

**JANE Scene 1**

~~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.

**START**

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?

**END**

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.~~

**JANE Scene 2**

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 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.**START**

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.

**END**

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?~~