

BLACK CAP #1 script – “The Future” (4 Dec 01)

By Robert Morales

Page 1:

1) INSET:

CLOSE ON the carefree, grinning faces of ISAIAH and FAITH BRADLEY, newlyweds in their late teens. Isaiah is a large, *very* black man with round features; Faith is slightly more light-skinned, almost a foot shorter, with thin, sharply animated features. Isaiah wears a fedora; Faith wears a smart little church hat with a stylish veil. They’re both **front-lit** as they look right at us, yelling—

ISAIAH & FAITH: **CHEEEESE!!!**

2) PULL BACK:

EXT. 1939 WORLD’S FAIR—DAY:

It’s July, 1940, in Queens, New York. We’re at the entrance to the AMERICAN ART TODAY building. The smartly dressed-up Isaiah and Faith are taking the business card of a black street PHOTOGRAPHER with a period black-and-white camera, dwarfed by the AUGUSTA SAVAGE SCULPTURE behind them, “The Harp”: Huge black figures in the oversized hand of God. (Many a black visitor to the Fair would stop and get photographed with this piece.) We will see the Bradley’s photo in **Black Cap #6**.

CAPTION #1: QUEENS, NEW YORK. JULY, 1940.

CAPTION (script) #2: That day was pretty much our *honeymoon*. We had our picture taken on the corner of *Rainbow Avenue*.

Pages 2 and 3:

PANORAMIC SPREAD:

It’s a glorious day. We see Isaiah and Faith in f.g., arms linked, very much in love and strolling awestruck through the Fair. Surrounding them is an unusually RACIALLY-MIXED CROWD—at least to our notion of 1940 America. We see black and white couples and families, but no *mixed* couples or families. We see balloon vendors and the like.

Democracity (as the main Fair site called itself) is a retro-scifi Art Deco landscape, the kind of thing you expect in *Tom Strong* or *Astro City*, but can’t really believe existed—let alone in the past. Everything is huge: In the left-hand b.g., we see a line of buildings starting with the AMERICA AT HOME building, receding

down the Avenue of Patriots toward the PERISPHERE and TRYLON looming in far b.g.

On the **upper-right corner** of **page 3** is a **caption**:

CAPTION (**script**): The World's Fair had declared a *Negro Week*. A whopping 75¢ admission could buy you the dream of *equality* for a whole day...

Page 4

1) MEDIUM CLOSE on Isaiah and Faith as they walk with the crowds. Isaiah's head, pokerfaced, tilts toward Faith's as she talks.

On the **upper-left corner** of **panel 1** is a **caption**:

CAPTION (**script**): That is, until somebody decided it *didn't*.

FAITH: ISAIAH, DID YOU HEAR THAT W.E.B. DU BOIS *HIMSELF* IS SUPPOSED TO BE TALKING HERE TODAY?

ISAIAH: YEAH, BABY? WHAT'S THE MAN SUPPOSED TO BE SAYING?

2) ISAIAH'S POV—CLOSE on Faith, looking up to give him a stunningly wicked look, slightly less effective than a punch to the heart.

FAITH: OH, IT'S ABOUT HOW NEGROES HAVE TO LEARN THEIR PLACE, AND HOW WE HAVE TO *GIVE UP* ON OUR HOPES TO OURSELVES... YOU KNOW HOW HE IS.

3) CLOSE on Isaiah and Faith staring each other down.

4) SAME as **preceding panel**—but they're both cracking up.

ISAIAH: I *SWEAR*, FAITH—YOU'RE LUCKY YOU FINALLY GOT YOURSELF A MAN THAT DON'T TAKE YOU *SERIOUS*.

Page 5:

1) TOP PANEL:

FACING Faith and Isaiah in extreme f.g.—Faith's in panel left punching a hunching Isaiah on the shoulder in panel right.

Filling the b.g. between them is the Fair's famous PARACHUTE JUMP.

FAITH: *HA. HA.* AND IT'S "SERIOUSLY"!

ISAIAH: DON'T KILL ME, BABY!

On the **lower-right corner** of **panel 1** is a **caption**:

CAPTION (script): By this time, we'd wandered into what they called the *Amusement Area* of the Fair.

2) FULL SHOT:

In panel left, a CROWD is gathered around a girlie show joint called CLASSY LADIES. There's a naked female MANNEQUIN with painted nipples out in front, with a ticket-selling BARKER at a podium to its left. (The Amusement Area was basically the Fair's carny, constantly raided by cops.)

In panel right, an astonished Faith and a delighted Isaiah.

On the **upper-right corner** of **panel 2** is a **caption**:

CAPTION (script): This part wasn't so *high-minded*.

BARKER: STEP ON **UP**, EVERYBODY! INSIDE SHE'S **REAL**. ONLY 15 CENTS, AND **YOU** CAN BEAR WITNESS TO A **BEVY** OF INTERNATIONAL **BEAUTIES** IN THEIR NATURAL SPLENDOR!

FAITH: WHAT IN THE WORLD—?

ISAIAH: GIRL, STANDS TO REASON—

3) Isaiah and Faith stand before the Barker, who looks nervous. Oblivious, Isaiah's digging into his pants pocket for change.

ISAIAH (2 balloons):

a) EVEN **THE FUTURE** HAS TO HAVE A BAD PART OF TOWN!

b) WE'LL TAKE TWO TICKETS, PLEASE.

BARKER: **UH**, HOLD ON THERE, SON!

4) BOTTOM PANEL:

THREE SHOT—Isaiah, Faith & the Barker:

Like a perverse Norman Rockwell *Saturday Evening Post* cover, the Barker leans down to them, hand to his mouth in an obvious whisper. Isaiah and Faith look disbelieving.

BARKER (*whisper balloon*): I CAN'T LET YOU IN.

ISAIAH: WHY NOT? OUR MONEY'S GOOD!

Page 6:

1) TOP PANEL:

SAME as **preceding panel**, but now their eyes are different: The Barker has a pleading look—he doesn't want any trouble. Isaiah's eyes are flaring and Faith looks dismayed.

BARKER (*whisper balloon*): COME ON, SON, DON'T BE THAT WAY.

ISAIAH: WHY NOT? YOU AIN'T GIVE ME A REASON. IT'S *NEGRO WEEK*, RIGHT?

2) ISAIAH'S POV—CLOSE on the Barker's pleading face: He *really* doesn't want trouble.

BARKER (*whisper balloon*): YEAH, BUT— LOOK, IT'S THE *GIRLS*, OK? THEY'LL GET UPSET. THEY DON'T LIKE BEING LOOKED AT LIKE THEY'RE ANIMALS... YOU KNOW HOW THEY ARE.

3) BARKER'S POV—CLOSE on Isaiah and Faith.

And there it is. Isaiah looks pissed and ready to pounce. Faith has her hand squeezing the crook of his arm; her eyes full of quiet hurt.

FAITH: ISAIAH, HONEY—

4) BOTTOM PANEL—EXTREME CLOSEUP:

Faith's hand squeezing the crook of Isaiah's arm; now we see her WEDDING RING.

FAITH (*off-panel*): HONEY, *DON'T*.

Page 7:

1) EXT. CANFIELD RESIDENCE—DAY:

It's December, 1940, in Philadelphia. A fresh snow has fallen. We see, from behind, a MAN in dark hat and heavy overcoat carrying two suitcases up the front stairs of

a LARGE BROWNSTONE. A period TAXICAB is in motion, moving toward panel left.

CAPTION: THE "EAST OF BROAD" AREA, PHILADELPHIA. DECEMBER, 1940.

2) CLOSE on the man's back; he's reached the top of the stairs. We still don't see his face.

The front door has now been opened, however, by a middle-aged black butler, LEONARD. Leonard is aghast at the man's appearance.

LEONARD: YOUNG MASTER MAURICE!

3) LEONARD'S POV—CLOSE on MAURICE CANFIELD:

Maurice is 25. He's standing in the doorway, with an ingratiating smirk on his face; the kind a well-off bad boy always gives the help to prove he's one of *them*. (Think the young Orson Welles.) He's a mocha-skinned black man of average height with the build of a tennis player.

Except for the huge SHINER and BRUISES on his FACE, we can see he's extremely handsome. His overcoat collar reveals a burgundy wool scarf.

MAURICE: GOOD AFTERNOON, LEONARD. ARE MY PARENTS HOME?

4) INT. CANFIELD RESIDENCE—DAY:

In the foyer, Leonard has Maurice's overcoat draped over his arm and Maurice's hat in hand, while Maurice is unfurling his scarf, abstractedly looking up past the ceiling. We now see Maurice's hair is sleekly combed.

LEONARD: THE MASTER HASN'T RETURNED, BUT MRS. CANFIELD IS IN THE STUDY. CAN I GET **COOK** TO MAKE YOU SOMETHING?

MAURICE: NO, DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELVES. BELIEVE ME, I'M A LOT BETTER OFF THAN THE **OTHER** GUYS!

Page 8:

1) The study is a large sitting room, with bookshelves and little objets d'art, a writing desk, armchairs, a sofa, lamps, like something out of a Nero Wolfe mystery. Lots of hardcover books.

MRS. CANFIELD is stout little woman nearing 50, black but with some Native American thrown in. She's sitting on right-hand end of the sofa, dressed casually, reading a YELLOW HARDCOVER BOOK. She's not wearing glasses.

Maurice has entered, positioned in panel-left f.g.

MAURICE: HELLO, MOMMA. WHAT ARE YOU READING?

MRS. CANFIELD: WELL, YOUNG MAN, I AM READING A NOVEL BY PHILIP WYLIE ABOUT A *TROUBLESOME* YOUNG MAN—MUCH LIKE YOURSELF—NAMED *FINNLEY WREN*.

2) CLOSE on Mrs. Canfield, looking up from her book, squinting off-panel at her son.

MRS. CANFIELD: OH, LORD.

3) Maurice sits next to his mother now, easily, while she scrutinizes him ruefully.

MAURICE: I'M OK, MOMMA. IT WAS JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS.

MRS. CANFIELD: YOUR FATHER WILL HAVE A *FIT* WHEN HE SEES THIS HOW YOU CAME HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS. WHAT HAPPENED?

4) Same as **preceding panel**—except Maurice is studying the ceiling as he talks, his mother looking on with a scowl.

MAURICE: YOU REMEMBER JULES EDELMAN? HE AND I WENT TO NEW JERSEY LAST WEEKEND, TO ORGANIZE SOME STEVEDORES IN NEWARK—

MRS. CANFIELD: OH, *LORD*. YOUR FATHER—

Page 9:

1) CLOSE on Maurice, still looking at the ceiling, smiling absently.

MAURICE (3 balloons):

a) I WOULD EXPECT FATHER TO DIGEST THIS WITH HIS USUAL STOIC COMPASSION.

b) IN ANY EVENT, THESE FELLOWS IN NEWARK DID *NOT* HAVE FATHER'S STURDY CONSTITUTION.

c) LISTENING TO A JEW AND A NEGRO GIVE THEM COUNCIL ABOUT THEIR ECONOMIC SURVIVAL, LET ALONE THEIR *SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES*, PROVED TOO MUCH FOR THE LADS.

2) CLOSE on Mrs. Canfield, caught up despite herself.

MRS. CANFIELD: AND...?

MAURICE (*off-panel*): ONE OF THEM BROUGHT THE MEETING TO A SWIFT CONCLUSION WITH A STREAM OF INVECTIVE—MUCH OF IT ABOUT *YOU*, ACTUALLY—

3) Same TWO SHOT as on the **preceding page**—Maurice staring up, Mrs. Canfield with her hand to her brow.

MAURICE: —CULMINATING WITH, "I NEVER HEARD *BROTHERHOOD* MEANT I HAD TO END MY LONG DAY OF TOIL CONSORTING WITH KIKES AND JIGS."

4) MRS. CANFIELD'S POV —CLOSE on Maurice, smiling tightly as he now clearly addresses his mother.

MAURICE: I OPINED AS TO THE LIKELIHOOD OF SUCH ASSOCIATION THROUGHOUT HIS LINEAGE.

Page 10:

1) TWO SHOT—the distance is back in Maurice's eyes, and Mrs. Canfield tenderly touches the cheek below his shiner.

MAURICE: ULTIMATELY, THE RAUCUS LED TO AN *INCOMPREHENSIBLE* SEQUENCE OF MISHAPS THAT LEANED AN ICY BARGE PORT *ENOUGH* FOR THE LOT OF US TO COMICALLY GLISSADE INTO THE HUDSON.

MRS. CANFIELD: CHILD, YOU ARE A FOOL.

2) MRS. CANFIELD'S POV —CLOSE on Maurice, who's stung.

MAURICE: WHY, MOMMA? BECAUSE I THINK WE SHOULD STAND UP FOR OURSELVES? BECAUSE IF ENOUGH PEOPLE AT THE *BOTTOM* LEARNED TO WORK TOGETHER, THERE *MIGHT* BE SOME ADVANCEMENT FOR NEGROES?

3) MAURICE'S POV – CLOSE on the exasperated Mrs. Canfield.

MRS. CANFIELD (3 balloons):

- a) BECAUSE YOU ARE RECKLESS!
- b) BECAUSE YOU THINK THAT STORY ABOUT *HOW YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED* MIGHT AFFORD ME SOME AMUSEMENT *ONLY* BECAUSE YOU WERE LUCKY!
- c) BECAUSE YOU HAVE A *STATION* IN LIFE YOUR FATHER WORKED –

4) Same as **panel 1**. Maurice is standing, talking irritably with an UNLIT CIGARETTE in his mouth as he holds an OPEN, SILVER CIGARETTE CASE in his right hand. Mrs. Canfield remains seated.

MAURICE: MY *FATHER* EARNED IT! MY *STATION* IS SOMETHING I HAVE TO EARN MYSELF!

MRS. CANFIELD (2 balloons):

- a) NOT IN THE HOUSE, DEAR.
- b) *THE CIGARETTE*.

Page 11:

1) TOP PANEL:

MRS. CANFIELD'S POV – CLOSE on Maurice, standing arms outstretched, unlit cigarette in mouth, cigarette case now closed in his right hand, a MATCHING LIGHTER impotent in his left hand. (Maurice is left-handed.)

MAURICE (2 balloons):

- a) I DON'T *WANT* A FORTUNE SOLELY BASED ON NEGROES THAT ARE COMPELLED TO LIGHTEN THEIR SKINS AND STRAIGHTEN THEIR HAIR.
- b) *ESPECIALLY* WHEN THEY TURN AROUND AND TAKE THEIR SELF-HATRED OUT ON *ME!*

2) CLOSE on Mrs. Canfield.

MRS. CANFIELD (2 balloons):

a) YOU ARE 25 YEARS OLD. YOU ARE A *MAN*.

b) YOU HAVE TO THINK ABOUT STARTING A FAMILY AND GETTING YOUR LIFE IN ORDER.

3) TWO SHOT:

Maurice stands as in **panel 1**; his mother sits. Both look toward the study's entrance in b.g., from which see a SOUND FX:

SOUND FX: *SLAM*

MRS. CANFIELD: ALL RIGHT, MY ATHEIST, SOCIALIST, RECKLESS LOVE—

4) CLOSE on Mrs. Canfield, a steely yet somehow wry look on her face.

MRS. CANFIELD: —GO GIVE YOUR FATHER A HUG, AND WISH HIM A *HAPPY HOLIDAY*.

Page 12:

1) INT. BLUE NILE BILLIARDS—NIGHT:

FULL PAGE (w/ INSETS):

Leaning over a **starkly-lit** POOL TABLE in left-hand f.g., FACING US while setting up his shot, is SGT. LUCAS EVANS. Evans is a lanky black man about 40, with hard COBALT BLUE EYES. He's wearing a dress shirt with the collar button done; he has a quietly SMOKING CORNCOB PIPE hanging out one corner of his mouth; and we can see a wince-provoking line of heavy scar tissue on the side of his bald skull. A HALF-FILLED TUMBLER of bourbon rests on the table railing. He holds his POOL CUE with the Zen of a diamond-cutter; in EXTREME F.G., there's no way to miss the STRIPED 14 BALL in his sights.

We can make out SPECTATORS in the murky b.g.

CAPTION: BLUE NILE BILLIARDS, CLEVELAND. JUNE, 1941.

From panel right b.g., an OFF-PANEL BALLOON addresses Evans:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: **HEY-HEY! BLACK CAP!**

2) INSET—CLOSE on Evans' EYES, squinting Eastwoodly.

3) INSET—CLOSE on some black spectators. They look like something unpleasant's about to happen. One of them whispers:

SPECTATOR (**whisper balloon**): OH, BOY.

4) INSET—CLOSE on DALLAS HUXLEY, a young brute of a man in his mid-20s, wearing a PORKPIE HAT. He's a black ALBINO with a GENIAL FACE. Someone **off-panel** has batted the back of Dallas' hat, dislodging it. There's an OFF-PANEL BALLOON that comes with the smack.

DALLAS: OW!

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: STUPID...

Page 13:

1) TOP PANEL:

Evans in the panel-left f.g., turning toward Dallas with his cue upraised. Guys are clearing a space around Dallas, who has a childlike "oops" look on his face.

DALLAS: WHAT *I* SAY?

2) Evans is walking toward the dense Dallas, cue in hand.

EVANS: ONLY A FOOL WHO'S BEEN INCARCERATED FOR SIX YEARS WOULD BE SO ILL-INFORMED TO CALL ME THAT. OR SOMEBODY LOOKING FOR A **WHIPPING**.

3) CLOSE on Evans, gleefully up in Dallas' face.

EVANS: DALLAS HUXLEY, WHEN'D THEY LET YOU OUT?!

DALLAS: THIS MORNING.

4) DALLAS' POV—CLOSE on Evans.

EVANS: YOU GET TO WORK YET?

5) TWO SHOT: Dallas in panel left, following Evans toward panel right. In the b.g., we see the pool hall habitués have gone back to drinking, shooting the breeze; business as usual.

DALLAS: WORKED **SOME**. WHEN I GOT TO THE DEPOT.

EVANS (2 balloons):

a) FELLOW NOTICEABLE AS YOU, AND YOU CAN STILL DIP A WALLET...

b) WELL, ALL RIGHT. 8-BALL CAN ALWAYS USE SOME SCRATCH TO LIVEN THINGS UP. TWO-BITS A GAME?

Page 14:

1) TOP PANEL:

Dallas (left) and Evans are only visible at torso level behind the pool table Evans had been playing, while Evans reracks the balls. Dallas has his own CUESTICK now.

DALLAS: SO... THEY DON'T CALL YOU **BLACK CAP** NO MORE?

EVANS (2 balloons):

a) NOPE. GOT BUSTED DOWN TO SERGEANT. BEEN ABOUT FOUR MONTHS NOW.

b) YOU BREAK.

2) Dallas leans over the table, scrutinizing the CUEBALL as he's about to break. He looks utterly ill at ease. Evans waits his turn.

DALLAS: DAMN.

EVANS: SO NOW I'M SARGE OR LUKE AGAIN. BUT YOU JUST CALL ME *MR. EVANS*.

3) CLOSE on the **cueball** as it bops off the racked balls into a **side pocket**. There's an frustrated OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: DAMN!!

4) Same as **panel 2**—but now Evans is leaning over, about to break, and Dallas waits.

EVANS: SIX YEARS IS A LONG TIME NOT TO SHOOT POOL.

5) BOTTOM PANEL;

EVANS' POV—CLOSE on pool table. The break's good: The striped **11** and **14 balls** go into the **corner pockets**, with the **10 ball** on its way to following the 14. An OFF-PANEL BALLOON juts in from where Evans would be:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: OK, I GOT THE *STRIPES...*

Page 15:

1) TOP PANEL:

Some time has passed: The place is fairly deserted. Dallas is much disheveled, shirt open, shirttails untucked, sitting a stool nursing a beer bottle. Evans messes around at the table. His smoking pipe hasn't left his mouth. A guy is sweeping up in the b.g.

DALLAS: CAN I ASK WHAT HAPPENED, SARGE?

2) Evans stands with cue in hand, mulling the question over, but definitely thinking.

3) Evans, leaning over a shot. Dallas in the b.g., listening.

EVANS (2 balloons):

a) SIX BALL IN THE SIDE.

b) REMEMBER FRANK WILSON? YOU WENT THRU BASIC WITH HIM.

4) CLOSE on the **6 ball** ricocheting off the **10 ball**, and heading toward a side pocket.

OFF-PANEL BALLOON #1: YEAH, THE BOY SCOUT.

OFF-PANEL BALLOON #2: THE VERY SAME. HE BECAME AN MP WHILE YOU WERE INSIDE.

5) Dallas takes a swig of beer. Evans is scanning what's left on the table.

EVANS: FRANK GOT SENT WITH OTHER GUY OVER TO COLUMBUS, TO PICK UP SOME AWOL *PECKERWOOD* WHO SPENT THE NIGHT IN THE DRUNK TANK.

Page 16:

1) FROM BEHIND Evans, who's just hit a three-bank shot that has the **10 ball** dropping into a side pocket. An OFF-PANEL BALLOON from Dallas:

DALLAS: THE GUY ESCAPE?

EVANS: NO, THE DESK SERGEANT DIDN'T WANT TO HAND HIM OVER TO NO COLORED MAN.

2) CLOSE on Evans, looking down at the off-panel table.

EVANS: WELL, FRANK HAS WORDS WITH THE GUY, AND THESE OTHER COPS JUMP IN, AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, CLUBS FLY, AND FRANK IS DEAD. THE OTHER MP, WHITE BOY, GOT SENT TO THE HOSPITAL.

3) PULL BACK:

Evans hasn't moved, but now we see Dallas, whose mouth is open in amazement.

DALLAS: DAMN...

EVANS: I WENT TO THE C.O. AFTER HE ANNOUNCED FRANK WAS IN THE WRONG. LIFE BETWEEN COLOREDS AND WHITES ON THAT BASE HASN'T IMPROVE MUCH SINCE YOU WERE THERE.

4) CLOSE on Dallas, who's answering the following OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: SO I TELL HIM MY GUYS' MORALE WAS ROCK BOTTOM.

DALLAS: AND YOU GOT BUSTED FOR *THAT*?

5) CLOSE on Evans's bitter face.

EVANS: NO, FOR *SHOVING* HIM WHEN HE TOLD ME NOT TO BOTHER HIM WITH TRIFLES—LIKE A MAN'S LIFE IS A TRIFLE!

Page 17:

1) CLOSE on Dallas, whose eyes are closed; he's holding his bottle up to cool his forehead.

DALLAS: DAMN, I GOTTA MAKE WATER.

2) Dallas is up, walking off. Evans is studying the table again.

DALLAS: THAT'S A BAD BREAK, MAN.

EVANS: IT'S WHAT IT IS. MAYBE I'LL MAKE CAPTAIN AGAIN IN ANOTHER 17 YEARS. IF ANYTHING—

3) Similar to set-up on **page 12**. Evans in the f.g., weary around the eyes, pipe in mouth—about to hit the **cueball** in the extreme f.g.

EVANS: I LEARNED THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE I GET SHOVE OL' WHITEY AROUND.

Pages 18 and 19:

PANORAMIC SPREAD—AERIAL VIEW:

EXT. PEARL HARBOR—MORNING:

LOOKING DOWN on Pearl Harbor NAVAL BASE and surrounding AIRFIELDS, in the distant lower-lefthand b.g. of Page 18. We can make out TINY

BATTLESHIPS, CRUISERS, and so on; LOTS of stationary AIRCRAFT—all sitting ducks.

Streaming in from the upper-righthand f.g. of Page 19 are DOZENS of JAPANESE ZEROES, DESCENDING in a gorgeous, VERTIGINOUS CURVE toward the harbor, and destiny.

CAPTION: PEARL HARBOR. DECEMBER, 1941.

Page 20:

1) INT. EVANS' ROOM—EVENING:

Evans sits on the foot of his bed in his small, SPARTAN ROOM. There's a LIQUOUR BOTTLE and a GLASS on a BUREAU, and there's a large, WOODEN ITALIAN CRUCIFIX on the wall. Through HALF-OPEN BLINDS, the room is **illuminated** by an **unseen streetlamp**.

Evans is staring down at the SERVICE REVOLVER in his hand, pointed down toward the floor.

CAPTION: CLEVELAND. DECEMBER, 1941.

2) EVANS' POV—CLOSE on the revolver.

3) CLOSE on Evan's EYES. It's like he's already dead.

4) MEDIUM CLOSE on Evans, as he listens to an OFF-PANEL BALLOON that comes in through the window.

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: DIDJA HEAR? *THE JAPS JUST BOMBED THE U.S.!* WE'RE IN IT NOW!

4) Evans is standing now, looking at the gun in his hand.

EVANS: HUH.

5) Now Evans stands by the bureau, pouring himself a drink. The gun's resting where the glass had been.

EVANS: WELL, ALL RIGHT.

Page 21:

1) INT. COURTROOM—DAY:

MEDIUM CLOSE on a MIDDLE-AGED WHITE JUDGE, presiding on his BENCH. He regards us coldly.

CAPTION: PHILADELPHIA. JANUARY, 1942.

JUDGE: SON, THESE ARE SERIOUS TIMES, AND THEREFORE THE COURT IS COMPELLED TO SET A SERIOUS EXAMPLE.

2) JUDGE'S POV—WIDE SHOT of Maurice standing behind the defense table in a COURTROOM packed with MIXED SPECTATORS, next to a well-dressed WHITE MALE who's obviously his lawyer. At another table are the PROSECUTORS.

Seated right behind Maurice is Mrs. Canfield, and next to *her* is a 60ish version of Maurice who's obviously his father, MR. CANFIELD: They look utterly terrified. Maurice is stone-faced.

JUDGE (off-panel): DEMONSTRATING AGAINST OUR WAR EFFORT IS TANTAMOUNT TO SEDITION, FOR WHICH THE COURT CAN SENTENCE YOU TO 20 YEARS HARD LABOR.

3) CLOSE on Maurice's impassive face.

JUDGE (off-panel): BUT AS YOU HAVE NO PRIOR CRIMINAL RECORD, AND YOU COME FROM A RESPECTED FAMILY, THIS COURT WILL ALLOW *YOU* TO CHOOSE THE EXAMPLE TO BE MADE TODAY.

4) FROM BEHIND the Canfields: Mrs. Canfield's shoulders are shaking; her husband and son both have ramrod straight postures. In the b.g., the Judge continues:

JUDGE: YOU CAN DO THE *TIME*, SON. OR YOU CAN CHOOSE TO REDRESS YOUR ACTIONS—

5) CLOSE on Maurice. Resignation lays across his face.

JUDGE (off-panel): YOU CAN ENLIST AND SERVE YOUR NATION WITH *HONOR*. IT'S UP TO YOU.

Page 22:

1) INSET:

FAITH'S POV—CLOSE on Isaiah. He's wearing an U.S. ARMY INFANTRY CAP and an earnest look.

ISAIAH: BABY, I PROMISE. I'M COMING BACK TO YOU.

2) PULL BACK:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY—DAY:

It's the tip of Manhattan; a bright winter day. Looming in the b.g. is the STATUE OF LIBERTY.

In the f.g., Isaiah's in UNIFORM, bending forward to kiss a tear-streaked-faced Faith, who's dressed in a heavy winter coat—which doesn't hide the fact that she's at least 8 months PREGNANT.

CAPTION #1: NEW YORK CITY. FEBRUARY, 1942.

CAPTION #2 (script): That was the *first* of the worst days of my life.

END OF ISSUE #1.