

SCRIPT

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FADE IN:

EXT. EXPRESSWAY- EARLY MORNING

Pre-dawn. We look down on two concrete ribbons: Chicago's Edens highway. Traffic is thin, moving fast. A mauve sky reflects on the flat hoods and tops of suburban Buicks, Thunderbirds, Cadillacs. The SOUND of horsepower is muted by dual mufflers and the blanket of morning atmosphere.

Suddenly the quiet, hypnotic air is cut by squealing tires -- a deadly pause...then collision impact: steel on concrete, shattering glass, and the immediate ignition of a short-circuited horn.

The traffic continues. It has seen nothing; it hears nothing, although the piercing note of the HORN now drifts over the highway.

A new Chevy station-wagon pulls to the side of the road. Large circled 5's on the hood and door tell us the TV channel represented.

The driver, JOHN, goes to the tailgate, grabs his camera and battery belt. GUS gets out of the passenger side, Nagra slung over his shoulder. Canon-plug connection joins Sennheiser microphone to recorder: ready to work.

John hits the camera button once -- discovers the battery is dead. He scrambles for a new one.

The horn SOUND persists. The movements of the cameraman, John, and the soundman, Gus, are precise, professional -- quick but unhurried.

With his free hand, John signals "rolling" to Gus.

NEW ANGLE

We see the wreck: front end slammed against the overpass, hood wrenched in air, right door twisted open. The safety-glass windshield a milky, crystalline spiderweb.

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CONTINUED:

HORN persists as we see the VICTIM sprawled on the edge of the roadway: random weeds partly obscure a Young Woman's face framed by broken glass. She is stretched full-length from the car. Her heel is locked on the floorboard.

Gus reaches under the hood and jerks the battery cables. Horn STOPS.

John and Gus film the accident scene. John shoots various angles of the woman and the car.

We hear a faint SOUND.

Gus points his microphone as close to the woman as John's camera angle permits. A more distinct MOAN. Quick CUT TO VU meter on Nagra reacting.

When they have what they want -- when they have what they need -- the newsreel team returns to the station-wagon. Not a word has passed between the men...

Moving AWAY FROM CAMERA, his face barely turning towards Gus, we hear:

JOHN
(very quietly)
Better call an ambulance.

INT. CAR - DAY

A toggle switched on mobile radiophone.

EXT. CAR - DAY

PAN UP the long whip antenna on the rear of the wagon.

The early sun catches reflections on the chrome sliver. Vague colors and shapes of the city provide background for a long morning SHOT focused on the whip antenna. As it is buffeted

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

by the wind we hear occasionally the SOUND of a fencer's foil sprung in tension and headed for a score.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

SERIES OF CLOSE UPS:

A hand moving slowly from pancake makeup to facial skin.

Camel's-hair brush dipping in eye-shadow, then moving across an eyelid. Eyeball FILLS SCREEN as lid moves up. SHOT is HELD briefly.

A toupee being positioned on a scalp.

Teeth being brushed.

Long hair being combed. This SHOT designed to look like a commercial.

(NOTE: If any background appears in the above CLOSE UPS it will be makeup lights, white formica, or mirrors reflecting white.)

OVER the above images, as well as during SHOTS discussed below, we HEAR the intense whispered commands of a TV control booth. As in the Communication Center at a rocket-launch, the tone of the words is more important than general knowledge of their meaning...

O. S. CONTROL ROOM VOICES

Hold. Hold. Ready. Standby.
 Freddy -- 3 sec. roll film. Punch 2.
 Tape okay, okay, right. Tell him.
 What? What? After 36 we go Telstar.
 Client would not like to see leader
 on commercial this time, Connie.

CLOSE SHOT - DETAIL

Shirt and suspenders. A coat covers the shirt, and on the CUT we see one swipe of a clothes brush.

MCU - YOUNG MAN

With a big felt pen, on floor writing idiot card. Control-Room SOUND continues.

NEW ANGLE

FLARING and radiating heat we see the ceiling lighting grid of the TV stage.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN to MLS of NEWSCASTER seated behind the traditional desk -- four microphones in front of him, none of them live. A working shotgun mike dips in from a boom.

Behind the Newscaster is a world map. Little pulsing lights behind world "trouble spots." Although the Newscaster is talking earnestly, no sound comes from his mouth. Control-booth mike-WHISPERS continue...

CUT AWAY TO:

EXT. CHICAGO STREET CORNER - EVENING

A WOMAN stands at a bus stop. Behind her is a store window full of television sets. In all of them, the face of the wordless Newscaster is seen.

A bus WIPES OUT the scene on:

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - EVENING

Looking at the tilted control-booth glass, we see a soft reflection of the Newscaster, and, across his face, reflected more sharply, the words of the teleprompter.

Behind the glass we see for the first time the DIRECTOR, his ASSISTANTS, and two ENGINEERS. They are the source of the sounds. They are lit by pen-point control-room lights, and backed by racks and consoles of electronic gear.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

The control-booth CREW seems more human now, and the working words --although just as urgent -- now unfiltered, sound less automated.

The control-booth door opens and John, the cameraman, pokes his head in:

JOHN

Gus been in to transfer yet?

TECHNICIAN

Haven't seen him.

INT. CORRIDOR

John moves down a long hallway -- enameled and reflective. He is half looking for Gus, his soundman. Passing in the hall is a SECRETARY, carrying coffee in styrene cups; a YOUNG GUY carrying an extra chair from one office to another; while at the far end of the hall there is a MAN on a ladder replacing a burnt-out fluorescent tube.

As John passes down the corridor, various doors are open, and we catch PIECES of TV channel business.

VOICE O. S.

(sharp)

Hey, Jack!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

John stops at the door, displeased by this seldom-used nickname.

VOICE O. S.
We reran your Viet Nam Diary
show. Nice. Really nice.

JOHN
Gus been by?

VOICE O. S.
The stuff around the Embassy
really -- I mean, you know --
what can I say? A guy could
get killed!

JOHN
That's show biz, Herm. If
you see Gus, tell him I'm
looking for him.

He turns into another door.

INT. CUTTING ROOM

A tight little room, with footage-conversion tables, charts, and studio directory on the walls. A slight young GIRL sits by the clattering Moviola. The reversed sound track emits the strange Swedish talk.

John stands behind Dede; her body masks the viewing screen.

We HEAR country banjo music from the 16mm mag tape.

Dede makes no obvious move or sound of recognition until we:

REVERSE ANGLE

Seeing their faces, we realize John visits often, and that she was aware of his presence.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Moviola and banjo stop.

DEDE
(looking back over
shoulder to John)
Christ this is difficult! I
can't please everyone.

JOHN
You were so quiet before you
quit smoking.

DEDE
Look at this --

-- She picks a scene off the bin paper-hook and
lays it in the Moviola. While she is rethreading:

DEDE
I don't know what you
had in mind when you
were shooting --

JOHN
-- Nothing.

-- but when I cut, I
only see this...

...She points to the Moviola screen:

DEDE
(continues)
-- Only this talks to me. If
one more "expert" comes in
here and gives his "expert"
half-ass opinion, I'm going
to flip. Either I do my job
or I don't. You can tell that
faggoty, after-the-fact director
to leave me alone -- then maybe
I'll cut him a show. Otherwise --

John breaks in, overlaps, and cuts off the last of
her words --

JOHN
-- Tish, tish!
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)
 These walls closing in on you?
 Try a simple blue pill:
 C - O - M - P - O - Z...
 Compoze. Come on, let's see
 how your sharp scissors and
 sticky tape have screwed up
 my photography.

Dede starts the Moviola again.

ANGLE ON MOVIOLA

We see the screen and the footage: Appalachia.
 OVER the image of three scrawny, undernourished
 kids, we hear:

JOHN O. S.
 Is that cel or negative scratch?

CAMERA MOVES IN on Moviola screen, as film
 continues to run...

We see an old coal miner standing by an abandoned
 mine. In rich Kentuckyesque, he talks without
 bitterness about how things were, and how they
 are...

JOHN O. S.
 (on coal miner's
 face)
 Sync is drifting.

OVER succeeding Kentucky IMAGES we will HEAR
 John's technical, uninvolved comments...

A red crayon moves across a PAN of a weather-
 beaten store...

JOHN O. S.
 No dissolves -- cuts are in
 this year.

We see set shots: beautiful but sad. Almost like
 stills of Dorothea Lange or WPA photos...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Edged by trees, we see a small river. The Kentucky Preacher stands waist-deep for a baptism. We HEAR:

VOICES

(singing)

Shall we gather at the river...

Gather by the beautiful river...

Smooth CUT to DOLLY SHOT in a rural church. We pass faces, including MYLES, his FATHER and his MOTHER...

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPTY CITY LOT - AFTERNOON

The empty lot is a play area for Taylor Housing Project. Waves of BLACK KIDS sweep by in games. One KID discovers the CAMERA. Some gather around, looking at CAMERA, making faces, gestures, and comical mugging.

...In a fifth-floor window, a boy stands motionless, looking down at the play. His name is MYLES. He is eleven years old.

He is thin, white, and Kentucky born. A recent immigrant from Appalachia. His look -- and later his movement -- tells us he is withdrawn, cautious, and uncertain of the big new city. Against the free, wild play of the Negro children, we can sense a stranger, awkward in his new environment.

EXT. CHICAGO APARTMENT ROOFTOP - AFTERNOON

CAMERA PANS slowly by a jungle of TV antennas. At first their likeness reads conformity, but as the PAN progresses, we notice differences in design and color. O. S. SOUND OF:

MAN'S VOICE

Louise, I've done my best.

Dad just isn't going to change his will.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

WOMAN'S VOICE

But you're his only son!
Doesn't that mean anything
to him? Katherine already
has the property up at the
lake...and the boat.

MAN'S VOICE

But darling --

WOMAN'S VOICE

-- Maybe he's doing it
because of me. He hates me,
doesn't he! Katherine
poisoned his --

MAN'S VOICE

-- Why do you have to keep
talking about Katherine! It
was over between us even
before the divorce!

At the end of the rooftop PAN, we see Myles
standing by a pigeon-coop, handling a white
racing-pigeon...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Don't you even care about
the money? Answer me, Kurt.
At least think about the
children. Kurt? Where are
you going --

(door slam effect)

-- Kurt!

ORGAN MUSIC UP: we are certain now of the origin
of the dialogue we have been hearing.

Myles talks to his pigeons, walks a few steps
away from the coop, cautiously releases a bird.
It flies back to the coop. There are shipping
labels still stuck to the wood of the coop.
Perhaps we see the word Kentucky.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Myles is carefully retraining pigeons to home to their new location. This is a delicate process, which, to be successful, must be done in deliberate stages.

SERIES OF SHOTS

We see Myles retraining birds, each time farther from home.

First, on the roof. Then from the street just below the apartment. Then farther and farther. Each time, Myles is apprehensive of losing a bird, but he encourages the pigeon, talking like a football coach to an athlete...

ECU - PIGEON

The beating wings blur, making a fleeting "white out" for a --

CUT TO:

INT. STREETCAR - DAY

The streetcar is crowded. Myles is seated at a window, a shoe-box in his lap. We may notice small holes punched in the box. He looks out. He observes the ads partly obscured by overheated PASSENGERS.

He sees a young NEGRO GIRL, about his age, and pretty. She has a brightly papered package in her lap. From the looks of her and her MOTHER, they are off to a birthday party. Both children wonder what the other has. Behind Myles, MEN are speaking Polish.

A BOY on a bicycle suddenly appears out Myles' window. He is holding on, hooking a ride.

EXT. STATION - DAY

Down the "E1" steps...and:

EXT. PARK

...Myles stops and drinks at a fountain.

There is a beautiful lagoon. Peanuts and popcorn have stuffed the city ducks. They sit placid on their wet reflections, only now and then making soft whirlpools.

Dragging a burlap bag, a PARK DISTRICT MAN stabs a nail-point into Good Humor wrappings. Discarded Polaroid film, sticky with chemicals and the forced smile of a weekend portrait, drop in the refuse sack. The Park District Man moves slowly, feeling the warmth of the summer sun on his official Park District coat.

Three FLY FISHERMEN practice by throwing plugs at a floating bicycle tire.

A MOTHER reads a newspaper spread on the plastic top of a baby buggy. Her left hand dangles a hanging mobile over the INFANT, who is sleeping on the blanket, face down. In back, BOYS play Combat on a World War II tank. JET NOISE is louder than the playing CHILDREN. The Mother looks up from her paper. The sun hurts her eyes.

A fourteen-year-old BOY races his bike after a GIRL, also on a bike. There is a sign which says No Bicycle Riding Permitted in Park.

NEW ANGLE

Looking over his shoulder, up over the trees and toward tall buildings, watching leaf movements and preferring to be unobserved, Myles opens the shoe-box. Nothing happens. He looks in, shakes it a little...

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CONTINUED:

MYLES

Go...go...

A white pigeon almost falls from the box, beating wings folded too long in a confined position.

The bird circles Myles like a cowboy's trick rope, then spirals up, uncertainly. Two hundred feet up, as if fixing on a radar beam, the bird homes across the city...

AERIAL SHOTS

We see the bird in its flight, and see the city as if we were the bird...

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Myles' hand pulls a chain on a table lamp, illuminating a book on the table. The cover picture is of a proud-looking racing pigeon.

Myles walks by the window, book in hand. He is aimless, pacing slowly. He reaches down and unties his tennis shoes -- then ties them again.

O. S. we hear SOUNDS of dishes and silverware.

EILEEN

Honey, stop mopin'. If you
been workin' birds, you
better wash up.

We see EILEEN working in the kitchen. She is a woman of twenty-nine; her looks make her appear somewhat younger, but her manner is that of a woman of more maturity; she is aware of this duality. She has silky, straw-colored shoulder-length hair; she has a good figure and a native sensuality without recourse to artifice. We see constraint and pride, but no conceit.

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CONTINUED:

She puts two bowls of soup on the table. Myles is already there, head bowed.

Eileen says Grace...

They start to eat. Myles eats without enthusiasm.

He turns a page of the pigeon book and starts to read. His lips move slightly.

The VOICE OVER is that of:

MYLES' FATHER
(as if reading from
the book)

The racing pigeon, or homing pigeon, on the other hand, remains faithful to its mate throughout its life, provided that the mate is present at all times, especially upon the male bird's return after a long flight. In addition, when the pair has young, this bond is even stronger, and the male remains with his family until the young are able to fend for themselves. He will even help to hatch the eggs by sitting on them, although this is only for a limited period of time each day. If, however, the family is separated for an extended period, the male pigeon, not entirely unlike his human counterpart, can be relied upon to seek female companionship elsewhere.

(NOTE: Most of the reading of the book will be
OVER Eileen's face.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Mayor's periodic press conference.

Six CAMERAMEN are setting up cameras on tripods at the back of the wood-panelled office. John is among them.

JOHN
(to an OLDER
CAMERAMAN)
How's the old Pathe rooster?

OLDER CAMERAMAN
One more trip to O'Hare
chasing candidates and I'm
moving into the Airport
Motel.

ANOTHER CAMERAMAN
Try and get a room! They
even have "no vacancy" signs
on the Lincoln Park benches.

John puts his left thumb to his nose, hand extended, his right hand turning like an old hand-crank camera...

JOHN
(to old-timer,
laughing)
Keep grinding, Doyle, keep
grinding.

Sunguns FLARE in clusters at the corners of the room.

The MAYOR listens attentively to an AIDE who has his arm around him. His mouth brushes the Mayor's ear. The Mayor laughs, half aware of the presence of the news media.

Gus' hands ENTER FRAME to adjust a lavalier at the Mayor's collar.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

The Mayor calls Gus by name, exchanges pleasantries:

MAYOR

I know you'd like to choke
me, but at least leave some
slack on my leash --

(-- referring to
mike around neck)

(NOTE: What Mayor Daley of Chicago says is indicated here only as a probability. Throughout the film there will be direct, on-camera interviews or soliloquies. Mostly with real people, as in the instance of Mayor Daley or other city officials. We shall use actors to stage paraphrased interviews actually taken but which for one reason or another cannot be used as originally filmed. The purpose of the direct-to-camera situations is to set us firmly in time and place. Because we will see them as taken through John's camera, they will give us insight into his character.)

The Press interview begins...

MAYOR

I want to take this opportunity
to welcome fellow Democrats to
our convention city. Our city
has a rich history as a melting-
pot of all races and nationalities.
This administration has not
shirked the responsibilities of
meeting head-on many problems
which face all major cities in
our country. As you may know,
only two weeks ago, right here
in City Hall, we have set in
operation a Viet Nam veterans'
job-locating service. For
this summer...

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT STATION - DAY

POLICE CHIEF STEWART is speaking to about twenty-five MEN in uniform and ten or twelve CIVILIANS...

CHIEF STEWART

There is no reason to fear the "hot summer." Your law enforcement agencies have trained and concentrated on non-lethal methods to protect property and the public at large. Roughly speaking, our formula -- it's no secret -- is: One. Seal off area and seize the rooftops. Two. Utilization of our armored fire-fighter. Three. Full utilization of chemical agents such as tear-gas and Mace. Four. We are experimenting with an electronic device which causes loss of control of the bowels. However, at this juncture, there are difficulties with directional characteristics.

Throughout the above, we will have SEEN, in a SERIES OF SHOT, the variety of anti-riot devices, and men practicing in training conditions.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIV. OF CHICAGO LECTURE HALL - DAY

PROFESSOR

"...Every municipality deplores the lack of civic pride, for instance, in littering and vandalism, but it is a premise of its own planning. Anomie is primarily giving up on the immediate public environment."

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

"The children are bitten by rats, so why bother? The river stinks, so why bother? It is particularly impossible for the young to grow up without a community or local patriotism, for the locality is their only environment. When the going gets rough, poor people retreat into their neighborhoods and cry "It's ours!" or they burn them down because they are not citizens in their own place. The middle class, as usual, makes a more rational choice: since the center offers neither home nor city nor acceptable environment for their children, they leave it, avoiding its jurisdiction, taxes, and responsibilities, but staying near enough to exploit its jobs and services.

During the preceding, in a SERIES OF SHOTS, we will have seen:

The same Professor in a TV Susskind-type round table.

DOLLY SHOTS of South Side streets.

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS listening. Faces.

Suburban trains loading up.

A sunset traffic jam, bumper to bumper, flowing from the city.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - EVENING

Long, polished, antiseptic.

TRUCK behind John as he walks. He passes a NURSE standing behind a counter:

JOHN
'Evening, Nurse.

NURSE
Good evening, Doctor.

He continues walking down the hall. He turns into an elevator. An ORDERLY follows him...

JOHN
Pediatrics?

ORDERLY
Yes, thank you, Doctor.

John presses the floor buttons and the doors close.

INT. CLINIC - EVENING

The Cook County Hospital Clinic waiting room. PEOPLE waiting. Poor, waiting for hours. There is an occasional COUGH, and the piercing CRY of a child turns not a head.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EVENING

Dimly lit. A private room. There is one PATIENT: in the foreground is an intravenous feeding bottle with a tube running down OUT OF FRAME.

RUTH, a nurse, is standing close to a mirror, adjusting hair and applying lipstick.

She is truly interested in the mirror image.

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CONTINUED:

We HEAR the pulsating of labored breathing.

John appears at the door, cigarette in hand. Ruth sees him in the mirror. As she approaches, extending her face for a kiss, she squelches his cigarette:

RUTH
That's dangerous.

JOHN
Don't touch me, nurse --
I'm sterile.

They kiss, and move out the doorway.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR (RUTH'S FLOOR)

John and Ruth walk down the corridor.

RUTH
Wait for me -- I'll change.

JOHN
Don't ever change.

RUTH
Don't goof around. I'll
only be a minute.

JOHN
Honestly, you'll be okay as
you are.

They are passing a medicine dolly being pushed down the corridor by a NURSE. The dolly is loaded with bottles of pills. Without looking or breaking stride, John pockets a bottle.

RUTH
I never trust you when you
say "honestly."

EXT. HOSPITAL - EVENING

John and Ruth exit TOWARDS CAMERA from the hospital.
The Channel 5 wagon is parked in an area posted:

ABSOLUTELY NO PARKING
AMBULANCE ONLY

They start to get in the wagon when John notices
that the big whip antenna is missing:

JOHN
-- Damn. Looks like I'm a
prime target.

Ruth looks at him quizzically.

JOHN
(continuing)
First the hubcaps, now my
radio antenna -- rotten kids!

RUTH
What's the difference?
Channel 5's got more where
that came from.

JOHN
That's not the point. Where
do you want to go?

RUTH
How about a movie...?

CUT FOR EFFECT TO:

INT. CONVERTED DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

BLAST of ROCK MUSIC.

We see a mortar attack. We see the Dreyfus Fund
lion. We see a beautiful girl turn her head
three times, her commercial hair bouncing in

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

majestic slow motion. We see a pill dropping into a tall glass of water.

Soon we see multiple screens and image-superimpositions: colors flowing over colors. Hanging from the ceiling are macabre mannikins, and sections of anatomy protrude from the walls, pictures projected on them: solarized go-go dancers, African blacks running with spears, a herd of giraffes at full gallop, Lyndon Johnson, De Gaulle, Che Guevara, a rocket-launch, men at induction center, mouths opening to tongue-depressors. (M. S. DOLLY): a line of the young men -- each man coughs. Honda motorcycle, boy and girl and many sun-flares, a la commercial.

Screens have color oil drippings. The SOUND TRACK CUTS rock music to Road & Track sounds, to Ben Bernie, to telephone taped time announcement.

We will be assaulted by all this and more.

Operating the three movie projectors and the slide projectors, magic lanterns and oil drippers are the MAD SCIENTISTS of the Pinnacle Light Show. They are in rehearsal. Average age: 22. There are beards and beads, mini-mini-skirts, Indian blankets and sandals. The MACHINE OPERATORS are intent on doing their thing. Only small head and body movements suggest the degree of involvement in response to the over-amplified beat.

O. S. VOICE (LANNY)
 Okay...okay...kill it...
 kill it...time out...finis...
 will you stop!

Slowly, machines grind to a stop and, one by one, the images fade from the walls.

The house lights are turned on. We are in a converted drugstore in Old Town.

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CONTINUED:

LANNY stands, a clipboard & flashlight attachment under an arm. The room -- back to reality -- is drab by comparison, lit by a couple of hanging bulbs. Wires stretch in every direction.

The walls are only half painted, some Yippie convention posters stuck on here and there. One or two remnants of the drugstore still remain: an old cash-register, a display case, a CO2 tank, the soda dispenser, and three circular counter-seats which swivel on enamel columns.

Three GIRLS, two white, one black, stand in bathrobes by the right-hand screen. Although they are chatting, they seem to be waiting to go "on stage."

Beer cans and pizza boxes cover the floor.

Lanny tries to get attention, but one of the cats is playing with the cash-register, and the SOUND of its ring is distracting...

In the same SHOT as the cash-register kid, we see Ruth and John...

CASH-REGISTER KID

(a little stoned,
mumbles)

Man, that's a pure sound.
Jingle, jingle...Santa Claus!
We're on the gold standard...
we're off the gold standard...
(tries the Anvil
Chorus on cash-
register keys)

LANNY

...I thought the moire footage
was supposed to be in color.

GIRL

I stopped at the lab after
school and that's what they
gave me.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

KIDS move into small groups. Lanny decides not to make formal rehearsal comments. Sensing the group's resistance to organization, he mixes.

John stands by SAM -- beautiful girl projectionist. She is seventeen, and wiggles a lot...

SAM

Bring any other stuff you can get off the cutting-room floor. It's really groovy. We doubled the shot of Mao on Johnson, and then they used the Idaho farmers at the big protest. Real groovy with Buffy's music.

...The words gush from her, and she is looking flat at John. Her eyes disengage momentarily, sizing up Ruth, noticing Ruth's disinterest in the scene. Ruth notices Sam and John.

MIKE comes by. He has a greyhound dog by his side. He gives Sam a Coke.

It is hot in the room. John takes off his coat, hangs it on one of the many wires.

A number of people, reacting to the heat, have taken off some clothing...

One CAT turns on a fan, then lights a cigarette and turns on himself.

Lights go out, and rehearsal starts again. After only a few seconds, all projectors cut out and SOUND TAPES coast a little, stopping like a run-down record. The room is in complete darkness.

Occasional lights from the street hit in. Matches are lit. There are random "oh, shit"s, and disgusted AD LIBS.

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CONTINUED:

A group of GUYS are lighting matches around the main fuse box.

ONE GUY

It's the damn fan. Every time he turns on the fan, it blows.

ANOTHER GUY

One more visit from the fire-department and we're out of here.

ANOTHER GUY

Pennies don't work -- just use the jumper-wire the way he did before.

ANOTHER GUY

Christ, I can't see a thing.

Sam, holding up a match to see, burns her finger. She is still standing by John. Some candles are lit and the group begins to enjoy the adventure.

John notices that Ruth is gone just as four CATS improvise on a folk song written especially for the Yippie convention...

FOUR CATS

(singing)

We always say yes to the man who says no...(etc.)

Sam, purposefully overacting her finger scene, sucks her burn and watches John.

The fuse is fixed and projectors send color patterns on John's face and clothes as he becomes aware of Sam.

PAN off John to the big store-front window on the street side. Looking in over a neck-high grey-painted board are PEOPLE of the street -- winos, Great Lakes sailors, streetcar conductors, etc. The SONG continues as the light plays young color and joy on their curious faces...

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMISKY PARK - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

CU of BASEBALL CATCHER in mask:

CATCHER

Ohrite a littepepper in there,
whaddyou saywhaddyou say.
Let's seeirlet'seeit, baby!

The ball thunks solidly into the mitt.

We are at pre-game warmup. Chicago White Sox.

One COACH is lobbing flies with a fungo bat.

Four PITCHERS lined up, throwing; they are loosening up.

A PLAYER going to the screened-in batting circle, swinging four big bats.

Two small BAT BOYS scurry around shagging balls and returning bats.

Near the third base coaching line we see John and Gus doing "Dugout News" -- a local pre-game show.

CU - BASEBALL STAR

His accent is Southern. He is somewhat awkward, waiting for the first question.

Around him, and just out of John's camera range are two NEGRO PLAYERS and one WHITE PLAYER. They are playfully trying to break him up. The Star is trying not to crack up, and with a slight gesture of his hand he tries to get his friends to lay off.

JOHN O. S.

Tommy -- I'll start with a tough one. How do you plan to pitch Yastrzemski?

THROUGH JOHN'S VIEWFINDER

TOMMY

Well, John, Carl's a real competitor. There isn't anything you throw him he can't hit. But I got a few tricks of my own.

VOICE C. S.

Tell him about the old spitter!

ANOTHER VOICE O. S.

Ssh! You know that's a secret, man.

JOHN O. S.

What do you think of the new anti-spitball rule.

TOMMY

It's a dumb rule. A man don't have to touch his mouth. Like Woody, now -- he's pretty wet in his cap band. Makes no difference to me, though. I never used no spitball.

WHISTLES AND CATCALLS from other players, O. S.

JOHN O. S.

This is your first season with the White Sox. How does Chicago compare with St. Louis?

TOMMY

St. Louis is a nice city. But I believe I'm just as happy to be here.

JOHN O. S.

The Tribune had a story about some dissension among some of the players.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

TOMMY
They're all good boys. All
good boys.

JOHN O. S.
Do you think it's affecting
the team?

TOMMY
(looking straight
at John -- more
serious)
I'm hitting 320 with a good
RBI. All what affects the
team or me is the color of
the uniforms. All what
affects us is staying in the
first division.

GUS
(handing Tommy
small attache-case)
Thank you, Tommy Nordoff, on
behalf of Donbart's Luggage
Shops, please accept this
genuine pigskin full-lined
Duraside attache-case. Good
luck this afternoon.

CUT TO:

BASEBALL MONTAGE

The FANS. Big. Little. Black. White. Yellow,
and brown.

Mostly they eat, scream, and litter. Some bet.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMISKY PARK - AFTERNOON

SERIES OF SHOTS:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

LS - The parking-lot, as loud "last out" CHEER echoes from the ballpark.

CROWDS move from exits to cars and buses.

A group of FANS, flushed from beer, rehash the game.

Some have on funny improvised paper or handkerchief hats, made to protect from the sun.

VENDORS have little jumping dogs. The sharp whistling SOUND supposedly coming from the toy is made by the Vendor -- lips tight, no expression.

Jumbo-sized balloons float above VENDOR selling undersized balloons.

A KID tries to get his DAD to buy him an autographed bat.

A group of BOY SCOUTS are marched to their bus.

Cars inch out of the parking-lot.

John, Gus, and a BEAUTIFUL GIRL make their way toward the station-wagon, parked in special Press Area.

A wave of BLACK KIDS runs across, almost running into John. Their movement is too headlong to be mere play.

LONG SHOT - STATION-WAGON

A small figure kneels just behind the station-wagon. John suspects another bit of thievery or vandalism being committed on his car. He reaches out to stop Gus and the Girl, then moves around closer and to the side. As he grabs the boy, we see that it is Myles, kneeling over a wicker basket.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

John shakes him violently. Myles tears himself free and runs, twisting through hundreds of cars.

John pursues him. Both disregard the danger of the moving traffic.

Gus and the Girl sit in the station-wagon, waiting. John returns without the boy. He is puffing, looking angry. He walks around back of the wagon to see what was stolen.

He picks up the basket that Myles had dropped. He looks into it. It contains a white pigeon. On the inside, we notice full identification.

John puts the wicker bird carrier in the tailgate.

GUS

Nothing's missing. I looked.

John gets in the front seat, still puffing.

GUS

You out of shape, pal?

The Beautiful Girl looks from one to another.

John starts the car, looks back while reversing.

GUS

(points in back)

What's in the basket?

JOHN

Dinner.

CUT TO:

MULTI-STORIED PARKING STRUCTURE - RAMP AREA

Mostly clear of other vehicles. It is a shiny gray cavern of poured concrete; smooth and spiraling like the inside of a snail shell.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

The recessed fluorescent lights streak white reflections on the floor and over John's wagon as it turns down the ramp.

The tires squeal and the long whip antenna beats a rhythm on the concrete beams overhead.

NEW ANGLE

From bumper height we pass squiggly white and yellow lines, and signs pointing: exit, no exit, dim, sound horn, lock your car.

CLOSER SHOT - DETAIL

The antenna hitting the roof. OVER this, we HEAR a beep, then a radio call:

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Number five, number five.
Come in, number five.

There is a CLICK:

GUS O. S.

Talk to me.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

Drop your supercargo and check
at West-side Yellow Cab.

GUS O. S.

We got time for dinner?

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

District 4's call was ten
minutes ago, so Chicago's
finest are there. Somebody
found ten grand stashed in
a cab.

NEW ANGLE - STATION WAGON

GUS
(looking at Girl)
A quick sandwich?

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
Tell Johnny Clete expects
it for his six o'clock
report.

The wagon races out into the street and stops.
The Beautiful Girl gets out, Gus helping her.
Then gets back in and closes the door. This
happens without a word.

We FOLLOW the girl walking away from the wagon
and down a crowded street.

CUT TO:

EXT. YELLOW CAB COMPANY - EVENING

An archaic oval yellow sign hangs on the Yellow
Cab headquarters. The building is old red
brick, and covers a half a city block.

Rush hour traffic clogs the street. Sharp horns
from cabs, as they cut through the lines to
enter and exit the building. The congestion is
aggravated by a parked Police car -- it is
situated like a rock where the slow traffic
stream moves around it with reluctant curiosity.

INT. YELLOW CAB COMPANY - EVENING

Seated along a long low console are six RADIO
DISPATCHERS. Four of them are ex- or part-time
drivers. In front of each of them is an old-
style microphone, a special cab map of the city,
and three frequency change switches...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

DISPATCHER
43rd and Ellis. Name is
Burton. Lady is waiting.

DISPATCHER
Check your map, 543, I'm
too busy.

DISPATCHER
Okay, okay. 792 Kenmore.
It's an apartment -- ring
for the man. Bentzen. No,
no...t-z-e-n. Doesn't
matter.

...Separated from the radio Dispatchers by a maze of waist-high wood and glass partitioning is the regular operation of the taxi depot. We see the CHECKER, who handles the days receipts for each driver. We see a safe, a coffee machine, Coke machine; credit union, Teamsters' union, and State employment posters. There are one or two safety slogans. One special humorous poster for cabbies on how to deal with a holdup. No Gambling is another sign. Two MEN stand in front of it, passing money. We can assume what we will. Another DRIVER is at wall phone with a pad of paper. He is writing race results, but our CAMERA does not make a big point of it.

DRIVERS, entering the room to settle their day's tab, hang around.

Two PLAINCLOTHESMEN and one uniformed POLICEMAN are at a desk in a glass cubicle. A Plainclothesman is finishing counting a very large pile of money. A NEGRO DRIVER, FRANK, is the center of attention.

Just outside the money-counting circle are several "interested" DRIVERS...

FIRST DRIVER
(Spanish accent)
A real compoia -- one time
in a life, and he bees a
good boy --
(mimics putting
money on table)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

SECOND DRIVER
(yells out)
Hey -- Frank -- don't be
late for the Boy Scout
meeting!

A Plainclothesman questions Frank, the Negro cab
driver, about finding the money in the cab...

PLAINCLOTHESMAN
When did you decide to turn
the money in.

FRANK
Like I told you. I happen
to look back when I put up
the off duty sign and was
headed back here.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN
Did you know how much was
there?

FRANK
I just headed back here...

PLAINCLOTHESMAN
How come you didn't check
after the last fare? Was it
possible for the money to be
left by someone before the
last fare? Is your trip
record complete?

FRANK
(flustered by the
cross-questioning)
Yes, the trip record is
complete. Look, Lieutenant,
I'm not a crook. Treat me
like a man.

Money is still being counted.

THIRD DRIVER
Frankie just had a big tipper!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

John and Gus enter, readying newsreel equipment.

CAB CO. DISPATCHER
(to Plainclothesman)
He just did an honest thing.
He found the money in his cab
and turned it in. Why the
hell ride him?

SCENE CONTINUES, but bright sungun almost obliterates image.

SERIES OF SHOTS: Frank, as photographed by John, and seen as flash-forward on TV sets throughout the city.

SCENE

SCENE TRACK

TV VIDEO & TRACK

NEIGHBORHOOD BAR

Summer daylight, still shafts of hard light when Logan Sq. MAN opens the door to an evening's beer or two.

CARLOS, the bartender, is standing on an aluminum barrel adjusting a piece of cardboard to shade the TV tube.

Talk is of White Sox, Cubs, politics and hot weather. We see and HEAR various characters.

SOLDIER
(about what's on the TV)
Hey, Carlos -- how 'bout that -- ! How 'bout that?

LOGAN SQ. MAN
Why don't you claim it?

ANOTHER MAN
They'll be coming out of the woodwork saying it's their money.

CARLOS
(down from his perch)
Sure...all but the guy who really left it. Somebody's cooking his hide now, you can bet your ass on it.

SECOND COP O. S.
Okay, now -- who was it after the lady from the merchandise mart?

FRANK
I can't remember. I'm not sure.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN
(to O. S. Cop)
You frisked him?

COP
Clean. He had what the meter said.

FRANK
-- I mean, it was a real good day...

COMMENTATOR O. S.
For Frank Baker, this started out like any other day...

MADISON ST. HOTEL LOBBY

Through the plate-glass window the last of the rush hour crowds a streetcar. Inside, four old MEN sit in torn leaterette chairs, looking at newspapers, magazines, and TV. There is a faded rug, and spittoons on the floor. One Man sits very close to the tube, and stares...

B. G. EFFECTS & brief AD LIBS during succeeding SCENES...

FRANK

The convention, I guess. No, I didn't have time for lunch. About four, this old lady...

COMMENTATOR O. S.

...In thirty days, if the cash remains unclaimed, it will belong to the cabbie who found it...

INT. MENS' ROOM

An ATTENDANT looks at a portable Sony...

FRANK

...I mean, like feeble, and she asks will I help her out. I helps her out, and on the floor I see this envelope, old and yellow, like. I says, Ma'am, you forgetting this? She say, no, that ain't mine. So I know somebody before must of dropped it...

BIG OFFICE BUILDING - ELABORATE OFFICE

MAIDS are cleaning up, looking at papers on desk -- at home, at six p. m., in "their" office. The TV is on in the hi-fi panel...

SERIES OF SHOTS:

NEGROES, singly and in groups, inside and out, relating to the TV...

FRANK

...I started to drive, and got it on the seat next to me, and I reach over and open it up...man! You know, I pulled over and counted it...ten thousand dollars...!

INT. VERY RICH HOUSE

YOUNG BOY looking at Color TV and eating potato chips...

CUT TO:

INT. MYLES' APARTMENT - EVENING

SOUND OF TV CARRIES OVER into..."Fly the Friendly Skies of United..."

The apartment screen door is partly open. Myles stands listening to a LADY SOCIAL WORKER whose scrubbed white arm mostly covers a long questionnaire onto which she dutifully scribbles, even when Myles gives no response...

(NOTE: the following are just apporximations of types of questions.)

SOCIAL WORKER

Does your mother work?
Where?
Where...?

MYLES

(very quietly)
Zenith.

SOCIAL WORKER

When does she come home? Uh-huh.
Rooms in unit?
Occupants?
Average wage?
Outside income?
Welfare allotment?
How long in Chicago?
Own a car?
Previous address?
Father's name?
Does he live at home?
Can you tell me where I can find him?

MYLES

...Viet Nam.

RIFLE CRACK --

SOUND CUT TO:

EXT. APPALACHIAN HILLSIDE WOODS - CU - RIFLE - DAY

The muzzle of the rifle is SHARP FOCUS, the man on whose shoulder the stock is pressed is only a color shape.

We see the gun barrel panning and elevating.

The words are slow, quiet, deliberate, Kentucky southern...

MYLES' FATHER
...Son, hit ain't possible to
knock nothin' less you gets it
comfortable -- press it in
here, in the holler...squeeze
firm an' easy...

MED. SHOT - TREE

A tomato can on the tree jumps and falls from the hit.

ANGLE ON MYLES

He looks up at his father. The gun is lowered so that it is between CAMERA and his face.

MYLES' FATHER
Practice?

Myles shakes his head, no.

NEW ANGLE - WOODS

Autumn colors. We see the boy and his father in a VERY LONG SHOT framed through brilliant red and yellow leaves. They are walking TOWARDS CAMERA. Occasionally the father points up toward a tree or the sky. The father is expressing his love for "God's Nature" and the boy is enjoying both his father and God.

The look of the SHOT is idealized photographically; there is a subjective beauty because we see through Myles' memory.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

They walk by an old railroad boxcar filled with sand -- a primitive attempt at water-treatment. The little river flowing next to it is red with "mine water."

Mail Pouch, Bull Durham, and Brown Mule signs are stuck on the side of sagging coal-camp dwellings.

We see one or another religious sect warning:

Prepare to Meet Thy God

Judgment Day is Coming

Every Man Must Die

EXT. YARD - DAY

The rear yard of a small whitewashed house -- one which shows an attempt to maintain neatness and charm.

The man and the boy pass in the foreground. In the house we see Eileen taping a piece of cardboard to a broken window pane.

Myles and the father go back to the pigeon coop. We recognize the coop as the same one -- but better painted.

The man removes the first of several white birds.

ZOOM IN on the bird as it is released into the air...

CUT TO:

INT. DARKROOM - DAY

John and a younger LOADER (FRED) are threading up 16mm magazines. A red safelight gives the small space a science-fiction look.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

The mens' dialogue is occasionally punctuated by "tech-talk" -- asking for tape, reference to emulsion number, etc. There are the metallic SOUNDS of the magazine covers being removed or replaced...

LOADER

Saturday afternoon we're
going on a rally to Aurora.
Why don't you and nurse
come with...?

JOHN

Do the pure sports car club
guys accept Detroit iron --
excuse me, I mean fibreglass?
Didn't you tell me the
Corvette was discriminated
against?

LOADER

That was three years ago.
What do you say? Can you
make it Saturday?

JOHN

Can't.

(tech talk)

LOADER

Do you know Ronnie Bucknum?

JOHN

No.

LOADER

He drove formula for Honda
and did pretty well at Le
Mans with the GT.

JOHN

So?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

LOADER

When he came back from Monte Carlo he told me there are girls all over the world who only go for race-car drivers. Travel all over the world following all the races and drivers. Strange.

JOHN

What's so strange? There's all types. Musicians' chicks. Only go with musicians...what size, age, or color doesn't mean a thing. If they can make music, they're in. Otherwise, forget it. There's even girls who are queer for jockies. I've seen some weird scenes. You can imagine -- big tall ones with sawed-off jockies. There was a story on the wire this morning about a teeny-bopper who flips for cops. The chief in Biloxi had to lie-detect the whole force. Hell, there's a big fire tower up in San Francisco paid for by a rich lady who was queer for firemen. The tower's still up there. She just dug firemen.

(tech talk)

JOHN

(continuing)

Have you seen, what's her name -- Phyllis. Used to work on the first floor?

LOADER

Yeah, yeah. I know the one. She's the one works on Monroe in the cigar store.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

LOADER (CONT'D)

I saw her out of uniform
after work, and nothing. I
mean nothing. How wrong could
I -- I must have been blind.

JOHN

Remember when Louie came back
from Japan? All he could
talk about was how great the
Japanese women are. Take
care of you -- wash your back ---
stuff. He didn't say they
did anything special. What
did he say? Exotic? Different?
Mostly Louie liked the way they
treated him. Like a king...or
emperor.

LOADER

What's that got to do with
ladies in uniform? Hey --
they ran an old German film
at school called Maidens in
Uniform.

(tech talk)

LOADER

(continuing)

I don't know -- I think
waitresses are sexy. Remember
all the old films where Ann
Sheridan was the waitress in
the all-night truck cafe?
Man -- sex. When she asked
the drivers, "What would you
like to have?" Maa...aan!
Just plain sexy. The white
uniform was there. We always
thought we could look through
it, but the movie censors
couldn't allow that. Anyway,
it all moved so nice.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JOHN

My Sergeant used to say, "You're not saluting me, you're saluting my uniform -- what it represents." Waitress, stewardess...

(pause)

...Nurse. What's the attraction? What's the big deal? Why do guys "salute" the uniform? They're filled different from Sergeant Butler.

(tech talk)

LOADER

They take care of you, man! They're the double-page Playboy foldout. They're the welder's calendar. They are space to nuzzle and plenty to drink. They give you food, they serve you drinks, they fasten your seat-belt, they tuck you in, they help you when you're sick, they kiss it where it hurts.

EXT. DARKROOM IN CORRIDOR

The door is opened from within by John: there is the quick blur of motion, the FLARE of the red light on:

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLER DERBY - NIGHT

A wild blur of color smears with the SCREAM of the CROWD. We see GIRL SKATERS close -- impressionistic.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Like a pack of angry she-dogs, the girl teams circle the track, jockeying for position and jostling one another until, passing the starting-line, one SKATER breaks lose to lap the pack.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

John and Ruth are in the crowd with another COUPLE, regular fans of the game.

A break-away skater approaches the rear of the pack; two of the "bad" team move back to block her. One of her teammates drops back with them.

A knee snaps up into a buttock.

An elbow digs into a breast.

A hip swings out against another, sending a girl sprawling.

The couple sitting next to Ruth are avid fans, but for opposing teams. The Man shouts encouragement for the Visitors, the Girl is gung-ho for the home team. In the excitement, she jumps and pounds on her boyfriend's back.

The center of the track is equipped with the "stage" paraphernalia of the game. A medical table and a "DOCTOR" -- REFEREE on skates watching for infractions but often getting involved in the fracas. The substitute and "penalized" PLAYERS shout at, and often dive into the little action dramas of the game.

The play gets dirty. Skates are lifted and stomped on others, girls are tripped and sent cracking into the guard-rail. Players' fingernails leave red welts. Bare fists pummel. It is way. It is a funny, unreal-surreal war. We are never quite sure how real is real.

Ruth, terribly involved in the mad scene, crushes against John. Her eyes reflect the strange sexual excitement.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John and Ruth in bed. John is smoking a cigarette. Ruth is completely covered: the white sheet over her head...

RUTH

(put-on, giggling
and kidding, from
beneath the sheet)

Why can't you admit it? Just
say it. Admit it to me.
Admit it to yourself. You
know it. You're a bastard.
You are selfish --

(listing)

-- Self-centered, egotistical,
hah...!

Under the sheet, she does a little, frustrated,
all-over shake.

RUTH

(waiting)

...Well?

John reaches over to the middle of the sheet and
tickles her belly.

RUTH

Come on -- cut it out!

Her head comes out.

Over to his right, John has a little console, and
he starts monkeying with a toggle-switch:

JOHN

How do you like that? Gus
wired it up for me.

Different lamps go on and off in the room, music
from a transistorized radio starts and stops,
the drapes start to open and close...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RUTH

You don't want to talk? You've been everywhere, you've seen everything...

(subjective reference
to the bed)

Done everything. I don't think you really give a shit for anything or anybody.

He looks at her --

JOHN

-- Now wait a minute. Take it easy.

RUTH

(backs off)

Okay, okay. Lookit, John -- remember when we saw Mondo Cane?

JOHN

We didn't see Mondo Cane.

RUTH

Well, I saw it.

JOHN

Well, I saw it too, but I don't remember seeing it with you.

RUTH

...Anyway, that's not the point. Remember the scene where -- on the island, where, they tested an atom bomb? And they had these big tortoises, you know, turtles...who, well, at a certain time of their life would walk to the sea to lay their eggs? Well, they found out that the radiation threw the -- it confused the turtle's direction thing, so instead of going to the sea, they moved inland, and died...?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JOHN

I'm crying.

RUTH

Dammit! Lookit -- somebody took those movies, right? Do you think -- or couldn't they, or did they -- after they took these movies, reach down and turn the poor animal around? Or at least put him in their jeep and take him to the ocean?

JOHN

How the hell do I know what they did. Those were Italian cameramen.

RUTH

I give up. Surrender.

She reaches out to the night table next to her. There is a No-Cal soft drink on it. She takes a swallow, offers it to John:

RUTH

...No calories.

JOHN

I'd rather have my kidneys for a while.

She picks up a magazine and starts thumbing through it...

RUTH

(pretends reading)
How to give mouth to mouth artificial respiration without becoming emotionally involved.

JOHN

(grabs magazine)
It doesn't say that!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RUTH
(grabs magazine
back)

So?

(reads)
"...Research Physicians at the
Isti...tuto del Salvator Mundi
in Rome revealed today the
results of tests involving a
new device to be worn by
expectant mothers during the
entire course of their
pregnancy...

She pauses, without looking up. John does not
speak. As she continues to read, CAMERA leaves
them, and PANS slowly around the room...

RUTH (CONT'D) O. S.
...The device consists of a
steel and plastic cylinder
which can be controlled so
as to create a partial vacuum
around the mother's abdomen,
reducing atmospheric pressure
on the foetus. This pressure,
which is at sea level is 14.7
pounds per square inch, can
be reduced by as much as 50%.

We see on the walls -- among other things -- a
poster-size picture of Jean-Paul Belmondo. A
sign: The Medium is the Message. A Japanese
bathrobe hanging from the door. A photograph
of John in camouflage army fatigues -- he is
standing between two very slight Oriental peasants;
hung around his neck are cameras and light-meters.

INTERCUT the PAN of the room with reaction SHOTS
of John.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RUTH O. S.

It was Dr. Jacopo Marizani, director of the hospital's research institute, who first made public the results of tests involving the new device. Although the reasons for the test's results have thus far proved elusive, it is known that those mothers, fourteen in number, who wore the device throughout their pregnancy, delivered babies twice as robust and -- more surprisingly -- twice as intelligent as the national average. Dr. Marizani has officially termed the fourteen infants "superbabies" and made arrangements for production of a limited number of the devices for purchase by the public, although it is anticipated that the price -- in the early stages of development, at least -- will be prohibitive. Official comment on the new device has not yet been forthcoming from the Vatican.

JOHN

Give them five years, they'll be just like any other kids.

Ruth does a little "modeling" using the sheet...

RUTH

(sugary voice)

And now, this latest from the boutique of Yves St. Laurent -- a delicate wisp of polyethylene softly counterpointed by the sheen of quarter-inch stainless. The seams, in line with this year's styles, welded rather than riveted.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RUTH (CONT'D)

Yours, for a mere nine thousand seven hundred ninety-five, plus tax.

JOHN

A cab driver found that much yesterday. I did a story on him.

RUTH

Yeah, I heard about it at work. You know Marie -- the one that went African -- she and the girls were jabbering about it. Strange, you never can be sure what they'll do.

John has taken out the pigeon basket, opened it. The bird flaps out, frightened, flies wildly around the room.

RUTH AD LIB

(loud)

What the hell is that! How the hell did a bird get in here! Now what the hell are you doing? You've flipped!

JOHN

Ssh! Come on -- I got neighbors!

RUTH

...Get that poor thing down!

The bird flies near her, and she pulls the sheet completely over her.

John gets up, naked, and runs madly around the room trying to catch the pigeon. After a few unsuccessful swipes and lunges, he grabs one corner of the sheet and yanks it off of her. She screams, and they both start to laugh.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

John holds the sheet high in front of him and runs after the bird, OUT OF FRAME.

CAMERA is left with a view of a Life Magazine blow-up of the famous news photo: the Chief of Saigon police, pulling the trigger of his revolver, which is held to the head of a suspected Viet Cong.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE - TV CHANNEL - DAY

John stands waiting as the News Director, HENRY KAPLAN, talks to a middle-aged MAN wearing neat suit, shirt, and tie.

Henry Kaplan has been quoted as saying, "If bullshit was music, we'd have a symphony."

Two TWX machines, like electronic roller pianos, whack out the words that is the news. From the wire services, composed and typed by invisible men (women?), these yelow rolls of paper make up the script dutifully, automatically -- to be acted by newscasters.

NEWS DIRECTOR

Look, we'll give equal time when we're told to give equal time. Not before, not sooner, not later. Look at this --

(picks up thick pile of papers)

-- One day from legal. You tell them when I'm ordered to, if the vegetarians want equal time, they can have it.

MAN

But his office keeps calling.

NEW DIRECTOR

Don't go away mad, just go away.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

The Man leaves, shrugging helplessly to John, and avoiding a WORKMAN who pushes by him with two big sheets of acoustical celotex.

The News Director stands over the TWX machines and divides his attention between John and the Carpenter assigned to quiet the nervous noise of the teletypes.

NEWS DIRECTOR

No, you can't have a raise.

John reverses, pretends to leave, but comes right back.

JOHN

I have a story, Cap.

NEWS DIRECTOR

Glad somebody has.

JOHN

Remember the shot I did on the cabbie who turned the money in?

NEWS DIRECTOR

Forget it.

JOHN

There's a story there -- worth following up. Lot of people are interested. I think it could go on the Sunday Reports show.

NEWS DIRECTOR

(turning from
Carpenter)

No. I got a convention coming up. Plus I got a war. Plus I got baseball. Plus I got a nervous city.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

NEWS DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Plus I got people calling up
telling me because we show
the news we make the news.
No. N - O.

John just looks at him, waiting for the tirade
to end.

NEWS DIRECTOR
(continuing)
I've got three stringers
coming in from the styx --
who knows if they can handle
a camera?

JOHN
(breaking in)
I'll do it in my spare time.

NEWS DIRECTOR
(more good naturedly
than the words read)
Look, my friend. Will you
stop bothering me?

JOHN
I want film and lab.

The News Director reluctantly moves his head in
assent as:

SECRETARY'S VOICE
(over intercom)
Mr. Evans' office on 6, Mr.
Kaplan.

NEWS DIRECTOR
(to John, as he
reaches for phone)
Write up a voucher.

He motions the Carpenter to hold off on the work.
Then, into the phone...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

NEWS DIRECTOR

Yes. Good morning, sir.

John stands, snaps to attention, salutes the phone, and is off.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION-WAGON - DAY

John and Gus. John, at the wheel, drives past an intersection.

GUS

Hey, you missed your turn.

JOHN

I've got a stop to make.

GUS

Is there some rule which says "The cameraman shall be the driver?" What I mean -- is there a contract? Something in the union? I go where you go, right?

JOHN

Right.

GUS

Maybe it's seniority -- because, after all, sound did come after pictures. Low man on a toter pole.

JOHN

Totem.

GUS

Nobody ever asks me where I'd like to go. Nobody. You know what I'd like to shoot...?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

GUS (CONT'D)

I wish a big horny-assed sea-serpent came barreling out of the lake and went whapping down Michigan Avenue, scarfing on all the Highland Park ladies shopping in Saks and Blums, you know, all wet and slimy, knocking down buildings -- like Loch Ness or King Kong --

JOHN

-- Hold, hold -- what the hell is scarfing...?

GUS

Oh, come on.

JOHN

(mimics)

Oh, come on.

GUS

As my old man used to say -- look it up in the dictionary.

John jams on the brakes, reaches across and fakes opening Gus' door:

JOHN

Do you want out here?

GUS

Give me another chance, warden.

Fifty feet further, John pulls up and parks. He reaches over, takes the wicker basket, and leaves.

EXT. APARTMENT AT BACK PORCH - DAY

John stops on the back landing and rings the bell of Eileen's apartment.

No answer.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

No answer.

He looks in a window -- taps on the glass with a coin.

No answer. He considers leaving the pigeon basket on the landing by the door, but decides against it.

On his way down the stairs, he passes a lady with a grocery bag on the way up.

On the main landing and about to leave, John hears a key in a lock -- the SOUND coming from the floor he had just left.

...He runs back up to look, even as the lady goes into the apartment, carrying the bag. A newspaper falls from her arms, drops between the screen door and the back door...

INT. APARTMENT

Eileen carries the groceries to the kitchen. Myles is seen through his bedroom doorway, reading.

EXT. THE APARTMENT LANDING

And when Eileen returns from the kitchen, John is holding the newspaper in his hand, standing by the screen door.

JOHN

You dropped your paper.

EILEEN

Who are you?

JOHN

(looks at the basket
for confirmation)
Mrs. Horton? I think this
belongs to your son.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

EILEEN
(takes basket)
Did he do something wrong?

JOHN
No, no. He gets around the
city pretty well for a country
boy.

There is a CRASH from the kitchen. Eileen leaves
the doorway and runs in to pick up Ajax cans which
have toppled out of the shopping bag.

INT. APARTMENT

John enters the room. Eileen notices but ignores
his uninvited presence.

EILEEN
(laughs)
I sure got the dropsies
today.

JOHN
What part of Kentucky are you
from?
(he smiles)
I spent three weeks in
Monteagle.
(imitating the
accent)
We starve a whole lot when the
stamps run out. Worst part is
daddy's tobacccy. You can't get
no tobacccy on stamps -- you had
just better clear his way.

EILEEN
(laughs at the
familiar accent)
Yeah, so you know about stamps.

JOHN
Not really -- I was making this
documentary. Those words are
on the tape.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

John eases back toward the door, directing his head towards the bird basket.

JOHN

I guess I could have let the bird go and he would have flown back -- but I doubt he could carry the basket.

EILEEN

It might have flown back to Kentucky. Myles spends all his time trying to retrain them.

JOHN

How long you been up here?

EILEEN

Not too long.

JOHN

(well on his way
out)

Tell Myles the bad guy from the ballpark brought his white bird back.

INT. CAR - DAY

Gus. Bored. Adjusts inside mirror, starts to pick blackhead. He gets out, walks around the wagon. KIDS AD LIB to him.

Finally he reaches into the car and toots the horn. (NOTE: Gus can be INTERCUT with the foregoing scene.)

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S (CAB DRIVER'S) APARTMENT - DAY

We are looking out a window. We hear AD LIBS from a room crowded with SOUL BROTHERS & SISTERS.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

The SHOT is loose enough to allow people to come BETWEEN CAMERA and the window.

Through the window we see the station-wagon pull up to the curb. Three or four BLACK KIDS are attracted by it, and gather around as Gus takes up his Nagra...

FIRST KID

Watch your car, mister.

A SECOND KID walks alongside John; he points to John's feet:

SECOND KID

Bet you two bits I know where
you got your shoes.

JOHN

Put up or shut up.
(flips a quarter
out of his pocket)

SECOND KID

(with glee, holding
his hand out)
On your feet! On your feet,
man! You got 'em on your feet!

CAMERA follows John and Gus, DOLLYING past the edge of the window onto the darkness of the wall. When SCREEN goes dark, we have an invisible CUT TO:

INT. STAIRCASE

From inside, the staircase is dark and steep. As the door opens, at TOP OF FRAME IN LS, we get a blast of light when John and Gus walk up.

Two Negro TEENAGERS seated on the steps are cool as they watch the newcomers step over them.

Everywhere we look, there are PEOPLE.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Three generations of FAMILY, from Frank's sister-in-law's screaming BABY, to his white-haired STEPMOTHER. There are LONG LOST FRIENDS, a couple of COLLECTION MEN from credit bureaus; two slim, well-dressed MUSLIMS -- one bearded, the other wearing shades. Numerous pretty "FOXES" and the ubiquitous television set: playing for whomever may pass and want to watch.

The general atmosphere is that of a celebration in advance; a reunion of old acquaintances; an Irish wake without a corpse.

(NOTE: Since most of the words in this scene need to be accurate and contemporary Negro dialogue, no attempt is made here to write those words. The AD LIBS will be obtained on location by recording an improvisation session, then by committing to the script the most appropriate remarks.)

Some suggested comments on John's and Gus' entrance:

VOICE

Hey, Frank -- looks like we
are being honored by a couple
of cops.

FRANK

(to John and Gus)
Come in -- come in.
(to the VOICE)
They ain't cops -- they put
me on Channel Five, man --
in living color!
(he laughs)

...After a while, John quietly asks Frank if he can do some more shooting on his story -- sort of recreate Frank's day.

Frank agrees, but says he's not going to cooperate himself right out of the money.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

As seen from CAMERA mounted on car hood, shooting down the street underneath the El tracks...

Thin shafts of sun squeeze through the girders. The structure is like an ancient erector set. Overhead, a train rattles up Lake St., momentarily shadowing the sun-streaked street, sidewalk, and store-fronts.

FRANK'S VOICE O. S.

First fare's been the same every day. A hooker. She's afraid to take the El home from work. We got a flat deal --

(laughs)

-- Naw, naw, I don't mean trade...

BRIEF CUT IN CAB

A HOOKER is in the back of the cab, rocking back and forth in paroxysms of laughter...

We see the back of Frank's head as he drives...

BACK TO SCENE

FRANK'S VOICE O. S.

...Fare plus five a week. She have a good night, maybe she give an extra deuce. She been drinkin' some, I help her upstairs. I guess some day she's gotta get busted.

During the foregoing, CAMERA HAS PANNED 180 DEGREES, and now HOLDS on the windshield of the TV station-wagon. The reflections of the El move geometric patterns over John and Gus...

CUT TO:

INT. STATION-WAGON - CLOSE ON NAGRA - DAY

FRANK'S VOICE
(from tape recorder)
Ten o'clock I had my first
long haul. Outer Drive East
to O'Hare.

BRIEF CUT

TILT DOWN glasa-fronted building on Outer Drive
East to the cab, making a U-turn after picking
up a passenger, while:

FRANK'S VOICE O. S.
I try to avoid the long haul.
Tips don't average out with
the flag just sitting there.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Cab waiting-line. Some DRIVERS standing by their
cars; one is having an animated conversation with
a SKYCAP. A three-wheeled cop rolls by.

A way-out, long-haired ROCK AND ROLL GROUP envelope
Frank's cab. There are four of them, stuffing
amplifiers, guitars, and baggage into the cab. A
jury-rig is quickly improvised to carry some of
the drums on the roof. Frank reaches up at the
last minute and tests the line holding the drums
on the roof. He shakes his head, gets in, and
drives off...

FRANK'S VOICE O. S.
They been a whole lot of those
hippy cats coming in for the
convention...not the convention.
They going to have their own.
(laughs)

INT. TV STATION-WAGON

The tape runs out. Gus rethreads. He and John
AD LIB...

Starting the new tape...

FRANK'S VOICE

Then...the last three riders
on the list, I told you about.

QUICK CUTS:

Well-dressed BUSINESSMAN.

LADY loaded with tennis racquets and a small dog.

Black STUDENT-TYPE guy.

Western-looking MAN: outdoor type.

(NOTE: These people are seen in the back of the
cab in different places. Because of FAST CUTS,
the passengers seem to move on the seat. We
don't really get a long look at any of them.)

We HEAR, O. S.:

FRANK'S VOICE

I didn't really look at any of
them. The addresses are
accurate -- Clark and Fullerton.
Walgreen's on North Ave. Ogden
and Lake...

His VOICE FADES...

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - TV STATION-WAGON

Parked on the far side of a street.

JOHN'S VOICE

Balden and Commonwealth.
Last on his list.

LONG SHOT OVER BACK OF STATION-WAGON

Looking at the opposite side of the street. There is a bar, a cleaner's, a laundromat, hardware store, bookstore, watch repair, beauty shop.

MED. LONG SHOT FROM INT. STORE

Through plate-glass windows, looking out through a row of little American flags. We see the station-wagon through a crack between flags.

The station-wagon pulls away from the curb, and we PAN by the little flags -- the car appearing and disappearing between them.

NEW ANGLE - THE STORE

We see the glass window with the flags stuck on; we see quasi-patriotic books, posters, bumper-stickers. The car reflection moves across the storefront. HOLD...

SHOCK CUT TO:

SHARP REPORT OF GUNS

MED. CLOSE UP - FIVE HOUSEWIVES

Squinting, aiming and firing at targets.

We are in a "gun clinic" where citizens are taught how to load and fire handguns.

The Women are middle-class, nicely coiffed. Although serious at the moment of pulling the trigger, they laugh and joke girlishly between rounds, and when targets are changed.

NORMAN WORTH, proprietor of the gun clinic, speaks to John's camera. The Women are in the background. This is the first time we can see that their "targets" are silhouette cutouts of men.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

NORMAN WORTH

There's been about a 46 per cent increase in pistol registration since last year's riot. No, no -- we're getting business from people who want to protect their families and their homes.

A WOMAN comes up to Norman with a jammed pistol.

NORMAN

(looks at CAMERA
and raises a hand)

Can you hold it a minute?

He monkeys with the pistol, the Woman close at his back, watching him handle it. He fixes the jam and turns back to CAMERA:

NORMAN

(to CAMERA)

Excuse me.

(laughs apologetically
then looks after the
departing woman)

Not bad... You want to start again?

O. S. VOICE

Yeah, yeah, okay -- go ahead.

NORMAN

Well, there's not much more to say.

(pause)

I don't know what you're looking for. A person who has a driver's license should first know how to drive. A person who gets a gun should know how to use it.

MED. SHOT - A WOMAN

Aiming and shooting.

(NOTE: The preceding SCENE and the following ones are a SERIES of news situations done by John and alluded to on p. 14 of this script. They are designed to show the human face of the city -- to build the background of tension and potential violence. We are writing only some characteristic situations. There will be more; and they will be different; they will be edited "to size" and juxtaposed with regard to their meaning. It is important to know that, in the total dramatic effect that will be induced, no villain need be.)

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH SIDE NEGRO CHURCH - DAY

There is SINGING inside. Outside, PASSERSBY watch as John photographs LOIS ARTHUR. She is in her Sunday best.

O. S. VOICE

If Jesus Christ came back to earth, what do you think would happen?

LOIS

He'd take a look and go on back to Heaven where he come from. He couldn't stay here. There's too much wickedness. He would take one look and say: "Well, this has gotten completely out of hand. I've got to go and report it to My Father." That's all He could do. No, He couldn't manage here at all. Unless He would just assert Himself and use the power that He has. Because He could just lift His hand and just wipe it all away. That's the way man has pictured Him. As being able to do anything. But just to come here and live like a man for thirty-three years like He did when He came, oh, no, He wouldn't last here.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

LOIS (CONT'D)

In the first place, they'd kill Him. He couldn't get to first base here. They'd kill Him just because He's different. I know that. And another thing: He wouldn't be lily-white like they picture Him, because He was born down there around Africa, and that sun doesn't allow for lilies to be white. So He would be a dark man, so He would be a condemned man. So He couldn't stay here, and if He did, He would have to stay with us. Whites would take one look at Him and He would have to get out of the white neighborhood before dark. Otherwise the white policemen would be questioning Him: "Why are you over here?" No, He couldn't stay.

If I were God, I would have put only love in the hearts of men. But everybody hates. Instead of loving, you hate. I'm speaking of myself, too.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

LEW GIBSON is foreman on an auto body shop. He has blond, grease-speckled hair, and talks loud over the NOISE of a welder and a fender-banger...

O. S. VOICE

...If Christ came back to earth,
what do you think would happen
to him?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

LEW GIBSON

If Jesus returned to earth tomorrow and the average person were to see Him on the street, they would look at Him, point a finger, and say, "You lousy bum, why don't you go back to Old Town? Why don't you shave? Why don't you take a bath? Why don't you wash the garments you're wearing?" You better believe it. I think He'd be crucified -- condemned as being some kind of crackpot. This I'm sure of.

CUT TO:

(Possible other INTERVIEWS:

STOCK-BROKER at board of Trade Bldg.

REAL ESTATE MAN in suburbs.

MINUTEMAN.

POLITICIAN.

Summer Volunteer DEPUTY.

N. R. A. MAN.)

EXT. STORE FRONT CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

There is a tight group of YOUNG STUDENTS sporting Kennedy buttons.

O. S. VOICE

Who's old enough to vote?

Students look at each other and laugh...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

ONE STUDENT
I'm taking my physical next
week.

O. S. VOICE
Physical to vote?

Laughter.

O. S. VOICE
Why are you working for Kennedy?

STUDENT AD LIBS
He's groovy.
He's against the way.
I like his hair.
Who else is there?

2ND STUDENT
(OVER AD LIBS)
I'm not for him.

O. S. VOICE
What are you doing here?

2ND STUDENT
(pointing to GIRL)
She's my friend.

O. S. VOICE
Who are you for?

GIRL
(answers for him)
He's for who hasn't got a
chance. He's for the
impractical -- the impossible!

2ND STUDENT
(playfully tries to
shut up)
No, I just don't like him.
Because of Oswald and Dallas
and that stuff?

3RD STUDENT
What does that have to do with it?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

2ND STUDENT

No, I just think he should have looked into it. There's been too many serious questions that haven't been answered. Hell, in the Saturday Evening Post there was a proven statement that the CIA knew about Oswald's trip to Mexico City only two months before John Kennedy was killed, and that Oswald was an extremely poor shot. All proven and in the archives, if they only let it out...

CAMERA WHIPS OFF him while he is still talking...

CUT TO:

INT. NORTH WEST SIDE APARTMENT - DAY

The furniture is heavy, upholstered Polk Bros. "suite" decor. Although it is daytime, the drapes are almost closed; slivers of blue daylight etch the cracks.

There is a fireplace and narrow mantle. A plastic Sears Roebuck log is in the hearth, and behind it we see a small section of the color wheel.

Seated in his chair is STANLEY PARSKY. His accent is derivative of his Polish parents'.

John's interview is in progress...

STANLEY

...Now he's tampering with our white women. I have two neices. I'm worried about that. That some colored guy -- and I'm the last guy to be prejudiced -- this guy comes to the big city and has a comb job on his head.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

STANLEY (CONT'D)

They bust out in these -- you know -- nice suits and they seem to have some sort of education about them. Sure there's a revolt in the making. When it will come, I don't know. How it will come, I don't know. Who will organize the revolt...it will come.

During the above SCENE, Stanley's dog has come INTO SHOT, and Stanly now pats its head...

CUT TO:

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

MORTON BLAIR is getting his hair cut.

MORTON

(in answer to O. S.
question)

It's all the same to me. It don't make no difference where I'm at.

O. S. VOICE

Do you enjoy your work?

MORTON

Yeah.

O. S. VOICE

Day passes by quickly?

MORTON

Pretty fast.

O. S. VOICE

Anything gripe you?

MORTON

No.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORTON (CONT'D)
(long pause)
It don't do no good to talk
about it.

O. S. VOICE
Remember your boyhood?

MORTON
Farmin's all.

O. S. VOICE
Watch TV?

MORTON
Nothin' interests me.

O. S. VOICE
Read the paper?

MORTON
Scant a headline is all.

O. S. VOICE
Anything bother you about the
headline?

MORTON
No.

O. S. VOICE
Bomb?

MORTON
No.

O. S. VOICE
Negroes...?

MORTON
No.

O. S. VOICE
Is there any one thing that
makes you sit up and take
notice?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MORTON

No, I don't know if there is.

O. S. VOICE

What would you like to do when
you retire?

MORTON

Don't have any idea.

O. S. VOICE

No idea?

MORTON

No idea -- wait till the day
comes.

O. S. VOICE

You play it day by day?

MORTON

Day by day.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

John's TV lights are IN FRAME...

LADY

(to CAMERA)

Oh, yes, we look at TV. We
used to sit around -- me and
Henry, and play the harmonica
and talk to each other. Oh,
we look at TV. In the last
few years, we've taken to
lookin' more and more.

(starts to laugh
in anticipation)

One day it broke down. I'm
telling you, we were literally
sick.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

LADY (CONT'D)

We didn't know what to do.
We became desperate. We
yelled at each other. Some
of the arguments we had took
place at this time. Suddenly
there was something gone. It
was like, gee, I don't know
what. Something died. What
are we gonna do? Where can
we find a television
repairman? Will he be able
to get here on time? It was
a real tragedy.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

A MAN on the street.

CHESTER KOLAN

(looks at CAMERA)

Lot of you TV guys cause plenty
of trouble. Nothing personal...
I mean, I don't know you. Like
those questions you ask, they
stir up. Why do you fellows
always want to stir up? Even
the radio's got those telephone
shows -- kooks come out of the
woodwork! These people'll do
anything to get on TV. Break
window, march, picket, kill,
just to be somebody, just come
out of nowhere to be somebody.
This news we're having is doing
us more harm than good. Let's
have a review of the news once
a month, what will happen and
what has happened. People are
worried about something they
shouldn't be worried about.
They should be worried about
painting their rooms and fixing
something up.

CUT TO:

INT. ZENITH FACTORY - CU - DETAIL - DAY

A bare hand and arm being sprinkled with talcum powder...

We see an endless line of white-uniformed WOMEN sitting in front of extended rubberized arms which seem to be ready to embrace them.

The women, all in white dust caps, begin work, with hands and fingers manipulating excruciatingly small electronic parts. The lucite chambers are sterile and the workers are strangely involved, though physically detached.

We see Puerto Rican, Oriental, and Caucasian faces.

Eileen is one of them. There is no talk. A rather dykie foreman walks the aisle. Small speakers send innocuous Muzak into the air...

We study Eileen. Her work. Her face.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMERA ROOM - DAY

There are four coffee-scarred desks littered with filters, black bags, doughnut crumbs, marking pencils, film-can ashtrays, and the ubiquitous camera-tape.

The four cameramen who work for the station usually sit on these desks, ignoring the spindly posture-chairs once warmed by typing secretaries.

A chart on the wall lists the cameramens' names and their assignments. Other names, cross-charted, are those of the necessary crew: soundmen, assistants, electricians.

Union posters can also be seen on the walls, and there is a push-pin bulletin board used as a private classified ad section. If one studied the board...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

1966 Austin Healy mint
condition, \$1,100 --
see Liz.

RCA color set, must sell.
Free service if you buy
Ray Denske.

Sublet my 3 rm. furn. --
exiled for year. See
Ross in electrical.

...If one studied the board, one could surmise the
economic-cultural status-conditioning of the TV
working crew.

Three GUYS are standing in the corner of the room,
talking. They AD LIB. One guy has a transistor
radio giving a convention prognosis on recent poll
results.

John is standing, back to CAMERA, opening his mail.
He is relaxed, or perhaps not quite awake.

The contents of one envelope he studies in disbelief.
Then he straightens, turns, and storms out of the
room, down the long hall to:

INT. NEWS DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

Kaplan's SECRETARY is on the phone as John bursts in,
furious:

JOHN
Is he here? Where's Cap? I
have to see him.
(starts to move
toward office)

The Secretary, reacting to John's agitation, puts
her phone conversation on "hold."

SECRETARY
He won't be in this morning.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JOHN
(yells)
Where the hell is he? Why
won't he be in? What the
hell is this crap?

He holds up the yellow piece of paper.

SECRETARY
(standing up)
Take it easy.
(quickly, into
phone)
-- Call you back...

INT. CORRIDOR

John bursts out of Cap's office and down the hall
towards the office of the Vice-President, Cap's
superior in station hierarchy.

The door is locked.

John swings back --

INT. KAPLAN'S OFFICE

-- Where he picks up the phone and dials a 3-digit
extension, pacing all the time...

VOICE ON PHONE
Accounting...?

JOHN
(controlled with
difficulty)
Did you get a severance notice
for John Cass?

VOICE ON PHONE
Just a minute -- I'll check.

A look passes between Cap's Secretary and John: she
had typed the note. They both know now, but until
John said the words, office protocol demanded the

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

neutrality of feigned ignorance.

VOICE ON PHONE

Yes, yes, I have it here.
Who is this speaking -- ?

John slams down the phone before the last words of the question are heard.

INT. CORRIDOR

He races down the hall -- hurt, bewildered, angry; frustrated that he can find nobody to confront. He passes a FRIEND, who turns --

FRIEND

(cheerily)
-- Where ya going, John?

INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY

John spins through the revolving door, forcing a PERSON entering the building to wait for it to slow. The Person looks after John.

INT. WHITE TOWER HAMBURGER RESTAURANT - DAY

John and Gus are in the middle of a conversation which has been going on for a while.

GUS

...I'd tell them to stuff their lousy job in a minute, John -- you know that. I would -- I would. As far as I'm concerned, I'm with you, John. I'll tell the bastards, "If John goes, then I'm walking with him."

By his delivery, we know that Gus would like to say that. Unspoken -- but known to both men -- is Gus' responsibility to three kids, a wife, and the finance company.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

John listens, eating noisy potato chips from a plastic bag.

A group of four white-clad Zenith factory GIRLS babble into the restaurant. They ORDER in rapid-fire, like four piano-keys, each a different treble tone.

One of them is Eileen. She sees John and Gus -- John down in the dumps, Gus talking: ashamed that circumstances force him to do less than he believes right.

NEW ANGLE

We see the men from Eileen's POV: their words obscured by banging dishes, crackling grease, and the live, hard-tile acoustics. Her view is interrupted by a Girl's head, and then by the passing COUNTERMAN.

The pantomime ends -- Gus patting John on the back, getting up, still talking. John forces a smile. Both men nod yes...Gus pats John some more. A sad, awkward parting.

Eileen looks at John, wondering if she should remain anonymous or identify herself. She and the girls eat their sandwiches, and Eileen engages in their SMALL TALK.

Now and then her eye checks John: he is still there, ordering another coffee. He is within himself. Perhaps Eileen hopes he will recognize her.

...On the way out, the girls pass John. Eileen, the last in the group, overcomes enough of her bashful self to touch him on the shoulder --

EILEEN

-- Remember me?

John has jumped at her touch almost as a dreamer shocked from a nightmare.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JOHN
Oh -- yeah. Yeah...
(thinking)
...I almost didn't recognize
you. In that, ah -- ah...
outfit.

Walking away, the other Girls look back at John
and Eileen.

Eileen is aware of them, and in the micro-seconds
of the mind has anticipated the questions and
kidding she must look forward to.

EILEEN
I work down there --
(points with head)
-- At Zenith.

John, standing, puts money on the counter: it is
picked up and a wet rag hits the formica counter
in one swift motion.

Eileen starts to walk, noticing John's preoccupation
and taking it as disinterest in her.

EILEEN
Well, it's nice to see you.

JOHN
How's the pigeon boy doing?

They walk together...

EILEEN
Oh, okay...just fine.

She has tightened, regretting her openness and
protecting herself from rejection.

JOHN
Do you always eat lunch at
the White Tower?

EILEEN
It's pretty bad, isn't it?
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

EILEEN (CONT'D)
 (laughs a little)
 Sometimes, I "brown bag it" --
 as they say.

They walk some more.

EILEEN
 Where are you headed?

JOHN
 I've got the afternoon off.
 (pause)
 As a matter of fact, I got
 fired today.
 (laughs at hearing
 himself say the
 words)

EILEEN
 I thought you looked sad.

One of the Girls now across the street by the
 employees' entrance to Zenith yells:

GIRL
 Come on, Kentucky!

Eileen waves okay.

LONG SHOT

CAMERA looks at John and Eileen from the girl's
 POV -- through the traffic.

They have a brief pantomime -- a few parting words,
 and Eileen crosses the street TOWARDS CAMERA.

CUT TO:

INT. EILEEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CU - Myles eating; his face is directed to his

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

dinner plate, his eyes stealing looks right and left.

Eileen's voice starts OVER above SHOT, and continues as we CUT over John's shoulder to her face.

EILEEN
(about the dinner)
Is it all right?

The question catches John with food in his mouth, and we HEAR a sort of muffled sound of approval.

EILEEN
I have to laugh when everybody talks about Southern cooking. Southern cooking this, and Southern cooking that. Down home it was flour, rice, and sometimes lard and cheese, from surplus. Right, Myles? Oh, sometimes biscuits and gravy. Now and then Daddy'd shoot us a squirrel.

John, aware of Myles' withdrawn manner, turns and offers him the mashed potatoes --

JOHN
-- Want seconds?

Myles shakes his head no.

EILEEN
Myles.

MYLES
No, sir.

Myles gets up, clears the table, putting dishes into the sink noisily.

Eileen is aware she has been talking more than usual, and wants to change the subject...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

EILEEN
Where are you from?

JOHN
Here, right here.
(points straight down)
Chicagaago, Chicagaago -- a
wonderful town.

He half sighs. He is still depressed and the
singing is distinctly without heart.

EILEEN
(serving coffee)
I don't have cream. Milk
okay?

JOHN
Black's good.

EILEEN
You made trouble for me today
at work.

JOHN
Me? You're kidding.

EILEEN
When you put a bunch like that
together, they can be rough
as a cob. They tease and joke
you to death. Carmelita
started it, you know -- the
little bitty skinny one.
Anyway, she waited until we
got in the main hall, and her
voice just a-echoing, says --
(imitating)
-- Kentucky, you so pure and
just waiting for your husband --
so who was the dark-haired man
I saw you with? She said it
real loud and stage actressy,
which started all this laughing
and other remarks I wouldn't
dare say.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

EILEEN (CONT'D)
When they joined in, I could
just feel my face get hot,
and I knew the red would
show.

Myles fishes around for the napkin he may or may
not have dropped.

EILEEN
That little Carmelita's the
one, though. Say -- how do
you spell your name.

JOHN
(starts)
J-o-

Eileen laughs and shakes her head negative.

JOHN
(spelling fast)
C-a-s-s-a-v-e-t-e-s-

EILEEN
Italian, right?

JOHN
Greek.

EILEEN
Oh, good. I think Carmelita is
Italian.
(laughs)
There's a real nice girl in
face assembly. Maria Pop-on-
do-poo-lus. I really like
her. Always pleasant. Always
has a smile.

Myles has stood it long enough. He whispers
something in Eileen's ear. Then:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

MYLES
(somewhat formal,
unused to visitors)
Glad you came. Come back
and see us. Good night.

JOHN
(holds Myles by
the arm firmly)
Your bird all right?

Myles averts his eyes.

JOHN
At the ballpark I thought
you were stealing something
off my car.

MYLES
(with more vitality
than we've come to
expect)
I wasn't, though, was I? I
don't steal.
(pause, then, with
less passion)
Anyway, what's so great
about your stinky car?

JOHN
I brought your bird back,
didn't I?
(quietly strong)
It's not my "stinky car."

Myles goes to his room.

JOHN
(turning to Eileen)
They took three hubcaps, let
air out of my tires, broke
one side mirror and stole the
other. All in one week!
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)

What am I getting so excited for?

(stands up)

Anyway, I got to get going.

(starts up again,
sees the humor
in himself)

Oh, yeah -- I forgot. The same week they picked the gas lock and siphoned us dry. We were stuck on the Outer Drive. Walking through Wrigley Field traffic -- 98 in the shade... humiliating.

By this time he sees how trivial it all is in retrospect, and says the last part of the speech with a big smile.

EILEEN

Why'd they fire you? Can you get another job? Can you get welfare -- ah, I mean unemployment?

John starts to come back into the room during his talk, pacing slowly...

JOHN

Do I look worried? Too many questions. Why they canned me? I'm not sure I know the real reason. It's stupid and kind of complicated. Mostly big company politics.

Eileen looks and waits for a response she can deal with.

JOHN

I started a story about that cab driver who found all the cash somebody lost and for unknown reasons couldn't claim.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)

There's only one kind of money
a man would be afraid to claim.
There's some connection between
the cab -- arms -- vigilante
characters -- you know, getting
ready for the summer blow-up.

Rain starts now, and John walks to the window
to look out. Somehow he seems vulnerable.

JOHN

(continuing)

Nobody said anything about that,
though. The director just told
my union local I had "taken
company film without
authorization" and sneaked stuff
through the lab without
permission.

(he watches rain
move on the glass)

See? I told you it was
complicated. People seldom
say the real reason. Big
corporations never do. Just
politics. Plain bureaucratic
politics.

EILEEN

I guess it's the season up
here. Anyway, we haven't
been in Chicago long enough
for me to vote.

CUT to Myles lying in bed. The room is dark.
His eyes are staring blankly at the ceiling...

Then, BACK TO:

JOHN

How'd you manage to teach
five grades in one room?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

EILEEN

I didn't manage too much. One thing I did was, well, I just had three in the sixth grade, and I put one boy up to seventh, and a boy and girl back to fifth. That way I only had four grades.

JOHN

(walks to TV --
flicks it on)

Ingenious.

Eileen, trying to roll with John's wandering mind, is unsure whether "ingenious" was his evaluation of her grade-school juggling, or refers to the TV set...

EILEEN

We get to buy at dealer's cost. They take out for it weekly, so it's a pretty good deal.

John, hands on hips, stands waiting for the tube to light up and sound. Nothing happens. Then there is a CLICK -- and we see that Eileen, across the room, has a remote control in her hand.

INT. MYLES' BEDROOM

Face up, Myles is awake in his bed. TV SOUND starts O. S.

VOICE ON TV

I don't know what will happen now. We have got difficult times ahead, but it doesn't matter with me, because I've been to the mountain top.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

There are audience's "Yeah!" from the TV -- the audience is live pulsing back at the speaker...

TV VOICE

Like anyone else, I would like to live a long life. But I'm not concerned about that.

JOHN

(over TV -- trying to ignore it)
You really liked teaching, didn't you?

TV VOICE

I just want to do God's will, and he has allowed me to go up the mountain.

JOHN

Jesus -- I love to shoot film. Junkies say "shoot dope" -- I say film. Shoot film.

Their attention goes to the TV screen, but by the distance between them -- by their attitudes -- we know that both are aware of each other.

MARTIN LUTHER KING

(on TV -- continuing)
I see the Promised Land. I may not get there with you, but I want you to know we as a people will get to the Promised Land.

(chant response)
I'm not worried about anything. I'm not fearing any man. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.
(cheers)

John stands in front of the set -- holds hands out as if to a fireplace:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JOHN

Feel the radiation? X-rays,
is that what it is? Does it
do harm? Will it grow hair?
Is it vitamins? Can you feel
violence?

TV NARRATOR

So we can well ask what
kind of a nation we are.
Some say violence is as
American as apple pie.
We seem to be steeped
in it. It is the curse
of our land.

EILEEN

I don't know what to
think. It seems like
Kennedy got assassinated
all over again...

JOHN

(over TV SOUND)

...All over again. All over
again...

(he has repeated it
without passing
judgment)

You see, they --

(points to TV)

-- The media has a script now.
By the numbers: flags at half
mast; trips cancelled; schools
closed; ball games called off;
memorial meetings; memorial
marches; moments of silence;
the widow cries and says brave
words; moments of silence; the
funeral procession...and a lot
of characters --

(points to TV)

-- Saying how sick our society
is...how sick we all are.

Eileen looks at John, fascinated at the flow of
words...

JOHN

(continuing)

The script is a National Drain-
Off. People say yeah, yeah,
we're guilty...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

JOHN (CONT'D)
 ...'We're bad' -- lot of people
 are afraid -- afraid the Negroes
 are going to tear up their
 stores and burn neighborhoods.

The TV continues under all of this, and part of
 John's talk is directed right back at it.

JOHN
 (continuing)
 So they have this nationwide,
 coast to coast network special
 called Mourn the Martyr.
 Nobody's really on the hook.
 After the script finishes and
 it's Saturday or Tuesday and
 National Drain-Off Week is
 over -- everybody goes pretty
 much back to normal. Normal
 this, normal that. You know.
 Normal!

Eileen watches John carefully. Though his remarks
 seem cynical, she is attracted by his thought, his
 life, and passion. The rain has increased and
 there is lightning, which flashes through the room
 and causes static on the TV.

On a THUNDER CLAP:

INT. MYLES' BEDROOM

Still awake. The O. S. SOUND is:

KING ON TV
 Free at last -- free at last!
Great God Almighty, I'm free
at last...!

INT. LIVING ROOM

EILEEN
 (feeling her arm)
 Goose pimples.
 (MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Reminds me of down home church...
sitting there with J. D. -- all
fire and brimstone.

John picks up remote control changer and switches
channels, then clicks off the set. The action
seems to be related to the mention of J. D.,
Eileen's husband...

...Around the room there are a few small pictures;
a few masculine objects which do not call attention
to themselves but which have been there all the
time.

John stands face to face with Eileen -- softly
moves his hands up and down her arms -- almost
as if to feel the texture of the goosebumps.

JOHN

(embraces her --
whispers in her ear)
Now I know he can't come charging
in the door. It'd be too corny --
like the Late Show.

He holds up the remote control, still in his hand;
they both laugh.

EILEEN

(seriously)
J. D.'s dead.

John says nothing, and carefully masks his response
by disengaging from the embrace ever so easily.

JOHN

Well -- it's raining like
hell, and I'm riding the
Chicago Transit Authority
these days.

EILEEN

One o'clock's the last one?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

John indicates yes, and walks towards the door.

JOHN

Well, thanks. Myles must have
me on his ---- list, but...

EILEEN

(breaking in)

No, no -- you're wrong. Once
he speaks his mind, he's clear.

She has moved over to a closet, and she brings
out a Sears old-style water-repellant coat which
she offers to John.

EILEEN

Otherwise, you'll get wet.

John looks at the coat, then at Eileen. He puts
the coat on, kisses Eileen, and runs out into the
rain to catch his bus.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT ROOFTOP - DAY

A white pigeon FILLS FRAME.

It's movements are in very SLOW MOTION.

We are most aware of the beauty and infinite
graceful complexity of nature's flying machine.

MONTAGE:

John has a borrowed camera, and is directing Myles
doing things with the pigeons.

We see them on the rooftop amongst the antennae;
we see them on the lake front and in the deep
canyon of La Salle Street. After a while, John's
camera is no longer in evidence. What does become
evident in this MONTAGE is the relationship -- one

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

of some consequence -- between the boy and the man.

An old Chicago landmark mansion is being torn down. The swinging iron ball whacks 1870 brick and mortar. Dust of debris makes finger-rays in the afternoon sun. A CONSTRUCTION MAN with a gold tin hat --

CONSTRUCTION MAN
(to John and Myles)
-- You and your kid better
move back of the barrier.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - MAN IN CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The cockpit-like cubicle has an upholstered chair which puts the MAN in a semi-reclined position, like an astronaut. The control room cab is a mass of dials, lights, toggle-switches, servo-levers. We know that the glass-enclosed cockpit is turning because of the light which moves across his face...

LONG SLOW PAN - STRIP MINE HILLS

We see the surface of the earth ripped and raw; we HEAR the heavy, throaty SOUND of 1,000 diesel horses mixed with the high WHINE of the electric motors they drive...

CAMERA passes Myles and his father in an attitude and situation not unlike the one which we have just left with John.

Taller than a 20-story building, biting out two boxcars of earth in one scoop, operated by the one man, towering over a pickup truck relative in size to a Tonka toy -- we see the largest earth-moving machine in the world.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Myles and his father hike across the raw hills. They stop by a railroad truck and hunt for pieces of coal along the track and between the trees...

BACK TO JOHN & MYLES MONTAGE

Myles tells John that his father had left them. Mother's school had been put in Grundy county. The mines had been closed, with nothing in sight but welfare.

In one of the last SCENES of the MONTAGE, Eileen is with John and Myles. It is a big event for Midwest pigeon racers. Present are HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE -- families and friends. They take part in, and watch, the release of 3,000 pigeons in a sky-blackening take-off.

John does not appear in a number of SCENES in which we see Myles with other pigeon enthusiasts: working timers; comparing flight-times and condition of birds...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT OF SUBURBAN RESTAURANT - EARLY A. M.

Parked every which way, at all angles, are twenty-five sports cars. MEMBERS of the sports car club are dressed in stylish, Esquire-approved rally clothes...the WOMEN affecting varieties of colorful headgear to protect their hair from "top down" wind.

Generally, the atmosphere is quiet and social. Occasionally an engine will FIRE AND REV...

Some OWNERS are dusting hoods; others study maps. There are the ubiquitous early morning plastic coffee-cups.

Standing between a bright red Corvette and a new orange competition-package Camaro are John, Eileen, Fred (the film-loader), and his GIRLFRIEND...

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

FRED
(introducing)
...This is Mildred Staney --
John Cassavetes.

JOHN
Eileen Horton...

John pats the orange Camaro and walks around it,
imitating a TV used car salesman...

JOHN
...My Cinderella coach with
three hundred horses, conned
from Ruby Chevrolet, who
think I still have a clout
at Channel 5. To be returned
by eight-thirty, p. m.

MILDRED
Not midnight?

They laugh, and AD LIB SMALL TALK. Various maps
are being passed out to DRIVERS...watches are
set up...rally CONTENDERS get in the cars and
start off.

INT. & EXT. CAMARO - SERIES OF SHOTS

John and Eileen. She is navigating. The road is
outside the city; it passes the big refineries of
Calumet, the steel mills of Gary.

At one checkpoint, a well-dressed executive-type
YOUNG MAN is standing by an XKE Jag. The hood
is up, and steam is rising from the radiator.
The Man's GIRLFRIEND is coming back towards the
car after a short trip to the woods. On the Jag
bumper is a Kennedy sticker.

JOHN
(getting out of
the Camaro)
That'll teach you to buy a
furrin car.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

YOUNG EXECUTIVE
Just the man I'm looking for.
I need two third-base tickets
to the White Sox game.

JOHN
(extends his arms)
You're looking at one of the
vast army of unemployed.

-- The Young Executive looks at the new Camaro...

JOHN
...I'm a con man.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE
Damn. Our agency just asked
Pennebaker to come in from
N. Y. to cover Kennedy. Maybe
you could help him...?

JOHN
Why not -- the old arm is
getting rusty.

John and Eileen get back in their car, and as it
starts to move out at a good clip --

YOUNG EXECUTIVE
-- At the amphitheater --
seven-thirty -- Penny...!

CUT TO:

EXT. DOOR TO EILEEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

John is kissing Eileen. It has been going on for
a while. John wants to go into the apartment.
The words are whispered, passionate. Eileen,
although involved and "cooperating" says no --
that Myles is in there.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

John gets aggressive -- then backs off, leaves...

We see that Myles has observed the scene. He was standing halfway up the stairs, dressed in his pajamas. He had been on the roof, checking on his birds.

INT. THE APARTMENT

Eileen turns on a lamp. She is still feeling the mixed excitement and fear of John's love-making. She walks into Myles' room -- sees that he's not in bed. She calls his name outside the bathroom door -- then opens it. The room is empty, and a sink faucet is running. She walks in, turns off the water, then leaves the apartment and runs --

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

-- Up the steps and onto the roof, past where Myles had been, over to the pigeon coop...

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Eileen looks for Myles. Her guilt relates physical love to rejection or neglect of her son.

INT. A LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

She telephones John's apartment.

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

PAN around the room, while the phone RINGS. SHOT HOLDS on the phone...but no one picks it up.

SOUND CUT TO:

INT. THE INTERNATIONAL AMPHITHEATER

BREATH blowing into microphones and echoing through huge empty hall...

A TECHNICIAN stands at the main rostrum, almost hidden behind a forest of chrome microphones...

He blows again...then:

SOUND TECHNICIAN

Rod, one, two, three, station
one, two, three...what do you
say?

FULL SHOT AT UPPER TIER

ROD signals down to the podium with a flashlight.
We HEAR his voice faintly --

ROD

-- Okay...

He moves the light up and down...

BACK TO SCENE

As the SOUND TECHNICIAN continues his testing...

...Elsewhere, signs for various state delegations
are being set up...

TV MEN are hauling tripods up to the glass press
box...

MAINTENANCE MEN walk through aisles, flipping the
seats down...

TELEPROMPTER MEN test their rollers...

John and PENNEBAKER are standing on the floor just
in front of the rostrum. Red, white, and blue
bunting is being draped behind them as they talk...

PENNEBAKER

...No, no -- I've been with him
for the whole campaign.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

PENNEBAKER (CONT'D)

It's not so much a photography problem -- mostly just trying to keep from getting crushed.

A big pinpoint arc from high in the balcony circles the two cameramen.

LONG SHOT - THE TWO MEN

John looks up at the arc, pulls a light-meter from his pocket --

JOHN

-- Might as well read it while it's on.

PENNY

Come on -- I'll fill you in.
We've got work to do.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERMAN HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM

COLLEGE GIRLS, in mini-skirts, are pressed around a mimeograph. Tables are loaded with buttons, campaign circulars...

Banks of telephones, stacked placards, big poster of tousle-haired Bobby; a banner with "Sock it to 'em, Bobby!"

The room is packed with CAMPAIGN WORKERS, REPORTERS, NEWSMEN. Two or three carry walkie-talkies, whose antennae jingle the bottom pendants of the hotel chandeliers...

John and Penny join a group of Kennedy ADVISORS talking above the din.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Pennebaker introduces John to Robert Kennedy.

We see them charging through:

HOTEL CORRIDORS

Sunguns blazing...

...John is at work again.

EXT. THE HOTEL

A car caravan, escorted by motorcycles, leaves the hotel...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Arrested HIPPIES sit on a bench. A bloodied NEGRO YOUTH and HIS MOTHER stand at a desk -- she is crying. The station is wild with activity.

A POLICE OFFICER is on the phone...

OFFICER

Look, lady...

(pause)

...Only overnight?

(pause)

We can't spare a man. The city is invaded, ma'am.

Look -- I'm sorry...

(pause)

...Don't worry, he'll show up.

CUT TO:

INT. EILEEN'S APARTMENT

Eileen on the phone. Her eyes are wet. Frustrated -- where to turn? Full of fear. She wears the same clothes we saw her in last. She hasn't slept.

She hangs up the phone...walks OUT OF FRAME.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENTION HALL - INTERNATIONAL AMPHITHEATER - DAY

The SPEAKER is hitting the gavel. The hall is full.

We see John, camera in hand, moving behind a lineup of movie and TV cameras...

We see the MEN behind the glass booths.

We HEAR the classic political phraseology.

EXT. THE CONVENTION HALL

The arena is ringed by white-helmeted POLICE and NATIONAL GUARDSMEN. Hundreds of police cars, paddy wagons. Loudspeakers bolted to the outside walls send the words from inside out...

DEMONSTRATORS of all sizes, colors, and persuasions march, chant, sing, and shout. It is a strange, surrealistic carnival -- weighted with explosive danger.

Long, moving-van trailers are tied to the amphitheater by coaxial umbilicals. Abstract parabolic radar-like electronics top off the vans. Signs say Mobile Unit, Channel 5, NBC, CBS, ABC.

Through this chaos, we see Eileen running to an entrance gate.

A GUARD refuses her entrance. She has no credentials.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

GUARD
(laconic)
It's not too safe here, lady.

As she moves through the DEMONSTRATORS, her apprehension AMPLIFIES the cacophony...

Fred, the film-loader, spots her as he is stepping down out of a mobile van...

FRED
(noticing her
frantic state)
Hi! What are you doing here?

EILEEN
(overlapping the
question, looking
around)
Where's John?

FRED
Inside.

EILEEN
Get me in, will you?

FRED
I can't. What's the matter?

The NOISE of the demonstrators makes the fact that she doesn't speak unimportant.

FRED
Come in here.

He pulls her --

INT. MOBILE VAN

Seated at a long table in front of eight monitors, headsets and earphones wired to their heads and lighted by small spots are the ENGINEERS.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

They remind us of the men behind glass whom we saw early in the picture. Indeed, they should be the same people. The technical COMMANDS sound the same. From what we see here, they could be supervising a missile-launch.

FRED
(to MAN on intercom)
See if you can get Cassavetes
out here. It's important.

EXT. ARENA

Demonstrations...police...

INT. THE AMPHITHEATER

Inside, a different demonstration...

EXT. MOBILE NEWS VAN

From the side door of the van, Eileen sees John. She runs to join him. When he sees her and the state she is in, he runs towards her...

LONG SHOT

We see them run toward the Channel 5 station-wagon. John digs in his pocket for the key he never returned.

They speed off in the wagon...

BRIEF CUT - GUS

Gus now stands near Fred. He watches...

INT. STATION-WAGON

EILEEN
Oh, God...I want to pray...
(MORE)

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

EILEEN (CONT'D)
 ...The world is lost its mind...
 Where's home...where do I live?
 I need to pray...Jesus...Myles.
 He's gone...he's gone...he's
 hurt...

She is sobbing, hysterical.

JOHN
 (calmly, sympathetic,
 but not understanding
 her hysteria)
 He's probably just at the
 forest preserves.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FOREST PRESERVES

Myles walks by a stream in the woods...he is
 watching a bird fly...

SHOT

Bird in flight...

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - THE TV STATION-WAGON

The car swerves madly on the road, and crashes into
 a fence...

The horn ignites on contact. The car is twisted, on
 its side.

The accident is on a road near the forest preserve.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

A lone car comes along the road. A FAMILY of six are inside -- a late model four-door car. The windows, tinted, are up.

The car slows...we HEAR the accident horn. We see, in pantomime, a discussion about whether the family should stop. The car is almost stopped, barely moving.

Suddenly, the decision made, the car accelerates. The back window moves down electrically, and an Instamatic camera is seen on the top edge of this window. We still HEAR the horn. The camera shutter WHIRS and SNAPS HARD, CUTTING the SOUND of the horn.

LONG SHOT - HIGH ANGLE - THE STATION-WAGON

It is off the side of the road, a small fire now flickering around the tailgate. The family's car moves off in the distance.

We HEAR, as in the Church at the baptism --

VOICES

(singing)

Shall we gather at the river...
The beautiful, the beautiful river...
Shall we gather at the river...
That flows by the throne of God...

THE END