

WHEN WE RISE

EPISODE 101

Written by

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ACT ONE

1 EXT. CLEVE'S PALM SPRINGS APARTMENT - DAY - 2006 1

A SERIES OF MEMORABLY CAPTURED IMAGES: BRIGHT SUN. PALM TREES. COBWEBS on a WIND CHIME, and a mid-century apartment building surrounding a KIDNEY SHAPED POOL.

CHIRON: "PALM SPRINGS, CA - 2006"

2 INT. CLEVE'S PALM SPRINGS APARTMENT - SAME TIME 2

A TAPE RECORDER spins. ON: CLEVE JONES, 50s, tired, ashen, puts down the SMALL BLACK CROSS he's been gripping to light a CIGARETTE. He takes a drag, then speaks to someone unseen:

OLDER CLEVE

I was very close to my grandparents. I heard their stories of World War One, watching the German dirigibles being shot down over London. And my mother's stories of the depression and World War Two. How each generation is called to deal with their own epic confrontations. The Black Civil Rights movement. The Women's movement. When I was a boy, it was Vietnam. I knew what I was called to do and not as an individual but as part of my generation. And we did it. And we were winning... But over half of us are gone now...

(takes a drag)

From the beginning of the epidemic our fear was that everything we'd worked so hard for would be swept away: our neighborhoods, the cultural cauldrons, the freedoms built and won. But the drugs came, and the death rate has been dropping. But now, there's a new threat. And one I never predicted...

(darkens)

YOU... Your generation is asleep. Afraid to talk about what happened to people just a few years older, and when they do it's often with cruelty. So thrilled to be invited to dinners in D.C. that you gave up our demands. And the ones who hate us, they're tying young men to fences in Wyoming, cracking their skulls open, and George W. Bush threatening constitutional

(MORE)

OLDER CLEVE (CONT'D)
 amendments against our lives and
 families. I could very well go to
 my grave a criminal again, and your
 generation is busy popping
 champagne corks.

(a beat)

So you tell me something before I go
 any further... How does it feel to
 be a part of the first generation in
 this country that has no purpose?

A beat. The camera turns to a YOUNG MAN, late 20s, across
 from Cleve. It takes him a moment to gather himself.

YOUNG MAN
 ...When did you know?

OLDER CLEVE
 Know what?

YOUNG MAN
 When did you know you had to rise
 up? And fight back?

OLDER CLEVE
 Pay attention... It wasn't just me
 who heard the call. It was all of us.

OPENING CREDITS OVER:

3 INT. NEW YORK PRINTING PRESS - MONTAGE / 1971 3

A MASSIVE PRESS rolls off mile upon mile of GLOSSY PAPER.
 It's LIFE MAGAZINE'S YEAR IN PHOTOS ISSUE for 1971. As the
 sheets hit the FOLDER, we see glimpses of: a lively photo
 essay with PROTESTS, POLICE, PRIESTS and DRAG QUEENS.

FBI LECTURE (PRE-LAP)
 There may be some here today that
 will be homosexual in the future...

4 ACTUAL 1967 FBI FOOTAGE - INTERCUT 4

An FBI AGENT speaks to an AUDITORIUM OF MIDDLE SCHOOL KIDS.

FBI LECTURE (CONT'D)
 There may be some girls that will
 turn lesbian. We don't know. But
 it's serious. We've seen it happen
 in all phases of society...

5 INT/EXT. POSTMAN DELIVERY MONTAGE 5

A POSTMAN puts the '71 LIFE issue in MAILBOXES in Utah.

FBI LECTURE (V.O.)
 85% of the homosexuals you cannot tell
 that they're homosexual. They look
 like I do, masculine in appearance.

An issue gets packed away in a PEACE CORPS CARE PACKAGE.

FBI LECTURE (V.O.)
 They can be policemen. They can be
 school teachers. They can be
 ministers, judges, lawyers. We ought
 to know, we've arrested all of them.

An issue is placed on NEWS STANDS in NEW YORK CITY.

FBI LECTURE (V.O.)
 And you can imagine what it'd mean
 to your mother and father. We'd
 have to go in and tell them, your
 son or daughter is a homosexual.
 What would this do to them?

6 ACTUAL FBI FOOTAGE - INTERCUT 6

FBI LECTURE
 And you WILL be caught, don't think
 you won't, because this is one thing
 you cannot get away with. Because if
 you don't get caught by us, you'll be
 caught by yourself... and the rest of
 your life will be a living hell.

ANGLE ON: the FRIGHTENED CHILDREN in the audience.

7 EXT./INT. HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD / LIBRARY - DAY (1971) 7

TITLE CARD: "ARIZONA, 1971"

CLEVE JONES, now only 17, beautiful, androgynous, hair to his
 shoulders, passes fliers out to STUDENTS eating at LUNCH
 TABLES: southwest, suburban average, some with COWBOY HATS.

CLEVE JONES
 Walk out on Wednesday. End the war.

8 A YOUNG MAN with a BIG HEAD glares. Cleve flashes a peace 8
 sign like he's giving the kid the bird and goes. We follow
 Cleve into a LIBRARY, passing out fliers to KIDS AT TABLES.

CLEVE JONES (CONT'D)
 Walk out Wednesday at two o'clock.

The LIBRARIAN walks in. Cleve hides his fliers. She puts out
 the latest PERIODICALS and goes.

Cleve steps up to the new magazines and zeroes in on LIFE -- the issue we just saw printed. He focuses in on two of the words on the crowded cover: "GAY LIBERATION."

8 EXT. DESERT ROAD / ARIZONA - THAT DAY 8

We land on a breathtaking shot of Cleve riding his BIKE on a majestic desert road. It seems like a dream... until we REVEAL the YOUNG MAN with the BIG HEAD who glared at him earlier is slowly gaining on Cleve on his own bike.

THE YOUNG MAN'S POV: the back of Cleve's T-shirt is emblazoned with an ANTI-WAR logo, "NEVER AGAIN WAR!"

A SERIES OF CUTS: the young man kicks Cleve over and beats him bloody into the dirt. It's fast, impersonal, brutal. But bothered by Cleve's passivity, the young man stops, yells:

BIG HEADED BOY
Commie loving freak!

And the boy rides away. A beat. Cleve looks down the front of his pants, less concerned with his bloody forehead than making sure the "GAY LIBERATION" LIFE MAGAZINE he's clearly stolen from the library is still down his pants. It is...

9 EXT. VILLAGE MARKET / TOGO, WEST AFRICA - DAY 9

A busy market. VENDORS carrying wares in huge baskets atop their heads. TIN ROOFS, LIVE ANIMALS, VEGETABLES, BUTCHERS, "VOODOO" MEDICINE and WOMEN in pagna wrap-arounds holding hands, affectionate as they roam and bargain for daily wares.

ROMA and DIANE, both white, American, early 20s, in Peace Corps garb (a shirt top for Roma, a dress of batik for Diane). Roma holds a small POSTAL PACKAGE. Diane shoulders a SHOPPING BAG. In rough French, Roma haggles over fruit. She's stern, strong, and knows how to get a deal:

ROMA
Madame! Vous me demandez trop pour vos ananas; la dame, la-bas, elle a paye bien moins cher. C'est pas bien de profiter de la blanche!

The vendor laughs, gives Roma two for one. Roma leaves a tip. The keeper gives a handshake followed by a snap of her fingers. Diane and Roma move on, JOINING HANDS like so many other women here. It's nothing to notice in Togo.

10 INT. PEACE CORPS CAMP HOUSE / TOGO, AFRICA - NIGHT 10

Roma is packing a BIG DUFFLE BAG, sorting out what she can take home and what just won't fit.

ROMA

I've collected so much over the past year... You can keep my sun hat. I won't need it in Boston.

DIANE

I can't imagine you in a Boston winter. Coats and all that.

ROMA

I love the heat and the cold. And if all goes well, I should be working with the National Organization for Women by October.

DIANE

I bet it'll be odd... now that you know what women face here versus what we're asking for in the U.S. with an Equal Rights Amendment.

ROMA

Not asking. DEMANDING. ERA will pass in the U.S. and spread to places like this. Eventually. The arc of history is long...

DIANE

...but bends toward justice.

Roma smiles. The idealism of the young. She surveys the room, sees her unopened CARE PACKAGE.

ROMA

Gosh, my last care package. It's probably all candy. It's gold here, it'll just be sugar again back in the States. You should keep it.

DIANE

You should give it to the kids before you go. They love you.
(what's on her mind)
Will you write to me?

ROMA

I mean, sure.

DIANE

I'm never going to see you again...

Roma looks back to Diane. It's a loaded moment.

ROMA

I'll write...

(Diane is skeptical; Roma
has justifications ready)

There are civil rights for women that
we, women, have to fight for now.
That, and poverty and the stupid war
in Vietnam. It's all I can carry... I
can't do *this*. I can't *be* this. I
can't carry this too.

Taking Roma's pause as an opportunity, Diane kisses her. It's not the kiss of a friend, it's passionate, emotional, connected. When she pulls away, Roma looks heartbroken. This wasn't their first kiss... but it feels like their last.

11 EXT. PEACE CORPS CAMP / TOGO, AFRICA - MORNING 11

Roma rips open her CARE PACKAGE and passes out the CANDY and FRENCH CHILDREN'S BOOKS inside to all the LOCAL KIDS and FAMILIES who've gathered to say goodbye.

JUMP TO: Roma climbs into the back of a truck, DUFFLE BAG beside her. She looks back at her camp. All the other PASSENGERS and Roma wave goodbye to their families and loved ones with cheer and aurez-voire (see you again soon).

Diane is amongst those left behind in the camp, just one of the crowd. The truck pulls away. This is goodbye. Roma and Diane hold eye contact... until Roma looks down, pained.

ANGLE ON: The care package beside her, only a TOOTSIE ROLL and 2 MAGAZINES left: MS. MAGAZINE and below it, the same '71 LIFE MAGAZINE. On the cover: GAY LIBERATION. She checks that she saw the words correctly. She seems startled by them. She looks back up, but they've turned a corner. Diane is gone.

12 INT./EXT. A DESTROYER - MORNING 12

13 The same issue of LIFE Magazine hits a THIN MATTRESS in a U-shaped metal room jammed with 3 BUNK BEDS. The magazine is from a BOX OF MAIL being delivered by a NAVAL SHIP POSTMAN. We travel with him as he climbs up onto the ship's deck.

A PAIR OF ROARING ARMY HELICOPTERS pull our attention to the sky, then the jungle shore on the horizon. We're in Vietnam.

We pan back to the SHIP'S CREW gathered in a circle, seemingly arranged by race - WHITES on one side, BLACKS on the other. We push in on a young, Black man, KEN, 19. He's sharp, handsome, and very attentive. A CAPTAIN barks:

CAPTAIN

We're not here to hit the enemy,
we're here to launch as much Goddamn
artillery as necessary into that hell
hole to get those bastards to fire
back at my white ass. Understood?

SAILORS

Sir, yes, Sir.

An EXPLOSION on shore turns a few heads, but not Ken's. His nerves are steel. He's focused straight ahead.

SHIP CAPTAIN

You get em' shootin' back, you get
the rocket's red glare extravaganza.
You ready for show time, Sailors?!

SAILORS

Sir, yes, Sir.

The Captain steps out of the circle, still barking, but Ken's gaze doesn't shift -- he wasn't looking at the Captain, his gaze was on a white sailor MICHAEL, 18, with the white men.

13

INT. DESTROYER / CIC ROOM - LATER

13

In the ship's COMBAT CENTER, the Captain hovers with a MAP and BINOCULARS. Ken has on a HEADSET, speaking into a RADIO:

KEN

General quarters. All hands on deck.

CAPTAIN

Give me each station.

KEN

Rear Gun Mount, report... Manned
and ready. Lookout, CIC, report...
Manned and ready... Rear Gun Mount,
CIC, load and confirm.

14

INT. DESTROYER / ARTILLERY ROOM - SAME TIME

14

Michael and 2 OTHER SAILORS are in a small, dark, metal room loading the DESTROYER'S CANNON with MASSIVE ARTILLERY. Headset on, Michael talks into a MICROPHONE in the wall.

MICHAEL

CIC, Rear Gun Mount, armed and
ready, Sir.

The other sailors kneel and cover their ears. Michael FIRES THE MASSIVE CANNON. BOOM!

15 INT. DESTROYER / CIC ROOM - SAME TIME 15

From his perch, Ken watches the MASSIVE CANNON BLAST.

A second later, the jungle in the distance EXPLODES! Ken's radio goes off. He turns back to it and listens.

KEN

Copy that... Sir, return fire off the stern, Sir.

CAPTAIN

Then by all means, get their address and let's mail em' a love letter.

KEN

Aye, aye, Captain.

16 EXT. DESTROYER DECK - MOMENTS LATER 16

Sailors pour up onto the deck with STOOLS, settling in. Ken pulls out GLASSES and BOURBON. He pours a glass, passes it around and pours a second. AMERICAN BOMBERS roar overhead, and BOMBS rains down into the jungle where the return fire was. It's all BODY PARTS and FIREWORKS. He turns to Michael.

KEN

Nothing more beautiful than the rockets red glare, huh, Smith?

Ken passes Michael the SECOND GLASS OF BOURBON. Michael drinks. Ken watches him, the "fireworks" no distraction.

17 INT. QUAKER MEETING HOUSE / PHOENIX - DAY 17

In a modest room, ROWS OF CHAIRS face each other, A PLATE GLASS WINDOW looks out to a vivid desert garden.

CLOSE ON: Cleve, shirtless, sweaty, gazing at MATT, 17, post-sex sweaty, mostly undressed, both lying on the floor, the '71 LIFE MAGAZINE between them, open to IMAGES OF A COLORFUL, JOYOUS LOOKING CULTURAL REVOLUTION in SAN FRANCISCO.

CLEVE JONES

There was a riot in San Francisco, then another one almost two years ago at a bar in New York called the Stonewall Inn. The cops came in and started arresting everyone, but the people inside were organized, like anti-war, except they were like us... And they fought back for three nights and the cops kept losing. Do you know what that means?

MATT

That the guys inside all lost their jobs on day four?

CLEVE JONES

It means it's our turn.

MATT

Maybe in New York. Not Arizona.

CLEVE JONES

So when we turn 18, we leave. Who wants to get old in Phoenix?

MATT

We won't ever get old. When we turn 18, we get drafted.

Cleve wipes the sweat from Matt's forehead and kisses him.

CLEVE JONES

Or we run away... to San Francisco.

A SOUND. The door to the room opens! An ELDERLY QUAKER CLERK wearing a BONNET peeks in, finding the pair on the floor, shirtless, pants undone. They freeze. She steps back out. The boys quickly pull their shirts on. Matt is terrified.

MATT

She'll tell my dad. What do we do?

CLEVE

I don't know.

Cleve picks up the magazine like it's contraband.

18 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

18

XCU: Cleve looks at a word from LIFE: "HOMOSEXUAL." JUMP TO: up on a chair, Cleve takes down one of the heaviest volumes of PSYCHOLOGY BOOKS from a book jammed shelf. It's a DIAGNOSTIC MANUAL (WRITTEN BY DR. SOCARIDES).

JUMP TO: Cleve finds HOMOSEXUALITY listed alongside "related disorders:" BESTIALITY, PEDOPHILIA and GENITAL ANOMALIES. We see these words in CU, then images of a HERMAPHRODITE. The cures: ELECTROSHOCK THERAPY, LOBOTOMY. WE SEE GRAPHIC IMAGES of these treatments: Drills through the eye socket and into the skull. ELECTROCUTION DEVICES with CLAMPS and STRAPS.

THE SOUND OF A TV TURNING ON in another room:

TV REPORTER (ON TV)
It's the largest attack by North
Vietnamese across the demilitarized
zone and has prompted bombing raids
to begin again...

REVEAL: Cleve is in his dad's home office. A NAME PLATE makes
it clear he's a psychologist. Cleve scrambles to put the
BOOKS back, but before he can, his DAD comes in.

DR. JONES
I don't mind you going through my
books, but I'd appreciate it if
you'd put them back correctly.

Cleve's heart drops, his father takes the books and arranges
them properly. Cleve covers his nerves by pushing back.

CLEVE JONES
I was looking at a diagram on pre-
frontal lobotomies and trying my
best to figure out why you people
would do such barbaric things.

DR. JONES
In some cases it eased a patient's
symptoms, but the side effects were
often severe. Still, it made them
easier to care for.

CLEVE JONES
Sure. They were vegetables.

DR. JONES
There will always be challenges to
conventional psychology. But like
any science, we have to test new
theories before we make adjustments.

CLEVE JONES
And what about electro-shock
therapy? Do you enjoy that too?

DR. JONES
As treatment for what?

CLEVE JONES
For anything.

DR. JONES
It does create changes in brain
chemistry that *can* reverse symptoms
of certain mental illnesses if
other treatments aren't working...

He believes in it! Dr. Jones notes his son's concern.

DR. JONES (CONT'D)
But why the sudden interest in my
profession, Cleve?

CLEVE JONES
Well... I'm not sure there's one
simple answer to that.

DR. JONES
Then think on it. Because now I'm
the curious one...

Averting his father's curious gaze, Cleve peeks down the hall. His MOM is watching. She catches Cleve's concern, makes a face and does a little dance to make light of her husband's serious demeanor. Cleve smiles. These two are close.

CLEVE JONES
Good night, mom! Good night, Dad.

Cleve slips away, more afraid than ever of being discovered.

19 INT. CLEVE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / CLEVE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 19

Cleve looks up to a CALENDAR. He crosses the current day off with an "X", then flips forward to October 11th. On it is written "18th Birthday." He looks at it with dread... Then hides the issue of LIFE under his bed like it's porn.

20 INT. SWANKY BOSTON APARTMENT / NOW MEETING - DAY 20

JUMP CUTS: Roma enters in a BIG COAT. The apartment is filled with DOZENS OF WOMEN. We see papers with "NOW" all over them. This is a meeting of THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR WOMEN. She's greeted warmly by the predominately white, college educated, MIDDLE CLASS WOMEN from Boston and nearby suburbs armed with WHITE WINE and WHITE BREAD MINI-SANDWICHES.

JUMP TO: Roma with a few NOW WOMEN and a HANDSOME YOUNG MAN. His interest in her is making her a bit uncomfortable.

HANDSOME YOUNG MAN
So you think you'll stay for a
while this time? In Boston?

ROMA
Most likely.

HANDSOME YOUNG MAN
I should get an internship here,
but I haven't figured out what
field of law to focus on quite yet.

A bright eyed young woman in a floral dress, PATRICIA, 20's, puts a hand on Roma. Roma almost jumps.

PATRICIA

When did you figure it out, Roma?

ROMA

What? My work?

(Patricia nods)

Well, my family's very Catholic...

(the man laughs; Patty smiles)

I was so worried about my mom. She'd had 9-10 pregnancies. There were 6 of us then, and her body and her mind were just beat. Then one night I heard her pleading with my Dad: "I want to get a job. I need to work outside of the house." And he just said he was taking care of that. He loves her, but he never quite got that part of her. And the church reinforced his view: "Don't refuse your husband." Then one night, my Mom looked me straight in the eye and said, "You're not afraid like me. Go out in the world. Go to college. Have a real life." And my heart broke. So, I'm here for women like my Mom... and for me, girls and women like me.

The young man nods. He's taken with Roma. Roma looks away.

PATRICIA

I bet I could get you a job in the health department. We could really use you here. With ERA and Congress. You're so at ease with people.

ROMA

I'd rather work on daily women's needs, more than political work.

The Young Man points to Roma's EMPTY WINE GLASS. Roma nods. She's happy to let him go get her more. Once he's gone:

NOW ORGANIZER

Did you hear about the departure of some of our leadership while you were gone? Rita Mae Brown?

ROMA

She left?

NOW ORGANIZER

Well, her and a few other "radical" women were making the Democratic Party uncomfortable. That made some of our leadership uncomfortable--

PATRICIA

(whispers)

--the lesbian thing.

(Roma plays dumb)

Betty Friedan called lesbians a menace and forced them all out.

ROMA

(slight irritation)

Well... how does, Aileen Hernandez, our new President, feel about that?

PATRICIA

We should ask.

(calls out)

Aileen! Aileen!

Roma didn't realize she was there! The young man returns with more wine. Nerves setting in, Roma takes it, drinks.

NOW ORGANIZER

No one forced them to push their lifestyles in our faces. But now we could use more young people like yourself in leadership roles.

African American NOW President AILEEN HERNANDEZ arrives.

PATRICIA

Aileen, this is Roma. We were just wondering if NOW's internal debate about "radicals", that led to Rita Mae Brown's resignation... is it an... official NOW position?

Roma shrinks, not wanting to be included in the curious. Aileen sizes the group up, including Roma -- who now gladly makes room for the Young Man to sit next to her. He does, but Roma stiffens. Aileen notes it all, treads lightly:

AILEEN HERNANDEZ

For the time being, *that* struggle continues... that's all I can say.

It feels like Aileen is looking right at Roma. Roma worries.

21 INT. VIETNAM / DESTROYER / BUNKS - NIGHT 21

There are more than a few SAILORS crammed in the small space. Ken finds his bunk, and the same '71 LIFE MAGAZINE amongst the mail on his bed. He lays back and pulls it open.

A BLACK SAILOR walks in and steps to Ken's bunk. He looks down at the COVER OF KEN'S MAGAZINE. It bothers him. Feeling eyes, Ken lowers it.

BLACK SAILOR

Sir, we're disembarking at 0800 for an overnight. Everyone's chipped in for hotel rooms and "entertainment."

KEN

Good to know, Smith. Is that all?

BLACK SAILOR

We got two rooms reserved. One for sleepin' and one for "entertainment." Got three real beauties lined up. You put in the most, you get first go.

KEN

You don't want em' all worn out, you'd be wise to let me go last.
(that gets some laughs)
I'm going to the market when we get in. Enjoy yourselves. I'll catch up.

The Sailor steps away. Ken looks at the MAGAZINE'S COVER. Among the TEXT: "GAY LIBERATION." Realizing why Smith was uncomfortable, Ken packs it deep into a bag, well hidden.

22 EXT. A CHEAP JAPANESE HOTEL - DAY 22

Ken checks the address on his hand. He walks into the hotel.

23 INT. A CHEAP JAPANESE HOTEL ROOM - DUSK 23

Ken is laying on the bed, alone, finally examining his LIFE magazine and all the same PHOTOS and STORIES Cleve did.

A KNOCK at the door. Ken's heart leaps. He checks himself in the mirror, then hesitantly opens the door: standing on the other side is Michael. A beat between them. Is Ken busted?

Michael steps in, sees the MAGAZINE... closes the door... and leaps into Ken's arms. They kiss, embrace, and fall back onto the bed. It's loving and very familiar.

24

EXT. JAPANESE PORT - LATER

24

Ken and Michael are filling out PAPERWORK at a sidewalk cafe.

MICHAEL

Has anyone asked you about us?

KEN

Because you're too pale to have dark meat for lunch every day?

(Michael grins)

No. They'll leave us alone.

MICHAEL

What makes you so sure?

KEN

Because I grew up with a vengeful God... always watchin' me. And a curious mom, watchin' just as close. Hellfire and endless questions. I ran all the way here to get away from all that, cause here, NOBODY ASKS QUESTIONS, cause we're already in hell. All that matters here is how we do our jobs, and we're good at our jobs. So they won't ask a thing.

MICHAEL

Napoli?

Ken nods. CLOSE ON: the top line of their forms -- REQUEST FOR BASE TRANSFER. They both write in Naples, Italy.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I may have gotten you something there when I was on leave.

KEN

We're supposed to be saving up.

MICHAEL

It's a birthday present. I'll need one too if we get stationed there.

(Ken grins, curious)

What if they take you and not me?

KEN

Then I won't go. I'll always be wherever you are... You worry too much.

MICHAEL

If they find out, they'll kick us out with dishonorable discharges.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Everyone back home will know what that means. They'll put me in a mental ward or arrest me or worse. What if we get out of the Navy? Go somewhere they don't make a big show of it if they find out.

Ken pulls the LIFE MAGAZINE from his bag, points to it.

KEN

The guys who get put in crazy wards and jails, that's because *THEY* make a big show of it. These kind of guys, they make me feel lucky...

(Michael tips his head)

Because I don't need to tell anyone. Cause I already got the love of my life.

MICHAEL

Ken?

(Ken tilts his head)

You make me crazy.

KEN

You make me crazy too...

(then serious)

Look inside and don't look back.

Michael looks into the cafe. Ken walks off, THROWING THE LIFE MAGAZINE AWAY as he goes. We stay with Michael. After a few beats, he turns to the street, and watches Ken join a GROUP OF BLACK SAILORS -- never giving Michael another look.

25 EXT. BOSTON'S AMTRAK STATION - LATER

25

Roma is shivering at a PAY PHONE.

ROMA

Hi Patty! It's Roma... I'm not going to stay in Boston after all... I know, my whole family will be mad at me too, but you don't need me here.

(fidgets as she listens)

Listen, do you know anyone at National Organization for Women out west?... Orlando, huh? No... that's the wrong direction for me.

Roma fidgets as she listens, anxious. She looks down to the LIFE MAGAZINE in her hand, it's pages now well worn and read, flipped open to an IMAGE OF WOMEN EMBRACING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

ROMA (CONT'D)

Well, is there a NOW Chapter in San Francisco? (a beat) Because I have an old grad school buddy out there. (a beat) In Berkley? That's right across the bay... Do you have a contact out there?

Roma searches for a PEN and scribbles on her hand.

ROMA (CONT'D)

Yes. I'll be back for the National Women's Caucus. I never miss it... I'm not running away form anything! I'll see you there. In a year.

She hangs up, and runs into the TRAIN STATION.

26

EXT. DESTROYER DECK - DAY

26

A BLACK OFFICER watches Ken like a hawk as Ken leads the GROUP OF BLACK SAILORS back onto the ship.

BLACK OFFICER

Jones! You were to report back at 1500. Something hold you up?

Ken checks his watch. It's 3:06. He looks back to all the WHITE SAILORS still on shore, well behind him.

KEN

I believe we're the first back, sir.

BLACK OFFICER

And how does that make you any less tardy, Sailor?!

Ken looks beyond him to the WHITE OFFICERS, one in particular watching them closely. This is how racism manifests here.

KEN

You looking for a promotion, sir?

BLACK OFFICER

Looking to lose your leave, Sailor?

KEN

No, sir.

BLACK OFFICER

(quietly)

They're watching you, Jones. Close. Keep your nose clean.

The Black Officer looks past Ken to the shore. Ken turns to follow his gaze -- and sees Michael and the WHITE SAILORS step on board. Ken registers concern, but Michael is back to pretending Ken doesn't exist -- it's a stellar act. As Michael disappears into the ship, we hear:

SHIP SPEAKERS (PRE-LAP)
General Quarters, General Quarters.
All hands man your battle stations--

27 INT. DESTROYER / CIC ROOM - DAY

27

SHIP SPEAKERS
--Up and forward to starboard, down
and aft to port. This is not a drill.

Well into attack mode, Ken has on HEADPHONES relaying info to every unit on the ship. He's great at what he does.

CAPTAIN
Tell those daisies we'll stay out
till reveille if that's what it
takes to get return fire.

KEN
Does that mean fire again, sir?

CAPTAIN
That's exactly what it means.

KEN
(into mic)
Rear Gun Mount, CIC, fire when ready.

A beat later, BOOM! The entire ship rattles. The Captain looks out at the shore. Ken listens to his headphones.

CAPTAIN
Double down. Keep going!

KEN
(into mic)
Rear Gun Mount, CIC, reload and
confirm, Smith.

28 INT. DESTROYER / ARTILLERY ROOM - SAME TIME

28

Sweat pours down Michael's face. He looks to the other exhausted ARTILLERY MEN around him. Into his mic:

MICHAEL'S PARTNER
We're overheating, Jones. We can
keep going, but the ship can't.

29 INT. DESTROYER / CIC ROOM - SAME TIME 29

KEN

The rear gun mount is reporting unsafe temperatures, sir.

CAPTAIN

We got return fire, Jones?

KEN

No, sir.

CAPTAIN

So how are we supposed to know where the enemy is so we can drop our bombs? You tell him to keep firing 'til we get return fire or I'm gonna fire my foot up his ass.

KEN

(into mic)

Artillery. Smith. Load and confirm or you get a foot up your ass.

30 INT. DESTROYER / ARTILLERY ROOM - SAME TIME 30

Michael grins through the sweat pouring down his face.

MICHAEL

Yes, sir, Jones. Copy that.

(to his men)

Keep going! Keep going!

The men register concerned, but as ordered, they grab another SHELL and gently pass it to Michael. Michael reloads.

31 INT. DESTROYER / CIC ROOM - SAME TIME 31

A half second later: A MASSIVE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SHIP! Ken takes off his headphones, temporarily deafened, stunned.

DOCUMENTARY FILM (PRE-LAP)(V.O.)

Is there such a thing as a happy homosexual?

32 INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY 32

Cleve is watching the DOCUMENTARY (from the opening) being projected for the ENTIRE STUDENT BODY. In it, a stern DR. SOCARIDES is talking to a group of PSYCHOLOGY STUDENTS:

DR. SOCARIDES (ON FILM)

Well, the mere fact that someone is a homosexual automatically rules

(MORE)

DR. SOCARIDES (ON FILM) (CONT'D)
 out the possibility that he will
 remain happy for long.

33 EXT. TRAIN STATION / SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 33

Roma steps out of the station and onto the EMBARCADERO. The city, its TALL BUILDINGS and FAMED BRIDGES surround her. Something about the sight is unexpectedly intimidating.

DR. SOCARIDES (V.O.)(ON FILM)
 I think the whole idea of saying,
 "The happy homosexual," is to create
 a mythology about the nature of
 homosexuality. This is a disease--

She pulls out the LAST OF HER CHANGE, looks at the number scribbled on her hand and eyes a BANK OF PAY PHONES.

34 INT. A QUAKER MEETING ROOM - DAY 34

The room is a mix of OLDER QUAKERS in TRADITIONAL DRESS and YOUNG HIPPIE FAMILIES. Seated with his folks, Cleve is looking at Matt (with his folks) across the room... but Matt is looking toward a GIRL who's smiling at him.

DR. SOCARIDES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 --and like any disease it must be
 treated... and eliminated.

Cleve is so distracted by Matt, he doesn't notice the Old Clerk (who walked in on them) approaching. She puts a hand on Cleve's arm. Cleve looks up. His heart jolts. She whispers:

ELDERLY CLERK
 I would have a word with thee.

Cleve's Dad takes note. Matt looks back, stops breathing. ON: Cleve, terrified. The chickens have come to roost. Lobotomy, electroshock, the consequences of exposure are dire.

35 INT. DESTROYER / CIC ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 35

Moments after the explosion all they can hear now are the NETS hitting the side of the ship and the water crashing below. It's eerily silent. SMOKE starts filling the room.

CAPTAIN
 All stations report!

Ken gets back to his radio, takes a breath, and calls out:

KEN
 Engine room... Manned and ready.
 Lookout... Smoke in lookout. No
 (MORE)

KEN (CONT'D)
injuries.
(hesitant)
Rear Gun Mount? Rear Gun Mount,
report... Rear Gun Mount, report...

As Ken listens, his face turns to stone. He turns to his
Captain -- without emotion:

KEN (CONT'D)
We have fatalities in the rear gun
mount, sir.

CAPTAIN
How many?

Ken can't bring himself to answer that. Off his horror:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

36 EXT. DESTROYER DECK / FORECASTLE - DAY

36

In formation with ELEVEN SAILORS, Ken watches a WRAPPED BODY be placed on a BOARD at the ship's edge. The AMERICAN FLAG is removed. BODY BEARERS are on either side of the RIGGING.

BLACK OFFICER
Firing Detail, PRESENT ARMS!

SEVEN SAILORS in formation raise their RIFLES to the sky. All in the HONOR PLATOON (including Ken) salute.

BLACK OFFICER (CONT'D)
Unto Almighty God we commend the
soul of our brother, Michael Smith.
And we commit his body to the deep.

With these words, the BODY BEARERS slide Michael's body off into the sea. ANGLE ON KEN, dying inside.

CAPTAIN
The Lord bless thee and keep thee,
the Lord make His face to shine upon
thee and be gracious unto thee, the
Lord give thee peace. Amen.

BLACK OFFICER
Firing Detail! Ready, aim, FIRE!
(they all fire)
Ready, aim, FIRE!

ANGLE ON: the WHITE OFFICER (earlier) with a careful eye on Ken. When they fire again, Ken flinches, nearly losing it.

37 INT. DESTROYER / CABIN - LATER

37

Alone, Ken digs into MICHAEL'S TRUNK. He pulls out a neatly WRAPPED PACKAGE addressed to him. He holds it dearly. He's lost the love of his life. Anger pours out, not tears:

KEN
Vengeful... Vengeful God.

38 EXT. QUAKER MEETING PLACE / GARDEN / BENCH - LATER

38

His own moment with God, Cleve is sat next to the Old Clerk, eyes closed, praying. He opens his eyes, watches her, afraid. When she finally opens hers, he waits for the ax to fall.

ELDERLY CLERK
Friend, I have thought long on
this... and I feel in my heart that
(MORE)

ELDERLY CLERK (CONT'D)
it matters NOT who or how thee
loves... but perhaps... WHERE.

CLEVE JONES
So, you won't tell my parents?

ELDERLY CLERK
(a beat; considers)
I'll leave that to you. But it *is*
something you *must* do.

Cleve nods -- it will be easier said than done.

39

INT. EAST BAY APARTMENT - NIGHT

39

Roma puts a SHEET over A COUCH in a small apartment. A TV
plays the NEWS. Another YOUNG WOMAN is glued to it.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
This may well go down as the most
lopsided race in history. President
Nixon has beaten McGovern with over
60 percent of the popular vote...

YOUNG WOMAN
There's nothing that can get past
his veto power now.

ROMA
Did you know that a woman here in
Berkley walked into a hospital after
being raped last week, and she got
stitched up, but when she pushed to
have it reported as a crime, she was
told she'd asked for it.

YOUNG WOMAN
That happens everywhere. Every day.

ROMA
Right. You want to fix that? You
don't start with Nixon, you start
here, with the police and the
city's attitude toward women. You
start locally. But tomorrow.
Because I haven't slept in days.

YOUNG WOMAN
...Why are you really here, Roma?
Why not New York? NOW is bigger
there. Did something happen?

ROMA
No...

YOUNG WOMAN

But you know what's happening with
lesbians on the East Coast. It's
heating up isn't it?

(Roma shrugs)

What if I told you I've dated women.

ROMA

I'd pretend I didn't hear it.

YOUNG WOMAN

Why?

ROMA

Because there's no place for it.
The National Organization for Women
is purging all lesbians. I'm sure
that's what you mean.

YOUNG WOMAN

But is that how you feel too?

ROMA

Sex life or the movement. That's it.

YOUNG WOMAN

Do straight people have to choose
between love and their callings?

ROMA

We don't have time for both. No one
does... I won't tell anyone. You
have my word.

YOUNG WOMAN

But that's not the point, is it? I
should be able to tell people,
instead I had to escape through a
Kansas corn fields for Oakland.

ROMA

I don't understand.

YOUNG WOMAN

I guess not... I thought maybe you
would. Good night, Roma.

She leaves Roma all alone on her couch/bed, watching the news
on TV, BODY BAGS coming home from Vietnam, and we CUT TO:

40

INT. DESTROYER / WAR ROOM - DAY

40

Ken is in an uneasy meeting with the same WHITE OFFICER, his
Captain, and the Black Officer who disciplined him earlier.

WHITE OFFICER

I'm going to ask you some questions of a personal nature. What I need are full and complete answers.

(Ken doesn't react)

Have you spent time in any capacity that could be considered socially subversive.

KEN

Has there been an accusation, Sir?

WHITE OFFICER

I'm asking the questions, Sailor.

(Ken goes silent)

You have a stellar record, son. My aim isn't to sink you, but now's truth time, so tell me or I'll find out myself. Have you participated in any subversive activities, say... in New York City.

BLACK OFFICER

Like marching with the Panthers.

A look between the Black Officer and the White officer. Ken realizes he's been thrown a life-line.

KEN

When I was a boy, I went to South Carolina one summer and saw my first "colored only" water fountain. My uncles there would go out registering black people to vote, which seemed like no big deal to a New Jersey kid, but one day one came home savagely beaten. After that, I'd help my mom bake food for the civil rights fighters when they came through. With our church. And yes, I did march in New York. But I'm not ashamed of any of that, sir.

WHITE OFFICER

And have you experienced anything you would classify as racism since you signed up for the Navy?

KEN

It manifests in subtle ways, Sir. If I hear leadership calling the cooks, Chinks, I can only imagine what they call me when I'm not there. But I can handle myself just fine.

WHITE OFFICER

Now it's come to my attention that you put in for a transfer to Naples, Italy. Fact is, that transfer would likely be approved based on merit...

KEN

Sir, I have no desire to go there now. I'll do what's needed of me.

WHITE OFFICER

Jones... you've been selected for a new program. You and eleven others have been tasked with reforming officers who act on racial prejudices in a manner that isn't in line with today's military. It's a promotion and a relocation NOT based on race, but on an exemplary record and fine communication skills. Understood?

KEN

Yes, Sir.

WHITE OFFICER

You ship out at 0600 for Treasure Island. Say your goodbyes to Vietnam.
(Ken simply nods)
Jones, you might be the only sailor to get a transfer from Vietnam to San Francisco and not break a smile. I'd think you'd turn a cartwheel.

KEN

Me in particular, sir?

WHITE OFFICER

Yes... You.

KEN

Joy's got nothing to do with me no more, sir. I live to serve my country. I'll do as I'm told.

41 INT. DESTROYER / BUNKS - DAY

41

Ken packs his TRUNK into a DUFFLE BAG. He gets to MICHAEL'S GIFT, still wrapped, a simple note "FROM SMITH, TO JONES". Pushing back emotion, Ken packs it into his DUFFLE BAG.

ARCHIVAL NEWS FOOTAGE OF: MASSIVE SCHOOL WALK OUTS, MARCHES AND RALLIES (WHAT CLEVE WAS LEAFLETTING FOR):

TV REPORTER

It's the largest demonstration in U.S. history with 2 million people "walking out" in towns and cities throughout the U.S. Students, working men and women, young and old...

43 EXT. SEDONA, ARIZONA PLATEAU / TENT - AFTERNOON MONTAGE 43

Cleve sifts through MUSHROOMS beneath the RED SANDSTONE FORMATIONS as Matt sets up a TENT. With no one around, they couldn't be more playful, loving or different. Carefree.

44 INT. A TENT / SEDONA, AZ PLATEAU - SUNRISE 44

Still a bit high, Matt and Cleve have been up all night.

MATT

How long have they been together?

CLEVE JONES

God. Who cares. 18, 19 years?

MATT

Same for mine... My dad still shows my mom off whenever they go anywhere.

CLEVE JONES

Do you want me to show you off?

MATT

But if you did... you'd get shot.

CLEVE JONES

Most folks know about me before I even talk. So... I've learned not to worry about them too much.

(Matt gets pensive, distant)

There's a solution. I know some College kids who are moving to San Francisco. We could take off with them, join the revolution there. Out there we wouldn't get shot.

Matt imagines that dream -- but it's interrupted by HEAVY FOOTSTEPS outside. They freeze. MORE STEPS. Matt hides in his sleeping bag. A beat. Cleve slowly unzips the tent door. It's snowed. Some tumbles into the tent. Cleve unzips it more.

CLEVE JONES (CONT'D)

Oh my God...

Matt sticks his head out. The ground is covered in SNOW -- and they're surrounded -- by a HERD OF COWS! It's surreal.

MATT

Holy cow! Close the flap! Bad trip!

CLEVE JONES

No! They're real! They're real!

Cleve laughs. Matt settles down, but he's really anxious now.

CLEVE JONES (CONT'D)

Come on. It's just cows.

MATT

I know... I want to have a family, Cleve. I should get married.

CLEVE JONES

You do know that marriage is a scam invented by the church to enslave an entire gender. I plan on burning that institution down one married-man blow job at a time.

MATT

I want kids too... Don't make me choose between you and having a real life. Which jobs I could get one day. All the things I'd lose if anyone knew.

CLEVE JONES

But *I* have no choice. I know what I am. So, I have to leave this place.

MATT

Don't say that.

CLEVE JONES

Come with me then.

MATT

I asked you not to put pressure on me and you keep doing it. I'm not like you...

(off Cleve)

There's no chance at a real life with this. There's nothing.

Matt looks desperate. Cleve kisses him to soothe him, we get the sense this usually works. This time it doesn't. Matt gets out of the tent, grabs his bag, walks away -- and then runs.

Cleve stays -- alone, heartbroken, forsaken.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

45 INT. CLEVE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / CLEVE'S ROOM - MORNING 45

Cleve is in bed awake. We hear his father outside his door.

DR. JONES (V.O.)
Wake up, birthday boy! Let's go!

Cleve looks to his calendar. October 10th is crossed off. It's the 11th. He's 18 now. He's not thrilled about it.

46 INT. S.F. AIRPORT / CUSTOMS - DAY 46

On Ken's DUFFEL BAG, he lifts it over his shoulder, dressed in his NAVY WHITES, and he moves forward in the customs line. The YOUNG WOMAN behind him examines him with compassion.

YOUNG WOMAN
Have you been over there? To Vietnam I mean.

KEN
...Yes. Yes I have.

YOUNG WOMAN
You must have seen so many terrible things... When were you drafted?

KEN
I wasn't. I signed up. Voluntarily. For three tours.

YOUNG WOMAN
Oh...

She turns away, judgmental. He notes it. His turn, he steps up to the CUSTOMS AGENT, looking up to the SIGN reading "WELCOME TO SAN FRANCISCO!" But it's not a warm welcome.

47 INT. NOW OFFICE / BERKLEY, CA - DAY 47

Roma is at a RECEPTION DESK. Everything feels handmade, early 70's. A YOUNG WOMAN with an AFRO walks in with a STACK OF MIMEOGRAPHS, a lovely, feminine woman behind her, JEAN, 20s.

WOMAN WITH AFRO
Hi, how you doing? I'm putting up one of these flyers.

ROMA
Oh. Hi. What's it for?

WOMAN WITH AFRO
The San Francisco Women's Centers.

ROMA
Centers? How many are there?

WOMAN WITH AFRO
None so far.

ROMA
None means plural?

WOMAN WITH AFRO
Future tense plural.

ROMA
Oh.

WOMAN WITH AFRO
Men got control of every place there
is. We're gonna need more than one
place to get ourselves autonomous.

Roma looks to Jean, still back by the bulletin board. Jean
looks away. The Woman notes it.

ROMA
Is NOW a part of this?

WOMAN WITH AFRO
You all should be. But we're not
just for rich, white Wellsley
girls. That gonna be a problem?

ROMA
I mean, let's check it out. I'm new
here. I have no idea what the rules
are for that board.

WOMAN WITH AFRO
So what's with all the questions?

ROMA
Well I'm new to California too.

WOMAN WITH AFRO
Well good for you. We're puttin' this
flier up. You find out it's against
your rules, and you feel comfortable
following those rules, you go ahead
and tear it down.

(Jean pins it up)
Welcome to California, hot stuff.

She winks at Roma. Roma's heart leaps. Roma watches them go, waits, then steps over and gives the flier a closer look.

48

INT. CLEVE'S FATHER'S CAR - DAY

48

Cleve's Father pulls their car into the driveway. In back is a BRAND NEW BIKE. The birthday boy looks petrified. A beat:

CLEVE JONES

There's something important I have to tell you.

DR. JONES

Okay. Let's hear it.

CLEVE JONES

I'm giving a talk at my new school. In my psych 101 class. The teacher is Mr. Banks.

DR. JONES

I know him well.

CLEVE JONES

I know... I had to pick a subject, and I've come to the conclusion that I should speak on something I know. So my talk is going to be on the gay liberation movement.

DR. JONES

What are you telling me?

CLEVE JONES

I'm telling you before I tell my class and before Mr. Banks tells you.

DR. JONES

Well it sounds like an interesting subject to be sure.

CLEVE JONES

I'm gay, dad.

DR. JONES

(a horrible silence; then)
Why are you telling me this?

CLEVE JONES

Because it's important that you know.

DR. JONES

Is it? And what else? Are you going to tell me what you like best in bed
(MORE)

DR. JONES (CONT'D)
 as well? Do I need to know all that?
 (more horrible silence)
 It's an illness. It can be treated.

CLEVE JONES
 This is why I waited until I was 18
 to tell you. I was afraid of what
 you'd try to do to "fix" me. So I
 waited until you couldn't anymore.

DR. JONES
 It doesn't matter how old you are.
 You are my SON, and I love you and
 I will cure you of this affliction
 if it's the last thing I do.

CLEVE JONES
 (a beat; quiet)
 What kind of therapy are you
 suggesting? Electro-shock therapy?

DR. JONES
 ...I think all options should be on
 the table.

Cleve lets that sink in, then gets out of the car.

49 INT. CLEVE'S PARENTS' HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 49

Cleve walks in, tears down his cheeks. His mom looks up from
 the HAPPY BIRTHDAY decorations she's been hanging.

CLEVE'S MOTHER
 What's wrong?

CLEVE JONES
 I told dad...

His father comes in. Cleve heads to his room to cry in peace.
 She looks to his father. His look chills the room.

50 INT. TREASURE ISLAND NAVAL BASE / MEETING ROOM - DAY 50

ON: Ken, listening. We don't see any other sailors yet.

TEACHER (V.O.)
 Role reversal is a technique in
 psychodrama in which the client is
 asked to portray a person who is
 problematic to him, say, a Black
 Man, or an Indo-Chinese Man, while
 one of YOU portrays the client
 himself in that same situation.
 This not only prompts the client to
 (MORE)

TEACHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 think as the person he may dislike,
 but to see himself portrayed. Now
 you've all been selected to run
 this program because we believe
 your life experiences may prove
 valuable in just such psychodramas.

REVEAL: all the other sailor/teachers are white. BACK ON
 Ken... this is a questionable design for such a task.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
 Your clients will be commanding
 officers from across the country
 who've demonstrated such prejudice.
 Your duty is to eliminate this bias
 or advise they be removed from the
 U.S. Military all together.

51 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO ALLEY / MARKET STREET - DAY 51

A MAP and the WOMEN'S CENTERS FLYER, leads Roma to an
 ABANDONED PRINT SHOP down an alley -- not exactly inviting.

52 INT. THE WOMEN'S CENTERS SPACE - DAY 52

PHYLLIS (feisty) and DEL (tough), 50's, lead a women's
 meeting with SALLY GEARHART, 40's, regal and grandiloquent.
 It's not just a lesbian meeting, it's 3 DOZEN DIVERSE WOMEN
 sitting on 2ND HAND FURNITURE or the STAINED CARPET in this
 hole in the wall. Things are underway when Roma sneaks in.

WOMAN WITH AFRO

How can we affect any change if we
 can't even make our demands heard?
 Not in the papers, not in City Hall,
 and now not even on the streets!

SALLY GEARHART

What does it matter if they hear us?
 We're not asking for entry into THEIR
 systems. We're building our own.

WOMAN ON THE FLOOR

With no men at all?

SALLY GEARHART

Why should we depend on them?

FEMININE HOUSEWIFE

Is uh, does everyone here hate men?
 Because I have a son, and it would
 make my life a heck of a lot easier
 if I could bring him to childcare
 here, but I don't want him berated.

PHYLLIS

We are here to establish the right of women to control our own lives and if that comes into conflict with men then so be it. Otherwise, we're not against men.

SALLY GEARHART

It's not Roberts rules. Speak up.

All eyes turn to Roma. Her hand is up. She lowers it.

ROMA

From, uh, what I saw in Boston, these fights over hating men or sexuality were distractions created BY MEN to try and divide us. Maybe it shouldn't matter in a Women's group who we are "with" or not.

PHYLLIS

What group were you with in Boston?

ROMA

The National Organization for Women.

Phyllis defiantly puts an arm around Del. They're a couple.

PHYLLIS

Well, we have our own San Francisco style of NOW here. Because it matters to *us* who we share our life with. So how about telling us if anything DOES matter to you.

(off Roma's silence)

Should I take your silence as an "I don't know" or a "nothing matters?"

ROMA

You asked me a big question. I'm allowing myself a moment to consider it. Smart, don't you think?

(Del laughs; Phyllis grins)

I *am* with NOW... *BUT*... I'm more interested in working with women on immediate needs. Like violence. Because... did you know that not far from here, a woman named Inez Garcia was raped and her life was threatened and when she defended herself with her son's gun, they threw *her* in prison and charged *her* with murder for defending her own body?!

SALLY GEARHART

We know Inez's story well...

DEL

And did you know that cops here refuse to even respond to calls where men are beating their wives nearly to death? Because they call it a "family dispute"--

A Black Lesbian mom, PAT NORMAN, 30s, chimes in.

PAT NORMAN

Or that we've had to start a Lesbian Mothers Union to try and keep our children from being ripped away by the state. Imagine *that* violence...

ROMA

Okay. So instead of fighting amongst ourselves, why not ask the *National Organization of Women* to *work with us*, on a rally in support of Inez and women like her. Get some visibility. A news story. It could address any and all violence against women--

Jean, the lovely young woman who came into NOW speaks up:

JEAN

We're all for idealism around here, but we can't even get a permit to *assemble*. So if we hold a street action to address violence, we'd end up getting beat up by the same cops who refuse to protect us. So unless you think you can get us a permit for a women's march in a city with all Catholic cops...

ROMA

(recognizes her)

Well... Why not. Let's give it a try.

ANNOYED WOMAN

I say this meeting's gone on too long. Del, Phyllis? You got a book reading at Old Wives Tales tonight?

DEL

Yes. And after that, maybe I'll contact our NOW sisters, including their new President, and see what

(MORE)

DEL (CONT'D)
 she *really* thinks about getting in
 the streets with "my kind."

It's a clear affront to Roma's arm-in-arm idealism. Roma turns away, what's she getting herself into? To herself:

ROMA
 You don't know what you're doing...

Jean has quietly walked up, overhearing Roma's moment.

JEAN
 Don't worry. It won't take long.
 (Roma looks up)
 They don't take a breath before
 they say no. I'll show you where to
 go so you can hear it for yourself.

ROMA
 Go where?

JEAN
 To the police station. For a rally
 permit. From San Francisco's finest.

Jean's good looks and warmth only seem to bother Roma more.

53 EXT. U.S. DRAFT OFFICE - LATER / MONTAGE 53

Cleve walks in wearing FEATHER EARRINGS and an "I LIKE BOYS" T-SHIRT. CUT TO: he checks CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR on his DRAFT PAPERWORK. CUT TO: A MAN TAKING FORMS looks at Cleve like he's a freak. Cleve tilts his head, smiles flirtatious.

54 EXT. CLEVE'S PARENTS' FRONT YARD - DAY 54

From afar, we see Cleve, a BAG over his shoulder, his mom refusing to let go of him. His Father separates them. In this time, tough love is what good dads did in such circumstances.

Cleve gets in a CAR jammed with OTHER YOUNG MEN. As the car pulls away, the boys in front look back to Cleve. Matt is not with them. Cleve looks back to his parents who are growing smaller out the back window... his heart breaking.

55 EXT. TREASURE ISLAND BASE - DAY 55

Ken steps out of the drab MILITARY BUILDING and into the beauty of Treasure Island, the SF skyline well in the B.G.

COMMANDING OFFICER (V.O.)
 Jones!

Ken snaps to attention. His new OFFICER waddles up, casual.

COMMANDING OFFICER

You were quiet in there. Just making sure you don't have any questions.

KEN

So far it's all very clear, Sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER

This isn't like where you've been, son. We're a bit more egalitarian around here. So don't be shy.

Ken nods. The officer starts to go.

KEN

I do have one question, sir... if I'd like to go into the city this weekend, is there a train or bus that leaves from here?

COMMANDING OFFICER

(mood shifts; stern)

What for?

KEN

I was just hoping there might be a Baptist Church there. I could use a word with the Lord, Sir.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Jones, we have a Chaplain right here who's well versed in all denominations. The folks over that bridge... There's nothing over there that's good for a man's soul.

A beat between them. The officer goes. A beat, and Ken looks up to the horizon -- to the SKYLINE OF SAN FRANCISCO, and off those ominous words of warning, we MATCH CUT TO:

56

INT. CRAMMED CAR / BAY BRIDGE - SAME TIME

56

CLEVE'S POV of the same SKYLINE. The once cramped car is down to 2 passengers. Cleve and a DAVID BOWIE-LOOKING KID. Cleve opens his wallet. He only has \$15 and an ADDRESS scribbled on a SCRAP OF PAPER. He looks frightened.

CLEVE

Hey. Think you could drop me off on Larkin Street?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

57 INT. TELEVISED PRESS CONFERENCE / CITY HALL - DAY 57

B&W ON TV: The Mayor of San Francisco, JOE ALIOTO, 55, round, bald, Italian is before the PRESS, sweaty and defensive.

MAYOR ALIOTO

I have nothing against homosexuals. But yes, they are similar in my mind to Black Panthers and Peacenik drug addicts. Keeping a city safe is and always has been about upholding moral standards. In a week, 150 additional policemen will be on the street. This "Anti-Hoodlum Patrol" is not a threat to social justice, they are only a threat to the lawless. Perhaps that makes me out-of-touch, but I don't care. The good people of San Francisco elected me to do one thing above all else. To keep them safe.

58 INT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL / ROTUNDA STEPS - MINUTES LATER ~~58~~

Alioto is agitated, walking with the POLICE CHIEF. Privately:

MAYOR ALIOTO

Keep a step ahead of the mulignan and fruit or we'll have rotten headlines all over again.

POLICE CHIEF

You want me to strike first?

MAYOR ALIOTO

I'm saying, I'm not going to get re-elected when there are more queers running around than Catholics.

The Chief nods. The Mayor stops, gets close.

MAYOR ALIOTO (CONT'D)

Imagine something with me for a moment. For us. For our city. Imagine we turn this city around and a Cardinal is appointed right here. In San Francisco... Now let that vision inspire your work.

59 EXT. SACRAMENTO & LARKIN STREET - DAY 59

BUZZ! Cleve stands with his bag at the door of a LARGE VICTORIAN APARTMENT BUILDING holding his scribbled address.

He HITS THE BUZZER for what must be the 10th time. Finally, PHIL, 20s, answers the door. He looks to be on heroin, depressed or both. He stares at Cleve.

CLEVE JONES

Are you Phil?

(nothing; Cleve talks fast)

I'm Cleve Jones from Phoenix. A girl in my writing collective said she knew you. Sarah?

(Phil just stares)

She said you might let me crash for a few nights until I can get a job.

Phil doesn't say a word he just lets Cleve in the door and heads up a set of wobbly stairs. Cleve hesitantly follows.

60

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO / MISSION POLICE STATION - DAY

60

Roma and Jean are inside the station bearing the looks of OFFICERS in this all boys club. It's intimidating. Through the CAPTAIN'S WINDOW, Roma watches the man ahead of them get handed his PERMIT between laughter and hand shakes.

ROMA

We'll ask nicely about the rules first so we don't get bureaucratic excuses later. Sometimes you can get more with honey than vinegar.

JEAN

Wow. I never thought I could hate that expression more.

The door opens. The tall, ITALIAN CAPTAIN doesn't invite them into his office. Instead, he steps out and towers over them.

ITALIAN CAPTAIN

Is there a problem?

ROMA

We're having an "event", and first off, we want to make sure we don't need any sort of permit from you.

ITALIAN CAPTAIN

You with a church group?

ROMA

It's for the Women's Centers.

ITALIAN CAPTAIN

A women's center in my district?

ROMA

Centers. It's plural. And it's new.

ITALIAN CAPTAIN

Well ladies, there's nothing I enjoy more than a sheetcake... With a thick layer of frosting. Particularly when it's made by a pair of lovely young things like you. No permits needed for anything like that. We good?

JEAN

What if we don't bake?

He surveys them, skeptical. Roma jumps in.

ROMA

Sir, are you saying we don't need a permit? And if that's the case, can I have that in writing please?

ITALIAN CAPTAIN

I said all I need to, honey. From now on, why don't you let the men worry about things like permits.

ROMA

My name is *Roma*. And I'm in charge of this demonstration. That's why I'm standing in front of you asking nicely for something in writing.

ITALIAN CAPTAIN

A demonstration?! How about you two "nicely" get out of my face.

ROMA

Well now I'd like to have a permit application and be denied OFFICIALLY. IF that's what you're doing here.

ITALIAN CAPTAIN

Consider your application submitted and denied. Now get your dyke face out of my station before I arrest you for aggravating an officer.

He returns to his office and pulls the SHADE down.

ROMA

...but I'm not a dyke!

Jean lifts a brow, a tad surprised by Roma's outburst.

61

INT. TREASURE ISLAND / CHAPLAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

61

Ken is with a NAVY CHAPLAIN who is surprisingly good looking. That doesn't help. This meeting feels like an interrogation.

NAVY CHAPLAIN

As long as what weighs on you isn't against Navy law, I'm obligated not to share it.

KEN

What about thoughts, not deeds.

NAVY CHAPLAIN

Immoral or illegal thoughts?

KEN

Self destructive thoughts.

NAVY CHAPLAIN

Suicide?

KEN

If I say yes, you'll report me and I'll be put in a hospital, so I'll say this: there's no man who's seen what I've seen and done what I've done who hasn't started to feel that this life is futile. I need the Lord's help. But the Lord I grew up with. A reminder that there's still some light out there.

The Chaplain considers Ken, visibly softens, nods, then writes out an ADDRESS. It seems he has a soft side.

NAVY CHAPLAIN

This is a Baptist Church with a good reverend, but it's over the bridge in North Beach. Not exactly the most sacrosanct neighborhood.

KEN

Jesus walked amongst the sinners didn't he? Shouldn't we?

NAVY CHAPLAIN

I've walked these streets and I'm not sure it's anything Jesus ever saw... I pray you find what you're looking for there. You're one of the youngest E5s this Navy has ever seen. We need more sailors like you, not less, Ken.

Reaching the 4th floor, Phil opens a door. It's a tiny studio apartment with a SLEEPING BAG, a TRANSISTOR RADIO, half emptied TUNA CANS and it's infested with MICE. Cleve steps in. Phil opens a CAN OF TUNA, pours the OIL out a WINDOW.

PHIL

You can stay a week. After that you pay. No guests and I have one key so get back while I'm still awake.

CLEVE JONES

When do you like to sleep?
(Phil shrugs)
Do you know the best way to get to the Haight from here?

PHIL

You lookin' for smack?

CLEVE JONES

No.

Phil has a bite of tuna and sets the can on the floor.

PHIL

It's all dead.

CLEVE JONES

What is?

PHIL

Whatever you saw, or read, or heard... it's all gone.

CLEVE JONES

What do you mean?

PHIL

Your Summer of Love... it turned to a winter of heroin a long time ago.

OFF Cleve, not sure what to believe from this guy. This isn't at all the respite he'd hoped for.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

63 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO / DOLORES PARK - DAY

63

Roma and Jean walk up a hill to the top of Dolores Park, the entire city coming into view behind them.

ROMA

So we'll move the demonstration to another district. Or go directly to the board of supervisors.

JEAN

It's mostly all white Irish or Italian Catholic San Franciscan men, every station, every district. The Police Chief. The Mayor. That's the reality here. They want us in the kitchen or they want us gone.

ROMA

We need an insider... Do you know any Italian or Irish men?

JEAN

No.

ROMA

You've never dated any? Not one?

JEAN

Roma, I don't know any men. And honestly... I don't care to.

ROMA

Oh... I don't really know any either.

JEAN

No? Not one...? Not ever?

Roma looks over. They make sustained eye contact.

ROMA

What do you mean?

64 INT. JEAN'S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - LATER

64

Wild, passionate, Roma and Jean are going at it against a kitchen window. Jean knocks a SET OF PANS to the floor. A NEIGHBOR POUNDS ON THE WALL. They only get louder.

JEAN

Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!

For Roma it's liberating, revelatory -- and she's good at it.

65

INT. JEAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

65

On the floor, post-coital:

ROMA

Her name's Diane. She's in the Peace Corps still, in Togo, West Africa. She was the only one... until now.

JEAN

And you're still in love with her.

ROMA

I didn't say that. You asked if this had happened before.

JEAN

I asked if it bothered you that we did it. You went right to her.

Jean gets up, nude, and walks to the kitchen to make tea. Roma wraps a blanket around herself and follows.

ROMA

Okay. Yes. It bothers me.

JEAN

Okay. So tell me about that.

ROMA

Because it was different in Togo. For one, women hold each other in public. Walk around hand in hand.

JEAN

But if they knew you were having sex with this "Diane"...

ROMA

I guess we'd have been terminated from the Peace Corps, sent home, or gone to jail. I'm not sure.

JEAN

You can walk around some parts of San Francisco holding hands.

ROMA

Not the same way. Here it'd be making a statement. In Togo it was just a normal thing to see. I can't put into words the difference that made.

JEAN

What are you really afraid of, Roma?

ROMA

(considers; the truth)

When I was in Togo, I knew my mom and dad would never find out. I have a big family, and I love them. I need them. But we're Catholic.

JEAN

And when was the last time you spoke to any of them about anything personal? Not politics or work. You.

ROMA

Before Togo... before college.

JEAN

So because of this secret, you're losing them anyhow... In the ways that matter most.

OFF Roma, absorbing that truth.

66 EXT. BUS STOP / TREASURE ISLAND - DAY 66

Bag in hand, Ken is with the Chaplain waiting for a bus.

CHAPLAIN

Did you bring a change of clothes?

KEN

I did.

CHAPLAIN

Good. When you get there, rent a locker and change out of your uniform. You'll be safer that way.

Ken nods, nerves mounting as a BUS APPROACHES.

67 INT. GREYHOUND DEPOT / SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 67

The only passenger in a NAVY UNIFORM, KEN gets some glares as his bus crosses over the BAY BRIDGE into San Francisco.

68 EXT. THE HAIGHT - DAY 68

Cleve jumps off a BUS of his own and walks through the Haight toward Golden Gate Park, but the neighborhood is BOARDED UP. It looks more like a war zone than the photos he saw in LIFE.

He stops at a closed up ELECTRONICS STORE with 20 TVs behind a BARRED WINDOW. The news story on them holds his attention: It's the dedication of the WORLD TRADE CENTER TOWERS. The graphic reads: "TALLEST BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD."

69 INT. GREYHOUND DEPOT / BATHROOM - DAY 69

Ken steps off the bus, quickly gets to a bathroom, pulls CIVILIAN CHURCH CLOTHES out of his bag and starts changing.

70 EXT. THE HAIGHT - DAY 70

Cleve is walking again. POLICE LIGHTS flashing ahead, he veers toward them, curious. He sees TWO TALL, WHITE COPS smoking. As he rounds their car, he sees A KID HIS AGE cuffed against their bumper bleeding from his head. Cleve isn't shy.

CLEVE JONES

Hey. I think he needs some help.

COP 1

(to Cop 2)

Something smells like faggot all of a sudden, don't it?

Cleve tries to absorb the familiar jab but he wasn't expecting to hear such things in San Francisco.

CLEVE JONES

I'm talking about him, not me.

COP 1

And I'm askin', does the fruit got a problem or is he lookin' for one?

CLEVE JONES

I haven't done anything wrong.

COP 2

You ARE what's wrong. Get out of our city or you get what he got.

A BOY CLEVE'S AGE crosses the street behind them like a sprite, looking Cleve's way for a moment, then bounding off in the opposite direction. Cleve steps away from the cops, choosing to follow the boy and live to fight another day.

71 INT. THE WOMEN'S CENTERS - DAY 71

Roma is being grilled by the CENTER'S CORE GROUP of 13 WOMEN.

BOOT STRAP DYKE

Roma, for God's sake, this mayor and his cronies have made it clear. They

(MORE)

BOOT STRAP DYKE (CONT'D)
 answer to the Pope first, their
 crotch second, and to women never.

FILIPINA WOMAN
 And why should we depend on men?

ROMA
 I'm not saying we should rely on
 them. I'm saying *WE* use *THEM*.

PHYLLIS
 And who might this insider or these
 insiders be?

ROMA
 I dragged Jean up to Polk Street,
 and there are bars filled with drag
 performers, gay men, men in dresses
 all up and down it. They got their
 liquor licenses somehow. They've
 kept those licenses somehow. They
 must have someone on the inside.

FILIPINA WOMAN
 Because they're still men. They're
 in that club. We aren't.

JEAN
 But if what we need are permits for
 demonstrations to protect ourselves,
 to speak up for women like Inez
 who's on trial now for defending her
 own body, or for a decent building
 instead of this hole in the wall so
 we can feel safe, why not *attempt* an
 alliance? What are we afraid of?

Sally looks to Jean surprised. Why has she stood up for Roma?

SALLY GEARHART
 You support this idea, Jean?

JEAN
 I don't see why we're dismissing it
 without consideration just because
 they have... balls... and we don't.

OLDER WHITE WOMAN
 When considering an ally, it's
 important to consider both the
 advantages AND the baggage they
 bring with them. Gay men are
 arrested nightly for public sex,
 prostitution and on and on. Frankly
 (MORE)

OLDER WHITE WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sick of sticking up for their
conscience when it never seems to
travel outside their groin area.

JEAN

I'm curious... are we suggesting
that lesbians aren't into sex as
much as gay men?

ROMA

...or straight women?

Jean glowers at Roma. Sally studies the pair, suspicious.

SALLY GEARHART

Jean and Roma, I'd like to have the
three of us get together and discuss
sexual energy. Who, what and where.
How about Sunday? My house for tea?

Everyone knows this has nothing to do with permits or cops.
Roma gets quiet. Jean too. Have they given themselves away?

72

EXT. BUENA VISTA PARK - DAY

72

Cleve has followed the sprightly boy to a densely wooded
park. The boy heads into the woods. Cleve follows.

JUMP CUTS guide us through Cleve's strange journey as he dips
inside a WINDING MAN MADE TUNNEL through the DENSE BUSHES,
soon losing sight of the mysterious boy. He hears MUSIC and
turns toward it, then LAUGHTER and turns toward it.

Cleve emerges into a clearing. He's now atop Buena Vista
Park. TOWERING TREES reach for the sky. Amongst them is a
TWISTED TREE holding a MAGNIFICENT TREE HOUSE in its limbs.
Cleve makes his way to the TREE HOUSE'S LADDER.

CLEVE JONES

Hello?

A beat, and the mysterious boy sticks his head down.

SCOTT REMPLÉ

You made it.

CLEVE JONES

Who are you?

SCOTT REMPLÉ

I'm Scott. Would you like to come
up here with me?

Cleve smiles. He's found a kindred spirit. As he climbs up, he sees TWO MORE YOUNG MEN inside, smoking (likely weed) -- and the camera turns REVEALING the entire city sprawled out before them.

PASTOR (V.O.) (PRELAP)
Who here lives by the Word of God?

73

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH / NORTH BEACH - DAY

73

Ken settles into a mostly filled, mostly African American Baptist Church for Sunday services. The African American Pastor has his BIBLE lifted up into the air, fiery.

PASTOR
...and who here lives by the Word of God every day of their life?!
(some hands go up; not Ken's)
No one! We all fall short of the glory of God. And I don't know about you, but I can certainly see this is true for the city of San Francisco these days!
("Amens" and cheers)
So you can either live by this Book or you can live for yourself. And the Bible tells us what will come of a city of the selfish: "For they exchanged the truth of God for a lie, and served the creature rather than the Creator. For this, God gave them over to degrading passions." How many of you have seen women defying the role of their Creator? Men-hating God-defilers leaving their children at home to work and make money?
(more cheers and "Amens")
And... there are men here today who bend *their* nature as well, turning their passions to one another.

Now it seems this Pastor is talking directly to Ken.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
And if they continue to live for themselves, and not by the Word of God... They too will be thrown into the fiery lake of Hell to suffer for eternity!

"Hallelujahs!" This isn't the comfort Ken was hoping for. The Pastor notes Ken's silence and zeros in on him. Ken feels it.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

74

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH / NORTH BEACH - DUSK

74

Services over, Ken is now alone with the Pastor in a pew.

PASTOR

What weighs on your heart, Ken?

KEN

Can the Lord help a man mourn
something you might call a sin?

PASTOR

I'm not calling anything a sin. I'm
simply following the Word of God.

KEN

But how do we know which rules must
always be followed?

PASTOR

We must follow them all. Always.

KEN

"Thou shalt not kill." But I have. Is
every young man who's killed for his
country going to hell now?

PASTOR

Is this truly what weighs on you?

KEN

Not just that...

PASTOR

I thought not. Your Navy Chaplain
didn't say it, but I heard it in
his tone. I see your struggle in
your eyes. Ken... do you think you
could get permission from him to
come here every single Sunday?

KEN

That's up to my Commanding Officer.

PASTOR

Ask. Because the answers you seek
aren't simple, and the consequences
of not finding them are dire. So let
us pray to Him that He might guide
you back to the path of salvation.

The Pastor lowers his head to pray. Ken follows his lead.

75

INT. BUENA VISTA PARK / TREE HOUSE - DUSK

75

Cleve is laying back, Scott beside him. The others are gone.

CLEVE JONES

I thought it'd be music in the street and flowers in our hair.

SCOTT REMPLÉ

Well it hasn't been 1967 for a long time now.

CLEVE JONES

Now the cops are winning, huh?

SCOTT REMPLÉ

The cops, the suits, the priests. Turns out the ones who like wars are better at winning them. And now they're going after all the most interesting people.

(Scott smiles; Cleve is silent)

Don't be sad my little sugar plum.

CLEVE JONES

I'm not. Maybe a little scared.

Scott playfully lifts Cleve's head onto his lap the way Cleve had with Matt. Scott's a tad older and more confident.

SCOTT REMPLÉ

Don't be. I'll look after you.

CLEVE JONES

I say let's just get rid of all the heterosexuals. They're so boring.

SCOTT REMPLÉ

(laughs; then)

Or we get out of here. I'm going to Morocco next. Then India and the Middle East. Maybe North Africa. There's bound to be a real San Francisco somewhere out there.

CLEVE JONES

You're leaving?

(Scott shrugs)

God, I'm so tired of good things disappearing on me.

SCOTT REMPLÉ

If I go, I'll send you postcards. And as soon as I've found a place

(MORE)

SCOTT REMPLÉ (CONT'D)
that's more like the San Francisco
we dreamed of, you'll meet me there.

CLEVE JONES
I'd need money for that. A job.

SCOTT REMPLÉ
Oh God. Well good luck with that.

CLEVE JONES
(grins)
You want to know something?

SCOTT REMPLÉ
Yes. Please. Tell me.

CLEVE JONES
You're the closest person I have in
my life right now.

Such a sentiment shared so soon might seem absurd -- but not
to these rejected kids. Scott gets it, so he's gentle.

76 EXT. NORTH BEACH STREET - EARLY EVENING 76

Stepping out of the CHURCH with Ken, we discover North Beach:
JAZZ, BARS, DRUGS, PROSTITUTES. A SHOWY WOMAN in HEELS clomps
down the sidewalk. The sound gets Ken turning.

HIGH HEELED QUEEN
Hiya sailor.

She walks on, getting further and further. Ken can't take his
eyes off her. She turns a corner. A beat... and Ken follows.

At a distance, Ken trails her all the way to an old bar
called THE BLACK CAT. She goes in. He can hear A WOMAN inside
belting out SOPRANO GOSPEL in a hip, early 70's style.

Like a sailor lured by a Greek Siren, Ken steps inside.

77 INT. THE BLACK CAT CAFE - CONTINUOUS 77

This bar was once the place to be: beatniks, 50's gays, drag
queens, but that time has passed and the CROWD and their BALL
GOWNS have aged with it.

In contrast, up on stage is a self-possessed, voluptuous
Black Woman with a SCARF over her hair, BRACELETS covering
her arms belting out the Lord's tunes (SYLVESTER, 25). Ken is
taken with her, but when eyes land on him, he turns to go...

JOSE SARRIA (O.S.)
A drink before you go, sugar?

Ken turns, an immaculate drag queen, "MAMA JOSE" SARRIA, 50s, in a BEADED BALL GOWN and TIARA comes floating toward Ken and perches on a stool near him. A beat, then:

KEN

You have a good Bourbon?

Jose gestures to the BARTENDER, and he gets to work.

JOSE SARRIA

They call me Mama. Who are you?

KEN

I'm... Mike.

JOSE SARRIA

...Okay. You be whoever you want in here, baby. You dance with whoever you want, just not too close if the cops come in. And don't walk home alone after dark. And when the cops clear the sidewalk out front, step out of their way if you don't want your real name in the paper tomorrow.

KEN

How do you know I'm not a cop?

JOSE SARRIA

(laughs)

Nobody's actually ever seen a Black cop in San Francisco, baby. You... You're a Navy boy, "Michael."

Jose grins. Ken looks worried. His drink arrives.

JOSE SARRIA (CONT'D)

It's the Lord's day and God has delivered you to this place of refuge. Be thankful. Sit. Drink.

KEN

What makes you say Navy?

JOSE SARRIA

Because you are *me*. I was just like you once. Most of us here were. It isn't like they say. The devil didn't do this to San Francisco.

(Ken makes eye contact)

We all got taken from our homes by the draft. For The War. But when we got caught doing what comes natural, we got "Blue Slips," and

(MORE)

JOSE SARRIA (CONT'D)

all the blue slip queens got kicked out, and dropped off at the nearest port. San Francisco. But you can't go home with a blue slip. No. Everyone knew what that meant. So every gay boy in America got picked up and put here. And by who? By the SFPD's own beloved U.S. Government.

KEN

Do they come in here?

JOSE SARRIA

The cops? Sure. But they worry a bit more about raiding bars like this now days. Since the riots, you know?

KEN

There were riots here?

JOSE SARRIA

Down at Compton's cafeteria, sure. Then at the Stonewall, at a bar like this, but in New York. The cops came in to round us Nelly queens up, break our heads and put our names in the papers all over again, but this time those "boys" in dresses fought back. Not the dykes or political queens like some people will tell you. It was us, because we know how to fight for our lives, because we never could hide like you. So we kicked the cop's asses, and we started a revolution, honey.

KEN

I'm not looking for a revolution. I just want a place to have a drink and relax for a minute or two.

JOSE SARRIA

Is that all you want, Mr. "Michael?"
(Ken nods)

Then you don't have a clue... Cause that's *EVERYTHING*. And you won't ever get that minute. Not until you stand up and fight for it.

OFF KEN, feeling the weight of that idea.

78

EXT. JEAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

78

Jean answers her door, surprised to see Roma on her step.

ROMA
Can I come in?

JEAN
No. Not right now. No.

Roma wants to ask WHO'S INSIDE? But afraid of the answer, she takes a step back. Jean steps out and closes the door.

ROMA
I think Sally's figured us out.

JEAN
What makes you say that?

ROMA
Why else does she want us to come to her house? She's going to confront us. And if she starts telling people, it's all over for me.

JEAN
Why would she tell people?

ROMA
You do know that she's a published-activist-dyke-butch-lesbian. Anything else I can add?!

(Jean shrugs)

She'll spread the word. It'll be all over NOW, my friends everywhere will know, and damn it, if they can get rid of Rita Mae Brown... I mean... MAYBE I should get a boyfriend. I wouldn't be the first. Rita Mae says we're all bi-sexual.

Jean sits down on the step. Roma sits beside her, elbows on knees, head in hands.

ROMA (CONT'D)
Oh God. I'm right aren't I? She knows. She's going to tell.

JEAN
Sally's not your problem. She's mine. She's in my bed right now. We're lovers. We have been for a while.

Roma is stunned. She's just stepped into a love triangle with the figurehead of the San Francisco Women's Movement.

ROMA
Oh God. No. Oh my God...

79 INT. THE BLACK CAT CAFE - NIGHT

79

SCREAMS from a MAN outside. BAR PATRONS rush out. Ken sits paralyzed, unsure of what to do. The gospel singer quickly gathers her things to go, but stops at Ken on her way out. Dropping "her" falsetto voice it's clear SHE IS A HE.

SYLVESTER

Welcome to the Black Cat, sweetie.
Unfortunately, it's time to take
the cops' cue and exit stage left.

He kisses Ken's cheek and casually walks out.

80 INT. BUENA VISTA PARK / TREE HOUSE - SAME TIME

80

Cleve is asleep in Scott's lap. Scott is drifting off too. They're alone. Scott hears a NOISE. He rouses Cleve.

SCOTT REMPLÉ

We should go. We'll get raped or
handcuffed, and not by anybody hot.
You got a place to sleep?

CLEVE JONES

We're not safe here?

SCOTT REMPLÉ

Not at night. Hey, if we both make
it through another night, I'll meet
you at Bob's Diner on Polk.
Breakfast on me. But we should go.

Cleve watches Scott climb down, their lovely moment quickly vanishing... but perhaps he's made his first friend.

81 EXT. THE BLACK CAT CAFE - SECONDS LATER

81

Ken steps outside, catching a glimpse of the ATTACKERS taking off. COP CARS screech to a halt, but the COPS don't chase the attackers, they hassle the BLOODY MAN who was just beaten.

PATRONS yell at the cops, but they're met with PEPPER SPRAY. When one charges, he's beaten to the ground with a POLICE CLUB. That gets two more GAY MEN on the COPS' case.

More POLICE arrive, now with a PADDY WAGON. They jump out and start arresting patrons, throwing them into the paddy wagon.

JOSE SARRIA

Surround it! Lock arms!

The Patrons do just that, locking themselves arm in arm. Jose starts to SING LOUD (to the tune of "God Save the Queen"):

JOSE SARRIA (CONT'D)
 God Save us Nelly Queens... God
 save us Nelly Queens...
 (most join in)
 God save us queens. From every
 mountain side, long may you live or
 fly... God save us Nelly Queens--

Ken uses the distraction to try and slip away, but a BIG,
 WHITE IRISH COP shouts after him.

BIG WHITE COP
 Git yer spade-ass back here! You're
 under arrest, faggot.

KEN
 (stops, turns, terrified)
 I'm not one of them...

A beat, and the cop gets back to beating A GAY MAN to the
 ground. Ken runs, but a half block up he can still hear the
 PAINED SCREAMS of men being beaten behind him. He looks back:

Jose is still in the street surrounded by violence, singing,
 his eyes locked on Ken as he abandons his people. The look
 cuts right through Ken.

82 EXT. PHIL'S LARKIN STREET APARTMENT BUILDING - LATE NIGHT 82

BUZZ! Cleve has returned, but no one is answering the BUZZER.
 He tries again. Nothing. With no key, he's homeless now.

He walks down to POLK STREET. It's strangely quiet. He hears
 a CAR ENGINE. IT'S LOUD and getting LOUDER. LIGHTS APPROACH.
 He looks back. A CAR is ROARING TOWARD HIM.

Cleve turns a corner and ducks into a DOORWAY. The car takes
 the same corner and slows. Cleve catches a glimpse of the
 DRIVER looking into the shadows after him. The car is filled
 with YOUNG WHITE MEN, perhaps on the hunt for no good.

The car passes and Cleve sprints back to a FIRE ESCAPE,
 jumps, pulls its LADDER down, climbs up and pushes his body
 into a SMALL OVERHANG.

A beat. Silence. He places his bag like a pillow, but before
 laying his head down, he pulls out the LIFE MAGAZINE and
 opens it to the photos which once gave him such hope... He
 finally sheds a tear.

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

83

INT. TREASURE ISLAND MEETING ROOM - DAY

83

CLOSE ON: Ken, enraged, shouting down at someone unseen.

KEN

Look at me you spade bastard. Look at me! Now get back in those seats where the Blacks go, and where do Blacks go? They get back!

REVEAL: He's shouting down at an OLDER WHITE OFFICER seated in front of a classroom of SAILOR INSTRUCTORS.

OLDER OFFICER

Yes they do.

KEN

Yes they do. So the next time you see me step on this bus, you'd best not make me waste my breath again. Is that understood? Answer me!

OLDER OFFICER

Go to hell.

KEN

(breaking character)
But that's not what they said to you is it. Because you were their commander and they knew they'd be punished if they did.

OLDER OFFICER

I said go to hell.

KEN

Oh... that was meant for me?

A few snickers from the audience. The Officer turns to them.

OLDER OFFICER

You can act like the world isn't round for as long as you want, but there's nothin' wrong with treating different things different. Look at him. Look at him! Look at me!

The officer grabs his things and starts out of the room.

KEN

Sir. Those soldiers you made get up out of their seats back in

(MORE)

KEN (CONT'D)

Tennessee, did you know they have medals of honor for saving an officer who lost a leg but not his life because they went back into the line of fire to save him in Vietnam?

(the Old Officer stops)

Tomorrow maybe we could play out that situation with you as one of those Black soldiers and see if you'd of gone in and saved that white officer like they did.

OLDER OFFICER

I won't be back.

KEN

That's a choice only you can make, sir. But understand it's up to me to write the report that will allow you to return to your post or not.

OLDER OFFICER

I've served my country with devotion for 30 years. 30 years! I don't understand. I don't understand!

Ken steps over and looks the officer in the eyes, quietly.

KEN

Because we're figuring each other out now. And I have as much to learn from you as you have to learn from me. That's the real truth.

The officer looks into Ken's eyes, shaking. ANGLE ON: Ken's Chaplain watching from afar, very impressed.

84 INT. BOB'S DINER - MORNING

84

Cleve enters the crowded diner looking for Scott, but he's not there. The only free seat is across from the same flamboyantly dressed black man Ken met earlier:

SYLVESTER

I don't bite. Unless you'd like me to.

Cleve sits across from him, checks his wallet. He's broke.

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

What do you want, honey?

CLEVE

A shower, a job, an apartment. But for now a coffee might help...

(MORE)

CLEVE (CONT'D)
 (finally looks up)
 What do you want from me in return?

SYLVESTER
 Relax. I did the down-and-out
 refugee routine in my time too.
 What's your name? Where you from?

CLEVE
 I'm Cleve. From Arizona.

SYLVESTER
 Well I'm Sylvester from Inglewood.
 But I'm not down-and-out no more. I
 just got back from a tour in
 France. Come to one of my shows at
 the Black Cat. Might cheer you up.

CLEVE
 You do drag there?

SYLVESTER
 This ain't drag. This is just ME.
 Keep your eyes peeled and you'll see
 this face on the billboard charts
 for being devotedly ME!

A BANG on the window. It's Scott! Cleve beams, relieved.
 Sylvester perks up too. He thinks Scott is cute. But Scott
 gestures for Cleve to come outside. Sylvester gesture with
 two fingers and a thumb to a WAITER: "Two coffees, to go"

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)
 You know what I want from you? For
 you boys to go do the same as me. Be
 fabulous. And tell the other skinny
 new boys to do the same. Cause a
 scene. Cause we need a new scene in
 this city. Can you do that for me?

CLEVE
 (a devilish smile)
 You have no idea.

85

INT. SALLY GEARHART'S APARTMENT - DAY

85

Roma sits in a small, BOOK FILLED living room with Jean and
 Sally. Sally has made them TEA, but the tea has been had, the
 CUPS are all empty and no one is talking. Finally:

SALLY GEARHART
 There is one option which could
 alleviate the present tension and
 potentially leave everyone happier.

ROMA

Yes. I go back to my celibate life.

SALLY GEARHART

Roma, I spent the 50s very much intending to hide the fact that I was a lesbian. That meant putting down a whole part of myself that was vital to my being. So first ask yourself, do you think hiding will make you truly happy?

ROMA

It'd be a lot more comfortable than this if we're being honest.

SALLY GEARHART

There's a second option. Jean, and two others of us bought land and adjoining homes in the hills of Willits. It's a back to the land investment. Jean and I have the house with the outdoor latrine and a well.

ROMA

Okay... Congratulations.

SALLY GEARHART

The traditional heterosexual model for relationships is monogamy, yes?

ROMA

For the past 2000 years maybe.

SALLY GEARHART

And in theory that serves a purpose: procreation and child rearing. But we don't have those options available to us. Not yet. So I suggest that in the interest of growing closer rather than further, we abandon that model.

ROMA

The heterosexual model?

SALLY GEARHART

Exactly. I suggest we try moving to our new home where I'm establishing a women's commune. Try living together. Explore what might create the most love and understanding between us.

(Roma is silent)

I don't expect an answer right away, but we're going there this weekend to

(MORE)

SALLY GEARHART (CONT'D)
plan an action against the National
Organization of Women. Come with us.

ROMA
You want me to come help plan a
protest against NOW? I'm still a
member. I still work with them.

JEAN
Wait, you're seriously still in NOW?

ROMA
Yes! And why is that crazier than
you wanting a 3-way relationship?!

JEAN
Because... I don't want hurt feelings.

ROMA
Well maybe you should have thought
of that before you took me back to
your apartment and had sex with me
three, four, five times.

SALLY GEARHART
Five times?

ROMA
Well no. Three times each time, so
twelve times. But only four visits.

SALLY GEARHART
(surprised; to Jean)
So much for, "I'm sorry, Sally, I'm
just not that sexual."

JEAN
Oh God, not right now.

ROMA
No. I think you do need to talk.
RIGHT NOW. I don't have time for one
girlfriend, much less TWO! So thank
you for the terrible tea but I have
no time to fight against NOW! I have
fliers I need to be stapling up to
protect us from the Patriarchy!

JEAN
Roma, wait...

Roma grabs her bag and leaves. Jean looks to Sally. Sally
looks hurt. Sally collects the tea cups and goes.

SALLY GEARHART
 ...three times each time?

86 EXT. SALLY GEARHART'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER 86

Roma marches away from Sally's pulling a STAPLER and FLIERS from her bag. In her mix of emotions, relief is winning out.

A beat later, Jean emerges from Sally's and catches up. They walk side by side in silence. Then, OUT IN THE OPEN, JEAN TAKES ROMA'S HAND. She's left Sally. But Jean's hand brings Roma more anxiety than comfort. Roma's head spins.

87 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL - DAY 87

Walking with Scott, Cleve gazes up at CITY HALL'S SOARING DOME. As they round a corner, there's a PRESS CONFERENCE on the steps: The Mayor is with POLICE OFFICERS and a CATHOLIC PRIEST in full regalia. Given his own desperate circumstances, this cloistered extravagance seems obscene.

Scott extends his hand to Cleve, and they START DANCING to the music in their heads -- making a scene! The Priest sees them, but tries his best to ignore their show.

OLDER CLEVE (V.O.)
*San Francisco was once a thriving
 blue collar town, but in the 60's, a
 new choice was made. It was to
 become a white collar, tourist town.*

88 INT. CLEVE'S PALM SPRINGS HOME - 2006 88

The same day as the opening, Cleve lights another cigarette.

OLDER CLEVE (V.O.)
*Billions were put into high-rises.
 Blacks, Latinos, working people had
 their homes bulldozed. And the new
 mayor said, "You want tourists and
 corporations to keep coming? Get rid
 of the radicals, hippies, and gays."*

89 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CITY HALL - BACK TO THE 70'S 89

OLDER CLEVE (V.O.)
*In one year, 2,800 gay men were
 arrested, many with sentences harder
 than for manslaughter, robbery or
 rape, some with 15 years to life.*

Cleve stops dancing to watch the Priest put a hand on the Mayor's back and lead him back into City Hall, offering Cleve and Scott a final look of disapproval.

OLDER CLEVE (V.O.)

*So hand in hand with the Church and
the cops, the Mayor declared war on
all of us. All of the "us's"*

90

INT. TREASURE ISLAND MEETING ROOM - DAY

90

Ken is back with the handsome Military Chaplain.

CHAPLAIN

You want to go back every Sunday?

KEN

Yes, Sir. I need it.

CHAPLAIN

Ken, the client you were working
with from Tennessee, he asked me to
sit in on a meeting with him and the
Black soldiers he wrongly punished.
You have the ability to get through
to people, Ken. To make them see
through the things that scare them.
You have such strength in you.

KEN

About being black, maybe. But I was
raised in a black family with a black
mom who understood my struggle. But
being black isn't the only thing
that's different about me. Other
things, things that feel born in me,
they aren't in my mom. In those ways
I was born into enemy territory.

CHAPLAIN

And you think being with the
Baptists on Sundays will fix this?

KEN

Maybe. I need answers, sir... I
need to know where he is now.

CHAPLAIN

The Lord?

KEN

No...

(his truth, his secret)

Michael... I haven't even cried. I
can't. Cause I don't know if he's
in Heaven or Hell, or if it's my
fault where his soul's living now.

CHAPLAIN

Stop there... Don't say anything more about this. Not to anyone. Not ever again. And I'll recommend you go back to your church. Every Sunday.

91 EXT. SOUTH OF MARKET STREET - DAY

91

Cleve is now walking south of Market Street with Scott.

SCOTT REMPLE

Tell the man with the mustache that I sent you because I left for Europe and you're gonna fill in for me.

CLEVE

But what'll you do for work?

SCOTT REMPLE

My weekend job paid me out in cash. So... I'm leaving. For Europe.
(off Cleve, gut punched)
But I'll write you when I've found a better place. That's the plan.

Cleve walks on, acting tough. Scott stops Cleve to gently puts his hair under a CAP -- to hide its length.

SCOTT REMPLE (CONT'D)

Go do what you need to do to make some money... so you can meet me.

92 INT. PRINT SHOP - LATER

92

Cleve nods along as a MAN WITH A BIG MUSTACHE talks.

PRINT SHOP OWNER

Starting at 6AM the blueprints start coming off that printer. They get rolled, put in tubes and have to be on site within the hour. That's every hour, every day but Sunday until 6PM. Can you ride that bike?

He points to an OLD, BLUE BIKE chained up outside.

CLEVE JONES

Sir, I can get that bike from the bay to the ocean in 30 minutes. If it takes me a second longer, you don't have to pay me.

PRINT SHOP OWNER

You know the city that well?

CLEVE JONES

Yes, Sir. I grew up here. I know it like the back of my hand.

It's a lie. The Owner eyes Cleve, "Is this kid for real?"

93

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

93

Cleve walks in and looks around. A hot, strong LATINO MAN behind the counter gives a suspicious eye. Cleve steps up.

CLEVE JONES

You got a map of San Francisco?

The man grabs a LAMINATED MAP behind him and holds it out.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Five dollars.

CLEVE JONES

How much for the cheapest one?

He turns back and gets a CRAPPY PAPER MAP.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

Three dollars.

Cleve looks him in the eyes, then down to his WEDDING RING.

CLEVE JONES

How about the best blow job you've ever had?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

You want me to call the cops?

CLEVE JONES

Go ahead, but it'd be your loss.

A beat between them.

94

EXT. GAS STATION - MINUTES LATER

94

Cleve bursts out of the gas station with a big grin... and a BRAND NEW LAMINATED MAP OF SAN FRANCISCO.

95

EXT. PRINT SHOP - MINUTES LATER

95

The Owner watching, Cleve hops on a PRINT SHOP BIKE, ties 3 BLUEPRINT TUBES to his back and pedals around a corner. He opens his map and looks up... to a TOWERING SF HILL. This won't be easy, but he's got a job! He huffs it up the hill.

END OF ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

96 EXT. PRINT SHOP - MORNING 96

Unlocking his WORK BIKE, Cleve is loaded up with 4 BLUEPRINT TUBES. A cute, long-haired Mexican boy, TOMI, 19, with 6 TUBES is unlocking his own BIKE. A look between them:

97 INT. THE LELAND HOTEL - AFTERNOON 97

Cleve follows Tomi out of a RICKETY ELEVATOR and up WOBBLY STAIRS. There are BLOODY HANDPRINTS all up the stairwell.

TOMI

Don't worry. She loves the attention so she keeps pretending to kill herself. She'll be out of the hospital in time for it to get all cleaned up to do it all over again.

98 INT. THE LELAND HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER 98

Tomi opens the door to a tiny hotel room filled with 9 BOYS and two TWIN BEDS. None pay Cleve or Tomi much attention. Tomi finds a SLEEPING BAG, rolls it out, sits and opens up a PAPER BAG. Inside is a DELI SANDWICH. He offers Cleve half.

CLEVE JONES

Who are they?

TOMI

Every day it's some new one from some place. I stopped keeping track.

The scale of the problem is clear, kids of all races from all over with one thing in common: they're gay refugees.

CLEVE JONES

Do any of them have jobs?

TOMI

All of us do, but it's never enough to live in San Francisco. Some sell weed to make up the difference but if you're hungry: sell yourself. You can get 50 bucks from a banker. But a blow job's a felony and not just cause it's a trick, cause your a boy. And the cops are targeting us now. So use your head. If he's handsome, watch out. And if you make it through a day, meet us at Bob's Burgers. Whoever's got money buys everybody dinner. Got it?

CLEVE JONES
 (nods; then)
 What about laundry?

TOMI
 Start saving your quarters, baby.

It's not good, but it's better than sleeping outside.

99 INT. JEAN'S APARTMENT - DAY 99

CLOSE ON: ROMA writing a letter.

ROMA
 I... I have come to San Francisco.
 It's... fine here... I've moved
 into an apartment with... someone
 equally interested in working for
 women's interest... Also... I found
 some very good duck at a Chinese
 cafe... One day--

Jean walks in. They've moved in together. Roma casually puts
 a hand over the letter (that feels like a bad press release).
 ON THE ENVELOPE: it's addressed to DIANE in TOGO AFRICA.

100 INT. TREASURE ISLAND BARRACKS - AFTERNOON 100

In his uniform, Ken packs a DUFFEL BAG. A BUNK MATE watches.

BUNK MATE
 Dancing shoes for church, Jones?

KEN
 You got something against God?

BUNK MATE
 Guess I just got a clean enough
 conscience I don't need to get down
 on my knees all the time.

Ken nods, ignoring his Bunk Mate's insinuation. He goes.

101 INT. SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDROMAT - MINUTES LATER 101

POV: the backside of a GUY stapling FLIERS to a BULLETIN
 BOARD. ANGLE ON: Cleve at the door, cruising the young man.
 He steps up and examines the board, then looks over:

It's actually Roma with a hat on stapling "STOP VIOLENCE
 AGAINST WOMEN" RALLY FLIERS up. Realizing his mistake, Cleve
 quickly turns his attention back to the board. Roma turns his
 way. Only seeing his long hair, she mistakes him for a girl.

ROMA

We're having a rally to stop violence against women in two weeks at BART Plaza. 16th and Mission.

CLEVE JONES

(turns to her)

Yeah? Are boys invited?

ROMA

Oh... No. I mean... I don't know.

CLEVE JONES

Because I do love a good march... But it could get ugly.

ROMA

Why do you say that?

CLEVE JONES

I went to ERA marches in Arizona with my mom. They were as intense as any anti-war rally. And I marched for the farm workers with my church. Cesar Chavez was there. That got wild.

ROMA

You met Cesar Chavez?

CLEVE JONES

Well... he was there.

ROMA

So are you with the workers? Or Anti-war? Or what?

CLEVE JONES

What's the difference?

ROMA

I can think of more than a few.

CLEVE

It's all one movement to me. For social justice. Same struggle. Same fight.

ROMA

Well right now my priority is women.

CLEVE JONES

And right now my priority is not starving to death, but that doesn't mean I'm only interested in day old croissants... You know, I read my

(MORE)

CLEVE JONES (CONT'D)
 mom's copy of Feminine Mystique
 when I was 12. It was a life saving
 philosophy for me--

ROMA
 (is he fucking with her?)
 Okay. Sure. Fine.

CLEVE JONES
 --Because feminism said loud and
 clear that destiny is not determined
 by gender. For you that might mean
 one thing. For me, it meant it was
 okay to be who am I, to love who I
 love. I wouldn't rule men out of
 your action. Cause I bet I'm not the
 only boy like me in San Francisco.

She looks at him differently, then pulls out another flyer,
 and hands it to him. He looks at the names on it.

CLEVE
 Will Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon
 actually be there?

ROMA
 (nods; but unsure)
 But I need you to bring all the
 boys like you. But if anyone asks,
 I didn't invite you. Cause some of
 these women, they hate men.

CLEVE JONES
 I mean, men are pigs... I'm Cleve.

ROMA
 Okay, Cleve. I'm Roma.

And quick as she can, she leaves. Cleve watches her walk out
 and join Jean well in the distance. Seeing them together, he
 smiles to himself. Maybe they're more alike than he thought.

Spirits lifted, he looks up at the board to the APARTMENT
 RENTAL ADS. There's a CHEAP LISTING that catches his eye. He
 takes out a SOCK filled with CHANGE, and starts counting it.

102 INT. LAUNDROMAT - EVENING

102

At a PAY PHONE, Cleve places a collect call. Someone answers.

CLEVE JONES
 Hi mom...

CLEVE'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Where are you?! How are you?! Tell me everything, Cleve. Tell me.

CLEVE JONES

I'm in San Francisco. I'm alive. And I got a job! I'm a bike messenger for a printing company. You should see my calves, I have Nureyev legs!

CLEVE'S MOTHER (V.O.)

(laughs; then)

Do you have a phone number yet?

CLEVE JONES

Not yet. But I've saved up, and I just need \$100 more to get my own place. Then I could get my own phone and you could call me any time.

CLEVE'S MOTHER (V.O.)

One hundred every month?

A CLICK. Someone's picked up (likely his dad) Cleve stiffens.

CLEVE JONES

No. Just once. For the deposit. I'm afraid of what might happen at the hotel I've been staying in.

CLEVE'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Oh, Cleve...

DR. JONES (V.O.)

Son, come back and we'll support you.

CLEVE JONES

On your terms.

DR. JONES (V.O.)

Let's just agree on the outcome we're all looking for. Can we at least do that?

CLEVE JONES

I'm not going to try and fix something that's not broken.

DR. JONES (V.O.)

I don't accept that, Cleve. Heck, I worried I was homosexual for almost a year when I was 16...

Cleve is stunned. So is his mom. It's a bizzaro moment.

CLEVE JONES

Dad...

DR. JONES (V.O.)

(suddenly uncomfortable)

Have a good night, Cleve. We can't help you. Not like this.

And the phone goes dead.

103 INT. GREYHOUND DEPOT - EVENING 103

Ken walks out of the bathroom now dressed in a button up shirt and pants -- his CHURCH CLOTHES. But as he picks a STORAGE LOCKER, someone catches his eye:

A HANDSOME WHITE SAILOR has walked in. They make brief eye contact. A mutual moment of "knowing" borders on flirtation. The sailor changes his clothes at the locker, closes it and leaves. A beat, a tortured thought and Ken follows him out.

104 EXT. POLK STREET - SAME TIME 104

Walking up Polk, Cleve takes note of a few PROSTITUTE BOYS. He seems nervous, but not just for his safety this time. He picks a doorway, settles in, and studies a PROSTITUTE BOY working the corner across the way.

105 INT. BAPTIST CHURCH / NORTH BEACH - NIGHT 105

The Pastor Ken sat with before watches his congregation settle in. Ken is nowhere to be found. He's disappointed.

106 EXT. EUREKA VALLEY (CASTRO) - SAME TIME 106

Ken's now following the White Sailor at a distance into a rundown neighborhood: a dilapidated CASTRO THEATRE sign looms, ominous. The Sailor disappears into a bar, its only WINDOW PAINTED BLACK. Ken is scared as hell to follow.

107 EXT. POLK STREET - SAME TIME 107

Cleve's watches a boy bounce up to the DRIVER'S SIDE of a CAR that's pulled up. The boy gets in and the car pulls away.

An OLDER MAN cruises Cleve. Cleve swallows hard and mimicking the PROSTITUTE BOY across the way, puts a foot up on the wall. But unlike the boy across the street, Cleve is shaking as he tries to make the money he needs the old fashioned way.

END OF ACT EIGHT

ACT NINE

108 EXT. POLK STREET - NIGHT

108

The OLD MAN is still staring at Cleve. Cleve is shivering with nerves, considering this "John"... when a handsome man, BOB, 30s, walks out of a convenience store, passes... then doubles back, throwing Cleve a glance. He's awkward, nervous.

CLEVE JONES

Are you a cop?

BOB

Me?

CLEVE JONES

You're over 6 feet tall and white.

BOB

I'm not a cop... Wanna take a walk?

CLEVE JONES

Where to?

BOB

My apartment?

CLEVE JONES

Do you have any food there?

Bob nods and walks away. Cleve considers the danger he's about to put himself in... and follows Bob up the street.

109 INT. EUREKA VALLEY (CASTRO) - BAR

109

Wearing worry, Ken walks into the bar the White Sailor walked into, but he's immediately stopped by a BOUNCER at the door.

BOUNCER

You got ID?

Ken opens his wallet, passes over his MILITARY ID and pulls out his NEW JERSEY LICENSE. The bouncer examines it.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

I need two forms of ID.

Ken's nerves mount. He searches his wallet. With nothing else to offer, he pulls out his MILITARY ID. The bouncer sees his hand shaking, takes pity on him and waves him in.

Ken goes to the bar. There are men everywhere, but it's dark, seedy. He waits for a BARTENDER to acknowledge him. He won't.

KEN
 Could I get a Bourbon, please?

BARTENDER
 You got money?

KEN
 Yes, Sir.

BARTENDER
 (to the bouncer)
 You frisk him?

BOUNCER
 (approaching)
 Hands on the bar. Spread your legs.

Ken does, watching other patrons come and go without being stopped as the bouncer gropes him. The bouncer finishes.

KEN
 Now can I get a Bourbon, please?

BARTENDER
 ID?

KEN
 He already checked them.

BARTENDER
 He's not serving you.

KEN
 You haven't asked anyone for an ID.

BARTENDER
 You don't like my service? How
 'bout you keep with your own kind
 in the Tenderloin, boy.

Ken steps away from the bar making eye contact with the PATRONS as he goes. His gaze lands on the WHITE CLOSET CASE SAILOR. Ashamed, the sailor looks away. It seems you can be gay in the shadows in this hood, but not Black and gay.

110 INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

110

Bob's apartment is actually nice. He's cooking Cleve dinner. Cleve is laid back in a BEANBAG CHAIR behind him.

CLEVE JONES
 I came here because I thought I
 wouldn't have to worry about
 getting a drill through my skull
 (MORE)

CLEVE JONES (CONT'D)
but most nights I'm more afraid of
what might happen here. I mean, you
can't get a good job without a real
address but how do you get a real
address without a good job?

BOB
I was on the street for a while too
when I left home. In New York.

CLEVE JONES
Did you ever go down to the
Village? To the Stonewall Inn?

BOB
What do you know about Stonewall?

CLEVE JONES
There was an organized revolt. An
uprising. And they beat back the
cops for three nights.

BOB
Don't trust everything you read.

CLEVE JONES
You saying I'm wrong?

BOB
Yes... Because I was there.

Bob sits with TWO PLATES. Cleve joins him, now wide-eyed.

CLEVE JONES
So what really happened?

BOB
I'll tell you some things that didn't
happen. It wasn't just one lesbian
who started it by shaking her fists
like all the women will tell you, or
a kick line of boys in dresses like
all the drag queens will tell you, or
political organizers with a plan like
you wish it was. It was kids who
wanted to dance and didn't want to
take the cop's crap that night. Kids
who learned how to mess with cops
because they'd been in the anti-war
marches, like you. Kids who didn't
know gays had never fought back, so
they did what was in their bones.
That's what Stonewall was. And those
kids gave enough hope to all the

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

dykes and drag queens and political types that now they're all making up their own stories about it to make themselves feel strong too. And maybe that's bigger than the truth. But you need to know that it was *just kids*. Like you. Who were sick of being kicked around. Because that's what this city needs now. More of you.

Cleve looks at Bob... puts his fork down... and leaps on him. This is no trick anymore. Cleve wants him.

111 EXT. EUREKA VALLEY (CASTRO) - NIGHT

111

As Ken walks under the half lit, ICONIC NEON CASTRO THEATRE SIGN, and out of the Castro, a CAR roars past and parks a block up. A FEW YOUNG WHITE MEN jump out and head his way. As they near, Ken lowers his head and steels himself. They pass. He breathes. But a beat later one calls back:

YOUNG WHITE MAN

Hey fruit! Hey fruit! Hey, I'm talkin' to you, Coon-boy!

KEN

(considers; turns)

You got the wrong guy... The 'fruits' around here are all white fruit. See for yourself.

The men look toward the bar Ken just came out of. Ken turns, trying to act casual, and walks away... faster, faster--

112 INT. ISLAND RESTAURANT - NIGHT

112

Ken bursts into a late-night cafe. Its RATTY COUCHES are filled with hippie types. Not sure if he's safe, he stares up at a menu. Long haired, DENNIS, 30s, calls out from a couch.

DENNIS

Whatcha lookin' for, man?

KEN

I... I missed the last bus.

DENNIS

You a Navy boy?

KEN

If I say yes?

DENNIS

I'd say I'm out of food. But that the good stuff isn't on my menu. How about somethin' to keep you fresh for the morning bus, and well beyond?

JUMP TO: Dennis gives Ken two hits of LSD. Like a pro, Ken puts them on his tongue and lays back into a couch.

Ken focuses in on a FLIER on the wall -- for a performance by "SYLVESTER" -- at THE BLACK CAT. It feels like a sign.

113 INT. BOB'S APARTMENT - MORNING 113

Clothes are everywhere. The sheets are half off the bed. Bob is in the shower. Cleve puts his clothes back on.

114 INT. BOB'S APARTMENT BUILDING / STAIRS - MORNING 114

As he heads down the stairs, Cleve puts his hands in his pockets. There are TWO \$20 BILLS in one. Written on one: "LEAVING TOWN FOR A BIT. THIS ONE'S FOR THANKSGIVING." He smiles. He knows just how lucky he got.

115 EXT. VALENCIA STREET - MORNING 115

With Jean at her side, Roma stands near an intersection with a SIGN at her feet that reads "A WOMAN WAS RAPED HERE." Another reads: "FREE INEZ GARCIA!" TWO MOTORCYCLE COPS pull up a block away.

ROMA

No one's coming.

JEAN

We're early.

Roma looks up as one Motorcycle Cop gestures their way.

ROMA

If at least 50 women don't show up, they've won (the cops) and it's my fault.

116 INT. THE LELAND HOTEL - MORNING 116

Cleve returns to the hotel. There are more kids than ever. One is reading a NEWSPAPER called "COME OUT" from NY. It's been passed from hand to hand for so long it's nearly disintegrated. They treat it like a holy document.

KID WITH PAPER

Five thousand showed up to the march in New York and no one got arrested.

SOUTHERN BOY

I've got enough for a bus ticket there. Who wants to go with me?

NEW YORK BOY

You'd be wasting your money. The Gay Liberation Front out there shut down right after that was printed. Over a year ago now.

KID WITH PAPER

How do you know?

NEW YORK BOY

That's why I came here. I read it was better here.

CLEVE JONES

Last night a 19 year-old got pissed off that he couldn't dance with his boyfriend on a TV dance show so he zapped the ABC affiliate in Philly live on air. Just walked right onto the 11 o'clock news to protest and they tied him up with a mic cable like a pig... You know what went through my head when I heard that?

MEXICAN BOY

You got turned on?

CLEVE JONES

I got jealous. Because he did something besides sit on a flop house floor complaining.

SOUTHERN BOY

Missing home ain't complainin'.

CLEVE JONES

Are you missing the closet too?

SOUTHERN BOY

It'd be better than this.

CLEVE JONES

So let's get out of *this*. I feel like getting arrested today. Does anyone care to join me?

Cleve lifts an eyebrow. No one speaks up.

117 EXT. MARKET STREET - MORNING

117

Roma checks her watch. There are now only a FEW WOMEN... and a HALF DOZEN MOTORCYCLE COPS looking on.

ROMA

This was supposed to be a protest AGAINST violence. I'm not putting these women in a position to get beat up by the same cops who already won't protect them. We need to cancel this thing..

But as Roma moves to pack up her BULLHORN, APPLE BOX "STAGE" and BANNERS, WOMEN (and a COUPLE MEN) begin wandering in from the side streets, some with their own SIGNS and SLOGANS.

CLOSE ON: Cleve, coming in with a head of steam from the Haight -- with Tomi and ONE OTHER BOY at his side.

Jean puts a hand on Roma. Roma looks up, seeing Cleve, seeing the crowd starting to form. She moves her APPLE BOX to the center of BART PLAZA, more nervous than ever. Sally pushes through and right up to Roma, her hand out.

SALLY GEARHART

Do you mind?
(Roma is stumped)
Your bullhorn?

ROMA

Please. Take it.

Sally steps up onto the APPLE BOX and lights up the BULLHORN.

SALLY GEARHART

We stand here united in anger! In anger that Inez Gonzales has now been *convicted* of murder for the crime of defending her own life. Women of all kinds: gay, straight, Black and white, now is the time for us to create our own power in order to insure our safety!

The crowd goes wild for her. The intersection is now filling up fast, protesters spilling into the street.

SALLY GEARHART (CONT'D)

We must do more than abandon THEIR system. We must build our own. But they WILL fight back. Because we threaten the patriarchal power structure on which everything rests!

CLOSE ON: Cleve howling as Sally continues. He loves this.

JUMP TO: Del takes the bullhorn from Sally. Phyllis is by her side. They too are greeted like stars.

DEL MARTIN

Women are exploited as sex objects, breeders, domestic servants. Our lives and safety stolen away, even by those who are tasked with our protection. And we identify the agents of our oppression as MAN! As of today, we will no longer be your mummies or sex objects. We shall no longer concern ourselves with your toilet training!

The crowd roars! Cleve roars with them! Then a rumble as THREE "DYKES ON BIKES" flood in on MOTORCYCLES. Del gets down. She and Phyllis push past Cleve.

CLEVE JONES

Del! Phyllis! I read your book! I saw you speak in Arizona!

DEL

(shouts back)
How old are you, kid?

CLEVE

What's it matter to you?!

She steps up to Cleve, aggressive, and pulls him in close, Phyllis joins. Roma sticks her head in too, concerned:

DEL

You got a loud mouth on you, kid...
We could use another loud mouth.
Look us up in the phone book.

CLEVE

Really?! Okay! But Phyllis....
(Cleve tries for a laugh)
You actually DO look like my mom!

PHYLLIS

Well I'm not YOUR goddamn mother either, kid!

Del laughs. They vanish into the crowd. Cleve beams. Roma is pleased, but a second later, the spell is broken when a BLACK LESBIAN gets in Cleve's face.

BLACK LESBIAN

Get back to your neighborhood. The mission is our area *only*.

It seems many of the women here really do hate men. ANGLE ON: Roma witnessing the interaction, horrified. But before Cleve can respond to the Black Lesbian, there's A ROAR! This time accompanied by SCREAMS as the COPS PLOW THEIR MOTORCYCLES INTO THE CROWD, a WALL OF RIOT POLICE behind them, knocking women over and creating a crush of retreating bodies.

COP INTO BULLHORN

Back on the sidewalks!

But there's not room for everyone on the sidewalks and the cops know it. As the batons come crashing down on the women:

BLACK LESBIAN

Claim this intersection as OURS!
Stop the violence! Stop the violence!
Stop the violence! Stop the violence!

There may be tension between the gays and women, but this common foe quickly unites them. Cleve is at her side, joining in what quickly become a "Stop the violence" chant.

Soon the crowd is pushing the cops back. It's brutal and fast. A COP falls off his motorcycle and disappears beneath the crowd's feet. SCREAMS and RADIO SQUAWKS.

LATINA WOMAN (V.O.)

Here comes the gas!

Cleve whips his head up. So does Roma. Cleve pulls out a BANDANA, wets it in a GAS STATION WATER FOUNTAIN, hands it to Roma, and shows her how to put it on her face to block the gas -- like any good anti-war kid knows how to do.

ROMA

Thank you.

CLEVE

See, men are good for something.

BOOM! BOOM! TEAR GAS rises. Protestors start to scatter.

CLEVE JONES

Don't run, or you'll get hit from behind. Okay? Don't. Run.

She looks past him, registers terror, and runs! Cleve looks back. It seems the cops' attention is now focused solely on him! They're about to run him down!

CLEVE JONES (CONT'D)
Oh crap! Run! Run! Run!

The cops charge at him. He runs, TEAR GAS CANISTERS exploding behind him. The BLACK LESBIANS are just in front of him. They turn a corner and vanish. He looks back. He's about to be mowed down by a motorcycle cop with a BATON. He leaps--

--and tumbles down a SET OF STAIRS into a SUBWAY STATION.

118 INT. SAN FRANCISCO SUBWAY TRAIN - SAME TIME 118

Ken is on a train back to base, glassy eyed, still high.

The train stops. He hardly notices until the Black lesbians from the protest rush into his car, still fleeing the cops.

Ken looks at a sign one is holding, "Sisters United." But when the woman holding it makes eye contact, she glares. There's no racial camaraderie. It's more than Ken can take.

He averts his gaze, to a young woman in distress. When she turns, we see it's Roma. They lock eyes, recognizing the same brand of terror in each other. A quiet moment of knowing.

119 INT. SAN FRANCISCO SUBWAY TRAIN - SAME TIME 119

Cleve weaves his way through the SUBWAY TRAIN, trying to evade arrest. A MASSIVE COP is still in hot pursuit.

The train stops. Cleve leaps off and ducks below the windows. The train starts to move again. Cleve races up the STAIRS.

120 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SUBWAY STOP - CONTINUOUS 120

Cleve reaches street level, one stop from where he started, now behind the mayhem he helped create. The cops are licking their wounds, picking up the PROTEST SIGNS and BANNERS.

CLEVE HOWLS WITH SATISFACTION!

121 INT. TREASURE ISLAND BARRACKS - DAY 121

Ken gets back to his bunk -- just in time to pack his SUIT back at the bottom of his TRUNK. Ken's Bunk Mate gives a look, but won't make eye contact -- paranoia sets in.

122 INT. JEAN'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY 122

Back at the apartment, Roma bolts the front door and retreats back into a kitchen nook. Jean comes in, looks down at her.

ROMA

This was supposed to help end the violence, not make more. I'm not sure I'm any good at this.

JEAN

No. You're not.

(that stings)

You're in here hiding from the cops, and not because you don't have it in you, but because you're not really *in* it. This fight's still about *ideas* to you. Good *ideas*. But *ideas* aren't enough to lead with. And the thing that could make this truly personal for you, the thing that could make you *strong*... you're burying it.

ROMA

You mean...

JEAN

You love women, Roma. Just like me and Sally and Del and Phyllis. And if you owned that, you wouldn't be here shaking like a leaf because some cop launched tear gas at you. You'd be hotter than hell and ready to fight for your life.

There's a LOUD BANGING at their front door.

ROMA

Oh God... the cops.

JEAN

Are you ready to face them?

Roma half nods. Jean steps away to answer the door. We stay with Roma. The door opens. A young man's voice:

PATRICK (O.S.)

I'm looking for Roma Guy.

Roma stops breathing.

JEAN (O.S.)

And who are you?

PATRICK (O.S.)

I'm Patrick... her little brother.

Roma slowly gets up and steps into the hall. On the other side of the door is cute young PATRICK, 21 -- the only thing worse than cops right now: family.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Hey... I thought I'd surprise you.

JEAN
Surprise.

OFF Roma, paralyzed.

END OF ACT NINE

ACT TEN

123 INT. THE LELAND HOTEL - THANKSGIVING MORNING 123

Cleve wakes up in the flophouse hotel. It's now wall to wall boys in SLEEPING BAGS and BLANKETS. It looks like a giant quilt. Cleve admires the vision, then pulls out the \$20 BILL from Bob that has "THANKSGIVING" written on it.

124 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - DAY 124

Roma has taken her brother out for Thanksgiving. The place is empty. Roma is less than comfortable. Patrick senses it.

PATRICK

My new job has me traveling all over. I guess traveling's in our blood. Well not mom or dad's. Must skip a generation... Hey, Mom said you're coming back east for some big annual NOW meet-up thing.

ROMA

I'm supposed to. I don't know.

PATRICK

Gosh, she'll be really upset if you don't. You still a part of all that?

Roma nods. He pulls a leg off a DUCK that's just arrived. He chops the meat off. Roma watches, mustering the courage.

ROMA

I'm seeing someone, Patrick.

PATRICK

Really?! I didn't expect that.

ROMA

What's that supposed to mean?

PATRICK

Nothing. Jeez. Who is he?

She watches him distribute the duck on their plates.

ROMA

It's... a woman.

PATRICK

(a beat; processes that)
Is that why you weren't happy to see me? Not because of something I did? I was worried I'd done

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 something really wrong. I only
 wanted to make you happy by coming.

ROMA
 It should have. I mean, it did...
 But do you remember when the priests
 came over and asked Dad to make a
 deal with our home-ec teacher?

He doesn't. Her voice starts to shake as she tells the tale:

PATRICK
 I stayed up and listened to them
 talk. They'd caught him going to
 Canada where he'd meet men and stay
 in hotels with them. Dad said he
 wouldn't put him in jail if he left
 town quietly. He was the best
 teacher we had. Everyone loved him.
 And Dad made him vanish.
 (pushes back tears)
 Please don't tell them. I'm trying
 to figure this all out. If they ever
 find out. If I even can, I'm the one
 who has to tell them.

She's losing it. He gets up, comes around and holds her.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 Come on. Eat your duck. It's better
 than mom's turkey. Heck, this might
 be our best Thanksgiving ever.

She squeezes his hand tight. A tear falls. She holds him.

125

INT. TREASURE ISLAND MEETING ROOM - DAY

125

Ken is studying a CASE FILE when his Commander steps in.

COMMANDER
 It's Thanksgiving, Jones. I thought
 I'd find you in the mess.

KEN
 I'm trying to catch up, Sir. I read
 through the new cases. I'd like to
 take the one from Arkansas.

COMMANDER
 There are claims of physical
 violence with that client.

KEN

Yes, Sir. I understand you like starting them off with white officers first, but I think there's something to be said for facing his fears. And mine. Eye to eye.

A beat between them. Something's up. Ken looks past him -- to the Chaplain standing in the doorway. Ken's heart drops.

CHAPLAIN

How were church services last week?

KEN

Very... uh... healing, Sir.

CHAPLAIN

Ken. I spoke with the Pastor there. He told me you didn't show up.

COMMANDER

And as luck would have it, Jones, the Captain's ordered "random" urine tests. And I *decided* today is your lucky day.

He puts a PLASTIC CUP down. Nothing's random about this.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Fill that up. Let's see what you've really been up to.

CHAPLAIN

Or... they've offered you an immediate transfer to a base in Texas. Think about it. It may be a healthier option for you, Ken.

OFF KEN facing a drug test or Texas. This is a nightmare.

126

EXT. POLK STREET - DAY

126

XCU: an IMPECCABLY TASTEFUL PAIR OF HEELS walk up the FILTHY SIDEWALK. BOYS selling LOOSE JOINTS turn to watch them pass.

ANGLE ON: Cleve in a doorway looking to score a trick. He looks down Polk, sees someone coming and abandons his spot.

127

INT. THE LELAND HOTEL - SECONDS LATER

127

Cleve bursts into the sweaty room, smells himself, changes his shirt into a slightly less filthy one and runs back out.

128

EXT. THE LELAND HOTEL ENTRANCE - SECONDS LATER

128

As Cleve steps out the doors, he comes face to face with the WOMAN in the heels. She's a 70 year-old masterpiece with a NEATLY HAND WRITTEN ADDRESS in hand.

CLEVE JONES

Grandma!

CLEVE'S GRANDMOTHER

Cleve!

She wraps her arms around him, long hair, filthy shirt and all. There's not an ounce of judgement in her.

CLEVE'S GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

Tell me the truth. Why aren't you home for Thanksgiving?

CLEVE JONES

I'm not allowed to go home.

CLEVE'S GRANDMOTHER

That's what I thought. But I've never missed a Thanksgiving with my first grandchild and I'm not about to start so I booked a flight and I'm taking you to Thanksgiving at the Palace Hotel. It's spectacular, Cleve.

129

INT. THE GARDEN COURT - DAY

129

Cleve's Grandma has taken him to a brunch inside a MASSIVE GILDED HOTEL BALLROOM. It's something to behold. A WAITER in a TUXEDO has come up behind Cleve, only seeing his long hair.

WAITER

Any questions?

CLEVE'S GRANDMOTHER

No. I'll have the prime rib.

WAITER

Wonderful. And for the young lady?

CLEVE JONES

(his lowest voice)

Uh... I'll have the halibut please.

His Grandma cracks up, then tries her best to cover.

CLEVE'S GRANDMOTHER

It's not too early for a martini is it, my dear?

WAITER
 (embarrassed)
 No, ma'am.

She holds up two fingers. They'll each be having one. The waiter scurries away. Cleve and his grandma laugh.

CLEVE'S GRANDMOTHER
 I trust you've kept up with the news. Did you hear Gray said Dean lied to the FBI about Watergate?

CLEVE JONES
 The burglar himself wrote a letter saying it WASN'T the CIA at all, so... who stood to benefit? Nixon.

CLEVE'S GRANDMOTHER
 I can't even look at his sweaty face on television anymore.

CLEVE JONES
 I say Dean cooperates. Then Ehrlichman and Haldeman resign.

CLEVE'S GRANDMOTHER
 I can hardly wait for the hearings.

CLEVE JONES
 We could well be heading for a constitutional crisis. I found a place with 20 TVs where I can watch it all unfold live.

CLEVE'S GRANDMOTHER
 My goodness. Where?!

CLEVE JONES
 A TV store of course.

He grins. She laughs. A tender beat between them. She extends a hand. Something's hidden in it. He takes it, keeping it hidden until it's in his lap. He looks down. It's a \$100 BILL folded into a SQUARE so no one would see the gift.

CLEVE'S GRANDMOTHER
 I can't wait to see your first apartment, Cleve. With your very own TV. I love you. If anyone can make good of this situation, it's you.

We see on his face just how meaningful her faith in him is.

130

INT. TREASURE ISLAND BARRACKS - EVENING

130

Ken is at a PHONE in the barracks. There's a LINE OF MEN behind him all waiting to make their Thanksgiving calls.

KEN

Is this the most beautiful mother
in the entire world?

KEN'S MOM (V.O.)

Is this the most precious son a
mother's ever known?

KEN

How were the turkeys this year?

KEN'S MOM (V.O.)

Made 10. Went through em' all. There
was a line around the church. Henry
must've served a hundred plates.

KEN

Good. I'm glad you have him.

KEN'S MOM (V.O.)

I know you'll love him too. When
can you come home and meet him?

KEN

Soon. Real soon. I should probably
get going though. There's a line as
long as Brooklyn behind me. I just
really needed to hear your voice.

KEN'S MOM (V.O.)

Wait... You never tell me anything
about you anymore.

KEN

Well I'm just fine.

KEN'S MOM (V.O.)

That's what I worry about. I was
"just fine" for a long time after
your father left us. I don't want
my babies ever to be "just fine."

KEN

...I'm not ready to get close with
anyone, mom. Not yet. Especially
right now. They may be sending me
off to Texas now.

She likely knows what the issue is, but won't name it.

KEN'S MOM (V.O.)

I see...

KEN

I should go now, Mama.

KEN'S MOM (V.O.)

I'm not gonna ask you any more questions. Just... I want my children to have what I have. And I know the Lord has someone special for my precious boy. And I want him to go find that special someone. Find your special someone, Kenny.

Ken turns away from the men behind him, pushing back emotion.

131

INT. MISSION HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

131

XCU on Cleve, frozen, afraid. A familiar face enters frame:

DEL

Just imagine there's one of you sitting in that audience. What would you have told yourself?

She steps away. REVEAL: Cleve is standing in an auditorium filled with HIGH SCHOOL KIDS. Most are Latin, rough. The atmosphere is awkward. Roma is sat just behind Phyllis and Del, also nervous. Cleve searches his heart. Finally:

CLEVE

A year or so ago, I sat in an auditorium a lot like this... and I listened to a man tell me I was sick for the way I felt, that I was a criminal, that I had no future, and that I was going to hell. Well I'm here to say that it hasn't been easy, but I haven't gone crazy, I haven't gone to jail, yet, and I refuse to believe there's a God who would send me to hell just because I've fallen in love. But most importantly, I want you to know, whoever you are out there... you're most certainly not alone.

The STUDENTS and TEACHERS are uncomfortable at best, but Del and Roma admire what Cleve's just done.

132 INT. JEAN'S APARTMENT - DAY 132

Roma is packing up the same BAG we saw her leave Togo with. Jean walks in, registers concern.

JEAN

Roma? Where you going?

ROMA

I bought a plane ticket. To the National Organization of Women annual conference. I'm going...

Off their looks of concern:

133 EXT. MISSION HIGH SCHOOL - LATER 133

Cleve leaves with Del. Silence. This was difficult.

DEL

If you're looking for standing ovations, you're in the wrong fight.

134 INT. TREASURE ISLAND BARRACKS - DAY 134

His FOOTLOCKER open, Ken is packing his things. He digs down and takes out the STILL UNOPENED GIFT Michael got him. He carefully undoes the chord and pulls open the paper.

Inside is a FASHIONABLE ITALIAN SUIT and a SILK SHIRT. He stares at them like they're a ghost, then holds them close, and for the first time TEARS ROLL DOWN HIS CHEEKS.

END OF ACT TEN

ACT ELEVEN

135 INT. HAIGHT ELECTRONICS STORE - NIGHT

135

Cleve is dressed in fresher clothes, glued to his 20 TVs watching a NEWS SPECIAL. JIM FOSTER, 40s, a GRAY SUIT is in front of SF CITY HALL:

WALTER CRONKITE (ON TV)
--and Jim Foster, who is the only openly gay man to ever speak at a national party convention.

JIM FOSTER (ON TV)
(passionate)
Fear of identification, of rejection, of self-acceptance, and in all parts of this country, we're subject to discriminatory law enforcement. A display of any kind of affection can be cause for arrest, humiliation and punishment. And we're here to say that the Constitution tells us we already have the right to participate in the life of this country on an equal basis with every other citizen.

PUSH IN on Cleve. This is what he wants to be a part of.

136 INT. JIM FOSTER'S OFFICE - SAME DAY

136

ON CLEVE, sitting like a kid in an OFFICE CHAIR, rattling on.

CLEVE JONES
So I used the 100 bucks to rent a room in a friend's house just near here, and now with an actual address, I was able to get a real job. And what's good about telephone sales is that it doesn't matter what you look like, if you're good at talking, you can make a living and I'm learning that I'm good at talking, and it's flexible hours, so it leaves time for... the revolution.

ANGLE ON: Jim Foster in the same GREY SUIT he had on in the NEWS REPORT CLEVE SAW. He lifts a brow at "revolution."

CLEVE JONES (CONT'D)
And I've done some work with lesbians here, but they don't seem all that interested in a political fight, and
(MORE)

CLEVE JONES (CONT'D)
 anti-war will always be my home, but
 the war's ending soon, and ours is
 just beginning, so... I'm looking for
 a foothold in the gay movement now,
 Mr. Foster, and I saw you on TV
 during the Convention and thought,
 why not start at the top?

JIM FOSTER
 You must have stayed up very late
 if you saw me speak at the
 Democratic National Convention.

CLEVE JONES
 I mean, honestly, you could have
 done a little better for our people
 than 2AM, don't you think?

Cleve giggles, but Jim doesn't have much of a sense of humor.

JIM FOSTER
 Do you know how much it took to get
 that spot? For years we've
 organized, built a Democratic Club,
 raised money, walked precincts.
 What have you done but make noise
 and smoke weed? Do you even know
 who Frank Kameny is?

CLEVE JONES
 Yes... He was fired from the Army
 Map Service in '58 and marched in
 front of the White House in '65
 with the slogan "Gay is Good." Sir.

JIM FOSTER
 And he doesn't preach about
 dismantling the patriarchy or free
 love, now does he?

CLEVE JONES
 I guess he's too old for all that.

JIM FOSTER
 No. He's too WISE for it.

CLEVE JONES
 Well that's my question, sir. Is
 there room for someone like me in
 the movement here? For young people?

JIM FOSTER
 We're making progress for a reason.
 Because it matters what you look like
 (MORE)

JIM FOSTER (CONT'D)
to our allies, and we need allies if
we're ever going to get anywhere.

CLEVE JONES
You mean rich, straight, white,
male, Christian allies?

JIM FOSTER
That's right. Like it or not.
Perhaps if you got an education,
cleaned yourself up, cut your hair,
then we could find a place for you,
but until then... absolutely not.
(Cleve is stunned)
There's a barber up on 18th.

CLEVE JONES
This was very informative. What an
honor to meet you, Mr. Foster.

Cleve doesn't mean it at all. Jim knows it. Cleve goes.

137 INT. SMALL HOTEL ROOM - LATER / MONTAGE 137

Roma walks into a hotel room, BAG on her shoulder, fresh from travel. Getting dressed, we watch from behind as she pulls a LOVELY BLOUSE over a PURPLE UNDERSHIRT. She checks herself in a mirror. She looks pretty, all-American, very straight.

138 INT. WOMEN'S CONFERENCE - LATER / MONTAGE 138

We watch Roma saying hello to DOZENS OF MIDDLE & UPPER CLASS WOMEN with "WOMEN'S POLITICAL CAUCUS" NAME TAGS including PATRICIA (from the opening) who greets Roma with a hug.

JUMP TO: Roma walks into a conference room. A MASSIVE BANNER hangs behind a PODIUM that reads WOMAN POWER.

139 EXT. CASTRO ST. AND MARKET ST. - MOMENTS LATER 139

Cleve is holding a stack of POSTCARDS that have arrived from Scott from India, Iran, etc. One from Afghanistan has a CUTE PHOTO OF SCOTT taped to the back. Cleve reads one.

CLEVE JONES
Dear Cleve, I think I've found it!
Get out of San Francisco. Meet me
in *Amsterdam* in May. The boys are
so beautiful there...

He pauses, taking in the massive, dilapidated CASTRO THEATRE sign looming over the tired Irish-Catholic neighborhood.

A BIG EARED MIDDLE AGED HIPPIE distracts him:

BIG EARED MAN
You registered to vote?

Cleve turns, sizes him up, but he's not Cleve's type. The rest of the conversation is slightly obscured -- seen only in the reflection of the CASTRO THEATRE'S GLASS FRONT DOORS.

CLEVE JONES
What's it matter? From what I've seen, elections and politics here, are just a bourgeois affectation.

BIG EARED MAN
I bet you like the bars here though.

CLEVE JONES
The Stud. Hamburger Marys. The tubs on buddy night if I'm bored...

BIG EARED MAN
What's your plan to make that last?

CLEVE JONES
I've got a job where I make as much money as I can sell. So selling as much as possible, that's the plan... and getting out of this place. I'm going to Europe, man.

BIG EARED MAN
Oh yeah? What's over there?

CLEVE JONES
Less military-marriage-religious-white-male-cop-supremacy crap.

BIG EARED MAN
Sure. Maybe. But as I see it, we can all keep flying away to search for something that's not there either, or you can stay here and FIGHT to make this the place you've been looking for. Fight City Hall. Fight the cops. Fight the people who made you come here and do what you've had to do to survive. And it seems to me you're just enough of a pain in the ass to help start that fight with me. And win it. Our way. So what's your name?

CLEVE JONES
Nice speech, old man. I'm Cleve.
Cleve Jones.

BIG EARED MAN

Nice to meet you, Cleve Jones. My name is Harvey Milk and I'm running for City Supervisor.

He hands Cleve a CAMPAIGN FLIER. Cleve's not interested. He pockets them along with the POSTCARDS and goes.

140 INT. HOUSTON WOMEN'S CONFERENCE - AFTERNOON

140

The conference underway, women settle in. Roma takes a seat in front. As a very proper "COIFFED" WOMAN comes to the mic, TWO WOMEN at opposite ends of the room walk in. A THIRD walks up to the front. Roma takes note of them all.

And just as the Coiffed Woman at the mic starts to speak--

COIFFED WOMAN

Good morning, and welcome--

--the THREE WOMEN FLIP OFF THE LIGHTS and UNPLUG HER MIC. Roma can only hear PEOPLE storming in, running down aisles, letting out REBEL YELLS! The audience murmurs. What is this? We can only just make out Roma's face, steeling herself.

THE LIGHTS FLIP BACK ON. Both aisles are now lined with 17 LESBIANS wearing BRIGHT PURPLE T-SHIRTS that read "LAVENDER MENACE" and holding PLACARDS. A WOMAN IN THE CENTER shouts:

WOMAN IN CENTER

Yes, sisters! We are tired of being in the closet because of the women's movement! This must end! Now!

Some cheers. Some jeers. Roma looks to Patricia who's scared, then to the women in the isles, Jean amongst them. A beat, and Roma stands. All eyes turn as she UNBUTTONS HER BLOUSE and drops it to the ground. Under it, a PURPLE T-SHIRT reads: "I AM THE LAVENDER MENACE." Patricia stops breathing. Roma raises a fist to the air... but she's trembling:

ROMA

We are not a Menace! We are not a distraction! And we will not be silent any longer!

Roma may still be trembling, but she finally looks fierce.

141 EXT. GREYHOUND BUS DEPOT / SAN FRANCISCO - EVENING

141

Alone, dressed in his Navy best, his bag on his shoulder, Ken bares the critical looks of the OTHERS on the bus as it pulls in. He steps off the bus and heads into the depot toilets.

142

INT. POWELL STREET FLOOD BUILDING - SAME TIME

142

The famed SF STREET CARS turning around just out the window
 REVEAL: a ROOM with over A DOZEN DESKS, a TELEPHONE and
 CALLER at each. Over them, we hear a DEEP SALESMAN'S VOICE:

SALESMAN'S VOICE

Hello, Mrs. Cole! This is Willy
 Loman calling about Time Life books
 and do I ever have an offer for you!
 I'm calling about the American
 Wilderness Library. It's got over
 150 pages of photography that made
 Life magazine famous. But it's also
 the stories of the people like John
 Muir and the Donner party. I'd like
 you to check out a volume, and when
 you like it, and I know you will,
 you will be eligible to receive more
 volumes every other month... You
 won't regret it, I can assure you!

JUMP TO: A BELL RINGS! A SUPERVISOR at a BOARD marks CLEVE'S
 COLUMN with a STICKER. He's made another sale! REVEAL: Cleve,
 atop a desk, phone to his ear, putting on a deep voice:

CLEVE JONES

Hello Mr. Banks! Good morning! It's
 WILLY LOMAN from Time Life books!

LAUGHTER. Someone actually got his joke! Cleve whips around
 and sees an adorable new Jewish boy with a backpack on:
 MARVIN, 18. Their eyes meet. There's an instant spark.

143

INT. THE BLACK CAT - NIGHT

143

WE ARE WITH CLEVE as he travels inside. It's an eclectic
 crowd tonight: LATINOS, BLACKS, WHITES, JEANS, AFROS,
 HIPPIES, and plenty of BALL GOWNS. REVEAL: Marvin behind him.

CLEVE JONES (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)

What frustrates me is that if we'd
 of known about Nixon sooner, we
 could've prevented the war. Have
 you been watching the hearings?

JUMP TO: Cleve sitting with Marvin at the bar. A first date?

MARVIN

No. But I like when you talk about
 it. You get all pink in the cheeks.
 I'm more of a theatre queen.

CLEVE JONES

So why not stay in New York?

MARVIN

There are a million dancers in New York. I'll get more attention here... I want to be Liza Minnelli.

CLEVE JONES

You want to be like her?!

MARVIN

BE her. Directed by Fosse in the television hit "MARVIN with a V!" Pookie Adams, Ally Bowles...

(sings out loud!)

"Maybe this time... I'll be lucky, Maybe this time, he'll STAY!"

(a few queens WHISTLE)

Then drilled by her queer husband after he's spent the day writing a new hit show for yours truly. LIZA!

CLEVE JONES

(have I met my match?)

God damn Liza Minnelli...

MARVIN

God damn is right...

But Marvin's not talking about Liza anymore. He's pulled up short by who's just walked in... so are we: REVEAL KEN wearing the suit Michael got him -- he's 70s flawless. He travels right up to Jose who takes in Ken's transformation.

KEN

(rehearsed; ready)

I've never left a brother behind before. Not on the street as a kid, or in 'Nam. But if I'm being honest, I thought your life was worth less, cause lately I've been thinking mine's worth less too. And you don't got any reason to let me back after the cowardice I've shown... but I could use this place, even just for one night.

JOSE SARRIA

You're too pretty to look so sad, "Michael." Let Mama see you smile. I bet you got a beautiful smile.

Ken can't help himself. He smiles. It is beautiful.

CLEVE (V.O.)
When were you drafted?

Ken turns and sees Cleve and Marvin. Ken knows how this test goes, but he's not going to start lying now.

KEN
I wasn't. I signed up for three
tours. Got an issue with that?

MARVIN
(thinks Ken is hot)
I don't.

CLEVE
Well I've got an issue with war.

KEN
You talk tough. But I look around
here, and I think, maybe you all
could use somebody who *is* tough.
(back to Jose)
And if the fight comes here again,
I won't run. I'll fight for this
minute of peace if I have to.

Even Cleve looks at Ken with a bit more admiration.

JOSE SARRIA
Get "Michael" here a bourbon.

And as the Bartender does, we REVEAL: ROMA, Jean behind her, both out of place here as they step to the bar. Roma tries for the BARTENDER's attention, but he's pouring Ken's drink.

ROMA
Excuse me. Excuse me!

Ken turns. He thinks he recognizes her. Cleve sees her too.

JOSE SARRIA
Excuse *me*! What are you?! A very
feminine little policeman?

CLEVE
Don't piss her off. She hates cops.

ROMA
Thank you, Cleve. Who runs this
place? We need to have a talk.

Cleve shrugs. Ken looks away from Jose -- giving him away.

JOSE SARRIA

Depends on what you're after...

ROMA

I did my homework. Somehow you've stayed open here for decades. How'd you get this permit? And how have you kept it?

JOSE SARRIA

Well now, that would be telling secrets now wouldn't it?

CLEVE

You can trust her. She's one of us.

A look of gratitude between Roma and Cleve. Jose sees it, but he's not quite ready to share. Roma shows her cards.

ROMA

I need to build a place in this city. *FOR* women and *RUN* by women. *Exclusively*. For our protection. Unless of course you're all afraid of us dykes having a little something of our own now too.

She looks to Ken. He shakes his head. Cleve nearly laughs. Jose is warming to her too. He takes a beat, then:

JOSE SARRIA

The secret my dear, is that "us versus them" is an illusion.

He pulls Roma, Ken, Cleve and Marvin in tight.

JOSE SARRIA (CONT'D)

All of you together, arm in arm, you're stronger than you know. You could lift us all up. And WE... US... We're everywhere. Even hidden in permit offices in City Hall.

Roma, Ken and Cleve look at each other, a bond forming -- a dream forming with it: to change the world together.

THEN IT HAPPENS: the music shifts and Sylvester takes the stage. Flanked by TWO LARGE BLACK WOMEN, he lights up the room with his liberated, falsetto brilliance! Marvin, Cleve, Roma, Jean and Ken all watch with a new kind of reverence. They really are on the cusp of something new.

144 EXT. MARKET STREET - NIGHT

144

Marvin and Cleve are leaving the bar together, walking home.

CLEVE JONES

Wanna come back and stay the night?
We'd just have to be quiet.

An awkward beat. Cleve kisses Marvin. Marvin laughs.

CLEVE JONES (CONT'D)

What?

MARVIN

Look at us, girl. It's never gonna
work... But I have a feeling we
could be the best "sisters" ever.

CLEVE JONES

I kiss like a sister?

MARVIN

(nods)

And why get involved with someone
who's just gonna up and leave me
for "Europe." Besides, I need to
figure out a roof and a job before
anything else.

CLEVE JONES

(seeing himself in Marvin)

Well sisters take care of each
other. Maybe I could help you find
a roof before I split.

Marvin starts to dance across the street, away from Cleve.

MARVIN

Well why don't you let me know if you
hear about anyone else with a spare
room in the Castro, okay? I hear
that's the place to be now.

CLEVE JONES

Yeah. That's what I hear too...

Marvin blows Cleve a kiss and dances away into the night.
Cleve smiles. A new sister in exchange for romance? Not bad.

145 EXT. THE BLACK CAT - NIGHT

145

Ken steps outside and sits on the curb to catch his breath.
He's soon approached by RICHARD, 38, a tall white man.

RICHARD

Hey... I just saw you walk out.

Ken looks up. A beat. Is he a cop? He sure looks like one.

KEN

You a cop?

RICHARD

No...

KEN

Well I hope you're not lying, cause I don't feel like lying tonight either... Yes. I just walked out of there. Cause I like it in there. You got a problem with that?

RICHARD

No. I like it in there too... Because I prefer my men to have a little more "character" than they've got down in the Castro.

That gets a whole different look from Ken.

KEN

Yeah? What's your name?

RICHARD

(considers; then)
Richard. You?

KEN

(considers; then)
Ken. My name's Ken Jones and I'm in the U.S. Navy... for now... What about you, Richard? What do you do?

RICHARD

You good with secrets?

KEN

Too good.

RICHARD

I work at CPS. For this city. Child Protective Services. Anyone finds out about me, I lose my job.

KEN

Same here. Which means I should probably go before I miss the last train home.

Ken gets up to go. Richard pulls out a 35MM CAMERA.

RICHARD

Can I take your picture before you go?

KEN

(a beat; then)

You sure that's all you want? Cause
I could be convinced to stay.

A beat. Richard smiles. He's cuter when he smiles. And for the first time in a long time, we see Ken wants more too.

146

EXT. MARKET STREET - LATER

146

Cleve is walking back to the Castro alone now. He dips his hand in his pocket and pulls out the HARVEY MILK FLIER. He starts to read. Something about it has his attention now.

A SOUND. He looks up. A chill runs down his spine. He looks back. Nothing. When he looks forward again, a BIG MAN steps out of a CAFE DOORWAY.

BIG MAN

Where ya goin', faggot?

Cleve flips him the bird and turns down a side street but a 2ND MAN steps into his path. This one with a KNIFE.

He's surrounded. He bolts to the other side of the street, but his shoes are tattered and he trips, hitting the gutter hard. He tries to get up, but they're already on him.

BIG MAN (CONT'D)

May God have mercy on your twisted
soul. Say goodnight, faggot.

The man delivers a sound kick to Cleve's ribs. The other grabs his foot. Cleve draws a pained breath, then lets out the shrill cry of a man who knows he's going to die:

CLEVE JONES

Help! Help me!

A ROAR of an ENGINE and a SET OF HEADLIGHTS. They're the last things Cleve thinks he may ever see, But the cab's HORN SOUNDS, its headlights flash as it comes right up on Cleve. The ATTACKERS RUN. The driver flings open her passenger door.

LESBIAN CAB DRIVER

Homo-helper on duty. Need a lift?

Cleve looks up to the BUTCH LESBIAN behind the wheel.

147 EXT. CASTRO STREET - NIGHT

147

Roma walks with Jean. A new air about her, Roma actually reaches out and takes Jean's hand. It's bold progress.

They walk for some time... but as they near Jean's apartment, they slow. There's someone sitting on their stoop, waiting, watching. Jean and Roma stop a couple houses down.

JEAN

Hey! Can we help you?

WOMAN

Roma? Roma?!

JEAN

(quietly to Roma)

You know her?

Roma drops Jeans hand and steps closer... until she (and we) can see her... it's Diane, from Togo.

ROMA

Yes... That's Diane...

A wave of feelings flood Roma that almost knock her over.

Jean can't help but feel that this is trouble.

148 INT. BOB'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

148

Bob is caring for Cleve who has scrapes and bruises, but is more emotionally than physically wounded, eyes on the floor.

BOB

I understand if you want to leave before the end of summer. I won't hold you to the rent.

Cleve considers that offer for some time, then:

CLEVE

What would you think of having two renters here... through the fall? I bake a mean rosemary chicken. And he's way cuter than me.

BOB

What are you thinking, Cleve?

Cleve looks up to Bob, FIRE IN HIS EYES, and we hear:

CLEVE (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)
*"Dear Scott, I'd love to meet you
 in Amsterdam, but I can't. Because
 I know what I'm here to do now..."*

149 INT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

149

CLOSE ON: Cleve writing a post card back to SCOTT.

CLEVE (V.O.)
*The churches, the State, the head
 shrinkers, the cops, everyone.
 They're all against us... so they
 must be confronted. We must build a
 REAL liberation movement...*

150 INT. CLEVE'S PALM SPRINGS HOME - DAY

150

CLOSE ON: Older Cleve reading the same post card, three decades later, he still has the same passion in his voice.

OLDER CLEVE
 ...But first we need a place of our
 own. *ONE BLOCK*. One block to *fight*
 them *all* from. And this is that
 place, and *now* is that time... It's
 time for us to fight back!"

He looks up, that same FIRE IN HIS EYES decades later, and he snuffs out his cigarette.

END EPISODE ONE