

COLDWATER TWO

By
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OVER BLACK

Birds chirp. A light breeze blows through forest trees.

SUPER: MAY 18, 1980 - 8:30 AM PDT

A camper door closes. Footsteps on dirt grow louder until they stop. Mechanical switches are thrown. A man keys a microphone. This is DAVID JOHNSTON (30), a USGS volcanologist.

JOHNSTON

Vancouver, this is Coldwater Two,
do you read?

After a couple of seconds, the filtered voice of the USGS office in VANCOUVER, WA (Male) answers.

VANCOUVER

Coldwater Two, this is Vancouver,
go ahead.

JOHNSTON

I don't expect any activity
today. All the instruments are
showing nothing.

VANCOUVER

That's for sure. Seismographs
here are quiet as all get out.
Got those samples?

JOHNSTON

Yep, got 'em in the trailer. I'm
sure Dan would like to have a
look. Has he left yet?

VANCOUVER

A few minutes ago. Should be at
your location in about ten
minutes.

JOHNSTON

Good. Should be a quiet day for
him. Let me look at my notes
here.

The rustling of papers is heard.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Let's see... Dome growth is less
than it was before. Only two feet
over a twenty-four hour period.

VANCOUVER

That's good. Have you checked on
Martin yet?

JOHNSTON

He's back there holding his own.
Nice fella.

VANCOUVER

Well, you keep looking at that
mountain and if anything happens
just say so. Vancouver out.

Johnston hangs up the mic. After a couple of seconds, a low
rumbling noise is heard. The rumble gets louder.

JOHNSTON

Good God...

Johnston keys the mic frantically as the rumbling turns into
the terrifying sound of earth moving at breakneck speed.

JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

(Rising panic)

Vancouver! Vancouver! This is it!

He hangs the mic back up. Running sounds are heard followed
by the trailer door slamming shut. The sound of howling winds
and trees being uprooted grows louder and louder until...

Dead silence.