

# **THE GOOD GIRLS REVOLT**

Pilot  
Network 2nd Draft

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EXT. ESTAB. ALTAMONT SPEEDWAY, LIVERMORE, CALIF. - SATURDAY  
Against a California sunset, a sea of colorful dots.

ZOOM IN as Mick Jagger kicks things off...

MICK JAGGER (O.C.)  
*Please allow me to introduce  
myself.*

The dots bloom into sun-kissed, dancing HIPPIES. They're  
powered by youth and LSD, adorned with afros, beaded  
necklaces and wilted flowers.

MICK JAGGER (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
*I'm a man of wealth and taste...*

PUSH IN ON...

The first few rows of hippies, turned like lemmings at the  
stage where Mick Jagger prances to "Sympathy for the Devil."

MICK JAGGER (CONT'D)  
*I've been around for a long, long  
year.*

All of 27 years old, Mick clasps his hands behind his shaggy-  
hair and pushes out his trademark pucker.

MICK JAGGER (CONT'D)  
*Stole many a man's soul and  
faith...*

SUDDENLY... the crowd shifts. Discordant voices ring out.

VOICES (O.C.)  
Hey, stop it!/Take it easy.

RACK to Mick's backup singer, DANIELLE, 25, stunning, black,  
with long, frost-painted fingernails. Danielle scans the  
crowd anxiously. Tensions rising.

VOICES (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
We're here for the music./Stop  
pushin', man./Whoa, brother.

DANIELLE POV: In the wings, MUSICIANS sling guitars over  
their backs and hustle out to an idling van.

And we ZOOM up and out, into the yellow California sun, the  
song fading to a muted heartbeat.

INT. SMALL, DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT

A woman's hand, bedecked with silver rings, rakes through a man's hair. She wraps her legs around him, smiles big. He carries her one step to a single cot, lays on top of her.

They pull down each other's pants, fumbling and kissing.

DOUG (O.C.) PRE-LAP  
Damn it, I --

PATTI (O.C.) PRE-LAP  
It's cool. I'm on the pill now.

He wrests her shirt over her shoulders: No bra.

DOUG  
I'm into this hippie thing.

He kisses her breasts.

PATTI  
I thought about this a lot when I  
was in San Francisco.

WIDEN slightly to reveal PATTI ROBINSON (23), flower child, being deliciously mauled by DOUGLAS RHODES (29). Her long wild tresses are barely held back by a thin leather headband.

On the floor, bell-bottom jeans slump over her cork-filled platform shoes on the floor, near her peasant blouse.

Doug, wearing a button down and slacks, is lousy with Great Gatsby-like ease.

They breathlessly kiss and lick one another.

DOUG  
The engagement's off.

PATTI  
Good. I'm no homewrecker.

DOUG  
That didn't stop you the night  
before you left.

PATTI  
Hey, we just made out.

She grinds her hips harder into him, underpants to underpants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG  
That kiss wrecked my future home.

PATTI  
(sincere)  
Was she crushed?

DOUG  
My parents were. They had been  
gunning for the merger since I was  
6.  
(re: Patti's wild hair)  
You gotta comb this.

PATTI  
No way. It's my mane. I'm a  
lioness.  
(beat)  
When I got here on Monday, and they  
told me you left for Paris, I  
cracked up.

DOUG  
Our timing worked out today.

He gently snaps the elastic of her panties.

PATTI  
Hmmm.

DOUG  
Is what you wrote in that letter  
true? Did you really go to an orgy  
out there?

PATTI  
A few.

CRASH!

WIDEN to see Doug's feet hit (but not break) a glass cabinet  
at the foot of the bed. *Where are they?*

DOUG  
Want to be my date at the Rothko  
exhibit at MOMA tomorrow? It's  
opening night.

PATTI  
That sounds glamorous.

He runs his thumb over her eyebrow, looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOUG

You'll be in some low cut dress.  
I'm getting turned on thinking  
about you tomorrow night.

She giggles, bites his earlobe.

PATTI

I'm getting turned on because  
you're really hard.

They both laugh into each other's necks.

DOUG

I brought you a snowglobe from  
Paris for being such a good  
researcher.

She looks down at her chest, cups her breasts for him.

PATTI

I brought you back two.

She throws back her head to laugh and, also laughing (but  
quietly), Doug puts his hand over her mouth.

DOUG

Sssshhhh.

A secret tryst.

WIDEN to see the small square window of the wooden door. On  
the front a sign: INFIRMARY. It's surrounded by a vast,  
humming newsroom.

INT. ESTAB. NEWSWEEK, LAND OF OZ - SATURDAY NIGHT

An aquarium of glass offices, lit by TV's and desk lamps.

INT. LAND OF OZ, OZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The most impressive office in the warren.

OZ ELLIOTT (38), stylish, fit and incisive Executive Editor,  
chews his lip with dissatisfaction as he compares the covers  
of *Life*, *Rolling Stone*, *Look*, *Time*, *Esquire* and *The New York  
Times* splayed across his desk.

He bores into the mod *RS* cover: an illustration of Bob Dylan  
and a tease of an exclusive sitdown with him.

INT. LAND OF OZ, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS  
Wry, inquisitive NORA EPHRON (mid-20's), peers through the glass wall at Oz. He is oblivious to her, lost in concern with the competition's covers staring back at him.

GABRIEL (O.C.)  
Spying?

Nora whips around to see natty, Harvard grad, GABRIEL GREENSTONE (25) approaching.

NORA  
No. Reporting.

GABRIEL  
You're Nora Ephron from Wellesley.

Nora doesn't help him.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)  
Yeah. We met at the Mid-Atlantic debate finals: Jeffersonian Democracy versus the Federalists. You exceeded your grace time.

He's still pissed, but SUDDENLY, Oz opens the door.

OZ  
Good, you're both here.

Oz claps his hands and rubs his palms together. Showtime.

OZ (CONT'D)  
Two newbies, one spiel. Get in here.

Off Nora and Gabriel, nervous, walking in.

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS  
Nora sits erect, her legs crossed at the ankles, a notepad and pen in her hands.

Gabriel sits, legs spread wide, both palms on the armrests, eager to start climbing at *Newsweek*.

With a newsman's indefatigable energy, Oz rocks back and forth in his chair and delivers his welcome talk. He's amused by rookies desperate to prove themselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OZ

*Newsweek* is the first draft of history each week. Your job is to be fast and first and good and right. That's all we ask.

GABRIEL

Just don't write long first drafts, Nora. This isn't debate.

NORA

(for Oz)

I beat him at debate.

Oz twinkles at the rivalry as he rises and walks to his door.

OZ

(shouting down the hall)

Patti! Come get your girl!

(to Nora and Gabriel)

You two should join forces. Be a team.

Uneasy smiles from both newbies who hate the idea.

OZ (CONT'D)

Patti!

(back to Nora)

Patti Robinson's going to take you around. Why don't you head on down to the pit and find her.

Off Nora's hesitation.

OZ (CONT'D)

You'll see it. All the girls are there.

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT

Bursting with testosterone, youth, and ambition, the bullpen holds 36 alpha male REPORTERS.

SAM ROSENBERG (28), handsome, charismatic -- the first-born child of reporters -- stands up.

SAM

Where's Patti? Oz wants her.

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Doug and Patti, both in their underwear, freeze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATTI

Did you hear that? Oz is looking  
for me!

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

SUDDENLY... WILLIAM "WICK" McFADDEN, genteel, Alabama-born  
Managing Editor of *Newsweek*, lumbers into frame.

WICK

Oz. Oz.

Wick's honey-lacquered voice carries over the troops.

WICK (CONT'D)

We got a story --

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Patti squirms into her jeans.

DOUG

Jesus Christ. That was Wick.  
Something's breaking.

Doug springs off the cot and pulls on his shirt.

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT

Nora reaches the bottom of the stairs as the bullpen, like an  
ER staff braced for the adrenaline cocktail, coils.

Wick walks by desks covered with baseball hats, coffee cups,  
batteries, transistor radios, and half-filled ash trays.

WICK

-- that might require professional  
journalists.

INT. ESTAB. NEWSWEEK, BULLPEN AND PIT - CONTINUOUS

Wick stands at the base of the staircase to the Land of Oz.

Three carpeted steps below the bullpen, the Pit holds 40  
forty RESEARCHERS (all women) at neat desks equipped with a  
phone, a typewriter, and trinkets gifted to them by far-flung  
correspondents/lovers.

In the b.g., the INFIRMARY door opens. Patti bolts out,  
closes the door behind her and darts toward the bullpen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behind her, a few moments later, Doug emerges, checking his fly, fixing his hair.

RACK to Wick as Oz emerges, looks down from the balcony. Nora freezes on the staircase.

WICK

It's developing. UPI has three dead in a riot at a music festival in Northern California.

Wick's gut strains the buttons on his custom-made shirt.

WICK (CONT'D)

At a place called Altamont.

Patti arrives at the pit.

OZ

I.D.'s on the victims?

WICK

Not yet. No hard numbers yet on the injured. Crowd estimates are upwards of tens of thousands --

PATTI

(still flush)

*Hundreds* of thousands.

She finds an earring in her hair. She reinserts it into her earlobe, takes a breath and continues.

PATTI (CONT'D)

For The Stones. Santana, the Jefferson Airplane, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young and The Dead were supposed to play all day until the Rolling Stones took the stage at sunset.

Oz trots down the staircase, passes Nora. Like a button across Wick's girth, Patti might burst. Sam reaches the Telex machine.

OZ

There you are. What else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATTI

The concert was originally going to be in Golden Gate Park, but they moved it at the last minute. And Mick made it free.

SAM

(reading)

The festival was billed as 'Woodstock West.'

Oz nears Sam and the Telex machine.

WICK

Well, shit just went sideways at Woodstock West everybody.

From the bullpen, Sam scans The Pit.

SAM

Where's Jane? Jane!?

DOUG

Oz, you sent me to Woodstock. Patti's just back from 6 months in San Francisco. She's got a Rolodex of contacts --

PATTI

I know someone who travels with The Stones.

JANE HOLLANDER (23), beautiful, glamorous Alpha researcher, emerges from the breakroom. She wears a thin gold wristwatch, a Pierre Cardin mini dress and small pumps.

JANE

I'm here! What's happening?

OZ

Did anyone else besides Patti even know this concert was happening?

Jane runs up to the bullpen, scans the new News Alerts.

JANE

(for Oz)

I can have a top in a few hours.

Oz, the captain of this ship whose word is law, fires off questions like he's strafing enemy lines.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OZ

Were the victims connected? Was this a crime spree or a stampede? Who's accountable? What poor sap shirked security measures before the festival?

SAM

We'll nail it all down.

OZ

Better. If this was, in fact 'a riot,' it could have national and social significance.

(pointing at Sam)

Sam, get started.

(off Doug's look)

Sam's written top flight covers four weeks in a row and --

WICK

A cover?

OZ

-- Sam and Jane are a good team.

DOUG

But Patti's sourced, I'm fresh. Sam's fried after a month of --

OZ

What I need right now is the fastest rewrite man in the building and his efficient researcher. I can't take a chance in case it merits a cover.

PATTI

It's not fair.

DOUG

Peace and love are back in California. Besides --

(patting her ass)

-- now we have a free night, and we can finish what we started.

PATTI

We can't give up on this story yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DOUG

Sam is Oz's golden boy. And what Oz says, goes. It's non-negotiable.

WICK

-- I need one of the honeys to go to Photo and give Ned a heads up.

PATTI

I'll do it!

Patti grabs Nora's arm.

PATTI (CONT'D)

Nora, right? We're not supposed to be in the bullpen. Come with me.

NORA

Why didn't you get that story?

PATTI

Oz picked Sam, and Sam and Jane are a team.

They pass Sam and Jane as Sam puts his arm around Jane.

PATTI (CONT'D)

As I was saying...

Patti and Nora brush past Wick, who indicates a sidebar with Gabriel and Doug. Nora clocks Gabriel *getting an assignment*.

Doug smoothly pulls out a pen and a worn notebook from his breast pocket.

WICK

Due diligence mandates we cover a party that got out of hand, even though we've got a critical story on Vietnam ready to go.

Gabriel pats himself for a notepad, comes up empty.

WICK (CONT'D)

I want a graphic on the links between LSD and violence.

(to Gabe)

Charles Manson was indicted yesterday.

Doug pulls a notebook from his back pocket, tosses it to Gabriel, who fumbles, but blessedly doesn't let it drop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

WICK (CONT'D)

As long as we're opening up the whole magazine, let's do a 500-word gutter on the proceedings.

OZ (O.C.)

Wick, let's go down to Photo.

WIDEN to see Oz sweeping Wick across the bullpen to Photo. TV's bloom with news of the riot. Radios crackle to life.

Sam gives a "good game" chin nod to Doug.

DOUG

Hey, you saved me from being the one who might kill Wick's cover story on Vietnam.

Off Sam, who hadn't thought of that.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

In a walk-and-talk, Nora hurries to keep up with Patti.

PATTI

We -- the girl researchers -- report, investigate and write feeds for the reporters. The guys do a pass on the feeds, put their names on and the stories go to press.

NORA

Wait, really? Oz was serious. He wanted me to team up with Gabriel.

PATTI

The new guy?  
(off Nora's nod)  
Man, he looks so straight.

INT. PHOTO - NIGHT

Bumper stickers cover one wall. Candid shots of LBJ that never made it in to the magazine smother a door. Another wall is an accidental collage of war zone shots, and another, natural disaster moments and spider-vein lightning across the Midwest sky.

Burly, romantic photo editor, NED STOCKTON bends over his light table with a magnifying loop around his eye.

Seated at a light table is sensitive researcher CINDY RESTON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cindy nurses a tumbler of vodka, likes being close to Ned.

NED  
Yeah, come take a look.

He and Cindy both look up as Patti and Nora enter.

PATTI  
Nedders, stuff's breaking. Your  
cover's fate hangs in the balance.

NED  
Of course it does, because this one  
is done early and perfectly  
composed.

Ned POV: The cover of a G.I., in a tent, holding his own I.V.  
bag, a fiery sunset peeking through a tear in the cloth.

Cindy gives Ned a sympathetic laugh.

PATTI  
Altamont music festival in Northern  
California went haywire and people  
were killed. It's coming in now.

They all rush over to the Telex machine.

ECU: Telex draft printing (a coarser, faster printout items  
coded URGENT) an image of a naked man being led away from  
Altamont's cramped stage.

SUDDENLY, Oz and Wick burst in.

OZ  
Ned, any images yet?

NED  
This second...

Ned, Cindy, Oz, Patti, Nora and Wick bore into the blurry  
image that glistens wet with ink.

NED (CONT'D)  
This'll be all the East Coast  
papers can run with tonight.

WICK  
It's shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OZ

We have, what, 45 hours to get you a better shot to compose and design?

NED

Yeah. Us and *Rolling Stone*.

Oz clenches his molars. Wick looks at "his" cover and leans passively against the wall.

OZ

Wick, what do you think?

WICK

Not my kind of story.

OZ

We don't know anything for sure until Sam files.

NED

If Altamont peters out, Wick's cover on 'Nam is set.

Wick gives Ned a low-key "bro" thumbs up about the cover.

OZ

We'll be going head-to-head with *Rolling Stone* on a story that Jann would sell his sister for.

WICK

(snorting)

It's a music magazine. *Newsweek* competes with *Time Magazine*.

OZ

Everyone younger than you and me reads *Rolling Stone*.

WICK

That reminds me of what William Faulkner said when he accepted the Nobel Prize.

The two news lions continue down the hall.

WICK (CONT'D)

He said, 'I decline to accept the end of man.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OZ  
Come on, Wick, it's not that bad.

WICK  
It's getting there.

RACK back into PHOTO...

PATTI  
Cindy, this is the new girl, Nora --

NORA  
Nora Ephron.

CINDY  
Hi.

PATTI  
Cindy hides out here, ostensibly  
writing cutlines, you know: the  
captions for photos.

CINDY  
Who got Altamont?

PATTI  
Sam and Jane.

CINDY  
Another one. What does she need?

PATTI  
We'll find out... So, Doug wants to  
take me to the Rothko opening at  
MOMA tomorrow night. Am I supposed  
to wear a tiara?

CINDY  
Or something fabulously chic.  
Gloves. You must wear gloves. Like  
beautiful calfskin gloves.

PATTI  
Are you kidding?

NORA  
And there's a salon on 86th and  
Columbus that's open on Sundays.

Patti shoots Nora a withering look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PATTI  
Anywaaaay, can Nora use your desk?

CINDY  
Sure.

Patti smiles efficiently at Nora.

PATTI  
All that's left is to make yourself  
indispensable.

Off Nora, not sure how to do that.

INT. PIT - MOMENTS LATER

A journalism sweatshop of workers culled from the Seven Sisters schools. Most are single and just shy of 24.

Jane sits at her desk, typing. Patti and Nora pull up.

JANE  
(to Patti)  
Can you do cop calls?

PATTI  
No. I mean... I don't have time. I  
have a source who could be  
valuable.

JANE  
Then give him to me.

PATTI  
It's a girl who travels with The  
Stones, a back up singer.

JANE  
Fantastic. What's her number?

PATTI  
She'll only talk to me.

JANE  
Look, I know you were the more  
natural fit for this story. But  
there's nothing I can do. Don't  
sabotage the story by sulking.

PATTI  
Sulking? I'm trying to help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

Okay. Take an hour to work your source. If nothing pans out, you're doing cop calls.

PATTI

An hour?! You're dreaming.

RACK to Wick walking by, tracking the conflict. *Everyone is.*

JANE

No, I'm working under a deadline.

Patti leaves in a huff.

NORA

I can help with cop calls.

JANE

Have you ever called the precincts?

NORA

I ask if there's anything on the blotter. Right?

JANE

(sighs, regroup)

We have two days to tear down and rebuild the magazine on a developing story three thousand miles away. Orientation's cancelled today. What does your reporter need?

NORA

I'll find out.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Nora approaches Gabriel, as if an electrical fence surrounds the bullpen. She knows she's "not supposed" to be there.

NORA

I think I'm your researcher, and I'm supposed to help with the story Wick assigned.

GABRIEL

I've got it covered.

Off Nora. Gabriel is freezing her out.

INT. PIT - 30 MINUTES LATER  
Nora watches Patti at the desk next to hers.

PATTI  
(fuming into phone)  
C'mon. Answer already.

Patti moves the receiver under her chin.

PATTI (CONT'D)  
(to Nora)  
For those of you following along at home, I've got nothing, and the Jane clock says I have 25 minutes left.  
(off Nora's look)  
What?

NORA  
It's like you two are fighting over the lower bunk bed in jail. Who gets to make the guys who are writing the story look better?

Off Patti, still on hold, considering Nora's point.

INT. PHOTO - MOMENTS LATER  
Enter Nora as Cindy arranges lead letters for captions.

NORA  
I get why you stay down here.

Cindy smiles coyly and picks up her tumbler of vodka.

CINDY  
Cranky reporters in the bullpen?

NORA  
And testy researchers in the pit.  
(beat)  
Do you *like* working at *Newsweek*?

CINDY  
For me, it's ideal.

Nora looks at her, incredulous.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
You're not married yet, are you?

Nora holds up her ringless hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY (CONT'D)

Lenny, my husband, gave me a year to gather material for my first novel while he finishes law school and gets a job at a firm. Probably in Connecticut. So, I chose *Newsweek*. It's a dream.

NORA

What happens after the year?

CINDY

I get serious and start a family.

NORA

A serious family? Please don't invite me to the dinner parties.

(beat)

Why don't you stay here and get stories. That's the only way to become a writer.

Cindy wells up. Nora stiffens, doesn't know how to respond.

CINDY

I'm sorry. I'm just late, for my, you know. I always use my diaphragm. I don't understand --

NORA

Maybe he put a hole in it. People do that, you know.

CINDY

Lenny doesn't even know where I keep that thing.

Off Nora's level stare, Cindy does calculations in her head.

CINDY (CONT'D)

But maybe he does.

Cindy checks out Nora...

CINDY (CONT'D)

You don't think my being a novelist sounds like a lark?

NORA

I don't joke about writing or cooking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CINDY

I don't joke about drinking and cooking.

NORA

See, we're a perfect duo.

Off Cindy, sparkling.

INT. THE PIT - NIGHT

Doug, overcoat on, walks by Patti at her desk.

DOUG

You ready, Robinson?

PATTI

Not yet. I want to talk to The Stones back-up singer and hear what she saw from stage. There are rumors that the official police account is wrong.

DOUG

Then get a list of everything she's saying that contradicts the official account and turn it over to Jane.

He kneels down, leans in.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Those will be her leads to follow up on. So, meet at my place in an hour? I'll order from Vincenza's. I just got the new Van Morrison.

She caresses his cheek. Gives him a deep, french kiss.

PATTI

An hour.

He pulls a snowglobe of the Eiffel Tower out of his coat pocket, sets it down next to her hand. Patti picks it up with gratitude, shakes it, grows serious.

PATTI (CONT'D)

We're finally in the same city after months of being pen pals. Maybe we could blow off Rothko tomorrow night and just go out to dinner?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

I already told my parents you were coming.

PATTI

Your *parents*? You didn't tell me they were part of the event.

DOUG

I didn't think it was important.

PATTI

But it is...just so... conventional. I have to kiss the ring before we can start dating? Aren't they still grieving your broken engagement?

DOUG

Nah. I told them I was trading up.

She softens into the compliment. He turns to go.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(afterthought)

I wouldn't mind meeting your parents.

PATTI

No one is meeting my parents. Ever.

DOUG

(chuckling)

See you in an hour.

Doug, a spring in his step, exits. Off Patti, uneasy for a moment, and then getting right back to work.

EXT. STREET, COFFEE AND DONUT CART - SUNDAY MORNING

A thoroughly pissed off Doug kicks at the gray snowbank and waits with Sam and Gabe in line as New York City, December 1969, spins around them in platform shoes and colorful upheaval.

Two teenage HIPPIES hold a huge banner across the street that says, "WAR IS OVER! If You Want It. Happy Christmas from John & Yoko." An open guitar case accepts donations. Farther down the street, Times Square throbs with the seediness of peep shows and prostitutes. A MAN in an outrageous three-piece suit and full-length fur coat nearly obscures our frame with an afro the size of a VW Beetle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG  
I'm in no mood to wait this  
morning.

SAM  
I need rocket fuel. I was here 'til  
1.

Wick pulls up.

WICK  
(to Gabriel)  
How's the Manson piece coming?

GABRIEL  
It's a straight down the middle  
courts story. Almost done.

Wick nods in approval, shrugs his overcoat against the cold.

WICK  
Quite a catfight last night. Has  
peace broken out in the pit yet?

DOUG  
No idea. Patti was way over-  
invested in getting this cover.

WICK  
Well, researchers don't get to pick  
the stories they want to work on.  
That's a slippery slope.

GABRIEL  
Yeah, they'd be writing fashion  
stories all day.

Wick laughs a little, regards the banner.

WICK  
(to Doug)  
Patti really took to San Francisco.

All look at Doug, who on this particular morning is purposely  
not defending her.

WICK (CONT'D)  
She looks like she stuck her finger  
in a socket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GABRIEL

Is it true someone's left a comb on her desk every morning since she got back?

WICK

She's still an attractive girl, but like I tell my daughters, no woman looks her best in jeans.

SAM

Aw, Wick, you sound like an old-fashioned Southerner, who doesn't know what's cool.

Just then, a 50-CAR PILE UP BABE walks by, her Coke bottle body poured into a tailored dress, panty hose and pumps underneath a snug overcoat cinched with a belt. She has a Sophia Loren-like quality. ALL their heads swivel at once.

WICK

(holding up his hands)  
See Sam, real women never go out of style.

They all let their gaze linger on the babe as she walks away.

INT. NEWSROOM, LOBBY - DAY

Doug, Sam and Gabe enter with bags of donuts as Patti intercepts them. Sam and Gabe peel off, past a modest Christmas tree.

PATTI

I was just coming to find you. I'm sorry I stood you up.

Doug keeps walking by her, a deliberate snub. She catches up.

PATTI (CONT'D)

I was working late and crashed in the infirmary. I've never gone in there to actually rest.

DOUG

Don't try to soften me up. I listened to "Astral Weeks" 20 times last night.

PATTI

You deserve a kiss for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She reaches up on her tiptoes, gives him a kiss.

PATTI (CONT'D)  
How about a do-over? 8 o'clock  
tonight?

DOUG  
Tonight's Rothko with my parents.

Patti deflates. Fiddles with his tie.

PATTI  
Last week, we were writing letters  
to one another on paper sprayed  
with sandalwood oil. What happened?

DOUG  
That was a dream. You moved back  
home, to New York, to reality.

PATTI  
I'm young, and I want to have fun.  
I want to tiptoe through the tulips  
and let my freak flag fly, and  
you're trying to put me in a box.

DOUG  
No, I'm not. Is that what you now  
think of getting dolled up for a  
night on the town?

PATTI  
(vulnerable)  
I have nothing to wear.

DOUG  
They're going to love you. I  
already told them how happy you  
make me.

He kisses her.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I'll meet you at MOMA at 8.

Patti gives a small laugh, reassured. Sort of.

INT. PIT - DAY

Like a hawk, Nora tracks something across the newsroom.

NORA POV: In the bullpen, Gabe drops his copy into the

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

editor's 'IN' box.

Nora hurries toward the bullpen.

Cindy closes in on the bullpen, trying to catch Oz, who's sweeping through the newsroom, part pep-talk, part supervisor, part Moses at the Red Sea.

OZ

People, my people! Let's commit journalism here. Award-winning journalism!

A REPORTER hands Oz a piece of paper.

OZ (CONT'D)

Copy desk, are we over or under for back of the book?

COPY EDITOR, schlubby and bespectacled, enters the frame.

COPY EDITOR

We're right on target, Oz.

Nora passes Patti, working her source on the phone as Doug, holding a donut, sits on the edge of her desk.

PATTI

And that's when you saw the first guy fall down? Or get pushed down?

Patti gives Doug an ecstatic thumbs up, and starts scrawling shorthand in her spiral notebook. Doug shoves the rest of the donut in his mouth and transforms into a soundless Yosemite Sam, guns blazing in each hand. Patti looks at him warmly, lets her fingers do the walking up his leg.

CINDY

Oz, can you sign off on this outline?

Oz takes the photo in one hand from Cindy and her outline in the other.

In the b.g. Patti listens, then does a silent scream to Doug.

PATTI

(into phone)

I'm here. I'm listening to everything.

Nora continues into...

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Nora picks up Gabe's story from the "IN" box.

Oz's friendly secretary, ANGIE, approaches Oz.

ANGIE

Betsy wanted me to remind you about Lydia's birthday dinner tonight.

OZ

Damnit. I'm nowhere on the editorial. Can you run out and get something for a 13-year-old girl?

ANGIE

Betsy already called in a little jewelry box from Tiffany's. I picked it up.

(off Oz's heaviness)

They move people through dinner service quickly at Serendipity. You'll be out of pocket for 90 minutes, tops.

OZ

A lot can happen here in 90 minutes.

Off Oz, the pied piper, as underlings ask for approvals.

INT. PIT - DAY

Jane *tsk tsks* a run in her panty hose and pulls her L'Eggs hosiery out of her desk drawer as Patti rushes up.

PATTI

I got it. My lead panned out! Mick Jagger's backup singer saw *everything*. There's only one hitch.

JANE

What is it?

PATTI

Not for attribution.

JANE

Then she's no use to us.

Patti opens her mouth to talk, but Jane cuts her off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE (CONT'D)

Don't. I was here late last night  
doing *cop calls*.

PATTI

I was here, too.

JANE

Where?

PATTI

I fell asleep. Because I was here  
late, chasing a gigantic lead for  
you. And if you'd listen to what I  
got, you'd thank me.

Jane looks around self-consciously. They've officially made a  
scene. She stashes the L'Eggs in her desk drawer.

JANE

Not here.

INT. BREAKROOM - DAY

Jane walks in ahead of Patti, closes the door behind her.

JANE

Without yelling at me, tell me what  
she said.

PATTI

The police blamed the hippies, but  
she blamed the Hells Angels who  
were hired as security. One of the  
gang members had a knife, Jane.  
*They* started the riot. Not the  
fans.

JANE

Shit.  
(beat)  
That's good.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Shirtsleeves rolled up, arms crossed in front of him, Sam  
leans against his desk as Jane and Patti pitch him.

JANE

Three hundred thousand people  
and no law enforcement  
presence.

PATTI

Alameda County can't produce  
the name of one deputy who  
was assigned to the festival.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATTI  
The Hells Angels were hired  
for security. They were paid  
in beer.

JANE  
But they escalated things,  
instead of controlling them,  
Sam. \*

SAM  
You gals are pretty cute when you  
nail a story. Just give me  
something to read.

Jane hands him two pages. Both try to read the tea leaves of  
Sam's face as he scans the pages.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Good, but I also need enough  
official confirmation from  
authorities on details of the riot  
to fill the hole in case Wick won't  
let me use your back up singer.

Sam looks at his watch.

SAM (CONT'D)  
He's meeting with department heads  
for the next half hour. Work on the  
Plan B version until they're done,  
then we'll go in and talk to him.

Off Patti and Jane, encouraged.

INT. PIT - DAY

Oz blows in from a walk outside to a newsroom of researchers  
and reporters, banging their heads like cavemen to the  
thumping beat of "In a Gadda Da Vida."

As rushed as he is, he stifles a smile. The source of the  
music is a bootleg in a tape recorder on Patti's desk.

OZ  
Is this 'The Rolling Stones?'

PATTI  
No.  
(holding eye contact)  
It's 'Iron Butterfly,' and this  
song will *haunt* you, because you  
have such a good ear for music.

OZ  
Are you accusing me of being hip,  
Patti?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATTI

I'm saying you have potential.

He sits at a nearby empty desk, unwraps a mint.

RACK to Doug, drumming at his desk with pencils. He notices Oz and Patti and checks to see if Sam has noticed, too.

But Sam's entirely focused on the notes in front of him. Jane stands behind Sam. She catches Doug clocking Patti's face time with Oz. Off Doug, wondering what it means for him.

RACK to Oz, listening but unable to find the groove to "In a Gadda Da Vida."

INT. LAND OF OZ, HALLWAY/BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Wick stands at the top of the stairs, looking at the bullpen and pit with disgust. He hates the music that's disrupting his department meeting. Wick heads back to his office where he shuts the door behind him.

RACK to Doug, riveted and concerned. *Is Oz a threat?*

INT. BULLPEN/PIT - CONTINUOUS

PATTI

You should get high first. Then you'll really dig it.

OZ

(laughing)

I'm past 30. Too old to try pot.

PATTI

No one's ever too old to smoke out.

OZ

(relaxed, thoughtful)

Why on earth were the Hells Angels hired for security?

PATTI

Because no one trusts the police.

OZ

Why?

PATTI

Because they'd arrest them for smoking marijuana.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATTI (CONT'D)

And ever since the cops beat everyone's heads in Chicago, everyone thinks they're pigs.

OZ

So, the bands felt safer hiring an outlaw motorcycle gang?

PATTI

Yeah. The Hells Angels get high and like to party. They were at Ken Kesey's acid trips. I guess you could say there was a kinship.

OZ

But doing drugs doesn't necessarily mean you believe in peace and love.

PATTI

(genuine)  
You're right. We all learned that this weekend.

OZ

Yeah.  
(light bulb)  
I'm going to write my editorial.

Oz, humming, walks through the newsroom.

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Oz types enthusiastically as Angie enters, holding his herringbone overcoat.

ANGIE

Your car's downstairs.

She puts his overcoat and a small Tiffany gift bag (that was underneath the coat) on his chair.

OZ

I need you to go to Serendipity and give Lydia the gift.

ANGIE

But, she's --

OZ

Going to be furious. I'll deal with the consequences. Thanks, Angie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Angie exits, dreading being the messenger.

INT. LAND OF OZ, WICK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Not nearly as colorful or hip as Oz's office, Wick's office has a Southern hospitality to it. But no eyeline is unobstructed by an award or a trophy engraved with his name. Grip-and-grins with President Nixon and other dignitaries are framed behind him.

Sam sits on the arm of the couch. Jane and Patti sit close together in the middle of the couch. Wick sits behind his desk, eyes closed, rubbing the bridge of his nose where his reading glasses sit.

Wick opens his eyes, puts his glasses back on.

WICK

These allegedly 'culturally significant stories' -- as Oz likes to call them -- are not permission to get lax about journalistic standards. We need full names.

SAM

I'm not surprised at your decision. Bummed out. But not surprised.

PATTI

(furious)

Being flexible isn't the same as lowering our standards.

Sam shoots Patti a homicidal glare. Patti retreats. Wick refocuses on Sam.

WICK

Mister Rosenberg, I hope you're not too 'bummed out' to write an airtight story with real sources, authorities or elected officials. And then we'll see if it merits the cover of *Newsweek* magazine.

SAM

(detached)

You got it, Wick.

Sam opens the door for the women, looks at his watch, immediately re-focused on getting Wick what he wants. Off Patti, stewing.

INT. BREAKROOM - NIGHT

Her back against the door, Patti faces Jane.

PATTI

Wick is the one trying to sabotage this. He wants his stupid cover on troop reduction. I can get my source to go on the record; I know it, but I can't convince her over the phone.

JANE

What are you saying? You're going to fly to San Francisco tonight and convince her to go on the record, all before the presses start running tomorrow night?

PATTI

Exactly. That's the plan.

(beat)

The flight schedule works, but I don't have the money for a ticket. Can you use your Dad's credit card?

JANE

You can't be serious.

Off Jane, poker-faced.

INT. SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, LADIES ACCESSORIES - NIGHT

Amid a sea of pink-collar SHOPPERS with red lipstick, pill box hats and expensive overcoats, Patti waits in line at the cash register. Her hair, jeans and nervous energy, makes her look too feral for Saks. With an air of resignation, Patti places a long glove box on the counter when...

SUDDENLY, an envelope gets slapped down next to it.

Patti looks up to see Nora, breathless, in coat and mittens.

NORA (O.C.)

Here you are! Jane sent me here to give you this.

Patti rips open the envelope and peeks inside.

NORA (CONT'D)

She said it's really important.

ECU: PAN AM TICKETS from JFK to SFO.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patti goes pro in half a second, looks at Nora dead serious.

PATTI

I need you to go back to the newsroom and find Doug.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT

Doug stands at his desk, facing Nora, still in her coat.

DOUG

What do you mean she went home sick?

INT. PAN AMERICAN FLIGHT 721 - NIGHT

Patti clicks her seatbelt.

PILOT (O.C.)

Welcome to Flight 221 direct to my hometown of San Francisco. Flying time six hours and 8 minutes. So... get on board for a magic carpet ride.

She gives a small smile at the Steppenwolf reference.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Cindy hustles down the subway stairs, headed home. A light snow falls. She passes men in bowler hats and overcoats who carry briefcases. A marquee halfway down the block promises a 9 p.m. showing of "Easy Rider."

She puts her hand on her stomach and vomits into the snowbank. She steadies herself on a wrought iron gate.

CINDY

Oh, no. Please, no.

INT. CINDY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

CINDY POV: Through the half-open bathroom door, we see LENNY, rumped and sour, buried in text books on the bed.

Cindy opens the vanity drawer, pulls out her diaphragm case, and holds up the birth control to the light. And there it is: a pin hole in the rubber trampoline. Cindy gasps and accidentally knocks her brush on to the tile floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENNY (O.S.)

What the hell's going on in there?

CINDY

Nothing. I dropped something.

LENNY

I'm trying to work, Cindy.

Cindy sits on the edge of the bathtub, gasping for air, out of sight of Lenny.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Why don't you come to bed. You often get clumsy when you're late.

CINDY

I'm not late. I just didn't sleep well the past few nights.

RACK to Lenny, probing. Looking for a clue she's pregnant.

LENNY

And you didn't eat much at dinner.

CINDY

I ate.

LENNY

Cindy, is there something you want to tell me that is important for both of us to know?

CINDY

I don't know what you're talking about, Len.

LENNY

Come here, sit on the bed, and tell me if this is what we've been waiting for.

CINDY

It's not.  
(beat)  
I'm coming to bed soon.

Off Cindy, devastated, staring out the window.

EXT. ESTAB. HUNTINGTON HOTEL, NOB HILL, SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT  
The neon sign glows demurely over wedding cake architecture.

INT. HUNTINGTON HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

In a dim corner of the impeccable lobby, Patti sits across from Danielle, the back up singer from the cold open. They share a bowl of Bugle snacks and each sips a soda.

DANIELLE

I'm telling you, he was no threat to anyone, and the bikers were kicking him. They were high as kites.

PATTI

And there was a Hells Angel in an animal hat. It was a stuffed head of an animal on his head. Weird.

DANIELLE

The Hells Angel guys were throwing entire beer cans at people. Then, the biker with the mustache stabbed that poor guy. The Dead bailed, because they knew those Hells Angels.

PATTI

Are you saying The Dead fled?  
(off Danielle's smile)  
I can't thank you enough for talking, Danielle. I just need your full name, hometown and age.

DANIELLE

I don't want any of that in print.

PATTI

But when I got here, I told you that I'd read back to you your quotes, and I'd --

DANIELLE

I don't want my name or age or anything about *me* in there. I'm *disposable*. I'm a back up singer. My job is to sweeten Mick's sound. And I do that only as long as I look good and sound good to him. You dig it?

PATTI

I dig it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANIELLE

If Mick or Keith or anyone from the record company reads that I'm up there with an opinion of my own. That I'm a narc, I'll be mopping floors instead of singing in amphitheaters. You got that?

Danielle mashes out her cigarette, gets out of the booth.

PATTI

(masking panic)  
Danielle, *Newsweek* won't print quotes from someone anonymously.

DANIELLE

Well, then, my quotes won't be in.

PATTI

Wait. Did you talk to anyone else on stage right after? You know, because you were freaked out? I mean, it sounds scary.

DANIELLE

No. Up on stage, it's just me, Mick, the boys. And the groupies who rush them.

PATTI

Any who might talk to me?

EXT. CRASH PAD, THE HAIGHT - 3 A.M.

Patti scans the list of tenants on the call box. As exhausted as she is, Patti can't help but smile at a slip of tie-dyed paper taped over one buzzer: "Juicy Lucy Land!"

Across the street, three FLOWER CHILDREN (20's) talk under a street light, passing a joint to one another.

INT. CRASH PAD - MOMENTS LATER

In enormously bell-bottomed hip huggers and a bandanna midriff, a sultry JUICY LUCY, 26, opens the door.

In the b.g., a COUPLE makes out on a tapestry-covered mattress in the corner in various states of undress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUICY LUCY

Any friend of Danielle's is welcome here. C'mon in, babe. Been such a rough weekend for all of us.

Juicy Lucy pulls Patti into a prolonged hug. Patti suppresses her shock at the life-sized papier-mâché penises everywhere.

PATTI

(in the hug)

Danielle didn't tell me you were a plaster caster.

JUICY LUCY

The best in all of Haight-Ashbury. Go ahead, touch 'em. Hold 'em. Suck 'em, if you want. Just don't break 'em, babe. This is my gallery of conquests.

(beat)

I thought I was tired. You look strung out.

PATTI

It's been hectic, and I have a plane back to New York in two hours.

Juicy Lucy sits on the windowsill, pulls a sweater over her shoulders. She hugs her knees, looks at her split ends.

JUICY LUCY

How can I support your journey?

PATTI

Can you tell me what you saw before that fan got stabbed?

JUICY LUCY

A true Venus has nothing to hide, because the communal strength sustains her.

PATTI

Who pulled out the knife?

Juicy Lucy gestures to an impressive dick mold.

JUICY LUCY

I'd bet my Jimi Hendrix that it was the guy with the mustache.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PATTI

What about the animal hat guy?

JUICY LUCY

He didn't have a knife. Mr.  
Mustache stabbed that poor kid.

PATTI

Do you know his name?

JUICY LUCY

The kid or Mr. Mustache?

PATTI

Yes. Both.

Off Patti, with her scoop and confirmation.

PHONE RINGING (PRE-LAP) (O.S.)

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jane, underneath eyelet-trimmed sheets, stirs from a dream. Another ring sends her running, her full-length Lanz flannel nightgown flapping behind her.

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jane enters a simple sitting room with floral wallpaper where a rotary phone receiver jangles.

JANE

Hello?

OPERATOR (O.C.)

Collect call from Patti Robinson.  
Do you accept the charges?

JANE

Yes. Yes!

INTERCUT with Patti at the PAN AM counter at SFO, where spiffy PAN AM stewardesses mix with well-heeled Frisco matrons and scraggly hippies.

The hippies sit on the floor, singing protest songs, waiting for stand-by tickets to anywhere. HARE KRISHNAS sing *Hare Rama*, and give the "Bhagavad Gita" to Patti who holds a half-eaten Abba-Zabba bar. Milling past are TRAVELERS, many of whom smoke cigarettes, in striped bell bottom pants and tie dyed get-ups.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATTI

Jane, Lucy Henderson. Goes by Juicy  
Lucy.

Jane looks up, deadpan, but there's no time to discuss it.

PATTI (CONT'D)

I need everything you have on her.

JANE

(scribbling it down)  
What else?

PATTI

I need the real names of two Hells  
Angels from Oakland. I just know  
them as Mr. Mustache and Mr. Bear  
Head. See if Oakland PD can help  
I.D. them.

AIRPORT EMPLOYEE (O.C.)

Now boarding Flight 227 to New  
York's JFK airport. Last call for  
Flight 227 --

PATTI

That's me. I'll see you at 2.

Jane holds the phone as Patti clicks off, now wide awake.

INT. BREAKROOM - MORNING

Jane wipes down the counter as Doug enters.

JANE

Hi. Don't pull the pot. I just  
grabbed a cup.

DOUG

Patti in yet?

JANE

(breezy)  
I haven't seen her.

Doug blocks the door. He's not kidding.

DOUG

What the hell's going on, Jane?

Off Jane, the good girl, cornered by her superior.

INT. NEWSROOM, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS  
Cindy and Nora walk-and-talk.

CINDY  
You were right.

NORA  
Could you still work here if you're pregnant? Would they let you?

CINDY  
No one's ever been pregnant here that I know of.  
(resigned at the thought)  
But that doesn't matter. Lenny will make me stay home.

Cindy quickly changes the subject as Jane nears them.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
I have it on good authority you can use Patti's desk today. She flew to San Francisco.

Jane goes into damage control mode about letting Nora in.

JANE  
She's new.

CINDY  
She's cool.

NORA  
It's okay. No one's going to ask me anything.

Oz approaches.

OZ  
My whispering coven, Patti's not at her desk, and we close today.

JANE  
She's sick.

OZ  
(to Nora)  
Is she sick?

NORA  
Very ill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY  
Death's door.

OZ  
I feel like shit, and I'm here.  
Call her, tell her to come in.

JANE  
(frazzled)  
Absolutely. I will.

EXT. NEWSWEEK, 49TH AND MADISON - DAY  
In a camel hair coat with a fur-lined collar, Jane watches a Checker sedan cab pull up in front of the 43-story *Newsweek* headquarters.

Jane pays the CABBIE as Patti gets out, already talking.

PATTI  
What do you know?

JANE  
I got the names.

PATTI  
People are devastated out there.

Jane grabs her hand, and they run inside.

JANE  
There's devastation in here, too.  
I lied to Oz. He wanted to see you.  
And Doug asked for you.

PATTI  
Oh, no. What did you tell him?

Jane's look says it all.

PATTI (CONT'D)  
Shit, Jane!

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY  
Cindy, perched on the edge of an exam table in a cloth gown, nods soberly as the GYNECOLOGIST gives her the lowdown.

GYNECOLOGIST  
We'll have the results in a week.  
If you do get your period, you can  
start on these the very first day.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GYNECOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
(hands her a packet birth  
control pills)  
You'll have to tell him eventually.

CINDY  
(dazed)  
He told me I had a year.

INT. BULLPEN - LATER  
With Patti and Jane in tow, Sam walks toward Oz, who stands  
at the Telex machine, reading an incoming news alert.

OZ  
Ah, shit. Lefty O'Doul died.

SAM  
Tough loss. I saw DiMaggio play  
once.

OZ  
He and Lefty were pretty close.

The women stand like bumps on a log. Oz notices them, resets.

OZ (CONT'D)  
What do we know?

SAM  
We've got an incredible and  
detailed eyewitness account from  
two sources.

OZ  
Great. What did these guys see?

JANE  
The guys are gals.

OZ  
Who are these gals?

Oz walks toward the staircase. Sam, Jane and Patti follow.  
From his desk, Doug clocks them and hurries to catch up.

SAM  
The first one wouldn't let us use  
her name, and Wick said that was a  
no-go. So, we found another woman  
who was in the front row and  
confirmed everything and agreed to  
be named.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OZ

That's good journalism. Atta boy.  
(waits)  
So? Who is this woman?

Doug arrives, refusing to look at Patti.

PATTI

Legally, her name is Lucy  
Henderson.

OZ

What do you mean by 'legally?'

DOUG

Her professional name is Juicy  
Lucy.

Patti and Jane look at Doug, open-mouthed. Sam cuts him a look. Oz, impatient, rests his hand on the staircase banister.

OZ

I majored in History at Princeton.  
Did you know that?

SAM

Yes.

OZ

Something that has stuck with me  
over the years is ancient Roman  
dentistry. To treat a toothache,  
they advocated gargling with urine.  
Only after a prolonged and  
ineffectual gargling with piss,  
would an extraction be undertaken.  
My point is, how much more of this  
must I endure before we give up,  
run wire copy inside and use Wick's  
Vietnam story as the cover?

SAM

No. We have a smart, fresh cover.

OZ

Fantastic. Juicy Lucy... Mister and  
Mrs. Henderson must be so pleased  
with their daughter's professional  
name. What does Ms. Henderson do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

She's, um, an *artist*. A potter.

OZ

Christ. She sells pot?

SAM

No. She's a *sculptor*.

Reporters, researchers and Nora make their way over...

PATTI

But sort of obscure outside of the Bay Area.

SAM

But in music circles, she's well known.

OZ

Within music circles. In the Bay Area.

(beat)

Well, what does she sculpt?

It's an easy question, but no one wants to answer.

PATTI

Penises.

Oz laughs, then stops when he realizes he's facing a panel of stony-faced writers.

PATTI (CONT'D)

She's a 'plaster caster.' She casts the penises of famous rock stars.

OZ

Please tell me you're joking. Why on earth would they do that?

PATTI

It's a trophy. A scalp to prove she was intimate with these men.

Wick pulls up. Oz strums his fingertips on the banister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OZ

(to Sam)

We've got a back-up singer who won't go on the record and a loopy, promiscuous woman who's the backup to the back up singer. This is a three-ring circus.

Nora, who's been listening from nearby, interjects.

NORA

(to Patti)

But both of their stories support one another.

WICK

Juicy Lucy the penis sculptor is not credible.

PATTI

Why? Because she's a girl? Or because she slept with a lot of guys and has the trophies to prove it?

Murmurs as ALL watch the "help" make their case. Sam looks to Jane, *reign her in.*

JANE

Patti, simmer down --.

Patti's epiphany flickers. Juicy Lucy is *her*. Juicy Lucy is every woman who's wanted to be taken seriously but who's been reduced to a sexually-active girl. The male hierarchy begins to crumble before her eyes.

PATTI

A man's credibility would not be effected by the number of women he slept with. Why should a woman's?

WICK

These sources aren't credible, Patti, because no one can relate to them. They're not mainstream.

PATTI

Who do you think goes to outdoor music festivals in Northern California? These are our man-on-the-street interviews, except they happen to be women with no clout.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RACK to researchers are lighting up with the thrill of Patti's strong and simple assertion to Oz and Wick.

Wick holds up his hands as he leaves. *You're the boss, Oz.*

OZ  
Whose source is she?

SAM  
Patti's.

OZ  
Our holy terror.

SAM  
If it's any reassurance, it's my  
byline if we crash and burn.

OZ  
(ice cold)  
But it's my magazine.

Sam apologizes with a chin nod. Upstairs, Wick shuts his office door behind him. Patti, Sam and Jane are braced for the punch of rejection. Oz is unreadable. Patti doesn't flinch.

Oz lightly lays a hand on Sam's shoulder.

OZ (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Let's run with it.

SAM  
Thank you, Oz.

PATTI  
Thank you, Oz.

OZ  
Good work, everyone.

He repeats this to several people as he heads upstairs, but he never singles out Patti.

The clot of reporters dissipates. Doug stares Patti down.

PATTI  
I knew I could break this story  
wide open. And I did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DOUG  
For Sam. He'll get the byline.

PATTI  
What?!

DOUG  
You stood me up, for the second  
night in a row. You lied to me so  
you could help Sam --

PATTI  
Are you listening to anything I'm  
saying? Jetting off to the West  
Coast to try to convince a source  
to talk to me, it was the most  
exciting thing I've ever done.

DOUG  
Is there a "we" in any of this? Or  
should I pick a new researcher?

PATTI  
I'm sorry about standing you up.  
Twice.

DOUG  
Plenty of women would have been  
jazzed to be invited to the Rothko  
opening and, even to meet my  
parents.

PATTI  
And on any other night, I would  
have been jazzed to be there, but  
not with this story in reach.

Doug nods, goes to walk away. Patti touches his sleeve.

PATTI (CONT'D)  
Do you remember when, against all  
odds, the Colonel agreed to talk to  
you about the Tet Offensive? The  
whole newsroom cheered when you  
called in with eighteen hundred  
words of dictation that changed how  
people viewed that event.  
(beat)  
Last night, I understood how you  
must have felt. The rush.

Doug sits with this for a minute. Evenly but stoic:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DOUG

But you're not a reporter. You're a researcher. And we had a date.

He walks away. Off Patti, in new territory.

INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY

Patti is washing her hands when Nora enters.

NORA

You turned the ship around.

PATTI

Yeah. It felt pretty good.

NORA

Why did you stay on the story even after they gave it to Jane?

PATTI

(stumped)

I guess... I... couldn't let it go.

NORA

Why? For *Newsweek*? For Doug? For Sam?

PATTI

(thoughtful)

For the work. For me.

Nora pushes a torn piece of paper across the counter to Patti. An address is written on it. Patti looks at Nora. *What's that?*

NORA

We hold consciousness-raising meetings here three times a week. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Patti's face we know she's never been to one.

NORA (CONT'D)

Why don't you come? I'll introduce you to terrific girls trying to do what you just did.

Off Patti, moved.

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wick enters, shuts the door behind him. Oz goes around his desk, reestablishes his turf.

OZ

Sorry about your cover, Wick.

WICK

I'm not sore because I don't have another tear sheet for my scrapbook. I'm baffled, Oz. In terms of sheer body count, we lost more young men on Saturday in the jungles of Vietnam than we did at a fairgrounds outside of Berkeley.

OZ

Altamont is a different kind of story than troop withdrawal, but no less important.

WICK

I read your editorial. The loss --

OZ

"A Generation's Loss of Innocence."

Wick nods. Waits.

WICK

It's a story for the Culture section. *The back of the book.*

OZ

No, it's not. Because if I'm going to insure our relevance, we have to cover the story of the counter-culture. My Lai three weeks ago and last week's anti-war march both warranted covers.

WICK

*Anti-war* covers.

OZ

Yes, because the people are shouting it from the rooftops. They have turned against this war, so your Pentagon source concerned that troop withdrawal will only deepen the quagmire feels, today, a little dated.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WICK

It wasn't dated three days ago when it went to typeset.

OZ

You're right. And then a free love festival exploded, because the counter-culture itself is starting a new chapter. A revolution, for God's sake. And Altamont, in my opinion, is a perfect aperture to show that.

WICK

The day a story about a music festival trumps a story about a war we're fighting, is the day I don't know my ass from my elbow.

OZ

Wick, we've had fourteen covers on Vietnam in the past year. We done?

Wick retreats, knows he's lost this round. Oz nods, looks down at work on his desk.

PRE-LAP The Band, "I Shall Be Released."

Wick exits.

INT. NEWSWEEK, PHOTO DEPARTMENT - DAY  
ECU on a phonograph spinning, "I Shall Be Released." Nora happily looks at Ned's final picks for the cover. They both have eye loops on. Cute. But Cindy's distracted.

NORA

Ooh, I like the one with the trampled flower.

CINDY

But if it's a cover, I always like eyes. Human eyes. I vote for this one close up of the broken-hearted hippie.

NORA

Did you ever put an eye loop on each eye and walk around the newsroom?

Cindy giggles as they remove their eye loops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORA (CONT'D)

I read the short story you left me last night. It was beautiful.

CINDY

Thank you. It was the last thing I wrote, right after college.

Ned enters. Sees Cindy's distant, sad expression.

NED

Are you okay?

CINDY

I haven't slept much lately.

He looks sympathetically at her, covers for Nora.

NED

Did you do my job for me yet?  
Which one?

CINDY

Close up hippie.

NORA

Flower.

NED (CONT'D)

I left you with two choices, and you present me with the same two choices.

(friendly)

Unacceptable!

Off Cindy, daydreaming about a life with Ned.

INT. LADIES ROOM - DAY

Jane mists hair spray all over her up do.

CINDY (O.C.)

Yes! Oh my god, yes yes yes!

She's in the stall.

JANE

Cindy?

CINDY (O.C.)

I got my period!

JANE

(droll)

Is this the first time?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CINDY

Ha! Nope. But I got it! I got it!

WICK (O.S.)

I want everyone to gather here.

JANE

Wick's muster call.

CINDY

I'll be out in a minute.

INT. NEWSWEEK, BULLPEN - DAY

Wick holds a rolled sheaf of copy and waves it triumphantly over his head.

WICK

This piece --

All look up, most walk over to where Wick will hold court. Jane arrives.

WICK (CONT'D)

-- hit the bullseye and should be a lesson. A new kid on our team --

Wick gestures at Gabriel with the sheaf, puts on his glasses. From his desk, Gabriel beams.

WICK (CONT'D)

-- took what he called a 'straight down the middle courts story' and elevated it to a damn good think-piece.

WICK (CONT'D)

"The murders illuminated a free love movement with the black light of banality."

Wick looks up, makes sure ALL are rapt. They are. Cindy joins.

WICK (CONT'D)

"Far from the pernicious threat of Communism overseas, we were reminded again this week, that the United States of America remains a dangerous place.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WICK (CONT'D)

Three hundred miles from the Los Angeles courtroom where Manson and his followers were indicted on Friday, a free concert in Northern California grew into a violent frenzy that pitted armed men against one another."

Gabriel knits his brows in confusion.

NORA (O.C.)

Thank you.

All turn to Nora, pleased with how her writing sounds aloud.

NORA (CONT'D)

I did that part.

(beat)

He *did* write a courts story. I rewrote his copy.

No one in the newsroom moves a muscle. Patti suppresses a smile at the discomfort around her. Wick tries to regain control of this audacious scenario.

WICK

Girls here neither do rewrites nor do they get bylines.

NORA

Why not?

Jane stares at Nora in shock, goes to correct her but catches Patti's eye. Patti mouths, "NO." Jane steps off.

WICK

That is simply the way we do things here at *Newsweek* magazine. We have rules. Protocol.

NORA

Those rules... are dumb. If copy's good, it's good.

WICK

Young lady, you might not want to make waves, lest we have doubts about our decision to hire you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NORA

But you just said my rewrite hit  
the bullseye. That was your word --  
'bullseye.'

Nora can feel the newsroom freeze around her.

CUT to Patti, completely engrossed.

CUT to Jane, conflicted and uncomfortable.

CUT to Gabe, disgusted on Wick's behalf.

CUT to Cindy, scared for Nora.

CUT to Sam, curious and fascinated by Nora's moxie.

WICK

Why is everyone standing around  
like a bunch of carnies? Back to  
work.

(for Nora)

This is an inappropriate  
conversation.

No one gets back to anything.

NORA

Are you going to run it?

WICK

I'll have one of our reporters take  
a pass through it.

NORA

Why? If you like it as is?

WICK

We do not change our *modus operandi*  
for one person. Clearly, you are  
talented, sweetheart. But --

NORA

It's an M.O. that leads nowhere.  
'Clearly,' I don't belong here.  
This is ridiculous. I quit.

Wick may be conservative, but he's no bully.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WICK  
(concerned)  
Your name is all you have in  
journalism, so good luck, Nora  
Ephron.

Wick walks toward the staircase. Patti goes to clap, but sees she's the only one.

NORA  
It's not fair to them, either.

She meant the girls, who are more surprised than anyone.

CUT to Patti staring, hands poised in a frozen applause.

Wick regards Nora and keeps walking.

Jane looks down. Cindy watches all the researchers,  
galvanized...

Nora makes sure there's nothing on her temporary desk, grabs her coat and purse as reporters mill back to the bullpen.

RACK back to the researchers form a loose circle around Nora.

JANE  
Did you get another job?

NORA  
(incredulous)  
No. I just got this one.

PATTI  
Where will you go?

NORA  
Some place where I can write.

Nora exits as Patti watches, awestruck. She feels Doug watching her, still thinking about what she said to him. Their eyes meet, and he seems to understand that Patti's not alone in her ambition.

Cindy looks like she's about to cry. SUDDENLY, she runs out.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Cindy appears just as the elevator doors close. Nora's gone.

Off Cindy, altered by the brief friendship.

INT. CINDY'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cindy stands over a 5-quart pot on their stove, hurriedly lights a match and throws it in to the pot. BOOM! Huge flames engulf all available oxygen for a few seconds, then die down.

CINDY

Lenny, dinner's ready! You at a good stopping point for *Coq au Vin*?

Enter Lenny.

LENNY

(re: flames)

Jesus.

Lenny walks over to the beautifully set dining room table.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(taking a seat)

Why are you in such a rush?

CINDY

I have to dash out for work.

LENNY

You just got home.

Cindy stops, swallows, sets the pot on the table and sits.

CINDY

We had to change the cover, and it's a disaster.

LENNY

(serving himself)

I'm sure they can publish *Newsweek* without you.

CINDY

(nod and segue)

This new girl named Nora quit today.

LENNY

Yeah, I bet her husband didn't know she would have to work at night.

CINDY

That wasn't the reason. She said the place was unfair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LENNY

Life's unfair. I think it's time  
for you to leave too.

CINDY

Please, Lenny. I like it there.

LENNY

I never should have let you talk me  
into it in the first place.

He holds up the burnt matchstick.

CINDY

Sorry.

(beat)

You said the extra money would be  
helpful while you were in school.

Lenny glares at her, itching for a fight.

LENNY

It's pin money. This office job is  
too much stress for you. Especially  
if we're going to start a family.

CINDY

I have a year. That's what you  
said.

(refolds her napkin)

And just this once, I have to go.  
I'll be back soon.

She gets up. Lenny slams his open palms on the table, which  
folds and crashes to the door.

LENNY

I said no!

His ashtray flies and bonks Cindy on her nose. She buckles.

CINDY

Owww!

She pulls her hand away, covered in blood. She and Lenny look  
at one another for a horrified moment, wondering what just  
happened between them. She grabs her purse and coat and  
dashes out the door.

EXT. NYC STREET - CONTINUOUS

Her nose bleeding, Cindy puts her arm through her coat and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

runs toward the end of the block.

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Alone in his office, Oz pulls open his desk drawer. He slyly closes the drawer, looks up to see if anyone is walking by. Then he re-opens the drawer.

ECU, OZ'S POV: a fatty, wrapped in rolling paper that looks like a giant crayon (color name: Bud Green). A note underneath it reads: "Never too old."

WIDEN to reveal Oz, stifling a proud grin, because in the eyes of his underlings, he's cool enough to give drugs to.

PRELAP of clinking silverware, mens' laughter, sexy music.

INT. PLAYBOY CLUB, 5 EAST 59TH STREET - NIGHT

Wick and REP. JIMMY LEGGERT, (R-NY) sit at a two-top with a white table cloth and a little lantern in the middle. Tumblers of scotch sit in front of each of them.

An exquisite red-haired BUNNY SABRINA, 19, smiling, eager to please, sets a clean, empty ashtray in front of Jimmy.

BUNNY SABRINA  
Congressman.

JIMMY  
(salacious)  
Sabrina, honey, I could eat.

WICK  
Sweetie, we'll take two New York  
Strips. Rare. Haricot vert.

BUNNY SABRINA  
(trying to write it)  
Hari? I'm sorry, Mr. McFadden, I --

Wick summons her notepad, jots something down, hands it back. Bunny Sabrina squints at the unfamiliar text.

WICK  
*Haricot vert.* The chef will know.

BUNNY SABRINA  
Right away, Mr. McFadden.

Wick and Jimmy watch her cottontail bob away from them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WICK

You could take her to Paris. Show her the world. She'll think you're a fucking genius, *Congressman*, if you order string beans.

Jimmy laughs. Wick drains his scotch. Resets.

WICK (CONT'D)

Our cover got bumped because of a concert in San Francisco. A bunch of bikers were hired as security and some kids died.

JIMMY

Jesus Fuck, Wick, I went on the record as a member of the Foreign Relations Committee with you, and your own magazine didn't --

WICK

I'm plagued by weak leadership.

JIMMY

I can't do anymore than I did.

WICK

You have to. The liberals have no sense of history. It's up to us, Jimmy. Get me intel that no one else has on the war, and we can counter the romance of this younger generation with facts, with wisdom, with real information.

JIMMY

So, I risk my career for you, and you risk -- what?

WICK

Jimmy, use my access and power at the magazine. Together, we can do something great for this country.

Off Jimmy, conflicted.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

Patti stands against a wall, looking at the SRO of young women. Nora leans against the fireplace, mid-share. This is a feminist's church, with call and response. Nora looks up as Cindy enters. Cindy dabs at her nose and shuts the door

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

against the cold air. She sees Patti and smiles.

NORA

No matter how hard I worked, I  
never would have gotten the  
opportunity to write.

Cindy sidles up to Patti. They hug. Cindy almost shatters  
with the tenderness.

PATTI

(whisper)

She gave you the address, too?

Cindy nods, unwinds her scarf.

NORA

There has to be something...  
fairer.

ALL

You know it, Nora!/That's right!

A gorgeous and very pregnant black woman, ELEANOR HOLMES  
NORTON, the undisputed leader of this meeting, shouts out --

ELEANOR

That's illegal. Title Seven of the  
Civil Rights Act of 1964.

ALL turn to her.

PATTI

(to Cindy)

-- doesn't apply to white people.

ELEANOR

At the last minute they added  
gender discrimination to the bill,  
so everything that applies to  
people of color, applies to gender.  
(over murmurs through the  
room)

You cannot deny opportunity based  
on race -- or sex. It's a law I  
have memorized, in case anyone  
wants to hear it.

Patti takes it in as the room laughs at Eleanor's joke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Nora, thank you for sharing that remarkable experience at *Newsweek* with us. Now, on to our beautiful bodies.

RACK to Cindy and Patti, awash in their first dose of awareness.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)  
Gender affirmation, everyone. Ladies, get out your mirrors. It's time to look at our vulvas.

ECU: VULVA SHOT.

PATTI  
No it's not. Let's go.

She and Cindy look conspiratorially at one another and leave.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER  
Patti and Cindy, gobsmacked, walk down the stairs.

PATTI  
It's fucking illegal?! All this time, I just thought it was *unfair*.

CINDY  
Do you think Oz and Wick *know* it's illegal?

On the street, a news box with the new edition of *Newsweek*. Cindy pulls open the door and Patti removes the magazine, opens it to the cover story.

PATTI  
By Sam Rosenberg.

Cindy harumphs at the irony.

PATTI (CONT'D)  
Maybe it's because I've been up for 24 hours. Or maybe it was Nora quitting. Or that meeting, but everything feels different.

CINDY  
I haven't been up for 24 hours. It *is* different.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATTI  
We could change things.

CINDY  
How? We're two... good girls.

Patti's eyes narrow.

PATTI  
We can *start* something.

INT. THE BERKSHIRE BAR - MOMENTS LATER  
Patti and Cindy enter a warmly lit bar jampacked with friends and colleagues.

DOUG (O.C.)  
Patti Robinson, I come in peace.

Doug, looking fun, holds up both arms, pretends to dive into Patti's cleavage. She backs away. He's too buzzed to notice.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
You girls have some catching up to do. We've been here for hours.

CINDY  
We were at a meeting.

DOUG  
(light)  
What kind of 'meeting?'

PATTI  
The kind of meeting where girls got out compacts to look at their vaginas.

DOUG  
I need that address immediately.

The girls laugh. He's funny and sweet. It's complicated.

RACK to Ned, motioning Cindy over.

CINDY  
There's Ned!

Cindy leaves. Doug looks at a pensive Patti, evaluating her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOUG

Robinson, are you going to explain  
all this to me?

PATTI

I'm going to try. After I -- after  
we -- take a really long shower.

He kisses her and she rakes her fingers through his hair...

PATTI (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Doug puts his arm around Patti and they head for the door.

CINDY (O.C.)

Patti!

RACK to Cindy in the corner, with Ned, holding up her drink.

CINDY (CONT'D)

To lighting things on fire!

Patti beams a huge smile to Cindy. Doug puts his arm around  
Patti, who nestles into him. And the first chords of "Light  
My Fire" carry us home as Patti and Doug leave.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

INT. OZ'S HOME, GIRLS' BATHROOM - NIGHT

ECU on a pink towel jammed under the door. Oz has a tape  
recorder playing Patti's bootleg, though we continue to hear:

JIM MORRISON

*C'mon baby, light my fire...Try to  
set the night on fire...*

PAN UP to reveal, Oz in socks, slacks and an undershirt,  
seated on the closed lid of the toilet.

JIM MORRISON (CONT'D)

*The time to hesitate is through...*

Eyes closed, Oz pulls deeply on Patti's joint, holds the  
smoke in and smiles as he bangs his head in rhythm. The  
revolution is here...

SMASH TO BLACK