TAKING WOODSTOCK

by

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Based on the book by

Elliot Tiber and Tom Monte

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EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL - DAY

Spring, 1969. A Catskill dump. A single car in a weedy parking lot. Needless to say, a prominent "Vacancy" sign out front of the main building. A barn to one side with a ratty handmade banner: "Home of the Earthlight Players." Clusters of run-down cottages on the grounds, and a glimpse of swampy White Lake at the bottom of the hill behind.

A car pulls into the drive, and a rather gentlemanly, fifty-ish man gets out. He hesitates before entering the motel office.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL - FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

The GENTLEMAN enters. Think Bates Motel, but Jewish. An array of hand-painted signs (ABSOLUTELY NO REFUNDS, etc) and a mish-mash of used furniture, a table with brochures hawking the local attractions. Off to one side, a doorway opens onto a makeshift bar and breakfast room.

GENTLEMAN
(British accent)
Good morning? Hello?

Not a sign of life.

He peruses the brochures briefly.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)
Hello? Anyone here?

A meaty hand pulls aside the curtain in the doorway behind the desk, and Sonia emerges. Sonia is big, mid-sixties. She breathes laboriously. Her small eyes regard the visitor with suspicion, bordering -- indeed, spilling over into -- hostility.

SONIA
(Russian Jewish accent)
What is it?

GENTLEMAN
Good morning.

Silence.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)
I noticed the Vacancy sign out front.

SONIA
It said vacancy?

GENTLEMAN
Yes.

SONIA
So you just walk in without a reservation?

GENTLEMAN
Well, I was wondering if you did indeed have a room. Just for the night.

SONIA
This is a respectable establishment.

GENTLEMAN
Of course.

SONIA
You drove here?

GENTLEMAN
I've been touring the region, and return to New York city tomorrow.

SONIA
Is there a woman in your car?

GENTLEMAN
No - not that I know of!

She flips through an ancient and clearly purely decorative ledger book. She keeps flipping through it, for a LONG time.

SONIA
I have a forest view single free. Number 17. Eight dollars. Cash.

The gentleman takes out his wallet, counts the eight dollars. She re-counts it, turns to go.

GENTLEMAN
Excuse me, the key?

She returns, fishes at random through a large shoe box filled with all kinds of keys, selects one, and hands it to him.

SONIA
Don't jump in the pool. The water we put in next week. For the summer.

With that, she returns to a back office, and he exits.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL - BACK OFFICE -- DAY

Sonia settles down heavily into a large frayed love seat positioned in front of a television. A morning news show is on -- stories of Vietnam, the first manned mission to the moon, Nixon's visit to Asia. Throughout, we stay in extreme close up on her watchful face, hearing her breathing, as the CREDITS continue and finish.

TV REPORTER (O.S.)
In Houston, in Washington D.C., indeed, throughout the United States and the world, joy and amazement at this astonishing accomplishment -- the first man on the moon. We spoke to citizens around the country, and, however, not everyone was celebrating.

WHITE MAN ON STREET (O.S.)
It's fake, that's what I think. They built a set on some tv studio in Florida, got some of those costumes from what is it, one of those martian shows, and jumped around, in slow motion...It's a fake!

BLACK WOMAN (O.S.)
You think they could spend some of that money right here, on housing, schools, medicines, instead of throwing all that money into space...

TV REPORTER (O.S.)
But for the vast majority of Americans, this historic journey to the moon is cause for prideful celebration. And indeed, when astronauts Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin and Michael Collins come out of quarantine there will be celebrations galore, including a gigantic ticker tape parade scheduled for New York city.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
And, Howard, how long does that quarantine last?

TV REPORTER (O.S.)
At least two weeks, Bob. They want to make sure no dangerous moon germs are released into the atmosphere here on earth.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
(laughing)
You bet. We've got enough fairy dust floating around America as it is!

As the credits end, we hear the bell on the office door ring again. Sighing, Sonia lifts herself up and enters the front office.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

The gentleman is back.

SONIA
What?

GENTLEMAN
Excuse me, but I can't possibly stay. This establishment isn't fit for human habitation.

SONIA
Fine, go.

GENTLEMAN
Yes, well, here is your key. It didn't fit the lock, but the door was open in any case.

SONIA
You went into the room?

GENTLEMAN
I did, yes. And now I must insist on you returning my eight dollars.

SONIA
After you already used the room? What kind of scam are you running? And besides --

She gestures to the sign: No Refunds.

GENTLEMAN
This is ridiculous. The so-called air conditioner was just an empty plastic box in the window. The room was filthy -- indeed, a discovered a small....hair....on the pillow...and there wasn't even a towel in the bathroom.

She points to another sign: TOWELS, ONE DOLLAR EXTRA.

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)
My Lord! And I attempted to use the phone to call you, but it was simply a handset, with a wire dangling from it, connected to nothing.

She points again: EXCUSE OUR APPEARANCE AS WE UPGRADE OUR PHONE SYSTEM!

GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)
But...but...

As he stammers, the door opens, and Miriam's son, Elliot, mid-twenties, stands there, without entering.

ELLIOT
Mom, please, we're late already.

SONIA
My son, thank God you're here! This man is threatening me for a refund!

ELLIOT
(to the man)
Oh. Yeah. She gets very tense when people do that.

SONIA
(to the man as she runs to grab her purse)
Don't touch me, I know self defense and I'll call the police!

GENTLEMAN
What? I'm simply requesting a refund for --

ELLIOT
(turning to leave, to Sonia)
We're at the car.

Sonia runs out after him. The gentleman stands there, at a loss.

EXT. WHITE LAKE BANK - DAY

White Lake, New York. Sleepy would be one way to describe it. Depressed would be more accurate. The bank sits next to a gas station and across from a tavern.

INT. WHITE LAKE BANK - DAY

JACKSON SPIERS, branch manager, late-thirties, buttoned-up (though, this being 1969, the tie is loud and the lapels wide). He's not the happiest guy on earth.

JACKSON
I'm sorry. You're over 5,000 dollars in arrears on the mortgage. The home office is breathing down my neck --

Sitting across from him, the Teichberg clan. Sonia, her husband, JAKE, put-upon, poor health, but still burly from his years working as a roofer, and ELLIOT, who we notice now is incongruously well-dressed for the appointment.

ELLIOT
Mr. Spiers, the El Monaco Resort --

JACKSON
-- It's a resort now?

ELLIOT
...and motel...is my parents' lifeblood. With the addition of the swimming pool, and these new town-wide marketing initiatives --

JACKSON
Initiatives?

ELLIOT
As you know, I have been elected the President of the White Lake Chamber of Commerce --

SONIA
-- the youngest president in their history!

ELLIOT
(talking too fast)
We've decided to erect a tourist information booth, right off 17B, in fact, and I have agreed on behalf of the El Monaco to lease at no cost some road frontage to the enterprise, which should coincidentally drive heavy tourist traffic right to our door. In addition --

JACKSON
Please, Elliot, you know I do everything I can to help. We even bought one of your paintings...

We see a pleasant abstract landscape, its modernist aesthetic out of place in the bank's otherwise down-home ambience, on the wall.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
...But don't try to sell me on those...those singles weekends, or that culture festival or whatever schemes were supposed to dig you out last summer --

ELLIOT
-- We're going to go classical with the festival this year, maybe a string quartet, but contemporary, like Morton Feldman? Very cutting edge. And we've got a theater troupe in the barn.

JACKSON
You have a theater troupe in the barn?

ELLIOT
The Earthlight Players. Vassar graduates, some of them.

JACKSON
They live in the barn?

ELLIOT
They do everything in the barn. You haven't seen the sign?

JACKSON
What sign?

ELLIOT
The sign in front of the barn.

SONIA
Mr. Spiers, My God, please! We come here, begging, begging for mercy, but what do you give us? This fixation about the barn! What is it with you and the barn?

JACKSON
I was just --

SONIA
-- I'm an old woman Mr. Spiers, I've suffered. I walked here all the way from Minsk in Russia in twenty-foot snow drifts, a thousand miles across Siberia, I escaped the pogroms, the Tsar's secret police, with nothing but cold potatoes in my pockets --

JACKSON
(he's heard this spiel before)
Mrs. Teichberg, please --

SONIA
And for what? More persecution! It's because we're Jewish, I know it, isn't it --

JACKSON
Mrs. Teichberg, please, this is the Catskills, half the summer colonies are Jewish, they're all our clients!

SONIA
(standing)
Until the day they need you -- and then on goes the gas!

ELLIOT
Mom, calm down! Jackson, just -- just give us a couple of months. The summer season is coming up, and I really do have some real money owed me from my interior design business in the city. Please?

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

The Teichbergs pull up, all three of them squeezed into the front cab of Jake's roofing truck.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Sonia huffs her way into the back room.

Elliot stays back with his father.

ELLIOT
Dad, you gotta get Ma to lay off the Nazi stuff and let me handle this.

JAKE
You want I should tell your mother what to do? You want me dead?

Elliot knows he's right.

ELLIOT
I gotta get back to the city. I'll see you Friday. And don't worry, we'll get the money.

JAKE
Let them take this miserable dump. I'll die in peace, in Florida.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Elliot drives his car back to New York, listening to the radio. Sign says "NY Thruway, New York City 87 miles."

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET -- DAY

Elliot finds a parking spot.

EXT. LA ROSITA NIGHTCLUB -- DAY

Elliot, nervous, pauses before he enters.

INT. LA ROSITA NIGHTCLUB -- DAY

A dark, red-velvety interior -- very mid-sixties with an overlay of fifties mafia.

A few beefy made men sit at a table in the back as a bartender restocks the bar.

One of the men rises, looking none too pleased to see Elliot.

ELLIOT
Ah, Bobby! So glad I caught you. Did you get my messages?

BOBBY
Elliot, Elliot. Come, sit down. Have yourself a drink. (to the bartender) Get him a drink!

BARTENDER
What is he having?

BOBBY
A drink! A goddam drink. Elliot, sit down. You know Frankie? No, you don't know Frankie. You don't want to know Frankie!

A little laugh all around.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
And this guy -- he's just a schmuck without a name, right? That's what you Jews say, schmuck, right? He's a schmuck?

ELLIOT
Yes.

BOBBY
Don't call him a schmuck, he might get angry!

More laughs.

A drink is plopped down in front of Elliot as he sits.

ELLIOT
Oh. Thanks.

BOBBY
You want on the rocks?

ELLIOT
No.

BOBBY
You sure? No rocks? So what can I do for you?

ELLIOT
Yeah, well, Bobby. It's been three months since I redesigned the club here.

BOBBY
And everyone loves it! The velvet, the red, the mahogany. Personally, I find it a touch faggy, if you know what I mean, but that's what the ladies like these days, isn't it?

ELLIOT
Absolutely. Yes, and some of my vendors, the millworkers, for example.

BOBBY
I took care of it.

ELLIOT
Oh, they've been paid?

BOBBY
I said I took care of it.

ELLIOT
Ok....Ok. And...I wouldn't be asking this, but I'm in some financial straights, and the final payment...

BOBBY
Ah... (a decided shift in tone) You know, Elliot, you're embarrassing me. In front of my friends. You come in here, you drink my liquor, and you bring that up again, in front of my friends, no less. What kind of manners are that? (to the bartender) Get Elliot his check!

ELLIOT
Honestly Bobby --

The bartender slaps the bill on the table in front of Elliot.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Oh. Ok.

Elliot reaches for the check but Bobby grabs his hand before he can get it.

BOBBY
You think I'd let you pay for a drink, when I invite you to my own table, my own fucking table, to sit with my friends? You think that lowly of me? Is that what you think?

EXT. EL ROSITA NIGHTCLUB -- DAY

Elliot goes flying out the front door. Frankie follows, and stands there menacingly as Elliot picks himself up and walks away.

INT. LOBBY -- ELLIOT'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Elliot enters and heads for the elevator.

The doorman nods, a bit snobbily.

DOORMAN
Mr. Tiber.

ELLIOT
George.

DOORMAN
I admitted your sister some time ago.

ELLIOT
Thanks.

DOORMAN
And some gentlemen from Van's.

ELLIOT
Oh. Yeah.

Elliot enters the elevator.

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Elliot walks in. Workmen are wrapping up furniture and stacking boxes. ESTHER, late thirties, calls out to him.

ESTHER
There you are!

ELLIOT
Hey sis.

ESTHER
How did it go at the bank?

ELLIOT
How do you think it went? Til the end of summer, and that's it.

She lets it sink in.

He walks over to a stack of oil paintings leaning against one of the walls and lifts one up, a beautiful abstract canvas.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
You want some more of my paintings?

ESTHER
I already have ten of them. And you know Joe hates them. But thanks.

He puts it back.

ESTHER (CONT'D)
Elliot, this is a big mistake.

ELLIOT
I can't afford to live here anyhow. It's official. I'm broke.

ESTHER
Of course you are, after all the money you've sunk into that hell hole of theirs. And I bet Ma's never even said a word of thanks, has she?

ELLIOT
No...but I can sense it -- you know, the way she sometimes looks at you with just one eye. Very... observantly.

He's about to take a seat when one of the moving men grabs the chair and walks out with it. He sits on the floor.

ESTHER
Oh Elliot. Now's your time, to go to California like you've always wanted, to paint and design, be free, not a slave for those two in that Catskill prison.

ELLIOT
I can't give up on them now.

ESTHER
Why not? They gave up on you a long time ago.

ELLIOT
How'd you do it sis? How'd you get so sane?

ESTHER
(getting up to go, gives him a kiss on the forehead)
I just walked away, Elliot. I just walked away until I found a place of my own.

INT. GAY BAR -- NIGHT

The place is packed with a varied mix of New York's gay underground, tilting heavily to the leather end, newly energized after the recent Stonewall riots.

We find Elliot at the bar with his friend Steven.

STEVEN
Don't look now, but that photographer guy, in the black leather pants, he's staring at your ass.

A quick shot reveals Robert Mapplethorpe staring at them from across the room.

ELLIOT
Him? I don't have the energy tonight.

STEVEN
Oh, c'mon, you could use a good whipping. It'll pick you right up.

ELLIOT
What I could use is five thousand dollars. That'd pick me up - straight to San Francisco.

STEVEN
I was thinking, why don't you just turn that motel into a gay resort. Wouldn't that be amazing? Put your mom into a kind of bondage leather thing, give her a whip in one hand, a stack of buckwheat pancakes in the other.

ELLIOT
(almost to himself)
My dad makes the pancakes. Mom makes the cholent. Her cholent's good. You can cement bricks with it. If you paste it in your hair, it forms a concrete helmet. The helmet will protect you from the baseball bats crashing down on your head by the local John Birchers, some of whom are also trying to get into your pants, because hey, what would small town life be without the hypocrisy on top of the intolerance? Yeah, so why go to Fire Island when the El Monaco Inernational Resort awaits?

STEVEN
Wow, Elliot. Your depression is like a beautifully bad translation of a poem by Rimbaud -- you're a work of art! Let's dance.

ELLIOT
You dance. I'll drink.

Steven goes off -- we see Mapplethorpe continuing to stare at Elliot.

EXT. GAY BAR -- NIGHT

Elliot exits, breathes in the early summer air. He hears a small commotion down the street -- three cops have a drag queen spread-eagled against a patrol car; one holds her down with his night stick while another frisks her.

COP
(to Elliot)
You want something?

Elliot turns in the other direction, walks into the night.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

A beautiful early summer day.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- COTTAGE -- DAY

Elliot, hard at work, scrubbing a toilet.

Bucket in hand, he goes back into the motel room. Strips the bed. Walks outside. His mother passes by.

SONIA
What, Elli? What are you doing with those sheets?!

ELLIOT
They're dirty.

SONIA
Let me see!

She takes them, sniffs them.

SONIA (CONT'D)
Nothing. Those two, they didn't do nothing in there. Shake them, put them back.

ELLIOT
But ma!

SONIA
Electricity, detergent, whose paying for all that? Stupid boy!

She goes on her way, and spots across the lawn a lone young woman spinning and dancing in front of the barn.

SONIA (CONT'D)
And you, theater girl -- get back in the barn!

The girl looks up at her, runs back into the barn.

INT. BETHEL CHURCH BASEMENT -- EVENING

A meeting in progress. Elliot and seven or eight of the locals. He bangs a gavel.

ELLIOT
Let's call to order. C'mon everyone. Are the minutes from last meeting approved?

Annie, 70s, sweet, raises her hand.

ANNIE
I thought the minutes were lovely.

ELLIOT
Thank you Annie.

ANNIE
And I'm not just saying that.

ELLIOT
Thank you.

ANNIE
You're welcome.

ELLIOT
So. Any new business.

FRANK
Not much in these parts!

A polite giggle from the room.

ELLIOT
Ok, Frank. We all said last meeting we'd each bring some new ideas to the table.

FRANK
Well, ok. We've got a lot of dairy farms around here, right? And a fair number of bulls.
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
Ok, you've all heard of the running of he bulls, in that town in Spain, Pampoona --

ELLIOT
--Pamplona --

FRANK
Ok, Pamplona. Well, no one's doing one in the Catskills. Seems to be a big draw over there.

Silence.

ANNIE
It would be very amusing to see all those Jews from Levitsky's summer colony, you know, the ones with the black top hats and the curls, running for their lives chased by our local livestock. Wouldn't that be a wonderful sight!

ELLIOT
I'm writing it all down. Any other ideas?

MARGARET
What about the monorail?

FRANK
Marge, you can't bring that up every meeting.

MARGARET
I've written to the governor, but I think a letter from the entire Chamber of Commerce would be much more effective. A monorail, directly connecting downtown New York with White Lake, would be a tremendous spur to the local economy. You see, if there were black-out shades on the windows of the monorail, the travellers would depart the city and arrive in the country. The sight upon their arrival would be very dramatic!

DAN
(no-nonsense, mid-forties, sitting with his wife Carol)
Jesus.

(MORE)

DAN (CONT'D)
Look guys, I said I'd come back to these meetings if you could stay out of la-la-land for just once. We've got serious local issues, and serious business to do.

MARGARET
Such as?

DAN
For starters, I need a permit to use the town landing for the fish-toss tournament next month.

MARGARET
I knew it. Just here for your own business.

ELLIOT
(opening a small change box)
Now, Marge, c'mon. Let's see the application.

Dan hands it over.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
All in order. Five dollars.

Dan gives him the five.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
And I've got my application for our annual El Monaco summer music and art event, which will also inaugurate the first season of our tourist information kiosk. Annie, if your son and his friends want to play again this year, he should give me a call.

Elliot takes out his own five dollar bill.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Do I hear a motion to approve these permits?

ANNIE
I so move.

ELLIOT
Seconded?

DAN
For crying out loud, ok, seconded.

Elliot stamps the permits.

EXT. BETHEL CHURCH PARKING LOT -- EVENING

Everyone from the meeting saying their farewells.

Dan and Carol pause by their convertible, parked next to Elliot's car.

CAROL
'Night, Elliot.

ELLIOT
Good night.

As Elliot is about to get into his car, he's jolted by the sudden screaming of BILLY, who has apparently been sleeping in the back seat of his brother Dan's car and now jumps up.

BILLY
Fuck! Fuck! Take him down, motherfuckers!

ELLIOT
Jesus!

We now et a look at Billy. Dirty army jacket, long tangled hair -- your basic post-trauma Vietnam Vet. Billy wakens from his flashback, a look of confusion on his face.

BILLY
What?

DAN
For fuck's sake, Billy. Get back in the car.

ELLIOT
Hey Billy, you're back. That's great.

BILLY
Yeah. Stayin' with big brother Dan and his beautiful wife Carol here til I get my own pad.

DAN
Yeah. Cause little brother Billy made a tiny little pit stop in Bangkok and blew all his army pay, didn't he, Billy?

BILLY
Shit, man. Bangkok! Fuckin' Bangkok!

DAN
We gotta go.

ELLIOT
Great seeing you back home, Billy.

Dan and Carol quickly get into the car. He turns the engine and they pull away as Elliot watches them.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BUNGALOW BY THE LAKE -- NIGHT

To establish. We see part of a car parked discreetly behind the bungalow, out of sight.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BUNGALOW BY THE LAKE -- NIGHT

In the dark room, we barely make out two intertwined bodies, the sound of some pretty rough sex, ending in someone's climax.

A pause. Someone flips the light on, and we discover Elliot and Dan in bed. Dan immediately hops up and starts to get dressed. Elliot watches him from the bed.

ELLIOT
Just a pit stop tonight?

DAN
I can't leave Carol alone with that brother of mine for more than an hour. He gives her the creeps.

ELLIOT
He's a good guy. I guess he's just upset about shooting people, and people shooting him, and stuff like that...

DAN
He's a fuckin' nightmare. Comes back looking like a hippie and smelling like one too.

ELLIOT
What do hippies smell like?

DAN
And I swear to god, he's become a fuckin' commie. I kid you not. The crap that comes out of his mouth. No respect for persons or property. None at all. No values. It's disgusting.

Finished dressing, Don walks out without another word. Elliot watches him go.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Sonia, Jake and Elliot, tabulating the weeks' takings.

ELLIOT
Seventy-nine dollars.

JAKE
(flipping through a stack of bills)
And we haven't paid Herman's, or the Yasgurs, or --

As they talk, we see through the windows and screen door, in the background, and only fleetingly, a half-dozen or so odd-looking young people, some in outlandish costume, traipsing by, spinning and performing a classic "interpretive dance to summer" routine.

ELLIOT
The bank. Ma, we're going to need at least a hundred.

SONIA
What? What we have is what we have. This is what we have. After the groceries.

JAKE
What groceries?

SONIA
Don't use that tone of voice with me!

ELLIOT
Dad?

JAKE
Don't ask me.

She pushes Jake to the side as she moves to the door.

SONIA
(to the theater troupe outside)
And you -- all of you! Get back in that barn!

EXT. NEWMAN'S DRUG STORE -- DAY

Elliot drives up as Jackson, from the bank, is walking out.

JACKSON
Elliot.

ELLIOT
Hi Jackson.

JACKSON
I saw the notice in the paper, about the theater company. Chekhov [he pronounces it "check-off"]. Two sisters.

ELLIOT
Three Sisters.

JACKSON
That's a lot of sisters...

ELLIOT
More than one or two...

JACKSON
Yeah, three. Should be quite a show.

ELLIOT
Yeah. You think anyone will come?

JACKSON
No.

Elliot just nods.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Honestly Elliot, why do you bother?

INT. NEWMAN'S DRUG STORE -- DAY

An old-fashioned counter coffee shop.

Elliot takes a seat at the counter.

DAVE
The usual?

ELLIOT
Extra bacon, please.

DAVE
You got it.

A couple of other regulars acknowledge Elliot. One of them, a kindly, thin dairy farmer, is paying his check.

MAX
Hey Elliot, I hear you've moved up here permanently.

ELLIOT
Just helping mom and dad for the season.

MAX
I hope you have another one of those festivals. Sonia and I love listening to your records out on that lawn.

ELLIOT
Sure Max. And this year I'm going to try to get a live quartet.

BOB
(holding up the local paper)
Looks like you're gonna have some competition, Elliot.

DAVE
What, there's a recall vote at the Chamber of Commerce?

BOB
Says here that Wallkill's gonna have a music festival, too, some hippie thing got thrown outta Woodstock so they've set themselves up in Wallkill.

ELLIOT
(taking the paper)
Wow, Janis Joplin.

BOB
Guess that beats playing a bunch of records on your lawn. (getting up to leave) Then again, it'll probably be some kind of antiwar riot. Let Wallkill have 'em.

Dave puts a huge breakfast plate in front of Elliot.

DAVE
Extra bacon.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- COTTAGE -- DAY

Elliot cleaning again.

He's about to change the sheets on the bed, but instead leans over, sniffs them, folds them back.

He lies down on the bed, looks up at the ceiling.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BAR AREA -- NIGHT

Elliot is behind the bar, pouring a drink for his father.

ELLIOT
Here, just one.

JAKE
Remember, if your mother comes in, I'm not drinking.

As he lifts the glass, he winces in pain.

ELLIOT
Shoulder?

JAKE
Yeah.

ELLIOT
I thought it was the hip.

JAKE
It is the hip -- and the shoulder.

ELLIOT
When are you gonna stop, Dad?
You're too old for the roofing.

JAKE
I'm too old for everything.

They sit in silence for a minute.

ELLIOT
Dad?

JAKE
What?

ELLIOT
I was thinking, maybe we're going
to have a fire.

Pause.

JAKE
What's the point? I stopped paying
the insurance.

ELLIOT
Ah, right, hadn't thought of that.
How about we get insurance. Then
maybe we could have a fire, like
the Malansky's.

Another pause.

JAKE
We're so spread out here. Too many
buildings for the Jewish lightning.

ELLIOT
Hmmm. You're right. Ok, no fire. It
didn't feel right anyway.

Jake gets off his stool, shuffles to the door.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
So, Pop. You thought this through
already, didn't you?

Without a word, Jake walks out of the bar, leaving Elliot alone in the dark space.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- NIGHT

Elliot wanders out into the early summer night. He notices a light on in the barn, the door half open. He walks over and stands in the doorway.

INT./EXT. EL MONACO BARN -- NIGHT

The small group of players is rehearsing an avant-garde version of Three Sisters. Three of the players are stage front, declaiming.

MALE PLAYER
This liquor is made from beetles!

FEMALE PLAYER
No! No! That's horrible!

FEMALE PLAYER 2
Tonight's dinner will be roast turkey - and for dessert, an apple tart!

Behind them, the rest of the ensemble stands in line, responding with exhalations of percussive moans in unison.

DEVON, the company's leader, sees Elliot and walks over to the doorway. The talk quietly.

DEVON
Hey Elliot.

ELLIOT
Hey Dev. How's the show shaping up?

DEVON
We're really getting into it.

ELLIOT
That's great. I hope you guys are prepared -- you're probably going to outnumber the audience.

DEVON
It only takes one extra soul to make it theater, man. And theater is transformation. But it's hard. Concentrating...

ELLIOT
Concentrating...On?

DEVON
We're just, I don't know, hungry, man.

ELLIOT
Hungry as in --

DEVON
Yeah, as in hungry, for foodstuffs. You don't have some potatoes or sunflower seeds or anything. I could barter some very special grass.

ELLIOT
Don't worry about it. Me and grass, you don't want to know. But let me see what I can steal from my mom and you can pay us back after the first show -- who knows.

DEVON
Thanks man.

Up the hill, Sonia emerges from the front office. She yells:

SONIA
Elli! Elli!

ELLIOT
I'm here mom!

SONIA
Telephone for you!

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- NIGHT

Elliot picks up the phone.

ELLIOT
Hello?

We hear the voice of his friend Steven on the other line.

STEVEN (O.S.)
Hey Elliot!

ELLIOT
Steven! What are you doing calling long distance?

STEVEN (O.S.)
I just made bail -- the pigs raided the bar again, can you believe it? Come back, I think we're going to have another riot!

ELLIOT
Come up here. You can start a riot here in White Lake.

STEVEN (O.S.)
Thanks for the thought....I was just calling, you know, New York hasn't been as much fun without you -- I mean, it hasn't been as depressing, in a good way. So me and Danny, we're hitching a ride with that art dealer, remember him?

ELLIOT
The one with the doll collection?

STEVEN (O.S.)
Yeah. We're moving to San Francisco, man! You wanna join?

Elliot doesn't know what to say. He holds the phone for a moment against his shoulder, looks out the screen door at the peaceful, dark night outside.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Elliot? You there?

ELLIOT
Yeah, I'm still here. Hey, thanks for the call. It's good to hear your voice. And drop me a line when you get there, ok?

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Elliot is at the desk making more signs:

"Presidential Suite" "Swimming Pool: Surf at Your own Risk"

His mother shuffles in with some mail and the day's newspaper, silently drops them on the desk, then walks out again.

She turns right around and comes back into the office.

SONIA
Elli! There's something moving in the bushes!

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elli walks down toward the lake.

He sees a rustling in the bushes.

Gingerly, he approaches.

Suddenly, Billy, in full camouflage, jumps out at him.

ELLIOT
Holy shit! Billy!

BILLY
Take cover, man!

ELLIOT
What?

Billy comes out of it, slightly.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Billy. What is it?

BILLY
We're surrounded man. Can't you feel it? Radio's busted. Fragged that fuckin' sergeant, now they're just gonna leave us out here. You gotta get back and call in some air support, cause I gotta stay here with O'Connor -- he doesn't have any feet, man!

Billy sits on the grass. Closes his eyes.

Elliot sits next to him.

ELLIOT
It's ok, Billy. Umm. The radio's working in the office. I can call from there...And you can, um, cover me...Right? I'll, uh, take a squad, and, uh, do some recon, and the VC will never see me, and then I'll call in the coordinates, and, uh...

Billy opens his yes, looks at Elliot.

BILLY
What the fuck are you talking about, Elliot?

ELLIOT
I don't know.

Billy takes a few breaths, pulls out a joint, lights it.

BILLY
Man, I'm really fucked up... You think I should take the pills they gave me, at the V.A.? I should probably take those fuckin' pills, but then I just sleep all the time, and then the fuckin nightmares. Fuck.

He offers Elliot the joint. Elliot declines.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Never thought I'd end up back here.

ELLIOT
Me neither.

BILLY
I'm thinking, maybe I should do another tour.

ELLIOT
No, really?

BILLY
Over in 'Nam, I'm fuckin' <u>normal</u>, you know what I'm saying? Hey. <u>You</u> should join up.

ELLIOT
You think?

Elliot gets up, helps Billy up.

BILLY
All I know is, we're fuckin' surrounded here.

ELLIOT
I hear you.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Elliot sinks back down at the front desk chair. He sighs, glances over and picks up the newspaper:

"Wallkill Pulls Permit on Music Festival
Mayor: 'Hippies Not Welcome Here'"

A couple of the Earthlight Theater Troupe members come in.

DEVON
You hear about that Woodstock happening? Ugly. The locals got mean.

ELLIOT
(reading)
They already were mean -- they just got an opportunity to do something with their meanness.

DEVON
We were all hoping to score some tickets and go over for it. Could of been beautiful.

ELLIOT
Yeah. It's front page news. Way of the world.

MALE PLAYER
They said Dylan might even of made a surprise appearance. Just think, Dylan.

ELLIOT
Yeah.

Elliot pauses, thinking, then opens the desk drawer and starts riffling through stacks of paper and bills.

DEVON
And now they've only got a couple of weeks to find another place, or they lose, like, a million dollars.

Elliot doesn't seem to be listening as he keeps looking through the papers in the desk.

DEVON (CONT'D)
You all right there, Elliot?

Elliot finally finds what he's looking for, and picks up the phone.

ELLIOT
(into the phone)
Hi, Alice. I need you to connect me to something called Woodstock Enterprises in New York City, a gentleman there by the name of...(looks at the paper) Michael Lang.

Elliot looks up at Devon.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
They lost their permit, right?

He holds up the permit for his own music festival in his hand.

DEVON
(suddenly excited)
Far fuckin' out, Elliot! They should all come here to the barn, man! And put on a show with you and us, Elliot! We got the space, right? And you could put everyone up here at the El Monaco. That'd be truly beautiful!

MALE PLAYER
Dylan...in the barn!

We hear a voice in the phone as Elliot puts it to his ear, shushing them.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Woodstock Ventures.

ELLIOT
(trying to sound important)
Good morning. My Name is Elliot Tiber and I am trying to reach Mr. Michael Lang.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Do you know Michael?

ELLIOT
Not exactly, no. But -- I'm the president of the Bethel Chamber of Commerce and the owner of the El Monaco International Resort in White Lake New York.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Let me take down your number, and can you spell your name for me?

Elliot rolls his eyes.

ELLIOT
And I have a valid permit for a Music and Arts Festival.

A pause.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Hold on just a minute.

On Elliot. A long pause. Then, loudly, through the receiver.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Elliot! Where the fuck are ya, baby?!

ELLIOT
Mike? Right. I'm on Route 17B, in White Lake. About 30 miles up the highway from Wallkill.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
You have a fuckin' lawn?

ELLIOT
A lawn? A big one, yes. Actually, a big lawn.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
And some white sheets?

ELLIOT
White sheets...Yes. We're a motel.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Make a fucking cross with the white sheets on the lawn, baby. We'll be there in 30!

Click.

Elliot stares at the phone.

Devon stares at him.

DEVON
What happened?

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elliot is finishing making the cross with the sheets. His mother rushes over, Jake not far behind.

SONIA
Elli! Elli! What is this with the sheets?

ELLIOT
What does it look like? I'm making a big cross on the lawn.

SONIA
With the clean sheets! Jake, our boy's gone crazy! Making a Ku Klux Klan rally on our property!

Just then, a whirring sound can be heard approaching from over the lake, and above them appears an old, decommissioned army helicopter. From across the lawn, the doors to the barn burst open and the members of the Earthlight Players spill out. They begin to dance around the white sheets, some of them disrobing, as the helicopter descends. Sonia is practically screaming as she backs towards the motel office.

The helicopter lands, it's whirring blades slowing down, as everyone pauses to await the discharge its passengers.

The door flings open, and out jumps Michael, fringe vest, no shirt, jeans, and sandals, grinning. The theatre troupe let out a cheer. Following Michael are an assistant, Anna, and two hip but serious looking men, Mel and Stan.

Michael walks up to Elliot, looks him over quickly and extends his hand.

MICHAEL
Hey man. Good to see you.

They shake.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You don't remember me, Elli?

ELLIOT
Do we know each other?

MICHAEL
Bensonhurst! Seventy-third Street. I lived down the street from you man. We played stickball. I'm Mike Lang, you're Elli Tiechberg.

ELLIOT
Wow. I kind of remem --

Michael turns to Elliot's parents.

MICHAEL
Mrs. Tiechberg! Hey, it's Mike, from the neighborhood.

He gives her a big hug and kiss. She acts like she's been embraced by a martian. Over his shoulder, she now notices the theater troupe.

SONIA
Excuse me. (to the troupe) You! Cover your parts! We have company! Shoo!

They scatter.

MICHAEL
Far out. So. Here we are.

ELLIOT
Right. Yes, as I mentioned on the phone --

MICHAEL
You have a permit. That's very cool, Elli.

Elliot fishes the permit from his pocket, unfolds it, and hands it to Michael. The two other men gather round Michael as he reads it. A fearful silence for Elliot as he watches them. Michael nods to them men; they nod back.

MEL
It's a start.

MICHAEL
(smiling)
Very cool.

Two stretch limos now pull up into the parking lot, and a small army of Woodstock people emerge to join them, including Artie and a local real estate agent.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Hey people! Welcome to Elliot's place. Hey, Elli, can we take a look around?

ELLIOT
Of course. I'll show you the whole place.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

We follow the group as it makes its way through the various cabin clusters. People silently note Elliot's signage: "Presidental Wing, formerly the Moulin Rouge Wing." "Marilyn Monroe Pool House and Cabana Club. Invited Guests Only. All Others will be Incarcerated Pending $5 Payment to Sonia the Pool Savant."

MICHAEL
And you've got some open land here, right?

ELLIOT
Absolutely, just up here and down to the lake.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- LAKEFRONT -- DAY

Cut to the group slugging through a marshy scrub forest, their feet sinking in the mud. They pass a sign: "Coming Soon on this Site: 200-Story Convention Center, Gambling Casino and Health Spa -- Parking for 2,000"

Artie turns to Mike.

ARTIE
Mike, for Christ's sake, it's a swamp.

Michael sees the looming defeat in Elliot's eyes.

MICHAEL
Maybe we could get some bulldozers in here and level it, right?

STAN
You're kidding me.

MICHAEL
(sotto voce)
He owns it. He's got a permit. He's the president of the Chamber of Commerce.

STAN
And because of that you're going to drown ten thousand kids in a swamp?

ELLIOT
(overhearing, halfheartedly)
But, but. How about? Ok, we get some big cranes and hang like a giant parachute over the fields here, and everyone could sit on it, or a big platform -- suspended from helicoptors!

MICHAEL
Radical thinking Elliot. I like it.

ELLIOT
Or, honestly, you could just nuke the whole place -- that's fine with us, really. You could detonate an incredible amount of explosives and it would dry everything out immediately, and then you could just compact the ashes and people could sit on that...you know...

The group is walking back already.

MICHAEL
Hey. Don't lose that creativity, man.

ELLIOT
(defeated)
Yeah.

They trudge back to the parking area and front lawn.

At the motel, Sonia is waiting for them, clearly impressed by the limos and the helicopter.

SONIA
Elli, have you offered accommodation to everyone? We may not have vacancy for everyone, as the season is starting, but of course --

ELLIOT
Ma, they're not staying.

SONIA
Stay! Stay! Look, my husband is bringing refreshments.

And indeed, Jake is lugging a box with some drinks in it, but most of the group is already heading back to the cars, not paying attention.

MICHAEL
Thank you Mrs. Teichberg.

SONIA
Here. Try some of this, the best chocolate milk in New York. Made just down the road.

She hands him a box of Yasgur's Fresh Chocolate Milk.

MICHAEL
(taking a sip to be polite)
Wow. That is excellent chocolate milk, Mrs. Teichberg.

ELLIOT
(lightbulb going off)
It comes from local cows.

MICHAEL
Far out.

ELLIOT
They eat local grass.

MICHAEL
That must be some healthy grass.

ELLIOT
And there's a lot of it, in big, kind of rolling fields, just a few miles down the road from us.

MICHAEL
I'm catching your drift Elli!

ELLIOT
(running back to the office)
Let me get my keys. Just follow me!

Elliot runs into the motel.

EXT. YASGUR'S FARM -- FIELD -- DAY

Max Yasgur, Elliot, Michael and the group stand atop a hill overlooking a beautiful, pastoral landscape -- sloping hills descend to form a perfect amphitheater. The Woodstock folks are quietly elated.

MAX
(to Michael)
I've always been a big supporter of Elliot here in Bethel, and I always enjoy his music festival every summer.

MICHAEL
That's why we're here.

MAX
Miriam and I donate the yogurt and milk.

MIRIAM
Although some of the local young people, the music they play, it can be a little trying, if you know what I mean. It sometimes seems they actually like to stand with their electric guitars quite close to those amplifying speakers -- as if on purpose -- to make that, that noise --

MAX
-- But it's the effort that counts, isn't it, Miriam? And they do enjoy themselves.

MICHAEL
There's a lot of joy in music, Mr. Yasgar. And we'd love to bring the joy to your beautiful farm, wouldn't we?

Nods from the rest of the team.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I know it's going to be something of an imposition, but we're more than willing --

MAX
Yes. You say you want to use these fields here? Then you'll need the land beside the barns too, I'm guessing, for access to the road.

ANNA
And parking.

MAX
Probably best across 17B. I own the piece down the road, but there are a couple of lots, you'll probably want to avoid dealing with the Browns next door. And you'll clean up after yourselves, I suppose.

MICHAEL
Of course.

MAX
Well...

A long pause.

MAX (CONT'D)
Would...fifty dollars do it for you?

A long pause.

MICHAEL
Fifty...

An even longer pause.

MAX
But you'll have to tidy up. And you'll have to pay for any damaged crops, of course.

MICHAEL
Sure, Max. That'd be fine.

They shake hands.

MAX
Wonderful. Then come on in to the store for some chocolate milk!

INT. YASGUR'S FARM STORE -- DAY

Over chocolate milks, the team is chatting, as Max and some of the crew, including Michael, pore over a topo map of his property. The local radio station plays in the background.

MAX
One thing's for sure, you're gonna want to keep people from walking on the Silver's property too as well as the Browns. I've seen Mr. Silver stand sentry with a shotgun if he thinks one of my cows is getting too close to his property line!

STAN
Can I borrow this map for a day, Max? We'll get it right back to you.

MAX
Of course.

The gang is leaving.

MICHAEL
Thanks Max. We'll be back tomorrow morning to formalize everything.

MAX
Formalize all you want, but a handshake's a deal around here, right Elliot?

ELLIOT
That's right Mike!

Just as Elliot blurts this out, the radio music is cut short, and a booming announcer cuts in.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
White Lake news alert! This just in!
(MORE)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Money men from the Woodstock Rock and Roll Festival are in White Lake today scouring the village for a location to hold their hippie jamboree, after yesterday's decision by the Wallkill Town Council to cancel their permit. They have been spotted at the El Monaco Motel as well as in the vicinity of Yasgur's Farm on Route 17B. This news bulletin brought to you by the Monticello Racetrack. Try the Winner's Circle Saturday lunch buffet, all you can eat for a dollar ninety-nine!

The music comes back on. An awkard silence.

STAN
News sure does travel fast around here.

MAX
Sounds like you fellas are already making quite a splash.

EXT. YASGUR'S FARM -- DAY

Elliot hovers by Michael as he and the others are getting into the limos.

ELLIOT
(nervous)
Don't worry about that radio report.

MICHAEL
No worries here, Elliot. We're cool. Look, you know, we're going to need a place to hole people up, while we prepare the festival. Your place looks pretty cool. How many vacant rooms do you have for the next couple of weeks?

ELLIOT
Well, it depends on how you define room.

MICHAEL
You know, how many people can crash with you. What do you guys charge?

ELLIOT
Um, let's see -- it's 8 dollars a night, but that can be for doubles, and we give a weekly discount, of course. Plus the cabins, you can get cots, so four people -- you could get about 200, 250 people --

Elliot tries to -- or at least pretends to -- do some calculations in his head.

MICHAEL
Hey, baby, let's make it easy, why don't we just buy the El Monaco out for the season? We'll need to keep some clean up crews around afterwards. And if you've got some bigger spaces, for offices, that kind of thing, we'll need to put in some phones, have some space to park vehicles. Here --

Anna hands Michael a pad of paper and pencil, which he hands to Elliot.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Just figure out the cost, write it down, and we'll take a look.

Elliot does just that, but his hand is shaking, he keeps crossing numbers out, rewriting, making a mess of it, clearly not doing any real math. Finally, he hands the paper to Michael, who then shows it to Mel and a couple of the others. They nod.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Looks like we can work with this, Elli.

ELLIOT
(practically falsetto)
Cool! Oh, and, I was thinking, you know I've got that theater troupe in the barn.

STAN
A theater troupe? In the barn?

ELLIOT
Yeah, um, the Earthlight Players. It's ok if they stay right?
(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Maybe you guys might have some work for them? They could really use the pay.

MICHAEL
They're all hired, man. Not a problem.

He nods to Anna, who goes into the limo and comes out with a brown paper bag. Michael extends it to Elliot.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
And I hope you don't mind -- we like to pay cash, in advance.

Elliot just stares at the bag.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elliot is mid-stream recounting his business dealings to his mother and father.

ELLIOT
And not only that! He made me a local spokesperson for the festival, AND we're going to be the exclusive local ticket agency too! They think at least 5,000 people will buy tickets - or more!

SONIA
Five thousand coming here, to White Lake? Elli, you're an idiot! Twenty, thirty of them, ok, for a weekend. But a thousand, five thousand. They'll steal everything! We'll be sued in court by the neighbors.

ELLIOT
Ma...

SONIA
What kind of meshugge hairy barefoot person comes here in a heliocoptic that we should lay our good white sheets on the grass and ruin them, and then plot and revolutionize to take our hotel --

ELLIOT
Ma, he pays cash --

SONIA
Everyone pays cash here, you schnook!

ELLIOT
No, ma, really...

Elliot places the paper bag on the table.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Open it.

She gingerly peeks into the bag.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Open it. That's $5,000 for the rent, and another $2,000 for my services as local spokesman and liaison! Plus think of what we might make on commissions for the ticket sales!

Sonia, as if in a trance, lays out the money, bundled in neat stacks, onto the table in front of them.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
And also --

SONIA
Schush!

She starts to count it.

The phone rings.

Elliot gets it.

ELLIOT
El Monaco International Casino and Bar Mitzvah Center....Max! Hi Max! What's that?

Intercut Yasgur Farm Store:

MAX
Elliot. Look, the phone hasn't stopped ringing since you left. You know, they're saying thousands people might come!

ELLIOT
Yeah, Max, that's...wow.

MAX
Well, Elliot, it's going to cost quite a bit just to get everything back in order. And to get the cows situated.

ELLIOT
I can understand, sure.

MAX
Trust me, Elliot, I don't wish to mess up your festival, you know that. And I think what was done to those young people I Wallkill was just plain wrong. But I've spoken with my wife, and we think, if you could tell those people...

ELLIOT
How much?

MAX
Five thousand.

ELLIOT
(feeling faint)
Ok, Max. I'll let them know.

He hangs up the phone slowly, turns to his parents.

SONIA
What?

ELLIOT
Ma, don't spend any of that yet. That was Max, the deal's off.

SONIA
What?! Impossible!

She instantly scoops up the money and hightails it into the other room.

ELLIOT
Mom!

JAKE
Don't try to stop her, Elliot. She can't get far, in any case.

INT. YASGUR'S FARM STORE -- DAY

Close on Mike Lang:

MICHAEL
Hey, that's cool.

Wider: Elliot, Mike Lang, and some of the other Woodstock team are gathered at the counter facing Max and Myriam. JOEL ROSENMAN (smart, open face) and JOHN ROBERTS (somewhat more conservative, trust-fund kid, friendly, still in the army reserves so his hair is noticeably shorter than everyone else's) have also joined -- it's John's trust fund money that's paying for Woodstock, and Joel is his friend and business partner.

ELLIOT
But...but..Max, I thought you said 5,000, I told Mike here 5,000, not -- 50,000!

MAX
Well, yes, but then I read in the paper this morning, you already sold tens of thousands of tickets. That's a lot, so I think a fair price is more like 50,000.

MICHAEL
Hey, not a problem. Max, that's cool, and it's true, we're going to have a lot of people come and enjoy you land. But Max, man, if we call this a deal, we're going to be cool from now on.

MAX
Absolutely.

MICHAEL
Then, hey, I've got some friends here who will write up something, we can sit down, have some more milk, and sign something together. Sound good?

John and Joel look depressed. Elliot walks out of the farm store.

EXT. YASGUR'S FARM -- DAY

Elliot finds Anna sitting on the porch outside, sits next to her.

ANNA
How you doing Elliot?

ELLIOT
Can I ask you a question?

PENNY
Please.

ELLIOT
Is Mike for real? I mean, he's just so...relaxed.

ANNA
Mike, yeah, who knows? The cash is real -- so long as John and Joel put out.

ELLIOT
John and Joel?

ANNA
The straights in there? The ones with the creases in their bell bottoms.

ELLIOT
You think they're really going to pull it off?

ANNA
I know this is going to sound trippy, but there's one word I've never heard Mike say.

ELLIOT
What's that?

ANNA
No. It just doesn't seem to be in his vocabulary.

INT. NEWMAN'S DRUG STORE -- DAY

Elliot enters, goes to sit at the counter.

The place goes silent.

He looks up to see everyone, including Dan, and a few other familiar faces, staring at him.

ELLIOT
Hello?

No one says a word.

Dave comes up.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Hey Dave. I'll have the usual.

DAVE
Sorry Elliot. I think we're out of the usual.

ELLIOT
Out of the usual? (trying to kid) Wow, that's unusual.

From down the counter, Dan pipes up.

DAN
For crying out loud, Elliot! How could you?

ELLIOT
Ok, I'll try the waffles.

DAN
Don't get cute.

Dan gets up and thrusts a newspaper in his hand. Elliot looks at it -- a full page ad, with a caricature cartoon of a couple of hicks, Elliot softly reads aloud the text:

ELLIOT
"To insure three days of peace and music, we've left Wallkill and are now in White Lake, New York....Certain people of Wallkill decided to try to run us out of town...Our new site, it's twice the size of our original site...uh..."

BOB
You did this, Teichberg!

DAN
You know what 10,000 hippies are going to do to this town?

BOB
They'll be high on drugs. Robbing us by day and raping the cattle at night!

Other voices join into the chorus of disapproval.

OTHERS
We oughtta run you Jews outta town! You and Yasgur! We're gonna boycott Yasgur's milk!

Elliot quickly gets up and runs out of the store.

EXT. NEWMAN'S DRUG STORE -- DAY

As Elliot exits, he runs right into Annie and Marge.

ANNIE
Elliot!

ELLIOT
Hi Annie!

ANNIE
God bless you! You can't imagine what's happened this morning!

ELLIOT
What?

ANNIE
I'm fully booked! Every room!

MARGARET
Me too! For the first time since Herb died! Thank you, Elliot!

ELLIOT
You're welcome!

Annie and Margaret enter the store. Elliot takes a deep breath and looks up to see Billy leaning against his car.

BILLY
Those motherfuckers in there wanna fuck you up, huh?

ELLIOT
Yeah, that seems to be the sense I'm getting.

BILLY
You're gonna have to carve some fuckin' hearts out, man, and fry 'em on a stick over a fire pit -- and then sit down and eat 'em, before those motherfuckers do the aforesaid fucking to you, man!

ELLIOT
Billy, can you stop with the motherfucking this and motherfucking that. Please?

That's enough to give Billy pause. He becomes calmer.

BILLY
Fuck.

ELLIOT
Yeah. Fuck.

BILLY
This could really be a down trip. My brother and his wife, they're getting fucking organized.

ELLIOT
Your brother?

BILLY
Sucks, huh? You're fucking with his fishing, man -- he doesn't like that.

ELLIOT
Then I guess we're going to have to get organized too, right?

BILLY
Right on!

ELLIOT
That's right...on. I'm going back to headquarters, and I'm going to get organized.

BILLY
You do that, sarge.

ELLIOT
I'm going to rally the troops.

Elliot gets into his car. Billy gives him a salute.

BILLY
Sir yes sir!

ELLIOT
As you were, men! Man!

Elliot drives off.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elliot drives into the parking lot. He parks next to a phone company trucks and a couple of other cars.

NOTE: From now on, each time we return to the El Monaco we'll notice a decided increase in traffic and activity.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elliot enters, walks past a phone company worker rolling cable out the window. His mother rushes up.

SONIA
The concert people -- they're putting in a hundred phone lines --

JAKE
And a new pay phone outside.

ELLIOT
Ma, pops --

He hustles them into a corner.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I'm starting to get a funny feeling about all this.

SONIA
What do you mean?

ELLIOT
Like maybe...this just isn't going to work. You know, the Teichberg curse!

(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
It's all going to go horribly wrong, and they're going to come and take all the money away and sue us and it'll all have been just a big mistake. You should hear how people are talking in town.

SONIA
No one is taking that money!

ELLIOT
Ma..

SONIA
No one is taking that money!

INT. CATSKILL NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

Jackson, the banker, sits across the desk from Elliot, Sonia, and Jake.

JACKSON
The entire mortgage? Now?

ELLIOT
Yes...right, mom?

JACKSON
You know, Elliot, we're going to have to compute the interest going forward a bit -- a check that size takes time to clear...

At that, Sonia reaches into her blouse, and pulls from her bra a number of stacks of tightly packed $100 bills. She then starts reaching inside her dress, around her waist, for more.

Jackson stares at the pile of cash forming at his desk, and gingerly reaches out for a stack.

EXT. CATSKILL NATIONAL BANK -- DAY

Elliot, Sonia, and Max walk out of the bank. They pause in front of the building, quietly elated. But a passing car honks and three different hands emerge from various windows, each one giving them the finger.

GUY IN CAR
Burn in hell Tiechberg!

Elliot gives his parents a panicky look.

ELLIOT
Wasn't that Bob? And his large, bald sons?

JAKE
Don't mind them Elliot. They're just jealous at your success.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elliot and his parents pull up to the motel.

As they get out of the car, Anna motions to Elliot, a serious look on her face.

ELLIOT
Hi Anna. What is it?

PENNY
You've got a couple of visitors.

Elliot and Anna round the corner of the main building to find two middle-aged, straight-laced men, standing, filling out forms on clipboards.

ELLIOT
Hello? What can I do for you?

INSPECTOR #1
Mr. Teichberg?

ELLIOT
Yes?

INSPECTOR #1
(handing him a stack of papers)
Here. That's forty-seven citations -- wiring, plumbing, health code violations. Quite a place you've got here.

ELLIOT
It's humble but its home... Away from home...I mean.

INSPECTOR #2
And here's fourteen more -- fire code.

Elliot, in shock, fumbles through the stack.

INSPECTOR #1
You've got five days to pay up and repair -- or else we're shutting you down for good.

INSPECTOR #2
Have a nice day.

Snickering, they amble off.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Jake and Sonia stare across the counter, facing a young hippie couple.

HIPPIE GUY
Hey.

Long pause.

JAKE
Hey.

HIPPIE GIRL
We were in Wallkill.

HIPPIE GUY
Making the scene with some friends.

HIPPIE GIRL
Rapping on each other.

HIPPIE GUY
And they said this is where it's at.

HIPPIE GIRL
So we rode our thumbs up here.

HIPPIE GUY
Can you dig it?

Elliot enters, clutching the summonses.

JAKE
Elliot, help!

ELLIOT
YOU need help? (throwing the papers on the counter) We just threw all that cash down a sinkhole!

SONIA
It's these two -- They want a hole --

JAKE
-- to dig their thumbs --

SONIA
-- After they hit each other, they made a scene in Wallkill!

ELLIOT
(confused, to the couple)
What are they talking about?

HIPPIE GUY
Just looking to score...you know, the magic tickets...

ELLIOT
Ah, dad. Get the tickets! To the festival.

Jake finds the ticket and cash box.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
I've got to go find the concert people.

He exits.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Elliot pauses in front of the door he's just closed behind him. He hears screams of joy from inside. He looks through the window and sees the hippie girl giving his father a big hug and kiss. His father steps back, incredulous.

Elliot moves on.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- WOODSTOCK OFFICES -- DAY

A makeshift command center and field office is in the process of being thrown together. A knock on the door and Elliot enters. He finds Mike Lang going over some papers with Anna and the team.

MICHAEL
Hey Elliot. Just the man I want to see.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You know, I'm getting the feeling we're really going to be able to use your community relations skills --

ELLIOT
-- I'm so sorry, Mike, I can't believe it, these inspectors --

MICHAEL
-- because you can really speak to the people here. They know you man. And like the rumors are already swirling --

ELLIOT
-- I mean, there's not a hotel around for miles that could pass inspection. It's harassment

MICHAEL
-- so that's why we thought you could do a little press conference for us...

ELLIOT
Wait. What? A press conference? About them closing us down?! The violations?

MICHAEL
-- don't worry about that. Anna told me all about those guys. Yeah, just give us the papers. We've got some crazy lawyers, baby. And --

He nods to Anna. She holds up another paper bag...

Michael smiles.

He puts his arm around Elliot and they walk to the other side of the room, past various people at work. We overhear their conversations and meetings in the background:

JOHN MORRIS
I don't know why it's called Woodstock. Everyone's gonna drive to the fuckin' real Woodstock and discover a major bummer when they get there --

A few chairs down, Stan talks to Wes Pomeroy, a distinguished looking man who heads security, and Mel Lawrence:

STAN
Wavy Gravy and the Hog Farmers --

WES
Wavy?

STAN
Gravy -- His real name's Hugh. He's got 80 freaks -- the Hog Farmers --

WES
They farm hogs? --

STAN
-- No, not exactly, they've got a commune in the desert, and they've dropped more acid than Timothy Leary, see? In other words, our main security force -- will be freaks, not cops, get it?

WES
No confrontation, no problem.

And in another corner, Chip Monck and Steve Cohen are talking:

CHIP
(pointing at a sketch)
You're gonna have to dig here, and here. I'm running major juice up the hill --

STEVE COHEN
Yasgar says no digging. Even the water lines have to be above ground, or he'll charge us a shitload more --

Mike continues to pitch Elliot:

MICHAEL
I just want you to tell the world about what's going down here in White Lake! Let me introduce you to Reverend Don. He's helping with our community outreach and will introduce you at the press conference...

Don, an ex-priest with a casual air, rises.

DON
Hey. So glad to meet you. I don't know how much Mike's told you, but we're thinking of putting on a free concert for the local people here, and we thought it would be a great idea to include a performance from your theater company. Do you think they'd be open to it?

ELLIOT
(getting overwhelmed)
Sure. But their...aesthetic...it's not exactly local --

But before Elliot can finish Don is waylaid by an assistant with a note pad, and then:

The sound of ringing phones.

ASSISTANT
(shouting)
The phone's are alive!

Cheers all around as everyone dives into work.

Elliot just takes it in for a second, when another assistant calls out.

ASSISTANT 2
Is Elliot here? Your dad wants you!

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- COTTAGE -- DAY

Elliot and Jake stand in front of a cottage, which has been covered with graffiti -- swastikas, "Tichberg -- Your Days Are Numbered" "Commies Go Home"

Jake points down the hill and across the road to a small group of young local red-necks hanging about, clearly happy to make themselves known as the culprits.

ELLIOT
I'll get some paint -- but they're just going to do it again.

JAKE
They step foot here again, I break their heads.

ELLIOT
Dad, let me call --

JAKE
Call who? That little putz in the green shirt, that's the son of a state trooper! I could boil him in tar.

ELLIOT
Just, dad, let's get this painted before mom sees it.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Sonia is sitting in front of the tv, watching the news. Vietnam again, Nixon, etc. But her ears perk up when she sees coverage of the Sharon Tate murders in L.A. -- a band of murderous hippies is on the loose.

TV REPORTER #2
We have unconfirmed reports that William Garretson, the caretaker at the Sharon Tate house, has been taken into custody for the grisly murders there. Police, however, warn, that these murders were most likely not the work of a single killer but of a group of ritual sadists, driven by their hatred of the establishment, the police, and all authority.

She gets up, looks out her window, sees four or five hippies walking up the road. She quickly pulls down the shades. She looks over to see Jake rummaging around in the closet -- he pulls out a baseball bat, weighs it in his hands.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BAR AREA -- NIGHT

Jake serves drinks to a group of festival workers. Elliot, with help from one of the guys, is setting up a record player and some speakers.

He puts on a record, not too loud -- Judy Garland? The small crowd doesn't take much notice.

One of the guys, fairly hunky, comes up to Elliot, friendly.

PAUL
Wow, haven't heard that one in a while. Judy Garland.

ELLIOT
(sensing a possible kindred soul)
I can't believe she's gone. Actually, I can believe it. I met her once.

PAUL
Wow. Was she fat?

ELLIOT
She was...coherent. In her own unique way. I'm Elliot.

PAUL
Paul. Construction. Wait til you see the towers we're putting up on that farm. To hang the speakers. It's gonna be powerful.

ELLIOT
That's great. Want another beer?

PAUL
No thanks. I've got a real thing going with some Lebanese Red right now. You think your old man will mind if we light up in here?

ELLIOT
Given the amount of roofing tar he's inhaled, he probably doesn't have a sense of smell left anyhow. So, dive in.

Elliot watches him walk back to the group, then glances at his father, watching him, a neutral expression on his face.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BUNGALOW BY THE LAKE -- DAY

Elliot, asleep, is awakened by pounding at his door.

SONIA
(v.o.)
Elli! Elli! Come quick, to the office -- there's bad people here.

Elliot jumps out of bed, grabs some clothes.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elliot strides toward the main office building, his mother huffing but keeping up.

Around them, more evidence of an increase in activity and people.

A line of hippies in front of the office, ten or 15 strong.

HIPPIE IN LINE
(as Elliot and Sonia pass)
Excuse me, when does the ticket office open?

SONIA
Not yet! Soon!

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Elliot enters, his mother behind him, to find a couple of local toughs squared off against Jake.

DOUG
There's the little faggot.

CHARLIE
You were just telling your pops here -- we have a message to deliver, from some friends in the neighborhood.

ELLIOT
Aren't you Charlie Miller? And since when do you talk like a movie gangster -- a message?

JAKE
You have a message, send a telegram!

DOUG
Don't try to get funny.

ELLIOT
Ok, so what's the message?

CHARLIE
The message?

He turns to Doug.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
You tell him.

JAKE
You're trespassers. Get out, or I make you get out!

DOUG
(menacing)
Is that so?

ELLIOT
Dad! Please! (to Doug) What the hell is this?

DOUG
You've got two days to get the hippies out of White Lake, or some people will are coming to take care of all of you.

JAKE
You hear this? Enough with these bums!

With that, Jake grabs the baseball bat from behind the counter, and takes a wild swing at Charlie, missing by a mile. Charlie lets out a malicious chuckle as Doug approaches Jake.

ELLIOT
Dad, you can barely walk, what are you doing?

But as the Doug gets closer, Sonia charges both him and Charlie from the side, knocking the one into the other. Off balance, they're not prepared for Jake's second swing, which catches one of them behind the knees. He goes down as Sonia pushes the other one over him. Jake then takes a swing at Doug, who, now scared, starts backing out of the room.

DOUG
Whoa! Ok, ok!

But now Elliot sees Charlie charge at Sonia --

ELLIOT
Ma, watch out!

He jumps on Charlie's back as Sonia kicks him between the legs, again and again.

CHARLIE
Jesus, all right! You people are animals!

Doug helps Charlie up to his feet, and they back out the door.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

As the goons exit, past the queue of confused hippies waiting for tickets, Jake, Sonia and Elliot walk out after them, Jake still brandishing the bat.

JAKE
Get out! And if you ever try to come back, we won't be so nice the next time!

They run/walk to the road.

Elliot looks, amazed at his parents.

ELLIOT
Dad, mom -- you're...superheroes!

JAKE
My arthritis is killing me.

SONIA
I told you not to stand at the bar all night.

JAKE
You didn't tell me anything.

SONIA
You're deaf. How would you know?

They walk back into the motel as Elliot stands there, dumbfounded.

Behind him, in line, we discover a statuesque, somewhat gone-to-seed middle-aged blonde in an incongruous summer dress, watching the whole show. This is VILMA, whom we shall get to know shortly. Elliot notices her briefly before hearing his name called by Mike.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- WOODSTOCK OFFICES -- DAY

MICHAEL
Just thought we should go over a couple of things before the conference.

ELLIOT
The...conference?

MICHAEL
The press conference, man! In two hours.

ELLIOT
Mike, I don't know. I'm really not much for public speaking.

MICHAEL
Relax. You're gonna be great. Just be yourself. People are gonna respond to your reality, your local reality, and that's important.

ELLIOT
It is?

DON
Now they're going to ask you about ticket sales and numbers.

ELLIOT
Yeah, that's right. My dad says we're already running out of the tickets you gave us.

MICHAEL
Cool. That's great. The thing is, word is getting out that maybe we'll have a few more guests than we originally thought --

STAN
Yeah, like a hundred thousand more --

ELLIOT
What?

MICHAEL
It's great. Major artists are signing up --

ARTIE
Like everybody --

MICHAEL
And we're ordering more toilets.

ARTIE
For sure. Toilets, yeah.

MICHAEL
So there may be some public opinion pressure --

DON
That's why on Friday, you can announce, we're holding a free concert for the community. Some school bands, and a couple of excellent professional acts --

ARTIE
Not Train, no..

ELLIOT
Train?

ARTIE
Not Train...No, Train are angry. Quill.

ELLIOT
So there will be a lot of toilets, you want me to say? But no Train?

ARTIE
Quill. And a lot of public initiatives...

John and Robert enter the office as they are talking, and come over.

MICHAEL
Hey guys, you remember Elliot Tiber. Our partners, John and Joel.

JOEL
Ah, the man with the permit! Great to meet you. Beautiful place here.

He turns to Stan.

JOEL (CONT'D)
We need to get over to Yasgar's --

STAN
-- I can take you.

JOHN
Great -- Stan says there are already a couple of thousand people camping out on the site.

MICHAEL
That's right. Max has been so cool about it. He's been giving everyone yoghurt. Delicious.

JOEL
That's fun. And while we spend $25,000 putting up a fence around them -- and the thousands more who are joining them this week -- has anyone asked any of these people if perhaps they're planning on buying tickets?

ARTIE
Good question, man.

JOHN
Especially for those of us who aren't simply spending money but also trying to get some of that money back?

ARTIE
Far out.

Everyone is up and going, except Elliot, who sits befuddled. Anna comes and sits next to him.

ELLIOT
Anna, maybe I should resign my position as adjunct community liaison or communications person guy. I'm just having a feeling...like a vibration...

ANNA
Michael wants you to come with him. I told him you knew the guy at the local bank. Can you make the intro?

INT. CATSKILL NATIONAL BANK - DAY

A small line of local farmers and merchants await the sole teller.

The front door opens and Elliot, accompanied by a barefoot Michael, carrying a leather travel bag, enter.

Immediately, the place gets an ugly feel to it.

Jackson spots Elliot and Michael, and rushes over to them.

JACKSON
(loud whisper, freaked)
Elliot! What are you doing here?

ELLIOT
I wanted to introduce you to Mike Lang, from Woodstock Ventures.

JACKSON
The concert? Are you crazy?
(taking them into a corner.)
I can't be seen with you people -- I'll be lynched.

ELLIOT
Mr. Lang wishes to open an account, a business account. He'll need payroll services, secure cash transport, and he needs everything set up by this afternoon.

JACKSON
Elliot, look outside, it's a Sharon Tate suspects convention, we're all going to be killed in our sleep --

MICHAEL
-- And I can open the account immediately with this cash deposit -- will $200,000 do to get us started?

He subtly shows him the contents of the bag. Jackson almost keels over. He turns back to the room.

JACKSON
(yelling)
Everyone! Listen up!
(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)
The bank is closed for, for deposit box maintenance! We'll be open again in one hour! Mary, close your cash box! Everyone, out! Sorry!

A number of muttered epithets from the customers as they're pushed out the door. After the last one exits, Jackson turns with a smile.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Mr. Lang, right this way!

EXT. YASGUR'S FARM -- DAY

Elliot pulls up and gets out of his car. The place is in the process of its transformation. Tractors plowing, new road being gravelled, port-a-potties being installed. Elliot walks up the hill and looks down at the site. He's joined by Max, who takes out his pipe and lights it.

MAX
Well, Elliot? What do you think of the mess we've made?

ELLIOT
I don't know...I'm sorry Max...

MAX
Sorry? Hell, these kids are wonderful. I've heard more thank yous and pleases the past three days than I've heard in a lifetime from my neighbors. And I'm making a small fortune to boot. They've even dug six new wells.

ELLIOT
But isn't it hard? With everyone in town kind of hating our guts now? I'm having a bit of a problem adjusting to that.

MAX
Believe me, no matter what they say they're all figuring out how to make money on this thing too. I saw Bob charge a dollar for a bottle of water from one of these kids.

ELLIOT
A dollar?

MAX
Yep. Can you believe it? Supply and demand has come to White Lake.

Another look over the campsite and the happy young people hanging out below.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elliot pulls up, but has to park on the lawn as there's now no room in the parking lot.

As he heads back to his cabin, Vilma walks along side him.

VILMA
(husky)
You're Elliot, Elliot Tiber?

ELLIOT
That's me.
(still walking)
How can I help you, Miss...?

VILMA
Miss, or Mistress...Vilma.

ELLIOT
Vilma?

VILMA
(voice dropping half an octave)
Do you like it?

Elliot slows down as they get near his cabin. He regards Vilma -- it dawns on him, she's a bit different.

ELLIOT
It's unique.

VILMA
Exactly.

ELLIOT
So what brings you here?

VILMA
I'm supposed to say hi from Steve.

ELLIOT
Steve?

VILMA
From the village! He's gone now -- off to San Francisco, with a flower in his hair. Or a sugar daddy on his lap. Actually, my ex sugar daddy, good riddance. Steve does like them mean and fat, doesn't he? Anyhow, he said you might be starting some sort of gay resort out here, and resorting, as well as reclining, is my specialty. And as I was on my way to visit my mother in Buffalo I thought I'd stop by -- and look what I stumbled into! By the way, those clowns you and your dear parents chased off this morning? Not nice people. I know. One of them was a customer just last night -- I play the horses, if you know what I mean, over by the racetrack -- but I won't say which -- I'm very discreet.

ELLIOT
Charlie?

VILMA
I told you, my lips are sealed. All I can say is, you need help.

ELLIOT
What kind of help?

Vilma, bends and raises her skirt, revealing a revolver strapped to her thigh.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Ah.

VILMA
That's nothing. Look what I pack up here.

She raises her skirt all the way to reveal her vary male endowment between her legs.

ELLIOT
My god.

VILMA
Yes, I know. But keeping to the subject at hand for the moment, you do need real security around here.

ELLIOT
And you're real security?

VILMA
Ok, I may be a grandfather --

ELLIOT
You're a grandfather?

VILMA
I married young, the night before I entered the marines.

ELLIOT
You're a marine?

VILMA
Semper fi, you prick. Sergeant, Korea..

ELLIOT
No kidding.

Vilma searches around in her purse, fishes out an old photo, Vilma in a prior life, in uniform, next to another soldier.

VILMA
That's me with the cigar. That one -- - he was the love of my life. Killed. Sniper. I went out on patrol, found the Chinese guy who did it, and broke his neck with my own hands.

ELLIOT
My God!

VILMA
Actually, I made that last part up. But I would of if I'd gotten a hold of the sonofabitch, and
(flexing his arm muscles -- huge)
I'd do it today if I found him.

ELLIOT
Vilma? You're hired. Do you need some kind of uniform?

VILMA
Oh, I've got uniforms!

They shake hands.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BUNGALOW BY THE LAKE -- DAY

Elliot, wearing a suit and tie, paces behind his cabin. He looks up to see Michael and a beautiful young woman both riding toward him on horses. Michael dismounts.

MICHAEL
She's a beautiful ride. Great way to commute to Max's.

He leads the horses away. The young woman pauses.

YOUNG WOMAN
That's a nice suit.

ELLIOT
For the press. Conference.

YOUNG WOMAN
Sure....You ok?

ELLIOT
I'm...nervous.

YOUNG WOMAN
(smiling, taking out from her sleeve a huge joint)
I've got just the thing.

She lights it up, takes a long drag, offers it to Elliot.

ELLIOT
Ah, you know, maybe not, I'm actually feeling a little nauseous.

YOUNG WOMAN
Hey, grass is the perfect cure for nausea!

ELLIOT
Really?

YOUNG WOMAN
Seriously.

ELLIOT
Oh.

Elliot takes a small puff.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Hmmm.

YOUNG WOMAN
Yeah.

ELLIOT
(slight wheeze)
Good shit.

Elliot takes another, bigger drag.

He coughs out a cloud of smoke.

YOUNG WOMAN
Very good shit!

INT. EL MONACO BARN -- DAY

Fifteen or so journalists, microphones, notepads and pens. A couple of tv cameras. In the back, a bunch of the Woodstock people. Don is finishing his introduction.

DON
...and in these next few days before the concert we'll also provide daily briefings and we're all here to provide any follow up, but without further ado, here is Mr. Elliot Tiber, the proprietor of the El Monaco, President of the Bethel Chamber of Commerce, and community liaison for Woodstock Enterprises. Mr. Tiber.

And now we see Elliot approach the podium, an imperceptible grin on his face.

ELLIOT
(slowwwly)
Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen of the press.

So far, he's surprisingly together. Perhaps he's not stoned after all.

Immediately, the questions start coming.

JOURNALIST 1
Do you have a legal permit to conduct a concert in White Lake?

ELLIOT
There will be a music and arts festival held here on August fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen, part of my ongoing yearly music and arts festivals that have made White Lake the truly international cultural center that it is. As evidenced by the fact that you wonderful ladies and gentlemen of the press are here to report on it. I have been proud to be the artistic director of the festival in its prior incarnations, and I hope that --

JOURNALIST 1
Yes, but do you have a legal permit for the concert?

ELLIOT
(pause)
Of course. Need I remind you, I am the president. The president, of the Bethel Chamber of Commerce. Would a leading civic leader such as myself break his own laws? That doesn't make sense.

JOURNALIST 2
Do you realize that the police are now estimating that perhaps as many as 100,000 people will attend the concert? What will your people here in White Lake think of 100,000 hippies and what they will do to the town?

ELLIOT
My people? You say my people? Native White Lakians cannot be considered people -- mine or anyone else's.

A slight wave of discomfort ripples through the room, as the journalists start talking over each other.

JOURNALIST 2
Can you tell us something about these free programs for the local community happening this week?

JOURNALIST 4
Will their be a cap on the number of tickets sold? How will you deal with people showing up without tickets?

Elliot is having a hard time hearing the questions.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
What you are asking about is freedom. The very essence of the enterprise, of all enterprise. And freedom is often considered to be, as you know, just another word for...or being free. Therefore, there will be no train...to freedom. Because Train has already left the station. And so the program will be free.

Everyone is taking notes.

JOURNALIST 1
(to the journalist next to him)
Any idea what the hell is going on here?

JUMP TO:

Later, Michael pushes forward as the journalists exit. Elliot stands rather dazed.

MICHAEL
Wow, Elliot. You stood strong.

ELLIOT
Thanks Michael. You smell good. Like an apple fritter.

MICHAEL
Far out.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BUNGALOW BY THE LAKE -- NIGHT

Elliot, snoring, sound asleep. We hold close on his face, as it twitches slightly -- the sound of voices, cars honking, singing: his dreams? Light occasionally flashes across his face, as the voices grow more insistent, and his visage becomes more agitated.

Suddenly, he bolts awake.

The voices continue. We realize they are coming from outside. He gets up, throws on a robe, and slowly opens the door.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- NIGHT

He walks up the hill toward the road to a surreal scene -- a moonlit traffic jam on the road in front of the motel, as hordes of concertgoers slowly wend their way to Yasgar's farm.

Jake, with a coat thrown over his pajamas, is out directing traffic with a whistle in his mouth. He waves to Elliot; he's clearly having a good time.

As Elliot reaches the road he calls out to one of the young people.

ELLIOT
What's happening?

YOUNG MAN
Didn't you hear? It's free, man!
The concert's free!

Elliot turns, and realizes Vilma has come up, standing beside him, a coffee mug in hand.

VILMA
(nodding toward Jake)
He's been out there almost two
hours already. He won't budge.

Vilma runs over to Jake, who already appears to have struck up quite a rapport with Vilma. Elliot looks on as Vilma gets him to drink some coffee. Vilma returns.

ELLIOT
Any more coffee where that came
from?

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BAR -- SUNRISE

The first rays of morning light are coming up through the windows as Elliot and Vilma drink their coffees at the bar.

After a while, Vilma breaks the silence.

VILMA
Your dad says you're a painter.

ELLIOT
When did he say that?

VILMA
I had him give me a tour of the property, get the lay of the land. He talked a lot about you, about Brooklyn. He showed me some of his favorite places -- the oaks down by the lake. Nice.

ELLIOT
Wait. Are you sure that was my dad? Maybe it was somebody else's.

Vilma smiles.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
I mean, he doesn't have any favorite places here -- he hates it. And he doesn't talk.

VILMA
I'm not saying it was a therapy session. We were just chatting.

ELLIOT
Something's not right -- I think his mind is going.

VILMA
Don't worry Elliot -- I'll keep an eye on him. If he starts to smile, or laugh, or anything suspicious like that, I'll let you know.

ELLIOT
Yeah. You do that.

VILMA
(getting up)
In fact, I've got to collect your dad's bat -- we've got dawn patrol!

ELLIOT
Vilma? Does my dad know, you know, what you are?

VILMA
(pauses, leans over and gives a kiss on Elliot's forehead)
Oh Elliot. I know what I am. That does make it easier for everyone else, doesn't it?

Vilma is off.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- WOODSTOCK OFFICES -- DAY

Elliot is walking with Don through the crowded office -- a manic energy infuses the entire place.

DON
After the concert, we've got tables set up near the barn. I understand you're mother is preparing her specialty --

ELLIOT
-- Cholent? Oh no.

DON
And the Ladies Auxillary has made desserts.

ELLIOT
Don...I just want to say...I have a feeling.

DON
Feelings. Feelings are good!

And he's off. Elliot stands in the center of the room, in a daze.

From the other side, John Roberts spots Elliot.

JOHN
Hey Joel. Is that the prick who told everyone the concert's free?

JOEL
At least Artie's closing the movie deal -- I think.

Again, we overhear some of the conversations:

MEL
My guess is we're going to need at least three more copters. Call your guy at the National Guard!

STAN
The point is, it can turn at any minute -- crowds have their own logic. And when you get two, three hundred thousand people -- and make that maybe hungry people, unless we figure out how to get more food in there --

STAN
Who took my pizza? And who took my walkie-talkie? And ask Mike if Penny can borrow his horse -- how the hell is she gonna get up to the site by noon with that traffic?

JOEL
Wait, TWO hundred, THREE hundred, I thought we were talking ONE hundred thousand...

JOEL (CONT'D)
Jesus. What else? Like, is the stage going to be ready?

STEVE COHEN
Should be. One issue though. The big towers for the speakers --

JOHN
-- they're not staying up?

CHIP
No, they're good. It's just that if there's lightning, well, they might get a little, electrical...

SAM
Hell, it's August -- it's not gonna rain.

John and Joel trade very worried glances.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

A small makeshift stage has been set up, and folding chairs, half-filled with conservative-looking families, are seated facing it, as a local, lousy, high school band finishes its set. The kids pump their fists in the air; the adults clap politely.

Don takes the stage and stands in front of the mic as the band clears.

Elliot stands back behind the audience.

DAN
Thank you, Hairy Pretzel. It's so great that you let us share your music with all your friends and parents here from White Lake. And now, we'd like to introduce the resident theater artists here at the El Monaco this summer, the Earthlight Players, who have updated Anton Chekhov's classic, Three Sisters, to a contemporary happening interpretation, and they would like now to share a part of that experience with you. The Earthlight Players.

The troupe climbs up on the stage, some in faux-Victorian outfits, walking, some in animal-like costumes, crouching.

DEVON
Artifice -- and imagination! Truth, and fiction! The players play! But you, the audience, you sit and judge.

PLAYERS
(in unison)
You sit and judge.

DEVON
But the revolution requires -- the roles must be reversed -- the players are the judges -- your revery must end -- and your souls will be bared for all to see! Christ who died for you, not for me -- now WE are Christ, our nakedness will reveal your own!

With that, the actors race to the front of the stage and begin to disrobe, all the while hurling invective at the audience.

ACTORS
Indecent legions of decency! Fascist pornographers! Racist war mongers! Republican cocksuckers!

The audience is at first stunned, and then quickly parents begin to rise, gather their things, cover their children's eyes, and race away. In the midst of the crowd, we see Billy, loving every minute of it. He jumps up on the stage and starts to take his own clothes off. Pandemonium.

Elliot watches it all. Dan has come up beside him. He stands and watches his brother cavort on stage with the players. Billy waves to them from the stage.

DAN
You having fun, Elliot? You think this is funny?

ELLIOT
Dan, I....

DAN
It's killing me. That...that he used to be my brother. Now look at him.

ELLIOT
Maybe if you just let it happen...

DAN
Go with the flow, huh? Like You? You know Elliot, you're as much of a hypocrite as I am.

He walks down toward the stage, shouting for his brother.

DAN (CONT'D)
Billy! Billy! Come on!

On stage, amid the chaos, the now-naked players are being chased off by Sonia.

As Elliot walks back toward the main motel building, we now see that the property is really filling up with various vans, tents, etc., as people begin to pitch camp wherever and however.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elliot gets to the main office building, as the door flies open, and two shady looking men come running out, followed by Vilma and Jake, both holding bats.

Vilma and Jake chase the men around the corner. As they pass Elliot, they happily wave to him.

JAKE
(smiling as he runs)
Hi Elli!

Elliot rounds the corner, to discover, sitting under a tree, an Indian swami, cross-legged, surrounded by a dozen or so disciples, among whom are Marge and Annie from the chamber of commerce. Their foreheads are daubed with red clay, and they wave to Elliot ecstatically.

ANNIE
Namaste Elliot!

He waves back, while practically bumping into Anna.

ANNA
Hey Elliot! Mike was wondering if we could buy out any extra blankets and sheets you have. We've got some volunteers in the pool house helping people come down from some pretty bad acid going around, or I don't know.

ELLIOT
Sure, take everything.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

In the back room, Sonia is parked in front of the tv, watching the news. Elliot comes in.

SONIA
Look at this.

On the tv, a news report, with aerial footage of the New York State Thruway.

NEWS REPORTER
That's right, Bob. The New York State Thruway has been backed up all the way from New York City to the Catskills exits, and from there it's basically a parking lot. Police are now planning to put into effect a first-ever emergency closing of the entire thruway -- they think perhaps half a million kids have already made it to the White Lake area in expectation of tomorrow's concert, and there's another half-million trying to get there who just will never make it, putting upstate communities on edge at the prospect of this major hippie invasion.

NEWS ANCHOR
Thanks Jack. We will of course be keeping our eyes on that explosive situation with ongoing updates throughout the next couple of days.

Sonia spits on her fingertips three times and waves her hands.

ELLIOT
Mom, what is it?

SONIA
The *nish-gute* -- evil -- you see the chicken-legs on some of these hairy people? *Nish-gute*!

ELLIOT
They're kids, not evil spirits.

SONIA
You don't know. They've made all the roads one way now, Elli. One way just to Max's. God forbid, what if your father should have a heart attack from all this running around, he couldn't get to the hospital.

ELLIOT
You really are worried about him, aren't you?

SONIA
Him? It's you who brought this -- How will you live with the guilt?

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BAR AREA -- NIGHT

The place is hopping. Two sitar players and a couple of drummers sit up front, and young people are dancing, smoking, rapping all over. Black light posters have been put up. New faces are helping Elliot out at the bar. To one side, Vilma, Jake, and a middle-aged lesbian couple sit talking. Jake says something and the group laughs appreciatively.

Jake goes to join Elliot at the bar.

ELLIOT
How you doing Dad?

JAKE
How should I be doing? I haven't slept in three days, my hip is killing me, the beer is warm.

Jake goes back to his corner.

The beat of the music picks up and the dancing becomes more sensual.

Elliot, looking to collect empties, gets pulled into a dance by two girls. The crowd starts to clap.

CROWD
(ad lib)
Do it, Elliot! Go with the flow.

He is, of course, a terrible dancer. But he gamely gives it a shot.

One of the girls sidles up to him and kisses him. Cheers. He gently pulls away. Others join the intimate dance. As Elliot turns to get back to the bar, he's pulled into another kiss -- with Paul, the cute construction guy from earlier. Even more cheers. Paul pulls back, a big smile on his face. Elliot stands stunned for a second, then goes back for another kiss. Even more cheers.

When he pulls back again, he looks over at the table where his father was sitting, but Jake is no longer there.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Sonia in front of the tv again, this time watching live reports from Bethel about the concert.

TV REPORTER
I'm standing here at the junction of Route 17B and 55 in White Lake, New York, and as you can see Dave I'm surrounded by thousands upon thousands of young people, who are trudging to the concert site for the first musical acts, which, we are told, should commence this afternoon. As you can see, the road is literally a parking lot, all the way back to Monticello and beyond, as cars have been abandoned...

Sonia get up and pulls aside the curtains - to see the reporter and camera crew on the road directly outside the motel.

EXT. ROAD IN FRONT OF EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elliot walks up to the intersection, to discover a group of locals, all holding signs ("By Order of Bethel Town Council, The concert is Cancelled" "This is an unlawful Aseembly, You are Subject to Arrest"), trying to block the way to the concert. No one pays attention to them, as the huge crows just simply walks around. Bob is among the group.

ELLIOT
Bob, what's this all about?

BOB
We got the permit pulled, you idiot, we're shutting this thing down!

ELLIOT
But...there's half a million people over at Max's, how do you think they're going to react?

BOB
That's the same thing the cops said --

CAROL
-- Before they laughed at us, as if we were children!

BOB
So we're doing it ourselves.

ELLIOT
Right.

Elliot sees, back at the motel, his father and Vilma again running with baseball bats in hand.

He takes of after them as they head toward the lake.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- LAKEFRONT -- DAY

Elliot arrives to see Vilma and Jake chasing into the water a small group of local toughs.

Jake is winded but beaming.

JAKE
You should have seen us, Elli.

VILMA
They were about to spray paint Georgette's bus.

JAKE
Vilma got there first. Got a hold of one. I had my tar ready, landed a nice warm ball of tar right on his face!

VILMA
They all started running after that!

Vilma and Jake high five.

Jake catches his breath again, looks over the lake. There are small groups of people bathing and swimming.

JAKE
This is where we rinse the sheets. There's some nice bushes here.

ELLIOT
Yeah, dad.

As they stand overlooking the lake, a strange electronic sound can be heard from far off, and then he muffled sounds of an amplified voice.

JAKE
Can you hear that?

The sounds begin to take on a rhythmic quality, the sound of hundreds of thousands of hands clapping, keeping time. It's distant, but becoming a little bit more distinct, as the sounds floats over the lakewater. Jake and Vilma begin to nod their heads slightly in time with the beat, as we begin barely to hear a voice over the clapping....

"Hey look yonder, what's that you see? Marching to the fields of Concord..."

JAKE (CONT'D)
Elli.

ELLIOT
What?

JAKE
You should go. To Max's. We can take care of things here. Go, see this thing.

ELLIOT
Sure. Why not?

He gives his dad a quick, slightly awkward hug.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Thanks. I'll be back soon!

EXT. ROAD IN FRONT OF EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elliot gets to the road, stands next to a state trooper who's been helping direct traffic. The trooper has a flower in his helmet.

ELLIOT
Wow.

TROOPER
Bet you thought you were gonna just drive right up to the thing, huh?

ELLIOT
Actually, that's my motel right there.

TROOPER
No kiddin'. The El Monaco -- so you're they guy they're all blaming for bringing all this here.

ELLIOT
Honestly, I had no idea.

TROOPER
Me neither. I was just looking forward to coming up here and clubbing a bunch of hippies over the head. I must be gettin' high off the fumes, but instead, I don't know --

At that moment, a group of kids walks by -- one of them flashes the peace sign.

YOUNG MAN
Peace man!

The trooper flashes a peace sign back.

TROOPER
You see what I mean?

ELLIOT
Groovy. I think I'll head over there and check it all out.

TROOPER
On foot? It'll take you all afternoon with this crowd. Here.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

Elliot, his arms around the trooper, sitting on the back of the trooper's chopper, as the trooper guides it through the crowds on the road, occasionally flipping on his siren.

In a long tracking shot reminiscent of the famous traffic jam shot from Godard's *Weekend*, we follow along with Elliot and the trooper as they make their way, with stops and starts, through the surreal scene. But instead of *Weekend*'s dystopian vision, we'll discover a panoply of vignettes and scenes of the Woodstock nation, 1969:

Prayer circles,

jam sessions,

cook-outs,

A man and woman in shorts and sandals dancing; he wearing a Nixon mask and she a Kissinger mask;

A stalled truck filled with porta-potties, young people perched atop them passing around water-pipes;

A 16mm film crew, interviewing a young couple;

A couple of stray cows, garlanded with flowers;

A young couple, fully clothed, but clearly "doing it on the road" a people pass by;

A drug dealer holding a bag up: "One lid of primo Hawaiian left, come and get it!"

Gaggles of naked children, etc.

After a long stretch, the trooper gets a call on his walkie-talkie and responds.

TROOPER
Roger that. (To Elliot) Sorry, I've got to head back to town. You're gonna have to make it on your own from here on.

Elliot climbs off.

ELLIOT
Thanks for the lift!

Elliot commences to walk with the crowd for a while, but he's getting a bit hot and tired -- it's slow going. We hear in the distance the thumping of the speakers from the concert throughout.

Elliot looks into the woods by the road and sees various encampments. He wanders in.

EXT. WOODS BY THE ROAD -- CONT.

Here are makeshift tents and lean-tos, groups of young people sitting, tripping, hanging out. Elliot wanders through the encampment.

He comes across a psychedelically-painted vw van parked under a tree. Sitting in the open van door are a beautiful young hippie couple. The back of the van's floor is a big mattress covered with silks and patterned blankets -- a veritable love bug.

GUY
Hey, man. You look thirsty.

ELLIOT
I sure am.

The girl pours Elliot a glass from a jug.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Thanks. Have you been to the festival yet?

GUY
We're cool. We walked there this morning.

GIRL
Got to the top of the hill, looked down at the sea, and the tiny little people on the stage with their waves of tiny electric voices.

GUY
Like ants making thunder. It was cool. But you couldn't really tell who was jamming down there.

GIRL
And we left our trip in the car.

GUY
And the brown shit they're passing around down there -- not good.

GIRL
Ours is beautiful.

ELLIOT
I see the California plates...on the van...is that where you're from?

GIRL
There, and New Mexico --

GUY
-- and Oregon...

ELLIOT
You're from everywhere.

GIRL
We're from everywhere! You're from everywhere!

ELLIOT
I'm from here.

They start laughing.

GUY
You're from here, right now, from here, here's where you're from -- you're from here, man!

GIRL
That's so cool!

ELLIOT
I guess so.

GUY
No man, you're amazingly from here!

ELLIOT
You're right. And I'm going --
here?

We now see that the girl's holding a blotter sheet of acid in her hand.

GIRL
On a trip with us!

ELLIOT
To California?

GUY
Here man -- take a ride to here and
now.

The girl takes a tab, and gently places it on the guy's tongue. Then offers one to Elliot.

GIRL
Eight miles high.

ELLIOT
I'm actually a little afraid of
heights....Well, what the heck!

She smiles. Then leans over. He opens his mouth and she places the tab on his tongue, then another on her own.

GUY
Hey, come on in and sit.

Later:

INT. VAN -- DAY

Elliot sits awkwardly between the two of them. A soft light bathes them through the van's window's shades. Elliot looks a little bored, gazing at all the posters and designs plastered on the ceiling and walls: Fillmore posters, R. Crumb-like comic images, "Eastern" designs.

ELLIOT
So...

GUY
Yeah...

ELLIOT
You sure that was acid? I didn't really taste like any --

GIRL
It just takes a while. Hey, let's listen to some of our own sounds.

There's a sound system in the front. The guy puts on a trippy album -- Love, or Incredible String Band.

Elliot pretends to relax to the beat, but clearly is not yet feeling anything and starting to get a wee bit antsy. Slowly, at first imperceptibly, our perception of the music begins to change, and we can see from Elliot's face that the acid is starting to kick in.

His pov: The posters and designs start to move a little, their colors deepening. He breaks into a sweat, and starts to scratch himself a bit.

ELLIOT
What...what is that?

GIRL
It's ok. Just breath.

Elliot leans back. Takes deep breaths. The music begins to enfold around him.

His pov: the girl's beatific smile. He turns: on his other side, the guy, smiling too. Elliot looks down: each of them begins to touch him.

INT. VAN -- DAY

Acid trip sequence -- Elliot and his two companions tripping, touching each other, laughing.

One possible visual reference for this sequence is Bob Rafelson's "Head" -- there will certainly be flashes of images from Woodstock, Vietnam, etc.; the visual treatment might be derived and fairly faithful to sixties representations of the drug experience (eg, this will be more "optical" than "digital" in look and feel). We will cue off the posters and designs in the van for the trip images.

Later:

INT. VAN -- NIGHT

Elliot lies awake, lying between his two companions -- and perhaps a third or fourth...

We hear the beat of the concert from afar, as a faint moonlight filters into the van.

He gingerly rises; his shirt is off, but his pants are still on. He grabs the closest shirt and gently opens the van door. The girl wakes up as he does so, and smiles at him. She wraps a shawl around herself and follows him out.

EXT. VAN -- NIGHT

Elliot puts on the clothes as she comes up behind him. There are people sleeping all around them, in sleeping bags on the ground, a few tents pitched, others asleep in their cars.

GIRL
Hey. Let's go down to the ocean.
Let's go swim.

Elliot nods. They wander through the encampment -- people gathered around fire pits, sitting in clusters.

They walk up an incline, as the crowd thickens.

The music grows in intensity and clarity -- it's Ravi Shankhar on sitar, giving way to a hypnotic tabla solo, which then morphs into the whole ensemble playing a transcendent raga.

As Elliot and the girl crest the top of the hill, they join a crowd standing and swaying to the music. In the darkness below them, one can sense a vast expanse of a half-million people, swaying and dancing, flickering lights among them; at the bottom of the meadow, far, far below, a tiny dot of light illuminates what we can barely sense is he stage.

Elliot and the girls raise their arms and join the crowd atop the hill, smiling, swirling and dancing, tears streaming down their faces.

EXT. ROAD -- DAWN

Elliot groggily walks back in the pale light just before sunrise-- barefoot and wearing a Mexican peasant shirt -- signs of life barely stirring all around.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elliot's parents come out of the office as he arrives. His father is carrying a huge stack of laundry.

SONIA
My God! Look at him! Where have you been all day and night?

JAKE
How was the concert?

ELLIOT
Well, I met some friends on the way there, and, uh, I think it was great -- it was great.

Jake lets it sink in. He's impressed.

JAKE
Hmmm.

SONIA
Are you hungry?

ELLIOT
I'm starving.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BAR AREA -- DAY

Elliot and his parents sit down to eat pancakes. The place is abuzz with activity.

ELLIOT
So I was thinking, when this is over --

SONIA
What a mess! It'll take months to clean up.

ELLIOT
But we can keep some of these new people on, right? We can afford the help now. And with the place paid off, maybe it's time you thought about some permanent staff, people to help you run the place, make some improvements.

SONIA
What are you talking about? That's why we have you!

She gives Elliot a look over.

ELLIOT
I'm just saying, I was thinking, when this is over, with all he money now, I could take a trip --

SONIA
And where did you get those pyjamas? You're not going anywhere dressed like that!

Vilma and a celebratory crowd of Woodstockers enters; Vilma holds a tray.

VILMA
We've made brownies! Wonderful brownies! Some very special brownies! Elliot?

ELLIOT
We'll take a pass.

Vilma and company move on, passing out brownies to the assembled.

SONIA
You see, Jake? That's just like him. He doesn't want dessert, but does he think to ask his mother?

ELLIOT
(getting up)
You know what? That's enough. You know, I'm the only one here, out of hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of thousands of people, who's having breakfast with his parents! Do you think Janis Joplin's mom is backstage telling her to tuck her, I don't know, her whiskey bottle into her pocket, or something? Or Jimi Hendrix's mom is telling him to wash his hair? I'm just going to go to Max's and enjoy myself -- and you know what? Go ahead! I'd love to see you eat one of those brownies -- you should have two!

His parents are in shock.

He walks out. Sonia is about to say something, but Jake interrupts her.

SONIA
Elli!

JAKE
Leave the boy.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Elliot walks toward the road. Michael Lang rides up to him, on an even bigger horse than the last one. A 16mm camera crew lopes along beside him, filming him.

MICHAEL
Elli! It's all happening! Just like we dreamed it.

ELLIOT
I hear all the fences are torn down, and no one's buying tickets.

MICHAEL
Yeah, the whole ticket thing was getting to be a real drag.

ELLIOT
So how are you going to pay for everything? Where's the money going to come from?

MICHAEL
You always worry, don't you, Elli? Look up in the sky, man, the money will fall from the sky!

He rides off. Elliot looks after him, and then up at the sky: Clouds.

John and Joel come running up as Michael rides away, Stan behind them.

JOHN
There he goes, in full Technicolor.

JOEL
(to Stan)
Get someone on a donkey with a lasso to corral that guy and get him back here -- The Who won't go on unless we pay cash!

JOHN
And if the Who doesn't go on...

JOEL
The What hits the fan.

Elliot watches them jog back to the offices, then starts walking toward the road.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Elliot marches along with the crowd, but the sky has already turned overcast and the wind has picked up.

A flash of lightning, and then the crackle of thunder.

The rain begins, and in an instant it's coming down in buckets. People begin to scatter and seek shelter, others keep marching on toward the concert.

Later:

The rain, if possible, has gotten even worse. Elliot trudges on. A car door opens.

PARKED HIPPIE
Hey man, wanna come in outta the rain?

ELLIOT
No thanks. I've taken that trip already!

PARKED HIPPIE
Far out.

Later:

The rain continues, and the road has turned into a muddy river. As Elliot ascends a hill, he trudges past people who are beginning to use the hill as a mudslide, whizzing down on their backs. One of the sliders almost crashes into Elliot -- he crankily moves aside, almost slipping.

ELLIOT
Hey, watch it.

But as he takes his next step, he starts to slide backward, and in spite of his frantic efforts to stay erect, he tilts over and falls in the mud.

He gets up, takes another step, and falls over again, falling into a couple of other festgoers, who also tumble.

They all lie together in the rain, starting to laugh hysterically.

Elliot scoops up some mud and throws it at them. They throw mud back. And soon its a full-fledged mud fight on the road.

Elliot falls again. This time he just lies on his back, smiling, letting the rain fall.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

It's still raining as a waterlogged and muddy Elliot walks back. Vilma is sitting under the awning.

VILMA
You're back from the concert!

ELLIOT
Well, you know, I didn't quite, you know.

VILMA
It's good you're back. We have a bit of a situation here.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BARN -- DAY

Vilma leads Elliot into the barn. We stay close on Elliot's face as he stops up short; we hear hysterical laughter.

ELLIOT
You gave them the brownies?

VILMA
They told me you said they should!

ELLIOT
How many?

VILMA
Four each.

We now see Elliot's pov: his parents, dancing, laughing, totally stoned.

They spot him.

SONIA
Eliyahu! My baby!

JAKE
Her baby!

He cracks up anew at this.

ELLIOT
(stage whisper)
Oh my God.

They come running up to him and give him huge hugs.

SONIA
Elli! My baby boy! My filthy baby boy! Give mamma some of that dirt!

JAKE
And save some for me!

At first Elliot is horrified. But then he looks at Vilma, who shrugs and smiles, and, though still freaked out, he gives his parents a hug back.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BARN -- DAY

They spill out of the barn into rain, Jake and Sonia laughing and dancing. Some passersby join them. Even Elliot joins in a bit.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Sonia and Jake, soaking wet, burst into the front office and find their way to the back room, followed by Elliot.

Elliot pauses by the front door, trying to take in just what happened.

He walks into the back room.

ELLIOT
Ma --

He sees his parents, each collapsed in a separate chair, sound asleep.

He goes to the closet, gets a sweater and a blanket, tucks his parents in as best he can, and leaves.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- BUNGALOW BY THE LAKE -- EVENING

Elliot takes a shower.

He dries off, gets dressed, and then takes out a suitcase and starts throwing clothes into it.

There's a knock on the door. He opens the door. It's Dan.

DAN
Elliot. Can I come in?

ELLIOT
Sure, I guess.

Dan closes the door behind him. He seems a bit frantic.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
What is it?

DAN
I need a place to stay for a while.

ELLIOT
You need a place to stay?

DAN
Things got complicated. Carol threw me out. I tried to throw her out first but she threw me out first. You know?

ELLIOT
What happened?

DAN
She couldn't get to work. The traffic and all. Came back, and found me --

ELLIOT
Ah, you were being naughty.

DAN
Not only that, they were...

ELLIOT
They?

DAN
They were both...negroes.

Elliot let's out a laugh.

DAN (CONT'D)
It's not funny. (holding his hands out from his head) They had hair, out to here. So she comes in. Ok, I was thinking, I have to think fast here, I don't know what I was thinking, so I say, "Hey hon, you want to join?" And you know what she says?

ELLIOT
No?

DAN
"Yes!" She says yes! Carol! Married five years and that's what she'd say at a time like that!

ELLIOT
So that's why you tried to throw her out?

DAN
Not just. But it was some fight. Shit.
(he thinks for a moment)
You know, you owe me, Elliot. It's all your fault. You brought 'em all here!

ELLIOT
Well they're all leaving today.

He walks over and opens the door.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
So everything can go right back to normal! Including you. Good-bye Dan.

EXT. ROAD IN FRONT OF EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

The last morning. The rain has stopped, and now the sea of humanity -- bedraggled, exhausted, coming down - is flowing in the opposite direction.

There is trash and debris everywhere.

INT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Elliot enters the motel office and walks to the back room.

There he finds his father standing, looking down upon his sleeping mother -- although instead of being tucked into the rocking chair she's curled up on the floor half-way in the utility closet, cradling stacks of money she had hid under a floorboard that has now been pried up.

ELLIOT
Dad --

JAKE
(half whisper)
Shhh -- she's sleeping.

ELLIOT
(whispering)
How long have you been standing here like this?

JAKE
A couple hours. She got up in her sleep, walked over there, and...

ELLIOT
What's with... the money? We've been depositing everything that's come in this week -- where did all that come from?

Sonia stirs awake, hearing their voices. She opens her eyes, sees them, sees the money, and then, in a panic, tries to cover it up.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Mom, what the hell?

SONIA
Don't come near me you two!

ELLIOT
But what --

SONIA
-- It's mine! It's my savings. For twenty years, my savings!

ELLIOT
Jesus, how much have you got there?

SONIA
None of your business....$97,000.

ELLIOT
$97,000!!! Dad, did you know about this?

JAKE
You think she'd tell me?

ELLIOT
Wait a sec. You'd of let the bank foreclose? Let me put all my earnings into this place...? And you...?

JAKE
(putting his hand on Elliot's arm)
Elli. What does it matter? We're rich now.

He pats Elliot's arm, and walks slowly out. Elliot is near tears.

Sonia hastily puts the bills back under the floorboard, and turns back to Elliot.

SONIA
Elli, I was scared.

Elliot just looks at her.

ELLIOT
Oh, mom.

An awkward silence.

SONIA
(leaving)
I've got to fix your father his lunch.

She walks out. He stands and stares at the door. Then, slowly, a smile crosses his face -- the first true, big smile we've seen. He walks out, too.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- FRONT OFFICE -- DAY

Elliot stands in front of the office, takes a deep breath. Billy is sitting next to the door. They smile at each other.

Then, unexpectedly, Elliot lets out an enormous wave of laughter.

Billy stands - and starts laughing too.

This just makes Elliot laugh even harder.

BILLY
(between guffaws)
You ok?

ELLIOT
(practically screaming at the top of his lungs, laughing)
I'm fantastic!

BILLY
Yes!

They laugh and laugh.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

Elliot and Billy now walk against the flow of traffic and people. Elliot is purposeful, full of energy. Billy barely keeps up the pace.

They finally arrive at the festival site.

EXT. YASGUR'S FARM -- DAY

Elliot climbs up the hill overlooking the scene, the same spot he and the Woodstock team stood at with Max -- he's finally arrived at the concert site.

Below him and Billy, a sea of garbage and bonfires, as 400 volunteers collect and burn trash in the morning light. He turns and sees Michael walking toward him. Michael looks over the scene with him.

MICHAEL
Elli, you made it.

ELLIOT
Yeah. I just wanted to see it once. While I could see. Amazing.

BILLY
(surveying the fires, the smoke)
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
This is bringin' back some fuckin' memories!

MICHAEL
Beautiful, man. It's beautiful. Everyone's pulling together, we're gonna bring back Max's garden.

ELLIOT
Just like you said you would. It's all just like you said it would be, Mike, isn't it?

MICHAEL
Nah, you can't say it, or even do it. You just gotta let it happen -- three days of peace and music.

ELLIOT
So what happens now?

MICHAEL
Man, who knows? Everybody's gotta chase the money now, right?...We'll all probably sue each other -- but that's cool. We'll figure it out. What about you?

ELLIOT
I don't know. I put all my stuff in the trunk of my car.

BILLY
That's a fuckin' sign.

ELLIOT
Maybe. Or maybe not.

MICHAEL
Cool. If your car moves, you can come look me up -- I'm gonna be up in San Francisco, me and Chip and some of the guys -- we're gonna help out with a truly free concert. It's gonna be even more beautiful than this one.

ELLIOT
Wow.

MICHAEL
Yeah..The Rolling Stones.

ELLIOT
The Stones?

MICHAEL
Yeah, the Stones...

Wide over the site, the cleanup, the smoke and fires and mud.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Back at the motel, the traffic flow is still heavy but moving smoothly now. Elliot sits in front of the motel and watches it go by. His father comes and sits next to him. They sit together in silence for a couple of seconds.

ELLIOT
Dad, I've been thinking. Or, actually, I don't know if you can call it thinking exactly, I've been just..not thinking.

JAKE
Listen. A week ago, I was a dying man. I thought -- it's nice of Elli to come back here, to tend to a dying man. And who knows, tomorrow I could be dead. But now I'm alive. You understand?

ELLIOT
Yeah, sure.

JAKE
It's because of you. And what should I want now, but for you my son to live too. Is that too much to ask?

Elliot is near tears.

ELLIOT
No.

JAKE
Look at them going. Who knows where? They don't even know. Now you're one of them.

From inside the office, we hear Miriam's voice.

SONIA (O.S.)
(yelling)
Jake! Jake!

JAKE
Ah. Here, Elli, help me up out of this chair -- my hip.

Elliot gets up and takes his arm.

SONIA (O.S.)
Jake!

JAKE
(shrugs, smiles)
Your mother...

ELLIOT
Can I ask you something? About mom?

JAKE
Sure.

ELLIOT
How could you live with her, more than forty years?

JAKE
(he thinks for a moment)
I love her.

Jake walks back into the motel office a Elliot looks on.

EXT. EL MONACO MOTEL -- DAY

Billy helps Elliot put the last bag in the trunk of his car.

ELLIOT
You sure?

BILLY
I'm cool. Carol's gonna need some help now that my dickhead brother went and enlisted. Fuck.

ELLIOT
Yeah. You could say that.

They shake hands.

Elliot looks up to the motel front office. Standing there, Jake, Devon, Sonia, Vilma. Devon has his arm around Sonia.

Elliot gives a last wave. They wave back. He opens the car door, pauses before he gets in, then turns and shouts.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
I love you! I love all of you!!

He starts the car and pulls up the drive. Behind him, various members of the Earthlight Players spill out of the barn, running/dancing after the car, joined by Jake, Sonia, Vilma and others as they follow the car. They stop, watching as Elliot merges into the waves of traffic, blending in with the rest of the crowd heading out.

We hear, perhaps, the sound of Jefferson Airplane's *Volunteers* as we follow the traffic out and away:

SONG
Look what's happening out in the streets
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Hey I'm dancing down the streets
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Ain't it amazing all the people I meet
Got a revolution Got to revolution
One generation got old
One generation got soul
This generation got no destination to hold
Pick up the cry
Hey now it's time for you and me
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Come on now we're marching to the sea
Got a revolution Got to revolution
Who will take it from you
We will and who are we
We are volunteers of America

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