

Meanwhile, down in the kitchen,

Yeah.

Some people hide valuables in the freezer.

Real.

All right, I'm really only hungry.

Anything in there?

Yeah, some pork chops, orange juice, broccoli. And look, there's slime in the ice machine and roach droppings on food preparation surfaces.

Give it a rest, Marvin. What next?

Why the hooch closet, of course.

What?

The hooch closet. Great Uncle Paul was a bootlegger in the 1920s during Prohibition. He built a secret closet inside the pantry to hide his hooch.

What's hooch?

Illegal liquor.

Oh.

The latch is hidden on the baseboard here somewhere. I got it. Now push.

This is a pretty good sized room. Can you see anything?

No. There should be a flashlight in one of the cupboards.

Oh, here-- here I got it.

OK, after you then.

Wow, there's enough boxes and bottles in here.

Let's start checking the boxes.

This whole stack of boxes seems to be empty bottles and jars.

Yeah, same over here.

Hey, here's something. A box of trophies. Goodness, here's a first place ribbon from a baking contest in 1925. And here's a trophy for baseball dated 1933. The Montrose Sports Association could use some trophies like this. It's neat. Anything interesting over there?

Nah, just some photo albums and scrapbooks, maybe interesting, but not helpful.

Hmm, that's the last box, sorry.

Oh well, it was kind of a long shot anyway.

Well, at least we rediscovered a lot of family mementos. Your family has a lot of history stored in this house.

Yeah, and we're going to have to move our history someplace else if we don't find something that will prove my family bought this house from the Boorman's and find it before court on Monday.

Maybe Linda and Alan will turn up something in the attic.

There's a lot of junk up there. We may have to go help them.

Hey, not to change the subject, but I'd like to read that diary that was written in the 1800s, if you don't mind.

Oh, be my guest. I think you'll find it fascinating. Now, I've read it myself. And I found it fascinating. There are stories in it about my family's involvement in the Underground Railroad during the Civil War, helping slaves escape to the free North. The old family house in Georgia had a secret room behind the pantry, where escaping slaves could hide while they waited for transportation. That's probably where my great uncle got the idea for this hooch closet.

I've had enough of closets. We've hidden in too many of them. We still hide in them all too often. We need a president who will draft an Emancipation Proclamation for lesbians and gays.

Well, I hope we don't have to actually wage war to get it. But I think that's what it would take to get it from the present administration. Let's get out of this particular closet in any case.

Where to next?

The study.

Why didn't we go there first? That seemed to be the most likely place to find a copy of a deed or something like it.

Right. I figured that anyone who could steal the original copies of the deed from the master bedroom and copies and microfiche records from City Hall also had enough snap to look through the study. I'm not hopeful of finding anything useful there. But I don't have a better idea now.

Let's give it a try. It can't hurt.

You check the desk. And I'll try the credenza.

Lots of utility receipts and some tax records. You find anything?

Yeah, more tax receipts and lots of old *National Geographic*'s. Want to look at naked pygmies?

Thanks, I'll pass.

Oh, look, lesbian pygmy fertility rights in color, mounds of flesh pressed together.

Where? Let me see.

Just kidding.

That's mean, Lloyd. Just for that, you can check the upper bookshelves. I get the lower ones.

Why the bookshelves? Well, I have a fake book at home with a secret compartment in it. I hide some of my valuable papers in it. Maybe someone in your family had the same idea.

Well, let's hope so.

Hey, is this your family Bible?

It must be the old one. My grandparents got a new one when my father was a little boy.

Gee, it's got all sorts of things stuck between the pages. Let's look. Here's your family tree. Wonder how many people in your family were gay?

Well, you won't find the answer there. It's not the sort of thing people record in Bibles, especially since the Bible is often used to persecute gays.

I wish people would really read the Bible, instead of just looking at a few passages, or worse, getting all their knowledge of the Bible from someone else, someone who shades the meaning of what they teach with their own prejudice. I can't believe the number of people twist what the Bible says about homosexuality to support their own hatred.

The Old Testament only talks of homosexuality in regard to its usage in the fertility rites of ancient idols. That sort of practice has no bearing on homosexuality today. And in the New Testament, Jesus never said a word about homosexuality. He did say that He loves us all though, and not just people who behave a certain way.

Yeah, I found a lot of love in the Bible. And I hate it when people use it to support hatred. If anything is intrinsically evil, using the Bible as a weapon of hate is. I'd like to tell that to the Pope.

Really. Well, there's a lot of love, but no deeds or bills of sale in this Bible.

Oh well, keep looking.

I wish we could find something to prove that Jarvis Boorman stole the deeds and records from City Hall. It had to have been him. No one else would be interested in claiming title to this house. And the timing of his claim even incriminates him. He must be pretty sure of himself.

He is. That's what worries me. The last thing he said to me was, you might as well get your fairy friends to help you move your stuff out of my house.

That creep. He obviously thinks homosexuals are all limp-wristed cowards. Well, we'll soon show him. Being gay has nothing to do with ability. We're at least as capable as any other group and now, more determined to do something to change the attitudes of people like him. Don't worry, Lloyd. Your fairy friends are going to stand with you and fight.

Thanks. I don't know what I'd do without you all.

Well, you're welcome. I'm done with my shelves. How about you?

I'm done too. I was just double checking. Should we go see how Linda and Alan are doing?

Sure, let's go. Well, that's the last box. There's a lot of trunks though. Maybe we'll find something we can use to support the Walden's claim to this house in them.

Well, since the boxes weren't helpful, we better hope the trunks hold what we're looking for. Right now though, I could use a break. Where's the bathroom in this place?

I think I saw it in the hall downstairs.

Well, let's hit the bathroom and then check on Lloyd and Mary Helen.

Ladies first. After you.

Oh, no, no, age before beauty. You first, dear.

Get down those stairs, bitch, before I push you down them.

Well, you're no gentleman.

Damn right. And don't you forget it.

Where's the bathroom?

Down the hall, second door on the left.

Thanks. Back in a second.

I'll go on downstairs.

OK.

Oh darn, I left the flashlight on in the attic. Hey, there it is. Oh no, the door! Darn it. Gosh, there's no handle on this side. And I can't lift it with my fingernails. Oh, there must be something up here I can pry it up with. No. That won't fit. That won't either. I will not panic. I am an adult. And I can deal with this. Let me out of here!

Sounds like the wind has picked up. I guess I better get downstairs with the others before the boogeyman gets me. Hey, who turned out the lights? Linda, if you're trying to scare me, it's a very childish thing to do. And it's working. Damn it, where are the stairs? Linda? Lloyd! Mary Helen!

Down here.

Where is here? I can't see the stairs.

Here. Can you see my light now?

Yeah, I got it. No problem. Where's Linda?

I thought she was with you.

No, when I went into the bathroom, she said she was coming down here.

Well, if she's anywhere in the dark, she'd be screaming her head off. She doesn't deal well with the dark.

Well, she had a flashlight. Where could she be?

Maybe she went into the downstairs bathroom. Let's open the curtains and let the moon light in. And then we'll check.

Good thought.

No use stumbling around in the dark with just one flashlight between the three of us.

Oh no, look outside.

What? What?

What?

There! It's Jarvis Boorman's car.

Where? It's raining so hard I can hardly see.

It's there across the street. See it?

I see it. Are you sure it's his?

How many people do you know who drive a black 1969 Cadillac Seville with one yellow fender?

You got me. What do you suppose he's doing here? It's awfully late for a friendly drop in visit.

If it was a legitimate visit, he would have come to the door by now.

Maybe he went into the massage parlor on the corner.

Please, even massage parlors have their standards.

You don't suppose he cut the electricity off?

What? To scare us? He'll have to try better than that.

[GLASS BREAKING]

Boorman! He's trying to break in. He's on the dining room roof. It's the only part of the house that's only one story high.

He's jumped into the bushes by the porch.

OK.

He's headed toward the front door. Quick! Upstairs! We can see the front porch from there.

Oh no, we left the front door unlocked.

Into the master bedroom, run!

What now?

Into the closet!

Into the closet? We're going to hide while this creep wrecks the house?

I know what I'm doing. Get in the closet.

Now what? Ambush him?

No, push on the back wall at this corner. There's a secret passage.

You've got to be kidding.

He's not kidding. It's an honest to God secret passage.

Quiet! Get in!

Where does it go? Into the bedroom the women are staying in. Now go on.

Yuck. It's a mess in here.

So report me to *Good Housekeeping* magazine.

What was it built for?

Who knows? It lets out into the closet in the women's bedroom. We'll sneak in behind Boorman and grab him.

Sounds good, our three to his one. And a surprise attack at that!

I'd feel better if I had an ax.

Here we are. Into the closet now quietly. Ready? Let's go.

Hey.

[SCREAM]

Ah!

Get him.

I got him. Ouch!

Hey!

Ouch!

Hey! Linda?

Yes, it's me. Let go.

We thought you were Boorman.

Boorman?

We heard him come across the roof and then through the front door.

You ding dongs, that was me.

You?

What?

I locked myself in the attic and had to break one of the dormer windows to get out. Then I climbed down the gutter to the first floor roof and ended up falling in the bushes.

Sorry. Is everyone OK?

Yeah.

I'm fine.

Yeah well, if you can call us OK.

Gees.

I'm sorry.

Linda, you're soaking wet. Go ahead and get dried off and changed before you catch cold. And I'll go make some coffee for us. You look like you could use a jolt of caffeine.

Thanks. I'm really sorry about the window in the attic. I kind of panicked.

Don't worry about it. We'll fix it in the morning. I think there's even some spare glass in the tool shed.

I'd better go put some cardboard over it to keep the rain out for tonight anyway.

Here, take the flashlight.

Mary Helen, give me the other light. I'll get some candles from the kitchen.

But I won't have any light in here. I can't stand the dark.

Don't worry, I'll stay here with you and keep you safe.

I think she'd be safer alone. After all, I never heard of anyone getting embarrassing hickeys from being alone in the dark.

We don't do hickeys.

Come on, Mary Helen, come with me to the bathroom.

Well, I'm going to the attic. If I'm not back in 10 minutes, come get me. I don't want to have to pull a Linda and jump out of the windows into the bushes.

Ha ha. If you got locked in there you wouldn't wait 10 minutes for someone to let you out. You'd land in those bushes faster than I did.

Yes, Alan's been known to go jumping into the bushes. But usually, he's after something.

Well, I never.

The hell you haven't. Linda, I'll light the way to the bathroom for you and then come back with some candles. Everybody meet in the kitchen for coffee.

Mary Helen, bring my ghetto blaster. At least we can have some music.

Yeah, After Hour should be on KPFT. Let's see.

Where am I?

KPFT.

Oh.

Pacifica.

I've heard of it.

FM 90.

FM 90.

Houston.

It's in Texas.

KPFT. It's the only place to be.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Lloyd is making coffee.

I patched the window with a plastic trash bag. It'll keep the rain out. But it's not pretty.

Thanks. We'll pretty it up tomorrow. Let's have some coffee.

Thanks, as long as you're buying. Linda still in the bathroom?

Yes, with Mary Helen holding her hand.

I'll bet that's not all she's holding.

Now, now, you're just jealous.

Damn right. Why doesn't anyone hold my hand when I get scared?

Probably because you never admit to being scared.

I admit to being scared. Linda knew I was scared of going up into the attic the first time. She was right when she said that I wouldn't have waited 10 minutes if I'd been locked in.

Perhaps it's who you admit weakness to. You don't mind Linda or I knowing you're scared. But would you admit it to someone you were dating, like maybe that guy you went to dinner with Friday? Oh, what's his name? Rusty?



Well, no, not right now anyway. Maybe after I get to know him better. In any case, who wants to show a weakness in front of someone you don't really know.

Or someone you're trying to impress anyway, right? But if he had admitted that he was scared, you'd want to hold his hand, wouldn't you?

Well, yes. But I doubt he would let me know that he was scared of anything.

I think it's like that with a lot of our feelings. We just don't want to admit needing someone for fear they'll think of us as weak. But we would like to feel needed by them.

And so everyone keeps their mouth shut and their feelings hidden and ends up keeping their own company. Now that I think about it like that, I bet most people are like that, and gays especially. We're so image conscious. We keep up such brave facades, always looking happy and ready for a party, and always alone in a crowd. Because we won't open up and let others touch us and see who we really are and what we really feel.

Whoa! What did you put in this coffee? I'm starting to sound like a made for TV movie.

There's nothing in the coffee. It's just late. And it's been a weird night. Just don't turn into Dr. Ruth and start giving advice on good sex. And no one will think you're weirding out. And speaking of loose, look who's here. And do you girls remember to use contraceptives?

You are so weird. How about some coffee, Lloyd?

No thanks, I just had some.

You're a no better than him. I come down here for some intelligent conversation. And I get the Marx brothers.

Feeling better, Linda?

Yeah, but I'm sore from landing in that bush.

She's got a good sized bruise on her tail.

Well, you must have had to look awfully close to see that by candlelight.

You're just jealous.

Oh, let's not go through that again.

Go through what?

Oh, skip it. I'll tell you later.

I don't suppose anyone found anything to prove that my family bought this house sometime in the past?

No, but we found something though. Alan, what did you do with that card?

Oh, I forgot all about it. I left it on a table in the hall upstairs. I'll go get it.

What's this?

We found the most beautiful birthday card in the attic. It looks like it's 100 years old. It was the only thing we found worth mentioning. But we've only gone through the boxes. There's still the trunks to look through.

We can go through those tomorrow.

By the way, why did you think I was Jarvis Boorman?

We saw his car parked across the street.

What's it doing there?

Who knows? We thought he was trying to break in here. But I guess we were wrong.

Is his car still there?

I don't know. Let's take a look.

Why should he park it here though?

I don't know. But it's still there.

Look, up the street, is that him?

Yeah, he's coming back to his car.

Get back. Don't let him see you. Mary Helen, did you see where he came from?

No. Look, he's getting something out of the back seat.

It's a box. No, it's a suitcase.

I'm going to get my binoculars.

Hurry, he's heading back up the street.

Hey, what are you guys looking at?

We just saw Jarvis Boorman get a suitcase out of the back seat of his car and walk off up the street with it. Lloyd went to get his binoculars.

He's going into the massage parlor on the corner.

Really? How about that? I would have thought they'd know better than that. God only knows what's in that suitcase. Probably sex toys.

That's sick.

Hey, don't knock them till you've tried them. Why do you think that sort of thing is sick?

I don't know.

Exactly, people seem to automatically condemn anything that deviates from what they consider normal, as sick or unnatural. What is normal? What is natural? Can anything the human mind conceive be unnatural? I think that if two or more people want to do something together, then it falls within the range of human normality. Normality, after all, is just an average based on the wide range of human experience.

OK, I guess I'll reserve judgment until I've had some experience then.

And I'm sure I can count on Mary Helen to help out with that, can't I?

You just wait. I'll think of a suitable retort in a moment.

Where's Jarvis?

He went into the whore-- I mean, massage parlor.

You had it right the first time.

Look! A police car just pulled up in front of the massage parlor.

I hope they catch Boorman with his pants down, so to speak.

I find it odd that the police should decide to raid the place just after Boorman goes inside. You suppose they're setting him up?

Maybe he's a pimp. And he wants this house to expand his operation.

Well, somehow, I can't see good old whiney Jarvis as a pimp. What are the cops doing?

Nothing. They're just sitting there. Wait! Two guys are coming out. And they have Boorman between them. And he's handcuffed.

Oh, I'd like to be given 10 minutes in a room alone with a handcuffed Jarvis Boorman.

Those guys must be undercover police.

One of them has the suitcase.

What are they doing now?

The cops got out of the car. Now, they're putting Jarvis in the back seat. One of the undercover cops is opening the suitcase. Oh, he pulled out a plastic bag. Looks like it's full of white powder. I'll give you one guess.

Cocaine. What do you know? He's a drug dealer. He must have been caught in a sting operation.

Yeah, I bet he wanted this house to do his dealing from.

Wow, they're taking bags of what looked like pills out of the suitcase now. Looks like he had quite a selection.

Now, that's sick, supplying the drugs that ruin people's lives. I'm sure he knew full well what kind of damage he's doing.

I doubt that he's actually responsible for the way in which people ruin their lives. Everybody has the choice to make their own life better or to wreck it. Boorman was only supplying the means, not the motivation.

You sound like you're defending him.

No, I'm just pointing out that drug dealers aren't the problem, drug users are. If no one wanted to take illegal drugs, no one would be trying to sell them. So really, we don't need to get rid of the drug dealers. We just have to get people to quit taking drugs.

Well, when you figure out how, let us know. I can't see it happening like that.

Why not? If people would just realize that they can have full and happy lives without any kind of drugs, they would do it.

People just don't seem generally to have a lot of pride and confidence in themselves. Think of all the gays and lesbians you know who take drugs. Why do they do it? Because they don't like who they are, and what they are, what they feel. They want to feel something better, something different.

Well, there's not much good in feeling something better or different if you can't remember what it was after the drug wears off. You can't take drugs all the time. We've seen what happens to those who do.

If people would just be proud of who and what they are, we can be homosexuals and proud of it. Why can't others?

I think it must go back to self-esteem. If you're told often enough that you're wrong, or evil, or sick, you begin to believe it yourself. People should know themselves better. No one should let another person decide their feelings about themselves or about another. We need to look into our own hearts to know what's right for us.

I just wish that people would get to know themselves and one another better without trying to change each other first.

Hey, they've driven Boorman away.

Well, I for one am going back to the kitchen and sit down. This has been quite an evening.

Amen to that.

Well, I guess you don't have to worry about Boorman trying to get your house now.

I wouldn't be so sure about that. We still don't have anything to support my family's claim to this place.

Well, we'll keep looking then. More coffee anyone?

I'd like another cup, please.

That's odd. Mary Helen never has another cup of coffee at home.

Oh, don't you start too. You've been hanging around these two too long.

Oh, I almost forgot, Lloyd. Here's that birthday card.

Wow, that is beautiful. It looks like it's 100 years old.

Who sent it to whom?

Well, it's signed to my dearest and only, a present from me to you with all my love, David. 1909.

Well, how about that? I wonder what he gave her.

Careful Lloyd, that page is trying to fall out.

It's not a page from the card. It was folded inside. Oh! Wow!

What?

Hey, what do you got?

It's a copy of the deed to the house.

You're kidding?

No, look, it really is.

Well, it sure is, a certified copy. There's the notary signature and seal. Well, the wonders never cease. Well, now we know what David gave his wife.

Well, I'd like to see Boorman's face when he hears about this.

Well, that shouldn't be difficult to arrange. Let's go visit him in jail tomorrow. It'll make his day for sure.

Oh Lloyd, you are a cruel queen. I love it!

I don't know how to thank you all enough. You've saved my family's home. Well, my home, actually. Since my parents want to stay in Florida, I'll be living here.

Well, speaking of thanks, I do believe you promised us a night on the town.

Of course.

Yeah, right.

Hey, where to first?

Bacchus!

Bacchus! BRB.

Ripcord.

Oh, Lord, here we go again.

K K

Where am I?

KPFT

Oh.

Pacifica.

I've heard of it.

FM 90.

FM 90.

Houston.

It's in Texas.

KPFT. It's the only place to be.

[WOLF HOWLING]

[MUSIC PLAYING]

The.