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# Gold

By Wilbur Smith

Where is it?  
93 level. Looks like  
the whole drive's caved in.  
Rod...  
Rod, Lemmer was down there.  
Why was he there?  
I don't know,  
but it looks pretty bad.  
Come on, hurry it up.  
What were they doing  
blasting at the 93 level?  
I'd like to know.  
If they drill into the dyke  
they'll flood the mine.  
Anyone seen Mr. Lemmer?  
- Yeah, he was underground.  
- I hope he doesn't stay there.  
The roof caved in.  
Who's gang captain?  
Leighdorf, we just pulled him out,  
dead.  
Tex, clear this station.  
Injured out first.  
Come on, move it.  
Come on!  
Clear the way there.  
Keep your heads down.  
- Come on.  
- Let's move it.  
Get some air down here.  
Get the ventilators going!  
Who's that?  
Slater.  
About bloody time.  
How many are in there, Kowalski?  
Three.  
One of them is Lemmer.  
Are you sure?  
Of course I'm sure.  
Got a bloody squealer  
in there with him.  
He makes good company.  
Get his carcass out of the way,  
we've work to do.

I know this man.  
Well, shift it.  
Okay, now shift it.  
Shut up, Kowalski.  
Move him, King.  
There are others in there.  
Yes, boss.  
Quicker, quicker.  
Up here, up here!  
Here, I'll take it.  
Keep at it, keep at it.  
What's happened?  
I don't know, Mr. Steyner.  
They were at 93 level.  
They were driving  
towards the big dyke.  
Is Lemmer there?  
That's what they say.  
That's terrible.  
Excuse me, Mr. Steyner.  
Damn it, Marais. You said  
nothing could go wrong.  
Someone was careless.  
And if I lost my General Manager?  
Now here.  
Here, you fool.  
Get more men down here!  
Okay, Mr. Slater.  
Quiet!  
Thula! Thula!  
Thula!  
Mario, move these.  
Easy.  
Get the doctor!  
Bring the doctor down!  
Is Mr. Lemmer here?  
Yes, he's hurt bad.  
Can you move?  
Tell the doctor.  
Yes, sir.  
Frank?  
The roof is bad.  
We'll support it.  
You'll never move me.

You know, I had three month to go  
before I went on leave.  
I nearly made it.  
You'll end up like this, Rod.  
In the dirt, your bones crunched up.  
It's not the end, Frank.  
Isn't it?  
Who's that?  
George. Give me a hand, Rod.  
You took a long time  
coming here.  
It's his leg.  
Hi, Frank.  
Union Steel closed at 98 cents  
tonight. I told you to buy.  
Overpriced.  
Over capitalized.  
Can we move this?  
Blood pressure.  
We made a good dig here.  
Antiseptic swabs.  
I'd wish they'd give it to you,  
but they won't.  
Whoever they get in my place,  
keep an eye on him.  
You know the ground.  
Don't let him balls it up.  
Syringe.  
Alcohol.  
Hold his chin back.  
Instruments.  
Antiseptic.  
It wouldn't be any good  
to him, anyway.  
Antiseptic.  
This is just terrible.  
Did he say how it happened?  
He didn't have the breath left.  
Do you know what caused it?  
The same as always,  
digging for gold.  
Yes.  
Dr. Steyner is here, Mr. Hirschfield.  
Okay.

Hello HH,  
how are you?  
12 men died down that mine  
and Lemmer was one of them.  
You ask me how I feel?  
What the hell happened?  
We don't know yet for certain.  
What were they doing  
at 93 level?  
Going toward the dyke.  
The dyke?  
What the hell was the idea?  
I don't know.  
You're my Managing Director,  
what do you mean?  
I can only guess.  
Only Lemmer would know.  
He's dead and you're guessing.  
That's great.  
Is my cigar bothering you?  
What was he doing  
down there?  
That's our only clue.  
He must've known something was wrong  
and went to investigate.  
Poor bastard.  
With me over 25 years.  
I remember the day he started.  
See that his wife is okay.  
You've got to take care of her.  
Best General Manager  
in the business.  
Yes, he was.  
I want a copy of the accident report,  
I'm still the boss around here!  
I'll see you get it  
before I go to London.  
Morning.  
So, this is it, gentleman,  
the big dyke.  
An impervious wall  
of green serpentine rock  
which acts as a natural dam  
to what lies beyond.

A vast underground ocean.  
If that water is released,  
the whole of the Sonderditch mines  
would be totally flooded.  
You're quite sure about this?  
My top geologist, Marais, conducted  
a series of probes on the other side  
and there's nothing there  
but water.  
We wouldn't want to find any gold,  
would we?  
Exactly.  
Any dig through the dyke would  
release that water under pressure.  
Enough to destroy the Sonderditch  
and the whole minefield in 24 hours.  
The finishing touch to our scheme.  
World gold production cut by 30%  
and, inevitably,  
the price of gold freed.  
This flood,  
how many men would be drowned?  
Well, not many,  
only the actual gang working there.  
Everybody else would have  
some warning.  
There'll be a minimum of risk.  
Gentlemen, there are 5000 million  
dollars at stake.  
Of course there are risks.  
One of them is  
our individual discretion.  
We all agree, then?  
- Yes. Okay.  
- Sure.  
As to the financial arrangements...  
A masterly exposition, Manfred.  
Very discreet too.  
What do you mean?  
You omitted to mention that  
your preliminary drive caved in.  
And you lost your nice  
cooperative General Manager.  
I thought it might have

confused the issue.  
You were going to tell me,  
of course?  
Yes, of course,  
over a sherry.  
Cheers.  
Sorry it's not South African.  
What went wrong?  
Someone was careless.  
It's only a slight delay.  
How long?  
We'll still make it by Christmas.  
You better.  
We're all looking forward  
to a very prosperous new year.  
Hello.  
Hello.  
Can I help you?  
Maybe, I work for you grandfather.  
Rod Slater.  
Yes. My husband spoke about you.  
You're the underground manager.  
That's right. I dig it up,  
the others bury it again.  
In banks.  
That one can come off.  
Gilbert, Mr. Slater would like  
to see Mr. Steyner.  
Thank you, ma'am.  
Please come this way, sir.  
I'd better not go in with this.  
Thanks.  
Mr. Slater, sir.  
Come in, Slater.  
Please, sit down.  
A drink?  
Scotch, if I may, please.  
I wanted a chat with you.  
I thought it'd be more private,  
here in my home.  
There are too many rumors  
about who's going to replace Lemmer.  
I hadn't heard any.  
Then you assume

it's going to be Plummer.  
He is the senior man.  
Yes, but that's the trouble.  
He's a little too senior.  
I need someone who  
knows the operation,  
but isn't tied in to the old methods,  
the old prejudices.  
I'm so tired of hearing  
what can't be done...  
I'd rather you didn't smoke.  
If you don't mind.  
The mines are in for a shake-up.  
I'm looking for a younger man.  
Someone adventurous  
to help me do the shaking.  
What do you think?  
I think you need a younger,  
adventurous man.  
I've been looking at your record.  
You never finished your engineering  
degree. Expelled, disorderly conduct.  
I finished it  
by correspondence course.  
Your conduct doesn't matter  
when you send your answers by mail.  
First mining job,  
two charges of assault,  
and then you joined us.  
Bad record at first,  
taking unnecessary risks.  
But as underground manager,  
you're record has been exemplary.  
I must've matured.  
But not on the private side,  
divorced two years ago,  
alimony, 450 rand a month,  
a paternity suit by a Miss Johnson  
cost you 150 rand a month.  
An expensive apartment in Hillbrow,  
an expensive car, not paid for.  
These are high overheads,  
Mr. Slater.  
So, you're giving me a raise?



No.

But the job of general manager  
does carry a higher salary.

Is this an offer,  
or just an inquiry?

A little of each.

Of course, I'd have  
to get the approval  
of the chairman for my nomination.  
He doesn't approve of divorced men  
who took a correspondence course?

Not necessarily.

It depends.

Depends on what?

On how much I could rely on you.

If you were to become  
general manager,  
your future would lie with us.

You'd be my man.

I'd have to rely on you.

You could do that.

Good.

I'm glad we talked.

Can you find your own way out  
through the garden?

I guess so.

It's the way I came in.

Finished work already?

If you call gardening work.

Anything that involves digging  
is work. Mind if I smoke?

Not at all.

Did you have a successful meeting?

Very. If your husband  
is as good as his word,  
I'm the new general manager.

I imagine Pops will have  
something to say about that.

Pops?

My grandfather.

What's so funny?

The chairman of CRC  
being called Pops.

I'm the only one

who calls him that.  
I bet you are.  
I bet you could get away  
with a lot no one else  
would dare to.  
He's cool,  
but I think he's right for us.  
Hirschfield will want Plummer.  
It's out of the question.  
Plummer's too close to him,  
he wouldn't make a move  
without consulting  
with the old man first.  
No, I'll have to convince him  
about Slater.  
I better be going. I hope we see  
one another again soon.  
Goodbye, Mr. Slater.  
Mrs. Steyner.  
Maybe she can help.  
Maybe.  
Good evening, Mr. Slater.  
Hey, Rod.  
Hi, Tex.  
I want you to meet some friends.  
Sharon and Danielle.  
Rod Slater.  
Ladies.  
What are you drinking?  
Drinks are on me.  
Champagne, please.  
What's the occasion?  
I... just came of age.  
I've evolved this barbecue sauce  
over many years of experimentation.  
It'll grow hair on a doorknob.  
Ah, Aristide...  
I want you to baste those steaks  
every 30 seconds, but gently.  
Very gently, like oiling  
a baby's bottom.  
Good evening, HH,  
how are you?  
Bloody awful.

I feel like a bag of dead mice.  
It's those cigars.  
You're a doctor of economics,  
not medicine. How's Terry?  
She's fine. She wants you  
to come to dinner next week.  
Okay, I'll come Monday.  
Would you mind if I used  
your washroom?  
How come you're always so dirty?  
Your office is like an incubator,  
you have an air-conditioned car.  
All this washing will weaken you.  
First time a bug bites you,  
it'll wipe you right out.  
What are you here for? To talk  
business, or wash your hands?  
I wanted to talk about  
appointing a new general manager.  
Plummer's next in line.  
He's been with us for 25 years.  
Plummer is too old...  
He's 12 years younger than I am.  
Some men are old at 40.  
You'd like me to move over,  
you like my office.  
Are you sure it's clean enough  
for you?  
Look, HH, all I care about  
is finding the right man.  
Someone who'll sit on the place hard,  
someone tough.  
We both know we need production up  
and costs down.  
I'd like you to consider Slater.  
Who?  
Rod Slater, the underground manager.  
Why him?  
He's tough, energetic.  
He knows the job.  
I'll not bypass Plummer for him.  
I wish you'd please think about it.  
Slater is first class and young.  
All right I'll think about it,

but not much.

I didn't know you were in, Manfred.

No, don't.

Don't put on the light.

You look so lovely.

I noticed you slipped out.

Teresa, we've not been...

It's been a worrying time.

Lemmer's death,

all the travelling,

and now looking

for a new general manager.

Tell me,

what did you think of Slater?

In what way?

You met him,

what did you think of him?

I didn't.

I've suggested him to HH for the job,

but he's against it.

He's becoming very crusty

in his old age.

I hadn't noticed.

I think Slater is the best man.

It'd take some

of the pressure off me,

give me more time to be with you.

You could help me convince HH

about him.

It's none of my business.

Perhaps, but he listens

to your hunches about people.

Please...

tell HH you liked him.

How many dropouts today?

They're not bad. Only about 10%

are not fit to go under.

Why they'd do it beats me.

For the money, like the rest of us.

I don't want any arguments. I want

the drilling reports by Monday.

Miss Brown, no more calls.

I'm going underground.

You fool, I told you to go left.

You want to ruin my stope?  
- No, boss, you...  
- Don't argue with me, ignorant...  
You leave him.  
Why? Is he your boyfriend?  
Drop it, Kowalski.  
Drop it.  
King, take him to first aid.  
You vicious bastard.  
You hit them  
because they can't hit back.  
I hit them,  
what do you do?  
Kiss them.  
Kowalski! Kowalski!  
Kowalski!  
The next time you touch a face  
darker than mine, you're out!  
How is he?  
Nothing broken.  
King,  
you want to transfer?  
Yeah, Jimmy does too.  
Tex is looking for a new busboy  
go to him. Mario!  
Yes, boss.  
Take Jimmy too.  
I like that.  
Thank you, Mr. Slater.  
This helmet is given in recognition  
of courage shown underground  
in the saving of human life.  
With the helmet, goes a pension  
of 120 Rand per annum for life.  
While we regret the tragic accident  
which cost the lives of our men  
and, above all, the loss of our  
esteemed colleague Frank Lemmer.  
We must pay tribute to those men  
whose quick action and resolution  
averted further suffering  
and distress.  
We, of this mine, are especially  
proud today to honor a man

whose indescribable courage  
will be an example to us all.  
For his part in saving three lives,  
it's my pleasure to make this award  
to John Nkulu,  
better known to you as Big King.  
Are you staying for the show?  
I have to fly to Cape Town.  
We can't.  
It's years since I've seen it.  
Why don't you stay? I'm sure  
Mr. Slater will look after you.  
I'm just sorry  
you never come with us.  
Do excuse me for a moment.  
You do...  
I'm sorry.  
Aren't you going with your husband?  
No, I rarely do.  
He goes to meetings all the time.  
I get bored.  
Terry, I'm going home. I'm too old  
to be standing around drinking.  
Have you met Mr. Slater?  
Not lately.  
Good evening, sir.  
I hear you were a hero too.  
Not really, sir.  
Modest, huh?  
I better be going. Would you mind  
seeing if my car is outside?  
Excuse me.  
You oughtn't to be drinking.  
Stop nagging.  
It's the first time I mention it.  
That's nagging.  
You know your husband wants Slater  
to be general manager?  
If Manfred thinks so,  
he must be right for the job.  
That's loyalty,  
but what do you think of him?  
I haven't thought.  
But if you did.

He looks like daddy  
in his photos.  
Mr. Hirschfield, your car is here.  
Thank you.  
Goodnight, Terry.  
You were right about that photo.  
You know, Slater, a gold helmet  
on you would look flashy.  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight, Pops.  
Home?  
Statement or question?  
It's still early.  
What did you have in mind?  
You haven't had dinner.  
No.  
That's what I had in mind.  
Pops would've retired  
if my father hadn't died.  
He never really got over  
his death.  
Manfred wants you  
to be general manager.  
Yes, but he has to convince  
your Pops first.  
He's pretty good at that.  
Do you want the job?  
Of course I want the job.  
I've been underground long enough.  
I need some air.  
Do I get your vote of confidence?  
Is that why you took me out  
to dinner?  
Of course.  
Goodnight, madam.  
Home?  
You realize what's happening?  
Yes.  
It could be dangerous for you.  
And you.  
No, not for me.  
I'm a Hirschfield.  
But it could destroy you.  
I'm a Slater

and we're indestructible.  
Thank you.  
It's big.  
I apologize for the mess  
I'm not one of the world's  
tidiest people I'm afraid.  
It's a fabulous view.  
One of my quirks.  
When I'm not underground  
I like to be high up,  
the higher the better.  
Where's the bathroom?  
It's even higher.  
One floor up.  
First on the left,  
top of the stairs.  
What would you like to drink?  
Champagne, if you've got any left.  
Hello.  
Yes, who's that?  
Fine, fine, you?  
Yes, I won't be able  
to make it tonight.  
No, I'll call you.  
Yes, yes, I'll call you.  
It's a guy I play poker with.  
I'll get the champagne.  
I should tell you something,  
that wasn't a poker player.  
I don't know why I lied,  
it's crazy, isn't it?  
I suppose I was thinking  
that you were thinking  
that you were just another girl  
I brought up here,  
but it's not like that.  
I promise you.  
Perhaps I shouldn't  
have brought you here at all.  
Terry...  
You'd better not forget this one.  
There's no point taking  
all those files.  
Tell them that as long



as the price of gold is pegged  
there's no use squealing  
about their dividends.  
I've decided to accept Slater  
as general manager.  
Good.  
I hope he's the right man.  
But if he's not you'll hold me  
responsible.  
You bet your ass.  
And tell Terry to look in on me  
while you're away.  
I've polluted the atmosphere,  
but as you're going to New York  
you should get used to it.  
All passengers travelling  
to Seoul and New York,  
proceed to International Departures  
for clearance of passport control.  
I should be back in a few days.  
I'm sorry you never come with me.  
I'm having lunch with Pops tomorrow.  
Whatever you said about Slater  
worked. He's approved him.  
I didn't say anything much.  
Slater must be happy.  
He doesn't know yet.  
Goodbye, my dear.  
Goodbye.  
Hey, Rod.  
Mrs. Steyner,  
I don't think your husband is here.  
He's half way across  
the Atlantic by now.  
I've got some news for you.  
Hop in.  
Manfred just told me,  
you got the job.  
That's what I thought you'd say.  
Congratulations.  
Thanks.  
I guess an apology  
is in order for the other night.  
That's all right.

Sometimes I scare easily.  
Where are we going?  
Shouldn't you be celebrating?  
With the person who brought me  
the good news?  
If you've got any  
of that champagne left.  
Slater is perfect for the job.  
He's tough and doesn't mind risks.  
He'll cooperate?  
The way I plan it, yes.  
You see, this is Marais  
secret report,  
but this is the one  
I'll show Slater.  
It looks authentic,  
but instead of water beyond the dyke  
it shows gold.  
Ingenious.  
They're here, Mr. Farrell.  
We mustn't keep them waiting.  
Thank you.  
One thing about being so high up,  
it's a long way to fall.  
Only if you're careless.  
Aren't you going to answer it?  
It may be important.  
It may be your poker player.  
He'll just have to play  
alone tonight.  
Won't he?  
As you all know,  
this is our last meeting  
before our plan goes  
into operation. Mr. Steyner.  
Gentlemen, we'll start the drive  
as soon as I get back.  
It'll take ten days  
to reach the dyke.  
A couple of blasts will see us  
through. The rest you know.  
The timing is excellent.  
It'll happen just after Christmas.  
A nice present to us all.

It should shake the markets up.  
Now, a few details.  
We'll sell our shares  
in Sonderditch gradually,  
taking care not to depress the market  
or arouse suspicion.  
Simultaneously, we'll buy stocks  
in the gold mines not affected.  
The value of our new holdings  
will at least treble  
after the liquidation  
of the Sonderditch.  
Wall Street will go wild.  
Understand,  
no one jumps the gun.  
No one.  
All that remains now  
is for you, Mr. Steyner,  
to make sure nothing goes wrong.  
Will you order now,  
Mr. Hirschfield?  
No, Ben, I'll wait.  
The 20 minutes are not up yet.  
By the way, freshen this up.  
Pops.  
Sorry I'm late.  
19 minutes. Never 20,  
always 19 or 17 or 18,  
but never 20.  
20 would just be plain rude.  
I should be grateful, your grandma  
was always 24 minutes late.  
I'd arrive 23 minutes late and  
complain I'd been waiting all day.  
How are you?  
Fine.  
You look better than fine.  
You look marvelous.  
What is it?  
Nothing special.  
I'm not pregnant  
if that's what you mean.  
Too bad.  
When does Manfred get back?

Tomorrow.  
You better not look too good,  
he might get suspicious.  
I wouldn't trust you  
with our cat.  
Like a drink?  
Wine.  
Ben!  
Dry white wine.  
Rod, do you think I look different?  
From what?  
From the first time you met me.  
More beautiful, but there again  
I have that effect on women.  
God, you're vain.  
Pops has sharp eyes,  
he's noticed.  
Will Manfred?  
He never notices anything except  
changes in the stock market.  
He doesn't deserve you.  
But you do?  
I didn't say that.  
You know the line,  
"Tomorrow never comes"?  
It does.  
I hate the idea.  
Why do you stay with him?  
I ask myself that often.  
What's the answer?  
I don't know.  
Different things, the scandal...  
I suppose I'm scared.  
Maybe it's because  
there's never been anybody else.  
And now?  
I need time to think.  
That is usually fatal.  
It depends who  
you're thinking about.  
Bullshit.  
There's only water there.  
How do you know?  
That's what narrow-minded people

have said for years.  
It's obvious that it's water  
down to 7800 feet,  
but below that there's gold.  
You'll find it all in there.  
Now, Slater,  
this is top secret.  
If word gets out  
there'll be speculation  
and I want the company to get  
the full benefit of the surprise.  
I see now why you needed a younger,  
adventurous general manager.  
I thought you would.  
Did Lemmer know?  
Yes.  
That's why he was  
at the 93 level?  
I couldn't afford to let that  
come out in the accident report.  
But this time we'll be driving  
through at 8000 feet.  
The going will be easier,  
you'll be in charge.  
There'll be no accidents.  
You believe this is foolproof?  
It's the work of experts.  
It depends what one thinks  
of experts.  
What do you think of experts?  
They can be right, or wrong,  
but they don't do the digging.  
No, you do that.  
And I rely on you.  
Am I being given  
written instructions?  
It's the general manager's decision  
to work certain ground or not.  
My promotion has just  
been announced, hasn't it?  
I'd have a bleak future  
if I were fired tomorrow.  
I wouldn't put it that way,  
but I'm glad that you're a realist.

All right, Slater.

I want you to start straight away  
in strict secrecy.

The report estimates  
it'll be ten days work  
with day and night shifts.

A strike by Christmas will make  
a nice present for our investors.  
In fact, you might invest yourself.  
Give you an added incentive.  
Thanks, I'll stick to poker,  
it's safer.

Hello, Mrs. Steyner.

Hello.

Teresa, you should congratulate  
Mr. Slater on his promotion.

Oh, yes. Congratulations.

Thank you. If you'll excuse me,  
I'll be getting back.

Kowalski.

You and Tex are the best  
two rock breakers I've got.

That's why I want you  
on this drive.

- Where's the catch?

- You sure are a suspicious bastard.

Now, this is top secret.

We're going right, slap, bang  
through the middle of the dyke  
at the 8 level.

Say that again.

- You're crazy.

- For once I agree with you.

We've a report that shows  
there's no water, only gold.

Oh, a report, well...

What if that report is wrong?

We'll take precautions.

If it's wrong you'll be warned.

If we hit water...

I've thought of that. We'll fill  
the walls behind you with explosives.

If anything goes wrong  
we'll blast

and seal the whole thing off.

Now, I want a gang day

and a gang nights.

There's a 50% bonus

and a ten day deadline.

Let's flip for it.

Heads.

- I take days.

- I just hope that report is right.

Don't worry.

When you blast through

I'll be there, next to you.

That's a promise.

You better wear your wetsuit.

What do you want?

Your friend Slater is going

to wreck the whole scheme.

He's putting in a safety charge.

It'll block the drive

when they hit water.

Can you cut the wires

at the right time?

It'll cost you.

You'll get it.

And get that bastard Slater

out of the way.

How's it going, Tex?

Fine.

Give me some tape.

I'm using half inch yellow cables,

so there's no mistaking circuit D.

Good thinking.

Kowalski can carry on in the morning.

Slater is far more intelligent

than we thought.

We'll keep him out of the way

so he can't put his safety device

into effect.

The problem is how.

He could be... enticed.

Enticed?

Good morning, Rod.

Morning.

Ready for the blast.

Okay, let her go.  
Right, lock her in.  
She's ready to blow.  
Okay, hit it.  
- We did five blasts today.  
- Well, mother, pin a rose on me!  
You did four last night.  
What's the matter? Chicken?  
That's it.  
I'm real chicken shit.  
Why complain? We leave more  
for you, you make more money.  
- You don't like money?  
- What I like, I get for free.  
Let's get this stuff  
out of here.  
Tex.  
Good.  
Don't push it deep, Tex.  
The last lot were tickling it.  
I've got that bonus  
spent already.  
Keep it clean, King.  
Our German friend has decided  
to have an early Christmas.  
Please send him his present  
ahead of time.  
See to it that he delivers  
efficiently and on time.  
He's nothing if not efficient.  
Yes, but I plan  
for all contingencies.  
We could trust you to take care of  
Steyner, couldn't we?  
- Trust me?  
- Half a millions dollars worth.  
- Where?  
- Switzerland.  
I'm nothing if not trustworthy.  
First thing in the morning.  
Goodnight.  
How's it going?  
You'll get your Christmas present.  
I want you to stop



when you reach the dyke.  
Don't go through  
without my specific instructions.  
Why?  
The timing is important in view  
of the stock market reactions.  
Excuse me.  
Hello.  
Rod, I can't make it tonight.  
Pops is coming over.  
Okay.  
But I'll be alone over Christmas.  
Manfred's going to London.  
Good.  
Goodbye.  
By the way,  
I'll be gone over Christmas.  
I'll give you the word  
as soon as I get back.  
Look what we've got here.  
Hello.  
We've hit it.  
Sure?  
It's big, shiny,  
green and hard as hell.  
Ugly piece of rock.  
Clear up and pull out.  
Merry Christmas.  
Merry Christmas to you, Tex.  
Hello.  
Hi, it's me.  
Who's speaking?  
Is Manfred there?  
Yes. Good evening, Mr. Slater.  
He's right here.  
It's for you.  
Hello.  
Very good.  
I'll be back after Christmas  
and then we'll blast through.  
Well done.  
Merry Christmas.  
What was that about?  
It's a present

from our friend, Mr. Slater.  
Yes?  
Hello, Marais.  
We're there.  
You can send those cables now.  
Calling Doctor Steyner  
travelling to London  
to the first class counter please.  
Good morning.  
Merry Christmas.  
Merry Christmas to you.  
Here, I'll take that.  
I'm sorry, but I'll make up for it  
on New Years eve.  
Have a good trip.  
Your ticket.  
Your boarding card.  
Thank you.  
Goodbye, dear.  
Bye.  
50 seconds to blast off.  
40.  
I don't think I can wait.  
Patience is a virtue.  
35.  
They're 15 seconds early.  
They must be on our side.  
Hello, Mrs. Steyner.  
Hello, sir.  
Your bags and flight plan  
are onboard.  
Hank, I'm on my own.  
Okay, happy landings.  
Okay.  
Where to?  
It's a magical mystery tour.  
For once, someone else is in charge.  
Okay, captain.  
Park Hotel, Pretoria.  
Miss Terry.  
It's been too long.  
Where have you been?  
I've been busy.  
New York.

What the hell for?  
Joseph, this is Rod Slater.  
Joseph Cruper.  
Nice to meet you.  
Nice to meet you.  
Will you get the bags?  
He's stone deaf.  
Both his eardrums were blown out  
by a fire in the 30's.  
He looks after the lodge.  
Good idea.  
I bet he could do with a drink.  
Bye, Joseph.  
Who does it belong to?  
Who does it belong to?  
Me.  
Pops.  
As far as the eye can see?  
Right to the edges of the sky.  
Pops' private slaughter house.  
No, we don't do any killing  
except for culling.  
I'm glad to hear that.  
Watch it, Mr. Slater.  
I suggest you watch  
the road, Mrs. Steyner.  
It's beautiful.  
I have a reservation,  
Levinson, P. Levinson.  
Sign, please.  
Key to 810, please.  
I bet you forgot the corkscrew.  
I bet you I didn't.  
It's right here.  
Oh, my God.  
18 carat.  
There's everything here,  
isn't there?  
Born with a golden corkscrew  
in my mouth.  
You resent that, don't you?  
No, not really.  
Maybe I resent the man  
who got you.

I married a girl who had nothing  
except a lousy temper.

Now she gets a third  
of my salary.

Funny old thing, marriage.

I thought we weren't going  
to discuss it for six days.

We're not and we'll drink  
to that.

Happy Christmas.

Happy Christmas.

Here, Jimmy.

Come on, Jimmy.

- Who likes cake?

- Me!

There's plenty for everybody.

I reckon it's about 200 feet  
thick where we've hit it.

Six blasts should do it, right?

That stupid American can't do  
six blasts in one night.

- Take that ridiculous hat off.

- I like it.

- How many then?

- Two night shifts.

- What about a day shift?

- With me you've got to be joking.

Yes, I thought as much.

But you'll take care  
of the safety fuse.

Here's your fee

and a Merry Christmas.

- What about Slater?

- No bother.

Go and get Santa and I'll tell him  
how to get down the chimney.

Here we go.

Shoot, Jimmy.

Three things worry me.

And what are they?

One, your legs are too long  
for this bath.

Look where you put

your toes, Mr. Slater.

I beg your pardon.  
What else worries you?  
The second thing that worries me  
is that I'm not worried.  
Let's drink to that.  
A toast.  
Bless this ship  
and all who sail in her.  
To her captain, may he keep  
a firm hand on the rudder.  
May her bottom  
never hit the reef.  
May she be torpedoed frequently.  
And what's the third worry?  
The third worry is Manfred  
comes home on Saturday.  
We still have five days.  
That was a fancy goal  
you made today, Jimmy.  
Are we going through  
the big dyke tonight?  
You wouldn't want Kowalski  
to get to that gold before us.  
I want to tell Manfred  
when he gets back.  
I thought you might.  
You don't want me to.  
Yes.  
Yes, I want you to. I'm bored  
with being general manager.  
I thought perhaps  
if I told Pops...  
He'd wave his wand and overnight  
I'd become Manfred Steyner.  
No, not that.  
Don't you worry.  
Somehow, we will manage.  
You promise?  
Promise.  
- What do you say we do six blasts?  
- Okay, but we need more dynamite.  
Go down to the station  
and get three cases.  
Maybe we'll go through

and put Kowalski out of work.  
Yes, sir.  
What are you doing?  
Watch out!  
Watch out!  
Look out!  
Help me!  
Son of a bitch!  
Let's get going  
before the rush starts.  
All right.  
You get started.  
Sorry, go on.  
All right.  
Come on, get down there.  
Do they have to walk that slow?  
It's a slow game.  
Relax.  
What the hell is it?  
The alarm came from 80 station,  
but there's nobody there.  
Water.  
A flood through the dyke.  
Here you are.  
Your off, Hurry.  
Hey, where are you off to?  
I've got trouble.  
Get somebody else.  
Reports are coming in  
of an underground disaster  
at the Sonderditch mine.  
Full details are not known,  
but at least a 1000 men  
are believed to be underground.  
We'll bring you more details  
as soon as we have them.  
It's happened.  
It's on the radio.  
I just heard it.  
What happened?  
It came in through the dyke.  
The dyke?  
They were drilling there.  
What's going on?

We can't figure it out.  
Tex must've had special instructions  
from Slater.  
Where's Slater?  
Nobody knows.  
Put a radio call in for Slater.  
It'll take about four hours  
to flood up to 70 level.  
We lose the whole mine.  
Yes, and the men.  
How many?  
About a thousand.  
We interrupt this program  
to air an urgent message.  
Will Rodney Slater,  
the general manager  
of the Sonderditch mines,  
report immediately to the mine.  
We again interrupt this program  
to air an urgent message  
for Mr. Rodney Slater...  
Suppose he hears that.  
It wouldn't make any difference.  
If they're where I think they are,  
it's two hours back and another two  
from the airport to the mine.  
All right, get the car.  
I don't want to miss the finale.  
That Slater is a maniac.  
You mean, we can't lift a finger  
to save this whole mine?  
We can save the top levels  
by blasting at 78 level,  
but that's the end  
for anyone alive down there.  
How much time have we got?  
Three hours at the outside.  
Keep broadcasting for Slater.  
Fried or scrambled?  
Raw.  
Raw?  
Yes. Better than oysters.  
You know why?  
Because eggs get laid.

Never hit a man  
with an egg in his hand.  
I'll swear to God I'll drop it.  
Rodney Slater, general manager  
of the Sonderditch mine.  
Mr. Rodney Slater, general manager  
of the Sonderditch mine  
to report there at once.  
It's now feared over a 1000 men  
are trapped by the flooding.  
Large scale rescue attempts...  
Bastard.

**MINE DISASTER:**

GOLDEN BOOM, SHARES RUSH  
AS GOLD HITS RECORD PRICE  
Foxtrot Charlie to controller.  
Are you receiving me?  
Foxtrot Charlie, Johannesburg 95,  
go ahead.  
This is Rod Slater, general manager  
of the Sonderditch.  
You've got to get a message  
to the mine.  
To Jackson, chief electrician.  
Tell him the safety device  
is operating on yellow circuit D.  
Repeat, yellow circuit D.  
Foxtrot Charlie, yellow circuit D.  
Roger, will do. Over.  
Repeat, vital.  
Over and out.  
I've got to give them  
my landing instructions.  
To hell with the airfield.  
Take me to the mine direct.  
You're crazy.  
I couldn't land on the mine.  
Another excuse to keep me away.  
Just what the hell  
is that supposed to mean?  
You got me out of the way.  
You bastard!  
I'll stick you right down



on your bloody mine.  
...is fading for many of the men  
who've been trapped underground  
in what's becoming the biggest  
disaster in South African mining.  
There go stretchers  
with the few souls  
snatched literally  
from a watery grave.  
A message, sir.  
...where we are standing now,  
in savage contrast to the blue sky,  
men are fighting for their lives  
as the subterranean passages...  
That's the end.  
I've beaten him.  
That's why I've got to see it.  
What's on circuit D yellow?  
What have you got?  
Nothing shows up.  
Maybe Rod has got some crazy system.  
Pull it anyway.  
Like I said, nothing shows.  
The South Africa Reserve Bank  
has issued a statement  
urging foreign governments  
to stand firm  
until the extent of the disaster  
is known.  
But this did not deter  
speculators  
from moving in and forcing  
gold prices to record levels.  
We now commence our on-the-spot  
report from the Sonderditch mine.  
Experts have confirmed  
that neighboring mines  
are being threatened  
by the rising flood water.  
The chairman,  
the legendary Hurry Hirschfield  
is directing rescue operations.  
I'll have a word with him.  
Mr. Hirschfield, can you tell me

your plans on how to rescue the men?  
There's nothing I can say  
except we're doing everything we can.  
Nothing more?  
We're doing everything we can!  
What do you want me to say?  
The situation is tense  
and nerves grow tense  
as the hours tick away  
here at the Sonderditch mine.  
Stay tuned to this station  
for further developments.  
That's Terry's plane.  
It's the only place to land,  
the road.  
Haven't you said enough  
for one day?  
She wants to land.  
Clear the road!  
Clear the road!  
All right, clear the road!  
Clear the road there.  
Get back everybody, please!  
Clear this road, please!  
Hurry up.  
You didn't think of that.  
It's too late.  
He can't do anything.  
He's too late.  
What have you got  
to say now, big mouth?  
Thanks.  
Happy New Year.  
You maniac!  
You've drowned hundreds of men!  
Did you pull the safety?  
And nothing happened.  
Kowalski cut the safety circuits  
this morning.  
What were you doing down there?  
"Tex said, " " Orders came  
from Mr. Steyner. "  
You know where it was cut?  
I'm going down,

will you come?

Yes, I'll come.

Glover, get me a rubber dinghy  
from the emergency stores.

Jackson, I want a battery igniter,  
pliers, gloves, emergency tools.

Right.

- Move it up.

- Give me a hand with this gear.

Let's get going.

It's not a bloody circus.

Pops, you can't let him  
go down there. He'll get killed.

Best thing that can happen to him.

Provided he saves the mine first.

Climb down from the 79 level.

Work our way around  
until we find the broken circuit.

If it's not under water already.

A dramatic last resort attempt  
by general manager, Rod Slater,  
to save the trapped men.

We'll bring you more details  
as soon as we have them.

Once upon a time, Sally,  
a three year old who liked sweets,  
but not brushing her teeth,  
lost her first tooth.

She put it under her pillow,  
but instead of five cents  
the fairies left...

World news is brought to you  
at 11 o'clock by the Radio Tobacco  
Corporation of New York.

We'll connect the battery igniter,  
move back and then blow it.

I swear he knew nothing about it.

It doesn't matter anymore.

As long as he gets them out.

Hold it there, King!

Pull it, King!

Sonderditch and nearby mines  
have fallen

while shares in unaffected gold mines

have soared.  
Johannesburg stock exchange has  
closed the floor in the interests...  
King...  
Tie her up.  
King,  
if you hold the door back, I'll  
make the connection from this side.  
Okay.  
Push it, King!  
Hold it there, King!  
Now.  
King! My arms!  
Can you reach the igniter, King?  
Can you reach it?  
Burn it, King.  
Burn it.  
For Christ's sake, burn it.  
Burn it!  
King!  
You go, my friend.  
King...  
King...  
King...  
He did it!  
Oh, God.  
He didn't? Did he, Pops?  
Is he all right?  
We don't know yet.  
...Slater sealed off the flood tide  
with an underground explosion.  
We felt the shock here  
a few moments ago.  
We must hope the men  
and the mine have been saved.  
Torremolinos had the celebrities,  
St Tropez sets the summer scene,  
but Villajoyosa on the Costa Blanca  
has the escape route to El Dorado.  
Here you can sip your sangria,  
watching the fishermen as the sun...  
Rod.  
Slater, you're a maniac.  
Okay, put him inside.

We found this down there.  
It's King's.  
It's gold,  
I hate the lousy stuff.  
If I could get my arms  
out of these things  
I'd squeeze the life out of you.  
You still can't say it,  
can you?  
I'll say it for you.  
I love you.