

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?

START

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.

**END**

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.~~

~~Off Patti, moved.~~

START

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.~~

END