

Written Thoughts  
from  
my  
Soap Box



By  
Steven Donald Graves



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

*I send you my grateful thanks  
for the words of support  
which you have so kindly sent  
on the occasion of  
the Sixtieth Anniversary  
of my Accession to the Throne.*

**ELIZABETH R**

2012





WINDSOR CASTLE

18th April, 2013

*Dear Mr Graves,*

The Queen wishes me to write and thank you for your letter.

Her Majesty was particularly touched by your kind words of support and I am to tell you that messages such as yours have been a source of great strength and encouragement to The Queen throughout her long reign.

Her Majesty hopes you and your wife will enjoy your visit to London this summer and I am to thank you once again for writing as you did.

*Yours sincerely  
Richenda Eton*

Steven Donald Graves

Fort Lauderdale, FL

February 28, 2013

Your Majesty,

The coverage of your Diamond Jubilee here in the United States moved me to write to you.

The way you handled the pouring of the "Perfect Pint" was quite impressive, unlike the behavior of many of those who hold office here in the United States. The pictures of your "Can Do" attitude during WWII are inspirational.

My wife and I will be travelling to London this summer and look forward to visiting some of the historical sites we saw during your jubilee. We are excited about immersing ourselves in your culture.

Sincerely,

Steve Graves

P.S. – Best Bond Clip ever !

USA

Mr S D Graves



For photographs, video, please visit  
www.royal.gov.uk

1952 ~ 2012

Diamond Jubilee







STATE OF FLORIDA  
**Office of the Governor**  
 THE CAPITOL  
 TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA 32399-0001

May 18, 1993



OFFICE OF GOVERNOR  
 LAWTON CHILES  
 THE CAPITOL  
 TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA 32399-0001

Mr. S. D. Graves



5422 410 074 40393 03 1853966

33085-7433 14



With kind regards, I am

Sincerely,

*Lawton Chiles*

LAWTON CHILES

LC/dan

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# World Press Review

NEWS AND VIEWS FROM THE FOREIGN PRESS

ISSN 0195-8695

## Water Problems

I read with great interest "The Coming Water Crisis" [Feb.]. I agree that the "NAWAPA and Grand Canal schemes are absurd." There is a much better way with minimal ecological effects: Ocean Thermal (OTEC), U.S. patent numbers 4,210,819 and 4,210,820.

Tons of fresh water are produced as a by-product of this electricity-generating idea, enhancing the monetary return. The fresh water could be pumped from the coastal regions to the Ogallala Aquifer and Colorado River, helping promote expansion in the West and enabling the American farmer to better feed the world.

STEVEN GRAVES  
 Lorida, Fla.



**News and Sun-Sentinel Company**  
 SUN-SENTINEL MORNINGS • FORT LAUDERDALE NEWS, EVENINGS

News and Sun-Sentinel Company  
 P.O. Box 14430  
 Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33302

Dear Letter Writer:

Thank you for your letter to the N

Our policy is to verify the name of  
 Unfortunately, we have not been able

Please confirm that you wrote the  
 Ms. Lauri Brunelli at (305) 761-46  
 (Central Palm Beach County) or 278-  
 Ms. Brunelli's extension is 4676.

If we do not receive a reply your

Sincerely,

*Kingsley Guy*

Kingsley Guy  
 Editor, Editorial Pages

KG/lmb

S. D. GRAVES



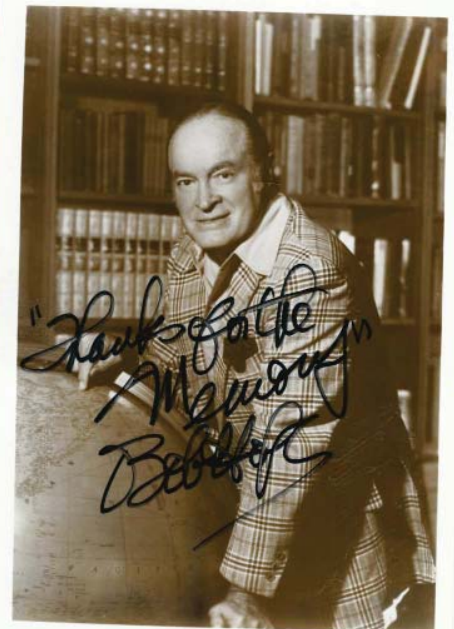
P.O. Box 14430 - 101 North New River Drive East - Fort L

**BOB HOPE**

No. Hollywood, Ca. 91602 - 2499



PHOTOGRAPH - D





THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

March 18, 1986

Dear Mr. Graves:

On behalf of President Reagan, thank you for your message of encouragement and sympathy following the loss of our seven astronauts in the disaster aboard the space shuttle CHALLENGER. The President and Mrs. Reagan deeply appreciate the thoughtfulness of the many people who have written poems and songs in the aftermath of this tragic incident as a way of expressing their grief and commemorating the sacrifice of these brave Americans. The composition you brought to the President and Mrs. Reagan's attention meant a great deal to them.

I thought you might like to have the enclosed copies of both the President's address to the nation on January 28 and his remarks at the Memorial Service in Houston on January 31. Again, thank you for taking the time to let us know of your interest and concern.

With the President's heartfelt appreciation and best wishes,

Sincerely,

*Anne Higgins*  
Anne Higgins  
Special Assistant to the President  
and Director of Correspondence

Mr. S. D. Graves

Enclosures: 1/28/86 Address to the Nation  
1/31/86 Remarks to Memorial Service in Houston

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

April 20, 1983

Dear Mr. Graves:

On behalf of President Reagan, I want to thank you for your thoughtful message. With so much to be done here, the President counts on your support and appreciates the time you have taken to remember him in such a special way.

With the President's best wishes, and with his gratitude for your expression of friendship,

Sincerely,

*Anne Higgins*  
Anne Higgins  
Special Assistant to the President  
and Director of Correspondence

Mr. Steven Graves

2300 N Street, N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20037  
(202) 861-2242

U.S. News & World Report

Ben F. Phlegar  
Executive Editor

March 23, 1983

Mr. Steven Graves

Dear Mr. Graves:

Thank you for your recent letter.

Your comments and enclosures have been read with interest and will be shared with the appropriate editors.

It was thoughtful of you to write.

Sincerely,

*Ben F. Phlegar*  
BFP/law

UNITED NATIONS  NATIONS UNIES

POSTAL ADDRESS—ADDRESSE POSTALE: UNITED NATIONS, N. Y. 10017  
COLE ADDRESS—ADDRESS TELEGRAPHIQUE: NY 10017 UN

22 February 1983

Dear Mr. Graves,

On behalf of the Secretary-General, I acknowledge receipt of your letter of 1 February requesting him to publicize your Ocean Thermal.

While Mr. Pérez de Cuellar appreciates your interest, he wishes to inform you that he is not in a position to promote or support commercial or private enterprises. He hope you will understand.

..... Your enclosure is herewith returned for your future use.

Yours sincerely,

*Lottie Hobbs*  
Lottie Hobbs, Chief  
Public Inquiries Unit  
Department of Public Information

Mr. Steven Graves

February 14, 1983

Mr. Steven Graves  
Tumbledown Ranch  
PO Box 527  
Florida, FL 33857

Dear Mr. Graves:

Many thanks for your recent letter.

We will be happy to consider it for publication.

Sincerely,

*Alfred Balk*  
Alfred Balk  
Editor and Publisher

AB/lmb



UNITED NATIONS  NATIONS UNIES

Postal Address: - Adresse postale: UNITED NATIONS, P.O. BOX 2500, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10168  
L'adresse postale: - Adresse postale: LES NATIONS UNIES, BOITE POSTALE 2500, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10168

22 February 1983

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..... Your enclosure is herewith returned for your future use.

Yours sincerely,

*L. Hobbs*  
Lottie Hobbs, Chief  
Public Inquiries Unit  
Department of Public Information

Mr. Steven Graves

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

January 28, 1983

Dear Mr. Graves:

Thank you for your message to President Reagan expressing support following his Address to the Nation on arms control. Your words of encouragement are particularly timely, and I can assure you that they are appreciated.

The President is determined to continue the search for genuine peace and stability by pursuing parallel policies based on deterrence and arms reductions. Rebuilding our deteriorated military capability is absolutely vital if we are to achieve success in negotiations with the Soviet Union. President Reagan has placed the United States behind an unprecedented series of proposals for reduction in the strategic arsenals of both sides.

The United States will continue to negotiate with the Soviet Union seriously and in good faith, and the President will continue to do everything in his power to ensure that we negotiate from strength, not weakness.

With the President's best wishes,

Sincerely,

*Anne Higgins*

Anne Higgins  
Special Assistant to the President  
and Director of Correspondence

Mr. Steven Graves

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

January 20, 1983

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The United States will continue to negotiate with the Soviet Union seriously and in good faith, and the President will continue to do everything in his power to ensure that we negotiate from strength, not weakness.

With the President's best wishes,

Sincerely,

*Anne Higgins*

Anne Higgins  
Special Assistant to the President  
and Director of Correspondence

Mr. Steven Graves

Steven Graves

January 6, 1983

Dear Mr. Graves:

Thank you for your letter. I have taken the liberty of passing it along to the staff of our evening news program.

Best wishes for your endeavor.

Sincerely,

*Greg Jackson*  
Greg Jackson  
Host "The Last Word"

Kira M. Gribeloff  
Broadcast Assignment Editor



STATION TELEVISION COMPANY  
200 S. PALM AVENUE, SUITE 1100  
MIAMI, FLORIDA 33101  
PHONE 305-375-7000



Steven Graves



December 24, 1982

Mr. Steven Graves

Re: MX Missile

Dear Mr. Graves:

Thank you for taking the time to comment on my editorials. I really appreciate hearing from our viewers.

I do hope that you will continue to watch Channel 8.

Sincerely,

*Joe Mannion*  
JOE MANNION  
Director of Editorials  
and Special Projects

JM:ft

P.S. I used a portion of your interesting comments in my "Editorial Letters" on December 24th and 25th, on the above subject, copy of which is enclosed. Excellent letter.

WFLA-TV 905 East Jackson Box 900 Tampa, Florida 33601 Tampa 813/229-7791 St. Petersburg 813/461-5835



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

24th January 1983

*Dear Mr Graves,*

I am commanded by The Queen to write and thank you for your letter and for the poems which you have enclosed with it.

Her Majesty much appreciated your kind thought in sending these to her.

*Yours sincerely*  
*Elizabeth*

S. Graves, Esq.

S. Graves, Esq.



WFLA-TV 905 East Jackson Box 900 Tampa, Florida 33601



WFLA-TV

Broadcast: Dec. 24/82 6:29 a.m. Dec. 25/82 1:30 p.m.  
Dec. 24/82 8:18 a.m. Dec. 25/82 3:00 p.m.  
Dec. 24/82 11:28 a.m. Dec. 25/82 6:07 p.m.  
Dec. 24/82 11:55 a.m. Dec. 25/82 7:53 p.m.  
Dec. 25/82 11:26 p.m.

EDITORIAL LETTERS

MX MISSILE

Steven Graves of Lorida wrote:

"I want a reduction in nuclear armaments. The actions of the Soviet rulers through the 1970's prove that they do not... a unilateral freeze is unacceptable."

Thank you for your letters.

WFLA-TV 905 East Jackson Box 900 Tampa, Florida 33601 Tampa 813/229-7791 St. Petersburg 813/461-5835





SECRETARIAT OF STATE

FROM THE NATIONAL, November 30, 1982

Dear Mr. Graves,

His Holiness Pope John Paul II has received your letter and enclosed writings, and he has directed me to reply in his name.

His Holiness wishes you to know that he appreciates the sentiments which prompted you to write to him, and he invokes God's blessings upon you.

Sincerely yours,

*Magr. G.B. Re*  
Magr. G.B. Re  
Assessor

Mr. Steven Graves

7330 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20008-3687



THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

April 13, 1982

Steven Graves

Dear Mr. Graves:

Thank you for your interest in visiting the White House.

During the summer months, beginning May 23 and ending September 5, 1982, the White House is open to visitors from 10:00 a.m. until 12:30 p.m., Tuesday through Saturday. It is closed on Sunday and Monday. Tickets for this tour are necessary and may be obtained from the Visitors Waiting Area on the Ellipse, beginning at 8:00 a.m., the day of the tour only. Each person must pick up his own ticket. There is no charge for these or any White House tour tickets.

There are also early morning tours and requests for tickets are handled through your Congressional or Senate office. They have a limited number of tickets available to them and if you are interested you should contact their office.

My best wishes for a pleasant stay in Washington, and a most enjoyable tour of the White House.

Sincerely,

*Carol McCain*

Carol McCain  
Director  
White House Visitors Office

L.A. "SKIP" BAFALIS  
3000 20TH AVENUE  
RICHARD T. "DICK" HELSON  
ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT  
WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE  
BUDGETED  
PUBLIC AFFAIRS AND  
UNEMPLOYMENT COMMISSION  
THREE

Congress of the United States  
House of Representatives  
Washington, D.C. 20515

WASHINGTON OFFICE  
2400 RESERVE HOUSE OFFICE BUILDING  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20515  
202-225-2536

DISTRICT OFFICE  
House 108, Federal Building  
P.O. BOX 10000  
813-224-4444  
720 Wisconsin Avenue  
P.O. Box 10000  
202-462-2710

June 8, 1982

Mr. Steve Graves

Dear Mr. Graves:

Just a short note to thank you for taking the time to respond to my annual questionnaire. Over the years I have found this a most effective way of maintaining communication with the voters whom it is my privilege to represent.

I certainly appreciate your additional comments on some of the issues cited and I hope you will continue to share your views and concerns with me. As I am sure you must be aware, it is difficult to address all of the issues which concern the voters of the 10th District, so any additional comments are helpful.

Again, thank you for writing.

With best wishes and warm personal regards, I am

Sincerely,

*L.A. Skip Bafalis*  
L.A. Skip Bafalis  
Member of Congress

LAB/rw

Congress of the United States  
House of Representatives  
Washington, D.C. 20515  
OFFICIAL BUSINESS

*L.A. Skip Bafalis*  
M.C.

Mr. Steve Graves

THIS STATIONERY PRINTED ON PAPER MADE WITH RECYCLED FIBERS

ABC Entertainment - 7 West 68th Street - New York, New York 10023 - Telephone 212 580-6100

GOOD MORNING AMERICA

Dear Viewer:

Thank you for your letter and for your interest in our program. We always enjoy hearing from our GOOD MORNING AMERICA viewers.

I have received your letter and am forwarding it to the people responsible for making our programming decisions. If they decide to use it for GOOD MORNING AMERICA, they will get in touch with you!

Once again, thanks for taking the time to write us... we're always glad to hear from our viewers.

Yours sincerely,

*Zipporah A. Mirsky*  
Zipporah A. Mirsky

American Broadcasting Company 1300 Avenue of the Americas - New York, New York 10019



**CBS/BROADCAST GROUP**

CBS Inc., 51 West 52 Street, New York, New York 10019

Thank you for your correspondence to CBS.

As much as we would like to respond personally to each letter, the tremendous volume of mail we receive makes it impossible for us to do so. However, we do want you to know how much we appreciate your taking the time to write to us. Please be assured that your comments were shared with those executives most directly concerned with our broadcasts.

**CBS/BROADCAST GROUP**

CBS Inc., 51 West 52 Street, New York, New York 10019

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MARJORIE HOLYOAK Director, Audience Services



**TIME**

TIME & LIFE BUILDING  
ROCKEFELLER CENTER  
NEW YORK 10020  
212 JUDSON 8-1212

Dear

TIM  
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**TIME**

TIME & LIFE BUILDING  
ROCKEFELLER CENTER  
NEW YORK 10020  
212 JUDSON 8-1212

Dear

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to

**TIME**

TIME & LIFE BUILDING  
ROCKEFELLER CENTER  
NEW YORK 10020  
212 JUDSON 8-1212

Dear TIME Reader:

Thank you very much for your letter to TIME. It was referred to the appropriate editors, who were interested to have your views. We are sorry, however, to tell you that we were not able to publish them.

Sincerely,

*Joan D. Walsh*

Joan D. Walsh

**CBS/BROADCAST GROUP**

CBS Inc., 51 West 52 Street  
New York, New York 10019  
212 JUDSON 8-1212  
Marjorie Holyoak, Director  
Audience Services

Dear Mr. Graves:

August 19, 1982

Don Rather has asked me to thank you for your recent correspondence. As much as he would like to respond to everyone personally, the large volume of mail he receives makes that impossible. Please be assured that he did receive your message and appreciates your taking the time to write. Audience reaction is important to all of us at CBS; it is one of the means by which we evaluate and improve our broadcasting.

Whatever subjects are explored in the future, we hope our broadcasts will continue to be of interest to you.

Cordially,

*Marjorie Holyoak*

Mr. Steven Graves

**TIME**

TIME & LIFE BUILDING  
ROCKEFELLER CENTER  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020



Mr. Steven Graves

**TIME**

TIME & LIFE BUILDING  
ROCKEFELLER CENTER  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020



Mr. Steven Graves

**TIME**

TIME & LIFE BUILDING  
ROCKEFELLER CENTER  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020



MARJORIE HOLYOAK, Director, Audience Services

Thank you for your correspondence regarding our CBS News series 60 MINUTES. This program broadcast receives hundreds of letters concerning each segment and because of the heavy volume of mail, it is impossible for us to respond personally to everyone. However, we want to take the opportunity to let you that the 60 MINUTES staff read your letter promptly and your observations were carefully noted. Communications from our viewers are most helpful to us and we appreciate your taking the time to write. We hope you will continue to find 60 MINUTES informative and thought-provoking.

**CBS/BROADCAST GROUP**

**CBS/BROADCAST GROUP**

**CBS/BROADCAST GROUP**





# Lorida man receives letter from President

A Lorida man found that offering approval and encouragement to the President of the United States, does not go unnoted.

Stephen Graves, who lives with his father Marlan Graves at Tumbleweed Ranch, Lorida, was not jok-

ing when he sent an April 11 letter to President Ronald Reagan, commenting on everything from foreign policy to the national budget deficit.

His letter won him a reply from President Reagan:



**Stephen Graves**

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

My Fellow American

Thank you for your message. I will be addressing these issues in a series of Saturday radio broadcasts. I hope you will try to listen to them.

Sincerely  
Ronald Reagan

Graves, who is "hoping to become a writer," enclosed a poem in his missive to the President, the only thing omitted from his letter, printed below. (The News does not print poems).

Dear President Reagan,

I found Wednesday night's news conference very well organized. You seemed well briefed and your usage of comparisons helped distinguish your administration's actions in certain areas of the budget.

I support your administration's emphasis on a reduction of nuclear arms and not a freeze. I hope that the negotiators will consider controlling future, currently only on the drawing board, destructive weapons; and verification provisions included in any agreement.

I support the concept of linkage and hope America's negotiators will use this "wild card" pragmatically and seek a practical approach to the problems and affairs involved to achieve a just and lasting balance. "Linkage" could be exchanged for a nuclear free Europe (land bases) over several years. The largest number of dismantled missiles would occur first (containing a difference of

one to two missiles the first three years between the U. S. and U. S. S. R.)

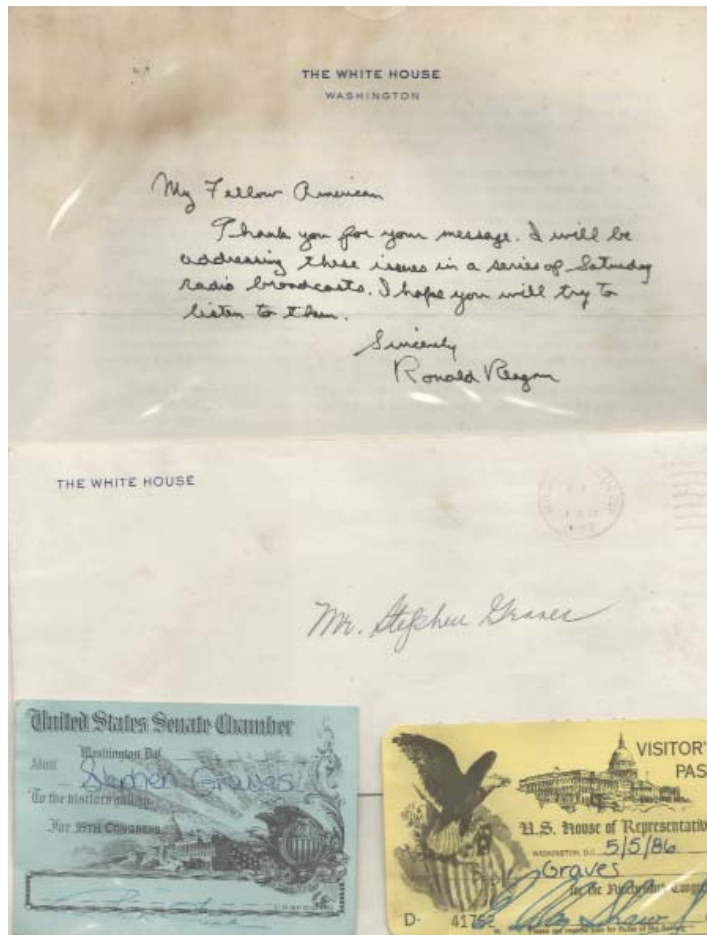
The extension of credit is in my view the strongest action America currently has available to it. I hope that it too is held out and is demanded an equitable price from the Soviet side. I also support your conviction that the Soviets do not give up anything they are not forced to.

I was glad to hear of the further progress of your Caribbean Initiative and wish you the best success on this trip. I am sending you yet another selection of my prose that I hope will lighten your Presidential burden today.

In summation, let me return again to the budget. I know it is not the choice idea,

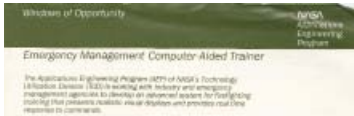
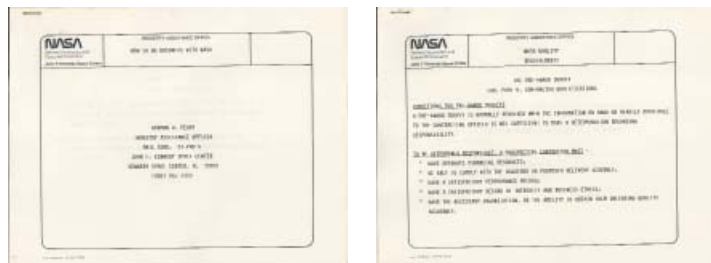
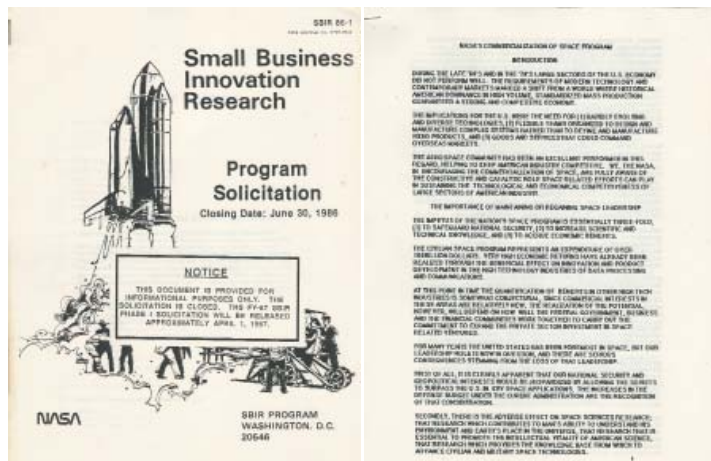
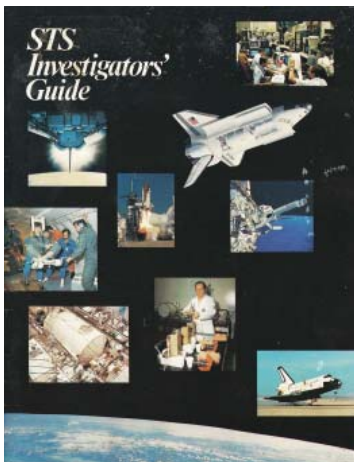
especially when the expansionists are continuing to upset world balance; a solid position of strength does detour aggressors, those pushing militant, assertive policies onto the ideals of the free world. Maybe the defense budget could be cut but only as a final effort to get your budget through untampered. Consider twenty billion from defense and twenty billion from entitlement programs to help reduce the projected budget deficit and ease the money market tensions producing high interest rates and high unemployment.

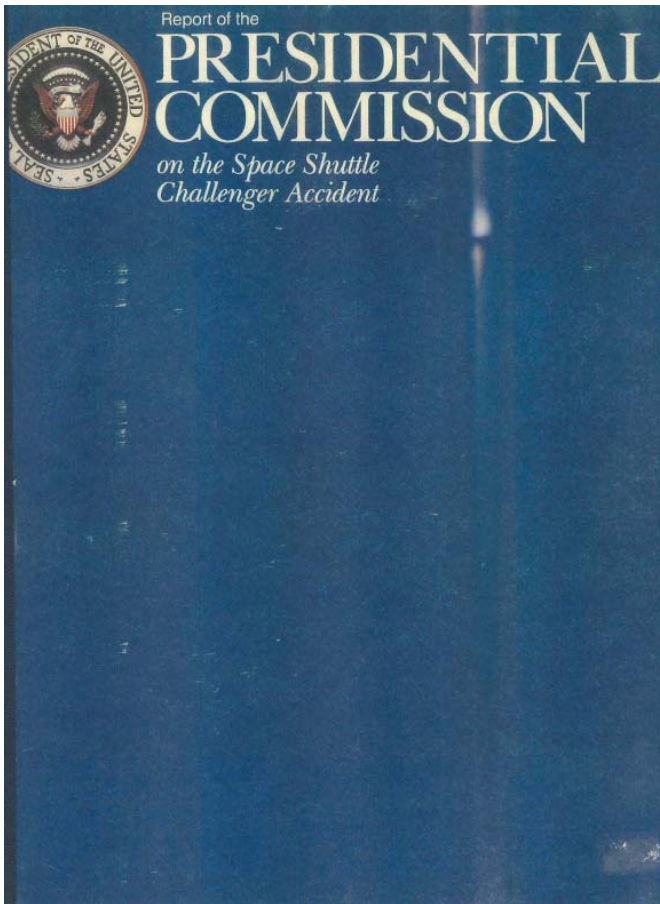
Steven Graves,  
Citizen of the  
United States of  
America





Here are some of the collections I saved from my pursuit and interest in space.

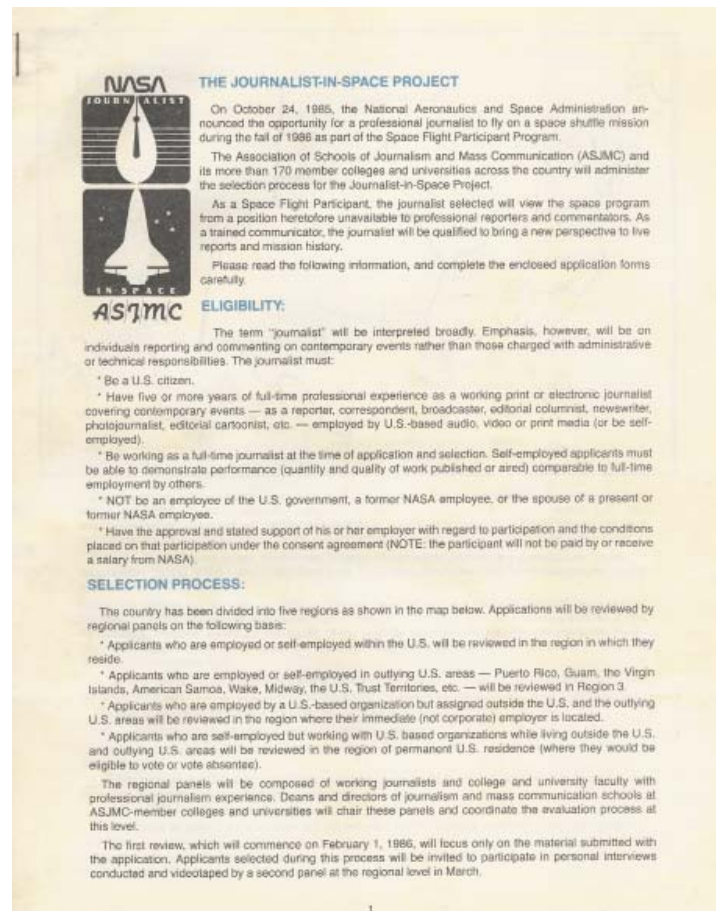




First of twelve pages.



First of seven pages.







Steven

**From:** Steven Graves  
**Sent:** Friday, July 08, 2011 8:33 AM  
**To:** bkassab@tribune.com  
**Cc:**  
**Subject:** Shuttle Moments

<http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=-8417545824818104678#>

- Shared using Google Toolbar

Steven

**From:** Steven Graves  
**Sent:** Monday, November 16, 2009 2:46 PM  
**To:** newsmanager@foxnews.com  
**Cc:**  
**Subject:** Space Shuttle Atlantis

Relive the launch excitement by viewing Shuttle Moments on google video. Type in video.google.com then enter shuttle moments in the search videos space. (08.31 - 3 years ago)

Enjoy

SD Graves

**From:** Steven Graves  
**Sent:** Tuesday, January 06, 2009 11:36 AM  
**To:** sundays@cbsnews.com  
**Cc:**  
**Subject:** space shuttle astronauts memorial for january

Dear Sir,

There is a short six and a half minute video at video.google.com called Shuttle Moments. Please consider it for your program.

Sincerely,

Steven Graves

**From:** <noreply@google.com>  
**Sent:** Sunday, September 07, 2008 10:39 PM  
**To:**  
**Subject:** Google Video upload successful!

Thanks for uploading your video to Google Video!

It can now be viewed by going directly to this link:

<http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=5312322627901205347>

We know you're probably eager to share your creation with the world! So get started by sending this link to family and friends, or posting the video on your blog. For help, visit our help center at <http://video.google.com/support/>.

If you're wondering why you can't search for your video yet, updates to our index are not instantaneous. It can take up to a day for your video to show up in search results (though it usually only takes a few hours).

Happy viewing,

The Google Video Team





Shuttle Moments had been published on Google Video for several years until everything on the site was moved to Youtube. The "questions - answers" loop didnot provide contact references to address copyright issues.

**Peter Reichardt**  
 Managing Director UK  
 President of Continental Europe, EMI Music Publishing

This Web site represents a new and exciting development for EMI Music Publishing UK, designed to make it even easier for you, the music user, to search our extensive catalogue of music.

We pride ourselves not only on being the largest music publishing company in the world, but also on providing the finest and most comprehensive service to our writers and you - the users of our music.

From the 19th Century to the end of 2002 this catalogue contains EMI Music Publishing UK's most popular songs. As with any collection of songs - and especially with the depth of catalogue that we offer - we know that it can never truly be complete.

Our exceptional catalogue has kept EMI Music Publishing UK Number One in the United Kingdom, won us the very prestigious Queen's Award for export in 1995 and, with continued acquisition of modern classics, will place EMI Music at the forefront of music publishing in the 21st Century.

This Web site will allow you to search the collection by song title, writers, those major artists who have recorded it, its year of publication, the type of music and key words in the title itself - making it easier than ever before to find that perfect song to match your musical needs.

Welcome to the finest collection of songs in the world...  
 The songs of EMI Music Publishing.

WELCOME HOW TO BROWSE SEARCH LICENCE HISTORY CREDITS

**Search Result**

Title: Storms in Africa  
 Recorded By: Erya  
 Written By: Ni Bhaoinn, Eithne, Ryan, Nicky, Ryan, Roma  
 EMI Recording Yr of Copyright: 1988  
 EMI Share: 100%

Film  
 TV  
 Musical  
 Classification: Weather, Cities / Places  
 Music Type: ACOUSTIC/CONTEMPORARY

Return to View

**Rights & Restrictions**

Note: A "Yes" indicates that the song can be used for the purpose listed without prior approval. A "No" means that approval is required.

TV Synch	- Yes
Promotional Video	- Yes
Live Performance	- Yes
Artist / Writer Interview	- Yes
Innocuous Usage	- Yes
Pre-Recorded	- Yes
Live Performance By Amateur Artist	- Yes
Performance in or out of vision by a professional television band	- Yes
Use of title to identify specific time period	- Yes
Identification & walk on music	- Yes
Acoustic recordings of Real / Live events	- Yes
Music played from: tannoy's, shops, restaurants, lifts, shopping malls, radios, televisions and audio systems in an actuality situation or as recreated for a drama	- Yes
Where titles are performed or recordings of titles broadcast as part of a musical gameshow or an item in a gameshow	- Yes
Video	- Yes

Request Approval

Certificate of Registration

Form PA  
 For a Work of Performing Art  
 UNITED STATES COPYRIGHT OFFICE

REG# PAu2-846-893

EFFECTIVE DATE OF REGISTRATION  
 JAN 27 2004

Marybeth Peters  
 Register of Copyrights, United States of America

1 TITLE OF THIS WORK  
 SHUTTLE MOMENTS

2 a NAME OF AUTHOR  
 STEVEN GRAVES

3 YEAR IN WHICH CREATION OF THIS WORK WAS COMPLETED  
 2002

4 a COPYRIGHT CLAIMANT(S)  
 STEVEN GRAVES

5 PREVIOUS REGISTRATION

6 DERIVATIVE WORK OR COMPILATION  
 USING PRE EXISTING MATERIAL WITH PERMISSION OR IN PUBLIC DOMAIN

7 DEPOSIT ACCOUNT

8 CERTIFICATION

9 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS  
 COPYRIGHT OFFICE  
 101 Independence Ave., S.E.  
 Washington, D.C. 20559-6000

EXAMINED BY: JAT

CHECKED BY:

CORRESPONDENCE: Yes

DO NOT WRITE ABOVE THIS LINE. IF YOU NEED MORE SPACE, USE A SEPARATE CONTINUATION SHEET.

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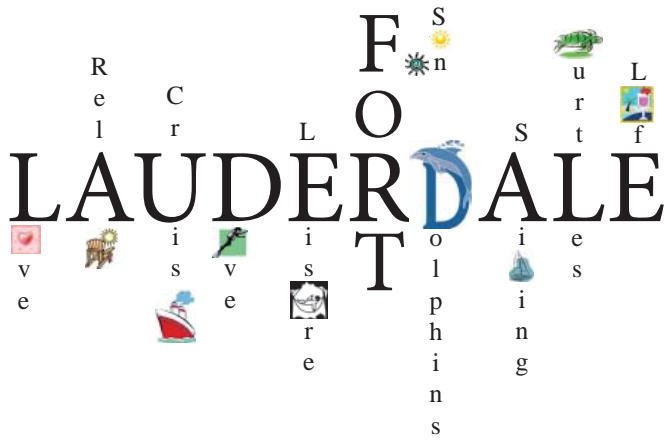
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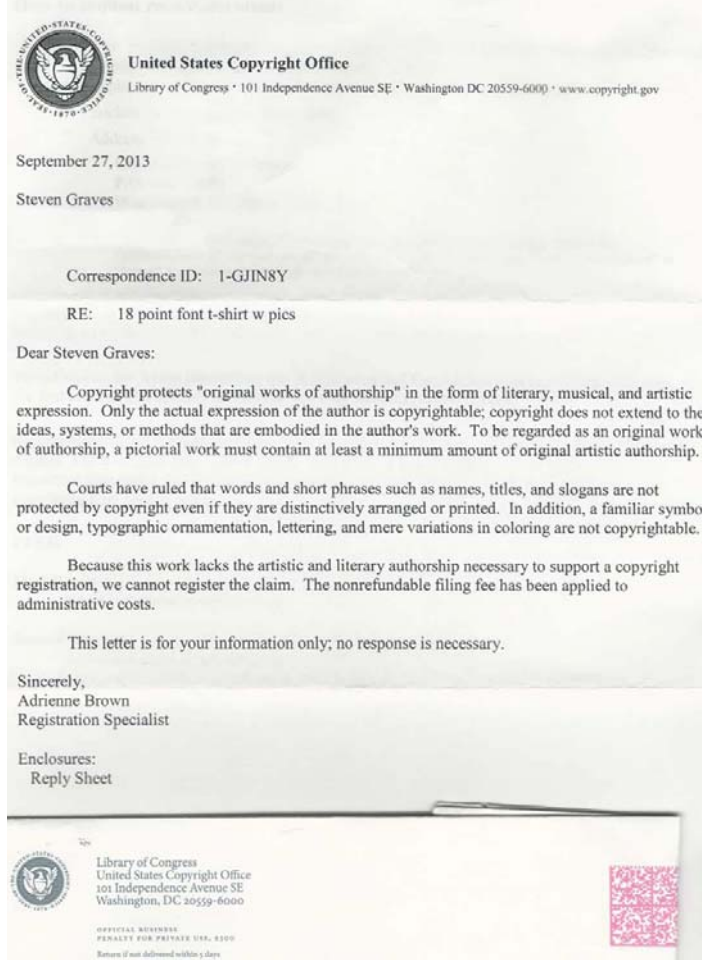
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SHUTTLE MOMENTS





I had hoped to use this graphic to fund an annuity for charities such as the women or kids in distress and local food banks.



Updated this to "My Vistas"

Steven Donald Graves

**MY  
VISTAS**



\$ 20.00

★ **vis-ta** /vis-te/ *n* [ It, sight, fr. *visto*, pp. of *vedere* to see, fr. L *videre* - more at WIT ] **1:** a distant view through or along an avenue or opening: PROSPECT **2:** an extensive mental view (as over a stretch of time or a series of events). SYN HORIZON, OUTLOOK, PERCEPTION.

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## INTRODUCTION

The following collection of prose arose from my desire to reach out with my ideas and establish a new sense of trying to find out who we are and what we are in today's world.

It is a desire to achieve a great task. Today's world-society needs fresh motivation. Mine are rooted in benevolent beliefs of **F**reedom, **H**ope, and **J**ustice. Living one's life truthful to one's self has many rewards such as eternal youth of the mind with a sense of wonderment.

I think that the world has lost it's feeling of "*America*", and I want to re-establish the hope it once meant. However, it costs money. With your support I may be given a chance to help bring a new voice to Mankind.

Yours Truly,  
S.D.Graves

Thank-you for your  
support.



A day slips into a day,  
Into yet another day.  
Time passing.  
Sometimes with swiftness,  
At other times with slowness.  
Each into the other, each into the next,  
Time marches on and life continues.  
Oh what joy I perceive!  
It is wonderful to be alive.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ah to look at the majesty.  
Thousands of acres of unspoiled wilderness.  
Huge pines stretching skyward,  
High mountains enduring change, and  
Wild rivers flowing on.

Beauty is thy name.

\*\*\*\*\*

And I ask you,  
"What are the things that dreams are made of?  
"How has man become receptive to these?  
"They are only sounds and pictures that the  
brain processes, aren't they?  
"If a man seeks his destiny,  
"Won't in time he surely die?"

\*\*\*\*\*

#### AUTUMN BREEZE

Sweeping through the trees, with small swirls  
caressing the leaves,  
Comes the breeze of Autumn.  
Cascading the colors of warmth, from a season  
whose time has just past, and  
Sustaining the wonder and beauty of life.

The horizon is ablaze with color, as  
The fire of fall consumes the countryside, with  
Golden reds, oranges, and browns.  
The flowers have fled for this is the time of the  
leaves.  
Their green was but a backdrop for the bright,  
"Colors of Spring."  
In the Fall they display their true beauty.

A smell of change is in the air, as  
The cold whisper of winter approaches.  
The slow days of summer have past.  
The warmth rising off the fields, have been  
Replaced by a brisk nip in the wind, and  
In the trees that sway to and fro.

Let us gather before the storm, and  
Discover good times with old friends, for  
Autumn is a gift from above.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### CHOICE

I love watching the phases of the moon.  
It's color and it's face changing shape, from  
The many different views from it,  
In a relationship with our planet Earth.  
Sunrise and sunset slowly drifting away.

Now is the time to believe in tomorrow. Now is  
the time to believe in Him.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### CLOUDS (Pt. 1)

I love the clouds.  
Those soft forms hung high in the sky.  
Through them one journeys to a land, of  
Make believe.  
The endless mystic horizons freeing the mind,  
filling it with ideas, and  
Allowing it to enter the wonderment of  
imagination, with  
Variations of shape and form, hue and color.

A porthole to the fantasy world is opened by the  
power of the mind.

A creation of our own dreams.  
It is an experience that transcends age, as the  
Future and past merge in form.  
A place where mythical creatures roam.  
Make believe castles and mountains and planes,  
with

The varying aspects and impacts of light.

A place for our youths' great thinkers and  
builders to be free.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### CLOUDS (Pt. 2)

I am the clouds and embody the essence of  
freedom.  
Liberty and the joys of this life are accessible to  
me, as  
I travel over the prairies and the great mountains  
of the continents, and  
The great bodies of water covering the Earth.  
I see the beauty of the meadows and the fields,  
the brooks and the streams below me.  
I am that which cannot be snuffed out without  
causing irreparable harm to life.

Man's selfish soul of conquest is exposed to me,  
and  
He has turned me into a black death of acid rain.  
I see his aspirations of godlyhood, and  
The raw brute power he employs over the trees  
and the grasses,



Cutting and shaping in ways that may seem fit,  
but  
In truth causes agony for Earth's other life  
forms.

I receive life from the sun in an endless cycle.  
The breath of change is my gift, as  
I highlight the seasons.  
Growth, death, and rebirth are all embodied in  
me.  
It is I that illuminates the sunrise and sunset  
with color.

I shall remain.

\*\*\*\*\*

### COLUMBIA

I shall rise above the skies,  
Into the blue above on my fiery chariot,  
Conceived in my mind and molded by my hands.

I shall issue forth into the heavens, but  
It shall be in another time.  
The place shall be of another's choosing.

Guided carefully through the slivers of time, so  
that

I will not be cut and bleed the essence  
of my life is not an easy path, but  
It is one I follow gladly,  
For I am with the, " Dreams of Tomorrow ".

\*\*\*\*\*

Death soars high silently.  
Quietly stalking it's prey.  
Waiting to strike, and  
Swoops down breathlessly!  
It is stalking us all.

\*\*\*\*\*

### DETERMINATION

Seasons pass as we grow old from age.  
Time measures the changes and clouds the  
memories of distant events, yet  
One constant remains in all time and space.  
It is love.

Bonding eternity with warm feelings of  
friendship.

Together seeking tomorrow, we are  
Armed with faith's strength guarding  
(guiding) us through the cold dark waters of the  
night, and  
Favored by the winds of justice and truth, we are  
Armed for Victory.

\*\*\*\*\*

### EPITAPH

My Kings Are Dying.  
The People I Grew Up With,  
Those Who Entertained Me and Made Me Laugh.  
They Gave the Special Gift that Was Theirs,  
So Freely and With Such Love.

My Kings Are Dying.  
Those Who Helped Lead My World,  
Through It's Many Dark Hours to Victory.  
I am Thankful for Them, and  
Wish to Utter My Appreciation to Them,  
Before Their Passing.

My Kings Are Dying.  
It is a Fact of Life, but  
To See Them Go and not be Able to Express My  
Love for Them,  
To Them,  
My Heart is Saddened,  
For We Are One and the Same.

My Kings Are Dying.  
For Some it is a Natural Passing, and  
I Accept it, but  
Sometimes Death Comes in the Form of an  
Assassin, from  
That Part of Man's Dark Soul that Allows Death,  
Destruction, and Despair, and  
I Cannot Accept that, for  
My Eyes Have Seen Them Grow.

My Kings Are Dying, and  
I Am Filled With Anger for Those Who Take Life  
Away, Because  
There Are Other Answers to the Problems that  
Plague Man.  
We Can Overcome, for  
Life is a State of Mind.

My Kings Are Dying, and  
I Wish to Say One Thing More.  
Thank-You God for the Beings You Have  
Created.  
Through Them I Have Found Joy and Happiness,  
and  
I Am Glad to Experience This Life's Passing,  
Because  
I Am Walking in the Shoes of the  
Fisherman.

\*\*\*\*\*

### EVENING

The sun lowered itself behind the horizon.  
The high tops of the clouds took on a glowing  
blueish white-silver, as  
The sky darkened.  
Above me the heavens were opened so that I  
could see the stars.



I sat and experienced the silent beauty as  
The grey storm clouds gathered around me.  
The fireworks started, as  
The brisk wind blew, then  
The lightening of the storm exposed the texture  
of the clouds, with  
The roar of thunder bellowing over the  
countryside.

In the distance I could see a spark, of an  
Orange bolt stretch downward to the Earth, and  
Awaited the roar of lions.

The freedom still speaks to me.

\*\*\*\*\*

### FORTITUDE

We must reach for the stars.  
To grab and clutch onto their brilliance.  
And pull,  
With the strength of eons,  
Of blood and bone sacrificed, of  
Sweat and determination,  
Onto the limitless bounty above us.

\*\*\*\*\*

### FREEDOM

The sun shined in it's omniscient light,  
Descending to the earth in beams of warmth.  
It's light turned the thinner clouds a bright  
white, with  
The outer haze fusing together as a misty fog.

In the distance the heavier darker clouds came.  
They drift one over another, moving slowly over  
me, and  
Carrying a wind in it's shadow, until  
The sun was gone from view, and  
Only the grey lay above me.

I could see the blue between the clouds, and  
The small wisps skating against the sky, as  
The mammoth shape rolled overhead.  
Then the sun found an opening to slip through,  
and  
Blazed the sides of the clouds, exposing it's struc-  
ture, with  
Shadows drawing lines of distinction.

Off into the distance the eyes of another cloud ap-  
peared upon the horizon.  
Sometimes the clouds appear lifeless and bland,  
as  
A flat wind-blown plain, as  
Rolling desert sand dunes, or as  
A dry, cracked river bed.

Seeming to stretch several miles into the  
distance.  
Casting their shadows upon land and sea.

Once again the sun has returned, with  
It's warmth and glow, and  
So it goes overhead.  
The different layers seeming to move in hidden  
syncopation over the earth,  
Grouped overhead for our curiosity to think upon;  
A maze of shapes and forms, and  
A place of everchanging wonderment.

From a ground seat one may think they paint  
pictures,  
Of tops and lions and flying machines.  
There for those who look up and wish for  
" Could Be ".

\*\*\*\*\*

### FUTURE POSSIBILITIES

My fellows,

Look at the real world. Look at the real interplay  
of events.  
See the exchanges in life as they occur.  
We can build our tomorrows,  
Through our being today.

Man has lived ten thousand years, and  
Now he has gained a doorway to the heavens.  
Our teachings, passed to us from the fathers,  
Have allowed us to take those steps;  
These accomplishments.  
The mind is a wonderment from God.

I can see things: Wisdom, Truth, Justice,  
That have been passed down by the ages.  
I can see where we can go.  
Follow me, and  
Let me show you what can be,  
Indeed! What is!

\*\*\*\*\*

God's gift to man is the quest, for  
Righteousness, with,  
A curiosity to seek learning to  
Use the wisdom gained, and  
Bring love into the world.

We are all special creatures.

\*\*\*\*\*

How far can I wander within the sanctuary of my  
mind?  
I am but a child in the heavens,  
Seeking, yearning, and wanting to know.



Father help me for I am amongst the Lost,  
Wandering the catacombs and shadows of man's  
existence.

It is a long climb.

Even now to sense the free fall, and the  
Cool swirls of mist enveloping me, and  
Covering me with the pearlish sweet smell of  
suffocating death.

God, to Thee I pray, because  
Only with Your light, with  
My existence judged good in Your eye,  
Shall I overcome.

\*\*\*\*\*

Imagine the days of the past.  
Each encounter,  
Through the power of the brain.  
To learn, and  
See indeed!

Whether we are naked apes,  
Or a true born " Son of Man ".

\*\*\*\*\*

Imagine ones point in the universe.  
Imagine where man's place is, and  
The things that are possible by him.  
Look.

See him as he gazes upon the stars,with  
Rubbish scattered around him at his feet.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### INCOMING FIRE

The storm cometh in, bleeding aquatic fury.  
The horizon forecast in, falling behind the grey  
enveloping onslaught, and  
Yet a pause is offered as the cool wind continues  
to refreshen.

Then thunder's roar fills the sky renewing its  
quest for power through overtures of conquest.

Slowly it arrives, with  
Ever increasing intensity of droplets pelting  
against my shelter.  
Sparks of lightening fly, just beyond yet in view,  
but

The sweeping wind seems to brush aside the  
storms advancement, as  
The aggressor draws nearer.

More time passes, and  
The advance resurges, yet  
It's might has lost the power of it's fury, and  
Calm subsides.

However, the storm continues.  
It is this consistency that nurtures the fear in  
Man.

\*\*\*\*\*

I will not force my views.

I believe in them, and  
I will live by them, for  
They are mine.

Take them if you wish, but  
Seek the truth on your own.  
Be, Think, Discover, and See;  
For yourself, and  
Accept it because you believe.

A man is truly his own island ( sanctuary ).

\*\*\*\*\*

#### KITTENS AT PLAY

I saw today,  
Three kittens at play, and  
I sat down to watch.

They were spotted and cute, and  
Spunky to boot,  
Jumping around playing hop-sotch.

They started a rough game of tag, with  
One hiding in a bag, and  
Another dashed behind our big yellow rake.

Then one spat ferociously, and  
Another heroically,  
Defended his right to eat cake.

Soon their mom returned, and  
The little ones squirmed, as  
The best position each tried to take.

They had fun you can see,  
In one's, two's and three's, and  
That's the point I wish to make.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### LIFE (Pt. 1)

The joy in breathing,  
Of feeling, touching, and seeing,  
A collection of memories and experiences,  
Are anew each instant, as  
We grow,  
Through the passing of time.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### LIFE (Pt. 2)

This is an act, and  
Your're in the play,  
A face in the cast,  
Moving every which way.



Your hands are of a puppets,  
 Being moved by a string, with  
 The puppet master laughing,  
 At all the horrors you bring.

Man is a creation of God,  
 That shall live and die, but  
 If the soul laying within is good, then  
 It shall bloom as a rainbow, say I.

\*\*\*\*\*

#'s (Pt. 1)

Numbers of existence,  
 Are new each day, as  
 The passing of one life,  
 Leads to the birth of another.

Until they all die out.

\*\*\*\*\*

**PRESSURES UPON MAN**  
**ECO-ECONOMIC-GEO-POLITICAL-HUMANISTIC**

e	m	w	g	a	f	l	p
c	o	o	o	n	r	i	u
o	n	r	v	d	e	b	r
l	e	d	e	r	e	e	s
o	t	w	i	n	s	t	i
g	a	i	n	s	t	o	t
y	r	d	g	t	o	m	y
	y	e	n	i	j	a	o
	s		p	u	u	n	f
e	y		o	t	s	d	
n	s		s	t	t	t	h
v	t		i	i	i	h	a
i	e		t	c	e	e	p
r	m		i	e	l		p
o			n		i		p
n			s		f		n
m					e		e
e							s
n							
t							

ASPECTS OF

( details, circumstance's, systems of study, action  
 and reaction ).

**HOMO SAPIENS SAPIENS**

Modern Man

\*\*\*\*\*

**RAIN**

Soft droplets cascading onto the pond, are  
 Creating small waves that reflect the light, with  
 the  
 Wet pools of water settling on my fingertips.

The trees breath in this gift from way up high,  
 and

The earth abounds with joy, as  
 The fresh scent of freedom fills the sky.

\*\*\*\*\*

**SAILING**

I watched as the fog crept in.  
 The moon was full and bright above me,  
 Casting a blueish glow over the landscape.  
 The land was rolling away, as of a sea, and  
 There were some trees in the distance,  
 Standing dark and mysterious.

A cool breeze flowed in the wind, and  
 It felt brisk and clean against my face.

I breathed in the air, and  
 Was filled with the ecstasy, of  
 Being alive.

I am a man, viewing and enjoying the splendor I  
 experience, but as  
 The breath of change passes over my life,  
 I seek to avoid the sadness that has overtaken  
 my fellows.

So lift up your sails, oh fisherman!  
 Pilot, lay a course for new horizons!  
 Take us to a place safe and free!

As I venture out upon the world,  
 To seek out the wonder of this life,  
 I know that His existence will satisfy me.

\*\*\*\*\*

**SIGHT**

The Beauty of Sight,  
 It Nurtures the Fire of My Being.  
 To See the Glory and the Splendor Unfold, and  
 To Experience the Colors of the World, are  
 Sustenance to my Soul.

\*\*\*\*\*

**SMOKE**

The movement of smoke,  
 The creation of form, and  
 Changing shape; wonderment, and  
 The freedom of expression,  
 Disappear into the air.

\*\*\*\*\*



## SOMETIMES A MAN JUST BECOMES

BE CONVERTED INTO  
indoctrination, apostle, evangelize, redeem

BEGIN  
issue forth

BEHOOVE  
obligation, devotion, self-imposed duty,  
answerability, responsible, become bound to, play  
one's proper role, moral obligation, mandatory.

COME TO BE  
existence, philosophy of being, ontology,  
metaphysics, real, actual, true, existentialism, ge-  
nuine, authentic, additional, supplemental.

CONVERT  
change into

BECOME OF  
effect, resultant, consequence, sequence, event,  
outcome, legacy, climax, result, wake, trail, track,  
follow, come from, hinge, pivot, derivation, latin:  
post hoc ergo propter - one thing follows another.

and

ATTRIBUTION  
ascription, by virtue of, trademark, signature, by  
force, high handed strength.

\*\*\*\*\*

### SPRING

There is a clean, clear, crispness in the air, as  
The snow is melting freeing the trees, and  
Creating sparkling brooks, with  
The countryside exploding in a rebirth of color.  
There is excitement growing, as  
The wilderness sings it's song,  
Of joy, of beauty, and jubilant celebration.  
Life has returned again bringing with it the hope  
of a new fresh tomorrow.  
Mans' hope, my dream, God's reality

\*\*\*\*\*

### SUMMER STORM

The rain dances across the fields, with  
Waves of white mist rushing by.  
Thunder bellows, as  
Lightening fills the sky, as  
Beads of water rattle upon my window.

FLASH! ROAR!

Sturdy pines bend and sway from the relentless  
pounding, with  
The horizon's grey forecast overshadowing the  
landscape, and  
The mighty fury and awesome power of nature  
begins to flood the ground below me.

FLASH! ROAR!

A cool wind highlights the droplets cascading  
down my windowpane, with  
Brief moments of illumination filling the dull  
horizon, and  
Followed by the crash of a thousand cannon  
salvos.

FLASH! BANG! ROAR!  
ZIP! BOOM! GROWL!!  
CRACK! SIZZLING SNAP! WHAM!!!

Sparks of nature, sounds from the heavens, and  
Blistering noises of excitement, are  
Existing in this life and signaling the passage of  
time.

I am overwhelmed.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE BARBARIAN

I am the cave man, stepping onto the top of the  
power table.  
They throw barbs at me, seeking to kill the joy I  
have found in this life, but  
I have come with a greater power to forge the  
minds of Mankind into one.  
The spirit binding us I can only describe as that  
mammal, human, love-instinct we have for one  
another.

Our brave new world is here. Look at life around  
you.

There is but one thing for sure, the future is a  
product of the past, and  
Man had better wise up now.  
My Lord has said, "Your sins are forgiven. Go  
and sin no more."

Rejoice I say. The joy and wisdom in the  
teachings are true.

Simply love others as you love yourself.  
I live in this real world, at the discretion of my  
Lord.

I have shown this world to my fellows, and  
That which can exist if we all grow together  
through our common bondage:  
Love.

Life has caused us to grow restless, and  
Our problems are unresolved, however  
The things that happen today are but the past



before my eyes, for  
I have been taught through a dream world.  
Walking in the presence of the Lord,  
I have been shown things about this life ...

Consider the power of that organ possessed by  
the human species.  
Follow me and fathom the outermost reaches of  
the senses.  
Look at the real interplay of events relating to  
the power of the future.

I condemn all violent acts! They make me reek  
from the pus-filled wreckage.  
Read the lines in the New Testament;  
Seek the understanding of the word, and  
The mind interacting with knowledge.

\*\*\*\*\*

The cool wind whistled through the bare trees.  
Winter has fallen on the countryside again.  
Soon whiteness will blanket the earth outside my  
window, with  
It's beauty reflecting the sun and the moon, and  
Allow nature to paint new pictures, as  
Time passes by.

\*\*\*\*\*

The currents flow and toss the captainless ship.  
The oceans swallow them up and they sink into  
the muck at the bottom of the abyss.  
The rotting wrecks reek of foul odors, as  
The leeches gnaw away the timber that had once  
made it strong, and  
The envy of many.

Oh faint heart, fear not as it dissolves away, for  
The soul of Man is a creation of God.  
Death cannot take it away, only He.

\*\*\*\*\*

The day has almost past.  
The thoughts and symbols existing today as I  
lead my life are of previous men.  
Their infoulable words ever present.  
But this existence is Life!  
It is time passing.  
Man's registered signals of his emotions.  
A cause of change.  
And control?

\*\*\*\*\*

The flight of the eagle,  
Soaring over land and sea,  
Way up yonder, there up high,  
Seeming to float like clouds up in the sky.

But the world keeps on turning, and  
Man keeps on dying, for  
I awaken today and still see the repression, and  
The hatred amongst my fellows.  
What more can I do? What more can I give?  
Will it cost me my Self? my Sanity? my Soul?

So you see we can never be together, for  
There are too many things to be done today.  
Us, can never be, but  
Maybe you could spend tomorrow with me.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE ROSE

The Power of the Rose,  
Whose Beauty is Born,  
From the Lasting Embrace,  
Of People Touching,  
The Gift of Love.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE QUEST

It has been said that it is man himself that limits  
his own ability, but  
The sand drifts, the sun shines, and the moon  
dies.  
Life's conquests do fade in time, but  
Love is wonderfully eternal, even though  
Man's time is truly short.

What is this existence but the search for truth.

\*\*\*\*\*

The visions I see,  
Of rolling hills and floating clouds,  
Swaying trees and birds in flight,  
The dragonfly hovering over the pond, and  
The cattails rising majestically into the air, as  
Other tall grasses soar skyward, they  
All have an importance in the history of Life.

Man tries to behold the splendor,  
Through the images placed into his mind.  
He holds great power in his hands, and  
The strength of knowledge, but  
All the monuments in the world could not contain  
all the wisdom, from  
The souls of our lost children.

I see the hope of a new tomorrow, as  
I look to the west, and  
Watch the motion of the earth,  
Recede the light from my eyes.  
Then low,  
There was the beauty of the stars.



Each moment when thought about  
Can stagger the mind.

\*\*\*\*\*

This is my existence, here and now!  
I have a limited life span.  
It is a fact of being human, and  
One day I must die.  
The end is out there, somewhere in the future.  
A minute or a millenium,  
It makes little difference if the soul is not free.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THINKING OF YOU

I have thought upon the time we had together,  
Filled with joy and happiness.  
Together we shared the beauty of the mountains  
at dawn,  
The warm rich colors of fall, and  
The snowfilled landscape of winter.  
They bring back sweet memories of our  
friendship.

Something happened along the way, and  
The Lord removed you from this world.  
I remember your fight for survival, as  
The technical marvels failed.  
Though in the end you lost the fight, you won  
many battles, and  
Today we have gathered to honor you.  
One of our fallen, but  
Not forgotten.  
We miss you.

The majesty of the mountains captured your  
spirit, as  
The freedom of two wheels,  
The thrill of the crisp clean wind, as  
We drove through the countryside,  
Became your way to endure the pain.

The serenity of the mountains have been replaced  
by your own serenity now.  
They remain a silent vigil, with  
A permanent sense of being, and  
Maybe that is why you loved them so much.  
They do have an omniscient presence, and  
Enormity independent of time, an  
Ecology of tomorrow.

I look at life with open eyes as the countryside  
awakens, with  
The mist covering the dew-filled landscape.  
You were a flower of life beginning to bloom,  
Taken too quickly from among us.  
Today we have come together to reflect upon the  
past,

Filled not with sorrow but remembering your  
strengths, and  
Making do the best we can to endure our longing  
to see you again.  
In remembrance of you, your friend ----.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THOUGHTS ON OLD MONUMENTS

Historical relics of the past, they  
Are a link with something significant;  
The way man once lived.  
A vision perceivable through all the steel struc-  
tures imposing standing next to a small remind-  
ed/remainder of days gone by.  
Existent history.

They relate to the aspects of the future.  
Their future that we are now living.  
We can perceive age through them, and  
See our own personal growth, with  
Words and deeds in usage, as a  
Symbol of moral and intellectual stature.

Look at the things that we allow in our environ-  
ment. Look at the things that further the hopes  
of mankind.  
The next twenty years will be most momentous.  
Then forty years will have passed.  
Just a rush of the, " Autumn Breeze ".

\*\*\*\*\*

### TIME (Pt. 1)

This existence is full of fixed values.  
Brain time ...  
Wandering time ...  
Wasted time ...  
Learning time ...  
Pleasure time ...  
It is Life's happening.

\*\*\*\*\*

### TIME (Pt. 2)

The freedom of time,  
The energy for change.  
Clash in the man,  
Weakened,  
By the age of his existence.

\*\*\*\*\*

Tin soldiers, tin soldiers,  
Standing in line,  
All of them looking just fine.  
See them fancily dressed in a row,  
Some will serve up above, some down below.



The peace makers and the caretakers prepare for  
a feast.  
The horrors of life occur, causing repugnant  
pleasure for the beast.

The light is removed from my eyes,  
As the soul of Man dies,  
In this nuclear wasteland called Earth.

\*\*\*\*\*

We are all just dust in the wind.  
Time moves forward, yesterday's tomorrow is  
here now.  
Ah to dream, perchance to speak of the things  
that enter the mind.  
Things that are not understood are feared and if  
possible, destroyed.

If it is too strong, it is then worshipped.  
Man has his brain, why can he not use it?  
Look at the light cascading through the upper  
pines, and  
See the color streaking down to the forest floor.  
Today is Man's only chance to understand.

\*\*\*\*\*

What strengths does a man have  
Courage, Wisdom, Truth, and Faith?

Man has risen up from the muscular brute,  
Creature that he was and now fathoms,  
Visitation to the stars.

What has he gained? Civilization?  
What has he lost? Hope?

What of Love, Beauty, and Life!

\*\*\*\*\*

Upon yonder hill lays thy pleasure dome.  
That emerald kingdom with jeweled walls.  
Built upon them are the palisades.

( the definition of palisade is:  
entanglement, fence, barrier, cliff, enclosure, steep bluff, and  
imprisonment, ed.)

\*\*\*\*\*

### WAR

Where have all the men gone?  
Far, far away.

What of the work to be done?  
We shall do it today.

Who will tend the fields?  
No one can say.

When will they return?  
When they find a way.

And of the responsibilities left behind?  
Assume them you may.

So they have left?  
They've gone off to play.

Across the sea to fight with their brothers?  
Yes, yes, yes! Off to war today!

\*\*\*\*\*

### WHAT IF ... ?

What if we could change the outcome of  
tomorrow?

What if we could see the future set aside for  
Mankind?

What if we could do things that would truly as-  
tound the mental grasp of our species?

What if we could all be saved?

What if we could become a world of communal  
families, and  
Purge thoughts of aggression,  
Provide relief from starvation, and  
Raise all humanity to a new plateau of greatness?

What if we achieved all this and then had nothing  
to do?

\*\*\*\*\*



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR ...

" I attribute much of my love for Nature to growing up in the country. I remember going hiking across the rolling hills and enjoying the great expanse of openness and freedom. No ' Don't walk on the grass ', signs out there. "

" I was able to experience some of the rare qualities of Nature interacting with Environment and gained a sense of understanding about Life. Man shares many of the personality traits of other animals. "

" One of the first things I would like to accomplish is to have a plaque with, 'COLUMBIA', on it next to the real Columbia in the Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C. You can see the space shuttle launch from Florida and it IS fantastic. "

**Ocean Thermal technology,  
U.S. Pat. 's 4,210,819 and 4,210,820.**

" The heat difference between the upper and lower ocean layers can be used to create fresh water and generate electrical power. This could become significantly important in South Florida where population growth is putting a demand on fixed Ecological resources. It could also help the Mid-West farmer become more productive through irrigation from an endless water source. "

" We have the technology to propel ore from the moon to lunar orbit and then process it into usable compounds. It can be done before 1990 if the project were to receive the financial support of an estimated six billion dollars. "

**Steven Graves currently resides in Pompano Beach, Florida.**





SCOTT MEREDITH



SCOTT MEREDITH LITERARY AGENCY INC

June 2, 1987

Dear Mr. Graves:

Thanks for sending us MY VISTAS, along with \$50 to help cover our costs of considering the collection of prose poems for possible representation. We're proud to have represented Frank Kane's work for many years, and we continue to represent his oeuvre on behalf of Frank's estate and Ann Kane, and we're grateful for the recommendation from her. We do look forward to completing our consideration of MY VISTAS, which we've already started, and toward that end, I'm enclosing a copy of our agency information booklet.

The important thing to note is that we're an agency, not a publisher. We represent material to publishers on behalf of authors, and what we're doing with MY VISTAS is considering the collection for possible representation, giving it multiple readings and many careful discussions in order to determine its salability.

Since that's a time-consuming and expensive process, we do have to ask newer authors,

(over)

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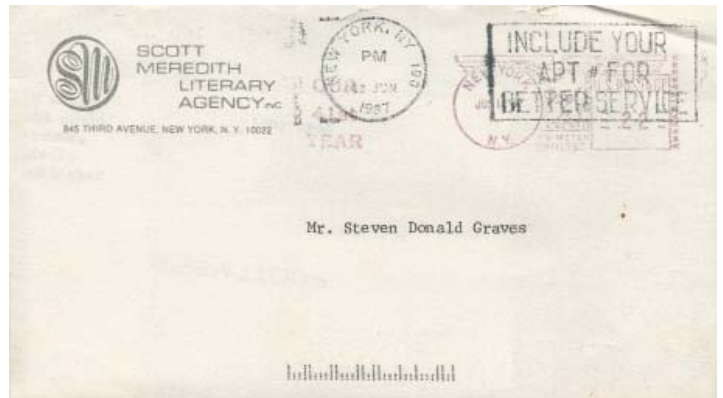
not yet established in the major markets, to pay a fee to help cover our costs of consideration. You'll find a listing of those fees on pages 8 and 9 of the booklet, and for a collection of fewer than fifty prose poems, such as MY VISTAS, our fee's \$300. There's a \$250 difference between your \$50 payment and our current fee, and I'm enclosing a prepaid reply envelope for your convenience in making that remittance.

Needless to say, we hope to be embarking on a long and mutually rewarding relationship with you — a relationship that can match that which we've had with Frank and Anne Kane over the years.

Best wishes,

*Scott Meredith*

SM:or/enc.



Mr. Steven Donald Graves

SCOTT MEREDITH



SCOTT MEREDITH LITERARY AGENCY INC

June 12, 1987

Dear Mr. Graves:

Thanks for your payment of \$250, which completes payment in full of our \$300 fee to cover costs of considering MY VISTAS for possible representation. We're now finishing up our work on the prose poems, and we'll contact you with our findings as soon as possible.

Best wishes,

*Scott Meredith*

SM:or

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# Requiem

(a mass for the dead)

A short story

By  
Steven Donald Graves

July 4 2017

## Intro

A grandfather is having a heart attack during the 1968 D.C. Riots. He needs to tell his grandson the story of an American family and give him the watch that has been in their family for generations. His son had died at the Port Chicago, California naval munitions loading station (July 17, 1944) before he could pass on the oral history of his heritage.

## Beginning of the story

It starts with a father's birth. His mother went into labor a few days before the Boston Massacre (March 5, 1770). After the Boston Tea Party (December 16, 1773), the British crown enacted the Coercive Acts (1774) ending self-government in Massachusetts and closed Boston's commerce with a barricade/blockade. The family, being merchants, moved to Philadelphia. They were there when the Declaration of Independence was signed on July 4, 1776. The inquisitive youngster was given a signed copy by Thomas Jefferson himself. At Valley Forge during the winter (1777 - 1778) he accompanied the relief effort to bring supplies to the troops there with Samuel Adams. The thick stout beer was a food staple for them. The eleven year old was wounded accompanying a supply mission at Yorktown, Virginia. After the war he was presented the badge of Military Merit (Purple Heart) at a private ceremony at Mount Vernon.

When the Capital was set fire in 1814 during the British burning of D.C, he and his two sons rushed from their home in Baltimore to the Executive Mansion (White House) to help Dolley Madison save the classic portrait of George Washington. In 1810 parts of West Florida were annexed by James Madison over a dispute over the Louisiana Purchase. Some of the land was given to them for helping Dolley at the White House.

When the brothers turn twenty-five he tells his two sons to go out and see the world. His elder son seeks enlightenment due to his friendship with Thomas Jefferson. The other seeks wealth and fortune and becomes a slave trader, saddening his father. "We are alive today because of the older one. Not the greed of the younger bringing the captured to America", says his grandfather.

The elder first travels to France." A wonderful place," Ben Franklin had told his father. At the Notre Dame Cathedral he is taken aback by the sculpture over the entrance, a black man is included. The Bishop tells him that all men have a soul and are worthy of God's grace and insisting that education is a

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Content Title: Requiem  
Pages of Sand

### Completion/Publication

Year of Completion: 2017

### Author

Author: Steven Graves  
Author Created: TEXT  
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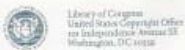
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human right. "It may be revealed to you in mysterious ways". He starts a merchant business in the Ghana Africa salt-gold trade. While traveling across the desert some years later to negotiate a renewing commerce agreement he sees the slave traders marching their captives to the sea. Some of the rings connected by the chains are empty. "Look closely, you can see the dry crusted blood from their decapitation," says his guide. Despondent, he sells the business and travels to London. It is the winter (December 1843) where he buys the first edition of "A Christmas Carol". So moved by the story, he gives half of his profits from the salt trade to the church to feed the poor then sends a message to the Bishop of Notre Dame to expect money also. The author is there and he signs his copy. These events do not go unnoticed by a beautiful Spanish woman. They soon fall in love and marry. She had wished to see "Spanish" Florida so they sail together to St. Augustine. They witness the harsh treatment to the small groups of Indians remaining following the 1838 trail of tears and the Second Seminole War as they travel the state and resolve to help them by providing them food, blankets and some canvas for shelters. Unfortunately, some of the blankets were infested with small pox and his wife of only a few years dies childless. He sails back to London for the 1851 World Fair. (5/1 -10/15 1851).

(1852)

He receives word that his father has passed and as the first born he inherits the entire estate, including vast land holdings in West Florida given by President Madison because of the help provided during the burning of D.C. many years prior.

(Summer 1852)

While sailing back to America the ship is attacked by pirates. The captives are transferred to a slave traders vessel captained by his brother who beats him and tosses him into the hold with the chained "property". A hurricane swamps the vessel. He is able to free many below before the ship sinks taking his brother and the crew with it. He is washed ashore with some of the freed on the eastern shore of Florida. Recognized by a Seminole tribesman from the charity to his clan earlier he is nursed to health. They assist him and the survivors to travel to his inherited plantation in West Florida near the Chattahoochee River.

## Part Two – The Plantation

He discovers that the land inherited from his father is not quite what he had envisioned as his memory of the gift seemed such a grand gesture in his youth. Parts of the Independent State of West Florida was added to the State of Louisiana and annexed to the Mississippi territory in 1812 and the Perdido-Appalachia portion acquired by Florida in 1819. Still, his father was a wise merchant and skillful negotiator consolidating the holdings close to supply and trade routes with fertile soil and a reliable water source.

(January 1853)

Arriving with several black men and a group of Indians instantly inferred him to be a person of influence and wealth. Not to be trifled with even though he had the speech and manner of a northern Yankee. The buildings are simple yet functional; a French creole style main house (raised basement, full front porch with a separate entrance door to each room, and a central chimney), some old cotton gins from the 1820's in the barn and a few dilapidated shacks for the workers. While looking over the records he discovers many inconsistencies. The planter had been stealing his father blind for years; understating the harvest and selling price of cotton and bootlegging the rum to pirates. The final straw came quickly. Shortly after the day he witnessed the savage beating of a worker in the field that had collapsed from dehydration and exhaustion he orders all the overseers to the front porch the next morning and hands them fair compensation as he told them they were no longer needed. Many laughed calling him naive and foolish. "They will sleep all day and your harvest will rot in the field without strict discipline and punishment for the lazy "savages". "You know they said something else", his father explained, "but that is the oral history told to me".

It was quiet that first night. He knew he was the outsider, a stranger in a strange land. While wandering around the main house to absorb the enormity of his situation, he found himself in the library; a place filled with dust and neglect. Looking around the room at the books by Homer, Aristotle, and Shakespeare he sees a tall glass container in a corner nook. Inside is his fathers signed copy of the Declaration of Independence from Thomas Jefferson and the Military Merit Medal from George Washington. As the light of dawn began to fill the room he could make out these words pressed against the glass jar, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are empowered by their creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed".

The workers were unaware the morning had truly brought a new day for them. They were confused when their routine was changed and lead to the front porch. His words were strange to them. What was he saying? Liberty? Consent? What did that mean? They would soon find out.

The first order of business was to repair their shacks to keep the wind and the rain out, then the barn. The fields were worked but not at the punishing rate as before. Foremen were chosen amongst themselves and water taken for them. He knew it was a good first start and the plantation was mostly self-sufficient but the tools were worn from neglect. It was at that moment that he received word of several crates of cargo waiting for him at the port of St. Mark's. Providence had again lent him a hand up. The trip to the harbor was not without incident though. One of his workers was assaulted and he was swift to punish the offender. "You will not lay hands on my "property", and the die was set. Some were sympathetic since the rights of ownership were well defined but this was the south and the rumors about the northerner amongst them began. The harbor master was not one of them. He had seen the ship's manifest.

Opening the crates back home turned out to be Christmas day for him such was the bounty of tools, seeds and cloth. Samuel Colt was true to his word and sent several of the 1851 Navy revolvers with many five chamber "extra" cylinders. There were new cotton gins and books including his signed "A Christmas Carol" he had left behind in London with a note from the Westminster Abby thanking him again for his generosity and updates on the use of the endowment. There was also a letter from the bishop of Notre Dame thanking him for his previous gifts and mentioning the parish in New Orleans and the difficulties concerning the Church of St. Louis. The passing of the friar Antonio de Sedella who had dedicated himself to the prisoners of the city as well as to the large slave population was a deep loss. Of course he would help and sent back word right away.

(April 1853)

The slave trade in heavily catholic dominated New Orleans was governed by the French Code Noir that kept families together; mothers and their children could not be separated and whole families were kept relatively close to each other. Many residents of the city would rather keep their furniture and china before a slave and with the assistance of the church and his tithing to St. Louis, the plantation grew. More workers meant greater production and more money for improvements. Easter that year was to be a celebration for the grace of God bestowed upon them. The Seminoles were successful in their hunting and fishing "and hiding" along Lake Miccosukee and brought duck and fish for the event.

The unexpected visit by the locals who witnessed the banquet were appalled. Breaking bread with soulless savages and his "helpers"? "Again, you know they said something else," his grandfather stated. He knew that he would have to move forward carefully and begin preparations for the coming storm.

A new barn was constructed that hid a cavernous meeting place underneath. There would be no prying eyes to see the next holiday celebration. A network of tunnels, a maze really, that could bring everyone there unseen. That Christmas he gave everyone a velvet pouch to put around their neck. If anyone were to ask about it they were to say it was Poseidon's staff, their mark of ownership but the three lines really meant something else. Inside some were given a coin. "You might need it someday. A few others contained an extra cylinder for his revolvers, "Just in case," he said. "I may need it someday."

And so the years past. He receives updates of the political turmoil in Washington. The Kansas-Nebraska Act that allowed the slavery issue to be decided by a vote of the settlers. On May 22, 1856 South Carolina congressman Brook beat Senator Sumner with a cane after Sumner gave a speech attacking southern sympathizers' pro-slavery violence in Kansas with Brooks being lionized throughout the southern states. It was determined by the Supreme Court that Dred Scott (March 6, 1857) did not come free when he was transported into a free state, slavery could not be banned by the U.S. Congress in a territory, and blacks were not eligible for citizenship. Then there was the Lincoln-Douglas debate in Illinois from August 21<sup>st</sup> through October 15<sup>th</sup> 1858.

Some of the arrivals were confused at first. What is this place? A few wished to leave. "You can go anytime you want, but know that this is a safe place. Out there..." and he always drifted off never

completing his words. Many bore the marks of their bondage and understood what he was saying. Some that left came back with stories that frightened the young, others were never seen again.

One of the many young children could read very well and so every night she would choose a book from the library and read to him until he fell asleep. His mind was troubled by nightmares that came throughout the night. Fitful rest was a precious commodity for him now. One night he awoke screaming, startling the young girl who had fallen asleep in the chair, "Fifty one thousand dead in three days". He had dreamt of Gettysburg. (July 1-3, 1863)

He went to see his Indian brother. His clan had nursed him back to health after the ocean had spit him out and left him for dead on that sandy beach so many years ago. "You are having visions my friend, seeing that which the Spirits wish to share with you. Sit with me. Tell me what they have said to you."

"Bloodshed like never before," he began. "Waves of men crossing an open field, sent forth again and again to be slaughtered from balls of flame. Arms and legs ripped off from their bodies. A wailing and bawling of pain, screams of agony shrieking out of the darkness with the cries lifting up to the heavens that made even the angles weep. Sometimes I find myself in a place, such as a hill overlooking a cemetery with thousands of tombstones. Or outside a church with the two sides moving back and forth with so many on the ground motionless followed by the dawn and more of the dead floating on a rising river of blood. I could be looking down a lane in the morning full of life and by noon there is nothing but death. Sometimes the fighting lasts all day. Another dream had me trying to cross a stone bridge all day without success; starting over and over again. I saw fireflies in a cornfield and walked back and forth all morning looking for them. Once I dreamt of starving men, skin and bones trapped in a cage. There were brothers versus brothers in hand to hand combat with such hatred in their eyes."

His friend could not hide the look on his face. He did not know what to say except that a terrible event clothed in darkness was coming; one to decide the fate of men and end their arguments and quarrels at great cost that would swallow whole families. "It took years after the Civil War was over that the writing from historians would tell us what he saw," states his grandfather. "Pickett's charge at Gettysburg with over fifty percent casualties at cemetery ridge. Shiloh was one of the bloodiest battles in America's history that killed 8,500 confederates in one day and totaling almost 24,000 casualties. One side being pushed back – the Confederate attack, then the other side pushing them back – the Union counterattacks (at Shiloh church). The battle of Chickamauga in Georgia killed or wounded over 34,000 in two days. On a single day in Antietam almost 23,000 were dead, wounded, or missing. Spotsylvania Virginia had 20 straight hours of bloody fighting with 32,000 casualties. Antietam in Sharpsburg, Maryland was the bloodiest single day battle with 22,717 dead, wounded, or missing and the Burnside bridge assault stalled several times. The fireflies were the glint of bayonets in the Antietam cornfield that changed hands at least fifteen times in the morning. The Siege of Vicksburg where the Confederates held out for forty days until the supplies were gone was the cage he had dreamt of. Nearly 620,000 died, 2% of the U.S. population then.

When he returned home to the plantation that evening he learned of a terrible event. One of the men that had been badly beaten and whipped by a previous owner had gotten into the rum cellar and drank himself into a stupor. Despondent from the tragedies in his life; the loss of his wife and children, ripped from his homeland where he had the status of a prince only to be abducted and sold by a rival that desired his possessions, he became enraged at his fate and lashed out at everything and everyone around him. Many tried to stop his rampage but were tossed aside like leaves in the wind. He had gone into the main house, found the young girl asleep in a bedroom holding a book and raped her.

Running into the house he could hear the sobbing. Her mother held her tightly as the blood spread across the floor. He walked over and saw the book still clutched tightly in her small hands. It was his family bible. He slowly released her grip and saw the bookmark in the page she had selected for the reading that night and said to her, "Tonight let me read to you". It was from Isaiah 6:8. "And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, whom shall I send and who will go for us? And I said, here I am. Send me!"

The next day the bound and gagged slave, "this is the only time I was told this word when I heard the story. I think it meant that he was a slave to his demons, not to the servitude for the plantation owner," added his grandfather, and was taken to auction. When the bidders saw the marks from the beatings, many in the audience began to think that they had misjudged the northerner. Maybe he wasn't some damn sympathizer after all.

An obelisk had been built close to a heavily wooded area near the edge of the property. He had constructed it for his internment, his final resting place like his friend Thomas Jefferson. Instead the young girl was laid to rest there. He asked the workers to find and move the others who had fallen before he arrived and bury them near her marked by a large stone with a cross chiseled on the top. A tunnel was started from the barn to the obelisk.

On November 6, 1860 Abraham Lincoln wins the presidential election. On December 20, 1860 South Carolina secedes from the Union. On February 4, 1861 in Montgomery, Alabama a convention formed the Confederate States of America. Four days later Jefferson Davis is president and seven states join. The Florida concession occurred on January 10, 1861 and admitted on February 4, 1861. Florida's population was thirty-eight percent "workers".

His grandfather labored to breath now. "Pop, let me take you to the hospital". "Not yet, I'm almost through," he replied.

It was a cold winter night when the beaten rapist returned to the plantation to warn that the rebels were coming. Those with the cylinders gathered around him with sacks of paper cartridges and metal balls at the ready for reloading. The others were told to take what they could carry and go to the meeting place under the barn. The fighting seemed to go on forever. His marksmanship was true as each shot flew out at 1,000 feet per second. The cylinders were carefully reloaded again and again until they became too hot to handle. "Fall back," he cried yet some refused and took the bullet meant for him. "There is no greater love then to lay down your life..." as the tears began to form in his grandfather's eyes, until they had to retreat.

The rebels set fire to the main house and then the workers buildings as they advanced toward the barn. He told them all to head down the tunnel to the obelisk. One that had the foresight to rescue the jar containing the declaration and the war medal, because it was well known to them how much they meant to him was stopped. A tightly wrapped leather pouch containing "A Christmas Carol" was carried by another. "Hand me those, take food instead," he said.

He grabbed the one who had warned them. "You want absolution? Here, take this watch and lead them to St. Marks with my Seminole brothers. Show the watch to the old harbor master there and open it. Show him the word inside. (Moses). He will tell you the way to go south along the old Spanish underground railroad to safety." The rebels rushed down the tunnel slowed only by the few bullets he had left. He turned around to see the last of the group climb out of the obelisk then lit the dynamite collapsing the passageway and burying the rebels and himself. A heavy rain muffled their noise as they escaped to freedom.

His grandson's eyes widened as he realized the family secret. "Can I take you to the hospital now?"

### The discovery

It would be two more generations before the reality of the story by finding the obelisk would be sought out; the era of Facebook, the internet, and tweets.

Wanting to take a year off before starting college, the latest descendent of the storyteller went to northwest Florida seeking the truth. Using old survey maps and property deeds he downloaded to his phone had given him a general idea where to search if any of it was factual. It grew late so he decided to camp for the night. He awoke early the next day and as he was packing up the gear he noticed a twinkling light just above the horizon. Something metal gleaming off the dawns light? It took him most of the morning to get there. He had to leave his jeep behind as the woods thickened. When he found the obelisk it was overgrown with brush and hanging moss. He was surprised he could have seen it at all but there it was near the top a silver plaque of the all Seeing Eye. He pulled out a dollar from his wallet just to be sure and then the watch. They all had the same image. How had it stayed so clean after all these years? Just as he questioned himself a breeze caused the nearby trees branches to brush across it gently kissing away blemishes from the years of time.

The successions of these events were dumbfounding. What was it called, providence? He tore off the foliage with renewed determination. There must be an entrance here somewhere. He moved his hands along the bottom and felt a cool breeze coming up from one of the cracks in the stone. He pried it up with his knife being careful not to break the blade. He peered down with his flashlight and went in. Sure enough there was an entrance to a tunnel. He hadn't gone far before he discovered part of a body. He scraped away the dirt and rocks with increasing vigor and found the jar and the leather satchel. He couldn't believe it was so and hurried out of the obelisk. No cell service?! He began to run back to his car and tripped over a stone with a cross on it breaking his phone; giving him a short time of quiet

reflection. He took another moment to read the inscriptions along the base. "I have devoted myself to the cause of the people. It is a good cause – it shall ultimately prevail – it shall finally triumph." (Political martyrs monument, 1844, Edinburgh, Scotland) "And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, whom shall I send and who will go for us? And I said, here I am. Send me!" Isaiah 6:8. "The path you start on to reach your destination is not the one that takes you there." s.d.g. (German – "goloma doma gott" - Known only to God.)

### Epilogue

His Facebook page had many responses and postings from around the world with tweets coming in from every corner of the globe. The story had not just been passed down from his lineage but those who had survived that night too. A plan was made for them all to meet at the obelisk on the date of his father's birth, (March 2, 1770). They numbered in the hundreds as each person laid a memento upon the stone. There were velvet pouches, some with the coin still inside or containing a cylinder for the navy revolver. Others laid a symbol representing their religion; stones, roses and countless other objects. The masses represented every variance of color and race. He would be proud, or maybe happily surprised at what he had accomplished.

### The End



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#### BOOK INFORMATION

Please classify your book and enter it in the following categories. Multiple entries must be accompanied by a separate \$50 fee for each book.

\* Category Entered: Fiction

\* Title: Requiem (a mass for the dead)

\* Publisher: self

Author: Steven Donald Graves

Editor: some

\* Brief description of your book: historical fiction

#### APPLICANT INFORMATION

\* Applicant's Name: Steven Graves

Mailing Address:

Contact Phone:

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\* How did you hear about this festival? Other

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#### 2017 SAN FRANCISCO BOOK FESTIVAL CALL FOR ENTRIES

SAN FRANCISCO \_ The 2018 San Francisco Book Festival has issued a call for entries to its annual competition honoring the best books of the spring.

The 2018 San Francisco Book Festival will consider non-fiction, fiction, biography/autobiography, children's books, compilations/anthologies, young adult, how-to, cookbooks, science fiction, business, history, wild card, gay, photography/art, poetry, unpublished, technology and spiritual/religious works. There is no date of publication deadline.

**Our grand prize for the 2018 San Francisco Book Festival is a \$1500 appearance fee and a flight to San Francisco for our gala awards ceremony in May, 2018.**

Submitted works will be judged by a panel of industry experts using the following criteria:

- 1) General excellence and the author's passion for telling a good story.
- 2) The potential of the work to reach a wider audience.

**TO ENTER:** Entry forms are available online at [sanfranciscobookfestival.com](http://sanfranciscobookfestival.com) or may be faxed/e-mailed to you. Please contact our office at 323-665-8080 for fax requests. Applications must be accompanied by a non-refundable entry fee of \$50 in the form of a check, money order or PayPal online payment in U.S. dollars for each submission. Multiple submissions are permitted but each entry must be accompanied by a separate form and entry fee.

**AWARDS:** The San Francisco Book Festival selection committee reserves the right to determine the eligibility of any project.

#### CONTACT:

[SanFranciscoBKfest@sbcglobal.net](mailto:SanFranciscoBKfest@sbcglobal.net)  
323-665-8080

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7095 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood CA 90028

Steven Graves

**From:** SanFranciscoBKfest@sbcglobal.net  
**Sent:** Wednesday, April 25, 2018 4:50 PM  
**To:**  
**Cc:** SanFranciscoBKfest@sbcglobal.net  
**Subject:** San Francisco Book Festival Entry Received

#### Dear San Francisco Book Festival Entrant:

Just a note that we have received your work and it is entered into the 2018 competition. The judges will be comparing your work to others in your category of entry over the next few weeks, and some tough decisions loom. We will be honoring our winners and honorable mentions in March in San Francisco at the **Hotel Rex**, so stay tuned for details!

We'd like to invite you to consider our other festivals that are currently open for entries. All offer cash prizes and a chance to meet your fellow authors and publishers in the respective festival cities, with some also offering seminars and direct sales opportunities.

They include:

The Paris Book Festival ([www.parisbookfestival.com](http://www.parisbookfestival.com))  
The Green Book Festival ([www.greenbookfestival.com](http://www.greenbookfestival.com))  
The New York Book Festival ([www.newyorkbookfestival.com](http://www.newyorkbookfestival.com))  
The Beach Book Festival ([www.beachbookfestival.com](http://www.beachbookfestival.com))  
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The Amsterdam Book Festival ([www.amsterdambookfestival.com](http://www.amsterdambookfestival.com))

If you would like to enter multiple festivals, visit [newyorkbookfestival.com](http://newyorkbookfestival.com) and look under the "multiple entries" tab. You can send fewer books and receive a discount on entry fees.

We receive many inquiries from our entrants regarding feedback and marketing assistance. If you would like to get a detailed critique from our judges and marketing advice on your work, please visit our Modern Media Publicity division web site at [www.modernmediapublicity.com](http://www.modernmediapublicity.com) and let us know which services are of interest, or just directly order a critique.

On behalf of all of us, thank you for entering the 2018 San Francisco Book Festival. Good luck in the competition!

Sincerely,

Bruce Haring  
and the staff of  
The San Francisco Book Festival

**From:** SanFranciscoBKfest@sbcglobal.net  
**Sent:** Sunday, June 17, 2018 4:42 PM  
**To:**  
**Subject:** San Francisco Promotional Items Available

#### Dear San Francisco Book Festival Entrant:

It was a fantastic night at the San Francisco wharf on Saturday, and the spotlight was shining brightly on some of the globe's top international authors and publishers, sharing laughs, insights, and the sense of accomplishment that comes only after braving those lonely nights of writing and emerging on the other side.

It was a night to remember in one of the world's greatest cities, and we're glad all of our attendees could share it with us.

Now that the festival is over, it's time to leverage your success. We are offering gold foil stickers, digital badges, critiques and other promotional items that will help you tell the world about your placement. Send a note to [orders@jmnorthermedia.com](mailto:orders@jmnorthermedia.com) and we'll send you the order form. **Deadline for ordering is close of business on Tuesday, June 26, 2018.**

We'd also like to remind you of our other upcoming festivals. All offer the perfect opportunity to meet and mingle with fellow authors and publishers in the world's greatest cities, with some featuring panels and seminars.

Don't forget, you can enter any of our festivals at any time. The complete list of what's available is on our **New York Book Festival** web site at [under "multiple entries."](#) The form offers a chance to send in fewer books and get a discount on entry fees.

Winners, runner-ups and honorable mention placements are also eligible to join our **"Table of Honor"**, which memorializes your triumph with a link to your home page or Amazon. This is a sales tool that returns on investment for years to come.

Thank you for your contributions to the **San Francisco Book Festival** and to the literary community in general. We wish you continued success in your publishing endeavors and please keep us informed of your progress.

Sincerely,

Bruce Haring  
and the staff of  
The San Francisco Book Festival

**Sent:** Tuesday, June 26, 2018 11:55 AM  
**To:** 'gabri@austinfilmfestival.com'  
**Cc:**  
**Subject:** podcast entry "Requiem" by Steven Donald Graves  
**Expires:** Tuesday, July 03, 2018 12:00 AM

Dear Ms. Lindgren,

Thank you for the heads up on the format you are looking for. The mostly narrative short story has only a few sentences spoken by the characters in the story. I will resend it in script form soon. Is there anything I should include in the resubmission; entry form, payment reference, or other correspondence? If you do not receive the update by the final deadline, please keep the entry fee as a donation to the festival. ( Pay it forward).

Sincerely,

Steven Graves

**From:** Gabbi Lindgren <gabri@austinfilmfestival.com>  
**Sent:** Monday, June 25, 2018 1:04 PM  
**To:**  
**Subject:** Regarding your AFF Podcast Entry  
**Attachments:** Amelia Project - Sample.pdf, Certification\_html

Hi Steven,

We received your entry in the mail today and I am writing to let you know that we are unable to accept your entry in its current state. While I'm sure you have a great story, we're looking for completed scripts that would be ready to be produced. Since your entry is more of just a series bible, it would not be fair to accept your money and entry. I am including a couple examples of scripts for you (including the one attached) to give you an idea of what we're looking for. With a final deadline of July 6, there's still time for you to adapt your story into a strong podcast script.

Formatting example: <http://downloads.bbc.co.uk/writersroom/scripts/radious.pdf>

<https://i2.wp.com/austinfilmfestival.com/wp-content/uploads/2017/06/LIMETOWN-PG-1.png?ssl=1>  
This link is a sample from the produced Fiction Podcast, Limetown.

And this link gives some great tips for writing audio fiction! <https://www.thepodcasthost.com/fiction-podcasts/writing-for-audio/>

Thanks and best of luck to you!

Gabbi Lindgren  
Script Competitions Coordinator  
Austin Film Festival  
1801 Salina St.  
Austin, TX 78702  
512-478-4795 (office) | 512-478-6206 (fax)

**Do you have an incredible story?**  
Adapt & submit it to our **Scripted Fiction Podcast Competition!**  
Deadline July 6th  
[www.AustinFilmFestival.com](http://www.AustinFilmFestival.com) / [www.OnStory.tv](http://www.OnStory.tv)

With the exception of some descriptive background sound elements and different character voices, it was mostly the same.



I sent Requiem via registered mail. With the exception of the certified return receipt, I received no other responses. The one sent to CBS This Morning has been lost in transit since the Nor'easter. The Radio City office never answered their phone, eventually I stopped calling

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**AUSTIN FILM FESTIVAL**  
September 13, 2018  
Steven Graves

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BARBARA MORGAN

Dear Steven Graves,  
Thank you for entering *Requiem* into the 2018 Austin Film Festival Fiction Podcast Script Competition. We were again thrilled and impressed by the range of tremendous stories submitted to this year's Competition.  
It was extremely challenging to determine which scripts would advance to the Second Round. Unfortunately, your script did not advance this year.  
The privilege of reading your script is something that we at Austin Film Festival take very seriously. We understand the courage and commitment it takes to conceive an idea, execute it, and then take the vulnerable step to put it into the hands of strangers to be judged. To ensure each script was given fair and careful consideration, each work was evaluated at least twice by different readers. However, please remember, judging art at this level is by nature, extremely subjective.  
Do not let this discourage you. Your writing talent and the measure of your script's success is not determined solely by the outcome of a competition. This is an industry that demands persistence and Austin Film Festival is just one stop in your journey as a writer. If writing is your passion, continue to pursue it. Additionally, please continue to explore the world of fiction podcasts and audio drama! This emerging medium is evolving and growing quickly and offers so much potential to writers to share their stories and connect with audiences.  
Austin Film Festival and I wish you all the best in your future endeavors and we hope we can continue to be a resource for you in the future.  
Sincerely,  
Gabrielle Lindgren  
Fiction Podcast Script Competition Director  
gabbli@austinfilmfestival.com

PHONE: 512.478.4795 • 800.310.FEST  
OFFICE: 1001 SALINA STREET • AUSTIN, TEXAS 78702  
FAX: 512.478.4295  
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<b>2. Article Number (Transfer from service label)</b> 7015 1730 0000 1242 9563	<b>3. Service Type</b> <input type="checkbox"/> Adult Signature <input type="checkbox"/> Registered Mail Express® <input type="checkbox"/> Adult Signature Restricted Delivery <input type="checkbox"/> Registered Mail™ <input type="checkbox"/> Certified Mail® <input type="checkbox"/> Registered Mail Restricted Delivery <input type="checkbox"/> Collect on Delivery <input type="checkbox"/> Return Receipt for Merchandise <input type="checkbox"/> Collect on Delivery Restricted Delivery <input type="checkbox"/> Signature Confirmation™ <input type="checkbox"/> Signature Confirmation Restricted Delivery	
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From: auto-reply@usps.com  
 Sent: Wednesday, March 28, 2018 2:08 PM  
 To:  
 Subject: USPS® Delivery Exception 70173380000085487508  
 Attachments: \_Certification\_.html



Hello Steven Graves,

Your package has a delivery exception. The package is delayed and will not be delivered by the expected delivery date. An updated delivery date will be provided when available. As of March 2, 2018 at 11:40 pm, your package is still on its way. We apologize that it will arrive later than expected.

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From: Gabbi Lindgren <gabbli@austinfilmfestival.com>  
 Sent: Tuesday, December 04, 2018 5:40 PM  
 To:  
 Subject: Your AFF Reader Comments

Hi Steven Graves,

Thank you again for sharing your work with us this year in the Fiction Podcast Competition and for your patience with receiving your notes. All eligible entrants are provided complimentary Reader Comments, which are a brief overall summary of one of your reader's notes. The comments are not comprehensive but will provide insight into the reader's reaction to your script. Please note, however, that these comments do not reflect the opinion of Austin Film Festival, its staff, or sponsors; they are the opinion of the reader assigned to your material. Your notes are included below.

**Script Title:** Requiem  
**Comments:** This is an interesting concept as it tells the story of several generations of men who are involved in big moments in American history, largely surrounding the American Revolution and the Civil War. The story is told via a narrator and, unfortunately, it does feel a bit like a history report rather than a drama, as most of the scenes are not acted out. For example, "While sailing back to America, the ship is attacked by pirates." It would be fascinating to hear that scene as it plays out through the use of dialogue that could be employed by voice actors along with audio cues to fill in the gaps of what we would "see" if this were on screen; however, we are only told the facts by the narrator. It would be helpful if there were cues given so that the audience would know who was speaking (Ben Franklin, Desert Guide, etc) rather than just hearing an unidentified voice. This feels like a self-contained story, and there was no indication given that there were further episodes to make this an actual series, or that this might be part of an anthology. I would encourage the writer to find ways to present scenes in a dramatized fashion, with characters and dialogue, rather than relying on a narrator to simply read the story to us in a straightforward way. I also wasn't sure how we got from the 1700s to present day with only two generations, so that might need to be addressed in the next rewrite. I enjoyed the historical element of the story, as Grandfather is involved in the Revolution and the Civil War, and the element of the family haircuts is also quite interesting.

It is important to bear in mind that these notes are subjective and your script was read by at least two readers. Only approximately 20% of this year's submissions advanced to the Second Round making for a very challenging selection process. The notes and thoughts provided are to help in your writing process and to reinforce our mission for championing writers.

This is an industry that demands persistence and one opinion cannot truly define your talent as a writer. If writing is your passion, please continue to pursue it, and we hope to be a resource for you again in the future.

Best of luck with your writing onward and upward!

Take care,

Gabbi Lindgren  
 Director of the Fiction Podcast Script Competition  
 Austin Film Festival

I found this a fair assessment of my story as it was not first written as a podcast but as my historical point of view of possibilities.



This story for a time machine came about when I heard that anti-matter might exist in the surf of the ocean.

# Panes of Sand

By  
Steven Donald Graves

(Part One)

The wheels of the skateboard clicked melodically as Jake approached the bus stop. Balanced precariously, he had taken up the sport only recently; the peaceful rhythm let his mind wander ...

The sky is blue not because it reflects the oceans but from the chemical frequency of the Earth's atmosphere. Our understanding of the universe is flawed because the speed of light as a constant only allows us to "see" a fixed distance. Couldn't there be something more out there from billions of years before that hasn't reached us yet? Just because we haven't discovered it yet doesn't make it any less real.

Neglecting his focus on the task at hand Jake loses his balance and takes a nasty fall on the concrete just as the transit bus arrives. The spectacle causes a moment of spontaneous laughter from the crowd. He climbs the bus steps with a wince adding even more drama to the bloody scrapes and torn clothing.

"Hi Floyd," Jake says greeting the driver.

Floyd frowns, "Don't you think you're too old for that silly kid stuff by now," he asks.

Jake replies, "If age puts you in a box and all you can see is the passing of time rushing by ..." he pauses, "to know ... to really understand ... yourself, is to know the world.

Jake finds a seat as the other riders scoot around awkwardly, embarrassed at their reaction to his misfortune. Finding an open window spot he settles in for the long ride to the beach. The streets of Los Angeles are charged with the unique and the unusual, the diverse and the perverse scattering of all that the city has to offer.

Arriving at his designation Jake exits through the front of the bus.

"Stay safe out there today," Floyd adds, "You're not going to try surfing today are you? It looks a little rough out there."

"We'll see," Jake replies with a smile. "If the spirit moves me. Anyway, salt water is good stuff for my cuts. You know ... the healing power of the ocean."

Jake hobbles off the last step of the bus.

"Maybe not today," he whispers and walks to a cabana to rent a beach chair.

He stays the entire afternoon enjoying the breeze, the cool water, and the crashing waves foaming the shoreline. The surfers gliding gracefully, seemingly effortlessly across the silky, satin water.

xxx

Jake works the midnight shift at a technology research center. The glass building is dark except for the lobby entrance where the security guard waits to buzz Jake in. The cold and sterile structure representing the heart of the theoretical physics center office.

"Good evening Professor," Warren the guard says and writes down his name in the log as Jake presents his ID pass. "If you don't mind me asking," he begins, "how come a guy with your talent works here at night? I've made some poor choices but I'm going to the community college in the valley to make up for all the time I wasted partying and stuff. But you," he pauses, "rumor has it that Dr. Sorensen was quite embarrassed when he finally had to admit that you fixed the problem they had on level five. Those guys were banging their heads for weeks! How'd you do it?"

"One of the benefits of working here at night is the quiet. No office gossip, no who's doing what to whom, did you see the game last night, nobody cutting you off at the knees to get the next promotion.

The guard looks confused, a quizzical look on his face.

"It's my comfort zone," Jake deadpans.

"Oh," he replies as the light bulb goes off in his head.

Jake begins to walk down the marbled hall, "coffee at five?"

"Yeah sounds great, hazelnut?"

"I've got the coffee grounds right here," Jake replies patting his suits coat pocket.

xxx

Arriving at his destination Jake enters his password to unlock the cabinet containing the wireless "net" books then puts his thumb on the security pad. One from the rows of computers ejects and illuminates. Jake enters his voice print activation word, salamander, and carries it out of the room.

Jake wanders the hallways of the expansive research campus. He strolls past the rooms of glass walls and eventually finds himself in the cavernous fusion research engineering department.

"Let's see what their working on."

Password denied.

"That's odd. Must be a government funded "black" OPS project," his curiosity piqued. Let's see," he pauses then begins tapping on his touch pad. "Standard algorithms, add Pi, inject my prime numbers theory. There."

Welcome

Jake peruses the directory for the latest entries.

"Now this looks tempting ... some kind of time relationship theories." Time passes. As he reads the text he inputs symbols on his computer's display pad. Then his watch beeps, letting him know that it's 4:30.

"Mmm, time to make the coffee."

He looks back over the jumbled images. "If I move this here, pipeline that over there, connect those ... hmm. The initial power requirements are off the charts. Even a lightning bolt couldn't move it off dead center. Maybe with some more tweaking ... an influx of raw power ... his voice fading to a whisper. I really need to take this stuff home with me."

Then with confident resolve, "I can slip this by Warren as a micro-dot."

A few more taps on his display and the industrial gauge press over by the far wall activates to form a laminated image of the schematic. Jake trims the image with a hole punch and places it on his forehead, a technique he has used before to focus his attention. He removes

his tie to hold it in place and leaves the room.

Warren arrives in the break room. Jake is leaning back, jeapordous positioning the equilibrium of the chair lost in his own thoughts.

"That's an interesting look, even for you," Warren begins, "what tantalizing discovery are you contemplating now?"

Jake opens his eyes. "That college English course you're taking is really paying off," he replies. "I'm still percolating, like that coffee over there," trying to distract the security guard to something else.

"Smells good," he replies.

The two men pour their java then diverge.

Jake interjects as they part, "I have to go a little early this morning, sign me out will ya?"

"I don't know ..." he starts, sipping his drink.

"I'll show you where that new crack code is for your X-Box."

"Deal!"

The dawn air is crisp and clean as Jake leaves the building and he begins to whistle.

"Today's the day," (for surfing).

Jake waits for the bus. His professional business attire replaced by a t-shirt and swim shorts. A flesh colored Band-Aid now holds the micro-dot in place on his forehead.

Floyd just shakes his head when he sees Band-Aid. "You hurt your head?"

Jake rubs the spot, "It's nothing, just a little something from work."

"Probably walked into a lamppost," Floyd whispers.

The bus ride is a blur of stops and goes. It finally arrives at the shore and Jake bounds off the bus.

Floyd shakes his head, "that man's just plain crazy. Watch over him today Lord Jesus."

There's a crowd at the cabana shack this morning. The beautiful weather has brought out a slew of beach goers. Jake is lucky to rent one of the last surfboard available. Once in the water he struggles to get past the breakers. He looks back at the shore line that seems so far away.

"Every journey begins with the first step."

Jake waits patiently for the perfect wave to begin his adventure. It arrives at last and Jake stands on his board with ease and is soon in the "zone". The thrill shows from the smile on his face. Another surfer suddenly cut in front of him.

"Whoa," he gasps and begins to teeter. Jake loses control, smashes into the break, and tumbles into the churning water.

Jake struggles to reach the surface. The undertow pulls him down again and again, spinning him around in the foam. He is close to unconsciousness as the water spits him out onto the sand.

XXX

Jake is coughing and expelling the salt water. Concerned beachcombers approach Jake.

"Hey dude, are you alright. Where's your board?"

Jake opens his eyes. The scenery is strange. He rubs his faces but the colors are still off like a poor colorization of an old black and white movie.

"I must have hit my head," Jake rasps as he slowly, unsteadily rises to his feet.

"Yeah man, you have a nasty purple bruise on your forehead there."

A scream breaks the air and a girl runs up to the group.

"Oh my god, oh my god," Patti shrieks.

"Patti, what is it?" asks her friend.

"The president's been shot. President Kennedy's been shot in Dallas."

"Kennedy?" Jake starts, "That's not right."

The group of people has gotten bigger around Jake.

"He might have a concussion. Look at me," begins one from the group. Gripping his head firmly then looking deep and intently into his eyes, "Today is November 22, 1963. You're in California."

Jake falls to the sand and splashes into the water next to a young Rose Fitzgerald, then he is

outside the walled estate of Joe Kennedy's home as a ball comes over the fence. Jake senses swirl as images spin past his eyes. Nausea begins to take hold.

"Must concentrate. Focus." Jake closes his eyes tightly.

When he opens them he is back on the beach with the group.

"Man, you look haggard." "Hey where'd you get the ball? It wasn't there before."

End part one.

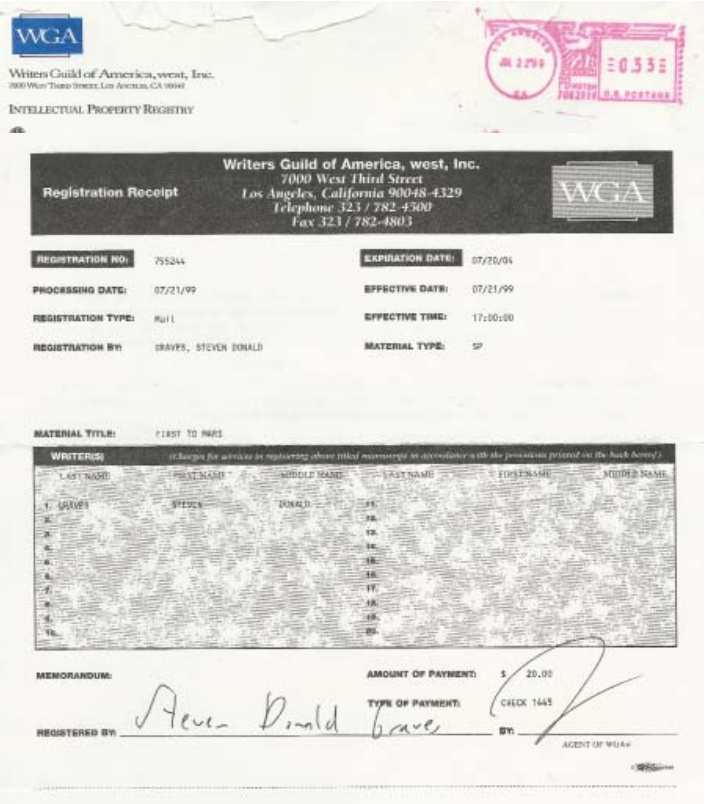


CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION

SHORT FORM PA

Registration details including author name (Margybeth Peters), date (Aug 27, 1999), and fee information.

Main registration form with fields for Title of Work (FIRST TO MARS), Author (STEVEN GRAVES), Date (1999), and Signature.



More in development.



**FIRST TO MARS**

By Steven Graves

Jake is one of the few early space pioneers and lunar explorers who accomplished his achievements on his own, without governmental funds and fiercely maintains his privacy and independence. We find him attending a lecture about Mars. The UN spaceship on route to Mars has experienced trouble. Government thugs attempt to coerce him to give information, unsuccessfully.

Jake rushes to save the crew. He delays a space shuttle until he can get on board. Debby, his ex-lover, is the commander of the space shuttle. She discovers him after they dock with a space station. Their meeting is tense until an old lady who has volunteered for Jake's experimental cancer cure interrupts them. She races to catch his lunar shuttle before it departs.

Jake blasts out of the shuttle air lock and rendezvous' with a secret mag-lev space capsule launcher orbiting the moon before the shuttle lands. After issuing orders, he meets with Bonsai Bill on the lunar surface to prep his rescue craft equipped with an experimental crystal propulsion drive and special morphing abilities. Debby has stowed away on board and he allows her to stay. Jake transforms the capsule after it is underway into a much larger and roomier shape.

Their feelings for each other rekindle and they make love.

Trouble starts when the crystal is activated and the craft accelerates out of control. They slow down enough to deliver the rescue supplies finding five of the seven crew members alive. Jake attempts to slow their spaceship down by placing himself in an anchor type configuration made from parts of the ship. The connecting line burns apart and Jake survives a violent landing on Mars.

While exploring Mars Jake is drawn to a perfectly round, unnatural cave. He proceeds inside falling down a long shaft. Alien plant life dissolves his walker. He falls into a swamp-like bog with only his "natural cotton undergarment" surviving.

The forest is an eerie green containing no flowers, insects or other animals. He is almost killed by "intelligent" vines before the ruling tree intercedes.

Jake discovers that the Martians had used plants to try to clean up their pollution causing biological mutations. The new chemicals destroyed their world. Jake's DNA can change things. Flowers bloom when his sweat and blood touch the ground.

Jake begins to change too and is soon covered with a thin film of green moss.

Jake confronts the ruling plant tree with the fact that the pollution should have expired long ago. Releasing their feelings of guilt and responsibility all the plants transform into shimmering rainbows of light and disappears. The green moss is gone and a space suit lies at his feet. He puts it on before he is pulled out of the cavern from the wind rushing out.

Jake is walking on the surface when the rescue party finds him and they celebrate. Debby asks him about the lingering headaches and his new ability to read people's thoughts. Jake tells her of his desire to explore the cosmos. They enter their repaired spacecraft and take off via a new Martian magna accelerator to explore outer space.

The end.

## First to Mars

## Cast of Characters:

Admiral Jake Graves  
 Commander Debby  
 Commander Michael  
 Space Shuttle Pilot Bob  
 Lunar Shuttle Pilot Chip  
 Bonsai Bill  
 Mission Control Spokesperson  
 Chauffeur  
 Old Lady  
 Workman #1  
 Dark Suit Man #1  
 Dark Suit Man #2  
 Dark Suit Man #3  
 Dark Suit Man #4  
 Dark Suit Man #5  
 Dark Suit Man #6  
 Plant Voice  
 Other Plant Voices  
 Flight Officer  
 Mars Meeting Organizer

**Fade In:** A moving picture of the rough and barren Martian landscape filled with rocks and dust clouds. The camera pans out to reveal that it is a motion picture image being played in a dark auditorium. The film ends and the lights come on exposing a stage area that has been setup for guest speakers. The organizer of the meeting stands at the podium.

**Mars meeting organizer**

(concealing his concern)

"And that concludes the morning segment of our program today here in beautiful south Florida. Since we're running a little late we will begin our afternoon briefing session with an update of the international Mars expedition when we return at one o'clock. Dr. Higgins, the director of the project, will give us an update of the current efforts to reestablish contact with the crew and take questions from the audience."

The filled room starts to empty. The camera begins to find

## First to Mars

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and then close in towards Jake Graves. The confusion of noise from the multitude of voices speaking simultaneously begins to single out to his responses to questions.

**Jake**

(hesitant but smiling  
 and pleasant)

"... let's wait and see ... you really should ask Dr. Higgins that... I can't answer that question..."

We follow Jake as he weaves his way through the crowd and leaves the auditorium followed by three men in dark suits.

He enters the men's room. Two of the dark suited men follow him and enter the men's room after him.

Jake is standing at the urinal doing his business.

**Dark Suit Man #1**

(surly)

"Mr. Graves, I'm with the..."

**Jake**

(confident)

"I know who you guys are. Don't you ever think about upgrading your look to something a little less inconspicuous? Maybe a nice red striped tie to highlight the color of your cheeks."

Jake pees on the shoe of one of the dark suited men.

**Jake**

(cocky and bold, arrogant)

"Oops. Maybe you're standing a little too close."

Jake is finished and turns to wash his hands, seemingly ignoring the oafish presence of the thugs. He watches the men from their reflection in the mirror and sees one approach him.

As one of the thugs attempts to grab Jake, Jake turns and smashes him in the throat and he collapses and gasps. The other man reaches into his jacket and starts to pull out a gun.

A small magnetic projectile abruptly shoots out from under Jake's jacket sleeve and rips the gun out of the man's hand and crashes into the ceramic tiles of the wall. Jake quickly strikes a blow between the second man's eyes and the man drops unconscious.

Jake leaves the restroom to the surprise of the third dark suited man. Jake proceeds outside as the startled third man rushes into the restroom.

Begin Music: Storm Front, (5:15) by Billy Joel, STORM FRONT, © 1989 CBS Records Inc.

**Dark Suit Man #3**

(surprised)

"What happened?"

**Dark Suit Man #1**

(Gasping, barely speaking)

"Follow him... Go!"

Jake approaches his aero-car. His chauffeur greets him.

**Jake**

(orders)

"Get in the back. I'll drive."

**Chauffeur**

(confused)

"But boss..."

The third dark suit guy comes bolting out the entrance. He races toward Jake and the chauffeur.

**Chauffeur**

(Quickly climbing in)

"Uh, shur boss. What ever ya say."

Jake powers up the three jet motors of the aero-car. The craft lifts off the ground effortlessly. The exhaust blows against the third man as he runs up and almost knocks him over. He shields himself from the dust and then shakes his fist at the aero-car as it disappears into the sky.

Jake guides it to the ocean shoreline then banks sharply heading north. The third man radios to a government helicopter waiting nearby and orders it to intercept Jake's craft.

**Chauffeur**

(full of bluster)

"Man, we're in some kinda trouble now."

**Jake**

(determined, he grimaces then taps his buddy on the back.)

"You don't know the half of it. Now climb up front and take the controls."

Jake engages the autopilot before they change seats in the arocar.

**Chauffeur**

(confused with a tortured expression as he raises his hands in dispassion).

"I thought you want to drive."

**Jake**

(more determined with his mind calculating his chances for success).

"Yeah, (pause) we're trying the old bait and switch game to try and fool them. I noticed you were putting in a lot of time in the combat simulator lately.

(Pause)

**Jake**

(Winks and smiles)

"When their pursuit craft gets closer to us I want you to swing out towards the Everglades. Don't lose them!

(glancing behind)

"I want them to follow us. When you fly over the high-speed rail terminal, hit the button for the rear ejection seat. I'm betting they'll think it's you. Try to keep them after you for a while. I've got a plane to catch."

**Chauffeur**

(pointing to the helicopter on the horizon)

"Well there they are. You 'bout ready?"

**Jake**

(snaps on the safety harness and braces himself).

"Rock and roll!"

The aero-craft quickly banks west. As it passes over the train station, Jake pops out. Just as he had hoped, the helicopter pursuing them ignores him, believing that Jake has ejected his chauffeur instead.

Jake stashes the parachute in a nearby dumpster and



straightens up his appearance before proceeding through the terminal gate. He calmly buys a ticket and then boards the magna-lev high-speed train that takes him to Cape Canaveral.

**Fade In:** The space shuttle "Columbia" is fueled and read to go. Inside, the commander is anxious to lift off.

**Shuttle Commander Debby**

(anxious, reviewing the status of the instruments)

"Mission Control this is Columbia, what's the hold up? Over."

**Mission Control Spokesperson**

(unemotional)

"Columbia, mission control here. Please stand by. We are holding for a VIP. We will keep you advised. Mission control out."

**Shuttle Commander Debby**

(urgently)

"Mission control our launch window closes in fifteen minutes..."

**Mission Control Spokesperson**

(interrupts)

"Commander, this is a priority one hold

request. Please stand-by. Over."

**Space Shuttle Pilot Bob**

(surprised as he raises eyebrows while continuing to scan the controls).

"Indeed! That's pretty direct. What do they think I am, a bus driver? This is a multi-billion dollar piece of high tech machinery I'm on top of. Just sit there and shut up my ass."

**Shuttle Commander Debby**

(still amazed, shaking her head).

"No kidding. It's not like them to be so short with us. Who the hell are we waiting for anyway?"

The camera follows a white van moving quickly to the launch pad elevator bay. Jake jumps out as the van skids to a stop and rushes to the lift.

Back in the shuttle on the command deck the astronauts watch as the final minutes tick down. The technicians hurry Jake along then close and lock the outer door.

Jake climbs in and straps himself down into a seat in the passenger compartment. A few of the other passengers stare at him. He returns the look and smiles softly.

**Mission Control Spokesperson**

"Columbia, you are go for launch. 15, 14, 13..."

**Shuttle Commander Debby**

(Startled. Taken off guard by the announcement).

"What the ..."

**Space Shuttle Pilot Bob**

(Reacts quickly to prepare the controls)

"It's okay. I'm on it."

Begin music: "Storms in Africa", (4:03), by ENYA, WATERMARK, © 1988 WEA Records LTD

The main engines start and then the solid rockets propel the shuttle skyward. The camera follows the exhaust trail as the craft rotates into its orbital attitude position, dropping the solid rocket boosters, and then entering the stratosphere until the main engines cut off.

The spacecraft approaches one of several space stations and docks.

End Music.

The passengers exit and the crew smile, thanking them for flying with them and say good-bye. When Jake passes them Debby, who is a past girlfriend of his, she recognizes him.

**Debby**

(startled and surprised)

"You!,  
(she exclaims.)

"We waited for you",  
(she says and then slaps his face.)

**Jake**

(rubbing his face, with an embarrassed smile).

"It's good to see you too. How have you been?"

**Debby**

(exasperated)

"Why you arrogant, know it all, my way or the highway son-of-a ..."

**Jake**

"Hey now, hold one there just a minute. You're the one that ..."

An old lady slowly and haltingly walks up to Jake, interrupting the uncomfortable meeting between two ex lovers.

**Old Lady**

(fragile looking, speaks  
with a southern style dialect)

"I'm so glad you're really here. There were rumors that you would be coming soon. My name is Lillian. Lillian, you remember the volunteer for your experiment.

(Winces from a  
jolt of pain).

"I hope you can help me."

Jake looks sternly at Debby then turns to the old lady giving her his complete attention.

**Jake**

(smiling warmly)

"I'll try. Listen, I can get my stuff later. Let's go to the lab."

Jake and the old lady walk off down the hall. Jake looks back for a moment at Debby who simply stares in disbelief.

**Fade In:** The lab is dimly lit except for the chair where the old lady is sitting. Some technicians strap her in so she can remain immobile. They continue the preparations and attach various electronic monitors while gently lowering her jaw onto a resting pad to support her head.

More assistants crowd around the woman. She is injected with a sedative. A small steel tube is put into the top of her head causing a small pulse of blood to run down her forehead.

They begin. The experiment continues with the radio waves penetrating the lady's skull and intersecting at the site of the cancer. Their concentration on the vector points create a small wisp of vapor arising out of the steel tube on top of her head.

**Jake**

(cautious, studiously  
observing the information)

"Everything looks fine. Just a few more seconds.

(Pauses, looks up  
for a moment)

"keep still."

Jake gazes intently at a monitor that shows the tumor slowly dissipating and then completely disappearing.

When the tumor is gone, Jake turns off the equipment and then motions to the assistants who carefully remove the tube, apply a dressing, and release the lady from the straps.

**Jake**

(anxious and concerned  
looking deeply into her  
eyes)

"How do you feel?"

The old lady is exhausted. The stress and the drugs have numbed her senses.

It is quickly wiped away by one of the attending medical technicians. A laser graph is illuminated on her face and head.

Jake is busy instructing his assistants, pointing out specifics, while checking and rechecking the instruments around the room as the experiment is preparing to start.

**Jake**

(tentative)

"Okay. We're going to start. First there will be a scan to map the precise location of the tumor. I'll active the radio waves to try and vaporize the cancer once the controls are set."

The old lady is trying to remain calm as her hands begin to tighten around the arms of the chair.

Jake begins to pace around the lab nervously. He looks around at the lab technicians as they mirror his tension.

**Jake**

(taking a deep,  
calming breath)

"You might feel a tingle or hear a buzzing. Let me know immediately if you have any pain so that I can shut down the machine. Are you ready?"

**Old lady**

(emotional, watery eyed)

"Yes. Thank you."

**Old Lady**

(she smiles weakly  
and then speaks slowly)

"Actually,  
(clears throat)

"fine."

(Pauses then light  
hearted and giddy).

"The pain, I don't feel the pain! It's gone! Oh thank you!"

(she throws her arms  
out and open wide)

**Jake**

(relieved gives her  
a warm hug and helps  
her get up from chair)

"Okay. If you will go with the nurses they will take you over to the recovery room for you to rest for a while... easy."

**Old Lady**

(stumbling slightly,  
quickly supported  
by the assistants as  
they ease her into a  
wheel chair).

"Sorry. I'm a little dizzy."

**Jake**

(soothing and comforting)

"Take it easy. There's no rush. Relax."



**Old Lady**  
(teary eyed)  
"Thank you."

**Fade In:** Debby is muttering to herself as she walks down the corridor to Jake's room. The camera pans around Jake's room. We follow to the slightly open bathroom door and find Jake experiencing space sickness. The doorbell rings. An acutely pale Jake staggers out of the bathroom and opens the door. Debby grabs him and kisses him passionately.

**Debby**  
(disgusted)  
"Euw. Are you sick?"

**Jake**  
(bothersome )  
"And when have you known me to not get space sick?"  
(sighs in disgust)

**Debby**  
(slyly)  
"By the same token, since I know you so well...  
(pause)  
"you just came here to help that old lady huh? Well I'm not buying it!"

**Jake**  
(angrily)  
"And I'm not selling anything!  
(turning away)

"Listen, I'm not going to rehash the past with you now."

Jake pauses for a moment organizing his thoughts. He takes a deep breath and then turns and faces Debby, looking through her as he speaks. His mind is lost to other things.

**Jake**  
(seriously)  
"You know there has been an accident with the Mars mission."  
(sadness appears along the edges of his face).

Jake had always been private emotionally. It was one of the main problems with their relationship next to his obsession to details and complete aversion to sloppiness.

**Debby**  
(startled by the sudden emotions begins probing and searching)  
"The agency says that it's just a communication failure. Something about their high gain antenna losing a power module."

**Jake**  
(his face darkens with rage and anger)  
"They're lying. The adhesive glue that

they used to paste the damn thing together failed! Two crewmen are dead and the rest are surviving in the alpha module."

**Jake**  
(pauses, continues softly and subdued)  
"They've got enough air for seven... maybe eight more days."

**Debby**  
(shocked at the news)  
"How do you know that. Wait. Of course you know.  
(Pause. She searches, almost begs for an answer wanting to hear that it's not hopeless)  
"But they're only two weeks away from orbit. Can't they do something...?"

**Jake**  
(interrupts, the rage returns now very upset.)  
"Listen to me! They have no fuel and they've lost most of their food and water. The solar collector are off line and useless."

Jake turns away from Debby and his voice lowers growing quieter.

**Jake**  
(sadly, eyes begin to water)  
"They won't be alive to even think about reaching the surface of Mars and trying to use the air compressors or any of the other equipment left on board to allow them to survive.  
(softly)  
"They'll all burn up when they enter..."

The communication panel chirps.

**Flight Officer**  
(business like)  
"Admiral, the next Luna shuttle departs in twenty minutes."

**Jake**  
(composes himself clears throat, clears emotions )  
"Thank you. I'm on my way."

**Debby**  
(unexpected, she questions his reasoning for retaining the title).  
"Admiral?"

**Jake**  
(responds with authority)  
"We're not on Earth anymore. I want to avoid any problems right now. Not every-

one is so congenial or happily surprised about my arrival here. It will help my supporters recognize me and make it more difficult for... opposition.”

(his look penetrates straight to her heart).

**Debby**

“Yes sir.”  
(she replies and salutes.)

Jake responds with a hard look, which softens. He returns the salute.

Fade In: The hanger bay is busy with many arriving and departing flights. We follow Jake as he walks down a ramp and begins to board one of the vessels.

**Lunar Shuttle Pilot Chip**

(greeting Jake obviously close friends)

“Admiral. Welcome aboard. Everything is set up as you requested. I saw to it personally.”

**Jake**

(smiling, they shake hands)

“Good. I am anxious to get underway.”

Some of the passengers stop from their activities and gaze forward.

**Lunar Shuttle Pilot Chip**

“Our travel time to the moon orbit will be four hours twenty three minutes with a deceleration burn of ninety seconds prior to lunar orbit insertion.

(Pause. Background static can be heard).

“All passengers will need to be securely in their seats at least ten minutes before then. We will circle the moon once to line up for our landing approach.”

The camera pans around the cabin. Some passengers have stopped listening. Travel to the moon is common place. Many have started to settle into their reading or are beginning to start on their work while others are chatting with their family or newly made friends.

**Lunar Shuttle Pilot Chip**

(continuing dryly)

“Total flight is a little over five hours. If there is anything I or the crew can do for you to help you enjoy your flight or to make you more comfortable, please don't hesitate to ask.”

The sound of the food and beverage carts can now be heard as they are moved toward the isles.

**Lunar Shuttle Pilot Chip**

(nodding professionally)

“Certainly sir. The co-pilot is finishing the final check list as we speak.”

The camera finds Debby running up to the entrance as the hatchway begins to close. She grazes the door to make it on board. Jake is surprised to see her. She quickly stows her luggage and sits down next to Jake.

**Debby**

(stoically)

“Sarah was on that mission.”

Jake sighs.

The ship launches toward the moon.

Begin Music: Storms in Africa Pt 2 (3:01) by ENYA, WATERMARI  
© 1988 WEA Records LTD

**Lunar Shuttle Pilot Chip**

(speaking professionally)

“Hello. This is your pilot for the flight today speaking to you from the Command deck.”

**Lunar Shuttle Pilot Chip**

“The flight crew will soon begin serving complimentary beverages. I hope you enjoy your flight.”

Insert: image of the craft in space with the Earth in the distance and panning with the spacecraft as it passes an image of the moon. We follow as the deceleration burn executes.

Jake gets up from his seat and goes to the back of the spaceship. He quickly puts on the space suit that was stored there for him.

Jake enters the rear air lock, depressurizes the chamber, and leaves the ship. His adrenaline is pumping as the fear and knowledge of what he is doing takes hold.

He is headed for a large tubular object in the distance that is in a stationary orbit on the far side of the moon, hidden from Earth observatory stations. The object is a prototype magnetic-rail accelerator Jake has designed to be used for interplanetary travel.

Two workmen are outside doing some minor construction and standard maintenance. They watch in amazement as Jake appears from out of the blackness.

Jake fires the rockets to slow down. When he passes the object, Jake tries to grab onto a railing and fails as his grip slips off. In a last ditch, final effort he throws a line that grabs hold and stops him from disappearing into the



void.

**Workman #1**

(astonished)

"Man, that guy must be crazy! Who the hell would attempt something so absurd? It's outrageous."

Jake works his way to the air lock and goes inside. He activates the controls equalize the pressure and opens the door. The commander of the accelerator vessel greets him as he begins to floats down a connecting tube.

**Commander Michael**

(surprised)

"Admiral!"

**Jake**

(flushed, still excited and breathing heavily)

"At easy commander. Let's go up to the flight deck so we can talk."

The two men float past the power core on their way to the control area.

**Commander Michael**

(excited and nervous over Jakes sudden arrival).

"We're about ready to start the secondary tests on the system Admiral. The primary exams went flawlessly. I'm comfortable with the target you've set..."

**Guy in dark suit #4**

(talking covertly into radio around his wrist.)

"I just spotted him sir. No, he's not in uniform. Yea, that should make things easier. Okay, he's heading toward the inter-city transports. Out."

Jake casually walks through the crowds and proceeds to the transport railway lines fanning out to different locations of the lunar cities. If anyone recognizes him they don't bother him. A group of dark suited men follow him quickly pushing themselves rudely through the crowd and manage to catch the same transport,

(clumsily)

before it departs. Jake notices them and decides to address the crowd of passengers.

**Jake**

"Excuse me. I'm Jake Graves, Admiral Jake Graves. Those men over there, well you know who they are. I have an important task that I have to complete. I need you to restrain them for me."

**Dark suited man #5**

(reacting angrily)

"Don't anybody more."

(and they all with draw their weapons.)

**Jake**

(matter of fact, not exactly an order to the commander but firm nonetheless)

"I want you to power up all systems immediately and move her into position for a launch to Mars. There's no need to keep her a secret anymore.

(pauses, looks around then continues near a whisper)

"I know that you've heard about the disaster on board the Mars expedition. It's much worse than they're telling us. I'm going down to the surface to get the launch capsule from Bonsai Bill!"

The magna-rail accelerator's shuttle leaves and approaches the lunar surface. There are several structures and a dazzling display of lights that begin to appear as they get closer.

The craft gently touches down on the landing strip and then rockets ignite to slow its forward motion. It is towed into a hanger that descends to a disembarking area.

The next chamber contains a secure air-lock portal that attaches to the shuttle. Jake enters the main floor of the spaceport. It is noisy and busy with activity. Along the periphery are more men in dark suits.

**Jake**

(alarmed)

"Don't do this."

**Dark suit #5**

(tremendously pissed off)

"Shut-up! You're getting off at the next stop with us."

The crowd begins to move in on them.

**Jake**

(to the crowd)

"Wait. It's okay. Move back away from them."

**Dark suit #6**

(cocky and arrogant)

"Yea, you listen to the "Admiral".

The crowd backs away and Jake approaches the men. Jake quickly tosses a large coin-like object onto the floor at their feet. A burst of orange light shines up on them immobilizing them into place.

**Jake**

(to the crowd)

"This will hold them for a few minutes. I suggest we all get off at the next stop and get on another one."

The shuttle bus stops and everyone leaves the bus. Some of them motion to others who attempt to get on not to board. More dark suited men rush into the transport as the doors

close and it leaves the terminal.

Fade In: Jake has arrived at the door to Bonsai Bill's laboratory. He is scanned and the door slides open exposing a huge room chaotically filled with a variety of unknown objects. Jake passes them all as he walks to the back of the room and yet another door, where he is scanned again. The door opens.

**Jake**

(happy)

"Bonsai! How's it going buddy?"

**Bonsai Bill**

(full of enthusiasm)

"Jake! You are one crazy guy. First they ridicule you for your radical avant-garde thinking while simultaneously taking away your control over the Mars project and cut all kinds of safety corners. Now you're going to try to save their ass with this daring rescue mission."

**Jake**

(anxious)

"Yea, yea. (pause). Is the star drive ready?"

**Bonsai Bill**

(alarmed, quite serious)

"That wasn't part of the plan. The magna-rail accelerator should get you there soon enough."

**Jake**

(nervous and anxious)

"It's too close. We haven't even completed most of the tests on the system yet, I can only push so hard. Time is slipping away.

(Pauses. Continues quietly controlling himself.)

"I found out that one of the technicians was replaced at the last minute before the expedition launched. I think it was their attempt to really stick it to me. To tell me who was really in charge of the mission."

**Bonsai Bill**

(solemn)

"I heard. Sarah's onboard. Debby told me. She was here just before you arrived.

(realizes he made a mistake and quickly changes the subject.)

"So you blasted yourself out of the air lock. Damn I bet that was cool! But with your fear of heights didn't you get sick?"

**Jake**

(ignoring him and suddenly agitated)

"Listen, the powers that be don't want me involved in this. Their egos won't let them admit their mistake and if nobody finds out what happened on board the

expedition they're safe.  
(begins to walk aimlessly around the clutter)

"What little proof we have will be buried under mounds of red tape and counter accusations.

(turns back to Bill, angrily)

"I won't be the scapegoat for those bastards! They've already killed two of the crew with their incompetence. I've got to try and save the others."

**Bonsai Bill**

(seeking to calm his friend down)

"Well then we better go over the specs on the crystal for the star drive! The simulator proofs it out you brilliant S.O.B. Look here..."

Bill begins as he points out notion marks on his electronic tablet and his voice fades away as they walk around the shop.

Fade In: The capsule for the Mars rescue attempt has been delivered, prepped, and is being loaded into the launch tube of the accelerator. In the zero gravity of space it is easy to maneuver it's mass. The smooth aerodynamic shape yields no hint to its function or purpose. Jake is on the command deck checking the instruments and supervising

the last minute details before launch.

**Commander Michael**

(tentative)

"Admiral, the staff is waiting for you in the ready room, sir."

**Jake**

(gradually turning, still concentrating on his electronic notepad.)

"Very well Commander."

**Commander Michael**

(saluting)

"Good luck, sir."

**Jake**

(looks up and returns salute)

"Thank you Commander."

Jake suits up in the ready room as the staff technicians check out his suit and finishes prepping the capsule for launch. Jake enters the capsules small access hatch, crawls into the meager open space containing the seats, and begins to buckle himself in.

**Jake**

(announces into the air)

"Okay Debby. You need to come out of



there and get in a real seat.”

A cover panel off to the side opens.

**Debby**

(emerges with  
difficulty, groaning  
sheepishly)

“How did you know I was in here?”

**Jake**

(smiling)

“You won’t miss a chance like this ... to  
be alone with me ... millions of miles  
from anyone”

**Debby**

(climbing into seat)

“You rascal! I hate you”

**Jake**

(smiling)

“I know.”

Begin Music: *Tons of Steel*, (5:17) by Grateful Dead, IN  
THE DARK, © 1987 ARISTA Records, Inc.

The countdown for launch reaches zero. The magnets  
are powered in sequence to pull the capsule along the tube  
until it shoots out the end at incredible speed. A safe

**Jake**

(slightly annoyed)

“From you! Listen, it may not even work,  
there are a lot of ifs, ands, and gotta be  
right stuff.”

**Debby**

(excited and anxious)

“Jake, I saw the specs. You thought of it,  
designed it, watched over the construction  
as they built it. You’re not one to  
make an error. I can’t remember the last  
time you made a mistake...”

**Jake**

(serious, looks at  
her deeply)

“I can. When I let you slip out of my life.”

They kiss.

Begin Music: *Forever In Love*, (4:58) by Kenny G,  
BREATHLESS, © 1992 ARISTA Records, Inc.

Jake and Debby make love.

Music ends.

distance is achieved. Jake ignites the solid rocket boosters.  
With no gravity and zero resistance they soon propel it to a  
velocity of five hundred thousand miles per hour.

After the capsule is on its way, Jake inputs instructions for  
it to transform, expanding into a much larger and roomier  
craft.

Music fades out.

**Jake**

(relaxing)

“This is much better.”

**Debby**

(wonderment)

“You and your gadgets. What’s going to  
happen next, a hot tub?”

**Jake**

(amazed)

“Not in zero gravity! Honestly, you could  
be a little more serious.”

**Debby**

“I am.

(Pause)

“When are you going to try the star  
drive? You know how hard it is for  
Bill to keep a secret.”

Fade In: Jake and Debby are monitoring the gauges and  
systems of their spacecraft.

**Jake**

(concerned)

Damn. I was afraid of this. We’re slow-  
ing down.”

**Debby**

(surprised)

“But how can that be? Space is empty.”

**Jake**

(informal)

“Not at 500 thousand miles per hour it  
isn’t. With our velocity even the smallest  
compounds can cause friction. We’re not  
losing much speed but it’s enough to make  
us too late.

(softly)

“They’re all going to die.

(Pause)

“Get strapped in. I’m going to begin the  
star drive sequence.”

Jake works at the control console as he prepares to bring  
the star drive on line.

**Debby**

(nervous)

“Jake, um, you and Bill tested this in the  
lab before installing...?”

**Jake**

(dryly)

"This is the test. Hey, what happened to that optimism you had earlier?"

**Debby**

(fearlessly)

"You're right. This is an adventure. If we do go boom we go together..."

(She finishes with a wryly smile.)

The space ship begins to transform again. Odd, bizarre configuration of pieces jut out then disappear. Panels of differing metallic color tones move over one another as a very sleek aerodynamic shape begins to develop.

A huge crystal cylinder begins to emerge from the center and positions itself above the curvature of the gleaming vessel. A jet spray nozzle is positioned in front of the crystal for the injection of excited electron enhanced gases that power the drive. Inside, Jake activates the system.

(Music fades back in, Tons of Steel,(5:17 ) by Grateful Dead, IN THE DARK, © 1987 ARISTA Records, Inc.)

The colored gas strikes the crystal and causes it to glow warmly while processing, organizing, and catalyzing the haphazard internal power of the material. The filtered particles exit the back of the crystal as

a dark blue like flame grows longer and brighter as the craft accelerates.

Soon, the gases in space they are hitting ever faster begin to feed the crystal further increasing their velocity until a chain reaction takes over.

**Jake**

(watching over the gauges on his control panel)

"Uh oh. This is not good."

**Debby**

(with alarm)

"What! What is it?"

**Jake**

(thinking as he speaks)

"The reaction is feeding on itself... I mean the outside gases..."

(stumbling on his thoughts)

"the space gases... the gases found in space are getting funneled into the crystal. We've passed fifty million miles per hours. With the acceleration curve ... (expressionless)

"we'll approach the speed of light in less than half an hour."

**Debby**

(urgently)

"Can't you simply shut it down? Try

reconfiguring for more resistance...? Do something!"

**Jake**

"I've already shut down the injectors. The crystal is drawing the matter in like a magnet. I told you it's feeding upon itself. The material that it's bringing in is creating more energy and propulsion all by ITSELF."

The ship begins to take on a molten, slippery liquid mercury feel and movement as normal light begins to refract into waves of different colors.

**Jake**

(blurts out)

"I've got it. You know how they choke off oil well fires?"

**Debby**

"An explosion deprives the fuel from the air that helps it burn. What are you going to do?"

**Jake**

"They stall the process for a moment by depriving it of the air that fuels the fire and then it just stops. The crystal works on a succession of gradual progression." (motioning with his hands)

**Debby**

"So, if you can interrupt it the momentum

will be lost."

**Jake**

"Right. It should shut down and I can then configure the front... the leading edge for increased resistance. Um..."

(pauses, distracted by all the thoughts and consequences flooding his mind)

"The loss of thrust might have unknown reactions with resistance. We had better strap in... and put some cushion between you and the harness... just for safety."

Debby tries to conceal her look of worry while Jake checks her harness and then straps himself in. He is unable to conceal his thoughts as he inputs the commands into the console. Sweat forms on his brow as he concentrates on the final instructions.

Outside the ship the outer skin of the craft seems to melt as droplets form and slide off. At the injection nozzles a sudden burst of gas streams out and is ignited, engulfing the vehicle in a bright white glowing ball of energy.

The glow fades revealing the charred structure of the ship with a large frontal energy bow of rainbow like shards of light becoming smaller and less intense as the craft slows down.

Inside, Jake and Debby were knocked unconscious by the magnitude of the force they experienced. The interior lights flicker on and off. Random sparks flare off. Debby



awakens first.

**Debby**  
(worried and afraid)  
"Jake. Jake, please wake up."

Debby tries to move slightly and groans. She struggles to free herself and then slowly moves toward Jake. She gently blows into his ear and whispers. Jake begins to stir and slowly awakens.

**Jake**  
(smiling warmly)  
"You do? Really? I feel the same way too."

Jake and Debby smile at each other very happy to be alive. Jake moves to the controls and checks the console.

**Jake**  
(relieved)  
"We're still slowing down. That's good."  
(Pause)  
"But we're still going too fast. We'll pass right by them before we're slow enough to connect up with them."

**Debby**  
(suggests tentatively)  
"Maybe we could throw them a line?"

**Jake**  
(distracted from his concentration of the instruments.)  
"What...?"

**Debby**  
(concerned)  
"Are we going to burn up?"

**Jake**  
"I don't know."  
(pause)  
"No, of course not. I've got a plan. A good one."

The cylinder disconnects and separates from the main body of the spacecraft. The main line attaching them together, surrounded with secondary wires, uncoils to a safe distance and draws tight.

The cylinder goes through the process of bizarre geometric shapes expanding and reshaping itself, exposing the small array of solid rocket motors. The rockets ignite.

Inside, Jake watches intensely over the monitor screens.

**Jake**  
(he announces with pride.)  
"It's working."

The rockets continue to burn, radically slowing down the spacecraft's incredible speed. An instant before they burn out, the line connecting the two objects release, and they separate.

Jake and Debby look out a window watching as the glow of the rocket motors fade out. The rescue cylinder disappears into the blackness.

**Debby**  
(matter-of-fact)  
"You know. Throw them a line with the equipment they need tied on to the end. They grab the line and pull it in. Ancient mariners use to do that with supplies tied onto barrels for other ships in their fleet without having to slow down."

**Jake**  
(confident)  
"Sounds like a plan. They can't pull it in, but maybe I can modify something to attach itself to their ship. I'll work on reconfiguring the ship."

Jake reconfigures the ship in a way to increase the drag even more enabling the craft to slow down faster. The tail of the vessel reveals a cylindrical shape crammed with emergency equipment and supplies.

**Jake**  
"Okay. I've prepped and loaded all of the emergency gear for them. I've decided to use the container as an anchor for us and have instructed it to reconfigure itself. We should get even more resistance drag to slow us down much faster... because ... I've put the solid rockets on it. They were suppose to slow us down before we enter Martian orbit."

**Jake**  
(watching the instruments, relieved)  
"Okay. We'll pass Sarah's ship in about two hours. The cylinder with the gear will pass about three hours later."

The onboard computer of the cylinder will shoot a line out to wrap around the ship. The line will reel in after their speeds equalize. Mechanical arms will then extend and line up the two airlocks."

**Debby**  
"How soon before we can make radio contact?"

**Jake**  
(matter-of-fact, deadpan)  
"Their radio is dead. We won't be able to communicate with them until their ship is connected with the rescue pod. Once the cylinder attaches we'll start receiving the internal scans here on the monitor."

**Debby**  
(solemnly)  
"And find out how many are still alive... I'm sure Sarah's among them."

**Jake**  
"I hope so. She's a tough girl."

Jake begins work on the next configuration of their spacecraft. Debby watches him with interest. Jake executes the simulation on the monitor. Some lines flash in red. Jake points them out to Debby.

**Jake**

"This material was damaged during our crystal acceleration. It could fail from the pressure of the atmosphere on the ceramic tiles. As it is, we will still have to pass very close to the surface to slow us down enough to achieve a viable orbit so the risk is about the same. Our ship could break apart from any number of other reasons."

**Debby**

(determined)

"Or not. Listen, I've seen you do some fantastic things these last few days. You are a brilliant man."

**Jake**

(quip, snappy comeback, retort)

"Yea, right. I want us to wear our space suits during the next configuration and keep them on until we're safely in orbit."

His efforts to slow the craft are still inadequate for a safe orbital insertion. Adding to the problems is the structural weaknesses of the primary hull and interior supports. Many of the configurations for his ship are simply impossible. The monitor flashes red for the damaged or missing pieces.

Jake resolves himself to a course of action with Mars filling the front window ominously.

**Jake**

(secretly hiding his intentions)

"Debby, I'm ready to reconfigure the ship now. Stand right there."

The reconfiguration begins. All of a sudden Debby understands that something is terribly wrong as Jake smiles sadly at her. Before she can react, a glass wall comes between them.

**Debby**

(alarmed)

"What are you doing?!"

**Jake**

(sadly)

"I'm sorry my love. There is no other way. My part of our space ship will drop down first and drag your section like an anchor to a velocity that will allow you to safely enter orbit around Mars. If I don't burn up or explode into a million pieces upon impact... Well, anyway... until we see each other again. I love you."

**Fade In:** Jake and Debby are in their space suits. Jake continues to fuss with his preparations for the next change of the space craft. The monitor displays one design after another. He sighs and changes the view on the monitor to the cylinder.

The line has been successfully attached and is reeling itself in. The UN spacecraft is a wreck. Only the center core is in tact. The other modules are dangling together with connecting hoses and wires. Wisps of gas vent occasionally.

We watch as the robotic arms extend. They cling to the outer hull and position the pod over the air locks. They come together and interlock. The connecting chambers pressurize

**Jake**

(excited and anxious)

"Okay, I'm receiving data. There are five life readings, very faint."

**Debby**

"Out of a crew of seven. It's a miracle that any of them survived."

The robot arms inside the cylinder begin to deliver supplies to the crippled UN craft, injecting needed oxygen and scrubbing out the dangerously high levels of carbon monoxide. Robotic eyes search for and find Sarah alive.

Jake's attention returns to the dangers facing Debby and himself as his own craft hurtles toward a deadly impact with Mars.

Jake turns away from Debby and faces the console when he notices that he is standing on glass with the dark nothingness below him and the cold chill of fear begins to creep over him. His hands start to shake as he reaches for switch that will detach his pod from the main body of the spacecraft.

The two parts held together by a lifeline for one.

Jake lowers his capsule and the drag slows Debby's ship down. The temperature rises inside Jake's capsule as the ceramic tiles glow white-hot. Moisture forms on Jake's faceplate and sweat begins to drip off his forehead.

The fiery entry temperature of Mars's thin atmosphere begins to burn the connecting wires. It eventually burns through the cable and separates the two crafts delivering Debby into a safe orbit. It plunges Jake toward the surface of Mars.

Parachutes open, airbags inflate, and the ship bounces a few times on the surface before coming to a stop. Jake's capsule survives the landing making him the first Earthman to set foot on Mars.

He begins to dismantle what was left of the capsule and starts to construct a huge human powered "walker" which will enable him to transverse the landscape.

Begin Music: I Can't Dance, (4:01), by Genesis, WE CAN'T DANCE, © 1991 ANTHONY BANKS LTD/ PHILIP COLLINS LTD/MICHAEL RUTHERFORD LTD



With some effort, Jake is soon able to control the rhythmic steps of his machine without falling. He crosses the desolate sand and rock landscape leaving man's first footprint on the red planet. He approaches the mountains on the horizon.

Switch: Debby is talking to Bonsai Bill about the status of the rescue mission.

**Debby**

(concerned)

"How long before you can begin launching the other space capsules?"

**Bonsai Bill**

"Most of the supply ships were in the final stages of production which worked to our advantage. Jake was preparing to begin the Jupiter mission next month."

A technician hands Bill a tablet that he glances over briefly.

**Bonsai Bill**

"Four of them are currently in orbit with the magna-rail accelerator. We'll begin to launch the first one within the hour when we reach the maximum elliptical orbital velocity. It will take us over a week to reach you though. How's Jake holding out?"

**Debby**

(visibly upset)

"I don't know. After he survived the landing he put together some kind of walker device. He's exploring the surface in it right now."

**Bonsai Bill**

(alarmed)

"He left his ship!? He's either extremely confident that we'll reach him before his supplies run out, or... He's giving us no way to contact him. He never was one to take advice."

**Debby**

(holding back tears)

"I know."

Fade In: As Jake gets closer to the mountains, his attention is drawn to a shadow of a cave. When he gets even closer he realizes that it seems perfectly round, not natural.

The opening is tall and wide enough to accommodate the size of his walker so he proceeds. Jake looks at the construction like form of the walls. Further inside the tube suddenly slops down and takes him by surprise. The mechanical walker falls and begins to slide down the long shaft. Jake attempts to brace against the sides as he rushes deeper down the sloping hole.

Green moss type growth appears around the shaft as Jake

falls further. The moss clings to the metal and starts to bubble and dissolve the walker. As the integrity of the center life supporting area fails and the air begins to rush out, Jake punches through a plant-like slime blocking the tube.

The last remnant of the walker disintegrates around him and Jake falls into a swamp-like bog. The sky has an eerie fluorescent green hue. He surfaces and gasps in the air wearing only his "natural" cotton undergarment.

The air is pungent and Jake coughs harshly as he tries to regain his breath. He swims to the finger-like trunk of a tree and rests his arms on it. After he has regained his strength, Jake makes his way toward the shallow edges of the marsh.

The lush fullness and variety of plant life amazes Jake as he walks onward, but he is aware of a lack of color and flowers; everything is green.

**Jake**

"There's plenty of life here, but where are the flowers? Everything is so green. And the silence.

(looking around)

Birds...? Animals...?"

Jake stops to rest for a moment. Unseen by Jake, a large thick vine slithers toward him along the ground. It suddenly wraps around his legs and drags him into the water and pulls him under. Jake struggles valiantly. Before he loses

consciousness and confronts a watery death on a strange planet his mind flashes the comforting smell of jasmine back on his home world Earth.

**Plant Voice**

(strong and bellowing)

"Release him!"

Jake is expelled from the water and is tossed onto the ground. He coughs hard and vomits before rising to his knees and gasping in the air. Jake looks around and sees the vines slither away from him. He is bewildered and cautious as he rises to his feet. Jake grabs his head as the pain from the telepathic communication of the commanding plant voice talks to him.

**Plant Voice**

"Tell me more...

(pauses then softer,

"about your world."

The pain eases and Jake looks around.

**Jake**

(confused)

"Where are you?"

**Plant Voice**

(commanding and authoritative)

"I am all around you. We are one together."

**Jake**

(still confused)

“Who,  
(pauses)  
“no, what are you?”

**Plant Voice**

“I am all that survives from the time of our beginning. From the ending.”

**Jake**

“I don’t understand.”

**Plant Voice**

“I am life and I am death.”

**Jake**

“You aren’t making any sense. I never was very good at riddles. What is it you are trying to say to me ?”

**Plant Voice**

(slyly)

“Follow the path and come to me.”

A pathway appears when the low laying growth moves sideways to expose the ground. Jake hesitates for a moment then proceeds into the thick brush. Behind him we notice a strange almost flowery, colorful growth beginning to arise from the ground.

The route takes him up a hill and he can finally get a good view of the landscape. He sees a huge tree in the

distance and notices that the pathway expands as it leads to it. As he looks further, he spies a barren desert far into the distance. It is hard to see in the cavern but the ceiling is very tall and only a few objects block his view.

Jake again notices the absence of birds and flowers. Looking around he doesn’t even locate any insects. Quite strange, he thinks, then proceeds along the path again.

Jake reaches the end of the now very wide path, the low laying brush seemingly squashed flat for Jake’s passage, and arrives at the base of the giant tree.

The tree is full and lush with an abundance of branches. Some of the branches have long root-like tentacles reaching into the ground. But there are no flowers and only the constant steady color of green.

**Plant Voice**

(full of bluster)

“Let me tell you about my world,  
(it begins.)

“This world you call Mars was once a paradise. The surface was covered with life of all kinds. The air was sweet and a buzz from all creatures large and small. Life on this planet was *good*. And so it was for millions of years. But as things evolved soon one species became dominate and the landscape began to change into one sculpted by the hand.”

The leaves begin to rustle and shake but there is no breeze.

**Plant Voice**

“At first there was beauty in the order of things. The symmetry was not unusual. However, wisdom could not keep up with knowledge and the force of power. Later, greed. The *Martians* learned the power of the atom and our life force began change.”

The leaves now roar like the sound of torrents of rushing water.

**Plant Voice**

(anger in its tone)

“We evolved into different creatures. The pollution they spewed into the environment began to change the metabolism of the plant creatures and we began to breathe out a new combination of chemicals that started to destroy their world.”

**Jake**

(enlightened)

“That is why the metal and synthetic clothe of my suit dissolved. A form of acid rain on my home planet Earth.”

**Plant Voice**

(intimidating)

“Yes. The changes in the environment forced us to emit an acid that attacked the foundation of the new order of things. It was not of our choosing but a biological adaptation to changes around us.

of the wind and the soul! Until you came.

(taking on a menacing tone).

“You will stay here and adapt with us. Together we will reconquer this planet!”

Jake’s eyes widen with concern as he realizes that the isolation and loneliness has driven the plant creature insane.

**Plant Voice**

(bellowing)

“I am not insane!”

Jake grabs his head in anguish. Blood flows from his nose and ears. Droplets fall to the ground.

**Plant Voice**

(as branches reach out toward Jake)

“Yes, give me the nourishment of change that you possess!”

Jake barely makes out the other noise. A buzzing of many small independent voices telling him to RUN!

Jake blindly stumbles away from the large ominous tree. He runs wildly and frantically. He comes to a stop as he collapses on the red barren desert sand at the edge of the forest. The voices have subsided and Jake’s head begins to clear.

In the distance, Jake sees the markers for the remains of



the long dead Martian scientists. Past that he can make out the wall of the cavern. And a way out! Jake rises to his feet and bounds toward the exit.

The independent plant voices shrill strongly pleading for him not to abandon them to their bland, abstract commonality. They have discovered that there is so much more and learned that their potential is unlimited. If only Jake will give it to them.

Jake pauses and lowers his head. He lets out a sigh and then sits back down on the red sand.

**Other Plant's Voices**

"The essence of the tree was not entirely truthful with you. Yes, we were instrumental in the death of Mars but it was not entirely our fault. We were used as an instrument of purification; to clean up the polluted mess of toxic chemicals they left behind."

Jake stares off into the barren, lifeless landscape.

**Other Plant Voices**

"A bother, a nuisance, an inconvenient problem that was from their own foolishness. And selfishness. They used the biology of plants to filter and recombine elements by moving us to their dumps of waste and sludge. It was so much easier and cheaper than actually changing their lifestyle... or accepting responsibility for the life on this planet.

"The change started slowly. First mutations, then tumors, and finally a gradual extinction of the various life forms that were the true wealth of this planet, my home.

"We listened to your thoughts as you wondered why there were no birds nor insects to help pollinate the flowers and then wonder why there were no flowers or color beyond shades of green and we all silently wept because we knew the truth.

"Then we saw what you can do! Somehow your DNA contained the elements to change our dreary sterility and bring back the colors of life!

**Jake**  
(angrily)

"Through my death! If you had asked I would have gladly brought help to you.

**Other Plant's Voices**

"You still don't understand. You are unique. Other combinations could mutate us into horrible creatures. From your mind we have learned that there are plants on your home world that poison, kill, and eat the mammals of your world. The biology of others of your kind could make us killers too.

There is a buzzing in Jake's ears that he can't make out.

**Other Plant's Voices**

"There is something more we must tell you. Your body has absorbed the poison that destroyed the metal walker you used to take you here. We're sorry."

**Jake**  
(solemnly)

"So I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't. Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

(understanding the weight on his shoulders)

"I can never leave."

Jake stands up and looks back at the forest. He sees colorful flowers blooming along his pathway out of the bushes.

**Jake**  
(a smile grows on his face)

"I created that?"

**Other Plant's Voices**

"As you ran you sweat. The moisture touched us. You possess the chemical key to change the life still left on this planet. The ability to start again.

Begin Music: *Blessed*, (5:00), by Elton John, LOVE SONGS, © 1996 MCA Records Inc.

Jake removes his shoes and clothing and disappears into the forest. The path is covered with flora.

Fade In: The rescue party lands on the surface of Mars. The base camp begins construction and soon nears completion. An expedition is about to leave to search for Jake.

**Commander Michael**  
(supportive)

"Don't worry, we'll find him."

**Debby**  
"Just find him alive."

Begin Music: *(Everything I Do) I Do It For You*, (6:34), by Bryan Adams, WAKING UP THE NEIGHBORS, © 1991 A&M Records Inc.

Jake's body has begun to be covered with a thin film of velvet green moss. He has found his way back to the large banyon-like tree. After pausing for a moment to take in his surrounding, he sits down.

**Plant Voice**  
(grief-stricken)

"I wanted it to be like the way it was before. Birds grew up in my branches

and learned how to fly. Four-footed animals nursed their young and life grew at the base of my trunk. Underground, my roots helped nourish the soil that fed the smallest of insects.

“You brought hope to remake things as they once were. I am sorry for my selfishness and greed. A lot was lost so long ago.

“And you can bring it back! Can’t you feel the power surging through your body? You are becoming more than you could ever be. Stretch out your mind. Hear the thoughts, see the thoughts, feel out as far as you dare.”

**Jake**

“I have already felt what you say. That is why I came back here. There is so much more to this life than even you will admit. We have all been sculptured from the Hand of God. There are no limits except those we accept for morality and justice.

“The pollution should have long ago expired. Look inside yourself to set you free. You alone have caused this to continue from your guilt and feelings of responsibility.

“Let it go. (pause.) “Let it go my friend. It is time to move along.”

Jake. The Commander toasts the first man on Mars. A gracious Jake acknowledges the crowd before he and Debby make their way through the room and find a quieter place to talk.

**Jake**

(calm and relaxed)

“It was incredible. I’m not sure that it wasn’t real. Did something read my mind and create a fantasy world from my imagination or was it truly the remnants of what was life here on Mars. And if it was, what does that say about our own home Earth.

“How can I warn them about the harm they could be doing? There isn’t really any definitive proof that global warming hasn’t happened before as a byproduct of volcanic ash, a natural occurrence.”

**Debby**

“I just want to know how you feel now. Are the headaches gone?

(pause, then whispers)

“Can you really read peoples thoughts?”

**Jake**

“It’s a sense of feelings for others’ emotions. People telegraph their intentions by their feelings.

(smiling)

“I know what you’re intentions are right now.”

The tree evolves into a shimmering rainbow of light. Soon the whole cavern has changed.

**Plant Voice**

“Thank you. It took your faith to release us. Do not let your world suffer our fate. Be responsible and do not look for others to clean up your mistakes.”

The cavern is empty. The green moss has vanished from Jake’s body. A space suit lies at Jakes feet. In the distance is a rushing sound as the air from the cavern exits onto the surface. Jake is able to put the suit on before he is pulled out onto the surface.

Fade In: Jake is walking on the surface when the rescue party found him. He waves as they approach him.

**Commander Michael**

(enthusiastic)

“We’ve found him! We’ll pick him up and be back within the hour.”

**Debby**

(overjoyed)

“All right! Everyone here at the base is grateful for the good news.”

Fade In: The Mars base is having a celebration party for

**Debby**

(smiling)

“You rascal. What are you’re intentions?”

**Jake**

“Tomorrow? I know that there is so much more to learn and understand about the cosmos. Sometimes Mankind needs some people to help lead them and inspire them to discover their own possibilities of achievement. To see the wonder of our own unique diversity. I want to lead the quest into outer space.

**Debby**

“OK. Let’s go.

(pause, winks)

Tomorrow.

They kiss.

Begin Music: Barometer Soup, (4:58) by Jimmy Buffett, BAROMETER SOUP, © 1995 MCA Records Inc.

Jake and Debby enter their repaired spacecraft with the refurbished crystal. They hold hands as they take off via the magna accelerator to explore outer space.

End music.



The end.

Begin Music: The Moment, (6:00) by Kenny G, THE MOMENT, © 1996 Arista Records Inc.

Roll credits.

**Stakes-** The stakes for Jake need to be set up early. It is unclear what he risks by his mission. He could lose his life, but this is not a real threat as his life is never seriously at risk. His relationship with Debby is stilled, thus whatever feelings he has for her could be lost without affecting the audience. It is also never clear what kind of relationship he has with Sarah, thus if she were to die the audience would be unaffected. Does Jake have a professional risk? Is this his last chance to prove himself to his superiors? Does he have a personal risk? Does he have something to prove to himself? Does he have an internal dilemma that he needs to work out, and the only way he can work it out is to push himself to the limit? In addition, somebody or something needs to serve as a threat to him. The black suits are never believable threats.

**Conflict-** The external conflict should serve as the anchor to the story, the jeopardy that propels the story forward. Is the conflict that Jake must save the ship but has to overcome the natural obstacles of space exploration - problems with the mechanical aspects of his ship, black holes, lack of oxygen supply? Or is the conflict between Jake and the black suits? One conflict needs to be adopted and established as the main external conflict. Other conflicts should also be set up to complicate the mission. Does Jake have issues with Debby? Are there other members of the crew who sabotage the mission? In addition, Jake needs an internal conflict that complicates the external conflict.

**Believability-** There is a wide margin for believability in science fiction stories, and the writer stays within these parameters.

**Dialogue-** The main concern with the dialogue is that there is too much reliance on the parenthetical to carry the story. Because movies are dependent on dialogue to explain the story, develop characters, raise the conflicts, it is necessary that the dialogue stands on its own. Well-crafted dialogue should exist without the parenthetical. For example, p. 20, "...obviously close friends" appears in the parenthetical. How is it obvious that Jake and Lunar Shuttle Pilot are close friends? Can this come out in the dialogue? P. 27, "tremendously pissed off" precedes the dialogue of "Shut-up! You're getting off at the next stop with us." Could the dialogue contain language that gives the impression of more anger? Or perhaps the character can do something that shows his anger. Character is revealed through behavior. Find ways to reveal the characters more through their behavior, and as a second choice, through dialogue. The writer is encouraged to omit all parentheticals, which will force more development in the dialogue and scenes.

**Other Concerns-** The writer needs to learn the proper format of screenplays in order to give his script a more professional feel. Scene headings need to be used every time the story changes place or time. Fade In is used only in the first line of the first page. Music does not need to be suggested. It is a decision of the director. Characters should be introduced in capital letters. A synopsis and cast of characters does not need to be included.

**Budget-** Over 510 million

**Grade-** Pass

Script P.I.M.P. LLC has given FIRST TO MARS a Pass grade. Think of these notes as a starting point for a rewrite. We look forward to your rewrite and the possibility of circulating your script. You have a one-time opportunity to resubmit your script, free of charge. With a grade of Consider or Recommend, Script P.I.M.P. LLC will further assist you in circulating FIRST TO MARS.

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Sorry, sometimes you just have to vent.



FIRST TO MARS  
by Steven Graves

**Overall-** "First" taps into a growing interest in space exploration and the hope of reaching Mars. There have been a few recent space-related movies, "Mission to Mars" and "Red Planet." Thus, in order for this script to have any real potential of reaching an audience it needs to find a unique angle. In any case, "First" needs to be further developed. The characters are thin and not as sympathetic as they could be. The conflicts are shallow and without a central conflict to anchor and propel the story. And the structure reads loosely. A rewrite is suggested in order to flesh out the story.

**Characters-** Not much is known about the characters. Jake is introduced in a quick scene in which he beats up and flees from a trio of pursuers, though we don't know why - nor do we ever know why - they are after him. Who is Jake and why is he the only person in the universe who can reach Mars? Is he a doctor? He saves a woman from cancer in the first act. Can his medical knowledge come into play somehow? Why does he seem like a man who answers to no one? What is his training? Is he part of the government - NASA, FBI, USAF? Or is he part of a private organization? Or is he a renegade working on his own? He also needs an internal dilemma. It is understood that his mission is to save a stranded ship, but what ails his emotions? Luke Skywalker must learn to use the force, which is metaphorical for believing in himself. The lead in "The Matrix" must also learn to believe in himself. What is Jake's internal journey? What is his arc? He needs to start off in one place and end in another. Does he start off as a renegade who answers to no one and end up sacrificing himself for others?

The relationship between Jake and Debby is also insufficiently explained and explored. We need to know more about their past. Their past also needs to affect the present to such a degree that it warrants inclusion into the script. Is Jake afraid to love Debby but by the end of the story he learns to sacrifice himself for her? Can we also know more about Debby? Why is she willing to risk her own life for Sarah? We never know what her relationship is with Sarah. Are they friends, sisters, former co-pilots?

There is also some concern with the antagonist. Men in black suits represent a force that opposes Jake. But there is little information concerning their motives. Why do they oppose Jake? What is their goal? The antagonist needs to have a goal that is directly opposed to the goal of the protagonist. Thus, if Jake's goal is to save the stranded ship, the antagonist's goal must be to prevent the ship from being saved. More importantly, the antagonist needs a face and personality. Can one man rule over the black suits? What is his name? What drives him? Important to movies is an emotional attachment to the characters, both the good guys and the bad. Find ways to flesh out the characters more such that this attachment is possible.

**Structure-** The structure comes across as thin, and the story reads loosely. We don't understand what the story is about until p. 17, when Jake explains to Debbie that he must rescue a stranded ship. Why not show the ship losing power and becoming stranded? This could open the script and serve as the inciting incident - the incident that starts the story. Then Jake's character could be introduced - who he is, what makes him tick. Then he could secure himself on the ship headed to space, whereupon he meets up with Debby. In the process the writer needs to explore the situation more. Jake needs to face more obstacles and the story can take breaks to work on the b-story (the story with Debby). The climax also occurs around p. 48 - Jake saves the ship. However, the story continues for another 17 pages. Once the climax occurs, the story should end as quickly as possible, usually within 3 pages. In addition, a thriller should come in around 120 pages. The fact that this script comes in at 65 pages is testament to the lack of development.

Dear Script P.I.M.P.

Overall I would say that your reader(s) did not GET the story. The climax of the story is not when Jake saves the ship (p47-48) from burning up in Mars atmosphere. It is when Jake removes the guilt and despair of the plants for the destruction of Martian culture from a fault not their own. It is not to tap into the growing interest of outer space but to show responsibility to each other and how we have cause and effect on our world. The unique angle is that we will become the barren wasteland like Mars if we don't take care of Earth. Reread the last 15 pages again. If we ever do reach Mars we find ourselves.

Other concerns about the proper format are duly noted. Total numbers of pages are industry fluff. I think of it as a reply to round pegs in square hole and a way obscure creativity. The selection of the music is central to the overall theme and moods introduced. It is not open to directorial consideration.

The answer to why he is being pursued by men in black, governmental "black Ops" characters is explained on page 17, "they glued it together": cheapness and cost cutting past safety considerations, science on a shoestring ultimately caused the catastrophe. Similar to the recent Mars probes that crashed due to a misinterpretation of distance - ( miles/meters).

Many movies begin with the introductory "hook" as you suggested. Some do not. First to Mars is one of them. The story is revealed as the layers (as an onion) are peeled away. Jake is introduced as a man in the crowd who may know something. It is confirmed when the generic bad guys attempt to rough him up. Jake shows his defiance. "Wow, where did he get the gadgetry", is expressed. He then leaves via an aero-car. Not something cheap. He is shown as a man of means. The music - Storm Front - is important as Jake evades capture. Listen to the music and maybe you'll understand what is about to develop.

At this point Jake can no longer be a conformist. On page 12 it is shown that he is not a renegade who answers to no one but a man who cares for others. He has the gift of invention and answers the cries for help.

The mission control spokesperson - an anonymous voice - holds the space shuttle launch. I can see where further clarification could be used. The spokesperson's conversation with a subordinate saying, "I owe him that much". Jake is not without allies.

How Jake's past gives him elevated stature in space is not really important at this point - maybe a prequel script. Flashbacks can confuse the audience and the focus of who he is now. It is not a part of the story I want to develop. I want the mystery.

The relationship with Sarah is meant to be intentionally vague. She was a replacement for the Mars mission at the last minute to get back at Jake for raising concerns about the fallacies of the Mars expedition. Jake is the one risking his life. Debby is going because she sees something reawakened in Jake.

Structure. On the first page I introduce the story - it is Mars. How do I get there? The international Mars expedition. Why should Jake care? He knows "they" glued it together and want to silence him. He has the power (money) influence, and creativity to find a way to help, one of the basic human instincts is to help. The journey from the softness and safety of conformity at the beginning to Jake's realization of his own humanity and enlightenment after Mars that should not be hidden is why I don't say who he is and what makes him tick. This story is not a Colombo movie of the week!

If you cannot listen to Storms in Africa on page 10 and imagine it with the two sentences in the next paragraph you really don't get it.

S GRAVES

DENNIS E. MULLENIX  
LITERARY SERVICES  
430 N. University Street  
Pacifica, Illinois 60644  
Tel. (312) 962-6228

Dear Mr. Graves:

I have been unable to help you find a market for this material so I am returning it to you at this time.

I am sorry I was unable to help you place this work.

Yours truly,  
*Dennis E. Mullenix*  
Dennis E. Mullenix

P.S. You may send in additional material at any time.

## EVALUATION AGREEMENT

Gentlemen:

I am submitting to you herewith the following material (hereinafter referred to as "said Material").

TITLE: WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

FORM OF MATERIAL

Synopsis      Screenplay      Radioplay  
Treatment    Telescript      Other: SYNOPSIS / SHORT STORY

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS: CREW OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE

BRIEF SUMMARY OF THEME OR PLOT: THE CREW ENCOUNTER AN

ALIEN WHILE ON A DEEP SPACE ASSIGNMENT

WGA REGISTRATION NO.: \_\_\_\_\_ NO. OF PAGES: 7

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2. I warrant that I am the sole owner and author of said material, that I have the exclusive right and authority to submit the same to you upon the terms and conditions stated herein; and that all of the important features of said material are summarized herein. I will indemnify you of and from any and all claims, loss or liability that may be asserted against you or incurred by you, at any time, in connection with said material, or any use thereof.
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Very truly yours,  
*SDG*  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature  
\_\_\_\_\_  
STEVEN DONALD GRAVES  
Print Name  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Address  
\_\_\_\_\_  
City and State  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone Number  
Accepted and Agreed to by  
\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature

I did not have an agent. One replied back that he did not do "trekie" stuff.



This is the story I submitted. I hope you find it interesting.



S.D. GRAVES

Intree: Captain's log stardate: 4357.8 The Enterprise is preparing to leave orbit around Capra 4 where we are picking up Secretary Forth of the Moon Science and Technology League and his complement. We are to deliver them immediately to the Quasi-Reti star cluster to intercept a special Star Fleet vessel known only as M-One.

This assignment requires the Enterprise to travel a great distance in a relatively short time. Not surprisingly, Ensign Crusher has presented a novel solution to this particular problem as a homework project encouraged by his science instructor. Since our course will take the Enterprise through several passes of deep space, a speed of warp twenty can be made possible through a redirection of ship's power and systems to handle this advanced warp drive velocity. Minimum computer use by the ship's crew as required to facilitate this achievement. All ships complement is contributing, even some of our youngest members. (Youngster turning off lights.)

An engineering Ensign Crusher, Commander Ryker, Chief engineer Jord Le Forge and another of the ship's engineer are assisting with the set up of the final intrinsic phase.

"The basic data for the hyperdrive warp were found in the computer files after the Traveler took us to the edge of the known cosmos. We don't have the ability to focus thought energy as he did but we have harnessed a great power source." Wes begins.

"Antimatter," says the female engineer.

"By reorientating the ship's power and computer systems a more refined energy flow pattern can be achieved. Nothing like the velocities experienced before, more like a very slow low gear." Wes explains.

On the bridge.

"We have just beamed the secretary and his complement onto the Enterprise," Wes announces.

"Engineering reports that the hyperdrive program is in place," states Lt. Commander Data.

"... warp functions are on line, Captain," states the relief navigator, "Course set."

"Acknowledged," replies the Captain. "Enter hyperspace 14."

"On the board," replies the navigator.

"Engage," the captain replies.

The Enterprise enters warp speed.

(dialogue introducing the characters; secretary and complement.)

Secretary Forth and his entourage exit the transporter room.

"I'm sorry that a bridge officer was unable to greet you personally sir, I'm the ship's protocol officer and I will be your liaison while you're onboard the Enterprise," explains the woman.

"Yes," the secretary replies rather annoyed. "It is disappointing that the pressures of command tend to negate the fundamentals of civilized behavior."

"If you will follow me, I will show you to your quarters," she says with discomfort.

"We would like to inspect our equipment first," Sec. Forth states authoritatively. "The precision and calibration of our instruments could have been upset by the beaming process."

"As you wish sir, Gentlemen," she says while gesturing them towards a corridor.

"Forward sensors detect a small object ahead, Captain," announces Lt. Worf. "I'm picking up fluctuations of high-density energy output."

"Fluctuation?" inquires Captain Picard.

"Something is shielding the source," replies Worf.

"Ships computers are recognizing it as a navigation beacon," reports Commander Data.

"Interesting," muses Captain Picard. "How did something get very close here in the middle of all this nothingness? What civilization had the technology to place it here, and for what purpose? Imagine traveling this void as commo-pace."

"There could be star charts on board of it," suggests commander Data, "or some other artifacts that could be of interest."

"Reduce speed to warp two, Prepare to enter subwarp speed," commands the captain.

This action is disputed by Secretary Forth through the ship's communication system, who reminds the Captain of the importance of their mission.

"Captain, we must arrive at the rendezvous point in less than 35 hours!"

"This is my command and I shall decide the actions of this ship," replies the Captain. "Our mission is also to explore into the unknown and to search for an understanding of what lies out there. If this is some kind of navigational buoy, then valuable information could be acquired concerning the beings who placed it here. There won't be another starship in this void for several months if not years."

The Enterprise approaches a rather small space craft.

"Are you detecting any life forms over there, Data?" asks the captain.

"Inconclusive, Captain," Commander Data replies and pauses for a moment then says, "there may be something there."

"Humans?" asks the Captain.

"Unknown," replies Data.

"Number One," orders the Captain, "take your away team over and investigate. Stay sharp," he recommends.

"Aye aye Captain," Commander Ryker replies.

On board the unknown spacecraft.

"Everything appears to be malfunctioning Commander. The signal is a definite mechanism that is transmitting the pulsations we are receiving. Data announces to Commander Ryker as they gaze over the imagery of complex instruments partly broken with the metal housings fused and charred.

"Captain," reports Commander Ryker with his communication device, "From an examination of its damage it was involved in a battle."

"A great battle," injects Lt. Worf from the adjoining hallway. Jord Le is next to him looking over the construction materials of the craft.

"Worf, I can't identify this," Jord Le begins as he touches the wall. "It seems to have a reflective phase shift built into it."

"That would be very beneficial towards a warrior's battle capabilities," Worf comments.

Data locates the name of the ship. It is called "The Columbia",

Paramount Pictures Corporation

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TELEVISION GROUP  
NETWORK TELEVISION DIVISION

October 13, 1989

Mr. S. D. Graves

RE: Unread and unconsidered story for STAR TREK entitled "When Worlds Collide" submitted to the STAR TREK production office in an envelope postmarked September 6, 1989

Dear Mr. Graves:

Because of the many unfounded claims of plagiarism asserted against motion picture producers, Paramount has made it an invariable rule that its employees neither read nor consider unsolicited literary material, musical compositions, lyrics, ideas or suggestions of any nature whatsoever unless submitted through a recognized literary agency. Therefore, I am returning to you herewith, via Certified Mail, Return Receipt Requested, the material referenced above.

For your information, a recognized literary agency is an agency that is a subscriber to the current Writers Guild of America-Artists Managers' Basic Agreement. Upon request, the Writers Guild of America, 8955 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90048, can send you their list of signatories, about which Paramount cannot make any recommendation.

Although we cannot be of any assistance to you, thank you for your interest in Paramount.

Yours very truly,  
*Rebecca Omahan*  
Rebecca Omahan

RO/  
Enc.

Paramount Pictures Corporation  
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S.D. GRAVES

When Worlds Collide

Ryker, but he seemed to recognize Commander Data calling him Number One and then Mr. B's.

"Could they be some of the other androids on board Worf discovered? Were they instructed to awaken him at a certain point of his journey?" asks the Captain.

"I saw them Captain. They were exactly like Data in appearance," replies Commander Ryker. "Some were wearing military uniforms and insignias."

Replicas of Commander Data? If they possess the same abilities as he does...

"Yes, sir," replies Ryker.

"What was that?" Jord Le exclaims. "That brilliant flash of light?"

"Data," questions Ryker, "are you alright?"

"Yes Commander," replies Data. "Quite interesting," Data continues.

Suddenly the shape begins to beam. Slowly the eyelids open and looking at Data mumbles, "Number One," he speaks pausing to inquire with his eyes then asks, "Mr. B?" then closes them.

Worf scratches the compartments in the lower level and finds several duplicates of Data in different apparel, all inactive.

"Commander," informs Worf, "I think you should see this"

"In a moment, Lt.," replies the commander.

"Mr. Ryker, report," orders the Captain. "We have just received strong energy readings in your vicinity."

"Yes Captain, We've located it, or rather activated it. (Explanation to the Captain.) A static charge occurred between Data and the being we have found here on board. It seemed to come to life for a moment then return to the motionless state in which we found him."

They attempt to beam aboard the "Man" but are prevented by his density and so they move his ship into the shuttle craft bay with a tractor beam, a rather tight fit and bring him to sick bay.

(In turbo-lift elevator)

"... And you say that Commander Data activated this 'Man' when he touched it?" questions the Captain.

"Not only that," continues

you in English," states the Doctor.

"No Doctor, I'm sorry but I definitely heard french."

"And I heard english, sir," insists the Doctor.

"I think we've just acquired ourselves a very interesting passenger," the Captain declares with concern.

(Intermission)

(Dialogue with Secretary Forth and his complement discussing the arrival of the unknown Chancellor and the specially instruments that they are carrying. Some are giving input into various devices while others are registering energy readings on specific frequencies as they monitor their instruments.)

On the bridge Ensign Crusher begins, "Captain, my monitor shows an unusually heavy consumption of energy in the guest quarters."

"Data," asks the Captain, "are you reading that?"

"No sir," replies Commander Data. "Energy ... is normal range."

"Ensign Crusher, explain!" barks Captain Picard.

Stunned, Wesley says, "It's just that I'm reading ALL energy consumption devices on."

"Where?" asks the Captain.

"The Chancellor's room, sir," replies Wes.

"Security. Send a team to the Chancellor's quarters."

At the guest quarters of the Chancellor their visitor is resting on the couch. Then he gets up, goes to the door, turns off the lights and exits.

In the hallway the security offices approach the Chancellor as he turns the corner to enter the turbo-lift. The security squad leader informs the Captain and then commands the Chancellor to halt. When you see your kindness and generosity bestowed onto this humble traveler. Please call me Chancellor," he states then walks away from their hands by an invisible force and into the Chancellor's hands where he crushes them.

"Violence will not be tolerated," he announces mildly and continues to approach the turbo-lift. A message near the entrance reads, "Access Denied"

Two security officers grab the



Chancellor as the door suddenly opens and they all enter. The subject lifts arrives at the bridge and the security men try to manhandle the Chancellor but he stands unmoving, like a statue.

"Permission to enter the bridge," he asks.

The Captain looks around at his bridge crew and answers, "Permission granted."

The Chancellor enters and stands on the rise. "I apologize for the misair between us, Captain. You see I too live by the philosophy of the non-interference directive and I am prevented from doing as much as I seek to. Your species is a young race, and the Chancellor pauses for a moment then continues, "and an old one."

"In front of us," begins the Chancellor, "lay the Quasi-Rena star cluster, and a panoramic view of colored gases is instantly displayed on the view screen. A subject of intense scientific interest at the moment. But let us not forget 'Black Holes,' and suddenly to the left where there is no view screen the swirling dark image of a black hole appears. "On the flashing of a quasar more brilliant than a thousand suns, with this image appearing off to the right. Then the bridge is replaced by the image of stars surrounding them streaking by. The Chancellor quickly realises that he has gone tender and all the images are gone with the bridge returned back to normal.

"Captain, because of my presence here your ship is in great danger," states the Chancellor.

"What?" the Captain expresses with alarm, "explain!"

"In a few moments your long range scanners will detect a contingent of three scout ships at 359 mark 67," begins the Chancellor. "They are immensely powerful."

"Worf," orders the Captain, "intensity scan in that area. Initiate yellow alert. Engineering prepare for full emergency power. Speed Mr. Data!"

"Warp 15 Captain. We're having to call upon more systems to interface with the hyper-warp drive program," he commences.

"I see," the Captain replies.

"Captain," announces Worf from

his science station position, "I'm picking up three objects. They are closing on us at warp 25. I've never seen a vessel of this configuration before, sir."

"State hulling frequencies all channels," orders the Captain.

"Captain," announces Lt. Worf, "the deflector beam came on, sir."

"Captain, their firing on us," Commander Data declares.

"Red alert," the Captain commands, " Shields at maximum."

The energy bolt hits.

" Shields down, sir!" yells Worf.

"We were struck by a powerful blast," says Data, "all power systems have gone off line."

"Sir," Worf interrupts, "they're firing again!"

"Not the Chancellor screams, "you murdering fools. Suddenly his body is glowing red. His right hand grabs the hand rail which begins to shine in a glow of purplish-silver violet light.

"Systems on line, Captain," announces Chief engineer Lt. LeForge who has entered the bridge just a moment prior.

" Shields at maximum," says Worf.

The blast hits.

"Report!" yells the Captain.

"We're OK," states Chief Engineer Le Forge, "all systems are functioning."

"They're coming around for another pass, sir," states Worf.

The Captain looks at the Chancellor then at Worf. "Any response Lieutenant?"

"None, sir."

" Counselor?"

"I sense intense greed and barbarous instilling attack capabilities. They are mercenaries or pirates, sir."

"Ready main phases," orders the Captain.

"You must defeat them quickly. I can't maintain this output for very long, you see I was asleep for..." he trails off. "But channel the phaser energy through the deflector circuits. Please," pleads the Chancellor. He gasps in pain with the strain appearing on his face.

"Lt. LeForge, make it so," orders the Captain.

"Systems ready," states Worf.

"Steady as the begin their pass," confirms the Captain. "Fire!"

The three pirate ships are hit with an extremely powerful violet beam that sends them spiraling uncontrollably into the dark abyss of space.

The Chancellor requests, "permission to leave the bridge, sir."

The Captain says granted as the turbo-lift door closes carrying the Chancellor away.

< Interruption >

On the bridge,

"Position report on the Chancellor," requests the Captain.

"He's in main engineering near the matter-annihilator core," reports Worf.

A look of surprise appears on the Captain's face. "Number One," he begins, "Worf."

"I'm on my way, sir," commander Ryker responds.

"Captain," Wes begins, "I'd like to assist the Commander, sir," he asks.

"Very well," replies the Captain.

After engineering the Chancellor is curled up near the main core, shaking and showing signs of fever. Commander Ryker requests for Dr. Palski who quickly arrives.

"I will be alright. You see I am indestructible. I can lose consciousness. The mercenaries would have destroyed you and then sufficed through the rubbish and your ship to find me," the Chancellor infers them.

"Where have they gone now?" asks Ryker.

"We damaged their pulse drive, similar to your warp drive but more sophisticated for speed and over-temperature attack capabilities. Ensign," redirects the Chancellor, "I'm impressed by your technical abilities of controlling the long range scanners."

The doctor has continued to examine the Chancellor. He turns to her and smiles, "I would feel better if I were warm."

"What can I do?" asks the doctor.

"You can do nothing. It is a decision that only the Captain can make," his tone is serious. "I need to interface with your matter-annihilator energy drivers. Commander," the Chancellor asks Ryker, "will you relay the request?"

careful."

"We'll be careful," corrects the Chief.

At his ready room the Captain ponder the importance of a cargo of Data's androids.

"Captain," the bridge informs him, "our current speed has just surpassed warp 27 and we are still accelerating."

"Engineering, this is the Captain, report!"

"Chief Engineer LeForge here, Captain. Ensign Crusher and I have enabled the main computer to maintain a more refined flow of power to our warp drive engines."

"The Chancellor helped us," explains Wesley.

"Computer where is the Chancellor now?" asks the Captain.

"He is in halo-deck 2," the computer replies.

"Mr. Data, Commander Ryker," says the Captain through his communicator, "meet me outside halo-deck 2."

At the door outside halo-deck 2, the door opens revealing the stials of a horse barn. Outside they see the Chancellor wearing a leather western-wear outfit basking in the sunlight and warmth of summer afternoon. He is holding the reins of two fine steeds.

"Captain," the Chancellor greets him, "I've been expecting you. I'm sorry, Commander Ryker, Lt. Commander Data but I've only added horses for the Captain and myself."

"Data and I," inquired Ryker with concern.

"I'll be alright, Commander," replies Captain Picard.

The Chancellor and I have some things we must talk about."

"They exit the Stable, the Captain and Chancellor get on their steeds and ride off. They come to a rise overlooking a majestic sunset.

"Who or what are you Chancellor?" the Captain begins by asking. "We've encountered strange beings before but none with your character or composure. Why are you on my ship?"

"It is a matter of courage," the Chancellor begins. "My ship had accelerated out of control. Theoretically her speed is infinite and so I was one of the first to pass

the galactic barrier and experience the ESP effect described by the Captain of the Constitution class Enterprise, Admiral James T. Kirk. I turned and was suddenly launched only by that which is in the soul. I love to see the beauty of wonderment in a child's eye or the look of compassion from the old. The ability to see future circumstances from current interactions through reason guides me around the 'Mind-field' of cause and effect."

"The prime directive," replies Picard.

"Yes, but must help others up to their ability to understand. Life is so precious to me."

"Tell me about the battle," requests the Captain.

"Thousands of light years past the Orion Nebula there was a civilization where I found peace. Their planet was a lush green giant with oceans teeming with life. I lived there for many years studying the wonders of the universe. My Self is no longer restrained by time. Then the members came. As an explorer you know that there is much that is unknown to us about the cosmos. We go forward with faith in our ideals for a better tomorrow. We give assistance when asked. I gave too much for all the right reasons and erred in my judgment. Purity and openness are my forte as I have a commitment to the oppressed."

The pirates tried to coerce me into giving them access to eternity. Little could they comprehend exactly what they had asked for. When I refused they tried to bombard the planet with radiation. At first I was able to increase the natural reflective properties of the 'Van Allen' belts. Soon they had amassed an armada of seventy war ships that would have enabled them to selectively pierce certain areas of the planet below them. Scorching the surface and killing millions in an instant. A nuclear holocaust."

"Seventy ships," Picard injects, "are you that powerful?"

"The situation had become so desperate that I committed myself to a brazen, defiant act of action. By altering time and space I moved the entire armada and myself out

into the void where you found me. For whatever reason, I found myself enclosed by this outer shell. I believe that it came from my unconscious mind. I was willing to sacrifice it all and evaporate into nothingness, but the body's natural survival instinct changed me into what you see now."

"My stamina was waning and I could not keep longer the battle by myself so I caused 'Columbia' to materialize around me complemented by a crew of androids modeled after the best, the prototype... Mr. Data. His exploits became legend. The battle lasted for hours. They finally fell with only nine of their war ships left as I tried unconsciously. I remained there in that nothingness for a thousand years before you came by."

"What do you want of us?" asks the Captain.

"There is an evil crystal entity present that shall cause for me and this vessel," replies the Chancellor, "the Enterprise must not become involved for it and it's crew WILL be destroyed. A catastrophe with ramifications throughout the universe and fabric of Star Trek."

Picard with concern,

"Captain, this is your own great command. You have met the Q. The encounters of other strange beings along with the discovery of new materials and process that are unique to this Starship Enterprise will be astounding. And your crew..." the Chancellor pauses, "Chief LeForge makes several commitments because of his optical view. While on a survey of a planet he 'sees' a new crystal compound that is later used with animatiles for a ten fold increase in operating power. He saves the population of Antares 3 when he is able to find the dangerous fuel leak."

Worf... Vice Admiral Worf's greatest battle of his career involves no violence," he adds with a smile.

He draws upon the strengths that you are teaching him now when he confesses a battle group of seven hostile alien ships. He cultivates their fearfulness of his Klingon heritage and then bluffs them into surrendering. Klingons are formidable warriors."

When Worlds Collide

You have people to control things down here if he approves."

"I'll see to it immediately," replies Ryker who leaves.

At the conference room next to the bridge,

The Captain begins, "Doctor, what is this thing that we have brought aboard the Enterprise?"

"I'm not sure Captain but it is a life-form. My medical sensors have been ineffective in penetrating his skin covering."

"It is a creature composed of so known alloy, Captain," states Data.

"With unique energy transforming properties," injects Chief engineer LeForge.

"Yes," replies the Captain, "what does the Chancellor look like to you, Jeehl?"

"He is a statue," states Jeehl, "dark and solid generally speaking."

"Generally?" inquires the Captain.

"When he was on the bridge I did see a glow or aura for an instant, when he grabbed the hand rail. Not a bright flash like before but a low level energy reflection."

"Captain," begins Lt. Worf, "it does appear that he did save us from certain destruction. If there are more of these interceptors around shouldn't we let him recharge?"

"Captain," begins Commander Ryker, "there is a risk factor. Should anything happen to our warp drive out here in this void it would take ten months for a rescue party to reach us."

"Captain," says the Counselor, "he may be doing... as he owes him our lives. I sense no hostility from him but I know that he is an immensely powerful being."

"Like the parable of a trapped jinn being saved by the mouse," Commander Ryker begins with a smile.

"The mouse gets the report of the lions cage thereby setting him free," states Chief LeForge.

"No, it was a thorn that was stuck in his paw," says Wes.

"Well," the Captain begins his reply, "if I remember correctly the lion almost eats this same mouse that had helped him."

"Maybe he is trapped inside this container of his," replies Data.

"So it appears," replies Picard.

At engineering Wesley is at the

auxiliary engineering terminal with the Chancellor standing behind him.

"The important thing is to provide a buffer zone for the sensitive instruments when I merge with the Enterprise," begins the Chancellor. "She is a good ship. A strong ship. We must protect her from cerebral shock."

"You talk as if the Enterprise were alive," Wes says.

"She is," he replies to a startled Ensign.

Commander Ryker, "we're ready," says Wesley as the Commander and Chief LeForge join them.

The Chancellor goes over to the matter-annihilator interim chamber and "walks" into the core. They are startled as the energy enters the chamber and then disappears. Suddenly the pulsating stops and all the lights go off. Then the red emergency light come on and other fail-safe systems begin to blink on.

"Commander Ryker, report!" commands Picard.

"It's OK commander," Wes informs him, "the interruption is under control. Power systems coming on line."

"A temporary fluctuation, Captain," Ryker tells the Chancellor entering the "mix" chamber.

The Chancellor exits.

"Wof," says Jeehl,

"What do you see?" asks the Captain.

"Shiny, golden... reflective," replies Jeehl smiling. "Beautiful," he murmurs.

"Thank you, thank you all," expresses the Chancellor with great delight.

"That is a very interesting optical and you wear," the Chancellor says to LeForge, "And now I'd like to go to the Halo-deck and re-learn."

"The Halo-deck?" Ryker replies. Questioning the others with a look of concern.

PART TWO.

<Picture of Enterprise>

Voice of the Captain, "We are proceeding at warp 19 to our rendezvous point with Mr. One. We are still over four days away and the

stress from hyper warp is beginning to show. On a positive note, the Chancellor appears to have fully recovered but I am disturbed at his use of the halo-deck since we have had difficulty with it's programming before. Although I cannot see this glow that Lt. LeForge has mentioned it has been confirmed by Commander Data who also has unique capabilities. Counselor Troy has not sensed any hostility from our guest so I have allowed him to move freely among us. I have no doubt that we would not be able to stop him anyway so I am forced to rely upon his sense of civility and his peaceful demeanor."

At the Captain's ready room, the Captain is at his desk contemplating the Chancellor.

"Commander Ryker, what is the Chancellor's location?"

"He is in engineering assisting Chief engineer LeForge and Ensign Crusher maintain our speed."

In engineering,

"Dr. Phillips of Beta-3 has shown that warp drive interface control can be even more finely aligned through software techniques," states Wes authoritatively to the Chancellor.

"He discovered that while staiding Halo-deck design and transferred the technology knowledge he had learned," says the Chancellor while mentioning to Jeehl, Ryker, and Data have a questioning look in their eyes.

"But I am not talking about reprogramming you."

"Data, you are a composite of the experiences from the lives of several people. The scientists on your home planet give you a part of their memories, a piece of soul. Their smiling persona is you. Other androids are programmed by other machines. You have the human element. I just want to talk with you."

Commander Ryker, "the Chancellor begins as he manipulates the halo-deck controls. "I found something interesting while reviewing the ships files. You called her Minnet. The designers were quite precise with her interlinks to the ships main computers making it very hard to disfigure. I have modified her to be the essence of the Enterprise here in this form. When all else seems lost she can find the way to save you all."

PART THREE

"Yes, I know," responds the Captain. "We should get back now. Your contributions to Wesley's intuitive curiosity has enabled us to travel quite quickly and we will reach the star cluster soon."

"Yes captain," the Chancellor begins at the main base. "There are few more things I need to discuss with you. Have your people leave my ship. I will not allow the other androids to become operational while I am here with Commander Data. I want you to understand that it is a matter of respect. They are after the awakening."

"I see. I will make it so."

They rejoin Commander Ryker and Commander Data who sit at the halo-deck door close behind them.

"I would also like to alter Commander Data to enable him to assist me with some very complicated logical tasks. There will be no permanent changes."

"How can you say that?" asks Data, "as an android any reprogramming could damage my memory circuits. I am a mere machine..."

"No Data," interrupts the Chancellor, "you are alive."

Picard, Ryker, and Data have a questioning look in their eyes.

"But I am not talking about reprogramming you."

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PART THREE

When Worlds Collide

Captain's log, supplemental. We have arrived at our destination and are in the process of linking up with Mr. One, the shamans ship, Pegasus and three heavy cruisers. Two refurbished Constitution class star ships are enroute for this special assignment. There is a glow. I'm instructed to assume the position of Commodore during this operation with the Flagship Enterprise coordinating the data flow to Mr. One. (The Captain is in a different uniform.)

"Captain, we Commodore," corrects Data to himself. "We are ready to begin initial start-up."

"Make it so, Mr. Data, I mean number one," says temporary Captain Ryker.

"Commodore," inquires Worf, "did he really say that I would become a Vice-Admiral?"

"It's all in my report Commodore," replies Picard with a smile.

The Chancellor enters.

"I know you are here to study the migration of the creature you discovered at Farpaint Station," the Chancellor begins, "and the theory that they have come here to reproduce is correct," he continues.

"It is almost time for me to go. I need something from all of you thought to defeat the crystal entity you encountered on Mr. One's home planet that is coming here to kill those same creatures. It will be here in a moment so now I will collect the chapters I have planned in each of you."

Then one by one Worf, Jeehl, Data, Ryker, Wes and then the Captain disappear leaving their uniforms behind. The form of the Chancellor merges out of the hull of the Enterprise as the crystal entity arrives and red alert sounds activating the shields.

Suddenly the crystalline entity changes its color to a bright red as the Chancellor comes in contact with it. Facial images of the kidnapped crew members in extreme emotional anguish appear on the entity which finally shatters. The Chancellor then returns to the bridge clothed in silver sugar. The Chancellor gives each a medal from the nearest crew in the galaxy.

The Chancellor then separates from his outer skin.

"He is a glow of light like the beings that ended the war between the Klingons and the Earthmen from the planet of the Klingons, the Orginians," tells Mr. Data.

"Thank you for helping me accomplish my mission. The elders will be pleased," says the glow. "There is no ultimate power that good cannot overcome," he says to the Captain.

"I'm sorry but I had to borrow the dreams I made for you, Worf," it directs, "whether you become a Starfleet officer or the population of the ship dies by your will you are the same. The ability does lay within you or it would not have had you imagine things as such. Remember the scalding hot KANTAL."

Commander Data explains, "Klingons greatest warrior, tactician, chemist, and religious-medical mystic."

"The crystal entity was the armada's final weapon to suck the final embers of life out of me. Absorbing and defusing this container knew as the Chancellor. It still resonates with goodness. Accept it as a gift for enlightenment. However, the 'Columbia' must go with me. The glow begins to disappear saying, "I shall rise above the skies into the blue above my fiery chariot, conceived in my mind and molded by my hands," and then vanishes.

"Well," begins the Captain, "I think that once fossil sites is in order."

"Captain," injects Commander Ryker, "why don't we have the Chancellor do that for us."

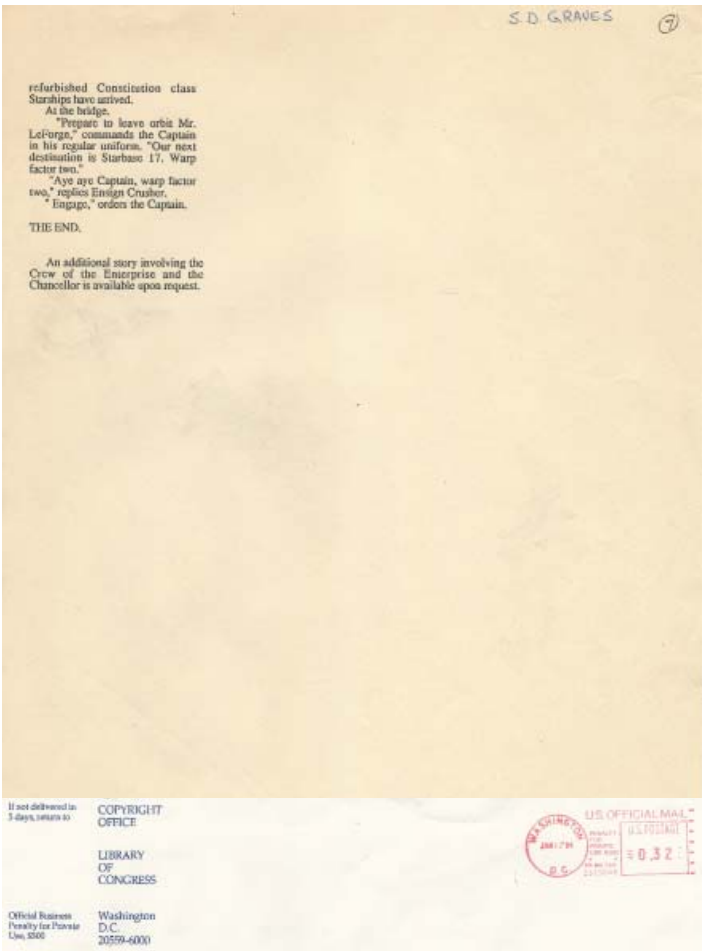
"I'm sorry Commander but I cannot alter the known aspect of time and space. What you ask is a physical impossibility."

"The prime directive!" inquires Picard, "I wonder what abilities you do possess."

The Chancellor smiles, "I will be here when you need me," he says and merges into the wall and disappears.

At the transporter room Secretary T'Pol and Acting Captain Ryker enter a transporter room. The Secretary and his ensemble step up onto the platform and transfer to the Pegasus since the current group of ships can continue without the massive computer memory files of the Enterprise now that the





**PART ONE**

**FADE IN:**  
**INT. JAKES BEDROOM-DAWN**

We PAN AROUND a room that is filled with large tropical plants along one wall, several dressers on another, with the head of the bed and two stereo speakers on either side along the third wall and the source of light into the room. Other objects include an old "Mac" computer, a piece of exercise equipment, and the scuba-diving gear. Then the digital clock advances to six o'clock and the alarm rings.

**BEGIN MUSIC**  
"Omico Flow," by ENYA, WATERMARK, SHK Songs LTD. (4.25)

**JAKE**  
Jake is awakened by the alarm clock. We FOLLOW him as he exits the apartment carrying the diving gear and two tanks and walks away eventually putting the equipment into his old rusted Mitsubishi pickup truck.

**EXT. APARTMENT PARKING AREA**  
We FOLLOW as Jake puts the gear in his truck. The truck is old and very rusted that creaks and groans as he gets in. It seems to be held together through magic. When it finally starts a column of dark smoke belches out and he is on his way.

We SEE magnificent boats docked along the canals with expensive new homes and also older artifacts of the city as his route FOLLOWS Las Olas eastward.



Jake reaches the apex of the bridge and the morning sun greets him. In the distance sailboats can be seen in the ocean with their colorful sails. The road stops at the beach but seems to go straight on into the water. Jake stops for the light and admires the view then turns left. The boardwalk is already being used by a variety of individuals, walking, biking, jogging, and roller blading. Finally the truck is seen to distance itself along the ocean front highway as the music closes.

**END MUSIC**  
**EXT. DIVING BOAT DOCK PARKING AREA**

**BEGIN MUSIC**  
"Make it with you," by BREAD, ANTHOLOGY, ELECTRA/ASYLUM Records, A Division of WARNER Comm. (3.15)

The truck pulls up into the parking lot and stops. Jake takes his gear to the boat and loads it into "The Seahorse". We FOLLOW as the boat leaves the dock and enters the canal then turns right into the main finger of the Intra-coastal heading northward. Houses and apartments line the banks. Some people are outside and wave as the boat passes. The bridge raises as the journey to the inlet proceeds and other boats pass by them. Finally the last bridge opens and the inviting waters of the ocean can be seen. They pass the lighthouse silhouetted by the bright morning light and enter the calm waters as the music finishes.

**END MUSIC**  
We SEE the boat approach and stop. Inside the boat the divers are going throughout their final preparations before entering the water.

**MUSIC BEGINS**  
"LRobot," by ALAN PARSONS PROJECT, Best of #2, ARISTA RECORDS (6.00)

Jake is in full diving gear as he walks to the rear of the boat and takes his turn to enter the water. He signals the boat that he is okay and puts his regulator into his mouth, adjusts his buoyancy by deflating his BC and begins his descent.

**ANGLE - JAKE**  
As Jake descends the rope he is silhouetted from the sun above. Slowly the submerged ship comes into view as the rhythm begins.

**EXT. SUNKEN SHIP**



Jake looks around at all the fish surrounding him then he begins his swim around the ship. It is covered with the amazing colors of the objects feeding off the metal. Soon Jake checks his air gauge and knows it is almost time to ascend. When the music is almost to close as the mandolin begins to play, Jake looks again at

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Page 1 of 2

the gauges and begins his ascent to the surface.

*MUSIC ENDS*

*MUSIC BEGINS*

"Sunset Grill", by DON HENLEY, BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST, DAVID GEFFEN COMPANY/WARNER BROS. (6.18)

We SEE the divers in the boat as the pilot guns the engine and turns to follow the coastline back to the inlet.

#### **EXT. DIVE BOAT ALONG THE BEACH**

Traveling along the shore we SEE the FLORIDA SUNCOAST. There are a few wind surfers closer to shore. Jet ski's are seen jumping the wake of the boat. A look of calm and enjoyment covers Jake's face as the breeze dries his hair into curls of sandy-blond. His diving had left him satisfied and peaceful. The boat fades into the distance as the music fades.

## PART TWO

#### **INT. JAKES BEDROOM**

We SEE Jake asleep and fade into his dream. He is dreaming about diving.

*BEGIN MUSIC*

"Where the streets have no name", by U2, THE JOSHUA TREE, ISLAND RECORDS/WARNER COMMUNICATIONS (5.37)

We SEE the silhouette of Jake diving and FOLLOW as the morning sun begins to penetrate the ocean and the reef is revealed.

*MUSIC ENDS*

#### **INT. JAKES BEDROOM**

He awakens and realizes it was just an dream and becomes determined to dive right away. The scene of the weather as he looks out the windows is not inviting.

JAKE

"Awh, it was only a dream."

*BEGIN MUSIC*

"Storm Front", by BILLY JOEL, STORM FRONT, CBS RECORDS (5.17)

#### **EXT. BEACH PARKING AREA**

The ocean is rough with white surf and only a few hardy surfboard enthusiasts can be seen near the water. The undertow would be strong today. Jake is frustrated.

#### **INT. ORIENTAL HOME**

The old oriental man sits in the gray room pondering the passages in the book he is looking at. His wife enters and looks at him wistfully.

WIFE

You should not be looking there. What is it you are searching for?

OLD MAN

It was the wind. The window had opened and I came in to close it. The pages were fluttering. I could feel it telling me to look, to ask and to seek.

And it has answered. Look!

Written on the open section can be seen the words "AND THE OCEAN SHALL SET YOU FREE" boldly displayed. Then suddenly it closes and morphs into a large opal stone.

OLD MAN

I know what I have to do. It is about time too.

(pauses) It has been so long.

WIFE

What do you mean? (His wife is alarmed at his tone).

YOUSHI

Today it offers redemption. I will no longer have to be the caretaker of the object. After sixty years it is setting me free. The time has come for this

Tomb of Life to pass to another.

#### **EXT. BEACH PARKING AREA**

Jake is still watching the shore line and waits for a break in the weather. He is hoping to get an opportunity to get past the first few hundred feet where the waves appeared to be only four feet or so with only one or two occasional swells.

In the distance we SEE the OLD MAN approach and FOLLOW as he heads straight into the surf and quickly disappears into the water. Jake is alarmed at what he has just seen. Soon the old man's head rises above the surface for a moment but it soon goes under again.

*BEGIN MUSIC*

"Sandman", by AMERICA, HISTORY/GREATEST HITS, WARNER BROS. (3.58)

We FOLLOW Jake as he grabs his underwater gear putting the BC on his back and runs to the surf. We SEE the Japanese man struggling in the water with a look of fear and also determination on his face. Jake enters the water and swims to the man not quite knowing what to expect.

#### **EXT. ROUGH OCEAN**

Jake is close to the man now and greets him in one of the Japanese phrases he knows.

JAKE

Ohio, go zhey aeh mas.

YOUSHI

Ohio.

JAKE

Gum bah tah?

Youshi nods his head and smiles. He is old and the strain has taken a toll on his heart. We SEE him suddenly have a stroke and the look of anxiety returns as a wave crests above his head and he is gone. Jake searches frantically. Finally they both surface with Jake's "octopus" in Youshi's mouth and Jake towing him to shore. Youshi is hardly conscience as Jake carries him up the beach. In Jakes BC emerges a small cylinder marked O2 and is administered to Youshi. A crowd forms and soon the paramedics are there and take Youshi to the hospital emergency entrance.

YOUSHI

The man who saved my life... where is he? I must

Speak with him (urgently).

PARAMEDIC

Hey, just relax your not up to this. You just had a massive coronary. Administering that O2 on the beach probably helped alot But let the doctors check you out. Okay?

YOUSHI

But you don't understand...

(fades into unconsciousness)

*BEGIN MUSIC*

"Carry on wayward son", by KANSAS, BEST OF KANSAS, CBS/SONY (5.22)

#### **EXT. PARKING LOT AT THE BEACH**

Jake is putting his gear back into the truck. He had had enough diving for one day. A policeman walks up to get information for his report that he is filling out. He hands Jake a card with the case number on it, shakes his hand and leaves. Jake is happy and We FOLLOW as he drives along the coastline.



The ocean is beautiful as the colors of the late dawn recede and the water shimmers with silver light. Jake crosses a bridge and We FOLLOW him to the hospital.

JAKE

Hi. I'm looking for an old oriental man that was brought here about a half hour ago. Do you know anything that could help me.



NURSE

Oh yeah. At first he was mumbling on and we thought he was going to die but then he suddenly perked up and was quite coherent. His blood pressure stabilized in an excellent range and he made us release him to his wife.

JAKE

You have a very good memory.

NURSE

Well it would be hard to forget the stretched limo they left in. It was the longest one I think I have ever seen. We're talking about big money here son. Where do you think they get all that money?

One of the paramedics comes in.

NURSE

Hey Peter, didn't that heart attack patient from the beach ask you about that scuba-diver who pulled him in? Well this is him.

PARAMEDIC

He was sure lucky you were there. Why would a person go out with those waves and that type of undertow beats me. Anyway he left his address, asked to see you. ( hands Jake a piece of paper ).

Said that it was real important.

MUSIC ENDS

BEGIN MUSIC

"Red rain", by PETER GABRIEL, SO, GEFEN RECORDS/WARNER BROS. (5.35)

We hear the rain start as Jake puts down the tomb. His expression is somber and sullen. He quietly rises unsteadily and looks out the exits onto the balcony. The wet spray hits him and he closed the door behind him. The sky is gray with darker clouds blowing by. Lightening bolts fly and droplets begin to form on his head and flows down his face.

MUSIC ENDS

Jake goes back inside.

JAKE

No thanks.

Jake leaves.

EXT. BEACH EARLY DUSK

BEGIN MUSIC

"The river of dreams", by BILLY JOEL, RIVER OF DREAMS, SONY MUSIC (4.07)

We SEE Jake setting on a bench facing the ocean. The storm has passed and the clouds are bathed in twilight and fade to dark. We FOLLOW as he walks along the shore. We SEE the light of the FLORIDA SUNCOAST in the distance. Jake turns northward and we SEE the silhouette of the pier. We FOLLOW as he walks onto it and goes to the end. He looks out at the ocean. A cool breeze causes him to smile with pleasure. He takes a deep breath and revels in the feeling of being alive.

END MUSIC

BEGIN MUSIC

"The launch", by BOSTON, THIRD STAGE, MCA RECORDS (2.55)

We WATCH as the moon slowly rises above the horizon Then time passes quickly and we rejoin Jake. He is sitting in the sand watching the start of a new day.

MUSIC ENDS

JAKE

Okay. I accept.

We SEE a glow emanate from his front pocket and Jake pulls out the opal. It is glowing brightly as Jake admires its beauty.

## PART THREE

EXT. ORIENTAL HOME

Jake arrives and his truck continues running for a while after the ignition is switched off. We FOLLOW as he approaches the entrance.

INTERIOR COURTYARD

The home is magnificent. We FOLLOW Jake as he is taken to a room facing the ocean on

the second floor. Youshi sits there impatiently. Jake notices the opal stone as he sits down.

YOSHII

Beautiful isn't it. It is a very special object. It's owner exert a very powerful force, a magical

force over all millennia with this talisman. It is yours to command now. Post hoc ergo propter hoc.

JAKE

I know that phrase, one thing leads to another.

The object suddenly begins to morph into a book and opens. Youshi grabs Jake's arm as he turns to look upon the page.

YOSHII

Be forewarned. I held this chancellery for sixty years before my life was saved from certain death, by you. That is the only true course to pass it along.

Through the faults of the actions I proclaimed to become reality,

I wish I had never seen it.

Jake slowly picks up the tomb and begins to read. He slowly turns and sits back down never taking his eyes off as he read. We WAIT as the large windows behind him show the passing of time. Outside the winds pick up as the late afternoon storm approaches.

BEGIN MUSIC

"Can't stop this thing we started", by BRYAN ADAMS, WAKING UP THE NEIGHBORHOOD, A&M RECORDS, INC. (4.25)

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As an author's representative and editor, I work with writers of fiction for adults and for children, with poets, and with writers of plays and filmscripts, especially comedies.

Initially, I would read your manuscript to determine its chances of being offered a contract or option by a publisher or producer. If I feel enthusiastic about your work, I would represent it.

If it needs revision before it is submitted to major publishers or producers, I can assist you in several ways. As I read I can make suggestions in the margins. Additionally, I can do some editing to serve as a guide to your own rewriting. And as I read I will take notes to refer to when I report back to you, by phone or letter—as you wish.

I'll reconsider any revisions. If you wish to represent yourself, I'll advise you how to approach the publishers and producers most likely to be interested. Please send your work **only after we've talked**. If you wish to know if your work has arrived, please enclose a stamped, addressed post card I can return to you.

I was a senior editor at Dial Press, a hardcover subsidiary of Dell, and subsequently I worked for the paperback publisher Avon Books. Books I've edited have received endorsements from Linus Pauling, William F. Buckley, Jr. (a booting book), and Joanne Woodward. I have been published by *The New York Quarterly*, Women's How-To Book Club, Popular Science Book Club, *Midnight Sun*, and Ballantine Books. Writers I've worked with have been published or produced in Australia, Japan, France, West Germany, Canada, and by:

Pocket Books	Women's How-To Book Club
Jove	Playboy Book Club
Popular Library	
Dell	Dial Press
Avon Books	Richard Marek Publishers, a subsidiary of Putnam's
Redbook	New Horizon Press, a subsidiary of Scribner/Macmillan
NBC-TV	State University Press, Stony Brook, NY
ABC-TV	The Philosophical Library
BBC-TV	

*Can dially, Diane*



We are currently looking for authors who are available to work with us on a regular basis. We are also looking for authors who are available to work with us on a regular basis.



Dear Author:

Thank you for requesting information regarding our services. We are currently accepting full length manuscripts in all genre. We accept short stories, or poetry, only as a collection. We do not accept erotica.

There is no charge or reading fee for our consideration. We look forward to seeing the completed property, and should have a decision to you within 30 to 45 days of receipt of the property. Should you be accepted, our contract calls for the standard 15% commission on manuscript placement, 20% on foreign and film rights.

Agency services will include:

- Photocopying
- Mailing / Phoning / Faxing various publishers on your behalf
- Postal Requirements
- Professional Packaging and Marketing Proposal Presentation
- Providing you at the beginning of each month with an activity status report of what activities are taking place with your property.
- At close of contract providing all publisher's correspondence concerning your property

If we agree to represent your work, because of the extensive services we provide we require a materials fee of one hundred and seventy-five dollars in U.S. funds. This fee will be *fully refunded* to you upon negotiated sale, lease or license of your property. Our contracts run for six months, if necessary, they may be renewed, if both parties are agreeable, at a reduced cost, of one hundred and forty-five dollars. All accumulated fees are refunded upon placement.

Our family run agency began roughly seven years ago. You can find our listings in the Guide to Literary Agents, 1996 and 1997 issues, published by Writer's Digest Books, as well as Ohio Writer. We are members of: The Cleveland Better Business Bureau, Strongsville Chamber of Commerce, American Booksellers Association, and Sisters-In-Crime. We are serious about what we do.

Recently Published Clients: Mary Ann Pfenninger, Vanessa • James Shaw, Assassin's Destiny, • Robert Clark, Lamigan's Woods • Sherris Wetmore, Poetry

Under Consideration: Avon Flare, Hist. Romance • Baen Books, Sci-Fi • Houghton Mifflin, Juvenile Path Press, Mainstream • Avon, Mainstream Romance • Doubleday, Non-Fiction • Hampton Roads, New Age • Coffee House, Short Story Collection • Leisure Books, Thriller • Philomel, Young Adult

Submissions should be made in the following manner:

- ① A copy of the complete manuscript, Single Sided, Double Spaced, UNBOUND, NO Folders, NO Binders. Please mark "Submissions" on the outside of the envelope. Please do not send the manuscript certified or registered. For notification of receipt of your work, enclose a SAS postcard.
- ② A Self addressed stamped mailer/envelope, for the manuscripts return and any correspondence.
- ③ A short Autobiography, or resume, this is a requirement from the publishing industry. Please include: Your full name, address, phone, schooling, work and publishing background. If you have been published please include: Title, Publisher and Year of Publication
- ④ SPECIFIC GENRE REQUIREMENTS:

**FICTION SUBMITTALS:** A two to five page synopsis of your story is required. The synopsis should discuss the main characters, events and eventual conclusion. **Hint: What Editor's hate:** Incomplete endings. Editors will not ask to read a manuscript to discover the surprise ending, they will just say "no thanks".

**NON-FICTION SUBMITTALS:** Publishers require a chapter outline, each chapter should be condensed into a three to six sentence summary. An overview of the information presented and the target market should also be included. If educational material, please include target grades, and perceived update requirements.

**CO-AUTHORS:** If you use a Co-author, or illustrator, please include their full name and address, short bio, and please include a brief statement as to division of funds from sale. 50/50, 20/80 etc.

#### Frequently Asked Questions:

**Do You Charge A Reading Fee?** NO! We charge no fees to review your manuscript.

**Do you use Subsidy Publishers?** NO! We only deal with publishers who pay the both of us.

**What happens if my contract expires and publishers are still reviewing my work?** We continue to work with those publishers we've already contacted on your behalf, we want to see you in print.

**Can you computerize my work?** YES! We can put your book on computer disk for use in submissions or Internet use. For \$1.25 per page we can put your typed (handwritten slightly higher) manuscript on disk, and provide spelling check for free. Computerized grammar checks are also available. Ohio residents are subject to 6% sales tax.

Thank you for thinking of GEM Literary, we hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,

**Darla Lynn Pfenninger**

Darla Lynn Pfenninger  
Agent / President





*Joseph Anthony Agency*  
LITERARY AGENT  
15 Locust Court, R.D. 20, Mays Landing, New Jersey 08330

7-1-98

Dear Steven:

always send return postage  
S.A.S.E.


Let's see what you have.  
my terms are enclosed.

Best,  
Joseph Anthony (L.A.)

(609) 625-7608

JOSEPH ANTHONY AGENCY  
LITERARY AGENT  
UNITED STATES, FOREIGN CANADA — BOOKS, T.V., PLAYS, STORIES, ARTICLES  
15 LOCUST CT., R.D. 20, MAYS LANDING, NEW JERSEY 08330 (609) 625-7608

**SERVICE AND TERMS**



Dear Writer:

Here at The Joseph Anthony Agency we depend on sales. This is our way of income. If your script is saleable, I will try to sell it to the best possible markets. I will cover sales of additional rights throughout the world. If your material is unsaleable as it stands but can be rewritten and repaired, I will tell you why it has been turned down. After you have rewritten your script, you may return it for a second reading without any additional fee. But . . . if it is completely unsaleable in our evaluation for the markets, I will tell you why it has been turned down again and give you specific advice on how to avoid these errors in your future material.

I do not rewrite, edit or blue pencil your script. I am an agent and an agent is out to sell a script. I DO NOT offer a literary service as many do. **YOU WRITE, WE SELL, IF SALEABLE.**

I have sold for my clients some of my own writings. I have sold screenplays, novels, T.V. scripts and know the market very well. My agency has been established since 1964. **If the scripts are not saleable and you can stand criticism, and not get UPSET, then I would like to hear from you.** If you choose not to use my agency, I wish you all the luck and best in your future writing career.

**TERMS**

**Reading Fee and Registration:**

NOVELS: 30,000 words to 50,000 words	.....	\$60.00
NOVELS: 51,000 words to 100,000	.....	\$85.00
SCREENPLAYS: One hour and twenty minutes or more	.....	\$85.00
T.V. PLAYS: One half hour to one hour	.....	\$75.00
T.V. MOVIE OF THE WEEK: Two hours or more	.....	\$100.00
T.V. PILOTS FOR A NEW SHOW: One half hour to one hour	.....	\$75.00
SHORT STORIES: up to 10,000 words	.....	\$40.00
ARTICLES FOR MAGAZINES, TRUE STORIES:	.....	\$30.00

COMMISSION BASIS: 15% on United States Sales  
20% on British and all other foreign sales

**MY FEES** cover complete service for selling a script. All fees are returned after sales of more than \$3,000.00. There are no further charges or fees of any kind whatsoever. Please enclose a STAMPED, self-addressed manuscript sized envelope with all submissions.

**NOW, LETS SEE YOUR HARD WORK!** If you wish, you may call me at  
(609) 625-7608.

THIS AGENCY IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR LOST OR DAMAGED MANUSCRIPTS IN THE MAIL. PLEASE  
**KEEP A COPY FOR YOUR RECORDS.**

Reading fee is not refundable if manuscript is rejected for any reason.

*Joseph Anthony*  
JOSEPH ANTHONY AGENCY  
4-1-98







## WRITERS STUDIO

1437 Rising Glen Rd., Los Angeles, CA 90069



## WRITERS STUDIO

1437 Rising Glen Rd., W. Hollywood, California 90069, Tel & Fax (310) 652-6263

April 8, 1998

Steven Graves

Dear Steven:

Enclosed is the information that you requested regarding our screenplay services. Many writers have been helped by our rewrites, adaptations and critiques.

While Joan McCall and I are active writers and producers, we enjoy helping and working with new writers. The Writers Studio enables us to discover fresh talent and scripts.

Please contact us if you have any questions. In any case, good luck with your writing!

Sincerely,

David Sheldon

DS/lr  
encl

## WRITERS STUDIO

1437 Rising Glen Rd., Los Angeles, CA 90069, Tel. (310) 652-6263

AN EDITORIAL SERVICE FOR WRITERS WHO WANT TO IMPROVE THEIR SCREENPLAYS, STORIES AND NOVELS AND GET THEM PURCHASED OR PRODUCED AS MOVIES

HELPFUL, DETAILED CRITIQUES - DYNAMIC SCREENPLAY REWRITES  
STORIES AND NOVELS ADAPTED INTO EXCITING SCREENPLAYS

**Rewrites.** If your screenplay or novel needs more work, we can enhance it for you and turn it into an exciting, commercial manuscript ready for the marketplace. We will improve your story structure, premise, motivations, characterizations, pacing, subplots, dialogue, construction of scenes, conflict, suspense, humor, or action, and more.

**Adaptations.** If you have a story or novel that has the potential to be a movie, we will adapt it into a dynamic, highly-dramatic and visual screenplay, ready to present to producers, stars, and movie studios.

**Critiques.** At Writers Studio we read and analyze screenplays and we prescribe changes, cuts, additions, re-structuring and suggestions for their improvement. Our recommendations are honest and candid but are given in a considerate and constructive manner. In addition, we offer specific self-help so that you, the writer, can fix what is wrong. You might have a great plot and wonderful characters, but your story structure may be weak. On the other hand, you might have a well-structured script, but the characters and/or dialogue need work. Or -- you might have an exciting screenplay, but the formatting is wrong. We will give you sample pages from many current box-office hits along with your critique.

**The Marketplace.** Over 500 movies are produced every year. That translates into a big demand for scripts. The motion picture and television industries are hungry for new material. The studios and producers are actively seeking good stories for films, television, cable, and home video. Getting your material produced, however, is a matter of writing something that has enough substance and quality to interest producers, agents, studios, and broadcasters.

At Writers Studio we work with the top production companies, film studios, and networks on a daily basis. We have our fingers on the pulse of the industry. Our own production companies frequently option qualifying screenplays and stories for production. No promises are made that your material will be bought, optioned, or produced by us or any other production company, but material that shows promise will be given serious consideration.

**A Need for New Screenplays.** Producers and studios are looking for all types of stories including action-adventure, love stories, psychological thrillers, comedy, fantasy, sci-fi, crime, horror, family drama, children's stories, historical dramas, and musicals. The marketplace includes theatrical motion pictures, network television, cable television, syndicated television, and home video. American movies make as much money overseas as they do in the United States. This is the highest-grossing box-office year in motion picture history! Opportunities for writers couldn't be better.

Most writers need professional help and advice with their stories and manuscripts before they are able to sell them. Where do you stand? Are you having a difficult time getting your stories or scripts accepted? Would you like to find out why your material is not being bought, and what you can do to fix it? Perhaps, with a little help, you can overcome the obstacles and get on with your writing career.

All work is done by David Sheldon and Joan McCall, not by assistants.

WRITERS STUDIO

2

Fed up with rejections? We can help you get your material produced. Since we are currently active in the film and television industry, we know what works and what sells in the marketplace.

### FEES

**Critique & Detailed Analysis.** Within 2 weeks we will give you a thorough, detailed 15-to-20-page breakdown of your script's strengths and weaknesses, including invaluable suggestions and advice. It will include helpful hints regarding structure, characterization, and action, as well as sample pages from current box-office hits. If you want your manuscript returned with notes in it, an SASE with U.S. postage should be included. (\$185.00 for up to 125 pages; \$1.00 for each additional page).

**Reading and Opinion only.** We will give you a brief opinion of the material and its potential in the marketplace, but with no detailed notes or analysis. (\$125 plus \$.50 for each page over 125 pages).

**Re-writes and Adaptations.** We begin by preparing a detailed outline of the proposed, revised screenplay for your approval prior to our writing the actual manuscript. We will ask for your approval. We will welcome your suggestions or comments. Then, after the screenplay has been completed and you have reviewed it, we will again ask for your approval, additional comments or suggestions. We will then prepare a final, revised draft.

We can be your "ghostwriter" (you keep sole writing credit) or, if you choose, we can add our names to the script to help attract a buyer. In either case, the script will remain your property. You can either market the screenplay yourself, or authorize us to do it for you (also at no extra cost). We talk to and meet with studio, network, cable and production company executives on a daily basis and have our fingers on the pulse of the marketplace.

The fee for a rewrite of a screenplay or novel: (\$5,000.00).  
Adaptation of a novel or story into a screenplay: (\$10,000.00).  
Adaptation of a stage play into a screenplay: (\$5,000 to \$10,000, depending on length and depth of your manuscript).  
Adaptation of a story or screenplay into a novel: (\$10,000.00).

**What do producers pay for screenplays?** Screenwriters generally earn compensation equal to 2.5% of the production budget. Script prices vary from \$30,000 to over \$1 million. The average studio feature film payment to a non-name writer is around \$300,000.

### DAVID SHELDON

David Sheldon recently produced and directed a new theatrical feature, "The Legend of Dark Mountain." He has written, directed and/or produced twelve motion pictures and is also active in television. In partnership with Ira Post (The Sheldon/Post Company), he is producing a movie -- "Through a Brother's Eyes: The Glen Rogers Story" with the Producers Entertainment Group (PEG) and a new series, "13 Going on 30" with Dick Clark Productions. They recently wrote and produced "Secrets of a Small Town" for Twentieth Century-Fox and during the past five years have been in business with Columbia Pictures, Paramount Pictures, Cogroove-Meurer Productions, Citadel Entertainment, Merv Griffin Entertainment, Interscope Communications, Green-Epstein Productions, Aaron Spelling Productions, and MCA Family Entertainment (Universal Pictures).

Mr. Sheldon's first film, "Grizzly," which he wrote and produced, is one of the most financially successful independent films in motion picture history. He wrote, directed and/or produced "Lovely But Deadly," "The Predator," "Just Before Dawn," "The Guardian," "The Evil," "Day of the Animals," "The Manitou," "Sheba Baby," "Peopletoyz," and "Abby."

3

David Sheldon started out in the business as Director of Screenplay Development for Lawrence A. Gordon, producer of "48 Hours," "Field Of Dreams," "Die Hard," and "Waterworld" at American International/Orión Pictures. He supervised productions such as "Dillinger," "Sisters," "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud," "Futureworld," and "Walking Tall."

Sheldon earned an M.F.A. degree in playwriting and screenwriting at the Yale University School of Drama and was a member of the Director's Unit of the Actors Studio in New York. While still in college, he built the famous Gateway Playhouse in Belport, Long Island, one of America's top ten summer theatres. His outstanding work has been acclaimed in Newsweek, Life Magazine, the New York Times and other publications.

### JOAN MCCALL

One of Hollywood's busiest writers, Joan McCall sold three feature film projects during the past two years -- "Timepaste," planned for production in Vienna; "Between Two Worlds," optioned by Robert Bradford (producer of "A Woman of Substance"); and "Respect," developed for Finnegan-Pinchuk Productions. She has written over 150 scripts for network television.

She was a staff writer for NBC's "Santa Barbara," produced by Bridget and Jerome Dobson, for New World Television, and was a continuing writer for "Capitol," produced by Charlotte Savage, for John Conboy Productions. She wrote a six-month story projection ("bible") for "Search For Tomorrow" for Proctor & Gamble. As a contract writer for "Another World," Ms. McCall wrote two scripts a week. The NBC show was produced by Proctor & Gamble. She has written many scripts and stories for "The Days of Our Lives."

Ms. McCall wrote a screenplay called "Shirley" about the race car driver, Shirley Muldowney, produced under the title "Heart Like a Wheel." Her screenplay, "The Predator," was produced in Europe. Joan McCall has also had a successful career as an actress starring on Broadway in Neil Simon's "Barefoot in the Park" with Sylvia Sidney, Tony Roberts, and Judd Hirsch, directed by Mike Nichols; and also in Neil Simon's "The Star Spangled Girl" with Anthony Perkins and Richard Benjamin. She also starred in national tours of these productions. She starred in "The Easter Man" on Broadway, "Jimmy Shine," "Any Wednesday," "Music Man," "Unsinkable Molly Brown," "The Moon is Blue," "Don't Drink The Water," "Hamlet," "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad," and "The Seven Year Itch."

Having played leading roles in several Hollywood motion pictures, she discovered that there was a scarcity of good roles for women in films and television, and so she became a writer. A native of Kentucky, Ms. McCall graduated from Berea College with a B.A. degree in art and theatre. She trained for the theatre in New York and has studied with Lee Strasberg and Charles Corrado. Also a novelist, her current novel, "From This Moment On" is represented by the William Morris Agency.

### TO GET STARTED

For a critique, simply send your manuscript with the fee. If you want your material returned with our notes in it, be sure to include a self-addressed envelope with sufficient U.S. postage for your manuscript.

If you advise us that you would like a rewrite or adaptation, we will send you an agreement for your protection. Fees for rewriting and adapting are payable 50% on signing and the balance upon completion. Please make checks payable to David Sheldon.



EXCERPTS FROM UNSOLICITED LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

"I was so surprised when I received the adaptation today. I couldn't stop reading it. I thought it was so great, so moving. I too share in the enthusiasm. It is every bit what I would want it to be. Thank you so much for putting it together." -- J.D., Toledo, OH

"I was extremely pleased with your comments and suggestions on my screenplay. They were very helpful and insightful. I have enclosed another for your critique and analysis." -- L.M., Athens, GA

"I was quite pleased with the finished rewrite. It is marvelous! I was especially encouraged and joyful that much of my original dialogue was unaltered. Quite flattering, I must admit, being acceptable to professionals of your high caliber." -- R.S., Toronto, ON

"Your critique was like a powerful searchlight, illuminating the far corners of my story -- and some not-so-far corners -- too close, too far, too murky, too obscure for me to see into. I'd like to thank you for an excellent job." -- R.B., Indianapolis, IN

"The adaptation is great, just great. Situations are put together very well. Very powerful, emotionally." -- D.L., Tampa, FL

"Thank you for your thoughtful critique... It feels good for a writer out here in the provinces to learn she has talent... I will also use your suggestions to rewrite [my script]... Once again, Mr. Sheldon, thank you for your honest critique that held the screenplay up to industry standards." -- E.U., Albany, NY

"You did a great job adapting the book into a screenplay. It's a masterpiece. I believe this motion picture could affect millions of people for the good!" -- J.R., Alton, IL

"Your comments were extremely helpful. Not only was each and every note, large or small, helpful in its own right, but they gave impetus to a page-one rewrite that obviously impacted substantially on every scene, character development -- even dialogue. I cannot thank you enough." -- G.T., Denver, CO

"Thank you for the wonderful guidance. You are the soul of patience and helpfulness! My script is a lot tighter now. The characters are stronger. I certainly learned a lot about this fascinating craft and can't wait to do the next one." -- H.S., Tucson, AZ

"Your encouragement is appreciated. I realize now that writing a screenplay is more than just putting a story in a proper format." -- I.K., Burbank, CA

"Your revision was excellent. It brings my original vision to life in a vibrant, exciting way. Thanks for all the work you've put into this. It's great." -- J.P., Austin, TX

"Thank you for your analysis which was both sobering and encouraging. Your comments were refreshing and ironically fortified several qualms I had." -- L.N., Olive Hill, KY

"There's so much to praise about the adaptation. Bubbles of tears, chuckles and wows throughout. You created the love scenes with such good taste that we worried needlessly. The school scenes are very authentic. We know that Richard will touch many hearts." -- K.J., Chicago, IL

"Thank you again for your help and consideration in evaluating my screenplays. Your insightful critiques and analyses have dramatically improved the quality of my work. I will be in touch with future projects and look forward to your comments." -- D.S., Amherst, NY

Steven Graves

Mr. Graves is submitting *Gulf Poster* for ArtFlorida 07. If selected he does not want the original work to be for sale but will have the pdf available for sale and buyers can reproduce it on their own. He would like his 60% to be donated to the Iraqi Veterans Fund.

Broward Art Guild  
Christina Matrione  
April 17, 07

<b>RECEIPT</b>	DATE: April 17, 07	No. 086406
	RECEIVED FROM: Steven Graves	\$5000
	FOR RENT OR FOR: Art Florida 07	DOLLARS
	ACCOUNT: FROM: Broward Art Guild	TO: Guild
PAYMENT: <input type="checkbox"/> CASH <input type="checkbox"/> CHECK <input type="checkbox"/> MONEY ORDER	BY: [Signature]	
BAL. DUE:		



# Salon des Refuses

## 5A - Steven Graves "Gulf Poster"

Photography/Computer – Original NFS  
CDs with PDF file of Poster - \$ 20  
to benefit "Operation Helping Heal, Inc.

# War Memories by Steven Graves

(adult artist)

This poster is a collection of newspaper photos







Library of Congress  
United States Copyright Office  
101 Independence Avenue SE  
Washington, DC 20540

OFFICIAL BUSINESS  
Penalty for Private Use, \$300  
Return this address only if proper

FIRST CLASS

USPS MAIL PERMIT NO. 10048  
WASHINGTON, DC 20540

### Certificate of Registration

This Certificate issued under the seal of the Copyright Office in accordance with title 17, *United States Code*, attests that registration has been made for the work identified below. The information on this certificate has been made a part of the Copyright Office records.

*Karen Leigh Weyeth*  
Acting United States Register of Copyrights and Director

Registration Number  
**V Au 1-307-269**  
Effective Date of Registration:  
July 10, 2017

**Title** \_\_\_\_\_

**Title of Work:** Lobster2, et al.  
**Content Title:** Sunset Oct 14  
LHOUSE  
Pig  
Pissed off cow  
Blue Bay evening pic

**Completion/Publication** \_\_\_\_\_  
Year of Completion: 2017

**Author** \_\_\_\_\_  
• Author: Steven Graves  
Author Created: photograph  
Citizen of: United States

**Copyright Claimant** \_\_\_\_\_  
Copyright Claimant: Steven Graves

**Rights and Permissions** \_\_\_\_\_  
Name: Steven Graves  
Email:  
Telephone:  
Alt. Telephone:  
Address:

Page 1 of 2



Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305

**Certification** \_\_\_\_\_  
Name: Steven Graves  
Date: July 10, 2017

Copyright Office notes: Basis for Registration: Unpublished collection

2025 RELEASE UNDER E.O. 14176

Page 2 of 2



An incredible picture. I didn't know what I had captured until the film was processed.









PIECE IT TOGETHER  
CHARITY  
NEEDS  
GIVE BLOOD.



RECYCLE LIFE  
DONATE BLOOD



Give & Blood  
I Bleed PINK  
In Honor of  
BREAST CANCER AWARENESS MONTH



BLOOD SHORTAGES  
BEWARE!  
THE HUNT IS ON!



LIVE MUCH  
GIVE



BLOOD DONOR  
98

LOCAL HERO  
BLOOD DONOR



Proud American  
Blood Donor

GIVE BLOOD  
1-800-878-6000  
www.ccbp.org



Holiday Deposits  
Give Blood

GIVING BLOOD  
IS NOT ROCKET SCIENCE


give Blood



Life Commitment  
Give Blood






**UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE**  
 National Bureau of Standards  
 Washington, D.C. 20234

APR 11 1980

Mr. Steven Graves

Dear Mr. Graves:

We have completed review of the descriptive material concerning your "Solar Amplifier," which you submitted for evaluation in accordance with Section 14 of the Federal Nonnuclear Energy Research and Development Act of 1974.

Your disclosure describes concepts that are well known to researchers and engineers concerned with the acquisition and utilization of solar energy. A great deal of technology exists with respect to the systems and components involved. For an inventor to receive support for developing his solar energy system, he must show that he has something that will result in a more efficient system than exists in current technology.

Your submission does not contain the technical detail and analysis necessary to substantiate a claim to an improvement in solar system technology. Therefore, we are unable to accept your invention for evaluation under this program.

Even though we are unable to encourage you in your present submission, we appreciate your desire to participate in finding solutions to energy problems.

Sincerely,


*J. S. Lepkowski*

J. S. Lepkowski, PhD  
 Senior Disclosure Analyst  
 Office of Energy-Related Inventions



FORM 104

**RESEARCH BULLETIN**


**1377 K Street N.W.**  
**Suite #400, Washington, D.C. 20005**

File No. Y145732 Date 18-86

Invention Classification \_\_\_\_\_

Current Status \_\_\_\_\_

Research Consultant JIM HILL

---

TO CONFIRM OUR CONVERSATION ON 7-17-86, YOU INDICATED THAT YOU HAD RECEIVED OUR BASIC INFORMATION PACKAGE.

AS DISCUSSED, OUR NEXT REVIEW BOARD MEETING TAKES PLACE ON 7-29-86. WE HOPE TO REVIEW THE DESIGN AND FUNCTION OF YOUR IDEA ON THIS DATE.

UPON RECEIPT OF YOUR COMPLETED DISCLOSURE DOCUMENT, WE WILL SEND YOU A NOTICE OF CONFIRMATION AND OFFER OUR RECOMMENDATIONS WITHIN TEN DAYS.


I enjoyed talking with you.  
 If you have any questions, please call me person to person.

SINCERELY,  
*Jim Hill*  
 RESEARCH CONSULTANT  
 (202) 628-IDEA

COMMENTS:

RESEARCH • PREPARATION • NEGOTIATION

Promotional material included with their reply.


**UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE**  
 National Bureau of Standards  
 Washington, D.C. 20234

Mar 19 1980

Steven Graves

FL 23309

This will acknowledge receipt on Mar 17, 1980, of your Evaluation Request Form #1019 regarding an invention entitled:

**SOLAR AMPLIFIER**

Your form #1019 was accompanied by an invention disclosure.

Should you have occasion to inquire about the status of the invention, please refer to Evaluation Request #14135. When our evaluation is completed you will be informed of the results.

Sincerely,

*George P. Lovett*

George P. Lovett  
 Chief, Office of Energy-Related Inventions







STATE OF FLORIDA  
DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION  
605 SUWANNEE STREET  
TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA 32399-0430



FLORIDA  
LAWRENCE  
GOVERNOR



DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION  
605 Suwannee Street, Tallahassee, Florida 32399-0430  
ROY G. BRYAN  
SECRETARY

August 13, 1991

Mr. Graves

Dear Mr. Graves,

Secretary Watts has asked me to respond to your recent letter regarding Florida's high speed rail program and the information you supplied on your proposed system. As you point out, the train technology employed in Florida will be an important component of the system. However, technology has to be balanced against cost, affordability, environmental and energy conditions. In our prior work we have tried to achieve this balance by soliciting ideas and interests from the private sector and after several years of reviewing proposals found that financial feasibility was the most critical factor in the development of a high speed system.

In carrying out our transportation responsibilities, the Department must carefully examine the cost effectiveness and practicalities of providing facilities and systems that are already proven from an operational standpoint. Consequently, our primary focus has been on those technologies that have a demonstrated track record as operating systems or prototype demonstrations.

We believe that state-of-the-art wheel/rail technologies and magnetic levitation are the types of systems that can be implemented in the near term to provide needed transportation. As you may know, the state has recently certified the first commercial maglev technology planned to connect the Orlando Airport with the Disney tourist area. The Transrapid 07 will be the first application of this technology to be placed in revenue service.

It is important to note that the Department is unable to participate in basic research of new technologies such as you have proposed. Although it could be promising, it would require a substantial program of R & D before an operational prototype would be ready. While it may be costly and difficult for a private entrepreneur such as yourself to undertake the necessary development program, I would encourage you to first discuss your proposals with high technology industries and venture capitalists. Until your system reaches a fully tested stage it would not be possible for the Department to consider this as a viable technology for operational application in Florida.

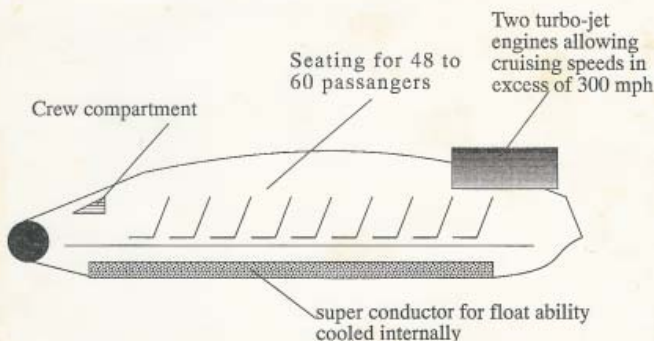
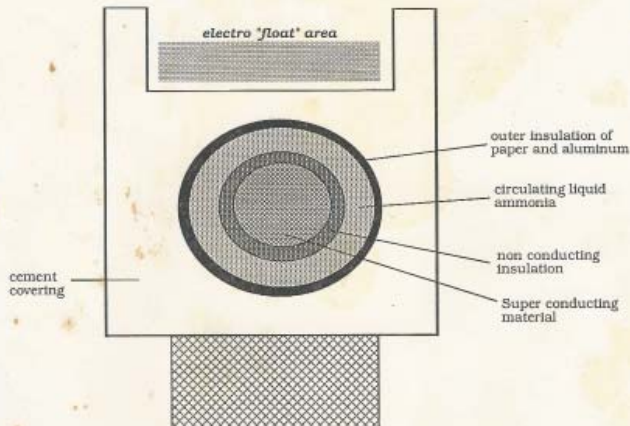
I hope this information is helpful to you and wish you the best of luck in your endeavor.

Sincerely,

Charles H. Smith  
Director  
Office of High Speed Transportation

CHS-am/SBG:jtr  
CC: Ben Watts

## Electro-magnetic Rail Diagram



October 10, 1989

Motorola Inc.  
8201 E. McDowell Rd.  
Scottsdale, Arizona  
85252

Dear Mr. Orr,

I am interested in developing a near-earth satellite to transmit real-time video-only pictures during it's ninety minute orbit at cable stations world-wide.

Would you please send me an outline of the costs involved and a relevant payment structure so that I may secure sufficient funding?

Sincerely yours,

S. D. Graves



**MOTOROLA INC.**

(312) 576-1000

John R. Valentine

Property Manager  
Real Estate Department  
Communications Sector

1301 E. Algonquin Road, Schaumburg, IL 60196  
Telephone: (312) 576-0965 Fax: (312) 576-2702

*Director of Research  
& Development -  
Communications &  
Electronics  
Div.*

July 30, 1991

Sugar Growers Association  
Clewiston, FL

Gentlemen,

I am writing you today to communicate a unique solution to the Everglades pollution problem. I have been following the events in the Fort Lauderdale News and am very dissatisfied with the current scenario established to correct the situation. Diffusion over a thousand acre holding pond filled with nitrogen fixation plants could accomplish some relief temporarily but I doubt it. Five years later more concessions will be demanded when the plan is found to be inadequate. I was further motivated when the costs reached four hundred million plus!

My idea is simple enough; I was watching the TV show, "Mr. Wizard", and he demonstrated how gas in a solution could be vibrated out using electrical devices. I believe this could be accomplished to nitrogen and phosphates in water. Techniques to enhance the economic feasibility could be employed such as utilizing Oxygen under pressure and hydrogen compounds. When appreciable quantities of  $NH_4$  and  $NO_3$  are present simultaneously, some gaseous loss of Nitrogen is a strong possibility. Nitrogenase becomes inactive at 42 C and  $NO_3$  can be reduced to gaseous compounds such as  $NO$  and  $N_2$ . The properties of these chemicals has been studied and a cleansing system could be constructed for far less than four hundred million dollars. And this would contain things locally and eliminate outside environmental concerns.

I would like to continue to study this solution further with a working model and would welcome an opportunity to discuss a joint venture to resolve some of the unknown factors.

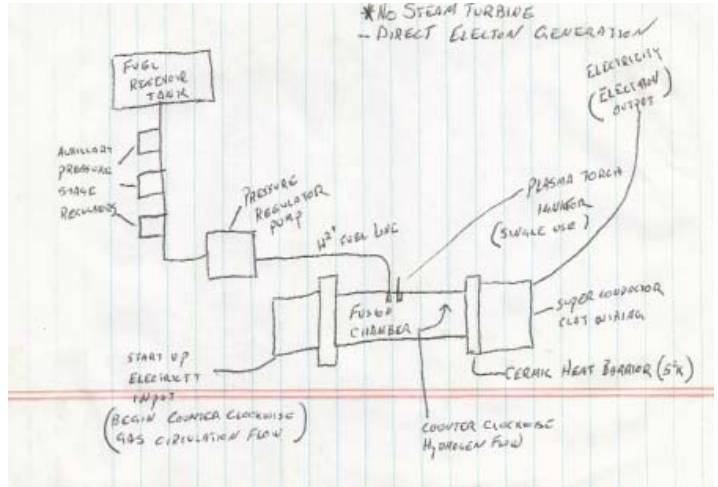
Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely Yours,

S. D. Graves

This is the letter I would have sent to anyone who had responded to my advertisement in the classified section of the local paper. There were no responses. This idea is in "First to Mars".

A simple idea for fusion power, but like many of the previous examples - no funding to test the hypothesis.  $r_1$  plus  $r_1$  (a plus b)  $r_1$  plus  $r_1$



September 1, 1991

Thank you for responding to my advertisement. I have pursued other avenues of advancement with no success and this publicity letter is an attempt to develop the one I believe to be the most important, a radical cancer therapy treatment. I seek venture capital for the necessary monetary support and your contribution for this letter is greatly welcomed.

Recent advances in medical technology help eliminate gall stones through sound waves. The stones are pulverized into a powder which enables the substance to be discharged through normal body excretion. The Nuclear Magnetic Resonance machines are able to clearly show by video display the inner structures of the human body based on the shift of potassium and responding reading. I believe that these products can be merged into an effective treatment for all forms of cancer.

By identifying the "signature" of different cancers in any location of the human body certain sound wave length intensities can target and disrupt the integrity of the cancers cells by combining several "ray-guns" for increased intensity at specifically targeted points in the bodies various locations. Research could help hone into the specific chemical structure signals of the Mitochondria, the "power plant" in each cell, and enable specific NMR targeting abilities to disrupt the enzymes and electron carriers constituting cellular respiration and turn it into mush.

No scalpels or anesthesia required for surgery is necessary thereby eliminating many of the post-operative complications. Any location could be considered. This is especially significant when applied to inoperable cancers, such as brain cancer. This idea could be extended a step further into destroying any type of cell that is harmful to the body with help from time and money that research could achieve. Individuals have already benefited from ultra-low voltage growing nerve cells.

The costs involved are extremely prohibitive for me to continue to pursue and eventually establish the fundamental aspects and mechanical hardware necessary for a working prototype. But the loss of good people, productive and useful individuals wrenches my heart with the sadness of unnecessary death. I am determined not to give up this hope for life and with the help of you and others I may be successful in achieving this virtuous and worthwhile goal.

In conclusion let me add a solution to the Everglades pollution problem that I have. My idea is simple enough, a gas in solution can be vibrated out by using electrical devices. I believe that this could be accomplished to nitrogen and phosphates in water. Techniques to enhance the economic feasibility could be employed such as utilizing oxygen under pressure and hydrogen compounds. When appreciable quantities of  $NH_4$  and  $NO_3$  are present simultaneously, some gaseous loss of nitrogen is a strong possibility. Nitrogenase becomes inactive at 42 C and  $NO_3$  can be reduced to gaseous compounds such as  $NO$  and  $N_2$ . The properties of these chemicals has been studied and a cleansing system could be constructed using current technology.

There are many other constructive and beneficial ideas I have to share such as an air-taxi utilizing the mini-jet. Help make my business the search for the solution and prototype construction allowing me to follow the possibilities that needs money for success.

Very Truly Yours

S. D. Graves



Dec 07, 2018

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### History is full of unpopular presidential decisions

From the beginning of our Republic, America's presidents have made tough and controversial decisions. The Whiskey Tax to pay off the war debt and support the fledgling federal government was vehemently rejected and many western Pennsylvania farmers rebelled against it (Thomas Jefferson was against the tax). George Washington as commander-in-chief personally led the militia to resolve the dispute.

The Monroe Doctrine of 1823 became the cornerstone of U.S. foreign policy toward European affairs (noninterference), Abraham Lincoln suspended the writ of habeas corpus during the Civil War to maintain order (arrest and detain without trial), and FDR was able to pass the Lend-Lease Act despite opposition from members of Congress, public opinion and the Neutrality Act. George H.W. Bush ended the first Gulf War after 100 hours. Many disagreed with ending it, especially after the systematic slaughter of Iraq's own citizens under Saddam Hussein outside the no-fly zone.

The closing of the southern border will be just the latest example of a tough and controversial decision made by an American president.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

### 2016 election was the perfect storm

The 2016 presidential election could be viewed as the perfect storm of American politics. A well-known, seasoned politician is unable to overcome personal baggage. One party is financially strapped and a candidate uses that for influential bias to secure the grey area of nomination delegates.

Hacked emails are released suggesting a point of disdain toward the voter, coupled with public "nasty" words. Pent up frustrations

that have been glossed over again and again are addressed by a politically incorrect novice candidate, which inspires many and causes mainstream opponents to fall by the wayside.

The disruption of the status quo, after effects of the storm, continues.

**Steven Graves,  
Fort Lauderdale**

July 22, 2018

## Safely landed flight is proof heroes exist

The engine failure on a Southwest Airlines flight (piloted by Captain Tammie Jo Shults) that sent the plane into a 40 degree bank could have become much worse very quickly; for instance, a barrel roll, an inverted dive, or an almost unrecoverable death spiral powered by the thrust from only one side of the aircraft. A quick decent without knowing the damage to the wing and how much speed and stress the plane could handle is another factor.

A successful crosswind landing requiring pitch correction from a single engine — already providing yaw at high speed that did not blow out the tires — is proof that miracles happen and that there are heroes among us.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

April 23, 2018

## Musician-former cop confrontation tragic

The information released about the death of Corey Jones is disturbing and has the elements of a terrible tragedy. A police officer still in the 90-day probationary period

leaves the area he was assigned. A musician leaves his nightclub gig and his car breaks down going home. The musician is on the phone when a nondescript white van stops near him. The audio is being recorded by the roadside assistance operator. Then Nouman Raja makes a rookie mistake; tactically unsound, unsafe and grossly negligent. But he was not a rookie. A few moments later the musician is dead.

The forensics as reported: the policeman was not wearing his vest nor announced himself as one. The musician had a permit for his gun, the chamber was empty and the safety was on. One of Corey's wounds was from the back.

I find the "stand your ground" defense a most deplorable and disgraceful shadow upon our men and women that serve and protect our community with honor and distinction. The apples to oranges comparison of the Corey Jones-Nouman Raja confrontation to a person carrying a very realistic looking air rifle, with earbuds, blocking the commands of a uniformed officer who exited a clearly and distinctly marked vehicle is impertinent and irrelevant (And the height of insolent rudeness. You think we're idiots?).

When the dust clears, one will still be dead and the other disgraced. It is indeed a tragedy.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

February 2, 2018

## No end to gun-control debate

"Here we go again" is a phrase we should get used to hearing now. The talking heads will lament over the cancer overtaking America's humanity. Gun violence is everywhere — from the inner cities of the gang drug wars to the rural outposts of our smallest communities. Excuses will be made for the legislative inaction as the regulation/control debate wanders through the halls of Congress. Bill Murray "sings" it best — When will we ever learn? It's all about the Benjamins.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

November 10, 2017

## People in path of weapons deserve safety assurances

Shooting a rocket straight up almost eight times higher than the orbit of the International Space Station is quite different than launching a guided missile to a faraway target. Geo-spatial targeting is not the same as the point-and-shoot demonstrations that fell into the Sea of Japan.

Launch failures from the early days of America's space program and errant trajectories should give Russia and China pause as they too could be in the landing area. Especially if more powerful rockets to deliver a heavy payload (nuclear) are tested. China's concern over refugees is well-founded since many/most North Koreans live in absolute abject poverty according to several "not fake" news sources. The international community needs to assure them that assistance will be gladly given should the need occur from regime change.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

July 19, 2017

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Preserve statues and our history

For me, removing Civil War statues seems similar to ISIS and the Taliban destroying artifacts from the past; the Roman city of Palmyra and the Buddha statues at Bamiyan — getting rid of anything found personally offensive. Visit the Vatican Museum and see first-hand the marble sculptures with pieces of their privates chopped off because a previous pope found them vulgar and insulting. The writings of ancient scholars were lost when the Great Library in Alexandria, Egypt burned to the ground. Cause unknown.

The history I see is one where wealthy plantation owners (the 1 percent) became colonels and commanders safe in the rear ranks as the poor white sharecroppers were forced into conscription to become cannon fodder on the battlefields. These soldiers were given no courtesy or respect. Without these relics, would our children seek out the Andersonville POW camp and learn about the conditions there even though it is a national museum?

These symbols connect us to the horrors at the Battle of Antietam, Gettysburg, and Shiloh, to name just a few. They should not fade into the shadows and become an inconvenient truth of our past.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

April 17, 2017



## Immigration debate raises tough questions

If an individual has immigrated here illegally for employment and has a job, give them a work permit and let them stay. If they are fleeing political or religious persecution, should temporary refugee status be extended and access to federal and/or state entitlement programs granted?

The woman in Colorado seeking sanctuary from a church did not help her cause by not communicating in English, having been in America for 20 years. Many view it as an insult since it does not promote tolerance but rather exclusion; a refusal to coalesce, to fuse and unite into a whole.

Immigrants annihilated the Tequesta Indians through their diseases, and are responsible for the Trail of Tears as indigenous people were resettled once and then again when their land became valuable. Many were indoctrinated into a religion not their own, and a way of life for the plains inhabitants was destroyed as the buffalo were driven to the edge of extinction. Not something to have pride in. Should we be wary since history has a way of repeating itself?

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

March 18, 2017

## Questions linger on impact of Bahia plan

Should the Bahia Mar property be developed? Probably. Other proposals have included building a casino but the issue of expanding gambling in the state was not approved by the voters.

I do have some questions though. The traffic issue is a concern. Can more lanes be added in front? Will the state help pay for it since A1A is a state road? The extra height for the condos would be a significant resource for property tax revenue. Can it be earmarked for our new aquatic center? Would the county commissioners agree to do so? Keeping the economic engine of the boat show in place is important to many businesses here. Is their commitment a "done deal?"

Some of the stuff seems to be just fluff. A grocery store? If the residents and vacationers would use it, sure. The offerings would most likely be expensive though. Other things such as the wind tunnel blowback from the east and how it might influence the Tortuga country music concert, now a cultural staple for us, should be part of the overall discussion too.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

February 2, 2016

## When will 'Free at last' ring true in America?

I wasn't quite five years old when Martin L. King Jr. gave his "I Have a Dream" speech on the National Mall. The closest I had come to experiencing the racist bigotry of color was a few years earlier at the "colored only" bathroom in the Kansas City railroad station, not really knowing what that meant.

The wisdom of judging a person on their character still rings true. When I hear someone say, "they look like me," I can't help but wonder, "So you act like them? Did you sell drugs at school or bring a loaded weapon onto campus?" Using color in a sentence or statement exemplifies one's own bigotry and racism sinking one further into the quicksand of injustice.

America's promissory note of tolerance has been returned "insufficient funds." We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. "Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, we are free at last." When will it ring true?

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

November 26, 2016

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Concerned about foreign workers

Common ground might be found in the land of fantasy, or more likely it has been swallowed up by the rising tide of climate change (global environmental pollution). He said, she said — literally — has yet to touch on a big concern for me: the use of third party contractors to circumvent H-1B legislation and replace American citizens with foreign workers (e.g. Disney). In so many incidences, they train their replacements. So wrong.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

September 8, 2016

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Iran on a path to war

History seems to be repeating itself, as it usually does, and politicians seem to be practicing the definition of insanity over and over again.

How can we really be certain that Iran doesn't have "the bomb" already? Was the stuxnet computer virus that successful? How many centrifuges do they actually have? The inspection process lends itself to speculation and doubt.

If we could show their citizens the burned-in shadows of Japanese people vaporized at Nagasaki and Hiroshima, the blisters, deformities and eventual painful deaths of the firefighters at Chernobyl, or even the consequences of war on the civilian population, maybe the leaders of Iran might take a step back from nuclear development.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

August 26, 2015



## Nation's promise lost along the way

Immigration to America started long before the end of the 16th century, before the Spanish brought disease to the Tequesta Indians of Florida, before Jamestown, maybe even before the Bering Sea ice bridge brought people from Asia.

The pilgrims came looking for religious freedom but it wasn't long before intolerance brought the Salem witch trials. Famine and starvation brought others. Violence from drugs, human trafficking, religious oppression and discrimination around the world have brought many to our shores because we represent that guiding light of hope. Now that violence dogs us at every turn.

Disease, intolerance, discrimination and violence. The 21st century had such promise.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

November 29, 2014

## Reflecting on some issues of the day

Some things on my mind:

1. Red-light cameras are about revenue, otherwise the warning sign wouldn't be 50 feet behind you when you cross the intersection. If it's really about safety, put the sign next to the traffic signal.

2. I wish there were more educational money for everyone. The lottery and general tax legislation of the 1980s has proven there is not.

3. Giving preferential treatment to one takes an available seat from another.

4. I would love to accept the \$51 billion from Washington D.C. to expand Medicaid, but we will have to pay 10 percent of that eventually.

5. Religious freedom depends on which side of the line you're on. All faiths have their correct points of view.

6. Businesses risk missing out on the experience offered by stay-at-home moms trying to re-enter the workforce: Resolving squabbles and petty differences, offering motivation, supervising homework, and the list goes on.

7. It is sad that history has treated Ukraine and the Crimean Peninsula so poorly. They gave up 1,600 nuclear devices for world peace. They were a

partner in commerce with Russia and accepted the Black Sea naval base, instead of tourist destination resorts.

8. I pray that when young people are faced with the choice of violent confrontation, they remember Michael Jackson's song "Beat It" and live to see another day.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

April 12, 2014

## Fort Lauderdale is more, so much more

The Onion's keen sarcasm of Fort Lauderdale might have had "legs" in the 50's when a poor black man, on the wrong side of the tracks after dark and lacking \$15 in his pocket, would be taken to jail. Today, Fort Lauderdale is light years beyond the "Where The Boys Are" debauchery.

Downtown began redevelopment after Fort Lauderdale High School was moved and replaced by the Landmark building. Being less than 100 years old, the locals were thrilled when trademark Coca-Cola gas line caps were rediscovered from the pioneer times. The Performing Arts Center, an IMAX theater, and Museum of Discovery were a mere dream 30 years ago.

For a city so young, it has deep roots with the military — from the Naval Air Station training pilots to the Korean War fighter jet in front of the War Memorial

auditorium.

Fort Lauderdale has become more than miles of public beaches, culinary delights, and multi-national cultures of social diversity. But those of us who live here know that.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

May 16, 2013



## Nuclear energy

Sixty-seven years ago a nuclear device was dropped on a Japanese city in an attempt to end a bloody world war. The military rulers refused. A second one was dropped killing many thousands more and finally civilians won peace.

The near meltdown of the Three Mile Island nuclear energy plant in 1979, the mismanagement at Chernobyl in 1986 that created a "dead zone" and the unforeseen geological event in Japan last year, has again warned the world of the terrible human costs associated with the pursuit of nuclear power.

The ruling government of Iran seems unwilling to accept this possibility as they rush to build "Armageddon" and more than willing to accept the price of economic hardship for its citizens and the potential for a nuclear catastrophe.

Their argument is baseless. It's not about them, it's about the civilians of the Earth who will have to deal with the results of

their actions.

*Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale*

August 29, 2012

Long-term problems occur when the easy answers to complex solutions are not fully vetted.

Ecological accommodation is the new buzz phrase for climate change (global warming).

*Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale*

April 15, 2012

## Ecological accommodation is the buzz word

Clarity seems to be even more obscured than usual this election cycle by the fog of political sound bites and photo ops.

Energy independence, coal, gas fracking, deep water oil drilling and nuclear all have serious engineering challenges. Burning coal at higher temperatures can significantly reduce its toxic output, the casings for fracking and deep water drilling are an essential part for environmental safety, and nuclear Gen III reactors have their own long laundry list of scenarios before they can be considered safe. Solar and wind energy efficiency are nowhere near the cost effective replacement value yet.

Burying the Keystone pipeline on America's greatest natural resource, the Ogallala aquifer; the one that enables us to grow the food that feeds the world, is so short-sighted (corrosion, leaks, visual maintenance).

## LETTERS

# The new 21st century high

So, America's economy needs another "shot in the arm." In the 1970s that phrase referred to IV drug abuse. Now I understand. We are addicted to stimulus, the be all, do all "high" of the 21st century. The pusher — our government — claims we will feel good. Just try it one more time. Everything will be better.

The other similarities are strikingly ominous. Steal from your neighbor to get it (government safety net programs), buy it from the bad guys who hate you (foreign debt) and ultimately pay for it with your health (a sunken/sullen lifeless expression of social and economic decline).

Then the pain of withdrawal.

*Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale*

September 17, 2011

## Medicare, Medicaid both vital

Re Medicare and Medicaid:

Consider an older person, around 60, facing the costs of medical care. Life-choices made may have given one the financial ability to overcome the economic realities of the expense. Higher education, entrepreneurial success, or long term employment, which includes retirement medical benefits, do not make up the majority of U.S. citizens. That is why we have Medicare/Medicaid.

Quality of life is just one aspect of the programs' benefits. Seniors can remain a vibrant and productive part of our society. They volunteer their time, share their knowledge and wisdom and allow an oral history with the emotions and passions you can't get out of a book.

Let the bean counters have their say. At the end of the day, the leg they stand on will come from America's social safety net.

**Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale**

April 16, 2011

## Limiting guns is folly

After the British were defeated at Yorktown, the 13 colonies had a choice: Join together as a federation of states with a central government or become individual countries. Fearful of either, the citizens demanded certain immediate rights that became the first 10 amendments to their Constitution, superseding all laws that the federal or states' governments might enact — the right to bear arms being central to the covenant of our union.

Should some states succeed in their argument of the separation of powers and "state's rights," then state elections would also not be bound to other constitutional amendments like voting rights, and a return of poll taxes and gender and race limitations would surely follow. It is indeed a slippery slope.

Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale

November 1, 2009

## Shedding light on stereotypes

When the force of the debate of your argument descends to your sex, your race, or your religious orientation, that is why your point of view is better. It's more correct, or just plain more right than a perceived stereotype image. What does that say of the person listening to you and accepting your conclusions as true?

Steven Graves, Fort Lauderdale

June 4, 2009

## Water shuffle

Ah, at last a glimmer of truth concerning our water woes. Andy Reid's article in Tuesday's Local section has much of the information we need to expose the sham of the drought.

Because the Lake Okeechobee dike "poses a grave and imminent danger [of collapsing]," knowledge gained after the May 2006 engineering report, the level of the dike will never reach a 14-foot levee until the reinforcement project is completed years from now.

Something to think about when the spinmeisters try to explain why your water bill goes up as your consumption goes down. Sort of like the price of oil, huh?

**STEVEN GRAVES**  
FORT LAUDERDALE

April  
19,  
2008

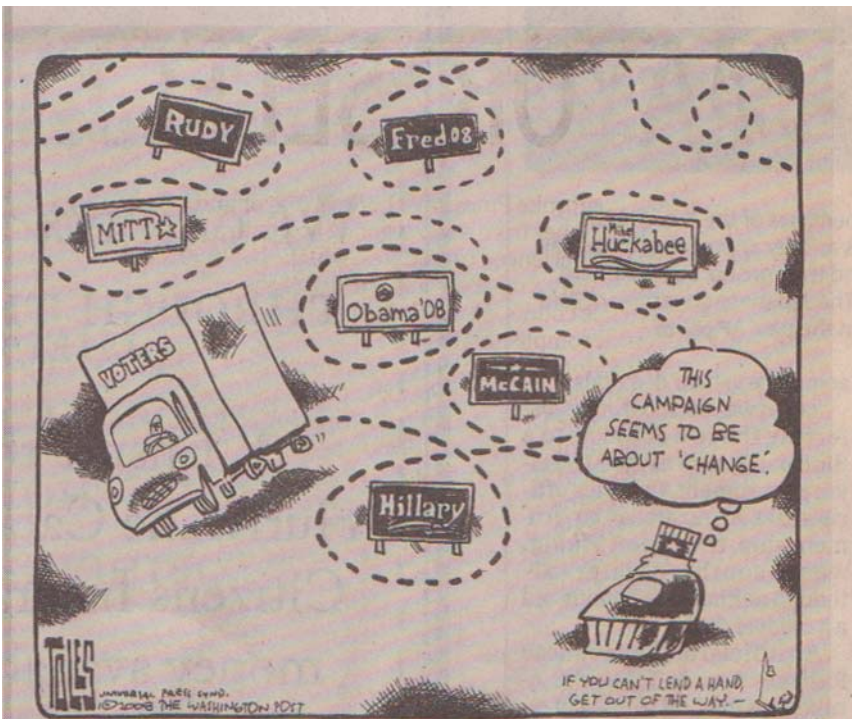
## Voices & Opinion

### People in path of weapons deserve safety assurances

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## Give details on proposed change

It seems that the politicians just don't get it. I ask, where's the beef? Hope and change are good buzz words. I want more. Don't simply say we need to do this or that in broad terms, give me the details. Give me specifics on energy solutions (supply and demand), pollution (global warming), health care

(more taxes), and illegal immigration woes (criminals?). Be elected president with the mandate to implement these answers.

The most important topic is for every eligible American to get to the polls and vote.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

January 17, 2008

## Protect troops

We are in Iraq. I do not wring my hands with worry over "was it the right thing?" The events on the ground tell me it was to be.

A sandstorm stopped the advance of our troops until a field of land mines could be exposed, saving the lives of hundreds. Many individual acts of bravery, such as at the international airport, changed the tide of battle. Saddam Hussein was a tyrant who used every horrifying weapon at his disposal throughout his tenure of oppression and murder.

My disappointment has been with all of the elected officials of both parties. From the failure to get used donated bullet-proof vests that were collected by a Gainesville deputy over there because of a "tax" problem, to the efforts by the families of the Alabama National Guard to get steel-covered Humvees only to find after the fact that their modifications would make it prone to roll over, endangering the lives of those they were trying to protect.

Like all patriotic Americans, I want our troops home. It is neither cut and run nor stay the course that is important, but how well we honor our country's foundations of freedom, justice and individual liberties that we give to others that will define America.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

January 30, 2007

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Tax 'solutions' seem more problematic than helpful

There are many things wrong with the property tax reforms being proposed.

Increase the sales tax to send to Tallahassee and hope they send it back? How confident should we be over that?

If the annual income of a household is \$946,000 and the annual cost of a 2 percent sales tax hike (estimated, *South Florida Sun-Sentinel*, Feb. 25) is \$4,033, then I say the people are probably living in a multimillion-dollar home and are currently paying at least \$20,000 in property taxes, maybe have a water view and more than 3,000 square feet of living space.

The current situation we find

ourselves in is the very reason we have the "Save Our Homes" protection. Just because your neighbor(s) wanted to sell their home(s) for a substantial profit to someone willing and able to pay, doesn't mean that you want to move also or that the value of your home is worth as much. Many Floridians would have been forced out of their homes years ago. Is it fair for long-term residents to pay more because property "flippers" and speculators have increased the supposed value?

We have become our own worst obstacle for less expensive homes. Developers are required to pay for the roads, set aside some of their land for public use (parks and

community centers), and are delayed by seemingly endless litigation, although some of it is of their own doing.

The focus is on collecting, not spending our taxes. There have been several instances in the last five years of wasteful and extravagant purchases (buildings and real estate, some not even used) with the extra \$13 plus billion statewide that we have entrusted to our public servants.

And now one of the biggest tax spenders is our tax collector?

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

April  
25,  
2007



## Inflated opinion?

Imagine a speck of dust on a grain of sand along the deep ocean within a small blue planet orbiting a common yellow star sitting beside the edge of an obscure galaxy resting among one of the indefinite places in the known universe. And religion(s) believe that we are the linchpin to the entire cosmos? The interstellar void filled with our enormous ego is only exceeded by our capacity for ignorance.

Maybe, in a millennia, should we survive our current chaos, we will do something. But it will happen because of our capacity for love; not revenge, hate, or our propensity for violence.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

March 20, 2006

## Migrant workers could use H-1B

We have a government program for H-1B workers. Why don't we have the same for migrant laborers? The diversity of America is one of our greatest strengths. I want people to come to America — the land of the free and the home of the brave, the world's great experiment in democracy that began in 1776. But

don't sneak in like a thief in the night nor greet me at the back door like some indentured servant or slave.

The fact is all of America's ancestors came from somewhere else. Even the "native" Indians crossed the Bering land bridge from Asia during an ice age. According to anthropologists, we're all Africans! To find an answer to handle the current wave of immigration, we only need to look at our history.

Uncontrolled immigration through California for the building of the transcontinental railroad brought a culture of drug addiction and disease with the results being discrimination and a laissez-faire attitude over their deaths from the hard, dangerous work available to them. Gang violence was a common occurrence.

Controlled immigration through such places as Ellis Island helped them assimilate and kept out the sick and criminals. It also helped instill a sense of pride to be an American. (An example of uncontrolled immigration would be the westward migration in the 1800s. It destroyed a buffalo-based economy, native language was replaced by a foreign tongue, and now they inhabit small pockets of land called reservations that are in some ways similar to the "gated"

communities we find across the country. Alcoholism and illiteracy are major problems.)

We should not cheapen the task to become an American nor give unwarranted benefits to those hiding in the shadows.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

July 23, 2006

## Different faiths

The differences between Muslims and Christians boil down to this: One says God is great and the other says God is love.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

June 14, 2005

## Meet challenge

It doesn't matter that human waste cluttered the streets, that garbage filled the gutters or a shower/bath left you feeling dirty and wanting another after Katrina arrived. It doesn't matter that there were black-on-black crimes of rape and murder, roaming bands of armed thugs promoting anarchy and lawlessness, or that the situation has filled the heart with despair and anger.

What matters is how we reach out to those in need. What matters is how we face the faceless multitude crying for help. What matters is how we as a nation answer the call to action, to find the solutions, to meet the challenge that will define our greatness as Americans, as human beings, as citizens of the world.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

September 21,  
2005



# Letters to the Editor

## Amendments and our rights

Concerning the challenge to executive orders creating the White House office of the faith-based and community initiatives and similar centers in 10 federal agencies: Article 2 of the U.S. Constitution vests executive power in a president of the United States. However, Article 1, Section 9 states that no money shall be drawn from the Treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law (through Article 1, Section 1), all legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States and (Article 1, Section 8) to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever.

It seems to me that any funding appropriation made by the executive branch not legislated through Congress is wrong. How can a federal judge rule that taxpayers have no standing to challenge funding appropriations made by the executive branch when the 10th Amendment states: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people" (us, the taxpayers).

There is no right to privacy as there is no right to an abortion, but we do have the right through the Fourth Amendment to be secure in (our) persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures ... but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the person(s) or thing(s) to be seized. If "seizure" is invoked, by what probable cause I cannot imagine, then this "person (s) or thing(s)" (child!) becomes a possession of the state. Imagine your parent being the federal government.

Finally, there are four amendments securing our right to vote: Amendment 15 (Feb. 3, 1870) race, color ... servitude, Amendment 19 (Aug. 18, 1920) sex, Amendment 24 (Jan. 23, 1964) poll tax, and Amendment 26 (July 1, 1971) age. It seems like it is the one right someone is constantly trying to take away, yet one that we fail to counsel fully.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

## Where to point finger of blame

Let's see: 3 million customers times five days (for a lot of us many, many more) times \$10 a day (more or less) equals \$150 million. I don't recall a shutdown of Turkey Point from diminished demand. All of the power plants work at an optimum efficient capacity. Florida Power & Light Co. didn't lose any money; they just supplied power to the grid at a different profit margin. And don't tell me that our government, insurance agencies and the power companies can't afford to bury the power lines. Developers do it and still make money.

Don't expect a rebate or a goodwill credit from Comcast. They don't have to. We pay by the month. Good weather, bad weather, sun spots ... it doesn't matter.

Synchronize the traffic lights? Get real. We have been trained for years to speed to make the lights that the traffic engineers will now adjust (again) to give us expensive tickets to support an inefficient, wasteful and poor planning government apparatus that we have voted in.

Eventually, we will be

blamed for all of this because of global warming and our (selfish?) desire to ride instead of walk, eat something besides wild berries, and enjoy life in air-conditioning (for a few more months, January/February for us Floridians is just around the corner) instead of ... Well, you get the message.

The buck stops here, but the finger points to us, not them.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

November 13, 2005

January 21, 2006



## Quick fixes for most problems

So many issues, so little space in the newspaper.

Concerning the looming water shortage: There is a viable solution patented by the U.S. Energy Department. It is Ocean Thermal, U.S. Patents 4,210,819 and 4,210,820.

Concerning the Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood International Airport expansion: Give the problem to Miami International Airport by building a high-speed monorail between the two with the \$500 million. (Is that all it's going to cost?)

Concerning the Muslim terrorist murderers: If the Muslim communities are so outraged, where are the protest rallies against the beheadings?

Gay marriage? Sure. We've already seen how the Connecticut millionaire didn't want to divide his assets with his "life" partner. The separation of church and state is very clear in the Constitution. Just don't use religious differences as a hate crime.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

November 1, 2004

May 12,  
2004

## Letters to the Editor

### Lack of concern led to Sept. 11

The commission investigating the events before the Sept. 11 horror seems to be a forum for the political harpies seeking traction for their favorites. A glimmer of the elements leading up to a connecting link to the terrorists' success and America's failure glosses over one vital aspect.

It tears at the very fabric of our free society. Reports have been made that many other nongovernmental individuals, through either rumor or complacent smugness, did not find the anxiety (an abnormal and overwhelming sense of apprehension and fear) their concern and were able to cope with their intimate knowledge of what might and indeed did happen.

This loss of caring and concern for our fellow human beings by whatever rationale they prescribed to themselves has exposed a much larger emotional deformity in our free society. The narcissistic tendency by a few has brought a foreboding evil upon us all.

"We must remember that any oppression, any injustice, any hatred is a wedge designed to attack our civilization." — Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 1940.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

December 8,  
2003

## Citizens initiative stance expected

I was not surprised to read your opinions, "Constitutional amendments: Flawed process needs repair." At a time when very few registered voters participate in the process because their opinions are not heard or their vote doesn't matter, you advocate taking away another choice. Don't tell me that big bucks donors aren't influencing legislation. Remember the Everglades Restoration bill passed this year?

And why does every discussion seem to spiral downward to the unfunded mandate for a bullet train? Maybe we're tired of the asphalt expansion over our diminishing natural beauty that is Florida. Can you admit or even consider the benefits that fewer cars will have upon the health of Florida?

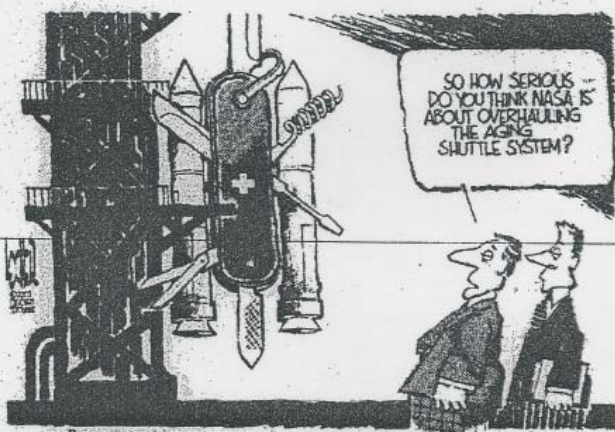
When you quote the expense of the project, balance it with road dollars conserved and the health benefits from lower auto emissions. Auto fatalities would decrease if there were a bullet train between here and Naples.

The citizen initiative process yells, "We're not happy and we demand change." We vote for representatives to legislate, the power to write and pass laws. When they don't listen because we're the little people that don't have the time or money to influence the laws being passed, we must become the "squeaky wheel" to get the job done.

Your opinion of "legislative initiative" is just another way to muddy and delay the voting process and sweep us, the concerned citizens of Florida, under the rug.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE





## Redesign shuttle's launch phase

The greatest achievement of mankind in the 20th century could be our achievement of space flight. Our ability to slip through our home's gravity and move through our solar system to explore and learn is truly a special accomplishment.

But the continuity of our success is at risk. While, indeed, the shuttle program has been a remarkable victory over 20-plus years, recently it has been found lacking. The safety of the orbital vehicle is not 100 percent. The launch phase of the project's design has failed and must be redesigned. The debris field of the solid rocket boosters and the liquid fuel tank should never, ever endanger the vehicle again.

(There are more than 400 debris field hazards occurring in the first five minutes after lift-off. Most significant dangers involve the explosive bolts for separation from the launch pad, the solid rocket boosters, and the liquid fuel tank.)

The liquid-fueled rocket motors should be placed in a separate first-stage platform that can be recovered, inspected and reused. Additional lift-off thrust requirements would continue to use the solid rocket propulsion system. Yes, each flight's cost would be more, but this fundamental change must be achieved for a return to flight safety. The inherent dangers of space flight require it. The search for our astronauts' safety demands it.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

Causeway to Federal Highway (U.S. 1), you are missing a truly awesome South Florida experience. Some of the most rude, aggressive and dangerous drivers ply their road rage there.

The most interesting spectacle occurs at the intersection of Miami Road. Some drivers turn left here, thinking that they can beat the congestion to State Road 84 and quickly bypass others to Interstate 595. However, the area speed limit is 25 and the traffic enforcement there loves to hand out citations.

Then there are the drivers in the middle lane poised to pounce on the slow movers and unsuspecting ones with a quick lane change or a forceful "Let me merge in," usually without a turn signal.

In the late afternoon, as traffic backs up eastward beyond Publix, the really special people want their importance and righteous savings of a few moments given to them.

Don't miss the next exciting display of our finest example of "me-firstism." Coming again today.

STEVEN GRAVES  
FORT LAUDERDALE

May 5, 2002

## The worst of the aggressive drivers

If you haven't driven west on the 17th Street



## Slow federal growth, reduce taxes for all

In January of this year, [Federal Reserve Chairman Alan] Greenspan speculated that current conditions envisioned paying off the debt in five years. That's \$3.5 trillion in five years (\$700 billion per year). He then warned about the consequences, the effect on the Treasury markets and suddenly having huge surpluses in year six. A premium would be required to retire outstanding debt before its maturity.

A \$1.6 trillion reduction over 10 years (\$160 billion a year) doesn't seem all that much when you consider the fact that real government spending is almost \$2 trillion this fiscal year. And why pay

more to retire the national debt than you have to?

Of course these numbers are not a fixed yearly amount divisible by five (debt reduction) or 10 (tax reduction). It is an ever-increasing curve to larger amounts based on productivity, unemployment and economic expansion.

Are President Bush's proposals fair? I think slowing the growth of government spending is a great idea. Many departments still increase more than the rate of inflation, and everybody should get some kind of tax relief. OK, a small percentage of a large number is still big, but success is still the American dream. Don't penalize hard work and discourage the desire for betterment.

**STEVEN GRAVES**  
FORT LAUDERDALE

March 19,  
2001

## Right questions offer insights into candidate

Some may call it "ambush" journalism but in some circumstances it is a valid way to achieve a keener insight about a candidate.

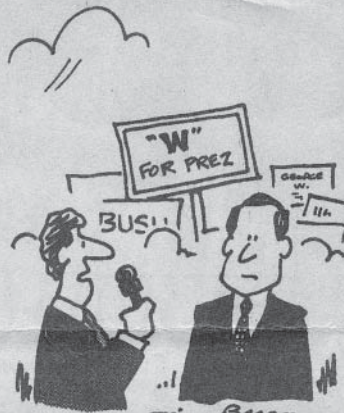
If Edward Kennedy had stated that his desire for the presidency was "because the government of the United States is not doing its best for the people of the United States," could he have beaten Jimmy Carter for the Democratic nomination?

What if Lamar Alexander had answered the New England milk price question differently? What if he had demonstrated his knowledge about how the current price is achieved through regulation and monetary supports and then commented on his feelings toward them?

Our latest guerrilla exposure to a candidate's persona was the four-leaders question. I believe that Texas Gov. George W. Bush should have responded differently. Who a country's leader is today is not as important as an understanding of how those people live and the influence their culture and history plays, such a large part of their daily lives.

Yes, Pakistan's leader is "the general" but, to me at least, the how

## Berry's World



"Nice work on Santa's reindeer. Now can you name Snow White's friends, the Seven Dwarfs?"

and the why he is now in power (historical military rule and civilian political corruption) is more important from a foreign policy standpoint than simple name "recalling."

A creative answer is needed for the 21st Century's situations of debt and taxes, not Donald Trump's quick fix.

Our next executive should be able to see, understand and verbally confer the "Big Picture" for all of the actions initiated from the executive mansion. We need a good leader in the White House.

**STEVEN GRAVES**  
FORT LAUDERDALE

January 14,  
2000



## Beach redevelopment has been a huge disaster

I would like to say a few words about the beach redevelopment situation in Fort Lauderdale. So the beaches' "escape plan" to pay for a five-year delay and millions wasted in fees is dead. Gov. Chiles stopped it with his veto. I'm not surprised, because everything that has been done with this project has courted failure.

Lost opportunities, such as the face-lift and room expansion for the Oceanside Hotel by a group of interested investors, torpedoed because it didn't fit into the "master plan." A Norwegian businessman wanted to build a 300-room hotel next to the Bonnet House but he was turned down, too, due to someone's "aesthetics." Similar poor management has brought about the possibility of losing Birch Park to an Ohio college's hotel development plan.

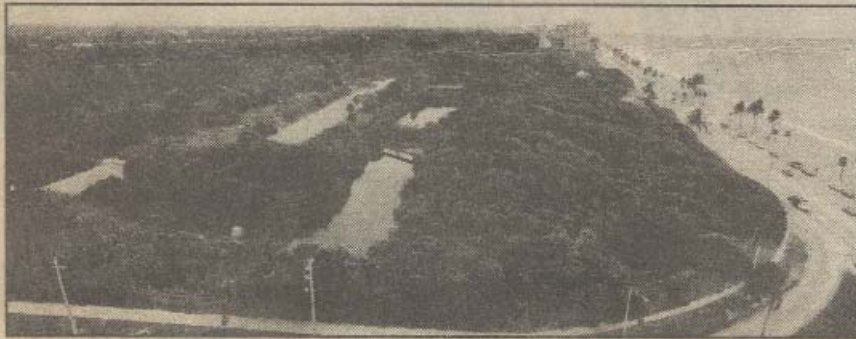
This is a classic example of a government project gone out of control. Strong interest from investors of medium size was "driven away" while a colossus was chosen who began asking for concessions which prompted the added tax.

The "our way or no way, feet in cement mentality" has not allowed the possible success from the "Art of the Deal." The ability to join together and create a coalition of interested small pieces was foiled by the "buy it, bulldoze it, then completely rebuild it for a billion dollars plan." Instead, establish a theme of the area and let free enterprise help achieve the prosperity for us!

I'm glad the tax for a total 10 percent on rooms failed. Even at 9 percent, tourists are selecting "cheaper" accommodations elsewhere. A strong dollar hurts European business that has sustained many businesses after the loss of "Spring Break." We don't need another tax.

We need to rationalize our conception and a solution. Eventually, when the redevelopment has matured, the owners will gross over a billion in sales. Surely that interests someone willing to work for it, not demanding it be brought to them on a silver tax platter.

S.D. GRAVES  
Fort Lauderdale



File photo/John Curry

John Birch State Park, looking north from Sunrise Boulevard.

July 6, 1991



## Generating nuclear power in a safe way is a gamble

I feel compelled to answer R. Emmett Tyrrell's advocacy of nuclear power. Forgotten or overlooked is the fact that the cooling pipes in one nuclear plant were so clogged with tools and aluminum cans from the construction workers that entire sections had to be taken apart and replaced.

There is also the bankrupt project in the Pacific Northwest raising utility bills astronomically and the storage problems of spent nuclear waste. Remember the nuclear plant in California built near an earthquake fault center?

Radiation dangers are all too clear. Maybe Tyrrell should move next to one for 20 or so years and then tell us he doesn't have leukemia or cancer. Finally our government admits 30 years after the fact that it unfortunately contaminated the environment and we the taxpayers will have to pay hundreds of billions of dollars to clean it up.

Safe generation of nuclear power is a crap shoot and businessmen know it. That's why they are canceling construction orders and not seeking permits for new ones. France's blackmail prospects by terrorists have led it to reassess its dependency on nuclear power, too.

S.D. GRAVES  
*Fort Lauderdale*

## Port not an ideal spot for convention center

I can't understand all this confusion about the location for our convention center. Why would a visitor want to look at rusty steel or an electric power plant, hear the roar of jet planes or smell petroleum products?

Port Everglades is not known for its esthetic beauty. It is a commercial center that will grow as the economy expands. Careful planning is needed to accommodate this growth so that another fiasco comparable to the airport runway-hotel location disaster does not occur again.

The parking situation can be remedied with tiered garage facilities. And how much worse will the traffic really be anyway? People don't drive A1A to get somewhere fast. They want to view the beach and that is where we should focus our attention.

Let some developer lose his shirt building a hotel that won't sell in the port, not the taxpayers of Fort Lauderdale.

S. D. GRAVES  
*Fort Lauderdale*

Date Unknown

July 6, 1991



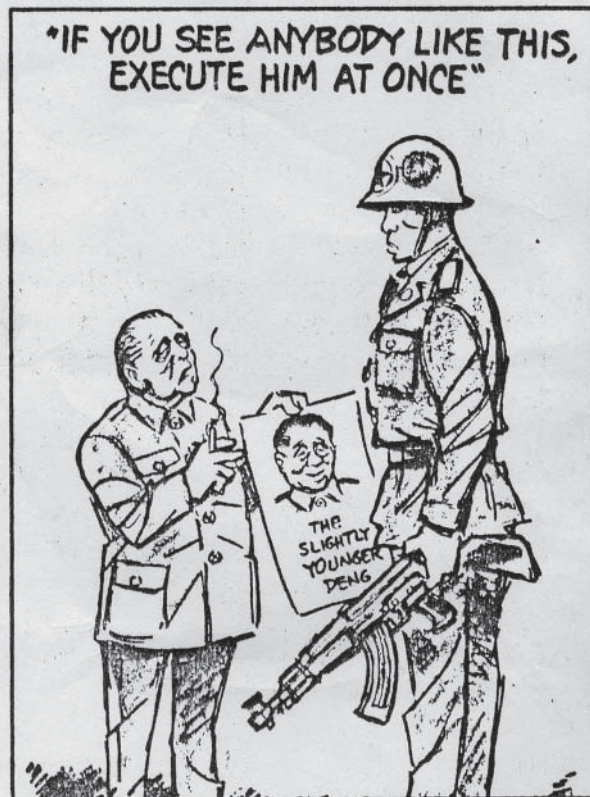
## Chinese students pressed for unrealistic outcome

I have derived a different portrait of today's China. An important state visit had taken place, easing Sini-Soviet tensions, but very demanding for Chairman Deng who is over 80 years old, ill and now in the hospital.

The Communist Party leaders of China wanted to achieve their own *perestroika* to help their modernization drive until the humiliation of the military through non-violence forced a resolve of will into the picture. Accommodation was their watchword because these men understand China's need for advancement.

The early success of the protesters at the expense of the military led to a situation of anarchy. As fear of the collapse of the Beijing government spread, controlling the situation became impossible. The students wanted to win.

Instead of consolidating their accomplishments and backing down when the tanks arrived, they pressed for complete victory — an



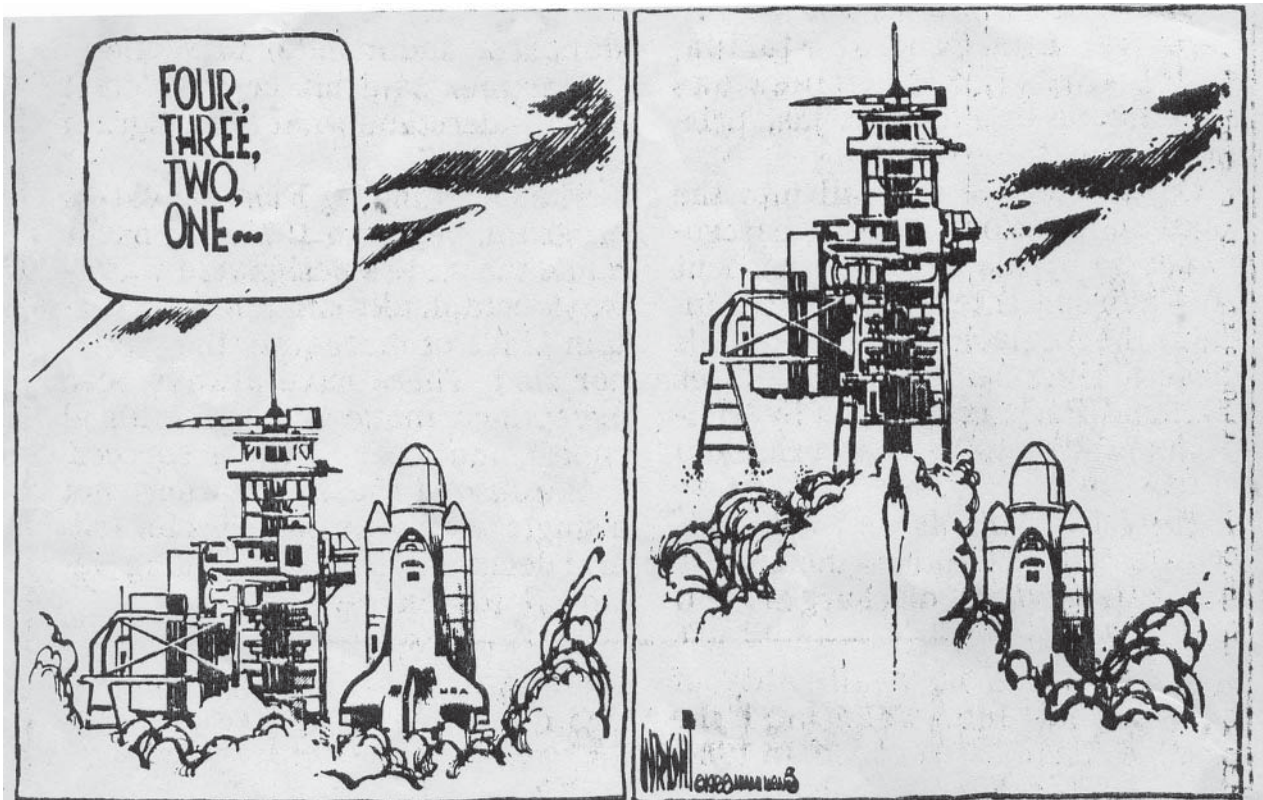
unrealistic and impossible outcome. It was a bridge too far too fast.

The failure of the protest leaders to see this cost many lives and now the isolation of China — causing further regression of a society into the Dark Ages.

S. D. GRAVES  
Fort Lauderdale

July 9, 1989





## Space out there waiting for us to take advantage of it

Once again the shortsightedness of our nation's space program is stagnating the awesome dynamics of current scientific and technological achievements.

Breakthroughs in medicine, such as safer insulin for diabetics and more precise diagnostic equipment, are literally waiting in the heavens for us to reach out and use.

Americans have designed space-motors that will allow human access to other planets in weeks, not months. This could open a whole new field for the processing of space ma-

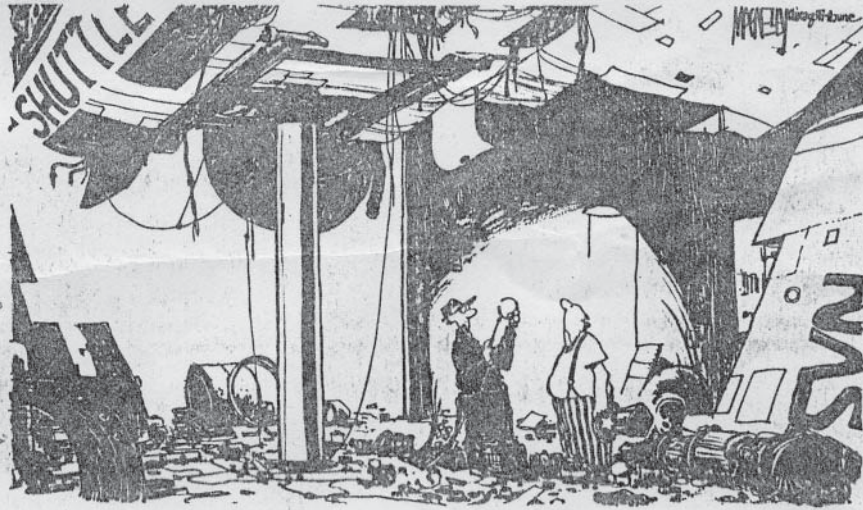
terial. From only these few ideas a boon awaits us in space.

Unmanned shuttle-clones must be constructed now to deliver the bulk required. As the *Discovery's* launch date slips further back, weather will become an increasingly important factor.

What is the launch status of our other shuttles? Has their necessary maintenance also been neglected for the past two years? Our tax dollars must not be squandered.

S. D. GRAVES  
Fort Lauderdale





"YUP. THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE, RIGHT THERE...."

### America's shuttle program needs to push forward

I disagree strongly with your assertion that NASA is now on the right track. The O-ring and insulating putty setup for the Solid Rocket Boosters (SRBs) should be eliminated with construction of single unit SRB. The contention that reusing the pieces saves money is groundless. How much has been saved now?

The true problem with the SRBs was the need for increased thrust to propel heavier military satellites into orbit.

The deterioration of the O-rings became significant after this increase in main engine thrust to 104 percent with the additional aerodynamic stress and pressure applied; Lawrence Malloy's [manager of the solid

rocket booster program] famous "... risks are acceptable..." decision.

The space shuttle is not an all-weather launch vehicle. I support several launchings at the same time for optimal performing characteristics. Our country's space requirements demand not one, but seven new shuttles; \$25 billion should be budgeted for this in 1987.

Science-fiction possibilities of yesterday are manifested by today's technical ingenuity waiting for usage. The return to our society through curiosity, learning and hope, especially upon our youth, is tremendous. It deserves our support.

S.D. GRAVES  
*Pompano Beach*

August 14, 1986



Seminole Chief James Billie in traditional garb.

### Chief's urge to kill panther diminishes achievements

I am outraged over some of the circumstances of the James Billie case and would like to share my thoughts with your readers.

The heritage of the Seminoles is rich with the respect for and understanding of nature. The remoteness of Florida saved it from the rape of the white man until the beginning of the century and even then this influence was restricted until recent times. The fact that we have such a variety of wildlife and plants is directly related to the culture of the Seminoles.

Preserving the environment has

been the forte of the Indians throughout American history and is one area where they can truly shame the white man. Surely they want to protect the remaining aspects of their identity. I can't remember a chief before James Billie that felt the need to kill a Florida panther for religious reasons, for the personal gain.

The heights of their achievements is now somehow irreparably diminished in my eyes because of the slaughter of a beautiful, endangered creature in their custodial care.

S. D. GRAVES  
Fort Lauderdale





### *Andrew Young Supported*

Andrew Young resigned after being accused of hampering the peace process by meeting with a PLO representative. Andrew Young did not hamper the peace process through this meeting. The solution in the Middle East is not a cut and dried one; all factors must be considered, including the PLO.

He did violate U.S. foreign policy. So what? We have to remove the blinders that have been put on the eyes of our government. Andrew Young was a man that followed through with his beliefs and was not intimidated by Washington bureaucrats. Although he could have used a better approach in voicing his views on issues, he should not be remembered as a sore thumb to President Carter. He did not "pass the buck." Instead he met the issues head on.

"Was he good for our country?" Yes. I hope we get more statesmen like him.

Steven Graves  
Fort Lauderdale

Date unknown

### *Be thoughtful in vote*

I have made my decision. On page 12 of the November issue of *Omni* magazine, John Anderson advocates more aerospace development, my most important issue. We must strive to make our future; the future of our children, and their children's future, safe, exciting, joyful and beautiful.

However, this may not help other voters who cannot make up their minds. Let's examine the facts. The November, third quarter, statistics are out. The record losses by our great industrial corporations are staggering. How can an incumbent president run on this type of record? It has been said it is not his fault. Are they serious?

How can Reagan seriously suggest a separate, lower minimum wage for teen-age blacks. I suggest that youngsters' paychecks not be taxed and the employers get certain tax incentives (breaks) by hiring teen-age youths.

We need a man of foresight, strength, courage, and wisdom capable of unifying and leading our country. I don't think it is either Carter or Reagan.

A vote is a very individualistic act. When you walk into the booth please pause for one moment to reflect, consider and pick your choice for the highest, most powerful, most honorable position we, the American citizens, can extend to a member of our society, the office of the presidency of the United States.

Steven Graves  
Fort Lauderdale

Date unknown



### *We need a man of vision*

Here we are well into October 1980 and the political blitz is underway. None of the candidates represents a majority of my views. So now I must decide which problem is the most important.

Abortion? If so, then I would vote for John Anderson. I don't believe that the government has a right to be in this area. Have we forgotten the lesson of coat-hanger abortions, of unwanted and abused children, of dead teenagers? Who would give the government the right to condemn them?

Defense? If so, then I would vote for Ronald Reagan. Our servicemen deserve a decent wage and our equipment deserves proper care. We deserve the strength and security that our technology offers. What a sad state we are in with archaic ships, tanks and planes. I advocate the M-1 tank, the B-1 bomber and the neutron bomb.

Social problems? If so, then I would vote for Jimmy Carter. That is the only thing he has done in his four years. The old, the hungry and the poor need our help. They deserve a chance. We all do.

I would lay emphasis on the \$4 billion Space-Energy program (the construction of a solar cell manufacturing plant on the moon). However, none of the candidates have. Do these men represent the vision and ideals of our country?

Just one more question please. In 10 years most of the third-world countries will have nuclear capacity. We live in a finite world with dwindling resources and a growing population. I believe the time for discussion is over. We must decide now.

Steven Graves  
Fort Lauderdale

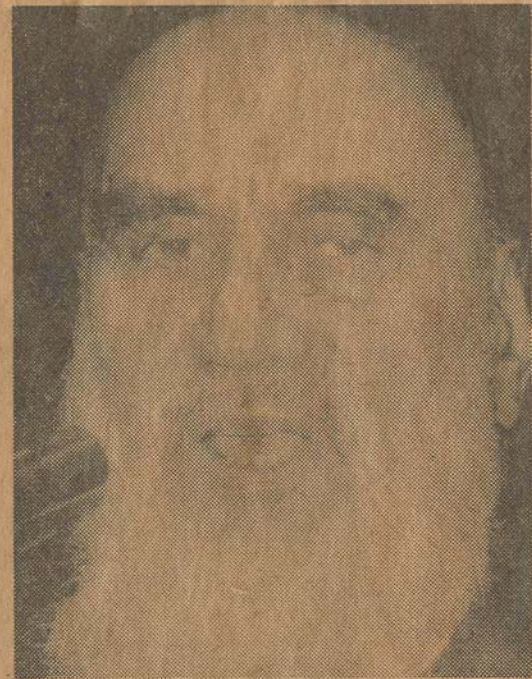
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### *Neutron bomb a good defense*

Having read about recent developments in Afghanistan, I would like to make a suggestion to President Carter concerning the Soviet Communists. If they feel free to use chemical weapons against Afghanistan freedom fighters, then the United States must develop the neutron bomb for defensive purposes.

Steven Graves  
Fort Lauderdale

March 12, 1980



**Ayatollah Khomeini**

### *Students no better than shah*

I have been trying to understand the position of the Iranian students holding U.S. citizens hostage. I am now so built up with anger for them and their cause that I must express feelings.

They are asking us, the American people, to become partners in a cause that will mean certain death to a man. I could not ask a man to die for me. We are not unfeeling to their cause, but their actions lead us to believe they are a pack of bloodthirsty wolves full of hate, destruction, and revenge. To subject fellow human beings to such terror to accomplish a goal is, in my mind, unforgivable. They (the hostages) have done nothing wrong. Violent action can only hurt a righteous cause. I believe the shah was a mass murderer and deserves a trial by his peers, the countries of the world. But are the Iranian students, now, any better than he?

Steven Graves  
Fort Lauderdale

September 14, 1979



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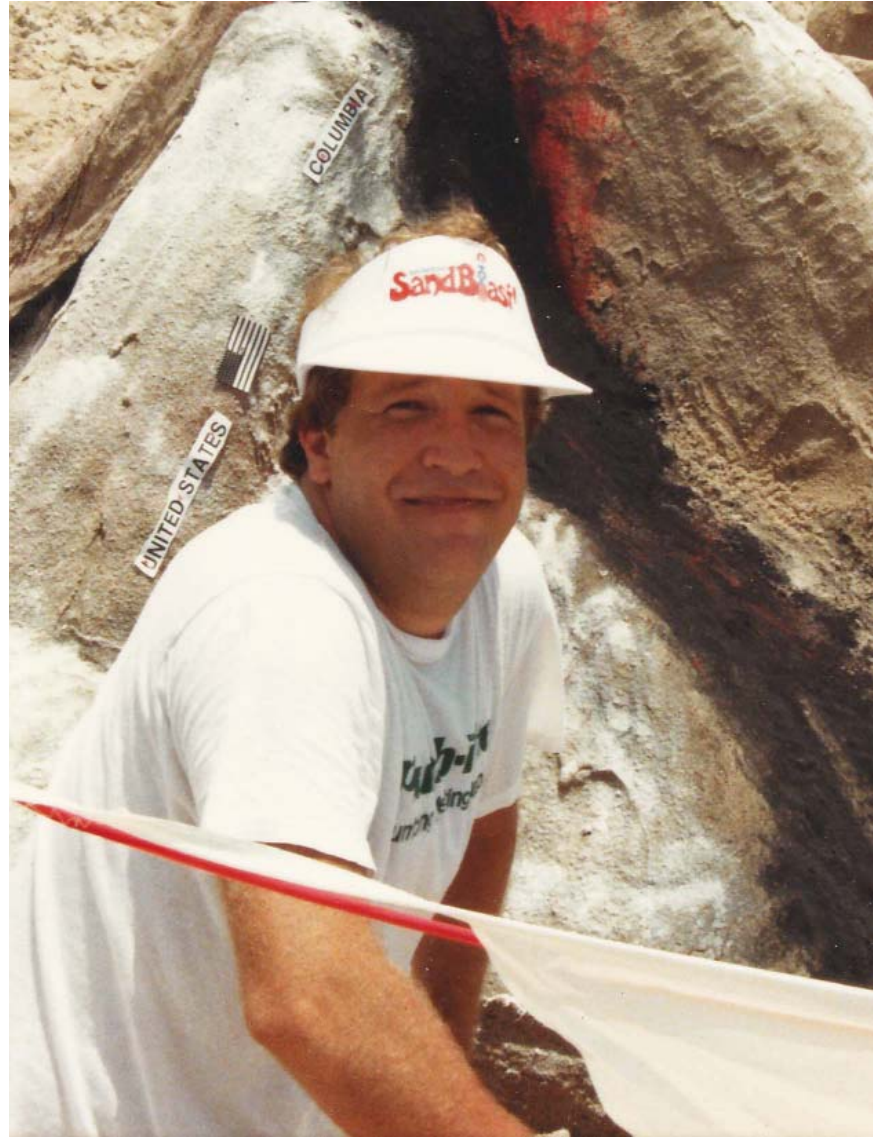
## *The goal of the Polish people is to find a new life*

I am deeply concerned for the people of Poland and would like to state some views concerning their present situation. I don't believe their purpose is to consciously overthrow the communist rule. They want a say in the way they live their life. They do not want to be machines but people with desires for advancement and the right to seek opportunity and better themselves through their own sweat and hard work. They want freedom to go and worship God in their own way and to seek the best education for their children. They want the right to become all that they can and to have the possibility to attain a way of life free from shortages and starvation.

This, however, means the attainment of personal freedom that the Soviets cannot allow, but will have no choice but to allow. They may be able to forestall the certain eventuality for a time, but the communist rule of oppression is following a path of certain failure. A government ruling the people cannot sustain itself, but a government ruled by the people shall be sustained because of itself.

The Polish people want the civil liberties civilization demands and will seek at all costs — even their lives. There is nothing but existence without freedom.

Steven Graves  
Fort Lauderdale



Date unknown



I met this girl many years later and today she is my wonderful amazing wife.



