

WILLIAMSBURG AND CHARLOTTE

Written by

Name of John W. Boushka ("Bill")

Based on

"Do Ak Do Tell" Book 1 1997

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

ACT 1

EXT. AIR SHOT OF CHARLOTTE NC - MORNING

Follow a quick air path from the Hornets baseball stadium to a residential area SE of downtown as it might have looked in 1961, to a particular rambler brick house.

INT. SMITH'S HOUSE - MORNING

There is a kitchen to the left, living room with tv console to right, and a small archway to a perpendicular hallway (apparently to the bedrooms) with a night stand and spit-polished white rotary phone. BONNIE SMITH (teenager), carrying schoolbooks, walks thorough, followed by LORETTA SMITH (mom), toward the kitchen, and start making a quick breakfast. EUGENE SMITH (dad) emerges and reaches for the phone.

BONNIE SMITH

Dad, is Bill coming Black Friday night?

EUGENE SMITH

Um, no, WM doesn't let out for Thanksgiving. Otherwise the Boushka's could have joined us for turkey and giblets tomorrow. Why?

LORETTA SMITH shakes her head and looks at her husband, then pours some Wheaties into breakfast cereal bowls, beside school books. Eugene picks up the phone cradle and hesitates.

EXT. AIR SHOT OF WILLIAMSBURG VA - CONTINUOUS

Follow a quick air path over Colonial Williamsburg to the William and Mary campus, Wren Hall, and then Brown Hall across a main looping street.

INT. BROWN HALL - CONTINUOUS

There is a black wall phone at the end of a dorm hallway and the cradle dangles to a small table.

SYDNEY GARRETT (student) picks up the cradle. A few doors down, BILL BOUSHKA (student) emerges (show the room quickly with some medicines on top of one dresser) and approaches and waits.

SYDNEY GARRETT

Yeah, I really need you to pick me up this afternoon. Need to get out anyway.

He hangs up the phone and nods at BILL BOUSHKA who approaches and picks up the phone. SYDNEY GARRETT enters the same dorm room.

EXT. AIR SHOT OF WASHINGTON DC - CONTINUOUS

Show an air view of Washington, from Griffith Stadium all the way to the Potomac River and Rosslyn, up a plateau to the old Arlington hospital and a house with a front porch, one block away, as it would look in Nov. 1961.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There is a black rotary phone mounted on the edge of a desk, display a neat stack of yellow order papers.

In the next room, there are two twin beds. The bed near the wall is fully made with a white laced bedspread. The bed near the door shows the mattress and there is a stack of some handscored music papers on it.

In the master bedroom, around the corner, JOHN BOUSHKA (dad) awakens, sleeping to the right of MARGARET BOUSHKA (mom). The phone rings. JOHN BOUSHKA goes about 40 feet to the den and picks up the phone after about five rings.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Hello.

EUGENE SMITH (O.S.)

Jack. Good I got hold of you before leaving for Williamsburg. Do you have sample ceramics of that stadium glassware that Bill had designed?

JOHN BOUSHKA

Let me check in the workshop.

JOHN BOUSHKA goes down the wooden stairs to the basement. He passes the paneled recreation room with undersized green ping pong table. There is an old Zenith radio, and at the other end an old RCA Victor record player and a collection of about thirty LP records in holders on a shelf. The cover of a recording of the Bruckner Ninth is visible (BEGIN MONTAGE). (1) JOHN BOUSHKA and EUGENE SMITH place and glue wood panel over blue-painted cinderblock in the rec room.

(2) BILL BOUSHKA and many friends have a dinner event with another adult TEACHER in the rec room.

END MONTAGE

INT. BOUSHKA BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

JOHN BOUSHKA looks at a wood and cardboard model baseball stadium at the far end of the gray workroom floor, and then at the glassware samples on some shelves. The opposite side of the workroom has many carpentry tools.

He picks up the cradle from the black wall phone near the vice.

JOHN BOUSHKA

I see the Griffith Stadium and
Fenway Park samples but not Bill's.
They are toy woodcrafts, not glass.
You know what. Ritchie's gift shop
in Richmond should have them.
There's time to stop in the way
down.

EUGENE SMITH

Sounds good. We can talk about
things.

INT. BOUSHKA BEDROOM AREA - CONTINUOUS

MARGARET BOUSHKA picks up the music manuscripts from the bed mattress and packs them, as well as two color photos of Mt. Washington NH. She walks into the den and notices the phone off the hook. She checks and there is no sound so she hangs it up. It rings almost immediately.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Hello.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

Collect call from Bill. Will you
accept?

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Yes I will.

BILL BOUSHKA (O.S.)

Mother, you found the manuscripts?

MARGARET BOUSHKA

I did, and a few of the recital programs.

BILL BOUSHKA

That'll help. Josh will sightread them after Thanksgiving service.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Daddy's downstairs. Looking for something. Look we'll see you tonight at the dorm.

As she exits the den, she notices a book called "Facts of Life and Love". She restacks it at the end of the top shelf.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The kitchen faces the enclosed porch, and leads to a living room in the back, with a large yard with a poplar tree left of center with hedges and a connecting fence separating the yard from a garden, and a wire fence separating from neighbors' yards. The dining area table is undisturbed. JOHN BOUSHKA has cooked poached eggs. They eat at the table at the end as "daddy" looks away toward the living room. (Begin Montage: A tween BILL BOUSHKA swings at a softball tossed to him by a NEIGHBORHOOD BOY and hits it off the poplar tree large branch, and it flies over the first fence into the garden for a homer; Bill rounds the bases and the two boys walk off the yard toward the side of the house. End Montage.)

MARGARET BOUSHKA

That's what you made when Bill was sick to his stomach. That happened right after Bill was there in Charlotte a few years back.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Yeah, for the Easter Bunny. Bonnie was sick then, remember.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Then that June in Ocean City with them when Bill got the measles. This table. Bill wrote his music drafts here on snow days.

The Boushka's wash dishes manually and clean up. JOHN BOUSHKA goes downstairs and checks the workshop and furnace. MARGARET closes a dish cabinet after noticing a little bottle reading "muriatic acid" in the corner. They take the luggage to the car efficiently and lock up.

JOHN BOUSHKA

We haven't traded cars yet. We can go in mine. Bill has driven it once.

They open the garage door quickly, get in the blue Ford Galaxie car, drive out, close the garage, and hit the road.

Show a map of the route to Richmond along the new I95.

EXT. RICHMOND VA NEIGHBORHOODS - DAY

The Galaxie moves down Monument Blvd toward downtown past the Confederate statues. The drive route is splashed with late autumn colors on a sunny day.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

These monuments will egg people on some day. Time to get over this.

JOHN BOUSHKA

These homes don't belong in a Green Book.

The Galaxie navigates to Broad St. and parks at Ritchies, a 3-story brick building with gift shop storefront.

INT. GIFT SHOP - DAY

WALLY, young and bepseckled and black, moves from the counter to greet them.

WALLY

Those models of Fenway Park sold out. But the others aren't moving so much. I like them more than those ashtrays, not the healthiest thing, smoking isn't either. I wonder, would these work if they were bigger, like coffee table pieces.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

I remember checking the order. You had four of the

WALLY

Whiffleball stadiums? Yeah. You want them back.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Just two. I can pay you for all four, no problem.

EXT. ON THE ROAD TO WILLIAMSBURG - DAY

The Galaxie parades down US60 as it approaches Williamsburg.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

You reached Bill? That we'll be late?

JOHN BOUSHKA

Boys in a dorm are usually trustworthy. They said he'd get the message. He wasn't there, they'd post it on his door. It wasn't the roommate. You know, Bill drove the last stretch to Williamsburg in September.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Yes, he is finally coming out of it. The trip to New Hampshire over Memorial Day with his science friends did good. Remember, ninth grade, he skipped going to France because he was so afraid of getting sick. He stayed home and you were out on business at the factories and he indeed did. And he got in trouble with the school nurse, of all people, speculating about another kid who got sick in class.

JOHN BOUSHKA

But senior high was better. Maybe these outdoor stadiums were a way for him to catch up.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

I know. I thought it was, well, baby play.

JOHN BOUSHKA

How long has it been since he's had the electric train on the ping pong table? Not since he needed to win at some games.

The Galaxie starts to move past the buildings of Colonial Williamsburg.

INT. BROWN HALL - EVENING

Bill Boushka, standing between his bunk bed (lower, made) and drawers chest, glances the typewriter on his desk with its special chemistry keys, then reached for the nose drops bottle on top of the wooden drawer chest and starts treating his nose. The door knocks, and opens, and WHITEY DOWNS (student in WM, in football jersey) pushes it open. BILL clumsily puts the plastic bottle down.

WHITNEY DOWNS

Bill, your dorm super. Your folks called. They said to meet them on the loop at Duke of Gloucester, across the street from the Wren Building, in ten minutes. Good thing you're here, or I'd have left a note on the door.

BILL BOUSHKA

Good thing I didn't go to supper.

BILL double-times outside to the intersection (less than a minute).

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - LATER

Bill Boushka sits across a table from his parents, eating a chopped steak with mashed potatoes and broccoli.

BILL BOUSHKA

So you're OK with Jason joining us and going to the church service first. So we can have access to the piano in the fellowship hall for a while before Thanksgiving dinner.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Sounds like you want to give a little recital.

BILL BOUSHKA

It'll be interesting to see what Jason does reading my music scores. I put a lot of labor into those on the kitchen table. More tedious than any term paper on James Fenimore Cooper's characterization of women.

JOHN BOUSHKA

We never put a desk in your room.
We should have.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

We banked on twin beds. Or needing
them.

BILL BOUSHKA

For other than a house guest.

Margaret's eyes look a little bloodshot.

INT. BROWN HALL - MORNING

John Boushka sits on the bunk as Bill peruses the music
scores.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Mother's waiting in the car.

BILL BOUSHKA

Jason will be here at 9 sharp. He's
punctual. Not quite the same kind
of friend as was Michael.

Margaret Boushka suddenly opens the door and enters the room,
and nods.

JOHN BOUSHKA

I did want to say, as we go to the
church, I should never have quoted
that "fix the bounds thereof" to
you.

There is a knock, and JASON DEGROM appears, dressed in a
dapper brown suit. Bill hands the manuscripts to Jason.

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - LATER

The Boushka's and Jason stand in the pews singing "For All
the Saints". Jason sings on pitch. The PASTOR mounts the
pulpit.

PASTOR

We need to learn to get involved.

INT. BAPTIST CHURCH FELLOWSHIP HALL - LATER

Bill and Jason quickstep to the piano, past refreshment tables having only coffee this Thanksgiving morning.

Bill places a couple of manuscripts on the piano stand. Jason thumbs through them.

JASON DEGROM

Let's see the end of the first movement of the Second.

Jason sightreads and place a violent passage with effect.

BILL BOUSHKA

That's still not the chills and fever of the finale. You said it sounded like Bruckner back in that room in Ewell Hall. I think it's more like the end of the first movement of Brahms's first piano concerto. The D Minor's "not too bad" my own choir director said one time.

Jason sight-reads the other manuscript, which sounds like 18th century music based on a scale theme.

JASON DEGROM

So this is your try with real music.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG INN DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bill, Jason, John and Margaret Boushka have Thanksgiving meals brought to them by a "colonial" waiter rather than passed family style.

JASON DEGROM

I came here from Pasadena, California that is, because I like the culture of the East.

BILL BOUSHKA

I think St. Louis, well Iowa, in fact, last summer is as far west as I've ever been.

JASON DEGROM

I've got a car already. Have driven as far as west Texas.

JOHN BOUSHKA

I left Iowa to go to Berkeley for college because I wanted to get as far away from home as possible.

JASON DEGROM

But were either of you in music?

JOHN BOUSHKA

We don't know where Bill gets his talent for piano.

BILL BOUSHKA

It's actually an "ear" for remembering music on very few hearings.

JOHN BOUSHKA

After college I took up selling. Got fired for not making quota one time in Chicago. But got an opportunity to become a manufacturer's representative for Imperial Glass in Ohio, not far from where my most gorgeous gal grew up. They gave me a territory from Buffalo to Williamsburg.

Margaret blushes a bit and moves in her chair as she cuts the turkey slices.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

I came to Washington in 1934 with the help of Bill's great aunt in Alexandria. I was working at the YMCA in downtown Washington when Daddy was living there. People didn't get to live in nice places on their own until they got married. It was a depression.

(Begin montage: (1) John Boushka gets his room key from Margaret in a Y building and they flirt. (2) They cut a wedding cake in 1940 (3) They learn of Pearl Harbor when on a train stopped on Philadelphia, in 1941 (4) Bill has a black nanny in the yard of garden apartments in Arlington in 1944 (5) The House is being built in 1949; End Montage)

BILL BOUSHKA

Anyway, Jason, could you bring some scores of your symphonies when you come back after Christmas break?

JASON DEGROM
You challenge me.

BILL BOUSHKA
Well, you once if I really like
music after I made a trite remark
about the Schubert B-flat sonata.

JASON DEGROM
Saturday, the practice rooms in
Ewell should still be open. I'll
show you the score of the E-flat
piano concerto. I can also play
the cello. I need a Sonata
composed. Maybe even tomorrow
afternoon.

BILL BOUSHKA
Oops, Physics Recitation Friday
ends at 2.

JASON DEGROM
Let's try for Saturday.

EXT. JAMESTOWN SETTLEMENT AREA - AFTERNOON

Bill, his parents, and Jason stand in front of the old
church, and John Boushka takes some pictures of everyone.

Moments later, they are watching a glass blowing
demonstration in a hut.

JASON DEGROM
On the West Coast, we learn this is
where they landed first.

BILL BOUSHKA
And I think the first slaves a
dozen years later.

JOHN BOUSHKA
That was a big mistake. We're just
starting to live with it, with our
bounds.

ACT 2

EXT. HIGHWAY SOUTH OF RICHMOND - MORNING

The Galaxie passes the R J Reynolds tobacco company HQ South of Richmond.

(Montage: (1) Mother and Bill giftwrap a cigarette box for Christmas.)

JOHN BOUSHKA

So Jason seems quite gentlemanly.
Not as eyecatching as Michael last
summer with those chess and ping
pong games. Bill was worried
Michael would get hazed off at VPI.
Maybe WM is easier on freshmen.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

So, Johnny, do you think Bill is OK
away from home?

JOHN BOUSHKA

He still seems like "Mr. B".

MARGARET BOUSHKA

When he's willing.

JOHN BOUSHKA

To grow up, you've got to admit
your vulnerability.

(Imply passage of time -- driving through the North Carolina Piedmont, to Charlotte, as night falls.)

The Galaxie drives down a residential street toward a moderate-sized one story brick house.

INT. SMITH'S HOUSE - EVENING

Loretta hugs Margaret, and John and Eugene shake hands.

They hang out in the kitchen as Loretta puts out leftovers, that still look inviting.

John happens to stand closest to the living room and glances down toward the hall with the white phone. Then the rest of the family migrates to the sofa and chairs, with food on paper plates. John and Margaret sit in separate upholstered chairs.

John suddenly remembers something, goes outside (to the car) and brings back a little package. He opens it and gives the stadium ashtray to Eugene, who promptly places it on the nightstand in the visible hallway.

EUGENE SMITH

Bonnie is thinking about applying to WM. The interesting thing is, they admit only half as many girls.

JOHN BOUSHKA

I never thought about that.

EUGENE SMITH

Wouldn't be easy for Bill to woo young ladies.

LORETTA SMITH

Gene, honey.

JOHN BOUSHKA

She could have been a sister for Bill.

Margaret shudders a second. Eugene turns on the television in an entertainment center, and BW pictures of Soviet tanks in East Berlin roll on the screen.

LORETTA SMITH

For a few years in a row Bill would ask if we were coming to Ocean City for our annual week in June. I remember that ferry. You couldn't quite see across the Chesapeake Bay. Bonnie used to call The O.C. "Merryland". She loved the indoor ferris wheel.

JOHN BOUSHKA

And one year he got the measles.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Just before he turned seven. I don't know, he was sicklier and fussier after that.

John walks over and serves himself some pecan pie.

LORETTA SMITH

There's vanilla ice cream in the fridge.

Loretta gets up and dishes out a few servings. But John blinks when he notices the fridge hasn't been defrosted recently. John helps himself and brings a serving to Margaret.

LORETTA SMITH (CONT'D)
Honey, do you know when Bonnie comes back?

EUGENE SMITH
I thought it was in a couple more hours. That's OK. Josh sounds pretty responsible.

The TV shows an image of Kennedy speaking.

LORETTA SMITH
You were here one Easter Bunny weekend.

EUGENE SMITH
Six years.

LORETTA SMITH
Bonnie was sick, until she was better Sunday afternoon, which was good because we didn't have school Easter Monday. And then Bill wrote back this letter that he got sick on the way to school two days letter.

JOHN BOUSHKA
That's why husbands need to learn to poach eggs. Was Bonnie upset by the letter?

LORETTA SMITH
Maybe by something else.

JOHN BOUSHKA
A couple weeks later, on the way to school in the same spot, he saw a parked car with a broken headlight. He told us. Turned out one of his best friends, in the softball yards, in his sixth grade class. Had crashed into it while biking. And Bill didn't like to bike.

EUGENE SMITH
I remember the tricycle. He came over to our apartment one time on it, one block from yours.

Loretta grimaces.

LORETTA SMITH

You wanted him to have a sibling.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Well there are twin beds in his room in the house. No desk, so Bill always did his homework at the kitchen table. But Johnny preferred a sister.

LORETTA SMITH

Did you ever ask him?

There is a knock on the front door, and a key turns, while there is the commotion of gunfire from the TV. Bonnie and a teen boyfriend JOSH enter the room. Josh goes for the pecan pie a la mode.

JOSH

Yummy.

Josh walks into the living room, with Bonnie, and notices the tanks rolling on the TV screen.

BONNIE SMITH

That's why you guys gotta do well in school now.

EUGENE SMITH

Let's play some bridge. It ain't the same as poker, or chess. I'll get the tables out.

John is walking back to his seat and looking toward the hall when the white phone rings.

Bonnie starts to approach it, but Eugene takes the call, as everyone else sits down. (Camera focuses on Eugene at the nightstand and phone. It is apparent there are three bedrooms accessed from the hall.)

EUGENE SMITH (CONT'D)

Hello.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR

I understand a Mr. or Mrs. Boushka is available at the number this evening.

EUGENE SMITH

Yes. I'll get Mr. Boushka.

Eugene walks into the living room, and motions to John. Margaret looks up but stays put.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Hello. This is Mr. Boushka.

CARSON BOYD

Mr. Boushka, this is Carson Boyd, Dean of Men at the College of William and Mary. Your son Bill was good enough to tell me where you are this evening and thank God your friend's phone number is listed.

JOHN BOUSHKA

What's this about. An accident? He doesn't have a car there. Is he sick?

CARSON BOYD

Something's come up. Can you come by Williamsburg when you go home?

JOHN BOUSHKA

We were going to leave after church Sunday. It's 400 miles probably.

CARSON BOYD

I'll tell you what. I can take another day. Would Tuesday morning in the Wren building be OK? I'll make a reservation for you in our suite in the Williamsburg Inn Monday night. We'll take care of it. As for the Wren building, you can park behind it and walk through the front entrance. I'll be in room 205 upstairs.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Will Bill be there?

CARSON BOYD

I think he's in Qual Chemistry lecture then. Look, I'll meet with you and the Mrs. first and then we'll all meet. OK, just call (phone number) from the hotel before you come over Tuesday.

JOHN BOUSHKA

OK. I guess we can manage that.

CARSON BOYD
Can people hear you where you are?

JOHN BOUSHKA
It's a little secluded. They're
all distracted by conversation. We
were about to play bridge.

CARSON BOYD
Just as well. We'll see you Tuesday
Morning.

John walks outside and helps set up the tables for six.

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

John and Margaret prepare to settle in. There are twin beds.

John allows distraction by pictures on the wall, of Eugene in
a minor league baseball uniform, and then of a chess position
where a pawn is protecting a bishop.

MARGARET BOUSHKA
Well, looks like Bill's room. Odd
they brought our family stuff up.

JOHN BOUSHKA
At least this isn't a bunk.

MARGARET BOUSHKA
Very funny. Good thing the bridge
game was noisy.

EXT. CHARLOTTE HORNETS BASEBALL STADIUM LOT - DAY

John Boushka rides in Eugene's Mustang as they approach the
little ballpark. They get out and walk around, where they can
see the outfield fence and bleacher seats. The day is mild
and sunny.

EUGENE SMITH
I guess I'm proud of this
'cardboard' stadium. Helped them
expand the outfield seats,
concessions, put in a new outfield
fence. When you were here for
Easter Bunny in 55, the Senators
had just lost a game in a rout to
their own farm club, the Hornets. I
remember Bill mentioned seeing in
the paper.

(MORE)

EUGENE SMITH (CONT'D)

The Senators were bussing back north to start the season at home in Griffith Stadium. I said the Hornets were the Senators's 'children.'

JOHN BOUSHKA

It got kind of personal last night, even before the call.

EUGENE SMITH

Loretta's sensitive about something. One time, it was like Boxing Day, she always said Christmas week, Bill was over at the old apartment with Bonnie. She went out to the car near the arches at the apartment to get a toy. Back in three minutes. But when she came back, Bill and Bonnie were in a closet with the door closed. Bonnie cried when they were caught. Bill didn't.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Yet, Bonnie could have been ..

EUGENE SMITH

Those were great weeks in the summer, in the Sea Mist. We looked forward to it every year. You didn't do it this year.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Yeah, when Bill graduated, we wanted to take the time to get to Iowa for him to see my side of the family again.

EUGENE SMITH

Bonnie got spanked at your house one time, Thanksgiving, on Bill's twin bed.

JOHN BOUSHKA

When Bill was 14, I dragged him one time when he wouldn't mind. Ninth grade was his most troubled year.

EUGENE SMITH

So you want to tell me about the call?

JOHN BOUSHKA

Margaret may think it was the factory. But that's odd after business all Black Friday. We had an interesting stop in Richmond to pick up the stadium gift item, a pretend stadium if you will. Margaret thinks it's all baby play.

They walk around the bleachers to get closer to the outfield fence area.

JOHN BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

The neighborhood boys were mostly all about three years younger. Bill designed the rules for softball games between individuals. Over the fence into the neighbor's yard was out. A wild pitch into a neighbor's yard was a run. A ball into the garden was a home run. We put up a net in front of the living room picture window but it never got struck by a foul ball. Bill practically broke even in the games. The other boys designed rules for their own backyards. He didn't do as well "on the road".

(Montage: show a few backyard softball scenes in various yards. End Montage.)

JOHN BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

Yeah, I thought he got carried away with the pretend stuff. But after that summer after ninth grade, he entered senior high school and really settled down. You know, I think ninth grade was the last year he entered those piano contests, they called them festivals. You got a rating. He got Superior three times.

EUGENE SMITH

Maybe he was getting spread thin. Bonnie seems a little more focused.

JOHN BOUSHKA

It's like church. You have to be sincere.

EUGENE SMITH

Become sincere by looking like it.
You taught him chess, right?

JOHN BOUSHKA

Yes, he spent some time going to a
chess club after school this past
year. He usually beats me now.

EUGENE SMITH

I didn't hear you talk on the
phone.

JOHN BOUSHKA

I don't think Margaret did either.

EUGENE SMITH

But it sounds like, it wasn't the
factory.

JOHN BOUSHKA

It was the college. The Dean of
Men.

EUGENE SMITH

Oh Boy. On a Friday night of
Thanksgiving weekend.

JOHN BOUSHKA

He wants to meet with us Tuesday.
He said he had just called Bill in,
and Bill volunteered where we were.

EUGENE SMITH

Well maybe is isn't too urgent or
it would be immediate. Or Monday.

JOHN BOUSHKA

One time a few weeks ago he called
his mother about an Honor issue.
He got straight A's on the
midterms. I think they can share
themes as long as they don't copy
them or proofread each other.

EUGENE SMITH

If he got a girl in trouble there?
Like that school is selective for
girls.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Maybe that would be a relief.
Probably not that simple.

EUGENE SMITH

You want to stay here Sunday night,
too.

JOHN BOUSHKA

It would be for the best. Margaret
seems obsessed with the dual
significance of twin beds.

EXT. CHARLOTTE METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

John, Margarete, Eugene, Lorette, Bonnie and Josh have piled
into the Galaxie and arrive in good clothes for the service,
and are ushered inside.

The hymn selection includes "Are You Able?" (to be sacrificed
with me), and "O Jerusalem".

PASTOR DADE

"You have seen my hand, and
inserted your thumb, and then
believed. Blessed are those who
have believed without seeing."
Blessed are those who can stand by
someone without constantly being
reasurred they are still there.

(Later). The organ postlude is Fletcher's "Festival Prelude
in C".

Outside the church they walk toward a Waffle House.

BONNIE SMITH

I remember Bill going up to the
organ a few years ago. I wonder if
this was the piece.

John and Margaret walk ahead slightly. John turns to his
wife.

JOHN BOUSHKA

We're staying here one more night,
not leaving yet. We have to go
back to Williamsburg tomorrow.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

So we gotta do what we gotta do.

JOHN BOUSHKA

That was the Dean of Men calling
Friday.

MARGARET BOUSHKA
 What did you say?

JOHN BOUSHKA
 He didn't sound that urgent. Maybe
 it's an opportunity.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON VA HIGHWAY INTERSECTION - DAY

The Galaxie pulls into a gas station. John brings out two tuna sandwiches as Margaret drives, and soon turns onto Highway 52 headed East.

JOHN BOUSHKA
 We can try the ferry across the
 James today and cut the journey.

MARGARET BOUSHKA
 Like a ferry across the bay.

Later as they approach the crossing.

JOHN BOUSHKA
 Our son will never become a
 salesman.

MARGARET BOUSHKA
 Like you? He actually liked
 selling cokes in the stands at
 Washington-Lee football games for
 the honor society.

JOHN BOUSHKA
 Good exercise, climbing the stands.

MARGARET BOUSHKA
 Do you think our own family will
 live on, like Bill's music?

JOHN BOUSHKA
 I don't know. That may be the only
 way. The alternative might be, it's
 living on now. That would end life
 was he knows it, too.

EXT. JAMES RIVER CROSSING - DAY

The Galaxie glides on over the gangway and stops. The boat gently takes the load of cars across the river, to the Northeast. From a shot high in the air, Williamsburg appears in the distance.

INT. BROWN HALL - EVENING

Bill climbs to the second floor, carrying a briefcase. He enters his room 205 (bunk bed, narrow), and opens the case, and puts two books -- essay anthology and a physics workbook on the bed. He sprays his nose and puts the medicines away.

His roommate doesn't appear to have returned.

There is a knock on the door.

WHITNEY DOWNS

Bill, phone call.

Bill hustles out the door down the hall, and picks up the cradle.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Bill, we're back. You probably expected us. We'll pick you up in 15 minutes on Gloucester and go to supper.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - EVENING

Bill and his parents are replaying the same setting as the night before Thanksgiving. This time, spaghetti with meat sauce and salad with heavy French dressing. Lemon meringue pie is in the offing.

BILL BOUSHKA

So, I had gotten out of Physics Recitation, yes, the Friday after Thanksgiving, and the playful instructor even grabbed my bare leg above the sock when we had finished talking about the gyroscope.

His parents stop eating.

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

I walked the books back to the dorm room. Sydney was gone, he apparently took the holiday from me anyway.

JOHN BOUSHKA

So you weren't getting along, or learning to.

BILL BOUSHKA

He didn't like my bright colored shirts.

(MORE)

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

Well you wear them, and, you go on sales calls, and you and mother write up factory orders, Bellaire, Ohio and all that. And, he didn't like Brahms symphonies, when he dialed past one playing on his clock radio, that he wrote a theme about. And, he admitted he witnessed a terrible event at a summer camp summer before last.

JOHN BOUSHKA

So what do you want to tell us?

BILL BOUSHKA

I put the books down, went over to Ewell anyway to one of the piano rooms. Jason wasn't around, and we did meet Saturday. But I played some of the last movement of the Sonata from the manuscript. Then I came back to the dorm. It was getting dark. And I found the note on the door.

INT. BROWN HALL HALLWAY - EVENING - FLASHBACK

Bill approaches his dorm door 205 briskly and sees a folded note taped to the door. He takes it down and reads it. (Show -- it mentions dorm room inspections, patent medications, and demands he go to the Dean of Men's office in Wren Hall immediately). He puts the note in his pocket.

He goes outside into the fog, crosses Richmond road, up the walkway to the Wren Building, and goes upstairs to the Dean's office.

(End Flashback)

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bill gets out the note from a pocket. It is a handwritten note talking about finding medicines on recent room inspections and telling him to report to the Dean immediately.

Bill's parents read it and nod.

BILL BOUSHKA

He said, he promised, he wouldn't ask me to leave school. I'll add this.

(MORE)

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

I skipped out on the hazing, they called it tribunals, at the end of September. Only heard about it by word of mouth. Jason says he never heard about it.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG INN GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

JOHN and Margaret Boushka have climbed into bed. From the viewpoint of the viewer, John sleeps on the left side. Margaret is turned away from him. John is looking up into space, rather blank.

(After time passes, morning).

The Boushka's are dressed. John wears one of his scarlet shirts. Otherwise they look "business casual". They are having breakfast in the room, pancakes and strawberries with syrup. John abruptly goes to the bedside and picks up the phone cradle.

I/E. WREN BUILDING - MORNING

The Boushka's park the Galaxie in a small lot near the building in a restricted space. They walk, with John first, from the galley to the stairs and up to a room 205 with a speckled glass window the door and John knocks.

In the room, Carson momentarily pulls up pantleg and scratches a shiny shin. He looks at his leg for two or three seconds and lets the fabric fall.

CARSON BOYD

Come in.

The Boushka's walk in and there are two upholstered seats in front of a power desk and a green lamp. Carson does not offer a hand, as they take seats.

CARSON BOYD (CONT'D)

OK. Thanks for coming in. Now, what has Bill told you about our meeting?

JOHN BOUSHKA

He told us about finding the letter on his room door, 205 ironically. On the Friday night of a holiday weekend.

Carson nods.

JOHN BOUSHKA (CONT'D)
 And about the medicines. He has
 always been a bit of a
 hypochondriac.

MARGARET BOUSHKA
 Ever since second grade. Maybe
 measles.

CARSON BOYD
 That will be all?

JOHN BOUSHKA
 We've raised him to be honest. And
 you have an Honor Code here.

CARSON BOYD
 Let's not get diverted. Bill told
 me something else before he might
 have just left Friday night. He
 said, how do I put it, he thought
 he had homosexual tendencies. But
 he also insisted he had never acted
 on it. But I had heard rumors, like
 through the dorm counselor.

Both John and Margaret look startled, Margaret more so.

CARSON BOYD (CONT'D)
 I also said we wouldn't ask him to
 leave school.

Again, a moment of silence.

CARSON BOYD (CONT'D)
 But the president of the College
 says we have to.

INT. WREN HALL PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

(One day before.)

CARSON BOYD
 He says it's just in this head. He
 used the term "latent homosexual".
 Like it was very clinical,
 abstract.

PRESIDENT PRINCE
 But once he says that, it's like
 being a girl in the boys' bathroom.
 (MORE)

PRESIDENT PRINCE (CONT'D)

It turns a switch, the current you know. You gotta get him some help to stay here.

INT. BROWN HALL OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

(two weeks before)

Boyd and Whitney Downs stand behind a table, as Sydney Garrett is seated.

SYDNEY GARRETT

He never quite said it to my face. But I passed the shower room one afternoon and heard him say "homosexual on the loose".

WHITNEY DOWNS

He wouldn't joke about that to himself if he weren't queer.

CARSON BOYD

Even you admit when you both saw that movie, "Splendor in the Grass" a month ago, things were better for a while.

SYDNEY GARRETT

When I was in summer camp, like after junior year, a guy in the next tent, well, got ruined. You just never know.

WHITNEY DOWNS

He skipped out on our tribunals didn't he.

CARSON BOYD

That's what happens when it's all underground in a basement and word of mouth.

WHITNEY DOWNS

You want a basement for those buckets of liquid soap.

(Montage: Carson quickly reviews in his mind a leg shaving ceremony he once watched decades before, with a barber's leather. Then he reviews an earlier ceremony where he was shaved.)

(End Flashback)

INT. WREN BUILDING DEAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Carson stands.

CARSON BOYD

The president of the College says he has to go. Until a psychiatrist can say he is OK and really isn't a homosexual.

Margaret wipes her eyes.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Let me get this straight, he could come back then.

CARSON BOYD

For classes where he can keep up at home, like math and English, maybe he could finish them. The Physics and Chemistry, would miss too much lab. It would set him back. But, yes, he's pretty smart, he could play catchup.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Uh, I just don't get this. He didn't tell us this last night.

JOHN BOUSHKA

No kidding.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

That's not funny, Johnny.

CARSON BOYD

Yes, we know, he's an only child.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Can you help us find someone?

CARSON BOYD

You need to start with your family doctor back home. It would be tough to catch up completely this semester.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Hard to believe this, for most people a holiday weekend. Maybe not for salesmen.

The Boushka's stand and approach the exit.

JOHN BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

One thing. Did you all do hazing?
He might have been sensitive about
that.

The Dean stares down at his pantleg.

(Flashback Montage: A young John Boushka, within sight of the Berkeley tower, enters a dorm basement where men are sitting around with pant trousers rolled up, and there are pails of soapy water sitting around. End flashback.)

EXT. ROGERS HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Bill walks around the science building to a small parking lot and meets his parents.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Son, we'll pick you up in ten
minutes at the same place, the
curve in the street before the
dorm.

Bill looks quizzical. He's carrying a chemistry book and notebook and a graded quiz.

BILL BOUSHKA

OK.

Bill get moving.

EXT. WILLIAMBURG STREETS - CONTINUOUS

John drives.

JOHN BOUSHKA

We always said we would stand by
him if he told the truth.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Well, wouldn't punish him. But now
we're quibbling, like it was an
Honor Code. He called about that
one time.

The Galaxie is passing Brown Hall and swinging around to go up the main Duke of Gloucester Street.

MARGARET BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

You must be thinking we should turn
him loose. Because he's never
worked before.

(MORE)

MARGARET BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

Not even on Saturdays. Well, he got paid one time five quarters for accompanying piano. Otherwise, there are these chain letters in the mail.

JOHN BOUSHKA

He earned the \$2000 scholarship by coming down here last April and taking the test. I even got to meet the chemistry professor, look at the labs.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

That's not the same as a job.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Well, he got his ideas from one of those books. We have some doozies in the den. "Facts of Life and Love".

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Right next to it there is "Education for Death".

JOHN BOUSHKA

But we put the medical books on the stairway to the attic. He often looked at those. Stuff about chordees when having syphilis and things like that. He gets what he thinks from what he reads rather than just from people.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

That ought to be good. We've never forced him to conform too much. He hated football, but came to follow baseball.

JOHN BOUSHKA

And made model games.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

It was the drawing of attention to himself, the interrupting in class. But that seemed to have gone away largely in high school.

JOHN BOUSHKA

And there is, I know it's a sore spot. The kitchen table, instead of a desk.

They think they spot Bill a block in the distance.

JOHN BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

The Dean seems to want to help.
Seems to think he can come back,
but behind. He just has to cover
his, well, behind.

They approach Bill and stop. Bill opens the back seat door and gets in.

JOHN BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

Bill, this is going to come as a
blow to you, but we have to take
you out of school.

INT. BROWN HALL - MOMENTS LATER

In the dorm room, Bill and his dad are packing up. No one else is there.

Bill is putting away his music manuscripts fairly carefully. His father has folded some of the clothing, including the "many colored" shirts.

JOHN BOUSHKA

We gotta take this mattress and
sheets down. The white spread is
ours.

They carry the mattress with sheets toward a stairway, and then down.

At a landing half-way down, John points to a discolored spot on the side of the mattress.

JOHN BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

Now, look son, this is how I know
that you are not a homosexual.

As they carry the mattress to a utility room, JASON approaches Bill from the hall.

JASON DEGROM

My golly.

BILL BOUSHKA

Jason, I do have to leave school.

Bill glances back and sees his father is still preoccupied with putting the mattress in place.

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)
 It's what I talked about Saturday.
 You know, how you like the scale
 theme in my first Sonata.

JASON DEGROM
 We'll stay in touch.

BILL BOUSHKA
 Sure, as soon as the dust settles
 and I have some idea of getting
 back to school, I'll write. It'll
 be before Christmas break.

JASON DEGROM
 Yeah, we can set up some
 communiques. I've got a few
 duplicate records back in
 California that I can send you.

BILL BOUSHKA
 That'd be great.

Jason then walks back outside into the sun and wind.

INT. CAFETERIA LINE - LATER

Bill is ahead of his parents in line in a local cafeteria and gets some cheese souffle and lima beans, and a pudding and coke. Father pays cash and they seat off in a corner.

BILL BOUSHKA
 I remember that other students in
 the Science Honor Society drank
 coffee at the motel restaurant in
 Boston near the Fenway on that
 Mount Washington trip last may.

(Montage: Very brief roll of scenes from the trip, including the weather station on the summit, and a cabin owned by one of the parents, less than one minute).

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)
 I still don't drink coffee. And
 I'll never get that last lab exam
 back. I'd be looking at it now if
 I was still in school.

JOHN BOUSHKA
 It's gonna have to be up to you. To
 get well. And you didn't exactly
 tell us everything before today.

BILL BOUSHKA

Ironic. It's saying it that changes everything. Except it wasn't completely. Like not being interested in Playboy. Not showing up for Tribunals. Oh yes, actually modest about my body. My roommate accused me of that. I actually tried to ignore what they thought.

JOHN BOUSHKA

And now you have to be concerned about what everyone thinks. It's always like that.

BILL BOUSHKA

They used to talk about Eastern State toward Yorktown I think. Maybe a quick visit could get me out of this.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Sounds like a nice try.

INT. WREN BUILDING DEAN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

This time Bill sits between his mother and father, in front of Dean Carson Boyd, still in his power desk.

CARSON BOYD

No, Bill, you don't want any Eastern State psychiatrist. They do the shock and insulin treatments. That's not what this is about.

JOHN BOUSHKA

So how do we handle these people.

CARSON BOYD

You could start with the family physician. I mean, tell him, he has certain anxieties.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Get my own referral.

BILL BOUSHKA

But can I get back here, maybe after Christmas, and finish the semester. Yeah, maybe in a room by myself for a couple weeks if it takes that.

CARSON BOYD

It's a long haul. But it would pay to study your subjects at home. You could get caught up.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

A ray of hope.

EXT. HIGHWAY 17 - AFTERNOON

On a sunny, blustery, cold afternoon the Galaxie heads back to Arlington with Bill in the backseat. They pass by the military ranges of Camp Hill as the sun lowers.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Your friends will leave you after you tell them.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

We can just call this 'medical advice'.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Bill, you were confused. You have to get your thinking straightened out.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE - MORNING

Margaret is dusting Bill's room, with his school text books on the twin bed, denting impressions in it.

The Sonata manuscript is on the Kimball piano in the living room, across from the picture window. The barest skiff of snow is visible in some of the yard outside from the night's cold front, the first of winter.

Bill looks at his records downstairs, and puts on the Bruno Walter Columbia record of the ("unfinished") Bruckner Ninth on the old record player with the heavy tone arm.

John walks from the living room, a little annoyed at the volume of a musical climax from downstairs, but goes to the den, and picks up the cradle of the desk phone, and looks up Dr. Stevenson on the manual Rolidex home directory.

DR. STEVENSON

Your lucky. The next patient isn't here yet.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Do you have time to see me today.

DR. STEVENSON
Maybe, late afternoon. What's up?

JOHN BOUSHKA
It's about Bill.

DR. STEVENSON
Like his books.

JOHN BOUSHKA
Not exactly.

DR. STEVENSON
Try for 4 o'clock.

Downstairs, Bill starts to pace near the ping pong table and treads to the record player as the trio of the scherzo of the symphony starts and the music sounds gurgly, distorted in the deep inner groves of the record.

I/E. STEVENSON OFFICE FOXHALL ROAD DC - AFTERNOON

John drives alone across Key Bridge, Chain Bridge Road, past Georgetown Univ., eventually reaching a large home with doctor's office.

JOHN BOUSHKA
I still remember your days on 16th
St, near the Church.

DR. STEVENSON
You've got so many doctors, and
Bill has so many patent medicines
in your cabinet. Good god,
muriatic acid. You know, I never
thought it was a good idea to give
yourself a cold shot in the upper
arm in front of him when he was
three just because a local nurse
handed them out.

JOHN BOUSHKA
Well, he got tossed out of William
and Mary. We had to bring him home
yesterday.

DR. STEVENSON
What? He never gets in trouble.
He'd never get a girl in trouble.

JOHN BOUSHKA

That's a way to put. There were rumors about him in the dorm, he didn't do anything about them to put them away, and he got called into the Dean's office the day after Thanksgiving.

DR. STEVENSON

So he's .. let's stop, you know Tall Gunner Joe doesn't like parents to talk about this when there is a Red Dawn threat.

JOHN BOUSHKA

We have to find a psychiatrist who will

DR. STEVENSON

Vouch for him. You brought him in when he was 12 and I examined him and he was all man. Look, there's a shrink in Chevy Chase, just beyond the circle, into Maryland. I could call him tonight. He could call you. He's pretty good about emergencies. Now, let's get outta here.

I/E. DR. MURRAY'S HOUSE IN CHEVY CHASE - NIGHT

Next night, John drives the Galaxie, Bill rides in front, through drizzle and fog as weather has warmed up. They approach a two-story mansion off Connecticut Ave., ring the bell, and DR. THOMAS MURRAY leads them downstairs to a nice basement office with a little waiting room.

DR. THOMAS MURRAY

OK, Mr. Boushka, I'll debrief him for about 45 minutes. Now I charge \$25 for this diagnostic session. You can pay at the end.

(Later)

Bill is standing and ready to leave, and John writes the check.

DR. THOMAS MURRAY (CONT'D)

I can tell you the problem is not homosexuality. But he has some serious contradictions in his beliefs.

(MORE)

DR. THOMAS MURRAY (CONT'D)
 He's never going to move out of his
 deadlock without therapy. I don't
 have any regular times, but I can
 refer you to two or three people in
 Arlington. We can make it
 convenient.

BILL BOUSHKA
 What about the semester?

DR. THOMAS MURRAY
 It's gonna take a series of
 sessions. There's no easy fix.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE DEN - MORNING

The sound of symphonic music leaks into the den from
 downstairs through two doors. Annoyed, John Boushka writes
 down a couple of names addresses in the rolidex and then
 calls one of them.

DR. BENDIX
 Hello.

JOHN BOUSHKA
 I got you in person, no assistant.

DR. BENDIX
 I don't really need one.

JOHN BOUSHKA
 Look, a Dr. Murray in Chevy Chase

DR. BENDIX
 I know him. Look, my day is usually
 over at 4:30. Could you come by
 with your son at 4:30 sharp? We're
 on the second floor of the Dominion
 Apartments right by the elevator,
 suite 201.

I/E. DOMINION APARTMENTS AND BENDIX OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Bill and his dad approach the 7 story building, which bends
 away in a convex fashion. They enter and take an elevator to
 the second floor. As they get out.

JOHN BOUSHKA
 Tuck in your shirt tail. You're on,
 well, a kind of good behavior if
 you want to get back in school.

The door opens, and DR. BENDIX beckons them in.

DR. BENDIX

This is how I work. I'll do two hour long sessions with him. Then I'll talk to you -- the father right?

JOHN BOUSHKA

Yes.

DR. BENDIX

And how old is he?

BILL BOUSHKA

Eighteen. July 10. Washington DC.

DR. BENDIX

You're a little ahead of the curve then. The main thing is that you aren't 21. You don't quite look it.

John grimaces.

DR. BENDIX (CONT'D)

We can do the first one now. If you want to wait. And then maybe next Tuesday at the same time?

INT. BOUSHKA BASEMENT - EVENING

While his father is in the workroom, with the old model stadiums visible, Bill puts on a record of the Bruckner Ninth, the scherzo.

The volume gets father's attention.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Turn that down!

The music softens as the scherzo moves into the trio, and it starts to gurgle.

BILL BOUSHKA

You hear that, the flutter?

JOHN BOUSHKA

What are you talking about?

BILL BOUSHKA

It's like something is wrong with the needle.

JOHN BOUSHKA

I've heard everything. You get sent home and get married to your records.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

A family chess set, brown and yellow stain, sits on the kitchen table, with the starting position.

Bill looks out through the blinds above the sink, across the porch, and front yard, for signs of a car arriving.

BILL BOUSHKA

Maybe I'll find out if those tribunals at William and Mary would have been for real had I gone.

Bill paces back. Then he looks out. A yellow Pontiac passes by and eases into the driveway.

Bill paces to the front door. The doorbell rings.

Bill opens the door and MICHAEL JEFFS appears. About six feet and solidly built, he sports a crew cut not too short. Otherwise, he is dressed in corduroy appropriate for a milder than average December day.

They shake hands. Bill drops his eyeline, and sees that they are hairy.

Father looks on as Michael moves into the kitchen.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Michael enters the house behind Bill, as they both go to eh living room. John and Margaret lounge in the living room and a baseball game is on the black and white tv. The Washington Senators (then a replacement team in August 1961) will a rare game in the bottom of the ninth, 3-2, scoring two runs when the new Los Angeles Angels make a throwing error in the infield.

Michael is quite striking in appearance in shorts, loose sports shirt.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - DAY - FLASHBACK

JOHN waits in the car with baseball game on car radio as Bill and Michael finish a tennis set.

The Senators win another game, 4-3. Michael and Bill approach the Galaxie, and Bill will drive.

(End Flashback).

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Bill and Michael play chess. Bill has white and plays the Italian Game and wins (by piling up on the f7 square).

They go downstairs and play a couple games of ping pong on the undersized table. Bill wins one of them, while another classical record plays, this time Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra.

MICHAEL JEFFS

Yeah, I can hear the flutter. You need to buy a new needle. But in our house, we actually had wood needles at one time.

BILL BOUSHKA

Oh, yeah, I think you showed me one that night I was over in August. Maybe they could work on old 78s.

They go upstairs outside to the driveway.

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

Looks like they never hazed you.

Michael looks puzzled.

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

I skipped out on mine. They called it tribunals. You probably couldn't get away with that at VPI.

MICHAEL JEFFS

Yeah, and VPI was the only place I applied. You could have been wearing suit and tie at UVA, too.

Michael moves closer to his car.

BILL BOUSHKA

You understand what happened, or what I meant.

MICHAEL JEFFS

I always wondered. You kind of dropped a hint in Notehand class last summer, too, remember.

BILL BOUSHKA

Yeah, coding "my obsession" in
notehand. My mother had to make a
living with shorthand before, well,
marrying, and then here I would be.

Michael opens the car door with his.

MICHAEL JEFFS

It's fine with me. The world is
going to change fast. Remember Mr.
Book's essay test questions. But
putting it that way to a dean of
men, Bill, that has to have been a
stupid thing to do. Just don't say
anything. You don't have to.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE - LATER

Bill spots a letter on the bedspread and sees it is from
Jason. He opens it and reads a note about rumors of his
supposed drug use spreading "like wildfire" after he left
suddenly. The letter also says he'll get a few of Jason's
duplicate records by parcel post soon.

Bill walks to the living room, looking out at light rain
mixing with a little wet snow in the back yard, with the old
garden fence still there.

He goes to the piano stool, peruses his two sonata
manuscripts, then opens the stool and pulls out two rather
ragged small music writing spiral books. He perusals one
that offers short piano pieces based on scale modes (dorian,
phrygian, etc). About half of the notebook is empty.

Toward the bottom of one page, Bill starts composing. He
scribbles "Sonata 3" and writes down a simple melody in
quarter and half notes. Then he improvises a bit.

Meanwhile, in the den, John looks up "George Washington
University" in the phone book and dials a number.

I/E. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY - MORNING

John Boushka and Bill Boushka walk east on G Street, past a
few of the concrete academic buildings, climb into a row
house called "Admissions Office".

Once inside, they meet with Gene Rose, Dean of Admissions.

GENE ROSE

So the main thing for us is that he
doesn't get a string of F's, right?

Shortly, Bill and John are escorted by a DR. CARDINAL on the third floor of the brick Corcoran Hall. They open a door to a lab and see students working vigorously doing titrations.

INT. WILLIAM AND MARY CHEMISTRY LAB - FLASHBACK

(nine months earlier.) John Boushka chats with DR. ARMSTRONG in a college lab.

JOHN BOUSHKA

My son won a \$2000 scholarship. And
he'll start with sophomore

DR. ARMSTRONG

There's a semester of qualitative
analysis, identifying what is in a
sample, and then quantitative,
which measures how much.

Armstrong shows John a typical student's lab notebook.

JOHN BOUSHKA

You grade these with each
assignment.

DR. ARMSTRONG

Usually a senior student assistant
grades them. You know, the one
question will be how much lab
experience he has, skipping the
first year of Chem 101. Did he do
some science fair projects.

JOHN BOUSHKA

He tried a process in my workshop
where you put silicon, or sand,
where carbon was. I remember that.
He gave a little talk on it when he
was "initiated" into the Science
Honor Society just before Christmas
break.

DR. ARMSTRONG

Huh. It's hard to imagine what
that could accomplish.

JOHN BOUSHKA

He built some cardboard baseball stadiums, for like pinball games, those summers in Ohio. We even made a glassware item out of one of them. And he plays chess. And piano.

DR. ARMSTRONG

Does he sing? I don't want people to hum when doing the lab work.

(End flashback)

INT. GW CHEMISTRY LAB - CONTINUOUS

Bill peers in a bit, as if someone caught his eye.

BILL BOUSHKA

This is quant.

DR. CARDINAL

Have you finished qual yet? Like if they had a quarter system?

BILL BOUSHKA

Um.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Let's get back.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE DEN - AFTERNOON

John and Margaret are finishing up adding the orders on a manual adding machine.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Not as much as last Christmas. The world's more pessimistic. Maybe it's not just us.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

No more orders for Bill's stadium ashtrays.

JOHN BOUSHKA

At least we can be thankful, he will probably never smoke.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Please don't say never. We still have five years of our mortgage you took out to help build the new sanctuary for the church.

(Quick flashback: The family enters the new sanctuary without many stained glass windows and blue light on Christmas Day 1955. End flashback.)

Margaret writes the check and puts it in a handwritten envelope with stamp and seals it.

I/E. TV REPAIR SHOP - AFTERNOON

The next day Bill rides with his father to a repair shop to pick up the record player.

REPAIR TECH

We replaced the cartridge and put in a diamond stylus. That's the best we can do until you get a newer unit, like a stereo.

Father grimaces.

REPAIR TECH (CONT'D)

If you have a record collection, you need to take care of it. There was a little chipping on the sapphire stylus.

Bill carries the unit to the car.

JOHN BOUSHKA

You're not on your own yet. No more complaints or we won't let you listen to records.

I/E. BENDIX HOUSE IN ALEXANDRIA - DAY

John and Margaret drive up Russell Road in Alexandria, get on Rt 7, get to where they can see Alexandria Masonic Memorial and downtown, and turn onto a side street on the hill, to arrive at a historic wood house. John knocks.

Bendix lets them in and leads them to a heated porch.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Margaret's aunt lives three doors down from here. In a similar house. What a coincidence.

MARGARET BOUSHKA
Johnny, come on.

DR. BENDIX
I asked both of you to come in person because some of this is critical. Where is Bill now?

MARGARET BOUSHKA
On a bus into town.

JOHN BOUSHKA
Going to buy his Christmas records. Maybe he should get a job in a record store.

MARGARET BOUSHKA
Very funny.

JOHN BOUSHKA
He's applied to go to GWU for the spring semester, and live at home for at least one semester.

DR. BENDIX
It could be a lot longer than that before he's ready for a dorm. Down the road, we could try a therapeutic residential experience.

JOHN BOUSHKA
What?

DR. BENDIX
This is the big stuff. I think he's basically incapable of living with other people or sharing with them.

Bendix pauses and even clears his throat.

DR. BENDIX (CONT'D)
He has an interesting grasp of his own situation. He actually asked me what to do about the draft board. And I told him he is absolutely unqualified to wear a uniform anyway. He'll cooperate.

JOHN BOUSHKA
So where is he now?

DR. BENDIX

Let me ask you a couple things. He had some difficulties in very early childhood.

JOHN BOUSHKA

He had weak ankles. They wanted to put him in a cast but didn't.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

He was a little late learning to feed himself.

JOHN BOUSHKA

But he became verbal, liked toys, trains, birds. He rode a tricycle but became afraid to make it a bike. Balance. He never really let go enough in a pool to learn to swim.

DR. BENDIX

And Margaret you couldn't have any other children.

JOHN BOUSHKA

There was a little problem in delivery. But he was born complete.

DR. BENDIX

And you considered adopting once.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

We've got twin beds in his bedroom. And airplanes for wallpaper. I thought a girl would be better. But we weren't set up.

DR. BENDIX

He remembers this just once, around fourth grade. About when his trouble started.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Same teacher as third grade. She didn't like him. So he started interrupting in class.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

But she didn't like him because he couldn't play kickball with the other kids. Didn't get what a team is.

JOHN BOUSHKA

At first he didn't understand the difference between a bat and a glove. But a few years later he was building a stadium in our backyard.

Margaret laughs.

DR. BENDIX

When did he start piano lessons?

MARGARET BOUSHKA

It was third grade, wasn't it? Oddly when he had trouble with the third grade teacher, started interrupting in class.

DR. BENDIX

He used to be sickly. Any other big illnesses?

JOHN BOUSHKA

We took him home lying down in the back of the car with measles, I guess a year before that maybe, from our annual week at Ocean City with the Smith's.

DR. BENDIX

They may decide measles is like polio. We'll have shots to stop it soon. What I need to get at, is, well, he is what people call a sissy boy now, and he has to cover it up with book smarts. He needs to catch up personally and physically without losing this false advantage. It's too easy to lose it.

INT. BENDIX OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

(maybe two days before)

DR. BENDIX

So you were afraid they might, well, shave it off.

BILL BOUSHKA

But Michael was OK when he came. So maybe not a sham. I skipped the hazing at William and Mary, it was all word of mouth.

(MORE)

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)
 But when I went to check out records at the student union one Saturday, a student in line behind me called me out. He said his grew back.

(end flashback)

INT. BENDIX HOUSE IN ALEXANDRIA - CONTINUOUS

John sits forward, expecting a conclusion or a payoff.

DR. BENDIX
 Mr. Boushka, you probably prompted some of his beliefs. Just remarks about people you saw when driving, or on TV, even movie stars. Aldo Ray.

MARGARET BOUSHKA
 He never watched that much.

DR. BENDIX
 He's to the point, that unless the sight of someone arouses him or excites him, he has no use for engaging the person. He becomes inert. He knows that what excites him is unacceptable so he retreats into a world that doesn't need other people, or at least inferior people, unless somehow they are subjects. He needs to be in his place. But then actual belonging is too humiliating.

JOHN BOUSHKA
 But is my son really a homosexual?

DR. BENDIX
 In the sense of hanging about men's rooms, no; he had no idea that even goes on. That's the public idea. And the government, McCarthyism have jumped on all that. You saw that article in 1953 when Eisenhower ordered the government to purge homosexuals from employment? Here, I've got a copy of the Evening Star story in a scrapbook.

He passes "the trash" to the parents.

DR. BENDIX (CONT'D)

To other people in a real world, he is what he says he is. They can't allow this, the implications for real people with passions and families are too dangerous. He doesn't see people as people. More like chess pieces with a place in a hierarchy. Like there is only the King and his subjects. He will never belong to a group that has to remain loyal and cohesive to survive. He will never have anyone's back. So I have to say, your son is very sick. And this physical thing. It's odd he plays piano so well but is so clumsy with everything else, like his clothes, cleaning his room, the tools. It's like a pathological laziness. But there could be an explanation for it. Biology. From what you tell me.

Margaret sighs.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bill has returned, with some records, including a Vox Box of Mahler's First and Ninth Symphonies. He puts them opened under a Christmas tree in the dining area, old lights on.

Outdoors, there is a package on the steps.

He opens them, finds a note, and LP's of some Bach (the Schubler chorales and the Toccata, Adagio and Fugue), the Mozart Symphonies 25 and 28, and Hermann Scherchen conducting Mahler's Seventh, on Westminster.

The handwritten letter from Jason mentions a "bubble on the Bach". Bill takes out the record and looks, and sees it on band 5 of the Schubler chorales.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE DEN - AFTERNOON

(It's the day after Christmas, Boxing Day, maybe.)

Bill is looking at the bookcase, away from his dad, who is lying down on a turquoise upholstered love seat, with a heating bag on his stomach. Because it serves as a rollaway bed sometimes, Bill hears the springs underneath squeaking.

BILL BOUSHKA

You're better now. I'm the one who
mints on Roloids.

JOHN BOUSHKA

This nervous stomach.

BILL BOUSHKA

I can get that sometimes.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Son, the doctor said you are indeed
sick. Very sick.

BILL BOUSHKA

How so?

JOHN BOUSHKA

He said, you don't see people as
people, more as like chess pieces,
and mostly pawns. You don't see an
average person as a living soul.

I/E. BOUSHKA HOUSE FRONT YARD - DAY

Shortly after New Years. Bill is shoveling a sloppy wet snow
off the brick sidewalk. The postman comes (twice)

Bill puts down the shovel and looks inside and finds a letter
from GWU.

He opens it. He has been admitted for the spring semester to
start Feb 5. He needs to register for his courses one week
earlier.

He goes inside and puts the note on his bed.

I/E. DOMINION APARTMENTS AND BENDIX OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The Galaxie is pulling in to the parking lot.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Bill, you understand you must never
tell anyone that again. If you
mention it, no college will take
you.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Your college days would be over.

BILL BOUSHKA

I know. Some words are like
bullets.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE LIVING ROOM PIANO AREA - DAY

Bill has finished the first movement of a new sonata and finishes play the movement's quiet ending. He opens a new small notebook he has finally bought with spare change to start the scherzo. There is a paperback book about modern music and atonality on the top of the piano.

I/E. GREYHOUND BUS STATION WASHINGTON DC - EVENING

Bill anxiously scans the receiving area where busses are unloading this cold night, especially one from Williamsburg and Richmond. He doesn't see anyone he is looking for.

He tramps out to the car, breath showing, to dad in the car.

BILL BOUSHKA

No show. The snowstorm down south
must have kept Jason from coming. I
am so mad!

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE KITCHEN - LATER

Bill and his parents eat leftover shrimp creole on rice, and salad, when the kitchen wall phone rings.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Um, Jason?

Bill gets up.

MARGARET BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

Daddy and Bill will be right down
to pick you up. I'll heat the
leftovers.

I/E. GREYHOUND BUS STATION WASHINGTON DC - LATER

With a clock near midnight, Bill escorts Jason to the car, as John drives them back to Arlington.

BILL BOUSHKA

So the snow really hit
Williamsburg.

JASON DEGROM

Yeah, the bus barely got out. It was about six inches there. By the time we got to Richmond there was much less.

BILL BOUSHKA

I played all the records, thank you.

JASON DEGROM

I've got one more in the suitcase.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE - NIGHT

John sleeps to Margaret's right. Both sleep face up.

JOHN BOUSHKA

You want me to try, well, that?

MARGARET BOUSHKA

If you like.

Margaret pauses.

MARGARET BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

You know, on your side of our family, people had lots of kids. On my side, in Ohio, we didn't. Just one brother has more than one child. That's the price for being more stable. A dead end, maybe.

Down a short hallway, behind a closed door, Bill sleeps in his normal twin bed, and Jason sleeps in the normally unused bed against the wall. Right now, they are both asleep, like roommates.

In the kitchen, the dishes were washed and creole put safely away in the fridge.

Bill suddenly stirs, and then Jason does.

JASON DEGROM

It was in a dark hospital room, with a roommate, where I came up with the slow movement theme, you know that Saturday before at Ewell. The one time I almost died.

BILL BOUSHKA
 I was so sickly myself as a child.
 But that went away in high school.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE LIVING ROOM PIANO AREA - DAY

Jason sight reads some of Bill's Sonata 2,

JASON DEGROM
 A little bit trite, stuck on the
 dominant A Major in the
 development.

BILL BOUSHKA
 The notorious Ossia cadenza of the
 Rachmaninoff Third does that, and
 it still works!

Jason then starts playing Bill's first sonata with the simple
 scale theme.

INT. BOUSHKA BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

The record of the Mozart Divertimento and Cassation plays.

BILL BOUSHKA
 So this is the 'real music'.

JASON DEGROM
 Well Mozart makes sense. I don't
 know, everything after Beethoven
 sounds arbitrary.

BILL BOUSHKA
 Yeah, like you could tire of the
 chills and fever climaxes of the
 romantic era. You know, life as
 you would like it to be.

Bill lets his hand brush Jason's knee (long trousers).

JASON DEGROM
 See, Sydney was right. You do have
 that habit.

BILL BOUSHKA
 Huh. I have to break myself of
 improper habits. What became of
 Sydney after I left?

JASON DEGROM

I haven't been back in Brown. But I think he just stayed there by himself. I heard he started getting better grades.

I/E. HOT SHOPPE RESTAURANT IN ARLINGTON - LATER

Bill has been driving the Galaxie, and he and Jason get our and go in.

JASON DEGROM

So your parents let you drive now. Good to see that.

They both order turkey and dressing dinners.

BILL BOUSHKA

We used to eat here Sundays after church, until dad liked the S&W better downtown. Then it would be home for study, like for a history test Monday.

JASON DEGROM

I've got a car back home in Pasadena. But when I spend money on a date, I'm like you. I think, that dinner I bought her could have bought three records.

(some time passes until dessert)

JASON DEGROM (CONT'D)

Yeah, I even tried to learn the Twist. But dating hasn't really worked for me either. I'm not kidding you though. I played your entire first sonata, or sonatina, before some kids over Christmas from memory. They clapped. If you ask me to play the Liszt E-flat, I'll go Blaa.. You will try to write me a cello sonata this spring, right?

BILL BOUSHKA

But I still need to hear one of your compositions. One of the 57 symphonies. Or the piano concerto. The slow movement, which you say you imagined

JASON DEGROM

When I was in the hospital, and almost died. Of a kind of systemic allergic shock. You talk about being sickly as a kid, but were you ever actually in the hospital?

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE LIVING ROOM PIANO AREA

Jason's grippe is packed an near a chair. Michael is seated across the room, next to Bill, while Jason gives his last concern for a while.

He sight-reads through the first movement of Bill's new sonata, on half-sized notebook paper, rather sloppy. Michael claps.

He then plays his own concerto, with piano alone, in E-flat, with the lamentation in G Minor as a middle section.

MICHAEL JEFFS

I must say, I haven't heard that before!

Jason rather suddenly rises and picks up his grip. John (the father) walks in the room. He makes a face toward Bill as they both notice the physical contrast between the two young men.

I/E. WREN BUILDING - DAY

John Boushka parks in a reserved area (noticing squeaky brakes) and walks up the stairs to the Dean's office.

CARSON BOYD

Good to see you. I guess the circumstances are happier than last time.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Well he's enrolled at GW, full time, just living at home. A friend whom he did make over his music was with us a couple weeks ago. He had to start over, like with the same chemistry class. I think he had to start a foreign language, German. That was his very first class.

(Montage: show Bill in several different classes, including chemistry lab; show his walk to the K-street bus stop; End Montage)

JOHN BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

The psychiatrists don't seem to play ball with the idea of, well, certification. They want him to hold on to them.

CARSON BOYD

He'll have like 16 credits this spring and maybe some more in the summer?

JOHN BOUSHKA

Yes, there's a summer session. Not a secession.

CARSON BOYD

Well, if he came back next fall, let's see, with 55 hours, he could still be a junior by the fall of 1963, if I count right. You know, you do business here in Williamsburg a lot, right?

JOHN BOUSHKA

Probably.

John fidgets, and puts a finger on his chest.

CARSON BOYD

You just weren't here that fall until Thanksgiving.

JOHN BOUSHKA

This was a sudden time for this to happen the way it did. We weren't expecting it.

INT. WREN BUILDING - DAY - FLASHBACK

Friday after Thanksgiving, around 3. Carson holds a pack of rolaids. He starts to grab one himself. SUSAN BRIGHT, has young assistant (black), walks in.

SUSAN BRIGHT

I wrote the note. But the counserlor went back.

CARSON BOYD

Can you run this over to Brown, paste it on the door, and just come right back. It should be OK. Just don't open the door.

SUSAN BRIGHT

U'um

CARSON BOYD

Just do it. Don't tell anybody.
Don't be seen. Not an honor code
violation.

(End flashback - return)

INT. WREN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

John is breathing a little harder.

CARSON BOYD

You're OK, are you? We knew where
Bill was that afternoon. The
counselor had seen him returning
from class. The roommate was away.

John gets up.

JOHN BOUSHKA

OK. He didn't know what could hit
him. He didn't care about -- what
other boys thought. Not all of them
nice.

I/E. STREETS ON OUTSKIRTS OF WILLIAMSBURG - LATER

John notices noisy brakes and pulls into a large gas station.

A quick conversation with REPAIR TECHNICIAN ensues.

REPAIR TECH

I can have them relined in the next
hour and a half and send you rollin
back home.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Good.

REPAIR TECH

There's a little TV lounge upstairs
you can wait in.

John smokes a Marlboro outside, with some feeling of sudden
disgust, as he stamps out the butt and toss it in a trash
can.

He walks upstairs to the lounge. He stops. He gulps. He catches his breath and collapses into a sofa. No one notices.

Moments later he goes to the men's room and sweats and then leaves and returns to the sofa.

EXT. HIGHWAY 17 - AFTERNOON

John drives a little faster than usual, but the brakes are quiet. He burps.

He looks at the ceramic stadium ashtray on his seat.

INT. STEVENSON OFFICE FOXHALL ROAD DC - MORNING

John is seated in front of Dr. Stevenson's power desk.

JOHN BOUSHKA

I guess it's a good thing you're back to first come first served rather than appointments.

DR. STEVENSON

Actually you weren't first. This may be urgent. Well, you've had your last cigarette. If you've got a pack on you, surrender it.

He gets up.

DR. STEVENSON (CONT'D)

Come with me. We'll do an EKG.

They move to the examination table, and John sits down.

DR. STEVENSON (CONT'D)

So Bill's back in class now.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Yeah, he should be in analytic geometry now.

DR. STEVENSON

Does Margaret know about this.

JOHN BOUSHKA

She suspects. She doesn't say as much these days.

DR. STEVENSON

Lie on your back. Remove your shirts.

The doctor picks up a straight razor and shaves a few areas on Mr. Boushka's chest, and then applies cream and the electrodes. He also applies them to hairless legs.

DR. STEVENSON (CONT'D)

This looks off. I know a heart man at Arlington Hospital to see if we can get you admitted today. I don't want you to drive home either. You can't reach Bill. Call Margaret and see if she can get a taxi here.

I/E. BOUSHKA HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bill gets off a bus and walks a couple blocks to the house, and lets himself in. No one is in.

But Margaret rings the doorbell very shortly and Bill, surprised, lets her in.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Bill, Daddy's across the street at the hospital, for tests.

BILL BOUSHKA

What?

INT. ARLINGTON HOSPITAL EMERGENCY CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

The hospital in 1961 was a two story brick structure, long since replaced. John Boushka lies on a bed in a waiting area separated by cubicle dividers.

JOHN BOUSHKA

I was waiting in a garage why my brakes were being fixed in Williamsburg, and this indigestion came over me. Terrible indigestion. But without heartburn. My chest and stomach felt like a truck was sitting on it.

BILL BOUSHKA

So what are they going to do?

JOHN BOUSHKA

I don't know.

A attending resident DR. JOYCE shuffles in.

DR. JOYCE

We're gonna do a brief stress test
and then let you rest. Your
readings are consistent with a lot
of emotional turmoil recently.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE LIVING ROOM PIANO AREA

Bill is writing out a new melody on the little notebook, a
soft dirge in f# minor.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

When he comes home, you'll really
have to keep the record volume low.

BILL BOUSHKA

I know. You know, I may get my
music ability from him and he
doesn't know it. Or maybe he does.
One time he said a perforated
eardrum when he was very young
makes him sensitive to noise.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

I don't remember that he every said
that.

BILL BOUSHKA

Like you missed a year of grade
school for appendicitis. A lot of
things happened to people as they
grew up then. Yet my thing is
different.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

It wasn't meant to be.

(After a few days pass)

Bill is playing the lamentation theme quietly why Margaret
attends to father sitting up in bed with breakfast.

I/E. GWU CAMPUS CORCORAN HALL - AFTERNOON

(April, 1962)

HAROLD, another student, helps Bill with a lab experiment,
before darting out the building.

(Moments later).

Bill puts away the lab equipment and heads up 21st Street toward K.

He spots HAROLD behind his parked VW on the street. Harold turns around and spots Bill, and shouts.

HAROLD

Bill!

Just then, another car pulls up behind his parking space and hits him, banging him into the car, practically amputating both legs.

Bill double-times, but police are there immediately, blocking off any contact.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE LIVING ROOM PIANO AREA - EVENING

A few days later, as sun sets, Bill is composing a major chorale theme in B Major for his Sonata.

Margaret and John are cooking dinner and barely notice.

BILL BOUSHKA

This is for Harold.

INT. BENDIX OFFICE - DAY

(Early June, 1962)

Bill, Margaret and John sit in a row in front of DR. BENDIX.

DR. BENDIX

NIH, National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, has a residential inpatient program, co-ed, for people who have had trouble adjusting to college away from home. This may sound strange, but they think of it as a national security thing.

JOHN BOUSHKA

So, by fall.

DR. BENDIX

No, I don't think his going back to WM is feasible. This takes a couple years of seeing a psychiatrist, of therapy.

INT. NIH EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Bill sits on a stool as a DR SHAPIRO, in a white coat, finishes a cursory examination.

DR. SHAPIRO

So you want to tell me, you became excited by the hair and nothing else?

INT. NIH EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Oct. 1970 (this is much later).

Now Bill, in a kind of business casual and looking neater than usual, is interviewed in a larger room. One can see some of the NIH campus through a window. DR. LIPPY, young and in a white coat, conducts the voluntary debriefing.

BILL BOUSHKA

I spent six months here. I decided in Jan. 1963 to go back to school. Since then, grad school, the draft, where I was quite sheltered, and now on my first job with RCA, away from home in Princeton NJ, as an adult. Well, really Cranbury, or New Windsor, as they call it.

DR LIPPY

So your parents, your dad, were finally proud of you.

BILL BOUSHKA

My father wrote that in a letter my first semester at KU. I was in a dorm again. But I got to play hard math teacher for undergrads too.

DR LIPPY

Sounds like you enjoyed it, with a Vietnam draft going on.

BILL BOUSHKA

Did you get out of it, too?

DR LIPPY

Sinners want company. It's not a sickness then.

BILL BOUSHKA

Been on vacation this week, drove back to Tidewater VA, saw some chess friends I made in the Army at Fort Eustis

DR LIPPY

Or Fort Useless

BILL BOUSHKA

And I drove out to the mountains, where I had gotten into hiking with those friends in the Science Honor Society. It's all in the paperwork.

DR LIPPY

You kept up with them.

BILL BOUSHKA

Yeah. Did a winter trip to Amherst in 1965. The year of My Fair Lady.

DR LIPPY

As far as your diagnosis.

BILL BOUSHKA

I've never seen it. Maybe something like Compulsive Personality.

DR LIPPY

But what about dating.

BILL BOUSHKA

Not yet.

DR LIPPY

And what about your fantasies.

BILL BOUSHKA

That's why I'm here. I could spill it out in a quick interview, but it took weeks to "let go of it" as my father said, in the stretched out constant therapy of that fall of 1962.

DR LIPPY

Yeah. But is it still homosexual?

BILL BOUSHKA

I "got sexually excited by", what do the call it, part-objects.

DR LIPPY
So it that why you can't have
heterosexual interests instead?

BILL BOUSHKA
It's a zero-sum game.

INT. NINTH STREET CENTER BASEMENT NYC - NIGHT

(October 1974, the first cold wave.)

Ricky, about 30, interviews Bill.

RICKY
I know Julio falls for your line
and wanted you in our closed talk
group. But I can feel things. To
most of us you seem like such a
deadwire. You just talk at people,
or most of us, as if we didn't
matter to you.

BILL BOUSHKA
If I can look up to you

RICKY
Then when something happens, you
drop dead. There's a mousetrap in
your personality.

Bill soon walks back to his NYC apartment building, the Cast
Iron, in a cold wind, shivering from the encounter

I/E. NIH CLINICAL CENTER GROUNDS - MORNING

(It is now November 1988.)

A cold cloudy late fall morning Bill walks from the Wisconsin
Ave. bus stop to the Clinical Center and checks in at the
front desk. Then he goes upstairs.

This time he is in a full medical exam room.

DR. SAUTIER
Here's the Xray. That's your
stomach.

BILL BOUSHKA
Looks 2/3 full.

DR. SAUTIER

Slow digestion, peristalsis. And your blood test for HIV is back already, totally negative. So we're almost there.

BILL BOUSHKA

The GP160 vaccine is the best we have come up with in 10 years.

DR. SAUTIER

It'll take a lot of your time to follow up if you do it. Now one more thing. I am going to examine your rectum.

A finger covered with plastic drops some stuff in a metal bowl.

DR. SAUTIER (CONT'D)

There's some blood in it.

INT. NIH CAT SCAN ROOM - MORNING

Bill goes through the cat scan.

EXAMINER

Looks like a calcified lymph node. That's what you get for being alive.

INT. RAVENSWORTH APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

(It's 1995. Bill lives in a one bedroom with two separate alcoves around the kitchen. His PS1 computer is in the alcove near the window. He's on AOL. He finds a story about NIH. Then he gets a phone number off a floppy disk file. He calls it on desk phone.

BILL BOUSHKA

OK, Dr. Granby, what is the word on my getting a copy of my NIH records as a patient?

DR. GRANBY

Well you own your records. We just need to look at your reasons for wanting to revisit them. A lot of people find it painful.

BILL BOUSHKA

I called them "god damn MP's".
They said, nothing to be ashamed
of.

DR.GRANBY

You seem to have done pretty well.
But I was told you are doing a
book?

(Montsge: Aug. 1994 Bill has lunch in Sterling CO, in a family restaurant with signs about cattle mutilations, while he reads a news story about a gay man in Army basic being beaten up when on pass. He drives across Nebraska, and stops in Scottsbluff. He stays in a motel in Cheyenne and a young buy in a Marine Corps uniform beckons him to the room. End Montage)

BILL BOUSHKA

I decided to write my book on gays
in the military. I saw one more
story in a local newspaper in a
Waffle House in Colorado, and that
made up my mind.

DR.GRANBY

Pardon me for asking and your
telling, but did you ever date
girls?

BILL BOUSHKA

My father -- and he's gone now --
used to say, one day blue eyes
confuse you. They didn't. But I
tried it for about eight months or
so in 1971, before leaving home for
good, or for 16 years. One young
woman, call her Suzie, was OK on
men who "have the personality". I
took her places, walked on the
street side when we went to see
"Sunday Bloody Sunday". We went to
see the last game at RFK the
Washington Senators ever played,
when they forfeited when the fans
ran out on the field. And then I
stopped. I came out to myself in
1973 once I had gone to the New
York area. And one day I
encountered her, married to an
obese man. By the way, do you have
a final diagnosis. I remember
something about compulsion.

DR.GRANBY

It says schizoid personality.
That's not schizophrenia. It's more
like an aversion to intimate
relationships that are real to
others.

INT. RAVENSWORTH APARTMENT - EVENING

(A week later)

Bill opens a cardboard box package from NIH and finds a loose-leaf assembly of about 200 mimeographed handwritten records of his 1962 stay at NIH, which names all the other patients.

He walks back to the alcove with his computer, and brings up a paragraph with the subtitle "Therapy 101" and mentions NIH.

INT. NIH CLINICAL CENTER WARD 3W - AFTERNOON

(July 1962) Bill's parents wave goodbye and walk away down a long hall, from Bill's room, which is windowless with green painted cinderblock.

Bill is beckoned to the men's room, where he empties his pockets of nose spray and rolaids, and has to shower immediately, with an attendant watching.

(Later) Bill is playing some of his own music from a console piano in the solarium.

INT. NIH CLINICAL CENTER WARD 3W - AFTERNOON

(August 1962)

In a family art therapy session, Bill has drawn a watercolor of a mountain, Popo, in Mexico.

BILL BOUSHKA

My friend Michael says he almost
fell one time there. One rock held
him.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Bill and his cousin used to draw
filmstrips like in sixth grade.

BILL BOUSHKA

You thought it was baby play. I
think I have a few strips around in
a closet.

John, however, balks at being expected to draw in front of others.

(Some time later).

Bill's parents watch from a sofa while the patients have a ping pong tournament in the main day room. Bill wins the tournament by letting other patients lose their temper and male wild slams.

INT. NIH CLINICAL CENTER WARD 3W - DAY

Bill sits with his parents in a small conference room with his parents and a DR. CABRERA as facilitator, in family therapy (but not family art therapy).

BILL BOUSHKA

Yes, I was on a hike in the northern Shenandoah this weekend and got called out by my own friends.

DR. CABRERA

How so?

BILL BOUSHKA

They said I was interrupting them. It seemed like grade school. Like I have slid back. In Ninth Grade, Bill is slipping. Very funny. Sometimes I just feel I want to be dulled. I even feel like I'm tiring of music.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Have you let go of all of his fantasy stuff?

DR. CABRERA

John, please.

BILL BOUSHKA

I kind of told, well Dr. Bendix. But here there is supposed to be some miraculous mental cathartic and then I am supposed to be normal?

INT. BOUSHKA BASEMENT - EVENING

October 1962. Bill has unpacked and set up his new Voice of Music stereo system.

He notes the documentation says that the tracking force is 6 grams, the stylus 0.7 mil conical diamond.

He puts on the Westminster recording of the Mahler Seventh. Even though it is a mono record, a sense of stereo fills the room.

INT. GWU STUDENT UNION - EVENING

Bill gets a quick dinner in the cafeteria before an evening Physics class.

A black-and-white television shows John F. Kennedy addressing the nation about the new Cuban Missile Crisis.

Simultaneously, Bill's parents watch the same speech in their living room.

JOHN BOUSHKA

We might never see him again.

INT. NIH CLINICAL CENTER WARD 3W - DAY

Bill and other patients are having a hot turkey sandwich lunch.

BILL BOUSHKA

So none of you, even the nursing staff, have heard about what is going on on the Outside?

NURSE

What can we do about it anyway? The president will protect the country.

BILL BOUSHKA

We'd be the last people to survive if something happened. Nobody here is fit to join the Army. Or get drafted.

INT. NIH CLINICAL CENTER WARD 3W - NIGHT

(Oct. 30 -- world has survived)

Bill snuffles and blows his nose and uses the saltwater sprayer. From the next room he hears a scream

NURSE (O.S.)

Or else you get it in the muscle.

INT. BOUSHKA BASEMENT - DAY

(Christmas Day, 1962)

Bill has gotten his first stereo records. Both are Angel recordings with Klemperer. He puts on the Mahler Symphony #4 in G, and notices with the woodwind opening stereo effect from his VM for the first time. (The other recording is a Beethoven Ninth from 1957).

INT. NIH CLINICAL CENTER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

(early January 1963).

Bill and his parents sit at a table with Dr. Cabrera and Dr. Shapiro.

BILL BOUSHKA

I don't think this is doing me any more good. There's still barely time to go full time to GW spring semester.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Would you want to go to work instead, or at the same time.

BILL BOUSHKA

I talked to a gray-haired lady at the Labor Department a month ago, before night class. She gave me the 'You've never worked before' thing. And she said she knew what was going on in this, well, asylum. She even named some names if the patients.

(Montage: Show the woman and the conversation; end Montage)

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

I have to say the occupational therapy was interesting. Spinning flasks of urine from people with cancer. Being told their prognosis is not good.

JOHN BOUSHKA

And your handling their objects, their guilty remnants.

BILL BOUSHKA

It's interesting here. The men seem more intact than the women, because you had to choose the men from a college population. The women were supposed to become dependent and bear the kids. That never would get me excited.

DR. SHAPIRO

That's what you think it's about.

BILL BOUSHKA

You know I'm compromised as to manliness. You call some of it the external trappings of a man, or even male swagger, but it's also about physical strength and function. I just don't have it. But you seem to be testing me to see if I will take 'the best I can do.'

EXT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM IN DC - AFTERNOON

Bill takes a Civil Service test in a group. One of the questions involves manipulating threads with his fingers.

I/E. NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS VAN NESS CAMPUS - DAY

(July 1963)

Bill starts work as a lab technician, full time, arriving by bus on Connecticut Ave. In the lab he works with an oil bath and a viscometer which he has to clean regularly with benzene and acetone. He writes results down in a notebook.

He walks over to another brick building to have his medical.

He fills out a medical questionnaire and comes to a question about psychiatric treatment.

DR. PINCOCK

So specifically were you hospitalized for.

BILL BOUSHKA

It's not supposed to be mentioned.

DR. PINCOCK

Well, you can't work without a satisfactory medical.

Can I call home a moment.

Pincock hands him a black rotary phone. Bill dials phone.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Hello.

BILL BOUSHKA

I'm taking the physical. If I'm to go to work, I have to tell them the exact reason I had to leave William and Mary and become an inpatient at NIH. They seem to know what it is.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Well, then, you don't have a choice. That's what we warned you about. Pinning a label on yourself.

Bill turns to the doctor.

BILL BOUSHKA

To put it bluntly, I told the Dean of Men, when called in during the middle of Thanksgiving Weekend, that I viewed myself as a 'latent homosexual'.

Pincock writes it down longhand.

PINCOCK

OK.

INT. NBS RHEOLOGY LAB - DAY

Bill is cleaning a viscometer when the desk phone rings. He picks up.

PHONE VOICE

Pincock approved you, no problem.

Bill walks over to resume cleaning the viscometer, twists it too hard and breaks it.

INT. GWU CAMPUS CORORAN CHEMISTRY LAB - EVENING

Bill has his lab notebook open, and there is a mimeographed page that reads "There are no makeup lab sessions for this class".

He respond to another student.

BILL BOUSHKA

Yup, when I was in high school I was afraid to light matches. And I spilled bromine on an index finger once.

Bill is setting up some beaker apparatus. It falls and breaks. He reaches for it and cuts the palm of his hands. The lab instructor walks over and immediately puts direct pressure on the wound.

INT. NBS RHEOLOGY LAB - AFTERNOON

(near 2 PM, Nov. 22, 1963)

Bill is writing up results in his notebook when his boss, Herb Goldberg storms in, past his own network of oil vats, and turns on a radio on his desk.

HERB GOLDBERG

The president has been shot.

Then the announcement of Kennedy's death comes across the radio.

I/E. BUS ROUTES IN WASHINGTON - LATER

Bill gets off one bus and waits for a 2-V at an island on K St, filled with people.

INT. BOUSHKA BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

(Nov. 23, 1963)

Bill listens to the Adagietto of Mahler's Fifth Symphony as played on WGMS through the Zenith radio downstairs.

I/E. FORD GALAXIE TRAVELING DOWN 17TH ST WASHINGTON - AFTERNOON

(Nov. 24, 1963) Bill with his mother and dad, dressed in Sunday clothes, have left the First Baptist Church at 16th and O and are heading down 17th, crossing K St. The car radio is on. It bellows out "He's been shot", as the family hears the execution of Lee Harvey Oswald by Jack Ruby as it happens by radio.

EXT. BUS STOP IN ARLINGTON - MORNING

(May 1964.) Bill waits for an inbound bus on Washington Blvd (2 lanes) near an amateur softball field when a dog dashes across the boulevard from a pink house across the street and bites him through the trousers on the left leg.

INT. ARLINGTON HOSPITAL EMERGENCY CUBICLE - LATER

An INTERN cleans an area of Bill's leg while a nurse gives a shot.

INTERN

It might scar if we don't do stitches.

BILL BOUSHKA

Please do not.

JOHN BOUSHKA

We have the address. I already called the homeowner. We can make sure the dog wasn't rabid.

BILL BOUSHKA

Well, I'll go back to school full time, one more time. That will make me feel better. And no bathing suits.

On a chair nearby Bill notices a Washington Post with a story about the lynching of Schwerner, Goodman and Cheney in Mississippi.

I/E. BUS TRIP TO RICHMOND FOR DRAFT PHYSICAL - DAY

(Sept. 15, 1964) Bill rides to Richmond for a draft physical with many other young men. In the mass examination room, there are people he went to high school with.

As he passes the mental evaluation station, he checks yes to a history of psychiatric issues and to homosexual tendencies.

INT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

(Spring 1965)

Bill is taking his first organ lesson from 18-year-old organist WILLIAM EVERETT and learning the B-flat prelude and fugue by Krebs (aka Bach).

WILLIAM EVERETT

I can get here from Peabody in 45 minutes. I know where the police are!

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE FRONT PORCH - EVENING

(Spring 1965)

Bill, Michael, and several other friends from high school play chess on little tables set up, with Bill's father's master homemade chess board and two other boards.

BILL BOUSHKA

Oh, 4-F, from that "medical advice" thing.

MICHAEL JEFFS

Yeah, you really played sick. This isn't funny. LBJ is playing up the draft calls.

JIM SAGE

That whole Tonkin thing was a stunt.

At that point, Bill, playing with the white pieces, confers a smothered mate on Jim.

MICHAEL JEFFS

Warning. Bill's a lot better than he was in high school.

BILL BOUSHKA

Started going to the GWU chess club in the fall of 1964, right after Tonkin.

JIM SAGE

But that's a pure coincidence, right?

BILL BOUSHKA

Yeah. It's a kind of combat. Finally playing .500 ball even in USCF tournaments.

(Montage: typical hotel ballroom chess tournament scene with standings on the wall, Bill playing a game. End Montage)

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

But you've started grad school.

JIM SAGE

Yeah, mathematics will keep me out of the draft. It's fun to explain why living on a sphere isn't the same as living inside a torus. And I get to have students.

BILL BOUSHKA

That's in the midwest, right.

JIM SAGE

Yeah, KU. Lawrence. And the teaching assistantship is rather fun. It gives me unearned power.

ACT 3

EXT. FORT JACKSON SC BCT CAMP - NIGHT

(April 1968) Bill Boushka walks guard duty in fatigues with M14 rifle at right shoulder arms. It's very quiet out.

BILL BOUSHKA (O.S.)

It would be good for my parents to come, for pass weekend.

INT. HAMLINE CLASSROOM - EVENING

(Feb. 25, 1998) OLDER BILL BOUSHKA stands in front of class on crutches, with an outline of his lecture in chalk on the green board. There is a class and the lecture is being videotaped.

OLDER BILL BOUSHKA

"I was thrown out of the College of William and Mary after two months in the fall of 1961 for telling the Dean of Men that I thought I was a latent homosexual. The arguments that were used were the legal risk to the college from invasion of privacy of other male students in the dorm. Well, where have we heard those arguments recently, well, from Sam Nunn and Charles Moskos when Bill Clinton tried to lift the ban on gays in the military. 'They have no privacy.'

INT. AIRPLANE PASSENGER CABIN - DAY

(Feb. 1, 1966) Bill sits in a plane at Dulles waiting for it to take off for St. Louis.

NARRATOR BILL

This was the day I left home, for good. Oh I would come back a lot. But, from now on my parents would never again be involved in my day-to-day life and would not feel as affected by what I might say or do. Yet there would be outcomes, results, that would span years, decades, for what had happened that Thanksgiving weekend.

Bill gets off the plane on the tarmac, retickets, and rides a bus to National, where he finally takes off. He passes through Chicago O'Hare, flies over snow fields, lands in KCMO, takes a bus and then a cab to a new dorm room on top of Mt. Oread at KU in Lawrence. He would have an hour or so to himself in room 907, looking west over fields past Iowa street.

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

I was actually nervous when I taught my first "remedial algebra" class late that first afternoon. I took three classes. The transition to graduate school academics was not easy, but I eventually clicked. It was the teaching that became the controversy. I gave tests like the ones I was used to having to take all my life. I caught a guy cheating.

INT. KU DORM ROOM - DAY

(March, 1966) Bill sits on his bed in underwear as he shows the student the test paper he thinks was copied from another student.

NARRATOR BILL

I went home for spring break and saw my new organ teacher after the service in the vestibule and played around with some more Krebs.

INT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH ORGAN VESTIBULE - DAY

After playing a little postlude.

WILLIAM EVERETT

So you're taking organ at KU

BILL BOUSHKA

Not as much fun as with you.

WILLIAM EVERETT

Huh. You know, I heard your parents were very big in getting this sanctuary built.

BILL BOUSHKA

Yeah. It's kind of their life.

WILLIAM EVERETT

It benefits you.

BILL BOUSHKA

You know, I may have said I'm a Tchaikovsky, but I graduated just one semester late. With all that happened. In grad school.

NARRATOR BILL

I enjoyed the ride back to KC on a Sunday afternoon. But on Tuesday morning I was called into the department head's office. Actually it had been an appointment.

INT. KU MATH DEPARTMENT HEAD OFFICE - DAY

Bill wanders in.

DR. PRICE

Well, we have some bad news for you.

NARRATOR BILL

They had a replacement instructor for my class immediately. OK, I stepped on somebody's toes.

I/E. TRAIN STATION BONNER SPRINGS KS - DAY

Bill boards a train, gets off at Union Station in KCMO, and walks over to a barracks-like building above a military recruiting station. He spends the night in the barracks and the next morning gets another physical. This time there is no question about homosexual tendencies.

EXAMINING PHYSICIAN

We see you were examined in 1964.

BILL BOUSHKA

Under the circumstances, a 4-F would make it hard to have a civilian career.

EXAMINING PHYSICIAN

Yeah. Just a history of psychiatric advice in the past. I don't think I've seen anyone ask for a retest like this. Well, I guess you'll be OK now. Or almost.

INT. MEN'S DORM KU LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

The 9th floor lounge has a TV with access to two hallways. There is a partition to completely separate from a girls' wing. (On the ground floor there is a sign-in desk for the girls' elevator but not the boys, who have two.)

Bill dials his parents collect.

JOHN BOUSHKA (O.S.)

Hello.

(split the screen to show parents; dad in den, mother in kitchen)

BILL BOUSHKA

Well the tests are harder. It's a but rocky. But I got a second draft physical back. Had to go to Kansas City overnight and stay in barracks. Let's say, if there was war, I could have to serve.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

There's war now.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Maybe not completely real yet.

BILL BOUSHKA

I guess I'd better settle down on these tests.

(Back in his room, a paper that reads "22/40, D" on top of a partial differential equations text. Nearby there is a parental handwritten letter, "We are proud of you.")

JOHN BOUSHKA

Everything's settling out. We should hear about your summer job at David Taylor Model Basin any day.

NARRATOR BILL

But really, things started to go much better. Grades on tests I took improved as I figured out what the prof's wanted on tests, the grad school learning curve. The next year 66-67 I would work as a computer programmer on a GE for professors to earn my assistantship.

(MORE)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

And I would get a second shot of teaching the fall of 67. Call it forgiveness. But a lot more adventures would happen. Ten days before Christmas myself and five other grad students drove an in-transit car all the way to San Francisco, Seattle, and Vancouver before I flew "home".

(Montage: Bill driving at night through Donner pass in California while the radio plays "chestnuts over a roasting fire".)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

The following year, I took a bus through the SW to Los Angeles and stayed with Jason again.

I/E. PASADENA CAL - EVENING

(Nov 1967) Jason drives through the Pasadena tunnel as Bill rides.

JASON DEGROM

As for the war, I think we should be there.

BILL BOUSHKA

I'm 1-Y.

JASON DEGROM

So you, well, denied Jesus. I kept my 4-F with the asthma.

INT. DE GROM HOUSE - EVENING

Bill, Jason, and others are enjoying Thanksgiving leftovers from a self-serve table.

MRS. DEGROM

So you really will go after a Ph D in math.

BILL BOUSHKA

Well not chemistry.

MRS. DEGROM

That seems so wise. We knew you would.

Bill grmaces.

In a parlor room, John plays the scale theme from Bill's first sonata.

JASON DEGROM

That's how I knew, Bill, just this theme.

BILL BOUSHKA

Now that dad gave in on the stereo, I can indulge on postromantic fare when I listen.

JASON DEGROM

You must get a finished Mahler 10th then,

BILL BOUSHKA

Even better would be to finish the Bruckner 9th.

NARRATOR BILL

And so I progressed toward the inevitable. A third draft physical right after Thanksgiving and it turned up 1-A. The Army had stopped asking.

INT. ARMY RECRUITING STATION - DAY

Bill sits relatively still in front of the recruiter.

ARMY RECRUITER

95%. If you let yourself get drafted, you'll get combat arms. That's where they need men. About 90% you'll go to Nam for a year.

BILL BOUSHKA

In grad school I hear guys say that if they get maimed, they won't come back. They wouldn't even want to have funerals.

ARMY RECRUITER

I've heard the chess pawn sacrifice argument. Sounds like you believe it.

NARRATOR BILL

So U got to make up some final exams, that could send some boys to Vietnam if they flunked out.

(MORE)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

I typed out a master's thesis, on a chemistry typewriter, not quite like writing a book. And I had to take master's orals.

INT. CLASSROOM STRONG HALL KU - DAY

Bill is proving the Liouville theorem on the board and getting hints.

After the session and a 15 minute wait in the hall

PROF HETHERINGTON

You passed! But, I had to defend you! I told them that in two weeks you would be in the service.

BILL BOUSHKA

You should have seen the handwritten note on my dorm door after I got the 1-A. They were going to start making me into cannon fodder Feb. 1.

NARRATOR BILL

The next days were a period of transition indeed. I gave a couple of finals, and took them with me on the bus as I rode out to western Kansas to spend a couple days with my final roommate, an Ayn Rand fan, I finally finished grading them in a barn silo on the farm, had to be careful not to lose them. Then I rode back, and finished the final grades in the dorm room, closed up, walked them over to Strong Hall, took my gear, a cab and bus, and flight back "home".

INT. S-W CAFETERIA DC - DAY

Bill has Sunday dinner with his parents and family friends.

MR. MCGINNIS

So if we had forced bussing, you say, you'd have to waste time, couldn't do well in school.

BILL BOUSHKA

As it was I kind of scraped by to my Master's Degree in Math.

(MORE)

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

I could focus on myself. With the loss of time, loss of academic standards, I'd be as vulnerable in this Vietnam war draft as anyone.

MR. MCGINNIS

I saw he news broadcast of the Tet Offensive last Wednesday.

NARRATOR BILL

My self-appointed departure comes. After an evening of chess games and Haydn's last symphony, I boarded a bus for Richmond to enlist for two years. I got there too late and got put up in the Jefferson. I even saw a last movie, "Valley of the Dolls". I had a roommate who showed up late, and whose chest bore a horrible scar which he said came from spilling sulfuric acid in a chemistry class. Like me, he wanted go get out of Nam, to serve without serving.

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

Next day I was sworn in, as RA1937756. I had a supper at the Greyhound bus terminal with a guy who actually said he joined the Army to get some pussy. I remember the ride down, past Fayetteville, the signs saying how far to Ft. Jackson. This is all detailed in my books.

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

I remember our getting off the bus and getting siphoned to different places and getting breakfast at 2:30 AM. As a "college grad" I spent an hour supervising men stamping name plates. We got to bed at 4:30 AM just as we heard over loudspeakers men were leaving for Fort Gordon.

I/E. FORT JACKSON SC BCT CAMP - DAY

Show a montage of typical BCT activities, especially the PT activities like horizontal ladder, which Bill can't do properly yet (arm over arm), as well as low crawl;

then DC activities and rifle cleaning; getting up at 3:30 AM for KP, and getting up randomly for guard duty,

Then there is a day on the rifle range. With coaching, Bill's ears ring from coaching his buddy's shots in the foxholes (simulate). Finally Bill gets sick and is in the infirmary. Then he leaves and comes back to base, and at chow is called into the company commander's office.

There are several men in fatigues sitting in the waiting room.

CAPTAIN BOLIN

At ease. OK, what I have to communicate is what happens when you go to special training and then recycle.

NARRATOR BILL

Yes, I was going to PT platoon, at least not motivational platoon. Upon arrival there, we got the mother of all pep talks from the company commander (Blackwell) of STC, decrying those who wanted immediate discharges. I was indeed in a pit that I would have to climb out of. I got called in to an interview with a young psychologist who was attractive! We slept in tents, not barracks. Every Tuesday we took the PCPT. We also got KP. On the last Sunday of March, I heard LBJ's speech that he would not run while cleaning a grease pit.

I/E. SPECIAL TRAINING COMPANY AREA - EVENING

(April 4, 1968, after MLK was shot.) Men are tidying up in the common mass latrine and washing area.

BILL BOUSHKA

What gives.

ANOTHER SOLDIER

Red alert. We might have to ride into Columbia as a show of force.

INT. PT AREA OF SPECIAL TRAINING COMPANY AREA - MORNING

Bill is next in line to do the "hip" exercises on a crued pulley machine.

CAPTAIN BLACKWELL

Soldier.

BILL BOUSHKA

Yes sir.

CAPTAIN BLACKWELL

I see you applied for a direct oommission during your orientation based on your degree. Well, a board will interview you April 23. So you'd better get yourself out of here.

NARRATOR BILL

I passed the PCPT the next day with a 317. Ran the mile in 7:36. Was now doing the horizontal ladder properly.

INT. SPECIAL TRAINING FIRST SERGEANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Bill talks on a rotary phone. Mother is on her kitchen phone.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

I think we put the thesis in the top drawer in the twin bedroom. Give me the mailing address.

BILL BOUSHKA

You'll have to send it to the Special Training Company address. I should pass this test tomorrow and they'll forward it.

The sergeant nods.

EXT. SPECIAL TRAINING COMPANY AREA - DAY

Bill finishes the mile run in combat books.

DRILL SERGAENT

7:18.

BILL BOUSHKA

Good thing this isn't the Marines and we don't have a swimming test.

NARRATOR BILL

So I finished the last six weeks mostly without incident. Well, once on KP a soldier asked me how many jobs I had been fired from -- zero -- and on a brutal detail day a civilian threatened me with an Article 15 to ruin my life. But seriously, on a Tuesday morning in week 6 I got to put on dress greens and low quarters and do the interview for the Direct Commission, take a special bus and miss a morning's PT.

INT. FORT JACKSON INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Bill stands tall, with his black bound Master's Thesis on a chair nearby. One of the three interviewers is black.

INTERVIEWINT LIEUTENANT

So tell me, did you ever try to run for student council, or something like that?

NARRATOR BILL

We soon qualified on the rifle range with the M14, and I scored sharpshooter. We did tear gas chamber, bivouac, and night infiltration.

(Montage: show the night infiltration with rounds over the soldiers in low crawl, about 30 seconds.)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

We had a beer party and softball game after passing the final PCPT and G3, marched for graduation in khakis, and had orders for Fort Myer VA. I took a bus 'home' the next day.

I/E. BOUSHKA HOUSE - MORNING

Bill surveys his record collection in the basement, now a little larger, climbs upstairs and goes outside, well dressed and properly groomed in his khakis and low quarters. He gets in the car and his father drives him the three miles to the Fort Myer gate.

Once there he has a cafeteria breakfast and then rides an Army bus to South Post, a collection of barracks in a field next to the Pentagon.

NARRATOR BILL

And so I spent the summer on the E Ring, on the West Side, looking at reports of force levels for combat, combat support, and combat service support. But I often snuck over to the library and read simulations of nuclear attacks on cities like St. Louis.

INT. SOUTH POST BARRACKS - MORNING

Bill is dressing in khakis while "Those were the Days my friend, I thought they would never end" plays on another soldier's radio.

The BARRACKS SERGEANT marches in and the men freeze.

BARRACKS SERGEANT

Last night, Robert Kennedy was assassinated in Los Angeles at a hotel.

NARRATOR BILL

We tended to act as if nothing would affect us. Conversations among the enlisted "01E20" MOS persons (mathematician) suggested that "lifer" military people often looked for opportunities for war, particularly with the idea that a strong conventional force, even conscripted, was an indirect deterrent to nuclear war. I started developing a reputation on the chess board. I finally set up a rated match with a local player I new from GWU and attracted a crowd for the game on a small stage in the rec building.

INT. FORT MYER RECREATION BUILDING - DAY

A swarm of a dozen men, and Bill's father, watches as Bill and an opponent play a tournament game on the stage, and Bill, playing White, wins a bishop in the Nimzo-Indian opening and his opponent resigns.

NARRATOR BILL

But in late August, right after all the demonstrations in Chicago at the Democratic Convention, I started getting calls from an Spec4 in personnel about an upcoming transfer. I presumed it had to do with a top secret security clearance and my history. Right after Labor Day I got a call that I was being transferred to Ft. Eustis, VA., ten miles SE of Williamsburg and WM.

I/E. FORT EUSTIS VA GROUNDS - DAY

A sergeant picks up Bill and takes him to a low-rise office building in the Combat Development Command Transportation Agency where he will "work". The eyebrow barracks are a few hundred feet away across a pine-wooded field.

NARRATOR BILL

Although I was 170 miles from home, I still went "home" many weekends. But my life became more "separate" and even less "transparent" to my parents. That's not the same as a "double life", a concept that would come up soon. I had a car, The Galaxie. I started going to the local chess club in Newport News, and directing tournaments on post. I finally got "orders" for the Armed Forces championship at Fort Meade, MD, next to the NSA. There were small details. My secret clearance had to be renewed, and that required a rubber-stamp interview with a young base psychiatrist. Everyone did his part.

There were smart people in the barracks, a guy from Berkeley who called himself Rado Suhl, but I had a moonfaced roommate named Oscar, who made innocent fun of me by imitating Tiny Tim and tiptoeing through the tulips (in Holland).

EXT. ORKNEY SPRINGS VA SHRINEMONT RETREAT - DAY

(Last weekend of June, 1969) Bill notices a discarded Washington Post newspaper mentioning a gay riot in New York City the night before, on the way to a softball field.

He bats first in the top of the first inning. There is a hedgerow fence around the field about 250-300 feet from home plate. He swings at the first slow pitch and pulls it to left. It barely clears the fence near the line for a homer.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE - AFTERNOON

At 4:17 PM EDT July 20 Bill watches the Moon landing images with his parents on a new color TV.

He then drives the Galaxie back to duty at Fort Eustis.

At about 10:20 PM he and other men from the barracks watch Armstrong exit the spaceship onto the Moon on a small color TV in the day room of the barracks.

INT. CHESS TOURNAMENT IN NEWPORTNEWS VA - EVENING

(Early Dec. 1969) Bill is paired against the Armed Forces Champion from last summer. In a messy position from a King's Indian, Bill, playing white, sacrifices his Queen, wins it back by a mate threat with an extra Bishop. The champion resigns the game and leaves. People clap.

I/E. FORT EUSTIS VA GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

(Feb 7, 1970) Bill, in civilian clothes, drives out of the barracks parking lot (near a softball field) and heads for the gate. He turns on the radio in the Galaxie and the music playing is the song "Without love I am nothing at all."

I/E. PRINCETON ARMS GARDEN APTS NJ - AFTERNOON

(Feb 21, 1970) Bill walks from his car around the building. A male cat follows him into his apartment, upstairs. Two delivery men follow immediately with a mattress.

Upstairs, other movers are unloading boxes. The piano is already in place.

Bill's parents start feeding the cat, as Bill goes to the bedroom and unpack his records and stereo.

(Later) Bill drives his parents to the Princeton Junction Train Station.

NARRATOR BILL

The next morning, a Saturday, the late winter sun through the blinds woke me on my first ever morning in my own apartment as now a 26-year-old adult.

(Montage: Bill at Princeton Labs, Bill at Indianapolis plant, Bill in Cherry Hill, Bill talkin trains to NYC, Bill playing in more tournaments.)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

Well, RCA had a company store that made buying records cheap. Seriously, I had done a technical interview in December, with my thesis, and this was the best job, I thought. "Operations Research Trainee". The idea was that rotated among several plants for a year and needed to get a permanent offer at one of them. We had some theoretical production models, which would be nothing in today's languages, but which were slow to do on the clunky keypunch mainframes of 1970. So I never got anything done. Socially, it got weird. We had to pay for a second apartment with a per diem, which for single people was less than for married. Red flag. Married men would brag to me about how they gained weight once married and carried on bad habits, like cigarette smoking, which I pointed out makes you go bald in the legs, and dissolve into a disembodied nothing.

I/E. BELLAIRE OHIO IMPERIAL GLASS FACTORY - DAY

(Late 1970) John Boushka talks to his boss CARL GAINES at one end of the factory floor.

CARL GAINES

Yeah, we'd like you to start training someone to take over the manufacturer's rep business by the middle of next year.

JOHN BOUSHKA

We're going to talk about terms.

CARL GAINES

Well yes.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Still working off the second mortgage for the church.

CARL GAINES

So your own family. Would your own son want to take over after learning to do this?

JOHN BOUSHKA

He's a little anxious about securing a permanent place at

CARL GAINES

RCA?

JOHN BOUSHKA

I don't think he would welcome what selling is all about. Think about it. He's never seen me making cold calls. The sales culture is out of sight.

CARL GAINES

You've always had a bit of a double life. He's taking after you.

NARRATOR BILL

Indeed, the year didn't work out, and in February 1971 I had the only layoff of my entire career, until after 9/11 three decades later. Fortunately, a chess player at GWU had an inside track for a programming job GS-11 at the Washington Navy Yard where he already worked. So I came back to northern VA. I rented an apartment in Arlington. I recall a blatantly racist comment by the female rental agent, but at the time I looked out for number 1. I increasingly did more car or airline trips on my own, to California in the summer of 71 and Europe in the summer of 72. Meanwhile (well, Mother became the great lady in another book on the den shelf):

INT. WILLIAMSBURG INN BALLROOM - NIGHT

(Sept. 1971) Margaret and John are dressed up for John's retirement party, with Gaines as MC. Eugene and Loretta Smith escort the Boushka's around the crowd.

LORETTA SMITH

Bonnie wound up at UNC. She's got a family herself in Asheville.

EUGENE SMITH

It looks like the Senators really became the children now.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Oh, yes, we lost our team.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

It's funny, I took Bill to his first baseball game ever.

EUGENE SMITH

And now he wanders.

CARL GAINES

He does his own thing. More young people do that now it's the 70s.

I/E. RFK STADIUM - NIGHT

(Late Sept. 1971) Bill escorts SUZIE, a date, toward the exit, as fans run out onto the field, forfeiting the Senator's last game to the Yankees when they were ahead, as Washington will be without baseball.

NARRATOR BILL

I had two heterosexual dating "partners". Suzie I took out about seven times, paid her way, and walked on the outside of the street when we went to see "Sunday, Bloody Sunday". Lucille, well, had a basement apartment, and that's all. She would need to find a husband. That's still how things were. I thought my parents knew I had actually been dating women for the first time. In the mean time, I had actually talked to a realtor about a split-level house in PG County, part of which could be rented out, maybe.

INT. EXTERIOR OLDER HOUSE PG COUNTY - DAY

(Early 1972). Bill is driving his dad in his Ford Maverick, actually washed but not simonized. He parks in a one-lane driveway.

BILL BOUSHKA
So what do you think.

JOHN BOUSHKA
You can't be serious. What do you think you're doing, buying a house yet, for nobody?

INT. NAVAL SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

NAVAL INTERVIEWER
Mr. Boushka, have you ever been approached with a blackmail threat?

INT. EURAILPASS TRAIN - DAY

(July 1972). Bill looks outside as the train slows as it passes a sentry point of the visible East German border and then speeds north.

NARRATOR BILL
I took my first overseas trip, a charter where everybody smoked on the plane but me. Landed in Frankfurt, took the train north. Spent a week in Norway, and got as far north as Kiruna Sweden. I had dinner in an odd hotel bar, the Reso Ferrum, because an iron mine is there, and a man tried to pick me up. Foreshadow. Even in early August, the sun hardly set.

INT. BILL'S ARLINGTON APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

(Late Aug.) The apartment has been arranged simply, with a small stand with phone near the bath hallway, with the stereo system to its right toward the living room. Bill arrives home from work (after the trip) and almost immediately the white phone rings.

BILL BOUSHKA
Hello.

MR. DYSON
Hello, this is Bruce Dyson from Univac, sounds like I got a hold of you.

BILL BOUSHKA
Just walked in. Ready to change.

MR. DYSON

Could you hop on a plane next Wednesday? We'd like to have some site reps here in northern New Jersey.

NARRATOR BILL

Just like that, I was on my way to leave home -- that is, live in a different city again, and this time I would do so for 16 years -- New Jersey, NYC, then Dallas.

I/E. CALDWELL NJ - DAY

Bill settles into a new apartment, with a new Pinto, drives to downtown Newark to provide support to a utility company using mainframes. He often starts going into NYC on the Path in the evenings.

I/E. NORTHERN NJ SKI RESORTS - AFTERNOON

(Dec. 1972) Bill takes his first GLM ski lesson, then and then drives to Newark, where hit sits in on a meeting of the People's Party of NJ.

GIRL IN CHARGE

And we demand a maximum income of \$50000 a year for any person, and confiscation of all inherited wealth.

MAN IN CHARGE

And we will not hesitate to start revolution. Now will anyone who makes more than \$5000 a year raise their hand?

I/E. LOWER EAST SIDE MANHATTAN - EVENING

(Jan. 2, 1973) Bill picks up a gay guide magazine near a subway stop on Lexington Ave. On another excursion (Jan 28 1973) he visits an MCC service in a warehouse near Times Square.

MCC PASTOR

We had a church burned down in Los Angeles last night. We will have to raise money for it. We fly out tomorrow.

NARRATOR BILL

I wasn't quite ready to join up. I'll mention that this January church fire in 1973 would be followed by a better known bar fire in New Orleans in June of that year. I was working on setting up customer benchmarks at work but started feeling intrigued again. I saw an announcement for a gay talk group on the West Side, the Sunday before leaving for a brief business trip to south Jersey for training.

I/E. GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE - DAY

(Feb. 18. 1973) On a cold windy Sunday Bill rides a Bloomfield Ave. bus all the way across the GW Bridge across the Hudson, and takes an A train down to 96st st and finds his way to the apartment building, rings an intercom doorbell, and is let inn. Once in the apartment, he encounters a group of six middle aged men all wearing sweaters.

SAM HENLIS

Yes, it's easier here because we don't have a doorman who knows who's coming in.

BILL BOUSHKA

What kind of men do you feel attracted to.

SAM HENLIS

Older. That surprises you?

(Montage: Bill rides back, packs up, drives down to his motel 40 miles S down 287, The following weekend, he drives up to Vermont and skis Killington to celebrate his "second coming".)

I/E. UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH MANHATTAN - AFTERNOON

(Sunday, March 11, 1973). In late afternoon, Bill paces around the block and finally enters the gay bar, and gets into the goodie line ("free buffet").

I/E. GAA 99 WOOSTER STREET MANHATTAN - EVENING

(March 18) After watching a dance and meeting, Bill races out into the cold, happy with himself.

NARRATOR BILL

So, away from home, I had taken the agency to come out to myself, for good, a "second coming". Soon I would travel more, for benchmarks to Minnesota. I would take vacation in Colorado and then a COBOL programming course at the Univac training center in Tyson's Corner, VA (near home, but stay in hotels), ironically taught by friends from the Navy department how had previously left for Univac, paving a path of independence for me, I thought.

I/E. MONTCLAIR NJ UNIVAC OFFICE - DAY

(Sept. 1973) Bill, in a tweed suit, sits in front of a manager.

MR. MEANEY

That's what we said. You have three months to sell yourself to the branch. Otherwise we would at least want to find a transfer. You just don't have a marketing profile.

INT. MANSION IN MORRISTOWN NJ - NIGHT

At a talent show for GAA Morris County Bill plays an original piano piece composed while living in NJ, called "The Waterfall".

INT. ROYAL MANHATTAN HOTEL TIMES SQUARE - DAY

(Oct. 1973 Bill sits in chair in a hotel room with his father. The television is on but sound turned off and there are headlines about the Arab oil embargo and growing gas lines.

JOHN BOUSHKA

They want me to come back and sell again for a while. The trainee didn't work out too well. I'll help. Three more years on the mortgage.

BILL BOUSHKA

I didn't know.

JOHN BOUSHKA

It was for the new sanctuary. And then the Roger Williams stained glass window.

BILL BOUSHKA

Well I got to find another job in Univac. Just talked to one of their defense contractors on Long Island Saturday. Been there before. I stayed in this same hotel the first night working for RCA in 1970. You know my life has changed again since moving away. I really am gay.

JOHN BOUSHKA

I suspected it was true all along. You gotta be careful. They'll have you followed.

BILL BOUSHKA

I don't think they really do that for the security clearances any more. As far as blue eyes confusing me, or getting near breasts arousing me, or creating the desire for intercourse, the way you put, it didn't happen.

INT. YMCA HOTEL DC LOBBY - EVENING - FLASHBACK

(1935) YOUNGER JOHN BOUSHKA passes the front desk. YOUNGER MARGARET BOUSHKA waves.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

The postman left a letter in the wrong stall.

Margaret hands John a letter with heading "First Baptist Church".

(Return to scene)

INT. ROYAL MANHATTAN HOTEL TIMES SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

JOHN BOUSHKA

I felt the confusion immediately. You don't. It takes a while.

BILL BOUSHKA

And you started dating. High school friends would tell me it changed their lives. They really felt close. It wasn't real to me.

JOHN BOUSHKA

I guess you settled down now. But we started dating. But it was five years before we married. I kept it inside. In those days, you didn't have your own real place in the world until you got married.

NARRATOR BILL

I got the transfer, to a different division, supporting benchmarks. The Montclair branch just wanted me gone. A development job actually coding would be better. I moved about 30 miles south, to Piscataway, near New Brunswick. And I wound up spending the early part of 1974 working on benchmarks in Eagan MN. The benchmark ended about the same time as the gasoline crisis (even as suits "Licorice Pizza") I even went out to the Badlands in a rental car, then came back and spent a weekend in the Y in NYC so I could catch up with the Ninth Street Center before I came back to the apartment. At home I found a letter from my father scolding my desire to remain close to a group of "radicals" and imagining the threat of blackmail.

I/E. CUSTOMER SITE NORTH OF NYC - DAY

(Summer 1974) Bill drives to the site while listening to Watergate hearings on his car radio.

Inside, he gets a call at his desk.

MIKE E.

Hello, Bill, I'm glad I tracked you down. You called and asked about a job with NBC?

NARRATOR BILL

So, starting the Monday after Nixon resigned and flew away from the White House, I went to work for NBC as a computer programmer, developing stuff rather than selling. Since NBC still belonged to RCA that canceled the old layoff, and benefits resumed. I was able to move into the City, in the Cast Iron Building in the Village. That enabled me to focus on my own quest for intimacy. That's the double life part of the deal that I have mentioned. But in terms of being an adult, this was the first job where I grew a lot, because I installed a system (general ledger) and had to be responsible for it when it ran, myself. Having your life on the hook got actually doing your job is a penultimate growth experience.

INT. NINTH STREET CENTER BASEMENT NYC - EVENING

(Fall 1975): Bill is finishing off a serving of chicken aspic and prattling, as he relieves some tension by looking back at a NYTimes headline "Ford to City, drop dead". He then gimps to the back of the room, into the kitchen, fighting off the smoke, washing dishes, as a "side sink man".

I/E. UNDERSTANDING SAUCER-CITY HQ IN TONOPAH AZ - MORNING

(Oct. 1976: Montage: Bill drives there from Phoenix and settles in, having a private room in one of the saucer buildings.)

Bill and JIMMY SIKES, 16, explore some old ruins on the desert grounds. Later they listen to DAN FRY, 66, tell his story of hosting an alien, A-lan, in his home, in these grounds. There are copies of Dan's book "To Men of Earth" at the book bar.

That evening Bill, Jimmy, and others see a crystal shape in the sky on the eastern horizon, changing colors in fractal-like patterns.

NARRATOR BILL

OK, I had to focus on myself to focus on my own adult life.

(MORE)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

I enjoyed becoming a fallen male in a Club Baths. Some months later, I had the confidence to bring men home, one of whom said he taught "the history of consciousness" and was obsessed with a La Guarida airport bombing. The people got better. But I started expanding in other dimensions. From 1975 thru 1978 I flew to Phoenix Sky Harbor, rented a car, and drove to Understanding five times. It was cheap and easy to do that in those days, flying home after midnight with another passenger's cat in your lap. I did a quick visit to Jimmy's folks in the Valley in LA before Christmas 1976. We shared a room, at an appropriate distance. But when he drove me to the airport, well, I told him that I am gay after saying something like, "you guessed right". It's hard to restage that conversation, even in a table reading.

I/E. CHARLOTTE HORNETS BASEBALL STADIUM LOT - EVENING

(Summer 1977) John Boushka, Eugene Smith and LEROY JONES (young black male, well dressed) stop at a concession stand as Leroy buys the hot dogs and soft drinks, and migrate to their seats as a first inning starts.

EUGENE SMITH

I helped them reno this place.

LEROY JONES

Today all the new stadiums are the same, 330-410-330m symmetrical. I noticed that when I tried out in the minors. So, John, your son's idea of gifts based on the geometry of baseball or whatever didn't hold up. But we can sell simple things, like plates, with pictures of hoops or pigskins on them. Picnic stuff. But I do remember Wally. He started that little toy company and Richmond and you sold for them for a while right?

JOHN BOUSHKA

We tried it. Margaret thought it was all baby play. Lead to ostracism. Bill would get a C in shop in junior high and it still could make a business.

LEROY JONES

Could have been fun, to pretend to be a ballplayer. Chess may be better for that. But you had to keep selling.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Looks like the large volume stuff, the Thanksgiving dinner sets, the wedding reception settings, all that, is all moving again. Lenox, our new owners will like it. No more worries about bankruptcies.

LEROY JONES

Yeah, here back East. When I did the mountain states, like the high desert, I find people take to the smaller novelty stuff.

EUGENE SMITH

That's where John came from, right.

JOHN BOUSHKA

In the roaring twenties, I worked my way back to the midwest. I could philander a little. It felt like the only way to be independent. I guess Bill is getting that now, in his own way, in New York. Hell of a place though.

LEROY JONES

One thing I remember Wally said about baseball. The Senators never did well, you know, Griffith Stadium and DC Stadium, because of racism. The family didn't care.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Bill may have been right about that.

INT. STEVENSON OFFICE FOXHALL ROAD DC - DAY

Dr. Stevenson completes an exam on John's belly.

DR. STEVENSON
It's pulsating, Mr. Boushka. You
have an aortic aneurism.

INT. BRADFORD NATIONAL CORP COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Bill is working on a terminal when a coworker calls him to a
phone.

NARRATOR BILL
I changed jobs in 1977, to get
experience specifically with IBM,
to be more solid on the job market,
and I wrote the entire reporting
system for New York State Medicaid
MMIS, with plenty of lunchtime
sandwiches bought by the state. I
was getting into a dating
situation, whose nuances are off-
limits for a story like this one.

BILL BOUSHKA
Hello. Did the month-end finish OK?

MARGARET BOUSHKA (O.S.)
Bill, this is Mother. Your father
is having major surgery tomorrow.
Can you come home?

INT. NORTHERN VA DOCTORS HOSPITAL ARLINGTON - DAY

Bill sits at some distance from his father, lying in bed.

JOHN BOUSHKA
Yeah, it's gonna be around five
thousand. These life saving
surgeries you don't have a choice.

Bill approaches, with hesitation.

JOHN BOUSHKA (CONT'D)
You know, when I finished college,
I meandered back East. Did the
manual labor, found out what it was
like to become a man. Took a long
time, even to meet your mom, in the
Y downtown, Washington.

INT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH BALCONY - DAY

(A Sunday morning in early 1978 when Bill is "home" on a weekend.) Bill sits next to his father in the balcony as President Jimmy Carter teaches a Sunday School lesson, the Divorce Chapter.

I/E. MOJAVE DESERT LOCATIONS - DAY

(December 1978) Bill relaxes as Jimmy, now, 18, drives toward Morongo Valley.

BILL BOUSHKA

That's Tuesday morning. Interview with Blue Cross Southern California.

JIMMY SIKES

I'll be a good thing. After the fiasco last October, Understanding in Arizona will probably have to move here.

BILL BOUSHKA

You can run it.

JIMMY SIKES

You can write The Areas of Mutual Agreement. Get published! You know, I wanted to apologize, my dad was a little bit gruff in asking you to take the motel.

BILL BOUSHKA

I can certainly get it.

JIMMY SIKES

My dad recognizes your unusual name. He thinks my grandfather worked with him in the oil fields, I think Ventura, in the late 20s. There was an accident. An explosion.

BILL BOUSHKA

My father would complain about loud music because had a perforated ear drum.

JIMMY SIKES

Mine did to. It was an odd thing.

BILL BOUSHKA

He might have been working his way through college. He went back to the midwest and started selling, I think before the Depression.

NARRATOR BILL

I wound up having a followup interview in Dallas Wednesday. I remember the call to my apartment when I got back to the Cast Iron Building. "We'd like you to come out."

I/E. EL PASO AREA - DAY

Bill takes flights from JFK to DFW and to El Paso, and tours the area the next day, driving once into Juarez, then going up to Alogomordo, where Dan Fry had experiences his "epiphany". He flies back to Dallas Sunday night and starts his new job in the Zale Building on Stemmons the next morning.

NARRATOR BILL

I had decided to leave a crumbling NYC and own even more of my life in the Sunbelt. I had an interesting personal affiliation in 1978, that had created its own inner drama, outside the scope of what I can get into here. It had provided a hidden warning of what would happen a few years later. Leaving NYC may have saved my life. The new job turned out to be problematic, because we were designing, and not implementing. I had to wait three months to get health insurance because I had a history of "psychiatric treatment". The six Blue Cross plans fought each other in a grandiose fantasy. I was losing a sense of responsibility at work, but personally my life entered new areas. I traveled, going to Hawaii, Alaska and Yellowstone, seeing St. Helens from the air. I took in a homeless person for three months, first time I had ever done that. O wrote my first short story, about strip mining.

INT. DALLAS GARDEN APARTMENT - DAY

(Spring 1979) My parents visit, using the second bedroom, with its rollaway sofa, as the room. A few days before, I had been rear-ended in my new Chevette on one of the inadequate entries onto North Central Expressway. I had exchanged numbers with the driver.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

While you were at work, a man called and asked if you had enquired about flooring.

Yup, my parents had no clue how I handled my normal affairs.

(Later): John (father) picks up an old John Thompson lesson book from the top of the piano and notes the gold star on one of the pages, and easy transcription of "Ode to Joy". With Bill looking on, John points.

JOHN BOUSHKA

There was a first time for me.

NARRATOR BILL

In the fall of 1981, the project had collapsed, but fortunately I had a good lead from exchanged lists to go to work for Chilton, owner of credit bureaus. I would eventually get back to coding and supporting production, and that would become very important.

INT. SIKES HOUSE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY CA - AFTERNOON

(Dec. 1981) Bill sits next to Jimmy in a spacious living room with the wall decorated many of his drawings and woodcuts of the desert, including of the Tonopah colony.

BILL BOUSHKA

Yes, I've gotten used to flying to California for the weekend without its even being long. My father always said I should spend some of my life out west, like his started.

JIMMY SIKES

You think your dad played around.

BILL BOUSHKA

He never said for sure. But I don't think he arrived at the Y in DC selling for Imperial until about 1933. Some time in Chicago. But a lot of time to hitchhike among gigs, meet people and move one.

Bill lets his arm slide around Jimmy.

JIMMY SIKES

So you've finally got your arm around me.

Jimmy grabs Bill's extended right wrist with his left hand.

JIMMY SIKES (CONT'D)

You've even got a little hair. More than me. Too many UFO encounters for me to grow up. You know, I've seen those stories in the paper. A few cases of that gay cancer. I guess my father wouldn't let me do this if he were here.

BILL BOUSHKA

You're 21.

INT. FULLER HOUSE, VA - AFTERNOON

Christmas dinner, 1981, Bill is with his parents at a family friends' house, the Fullers. The Smiths are also there (Bill slept in the den, the Smiths used the "convenient" twin beds.) They are in a downstairs family room. There's the usual white phone on a stand but lots of decorations.

MR. FULLER

With Goodwin in, what do you think will become of the church?

JOHN BOUSHKA

He wants us to be more, well, flexible.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

And willing?

MR. FULLER

Like college freshmen going to hazing.

JOHN BOUSHKA

You knew about that.

MR. FULLER

I went through it.

BILL BOUSHKA

I skipped out on it. Maybe that's how the trouble started.

JOHN BOUSHKA

In my day we couldn't, even at Berkeley.

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT HARVEYS FOYER - DAY

(Spring 1983. There is a copy of a Time Mag. with a cover "The public health threat of the century") Bill finishes typing a letter to the "Dallas Doctors Against AIDS" on his Radio Shack TRS-80 and prints it out on an Okidata dot matrix. He stuffs it into an envelope and affixes a stamp.

NARRATOR BILL

I became the guy asking all the clinical questions in the Dallas Gay Alliance information forums. I got used to looking at my skin for lesions. "If it goes away it isn't AIDS." My own doctor did a biopsy of a trunk spot on my 40th birthday. It was negative. In 1985 I took the test. Negative. I could stay in the clear after eight years of tricking. All of this after earlier skirmishes about sodomy laws and police harassment of the bars. Now, there were new threats of enhanced sodomy laws and banning of gays from practically everything. I worked alone, on my computer, outside the channels of group activism and suspect classes. Dallas Gay Alliance got mad at me for going solo. As the politics settled down a bit by 1985, I started getting back to doing conversions, this time of their monthly billing, and putting them into production. And being on the hook if anything went wrong.

INT. STEVENSON OFFICE FOXHALL ROAD DC - DAY

(Monday after Thanksgiving, 1985) John and Margaret Boushka sit in front of the doctor.

JOHN BOUSHKA

Yes, one more slight dizzy spell at the Richards' house for Thanksgiving. After a little mince pie.

DR. STEVENSON

The lab report says you have an aggressive form of prostate cancer. It's invasive and it suppresses your immune systems, almost like AIDS would. What we usually recommend is remove the testes and even administer DES, which is a kind of estrogen.

JOHN BOUSHKA

This is right out of the Modern Home Medical Adviser on our attic steps. I used to get after Bill for getting his education from it.

Margaret taps him.

JOHN BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

I mean, really, no.

He starts coughing, hacking.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

He's always done what he wanted. No matter what else happened.

I/E. NORTHERN GEORGIA - DAY

Early December 1985 -- Bill tours around in a rental car and visits Springer Mountain, south end of the Appalachian Trail, then returns the car and flies to DC National (now Reagan). His mother meets him

MARGARET BOUSHKA

You got here just in time. Daddy's in the hospital. He was sick with a fever yesterday and the doctor let him come home. But this afternoon he started coughing up blood. So we went right to the emergency room.

INT. ARLINGTON HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A resident takes John Boushka's blood gases with a puncture on his wrist.

RESIDENT PHYSICIAN

Not too good.

JOHN BOUSHKA

You got your own knittin in order.
You can't fool around ...

BILL BOUSHKA

I'm negative for the virus. I
should be fine. And the work. We
put in a conversion for year end.

NARRATOR BILL

I flew home that night to my
"\$39990" condo. I hung around
Dallas for Christmas. Dad was moved
into my bedroom at the house
because he had tuberculosis (maybe
the other bed). Mother was told he
was immunosuppressed by the
prostate cancer itself. I kept
running the parallels at work of
the conversion. On Dec. 30, he went
back to the hospital again to be
given DES, which is a female
hormone. He still refused radical
surgery as unacceptable morally.

INT. ARLINGTON HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

(Around 12.05 AM January 1, 1986) Margaret turns off the TV.
John lies in bed, with an iv and oxygen.

JOHN BOUSHKA

I wonder if Bill partied with his
people tonight.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

He had said, he had to support a
shift New Years Day.

JOHN BOUSHKA

So Bill's finally a grownup. And I
made it to a new year. Once more. A
birthday maybe?

INT. PLEASANT GROVE DALLAS CONDO - NIGHT

(Jan. 1, 1986, 3 AM) My bedroom has a king, across from the typical clothes closets, and looks out onto the driveway and car. The units are two-bedroom townhomes with both bedrooms upstairs. The back bedroom has been used as an office. There is a large white noise fan on the inner side of the bed, and a white phone on a stand. It rings.

BILL BOUSHKA

Hello.

MARGARET BOUSHKA (O.S.)

Bill, Daddy died a little while ago. They called. He had a seizure. I was there until midnight and he said he made it to the new year.

BILL BOUSHKA

Well, I have an elevation to monitor today. But I was going to come tomorrow. I can just keep the plans I had made.

About an hour later the phone rings again.

CHILTON HELP DESK (O.S.)

Mr. Boushka, the extract step just got a S0C7. Is that yours.

BILL BOUSHKA

No, mine follows. But I think I know what probably caused the abend. It happened last month too. I can be there in 40 minutes.

NARRATOR BILL

And so I drove the 10 miles in, to the computer center in Oak Lawn, patched a file for a data problem, and then supervised my own elevation. I vindicated my own independence as an adult, I thought, working the day my father died. "Oh, I am sorry to hear that". I heard a lot of that.

EXT. ARLINGTON BOULEVARD CEMETERY - DAY

(Jan. 4, 1986) Bill, his mother, and many others stand outdoors in breezy cold sunshine. DR. GOODWIN hands Bill a closed Urn of ashes to place on the ground.

BILL BOUSHKA

Perhaps I am still in the phase of life my father was before he met my mother, living in the Y in which she worked, not accepting the limits of the depression that had covered them up in the 1930s. Or perhaps I did have to find a new way to become independent, even if that meant a double life.

NARRATOR BILL

That spring I became involved in the buddy program at the Oak Lawn Counseling Center. I had felt inspired by one particular man, Rodney Ayres, a flight attendant, who had recovered completely from Kaposi's sarcoma. But one Saturday morning he had taken a setback, and showed up with iv's on his forearms, and purple patches covering his legs, the hairs growing through them. I did not put myself into this as much as some other men, but two of the men whose homes I had visited died. One of the parents had the temerity to say to volunteers, "don't you see what you have done?"

INT. PLEASANT GROVE DALLAS CONDO - DAY

Bill helps his mother move around the old furniture and computer stand and unfold the tweed sofa as a bed. A few CD's fall to the floor in the commotion.

BILL BOUSHKA

We'll do the Arbuckle Mountains tomorrow.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

You still seem to get around all the time.

BILL BOUSHKA

I've got those early days in junior high school to make up for.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

I remember, you wouldn't go to France in Ninth grade because you were always afraid of getting sicj and the spitups.

BILL BOUSHKA

I outgrew that. Even through, you know, what's happened.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

AIDS.

BILL BOUSHKA

Nothing to worry about. There was then. I actually got sick a couple times that summer, before we had te softball games in the back yard. And remember, I got called in by the nurse for, say, an unkind comment about another student. In the middle of all that.

(Montage: show the report card, a quick flash of teen Bill being balled out.)

NARRATOR BILL

Mother came to visit twice during my remaining months in Dallas. Previously, we had done our largest implementation at Chilton, at one point setting up a conference room for comparing daily print reports in a month-long parallel. In the meantime, hero Rodney succumbed to AIDS. But work became higher pressure, as a big merger approached. Finally in the spring of 1988 I decided not to stretch my luck and took a new job with a smaller health care consulting company back in DC.

I/E. OAK LAWN HEALTH FAIR - DAY

(June 25, 1988) Bill wanders through an open air demonstration at the Village Station on Cedar Springs, with young men doing stress tests with electrodes attached.

NARRATOR BILL

Three days later I closed up my Pleasant Grove condo of 3+ years, packed up (after movers) and drove back "home", with two motel stops on the way. I lived with mom for three weeks until I could start a lease on a small highrise in south Arlington. I would make less. My life downsized. But in a few years it would rebound with an opportunity truly ironic, and oddly testing for mother.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING K-ST AREA WASHINGTON - MORNING

(July 5, 1988) Bill's first day of work starts with a meeting. The scaled-back environment of a small company is shown. There are individual offices but just two dialup terminals and two local printers.

NARRATOR BILL

This job would give me an introduction to micro-business. There were just 16 employees, but the ownership was tied to BCBS of Virginia. The idea was to extract Medicare data for reports to sell to political lobbying groups, often based on hospital groups. A consultant had developed a model in mainframe COBOL, which I took over. There were two instances when I saved the business. Once occurred when a client challenged our results and I was able to see the mismatch in a government supplied formula and the computer code the government itself had used. The second time occurred when we had a minor merger and I had to physically transport all the tapes in my own car from a data center in Richmond. Physical custody of data and hardware would become part of my own later life in a few years. Bemused by the remains of the AIDS epidemic I actually had little social life during that period. I decided to make a change at the start of 1990 and it got interesting quickly.

INT. BILL'S SOUTH ARLINGTON HIGHRISE APT - EVENING

The apartment has a living area (he put the twin bed along the wall separating from the kitchen), then a partition, to a second area with his AST Research computer and then the walkin closets and bath. He is about to retire when the phone rings.

MARGARET BOUSHKA (O.S.)

Bill, can you come over tonight and spend the night?

BILL BOUSHKA

You're OK?

MARGARET BOUSHKA

I thought I heard a prowler.

Bill did not go.

EXT. PA TURNPIKE - DAY

(Dec. 23, 1989) As Bill, driving his mother to Ohio for Christmas weekend, approaches the Allegheny Mountain tunnel.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

We always thought you would meet a nice girl and, well, finish.

INT. SENIOR CENTER OBERLIN, OHIO - NIGHT

(Dec. 25, 1989). After the extended family watches "Sound of Music" AUNT JUNE and AUNT FRANCES retire to a temporarily shared room in their apartment (with a view of the Appollo Theater). Bill goes up the stairs one floor to stay in June's room. There is a view of a church and part of the College campus from the room.

NARRATOR BILL

Then, in mid January 1990, my penultimate job change happened. I would work for USLICO corp right back home in Arlington, one mile from the "house", four miles from a high rise near I95 in south Arlington, overlooking the Army-Navy country club, with the Pentagon just out of sight.

(MORE)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

The company emphasized selling life insurance to military officers but had other LOB's like salary deduction plans for employers. It got pretty lively at the start of 1991 with the Persian Gulf War. I had a lapse of attention working on the SD apps that took up a lot of attention through the end of 1991 but was still good at picking up production problems like at year end.

I/E. PA TURNPIKE - DAY

(July 1991) Bill drives his mother home from Ohio. She has a cast from a broken ankle. AUNT JUNE rides in the back and will take care of mother.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Yes, I stepped out of bed and stumbled.

JUNE DAVIDSON

And a week of special care.

I/E. MILWAUKEE WI - DAY

Bill drives a rental car downtown Milwaukee near the old mill buildings. On the car radio:

KEITH MEINHOLD (O.S.)

Yes, I am, in fact, gay.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

And it doesn't affect your work.

KEITH MEINHOLD

I want to be the best submarine hunter in the Navy.

INTERVIEWER

Especially around the Strait of Hormuz.

INT. LAMBDA RISING WASHINGTON - EVENING

(Sept. 1992) Bill stands in line to get the book "Honor Bound" by Joseph Steffan signed.

BILL BOUSHKA

You're going to Oregon to speak
about the state constitution
amendment to declare homosexuality
depraved?

JOSEPH STEFFAN

It would be unconstitutional

INT. COMFORT INN CHARLOTTE NC - NIGHT

(Sept. 1992) After a stop in Virginia at a supposed UFO site,
and a visit to a spa in Charlotte, a drive past NationsBank
downtown, and a quick trip to look at the neighborhood where
the Scotts live, he settles into his room with Steffan's
book, then "High Frontier", and turns on the big TV. Steffan
is being interviewed by a reported about gay sailors.

JOSEPH STEFFAN (O.S.)

We just want to be treated like
everybody else.

Bill then drives to the Scorpio with its sunken parking lot.

EXT. PA AVE IN WASHINGTON DC - DAY

(Jan. 20, 1993). Bill stands in line as Bill Clinton's
inaugural motorcade drives by.

INT. BILL'S SOUTH ARLINGTON HIGHRISE APT - EVENING

With a take-home terminal on a card table and the TV beyond,
Bill solves a nightcall abend from work. On television

SEN. SAM NUNN (O.S.)

Because our men and women in the
Armed Forces don't go home at night
like you and I do. They have no
privacy.

INT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OFFICES - DAY

Bill walks with DR. GOODWIN after church.

DR. GOODWIN

Your dad was right, when he was
around. The older people in the
church don't like the new freedoms.

BILL BOUSHKA

He became supportive gradually
after WM but would backtrack, and
so would mother.

DR. GOODWIN

I think your parents set a good
example for other couples,
especially those with fewer kids.
How to stay together as things
change, and they inevitably do.

BILL BOUSHKA

So I think you will enjoy Joe
Steffan's book, and his definition
of honor.

I/E. NORFOLK NAVAL BASE SUBMARINE QUAY - DAY

(May, 1993) Bill surveys the gunmetal subs, than walks over
to gangplank enter The Sunfish. There is a sign, "No
Political Stickers". He walks down the gangway, with other
tourists, and sees the quarters. They have refreshments
(chocolate cake) and Bill plays one of the sailors a five
minute chess game and loses.

He then visits several other ships.

I/E. CONDO GARDENS MYRTLE BEACH SC - DAY

(Memorial Day, 1993) UNCLE LEONARD drives Bill to the golf
course.

UNCLE LEONARD

I was lucky. When I hit Normandy
Beach most of it had been cleared.
A lot more of us were lucky than we
realize.

BILL BOUSHKA

You understand, I had to see this
for myself. What it would look like
to live in a submarine.

UNCLE LEONARD

It doesn't come up when you're
fighting.

BILL BOUSHKA

It didn't even come up in basic at
all.

INT. BILL'S SOUTH ARLINGTON HIGHRISE APT - DAY

(June 1993) Bill types his "White House Letter" on his new IBM PCC and prints it on a laser, proofs it, and places it in an envelope and stamps it.

INT. CAPITAL PRIDE PA AVE DC - DAY

(June 1993) Bill volunteers in the SLDN tent and hands out pamphlets.

INT. USLICO OFFICE CUBICLE AREA - DAY

(late June 1993) Bill is examining the output of his production jobs online. A coworker ELIJAH YTUBY comes by with a signup sheet.

ELIJAH YTUBY

Hi, Bill, can you help us out with the blood drive?

BILL BOUSHKA

For me, that's a challenging thing to ask for.

ELIJAH YTUBY

How so?

BILL BOUSHKA

You should know. Some of us are not allowed to give blood.

INT. ANNIES STEAK HOUSE WASHINGTON - EVENING

(July 5, 1993) Bill and Dr. Goodwin have steak dinners.

DR. GOODWIN

Yes, I delivered the letter up to the White House. OK, I had to go through an intermediary.

BILL BOUSHKA

I still think accepting the idea that most servicemembers at home have private lives is the way to go.

DR. GOODWIN

I've heard a buzzword during my dropoff there, "don't ask, don't tell, don't pursue".

BILL BOUSHKA

I like the "don't pursue".

DR. GOODWIN

As if that were enough. There's this idea if not wanting to be connected to someone you thought was morally inferior.

I/E. EASTERN COLORADO - DAY

(Aug. 1993) Bill, stopped in Sterling CO (known for cattle mutilations), buys a camera, then a local newspaper and goes into a Waffle House. In the newspaper he reads a story about a gay serviceman beaten in a local bar near a military base.

After lunch he goes to the rental car, drives it into Nebraska, west to Scottsbluff and hikes some trails. Then he drives to Cheyenne and stays in Radisson.

At a regular bar next door he sits next to a man in a Marine Corps uniform reading the same story.

BILL BOUSHKA

Don't mean to pry, but I saw that story.

MARINE OFFICER

Bill Clinton started this. Maybe he meant well. We can talk about this back at the motel. I saw you checking in.

BILL BOUSHKA

I came here on vacation to poke around about the rumors of UFOs and cattle mutilations, like Oui Magazine in 1974. But, yeah, I've decided to write a book about the military ban. In a way, my own story fits in.

NARRATOR BILL

No, I didn't go with him, he wasn't my type. I would drive past Laramie the next day, where four years later the horrible Matthew Shepard kidnapping and murder would happen. I drove around Wyoming and Colorado for a week before returning home and immediately learning USLICO would get bought, which was good for me.

(MORE)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

The morning of the merger announcement, I would mail a piece about the Joe Steffan story to a local gay paper. Then around the office there were signs "Change Is Good".

INT. CONDO GARDENS MYRTLE BEACH SC - DAY

(March 1995) Margaret arrives to take care of uncle Leonard, who is now on oxygen.

UNCLE LEONARD

When he was here he talked about borading a submarine in Norfolk.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

What for?

UNCLE LEONARD

I spent a lot of time fighting WWII. He hasn't spent his until now. I'll have to remember that.

INT. USLICO OFFICE CUBICLE AREA - DAY

Bill meets with LARRY BOLT, a manager of a division that manages an accounts payables system.

LARRY BOLT

Yes, you're right, Drew's position is open. What you're doing here seems OK, you don't even make an underwriting decisions about customers. You don't have direct reports. So your politics, even in public, shouldn't matter.

BILL BOUSHKA

I suspect the book will take a year to do. But after that, it might be a good idea to transfer to Minneapolis, where there is no connection to the military.

LARRY BOLT

Well, actually if you work for me, you will work on a system that handles accounts payables from military members, like everyone else.

BILL BOUSHKA

But I do get different experience.
It will make me more attractive
like eighteen months from now in a
new environment.

NARRATOR BILL

I did get the writing going, with
chapters about the expulsion, then
the time in grad school first. And
I did the minor transfer to Larry's
crew.

INT. BILL'S SOUTH ARLINGTON HIGHRISE APT - MORNING

As Bill makes an instant oatmeal and yogurt breakfast, the
kitchen phone rings.

MARGARET BOUSHKA (O.S.)

Well, Bill, Leonard's gone.

BILL BOUSHKA

It has been four weeks. House is
still OK. That old trunk from KU is
still in the attic. Looks like

MARGARET BOUSHKA

He was complaining about severe
chest pain at 3 in the morning.
When the ambulance got here, he was
already gone. I'm weary.

BILL BOUSHKA

So you want me to pick you up.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Yes, tonight. I'll call you at the
office. They'll probably do the
service in Ohio.

NARRATOR BILL

I fixed a simple problem with the
AP system that my predecessor had
been fired over, and continued to
work on the book. In time I had the
main parts of the story, from my
expulsion to involvement in DADT,
in three chapters, plus four essays
as part 2, and sent them to a NYC
literary agent.

(MORE)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

When I got his edit back, it took it with me on another west coast trip, Seattle again, and interviewed several people involved in fighting the ban, and went over the edit while having meals in restaurants and bars. Later, I drove down to Virginia Beach and visited Dirk Selland; while he read my manuscript, I played with the dog in his yard.[SHOW] Then, I found out that the person I replaced had sued my employer and new boss for racial discrimination.

INT. USLICO SUPERVISOR OFFICE - DAY

Bill sits in his boss's chair with a good view of summer in Ballston (1996). He is talking on the speaker phone (door closed) to the attorney.

BILL BOUSHKA

So you see why I took the transfer. To publish the book properly I need to not be working for this division.

ATTORNEY-1 (O.S.)

What to you do if this goes to trial?

BILL BOUSHKA

Probably wait. It's still in proofreading now.

ATTORNEY-1

We'll have to ask you to do a deposition. This may go to trial.

I/E. BOUSHKA HOUSE PORCH - DAY

(1996) Margaret cleans the windows to the kitchen from the porch. She stands on a small stool. It gives way and she falls and screams. She crawls to the front door, which is open and all the way to the bedroom, to call and ambulance.

INT. USLICO OFFICE CUBICLE AREA - DAY

Bill gets a call.

ANITA (O.S.)

Bill, we had to look through your old room to find out how to contact you. Your mother fell on the porch and is in the hospital, having surgery.

INT. ARLINGTON HOSPITAL EMERGENCY CUBICLE - DAY

Bill sees his mother, sedated but somewhat alert.

BILL BOUSHKA

I've got a meeting, that SLDN group. But I'll be back in a few hours.

EXAMINING PHYSICIAN

Mrs. Boushka, we should be able to get you into surgery in about an hour. No hip replacement, just fix the femur head.

NARRATOR BILL

I got to the SLDN reception and when I got back she was in recovery. It got interesting the next day, a Saturday.

INT. ARLINGTON HOSPITAL PATIENT FLOOR - DAY

After talking to his mother, a Resident Physician calls him aside.

RESIDENT PHYSICIAN

Mr. Boushka, did you know the initial doctors found little fragments suggestive of breast cancer metastasis?

NARRATOR BILL

She did come home in a few days and Aunt June flew back from Ohio to take care of her for a while. I stayed in the apartment. Of course I ran the errands, the airports, the doctors appointments. But I got back to the book and work pretty quickly.

I/E. LAW FIRM 1996 MANASSAS VA - DAY

Bill is deposed in a law office filled with huge books.

ATTORNEY-2

So you did see Mr. Bolt punch into the wall sheetrock and create a hole.

BILL BOUSHKA

He was angry, but I didn't see what that came from.

ATTORNEY-2

From the diagram of the office that we have, your seat and terminal faced away. How did you even see it?

BILL BOUSHKA

Our jobs are not regimented. Not when we're salaried. Not when we do nightcall at our own expense. We don't even have a clean-desk policy, although I'm told we used to.

NARRATOR BILL

I can't say that the conflict of interest got into the official court testimony. But the judge dismissed it. From the way he wrote the opinion, it was clear he saw the plaintiff of making woke demands of special recognition because he was black. My being a white male made no difference. My being gay was not visible to others. Well, except for the blood donation thing. And for the fact that I never took family leave. Not even for Mother.

INT. USLICO HR OFFICE - DAY

(Dec. 1996) Bill sits in front of CONNIE JANE with a bamboo basket in his lap.

CONNIE JANE

What's in the basket?

BILL BOUSHKA

Well, this is a proposed manuscript of the book I expect to publish by summer. And so the question is, conflict of interest. Because our customers, according to our trademarked name, are military.

CONNIE JANE

I think I'll have to refer this question to Minneapolis.

NARRATOR BILL

In early 1997, I got on a subteam that was working on replications and interfaces for the acquiring company. I made several business trips and essentially interviewed for the transfer. In May, my mother had a hip replacement. Aunt June came back and helped take care of her but that took only about 10 days this time. By early July I had finished all the edits with the copyeditor and was ready to do a print run at a book manufacturer at a local airport in the Maryland suburbs. I reviewed the final print run at a hotel in Minneapolis on the last trip. I remember the flight home my 54th birthday, perfectly clear all the way. I also got a legal opinion letter that the production of books did not constitute a conflict of interest, but that was beside the point (SHOW LETTER)

I/E. BOOK MANUFACTURER AT GAITHERSBURG MD AIRPORT - DAY

(July 11, 1997) Bill has left work early, driven to Gaithersburg, looked at a sample book for corrections, packed boxes in his car. He drives the beltway, carries them to his apartment 1x1. He packs five of them into two manila envelopes, and drives them to a nearby post office.

NARRATOR BILL

When I gave the clerk the envelope with the copies for the Library of Congress, the book was officially considered "published".

I/E. PA TURNPIKE - DAY

Bill does the household move to Minneapolis. The first night he stays in June's apartment in Oberlin [Show]. The second night he stays in Chicago.

I/E. SUBURBAN CHICAGO - DAY

Bill gets pulled over for speeding on a wide street leading to I-90. The cop sees the pile of "Do Ask Do Tell" books in the back seat.

COP-1

You don't have any weapons or drugs with you?

He picks up a copy and reads some of it and lets Bill go.

NARRATOR BILL

So I settled into ReliaStar, the owning company, working on customer clientization. I lived a Skyway walk away in the Churchill. I enjoyed unpacking into a new life.

INT. LAKE HARRIET COMM CENTER - DAY

(Oct. 1997) At a Saturday afternoon booksigning party for self-publishers, Bill has a table and has sold a few authored copied of his book. ANTHONY SANDERS, 20, approaches and buys one.

BILL BOUSHKA

Yeah, you ran for St. Paul City council as a college student, right.

ANTHONY SANDERS

How do you like public speaking?

NARRATOR BILL

Things were on a roll. I had a nice Christmas back in VA. But on January 6, 1998, in the morning, the system hung at work while I was logged on. I walked over to the Tom Thumb, and turning on a wet floor to enter the store, I fell and broke my hip. Acetabular fracture. On Jan 8 I had a new kind of surgery. I did heal pretty fast.

(MORE)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

I did an interview in bed and got to pitch my book. In rehab a week later, I saw a man with two artificial legs walk for the first time, in an open room with a view of the Mississippi river (show). I got some attention and a ride home from a coworker, and got back to work in three weeks. Which brings me eventually to Feb. 25, 1998, when I gave my lecture at Hamline University. And reinforced the connection between gays in the military and my own history (RESHOW clip).

I/E. UNIVERSITY BLVD ST PAUL - NIGHT

Bill is driving back from the speech, crutches on the passenger side, in an low-traffic divided highway, when a police car suddenly pulls out and stops him. The officer doesn't say anything about the crutches when writing the ticket.

NARRATOR BILL

OK, 1998 went well. The book sold fairly well for a year. I took short trips, visited Roswell in April, completely recovered. In October I spent a long weekend in Chicago. Before I went, Mother called and said she had "arthritis" again, despite the hip replacement. I started to feel a little uneasy. In the meantime, I started attracting more attention by putting the book online. Congress passed a law, the Child Online Protection Act, a rewrite of the Communications Decency Act, which could in theory shut down all online speech like mine. I became a sublitigant with the Electronic Frontier Foundation. I was also somewhat active with the Libertarian Party of Minnesota with ballot access petitioning drives (SHOW), something I usually don't do in public. I went back to Arlington for Christmas. June came, and I slept in the den, as June took my old bedroom.

(MORE)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

We actually had a white Christmas in Arlington in 1998. As 1999 started, with talk of Y2K at work, things started to test me. On Sunday Feb. 28, I went to a house party for the LPMN after calling "home" and getting no answer. Then I came home.

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT IN MINNEAPOLIS CHURCHILL - NIGHT

The phone, on the arm of the sofa, rings.

LINDA ROSS

Bill, I had to take your mother to the hospital tonight. She was having chest pains. I thought you should know.

NARRATOR BILL

I would call, and she would stay about three days. They gave her blood thinners and sent her home. I went back two weeks later for a few days. I accompanied her to the heart specialist, who wasn't too concerned. She now said she felt, tired. For the first time, she hired housekeeping to come in once a week.

INT. BOUSHKA BEDROOM AREA - NIGHT

(May 3, 1999) Margaret winces in pain. But she is able to reach the phone. She fumbles around with the night light and barely punches Linda's phone number, all 10 digits.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Linda, I can barely move. A truck on my (coughs).

LINDA ROSS

Coming.

(30 minutes later)

Linda helps emergency personnel handle Margaret as she is taken to hospital.

INT. BILL'S RELIASTAR OFFICE CUBICLE MINNEAPOLIS - MORNING

Bill returns to his desk from an OOP class and sees the red message light blinking on his UFOphone.

LINDA ROSS (O.S.)

Bill, this is Linda. Last night around midnight I had to get an ambulance for your mother. She said she could hardly breathe lying in bed. So she has had a real heart attack.

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT IN MINNEAPOLIS CHURCHILL - LATER

Bill is on the sofa phone, across the room from his computer.

DR. CASTRO

I'm hoping we can do an angioplasty That would be simplest. You're sitting tight?

BILL BOUSHKA

Yes, for now.

INT. ARLINGTON HOSPITAL PATIENT FLOOR - DAY

Margaret rests more comfortably but hasn't eaten much of a lunch. James, Linda's husband, sits while Linda hovers a bit.

LINDA ROSS

You kept us in line when I had my heart attack.

JAMES ROSS

I drove down to Charlotte to pick you up and bring you back,

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Oh, Jim, you had to make yourself useful.

JAMES ROSS

Is Bill coming back. I thought he used to work for the same company here.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Huh. Bill's going to Europe next week.

JAMES ROSS
Reservations can be broken.

Dr. Castro walks in.

DR. CASTRO
The tests are coming back. Your
coronary arteries are really
brittle. They really want a bypass.

JAMES ROSS
And then?

DR. CASTRO
Let's give it another day. Your son
is moved away?

INT. ARLINGTON HOSPITAL EMERGENCY CUBICLE - DAY

(Next day). Castro and two other doctors assemble around her
bed.

DR. CASTRO
Mrs. Boushka, we really need to do
the surgery Monday morning.

MARGARET BOUSHKA
Or I'd be an invalid.

DR. CASTRO
Yeah.

MARGARET BOUSHKA
So what choice do I have/

DR. CASTRO
You don't have to make one. Neither
does Bill.

NARRATOR BILL
Castro called me shortly
thereafter. There was no demand
that I come back. But at the time
coronary bypass surgery at age 85
was relatively uncommon. I feared
it might have been predicated on my
moving back, invalidating the job.

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT IN MINNEAPOLIS CHURCHILL - DAY

(Monday noon). Bill has just returned to the apartment off
the Skyway and the phone rings.

DR. LI

Mr. Boushka, it went well. A little more bleeding than I expected. She's in recovery. She ought to be awake this evening. You can call then.

NARRATOR BILL

Indeed I did, and she gradually became more coherent with each call. The following Friday, the hospital suddenly moved her to a nursing home. That became controversial. The 10-day Europe trip happened as planned, and the last day was spent at Auschwitz. The last day was two flights to get from Warsaw all the way back to Minneapolis. I was able to arrange home health care from a distance and I had to "guarantee" the cost myself. I would visit in early June. James would have more crack at me to move back, and break what I had arranged as the conflict of interest avoidance agreement.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE DEN - NIGHT

While Linda looks after Margaret with the caregiver, James lectures Bill in the den, James seated on the loveseat.

JAMES ROSS

You have to get your company to move you back. You trust that, well, you know, to live with your Mother?

NARRATOR BILL

Well, I did. I went back to Minneapolis and resumed normal life in a few days. She needed the live-in (in what had been my bed) for about ten weeks, until late summer. Mother came to Minneapolis for Christmas for two weeks over the Y2K event, where I manned the cubicles at work as the calendar turned to 2000. She slept on the sofa and it worked out fine. I can skip in this narrative to Sept.

(MORE)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)
10, 2001, when I went up to the
33rd floor swimming pool and
watched the first ever game of
water volleyball. That night I
actually had a dream of a nuclear
attack on Washington, woke up, and
said to myself I was glad it was
only a dream. The weekend before
(Labor Day) I had been in Thunder
Bay, Canada, and gotten a bizarre
email on my laptop warning about 9-
11.

INT. BILL'S RELIASTAR OFFICE CUBICLE MINNEAPOLIS - MORNING

Bill closes two support tickets. Then a female coworker whom
he doesn't know appears at his cubicle.

COWORKER

A plane has struck the World Trade
Center, that we reinsure.

Bill goes down to the computer room and sees a picture now of
the Pentagon hit. He briefly goes back to the Churchill to
see the South Tower fall on television.

NARRATOR BILL

That day, our department went on a
day cruise on the St. Croix river.
Had a picnic. Didn't hear all the
bad news until we were on our way
back. That night I saw the film
L.I.E. in Uptown, and noticed gas
stations were lined up on the way
back. My job would last 93 days
after 9/11.

INT. BILL'S RELIASTAR OFFICE CUBICLE MINNEAPOLIS - MORNING

Bill is at his workstation when a message pops up "YOUR
ACCOUNT IS DISABLED PLEASE LOG OFF."

Bill's boss appears.

BOSS

Bill, we have a meeting.

NARRATOR BILL

I came out pretty well. Eight
months of severance. I could
retire. A \$10000 retention bonus
from last year. Outplacement.

(MORE)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

So I started the next phase. I spent 20 more months in Minneapolis and they were pretty interesting, as I worked on my sites and ideas for promoting the book, and went to California once and had more meetings about DADT. In April 2002 I took a part-time job raising money for the Minnesota Orch. Telemarketing. It gave me some stability. At the time it was not beneath my dignity because I could not afford it to be. I also worked as a debt collector, that was interesting. I drove "home" at the end of August 2003 and moved back in with "mother". So my adulthood from 1966 (37+ years, 26 of them out of the DC area) came to an end. I was at first very nervous about the website and books. Right after I got back, we had to deal with Isabel and power outages.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE - DAY

Bill has set up a work station in the basement on an aluminum table on an interior wall, paneled, near the workshop. Bill has a new Dell Tower with Windows XP. Early versions of McAfee crash the system.

Upstairs Bill finds a copy of his first book inside a drawer table. There is a bookmark on a page titled "A Warm Fall". The drawer is still open as Margaret enters the room and sits next to the table.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Well, ho hum.

BILL BOUSHKA

Un huh, I've gotta leave pretty soon for Richmond for the gala tonight.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

You got to keep a low profile. Stay away from the TV cameras. Now you say you are teaching.

BILL BOUSHKA

I don't have any authority to give grades.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

The kids will recognize you and make trouble.

Margaret looks at the open drawer and book.

MARGARET BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

I finally read your book. You still want to talk about this all the time.

BILL BOUSHKA

It kicked off my whole life.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

You shouldn't be talking about William and Mary. So many years ago. What about your family?

BILL BOUSHKA

Huh. I didn't have..

MARGARET BOUSHKA

Don't say uh huh all the time. I get it. You weren't up to what it takes. But, you know, your dad wasn't after that weekend.

BILL BOUSHKA

Yeah, William and Mary called you at the Smiths. In Charlotte. From Williamsburg.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

He stood by you. There was a time, you know, when I wasn't sure he could.

NARRATOR BILL

Well, I didn't add to it. First, I kept the site up, and Mother had no idea how to use a computer. I was concerned that the gratuitous nature of the site and book could create a security risk, attracting criminals or enemies to the house, maybe undermining the insurance. That never happened. I started looking for jobs. For I/T there were a few phone interviews for W-2 stuff, but that didn't go anywhere. At one point I almost became a postman, but the medical accident in MN got in the way.

(MORE)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)

I might have delivered newspapers at 3 AM in the morning and gotten carjacked, learned to live with the risks others took. But the most interesting episode was the substitute teaching.

INT. SCHOOL SPECIAL EDUCATION CLASSROOM - MORNING

(May, 2004) Bill sits in the back of a room as a variety of teens listen to a daily orientation. He is beckoned to go to another room where a teacher MR. PEEPERS and a couple of students sit at terminals.

MR. PEEPERS

We asked you to come on this field-trip, because we need somebody in the locker room and in the deep end at the pool.

BILL BOUSHKA

I don't swim.

NARRATOR BILL

There were two issues. One is that I had decided if I had publicly proclaimed my homosexuality online or in a public book, I should never take care of the intimate needs of children (like severely handicapped), by parallel to the military ban. But special ed could be assigned to anyone. The other thing that would happen was occasional complaints about lack of discipline, or "poor classroom management". A few times in middle schools there were problems. I did not set up a presence that would manipulate less mature students. I have no capacity to do that. I am not prepared to parent other people's children because I've never procreated one. I've never even gotten it up to do that. Of course, you can see, everybody should learn to babysit, right? Again, only child.

INT. ROSS HOUSE - DAY

(Thanksgiving dinner, 2006) Bill, his mother, Linda and James Ross, son Kirby, have passed the morsels family style in the dining room.

BILL BOUSHKA

Yes, I've started looking at my old music again, the sonata I never finished. Need to get a new keyboard. If I had thought of doing this sooner, the subbing might have worked out.

JAMES ROSS

How so.

BILL BOUSHKA

When I stood in front of that band class at Kenmore, I should have told them I composed music. Maybe that would have established more control of the class. I guess I played lazy on it.

KIRBY ROSS

That's where they have some Hispanics and blacks. If we hadn't integrated you might still be teaching.

NARRATOR BILL

I didn't play anti-racist on that one. Soon my mother's health would start its final decline, with a few hospitalizations. I would get calls for jobs -- some of them stupid, like selling sub-prime mortgages, and some of them things I arguably could have been expected to take -- become a tax preparer, starting at \$8.50 an hour. No, I kept the websites and actually made some money for a while, around the time of the financial crisis. That didn't hit us hard. In May 2009, I went to a concert by a new composer-pianist Cedric Ames, in Rockville. That was probably my last good night out.

INT. BOUSHKA BEDROOM AREA - MORNING

(May 22, 2009) Mother fidgets in the bed

MARGARET BOUSHKA
I'm upsidedown!

INT. BOUSHKA BASEMENT - EVENING

(Next evening). Bill is working on his Dell computer on his blogs when his cell phone buzzes.

DR. OESTERLE
Mr. Boushka. I did find a small blockage on the second MRI. We can certify she has a stroke.

NARRATOR BILL
So Memorial Day afternoon I drove her from the Virginia Hospital Center to the Jefferson, the high rise assisted living center in Ballston, where she was entitled to a Medicare-paid 20-day stay. She would have a room, with a clothes closet and bookcase and TV, a great reduction from a whole house. Linda brought a wardrobe for her. In the mornings there were group activities and memory exercises. In the middle of June she came home, and I had the owner of a caregiving company ready to come over and arrange the visits with me.

INT. BOUSHKA BEDROOM AREA - AFTERNOON

Mother lies in bed, and JANET HENRY stands over her.

JANET HENRY
We're going to help you feel a little better.

NARRATOR BILL
For her remaining 18 months we would have caregivers, first intermittently, then weekdays, then starting in September 2010, 24x7. I started getting out more again. Some independence was coming back.

(MORE)

NARRATOR BILL (CONT'D)
I would play Josh Gorban singing
"You Raise Me Up" on the car radio.
Yes, the doctors got their splits.

INT. NEUROLOGIST OFFICE - DAY

The neurologist, "just" an O.D., gives mother a mental acuity exam.

NEUROLOGIST
Who is currently president of the
United States?

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE LIVING ROOM PIANO AREA - DAY

(Summer 2010) (The living room no longer has the piano.)
Bill, his mother (in a wheel chair), and a caregiver BETTY,
and CONWAY (a manager from the caregiving company) meet.

CONWAY
Yeah, Bill, if she's on Aricept
now, she can't be left alone. There
must be someone here at all times.
Or Adult Protective Services shows
up.

NARRATOR BILL
Aunt June passed away in early
October 2010. I drove to Ohio for
the funeral and other arrangements
(SHOW) while mother had 24x7
coverage. The visiting nurses
started checking blood pressure and
oxygen levels daily. I started
focusing on the repeal of Don't Ask
Don't Tell on the computer
downstairs. On December 10, a
Friday, mother could not get out of
bed as Betty looked after her. I
took the Metro into the city for an
outdoor event regarding the final
legislation that would repeal DADT.

INT. METRO CENTER SUBWAY STATION - DAY

I get off a Metro train, take the escalator upstairs to the
Red Line. My Blackberry goes off.

BETTY (O.S.)
Bill, your Mother is failing fast.
Almost unconscious.

BILL BOUSHKA

I'll call the Hospice. I am still going to the ceremony for the bill to repeal of Don't Ask Don't Tell. I should be back by 2:30. The nurse, when he comes, will check her vitals and arrange for a bed at Capital Hospice.

EXT. CAPITOL GROUNDS, NORTH SIDE, NEAR UNION STATION - DAY

Senator Joe Liebermann (and other members of Congress and of SLDN are present in a group of about 200 people (including some known to Bill from bars and AIDSWalk). After some speeches Bill heads home. At 4 PM, attendants strap Margaret to a cot and transport her to Capital Hospice.

INT. CAPITAL HOSPICE - EVENING

(Dec. 10) Bill sits with Margaret as music plays out of the speaker.

BILL BOUSHKA

They did the repeal. It was in my book.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

You finally got what you wished for.

BILL BOUSHKA

And I do think worked for.

MARGARET BOUSHKA

But don't fall in.

The music plays, to the conclusion of Schumann's Symphony #2.

I/E. NYC UPPER WEST SIDE NYC - DAY

(Dec. 11, 2010) The next day Bill attends a piano concert by Cedric Ames in a large penthouse condo on the Upper West Side overlooking Central Park. He walks past a lit-up Lincoln Center on the way back to Penn Station. On the Amtrak train on the way back, he calls Capital Hospice.

INT. CAPITAL HOSPICE - DAY

(Tues. Dec. 14, 2010) Bill sees his mother lying still. A nurse comes by and points out that her fingers are mottled with blood clots.

INT. BOUSHKA HOUSE - DAY

Bill is fixing a soup lunch, and Betty has come by to pick up a book. As he pours the soup in the kitchen, the blackberry buzzes.

CAPITAL HOSPICE NURSE (O.S.)
Mr. Boushka, this is Capital
Hospice. Your mother passed away at
12:25 PM today.

EXT. COLUMBIA GARDENS CEMETERY - DAY

(Dec. 22, 2010) Bill stands with about 20 other people in the drizzle at the burial of his mother's ashes.

INT. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

(Jan. 16, 2011) Bill speaks at the Memorial Service.

BILL BOUSHKA
On the last day of her
consciousness in her home of 62
years, and 36 years of marriage to
my father, where she and my father
provided me a much more stable home
than many kids and teens get, I was
able to tell her that I attended a
ceremony where the repeal of 'don't
ask don't tell' was introduced.
That was the last thing we talked
about. And the CD postlude we will
play -- I hope I don't break
copyright -- is the last music she
heard, the finale of Schumann's
Second Symphony. But I intend to
have my own work to offer in the
future.

INT. WREN BUILDING - EVENING

(Oct. 2011). Bill enjoys a sit-down salmon dinner with 10 people from WM GALA.

TOM BAKER

You've written two non-fiction books on what happened, I've written two fiction. Complete with story circles. But my story isn't as speculative. I was with a prof.

BILL BOUSHKA

I think my story is more of a mystery. A lot of it was in this historic building.

INT. BROWN HALL - EVENING - FLASHBACK

(Nov. 24, 1961) Bill paces from the now empty porch up the steps to the dorm room. He finds a handwritten note, feminine cursive penmanship, on the door.

INSERTED NOTE

In recent room inspections we have noticed excessive patent medicines on your furniture. Please report to the Dean of Men immediately and bring this note.

Bill walks into the room and inspects the chest of drawers, and picks up a Neosynepherine bottle, Roloids, and iodine-glycerine bottle, and stuffs them into trouser pockets. He puts the note into his wallet. He gently closes the door and double-times downstairs, through the porch. He strolls through the mist across Richmond Road onto the main campus. He pauses for a moment in front of the Wren Building, walks astride and views the Sunken Garden, deserted on Black Friday. He pushes his way inside and navigates to the Dean's office on the second floor. It is sealed by a milkglass door and looks illuminated from the inside. Bill knocks timidly.

CARSON BOYD

Bill, come on in, I'm waiting for you.

Bill opens the door and sees the Dean seated behind his power oakwood desk. The only color in the room comes from the green lamp. There is one wooden chair. Bill sits without further invitation.

BILL BOUSHKA

Dean Boyd, you really called me in late on the Friday after Thanksgiving. I was there after Physics Recitation before hopping over to the lab in Rogers to check some work. This is..

CARSON BOYD

Well, Bill, you didn't say Sir.
Manners.

Carson pulls a pack of Roloids from the drawer and hands it to Bill.

BILL BOUSHKA

It's just the patent medications. I
can explain.

Bill pulls out the other medications from his pocket. Carson holds up his hand.

CARSON BOYD

Okay, like they use iodine on
football players in the infirmary
after shaving their legs.

Bill shakes a moment.

BILL BOUSHKA

The iodine and glycerine paints the
throat.

CARSON BOYD

Less of a personal insult. Look, we
know you have some allergies and
are a bit of a hypo.

BILL BOUSHKA

And a valedictorian, although I did
not speak.

CARSON BOYD

And you go to First Baptist Church
in Washington DC. 16th and O. Been
there.

BILL BOUSHKA

Not all that southern.

CARSON BOYD

Rev. Pugh here in Williamsburg
speaks well of you. We can let the
campus doctor check this out Monday
morning. Bill, if you don't mind
asking and telling, how are you
getting along with all the other
boys in the dormitory? You're in
Brown. It's a bit cramped.

BILL BOUSHKA

Do tell. Most of the boys are fine. Good character. But my roommate Sydney, makes some outrageous accusations. They're just wrong.

Carson leans back.

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

OK, the boys say I don't 'write regular'. You know, we got graded on cursive handwriting in elementary school.

CARSON BOYD

Hardly anybody makes an A in freshman English. You did as a freshman, straight A's at midterm. A couple B's wouldn't hurt.

BILL BOUSHKA

I wrote a provocative essay defining the concept of friendship, right out of Robert Lewis Stevenson and Kidnapped. I think that upset Cedric.

CARSON BOYD

A belief matters more than a concept. You with me Bill?

BILL BOUSHKA

My chum, Michael, was right last summer. I'm frank but naive about these things. He's at VPI instead of here. I hope they don't shave him.

Bill gulps.

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

I didn't go to the Tribunals so I didn't get hazed. So I guess that's another reason I'm a sissy. But I had never heard of all this until living away from home. God, of all those things homosexuals are supposed to **do**, even in bathroom stalls.

Bill stands, and sits again. Carson puts his hand over his (own) mouth.

CARSON BOYD

You don't have to be explicit about all the nausea right now. You can drop it if you want.

BILL BOUSHKA

You know the tribunals. It was all word of mouth. Sydney first brought it up on the second Sunday night there when I turned on his clock radio to a classical music station and he couldn't stand Brahms. Maybe the dorm counselor had been in the room before. But he seemed to bring it up for no reason. Like it's not OK to make something of your plausible sense of shame.

Bill slouches back in his chair.

BILL BOUSHKA (CONT'D)

OK, as a matter of **definition**, like for that English 101 theme, I would call myself a **latent-homosexual**, as one noun. Some men, like my friend Michael in my senior class last year, just six months older, make me feel sexually excited when I'm around them. Sydney doesn't. They have to have it. But for me, it hardness doesn't come just from within.

CARSON BOYD

Whoa there.

BILL BOUSHKA

Certain secondary sexual characteristics. People can lose it, or them.

Carson straightens his posture.

CARSON BOYD

Sounds like a mousetrap. But it just happens to you, like you can't control it, or don't really want to.

BILL BOUSHKA

I guess I'm following the Honor System.

CARSON BOYD

Indeed you are. Oh, but alas. Is this a ruse?

BILL BOUSHKA

It classifies me as different. Right now it doesn't bother me. It actually jump-starts me, makes all other real life someday possible.

CARSON BOYD

For sure.

BILL BOUSHKA

It never happens in the room. I turn it on and off. Look, aren't you glad that I leveled with you, told the truth. The day after Thanksgiving. We should all be home Christmas shopping.

CARSON BOYD

I'm very glad that you confided to me that you think you are a homosexual. The big thing is that you admitted to yourself that you are a homosexual. Frankly, we had heard rumors that you are a homosexual, but I held back on believing it. You made it easier for me to help you. Make it easier on me, yourself, and your parents. Where are your parents now?

BILL BOUSHKA

They're in Charlotte for the rest of the long weekend, visiting friends that had moved away from working for the government.

CARSON BOYD

I'll have to call them this weekend if I can reach them.

BILL BOUSHKA

It's Eugene Smith on Tinkerbelle Lane in Charlotte. He is one of my father's best friends. He actually helped panel the basement when I was in first grade.

CARSON BOYD

This may jolt them, I know, like out of bed.

(MORE)

CARSON BOYD (CONT'D)

Let them finish the family turkey gibleet leftovers first. Long distance. Need an operator. This will be a big deal. But it will be all right. We aren't going to ask you to leave school, or anything like that. You just don't want to slide into something like homosexuality.

BILL BOUSHKA

OK, it will be a pop quiz.

Bill rises, exits slowly, goes down the stairs, and out into the thick fog.

(End Flashback.)

INT. WREN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Bill is finishing a chocolate mousse.

TOM BAKER

You pretended, I don't give a damn!

BILL BOUSHKA

But why Thanksgiving weekend?
Ambushing my parents.

TOM BAKER

Well, you care about that now! It sounds like your roomie was gone the whole time. Maybe they had to set it up that way.

BILL BOUSHKA

You know, I don't recall that he was around much that last week. So they could have been moving him to another room.

TOM BAKER

The jig would have been up before long. Maybe time was moving too fast even for Carson.

EXT. PETTUS BRIDGE SELMA AL - DAY

(May 25) Bill takes photos of the bridge span and river with his Casio Powershot as it starts to storm.

He spots an elderly black woman, Susan, wearing a "Do Ask Do Tell" button.

SUSAN BRIGHT

Man, you are staring at me.

BILL BOUSHKA

I don't do that with women.
Seriously, it's the button.

SUSAN BRIGHT

I found that at a flea market, oh,
twenty years ago.

BILL BOUSHKA

I'm the author of the other DADT
series. Those were like family
guides. I don't know what happened
to the authors. They never
trademarked it.

SUSAN BRIGHT

We can guess.

A funnel or waterspout crosses the river.

SUSAN BRIGHT (CONT'D)

Yes. I know who you are. Maybe you
don't. I carried that note to the
door in the dorm. Fifty years ago.
They didn't have anyone else to
carry it to your door so you would
show up that night. It's odd. They
were OK with a black woman going
into the boy's dorm. Only a black
woman.

INT. NY PHILHARMONIC - EVENING

(Oct. 2014) Bill listens to the conclusion of Bruckner's
Symphony #8.

INT. THERAPY BAR HELL'S KITCHEN NYC - NIGHT

Bill stands next to a hunk, Cameron, 21, near the railing in
front of the bar, while male couples dirty-dance on the floor
in front.

CAMEROM

Yeah, you spotted me in the Mustang
lounge walking here, like on 58th.

BILL BOUSHKA

I confess.

CAMEROM

I saw you leaving the Philharmonic.
Yup, the Eighth is pretty
impressive. But you must know about
the controversy over performing a
completed Ninth.

BILL BOUSHKA

I have my own finished sonata that
in some ways is a bit like it.

INT. LE POISSON ROUGE NYC - EVENING

With Sydney, Cedric and Cameron in the audience, and Bill
seated at the Yamaha piano, with several other instruments,
his complete Sonata #3 is performed.

On a screen, the ending of a short film, "Anton Bruckner's
Ultimate Finale", with an angelic light burning the chest of
a young man, is shown.

END

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