

**FELLOW TRAVELERS**

Episode 101  
"You're Wonderful"

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**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

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**FT101**

**FELLOW TRAVELERS**

Episode 101

"You're Wonderful"

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT – NOVEMBER 4, 2022**

**CAST LIST**

HAWKINS FULLER  
TIM LAUGHLIN  
MARCUS GAINES  
LUCY FULLER  
JOE MCCARTHY  
ROY COHN  
SENATOR SMITH  
FRANKIE  
MARY JOHNSON  
DAVID SCHINE  
MISS ADDISON  
BOBBY KENNEDY  
JEAN KERR  
STORMÉ  
GEORGE BAUERS  
EDDIE  
KIMBERLY FULLER  
JOSEPH ALSOP  
BETSY  
BARTENDER  
STATE DEPT. COLLEAGUE  
PRIEST  
LOBBYIST  
CONGRESSIONAL AIDE #1  
CONGRESSIONAL AIDE #2  
ROOM 357 WITNESS  
COLLEGE KID  
JENNY  
JACK

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**SETS - 1953**

**INTERIORS -**

STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING

- Hawk's Office Reception
- Hawk's Private Office
- Corridor
- Room M305 – "M UNIT"

SENATE BUILDING

- Hearing Room 357
- McCarthy's Office
- McCarthy's Suite of Offices
- McCarthy's Outer Office
- Senator Smith's Office
- Corridor

LITHUANIAN LEGATION

Reception Room

TIM'S APARTMENT BUILDING

- Tim's Studio Apartment
- Front Hallway
- Stairs
- Upstairs Landing

HAWK'S APARTMENT

CHURCH

JOSEPH ALSOP'S TOWNHOUSE

- Library / Study

STAIRWELL

COZY CORNER LOUNGE

STATLER HOTEL – SCHINE'S SUITE

WILLARD HOTEL – BALLROOM \*\*

MEN'S ROOM – LAFAYETTE PARK \*\*

EDDIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING \*\*

- Eddie's Darkened Studio Apartment
- Corridor

**EXTERIORS -**

STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING

TIM'S APARTMENT BUILDING

REFLECTING POOL – JEFFERSON MEMORIAL

LITHUANIAN LEGATION

- Garden

LAFAYETTE PARK \*\*

**\*\* Takes place in 1952**

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**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT – NOVEMBER 4, 2022**

**SETS - 1986**

**INTERIORS -**

FULLER HOME

- Hawk's Home Office
- Master Bedroom

MARY'S HOME OFFICE, SUBURBS

TIM'S SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT  
BUILDING

DINER – SAN FRANCISCO

**EXTERIOR -**

FULLER HOME

- Back Yard – Lawn Party
- Front Yard – Lawn Party

CAR / STREET, WASHINGTON D.C.

1

INT./EXT. CAR/STREET - WASHINGTON, DC - DAY (1986)

1

*With Prince's "America" on the soundtrack... FADE IN:*

A VIEW FROM INSIDE A CAR -- Stately homes on a wide avenue where Washington elites raise genteel families. WE ARE --

STILL INSIDE THE CAR -- As it pulls up to a Colonial brick house. Impressive, but not austere.

REVERSE ON THE DRIVER -- MARCUS GAINES (60s). Journalist, author and teacher. On an errand he'd rather avoid.

ON THE CAR SEAT -- A box. Five inches square.

2

EXT. FULLER HOME - BACKYARD - LAWN PARTY - DAY (1986)

2

Mid-level diplomats and their families gather for a catered luncheon (Ralph Lauren and wine spritzers). The buffet table is decorated with tiny Italian flags.

WE FIND a buoyant three year-old (JACK) darting among the crowd, playing hide and seek. He FALLS and begins to cry.

Jack is scooped up by his attractive, prep school-styled mother (KIMBERLY, 27), who carries him to...

HAWKINS FULLER (60s), the host, standing among a small circle of guests. Hawk is blessed with dashing good looks and the ability to enjoy the small pleasures of life.

KIMBERLY

Excuse me. Dad? Can you take him for a minute?

HAWK

(taking the boy)  
Sure I can. C'mere, pal. What's the matter?

LUCY FULLER (50s) is a commanding hostess with a sly wit.

LUCY

She never brings her crying children to me. Hawk can settle them down in a minute. I don't know what she's going to do when we're in Milan.

HAWK

She'll ship the kids over in the diplomatic pouch. Would you like that, Jack?

STATE DEPT. COLLEAGUE

Congratulations, Hawk. It's been a long time coming.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

I almost gave up my dream of moving  
to Italy with the man I love.

HAWK

In the end, she settled for going  
with me.

LUCY

Behave.  
(spotting him)  
Is that Marcus?

Hawk follows Lucy's gaze -- Marcus stands on the edge of the  
crowd (holding the little box).

LUCY (CONT'D)

I didn't know he was in town. Bring  
him over to say hi.

HAWK

I will. Excuse me.

Hawk hands off Jack and makes his way through the crowd, the  
cheerful host, accepting congratulations, etc., reaching --

Marcus. It's awkward. (They share a complicated history.)

HAWK (CONT'D)

Marcus.

MARCUS

Hawk.

HAWK

When did you get in?

MARCUS

Yesterday. I didn't know you were  
having a party.

HAWK

A little celebration. I've finally  
been posted to Milan. Congratulations  
on the last book, by the way. I've  
been meaning to --

MARCUS

Can we talk? In private.  
(drops his voice)  
It's about Tim.

The name -- Tim -- changes everything.

HAWK

Let's go into my office.

ON LUCY -- Watches as Hawk and Marcus step into the house.

3

INT. FULLER HOME - HAWK'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS (1986)

3

Hawk and Marcus enter the office, decorated with a WWII era map of Europe and photos of Hawk's accomplished brood.

Hawk carefully closes the patio doors.

HAWK

How are you? How's San Francisco?

MARCUS

Fine. Hawk. When Tim heard I was coming to DC, he asked me to drop by--

HAWK

How is he?

MARCUS

How are any of us? You never know from one day to the next who's going to -- Sorry. I'm just tired of going to funerals.

(beat)

Tim's organizing his life, settling things. He wants you to have this.

Marcus places the box on Hawk's desk. Hawk's eyes fall on it, but he doesn't move toward it.

HAWK

How bad is it? I mean, how long...?

MARCUS

I'm not a fortune teller.

HAWK

And you?

MARCUS

No. So far... How about you?

HAWK

Me?

MARCUS

It's not impossible.

HAWK

I've been careful.

MARCUS

Careful? I could put my fist through your face right now.

HAWK

But you won't.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

MARCUS

No. I won't.

They've been arguing for decades. It's comfortable.

HAWK

Is he with someone?

MARCUS

He's had a couple of friends,  
nothing that lasted. Something kept  
getting in the way.

They both know that Hawk is the "something."

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I better go. Give my best to Lucy.

HAWK

Do you have a number for him? I  
should, at least...

MARCUS

Hawk. Tim doesn't want to hear from  
you. He asked me to make that clear.

Hawk takes that in.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You have a beautiful family. A  
beautiful life.

HAWK

I know. I'm grateful.

MARCUS

I hope it was worth it.

Marcus exits.

Hawk walks to his desk. Opens the box and removes the object  
inside, placing it on the mahogany desktop.

The OBJECT: a souvenir paperweight ("National Mall, 1937"), a  
cherry blossom in resin. A cheap memento of another era.

But it shakes Hawk to his core. Louis Armstrong's "Takes Two  
to Tango" *CROSSES THE CUT TO --*

4 INT. WILLARD HOTEL - BALLROOM - WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT  
(NOV. 4, 1952)

4

ON A STAGE -- Two clean cut, exuberant YOUNG PEOPLE (18, male  
and female, one wearing an "I Like Ike" sweater) add NUMBERS  
to a Vote Tally Board (for Pennsylvania's state races and the  
national Presidential election).

(CONTINUED)



4

CONTINUED:

4

CAMERA PULLS BACK, REVEALING HAWK (30s) -- At the bar, drinking Scotch and calculating returns in a small notebook.

CHYRON: "Election Night, 1952."

THE BALLROOM: festooned with posters for Presidential candidate Eisenhower ("I Like Ike!") and Senator Joseph McCarthy ("Congress Needs a Tail-Gunner!").

SURROUNDING HAWK: politicians, staffers, campaign workers, jubilant with the expectation of victory at the Pennsylvania State Republican Party's election night gathering in DC.

A LOBBYIST (40) squeezes up to the bar, next to Hawk.

LOBBYIST

Hawkins Fuller! You're at the wrong party -- Your man's a Democrat.

HAWK

I'm neutral, like Switzerland.

Glancing down the bar, Hawk SEES -- TIM LAUGHLIN (24), in tortoise shell glasses, trying to get a Bartender's attention.

HAWK (CONT'D)

(over the crowd)

What do you want?

Tim wears a name tag and a McCarthy button.

TIM

*What?*

HAWK

To drink!

TIM

A glass of -- [*drowned out*]...

HAWK

What?

TIM

Milk!

OFF Hawk's LAUGH, CUT TO --

5

**EXT. FULLER HOME - BACKYARD - LAWN PARTY - DAY (1986)**

5

Hawk and Lucy stand, arms entwined, facing their GUESTS, as his State Dept. Colleague makes a toast:

(CONTINUED)

- 5 CONTINUED: 5
- STATE DEPT. COLLEAGUE  
To Hawk and Lucy -- the Deputy  
Consul of Milan, and the woman who  
makes it all possible.
- Hawk squeezes Lucy as glasses are RAISED --
- 6 **INT. WILLARD HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT (1952)** 6
- Separated by the crowd, Tim toasts Hawk with a glass of milk and mouths: "Thank you." Hawk toasts him back --
- 7 **EXT. FULLER HOME - BACKYARD - LAWN PARTY - DAY (1986)** 7
- Hawk and Lucy KISS as Kimberly steps forward with a cake decorated with Milan's Piazza del Duomo. Guests APPLAUD --
- 8 **INT. WILLARD HOTEL - BALLROOM - NIGHT (1952)** 8
- The room explodes with APPLAUSE at the entrance of JOSEPH McCARTHY (44). The BAND breaks into a campaign rally SONG -- "Everybody Loves Joe!" -- the CROWD joining in.
- Hawk notes the ecstatic expressions on the faces of McCarthy's admirers. Tim is among them. The only people *not* cheering or singing are Hawk and a BLACK WAITER.
- Hawk decides to go. When Tim spots Hawk leaving, he opens his hands as if to say: You're going?
- Hawk points to his watch, then places two hands under his head, suggesting he's going home to sleep.
- 9 **EXT. FULLER HOME - BACKYARD - LAWN PARTY - EVENING (1986)** 9
- The party has extended into the evening. Hawk and Lucy are surrounded by CHILDREN waving sparklers.
- 10 **EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - WASHINGTON, DC - NIGHT (1952)** 10
- Hawk enters the park, tosses down his cigarette. He follows a paved path to a concrete structure: "Men's Toilet."
- 11 **EXT. FULLER HOME - BACKYARD - LAWN PARTY - EVENING (1986)** 11
- Hawk and Lucy dance under a string of lights. Hawk is an excellent dancer and Lucy glows in his arms.

12            **INT. MEN'S ROOM - LAFAYETTE PARK - NIGHT (1952)**            12

Hawk moves in dim light past MEN standing at urinals, glancing nervously over their shoulders. What separates Hawk from them is confidence. He's the hunter. He chooses.

Hawk pauses before a young man (EDDIE, 27) leaning in the doorway of a toilet stall. Good looking, muscled.

13            **EXT. FULLER HOME - BACKYARD - LAWN PARTY - EVENING (1986)**            13

Dancing slowly, Hawk and Lucy gaze at each other, oblivious to the crowd, a perfect couple.

14            **INT. MEN'S ROOM - LAFAYETTE PARK - NIGHT (1952)**            14

Hawk kisses Eddie open-mouthed, roughly.

15            **EXT. FULLER HOME - BACKYARD - LAWN PARTY - EVENING (1986)**            15

Hawk kisses Lucy sweetly. *SOUNDS of MALE GRUNTING CUT TO --*

16            **INT. EDDIE'S DARKENED STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT (1952)**            16

Eddie is face down in the bed, Hawk taking him from behind: lust tinged with a hint of anger.

When Hawk comes, he pounds Eddie's back. That pushes Eddie over the edge to his own climax. They collapse.

EDDIE

Christ.

Hawk rolls away and lights a cigarette with a gold lighter (TBD). Eddie walks naked to the bathroom to piss.

Hawk turns on the radio and rises to dress.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

" -- landslide victory for the  
Republican Party. Many believe credit  
for Eisenhower's win belongs to  
Senator McCarthy and his campaign  
against -- "

Hawk changes the station, landing on Nat King Cole's melancholy ballad, "Pretend." (SONG TBD)

EDDIE

Can I have a smoke?

Hawk offers the pack and his lighter.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
I'm Eddie. How about you?

HAWK  
Milton. But my friends call me Uncle  
Milty.

EDDIE  
Ha ha. I know the score. Some of my  
friends'll trick with a guy, then  
press 'em for money. Not me. I have  
a job. State Department.

Fastening his belt, Hawk subtly steps OUT of the lamp light.

HAWK  
I didn't have you pegged for the  
Diplomatic Corps.

EDDIE  
Logistics. Pack up offices, move  
furniture. You look like a lawyer,  
the way you dress. Maybe a  
Congressman. Slick.

Hawk is amused by that. Puts on his jacket.

HAWK  
Lighter?

Eddie hands it over.

EDDIE  
I wasn't going to steal it. This was  
fun. Want to give me your number?

HAWK  
Goodnight, Eddie.

17 **EXT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (1952)**

17

Hawk steps into the quiet street, the lit Capitol Dome in the  
distance. Strolls toward home, humming "Pretend." (TBD)

18 **OMITTED**

18

19 **INT. HAWK'S PRIVATE OFFICE - STATE DEPT. BLDG - DAY (1953)**

19

Hawk lights the cigarettes of two CONGRESSIONAL (Senate)  
AIDES, his own cigarette dangling from his lips.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

I was leading a squad of the 141st Regiment, 36th Infantry Division -- when General Clark ordered the offensive against the Nazi's Caesar Line. It had just been fortified. We finally broke through at this little town, Velletri. It was in shambles. Buildings in rubble, knocked out tanks, dead Germans, dead horses...

On Hawk's desk: bound reports promoting the State Department's propaganda program: "The Voice of America."

HAWK (CONT'D)

Slowly, the Italians came out of hiding. Including a doctor who'd just delivered a bambino and wanted to know if it was an American citizen. More men appeared, most of 'em old. Boys. Then... mothers, wives. Crying, shouting, "*Gli Americani sono qui!*" The girls threw themselves at us, hanging on me, crying, kissing me...

CONGRESSIONAL AIDE #1

I'm sure you knew what to do with them.

HAWK

No comment. Fellas -- and this is what I want you to take back to your bosses -- The Voice of America is doing for our allies what the 141st did in Velletri, and they need to remember it when they're doling out the pork in HR3053.

CONGRESSIONAL AIDE #2

Not an easy sell with McCarthy claiming the V.O.A.'s spreading the Kremlin's anti-American propaganda.

HAWK

The V.O.A.'s about as anti-American as Lassie. Do you know they're starting a jazz show? Every Sunday night, exporting Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey into homes in Moscow, Prague, Bucharest. Save the Voice of America and you'll be heroes.

CONGRESSIONAL AIDE #1

Without the girls throwing themselves on us.

HAWK

That can be arranged, my boy.

20

INT. HAWK'S OFFICE RECEPTION - STATE DEPT. BLDG -  
CONTINUOUS (1953)

20

Hawk's colleague, MARY JOHNSON (27, researcher/administrative assistant) is distracted by live RADIO COVERAGE of a Senate Sub-Committee HEARING:

JOE MCCARTHY (ON RADIO)  
*I will ask you specifically: are you  
at this time a member of the  
Communist Party?*

ROOM 357 WITNESS (ON RADIO)  
*Senator McCarthy, I've already said  
that I must avail myself of my  
rights under the Fifth Amendment and  
refuse to answer.*

ROY COHN (ON RADIO)  
*You refuse to answer that question?*

Mary SNAPS off the RADIO, eliciting a critical LOOK from Hawk's secretary MISS ADDISON (35).

MISS ADDISON  
Thank the Lord for Senator McCarthy.

Mary's about to respond (testily) when Hawk EMERGES from his office with the CONGRESSIONAL AIDES.

HAWK  
*-- Miss Addison will send over those  
tickets to the City Series, won't  
you darling?*

MISS ADDISON  
Of course, Mr. Fuller.

HAWK  
*You're gonna love the seats: third  
base line.*

The Congressional Aides exit. Hawk turns toward Mary.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
*The Voice of America lives to see  
another day.*

MARY  
Good work. It's a worthy program.

MISS ADDISON  
*It'll be even better when they clean  
out all the Reds.  
(solicitous, to Hawk)  
I'm running down to the commissary.  
May I bring you anything?*

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

HAWK  
You're a doll, but I'm on my way  
out.

Hawk adds a flirty wink. Miss Addison exits smiling.

MARY  
Heartbreaker.

HAWK  
Now don't be jealous, Miss Johnson.

MARY  
Don't flatter yourself.

HAWK  
If Morton asks, I'm having lunch  
with Senator Smith. I have to cool  
him down. He's chomping at the bit  
to take on McCarthy and Cohn.

MARY  
Someone should!

21

**EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - DAY (1953)**

21

Hawk cuts through the park. A brawny BUS DRIVER (on his lunch  
break) tries to make eye contact. Hawk ignores the overture.

Then -- Hawk SPOTS something that catches his attention and  
makes him smile. He stops to observe:

Tim (the young man from the election night party). On a  
bench, eating a bagged lunch. Drinking milk.

CONTINUING HAWK'S POV -- The Bus Driver saunters past Tim,  
ogling him. Tim is oblivious to this attention.

CLOSE ON TIM -- Circling "Open Positions" in the  
Congressional Bulletin.

HAWK  
Mind if I...?

Tim looks up. Sees Hawk.

TIM  
Election night.

Hawk plops onto the bench, flashing a "Get Lost" glare at the  
Bus Driver who backs off.

HAWK  
What were you doing at the party?  
You had to know someone.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

I worked on the New York campaign. I thought it would land me a good job in Washington.

HAWK

Any luck?

TIM

I interned for three months at the Star...

(admitting)

In the mailroom... I have a degree in political science and history. I think I should aim a little higher, don't you?

HAWK

You've come to Washington to make a difference.

TIM

Are you making fun of me, Mr. Fuller?

HAWK

You know my name?

TIM

I looked you up in the Biographical Register.

Hawk is surprised -- and pleased.

HAWK

May I ask you a personal question?

TIM

Alright.

Hawk picks up Tim's milk carton.

HAWK

Is this milk-drinking a habit of yours?

TIM

I think my parents were always hoping it would make me taller. I'm Tim Laughlin, by the way.

HAWK

Please to meet you, Tim Laughlin. What kind of work are you looking for? What keeps you up at night?



TIM

That's easy. Stalin's plan for world domination.

HAWK

For or against?

TIM

Now you are making fun of me. The threat of communism is real.

HAWK

Down, boy. I'm no Red. I'm a war hero. Did they include that in the Register?

TIM

They did. Along with your degree from Penn, and your work at the State Department, the last two years in the Bureau of Congressional Relations.

HAWK

Did you *memorize* my entry?  
(Tim doesn't answer)  
You're a blusher. That's sweet.

Hawk is flirting -- fishing for a sign that it's welcome.

TIM

I'm Irish. We blush.

That's the sign.

HAWK

Can you type? Research? A little editing?

TIM

I'm quite good at all those things.

HAWK

Give me your number. In case I hear of something in the Making the World Safe for Democracy Department.

Tim jots his number onto a scrap of paper.

TIM

You make it sound like a bad thing -- Wanting to do some good in the world.

HAWK

Not bad. Just rare. Now I have to go. And you should be careful. Look here.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

Hawk directs Tim's attention toward a PAUNCHY MAN in an ill-fitting suit, perched near the men's restroom.

HAWK (CONT'D)

See the fella lurking outside the restroom? Cheap suit, scuffed shoes?

TIM

Yeah...

HAWK

Park Police. It's the end of the month, they have to hit their quota.

TIM

Quota of...?  
(it sinks in)  
Oh.

HAWK

Oh.

TIM

I should leave anyway.

HAWK

Job interview?

TIM

Noon mass at St. Joseph's.

HAWK

Perfect. I'll spend the afternoon picturing you kneeling in prayer.

Hawk starts away.

TIM

Mr. Fuller? What keeps you up at night?

HAWK

Not what, Mr. Laughlin. Who.

21A EXT. SENATE BLDG - DAY (1953) - RICHMOND SHOOT

21A

Hawk bounds up the steps of the Senate Building and enters.

22 INT. CORRIDOR - SENATE BLDG - DAY (1953)

22

Hawk breezes along a corridor, nodding to Staffers and receiving admiring glances from a Ladies Club on a tour.

He pauses outside Hearing Room 357, nods to a SECURITY GUARD (who knows him) and STEPS INTO --

23

INT. HEARING ROOM 357 - SENATE BLDG - CONTINUOUS (1953)

23

Where a Senate Sub-Committee on Investigations Hearing (that we heard on the radio in Hawk's office) is underway.

AT THE FRONT OF THE SMOKE-FILLED ROOM sit the committee's members: Chairman McCarthy, Chief Legal Counsel ROY COHN (25, coiled for attack), a few senators from both parties, including SENATOR KARL MUNDT (a high-ranking Republican) and SENATOR WESLEY SMITH (55, McCarthy nemesis), speaking as Hawk enters.

SENATOR SMITH

...this witness has acknowledged a youthful interest in some ideas that are, to many of us, foolish or distasteful. But I believe we all agree that, as Americans, we are guaranteed the right to hold ideas that may be offensive to others --

ROY COHN

Is the Senator from Pennsylvania defending the idea that the American form of government is evil and ought to be replaced by the Soviet system?

SENATOR SMITH

This witness has not said...

FIND MARCUS (30s) making notes in his reporter's pad, crammed between a cigar smoking PHOTOGRAPHER and a RADIO TECHNICIAN. (The Hearing continues in the BG - dialogue to be provided).

Hawk crouches in the aisle next to Marcus.

HAWK

Who's the Randolph Scott type sitting next to Cohn?

At the TABLE next to Cohn: strapping DAVID SCHINE (25).

MARCUS

Gerard David Schine. Roy's brought him on as an anti-communist consultant.

HAWK

I can't wait to hear his qualifications.

MARCUS

Heir to the Schine family hotel fortune. If you're ever lucky enough to stay in one of their luxurious hotels, you'll find this pamphlet, authored by Mr. Schine --

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

He hands Hawk a pamphlet: "Definition of Communism by G. David Schine."

MARCUS (CONT'D)

-- in the nightstand next to the Bible. Apparently, the pamphlet caught Roy's eye.

HAWK

Something caught his eye. But I don't think it was a pamphlet.

MARCUS

You know what they say, "Speak softly and carry a big pamphlet."

McCarthy pounds a gavel.

JOE MCCARTHY

We are adjourned until the afternoon session.

24

INT. SENATOR SMITH'S OFFICE - SENATE BLDG - LATER (1953)

24

FIND Hawk and Senator Smith finishing lunch in Smith's well-appointed office. Smith is Hawk's surrogate father, one of the few "good" men in DC, according to Hawk. In the middle of their conversation/disagreement:

SENATOR SMITH

McCarthy's sending Cohn and his sidekick to Europe to expose commie influence in our overseas libraries. In anticipation of their visit, librarians have started burning books. Remind you of anything?

HAWK

I'm just suggesting, sir, this isn't the moment to take a noble stand against McCarthy.

SENATOR SMITH

Just because he's brought the State Department to its knees, doesn't mean he makes my knees wobble.

HAWK

Let me show you something.

He takes out the little notebook (that he used to record vote tallies at the Election Night party).

HAWK (CONT'D)

I did a little tabulation on Election night.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAWK (CONT'D)

In the Pennsylvania counties where  
McCarthy campaigned, Republicans had  
22 percent more votes in down ballot  
elections than the counties where he  
didn't. Joe's riding high, sir. He  
and Roy could blow up your career.  
And that's not part of our plan.

SENATOR SMITH

Your plan. Me in the White House in  
eight years.

HAWK

I can't think of a man who'd be  
better for our country.

SENATOR SMITH

And pretty good for you.

(off Hawk's look)

I assume there are financial  
benefits to having my ear and I  
don't begrudge you for them. I only  
wish I could put you on salary, but  
your employers at State would frown  
on it.

HAWK

I never thought I'd have to defend  
myself to you, sir.

SENATOR SMITH

You don't. Along with my lovely  
daughter, I have two sons. One by  
blood, Leonard, a shithead. And you.

HAWK

I should be on my way...

Hawk and Smith rise, Smith walking Hawk to the door.

SENATOR SMITH

You know Lucy's back from Europe.  
I'm sure she'd like to see you.

HAWK

Tell her I'll call.

Smith OPENS THE DOOR to --

WHERE McCarthy, trailed by Cohn and Schine, pause to greet  
admiring TOURISTS.

24A CONTINUED:

24A

SENATOR SMITH

(low, to Hawk)

The unholy trinity. They've been dropping hints about something big coming out of the White House that will prove the President's behind them. Although everyone knows Ike can't stand the sight of 'em.

HAWK

I'll dig into it, sir.

IN THE CORRIDOR: Roy Cohn proudly introduces David Schine to the TOURISTS.

SENATOR SMITH

Look at Cohn fussing over that boy like a newlywed. Turns a man's stomach.

HAWK

It certainly does.

25 INT. TIM'S STUDIO APARTMENT - ANOTHER DAY (1953)

25

With a framed VIRGIN MARY ICON watching... Tim hangs hand-washed briefs onto a laundry line. The cramped studio holds a bed, desk, hotplate, books, Bible, rosary.

Tim, despondent, plops into his desk chair, glancing over a paper's Wanted Ads (most crossed out).

Hears the PHONE (downstairs) RING. Jumps up and RUNS TO --

26 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - TIM'S APT BLDG - CONTINUOUS (1953)

26

-- and starts down the STAIRS. Hears a neighbor call out:

BETSY (O.S.)

Got it! (BEAT) It's for me.

Tim trudges back toward his apartment... FROM DOWNSTAIRS: Betsy chats briefly. Hangs up.

The PHONE RINGS again. Tim BOLTS out of his apartment again... Waits as Betsy picks up again...

BETSY (CONT'D)

Tim! Phone ca--

Tim DASHES down the stairs, to --

27

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - TIM'S APT BLDG - CONTINUOUS (1953)

27

And takes the PHONE from BETSY (25, worldly for her age).

TIM  
(out of breath)  
Hello. This is I.

He rolls his eyes: "This is I?"

HAWK (O.S.)  
I'm going to give you an address.

TIM  
Mr. Fuller?

INTERCUT WITH:

28

INT. HAWK'S PRIVATE OFFICE - STATE DEPT. BLDG -  
CONTINUOUS (1953)

28

With his door closed, feet propped on his desk:

HAWK  
Took me a few days to find the right  
job for you. Unless, you've  
already...

TIM  
No! I mean, I'm considering a couple  
of positions...

HAWK  
Start writing. Ready?

Tim grabs a pencil taped to the wall.

TIM  
Yes.

HAWK  
105 Russell. Constitution Ave. The  
job is a junior assistant with  
writing duties. Send your résumé to  
the attention of Miss Jean Kerr.

TIM  
Jean Kerr? She works for...

HAWK  
Your hero, Tail Gunner Joe.

ON HAWK'S DESK -- A framed PHOTO of Hawk (in Army uniform)  
and Lucy Smith (early 20s) at his Purple Heart ceremony.

ON THE WALL -- a PHOTO of HAWK and SENATOR SMITH from the  
same ceremony.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

I don't know how to thank you.

HAWK

We'll work on that. Just remember,  
you're from Pennsylvania.

TIM

New York.

HAWK

Now it's Pennsylvania. You've been  
recommended by one of Senator  
Smith's donors, although you think  
Smith is soft on Reds.

TIM

He is.

HAWK

And watch out for Joe's hands.

Soundtrack: "Rags to Riches" by Tony Bennett *PLAYS OVER* --

**INT. MCCARTHY'S OUTER OFFICE - SENATE BLDG - A FEW DAYS LATER**  
**(1953)**

WE FIND TIM -- Hard at work, typing up research. He looks up  
and smiles at his immediate supervisor, Head Researcher and  
Office Manager, JEAN KERR (38, razor sharp, fanatical about  
McCarthy). Jean picks up the page that Tim's just scrolled  
out of his typewriter, scrutinizes it...

Waiting for Jean's response, Tim feels a BIG HAIRY HAND as it  
falls onto his shoulder.

JOE MCCARTHY

How's he working out, Jean?

McCarthy looms over Tim, glass of Jim Beam in his free hand.

JEAN KERR

He's an eager beaver, Senator. Could  
stand to improve his spelling.

(the report)

You'll have to do this one again.

TIM

Sorry.

Jean moves along to check the work of other STAFFERS.

JOE MCCARTHY

Isn't she beautiful?

TIM

She is. And very nice.

(CONTINUED)



29

CONTINUED:

29

JOE MCCARTHY

She tells me you're a good Catholic boy.

TIM

I try, sir.

JOE MCCARTHY

Don't try too hard. The great thing about our religion, son -- we know our sins will be forgiven...

(lowers his voice so

Jean doesn't hear)

So you might as well commit a few.

McCarthy laughs as his hand wanders from Tim's shoulder to his neck that he squeezes playfully.

30

INT. HAWK'S OFFICE RECEPTION - STATE DEPT. BLDG - DAY  
(1953)

30

As Mary types a letter, Miss Addison -- with exaggerated importance -- drops an official MEMO onto her desk.

MISS ADDISON

From Mr. McLeod in Security...

Mary picks it up, curious, as Miss Addison breezes into Hawk's (empty) office and puts a MEMO on his desk.

MISS ADDISON (CONT'D)

They're starting investigations in our division next month. And not a moment too soon if you ask me.

MARY

Investigations...?

MISS ADDISON

Security risks.

Mary READS the memo with alarm (that she tries to hide).

TIM (O.S.)

Hello? Is Mr. Fuller in?

Mary looks up: Tim has entered the office.

MARY

I'm afraid he's not.

TIM

Do you know when he'll be back? I have something for him.

He's holding a hardbound book.

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

MISS ADDISON  
I'll take --

Mary gets to Tim first, taking the book.

MARY  
You can give it to me.  
(the book)  
"Look Homeward Angel." Wolfe's a  
great writer. Will Mr. Fuller know  
who it's from?

TIM  
I wrote a note inside. You'll be  
sure he gets it?

Tim is a little too eager. Miss Addison is watching.

MARY  
I promise.

TIM  
Thank you.

Tim exits.

MISS ADDISON  
He seems very "artistic."

Mary glances at the note Tim's written inside the book. It  
unnerves her. She tucks the book into Hawk's desk drawer.

31

**INT. TIM'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT (1953)**

31

Tim, in t-shirt and dungarees, stirs soup in a pan on a  
hotplate. He's surprised by a *knock* at the door.

Even more surprised when he opens the door and finds -- Hawk  
leaning in the doorway.

HAWK  
You're not listed downstairs.

TIM  
It's an illegal sublet and I'm not  
allowed --

Hawk brushes past Tim and enters.

TIM (CONT'D)  
-- visitors.

HAWK  
(the hotplate)  
You're going to burn that.

Tim rushes to the hotplate.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK (CONT'D)

I came by to see if you'd let me buy  
you supper. You gave me a book.

TIM

That was to thank you.

HAWK

Looks like you've already started  
cooking. What is it?

TIM

Chicken noodle soup. And I really  
shouldn't go out. It's a sin to  
waste food.

HAWK

Mortal or venial?

(explaining)

I spent half a year in a Jesuit high  
school. It didn't go well.

TIM

I'd say, wasting a can of soup would  
be a venial sin.

HAWK

What if you were to let me kiss you?  
Would that be mortal or venial?

Tim fixes his eyes on the soup.

TIM

Mortal, I'm pretty sure.

HAWK

Would you like me to kiss you?

TIM

No, Mr. Fuller.

HAWK

Well, that one's got to be mortal,  
If the size of the lie figures in.

Hawk steps closer -- and Tim's aware of every step.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Are you happy working for your hero?

TIM

Have you read about the people who  
live in the so-called People's  
Republic of Hungary? How the Soviets  
installed a puppet government and  
shipped thousands of Hungarians to  
Russia...

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

Where's this coming from?

TIM

The Washington elite look down their noses at McCarthy. I know his tactics are rough. But not compared to what the Hungarians are living through under the communists. And yes, I'm happy working for him.  
(softer)  
And grateful.

HAWK

Maybe you can do me a favor...

(Tim waits)

Let me know what you're asked to research. Keep your ears open.

Off Tim's look of disappointment:

HAWK (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

TIM

The job -- I didn't realize you had an ulterior motive.

HAWK

Welcome to the capital of ulterior motives. Relax. You're under no obligation.

Hawk steps close. Gently removes Tim's glasses.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Close your eyes.

Tim obeys. Hawk kisses one closed eye. Tim gasps. Hawk moves to the other eye. More gasping.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Open 'em.

Tim does. Hawk holds up three fingers.

HAWK (CONT'D)

How many fingers am I holding up?

TIM

Three.

HAWK

You're cured. Now, let's eat. I'm starved.

32

INT. TIM'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER (1953)

32

Hawk occupies the only chair. Eating soup.

TIM

It was my second year at Fordham. I belonged to the YRC...

Tim sits on his bed, opposite Hawk.

TIM (CONT'D)

Our faculty advisor was Father Gallagher from the Religion Department. Not much older than I was. We both loved the Church, the liturgy, the rituals. One thing led to another, and... When it was over, I asked Bob -- that was his name -- if he thought God would forgive us for what we'd done. He said God would forgive us. But he could never forgive God for making him what he was.

HAWK

That's rough. Since then, you haven't...?

TIM

There've been a few experiments. None very satisfying. How about you? Who was your first?

Hawk puts his soup bowl aside. Reaches for Tim's bowl. Puts it aside. Pulls Tim to his feet.

HAWK

Is this okay?

TIM

Yes.

Hawk tugs Tim's t-shirt over his head. Smiles seeing the crucifix hanging against Tim's pale chest.

HAWK

That explains a lot.

He lifts it from Tim's neck and slips it over a bedpost.

Hawk stands back. Removes his own shirt. Kicks off his shoes.

Hawk sits. Lifts his leg. Wiggles his toes in socks.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Pull 'em off.

(CONTINUED)

Tim pulls off one sock. Then the other. Hawk presses his bare feet against Tim's torso.

TIM  
Ah! Your feet are --

HAWK  
Sh! Trousers.

Tim gently peels off Hawk's trousers.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
Fold them. Put them on your desk.

Tim turns away, placing the trousers on his desk.

Hawk rises quickly and flattens himself against Tim's back, wrapping arms around him. Tim struggles half-heartedly.

He pushes Tim onto the bed, face down, pressing his full body against Tim's, roughly kissing the back of Tim's neck.

Tim groans as Hawk kisses him while thrusting his groin against Tim's ass (each still in boxers and briefs).

Hawk turns to his side, bringing Tim with him. Jams a hand into Tim's briefs and begins stroking.

TIM  
Oh God.

Soon Tim is thrashing, gasping. He opens his eyes and SEES his crucifix swinging as the bedpost shakes.

HAWK  
Who's my boy?

Tim can't speak. Hawk tugs his hair.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
*Who's my boy?*

TIM  
I am!

Hawk's hand moves faster. Tim writhes and shouts -- Hawk clamps a HAND over Tim's mouth as he comes.

When it's over...

HAWK  
That was nice, Skippy. But we need to get you a radio.

TIM  
Who's Skippy?

32

CONTINUED: (2)

32

HAWK  
That's what I'm going to call you.

TIM  
Any particular reason?

HAWK  
It suits you. Like the glasses.

Tim steals a glance at the embroidered Virgin above his bed.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
Next time, we'll turn her toward the wall.

TIM  
Is there going to be a next time?

HAWK  
That's up to you.

Hawk swings out of the bed, collecting his clothes.

TIM  
You mean, if I "keep my ears open"  
in Senator McCarthy's office.

Hawk starts pulling on his trousers.

HAWK  
I mean, if you want me to come back.

33

INT. CHURCH - DAY (1953)

33

Tim kneels in a side altar (a sparsely attended mass in the BG), holding his rosary, softly repeating a novena.

TIM  
Have mercy on us sinners...

Glancing up, he takes in the vivid statuary -- The crucified Christ's impaled feet, thick legs, bare muscled torso, his agonized (or is it ecstatic?) expression. Sex and suffering.

Tim can't continue his prayers...

34

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - LITHUANIAN LEGATION - EVENING (1953)

34

OPEN ON -- Platter of fish-topped crackers that Hawk is staring at with disdain. He nabs wine from a passing tray.

Hawk trains his attention on the room -- Washington regulars mixing with Estonian and Lithuanian exiles and supporters. And two PERFORMERS in traditional Lithuanian folk garb.

(CONTINUED)

A map of Eastern Europe is displayed along a wall with a banner: "Under the Rule of the Godless Empire."

Hawk smiles, seeing Mary engaged in a lively conversation with a passionate (and sexy) ESTONIAN EXILE.

Hawk points to his watch, indicating it's time to go. Mary extricates herself from the Exile and rejoins Hawk.

HAWK

*Tere!* That's "Pleased to meet you," in Estonian. Which I learned from Congressman Lipp, who's pledged to protect the V.O.A.

MARY

I see a promotion on the horizon, to some foreign post no doubt.

HAWK

I'm thinking Athens, although the Aegean's a little rough for sailing. You seem to have made a friend.

MARY

He's delightful. He's also married.  
(a dig at his morals)  
Would you like to meet him?

HAWK

Is that "holier than thou" tone in your voice directed at me for some *particular* reason?

MARY

How are you enjoying "Look Homeward Angel?"

HAWK

Immensely. Although I always have trouble finishing one book before I want to start another.

Mary lowers her voice and adopts a serious tone:

MARY

He seems sincere, Fuller. Don't--

GEORGE

(interrupting)  
Hawk?

Appearing at Hawk's side is GEORGE BAUERS (30s), a State Department employee and old friend.

HAWK

George. It's been a while.  
(to Mary)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



34

CONTINUED: (2)

HAWK (CONT'D)

Mary Johnson. George Bauers. He's one of us. Which bureau is it George?

GEORGE

Educational Exchange.

George is distracted, on edge.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Hawk, um... Do you have a minute? Something I need to -- I'm sorry.

HAWK

Sure. Let's step outside.

35

EXT. GARDEN - LITHUANIAN LEGATION - MOMENTS LATER (1953)

35

Sensing George's distress, Hawk leads him to a shadowy spot in the garden, distant from other guests.

George tries to light a smoke. Hawk notes the man's trembling hand and does the honors. Lights one for himself.

HAWK

Sorry I've been out of touch. How's Sylvie?

GEORGE

I'm being investigated.

Hawk takes that in. Lowers his voice.

HAWK

You're not a commie, are you?

GEORGE

No. That's not... They had me followed. Caught me coming out of the Chicken Hut.

HAWK

Christ, George. The Chicken Hut? Even my mother knows that place is queer.

George's voice strains with desperation.

GEORGE

I love Sylvie. I adore my kids. But I have needs. If anyone should understand, it's you.

HAWK

*Keep your voice down.*

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

McLeod wants names. Reds or queers in the Department. If I don't produce names, they'll go to Sylvie and tell her everything! What am I going to do?

HAWK

Give them a name.

GEORGE

I can't! I wouldn't do that to you. Would you do that to me?

Notably, Hawk doesn't answer.

HAWK

Give them the name of someone with a low security clearance, who can survive being banned from government work.

GEORGE

I don't know anyone like that!

HAWK

Sh! Think. Any of your tricks...?

GEORGE

I don't ask their names. I can barely stand to look at them. This will kill Sylvie, just kill her!

George breaks down.

HAWK

Jesus, stop your balling. Here...

Hawk gives him a handkerchief.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Hold out as long as you can. I'll see if I can put in a word for you.

GEORGE

You're lucky. You have all those war medals. You're bulletproof.

Soundtrack: Anita O'Day's swinging hit, "You Turned the Tables on Me" -- CROSSES the CUT TO (and PLAYS OVER) --

37 **INT. TIM'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT (1953)** 37

Tim opens the door finding Hawk -- Holding a carton of milk in one hand and a bottle of Scotch in the other.

38 **INT. TIM'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER (1953)** 38

CAMERA IS POSITIONED AT THE SIDE OF TIM'S BED -- Where Tim's HANDS are curled over the edge, gripping the bedspread as the mattress quakes up and down.

*The Anita O'Day tune is swinging out of TIM'S NEW RADIO.*

Hawk's HANDS appear, sliding down Tim's arms and clamping around the young man's wrists.

CAMERA LIFTS UP -- Revealing Tim under Hawk, who has Tim pinned down and is fucking him passionately.

39 **INT. TIM'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER (1953)** 39

Hawk lies on his stomach, dozing after lovemaking. Tim gently traces the scar that runs down Hawk's back.

*MUSIC ENDS and CUT TO --*

40 **INT. TIM'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT (1953)** 40

Tim and Hawk sitting up in bed, Tim holding a PHOTO ALBUM.

TIM  
(the photos)  
Uncle Daniel, the priest. Aunt Bridget, the nun. And that's Uncle Ronald -- the drunk and designated hopeless sinner of the family.

HAWK  
I think you're giving Uncle Ron a run for that title.

TIM  
Thanks to you.

HAWK  
You love your family.

TIM  
And they love me. The part of me they know. I don't know anything about you.

Hawk runs his fingers through Tim's hair.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

It's all in the Biographical Register.

TIM

That's three lines. You don't talk about your family. Your politics. What political party you belong to, if you believe in God...

HAWK

Anything else?

TIM

You haven't told me anything about your first lover. Or any of your lovers. But I've heard rumors.

HAWK

Do tell.

TIM

Jean Kerr says you're unofficially engaged to Senator Smith's daughter, Lucy, and it's a scandal, because you practically grew up in the same house.

HAWK

It's late.

Hawk swings off the bed, reaching for his trousers.

TIM

Now you're angry.

HAWK

I'm not angry. But I don't like being questioned like a witness at one of McCarthy and Cohn's show trials.

TIM

It's natural to want to know something about the person you --

HAWK

Fuck. The person you fuck.

TIM

It's natural to want to know something about the person I'm fucking. That sounds so ugly.

HAWK

Okay. Here you go. I'm not engaged to anyone at the moment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

HAWK (CONT'D)

First person I had sex with? Didn't catch his name --

TIM

I said first *lover* --

HAWK

I got the scar in Italy when a piece of a Kraut shell sliced open my back. I'm a registered Republican, but I don't vote because I really don't see the point. And I feel pretty much the same way about God. But feel free to pray for me the next time you're at mass.

TIM

I stopped going.

Hawk is surprised.

HAWK

Well, that's progress.

TIM

It's not funny. I feel like a hypocrite going to church. Especially when I'm supposed to be spying on my boss, who's regarded as a saint by millions of Catholics.

Hawk leans into Tim.

HAWK

Skippy. I don't want you to do anything you don't want to do. Not for God. Not for me. I mean it.

TIM

I'm sorry for the questions. I just want to know you.

Hawk lands a kiss on the top of Tim's head.

HAWK

You know me.

40A

**EXT. STATE DEPARTMENT BLDG - DAY (1953) - RICHMOND SHOOT**

40A

Hawk enters the State Department building, ready for work.

41

**INT. CORRIDOR - STATE DEPARTMENT BLDG - DAY (1953)**

41

Hawk EMERGES from an ELEVATOR, starts down a corridor but STOPS SHORT when he SEES -- TWO YOUNG MEN stepping out of an office, carrying boxes and files.

(CONTINUED)

41

CONTINUED:

41

One of them is: Eddie (Hawk's trick from weeks ago).

Hawk turns, in the opposite direction (utterly cool)... But hears a familiar VOICE just behind --

EDDIE  
Excuse me? Hello?

Hawk turns, facing Eddie.

HAWK  
Hello...?

EDDIE  
Small world, huh? You work here too.

HAWK  
I don't. I'm over at Commerce. I have a meeting upstairs. Do we know each other?

EDDIE  
(lower)  
Eddie. From the park.

HAWK  
Eddie...?

EDDIE  
Eddie Kofler. The gold lighter?

Eddie makes a gesture with his thumb and fist, as if flicking a lighter. Hawk shakes his head.

HAWK  
I'm sorry, I don't think we've met.

EDDIE  
Who do you think you are, stuck up son-of-a-bitch? You know who I am.  
(stepping closer)  
Listen. I pulled my shoulder lifting a trunk, missed two weeks work. Put me behind on rent. I could use a little help.

Hawk is still smiling, but it's a killer's smile.

HAWK  
I'm afraid you have me confused with somebody else.

Hawk walks down the corridor, through a DOOR to --

41A

INT. STAIRWELL - STATE DEPT. BLDG - CONTINUOUS (1953)

41A

UP the STAIRS... Out a DOOR to --

41B INT. CORRIDOR - STATE DEPT. BLDG. - CONTINUOUS (1953) 41B

Along this corridor... Through a DOOR to --

41C INT. STAIRWELL - STATE DEPT. BLDG. - CONTINUOUS (1953) 41C

DOWN this STAIRWELL, and EXITS to --

41D INT. CORRIDOR - STATE DEPT. BLDG. - CONTINUOUS (1953) 41D

The corridor that LEADS HIM TO --

42 INT. HAWK'S OFFICE RECEPTION - STATE DEPT. BLDG - CONTINUOUS (1953) 42

Hawk breezes past Miss Addison and into his office --

43 INT. HAWK'S PRIVATE OFFICE - STATE DEPT. BLDG - CONTINUOUS (1953) 43

Where he closes his door and picks up the phone.

HAWK  
(to an Operator)  
George Bauers, please. In  
Educational Exchange.

Hawk WAITS, staring OUT HIS WINDOW at OTHER WINDOWS across  
the interior plaza.

HAWK'S POV -- A WOMAN stands in her window, STARING in Hawk's  
direction, with crossed arms and a troubled expression. Is  
she lost in thought or actually watching Hawk?

Hawk lowers the window's BLINDS.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
Hello?

HAWK  
George. It's Hawk. I have a name for  
you.

44 OMITTED 44

45 INT. FULLER HOME - HAWK'S HOME OFFICE - DAY (1986) 45

ON THE TV: President Reagan addresses the country about his  
decision to order air strikes against Libya. ON HAWK'S DESK:  
Tim's paperweight delivered earlier that day.

(CONTINUED)

45

CONTINUED:

45

Ignoring the broadcast, Hawk (60s) is on the phone.

HAWK  
(into phone)  
Congresswoman Johnson.

MARY (O.S.)  
Soon to be ex-Congresswoman...

INTERCUT WITH:

46

INT. MARY'S HOME OFFICE - SUBURBS - DAY (1986)

46

Mary (Hawk's former colleague, 50s) is on the call with Hawk. Her office is filled with PHOTOS from her political career (Jimmy Carter, Tip O'Neill, Gloria Steinem, etc.).

MARY  
Six years of Reagan have obliterated the last vestiges of any liberal idealism I once had. I have a feeling you're calling about Tim.

HAWK  
I am. Are you still in touch?

MARY  
I talk to him when he's well enough. Or his sister, when things get bad.

HAWK  
How's he doing?

MARY  
He has his good days. Good weeks, even. Until a crisis sets him back. Fuller. If you're thinking of seeing him, you should do it soon.

HAWK  
He said he doesn't want to see me.

MARY  
Of course he said that. He expects you won't show up and he doesn't want to be disappointed.

HAWK  
I don't want to upset him. He needs all his strength to get better.

MARY  
There's no getting better! Our government is letting people die. Do you want to see Tim?

(CONTINUED)



Hawk glances through the partially opened door of his office, seeing his grandchildren at the dining table, with Lucy scooping ice cream from containers.

HAWK  
It's complicated.

MARY  
I think you're afraid.

HAWK  
You still believe you can see right through me.

MARY  
You're afraid he won't forgive you. Do you want his address?

WE STAY WITH HAWK: writing down an address --

HAWK  
(into phone)  
Thanks. Give Phyllis my best.

He hangs up.

LUCY  
Hawk?

Lucy in the doorway. Has she overhead?

LUCY (CONT'D)  
The kids want to know if you're ready for ice cream.

Hawk deftly slides the paperweight into a drawer as his granddaughter JENNY (6) joins Lucy at the door.

JENNY  
Pap! Do you want strawberry or chocolate chip?

HAWK  
Both, of course!

He ROARS like a hungry tiger, chasing Jenny out of the room (and slipping past Lucy without making eye contact).

Tim carries a research report from his DESK AREA... Into a NARROW PASSAGEWAY connecting other offices and a FILE CABINET just outside Senator McCarthy's INNER OFFICE...

TIM'S PARTIAL VIEW INTO THE INNER OFFICE -- McCarthy, Cohn, David Schine, and Jean are deep into a strategic debate. Jean pours whiskey while Cohn paces.

46A CONTINUED:

46A

JOE MCCARTHY  
...the President's engaging in a  
little saber rattling, nothing more.

JEAN KERR  
He's cashing in on your cause,  
Senator.

DAVID SCHINE  
Our cause.

ROY COHN  
We can't let Eisenhower hijack the  
subversives issue, Senator. We have  
to get out in front of it.

Roy Cohn comes to the doorway and Tim turns away, with the  
file he was "looking" for, while Roy scrutinizes Tim's ass.

ROY COHN (CONT'D)  
(closing the door)  
We need to issue a statement *before*  
the President signs that damn order --

FROM ONE DOOR TO ANOTHER --

47 **INT. HAWK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1953)**

47

Hawk opens the door, finding Tim on the other side.

HAWK  
Skippy?

TIM  
I heard something.

Hawk ushers Tim inside. Looks up and down the corridor before  
closing the door.

HAWK  
How'd you...?

TIM  
You're in the directory. "Hawkins Z.  
Fuller." Would love to know what the  
Z stands for.

HAWK  
Next time call from the phone booth  
on the corner. I'll let you know if  
it's okay to come up. Zebadiah.

Hawk's wearing an unbuttoned fancy shirt, boxers -- in the  
middle of dressing for some social event.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK (CONT'D)

Do you want a drink? I'm all out of milk.

TIM

I'll have a beer. *Zebadiah?*

HAWK

Don't start.

Hawk exits to the kitchen.

Tim is *thrilled* to be in Hawk's apartment. He takes in the sleek furniture, framed photos of jazz performers.

TIM

Are you going out?

HAWK (O.S.)

One of Joe Alsop's Sunday night drunks, as he calls them.

Tim spots the paperweight (that was delivered to Hawk in the opening). He holds it up to the light.

TIM

Will there be important people at this party?

HAWK (O.S.)

Joe only knows important people.

Hawk returns with a beer, offering it to Tim while taking the paperweight and returning it to the shelf (a deliberate gesture, a gentle way of saying: Don't Touch This.)

HAWK (CONT'D)

What did you want to tell me?

Hawk settles onto the sofa and lights a cigarette.

TIM

There was an argument at the office.

HAWK

Why don't you come over here?

Hawk directs Tim to stand directly in front of him.

TIM

About Eisenhower. Between Cohn and Senator McCarthy.

HAWK

Take off the jacket.

Tim peels off his jacket.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

The President's going to issue an  
"E.O.", whatever that is --

HAWK

Executive Order. C'mere.

He pulls Tim onto his lap.

TIM

They're worried Eisenhower's trying  
to undermine them with it.

Hawk unbuttons Tim's shirt, reaches inside.

HAWK

By taking the lead on the anti-  
communist crusade?

TIM

I think so. Senator McCarthy wants  
to ignore it. But Roy thinks they  
should --

HAWK

Roy? You're on a first name basis?

Hawk pinches Tim's nipple.

TIM

Ouch. -- Mr. Cohn thinks the smarter  
move is to make people think they --  
McCarthy and Cohn -- are behind the  
order. That they *forced* Eisenhower  
to do the right thing.

HAWK

Any idea what the Executive Order's  
about?

TIM

No. Sorry... What will you do with  
this information? Share it with  
Senator Smith?

HAWK

Only if I have to. I try to protect  
the Senator from his own best  
impulses.

(a kiss on the cheek)

Now I have to get dressed.

But Tim doesn't budge from Hawk's lap.

TIM

I want to go to the party.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

To Joe's? Don't get me wrong, he'd  
glom onto you like a jellyfish.

TIM

So take me!

HAWK

You're not dressed for it. And you  
don't have a date.

TIM

I'd be with you.

HAWK

This is the real world, Skippy.

Tim slides off Hawk's lap and drops to his knees between  
Hawk's bare legs.

TIM

I'm your boy, right?

HAWK

Well, well.

TIM

Your boy wants to go to the party.

HAWK

How *much* does he want to go?

Tim reaches for Hawk's boxers.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Not yet.

Hawk raises his bare foot. Tim hesitates. Then understands  
and lightly kisses Hawk's foot.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Open up.

Hawk presses his toes against Tim's lips until Tim opens his  
mouth and takes them inside. Sucks them greedily.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Oh yeah. Good... Now, show me what  
my boy really wants.

Tim swats Hawk's legs away, drops to his knees, and grinds  
his face into Hawk's crotch (still in boxers).

HAWK (CONT'D)

Does he want to walk into that fancy  
Georgetown party with my smell on  
him?

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED: (4)

47

TIM  
(face buried in Hawk)  
Hm mm!

HAWK  
Does he want to chat with the  
Kennedys and the Grahams with the  
taste of me in his mouth?

TIM  
Uh uh. I want --

HAWK  
Don't stop.

Tim opens Hawk's briefs and take his sex into his mouth.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
That's right. Oh yes... I suppose I  
could loan you a tie and a  
topcoat... And find you a beard. Oh,  
yeah... It's the least I can do...

Tim moves faster on Hawk's cock.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
For such a good boy. Oh, Jesus!

Lively CHATTER and PIANO MUSIC (TBD) TAKE US TO --

48

**INT. JOSEPH ALSOP'S TOWNHOUSE - GEORGETOWN, DC - NIGHT (1953)**

48

An elegant cocktail party with Washington elites arguing politics, sharing gossip, and drinking themselves silly in an antique filled parlor, walls covered in red Chinese silk.

FIND TIM (in borrowed jacket and tie) standing with Mary (his "date") as their host JOSEPH ALSOP (60, closeted gay bon vivant) holds court, dropping a hand on Tim's arm.

JOSEPH ALSOP  
I make the terrapin soup myself. You  
have to boil the turtle for hours,  
adding heaps of butter to the broth,  
a little sherry and cayenne pepper.  
My wife says the aroma is a bit  
reminiscent of feet but, I promise  
you, it tastes delicious.

Tim smiles, but steals a LOOK ACROSS THE ROOM at --

HAWK -- Standing next to Lucy Smith, while saying something scandalous that makes BOBBY KENNEDY laugh.

HAWK  
...it's the truth, Mr. Kennedy,  
don't deny it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HAWK (CONT'D)

Do you know Miss Smith? She's just returned from Europe.

ROBERT KENNEDY

I'm sure your family's glad to have you back.

LUCY

I'm trying to decide if I'm glad to be back. I barely recognize Washington since the election.

BACK ON TIM AND MARY --

TIM

(to Mary)

May I get you another drink?

MARY

Thank you, sir. You're an attentive escort. Just a minute...

She straightens his tie (like a protective older sister).

Tim heads to the bar, tries to get the Bartender's attention.

HAWK

Enjoying yourself, Skippy?

Hawk is at his side (speaks quietly, no eye contact).

TIM

(turning toward Hawk)

Yes, I --

HAWK

Keep your eyes on the bartender.

Tim turns toward the Bartender as directed.

TIM

Yes. I'm enjoying it immensely. You?

HAWK

(to the Bartender)

Champagne cocktail please.

(to Tim)

This is work. I'll take you out later for some *real* fun.

Marcus appears, flanking Tim on his other side.

MARCUS

Hawk. Lucy wants to know if you've gone to China for her drink.

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

Duty calls. This is Marcus. Don't tell him my secrets. He's a stinking rotten commie journalist.

Hawk picks up the cocktail and steps away -- TIM WATCHES as Hawk delivers it Lucy Smith (25, naturally poised).

TIM

Who do you write for?

MARCUS

I'm a stringer for the Courier.

TIM

The Black paper.

MARCUS

I think it's printed on white newsprint like all the rest.

TIM

Oh God. I'm sorry. That was so...

MARCUS

Relax. If that's the worst thing anyone says to me tonight, I'll be doing fine. These open-minded members of the intelligentsia love to assure me they own every one of Dinah Washington's records.

TIM

How do you know Mr. Fuller?

MARCUS

We belong to the same club.

Tim is suddenly self-conscious. And jealous.

TIM

Have the two of you...?

MARCUS

We have and we do. In one respect, we're perfectly suited to each other.

TIM

How?

MARCUS

We prefer sex without emotional entanglements.

(clinking Tim's glass)

You've been warned.

Tim DOWNS his drink as his eyes drift toward...

(CONTINUED)



HAWK AND LUCY -- Their repartee has the playful ease of people who've known each other a long time.

LUCY

Dad says you took good care of him the entire time I was in Europe.

HAWK

I did my best.

LUCY

You know he has plans for us.

HAWK

He only drops a hint about it several times a week.

LUCY

Poor Dad. He doesn't realize I'm planning to marry the richest man I can find.

HAWK

Good for you.

LUCY

Even if he's ugly. No. Especially if he's ugly, so I won't have to work hard to hold onto him.

HAWK

When you were a kid you said you'd only marry for love.

LUCY

When you were a kid you said you were going to be race car driver.

HAWK

There's still time.

They're interrupted by the BANGING of a GONG -- that Joe Alsop is beating to get the room's attention.

JOSEPH ALSOP

Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen! David Schine just called to say he and Roy have arrived. They're outside and we're all meant to be very impressed, because David was calling from the radio phone in his car.

Cohn and Schine ENTER behind Alsop.

ROY COHN

And Mr. Schine has brought Cubans! Cigars, that is.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

48

Schine is dashing in a dinner jacket, escorting a BEAUTY PAGEANT CONTESTANT. Roy also has a FEMALE DATE.

JOSEPH ALSOP  
Gentlemen, to the library! Ladies,  
cake and sherry in the dining room!

49 INT. LIBRARY/STUDY - JOSEPH ALSOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT (1953)

49

Male Guests enjoy cigars and brandy. Hawk is amused by Roy Cohn holding court.

ROY COHN  
...the weaklings on the committee  
who coddle traitors, they're worse  
than any commie I've come across.

Alsop loves to stir up drama.

JOSEPH ALSOP  
Does that include the honorable  
Senator Smith of Pennsylvania?

ROY COHN  
Weakness is a sickening trait in any  
man. And it seems to be Senator  
Smith's defining characteristic.

Roy's attack is greeted with raised eyebrows as eyes shift in Hawk's direction.

HAWK  
Tell me, Mr. Schine. Is it true you  
keep the world's largest collection  
of cigars in your suite at the  
Waldorf?

DAVID SCHINE  
That is true, Mr. Fuller. In a walk-  
in humidor. It has a custom built  
air-flow system that maintains the  
humidity steady, at 70 percent,  
which is exactly what you need for a  
really fine cigar.

HAWK  
But you must not have much time to  
enjoy your collection, now that  
you've become a valuable consultant  
to Mr. Cohn and Senator McCarthy.

DAVID SCHINE  
The committee's work keeps me busy,  
sir, that's true.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

HAWK

Do you report directly to the  
Senator? Or are you under Roy?

Schine walks right into the trap.

DAVID SCHINE

I'm under Roy.

HAWK

Funny. I had it the other way  
around.

Muffled laughter spreads around the room, leaving David  
puzzled and Roy staring daggers at Hawk.

Hawk saunters toward the exit -- intercepted by Alsop.

JOSEPH ALSOP

We saw it in Germany. Men like Cohn  
don't need a reason to destroy  
people. They do it because they can.

50

**INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT (1953)**

50

CLOSE ON -- An unmarked DOOR with a rectangular HATCH at eye  
level. JAZZ PIANO drifts from behind the door.

Someone presses a BUZZER. The hatch SLIDES OPEN. A pair of  
EYES peers out. The hatch snaps shut. The DOOR is opened --

51

**INT. COZY CORNER LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS (1953)**

51

Hawk, Marcus, and Tim STEP INTO -- A cocktail lounge with a  
mostly male, mostly Black clientele: professionals, students.  
The atmosphere is aspirational -- with a lot of cruising.

MARCUS

This is just about the only place  
Hawk and I can drink together. Most  
of the bars in DC are still white as  
snow.

TIM TAKES IN -- The "Drag King" pianist STORMÉ (30), in a  
tuxedo, alabaster hair in a masculine pompadour. (As they  
pass the piano, Hawk and Stormé acknowledge each other -- he  
may drop a tip into her tip jar.)

A striking server (FRANKIE, pushing at the boundaries of  
"male" attire/appearance) glides by, EYEING Marcus.

Hawk steps up to the bar and places an order.

HAWK

Two Glen Mhors on the rocks and a  
beer.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

He's joined by Tim (as Marcus is delayed by eyeing FRANKIE -- a sultry, gender-bending server).

TIM  
Three Glen Mhors.

HAWK  
(to Marcus)  
Our baby boy's growing up.

MARCUS  
Maybe it's time to teach him the  
secret handshake.

HAWK  
The one that doesn't involve hands?

The drinks arrive. Tim scoops his up, taking a big gulp. Feeling relaxed, he rests a hand on Hawk's arm.

TIM  
I hope you're going to dance with  
me.

The BARTENDER leans in and addresses Tim gruffly.

BARTENDER  
Hey buster. See that light on top of  
the cash register?  
(pointing to a red  
glass bubble)  
That comes on, you put six inches of  
daylight between you and your friend  
and do it fast. It takes about three  
seconds for the cops to get up the  
stairs.  
(to Hawk)  
You're responsible for him.

Tim is chastened. Nervous, he guzzles his drink.

52

INT. COZY CORNER LOUNGE - LATER (1953)

52

Stormé is chatting with three Black, lesbian PALS at the bar, taking a break. (MUSIC is provided by a record player). Marcus CHATS UP a masculine COLLEGE KID -- Frankie stops by.

FRANKIE  
(flirting)  
You need anything, handsome?

MARCUS  
(rejecting the advance)  
Nothin' at all.

As Frankie MOVES on the COLLEGE KID glares at him.

(CONTINUED)

WE FOLLOW FRANKIE until we find HAWK AND TIM -- In a shadowy nook, Hawk sweetly kissing Tim on the lips. Taking chances.

Tim is slightly breathless (head swimming).

HAWK  
Are you okay?

TIM  
A little drunk.

HAWK  
You don't gulp Scotch, you sip it.

TIM  
Okay. Hawk? I have to ask you something.

HAWK  
Are you sure you *have* to ask?

TIM  
What we're doing -- I've stopped thinking about, if it's right or wrong, let alone a sin. I don't care. But there's one thing I don't think I could live with...  
(forces himself)  
Are you going to marry Lucy Smith?

Hawk pulls away.

HAWK  
Now why did you have to go and do that? Christ.

Hawk heads back to the bar, followed by a distressed Tim, PASSING A TABLE where Marcus chats up the server, Frankie.

FRANKIE  
(re: Hawk and Tim)  
Uh oh. Trouble in paradise.

AT THE BAR --

TIM  
(to Hawk)  
What did I do?

HAWK  
You're drunk. So I'll let it go.  
(to the Bartender)  
Can I get some black coffee?

TIM  
Hawk...

(CONTINUED)

HAWK

We were having fun, weren't we? We had a fun night. We played a roomful of Washington know-it-alls for fools and got away with it. It was sweet, really sweet. But, Skippy...

Hawk places his hands on either side of Tim's face.

HAWK (CONT'D)

That's all it was, understand?  
That's all it can be. I'm sorry.

The Bartender delivers coffee.

BARTENDER

Is there a problem?

Hawk pulls his hands away. Tim's in a slight state of shock.

HAWK

No problem.  
(to Tim)  
Drink your coffee. I'll take you home.

TIM

I committed mortal sins for you.

HAWK

Oh, here we go.

TIM

I could go to hell.

HAWK

Hell's a fantasy, Skippy. So is heaven, the Trinity, democracy, and the holy war against communism. Grand ideas that just get people killed.

(taking his arm)

Now sit --

TIM

(pulling away)

I don't want to sit down!

Heads turn in their direction.

HAWK

Suit yourself.

Hawk turns toward the bar.

(CONTINUED)

TIM

I don't know how you do it. Caring only about what you want, what gives you pleasure at any given moment...

HAWK

Here comes the sermon. Let me know when I'm supposed to genuflect.

TIM

I'm not ashamed that I feel things, that I need to feel things and believe in things. You're the coward, not me!

Marcus joins them.

MARCUS

What's going on?

HAWK

Nothing.

TIM

That's right. Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Tim gathers his coat and heads (wobbly) for the exit.

MARCUS

You going to let him leave like that?

HAWK

He's a grownup, isn't he?

MARCUS

Did anyone ever tell you, you're a piece of shit?

HAWK

Yeah. My father. The day my mother brought me home from the hospital.

Marcus rushes for the exit to catch up with Tim.

Hawk is alone. He scans the place, notices an attractive Young Man, at the far end of the bar, in a raincoat.

HAWK (CONT'D)

(to the Bartender)  
Another Glen Mhor. And tell the gentleman in the Mackintosh I'm buying the next round.

Hawk is facing the giant MIRROR that runs the length of the bar. He looks into it and SEES --

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (4)

52

Older Hawk (60s) looking back at him. CUT TO --

53 INT. FULLER HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY (1986)

53

HAWK (60s) stands before the mirror over his dresser. A moment of reflection.

LUCY

Hawk?

Lucy (60) ENTERS with an envelope.

LUCY (CONT'D)

This just came for you by messenger.

HAWK

Did you look inside?

LUCY

Have I ever, in all these years,  
opened your mail?

HAWK

No.

LUCY

It's from your travel agent. So I  
assume it's a plane ticket.

She notes an open valise, half-filled with Hawk's things.

HAWK

I have to make a quick trip. Two or  
three days at the most.

LUCY

I know where you're going. I heard  
you talking to Mary. I wasn't trying  
to listen, it just happened.

(beat)

The rental agent's coming on Friday.  
I'd like you to be home for that.

HAWK

I will.

LUCY

Is it...? Does he have...?

HAWK

Yes.

LUCY

Is he dying?

HAWK

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)



53

CONTINUED:

53

Lucy busies herself packing items for Hawk.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
You're everything to me.

LUCY  
If I was everything, you wouldn't be  
going where you're going.  
(exiting)  
You'll need your raincoat. I think  
it's in the front hall closet.

TIM (PRE-LAP)  
Holy Mary, Mother of God...

54

INT. CHURCH - DAY (1953)

54

The church is nearly empty, between masses.

Tim occupies a pew. On his knees, folded hands grasping his  
rosary. He's praying. Trying to summon conviction.

TIM  
Pray for us sinners, now and at the  
hour of our death. Amen.

A PRIEST (40) spots Tim and takes the pew directly in front  
of him. Offers a gentle smile.

PRIEST  
If you don't mind me saying so, you  
look a little troubled.

TIM  
I suppose I am, Father.

PRIEST  
I can hear your confession, if it  
would help.

TIM  
It would. But I can't make a  
confession today.

PRIEST  
Why not?

TIM  
Aren't we meant to come to  
confession with perfect contrition?

PRIEST  
We're not perfect beings, so how can  
our contrition be perfect? If we've  
sinned, all God asks is that we be  
sorry for it. Is there a particular  
sin weighing on your mind?

(CONTINUED)

54

CONTINUED:

54

Tim nods.

PRIEST (CONT'D)  
May I ask the nature of this sin?

TIM  
I've had carnal relations.

PRIEST  
That's a serious sin. Are you in  
love with the young woman?

TIM  
It's not a woman.

The Priest's expression darkens.

PRIEST  
Even for the gravest of sins, if you  
are sincerely sorry -- God will  
forgive you and make you pure.

TIM  
But that's the problem.

PRIEST  
What is?

TIM  
When I committed this sin, I *felt*  
pure. More pure than I've felt in my  
entire life. So how can I be sorry  
for it?

Tim swings out of the pew and exits the church.

55

EXT. REFLECTING POOL - JEFFERSON MEMORIAL - NIGHT (1953)

55

Hawk is walking, alone, in the dark, quiet park around the  
pond. He's come here with a purpose.

He lights a cigarette. Someone emerges from the shadows.

It's George Bauers, who keeps his voice low.

GEORGE  
Hawk. Thanks for coming.

HAWK  
What do you want, George?

They watch for anyone getting close.

GEORGE  
I cooperated. Used the name you gave  
me. They're going to let me resign  
quietly.

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED:

55

HAWK  
I'm glad it worked out.

GEORGE  
It didn't exactly work out.

Hawk waits.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
That kid. The name you gave me.  
Eddie. They picked him up. Told him  
they were opening an investigation.  
Hawk. He tried to kill himself. They  
had to pump his stomach.

A beat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I owe the kid something, I don't  
know...

HAWK  
Stay away from him. They might still  
be watching you. Go home. Kiss your  
wife and hug your kids. Be grateful  
for what you have.

GEORGE  
How am I supposed to live with  
myself?

Hawk tosses down his cigarette.

HAWK  
Christ, George. How the hell do I  
know?

PULL BACK TO WIDE SHOT ACROSS THE REFLECTING POOL as George  
and Hawk separate, small in the shadow of the Memorial.

JOE MCCARTHY (PRE-LAP)  
Years after a world war has been  
won...

56

**INT. HEARING ROOM 357 - SENATE BLDG - NIGHT (1953)**

56

McCarthy stands before a radio microphone, reading a  
statement regarding the impending Executive Order.

JOE MCCARTHY  
Men's minds should be free from the  
heavy weight that comes with war...

REPORTERS (including Marcus) crowd the room. PAST MCCARTHY --  
Through a window: the lighted Capitol Dome.

(CONTINUED)

- 56 CONTINUED: 56
- JOE MCCARTHY (CONT'D)  
But this is not such a period...
- 57 **INT. HAWK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (1953)** 57
- Hawk opens a small safe (inside his walk-in closet) and extracts several \$20 bills that he places into an envelope.
- JOE MCCARTHY (V.O.)  
For this is not a period of peace.  
This is a time of cold war...
- 58 **INT. CORRIDOR - EDDIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (1953)** 58
- Hawk RUNS HIS FINGER down the row of mailboxes, finding "Edward Kofler" in Apt. 7.
- Hawk climbs STAIRS to an UPPER FLOOR, approaches Apartment 7, and slides the envelope under the door.
- JOE MCCARTHY (V.O.)  
The Executive Order that President Eisenhower will sign tomorrow...
- 59 **EXT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (1953)** 59
- Hawk exits the apartment building (just as he did the night he slept with Eddie) with the lit Capitol Dome in view.
- JOE MCCARTHY (V.O.)  
...will expand security investigations to all branches of government...
- 60 **INT. STATE DEPARTMENT BLDG - CORRIDOR - NIGHT (1953)** 60
- PUSH INTO a DOOR with its frosted glass panel marked: "M305."
- JOE MCCARTHY (V.O.)  
...facilitating the coordination of the efforts among various agencies...
- 61 **INT. ROOM M305 - "M UNIT" - STATE DEPT. BLDG - NIGHT (1953)** 61
- A JANITOR mops the floor of a room set up for interrogations: table, chair, polygraph machine. Curious, the Janitor picks up a pamphlet: "Employment of Homosexuals and Other Sex Perverts in Government." Returns it, next to a Bible.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

JOE MCCARTHY (V.O.)  
...including the State Department's  
M Unit, the FBI's Sex Deviants  
Investigation Unit...

62 EXT. LAFAYETTE PARK - NIGHT (1953)

62

Hawk watches MEN dart in and out of shadows, attempting to make contact, risking arrest and ruin just to touch a nameless human being for a few minutes.

JOE MCCARTHY (V.O.)  
...and the Washington DC Police Sex  
Perversion Elimination Program...

Hawk catches a MAN staring at him, visible in moonlight. He's attractive, well-dressed. His eyes hold hunger and terror.

JOE MCCARTHY (V.O.)  
Those accused and investigated...

63 INT. HEARING ROOM 357 - SENATE BLDG - NIGHT (1953)

63

Joe at the microphone:

JOE MCCARTHY  
Will be judged by their  
trustworthiness, and whether they  
have committed criminal or immoral  
acts that would leave them  
susceptible to coercion. These are  
people the rest of us consider sad,  
sick, even pathetic...

FIND MARCUS -- In the room, his pencil hovering above his notepad. He can't write another word.

JOE MCCARTHY (CONT'D)  
An investigation may be commenced  
based on an accusation by a fellow  
employee...

64 INT. HAWK'S PRIVATE OFFICE - STATE DEPT. BLDG - NIGHT (1953)

64

Miss Addison is working late.

JOE MCCARTHY (V.O.)  
Even if the employee making the  
accusation prefers to remain  
anonymous...

She creeps over to Hawk's desk, opens a drawer and finds, "Look Homeward Angel." That she opens, reading Tim's inscription. She is shocked.

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

CLOSE ON THE INSCRIPTION: "Mr. Fuller. Thank you for everything. You're wonderful. -- T.L."

JOE MCCARTHY (V.O.)

One of my friends said the other day, McCarthy, why worry about those individuals? You don't claim they're all communists do you?

65

INT. STATLER HOTEL - SCHINE'S SUITE - NIGHT (1953)

65

Roy and David sit in matching leather chairs, smoking huge cigars, listening to their boss on the radio.

JOE MCCARTHY (V.O.)

The answer is obviously no. Some of them are very energetic, very loyal Americans. Some of them have that unusual affliction because of no fault of their own. We're not disturbed about them because of their morals...

66

INT. HEARING ROOM 357 - SENATE BLDG - NIGHT (1953)

66

McCarthy comes to the end of his written statement.

JOE MCCARTHY

We're disturbed about them because they are dangerous to this country. Thank you. God bless you. And God bless the United States of America.

67

EXT. TIM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (1953)

67

Tim ambles with slumped shoulders down the sidewalk, carrying a small bag of groceries. Steps up to the entrance.

HAWK

Skippy?

Hawk is waiting in the shadows.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Do you have a minute?

Tim doesn't answer. He doesn't move.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Kenny. That was his name. My first. Remember, you asked...? Eleventh grade. We played on the tennis team together.

(CONTINUED)

A NEIGHBOR emerges from the building. Hawk and Tim look away from each other, until the Neighbor is out of sight.

HAWK (CONT'D)

When school ended, and I was thinking of my future, I broke things off with Kenny. It seemed too complicated. A liability... I went into the Army... Kenny signed up too. I think he was trying to stay connected to me somehow. Only I ended up in Europe and Kenny was sent to the Pacific. He died on a beach trying to take Luzon...

Hawk pauses. The grief still aches.

HAWK (CONT'D)

When I was discharged, I went to see his folks. I could tell, just the way they looked at me -- They knew what had gone on between us. I could feel the contempt coming out of their eyes. When I was leaving, I found something in my car... That paperweight. That you saw in my apartment...

IMAGE -- Tim in HAWK'S APARTMENT, holding the paperweight.

HAWK (CONT'D)

Kenny's mother must've put it there. I don't know if she wanted me to have it, or she just didn't want it in her house anymore... I was with Kenny, when he picked it up on our Senior Trip. All the other boys went for ball caps or key chains. But, sweet Kenny, he loved beautiful things. The boys razzed him about it pretty bad. And that's when I started putting distance between us. I guess you could say, I deserted him... When I left my home for good - that paperweight was the only thing I took with me. The only thing worth taking.

(beat)

Tim. I'd like to come up to your room. I want to hold you tonight. If you'll let me.

TIM

Hawk. I'm afraid.

HAWK

I imagine a lot of people are afraid tonight.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

67

TIM  
I don't mean the Executive Order.  
I'm afraid of you.  
(beat)  
I don't know what to do. What should  
I do?

HAWK  
My advice? Go inside. Close the door  
and lock it behind you.

Tim nods. Moves to the entrance. Opens the door. But...  
Pauses halfway through.

TIM  
Unfortunately, the lock is broken.

He smiles and continues inside. Hawk waits a careful beat,  
FOLLOWS Tim inside.

68 **INT. TIM'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRS - NIGHT (1953)**

68

Hawk climbs the stairs. To the THIRD FLOOR LANDING where the  
DOOR to Tim's room stands partially open.

Hawk steps inside, FINDING --

69 **INT. TIM'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT (1953)**

69

Tim. Waiting. Hawk shuts the door. Wraps his arms around Tim,  
presses his face against his and kisses him on the mouth.

WE HEAR -- A PHONE RINGING (distant, on the other end of a  
phone line). And *CUT TO* --

70 **INT. DINER - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY (1986)**

70

Filled with the Castro Street lunch-time CROWD. The epidemic  
is present in posters and bowls of condoms on the counter.

FIND HAWK -- At a pay phone on the wall. Listening to the  
RINGING on the other end of the line. Finally...

TIM (O.S.)  
Hello?

HAWK  
It's Hawk. I'm in San Francisco. I'd  
like to see you.

Silence on the other end.

HAWK (CONT'D)  
I'm calling from a diner, just down  
the street from your building.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



70

CONTINUED:

70

HAWK (CONT'D)

If you were able to see me, would this be a good time?

(no answer)

I know this is, um, out of nowhere. I didn't want to call and have you tell me not to come. I thought, if I just show up, maybe... I won't stay long.

(no answer)

Tim? How about this? I'm going to give you a number. Are you there?

TIM (O.S.)

(a beat)

I'm here.

HAWK

Are you ready?

(the number of the pay phone)

415-555-0144. I'd really like to see you. Think about it. I'll stay here and wait for your call. They're open all night. But I hope you won't make me wait that long.

"Click." Tim hangs up. Not an encouraging sign.

71

**INT. TIM'S SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS (1986)**

71

Tim (50s) sits quietly next to the phone. Still boyish, thinning hair falling over his forehead to his glasses. He has a few blue-purple lesions: one on his ear, one on his hand, holding the phone number he's just written down.

In the limited view we have of Tim's small apartment, we see lots of books (left-wing political titles), a small cross on the wall, and a poster of Maria Callas's Blackgama ad ("What Becomes A Legend Most?").

72

**INT. DINER - LATE AFTERNOON (1986)**

72

Hawk sits in a booth with a view of the phone. Time has passed. The lunch rush is over, the place nearly empty.

Hawk WATCHES the Castro Street GAY LIFE passing by the windows: tanned, muscular men; preppy types in polos; a shirtless COUPLE holding hands. The Brave New Gay World.

He lifts a cigarette to his lips, inhales, lowers the cigarette to the ashtray that's overflowing with butts. He's been waiting a long time.

Hawk taps his fingertips restlessly against the formica table. Is Hawkins Fuller actually *worried* about something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stubs out his cigarette. Should he light another?

No. Decides there's no point.

He signals to the Waiter for his check. Digs out his wallet, tosses down some bills. Leaving in defeat.

He takes two steps toward the EXIT...

The pay phone on the wall... RINGS.

**END PILOT**