  
as well as the crass attempts by  
Mr. Ittok's Tribal Council to use them...  
as a public-relations tool...  
to derail the timely completion...  
of the Aegis-1 refinery.  
But you're talking about internal sabotage  
by people in your own company.  
Is this how you run Aegis Oil?  
Use your sense, man.  
Thank you. No more questions.  
This is my father.  
Tell him...  
my name is Forrest.  
And he's Silook.  
Thank you...  
for rescuing me.  
He says it was nothing.  
He thought you were a bear.  
He still thinks you might be a bear.  
He hasn't decided yet.  
You tell him...  
I'm a mouse...  
hiding from the hawks...  
in the house of a raven.  
He says that's just what a bear would say.  
He says you sound like a bear too.  
There's no sign of him yet, sir.  
I can assure you we've been over  
every inch of ground up here.  
Frankly, I don't see how  
he could've survived that explosion.  
If your goddamn cleanup goons  
haven't found his body...

then the son of a bitch is alive.  
Find him, goddamn it. Do not fail.  
Yes, sir. We won't.  
Goddamn, that was pleasant.  
Mr. Jennings said to say hello to you  
and he'd like us to keep looking.  
Are you packed?  
Excuse me?  
You and I, we're going to Aegis-1.  
Make sure we go on-line on time.  
Yes, sir.  
It's okay, boys, relax.  
We're just going for a little ride.  
Get these dogs off of me.  
You fucking dogs, get off of me.  
Listen to me.  
I didn't tell you the whole story,  
I'm in trouble.  
People are after me. If they come here,  
you are in a lot of danger.  
He says, if you're healthy enough to steal...  
you're healthy enough  
to make your journey.  
There was a time there were no people  
on the earth...  
until the fifth day, a man burst forth...  
from the sacred place, full-grown.  
Looking up...  
he sees a raven.  
Raven stared intently at man...  
and said, "Wait here."  
When Raven returned...  
he had made the birds, fish and animals.  
Raven was worried man would destroy  
all he had made to inhabit the earth.  
So he formed Bear to be feared by man...  
and to protect the land.  
Now the outsiders have come.  
They're not afraid of the bear.  
They do not respect the land.  
We must find a way to teach them respect.  
That's why I did not let you leave.  
Why me?  
You fought Nanook the Bear.



You survived the cold of Imah the River.  
Hear the gods sing.  
I listen to what they say.  
In you...  
I have seen a great spirit.  
Are you willing...  
to discover the nature of that spirit?  
You have died twice.  
Now sleep, and be reborn.  
You will fight your most difficult battle.  
Then you will find your way back.  
We're approaching the village now, sir.  
We'll be setting down momentarily.  
You the chief?  
You the chief?  
What about you? You the chief?  
Seen this man?  
Have you seen this man?  
Spread out.  
Sir!  
Goddamn it!  
Is there any other sign of him?  
No, sir.  
All right, where the fuck is he?  
Don't touch my father.  
You give this to me. This is mine!  
You!  
Son of a bitch.  
I will watch you die.  
You saw. He attacked me!  
He attacked me!  
He says...  
you're the spirit warrior.  
The gods have already decided your fate.  
Eagle and the bear are your spirit guides.  
This special amulet will...  
help guide you in and out  
of the spirit world.  
Tell him...  
thank you...  
and good-bye.  
You didn't find Taft...  
but you managed to kill  
an unarmed Eskimo.

Well, I'm not an officer of the court, am I?  
In front of a dozen witnesses.  
Mr. Jennings...  
that tribe completely misinterpreted  
our presence there.  
They panicked, attacked and forced us  
to defend ourselves.  
You stay here and start planning  
additional security for Aegis-1.  
We're running out of time.  
What, you guys have had this all along?  
For emergencies.  
Turn around. I think you'll see  
something down there.  
Looks like they trashed this place  
pretty good.  
They've been here too?  
There's a pair of pants over there.  
Those boots, they should fit you.  
I've still got my .45.  
Good old Hugh.  
Looks like they must have gone  
on foot from here.  
He's still one step ahead of us.  
Come on, let's go back.  
Let's try Hugh's cabin.  
Put that pack down.  
Come in here, look in here. Get me  
all the shotgun shells you can, 12-gauge.  
We'll load up the truck.  
Looks like my friends are here to play.  
Okay, get in there. Get in there.  
Who the hell is this guy?  
Just who the fuck is he?  
You want to know who he is?

**Try this:**

Delve down into the deepest bowels  
of your soul.  
Try to imagine  
the ultimate fucking nightmare...  
and that won't come close...  
to this son of a bitch  
when he gets pissed.

Well, sir....

I think we got that one covered.

He seems pretty pissed.

Very pissed.

Then I suggest you try and stop him.

What about independent contractors?

I know of a group based  
out of New Orleans.

Independent contractors?

You mean, mercenaries?

Spartech used mercenaries  
in the Philippines, sir.

R.D.L. used them in Angola.

You're talking about Third World countries.

Alaska is a Third World country.

It's just one we happen to own.

Just stay put.

Mr. Jennings, I'm Stone.

Were you able to get the files I requested?

This guy's already committed  
two acts of sabotage.

Mr. MacGruder will be going  
along with you as liaison.

You'll be reporting to him...

he'll be reporting to me.

Understood?

Understood.

If there's no new information,  
we'll get on with the search.

We've got quite a sophisticated  
little listening post set up inside.

We'll find your man.

That brings us to another question.

How do you want him delivered?

I see.

Hey, brother.

Hey, brother.

Whatever's on this disk  
is what Hugh died for.

These are the pressure readings  
from Aegis-1.

The whole goddamned platform is  
a time bomb.

As soon as that thing gets on-line,

it's gonna blow.  
It just won't take the pressure.  
But what doesn't make sense to me...  
is these other wells.  
You see these high levels  
of benzine and toluene?  
They're five, ten times  
what they should be.  
Deep-well injection.  
That's what I think.  
What?  
They'll play a well out for all it's got.  
Then they take the deadly toxins  
they have from everywhere else...  
they'll reverse the pumps,  
blow it back in there, top it off with crude.  
Or they'll broker the space  
to another company.  
Clever.  
This is just one of the many little activities  
that Jennings uses to...  
finance Aegis-1 and the rest  
of his dog-shit empire.  
It's like I always say...  
we gotta blow it...  
and we gotta blow it now.  
Blowing up Aegis-1 is not the answer.  
There are enough dead bodies.  
Let's leave it to the authorities.  
I know the press. Let's contact the press.  
Haven't you learned anything  
from my father?  
What do you want me to learn, Masu?  
Do you really think that this hocus-pocus  
spirit stuff is gonna help us now?  
What do you think, an angel will  
miraculously come down out of the sky...  
and stop, say 350 billion tons of oil  
from being spilled...  
into our oceans every year?  
Maybe a ghost will stop all the cars  
from using gasoline.  
Maybe somehow...  
some spirit will trip the big switch...

and the technology that's been  
repressed for the last 70 years...  
will suddenly be ours and it'll be  
a better place to live, a beautiful place.  
Maybe I should send my spirit guide over  
to Aegis-1 and stop it from going on-line...  
so that Jennings can't fuck you  
and your people...  
out of your land  
and your way of life forever.  
See, I loved the spirit world  
and your father.  
But it doesn't matter right now.  
What really matters is the cold,  
hard reality of this world.  
That's what we've gotta deal with.  
I didn't want to resort to violence.  
I don't have a choice and I'm not taking  
any chances this time...  
because I can't.  
I'll go into the mountains  
over the back ridge.  
I don't think anybody will be able  
to follow us up there by horseback.  
Give me this FX shotgun  
with all the magazines and ammo you got.  
Give me one M-14...  
a couple of 45s and the SSG.  
And I think that'll do it.  
You ride good?  
Of course. I'm a Native American.  
Are you aware that you don't have  
one shred of information...  
on this renegade prior to his coming  
to work for Aegis Oil?  
Yes, we are aware. So what?  
So what was he doing?  
What's his military record?  
Where in the hell did he receive  
his EOD training at?  
We couldn't access that information  
at the time.  
And now we don't feel  
it's germane to his capture.

What do you got on the screen?  
Nothing yet, sir.  
Our man in DC finds nothing  
on this guy before 1987.  
Which means either he was born  
fully grown...  
or his background is so secret...  
it doesn't even flag "top-secret"  
when you run hisjacket.  
That's beautiful.  
What is it?  
What's that supposed to mean?  
If I had a guess,  
I'd say it means he's Company.  
Forrest Taft has been in the CIA?  
I don't think so.  
CIA. NSA, maybe.  
DOD?  
Whatever he is, he's a damn problem.  
Oh, my God.  
I stocked this place up  
a couple of years ago.  
Just in case.  
In case of what?  
In case you declare war  
on some small country?  
Yeah.  
What are you doing?  
This is a com unit.  
I know they're coming to look for me.  
And if I keep a signal...  
they'll be able to find me...  
and that's just what I want.  
Bingo. I've got something.  
Six-two degrees...  
nine minutes by 148 degrees even.  
I know that country. A chopper's not going  
to do us much good.  
We need to get in there on horseback.  
Get on the radio, Spinks.  
Get us some horses up there.  
Let's take the chopper back up  
and spot him. We'll flush him out.  
If this rig isn't on-line...

MacGruder on 2.

I'm listening.

Sir, we found something. We're now  
in the area just north of Taft's cabin.

C-4.

Get this up to the horses  
as fast as you can and stay out of sight.

Let's get out of here.

There he is.

We've got him now. Let's go.

Hold it up.

Looks like he kept to the trail  
after he set it.

You had me spooked on the chopper  
for a second.

I thought this guy was gonna be good.

A Cub Scout could've found that.

You'd better watch it.

Talk like that'll get you killed.

Fuck you.

Hold it up!

Wait a minute!

Son of a bitch, cease fire!

What the hell are you doing?

Hold your fire!

Cease fire, damn it!

There's nothing there.

What the hell are you shooting at?

- Put it away!

- I put it away!

Let's go!

Come on.

This guy's good.

At least we know where in the hell  
he's going to now, don't we, Mac?

Damn right.

Aegis-1.

The only way we can get to the rig  
is through the refinery.

It doesn't look like anyone is expecting us.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

Stay out of sight.

I'm gonna go blow the generator.

I got something!

How much time, Mr. Harold?  
Should be on-line in three,  
three and a half hours.  
Sir, this is John Stokes.  
He's the special agent in charge  
of the FBI Anti-Terrorist Unit.  
We now believe that this maniac Taft  
is on his way here...  
and poses a genuine terrorist threat.  
We're in position.  
Thank you, Mr. Stokes.  
I'll be back. I gotta take a piss.  
I thought you wanted us to kill  
this motherfucker.  
How are we supposed to shoot him  
with all these cops here?  
I don't think so.  
It's essential we have the FBI here  
to cover ourselves legally...  
and it will help with the press.  
They'll take the fall  
for anything that happens.  
Don't worry about the FBI. They couldn't  
find a hooker in a whorehouse.  
This guy'd have to be  
out of his mind to try to get in here now.  
Then we should count on that.  
Forrest Taft is the patron saint  
of the impossible.  
If you'd done your job  
as you were supposed to...  
it wouldn't have come to this!  
I pay you people a hell of a lot of money  
to avoid situations like this.  
And the one time shit happens,  
you pricks let everything go out of control!  
Get out of here. This place's gonna blow!  
What's the matter? What's happening?  
Emergency generators!  
- Security cameras are out.  
- We're losing power! Computers are out.  
- We have to reboot.  
- How long will that take?  
Four, five minutes, tops.



He's back.  
Who are you calling?  
I'm just gonna reach out  
and touch somebody.  
What the hell was that?  
Taft! You son of a bitch!  
Goddamn it!  
It's Tooley. What's up?  
This shit's poison!  
We have to get the fuck out of here!  
Come with me.  
Come with me.  
Go, go, go...!  
Let's go!  
We got an unstable condition here!  
Get your goddamn people out of here!  
I'll tell Jennings.  
Fuck me!  
Oh, thank God.  
What's the damage?  
He took out Structures 8, 12, and 21.  
That's not enough. He must get  
to the rig to do any real damage.  
Between Stone's men and the FBI,  
he'll never get there.  
He'd need a miracle to stop us now.  
See over here, these three doors?  
Here's where we are now.  
I need you to place two satchels  
here and here.  
Then open this door and this door.  
We want to create a wind tunnel...  
so the wind will carry the fire through.  
This man is inside the refinery.  
Now, we can't allow him get to the rig.  
What I want you to do is snipe the guy.  
You can see much better if you're higher.  
We gotta talk.  
Disperse.  
We've got a big problem here.  
Intel tells us we're dealing with one guy.  
We think we got  
a fucking fire team out there.  
My guy in DC tells me that

we're not dealing with a student here...  
we're dealing with a professor.  
Any time the military has  
an operation that can't fail...  
they call this guy in to train the troops.  
He's the kind of guy who'd drink...  
a gallon of gasoline  
so he can piss in your campfire.  
You could drop this guy off  
at the Arctic Circle...  
wearing bikini underwear,  
without his toothbrush...  
and tomorrow afternoon  
he's gonna show up at your poolside...  
with a million-dollar smile  
and a fistful of pesos.  
This guy's a professional, you got me?  
If he reaches this rig...  
we're all going to be nothing  
but a big hole in the middle of Alaska.  
Let's go find him and kill him...  
and get rid of the son of a bitch.  
Look on the middle deck.  
We've got to get out, and I mean now.  
The FBI has already pulled back.  
Excuse me?  
This whole place is going to blow.  
If you want to go down with your ship,  
that's fine, but I am not that stupid!  
Oh, yes you are.  
Where are you going?  
To the bathroom.  
Stay here, I'm going to the rig.  
Let me out!  
Listen to me.  
If you really want Jennings,  
you're gonna need me.  
I got files, tapes, books....  
- You better have them on you right now!  
- I got them!  
Fuck him!  
I want you to protect this entrance  
like it was your sister's cherry, Tonto.  
Put people over here, over here.

I'm going to the rig.  
I'm gonna put Pump 3 on-line.  
That'll be enough for me  
to keep my leases...  
without any help from you pricks!  
You're in charge here, Tonto.  
Do not let that son of a bitch in here!  
What do you think, stock in or out?  
What do you think?  
I don't think it's gonna make  
much difference.  
Well, I do. See, when it's out, I feel  
like a pussy, you know what I'm saying?  
And when it's in,  
it feels like meaner or something.  
When I kill the son of a bitch,  
I want to feel good about myself.  
What the hell is this?  
Gasoline.  
Get the fuck out of here!  
Jesus Christ, this motherfucker's good!  
I told you he was good, didn't I?  
He's good and he's coming this way.  
Take her to Level 6.  
Here he comes.  
Open wide, sweetheart.  
Cover my back.

**Warning:**

**Warning:**

Okay.  
Give me that shape charge.  
I'm gonna set some charges which  
will cause the preventer to implode...  
and that will prevent an oil spill.  
That's right, go ahead, Big Boy.  
Make your move.  
I'll shove this goddamn shotgun  
up your ass...  
and blow the top  
of your fucking head off.  
You're a bunch of gutless pricks!  
All of you!

- Help me with this!  
- Fuck you!  
Yellow bastard!  
He's still getting it on-line.  
That stupid asshole!  
I can't believe what he's doing.  
Lose your gear, let's go.  
We've got less than three minutes  
before this whole fucking place blows.  
There he is!  
Don't shoot!  
Hold your fire!  
You'll blow us to kingdom come!  
Let's go!  
No firing! Come on!  
Move it. Let's go, let's go.  
I'll pull the heat.  
When they come to me, you go.  
I got him. I got him over here!  
Where? Where?  
Where the fuck is he?  
Forrest.  
My long lost friend, Michael.  
Who's this?  
- This the slope bitch you've been banging?  
- No, not her.  
This the one that got you all concerned  
about the dirty snow?  
Jesus, Forrest...  
you and me, we bought hookers  
better than this for five bucks in Bangkok.  
You know, I've been thinking about this  
for a long time.  
What does one say to a man  
with no conscience?  
I'd like to tell you about the millions  
of people that you've made suffer...  
but I'd be a total idiot  
to think that you'd care.  
You're a piece of shit, Michael.  
Scum of the earth.  
I don't know what you did with my rig...  
but whatever it was,  
I want you to stop it.

Turn it off. I'm leaving.  
I got a better idea.  
You're a macho man with a code of honor.  
You won't shoot me in the back.  
Go ahead.  
Shoot me! Go on.  
Shoot me, you fucking coward!  
You haven't got the fucking guts!  
I wouldn't dirty my bullets.  
You macho asshole!  
Go ahead, shoot!  
Dirty one for me, Forrest.  
That's for my father!  
We won't make it!  
We're going to die!  
Calm down. We're not going to die.  
We stopped the spill, didn't we?  
Your father would be proud of us.  
Listen to me. I'll make a path.  
You stay on my heels and don't look back!  
I'd like to start off by saying...  
thank you...  
to the brothers and sisters  
who've come here today...  
representing this cause.  
I've been asked by Mr. Ittok  
and the Tribal Council...  
to speak to you and the press  
about the injustices brought against us...  
by some government officials  
and big business.  
How many of you out there have heard  
of alternative engines...  
engines that can run on anything  
from alcohol to garbage or water?  
Or carburetors that can get  
hundreds of miles to the gallon?  
Or electric or magnetic engines  
that can practically run forever?  
You don't know about them,  
because if they were to come into use...  
they'd put the oil companies  
out of business.  
The concept of the internal combustion

engine has been obsolete for over 50 years.  
But because of the oil cartels  
and corrupt government regulation...  
we and the rest of the world have been  
forced to use gasoline for over 100 years.  
Big business is primarily responsible  
for destroying...  
the water we drink, the air we breathe  
and the food we eat.  
They have no care  
for the world they destroy...  
only for the money  
they make in the process.  
How many oil spills can we endure?  
Millions and millions of gallons of oil...  
are destroying the ocean  
and the many forms of life it supports.  
Among these is plankton, which supplies  
60 to 90% of the earth's oxygen.  
It supports the entire marine ecosystem...  
which forms the basis  
of our planet's food supply.  
But the plankton is dying.  
I thought, "Well, let's go  
to some remote state or country...  
"anywhere on earth."  
But in doing a little research, I realized...  
that these people broker toxic waste  
all over the world.  
They basically control the legislation and,  
in fact, they control the law.  
The law says no company  
can be fined over \$25,000 a day.  
If a company's making \$10 million a day...  
by dumping lethal toxic waste  
into the ocean...  
it's only good business  
to continue doing this.  
They influence the media  
so that they can control our minds.  
They've made it a crime  
to speak out for ourselves.  
If we do so, we're called conspiracy nuts  
and we're laughed at.

We're angry because we're all being  
chemically and genetically damaged...  
and we don't even realize it.  
Unfortunately, this will affect our children.  
We go to work each day  
and right under our noses...  
we see our car and the car in front of us  
spewing noxious, poisonous gases...  
that are all accumulative poisons.  
These poisons kill us slowly,  
even when we see no effect.  
How many of us would've believed  
if we were told 20 years ago...  
that on a certain day we wouldn't be able  
to see 50 feet in front of us...  
that we wouldn't be able  
to take a deep breath...  
because the air would be a mass  
of poisonous gas.  
That we couldn't drink out of our faucets...  
that we'd have to buy water  
out of bottles.  
Our most common and God-given rights  
have been taken away from us.  
Unfortunately...  
the reality of our lives is so grim  
that nobody wants to hear it.  
I've been asked what we can do.  
I think we need a responsible body  
of people that can actually represent us...  
rather than big business.  
This body of people must not allow...  
the introduction of anything into our  
environment that is not biodegradable...  
or able to be chemically neutralized  
upon production.  
Finally, as long as there's profit to be made  
from the polluting of our earth...  
companies and individuals will continue  
to do what they want.  
We have to force these companies  
to operate safely and responsibly...  
with all our best interests in mind,  
so that when they don't...

we can take back our resources and our  
hearts and our minds, and do what's right.  
Kompasla, the great spirit,  
I ask you to bless all the people here...  
all the grandmas, all the grandpas,  
and the little ones.  
We have the four directions...  
and I want to bless...  
the future generation  
and the Indian nation, our people...  
to be strong again.  
Spotted Eagle...  
the earth is our grandma.  
Look.