

Campaign Treatment
B.F.M. 6/1/00

Treatment – Fairfield University - Campaign

We see Bellarmine Hall from the air, the camera sweeping around and past the great lawn up and over the west side of the building. From the air we spot him. The figure of a man climbing up the side of Bellarmine Hall. He seems so small and insignificant against the huge granite blocks. As we dissolve closer, he continues to climb and we hear the faint pulsing of electronic music. The camera is very close as we examine both the strength and skill of the climber. We recognize the man to be Tom Zingarelli as suddenly he slips, plunging, scraping, and sliding downward. We see his body falling, his eyes panicked, his arms clawing desperately for a hold...any kind of hold. With a slap his hand finds and grasps the head of a gargoyle. Inside Fred Wheeler looks up from the paperwork on his desk, pondering the unexpected disturbance. Outside the man hangs by one hand and then with a jolt ...one finger. We see him straight on, from high above and well below hanging about to fall. With an extraordinary demonstration of strength, courage and agility and in apparent slow motion he leaps across the building face to a better position from which to continue his climb. A close up of fingers clamped on the roofline reveals our climber's success as he proceeds to stand upright on the roof of Bellarmine.

We circle Bellarmine from above revealing the beautiful campus but centering on the man on the roof, who is now looking at the camera. From his point of view we see the helicopter hovering above. A closer view establishes Coach Tim O'Toole in the Copter ready to throw a Basketball (Stag's Logo most evident.) Coach throws the ball. Zingarelli catches it. A close up of the ball shows it has a zipper that conceals a red view master and earphone. We watch Zingarelli slowly bring the view master to his eyes and plugs in an earphone as we see the first slide, a composite still of Fairfield University campus which comes to life with motion as we hear the voice of Fr. Kelley saying, "Good morning Tom. Sorry to interrupt your vacation, but there is a matter of extreme importance that requires your special talents and resources." As the video progresses in illustrating Kelley's narrative the audience is presented a University that has demonstrated a strong and lasting commitment to academic excellence as evidenced its national ranking and academic awards. Fr. Kelley begins to profile two award-winning students as we see them at home with their parents preparing for their Fulbright scholarships abroad. Through a special effect a still picture of Danielle Liubicich is pulled from a group shot of students working in a biology lab and attached to the upper right of our frame. Layered on the lower third and borders of the frame are pertinent information displayed in "teletype" form. Keyed date and running time-code on each clip will further add to the video "file" effect. Lawrence Dunn's file will be handled in the same way. From dated interviews we hear the students speak in their own words of their experience at Fairfield, and we see them participating in the Glee Club, in the biology lab and on Hunger Clean up.

TERMINATOR

The Present.
Los Angeles ghetto.
Schoolyard.
Night.

Among the spray-painted school buildings a cat prowls between the dumpsters. It looks up, freezing alert, at something beyond human perception.

A sourceless wind rises, and with it a keening whine. Papers blow across the pavement. The cat yowls and hides. Windows rattle.

The whine intensifies and with it comes a wash of frigid purple light. A concussion like a thunderclap right overhead blows in all the windows facing the yard. The cat's eyes are wide as the glow dies.

Electrical discharges arc from the dumpster to a water faucet and climb a drainpipe like a Jacob's Ladder. The sound of stray electrical crackling subsides.

In the middle of the previously empty yard stands a NAKED MAN.

Tall. Powerfully built. Handsome in an utterly unremarkable way, except for the eyes, which are intense blue and depthless.

He glances down, taking calm inventory of himself, then scans his surroundings. At the horizon, occasional lightning flashes presage a thunderstorm. He strides OUT OF SHOT.

A beer bottle smashes on the ground. PULL BACK to include its ex-owner and his two compatriots, YOUTH GANG MEMBERS lounging on a jungle gym in the kindergarten playground. They glance up as the naked man walks from between the school buildings and comes purposefully toward them.

In response to their derisive catcalls, he says to one of them without inflection, "Your clothes will fit. Give them to me."

The three toughs slide off the jungle gym and surround him, all swagger and malign good humor. With blinding speed the man backhands the one he addressed in the throat and the punk drops, gagging on blood.

The leader has his switchblade out in an instant and has slashed it across the man's throat in the next. The stranger pauses to glance at the blood streaming down his chest without apparent concern, then kills the leader with one punch in the belly. There is a wet sound as he draws back his fist which glistens with blood to the elbow. The leader slumps lifeless to the ground.

The third punk is already stripping off his clothes as the man turns his gaze toward him.