

THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE
INTERIOR.

The SECRETARY is sitting behind his desk, knocking back shots of Schlitz with an early 19th Century looking chap, dressed heavily in furs and playing ditties on a wooden whistle— He is JOHN JACOB ASTOR, the first American multi-millionaire. When he speaks, he does so with a ridiculous German accent. He & the Secretary laugh heartily.

THE SECRETARY

Johnny! You kill me! Absolutely slay me!

ASTOR

I know.

THE SECRETARY

Where's Rollins?

(into an intercom)

Rollins? Where are you!

ROLLINS enters. He's a bespectacled bureaucrat in a cheap suit, preferably mustachioed.

THE SECRETARY

Rollins. John Jacob Astor.

ROLLINS

The first American multi-millionaire. Founder of the American Fur Company?

ASTOR

Ze very same! And I vant back in ze fur business.

ROLLINS

Excuse me?

THE SECRETARY

Don't ask questions, Rollins. You serve at the leisure of the president.

ROLLINS

I do—?

THE SECRETARY

Just listen close.

ASTOR

My stupid progeny have sold away all our land in Manhattan. Do you know how rich we could be today?

ROLLINS

Billionaires?

ASTOR

Gajillionaires!!! And so, I want to get back into furs.

THE SECRETARY

That's your job, Rollins.

ROLLINS

Sir?

THE SECRETARY

You know the drill: clear out the farmers, the ranchers, Indians, whoever.

ASTOR

Ze plains and mountains must be filled to overflowing with wolves, buffalo, elk, and...beaver.

THE SECRETARY

Fish and Wildlife is already doing their part on the Plains, the Parks Service is covering the mountains—

ASTOR

But ze desert! Ze desert! No Water! It cannot support my furry friends!

THE SECRETARY

And BLM is not returning my phone calls. Make it happen, Rollins!

ASTOR

Anozer shot! Anozer shot!

They pour more shots for themselves as ROLLINS exits, the door slamming behind him. A silhouetted figure appears in another doorway.

THE SECRETARY

Rollins is going to need help.

The silhouetted figure nods...and goes.