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NATIONAL LAMPOON'S

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DACRON, OHIO

by

P. J. O'ROURKE

and

JOHN HUGHES

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*NOTE: The following few words of explanation may help the reader to visualize a concept that will be obvious to the viewers of the film.

The film depicts six generations of an Ohio family. Each generation (with minor exceptions explained in the script) is represented by a Grandfather, a Father, a Mother, a Son, a Daughter, and the Son's Girl Friend. Six principal actors are called for in the film, and they play the same respective characters in each generation. In other words, the actor portraying the Grandfather in the first generation will portray the Grandfather in all the succeeding generations. The actor portraying the Father in the first generation will be the Father in the succeeding generations. And so on.

The concept referred to above is that, through the use of hair style and coloring, clothes, and other personal characteristics, the Grandfather character in the second generation will be made to look like the Father character in the first generation grown older, and the Father character in the second generation will be made to look like the Son character in the first generation, also grown older. The Mother in the second generation will appear to be the Girl Friend in the first generation, grown older. And so on for those three characters in each succeeding generation. The other three characters in each generation, The Son, the Daughter, and the Son's Girl Friend, being understood to have been born in the generation in which they appear, will not resemble any characters from earlier generations. These three characters, as stated, will also be played by the same actors in each generation.

OPEN ON:

BLACK SCREEN

Theme music comes up (a symphonic rendition of something that's basically band music, upbeat and heroic like "John Brown's Body.")

SUPER:

TITLE

Title fades up.

THE HISTORY OF OHIO FROM THE DAWN OF
TIME UNTIL THE END OF THE UNIVERSE

Roll credits. At conclusion of credits theme fades. Hold on black silent screen for three beats. We see an enormous starburst in the center of the screen and hear a long, low-pitched boom that fades as the starburst spreads, and then we hear the serious, baritone voice of the narrator.

NARRATOR

A single undifferentiated mass, exploding
into space, creating energy...matter...
and time.

The starburst continues to expand, filling the screen with a uniform bright light.

NARRATOR

Affinities form in the clouds of gas...

The even glow breaks into clouds, forming a spiral nebula.

NARRATOR

A galaxy emerges...

The nebula's arms change from clouds to points of light. The camera moves in on one of the arms, picking out a single star.

NARRATOR

A star comes to life...

A band extends from the star's equator, separating into a ring. The ring forms into the glowing, white shape of a planet.

NARRATOR

The molten stuff of a planet settles
into orbit....

The camera moves in on the planet as its glow fades from white
to red.

NARRATOR

Its surface cooling from incandescent
fury...

The camera continues to move in as the planet's glow fades.
Clouds disperse before the lens and we look down upon a
desolate, stormy ocean.

NARRATOR

Elements join and condense into the
sea primordial...

A barren, jagged land mass rises slowly from the ocean.

NARRATOR

Through which a vast upheaval of the
earth's crust rises...

The camera holds on a bleak, lifeless, volcanic landscape.

NARRATOR

Forming an embryonic continent fixed with
soaring precipices of new-made mountains...
limitless plains...fiery volcanic towers...

In the middle of the landscape appears the shape of the state
of Ohio, so labeled, and outlined in white map lines.

NARRATOR

And Ohio.

DISSOLVE TO:

PREHISTORIC LANDSCAPE

We see steaming Paleozoic lake rimmed by dense swamp and
primitive plants, with a volcano in the background. The
set is clearly a model. The look is reminiscent of a natural
history museum diorama.

NARRATOR

Molecule lined with molecule, enzyme intertwined with enzyme, and, in the steaming atmosphere, life's evolutionary progression commenced.

The camera moves in on the vegetation by the lake, and we catch brief glimpses of prehistoric plant life. This, too, should be done with miniatures. We see a tree with fat grasping rubbery leaves like mittens with claws, a plant bearing fruit in the shape of hairy scrotums with two undulating seeds inside, and plants with nipples, fins, orifices, etc.

NARRATOR

Plant forms developed, took root, and thrived in extraordinary variety and richness.

The camera moves through the foliage and holds on the water. A mist clings to the still surface. For a beat all is serene. Then a slimy, protoamphibian thing squirts out of the lake and lands, with a squishing plop, halfway on shore.

NARRATOR

Then reptiles conquered the land.

The beast's primitive lungs fill with air. It extends a pawlike fin and lurches forward, crawling out of the frame. The camera pulls back to a long shot of the diorama landscape. The volcano has cooled, the skies have cleared, and the vegetation has matured to something more closely akin to modern flora.

NARRATOR

And for eons vast dinosaurs ruled over the prehistoric midwest.

Scattered about the landscape we see animated models of various forms of dinosaur life. One is Brontosaurus-like with a tiny head at the end of its long neck and another tiny head at the end of its tail. Another is a giant, two-legged snake dragging its hindquarters about and hissing at everything. Another resembles an immense armor-plated duck. Several more large absurd forms are seen in the background.

NARRATOR

But with the onset of a more austere climate, the dominion of the great lizards passed.

The dinosaurs immediately fall over dead, one after another. The noise that each makes is a resounding hollow thump.

NARRATOR

A new kind of life took possession of Ohio.

The camera moves in again to a close-up of the vegetation by the lake shore. The plant life is now fully modern. A small animal moves through the foliage. We see it to be a sort of woolly rat with long curving Mastodon tusks. It halts for a split second, looks up and scurries off. The camera follows the animal's movement, losing sight of it in the undergrowth.

NARRATOR

Warm-blooded mammals were able to fill the empty ecological niche by means of their versatility...their adaptability...

The camera continues to move along the shore and holds on a squatting Indian with a large rock at his feet. He holds a smaller rock in his right hand and in his left hand he holds a well-crafted arrowhead like an artist gauging a model. He hits the rock at his feet with the rock in his right hand. Nothing happens.

NARRATOR

...and their intelligence.

The Indian hits the rock at his feet again. Nothing happens. He examines the arrowhead more carefully. He strikes the rock a third time, with no result, and then begins to pound it furiously. We pull back to see more Indians on the narrow shore. They are dressed in classic Indian garb with huge war bonnets, which they have some trouble keeping on their heads. They are engaged in a variety of Indian activities. One is rubbing two sticks together to no avail, panting and sweating. Another is trying to string a bow, which he is unable to bend. Others are attempting to erect a tepee, which totters in every direction. From the edge of the forest immediately behind the Indians we see the pioneer family emerging on foot.

This is the Ohio family whose lives, through six generations, we will follow in the film. They are dressed in typical pioneer period clothing. The FATHER is an average-looking man in his early forties. He has long brown hair brushed back in the style of Andrew Jackson and wears fringed buckskins (but not a coon-skin cap). The MOTHER is pleasant and wholesome. She and the DAUGHTER are both blondes. The GRANDFATHER is crusty and a little senile. He wears the clothes of a colonial gentleman farmer and has white hair tied back in a small ponytail. The SON has an early teens to early twenties age range and is smaller and better-looking than his father. He is a redhead and is dressed like an Amish schoolboy in a wide-brimmed "Quaker hat," short lapel-less jacket, and collarless cotton shirt. The DAUGHTER has an age range from late childhood to middle teens. She is cute but snotty and annoying.

The family members come into the scene through the middle of the underbrush, having considerable difficulty with tree boughs in their faces and tangles of shrubbery around their feet. Mother is carrying a broom, Grandfather an ax, and Father a flintlock rifle. The Indians, involved in their fruitless tasks, are unaware of the commotion in back of them. Father walks up behind the nearest one, who is rubbing the two sticks together, and kicks him in the ass. The Indian jumps up, startled, and turns to see the pioneers. He runs away with a yelp of fright, alerting the other Indians -- except the one by the waterside who is still pounding rocks together. A couple of the Indians run away. Mother lights out after another, beating him on the head with her broom.

MOTHER

Shoo! Shoo!

The Son chases two other Indians, throwing lumps of dirt at them as they scramble off.

SON

Git! Vamoose! Scram!

Grandfather menaces the Indians from a distance with the handle of his ax. The Daughter sticks her tongue out, puts her thumbs in her ears, wiggles her fingers and gives the fleeing redmen a Bronx cheer.

Father leans his flintlock rifle against a tree. He walks down to the water's edge, grabs the oblivious rockpounder by his loincloth and bear claw necklace, and pitches him headlong into the lake. Mother, Son, and Daughter walk up behind and join Father in a heroic pose.

FATHER

We will found a medium-size city here, an important center of trade and manufacturing, home to a number of light industries producing building materials, cookware, china, glass, textiles...

MOTHER

(interrupting)

But, honey, where are we going to live?

The heroic pose collapses; their postures returned to normal.

FATHER

(to Mother)

We'll build a cabin. Then we'll clear the forest.

MOTHER

We'll have to clear the forest first, dear, if we're going to have someplace to build the cabin.

FATHER

Right. We'll clear the forest, then we'll build a cabin.

MOTHER

But, honey, where are we going to live until we get the cabin built?

FATHER

Good point. We'll build a cabin first...

SON

(interrupting)

But if we don't clear the forest, we're not going to have any logs to build the cabin with.

FATHER

Um, yes, well...

DAUGHTER

(to Mother)

I have to powder my nose.

MOTHER

(working herself into a rhapsody)

Maybe we should have a sod house, a darling little sod house. With white shutters and a rose trellis...

Grandfather, carrying his ax, strides into the frame wearing a whole raccoon on his head. The animal has been slit up the belly and pulled down to Grandpa's ears so that the head and forepaws dangle in front of his eyes (no blood or gore is visible.)

GRANDFATHER

Found a great thing to wear on your head! Ya just pull their guts out and put it on! Warm as the dickens!

MOTHER

(continuing her reverie)

I don't need a big kitchen, just something with plenty of light...

DAUGHTER

(tugging Mother's sleeve)

I have to...

MOTHER

You just hold it until we make a bathroom.

Now, we'll have forsythias under the parlor window and a lilac bush you can see from the sunporch...

As Mother babbles, Father claps his hands together and pushes up his sleeves.

FATHER

Well! If we're going to survive in this harsh and primitive clime, I'd better run over to the forest and pick up something for dinner.

He motions to the rest of the family, relieved to get away.

FATHER

You stay here and carve a simple homestead out of the wilderness.

He takes the rifle and steps into the forest. Grandfather draws back and sinks the ax in a tree. It sticks and he tugs on the handle repeatedly, trying to free it. The Daughter picks flowers, clutching them to her chest. The Son takes a wooden noisemaker tied to a string out of his pocket. He twirls this "bullroarer" over his head, making a loud whirring sound. Mother begins sweeping the forest floor, kicking up a cloud of dust and leaves.

CUT TO:

FATHER

He is stalking through the forest, peering intently through the foliage. He stops and cups his hands around his mouth.

FATHER

(low, booming voice)

MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSSSE!

Father peers into the distance. We hear the crack of a branch. Movement catches his eye. He raises the rifle to his shoulder and pulls the trigger. We see the ponderous mechanism of the flintlock operate -- hammer striking flint, flint sparking fuse, fuse igniting cap, gears turn, powder fizzes, and three beats later the rifle fires. A cloud of smoke envelops Father as the shot echoes in the forest. A pained grunt is heard in the distance.

CUT TO:

CLEARING -- LONG SHOT OF LOG CABIN

In Father's brief absence, a space in the forest by the lake-shore has been cleared and a log cabin erected. One tree is left near the cabin and we see Grandfather still working to free his ax from this tree. Nearby, the Son is still twirling the bullroarer over his head. A wounded moose staggers into the frame. Grandfather turns and looks at it. The Son lets his noisemaker wind down as he stares at the animal. The moose staggers toward the cabin door. Father enters the frame at a trot. All three watch as the moose expires with a snort on the doorstep.

SON

Can I have the horns?

CUT TO:

INT. -- LOG CABIN

It is a standard pioneer cabin set. The Family is at the dinner table with their heads bowed as Father says grace.

FATHER

Heavenly Father, we thank You for this generous meal of moose and possum stew. We ask for Your guidance as we build a prosperous future using our hands and our minds and our spirits and all the rest of our bodies, plus animals, machinery, and suggestions from other people. Amen.

Father rubs his hands eagerly. He lifts the lid from the pot and begins ladling a horrid, greasy stew onto the plates. He dishes up paws, hairless possum tails, and unwashed whole vegetables contained in a broth that resembles multigrade motor oil. He sets a plate down in front of the Daughter. She makes a face and turns up her nose.

DAUGHTER

Do I have to eat the paws? I hate paws!

The Son holds up some pancreatic piece of animal matter on his fork.

SON

What's this?

MOTHER

That's an innard, and it's very nutrititious.

FATHER

(in a conversational tone)

You know, kids, history is going to remember me as a brave soul who went forth and tamed a wild Ohio.

MOTHER

Well, I hope they remember me as a loving mother who tried to keep the frontier neat and clean -- and with hardly any closet space.

DAUGHTER

Will they remember me as real pretty?

SON

What's for dessert?

MOTHER

(proudly)

Maple sorgum weasel dumplings!

Other family members pause in their eating and give a depressed sigh.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT SHOT OF A CALENDAR

It is a wall calendar with a picture at the top and pages attached below. The pages are marked with months but no year is visible. Although this is a modern type of calendar, it should look like a period artifact, printed on parchment and set in colonial type. The illustration is a woodcut of a single cabin in the woods, smoke curling out of the chimney. This picture is labeled "Ft. Dacron."

This calendar device marks the passage of time between the first and second generations of the family. This same device will be used each time the generations change.

The calendar leaves begin to drop off, one after other.

NARRATOR

Time was passing. Ohio was growing,
changing, turning into a state...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. -- ASSEMBLY HALL.

It is a modest early nineteenth century meeting hall with a number of chairs set up facing a speaker's table. Behind the speaker's table is a banner reading STATE ASSEMBLY. The speaker is rapping his gavel for order. The eighteen or twenty delegates are all yelling, proposing nicknames for the state.

1ST REPRESENTATIVE

The Buck-Nose State!

2ND REPRESENTATIVE

The Buck-Foot State !

3RD REPRESENTATIVE

The Buck-Tooth State!

OTHER REPRESENTATIVES

(in rapid order)

Buck-Leg!

Buck-Board!

Buck-Shot!

Buck-Butt!

ONE REPRESENTATIVE

(Louder than the others)

Buck-EYE!!

ALL

(Cheering, taking up his cry)

Buck-Eye!

Buck-Eye!

That's it!

Speaker pounds his gavel with enthusiasm.

SPEAKER

We'll call it the Buckeye State!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. -- CANAL

We see an Erie Canal-type channel about as wide as a city street, with men and women walking and horses and wagons driving in both directions, all in about three feet of water. People and animals appear to regard this as normal.

NARRATOR

Canals crisscrossed the land, serving as highways for commerce and travel.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. -- FARM

We see a group of men raising a barn. They pull on ropes attached to one half of a completely constructed and painted building. The barn section rises up before us. We see the interior with tools on the walls, cows tethered in stalls, and hay bales in the loft.

NARRATOR

Prosperous farms replaced log cabin settlements. Comfortable houses were built. Barns were raised.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FARM HOUSE

The second generation Grandfather and Father are in the parlor of a prosperous mid-nineteenth century farmhouse. Grandfather appears to be the pioneer Father grown older, and Father appears to be the pioneer son grown up. Grandfather is wearing buckskins, and his hair is long and combed back but the brown is now streaked with gray. The red-haired Father wears the same clothes that the Son wore before -- collarless shirt, Quaker hat, and short jacket. But the jacket is much too small for him. He is sitting on the arm of a chair mindlessly twirling the bullroarer. Grandfather is cleaning his antiquated flintlock rifle. Grandfather looks up at Father. Father, with a hint of embarrassment, lets the bullroarer wind down.

NARRATOR

Young men who'd grown up as pioneer children came of age. There was a new generation now.

Grandfather walks over to Father and puts a hand on his shoulder.

GRANDFATHER

You know, Son, young men who grew up as pioneer children have come of age. There's a new generation now.

Father begins to fiddle with the bullroarer again.

GRANDFATHER

Put that thing down!

(more affectionately)

Why, before you know it, you'll have a family of your own.

On Grandfather's last word, the door of the house opens and we see the Mother with the Son and the Daughter by her side.

MOTHER

Here we are!

The Mother is now a brunette, dressed, as are the children, in the clothing of the Civil War period. She should look very different from herself in the role of the Pioneer Mother. The Son has brown hair and the bare beginnings of sideburns. The Daughter is a redhead like her Father. The family stands for a beat in the doorway. Mother pats the Daughter on the head.

MOTHER

(proudly to Father)

This is your daughter. She's pretty as a bug.

The Daughter curtsies in a self-satisfied way. Mother puts her arm around the Son.

MOTHER

And this is your son. He'll grow up to be straight and tall as a rail.

The Mother ushers the children into the house. The Daughter peers around critically at the furnishings. The Son stands beside his Father.

MOTHER

And I'm your wife! Faithful, loyal, and selfless!

As Mother speaks, Father takes off his Quaker hat and slips out of his outgrown jacket. He takes another coat, which fits him properly, from a peg by the door and, putting on an adult hat, he pecks Mother good-bye.

FATHER

Good-bye, dear, I'm going out to attend to our extensive agricultural holdings and also enter into a few commercial ventures here in town.

Father puts his arm around the Son and the two of them start out the door.

CUT TO:

BLACKSMITH SHOP

Father, Son, and several other prosperous farmers are gathered at the blacksmith's shop. In the background a small, skinny smith bangs out horseshoes on an anvil.

FATHER

(mildly bored)

Well, here we are, a bunch of rich farmers in the antebellum Midwest.

1ST FARMER

I hate going down in history as just a rich farmer.

2ND FARMER

Me, too.

(he pauses)

What I'd really like to go down in history for is being a forty-foot tall lumberjack with a blue ox.

FATHER

Wait a minute...your ox isn't blue!

2ND FARMER

I know. But I'll tell you what...

(he turns to Father)

If you tell people that I used to be a giant lumberjack, I'll tell people that you killed a bear when you were only three and died at the Alamo.

Father stares at him incredulously.

1ST FARMER

You can tell everybody that I was the only law west of the Pecos!

SON

(to Father)

Isn't this lying?

2ND FARMER

(to Son)

Heck no, boy! This is folklore!

The blacksmith, has, during these speeches, pounded out four horseshoes and set them down on the smithy floor. He walks off camera and comes back leading a horse, which, with some urging, sets one hoof on each of the shoes. The blacksmith then turns to the other men.

BLACKSMITH

Well, I'd like a poem wrote about me! Somethin' like...

He gestures with hammer and a handful of nails, thinking for a moment, composing something in his head, then reciting dramatically...

BLACKSMITH

Like..."Under the spreading chestnut tree..."

(aside as he looks toward the door)

It's really a Ginkgo, but that don't sound right.

(resumes poetic exposition)

"The village smithy stands,"

(he holds up a skinny arm)

"The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands...
And the muscles of his brawny
arms, are strong..."

(pauses, stuck for a rhyme, then
resumes with the same rotten scan as
the original)

...mmm..."as steel bands!" Something
like that.

His audience is speechless at this sudden poetic outburst from their blacksmith and as they stare at him he turns back toward the horse, gives it a hard push in the ribs, and knocks it over flat on its side. The shoes remain on the horse's outstretched hooves, and the smithy straddles a hind leg and begins pounding the horseshoe nails in.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. -- HOUSE ON A VILLAGE STREET

The camera holds briefly on the prosperous home as Narrator begins to speak.

NARRATOR

The economy was flourishing. But there were other forces at work in the young state causing divisions... hostilities...

The camera moves in on a window of the house. Through the window we see the second generation Family at dinner. Father is visibly upset, pantomiming a tirade.

NARRATOR

And outbursts of temper...

The camera holds briefly on the window as Father waves his arms.

NARRATOR

Ohio was headed for its sternest test.

CUT TO:

INT. -- DINING ROOM

The Son's sideburns have grown somewhat, making him look a little older than when we first saw him. Behind Father we see the door into the kitchen. Dinner is being served by a large black cook in a long dress with a kerchief around her hair. She comes in and out of the dining room carrying plates of food to the table.

FATHER

(angrily, between mouthfuls of food)

Civil War?! Goll-darned government!
First it was a Post Office, then a
Monroe Doctrine, and now they want a
Civil War!

SON

But, Pa, we've got to have a Civil War
to make the colored people free.

FATHER

Free? Why, they're not much good now
and they're expensive as all getout!

The Cook, who has overheard, shoots a look of irritation at Father behind this back.

MOTHER

Well, I think it's silly to have a Civil War -- the weather's been so nice this spring.

SON

(to Father)

But the Declaration of Independence says that all men are created equal.

FATHER

Well, it doesn't say anything about wooly-headed baboons from Africa.

The Cook has come back into the room and looks angrily at Father.

GRANDFATHER

You young fellows don't know how lucky you are. Didn't have any colored people in my day. Only had Indians. Couldn't sing worth a hoot.

SON

(still to Father)

Just because people look different doesn't mean they aren't the same inside.

FATHER

(to Son, growing heated)

Sure they're the same inside -- except for being filled up with monkey blood!

The Cook has returned from the kitchen again to hear this last speech and is now very angry. She looks daggers at Father and storms out.

DAUGHTER

Mom, Mom, Sue Ellen's brother said he was going to think his last dying thoughts about me! If the Civil War lasts, and he gets old enough to go.

FATHER

(angrily to Son)

I'll be danged if any son of mine is going to fight a war to let the darkies loose, running all over, trying to pick cotton. We don't even have any cotton!

SON

But they're being bought and sold like, like, cows!

FATHER

And plenty good enough for 'em. You ever try to milk a nigger?

As Father is saying this the Cook has come out of the kitchen carrying a large platter of barbecued short ribs. She lifts the platter into the air and brings it down with great force on Father's head. The plate shatters, covering Father with ribs and sauce. He stares about, stunned, and then gives an incensed look at the Son, grabs a large candleholder from the table, and chases the boy out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- STREET

We see the front door of the farmhouse burst open and the Son runs out, chased by the Father. The camera pulls back to reveal a village street filled with pairs and groups of fighting men. We lose sight of the Father and Son in the brawl.

NARRATOR

And so began the tragic confrontation that pitted brother against brother... father against son...cousin against cousin...Even total strangers fought with each other.

Narrator pauses as we hold on the fight.

NARRATOR

For four long years the war continued...

(pause)

And then it was over.

The people on the street abruptly stop fighting. They pick themselves up and dust themselves off. The camera moves back toward the family's house and we see Grandfather and Father straightening their clothes with the help of Mother and Daughter. The Son enters the frame dressed in the uniform of a Union Lieutenant. His sideburns have now grown into muttonchops.

SON

Hi! I'm back from the great conflict that almost tore our nation asunder.

GRANDFATHER

Hmmph, never had to get dressed up like that to fight the French and Indians or British and French or Mexico or whoever it was.

MOTHER

It was so nice that you got to fight down south where it's warm. Did you wash your hands after every battle?

DAUGHTER

Will you take me for a carriage ride all over town in your uniform before you throw all your medals away in disgust at the vain bloodletting they so frivolously commemorate?

The Family members turn to enter the house. Father claps a hand on the Son's shoulder and examines the medals.

FATHER

Well...maybe it wasn't such a bad war after all.

CUT TO:

REVERSE

The Family is entering the living room. Father still has his hand on the Son's shoulder.

FATHER

I guess something had to happen in the middle of the nineteenth century or there just wouldn't be any American history, would there?

(turns directly to Son)

Oh, by the way, while you were gone the age of rapid industrialization came upon us. What sort of large filthy industry do you think we should have?

SON

Well, uh...

GRANDFATHER

Hows about a huge, stinking meat cannery? Phew! That'd smell up the whole state!

FATHER

(to son, poking him in the chest with a finger)

If you ask me, I think you should invent something.

Mother has seated herself at a player piano in the background. She opens the sliding doors, revealing the player roll and begins pumping the pedals with absurd vigor, producing some mawkish tune of the period at twice its proper tempo.

MOTHER

Why don't you invent one of these!

FATHER

You'll be a prominent industrialist if you do.

DAUGHTER

I'll go get some prominent industrialist clothes.

Daughter dashes from the room and returns immediately carrying a large black suit coat and top hat.

GRANDFATHER

I expect we'll start being proud of you any day now.

Son tries on the suit coat and top hat. They are much too large for him.

DAUGHTER

This way when I get married and have babies they'll have a robber baron for an uncle!

SON

(pulling at the enormous waistline of the coat)

It feels kind of big on me.

FATHER

Don't worry, my boy, you'll grow into it just as soon as you begin to properly exploit the poor.

DISSOLVE TO:

CALENDAR

We see a wall calendar of the same type as before, but this one is from Victorian times. The illustration is a Currier and Ives color lithograph of a quaint town. The picture is labeled Dacronville. Post-Civil War era music comes up. The calendar pages begin to drop off with increasing speed.

NARRATOR

Time was passing again. And Ohio changed some more.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. -- FACTORY

It is an exaggerated version of a nineteenth century heavy manufacturing plant, exceedingly noisy and dirty. We see two-and three-year-olds in diapers feeding metal plates into the jaws of stamping machines. A couple of others are crawling on the floor with tools in their hands.

NARRATOR

Factories were built, providing employment for Ohio's growing young population.

DISSOLVE TO:

DIFFERENT SCENE - FACTORY

A worker is directing the movement of a huge iron ingot suspended from a derrick crane. He signals that it is in the correct position. A beat later the ingot falls with a thundering crash on top of the worker, who disappears completely beneath it.

NARRATOR

It was back-breaking labor in the early days of mass production.

DISSOLVE TO:

DIFFERENT SCENE -- FACTORY

A mean-looking foreman in shirt-sleeves and vest stands beside an air whistle.

NARRATOR

Pay was low and working conditions were harsh.

The foreman looks at his pocket watch and pulls the whistle cord.

FOREMAN

LUNCHTIME!

He waits a beat, then looks at his watch and blows the whistle again.

FOREMAN

LUNCHTIME'S OVER!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. -- FACTORY GATE

The third generation Father is standing before an elaborate factory gate with "AMALGAMATED PLAYER PIANO" spelled out between the gate posts. The Father now resembles the Son

from the Civil war era and is wearing the "prominent industrialist clothes." But he has been substantially padded so that the clothes now fit. His hair is brown, slicked-down, and parted in the middle and the muttonchops have grown to impressive size. Father looks every inch the rich self-satisfied industrialist. He stands proudly for a beat at the factory gate and then walks toward the camera as the Narrator speaks. We see a backdrop of the filthy factory complex behind him.

NARRATOR

But ultimately the great manufacturing concerns would change the face of the Great Lakes region.

A cloud of black smoke belches from the factory as Father continues to walk toward the camera. We hear the din of machinery behind him.

NARRATOR

For there was another generation now.

Camera is tight on Father's smug face.

NARRATOR

A generation whose thrift and hard work would produce...

CUT TO:

REVERSE -- EXT. -- FAMILY HOUSE

We see the back of Father's head as he walks up the front steps of an upper-middle class Victorian home. The scene is quiet. We hear birds chirp.

NARRATOR

...Unparalleled prosperity in Ohio

The third generation family members stand in a formal line on the porch. At right is the Grandfather, who now appears to be the Civil War father grown old. He wears the same clothing of a gentleman farmer. His gray hair is streaked with red and worn in the same short, combed-back style that it has retained since the days of the Pioneer Son. Next to him is Mother, who is a blond in this generation. She is quite overdressed in the manner of the time. Next to her is the Daughter, who has brown hair and is a study in Victorian child couture. She carries a large muff, a small

dog, a parasol, and a doll. At the end of the line on the left is the Son, a blond like his mother. He is dressed in a sailor suit and is playing the bottom of his age range.

As Father reaches the top step of the porch, the other family members extend a formal greeting to him.

FAMILY

(to Father, in unison).

Hello, dear sir. How are you today?

CUT TO:

FATHER

FATHER

I'm very prosperous, thank you.

Father chuckles and pats his pay window with satisfaction.

FATHER

In fact, I've grown ten pounds more prosperous in just the last month.

ANOTHER POV

Father gives a personal greeting to each of the family members while the others stand by stiffly.

FATHER

And how are you today, Grandpa?

GRANDFATHER

Why, I've been well-respected in my old age for the entire afternoon.

FATHER

And how are you, beloved spouse and helpmate?

MOTHER

Busy as a bee, my dearest, conspicuously consuming things and visiting the frail.

FATHER

(to Daughter)

And you, my pet?

DAUGHTER

Very well, pa-pa. I went to finishing school and learned the forty-five forks that are necessary to each table setting whenever one serves tea to dolls.

FATHER

(to Son)

And you, my boy?

SON

I tortured cats and chased nigger kids all day!

Father smiles and tussles his hair.

FATHER

A spirited lad.

(turning to everyone)

Now let's go inside and be models of stuffy propriety.

DISSOLVE TO:

STREET -- DAWN

It is sunrise on the Family's street. We hear the putt of a gas engine. A horseless carriage comes down the street. But this is a true carriage -- a two-wheeled dog cart with empty harness traces projecting ahead of it. Underneath we see some indication of a gasoline engine. Because it is a two-wheeled carriage it is very unstable and as it putts down the street it first tips completely backwards so that the back of the carriage body is resting on the ground.

NARRATOR

It was an era of peace and progress

The driver, in duster and motoring goggles, gets out and rights his machine and, balancing carefully, remounts. He putts along a little ways down the street and then the carriage tips forward, digging the harness traces into the street. The driver begins to repeat the righting action as the camera pans left and the sound of the putting engine is replaced by the loud creaking of wooden wheels. Coming up the street we see a family of immigrants pushing a large cart loaded with their belongings.

NARRATOR

But a new development loomed on the horizon.

The immigrant family's clothing and appearance is a confused combination of Slavic, Greek, Russian, Jew, Scandinavian, and Turkish peasant. The group is led by a mustachioed Immigrant Father and an Immigrant Mother wrapped in a shawl. A burly Immigrant Son in a conical billed cap pushes the cart. Walking alongside is a new character, the Girl Friend. She has dark hair and for all of her peasant trappings is still attractive. Behind the cart is the bearded Immigrant Grandfather. Further behind is a holy man of some unspecified religion, wrapped in flowing multicolored vestment, with a long black braided beard and a monstrous, pontifical, Egyptoid headpiece. He carried a jeweled chalice in one hand and swings a smoking censer with the other. He mutters a chant in some unintelligible language. A small herd of goats tags loosely behind bleating intermittently.

NARRATOR

There were waves of immigrant families coming to these shores. And many of them would seek their fortunes in the great melting pot of Ohio.

The immigrant family stops in front of the house next door to our Family's. The Immigrant Son pushes the cart up over the curb and across the lawn. The Immigrant Grandfather herds the goats into the yard.

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY'S HOUSE

The Father, a little older than before, is staring out the window at the new neighbors. Mother enters the room.

FATHER

Our new neighbors have arrived.

Mother walks over to the window.

MOTHER

(happily)

Oh? Are they our kind of people?

Father pulls the curtain aside for her to look out. She shrieks and faints.

CUT TO:

GIRL FRIEND -- MORNING

She leaves the house for school dressed in her native garb with her books in a strap. The immigrant family waves good-bye. The priest sprinkles her with consecrated dust. She walks down the sidewalk.

FLIP WIPE TO:

SAME SCENE -- AFTERNOON

The Girl Friend is walking up the sidewalk toward the house. She is back from school. She is now dressed in the clothes of a turn-of-the century American high school girl. She goes in the front door.

CUT TO:

REVERSE

The Girl Friend jubilantly throws her arms up.

GIRL FRIEND

Hey, Mom! Hey, Pop! I've been to
school! -We're Americans now!

The Immigrant Father yanks the long carved pipe out of his
mouth and throws it down.

IMMIGRANT FATHER

(no accent, perfect English)

In that case I can stop smoking this
absurd pipe!

The Immigrant Son begins plucking sausages that hang from
the ceiling and pitches them out the window.

IMMIGRANT SON

(no accent)

We can throw out these sausages and
eat a steak!

The Immigrant Grandfather takes a long pair of shears and
snips his beard off at the chin.

IMMIGRANT GRANDFATHER

No more silly songs about wolves and
woodcutters!

The Immigrant Mother takes a garland of garlic and a string
of donkey beads from around her neck and tosses them into
the stove.

IMMIGRANT MOTHER

We'll be the Jamisons. I'll be Mrs. Jamison

(to Immigrant Father)

and you'll be Bill.

The Family begins shedding their traditional dress and by
turning coats inside-out, tearing strategic pieces of their
clothing, adjusting hair, etc., they transform themselves
into Americans.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- IMMIGRANT'S PORCH

The door flies open. The Immigrant Father runs the priest out, holding him by the collar and the seat of his robe, throwing him off the porch.

IMMIGRANT FATHER

Best it! We're Lutherans now!

The Mother heaves the smoking censer after the priest as he flees. The Family members come out on the porch looking like any other Pre-World War I Family. The Son unfurls an American flag and places it in the flag holder on the porch pillar. The Immigrant Grandfather herds the goats out of the house and they run into the street.

CUT TO:

GIRL FRIEND

As her family goes back into the house she stands in the yard, looking across the lawn and over the fence into the Family's yard. She stands innocently with her hands behind her back and a foot toeing the ground. She bows her head shyly and then looks up.

CUT TO:

TIGHT -- SON

He looks older than when we last saw him, wearing long pants, a blazer with broad red stripes, and a straw boater. He looks back at the Girl Friend with a moony love-struck expression and slowly takes off his hat.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- PORCH SWING

The Son and the Girl Friend are on a porch swing, seated at opposite ends. They sit primly, she with her hands crossed in her lap and he with his hands on his knees.

SON

(blushing)

Uh...er...can we spark?

GIRL FRIEND

Will you bring candy and flowers over to my house and let your kid sister tease you and have a man-to-man talk with my father in the library?

SON

Oh, yes!

GIRL FRIEND

Can you play the banjo in a canoe?

Son nods vigorously.

GIRL FRIEND

Alright, then we can spark. But I
promised not to spoon until I was
twenty-one.

SON

Can I hold your hand someday?

GIRL FRIEND

That would mean we had an understanding.

SON

I thought if we kissed, that meant we
had an understanding.

GIRL FRIEND

No, that would mean we were engaged.

SON

Could I sit a little closer? That
would only mean that you are my
steady girl.

GIRL FRIEND

No, that would mean we were lavaliered.
How about if we gaze at each other fondly,
that would mean...

SON

(interrupting)

You know if we were living fifty years
from now, I could just take you out to
the Nickelodeon, buy you dinner, bring
you home, and pork you.

GIRL FRIEND

(with a shriek)-

What!!!

SON

Well, how far are we going to carry this sexual repression stuff anyway?

GIRL FRIEND

(with emphasis)

Far behind the limits of reason. Of that you can be sure!

They are interrupted by the sound of a brass band. The Son stands up to get a better view.

CUT TO:

STREET

A brass band is passing in front of the house followed by a troop of WWI soldiers marching in full battle dress.

CUT TO:

SON

He cups a hand to his mouth. The Girl Friend is standing beside him watching the parade.

SON

Say, what's going on?

CUT TO:

TIGHT -- SOLDIER

He waves his arm, signalling for the Son to join them.

SOLDIER

Come on, it's World War I!

CUT TO:

SON

He runs down from the porch, as the Girl Friend watches with renewed affection. He joins the last rank and one of the soldiers hands him a rifle, a helmet, and leggings. Son

puts on the helmet, and follows the marchers as best he can while hopping on one leg, trying to wrap the leggings around his ankle.

CUT TO:

SOLDIERS

They march up a gangplank and onto a troop transport ship. We see the Son pass, now in full uniform.

CUT TO:

SHIP'S RAILING

Soldiers are lined up at the ship's railing, waving. Streamers and confetti are thrown. The ship's horn is sounded as the ship moves out of the frame to right. Camera holds for a beat on the empty frame. The ship's horn sounds and the ship moves back into the frame from left. Soldiers are at the rail. More confetti and streamers are thrown as ship's motion stops.

CUT TO:

SOLDIERS

The soldiers, the Son among them, march down a gangplank and directly into a trench. The sounds of battle are heard and the camera moves in on the Son. A single German soldier charges the Son's position. The Son takes one shot and the German drops dead. The battle sounds cease. The camera pulls back to show Son and the other troops as they turn and march out of the trench and back up the ship's gangplank.

CUT TO:

SHIP

The horn sounds and the ship moves out of frame to left. Camera holds on empty frame for a beat, then ship enters frame from right.

CUT TO:

SUBURBAN STREET

Led by the brass band, the soldiers march up the same suburban street from which they left. As the parade passes the Family's house, the Son peels off from the regiment. We see his family and the Girl Friend standing on the porch waving small American flags. The Son rushes up to the porch and throws his arms around his Girl Friend. He gathers Mother into the embrace. Father slaps him on the back. Grandfather pumps his hand. The Daughter smiles cutely.

FATHER

Son, you've made the world safe for...
for...well, you've made the world safe.

GRANDFATHER

(pinching his cheek)

Why just look at you! Nothing like a
war! Brings out the best in a boy.

Mother hugs him and dabs her cheeks with a handkerchief.

DAUGHTER

(from the sidelines)

Was Paris as French as they say?

The Girl Friend kisses him and holds him in a fond embrace.

SON

Gosh, this is wonderful! The Hun defeated!
England, France, and all those things in
the Balkans saved! And here I am surrounded
by a loving family and wrapped in the arms
of my best girl friend! I feel like this is
the high point of American civilization!

GIRL FRIEND

And guess what -- it's almost the twenties!!

SON

It is? I'd better get changed!

The Son ducks inside the door of the house while the others
remain on the porch talking.

FATHER

(to everyone)

Ten years of fun and frolic plus three
Republican presidents. I'm looking
forward to this.

Grandfather nods happy ascent.

DAUGHTER

I'm going to be a flapper and die in a motoring accident!

MOTHER

(with mild disapproval)

Well, I think it's a good thing that there's going to be Prohibition because, well, you could just imagine what it would be like if we had all that 1920s folderol going on and the saloons were open, too!

The Son comes back out dressed in baggy white flannel trousers, blue blazer, and a straw hat. He enthusiastically grabs the Girl Friend by the shoulders.

SON

Okey-dokey! You fill the bathtub with gin, I'll go play the stock market!

DISSOLVE TO:

CALENDAR

This calendar is from circa 1920. The illustration is a sepia photograph of an early twentieth-century cityscape with factories and modest skyscrapers, labeled DACRON CITY. The calendar leaves begin to drop off.

NARRATOR

Time marched on, and with war and strife behind them, Ohioans embarked upon a decade of frivolity.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. -- SPEAKEASY

A black jazz combo is playing a loud raucous tune on the stage of a smoky speakeasy. A monstrous black woman sings scat as she dances wildly.

CUT TO:

REVERSE

From the stage we see an audience of Dacronites. They are staring with puzzled displeasure at the band, holding their hands over their ears.

DISSOLVE TO:

AIRPLANE WING

A man dressed in jodhpurs, leather jacket, and goggles with a scarf trailing behind him climbs out onto the wing of an airborne biplane.

NARRATOR

Preposterous feats and stunts delighted a public hungry for thrills and excitement.

The wing walker stands, spreading his arms in a triumphant gesture, and is immediately blown off the wing.

DISSOLVE TO:

DOWNTOWN DACRON

Amidst gunfire, a flashy Packard Twin Six screeches around a corner as a pair of police cars follow in pursuit.

NARRATOR

While new breed of outlaw terrorized the backroads and bank lobbies of Ohio.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. -- AUTO

A gangster, in a three-piece suit and a broad-brimmed hat a half size too big, is driving. His platinum blond moll sits beside him. She is looking at a FBI poster of herself.

MOLL

Did you see my wanted poster?
I hate it! I look so fat! And
my hair's greasy. My smile's all
crooked!

GANGSTER

Forget it!

MOLL

Forget it? This thing's in every post office in the country. Pull over and let them catch us. I want a new picture.

GANGSTER

Whaa?

MOLL

(firm)

Pull over right this instant!

As gangster turns the wheel, she begins to apply powder from a compact.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- GANGSTER CAR

The car pulls over to the side of the road and stops. The cop cars pull up behind it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. -- BROKERAGE FIRM

We see the fourth generation Father reading a ticker tape. He is blond and wears the twenties-style blazer and flannel pants that the third generation Son put on at the end of World War I. He is looking more and more pleased by the ticker tape quotes as the narrator speaks.

NARRATOR

The economy that underwrote the new age grew...expanded...swelled like a balloon...

Father's expression changes to shock, then shock and despair.

NARRATOR

...then burst.

Father claps a hand over his eyes, staggers a little, and then, regaining his dignity, he walks to the window and, with solemn resolve, opens the sash and leaps out.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- STREET

We see Father leaping but it is only one story to the street. He lands on his feet, injuring an ankle, and hops about rubbing it and cursing under his breath.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- FAMILY'S HOUSE

It is the same Victorian house that the third generation lived in. It is still an impressive home but now it is hemmed in by newer, less impressive houses, built close to it on either side. We see Father limping up the front walk. He is met on the porch by the members of the fourth generation family. The Grandfather appears to be the prominent industrialist. He is still portly but thinner than he was in middle age so that his turn-of-the-century style suit hangs loosely on him. His muttonchops are even more bushy now and snow white, and there are only a few streaks of brown in his gray hair. This generation's Grandfather, who was once a rich man, seems a little more defeated and senile than the Grandfather has been in previous generations. The Mother is the Girl Friend (the Immigrant Girl) now grown up and married, so her hair is dark. She is wearing a white house dress with small blue polkadots. The Son is a redhead like his great grandfather was. He is playing the bottom of his age range. And the Daughter is a blond like her dad.

FATHER

(nearly frantic)

We're ruined! The Stock Market...

(he's lost for words)

...tripped...wrecked...fell over...

GRANDFATHER

Crashed, eh?

FATHER

The Stock Market crashed!

DAUGHTER

(disappointed)

Oh, and I wanted to be a flaming youth
and die in a car wreck like my flighty
aunt.

FATHER

We're ruined.

MOTHER

(opening door and yelling inside)

Bessie, throw out the lamb chops!

(to Father)

We have nothing to eat but potatoes.

FATHER

Wait a minute, we're not that ruined.

MOTHER

(pleasantly insistent)

No, no, if we're ruined we're going to
have nothing to eat but potatoes.

(to children)

Now, children, stick some cardboard
in your shoes.

SON

What for?

MOTHER

Because they have holes in them.

DAUGHTER

We don't have any holes in our shoes.

MOTHER

Well, I'll make some after dinner.
Now run inside and wash up while
your father and I let the house get
run down.

FATHER

(despondent)

What will I do? What will I do?

MOTHER

(matter-of-factly)

You'll keep a roof over our heads
no matter what and we'll never go
hungry because you'll work and slave
at every back-breaking job you can
find.

FATHER

(a pause, then he brightens)

Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. -- LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Family is sitting in the living room. The children are
bickering.

DAUGHTER

(in a spoiled, pettish manner)

I'm not going to school in tatters.

SON

You are too.

DAUGHTER

I am not.

SON

You are too.

DAUGHTER

Am not.

SON

ARE TOO.

DAUGHTER

(whining)

Maaa, can I have some new tatters to go to school in?

MOTHER

Children! Children! Please don't bicker. Let's try to have a nice depression.

GRANDFATHER

Depression? Ha! This is nothing! When I was young, folks would give their right arm to eat grass to have nothing to eat! We used to eat grass! We used to eat dirt! And we were glad to have it! And we lived in a one-room ditch...

FATHER

(annoyed)

Pop. Pop. You were rich.

GRANDFATHER

(lapsing back into semi-senile silence)

Oh.

In the background there is a large cathedral-style radio that suddenly comes on. Its dial lights up and it begins to buzz and crackle.

MOTHER

(hushing others)

It's President Roosevelt on the radio!

FDR RADIO VOICE

(as family listens intently)

Folks, I'd like to have a little fireside chat with you about the WPA, CCC, NRA, CIO, TVA, and all the rest of the four freedoms because the only thing the forgotten man has to fear is blood, toil, tears, and sweat, and we shall fight those with our good neighbor policy all across America because never have so many owed so much to the government.

(pause)

Now, you, for instance, Dad.

Father perks up.

FDR RADIO VOICE

Sure you were ruined in the stock market crash this morning. But don't despair. My wife Eleanor will be around with a coal mine for you to work in soon.
(pauses) Son...

Son perks up.

FDR RADIO VOICE

I'd like to speak to you for a minute, too.

Son nods.

FDR RADIO VOICE

Be sure to get an education. That way the next time the stock market crashes you'll know what to think about it. And Mom...

Mother perks up.

FDR RADIO VOICE

That's a very pretty dress.

Mother straightens her clothes and blushes with pleasure.

FDR RADIO VOICE

Nothing I like better than a little blue polkadot. Goodnight, now!

FAMILY

Good night!

Good night!

The radio crackles, buzzes, and turns itself off.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- FAMILY'S HOUSE -- SUNRISE

The home now is rundown and needs paint. There are now industrial buildings on either side.

MOTHER (O.S.)

You better hurry up, it's time to walk six miles to school.

The Son walks out with his books in a bookstrap. Mother stands in the doorway.

SON

(rolling his eyes, talks over his shoulder)

Ma, school's only two blocks.

MOTHER

Then you better take the long way if you want to have anything to tell your kids about!

The Son stops and walks in the other direction.

CUT TO:

INT. -- THIRTIES ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ROOM

There is a huge American flag, a large framed portrait of FDR, spelling charts, math tables. The class is made up of tough-looking boys in knickers and girls in smock dresses. The teacher is a hatchet-faced old maid. She holds a ruler which she taps in her open palm. The kids are standing with their hands over their hearts reciting the pledge of allegiance.

CLASS

(together)

One nation...

(they pause, then mispronounce "indivisible")

Invisible with liberty and justice for all.

SON

(alone)

Amen.

The class takes its seats. The teacher steps to the front of the class.

TEACHER

(mean, nasty falsetto)

Before we begin, I want to know who's going to be bad today!

A boy in the front row raises his hand. The teacher walks over to him and smacks his knuckles with a ruler.

TEACHER

Anyone else?

The class shakes its heads "no."

TEACHER

I trust you've all done your homework?

The class nods "yes". The teacher points her ruler at the Son.

TEACHER

Tell the class the maiden names of the American Presidents' mothers.

The Son stands slowly, thinking very hard.

SON

George Washington's mother's maiden name was Mary Ball. John Adam's mother's maiden name was Susanna Boylston. Thomas Jefferson's mother's maiden name was Jane Randolph. James Madison's...

CUT TO:

SCHOOL YARD

It's recess. The children are running about playing stick-ball, hopscotch, etc. The Son and his two pals are sitting against a board fence. The Son is playing with a yo-yo that he can't get to work. It goes down but doesn't return. He jerks it trying to get it back up.

SON

Boy, we don't have much in the way of toys back now.

FIRST PAL

They don't make toys like they're going to. We have to make our own fun.

SON

Okay, let's play hooky.

SECOND PAL

We'll get caught!

SON

Naw, we'll forge notes from our moms saying we came down with diphtheria.

FIRST PAL

Golly heck! What a swell idea!

The three boys turn around and vault the wooden fence.

CUT TO:

OTHER SIDE OF FENCE

The boys drop into frame from the top of the fence. There are three eye-level knotholes in it. As soon as the boys hit the ground we hear the sounds of a ball game, crowd cheers, vendors, ball players shouting. The boys each put an eye to a knothole.

SON

Oh, boy! It's the Dacron Tar Socks playing the New York Yankees.

FIRST PAL

Babe Ruth's at bat!

There is the sound of a bat connecting with a ball.

SON

Homer!

SECOND PAL

Hey fellas, that's number sixty for the Babe! Let's chase it.

The boys chase the ball down the street. The Son snatches it and stuffs it in his pocket. He turns as something catches his eye.

The Son stops suddenly. He puts out his arms to stop his pals. He drops to his knees.

SON

Lookey!

He picks a dime out of the gutter and holds it up to the sun like a precious stone.

SON

A dime! We're rich!

FIRST PAL

I'll bet a millionaire with holes in his pockets dropped it!

SECOND PAL

Let's go spend it before he comes back!

They run off down the street. A battered jalopy with a sign on the side reading DUST BOWL OR BUST passes.

CUT TO:

DEPARTMENT STORE

The boys pound their new catcher's mitts, toss footballs, try on their football helmets and cleats. The store clerk walks up to the Son with his change.

CLERK

Your change, young man.

SON

Thanks, mister.

CUT TO:

DRUGSTORE SODA FOUNTAIN

The boys, still in their sports gear, are nearly hidden behind monstrous twenty-scoop sundaes. The soda jerk slaps the change down on the counter.

SODA JERK

Here's your change, kid.

SON

Thanks.

(to pals)

We still have enough money left to go to the movies!

CUT TO:

SON AND PALS

The boys are in their theater seats with their cleated shoes up, eating from giant buckets of popcorn. The Son whips his candy apple at the screen.

FIRST PAL

Boy, is this the life! Twelve movies, two hundred cartoons, coming attractions, a newsreel, and a travelogue!

SON

I'm never going to school again!

CUT TO:

TICKET BOOTH

A pair of G-men types walk up to the window. They flash their badges.

FIRST TRUANT OFFICER

We're special agents from the Board of Education.

SECOND TRUANT OFFICER

We're looking for three youngsters who busted out of junior high.

The First Officer shows the ticket seller a wanted poster of the boys. The ticket seller points over his shoulder indicating that the boys are inside.

CUT TO:

INT. -- KITCHEN

Son is standing with his head bowed sheepishly while Father, is angrily rummaging through the broom closet. Father pulls a large hairbrush out of the closet, tests it in the palm of his hand, bangs it down on the kitchen table, and resumes his search in the closet, pulling out a paddle and a switch.

FATHER

(over his shoulder)

Boy, am I ever strict!

Father continues pulling things out of the closet: a razor strop, a cat-o-nine tails, and finally an enormous bull-whip. He gathers all these things into an awkward armload and glowers at his cowering son.

FATHER

We're going to the woodshed!

A radio has been playing quietly in the background. Suddenly a bulletin is announced at much louder volume.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

We interrupt whatever you're doing with a message from Washington, D.C. This morning Japanese forces attacked the U.S. naval facility at Pearl Harbor. A state of war now exists between the United States and the Empire of Japan.

(brief pause)

If you're looking for a cigarette to satisfy you during this period of war...

SON

War? War. War!

He dashes out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

Mother is in her housekeeping clothes, carrying mops and pails, etc. The Son runs into the room. Mother cuts him off as he heads for the door.

SON

(bursting with excitement)

Mom! Did you hear the news? The Japs bombed Pearl Harbor!

MOTHER

(unimpressed)

Pearl Harbor? It looks like they bombed your room!

SON

President Roosevelt declared war! I'm joining the Marines!

MOTHER

You're not joining anything until that room's cleaned up! I'm sure that if Mr. Roosevelt saw that mess he wouldn't want you in his Marine Corps.

SON

But, Mom! Do you want your grandchildren to be Japanese?

Mother pauses for a second, thinking it over.

MOTHER

Just you march up those stairs and clean that room!

The Son is exasperated as he realizes that there's no way out of cleaning his room. He changes tack and hurries up the stairs.

MOTHER

(yelling up to him)

Don't forget your closet!

SON

(over shoulder)

Can't I do it after the war?

MOTHER

Do it now!

CUT TO:

INT. -- MARINE RECRUITING STATION

It is a typical forties recruiting station with an enormous, heavily decorated Marine Sergeant behind the desk. The Son, now looking about eighteen, bursts through the door, runs up to the Sergeant and stands at attention.

SON

I want to volunteer to lose my life.

Sergeant stands up, and raises his right hand. As he speaks the Son strips to his undershirt and boxer shorts. He is already wearing dog tags.

SERGEANT

Do you swear to be a Marine and wear a big uniform and get your head shot off by Japs and Nazis and live in a ditch and eat Spam and get bombed and strafed and be hungry and frightened and cold but courageous and to emerge ultimately victorious even though we were outnumbered ten to one and have your best friend

SERGEANT (cont'd)

blown up by a stray mortar round and to
never let your kids hear the end of it?

SON

(saluting)

Yes, Sir!

Sergeant hands Son a pile of fatigues.

SERGEANT

Then double-time it out back and get
basically trained.

Son double-times toward door at back of recruiting station.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- PARADE GROUND

Son comes out back door of recruiting station (so labeled
above door opening) and onto a parade ground. He is now
dressed in marine fatigues and is still doing a quick step.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

We see that there are a large number of other recruits,
dressed the same as the Son, doing push-ups on the parade
ground in front of a fierce-looking drill instructor. Son
takes his place at the end of one row of recruits and begins
doing push-ups also.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR

Do a thousand push-ups!

One of the recruits, near the Son, speaks up.

RECRUIT

Let's do two thousand!

ANOTHER RECRUIT

Yeah, we're doing this for our country!

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ANOTHER RECRUIT

Come on -- three thousand push-ups!

Chorus of agreement from other recruits as they all begin to do push-ups, getting completely out of sync, moving as fast as possible without speeding up the camera action. Drill Instructor views this scene for a couple of beats, then speaks loudly.

DRILL INSTRUCTOR

Okay!

(pointing over recruits' heads)

Now run through some tires and climb over that wall and you'll be a disciplined military force.

The recruits get up, turn around, and run in the direction indicated.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER POV

We see the recruits running toward an obstacle course made up of a field of staggered car tires and a low wall. Between the running recruits and the obstacle course there are stacks of rifles and piles of combat packs and helmets. As each recruit runs by he picks up a rifle, a pack, and a helmet. Then the recruits run football-practice-like through the tires and scramble over the wall. The camera picks out the Son as he traverses the course.

CUT TO:

OTHER SIDE OF OBSTACLE COURSE WALL.

The troops come over the all, the Son among them, and, without breaking pace, they climb aboard a railroad passenger car.

CUT TO:

INT. -- RAILROAD CAR

The troops are sprawled out amidst rifles and packs.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER POV

We see the Son sitting with other marines. Outside nondescript scenery is passing. Marine next to the Son speaks.

FIRST MARINE

(to Son)

What are you gonna do after the war?

SON

(without hesitation)

I'm going to get married and have kids.

First Marine leans over seat and taps one of the men in front of him.

FIRST MARINE

How about you?

SECOND MARINE

I'm going to get married and have kids.

FIRST MARINE

(said as if for the first time)

I'm going to get married and have kids.

Another marine nearby chimes in.

THIRD MARINE

I'm going to be out of work for just a little while right after the war, but then I'm going to get married and have kids.

Another marine speaks, then another, then several together.

FOURTH MARINE

I'm going to get married and have kids.

OTHER MARINES

I'm going to get married and have kids.
I'm going to get married and have kids.
(etc.)

In the midst of this chorus we hear gunfire, and the windows of the train are shot out. The marines grab their rifles and duck for cover. We pull back to see more of the interior of the car under fire. The marines, keeping low, scramble out of their seats and head for each end of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. - RAILROAD CAR

The rails and half the train wheels are under water. The marines emerge from the train doors in a battle charge, jumping into the water as if from the front of a landing craft. We see explosions and hear gunfire. Bullets strike the water around them. They head for shore, D-Day fashion.

MARINE

Hit the beach!

CUT TO:

MARINES

We see the Son and a group of marines as they charge onto the beach. They fall to the ground under heavy fire, jump up and charge forward, fall to the ground again, jump up and, as gunfire fades, find themselves facing a squad of Japanese soldiers, led by an officer with a pistol. The Japanese train their rifles on the Son and his half-dozen companions. One of these marines, who is somewhat older and tougher-looking, is wearing Captain's bars.

JAP OFFICER

(to Marines, in stage-Jap accent)

You plisoner Impelial Japanese Army.

The Japanese soldiers all nod their heads in unison. One of them speaks.

JAP SOLDIER

(with same accent as officer)

We take you plisoner and torture you with hollible Japanese tortures!

The Jap soldiers nod again and another speaks.

SECOND JAP SOLDIER

We ticker you with feather!

THIRD JAP SOLDIER

(to second)

Not hollible enough.

Japanese soldiers, including the officer, all shake their heads "no" and glance disapprovingly at the second Jap soldier, whose face falls.

FOURTH JAP SOLDIER

(enthusiastically)

We stick glass lod up you ling-lang an'
bust it with hammer!

Other Japanese soldiers react with expressions of shock and distaste. They call out simultaneously.

OTHER JAP SOLDIERS

Too hollible!

Too hollible!

JAP OFFICER

(to Marines)

Just the same, you plisoner Impelial
Japanese Army.

The Marine Captain points his rifle at the Japanese. The
Son and other Marines follow suit.

MARINE CAPTAIN

(heroically)

No Japs are taking us prisoner!

JAP OFFICER

(disappointed)

No?

The Japanese officer turns to his men, putting his pistol
back in its holster.

JAP OFFICER

Ah...We lose face.

The Japanese soldiers nod sadly in unison, and lower their rifles. The Jap officer turns back toward the marines. He and his men all kneel in unison, take out knives and commit hara-kiri. (They all fold over forward so that we don't see any blood. In fact, we see no blood during any of the battle scenes or at any other time during this movie.)

CUT TO:

MARINES

The Marine Captain speaks to the group, gesturing with his hand.

MARINE CAPTAIN

Alright, I want you men to fan out
and win the war in the Pacific theater.

CUT TO:

INT. -- WAR PLANT

We see mother punching out at a time clock. She is wearing a chambray jump suit, boots, and a kerchief.

NARRATOR

On the home front, Ohio's defense
plants worked round the clock to supply
the allied armies.

Mother pauses to freshen her makeup while other women workers also punch out.

MOTHER

(to another female worker)

If those fellows in the Axis knew how
much time we spent on these airplanes,
they'd be a little more careful when
they shot them down.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- STREET

Mother is walking through the center of town with her lunch bucket and purse. She sees Father and waves to him. He is a ground spotter, on duty keeping an eye out for enemy vehicles. He wears a heavy overcoat with a CD armband. He peers to the east through binoculars. Then he consults a chart in his hand. There is a definite military snap to his actions.

MOTHER

See any enemy vehicles, honey?

Father puts his binoculars in the case as a second watcher marches up to relieve him. Father salutes his replacement. He takes Mother's arm and walks away.

FATHER

Thought I spotted a Nazi Panther tank, but fortunately it was just a bread truck. I checked and it was one of ours.

CUT TO:

BLACK

We hear the sounds of the family eating dinner in the dark.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Would you like gravy, dear?

We hear the sound of a ladle tapping a plate.

FATHER (O.S.)

Oh, for Pete's sake! You put gravy on my peaches.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

Where's the darn fork? I've been eating with my fountain pen!

DAUGHTER (O.S.)

Why can't we turn the lights on?
I might be eating something I hate!

FATHER (O.S.)

We can't turn the lights on because we're having a blackout, so that enemy planes passing overhead won't see our house.

MOTHER (O.S.)

People are especially vulnerable to air strikes during dinner, sweetie.

DAUGHTER (O.S.)

I hope this stupid war gets over soon! I'm going to be old enough to wear nylon stockings and there won't be any!

FATHER (O.S.)

Our boys overseas need those stockings to give to foreign girls.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- MARINES

We hear the sounds of battle and see the Son and the group of marines led by the Captain, standing on a hilltop with no fortifications or cover. Shells explode and bullets kick up dirt all around them.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT -- CHARGING JAPANESE

Japanese soldiers are charging up a hill from the left. Only twenty or so soldiers are actually needed but the camera should treat them as though they were a horde.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER POV

Same shot with Japanese charging from the right, except now there are Nazi Germans mixed in with the Japs.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER POV

Soldiers are charging straight at the camera and now Korean War vintage Red Chinese are mixed together with the charging Japs and Germans.

CUT TO:

MARINES

The Son and his fellow marines appear to be at the point of exhaustion, besieged from every side.

CAPTAIN

Aw, the hell with it -- let's drop the A-bomb.

Immediately there is a boom and a bright flash from off-camera.

CUT TO:

ENEMY SOLDIERS

They drop their weapons and raise their hands over their heads.

CUT TO:

MARINES

A group of American generals, aides, reporters, and photographers rush into scene. One of the aides carries a flagpole with an American flag. The generals congratulate the marines, the reporters crowd around with pads and pencils at the ready. The photographers snap photos. An aide arranges four marines in the flag raising on Mt. Surabachi pose. The marines all turn their heads to the photographer with big grins. Flash bulbs go off.

CUT TO:

JAPANESE GENERAL

He walks up to the American generals and bows. He hands his sword over to one of the generals.

JAP GENERAL

We sellender.

The American general takes the sword and attempts to break it over his knee. Failing, a reporter takes it from him and propping it against an ammo box, snaps it in two with his foot.

AMERICAN GENERAL

Look, we'd like to pay for the damage we did.

JAP GENERAL

(waving his hands)

No, no.

AMERICAN GENERAL

We insist.

CUT TO:

AIDE

He cups his hand to his mouth and walks through the scene.

AIDE

(loudly)

The war is over. I repeat, the war is over. Everyone please return to civilian life!

CUT TO:

RAILROAD STATION

A troop train steams into the station with servicemen hanging out the windows, waving their caps.

CUT TO:

GIRL FRIEND

She is a blond in this generation and dressed in a fashionable mid-forties look. She is running down the train platform with her arms outstretched, a look of expectant bliss on her face.

CUT TO:

SON

He is hanging off the steps of a still-moving passenger car, searching for someone in the crowd.

CUT TO:

GIRL FRIEND

Running as before.

CUT TO:

SON

Train comes to a stop and he jumps from the step, still looking around. The Girl Friend runs into the frame, embraces the Son, and kisses him passionately.

GIRL FRIEND

(as their lips part)

I'm your fiancée. We'll be getting married right away. Isn't love wonderful?

As the Girl Friend leaves the Son's embrace, a tycoon in a pin-stripe suit comes in from the side, pats the Son on the back and shakes his hand.

TYCOON

Hello there, son. I'm your new boss. I have high hopes for you! You'll be starting at a weekly salary of...

An insurance man with a briefcase and fistful of policies squeezes out the tycoon and takes the Son's hand.

INSURANCE MAN

Hello! I'm with Total Coverage of Ohio. You'll be needing straight life and term...

A car salesman squeezes in and pumps the Son's hand as they begin to move through the station. Behind the Son and moving with him we see the Girl Friend, the tycoon, and the insurance man in lively conversation.

CAR SALESMAN

Can I interest you in a 1946 Fastmobile sedan with four doors...

A man in a white diaper service uniform comes in from the other side.

DIAPER MAN

We pick up soiled diapers on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday...

As the Son, et al., moves down the platform, a crowd gathers around him. His life is quickly and completely planned. An interior decorator shoves a fabric sample book in his face.

INTERIOR DECORATOR

I think you should do the living room in blues...

TAILOR

(taking his sleeve measurement)

Dark suits and white shirts, that's
what the young executive is wearing...

PASTOR

I'll be with you in times of need...

NEWSBOY

Will you be taking weekdays and
Sundays?...

BASEBALL PLAYER

I'm your favorite athlete. You'll be
rooting for me on weekends...

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT -- CALENDAR

We see a calendar with late 1940s design. The illustration
is a black and white photograph of a cityscape circa 1950.
The photo is labeled GREAT DACRON. The calendar leaves
begin to drop off in their usual manner.

NARRATOR

After the war there came a period of
development such as Ohio had never
known...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. -- LIVING ROOM

A middle-aged man and woman are seated in a fifties living
room. He reads the paper. She knits.

NARRATOR

And with this development came certain
growing pains...

A bulldozer comes through the wall and moves across the
living room between the camera and the startled couple.
Behind the bulldozer walks a man with a hardhat and clip-
board. As the bulldozer exits to the right the man in
hardhat shouts cheerily to the couple.

MAN IN HARDHAT

Superhighway coming through!

Behind him a number of workers unroll a cement-colored mat with white lane markers. As the couple stares, cars begin to zoom down this "highway," right through their house.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. -- DOWNTOWN STREET

Another man in a hardhat, but this time wearing a suit and carrying a bullhorn, is standing in the middle of a deserted street.

NARRATOR

A price was paid for progress...

We see some barricades in the background. Behind the barricades are black families carrying baggage.

MAN WITH BULLHORN

Alright! Everybody out of downtown!

There is going to be a slum!

The black families come out from behind the barricades, and begin carrying their belongings into various buildings.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. -- SUPERMARKET

Early fifties supermarket. A sign above one of the aisles reads "SPECIAL BABY BOOM STRAINED ASPARAGUS SALE." The aisles of the supermarket are very crowded with women pushing shopping carts and every single one of these women appears to be in the last week of pregnancy.

NARRATOR

But for most, this was a happy time.
A time to settle down, start a family
and produce yet another new generation
of Ohioans.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSING DEVELOPMENT

The family car, an exaggerated 1959 DeSoto with taller fins, heavier bumpers, more chrome, etc., pulls into the driveway of a new home. It is a brick and frame split level identical to all the others on the block. The front yard is newly sodded with a single tapped sapling guy-wired in the middle. The family gets out of the bloated car and walk up the front walk to the house. This is our fifth generation family. The Grandfather appears to be the previous generation Father, the WWI veteran who was ruined in the stock market crash. There are streaks of blond in his gray hair and he wears a natty but very dated double-breasted suit and an archaic straw boater. The Father is the WWII marine grown up with short red hair. He wears 1950s sports clothes. The Mother appears to be the girl who met her fiancée at the troop train, so she is blond. She's dressed in an updated version of the outfit she had on at the train station, but it doesn't look so chic anymore. The Son is a blond, too, and is playing the bottom of his age range in a polo shirt and jeans with the bottoms rolled up. The Daughter has red hair and is also playing the bottom of her age range. The family strikes an inadvertent portrait pose, giving us a picture of the new generation.

MOTHER

(looking at the house)

It's beautiful! And just like all the others on the block!

FATHER

It's our dream house!

DAUGHTER

Do I have my own dream room with tons of stuffed animals and my own dream telephone?

SON

Can we get a swimming pool? Can I get a dog?

GRANDFATHER

(unenthusiastic)

Where the heck do you catch the street-car around here? Where's the pool hall?

Father leads the family into the house.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

Mother and Father are standing in the kitchen, which is circa mid-50s modern, done in an orgy of pink and black.

MOTHER

This kitchen is so up-to-date and modern that I'll love being a housewife and won't even want a career.

FATHER

Wait'll you see the patio. It's 100% slab concrete!

CUT TO:

EXT. -- PATIO

The neighbors are already on the patio, the barbecue is smoking, a patio party is underway. The men are dressed in cardigan sweaters, sport shirts, and slacks. The women wear pastel dresses and sunglasses. All are smoking cigarettes and holding highball glasses. Father slides open the glass door leading from the house to the patio. He's wearing an apron and chef's hat. He and Mother step out and immediately begin meeting the neighbors.

FATHER

Pleased to meet you! Play golf?

MAN

And bridge.

MOTHER

(to the first of a pair of women)

What a coincidence! That's what we named our two children!

SECOND WOMAN

You don't say! So did we!

Father flips the hamburgers on the grill.

FATHER

(to one of the men)

You like your hamburgers the way I
like mine?

MAN

You bet.

Grandfather opens the glass door and shuffles out onto the patio. He is ill-at-ease as he works his way through the party to the barbecue grill. No one acknowledges him. He taps Father's shoulder.

GRANDFATHER

Excuse me, son.

Father finishes his drink and sets it down.

FATHER

Yeah, Dad?

GRANDFATHER

(matter of fact)

I'm going to leave now. I'm going to
go off to a nursing home and die.

FATHER

(concerned momentarily)

Gee, Dad...Don't do that...

(pauses)...

Why don't you go off to Florida and
die.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- AUTO

The family car cruises down the highway with various outdoor
fun gear and luggage neatly packed on the luggage rack.

CUT TO:

INT. -- AUTO

The inside of the car is far bigger than real life. Father is driving. Mother is some distance away at the passenger window. Between them is a large pile of travel comforts. The Son is resting his chin on the back of the front seat. The Daughter is standing on the monstrous backseat twirling her hula hoop.

MOTHER

I hope everyone went to the bathroom before we left.

SON

Hey, Dad, when will we have bathrooms in cars?

FATHER

We have to orbit a Sputnik first.

DAUGHTER

I have to go to the bathroom.

Father cuts the wheel.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- GAS STATION

The family car pulls in. A crew of attendants in white military-like uniforms descend upon the car washing the windshield, checking the oil, buffing the tires like shoe-shine boys, picking bugs off the grill, etc. Mother and the Daughter get out. An attendant starts handing items in the window to Father.

ATTENDANT

Here're your stamps, milk glasses, combs for the gentlemen, rain bonnets for the gals; you won our Hawaiian Billionaire game, here are your pineapples and your Hall of Fame placemats.

Mother and Daughter get back into the car. Father gives the attendant a one-dollar bill and receives his change.

FATHER

We're headed up to the lake. Do I stay on the superhighway?

ATTENDANT

Runs right into it!

CUT TO:

BEACH

The family car pulls up onto the beach. The family gets out dressed in mid-fifties swim garb and walks into a sea of untanned bodies.

CUT TO:

FAMILY

MOTHER

(to children)

When you go in the water remember to have fun. Safe fun. That's the best fun. But you can't go in yet, not for another hour because we just ate. When you do go in, remember, no deeper than your knees. And don't fall down. If you do fall down, don't get any water in your mouths. It's filthy -- fish piddle in it. Keep your life jackets on and your water wings and your nose plugs. Water is fun but it's not for playing. It can be very dangerous.

(pause)

In fact, maybe it's too dangerous. Why don't we go for a walk in the woods?

The family issues a collective sigh of relief as they turn around and walk up a hiking trail into the woods.

CUT TO:

REVERSE

The family walks through the woods in their swimming suits, the Daughter carrying a purse over her forearm.

FATHER

You know, if I were the State of Ohio, I'd tear down all these woods so people could see the lake without having to look through all these darn trees. Then I'd lay down some black-top so people could enjoy the forest from the comfort of their cars.

MOTHER

Well, what shall we do for family fun this evening?

FATHER

I thought we'd drive up to the dump and watch the bears eat garbage. It would give the kids a chance to observe bears in their natural state.

SON

I'd rather mope around the cabin.

DAUGHTER

OW! A mosquito just bit my purse!

DISSOLVE TO:

FAMILY CAR

The family car is on the highway, returning home. The vacation gear and suitcases on the luggage rack are bedraggled and falling off, and things are hanging out of the trunk.

CUT TO:

FAMILY HOUSE

The car pulls into the driveway. The landscape plantings are more mature than when we first saw them, and the sapling has grown. The family gets out, and the Son is now dressed in khaki pants, white shirt, penny loafers -- his school clothes. He carries a notebook and a textbook. He waves to the family as he hurries to the curb, where a school bus pulls up.

CUT TO:

MOTHER AND FATHER

Father puts his arm around Mother. She is sad and misty-eyed. He gives her a comforting squeeze.

FATHER

Well, today our little boy starts high school.

MOTHER

(weepy)

It seems like just a few months ago he was in the eighth grade.

CUT TO:

HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY

The Son walks down the hall of a suburban high school. He is dwarfed by seven-foot, mature, adult seniors and their girl friends. A fat kid his own age approaches him.

BEST FRIEND

I'll be your best friend. We'll do everything together until we go to college. After that we won't see each other again until summer and by then we'll be too different to be friends anymore. I'll think you're an asshole and you'll think I'm an asshole. Okay?

A loud, clanging bell sounds. The Son enters a school room.

CUT TO:

HOME ROOM CLASS

A matronly teacher is standing at the head of the class. The Son slips into a seat.

TEACHER

Welcome to high school. We ask the impossible and expect it on time with your name in the upper right hand corner. We sincerely hope that these four years of embarrassment, fear, hurt feelings, broken hearts,

TEACHER (cont'd)

and alienation will prepare you for
a happy and productive adult life.

The bell rings. The Son gets out of his seat and heads for
the door. He now is carrying three textbooks.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY

As the Son is working his way through the giants to his next
class, his Best Friend approaches him and chucks him on the
shoulder.

BEST FRIEND

Hey, you wanna go out tonight and be
chronic troublemakers?

SON

Sure.

BEST FRIEND

We'll make our dads come down to the
police station in their pajama tops
and threaten to send us to military
school.

SON

Or talk to a minister, anyway.

The bell rings.

BEST FRIEND

I gotta go flunk American History.

The kid peels off and disappears. The Son ducks into his
classroom.

CUT TO:

ENGLISH CLASS

The teacher is preppy and prissy. He is making a strong point.
Behind him on the blackboard is a complex sentence diagram.

ENGLISH TEACHER

The real world is tough on people who
can't diagram a sentence.

The bell rings. The Son gets up and heads for the door. His
stack of books has continued to grow.

CUT TO:

SON

He hurries into the gym locker room.

CUT TO:

GYM

He rushes out of the locker room into the gym dressed in his
shorts and gym shirt. A basketball is passed to him. He
clumsily dribbles across the basketball court, bouncing the
ball head high. When he gets to the basket, he stops and
then does an ungraceful, girlish lay-up, jumping up and
kicking a leg out. The hoop is twenty feet above the ground
and the ball just barely rebounds off the bottom of the back-
board. The bell rings and the Son rushes back across the
court and into the locker room.

CUT TO:

SHOWER

We see only a tiled room filled with steam.

DEEP MALE VOICES

Ha! Ha! Ha! No pubic hair!

The Son, very embarrassed, hurries out of the shower, cover-
ing his groin.

CUT TO:

LOCKER ROOM DOOR

The Son comes out of the locker room, dressed, carrying even
more textbooks, and heads across the hall. The students in
the hall are now all his same size. The bell rings.

CUT TO:

STUDY HALL

A teacher stands at the head of the class.

STUDY HALL TEACHER

(sternly)

This is a study hall. The girls will pass notes and write their boyfriend's names in their books. The fellas will draw Corvettes and try to make their pals laugh.

The teacher sits down. The bell rings.

CUT TO:

CAFETERIA

The Son walks in the door of the cafeteria. He sets a tray on his large stack of books and walks down the serving counters. Various unsavory foods are heaped onto the tray so that by the end of the line he has a huge disgusting meal. He picks up the tray and walks over to the nearest table and sits down. Across from him is a moderately cute girl with a flip hairdo and V-neck sweater worn without a blouse. She smiles.

GIRL

Hi! I'll be your girl friend.

She pulls the neck of the sweater and the top of her bra down with one motion of her right hand exposing a breast. She reaches across the table, takes the Son's hand and places it on the breast.

GIRL

You can touch my boob. But that's all!

(pauses with Son's hand still in place)

Unless you get me drunk. Or you promise to marry me. Or we go skinny dipping.

(pauses again)

But I'll probably save myself for a guy with a car.

The bell rings.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY

The Son comes out of the cafeteria and is greeted by his Best Friend. They are now much taller and older than the other students in the hall.

BEST FRIEND

(soberly)

You know, pretty soon we're going to be torn from everything that's familiar to us and all the people we love; we'll leave the warmth and security of our families...

SON

Thank Christ!

The bell rings. The Son waves good-bye to the Best Friend and goes into a classroom.

CUT TO:

CLASSROOM

A very serious, older male teacher is standing at the head of the class. The students are seated with blue test booklets before them.

TEACHER

These test scores will determine the entire course of your adult life and how pretty the girl you marry is.
Good luck.

The students open the booklets. The bell rings. They close the booklets.

CUT TO:

PODIUM

The Son in cap and gown sets his huge stack of books down and accepts a diploma from a distinguished-looking gray-haired principal, also in cap and gown. "Pomp and Circumstance" plays in the background.

PRINCIPAL

Congratulations. You may now ask your father for \$25,000 to attend the college of your choice.

CUT TO:

SCHOOL BUS

It stops in front of the family's house. The doors open and the Son steps out in his cap and gown, diploma in hand. The tree on the front lawn has again grown larger. Father walks up and puts his arm around the Son. Mother rushes up, taking snapshots.

MOTHER

(to Son)

Look thankful to your parents and teachers for all the support and encouragement they gave you.

CUT TO:

INT. -- LIVING ROOM

Mother, Son, and Father are coming in the front door.

MOTHER

Be sure to hang up your cap and gown so it won't get wrinkled for college graduation and graduate school graduation and law school graduation and med school graduation and...

CUT TO:

DINING ROOM

Mother, Father, Son and Daughter are finishing a meal.

FATHER

(to Son)

I suppose you'll want to go into business...

MOTHER

And politics...

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FATHER

Engineering...

MOTHER

And science...

DAUGHTER

And marry a girl who's got a rich brother.

Mother gets up from the table.

MOTHER

I'd better go sew name tags in your
underwear for college.

Father pushes back his chair.

FATHER

Think I'll go watch college football...

(nods significantly to son)

The way you'll be playing it this
time next year.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. -- COLLEGE CAMPUS

We see the Son, looking a little older now and dressed in collegiate clothes circa 1965, and a beanie with "FROSH" lettered on it. He is standing in the middle of a typical college dorm room of the sixties surrounded by luggage. Two other students, similar in type to the Son, are sitting on beds in the room, drinking beer and smoking cigarettes. The first student pulls a beer out of a six pack and offers it to the Son.

FIRST STUDENT

Have a beer!

One of the other students offers him a cigarette.

SECOND STUDENT

Smoke a cigarette!

The Son accepts the beer and cigarette. The third student gives him a light. He sips the beer with a grimace and puffs awkwardly on the cigarette.

SON

I feel more mature already.

He takes off the beanie and tosses it on the bed.

FIRST AND SECOND STUDENTS

(together)

Right!

SECOND STUDENT

Let's pledge a fraternity!

FIRST AND SECOND STUDENTS

(together)

Yeah!

SON

I don't know. I've got to go...think about life.

CUT TO:

COFFEE HOUSE

We see the Son in a typical mid-sixties coffee house. A folky type in work shirt and jeans with medium-long hair and a scarf around his neck approaches the Son and offers him a joint.

FOLKIE

Here, try this. It'll make you wear work shirts and play a twelve-string guitar.

The Son takes a drag, blanches a little, then smiles appreciatively.

SON

Whew!

The Son takes off his collegiate button-down shirt and we see that he has a blue work shirt on beneath it. One of the coffee house customers hands him a John Lennon cap, which he puts on, and another customer hands him a twelve-string guitar. He pulls out a chair and begins to play and sing to a simple moaning tune.

SON

(singing)

I been travelin' them dusty roads,
I seen hate, I seen defiance,
Lookin' for freedom, lookin' for love,
Lookin' for a B. A. in Political Science.

The Girl Friend, in black tights and short skirt, sits down beside the Son as he strums chords. She is a brunette in this generation and her hair is worn long and straight. She looks fondly at the Son and he returns her look.

GIRL FRIEND

You're so sensitive. Let's go to
my off campus apartment and read
to each other from Kahlil Gibran's
The Prophet.

CUT TO:

STUDIO APARTMENT

The Son and the Girl Friend are in an apartment of the type that hip girls had in the middle-sixties. There's an old brass bed, a lot of paperbacks, Mateus bottles with candles in them, and Picasso prints on the walls. They stand by the side of the bed as they get undressed and look longingly at each other.

GIRL FRIEND

You should let your hair grow. You'd
look more like Richard and Mimi Farina.

They finish undressing and tumble into bed rolling around over each other and tangling themselves in the bedclothes.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE -- DIFFERENT ANGLE

We now see the Son and the Girl Friend from the other side of the bed. The Son disentangles himself and sits up. His hair is now much longer. And he has a huge grin on his face. Girl Friend smiles sleepily from the bed. He swings his legs over the side of the bed and begins to dress from a pile of clothes at his feet. These clothes are hippie-style -- bell bottoms, Mexican peasant shirt, sandals, etc. As he dresses he glances at a clock on the bedside table.

SON

Uh, oh, I've got to get to class late.

CUT TO:

CLASSROOM

A young, serious-looking bearded professor is standing at the front of the class. Several hip-looking students stand around him. Son among them.

PROFESSOR

(pointing to list of names on blackboard)

For tomorrow I want you to read Marx, Engels, Trotsky, Lenin, Sartre, Camus, and The Hobbit.

STUDENT

Sir, will reading these things make me feel like a real fascist pig because my parents have a colored cleaning lady?

PROFESSOR

Sure.

SECOND STUDENT

Will I be able to understand the lyrics on the Beatles' White Album?

PROFESSOR

(nods) Uh-huh.

Professor looks at his watch.

PROFESSOR

Class dismissed. Remember, Friday we have a quiz on avoiding the draft.

CUT TO:

HIPPIE PAD

We see the Son in a late-sixties commune. A number of hippies are sitting around on the floor, among them the Girl Friend, who is now dressed in more extreme hippie girl fashion. She pops a sugar cube in the Son's mouth.

GIRL FRIEND

We're taking LSD.

The Son swallows the cube, a glazed look comes into his eyes and takes off his shirt. The Girl Friend puts a string of beads around his neck and hands him a fringed vest.

HIPPIE

It destroys your ego!

SECOND HIPPIE

It lets you see God!

THIRD HIPPIE

And it makes you dress even weirder than you do already!

Camera moves in for a tight shot of Son's head.

SON

I feel like painting my face.

He reaches up from out of the frame with both hands and pulls his fingers along his cheeks leaving smears of bright paint.

CUT TO:

EXT. -- FRONT YARD

Son is in front of a ramshackle house that has been painted up with various mandalas and other psychedelic decorations. A white-robed and bearded old guru takes him by the arm.

GURU

Now here's some really nutty stuff to believe...

The universe is contained within a giant clam. You'll live forever. And you actually have three legs.

CUT TO:

INT. -- DINING ROOM

The Son enters the dining room where Father, Mother, and Daughter are in the midst of dinner. There is an empty place set for him. The Son, in beads, long hair, face paint, etc., looking the perfect fool, sits down at the table. For a moment the family doesn't notice him. Then his Mother looks over. Her eyes widen with shock at his appearance and she shrieks in horror. His Father looks at him and explodes with anger.

FATHER

What the hell are you?!!

SON

(with lack of confidence)

I, uh, changed my lifestyle.

MOTHER

Well you just go upstairs and change it right back!

FATHER

(very angry)

This is the most disgusting thing I've ever seen in my entire life! You're a Communist and a queer.

SON

(stung)

I'm not a Communist.

MOTHER

(to Son)

Are you a queer, honey?

The Daughter breaks into a fit of younger sister hysteria, ostensibly because her parents are yelling but actually because she's not the center of attention.

DAUGHTER

(frantically)

I can't stand it! I can't stand it!
I'm going in the bathroom and commit
suicide with Bufferin!

She storms out of the room. Mother gets up to follow her. She has evidently been through this before.

MOTHER

(to Father)

Honey, call the stomach pump people.
The number's right by the phone.

Father ignores his wife and continues yelling at the Son.

FATHER

I'll give you to the count of three
to change the way you look, talk, act,
think, and get rid of all your friends!

CUT TO:

EXT. -- FRONT DOOR

We hold on the front door.

FATHER (O.S.)

One!

(pause)

Two!

(pause)

Three!

On the count of three we see the front door open and the Son fly out headlong onto the lawn. We see that the tree in front of the house is now nearly mature. As the Son picks himself up a Volkswagen bus full of hippies, the Girl Friend among them, pulls up to the curb.

GIRL FRIEND

(leaning out window)

We went on a search for America.

HIPPIE

(from inside bus)

And we found it, too!

SECOND HIPPIE

It was all over the place!

The Son, still a bit dazed, gets into the Volkswagen bus next to his Girl Friend. We hear the narrator's voice as the bus pulls away.

NARRATOR

It was an exciting time for Ohio.
The Youth Generation was transforming society...

CUT TO:

EXT. -- STREET

We see the Son and Girl Friend on a busy downtown street giving their possessions to bemused and reluctant passersby. The Son is taking bills out of his wallet and pressing them into the hand of a passing businessman. The Girl Friend is taking off her turquoise jewelry and thrusting it at a middle-aged woman. The response of both recipients is confused. They take the gifts as if they don't want to but think they should.

SON

Let me give you all my money

GIRL FRIEND

Please, take my Indian jewelry.

Son takes off his fringed vest and gives it to another incredulous businessman. Girl Friend takes off her sandals and hands them to a somewhat revolted matron.

SON

Here, here's my hippie vest.

GIRL FRIEND

I want you to have my sandals.

NARRATOR

Values altered...

CUT TO:

INT. -- CITY BUS

Son and Girl Friend are naked on a city bus. They are sitting with calm composure while the other bus riders gawk.

NARRATOR

Sexual mores changed...

CUT TO:

EXT. -- SLUM STREET

The street is crowded with angry, chanting blacks.

CROWD

Burn!

Burn!

Burn!

NARRATOR

Minorities found new pride.

The camera picks out the Son and Girl Friend in the forefront of the crowd, both made up in black face. They too are chanting.

SON AND GIRL FRIEND

Burn! Burn! Burn!

CUT TO:

TIGHT -- BLACK MAN

BLACK MAN

Burn the city!

CUT TO:

TIGHT -- ANOTHER BLACK MAN

SECOND BLACK MAN

BURN the country!

CUT TO:

TIGHT -- SON

The son wipes the blackface off his features with one wipe of his hand.

SON

(squeaky voice, in contrast to deep
angry black voices before)

Burn my draft card!

The camera pulls back and we see that the crowd is now made up of young white anti-war protesters. Son and Girl Friend are now dressed in typical demonstrator clothes.

CROWD

Hell, no! We won't...

There is a pause in the noise as the protesters appear perplexed about the last word in their chant.

DIFFERENT CROWD MEMBERS

(all at once)

...join

...enlist

...get drafted

NARRATOR

(over continuing crowd noise)

The concepts of duty and courage were redefined...

The camera follows a surge in the crowd of yelling demonstrators, which brings into view a group of women protesters, the Girl Friend among them. They are burning their brassieres. The Son runs up to his Girl Friend, holding his draft card to her burning lingerie. Camera moves in on the two of them.

SON

Let me get a light off your bra.

NARRATOR

Women sought equality in life and work...

The draft card goes up in flames, the camera pulls back, and we see the crowd of demonstrators march toward a line of soldiers who hold their rifles at the ready.

CUT TO:

TIGHT SHOT -- LINE OF SOLDIERS

The Son and Girl Friend are thrusting long-stemmed daisies into the soldiers' rifle barrels.

NARRATOR

And the government itself was shaken by turmoil as opposing moralities clashed.

The rifles, pointed upwards with the flowers in them, go off in unison causing the Son and Girl Friend and other demonstrators to jump back in terror. The crowd of protesters with the Son in the forefront freezes for a beat, suddenly silent. The Son steps forward slightly from the crowd, clasps his hands in front of him, and rocks on his feet in a posture of feigned normalcy.

SON

(trying to sound composed)

Yes...um...well...

Son turns to the crowd of stunned demonstrators.

SON

Uh, folks...I, um, just had a thought. That is...Well...

(pauses)

What are we all going to do for a living?

The Son shrugs and smiles nervously as a groan goes up from the crowd and the demonstrators begin trying to make their appearance more conventional: Boys are trying to push their long hair up under their hats, girls start applying makeup, everyone begins taking beads and slogan buttons off. One male demonstrator leans over and looks in a girl's compact mirror.

DEMONSTRATOR

Eeeeeek! I'm an adult!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. -- FAMILY HOUSE

Some time has passed. The tree in the yard is very large. The roof of the house has been redone in shake shingles. The Son is standing at the door. He's wearing an overcoat and suit and playing the top of his age-range. His hair is cut and styled. It is starting to thin.

CUT TO:

INT. -- LIVING ROOM

A few of the fifties furnishings remain, like the Danish modern dining set. The couches have been replaced with a "conversation pit." There are plants everywhere. A soft rock tune is playing on the stereo. The Son steps into the house. Father is wearing camel pants, Italian loafers, an open-collar shirt, and a gold chain. His hair is longer and there are some gray streaks in the red. He gives the Son a soul shake, gripping his thumb and twisting it side to side. Mother walks in from the kitchen wearing spike heels, designer jeans, a silk blouse, and very blond permed hair. Even so, she is beginning to look old. She is holding a glass of white wine.

SON

(proudly)

Guess what? I got married. I cut my hair...

(he lifts the short hair around his ears)

...and I have a job now.

FATHER

That's super. Listen, I'm glad you came by. Your Mom and I have been wanting to talk to you.

MOTHER

(slightly uncomfortable with modern lingo)

We wanted to share our space with your space.

FATHER

(hesitating, bows head, then looks up)

Mother and I are getting a divorce.

MOTHER

(breaks unpleasant calm with cheerful voice)

Freaky, huh?

FATHER

I'm moving out to the coast to find out
who I am and explore my inner potential.

MOTHER

(proud)

I'm going to become a person.

FATHER

(taking the edge off the announcement)

Hey, we tried pot!

The Daughter, dressed in pegged jeans, cowboy boots, western
shirt, and with her hair cut very short and severe, walks
into the room.

DAUGHTER

(throws arms up)

Isn't this the worst? I planned to live
at home for the rest of my life and now
I don't know which home to live at!

(pauses)

They tried pot, you know.

The Son stands up. He is uneasy. He puts on his coat.

SON

Well, I better go now. We're going
to be starting a family...

(he looks at his watch out of nervousness)

...uh, pretty soon. So, I'll see you...
later.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT SHOT -- CALENDAR

This time the calendar is contemporary. The picture is a
color photograph of a cityscape showing tall modern sky-
scrapers with slum buildings in the foreground. The label
reads DACRON-DAYTON-COLUMBUS-AKRON URBAN REDEVELOPMENT AREA.
The calendar pages fall off the same way they have before.

NARRATOR

The years passed. Life went on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. -- LAWN

We see a man and woman in late middle age on the small tidy lawn of their contemporary Colonial bungalow. The man is watering the lawn and the woman is standing by him with a pair of trimming shears. This scene takes place in the near future but the only indication of that should be in minor details such as a clear plastic garden house, perhaps, and a somewhat novel design to the edge clippers. Also the couple should be wearing the kind of clothes that are fashionable now among people about thirty.

A missile nose cone about the size of a steamer trunk lands on the couple's driveway with a clunk and bounces onto the grass. The nose cone is labeled CCCP and bears a prominent hammer and sickle.

NARRATOR

Sometimes the world seemed like it was headed for destruction...

WOMAN

Oh, no! It's World War Three!!

MAN

Again?

He turns the hose on the nose cone and the warhead sizzles briefly.

NARRATOR

...but it wasn't.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. -- ICE HOCKEY RINK

An entire symphony orchestra is skating around an ice hockey rink, playing their instruments (the kettle drum legs, cellos spikes, etc., are equipped with runners to facilitate this), while the conductor skates backwards in front of them. A black-tie audience applauds.

NARRATOR

New art forms were popularized...

DISSOLVE TO:

HI-FI STORE

The scene also is a few years in the future. This is indicated by the electronic gadgets for sale, which have a 1980 hi-tech look but more so. The store manager is a little dumpy guy with a cigar. He is pantomiming a sale to a Latin teenager, who is wearing something outlandish. The object being sold is a breast plate apparatus with a miniature TV set mounted on braces projecting from the chest so that the television screen is right in front of the teenager's face and blocks his vision.

NARRATOR

New industries were founded...

New products were developed...

The teen is very pleased with his new possession and feels his way out of the store.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. -- LIVING ROOM

We see our sixth generation family in the living room of their modest home, decorated in a cold mix of high-tech and traditional with a fireplace, love seats, chrome and glass table. The Father appears to be the ex-hippie. His blond hair is thinning and he is wearing an unconstructed suit with very narrow lapels, open tab collar shirt, and turtleneck. The Mother, the ex-hippie Girl Friend, has brown hair, still worn long as it was in her college days. She wears a very stark, simple business suit with trousers, shirt, tie askew, and high-heeled, open-toed wingtip shoes. The Son, playing the bottom of his age range, is dressed in jeans with ballet leg warmers, a shirt with a tank top over it, and a bicycle racing helmet. The Daughter, playing the bottom of her age range, has corn-row braided brown hair, tennis skirt over a pair of jeans, and clear plastic cowboy boots with blue heels.

NARRATOR

And new children were born, to grow to adulthood in the Ohio of the future.

Father is tearing out rungs from the staircase and feeding the fire. The Mother is going through her briefcase as she sits before the fire and tosses in her unwanted papers, warming her hands. The Daughter sits cross-legged in a chair eating cereal from a box, twirling her hair around her finger and wiggling her foot rapidly. The Son stands before a giant screen TV with his nose nearly touching it, holding the remote control device switching the channels over and over and over. The Father tosses a stack of woodwork into the fire and turns cheerfully to Mother. He slaps his hands together and grins.

FATHER

I'll bet you can't guess what happened to me today?

MOTHER

(disinterested)

You had another stroke.

FATHER

Nope! I got a promotion!

Mother looks up at him for a moment then goes back to her briefcase.

MOTHER

How can you get a promotion? You're unemployed.

Father hems and haws. He tears out another stair rung and cracks it over his knee.

FATHER

Well I'm not as unemployed as I was.

The Mother rolls her eyes. The Daughter drops her cereal box on the floor and sits forward in her chair.

DAUGHTER

(to Mother)

You bought me the wrong Kind of Frisbee boots. The heels are blue! They make me feel really fuckin' silly!

Mother continues leafing through her papers. She speaks to the Daughter without looking up or paying much attention.

MOTHER

You can get new ones.

(afterthought)

I love you.

DAUGHTER

You're a dumb tit!

The Son turns away from the TV set with a scowling face.

SON

What are you guys going to do about the neutron power plant they're building in the lake? Just let it fuck up my food?

MOTHER

(matter-of-factly)

Shut up.

Mother reaches into her briefcase and pulls out two fistfuls of yellow paper currency.

MOTHER

(to Father)

Which money did they discontinue?

The Father answers with his back to the Mother as he strips the last of the rungs off the stairs.

FATHER

Yellow.

MOTHER

Oh fuck! I used all our new money to plug a hole in the solar collector.

Father turns with an armload of wood.

FATHER

I'll go to the store and get
some tomorrow.

The Daughter leans back in her chair and smiles snottily.

DAUGHTER

(to Mother)

You know what Daddy did? He took a bath
with Judy Taggart.

The Mother looks up at Father. He nervously attempts to
explain himself.

FATHER .

We didn't take a bath. We sat in the
sauna tub and talked.

MOTHER

Did she blow you?

FATHER

(startled)

Honey! The kids...

MOTHER

What? They know what a blowjob is.

(to kids)

Don't you?

The Daughter takes her fist and beats it up and down in her
lap.

SON

(to Daughter)

No! You use your mouth!

The Son opens his mouth and bobs his head up and down. Mother
stands up and empties the yellow money into the fireplace.
She turns to the camera and speaks directly to the Viewer.

MOTHER

I really love my family. And I love my kids. Oh, sometimes I get a little pissed at what they did to my body. I didn't nurse them though, so my jugs are still real firm.

(she spreads her suit coat lapels, cups her breasts, and jostles them)

I did get some stretch marks so I can wear a string anymore. But I can't blame the kids for that. I'm the one who forgot to put in my cervical cap.

The camera pans to the Son. He turns from the TV. Behind him we see a clip of two naked men in a boxing ring fighting each other with squash rackets.

SON

(to camera)

When I grow up I want to be a gay. My teacher says gays are better people because they're more sensitive and caring and they know how to love better. My Mother wants me to be a government agency head, but I won't do it because I can't read and I hate to go outside.

He turns back to the TV and starts switching channels again. The camera pans across to the Daughter.

DAUGHTER

(to camera)

I'm going to sue my parents. I have a real cute lawyer and he thinks we have an excellent case. He's going to subpoena my parents' financial records to determine how much of their net income is going to my support. He'd like to set a precedent, you know, so other kids like me won't get fucked over by selfish parents. I figure if we win and my parents have to pay a lot of punitive damages, I will be really rich by the time I'm sexually active.

The camera pans up from the Daughter to the Father. He has torn down a section of the mantle and as he talks, he breaks off pieces and tosses them into the fire. The family gathers around him with Mother and Daughter on one side and the Son on the other, not so much to be close to him as to keep warm.

FATHER

(to camera)

I'm very optimistic about the future. We have a great state government. Terrific athletic teams. We've learned that we don't need to be number one in the world. Number five is just fine. We're eating plankton and krill -- there's loads of that stuff. And there's synthetic beer.

Father puts his hands in his pockets and rocks back on his heels.

FATHER

I think everything's going to work out fine.

Father pauses as camera moves in on his face.

FATHER

I really do.

DISSOLVE TO:

TIGHT SHOT -- CALENDAR

The calendar has the same form but its look is now quite futuristic. It is printed on a shiny iridescent plastic. The numbers and lettering, although they are in the places where they would be expected to be on a calendar, are now incomprehensible symbols, part cuneiform and part computer markings. The illustration is a color hologram like a Japanese 3-D postcard. The picture is of a very futuristic

city skyline. Calendar pages, however, fall off in the same way they have before, with increasing speed as the narrator speaks.

NARRATOR

Time continued its inexorable progression.
Millenia passed, then epochs and eras.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. -- CITYSCAPE

We see a towering futuristic cityscape like that depicted on the calendar but more exaggerated. It is all very odd and very beautiful. A smooth trough, something like a road and something like a culvert, leads from the distance into a plazalike open space in the foreground. Down this trough we see a large levitating vehicle moving noiselessly in our direction.

NARRATOR

And in the Ohio of a distant age,
life continued to evolve.

The vehicle pulls into the foreground and its sides open up. The passengers emerge into the plaza. They are giant beetles, crickets, and pill-bugs in suits and ties with briefcases and hats all talking to each other in clicks and buzzes. The camera pulls back and up from this scene until we lose sight of the city and can see the earth's curvature and then the whole earth.

NARRATOR

The earth continued to turn on its
axis...

We continue our pull back until we lose sight of the earth in the sun and then until the sun is only one of many stars.

NARRATOR

The stars continued to age...

We pull back even farther until the stars are only tiny points of light and then these tiny points of light begin to disperse and spread out across the screen.

NARRATOR

And the solar system continued to expand...

The points of light continue to disperse until only a few are left on screen.

NARRATOR

Until the end of time.

One by one the remaining stars go out with a sound like a lit cigarette being doused in a cup of coffee. Hold on black screen for three beats.

ROLL END CREDITS