

BLACK SCREEN

MR. BLATON (V.O.)

When I think about JACK, I think about his eyes.

FADE IN:

INT. CLASSROOM - SOMETIME

We see JACK sitting in his seat. He is 14, young, and he looks very uncomfortable. He has very intense eyes.

MR. BALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Black. Full of imagination. Wonder: implying horror.

JACK breathes. CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - POV: JACK (O.S.)

We see MR. BALTON addressing the class, but his voice is muffled, and we hear ringing, and inaudible whispering.

MR. BALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

As a history teacher, my job is to show my students the dreadfulness and mendacity of the world.

NEW ANGLE

In near DARKNESS as the television fuzz illuminates half of Mr. Balton's face, MR. BALTON inserts a VHS tape into a VCR, grabs a remote control, and sits down at his desk.

MR. BALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But of course, I do not \*tell\* them that the world is all this dreadfulness, and all this mendacity.

MR. BALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It is in this way, that I often think to myself: that I fail my students, all of them, including Jack.

The student next to Jack SHOVES him. Jack is bothered, yet ignores him. MR. BALTON gazes contemptuously at them both.

MR. BALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Maybe it was boredom, but, for some reason, I felt that, \*this time\* I had to put my teaching-skills to practical use: something beyond the usual teaching-techniques.

JACK turns, and looks questioningly at MR. BALTON.

MR. BALTON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yes: something far beyond the state-sanctioned lessons.