

BLACK CAP #2 script – “The Basics” (22 Feb 02)

By Robert Morales

Page 1:

1) EXT. CAMP CATHCART—DAY:

It’s a typical U.S. Army Base, circa W.W. II: Single-storeyed wooden-framed buildings in a moderated climate (Kyle’s already done the reference for this). We’re a few months passed the end of **Black Cap #1**.

FULL SHOT ON some sorry-assed BLACK G.I.s advancing toward us: Our first look at DAVE PLUMB, very tall and about 30; JACK HARVEY, a cherubic 20-year-old whose fat hasn’t yet turned to muscle; JEFFERSON JAMISON, who looks like the young George Foreman (w/ hair) with the malevolence of the Tasmanian Devil; and DAMON LARSEN, a slight man with a fixed sneer. With them are Isaiah Bradley and Maurice Evans, and a half-dozen others.

The lot are in combat gear (helmets, backpacks, Browning automatic rifles) and they are *covered* in muck; you can practically *smell* them off the page. Passing them are other, considerably more HYGENIC SOLDIERS who obviously smell them *on* the page.

HYGENIC SOLDIER #1: DAMN...!

HYGENIC SOLDIER #2: WHAT THE —!

PLUMB: DON’T SAY NOTHING.

CAPTION: CAMP CATHCART, MISSISSIPPI. MAY, 1942.

2) ANGLE ON Larsen, addressing the bystanders.

LARSEN: WHAT? NOBODY MIND WHEN WE DIGGING THEIR *LATRINES!*

3) MEDIUM SHOT ON a white man in his mid-30’s dressed in a dark grey suit and tie, standing impassively behind an office window looking out at the guys, **reflected in the window** as they pass. The man is HOMER TULLY, a poster boy for government agent.

From **behind Tully** yelps an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: *TWO BATTALIONS!* WHAT DO YOU WANT TWO BATTALIONS OF *COLORED* SOLDIERS FOR?

Page 2:

1) INT. MAJOR BRACKETT'S OFFICE—DAY:

No surprises here: Framed documents and photos of George Washington, etc. on the walls. A posted American flag. Desk, lamps, arm chairs.

MAJOR BRACKETT is behind his desk with an open folder of forms before him (on the desk, a little placard says MAJ. HENRY BRACKETT). He's a stout guy about 40 with greying hair.

Seated across from him in one of two comfortable-looking chairs is DR JOSEF REINSTEIN, a 40ish, barrel-chested German wearing a blue suit, hat on his lap.

In **panel left**, Tully's staring out the window.

BRACKETT: —YOU LOOKING TO *MOP UP* A BATTLEFIELD?

TULLY: THAT'S CLASSIFIED, MAJOR.

REINSTEIN: PLEASE, MR TULLY. PERHAPS IF WE WERE MORE CANDID WITH MAJOR BRACKETT...

2) CLOSE ON Tully, in mid-shrug.

TULLY: THAT'S YOUR CALL, REINSTEIN.

3) TWO SHOT—TULLY'S POV ON Brackett and Reinstein.

BRACKETT: FIRST OFF, WHAT KIND OF DOCTOR ARE YOU?

REINSTEIN: I AM A PSCHIATRIST AND A SURGEON. I AM WORKING WITH YOUR GOVERNMENT TO ENHANCE THE COMBAT PERFORMANCE OF YOUR TROOPS.

4) CLOSE ON a puzzled Brackett.

BRACKETT: AND YOU WANT *THESE* SOLDIERS...?

5) TWO SHOT—BRACKETT'S POV ON Reinstein and Tully.

REINSTEIN: IT'S NECESSARY TO SEE IF OUR METHODS APPLY TO THE INFERIOR RACES.

TULLY: HE'S TRYING TO TURN STRAW INTO GOLD, MAJOR.

Page 3:

1) INT. BARRACKS—WIDE SHOT:

Army cots, foot lockers. We see Jamison, still in his gear, falling back onto his cot, while everybody else from **page 1** starts to unload their gear. Larsen looks at Jamison like he just fell out of the sky, and the other guys look weirded out.

LARSEN: J.J., YOU CRAZY?! YOU GOTTA SLEEP IN THAT!!

2) CLOSE ON Jamison, eyes closed, helmet on head on pillow.

JAMISON: GOT LAUNDRY DETAIL LATER ANYWAYS. DON'T NEED TO WASTE NO MORE SHUT-EYE.

3) Now Jack Harvey is talking to Larsen, Plumb and Bradley; they're all sitting on nearby bunks.

HARVEY: GUYS, HOW COME WE HAD TO CRAWL THROUGH A COW PASTURE? WE DO SOMETHING WRONG?

LARSEN: CUZ, THE ARMY DON'T NEED NO *BECAUSE*.

From **panel right**, an OFF-PANEL BALLOON responds:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: WELL, BOYS, *I* USUALLY DO.

Page 4:

1) Sgt. Lucas Evans stands at the barracks entrance, ramrod straight, regarding his crew. He's not in combat gear, just crisp fatigues, holding a fair amount of mail under his right arm.

In the b.g., Jamison is out cold, while the other guys are visibly cheered.

EVANS: YOU MISSED MAIL CALL.

2) CLOSE ON Evans' hands sorting out **addressed** envelopes in the f.g. In the b.g., we see Harvey, Larsen, and Isaiah. From where Evans would be there's an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: PLUMB, BRADLEY, LARSEN...

HARVEY: SARGE? HOW COME YOU HAD US IN THAT FIELD?

3) WIDE SHOT:

Much of the crew is gathered, waiting for mail. We see Maurice and the rest. Larsen is reading a letter; Plumb and Isaiah are opening theirs. Still sorting, Evans hands Harvey a letter, saying:

EVANS: HESTER, PITTS ... HERE YOU GO, JACK HARVEY.

EVANS: ANY OF YOU FELLOWS WANT TO TELL JACK WHY YOU ALL REEK RIGHT NOW?

4) CLOSE ON Evans.

EVANS: NO? DON'T BE SURPRISED IF SOME DAY YOU MIGHT HAVE TO *FIGHT* IN THIS ARMY.

5) Similar to **panel 3**, except everybody (but Jamison) is looking at Evans while he speaks, some mail still in his hand.

EVANS: THAT YOU MIGHT REEK AFTER DAYS IN THE FIELD ... THAT'S NOT HARD TO FIGURE.

Page 5:

1) CLOSE ON Evans.

EVANS: BUT IF YOU'RE NEW FRESH IN THE FIELD, OR BACK FROM R&R...

2) WIDE SHOT similar to those on preceding page; everybody listening to Evans but Jamison.

EVANS: BATTLE INVOLVES SKILL, BUT IT ALSO INVOLVES LUCK. AND NOT EVERYBODY IS LUCKY ENOUGH TO PICK OFF THE ENEMY FROM YARDS AWAY.

EVANS: YOU MIGHT HAVE TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY HAND TO HAND ... CLAWING AT EACH OTHER'S FACE TO GET ANY ADVANTAGE...

3) EVAN'S POV:

Harvey and Isaiah looked freaked; Larsen seems to listen with an easy familiarity toward murder—while Plumb, Maurice, etc., pay rapt attention. From where Evans would be are TWO OFF-PANEL BALLOONS:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: AND *THE ENEMY* MAY STINK TO HIGH HEAVEN—SO MUCH THAT A MAN NOT EXPECTING IT MIGHT PULL BACK IN SHOCK.

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: OR YOU MIGHT KILL ONE MAN HAND TO HAND, AND NOT BE PREPARED FOR THE SMELL WHEN HE LETS GO. THEN SOME GUY BEHIND *HIM* GETS TO KILL YOU.

4) CLOSE ON Evans again, different angle.

EVANS: *YOU* ARE YOUR BEST WEAPON.

EVANS: *ANY* KIND OF HESITATION ON YOUR PARTS WILL DEFINITELY MEAN THAT YOU DIE IN THIS WAR.

Page 6:

1) INT. MAJOR BRACKETT'S OFFICE—DAY:

CLOSE ON Major Brackett, some time has passed since **page 2**:

BRACKETT: DOCTOR, A LOT OF THIS IS OVER MY HEAD.

2) WIDE SHOT with Brackett still behind his desk, Reinstein seated with his hat on his lap—but Tully's casually seated in the other armchair.

BRACKETT: ...BUT I STILL DON'T SEE WHY YOU NEED SO MANY COLORED MEN FOR THIS PROGRAM OF YOURS.

TULLY: HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE *BLACKVINE*, MAJOR?

3) BRACKETT'S POV: Tully and Reinstein, across the desk from him.

From where Brackett would be comes an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: THE *BLACKVINE*? I CAN'T SAY I HAVE, MR TULLY.

TULLY: AS WE UNDERSTAND IT, NEGROES HAVE THEIR OWN SECRET MEANS FOR SPREADING NEWS BY WORD OF MOUTH. AMONG THEMSELVES, IT'S CALLED THE BLACKVINE.

REINSTEIN: I HAVE HEARD THE FÜHRER HIMSELF ENVIES THEIR METHODS, AND HAS ORDERED HIS *SCHUTZSTAFFEL* TO IMPROVE UPON THEM.

4) Brackett looks astonished behind desk.

BRACKETT: YOU'RE SAYING YOU'RE TRAINING COLORED SOLDIERS AS COUNTER-SPIES?

5) BRACKETT'S POV:

Similar to **panel 3**, but now Tully intently leans forward and Reinstein stares at us impassively.

TULLY: WHAT I'M SAYING IS THIS PROJECT IS CLASSIFIED.

TULLY: WHAT I'M SAYING IS WE DON'T NEED *ALL* THESE NEGRO MEN.

Page 7:

1) INT. BARRACKS—DAY: LARGE PANEL CLOSE UP ON a **black-and white photo** of a slightly fleshier, beaming Faith Bradley holding a bewildered black newborn swaddled in a baby blanket. We see weathered black fingers pinch the photo at the panel's bottom.

2) WIDE SHOT:

Isaiah's beaming, standing with Evans, whose holding the photo, alongside Plumb, Harvey, and Larsen, all looking.

ISAIAH: AIN'T THEY BEAUTIES, SARGE? FAITH AND BABY BRADLEY.

EVANS: WELL, ALL RIGHT. FINE-LOOKING FAMILY.

LARSEN: GUESS BRADLEY AIN'T ALWAYS SHOOTING BLANKS...

PLUMB: WHAT YOU NAMING YOUR GIRL?

3) Another angle to **panel 2**.

ISAIAH: SARAH GAIL, I THINK, AFTER HER GRANDMOMMAS.

HARVEY: GUESS THEY WHAT WE FIGHTING THIS WAR FOR, HUH?

LARSEN: NOT ME, BROTHER—

4) CLOSE ON Larsen, sneer intact.

LARSEN: I'M LOOKING TO KILL ME SOME WHITE *MENS*.

5) Similar to **panels 2 and 3**. Evan is handing the photo back to Isaiah, but they and the others are eyeing Larsen with distaste.

PLUMB: LARSEN, MAN, WHY YOU GOTTA BE LIKE THAT?

LARSEN: WHAT, WHY DO I GOTTA BE *COLORED*?

EVANS: JUST KEEP ONE THING IN MIND, LARSEN...

6) CLOSE ON Evans.

EVANS: KILLING WHITE MEN IS A GIFT YOU ONLY GET FROM OTHER WHITE MEN.

From **panel right** comes an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: HEY, SARGE—

Page 8:

1) CLOSE ON Maurice, holding up a copy of THE PITTSBURGH COURIER to show us the "**Double V**" symbol the paper popularized.

MAURICE: WHAT'S YOUR TAKE ON THIS?

2) MAURICE'S POV:

Plumb and Larsen are rolling their eyes; Evans, Harvey and Isaiah regard the off-panel paper.

LARSEN: LIL' LORD *FAUNTL'ROY* HAS ANOTHER CAUSE!

EVANS: DOUBLE "V" FOR VICTORY ... "AT HOME AND ABROAD" ...

3) CLOSE ON a rueful Evans.

EVANS: SYMBOLS ARE WELL AND GOOD FOR NONCOMBATANTS, BUT THEY'RE JUST FOOLISHNESS IF YOU WANT TO WIN ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

4) Maurice is defensive.

MAURICE: IF YOU *HAVE* TO FIGHT, SHOULDN'T YOU FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT THINGS?

From **panel right**, an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: THE *NAZIS* GOT A SYMBOL, TOO—

5) CLOSE ON Jamison, sitting up in his cot, yawning and rubbing his eyes, and obviously still in his filthy gear.

JAMISON: LET'S THROW 'EM *BOTH* IN A DRAWER, AND SEE WHICH ONE MAKES IT OUT, AND LET A TIRED COLORED MAN *SLEEP!*

Page 9:

1) BIG PANEL:

JAMISON'S POV—Evans and the rest let out a huge laugh.

2) Maurice is heading out the door, Isaiah speaking to him. Evans is listening to Larsen. Plumb, Harvey, etc. are back to reading their mail.

ISAIAH: MAURICE, THE GUYS'RE JUST HAVING FUN—

MAURICE: YEAH, I'M JUST GOING TO THE CAN...

LARSEN: HEY, SARGE, LISTEN HERE...

3) EVAN'S POV—Larsen has a conspiratorial look.

LARSEN: SARGE, DON'T YOU THINK FAUNTL'ROY ... HE ACT A LITTLE FUNNY?

4) LARSEN'S POV—Evans just looks at him.

5) TWO SHOT: Larsen seems to *shrink* from Evans.

EVANS: IF THAT BOY'S FUNNY, THEN I'M FREAKIN' **HILARIOUS**.

Page 10:

1) EXT. CAMP CATHCART—DAY:

Fuming, Maurice walks away from the barracks.

2) WIDE SHOT—CAMP CATHCART, as we see Maurice strolling past drilling white soldiers, a couple of white officers walking, a white officer in a jeep chauffeured by a black driver. Lots of white army activity, with Maurice the dejected Waldo.

3) Maurice nears a building with a sign at its door: OFFICERS.

4) ANGLE ON building, as we see Maurice turning its corner toward its back.

5) FULL SHOT on Maurice, his back to us, having approached the open pissoir behind the Officers toilet.

Page 11:

1) CLOSE ON Maurice, from the neck up, framed by **sky blue**. It's a **horizontal panel** across the top of the page.

Maurice has that Joan of Arc existential look that guys sometimes wear when they're taking a whizz, like its another of life's wretched inconveniences.

From **panel right** comes an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE—

2) WIDE SHOT:

Maurice is in mid-turn toward us so we can see he's buttoning his fly and looking at THREE WHITE MEN menace him, probably army mechanics by their unkempt, greasy appearance.

MAN #1: —SMELLING LIKE YOU DO.

MAN #2: WHOLE LOTTA YELLA WASTED ON YOUR SORRY ASS, BOY,
'SPECIALLY IF YOU CAN'T SPIFF Y'SELF UP TO ARMY REGS.

MAN #3: FELLAS, IT'S LIKE I BEEN SAYING ALL ALONG—

3) MAURICE'S POV—the three men, smirking, with #3 on **panel left**.

MAN #3: WE SHOULD SHIP THESE NIGRAS TO THE PACIFIC SO THEY CAN
FIGHT THOSE YELLOW BELLIES *MONKEY TO MONKEY!*

MAN #1: HAW!

4) CLOSE ON Maurice's left fist hitting Man #3 square in the nose.

5) Man #1 is grabbing a wincing Maurice by the waist, while Maurice lands a right-handed blow to the buckling Man #3's jaw. Man #2 is landing a blow to Maurice's right ear.

Page 12:

1) Man #3's rising off his back, having raised a small cloud of dust. Caught in a bear hug from Man #1, Maurice is taking a punch to the eye from Man #2.

2) Much as **panel 1**, but in the f.g., Man #3 is wobbly advancing to the trio.

3) Man #3 yanks Man #2 aside, Maurice still in Man #1's bear hug.

4) Man #3 punches Maurice in the gut, and we see the pain in Maurice's face—he'd be doubled over if Man #1 wasn't holding him up.

5) CLOSE ON Maurice, similar to **panel 1** on **preceding page**, except now he's obviously bruised and expelling a breath from another unseen shot to the gut.

From panel right there's an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: WHAT IN *HELL* IS ALL THIS COMMOTION?

Page 13:

1) WIDE SHOT: Maurice's beatdown is magically frozen in time by the unlikely appearance of an irritated Major Brackett, accompanied by Tully and Reinstein—all wearing hats, by the bye. This is a LARGE PANEL.

The Men stare at the Major. Tully laconically eyes the scene and Reinstein shows a clinical interest. Maurice looks too dazed to make much of anything.

BRACKETT: CAN'T I SHOW MY GUESTS TO THE TOILET WITHOUT EXPOSING THEM TO INSUBORDINATION?

2) Maurice has slumped to the ground, while the legs of the unseen Man #1 and Man #3 have stepped aside to let him drop.

An OFF-PANEL BALLOON addresses Maurice:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: YOU NEED ANY SPECIAL ATTENTION?

3) CLOSE ON Maurice's battered face, looking up at the unseen Major.

MAURICE: NO SIR, JUST GOT THE WIND KNOCKED OUT OF ME.

4) Similar to **panel 1**. Brackett's pissed, Tully and Reinstein wear the same expressions. The Men haplessly stand around. Maurice is sitting up, his hand on his stomach.

BRACKETT: THEN GET UP AND RETURN TO YOUR UNIT!

BRACKETT: AND YOU MORONS GET BACK TO THE MOTOR POOL!

Page 14:

1) INT. BARRACKS—DAY:

Maurice is sitting up on his bunk. With him are Isaiah and Plumb, who look concerned, and Larsen, who doesn't.

LARSEN: WHAT YOU DO TO GET'M MAD?

PLUMB: LARSEN—

2) PULL BACK:

Now they're joined by Evans, who curiously looks at Maurice. We see the barracks entrance.

EVANS: WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, CANFIELD?

MAURICE: I GOT SET UPON BY THOSE UNABLE TO COMPREHEND THE PLUMBING NEEDS OF THE AVERAGE NEGRO SOLDIER.

3) CLOSE ON Evans, with the faintest hint of a smile.

EVANS: NO FOOLING? THEY SEE ANYTHING?

4) CLOSE ON Maurice, suddenly brightened.

MAURICE: WELL, SARGE—HONESTLY, HOW COULD THEY *NOT*?

5) Same as **panel 1**.

EVANS: GOOD MAN.

EVANS: OKAY, SOLDIERS, LISTEN *UP*—

6) FROM BEHIND Evans, as he addresses the lot of them: Maurice, Isaiah, Plumb, Larsen, Harvey and sundry others. Jamison is absent.

EVANS: AT 2300 HOURS TONIGHT, WE ARE TO TAKE PART IN A SPECIAL NIGHT TRAINING EXERCISE.

EVANS: WE'LL BE TRAVELING LIGHT, WITHOUT WEAPONS OR GEAR, TO A CLASSIFIED LOCATION...

Page 15:

1) REVERSE FROM **preceding panel**: Now we see Evans being addressed by Plumb, and Larsen glaringly speaking to Maurice.

EVANS: ...WHERE WE WILL THEN RECEIVE FURTHER ORDERS.

PLUMB: NO GEAR *OR* WEAPONS, SARGE?

LARSEN: FAUNTL'ROY! WHAT YOU REALLY *DO*, MAN, THEY TAKING IT OUT ON US?

2) CLOSE ON Evans, irritated.

EVANS: PIPE DOWN, LARSEN!

EVANS: THOSE ARE OUR ORDERS, SO YOU GUYS REST UP.

3) WIDE SHOT:

Everybody getting into their bunks or making ready. In the f.g., we see an irked Larsen pulling back his covers.

LARSEN: "NIGHT TRAINING EXERCISE!"

4) CLOSE ON Larsen, as he's tucking himself in.

LARSEN: WHAT, CRACKERS WANT TO SEE IF WE *INVISIBLE*?

Pages 16 & 17:

PANORAMIC SPREAD—WIDE SHOT:

EXT. CAMP CATHCART—NIGHT:

From issue to issue, these panoramas should give the scale of unusual locales each approximately the size of a small town—whether it's the World's Fair in #1, the Operation Rebirth facility in #3 and #4, or the concentration camp in #5, they are *big*. The camp is **ominously lit**.

We're looking at scores of CLUMPED ASSEMBLIES of 40 men each, unarmed but in combat wear, facing a REVIEW STAND in the **extreme f.g.**, on which are Major Brackett, Tully, Reinstein, SEVERAL PEOPLE IN UNIFORM looking generically busy, and a hawk-nosed, hulking blond male officer of about 35 who we're about to meet: COLONEL WALKER PRICE.

Brackett is talking to Tully and Reinstein, as Price approaches them.

In the **right-hand b.g.**, we see a dozen or so period ARMY TRANSPORT TRUCKS.

CAPTION: CAMP CATHCART, 2300 HOURS.

BRACKETT: WE'LL JUST ABOUT READY TO—

PRICE: MAJOR BRACKETT?

Page 18:

1) MEDIUM SHOT on a surprised Brackett with Tully and Reinstein, looking at a casually saluting Price on **panel right**.

BRACKETT: YES?

PRICE: COLONEL WALKER PRICE, MILITARY INTELLIGENCE—

2) CLOSE ON Brackett's shocked face as he responds to an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: I'M UNDER ORDERS TO RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR COMMAND.

3) REVERSE ANGLE to **panel 1**, with Price in **panel left** now, nodding to Tully and Reinstein, while Brackett seems to sputter in angry response.

PRICE: MR TULLY, DR REINSTEIN...

BRACKETT: WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU JUST CAN'T WALK IN—

4) Price hands Brackett an official-looking document.

PRICE: DIRECT FROM COMMAND, MAJOR.

5) CLOSE ON Brackett reading paper, his face confused.

BRACKETT: I DON'T GET IT, COLONEL...

Page 19:

1) BRACKETT'S POV—tight on the impassive Price, Tully and Reinstein who are addressed by Brackett's OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: —THIS SEEMS TO SAY YOU'RE SHUTTING DOWN THE ENTIRE CAMP *IN WARTIME*.

2) PULL BACK: We see Tully and Reinstein stepping aside to give Price room to unholster his revolver while a shaken Brackett steps back, orders in his upraised right hand (his left hand is raised as well), as if to weakly ward off disaster.

PRICE: SORRY, MAJOR...

BRACKETT: WHAT... *GUARDS!*

3) BRACKETT'S POV – CLOSE ON Price, suspended in time, his revolver up and pointed at us.

PRICE: THESE MEN HAVE BEEN *M.I.* ALL ALONG.

PRICE: BUT STILL, TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION –

4) Similar to **panel 2**, Tully and Reinstein impassive, as Price fires off a round that's erupting out the back of Brackett's head. In mid-flutter out of Brackett's hand, the orders (all two pages of it) hang suspended in air. (NOTE: I think the shooting and explosions in this series would be more effective **sans** SOUND FX CAPTIONS.)

PRICE: CAMP CATHCART NEVER EXISTED.

Page 20:

1) LARGE PANEL CLOSE-UP ON Evans and his crew: Plumb, Isaiah, Maurice, Larsen, Harvey, Jamison, and others. They're in a cluster directly in front of the review stand, and they are all stunned, except for Larsen, who looks deeply satisfied.

EVANS: WHAT IN HELL...

LARSEN: NOW *THAT'S* WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT!

2) Things are moving quickly now. We see Brackett's prone body ignored by Price as he stoops to pick up his orders, while talking to Tully and Reinstein. Soldiers and officers are rushing about the stand.

PRICE: TULLY! YOU AND THE DOCTOR GO AHEAD WHILE WE MOP UP HERE! I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU AT 0100!

3) Standing now, Price stops a squat young officer we'll get to know better later, LIEUTENANT MERRITT.

PRICE: LIEUTENANT, GATHER THREE HUNDRED NEGRO SOLDIERS AND GET THEM ON THOSE TRUCKS *ASAP!* WE'RE MOVING OUT!

MERRITT: YES, SIR!

4) Merritt and armed soldiers with machine guns are directing Evans and his men.

MERRITT: SERGEANT, I NEED YOU AND YOUR MEN ON A TRUCK *NOW!*

EVANS: WHAT'S HAPPENING, LIEUTENANT?

5) EVANS' POV—CLOSE ON Merritt's grim face.

MERRITT: JUST DO AS I *SAY*, BOY, AND YOU AND YOUR MEN MIGHT MAKE IT OUT OF THIS!

Page 21:

1) WIDE SHOT:

A half-dozen trucks, with black soldiers climbing into their backs, including Evans and his unit. They're being supervised by white soldiers with machine guns. We see white soldiers getting into the truck cabs, or already behind the wheel.

2) With an upraised palm, Merritt stops a white soldier with a machine gun escorting a group of black soldiers at gunpoint.

MERRITT: WE GOT ENOUGH, SOLDIER. JUST KEEP THEM RIGHT THERE.

3) CLOSE ON Merritt, craning his head back to yell at people behind him.

MERRITT: OKAY, THAT'S IT! TAKE OFF!

4) EXT. CAMP CATHCART GATES—WIDE SHOT:

We see the truck caravan beginning its exit through the cyclone fencing.

5) Similar to **panel 2**. Merritt addresses the soldier, who still has the black men at gunpoint.

MERRITT: OKAY, SOLDIER—

6) MERRITT'S POV—CLOSE ON the black soldiers, alarmed as they hear an OFF-PANEL BALLOON:

OFF-PANEL BALLOON: YOU CAN START KILLING THEM.

Page 22:

1) INT. TRUCK—NIGHT:

WIDE ANGLE SHOT with Harvey, Larsen, Jamison, Maurice and others seated on panel left; Evans, Isaiah, Plumb and others seated on panel right. Larsen is merry, Evans is stone-faced, and the others look apprehensive.

LARSEN: YOU FELLAS SEE THE WAY THAT HEAD JUST *POPPED* OPEN?

2) Jamison backhands his right fist into Larsen's face.

3) CLOSE ON Plumb.

PLUMB: *DON'T SAY NOTHING.*

4) Similar to **panel 1**. Larsen is hunched forward, clutching his nose.

ISAIAH: SARGE? IS THAT *SHOOTING* I'M HEARING?

5) EXT. TRUCK CARAVAN ON ROAD—NIGHT:

The caravan's coming toward us in the f.g., while in the **distant b.g.** we see the last of Camp Cathcart.

CAPTION: TO BE CONTINUED.