

-Sitting at an oak desk in an extravagant office, combing through blueprints.

-Working in the oil fields.

-Cutting the ribbon in front of a massive factory.

NARRATOR

Fall. This year of our lord nineteen and forty-seven. America's finest American, the oil baron and titan of industry Merriell Sunday Senior sets sail for lands afar. His target, the north of that great unexplained territory of Alaska.

CUT TO:

-Senior at a podium talking to a news outlet. Standing next to him is HOLLIS BANNISTER.

SENIOR

I believe there to be an ocean of oil, likes of which we ain't never seen! Bottom fact is, the whole territory is a shale field! And I intend to wrest it from its peaceful slumber and pipe it down to Texas, for you! The good American public. Now since this is a whopper of a dangerous trek. I've brought in the best in show.

Senior grabs Hollis by the shoulder.

SENIOR (CONT'D)

If you don't know who this is, you must live under that there shale field. Hollis Bannister. Greatest explorer to ever live. He's our guidin' light into that savage frontier.

CUT TO:

-Footage of Senior and his team of explorers standing in front of a large steamer ship. They wave at the camera.

NARRATOR

Sunday and team starts their voyage at the port of San Francisco and heads for the eastern coast of Alaska.

Start

-A red line spreads across a map of North America. It traces a line from San Francisco to Alaska.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

That was four months ago... And radio silence ever since. Radio silence until the oil baron's son, Merriell Sunday Junior held a conference to say this...

CUT TO:

-MERRIELL "MERRY" SUNDAY JUNIOR (30s) sits at a banquet table in front of a large crowd of press agents.

SUNDAY JR.

Two weeks ago, Father and his herd missed their exit deadline. Missed the boat out. Then across the wire, a distress signal. We're officially declarin' them missing.

Several hands go up in the crowd.

HOST

Questions will be answered at the end.

Sunday Jr. nods to the host and continues.

SUNDAY JR.

Now we ain't gonna be lettin' the face and founder of Sunday Oil just disappear like that. So we're mountin' a rescue mission. I've hand-picked some of the toughest, smartest sonsabitches god ever strung a gut through.

The narrator begins to speak again over the footage of Sunday Jr's press conference.

NARRATOR

Sunday Junior wasn't kidding! He's got a lineup to rival the nineteen-nineteen BLACK SOX.

CUT TO:

-An empty warehouse with a makeshift photo studio set up.

Montage of Sunday Junior's expedition team.

-In the center of the room stands LEANDER COATES (50s). A large mountain of a man with a tin-painted face mask. A rifle over his shoulder.

A PHOTO ASSISTANT with rolled-up sleeves and a cigarette in his mouth walks behind Coates and pulls down a large backdrop of a World War One trench.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Leander Coates. The team's watchdog. He fought the great war against the Kaiser in seventeen and then went back for more in forty-four.

The Assistant pulls down another backdrop of a map of Germany.

A PHOTOGRAPHER off to the left snaps a photo. FLASH.

CUT TO:

-Coates is gone, and now DR. MARGARET LAMB (40s) stands in front of a desert backdrop. She wears a khaki explorer's suit. With a small brush in her hand, she dusts off a large animal skull on a table.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Dr. Lamb. Margaret Lamb. She's a real wiz with animals, plants, and rocks. She's also one heck of a medic.

The Assistant pulls down another backdrop depicting a large dinosaur skeleton.

FLASH.

CUT TO:

-BOOKER MARCHMONT (30s). A handsome devil wearing a radio pack on his back and a pair of headphones.

The Assistant reaches up and pulls down a backdrop showing a B-29 bomber plane. The backdrop sticks coming down and the Assistant yanks on it.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Booker Marchmont. Radio communications man. He flew on the Enola Gay in forty-five. Impressed yet?

END