



This Bulletin comprises the first 19 pages of *In Black or White*, a film script drafted by cultural critic Hilton Als in February 2008 and published here for the first time. Set across eras, and with a cast of iconic historical figures, the present excerpt is intended as a teaser: it cuts off mid-thought on the 19th page, but the full version is available as a PDF at www.servinglibrary.org.

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Cover: 4 × Hilton Als courtesy of The Artist's Institute, New York.

BLACK SCREEN.

We HEAR the SOUND of someone BREATHING HEAVILY.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. JONATHAN JACKSON'S VAN. EARLY SPRING, 1970.

The van is dark, barely lit. A MAN lights a cigarette. The light from the match illuminates JONATHAN JACKSON's face. JONATHAN is a seventeen year old black man. Handsome. He is sitting at the wheel of his van. He is wearing a Black Panther beret. Adrenalin courses through his body, making his breathing rapid. Perspiration dots his upper lip.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. OUTSIDE THE MARIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE. EARLY SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

We SEE this official-looking building from JONATHAN's POV. It's early morning. Jumbled HAND HELD images SHOW COURTHOUSE WORKERS, JURORS, and so on, climbing up the courthouse steps. An American flag whips about in the crisp, Northern California air.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHAN JACKSON'S VAN. EARLY SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

JONATHAN takes a newspaper off the passenger seat. We SEE-- from his POV--the front page of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The date: April 3, 1970. CAMERA JUMP CUTS over STILL IMAGES of GEORGE JACKSON behind bars. Headline READS: BLACK PANTHER CHARGED WITH MURDER OF PRISON GUARD. We also SEE a STILL IMAGE of the young political activist, ANGELA YVONNE DAVIS at a rally held in support of George Jackson. The caption under DAVIS' image reads: ANGELA Y. DAVIS, ACTIVIST AND JACKSON SUPPORTER.

MACGEE (O.S.)

We gonna do this thing or what?

JONATHAN puts the paper down.

JONATHAN

Yeah.

MACGEE (O.S.)
Then lets do it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. THE PARKING LOT AT MARIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE. EARLY SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

JACKSON gets out of the van, followed by CHARLES MACGEE, a stock twenty-five year old black man. They are both wearing black leather jackets.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. LOBBY. MARIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE. EARLY SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

JONATHAN and MACGEE walk down the corridor trying to keep their cool, despite the tension.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. COURTROOM AT MARIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE. EARLY SPRING, 1970.

JUDGE HALE is presiding. He's in his early sixties, white-haired. The man on trial--GEORGE JACKSON, twenty-nine years old--sits at the defendant's table with his lawyer.

JUDGE HALE
Overruled, counselor. Mr. Jackson's case has nothing to do with civil liberties.

CUT TO:

TITLE IN WHITE: FASHION.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. COURTROOM AT MARIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE. EARLY SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

JONATHAN and MACGEE break into the courtroom, brandishing guns. JURORS SCREAM, as do ONLOOKERS. OLDER WHITE GUARD draws his gun, but JONATHAN, running over to him, knocks it out of his hand, then presses it against OLDER WHITE GUARD's head as MACGEE runs towards Judge Hale.

JUDGE HALE

Young man!

Macgee jumps on the Judge's stand and points a shotgun at his head.

MACGEE

Shut the fuck up, white man!

Macgee wraps an arm around JUDGE HALE's neck, makes him stand.

MACGEE (CONT'D)

Any motherfucker moves, this cracker is toast! Down with the white pigs! Capitalist imperialists! Free the Black Panthers! Free our brother, George Jackson!

GEORGE JACKSON reaches towards JONATHAN, who stands, trembling, holding onto the OLDER WHITE GUARD.

GEORGE

Jonathan...

JONATHAN

George...

The brothers exchange a fevered glance. There's no time for anything more.

MACGEE

I got this bitch. You take the other. Remember us, George, remember us.

JONATHAN follows behind MACGEE as they drag their respective hostages out of the courtroom.

MACGEE (CONT'D)

(To JONATHAN)

The back way!

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. LOBBY. MARIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE. EARLY SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as MACGEE and JONATHAN drag JUDGE HALE and OLDER WHITE GUARD out the back door, and into the waiting van.

O.S., we HEAR the first strains of Philip Glass' "Trial 1: All Men Are Equal," from the composer's *Einstein on the Beach*.

MACGEE and JACKSON shove JUDGE HALE and the OLDER PRISON GUARD into the van. MACGEE jumps in behind them and pulls the van door shut. JONATHAN runs around to the driver's side of the van. He shuts the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. JONATHAN JACKSON'S VAN. SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

MACGEE
Drive motherfucker, drive!

JONATHAN
I'm gettin' it, I'm gettin' it.

JUDGE HALE
Don't hurt me! Please!

MACGEE
Shut up!
(To JONATHAN)
Drive!

Suddenly, we HEAR the O.S. SOUND of BULLETS. The SCREEN goes black. Then we hear the O.S. SOUND of a CARHORN that won't stop. The O.S. MUSIC stops, too.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHAN JACKSON'S VAN. EARLY SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

MEDIUM C.U of the NEWSPAPER IMAGE of ANGELA DAVIS SEEN previously. But now it's splattered in blood. JONATHAN's lifeless hand lies next to it.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. ANGELA YVONNE DAVIS' APARTMENT IN LOS ANGELES. EARLY SPRING, 1970.

MEDIUM C.U Of a telephone ringing. A light-skinned black woman's hand picks up the receiver.

ANGELA (O.S.)
Hello?

CUT TO

EXT. DAY. A BEACH IN HAWAII. THE MAIN ISLAND. EARLY SPRING, 1970.

A red, red sun--slightly overcast--fills the SCREEN, sizzles it. We HEAR the first strains of pianist Cecil Taylor's ominous rendition of "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To."

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. THE SAME BEACH. EARLY SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

LONG SHOT of a huge expanse of beach with not one person on it. Overcast. Ultraviolet light. Desolate. Empty beach chairs. The Taylor MUSIC still plays O.S., sinuously.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. ANOTHER PART OF THE BEACH. EARLY SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

A blue wave--nearly iridescent--breaks and crashes over CAMERA, which is at beach level. Then, the white foam. NO SOUND except the CRASHING WAVES, slightly drowning out the Taylor piece.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. LATE AFTERNOON. A SUITE AT THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL. EARLY SPRING, 1970.

We are in the suite's nearly all pastel sitting room. The light in the room is mauve-ish: an upcoming storm. MEDIUM SHOT of a white curtain rising and falling in and out of an open, floor-to-ceiling window. Beyond the window we can SEE a bit of the roiling blue sea.

A MAN enters the frame, drawing the curtain in. He looks out the window, then shuts it. He turns. His name is JOHN GREGORY DUNNE. He is a white man in his thirties. He is a writer, tall, slightly balding. The only SOUND we HEAR is that of the CRASHING WAVES beyond the suite window.

CUT TO:

INT. LATE AFTERNOON. A SUITE AT THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL.
LATE SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

CAMERA pulls FOCUS to reveal that John is not alone in the suite's sitting room. Sitting in a corner of it is his wife, JOAN DIDION, a small, withdrawn woman in her thirties. She has long brown hair, and wears a pair of owl-sized tinted glasses. She is also a writer. The DIDION-DUNNE's four-year-old DAUGHTER stands, rather awkwardly, between JOAN's legs. JOAN is brushing the child's long golden hair. There is a silence. One is aware of a great physical and emotional distance between JOHN and JOAN. Then:

JOHN
You can go if you want.

Beat.

JOAN
Maybe after the storm. Once we get
back to L.A.

Beat.

JOHN
Funny. Our first vacation in
months. And now this.

JOAN
Well. It happens.

JOHN
(Looking out the window.
Slightly sour)
We could have stayed home, for what
it's worth. Since your leaving.
(Pause)
You sure you're leaving?

JOAN
I didn't say that.

JOHN
You said a lot in one of your last
columns.
(Reciting from memory)
"We are in Hawaii in lieu of filing
for divorce." That was news to me.

JOAN puts the brush down. Her DAUGHTER runs towards the BLACK NANNY who stands silently at the entrance to the sitting room. BLACK NANNY escorts her into one of the O.S. bedrooms.

O.S. We can HEAR DAUGHTER demanding that the TV be turned on. A shaft of television light spills into the darkening parlor. O.S., we HEAR snatches of a NEWS REPORT about JONATHAN JACKSON and MACGEE's aborted kidnapping, and death. We also HEAR that one of the guns used was registered in ANGELA DAVIS' name.

All of the above is followed by WEATHER REPORTS concerning the big island. Small craft warnings are in effect. The reports sound, ominously, like a comment on JOAN and JOHN's rapidly disintergrating marriage.

As we continue to HEAR the O.S. TV SOUNDS, the screen goes momentarily black.

CUT TO:

TITLE in white: MARRIAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. LATE AFTERNOON. A SUITE AT THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL. LATE FALL, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

JOAN

Maybe New York. If I left--just to think things over--I could do that in New York.

JOHN

Is that what you want to leave for? To think?

JOAN

You know what I mean.

Beat.

JOHN

No, I don't. Not anymore.

Beat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Why don't you say what you mean?

Beat.

JOAN

You know I never know what I'm saying until *after* I've written it down.

Beat.

JOAN (CONT'D)
That's what I can do in New York.
Write it down. Figure out all
the...whatevers.

JOHN
(Chuckling ruefully.
Sarcastic, hurt)
Of life? And then what? Send us a
postcard once you've figured it
out? Write your "Letter to the
World" that never wrote to *thee*?

JOAN gets up, turns the TV OFF, returns, sits in her chair.

JOAN
All I'm saying is that I'm trying
to make it all matter.

Beat.

JOHN
(Tenderly, still hurt,
like a child)
For yourself?

After a while:

JOAN
For us.

SCENE FADES as we HEAR, O.S., once again, nothing but the
CRASHING WAVES, MIXED with the OPENING STRAINS of Cecil
Taylor's rendition of "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home to."
Then, before the SCENE fades into utter darkness, we

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. THE OFFICES OF FABULOUS MAGAZINE. NEW YORK CITY.
SPRING, 1970.

CAMERA follows a WOMAN as she makes her way with great
determination past a row of closed office doors. The WOMAN
seems to walk in time to the O.S. SOUND of a MILITARY DRUM
BEAT. All we can SEE of the WOMAN is that she wears a white
pillbox hat, white gloves, black suit, and elegant black
flats.

CUT TO:

TITLE IN WHITE: POLITICS

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. THE OFFICES OF FABULOUS MAGAZINE. NEW YORK CITY.
SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

CAMERA is still FOLLOWING the WOMAN as she marches down seemingly endless corridors. The closed office doors on either side of the corridor are painted Technicolor bright: blue, red, green. Within moments it's apparent that the physical make-up of the set--not to mention the ensuing scenes at FABULOUS--all borrow rather heavily from director Stanley Donen's 1957 musical masterpiece, FUNNY FACE.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. MISS BACEWSKA'S RECEPTION AREA AT FABULOUS MAGAZINE. SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

CAMERA FOLLOWS the WOMAN as she passes TWO YOUNG BLONDE SECRETARIES. The TWO YOUNG BLONDE SECRETARIES sit across from one another in the Spartan, albeit eye-popping space.

TWO BLONDE SECRETARIES
(In unison, brightly)
Good morning, Miss Baceswska!

Obviously, the TWO BLONDE SECRETARIES know the woman we've been trailing: MISS BACEWSKA, editor of FABULOUS, the most esteemed fashion magazine in the land. But MISS BACEWSKA pays her underlings no mind as CAMERA follows her past them and into her OFFICE, which is almost a parody of a New York fashion editor's domain: tall windows, rolls of fabric stacked in corners, layouts pinned to the walls. MISS BACEWSKA hits the intercom on her desk. We still cannot SEE her face as we:

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. MISS BACEWSKA'S RECEPTION AREA AT FABULOUS MAGAZINE. SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS

MISS BACEWSKA
(O.S., over the intercom.
The VOICE of a general
calling her troops)
Now here this!

Suddenly, a number of FASHION EDITORS--all twenty-something WHITE WOMEN, all dressed alike in colorful, monochromatic spring fashions--materialize from behind their hitherto sealed off doors. They carry notebooks. Bringing up the rear is a TALL BLACK QUEEN. He's in his twenties, too. His name is ANDRE PIQUANT TALLEY-HO, and his office costume is the most "like" MISS BACEWSKA's. He wears black slacks, and a black turtleneck sweater. He's tied a black cardigan around his waist. Black dancing shoes with grosgrain bows finish off his polished, satorial effect. He is even more imperious than the other girls.

INT. DAY. MISS BACEWSKA'S OFFICE AT FABULOUS. SPRING, 1970.
CONTINUOUS.

The FASHION EDITORS stand around MISS BACEWSKA protectively, expectantly. She is laying on a chaise lounge. We still cannot SEE her.

MISS BACEWSKA
Girls, I'm disappointed.

FASHION EDITORS
(Plaintive. In unison, led
by ANDRE PIQUANT TALLEY-
HO)
Oh, no, Miss Bacewska! Why?

MISS BACEWSKA
(Rising, her back still to
CAMERA)
I simply can't release the next
issue of Fabulous magazine as it
stands.

FASHION EDITORS
(As before)
Oh, no, Miss Bacewska. No!

MISS BACEWSKA
(As she walks around the
office, her FASHION
EDITORS trailing close
behind. We still cannot
SEE her)
As it stands, Fabulous is not
fabulhaft. It does not speak to the
women of America. It does not
reflect her concerns, her
interests, her commitments. It is
an unholy mess. It is a disaster.

FASHION EDITORS
 (As before)
 Oh, no, Miss Bacewska. No!

MISS BACEWSKA
 (Walking to a set of
 layouts pinned to the
 wall, grease pencil in
 hand. Her back is still
 to CAMERA. As she speaks,
 she marks each page with
 an enormous "F")
 Oh, yes, girls, yes. "F" for
 failure. "F" for distressing...

FASHION EDITORS
 (As before)
 Oh, no, Miss Bacewska. No!

MISS BACEWSKA
 (Ignoring them,
 continuing)
 "F" for predictable, puerile, and
 posthumous.

Suddenly, MISS BACEWSKA brightens--or, rather, the O.S. MUSIC does. She turns to face the assembled FASHION EDITORS and thus the CAMERA. Our first glimpse of MISS BACEWSKA reveals her marked resemblance not only to the legendary costume designer, EDITH HEAD, but the unforgettable Vogue editor, Diana Vreeland. Like them, MISS BACEWSKA has a kind of crusty joie de vivre.

MISS BACEWSKA (CONT'D)
 But I have an idea!

MISS BACEWSKA picks a newspaper up off her desk. She scans the cover greedily, and then looks up: a eureka moment.

MISS BACEWSKA (CONT'D)
 The blacks!

ANDRE PIQUANT TALLEY-HO nearly swoons, practically toppling two or three FASHION EDITORS over in the process. He then stumbles, Camille-like, in the direction of MISS BACEWSKA's chaise, where he collapses. Two or three other FASHION EDITORS surround him, fanning him with their notebooks. ANDRE MOANS.

MISS BACEWSKA (CONT'D)
 (Ignoring the commotion,
 flipping through the
 newspaper as she walks
 around the office, deep
 in thought)
 Let's face it, girls: What excites
 Grub Street most?

The FASHION EDITORS look at MISS BACEWSKA and one another
 confusedly.

MISS BACEWSKA (CONT'D)
 (Exasperated, standing
 still. Happy to be back
 in control)
 Girls, girls, girls. If you *only*
 knew the power of yellow
 journalism. It's very *us*.
 Dictation!

The FASHION EDITORS--including a now revived ANDRE PIQUANT
 TALLEY-HO--return to their notebooks, pencils poised.

MISS BACEWSKA (CONT'D)
 (Dictating)
 "To the Fabulous Woman." No.
 Scratch that.

The FASHION EDITORS dutifully scratch out MISS BACEWSKA's
 salutation.

MISS BACEWSKA (CONT'D)
 Make that: "To Fabulous Women
 everywhere..."

The FASHION EDITORS duly note the change.

MISS BACEWSKA (CONT'D)
 (In a kind of reverie)
 "Today, the Fabulous woman is not
 just a creature of fashion; she is
 a trend setter who reflects her
 times and its logical outgrowth:
 fashion..."

CUT TO:

INSERT. SIMULATED BLACK AND WHITE DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE
COVERING THE YEARS 1968, 1969, AND A BIT OF 1970.

IMAGES here SHOW: the movie star, JANE FONDA, at a political demonstration in Paris protesting the French presence in Vietnam. The year: 1968. JANE is dressed in Chanel, her hair a mass of curls.

Then we SEE JANE two years later, dressed in jeans, and a blue workshirt, looking very "of the people." JANE is at the hairdresser's, having her hair cut in its now famous Klute shag while photographers document the process.

We FOLLOW all that with various IMAGES of COLLEGE WOMEN, SOCCER MOMS, and LESBIANS hanging out in gay bars, all sporting the JANE FONDA look. The year is early 1970.

We also SEE: WOMEN burning their bras, and conducting various Women's Lib demonstrations across the country. The year: 1969.

Then we're in Oakland, California. Spring, 1969. The writer, JOAN DIDION, a small, thirtyish white woman, is interviewing ELDRIDGE CLEAVER, the Black Panther's thirtyish Minister of Information, while his wife, KATHLEEN, wearing a colorful turban, stands by.

Other diva IMAGES: NINA SIMONE singing "Mississippi Goddamn," at a rally in Washington, D.C. Fall, 1969. Among the attendees at the outdoor concert is the white socialite, BARBARA "BABE" PALEY, wife of the CBS chairman, BILL PALEY. BABE looks up at NINA admiringly.

More IMAGES: JOAN DIDION again, taking notes as she stands on the sidelines of a 1969 demonstration in Los Angeles. The demonstration is in support of Fidel's Cuba. The rally's leader is a twenty-five year old black political activist named ANGELA YVONNE DAVIS. ANGELA sports her signature Afro.

As we SEE all of this, we HEAR:

MISS BACEWSKA (O.S.)
(Still dictating)
"...In looks that embrace the
tenets of her time: the raw, the
vibrant, the real..."

Suddenly we HEAR the O.S. SOUND of a METAL DOOR BANGING SHUT.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY MISS BACEWSKA'S OFFICE, AS BEFORE.

Medium C.U. Of MISS BACEWSKA, her eyes nearly ablaze with inspiration.

MISS BACEWSKA
(Still dictating)
"And what more potent symbol exists
just now for the Fabulous woman
than..."

The FASHION EDITORS surround MISS BACEWSKA, craning their necks, anxious not to miss a minute of her "genius" moment.

MISS BACEWSKA (CONT'D)
"...Angela Yvonne Davis..."

ANDRE PIQUANT TALLEY-HO swoons. Again. This time, no one pays the slightest bit of attention to him.

FASHION EDITORS
(In unison)
Oh, no, Miss Bacewska! No!

MISS BACEWSKA
(Emphatic)
Yes.

FIRST FASHION EDITOR
But she's a criminal!

SECOND FASHION EDITOR
And black!

FIRST FASHION EDITOR
Black *and* a criminal!

THIRD FASHION EDITOR
Not to mention that hair!

All the FASHION EDITORS shudder in unison.

FIRST FASHION EDITOR
What in the world will the
advertisers say? Think?

MISS BACEWSKA
(Turned on by the
opposition)
Exactly what I want them to think.
This is the information age, girls.
(MORE)

MISS BACEWSKA (CONT'D)
 We either make news, or get thrown
 out with it. Dictation!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. BOOKING ROOM AT THE WOMEN'S HOUSE OF DETENTION. NEW
 YORK CITY, GREENWICH VILLAGE, SPRING, 1970.

ANGELA YVONNE DAVIS, a beautiful twenty-six year old black
 political activist with a large Afro, is being booked by TWO
 OLDER WHITE FEMALE POLICE OFFICERS. ANGELA's impassive
 expression remains just that as the TWO OLDER WHITE FEMALE
 POLICE OFFICERS is impassive as mugshots and fingerprints are
 taken. As all of this occurs, we HEAR:

MISS BACEWSKA (O.S.)
 (Dictating)
 "In recent months, Miss Davis--a
 native of Birmingham, Alabama,
 graduate of Brandeis University,
 star French lit. pupil at the
 Sorbonne, not to mention the
 University of Frankfurt--became the
 third woman ever to appear on the
 F.B.I.'s 'Most Wanted' list. Her
 crime? Aiding and abetting--
 presumably--several members of the
 Black Panther Party--namely George
 Jackson, self-appointed captain of
 the notorious Soledad Brothers."

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. A CORRIDOR AT THE WOMEN'S HOUSE OF DETENTION. NEW
 YORK CITY. GREENWICH VILLAGE. SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

CAMERA follows as ANGELA is being led to her cell by an OLDER
 WHITE PRISON MATRON. As they walk down the corridor past
 cells containing faceless FEMALE INMATES, the INMATES reach
 towards ANGELA, like supplicants trying to touch Jesus.
 ANGELA raises her fist in a show of solidarity: power to the
 people. NO SOUND except:

MISS BACEWSKA (O.S.)
 (Dictating)
 "Free or jailed, indicted or no,
 Miss Davis represents the
 quintessence of today's American
 style. She is herself--iconic.
 (MORE)

MISS BACEWSKA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 She's her generation's Marilyn, but
 without tears..."

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. A CORRIDOR AT THE WOMEN'S HOUSE OF DETENTION. NEW
 YORK CITY. GREENWICH VILLAGE. SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

ANGELA enters her cell, her back still to CAMERA. The OLDER
 WHITE PRISON MATRON pulls the cell door shut. It CLANGS as
 OLDER WHITE PRISON MATRON walks away. Above the various
 INSTITUTIONAL SOUNDS--CELL DOORS being OPENED, PRISONERS
 NUMBERS being CALLED OFF, etc.--we HEAR:

MISS BACEWSKA (O.S.)
 (Dictating)
 "...Cathy without a Heathcliff..."

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. ANGELA'S CELL. THE WOMEN'S HOUSE OF DETENTION. NEW
 YORK CITY. GREENWICH VILLAGE. SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS.

MEDIUM C.U. of ANGELA as she turns and faces CAMERA through
 the bars. Her face: still impassive.

MISS BACEWSKA (O.S.)
 (Dictating)
 "...and born without fear: the new
 'fabulous' woman..."

CUT TO:

INT. DAY MISS BACEWSKA'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.

C.U. Of MISS BACEWSKA, "stoned" on inspiration:

MISS BACEWSKA
 Another idea.

Beat.

MISS BACEWSKA (CONT'D)
 (Decisive, plotting)
 Get me the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. A CORRIDOR IN THE LEGAL DEPARTMENT AT CBS. SPRING, 1970.

CAMERA follows a YOUNG WHITE LAWYER--we cannot SEE his face-- as he walks past SECRETARIES and ERRAND BOYS busily working on either side of the hall. The YOUNG WHITE LAWYER taps a folder against his blue serge-suited leg.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. A CONFERENCE ROOM IN THE LEGAL DEPARTMENT AT CBS. SPRING, 1970.

CAMERA follows YOUNG WHITE LAWYER as he enters the eerily quiet conference room, which is all near all floor to ceiling windows. An OLDER WHITE LAWYER sits in a black swivel chair at the head of the conference table. We only SEE a bit of the back of his silver-haired head. His back is to the YOUNG WHITE LAWYER, and thus the CAMERA. The OLDER WHITE LAWYER stares out the window, at the magnificent skyline.

YOUNG WHITE LAWYER
(Slamming the file down on
the conference table)
Well, she's done it again.

Beat.

YOUNG WHITE LAWYER (CONT'D)
Did you hear me?

OLDER WHITE LAWYER
I can hear you perfectly well.

Beat.

OLDER WHITE LAWYER (CONT'D)
Which she?

YOUNG WHITE LAWYER
Bacewska.

OLDER WHITE LAWYER
Ah....

Beat.

OLDER WHITE LAWYER (CONT'D)
And now?

YOUNG WHITE LAWYER
She wants to put a nigger *in* the
magazine....Maybe, even, on the
cover!

Beat.

OLDER WHITE LAWYER
(The sigh of the sage)
My dear boy. The person you speak
of is a woman of great taste and
refinement. Surely we're above
using such...supremely distasteful
ephitets when it comes to one of
her potential subjects....,

YOUNG WHITE LAWYER
(Nearly spitting it out)
All right. A *black*.

CUT TO:

TITLE IN WHITE: FASHION.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. THE CONFERENCE ROOM IN THE LEGAL DEPARTMENT AT CBS.
SPRING, 1970. CONTINUOUS

All as before, except now the OLDER WHITE LAWYER stands with
his back against one of the windows. Sunlight pours in. We
can barely make him out because of the glare.

OLDER WHITE LAWYER
(Still cool)
Then let her.

YOUNG WHITE LAWYER
What?

Beat. The OLDER WHITE LAWYER chuckles, dryly.

YOUNG WHITE LAWYER (CONT'D)
Am I missing something?

OLDER WHITE LAWYER
Always.

The OLDER WHITE LAYER steps away from the windows. During the
following, the OLDER WHITE LAWYER walks around the conference
room, slowly.

Throughout the following exchange, we never quite SEE the OLDER WHITE LAWYER's face. Between the sun's glare, and the unlighted parts of the conference room where he sometimes pauses for effect, the OLDER WHITE LAWYER is always in shadow.

OLDER WHITE LAWYER (CONT'D)
 (With great deliberation)
 What role or, more specifically,
 function does Miss Bacewska seem to
 have here, among all us pale
 litigators, and sweaty number
 crunchers?

YOUNG WHITE LAWYER
 Fuck if I know.

Beat. The YOUNG WHITE LAWYER feels a sharp glance come his way.

YOUNG WHITE LAWYER (CONT'D)
 (Contrite Peck's Bad Boy)
 Sorry.

Beat.

OLDER WHITE LAWYER
 (Picking up his thoughts
 where he left off)
 Clearly, you have no understanding
 of the...polish she and her kind
 bring to...

CUT TO:

INSERT. SLOW MOTION, SEPIA-TONED DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE OF ALL THE SWELLS ARRIVING AT NEW YORK'S PLAZA HOTEL. TIME: 8 OR 9 P.M. DATE: NOVEMBER 29, 1966. WEATHER: A LIGHT RAIN.

TV CAMERAS pick out various celebrities arriving by limousine or foot to attend Truman Capote's Black And White Dance. We SEE: MIA FARROW and her then husband, FRANK SINATRA. NORMAN MAILER. CANDICE BERGEN. TALLULAH BANKHEAD. MISS BACEWSKA being escorted by BILL and BABE PALEY. Since this is a masked ball, the guests where plain or simple disguises. Some of the attendees lift their masks at the request of the NEWSCASTERS. Some do not. MISS BACEWSKA and the PALEYS do not remove their masks as they glide past the cameras. No SOUND except: