

START

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.

END

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?~~

~~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.~~

START

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.

END