Flute Fanfare



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IN MOUNT OLYMPUS SURROUNDED BY CLOUDS, THE
GOD PAN TRIES TO CATCH THE FLUTE DROPPED BY ORPHEUS WHO CHASES
EURYDICE TO THE UNDERWORLD



THE FLUTE IS IN THE HANDS OF AN ANCIENT GREEK FLUTE PLAYERAHEAD OF AN ARMY



AN ANCIENT ROMAN PLAYS THE FLUTE AT A ROMAN BANQUET



IN THE HANDS OF A MEDIEVAL COURT JESTER.



IN THE HANDS OF A FLUTE PLAYER IN THE AMERICAN ARMY IN THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.



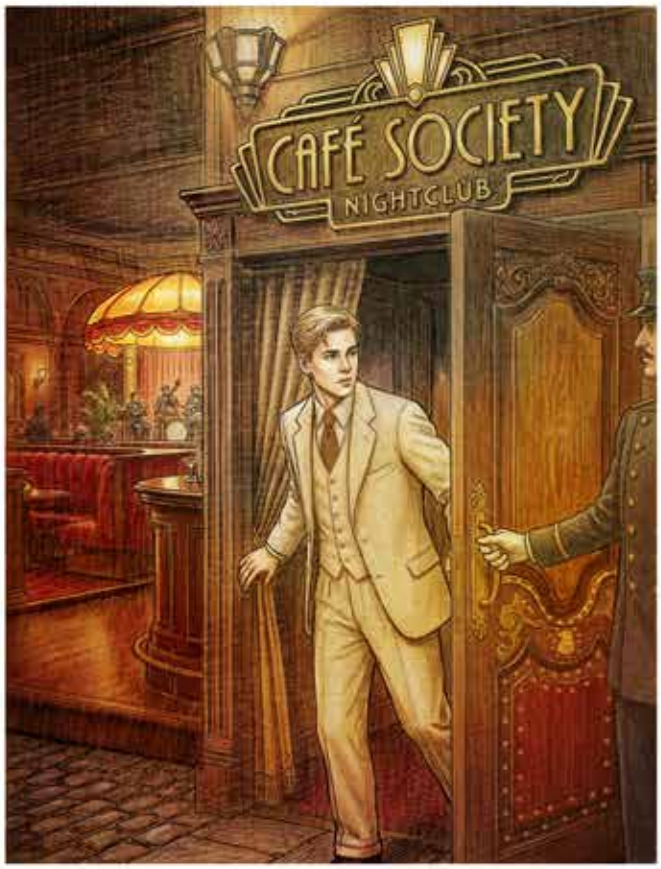
IN THE HANDS OF A UNION ARMY PLAYER IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR AT THE FRONT LINE.



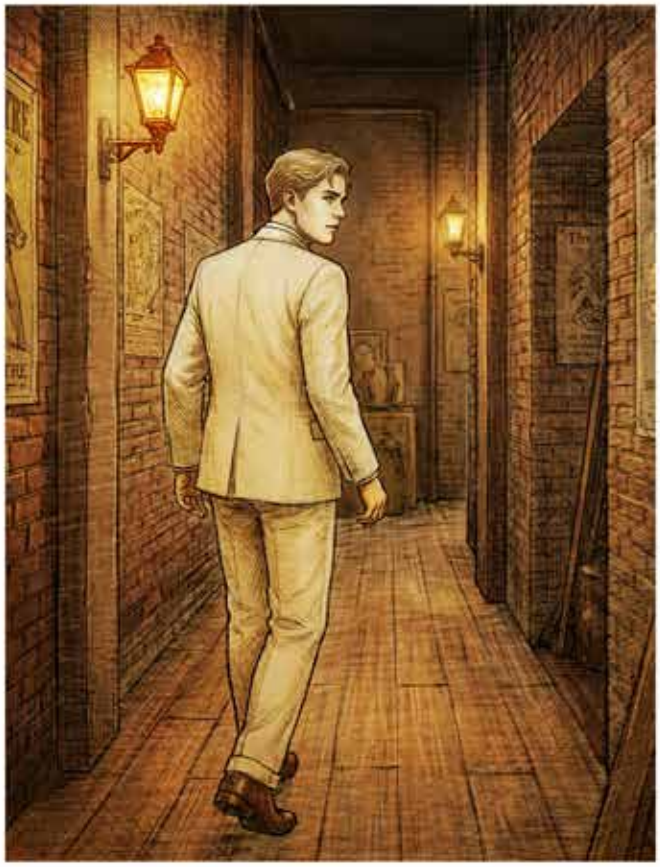
IN THE HANDS OF A BRITISH SOLDIER
IN THE TRENCHES, IN VERDUN, IN WORLD WAR 1.



THE FLUTE IS IN THE WINDOW OF AN ANTIQUE STORE1939 NEW YORK,
AS CAL A YOUNG WHITE MAN WALKS BY.



CAL ENTERS THE NIGHTCLUB-CAFE SOCIETY.



CAL WALKS TO THE BACKSTAGE ROOMS.



IN HIS ROOM CAL AS HE IS ABOUT TO PLAY HIS FLUTE HEARS A YOUNG BLACK WOMAN CALLED SYLVIA IN THE NEXT ROOM.

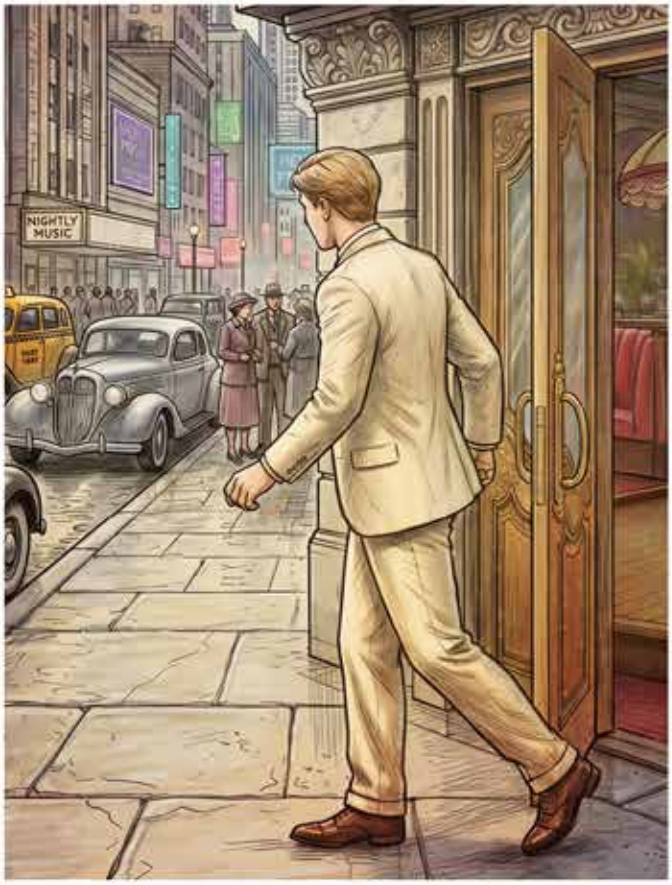


SYLVIA SINGS THE SONG TUNE IN HER ROOM STANDING UP



BARI BARONE A YOUNG BRUNETTE WHITE WOMAN SINGS
THE SONG VIBE STANDING UP IN HER
DRESSING ROOM. SITTING DOWN, REB REVERS A YOUNG
BLACK MAN LOOKS ON HOLDING A MOUTH ORGAN.

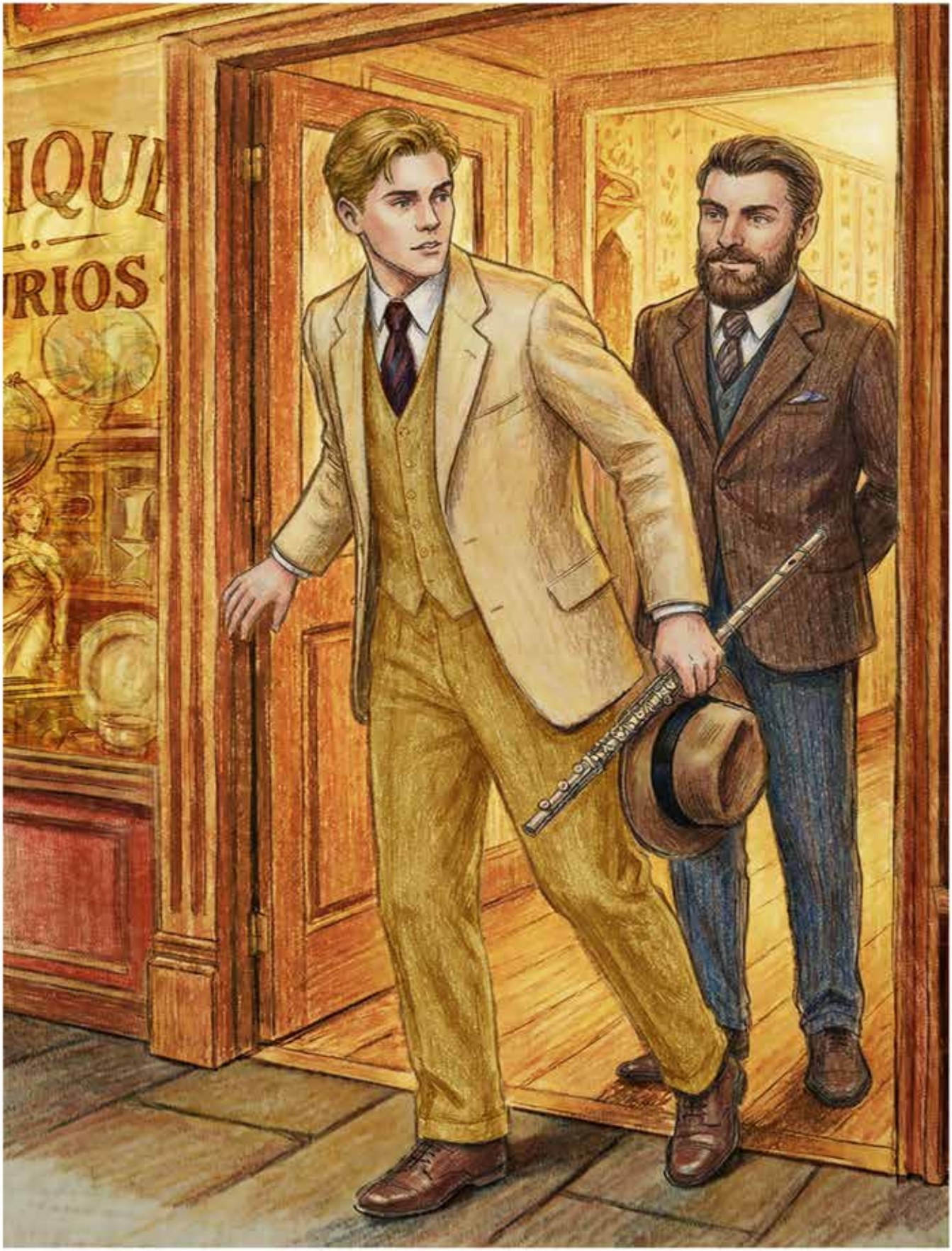




REB BOWS TO BARI WHEN SHE FINISHES SINGING. CAL LEAVES THE CAFE CLUB ON HEARING BARI.



CAL WALKS DOWN TIMES SQUARE
AND STOPS OUTSIDE THE ANTIQUE STORE.



CAL LEAVES THE ANTIQUES STORE WITH A SILVER FLUTE
AS THE OWNER WHO LOOKS LIKE THE GOD PAN IN A SUIT SMILES AS HE LEAVES



CAL BACK IN HIS DRESSING ROOM
IN CAFE SOCIETY CLEANS WITH
A CLOTH THE SILVER FLUTE.



OTHER PERFORMERS OUTSIDE HIS ROOM,
WILSON WILLARD, A MIDDLE-AGED SINGING
CROONER WHITE, IN A SUIT, ALSO REB,
SYLVIA AND BARI APPLAUDS WHEN CAL
FINISHES A FEW NOTES.



CAL IS IN THE ORCHESTRA PIT
AS WILSON PREPARES TO SING.



WILSON WILLARD SINGS THE SONG NIGHTTIME
IN A FLOODLIGHT ON THE STAGE TO APPLAUSE.



WILSON WILLARD LEAVES A CARD BY THE MIRROR OF CAL, AS A CARD IS BY THE MIRROR OF BARI, REB AND SYLVIA TOO.



SYLVIA WALKS DOWN TIMES SQUARE.



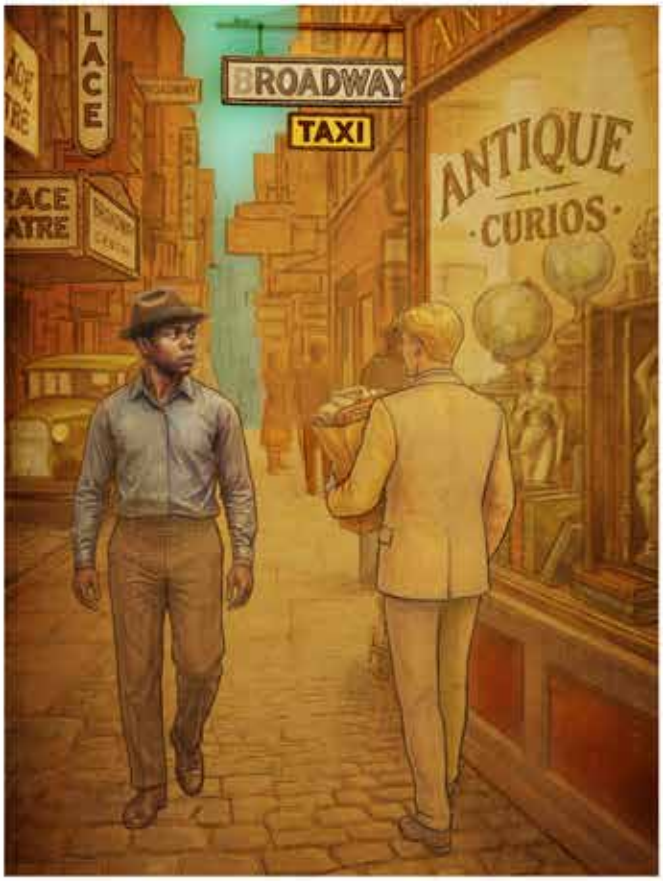
SYLVIA LOOKS AT A RED SEQUINED DRESS IN A WINDOW. CAL SEES HER IN THE BACKGROUND.



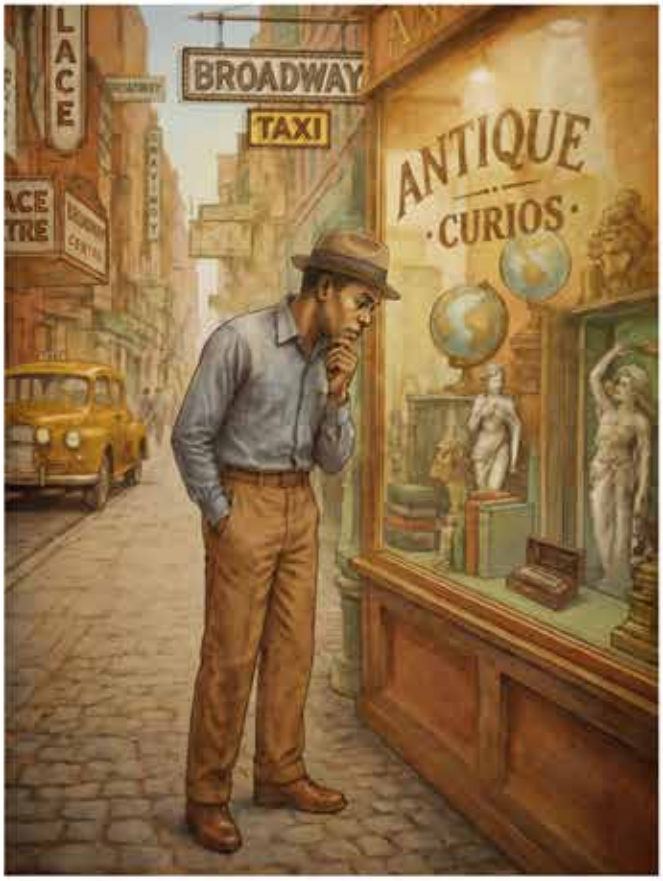
SYLVIA IS OUTSIDE RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL.



SYLVIA IMAGINES SINGING THE SONG SWOON ON A STAGE TO AN AUDIENCE.



REB WITH A HAT ON HIS HEAD WALKS PAST CAL WHO HAS CLEANING CLOTHS IN HIS BAG FROM THE ANTIQUES STORE WALKING BACK FROM IT



REB LOOKS AT A SILVER MOUTH ORGAN GLOWING IN THE ANTIQUE STORE WINDOW.



REB LEAVES THE ANTIQUE STORE WITH THE
INSTRUMENT IN A BOX, AS THE GOD PAN SMILES.



REB IN HIS OWN APARTMENT IMAGINES SINGING A MOUTH ORGAN MELODY.



IN CAFE SOCIETY IN HER DRESSING ROOM,
BARI READS THE CARD LEFT BY WILSON,
"YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO LOS
ANGELES TO PERFORM AT THE CLUB TROPICANA,
THIS WEEKEND FROM SATURDAY, GOOD LUCK!"



CAL AND REB WHO HAVE CARDS HUG
OUTSIDE IN THE CORRIDOR, AS DO
SYLVIA AND BARI.



BARI HANDS A CARD TO THE MANAGER WHO IS SHOCKED. "AS VACATION TIME IS APPROACHING THE FOLLOWING PERFORMERS HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE TIME OFF, CAL CALVIN, REB REVERS, SYLVIA SILVER AND BARI BARONE. SEE YOU SOON!"



THE FOLLOWING DAY IN THE MORNING WITH THE SUN OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, CAL PACKS A SUITCASE. THE RED SEQUINED DRESS IS IN THE BACK OF IT.



REB REVERS IN HIS APARTMENT IS ALSO PACKING
A SUITCASE THAT SEEMS TO HAVE A SILVER DRESS.



AS SYLVIA SITS IN THE FRONT OF BARI'S RED FORD CAR NEXT TO
HER, CAL AND REB PLACE THEIR SUITCASES IN THE BOOT OF IT.



THE CAR DRIVES ONTO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



P.O.V SHOT FROM ABOVE OF THE CAR ON THE BRIDGE AS A FLOCK OF BIRDS FLY OVERHEAD.



A FAT COP ON A MOTORCYCLE PULLS THE CAR OVER ON THEHIGHWAY.



THE FAT COP RECOGNISES THEM FROM CAFE SOCIETY.
HE GRINS AND PULLS OUT A NOTEPAD FOR AUTOGRAPHS.



THE CAR PULLS INTO A PETROL STATION.



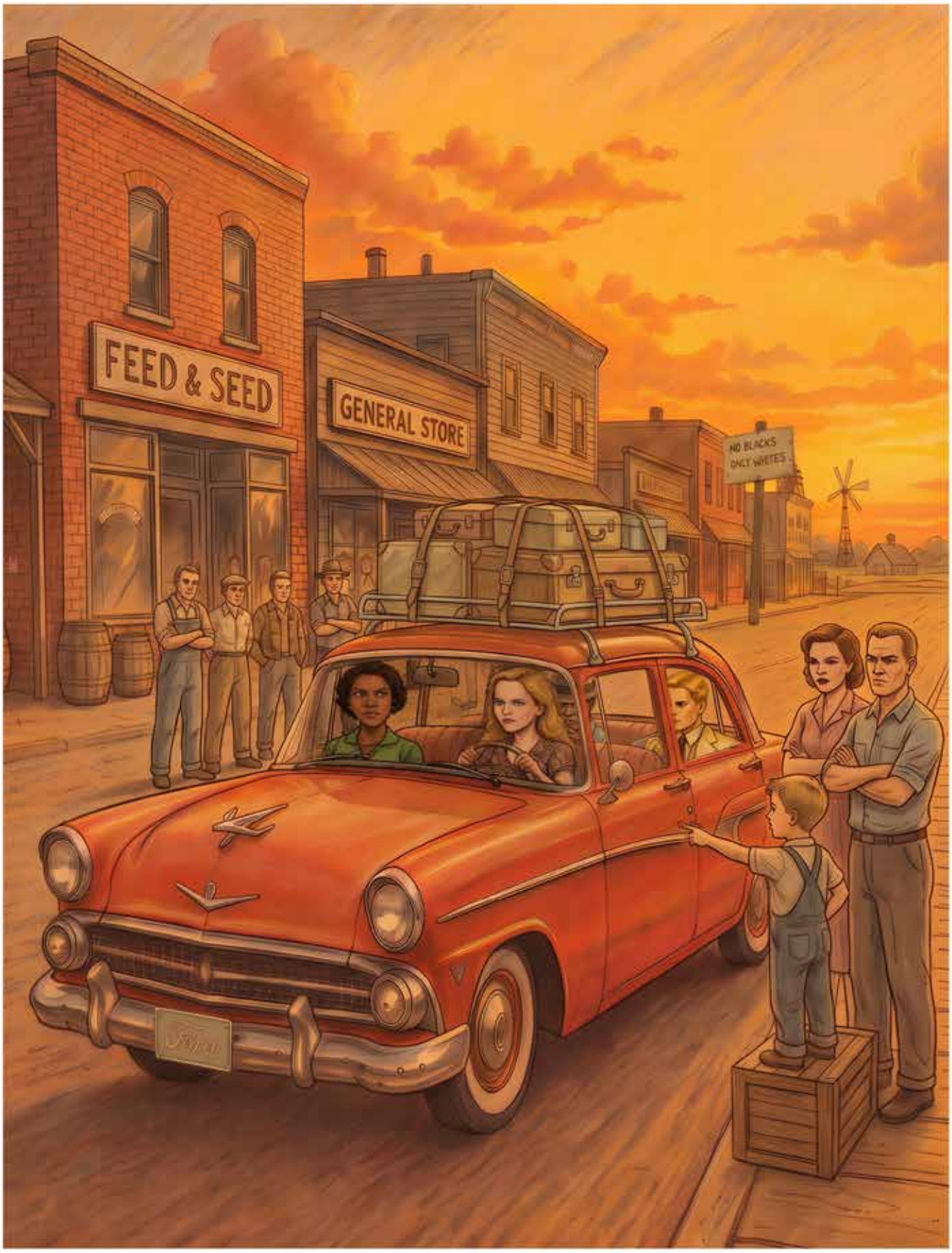
P.O.V SHOT FROM ABOVE. FOUR ATTENDANTS ARE AROUND THE CAR.
ONE WITH A CLOTH CLEANS THE WINDSCREEN. ANOTHER FILLS UP THE PETROL TANK. ONE CHECKS THE TYRES. ONE CLEANS THE TOP OF THE CAR.



BARI PAYS ONE ATTENDANT BEFORE DRIVING OFF.



SYLVIA, BARI, CAL AND REB ARE STERN IN DISGUST AT THE SIGN, THE CAR FILLED WITH A SOLEMN SILENCE. ALL WERE REPULSED, THE TOWN AHEAD HAD SEGREGATION.



THERE ARE SILENT GLANCES OF A HEAVY TRUTH AMONGST THE PASSENGERS,
AN UNSPOKEN DECISION TO DRIVE ON, TO FIGHT INTOLERANCE IN THEIR OWN WAY.



THE FORD DIPS RIGHT AND SLIDES UNDER THE BELLY OF THE TRUCK
FOR A TERRIFYING MOMENT BEFORE SHE SWINGS THEM OUT OF
THE OTHER SIDE. EVERYONE FREEZES WIDE-EYED THE ENHALES.
CAL STARES AT THE GIANT RED COCA-COLA LOGO AS IT RUMBLES AWAY.



BARI SEES A MOTEL AS NIGHTFALLS.





BARI AND SYLVIA SING THE SONG "THE STATES WE ARE IN" STANDING LOOKING AT THE MOON.



CAL IMAGINES SINGING FLUTE FANFARE.



THE NEXT DAY THE CAR DRIVES FROM THE MOTEL.



THE NEXT DAY THE CAR DRIVES FROM THE MOTEL, PAST BILLBOARDS- WITH, BARI IMAGINING PROMOTING THE FORD CAR COMPANY ON ONE, SYLVIA IMAGINES SHE IS PROMOTING A COCA COLA BOTTLE ON ANOTHER, CAL ENDORSING KELLOGS CORNFLAKES, REB ENDORSING NESTLE CHOCOLATE.



ALL FOUR ARE SHOWN TO THEIR DRESSING ROOMS BY A WAITER.



WILSON WILLARD WELCOMES THEM.



CELEBRITIES HAVING THEIR PICTURES TAKEN ON THE RED CARPET.



TO A ROOM FULL OF CELEBRITIES WILSON WILLARD SINGS "PAN THE MUSIC"
ON STAGE IN A FLOODLIGHT TO APPLAUSE FROM THE AUDIENCE.



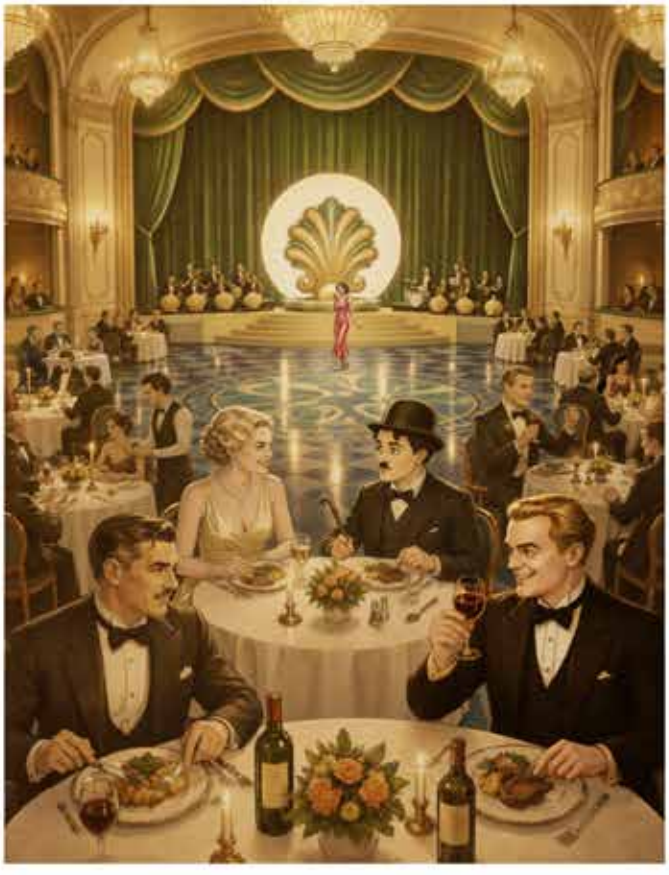
AS WILSON WALKS OFF THE STAGE A NERVOUS BARI IN THE SILVER DRESS WALKS INTO A SPOTLIGHT ON THE STAGE.



BARI SINGS "EVENING" TO APPLAUSE.



BARI LEAVES THE STAGE WITH A BOUQUET.



SYLVIA IN THE RED SEQUINED DRESS SINGS
"MESMERISED" IN THE SPOTLIGHTTO APPLAUSE.



AS SYLVIA WALKS OFF WITH A BOUQUET REB WALKS INTO
A SEASHELL STRUCTURE ON THE STAGE.



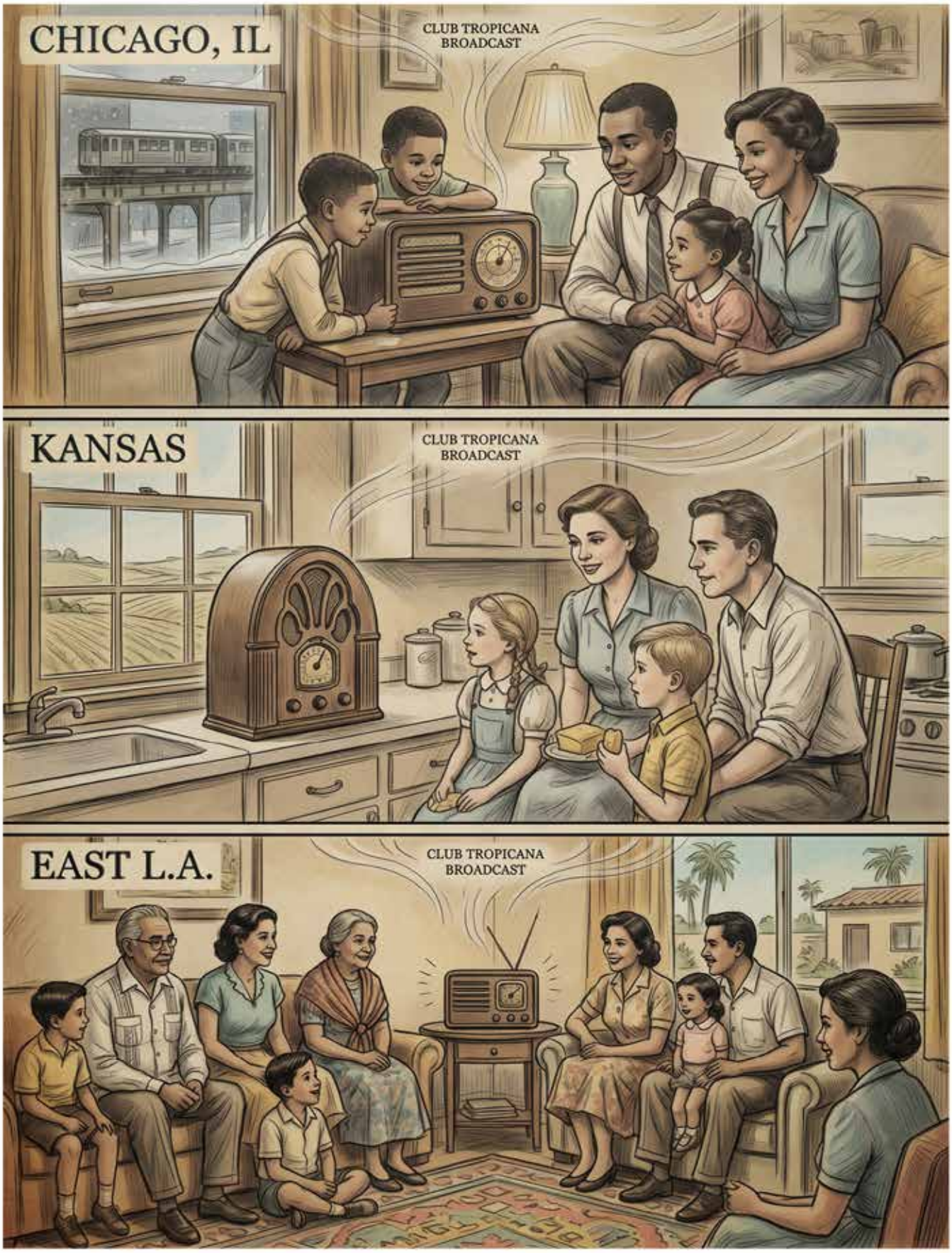
REB PERFORMS AN INSTRUMENTAL "MOUTH ORGAN MELODY"
AS ACROBATS IN ILLUMINOUS COSTUMES HANG ABOVE.



CAL WALKS TO THE WALKWAY AS REB WALKS PAST WITH A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.



CAL PERFORMS AN INSTRUMENTAL OF "FLUTE FANFARE"
BY A FOUNTAIN ON THE STAGE. AS SWIMMERS DRESSED AS
MERMAIDS SWIM IN A MOAT AROUND HIM.



A BLACK FAMILY IN CHICAGO, A WHITE FAMILY IN KANSAS AND A LATINO FAMILY IN EAST L.A. ALL SIT AROUND THEIR RADIOS LISTENING TO THE BROADCAST OF THE CLUB TROPICANA PERFORMANCE.



AS CAL TAKES A BOW THERE IS A STANDING OVATION AS THE GOD PAN IN A TUXEDO BY A TABLE TURNS TO WINK AT THE READER, BREAKING THE FOURTH WALL.

