

Colson

31.

Y3

GARY

When Jeremy was born.

Mark looks away, as if concealing something.

MARK

(evasive)

Isn't every father?

GARY

S'pose you're right. I just can't wait to get started, you know...having a son. Take him to baseball games, go camping, teach him to ride a bike...gosh, he's not even born yet and I already miss him.

Mark puts his wrench down for a second.

MARK

I hear you. Jeremy's having a rough time of it, lately.

GARY

Right, the college thing.

MARK

I should be there for him. He needs his father--

Orin enters.

ORIN

You're not being paid to gab. Back to work.

Mark GRUMBLES under his breath. Continues working.

26 INT. CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE. DUSK.

2

Colson is on the phone reading from a folder.

COLSON

...these projections are speculative, of course, but the increase in job opportunities resulting from this new building--

When Valery bursts in.

COLSON (cont'd)

Who let you in here?

(hits his intercom)

MARGARET!

(MORE)

Speak up - take your space.

\*  
↓

*upstage*  
COLSON (cont'd)  
(back to his call)  
Hello? Hello?... *colson*

He SLAMS the phone down. He hits the INTERCOM, again.

*TO IMPRESS*  
COLSON (cont'd)  
Margaret, get him back.  
(pissed; to Valery)  
That was the mayor I just hung up on.

Valery tosses the fulgurite on his desk. It makes a THUD!

VALERY  
You wanted something concrete.

*TO DEMAND*  
COLSON  
What the heck is this?

VALERY  
Bell's Point's future.

*TO KNOCK*  
COLSON  
A piece of rock?

VALERY  
That rock is what nature leaves behind  
when it's angry. From the positive  
lightning strike this morning.

*TO LESEN  
I PUT DOWN*  
COLSON  
So, it's a lightning bolt. *So what!*

*NOT GOOD!*  
*OO*  
VALERY  
This one's fifteen times the size of a  
normal channel.  
(off his look)  
Starting to get the big picture? If I'm  
right and this is any indication of how  
the storm will increase proportionately,  
this town may not survive the next twenty  
four hours.

*TO  
BLOCK  
I ESCAPE  
RELENTLESSLY*  
COLSON  
That's the weather bureau's call. Not  
ours.

VALERY  
You can shut down the campus. At least  
give people a chance to seek shelter--

*Laugh*  
COLSON  
Are you out of your mind?

*What are  
you telling me?*

3/3

VALERY

(in his face)

This type of lightning is capable of circumventing even our best protective measures. A head start may be all we can offer in terms of safety--

COLSON

*To what point?*  
 You get out of my office. Right now!

VALERY

Fine. If you won't listen, maybe the mayor will.

COLSON

*U*  
 Go ahead. While you're at it, tell him the two million dollar facility he just approved will amount to an empty warehouse.

Valery halts.

VALERY

What're you talking about?

COLSON

*TO WHAT POINT  
1 REASON*  
 You push the panic button because of some...wild theory, we'll end up a stain on the map. Light industry will run from this town instead of flock towards it.

VALERY

(calls his bluff)

I'll take my chances. *BUT*

COLSON

Not here, you won't. The day you set foot on campus your work became school property. If you don't play ball, I'll get someone else to oversee it.

VALERY

You're blackmailing me?

COLSON

*WWE*  
 Welcome to my big picture.

27

INT. BASEMENT ROOM. NIGHT.

2

After hours and the Strange Woman sits alone in a secluded basement facility. She's arranging --

*Challenging  
my authority  
She's crazy*

*Smug*

*Now let's see!*