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DONNA CAMERON

A screenplay for video by

"CONFIDENTIAL DO NOT DUPLICATE"

SOUND BRIDGE: FISH  
TANK PUMP HUMMING

FADE OUT TEXT.

THE FOLLOWING IS A PERSONAL  
STATEMENT OF GRIEF. IT IS A  
STATEMENT MADE USING THE HOME  
VIDEO MEDIUM AND IT EXPRESSES THE  
VIEWPOINT OF THE FILMMAKER, NOT  
NECESSARILY THOSE PERSONS  
APPEARING IN THE TAPE.

FADE IN TEXT:

FADE OUT TITLE.

A VIDEO BY DONNA CAMERON

CONFIDENTIAL DO NOT DUPLICATE

FADE IN TITLE:

FADE OUT TITLE.

Produced by Phil Sloan and Donna  
Cameron

FADE IN TITLE:

FADE OUT TITLE.

TO BELTH

FADE IN TITLE:

SOUND: DOG BARKING AND CRICKETS CHIRPING IN A SUBURBAN  
FOREST. FARAWAY SOUND OF RAIN DRIPPING IN A METAL BUCKET.

BEGIN TITLES.

BLACK

"CONFIDENTIAL DO NOT DUPLICATE"

(V.O./FILMMAKER)  
For two weeks I sat in this black  
chair. I was convinced that they  
were coming to get me, too.  
Whoever it was - we weren't quite  
sure who it was!  
But then - nobody was sure.  
Nobody knew what happened to  
her - at least, that's what they  
told us.

It is a dark room, typical Brooklyn Brownstone light. HAND-HELD shaky  
shots are shaky but sure. They confirm the authority of the  
storyteller, in the voice of the first-person. They reflect my GRIEF  
and confused state of mind.

SOUND: MY FOOTSTEPS.

HIGH ANGLE ON BLACK CHAIR--ARC LEFT TO RIGHT AROUND CHAIR

INT. MY HOUSE - DAY

CUT TO:

My mother called. She said,  
"I have bad news, Donna."  
"Beth is dead."

CAMERA ADJUSTS FOCUS

(V.O./FILMMAKER)  
I remember the day that I found  
out that my sister was dead.

Two red goldfish float in a tank with blue and red pebbles  
and a green plastic plant. Reflection of video lens cap and  
camera in the tank glass.

SOUND: WHINING WHIR OF CAMERA MOTOR AND FISH TANK PUMP MIX

EXTREME CLOSEUP/SOFT FOCUS

INT/EXT. FISH TANK - FLUORESCENT TANK LIGHT

CUT IN:

died.  
sister without knowing how she  
I was having to bury my young  
(V.O./FILMMAKER)

WE HEAR: FOOTSTEPS, SINGING IN A BROKEN VOICE  
SUPER-SHADOW OF MY HAND MOVING TOWARD CAMERA LENS  
INT/EXT. WHITE FIELD OVER LENS - DAY

CUT TO:

cripple. AND, I had no answers.  
proofreader. I was a social  
longer. treelance as an editor or a  
transpose numbers. I could no  
or misspell words and sentences,  
I had a new problem. I would skip  
were dislexic!"  
would say, "Gee, I didn't know you  
my own telephone number. People  
At times I couldn't even remember  
I began to forget everything else.  
trying to forget my sister. And so  
**trying to forget things. I was**  
I began to forget things. **I was**  
(V.O. FILMMAKER)

EXTREME CLOSEUP-CAMERA SCROLL DOWN, JUMP-CUT/SCROLL DOWN

SOUND: SAME

INT. NECROPSY REPORT - SAME

CUT TO:

I couldn't distinguish myself from  
my sister. It was a shocking death.  
(V.O./FILMMAKER)

CLOSE SHOT: HOLD STEADY; SHARPER FOCUS

INT/EXT. FISH TANK - SAME

CUT TO:

The camera, fixed on the choppy waves, swings up and right and then left across the landscape of harbor, passengers and sky. It sways for an instant as the Statue of Liberty comes into view. It pans into blackness, a shadowy place (to later become the loc. EXT. BLACK SHADOW FIELD - DAY) on the boat, too dark for the camera's footcandle capacity. This disruptive gesture reflects my confusion and inner turmoil.

SOUND: LOCATION. WIND RUSHING THE CAMERA MICROPHONE.

CLOSE ON: WAVES IN HARBOR AGAINST SIDE OF FERRY

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR/ CIRCLE FERRY RIDE - DAY

PAN UP&ACROSS TO:

*She disappeared in Charleston,  
South Carolina December 16, 1987.*

Knowledge is comfort. Is control.  
Is a manner of healing. Is self-  
reconciliation. Without knowledge,  
all is lost.

I was having to bury my young  
sister without knowing how she  
died. This is a difficult (if not  
impossible) thing to do.  
(V.O./FILMMAKER)

SOUND: LOCATION. WIND RUSHING THE CAMERA MIKE.

MEDIUM SHOT- ANGLE DOWN, OVER THE SHOULDER EFFECT--CAMERA  
FINDS MISCELLANEOUS WAVES, NOTHING.

The water is choppy. Waves are tossing to and from the side of the boat. It is an overcast day in late summer, similar to the day of our last visit. We took the same boat ride, saw the same sites.

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR FROM CIRCLE LINE - DAY

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

M.O.S.

SUPER-PASSENGERS ON FERRY

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR/ CIRCLE LINE/ GRAPHIC POSTER OF NEW YORK ON SITE - DAY

SIAM CUT TO:

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT

After she disappeared her  
cigarettes and her half-finished  
drink were found in an off base  
apartment behind an open screen  
door. Her military ID was found on  
the road to the base. Her keys  
were found in the women's locker  
room. Her motorcycle was stolen  
from the base parking lot. And her  
much loved collection of Beatles'  
tapes just disappeared. On New  
Year's Day, a stranger walking his  
dog in the woods behind his house  
found a decomposed human body on a  
pile of garbage. It had no face.  
It had no flesh.

(V.O./FILMMAKER)

The camera finds the statue, then allows other sites and  
vessel to pass horizontally through the field. I feel the  
flow of time in the flow of the river. Familiar tourist  
pleasures of sea and sky become sinister omens.  
M.O.S./SOUND: Location. Wind rushing the camera microphone.

LONG SHOT

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR/ CIRCLE LINE, PASSING VIEW OF STATUE OF LIBERTY, ELTIS ISLAND, OTHER VESSELS PASSING- DAY

The last time I saw her, we went  
to the statue of Liberty. We took  
the train and the ferry and we got  
stuck there for two hours.

(V.O./FILMMAKER)

There is the sound of a cigarette lighter clicking, tape recorder being turned on, microphone being picked up.

SOUND: LOCATION. INSIDE FERRY CABIN.

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FIELD - DAY

(V.O./FILMMAKER)  
She loved New York. She always  
wanted to identify with it.  
When people asked her where she  
was from she would tell them she  
was from New York.

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR/ CIRCLE LINE/ GRAPHIC POSTER OF NEW  
YORK ON SITE - DAY

SUPER-PASSENGERS ON FERRY

SOUND: SAME LOCATION/M.O.S.

FADE IN:

(V.O./FILMMAKER)  
Mysteriously enough the body had  
hands. The hands were shipped to  
the FBI for fingerprint  
identification...

We could never figure that out.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FRAME - DAY

SOUND: SAME LOCATION

(V.O./FILMMAKER)  
I did see the Coroner's Report.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR/ CIRCLE LINE/ GRAPHIC POSTER OF NEW YORK ON SITE - DAY

SUPER- PASSENGERS ON FERRY

SOUND: SAME LOCATION/M.O.S.

(V.O./FILMMAKER)

And the coroner's Report reports finding a body that when reconstructed was at least five-feet-four-inches in height.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FRAME - DAY

FREEZE FRAME.

SOUND: SAME LOCATION

(V.O./FILMMAKER)

My sister was just five feet tall. She was stationed aboard the USS Holland at the time that she disappeared.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR/ CIRCLE LINE - DAY

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON PASSING VIEW OF THE INTREPID, HOLDS, ZOOMS OUT, HOLDS, ZOOMS IN, PANS RIGHT ACROSS SKYLINE.

SOUND: M.O.S.

(V.O./FILMMAKER)

One can reconstruct dinosaur skeletons from millions of years ago. How is this height discrepancy, on record, believable?



SOUND: LOCATION.

PAN DOWN, ZIG-ZAG ACROSS R--L, ZOOM OUT, PAN LEFT BECOMING  
INCREASINGLY MORE STEADY

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR/ CIRCLE LINE - DAY

CUT TO:

(V.O. FILMMAKER)  
Everywhere I go, every image  
reminds me of the person who was  
suddenly taken away from me.

SOUND: SAME LOCATION

ANGLE ON: ORNAMENTS IN BRANCHES, FESTIVE TREE LIGHTS

INT. CHRISTMAS TREE - NIGHT

CUT TO:

(V.O./FILMMAKER)  
It was Christmas. people were  
trying to contact her. Then they  
found the body. none of us have  
been the same since. You never  
forget. There is no stopping the  
pain...

SOUND: M.O.S.

MEDIUM SHOT: STEADY ON

EXT. BW CAROUSEL TENT TOP TURNING - DAY

CUT TO:

And what of the multitude of other  
dead/missing young women whose  
floating identities all vied for  
that one found body? I wonder.  
What happened? I wonder where she  
is...

(V.O./FILMMAKER)  
Even the Chaplain lied...

SOUND: SAME

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FRAME - DAY

CUT TO:

My parents were supposed to have  
seen her for Christmas. For two  
weeks they called. People said  
that she couldn't come to the  
phone.  
Their calls became more frantic  
and frequent.

SOUND: LOCATION. WIND INTO CAMERA MIKE.

CAMERA ADJUSTS

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR/ CIRCLE LINE WATER FOAM- DAY

SLAM CUT TO:

FOLLOW WATER PATTERN FROM BOAT

I guess I'm not my sister.

PAN DOWN TO WATER

Detectives seem to think that it  
was a serial killer. *Really?* Why  
were her cigarettes and half-  
finished drink in an open of-base  
apartment. Why were her keys on  
the ship. Why was her military ID  
on the road to the base. And where  
is her music?  
My sister was just twenty-four  
years old when she died. She was  
proud to serve in the armed  
forces. She put her faith in the  
Navy way of life.

Later we were told that she was  
lying this way was Navy policy. I  
thought to have been AWOL and that  
don't know...

is it? The civilian detective on  
the case discreetly told us that:

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR/ CIRCLE LINE - DAY

LONG SHOT

SOUND: SAME

(V.O./FILMMAKER)  
"Beth, you know - went out with  
them there coloreds". And that  
there were a lot of KKK in the  
area. The navy detective told us  
that he was fat-young and new on  
the job and just trying to make a  
name for himself...

(CAMERA ZOOMS IN)  
That explains it, I guess:

(M.O.S)  
Fat detective competing with the  
FBI and the Navy. The whole case  
was botched!

(CAMERA ZOOMS OUT)  
(pause; END M.O.S)  
The priest at her funeral service  
said,  
"No matter what happened, Beth  
never gave up on herself."

(PAN DOWN TO WATER)  
I won't give up on Beth either.  
You know,  
this is a true story:

(PAN UP TO VIEW OF TOURIST  
SITE, FERRY PASSENGERS,

(V.O./FILMMAKER)  
wonder where she is...

SOUND: LOCATION. WIND IN CAMERA MIKE.

PAN DOWN USING SPEEDING CLOSE SHOT OF WATER

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR/ CIRCLE LINE - DAY

CUT TO:

There were still no answers. The  
Navy did it's investigation. We  
were given numerous apologies, no  
facts. Somebody knows something.  
The fact that somebody knows  
something and is not communicating  
that something to my family is  
very difficult to live with.  
What happened. Where is she? I

(V.O./FILMMAKER)  
As a member of the media I  
protest!...

SOUND: LOCATION. M.O.S.

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FRAME - DAY

CUT TO:

My young son has never met his  
aunt. Beth is a victim. The kind  
of victim that the media exploits  
with a cold and calculating rigor.

SOUND: LOCATION.

TWO SHOT: ANGLE UP, CLOSE ON MY HUSBAND AND SON ON THE FERRY

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR/ CIRCLE LINE - DAY

CUT TO:

We were told that the Navy has  
evidence of trauma to the skull.  
All teeth are present. There is no  
(V.O./FILMMAKER)

SOUND: SAME

PICK UP IMPROVE CAMERA WORK, CROSS CUT IN-CAMERA W/ BLACK  
EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR/ CIRCLE LINE - DAY

CUT TO:

She was found by a man at  
approximately 10:30am as he was  
taking a walk through the woods.  
At the scene the body was that of  
a young female lying in a clump of  
dried leaves. The skull was  
detached from the body.  
Approximation of the skull gives a  
body length of 64 inches.

SOUND: SAME

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FRAME - DAY

CUT TO:

IMPROVISE CAMERA AT THIS  
POINT)  
Confidential Do Not Duplicate-  
final necropsy diagnosis. Young,  
decomposing white female.  
Reason for autopsy: found in  
wooded area.  
Probable cause of death:  
undetermined.  
This white female was found at the  
crossroads in North Charleston on  
the morning of January 1, 1988.

(NOTE: I WROTE THIS PART OF THIS SCRIPT AS I SHOT IT, IN THE CAR. I (WILL) USE IT TO MAINTAIN TOUCH WITH SOME KIND OF OBJECTIVE REALITY. MY CAMERA THUS BECOMES "THE" CAMERA. IN A WAY, IT'S TRANSCRIPT/SCRIPT IN THIS THIRD OF THE FILM TRULY FULFILL THE DOCUMENTARY REQUIREMENT OF THIS WORK. THE ACTION

FADE IN:

CUT TO: BLACK

What happened. Where is she?

We the people. The victim...

We are the victim.

The victim has a family.

no stopping the pain.

You never forget. There is

I wonder where she is?

I protest...

of **violence** in the movies.

The glamorizing and glorification

Violence on the TV News.

and capitalize.

Violence with intent to exploit

Violence against women.

What is this violence?

Where is she?

I wonder where she is...

What happened? Where is she?

child."

so painful as my burying my

buried a father. There is nothing

"Well, I buried a mother and I've

said,

On the way to the burial my father

Found again, we think.

For several weeks. But they were

disappeared on the way to the FBI

RECORD'S A RECORD. The records

very good dental records. BUT A

NOTES ARE QUOTES FROM MY FIELD OBSERVATIONS/DIARY ON THIS DAY. THE VO'S AND SOUND EDT ARE SCRIPTED, LIKE THE OTHER TWO THIRDS OF THE FILM.--DC, 1990)

INT/EXT. INSIDE MY CAR/APPROACHING ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY/A TIME THAT HAPPENED BEFORE THE FIRST SCENES. IT IS A DISPLACEMENT, NOT A FLASHBACK.

ECU/MLS-NONDESCRIBT-INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE MOVING CAR  
"the camera adjusts; finds focus on miscellaneous objects both in the interior and on the exterior of the car. The hand-held again is representing my inability to direct attention to the matter at hand. I am about to see my sister's tombstone for the first time.

SOUND: CAR RADIO. MY SON AND HUSBAND'S VOICES. LOCATION.

(V.O./FILMMAKER)  
You can't help it. That's just the way it is...

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

LONG SHOT-

Focus is on the approach to the cemetery. The gates, the sign, the granite edifice. The uniformed guards are directing traffic in, and, in the road, there are the tourists.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. INSIDE CAR, VIEW OUTSIDE THROUGH WINDSHIELD - DAY

CAMERA ZOOMS IN TO GRANITE ARCH

SOUND: MY SON AND HUSBAND'S VOICES. LOCATION.

My husband and son are visible in the front seat. My son is so small that his feet stick out straight in front of him in the chair. His fricht is apparent in the manner in which he clutches a little present in a plastic bag. I am numb with terror. It is Springtime, the cherry blossoms are in bloom. My son doesn't see them, instead, he's convinced that it's Halloween. He insists upon holding a conversation about

Halloween cemeteries. My husband comforts him, gives him a logical, fatherly explanation of what's happening. He talks about loss and sorrow. I remember now that his uncle was murdered during his junior year at Yale, and that they never found the body. Just a pool of his uncle's blood (they think) in a car trunk. But that's another time... We're being waved through the gate by the guard.

SOUND: CAR RADIO. MY SON AND HUSBAND'S VOICES. LOCATION.

PHIL

(TO ANDREW)

It's sad for people when other

people die, because then you don't

see them anymore.

The car moves through the final set of gates.

ANDREW

I see the cemetery.

PHIL

Yep. And there's going to be one

of them that says Beth Cameron.

That's your Aunt. That's mommy's

sister.

PHIL

(O.S. TO FILMMAKER)

Are you filming this?

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - SAME

CAMERA FINDS SOMETHING, ANYTHING, TO FOCUS ON

SOUND: CAR RADIO. MY SON AND HUSBAND'S VOICES. LOCATION.

The first tombstones appear. The camera turns left, allowing the ever increasing number of tombstones to flow through the camera lens. The car picks up speed. The number of stones flowing through the lens increases proportionally. There is the feeling of a tumbling green plane - turning, spinning, following, leading - and the cemetery as a kind of grassy, rocky, roofless carousel.



CUT TO:

( WE'VE FOUND THE SECTION. THE CAR STOPS. WE GET OUT. )

(real travel time passes  
again)

Daddy?  
cemeteries, right Daddy? Right  
But there are Halloween

(OFF SCREEN)

ANDREW

(real travel time passes)

( HERE IMPROV CAMERA WORK FOR HOWEVER LONG IT TAKES IN REAL  
TIME--AND EDIT IN CAMERA: DRIVING AROUND FINDING THE RIGHT  
SECTION OF THE CEMETERY... )

home.  
This is the highway that goes  
end. They go home!"  
roads have a big surprise at the  
to the grocery store and some  
the witches' house. Some roads go  
to the castle and some roads go  
learned about roads. Some roads go  
"Mommy, yesterday in school we  
This morning my son said to me,  
and it's a long painful road.  
In between there's the highway  
there are photographs.  
inscribed stone. In your home  
In the cemetery there's an  
there's the reality of your home.  
reality of the cemetery and  
just the way it is. There's the  
splits. You can't help it, that's  
When memory returns, reality  
(V.O./FILMMAKER)

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

MCU-CAMERA FINDS ANDREW UNDER A CHERRY TREE.

SOUND: WIND IN THE CAMERA MIKE.

ANDREW  
It stopped raining.

He gets up and looks around. He begins to run through the rows of graves, looking for Phil. I haven't anticipated this. I run after him, wanting to protect him. He trips and falls. My heart is on my sleeve. This isn't just a cemetery yet. He gets up and keeps running.

ANDREW  
DaddyYYYYY!

LONG SHOT-FOLLOW

PAN UP AS

A jet flies overhead. Catch it.

PAN DOWN

LONG SHOT-FOLLOW ANDREW

Phil is visible just ahead. There is a patch of dirt marking a newly turned grave. There are empty spots on the grassy hill. I know this is the one. Something is freezing inside me. Still a kind of joy arises, as though I'm about to have some kind of sisterly reunion when I find the stone. So, my emotions are torn inside me. My psyche is projected beyond my body, with my husband. My feet are some kind of leaden numb things that are plodding uselessly along, always behind. I don't want to go there. But I do.

FILMMAKER  
What's the number?

PHIL  
What?

PAN ACROSS  
CAMERA ZOOMS IN-HAND-HELD

DOLLY CLOSE UP on  
tombstones

FILMMAKER

The graves have numbers on them-  
on the back of the gravestones  
there are numbers. 691513,  
691512....this one's turned  
around-

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY/ PHIL FINDS BETH'S GRAVE -  
SAME

LONG SHOT

SOUND: WIND IN CAMERA MIKE. LOCATION.

Phil has circled the area and is kneeling on one knee, at the  
grave. His arm is around Andrew. I approach and meet them.  
There's a Roman cross on the stone. There are dying flowers  
in pots on either side. My parents must have just been  
here. Phil parts the flowers and reads the inscription to  
Andrew.

ANDREW

What does that say?

PHIL

It says, "United States Navy".

ANDREW

Yay. (Sing-song three year-old  
gobble-de-gook.) Cheese!

FILMMAKER

(sobbing)

Andy, you don't understand.

PHIL

See Andy, this is where your nice  
Aunt Beth, uh-see, there's  
something that says nice Aunt  
Beth..."

ANDREW

(MAKING MARCHING GESTURES)

Huh?

grave...  
There's the Pentagon. There's your

released.  
they were saved by a good guy and  
very sad but then, in the end,  
children were imprisoned and were  
at once down into the ground. The  
from each box and pulled them all  
with a large grey claw shot up  
of four all at once a single hand  
with his schoolmates on some kind  
rows of boxes and as he walked by  
dream in which there were rows and  
saying that he'd had "a horrible  
nightmare. He awoke sobbing,  
Last night, my son had a

There's the Pentagon.  
(V.O. FILMMAKER)

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT

It's getting impossible to write notes. My hands are  
trembling. My eye-hand co-ordination is going. All I can do  
now is hold the camera tightly against my body and cry. I have  
to leave my pen behind. I have to become my camera. There's  
nothing here now but the wind, the grave, and me (the camera).

SOUND: WIND IN THE CAMERA MIKE. LOCATION. MY VOICE.

ANGLE ON: FRONT OF TOMBSTONE; ZOOMS IN SLOWLY

CAMERA ADJUSTS

Alright.  
FILMMAKER

car.  
We're going to be waiting in the  
back to the car?  
Are you cold? Do you want to go

(TO ANDREW)  
PHIL

CAMERA ZOOMS IN

(V.O. FILMMAKER)  
Coroner's Field Report, by Doctor  
Clay Nichols of the North  
Charleston Police Department:

The badly decomposed body of  
a white female was discovered  
by the above witness around 9:15  
AM 1.1. '88. The victim had light  
brown hair and appeared to be at  
least five-foot-four inches and  
sort of on the average build side  
noted was what looked like some  
kind of bruise on the victim's  
back near her buttocks that would  
also be an indication that the  
victim was dragged some distance  
before being killed that would  
also be an indication that the  
victim has been dead for at least  
three weeks...

Whose grave is this?

CAMERA ADJUSTS TO

EXT. WHITE SHADOW FRAME - SAME

(V.O. FILMMAKER)  
I have to believe that it's my  
sister's.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON: THE PENTAGON, THE ROWS OF STRANGER'S GRAVES-  
 IMPROV. IN CAMERA EDITS- REAL TIME PASSING  
 (V.O. FILMMAKER)  
 My parents leave flowers. They  
 always leave flowers. They have  
 arranged to be buried in the same  
 grave as their daughter.  
 There's the whoosh of cars  
 on the highway. I am wishing, hard  
 for silence.  
 Who's next? Who's next?  
 CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE SHADOW FRAME - SAME

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD OUT OF ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY; TO WASHINGTON  
 D.C. - SAME

ANGLE ON: WINDOW AND PASSING SIGHTS.

SOUND: CAR RADIO, MY HUSBAND'S AND SON'S VOICES. LOCATION.

It is starting to rain again. I am relieved to be out of the  
 cemetery. I feel guiltily about being relieved to be out of the  
 cemetery. I am entering a newer, more critical stage of inner  
 turmoil and confusion. All of a sudden, I don't care about  
 the camera anymore. I can't find a level plane in my head. I  
 resort to opening and closing the window and scribbling on my  
 field notes. The window shuts just to catch this first drop  
 of rain. I open it to let in the Washington Monument. I  
 alternately open it close it. As if it were a camera shutter  
 on a frame. We are headed for the Hirschorn Museum and the  
 Washington Mall. I know this. The Potomac River becomes my  
 center of focus. I realize that I must take a trip on the  
 Circle Line around Manhattan. It is at this point that this  
 film is born.

FILMMAKER  
 It's starting to rain.

(V.O. FILMMAKER)  
 It was starting to rain.

The histories of objects like trains, guns and fountains take on new significance. A new reality is forming in my head. For the first time, I look at a locomotive and imagine pushing

SOUND: LOCATION. STRAINS OF ED SULLIVAN ANNOUNCING THE BEATLES ON HIS TELEVISION SHOW IN 1964. STRAINS OF BEATLES MUSIC ARE JUMP CUT IN AND OUT OF THE LOCATION SOUND.

PAN ACROSS LOBBY EXHIBITION SPACE

INT. SMITHSONIAN MUSEUM - LATER

FADE IN:

(V.O. FILMMAKER)  
The news isn't very good."

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FRAME - SAME

CUT TO:

Early in the evening of December 16, 1987, my sister Beth called me. She was in tears. She was in an off-base apartment she said. "Listen!" she said. "I played me a Beatles' song. And she played me a Beatles' song. The song was "You're Going To Lose That Girl". We had a brief conversation. She gave me a number to call her back at. Then we hung up. I was the last person in my family to speak to her. We never heard from her again.

I checked out the number. For several days I tried to call, but it was disconnected. My mother kept calling and calling that ship all that Christmas. Finally around New Year's she got some ship's hand who said, "I'm afraid I have bad news Mrs. Cameron.

SOUND: LOCATION. CAROUSEL MUSIC.

CLOSE SHOT ON SERVING WINDOW

EXT. HOT DOG VENDOR/ WASHINGTON MALL - SAME

CUT TO:

SOUND: LOCATION. CAROUSEL MUSIC.

PAN UP; LOW ANGLE; JUMP CUT THE SAME- IN CAMERA EDIT

EXT. WASHINGTON MONUMENT - SAME

CUT TO:

ZOOMS IN TO PONIES)

(CAMERA ADJUSTS; CAMERA

importance of freedom of choice.

front of the carousel. The importance of witness, the

truly mine. Other on-site thoughts: the sorrow I feel in

modern allusion to my earlier filmwork. Thus making this work

metaphor through to my artist's medium. Thus creating a post-

frame. Thus alluding to sprocket holes and continuing this

mirrors at it's lip riding the bottom horizontal of the video

important to frame the tent top with the small circular

grass & earth in the turning of the carousel. It becomes

I envision the flowing river, the turning of the cemetery's

SOUND: LOCATION CAROUSEL MUSIC.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN SLOWLY

EXT. COLOR CAROUSEL TENT TOP TURNING - LATER SAME DAY

CUT TO:

notified is next of kin?

Whatever happened to first to be

(V.O. FILMMAKER)

shake it. I am driven.

nautious, dark feeling in my gut. I don't like it. I can't

annihilate my sister's murderer. These JOLTS give me a

and for the first time, picking one up to use. I want to

someone (my sister's killer) underneath it. I look at the guns



The medium and medium close shots focus on broken elements of the human form in the context of the spring landscape of the garden. A foot is isolated above a brick path. A hand is isolated against an ivy-covered wall. The wind is seen in the moving pink cherry blossoms. Giant goldfish in a deep blue

SOUND: SAME. STRAINS OF BEATLES' MUSIC & FANS SCREAMING.

MEDIUM SHOT: USE ZOOM AND IN-CAMERA EDITS; IMPROV MONTAGE

EXT. HIRSCHORN SCULPTURE GARDEN - SAME

CUT TO:

The camera movement must give the viewer the feeling of being dragged along the ground. Things appear to lose their normal, safe bearing. The monument and clouds turn upside down. The sense of gravity is disrupted.

SOUND: SAME. WIND IN CAMERA MIKE. AND MY FOOTSTEPS.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN TO CAPITOL DOME. PAN UP TO SKY; REVERSE ANGLE ON: WASHINGTON MONUMENT. SWING BACK AROUND IN A FULL CIRCLE. USE FULL LENGTH OF ARMS.

EXT. PATH TO CAPITOL - SAME

CUT TO:

Real time recording of movement. Small mirrors like sprocket holes line the top horizontal of the frame. Camera pans across riders l-r, then r-l, pans up, holds on top of carousel tent turning. This starts to resemble the Capitol Dome. Those days of marching on Washington during the late 1960s.

SOUND: SAME

MEDIUM SHOT: CAROUSEL WITH PONIES

EXT. CAROUSEL TURNING - SAME

CUT TO:

Phil and Andrew are getting lunch. I am too disturbed to eat. Everything has taken on strange significance: even the money exchange through the window for their hot dog. ANDREW COMES TOWARD MY CAMERA.

garden pond appear to be dead stiff. But they move. This  
galls me. The most ominous item in the garden is the patch of  
a ship's hull, with a porthole, on an open frame. Shipwreck?

CUT TO:

INT. DRAWINGS ON EXHIBIT AT HIRSCHORN MUSEUM - LATER

CLOSE UP; EDIT IN-CAMERA

SOUND: STRAINS OF BEATLES' MUSIC & FANS SCREAMING.M.O.S.

There is a picture of a man within a target eying a target,  
pistol in hand. There is a picture of the Grim Reaper,  
juggling a split reel which seems to evolve around him, in  
the path of the jungle, through a series of skulls. THERE IS  
A NEGATIVE OF THE INTERIOR OF A FLOODED SHIP.

(V.O.FILMMAKER)

The eye... The eye...

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FRAME -SAME

SOUND: MIKE BEING DROPPED INTO AN UNDERWATER BOX.

(V.O. FILMMAKER)

The eye has no shadow.

All children

of the moon, and of the sun

the earth, the water

the air

own no shadow.

FADE IN:

INT. COLLAGE OF DEAD LEAVES, GARBAGE, BETH'S PHOTO -SAME

CLOSE UP ON LEAVES, DIRTY RUBBER COCK TOY

(V.O. FILMMAKER)

Shadow itself has no shadow.

CUT TO:

(V.O. FILMMAKER)  
For it's eyes are two small heaps  
of ash. Shadow is a fall. And so,  
when the fires are out, shadow is  
blind. That is why a person keeps  
and eye on his shadow.

EXT. WHITE SHADOW FRAME - SAME

CUT TO:

FADE IN:  
Ash has no shadow either. That is  
why shadow is blind.

(V.O. FILMMAKER)  
The eye has no shadow, but it sees  
shadow - stirring the embers until  
the log on the hearth crumbles  
without a sound and falls to ash.  
Ash has no shadow either. That is  
why shadow is blind.

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FRAME - NIGHT

FADE OUT.

Shadow lives in the forest. It  
often gets knocked, torn. It trips  
again and again. It falls it's  
full length on the ground. But it  
does not cry out. Shadow has no  
voice. It goes back to the forest.  
It is always watching. If you open  
your eyes in your sleep, shadow is  
there. It has already stolen back  
like a thief. It comes sliding  
right up behind the storyteller.  
It has already stolen back like a  
thief. And now it is spying on  
you. And now it is spying on you.  
The eye has no shadow. But it sees  
shadow.

FADE OUT.

But no one can fight shadow.  
But no one, but no one, but no one  
can fight shadow.  
Shadow, shadow.

(V.O. FILMMAKER)  
It needs no ornament.

INT. COLLAGE OF DEAD LEAVES, GARBAGE, BETH'S PHOTO - SAME  
CLOSE UP ON SHELLS AND FACELESS OBJECTS WITH HAIR.

FADE IN:

It follows men, everywhere, even  
to war. But no one can fight  
shadow.

(V.O. FILMMAKER)  
Here it is in a mask.

SOUND: JET FLYING OVERHEAD.

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FRAME - SAME

FADE OUT.

When he wakes up. He is careful  
not to step on it when he gets up.  
It could prick him. Or bite him.  
But shadow says nothing. It has no  
voice. But there is no need to  
fear. It is not death. That's  
clear, because every morning there  
is a shadow. And shadow never says  
a thing. While death, when it  
comes, cries out.

(V.O. FILMMAKER)

INT. COLLAGE OF DEAD LEAVES, GARBAGE, BETH'S PHOTO - SAME  
CLOSE UP ON BETH'S PHOTO UNDER THE LEAVES

Shadow  
(V.O. FILMMAKER)

SOUND: CRICKETS IN FOREST

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FRAME - SAME

FLASH FADE OUT.

Shadow  
(V.O. FILMMAKER)

CLOSE UP ON SHELLS AND FACELESS OBJECTS WITH HAIR.

INT. COLLAGE OF DEAD LEAVES, GARBAGE, BETH'S PHOTO - SAME

FLASH FADE IN:

SOUND: Voice. Crickets in the forest.

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FRAME - SAME

FADE OUT.

The eye has no shadow. But shadow  
is in the eye. It is the pupil.  
Every breath stirs to life. It is  
a game. It is a dance. Go home and  
build a fire. The eye has no  
shadow. But shadow is in the eye.  
Behold once more: shadow. Shadow.

CLOSE UP ON PHOTO OF BETH UNDER THE LEAVES.

INT. COLLAGE OF DEAD LEAVES, GARBAGE, BETH'S PHOTO - SAME

FADE IN:

(V.O. FILMMAKER)  
What is shadow? In the crackling  
coals, is it the spark? What is  
shadow? The spark has no shadow.

EXT. BLACK SHADOW FRAME - SAME

SOUND: SILENCE

BLACK

DISSOLVE TO:

SOUND: JET FLYING OVERHEAD-- R-L SCREEN

BLACK

FADE OUT.

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FADE IN: