

GOOD GIRLS REVOLT

Pilot
Network Polish

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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 backup singer, DANIELLE, (25 years old, stunning,
black, with long, frost-painted fingernails) who scans the
crowd anxiously. Tensions rising.

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

DANIELLE POV: Backstage 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
Damnit, 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.

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
Sounds glamorous.

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

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 snow globe 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)
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, 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.

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

One flight down from Land of Oz, the bullpen bursts with
testosterone, youth, ambition, and 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.

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 flight of stairs that connects the Land of Oz with the bullpen. She freezes for a privileged view she's not likely to have again as the reporters, like an ER staff, coil for the adrenaline cocktail.

Wick walks by bullpen 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 far corner of the pit, the INFIRMARY door opens. Patti bolts out, closes the door behind her, darts across the pit, up the three stairs and into the busy bullpen.

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 bullpen.

OZ

I.D.'s on the victims?

WICK

Not yet. No hard numbers yet on the injured either. 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?

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 six months
in San Francisco. She's got a
Rolodex of contacts --

PATTI

I know the PR girl for Santana.
Maybe she has some leads.

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

JANE

I'm here! What's happening?

Jane scans the new News Alerts.

OZ

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

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.

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

(to Doug)

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.

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 already 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.

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.
Cindy nurses a tumbler of vodka, likes being close to Ned.
It's mutual.

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.

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 of the G.I. and leans with an uncooperative sulk 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.'

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 beautiful calfskin gloves.

NORA

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

Patti shoots Nora a withering look.

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 the PR girl for Santana. She knows everyone who was at the show.

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.

PATTI

I'm trying to help.

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 as she realizes 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
Now, 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.

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.

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. Santana's PR girl gave me
the number of the hotel room where
The Stones back-up singer is
staying. I want to talk to her.
There are rumors that the official
police account is wrong.

DOUG
Then get a list of everything the
backup singer says 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 snow globe 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 go out to dinner?

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.

Oz approaches from the other direction, buttoning up his overcoat.

OZ

What are you still doing here?

PATTI

Trying to reach someone on the West Coast. And then trying to get the names of the police officers who were working at Altamont.

OZ

Helping Jane. Good girl.

PATTI

(beat)

Yeah.

Oz clocks her hesitation. He paternally and with bemusement looks down at her. *Yes, young lady?*

PATTI (CONT'D)

Jane's police report doesn't line up with some things other people saw, so I'm trying to get the names of the officers who were there.

OZ

Just look on the bottom of the report.

PATTI

It's signed by the Police Chief himself, and I know he wasn't working the concert. It's just... weird.

Oz's bemusement is replaced by pride.

OZ

Atta girl, Patti.

In the entire blessed universe, there is nothing like a gold star from Oz. Patti deeply blushes.

Oz walks out of the newsroom, and Patti looks with fresh ambition at her notes.

EXT. STREET, COFFEE AND DONUT CART - SUNDAY MORNING

Doug, pissed off, kicks at the gray snowbank and waits with Sam and Gabe in line as the city 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.

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 coat 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 anti-war 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.

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 coat 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 --

DOUG

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

PATTI

You deserve a kiss for that.

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.

He waits.

PATTI (CONT'D)

But I feel like you're trying to put me in a box.

DOUG

I'm not. Is that what you 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 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! Comfort the afflicted. Afflict the comfortable.

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
Damn it. 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 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! The
Stones 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.

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
waiting on 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.

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 the official
story from the cops on details of
the riot.

PATTI
We have that --

SAM
Good. Because we need something to
fill the hole in case Wick won't
let me use your back up singer off
the record.

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
Who is this?

PATTI

'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

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. And since the cops beat up those kids 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 and a small Tiffany gift bag.

ANGIE

Your car's downstairs.

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.

Angie exits, dreading her role as 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. When you're Deputy M.E. of "Newsweek," you can make people wait for you to do that sort of thing.

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

Mr. 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.

(beat)

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, make 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, in coat and mittens.

NORA (O.C.)

Jane sent me here to give you this.

Patti rips open the envelope and peeks inside.

NORA (CONT'D)
(dying to know the
contents)
She said it's really important.

ECU: PAN AM TICKETS from JFK to SFO.

Patti goes pro in half a second, looks at Nora dead serious but purposely never tells her what's inside the envelope.

PATTI
I need you to give Doug a message.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. MOMA - NIGHT
The glass front is lit from within, a hearth of culture.

STRAGGLERS rush in late, past a lone figure in a tuxedo checking his watch.

PUSH IN to find it's Doug, alone and dashing in a tux, looking down the street. Snowflakes melt on his shoulders.

The sloop of a woman's gorgeous leg and high heel stepping out of a cab catches his eye.

But it's not Patti. Doug deflates.

NORA (O.C.)
Doug?

Doug turns to see a breathless Nora.

NORA (CONT'D)
Patti can't come. She went home
sick.

Doug hesitates. So much he wants to say, but Nora's not the person to say it to.

Crushed, he turns and walks into the theater.

Off Nora alone, knowing she was the bearer of *something* bad, but not sure what.

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

No. Please, no.

INT. CINDY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - NIGHT

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

Cindy opens the vanity drawer, pulls out her diaphragm case and holds it up 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.

LENNY (O.S.)

What the hell's going on in there?

CINDY

Nothing. I dropped my brush.

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.

RACK to Lenny.

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 the band's sound. And I do that only as long as I look good and sound good to them. You dig it?

PATTI

(subdued)

I dig it.

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 and 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.

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.

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.

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

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

DOUG

Is 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 done that.
(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
We specifically didn't tell her --

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.

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 refined 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.
(hands her a packet birth
control pills)
Mrs. Reston, 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.

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

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.

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?

WICK

Because she's not.

PATTI

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

But who do you think goes to
outdoor music festivals in Northern
California?

(to Oz)

These are our man-on-the-street
interviews, except they happen to
be women with no clout.

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

(icy)

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.

The clot of reporters dissipates. Doug stares Patti down.

PATTI

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

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?

A moment. Another stand-off.

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.

(beat)

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:

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.

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
human eyes. I vote for the 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.

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?

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. 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.

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.

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.

Patti 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. 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.

INT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

With 60 women, ages 20-80, seated or leaning against every square inch and every step of the staircase, it's an SRO consciousness-raising meeting.

In the far corner, three CO-EDS sit underneath the piano, braiding hemp belts.

In the center of the main room, a very pregnant and gorgeous African-American attorney, ELEANOR HOLMES NORTON (28), stands in front of the unlit fireplace, nodding as a bespectacled attendee, EMILY, continues with her share.

EMILY

But that was only when we screwed
in the stockroom. Lately...

PUSH IN on a GRAD STUDENT (23) in a cardigan and a corduroy skirt, leaning against the front door. She turns around and opens the door a crack.

EMILY (CONT'D)

He asks me to stay late, and we do
it in his office, but on Friday...

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The woman peers out of the barely-opened door.

GRAD STUDENT

(whispering)
There's no room.

PULL BACK to see Patti and Cindy facing her.

CINDY

Nora told us to come.

EMILY (O.S.)

...I told him I don't want to
anymore.

GRAD STUDENT

Nora who?

PATTI

We'll find a place.

They squeeze by her and enter.

INT. BROWNSTONE - CONTINUOUS

Patti and Cindy take in the crush of women and see Nora talking in a restrained whisper to a FRIEND.

EMILY

He said if I break up with him, it will be too "distracting" for him at work.

A flicker of delight ripples across Nora's face as she navigates past women to get to Patti and Cindy.

EMILY (CONT'D)

And that I'd have to leave the company. But I need this job. And when I asked him if he could help me find other work, he got angry.

NORA

(hugging and whispering)

This girl's been having sex with her boss, and every time he's almost -- you know "finished," -- he whinnies like a horse. He *whinnies*. And she would know, because she grew up on a horse farm. What are the chances?A WOMAN IN A DASHIKI taps Cindy on her shoulder and hands her a plate of *hors d'oeuvres*: melba toast and baked garlic cloves sprinkled with paprika. Cindy gulps at the overpowering stench and the unappetizing presentation.

EMILY

He said if anyone calls him for a recommendation, he'll tell them that I used him.

DASHIKI WOMAN

Baked garlic.

Cindy nods, swallows sickly and passes the plate.

EMILY

But that's not true!

Patti recoils from the "snack" and passes it to Nora, who waives it by without touching.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(fighting back tears)
I don't know what to do.

ALL
We'll help./Quit!/Don't go back
there./I'll ask around if we're
hiring./Me too!

VOICE (O.S.)
You should be appreciated, not
objectified!

ALL
Yeah!

ELEANOR
Sometimes it helps if you
articulate out loud what you want,
Emily. What do you want?

EMILY
(tentative)
I want to leave that job.

ELEANOR
(nodding proud)
When we stand united we can do
anything. Two are better than one,
and ten is better than two. Thank
you, Emily.

Emily sits on the floor.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
Now, I'd like to introduce Shira
from the Boston Collective who is
conducting illuminating research on
womens' health. Shira?

SHIRA, 50, walks briskly to the center of the room, smiling.

SHIRA
Who knows what the hymen *really* is?

Rack to Nora who turns to Patti.

NORA
I gotta go.

And she does...leaving out the back entrance.

SHIRA

How about this: does anyone know
what the ideal labia is?

CINDY

Where's she going?

Patti shrugs, *I dunno*, and waits for the labia answer.

SHIRA

(beat)

The ideal labia is your own! Let's
get out our mirrors. It's time to
look at our vulvas.

ECU: VULVA SHOT.

PATTI

No it's not.

CINDY

Let's go.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - MOMENTS LATER

Patti and Cindy, gobsmacked, walk down the stairs.

PATTI

I think I might have a lot to say
about that in a few days. Wow.

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 (CONT'D)

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. But everything feels
different.

CINDY

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

PATTI

Maybe things could change.

CINDY

At "Newsweek?" Ha. How?

Patti's eyes narrow.

PATTI

Maybe we could *start* something.Cindy's sidelong glance says it all. *How?*

PATTI (CONT'D)

We talk to some of the girls? "Two are better than one, and ten is better than two..."

INT. THE BERKSHIRE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Patti and Cindy enter a warmly lit bar jampacked with friends and colleagues.

CINDY

Oh, no, do I smell like garlic?

PATTI

If you do, I do.

From the stereo, we get a snare drum and the hypnotic opening lick of Ray Manzarek's Vox Continental Combo organ to "Light My Fire." Bach on LSD.

Patti and Doug make eye contact, coolly.

DOUG

You girls have some catching up to do. We've been here for hours.

Cindy gets distracted by Ned, who approaches with tumblers of bourbon through the crowd, a salmon swimming upstream.

Patti pretends to watch Ned as Doug evaluates her.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Robinson, is there something I'm missing?

(she turns to him)

How are you mad at *me*?

Cindy peels off to meet Ned halfway.

PATTI

I'm not.

Doug drains his drink, at a loss for their impasse.

JIM MORRISON (V.O.)

You know that it would be untrue...

PATTI

I'm... frustrated.

DOUG

(beat)

(droll)

You're frustrated? I've got the worst case of blue balls in the Western Hemisphere.

Patti swats him.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Ow!

PATTI

(chewing on a small but irrepressible smile)

Nora said you looked like a real fox in your tux.

DOUG

I sorta did.

Cindy and Ned arrive. Ned hands Patti a tumbler.

NED

Whew! To a helluva week. Messier than usual.

CINDY

To a helluva week.

They toast. Cindy drains hers, holds up an empty.

CINDY (CONT'D)

Another?

PATTI

(for Cindy)

Two are better than one.

NED

Hey, where were you gals tonight?

CINDY

At a meeting.

DOUG

What kind of 'meeting?'

PATTI

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

DOUG

I'm going to need that address
immediately.

He's funny and sweet. It's complicated.

PULL BACK as our characters slip into the pocket of friends
and lovers who crack them up and who will unknowingly go to
war with them -- and against them.

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 (V.O.)

*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 (V.O.)

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