



SAVING SALEM, M.I.

"JESUS FREAKS"

Written by

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This episode is based on true events.

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PRE-READ NOTES.

This episode is intended to be EPISODE 14 in the series.
It is suggested that at a minimum the PILOT episode, "SAVING SALEM
MI: SMASH THE HELLEVISION" has been read.

OTHER EPISODE SYNOPSIS can be found at
<https://savingsalemmi.com/season-1/>

IN SUMMARY - PREVIOUSLY:

Reverend Evan Smith, while in college attended the first youth meeting Billy Graham preached with 5000 in attendance. He promised God that he would reach as many people as Billy Graham only to see that number climb into the millions. Now, (1971) Evan has been assigned to a small town of 310 residents.

General store owner Barbra Donovan is determined to "save" Salem from THAT church, especially since they stand in the way of her obtaining a liquor license.

Board members Alex and Lance doubt that Evan is a good fit for the church, especially since Evan seems to do whatever he wants instead of adhering to their wishes. They have started to plot ways to get more board members on their side.

"SAVING SALEM, M.I."

"JESUS FREAKS"

BASED ON TRUE EVENTS

TEASER

EXT. SALEM - DAY (THUR, MAY 18, 1972)

A caboose clears train tracks, it reveals a 1960's Volkswagen HIPPIE VAN adorning a large PEACE SIGN along with flowers and the word "LOVE".

The SOUND of the train fades as the radio volumizes the song:
"The Draft Dodger Rag."

PETE SEEGER SONG (V.O.)

*I'm just a typical American boy
from a typical American town...*

American flags pop from each post of the General store. The van pulls to a stop in front of the bank next door.

KATE RODGERS (44), housewife wearing a scarf, gives the van a lookover, then enters the--

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Kate joins the TEA LADIES at their usual table.

BARBRA DONNAVAN (38), places a dove lamp near periodicals. The May '72 issues of "TIME MAGAZINE" include "Nixon at War" and "Nixon Strikes Back."

PETE SEEGER SONG (V.O.)

*Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a
ruptured spleen...*

Lowering the radio, Barbra would rather listen in on the--

PAY PHONE NEAR BACK POSTAL BOXES:

CALVIN BAKER (18), long hair, cut off jeans, cuffs his hand over the receiver. BEATHING HEAVILY--

CALVIN

Calling about the program... Noseys
listening. What's the address?

DAVID (9), messy head of hair, pants too short and shirt sleeves too long, opens a box of Cracker-Jacks.

DAVID
A pistol! Wow!

BARBRA
Certainly you've been trained not
to point a gun at a lady.

Calvin hangs the phone, uneasily fidgets.

PETE SEEGER SONG (V.O.)
*...I think you gotta see that if
someone's gotta go over there, that
someone isn't me...*

BARBRA
Calvin?... Looking for something?

CALVIN
You have any maps? For Windsor?

BARBRA
Would Detroit do?

Calvin drops a quarter on the counter and bolts off.

At the TEA TABLE, almost spilling her cup--

KATE
He sure blew the doors off here.

BARBRA
(whisper, gossipy)
Having been a witness in sorting
the letters earlier... Nah...

KATE
Go on. Isn't a witness supposed to
testify about what they saw?

BARBRA
There was a document in his mail,
from the Selective Service--

KATE
Think he's gonna dodge? Perhaps we
should call Warren.

Turning the LADIES notice the pay phone, off hook, BEEPING.

EXT. SALEM - DAY

The miniscule town runs along a single sidewalk extending from the general store, past a few colonial house, ending at the church.

Burning rubber in his Hush Puppies, Calvin jolts right into the shoulder of EVAN SMITH (40), in shirt and tie.

CALVIN
Sorry man. I mean apologies
Reverend Smith.

EVAN
Why the big rush, Calvin?

HEAVILY BEATHING--

CALVIN
Bummer day. News that--
(recomposing self)
A friend got called up... to Nam.

EVAN
(concerned)
Why not ask him to stop by? Maybe I
can talk to him.

CALVIN
Because that's all the old fossils
can do-- talk. No one ever listens
to how we feel. Suppose you'd give
him one of 'dem bulletproof New
Testaments, as if that'd save his
life too...

Calvin struts off noticing the HIPPIE VAN. He approaches it as the passenger window rolls down.

Song on the radio comes to an end.

PETE SEEGER SONG (V.O.)
*And if you ever get a war without
any gore. Well, I'll be the first
to go.*

Calvin points down the street, toward the church.

A tall steeple mightily points toward the clouds.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1972 (CONT.)

EXT. FIRE STATION - DAY

One of two garage doors open on the small brick building. WARREN RODGERS, forties, in overalls striped straight as his personality, removes a panel on a red 1963 Ford fire truck.

LOUD MUSIC from the van across the street, he grumbles--

WARREN

Listen to that. Hippies invading Salem? Would rather deal with a violent wind.

DAVID (O.S.)

Slap me five. That's a real groovy catseye ya got there.

RICK (O.S.)

Play for "keepsies?"

Warren takes a deep breath. Gazing diagonally across the street toward--

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A ragged flag flaps in the breeze attached to an old farm house. Playing a game of "marbles" David and--

RICK KENNY (9), his best friend, long light-brown hair, lines up a marble to shoot.

Rick's brother LARRY KENNY (16), sitting on a bench, rolls a joint, trying to conceal the deed from the curious boys.

DAVID

Why is your hair so long? My dad says you look like a girl.

LARRY

Thought your old man said every one was accepted at church? Only a real man can take being called a girl, you sissy.

RICK

All the cool guys have long hair.

Rick shoots and knocks two marbles from the circle.

DAVID

No fair.

LARRY

Looked like a fair shot to me.

David hooks up his shot against the FLAME DESIGN marble.

BAM -- he takes it!

RICK

Nooooo. My rare CAC flame. And I just won that one.

DAVID

I'll give it back... if... if you'll sleep over on Saturday.

RICK

Joking, right? Besides, I have to go to OUR church on Sunday.

David sticks the CAC flame in his pocket and shrugs.

Quickly hiding his stash in a shoe box--

LARRY

Gotta jet, you pansies.

Crunching the box under the sofa, Larry takes off. Curious, Rick and David look at each other... Rick yanks the box out.

DAVID

Homemade cigarette?

RICK

It's a joint. Marijuana. You've smoked before, right?

Rick starts getting the matches out, trying to put the doobie in his mouth.

DAVID

(lying, acting cool)

Sure, of course... Once, I think...

The loosely rolled doobie comes undone, the weed tumbles into the box. Jaws drop. The boys realize they're in trouble.

In a tie-dye tee-shirt, LEAF (22), thin guy with long red hair, unshaven, startles them.

LEAF

That stuff can really mess you up.

DAVID

Hey, could you help us fix it? Else his brother 'll come back and give us both a pounding...

LEAF

Not very cool to disturb your brother's gear.

Leaf steps up and rolls the joint, closes the box. After a wink, he wanders away.

RICK

If he was a real hippie, he'd be helping us smoke the stuff.

Rick stashes the box.

INT. SALEM CHURCH, PASTOR STUDY - DAY

Bookshelves hide the wall behind a neatly arranged desk. A banker's lamp glows.

Leaving for the day, Evan Smith sits on the corner of the desk, on the phone--

EVAN

Let's just keep an open heart and not jump to conclusions....

Grabbing his briefcase, a tap at the door startles him.

Leaf pops his head in the doorway.

SAGE (20), hair wrapped in a braided bandana, appears directly below him.

Hanging up the phone, Evan walks over to shake their hands.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Welcome. Can I...

LEAF

I am Leaf and this is Sage.

EVAN

I'm Pastor Smith. Come on in.

Evan gestures to the sofa as he situates into an adjacent chair. He picks up a pamphlet on "marriage" from the table.

LEAF

Oh, we're not sponging for that.
We're just passing through town on
our way to--

SAGE

West. California.

Taken back he stands, pulls a drape back, notices the vehicle
parked below.

EVAN

Interesting van there.

LEAF

Was running low on gas--

SAGE

The bank won't release funds on my
aunt's check until Monday.

LEAF

We were checking on a place to park
for a couple nights.

Sage uneasily tries to stretch her mini skirt down her leg.

EVAN

California's a bit of a drive. Let
me tell you about a great book you
can read on your way--

SAGE

I'm not digging the reading thing.

LEAF

She's not digging, well not many of
our generation are digging all the
grown ups doing all the telling.

SAGE

Never listening.

EVAN

One of our church teens told me
something similar, earlier.

LEAF

Everyone jumping to conclusions and
telling what they want before they
even know the issue.

EVAN

Bright observation. Tell me, how do I listen in this changing world and share my friend Jesus?

SAGE

Mister. We know Jesus. We're both new Christians.

EVAN

Really? So how did you come to know our Lord?

LEAF

That is a true miracle-- How we found Jesus. It was while we were living in a hippie commune--

SAGE

We're on our way to another one. Shilo House... in Costa Mesa.

Evan's jaw drops.

INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN - DAY

In a 1950's style kitchen, pastor's wife, LORETTA SMITH (41), Jacki-O' hair style, finishes serving up the fried chicken.

LORETTA

Dinners ready!

David is pretending to shoot his sister SUSAN (7) with the Cracker Jack gun.

Evan wheels in a cart with a black and white TV .

LORETTA (CONT'D)

Evan, is that a good idea?

While the family serves up dinner, Evan tunes the "CBS Evening News." (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=89_3DgW_7mg)

RICHARD THRELKELD (V.O.)

Davia is the lone medic, he is scared, scared from the moment he gets out of the chopper until the moment it picks him up. Scared that someday he's going to get killed picking up a wounded buddy... Jorgenson just became a Sargent but he doesn't like it.

(MORE)

RICHARD THRELKELD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*He'd rather be at walking point
where the action is. He's already
got three purple hearts...*

Watching in horror, David drops the Cracker Jack gun.

EVAN
David, you'll probably have to go
over there someday.

LORETTA
If there's still a war when he
turns eighteen.

EVAN
Communism isn't disappearing
anytime soon.

DAVID
I'm not going to any dumb war.

EVAN
It'll make a man out of you.

DAVID
No way I'm gonna knock around with
those ding-a-lings.

EVAN
You can bring back a purple heart
to us... Just like him-- there.

Throwing his chicken at the plate.

DAVID
I don't want a purple heart. I'd be
like Davia, hiding in the bushes.
I'll runaway before I'll ever go!

LORETTA
News at dinner time might not--

EVAN
You'd run away? And be a *Draft*
Dodger like...

DAVID
What's a *Draft Dodger*?

LORETTA
Some guys *option* to move to Canada
to avoid serving.

DAVID

When I'm eighteen, I'm going to Canada!. I'm moving to Canada!

EVAN

Option?

David jumps up from the table and runs outside. Susan politely gets up.

SUSAN

I'm not hungry.

LORETTA

Perhaps dinner isn't a good time for the news?

EVAN

Gotta talk to Bart later tonight... Rumors flying around 'bout his kid running away.

Loretta shrugs.

EXT. SALEM PARK - EVENING

Lights come on at the General Store casting a warm glow across the damp street. The familiar bell on the store rings as a patron enters.

GAZEBO: BREATHING HEAVILY, Calvin paces. He sits, studies the map he bought earlier. David roughly brakes his bike, stopping beside him.

CALVIN

You trying to run me over?

DAVID

Whatcha reading? Looks kinda... like a map... Going on vacation?. We went to Indiana once. I was born there. My dad used a map.

CALVIN

Typically one usually needs a map to get places.

DAVID

So where ya headed?

CALVIN

Marching orders came. They can bite me! Gonna hitch a ride to Canada.

An uneasy stare between the two.

DAVID

When I'm eighteen I'm moving to
Canada too.

CALVIN

Far out. But far away... Why would
you want to move there?

DAVID

My Dad says they're gonna march me
over to that place on TV, to shoot
people when I'm eighteen.

CALVIN

And you don't want to do that?

DAVID

I would completely spaz out. How
come my Sunday School teacher says,
"Thou shalt not kill." And then dad
says I have to go kill?

CALVIN

Yeah, how about that? You are right
on. Glad we had this chat. Now I am
more certain than ever what to do.

Calvin sticks the map in his pocket and begins to leave.

DAVID

Can I come with you? I can have my
suitcase packed in five minutes...

CALVIN

Dark clouds rolling this way.
Street lights already popping on
over by your place.

David's eyes widen. He takes off homeward.

EXT. SALEM CHURCH, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Rain dances under the street lamps.

INT. SALEM CHURCH, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Shadow overwhelms the sanctuary except for a spot of light in
the back. An occasional FLASH OF LIGHTNING gives glimpses of
the stained-glass windows.

Around the back table, BOARD MEMBERS settle. LANCE SINGER (40), balding, wears a conductor's hat, sits next to--

ALEX GOLD (42), neatly trimmed beard, nerdy, opens the accounting ledger.

ALEX

Giving appears to be on the decline this past month.

LANCE

No surprise after the change in the Easter cantata lineup.

ALEX

Hopefully in the future we will let the assigned musicians in the church be in charge of the music.

BART BAKER (51), war vet with a cane, passes around agenda hand-outs.

BART

I was hoping we could step up the youth programs. Can't find my boy Calvin, no more. Always out.

ALEX

Did anyone see that hippie-mobile parked outside?

WARREN

Was going to write a citation if it were still there after were done.

Stained-glass windows strobe from another flash of lightning.

EVAN

Warren, They're young people, new Christians, passing through.

WARREN

In a hippie van? It's not possible to be a Christian and a hippie at the same time.

EVAN

They came in, polite as could be and I offered to let them park for a couple days.

WARREN

Evan, is that even a safe idea?
Heard stories about them kind
whipping up a show in church and
then robbing people.

Lance glances toward Alex with a plotting nod.

ALEX

To me, they represent the world out
there. The World we're told not to
conform to. Evan, have they changed
clothes, dress like Christians?

EVAN

So their clothes don't align with
the "Sunday best" we've worn for a
hundred years. Who's the real one
conformed to this world, Alex?

BART

Men, they're only parking. On a
trifle like this can't we ignore
it? Not mention it...

Warren stops writing the minutes, begins erasing.

ALEX

Should they become a liability...
Evan, you would have to take full
responsibility.

LANCE

Sorry to pour cold water on the
situation. But the church board has
to hold to policies.

The DOWNPOUR outside picks up.

BART

Buckets be overflowing tonight.

Bart gets up opens one of the double doors to inspect the
storm. OTHERS follow. Warren nods for Evan to join them.

WARREN

Hasn't Calvin helped you fix that
roof yet?

BART

Evan, why are these hippies so
important to you?

Stepping up to the curtain of rain in the doorway, Evan's thoughts are lost in the past.

EXT. DETROIT, SHOPPING DISTRICT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

1939. A SUITED MAN looks from a five story window, below.

SHOPPERS close umbrellas as the rain stops.

A boy, YOUNG EVAN SMITH (9), stares up at the SUITED MAN. More BUSINESS MEN, well dressed, bustle behind him.

STREET LEVEL: SHOPPERS clamor around a news stand, shoe shop, and restaurant.

ELAINA SMITH (39), tightly holds the hands of two YOUNGER SISTERS. Then Evan bolts across the street to check out a--

GYPSY WAGON: It's multiple sides OPEN, revealing all kinds of musical instruments. Evan makes for the DRUMS and starts beating on one.

AMOS SMITH (36), poorly dressed, scruffy, slurs words--

AMOS

Evan get your butt back--

ELAINA

Let him explore.

AMOS

Your mother went to great lengths to leave that life.

YOUNG EVAN

Are we part Gypsy? Can I have a drum set for Christmas?

ELAINA

We're not Gypsy. Your grandmother-- she played the accordion in a vaudeville show.

Amos takes a knee next to Evan, pointing out--

AMOS

Those men down on the sidewalk-- What kind of jobs do they hold? They're servants. Look at them up there, above. That's where you find the real men who run things. What do they all have in common?

YOUNG EVAN
They're all wearing the same suit?

AMOS
It's a white man's world son. Stay
wise and don't forget it, else
you'll find yourself shoveling coal
in a basement.

YOUNG EVAN
I'm going to be way up there-- on
the roof!

AMOS
That's my boy.

YOUNG EVAN
Where there's room for the Gypsy
wagon too.

Elaina smiles. Evan gazes toward the rooftop.

BACK TO PRESENT NIGHT: (THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1972)

INT. SALEM CHURCH, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

POURING RAIN illuminated by a street light, bounces off the
roof of the Hippie Van.

The MEN step away from the open door at the FLASH of
LIGHTNING.

WARREN
What if they open that door? We'd
discover more paraphernalia than I
have authority to citation. You
want the State Troopers here?

EVAN
Warren, man looks on the outward.
We have to speak words given to us
by the Spirit. Within that van
could be a taste of some awakening
that cries to be shouted from the
rooftop. I feel called to do this.

Alex motions for Lance to come back to the table.

ALEX
Lance, this underscores the poor
judgment we've been talking about.

LANCE

If things go south on this one, we might get Warren on our side.

ALEX

Heard Calvin might dodge the war?

LANCE

He's been drafted?

ALEX

Either way I'm thinking of angling this in a manner where WARREN suggests to Bart that he resign.

LANCE

Alex, I don't want hear gossip around town that we're not in harmony. But Evan needs to realize the deacons run things here.

ALEX

Without a few changes in the membership of the board, Evan will continue to do whatever he wants.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SALEM CHURCH, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Parked by the church, the VW Van spans three spaces. Shadows dance on pulled curtains by the flicker of candlelight.

Indistinct singing with a guitar quivers from the van.

LEAF AND SAGE
*...the light of the world. You
people come and follow me...*

Evan knocks. The side door slides open--

INT. HIPPIE VAN - NIGHT

Beanbags and pillows with clashing colors hug Leaf and Sage.

A shirtless, hairy chested, ZIGGY, late twenties, pops out of a sleeping bag.

EVAN
(outside door)
You must be--

ZIGGY
So, you're the cool radical
reverend I've heard all about? I'm
the chauffeur.

LEAF
That's Ziggy.

EVAN
Thought you should have a home-
cooked meal.

Taking the plate--

LEAF
Thank you, Pastor Evan.

EVAN
If you're free tomorrow, maybe I
could show you around town?

SAGE
That'd be far out, Mister.

Evan nods, sliding the door closed.

Picking up the guitar--

LEAF

(singing)

*If you follow and love you'll learn
the mystery of what you were meant
to do and be...*

ZIGGY

Bet that guitar of yours would
fetch three hundred big ones.

Stashing the instrument--

LEAF

Sell my '62 Gibson? Would be like
giving away a piece of my soul.

ZIGGY

Could buy us enough gas to drive to
California five times over, Leaf.

LEAF

You want a kidney go along with it?

SAGE

Guys--

ZIGGY

What if your aunt's check bounces
on Monday? What then?

SAGE

It won't.

ZIGGY

Just to make sure we're outta this
town by then, I'm gonna pull off
the old "zig-zag-snatch."

LEAF

We almost got caught last time.

SAGE

We're Christians now, Ziggy.

ZIGGY

You all are the Christians. I'm
still the fun one around here.

Ziggy folds his arms with a HUFF.

INT. PARSONAGE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Evan switches on a window fan while settling into the double bed that barely fits in the small room.

EVAN

Eighty degrees and it's still May.

Loretta, in bed reading, lowers the book, "The Killing of Sharon Tate," peeking over the top--

LORETTA

Did you see that psychedelic vehicle by the church?

EVAN

Yes, Loretta. I told them they could park... for a couple days.

LORETTA

Is that who the extra chicken was for? Are there Hippies living in that thing?

Climbing into bed, Evan pulls the covers back.

LORETTA (CONT'D)

Evan! You can't let them stay... on the church grounds... What about our children?

EVAN

(sarcastic)

The kids won't bother them? They're new Christians.

LORETTA

Please, how can you be both a hippie and a Christian?

EVAN

We should listen and hear what they're all about.

LORETTA

Look what happened to Sharon Tate when she listened to them?

EVAN

Loretta! They're three harmless kids, not Charles Manson.

Loretta raises book, continues reading.

Evan settles in against the pillows.

EVAN (CONT'D)

As a minister, it's my job to show God's love to all people. How can we be witnesses to the "ends of the earth" if we can't even be helpful to a stranger in our own backyard?

Abruptly closing the book, Loretta turns her bed lamp off and coldly wraps the covers around her shoulder.

Evan folds his arms.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. WHEATON COLLEGE, BLANCHARD HALL - DAY

(1951) Mostly white STUDENTS, casual yet well dressed, stream along, passing the ivory castle-like building.

Elaina sits down on a bench surrounded by lush green grass.

ELAINA

It's so different... than Detroit.
Are you sure this is where God
wants you?

EVAN

Can't you feel it? The Spirit of
God himself is alive here.

ELAINA

We should get you some new clothes.
Try not to fit in too much. God
appreciates uniqueness.

EVAN

Yeah, mom. You know Wheaton was the
first college in the state to admit
a black student. Two of them, just
five years ago.

ELAINA

Find them. Be their friend.

Evan nods, taking Elaina's hand to help her up.

EXT. SALEM VILLAGE - DAY (PRESENT DAY 1972)

The sun rises over the rolling green hills. Shadows shorten.

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

Below the noontime clock, Barbra sets out baked goods in the display case, standing tall to comment on the local chitchat.

BARBRA

Riffraff. Making its way from Ann Arbor, this time.

SAMANTHA GOLD (46) checks her purse, settling in at the TEA TABLE next to Kate and African-American TIANNA HENWAY (20).

TIANNA

Been parked there since--

KATE

Warren said Reverend Smith allowed it. But he's got an eye on--

SAMANTHA

While cleaning my binoculars I peeked that way. Saw shadows of multiple people bouncing around in positions I never... I almost dropped and broke--

The door JINGLES open. CHATTER DROPS.

Sage awkwardly tip toes in.

The TEA LADIES can't help but stare at her psychedelic blouse, bellbottoms, and bandana.

Sage points to an isle and hurriedly gathers a box of MAGIC PUFFS cereal and a bottle of milk.

TIANNA

Pardon our stare. Haven't seen you around before.

Making her way to the counter--

SAGE

We're... My friends and I, are visiting. Until Monday.

Bagging the groceries and examining the cereal--

BARBRA
Just getting up for breakfast?
Almost lunchtime 'round here.

SAGE
And I'd like to buy the Bible.
There on the back counter.

Barbra stops, looks Sage up and down as if she weren't fit for such a purchase. Fetching the item, nearly hidden in the corner with her ledger, she rings it up.

KATE
A Bible? Most people just get those
at the--

BARBRA
At this store. A wise purchase.

SAMANTHA
I always carry one in my purse.

SAGE
Ladies, are there any chores or
cooking I can help with--

KATE
We all have children that do that.

Sage makes payment and slowly walks out, glancing back at the ladies again.

BARBRA
I suspect we've met one of the
vagabonds who live in that van.

KATE
Wasn't that one of those bibles the
church gives out?

SAMANTHA
I didn't realize you sold bibles.

BARBRA
I'm just trying to save her from a
confrontation with Evan. You don't
really think he'd accept her?

Samantha and Kate look at her, condescendingly.

KATE
Another soul saved from church.

SAMANTHA

She looked more frightened than my daughter Tammy wandering across Six Mile into your area, Tianna.

Tianna drops her jaw before sternly shooting a look at Samantha's racist remark.

TIANNA

What do you mean, "My area?" Seems like Salem grows smaller every day.

Tianna abruptly leaves.

INT. HIPPE VAN - DAY

The van door slides open as Ziggy looks out at Sage holding the Bible.

ZIGGY

Don't tell me that's breakfast?

Sage produces the cereal from behind her back.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

Haha. Store bought?

SAGE

I borrowed your car wash coins.

ZIGGY

What happened to the old "Zig-zag-snatch?" Can't escape your past. You're still a damn good swindler.

Disagreeing, Sage shakes her head.

Ziggy offers her a joint but she pushes it away. Before he can light up--

A KNOCK. The door slides open.

Leaf climbs out of his sleeping bag.

EVAN

Ready to see the town?

LEAF

What time is it?

Ziggy hides the joint, extends a hand.

ZIGGY

It's our cool radical reverend tour guide again.

Evan notices Sage with a copy of the Bible, the same edition he has under his arm.

EVAN

That's a great version you have.

SAGE

Thank you, Mister. Bought it at the store earlier.

LEAF

(yawning)

We'll start your tour in an hour?

EVAN

(nods)

Also, I was thinking... I was really intrigued about everything you told me yesterday. I was hoping that maybe on Sunday morning, I could convince you to give a brief testimony at the service.

LEAF

At the service... on Sunday?

SAGE

Yes, Mister, of course. He'll do it. It'll be far out.

LEAF

I'm not sure much of your town would relate.

EVAN

How you came to us is a miracle. Don't you want to tell your story, your way?

LEAF

Sure you're ready to listen?

With a trusting shrug, Evan slides the door closed.

Ziggy lights up.

ZIGGY

Excellent. Everyone's undivided attention will be on you.

(MORE)

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

A perfect diversion while Sage and I pull off the old "Zig-zag-snatch."

Sage shakes her head. Her whole body trembles.

LEAF

Zig, these people are helping us.

ZIGGY

You two enjoy you're tour with Bishop Evan. I'm gonna go show myself around.

Ziggy departs the van.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1972

EXT. FIRE STATION, GARAGE - DAY

Warren has the side panel to the fire engine opened and tools scattered nearby as he continues to try and figure out how to fix the beast. Popping his head in--

ZIGGY

Hey there, I'm Ziggy.

Warren takes a step forward, folding his arms, examining Ziggy's hairy chest protruding from his opened, psychedelic-designer shirt.

WARREN

Looks like your shirt might be missin' a few buttons there, pal.

ZIGGY

Supposed to be that way. Ladies think it's outta-sight. Don't you?

WARREN

Haven't time. My fire engine is pumping out water like a sissy.

Warren starts to close up the fire engine latch. But Ziggy comes closer.

ZIGGY

Neato. Happy to knock around the pump for you--

WARREN

My pump don't need no knocking.

ZIGGY

A badge. So you're the constable?

WARREN

Salem's one and only.

Warren motions for Ziggy to shoo away. When he doesn't move, Warren picks up the hose and aims it at him.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Maybe you need a bath.

With a CLICK and a TWIST the hose comes alive.

Then the water pressure falls, leaving dumbfounded Warren holding a dribbling hose.

ZIGGY

Is this a Ford '64? Probably a "Series C," Class "A" rating.

WARREN

How do you know about fire engines?

Ziggy walks up and down the side examining and looking the hosing over.

ZIGGY

A one inch hose hooked into a one and half inch line. That'll drop your PSI. Then there's the loss due to friction...

WARREN

Just purchased that one last month.

ZIGGY

Few years back when I was in the Coast Guard, we had to learn--

WARREN

Coast Guard? You?

Noticing a large amount of hose rolled on the spindle.

ZIGGY

Don't expect you to believe all my jazz, but I did work with the water pumps. All this hose tightly wound could be restricting the flow.

Begrudgingly, Warren begins to unwind the hose.

Ziggy firmly grabs the hose, positioning the nozzle up toward the sky. He nods. Warren cranks the wheel.

Water blasts from the spigot. Spray rains down and drenches Ziggy. Dripping wet--

ZIGGY (CONT'D)
Out of sight!

Back at the engine, pleased, but not showing it--

WARREN
We might be *fond of the same toys*,
but I still got my eye on you bud.

ZIGGY
Right, fond of the same toys.

Across the street--

EXT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

American flags toss in the breeze as the door JINGLES open.

Exiting, Samantha is hit by a SPRAY OF WATER.

SAMANTHA
Hey! Watch it!

WARREN
Sorry, Samantha.

She sets her bag of groceries on a table. Realizing she's forgotten her purse, she spots it through the window.

Samantha returns inside. As the door opens--

KATE (O.C.)
...told me one of the hippies is
speaking on Sunday. In church!

Inviting yellow bananas poke from the top of Samantha's grocery bag.

A HAND grabs them.

A few moments later, HEAVY BREATHING. TWO ARMS snatch the entire bag.

Samantha returns dumbfounded, searching for her grocery bag.

She looks down Six Mile Road. An empty street all the way to the church.

She peaks around the side street. No one.

SAMANTHA

Thief!

EXT. BAKER HOUSE - DAY

A short sidewalk leads up to the small two story house. The landscaping sparse, weedy, run down.

Evan steps onto the porch, knocks. Inviting him in--

BART

Reverend? What can I do--

Leaf follows Evan into--

INT. BAKER HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The screen door bounces, not quite closing as Evan and Leaf enter. A couple buckets half full, from the dripping ceiling, are in the way.

Bart unshaven, gestures with his cane for them to sit.

BART

Can I fix-up some coffee for you,
and your friend?

LEAF

(Extending hand)
Leaf. I'm called Leaf.

EVAN

Bart, this is one of the fellows I
was talking about the other night.
And Sage--

She runs in, having lagged behind.

SAGE

Sorry. So much nature to catch in
these parts.

LEAF

Maybe your roof could use a spot of
repair? I'd be thrilled to help put
some of those shingles up.

BART

Really? You'd help out? Good deal.

Basking in his supposed success of match making--

EVAN

See, Salem is a unique village.
Just like our God in Heaven, people
here accept everyone.

BART

Let me get Calvin to set us up with
the tools and--

EVAN

Perfect. I came over here to check
in on Calvin anyway.

BART

He's in trouble again?

EVAN

No. He was asking about "a friend"
going over to Nam. Then Loretta
told me some of the ladies saw
Calvin got a notice.

BART

I knew this was gonna happen. I
told him to volunteer-- then he'd
have choices. Let me get to the
bottom of this. Calvin!

Bart jumps up and begins calling upstairs.

BART (CONT'D)

Calvin, down here. Right now! Fall
out! The minister is here.

Silence.

Sage looks to Leaf, he shrugs.

With cane in hand, Bart makes his way up the stairs.

Evan follows him to--

INT. BAKER HOUSE, CALVIN'S ROOM - DAY

Opening the door--

Dresser drawers pulled out: empty.

A closet door ajar: only spare hangers dangle.

An open window: drapes ruffle in the breeze as do flags at the distant general store.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BAKER HOUSE, ROOF - DAY

Bart arranges a piece of plywood over a hole. Leaf settles next to him with tools. He's hot. Takes his shirt off.

BART
Calvin should be up here doing this. Hand me THAT box of nails.

LEAF
Give him some space. Might want to give these longer nails a try--

BART
Fixed plenty of roofs when I was over in Korea. THOSE 'll hold fine.

Leaf starts to exchange the box, but stops.

LEAF
Year ago, a cyclone swept through our town in Ohio. Those far-out winds ripped the plywood--

With a grimace, Bart snatches the OTHER box and begins hammering them into the wood.

BART
So, why aren't you over there? Vietnam, you know?

Picking up a hammer to help--

LEAF
Deferment. My last year at the University. Hoping the talks about ending the draft pan out soon.

BART
A soldier's gotta do what he's... Personally, I never cared for that war one way or the other. But with a son... With a son...

Setting hammer down, fighting back the tears, Bart pulls his shirt off, wipes his face. Tossing it down--

BART (CONT'D)
Got another shirt for the wash.

LEAF

Wouldn't happen to have one of those nifty nail guns?

EXT. BAKER HOME, SIDE YARD - DAY

The shirt drops onto a basket full of clean laundry.

Mary Ann and Sage are hanging clothes on a line.

MARY ANN

Can't believe my candy-ass brother ditched, ran away.

SAGE

Where do ya surmise he took off to?

MARY ANN

When he was in the sixth grade, he took off once. We found the ding-a-ling two days later. He was in the church all set up with a cot in the janitor's closet.

SAGE

Heavy. Let's go check it out.

MARY ANN

Nah. Ladies at the store over-heard him flapping about going to Canada.

INT. FIRE STATION - DAY

Garage door open, Leaf hangs out by the fire truck. Bart walks over to the inside--

INT. FIRE STATION, BACK OFFICE - DAY

A black and white map of Salem plasters the wall behind an old desk where Warren types. Sitting on the edge of the desk, Alex looks up as the door opens.

BART

Hey, men--

WARREN

Know what you're here for. Sorry, no one's seen Calvin yet. Not sure what he's up to. I suspect he's--

BART

He'll turn up. He's not the bad kid everyone's making him out to be.

ALEX

Did anyone check that Hippie-mobile? Not that I'm implying he'd join in with that type.

WARREN

I'd certainly hope not. I've seen the police reports over at the county office. They come in barefoot, stinking, drugged out on LSD. And then spit at the officers trying to help them.

ALEX

Clearly they're demon possessed. Was just telling Warren here how concerned all of us on the church board are, for you.

Alex turns back to Warren, giving him a "go ahead now" shrug.

WARREN

If you know, you need to... if you wanted to take time off... from the church board...

ALEX

Or even resign...

WARREN

Just while you get your house in order... We'd all be supportive.

BART

Don't think it's come to that yet.

ALEX

Rumor has it, Evan might even have one of them hippies give a talk on Sunday. From the pulpit.

WARREN

We can't have that. Why they are the embodiment of everything we stand against. Unamerican too.

ALEX

The board must stand together on this one. Evan has gone too far this time.

BART

Aren't we overreacting? Do you know them? Met any one of them?

WARREN

The beastly one was here snooping around. Scoping out how small our law enforcement team is. And over in Dexter there was a snatch and grab of their offering last Sunday... by Hippies in a van.

BART

Come on. With Ann Arbor kissing the township line, how many hippie vans roam this area?

WARREN

They got a picture. Just waiting for the Fotomat to develop it.

BART

I actually stopped by to borrow the Spotnailer. One of those hippies is helping me fix my roof.

Alex and Warren both turn toward the glass window and notice a shirtless Leaf in the garage leaning against the truck.

Leaf lifts two fingers to acknowledge them.

INT. PARSONAGE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

DOORBELL RINGS.

Loretta starts for the front door but David darts past her, opening it up.

Rick stands there with his night bag.

LORETTA

(surprised)

Rick? You're spending the night?
What did your mother say about coming to our church--

RICK

I asked Larry and he said mom was cool with it. This way I can knock around church and give her a first-hand report about the hippies.

DAVID

You can see their van rockin' from over here.

Rick and David run to the window.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What are we going to do when we have to go to Vietnam?

LORETTA

Boys, I think it's more important to be a warrior for heaven than worry about the fighting on TV. Dinner will be ready in an hour.

Rick shrugs, unconcerned in the moment. Loretta exits.

DAVID

They come for me, I'm running away. Canada. Maybe in a van like that.

RICK

Sure you are. My brother ran away. Dad found him in Ann Arbor, shivering in a dumpster middle of winter. And Canada's even colder.

DAVID

Then I'll go to California instead. Like them.

RICK

Yeah? We could go to Hollyweird and smoke all the stuff we want.

David slaps a playful punch at Rick.

INT. SALEM CHURCH, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Ziggy pokes around cabinets in the back of the church while Leaf investigates the platform, looking for a place for his '62 Gibson amongst the planters, piano and organ.

LEAF

Let's get this rehearsal underway.

SAGE

I've never gotten up in front of a lot of people before.

LEAF

That's why I thought we'd just say
a quick word and then sing. Who
doesn't like music? Right?

ZIGGY

Right on. Get them to sing with
you. That way they'll be more
distracted when I do the snatch.

Opening the last cabinet, a stack of empty offering plates--

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

Excellent...

A THUMP in the ceiling of the BELFRY area turns their
attention. A dangling rope sways.

Sage motions for them to be quiet. She tiptoes there.

HEAVY BREATHING from above.

Grabbing the rope, she begins to climb up.

The BELL half chimes at the pull of her weight.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

There goes Tarzan. Go baby!

SAGE

It's Jane!

She reaches the ceiling and slides open the trap door,
climbing in--

Ziggy sits down on a pew. Leaf joins him.

LEAF

Why the caper, man? What's really
nagging you?

ZIGGY

We all have our *zigzag* demons. I
was serving in the Coast Guard.
Philippines. A Navy tanker was
coming in to fill up before heading
across the China Sea to Nam.

Ziggy lets out a long sigh...

BEGIN FLASHBACK: (Thursday, July 6, 1967)

INT. PHILIPPINES, SUBIC BAY, USCGC YAKUTAT, BARRICKS - NIGHT

1967. Sitting on a lower bunk of the small room in the WHEC-380 cutter, YOUNGER ZIGGY (23) and BUDDY (22) puff away on a joint they pass.

PETTY OFFICER (O.C)
Ziggy! Tankers here. You men are up for the tow. The other knee-knockers are still hung over from the "4th."

EXT. PHILIPPINES, SUBIC BAY, USCGC YAKUTAT, DECK - NIGHT

Ziggy takes to the wheel, pushes the lever forward as the boat turns about in the bay. Stars twinkle above.

ZIGGY
We're stuck corralling the old dinosaur, on a perfectly clear night. Excellent time for the ole zig-zag-snap.

BUDDY
Sure that's a good idea. Cimarron's got brass aboard from before WWII?

ZIGGY
The old squids need to lighten up, have some fun.

BUDDY
The way you drive I better put on a lifejacket.

Buddy opens the box with life jackets, but A JOLT slams him against the rail instead, as Ziggy dives the boat into the first zig-around.

EXT. PHILIPPINES, SUBIC BAY - NIGHT

The USCGC Yakutat WHEC-380 maneuvers in a zigzag formation.

The ships' stern swings around into place, short of clearance by a few yards. It collides with the Cimarron's bow.

ANOTHER JOLT sends BUDDY into the air.

He crashes into the sea.

EXT. PHILIPPINES, SUBIC BAY, USCGC YAKUTAT, DECK - NIGHT

The life preservers spill across the deck.

Ziggy runs to the edge to find Buddy. No one is there.

He tosses a life jacket down.

Still no one there.

BACK TO PRESENT: (SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1972)

INT. SALEM CHURCH, AUDITORIUM, STAGE - NIGHT

Leaf sits on the edge of the platform, tuning his guitar.
Ziggy sits at the piano, staring blankly at the music.

ZIGGY

The Commander didn't want to bring
attention to Uncle Sam's little
canoes over there. He thought
Buddy's life jacket came off.

LEAF

You never spoke up?

ZIGGY

Five years later, now, his family,
other people coming around asking
too many questions. Need to get
away, clear my head. What made you
decide to move?

LEAF

You know. Sage and I--

ZIGGY

No. What is the *REAL* reason you're
making this long journey.

LEAF

Man. Feel like I messed my life up,
dropping out of school and sports.
Want to start over. Influences here
are keeping me from that. We need
to listen to someone other than the
ZIGZAG in our head.

A SOUND turns Leaf and Ziggy toward the Belfry.

INT. SALEM CHURCH, BELFRY - NIGHT

A mess of blankets and clothes are strewn about. Caught with a sad sandwich in his mouth, Calvin is startled.

CALVIN

Please. You can't tell anyone.

SAGE

Your sister is worried sick about you. I was helping Mary Ann with laundry and she's certain you ran away to Canada.

CALVIN

Heading out tomorrow afternoon.
Don't try changing my mind.
Everyone telling me what to do...

SAGE

No one listens to us, do they?

Calvin speaks at a frightened pace, while trying to eat.

CALVIN

And they're so certain that God told them to tell me this and that.

SAGE

Problem I have with church-folk is they're so quick to tell me exactly how to act.

CALVIN

They act as if God writes them a daily memo just about me.

SAGE

They never give God space or time to work in our lives, do they?

CALVIN

Hard to picture... I'll be in a whole new home this time tomorrow.

Calvin offers half his sandwich. Sage pushes it aside, speaking in a calming tone.

SAGE

You're a Christian, right, Calvin?

CALVIN

I guess. I believe in God and Jesus. But everyone's version of that is all over the place.

SAGE

Is that why you're not willing to trust him?

CALVIN

You don't understand. This is real.

SAGE

And He's not? Forget the words others heap on. Think you can take some time, open your heart, Listen?

Chewing too much food in his mouth, Calvin pauses.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Maybe you're needed in Nam or maybe God needs you in Canada...

CALVIN

Kinda like he needs you in California?

SAGE

Kinda like that. Guess home is really up there. Not sure why California is my heart... Something there is calling me...

Sage gives Calvin a big hug.

CALVIN

I'd beg a ride with you, except I'd suspect that'd be the first place they'll be looking for me.

SAGE

Careful with those candles. Don't wanna burn the church down.

EXT. SALEM CHURCH - NIGHT

A dim glow of light shines from slats in the belfry.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN: (SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1972)

EXT. SALEM CHURCH, PARKING LOT - DAY

Fluffy white clouds pass behind the church steeple. A large gust of wind sweeps the sky clear.

HIPPIE VAN: A HAND pulls aside curtains covering the windshield.

INT. HIPPIE VAN - DAY

OUTSIDE: Fifty feet away, Warren's truck pulls to a stop. On a mission, he jumps out, struts to the adjacent parsonage.

Ziggy buttons his shirt up, offering a joint.

ZIGGY

All good performers need something
to take the edge off.

Leaf pushes it away.

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

That Warren guy... got something
against me. Wait 'til we pull off a
double *zig-zag-snatch* today. If no
one's looking, I'll grab a handful
of cash when that collection plate
passes by.

SAGE

After all the accommodation people
have given us here?

ZIGGY

I'll stuff it right here. No good
Christian gonna be asking to search
my Johnson.

LEAF

Chill out, Zig. We all need this
fresh start on life.

ZIGGY

We're still 250 miles from where
route 66 takes off, man. We need
all the cash we can get.

Finishing off her cereal--

SAGE

It's not fair that you both put all the pressure on me. You need to trust God more and Sage less.

ZIGGY

In my van, if you're planning to motor west, you gotta travel my way and take the highway that I know that's best.

LEAF

Count me out. If you do the *ZIGZAG* it'll follow you all the way there. If we can't change here, now, how will we escape our past out there?

Holding up her empty cereal bowl--

SAGE

Who's turn to wash the bowls?

INT. PARSONAGE, KITCHEN - DAY

Loretta washes dishes. Awkwardly, Warren sits in a kitchen chair, fidgeting with a large envelope he holds.

LORETTA

What's in the big envelope?

WARREN

Evidence.

LORETTA

You've come to arrest Evan?

WARREN

Of course, not. Like I was mentioning to the board, sometimes these hippies are here just to grab the offering.

Entering with briefcase in hand--

EVAN

Warren. I'm on my way to--

WARREN

I kinda wanted to talk to you before you got involved in all the Sunday duties.

Evan sits down at the table.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Over in Dexter last week, hippies stole their Sunday morning offering. Didn't want to say anything cause we were waiting on the Fotomat for the pictures. Here's the van that was involved.

Warren pulls out the 8 X 10. Evan looks at the color print, it's a little blurry. Looking out the kitchen window, it's clearly the same van.

LORETTA

Maybe our hippies really aren't real Christians.

WARREN

Told him you couldn't be both. Was about to place a call to the county Sheriff to come--

EVAN

You know Warren, for centuries theologians have debated over the question of which comes first, "faith" or "reason."

WARREN

I'm sure you'll trust these photos, and they won't be allowed up to the pulpit to speak.

EVAN

I made a promise. As a minister I have a duty to keep my word and trust God. I am certain that you and the board will guard the offering and do the duty of keeping everyone safe.

WARREN

Yes sir! I'm going to be set up in the back.

LORETTA

With you there Warren, I feel my children will be safer.

WARREN

Yes Ma'am. And I have these here handcuffs ready for action.

At Evan's glance--

LORETTA
Though I would trust God too, if
you weren't there.

INT. SALEM CHURCH, AUDITORIUM, BACK AREA - DAY

PARISHIONERS occasional by, taking seat in a pew and
situating their belongings.

Alex opens a side cupboard where the offering plates are
kept. He explains the scheme to Lance as Warren comes over.

ALEX
We'll replace the real offering
plate with this one. It's filled
with fake bills and empty
envelopes. I'll leave the cupboard
ajar, just enough to entice them.

WARREN
And I'll be waiting with my cuffs
right over there, sitting next to
Kate. When should I be ready?

LANCE
I'll lead us in the song "Come Holy
Spirit" during the offering.

Warren and Lance depart for their posts as Evan comes from
the office.

Passing by, giving a patronizing pat on Evan's shoulder--

LANCE (CONT'D)
I do believe a hippie can be a
Christian, just not these ones.

Stopping Evan--

ALEX
I've heard disturbing news that you
might allow one of those hippies to
speak at the service?

EVAN
What could a couple minutes of
testimony hurt?

ALEX

The board made it clear that they would ignore their van squatting, but no more. Certainly, anyone with the college education you have would be able to deduce that anything beyond that would be unacceptable, unapproved.

EVAN

Barring any official ballot from the board, I am inclined to keep an open heart and see how God votes.

ALEX

I have the entire church board behind me on this Evan. No hippies.

Evan slinks to a corner in the back of the auditorium. Torn between his deep feeling and the recent facts revealed, he gazes toward the ceiling.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. SALEM CHURCH - DAY

Wings of a dove embedded in a round stained glass window near the peak of the roof almost flutter in the sunlight.

INT. SALEM CHURCH, AUDITORIUM - DAY

Sun from the upper window drenches the platform in light as Lance takes to the stage.

LANCE
And now, "Come Holy Spirit."

Receiving the signal, Warren sits tall. Looks to the back, glancing at Alex who nods.

Late, Ziggy pushes into a row sitting next to Leaf and Sage.

SAGE
You wore a tie?

The loose knot flops near his unbuttoned cleavage.

CHURCH CHOIR
*Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
with all Thy quickening powers.*

Alex oversees the offering plate making sure it passes between rows and isles.

The plate finally circles around to the row where the hippies sit. As it reaches Ziggy--

Alex coyly looks ahead toward the platform, making it look like no one is looking, though he strains to watch from the corner of his eye.

Warren, in the back row sits up tall, leaning forward, straining to see over the heads in front of him.

Lance conducts the choir, also peeking to his side.

CHURCH CHOIR (CONT'D)
*Kindle a flame of sacred love in
these cold hearts of ours...*

Holding the plate, Ziggy glances around. It looks good. He lowers the plate and reaches in for the grab. Sage nervously bites her nails.

CHURCH CHOIR (CONT'D)
*Look, how we grovel here below,
 fond of these earthly toys...*

Recalling Warren's words of camaraderie, he can't do it.
 Ziggy passes the plate to Sage.

Slowly looking over his shoulder, Ziggy catches site of
 Warren. He raises an eyebrow, nods. Warren turns away.

Taking to the pulpit, Evan opens his Bible. He stares at it
 for a thoughtful moment.

Almost looking cross-eyed, Mary Ann puckers her lips as if to
 say "Ooooh this is going to be good."

Samantha lets out a long uneasy breath.

Alex Gold crosses his legs, strokes his beard.

EVAN
 (looking up)
 Some of us had the pleasure of
 meeting three visitors who happened
 through our town. They have a
 fascinating story. I was praying
 that one of them might share it.

Some people shift uneasily, others eager.

EVAN (CONT'D)
 Yet, minutes ago, someone suggested
 to me, that you may not want to
 hear this. During that last song,
 thank you Lance, I kept thinking
 how that did not sound like the
 people in Salem I know. I ask you--
 Would it be okay for a Christian to
 come up and tell his story?

A YOUTH
 Heck yeah!

The back row of YOUNG PEOPLE begin to clap. Soon the entire
 CONGERGATION APPLAUDS.

EVAN
 Leaf?

All eyes turn toward the row where three hippies sit.

EVAN (CONT'D)
I told them, in Salem, the business
man in a suit sits next to the
farmer in overalls.

Leaf, holding Sage's hands, gives a gripping cusp before
making his way up to the platform.

Behind the podium, Leaf stands, facing the packed church.

It's gotten warmer and some of the WOMEN pull out cardboard
fans attached to a stick, fanning themselves.

Bart gets up to crack open a stain-glass window, but its
stuck. The window closer to the front, near David,
momentarily glows, catching his attention. That one opens.

LEAF
Your pastor here is so groovy.
Thank you for lending an ear.

Leaf catches his breath, looking out at the CHURCHFOLK.

My story... I was raised in a small
town like this one. My Dad... on
the road most da time. Selling
those lighted store signs with the
soda pop logo. Came up here for
college. Got hooked up with some
friends and...

A WARM WIND appearing like a thin wisp of a ghost enters
through a propped open stained-glass window.

Lights hanging from the ceiling sway. The Christian flag on
the platform gives a ruffles in the breeze.

A FEW PARISHIONERS notice.

LEAF (CONT'D)
You've only heard stories about
people like us... How many of you
know a real Hippie?

Leaf raises his hand high and firm.

In the audience, one hand barely goes up.

LEAF (CONT'D)
I'm here to tell you that the
stories you've heard...
(dramatic pause)
They are all true.

David giggles, reliving some of the tension. A number of other people join with a chuckle.

LEAF (CONT'D)

For me, all I wanted was the answer
to that question. Existence. Why am
I here?

Sunlight glints off a stained-glass window flashing into--

EXT. ANN ARBOR, BONFIRE CAMP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

1970, two years earlier. Colorful lights twist from a disco ball hung above a commune made up of tents. MUSICAL HIPPIES dance around a campfire.

LEAF (2 years younger), sports a Michigan letterman jacket. He and a TEAMMATE venture into the camp, exchanging cash for a couple square pills. They down the tablets.

The campfire CRACKLES, rages. Time passes.

Leaf tosses his jacket. TEAMMATE dances shirtless.

LEAF

Wow! This is heaven, man. I feel
like I am really in touch. I can
extend my finger and touch God.

TEAMMATE extends his arm and finger-- It's distorted, gigantically coming at Leaf's face.

Leaf falls down. They LAUGH.

LEAF (CONT'D)

I've discovered the meaning of
life. This is it man. I could do
this all the time.

Looking up at--

SAGE

Hey Champ! Wanna buy me a hit?

LEAF

Why should I?

SAGE

Because it's my birthday. And I
wanna marry you and move to
California.

LEAF
I can't marry you.

SAGE
Why not?

LEAF
Cause I play hockey and there's no ice in California.

TEAMMATE
What about the Kings? L.A.'s got a team now?

LEAF
Man, you just killed my excuse.

Leaf and Teammate GIGGLE.

Dark clouds gather. COLOR DESATURATES.

LEAF (O.C.) (CONT'D)
The fun experiences faded. Yet, we craved more, chasing after that initial high. I dropped out of school, spent my entire college fund. I'd do anything just for one more trip. We weren't hooked, we were HOOKED!

EXT. ANN ARBOR, SUNOCO GAS STATION - DAY (FLASHBACK CONT'D)

The HIPPIE VAN pulls up. GAS JOCKEY starts the FULL SERVICE gas pump.

ZIGGY
Fill 'er up, please.

Sage jumps out of the van, peeks around the back, seductively stepping around.

SAGE
Hi Mister. Need to use the Ladies--

GAS JOCKEY
Round side over there.

Sage disappears.

Tension builds as Ziggy and Leaf exchange looks.

At 36-cents a gallon, the dollar column clicks higher on the pump. Gas Jockey is uneasy. Then, reappearing--

SAGE
The door, it's jammed, won't open.

GAS JOCKEY
Just a minute, Honey.

SAGE
But I gotta go. Real bad. Gonna pee
my shorts here in two seconds.

Gas Jockey, pauses the gas fill, and hurries around to help.

Ziggy jumps out, returns the nozzle to the gas pump. Shifting the van into gear, he SQUEALS off, BRAKING by the station's front door.

Leaf hops out, runs inside, grabs cash form the register.

BUILDING SIDE:

Gas Jockey easily opens the restroom door as a few jammed paper towels fall out.

SAGE (CONT'D)
Thank you, Mister.

As he returns, Sage runs around to the--

BACK OF BUILDING:

Side door of the van opens. Sage hops in. They ZOOM AWAY, the caper a success.

ZIGGY (O.C.)
That is what I call a perfect "Zig-zag-snatch." I like you guys. You do what I ask.

INT/EXT. ANN ARBOR, BONFIRE CAMP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONT'D)

Blankets carpet the floor of a LARGE TENT, with an entire side opening looking out toward the CRACKLING bonfire.

Ziggy distributes the tablets of fun.

SAGE
Whooooa! I can feel this one
already! I am so high...

She dives into the tent.

LEAF

We haven't had a good high in long while. Sure this is good stuff?

Ziggy nods.

SAGE SCREAMS. With her back arched and chest up, she crawls from the tent in a SPIDER WALK.

Ziggy and Leaf are dumbfounded.

Leaf starts slapping at his arms. Soon he is dancing with himself near the fire, he tears his shirt, LEAPING about.

LEAF (CONT'D)

OWW! Where is it! OUCH!

He slaps over the back of his shoulder, turning about, swatting at something invisible.

Ziggy STUMBLES over, noticing the long scratch marks on his shoulder.

ZIGGY

What'd ya do to her, to get those?

Another SCRATCH digs across Leaf's belly!

LEAF

Stop it you witch!

Leaf's eyes grow wide as--

A DARK SHADOW comes from above, aiming toward him.

SAGE jerks her head to the side with a SHRIEK.

SAGE uncontrollably LAUGHS! Then she coils into the fetal position, holding her head, SOBBING.

SAGE

Make it stop! Make it go away!

Leaf leans over her, as she looks up she sees--

UMBRA

(speaking through Leaf)

Umbra is here to help you. Help you have fun in this eternal carnival of darkness!

UMBRA, a disembodied shadow, comes out of Leaf, spins around like a tornado. Debris BLOWS about as it starts to rain.

Sage moves into the tent, SHIVERING. Water drips through the tarp, targeting her wherever she moves.

A FIERY FINGERNAIL tears through the tent roof. UMBRA CACKLES as she peals the canvas back. Rain water pours like a spigot.

Leaf jerks his head around looking every direction.

LEAF

Where did she go? Did you see her?
Is she hiding outside?

ZIGGY

Just go fix the tent. Nothing is
out there.

LEAF

Umbra'll get me. She'll get you.

Arms hugging his knees, Leaf rocks, eyes wide with paranoia.

END FLASHBACK

INT. SALEM CHURCH, AUDITORIUM - DAY (PRESENT DAY 1972)

One the edge of their pews, entire congregation is now more engrossed in Leaf's message than a ghost story.

LEAF

Umbra tormented me all night,
telling me lies. Telling me what a
dumb piece of trash I was. The
shadow kept pushing me to take more
drugs, insisting that if I took
more, I'd return to that happy
Ferris wheel I once visited. Ziggy
always had stuff available.

Mary Ann scoots to the edge of her seat, intensely listening.

EXT. ANN ARBOR, BONFIRE CAMP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Weeks earlier. The campsite, drained of all color, is muddy. Puddles show the rain has stopped. The bonfire, nearly extinguished, pops, it's distorted.

Leaf tumbles out of the tent, looks up. Eyes spot the pills next to Ziggy.

ZIGGY

It's just a bad trip, man. Go
ahead, if you need one...

LEAF (O.C.)
Since he offered... No... No one
pushed it on me. I had a choice. I
was the one taking the dope.

Leaf snatches the pill. Making his way to a beer to down the
thing, he trips, drops the tablet, knocks the drink over.

ZIGGY
Bummer, man.

The drink dissolves the tiny pill, it's foam fades away.

INT. SALEM CHURCH, AUDITORIUM - DAY (PRESENT DAY 1972)

Sunlight streams through an upper window toward the podium.
Leaf wipes sweat from his brow.

LEAF
Umbra began pressuring me to end
it, end my life...

UMBRA (O.C.)
(ghastly whisper)
We need to die. End it. We need to
escape. End it. We're going to die
anyway. End it now. End it now...

Leaf blankly stares out at the full house.

A FAINT ORANGE WIND swirling near the ceiling turns color and
FAINT DOTS OF BLUE SPIRIT rain down over the stage, like a
magical twinkle, barely seen.

Sage unexpectedly takes to the stage.

Leaf steps aside as she leans into the microphone.

SAGE
Wow. You are all such beautiful
people. I was having a bad trip
too. That was when we met Yonnie.

EXT. ANN ARBOR, BONFIRE CAMP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK, CONT'D)

Standing near the fire, a man, YONNNIE (23), long hair, robe,
Lonnie Frisbee type, opens his arm, palms facing forward.

Sage curls in the fetal position, a blanket wrapped around
her like a cocoon, shaking.

SAGE (O.C.)

A man was standing by the fire. The flames leapt around, engulfed him. He continued toward me. No one could understand him, but I knew every word he said. He was speaking to me.

Yonnie comes forward, slowly, magically glowing.

YONNIE

Es so calea, la verita zivot. Jesus is the way, the truth the life.

SAGE

Go away. Umbra says you're not welcome here. Go!

He takes hold of her hands and holds them. She stops shaking.

SAGE (CONT'D)

I'm not frightened...

Drenched in sweat, bug-eyed, Leaf sits up.

LEAF

We told you to go. You don't belong here. Who said you could stay?

SAGE

I think it's Jesus...

Yonnie shakes his head.

LEAF

Then why are you dressed like him?

YONNIE

I can't think of anyone else I'd rather look like.

SAGE

Then you know him?

YONNIE

I most certainly do. I found him one day when I was on a bad trip.

QUICK FLASH: OPEN FIELD, NIGHT: Rain is pouring down. Lightning flashes. Yonnie holds a pitch fork stabbing at dark shadowy GHOULS reaching, grabbing at his soul

YONNIE (CONT'D)

I screamed out, "God help me! Help me God! Jesus, if you are real show yourself, show yourself to me, and save me now!"

QUICK FLASH: Lightning. Ghouls gone. Clouds clear as moonlight illumines a dot in the vast landscape. Yonnie falls to his knees in the mud, crying.

Yonnie sits down next to Sage and Leaf opening a Bible.

YONNIE (CONT'D)

His spirit came down. I could feel his love holding me in his arms. I had a vision that a thousand hippies could be baptized. We've all sinned and he's called me and you to show people like us the way.

LEAF

Because you were tripping out on baptism I'm supposed to trade in my sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll for Sunday school?

YONNIE

We jam out with rock 'n' roll for Jesus at our gathering. Come just as you are.

SAGE

They don't want people like us in your church. Everyone staring. No, There's no escape for us.

YONNIE

I had a vision. Some day churches will play rock 'n' roll every Sunday morning.

LEAF

What church would ever let a druggie in their door or a hippie step up on their platform?

YONNIE

God can't use the *stuffies* in the church pew who discriminate in their hearts. But he can use us.

SAGE

Leaf, what can it hurt to check out his "gathering?" We're in a cycle of nightmares.

LEAF

This Age of Aquarius isn't aligning well for us. But Sage, you were hurt badly by religion. It's why you're here.

YONNIE

We're not about religion, politics, or church. We seek the real Jesus whose teachings are to love.

SAGE

His Jesus sounds different. Want to go check it out?

Leaf nods he's okay with the idea.

END FLASHBACK

INT. SALEM CHURCH, AUDITORIUM - DAY (PRESENT DAY 1972)

Behind the pulpit, her countenance glowing, Sage pauses in deep thought.

Nearly every eye of the Congregation is affixed on her as if time had frozen for a moment.

SAGE

(teary eyed)

At the gathering, there were people who looked like us, sang our type of music. They were all happy, rejoicing, praising God.

QUICK FLASHBACK: THE GATHERING: Hippies singing, dancing.

SAGE (CONT'D)

My spirit... my life... was saved.
Freed from the drugs. Free. Free...

With vigorous energy, Leaf steps back up to the podium.

LEAF

Hippies are being saved.

SAGE

Yonnie asked us to stand, step forward, and confess Jesus as Lord.

LEAF

I shied away, the first gathering.
Not any more. Now, I confess Jesus
as my savior! Will you do the same?
Come up here now and say it!

Embellishing from the church bulletin--

LEAF (CONT'D)

Stand and be a witness here in
Salem. In Ann Arbor. In Michigan.
To the ends of the earth.

Evan comes back up on the platform as Leaf steps back.

EVAN

This has certainly been better than
the sermon I had for today. Lance,
come lead us in a closing hymn.

Fumbling with a hymnal, Lance takes to the stage.

LANCE

Shall we stand.

The CONGERGATION all rise.

Then, before Lance reaches place, Leaf moves in, picks up his
guitar and begins to strum.

LEAF

Are you a witness? Come up here and
stand with me, if the Spirit leads
you today.

(singing)

*"We are one in the Spirit, we are
one in the Lord..."*

Tianna settles in at the piano and adds accompaniment.

Lance waves his arms, barely directing.

CONGERGATION

*"...And we pray that our unity will
one day be restored. And they'll
know we are Christians by our love,
by our love. Yeah they'll know we
are Christians by our love."*

VARIOUS PARISHONERS come forward, each proclaiming: "I am a
witness of Jesus" or "Jesus is my savior."

Bart goes forward, confessing to Leaf in tears.

Kate Rodgers starts to go forward, Warren turns his head toward the back, eyeing the offering plate. It's still there. He shrugs, tosses the Fotomat envelope onto the pew, follos her forward.

Samantha tugs at Alex to come with her, he refuses. After a moment, she can't resist, and bolts forward, stopping at the piano to apologize and hug Tianna.

LEAF

Following Jesus is not about religion or politics or wars or any of the things that divide us. It is about ACCEPTING and LOVING people like HE did... Can you hold the hand of the person standing next to you?... Can you hold the hand of a black person, the Jew, the gay, the divorced, the woman who had an abortion... or the hippie? Can you hold the hand of the person that Jesus holds?

David looks around, viewing the entire scene as if in SLOW-MOTION, he notices the swaying lights above and he can see a very faint spirit of fire whipping around near the ceiling. He follows the flow to its source. It appears to be coming from the opened windows.

QUICK FLASH: EXT. CHURCH: Clouds above part in the sky, a faint fiery spirit descends form the sky, engulfing the building. The steeple BELL RINGS.

The pews quickly empty out as almost everyone comes forward, crowding in to join hands with each other.

The church BELL RINGS again.

The trap door in the foyer ceiling opens, and Calvin wiggles down the rope.

CALVIN

I'm not afraid. I can trust him. I can trust Jesus.

Ziggy finds Samantha, motions for Leaf to hand him the microphone.

ZIGGY

I just want to confess that I, uh, think I owe you a banana. I'm not a Christian, yet.

(MORE)

ZIGGY (CONT'D)

I still have issues with the hypocrisy that so many of you believe we should be marching all over the world to stop communism in favor of freedom and yet are unwilling to accept the free lifestyle of the person living next door. But-- this town is different. Here, you all really are one in the spirit.

Samantha is in tears as Calvin makes his way over.

CALVIN

And I owe you a whole order of groceries. After he took the banana, I snagged the bag so I could hold up in the belfry.

The song ends. People hug and cry.

Alex stands alone amongst the empty pews, the only person unmoved to come forward.

INT. SALEM CHURCH, FOYER - DAY

The rope to the church bell dangles off to the side. Sage notices, places it back in the holder. She joins--

Evan and Leaf shake hands of PARISHONERS on their way out. Warren and Bart come over with an envelope.

BART

Some of the members took up a collection--

WARREN

To help you with your travels.

BART

Grateful for the help on the roof. And for revitalizing us... And for being a friend to Calvin.

Warren folds the envelope, thrusting it into Leaf's hand.

INT. SALEM CHURCH, AUDITORIUM - DAY

Sunlight floods through the colorful windows on the southside of the room. A few people linger, chatter, gather their belongings.

AT THE BACK CLOSET:

Clearing his throat, Alex begs attention.

LANCE

Not much I could do with the small role I have up there. You know how Evan manipulates the services.

ALEX

The tea table will hear about what happened in Dexter. The way they embellish things, the whole town will think we were robbed too. I think the incident will eventually help tip the scales in our favor.

INT. SALEM CHURCH, AUDITORIUM - DAY

NEAR THE FONRT: Rick turns to David--

RICK

(excited)

Did we just go up there and join in with the hippies?

DAVID

Kinda... sorta... There was something weird...

RICK

The whole room was lovey-dovey like everyone was smokin' their stash.

DAVID

But we weren't. And it felt so phenomenal.

RICK

(cocky)

Your church is so screwed up. Wait 'til I tell my mom. She is never gonna let me sleep over again.

As the last people leave the auditorium, David glances back at the open window. Satisfied, he smiles.

END ACT FOUR

TAG

MONDAY, MAY 22, 1972

EXT. SALEM CHURCH - DAY

Sunlight flickers shadows on the HIPPE VAN as blossoms of a cherry tree drift.

OPEN SIDE OF VAN: Ziggy and Leaf load and organize luggage.

LEAF

If you'd rather, we could split the money and Sage and I could take a bus out to the Shiloh Center...

ZIGGY

What? And miss an episode of the two of you trying to convert me?

Sage gives a wave to--

SAGE

Calvin. You didn't bolt?

CALVIN

Head out to Norfolk on Wednesday.

SAGE

You'll be *revolutional* over there.

CALVIN

I'm still shaking like a leaf.

Evan rushes over, David following.

LEAF

Sage's check came through. We're on our way. Thank you so much for all--

EVAN

Hope you don't mind... I made a call to the Shiloh house. Some of them are driving to Dallas, Texas as we speak. Maybe you'd like to take a short detour on your way?

ZIGGY

What's in Dallas?

EVAN

There's a giant Jesus rally
happening-- called EXPLO '72.

Leaf examines the notes Evan hands over.

LEAF

Looks like something we would dig.

EVAN

Don't know much about it, but
there's a contact number.

CALVIN

Hey, Pastor Smith. I was hoping I
could get one of those bulletproof
Bibles you're always giving away?

DAVID

You're not going to Canada?

CALVIN

I think God has a different plan
for me, and I decided to listen.

DAVID

Listen?

Evan and Calvin depart as the van door slides shut.

EXT. SALEM VILLAGE - DAY

The Hippie Van turns, departs down Six Mile Road, the church
steeple overlooking their outset.

END OF SHOW

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"Draft Dodger Rag." Song words written by Phil Ochs. From the album "I Ain't Marching Anymore." Copyright 1964 by Elektra.

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"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove" 1707. By Isaac Watts.

The YONNIE character is a loose representation of the Jesus Movement's hippie-turned-evangelist, and co-founder of Calvary Chapel, Lonnie Frisbee.