CINNAMON GIRL

Pilot Episode

"CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'"

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TEASER

OVER BLACK

The sound of an acoustic guitar being played.

TITLE CARD: **WHAT A TIME IT WAS (IT WAS)**

EXT. CARTER HOME, BATESVILLE, INDIANA, 1968 - LATE AFTERNOON

A rural ranch house in the staid, sprawling Midwest. If there's a revolution going on, it hasn't hit this place.

On the porch, CLIFF MACDONALD (21) shakes the hand of JOHN CARTER (45). The older man pats him on the back. An agreement reached. Along the side of the modest home, ELEANOR CARTER (41) works diligently in a small garden.

INT. CASSIE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Fingers on the frets of a weathered guitar. Pull back to reveal beautiful, fair-skinned CASSIE CARTER (21), her coltish legs criss-crossed on her bed. She plays an acoustic and looks down at a notebook filled with hand-written lyrics.

All-American TOMMY CARTER (19) enters the room, a World War II-era duffel bag with "Carter" stenciled on it slung over his shoulder. He looks at Cassie. Nods. Ready? She puts her guitar down. Stuffs her notebook in a shoulder bag.

EXT. CARTER HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie and Tommy walk out the front door and head toward a '64 Plymouth Fury parked on the dirt driveway. Cliff, John and Eleanor follow. Tommy tosses his bag into the back of the car and turns to face his father, who has the look and bearing of a former Marine.

MR. CARTER
Listen to your superiors.

TOMMY
Yes sir.

MR. CARTER
And write your mother.

Eleanor approaches Tommy with tears in her eyes. As she squeezes her son, Cliff saunters over to Cassie.

CLIFF
You sure you don't want me to come? Long drive back from Indianapolis with nobody to talk to.

CASSIE
It's just something I need to do with my brother, OK?

CLIFF
Sure. Sure. I'll just--I'll see you tomorrow. We've got a lot to talk about. I mean, I've got a lot to talk to you about. Not a lot. Just, you know. Some things.

Cassie nods at Cliff. Knows something's up. Tommy lets go of his mother. Looks at his father, who salutes rather than hugs him. Tommy returns the salute. Cliff extends his hand to Tommy and shakes it seriously.

CLIFF (CONT'D)
Do us proud, Tommy.

TOMMY
You got it, Cliff.

Tommy and Cassie climb in the Plymouth, Cassie behind the wheel. As everyone waves, they back down the driveway and pull away into the sunset.

EXT. MICHIGAN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The car rolls through the deep darkness as a radio plays.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...the Golden State considered a must win for Kennedy if he has any chance of upsetting Hubert Humphrey later this summer at the '68 Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

Cassie's headlights wash over a sign reading "CANADA - 1 MILE."

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now the title track off the number one record in the country. Simon and Garfunkel with 'Bookends.'

INT. PLYMOUTH - SAME

Tommy holds a red mortar board cap in his hands and absently rubs the tassel.

SIMON & GARFUNKEL (V.O.)
A time it was, and what a time it was, it was. A time of innocence, a time of confidences. Long ago it must be, I have a photograph. Preserve your memories, they're all that's left you.

He tries to break the mood by putting the graduation cap on his head. A heavy-hearted Cassie doesn't respond.

TOMMY
Bobby wins, we'll all get amnesty. I'll be able to come back. Hey. Cass? C'mon now. I'll be back.

Cassie stares out into the ink black night.

CASSIE
And what if he doesn't win?

TOMMY
I don't know. Holidays in Saskatchewan can't be all bad.

Cassie looks at him. Not amused.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
What do you want me to say? Make sure he wins, I guess.

As the melancholy acoustic of "Bookends" begins to fade, Cassie pulls the car over just before the Canadian border and clicks off the radio. They sit in the darkness.

CASSIE
The girls already took the bus to LA and what am I doing? Going back to Indiana to turn into our mother.

TOMMY
Then don't go back. Go work on the campaign.

CASSIE
C'mon, Tommy. Dad would have a stroke.

TOMMY
And G.I. Joe's not gonna have a heart attack when he finds out I didn't show up for induction? Your stroke will be nothing. It'll be like an aftershock.

CASSIE
What about Cliff?

Tommy looks out at the road as a pair of headlights approach in the darkness. A van pulls over and stops on the Canadian side.

TOMMY
Is that what you really want?

EXT. CANADIAN BORDER - CONTINUOUS

Tommy gets out of the car. Reaches into the back for the duffel bag as Cassie gets out. Across the road, the doors to the van slide open, revealing a couple of HIPPIES. Tommy holds up his finger. One second.

Brother and sister stand in the glow of the headlights. Cassie has tears in her eyes. Hugs her brother as tightly as she can. Tommy whispers in her ear.

TOMMY
It's just that I can't kill anybody.
You understand that, right?

She steps back and looks at him. Holds his face in her hands. Of course she understands. Tommy hugs Cassie one last time.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Live your life, big sister.

He grabs his bag, trots across the dark highway, climbs into the van, and takes a last look at his sister as the doors slide shut. Cassie stands and watches as the van pulls away, tail lights receding in the distance.

INT. PLYMOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Cassie hops in the Plymouth. Looks at herself in the rear view. Who am I? What do I do? She reaches into the glove box. Pulls out a leaflet for KENNEDY YOUTH VOLUNTEERS.

She looks at it, a Laurel Canyon address scrawled at the bottom. A look of determination washes over her face. A decision being made. She turns the engine over, whips a U-Turn, cranks up the radio, and blazes off down the road.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

OVER BLACK

The sound of an FM DJ.

PABLO SCHROEDER (V.O.)
It's the 4th day of June and you're listenin' to Pablo Schroeder and KMET Los Angeles.

TITLE CARD: **I AM MISS AMERICA**

EXT. ABC STUDIOS, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Sunshine, palm trees, and blonde, easy livin' L.A.

PABLO SCHROEDER (V.O.)
Yours truly will be headin' over to the Whiskey tonight for the RFK bash. Expect to see you all you cats there.

INT. ABC STUDIOS, LOBBY - SAME

A SECRETARY sits at a desk listening to a transistor radio. A sticker on her shirt indicates she voted today.

PABLO SCHROEDER (V.O.)
And speakin' of the Whisky, I also got a reminder here from the Queen of the Canyon, sweet Lou of the Wonderland Express. She says every vote counts, babies, so get on out there and bang that drum for Bobby. Pull the curtain and start your own revolution, dig?

Near the secretary, a sign on a casting office door reads "BRADY BUNCH AUDITIONS." The door opens and an ACTRESS in pajamas and slippers exits. She passes a row of other GIRLS seated in the lobby, all nervous, all in pajamas and slippers, all holding pages of a script.

Well, almost all of them look this way. There's one outlier. See the long, perfect legs protruding out of a satin robe. See the body with curves like the PCH. See the cigarette hanging from bow tie lips. This one's not nervous. This one's a force of nature. This one's...

CASTING DIRECTOR (O.S.)
Lola Jones!

LOLA JONES (21) gets up and tosses the script pages on the floor. She takes a drag on her cigarette, carelessly flicks it down the hallway, then strolls in the door.

INT. CASTING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

In the room, a female CASTING DIRECTOR and a male PRODUCER. They look like they've been there a while. Both of them stare at Lola. It's obvious no one like her has walked in yet.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Lola, this is Bill Cole, one of the show's producers. He'll be reading the parts of both Greg and Mr. Brady.

PRODUCER
I almost worked with your father a few years back. Never made it out of development unfortunately.

LOLA
It happens.

CASTING DIRECTOR
OK. Marcia brushes her teeth before bed. Greg tells her Mr. Brady wants to talk to her in his study.

Lola drops her robe on the floor. She's wearing a bra and underwear and her body hurts to look at. Just epic.

CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. What are you doing?

LOLA
You just said Marcia brushes her teeth before bed.

CASTING DIRECTOR
In her pajamas.

LOLA
I don't wear pajamas.

CASTING DIRECTOR
Marcia does.

LOLA
I don't.

The producer smiles. He's so hot for her it's absurd. The casting director is disgusted.

PRODUCER
It's OK. She can do it like that.

LOLA
Can we start already? I got somewhere to be.

PRODUCER
(reading)
OK. Marcia? Dad wants to see you in the study.

LOLA
Tell him tough shit, Greg. He's not my father and he's not my boss. Carol wants to shack up with him, that's her business, but if you think I'm about to bow down to some stranger 'cause he's balling my mother you can think again, 'cause I'm 100% not having any of it.

CASTING DIRECTOR
OK, Lola? The line is '*Gee Greg, I hope I'm not in trouble*.'

LOLA
Why would she be in trouble? She didn't do anything wrong. She's sharing a bathroom with five people. If anything, Mr. Brady should be answering to her. He's an architect for Chrissakes. Build a fucking addition.

CASTING DIRECTOR
OK. Thanks for coming in.

Lola shrugs. Slips her robe back on and heads for the door.

PRODUCER
No, no. Lola makes a good point. Let's g'head and try the second scene with Mr. Brady. Whenever you're ready, Lola.

Lola sighs. Walks back.

LOLA
You wanted to see me, Mike?

PRODUCER
Call me Dad, Marcia.

LOLA
I didn't even call my real father 'Dad.' Whattya want?

The casting director hangs her head. This isn't the scene, either.

PRODUCER
OK. Well, see, the reason I wanted to talk to you, Marcia, is that I think we need to go over some ground rules.

LOLA
Let's get something straight, *Mike*: I'm not going over any *ground rules* with you. You can drop this whole Lord of the Manor thing right now. You can also stop checking me out every time I walk up the stairs.

The producer is flustered. Gathers himself to continue.

PRODUCER
The kids are complaining that you're hogging the bathroom, Marcia.

LOLA
You really expect me to share a bathroom with my two idiot sisters and your three horny sons? The way I see it, you need to worry less about rules and more about getting a bigger pad. And why the hell does the *maid* have her own room and I don't? How is it fair that I'm trapped upstairs like Anne Frank and she's down here balling some disgusting butcher?

CASTING DIRECTOR
(standing up)
I think we've seen enough.

Lola shrugs. Lights a cigarette and heads for the door.

PRODUCER
Do you have a number we can reach you at?

CASTING DIRECTOR
What?

LOLA
I don't know what the number at Lou's is. I wouldn't bother anyway. If you want to know the truth, this is about the crappiest idea I've ever heard of.
(blowing smoke)
Take it easy.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

JUNIE JABLONSKI (17), sunny as the weather, stands with a cluster of GIRLS behind a cordoned-off area in front of the iconic pink hotel. All of them hold signs and Beatles' paraphernalia. Paul McCartney groupies one and all.

A MAN in a black driver's uniform approaches the girls. Looks them over. Then he points at Junie. Come with me. She beams and climbs under the rope.

EXT. BUNGALOWS, BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The man in black guides Junie toward the open door of a bungalow. Judging by the looks of things inside, someone has recently checked out. Junie walks in and stares at the bed.

JUNIE
I can't believe Paul slept right there. I'm going to die. I'm going to fall down and die.

MAN IN BLACK
Don't die yet, baby. He'll be back in just a second. Make yourself comfortable. What's your name?

JUNIE
Junie.

MAN IN BLACK
That's good. You look like a Junie.

Junie looks around the place in amazement. Doesn't notice there's no luggage and nothing but disheveled sheets and old room service in there.

MAN IN BLACK (CONT'D)
Like I said, Paul noticed you. Asked me to bring you back here. He thought there was something special about you.

JUNIE
That's so cool!

MAN IN BLACK
Hey, we're friends, right? Friends help friends.

JUNIE
This is so far out. I mean, I just got here. How did he even see me? Was he in that limo that went by?

MAN IN BLACK
Yeah, he was in the limo.

JUNIE
But it was leaving?

MAN IN BLACK
He’s coming right back. He had to stop at the record company.

Junie looks around the room. Spots the lone article of clothing left behind, a black sequined scarf. She looks at it like it’s the Shroud of Turin.

JUNIE
Holy moly. Is that--

MAN IN BLACK
Yep. That’s his. Wore it when he met the Maharishi. G’head. Touch it.

Junie picks up the scarf and holds it with wonder. The man in black walks to the mini bar. Starts mixing up some cocktails.

JUNIE
I heard Paul and Jane Asher broke up? That’s why I came here to see him. I mean, I never would have come if he was still with Jane, you know?

MAN IN BLACK
Uh huh.

JUNIE
Did you see her Breck ad? You gotta have, like, perfect hair to do that. They don’t just pick anybody.

Junie strolls around with the scarf in her hand, exploring.

JUNIE (CONT’D)
Jane seemed like a really nice person. I wonder why they broke up? You probably know. It’s OK. You don’t have to tell me. It’s probably whattyacallit. Confidential and everything.
(beat)
He wrote a bunch of songs for her, which is basically the most awesome thing in the history of life. If anyone ever wrote a song for me I’d lay down on the floor and stay there forever. I mean, can you imagine how that French girl felt when she first heard ‘Michelle’? Or that Eleanor Rigby lady, even though she was old and sad and hung around a church?
(beat)
Actually, she couldn’t of heard the song ‘cause she died. Remember how no one went to her funeral?
(MORE)

JUNIE (CONT'D)
That made me cry. I totally would've went if I knew about it.

The man in black hands Junie a drink as another MAN IN BLACK walks in the bungalow, closing the door behind him.

MAN IN BLACK
This is Rory. He works for Paul, too.

JUNIE
Cool. Cool. Where did you say he went? The record company, right?

MAN IN BLACK
Yeah. Signing contracts or something. Like I said, he'll be back any second. Me, you and Rory can have a little party 'til he gets back. Rory's got some good acid.

The second man grins. Slides the chain across the door and pulls out a few tabs of acid. Junie holds her drink. Knows this is about to go very badly.

JUNIE
Oooooooo-K. Cool. Gimme a sec. Gotta go to the ladies and do some girl stuff if you know what I mean.

MAN IN BLACK
Hurry up. We want to get to know you. Put in a good word for you with Paul. Maybe he'll write a song about you.

Junie walks into the bathroom. Locks the door. Puts the scarf on the sink and frantically looks around for an exit, finally spotting a small window behind the shower. It seems locked, but she jimmies it open. This is clearly not the first window she's climbed out of.

Junie's tiny, and the window is just big enough for her to fit through. She shimmies through and disappears as the men knock on the door. Seconds later, she climbs back in, hops down, grabs the scarf off the sink as the knocking intensifies, and goes back out the window.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Junie races across the grounds and out past the front of the hotel, where a Bentley pulls into the valet area, and ROSE LEE WOOD (46), a perfectly put together, aging actress, exits the silver machine, the picture of glamour. She adjusts her black bubble sunglasses and walks toward the hotel as Junie disappears down the drive.

INT. POLO LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

A packed lunch crowd at the Polo Lounge. Half of Hollywood is there. And sitting at the best table, with the confidence of an industry kingmaker, is handsome studio mogul “HOP” HAMILTON (47). With him, a barely legal STARLET.

Most of the guests stop eating and turn their heads as Rose Lee Wood marches through the dining room, bubble shades still on. Everyone knows who she is and where she’s headed.

She approaches the mogul and the starlet, slowly removes an enormous diamond ring from her finger, and plunks it straight into “Hop” Hamilton’s martini glass. Then she turns on a high heel and saunters out. The room is completely silent.

EXT. LOU’S HOUSE, LAUREL CANYON - DAY

In a backyard in the Canyon: utter chaos. Half nude PEOPLE cannon ball into a swimming pool, a BAND jams on a makeshift stage, colored smoke bombs fill the air, and KENNEDY YOUTH VOLUNTEERS paint signs, field phone calls on multiple lines, and race about with Primary Day excitement.

In the middle of all the action, an oasis in the sea of madness, is MARY “LOU” ROTH. Big girl. Bigger heart. She wears a t-shirt across her ample bosom that says “I AM MISS AMERICA.” The girl’s 24 going on 54.

Lou gives encouragement to the band. Hugs to passers by. Orders to the volunteers. She marches through the yard like a benevolent general in command of a rag tag army. As she heads for the sliding glass doors leading into the house, a VOLUNTEER rushes up and hands her a phone on a long cord.

EXT. LOU’S HOUSE - SAME

Cassie’s Plymouth pulls up to the beautiful home in the Canyon. She parks behind a cluster of hip cars, gets out, and heads toward the open door of the house. The sound of the wild goings-on in the backyard fills the air, and her face is wide with wonder. Alice arriving in Wonderland.

INT. LOU’S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cassie walks into a living room decorated in all manner of funky, late 60’s cool. Beads and beanbags. Rock posters and scarf-covered lamp shades. Cassie watches as Kennedy workers race about. Marvels at the pad. She’s never seen anything like it.

A female VOLUNTEER drops some paint cans and brushes on the floor. Cassie immediately helps pick them up.

The volunteer smiles. Thanks her. Shows her a sign that reads “Its Our Time.” Cassie opens a paint can, dips in a brush, and adds an apostrophe. “It’s Our Time.”

Across the room, Lou wraps up her call and hands the phone to a volunteer. Spots Cassie standing in the middle of the bedlam. Lou smiles. Waves her over.

LOU
Ahoy! Welcome to the top of the world!

Lou gives Cassie a warm hug like she’s known her all her life. Wraps her up like a big sister.

LOU (CONT’D)
You another pilgrim?

CASSIE
Sort of. I’m a fugitive from Indiana.

Lou lets out a big belly laugh.

LOU
Is anybody left there? The Midwest’s gotta be about cleaned out by now.

A FLOWER CHILD passes by. Hands Lou a joint and keeps going. Lou takes a drag. Offers it to Cassie, who shyly declines.

LOU (CONT’D)
You sign the wall? Hup hup. Everyone’s gotta sign the wall. I’m Lou. Don’t tell me your name. I want to see it when it dances off your fingertips.

She leads Cassie to a huge wall covered in autographs, graffiti, and slogans. Cassie scans the wall and sees a who’s who of the best musicians of the times. DYLAN. JAGGER. JONI MITCHELL. DAVID CROSBY. JIM MORRISON.

CASSIE
All these people have been here?

LOU
Folks have been known to pass through from time to time.

Slogans of the day are scrawled everywhere, too. “YOU DON’T NEED A WEATHERMAN TO KNOW WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.” “CLAPTON IS GOD.” “GO WITH THE FLOW--EVERYWHERE AND ALWAYS.”

CASSIE
I can’t put my name on here. Everybody’s somebody.

LOU
Half of them were nobody when they first came through, baby.

Lou hands Cassie a magic marker. Walks her to the wall and watches as she signs:

Cassie Carter.

LOU (CONT'D)
Cassie Carter. *I love it*. I can see it in lights. Pop pop pop.

As Lou speaks, in the door walks a brooding, lanky musician with long hair and a ratty pearl-buttoned western shirt. RANDALL WRIGHT (22). He's got a sheet of paper in his hand, "REPORT FOR PHYSICAL EVALUATION" in bold letters at the top. He waves it at Lou.

RANDALL
They put the snatch on me. Physical in two weeks. Funeral in two months.
(flinging paper)
Land of the free. What a hustle.

Lou wraps him in her arms. Soothes him in a motherly fashion.

LOU
It's gonna be alright, baby. We'll talk to Tokyo Dan tonight. He's got all the angles figured.

Randall pulls away from Lou's affection after a moment. If there's something between them, she feels it a little more than he does. He takes the joint from Lou, hits it, gives Cassie a once over, and heads for the pool. Lou watches him walk away, love in her eyes, and sees a girl put a tab of acid on Randall's tongue.

Suddenly, squeals and shrieks like the Beatles just landed at JFK. It's THREE GIRLS FROM INDIANA. They swarm all over Cassie and barrage her with questions. What's she doing there? Did she tell her parents? What happened with Cliff? OhmyGodohmyGodohmyGod. Oh. My. God.

Then in marches BARRY GREEN (27), the wildest, and gayest, political coordinator in the land. He wields a bullhorn and aims it right at the Indiana girls.

BARRY (INTO BULLHORN)
Hoosiers! Why are you still here? The Bethel Baptist ladies are waiting. What part of *every vote counts* was I unclear about?

The girls grab Cassie. Beg Barry Green to let her come along.

BARRY (INTO BULLHORN) (CONT'D)
No. Three Hoosiers is plenty. Go, I said. Go! Go! Go!

CASSIE
Can't I go with them? I've been in the car for three days. I'd really like to contribute more than an apostrophe before the polls close.

LOU
Come with me, baby. I need to drop some tickets off for Kenny O'Donnell.

CASSIE
The campaign manager?

Barry Green raises his bullhorn at the Indiana girls.

BARRY (INTO BULLHORN)
I said move it ladies! Move it!

The Indiana coalition heads for the door. As they go out, in comes perpetually barefoot Junie, McCartney's scarf wrapped around her neck. She runs up to Lou.

JUNIE
Lou! Lou! Guess who's scarf this is! Guess! Don't guess! It's Paul's! I totally sleazed it from his bungalow. I know you told me I shouldn't bag things that aren't mine 'cause that's not cool, and you're right, you're sooo right, but it was just sitting there and he was gone, and then this skeevy guy and his friend were like, oh, he went to the record company, but why would you go sign record contracts when you already totally own Apple, right? You wouldn't. So basically I-
(noticing Cassie)
Oh my God, you're sooo beautiful. What's your name?

CASSIE
Cassie.

JUNIE
Cassie? That's amazing! I'm *Junie*! Tell me you're a Pisces or I'll completely freak out!

CASSIE
I'm actually an Aries.

JUNIE
I was *so* gonna say Aries! Obviously you're an Aries! I can see it in your eyes mostly. Are you new? You're so new!

CASSIE
I just came in from Indiana. To work on the campaign.

JUNIE
That's amazing!

A volunteer brings a phone over to Lou.

VOLUNTEER
It's Eliot Fields.

JUNIE
Hey Eliot!
(to Cassie)
He's like the biggest manager ever. And *such* a Gemini.

As Lou grabs the phone, Lola comes sauntering in the house wearing the robe from the audition. She gives all the volunteers an annoyed look. Junie lights up.

JUNIE (CONT'D)
Lola! How'd it go? Guess who's scarf this is?

LOLA
I'm not in the mood, Junie.
(off Cassie)
Another member of the Goody Two Shoes Brigade? Jesus. I wish Oswald had killed all the Kennedys so we could have some goddamn peace around here.

Lola marches off to a bedroom and slams the door.

CASSIE
What's her problem?

JUNIE
What do you mean?

LOU (INTO PHONE)
Come on, Eliot. The house band has to play all night because you can't control your clients?

JUNIE
Which clients? Darkhorse? Are you talking about Darkhorse? Gram is so to die for. Like, oh my God.

Lou stares at the interrupting Junie. Covers the phone.

LOU
Show Cassie the place, munchkin. I'll come get you in a sec.

Junie grabs Cassie's hand and leads her toward the sliding glass doors leading to the backyard. They walk past the graffiti wall as a girl carrying a guitar walks by and slips a flower behind Cassie's ear. A kid shooting with a Super 8 video camera, DANNY EASTERLY (18), follows behind.

JUNIE
Do you write songs, Cassie? You look like someone who writes songs.

CASSIE
Kind of. I mean, yeah. I don't know if they're any good.

JUNIE
I knew it! Joni Mitchell? She lives right down the street. Did you know that? I'm not sure if you knew 'cause you're new, you know? But she does. She's friends with Lou. Joni's so talented. But real, you know? She's so real. Like, if she doesn't want to talk to you she just won't, you know? That's real.

CASSIE
(off wall)
I can't believe Lou knows all these people.

JUNIE
Oh, she knows *everybody*. Even the cute guy running for President.

CASSIE
God, the most famous person I ever met was the Mayor of Gary. And that was with 50 other Girl Scouts.

JUNIE
You were a Girl Scout? That's so cool! I only made it to Brownies.
(beat)
But good for you!

EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Into the chaos of the backyard. Cassie is overwhelmed. Junie spots the gorgeous, brooding BILLY CASSADY (23) sitting beneath a Eucalyptus, playing an acoustic.

JUNIE
Woohoo! Billy the Kid!

Billy looks up. Nods. The epitome of cool.

JUNIE (CONT'D)
(to Cassie)
Billy Cassady. He's sooo serious. Oh my God, hold on, there's Lorali! Lorali, guess who's scarf this is!

Junie races off toward a pack of GIRLS by the pool, waving her McCartney scarf. Cassie looks about. Is drawn toward Billy. Wanders his way whether she wants to or not.

CASSIE
Hey.

BILLY
Hey.

CASSIE
It smells so beautiful out here. Different. What is it?

BILLY
Little jasmine. Little eucalyptus. California Bay Laurel. That's where the name comes from.

CASSIE
This place is amazing. I'd always read about it in Rolling Stone and think that it sounded like heaven. Even the name, you know? Laurel Canyon.

BILLY
It's a little bit of Eden alright.
(plucking guitar)
You know how they say that deep down everyone wants to run away and join the circus? When people grow up in the circus, they dream of runnin' away to the Canyon.

CASSIE
You grow up in the circus then?

BILLY
Yes ma'am. Spent a lot of time under the tent. My old man was a travelin' preacher.
(preacher voice)
'For we are strangers before you, and sojourners, as were all our fathers. Our days on earth are as a shadow, and there is no abiding.'

Cassie smiles. Continues to look around. Gazes up the hill at a cluster of homes that seem to touch the sky.

BILLY (CONT'D)
You know who lives up there? Kirk Nash.

CASSIE
Come on. I thought he was dead. Kirk Nash isn't dead?

BILLY
Nah. That was all a hype. He just dropped out is all. Motorcycle accident messed him up, though. Hasn't recorded in years. Hasn't even left the house as far as anyone knows. He's on some kind of Howard Hughes trip. Kid from the Canyon Store just leaves food at the gate. You can still hear him playing some nights. Always blows my mind. But havin' it all and throwin' it away? Screw that, man. Once I get it, I ain't never lettin' it go.

From nearby, a piercing WHISTLE.

LOU
Cassie Carter! Peanut! Hup hup!

Cassie turns to leave. Smiles at Billy Casasdy. He grins.

BILLY
See you around.
(beat)
Cassie.

CASSIE
See you around. Billy.

As Cassie saunters away toward Lou and Junie, Billy watches her go. She looks back over her shoulder. This is gonna be trouble.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

OVER BLACK

The Velvet Underground's "Here She Comes Now" plays.

VELVET UNDERGROUND (V.O.)
...here she ever comes, now now. She ever comes, now now...

TITLE CARD: **THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CALIFORNIA**

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Cassie, Lou, and Junie zip into the Biltmore parking lot in Lou's Carmen Ghia convertible. The Velvet Underground plays on Lou's radio.

INT. BILTMORE LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The girls walk the marble floors of the stunning hotel. It's all columns, gold leaf and ornate chandeliers wherever you look. They're mid-conversation.

LOU
You telling me you dropped your brother off at the border and just kept driving?

CASSIE
With my boyfriend at home waiting to propose, yeah. I could just tell it was coming. He was acting weird at graduation. He thinks the college thing was just me killing time before having babies. I didn't even have the guts to call. I sent a telegram from Denver.

LOU
Oooh baby. That's one far out way to start your LA story. How's it feel?

CASSIE
I don't really know. Terrible and free at the same time, I guess. I mean, on one hand I feel like an outlaw. And I dig it. I dig it a lot. But I also feel like a little girl who's about to get grounded for the rest of my life, you know? I really have no idea what I'm doing right now. I've never done anything like this before. Not even close.

JUNIE
This *so* reminds me of ‘She’s Leaving Home.’ Paul wrote that. All the best ones are his pretty much. He always shares credit, though, ‘cause that’s just how he is.

Lou looks at Junie. Pipe down and let Cassie talk.

CASSIE
What am I gonna say to Cliff, no less my parents? My Dad’s a Marine. He doesn’t understand dissent of any kind. *Listen to your elders. Do as you're told. Keep your ears open and your mouth shut*. What can I possibly say to him that he’d understand?

Lou puts her arm around Cassie’s shoulder.

LOU
You say what’s in your heart, baby. Speak it straight and true. You can never go wrong when you speak it straight and true.

Junie, never one to be left out, puts her arm around Cassie’s other shoulder as they head for the gold elevators.

JUNIE
Straight and true. Definitely.

EXT. CARTER HOME, BATESVILLE, INDIANA - DAY

Cliff pulls into the driveway in a sputtering pick-up and parks behind a Sheriff’s car.

INT. CARTER HOME - SAME

CBS News images of RFK campaigning in California flash on a TV as John Carter and SHERIFF KING (50) sit in the living room. They're both smoking and also mid-conversation.

A telegram sits on a coffee table in front of them. It reads "WENT TO CALIFORNIA TO WORK ON CAMPAIGN STOP PLEASE DON'T WORRY STOP CALL YOU SOON STOP I'M SORRY STOP LOVE CASSIE.

MR. CARTER
And why not, Carl?

SHERIFF KING
Because she’s an adult, John. And she’s not a missing person. My hands are a little tied here.

A KNOCK on the door.

MR. CARTER
Come in!

Cliff enters the house.

SHERIFF KING
What about Tommy? Is he with her?

MR. CARTER
I don't know. I don't have any answers. But I have a feeling this guy does. Cliff, sit down. You know the Sheriff.

Cliff shakes hands with Sheriff King. Sits down.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
Son, this can be easy or not easy. It makes no goddamn difference to me.

SHERIFF KING
Let's relax, John.

MR. CARTER
I'm perfectly relaxed.
(to Cliff)
What happened between you and my daughter?

The kid pulls out his own telegram.

CLIFF
Nothing, sir. It's like I told you. I got this telegram--

MR. CARTER
Forget about the telegram. You got a telegram. We got a telegram. It's raining fucking telegrams. What I want is information.

CLIFF
I don't know anything, sir. She said she was taking Tommy to Indianapolis.

MR. CARTER
Well Tommy never made it to Indianapolis, did he? Tommy's AWOL.

SHERIFF KING
Can you be AWOL if you haven't officially been sworn in?

John Carter glares at the Sheriff.

SHERIFF KING (CONT'D)
Never mind that. That's off point.

MR. CARTER
Tommy didn't report. And Cassie's in the People's Republic of California. How did this happen? We're all questions and no answers here, Cliff, and it's not going to stay that way. Not by a long shot.

The ex-Marine takes a drag on his cigarette. Looks at Cliff.

CLIFF
Can I have a cigarette?

MR. CARTER
No. What happened at your physical?

CLIFF
What?

MR. CARTER
Why didn't they draft you?

CLIFF
They said I had flat feet, sir.

MR. CARTER
Is that right? OK. Take your socks and shoes off.

CLIFF
I'm sorry?

MR. CARTER
I said take off your goddamn shoes.

SHERIFF KING
Easy, John.

Off come the shoes and socks. Cassie's Dad takes a good look at Cliff's feet. On the news, images from Vietnam flicker.

MR. CARTER
They look normal to me. Carl?

SHERIFF KING
Dogs could stand a grooming, but yeah. They look up to par.

CLIFF
I thought they were fine, too. They said they weren't. What could I do?

MR. CARTER
What could you do? That's a good question. A very good question.

Mr. Carter takes a long pull on his cigarette.

MR. CARTER (CONT'D)
Here's another question worth pondering: are you a faggot, Cliff?

SHERIFF KING
Hey now.

CLIFF
Excuse me?

MR. CARTER
There's people around here that think maybe they didn't take you because you're walking on Queer Street. And maybe that's why she ran off.

CLIFF
Why would I ask you if I could marry Cassie if I was a queer? It doesn't make any sense.

MR. CARTER
No, it doesn't. But nothing's making much sense these days. One thing that makes very little sense is why you're taking this so calmly. My future wife up and vanished, I wouldn't be sitting around with my thumb up my ass, reading telegrams and taking things lying down like a sissy. That I can tell you.

CLIFF
I'm not a sissy.

MR. CARTER
I'd be getting on a bus and bringing her back like a man. 'Course maybe it's like they say. Maybe you're not one.

Cliff's had enough. He stands up.

CLIFF
You can tell anyone who wants to know how much of a man I am that they can step into my yard and find out. And with all due respect, we can step into yours right now if you really think I'm hiding something.

SHERIFF KING
Let’s all settle down.

CLIFF
I’ve known you half my life. You’ve been like a Pop to me. But this is complete bullshit. You’re crossing the line and I’ve had enough of it. Sir.

With that, Cliff picks up his shoes and socks and marches barefoot toward the door. The Sheriff looks at John Carter, who shrugs. Let him go. They both light fresh cigarettes. Mr. Carter glances at the TV. Images of riots in the streets play on the news.

MR. CARTER
I don’t know what’s happening, Carl. The whole world’s going to pieces right in front of our eyes.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

OVER BLACK

The tail end of an R & B jam plays.

TITLE CARD: **TEAR THE HEART RIGHT OUTTA ME**

EXT. MOTION PICTURE RETIREMENT HOME, PARKING LOT - DAY

Lola blazes into the parking lot in a banged-up red Porsche, radio blasting the R & B.

INT. IVA'S ROOM - LATER

Lola reaches into a canvas bag and lays the last of seven plastic bags on a bed. All of them are labeled and stuffed with weed. The needle lifts off a jazz record playing on a phonograph and clicks into place. On the bedside table: a young picture of Rose Lee Wood, the actress seen earlier in Beverly Hills.

LOLA
Yes, they're legitimate four finger lids. When did you get to be such an authority?

IVA (O.S.)
Hey, I know my shit. The last batch was all stems and seeds.

A beautiful older woman, IVA (72), gray hair hanging down her back, emerges from a bathroom holding a cigar box stuffed with cash.

IVA (CONT'D)
You know you're dealing with a tough broad, right?

LOLA
Oh, most definitely.

IVA
Did I ever tell you I was supposed to play Ma Barker? Spent hours doing make-up tests. Zanuck put the kibosh on it. Said no one wanted to see stars if they weren't looking glamorous. Prick cost me an Oscar.

Iva hands Lola the box of money.

IVA (CONT'D)
Our little enterprise is paying off nicely. No one can remember living without this stuff. It's completely revolutionized movie night. Are you staying? It's one of your favorites tonight.

LOLA
I can't. I gotta work and deal with all the hippies and their Kennedy wet dream. They're all peace and love until you disagree with them. Then they start gathering stones. I swear, sometimes I think they're just Republicans with better record collections.
(counting cash)
We should split this.

IVA
Keep it. I know you don't take money from your father. What am I going to do with it in this place anyway? Now be a good granddaughter and roll a number for me, will you dear? My arthritis is killing me.

Lola smiles. Sits down at a small desk and starts rolling her grandmother a joint. Iva sits on the bed, admiring the stash.

IVA (CONT'D)
They screened Bonnie and Clyde for us last week. Wouldn't mind curling that Warren Beatty's toes.

LOLA
The pretty ones are always a bore.

IVA
Isn't that the truth? I spent the shortest night of my life with Valentino if you hear what I'm saying. Some kind of picture, though, Bonnie and Clyde. Very violent. I liked that. Things are really changing out there.

LOLA
Yep. Now instead of giving head to old producers for a job you can give head to young directors. If Mom had come around 20 years later she could've shacked up with Mike Nichols instead of the haircut. She would've been starring in Virginia Woolf instead of just living it.

IVA
(laughing)
I ever tell you how much you remind me of myself 50 years ago?

LOLA
(licking joint)
Only every time I see you.

IVA
I never saw myself in your mother. She always wanted to please everyone. I have no idea where she got that from. I think she thought if she was nice to everybody, married right, had the parties by the pool, then the rules wouldn't apply to her. She thought she could get around it. But no one gets around it. The fact is the skin sags and the spotlight fades and the public moves on. I tried to tell her. There was a day when broad-shouldered boys carried me across the lot, and then there was a day they wouldn't even open the gate for me. She didn't want to hear it. She thought her star would never fade.

LOLA
Well it has. And watching her stumbling around after it is just pathetic. She makes me sick if you want to know the truth. Of course he's even worse. He runs the biggest studio in town. He could help her if he wanted to.

IVA
Look, he's a man. There's no defending a man for the most part, and if there were I wouldn't start with him. But I don't know that you can really blame him for this. It happened to me, it's happening to her, and it'll even happen to you. The wheel goes around. That's how it's built. She's going to have to come to grips with that if she ever sobers up. Which reminds me.

Iva goes to the closet. Pulls out a silver box with a red bow. Puts it on the desk.

IVA (CONT'D)
It's her birthday tomorrow--could you drop it off for me? It wouldn't kill you to go over there every once in a while, you know.

LOLA
It wouldn't kill her to come over here every once in a while, either.

IVA
She can't take visiting. She's terrified of getting old.

LOLA
Everyone's so hung up on age. It's such a drag. I mean, who really gives a shit?

IVA
Spoken like a true young person. Tell me, honey, how are the boys?

LOLA
Just that. Boys. Even the old ones.

IVA
(laughing)
They are a disappointment, aren't they?

Lola finishes rolling. She sparks the joint, takes a toke, then hands it to her grandmother.

IVA (CONT'D)
No horse distinguishing himself from the pack?

Iva hits it like a pro. Hands it back to Lola.

LOLA
Some are better to make it with than others, but outside of that they're all the same. Everyone's throwing around this free love rap. It's such a hustle.
(hitting joint)
Only a man could come up with a term like free love.

IVA
And only a woman could make him think that's what he's really getting.

The two laugh as the room fills with smoke. Thick as thieves.

EXT. WHISKEY A GO GO - TWILIGHT

A sign on the marquee reading "RFK BASH TONIGHT."

INT. WHISKY A GO GO - SAME

A TV is turned on. Reveal that the hand belongs to Cassie, who stands on a stool, the heavyset Lou looking up at her along with the three Indiana girls. The TV is one of a half dozen scattered all over the famous club.

LOU
Thank you, baby. I'll be in Dean's office if anyone needs me.

Pre-party preparations are in full swing. KENNEDY YOUTH hang banners, including the "IT'S OUR TIME" sign from earlier, ROADIES set up amps on the stage, and CALLAHAN, a 50-year-old man with no body fat, his torso and face painted in the stars and stripes, walks about the room juggling sledge hammers and reciting poetry.

Across the room, more than a DOZEN EMPLOYEES sit in a circle and are addressed by the club's manager, DEAN VONN (44), a man both sleazy and debonair at the same time. To his right, LITTLE JACK (35), a blissed-out Chinese drug dealer with long blonde dreadlocks. Amidst the group is Junie, who shows off her McCartney scarf to fellow dancers and cocktail waitresses.

DEAN
Junie, I'm gonna need you to pipe down. And if you can stay in the cage tonight and stop following everyone with an instrument backstage that'd be a terrific change of pace. Shake what God gave you, sugar, and leave it at that.

JUNIE
Aye aye cap'n!

DEAN
Atta girl. Now that we got Junior in line, lemme explain something to you ladies as clearly as I can. It's come to my attention that some of you have roommates who like to come in here and deal. I'm not gonna name names. Kiki.

JUNIE
You totally just said her name!

A blonde with an English accent, KIKI (20), glares at Junie.

KIKI
Why don't you tie Paul McCartney's scarf around your mouth for a couple hours?

JUNIE
Because it goes around your neck?

DEAN
Ladies, I'm not gonna tell you again. Anybody who's somebody needs anything, you come to me, I go to Little Jack, we discreetly figure things out. That's how it goes down. Forever and always.

The Asian flashes a big smile and a peace sign.

DEAN (CONT'D)
There's narcos all over the place. LAPD has it in for all of us. I'm not losing this place on account of some bullshit problems you people are bringing in here. Rules are rules. You want to revolt, take it out to the street.

INT. WHISKY A GO GO - CONTINUOUS

Cassie watches as the door of the club flies open. Lola Jones saunters in, the sunlight blazing behind her. It looks like she's being shot out of a cannon. Lola walks behind the bar and pours herself a couple shots of tequila. Downs the first.

DEAN
I say what's what around here, not you. It's time you girls remembered that.
(raising voice)
That means you too, Lola.

Lola looks at Dean Vonn. Couldn't be less intimidated by her boss. She does the second shot, then gives him the finger.

DEAN (CONT'D)
I'm not kidding. I'll grab some organ grinders on Sunset and replace all of you right now if I have to.
(to Cassie)
What about you? You want a job?

Everyone looks at Cassie.

CASSIE
Really?

Lola looks at her. Smirks. Jerks her wrist like she's giving a hand job.

LOLA
Go fill out an application with Dean, honey. It's a simple interview process.

Cassie glares at Lola. I don't think so.

EXT. HAMILTON MANSION - NIGHT

Rose Lee Wood's Bentley speeds up the drive of a stunning Beverly Hills estate, its walkway lit with candles. The car's acquired some damage and debris since we saw it earlier in the day at the hotel. She parks just like Lola.

INT. HAMILTON MANSION - SAME

"Hop" Hamilton, in a tuxedo, drinks martinis and mingles with numerous GUESTS, all of whom are also dressed to the nines. Rose Lee Wood walks in the door. There is no telling how many drinks she's had since the scene at the Polo Lounge.

She walks through the room without greeting anyone, stopping only to pour herself a martini. Then she continues on through the opulent home and out the glass doors leading to the pool. The mogul excuses himself and follows her outside.

EXT. POOL - CONTINUOUS

Rose Lee walks out to the diving board and sits on it. Flings her heels into the water, which is lit. She's loaded. Her husband stands by the side of the pool. Not amused.

HOP
Planning on making another scene, Rose, or have you reached your quota for the day?

ROSE LEE
You talk? Huh. I thought all of you were made outa wax.

HOP
Fine job this afternoon. That was your best performance in years. Of course you didn't have to remember any dialogue.

He pulls her ring out of his pocket. Holds it out.

HOP (CONT'D)
Here. The prop department thought you might want this back.

ROSE LEE
Why doncha cut it in half, smart guy? Cut that sucker right in half. While you're at it, cut the house and the pool in half, too.
(MORE)

ROSE LEE (CONT'D)
Might as well get a head start before my lawyer makes you half the man you are. Which I guess would make you, what, about a quarter of a man?
(drinking)
I'd say g'head and cut your girlfriends in half, but then they'd only be nine. That's a little young. Even for you.

HOP
Singing that song again? Jesus Rose, why don't you give it a rest? The show's over. Everyone went home.

Rose Lee polishes off her drink. Lazily lobs the glass in the vicinity of "Hop." It shatters on the cement.

ROSE LEE
Speakin' of songs, didja hear Tammy Wynette's new record? Got it upstairs. In the name of fairness, I'll cut it in half for you. You can have side one. Side two's got D-I-V-O-R-C-E on it. That one's mine.

Rose Lee stands up on the diving board. Balances herself.

HOP
Obviously you're in no shape to come to the Ambassador to see Bobby.

Rose Lee wobbles on the board, then walks off and steps back on to the poolside cement.

ROSE LEE
Screw you and your Kennedy Come Lately's. I'm goin' to the McCarthy party. Ol' Gene was against the war before it was in fashion. Gonna see my old friend Mr. Newman tonight. See if those blue eyes still twinkle when he sees me.
(off Hamilton smirking)
What? He always wanted me and you know it.

HOP
Right. The name Joanne Woodward ring a bell by any chance?

ROSE LEE
Joanne. Pffft. What's she got I don't got?

HOP
Aside from class and talent?

She grins. Walks up to him. Fixes his bow tie and pats him on the lapels.

ROSE LEE
Enjoy yourself tonight, big shot. My lawyer's filin' tomorrow. I may celebrate by givin' a few interviews.

Hamilton stares at her. He looks like he wants to murder her.

HOP
We'll talk about this tomorrow.

ROSE LEE
The only person I'm talkin' to tomorrow is Rona Barrett, baby. You can read all about it.

She fixes a gaze on him, then makes a point of walking barefoot over the broken glass while singing Tammy Wynette.

ROSE LEE (CONT'D)
Our lil' boy is four years old n' quite a lil' man, so we spell out words we don't want him t' understand. Like T-O-Y, or maybe S-U-R-P-R-I-S-E...

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Rose Lee walks into the house, blood speckling in her wake, singing in a country twang.

ROSE LEE
But the words we're hidin' from him now tear the heart right outa me.

She walks past the speechless guests and grabs a cocktail right out of one of the women's hands.

ROSE LEE (CONT'D)
Our D-I-V-O-R-C-E becomes final today...

As the guests stare and Hop walks back in the house, Rose Lee swills back the drink, tosses the glass over her shoulder, and strolls up the stairs as it explodes behind her.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

OVER BLACK

The sound of singing munchkins.

MUNCHKINS (V.O.)
(singing)
We represent, the Lollipop Guild, the Lollipop Guild, the Lollipop Guild...

TITLE CARD: **NOW YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO GET...USED TO IT**

INT. MOTION PICTURE RETIREMENT HOME - NIGHT

On a movie screen, three MUNCHKINS from the "Wizard of Oz" jerk their legs and sing to DOROTHY as a CROWD watches at the end of the Yellow Brick Road.

MUNCHKINS
...and in the name of, the Lollipop Guillllld, we wish to welcome you to Munch-kin Land!

Pull back to reveal Lola's grandmother Iva and dozens of completely STONED SENIOR CITIZENS staring slack-jawed at the screen. The singing Munchkins are mesmerizing.

EXT. WHISKY A GO GO - NIGHT

Nighttime on the other Yellow Brick Road, the Sunset Strip, and things are hopping. The line outside the Whisky tells us the RFK party is one hot ticket.

INT. WHISKY A GO GO - SAME

It's wild goings-on in the Whisky. TVs play election results, but that's as political as it gets. This place is all about sex, drugs, and rock n' roll. Young people dance, make out in the shadows, slip into hallways and bathrooms.

In one VIP booth: JANIS JOPLIN, wearing rose-colored glasses and a feathered boa, drinks from a bottle of Southern Comfort and holds court with a hip ENTOURAGE. A GIRL climbs out from beneath the table in front of where a smiling, long-haired ROCKER sits.

As the Indiana girls shake it up on the dance floor, Cassie stands in front of a TV, fixated on the election results flashing on the screen. It's tight between Kennedy and McCarthy, but Bobby's ahead.

In the cage above the stage, Junie dances away. She shakes it like she talks, free and non stop. Lola sashays around holding a tray and the attention of every guy in the place, but she doesn't seem to be serving anyone drinks but herself.

Lou, meanwhile, squeezes into a red VIP booth with talent manager ELIOT FIELDS (28), liberal train wreck lawyer "TOKYO" DAN MANNING (32), and Randall Wright, who still looks stricken over his impending draft. Lou pulls a brand-new pearl-buttoned shirt out of a King's Western Wear bag. Gives it to Randall and kisses him on the cheek.

LOU
Here you go, baby. To cheer you up.

RANDALL
They make this in olive drab? 'Cause that's all this cat's gonna be wearin' unless Tokyo Dan here enlightens me.

TOKYO DAN
Look man, there's no guarantees, dig? I told you that. But all the AFSC cats are pretty sure they'll send you to Germany and not the 'Nam if you get married. That's my best advice. If you wanna keep it legal, that is. If not, I got you covered in Vancouver.

RANDALL
Who the hell am I gonna marry?

Lou holds out her left hand out as if to accept a proposal.

LOU
I do, baby.

RANDALL
Come on.

ELIOT
Sweet Lou. Not a lot of chicks would give up their hand just to keep a guy out of the bush.

LOU
I'm all yours. Just say the word and I'm a vision in white.

Lou smiles at the unsure Randall. Tokyo Dan sparks a joint. Eliot eyeballs Cassie across the club.

ELIOT
Who's the new chick?

LOU
Baby just got here. Fresh out of the heartland. Cassie Carter. She's got a great aura.

ELIOT
Yes she does.

LOU
Yeah, I can see you checking out her aura from here.

A belly laugh from Lou, who waves for Cassie to come over. As she makes her way over, Billy Cassady enters the Whisky.

LOU (CONT'D)
How we looking, baby?

CASSIE
46-42, Bobby. But they haven't called it yet.

LOU
McCarthy's all done. Hubert the toad is next, if Abbie and his hype don't screw things up in Chicago. Then Tricky Dick.

CASSIE
Nixon makes me sick to my stomach. Then again, so does Ronald Reagan.

LOU
And Nelson Rockefeller.

CASSIE
And George Romney.

ELIOT
(to Cassie)
Hey. I'm Eliot.

CASSIE
Junie told me who you are. You represent some great artists, Mr. Fields.

ELIOT
Eliot. And they're all friends, Cassie. I'm always on the lookout for talented friends. What about you? You play?

CASSIE
A little.

Before she and Eliot can get talking, Lola passes by. Sees Cassie getting a lot of attention.

She stops at the booth, picks up Eliot's drink without asking, takes a swig, and looks at Cassie.

LOLA
You fill out an application, honey?

CASSIE
Not exactly, *honey*.

LOLA
(to Lou)
Who is this chick?

ELIOT
That's Cassie.

LOLA
You rep her?

ELIOT
No.

LOLA
Then why are you speaking for her?

The guys at the table all stare at Lola. None of them lock in harder than Randall. Lou notices, but what can she do?

TOKYO DAN
What's happening, Lola?

LOLA
Tokyo Dan. Which side of the law you on today, Dan?

TOKYO DAN
You know me, Lola. I'm like Hud. I like to interpret the law in a lenient manner. Sometimes I lean to one side of it...

He takes a deep pull off the joint. Hands it to Lola, who hits it.

TOKYO DAN (CONT'D)
...and sometimes I lean to the other.

LOLA
Figure out how to help old Randall here dodge the draft yet?

RANDALL
I'm not dodging anything.

LOLA
Right. All you parlor revolutionaries are the same. You love to gas bag about freedom but you sure as hell don't want to fight for it. I know you, Randall. You'll be another backseat driver, bitching from the other side of the border. Don't you agree, Lassie? It's Lassie, right?

CASSIE
My name is *Cassie*. And to answer your question, no, I don't agree. I don't think you have any idea what you're talking about. Some people have principles and don't want to go halfway around the world and kill people they don't know. It doesn't make you a coward to go to Canada. If you do something you don't believe in because you're afraid of what people will say, *that's* what makes you a coward. You're not in this guy's shoes. You don't know what he's feeling.

Everyone's quiet at the table. Cassie glares at Lola, obviously thinking of her brother. Lola stares back. Before things can escalate, the lights dim, and Callahan takes the stage. The hippie Uncle Sam speaks into a microphone, his red, white, and blue make-up smearing under the lights.

CALLAHAN (INTO MIC)
Here ye, here ye. All rise for the singing of our national anthem. God save the queen.

Callahan takes a piece of paper out of the pocket of his American flag pants.

CALLAHAN (INTO MIC) (CONT'D)
But first a word from our sponsor, the cosmic poetess.
(beat)
'*My candle burns at both ends, it will not last the night. But oh, my foes, and oh, my friends, it gives a lovely light*." Ladiesssss annnnd gennnntlemen, the queeeeeen of Laurel Canyon, the girl with the loveliest light, Sweet Lou and the Wonderland Express.

Cassie looks on in complete surprise as Lou squeezes out of the booth and heads toward the stage. She's the leader of the house band? A group of MUSICIANS join her. She's still in her "I AM MISS AMERICA" t-shirt and has a cigarette in one hand and a drink in the other. She points at Callahan.

LOU (INTO MIC)
He fought at Valley Forge. Held off Pickett's charge. Raised the flag at Iwo Jima. He was the Lindbergh baby. He's the better angels of our nature. Our huddled masses, yearning to breathe free. The Great Callahan, babies. Everyone buy that man a drink. Share your drugs. Do the right thing.

Cheers as Callahan dives into the crowd.

LOU (CONT'D)
Brothers, sisters, this is our night. This is our time. There's 76 million people in their late teens and early 20s in this country, and we are being heard, babies. We are being heard.
(beat)
1, 2, 3, 4...

Lou and the band rip into a blues jam. And man can Lou belt. A mesmerized Cassie reconnects with the Indiana girls and they all take to the dance floor, Cassie a little drunk and dancing freely. Eliot Fields watches her. So does Dean Vonn. And from the bar, so does Billy Cassady.

An annoyed Lola climbs up to the cage where Junie is dancing. She jerks her thumb at her. Out. Junie obliges and Lola climbs in. She moves just like you think she would. Puts all the attention back on her.

As Lou sings, images of Kennedy and McCarthy flash on the TVs alongside poll numbers. Little Jack dips into his magic bag and makes everyone happy. Weed is smoked. Pills popped. Acid-dipped sugar cubes sucked on.

Lou and the Wonderland Express finish their jam. As they do, Barry Green stands atop a speaker with his bullhorn.

BARRY (INTO BULLHORN)
May I have your attention please. The next president of the United States, Mr. Robert F. Kennedy!

Cheers erupt from the crowd. All eyes turn to the TVs scattered about the room on metal stands, volumes turned up. Kennedy is at the podium at the Ambassador Hotel, making his victory speech.

INT. WHISKY A GO GO - LATER

Billy and Cassie stand by the bar, talking closely. Lola passes, gives Billy a solid once-over. On stage, the Wonderland Express finishes another song.

From the stage, Lou swigs champagne, then looks out to the crowd. She smiles at Janis Joplin. Goes to the microphone.

LOU (INTO MIC)
Pearl? You feelin' it, baby?

Joplin raises her bottle of Southern Comfort and smiles. Shakes her head "no." Lou grins. Shields her eyes.

LOU (INTO MIC) (CONT'D)
I saw Moocher here. Get up here, baby. Slim Charles? The rest of your boys here? Let's go.

MUSICIANS begin to take to the small stage. A full-on party up there.

LOU (INTO MIC) (CONT'D)
Big Casino? Hup hup. Randall, sweet cosmic hubby to be. Bring it on over.

Randall Wright joins the action.

LOU (INTO MIC) (CONT'D)
Where's Billy the Kid? Come on, baby. Show 'em whatcha got. Keep an eye on this one, Eliot.

Billy Cassady dashes on stage as the Wonderland Express starts to tune up.

LOU (INTO MIC) (CONT'D)
Where's the new girl in town?

Cassie stands in the middle of the packed dance floor. She looks around. Lou can't possibly mean her.

LOU (INTO MIC) (CONT'D)
Introducing Cassie Carter everybody. Come on, baby. You drove this far. Now it's time to ride the express. Can you dig it?

The Indiana girls can't believe it. They push the reluctant Cassie toward the stage. Overwhelmed, she climbs up. Someone hands her a tambourine. Is this really happening?

Standing nearby, Billy Cassady. He's focused, inching center stage. Ready to impress Eliot Fields. His looks are matched only by his ambition. He smiles at Cassie, and she moves over to stand next to him on the stage.

And then, the snare and rolling organ opening of the great "Like a Rolling Stone." Lou takes the first verse, a gorgeous GUITAR PLAYER with long hair jamming next to her.

LOU (CONT'D)
(singing)
Once upon a time you dressed so fine,
threw the bums a dime in your prime,
didn't you?

The club is euphoric. Has it ever been so good? Everyone jams. Billy and Cassie share a microphone, beaming and singing "*How does it feeeel? To be on your own*?" in unison. At the apt lyric, Billy grins at Cassie knowingly.

Shooting everything on his Super 8, Danny Easterly from earlier in the day. Again, he trains his camera on Cassie. The girl can sing.

The energy is incredible. Cassie shakes her tambourine, happy and free. More people climb on stage. Junie cozies up to the long-haired guitar player. Makes him take serious notice. Lola takes a tambourine right out of someone's hands and goes center stage. Half of LA seems to be up there now.

Suddenly, Cassie feels someone moving past her. It's Janis Joplin, who's changed her mind. She smiles at a stunned, star struck Cassie, hugs Lou, and takes the final verse.

JANIS
(singing)
Princess on the steeple and all the
pretty people they're drinkin',
thinkin' that they got it made.
Exchangin' all precious gifts, but you
better take your diamond ring, you
better pawn it baaaaaabe...

As Janis roars and the band jams away, slowly, something happens in the club. A few people murmuring. Then more. It spreads slowly, until the focused, enthusiastic faces on the dance floor turn away one by one toward the televisions.

A cry goes out. Then another. Finally, the band peters to a halt on the stage. Everyone turns their attention to the televisions. There, on the screens, chaos reigns. The unthinkable has happened. Bobby Kennedy has been shot.

INT. WHISKY BATHROOM - LATER

Junie and Cassie lean against the counter, consoling a sobbing Lou. A stall door opens, and Lola emerges. Even she looks floored by what's happened, her edge gone. The four of them look at each other. Finally, Lola speaks.

LOLA
I shouldn't have said that about
Oswald.

CASSIE
It’s not your fault.

LOLA
I know it’s not my fault. But it was a stupid thing to say.

Lou continues to weep.

LOU
They’re killing everybody.

Cassie, Junie, and Lola huddle around Lou, the four of them coming together for the first time.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON - DAWN

First light in the Canyon.

EXT. LOU’S HOUSE - SAME

The three Indiana girls somberly load their luggage into Cassie’s Plymouth.

INT. LOU’S HOUSE - SAME

People crashed out all over the place. Billy. Callahan. Dean Vonn. Barry Green is awake, watching the news. On the TV screen: images of the Ambassador aftermath.

EXT. LOU’S HOUSE - SAME

Lou sits with her feet in the pool. Next to her, a plastic table with a phone on it. Cassie approaches. She looks unsure. They gaze at each other a moment. Lou smiles.

LOU
Going somewhere?

CASSIE
I don’t know. I guess.

LOU
Well, whoever did it, that’s what they want. They want us all to go home. But movements create leaders, baby, not the other way around. You think Nixon is going to let your brother come home? Or that chickenshit Hubert?

Lou looks up at Cassie.

LOU (CONT'D)
I met Sonny Barger up at Kesey's place in La Honda a few years back. Leader of the Hell's Angels. Hunter arranged for the Angels and the Pranksters to meet. Only Hunter could have pulled that off. Callahan was there. Allen Ginsburg. Tom Wolfe, scribbling away. Hell of a party. Went on for two straight days and the pigs left it alone. Anyway, I asked Sonny how they picked new members for the Angels. Know what he told me?

Cassie shakes her head.

LOU (CONT'D)
He said *we don't pick 'em, we recognize 'em*. Dig?

CASSIE
I think so.

LOU
I recognize you. And I think you recognize me and everyone else up here. This is your tribe, baby. I know everything feels heavy. I'm lost myself right now. But don't let this be the end when you're just getting started.

CASSIE
I don't know what to do, Lou.

LOU
Never do something because you're afraid of what people will say if you don't. I heard that somewhere.

Lou gets up. Looks at the telephone. Cassie looks at it as well. Lou smiles.

LOU (CONT'D)
Straight and true, baby.

EXT. HILLSIDE BACKYARD - SAME

Another Canyon house high above the city. A man with a pronounced limp moves across the grass, a power chord trailing behind him. All that's visible are bare feet and blue jeans.

EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - SAME

Lights blink on one by one in the city below.

EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cassie dials the phone. As she does, a bare chested, barely awake Billy Cassady walks out the sliding glass doors and lights a joint.

EXT. YARD - MOMENTS LATER

The limping, barefoot man with the power chord trailing him approaches a Marshall stack set up outside. There's flashes of long hair. A guitar. Then he plugs into a massive bank of amps overlooking the city. The amps crackle.

He turns the volume knob up, then the great recluse KIRK NASH (34) begins to play a stunningly gorgeous electric version of "This Land Is Your Land." It plays over the ensuing final montage of images.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON - MOMENTS LATER

As the haunting yet inspiring chords drift down the hillside, PEOPLE begin to come out of their houses and listen as dawn breaks in Laurel Canyon.

INT. MOTION PICTURE RETIREMENT HOME - SAME

Lola, eyes open, lays in bed with her sleeping grandmother. For the first time, she looks vulnerable and girlish. She rises from bed without waking Iva.

EXT. JUNIE'S HOUSE, CANOGA PARK - SAME

A motorcycle pulls up in front of a modest home in the Valley. Junie climbs off the back. The long-haired guitar player from the Whisky is driving. She kisses him and walks off toward the house.

INT. CARTER HOME - MORNING

As Eleanor Carter watches images of the chaos at the Ambassador Hotel flicker on the TV, John Carter talks on the telephone. The look on his face tells you he's deeply unhappy with what he's hearing.

INT. CLIFF'S BEDROOM - SAME

Cliff stuffs clothes into a suitcase. A picture of him and Cassie laughing at the quarry sits on his bedside table.

EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - SAME

Lou stands on the edge of her property and listens to Kirk Nash. Cassie is visible on the phone, as is the joint-smoking Billy, who watches her.

EXT. BENEDICT CANYON DRIVE - SAME

Lola drives down the road in her Porsche, her grandmother's present in the seat next to her.

EXT. YARD - SAME

Kirk Nash continues to wail over the city.

EXT. HAMILTON MANSION - SAME

Police cars pull into the driveway at "Hop" Hamilton's estate.

EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A heartbroken Cassie hangs up the phone.

EXT. LAUREL CANYON - SAME

Everyone outside their homes in the Canyon, listening to Kirk Nash's magic soothe the tragedy of the night before.

INT. JUNIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Junie sneaks barefoot down the hallway, then opens a door that reveals the bedroom of someone who's just a girl. There's a Paul McCartney shrine above a bed covered in stuffed animals and a pink bed spread. Junie climbs into bed and closes her eyes, a smile on her face.

EXT. HAMILTON MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Lola drives down the road, sees the police cars in front of the Hamilton mansion, and pulls in as "This Land Is Your Land" enters its final phrase.

She hops out of the car and runs at a sprint toward the chaos by the pool. "Hop" Hamilton, his tuxedo now rumpled, is being questioned by the cops. A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps away at the pool, where Rose Lee Wood floats face down. A stunned Lola breaks through the phalanx of police and stares at her mother, dead in the water.

EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - SAME

Lou closes her eyes and listens to Kirk Nash.

EXT. YARD - SAME

Kirk Nash's hands slide down the guitar, playing the final notes, bending them with love and anguish.

EXT./INT. LOU'S HOUSE - SAME

Cassie walks toward the house, past Billy, and on through the den as he follows behind with curiosity.

INT. CARTER HOME - SAME

A stunned John and Eleanor Carter sit on the couch.

EXT. BUS STOP, BATESVILLE, INDIANA - MORNING

A Greyhound approaches a bus stop, where Cliff waits with his bag. The bus pulls up, and he climbs on, heading west.

EXT. LOU'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Indiana girls stand by the car as Cassie approaches. She reaches into her pocket, pulls out a set of keys, and tosses them to one of the girls, who's shocked.

Cassie walks back toward the house, passes Billy, takes the joint from his hand, takes a pull, and walks into her new home as the final electric chords of "This Land Is Your Land" fade.

THE END